

# Appendix I

This appendix is a short catalogue of twenty halls in Scandinavia, England, Holland and northwest Germany. The halls are those on which the discussion in the first chapter is based and they have been collected here to guide any reader with a particular interest in halls.

Halls are a phenomenon in vogue among researchers who take an interest in the last five hundred years of the first millennium AD and the number of halls is steadily growing due to new field work and reinterpretations of old excavations. This means that the selection presented in this appendix will soon be inadequate and some of the examples may also become the objects of future reinterpretations (cf. Fabech 1998).

The geographical and chronological distribution, of the sample are summarised in Figs. 40 and 41.

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*1 Wijster.* Around 400 AD the village of Wijster (van Es 1967) was structured in three fenced quarters. The southern part of the westernmost quarter is occupied by a large farm with a hall. The position of the farm is prominent inasmuch as it marks the entrance to the village when you approach it from the burial ground. It is likely that there was felt to be a connection between the farm and the four mounds.

It is partly the design of the farm which makes it likely that the isolated house is a hall, but the architecture of the house itself also speaks in favour of this interpretation. In the present sample the house should be compared to those from Yeavinger and Cowdery's Down, and the position of the farm bears a clear resemblance to that of the hall farms in Feddersen Wierde.

*2 Feddersen Wierde.* In Feddersen Wierde Haarnagel (1979) singled out houses 12 and 35 as halls. In the my discussion I expand upon this and arrive at slightly different interpretations. The prominent character of the farms to which the houses belong is obvious and so is the prominent position of the farms in the village. The halls in Feddersen Wierde seem to belong to a period starting c. 100 AD and ending in the 4th century.

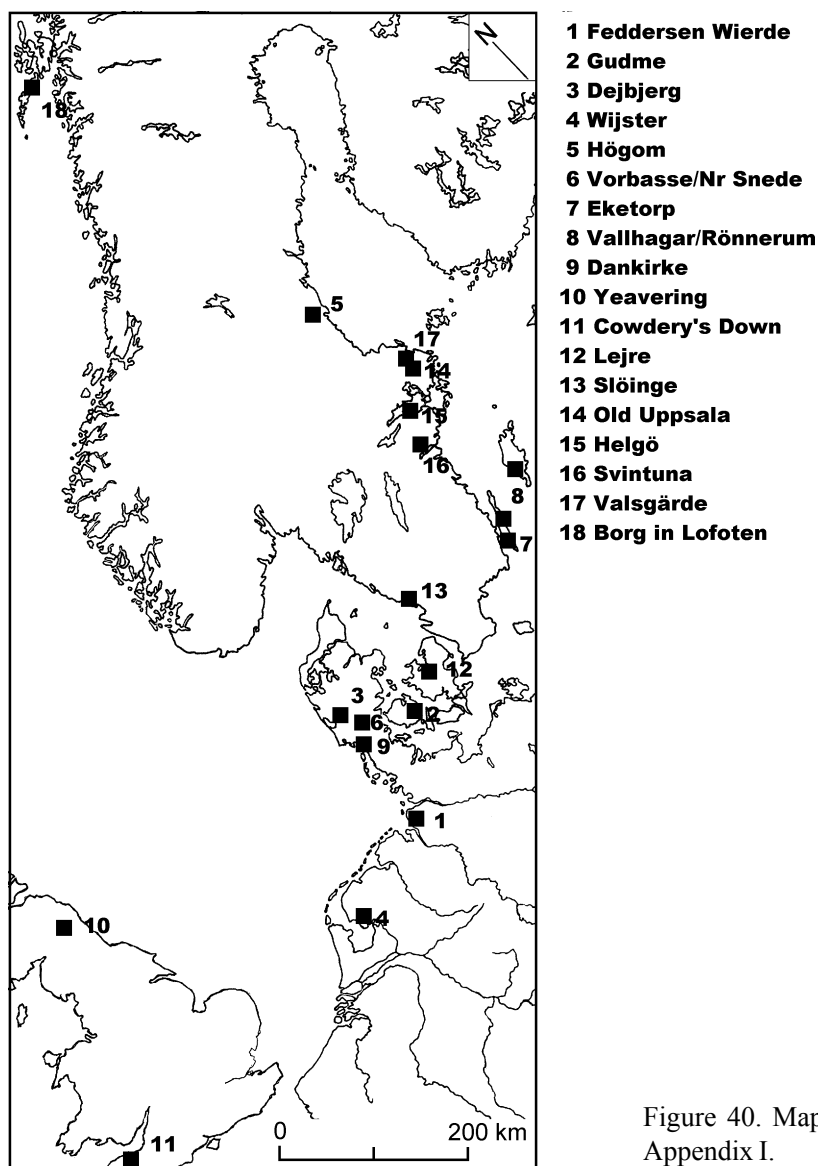


Figure 40. Map of the halls in Appendix I.

