

VIKING CLUB TRANSLATION SERIES—VOL. II.

The Elder or Poetic Edda,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS

SÆMUND'S EDDA.

PART I.—THE MYTHOLOGICAL POEMS.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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INTRODUCTION.

A translation is only a compromise at best, and effected with a sense of resting in defeat. It has therefore always some need of apology, especially to those who are already acquainted with the original, and for a work which is entitled to a high place in international literature. Such place we claim for the Edda, not only as the fountain head of Germanic mythology and tradition, but for its own beauty of expression—the art of the Scandinavian poets. They sent it forth long since armed with winged words and girded with power, and only for want of speech in different tongues has it remained so little recognised. Two previous renderings into English by Thorpe and York Powell might well have proved its worth, but the first was allowed to fall out of print while interest was only beginning to awaken, and the second is included in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* with other less worthy material in a form that cannot appeal to the general reader. Both have been used in preparing the present book, which is offered less to scholars and students than to all who have sufficient taste for mythology, and understanding of old lore, to recognise the truth and beauty which are not expressed in precisely the forms and language of to-day; but who are also insistent, like ourselves, that old books are not true because of their age, nor old lamps beautiful unless they can be polished anew. To satisfy truth and for fear of doing injustice to the original, we have endeavoured to keep the translation as literal as possible, though ambiguity in the *original* occasionally necessitates interpretation by a somewhat freer rendering. Where we have failed to catch the spirit of the Icelandic or to find for it worthy English expression, we hope that the illustrations will suggest that a wealth of beauty is waiting to be represented in modern art by the painter as it was pictured of old by the Icelandic poets. For their style is so essentially graphic without being descriptive that the more familiar we are with their works the more difficult does it seem to translate them into words instead of colour and form.

Sæmund's Edda bears a title under which its first editor would have failed to recognise it. Sæmund, a well-known Icelandic scholar of the twelfth century, had no part in its composition, although, according to popular tradition, he was the author of a work on mythology. Nor was the name of Edda given to it before the seventeenth century: we find this word attached to a collection of mythical stories made by the great Icelandic historian, Snorri Sturluson (1181-1241). Its earliest meaning was "great-grandmother," and it is thus used in *Rigsþula*; what were the intermediate steps in sense development we little know, but "great-grandmother's stories" like "old wives' tales" was deemed by some sceptic a fitting title for Snorri's account of the Old Norse gods and goddesses of Asgarth; and it was deemed equally suitable by Bishop Brynjolf Sveinsson (1643) for the more venerable work which from that time was called Sæmund's or the Poetic Edda.*

It exists in several MSS., none of which were brought to light before the Icelandic Renaissance of the seventeenth century. The finding of the first and most complete MS. was somewhat dramatic, and resembled the long awaited discovery of the planet Neptune. Magnus Olafsson had suggested the former existence of a more "ancient Edda," and we soon find this hypothetical work regarded in the light of a hidden treasure of wisdom and ancient lore, of which all existing fragments were but "the bare shadow and the footprint." We know nothing of how it was tracked and at last discovered, but by 1643 the Codex Regius was in the hands of Bishop Brynjolf. This most important MS., known as R, is in the Copenhagen library: it is an octavo volume consisting of five parchment sheets belonging to the thirteenth century, and containing nearly all the poems given below. The others are found in MSS. of the fourteenth century, which were brought to light by the same scholars. The Codex Arnarnagnæanus (A) supplied *Baldur's Draumar*; the Codex Wormianus includes *Rigsþula* with Snorri's Edda; *Hyndluljóð* is found in one of the great Saga books, the *Flateyjarbók*; *Grógaldur ok Fjölsvinnismál* are only known in paper MSS. of the seventeenth century.

* Many scholars, however, incline to the theory put forth by Mr. Eiríkr Magnússon in his paper on Edda (*Saga book of the Viking Club*, vol. i., p. 219), that the name, whatever later meanings may have been given, meant originally "the book of Oddi," or Codex Oddensis; and that Edda is merely a feminine form, agreeing with *bók*, of *Oddi*, the home of Snorri, where his love for history and literature first was kindled.

Thus, with a few modern additions, Sæmund's Edda is an early collection of much older lays, some mythical and some heroic: the mythical lays only are given here, although, as regards style and authorship, no line of distinction can be drawn between them. Brief passages in prose have been added at some later period; the poems themselves belong to somewhat different dates, and show the work of different hands; some are fragmentary, and have suffered from re-arrangement and interpolation; all are more or less obscure. They point back to lost traditions, forgotten creeds, and, it is suggested, a wealth of early poetic literature and mythology which are common to the Germanic race: they lead us forward also to the more intelligible account of Snorri's prose book, which is the earliest commentary on the subject. This cannot rank with the primitive sources of tradition except in so far as it quotes old fragments from lost poems and strophes of those found in the Edda. Christian and foreign influence, the orderly mind of the scholar, the shaping hand of the artist have left their traces behind. In one or two cases we can even correct his misinterpretations where an earlier and perhaps grander myth, less understood in the narrow light of mediæval learning than by the broader and more comparative knowledge of to-day, has become overgrown by some later fairy tale. We are obliged, however, to rely on Snorri's version where all other explanation is wanting for gaps and obscurities in the poems; indeed there is little else to throw light upon the subject.

Iceland has a magnificent prose literature in the Sagas of the thirteenth century, which are records of the old Norse kings, stories of family life in Iceland or the mother country, and Viking expeditions both romantic and historic. They treat of times past when the mythology of the Edda was still living, but they show only the cult and worship of the principal deities—Odin, Thor, and Frey—who differ widely from the heroic beings of the myths. The skalds or court poets, save Ulf Uggason and Thiodwolf, rarely chose such subjects for their songs, but in praising their lords they made use of a poetic diction based on mythical lore, and full of allusions which sometimes bear out what is written in the Edda, though often too obscure to be of much service. The only other contemporary source of information is a not very reliable history of Denmark by Saxo Grammaticus (1185 A.D.), who, to honour his native land the more, has stolen the traditions of neighbouring peoples, and brought the Old Norse gods upon the

scene as heroes only, or as vanquished foes. It is the unwritten literature, the folk-lore and fairy tales of Germanic nations and of other races, which often supply us with the motive, and help us to an understanding of the Eddic myths.

But the poems are not so obscure as they appear at first sight; when taken together and compared and fitted one into the other they become intelligible and reveal much concerning themselves, their nature and their history. From internal evidence alone we must seek an answer to the question: "When and where were they composed?" The MSS., as we have seen, belong to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but the poems themselves are clearly older. An atmosphere of heathendom pervades them, and suggests a time before 1000 A.D., when Christianity was established in Iceland: the evidence of language, the Icelandic dialect, and of metre shows on the other hand that they were not written earlier than the ninth century, when the Old Norse tongue underwent definite changes. Between these dates therefore, 850-1000 A.D., it is now generally agreed that the Edda was composed. During this period the Icelanders, in their intercourse with Norway and in Viking expeditions or more peaceful settlements in the British Isles, had every opportunity of drawing from all the mediæval springs of language and literature, and the question has now become "How far do the poems belong to Iceland and the North?" Altogether, Olsen thinks; Finnur Jónsson gives them to Norway; but in contrast to the early critics, who held these myths and legends as the heirloom of the whole Germanic race, the tendency is now to regard them as mainly borrowed from Christian, classical, and other foreign sources. Thus Bugge and Vigfússon will not allow that they belong to the North at all, but rather to the West, where they were composed under the influence of international literature by settlers in the British Isles. This theory cannot be wholly accepted, but their researches have at least shown that the vocabulary and descriptions of life are not exclusively Icelandic or even Northern, and they enable us to view the poems in better perspective. Few traces will be found of the immediate history of the Icelanders, their settlement in the ninth century, their life as depicted in the sagas with its strange mixture of law at home and lawlessness abroad. The stage of the Edda is filled with kings and earls such as those who once ruled in Norway or figured in heroic legends of the past. Strange fables, old-world charms and saws, where wisdom works by spells and knowledge is immersed in

magic lore, barbarous customs, savage heathen rites all harmonise in the picture of an earlier life, and suggest that the writers were repeating the traditions of their mother country, or even, as Jessen holds, those of the primitive Germanic race. It is only when we come to the individual style and treatment that the setting becomes truly Northern: the *kennings* used, the descriptive details, the atmosphere and scene alike are characteristic of Iceland; and here we meet with foreign words such as *plóg*, plough; *tresc*, tress; which show the influence of European civilisation and mediæval romance. The myths likewise in their broad outlines do not belong to Iceland alone, but to other Scandinavian countries, and to Germany and England. Odin or Woden, Thor, Hel, Frigg, Tyr were known to all the tribes, as were dwarfs and elves; even the *Jötun*, a being so familiar in the Edda, is met in old English as a monster, "eoten." Their presentation, however—Hel, no longer as the underworld, but a northern land of mist and cold, the *Jötuns*, who have become Frost giants, and Odin as the War-father, a Viking in spirit—can only be creations of the Icelandic poets; while the conception of a new world and higher Powers and the figure of Baldr betoken the near approach of Christianity. It seems most reasonable, therefore, to adopt Mogk's theory that the poems were composed mainly on old themes which had been brought from the mother country into Iceland, where they took their present form with traces of Old English and Celtic influence.

But the wealth of interest in the Edda has been disclosed by the manifold researches and conjectures of different scholars pursuing each his own theory, perhaps, to extinction: Uhland, Hoffory, Müllenhoff, tracing the delicate outlines of some nature myth; Grimm and Max Müller finding links in mythology and Heinzel in poetic form between the Indo-Germanic nations; Rydberg attempting, without even attaining complete success, to prove that one grand historic saga and a few heroic forms of Germanic origin are the source of all the late and varying traditions; Schwartz, Mannhard, Meyers, distinguishing the fancies born of superstition from the religious creeds of more developed man; Kauffmann and Fraser revealing how once savage rites are still remembered and transfigured in poetic myths. But no one has done more towards proving the value of the Edda than Bugge, who has shown that all its interests in literature, history, mythology, religion are not drawn from one barren source alone, but from the wisdom of the world.

Partly for this reason, because its interests are too wide and deep to yield themselves at once, and partly because the Edda has suffered too much from the chances and changes of time, we offer suggested explanations of the different poems for readers who are not previously acquainted with Eddic literature. We should like to have avoided all the vexed questions which leave their scars behind and spoil appreciation of the art and spirit of the work ; but too often these questions ask themselves, and the many possible answers give depth and largeness to the subject. To those, however, who would read it without commentary we offer the translation only, with notes of reference between corresponding passages which may possibly serve as guides in following the right thread, and occasionally find an end for a story begun ; though they will not, nor will any commentary, unravel all the tangles in the Edda.

For mythology itself is a tangled garden of thought unless it has undergone complete transformation in the hands of the artist. It is nothing less than the mind of the nation laid bare, which, like the mind of the individual, discloses a mass of inconsistent, incongruous ideas, childish notions, mature thoughts, fleeting fancies, high imaginings, borrowed opinions, lying side by side, all stamped by past experience, but never blended into unity.

It is for some artist or historian to reveal the mind of his nation ; if a true artist, his own sense of beauty will discover something which is immortal and which, like the sculpture of the Greeks, he can leave in fixed abiding forms ; if a true historian, he will disclose some one phase or stage of development ; or if a prophet, he will declare the ideals of his nation, and show mythology in the light of religion. But no such influence has given unity to the mythology of the North. The Edda discloses only a mixture of rational and irrational ideas, folklore, and fairy tale. Savage heathen ritual, symbolic acts, and mystic legends are found as different expressions of the same human instinct, and even associated with the same deity. For the gods themselves are continually changing their characters and forms ; well defined one moment, the next they are shifting, shapeless beings, sometimes appearing as types of thought, statuesque and classic in repose, or as natural forces in their workings, full of almost human life and passion. We seek in vain for the Indo-Germanic Heaven or Sky god, by which is meant no unalterable personality who lives on in tradition from age to age, but merely the conception of an over-ruling power, now

inhabiting, now symbolising, and now identified with the heaven itself. Odin, the Wind god, the High One, is set on his throne as the All-father whom all other gods obey and serve, but soon we find him parting with his weapons or attributes of Heaven god—his sword of light to Heimdal or to Frey, his thunderbolt to Thor.

We could scarcely hope for unity in a mythology which is handed down in old wives' tales and scattered fragments of art; but in a work as poetic as the Edda, and a collection which was almost co-existent with the myths themselves, we might have looked for some fundamental idea, some one aspect whether of art or history or religion, in which they would present themselves. But we have already pointed out that the Edda is too diffuse in its interest to confine itself to one side of life: it is like some old building in which many hands and many ages have taken part: its charm lies in all its varied features and claims, and to follow the poems in an appreciative way we are obliged to dip into a world of fancy and emerge into one of fact, only to plunge and be lost in mysteries of thought: a specialist will find no satisfaction in studying it, nor can he appreciate its merits. To consider its myths as in any way representative of Old Norse religion would lead us very far astray. They hint now and then at acts of worship, sacrifice and rites, but the narrative or dialogue is never interwoven with prayers or hymns of praise, and seldom broken by moral teaching. The connection between the mythology and the religion of the people is obscure, and probably very slight; for the poet's hand has been at work, adding grace and humour, reinterpreting in the light of fancy rather than of truth. History also, after tracing with delight some ancient custom, distinguishing Scandinavian features from Germanic origins, and filling in a background of contemporary life in the Viking period, rejects the rest as fiction. And art will not forbear to criticise a cycle of poems which show a total lack of unity, which are manifestly by different authors and of different dates, full of obscure allusions, half forgotten tales, discrepancies, inequalities of style. But here censure will be lost in praise of the almost unique qualities of the individual poems—the dramatic power, suggestiveness, humour which seldom appears conscious of itself, vigour and swiftness of expression, where word follows hard after word with a kind of impetuous eagerness, and where all the force of the ballad-writer is often combined with the grace of a finished artist. Nor will admiration pause: for there is colossal grandeur about the whole subject

which inspires reverence and awe, a material grandeur, such as men loved and feared until civilisation taught them the minuteness, and also the pettiness of life, an entire contrast to the intellectual delicacy of the Greeks, and yet a mythology even more fitted than theirs for an epic poem. The Germanic ideal naturally expressed itself in large heroic action; its huge forms and simple outlines allow infinite space for the play of power, and a skilful hand might have wrought these poems into an epic cycle as fine and much stronger than the Arthurian legend. But they approach most nearly—in fact, only for want of the one shaping hand, they just miss being—the mightiest drama that has ever been written. The characters Odin, Baldr, Loki, Njörd, Frey, Freyja are capable of infinite development; they possess even now all the steadfastness of the type, all the life of the individual; they are godlike in their power and majesty; they are girt about with the freshness and vigour, the tenderness and youth, the breadth and atmosphere which belongs to them as forces of nature, and yet they are intensely human in their passions, in their actions, and their speech.

It is indeed as we pass from the drama and get closer and closer to a representation of life itself that a principle of unity appears in the Edda. It is seen at last in a thread which is woven through all the poems—that of Fate, or rather Weird; for the power of Germanic mythology is not the Fate which takes revenge on the individual and which can be seen to interpose in the fortunes of men; it is a sweeping world-force set free by the first born beings, the Jötuns, and left to work itself out in the life of the universe. It knows no law except that of consequence, and obeys no impulse except that of nature. It is Weird which renders the meeting of Menglod and Dayspring as inevitable as the sunrise at dawn; Gerd must surrender to Frey as earth must ever respond to the wooing of summer; Thor will recover his hammer as surely as spring will return. But Weird is seen at work on a yet mightier scale in the whole cycle of the Edda. It is as inevitable for the Æsir, the war gods, to perish as it is for all imperfect ideals to be shattered; and they are destroyed, before even the coming of mightier powers, as a result of their own weakness and folly, and by forces which they have long held at bay. At intervals in the poems Doom is foretold, the Weird motive is heard. But only in *Völuspá* does there seem any conscious attempt to trace its power through all the history of the gods. This poem stands first in the *Codex Regius*,

a place which it merits, for it is the grandest of all the works in the Edda, and is necessary for a full comprehension of the spirit which moves and lives throughout, and the unity which binds all the fragments together. But it is full of allusions whose significance is not understood except by those already familiar with the various myths and their interpretations. For this reason, and because the attitude of the writer is essentially one of summing up and estimating the value of old-world thoughts in the light of new, we have placed it last. The other poems have been arranged where possible in their right sequence in the history of the gods, but more often, for they are seldom closely related, to introduce scenes and characters most conveniently to the reader. This scheme is perhaps made clearer by the explanatory notes. *Grimnismál* stands first, for in it we meet with much that is most characteristic of Old Norse mythology, the chief gods and goddesses, their homes, the rude war-faring life in Valhöll, the Valkyries, and the great World-tree, Yggdrasil. Odin, the All-father, is shown in the manifold forms in which he must henceforth be recognised. *Alvissmál* and *Vafþrúðnismál* complete the description of cosmology, and make us familiar with the inhabitants of different worlds and the history of the earliest times. These poems place us at the outset in a right attitude towards the type of mythology found in the Edda: its myths have their place in evolutionary history among those drawn by the poets from a religion in the transition stage between a worship of nature and of more anthropomorphic gods. In *Hávamál*, the High One reveals himself by relating the mysteries of his own experience and the wisdom he has gained. *Hymiskviða*, *Thrymskviða*, and *Skirnismál* are less didactic narratives of Thor and Frey, told with a simple love for old themes, and still in touch with nature myths; but in the next poems *Fjölsvinnismál*, *Rígsþula*, *Hyndluljóð* and *Harbardsljóð*, the myth is associated with some new theme, and used merely as a setting; veiled meanings suggest themselves, and the gods have become more conventional forms. Their power is waning, and in *Baldrs Draumar* and *Lokasenna* the Weird motive is heard waxing stronger and louder, proclaiming the near approach of Doom or Ragnarök, for once more the Icelandic word is required to express a Doom which is but the last of life's issues. The first of these poems, with its tone of solemn warning, is like a return to faith in the old gods; the second, with the mocking laughter of a sceptic, reviews and criticises their history and their characters. *Völuspá* also

is a retrospect, but seen with a tender discerning eye, and, as we have noticed, an attempt to find unity and truth.

The text has been included more for the sake of comparison with the English than for the use of scholars and students. The version is based on that of Gering (Padeborn, 1904), whose spelling and metrical corrections have generally been adopted. The spelling is to some extent simplified: 'ö' is used both for the 'i' umlaut of 'o' and the 'u' umlaut of 'a'; 'é' represents the 'i' umlaut of 'ó'; the 'u' umlaut of 'á' is neglected as in all later MSS. Different readings of the more important passages are noted below with the same abbreviation of names which are found in the best German commentaries. Emendations and all changes in order of strophes are also noted with a reference to the MSS. as given by Detter and Heinzl (Leipzig, 1903), whose edition, it should be observed, is arranged in half lines.

No precise attempt has been made in the translation to render the original metre, which follows strict laws of its own; the long line is divided by cæsura into half lines, which are connected by alliterative staves falling on the most emphatic words, and occasionally by rhyme. Two forms of strophe are found: the Fornyrþislag resembles most nearly the oldest epic metre of the Germanic race; it is used in *Völuspá*, *Thrymskviða*, and other epic lays, and consists of four such lines as described; the *Ljóðahátt*, which is peculiar to Old Norse, has greater rhythm and flexibility; variety is given by the alternation of long lines with and without cæsura. It is more suitable for the dramatic poems like *Skirnismál*, or for dialogue as in *Lokasenna*. Alliteration has been retained or introduced where possible, and the rhythm, which is hard for modern ears to catch, has been slightly emphasised—all, we freely admit, resulting in a compromise which satisfies neither the new nor the old, but which seems the only means of introducing the one to the other.

It is with great hesitation that a translation (based mainly on suggestions by Detter, Gering, Finnur Jónsson, Vigfússon, and other authorities) has been given of the names, many of which are of doubtful meaning. By-names often seem to be used only for the sake of alliteration; in such cases (Grn., st. 8) it has sometimes been considered advisable to substitute the better known title. On the other hand, we ourselves have occasionally introduced a familiar by-name for metrical convenience. In every case, however, the text will supply the original form even to those unacquainted with Icelandic. Where

the meaning of the names is wholly obscure they are given in their original form in the translation; 'd' is adopted for Icelandic 'þ,' or 'th,' since this has been done in previous versions, and a few names, such as Odin, which have already become familiar to English readers, are retained. The nominative case ending 'r' ('l,' 'n') is dropped except in the case of 'ir'—as Fenrir; or where 'r' forms part of the stem—as *Baldr*.

We would here express our gratitude to Prof. Ker, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, and Mr. A. F. Major, whose corrections and suggestions have been of inestimable value in the translation, commentary, and general plan of the work.

THE SAYINGS OF GRIMNIR.

It has been suggested that *Grimnismál* is one of the oldest poems in the collection, and it may well have been such in its original form, for there is a grand simplicity in expression and an absence of any seemingly borrowed ideas. It touches only on the main features of Old Norse mythology, and has no knowledge of later stories which grew up around the separate gods and goddesses, and which form such frequent subjects of allusion by the poets, supplying them with a wealth of obscure poetical imagery. But the confused arrangement, which we have altered only for the sake of giving more sequence to the ideas, and such details as those which surround the original conception of the World Tree, suggest revision and interpolation, and give ground for the supposition that the poem as it stands is of late origin, and an attempt to revive a belief in the old religion by the teaching of old myths. The setting of the poem, too, bears the mark of a different and more skilful hand. It is wonderfully dramatic in contrast to the quiet rehearsal of old-world knowledge and traditional lore. Odin and Frigg appear first as humble peasants, who give shelter to the sons of a certain King Hraudung. Next the Sky god is pictured in Heaven, sitting on his throne of Window-shelf, from whence he can view all the worlds. "Odin," says Snorri, "is highest and first born among gods. He rules over all things, and the other gods, however mighty, serve him as children serve their father." Beside him is Frigg, his wife, who is also a power of the sky, and perhaps the ruler of the clouds. The scene changes, and Odin is found once more upon earth

as a stranger at Geirröd's doors. He appears in the form best known to men—grey-bearded, and clad in blue mantle and broad-brimmed hat, but he is unrecognised by Geirröd. Here the poem opens with the tortured god sitting between the fierce heat of two fires, craving for one draught of water from Agnar's hands to cool his parched lips before he can answer the questions of his tormentors concerning the secret and holy places of the world. From time to time the narrative is broken by a cry from the god—to his faithful Valkyries, who even now bear refreshing ale to the Chosen warriors in Valhöll—to his kinsmen who are assembling, as was their wont, to drink in the sea halls of Ægir. How he is at last delivered from his painful situation is left uncertain, owing to the obscurity of sts. 42 and 45.

To a like skilful hand belong the magnificent strophes in which Grimnir reveals himself to Geirröd as Odin, the highest god; where the poet shows him as the One, who in different ages and for different beings has many aspects and many names. In his character as Heaven god, he is Odin, Wafter, Tree-rocker, Wind-roar; as ruler in Asgarth, they call him the High One, Equal-ranked, Third Highest. He is the life and source of all things—the Maker, the All-father. He rules the World as the Watcher from Window-shelf. He comes forth from Valhöll as the Death-father, and goes to battle as War-father, Host-leader, Helm-bearer. To evil giants he appears as the Dread One, Bale-worker, Flashing-eyed, Flaming-eyed. Both gods and men know the Wanderer, Grey-beard, Long-beard, Broad-hat. As Well-comer he has many a love adventure; as Hoodwinker, Form-changer, Wizard, he is the great master of magic. He is moreover the god of culture, the Sage and Wise One, the Counsellor or Poet who has won the Song-mead, and even bestowed the gift of poesy upon men. This glorious monotheistic hymn reminds us of some Indian poet singing of Krishna, "countless mystic forms unfolding in one Form." In such Protean fashion the supreme god of every mythology has the right to change his shape, and assume the powers and attributes of lesser beings. It is unusual, however, for an old Northern mythologist to show such appreciation of this truth. He is usually content with presenting a god now in this light, now in that, and each of the different poems which relate to Odin will reveal him more fully in some one of the above characters. Here the "Masked One" has veiled his god-head and suffered torment in order to instruct and enlighten mankind.

Grimnir begins his recital of old lore by enumerating the homes of

the gods, which usually correspond with the characters of their owners. All the principal deities are mentioned except Frigg, who, as we are told elsewhere, has her dwelling in the "Halls of Moisture," where perhaps she rules the clouds. Loki also is omitted, for the airy fire demon had no resting place until he was bound in the underworld. Odin is here the War-father, who shows the true Viking spirit of an old Norse hero. His home is Valhöll, the Hall of the Slain, described in sts. 8-10, 20-24. It is seen from afar, standing high in Asgarth, overshadowed by Yggdrasil, and surrounded by the air river Thund, which roars and thunders when the dead are brought through by the Valkyries. This dwelling is reserved for the chosen sons of Odin who have been slain in strife; other dead folk pass to the underworld of Hel. Snorri says, drawing his information mainly from this passage and other extant poems, "all the warriors who have fallen in battle since the beginning of the world come to Odin in Valhöll. A great host is there assembled, and more shall gather; yet they will seem too few when Fenrir, the Wolf, is let loose at Ragnarök, the Doom of the gods. They have for food the flesh of a sooty-black boar called Sæhrimnir, which will never be consumed, however great the throng in Valhöll. Each day he is boiled in Eldhrimnir (the fire-smoked cauldron) by Andhrimnir (the sooty-faced cook), and every evening he becomes whole again. But Odin partakes not of the same food as his Chosen Warriors. He gives the portion from his table to two wolves, Greed and Ravener, for he himself needs no food, but wine is his meat and drink. Two ravens sit perched on his shoulder, and whisper to him tidings of what they have seen and heard. Thought and Memory are their names. He sends them flying each day over all the world, and at breakfast-time they return. Thus he is made ware of the things which come to pass, and is called by mortals the Raven god. The Chosen Warriors have a drink which, like their food, is never failing; but they drink not water, for how should All-father bid kings and earls and other mighty men to his halls and give them nought but water? A great price would it seem to those who had suffered wounds and death to get such a draught for their pains. But there stands a she-goat called Heidrun over the roof of Valhöll, biting leaves from the Shelterer's boughs. Mead flows from her teats into a vessel so huge that all the Chosen Warriors can drink their fill. When they are not drinking they hold sport. Each morning they put on their war-gear and take their weapons, and go forth into the court-yard and there fight and lay one

another low, and play thus till breakfast-time, when they go back and sit them down to drink." These daily conflicts, it would seem, are but a preparation for the last great conflict at Ragnarök. Valhöll as a paradise is the ideal of the West in contrast to that of the East. It is no home of rest, but one of conflict and strenuous endeavour, where the warriors fight on higher planes the same battles that they fought upon earth, still with the same hope of achievement and honour, still with a delight in the struggle itself, which is never finished. Even the alternating periods of bliss have no resemblance to the passive Nirvana state, but are like the ale which the Old Norsemen drank at their revels, deep and intoxicating draughts of active material enjoyment.

In st. 7 Odin, as husband of Saga the seeress, is a god of wisdom, and perhaps the by-name which we omitted, Hrópt, the One who Utters, was used with intent. But the story attached to it is unknown. It is perhaps only another version of the Mimir myth, where the god draws his wisdom from sacred waters (p. 287). Full of pictorial beauty is the scene of Odin and Saga drinking peacefully from the fount of knowledge.

Three sons of Odin are mentioned: Thor (st. 4), who, as wielder of the great thunder-hammer, owns the Home of Strength; Vidar (st. 17), called by Snorri "the silent god," who lives in wild Wood-home; and Baldr (st. 12), whose dwelling-place is fair and shining as his face, and pure as the heart of him who is the best, and the most loved of all the gods.

Two gods, Ull and Forseti (sts. 5 and 15), play little part in Old Norse mythology, but were well known among other Germanic tribes. Ull, as the great archer, owns the land of yew-trees which were used for making bows. He is called Ollerus by Saxo, and is said to have been given both the name and kingdom of Odin when the latter was banished for practising magic. Forseti is the son of Baldr and Nanna. His cult may be traced among the Frisians. In Heligoland, which is called by Latin writers "Forsiti's land," the god had his temple and holy places, and the people told legends of a culture hero, sprung from the gods, who came once and taught them justice and "Frisian right."

The owner of Vala-shelf (st. 6) is not clearly indicated.

Many obscure myths have attached themselves to the name of Heimdal, who was primarily a god of light. As such "he is warder of the gods, and sits at the end of heaven to guard the bridge Bifröst against the giants." Loki taunts him with this arduous life (p. 263),

but he had also his pleasant home of Heaven-hill. Frey and Freyja, with their father Njörd, belong to the gentler tribe of gods called Wanæs (Vanir), distinguished from the war-gods, or Æsir. Frey (st. 5), as god of summer fruitfulness, dwells in a home of sunshine among the elves. Freyja (st. 14), who has here assumed the powers of Frigg, rules in Folk-field; while Njörd, the peaceful sea-god, has made his home in Noatun beside the ocean.

One dwelling-place, Sound-home (st. 11), is not found in Asgarth, the gods' realm, but in Jötunheim, or Giant-land, which is always associated with the stirring, sounding elements of nature. The famous story of Thiazî and his daughter Skadi is given later on.

After describing his own home and the joyous life there, Grimnir, tortured by fiery heat, calls to mind the cool, rushing waters which flow from Roaring Kettle, the central fountain of the world, which brings him to the holiest of all places, the Doomstead of the gods, where they assemble daily to hold council and judgment. Here also are two other fountains—the well of Mimir, whence Odin draws his wisdom, and the well of Weird, with the Norns who dwell beside it shaping the lives of men. Overhead rises the World-tree Yggdrasil, which Grimnir has just called by the name which in his torment most appealed to him—the Shelterer. He remembers now its sufferings: the fair, green boughs which stretch over the heavens, and whence fall the dews of life, are being gnawed by spiteful harts; the roots, springing no man knows how deep, are torn by the fierce dragon of the underworld; and the mighty stem which rises like the central column of the universe, rots and suffers from decay. In all ages and among many peoples has been traced this reverence for a tree—first, as the embodiment of the tree-spirit, the home of vegetative life; and, lastly, as typifying the source of spiritual life. Yggdrasil is sometimes the World Tree, which embraces the Universe of space and time. Here, behind the poetic fancies, which are peculiar to Old Norse mythology, it stands in grand outlines as the symbol of all creation—groaning and travailing together in death, but quickened and renewed with never-failing life.

A well-ordered scheme of Old Norse cosmology meets with a difficulty in st. 31. The realms of Hel, of Jötunheim, and of mankind, which lie beneath the three roots of Yggdrasil, are there clearly conceived as on one level and bordering on each other, but elsewhere (pp. 240, 291) Hel is stated to be underground. Other passages suggest

that there was a confusion between an old Germanic idea of Hel situated beneath the earth and the Scandinavian notion of Hel and Jötunheim in the bleak and terrible regions of the north and east, divided from Midgarth, the home of men, and Asgarth, the home of gods, by great rivers which flowed from Roaring Kettle.

It is now that Odin (st. 36) cries aloud to his war-maidens, the Valkyries. They are Choosers of the Slain, winged beings who attend the conflict, who slay the "fey" or doomed ones, and bring them to Odin's hall. A song worthy of these battle-maidens is given to them in Njáls Saga :—

Let us wind, let us wind the web of darts !
fare we forth to wade through the host
where our friends are crossing weapons.
Let us wind, let us wind the web of darts
where the banners of the warriors are streaming !

And thus weaving the web of war, they foretell who shall stand and who shall fall on the bloody field. Their more peaceful office is to serve the Chosen Warriors at their feast in Valhöll.

Grimnir then resumes his narrative. Still craving for coolness and shelter from the burning heat, he tells of the weary Sun horses, refreshed in their labours by a delicious chill which is given by the gods to lighten their toil ; of earth, protected by a mysterious shadow-maker whose nature is unknown ; of Sun herself, "who fares swiftly as one in fear," but has a home of refuge where she may hide herself from her tormentor, the grim wolf Sköll.

The next strophes which recount the creation of the world are best considered with the Words of the Mighty Weaver, where they are also found (p. 47). 43 and 44 have little bearing on the context. The story of the Wielder's sons is famous in Old Norse mythology, and a frequent topic of allusion. Snorri relates how Loki, the mischief-maker, had once cut off the golden hair of Sif, the Thunderer's wife, and to appease the latter had gone down to the dwarf race called Dark elves, the Wielder's sons, and persuaded them to forge her a wig of gold. They made this with other treasures so wonderful that Loki, never weary of stirring up strife, wagered his head with two dwarfs called Brokk the Badger and Sindri the Sparkler that they could not make aught as fine. Thereupon the twain set to work and forged three treasures, although Loki sought to hinder them, and changed

himself into a fly, which settled upon Brokk and stung him as he was blowing the furnace. When all were complete Loki and the dwarfs brought the treasures to Asgarth to settle the wager, and "the gods went to their thrones of doom to hear the judgment of Odin, Thor, and Frey, which none could gainsay."

The work of the Dark elves was first set forth, and to Odin Loki gave Gungnir, the spear which never failed to hit the mark; and to Thor the golden hair for Sif, "which would grow into the flesh as soon as it was placed upon her head;" and to Frey the ship Skidbladnir, "which was followed by a fair wind when the sails were set where-soever it went. It was so huge that all the gods could find room in it with their weapons and war gear, and yet one could fold it up like a cloth and put it in one's pocket." Then Brokk brought out his treasures, and gave to Odin the ring called Draupnir, saying that eight rings would drop from it every ninth night; to Frey he gave the Boar which could run through air and sea, by night and day, swifter than any steed, for never was night so dark nor the underworld so murk but there was light enough to go on from the gleaming of its golden bristles. But the hammer which was called Mjöllnir, Brokk gave to Thor, and told him that he might strike with it as hard as he willed, no matter what lay before him, and the hammer would not fail; that if he hurled it away it would never miss the mark, nor fly so far but he would find it there when he felt with his hand; moreover that it would become so small that he could hide it if he liked in his bosom. There was but one flaw in the hammer; it was somewhat short in the handle. Then the gods gave judgment that Mjöllnir was the best of all treasures, and the mightiest weapon of defence against the Frost giants.

Perhaps Meyers is right in tracing an Indo-Germanic myth in this tradition of the dwarf forgers; they were, like the Cyclopes of Greek mythology and the air beings of the Vedas, personifications of natural forces, who wrought weapons to aid the gods in subduing the ruder and more hostile powers. Most precious in each case was the thunder-hammer or thunder-bolt.

Bifröst (st. 44) is a bridge between heaven and earth, which, Snorri says, is woven out of the colour of the rainbow. Its name signifies the "trembling way," from its nature as light. It will scarce bear Thor, and must be broken at Ragnarök. Sleipnir, Odin's eight-footed steed, is seen in Baldr's Draumar; Bragi, the mythical

poet, at the great banquet scene of Lokasenna; Garm, the Hel hound, with his loud baying, announces Doom to the gods. This strophe sounds like a conventional Song of Saws with which Grímnir ends his recital.

THE WISDOM OF ALL-WISE.

In *Alvíssmál* we pass from the fearful scene of a god in anguish to the elf-land of poetic fancy. Here the author is little bound by traditional ideas, but may exercise all his imagination and skill in describing nature, who has ever fresh beauties to offer and fresh poetic themes. In two particulars only has he borrowed from mythology—he shows himself familiar with all mythical beings in the worlds of the Edda, and he has taken for the setting of his poem some possibly well-known story which told how Thrym, the daughter of Thor, was pledged to a dwarf by the other gods in the absence of her father. This dwarf, All-wise, is discovered hastening to the home of his betrothed, rejoicing too soon at the good fortune which has won him a bride born of gods. Thus, lost in love-musing, he is met by a rude and way-worn traveller—Thor returning on foot from some weary journey into the land of giants. All-wise does not recognise the father of his bride, and is much injured at the harshness of Thor's address. He has doubtless, if such vanities are permitted to dwarfs, clothed himself in his best as a bridegroom, and now he is taunted with the disfigurements of his race, the pallor of beings who may never see the sun, and the shortness of stature which gives rise to fear and hatred of their giant foes. Swelling with pride he stands upon his rights, and even answers the irony of the ill-clad wanderer by admiring his rich attire. But the god of Thunder declares himself, and the dwarf seeks to propitiate him by a display of wisdom. Thor detains him in conversation—strange behaviour in one whose wonted speech is brief and stern—until the sun has risen and All-wise is turned into stone, which is the fate of all foolish dwarfs who are caught by the first morning beam above ground.

Thor questions All-wise on the different names which are given to objects of nature by the beings of different worlds, all of whom are well known to Old Norse mythology, and reappear so constantly that it will be worth our while to make their closer acquaintance.

Mankind occupy Midgarth, the middle dwelling of Germanic cosmology, between Heaven and Hel. The gods born of Odin's race, or adopted as his children, have their home in Asgarth. In this poem and elsewhere they are called Æsir, to distinguish them from the other god tribe, the Wanæs. The Jötuns are best known as giants, but this name little describes their true character. They appear sometimes, it is true, as three-headed monsters who walk the earth in anthropomorphic form, much like the giants of Grimm's fairy tales. They are seen, too, as beautiful human creatures, such as Skadi, who know the loves and sorrows of human kind. But in Old Norse tradition they still retain something of what they have lost in the folklore of other Germanic tribes—their original character as wild forces of nature, born before the controlling, ordering power of the gods had been established. As such they are akin to the Titans, or the Fomors of Celtic mythology. Their home was once in the storm, in the waters, amid the tumultuous elements; but by the poets of the Edda they have already been given a fixed habitation, Jötunheim, a waste and desolate realm situated in the north or the east. Skadi alone still dwells in Sound-home. As beings of nature they are clearly shown in the Frost giants, and the Mountain giants, in Hymir, lord of the dusky sea, in Sköll and Hati, the wolves of darkness, and the giant eagle who makes the wind. They are the great opponents of the gods, but not all, for some have lent their powers to be used with skill and purpose for the good of all living things. Ægir, ruler of the sea in its milder moods, provides the gods with drink, and is even numbered among them. Mimir gives a draught to Odin from his fount of wisdom. The Norns who dwell by the Tree of Fate are weaving strands of life. Asgarth itself is built by a giant smith. Odin learns the fate of Baldr from a giantess, and seeks giant maidens as his wives; for the gods cannot dispense with the power of the Jötuns. They are dependent, moreover, on another race of beings, the dwarfs, who forge their treasures and cunning weapons. For this myth also we must seek an explanation in the instinctive beliefs or intuitions which man keeps with him from his earliest days till superstitious fancy ends in knowledge—his sense of unity with Nature, the feeling that earth and air are filled with a life in some way akin to his own, but made visible only in its workings. The dwarfs and elves are, in contrast to the Jötuns, the secret, silent forces, unseen agents who toil beneath the ground and possess the hidden treasures of the earth; or creatures of air, who make their

homes in mountains, woods, and fields, and who appear in such fairy form that "beautiful as an elf" became a customary phrase in different tongues. Snorri speaks of the Dark elves or dwarfs and the Light elves who inhabit Elf-home and those future realms of Paradise which he calls Far-blue and Long-life. In early folk-lore they were usually beneficent beings, and their presence was held as a safeguard to men; but later on, through Christian antagonism to all heathen superstition, they were regarded as malevolent sprites, and became confused with evil-working trolls.

Of the other races mentioned, the Powers and High Powers are mysterious; the word "regin" is often used for the gods, from whom they are here distinguished. Hel-folk are the dead who have not perished in war, and who have therefore no place in Valhöll, but must pass to those regions of the underworld called Hel, which in later tradition was given to a goddess of that name.

Thor questions All-wise concerning thirteen different objects which fall into pairs—Earth and Heaven, Moon and Sun, Clouds and Wind, Calm and Sea, Fire and Wood, Corn and the Ale which is brewed from barley. Night alone is without her fellow Day, either because dwarfs may not see him, or because, too soon, he will appear. Each object is described in six different terms, such as might be used by the inhabitants of the different worlds, though to us their fitness is not always apparent. Sometimes, however, they show careful discrimination on the part of the poet. Men use the more ordinary names, and Thor also employs these. Elves call Heaven the Fair-roof, because it stretches over their home in the air. Jötuns call Moon the Hastener, for he is pursued always by one of their own kindred, the great wolf Hati, while dwarfs who are permitted to look on his soft light call him the "Shimmerer;" but Sun, who plays hide and seek with them, is the Dallier's playmate. The synonyms do not belong to the ordinary poetic diction of skalds; but with a dainty touch and a delicate play of language the poet of *Alvíssmál* employs an art which is clearly his own, showing individual love and observation of nature.

THE WORDS OF THE MIGHTY WEAVER.

Vafþrúðnismál, like *Alvíssmál*, is a song of nature, but more in accordance with traditional ideas. It is a poetical interpretation of

Old Norse mythology, which has suffered change from that existent among the people with its unquestioning belief in elves and giants, dwarfs and trolls as veritable beings who helped and hindered their doings; for Day and Night, Winter and Summer are here the wonderful giants of a fairy tale; Rimy-mane and Shining-mane are never found in folk-lore, nor the great eagle who makes the wind.

The most life-like figure in the poem is that of Mighty Weaver, a giant sage, unutterably old and unutterably wise; the personification of all Experience, who sits on his throne throughout the ages, waiting to be questioned by those who dare enter his presence. In Old Norse tradition there are no legends of inspired prophets who in visions have been allowed to look into the future of the world, or of singers who have been given utterance in divine madness. The mysteries of nature are hidden deep in her own bosom, and shared only by those beings who are nearest akin to her and draw their wisdom from its source, or those who by long familiarity have learned her ways. Knowledge must be sought from bird or beast, from souls of the dead who have gone back to their home in nature, but above all from the giants, that ancient race who were born even before the earth, and were made of like substance. There was one other way, indeed, though scarce permitted, in which it was deemed possible to attain wisdom, through magic spells such as those used by witches when they "sat out," enchanting like the Vala (p. 287), and compelled the night powers to give up their secrets.

Odin has now resolved to contend with the giant whose knowledge is a race heritage; but Frigg is fearful as to the issue, for the contest is no mock one. Odin, though a god, is not all-wise by nature, but has to learn, borrow, buy, and even steal his wisdom. Disguised as Riddle-reader he enters the giant's hall, and stands on the floor with an assumption of humility until he has proved his right to sit beside the Mighty Weaver. If the latter had known the nature of his guest he would scarce have asked the Wind god concerning powers of the sky and the steeds of light and darkness, which Odin well knows. Day and Night in this form, as we have already noticed, are only a late invention of poets, though they were undoubtedly objects of superstition among Germanic races, and sometimes conceived as animals. In German poetry Day is a beast or bird who tears the clouds of darkness with his claws; in Anglo-Saxon he is a raven who "blithe-hearted announces the joy of heaven." The language used in all time

to describe the ever-recurring phenomena of day and night show that they were felt as living personalities, whose presence was not merely visible, but could be heard in its mysterious movements. In Old English, Day glides and climbs, clangs and hastens and pushes on ; in modern English, it still breaks and peeps. In German, it gathers strength (erstarket) or turns aside (ervendet). Night sinks and falls, and in Anglo-Saxon wears a shadow helm. The Old Norse lay of Sigrdrifa has a greeting to dawn, which sounds like an ancient hymn and prayer for divine aid :—

Hail Day, hail sons of Day,
 hail Night and the daughter of Night !
 With eyes of blessing behold us now
 and grant us victory who sit here.

Sun and Moon belong to Part II. of this poem, but may be mentioned here, for they have undergone a change corresponding to that of Day and Night. Cæsar notes their worship among the old Germans, whose religion, in a period better known, was far removed from any pure nature-worship, and one in which Sun and Moon no longer play any prominent part. Their humiliation is recounted by Snorri in a myth. The gods were wroth because the Sun and Moon took to themselves such mighty names, and set them in their places in heaven where they could only move on their appointed course. Sol or Sunne is still a goddess, the sister or companion of the Moon god. She is drawn in her chariot by the horses Early-woke and All-fleet, and is pursued by the wolf Sköll, while Mani, who rules the changes of the moon called Ny and Ni (st. 25, Grim.), is followed by Hati. But the glory of Sun, the myths which tell of her ever-renewed conflicts and triumphs over darkness, her wealth and her bounty have been transferred to the more anthropomorphic gods Baldr, Odin, Frey, and Freyja, who each in turn represent the sun deity.

Though openly deprived of their dominion, traces of Sun and Moon worship linger in old customs and folk-lore. The power of Moon, though somewhat impersonal, is apparent in superstitious practises, which have hardly died out. His waxing and waning was regarded as influential for good and ill on the doings of mankind. That which required growth and increase was undertaken while he was waxing ; money was counted, weddings took place, and seed was planted which bore fruit above ground. But with the waning Moon

timber was felled, grass was mown, charms were used against pestilence, and the seed planted whose fruit ripened beneath the ground.

St. 27 is the only passage in the poems which speaks of Winter and Summer as personal beings, though at one time they were doubtless regarded as such. The custom of crowning a May king or queen, and the expulsion of Winter, represented by a victim or an effigy, are recollections of the days when both were powers who had to be propitiated and coerced by ceremonies and magic. The conflict between Winter and Summer has become in the Edda a struggle between the gods and the Jötuns, and especially one between Thor and the Frost giants.

The last question of the giant (st. 17) concerns the future. When this is answered he admits the wisdom of his guest, and invites him to a seat on the throne. But Riddle-reader has so far only proved himself equal to his opponent; he must now show himself superior. The first questions are comparatively easy. Who should know better than the old giant how earth was framed from his forefather, Ymir. In the beginning, relates Snorri, there was nought but Muspell-home, the world of fire in the south, and Mist-home, the region of ice and snow, in the north, and between them the yawning Deep called Ginunga Gap. Then Ymir, the first Jötun, was born. He arose from the melting poison-drops of the chill river Stormy-billow, which flowed southward towards Muspell-home. In due time he begot children (st. 33), but before long arose another race of nobler kind. Once when the cow called Audumbla was licking salt from a rock there appeared a man's hair, then his head, and at length his whole form. This was Bur, father of Bor, whose son by the giantess Bestla was Odin. Thus the gods were born or evolved, like those of many other mythologies, after a first imperfect creation. They slew Ymir, and made the world out of his mighty frame; while all the other giants were drowned in his blood except Bergelm, who was laid in some mysterious object (here rendered as cradle, st. 35), and thus saved from the flood. Snorri has many details which are not given in *Vafþrúðnismál*, and modern critics have still further completed a picture of the deluge, with Bergelm floating on its bloody billows in a Noah's ark, perhaps of Scandinavian type; or, translating Icelandic *luþr* as *flour-bin*, of a great world-mill in which the giants were ground up for the making of the world.*

* See Rydberg, pp. 387-395; Hamlet in Iceland, by I. Gollancz, pp. xi.-xvi.

But the poem is aware of no such studied myth ; it alludes vaguely to some great epoch when the everlasting war began between the gods and the Jötuns, when natural powers were first made subject to god-like ends.

The Mighty Weaver has now proved his knowledge of giant-lore, and is asked concerning the history and life of the gods. He remembers the first great war between their kindred races, the gentle Wanes or gods of culture and the war-like Æsir (see also p. 283), which ended with exchange of hostages and the admittance of Njörd among the Æsir.

He knows too, as well as humble earth-folk, that when the wind is heard roaring overhead on stormy nights, Odin, the lord of Valhöll, the Victory Father, is holding sport with his Chosen warriors. This most famous of Old Norse myths is not peculiar to Scandinavia. It is found in Britain in connection with King Arthur, and among the superstitions of Somerset, where, however, a somewhat close resemblance suggests direct borrowing from Old Norse sources.* More original is the wide-spread superstition among German peasants of the Furious Host or Wild Hunt which was heard passing through the air, led by an old man, sometimes visible in his broad-brimmed hat, who rode a white or black horse, and was called by the name of Wode or Wote. Both versions have arisen from the blending of different ideas. The souls of those who died appeared to be withdrawn into the world of nature from whence they had come ; in woods, by streams, among mountains their presence was detected, and they dwelt in companionship with elves and watersprites, but most of all they haunted the air. Odin as Wind god became lord of these spirits, but especially of the dead warriors, since he was also the god of battle, and those slain on the field were dedicated to him and called "guests of Odin." His valkyries, as we have already mentioned, used to ride through the air at his bidding, and choose from the battlefield those who were worthy of a summons from the War-god.

The questions now become more abstruse. They touch on the future history of the world, and the reign of new powers after the Great Doom, which is foretold in the Soothsaying of the Vala. Even in the present untroubled lay, which seems only to rejoice in the life and

* As shown by the Rev. C. W. Whistler, *Saga Book*, vol. ii., part i., pp. 46, 48, 49 ; vol. v., part i., p. 146.

powers of nature, Weird is already visible to the giant, he knows its end. But there is one secret which he does not know, and which all have failed to divine, a secret hidden between god and god, which Odin whispered in Baldr's ear, as he laid him on the bale-fire, in words which only the dead could hear. The very question reveals the personality of the god; the Weaver admits his defeat; and it is shown that Odin has thus far attained all the knowledge which can be won by experience and learned by tradition. In the next poem it will be seen how, in mysterious fashion, he attains the wisdom which more properly belongs to him as a god.

THE WORDS OF ODIN, THE HIGH ONE.

Another poem introducing some of the more remarkable and interesting myths is *Hávamál*, or *The Words of the High One*. It has been subjected to almost more discussion than any other poem of the *Edda*, but all the ingenuity of critics and scholars has not cleared it from mystery and confusion. It has served rather to show how superficial and fragmentary is our knowledge of the history, the myths, and the soul-life of the early Germanic races. For although this poem, with its wisdom of yesterday and to-morrow, myths which are purely Scandinavian, ideas which can only be Christian, may belong to different periods, it seems to be archaic in the main. The same half obsolete words occur in the various parts, and the teaching is traditional, proverbial, such as might have been handed down by word of mouth. Moreover, Odin or Woden appears, not as the War-father of the *Skalds*, but in his more universal character as the god of culture. As such he was best known to all the Germanic tribes and to the Romans, who identified him with their god Mercury—Wednesday or Woden's day corresponding with "dies Mercurii."

The varying metre and style of the poem, its discrepancies, and abrupt changes of subject prove it to be a collection of once separate fragments. Attempts have been made to distinguish between these, but there are only three well-marked divisions: 1 (st. 1-108), the *Guest-rules*, in which are included ethical laws and Odin's love adventures; 2 (st. 108-136), the *Counselling of Stray Singer*; 3, Odin's quest after the runes. Parts II. and III. are linked together by the entrance of Stray

Singer into both, and all the three by a poetical fiction in which it is assumed that Odin, the High One, is speaker throughout, and that the precepts are given with divine authority. It is, indeed, in the person of Odin himself that a real unity can be claimed for the poem. It would seem that its final author, who was more teacher than poet, possibly a Christian monk with a taste for antiquarian knowledge, had a mind not merely to collect the wise sayings of heathen lore, but to show forth Odin, the heathen god, in a higher and more spiritual aspect than that of the War-father. He had none of the poetic imagination of the author of *Grimnismál*, to picture in rainbow strophes the manifold nature of the god. In a loose and inartistic way he has associated traditional sayings and mythical stories, freely admitting the later and more Christian-seeming ideas to a place beside the old. He has not, however, altogether failed in his aim. For notwithstanding the signs of Christian influence, which have caused the poem to be rent in pieces by criticism and held as a haphazard collection of fragments new and old, Odin reveals himself still a heathen, and emerges from a web of heathen thought steeped in the magic of old charms and runes. In the whole teaching of the poem, which is filled with sober beauty and wisdom, there is no creed save that of humanity.

In Part I. Odin comes as guest to a hall, and, it is assumed, gives friendly counsel to those assembled within. In his character of Wind-wanderer he often passes thus unrecognised through all the worlds. With Loki and Hönir he is often found adventuring in Giant-land, and comes to the dwellings of men calling himself "Gest." The Sagas tell how he visited many kings and rulers of Norway under this title. To the Christian king Olaf the Holy he was an object of terror and hate, as the dread heathen god of enchantments who still lived and could be exorcised only by the more potent spell of the mass-book.

"Far have I fared, much have I ventured," said Odin, and it was thus as wanderer, beggar, guest, that he learned the ways of the world and the hearts of men. Laws of love, friendship, and war are expressed, often with epigrammatic humour, sometimes with a tender, half-pitying knowledge of life. The first Part, and the advice given to Stray Singer in the second, are full of sayings and maxims which agree almost word for word with the wisdom of Solomon or other ethical teachers, for they are of the nature of those simple truths which take up their abode with mankind so soon as he has learned humanity and fellowship.

But, unlike the teaching of the Eastern prophet, there is nothing of religious duty, no aspiring after an ideal of perfection. The sober precepts of common sense are never interrupted by sudden upward soarings and yearnings of passion. The wisdom of Odin, in this Part, is the wisdom drawn from experience.

Historically, the poem is of immense value. We are taken far back into real life, and meet people no longer in a world of myth and speculation, but on the firm ground of daily existence. Customs, manners, social duties, and relations are brought before us, corresponding closely sometimes with what Tacitus wrote in the *Germania* about the race in the first century, and it is seen from his descriptions that sts. 11, 17, 41, allude to what was especially characteristic of the old Germans. St. 155 also refers to a curious practice mentioned by him. The German warriors advanced to meet their foes, like the giant Hrym (p. 293), with shields lifted to the level of their lips as a sounding board for their song. They sung gently at first, letting the sound swell out until it became like the roar of the sea, inspiring terror and rousing their own courage. Other customs are typically Northern. The word for court mentioned in st. 61 is *þing*, a name for the great assembly or parliament of the Norsemen, which was most democratic in character. Here were settled the laws of the land, and private cases were tried with no lack of ceremony and red tape, though matters frequently ended in a duel or a free fight between the two parties.

In st. 84 we come to the love quests of Odin, in which the High One has descended from his height, and laid all dignity aside. His love is not even the idealised love of the mediæval knight errant, but like that of Zeus, the pastime of the god. There may once have been some underlying motive in these tales of Odin and his giant wives, explaining his conduct as that of some fickle power of nature, but here he figures only as the favourite of the skalds, the love adventurer, who knew as well as any the chances and mischances of love. We may imagine that our author selected one of these skaldic poems which contained the famous story of how Odin won the art of poesy for men by making love to the giantess Gunnlod, but unfortunately for the dignity of the god, he included also the other episode with Billing's daughter. But here, too, he may be intending to record one of the most important incidents in Eddic mythology, which led to the birth of Vali, Baldr's avenger. We have allusion in the Edda (pp. 159, 243)

to Odin's courtship of Rind. Saxo Grammaticus tells more fully of his ardent wooing in a story which so closely resembles the above as to suggest that Billing's nameless daughter is Rind, although the one is seemingly of dwarf Rind, the other, according to Saxo, a giantess.* The tale of this crafty maiden, who thrice outwitted Odin, is here told in delicately suggestive scenes, enlivened by amused disappointment or passionate regret, according as we choose to regard it.

For the explanation of the other story Snorri's help is required, although, as usual, we find a myth so disguised by later additions that any interpretation is doubtful. In the peace treaty between Æsir and Wanens the gods created a wise being called Kvasir, who was slain by certain dwarfs, and from whose blood was brewed the mead of poetic inspiration called Soul-stirrer. This passed into the hands of Suttung, a giant of the underworld, who gave it into the care of his daughter Gunnlod to guard deep down in the earth. Odin, in the character of Bale-worker, hired himself to Suttung's brother, and was promised the mead as his wage. He must fetch it, however, for himself, and after boring his way through the rock with Rati, the awl, he gained admittance to Gunnlod. Three nights he lay with her, and three draughts she gave him of the mead, in which he drank the whole. Then, disguised as an eagle, he bore it safely to Asgarth, despite the giant who followed so hard after him that a few drops of the precious liquid were spilt, and thenceforth deemed worthy only for the makers of bad poetry. Snorri does not finish the story, nor tell how the Frost-giants came storming to Asgarth knowing that Bale-worker was there who had stolen the mead. It was thus that poesy was won for gods and men, and was given the name so often used by skalds, "Odin's craft" or "Odin's drink;" and thus, as ever, a great power is first found in possession of the Jötuns, and must be won by the gods before it becomes serviceable to man. In Soul-stirrer we meet with the most primitive ideas: a drink producing a divine madness is found among many peoples, and familiar is the notion that intellectual or spiritual powers can be gained by drinking the blood of their owners.

Odin's discourse is now broken off by the writer of Part II., who states that while listening in the most sacred spot, the Well of Weird, he was able to see and hear what went on in the world of men and in the High One's hall, where Odin was giving instruction to a mythical

* *Mr. A. F. Major has pointed out that this theory of Rydberg's has some foundation.*

poet called Loddfavnir or Stray Singer. But the Well of Weird is the fount of Wisdom, known to all poets and seers, a secret place of communion with the divine, where all the strands of life—present, past, and future—are revealed, and the writer is merely claiming divine authority for his words by the use of mythological language. He describes inspired moments when things hidden to others were made known to him. The counsel to Stray Singer is of much the same character as the last set of maxims, though in expression they seem less archaic. Especially when compared with strophes such as 80-82, 84, 86, they sound more like skaldic verses than the saws of old time, which are again heard in the charms of st. 136.

Very different in tone is the solemn opening of Part III. In the midst of half-humorous, half-serious words of warning and advice, a recital of love tales and charms, we come suddenly upon this awful and mysterious scene of a god offering himself in sacrifice upon the World Tree in order to attain the maturity of his wisdom and power.

The whole passage is full of mystery, which we have not attempted to elucidate by rearrangement or ingenious translations. Nor is this the place to discuss the vexed question as to whether (with all the earlier authorities) in some old and mystic legend we are entering the very sanctuary of heathendom, or whether (with Bugge, Meyer, Golther) it is merely a scene borrowed from the Christian sacrifice, where Tree and spear must be identified with cross and lance. There is no other record of the deed in Northern mythology except an old song from the Shetland Isles, quoted by Bugge in confirmation of his own theory; whether it is genuinely archaic we cannot say:—

Nine days he hang pa da rutless tree,
 For ill wis da folk, in gud wis he.
 A bludy maet wis in his side,
 Made wi a lance 'at wid na hide.
 Nine lang nichts in da nippin rime
 Hang he dare wi' his naked limb.
 Some dey leuch,
 Bitt idders gret.

This, without doubt, is a description of the crucifixion, but leads

* *On the discovery of this song, see article by Dr. Karl Blind, Saga Book, vol. i., p. 166.*

to no conclusion as to which of the two has borrowed its details from the other. The sacrifice depicted resembles in many points the human sacrifices that were offered to Odin. In this, if we may take that of King Vikar described in Gautreks S., c. 7, as typical, the victim was hung on the branch of a tree and stabbed with a spear, which is as intimately associated with Odin as the hammer with Thor.*

There will be better hope of an explanation of this passage, or at least of more fruitful result, when the discussion no longer centres around the exact meaning of Yggdrasil, and of the "windy tree."

The labours of research will then perhaps be given to finding the origin of a strange and world-wide legend, without which no mythology seems complete. This legend, in outline, is of a god—call him Odin, Baldr, Osiris, Ishtar, Adonis—who must be sacrificed or voluntarily die in order that he may rise again in fulness of power, or even give place to some new god. Sometimes it is clear that he typifies the beneficent powers of nature, whether as the sun or the spring or summer fruitfulness; but occasionally, as here, his significance is more doubtful. When our knowledge of comparative mythology is extended, and when all these legends have been arranged in due order, beginning with the early superstitious rite of savages, ending with the reinterpreted idea of philosophy, some rightful place will then be claimed for the myths of Baldr and of Odin.

The sacrifice of the god was made for the sake of attaining the Runes. By this word is usually understood the letters of the old Germanic alphabet, but its earliest meaning must have been something softly spoken, whispered, or "rounded" in the ear; it was especially used for those metrical charms which preserved from all danger whosoever whispered or chanted them. As civilisation advanced and the art of writing was learned, these charms were inscribed in characters cut in stone or wood, and thus seemed to lend to the characters themselves a magic power. The transmission of thought by writing must have seemed strange and supernatural to the uninitiated, and the name of runes was soon applied to letters of the alphabet.

Among many nations of the past there has been a lawful and unlawful use of the supernatural, a distinction between "white magic" and "black magic." To the latter class belonged the evil spells which

* See "*Cult of Othin*," by H. M. Chadwick.

one man wrought for the destruction of another (st. 150). Such practice of magic was the unpardonable sin in the old ethical code of the Germans, and was punished by burning. According to Saxo, Odin himself was banished for a while from Asgarth because he won Rind, his giant wife, by magic craft. But the use of supernatural power was permitted in prayer, or in the divine rites performed by priests; and in this passage runes also seem to have been a lawful agent through which a power above nature could be compelled and used by the individual. Kauffmann suggests that runes of this kind were mystic names for objects which expressed their essence and being, and which gave control over nature to the initiated.

In strophes 138, 139, are recorded Odin's attainment of three kinds of wisdom upon which he grew and throve: 1, the runes; 2, Mimir's wisdom, for which he pledged his eye; 3, Soul-stirrer, the mead of song. With regard to the last it is clear that we have here some variant and perhaps older myth than that of 103-108. A passage in the heroic poem of *Sigrdrifumál*, although it cannot be fully explained, throws suggestive lights on the subject, and shows the intimate connection of the threefold wisdom and the purpose of Odin's sacrifice. With the help of moisture from *Hoddrofnir*—that is, a draught from Mimir's well—Odin is said to have read, graded, and thought out the runes. Then they were cut off and mingled with Soul-stirrer, or the gift of song, and "sent on far ways, where they are found with the gods, and found with the elves, some with Wanes, and some with men." In the different accounts there seems to be one fundamental idea. By self-sacrifice and toil Odin drew a shapeless and unordered knowledge from nature upon which he grew and throve, and then gave it back through the medium of his divinity interpreted and rendered serviceable to all beings. It is unlikely that the earliest thinkers ever arrived at a defined notion of this kind, but they uttered in the language of fairy tale their belief that the gods were saving, ordering powers who stood between them and nature.

