Beowulf 749-87

The captain of evil discovered himself in a handgrip harder than anything he had ever encountered in any man on the face of the earth. Every bone in his body quailed and recoiled, but he could not escape. He was desperate to flee to his den and hide with the devil's litter, for in all his days he had never been clamped or cornered like this...

...Fingers were bursting, the monster back-tracking, the man overpowering. The dread of the land was desperate to escape, to take a roundabout road and flee to his lair in the fens. The latching power in his fingers weakened; it was the worst trip the terror-monger had taken to Heorot.

...Then an extraordinary wail arose, and bewildering fear came over the Danes. Everyone felt it who heard that cry as it echoed off the wall, a God-cursed scream and strain of catastrophe, the howl of the loser, the lament of the hell-serf keening his wound. He was overwhelmed...

Beowulf 866-75

Meanwhile, a thane of the king's household, a carrier of tales, a traditional singer deeply schooled in the lore of the past, linked a new theme to a strict meter. The man started to recite with skill, rehearsing Beowulf's triumphs and feats in well-fashioned lines, entwining his words. He told what he'd heard repeated in songs about Siegmund's exploits all of those many feats and marvels...

Beowulf 1012-18

The benches filled with famous men who fell to with relish; round upon round of mead was passed; those powerful kinsmen, Hrothgar and Hrothulf, were in high spirits in the raftered hall. Inside Heorot there was nothing but friendship. The Shielding nation was not yet familiar with feud and betrayal.
Beowulf 1179-86

"I am certain of Hrothulf. He is noble and will use the young ones well. He will not let you down. Should you die before him, he will treat our children truly and fairly. He will honor, I am sure, our two sons, repay them in kind, when he recollects all the good things we gave him once, the favor and respect he found in his childhood."

Beowulf 1258-78

Grendel's mother, monstrous hell-bride, brooded on her wrongs. She had been forced down into fearful waters, the cold depths, after Cain had killed his father's son, felled his own brother with a sword. Branded an outlaw, marked by having murdered, he moved into the wilds, shunned company and joy. And from Cain there sprang misbegotten spirits, among them Grendel, the banished and accursed, due to come to grips with that watcher in Heorot waiting to do battle. ...

But now his mother had sallied forth on a savage journey, grief-racked and ravenous, desperate for revenge.

Beowulf 1383-89

Beowulf, son of Ecgtheow, spoke: "Wise sir, do not grieve. It is always better to avenge dear ones than to indulge in mourning. For every one of us, living in this world means waiting for our end. Let whoever can win glory before death. When a warrior is gone, that will be his best and only bulwark."

Beowulf 1522-36

But he soon found his battle-torch extinguished; the shining blade refused to bite. It spared her and failed the man in his need. It had gone through many hand-to-hand fights, had hewed the armor and helmets of the doomed, but here at last the fabulous powers of that heirloom failed.
Hygelac's kinsman kept thinking about his name and fame: he never lost heart. Then, in a fury, he flung his sword away. The keen, inlaid, worm-loop-patterned steel was hurled to the ground: he would have to rely on the might of his arm. So must a man do who intends to gain enduring glory in a combat.

Beowulf 1557-63; 1576-89; 1605-11

Then he saw a blade that boded well, a sword in her armory, an ancient heirloom from the days of the giants, an ideal weapon, one that any warrior would envy, but so huge and heavy of itself only Beowulf could wield it in a battle...

Now the weapon was to prove its worth. The warrior determined to take revenge for every gross act Grendel had committed—and not only for that one occasion when he'd come to slaughter the sleeping troops, fifteen of Hrothgar's house-guards surprised on their benches and ruthlessly devoured...

Beowulf in his fury now settled that score: he saw the monster in his resting place, war-weary and wrecked, a lifeless corpse, a casualty of the battle in Heorot. The body gaped at the stroke dealt to it after death: Beowulf cut the corpse's head off.

Meanwhile, the sword began to wild into gory icicles to slather and thaw. It was a wonderful thing, the way it all melted as ice melts when the Father eases the fetters off the frost and unravels the water-ropes, He who wields power over time and tide: He is the true Lord.