*3 Dejbjerg.* The hall from Dejbjerg that we know of was burned down in the 4th century AD (Hansen 1993; 1996). Rather than being a hall in a village, it belonged to a single farm in a prominent position in the cultural landscape. It has been inferred that between the late Pre-Roman Iron Age and the Middle Ages, Dejbjerg was a centre of some importance (Hansen 1996). It is the oldest example of a smashed hall. (Herschend 1995; Hansen 1996).

*4 Dankirke.* The hall at Dankirke is similar to that in Dejbjerg although somewhat younger, 5th and 6th century AD. The farm has been considered a merchants' farm

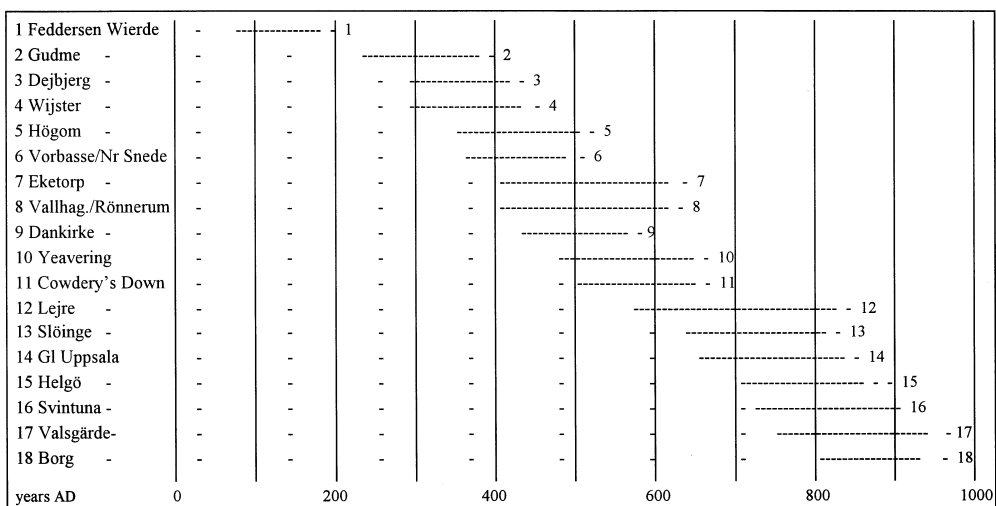


Figure 41. Cronological table of the halls in Appendix I.

and centre of wealth (Hansen 1990), but lately it has been reinterpreted as a farm with a hall (Herschend 1993; 1995). Its connection with Gudme has also been emphasised (Thrane 1987, p. 32; Hansen 1991).

*5 Nørre Snede and 6 Vorbasse.* (Hansen, 1988; Hvass 1978; 1986) The kind of hall found in these villages does not always belong to one dominant farm. It seems more reasonable to connect it with large farms. This interpretation is, however, rather tentative and it has not been put forward by the excavators. From a planographical point of view the characteristics of the buildings are easy to detect, but the lack of artefacts and detailed knowledge of the construction of the houses make the interpretation difficult. The house may be described as a relatively small detached house in the yard of a relatively big farm (cf. Herschend 1993). It seems to belong to a type of farm rather than a specific place, and may be found in other places in Southern Jutland (cf. Knudsen and Hertz 1994, pp. 197 f.)

*7 Gudme.* The large hall in Gudme is probably part of a complex of royal buildings belonging to the central farm among a group of large estates, probably containing several halls, east of the Lake Gudme (cf. Nielsen *et al.* 1994; Sørensen 1993; Henriksen and Michaelsen 1995). Its dimensions are huge, but its subdivision into rooms of a specific function is not easy to establish although several function must have had rooms in the house. Its multi-functional character and the traditional entrance room mark out the house as a hall different from others. In all probability the house existed around 400 AD (Rasmusen *et al.* 1995, pp. 55 ff.).