With the spells which begin in st. 145 there is change of tone and style, suggesting that they belong to a once separate poem. St. 158, where Odin can hardly be the speaker, seems to confirm this view. The second poem was added to supply the "nine mighty rune-songs" alluded to in st. 139, although eighteen are thus given. The songs mentioned below, whose words are unknown, must have been such as those sung by *Gróa* to Day-spring (p. 159), or like the old *Mersburger*

Spruche, which is found in a German MS. of the tenth century. In this Odin or Wodan heals the foot of Baldr's foal, singing :—

Bone to bone, blood to blood,
limb to limb as if they were limed.

St. 158 seems the utterance of the poet himself, if Müllenhoff's explanation is correct, that Folk-stirrer is the dwarf who day by day is surprised and vanquished by the dawn, and who in some wondrous song of praise announces the conquering powers of light and life. The poet himself claims knowledge of this mystic song to give dignity to his own.

The reappearance of Stray Singer in st. 162 is a clumsy device of the author to unite the different parts, and st. 164 an epilogue such as those with which skalds were wont to end their recitals.

THE LAY OF HYMIR.

Hymískviða has been chosen to introduce and illustrate the character of Thor, because it shows him in truer though less familiar aspect than the famous Lay of Thrym.

Two, or perhaps three, motives are combined in this lay. The first recounts how Thor fetches the great cauldron for the gods to drink. They are all assembled, after their hunting expedition, to consult the oracle, and learn where they shall make their banquet. According to old Germanic custom the twigs, which have been sprinkled with sacrificial blood and graven with runes, are cast on a cloth, and by the manner of their falling it is shown to the gods that they will find plenty in the halls of Ægir. It is a momentous occasion, for not only have they chosen their banqueting-room for all time, but they must win the alliance of the wild sea-giant Ægir, who from henceforth will be numbered among them as the god of ocean in its gentler moods. His fierce wife Ran, who remains hostile and catches drowned men in her net, is well known to skalds; as also his nine children, the waves.

Thor, a strange ambassador of peace, is sent to greet the giant, who is found sitting on the rocky shore in proud contemplation of his daughters, the merry, sparkling billows, tumbling one over the other in their sport, when his peace is broken by the harsh voice of the Thunderer demanding the wealth of ocean for the gods. Small wonder that he takes offence, and bids them fetch a cauldron for their drink.

As usual, the wants of the gods must be supplied by the Jötuns; the only kettle large enough is in possession of the Frost-giant Hymir. Who shall be sent on this new errand but much-enduring Thor? He sets forth with Tyr, who is here called "kinsman of giants," but elsewhere the son of Odin, though perhaps only one of the chosen sons of the War-father. Speedily they harness Thor's famous goats Tooth-gnasher and Tooth-grinder, and swiftly they drive to the borders of Giant-land where the rumbling car and goats must be left behind, while they cross the river which flows between Asgarth and Jötunheim, and fare on foot to Hymir's halls. The Frost-giant refuses to give up the great kettle until Thor has proved his might by breaking a cup of wondrous strength, and this the god, not without help from the friendly wife, at last performs. Thus, having won the cauldron, Thor and Tyr return to the banquet.

But while they are still in Jötunheim another episode is introduced—that of Thor's fishing expedition. He has consumed all Hymir's store of provisions with an appetite like that which he displays in the courts of Thrym, and therefore volunteers to go fishing the next day. In a manner characteristic of the god, whose deeds are all on colossal scale, he fares to the wood and slays the biggest ox he can find, called Heaven-hitter, to provide the fishing bait. Thor has designs upon a nobler prey than mere fish or even whales, and he compels the reluctant giant to row further and further out to sea; but Snorri, who has already supplied some of the particulars, must be allowed to describe this incident in his graphic manner:—"They made such way that soon Hymir said that they had reached the place where he was wont to stop and fish. But Thor was fain to row much further, and they fared swiftly onward with vigorous strokes. Presently Hymir said that they were so far out now that it would be perilous to stay on account of the great World Serpent, called Midgarth's Worm. But still Thor declared that he must row on a while and did so, while the giant waxed sullen and was filled with gloom. At length Thor laid up his oars, and made ready a fishing line exceedingly strong, with a hook no slighter and not a whit less strong. He baited it with the ox-head and cast it overboard, where it sank to the bottom. Now in truth, it may be said, that the World Serpent was beguiled, for he opened wide his jaws and gaped at the ox-head, and the hook stuck fast in his gums. As soon as he became aware of this, he lashed out and tugged so furiously that Thor's hands slid over the gunwale. Then was the Thunderer wroth. He girt him

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with all his god's might, and stamped so hard that with both his feet he leapt through the bottom of the boat, and found himself standing on the ground. He pulled the monster up to the gunwale, and it may well be said that none has ever seen a more fearful sight than this—when Thor set eyes on the serpent, and the serpent glared back at him from below and breathed out poison. 'Tis said that Hymir changed hue and grew pale, for he was appalled when he beheld the serpent and saw the waves flowing into the boat. At the very moment when Thor raised his hammer aloft, the giant groped for his knife and cut the line in twain over the side, and the serpent sank back into the sea. Thor threw his hammer after it and, some say, struck his head off, but others say, with truth, that the World Serpent still lives and lies beneath the sea." Snorri goes on to tell how Thor slew the giant, which would not have suited our present author's design, who, as already noticed, completes the first story and introduces an episode to which Snorri refers, another of Thor's adventures, which occurred when he was on his way to Utgarth-loki. He had stopped for the night at a peasant's (probably Egil, mentioned in st. 5) where, as usual, he killed his goats for the evening meal, but ordered the bones to be carefully preserved. The peasant's son, however, broke one to get at the marrow, and in the morning when Thor brought his goats to life again by hallowing the bones with his hammer, one of the animals was found to be lame. The peasant trembled when he saw the Thunderer grow wroth, and draw his bushy brows down over his eyes. In atonement he was obliged to give his children, Thialfi the Digger and Röskva the Swift One, to be thenceforth the servants of Thor. In the poem, st. 39, this takes place on the return journey with the cauldron.

At first sight the Lay of Hymir seems to have lost its connection with mythology and to be a mere fairy tale about giants who are real giants, and heroes with human appetites and human passions. Common fairy tale motives are introduced, such as the good wife who conceals guests from her husband and betrays his secrets. The writer scarcely regards his story from a humorous or artistic point of view, but, like some child, he tells it with a simple air of conviction, and a delight in the incidents which obscure the original nature myth. But the outlines of this nature myth may still be traced, the more clearly because of the faithful repetition of strange and impossible facts. It is the story of how the god of Thunder goes to release the storm clouds from their

winter bondage and brings them into summer realms, filled with summer showers of rain. Explanation might also be found for some of the details—the cup which had to be broken is perhaps the ice-bound sea—but there is so much which is mere fancy that further interpretation becomes dangerous. It is mainly through combining the separate adventures of Thor that the poet has secured for his fairy tale a high place among the mythological poems. For, whether consciously or unconsciously, he has given us the most complete picture of Thor, the god.

The latter, as son of Odin and Jörd, is the offspring of Heaven and Earth, and his character is twofold—human and divine. Thor, whose name is derived from *þunor* (thunder), shows himself to men in the aspect of a heaven god when they hear the rushing of his chariot wheels in the storm, and in the lightning see the swift blow of his hammer; for, like Indra, Zeus, and Jupiter, he is armed with the destructive thunderbolt. But though terrible in his might, he is feared only by evil beings. To those who ally themselves with the gracious gods his appearance is ever welcome, for it means that the winter powers are dispersed, and in his fierce accents they hear the promise of summer rain. Among the gods he is protector of Asgarth and Midgarth. The giant forces of nature quail before him, and even Loki, the elusive fire-demon, is obedient to his word. In such form he is shown in the myth of the cloud cauldron.

But Thor is rightly called by the poets a “Son of Earth.” He is the most human of all the gods, a Hercules in Old Norse mythology, who is continually exerting himself in the service of man. We can see his mighty form striding over the wastes of Jötunheim, where endless labours and conflicts with the giants demand his presence. Rude featured, with gleaming eyes beneath his bushy brows, with quivering red beard, clad in toil-worn garb, for ever attempting the impossible—to unbind earth, to empty ocean, to conquer old age, he is alike glorious in victory and defeat. It is this figure which is presented to us in Thor’s fishing adventure, and in the various incidents of the poem. One after another, he proves himself equal to the tests of the giant—he slays the oxen; unaided, he lands the boat, and bears home the tackle and the whales; he breaks the cup, and finally carries off the cauldron. But all these are only stupendous human tasks, proofs of mere physical strength and daring; yet more human is Thor in his failure to catch the World Serpent and in his baffled rage, which is

childish rather than godlike. Perhaps it was this weakness, this striving to perform the impossible, and inability to admit defeat—for once again Thor met with the Serpent—that appealed to the Old Norse seafarers and peasants, and made him their favourite among the gods.

Not only is this myth characteristic of the North, but also the manner in which it is told or rather pictured in scenes, while the curtain is allowed to drop over all the uninteresting details. With the Saga writers a national method of story-telling grew into a self-conscious, artistic style, but they never surpassed the poet of Hymir's Lay in impressionistic realism. The entrance of the Frost-giant, with the icicles clinging to his beard, is like the sudden blast of the wintry storm; sudden, too, and alarming is the fall of the row of mighty cauldrons, and the shivering of the ice cup into a thousand pieces. But most striking of all is the majestic picture of the Thunderer as he strides forth with the great cloud kettle upon his head. It is one which Carlyle loved to recall:—"Thor, after many adventures, clapping the pot on his head like a huge hat, and walking off with it—quite lost in it, the ears of the pot reaching down to his heels—a kind of vacant hugeness, large awkward gianthood, characterises that Norse system; enormous force, yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with uncertain strides."

The language of the poem is rude; words and sentences are ill-strung, and the use of clumsy epithets make it difficult to translate without losing its almost savage vigour and life. But in the original the strength and simplicity have a wild attractive power, and render it a favourite in Northern literature.

THE LAY OF THRYM.

In Thrymskviða we come to one of the best known and best sung of all the Scandinavian myths. Strong and vigorous like Thor striding into Jötunheim, crisp and clear as a northern snow-scene in the sunlight, this narrative poem is very perfect of its kind, and needs but little explanation. Like the more modern Saga writers, the author shows an appreciation of the spirit and peculiar qualities of Scandinavian literature which appear in the Lay of Hymir. But his

arrangement and choice of details is made with more conscious design. He handles his subject as an artist, and plays with it as a humourist ; throughout retaining a simplicity and rudeness which is strong, but never crude.

Thor is discovered in helpless plight, his red beard quivering in impotent rage, a Thunder-god searching vainly for his thunder-hammer, "which the Frost-giants and Mountain-giants well know when they see it uplifted, and small wonder, for many a head has it broken of their forefathers and their kindred." But now it is stolen, and none must be told the dire secret except Loki, the mischievous fire-god and the swiftest of all messengers, who on this occasion uses his cunning in the service of the gods, and soon discovers the lost treasure. The hammer, like the thunderbolt of superstition, which is silent during the winter months, is deep hidden below the earth in the keeping of the Frost-giant Thrym ; nor will he surrender it until he has seen the fair Spring-goddess Freyja coming as bride to his dark realms like the sunshine which she impersonates. He has never yet beheld the bright maiden, though he may have heard her light footfall overhead. Thor hastens to her court and bids her at once put on her bridal veil, not dreaming that, with Asgarth in danger and the precious hammer stolen, she will refuse to go meekly into Jötunheim. But she is not so poor spirited, and flies into a rage as god-like as that of Thor himself when the great sea-serpent refused to be caught upon his fish-hook. Thor must himself fetch the hammer. Then Heimdal who, though one of the warlike Æsir, is as wise and far-seeing as the Wanæs, counsels that Thor should deceive the Frost-giant disguised as Freyja. In this scene one can almost hear the laugh that goes through Asgarth at the rueful picture of the Thunderer thus decked with jewels and feminine trifles, his sturdy figure draped in woman's weeds. Thrym seems to accept his strange bride without expressing surprise, perhaps because Frost-giants and Spring-goddesses have seldom a chance of meeting. But Thor can control his appetite as little as his temper, and the giant wonders much at its capacity. He wonders yet more when he stoops to kiss her, and sees beneath the veil those flaming eyes, half hidden by the bushy brows. The wedding, however, must be completed. The hammer which hallowed the wedding feast of man is brought forth, and Thor seizing it becomes once more the god—and summer is first announced by the crashing thunder peal.

This poem is worthy of all praise for its realism and humour ; but

it is responsible, with others of its kind, for the comic, even ridiculous figure which has always passed for Thor. In the ruder Lay of Hymir the heroic outlines of the god are more clearly discerned. The nature myth too, suggested above, would be unrecognisable, if Thor and his hammer had not elsewhere played such parts. Mjölnir is one of the mythical treasures forged by the dwarfs. A belief in it was not confined to Old Norse mythology, for it appears in many traditions and fairy tales of Germany.

Two other famous objects are mentioned—Freyja's feather coat in st. 3, and her necklace called *Brisinga-men* in st. 12. If the story of the last could be reconstructed, it might prove to be one of the most poetical in mythology. It is undoubtedly old, though it may not, as Müllenhoff suggests, date back to Indo-Germanic times. It was known in England, the earliest reference to it being in *Beowulf*, and in Denmark, where Saxo mentions it as the property of Frigg. In the *Sörlaþattr* we have the following story:—Once Freyja, mistress of Odin, spied a necklace lying in a cave. It was the work of certain dwarfs, perhaps the *Brisings*, and when she looked at it she longed to possess it. They promised to give it her if she would stay with them four nights, and this she did. Odin was angry when he discovered it, and caused Loki to steal the necklace from her chamber, and would only give it back to her on condition that she stirred up war between two kings, whence the legend of the “Everlasting Battle.” The poet Ulf Uggason tells in the following lines of the battle between Loki and Heimdal:—“The famous and skilled one of the bridge of the Powers (*Bifröst*) wrestled with the evil and cunning son of *Farbauti* (Loki) at *Singastone*, ere the mighty son of nine mothers gained the shining necklace of sea-stones.”

What is the meaning of this fragmentary tale? The shining necklace must have been a symbol of light, especially the light cast upon the ocean waves. We can scarcely venture, like some critics, to define it as the moon, the morning and evening star, or the rainbow.* It belonged to the Sun goddess, whether called Freyja, Frigg (wife of the heaven god), or Gefjon, for that the three were originally one is suggested by the frequent confusion between them, in Saxo, in *Sörlaþattr*, and in *Ls.*, st. 20, 21. But *Brisinga-men* in Old Norse tradition is the property of Freyja, who is also called *Mardöll*,

* See *Z.f.d. A.* 30, p. 220; (*Bugge*) *Arkiv f.n. fil.* IV., p. 121; *E. Mogk*, p. 140.

or Sea-shining, and Menglöd, the Necklace-glad. Freyja loses her necklace, and Heimdal, the god of light, wins it back for her in some conflict with darkness, which was possibly confused with the last fight between Loki and Heimdal at the Doom of the gods, or it may have given rise to this latter incident, which is only told by Snorri. Müllenhoff pursues the myth of Brisinga-men through the story of Hildir and Hogni, and other heroic lays which belong to more recent times.

THE STORY OF SKIRNIR.

The Song of Skirnir, like those of Thrym and Hymir, is a simple narrative poem, but less severe in its outlines. It is full of sentiment, and even romantic in its love motive, while a soft-tinted nature myth still clings to it, and lends a mysticism which is absent in the others.

It is the spring-time, and Frey, the lord of light and heat, longs to embrace Gerd, the fair earth, and to draw her away from her father's wintry halls, that together they may bring forth the rich summer fruits. Whom shall he send as his herald but Skirnir, the Light-bringer, to bear the first greeting of the Sun to Earth after the long winter darkness in the North? But Earth is wilful and reluctant; hardly will she forsake her frost-bound halls. She dallies with the first tender caresses and bribes, until the Sun grows fierce and impatient, and her heart melts in love to him who had once seemed as alien to her as the summer warmth to the winter cold.

The story is told in true Northern fashion in a series of dramatic scenes—Frey, discovered alone in the hall, wandering aimless and love-sick, and refusing speech with his kind; Skirnir, holding speech with his horse, sustaining his courage in the fear and mystery of the night journey; his parley with Gerd in words aflame with such passion that one sees his slight form quivering, and hears his voice rise higher and higher as he passes from gentle pleading to fierce denunciation.

The curse itself pictures the hell of Northern belief, which is widely different from the fiery kingdom of other mythologies. It is a far stretching waste, hemmed in by snow-clad mountains, bleak and cold, dark and desolate of all inhabitants save three-headed monsters or eagles rending corpses, and the dim form of Frost-giants stalking to and fro, and binding all things in their chains of ice. Small wonder

that Gerd is threatened with raving madness in this lonely land, without speech with human kind, without love, without the good cheer which gladdens winter in the North.

There are, however, indications that this poem is not exclusively Icelandic or Norwegian. The romance and sentiment are more fully expressed than is usual. One or two familiar forms and objects suggest that the author had a knowledge of international literature, and the best known motives of legend and mythology. There is the watcher who greets Skirnir, the newcomer, and demands the reason of his coming; magic, flickering flames are one of the perils of the way; the sword which he borrowed from Frey must have been one like that in *Beowulf*, or that of Sigurd or other ancient weapons, forged with magic craft, and graven with stories of old battles and runes of protection and victory. The golden apples of youth, which were the property of Idun, and either borrowed or stolen by Skirnir, are scarcely known to the Edda, though mentioned by Snorri. They were a fruit little known in Norway and Iceland, and the poet, it seems, also has been borrowing, perhaps from the golden apples of the Hesperides. More peculiar to the North is another object, the ring Draupnir, which was forged by the dwarfs. It belongs to Odin, and the allusion shows that Baldr is already slain. All the different treasures are symbols of light, growth, fertility, and other beneficent powers, and the passing of them from hand to hand is commonly found in the myths of polytheism, where no god is ever truly individualised, but is apt to melt away in shadowy outlines, assuming the form and attributes of some other god, unless indeed, like Thor, he has become so anthropomorphic as to have lost already something of his god-head.

Frey, the hero of the story, was better known in Sweden than in other northern lands. There he was worshipped as the highest god; temples were built, and yearly sacrifices were offered to him. Frey's cult, though perhaps less evident in folk-lore, is more noticeable in history than that of Odin. He was especially regarded as the patron of harvests, and in this aspect he is known to the Eddas. Snorri says:—"Frey rules over the rain, and the shining of the sun and the growth of fruits in the ground." Hence the symbols of fertility and light which Skirnir is allowed to carry with him, and hence too the gods' gift of Elf-home to Frey, where the elf-folk work his kindly will in nature (see *Grm.*, st. 5). In this poem his more original character is apparent. He is the Sun-god who awakens earth out of her winter

sleep, too weak at first to melt her frozen heart (st. 4); and Skirnir is not merely his messenger, but himself in disguise. The sword or sunbeam which he sent as gift to the earth maiden is now lost for ever to the gods, and in the possession of their giant foes. At Ragnarök he will seek for it in vain (see Lok., st. 42). But here, as everywhere, there is a discrepancy between the myth and its nature interpretation; the symbol in the one must pass away, but year by year the power of which it is the emblem will be renewed.

DAY-SPRING AND MENGLÖD.

Grógaldr and Fjolsvinnismál are found in several MSS., none older than the seventeenth century, as two separate poems, but they have been associated for many reasons. The one without the other is fragmentary; together they give a story which is told in a Danish ballad of the sixteenth century called "Young Svendal." In the first part the hero is starting forth upon a dangerous mission; in the second he has accomplished his journey, and arrived upon the scene of action, where he attains his object. No details are given of the perils of the way, but it is not even necessary to assume that the strophes recounting them have been lost, for a sudden dramatic opening, a swift passing over of incidents, are sufficiently common in the Edda, and require only some brief line of explanation, such as "Then Day-spring fared into Jötunheim." Here and there are found connecting links between the poems. The object of search in Part I. is *menglöpum*, those joyous with necklaces (st. 4); and Day-spring, in Part II., wins *Menglöp*, the Necklace-glad. If, as most authorities take it, both are proper names, the identification is complete. In st. 14 is prophesied Day-spring's dispute with the giant warder Much-wise. The same motive runs through the whole action, which from beginning to end is ruled by destiny. In st. 4 of Part I. and st. 47 of Part II. this is openly expressed—"The issue must follow fate," "The doom of Weird may no wight withstand." In no poem is the Weird motive heard more clearly, in none is it more distinctly seen to work in obedience to natural law.

Menglöd is often met in fairy tales as the princess who sits on a glass mountain, and is won by a princely lover; but with the help of

“Young Svendal,” the story can be reconstructed in its more original form. Day-spring has been sent by his step-mother to seek Menglöd, a fair giant-maiden who owns a shining necklace, and is of such renown that she has long been sought by lovers in vain. Day-spring comes for help to his own mother’s grave, and stands calling her at the doorway, for she has promised to aid him with the wisdom of the dead. She comes forth reluctantly, like all who are compelled by love or enchantments to re-enter their old haunts, and standing at the gates of the tomb, she sings him magic songs to render him victorious in all the difficulties which lie before him ; bonds shall not hold him, foes shall not slay him, bitter frosts on the mountains, storms on the sea, mists on the night journey, even the spirits of dead women shall not dismay him—one thing alone can hinder his desire, the doom of Weird, which nor gods nor men can withstand. The charms which she sings are rune songs, such as Odin knew, and one which he had even used to win his giant-wife Rind. This scene between Gróa and her son is characteristic of the attitude of the Old Norsemen towards their dead, who were still regarded as a power for good or evil in their lives, and whose constant presence among the living was loved or feared, but never a matter of wonder, or an occurrence different in kind from the ordinary events of life. This supernatural influence had to be met with one of a corresponding nature ; hence the charms and spells cut in runes which men used against one another and to combat difficulties.

Here ends the first fragment ; before the opening of the second a long interval has elapsed, during which Day-spring has endured untold perils, and prevailed through the spell songs of his mother. He has, moreover, though this incident is veiled in mystery, met with Menglöd (st. 5 and 49), and has lost her. She sits waiting for him on the mountain top, knowing that he will come back ; and he is seeking her, with the assurance that he can break down every barrier between them. The next scene opens abruptly ; Day-spring has arrived in the gloom of night at his journey’s end. In the dim flickering light of magic flames he sees the giants’ hall rising up before him, and in front, passing to and fro, is outlined the dark figure of the warder. The ring of fire has here a deeper signification than the wonted circle through which the princes of romance had to pass to their princess ; it is inherent in the myth. Day-spring hails Much-wise the watcher, and is refused admittance ; but he will not now turn

back, his love is almost within sight, and he stands conversing with Much-wise under the assumed name of Wind-cold. Gradually he leads up to a revelation of his true name, before which all barriers will fall and leave the way open to Menglöd, his beloved, who is destined for him alone. He questions Much-wise concerning all that lies in front of him, and one by one, interwoven, the obstacles are seen. Outside is the fiery ring of flames, and round the castle a huge rock-wall with but one entrance, the barred gate called Sounding-clanger. Yggdrasil, the tree of life and fate, stands overshadowing all things; and in its boughs sits Golden-comb or Wood-snake, the cock whom the giants watch in dread, for when he crows their Doom will be at hand. Fierce dogs are guarding the courts, and can be eluded only when feasting on Wood-snake's wings; but Wood-snake himself can be slain by a magic wand alone, which is in the keeping of the giantess Sinmara, and she will not lend it except for a tail feather from that same cock. Thus the chain of difficulties is complete. But still Day-spring asks concerning Ember, the flaming hall, built by wondrous beings (of whom we know only Loki the fire-god and Delling the dwarf of dawn), until he comes to Menglöd herself. A contrast to the ruthless spirit of Old Norse literature and to all other descriptions in the Edda is this patient figure—a tender, gracious woman, waiting and yearning in heart for her lover, but shedding meantime contentment and peace on those around. Day-spring at last reveals his name, and they meet like the lovers of all time, first with trembling doubt, "Will she have me?" and "Is it he?" then with the certainty that they have known and have been destined for one another through all eternity.

The whole scene is so complete in its human passion that it seems almost superfluous to ask for any further interpretation; but those which suggest themselves are so natural and fitting that, just seen, they fade away in delicate ethereal colours, and form a background of opalescent light.

The underlying allegory which Cassel suggests is not wholly false, although far-fetched in some of its details. The idealist sets forth in search of perfect love and beauty, which he sees far off on some high mountain top, and longs to gain. The difficulties appear insurmountable to those who strive with them in the spirit of worldly wisdom, but to him who follows the true instincts of his heavenly nature they give way, and he attains.

Much also may be said for the view which sees in this myth only

another presentation of that concerning Gerd and Skirnir, the oft-repeated wooing of the imprisoned earth by a summer god. If, however, the interpretation lies in natural phenomena, it must be the one suggested by the names. It is a radiant light picture—Day-spring or Day-hastener, child of Sun-bright, comes as Wind-cold (the cool, fresh breeze which springs up at dawn), to wed Menglöd on the mountain tops; while she, the bright sun goddess and her shining necklace are well known to us as Freyja and Brisinga-men. The sudden revealing of Day-spring is that earliest moment in the dawn which can be called day rather than night. Still a few moments pass before Sun herself comes, and the inevitable meeting takes place between her and the Day. No myth so poetical and so fitting could be told of this union, as that of two predestined souls.

We cannot well compare the poem or associate it with any other in the Edda. It is different in spirit, more romantic, more tender, with a passion which cannot be limited to any one age or locality. Everything tends to show that it is of late origin. The writer makes frequent use of the peculiar type of synonym known as the "kenning," in which some other person or object is employed to represent and describe the particular one in view. The name of a god or goddess serves often as a general term for man or woman; thus Eir (st. 28), who in the Prose Edda is a goddess of healing, means only a fair woman, in the present case a giantess. The old mythology had become a conventional system, technical rather than imaginative; and names which once belonged to personal beings had lapsed into mere words expressing abstract qualities. The question of poetic diction is of importance here, for it is possible that many difficult passages could be explained in this light. St. 18, as we have given it, alludes to Golden-comb, who will first announce Doom to all giants and giant-wives; but if the names of Surt and Sinmara must be retained, the passage is meaningless to any modern reader. Not only in language and sentiment does the writer stand apart from the other poets of mythology, but his knowledge of its most famous objects is defective and obscured. The mistletoe which Loki plucked (st. 26) seems confused with Golden-comb and the Doom of the World; the cock itself, who has his station in the scene of dawn, resembles the Christian symbol of watchfulness, whose cry dispels the power of darkness. The description of Yggdrasil, with its fruits which are instrumental in the birth of men, is so different from the old Tree of life and fate that some

critics have denied their identity. The nature myth itself seems to wear a modern garb, quite unlike the old-fashioned and improbable stories of a less critical age.

GREYBEARD AND THOR.

Hárbarðsljóð is one of the old flyting scenes which are so familiar in the sagas of history and romance, where hero mocked hero, hurling frank abuse across the hall in language which might be softened, but was little disguised by a rude strophic form. Two such flytings are recounted among the gods—the present scene, and the more famous one in Ægir's halls (p. 245). There is a wide difference between the clumsy dialogue of the first with its mixture of prose and metre, and the polished strophes of the second. The wit is of a different texture. Here it is rude and forcible, but sometimes merely abusive; there it is keen, artistic, swift and sparkling as Loki himself. No one has yet been able to discover any definite principle in the metre of Hárbarðsljóð. We have therefore made Thor speak in Fornyrðislag, abrupt and trochaic like the harsh-spoken god, while Greybeard uses the more musical Ljóðahátt. As in the Song of Rig, mythology is used to outline a sketch of social life, but once again the contrast is striking. Old world stories and nature myths serve but to illustrate topical allusions. The gods themselves are mere exponents of different social ideals. In treatment of their characters and in the real humour of the situation the author redeems himself for any lack of brilliance in the dialogue, but the skit, for it can be called nothing less, presents little attraction to us, although it may have seemed witty enough to contemporaries, who knew all the obscure traditions of the poem, and shared the intense feeling and bitterness which underlie its humour. For us the colours are faded, and the stories half forgotten.

We can, however, still recognise certain features of history and mythology. The historical background, indeed, scarcely needs to be recalled, for it is ever present with us—that of struggle between the aristocracy and the people. This began at a much earlier date in Norway and Sweden than among other mediæval nations, and had a more immediate and decisive result. The Viking who had tasted the sweets of freedom in his wild seafaring life refused to submit to

dependence when a "bóndi" at home. Tyranny had once been enforced by the right of conquest, and feudalism strove to maintain it by the authority of law, successfully for a while in the South, but vainly in the North. Strife on the battlefield, strife at the Thing, and strife in skaldic verse between class and class was the order of the day.

The two figures on either side of the stream, though caricatures of the gods as we are wont to meet them, are easy to recognise. A weary traveller arrives on the banks of the fjord which flows between him and his home. Unwilling to wet himself by wading through the flood, he hails a ferry-man whom he spies over by the further shore. But the latter, an old man with a grey beard and a tongue which might have learned to wag more kindly, in a spirit of pure contradiction refuses to aid the traveller. Both reveal their names. Greybeard shows an intimate knowledge of the other's antecedents in the uncomplimentary dialogue which follows, and the story ends where it began, with Thor raging on the further shore, vainly longing to get within reach of his tormentor, who has just described the length and weariness of the journey.

Thor shows the same character that we know well in other poems. Had he called himself by some other title he would not have escaped recognition, and could scarce have gone in disguise as Greybeard suggests—a veiled reminder of how Thor once wore woman's weeds. Rude in his appearance and harsh in his speech as when he met All-wise the dwarf, straightforward and simple in his thoughts and actions, he takes literally the sneer of Greybeard when told that his mother must be dead or she could scarce have thus neglected his appearance. He has just been engaged in the never-ending, somewhat thankless task, of fighting the giants. Many of the labours which he proudly boasts and the failures with which he is taunted are well known. The battle with Hrungrnir, mentioned in st. 15, is one of the world-famed contests of Old Norse mythology, and is told by Snorri in *Skaldskaparmál*. It happened that the giant Hrungrnir, whose name, like that of other Jötuns, means the Sound-maker, and whose head and heart were of stone, had been invited to feast with the gods in Asgarth. There they plied him with drink till he grew boastful and threatened to destroy them all save Freyja and Sif, whom the giants had oft tried to win. At last the gods grew weary of such mighty words and uttered the name of Thor, who was then warring in Jötunheim. Forthwith

entered the Thunderer, all wrathful, swinging his hammer and asking, "Who had let a crafty Jötun drink ale with the gods? who had made peace with Hrungnir that he was now within Valhöll? and why was Freyja thus filling the ale-cup as she was wont at the gods' banquet?" Then answered Hrungnir, and looked at Thor with no friendly eyes, "Odin bade me drink with him in Valhöll, and he is surety for me." Thor refrained for the moment from slaying Hrungnir, and accepted his challenge. Armed and thirsting for battle they came to the appointed spot—Hrungnir with Mokkr-kalfi, a giant made out of clay, to support him; Thor, with his trusty servant Thjalfi. His arrival on the scene is thus described by Thjodulf:—

The son of Earth, with swelling heart,
drove forth unto the play of swords,
and Moon's path rumbled beneath him.
Before him blazed all the realms of space :
the ground was dashed with hail, and earth rent asunder,
as the mighty-hoofed goats of his chariot
drew him forth to the meeting with Hrungnir.
Then Baldr's brother spared not the rocky foe,
while the mountains trembled and were cloven,
and ocean blazed.

Thor slew Hrungnir, while Thjalfi despatched the clay giant. The god was wounded by a stone splinter, which stuck fast in his head. He besought the giantess Groa to extract it by singing a charm over him, but she forgot the charm in her joy when she heard that Thor had brought back her lost husband, Aurvandil, in a basket from the icy realms of the North—safe except for one toe, which had been frozen and thrown up into the sky to make the morning star.

Many incidents in this story have been interpreted by Uhland. Hrungnir is the stony ground which vainly resists the thunder showers. Mokkr-kalfi is the less stubborn clay, which submits to Thjalfi the Delver; Groa is nature's power to heal the rents and sears that have been made in the storm conflict; and Aurvandil, whose name belongs to the morning star in Old English, is a summer being imprisoned in Jötunheim during the winter, perhaps some constellation which is seen with joy when it appears on the horizon as the herald of summer. Our poet seems to have confused him with Thiazzi (st. 19), whose death was a yet more famous event in the chronicles of Asgarth. Thor, however,

played little part in it, and the full account is best reserved for the appearance of Idun, in Lokasenna. In both incidents Thor is redeeming the faults of other gods—of Odin, who had invited Hrungrnir; of Loki, who had stolen Idun. The deeds of st. 29, 37, 39 are unknown; but they were all of like nature—the destruction of Jötuns, and their yet more terrible wives. St. 39 has perhaps some connection with Geirröd's daughters (see p. 275). St. 26 is an allusion to one of the most humorous of Thor's adventures which Snorri recounts, although "it is not well for mortals to speak of those powers which the Thunderer could not subdue." He was journeying once with Loki and Thjalfi, whom he had just taken for his servant (see p. xxxiv.). Presently they came unawares into the land of Utgarth-loki, in the uttermost parts of the earth, and there many wonderful things befell them. One night they sought rest in a large and empty hall, but about midnight they were disturbed by a great rumbling and earthquake. "Then Thor arose, and called his companions. They groped around them, and found on the right of the hall about half-way down an outhouse, where they entered. Thor sat him down in the door, while the others, who were sore afraid, went further within. But he kept a grip on the handle of Mjöllnir, for he had a mind to defend himself." So the night passed, and in the morning the adventurers found that their hiding place had been the thumb of a giant's glove. This giant, Utgarth-loki himself, is called by various names—Fjalar (the Dissembler) and Skrymir. He plays many tricks on the three companions, and unwittingly they race with thought and wild fire, strive with ocean and with old age, and inevitably suffer defeat; but, as we have noticed, defeat without dishonour was the privilege of Thor. Throughout the poem the author shows a complete understanding of the god's nature, as seen in its human aspect, from the side which made him loved by the Norwegian and Icelandic peasants. He was the companion of their labours when they prepared and softened the hard earth. He hallowed their soil, he blessed their marriage feasts with his hammer, and showed himself ever the friend of churls, as Odin was the patron of lords and earls.

This brings us to the figure on the other side of the stream, who gives only the name of Greybeard. Some critics have suggested that he is Loki, the mocking demon, who knows better than any the misdemeanours of the other gods, and who now reviles Thor as he reviles them all at Ægir's banquet. But the name alone reveals him as

Odin in his usual disguise of a grey-bearded old man, unrecognised by Thor. The deeds mentioned can very rarely be identified with those told in other poems, but they are such as belonged to Odin in his various characters. As god of war, he is seen with battle-flag and reddened spear, wasting the fair meadows of All-green (16), rousing hatred between nation and nation, and inciting men to slay one another (24). As love-adventurer he keeps secret trysting with the gold-bright maiden (30), who perhaps is Billing's crafty daughter (p. 87), and well he knows how to gain the love of women with fair speeches and a false heart. As master of magic he does not scorn to win giant maidens by spells like those he had practised on Rind (p. 159), or by sporting aloft with dark witch riders at night (20). He has attained knowledge in his usual way, by fair means or foul (st. 20), and from all beings, even the dead (44) whom, like the Vala, he has called up from the grave.

Thus a contrast is drawn between Thor, the patron of the hard-working tillers of the soil, and Odin, the god, and here the representative, of the aristocratic and cultured classes, whose lives were given to love-making and expeditions of plunder and war. "Odin has earls who fall on the battlefield, Thor has the race of thralls." The oppression of the rich could never be "atoned for by a ring," nor the strife of classes settled by arbitration (42). Thor's bitter reply to this mocking suggestion, "Where didst thou learn such scornful speeches!" seems to give voice to the discontent of the people, which is evidently shared by the poet, who leaves us in little doubt as to his own views in the portraits which he has drawn of the gods. That of Odin is blood-thirsty, lustful, unscrupulous, not unlike the fiend and sorcerer that he became to early Christians, while they still half believed in him as a god. Thor, on the other hand, is not painted in such dark colours. He is caricatured, and stands no longer equipped with all his god's might, the grand outlines showing beneath the rough exterior; he is only pathetic in his discomfiture, and even ridiculous, the uncouth giant who lives on in popular notions of to-day. But the sympathy of the poet is always with Thor. He is still shown as the Warder of Midgarth, whose lot is to redeem the faults of others; and he still retains a mortal glory which was ever his in defeat.

One reproach of Odin's is mysterious and unexplained (34). Thor is accused of having once broken faith, which he does not deny. Does this refer to an incident in mythology, such as Thor's slaying of the

giant smith in Asgarth, to whom the gods were bound by oath (see *Introd. to Vsp.*); or is it some topical allusion to an occasion when the people had turned against their leaders, and betrayed them to a foe?

If the realism of this scene is at times too great for the dignity of the gods, they are at least viewed in an aspect little known to modern readers of mythology. The presentation of Thor and Odin as familiar types, if we may trust our poem, shows in what light they were regarded by the masses, what place they occupied in the hearts of men. Thor was their protector; he was the author of all that was good and kindly in nature, and was worshipped less from awe than from love. Odin, on the other hand, was feared, and perhaps hated, by the peasants for his destructive violence as war-god, and for his magic wonder-working power, which was as little comprehensible to them as the culture which lay beyond their range. Just for a moment, by the hand of a sceptic, the curtain seems withdrawn, and we look into the obscurity of past thought, and see something of the relationship between the mythology and the religion of the people.

THE SONG OF RIG.

Rigspula is not included in any of the best MSS. of Sæmund's Edda, but only in the Codex Wormianus with the Prose Edda. Partly for this reason, and because its connection with Heimdal, the god of light, seems obscure and improbable, the poem is sometimes put aside as a late invention of the skalds. It is without doubt a skaldic song, one of those lays which were sung in the hall by a court poet in praise of his royal master, whose descent he traces from the gods. Unfortunately the final strophes are missing, or we should perhaps learn the name of this king of famous race. Harald the Fair-haired has been suggested, and the date of composition is certainly that of the Viking period. But the poet is evidently not drawing on his own imagination, except for details. The art of the skald lay in taking some old theme and singing it, like an old melody, with variations to suit the occasion.

The myth in question tells how once of old the god Heimdal, who was not wont to leave the seat where he kept watch in heaven, came to earth as a kingly being called Rig. He is described as passing

through all the world, and visiting first the dwelling of the serf and thrall, then that of the peasant landowner, and lastly the hall of the rich and nobly born. To each home he brings the birth of children, who are reared, who pursue occupations, and who wed according to their station. From the highest rank of the earls is born a king, who is given the name of Rig. Thus Heimdal is the originator of different classes of men, but kings especially have their right to claim descent from the god.

Snorri knows nothing of this story, but the *Vala* (p. 277) speaks of Heimdal as the father of all "holy kindreds," and in the "Shorter Soothsaying," although no name is mentioned, he is called "the kinsman allied to all races."

The attempt to explain the myth any further, and to identify Rig, as Rydberg has done, with Skef or Scyld, the culture hero of the Germanic race, is unsatisfactory. The motive, indeed, is common, for it is primitive and world wide; and some such myth arose everywhere (see *Introd. to Hdl.*) when man began to wonder whence he had come, and why he was man with a knowledge of good and evil. Not having yet learned his kinship with the ape, he invented a race founder, sometimes a god in human form. He made up stories which, oft repeated, were soon told as true, and were believed because they took place so "long ago"—of a culture hero who came to be king over men, to awaken them out of their first sleep of ignorance, and teach them to rule nature by wisdom and knowledge, until, as in the poem, wisdom itself became regarded as the divine inheritance of kings. Sometimes the scene is more poetical than the green roads and the hasty striding figure of Rig. Scyld, the Danish hero, came as a child drifting in a boat to shore, and when he had accomplished his work he passed back to unknown regions beyond the sea. "From the great deep to the great deep" King Arthur came and went in mystic fashion.

But the present poet has another end in view than dreaming. He is answering man's next question, which was in truth the demand of his socialistic countrymen—"Who thus made men of high and low degree?" "They were born so," is his answer, and he shows by mythic lore that such an order was established by divine authority. His contempt for the low-born seems to indicate that he would not change it if he could.

The political setting of the poem has already drawn it out of the realms of fancy upon historical ground; and in its details, the

description of the customs and manner of life among the different classes, it is most valuable. Some features of life which the poet depicts are out of date, as though he were going back to an older period, or were very conservative in his views.

The first-born son (st. 6) is Thrall. The Old Norse thralls were serfs, little better than slaves, who could be sold at the will of their master. In the Viking period they were often prisoners of war. It was sometimes possible for them to obtain freedom, but never any share in the government, or influence in the popular assembly. As their names indicate, their social condition and occupations were very low. Great-grandfather's table is set with coarse brown bread and broth, which are the best that he can lay before his guest.

In the home of Grandfather and Grandmother there is more comfort; their appearance and clothing are neat, and even ornamental; their work and that of their children requires skill; the son who is born to them has a fair and ruddy skin, his bride does not travel on foot, and she is graced by a wedding veil. Churl in st. 18, which is a cognate form of Icelandic "Karl," does not give a true idea of the position of the latter, who here represents the class of free-born peasant proprietor called "bóndi" or "bui," a name which was given to his offspring, and which was used in Viking days to designate the emigrants to Iceland. These formed a kind of hereditary aristocracy, self-governed, and absolutely independent. The Karl of this passage scarcely takes so high a position, but belongs to an earlier age.

Mother and father are found (st. 21) in a lordlier dwelling; she has no task but to admire and adorn her fair white neck and arms; his work is the honourable pursuit of warfare, and the fashioning of weapons. They have a son, Earl, with bright eyes and shining hair, who lives the glorious life of a conqueror, distributing spoils and wealth among his dependents. Yet more than Churl he belongs to ancient days, and resembles one of the great lords who are mentioned in Hyndla's Lay, or those who give rise to the epithets used by poets, "the ring-breaker" and "gold-giver." The Old Norse ideal was fixed before the rise of any kind of feudal rule; the power of earls passed into the hands of the collective *bændr*, and they too become subject to the laws and customs of the *Thing*.

Earl weds the fair daughter of Ruler, and their children—Son, Offspring, Descendant, &c.—are required only to inherit the rights and follow the customs which belong to their noble birth. But to Kon the

youngest, who becomes a king, is given a higher heritage, not of his father Jarl, but from Rig, who bestows his own name upon him, and endows him with the wisdom of gods. He shares their powers, he learns to understand and use the sacred runes, he interprets nature, and is alone the true son of Heimdal and the father of all kings.

This poem has little beauty and grace, but a quaint charm in the original. The swift movement of the metre keeps time with the striding march of Rig, and throughout there is an air of superiority which disdains all the polish and delicacies of art for so fine a theme.

THE LAY OF HYNDLA.

The Shorter Soothsaying is included in the MS. with the Lay of Hyndla, but is now, by general consent, regarded as a distinct poem. The main theme of Hyndla is the recitation of a family history, but suddenly, with an abrupt change of style, the subject passes to a genealogy of mythical beings; then again it reverts to the original theme. Snorri quotes from this interpolation (st. 6) as though from some old and famous song, and mentions as his authority a poem called "The Shorter Soothsaying of the Vala"—"Völuspá inni skömmu." We may assume therefore, though in opposition to Sijmons and certain other critics, that it is a fragment of a lost and much older work, which dealt, like the greater Soothsaying, with the history of the gods.

Someone, as in Baldr's Dreams, is holding converse with a witch, called up perhaps from the dead. The unknown questioner desires to know the origin and kinship of all mythical beings. He asks first concerning the god's race, and learns that once, before the death of Baldr, the Æsir were twelve in number. Here a gap in the poem leaves their names unrecorded, but they may be conjectured from descriptions by Snorri and in Lokasenna of the full assembly in Ægir's halls. At these banquets were present Odin, Thor, Heimdal, Tyr, Vidar, Vali, Forseti, Ull, Hœnir, Bragi, and Loki, who, with Baldr, make the twelve.

Another passage is missing which should tell how the Wanæs—Njörd, Frey, and Freyja—came among the other gods, and throughout

there is such confusion and want of sequence that it is only possible to make the poem explicit by grouping the strophes with the help of familiar allusions.

The questioner would next learn whence came other powers beside the ruling gods, those tumultuous forces ever warring with them, the Jötuns; those wise women, the Valas, who could interpret dreams and foretell the future; and whence all wizards and witches and monsters like the great wolf Fenrir, and prodigies such as Odin's eight-footed steed Sleipnir? The answers to these questions are unfortunately often too dark to understand, or tell us only what is known from other sources. One awful being (st. 8), the mother of all witches, was born in mysterious fashion from a burning heart, which Loki, as fire-god, had devoured. She, it has been suggested, is the same as Golden-draught, who was burned and reburned in Odin's hall, and who was the cause of the first war between gods and Wanes (p. 183).

In alluding to Loki, who is half god, half giant, the questioner has turned once more to higher beings, and the birth of One is related, whose name is not mentioned, but who is easily recognised as Heimdal. The description agrees with what is told of him elsewhere, and belongs to his character as a god of nature. Heimdal, although he plays a considerable part in the Edda, is only half revealed to us, and his nature not clearly understood. He is seldom named by the skaldic poets; no sacrifices were offered to him, no temples built for his worship, he had no place in the hearts of men. Merely to ascribe a late origin to his myth is not sufficient explanation for this strange silence about a god so well known to the Edda. The myths which encircle him point back by their very contradictions to one who has lived through different ages in the changing thought and fancy of mankind. Their wonders are accepted only because they belong to the past. "Heimdal," says Snorri, "is called the White god. He is great and holy. Sometimes he is called Golden-tooth, for his teeth are of gold. His steed is Goldy-lock, and his dwelling place is Heaven-hill, by the bridge Bifröst. He is warder of the gods, and sits at the end of heaven guarding the bridge against the Mountain giants. He needs less sleep than a bird; he can see, by night as well as by day, a hundred miles around him. He hears grass growing on the earth and wool on the backs of sheep, besides all else that makes more sound. He owns the trumpet Gjallar-horn, whose blast is heard throughout the worlds." Thus shown as the dazzling god of light, he is un-

approachable; far seen, aloof, he sits on his mountain throne, guarding Bifröst where the rainbow reaches heaven. He is no less mysterious in his birth, which Snorri also describes, quoting from some lost "Song of Heimdal":—

Child am I of mothers nine,
of sisters nine the son.

These maidens, from their names in st. 12, are ocean waves, and it is again as the god of light that he is born at the world's edge on the horizon where the sky meets the earth and sea. It is there at sunrise that he drinks of the crimson splendour which is like the blood of sacrifice offered to the gods.

Heimdal stands apart from other deities in the Edda. He is less human, except when, as Rig, he passes through the world of men and becomes the kinsmen of all peoples. His epithet of the "richest ruler" belongs to him perhaps as owner of the wide and glorious dwelling place of Heaven-hill. The expression "weapon-famed" is here translated "armed with glory," because it must be derived from the sword of piercing sun rays which is usually the possession of the Heaven god in mythology, but which Heimdal may well borrow as the god of light. In the above mentioned "Lay of Heimdal" his sword is mentioned as being made of a "man's head," and the skaldic poets use "Heimdal's sword" as a synonym for the head. These obscure allusions, for which even Snorri vouchsafes no explanation, suggest that even in his day the traditions about Heimdal were already half lost and forgotten.

All the revelations so far have been of the past; the Vala now becomes prophetic. She foretells the fearful signs and wonders in nature, the "long dread winter" (p. 55) which shall herald the fulfilment of Weird with the Doom of the first ruling powers, the gods of war, and the coming of the new Power, some say of Christianity, but whose nature is here kept secret, like other hidden things—"the Mightiest One's old mysteries," the runes which Odin knew alone, the words which he whispered into Baldr's ear.

How then was this mythical fragment united to the less exalted theme of Ottar's genealogy, which, if it were not for the myth in which it is framed, should belong to the heroic lays? Perhaps the author of Hyndla's Lay had in his possession the old "Soothsaying," and purposed to write a corresponding genealogy of earthly beings, enume-

rating those great Germanic heroes of legend and saga whom he deemed worthy of immortality. He lingers with old-fashioned love for the list of mighty names, feeling that they are in danger of perishing for ever in these degenerate days when the power of the nobility is being seized by the middle class *bóndi*. Now, while they are yet fresh in the memories of men, let these names be recorded, and their worth attested by association with those of the gods.

As the hero of his subject the writer takes Ottar the Simple, a chieftain who is unknown to history, but who seems to have belonged to the famous family of Hördaland. He is here identified with Od, the human lover of Freyja, whose story is thus told by Snorri:—"Freyja was wedded to a mortal called Ottar, and their daughter Hnoss, the Treasure, is so beautiful that all things fair and costly are named after her. But Ottar went far away, and Freyja followed him weeping, and her tears were of red gold" (st. 32). Ottar of the poem has wagered his inheritance with another unknown personage, Angantyr, that his descent, could he only trace it, is the nobler. Freyja is willing to help her favourite, and she takes him with her disguised as Goldenbristle, the famous boar which belonged to Frey. They seek Hyndla, who, like other valas or witches, dwells in a cave, and rides forth upon a wolf at night. She is a giantess, and thus knows all the history of mankind. But as such she must be propitiated by a goddess, and Freyja promises to win her the favour of Odin, the War-father, who at times can be so gracious; Thor too, the enemy of giant-wives, shall be appeased by sacrifice such as men offered to the gods.

Hyndla suspects the presence of Ottar, but Freyja denies it, and in answer to questions of the latter she rehearses the generations of kings while they ride through the night, and Ottar's heart must beat with pride as she marshals forth the host of his dead forbears. It is shown how he is allied to the most ancient and noble races, and heroes who can trace their line back to the gods. To us all these great names mean nothing, or merely call up shadowy figures in the land that lies between history and romance. But recited in ancient days by the skalds, before the warriors and women gathered in the hall, the famous race names of Skjöldung, Skilfing, Odling, Yngling were full of deep meaning, and expressed their ideal of glory in heroic deeds.

The Skjöldungs are ancient mythical figures who centre round the birth cradle of the Germanic race. In the various Old English, Icelandic, and Danish sources, which do not always agree in their details,

is found the legend of an old culture hero, deemed perhaps a god in human form. He came as a child drifting over the sea in a boat, surrounded by treasures, with a sheaf of corn from which he took his name Scef, though the poem *Beowulf* has transferred the legend to his son Scyld. The boat approached a land called Skania, where Scef rescued a people in great misery, and taught them to cultivate their territory and defend it against the enemy. He died in old age, leaving Skjöld or Scyld to inherit the kingdom, and was sent forth once more over the sea in a boat no less richly endowed than when he came, "but no man," it is said, "knew who received the precious burden." From Skjöld came the Skjöldungs, or, as we learn from *Beowulf*, the Danes, whose home was Leira in the island of Seeland. Scef or Scef in Old English genealogies is the ancestor of the Angles and Saxons. With him we must identify Skilvir, also said to be the father of Skjöld, the progenitor of the Skilfings, another name for the Swedes.

But who are the Ynglings? Ing or Yng is also a great race-hero, and ancestor of the Swedes and Angles. In the poem *Ynglinga-tal*, the name Yngling and Skilfing is used interchangeably. Thus Yng must be identical with Skilvir, and Skilvir, as we have seen, is the same as Scef, or, according to *Beowulf*, Skjöld. All this confusion leads us back to one mythical founder of the Germanic race, from whom all the tribes claimed their descent, and whom they remembered as a culture hero, who had raised them from a state of savagery, and seemed to them in later days as the son of a god (see Rydberg, pp. 89, 90-95).

Then Hyndla turns to Ottar's immediate family, and those with which it is connected. The first great hero mentioned is Halldan the Old (st. 18). He was the king of Denmark, and one of the patriarchs of the Germanic race, known to Saxo Grammaticus and to the author of *Beowulf*. His most famous achievement was the slaying of Sigtrygg, a mythical king. He sacrificed to the gods in order to obtain long life, but he was granted no more than "a man's life" of three hundred years, and the promise that no ignoble offspring should be born in his line—hence Ottar would desire to claim kinship with him (Skaldskaparmál).

The twelve berserk brothers of st. 23, sons of Arngrim and Eyfóra, belong to *Hervarar Saga*, and their chieftain Angantyr is the principal figure in one of the finest of the Old Norse heroic poems. The word berserk had its origin in a superstitious belief that some men were

“hamramr,” or able to change their forms, and become bears or wolves, and were hence called berserks or were-wolves. Later on the name was given to those wild beings who from time to time were seized by fits of madness and rage, when they seemed possessed of more than human strength, and wrought fearful deeds in battle. The saga in question tells of a magic sword called Tyrfing which came into the hands of Angantyr. It had been forged by dwarfs, and stolen from them; therefore a curse followed it, and though it might serve its bearer well for a lifetime, it would at last bring him to death. The viking brothers ranged over land and sea, till in consequence of Angantyr’s love for Ingibjörg they met in battle, and fell before, two warriors, Odd and Hjalmar, in the island of Samsey. Hervör, Angantyr’s warlike daughter, had inherited the berserk spirit, and presently it came upon her. She armed herself like a warrior, and went forth to seek Tyrfing from her father’s grave. Fearlessly she passed through the haunted land with its magic flickering flames until she stood on the howe, crying :—

Hervard, Hjörvard,	Hrani, Angantyr !
Wake where ye rest	the tree-roots under
with helm and byrnie,	shield and harness,
sword keen-whetted	and reddened spear !
All are they come,	the sons of Arngrim,
death-thirsting warriors,	to dust of earth ;
and not one comes forth	of Eyfora’s offspring
in Munavagi	to speak with me :—

till at length, while the whole land was aflame with enchanted fires, the grave opened, and she won her heritage from the dead.

St. 25 scarcely requires explanation. With the mention of the famous but ill-starred Niflung and Völsung races, a note of warning comes into the poem. This great saga is so widely known and has been so oft repeated that it no longer belongs only to the people of the North, who told it first and best in written form. Jörmunrek married Svanhild, daughter of Sigurd; he caused his wife to be trampled to death by wild horses in consequence of a slander, and her brothers sought to avenge the deed. In the history of the Latin writer Jornandes he is Ermanric, a mighty king of the Goths in the fourth century, who was conquered in battle by the Huns. Again he is known in Saxo’s chronicle as the Danish king, Jarmeric, and is mentioned in *Beowulf*

as Eormenic. Under slightly different names, the same story of the sister's death and the brother's vengeance is told in connection with Ermanric and Jarmerik. We have clearly one of the Germanic race heroes, remembered by all the different tribes after their separation. St. 29 alludes to another famous saga, and mentions the instigator of one of the greatest legendary battles of the North. Ivar was a descendant of Angantyr (st. 28); he conquered and slew Hrörek, king of Sweden, whose daughter, Aud the Deep-thoughted, he had married. She fled with her little son Harald and married Radbard, king of Russia; their son was Randver. Harald Battle-tusk lived to be king over the Danes. In his old age, desiring a glorious death, he challenged Sigurd-ring, king of the Swedes, to meet with him at Bravellir. There took place a combat of world-wide renown, which is described by Saxo, who delights in the slaughter and bloodshed like some old Viking. Kings, princes, earls, nobles, chieftains from all Germanic tribes, gathered upon the field; thousands fell on either side, and the Swedes were victorious.

After this passage followed the old fragmentary poem, placed there, not perhaps by the author of Hyndla's Lay, but by some later copyist who was ignorant of the old genealogies, and knew little of the distinctions between gods and men.

The scene now returns to Freyja and Hyndla, whose ride is ended. Hyndla would be left to sleep in peace once more, and bids Freyja hie homewards on her wild night journey, with the darkness lit up only by the flickering of enchanted fires like those which surrounded Hervör, and ever haunt the places of the dead. Freyja's mocking request to pass the ale-cup to her boar is the acknowledgment of Ottar's presence; the dialogue between her and Hyndla grows dramatic and breathless, ending with a curse from the witch and a blessing from the goddess upon Ottar.

The rearrangement of strophes which is given in the translation has been made with the help of a prose paraphrase in *Örvar-Odds Saga*. It agrees in most points with that suggested by Gering. The few recognised names have suggested the family groups.

BALDR'S DREAMS.

In Baldr's Dreams for the first time we meet face to face with

the most sublime and beautiful figure in Old Norse mythology, one who is universally known, for the tenderness and pathos of his story appeal to modern sympathies; moreover, has ever proved a source of inspiration to modern critics, who make for darkness and mystery as the moth makes for the light. All endeavours have failed to unravel the secret of his personality, and to trace it to any one source in history or mythology.

This poem belongs to a closing chapter in the history of the gods. Baldr's death is the great tragedy which foreshadows their Doom. No facts are recorded of him in his lifetime; here and there in some passing allusion he enters a poem and flits across its pages like some gleaming ray of light, but only in his death does he become the most human and tender and best loved of all the gods. From the poetic Edda alone we learn little concerning him, and Snorri must be allowed to fill in the gaps with his own version of the story.

Baldr was the son of Odin and Frigg. Unlike Thor, he had no kinship with earth; both of his father and mother, he was born of heaven. "He was the best among the gods, and praised by all beings. He was so fair to behold and so bright that a glory streamed from him, and no white herb, even though it were the whitest of all herbs, could compare with the whiteness of Baldr's brow. He was the wisest of gods, the fairest spoken and the most pitiful, and yet of such nature that none might overrule his judgments. His home was in the heavens called Broad-beam, where nought unclean might enter."

Nothing further is told of Baldr's life, nor what part he played in the history of the gods; how he shared in their warring and striving, but not in their sinning; for of him "there is nought but good to tell." He must have had a love story which recounted the wooing of Nanna, his fair wife, who must perish with him; but now, in this poem, we hear that Baldr, while still youthful, has had evil dreams and foreseen his fate. Perhaps, like some old Norse hero, his *fylgja* has stood before him—that shadowy spirit who follows each man, but is seen only at the sunset of life. All the gods gather in alarm and hold council, but none can tell, though all can guess, the meaning of Baldr's Dreams. Odin is sent down to Hel to seek tidings from a Vala, who, as one of the dead, has power to trace the workings of Weird before and behind. He rides thither by the same road which Hermod took afterwards and on the same steed, his own eight-footed Sleipnir, and stands calling on the Vala until she obeys the spell of the Master

Magician, and comes forth from the grave. He must have used incantations such as those "diabolical songs" which are said by Latin historians to have been sung by the heathen at night-time to call up their dead, and were so sternly prohibited by the Church.

The Vala is heard in speech with Odin. Her words are not the mere fortune-telling of a witch, but like the oracle of old she pronounces the doom of Baldr. The Weird motive now sounds in the poem, and continues like a grim undertone throughout as the Vala interprets one by one the visionary pictures of Baldr's dreams. He has first seen the interior of a great hall being prepared for the reception of an honoured guest; the benches are strewn, the mead cup is filled and overlaid with the bright shield, and all the place adorned as though for the coming of some king. But Baldr has guessed that this is Hel's abode, and is troubled. Now Odin learns the name of this expected king, and wrothfully asks who would dare thus to slay his son, the best loved among all the gods? He is answered that no dread Frost-giant or Mountain-giant, but one among themselves will shoot the fatal shaft. Who then shall avenge the deed before ever Baldr is laid on the bale-fire? The father's anger is appeased when he is told that the giantess Rind shall bear him a mighty child, who shall work vengeance on the author of the Woe.

