Peace At Last – Stillnes æt nyhstan

From the children's story "Peace at Last" by Jill Murphy, published by Macmillan Children's Books

Modern English	Eald Englisc
The hour was late	Hit wæs læt.
Mr Bear was tired, Mrs Bear was tired and Baby Bear was tired. So they all went to bed.	Fæder Bera wæs werig. Modor Bera wæs werig and Lyteling Bera wæs werig. Swa eodon hie to restenne.
Mrs Bear fell asleep. Mr Bear didn't. Mrs Bear began to snore.	Modor Bera onslep. Fæder Bera ne dyde. Modor Bera begann fnæran.
"SNORE, SNORE," went Mrs Bear. "SNORE." "Oh no, I can't stand this," said Mr Bear. So he got up and went to sleep in Baby Bear's room.	"FNÆR," fnærde Modor Bera. "FNÆR, FNÆR." "Eala nese, þis me ne licaþ!" sægde Fæder Bera. Swa aras he and eode in Lytelinges Beran slæperne to restenne.
Baby Bear was not asleep either. He was laying in bed pretending to be an aeroplane.	Eallswa ne slep Lyteling Bera. He læg in bedde and licætte þæt he wære folcflyga.
"NYAOW!" went Baby Bear. "NYAOW! NYAOW!" "Oh no, I can't stand this," said Mr Bear. So he got up and went to sleep in the living room.	"NIAU!" cwæþ Lyteling Bera. "NIAU! NIAU!" "Eala nese, þis me ne licaþ!" sægde Fæder Bera. Swa aras he and eode in healle to restenne.
"Tick tock tick tock," went the living room clock. "Cuckoo!" "Oh no," said Mr Bear, "I can't stand this!" So he got up and went off to sleep in the kitchen.	"TIC TOC, TIC TOC," clipode hwilweorc in healle. "CUCU!" "Eala nese," sægde Fæder Bera, "þis me ne licaþ!" Swa aras he and eode in cycenan to restenne.
"Drip drip" went the leaky kitchen tap "Hmm" went the refrigerator "Oh no," said Mr Bear, "I can't stand this!" So he got up and went to sleep in the garden.	"DRYP, DRYP," drypte þære cycenan droppende tæppa. "HMMM" great se cealdloca. "Eala nese," sægde Fæder Bera, "þis me ne licaþ!" Swa aras he and eode in wyrtgearde to restenne
Well, you would not believe what noises there are in the garden at night! "Tu wit tu woo" went the owl "Snuffle snuffle" went the hedgehog	Hwæt! ge ne beliefan hu fela breahtm man hierþ in wyrtgearde be nihte! "TU WIT TU WU" ceallode seo ule. "SNYÐ, SNYÐ," snyþode se igil.

"Miaow miaow" sang the cats on the garden wall "Oh no," said Mr Bear, "I can't stand this!" So he got up and went to sleep in the car.	"MIAU MIAU" sungon þa cattas on þæs wyrtgeardes wealle. "Eala nese," sægde Fæder Bera, "þis me ne licaþ!" Swa aras he and eode in wægene to restenne.
It was cold in the car and uncomfortable but Mr Bear was so tired he didn't notice. He was just falling asleep when all the birds started to sing and the sun peeped in at the window "Tweet! tweet!" went the birds "Shine! Shine!" went the sun "Oh no," said Mr Bear, "I can't stand this!" So he got up and went back into the house.	Hit wæs ceald in þæm wægene and unsoft ac Fæder Bera wæs wel werig and he ne cepde. Swa onslep he swa begannon ealle fugolas singan and scan seo sunne þurh eagþyrele "TWIT, TWIT" sangon þa fugolas "SCIN! SCIN!" scan seo sunne "Eala nese," sægde Fæder Bera, "þis me ne licaþ!" Swa aras he and cirde ongean in huse
In the house Baby Bear was fast asleep and Mrs Bear had turned over and she wasn't snoring any more. Mr Bear got into bed and closed his eyes. "Peace at last!" he said to himself.	In þæm huse wæs Lyteling Bera fullslæpende and Modor Bera wæs ymbhweorfende and þan heo ne fnærde Fæder Bera læg on þæm bedde and his eagan beclysde "Stillnes æt nyhstan" sægde he to selfe
"Bring! Bring! Bring!" went the alarm clock. Mrs Bear sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Good morning, dear," she said. "Did you sleep well?" "Not very well, dear," yawned Mr Bear "Never mind," said Mrs Bear, "I'll bring you a nice cup of tea." And she did.	"HRING! HRING! HRING!" bodode se wæcbelle Modor Bera awæcode and agnad hiere eagan. "God morgen, deore," sægde heo. "Slæpdest þu wel?" "Ne full wel, deore" ginode Fæder Bera "Ne sarga" sægde Modor Bera, "ic þe bringe leoflicne te-drincan" Swa dyde heo.