*8 Lejre.* (Christensen 1993, Herschend 1994a). This house would seem to be a continuation of the kind of hall found in Gudme: A dominant multi-functional building

on a central farm among other large estates, which may well have had their own halls. In Lejre, however, the architecture has developed and very few traits of the classical Early Iron Age house can be found. Nonetheless the hall in Lejre is in reality a sequence of halls erected and used between the end of the 7th and the end of the 10th centuries AD.

*9 Slöinge.* The hall in Slöinge is still being excavated (Lundqvist 1995; 1996; 1998; Lundqvist *et al.* 1994; Rosengren 1994). It is a single farm hall in several phases belonging to a period between the 6th and the 8th century. It is characteristic of the halls containing *guldgubbar* (cf. Steinsland 1990), which in view of the Lejre hall seem to characterise a noble, but not royal milieu. Dendrological investigation has revealed that the posts of one of the prominent trestles were made from the same trunk and thereby provided us with a small but significant piece of information concerning the aesthetic idea behind timber selection.

*10 Eketorp.* The hall in the ideal settlement at Eketorp dates to a period between the 5th and the 7th centuries AD (Näsman 1976; Herschend 1988; 1994*d*). Eketorp is the only known planned model society from the Scandinavian Iron Age. Nonetheless it seems very significant that those who planned the society incorporated the central building into the overall egalitarian layout. The weapon finds in the hall-room and the kitchen behind the hall-room indicate that this was a building with several function one of which was to house the retinue defending the fortification (Herschend 1993).

*11 Rönnerum and 12 Vallhagar.* Both these buildings are examples of the third house on a major farm within a village like agglomeration of farms typical of Ölandic or Gotlandic society around the middle of the first millenium AD (Herschend 1993; Fallgren 1993; Stenberger 1933; 1955). Seen in this way they link in with the halls in Nørre Snede and Vorbasse (Nos 5 and 6) as the peaceful halls of wealthy peasants.

*13 Svintuna.* We know little of this hall, which was excavated in some haste (Nordén 1938). It is, however, an example of a hall with *guldgubbar* (Steinsland 1991) from the 8th or 9th century AD. As with Dejbjerg or Borg in Lofoten (Nos 3 and 18) the importance of Svintuna continues into the Middle Ages.

*14 Helgö.* New interpretations of this building on Helgö (Herschend 1995 with ref.) have made it probable that this hall from around 800 AD consisted of mainly two rooms, one centering around the family, the other around the retinue. *Guldgubbar* and also Christian objects are linked to the family part of the house. The hall at Helgö adds to the picture of the hall with *guldgubbar* indicating a hall of the late Iron Age upper classes, rather than a king's hall.

*15 Old Uppsala.* This building is not yet completely excavated (Hedlund 1993; Duczko 1998), but it shows an interesting parallel with the hall in Lejre, (No. 8) namely the distance between the trestles in the main hall room, which in both cases is c. 9.1 metres (Hedlund 1993, fig. 33; Christensen 1993, fig. 14). The construction with outer raking posts also unites the two houses. The hall in Uppsala would seem

to be contemporary with the hall in Lejre, perhaps from the 8th century. It is reasonable to consider the hall in Uppsala one of the royal halls of this site.

*16 Valsgårde.* The hall in Valsgårde is a recent discovery (Norr and Sundkvist 1995). It is the main house of a large farm adjacent to the boat grave cemetery. Its position in the landscape parallels that of the hall in Uppsala, placed on an artificially made terrace stretching from the southwest to the northeast overlooking flat arable land.

*17 Högom house III.* This house, dated to the 4th century AD, stands out in several ways (Ramqvist 1994). It is different from the normal farmhouse of northern Sweden (cf. Liedgren 1992) and situated under one of the big mounds at Högom. Högom is in all probability a royal site and the hall a building with several functions.

*18 Borg in Lofoten.* The main farmhouse on Borg has several functions. One of the rooms is the hall room. *Guldgubbar* in the postholes, broken glass and finds connected with handicraft characterise the room (Munch *et al.* 1989; Munch 1990) as a chieftain's hall. There are three main houses in a series in the same spot and they constitutes a small stratigraphical sequence dated between the 6th and the 10th century AD.