The Vala is next questioned on the second vision which Baldr has seen—a mourning world, maidens weeping and in wild despair casting their veils to the winds. Why does she now break out in fierce indignant reproaches, and know that her tormentor is Odin? None living save a god could thus see into the future, and perhaps as a dweller in the underworld she resents the attempt which will be made to deprive Hel of its victim. Then Odin, with mocking fury and refusal to believe the prophecy of the Vala, bears the dread tidings home to Asgarth. But she has the last word, reminding him how even the gods must suffer Doom; for all their after efforts, the devices of the fond mother to save her son, are only a hopeless striving against Weird. Here Snorri takes up the story:—"The gods resolved to ask protection for Baldr against all harm, and Frigg took an oath from fire and water, from iron and all metals, from rocks and earth and trees, from poison and serpents that they would spare Baldr. When this was done and made known, it became the sport of Baldr and the gods to make him stand up at their meetings while some shot at him, some struck him, and some cast stones; but whatever they did he was unharmed, and

they deemed it a glorious feat—save Loki, son of Leaf-isle, who was ill pleased. He went in the likeness of a woman to Fen Halls, where Frigg dwelt, who asked what all the gods were doing at their assembly. The woman made answer that they were shooting at Baldr, but that nought harmed him. Said Frigg—‘Nor weapons nor trees will hurt Baldr, for I have taken an oath from them all.’ And the woman asked—‘Have all things taken the oath to spare Baldr?’ Frigg answered—‘There grows indeed, to the west of Valhöll, a tender shoot called the Mistletoe, which seemed too young to ask an oath from.’ Then all in a moment the woman vanished. But Loki went and plucked the Mistletoe, and joined the gathering of the gods. There was one, Höd, who stood without the circle, for he was blind. Loki asked—‘Why art thou not shooting at Baldr?’ and he answered—‘Because I cannot see where he stands, and moreover I am without weapon.’ ‘Thou must do as the others,’ said Loki, ‘and show honour to Baldr. Shoot now this wand; I will show thee where he stands.’ So Höd took the Mistletoe, and aimed as Loki showed him. The shaft flew and pierced Baldr, who fell dead to the earth, and ’tis deemed the direst shot that ever was shot among gods and men. When Baldr had fallen, speech failed the gods and likewise power in their hands to lift him. Each looked at the other, and all were of one mind about him who had wrought the deed, but they could not seek revenge there, for it was a holy place of peace. When the gods sought to speak there was only sound of weeping, and the one could not tell his sorrow to the other. But the greatest sorrow was to Odin, for he best fore-knew what loss and woe had befallen the gods with the death of Baldr. When at length they had come to themselves again, Frigg asked who among them all desired to win her grace and favour, and would ride the Hel road and seek if haply he might find Baldr, and offer ransom to Hel that she should let him return home to Asgarth. And Hermod, the Eager-hearted son of Odin, was chosen for the journey. Then gliding Sleipnir, the steed of Odin, was brought forth, and Hermod mounted and rode swiftly away. But the gods took the body of Baldr to send it floating out to sea. His vessel, called Ring-horn, was the greatest of all ships, and when the gods sought to launch it forth and kindle the bale-fire thereon for Baldr, it could nowise be stirred. So they sent to Jötunheim after the giantess, fire-shrivelled Hyrrök, who came riding on a wolf, using serpents for the reins. When she had dismounted, Odin called four berserks to mind the steed, but they

could not hold it until they had felled it to the ground. Hyrrök went forward to the prow, and in one push she launched the boat with such force that sparks flew from the rollers, and the whole ground was shaken. Then was the Thunderer wroth! He seized his hammer, and would have broken her head if all the other gods had not asked mercy for her. Then they bore forth the dead form of Baldr and laid it in the vessel, and when his wife Nanna, Nep's daughter, beheld it her heart broke from sorrow, and she died. She too was laid on the bale-fire, and the flame was kindled. Thor stood by, and hallowed the pile with Mjölnir. At his feet ran a dwarf called Lit, and Thor spurned it with his foot into the fire, and it was burned. All manner of folk came to the burning of Baldr. First came Odin, and with him Frigg and the valkyries and his ravens Hugin and Munin. Frey came driving in a car drawn by the boar called Golden-bristle or Fierce-fang, and Heimdall riding the steed Golden-lock. Freyja was there with her cats. Thither came, too, a host of Frost-giants and Mountain-giants. Then Odin laid on the bale-fire that ring called Draupnir, which is of such value that therefrom fall eight like rings every ninth night. And Baldr's steed was led to the bale-fire in all its trappings. Meanwhile Hermod rode nine whole nights through dales so dark and deep that he could see nought till he came to the loud roaring river Gjallar, and rode over the echoing Gjallar-bridge, which is thatched with shining gold. There the maiden called Modgud keeps watch. She asked Hermod his race and name, and told him how yesterday five phantom troops had ridden over the bridge, 'but under thee the bridge echoes full as loud, nor hast thou the hue of a dead man. Why art thou riding on the Hel-road?' He answered—'I must needs ride to Hel, and seek Baldr; hast thou seen aught of him on the Hel-road?' 'Baldr,' said she, 'has ridden over the Gjallar-bridge; downward and northward lies the way to Hel.' So Hermod rode on till he came to the Hel-gates. There he sprang from horseback, tightened his saddle-girths, and mounting again he spurred his steed so fiercely that it leapt high over the gates, and not so much as touched them with its heels. Then he rode onward to the hall, where he dismounted and entered. He saw there his brother Baldr sitting on the high seat, and he stayed the night. In the morning he besought Hel to let Baldr ride home with him, and told her how great mourning there was among the gods. Hel said that she would make trial whether Baldr was as much beloved as men said—'If all things, both quick and dead, in all the worlds,

shall weep for Baldr, then shall he fare home to the gods, but if aught refuse, let Hel keep what she has.' Then Hermod arose, and Baldr brought him forth from the hall, and gave him the ring Draupnir to bear to Odin as a token of remembrance, while Nanna sent a veil to Frigg and a golden veil to Fulla. Then Hermod went his way home to Asgarth, and told them all the things which he had seen and heard."

The rest of Snorri's account and how Baldr could not be delivered is given with the Fragments (p. 273).

Other Icelandic sources of this myth are found in allusions of the skalds, and in the description of the bale-fire in *Hús-drapa* by Ulf Uggason. Throughout there is little discrepancy and confusion; indeed, if a knowledge of Baldr had been confined to the North, he might have rested in peace. But other nations claim to have known, and perhaps worshipped him; the Old English trace their descent from *Bældæg*, son of Wodan; in Germany they knew him as a hero, *Phol* (*Mersburger Spruche*); in Denmark strange rites were observed, with burning of rings at *Baldershagi* (*Friþjófssaga*). In the latter country alone, however, do we find any legend corresponding to the above. Saxo relates how *Hotherus*, a Swedish king, wooed and won *Nanna*, a Norwegian princess; but *Balderus* also loved her, and the two princes long fought for the maiden, until the latter was slain by a magic sword. In this account *Hód* appears as the hero of the story, and is beloved by *Nanna*. *Baldr* is the villain, and like other Old Norse gods he is degraded by Saxo to a demi-god. He is invulnerable to all weapons except the sword which *Hotherus* wins from the wood-spirit, *Miming*. In certain features the Danish story may be regarded as the older version; it is less exalted in tone, and nearer to folklore than to literature. *Loki's* share in the deed, *Hermod's* ride to *Hel*, and the weeping for *Baldr* are probably late additions to the myth.

As to whether the sword or the mistletoe is the older weapon it is difficult to decide. A fateful object with which the life of a hero is bound up is a common motive in mythology or fairy tale; sometimes it is a sword or a wand, sometimes a charmed drink, or even some beast or bird. In *Völuspa* (st. 32) the mistletoe is described in this light, and it, as *Frazer* suggests, *Baldr* does indeed represent the tree spirit of an oak, then his life may be said to reside in the fair and slender plant which remains green in winter when the oak tree seems to die.

The dead *Baldr* has suffered yet more than the living. A helpless

victim, the prey of critics, he has been rent asunder, and his whole life story distributed in fragments to the different sources whence it came—nature myths, primitive worship, poetic fancy, legendary history, Christian influence, classical lore. Theorists on all these topics have taken Baldr as their subject and encircled his name with hybrid myths, and drawn new pictures of his death scene. Almost worthy of him is that of the glorious sun-god who perishes daily, or perhaps yearly, and with him his wife, the summer fruit and blossom; or that in which he is seen as the incarnate spirit of nature's growth and life, which seems to die during the winter months, but which in the spring time will be born anew. This interpretation of Baldr as a tree spirit, and of his death as the poet's description of a heathen rite, is fully discussed by Frazer in "The Golden Bough." He shows how universal among nations was the offering of a human victim, not in sacrifice to some special deity, but in the performance of a magic drama by which men sought to assist nature through imitation of her work. Savage and primitive peoples have often thought to make rain and sunshine by sprinkling water and lighting fires; so too, in spring time, the death of the old tree spirit and the birth of the new might be enacted and furthered by human representatives. It is true that many legends and customs may be interpreted in this light, but it does not serve to explain the Baldr myth. There are no grounds, nor any details in his history, even with the ingenious use of the mistletoe, by which Baldr, as we know him, can be transformed into a tree spirit.

Another picture of ancient ceremonial is drawn by Kauffman. In this scene Baldr is brought forth as the scapegoat; for men deemed it possible to expel, not merely the decaying spirit of vegetative life, but all the evils, physical and moral, which assailed them. To serve this purpose a scapegoat was chosen to bear the ills of humanity. In early days his person, reserved for a special end, was sacred and tabooed. No dishonour was attached to his vocation, and the higher the victim, who might be a king or even a god, the more efficacious was the sacrifice. Subsequently the scapegoat was degraded, and became an object of shame, who was chosen from among criminals and outcasts, as in the Pharmakion at Athens, where a human victim was sacrificed as late as the fifth century. May there not have been a time among the German nations when Baldr, the most innocent and lovable of all the gods, was sacrificed in yearly ceremony for his kind and for humanity? Whatever the truth may be as to the origin of the myth,

it is certainly as a scapegoat that he figures in the Edda. Weird was fast overtaking the old faulty war-gods, and the first victim was innocent Baldr.

Both these last theories recall acts of ancient ritual. We come now to another in which Baldr is the impersonation of an idea, the conception of a Christ in Old Norse religion, which arose from the need of humanity for a god divine in his beauty and goodness, but human in his suffering and death. This suggestion, however, demands too great a power of abstraction from an uncultured people; it only explains the final form of the Baldr myth as reinterpreted by a later age. Bugge was certainly of that opinion when he attempted to show that the death scene as given in the Edda is only a copy of the Christian sacrifice. Loki represents Lucifer, and Höd the blind Longinus as they were conceived in the traditions of the Middle Ages. Just as the eye is beginning to grow accustomed to this transformation scene, and to recognise familiar features and real correspondence, it changes anew, and Baldr, passing into Balderus, becomes Achilles; Höd or Hotherus is seen as Paris, and Nanna as *Ænone*. There is this truth in Bugge's theory, that the first conception of Baldr must have undergone gradual transformation with a nation's developing thought, and assumed in some degree the form and colour of external influences. But it is difficult to follow a change so sudden and complete.

The common sense theory which sifts fact from fiction has given us one other picture of Baldr. From the dim background of history he steps forth, some old king who seems more like a god when thus beheld in the twilight of past days. His name, which means a lord or prince, seems to confirm an explanation which always has the semblance of probability. But the hero chosen by a primitive race for such honours was usually a glorious conqueror or a benefactor of mankind, not the pathetic victim of a fruitless sacrifice. If the myth has its source in history, Saxo's more human love story must be the earlier version.

Let us return, however, to the first picture. Baldr stands invulnerable still. No hailing shower of commentary or weapon of research has destroyed the beauty and reality of the figure which Snorri and the Icelandic poets have drawn.

LOKI'S MOCKING.

“There is one,” writes Snorri, “who is numbered among the gods, although some call him their reviler, and the shame both of gods and men. His name is Loki, or Lopt, the Rover of Air, son of the Jötun Fierce-beater. His mother is called Leaf-isle or Pine-needle, and his brothers are Byleipt and Hel-dazzler. Loki is beautiful and fair of face, but evil of mind and fickle in his ways. He is more versed in the art of cunning than others, and is crafty in all things. Oft he brings the gods into great plight, and delivers them oft by his wily counsel.” This bright elusive figure, like a spark of the fire which he personifies, kindles with life and humour every tale into which he enters, appearing and reappearing in different forms, a god in his power, and a devil in his deeds. He well deserves a place among the portraits which art has drawn of the latter personality. No stormy power of evil like the Satan of *Paradise Lost*, he yet provokes war in heaven, and snares by his tempting the wives of gods. His rebellion is more dangerous to them than a wild assertion of the individual, for he is the undermining instrument of fate. Compared too with Mephistopheles, Loki, rich in human life and mirth and beauty, finds more victims among men than the cold seducer of the spirit. In all the more familiar myths of Snorri’s Edda he appears a purely Scandinavian figure, of late origin and possibly moulded by Christian influence; but in the poems he may be traced back to some old Germanic fire god, perhaps called “Logi,” flame, who lent his name and attributes to Loki, the “ender” or destroyer of the gods. However this may be, his double nature and the poetical contradictory myths which are told concerning him find explanation in his origin as a fire god. Fire is mighty, beneficent, life-restoring, swift, and beautiful to the eye; such character has Loki when, as Lodur, he bestows the gift of warmth and goodly hue on man, when he fetches Idun out of Jötunheim, and appears a god of wondrous beauty. But fire may also be cruel, treacherous, fierce, and destroying; and was it not Loki himself who enticed Idun out of Asgarth, who betrayed Freyja, mocked the gods at their banquet, worked the death of Baldr, and led the Hel hosts at the Doom? In all his mythical adventures Loki appears sometimes as the friend of the gods, and especially as the companion of Odin and Hœnir, and sometimes in alliance with the

giants. He commits some folly or crime, he bring the gods into danger, and then by his power and cunning he extricates them and is forgiven, until he works the evil which can never be atoned or remedied—the death of Baldr. After this he must suffer punishment till Ragnarök.

“Loki’s Mocking” is the best poem of its kind in the whole collection of the Edda. Continually striving after more and more vivid representation, Old Norse art has at last attained its perfection in an inimitable dramatic poem, where the whole interest is centred in living personality. The characters are drawn in masterly fashion with a neat, crisp touch; the dialogue is racy, humorous, forcible, and has a bitterness which flavours the whole. Much skill is shown in the introduction of new speakers, with their ever varying tones, and quick repartees. The author is never didactic; he has no end in view beyond this comedy of the fallen, discredited gods—or is it not rather their tragedy? For although the collective poems of the Edda do not give us a complete history of the gods, and the earlier ones do not even suggest the somewhat ethical light in which it is here presented, this idea of tragedy is not a purely modern interpretation. The poet of *Völuspá* regards the fall of the gods as the result of their warring, the retribution of Weird: the distinctive feature in the new world is its peacefulness. The present poet has his own notion of the sequence of events. This is clearly one of the latest, and the gods, as shown by him, are so degenerate that they can exist no more. The banquet scene is a crisis in their history. The Vala of the preceding poem had spoken the doom of Baldr. In her solemn accents was heard the first note of warning, and Loki, with wild mocking words, pronounces judgment on the rest.

They are gathered for peaceful converse in the sea halls of *Ægir*, recalling with quiet satisfaction or intoxicated joy their old deeds of glory, when in bursts a fierce intruder, the fiery Loki, half demon in his spite and cunning, half god in his beauty and might. Truths bitter and shameful he hurls at them, and they shrink condemned before his unwelcome revelation, and give him place at their banquet. One by one he singles out the gods, and spares not the goddesses, and the sting of each accusation lies in its truth. Bragi the poet, so ready in speech, is doubtless a boaster and a coward like the singer *Hunferth* in “*Beowulf*;” it is well known that *Odin*, the High One, has degraded himself by working magic, that *Frigg* is unfaithful, that *Frey* has

parted with his sword to buy Gerd, that Thor was outwitted by Utgarth-Loki. Heimdal and Tyr he can taunt only with their sufferings; in Baldr he can find no stain, yet boasts that he himself was author of the crime whereby the god was slain. But Loki, though invincible in his words, cannot stand before Mjöllnir, and on the entrance of the Thunderer in god-like wrath, with a few parting gibes the hateful intruder takes flight. It is a wild picture of disillusionment, painted in lurid colours, which are intensified by recalling the gloomy scene which comes before, the tragedy of Baldr's death, and that which follows the extinction of the banquet lights, the punishment of Loki, and the fulfilment of Doom—for so events, as of a story already complete, seem to have shaped themselves in the poet's mind. It is a last gathering before the round table of the war-gods is dissolved. The very conception of a Baldr had been their condemnation, for it was the birth of a new ideal. Here the sceptic leaves them, stripped of all their old glory, shown as fickle, shadowy beings—the ever-changing gods of nature.

For it is in this light that the poem must be interpreted—as a much obscured picture of elemental forces. Loki figures throughout as the destructive fire-demon, from his strife with the peaceful hearth fire on entering to the last curse which he hurls upon Ægir. Most of his taunts and accusations may thus be explained, except in passages such as st. 17 and 52, where the myths of Idun and Skadi are unknown. Frey and Freyja, whose names are masculine and feminine forms of the same word (lord and lady), are in their origin different aspects of the same Sun deity; hence their close union as brother and sister and as husband and wife, but nothing further is known of some myth alluded to in st. 30, which must have grown up to explain it. Hence, too, the loss of Frey's sword in the sunbeam which he sent to Gerd, or earth (st. 42). Njörd also (st. 34) appears in the character of a peaceful sea god, "who," says Snorri, "dwells in Ship-home; he rules the way of the wind, and stills the sea and slakes the fire flame. He is not of Æsir race, but he was fostered in the land of Wanæs, who gave him as hostage to the gods, and took in exchange one who is called Hœnir. Thus peace was made between the gods and Wanæs." Loki, in st. 36, accuses Njörd of what is recounted of him in Ynglinga Saga, that before he came among the Æsir he was married to his sister, who bore him a son and daughter, Frey and Freyja. As such a union was not permitted among the Æsir,

he now declares Frey to be the son of Skadi. His after history, how he was sent on by the gods as hostage into Jötunheim, and was kept a prisoner there during the long winter months like ocean itself when held in bondage by the frost, is told by Snorri, and given with the Fragments (p. 271). As sea god, too, Hymir's daughters, the glacier streams, poured themselves into his mouth (st. 34).

Drawn from some nature myth must be the allusions of st. 26. Odin, as heaven god, has a wife of like nature, Frigg; but, in less exalted character, he is also the husband of the Earth goddess, Jörd. Does Frigg allow herself to be wooed by Odin's brothers Vili and Vé, who are again different aspects of himself, as the cloud goddess, who is made the sport of the wind in all its moods? Frigg's unfaithfulness in Ynglinga Saga is told as traditional history of Odin, the race founder; it occurred during his banishment. Not he alone appears under varying forms as a nature god, but Frigg and Freyja have their shadowy image in Gefjon (st. 2), mentioned by Snorri as a "maiden who is served by such as die unwed." Here, like Frigg, she has foreknowledge of fate, and like Freyja she owns the famous necklace (p. 131), which was won by Heimdal, "the fair youth" (st. 20), from Loki, who had stolen it.

Idun, the wife of Bragi, appears but this once in the poems. Snorri says—"She keeps in her casket those apples whereof the gods eat when they wax old, and which make them young again; thus they have given a great treasure into the keeping of Idun, which once was well nigh lost." These words recall one of the most famous incidents in the history of the gods, which involved the slaying of Thiazi (st. 50) and Njörd's periods of exile. Loki, when journeying with Odin and Hœnir, had once been made prisoner by the giant Thiazi, and was released only on promise of betraying Idun to the giants, who, like Freyja, was coveted by them as a summer goddess. He enticed her out of Asgarth by saying he had found apples as wondrous as her own. "Then there was wailing among the gods at the loss of Idun, and ere long they waxed grey-haired and old. They gathered in council, and each asked the other what he knew last concerning Idun, and it was found that she was last seen going forth from Asgarth with Loki." The latter, to save his life, donned Freyja's falcon plumes and flew into Jötunheim, and fetched back Idun in the form of a nut. Thiazi pursued him as an eagle, and, just missing him, flew into a fire which the gods had kindled outside the walls of Asgarth. His wings were burnt,

and there he was slain. Skadi, his daughter, demanded vengeance, and would make peace only on two conditions—one, that the gods should make her laugh, which only Loki could do by acting the part of a buffoon; secondly, that she should choose a husband among them, and she chose Njörd (p. 271).

Even more famous than this occurrence was the binding of Fenrir by Tyr, the god who accompanied Thor in his quest after the cauldron. According to Snorri, "he is the best and bravest hearted of all the gods, who rules victory in battle." It appears from his name that he once owned a more distinguished place than that of war-god. Sanskrit *dyaus*, Greek *Zeus*, Latin *Jupiter*, Old High German *Ziu*, Old English *Tuesday*, Old Norse *Tyr*, are all derived from the same Germanic root *div*, to shine, which must originally have belonged to the Heaven god. Snorri relates how Loki had three terrible children by the giantess Sorrow-bringer—Fenrir, the World-serpent, and Hel. "All-father bade the gods bring them to him, and he cast the Serpent into the deep, where it lies encircling all lands, and grown so huge that it bites its own tail. Hel he cast into Mist-home; and the Wolf was reared at home. Tyr alone had courage to approach him with food. And when they beheld how he waxed mightier each day they remembered the prophecy, how it was foretold that he should work their woe. And after they had taken counsel together they forged a very strong fetter called *Læding*, and brought it to the Wolf and bade him try his strength upon it. Seeing that it was not over mighty, Fenrir let the gods bind him as they willed, and at his first struggle the fetter was broken. Thus he loosed himself from *Læding*.

"Then the gods forged another fetter, twice as strong, which they called *Drómi*, and bade the Wolf try his strength upon this, and told him that he would become famed for his might if a chain of such forging would not hold him. Fenrir knew well how strong was the fetter, but he knew likewise that he had waxed mightier since he broke *Læding*. Moreover, it came into his mind that one must needs risk somewhat for the sake of fame, and he allowed himself to be bound. When the gods said they were ready Fenrir shook himself, and loosened the fetter till it touched the ground; then he strove fiercely against it and spurned it off him, and broke it so that the pieces flew far and wide. Thus Fenrir freed himself from *Drómi*.

"Then were the gods filled with fear and deemed they would never be able to bind the Wolf, and All-father sent Skirnir, Frey's shining

courier, down to the Underworld, where dwelt the Dark Elves or dwarfs, who forged for him the fetter called Gleipnir. Out of six things they wrought it—the footfalls of cats, the beards of women, the roots of mountains, the sinews of bears, the breath of fish, and the spittle of birds. It was soft and smooth as a silken band, yet strong and trusty withal.”

The Wolf would consent to be bound only with this fetter on condition that one among the gods would lay a hand in his mouth. “And each god looked at the other, and weened that here was choice of two ills; but none made offer until Tyr put forth his right hand, and laid it in the Wolf’s mouth.” So they bound Fenrir, and watched him struggle, while the fetter grew tighter and sharper, “and they laughed, one and all, save Tyr alone, who lost his hand.” But this attempt, as with Baldr, to stay the course of Weird is in vain, and the Wolf will remain bound only till Ragnarök.

St. 60 alludes to that luckless journey of Thor’s into Jötunheim (p. xlvi.), when he was so many times outwitted by Utgarth-loki, who is here called Skrymir. On this occasion the giant had offered to carry the provisions of the gods with his own, and he bound them up so tightly that Thor could not loosen the knot.

This poem is a review of the whole life-history of the gods. It recalls all the main events which took place in their midst, it indicates the part played by each character; but the sceptical attitude of the writer can best be seen by comparing it with the dignity and pathos of the poem which follows Snorri’s Fragments, *Völuspá*. The Fragments themselves have already been explained, where possible, by similar passages in the Poetic Edda.

THE SOOTHSAYING OF THE VALA.

In *Völuspá* the gods’ history is reviewed once more from beginning to end, this time by one who sees it in its truest light—the artist. Just touched, as it seems, by later influence and new ideals, this poem cannot be taken as primitive, or as the work of one who held the mythical fancies as religious beliefs. The old gods have had their day, their story is complete; but once more it is told before it is forgotten, in an age when their nature and strivings are yet understood. Some

poet, who has seen truth in the beauty of these old-world tales, has endeavoured to give them a unity which is still retained in spite of all after meddling with his work. It is seen in the thread which runs like a guiding principle throughout—the bond of Weird which weaves itself inch by inch out of the acts of gods and men. As we have shown, this poem is the conscious recognition of a principle which must exist in any mythology founded on a religion of nature. For this reason it needs to be read both first and last—first, because it sums up and interprets the other poems; and last, because without a previous knowledge of its myths the Vala's words can scarcely be understood. Even with such knowledge as we have already gathered some passages cannot be explained, owing to lost connections and forgotten incidents; others because their difficulty arises from the nature of mythology itself, with its rational and irrational ideas, its blendings of poetry and superstition, and the thoughts of one age with those of another. But, as the poet himself has seen, little beauty and no truth can be revealed in the detailed rehearsal of myths by which men have sought to represent the mysteries of life. He has given rather the spirit in which they tried to grasp them. The Old Norsemen turned a serious face towards life, and refused to regard it either as a playground or a home of rest; it was essentially a field of endeavour and of strife between man and nature, god and Jötun, powers of good and evil. All this is echoed in the struggle of the gods with Weird, the power and deep war-notes of the poem, the solemnity of tone which is relieved at times by a quiet rejoicing in the mere movement and activities of life. Peculiar, too, was the attitude of the Norseman towards the supernatural. Mysteries to him were not further mystified by speculation or emotion, but as such they were left and took their place among the factors of his daily life, where all else was tangible and definite to the eye. We can well imagine such an attitude of mind arising among men who had been brought to dwell in a land where nature is full of mystery, and who were forced to live a practical and strenuous life in conflict with powers only half understood. Loneliness and dim perils of ice and snow became a part of their every-day existence. Hence the atmosphere and setting of the poem—its background, dim and misty, grey and subdued in tone, lit only by aurora gleams of imagination; and its foreground, with the well-defined and vivid pictures.

Characteristic, too, is the figure of the Vala, so called probably,

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though the point is much disputed, from the staff which she carried.* She was a wandering prophetess, who, clad in her fur cap and her dark robes, went from house to house, foretelling and divining hidden things. The power of second sight which she claimed was common, not only to such as she, but to many a good housewife in Icelandic sagas. But while those so gifted knew only of trivial matters, interpreted dreams and omens, advised and warned, this Vala, addressing all kindreds of the earth, reveals the fate and history of the world. Like the witch in Baldr's Dreams, she has been called up from the dead, and, like the Mighty Weaver, she is one of those primæval beings who remember all things; and she recalls in visionary scenes, one by one, the great events of time. Snorri has vainly attempted to bring sequence and order into his corresponding description, and has invented details which spoil the grandeur of that given by the Vala. For want of better authority, however, we are often obliged to rely upon him for explanations.

She tells first of the creation. In the beginning was chaos, when as yet there was no heaven or earth—only, in the north, a region of snow and ice; and, in the south, one of fire and heat, with a yawning gap between, from which life arose in the form of Ymir, the stirring, rustling, sounding Jötun, followed by others of his kind, born out of the elements, and as yet hardly to be distinguished from them. Then the gods were born, who forthwith made war upon these giant powers, and, half subduing them, they ordered the universe with its worlds of gods and elves, of dwarfs and giants, of men—the living in Midgarth, the dead in Hel, all held in the sheltering embrace of a great World Tree; but from whence sprang this Tree, or when and how it grew, not even the giants could tell.

Sun, Moon, and stars were set in heaven, and when Sun turned her face towards Earth, and shone upon its "threshold" stones, it brought forth fruit, and its bare surface was overspread with green. But as yet the paths of the heavenly bodies had not been decreed. What did Sun do in her perplexity? How did she fling her right hand over the rim of heaven? Did she appear to the spectator to glide on towards the right, and linger in the northern heavens without knowing the hall of her setting? Did she face round from the

* *Zs f.d.a.*, vol. v., p. 42; *Norsk. Hist. Tidsskr.*, vol. iv., p. 169; *Golther*, p. 652, *But of Vigfusson*, p. 721; *Anz.f.d. Alt.*, xii, p. 49, note.

south, and marching back eastward, fling her own right hand over the horizon, and set in the east? Or have we in st. 5 a description of the midnight sun dipping for a moment below the horizon, and then rising to put to shame Moon, who had not yet learned his secret influence over the destiny of man, and the stars, who knew not their courses? For the first time the gods gathered in council in their holy place by the Well of Weird to order this matter; again they met to rescue the humble dwarf folk, who had been left half created as the maggots which crawled out of Ymir's flesh. They were given human form and a share in creative power, but all their work, the forging of secret treasures, they must do beneath the ground.

Then followed the greatest act of creation, concerning which the gods held no council, for it came to pass in the course of destiny. When Sun, obeying the law of her own being, had first shone upon the world, vegetative life was quickened in the earthy matter; now the gods once faring on their homeward way bestowed, each after his own nature, gifts upon two barren trees, and human life was awakened, with individuality and a soul. Odin, as the Wind god, gave them breath, which has ever been held as the emblem of the spirit, or even as spirit itself. Hœnir, of whom little is known, except that he was wise (see below), gave an understanding mind. Loki (here called Lodur), the fire-god, gave warm blood and the bright hue of life,

Meanwhile, what Snorri calls the "golden age" was passing, when the gods were building the fair homes mentioned by Grimnir, rejoicing in their work, in their play, and doubtless, too, in their love. It must have been then that Bragi wooed Idun with fluent tongue, that Baldr wedded Nanna, that Thor's heart was given to Sif the golden-haired, the most guileless among all the goddesses.

But soon this peaceful age was broken. The first shadow of Doom fell as three mighty maidens passed from Jötunheim, and sat them down beneath the tree Yggdrasil. These fair Norns, who wrote the past and present on their tables and laid down the future lots of men, are later forms of Weird, personified as a grim goddess of fate, and known to all Germanic races.

Then swiftly followed the first war among kindred races of the gods, the Æsir and the Wanæs. From the last more cultured tribe there came a witch called Golden-draught among the warlike Æsir. Two things she taught this simple folk—the lust for gold, and the use of magic. The last was deemed an unpardonable sin among Germanic

nations, and was punished by burning. In like manner the Æsir sought to destroy Golden-draught by burning her in Odin's hall; but in vain, for as many times as they burned her she was born anew (p. liv.). War broke out and the Wanes demanded were-gild, and a council of peace was held; but the War-father arose, and hurling his spear gave the signal for strife to rage anew. It ended in the storming and destruction of Asgarth by the Wanes. Here a gap in the poem or a timely clouding of the Vala's vision hides the shame and defeat of the gods. In *Ynglinga Saga* (iv.) it is told as legendary history that after a while both sides became weary of a war in which victory fell now to the one and now to the other, and in which the countries of both were spoiled. So they held a peace meeting, and made a truce and exchanged chieftains. The Wanes sent their noblest, Njörd, with his children Frey and Freyja; and the Æsir sent Hœnir, who was deemed well fitted to be a ruler, and with him they sent also one of great understanding, Mimir, in exchange for Kvasir, the wisest among the Wanes. Hœnir was made a chief in Wane-home. When the people found that he could give no counsel without Mimir, but said on all occasions—"Let others decide," they thought themselves cheated by the Æsir, and cut off Mimir's head and sent it to Odin. He smeared it with herbs, and sang rune-songs and gave it power of speech, through which he learned many secret things. According to Snorri, Kvasir was a wondrous being fashioned by all the gods, from whose blood the Song-mead was brewed (p. xxviii.). In both accounts the details are evidently of late invention. This war between strength and valour on the one side, art and skill on the other, is like a shadowy recollection of a time in history, when the barbaric children of the North were dazzled by Roman gold and Roman civilisation. But such a strife, with the first weakening of the war powers, was inevitable in the story of the gods.*

Immediately following this incident, it would seem from the allusion of the Vala (st. 25), took place an event which Snorri recounts—a fierce struggle with the Jötuns, and a crafty attempt on their part to win Freyja, the summer-goddess, who had just been brought to Asgarth. The gods were in need of a builder to raise anew the walls of their dismantled city, which by the last war had been left open to

* For the war between the gods and Wanes, see article by Dt. and Hl.; *Beit.*, vol. xviii, p. 542.

the inroads of Frost and Mountain-giants. A craftsman appeared and offered to do the work in three half years, but asked as his payment Freyja, and with her the Sun and Moon. At the evil counsel of Loki, and seemingly in the absence of Thor, they agreed to his demands if he could finish the work in a single winter, before the first day of summer, otherwise his reward would be forfeited. He worked night and day with the help of his giant horse Svadilfari, and the walls were well nigh complete when it still wanted three days before the summer. Then the gods took counsel, and questioned one another "who had thus planned to send Freyja as bride into Jötunheim, who had filled all the sky and heaven with darkness by taking thence the sun and moon?" It is this scene which the poem describes, but it tells nothing of what is learned from Snorri that "the gods knew, one and all, that he must have counselled this, who ever counsels ill, Loki, the son of Leaf-isle." Then they laid hands upon him, and made him swear to deliver them out of their plight; and he did this by changing himself into a mare, and enticing Svadilfari away into the woods. "And when the craftsman saw that he could not finish the work he flew into a Jötun-rage, and the gods knew now for certain that it was one of the Mountain-giants who had come among them; and oaths were disregarded and Thor was called, who came even as swiftly. Then was Mjöllnir raised aloft, and the craftsman received his wage; but he returned not into Jötunheim with the Sun and Moon, for at the first blow his skull was broken into pieces, and he was sent down to Mist-hel beneath." Once more a scene of shame is veiled, for the gods had broken faith with the Jötuns in trying to undo their own folly.

When the Vala resumes, a new part of the poem has begun, and her words become more mysterious. She is revealing now no longer old tidings heard or things remembered, but secret knowledge which she has won at night time when she "sat out" enchanting and holding commune with the spirits of nature. On some such occasion, it seems that Odin has come to consult with her, but when this occurred or whether she is rehearsing a past incident is not made clear.

She proves first her power to foretell the future by showing that her knowledge penetrates to the holiest secrets of the gods. She knows of their pledges—Heimdal's hearing, Odin's eye, and Baldr's life. Heimdal can hear grass growing in the earth, and wool on the back of sheep. Is it his ear which he has hidden in the sacred well

beneath Yggdrasil to obtain this wonderful power which he needs in his watch against the Mountain-giants? And why has Odin pledged his eye to Mimir? This last question can be answered only by tracing back the history of Mimir. In German tradition he is a wise teacher and wonderful smith, who instructed Siegfried and Weland; according to Snorri, he is Hœnir's companion, whom the Wanæs beheaded, and who became the friend and counsellor of Odin; in the Poetic Edda he is also closely associated with the god, whose wisdom, as we have seen, is not the natural attribute of his divinity, but is drawn from all sources. Giants, Valas from Hel, ravens in the air instruct him, but his friend of friends is Mimir, the Deep-thinker, with whom he takes counsel at the Doom. Mimir is a giant in the older Edda, and guardian of a sacred well of Wisdom, or rather, at an earlier date, that well itself, from whose source or head flowed the moisture used in the writing of the runes (p. xxxi.), and in whose waters Odin has pledged his eye to gain insight into hidden things. A further interpretation, which Müllenhoff suggests, belongs to a still older stratum of thought—a nature myth of the sun drawing precious moisture from the sea, and in return casting its own reflection, its second eye, into the deep. Sun and sea, thus mutually dependent together, give nourishment to the world, as Odin and Mimir together bestow their wisdom.

In st. 32 is mentioned the third and yet more mysterious pledge, Baldr's life and fate, which are bound up with the mistletoe (p. lxiv.). But the description of the Vala is now growing more and more visualised, and she herself can scarce interpret the floating pictures which represent now some future, now some present scene. She is looking into all the different worlds—Earth, where the Valkyries are speeding to the battlefields of men; Asgarth, where beside Valhöll the fateful mistletoe is already high upgrown; the cave where she foresees the torment of Loki; Hel, where evil men are suffering the penalty of their misdeeds; Jötunheim, with its feasting-hall of giants; dark dwarf-land, where no sun nor moon can penetrate, lit only by the glowing forge fires of these active beings; and again eastward into Jötunheim, where Sköll was fostered, the dark wolf-son of Fenrir, who follows the fleeing Sun goddess across the heavens until he clutches her in the west, and stains all the sky at sunset with crimson like the blood of men (p. xvi.).

All these grim sights have in them something fearful and ill-omened; the shadow of fate is growing darker, the Weird motive is heard more and more clearly. Now the true "spædom" of the Vala

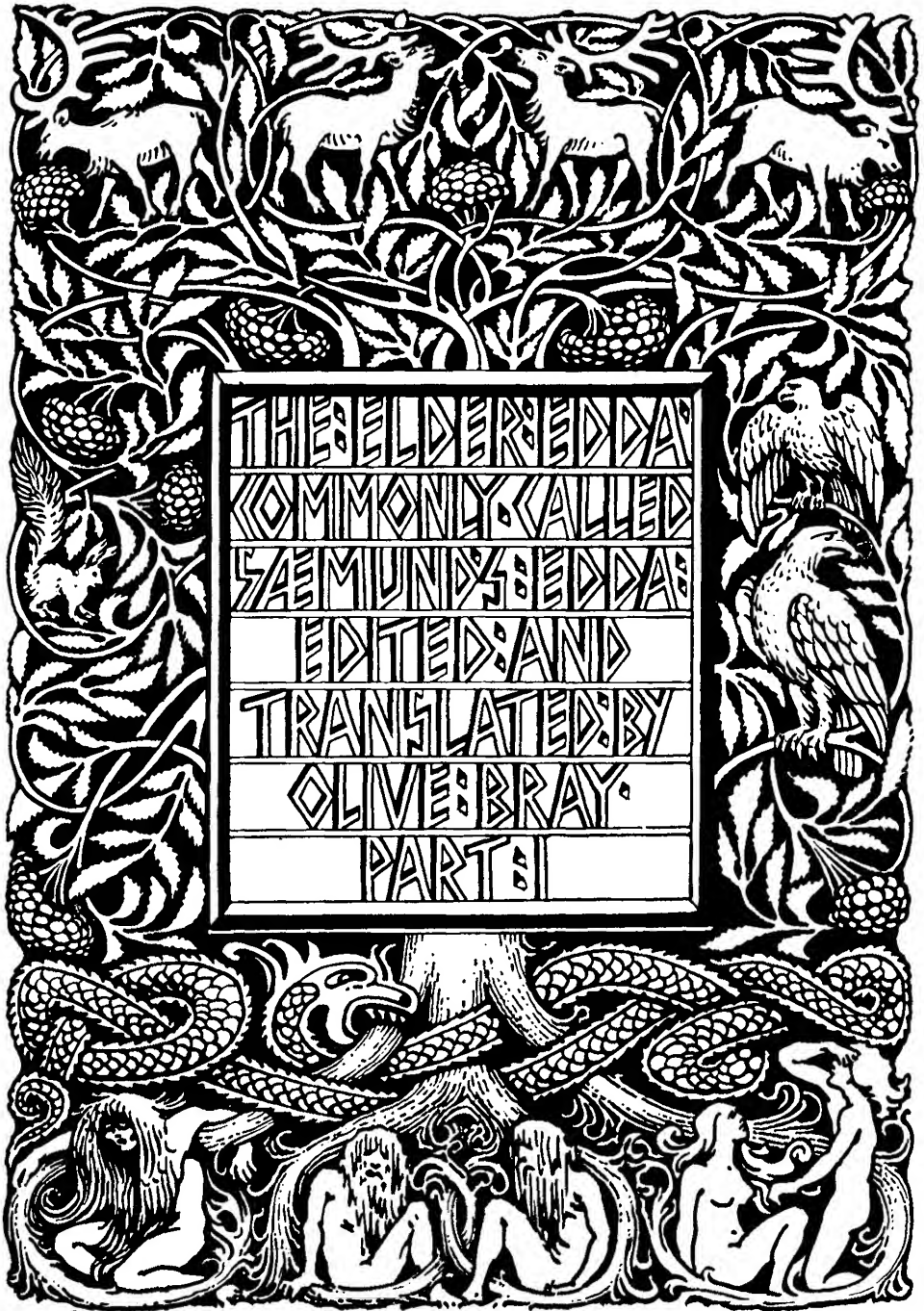
begins; she has turned to the future, and foretells the Doom of the gods. But she grows less visionary; the scene is a twilight glimpse of dawn; she can only see dimly, and she is listening—to the crowing of the cocks in Giant-land, in Asgarth, and in Hel, and following the long expected signals of alarm she hears a rumbling through all Jötunheim as the giant-enemies of the gods bestir themselves for battle; the clashing of weapons in Valhöll as the War-sons of Odin awake and pour forth through the five hundred doorways, while the gods are gathering at the doomstead and holding speech together; in Hel, the rending of chains—Fenrir has broken loose, Loki is free. She hears the gleeful song of the giants' warder answered by Heimdal with the roaring blast of Gjalla-horn, which sounds through all the worlds. In the earth, too, among men, she hears wars and rumours of wars, crashing of shields and swords; from below comes the groaning of the imprisoned dwarfs; and throughout, at intervals, waxing louder and wilder, the deep baying of the Hel-hound, Garm. Amid this tumult she catches another sound, more fearful still, the shivering and rustling of the great Ash, the Tree of Fate, as it quivers, but does not fall—and yet one other sound, a voice in the storm, the murmur of words: Odin is holding speech with Mimir.

Now light falls; once more the Vala can see; the foes are gathering from all quarters on the great battlefield, which measures a hundred miles each way. From the east come Frost and Mountain-giants; from the south come Fire-giants; from the north the Hel-hosts, and Loki; from the west must come the gods, led by Odin, with all his Chosen warriors.

In single combats the last battle is depicted. Weird is triumphant. A second time must the Heaven-goddess weep, when the War-father is devoured by Fenrir, though vengeance quickly follows, and the Wolf falls before Vidar; Frey, who has parted with the sword which waged itself, is destroyed by the Fire-giant Surt; Thor meets once more with the World Serpent, and still glorious in defeat, he slays and is slain. Thus the war-gods perish, and fire consumes the world.

Throughout this passage the tone of the poem has changed. Solemn and meditative at first, or rippling blithely on through each fresh disclosure of life, it has grown abrupt and stormy with the strivings of Weird to fulfil itself. Now again it changes to a tone of peaceful exultation, which heralds the restitution of all things. There is nothing visionary now, or mystic, in the scene. It is a calm, fresh

morning after the night of storm ; all nature is at rest ; life is resumed. Seldom do we find in old poetry so realistic a description—the green earth is still bathed with moisture ; the rushing of waterfalls is heard ; the living eagles, in contrast to the pale-beaked monster of st. 50, seek their wonted food in mountain pools. The gods are come again, but not all, for the rule of the war-gods is at an end, and their home of battle will henceforth be the dwelling-place of peace. It is a continuation of a former existence, without labour and without strife ; old sports are renewed, old achievements are not forgotten, old mysteries are disclosed. Powers of evil depart, and there comes a new god. But here fresh mysteries appear, and must wait for solution by a later poet who seeks, like the present one, to explain existent myths in the light of a higher creed.





GRIMNISMÁL.

Hraufungr konungr átti tvá sonu, hét annarr Agnarr, en annarr Geirröðr. Agnarr var tíu vetra, en Geirröðr átta vetra. Þeir reru tveir á báti með dorgar sínar at smáfiski; vindr rak þá í haf út. Í náttmyrkri brutu þeir við land ok gengu upp, fundu kotbónda einn; þar váru þeir um vetrinn. Kerling fóstraði Agnar, en karl fóstraði Geirröð ok kendi honum ráð. At vári fekk karl þeim skip; en er þau kerling leiddu þá til strandar, þá mælti karl einmæli við Geirröð. Þeir fengu byr ok kómu til stöðva föður síns. Geirröðr var fram í skipi; hann hljóp upp á land, en hratt út skipinu ok mælti: 'Farðu nú þar er smyl hafi þik!' Skipit rak í haf út. En Geirröðr gekk upp til bæjar; honum var þar vel fagnat, en faðir hans var þá andaðr. Var þá Geirröðr til konungs tekinn, ok varð maðr ágætr.



THE SAYINGS OF GRIMNIR THE GOD IN TORMENT.

King Hraudung had two sons, one called Agnar and the other Geirröd. When Agnar was ten years old and Geirröd was eight the twain set forth in a boat with their tackle in pursuit of small fish ; but the wind drove them out to sea, and in the darkness of night they broke up by the shore. They got safe to land and presently came upon a cottage, where they stayed throughout the winter. The old wife fostered Agnar, and her man fostered Geirröd, and taught him wisdom. In the spring the peasant got a boat for them, and when he and the woman had brought them down to the shore he held talk apart with Geirröd. Then they put forth to sea and found a fair wind, and reached their father's realm. Geirröd, who was standing in the prow, sprang on shore, and pushed the boat off, saying :—" Go where a fiend may take thee ! " And the vessel was driven out. Then he went up to the town where he was well received, and, as his father was then dead, he was made king, and became a famous man.

King Hraudung.—*Much finds the historical source of this legend in Hervararsaga and the story of Heidrek (Z.f.d.a 46, p. 309).*

Óþinn ok Frigg sátu í Hlípskjálflu ok sá um heima alla. Óþinn mælti: 'Sér þu Agnar fóstura þinn, hvar hann elr börn við gýgi í hellinum? En Geirröþr fóstri minn er konungur ok sitr nú at landi.' Frigg segir: 'Hann er matníþingr sá, at hann kveir gesti sína, ef honum þykkja ofmargu koma.' Óþinn segir, at þat er in mesta lygi; þau veþja um þetta mál. Frigg sendi eskimey sína Fullu til Geirröþar. Hon bauþ konung varaz, at eigi fyrgörþi hánum fjölkunnigr maþr sá er þar var kominn í land, ok sagþi þat mark á, at engi hundr var svá ólmr at á hann mundi hlaupa. En þat var enn mesti hégómi, at Geirröþr konungr væri eigi matgöþr; ok þó lætr hann handtaka þann mann er eigi vildu hundar á ráþa. Sá var í feldi blám ok nefndiz Grimnir ok sagþi ekki fleira frá sér, þótt hann væri at spurþr. Konungr lét hann þína til sagna ok setja milli elda tveggja, ok sat hann þar átta nætr. Geirröþr konungr átti þá son tíu vetra gamlan ok hét Agnarr eptir bróþur hans. Agnarr gekk at Grimni ok gaf hánum horn fullt at drekka ok sagþi, at konungr görþi illa, er hann lét þína hann saklausan. Grimnir drakk af; þá var eldrinn svá kominn, at felldrinn brann af Grimni. Hann kvap:

1. Heitr est, hripuþr! ok heldr til mikill;
göngumk firr, funi!
loþi sviþnar, þót á lopt berak,
brinumk feldr fyrir.
2. Átta nætr satk milli elda hér,
svát mér manngi mat né bauþ,
nema einn Agnarr, es einn skal ráþa
Geirröþar sunr Gotna landi.
3. Heill skaltu Agnarr! alls þik heilan biþr
Veratýr vesa;
eins drykkjar þú skalt aldregi
betri gjöld geta.

Odin and Frigg were sitting once on Window-shelf, gazing out over all the world. Said Odin:—"Seest thou Agnar, thy fosterling, how he begets children with a giantess in a cave? But Geirröd, my fosterling, is a king, and rules over the realm." "He is such a meat-grudger," answered Frigg, "that he starves his guests when he deems that too many are come into his halls." Odin swore that this was the greatest lie, and they wagered on the matter. Frigg sent her hand-maiden Fulla to Geirröd to bid the king beware lest an enchanter, who had come into the land, should bewitch him, and she gave them this sign whereby he might be known: no dog, however fierce, would assail him. Men had lied greatly in saying that Geirröd was not hospitable, but for all that he caused a certain guest to be seized, whom the dogs would not attack. He came clad in a blue mantle, calling himself Grimnir, the Masked One, and would tell nought beside, however much they asked him. Then the king ordered him to be tortured till he should speak, and they set him in the midst between two fires, and eight nights he sat there. Geirröd's son, who was ten years old, and named Agnar after the king's brother, went up to Grimnir and gave him to drink out of a brimming horn, saying that the king had done ill thus to torture him without cause; and Grimnir drank. At length, when the fire had waxed so nigh that his mantle burned upon him, he spake:—

1. Fierce art thou, fire! and far too great;
 flame, get thee further away!
my cloak is scorched though I hold it high;
 my mantle burns before me.
2. Eight nights have I sat betwixt the fires,
 while no man offered me food,
save only Agnar, the son of Geirröd,
 who alone shall rule the realm.
3. Blest be thou, Agnar the God of all beings
 shall call a blessing upon thee:
for one such draught thou shalt never more
 so fair a guerdon win.

2.—Rule the realm or land of the Goths, a name used in a general sense for warriors or a nation.

4. Land es heilagt es ek liggja sé
 ásum ok ölfum nær :
 enn í Þrúþheimi skal þórr vesa,
 unz of rjúfask regin.
5. Ýdalir heita þars Ullr hefr
 sér of görva sali ;
 Alfheim Frey gáfu í árdaga
 tívar at tannfé.
6. Bóer's enn þriþi, es blíþ regin
 silfri þökþu sali :
 Válskjalf heitir es vélti sér
 áss í árdaga.
7. Sökkvabekkr heitir enn fjórþi, enn þar svalar knegu
 unnir glymja yfir :
 þar þau Óþinn ok Sága drekka of alla daga
 glöþ ór gollnum kerum.
8. Glapsheimr heitir enn fimti þars en gollbjarta
 Valhöll víþ of þrumir ;
 en þar Hróþtr kýss hverjan dag
 vápndauþa vera.
9. Mjök es auþkent þeims til Óþins koma
 salkynni at sea :
 sköptum's rann rept, skjöldum's salr þakiþr,
 brynjum of bekki straít.
10. Mjök es auþkent þeims til Óþins koma
 salkynni at sea :
 vargr hangir fyr vestan dyrr
 ok drúpir örn yfir.

(The Twelve Homes of the Gods.)

4. Holy is the land which yonder lies
 near the world of gods and elves :
in the Home of Strength shall the Thunderer dwell,
 even till the Powers perish.
5. Yew-dale is called the realm where Ull
 hath set him a hall on high ;
and Elf-home that which the gods gave Frey
 as tooth-fee in days of yore.
6. A third home is there whose hall is thatched
 with silver by blessed Powers ;
Vala-shelf that seat is named,
 which was founded in former days.
7. The fourth is Falling-brook ; there, for ever,
 the chill waves are rushing over ;
while day by day drink Odin and Saga,
 glad-hearted, from golden cups.
8. The fifth is called Glad-home, and gold-bright Valhöll,
 spacious, lies in its midst :
there Odin shall choose his own each day
 of the warriors fallen in war.
9. 'Tis easily known by all who come
 to visit Odin's folk ;
with shafts 'tis raftered, with shields 'tis roofed,
 with byrnies the benches are strewn.
10. 'Tis easily known by all who come
 to visit Odin's folk ;
there hangs a wolf 'fore the western door,
 and an eagle hovers over.

5.—Frey, Elf-home, see *Introd. to Skm. and Ls. st. 43.* Tooth-fee, gift to a child at teething. 7.—“Falling-brook” ; *Sökkvabekkr* has usually been rendered Sinking-bench ; *Detter* suggests the above. 8.—Odin, here called Hropt : See *Introd.*

11. Þrymheimr heitir enn sétti, es þjazi bjó,
 sa enn ámatki jötunn;
 en nú Skaði byggvir, skír brúþr goða,
 fornar toptir föður.
12. Breiðablik 'rú en sjaundu, en þar Baldr hefr
 sér of görva sali:
 á því landi es ek liggja veit
 fásta feiknstafi.
13. Himinbjörg 'ru en áttu, en þar Heimdall kveða
 . . . valda veum:
 þar vörþr goða drekkur í váru ranni
 glaþr enn góða mjöþ.
14. Folkvangr 's enn niundi, en þar Freyja ráþr
 sessa kostum í sal:
 hálfan val hón kýss hverjan dag
 en hálfan Óþinn á.
15. Glitnir 's enn tiundi, hann es golli studdr
 ok silfri þakþr et sama:
 en þar Forseti byggvir flestan dag
 ok sváfir allar sakar.
16. Noatún 'ru en elliftu, en þar Njörþr hefr
 sér of görva sali:
 manna þengill enn meinsvani
 hátimbruþum hörgi ráþr.
17. Hrísi vex ok hávu grasi
 Víþars land Víþi:
 en þar mögr of lázk af mars baki
 fróekn at hefna föður.

11. The sixth is Sound-home, where Thiazi bode,
that fearful Jötun of yore ;
now Skadi dwells, fair bride of gods,
in her father's former home.
12. The seventh is Broad-gleam ; there hath Baldr
set him a hall on high,
away in the land where I ween are found
the fewest tokens of ill.
13. The eighth is Heaven-hill ; world-bright Heimdal
rules o'er its holy fanes :
in that peaceful hall the watchman of gods
glad-hearted the good mead quaffs.
14. The ninth is Folk-field ; Freyja rules there
choice of seats in the hall :
one half the dead she chooses each day
but half the War-father owns.
15. The tenth is Glistener pillared with gold,
and eke with silver roofed ;
there Forseti dwells nigh the long day through,
the Judge, and sooths all strife.
16. The eleventh is Noatun ; Njörd in that haven
hath built him a hall by the sea ;
a prince of men, ever faultless found,
he holds the high built fanes.
17. With brushwood grows, and with grasses high,
Wood-home, Vidar's land ;
from his steed that son of Odin shall show him
strong to avenge his sire.

11.—Thiazi, Skadi, see *Ls. st. 50 and Introd.* Jötun or giant ; J in Icelandic is pronounced like Y ; so also Freyja, Njörd. 14.—Freyja seems here to stand for Frigg, wife of Odin, who shared the slain with him. 16.—Njörd in that haven ; the suggested meaning for Noatún is "Ship-haven," see *Fragments from Sn.E. and Saga-book, w., 191, 192.* 17.—Vidar, see *Vm. st. 53 : Vsp. st. 54.* C

18. (21) Þýtr þund, unir þjóþvitis
fiskr flóþi í:
árstraumr þykkir ofmikill
valglaumi at vaþa.
19. (23) Fimm hundruþ golfa ok of fjórum tögum
hykk Bilskirni meþ bugum;
ranna þeira es ek rept vita
míns veitk mest magar.
20. (22) Valgrind heitir es stendr velli á
heilög fyr helgum durum;
forn's sú grind, en þat faír vitu,
hvés í lás of lokin.
21. (24) Fimm hundruþ dura ok of fjórum tögum
hykk á Valhöllu vesa;
átta hundruþ einherja ganga ór einum durum,
þás þeir fara við Vitni at vega.
22. (18) Andhrimnir létr í Eldhrimni
Séhrimni soþinn,
fleska bazt: en þat faír vitu,
viþ hvat einherjar alask.
23. (19) Gera ok Freka seþr gunntamiþr
hróþugr Herjaföþr:
en við vín eitt váþngöfugr
Óþinn á lifir.

18.—*The rearrangement of strophes, which is not an attempt at restoration, but made for the sake of clearness, is indicated by figures in parenthesis corresponding to the strophe numbering of B.*

(The Sky-road to Valhöll.)

18. The Thunder-flood roars, while sports the fish
of the mighty Wolf therein ;
o'erwhelming seems the flow of that stream
for the host of slain to wade.
19. Halls five hundred and forty more
hath the Lightning-abode in its bendings,
of all the high roofed houses I know,
highest is that of the Thunderer.

(Valhöll.)

20. Death-barrier stands, the sacred gate,
on the plain 'fore the sacred doors ;
old is the lattice and few have learned
how it is closed on the latch.
21. Doors five hundred, and forty more
I ween may be found in Valhöll ;
and eight hundred Chosen pass through each one
when they fare to fight with the Wolf.
22. There Sooty-face boils in Sooty-flame
the boar called Sooty-black ;
'tis the best of fare, which few have heard
is the chosen warriors' food.
23. Glorifying, the battle-wont Father of Hosts
feeds Ravener and Greed, his wolves ;
but on wine alone ever Odin lives,
the Weapon-famed god of war.

18.—Thunder-flood.—The river name Thund may thus be connected with Icl. þunor by the suffix þ (*V*), or, meaning Swollen, with Icl. þindan (*B*). The fish of the mighty Wolf is according to *G.* the sun, or prey of the wolf of darkness, st. 39: she shines in the heavens till swallowed by Fenrir ; see *Vm.* 46. Cf. *Dt.* *Hl.* who translate the Wolf's flood or stream which flowed from his jaws, and connect the passage with the storming of Asgarth by the Wanæs mentioned in *Vsp.* 24. 21.—See *Vsp.* st. 43. 23, 24.—Wolves, ravens ; these particulars are taken from *Sn.E.*, who had evidently other sources than *Grm.* for his description.

24. (20) Huginn ok Muninn fljúga hverjan dag
jörmungrund yfir :
oumk of Hugin at hann aptr né komi,
þó seumk meirr of Munin.
25. Heiþrún heitir geit es stendr höllu á [Herjaföþrs]
ok bítr at Læráþs limum ;
skapker fylla hón skal ens skíra mjaþar,
knáat sú veig vanask.
26. Hjörtr heitir Eikþyrnir es stendr höllu á [Herjaföþrs]
ok bítr af Læráþs limum ;
en af hans hornum drýpr í Hvergelmi,
þaþan eigu vötn öll vega.
27. Síþ ok Víþ, Sákin ok Ækin,
Svöl ok Gunnþró, Fjörm ok Fimbulþul,
Rín ok Rinnandi,
Gipul ok Göpul, Gömul ok Geirvimul,
þær hverfa of hodd goþa ;
þyn ok Vín, þöll ok Höll,
Gráþ ok Gunnþorin.
28. Vín á heitir, önnur Vegsvinn,
þriþja Þjóþnuma ;
Nyt ok Nöt, Nönn ok Hrönn,
Slíþ ok Hríþ, Sylgr ok Ylgr,
Víþ ok Ván, Vönd ok Strönd,
Gjöll ok Leiptr, þær falla gumnum náer,
en falla til Heljar heþan.
29. Körmt ok Örmt ok Kerlaugar tvær,
þær skal þórr vaþa
dag hverjan, es hann deþma ferr
at aski Yggdrasils ;
þvít ásbrú brinnr öll loga,
heilög vötn hloa.

24. Ravens, Hugin and Munin, of Thought and Memory
 wing the wide world each day :
 I tremble for Thought, lest he come not again,
 yet for Memory more I fear.

(The Waters of the World.)

25. Sky-bright o'er Valhöll stands, the goat,
 who gnaws the Shelterer's boughs ;
 she fills a bowl with the shining mead :
 'Tis a draught which runs not dry.
26. Oak-thorn o'er Valhöll stands, the hart,
 who gnaws the Shelterer's boughs ;
 run drops from his horns into Roaring-kettle
 whence flow all floods in the world.

* * * *

29. Kormt and Ormt and the Bath-tubs twain,
 these must the Thunderer wade,
 when he fares each day to his throne of doom
 under Yggdrasil's ash ;
 thence Bifröst burns, the bridge of the gods,
 and the mighty waters well.

27, 28.—*The names contained in these strophes do not all bear interpretation and seem to belong to existing, not mythical, rivers, some of which were to be found in Britain.*

30. Glaþr ok Gyllir, Gler ok Skeiþbrimir,
 Silfrintoppr ok Sinir,
 Gísl ok Falhófnir, Golltoppr ok Léttfeti,
 þeim ríða áésir jom
 dag hverjan, es dóema fara
 at aski Yggdrasils.

31. Þriar róetr standa á þria vega
 und aski Yggdrasils:
 Hel býr und einni, annarri hrímþursar,
 þriþju menskir menn.

31A. Örn sitr á asks limum
 es vel kveþa mart vita;
 öglir einn hönum augna í milli
 Veþrfölnir vakir.

32. Ratatoskr heitir íkorni es rinna skal
 at aski Yggdrasils;
 arnar orþ hann skal ofan bera
 ok segja Níþhöggvi niþr.

33. Hirtir 'u auk fjórir þeirs af háfingar á
 gaghalsir gnaga:
 Daínn ok Dvalinn,
 Duneyrr ok Dyraþrór.

31A.—Not found in the MSS., but reconstructed from the prose of Sn. E by G.S.Mk, Mh.

* * * * *

30. Glad One, Goldy, Gleamer, Race-giant,
 Silvery-lock and Sinewy,
 Shiner, Pale-hoof, Gold-lock, Lightfoot,
 these are the steeds which the gods ride,
 when they fare each day to their thrones of doom
 under Yggdrasil's ash.

(The World Tree's torments.)

31. There are three roots stretching three divers ways
 from under Yggdrasil's ash :
 'neath the first dwells Hel, 'neath the second Frost giants,
 and human kind 'neath the third.
- 31A. An eagle sits in the boughs of the ash,
 knowing much of many things ;
 and a hawk is perched, Storm-pale, aloft
 betwixt that eagle's eyes.
32. Ratatosk is the squirrel with gnawing tooth
 which runs in Yggdrasil's ash :
 he bears the eagle's words from above
 and to Fierce-stinger tells below.
33. There are four harts too, who with heads thrown back
 gnaw the topmost boughs of the tree :
 Däinn the Dead One. Dvalin the Dallier,
 Duneyr and Dyrathror.

31.—Yggdrasil's ash, *the World Tree* ; see *Vsp. st. 2, 19* ; *Hav. st. 137*. Human kind.—*These are the dead folk whose dwelling is in the underworld (see Vsp. st. 52), not, as Snorri suggests, the living. We are repeatedly told that Yggdrasil springs from under the earth. (Dt. Hl.) Hel, see Bdr. st. 1.*

34. Ormar fleiri liggja und aski Yggdrasils,
 an of hyggi hverr ósviþra apa :
 Goinn ok Moinn. þeir'u Grafvitnis synir,
 Grábakr ok Grafvölluþr,
 Ofnir ok Svafnir hykk at á skyli
 meiþs kvistu má.
35. Askr Yggdrasils drýgir erfiþi
 meira an menn viti :
 hjörtr bítr ofan, en á hliþu fúnar,
 skerþir Níþhögggr neþan.
36. Hrist ok Mist vilk at mér horn beri,
 Skeggjöld ok Skögul ;
 Hildir ok Þrúþr, Hlökk ok Herfjötur,
 Göll ok Geirönuþ,
 Randgríþ ok Ráþgríþ ok Reginleif,
 þær bera einherjum öl.
37. Árvakr ok Alsviþr þeir skulu upp heþan
 svangir sól draga ;
 en und þeira bógum fálu blíþ regin,
 ásir, ísarn kól.
38. Svalinn heitir, hann stendr sólu fyrir,
 Skjöldr skínanda goþi :
 björg ok brim veitk at brinna skulu,
 ef hann fellr í frá.
39. Sköll heitir ulfr es fylgir enu skírleita
 goþi til Varnar-viþar,
 en annarr Hati, Hróþvitnis sunr,
 skal fyr heiþa brúþi himins.

34. More serpents lie under Yggdrasil's ash
 than a witless fool would ween—
 Goin and Moin, the offspring of Grave-monster,
 Grey-back and Grave-haunting worm,
 Weaver and Soother, I ween they must ever
 rend the twigs of the tree.
35. Yggdrasil's ash suffers anguish more
 than mortal has ever known,
 on high gnaw harts, it rots at the side,
 and Fierce-stinger rends it beneath.

(Then cries he from the fire-torment.)

36. Would that Hrist and Mist would bear me a horn !
 my Valkyries, Axe and Spear-point,
 Bond and War-fetter, Battle and Might,
 Shrieker and Spear-fierce in strife ;
 Shield-fierce, Counsel-fierce, Strength-maiden—all
 who bear ale to the Chosen in War.

(Sun and Earth.)

37. Early-woke, All-fleet, hence must these horses
 wearily draw up the sun,
 but under their withers the gods, gracious Powers,
 an iron-coolness have hid.
38. There is one called the Cooler who stands 'fore the Sun,
 a shield from the shining goddess :
 the mountains I ween, and the stormy sea
 will flame if he fall from thence.
39. Sköll is the wolf called who hunts the bright sun-goddess
 even to the Sheltering grove ;
 a second fares, Moon-hater, offspring of Fenrir
 in front of that fair bride of heaven.

