

Lehnert a.a.o. S. 75f. Übertragung in modern English.

Charm against a sudden Stich in the Side

Fewerfew and the red nettle which grows throughh the house and plantain; boil in butter -

"Loud were they, lo! loud, when thy rode over the hill,  
Resolute were they when they rode over the land,  
Fend thyself now, that thou mayest survive this violence  
Out, little spear, if herein thou be! [ce!]

I stood under the targe, beneath a light shield,  
Where the mighty women made ready their strength  
And sent whizzing spears:

I will send them back another  
Flying arrow in their faces.

Out, little spear, if herein it be!

The smith sat, forged his little knife,  
Sore smitten with iron,

Out, little spear, if herein thou be!

Six smiths sat, wrought war-spears.

Out, spear, not in , spear!

If herein be aught of iron,  
Work of witch, it shall melt.

If thou wert shot in the skin, or if thou wert shot in  
the flesh,

Or if thou wert shot in the blood, or if thou wert shot  
in the bone,

Or if thou wert shot in the limb, thy life shall never  
be harmed.

If it were the shot of gods, or if it were shot of <sup>elves</sup> ~~elves~~,  
Or if it were shot of witch, now I will help thee.

This to relieve thee from shot of gods, this to relieve  
thee from the shot of elves,

This to relieve thee from shot of witch; I will help ~~thee~~  
Flee to the mountain-head, thee.

Be thou whole; may the Lord help thee."

Take then the knife; plunge it into the liquid

From; R. K. Gordon, Anglo-Saxon Poetry, pp. 94-95.