*19 Yeavinger.* (Hope-Taylor 1977). Known historically, like Lejre and Old Uppsala, as a royal farm, the site contains a number of halls. Dating to the 7th and 8th century. The halls at Yeavinger are roughly contemporary with those in Lejre and Old Uppsala. Contrary to these sites, however, Yeavinger is a solitary farm on which a King could be expected to stay only temporarily.

*20 Cowdery's Down.* (Millet and James 1983). The tentatively identified halls at Cowdery's Down from the 5th century are prototypes of the Anglo-Saxon hall of which there are such splendid examples in Yeavinger. The halls are, however, also of the same kind as that at Wijster (No. 1).

# Appendix II

An English version of four poems by Venantius Fortunatus concerning Duke Lupus. The text is based on Leo (1881) and on Blomgren (1933 and 1971). The translation is reprinted from Flemberg (1996).

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## Carmina Book VII, Poem 7

May the great men of the past and the lofty names all give way,  
defeated (due to) by Duke Lupus!  
Everything, which the wise Scipio, the capable Cato  
and the fortunate Pompey did, can be found in you alone.  
During their consulate Roman power shone,  
but during your dukeship Rome has returned to us.  
When you grant an audience, everyone gains confidence,  
your free speech is helpful to freedom.  
If someone is sorrowful and troubled,  
he is in a better mood when he has seen you.  
Your mind is serious and your thoughts (heart) are deep  
and the salinity of a calm sea flows from your mouth.  
But it is mainly for the people, that your gift of fluent speech is useful:  
you flavour the thoughts as the salt of the wave seasons the food.  
You are the root of advice and the vein of a plentiful taste,  
your mind is lively, your mouth fluent and fast,  
you who shine in each, prepared to either,  
whatever you have at heart your tongue can produce.  
The King's power is founded in your bosom  
and the State is strong due to your help.

With sigular devotion you put a great strain on your limbs:  
 for the King's peace the burden seems sweet to you.  
 O happy soul who advises the fatherland  
 and generous mind who lives for all men!  
 Ambassadors arrive: they are tied by your answer  
 and fall at once, hit by the javelin of the words.  
 Your speech was a lance and your voice armed;  
 in you Sigibert has a presage of the victory.  
 From this opinion does the answer of the people proceed  
 and a single voice can express the decision of the community.  
 That cause which has triumphed through your genius,  
 becomes even more just by being confirmed by him.  
 No one could have spoken for his own cause the way  
 your renowned tongue sounds for everybody.  
 As the Nile recreates Egypt when is raises,  
 so do you favour everything with the flood of your speech.  
 Justice is flourishing and the laws are favourable when you are judge,  
 you are the well-balanced scales of the lawsuits.  
 To you the high commands flee, you they require;  
 you need not seek it, all honour seeks you.  
 In your bosom power grows up,  
 under your rule the honour you have got has learned to grow.  
 How well-deserved does he keep the honours always bestowed upon him,  
 he through whom the most dignified have the highest power!  
 You have adopted the custom of the old Roman stock  
 waging war with arms, dispensing justice peacefully.  
 How fair (good) that he is the first whom every decoration favours  
 supported by both advantages (goods), weapons as well as laws!  
 The vigour you possess, with a prosperity granted by heaven,  
 is proved by the promptly vanquished Saxon and Danish peoples.  
 Where the river *Bardaa* runs with a meandering cause,  
 there the enemy's army was defeated by your leadership.  
 You held the command over half the army at that time;  
 how well-deserved does he win who does what you bid!  
 As a victor you were sweating under the weight of the coat of mail  
 and you were flashing in the cloud of dust,  
 and fighting did you pursue the fleeing army,  
 until the transparent waves of the Lagona (The Lahn) set bounds.

To him who strengthless fled the river gave a sepulchre:  
For the prosperous leader the rivers wage war.  
Gallia has deserved you as a light among its inhabitants,  
you who shines everywhere with the torch of your heart.  
Some the power of beauty denotes, others wisdom,  
there is something singular to each and everyone, but you have many merits  
(goods).