35.—Fierce-stinger, *the dragon of the underworld* ; see *Vsp. st. 39*. 36.—Val-
 kyries, or *war maidens of Odin* ; see *Vsp. st. 31*. 39.—Sköll, Moon-hater, *wolves of*
darkness ; see *Vsp. st. 40*. Fenrir, *the great Wolf who swallows Odin* ; see *Vsp. st. 53*.

40. Ór Ymis holdi vas jörþ of sköpuþ,
 en ór sveita sær,
 björg ór beinum, baþmr ór hári
 en ór hausi himinn.
41. (40) En ór hans bröum görþu bliþ regin
 miþgarþ manna sunum,
 en ór hans heila vöru þau en harþmóþgu
 ský öll of sköpuþ.
42. (41) Ullar hylli hefr ok allra goþa
 hverrs tekr fyrstr á funa;
 þvít opnir heimar verþa of ása sunum,
 þás hefja af hvera.
43. (42) Ívalda synir gengu í árdaga
 Skíþblaþni at skapa,
 skipa bazt skírum Frey,
 nýtum Njarþar bur.
44. (43) Askr Yggdrasils hann es óeztr viþa,
 enn Skíþblaþnir skipa,
 Óþinn ása, en joa Sleipnir,
 Bifröst brua, en Bragi skalda,
 Hábrók hauka, en hunda Garmr.

40. From the flesh of Ymir the world was formed,
 from his blood the billows of the sea,
 the hills from his bones, the trees from his hair,
 the sphere of heaven from his skull.

41. (40) Out of his brows the blithe Powers made
 Midgarth for sons of men,
 and out of his brains were the angry clouds
 all shaped above in the sky.

(The Kettle is taken off the fire in Geirröd's hall.)

42. (41) The favour of Ull and of all the Powers
 to him touching first the fire!
 For gods can enter the homes of men
 when the kettle is raised from the hearth.

(The Treasures of the World.)

43. (42) Went the Wielder's sons of old to build
 Skidbladnir the wooden bladed,
 best of all ships, for the bright god Frey,
 ever bountiful son of Niörd.

44. (43) Yggdrasil's ash, 'tis the best of trees,
 but Skidbladnir of ships,
 Odin of gods, Sleipnir of steeds,
 Bifröst of bridges, Bragi of skalds,
 Habrok of hawks and Garm of hounds.

40.—Ymir, a Jötun, the first born of beings; see *Vm. st.* 21, 29. 41.—Midgarth: In Old English poems also the earth is called Middle-garth. 42.—So understood by the Copenhagen edition (1848). When the kettle is taken off the gods can see Odin through the roof opening, come to his rescue, and then hold a triumphal feast; see *st.* 45 (*G. J. L.*). *Dt. Hl.* explain it in connection with the strophe following. The house was set open to guests at meal-time, and he who thus first invited a god and kindled the friendly hearth fire was regarded as one of the benefactors of the race. 43.—The Wielder's sons are rival forgers of the Sparkler's race; see *Vsp. st.* 37. 44.—Skidbladnir, see *Saga-book, iv., 192, 193.*

45. (44) Svipum hefk nú ypt fyr sigtíva sunum,
 við þat skal vilbjörg vaka :
 öllum ásum þat skal inn koma
 Ægis bekki á
 Ægis drekku at.
46. (50) Ölr est, Geirröðr ! hefr þú ofdrukkit,

 miklu'st hnugginn, es þú'st mínu gengi
 öllum einherjum ok Óþins hylli.
47. (51) Fjölp þér sagþak, en þú fátt of mant :
 of þik véla vinir ;
 máeki liggja ek sé míns vinar
 allan í dreyra drifinn.
48. (52) Eggmóþan val nú mun Yggr hafa,
 þitt veitk líf of lípit ;
 úfar'u dísir nú knátt Óþin sea,
 nálgask þú mik, ef megir !
49. (45) Hétumk Grímr hétumk Gangleri,
 Herjan ok Hjalmberi,
 þekkr ok þriði, þuþr ok Uþr,
 Helblindi ok Hár,
50. (46) Saþr ok Svipall ok Sanngetall,
 Herteitr ok Hnikarr,
 Bíleygr, Báleygr Bölverkr, Fjölnir,
 Grímr ok Grimnir, Glapsviþr, Fjölsviþr,
 (47) Síþhött, Síþskeggr, Sigföþr, Hnikuþr,
 Alföþr, Valföþr, Atriþr, Farmatýr :
 einu nafni hétumk aldriði,
 síz meþ folkum fórk.

46.—*This strophe, as the alliteration shows, is in fornyrðislag, but imperfect ;*
H. G. S.

(Grimnir reveals himself as Odin.)

45. (44) Now my face have I shown to the war-god's sons,
 therewith shall help awake,
 and the gods shall gather, all glad, to the bench
 in Ægir's feasting hall.
46. (50) Dulled with ale art thou, Geirröd, too much hast thou drunk,
 of great treasure art thou deprived,
 bereft of my help, and of all chosen warriors,
 even the favour of Odin.
47. (51) Much have I told thee, but little thou mindest,
 by tricks thou hast been betrayed :
 ere long shall I see thy sword, good friend,
 lying all bathed in blood.
48. (52) Thy days are run out, the Dread War-father owns
 him who is slain by the sword :
 the spirits are hostile, behold now! 'tis Odin ;
 more nigh shalt thou come if thou canst.

(He makes known his names.)

49. They have called me Hood-winker, called me Wanderer,
 Helm-bearer, Lord of the Host,
 Well-comer, Third Highest, Wave, and Slender,
 High One, Dazzler of Hel.
50. They have called me Soothsayer, True and Fickle,
 On-driver, Eager in War,
 Flashing-eyed, Flaming-eyed, Bale-worker, Shape-shifter,
 Veiled One, Masked One, Wile-wise and Much-wise,
 Broad-hat, Long-beard, War-father, On-thruster,
 All-father, Death-father, On-rider, Freight-wafer—
 ne'er was I called by one name alone
 since I passed through the people of men.

45.—Ægir's feasting hall, *see* *Ls.*

51. (48) Grimnir hétumk at Geirröðar,
 en Jalkr at Ásmundar,
 en þá Kjalarr, es ek kjalka dró,
 þrór þingum at, Viðurr at vígum,
 Óski ok Ómi, Jafnhár, Biflindi,
 Göndlir ok Hárbarðr með goðum.
52. (49) Sviðurr ok Sviðrir es ek hét at Sökkmímis
 ok dulþak enn aldna jötun,
 þas ek Miðvitnis vask ens máera burar
 orþinn einbani.
53. (53) Óþinn nú heitik, Yggr áþan hétk,
 hétumk þundr fyrir þat,
 Vakr ok Skilfingr, Váfubr ok Hróptatýr,
 Gautr ok Jalkr með goðum,
 (54) Ofnir ok Svafnir, es hykk at orþnir sé
 allir af einum mér.

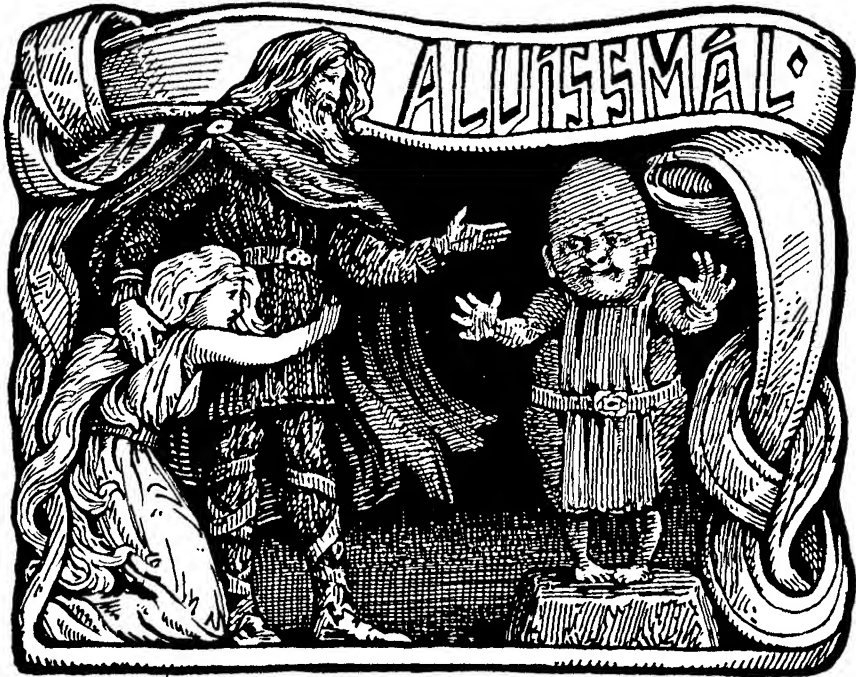
Geirröðr konungr sat ok hafði sverð um kné sér ok brugðit til miðs. En er hann heyrði at Óþinn var þar kominn, þá stóð hann upp ok vildi taka Óþin frá eldinum. Sverðit slapp ór hendi hánnum ok vissu hjöltin niðr. Konungr drap fœti ok steyptiz áfram, en sverðit stóð í gögnum hann, ok fekk hann bana. Óþinn hvarf þá, en Agnarr var þar konungr lengi síðan.

51.—Viðurr at vígum **A**, not found in **R**.

51. They called me Grimnir, the Masked one, at Geirröd's,
 Jalk was I named at Osmund's,
 Keeler once, when I drew the sledge,
 Thrör in council, in strife the Stormer,
 Wish-giver, Wind-roar, Tree-rocker, Equal-ranked,
 Grey-beard and Wizard of gods.
52. They called me Sage and Wise when I duped
 the old Jötun who dwells 'neath the earth,
 and slew single-handed the glorious son
 of that monster who owned the Mead.
53. They call me now Odin, but erewhile the Dread One,
 Thund was I called before that,
 Watcher and Shaker, Wafter and Counsellor,
 Maker and Jalk among gods,
 Weaver and Soother, names which I deem
 come all from Myself alone.

King Geirröd was sitting by with a half-drawn sword across his knees. When he knew that Odin was there, he rose up desiring to remove the god from the fire. But as he did so the sword slipped out of his hand point upwards, while losing his feet he fell forward upon it, and was pierced through and slain. Then Odin vanished, and Agnar was left to rule long time as king.

51.—Tree-rocker, *Odin as Wind god*. Another meaning suggested for Biflindi is Shield-shaker. 52.—The old Jötun, Suttung, who owned the Song-mead; see *Hav. st.* 102.



ALVÍSSMÁL.

Alvíss kvað :

1. 'Bekki breiða nú skal brúþr með mér,
heim í sinni snuask ;
hratat of máegi mun hverjum þykkja,
heima skalat hvílþ nema.'

Þórr kvað :

2. 'Hvat's þat fira ? hví 'stu svá fölr umb nasar ?
vastu í nótt með ná ?
þursa líki þykkjumk á þér vesa,
estat þú til brúþar borinn.'



THE WISDOM OF ALL-WISE.

All-wise.

1. Ere long shall a bride deck the bench beside me,
we will hasten home together :
swift in my wooing shall I seem to all beings,
but at home none shall hinder my peace.

Thor.

2. What being art thou so pale of hue ?
Hast dwelt to-night with the dead ?
A likeness to giants I trow hangs o'er thee ;
thou wast not born for a bride !

ALVÍSSMÁL.

Alvíss kvað:

3. 'Alvíss ek heiti, byk fyr jörð neþan,
ák und steini stað;
vagna vers emk á vit kominn:
bregði engi föstu heiti firar.'

Þórr kvað:

4. 'Ek mun bregða, þvít ek brúþar á
flest of ráð sem faðir;
vaskak heima, þás þér heitit vas,
sá einn es gjöfir með goðum.'

Alvíss kvað:

5. 'Hvat's þat rekka es í ráðum telsk
fljóps ens fagrgloa?
fjarrafleina þik munu faðir kunna:
hverr hefr baugum þik borit?'

Þórr kvað:

6. 'Vingþórr heitik, ek hef víða ratat,
sunr emk Síþgrana;
at ósátt minni skaltu þat et unga man hafa
ok þat gjaforð geta.'

Alvíss kvað:

7. 'Sáttir þínar es vilk snimma hafa
ok þat gjaforð geta;
eiga viljak heldr an án vesa
þat et mjallhvíta man.'

Þórr kvað:

8. 'Meyjar ástum muna þér verða,
vísi gestr! of varit,
ef ór heimi kannt hverjum at segja
allt þats viljak vita.'

All-wise.

3. I am All-wise who dwell far under the Earth,
 I hide in a rock for my home ;
 I look for the Thunderer, Lord of the goat-wain :
 let none break a firm-sworn vow.

Thor.

4. I will break it, who rule o'er the bride as father ;
 he alone among gods is the giver :
 I was far from home when that fair maid of mine
 was promised thee ever as bride.

All-wise.

5. What hero is this, who holds in his power
 that fair glowing maiden as gift ?
 Like a far-straying arrow, none knows who thou art,
 nor whence all the wealth which thou wearest.

Thor.

6. Winged-thunder am I, wide have I wandered,
 son of Sigrani Long-bearded :
 ne'er with my will shalt thou win the young maiden
 and get thee a wife among gods.

All-wise.

7. Thy good-will then must I speedily gain
 and win me a wife among gods :
 I would liefer hold in my arms than lack
 that snow-white maiden as mine.

Thor.

8. The maiden's love thou shalt not lack,
 stranger, who seemest wise !
 if thou canst tell out of every world
 all that I long to learn.

3.—The goat-wain, *Thor's chariot* ; see *Hym. st. 7, 38, Introd. þrk.* 6.—Sigrani, *a name for Odin in his form of an old man with a long beard.*

ALVÍSSMÁL.

9. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
hvé sú jörþ heitir es liggr fyr alda sunum,
heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvaþ:

10. ‘Jörþ heitir með mönnum, en með ásum fold,
kalla vega vanir,
ígróen jötnar, alfar groandi,
kalla aur uppregin.’

Þórr kvaþ:

11. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
hvé sá himinn heitir enn Ymi kendi
heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvaþ:

12. ‘Himinn heitir með mönnum, en hlýrnir með goþum,
kalla vindofni vanir,
uppheim jötnar, alfar fagra réfr,
dvergar drjúpan sal.’

Þórr kvaþ:

13. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
hversu máni heitir, sás menn sea,
heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvaþ:

14. ‘Máni heitir með mönnum, en mýlinn með goþum,
kalla hvél helju í,
skyndi jötnar, en skin dvergar,
kalla alfar ártala.’

11.—Enn Ymi kendi. *S's suggestion for the unknown erakendi of R* 14.—Mýlinn
R, mylinn, MSS. of Sn. E., G. S. H., Hl.

9. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
 in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
 how is Earth, which lies spread before sons of men,
 named by the wights of all worlds.

All-wise.

10. Earth 'tis named among men, but Field among gods,
 Wanes call it ever the Way ;
 Jötuns, Fair Green, elves, the Grower,
 high Powers call it Clay.

Thor.

11. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
 in the ways of all beings I ween :—
 how is Heaven, which once was born of Ymir
 named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

12. Heaven 'tis named among men, Time-teller among gods,
 Wanes call it Weaver of Wind,
 Jötuns, Overworld, elves, the Fair Roof,
 dwarfs, the Dripping Hall.

Thor.

13. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
 in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
 how is the Moon which men behold
 named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

14. Moon 'tis named among men, the Ball among gods,
 but the Whirling Wheel in Hel,
 of Jötuns, the Hastener, of dwarfs, the Shimmerer,
 'tis Year-teller called of elves.

11.—Born of Ymir, see *Grm. st. 40* ; *Vm. st. 21* and *Introd.*

ALVÍSSMÁL.

Þórr kvað:

15. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
hvé sú sól heitir, es sea alda synir,
heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvað:

16. ‘Sól heitir með mönnum, en sunna með goðum,
kalla dvergar Dvalins leika,
eygló jötnar, alfar fagra hvél,
alskír ása synir.’

Þórr kvað:

17. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
hvé þau ský heita, es skúrum blandask,
heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvað:

18. ‘Ský heita með mönnum, en skúrván með goðum,
kalla vindflot vanir,
úrván jötnar alfar veðrmegin,
kalla í helju hjalm huliþs.’

Þórr kvað:

19. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
hvé sá vindr heitir, es víþast ferr,
heimi hverjum í?’

Thor.

15. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
 in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
 how is Sol which the sons of men behold
 named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

16. Sol 'tis named among men, but Sun among gods,
 dwarfs call it Dallier's playmate,
 Ever-glowing, the Jötuns, Fair wheel, the elves,
 All-shine, the children of gods.

Thor.

17. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
 in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
 how are Clouds of the sky, that with showers are mingled,
 named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

18. They are clouds among men, Shower-promise to gods,
 Wind-floater called of Wanæs,
 Rain-omen of Jötuns, Storm-might of elves,
 Helm of the Hidden in Hel.

Thor.

19. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
 in the ways of all beings, I ween :
 how is the Wind which wanders wide
 named by the wights of all worlds ?

14.—Ball, a doubtful word. *G. V.* suggest Fire. Hastener, because pursued by a wolf; see *Grm. st.* 39.

16.—Dallier's playmate. *The sun makes sport of dwarfs who are caught above ground at dawn; st.* 35.

ALVÍSSMÁL.

Alvíss kvað :

20. 'Vindr heitir með mönnum, en váfuþr með goðum,
 kalla gneggjuf ginnregin,
 ópi jötnar, alfar dynfara,
 kalla í helju hviþuf.'

Þorr kvað :

21. 'Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
 vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
 hvé þat logn heitir, es liggja skal,
 heimi hverjum í?'

Alvíss kvað :

22. 'Logn heitir með mönnum, en lági með goðum,
 kalla vindslot vanir,
 ofhlý jötnar, alfar dagsefa,
 kalla dvergar dags veru.'

Þórr kvað :

23. 'Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
 vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
 hvé sá marr heitir, es menn roa,
 heimi hverjum í?'

Alvíss kvað :

24. 'Sár heitir með mönnum, en sílægja með goðum,
 kalla vág vanir,
 álheim jötnar, alfar lágastaf,
 kalla dvergar djúpan mar.'

Þórr kvað :

25. 'Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
 vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
 hvé sá eldr heitir, es brinnr fyr alda sunum,
 heimi hverjum í?'

All-wise.

20. Wind 'tis named among men, but Waverer of gods,
the wise Powers call it Whinnier,
Jötuns, the Howler, elves, Roaring Rider,
in Hel 'tis called Swooping Storm.

Thor.

21. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
how is the Calm, ever wont to rest,
named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

22. Calm 'tis named among men, Sea-rest among gods,
Wanes ever call it Wind-lull,
Jötuns, the Swelterer, elves, Day-soother,
dwarfs, the Refuge of Day.

Thor.

23. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
how is the Sea which is sailed of men,
named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

24. Sea 'tis named among men, Wide Ocean of gods,
Wanes call it flowing Wave,
Jötuns, Eel-home, elves, the Water-stave,
by dwarfs 'tis called the Deep.

Thor.

25. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
in the ways of all beings, I ween :
how is Fire, which burns before men's sons,
named by the wights of all worlds ?

20.—Waverer, one of Odin's names as Wind-god.
suggest Silent Water.

24.—Wide Ocean, others

ALVÍSSMÁL.

Alvíss kvað:

26. ‘Eldr heitir með mönnum, en með ásum funi,
 kalla vág vanir,
 freka jötnar, en forbrenni dvergar,
 kalla í helju hröpuð.’

Þórr kvað:

27. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
 vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
 hvé sá viðr heitir, es vex fyr alda sunum,
 heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvað:

28. ‘Viðr heitir með mönnum, en vallar fax með goðum,
 kalla hlíðþang halir,
 eldi jötnar, alfar fagrlima,
 kalla vönd vanir.’

Þórr kvað:

29. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
 vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
 hvé sú nótt heitir, en Nörvi kenda,
 heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvað:

30. ‘Nótt heitir með mönnum, en njól með goðum,
 kalla grímu ginnregin,
 óljós jötnar, alfar svefngaman,
 kalla dvergar draumnjörun.’

Þórr kvað:

31. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
 vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
 hvé þat sáð heitir, es sá alda synir,
 heimi hverjum í?’

26.—Vág, *Mb. H. J.*; vág, **R.**, *B. Gv. Hl.*; vágin, *S. G.* Freka, *Gv. S. G.*; frekan, **R.** 28.—Fax, *so most authoritatis for fax*, **R.**

All-wise.

26. Fire 'tis named among men, but Flame among gods,
Wanes call it leaping Wave,
Jötuns, the Ravener, Hel-folk, the Racer,
dwarfs, the Burning Bane.

Thor.

27. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
in the ways of all beings, I ween :
how is Wood which waxes before men's sons
named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

28. Wood 'tis named among men, Wold-locks among gods,
by heroes Sea-weed of the hills,
Jötuns, Life-feeder, elves, the Fair-limbed,
Waves ever call it Wand.

Thor.

29. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
in the ways of all beings, I ween :
how is Night who is born, the daughter of Nörr,
named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

30. She is Night among men, but Mist among gods,
the high Powers call her Hood,
the Jötuns, Unlight, elves, the Sleep-joy,
dwarfs, the Goddess of Dreams.

Thor.

31. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
how is Seed which is sown by the sons of men
named by the wights of all worlds ?

28.—Heroes, the dead warriors in Hel, Icelandic halir, is used elsewhere for the dead folk (See Vm. st. 43) and has probably the same meaning here.

ALVÍSSMÁL.

Alvíss kvap:

32. ‘Bygg heitir með mönnum, en barr með goðum,
 kalla vöxt vanir,
 áti jötnar, alfar lágastaf,
 kalla í helju hnipinn.’

Þórr kvap:

33. ‘Seg mer þat, Alvíss! öll of rök fira
 vörumk, dvergr! at vitir:
 hvé þat öl heitir, es drekka alda synir,
 heimi hverjum í?’

Alvíss kvap:

34. ‘Öl heitir með mönnum, en með ásum bjórr,
 kalla veig vanir,
 hreina lög jötnar, en í helju mjöþ,
 kalla sumbl Suttungs synir.’

Þórr kvap:

35. ‘Í einu brjósti ek sák aldri
 fleiri forna stafi;
 tálum miklum ek kveþ tældan þik:
 uppi est, dvergr! of dagaþr,
 nú skínn sól í sali.’
-

All-wise.

32. 'Tis named Barley among men, but Bear among gods,
Wanes call it Growth of the ground,
Jötuns, Food-stuff, elves, the Sap-staff,
Hel-dwellers, Drooping Head.

Thor.

33. Tell me this, All-wise, since thou art learned
in the ways of all beings, I ween :—
how is Ale which sons of men drink oft
named by the wights of all worlds ?

All-wise.

34. Ale 'tis named among men, but Beer among gods,
the Stirring Draught of Wanes,
of Jötuns, Clear-flowing, of Hel-folk, Mead,
by the Sons of Suttung, Feast.

Thor.

35. Not e'er have I found in the bosom of one
more learning of olden lore ;
but with wiles art thou duped, thus dallying here,
while dawn is upon thee, dwarf !
Behold ! Sun shines in the hall.

(All-wise the dwarf is turned into stone.)

32.—Bear is an old word for barley, and cognate with the Icelandic barr.



VAFÞRÚFNISMÁL.

Ópinn kvað:

1. 'Ráð mér nú, Frigg! alls mik fara típir
at vitja Vafþrúfnis;
forvitni mikla kveþk mér á fornum stöfum
við enn alsvinna jötun.'

Frigg kvað:

2. 'Heima letja mundak Herjaföþr
í görðum goða;
því engi jötun hugðak jafnramman
sem Vafþrúfni vesa.'



THE WORDS OF THE MIGHTY WEAVER.

Odin.

1. Now counsel me, Frigg for I fain would seek
the Mighty Weaver of words.
I yearn to strive with that all-wise giant
in learning of olden lore.

Frigg.

2. Nay, Father of Hosts! I fain would keep thee
at home in the garth of the gods;
no giant I deem so dread and wise
as that Mighty Weaver of words.

VAFÞRÚÐNISMÁL.

Óþinn kvað :

3. ‘ Fjölp ek fór, fjölp freistaðak,
fjölp of reyndak regin ;
hitt viljak vita hvé Vafþrúðnis
salakynni sé.’

Frigg kvað :

4. ‘ Heill þú farir ! heill aþtr komir !
heill þu á sinnum sér !
céþi þér dugi, hvars skalt, Aldaföþr !
orþum mála jötun.’

5. Fór þá Óþinn at freista orþspeki
þess ens alsvinna jötuns :
at höllu hann kvam ok átti Hýms faþir,
inn gekk Yggr þegar.

Óþinn kvað :

6. ‘ Heill þú, Vafþrúðnir ! nú’mk í höll kominn,
á þik sjalfan at sea ;
hitt viljak fyrst vita, ef þú fróþr sér
eþa alsviþr, jötunn !’

Vafþrúðnir kvað :

7. ‘ Hvat’s þat manna es í mínum sal
verpumk orþi á ?
út né kömr órum höllum frá
nema þú enn snotrari sér.’

Óþinn kvað :

8. ‘ Gagnráþr heitik, nú’mk af göngu kominn
þyrstr til þinna sala ;
laþar þurfi—hef ek lengi farit—
ok andfanga, jötunn !’

5.—Hýms, *J* for *Ims* **R A** where the alliteration fails. 8.—Gagnráþr, **R A**,
emended to the more usual gangráþr by *R. G.*

Odin.

3. Far have I fared much have I ventured,
 oft have I proved the Powers ;
this now must I know how the house-folk fare
 in the Mighty Weaver's home.

Frigg.

4. Then safely go, come safely again,
 and safely wend thy way :
may thy wit avail thee, Father of beings,
 when thou weavest words with the giant !

* * * * *

5. Then Odin went to prove with words
 the wisdom of the all-wise giant :
he reached the hall of the Jötun race ;
 the Dread One entered forthwith.

Odin.

6. Hail, Mighty Weaver ! here in this hall
 I have come thyself to see ;
and first will try if thou art in truth
 all-wise and all-knowing, Giant.

Weaver.

7. What man is here, who dares in my hall
 to throw his words at me thus ?
thou shalt ne'er come forth again from our courts
 if thou be not the wiser of twain.

Odin.

8. Riddle-reader I am called, I come from my roaming
 thirsty here to thy halls,
in need of welcome and kindly greeting,
 long way have I wandered, Giant.

VAFÞRÚÞNISMÁL.

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

9. ‘Hví þu þá, Gagnráðr! mállisk af golfi fyrir?
farðu í sess í sal!
þá skal freista, hvaðarr fleira viti,
gestr eða enn gamli þulr.’

Óþinn kvað:

10. ‘Óauþugr maðr, es til auþugs kömr,
máli þarft eða þegi!
ofrmælgí mikil hykk at illa geti
hveims við kaldrifjafan kömr.’

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

11. ‘Seg mér, Gagnráðr! alls þu á golfi vill
þíns of freista frama:
hvé sá hestr heitir es hverjan dregr
dag of dróttmögu?’

Óþinn kvað:

12. ‘Skinfaxi heitir es enn skíra dregr
dag of dróttmögu;
hesta baztr þykkir með Hreiðgotum,
ey lýsir mön af mari.’

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

13. ‘Seg þat, Gagnráðr! alls þu á golfi vill
þíns of freista frama:
hvé sá jór heitir es austan dregr
nótt of nýt regin?’

Weaver.

9. Why speak, Riddle-reader, standing thus ?
take here thy seat in the hall ;
and soon shall be seen who knows the more,
stranger or ancient sage.

Odin.

10. Let the penniless wretch in the house of the rich
speak needful words or none :
prating, I ween, works ill for him
who comes to the cold in heart.

I.

(The Proving of Riddle-reader.)

Weaver.

11. Say, Riddle-reader ! since on the floor
thou fain wouldst show thy skill,
how the Steed is called which draws each Day
over the children of men.

Odin.

12. 'Tis Shining-Mane who draws bright Day
over the children of men ;
they hold him best of steeds in the host ;
streams light from his mane evermore.

Weaver.

13. Say, Riddle-reader ! since on the floor
thou fain wouldst show thy skill,
how the Steed is called who forth from the east
draws Night o'er the blessed Powers.

VAFÞRÚÞNISMÁL.

Óþinn kvað :

14. ‘ Hrímfaxi heitir es hverja dregr
 nótt of nýt regin ;
 méldropa fellir morgin hvern,
 þaðan kömr döggr of dali.’

Vafþrúðnir kvað :

15. ‘ Seg þat, Gagnráðr ! alls þu á golfi vill
 þíns of freista frama :
 hvé sú á heitir es deilir með jötna sunum
 grund auk með goðum ? ’

Óþinn kvað :

16. ‘ Ifing heitir á es deilir með jötna sunum
 grund auk með goðum ;
 opin rinna hón skal of aldrdaga,
 verþrat íss á á.’

Vafþrúðnir kvað :

17. ‘ Seg þat, Gagnráðr ! alls þu á golfi vill
 þíns of freista frama :
 hvé sá völlr heitir es finnask vígi at
 Surtr ok en svásu goð ? ’

Óþinn kvað :

18. ‘ Vígriðr heitir völlr es finnask vígi at
 Surtr ok en svásu goð ;
 hundrað rasta hann's á hverjan veg,
 sá's þeim völlr vitaðr.’

Vafþrúðnir kvað :

19. ‘ Fróðr est, gestr ! farðu á bekk jötuns,
 ok mælumsk í sessi saman !
 höfði veþja vit skulum höllu í,
 gestr ! of geþspeki.’

Odin.

14. 'Tis Rimy-Mane who draws evermore
 each Night o'er the blessed Powers ;
 he lets fall drops from his bit each dawning ;
 thence comes dew in the dales.

Weaver.

15. Say, Riddle-reader ! since on the floor
 thou fain wouldst show thy skill,
 how the River is called which parts the realm
 of the Jötun race from the gods.

Odin.

16. That River is Ifing which parts the realm
 of the Jötun race from the gods ;
 free shall it flow while life days last ;
 never ice shall come o'er that stream.

Weaver.

17. Say, Riddle-reader ! since on the floor
 thou fain wouldst show thy skill,
 how the Field is called where in strife shall meet
 dark Surt and the gracious gods.

Odin.

18. War-path is the Field where in strife shall meet
 dark Surt and the gracious gods :
 a hundred miles it measures each way ;
 'tis the Field marked out by Fate.

Weaver.

19. Wise art thou, stranger, but come now and sit
 by my side on the Jötun's seat ;
 let us talk and wager on wisdom of mind
 our two heads here in the hall.

(Odin seats himself by the giant.)

16.—Ifing is probably the river mentioned in *Arbl.*, st. 2. 17.—Surt, a fire giant ;
 see st. 50 and *Vsp.* st. 52, 53, *Ls.* st. 42.

Óþinn kvað :

20. ' Seg þat et eina, ef þitt óþi dugir
ok þú, Vafprúpnir ! vitir :
hvaðan jörð of kwam eða upphiminn
fyrst, enn fróþi jötunn ? '

Vafprúpnir kvað :

21. ' Ór Ymis holdi vas jörð of sköpuð
en ór beinum björg,
himinn ór hausi ens hrímkalda jötuns,
en ór sveita sár, '

Óþinn kvað :

22. ' Seg þat annat, ef þitt óþi dugir
ok þú, Vafprúpnir ! vitir :
hvaðan máni of kwam, sás ferr menn yfir,
eða sól et sama ? '

Vafprúpnir kvað :

23. ' Mundilferi heitir hann es Mána faðir
ok svá Sólar et sama ;
himin hverfa þau skulu hverjan dag
öldum at ártali. '

Óþinn kvað :

24. ' Seg þat et þriðja, alls þik svinnan kveða,
ef þú, Vafprúpnir ! vitir :
hvaðan dagr of kwam, sás ferr drótt yfir,
eða nótt með niðum ? '

II.

(The Proving of the Mighty Weaver.)

Odin.

20. Answer well the first, if thou hast the wit,
and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
from whence the Earth and the heavens on high,
wise Giant, came once to be.

Weaver.

21. From the flesh of Ymir the world was formed,
from his bones were mountains made,
and Heaven from the skull of that frost-cold giant,
from his blood the billows of the sea.

Odin.

22. Answer well the second, if thou hast the wit,
and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
whence Moon hath come who fares over men,
and whence Sun hath had her source.

Weaver.

23. The Mover of the Handle is father of Moon,
and the father eke of Sun,
round the heavens they roll each day
for measuring of years to men.

Odin.

24. Answer well the third if thou hast the wit,
and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
whence Day arose to pass o'er the race,
and Night with her waning Moons.

21.—Ymir, the first-born of Jötuns; see st. 29, Grm. st. 40, Vsp. st. 3. 22.—
Moon, sun, see Grm. st. 31. 23.—Mover of the handle. This mysterious being
Mundilferi is not mentioned elsewhere. Rydberg traces a belief that the heavens were
turned by a gigantic world mill. (Teutonic Mythology, p. 397).

VAFÞRÚÞNISMÁL.

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

25. ‘ Dellingr heitir, hann es Dags faþir,
 en Nótt vas Nörvi borin ;
 ný ok niþ skóþu nýt regin
 öldum at ártali.’

Óþinn kvað :

26. ‘ Seg þat et fjórþa, alls þik fróþan kveþa,
 ef þú, Vafþrúþnir ! vitir :
 hvaþan vetr of kwam eþa varmt sumar
 fyrst meþ fróþ regin ? ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

27. ‘ Vindsvalr heitir, hann es Vetrar faþir,
 en Svósuþr Sumars ; ’
 [Vindsvals faþir var Vásuþr of heitinn,
 öll es su ætt til ötul.]

Óþinn kvað :

28. ‘ Seg þat et fimta, alls þik fróþan kveþa,
 ef þú, Vafþrúþnir ! vitir :
 hverr ása elztr eþa Ymis niþja
 yrþi í árdaga ? ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

29. ‘ Örófi vetra, áþr vári jörþ sköpuþ,
 þá vas Bergelmir borinn ;
 þrúþgelmir vas þess faþir,
 en Aurgelmir afi.’

Óþinn kvað :

30. ‘ Seg þat et sétta, alls þik svinnan kveþa,
 ef þú, Vafþrúþnir ! vitir :
 hvaþan Aurgelmir kwam meþ jötna sunum
 fyrst, enn fróþi jötunn ? ’

27.—The gap in **R** thus supplied by *B.*, who paraphrases the prose of *Sn.E.*

Weaver.

25. There is one called Dawning, the father of Day,
but Night was born of Nörr ;
new and waning moons the wise Powers wrought
for measuring of years to men.

Odin.

26. Answer well the fourth, if thou hast the wit,
and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
whence Winter came and warm Summer first
the wise Powers once among.

Weaver.

27. There is One called Sweetsouth, father of Summer,
but Wind-cool is winter's sire,
the son was he of Sorrow-seed ;
all fierce and dread is that race.

Odin.

28. Answer well the fifth, if thou hast the wit,
and knowest, Mighty Weaver :—
who was born of gods or of Jötun brood,
the eldest in days of yore ?

Weaver.

29. Untold winters ere Earth was fashioned
roaring Bergelm was born ;
his father was Thrudgelm of Mighty Voice,
loud-sounding Ymir his grandsire.

Odin.

30. Answer well the sixth, if thou hast the wit,
and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
whence came Ymir, loud-sounding Jötun,
the first of thy race, wise Giant.

25.—Nörr, see *Alv. st.* 29. 29.—In this passage Ymir is called Aurgelmir; "gelmir" in all these names seems to signify the roaring, rushing sound of the elemental powers in chaos.

VAFÞRÚÞNISMÁL.

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

31. ‘ Ór Élivágum stukku eitrdropar,
 svá óx unz ór varð jötunn ;
 [þar órar áttir kvámu allar saman,
 því's þat é allt til atalt. ’]

Óþinn kvað :

32. ‘ Seg þat et sjaunda, alls þik svinnan kveða,
 ef þú, Vafþrúþnir ! vitir :
 hvé sá börn of gat enn aldni jötunn,
 es hann hafþit gýgjar gaman ? ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

33. ‘ Und hendi vaxa kváðu hrímþursi
 mey ok mög saman ;
 fótr við fœti gat ens fróða jötuns
 sexhöfþaþan sun. ’

Óþinn kvað :

34. ‘ Seg þat et átta, alls þik svinnan kveða,
 ef þú, Vafþrúþnir ! vitir :
 hvat fyrst of mant eða fremst of veizt ?
 þú 'st alsviðr, jötunn ! ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

35. ‘ Örófi vetra áþr væri jörð of sköpuð,
 þá vas Bergelmir borinn ;
 þat ek fyrst of man, es sa enn fróði jötunn
 á vas lúþr of lagiþr. ’

Óþinn kvað :

36. ‘ Seg þat et niunda, alls þik svinnan kveða,
 ef þú, Vafþrúþnir ! vitir :
 hvaþan vindr of kömr sás ferr vág yfir ?
 é menn hann sjalfan of sea. ’

Weaver.

31. From Stormy-billow sprang poison-drops,
 which waxed into Jötun form,
 and from him are come the whole of our kin ;
 all fierce and dread is that race.

Odin.

32. Answer well the seventh, if thou hast the wit,
 and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
 how that ancient Being begot his children
 who knew not joy of a giantess.

Weaver.

33. 'Tis said that under the Frost-giant's arm
 grew a boy and girl together ;
 foot with foot begot of that first wise giant,
 and a six-headed son was born.

Odin.

34. Answer well the eighth, if thou hast the wit,
 and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
 what mindst thou of old, and didst earliest know ?
 since I ween thou art all wise, giant !

Weaver.

35. Untold winters ere Earth was shaped,
 roaring Bergelm was born ;
 I mind me first when that most wise giant
 of old in a cradle was laid.

Odin.

36. Answer well the ninth, if thou hast the wit,
 and knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
 whence comes the Wind which fares o'er the waves,
 but which never man hath seen.

31.—Stormy-billow, a mythical river between Asgard and Jötunheim ; see *Hym. st. 5, Sn.E. c. 5.* 35.—Cradle. Icelandic *luþr* has various meanings—meal-bin box, boat, ark ; see *Introd.*

VAFÞRÚÞNISMÁL.

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

37. ‘Hræsvelgr heitir en sitr á himins enda,
jötunn í arnar ham;
af hans vængjum kveþa vind koma
alla menn yfir.’

Óþinn kvað:

38. ‘Seg þat et tiunda, alls þú tíva rök
öll, Vafþrúþnir! vitir:
hvaþan Njörþr of kwam með ása sunum—
hofum ok hörgum hann ráþr hundmörgum—
ok vasat hann ásum alinn?’

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

39. ‘Í Vanaheimi skópu hann vís regin
ok seldu at gíslingu goþum;
í aldar rök hann mun aptr koma
heim með vísu Vönum.’

Óþinn kvað:

40. ‘Seg þat et ellifta, alls þik svinnan kveþa,
ef þú, Vafþrúþnir! vitir:
hverir’u ýtar es Óþins túnum í
höggvask hverjan dag?’

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

41. ‘Allir einherjar Óþins túnum í
höggvask hverjan dag;
val þeir kjósa ok ríþa vígi frá,
sitja meirr of sáttir saman.’

40.—In **R A** the strophe runs Segþu þat ellifta, hvar ýta túnum í, followed by 41 ll. 2, 3, 4, which are again repeated in 41, emended to agree with 24, 34, 36, G. H. S.

Weaver.

37. Corpse-swallower sits at the end of heaven,
 a Jötun in eagle form ;
 from his wings, they say, comes the wind which fares
 over all the dwellers of Earth.

Odin.

38. Answer well the tenth, since all tidings of gods
 thou knowest, Mighty Weaver,—
 whence Niörd first came mid the Æsir kin—
 courts and altars he owns in hundreds—
 who was not reared in their race.

Weaver.

39. In Wane-home once the wise Powers made him
 and gave him as hostage to gods ;
 in the story of time he shall yet come home
 to the wise foreseeing Wanes.

Odin.

40. Answer well the eleventh, since they call thee wise,
 if thou knowest, Mighty Weaver—
 who are the beings who thus do battle
 in the dwellings of Odin each day ?

Weaver.

41. All the Chosen Warriors are waging war
 in the dwellings of Odin each day :
 they choose the slain, ride home from the strife,
 then at peace sit again together.

37.—Corpse-swallower is *perhaps* identical with the raven of *Vsp.* 47. 38, 39.—
 Æsir, Wanes. *These are the two races of the gods ; for their war, see Vsp. st. 21-24 and*
Introd. to Vsp. 41.—Chosen Warriors, see *Grm. st. 21.*

Odin.

42. Answer well the twelfth, how all the story
 of the Powers thou knowest, Weaver.—
 Canst thou truly tell me the secrets of Jötuns
 and all the gods, wise giant ?

Weaver.

43. Most truly I can tell thee the secrets
 of Jötuns and all the gods ;
 since I have been into every world,
 even nine worlds to Mist-Hel beneath
 whither die the dead from Hel.

Odin.

44. Far have I fared, much have I ventured,
 oft have I proved the Powers :
 what beings shall live when the long Dread Winter
 comes o'er the people of earth ?

Weaver.

45. Life and Life-craver, who hidden shall lie
 in the boughs of Yggdrasil's Ash :
 morning dews they shall have as meat ;
 thence shall come new kindreds of men.

Odin.

46. Far have I fared, much have I ventured,
 oft have I proved the Powers :
 whence comes a new Sun in the clear heaven again
 when the Wolf has swallowed the old.

43.—Nine Worlds. *Nine was a mystic number ; Háv. 137, Skm. 21, 39, &c. In Alv. are mentioned worlds of Æsir, Wanes, giants, dwarfs, elves, men, and the dead in Hel, but nine are never enumerated ; Cf. Vsp. 2.* 44.—Dread Winter or Fimbul-vefr is the sign of the coming doom of the gods (st. 51) mentioned by Snorri ; see also Hdl. st. 16. 45.—Yggdrasil is suggested by Hodd-mimir's wood ; Cf. Mimameid Fj. st. 14 18, and Introd. Háv., which is clearly the World tree. 46.—The Wolf, Fenrir.

VAFÞRÚÞNISMÁL.

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

47. ‘ Eina dóttur berr Alfröþull,
 áþr henni Fenrir fari ;
 sú skal ríða, þás regin deyja
 móþur brautir máér.’

Óþinn kvað :

48. ‘ Fjölþ ek fór, fjölþ ek freistaþak,
 fjölþ of reyndak regin :
 hverjar ’u meyjar es líða mar yfir,
 fróþgeþjaþar fara ? ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

49. ‘ Þriar þjóþir falla þorp yfir
 meyja Mögþrasis,
 hamingjur einar þærs í heimi ’rú,
 þó þær meþ jötnum alask.’

Óþinn kvað :

50. ‘ Fjölþ ek fór, fjölþ ek freistaþak,
 fjölþ of reyndak regin :
 hverir ráða ásir eignum goða,
 þás sloknar Surta logi ? ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað :

51. ‘ Víþarr ok Váli byggva vé goða,
 þás sloknar Surta logi ;
 Móþi ok Magni skulu Mjöllni hafa
 Vingnis at vígþroti.’

Weaver.

47. One daughter alone shall that Elf-beam bear
before she is swallowed by the Wolf;
and the maid shall ride on the mother's path
after the Powers have perished.

Odin.

48. Far have I fared, much have I ventured,
oft have I proved the Powers:
who are those maidens who pass o'er the sea
wandering, wise in mind?

Weaver.

49. There fly three troops of Møgthrasir's maidens
and hover o'er homes of men;
the only guardian spirits on earth,
and they are of Jötuns born.

Odin.

50. Far have I fared, much have I ventured,
oft have I proved the Powers:
who shall afterwards hold the wealth of the gods
when the fire of dark Surt is slaked?

Weaver.

51. In the fanes of the gods shall dwell Vidar and Vali
when the fire of dark Surt is slaked;
to Modi and Magni shall Mjöllnir be given
when to Thor comes the end of strife.

49.—Møgthrasir is unknown. The interpretation "Son-craver" suggested by G. is doubtful. 51.—Vidar, see *Grm.* 17, *Vsp.* 54, and Vali, both sons of Odin; see *Bdr. st.* 11. Modi, see *Hym. st.* 35, and Magni, see *Hrbl. st.* 9; both sons of Thor. Mjöllnir, Thor's hammer; see *Þrk.* and *Introd.* To Thor comes the end: he is slain by the World-serpent, *Vsp. st.* 56. He is here called Vingnir; see *Alv., st.* 6.

VAFPRÚÐNISMÁL.

Óþinn kvað:

52. ‘ Fjölþ ek fór, fjölþ ek freistaþak,
fjölþ of reyndak regin :
hvat verþr Óþni at aldragi,
þás of rjúfask regin ? ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

53. ‘ Ulfr gleypa mun Aldaföþr,
þess mun Víþarr vreaka ;
kalda kjapta hann klyfja mun
vitnis vígi at.’

Óþinn kvað:

54. ‘ Fjölþ ek fór, fjölþ ek freistaþak,
fjölþ of reyndak regin :
hvat mælti Óþinn, áþr á bál stigi,
sjalfr í eyra syni ? ’

Vafþrúþnir kvað:

55. ‘ Ey manni þat veit, hvat þu í árdaga
sagþir í eyra syni :
feigum munnni mæltak mína forna stafi
auk of ragna rök.
Nú við Óþin deildak orþsþeki,
þú’st á vísastr vera.’
-

Odin.

52. Far have I fared, much have I ventured,
 oft have I proved the Powers :
what foe shall bring, at the Doom of gods,
 to Odin the end of life ?

Weaver.

53. Fenrir shall swallow the Father of men,
 but this shall Vidar avenge :
with his sword he shall cleave the ice-cold jaws
 of the mighty monster in strife.

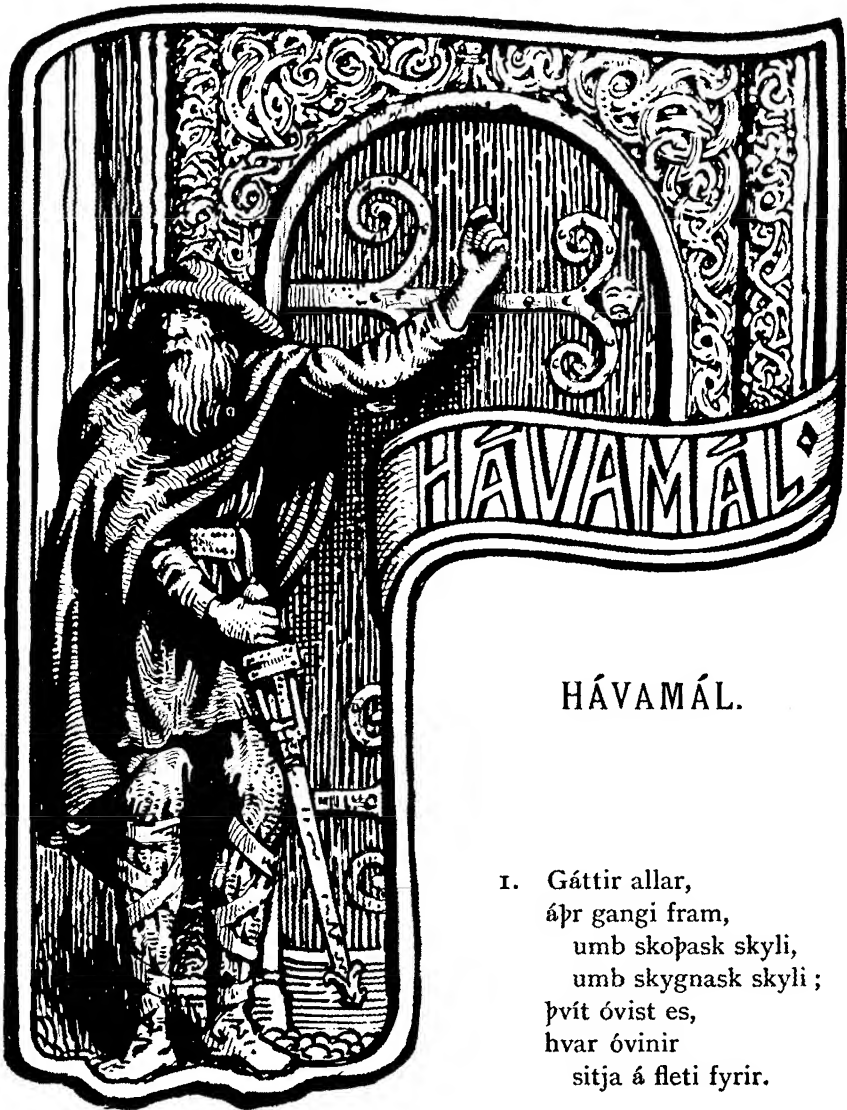
Odin.

54. Far have I fared, much have I ventured,
 oft have I proved the Powers :
what spake Odin's self in the ear of his son,
 when Baldr was laid on the bale fire ?

Weaver.

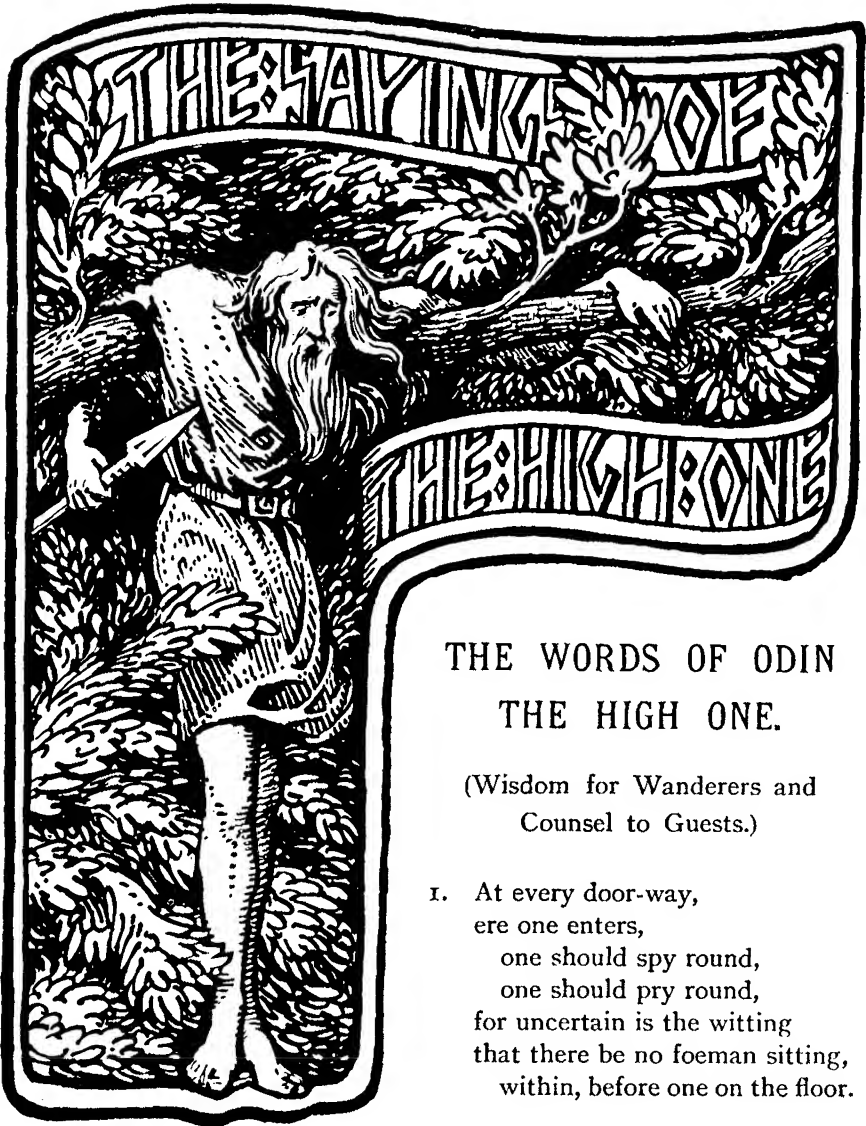
55. That no man knows, what Thou didst speak
 of old in the ear of thy son.
Thus with fated lips have I uttered old lore
 and told the great Doom of the Powers ;
for I have striven in word-skill with Odin's self ;
 thou art ever the wisest of all.

54.—See *Bdr.*, st. No. 10.



HÁVAMÁL.

1. Gáttir allar,
áþr gangi fram,
umb skoðask skyli,
umb skygnask skyli ;
þvít óvist es,
hvar óvinir
sitja á fleti fyrir.



THE WORDS OF ODIN
THE HIGH ONE.

(Wisdom for Wanderers and
Counsel to Guests.)

1. At every door-way,
ere one enters,
one should spy round,
one should pry round,
for uncertain is the witting
that there be no foeman sitting,
within, before one on the floor.

HÁVAMÁL.

2. Gefendr heilir! .gestr's inn kominn ;
 hvar skal sitja sjá ?
 mjök es bráþr sás á bröndum skal
 síns of freista frama.
3. Elds es þörf þeims inn es kominn
 auk á kné kalinn ;
 matar ok váða es manni þörf
 þeims hefr of fjall farit.
4. Vatns es þörf þeims til verþar kömr,
 þerru ok þjóþlaþar,
 góþs of óþis ef sér geta mætti
 orþ, ok endrþögu.
5. Vits es þörf þeims víða ratar,
 dælt es heima hvat ;
 at augabragþi verþr sás etki kann
 auk meþ snotrum sitr.
6. At hyggjandi sinni skylit maþr hróésinn vesa,
 heldr gétinn at geþi ;
 þás horskr ok þögull kömr heimisgarþa til,
 sjaldan verþr víti vörum.
 þvít óbrigþra vin fær maþr aldriþi,
 an manvit mikit.
7. Enn vari gestr, es til verþar kömr,
 þunnu hljóþi þegir,
 eyrum hlýþir, en augum skoþar :
 svá nýsisk fróþra hverr fyrir.
8. Hinn es sæll es sér of getr
 lof ok líknstafi ;
 ódælla er við þat es maþr eiga skal
 annars brjóstum í.

2. Hail, ye Givers ! a guest is come ;
say ! where shall he sit within ?
Much pressed is he who fain on the hearth
would seek for warmth and weal.

3. He hath need of fire, who now is come,
numbed with cold to the knee ;
food and clothing the wanderer craves
who has fared o'er the rimy fell.

4. He craves for water, who comes for refreshment,
drying and friendly bidding,
marks of good will, fair fame if 'tis won,
and welcome once and again.

5. He hath need of his wits who wanders wide,
ought simple will serve at home ;
but a gazing-stock is the fool who sits
mid the wise, and nothing knows.

6. Let no man glory in the greatness of his mind,
but rather keep watch o'er his wits.
Cautious and silent let him enter a dwelling ;
to the heedful comes seldom harm,
for none can find a more faithful friend
than his wealth of mother wit.

7. Let the wary stranger who seeks refreshment
keep silent with sharpened hearing ;
with his ears let him listen, and look with his eyes ;
thus each wise man spies out the way.

8. Happy is he who wins for himself
fair fame and kindly words ;
but uneasy is that which a man doth own
while it lies in another's breast.

9. Sá es sáll es sjalfir of á
lof ok vit meðan lifir,
því ill ráð hefr maðr opt þegit
annars brjóstum ór.
10. Byrði betri berrat maðr brautu at,
an sé manvit mikit ;
auði betra þykkir þat í ókunnum stað,
slíkt es válaþs vera.
11. Byrði betri berrat maðr brautu at,
an sé manvit mikit ;
vegnest verra vegra hann velli at,
an sé ofdrykkja öls.
12. (11) Esa svá gott, sem gott kveða,
öl alda sunum,
því fáera veit, es fleira drekkur,
síns til geþs gumi.
13. (12) Óminnis hegri heitir sás of ölpurum þrumir,
hann steln geði guma ;
þess fugls fjöþrum ek fjötraþr vask
í garði Gunnlaþar.
14. (13) Ölr ek varþ, varþ ofrölvi
at ens fróþa Fjalars ;
því's ölpur bazt, at aþtr of heimtir
hverr sitt geþ gumi.
15. (14) Þagalt ok hugalt skyli þjóþans barn
ok vígdjarft vesa ;
glapþr ok reifr skyli gumna hverr
unz sinn bíþr bana.

9. Happy is he who hath in himself
 praise and wisdom in life ;
 for oft doth a man ill counsel get
 when 'tis born in another's breast.
10. A better burden can no man bear
 on the way than his mother wit :
 'tis the refuge of the poor, and richer it seems
 than wealth in a world untried.
11. A better burden can no man bear
 on the way than his mother wit :
 and no worse provision can he carry with him
 than too deep a draught of ale.
12. Less good than they say for the sons of men
 is the drinking oft of ale :
 for the more they drink, the less can they think
 and keep a watch o'er their wits.
13. A bird of Unmindfulness flutters o'er ale feasts,
 wiling away men's wits :
 with the feathers of that fowl I was fettered once
 in the garths of Gunnlod below.
14. Drunk was I then, I was over drunk
 in that crafty Jötun's court.
 But best is an ale feast when man is able
 to call back his wits at once.
15. Silent and thoughtful and bold in strife
 the prince's bairn should be.
 Joyous and generous let each man show him
 until he shall suffer death.

13.—Gunnlod ; *st.* 104. 14.—That crafty Jötun, Suttung ; *st.* 102. *The name Fjalar in the text also belongs to Thor's famous opponent ; see Hrbl. st. 26. Possibly it is here used in a general sense for any Jötun.*

16. (15) Ósnjallr maþr hyggsk munu ey lifa,
 ef við víg varask,
 en elli gefr hánum engi friþ,
 þót hánum geirar gefi.
17. (16) Kópir afglapi, es til kynnis kömr,
 þylsk hann umb eþa þrumir ;
 alt es senn, ef hann sylg of getr,
 uppi's þá geþ guma.
18. (17) Sá einn veit es víþa ratar
 auk hefr fjölþ of farit,
 hverju geþi stýrir gumna hverr
 sás vitandi 's vits.
19. (18) Haldit maþr á ker, drekki þó at hófi mjöþ,
 mæli þarft eþa þegi ;
 ókynnis þess vár þik engi maþr,
 at þú gangir snimma at sofa.
20. (19) Gráþugr halr, nema geþs viti,
 etr sér aldrtréga ;
 opt fár hláegis, es meþ horskum kömr,
 manni heimskum magi.
21. (20) Hjarþir þat vitu, nær þær heim skulu,
 ok ganga þá af grasi ;
 en ósviþr maþr kann ávagi
 síns of mál maga.
22. (21) Vesall maþr ok illa skapi
 hlær at hvívetna ;
 hitki hann veit, es hann vita þyrfti,
 at hann esa vamma vanr.
23. (22) Ósviþr maþr vakir of allar náetr
 ok hygg at hvívetna ;
 þá es móþr es at morni kömr,
 allt es víl sem vas.

24. (23) Ósnotr maþr hyggr sér alla vesa
 viþhlájendr vini ;
 hitki hann fiþr, þót of hann fár lesi,
 ef meþ snotrum sitr.
25. (24) Ósnotr maþr hyggr sér alla vesa
 viþhlájendr vini ;
 þá þat fiþr, es at þingi kömr,
 at á formáelendr fá.
26. (25) Ósnotr maþr þykkisk allt vita,
 ef á ser í vá veru ;
 hitki hann veit, hvat hann skal við kveþa,
 ef hans freista firar.
27. (26) Ósnotr maþr, es meþ aldir kömr,
 þat es bazt at þegi ;
 engi þat veit, at hann etki kann,
 nema hann máli til mart.
 Veita maþr hinns vátki veit,
 þót hann máli til mart.
28. (27) Fróþr sá þykkisk es fregna kann
 ok segja et sama ;
 eyvitu leyna megu ýta synir
 þvís gengr of guma.
29. (28) Érna máilir sás áva þegir
 staþlausu stafi ;
 hraþmáelt tunga, nema haldendr eigi,
 opt sér ógott of gelr.
30. (29) At augabragþi skala maþr annan hafa,
 þót til kynnis komi ;
 margr fróþr þykkisk ef freginn esat,
 ok naí þurrfjallr þruma.
31. (30) Fróþr þykkisk sás flótta tekr
 gestr at gest háþinn ;
 veita görla sás of verþi glissir
 þót meþ grömum glami.

24. The unwise man weens all who smile
and flatter him are his friends,
nor notes how oft they speak him ill
when he sits in the circle of the wise.
25. The unwise man weens all who smile
and flatter him are his friends ;
but when he shall come into court he shall find
there are few to defend his cause.
26. The unwise man thinks all to know,
while he sits in a sheltered nook ;
but he knows not one thing, what he shall answer,
if men shall put him to proof.
27. For the unwise man 'tis best to be mute
when he comes amid the crowd,
for none is aware of his lack of wit
if he wastes not too many words ;
for he who lacks wit shall never learn
though his words flow ne'er so fast.
28. Wise he is deemed who can question well,
and also answer back :
the sons of men can no secret make
of the tidings told in their midst.
29. Too many unstable words are spoken
by him who ne'er holds his peace ;
the hasty tongue sings its own mishap
if it be not bridled in.
30. Let no man be held as a laughing-stock,
though he come as guest for a meal :
wise enough seem many while they sit dry-skinned
and are not put to proof.
31. A guest thinks him witty who mocks at a guest
and runs from his wrath away ;
but none can be sure who jests at a meal
that he makes not fun among foes.

32. (31) Gumnar margir erusk gagnhollir,
en at virði vrekask ;
aldar róg þat mun ó vesa,
órir gestr við gest.
33. (32) Árliga verðar skyli maðr opt fá,
nema til kynnis komi :
sitr ok snópir, lætr sem solginn sé,
ok kann fregna at föu.
34. (33) Afhvarf mikit es til ills vinar
þót á brautu bui,
en til góps vinar liggja gagnvegir,
þót sé firr farinn.
35. (34) Ganga skal, skala gestr vesa
ey í einum stað ;
ljúfr verðr leiðr, ef lengi sitr
annars fletjum á.
36. (35) Bú es betra, þót lítit sé,
halr es heima hverr ;
þót tvær geitr eigi ok taugreptan sal,
þat's þó betra an bóen.
37. (36) Bú es betra, þót lítit sé,
halr es heima hverr ;
blóþugt's hjarta þeims biþja skal
sér í mál hvert matar.
38. (37) Vápnnum sínum skala maðr velli á
feti ganga framarr,
þvít óvist's at vita, nær verðr á vegum úti
geirs of þörf guma.
39. (38) Fannkak mildan mann eða svá matargóðan,
at værit þiggja þegit,
eða síns fear svági *gjöflan*,
at leið sé laun ef þegi.

