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Against a Wen: An Anglo-Saxon Charm

Anonymous

Translated by Maryann Corbett

Wen, wen, squat as a hen here I forbid you to build or bide. North must you go to a town that's near Where you've a brother, wretch that you are.

He'll lay for you a leaf at your head. Under foot of wolf, under wing of eagle or its sharp talon, ever may you shrivel. Crumble away like coal on the hearth. Dwindle down like a pat of dung

And be withered up like a puddle of water. Become as little as a linseed grain and less even than an earwig's hipbone.

Now grow so narrow you turn to nothing.

Original text

Penne, Penne, penchichenne, her ne scealt bu timbrien, ne nenne tun habben, ac bu scealt norb eonene to ban nihgan berhge, ber bu hauest, ermig, enne brober.

He be sceal legge leaf et heafde.
Under fot polues, under ueber earnes, under earnes clea, a bu gepeornie.
Clinge bu alspa col on heorbe, scring bu alspa scerne apage,

and peorne alspa peter on anbre.

Spa litel bu gepurbe alspa linsetcorn,
and miccli lesse alspa anes handpurmes hupeban,
and alspa litel bu gepurbe bet bu napiht gepurbe.

This anonymous metrical spell, inserted in a twelfth-century hand in the tenth-century British Library MS Royal 4A xiv, testifies that trust in pagan medical magic coexisted for a long time with Christian faith in early England. Twelve such charms in meter survive in various Old English manuscripts, often accompanied by instructions to use certain herbs, prayers, and rituals.

About the Translator

Maryann Corbett holds a doctorate in English language and literature from the University of Minnesota. She is the author of five books of poetry, most recently *In Code* from Able Muse Press. Her work has won the Willis Barnstone Translation Prize and the Richard Wilbur Award. Her poems appear in journals on both sides of the Atlantic and on the web pages of the Poetry Foundation and American Life in Poetry. Email: maryann@corbettdigital.net