When you meet with your lords you fill the venerable palace  
and honour, which enters with you, is multiplied.  
When you arrive the house shines from a new serenity  
and the royal dwelling regains its genius.  
The hall gets its eyes back seeing that you return,  
you whom the shining dukes hold to be their common light:  
The monarch's support, the honour of the fatherland, the arms of the fathers,  
the advice of all others, the common love of everyone.  
What shall I say about your admirable charm (lit. sweetness, *dulcedo*),  
by which you, full of nectar, make honey with your speech?  
An amiable grace accompanies your serene countenance  
and an eternal day sparkles in your interior.  
You who satisfy with food, restores with kind words,  
when the dishes are put away your words are a feast.  
Who could be able worthily to praise you, you whom the pious King  
in a loud-sounding voice declares to be his ornament?  
May your great honour, during his reign, last for ever  
and may he enjoy his present life and think about the coming.

### Carmina Book VII, Poem 8

When July, which brings heat, burns the hot sand  
and the dry earth thirsts in a cloud<sup>1</sup> of dust,  
when the tired tendril of the vine gives hardly any pleasant shadow  
and the lean grass contracts its pale hair;  
the leaves of the grove slouch under Phœbus' heat  
and it can hardly defend its cool rooms.  
The heifer disdains the pasture and flees from the mountain slopes due to the heat  
and the horses, beset by the heat, do not even eat the bitter vetch.  
The dog whips its mouth with a long, hanging tongue  
and the sad sheep faintly pants.



The wanderer who travels during the hot hours  
is burnt when the hair catches fire under the pressure of the sun.  
Often he eagerly wishes, when the earth is dry,  
for a runnel to refresh himself with a sip,  
or that a wide verdant head of a tree which moves in the wind  
with its shading leafage shall mitigate the thirst.  
If by lucky chance a grove near by gives shade  
and the fresh wave of a clear spring is purling  
then he hastens there and lies down on the pleasant ground  
and stretches out his limbs on the bed of grass.  
his wishes have come true and he is refreshed by a double delight:  
the shadow eases the heat of the day, the water drives the thirst away.  
If he knows any songs he recites them with a melodious chant  
and the cooler air provokes the pleasant sounds.  
If well he knows Homer, famous in Athens,  
or Maro<sup>2</sup> who is read in Rome on Trajan's Forum,  
or if he has learnt the holy psalms sung to David's plectrum,  
then he sings the honourable song with a lively throat.  
Or he plays the lyre, bone pipe, flute, Pan's pipe:  
every instrument pleases the birds with their art.  
So am I, worn out by the strong heat of anxiety,  
invigorated when I know that you are safe.  
Oh, sweet name of Lupus, to me always worth repeating,  
which is written on the page of my heart,  
a man who once included there on the tablets of sweetness,  
the undestroyable coffer of my chest shall keep.  
You have a treasure of devotion, a costly benevolence,  
which produces pure talents in its soul.  
Your golden mind exceeds all worldly wealth  
and reflects the beauty of pearls with your brilliant heart.

Your aromatic mind is spreading soft fragrance  
and gives the soul the good which incense usually gives;  
the words flowing from your breast taste of honey  
and the wise you say is spiced with salt.  
As after the darkness of the night the morning star with its rays  
dominates the light of the stars, so do you shine in my mind,  
and as the light of the sun recreates the world when it rises,  
so do your words illuminate my heart.

When I, as a stranger, saw Germania, (lit. When, as a stranger, G. held my sight)  
     you were a father and took care of the fatherland.  
 When I, rejoicing, was allowed to see your calm face,  
     there shone at once for me a double light in the sky.  
         As often as I talked with you,  
         I felt I rested among Ambrosian roses.  
 Your grace is the same for everyone, but me more than others  
     did it vanquish with its love, while I hastened there.  
 Who shall now give you homage worthy of your honour?  
 I am vanquished by the subject and my tongue is insufficient.  
 Like the mountain rising above the man who ascends it,  
     so my love urges me on, but your honour hinders me.  
 But instead of me may others compete in praising you  
 and may each to his ability entreat or celebrate you in song,  
     the Roman sing to the lyre, the barbarian to the harp,  
     the Greek to Achillean lyre, the Briton to the crowd.  
         May they call you strong, law-learned,  
         skilled in the use of weapons, versed in booklore.  
 Since you rightly manage the tasks of war as well as those of peace  
     some may sing of your judicial, others of your military honour.  
 I give you verses, may the barbarian song give you poems (*leudos* = *Lieder*);  
     so may in different ways the same praise sound for the man.  
 Here they talk of your fame, there of your sagacity in law,  
     but *I* shall always hold you dear, Lupus.