32. Oft, though their hearts lean towards one another,
 friends are divided at table ;
 ever the source of strife 'twill be,
 that guest will anger guest.
33. A man should take always his meals betimes
 unless he visit a friend,
 or he sits and mopes, and half famished seems,
 and can ask or answer nought.
34. Long is the round to a false friend leading,
 e'en if he dwell on the way ;
 but though far off fared, to a faithful friend
 straight are the roads and short.
35. A guest must depart again on his way,
 nor stay in the same place ever ;
 if he bide too long on another's bench
 the loved one soon becomes loathed.
36. One's own house is best, though small it may be ;
 each man is master at home ;
 though he have but two goats and a bark-thatched hut
 'tis better than craving a boon.
37. One's own house is best, though small it may be,
 each man is master at home ;
 with a bleeding heart will he beg, who must,
 his meat at every meal.
38. Let a man never stir on his road a step
 without his weapons of war ;
 for unsure is the knowing when need shall arise
 of a spear on the way without.
39. I found none so noble or free with his food,
 who was not gladdened with a gift,
 nor one who gave of his gifts such store
 but he loved reward, could he win it.

40. (39) Fear síns es fengit hefr
 skylit maþr þörf þola ;
 opt sparir leiþum þats hefr ljúfum hugat,
 mart gengr verr an varer.
41. (40) Vápnun ok váþun skulu vinir gleþjask,
 þat's á sjölfum sýnst ;
 viðrgefendr [ok endrgefendr] erusk vinir lengst,
 ef þat bíþr at verþa vel.
42. (41) Vin sínum skal maþr vinr vesa
 ok gjalda gjöf við gjöf,
 hlátr við hlátri skyli hölþar taka,
 en lausung við lygi.
43. (42) Vin sínum skal maþr vinr vesa,
 þeim ok þess vin,
 en óvinar síns skyli engi maþr
 vinar vinr vesa.
44. (43) Veiztu, ef vin átt þanns þú vel truir,
 ok vill af hánun gott geta,
 geþi skalt við þann blanda ok gjöfum skipta,
 fara at finna opt.
45. (44) Ef átt annan þanns þú illa truir,
 vill af hánun þó gott geta,
 fagrt skalt við þann mála, en flátt hyggja
 ok gjalda lausung við lygi.
46. (45) Þat's enn of þann es þú illa truir,
 ok þér's grunr at hans geþi :
 hlája skalt við þeim ok of hug mála,
 glik skulu gjöld gjöfum.
47. (46) Ungr vask forþum, fór ek einn saman,
 þá varþk villr vega ;
 auþugr þóttumk es ek annan fann :
 maþr es manns gaman.

40. Let no man stint him and suffer need
of the wealth he has won in life ;
oft is saved for a foe what was meant for a friend,
and much goes worse than one weens.
41. With raiment and arms shall friends gladden each other,
so has one proved oneself ;
for friends last longest, if fate be fair,
who give and give again.
42. To his friend a man should bear him as friend,
and gift for gift bestow,
laughter for laughter let him exchange,
but leasing pay for a lie.
43. To his friend a man should bear him as friend,
to him and a friend of his ;
but let him beware that he be not the friend
of one who is friend to his foe.
44. Hast thou a friend whom thou trustest well,
from whom thou cravest good ?
Share thy mind with him, gifts exchange with him,
fare to find him oft.
45. But hast thou one whom thou trustest ill
yet from whom thou cravest good ?
Thou shalt speak him fair, but falsely think,
and leasing pay for a lie.
46. Yet further of him whom thou trusted ill,
and whose mind thou dost misdoubt ;
thou shalt laugh with him but withhold thy thought,
for gift with like gift should be paid.
47. Young was I once, I walked alone,
and bewildered seemed in the way ;
then I found me another and rich I thought me,
for man is the joy of man.

48. (47) Mildir, fróeknir menn bazt lifa,
sjaldan sút ala,
en ósnjallr maþr uggir hotvetna,
sýtir æ glöggr við gjöfum.
49. (48) Váþir mínar gaf ek velli at
tveim trémönnum ;
rekkar þat þóttusk es þeir ript höfðu :
neiss es nökkviþr halr.
50. (49) Hrörnar þöll sús stendr þorpi á,
hlýrat börkr né barr ;
svá es maþr sás manngi ann,
hvat skal hann lengi lifa ?
51. (50) Eldi heitari brinnr með illum vinum
friþr fimm daga,
en þá sloknar, es enn sétti kömr,
ok versnar vinskapr allr.
52. (51) Mikit eitt skala manni gefa,
opt kaupir í litlu lof ;
meþ hölfum hleifi ok með höllu keru
fengumk féлага.
53. (52) Lítilla sanda lítilla sáva :
lítill eru geþ guma ;
þvít allir menn urþut jafnspakir,
hölf es öld hvár.
54. (53) Meþalsnotr skyli manna hvern,
æva til snotr sé ;
þeim era fyrþa fegrst at lifa,
es vel mart vitu.

53.—Hvár, *B's emendation*, *Dt. Hl. L.*; hvar, *R, H. G. J. S.* 54.—Era, *Dt. Hl.*; er, *R, G. H.*

48. Most blest is he who lives free and bold
and nurses never a grief,
for the fearful man is dismayed by aught,
and the mean one mourns over giving.
49. My garments once I gave in the field
to two land-marks made as men ;
heroes they seemed when once they were clothed ;
'tis the naked who suffer shame !
50. The pine tree wastes which is perched on the hill,
nor bark nor needles shelter it ;
such is the man whom none doth love ;
for what should he longer live ?
51. Fiercer than fire among ill friends
for five days love will burn ;
but anon 'tis quenched, when the sixth day comes,
and all friendship soon is spoiled.
52. Not great things alone must one give to another,
praise oft is earned for nought ;
with half a loaf and a tilted bowl
I have found me many a friend.
53. Little the sand if little the seas,
little are minds of men,
for ne'er in the world were all equally wise,
'tis shared by the fools and the sage.
54. Wise in measure let each man be ;
but let him not wax too wise ;
for never the happiest of men is he
who knows much of many things.

49.—Two land-marks, so *V.* explains two tree-men. 50.—On the hill or in the open. *Icelandic þorp* has this meaning, beside the more common one of hamlet ; *G.* The context makes it quite clear that an unsheltered spot is intended, but as the Norwegian pine flourishes on the hill and dies out among houses, we may perhaps infer that the poem did not originate in Norway. 51.—Five days, the old week before the Christian week of seven days. 53.—Many useless suggestions have been made to explain this strophe, which is perhaps only a general reflection on the vanity of human nature.

55. (54) Meþalsnotr skyli manna hverr,
 æva til snotr sé;
 þvít snotrs manns hjarta verþr sjaldan glatt,
 ef sá's alsnotr es á.
56. (55) Meþalsnotr skyli manna hverr,
 æva til snotr sé;
 örlög sín viti engi fyrir,
 þeim's sorgalausastr sefi.
57. (56) Brandr af brandi brenn unz brunninn es,
 funi kveykisk af funa;
 maþr af manni verþr at máli kuþr,
 en til dólskr af dul.
58. (57) Ár skal rísa sás annars vill
 fé eþa fjör hafa;
 liggjandi ulfr sjaldan lær of getr
 né sofandi maþr sigr.
59. (58) Ár skal rísa sás á yrkjendr fá
 ok ganga síns verka á vit;
 mart of dvelr þanns of morgin sefr,
 halfr es auþr und hvötum.
60. (59) Þurra skíþa ok þakinna næfra,
 þess kann maþr mjöt,
 þess viðar es vinnask megi
 mál ok misseri.
61. (60) Þveginn ok mettr ríþi maþr þingi at,
 þót sét vædr til vel;
 skúa ok bróka skammisk engi maþr,
 né hests in heldr,
 þót hann hafit goþan.

55. Wise in measure should each man be ;
 but let him not wax too wise ;
 seldom a heart will sing with joy
 if the owner be all too wise.
56. Wise in measure should each man be,
 but ne'er let him wax too wise :
 who looks not forward to learn his fate
 unburdened heart will bear.
57. Brand kindles from brand until it be burned,
 spark is kindled from spark,
 man unfolds him by speech with man,
 but grows over secret through silence.
58. He must rise betimes who fain of another
 or life or wealth would win ;
 scarce falls the prey to sleeping wolves,
 or to slumberers victory in strife.
59. He must rise betimes who hath few to serve him,
 and see to his work himself ;
 who sleeps at morning is hindered much,
 to the keen is wealth half-won.
60. Of dry logs saved and roof-bark stored
 a man can know the measure,
 of fire-wood too which should last him out
 quarter and half years to come.
61. Fed and washed should one ride to court
 though in garments none too new ;
 thou shalt not shame thee for shoes or breeks,
 nor yet for a sorry steed.

62. (61) Snapir ok gnafir, es til sévar kömr,
 örn á aldinn mar ;
 svá es maþr es meþr mörgum kömr
 ok á formálenðr fá.
63. (62) Fregna ok segja skal fróþra hverr,
 sás vill heitinn horskr ;
 einn vita, né annarr skal,
 þjóþ veit, ef þrír 'ú.
64. (63) Ríki sitt skyli ráþsnotra hverr
 í hófi hafa ;
 þá þat fiþr es meþ fróeknum kömr,
 at engi's einna hvatastr.
65. (64) [Gátinn ok geyminn skyli gumna hverr
 ok varr at vintrausti]
 orþa þeira, es maþr öþrum segir,
 opt hann gjöld of getr.
66. (65) Mikilsti snimma kvamk í marga staþi,
 en til síþ í suma ;
 öl vas drukkit, sumt vas ólagat :
 sjaldan hittir leiþr í liþ.
67. (66) Hér ok hvar mundi mér heim of boþit,
 ef þyrftak at málungi mat
 eþa tvau líer hengi at ens tryggva vinar,
 þars hafþak eitt etit.
68. (67) Eldr es baztr meþ ýta sunum
 auk sólar sýn,
 heilyndi sitt ef maþr hafa naír,
 án við löst at lifa.

62. Like an eagle swooping over old ocean,
 snatching after his prey,
 so comes a man into court who finds
 there are few to defend his cause.
63. Each man who is wise and would wise be called
 must ask and answer aright.
 Let one know thy secret, but never a second,—
 if three a thousand shall know.
64. A wise counselled man will be mild in bearing
 and use his might in measure,
 lest when he come his fierce foes among
 he find others fiercer than he.
65. Each man should be watchful and wary in speech,
 and slow to put faith in a friend.
 For the words which one to another speaks
 he may win reward of ill.
66. At many a feast I was far too late,
 and much too soon at some ;
 drunk was the ale or yet unserved :
 never hits he the joint who is hated.
67. Here and there to a home I had haply been asked
 had I needed no meat at my meals,
 or were two hams left hanging in the house of that friend
 where I had partaken of one.
68. Most dear is fire to the sons of men,
 most sweet the sight of the sun ;
 good is health if one can but keep it,
 and to live a life without shame.

62.—*The meaning of this strophe is somewhat obscure, but perhaps the idea is that the eagle, wont to seek his food in the quiet mountain pools, is baffled in face of the stormy sea ; see Vsp. 59.* 66.—Hits the joint ; or, as we should say, hits the nail on the head.

69. (68) Esat maþr alls vesall, þót sé illa heill ;
 sumr's af sunum sæll,
 sumr af frændum, sumr af fé óernu,
 sumr af verkum vel.
70. (69) Betra's lifþum an sé ólifþum,
 ey getr kvíkr kú ;
 eld sák upp brinna auþgum manni fyrir,
 en úti vas dauþr fyr durum.
71. (70) Haltr ríþr hrossi, hjörþ rekr handarvanr,
 daufr veqr ok dugir ;
 blindr es betri an brendr sé,
 nýtr mangi nás.
72. (71) Sunr es betri, þót sé síþ of alinn
 ept genginn guma ;
 sjaldan bautarsteinar standa brautu náer,
 nema reisi niþr at niþ.
73. (72) Tveir'u einherjar, tunga's höfuþs bani ;
 erumk í heþin hverjan handar váni.
 Nótt verþr feginn sás nesti truir,
 skammar'u skips rár
 hverf es haustgríma ;
 fjölþ of viðrir á fimm dögum,
 en meira á mánaþi.
74. (73) Veita maþr hinns vétki veit :
 margr verþr af öþrum api ;
 maþr es auþugr, annarr óauþugr,
 skylit þann vétkis vá.

70.—An sé ólifþum, *R's emendation*, *B. Gv. Mh G. G. H. S. J.* ; ok sællifþum, *R*, *Dt. Hl. Mb. L.* 73.—Einherjar, *Mh. G. H. S.* ; eins herjar, *R*, *Dt. Hl.* 74.—Af öþrum, *R. K. D. Mh. B. M.* ; af löþrum *R* ; af löþrum *Hl.* ; af auþi um, *H. G. S.* ; af aurum, *Gv. V. J.*

69. Not reft of all is he who is ill,
 for some are blest in their bairns,
 some in their kin and some in their wealth,
 and some in working well.
70. More blest are the living than the lifeless,
 'tis the living who comes by the cow ;
 I saw the hearth-fire burn in the rich man's hall
 and himself lying dead at the door.
71. The lame can ride horse, the handless drive cattle,
 the deaf one can fight and prevail,
 'tis happier for the blind than for him on the bale-fire,
 for no man hath care for a corpse.
72. Best have a son though he be late born
 and before him the father be dead :
 seldom are stones on the wayside raised
 save by kinsmen to kinsmen.
73. Two are hosts against one, the tongue is the head's bane,
 'neath a rough hide a hand may be hid ;
 he is glad at night fall who knows of his lodging,
 short is the ship's berth,
 and changeful the autumn night,
 much veers the wind ere the fifth day
 and blows round yet more in a month.
74. He that learns nought will never know
 how one is the fool of another,
 for if one be rich another is poor
 and for that should bear no blame.

72.—Stones, Icelandic *bautarsteinar* were monumental stones set upon the high road, many thousands of which are preserved, some with runic inscriptions. 73.—This agrees with the Icelandic proverb : A man's hand may oft be found beneath a wolf-skin ; but others understand : There is chance of a fist from under a cloak.

75. (74) Deyr fé, deyja frændr,
 deyr sjalfr et sama,
 en orþstírr deyr aldri
 hveims sér góþan getr.
76. (75) Deyr fé, deyja frændr,
 deyr sjalfr et sama ;
 ek veit einn at aldri deyr :
 dómr of dauþan hvern.
77. (76) Fullar grindr sák fyr Fitjung's sunum,
 nú bera vánarvöl ;
 svá es auþr sem augabragþ,
 hann es valtastr vina.
78. (77) Ósnotr maþr, ef eignask getr
 fé eþa fljóps munugþ,
 metnaþr þroask, en manvit aldri,
 fram gengr hann drjúgt í dul.
79. (78) Þat's þá reynt, es at rúnum spyrr,
 enum reginkunnum :
 þeims görþu ginnregin,
 ok fáþi fimbulþulr,
 þá hefr bazt ef þegir.
80. (79) At kveldi skal dag leyfa, konu es brend es,
 máki es reyndr es, mey es gefin es,
 ís es yfir kömr, öl es drukkit es.
81. (80) Í vindi skal við höggva, veþri á sjó roa,
 myrkri við man spjalla, mörg 'ru dags augu ;
 á skip skal skriþar orka, en á skjöld til hlífar,
 máki höggs, en mey til kossa.

75. Cattle die and kinsmen die,
 thyself too soon must die,
 but one thing never, I ween, will die,—
 fair fame of one who has earned.
76. Cattle die and kinsmen die,
 thyself too soon must die,
 but one thing never, I ween, will die,—
 the doom on each one dead.
77. Full-stocked folds had the Fatling's sons,
 who bear now a beggar's staff:
 brief is wealth, as the winking of an eye,
 most faithless ever of friends.
78. If haply a fool should find for himself
 wealth or a woman's love,
 pride waxes in him but wisdom never
 and onward he fares in his folly.
79. All will prove true that thou askest of runes—
 those that are come from the gods,
 which the high Powers wrought, and which Odin painted:
 then silence is surely best.

(Maxims for All Men.)

80. Praise day at even, a wife when dead,
 a weapon when tried, a maid when married,
 ice when 'tis crossed, and ale when 'tis drunk.
81. Hew wood in wind, sail the seas in a breeze,
 woo a maid in the dark, —for day's eyes are many,—
 work a ship for its gliding, a shield for its shelter,
 a sword for its striking, a maid for her kiss;

82. (81) Viþ eld skal öl drekka, en á ísi skríða,
 magran mar kaupa, en máki saurgan,
 heima hest feita, en hund á búi.
83. (82) Meyjar orþum skyli manngi trua,
 né þvís kveþr kona;
 þvít á hverfanda hvéli vöru þeim hjörtu sköpuþ
 ok brigr í brjóst of lagir.
84. (83) Brestanda boga, brinnanda loga,
 gínanda ulfi, galandi kráku,
 rýtanda svíni, rótlausum viþi,
 vaxanda vági, vellanda katli,
85. (84) fljúganda fleini, fallandi báru,
 ísi einnættum, ormi hringlegnum,
 brúþar beþmálum eþa brotnu sverþi,
 bjarnar leiki eþa barni konungs,
86. (85) sjúkum kalfi, sjalfráða þræli,
 völu vilmæli, val nýfeldum—
 (86) bróþurbana sínum, þót á brautu móeti,
 húsi halfbrunnu, hesti alskjótum—
 þá's jór ónýtr, ef einn fótr brotnar:—
 verþit maþr svá trygg, at þessu trui öllu.
87. (85) Akri ársánnum trui engi maþr
 né til snimma syni:
 veþr ræþr akri, en vit syni,
 hætt es þeira hvárt.
88. (87) Svá's friþr kvenna es flátt hyggja,
 sem aki jó óbryddum á ísi hálum,
 teitum, tvévetrum, ok sé tamr illa,
 eþa í byr óþum beiti stjórnlausu,
 eþa skyli haltr henda hrein í þáfjalli.

82. Drink ale by the fire, but slide on the ice;
 buy a steed when 'tis lanky, a sword when 'tis rusty;
 feed thy horse neath a roof, and thy hound in the yard.
83. The speech of a maiden should no man trust
 nor the words which a woman says;
 for their hearts were shaped on a whirling wheel
 and falsehood fixed in their breasts.
84. Breaking bow, or flaring flame,
 ravening wolf, or croaking raven,
 routing swine, or rootless tree,
 waxing wave, or seething cauldron,
85. flying arrows, or falling billow,
 ice of a night time, coiling adder,
 woman's bed-talk, or broken blade,
 play of bears or a prince's child,
86. sickly calf or self-willed thrall,
 witches flattery, new-slain foe,
 brother's slayer though seen on the highway,
 half burned house, or horse too swift—
 useless were it with one leg broken—
 be never so trustful as these to trust.
87. Let none put faith in the first sown fruit
 nor yet in his son too soon;
 whim rules the child and weather the field,
 each is open to chance.
88. Like the love of women whose thoughts are lies
 is the driving un-roughshod o'er slippery ice
 of a two year old, ill-tamed and gay;
 or in a wild wind steering a helmless ship,
 or the lame catching reindeer in the rime-thawed fell.

89. (88) Bert ek nú máli þvítt ek bæþi veit,
 brigþr es karla hugr konum ;
 þá vér fegrst mælum, es vér flást hyggjum,
 þat tælr horska hugi.
90. (89) Fagrt skal mæla ok fé bjóþa
 sás vill fljóþs ást fá,
 líki leyfa ens ljósa mans :
 sá fær es friar.
91. (90) Ástar firna skyli engi maþr
 annan aldrigi ;
 opt fá á horskan, es á heimskan né fá,
 lostfagrir litir.
92. (91) Eyvitar firna es maþr annan skal
 þess's of margan gengr guma ;
 heimska ór horskum görir hölþa sunu
 sá enn mátki munr.
93. (92) Hugr einn þat veit, es býr hjarta nær,
 einn's hann sér of sefa ;
 öng es sótt verri hveim snotrum manni
 an sér öngu at una.
94. (93) Þat ek þá reynda, es ek í reyri sat
 ok vættak míns munar ;
 hold ok hjarta vörumk en horska mær,
 þeygi at heldr hana hefik.
95. (94) Billings mey ek fann beþjum á
 sólhvita sofa ;
 jarls ynþi þóttumk etki vesa,
 nema við þat lík at lifa.

(Lessons for Lovers.)

89. Now plainly I speak, since both I have seen ;
 unfaithful is man to maid ;
 we speak them fairest when thoughts are falsest
 and wile the wisest of hearts.
- 90.—Let him speak soft words and offer wealth
 who longs for a woman's love,
 praise the shape of the shining maid—
 he wins who thus doth woo.
- 91.—Never a whit should one blame another
 whom love hath brought into bonds :
 oft a witching form will fetch the wise
 which holds not the heart of fools.
92. Never a whit should one blame another
 for a folly which many befalls ;
 the might of love makes sons of men
 into fools who once were wise.
93. The mind knows alone what is nearest the heart,
 and sees where the soul is turned :
 no sickness seems to the wise so sore
 as in nought to know content.

(Odin's Love Quests.)

94. This once I felt when I sat without
 in the reeds, and looked for my love ;
 body and soul of me was that sweet maiden
 yet never I won her as wife.
95. Billing's daughter I found on her bed,
 fairer than sunlight sleeping,
 and the sweets of lordship seemed to me nought
 save I lived with that lovely form.

89.—Odin has had many love adventures in disguise ; see *Hrbl. st.* 16, 18 30.
 95.—Billing, a dwarf.

96. (95) ‘Auk nær aptni skaltu, Óþinn ! koma,
 ef þú vill þér mæla man ;
 allt eru ósköp, nema einir viti
 slíkan löst saman.’
97. (96) Aptr ek hvarf ok unna þóttumk,
 vísuð vilja frá ;
 hitt ek hugða, at ek hafa mynda
 geð hennar allt ok gaman.
98. (97) Svá kvam ek næst, at en nýta vas
 vígdrótt öll of vakin ;
 með brinnöndum ljósum ok bornum víþi—
 svá var mér vílstígr vitaþr.
99. (98) Auk nær morni, es ek vas enn of kominn,
 þá vas saldrótt of sofin ;
 grey eitt fannk þá ennar góðu konu
 bundit beþjum á.
100. (99) Mörg es góð mæð, ef görva kannar,
 hugbrigð víþ hali :
 þá ek þat reynda, es et ráþspaka
 teygþak á flæþþir fljóþ ;
 háþungar hverrar leitaþi mer et horska man,
 ok hafþak þess vætki vífs.
101. (100) Heima glaþr gumi ok víþ gesti reifr
 sviþr skal of sik vesa ;
 minnugr ok málugr, ef hann vill margfróþr vesa,
 opt skal góþs geta ;
 (101) fimbulfambi heitir sás fátt kann segja,
 þat's ósnotrs aþal.

96. 'Yet nearer evening come thou, Odin,
 if thou wilt woo a maiden :
 all were undone save two knew alone
 such a secret deed of shame.'
97. So away I turned from my wise intent,
 and deemed my joy assured,
 for all her liking and all her love
 I weened that I yet should win.
98. When I came ere long the war troop bold
 were watching and waking all :
 with burning brands and torches borne
 they showed me my sorrowful way.
99. Yet nearer morning I went, once more,—
 the housefolk slept in the hall,
 but soon I found a barking dog
 tied fast to that fair maid's couch.
100. Many a sweet maid when one knows her mind
 is fickle found towards men :
 I proved it well when that prudent lass
 I sought to lead astray :
 shrewd maid, she sought me with every insult
 and I won therewith no wife.
- (Odin's Quest after the Song Mead.)
101. In thy home be joyous and generous to guests
 discreet shalt thou be in thy bearing,
 mindful and talkative, wouldst thou gain wisdom,
 oft making mention of good.
 he is 'Simpleton' named who has nought to say,
 for such is the fashion of fools.

HÁVAMÁL.

102. (102) Enn aldna jötun sóttak, nu emk aptr of kominn,
 fátt gatk þegjandi þar ;
 mörgum orþum mæltak í minn frama
 í Suttungs solum.
103. (104) Rata munn létumk rúms of fá
 auk of grjót gnaga,
 yfir ok undir stóþumk jötna vegir,
 svá háttak höfþi til.
104. (103) Gunnlöþ göfumk gollnum stóli á
 drykk ens dýra mjaþar ;
 ill iþgjöld létk hana eptir hafa
 síns ens heila hugar,
 síns ens svára sefa.
105. Vel keypts litar hefk vel notit,
 fás es fróþum vant ;
 þvít Óþrörir es nú upp kominn
 á alda vés jaþar.
106. Ifi 'rumk á, at véraþ enn kominn
 jötna görþum ór,
 ef Gunnlaþar né nytak, ennar góþu konu,
 þeirars lögþumk arm yfir.
107. Ens hindra dags gengu hrimþursar
 [Háva ráþs at fregna]
 Háva höllu í ;
 at Bölverki spurþu, ef véri með böndum kominn
 eþa hefþi Suttungr of soit.

107, line 2.—*Mh. Gv. Mk. G. S. J. agree that this line is an interpolation, as it spoils both sense and metre.*

102. I sought that old Jötun, now safe am I back,
 little served my silence there ;
 but whispering many soft speeches I won
 my desire in Suttung's halls.
103. I bored me a road there with Rati's tusk
 and made room to pass through the rock ;
 while the ways of the Jötuns stretched over and under
 I dared my life for a draught.
104. 'Twas Gunnlod who gave me on a golden throne
 a draught of the glorious mead,
 but with poor reward did I pay her back
 for her true and troubled heart.
105. In a wily disguise I worked my will ;
 little is lacking to the wise,
 for the Soul-stirrer now, sweet Mead of Song,
 is brought to men's earthly abode.
106. I misdoubt me if ever again I had come
 from the realms of the Jötun race,
 had I not served me of Gunnlod, sweet woman,
 her whom I held in mine arms.
107. Came forth, next day, the dread Frost Giants,
 and entered the High One's hall :
 they asked—was the Baleworker back mid the Powers,
 or had Suttung slain him below ?

102.—Suttung, a giant of the underworld, For Snorri's version of this story, see *Introd. and cf. Grm. st. 52.* 103.—Rati or the Gnawer, a tool. 105.—The Soul-stirrer, *st. 139.* One of Odin's characters is that of Song-giver to man ; see *st. 141, 159, Introd. and Hdl. st. 3.* 107.—Baleworker, the name which Odin had given himself in disguise.

HÁVAMÁL.

108. Baugeiþ Óþinn hykk at unnit hafi,
 hvat skal hans trygðum trua?
 Suttung svikvinn hann lét sumbli frá
 ok gróetta Gunnlöðu.
109. Mál's at þylja þular stóli á:
 Urþar brunni at
 sák ok þagþak, sák ok hugþak,
 hlýddak á manna mál.
110. of rúnar heyrþak dóema, né of ráðum þögðu
 Háva höllu at,
 Háva höllu í;
 heyrþak segja svá.
111. (110) Ráðumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráð nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 nótt þú rísat nema á njósn sér
 eða leitir þér innan út staþar.
112. (111) Ráðumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráð nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 fjölkunnigri konu skalta í faþmi sofa,
 svát hón lyki þík liþum.
113. (111) Hón svá görir, at þú gaïr eigi
 þings né þjóþans máls;
 mat þú villat né mannskis gaman,
 ferr þú sorgafullr at sofa.

108. A ring-oath Odin I trow had taken—
 how shall one trust his troth ?
 'twas he who stole the mead from Suttung,
 and Gunnlod caused to weep.

(The Counselling of the Stray-Singer.)

109. 'Tis time to speak from the Sage's Seat ;
 hard by the Well of Weird
 I saw and was silent, I saw and pondered,
 I listened to the speech of men.
110. Of runes they spoke, and the reading of runes
 was little withheld from their lips :
 at the High One's hall, in the High One's hall,
 I thus heard the High One say :—
111. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 rise never at night time except thou art spying
 or seekest a spot without.
112. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 thou shalt never sleep in the arms of a sorceress,
 lest she should lock thy limbs ;
113. So shall she charm that thou shalt not heed
 the council or words of the king,
 nor care for thy food or the joys of mankind,
 but fall into sorrowful sleep.

108.—Stray-Singer, the meaning of *Loddfáfnir* is not yet fully decided ; see *Introd-*
 109.—Well of Weird, the most sacred spot in the world, where the gods meet in
 council under *Yggdrasil* ; see *Grm. st. 30, Vsp. st. 19.*

HÁVAMÁL.

114. (112) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 annars konu teyg þér aldri
 eyrarúnu at.
115. (113) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 á fjalli eþa firþi ef þik fara tíþir,
 fásktu at virþi vel.
116. (114) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 illan mann láttu aldri
 óhöpp at þér vita,
 þvít af illum manni fær þú aldri
 gjöld ens góþa hugar.
117. (115) Ofarla bíta ek sá einum hal
 orþ illrar konu:
 fláráþ tunga varþ hán um at fjörlagi,
 ok þeygi of sanna sök.
118. (116) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 veiztu ef vin átt þanns þú vel truir,
 farþu at finna opt,
 þvít hrísi vex ok hávu grasi
 veqr es vætki tröþr.
119. (117) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 góþan mann teyg þér at gamanrúnum
 ok nem líknargaldr meþan lifir.

114. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 seek not ever to draw to thyself
 in love-whispering another's wife.
115. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 should thou long to fare over fell and firth
 provide thee well with food.
116. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 tell not ever an evil man
 if misfortunes thee befall,
 from such ill friend thou needst never seek
 return for thy trustful mind.
117. Wounded to death, have I seen a man
 by the words of an evil woman ;
 a lying tongue had bereft him of life,
 and all without reason of right.
118. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 hast thou a friend whom thou trustest well,
 fare thou to find him oft ;
 for with brushwood grows and with grasses high
 the path where no foot doth pass.
119. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 in sweet converse call the righteous to thy side,
 learn a healing song while thou livest.

120. (118) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir ! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr :
 vin þínum ves þú aldrigi
 fyrri at flaumslitum ;
 sorg etr hjarta, ef þú segja né naír
 einhverjum allan hug.
121. (119) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir ! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr :
 orþum skipta þú skalt aldrigi
 við ósvinna apa ;
122. (119) Þvítt af illum manni mundu aldrigi
 góþs laun of geta,
 en góþr maþr mun þik görva mega
 líknfastan at lofi.
123. (120) Sifjum's þá blandat, hverrs segja ráþr
 einum allan hug :
 allt es betra an sé briggjum at vesa,
 esat vinr es vilt eitt segir.
124. (121) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir ! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr :
 þrimr orþum senna skalta þér við verra mann ;
 opt enn betri bilar,
 þas enn verri vegr.
125. (122) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir ! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr :
 skósmiþr þú vesir né skeptismiþr,
 nema þér sjölfum sér :
 skór's skapaþr illa eþa skapt sé rangt,
 þá's þér böls beþit.

120. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 be never the first with friend of thine
 to break the bond of fellowship ;
 care shall gnaw thy heart if thou canst not tell
 all thy mind to another.
121. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 never in speech with a foolish knave
 shouldst thou waste a single word.
122. From the lips of such thou needst not look
 for reward of thine own good will ;
 but a righteous man by praise will render thee
 firm in favour and love.
123. There is mingling in friendship when man can utter
 all his whole mind to another ;
 there is nought so vile as a fickle tongue ;
 no friend is he who but flatters.
124. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 strive not in three words with a man worse than thee ;
 oft the worst lays the best one low.
125. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 be not a shoemaker nor yet a shaft maker
 save for thyself alone :
 let the shoe be misshapen, or crooked the shaft,
 and a curse on thy head will be called.

126. (123) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 hvars böll kannt, kveþu þer bölví at
 ok gefat fiöndum þriþ.
127. (124) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 illu feginn ves þú aldriþi,
 en lát þer at góþu getit.
128. (125) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 upp líta skalattu í orrostu—
 gjalti glíkir verþa gumna synir—
 síþr þitt of heilli halir.
129. (126) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 ef vill þér góþa konu kveþja at gamanrúnum
 ok fá fögnuþ af,
 fögru skalt heita ok láta fast vesa;
 leiþisk manngi gött, ef getr.
130. (127) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 varan biþk þik vesa ok eigi ofvaran;
 ves við öl varastr ok við annars konu
 ok við þat et þriþja, at þik þjófar né leiki.
131. (128) Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 at háþi né hlátri hafþu aldriþi
 gest né ganganda;

126. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 when in peril thou seest thee, confess thee in peril,
 nor ever give peace to thy foes.
127. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 rejoice not ever at tidings of ill,
 but glad let thy soul be in good.
128. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them :
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 look not up in battle when men are as beasts,
 lest the wights bewitch thee with spells.
129. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 wouldst thou win joy of a gentle maiden,
 and lure to whispering of love,
 thou shalt make fair promise, and let it be fast,—
 none will scorn their weal who can win it.
130. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 I pray thee be wary, yet not too wary,
 be wariest of all with ale,
 with another's wife, and a third thing eke,
 that knaves outwit thee never.
131. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 hold not in scorn, nor mock in thy halls
 a guest or wandering wight.

132. opt vitu ógörla þeirs sitja inni fyrir,
 hvers þeir'u kyns es koma.
 Esat maþr svá góþr, at galli né fylgi,
 né svá illr, at einugi dugi.
133. Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 at hárum þul hlæþu aldri,
 opt's gott þats gamlir kveþa;
 opt ór skörpum belg skilin orþ koma
 þeims hangir með háam
 ok skollir með skráam
 ok váfir með vilmögum.
131. Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 gest né geyja ne á grind hrökkvir,
 get þú váluþum vel.
135. Ramt's þat tré es ríþa skal
 öllum at upploki:
 baug þú gef, eþa þat biþja mun
 þér læs hvers á liþu.
136. Ráþumk þér, Loddfáfnir! en þú ráþ nemir,
 njóta mundu, ef nemr,
 þér munu góþ, ef getr:
 hvars öl drekk, kjóstu þér jarþarmegin—
 [þvít jörþ tekr við öþri, en aldr við sóttum,
 eik við abbindi, ax við fjölkyngi,
 við haulvi hýrogi, heiptum skal mána kveþja,
 beiti við bitsóttum, en við bölví rúnar—]
 fold skal við flóþi taka.

136.—Við haulvi hýrogi, *V.*'s emendation, *S.*; haull við hýrogi, *R.*; höll við hýrogi, *J. G. H. Gu.*

132. They know but unsurely who sit within
 what manner of man is come :
 none is found so good but some fault attends him,
 or so ill but he serves for somewhat.
133. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 hold never in scorn the hoary singer ;
 oft the counsel of the old is good ;
 come words of wisdom from the withered lips
 of him left to hang among hides,
 to rock with the rennets
 and swing with the skins.
134. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 growl not at guests nor drive them from the gate
 but show thyself gentle to the poor.
135. Mighty is the bar to be moved away
 for the entering in of all.
 Shower thy wealth, or men shall wish thee
 every ill in thy limbs.
136. I counsel thee, Stray-Singer, accept my counsels,
 they will be thy boon if thou obey'st them,
 they will work thy weal if thou win'st them :
 when ale thou quaffest call upon earth's might—
 'tis earth drinks in the floods.
 [Earth prevails o'er drink, but fire o'er sickness,
 the oak o'er binding, the earcorn o'er witchcraft,
 the rye spur o'er rupture, the moon o'er rages,
 herb o'er cattle plagues, runes o'er harm.]

133.—Rennets, in Iceland the maw rennets of a calf were, and are still hung up to dry, and used for curdling milk. 136.—Deals with magic, and belongs to the spell songs rather than here.

137. (134) Veitk at hekk vindga meiði á
 náetr allar niu,
 geiri undaþr ok gefinn Óþni,
 sjalfr sjölfum mér,
 á þeim meiði, es manngi veit,
 hvers hann af rótum rinn.
138. (135) Við hleifi mik sældu né við hornigi;
 nýsta ek niþr:
 namk upp rúnar, óþandi namk;
 fell ek aptr þaþan.
139. (136) Fimbulljóþ niu namk af enum frægja syni
 Bölþorns Bestlu föþur;
 ok drykk of gat, ens dýra mjaþar
 ausenn Óþröri.
140. (137) Þá namk frævask ok fróþr vesa
 ok vaxa ok vel hafask:
 orþ mér af orþi orþs leitaþi,
 verk mér af verki verks.
- * * * * *
141. (138) Rúnar munt finna ok ráþna stafi,
 mjök stóra stafi,
 mjök stinna stafi
 es fáþi fimbulþulr ok görþu ginnregin,
 es reist Hróþr ragna:
142. (139) Óþinn meþ ásum, en fyr ölfum Daïnn,
 Dvalinn dvergum fyrir,
 Alsviþr jötnum fyr en fyr ýta sunum
 reistk sjalfr sumar.

137.—Vindga, **B**, *H. G. S. Dt. Hl.*; vinga meiði, *J.*; vinga-meði, **C**. 138.—
 Sældu, *E. Magnússon, G.*; seldu, **B**. For comments on these strophes, see *B. Stud.*,
E. Magnússon, "Odin's Horse," and *Chadwick "Cult of Odin."* 142.—Alsviþr, *paper*
MSS., G. S. R.; ásviþr, **B**; en fyr ýta sunum, *Mk. S. H. G., missing B*.

(Odin's Quest after the Runes.)

137. I trow I hung on that windy Tree
 nine whole days and nights,
 stabbed with a spear, offered to Odin,
 myself to mine own self given,
 high on that Tree of which none hath heard
 from what roots it rises to heaven.
138. None refreshed me ever with food or drink,
 I peered right down in the deep;
 crying aloud I lifted the Runes,
 then back I fell from thence.
139. Nine mighty songs I learned from the great
 son of Bale-thorn, Bestla's sire;
 I drank a measure of the wondrous Mead,
 with the Soulstirrer's drops I was showered.
140. Ere long I bare fruit, and throve full well,
 I grew and waxed in wisdom;
 word following word, I found me words,
 deed following deed, I wrought deeds.
141. Hidden Runes shalt thou seek and interpreted signs,
 many symbols of might and power,
 by the great Singer painted, by the high Powers fashioned,
 graved by the Utterer of gods.
142. For gods graved Odin, for elves graved Dain,
 Dvalin the Dallier for dwarfs,
 All-wise for Jötuns, and I, of myself,
 graved some for the sons of men.

137.—A windy Tree, *this must be Yggdrasil. The same words are used with regard to it under the name of Mimir's tree; see Fj. st. 14.* 138.—Back I fell, *the attainment of the runes had released him from the tree.* 139.—Mimir, *who was a Jötun and Odin's teacher, is presumably the son of the giant Bale-thorn, the grandfather of Odin (Rydberg), although his name is not given here.* 142.—All-wise, *this giant is unknown, unless identical with Much-wise; see Fj.*

143. Dost know how to write, dost know how to read,
 dost know how to paint, dost know how to prove,
 dost know how to ask, dost know how to offer,
 dost know how to send, dost know how to spend ?

144. Better ask for too little than offer too much,
 like the gift should be the boon ;
 better not to send than to overspend.

.

Thus Odin graved ere the world began ;
 Then he rose from the deep, and came again.

(The Song of Spells.)

145. Those songs I know, which nor sons of men
 nor queen in a king's court knows ;
 the first is Help which will bring thee help
 in all woes and in sorrow and strife.

146. A second I know, which the son of men
 must sing, who would heal the sick.

147. A third I know : if sore need should come
 of a spell to stay my foes ;
 when I sing that song, which shall blunt their swords,
 nor their weapons nor staves can wound.

148. A fourth I know : if men make fast
 in chains the joints of my limbs,
 when I sing that song which shall set me free,
 spring the fetters from hands and feet.

144.—Odin, here called by his name Thund, the meaning of which is unknown ; see *Grm. st.* 53.

149. (146) Þat kannk et fimta, ef sék af fári skotinn
 flein í folki vaða :
 flýgra svá stint, at ek stöþvigak,
 ef ek hann sjónum of sék.
150. (147) Þat kannk et sétta, ef mik sárir þegn
 á rótum rás víðar :
 ok þann hal, es mik heipta kveþr,
 eta mein heldr an mik.
151. (148) Þat kannk et sjaunda, ef sék hávan loga
 sal of sessmögum :
 brinnrat svá breitt, at ek bjargigak ;
 þann kannk galdr at gala.
152. (149) Þat kannk et átta, es öllum es
 nytsamlikt at nema :
 hvars hatr vex með hildings sunum,
 þat mák bóeta brátt.
153. (150) Þat kannk et niunda, ef mik nauþr of stendr
 at bjarga fari minu á floti :
 vind ek kyrri vági á,
 ok sváfik allan sé.
154. (151) Þat kannk et tiunda, ef ek sé túnriþur
 leika lopti á :
 ek svá vinnk, at þær villar fara
 sinna heim hama,
 sinna heim haga.
155. (152) Þat kannk et ellifta, ef skalk til orrostu
 leiða langvini :
 und randir gelk, en þeir með ríki fara
 heilir hildar til,
 heilir hildi frá,
 koma þeir heilir hvaðan.

149. A fifth I know : when I see, by foes shot,
 speeding a shaft through the host,
 flies it never so strongly I still can stay it,
 if I get but a glimpse of its flight.
150. A sixth I know : when some thane would harm me
 in runes on a moist tree's root,
 on his head alone shall light the ills
 of the curse that he called upon mine.
151. A seventh I know : if I see a hall
 high o'er the bench-mates blazing,
 flame it ne'er so fiercely I still can save it,—
 I know how to sing that song.
152. An eighth I know : which all can sing
 for their weal if they learn it well ;
 where hate shall wax 'mid the warrior sons,
 I can calm it soon with that song.
153. A ninth I know : when need befalls me
 to save my vessel afloat,
 I hush the wind on the stormy wave,
 and soothe all the sea to rest.
154. A tenth I know : when at night the witches
 ride and sport in the air,
 such spells I weave that they wander home
 out of skins and wits bewildered.
155. An eleventh I know : if haply I lead
 my old comrades out to war,
 I sing 'neath the shields, and they fare forth mightily
 safe into battle,
 safe out of battle,
 and safe return from the strife.

154.—The witches, or "hedge-riders," who could change their shapes or skins (*Icel. hama*), were thus deprived of their magic powers.

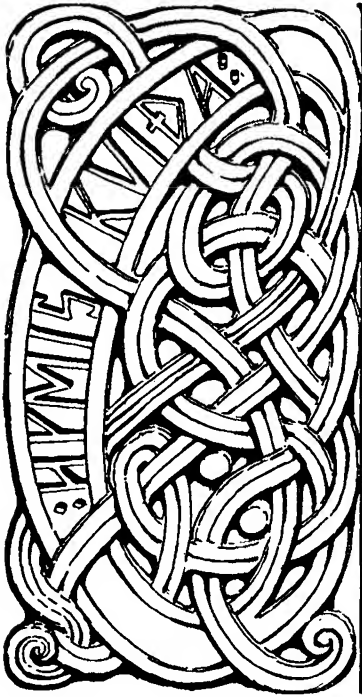
156. (153) Þat kannk et tolfra ef sék á tré uppi
váfa virgílná:
svá ek ríst ok í rúnum fák,
at sá gengr gumi
ok málir við mik.
157. (154) Þat kannk et þrettánda, ef skalk þegn ungan
verpa vatni á:
munat hann falla, þót í folk komi,
hnígra sá halr fyr hjörum.
158. (155) Þat kannk et fjogrtánda, ef skalk fyrþa liði
telja tíva fyrir:
ása ok alfa ek kann allra skil,
fár kann ósnotr svá.
159. (156) Þat kannk et fimtánda, es gól þjóþróerir
dvergr fyr Dellings durum:
afl gól hann ásum, en ölfum frama,
hyggju Hróptatý.
160. (157) Þat kannk et sextánda, ef vilk ens svinna mans
hafa geþ allt ok gaman:
hugi ek hverfi hvítarmri konu
ok snýk hennar öllum sefa.
161. (158) Þat kannk et sjautjánda, ef
.
svá ek at mik seint mun firrask
et manunga man.
162. (158) Ljóþa þessa mundu, Loddfáfnir!
lengi vanr vesa,
þót þér góþ sé, ef þú getr,
nýt, ef þú nemr,
þörf, ef þú þiggr.

156. A twelfth I know: if I see in a tree
a corpse from a halter hanging,
such spells I write, and paint in runes,
that the being descends and speaks.
157. A thirteenth I know: if the new-born son
of a warrior I sprinkle with water,
that youth will not fail when he fares to war,
never slain shall he bow before sword.
158. A fourteenth I know: if I needs must number
the Powers to the people of men,
I know all the nature of gods and of elves
which none can know untaught.
159. A fifteenth I know, which Folk-stirrer sang,
the dwarf, at the gates of Dawn;
he sang strength to the gods, and skill to the elves,
and wisdom to Odin who utters.
160. A sixteenth I know: when all sweetness and love
I would win from some artful wench,
her heart I turn, and the whole mind change
of that fair-armed lady I love.
161. A seventeenth I know: so that e'en the shy maiden
is slow to shun my love.
162. These songs, Stray-Singer, which man's son knows not,
long shalt thou lack in life, [obey'st them,
though thy weal if thou win'st them, thy boon if thou
thy good if haply thou gain'st them.

156.—*Cf. Bdr. st. 3.* 157.—Sprinkle with water, *an old heathen rite of purification; see Rp. st. 6.* 159.—Folk-stirrer, *this dwarf is not mentioned elsewhere.*

163. (159) Þat kannk et áttjándá, es ek áeva kennik
mey né manns konu—
allt es betra es einn of kann,
þat fylgir ljóþa lokum—
nema þeiri einni, es mik armi verr
eþa mín systir sé.
164. (160) Nú 'ru Háva mál kveþin höllu í,
allþörf ýta sunum,
óþörf jötna sunum ;
heill sás kvaþ ! heill sás kann !
njóti sás nam !
heilir þeirs hlýddu !
-

163. An eighteenth I know: which I ne'er shall tell
 to maiden or wife of man,
save alone to my sister, or haply to her
 who folds me fast in her arms ;
most safe are secrets known to but one—
 the songs are sung to an end.
164. Now the sayings of the High One are uttered in the hall
for the weal of men, for the woe of Jötuns,
Hail, thou who hast spoken ! Hail, thou that knowest !
Hail, ye that have hearkened ! Use, thou who hast learned !
-



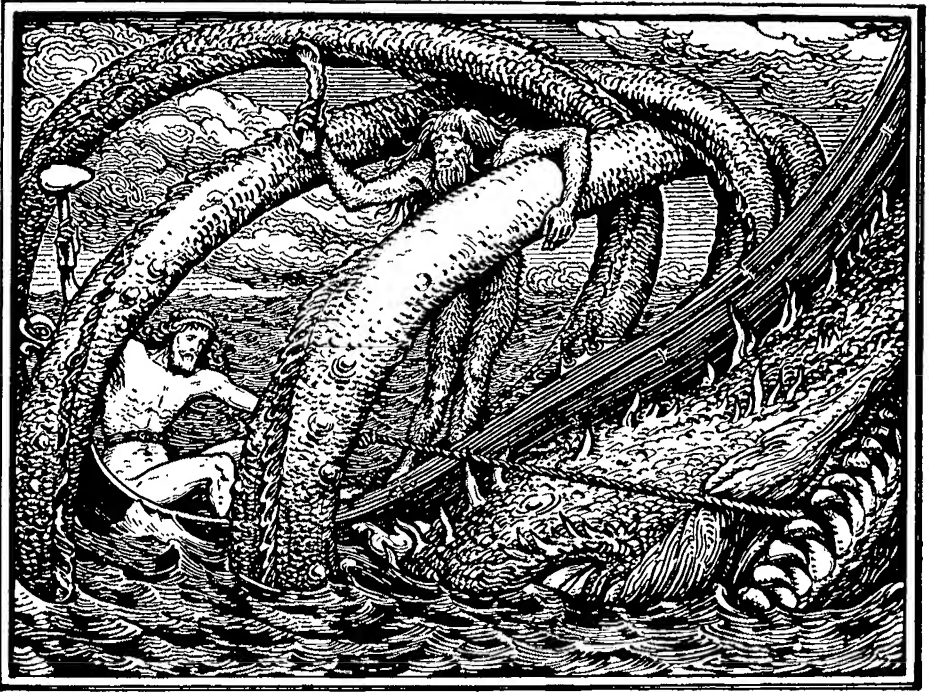
HYMISKVIÐA.

1. Ár valtívar veiðar námu
ok sumblsamir, áþr saþir yrði,
hristu teina ok á hlaut söu :
fundu at Ægis örkost hverjan.

2. Sat bergbui barnteitr fyrir
mjök glíkr megi Mistorblinda ;
leit í augu Yggs barn í þrá :
' þú skalt ásum opt sumbl görva.'

* * * * *

The motive of this illustration is from a pre-Norman monument at Tullie House, Carlisle. Hymiskviða, in R No. 7 and A 1.—Hverjan, B. G. S. H. Dt. for hverja, R L. F. Magnússon, Hold. 2.—Mistorblinda, F. Magnússon, R. Gv.; miskorblinda, R.



THE LAY OF HYMIR.

1. Of old when the war-gods their prey had won them,
 in mood for feasting, and still unsated,
 they shook divining twigs, scanned the blood drops,
 and found all dainties in Ægir's halls.

2. As the rock-giant sat in his wave-brood rejoicing,
 and seemed in likeness the son of Mist-blind,
 came Thor and looked in his eyes with threatening :
 ‘ Make now a goodly feast for the gods !’

1.—Divining twigs, *the oracle*; see *Vsp. st.* 63. Ægir, a sea god, had nine daughters, and “ Ægir's children ” was a poetical synonym for the waves; see *Grm. st.* 45; *Ls. and Introd.*

HYMISKVIÐA.

3. Önn fekk jötni orþbáginna halr,
 hugði at hefndum hann næst við goð:
 þaþ Sifjar ver sér féera hver,
 ‘þanns öllum yðr öl of heitak.’

4. Né þat máttu mærir tívar
 ok ginnregin of geta hvergi,
 unz af trygðum Týr Hlórriða
 ástráþ mikit einum sagði :

5. ‘Býr fyr austan Élivága
 hundvíss Hymir at himins enda :
 á minn faþir móþugr ketil,
 rúmbrugðinn hver, rastar djúpan.’

þórr kvaþ :

6. ‘Veiztu ef þiggjum þann lögvelli?’

Týr kvaþ :

‘Ef, vinr! velar vit görvum til.’

7. (6) Fóru drjúgum dag þann framan
 Ásgarði frá, unz til Egils kvámu ;
 hirði hafra horngöfgasta ;
 hurfu at höllu es Hymir átti.

8. (7) Mögr fann ömmu mjök leiða sér,
 hafði höfða hundruþ niu ;
 en önnur gekk algollin fram
 brúnhvit bera bjórveig syni :

3. But the harsh-voiced hero angered the giant,
 who forthwith pondered revenge on the Powers;
 He bade the Thunderer bring him a cauldron—
 ‘Wherein for all of you ale I may brew;’
4. The glorious gods, the holy Powers
 such vessel as this could nowhere find;
 till Tyr the trusty whispered in secret
 words of friendly counsel to Thor.

Tyr.

5. ‘There dwells to the east of Stormy Billow
 the all-wise Hymir, at heaven’s end,
 my fierce-souled father, who owns the kettle,
 the broad-roomed cauldron, a full mile deep.’

Thor.

6. ‘Dost know can we win that water-seether?’

Tyr.

‘If we use wiles thereto, my friend!’

7. So forth they drove through the live-long day
 till they came from Asgarth to Egil’s home.
 He stalled the goats of the splendid horns,
 while they turned to the hall which Hymir owned.
8. Unsightly seemed to Tyr his granddam
 for heads she had nine hundred in all;
 but another came all golden forth,
 fair-browed, and bearing to her son the ale-cup.

4.—Tyr, the god of war, is usually called the son of Odin; see *Ls. st.* 38. 5.—Hymir, a frost giant, who binds the wintry sea. 7.—Egil is probably the giant mentioned in *st.* 39. The goats, called Tooth-gnasher and Tooth-cracker, drew Thor’s chariot; *st.* 39.

9. (8) 'Áttniþr jötna! ek viljak ykkar
hugfulla tvá und hvera setja:
es minn frí mörgu sinni
glöggr við gesti, görr ills hugar.'
10. (9) En váskapaþr varþ síþbuinn
harþráþr Hymir heim af veiþum:
gekk inn í sal, glumþu jöklar,
vas karls es kvam kinnskógr frörinn.

Frilla kvaþ:

11. (10) 'Ves heill, Hymir! í hugum góþum:
nú's sunr kominn til sala þinna
sás vit vættum af vegi löngum;
fylgir hánnum Hróþrs andskoti,
vinr verliþa, Veorr heitir sá.
12. (11) Seþu hvar sitja und salar gaffli!
svá forþa sér, stendr súl fyrir.'
Sundr stökk súla fyr sjón jötuns,
en afr í tvau áss brotnaþi.
13. (12) Stukku átta, en einn af þeim
hverr harþsleginn heill, af þolli;
fram gengu þeir, en forn jötunn
sjónum leiddi sinn andskota.
14. (13) Sagþit hánnum hugr vel þás sá
gýgjar gróeti á golf kominn:
þar váru þjórar þrir of teknir,
baþ senn jötunn sjóþa ganga.

Hymir's wife.

9. 'Kinsman of giants! fain would I hide you
'neath yon cauldrons, though bold of heart;
for my lord and master oft-times shows him
mean to strangers, moved soon to wrath.'
10. Long tarried that monster, fierce-mooded Hymir,
ere he came from his hunting home.
He entered the hall, and icicles clashed—
all frozen was the bushy beard on his chin.

Wife.

11. 'Hail to thee, Hymir! Be gracious in mood:
for here in thy halls is come our offspring
whom long we awaited from distant ways;
and with him fares the foe of giants,
the friend of man, whose name is Warder.
12. 'Dost see where they hide, the hall-gable under,
sheltering themselves with a pillar between?'
But the column was shattered at the glance of the giant,
the mighty rafter was reft asunder:
13. Down from the beam eight cauldrons crashed,
one, hard-hammered, alone was whole.
Then forth they stepped, but the ancient Jötun
ever followed the foe with his eyes.
14. For evil whispered his mind when he saw
the bane of giant-wives stand on the hearth;
yet took they soon of the oxen three,
and Hymir bade them cook forthwith.

11.—Warder. *Thor always appears as the defender of mankind against the giants; see Hrbl. st. 23. In this stanza Hróð, otherwise unknown, is specified, but his name is doubtless used in a general sense.* 14.—Bane of giant-wives, *see Hrbl. 23.*

HYMISKVIÐA.

15. (14) Hverjan létu höfði skemra
 auk á seyði síðan báru :
 át Sifjar verr, áþr sofa gengi,
 einn með öllu yxn tvá Hymis.
16. (14) Þotti hárum Hrunnis spjalla
 verþr Hlórriða vel fullmikill :
 ‘Munum at apni öþrum verða
 við veiðimat vér þrír lifa.’
17. Veorr kvazk vilja á vág roa,
 ef ballr jötunn beitur gæfi.

Hymir kvað :

18. (15) ‘Hverf til hjarþar, ef hug truir,
 brjótr bergdana! beitur sóekja :
 þess væntir mik, at þér myni
 ögn af oxa auþfeng vesa.’
19. (16) Sveinn sýsliða sveif til skógar,
 þars uxi stóð alsvartr fyrir :
 braut af þjóri þurs ráþbani
 hátún ofan horna tveggja.

Hymir kvað :

20. (17) ‘Verk þykkja þín verri miklu
 kjóla valdi, an kyrr sitir.’

21. (18) Bað hlunngota hafra dróttinn
 átrunn apa útar féera ;
 en sá jötunn sína talði
 litla fýsi lengra at roa.

15. Each one left they less by a head,
and laid them soon on the seething fire ;
then ere he slumbered the Thunderer ate,
himself alone, of the oxen, twain.
16. But Hymir the hoary friend of Hrungnir
deemed too ample the meal of Thor :
'To-morrow at eve shall we three have nought
save our hunting spoil whereon to sup.'
17. Spake Thor, and said he would fish in the sea,
if the fierce-souled giant would find him bait.

Hymir.

18. 'Go, if thou darest, slayer of rock-giants,
seek thy bait from the herd thyself :
for such as thou I ween 'twill seem
that bait from an ox were easy to win.'
19. Forthwith sped Thor, bold youth, to the wood
and soon, all swart, stood an ox before him ;
then over its horns the slayer of Jötuns
struck, and sundered the head, high-towering.

Hymir.

20. 'Methinks thou art worse by far afoot
than at table sitting, Steerer of barks !'
21. Then the Lord of goats, bade the low-born churl
drive the launched sea-horse further from shore ;
but little he wished, that wary giant,
to row any further over the ocean.

16.—Hrungnir, a giant of great renown ; *Hrbl. st. 15 and Introd.*

HYMISKVIÐA.

22. (19) Dró mærr Hymir mópugr hvali
 einn á öngli upp senn tvá ;
 en aptr í skut Óþni sífjaþr
 Veorr við vélar vaþ görði sér.
23. (20) Egndi á öngul sás öldum berg
 orms einbani oxa höfði :
 gein við agni sús goþ fia
 umbgjörþ neþan allra landa.
24. (21) Dró djarfliga dáþrakk þórr
 orm eitrfán upp at borði ;
 hamri kníþi háfjall skarar
 ofljótt ofan ulfs hnitbrópur.
25. (22) Hreingölkni hlumþu, en hölkni þutu,
 fór en forna fold öll saman :

 sökþisk síþan sá fiskr í mar.
26. (22)
 óteitr jötunn, es aptr röru :
 svát at ár Hymir etki málti,
 veifþi róþi veþrs annars til.

Hymir kvaþ :

27. (23) ‘Mundu of vinna verk halft við mik,
 at þu flotbrúsa festir okkarn,
 eþa heim hvali haf til bójar
 ok holtriþa hver í gögnum.’

27.—The reversal of lines 2 and 3 and the transposition of line 4, which comes after 28, line 4, in **B A**, was made by *Gv. H. S.*

22. Alone the famous and fierce-souled Hymir
 caught on his hook two whales at once ;
 but aft in the stern the son of Odin
 fashioned with craft his fishing line.
23. Lone Serpent-slayer, and Shield of Men,
 he baited his hook with the head of the ox,
 and he whom the gods hate gaped thereat,
 the Girdle lying all lands beneath.
24. Then Thor drew mightily —swift in his doing—
 the poison-glistening snake to the side.
 His hammer he lifted and struck from on high
 the fearful head of Fenrir's brother.
25. Moaned the wild monster, the rocks all rumbled,
 the ancient earth shrank into itself.

 Then sank the serpent down in the deep.
26. So cheerless was the giant as back they rowed
 that for a while not a word he spake ;
 then anew he turned the tiller of thought.

Hymir.

27. ' Now half the work shalt thou share with me :
 or moor thou fast our floating steed,
 or bear the whales to the dwellings home,
 all through the hollows of the wooded hills.

23.—The Girdle is the World-serpent, called also Midgarth's worm. He is one of Loki's children ; see *Vsp. st. 55, Vsp. en skamma st. 8.* 24.—Fenrir, the famous Wolf ; see *Vsp. st. 54, Vsp. en skamma st. 8.* 26.—Hymir has formed a fresh scheme for defeating Thor (*Dt.*). G. and others understand simply that he has turned the boat towards land.

HYMISKVIÐA.

28. (24) Gekk Hlórriði, greip á stafni,
vatt með austri upp lögfáki ;
einn með árum ok austskotu
bar til bójar brimsvín jötuns.
29. (25) Ok enn jötunn of afrendi
þrágirni vanr við þór senti :
kvaðat mann ramman, þót roa kynni
kröpturligan, nema kalk bryti.
30. (26) En Hlórriði, es at höndum kwam,
brátt lét bresta brattstein gleri :
sló sitjandi súlur í gögnum,
báro þó heilan fyr Hymi síþan.
31. (27) Unz þat en fríða frilla kendi
ástráþ mikit eitt es vissi :
'Drep við haus Hymis! hann's harþari
kostmóþs jötuns kalki hverjum.'
32. (28) Harþr reis á kné hafra dróttinn,
fóerþisk allra í ásmegin :
heill vas karli hjalmstofn ofan,
en vínferill valr rifnaði.

Hymir kvað :

33. (29) 'Mörg veitk mæti mér gengin frá,
es kalki sék ór knëum hrundit ;'
karl orþ of kvað : 'knákak segja
aptr ávagi : þú ert, ölþr ! of heitt.
34. (30) Þat's til kostar, ef koma mættiþ
út ór óru ölkjól hofi.'
Týr leitapi tysvar hróera,
stóp at hváru hverr kyrr fyrir.

33.—þu ert ölþr of het, R; heitt, A (*p.pt. of heita, to brew*), Sv. G. L. C. J.
B. suggests þui er áþr of hét, Gv. B. S.

28. Then the Thunderer rose, laid hold on the stem,
 he landed the boat with the water therein,
 and the ocean-swine, with the baler and oars
 himself he bore to the giant's home.
29. But still the Jötun, stubborn as ever,
 questioned anew the Thunderer's might.
 'I deem none strong, row he ne'er so well,
 save he who hath power to break my cup.'
30. Then the Storm god, swift, when it came to his hands
 dashed into pieces a pillar of stone :
 yea, sitting, he hurled the cup through the columns
 but whole 'twas borne to Hymir again.
31. At length the fair mistress with friendly words
 made known the secret she only knew :
 'Strike at Hymir's skull, the food-filled giant's,
 'tis harder than ever a wine cup was.'
32. Then rose to his knees the strong Lord of goats,
 and girt him with all the might of the gods ;
 still sound above was the head of Hymir,
 shattered below was the shapely wine cup.