### Carmina Book VII, Poem 9

You who pay attention to your pious<sup>3</sup> duties and remember he who loves you,  
     you who promptly give him advice in your benignity,  
 you who have far too much pity upon the friend who is thus more willingly  
     absent,  
 when your love asks for a sign of life from my hiding-place,  
     how have I deserved that Fortunatus' hope  
     has at once become the kind concern of Lupus ?  
 Nine years, I think, have I been away from Italy  
     here next to the shore of the Ocean.  
 Such a long time has passed and yet from my parents  
     not a sign of encouragement in my solitude.

But that which father and mother, brother and sister and their children,  
 that which my fatherland could have done, you fulfil with pious devotion.  
 The amiable letter, so benignly dispatched in your name,  
 has refreshed me with the waters of its nectarean source.  
 And not only your letter has pleased me,  
 a carter, send out for the purpose, has also arrived here.  
 Who, I wonder, could remember and enumerate so many gifts?  
 the tongue refuses to express its sweet feelings.  
 May the Lord in Heaven repay you for all,  
 he who teaches that whatever we give to the lowly is his (given also to him).

### Carmina Book VII, Poem 10

How fast does Fame fly, rising on fast wings,  
 filling all places, having grown by her own actions!  
 For you are at the Rhine and I am close to the Loire  
 and here you are most popular, courteous Magnulfus, and much honoured.  
 So (far) has the herald's trumpet sent out by Sigimund travelled  
 that your deeds are well-known in a wide area.  
 But a letter with short words can hardly express it,  
 since neither can it sing of everything, nor does it want to keep anything in  
 silence.  
 Your principal strength is the is the flow of words in executing the law  
 and you rule so that with the new you recall the old.  
 During your office, with the plough of the just cultivator,  
 the people reap the benefit of their desires from the seeds of justice.  
 No one is without his property, no one pinches that of others.  
 You see to it that the people has no opportunity to be criminal.  
 Your care gives others their salvation  
 and one man's work becomes the peace of the multitude.  
 You are just and mild<sup>4</sup> so that by everyone you are called  
 on one hand judge for your veracity in the law, on the other father for your  
 goodness.  
 Forgive me for expressing myself briefly, the letter carrier waits;  
 but about Lupus' brother the cause urges one to speak lengthily.  
 May the Lord grant that you by your merits rehabilitate him  
 whom I, together with you, love of all my heart!

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*Notes*

<sup>1</sup> The translation follows the reading *spargine* instead of *marginē*.

<sup>2</sup> Publius Vergilius Maro, Rome's national poet.

<sup>3</sup> Here the adjective *pīus* is not used in its Christian sense. It denotes human piety.

<sup>4</sup> The adjective *concoris* means 'unanimous', 'harmonious', perhaps even 'peace making'. Here it is possible that it is to be taken with *voceris*, meaning that Lupus is by all unanimously called judge etc.

# Appendix III

An English version of the letter describing the Martyrdom of the Holy Sabas, the Goth. The text, based on Delehay (1912), has been reprinted from Flemberg's translation (1992).

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**1.** The Church of God in the land of the Goths wishes the Church in Cappadochia and all local communities of the holy Catholic Church the mercy, peace and love of God the Father and Our Lord Jesus Christ in fullest measure.

That which was said by the holy Peter is now being verified with all plainness, namely that he who is godfearing and does what is right is acceptable to him, whatever nation he belongs to; this was confirmed even in what happened the holy Sabas, who is the witness of God and Our Saviour Jesus Christ. He was Goth by birth and lived in the land of the Goths, and even in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation he shone as a heavenly light in the world as he imitated the Holies and like them he distinguished himself through great spiritual works in Christ. Because from his early childhood he strived to attain nothing but piety towards Our Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ, as he considered that virtue the complete, to become mature in the knowledge of the Son of God. And since all things work together for them that love God, he won the prize above, of the high calling of God, as he from his youth had strived to attain. Later when he openly had fought against the Adversary and overcome the evil of life and behaved peacefully towards everybody, he urged us not to be silent after his departure in the Lord, but for the sake of his commemoration and the edification of those who fear God, to write down his heroic deeds.