Hymir.

33. 'Gone already I trow is my treasure,
 when I see the cup now cast by thee kneeling.'
 So spake the churl— "I can say never more,
 'Ale in my cauldron now art thou brewed.'"
34. 'But 'tis yet to prove if ye can bear
 the mighty vessel forth from our court.'—
 Twice in vain sought Tyr to move it ;
 ever unstirred the cauldron stood.

35. (31) Faþir Móþa fekk á þremi
ok í gögnum sté golf niþr í sal ;
hófsk á haufuþ hver Sifjar verr,
en á hælum hringar skullu.
36. (32) Fórut lengi, áþr líta nam
aptr Óþins sunr einu sinni :
sá ór hreysum meþ Hymi austan
folkdrótt fara fjölhöfþaþa.
37. (33) Hófsk af herþum hver standandi,
veifþi Mjöllni morþgjörnum fram ;
.
ok hraunhvali hann alla drap.
38. (34) Fórut lengi, áþr liggja nam
hafr Hlórríþa halfdaupr fyrir ;
vas skær skökuls skakkr á beini :
þvi enn lævísi Loki of olli.
39. (35) En ér heyrtr hafþ —hverr kann of þat
goþmálugra görr at skilja ?—
hver af hraunbua hann laun of fekk,
es bæþi galt börn sín fyrir.
40. (36) Þróttöflugr kvam á þing goþa
ok hafþi hver þanns Hymir átti ;
en vear hverjan vel skulu drekka
ölþr at Ægis eitt hörmeitiþ.

38.—Skær, *Gv. R. S. H. J.*; skirr, **R A**, *Hl.* 40.—Eitt hörmeitiþ, **R A**,
B. Hl. K. D. S. Sv. Gv., a doubtful word; eittr hörmeiti, *J. Thorkelsson, G.*

35. Then the Father of Wrath laid hold on the rim
and heaved the cauldron high on his head,
against his heels the handles clinked,
as across the hearth he strode down the hall.
36. Far had they fared ere Odin's son
had turned him once, to look behind
and eastward saw from the cairns forthcoming
with Hymir, a war-host hundred headed.
37. From his shoulders raised he the resting cauldron,
swung he Mjöllnir, death-craving hammer,
and the monsters all from the mountains slew.
38. But they fared not far ere the Thunderer's goat
had laid him down half dead in the way;
for lame in the leg was the shaft-bound steed,—
'twas the work of Loki, crafty in wiles.
39. But ye have heard— for who knows it better
of sages learned in the lore of the gods?—
what amends made the dweller in wastes,
who paid to the Thunderer both his bairns.
40. Swelling with might to the meeting of gods
came Thor with the cauldron which Hymir had owned,
and the Holy Ones ever shall well drink ale
each harvest of flax in the Sea-god's hall.

35.—Wrath or Módi. This son is mentioned in *Vm. st. 51*. 39.—The dweller in wastes, or mountain giant (presumably Egil), belongs to another story of Thor's adventures in *Jötunheim*; see *Introd.*



ÞRYMSKVIPA.

1. Vreiþr vas Vingþórr es vaknaði
ok síns hamars of saknaði ;
skegg nam hrista, skör nam dýja,
réþ Jarþar burrr umb át þreifask.

2. Auk þat orða alls fyrst of kvað :
'Heyr nú, Loki! hvat nú mælik,
es engi veit jarþar hvergi
né upphimins: áss's stolinn hamri!'

3. Gengu fagra Freyju túna,
ok hann þat orða alls fyrst of kvað :
'Muntu mer, Freyja! fjærhams lea,
ef minn hamar mættak hitta?'



THE LAY OF THRYM.

1. Wroth was the Thunderer when he awakened
 and missed his hammer, the mighty Mjöllnir.
 His beard was quivering, his locks were shivering,—
 as he groped around him— the Son of Earth.

2. ‘List now, Loki, to this I shall tell thee!’—
 these, first of all his words, he spake—
 ‘no wight in high heaven or earth yet weens it:—
 The god of Thunder is reft of his hammer.’

3. Then sought they the shining halls of Freyja,
 and these, first of all his words, spake Thor:
 ‘Wilt thou, Freyja, lend me thy feather-coat,
 that perchance I may find my hammer?’

1.—Mjöllnir, *the Crusher, Thor's thunder hammer*; see *Vm. 51, Ls. st. 57.*
 Earth, or Jord, *a wife of Odin*; see *Ls. st. 26, Hrbl. 56.*

ÞRYMSKVIÐA.

Freyja kvað :

4. ‘Munda ek gefa þér þót vári ór gollí,
ok þó selja at vári ór silfri.’
Fló þá Loki, fjaþrhamr dunþi,
unz fyr útan kwam ása garþa
ok fyr innan kwam jötna heima.
5. (4) Þrymr sat á haugi, þursa dróttinn,
greyjum sínum gollbönd snöri
ok mörum sínum mön jafnaþi.

Þrymr kvað :

6. (5) ‘Hvat’s með ásum, hvat’s með ölfum?
hví’st einn kominn í jötunheima?’

Loki kvað :

‘Illt’s með ásum, illt’s með ölfum!
hefr Hlórriþa hamar of folginn?’

Þrymer kvað :

7. (6) ‘Ek hefi Hlórriþa hamar of folginn
átta röstum fyr jörþ neþan;
hann engi maþr aptr of heimtí,
nema fœri mér Freyju at kvæn.’
8. (7) Fló þá Loki, fjaþrhamr dunþi,
unz fyr útan kwam jötna heima
ok fyr innan kwam ása garþa;
móetti þóri miþra garþa,
ok hann þat orþa alls fyrst of kvað :
9. (8) ‘Hefr eyrindi sem erfíþi?
segþu á lopti löng tíþindi!
opt sitjanda sögur of fallask
ok liggjandi lygi of bellir.’

4.—The strophe numbering of **R** is marked in brackets.

Freyja.

4. 'I would give it thee though 'twere golden,
 still would I grant it though 'twere silver !'
 Away flew Loki,— the feather-coat rustled,—
 till he came without the dwellings of Asgarth,
 came within the Jötun realms.
5. Thrym sat on a mound, the lord of giants,
 for his grayhounds twisting golden circlets,
 smoothing over the manes of his steeds.

Thrym.

6. 'How do the gods fare? how do the elves fare?
 Why alone art come into Jötunheim?'

Loki.

'Ill do the gods fare, ill do the elves fare.
 Speak! hast thou hidden the Thunderer's hammer?'

Thrym.

7. 'Yea, I have hidden the Thunderer's hammer
 eight miles under, deep in the earth:
 and never a being back shall win it
 till he bring me as bride fair Freyja.'
8. Away flew Loki, the feather-coat rustled,
 till he came without the realms of the Jötuns,
 came within the garths of the gods.
 There 'midst the courts the Thunderer met he,
 and these, first of all his words, spake Thor.
9. 'Hast thou had issue meet for thy labour?
 Tell out aloft and at length thy tidings.
 For oft when sitting a tale is broken;
 oft when resting a lie is spoken.'

5.—Thrym's name, like that of other Jötuns, signifies noise; see *Vm. st. 29.*

ÞRYMSKVIÐA.

Loki kvað :

10. (9) ‘Hefk erfði ok eyrindi :
 Þrymr hefr hamar, þursa dróttinn ;
 hann engi maðr aptr of heimtir,
 nema hánnum fóeri Freyju at kvæn.’
11. Gengu fagra Freyju at hitta,
 ok hann þat orða alls fyrst of kvað :
 ‘Bitt þik, Freyja! brúðar líni,
 vit skulum aka tvau í jötunheima.’
12. Vreið varð Freyja ok fnásafi,
 allr ása salr undir bifþisk,
 stökk þat et mikla men Brisinga :
 ‘Mik veizt verða vergjarnasta,
 ef ekk með þér í jötunheima.’
13. Senn váru ásir allir á þingi
 ok ásynjur allar á máli,
 ok of þat réðu ríkir tívar,
 hvé Hlórriða hamar of sótti.
14. Þá kvað Heimdallr, hvítastr ása—
 vissi vel fram sem vanir aþrir— :
 Bindum þór þa brúðar líni,
 hafi et mikla men Brisinga !
15. Látum und hánnum hrynja lukla
 ok kvennvápir of kné falla,
 en á brjósti breiða steina,
 ok hagliga of höfuð typpum !’
16. Þá kvað þat Þorr, þrúðugr áss :
 ‘Mik munu ásir argan kalla,
 ef bindask létk brúðar líni.’

Loki.

10. 'I have had toil and issue also.
Thrym has thy hammer, lord of giants:
never a being back shall win it
till he bring him as bride fair Freyja.'
11. Forthwith went they to find fair Freyja,
and these, first of all his words, spake Thor:
'Bind thee, Freyja, in bridal linen,
we twain must drive into Jötunheim.'
12. Wroth then was Freyja; fiercely she panted;
the halls of Asgarth all trembled under,
burst that mighty necklet of Brisings.
'Know me to be most wanton of women
if I drive with thee into Jötunheim.'
13. Straight were gathered all gods at the doomstead;
goddesses all were in speech together;
and the mighty Powers upon this took counsel,
how the Thunderer's hammer they should win again.
14. Spake then Heimdal, of gods the fairest;—
even as the Wanes could he see far forward—
'Come bind we Thor in bridal linen,
let him wear the mighty Brisinga-men.'
15. Let us cause the keys to jingle under him,
weeds of a woman to dangle round him,
and over his breast lay ample jewels,
and daintily let us hood his head.'
16. Spake the Thunderer of gods the sturdiest:
'Womanish then the Powers will call me
if I let me be bound in bridal linen.'

12.—Necklet of Brisings. *This famous mythological treasure, called Brisinga-men, like many others, was won from the dwarfs; see Introd.*

ÞRYMSKVIÐA.

17. Þá kvað þat Loki, Laufeyjar sunr :
 ‘Þegi þú, Þórr! þeira orða :
 þegar munu jötnar Ásgarþ bua,
 nema þinn hamar þér of heimtir.’
18. Bundu Þór þá brúar líni
 auk enu miklu meni Brísinga.
19. (18) Létu und hánum hrynja lukla
 ok kvennvápir of kné falla,
 en á brjósti breiða steina,
 ok hagliga of höfuð typpu.
20. (19) Þá kvað þat Loki, Laufeyjar sunr :
 ‘Munk auk með þér ambátt vesa,
 vit skulum aka tvær í jötunheima.’
21. (20) Senn váru hafrar heim of vrekni,
 skyndir at sköklum, skyldu vel rinna :
 björg brotnuðu, brann jörð loga,
 ók Óþins sunr í jötunheima.
22. (21) Þa kvað þat Þrymr, þursa dróttinn :
 ‘Standið upp, jötnar! ok straið bekkir :
 nú fœrið mér Freyju at kvæn,
 Njarþar dóttur ór Noatúnnum.
23. (22) Ganga hér at garði gollhyrndar kýr,
 öxn alsvartir, jotni at gamni :
 fjölþ ák meiþma, fjölþ ák menja,
 einnar Freyju ávant þykkjumk.’
24. (23) Vas þar at kveldi of komit snimma
 auk fyr jötna öl fram borit ;
 einn át oxa, átta laxa,
 krásir allar þárs konur skyldu,
 drakk Sifjar verr sáld þriu mjaþar.

17. Spake then Loki, the son of Laufey :
 ‘ Silence, Thor ! with words so witless !
 Soon shall the Jötuns dwell in Asgarth
 unless thou get thee again thy hammer.’
18. Then bound they Thor in bridal linen,
 eke with the mighty Brisinga-men.
19. They caused the keys to jingle under him,
 weeds of a woman to dangle round him,
 and over his breast laid ample jewels
 and daintily they hooded his head.
20. Spake then Loki, the son of Laufey :
 ‘ I will fare with thee as thy serving-maiden :
 we twain will drive into Jötunheim.’
21. Forthwith the goats were homeward driven,
 sped to the traces,— well must they run !
 Rent were the mountains, earth was aflame ;
 fared Odin’s son into Jötunheim.
22. Spake then Thrym, the lord of giants :
 ‘ Stand up, Jötuns ! and strew the benches !
 Now shall ye bring me as bride fair Freyja,
 daughter of Njörd, from Noatun.
23. ‘ Golden-horned kine are found in my dwellings
 and oxen all swarthy, the joy of the giant.
 I own many treasures I rule many riches,
 and Freyja alone to me seems lacking.’
24. Swiftly drew the day to evening,
 borne was the ale cup forth to the Jötuns,
 Thor ate an ox and eight whole salmon,
 with dainties all as should a damsel,
 three full cups of mead he quaffed.

17.—Loki, see *Ls. and Introd.* Laufey, or *Leaf-isle*, Loki’s mother ; also called *Nál*, or *Pine-needle*, by *Snorri*.

25. (24) Þá kvað þat Þrymr, þursa dróttinn :
 ‘Hvar sátst brúþir bíta hvassara ?
 sákak brúþir bíta breiðara,
 né enn meira mjöð mey of drekka.
26. (35) Sat en alsnotra ambátt fyrir,
 es orð of fann við jötuns máli :
 ‘Át vætr Freyja átta náttum,
 svá vas óþfús í jötunheima.’
27. (26) Laut und línu, lysti at kyssa,
 en útan stökk endlangan sal :
 ‘Hví ’ru öndótt augu Freyju ?
 þykkjumk ór augum *eldr* of brinna.’
28. (27) Sat en alsnotra ambátt fyrir,
 es orð of fann við jötuns máli :
 ‘Svað vætr Freyja átta náttum,
 svá vas óþfús í jötunheima.’
29. (28) Inn kwam en arma jötna systir,
 hins brúþfear þíja þorpi :
 ‘Lát þér af höndum hringa rauða,
 ef öþlask vill ástir mínar
 ástir mínar alla hylli.’
30. (29) Þá kvað þat Þrymr, þursa dróttinn :
 ‘Beríð inn hamar brúþi at vígja,
 leggið Mjöllni í meyar kné,
 vígið okkr saman Várar hendi !’
31. (30) Hló Hlórriða hugr í brjósti,
 es harþhugaðr hamar of þekþi ;
 þrym drap fyrstan, þursa dróttinn,
 ok átt jötuns alla lamþi.

25. Spake then Thrym, the lord of giants,
 ‘ Didst ever see damsel eat so bravely ?
 Ne'er have I seen one bite so boldly,
 nor a maiden quaff more cups of mead ! ’
26. All crafty sat by the serving-maiden,
 who answer found to the giant's asking :
 ‘ Nought has Freyja these eight nights eaten,
 so sore her yearning for Jötunheim. ’
27. Stooped then Thrym 'neath the veil, to kiss her,
 back he leapt the hall's whole length :
 ‘ Why are fair Freyja's eyes so fearful ?
 Meseems from those eyes a fire is flaming. ’
28. All crafty sat by the serving-maiden,
 who answer found to the giant's asking :
 ‘ Not a whit has Freyja these eight nights slumbered,
 so sore her yearning for Jötunheim. ’
29. In came the wretched sister of Jötuns
 and dared to beg for a bridal token :
 ‘ Take the red rings from off thy fingers
 if thou wilt win thee mine affection,
 mine affection, all my favour ! ’
30. Spake then Thrym, the lord of giants :
 ‘ Bring in the hammer, the bride to hallow.
 Mjölnir lay on the knee of the maiden !
 Hallow us twain with the hand of the Troth-goddess ! ’
31. Laughed in his breast the heart of the Thunderer ;
 strong was his soul when he spied his hammer.
 He first smote Thrym, the lord of giants,
 and all the Jötun's kindred crushed.

27.—Eyes so fearful. *When Thor was angry he let his bushy brows drop over his eyes "so that you could scarce get a glimpse of them" (Snorri).* 30.—Thor was called on by the old Norse peasants to bless their marriage feasts with his hammer. Troth-goddess, or Var, was the guardian of oaths and plightings.

ÞRYMSKVIÐA.

32. (31) Drap ena öldnu jötna systur
 hinas brúpfear of beþit hafði :
 hón skell of hlaut fyr skillinga,
 en högg hamars fyr hringa fjölp.
- (32) Sva kwam Óþins sunr endr at hamri.
-

32. Smote he the ancient sister of Jötuns,—
her who had begged for a bridal token.
She got but a stroke in the place of shillings;
Mjölnir's mark and never a ring.

And thus Thor won him again his hammer.





SKIRNISMÁL.

Freyr sonr Njarþar hafði einn dag sez í Hlíðskjálf ok sá um heima alla; hann sá í jötunheima ok sá þar mey fagra, þá er hon gekk frá skála föður síns til skemmu. Þar af fekk hann hugsóttir miklar. Skirnir hét skósveinn Freys; Njörþr bað hann kveða Frey máls. Þá mælti Skafi:

1. 'Rís nú, Skirnir! ok gakk at beiða
okkarn mála mög,
ok þess at fregna, hveim enn fróþi sé
ofreiði afi.'

SKIRNISMÁL.

Skirnir kvað :

2. ' Illra orða erumk ón at ykrum syni,
 ef gengk at mæla við mög,
 ok þess at fregna, hveim enn fróþi sé
 ofreiði afi.'

Skirnir kvað :

3. ' Segðu þat, Freyr, folkvaldi goða !
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hví einn sitr endlanga sali,
 minn dróttinn ! of daga ?'

Freyr kvað :

4. ' Hvi of segjak þér, seggr enn ungi !
 mikinn móþrega ?
 þvít alfröþull lýsir of alla daga,
 ok þeygi at mínum munum.'

Skirnir kvað :

5. ' Muni þína hykkak svá mikla vesa,
 at mér, seggr ! né segir ;
 þvít ungir saman várum í árdaga,
 vel mættim tveir truask.'

Freyr kvað :

6. ' Í Gymis görþum ek sá ganga
 mér tíða mey ;
 armar lýstu, en af þaþan
 allt lopt ok lögr.
7. Már's mér tíðari an manni hveim
 ungum í árdaga ;
 ása ok alfa þat vil engi maþr,
 at vit samt sémm.

Skirnir.

2. If I seek for speech with him, your son,
ill words I shall haply win,
if I ask the wise youth to answer me this,
'gainst whom his wrath is aroused.

(Skirnir (to Frey)).

3. Tell me truly, Frey, thou ruler of gods,
what I fain would learn from thy lips :
why sitt'st thou lone in the hall, my lord,
lingering the live-long day ?

Frey.

4. How shall I ever own to thee, youth,
the great heart's burden I bear ?
the Elf-light shines each day the same,
but works not yet my will.

Skirnir.

5. Scarce are the longings of thy love so great
but I trow thou canst tell them to me ;
we were young together in days of yore,
we twain may well trust each other.

Frey.

6. In the courts of Gymir, the frost-giant, saw I
that maiden most dear to me ;
light shone out from her arms and thence
all the air and sea were ashine.
7. She is dearer to me than ever was maiden
to youth in days of yore :
but none among all the gods and elves
hath willed that we twain should wed.

4.—Elf-light, a name for the sun from its power over dwarfs or elves ; see *Alv.*, st. 16.

SKIRNISMÁL.

Skirnir kvað :

8. ‘ Mar gef mér þá, þanns mik of myrkvan beri
 vísan vafrloga,
 ok þat sverþ, es sjalft vegisk
 † við jötna átt.’

Freyr kvað :

9. ‘ Mar þér þann gefk, es þik of myrkvan berri
 vísan vafrloga,
 ok þat sverþ, es sjalft mun vegask,
 ef sá's horskr es hefr.’

Skirnir mælti við hestinn :

10. ‘ Myrkt es úti, mál kveþk okkr fara
 úrig fjöll yfir,
 þursa þjóf yfir;
 báþir vit komumk, eþa okkr báþa tekr
 enn ámátki jötunn.’

Skirnir reið í jötunheima til Gymis garða. Þar váru hundar ólmir ok bundnir fyr skíþsgarðs hliði þess er um sal Gerðar var. Hann reið at þar er féhirþir sat á haugi ok kvaddi hann :

11. ‘ Seg þat, hirþir ! es þu á haugi sitr
 ok varðar alla vega :
 hve at andspilli komumk ens unga mans
 fyr greyjum Gymis ?’

Hirþir kvað :

12. ‘ Hvárt est feigr eþa estu framgenginn,
 ?
 andspillis vanr þú skalt æ vesa
 góþrar meyjar Gymis.’

Skirnir.

8. Give me steed to bear me safe through the dim
 enchanted flickering flame,
 and the sword which wages war of itself
 'gainst the fearful Jötun folk.

Frey.

9. Here is steed to bear thee safe through the dim
 enchanted flickering flame,
 and the sword which wages war of itself,
 if he who bears it be bold.

Skirnir (speaking to the horse).

10. Dark 'tis without! 'tis time, I ween,
 to fare o'er the dewy fells:
 'mid the throng of giants we shall both win through,
 or the awful Jötun have both.

Then Skirnir rode into Jötunheim to the dwellings of Gymir, where fierce dogs were chained up before the gate of the enclosure which surrounded Gerd's hall. He rode up to a herdsman who was sitting on a mound, and said:—

11. Speak, thou herdsman, who sitt'st on a mound
 and watchest every way!
 How, for Gymir's hounds, shall I e'er hold speech
 with that Jötun's youthful maid?

Herdsman.

12. Either doomed art thou, or one of the dead
 going forth to the halls of Hel!
 never a word shalt thou win, I ween,
 with Gymir's goodly maid.

8, 9.—The sword, *see* *Ls.*, *st.* 42; *Vsp.*, *st.* 53. 12.—Going forth to the halls of Hel, *see* *Introd. to Bdr.*

SKIRNISMÁL.

Skirnir kvað :

13. 'Kostir'u betri heldr an at klökkva sé
hveims fúss es fara ;
einu dógri vörumk aldr of skapaþr
ok allt líf of lagit.'

Gerþr kvað :

14. 'Hvat's þat hlymja es ek hlymja heyri til
ossum rönnum í ?
jörþ bifask, en allir fyrir
skjalfa garþar Gymis.'

Ambótt kvað :

15. 'Maþr's hér úti, stiginn af mars baki,
jó lætr til jarþar taka.'

Gerþr kvað :

16. 'Inn biþ hann ganga í okkarn sal
ok drekka enn méra mjöþ ;
þo ek hitt oumk, at hér úti sé
minn bróþurbani.'

Gerþr kvað :

17. 'Hvat's þat alfa né ása suna
né víssa vana ?
hvi einn of kvamt eikinn fúr yfir
ór salkynni at sea ?'

Skirnir kvað :

18. 'Emkak alfa né ása suna
né víssa vana :
þó einn of kvamk eikinn fúr yfir
yþur salkynni at sea.

Skirnir.

13. A wiser choice than to whine makes he
 who is ready to run his race :
 my time was set to a certain day
 and my length of life decreed.

Gerd (within the hall).

14. What is the clanking and clashing of sounds
 which echoing I hear in our halls ?
 Trembles the earth and before it all
 the courts of Gymir are shook.

A Serving-maid.

15. See ! A man without ! He is sprung from his steed,
 which he now lets graze on the grass.

Gerd.

16. Bid him come in ; let him enter our halls,
 let him quaff the glorious mead !
 Yet I fear me much lest that man without
 the slayer of my brother should be.

Gerd to Skirnir (who has entered).

17. Who comes, nor of elves' nor of gods' race seeming,
 nor yet of the all-wise Wanes ?
 why hast fared alone through the raging fire
 to visit the folk in our halls ?

Skirnir.

18. I come, nor of elves' nor of gods' race am I,
 nor yet of the all-wise Wanes ;
 yet have I fared through the raging fire
 to visit the folk in your halls.

16.—Slayer of my brother. *Frey slew the giant Beli, who was perhaps Gerd's brother ; but, according to Snorri, this was after the loss of his sword, for he used a stag's horn ; see Vsp., st. 53.*

SKIRNISMÁL.

19. Epli ellifu hér hefk algollin,
þau munk þér, Gerþr ! gefa,
frið at kaupa, at þú þér Frey kveþir
óleiðastan lifa.'

Gerþr kvað :

20. 'Epli ellifu ek þigg aldrigi
at manzkis munum ;
né vit Freyr, meðan okkart fjör lifir,
byggum bæði saman.'

Skirnir kvað :

21. 'Baug þér þá gefk þanns brendr vas
með ungum Óþins syni ;
átta 'ru jafnhöfgir es af drjúpa
ena niundu hverju nótt.

Gerþr kvað :

22. 'Baug ek þikkak, þót brendr sé
með ungum Óþins syni ;
í görðum Gymis era mér golls vant,
at deila fé föður.'

Skirnir kvað :

23. 'Sér þú þenna máki, mér ! mjóvan, málfán,
es hefk í hendi hér ?
haufuð höggva munk þér halsi af,
nema mér sætt segir.'

Gerþr kvað :

24. 'Ánauð þola viljak aldrigi
at manzkis munum ;
þó hins getk, ef it Gymir finnisk,
[vigs ótrauðir] at ykkv vega tíði.'

19. Eleven apples all golden have I;
 these will I give thee, Gerd,
 to win thy heart that from henceforth Frey
 be deemed thy dearest in life.

Gerd.

20. Not e'er will I take those eleven apples
 at the will of any wight,
 nor will we twain live, Frey and I,
 together while life shall last.

Skirnir.

21. Then a ring I offer thee, once 'twas burned
 with Odin's youthful son;
 it lets fall ever eight golden rings
 of a like weight each ninth night.

Gerd.

22. No ring do I want, though once 'twere burned
 with Odin's youthful son.
 Gold is not lacking in Gymir's courts,
 nor my father's riches to rule.

Skirnir.

23. See'st thou this sword, maiden, slender, rune-graven,
 which here I hold in my hand?
 Thy head will I hew from off thy neck,
 if thou speak not soon thy consent.

Gerd.

24. It shall ne'er befall me to suffer force
 to the will of any wight.
 I ween if thou meet'st with Gymir in war
 that fiercely ye twain will fight.

19.—Apples all golden. *These were the property of Idun; see Introd. Ls.* 21.—
 A ring, *Draupnir, the dropper, which was forged for Odin by the dwarfs, and burned*
with Baldr; see Introd., Bdr., and st. 10.

SKIRNISMÁL.

Skirnir kvað :

25. 'Sér þú þenna mæki, mær ! mjóvan, málfán,
es hefk í hendi hér ?
fyr þessum eggjum hnígr sa enn aldni jötunn,
verþr þinn feigr faþir.
26. Tamsvendi þik drepk, en ek þik temja mun,
mær ! at mínum munum ;
þar skalt ganga, es þik gumna synir
síþan áva sea.
27. Ara þúfu á skaltu ár sitja,
horfa [heimi ór, snugga] heljar til ;
matr sé þer leiþari an manna hveim
enn fráni ormr með firum.
28. At undrsjónum verþir, es þú út kömr,
á þik Hrimnir hari,
á þik hotvetna stari ;
viþkunnari verþir an vörþr með goþum ;
gapi þú grindum frá.
29. (30) Tramar gneypa þik skulu görstan dag
jötna görþum í ;
til hrímþursa hallar þú skalt hverjan dag
kranga kostalaus,
kranga kostavön.
grát at gamni skaltu í gögn hafa,
ok leiþa með tárur trega.
30. (31) Með þursi þríhöfþuþum þú skalt á nara
eþa verlauss vesa ;
þitt geþ grípi, þik morn morni !
ves sem þistill sás þrunginn vas
í önn ofanverþa.

29.—The strophe arrangement of R A is marked in brackets.
Hl. ; þik, B. G. H. S.

30.—þitt, R, Dt.

Skirnir.

25. See'st thou this sword, maiden, slender, rune-graven,
 which here I hold in my hand?
 Before its keen edge shall fall that old Giant,—
 thy father is doomed to death.
26. With a taming wand I will touch thee, maid!
 and win thee soon to my will.
 I will send thee far off where thou shalt be seen
 never more by the sons of men.
27. On an eagle's mound shalt thou sit from morn,
 gazing out of the world toward Hel:
 thy food shall seem loathlier than bright-hued serpent
 seemed ever to man among men.
28. Sight of wonder when thou walkest, [on thee,
 all beings shall stare
 and the Frost Giant fix thee with his eye!
 Known wider than Heimdal the Watchman of gods,
 thou shalt gape through the gates of Hel.
29. Trolls shall torment thee from morn till eve
 in the realms of the Jötun race,
 each day to the dwellings of Frost giants must thou
 creep helpless, creep hopeless of love;
 thou shalt weeping have in the stead of joy,
 and sore burden bear with tears.
30. With a three-headed giant must thou abide
 or lack ever husband in life.
 Care shall lay hold on thy heart and mind,
 thou shalt waste with mourning away,
 as a thistle shalt be which hath thrust itself up
 in the latter season full late.

27.—An eagle, Corpse-swallower, *who sits at the end of heaven*; *Vm.*, st. 37.
 30.—The latter season, *so Dt. Hl.* Others, a loft, under the roof.

31. (35) Hrímgrimnir heitir þurs es þik hafa skal
 fyr nágrindr neþan :
 þar þér vílmegir á víðar rótum
 geita hland gefi :
- (36) óþri drykkju fá þú aldri,
 mær ! af þínum munum,
 mær ! at mínum munum !
32. (29) Tópi ok ópi, tjösull ok óþoli
 vaxi þér tár með trega ;
 sezktu niðr, mun ek ségja þér
 sváran súsbreka
 ok tvinnan trega.
33. Vreiðr's þér Óþinn vreiðr's þér ása bragr,
 þik skal Freyr fiask,
 en firinilla mæð ! es þú fengit hefr
 gambanvreiði goða.
34. Heyri hrímþursar, heyri jötnar,
 Suttunga synir,
 sjalfir áslíðar :
 hvé fyrbýðk, hvé fyrbannak
 manna glaum mani,
 manna nyt mani.
35. (32) Til holts ek gekk ok til hrás víðar,
 gambantein at geta :

 gambantein ek gat.

31. The Frost-hooded giant shall hold thee fast
 beneath the doors of the dead ;
 at the tree's roots there shall wretched thralls
 give thee foul water of goats ;
 and other draught shalt thou never drink,
 at thy wish, maiden, with my will, maid.
32. Sit thee down ! I will further woes two-fold bespeak thee,
 a whelming wave of care.
 May madness and shrieking, bondage and yearning,
 burden thee, with trouble and tears.
33. Wroth is Odin ! Wroth is the Thunderer !
 Frey too shall hate thee, I trow :
 thou evil maiden, well hast thou earned
 the awful anger of the gods !
34. Hear now, Jötuns, Frost-giants hear me,
 Suttung's sons 'neath the earth,
 ye god-folk, too ! how I ban and forbid
 man's love to the maiden, man's joy to the maid.
35. I went to the forest to find and fetch
 a magic wand of might ;
 to a green-wood tree, and I got me there
 this mighty magic wand.

31.—At the tree's roots. Presumably *Yggdrasil's* root stretching over *Jötunheim* ;
 (*Nd. D. Alt. xxx.*). 33.—Thunderer. *Thor* is here called prince of gods. These
 three—*Odin, Thor, and Frey*—are usually ranked together, and appear as the chief gods
 in temple worship. 34.—Sutting, a giant of the underworld ; see *Háv.*, st. 102.
 35.—A green-wood tree, see *Háv.*, st. 150.

36. (36) Þurs rístk þér ok þria stafi :
 ergi ok céþi ok óþola ;
 svá ek þat af ríst, sem ek þat á reist,
 ef görvask þarfar þess.'

Gerþr kvað :

37. 'Heill ves heldr, sveinn ! ok tak við hrímkalki
 fullum forns mjaþar :
 þó hafþak áttlat, at myndak aldri
 unna vaningja vel.'

Skirnir kvað :

38. 'Eyrindi mín viljak öll vita,
 áþr ríþak heim heþan :
 nær þu at þingi munt enum þroska
 nenna Njarþar syni.'

Gerþr kvað :

39. 'Barri heitir, es vit báþi vitum,
 lundr lognfara :
 en ept nátr niu þar mun Njarþar syni
 Gerþr unna gamans.'

Þá reiþ Skirnir heim. Freyr stóþ úti ok kvaddi hann ok spurði
 tíþinda :

40. 'Seg mer þat, Skirnir ! áþr verpir söþli af mar
 ok stígir feti framarr :
 hvat þu árnaþir í jötunheima
 þíns eþa míns munar ?'

36. I have cut thee a giant, and carved thee three staves,
 lust and raving and rage.
 Even as I cut them on so can I cut them off,
 if haply I have the will.

(Gerd offers him a foaming cup.)

37. Be gracious rather, youth! Take now this rimy cup
 filled with famous old mead.
 Little I thought that ever in life
 I should love a Waneling well.

Skirnir.

38. All my errand will I know to the end
 before I ride homeward hence.
 When wilt thou, maiden, meet at the trysting
 the stalwart son of Njörd?

Gerd.

39. Pine-needle is the wood of peaceful faring,
 we twain know well the way:
 there shall Gerd bestow on the son of Njörd
 her heart's love nine nights hence.

Then Skirnir rode home. Frey was standing without, and he greeted him and asked for tidings.

Frey.

40. Speak, Skirnir! Cast not saddle from the steed,
 and stir not one step hence:
 what hast thou won of thy will and mine
 in the realms of the Jötun race?

36.—Giant: *Icelandic þurs*. The name of some object was given to each runic letter, and here the symbol þ would represent þurs. 37.—Waneling. Frey's father Njörd was a Wane; see *Ls.*, st. 35; *Vm.*, st. 39.

SKIRNISMÁL.

Skirnir kvað :

41. 'Barri heitir, es vit báðir vitum,
 lundr lognfara :
en ept nátr niu þar mun Njarþar syni
 Gerþr unna gamans.'

Freyr kvað :

42. 'Löng es nótt, langar'u tvær,
 hvé of þreyjak þriar ?
opt mér mánuþr minni þótti
 an sjá hölf hynótt.'
-

Skirnir.

41. Pine-needle is the wood of peaceful faring,
we twain know well the way:
there shall Gerd bestow on the son of Njörd
her heart's love nine nights hence.

Frey.

42. Long is one night,— long are two nights—
how shall I live through three!
Shorter a month has seemed to me oft
than waiting this half night here.
-



GRÓUGALDR.

Svipdagr kvað :

1. 'Vaki þú, Groa ! vaki þú, góð kona !
vekk þik dauðra dæra :
ef þat mant, at þinn mög bæþir
til kumbldysjar koma.'

Gróa kvað :

2. 'Hvat's nú ant mínum einga syni,
hverju 'st bölvi borinn :
es þú móður kallar es til moldar es komin
ok ór ljóþheimum líþin ?'

Grógaldr.—In paper MSS. of the seventeenth century.



DAY-SPRING AND MENGLOD.

PART I.—THE SPELL-SONGS OF GROA.

Son.

1. Wake thou, Groa, wake, sweet woman,
 at the doors of the dead, awake !
Thy child, thou bad'st me, —dost thou not mind thee?—
 come to the cairn of thy grave.

Groa.

2. What sorrow grieves thee, mine only son,
 with what burden art overborne,
that thou callest thy mother who is turned to dust
 and gone from the folk-world forth ?

GRÓUGALDR.

Svipdagr kvað :

3. 'Ljótu leikborði skaut fyr mik en lævís kona
sús faðmari minn föður :
þar bað mik koma, es kvæmtki veit,
móti Menglöðu.'

Gróa kvað :

4. 'Löng es för, langir'u farvegar,
langir'u manna munir ;
ef þat verþr, at þu þinn vilja bíþr,
ok skeikar þó Skuldar at sköpum.'

Svipdagr kvað :

5. 'Galdra mer gal þás góþir'u,
bjarg þú, móþir ! megi :
á vegum allr hykk at ek verþa muna,
þykkjumk til ungr afi.'

Gróa kvað :

6. 'Þann gelk þér fyrstan, þann kveþa fjölnýtan,
þann gól Rindr Rani :
at of öxl skjótir þvís þér atalt þykkir ;
sjalfr leiþ sjalfan þik !
7. Þann gelk þér annan, ef þú árna skalt
viljalauss á vegum :
Urþar lokur haldi þér öllum megum,
es þu á smán sér !
8. Þann gelk þer enn þriþja, ef þér þjóþaar
falla at fjörlotum :
til heljar heþan snuisk Horn ok Ruþr,
en þverri á fyr þér.

3.—Kvæmtki, *B. G. S. Gv. J.* ; kveþki, **MSS.** 4.—Menglöðu, a proper name *G. B. Gv. S. C.* ; menglöðu(m), **MSS.**, *K. R. M. Hl. J.* 7.—Á smán, **MSS.**, *Dt. and Hl.* ; á sinnum, *Gv. G. S.* 8.—Fjörlotum, **MSS.**, *Hl. J.*, *life-spring—from fjör, life, and lota, energy* ; Fjör-lokum, *B. Gv. S. G.*

Son.

3. A fearful task hath that false woman set me,
 who fondly my father hath clasped :
 she hath sent me where none may go, to seek
 the gay-necklaced maiden Menglöd.

Groa.

4. Long is the faring, long are the pathways,
 long are the loves of men :
 well it may be that thou gain thy will,
 but the end must follow fate.

Son.

5. Sing me spell-songs, sweet and strong ones !
 Mother, shield me thy child !
 Dead on the way I ween I shall be,
 for I feel me too young in years.

Groa.

6. I sing thee the first —well it serves, they say—
 which Rindr sang to Ran :
 be thy burden too heavy, may it fall from thy back
 and may self lead self at will.
7. I sing thee the second : if haply thou strayest
 joyless on journeys far,
 may the web of Weird be around thy way
 and save thee from shameful plight.
8. I sing thee the third : if mighty streams
 with their waters o'erwhelm thy life,
 may those floods of Hel flow back, and dry
 be the paths before thy feet.

6.—Rindr, another name for Odin as husband of the giantess Rind (*Bdr.*, st. 11), who is here called Ran. Odin long wooed her in vain, and won her at last by enchantments (*Saxo Grammaticus*); cf. the same use of the masculine and feminine forms in *Fjorgynna* and *Fjorgyn*; see *Ls.*, st. 26. 7.—Weird or *Urd*, the goddess of fate; see *Vsp.*, 20. 8.—Floods of Hel, here called Horn and Rud, not mentioned in the list of the rivers which flow from Roaring-kettle; see *Grm.*, st. 28, 29.

9. Þann gelk þer enn fjórða, ef þik fiandr standa
görvir á galgvegi :
hugr þeim hverfi til handa þér
ok snuisk til sátta sefi.
10. Þann gelk þer enn fimta, ef þér fjöturr verþr
borinn at boglimum :
leysigaldr lætk þer fyr legg of kveþinn,
ok stökkr þá láss af limum,
en af fótum fjöturr.
11. Þann gelk þer enn sétta, ef á sjó kömr
meira an menn viti :
lopt ok lögr gangi þer í lúþr saman
ok lé þer æ friþrjúgrar farar.
12. Þann gelk þer enn sjaunda, ef þik sóekja kömr
frost á fjalli há :
hrævakulþi megit þínu holdi fara,
ok haldi þér lík at liþum.
13. Þann gelk þer enn átta, ef þik úti nemr
nótt á niþlvegi :
at því firr megi þér til meins görva
kristin dauþ kona.
14. Þann gelk þer enn niunda, ef við enn naddgöfga
orþum skiptir jötun :
máls ok mannvits sé þer á *munn ok hjarta*
gnóga of gefit.
15. Far þú nu áva þas forað þikkir
ok standit þer mein fyr munum !
* * * * *
á jarþföstum steini stóþk innan dura,
meþan þér galdra gölk.

10.—Leysigaldr, *B. Gv. S. G. J.*; leifnis elda, **MSS.** 11.—Lopt, *Gv. S. G.*; lofn, **MSS.** 14.—Munn ok, *B. Gv. S. G. C.*; minnis, **MSS.**

9. I sing thee the fourth : if foes should lurk
in ambush, armed for thy death,
be their hearts forthwith toward thee turned
and their minds be moved to peace.
10. I sing thee the fifth : if men make fast
a charm on the joints of thy limbs,
that loosening spell which I sing o'er thy legs
shall break fetters from hands and feet.
11. I sing thee the sixth : if thou fare o'er seas
mightier than men do know,
may wind and wave for thee work thy boat,
and make peaceful thy path o'er the deep.
12. I sing thee the seventh : if thou art assailed
by frost on the rimy fell,
may thy flesh not die in the deadly cold ;
be thou sound in life and limb.
13. I sing thee the eighth : if night o'ertake thee,
wandering on the misty way,
none the more may ghosts of Christian women
have power to work thy woe.
14. I sing thee the ninth : when thou needs must stand
in speech with that spear-famed giant,
may words and wisdom to lips and heart
in abundance be bestowed.
15. May thou ne'er be led, where danger lurks,
may harm not hinder thy will !
* * * * *
At the doors I stood, on an earth-bound stone,
while I sang these songs to thee.

13.—Ghosts of Christian women. *This line must have been written in heathen days, when Christianity was regarded as a mysterious power of evil.* 14.—That spear-famed giant *must be* Much-wise, the warder of Menglod's halls.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

16. Mópur orþ berðu, mögr! heþan
ok lát þer í brjósti bua!
iþgnóga heill skalt of aldr hafa,
meþan mín orþ of mant.'

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL

1. Útan garþa hann sá upp of koma
þursa þjóþar sjöt.

Svipdagr kvaþ :

- (2) 'Hvat's þat flagþa, es stendr fyr forgörþum
ok hvarflar umb háttan loga?'

Fjölsviþr kvaþ :

2. (1) 'Hvers þú leitar eþa hvers á leitum est,
eþa hvat vilt, vinlauss! vita?
úrgar brautir árnaþu aþtr heþan!
áttat hér, verndarvanr! veru.'

Svipdagr kvaþ :

3. 'Hvat's þat flagþa, es stendr fyr forgarþi
ok býþrat liþöndum löþ?
Sóemþarorþa lauss hefr þú, seggr! of lifat,
ok haltu heim heþan!'

Fjölsviþr kvaþ :

4. 'Fjölsviþr ek heiti, en ek á fróþan sefa,
þeygi emk míns mildr matar:
innan garþa þú kömr aldrigi,
ok dríf þu nú vargr at vegi!'

16. Child, bear with thee a mother's words,
 let them abide in thy breast!
 Wealth enough in life thou shalt win
 if thou keepst my counsel in mind.

PART II.—THE SAYINGS OF MUCH-WISE.

1. Stood Day-spring without the walls, and saw
 loom high the Jötuns' home.

Day-spring.

What monster is that who guards the threshold,
 and prowls round the perilous flames?

Much-wise.

2. Whom dost thou seek? Of whom art in search?
 What, friendless wight, wouldst thou learn?
 Back wander hence on thy dewy way;
 not here is thy haven, lone one!

Day-spring.

3. What monster is that who guards the threshold
 and bids not welcome to wanderers?
 Lacking all seemly speech wert thou born;
 hence, speaker, hie thee home!

Much-wise.

4. Much-wise I am called, for I am wise in mind,
 though none too free with my food.
 Here in the courts shalt thou never come;
 get thee hence like a wolf on thy way!

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Svipdagr kvað :

5. 'Augna gamans fýsir aptr at fá,
 hvars getr svást at sea :
 garðar gloa þykkjumk of gollna sali,
 hér mundak öpli una.'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

6. 'Seg mér, hverjum estu, sveinn ! of borinn
 eða hverra'st manna mögr ?'

Svipdagr kvað :

'Vindkaldr heitik, Várkaldr hét minn faðir,
 þess vas Fjölkaldr faðir.

7. Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hverr hér ráðr —ok ríki hefr—
 eign ok auðsölum ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

8. 'Menglöp of heitir, en hana móðir of gat
 við Svafnþorins syni :
 hón hér ráðr —ok ríki hefr—
 eign ok auðsölum.'

Svipdagr kvað :

9. 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvat sú grind heitir, es með goðum söut
 menn at meira forað ?'

5.—Aptr at fá, *Hl. and F. adopt this conjecture on the margin of the MSS.* Aptr fán, *MSS., B. S. L. Gv.* 8.—Svafnþorins, *S. Svafnþorins, Dt. and Hl.*

Day-spring.

5. Longs the lover again for the light of his eyes,
with his sweet-heart back in sight :
glowing are the walls of that golden hall ;
I would fain make here my home.

Much-wise.

6. Tell me, bold youth, from whom thou art sprung,
son of what being wert born ?

Day-spring.

They call me Wind-cold, the son of Spring-cold,
whose father was Fierce-cold named.

7. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips :
who here doth rule and hold in power
the wealth and wondrous halls ?

Much-wise.

8. There is one called Menglod, who of her mother
was born to Sleep-thorn's son :
'tis she doth rule and hold in power
the wealth and wondrous halls.

Day-spring.

9. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips :
what is that gate called ? Ne'er among gods
was more fearful barrier found.

5.—This strophe, like 49, suggests that *Svipdagr* and *Menglod* have met before.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Fjölsviðr kvað :

10. ‘Þrymgjöll hón heitir, en hana þrír görðu
Sólblinda synir ;
fjöturr fastr verðr við faranda hverjan,
es hana hefr frá hliði.’

Svipdagr kvað :

11. ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
auk ek vilja vita :
hvat sá garðr heitir, es með goðum söut
menn et meira forað ?’

Fjölsviðr kvað :

12. ‘Gaststropnir heitir, en ek hann görvan hefk
ór Leirbrimis limum ;
svá hefk studdan, at hann standa mun
á meðan öld lifir.’

Svipdagr kvað :

13. (19) ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
auk ek vilja vita :
hvat þat barr heitir, es breiðask of
lönd öll limar ?’

Fjölsviðr kvað :

14. (20) ‘Mimameiðr hann heitir, en þat mangi veit,
hvers hann af rótum rinnr ;
við þat hann fellr, es fæstan varir :
flærat hann eldr né jarn.’

12.—Gast-stropnir, *Dt. and Hl.*; Gat-stropnir, *B. Gv. F.*; Gastropnir, most **MSS.** 13-18.—*The transposition of these strophes, suggested by Müller, adopted by S. G., gives more sequence to S.'s questions.*

Much-wise.

10. Sounding-clanger the gate is called,
wrought by three sons of Solblind.
Fast is the chain to each wanderer who seeks
to lift that door from the latch.

Day-spring.

11. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips :
what is that wall named ? Ne'er among gods
was more fearful barrier found.

Much-wise.

12. Guest-crusher 'tis called ; from the Clay-giant's limbs
I built that barrier myself :
so fast have I set it that firm 'twill stand,
for ever while life shall last.

Day-spring.

13. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips :
what is that tree, which far and wide,
spreads limbs over every land ?

Much-wise.

14. 'Tis the tree of Mimir, but no man knows
by what roots it rises to heaven :
'twill fall at last by what least one weens,
for nor fire nor weapons will wound it.

10.—Solblind or Sun-blinded must be a dwarf name for one who, like All-wise (st. 35), fears the light, and whose children are forgers like Brokk and Sindri ; see *Vsp.* 37, *Grm. st.* 43, and *Introd.* 12.—The Clay-giant or Leirbrimir. From the giant Ymir or Brimir (*Vm.*, st. 21) was made the whole framework of earth, and the expression is only a poetical term for the solid ground. 14.—The tree of Mimir, Yggdrasil ; see *Vsp.* 19, 29 ; *Vm.* 45. Mimir's well, like that of Weird, was situated beneath it, and here, in Giant-home, the tree would be called his.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Svipdagr kvað :

15. (21) ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvat af moði verðr þess ens mára viðar,
 es hann flárat eldr né jarn ?’

Fjölsviðr kvað :

16. (22) ‘Út af hans aldni skal á eld bera
 fyr killisjúkar konur :
 útar hverfa þess þeirs innar skyldu,
 sás hann með mönnum mjötuðr.’

Svipdagr kvað :

17. (23) ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvat sá hani heitir, es sitr í enum háva viði,
 allr við goll gloir ?’

Fjölsviðr kvað :

18. (24) ‘Viðofnir heitir, en hann stendr veðrglasi
 á meiðs kvistum Mima :
 einum ekki þryngr hann örófsaman
Surt ok Sinmöru.’

Svipdagr kvað :

19. (13) ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvat þeir garmar heita, es gífrir rata
 görðum fyr’

16.—G., þess þeirs innar skyli, S.; þaz þær innar skyli, Dt. and Hl. Mjötuðr, Dt. and Hl. suggest mjötviðr; see Vsp., 2. 18.—Surt ok, G. S. Gv.; surtar, B.; surtar, MSS. Sinmöru, G. B. Gv. S. J.; sinmantu, MSS. 19, lines 3 and 4.—These lines are corrupt, and the exact wording has not been determined.

Day-spring.

15. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
what befalls the fruit of that famous tree
which nor fire nor weapons will wound?

Much-wise.

16. The fruit thereof must be laid on the fire
for the weal of travailing women;
they shall then come out who had been within.
To mankind 'tis the giver of life.

Day-spring.

17. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
what cock sits perched in yon lofty tree,
who is glistening all with gold?

Much-wise.

18. Wood-snake he is called, who storm-bright sits
in the boughs of Mimir's Tree:
with one long dread he galls beyond measure
giant and giant-wife.

Day-spring.

19. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
what fierce hounds watch in front of the courts
ravening and roaming around?

16.—Giver of life, or, according to another reading, the Fate-tree, as in *Vsp.*, st. 2.
17.—Wood-snake, a poetical name for bird. This cock may be Golden Comb, who wakes the gods at the coming of the giants (*Vsp.*, st. 43), and is hence the dread of giant and giant-wife, or, more probably, Fjalar (*Vsp.*, st. 42), who sits "in the roosting tree," and sounds the first note of doom. The names of Surt and Sinmara, found in the text, are used in a general sense.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Fjölsviðr kvað :

20. (14) 'Gífr heitir annarr, en Geri annarr,
 ef þú vill þat vita :
verþir'u öflugir, er þeir varða,
 unz rjúfask regin.'

Svipdagr kvað :

21. (15) 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvárt sé manna nekkvat þats megi inn koma,
 meðan sókndjarfir sofa ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

22. (16) 'Missvefni mikit vas þeim mjök of lagit,
 síþans þeim vas varzla vituð :
 annarr of nátr sefr, en annarr of daga,
 ok kömsk þá vátr, ef kvam.'

Svipdagr kvað :

23. (17) 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvárt sé matar nekkvat þats menn hafi,
 ok hlaupi inn, meðan eta ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

24. (18) 'Véngbráþir tvær liggja í Viþofnis liþum,
 ef þú vill þat vita :
 þat eitt's svá matar, at þeim menn of gefi,
 ok hlaupi inn, meðan eta.'

Svipdagr kvað :

25. 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvárt sé vápna nekkvat, þats knegi Viþofnir fyrir
 hníga á Heljar sjöt ?'

Much-wise.

20. One is called Greed, the other Glutton,
if haply thou wouldst hear :
mighty warders they are who watch
for aye till the Powers perish.

Day-spring.

21. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips :
is there never a being may pass within
while the fierce hounds are held in sleep ?

Much-wise.

22. Division of sleep was ever their lot
since 'twas given them to guard :
sleeps one by night, and the other by day,
and none who comes may win through.

Day-spring.

23. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips :
is there no food which man can find them
and dart through the doors while they feast ?

Much-wise.

24. There lie two wings in the Wood-snake's sides,
if haply thou wouldst hear :
this alone is that food which if man can find,
he shall dart through the doors while they feast.

Day-spring.

25. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips :
is there no weapon to strike the Wood-snake
down to the halls of Hel ?

20.—Mighty warders, *or, if another reading is taken*, eleven warders there are who watch, *named perhaps in st. 31.*

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Fjölsviðr kvað :

26. 'Lávateinn heitir, es görði Loptr rúinn
fyr nágrindr neþan ;
í Sággjarns kerri liggir hjá Sinmöru,
ok halda njarþlásar niu.'

Svipdagr kvað :

27. 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
auk ek vilja vita :
hvárt aptr kömr sás eptir ferr
ok vill þann tein taka ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

28. 'Aptr mun koma sás eptir ferr
ok vill þann tein taka,
ef þat fóerir, sem fair eigu,
eiri augglasis.'

Svipdagr kvað :

29. 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
auk ek vilja vita :
hvárt sé máta nekkvat, þatð menn hafi,
ok verðr því en fölva gýgr fegin ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

30. 'Ljósan lea skaltu í lúþr bera
þanns liggir í Viþofnis vólum,
Sinmöru at selja, áþr hón söm telisk
vápn til vígs at lea.'

26.—Sággjarns, R. M. ; sæggjarns or segiarns. MSS. ; seig-jarn, B.

Much-wise.

26. 'Tis the Wounding Wand which Loki plucked
 beneath the doors of the dead :
 Sinmara keeps it with nine fast locks,
 shut in Sea-lover's chest.

Day-spring.

27. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
 and fain would learn from thy lips :
 comes he ever again, who goes to seek,
 and craves to win that wand ?

Much-wise.

28. He shall come again who goes to seek
 and craves to win that wand ;
 if he brings the treasure which none doth own,
 the gold-bright goddess to please.

Day-spring.

29. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
 and fain would learn from thy lips :
 is there no treasure which man can take
 to rejoice that pale-hued giantess ?

Much-wise.

30. In its quill must thou bear the bright sickled plume,
 which was taken from Wood-snake's tail,
 and give to Sinmara ere she will grant thee
 that weapon of war to use.

26.—The Wounding Wand must be the mistletoe with which Baldr was slain. Snorri tells us that it grew to the west of Vallhöll; see *Bdr.*, st. 9. Sinmara: This giantess is only mentioned in st. 18, where she is coupled with Surt, as though his wife.
 28.—Gold-bright goddess. A poetical term for woman. 30.—Quill, a suggestion for *lutr*, which means case or box; but whose significance is here doubtful.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Svipdagr kvað ;

31. 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvat sá salr heitir es slunginn es
 vísun vafroga ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

32. 'Hyrr hann heitir, en hann lengi mun
 á brodds oddi bifask ;
 auþranns þess munu of aldr hafa
 frétt eina firar.'

Svipdagr kvað :

33. 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hverr þat görði, es fyr garð sák
 innan ásmaga ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

34. 'Uni ok Iri, Bari ok Ori,
 Varr ok Vegdrasill,
 Dori ok Uri, Dellingr, Atvarðr,
 Lípskjalf, Loki.'

Svipdagr kvað :

35. 'Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvat þat bjarg heitir, es ek sé brúði á
 þjóðmæra þruma ?'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

36. 'Lyfjaberg heitir, en þat hefr lengi verit
 sjúkum ok sárum gaman :
 heil verðr hver, þót hafi þ árs sótt,
 ef þat klífr, kona.'

32.—Hyrr, **MSS.**, *K. M. Dt. and Hl. B.* ; Lýr, *Gv. S. G.* 34.—Atvarðr. at
 varðar, ok varðar, **MSS.** Lípskjalf, *Hl. M. B. C.*

Day-spring.

31. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
what hall is yonder, all girt around
by enchanted flickering flames?

Much-wise.

32. Ember 'tis called and long must it quiver
as though on the spear's point set;
far tidings only, throughout all time,
man hears of this wondrous hall.

Day-spring.

33. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
what beings, born of the gods have built
what I saw inside the court?

Much-wise.

34. Uni and Iri, Bari and Ori,
Var and Vegdrasil,
Dori and Uri, Delling, Atvard,
Lidskjalf and Loki were these.

Day-spring.

35. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
what hill is that on whose height I see
yon wondrous Woman resting?

Much-wise.

36. 'Tis the Hill of Healing; long hath it held,
for the sick and sorrowful, joy:
each woman is healed who climbs its height,
even of year-long ills.

35.—Dori, Ori, and Delling are dwarfs (see *V'sp.*, st. 15; *Vm.*, st. 25); Loki, the god. The others are unknown; their names do not seem to indicate their powers like those of st. 38.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Svipdagr kvað :

37. ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvat þær meylar heita, es fyr Menglaðar knëum
 sitja sáttar saman ?’

Fjölsviðr kvað :

38. ‘Hlíf heitir ein, önnur Hlífþrasa,
 þriðja Þjóðvara,
 Björt ok Blíð, Blíðr ok Fríð,
 Eir ok Aurboða.’

Svipdagr kvað :

39. ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvárt þær bjarga þeims blóta þær,
 ef görvask þarfar þess ?’

Fjölsviðr kvað :

40. ‘*Bjarga svinnar* hvars menn blóta þær
 á stallhelgum stað :
 ey svá hátt forað kömr at hölða sunum,
 hverjan ór nauðum nema.’

Svipdagr kvað :

41. ‘Seg mér þat, Fjölsviðr ! es ek þik fregna mun
 auk ek vilja vita :
 hvárt sé manna nekkvat, þats knegi á Menglaðar
 svásu armí sofa ?’

Fjölsviðr kvað :

42. ‘Vætr’s þat manna, es knegi á Menglaðar
 svásu armí sofa,
 nema Svipdagr einn, hánu vas en sólbjarta
 brúðr at kván of gefin.’

Day-spring.

37. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
who are the maidens, at Menglod's knees
all gathered in peace together?

Much-wise.

38. They are spirits, Sheltering, Shielding giants,
Guarding warriors in war,
Bright and Tender, Blithe and Peaceful,
Gentle, Generous maids.

Day-spring.

39. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
will they shelter all who make offering to them,
if need thereof arise?

Much-wise.

40. Those Wise Ones shelter where men make offering
in the sacred altar-stead:
no peril so mighty can man befall
but they save him soon from need.

Day-spring.

41. Now answer me, Much-wise, this that I ask
and fain would learn from thy lips:
is there never being in the world may lie
in Menglod's soft arms sleeping?

Much-wise.

42. There is never being in the world may lie
in Menglod's soft arms sleeping
save Day-spring, to whom of yore was given
that sun-bright maiden as bride.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

Svipdagr kvað :

43. 'Hritt á hurðir, láttu hlið rúm !
hér mátt Svipdag sea ;
þó vita far, ef vilja muni
Menglöp mitt gaman.'

Fjölsviðr kvað :

44. 'Heyrðu, Menglöp ! hér es maðr kominn,
gakk á gest sea !
hundar fagna, hús hefr upp lokizk :
hykk at Svipdagr sei.'

Menglöp kvað :

45. 'Horskir hrafnar skulu þer á hám galga
slíta sjónir ór,
ef þat lýgr, at hér sé langt kominn
mögr til minna sala.

46. Hvaðan þú fórt, hvaðan þú för görðir,
hvé þik hétu hiu ?
at átt ok nafni skalk jartegn vita,
ef ek vas þer at kván of kveðin.'

Svipdagr kvað :

47. 'Svipdagr heitik, Sólbjartr hét faðir,
þaðan vrákumk vindar kalda vegu ;
Urðar orði kveðr engi maðr,
þót sé við löst lagit.'

Menglöp kvað :

48. 'Vel þú nú kominn ! hefk minn vilja beðit,
fylgja skal kveðju koss ;
forkunnar sýn mun flestan glaða,
hverrs hefr við annan ást.

Day-spring.

43. Fling open the door, make wide the gate,
 Day-spring is here, behold !
 Yet hie thee first, and find if in truth
 Menglod longs for my love.

Much-wise to Menglod.

44. Hearken, Menglod, a guest is here !
 Come thou this stranger behold !
 The hounds are joyous, the hall hath opened.
 'Tis Day-spring, well I ween !

Menglod.

45. Now may fierce ravens rend thine eyes out,
 high on the gallows hanging,
 if falsely thou sayest that from far away
 comes Day-spring here to my halls !

To Day-spring.

46. Whence hast thou come, whence made thy way,
 how do thy home-folk call thee ?
 Show race and name ere I know that to thee
 in truth I have been betrothed.

Day-spring.

47. Day-spring am I, the child of Sun-bright,
 by winds on my chill way wafted ;
 the doom of Weird may no wight withstand
 e'en though meted amiss.

Menglod.

48. Now welcome art thou ! My will is won ;
 with greeting comes the kiss.
 Never sweeter is sight of heart's desire
 than when one brings love to another.

47.—The doom of Weird, see *Spell-songs*, st. 4.

FJÖLSVINNSMÁL.

49. Lengi satk Lyfjabergi á,
 beiþk þín dóegr ok daga :
 nú þat varþ es ek vætt hefi,
 at aptr kvamt, mögr! til minna sala.
50. Þrár hafþar es ek hef til þíns gamans,
 en þú til míns munar ;
 nú's þat satt, es vit slíta skulum
 ævi ok aldr saman.'

49.—Lyfjabergi, *B. Gv. C. G. S.* ; líufu bergi, **MSS.** At aptr kvamt : at þu ert aptr kominn, **MSS.**

49. Long have I sat on the Hill of Healing,
 awaiting thee day by day ;
till that I looked for at length is come,—
 thou art back, youth, here in my halls.
50. Yearnings had I oft for thy heart,
 and thou didst long for my love :
now all is made sure, we twain shall share
 together the days of time.
-



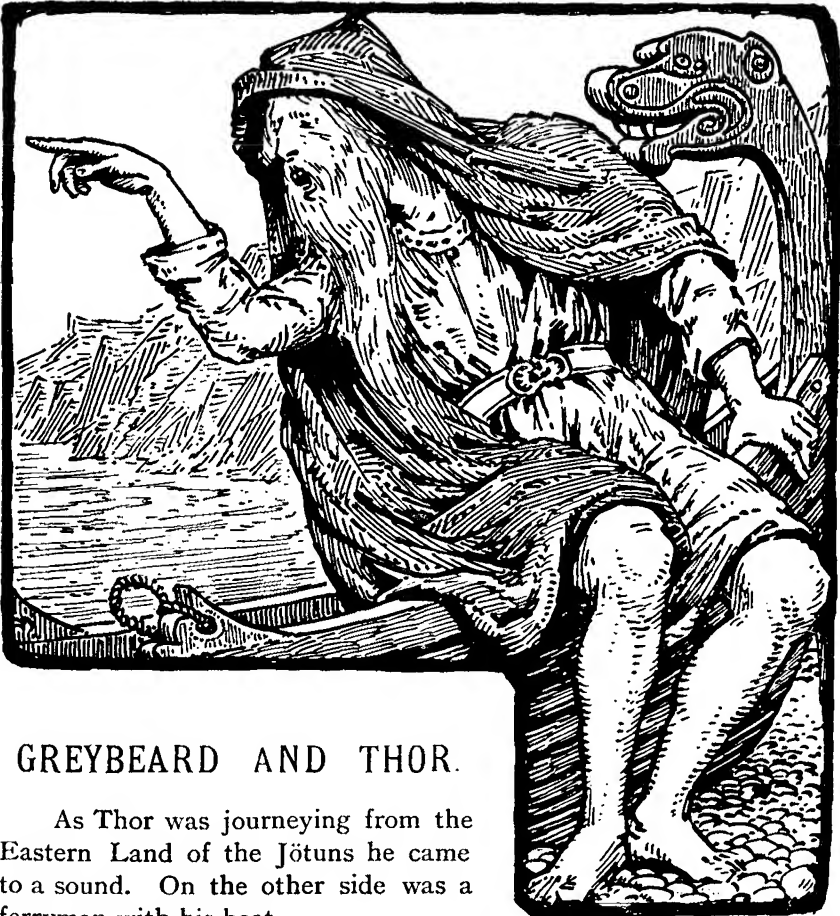
HÁRBARÞSLJÓÞ.