**2.** He was faithful, pious, willing to obey in everything that was righteous, good, rude in speech yet not in knowledge, he spoke peacefully to all for the sake of the truth, he silenced the idolaters, but was not haughty and kept to that which is humble, meek and not pushing in his talk, eager for every good work, he sang in the church with the greatest zeal, he did not think of money nor property except for the necessary, he was sober modest in everything, had never known any woman, was temperate,

always fasting, incessantly praying without being conceited, brought everybody to obedience by his good disposition, he did what was proper and was (no busybody) not busy with futile things and in everything his faith which worked by love, was irreproachable, so that he never hesitated to speak fearlessly in reliance on the Lord.

**3.** Not just once but often before he passed away in faith, did he give proof of pious actions. The first time was when the lords in the land of the Goths started to act against the Christians by forcing them to eat meat from idol-offerings. Then some of the heathens in the village where Sabas lived decided to let the Christians, who belonged to them, have (eat) meat that was not from the idol-offerings, instead of that which came from idol-offerings, openly in front of the persecutors; this in order to keep their own immaculate and to take the persecutors in. When the holy Sabas became aware of this not only did he refrain from eating the forbidden food, he also stepped forward into the middle and witnessed in front of everybody and said: "If anybody eats from that meat he cannot be a Christian." And he prevented them all from falling into the Devil's trap. For this those who had hit upon this fraud expelled him from the village, but after a while they let him return. But when this visitation was off once again, as it often happened, some of the heathens in the afore-mentioned village wanted to offer to the idols and swear in front of the persecutor, that there was no Christian in their village. But once again Sabas talked openly (freely) and went forward into the middle of the assembly and said: "May no man swear for me; for I am a Christian." When the persecutor arrived the chieftains swore, in order to protect their own, that in their village there was no more than one Christian. When the leader of the lawlessness heard this he ordered Sabas to step forward. When he (Sabas) stood there, he (the Leader) asked those who fetched him, whether he (Sabas) possessed anything of value. When they answered: "Nothing except what he is dressed in", the lawless despised him and said: "One of those can neither be of any use nor hurt." And thereby he had him thrown out.

**4.** Later when a large persecution was started by the sinful in the land of the Goths against the Church of God and the holy Easter Sunday was approaching, he decided to set out for another town, to the presbyter Gouthias, to celebrate the festival together with him. But when he walked along the road, a man big beyond measure appeared before him, splendid to look at, and said to him: "Turn around and go to Sansalas, the presbyter". Sabas answered and said: "Sansalas has gone away". Sansalas had as it were fled due to the persecution and resided in the Roman Empire. But now, due to the holy Easter, he had just returned to his home (country) [or just home?] town. But since Sabas did not know of his returning, he answered he who appeared in front of him in this way and insisted on going on to the presbyter Gouthias. But when he was not willing to obey the order, an immense amount of snow was all of a certain visible on the ground, although the weather was clear at that hour, and the road was blocked and he could not proceed. Then he understood that it was God's will that prevented him from going on and ordered him to go to the

presbyter Sansalas; and he praised God and turned around. And when he saw Sansalas he rejoiced and told him and many others about the vision he had seen on the road. But the third night after the holy-day, lo, there came from the crowd of the ungodly Atharidos, son of the lord Rhotheastas, together with a party of lawless robbers to that village and found the presbyter sleeping in his house and had him tied up. Likewise he had Sabas wrenched naked from his bed and put in irons. And they kept the presbyter prisoner on a cart, but Sabas they took away, naked as he was born, through glades they had just burned and they chased him and beat him with wooden clubs and scourges and they acted brutally and merciless towards the servant of God.