Þórr fór ór austrvegi ok kom at
sundi einu; öþrum megum sundsins
var ferjukarlinn með skipit. Þórr
kallaði :

1. 'Hverr es sá sveinn sveina, es stendr fyr sundit handan?'

Ferjukarlinn kvað :

2. 'Hverr es sá karl karla, es kallar of váginn?'



GREYBEARD AND THOR.

As Thor was journeying from the Eastern Land of the Jötuns he came to a sound. On the other side was a ferryman with his boat.

Thor.

1. What swain of swains art thou who thus
on yonder side of the sound art standing?

Greybeard.

2. Tell me rather what carle of carles
thus calls across the wave.

Prose.—*Presumably Odin in disguise; see Introd.*

HÁRBARÞSLJÓÐ.

Þórr kvað :

3. 'Ferðu mik of sundit! fœþik þik á morgin :
meis hefk á baki verþra matr enn betri.
Át ek í hvílþ, áþr ek heiman fór,
sildr ok hafra : saþr emk enn þess.'

Ferjukarlinn kvað :

4. 'Árligum verkum hrósar þú verþinum; veiztattu fyrir görla :
döþr eru þín heimkynni, dauþ hykk at þín móþir sé.'

Þórr kvað :

5. 'Þat segir þú nú, es hverjum þykkir
mest at vita, at mín móþir dauþ sé.'

Ferjukarlinn kvað :

6. 'Þeygi es sem þú þrjú bú góþ eigir :
berbeinn þú stendr ok hefr brautinga görvi ;
þatki at þú hafir bróékr þínar !'

Þórr kvað :

7. 'Stýrþu hingat eikjunni ! ek mun þér stöþna kenna ;
eþa hverr á skipit es þú heldr við landit ?'

Ferjukarlinn kvað :

8. 'Hildolfr sá heitir, es mik halda baþ,
rekk enn ráþsvinni, es býr í Ráþseyjarsundi ;
baþat hann hlennimenn flytja eþa hrossa þjófa,
góþa eina ok þás ek görva kunna.
Segþu til nafns þíns, ef þú vill of sundit fara.

Thor.

3. Row me over! A meal this morn I'll pay thee,
 choicer fare thou shalt never find thee.
 Here on my back there hangs a basket;
 in peace I ate, myself, ere I started,
 herrings and goat's flesh, and still am I sated.

Greybeard.

4. As a morning's work thou dost boast thy meal;
 but thou art not all foreseeing:
 filled with care at home are thy kindred,
 dead I trow is thy mother.

Thor.

5. Worst of all tidings art thou telling,
 when thou sayest me now that dead is my mother.

Greybeard.

6. At least thou lookst not like one who owns
 a lot of three fair lands;
 bare-legged thou standest, clad like a beggar,
 and not even breeks hast thou on.

Thor.

7. Steer the bark hither! I will show thee a haven.
 Who owns yon boat which by the brink thou holdest?

Greybeard.

8. Battle-wolf bade me— wise-counselled hero,
 who dwells in Counsel-Isle Sound—
 to keep it and ferry nor rogues nor robbers
 but the worthy and those I know well.
 Now shalt thou tell me thy name if thou fain
 wouldst hither fare o'er the flood.

3.—Herrings and goat's flesh. For Thor as a fisherman, see *Hym.*, st. 17-25. He usually ate his goats for supper, and restored them to life in the morning; see *Introd. Hym.* This rendering of *hafra* seems more probable than the more common alternative oats; for Thor's meal of goat's flesh was famous, and a burlesque like the present poem would be incomplete without some allusion to it. 8.—Battle-wolf, meaning himself, the patron of war.

HÁRBARÐSLJÓÐ.

Þórr kvað :

9. 'Segja munk til nafns míns, þót ek sekr seak,
ok til alls öplis : ek em Óþins sunr,
Meila bróþir, en Magna faþir,
þrúþvaldr goða ; við þór knáttu hér dóéma.
Hins viljak nú spyrja, hvat þú heitir.'

Ferjukarlinn kvað :

10. 'Hárbarþr ek heiti. hylk of nafn sjaldan.'

Þórr kvað :

11. 'Hvat skaltu of nafn hylja, nema þú sakar eigir ?'

Hárbarþr kvað :

12. 'En þót ek sakar eiga, fyr slíkum sem þú est
munk forþa þó fjörvi mínu,
nema ek feigr sé.'

Þórr kvað :

13. 'Harm ljótan mér þikkir í þúi at vaða,
of váginn til þín ok væta ögur minn ;
skyldak launa kögursveini þínum kanginyrþi,
ef ek komumk of sundit.'

Hárbarþr kvað :

14. 'Hér munk standa ok þín heþan bíða ;
fanntattu mann enn harþara at Hrungni dauþan.'

Þórr kvað :

15. 'Hins vildu nú geta, es vit Hrungnir deildum,
sá enn stóruþgi jötunn, es ór steini vas höfuþit á ;
þó létk hann falla ok fyrir hníga.—
Hvat vanntu þá meþan, Hárbarþr ?'

12, lines 1 and 2.—*Transposed G. from þá mun ek forþa fjörvi mínu fyr, &c., B.*

Thor.

9. Were I outlawed, yet my name would I tell thee,
 eke my race. I am son of Odin,
 the brother of Meili, and father of Magni,
 gods' Strength-wielder ; thou speak'st with Thor.
 Fain would I know now thy name and kinship.

Greybeard.

10. They call me Grey-beard ; 'tis seldom I care
 to hide my own name from any.

Thor.

11. Wherefore shouldst thou not show thy name,
 except thou have cause of strife with thy foemen ?

Greybeard.

12. Have I cause, 'gainst such as thee will I hold
 my life unless I be doomed.

Thor.

13. Sore shame 'twould be to wet my burden
 in wading thus thro' the water toward thee.
 Those mocking words would I pay thee, mannikin,
 could I but reach yon side of the sound now.

Greybeard.

14. Here I stand and await thee ! Ne'er metst thou with sturdier
 hero since Hrungrnir was slain,

Thor.

15. Dost tell how we once fought, I and Hrungrnir,
 that hard-hearted giant whose head was rock-hewn ?
 Yet did he fall and bow before me.
 What, the while, wast thou working, Greybeard ?

9.—Meili. *Nothing is known concerning this son of Odin. Magni or Might, see Vm., st. 51.* 10.—Greybeard. *Odin's wonted disguise was that of a grey-bearded old man.* 11.—Cause of strife, *see G. gloss.* 14.—Hrungrnir. *The slaying of this giant was one of Thor's famous deeds ; see Hym., st. 16.*

HÁRBARÐSLJÓÐ.

Hárbarðr kvað :

16. 'Vask með Fjölvari fimm vetr alla
í eyju þeiri es Algróen heitir ;
vega vér þar knáttum ok val fella,
margs at freista, mans at kosta.'

Þórr kvað :

17. 'Hversu snúnuðu yðr konur yðrar ?'

Hárbarðr kvað :

18. 'Sparkar áttum vér konur, ef oss at spökum yrði ;
horskar áttum vér konur, ef oss hollar vári :
þær ór sandi síma undu
ok ór dali djúpum grund of grófu
Varþk þeim einn öllum öfri at ráðum,
hvíldak hjá þeim systurum sjau
ok hafþak geþ þeira allt ok gaman.
Hvat vanntu þá meðan, Þórr ?'

Þórr kvað :

19. 'Ek drap þjaza, enn þrúþmóþga jötun,
upp ek varp augum Alvalda sunar
á þann enn heiða himin ;
þau eru merki mest minna verka,
þaus allir menn síþan of sé.
Hvat vanntu meðan, Hárbarðr ?'

Hárbarðr kvað :

20. 'Miklar manvélar ek hafþa við myrkriþur,
þás ek vélta þær frá verum ;
harþan jötun hugþak Hlébarþ vesa :
gaf hann mér gambantein,
en ek vélta hann ór viti.'

Greybeard.

16. I dwelt with Wary-wise five whole winters
in the island called All-green.
Battles we fought there and felled the doomed,
much daring, and wiling women.

Thor.

17. Got ye weal or woe from those wives of your winning ?

Greybeard.

18. Merry wives had we owned had they borne them wisely ;
shrewd wives, had they shown them true :
all out of sand they spun them ropes
and dug from the deep dales earth.
Yet slyest was I, who with seven sisters slept,
and won all their liking and love.
What, the while, wast thou working, Thunderer ?'

Thor.

19. Slew I Thiazi, son of All-wielder,
strong-souled Jötun, and flung his eyes up
where men shall behold in the shining heavens
the tokens great of my deeds hereafter.
What, the while, wast thou working, Greybeard ?

Greybeard.

20. I had dealings in love with the dark witch-riders,
from their husbands I wiled them away :
stout giant seemed Hlebard till his wand he gave me
and I wiled him out of his wits.

16.—Wary-wise, *unknown*. 19.—Thiazi. *See I.s., st. 50, and Introd. ; Vsp. en skamma, st. 3.*

HÁRBARÐSLJÓÐ.

Þórr kvað :

21. 'Illum huga launþir þú þá góðar gjafar.'

Hárbarðr kvað :

22. 'Þat hefr eik es af annarri skefr :
of sik es hvern í slíku.
Hvat vanntu meðan, Þórr ?'

Þórr kvað :

23. 'Ek vas austr ok jötna barþak
brúþir bölvísar es til bjargs gengu :
mikil mundi átt jötna, ef allir lifði,
vátr mundi manna und miþgarði.
Hvat vanntu meðan, Hárbarðr ?'

Hárbarðr kvað :

24. 'Vask á Vallandi ok vígum fylgþak,
attak jöfrum, en aldri séttak.
Óþinn á jarla þás í val falla,
en Þórr á þrála kyn.'

Þórr kvað :

25. 'Ójafnt skipta es þú mundir með ásum lífi,
ef þú áttir vilgi mikils vald.'

Hárbarðr kvað :

26. 'Þórr á afl óerit, en etki hjarta :
af hráðzlu ok hugbleyði vas þér í hanzka troþit
[ok þóttiska þú þá Þórr vesa ;]
hvárki þú þá þorþir fyr hráðzlu þinni
hnjósa ne físa, svát Fjalarr heyrði.'

Thor.

21. Then spite for those goodly gifts thou gavest ?

Greybeard.

22. Let one oak take what it scrapes off another,
and let each man seek his own.
What, the while, wast thou working, Thunderer ?

Thor.

23. Slew I the evil wives of Jötuns,
far in the east, as they fled to the mountains :
were they all left in the land of the living,
huge would have been now the host of giants,
and never a man would there be in Midgarth.
What, the while, wast thou working, Greybeard ?

Greybeard.

24. In the Land of the Slain I warred and stirred up
princes to strife without peace.
Odin has earls who fall on the battlefield,
Thor has the race of thralls.

Thor.

25. Unfairly wouldst thou divide the slain
among gods if power too great were given thee !

Greybeard.

26. Strength enough has the Thunderer, nought of daring ;
from fear and faintness of heart
thou wert thrust, I ween, in a glove-thumb once,
and scarce couldst deem thyself Thor :
lest Fjalar should hear thee, for fright thou durst not
sneeze nor stir a hair.

26.—Fjalar, a giant, otherwise known as *Utgard-loki* ; see *Introd.*

HÁRBARÐSLJÓÐ.

Þórr kvað :

27. 'Hárbarðr enn ragi! ek munda þik í hel drepa,
ef ek mætta seilask of sund.'

Hárbarðr kvað :

28. 'Hvat skyldir þú of sund seilask, es sakar'u alls öngvar?
Hvat vanntu þá, þórr?'

Þórr kvað :

29. 'Ek vas austr ok ána varðak,
þás mik sóttu þeir Svárangs synir;
grjóti þeir mik börðu, gagni urðu þeir þó lítt fegnir,
urðu þeir mik fyrri friðar at biðja.
Hvat vanntu þá meðan, Hárbarðr?'

Hárbarðr kvað :

30. 'Ek vas austr ok við einhverja dœmþak,
lék ek við ena línhvítu ok launþing háþak,
gladdak ena gollbjörtu, gamni mér unði.'

Þórr kvað :

31. 'Góð áttuð ér mankygni þar þá.'

Hárbarðr kvað :

32. 'Lífs þíns værak þá þurfi, þórr! et ek helda þeiri enni
línhvítu mey.'

Þórr kvað :

33. 'Ek munda þér þá þat veita, ef ek viðr of kvámmumk.'

Thor.

27. Greybeard, thou craven! Could I but stretch
o'er the sound I would smite thee soon into Hel-home.

Greybeard.

28. Why shouldst thou stretch o'er the sound and smite me ?
No reason have we for wrath.
What, the while, wast thou working, Thunderer ?

Thor.

29. Eastward held I the flood of Ifing
against the sons of Svarang the Whelmer ;
with stones they beset me but small gain got they
and first were found to ask peace of foemen.
What, the while, wast thou working, Greybeard ?

Greybeard.

30. In the East I dallied with one, my chosen ;
I played with that linen-fair lass,
kept secret trysting, and gladdened the gold-bright
maiden, merry in the game.

Thor.

31. Glad meetings of love had ye there with maidens ?

Greybeard.

32. Need had I then of help from Thor,
to have kept that linen-fair lass.

Thor.

33. Fain would I give it thee could I but get there.

29.—Ifing. *The name is not mentioned in the text, but it may be assumed that the river is that which flowed between the realms of gods and giants ; see Vm. 16.*

HÁRBARÞSLJÓÐ.

Hárbarþr kvað :

34. 'Ek munda þér þá trua, nema þú mik í trygð véltir.'

Þórr kvað :

35. 'Emkat ek sá hælbitr sem húþskór forn á vár.'

Hárbarþr kvað :

36. 'Hvat vanntu meðan, Þórr ?'

Þórr kvað ;

37. 'Brúþir berserkja barþak í Hléseyju,
þær höfðu verst unnit vilta þjóf alla.'

Hárbarþr kvað :

38. 'Klæki vanntu þá, Þórr ! es þú á konum barþir.'

Þórr kvað :

39. 'Vargynjur váru þær, en varla konur ;
skeldu skip mitt es ek skorþat hafþak ;
óegðu mér iarnlurki, en eltu þjalfa.
Hvat vanntu meðan, Hárbarþr ?'

Hárbarþr kvað :

40. 'Ek vask í hernum es hingat görþisk
gnáfa gunnfana, geir at rjóða.'

Þórr kvað :

41. 'Þess vildu nú geta, es þú fórt oss óljúfan at bjóða.'

Hárbarþr kvað :

42. 'Bœta skal þér þat þá munda baugi,
sem jafnendr unnu þeirs okkr vilja sætta.'

Greybeard.

34. Fain would I now put trust in thy faith,
wert thou not wont to betray me.

Thor.

35. No heelbiter I, like an old shoe in spring-time!

Greybeard.

36. What, the while, wast thou working, Thunderer ?

Thor.

37. Slew I berserk-wives in the Isle of Ægir ;
vile things wrought they, all men-folk wiling.

Greybeard.

38. A base deed then wast thou doing, Thunderer—
waging war with women !

Thor.

39. She-wolves were they, and scarcely women.
My ships laid up on the shore they shattered,
with clubs they threatened me, Thialfi chased they.
What, the while, wast thou working, Greybeard ?

Greybeard.

40. To raise the war flag and redden the spear,
hither I came in the host.

Thor.

41. Wouldst tell how with hate thou cam'st to harm us ?

Greybeard.

42. Let a ring make atonement as the daysmen meted,
who sought to set us at peace.

34.—Wont to betray me. *This rendering seems justified by the ensuing st. ; see Introd.* 37.—Ægir, here called by his other name Hlér.

HÁRBARÐSLJÓÐ.

Þórr kvað :

43. 'Hvar namtu þessi en hncófiligu orþ,
es ek heyrþa aldri in hncófiligri?'

Hárbarðr kvað :

44. 'Nam ek at mönnum þeim enum aldróenum
es bua í heimis haugum.'

Þórr kvað :

45. 'Þá gefr þú gott nafn dysjum,
es þú kallar þær heimis hauga.'

Hárbarðr kvað :

46. 'Svá dœmi ek of slíkt far.'

Þórr kvað :

47. 'Orþkringi þín mun þér illa koma,
ef ek ræþ á vág at vaþa ;
ulfi héra hykk þik óþa munu,
ef þú hlýtr af hamri högg.'

Hárbarðr kvað :

48. 'Sif á hór heima, hans mundu fund vilja,
þann mundu þrek drýgja, þat es þér skyldara.'

Þórr kvað :

49. 'Mælir þú at munns ráþi, svát mér skyldi verst þykkja,
halr enn hugblauþi ! hykk at þú ljúgir.'

Thor.

43. Where didst thou learn those scornful speeches?
Never were words more wounding said me.

Greybeard.

44. I learnt them once from ancient beings
who dwell in the hills of home.

Thor.

45. Fair name for cairns to call them home-hills!

Greybeard.

46. 'Tis even as I think concerning such things.

Thor.

47. Sorely thy skill in words should serve thee,
could I but wade to thee through the water.
Louder, I ween, than a wolf wilt thou howl
if haply thou get'st a stroke from my hammer.

Greybeard.

48. Sif has a lover, thy wife at home,
art thou not eager to meet him?
That a deed of daring now must thou do,
a work which well befits thee.

Thor.

49. Faint-heart! Speak'st thou as worst meseems,
by the counsel of thy lips; for I trow thou liest!

44.—Hills of home, *the ancestral graves.*
st. 54.

48.—Sif's lover is Loki; *see Ls.,*

HÁRBARÐSLJÓÐ.

Hárbarðr kvað :

50. 'Satt hykk mik segja ; seinn estu at för þinni ;
langt mundir þú nú kominn, Þórr ! ef þú litum féerir.'

Þórr kvað :

51. 'Hárbarðr enn ragi ! heldr hefr þú nú mik dvalþan.'

Hárbarðr kvað :

52. 'Ásaþórs hugþak aldri mundu
glepja farhirði farar.'

Þórr kvað :

53. 'Ráþ munk þér nú ráða : ró þú hingat bátinum ;
háttum hcétingi, hittu föþur Magna !'

Hárbarðr kvað :

54. 'Farðu firr sundi ! þér skal fars synja.'

Þórr kvað :

55. 'Vísu þú mér nú leiþina, alls þú vill mik eigi of váginn
ferja !'

Hárbarðr kvað :

56. 'Lítit es at synja, langt es at fara :
stund es til stokksins, önnur til steinsins,
haltu svá til vinstra vegsins, unz þú hittir Verland.
þar mun Fjörgyn hitta Þór sun sinn
ok mun hón kenna hánum áttunga brautir til Óþins
landa.'

Þórr kvað :

57. 'Mun ek taka þangat í dag ?'

Greybeard.

50. Truly I ween that my words are spoken :
too slow art thou in thy travelling.
Far on thy way hadst thou fared now, Thor,
if thou hadst but gone in disguise.

Thor.

51. Greybeard, thou craven ! Too long thou delay'st me.

Greybeard.

52. I had ne'er weened boatman would hinder the way
of Thor, the Thunderer of gods.

Thor.

53. Now will I counsel thee ; come in thy boat hither ;
fetch Magni's father, and cease we from mocking.

Greybeard.

54. Hie thee hence away from the sound !
The ferry to thee is refused.

Thor.

55. Show me a path then, since thou wilt not
ferry me over the flood betwixt us.

Greybeard.

56. 'Tis little to withhold, 'tis far to fare
a while to the stock and the stone :
thus shalt thou hold to the left-hand path,
till thou light on the Land of Men ;
there will Earth meet her son and show him the way
of his race to the realms of Odin.

Thor.

57. Shall I to-day reach the dwellings of Odin ?

56.—Earth, or Jord, who is here called Fjörgyn, is one of Odin's wives ; see *Ls.*,
st. 26.

HÁRBARÞSLJÓÐ.

Hárbarþr kvað :

58. 'Taka við víl ok erfiði
at uppvesandi sólu, es ek get þána.'

Þórr kvað :

59. 'Skamt mun nú mál okkat, alls þú mér skótingu einni svarar;
launa munk þér farsynjun, ef vit finnumsk í sinn annat.'

Hárbarþr kvað :

60. 'Farðu nú þars þik hafi allan gramir!'

58.—þána, **B**, *B. Gv. J. C.*; þá-na, *G*.

Greybeard.

58. With weariness and toil when the dew is wet
at sunrise, I ween, thou wilt win them.

Thor.

59. Short be our speech now, with but jeering thou answerest.
When we meet next I'll pay thee for denying me passage.

Greybeard.

60. Hie thee hence away where the fiends
may seize thee, body and soul!

58.—When the dew is wet, *B's interpretation* ; about that time, *G.*



RÍGSPULA.

Svá segja menn í fornum sögum, at einhverr af ásum, sá er Heimdallr hét, fór ferðar sinnar ok fram með sjóvarströndu nökkurri, kom at einum húsabæ ok nefndiz Rígr. Eptir þeiri sögu er kvæði þetta :

1. Ár kvöðu ganga gróenar brautir
öflgan ok aldinn ás kunnigan,
ramman ok röskvan Rígr stíganda,
.
2. Gekk meirr at þat miðrar brautar ;
kvam hann at húsi, hurð vas á gætti ;
inn nam ganga, eldr vas á golfi,
hjón sátu þar hár at arni.
Ai ok Edda aldinfalda.



THE SONG OF RIG.

It is told in the sagas of old time that a certain god called Heimdal was passing on his way along the sea shore when he came to a farm. He entered, calling himself Rig according to the story which thus relates :

I.—THE BIRTH OF THRALL.

1. Once walked, 'tis said, the green ways along,
 mighty and ancient, a god most glorious;
 strong and vigorous, striding, Rig.

2. Ever on he went in the middle of the way,
 till he came to a house with door unclosed.
 He entered straight; there was fire on the floor
 and a hoary couple sitting by the hearth,
 Great-grandfather and mother in ancient guise.

Heimdal.—See *Vsp. en skamma*, st. 14; *Grm.* 13 and *Vsp.*, st. 1, where men are called his children. Rig or King.—A Celtic word.

3. Rígr kunni þeim ráð at segja,
meirr settisk hann miðra fletja,
en á hlið hvára hjón salkynna.
4. Þá tók Edda ökkvinn hleif,
þungan ok þykkvan, þrunginn sáþum ;
bar meirr at þat miðra skutla,
soþ vas í bolla, setti á bjóþ.
5. (4) Reis upp þaþan, rézk at sofna ;
(5) Rígr kunni þeim ráð at segja,
meirr lagþisk hann miðrar rekkju,
en á hlið hvára hjón salkynna.
þar vas at þat þriar náétr saman,
gekk meirr at þat miðrar brautar,
liþu meirr at þat mánuþr niu.
6. Jóþ ól Edda, jósu vatni,
hörvi svartan hétu þráel.
Hann nam at vaxa ok vel dafna,
vas þar á höndum hrokkit skinn,
kropnir knuar,
fingr digrir, fúlligt andlit,
lútr hryggr, langir hálar.
- (7) Nam meirr at þat megins of kosta,
bast at binda, byrþar görva,
bar heim at þat hrís görstan dag.
7. Þar kwam at garþi gengilbeina,
örr vas á iljum, armr sólbrunninn,
niþrbjúgt es nef, nefndisk þír.
8. Meirr settisk hón miðra fletja,
sat hjá henni sunr húss,
róeddu ok rýndu, rekkju görþu
þráell ok þír þrungin dóegr.

4, line 4.—Followed by a line in **W**, transposed to st. 15. 5.—Strophe numberin;
of **W** is marked in brackets.

3. Well knew Rig how to give them counsel,
 he sat him down in the middle of the floor,
 with the home-folk twain upon either side.
4. Great-grandmother fetched a coarse-baked loaf,
 all heavy and thick and crammed with husk :
 she bore it forth in the middle of the dish,
 with broth in a bowl, and laid the board.
5. Thence Rig uprose, prepared to rest ;—
 well he knew how to give them counsel—
 he laid him down in the middle of the bed
 and the home-folk twain upon either side.
 Thus he tarried three nights together,
 then on he strode in the middle of the road
 while thrice three moons were gliding by.
6. Great-grandmother bore a swarthy boy ;
 with water they sprinkled him, called him Thrall.
 Forthwith he grew and well he throve,
 but rough were his hands with wrinkled skin,
 with knuckles knotty and fingers thick ;
 his face was ugly, his back was humpy,
 his heels were long.
 Straightway 'gan he to prove his strength,
 with bast a-binding loads a-making,
 he bore home faggots the livelong day.
7. There came to the dwellings a wandering maid,
 with wayworn feet, and sunburned arms,
 with down-bent nose,— the Bond-maid named.
8. She sat her down in the middle of the floor ;
 beside her sat the son of the house :
 they chatted and whispered, their bed preparing—
 Thrall and Bond-maid— the long day through.

6.—Sprinkled him with water, *see Háv., st. 157.* Thrall, *the lowest class, who were little better than slaves.* 7.—Wandering. *The other brides (st. 18 and 30) came, not on foot, but driving to their husbands.*

9. (8) Börn álu þau, þjuggu ok unþu ;
 hykk at héti Hreimr ok Fjósnir,
 Klúrr ok Kleggi, Kefsir, Fúlñir,
 Drumbr, Digraldi, Dröttr ok Hösvir,
 Lútr, Leggjaldi : lögþu garþa,
 akra töddu, unnu at svinum,
 geita gáettu, grófu torf.
10. (9) Dóetr váru þær Drumba ok Kumba,
 Ökkvinkalfa ok Arinnefja,
 Ysja ok Ambátt, Eikintjasna,
 Tötrughypja ok Trönubeina :
 þaþan eru komnar þræla áttir.
11. (10) Gekkt Rígr at þat réttar brautir ;
 kvam hann at höllu, hurþ vas á skípi ;
 inn nam ganga, eldr vas á golfi :
 Afi ok Amma áttu hús.
12. (10) Hjón sátu þar, heldu á sýslu :
 maþr telgþi þar meiþ til rifjar ;
 vas skegg skapat, skör vas fýr enni,
 skyrtu þröngva, skokkr vas á golfi.
13. (11) Sat þar kona, sveigþi rokk,
 breiddi faþm, bjó til váþar ;
 (12) sveigr vas á höfþi, smokkr vas á bringu,
 dúkr vas á halsi, dvergar á öxlum.
14. Rígr kunni þeim ráþ at segja,
 meirr settisk hann miþra fletja,
 en á hliþ hvára hjón salkynna.

11, line 4.—*Transposed from st. 13 by S. B. G.* 14, lines 2 and 3.—*Not found in W ; supplied from other parts of the poem, B. S. G.*

9. Joyous lived they and reared their children.
 Thus they called them: Brawler, Cowherd,
 Boor and Horsefly, Lewd and Lustful,
 Stout and Stumpy, Sluggard, Swarthy,
 Lout and Leggy. They fashioned fences,
 they dunged the meadows, swine they herded,
 goats they tended and turf they dug.
10. Daughters were there,— Loggy and Cloggy,
 Lumpy-leggy, and Eagle-nose,
 Whiner, Bondwoman, Oaken-peggy,
 Tatter-coat and the Crane-shanked maid.
 Thence are come the generations of thralls.

II.—THE BIRTH OF CHURL.

11. Ever on went Rig the straight roads along
 till he came to a dwelling with door unclosed;
 he entered straight; there was fire on the floor;
 Grandfather and Grandmother owned the house.
12. The home-folk sat there hard aworking;
 by them stood on the floor a box;
 hewed the husband wood for a warp-beam;
 trim his beard and the locks o'er his brow,
 but mean and scanty the shirt he wore.
13. The wife sat by him plying her distaff,
 swaying her arms to weave the cloth,
 with snood on her head and smock on her breast,
 studs on her shoulders, and scarf on her neck.
14. Well knew Rig how to give them counsel;
 he sat him down in the middle of the floor,
 and the home-folk twain upon either side.

15. Þá tók Amma

 fram setti hón fulla skutla,
 vas kalfr soþinn krása baztr.
 Reis frá þorþi, rézk at sofna,
 Rígr kunni þeim ráþ at segja,
 meirr lagþisk hann miþrar rekkju,
 en á hliþ hvára hjón salkynna.
16. Þar vas at þat þriar náétr saman,
 gekk meirr at þat miþrar brautar,
 liþu meirr at þat mánuþr niu.
17. (15) Jóþ ól Amma, jósu vatni,
 kölluþu Karl; kona sveip ripti
 rauþan ok rjóþan, riþuþu augu.
 Hann nam at vaxa ok vel dafna,
 öxn nam temja, arþr at görva,
 hús at timbra ok hlöþur smíþa,
 karta at görva ok keyra plóg.
18. (16) Heim óku þá hanginluklu,
 geitakyrtlu, giptu Karli;
 Snör heitir sú, settisk und ripti,
 þjuggu hjón, bauga deildu,
 breiddu bláþjur ok bú görþu.
19. (16) Börn ólu þau, þjuggu ok unþu;
 hét Halr ok Drengr, Hölþr, þegn ok Smiþr,
 Breiþr, Bónði, Bundinskeggi,
 Bui ok Boddi, Brattskeggr ok Seggr.
20. (16) Enn hétu svá öþrum nöfnum:
 Snót, Brúþr, Svanni, Svarri, Sprakki,
 Fljóþ, Sprund ok Víf, Feima, Ristill:
 þaþan eru komnar karla áttir.

15, lines 3 and 4.—*Transposed from st. 4, B. S. G. J.* 16, line 2.—*Not found in W; supplied B. S. G.*

15. Grandmother set forth plenteous dishes ;
 cooked was the calf, of dainties best.
 Thence Rig uprose prepared to rest.—
 Well he knew how to give them counsel—
 he laid him down in the middle of the bed
 and the home-folk twain upon either side.
16. Thus he tarried three nights together,
 then on he strode in the middle of the road
 while thrice three moons were gliding by.
17. A child had Grandmother, Churl they called him,
 and sprinkled with water and swathed in linen,
 rosy and ruddy, with sparkling eyes.
 He grew and throve, and forthwith 'gan he
 to break in oxen, to shape the harrow,
 to build him houses and barns to raise him,
 to fashion carts and follow the plough.
18. Then home they drove with a key-hung maiden
 in goat-skin kirtle, named Daughter-in-Law.
 They wed her to Churl in her bridal linen :
 the twain made ready, their wealth a-sharing,
 kept house together, and joyous lived.
19. Children reared they thus they called them :
 Youth and Hero, Thane, Smith, Yeoman,
 Broad-limb, Peasant, Sheaf-beard, Neighbour,
 Farmer, Speaker and Stubby-beard.
20. By other names were the daughters called :
 Dame, Bride, Lady, Gay, and Gaudy,
 Maid, Wife, Woman, Bashful, Slender.
 Thence are come the kindreds of churls.

17.—Churl or karl, the free-born peasant proprietor.

21. (17) Gekk Rígr þáþan réttar brautir,
 kvam hann at sal, suþr horfðu dyrr;
 vas hurþ hnigin, hringr vas í gætti,
 gekk inn at þat: golf vas straít.
 Sátu hjón, söusk í augu,
 Faþir ok Móþir, fingrum at leika.
 Sat húsgumi ok snöri streng,
 alm of bendi, örvar skepti;
 en húskona hugþi at örmum,
 strauk of ripti, sterti ermar,
 keistr vas faldr, kinga á bringu,
 síþar slóþur serk bláfaan,
 brún bjartari, brjóst ljósara,
 hals hvítari hreinni mjöllu.
22. (18) Rígr kunni þeim ráþ at segja,
 meirr settisk hann miþra fletja,
 en á hliþ hvára hjón salkynna.
23. (19) Þa tók Móþir merkþan dúk,
 hvítan af hörvi, hulþi bjóþ;
 hón tók at þat hleifa þunna,
 hvíta af hveiti, ok hulþi dúk.
 Fram setti hón fulla skutla
 silfri varþa, setti á bjóþ,
 faïn fleski, fogla steikþa;
 vín vas í kónnu, varþir kalkar,
 drukku ok dóemþu, dagr vas á sinnum.
24. (21) Rígr kunni þeim ráþ at segja,
 reis hann at þat, rekkju görþi;
 meirr lagþisk hann miþrar rekkju,
 en á hliþ hvára hjón salkynna.

21.—Keistr vas faldr, C. G. S.; keisti falld, W. 24, lines 3 and 4.—Not found in W; supplied B. G. S.

III.—THE BIRTH OF EARL.

21. Still on went Rig the straight roads along
 till he came to a hall whose gates looked south.
 Pushed was the door to, a ring in the post set :
 he forthwith entered the rush-strewn room.
 Each other eyeing, the home-folk sat there—
 Father and Mother,— twirling their fingers.
 There was the husband, string a-twining,
 shafting arrows and shaping bows :
 and there was the wife o'er her fair arms wondering,
 smoothing her linen, stretching her sleeves.
 A high-peaked coif and a breast-brooch wore she,
 trailing robes and a blue-tinged sark.
 Her brow was brighter, her breast was fairer,
 her throat was whiter than driven snow.
22. Well knew Rig how to give them counsel ;
 he sat him down in the middle of the floor,
 and the home-folk twain upon either side.
23. Then took Mother a figured cloth,
 white, of linen, and covered the board ;
 thereafter took she a fine-baked loaf,
 white, of wheat and covered the cloth :
 next she brought forth plenteous dishes,
 set with silver, and spread the board
 with brown-fried bacon and roasted birds.
 There was wine in a vessel and rich-wrought goblets ;
 they drank and revelled while day went by.
24. Well knew Rig how to give them counsel ;
 he rose ere long and prepared his couch :
 he laid him down in the middle of the bed,
 and the home-folk twain upon either side.

21.—Pushed to: *Icelandic* hnigin, is usually rendered open in this passage, but *Vigfússon's*, the door was down or shut, suggests a contrast to the humbler dwellings ;
 st. 2, 11. The ring was for the visitor to "tirl" at, as in old ballads.

25. (22) Þar vas at þat þriar nætr saman,
gekk meirr at þat miþrar brautar,
liþu meirr at þat mánuþr niu.
26. (23) Svein ól Móþir, silki vafþi,
jósu vatni, Jarl létu heita ;
bleikt vas hár, þjartir vangar,
ötul váru augu sem yrmlingi.
27. (24) Upp óx þar Jarl á fletjum,
lind nam skelfa leggja strengi,
alm at beygja, örvar skepta,
fleini fleygja, frökkur dýja,
hestum ríþa, hundum verpa,
sverþum bregþa, sund at fremja.
28. (25-27) Kvam þar ór runni Rígr gangandi,
Rígr gangandi, rúnar kendi ;
sitt gaf heiti, sun kvezk eiga,
þann þaþ eignask óþalvöllu,
óþalvöllu, aldnar bygþir.
29. (28) Reiþ meirr þaþan myrkvan við,
hélug fjöll, unz at höllu kvam.
Skapt nam dýja skelfþi lind,
hesti hleyþþi ok hjörvi brá ;
víg nam vekja, völl nam rjóþa,
val nam fella, vá til landa.
- (29) Réþ einn at þat átján buum,
(30) auþ nam skipta, öllum veita :
meiþmar ok mösma, mara svangrifja ;
hringum hreytti, hjó sundr baug.
30. (31) Óku árir úrgar brautir,
kvámu at höllu þars Hersir bjó ;
mey átti hann mjófingraþa,
hvíta ok horska : hétu Ernu.

25. Thus he tarried three nights together ;
 then on he strode in the middle of the road
 while thrice three moons were gliding by.
26. Then a boy had Mother ; she swathed him in silk,
 and with water sprinkled him ; called him Earl.
 Light were his locks, and fair his cheeks,
 flashing his eyes like a serpent's shone.
27. Grew Earl forthwith in the halls and 'gan
 to swing the shield, to fit the string,
 to bend the bow, to shaft the arrow,
 to hurl the dart, to shake the spear,
 to ride the horse, to loose the hounds,
 to draw the sword, and to swim the stream.
28. Forth from the thicket came Rig a-striding,
 Rig a-striding, and taught him runes,
 his own name gave him,— as son he claimed him,
 and bade him hold the ancestral fields,—
 the ancestral fields— and the ancient home.
29. Then on rode Earl through the murky wood,
 through the rimy fells till he reached a hall.
 His shaft he shook, his shield he brandished,
 his steed he galloped, his sword he drew ;
 war he wakened, the field he reddened,
 the doomed he slew, and won him lands—
 till alone he ruled over eighteen halls.
 Gold he scattered and gave to all men
 treasures and trinkets and slender-ribbed horses ;
 wealth he strewed and sundered rings.
30. Along dewy roads his messengers drove
 till the hall they reached where Ruler dwelt.
 A daughter owned he, dainty fingered,
 fair and skilful, Erna called.

30.—Erna. *No satisfactory meaning has been suggested for this name.*

31. (32) Báðu hennar ok heim óku,
 giptu Jarli, gekk und líni;
 saman þjuggu þau ok sér unðu,
 áttir jóku ok aldrs nutu.
32. (33) Burr vas enn elzti, en Barn annat,
 Jóþ ok Aþal, Arfi, Mögr,
 Niþr ok Niþjungr (námu leika)
 Sunr ok Sveinn (sund ok tafl);
 Kundra hét einn, Konr vas enn yngsti.
33. (34) Upp óxu þar Jarli bornir,
 hesta tömþu hlífar bendu,
 skeyti skófu, skelfþu aska.
 En Konr ungr kunni rúnar,
 áfinrúnar ok aldrúnar;
 meirr kunni hann mönnum bjarga,
 eggjar deyfa, ági lágja.
 Klök nam fogla, kyrra elda,
 sefa of svefja, sorgir lágja;
 afl ok eljun átta manna.
34. (34) Hann við Ríg Jarl rúnar deildi,
 brögþum beitti ok betr kunni;
 þá öþlaþisk ok eiga gat
 Rígr at heita, rúnar kunna.
35. Reiþ Konr ungr kjörr ok skóga,
 kolfi fleygþi, kyrþi fogla;
 þá kvaþ þat kráka, sat á kvisti ein:
 'hvat skalt, Konr ungr! kyrra fogla?
 Heldr máttiþ ér hestum ríþa

 [hjörum of bregþa] ok her fella.

35.—S. H. think five half lines are missing. Hjörum of bregþa supplied by B. Gv. S. J.

31. They wooed her and brought her home a-driving ;
to Earl they wed her in veil fine-woven :
husband and wife lived happy together,
their children waxed and life enjoyed.

IV.—THE BIRTH OF KING.

32. Heir was the eldest, Bairn the second,
Babe, Successor, Inheritor, Boy,
Descendent, Offspring, Son, Youth, Kinsman ;
Kon the kingly was youngest born.
33. Forthwith grew up the sons of Earl ;
games they learned, and sports and swimming,
taming horses, round shields bending,
war shafts smoothing, ash spears shaking ;
but King the youngest alone knew runes,
runes eternal and runes of life.
Yet more he knew,— how to shelter men,
to blunt the sword-edge and calm the sea :
he learnt bird language, to quench the fire flame,
heal all sorrows and soothe the heart ;
strength and might of eight he owned.
34. Then he strove in runes with Rig, the Earl,
crafty wiles he used and won,
so gained his heritage, held the right thus
Rig to be called and runes to know.
35. Young King rode once through thicket and wood,
shooting arrows and slaying birds,
till spake a crow, perched lone on a bough :
'Why wilt thou thus kill birds, young King ?
'Twould fit thee rather to ride on horses,
to draw the sword and to slay the foe.

32.—Kon is the masculine of kona, a woman. It is a word only found in poetry, applied to men of gentle or royal birth. The poet plays upon its resemblance to konungr, a king, and suggests a false derivation from kon and ungr, the young in order to show that Kon rose to the highest rank and became Rig, the king; st. 34. 33, line 2.—Transposed from 32. For the power of runes, see Háv. st. 145-163 and Introd.

RÍGSPULA.

36. Á Danr ok Danpr dýrar hallir,
 óþra óþal an ér hafíþ;
 þeir kunnu vel kjól at ríþa,
 egg at kenna, undir rjúfa.' . . .
-

36. 'Dan and Damp have dwellings goodlier,
homesteads fairer than ye do hold ;
and well they know the keel to ride,
the sword to prove and wounds to strike.' . . .
-

36.—Dan and Damp appear as Danish kings in the historical sagas. The end of this poem is missing, which tells of Kon's descendants, and probably of his invasion and conquest of Denmark.



VÖLUSPÁ EN SKAMMA.

1. (28) Váru ellifu æsir talþir,
 Baldr es hné við banaþúfu ;
 þess lézk Váli verþr at hefna,
 es síns bróður sló handbana.
2. (29) Vas Baldrs faþir Burs arfþegi

3. (29) Freyr átti Gerþi, vas Gymis dóttir,
 jötna áttar ok Aurboðu :
 þá vas þjazi þeira frændi,
 skautgjarn jötunn, vas Skaði dóttir.

This poem, found after st. 29 in F, is generally regarded as an independent work ; B.Mh. G. S. H. J. 1.—The strophe numbering of Hdl. in F is marked in brackets. Line 4 is followed by alt's þat átt þín Óttar heimski ; F.



THE VALA'S SHORTER SOOTHSAYING

1. Eleven only the war gods numbered
when Baldr sank on the bale fire down ;
but Váli showed him strong to avenge it
and slew ere long his brother's slayer.

2. Father of Baldr was Odin, Bur's son.

* * * * *

3. Frey wedded Gerd ; she was Gymir's daughter,
and Aurboda's of Jötun race ;
Thiazi also came of their kindred,
the shape-shifting giant, Skadi's sire.

Vala or Witch, see *Bdr.*, st. 4. 1.—Vali, see *Bdr.*, st. 11 ; *Vm.*, st. 51. 2.—
Bur means son, e.g. of Buri, the first-born of the god's race, and according to Snorri, the
grandfather of Odin ; see *Vsp.* st. 4 and *Introd.* to *Vm.* 3.—Gerd, see *Skm.* Aurboda,
or Moisture-bringer ? Thiazi took the form of an eagle ; see *Ls.* st. 50, *Introd.*,
and *Hrbl.* st. 19.

VÖLUSPÁ EN SKAMMA.

4. (30) Mart segjum þér ok munum fleira ;
vörumk at viti svá, vilt enn lengra ?
5. (31) Heiðr ok Hrossþjófr Hrimnis kindar.
6. (31) Eru vödur allar frá Víðolfi,
vitkar allir frá Vilmeiði,
en seiðberendr frá Svarthöfða,
jötunar allir frá Ymi komnir.
7. (32) Mart segjum þér ok munum fleira ;
vörumk at viti svá, vilt enn lengra ?
8. (38) Ól ulf Loki við Angrboðu,
en Sleipni gat við Svaðilfera ;
eitt þótti skars allra feiknast,
þat vas bróður frá Býleists komit.
9. (39) Loki át hjarta— lindi brendu
fann halfsviðinn hugstein konu— ;
varð Loptr kvípugr af konu illri :
þáðan's á foldu flagð hvert komit.
10. (34) Mart segjum þér ok munum fleira ;
vörumk at viti svá, vilt enn lengra ?
11. (35) Varð einn borinn í árdaga
rammaukinn mjök ragna kindar ;
niú báru þann, naddgöfgan mann,
jötna meyjar við jarðar þröm.
12. (35) Hann Gjölþ of bar, hann Greip of bar,
bar hann Eistla ok Eyrgjafa,
hann bar Ulfrún ok Angeyja,
Imþr ok Atla ok Íarnsaxa.

5.—For the transposed lines, see *Hdl.* 28. 6.—Also found in *Wr.*

4. Much have I told thee, yet more I remember ;
needs must one know it thus,— wilt thou yet further ?
5. Witch and Horse-thief are sprung from Rime-bringer,
6. All the Valas sprung from Forest-wolf,
all the wizards sprung from Wish-giver,
all the sorcerers sprung from Swart-head ;
and all the Jötuns come from Ymir.
7. Much have I told thee, yet more I remember ;
needs must one know it thus,— wilt thou yet further ?
8. Woe-bringer bore the wolf to Loki,
with Swadilfari begat he Sleipnir.
But one was deemed the deadliest of all—
the monster brood from Loki born.
9. When the heart of a woman— home of love—
he ate half-burned with linden wood,
and bore ere long a loathly being
whence witches all in the world are sprung.
10. Much have I told thee, yet more I remember ,
needs must one know it thus,— wilt thou yet further ?
11. One was there born in days of old,
girt with great power, of the kindred of gods.
Nine giant maidens bore that being
armed with glory on the rim of earth.
12. Yelper bore him, Griper bore him,
Foamer bore him, Sand-strewer bore him,
She-wolf bore him, Sorrow-whelmer,
Dusk and Fury and Ironsword.

6.—Ymir, see *Vm. st. 21*. 8.—Woe-bringer, or *Angrboða*, a giantess, who was the mother of *Fenrir*, the *World Serpent* and *Hel* (*Sn. E.*). *Sleipnir*, see *Bdr., st. 2*. 9.—This strophe is perhaps explained by *Vsp. st. 21*, when the gods burn *Golden-draught*, the witch who is ever born anew. 11-14.—No name is mentioned in the text, but these strophes clearly refer to *Heimdall* or *Rig* ; see *Introd., Vsp. st. 1*, and *Rþ*.

VÖLUSPÁ EN SKAMMA.

13. (36) Sá vas aukinn jarþar megni,
svalköldum sé ok sonardreyra.
14. (41) Varþ einn borinn öllum meiri,
sá vas aukinn jarþar megni ;
þann kveþa stilli stóruþgastan,
sif sífjaþan, sjötum görvöllum.
15. (37) Mart segjum þér ok munum fleira ;
vörumk at viti svá, vilt enn lengra ?
16. (40) Haf gengr hríþum við himin sjalfan,
líþr lönd yfir, en lopt bilar ;
þaþan koma snjóvar ok snarir vindar,
þá's í ráþi, at regin of þrjóti.
17. (44) Þa kömr annarr enn mátkari,
þó þorik eigi þann at nefna ;
faír sea nú fram of lengra,
an Óþinn mun ulfi móéta.

14.—After 16 in **F** ; placed after 13 by *Gv. S. G.*, who connect it with 11.

13. He was girt with all the power of Earth,
of the ice-cold sea, and of sacred swine-blood.
14. He was the One born greater than any ;
girt with all the power of Earth.
Men call him ever the richest ruler,
Rig, the kinsman of every race.
15. Much have I told thee, yet more I remember,
needs must one know it thus,— wilt thou yet further ?
16. The sea shall rise in storms to heaven
it shall sweep o'er the land and the skies shall yield
in showers of snow and biting blasts
at the Doom of the Powers, the gods of war.
17. There shall come hereafter another mightier
whose name I dare not now make known :
few there are who may see beyond
when Odin fares to fight with the Wolf.

17.—Another mightier *probably anticipates the coming of Christianity.*



HYNDLULJÓÐ.

Freyja kvað :

1. 'Vaki, mæ'r meyja ! vaki, mín vina !
Hyndla systir, es í helli býr !
nú's rökk'r rökkra : ríða vit skulum
til Valhallar, til vés heilags.

2. Þíj'jum Herföþr í hugum sitja ;
hann geldr ok gefr goll verþungu :
gaf Hermóði hjalm ok brynju,
en Sigmundi sverþ at þiggja.

Hyndluljóð.—*In F. and W.* Freyja kvað, etc., is supplied. The speeches are not assigned in the MSS.



THE LAY OF HYNDLA.

Freyja.

1. Wake, maid of maidens, friend, awaken,
sister Hyndla, in a rock-hole biding!
Comes the gloom of gloaming, we twain together
must ride to Valhöll, the holy dwelling.
2. The War-father bid we be mild in his mood,
who grants and gives to his followers gold;
he gave to Hermod a helm and byrnie
and to Sigmund gave a sword to take.

2.—Hermod belongs to some lost tradition. He appears now as a god and now as a hero. In the Prose Edda he is the son of Odin (see *Introd. Bdr.*); in the old English poem of *Beowulf* he is a Danish King, mighty and beneficent in his youth, but a blood-

HYNDLULJÓÐ.

3. Geft sigr sonum, en sumum aura,
 mælsku mörgum ok mannvit frum ;
 byri geft brögnum en brag sköldum,
 geft mannsemi mörgum rekki.
4. Þór mun blóta, þess munk þíja,
 at á við þik einart láti ;

 þó's hánum ótítt við jötuns brúþir.
5. Nú tak ulf þinn einn af stalli,
 lát hann rinna með runa mínum.

Hyndla kvað :

seinn es göltr þinn goðveg troða,
 vilkak mar minn mætan hlóþa.'

6. 'Flá est, Freyja ! es freistar mín,
 vísar augum á oss þanig,
 es hefr ver þinn í valsinni,
 Óttar unga, Innsteins bur.'

Freyja kvað :

7. 'Dulin est, Hyndla ! draums átlak þér,
 es kveþr ver minn í valsinni,
 þars göltr gloar gollinbursti,
 Hildisvíni, as mer hagir görþu
 dvergar tveir Daínn ok Nabbi.

8. Sennum vit ór söplum : sitja skulum
 auk of jöfra áttir dæma ;
 gumna þeira es frá goðum kvámu

4.—Mun, Sv. S. J. ; mun hón, F. 5, lines 1 and 2.—These lines are assigned to Freyja by B. Gv. H. Hl. ; to Hyndla, G. Simrock. Lines 3 and 4.—Spoken by Hyndla, B. Gv. Dt. Hl. ; by Freyja, G. S. J., who have minn for þinn.

3. To some grants he wealth, to his children war-fame,
word-skill to many and wisdom to men:
fair winds to sea-farers, song-craft to skalds,
and might of manhood to many a warrior.
4. To Thor will I offer and this will I ask him,
to bear him truly ever toward thee,
e'en though foe of the wives of Jötuns.
5. Now of thy wolves take one from the stall
and swift let him run by the side of my boar.

Hyndla.

Nay! loth is thy swine, to tread the gods' way,
nor will I burden my noble beast.

6. False art thou, Freyja! thou fain wouldst tempt me;
thine eyes betray thee; thou turnest ever
to where on the Dead's way thy lover is with thee,—
Ottar the youthful, Instein's son.

Freyja.

7. Dull art thou, Hyndla! I trow thou art dreaming,
when thou deemst my lover is here on the Dead's road,
where Golden-bristle, the boar, is glowing,
the swine of battle which once they made me,
Dain and Nabbi, the crafty dwarfs.
8. Let us now strive in our saddles sitting,
and hold converse o'er the long long lines of kings,
heroes all who are come from the gods.

*thirsty tyrant when old, who is deserted by his subjects. Sigmund, father of Sigurd (st. 25). At a wedding feast Odin entered and thrust his sword into a tree from which only Sigmund, the gods' favourite, could draw it. 3.—Song-craft to skalds, see Háv., st. 105, 139. 6.—The Dead's way: A road by which the dead warriors went to Valhöll. Ottar: The story of Freyja's human lover Ottar or Odd is told by Snorri. 7.—The boar: Frey owned the boar called Golden-bristle, which was forged by the dwarfs; see *Introd. Grm.* Freyja, according to Snorri, rode on a cat. Dain, the Dead one, is mentioned in *Vsp.**

9. (8) þeir hafa veðjat Vála malmi,
Óttarr ungi ok Angantýr :
skylt's at veita, svát skati enn ungi
föburlæifþ hafi ept frændr sína.
10. Hörg mér görþi of hlaþinn steinum—
nú es grjót þat at gleri orþit—,
(10) rauþ í nýju nauta blóþi ;
æ trúþi Óttarr á ásynjur.
11. Nú lát forna niþja talþa
ok upp bornar áttir manna :
hvat's Skjöldunga, hvat's Skilfinga,
hvat's Öþlinga, hvat's Ynglinga,
hvat's hölþborit, hvat's hersborit,
mest manna val und miþgarþi ?

Hyndla kvað :

12. 'Þú est, Óttarr ! borinn Innsteini,
en Innsteinn vas Alfi gamla,
Alfr vas Ulfi, Ulfr Sáþara,
en Sáþari Svan enum rauþa.
13. Móþur áttir menjum göfga,
hykk at héti Hlédís gýþja ;
Fróþi vas faþir, en † Friaut móþir :
öll þótti átt sú meþ yfirmönnum.
14. (17) Vas Hildigunn hennar móþir,
Svávu barn ok Sákonungs ;
allt's þat átt þin, Óttarr heimski !
varþar at viti svá, vilt enn lengra ?

11.—Hvat's Öþlinga, *B. Gv. H. G. S. C.*, missing in **F** ; ynglinga for ylfinga, **F** ; see sl. 20. 13.—Móþur áttir, *Sv. S. G.* ; átti faþir þinn, **F**, *Hl. J.* 14, etc.—
The rearrangement of strophes has been made for the sake of clearness in the translation to show the probable connection of names in Óttar's line. The numbers in brackets, F.

9. Ottar the youthful, and Angantyr—
 on this have wagered their wealth of gold ;
 needs must I help the youthful hero
 to hold the heritage after his fathers.
10. He built me an altar with stone o'erlaid ;
 like glass all riven is that rock with fire,
 for he reddened it oft with the fresh blood of oxen ;
 eye to the goddesses Ottar was true.
11. Come now let ancient kinsman be numbered,
 and let be told the long lines of men :
 who is of Skjöldungs, who of Skilfings,
 who is of Athlings, who of Ynglings,
 who is freeborn, who is gentleborn,
 choicest of all the men under Midgarth ?

Hyndla.

(Óttar's race.)

12. Thou art Ottar, born of Instein ;
 Instein came from Alf the Old,
 Alf was from Wolf, Wolf from Seafarer,
 and Seafarer sprang from Swan the Red.
13. Thou hadst a mother shining in jewels,
 Hledis, I ween, she was named, the priestess ;
 her father was Frodi, and Friaut her mother.
 All of this race among lords are reckoned.
14. Hildigunn was the mother of Friaut ;
 child was she of Svafa and Sea-king.
 All this race is thine Ottar the Simple !
 Needs must one know it thus, wilt thou yet further ?

9.—Gold is here called foreign metal. Icelandic Valsk ; English Welsh originally meant foreign. 11.—Skjöldungs, etc., see *Introd.* for these traditional race names.

15. (19) Ketill vas vinn þeirar, Klypps arfþegi,
 vas móþurfaþir móþur þinnar ;
 þar vas Fróþi fyrr an Kári,
 enn eldri vas Álfr of getinn.
16. Nanna vas næst þar Nökkva dóttir,
 vas mögr hennar mágr þíns föþur ;
 fyrnd es sú mægþ, fram telk lengra :
 allt's þat átt þín, Óttarr heimski !
17. Ísolfr ok Ásolfr Ölmóþs synir
 ok Skúrhildar Skekkils dóttur,
 skalt til telja skatna margra :
 allt's þat átt þín, Óttarr heimski !
18. (14) Áli vas áþr öflgastr manna,
 Halfdanr fyrri hæstr Skjöldunga ;
 fráeg vöru folkvíg þaus framir görþu,
 hvarfla þóttu hans verk með himins skautum.
19. (15) Efdisk við Eymund, óztan manna,
 en Sigtrygg sló með svölum eggjum ;
 átti Almveigu, ózta kvenna,
 ólu ok áttu átján sunu.
20. (16) þaþan Skjöldungar, þaþan Skilfingar,
 þaþan Öþlingar, þaþan Ynglingar,
 þaþan hölþborit, þaþan hersborit,
 mest manna val und miþgarþi ;
 allt's þat átt þín, Óttarr heimski !
21. (18) Dagr átti þóru drengja móþur,
 ólusk í átt þar óztir kappar :
 Fraþmarr ok Gyrþr ok Frekar báþir,
 Ámr ok Josurmarr, Álfr enn gamli :
 varþar at viti svá, vilt enn lengra ?

15.—þeirar, S. G.; þeirra, F. 16, line 3.—*Followed by a repetition of 24, line 3, F.*

15. Klyp's son Ketil was spouse of Hildigun ;
 he was the father of thy mother's mother.
 Older than Kari yet was Frodi,
 but Alf was of all the eldest born.
16. Next came Nanna, the daughter of Nökkvir ;
 her son was thy father's brother by wedlock.
 Old is that kindship, still on will I tell thee,
 for all this race is thine, Ottar the Simple.
17. Isolf and Osof were sons of Ölmod,
 and born of Skurhild, daughter of Skekkil.
 Thou shalt reckon back to many a chieftain.
 All this race is thine Ottar the Simple !

(Halfdan's Race.)

18. Far back was Ali, mightiest of men :
 Halfdan before him highest of Skjöldungs,
 whirled were his deeds round the skirts of heaven,
 great wars of nations the chieftains waged.
19. He joined him to Eymund, highest of heroes ;
 Sigtrygg slew with the icy sword-edge,
 wedded Almveig, loftiest of ladies ;
 so he begat him sons eighteen.
20. Thence are the Skjöldungs, thence the Skilfings,
 thence are the Athlings, thence the Ynglings,
 thence are freeborn, thence are gentleborn,
 all the choicest of men under Midgarth.
 All this race is thine, Ottar the Simple ;
21. Dag's wife was Thora, mother of warriors ;
 reared in that race were the mightiest heroes,
 Fradmar and Gyrd, and both the Wolf-cubs,
 Josurmar, Am, and Alf the Old.
 Needs must one know it thus, wilt thou yet further ?

18.—Halfdan, a mythical King of Denmark. 19.—Eymund, King of Novgorod and father of Almveig (*Skuldskm*). 21.—Dag, son of Halfdan, father of Arngrim (*st. 22*).

22. (23) *Þeir í Bolm austr* bornir váru
 Arngríms synir ok Eyfuru ;
 brökun berserkja, böls margskonar,
 of lönd ok of lög sem logi fœri :
23. (25) *Hervarþr, Hjörvarþr, Hrani, Angantyr,*
 Bui ok Brámi, Barri ok Reifnir,
 Tindr ok Tyrfingr, tveir Haddingjar :
 allt's þat átt þín, Óttarr heimski !
24. (22) Gunnarr balkr, Grímr harþskafi,
 jarnskjöldr þórir, Ulfr gínandi ;
 kunnak báða Brodd ok Hörvi,
 váru þeir í hirþ Hrolfs ens gamla.
25. (27) *Þeir váru gumnar* goðum signaðir,
 allir bornir Jörmunreki,
 (24) Sigurþar mági, —hlýþ sögu minni !—
 folkum grims es Fáfni vá.
26. (25) Sá vas vísir frá Völsungi
 ok Hjördís frá Hraufungi,
 en Eylimi frá Öþlingum :
 allt's þat átt þín, Óttarr heimski !
27. (26) Gunnarr ok Högni Gjúka arfar
 ok et sama Guþrún, systir þeira :
 eigi vas Gotþormr Gjúka áttar,
 þó vas bróþir beggja þeira :
 allt's þat átt þín, Óttarr heimski !

22, line 1.—B. G. S. J.'s emendation to agree with *Örvar Odd's S.*, ani ómi váru bornir, **F**. Line 4.—Followed by all't's, etc., **F**, om. G S. J. 23, line 1.—Supplied from *Örvar Odds S.*, C. 14, and *Hervarar S.*, B. Gv. H. C. G. S. J. 24.—B. suggests this transposition, because Grim and Thorir are mentioned at Hrólfr's Court in *Forn. S.*, III., 57, G. H. S. J. 25, lines 1 and 2.—Transposed by B. G. H. S. J.

(The Berserks.)

22. Born in Bolm in the eastern land
 were Arngrim's sons and Eyfora's;
 woes unnumbered the berserks worked,
 like the faring of fire o'er land and sea.
23. Hervard, Hjörvard, Hrani, Angantyr,
 Bui and Brami, Barri and Reifnir,
 Tind and Tyrfing, and Haddungs twain.
 All this race is thine, Ottar the Simple!
24. Gunnar Battle-wall, Grim Strongminded,
 Thorir Iron-shield, Wolf the Gaper;
 Brod and Hörvi, once I knew them,
 both in the train of Hrolf the Old.

(The Völsung race.)

25. Given to the gods were the warrior sons,
 all the children of Jörmunrek,
 the kinsman of Sigurd— list to my saga!—
 Fear of Nations, who Fafnir slew.
26. That ruler was born of the race of Völsungs,
 and Hjördis came, his mother, of Hraudungs,
 and Eylimi, her sire, of Athlings.
 All this race is thine, Ottar the Simple!
27. Gunnar and Högni were sons of Gjuki;
 Gudrun their sister, was eke his offspring;
 but not of their kin was Guthorm Battle-snake,
 though of the twain he was held the brother.
 All this race is thine, Ottar the Simple!

22-23.—*The story of Angantyr and the famous berserks is told in Hervarar S. and Örvar Odds S.* 24.—*Hrolf, probably Hálf, a famous King of Gauta-land, and hero of Hálf's S.* 25.—*Jörmunrek, the heroicised Ermanric, King of the Goths in the fourth century. Sigurd, the hero of the Völsunga S., and later Niebelungen lied.* 27.—*Gjuki, of Niflung race, a King of the Burgundians. Guthorm, his stepson, slew Sigurd at the desire of Brynhild.*

HYNDLULJÓÐ.