**5.** But the severity of the foes strengthened the endurance and faith of the righteous; when it had become day, he said to his pursuers with pride in the Lord: "Have you not dragged me naked and without shoes, through burned land and knocked me against sharp rocks? Look and see if my feet have been hurt or whether I have got bruises on my body from all the blows you have given me!" When they saw that there were no signs on his body from their unmerciful treatment, they took an axle-tree put it on his shoulders and stretched out his hands to the ends of it; so too did they stretched out his feet on another axle-tree and tied them up. And finally threw him down tied to the axle-trees and let him lie on his back on the ground and they did not stop tormenting him till more than half the night was over. But when the tormentors had gone to sleep, a woman, who had risen in the night to cook for those who stayed in the house, came up to him and unchained (released) him. After he was set free he remained in the place without fear and helped the woman in her work. In the morning when the ungodly Atharidos got to know this, he ordered that he should be tied up and suspended from the roof-beam

**6.** A short time thereafter those who were sent out by Atharidos returned with meat from idol-offerings; and they said to the presbyter and Sabas: "This Atharidos ordered us to give you, that you should eat it and save your souls from death". But the presbyter answered and said: "This we shall not eat, as it is not allowed for us. But ask Atharidos to have us crucified, or put to death in some other way, as he likes. Sabas said: "Who has sent this?" They answered: "Our lord Atharidos". But Sabas said: "One is the Lord God in heaven. Atharidos is an impious and cursed creature and these the foodstuffs of depravity are unchaste and defiled, as is Atharidos, who sent them." When Sabas said this one of Atharidos' retainers was enraged and he took a pestle and banged it into the chest of the holy so hard, that the bystanders thought that he should die at once, crushed by the fierceness of the blow. But thanks to his love for piety he overcame the pain from the blow and said to the tormentor: "Now you think that you have hit me with the pestle, yet you shall know that I felt so little pain that I believe you threw a flock of wool against me". And in his action he gave a distinct proof of what was said: He neither cried out or moaned as if in pain, nor was there on his body any sign whatsoever of the blow.

7. When Atharidos got to know this he ordered that Sabas should be killed. Then the servants of the lawlessness had Sansalas tied up and (they) took Sabas and carried him off to the river that is called Musaios (Muresul) to drown him. But the blessed man who remembered the commandment of the Lord and loved his neighbour as he loved himself said: “What wrong has the presbyter done that he is not allowed to die with me?” They answered him: “It is not for you to decide about him.” When they had said this he rejoiced in the holy spirit and (exclaimed) cried out: “Blessed are you Lord, and heighly exalted your name, Jesus, for ever, amen, for Atharidos has brought down everlasting death and ruin upon himself, while sending me to eternal life, for thus have you found pleasure in your servant, Lord Our God.” And all the time when he was carried away he thanked God and reckoned that the sufferings of this time were not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in the Holies. When he was brought forth to the shore of the river, those who kept hold of him said to each other: “Let us set free this innocent man! For how should Atharidos find out about that?” But the blessed Sabas said to them: “Why do you talk so foolishly instead of doing what has been enjoined on you? I see what you cannot see; lo, in front of me *they* stand in glory who have come to receive me”. Then they led him down to the water, all the while he thanked and praised God—for to the very end [his spirit served him] (he was in full possession of his spirit)—; and they threw him down and pressed him down into the depths by placing a beam over his neck. And so he ended his life by wood and water and kept the seal of salvation immaculate, at the age of thirty-eight. He died Thursday after Easter, which is April the 12th, during the consulate of Flavius, when Valentinian and Valens were emperors. They are to be found under the consulates of Modestus and Arintheos.

8. Later the murderers dragged him out of the water and let him lie unburied and went away: but no dog nor any other animal touched him. But by the brethren the body was shrouded and taken custody of; and Junius Soran[us] the glorious ruler [dux] of Scythia, who honoured God, sent out reliable men, and had it brought from the land of the barbarians to the Roman Empire. And while bestowing upon his country of birth a valuable gift and a glorious fruit of the faith, he sent the body to Cappadocia, for your devotion. It was done to the wish of the presbyters, for the Lord have mercy upon brethren, who await His arrival and fear Him. And when you celebrate his sacred feast on the day, he won his wreath of victory through struggle, let it be known even to brethren living further away, that you may rejoice in every Catholic and Apostolic community, while praising the Lord, who choose out among those who serve him. Greetings to all the holies, those who like yourself are persecuted salute you. Glory, honour, might and majesty to Him who by his merciful gift is able to bring us all into the heavenly kingdom, so too to His Only-begotten Son and the Holy Spirit forever and ever. Amen.