28. (31) Haki vas Hveþnu hóti baztr sona,
 en Hveþnu vas Hjörvarþr faþir
 :
 :
29. (27) Haraldr hilditönn borinn Hróreki
 slöngvanbauga, sunr vas hann Auþar,
 Auþr djúpúþga Ívars dóttir,
 en Ráþbarþr vas Randvés faþir :
 allt's þat átt þín, Óttarr heimski !'

Freyja kvað :

30. 'Ber minnisöl mínum gelti,
 svát öll muni orþ at tína,
 þessa róðu, á þriðja morni,
 þás þeir Angantýr áttir rekja.'

Hyndla kvað :

31. 'Snuðu braut heþan ! sofa lystir mik,
 fær fátt af mér fríþra kosta :
 hleypr, eþlvína ! úti á náttum,
 sem meþ höfrum Heiþrún fari.
32. Rannat at Óþi ey þreyjandi :
 skutusk þér fleiri und fyrirskyrta ;
 hleypr, eþlvína ! úti á náttum,
 sem meþ höfrum Heiþrún fari.'

Freyja kvað :

33. 'Ek slá eldi of íviþju,
 svát eigi kömsk óbrend heþan.

28. Best was Haki of Hvedna's children ;
the father of Hvedna was Hjörvard.

(Race of Harald War-tooth.)

29. Born from Aud was Harald War-tooth,
son of Hrærik, Slinger of Rings.
Aud Deep-thoughted was Ivar's daughter,
and Randver the son of Radbard born.
All this race is thine, Ottar the Simple !

* * * * *

Freyja.

30. To my boar now bear the ale of memory,
so shall he tell forth all this tale
when the third morn comes, and with Angantyr
he shall trace back the mighty men of their race.

Hyndla.

31. Hie away hence ! for I fain would sleep,
and few fair words shalt thou win from me.
Thou gaddest forth, good friend, at nights
like a she-goat straying bold among bucks.
32. Yearning ever thou hast followed Odd ;
many a sweetheart has slept in thine arms.
Thou gaddest forth, good friend, at nights
like a she-goat straying bold among bucks.

Freyja.

33. I will strike fire about thee, giantess,
so that unburnt thou hie not hence.

29.—Harald War-tooth, a King of Denmark. Hrærik, a King of Sweden, husband of Aud. The saga of these mythical personages is told in *Sögubrot* and by Saxo Grammaticus. 31.—A she-goat: The name of the mythical goat Heidrun (*Grm.*, st. 25) is here used in a general sense.

HYNDLULJÓÐ.

Hyndla kvað :

‘Hleypr, eþlvina ! úti á náttum,
sem meþ höfrum Heiþrun fari.’

34. ‘Hyr sék brinna en hauþr loga,
verþa flestir fjörlausn þola :
ber Óttari þjór at hendi
eitrblandinn mjök, illu heilli !
Hleypr, eþlvina ! úti á náttum
sem meþ höfrum Heiþrun fari.’

Freyja kvað :

35. ‘Orþheill þín skal öngu ráða,
þót, brúþr jötuns ! bölvi heitir ;
hann skal drekka dýrar veigar,
biþk Óttari öll goþ duga.’
-

Hyndla.

Thou gaddest forth, good friend, at nights
like a she-goat straying bold among bucks.

34. Lo ! all around us the earth is flaming !
Many must render their lives as ransom.
Bear now the ale-cup to Ottar's hand,
all mingled with poison and omens of ill.
Thou gaddest forth, good friend, at nights
like a she-goat straying bold among bucks.

Freyja.

35. The word of thine omen shall work no evil,
albeit thou cursest, vile wife of Jötuns ;
sweet shall the draught be that Ottar drinks,
for I pray all the Powers to shield him well.
-



BALDRS DRAUMAR.

1. Senn váru ásir allir á þingi
ok ásynjur allar á máli,
ok of þat répu ríkir tívar,
hví véri Baldri ballir draumar.
2. Upp reis Óþinn, aldinn gautr,
auk á Sleipni söþul of lagði ;
reið niðr þáþan Nifheljar til,
móetti hvelpi es ór helju kvam.
3. (2) Sá vas blóþugr of brjóst framan
ok galdrs föþur gó of lengi ;
(3) fram reið Óþinn foldvegr dunði,
hann kvam at hávu Heljar ranni.



BALDR'S DREAMS.

1. Straight were gathered all gods at the doomstead,
goddesses all were in speech together ;
and the mighty Powers over this took counsel,—
why to Baldr came dreams forboding.

2. Up rose Odin the ancient creator ;
he laid the saddle on gliding Sleipnir,
and downward rode into Misty Hel.
Met him a hound from a cavern coming ;

3. all its breast was blood-besprinkled,
long it bayed at the Father of Spells.
Onward he rode, the Earth's way rumbled,
to the lofty hall of Hel came Odin.

2.—Sleipnir: *Odin's eight-footed steed*; see *Vsp. en skamma*, st. 8. Misty Hel: *The dwelling place of the goddess Hel, daughter of Loki and Angrboða*; see *Vsp. en skamma*, st. 8, *Ls. Introd.* A hound: *Garm*; see *Vsp.* 44. 3.—The father of spells or magic, as in *Háv.* *Odin sang some such song as that mentioned in Háv., st. 156.*

BALDRS DRAUMAR.

4. þá reið Óþinn fyr austan dyrr,
 þars hann vissi völvu leiði,
 (4) nam vittugri valgaldr kveða,
 unz nauþug reis nás orþ of kvaþ :
5. (4) 'Hvat's manna þat mér ókunnra
 es höfumk aukit erfitt sinni ?
 (5) vask snivin snjóvi ok slegin regni
 ok drifin döggu, dauþ vask lengi.'

Óþinn kvaþ :

6. 'Vegtamr heitik, sunr emk Valtams ;
 seg mer ór helju, ek mun ór heimi :
 hveim eru bekkir baugum sánir.
 flet fagrliga flóiþ gulli ?'

Völva kvaþ :

7. (6) 'Hér stendr Baldri of brugginn mjöþr,
 skírar veigar, liggr skjöldr yfir ;
 en ásmegir í ofváni.
 Nauþug sagþak, nú munk þegja.'

Óþinn kvaþ :

8. (6) 'Þegjat, völvu ! þik vilk fregna,
 unz alkunna, vilk enn vita :
 hveir mun Baldri at bana verða
 ok Óþins sun aldri rána ?'

Völva kvaþ :

9. (7) 'Höþr berr hávan hróþrbaþm þinig,
 hann mun Baldri at bana verða
 ok Óþins sun aldri rána.
 Nauþug sagþak, nú munk þegja.'

4. Round he rode to a door on the eastward
 where he knew was a witch's grave.
 He sang there spells of the dead to the Vala ;
 needs she must rise— a corpse—and answer :
5. 'What man is this to me unknown,
 who torment adds to my toilsome way ?
 I was snowed on with snow, and dashed with rain,
 I was drenched with dew, I have long been dead.'

Odin.

6. 'They call me Waywont I am son of Warwont ;
 tell me tidings of Hel, I will tell of the world.
 For whom are the benches strewn with rings,
 for whom is the fair daïs flooded with gold ?'

Vala.

7. 'Here stands for Baldr brewed the mead,
 the shining cup, the shield lies over,
 but the gods' race all are in despair.
 Needs have I spoken, now will I cease.'

Odin.

8. 'Cease not, Vala ! still will I ask thee,
 I must see yet onward till all I know :—
 who will be the slayer of Baldr,
 who Odin's son will of life bereave ?'

Vala.

9. 'Höd shall bear thither the high-grown Fame-bough,
 he will be the slayer of Baldr,
 yea, Odin's son will of life bereave.
 Needs have I spoken, now will I cease.'

6.—Waywont: *Odin as wanderer* ; Cf. *Gangleri, Grm., st. 49.* 9.—The Fame-bough or mistletoe which, according to *Snorri, Loki puts into the hands of blind Höd* ; see *Vsp. 32, Ls. st. 28, Fj. st. 26.*

BALDRS DRAUMAR.

Óþinn kvað :

10. (7) 'Þegjat, völva ! þik vilk fregna,
unz alkunna, vilk enn vita :
hverr mun heiptar [Heþi] hefnt of vinna
eða Baldrs bana á bál vega ?'

Völva kvað :

11. (8) 'Rindr berr Vála í veströllum,
sa mun Óþins sunr einnættir vega ;
hönd of þvárat né höfuð kembir,
áþr á bál of berr Baldrs andskota.
Naufug sagþak, nú munk þegja.'

Óþinn kvað :

12. (8) 'Þegjat, völva ! þik vilk fregna,
unz alkunna, vilk enn vita :
(9) hverjar'u meyjar es at muni gráta
ok á himin verpa halsa skautum ?'

Völva kvað :

13. (10) 'Estat Vegtamr, sem ek hugða,
heldr est Óþinn, aldinn gautr !'

Óþinn kvað :

'Estat völva né vís kona,
heldr est þriggja þursa móþir !'

Völva kvað :

14. (11) 'Heim ríð, Óþinn ! ok ves hróþugr :
svá komir manna meirr aptr á vit,
es lauss Loki líþr ór böndum
ok í ragna rök rjúfendr koma.'

14.—Ok í ragna rök, *B. G. S.*, A ; ok ragna rök, *Dt. and Hl.*

Odin.

10. 'Cease not, Vala, still will I ask thee,
I must see yet onward till all I know :—
who shall work revenge for the woe on Höd,
and lay on the bale fire Baldr's foe ?'

Vala.

11. 'Rind shall bear Vali in the western halls;
he, Odin's son, shall fight one night old.
Nor hand will he wash, nor head will he comb
till he lay on the bale fire Baldr's foe.
Needs have I spoken, now will I cease.'

Odin.

12. 'Cease not, Vala, still will I ask thee,
I must see yet onward till all I know :—
who are the maidens who weep at will,
and up toward heaven their neck veils fling ?'

Vala.

13. 'Not Waywont art thou as I had weened,
but thou art Odin, the ancient creator !'

Odin.

'No Vala art thou nor woman wise,
but of three giants thou art mother !'

Vala.

14. 'Ride homeward, Odin, glorying in thy gain !
for thus shall no being ever meet me more,
ere Loki roves from his fetters free,
and the Destroyers come at the Powers' great Doom.'

11.—Rind, *the giant wife of Odin*; see *Gz.*, st. 6. Vali, see *Vm.* 51; *Vsp. en skamma*, st. 1. 12.—Their neck veils: *Icelandic*, *halsa skautum*, is of uncertain meaning. Skaut is used for sheet, corner, quarter of the heavens, sail, part of a woman's dress. *Dt.* inclines to the above; *G.*, sail corners. If the expression is nautical, *Wimmer* suggests that the maidens are wave daughters of *Ægir*; see *Hym.*, st. 2.



LOKASENNA.

FRÁ ÆGI OK GOPUM.

Ægir, er öþru nafni hét Gyimir, hann hafði búið ásum öl, þá er hann hafði fengit ketil inn mikla, sem nú er sagt. Til þeirar veizlu kom Óþinn ok Frigg kona hans. Þórr kom eigi, þúiat hann var í austrvegi. Síf var þar, kona Þórs; Bragi ok Íþunn kona hans. Týr var þar, hann var einhendr: Fenrisúlfr sleit hönd af hánum, þá er hann var bundinn. Þar var Njörðr ok kona hans Skapí, Freyr ok Freyja, Víþarr sonr Óþins. Loki var þar, ok þjónustumenn Freys Byggvir ok Beyla. Mart var þar ása ok álfa. Ægir atti twá þjónustu-



LOKI'S MOCKING

AT THE BANQUET OF ÆGIR.

Ægir, who is also called Gyimir (the Binder), bade the gods to an ale feast after he had got possession of the great cauldron—as already told. To this banquet came Odin and Frigg, his wife. Thor came not because he was journeying in the East-country, but his wife Sif was there, and Bragi, with his wife Idun; Tyr also, who was one-handed, because the wolf Fenrir had torn off the other hand while the gods were binding him. There were Njörd and his wife Skadi, Frey and his servants Barley and Beyla, Freyja, Vidar, the son of Odin, with many other gods and elves; there, moreover, was Loki. Ægir had two servants—Nimble-snatcher and Fire-stirrer. Shining gold was

As already told.—*See Hm.* East-country, or *Jötunheim*.

menn : Fimafengr ok Eldir. Þar var lýsigull haft fyrir elds ljós ; sjálft barsk þar öl ; þar var griðstaþr mikill. Menn löfuðu mjök hversu góþir þjonustumenn Ægis váru. Loki mátti eigi heyra þat, ok draþ hann Fimafeng. Þa skóku ósír skjöldu sína ok óþþu at Loka ok eltu hann braut til skógar, en þeir faru at drekka. Loki hvarf aptr ok hitti úti Eldi ; Loki kvaddi hann :

Loki kvaþ :

1. ‘Seg þat, Eldir ! svát þú einugi
feti gangir framarr :
hvat hér inni hafa at ölmálum
sigtíva synir ?’

Eldir kvaþ :

2. ‘Of vápn sín dóema ok of vígrisni sína
sigtíva synir :
ása ok alfa es hér inni ’rú
mangi’s þér í orþi vinr.’

Loki kvaþ :

3. ‘Inn skal ganga Ægis hallir í
á þat sumbl at sea ;
joll ok áfu fóerik ása sunum
ok blentk þeim meini mjöþ.’

Eldir kvaþ :

4. ‘Veiztu, ef inn gengr Ægis hallir í
á þat sumbl at sea,
hróþi ok rógi ef þú eyss á holl regin,
á þér munu þerra þat.’

Loki kvaþ :

5. ‘Veizt þat, Eldir ! ef vit einir skulum
sáryrþum sakask,
auþugr verþa munk í andsvörum,
ef þú mælir til mart.’

used in the hall for the light of fire, the ale bore itself, and the place was held as a holy peace-stead. Men praised Ægir's servants, and said oft how good they were; but Loki could not brook this, and he slew Nimble-snatcher. The gods all shook their shields and cried out against Loki, and chased him away to the woods, and then betook themselves again to drink. But Loki turned back, and finding Fire-stirrer standing without, he hailed him:—

Loki.

1. Tell me, Fire-stirrer— but whence thou standest
move not a single step—
what are the sons of the war-gods saying
o'er the ale-cup here within?

Fire-stirrer.

2. Of their weapons are speaking the sons of the war-gods,
they boast of their battle-fame;
but 'mid gods and elves who within are gathered,
not one is thy friend in his words.

Loki.

3. I shall now enter the halls of Ægir
this banquet to behold:
mockery and strife will I bring to the god's sons,
and mingle sorrow with their mead.

Fire-stirrer.

4. Know, if thou enter the halls of Ægir
this banquet to behold,
if reproach and slander on the blest Powers thou pour
they shall wipe out thy words upon thee.

Loki.

5. Know thou, Fire-stirrer, if we twain must fight
together with wounding words,—
if thou talk too freely thou soon shalt find me
in answering ready and rich.

Síðan gekk Loki inn í höllina, en er þeir sá, er fyrir váru, hverr inn var kominn, þögnuðu þeir allir.

Loki kvað :

6. 'Þyrstr ek köm þessar hallar til,
Loptr, of langan veg,
ásu at biþja, at mér einn gefi
mæran drykk mjapar.
7. (6) Hví þegiþ ér svá, þrungin goþ!
at ér mæla né meguþ?
sessa ok staþi veliþ mér sumbli at,
eþa heitiþ mik heþan.'

Bragi kvað :

8. (7) 'Sessa ok staþi velja þér sumbli at
æsir aldrigi ;
þvít æsir vitu, hveim þeir alda skulu
gambansumbl of geta.'

Loki kvað :

9. (8) 'Mant þat, Óþinn ! es vit í árdaga
blendum blóþi saman ?
ölvi bergja lézt eigi mundu,
nema okkr væri báþum borit.'

Óþinn kvað :

10. (9) 'Rís þá, Víþarr ! ok lát ulfs föþur
sitja sumbli at,
síþr oss Loki kveþi lastastöfum
Ægis höllu í.'

Then Loki entered the hall, and when those assembled saw who was come in they all became silent.

Loki.

6. Thirsty come I, the Rover of Air,
to this feasting hall from afar ;
I would ask the gods to give me but one
sweet draught of the mead to drink.
7. Why all silent ye sullen gods ?
Can ye speak no single word ?
Make me room on the bench, give me place at the banquet,
or bid me hie homeward hence.

Bragi.

8. Nor place at the banquet nor room on the bench
the gods shall give to thee ;
well they know for what manner of wight
they should spread so fair a feast.

Loki.

9. Mindest thou, Odin, how we twain of old
like brothers mingled our blood ?
Then saidst thou that never was ale-cup sweet
unless 'twere borne to us both.

Odin.

10. Rise up, Vidar, and give the Wolf's father
bench-room at the banquet,
lest Loki shame us with scornful speeches
here in Ægir's halls.

8.—Bragi, *the god of poetry*. 9.—*The mingling of blood sealed a brotherhood in arms*. Loki, Odin, and Hœnir were companions in many strange adventures. 10.—Vidar, see *Grm.* 17 ; *Vsp.*, st. 54. Loki was the father of Fenrir, see st. 39 ; *Vsp. en skanma*, st. 8.

Þá stóð Víþarr upp ok skenkði Loka; en áþr hann drykki, kvaddi hann ásuna:

11. (10) 'Heilir ásir, heilar ásynjur
ok öll ginnheilug goð!
nema einn áss es innar sitr,
Bragi, bekkjum á.'

Bragi kvað:

12. (11) 'Mar ok máki gefk þer míns fear
ok bóétir svá baugi Bragi,
síþr þú ásum öfund of gjaldir;
gremjat goð at þér!'

Loki kvað:

13. (12) 'Jós ok armbauga mundu æ vesa
beggja vanr, Bragi!
ása ok alfa es hér inni 'rú
þú'st við víg varastr
ok skjarrastr við skot.'

Bragi kvað:

14. (13) 'Veitk, ef fyr útan vérað, sem fyr innan emk
Ægis höll of kominn,
haufuþ þitt bárað í hendi mér:
létak þér þat fyr lygi.'

Loki kvað:

15. (14) 'Snjallr est í sessi, skalta svá göra,
Bragi, bekkskrautuþr!
vega þú gakk, ef þú vreiþr seir!
hyggsk vétr hvatr fyrir.'

Íþunn kvað:

16. (15) 'Biþk þik, Bragi! barna sífjar duga
ok allra óskmaga,
at þú Loka kveþjat lastastöfum
Ægis höllu í.'

Then Vidar arose and poured out ale for Loki, who thus greeted the gods before he drank :—

11. Hail, ye gods, and goddesses, hail !
 hail all ye holy Powers !—
 save only one who sits within,
 thou, Bragi, upon the bench !

Bragi.

12. Steed and sword from my store will I give thee
 and reward thee well with rings
 lest thou pour thy hate on the gracious Powers.
 Rouse not their wrath against thee !

Loki.

13. Nor steeds nor rings wilt thou ever own
 as long as thou livest, Bragi :
 thou art wariest in war, and shyest at shot
 of all gods and elves herein.

Bragi.

14. Were I without now even in such mood
 as within the halls of Ægir,
 that head of thine would I hold in my hand :—
 'twere little reward for thy lie !

Loki.

15. Bold seemst thou sitting, but slack art thou doing,
 Bragi, thou pride of the bench !
 Come forth and fight if in truth thou art wroth ;
 a bold warrior bides not to think.

Idun.

16. Nay Bragi, I beg for the sake of blood-kindred,
 and of all the war-sons of Odin,
 upbraid not Loki with bitter speeches
 here in Ægir's halls.

16.—Idun, *Bragi's wife*. *The myth of st. 17 is unknown.*

LOKASENNA.

Loki kvað :

17. (16) ‘Þegi þú, Íþunn! þik kveþk allra kvenna
vergjarnasta vesa,
síztu arma þína lagþir ítrþvegna
umb þinn bróþurbana.’

Íþunn kvað :

18. (17) ‘Loka ek kveþka lastastöfum
Ægis höllu í;
Braga ek kyrri bjórreifan:
villkak at vreiþir vegisk.’

Gefjun kvað :

19. (18) ‘Hvi it ásir tveir skuluþ inni hér
sáryrþum sakask?
Loka þat veit, at hann leikinn es
ok hann fjörg öll fiar.’

Loki kvað :

20. (19) ‘Þegi þú, Gefjun! þess munk nú geta,
hverr þik glapþi at geþi:
sveinn enn hvíti þér sigli gaf
ok þú lagþir lær yfir.’

Óþinn kvað :

21. (20) ‘Ærr est, Loki! ok örviti,
es þú fær þér Gefjun at gremi:
þvit aldar örlög hykk at öll of viti
jafngörla sem ek.’

Loki kvað :

22. (21) ‘Þegi þú, Óþinn! þú kunnir aldri
deila víg meþ verum:
opt þú gaft þeims gefa né skyldir
enum slævurum sigr.’

19.—Loka, *Gv. S. G.*; Lopzki, **R.** Fiar, *Kölbing, S. G.*; fría, **R**; fía, *Sv. J.*
20.—Hverr þik, *Gv. S. G.*; er þik, **R.**

Loki.

17. Silence, Idun! I swear, of all women
 thou the most wanton art;
 who couldst fling those fair-washed arms of thine
 about thy brother's slayer.

Idun.

18. I blame thee not, Loki, with bitter speeches
 here in Ægir's halls.
 I seek but to sooth the ale-stirred Bragi,
 lest in your fierceness ye fight.

Gefjon.

19. Wherefore, ye gods twain with wounding words
 strive ye here in the hall?
 Who knows not Loki, that he loathes all beings
 and mocks in his madness of soul?

Loki.

20. Silence, Gefjon! I will tell that tale
 of him who once stole thy heart,—
 that fair swain who gave thee a shining necklace,
 him thou didst hold in thine arms.

Odin.

21. Wild art thou, Loki, and witless now,
 thus rousing Gefjon to wrath!
 I ween she knows all the fate of the world
 even as surely as I.

Loki.

22. Silence, Odin! When couldst thou ever
 rule battles of men aright?
 Oft hast thou given to them who had earned not,
 to the slothful victory in strife.

20.—Gefjon is only mentioned here in the Poetical Edda. The myth is usually told of Freyja; see þrk st. 12 and Introd.

LOKASENNA.

Óþinn kvað :

23. (22) 'Veizt, ef ek gaf þeim gefa né skyldak,
 enum slávurum sigr :
 átta vetr vastu fyr jörð neþan
 kýr molkandi ok kona
 ok hefr þar börn of borit,
 ok hugþak þat args aðal.'

Loki kvað :

24. (23) 'En þik síða kváðu Sámseyju í,
 ok drapt á vétt sem vödur :
 vitka líki fórtu verþjóf yfir,
 ok hugþak þat args aðal.'

Frigg kvað :

25. (24) 'Örlögum ykkrum skyliþ aldri
 segja seggjum frá :
 hvat it ásir tveir drýgþuþ í árdaga,
 firrisk æ forn rök firar.'

Loki kvað :

26. (25) 'Þegi þú, Frigg ! þú'st Fjörgyns már
 ok hefr æ vergjörn verit,
 es þá Vé ok Vilja léztu þér, Viþris kvæn !
 báða í baþm of tekit.'

Frigg kvað :

27. (26) 'Veizt, ef inni áttak Ægis höllum í
 Baldri glíkan bur,
 út né kvæmir frá ása sunum,
 ok væri at þér vreiþum vegit.'

Odin.

23. Know, if ever I gave to them who had earned not,
to the slothful victory in strife,
eight winters wert thou below in the earth
like a maiden, milking kine,
and there thou gavest birth to bairns,—
which I weened was a woman's lot.

Loki.

24. But thou in Samsey wast weaving magic
and making spells like a witch :
thou didst pass as wizard through the world of men,—
which I weened was a woman's way.

Frigg.

25. Tell ye to no man the shameful tale
of the deeds ye did of old,—
how ye two gods wrought in ancient time ;—
what is gone is best forgot.

Loki.

26. Silence, Frigg ! who hast Earth's spouse for a husband,
and hast ever yearned after men !
Vé the holy, and Vili the lustful
both lay in thine arms, wife of Odin.

Frigg.

27. Know, if I had but in Ægir halls,
a son like my Baldr, the slain, [gods
thou wouldst ne'er come whole through the host of the
but fiercely thou shouldst be assailed.

23.—*This strophe perhaps alludes to another version of the myth of Vsp. en skamma, st. 9.* 24.—*Samsey, modern Samsö, north of Funen.* 26, line 1.—*This line has often been misunderstood, by Snorri and later critics. The literal thou art Fjörgynn's maid has been rendered thou art Fjörgynn's daughter. But Fjörgynn is only another name for Odin in his character as the husband of Fjörgyn or Jörd, the Earth, and mother of Thor. Vé and Vili, the brothers of Odin, may also be taken as different aspects of the same god. The name used in the text for Odin is Vidrir, the Stormer; see Grm., st. 51.*

LOKASENNA.

Loki kvað :

28. (27) 'Enn vill þú, Frigg! at ek fleiri telja
mína meistafi :
ek því ráð, es þú ríða sérat
síðan Baldr at sölum.'

Freyja kvað :

29. (28) 'Örr est, Loki! es þú yþra telr
ljóta leiðstafi :
örlög Frigg hykk at öll viti,
þót hón sjölfgi segi.'

Loki kvað :

30. (29) 'Þegi þú, Freyja! þik kannk fullgörva,
esa þér vamma vant :
ása ok alfa es hér inni 'rú
hverr hefr hórr þinn verit.'

Freyja kvað :

31. (30) 'Flá's þér tunga, hykk at þér fremr
myni ógott of gala ;
vreiðir'u þér ásir ok ásynjur,
hryggr munt heim fara.'

Loki kvað :

32. (31) 'Þegi þú, Freyja! þú'st fordáða
ok meini blandin mjök :
síz þík at bróðr þínum stóðu blíð regin,
ok mundir þá, Freyja! frata.'

Njörðr kvað :

33. (32) 'Þat's vá litil, þót sér vers faí
varðir, hóss eða hvárs ;
undr's at áss ragr es hér inn of kominn
ok hefr sá börn of borit.'

Loki.

28. Wouldst have me, Frigg, tell a few more yet
 of these shameful stories of mine ?
 'Twas I wrought the Woe, that henceforth thou wilt not
 see Baldr ride back to the halls.

Freyja.

29. Mad art thou, Loki, to tell thus the shame
 and grim deeds wrought by you gods !
 Frigg knows, I ween, all the fate of the world ;
 though she whispers thereof to none.

Loki.

30. Silence, Freyja ! Full well I know thee
 and faultless art thou not found ;
 of the gods and elves who here are gathered
 each one hast thou made thy mate.

Freyja.

31. False thy tongue is ! Too soon 'twill sing
 its own song of woe, as I ween.
 Wroth are the gods, and the goddesses wroth,
 rueful thou soon shalt run home.

Loki.

32. Silence, Freyja ! Thou art a sorceress
 all with evil blent :
 once at thy brother's the blithe gods caught thee,
 and then wast thou frightened, Freyja !

Njörd.

33. Small harm it seems if haply a woman
 both lover and husband have ;
 but behold the horror now in the halls,
 the vile god who bairns hath borne !

28.—*The only allusion in the Poetical Edda to Loki's share in the death of Baldr ; see Bdr. Introd. Possibly it only refers to Loki's refusal to weep (Nd. Dalt., 41).*
 29.—*By you gods : so Gering and Dt. Hl. take yþra.* 32.—*No such myth of Frey or Freyja is mentioned elsewhere.*

Loki kvað :

34. (33) Þegi þú, Njörðr! þú vast austr heðan
 gísl of sendr at goðum ;
 Hymis meyjar höfðu þik at hlandtrogri
 ok þér í munn migu.'

Njörðr kvað :

35. (34) 'Sú erunk líkn, es vask langt heðan
 gísl of sendr at goðum :
 þa ek mög gat þanns manngi fiar,
 ok þykkir sá ása jaðarr.'

Loki kvað :

36. (35) 'Hátt nú, Njörðr! haf á hófi þik !
 munkak því leyna lengr :
 við systur þinni gatzu slíkan mög
 ok esa þó ónu verr.'

Týrr kvað :

37. (36) 'Freyr es baztr allra baldriða
 ása görðum í ;
 mey né grétir né manns konu,
 ok leysir ór höptum hvern.'

Loki kvað :

38. (37) 'Þegi þú, Týr! þú kunnir aldri
 bera tilt með tveim :
 handar hógri munk hinnar geta
 es þér sleit Fenrir frá.'

Týrr kvað :

39. (38) 'Handar emk vanr, en þú Hrópvitnis,
 böl es beggja þrá :
 ulfgi hefr ok vel es í böndum skal
 bíða ragna rökkrs.'

34.—At goðum : *B.* suggests af goðum, but at is occasionally used, as here, to denote source (*Dt.*). *G.* and others take it in the ordinary meaning to, and understand an allusion to *Vm.* 39.

Loki.

34. Silence, Njörd! Thou wast eastward sent
 as hostage from hence by the gods ;
 there into thy mouth flowed the maids of Hymir
 and used thee as trough for their floods.

Njörd.

35. Yet was I gladdened when sent afar,
 as hostage from hence by the gods ;
 there a son I got me, the foe of none,
 and highest held among gods.

Loki.

36. Silence now, Njörd! Set bounds to thy lying ;
 I will no longer let this be hid—
 with thine own sister that son thou gottest,
 though he is not worse than one weened.

Tyr.

37. Nay! Frey is the best of all bold riders
 who enter the garths of the gods ;
 nor wife nor maiden he makes to weep,
 but he breaks the prisoner's bonds.

Loki.

38. Silence, Tyr! Who in truth couldst never
 bring good will betwixt twain ;
 the tale will I tell of that right hand
 which Fenrir reft from thee once.

Tyr.

39. If I want for a hand for thy Wolf-son, thou ;
 we both bear burden of want :
 and 'tis ill with the Wolf who must hide in bonds
 till the twilight come of the Powers.

34.—Njörd figures here in his character of sea god ; see *Fragments from Sn. E.*
 36.—A son, presumably got with the giantess Skadi, but in *Ynglinga S.* it is stated that Njörd was married to his sister, and had a son and daughter, Frey and Freyja, before even he was sent as hostage by the Wanes to the Æsir. 38.—See *Introd.* 39.—Twilight of the Powers or Ragna rökr : This is the only use of rökr in the poems, which has given rise to the phrase "twilight of the gods." The more usual form was rök or fate.

Loki kvað :

40. (39) ‘Þegi þú, Týr! Þat varð þinni konu,
at hón átti mög við mér ;
öln né penning hafþir þú þess aldri
vanréttis, vesall!’

Freyr kvað :

41. (40) ‘Ulf sék liggja árósi fyrir,
unz of rjúfask regin ;
því munt næst, nema nú þegir,
bundinn, bölvasmíðr!’

Loki kvað :

42. (41) ‘Golli keypta léztu Gymis dóttur
ok seldir þitt svá sverð ;
en es Múspells synir ríða Myrkvið yfir,
veizta þá, vesall! hvé veðr.’

Byggvir kvað :

43. (42) ‘Veizt, ef öpli áttak sem Ingunar-Freyr,
ok svá sállíkt setr,
mergi smæra mölþak þá meinkráku
ok lemþa alla í liðu.’

Loki kvað :

44. (43) ‘Hvat’s þat et litla, es ek þat löggtra sék,
ok snapvíst snapir ?
at eyrum Freys mundu á vesa
auk und kvernum klaka.’

Loki.

40. Be silent, Tyr, while I tell of the son
whom thy wife got once by me :
not even a penny or ell of cloth
didst thou get for thy wrong, poor wretch !

Frey.

41. I see Fenrir lying at the mouth of the flood ;
he shall bide till the Powers perish ;
and thou, mischief-maker, shalt meet with like fate
if thou hold not herewith thy peace.

Loki.

42. Wealth gav'st thou, Frey, for Gymir's maid,
thou didst sell thy sword for Gerd ;
but how shalt thou fight when the sons of fire
through the Murk-wood ride, poor wretch ?

Barley.

43. Were I of Ing's race even as Frey—
owned I a land blest as Elfhome—
I would crush like marrow yon croaker of ill,
and break all his bones into bits.

Loki.

44. What is that wee thing whining and fawning,
snuffling and snapping, I see ?
Ever at Frey's ear, flattering and chattering,
or murmuring under the mill !

40.—A lost myth. 41.—The flood, called Vamm or Van by Snorri, is a river of Hel proceeding from the moisture which flowed out of Fenrir's jaws while the great Wolf lay bound in torture. 42.—Frey is slain by Surt, the Fire-giant, at the Doom of the gods ; see *Vsp.* 54. Gymir, Gerd, see *Skm.* 43.—Ing was the half divine ancestor of the Germanic race who gave his name to the Ynglings or Swedes (*Hdl.*, st. 11) and to the Ingvines mentioned by Tacitus. In Sweden he became associated with Frey, who was there the chief god. Elf-home, see *Grm.*, st. 5.

Byggvir kvað :

45. (44) 'Byggvir heitik, en mik bráþan kveþa
goð öll ok gumar ;
því emk hér hróþugr, at drekka Hrópts megir
allir öl saman.'

Loki kvað :

46. (45) 'Þegi þú, Byggvir ! þú kunnir aldri
deila með mönnum mat ;
þik í flets strai finna né máttu,
þá es vágu verar.'

Heimdallr kvað :

47. (46) 'Ölr est, Loki ! svát þú'st örviti,
hví né lezkat, Loki ?
þvít ofdrykkja veldr alda hveim,
es sína málgi né manat.'

Loki kvað :

48. (47) 'Þegi þú, Heimdallr ! þér vas í árdaga
et ljóta líf of lagit :
örþgu baki þú munt é vesa
ok vaka vörþr goþa.'

Skapi kvað :

49. (48) 'Létt's þér, Loki ! munattu lengi svá
leika lausum hala ;
þvít þik á hjörvi skulu ens hrímkalda magar
görnum binda goþ.'

Loki kvað :

50. (49) 'Veizt, ef mik á hjörvi skulu ens hrímkalda magar
görnum binda goþ :
fyrstr ok öfstr vask at fjörlagi,
þars ver á þjaza þrifum.'

Barley.

45. Barley, I am named, too bold and brisk
 I am called by gods and men !
 Here am I glorying that Odin's sons
 all are drinking ale together !

Loki.

46. Silence, Barley-corn ! Never couldst thou
 even serve meat among men :
 and when they fought thou couldst scarce be found,
 safe 'neath the bed-straw hiding.

Heimdal.

47. So drunk art thou, Loki, thou hast lost thy wits ;
 why wilt thou not cease from thy scoffing ?
 Ale beyond measure so masters man
 that he keeps no watch on his words.

Loki.

48. Silence, Heimdal ! That hard life of thine
 was settled for thee long since :
 with weary back must thou ever bide,
 and keep watch, thou warder of gods !

Skadi.

49. Blithe are thou, Loki, but brief while shalt thou
 with free tail frolic thus :
 ere long the gods shall bind thee with guts
 of thy rime-cold son to a sword.

Loki.

50. If in truth the gods shall bind me with guts
 of my rime-cold son to a rock,
 know that first and last was I found at the death
 when we set upon Thiazi, thy sire.

49.—A sword: *we are told by Snorri that Loki is bound to three sharp stones.*
 50.—Thiazi was slain by Thor; see *Hrbl.*, st. 19; *Vsp. en skamma*, st. 3.

Skafi kvað :

51. (50) 'Veizt, ef fyrstr ok öfstr vast at fjörlagi,
þás er á þjaza þrifuþ :
frá vëum mínum ok vöngum skulu
þér á köld ráþ koma.'

Loki kvað :

52. (51) 'Léttari í málum vastu við Laufeyjar sun,
þás þú lézt mer á beþ þinn boþit :
getit verþr oss slíks, ef vér görva skulum
telja vömm enn vár.'

Þá gekk Sif fram ok byrлаþi Loka í hrímalki mjöþ ok mælti :

53. (52) 'Heill ves nú, Loki ! ok tak við hrímalki
fullum forns mjaþar,
heldr hana eina látir meþ ása sunum
vammalausá vesa.'

Hann tók við horni ok drakk af :

54. (53) 'Ein þú værir, ef þú svá værir
vör ok gröm at veri :
einn ek veit, svát ek vita þykkjumk
hór ok af Hlórriþa
ok vas þat sa enn lævísi Loki.

Beyla kvað :

55. (54) 'Fjöll öll skjalfa, hykk á för vesa
heiman Hlórriþa ;
hann ráþr ró þeims róegir hér
goþ öll ok guma.'

Loki kvað :

56. (55) 'Þegi þú, Beyla ! þú'st Byggvis kvæn
ok meini blandin mjök ;
ókynjan meira kvama meþ ása sunum,
öll est, deigja ! dritin.'

Skadi.

51. If first and last thou wert found at the death
when ye set upon Thiazi, my sire,
know that in house or home of mine
shall be shown thee little love!

Loki.

52. Milder were thy words to Loki once
when thou badst him come to thy bed;
for such tales, I ween, will be told of us twain,
if we own all our acts of shame.

Then Sif came forth, and poured out mead for Loki in the
foaming cup.

Sif.

53. Hail now, Loki! quaff this rimy cup
filled with the old mead full.
At least grant that I, of the kindred of gods
alone am free from all fault.

Loki took the horn and quaffed:—

54. Thou alone wert blameless hadst thou in bearing
been sly and shrewish with men;
but Thor's wife had one lover at least, as I know,
even Loki the wily-wise.

Beyla.

55. All the fells are quaking, fast is the Thunderer
faring, I trow, from home!
He will soon bring to silence him who thus slanders
all beings here in the hall.

Loki.

56. Silence, Beyla, wife of Barley-corn
all with foulness filled!
Ne'er 'mid the gods came one so uncouth,
thou bond-maid stained and soiled.

52.—*Another lost myth.* 53.—*Sif, Thor's wife; see Introd. to Gm. Hrbł., st. 48.*

þá kom Þórr at ok kvað :

57. (56) ‘Þegi þú, rög vættr ! þér skal minn þrúþhamarr
Mjöllnir mál fyrnema ;

(57) herþaklett drepk þér halsi af,
ok verþr þá þínu fjörvi of farit.’

Loki kvað :

58. ‘Jarþar *burr* es hér nú inn kominn :
hví þrasir þú svá, Þórr ?
en þá þorir þú etki es skalt við ulf vega,
ok svelgr hann allan Sigföþur.’

Þórr kvað :

59. ‘Þegi þú, rög vættr ! þér skal minn þrúþhamarr
Mjöllnir mál fyrnema ;
upp þér verpk ok á austrvega,
síþan þik manngi sér.’

Loki kvað :

60. ‘Austrföllum þínum skaltu aldrigi
segja seggjum frá :
síz í hanzka þumlungi hnúkþir þú, einheri !
ok þóttiska Þórr vesa.’

Þórr kvað :

61. ‘Þegi þú, rög vættr ! þér skal minn þrúþhamarr
Mjöllnir mál fyrnema ;
hendí hægri drepk þik Hrungnis bana,
svát þer brotnar beina hvat.’

Loki kvað :

62. ‘Lifa átlak mér langan aldr,
þóttu hótir hamri mér ;
skarpar álar þóttu þer Skrýmis vesa
ok máttira nesti naa
ok svalztu hungri heill.’

Then came the Thunderer in, and spake :—

57. Silence, vile being ! My hammer of might,
 Mjöllnir, shall spoil thee of speech.
 I will strike that rock-head from off thy shoulders,
 and soon will thy life-days be spent.

Loki.

58. 'Tis the Son of Earth who enters the hall !
 Why dost thou threaten so, Thor ?
 Ne'er wilt thou venture to fight with the Wolf ;
 he shall swallow the War-father whole.

Thor.

59. Silence, vile being ! My hammer of might,
 Mjöllnir, shall spoil thee of speech.
 I will drive thee forth to the eastern land
 and no man shall see thee more.

Loki.

60. Of thy eastern journeys never shouldst thou
 tell unto men the tale ;
 how once in a glove-thumb thou, warrior, didst crouch,
 and scarce couldst think thyself Thor.

Thor.

61. Silence, vile being ! My hammer of might,
 Mjöllnir, shall spoil thee of speech ;
 this right hand shall smite thee with Hrungnir's slayer,
 till each bone of thee shall be broke.

Loki.

62. Though haply thou threat'nest with thy hammer of might,
 long will my life be, I ween ;
 sharp were Skrymir's thongs, mindst thou, when starving
 thou couldst not get at the food ?

Þórr kvað :

63. ‘Þegi þú, rög vættr ! Þér skal minn þrúþhamarr
Mjöllnir mál fyrnema ;
Hrungnis bani mun þer í hel koma
fyr nágrindr neþan.’

Loki kvað :

64. ‘Kvaþk fyr ásum, kvaþk fyr ása sunum
þats mik hvatti hugr ;
en fyr þér einum munk út ganga,
þvít ek veit at vegr.
65. Öl görþir, Ægir ! en þú aldri munt
síþan sumbl of göra :
eiga þín öll, es hér inni es,
leiki yfir logi
ok brinni þér á baki !’

En eptir þetta falz Loki í Fránangrs forsi í lax líki, þar tóku æsir hann. Hann var bundinn með þörmum sonar *síns* Narfa, en Váli sonr hans varþ at vargi. Skafi tók eitroorm ok festi upp yfir annlit Loka ; draup þar ór eitri. Sigyn kona Loka sat þar ok helt munnlaug undir eitrit, en er munnlaugin var full, bar hon út eitrit ; en meðan draup eitrit á Loka. Þá kiptiz hann svá hart við, at þaþan af skalf jörþ öll : þat eru nú kallaþir landskjálftar.

Prose.—Narfa, en Váli, **W, r, S.** ; Nara, en Narfi, **R.**

Thor.

63. Silence, vile being! My hammer of might,
 Mjöllnir, shall spoil thee of speech.
 With Hrungnir's slayer I will smite thee to Hel,
 down 'neath the gates of the dead.

Loki.

64. Before sons and daughters of gods have I spoken,
 even as I was moved by my mind:
 now at length I go, and for thee alone,
 for well, I ween, thou wilt fight.
65. Thou hast brewed thine ale, but such banquet, Ægir,
 never more shalt thou make.
 May flames play high o'er thy wealth in the hall
 and scorch the skin of thy back!

Then Loki went forth and hid himself in Franang's stream in the form of a salmon, where the gods caught him and bound him with the guts of his son Narfi. But his other son Vali was turned into a wolf. Skadi took a poisonous snake and fastened it up over Loki, so that poison dripped from it upon his face. Sigyn, his wife, sat by, and held a basin under the drops. And when the basin was full she cast the poison away, but meanwhile the drops fell upon Loki, and he struggled so fiercely against it that the whole earth shook with his strivings, which are now called earthquakes.



FRAGMENTS FROM THE SNORRA EDDA.

I.

En Skafi, dóttir jötuns, tók hjálm ok brynja ok öll hervápn ok ferr til Asgarþs at hefna föður síns; en æsir buðu henni sætt ok yfirbóétr, ok et fyrsta, at hón skal kjósa sér mann af ásum ok kjósa at fótum, ok sjá ekki af fleira. Þá sá hón eins manns fœtr forkunnarfagra ok mælti: þenna kýs ek, fátt mun Gótt á Baldri! en þat var Njörþr ór Nóatúnum. (*Bragaræður LVI.*) Njörþr á þá konu er Skafi heitir, dóttir Þjaza jötuns. Skafi vill hafa bústað þann er hafði faðir hennar, þat er á fjöllum nökkurum þar sem heitir Þrymheimr: en Njörþr vill vera nær sjó. Þau séttuz á þat, at þau skyldu vera niú náétr í Þrymheimi en þá þrjár at Nóatúnum. En er Njörþr kom aprtr til Nóatúna af fjallinu, þá kvað hann þetta:

- (1) 'Leip erumk fjöll, vaska þar lengi á,
náétr einar niu;
ulfa þytr þóttumk illr vesa
há söngvi svana.'



FRAGMENTS FROM SNORRI'S EDDA.

I.—HOW NJÖRD WAS MADE SKADI'S SPOUSE.

Then Skadi, daughter of the giant Thiazi [when she heard how the gods had slain her father], donned helm and byrnie and all her weapons of war, and went to revenge him in Asgarth. For the sake of peace they offered her as weregild the choice of a spouse among the gods, but in her choosing she should behold no more than their feet. And when she saw that the feet of one were exceeding fair and shapely, she cried:—"Him will I choose, for scant is the blemish in Baldr;" but lo! it was Njörd out of Noatun. Thus he took to wife Skadi, daughter of the Jötun Thiazi. She would fain keep the dwellings of her father among the mountains in the land called Sound-home, but Njörd desired to be near the sea, so they made agreement thus:—nine nights they should dwell in Sound-home, and afterwards three in Noatun. But when Njörd came back to Noatun from the mountains, he said:—

'Hateful the hills! though not long I lingered,
 nights only nine I dwelt there;
the howling of wolves was ill, meseemed,
 beside the song of the swans.'

Þá kvað Skafi þetta :

- (2) ‘Sofa né mákat sávar beþjum á
fogls jarmi fyrir :
sá mik vegr, es af víþi kömr,
morgin hverjan már.’—*Gylfaginning* xxiii.

II.

Hana (*Gná*) sendir Frigg í ymsa heima at eyrindum sínum. Hon á þann hest er rennr lopt ok lög, ok heitir Hófvarpni. Þat var eitt sinn er hon reiþ, at vanir nökkurir sá reiþ hennar í loptinu, þa mælti cinn :

- (1) ‘Hvat þar flýgr, hvat þar ferr
eþa at lopti líþ?’

Hon svaraði :

- (2) ‘Né ek flýg, þó ek fer
auk at lopti líþ :
á Hófvarpni þeims Hamskerpir,
gat við Garþrofu.’—*Gylfaginning* xxxv.

III.

Því næst sendu æsir um allan heim eyrindreka at biþja, at Baldr væri grátinn ór helju, en allir görþu þat : menninir ok kykvendin ok jörþin ok steinarnir ok tré ok allir malmr : svá sem þú munt sét hafa, at þessir hlutir gráta þá er þeir koma ór frosti ok í hita. Þá er sendimenn fóru heim ok höfþu vel rekit sín eyrindi, finna þeir í helli nökkurum hvar gýgr sat, hon nefndiz Þökk ; þeir biþja hana gráta Baldr ór helju. Hon svarar :

- ‘Þökk mun gráta þurruum tárurum
Baldrs bálfarar ;
kviks né dauþs nautka karls sonar,
haldi hel þvís hefir.’

En þess geta menn, at þar hafi verit Loki Laufeyjar sonr er flest hefir illt gört með ásum.

And Skadi spake thus:—

‘Sleep I could not on ocean’s couch
for the wailing cry of the gull :
from the wide sea faring, that bird awoke me
when he came each day at dawn.’

II.—CONCERNING THE GODDESS GNA.

Frigg sends Gna, the Floater, on errands into many worlds. She rides a horse called Hoof-flinger which fares through the sky and over the sea. Once as she was passing, certain of the Waners saw her riding in the air, and one said :—

‘What flies there, what fares there,
what flits there aloft?’

And she made answer :—

‘I fly not, yet am faring,
and I flit here aloft,
high on the Hoof-flinger, who was of Hedge-breaker
born, and the Fine-flanked steed.’

III.—HOW THE WORLD WEPT FOR BALDR.

The gods sent messengers throughout all the world to plead that Baldr might be wept out of Hel. And all beings wept; men and living creatures, the earth and rocks and trees and metals—even as such things weep when after being fast bound with frost they become warm. When the messengers had well done their errand they returned and found a certain giantess called Thokk sitting in a cave. They bade her weep Baldr out of Hel, but she answered :—

‘Thokk shall weep with dry tears alone
that Baldr is laid on the bale-fire :
Never joy have I had from man living or dead :
let Hel hold fast what she hath.’

Thus they knew that Loki, son of Laufey, had been there, who was ever wont to work most evil among the gods.

IV.—HOW THOR SLEW THE DAUGHTERS OF GEIRRÖD.

When Thor was faring once into Jötunheim he came to the river Vimur, of all rivers the greatest. There he girt him with his belt of strength, and leant on Gridar's staff as he went down-stream. Loki held on under the belt. When Thor had come into the midst of the flood it had risen so high that it flowed over his shoulders. Then he spake :—

‘Wax not, Vimur, I needs must wade thee
to reach the Jötun-realms;
know! if thou wax forthwith shall wax
my god's might high as heaven.’

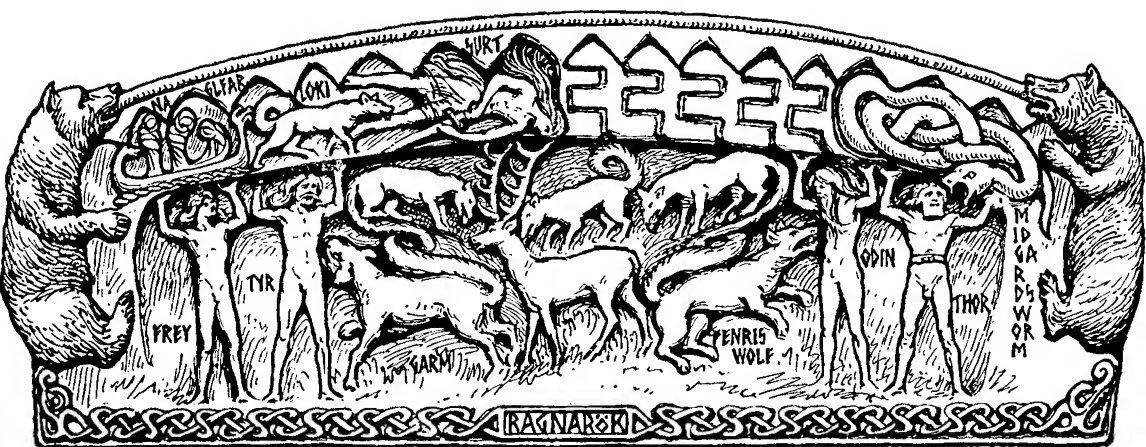
And when Thor had reached Geirröd's court, he and Loki were taken to lodge in the guest-house. There was but one stool there, and Thor sat down upon it. But presently he became aware that it was rising up to the roof under him. He thrust Gridar's staff against the rafters and pushed the stool down, and then came a great crash, and a shriek was heard; for the daughters of Geirröd—Yelper and Gripper—had been under the stool, and both their backs were broken. Then spake Thor :—

‘Once only I used my god's might all
in the realms of the Jötun race;
When Yelper and Gripper, Geirröd's maids,
would have raised me high to heaven.’

V.—THE GLISTENER.

In Asgarth, before the gates of Valhöll, there stands a wood called Glistener, whose leaves are all of red gold, as here is written :—

‘Glistener stands with golden leaves
in front of the War-father's halls.’



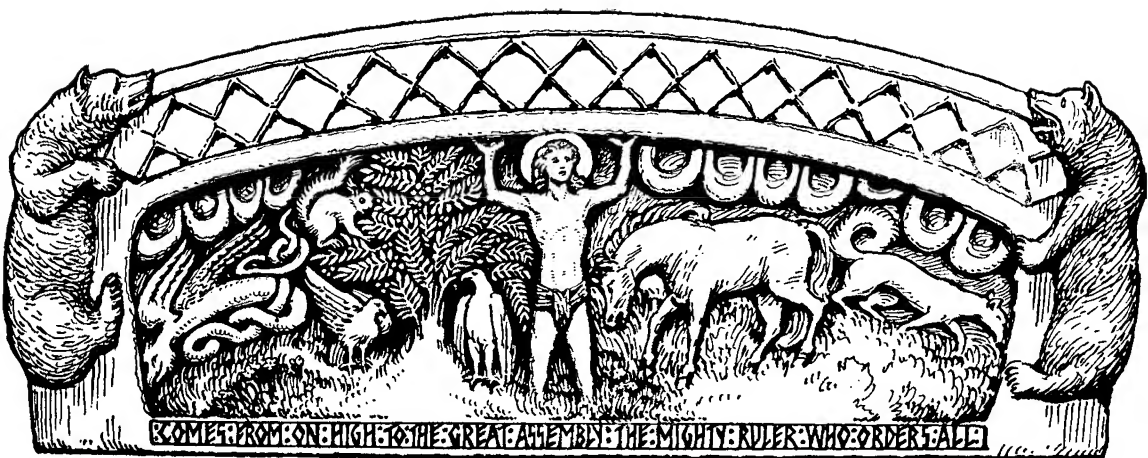
VÖLUSPÁ.

1. Hljófs biðk allar helgar kindir,
meiri ok minni mögu Heimdallar :
viltu at ek, Valföðr, vel fyr telja
forn spjöll fira þaus fremst of mank.

2. Ek man jötna ár of borna
þás forþum mik fœdda höfðu,
niú mank heima, niú í víði,
mjötvið máeran fyr mold neþan.

3. Ár vas alda þars Ymir bygði,
vasa sandr né sér né svalar unnir ;
jörð fannsk æva né upphiminn,
gap vas ginnunga, en gras hvergi.

Völuspá.—In **R H**, No. 1 ; cited in **Sn. E.** 1.—**B. S. Gv. H.**, vildu Valföðrs vél, *Dt. Hl.* ; vildu at ek Valföðr vel, **R** ; viltu . . . valföðrs, **H.** 2.—Í víði : *Dt.* makes this suggestion with hesitation for í víði, **R.** 3.—Ginnunga, *S. G. Dt. Hl.* Ginnunga, *Mk.*, a proper name.



THE SOOTHSAYING OF THE VALA.

1. Hearing I ask all holy kindreds,
 high and low-born, sons of Heimdal!
 Thou too, Odin, who bidst me utter
 the oldest tidings of men that I mind!

(The World's beginning.)

2. I remember of yore were born the Jötuns,
 they who aforetime fostered me:
 nine worlds I remember, nine in the Tree,
 the glorious Fate Tree that springs 'neath the Earth.
3. 'Twas the earliest of times when Ymir lived;
 then was sand nor sea nor cooling wave,
 nor was Earth found ever, nor Heaven on high,
 there was Yawning of Deeps and nowhere grass:

1.—Sons of Heimdal or Rig, hence men are called holy; see *Rþ.* 2.—Nine worlds; see *Vm.*, st. 43. Fate Tree, Yggdrasil; see st. 19; *Grm.*, st. 31; *Háv.*, st. 137; *Fj.*, st. 14. 3.—Ymir; see *Vm.*, st. 21, 29.

4. Áþr Burs synir bjöfum of ypðu
þeir es miþgarþ mæran skópu ;
sól skein sunnan á salar steina,
þa vas grund groïn gróenum lauki.
5. Sól varp sunnan, sinni mána,
hendi hóégri umb himinjöþur ;
sól né vissi, hvar sali átti,
stjörnur né vissu, hvar staþi áttu,
máni né vissi, hvat megin átti.
6. Þá gengu regin öll á rökstóla,
ginnheilug goþ, ok of þat gáttusk :
nátt ok niþjum nöfn of gáfu,
morgin hétu ok miþjan dag,
undorn ok aptan, árum at telja.
7. Hittusk ásir á Iþavelli
þeirs hörg ok hof hátimbruþu ;
afla lögþu, auþ smiþuþu,
tangir skópu ok tól görþu.
8. Tefldu í túni, teitir váru—
vas þeim vættergis vant ór golli—
unz þriar kvámu þursa meyjjar,
ámátkar mjök, or jötunheimum.
9. Þá gengu regin öll á rökstóla,
ginnheilug goþ, ok of þat gáttusk :
hvern skyldi dverga drótt of skepja
ór Brimis blóþi ok ór blám leggjum.

9.—Hvern, *Dt.* ; hverr, *R.* : *The sense evidently requires the accusative case.*

4. ere the sons of the god had uplifted the world-plain,
and fashioned Midgarth, the glorious Earth.
Sun shone from the south, on the world's bare stones—
then was Earth o'ergrown with herb of green.
5. Sun, Moon's companion, out of the south
her right hand flung round the rim of heaven.
Sun knew not yet where she had her hall ;
nor knew the stars where they had their place ;
nor ever the Moon what might he owned.

(Ordering of Times and Seasons.)

6. Then went all the Powers to their thrones of doom—
the most holy gods— and o'er this took counsel :
to Night and the New-Moons names they gave :
they named the Morning, and named the Mid-day,
Afternoon, Evening, —to count the years.

(The Golden Age till the coming of Fate.)

7. Gathered the gods on the Fields of Labour ;
they set on high their courts and temples ;
they founded forges, wrought rich treasures,
tongs they hammered and fashioned tools.
8. They played at tables in court, were joyous,—
little they wanted for wealth of gold.—
Till there came forth three of the giant race,
all fearful maidens, from Jötunheim.

(Creation of the Dwarfs.)

9. Then went all the Powers to their thrones of doom,—
the most holy gods,— and o'er this took counsel :
whom should they make the lord of dwarfs
out of Ymir's blood, and his swarthy limbs.

4.—The sons of the god, or sons of *Bur* ; see *Vsp. en skamma*, st. 2. 6.—
Thrones of doom, beneath *Yggdrasil* ; see *Grm.*, st. 30. 8.—All-fearful maidens :
Cf., this stanza with 60, 61 ; the *Norns*, st. 20. 9.—Ymir is here called *Brimir*.

10. Þar vas Mótsognir mæztr of orþinn
 dverga allra, en Durinn annarr ;
 þeir mannlíkun mörg of görðu
 dvergar í jörðu, sem Durinn sagði.
11. Nyi ok Niði, Norþri ok Suþri,
 Austri ok Vestri, Alþjófr, Dvalinn,
 Nár ok Naðnn, Nípingr, Daðnn,
 Bífurr, Báfurr, Bömburr, Nóri,
 Ánn ok Ónarr, Að, Mjöpvitnir.
12. Vigr ok Gandalfr, Vindalfr, Þraðnn,
 Þekkr ok Þórinna, Þror, Vitr ok Litr,
 Nýr ok Nýráþr, nú hefk dverga—
 Reginn ok Rápsviþr— rétt of talða.
13. Fíli, Kíli, Fundinn, Náli,
 Heptifíli, Hannarr, Sviurr,
 Frár, Hornbori, Frágr ok Lóni,
 Aurvangr, Jari, Eikinskjalði.
14. Mál es dverga í Dvalins líþi
 ljóna kindum til Lofars telja ;
 þeir es sóttu frá salar steini
 Aurvanga sjöt til Jöruvalla.
15. Þar vas Draupnir ok Dolgþrasir,
 Hár, Haugspori, Hlévangr, Gloðnn,
 Dóri, Óri, Dúfr, Andvari,
 Skirfir, Virfir, Skáfir, Að.
16. Alfr ok Yngvi, Eikinskjalði,
 Fjalarr ok Frosti, Fijr ok Ginnarr ;
 þat mun æ uppi, meþan öld lifir,
 langniþja tal til Lofats hafat.

11-16.—*Regarded by most authorities as an interpolation.*
 Hl. : líþi, R.

14.—Líþi, Dt. and

10. Mead-drinker then was made the highest,
but Durin second of all the dwarfs;
and out of the earth these twain-shaped beings
in form like man, as Durin bade.
11. New Moon, Waning-moon, All-thief, Dallier,
North and South and East and West.
Corpse-like, Death-like, Niping, Dainn,
Bifur, Bafur, Bömbur, Nori,
Ann and Onar, Aï, Mead-wolf.
12. Vigg and Wand-elf, Wind-elf, Thraënn,
Thekk and Thorin, Thrór, Vit, and Lit,
Nyr and Regin, New-counsel, Wise-counsel,—
now have I numbered the dwarfs aright.
13. Fili, Kili, Fundin, Nali,
Heptifili, Hannar, Sviur,
Frar, Hornbori, Fræg and Loni,
Aurvang, Jari, Oaken-shield.
14. 'Tis time to number in Dallier's song-mead
all the dwarf-kind of Lofar's race,—
who from earth's threshold, the Plains of Moisture,
sought below the Sandy-realms.
15. There were Draupnir and Dolgthrasir,
Har and Haugspori, Hlevang, Gloin,
Dori, Ori, Duf, Andvari,
Skirfir, Virfir, Skafid, Aï.
16. Elf and Yngvi, Oaken-shield,
Fjalar and Frost, Fin and Ginar.
Thus shall be told throughout all time
the line who were born of Lofar's race.

11-16.—A translation of these obscure names has only been given where it seems to suggest the character of the dwarfs. 14.—Dallier's song-mead is thus taken by *Dt.* and *Hl.* as a synonym for poetry; cf. *Snorri's* "Dallier's drink." Dallier is a dwarf well known in the *Edda*, and is chosen to represent his race who brewed the mead (*Su.E.*). This dwarf migration from the earth's surface is also suggested by *Dt.* and *Hl.*

17. Unz þrír kvámu ór því líþi
öflgir ok ástkir áésir at húsi ;
fundu á landi lítt megandi
Ask ok Emblu örlöglausa.
18. Önd né áttu, óþ né höfðu,
lá né láti né litu góða ;
önd gaf Óþinn, óþ gaf Hécénir,
lá gaf Lóþurr ok litu góða.
19. Ask veitk standa, heitir Yggdrasil,
hár baþmr ausinn hvíta auri ;
þaþan koma dögguvar es í dali falla,
stendr á of gróenn Urþar brunni.
20. Þaþan koma meyjjar margs vitandi
þriar ór þeim sal es und þolli stendr ;
Urþ hétu eina, aþra Verþandi,
skáru á skíþi, Skuld ena þriþju ;
þær lög lögðu, þær líf kuru
alda börnum, örlög seggja.
21. Þat man folkvig fyrst í heimi,
es Gollveigu geirum studdu
ok í hóllo Hárs hána brendu,
þrysvar brendu þrysvar borna,
opt ósjaldan—: þó enn lifir.

19.—Heitir Yggdrasil, **R H W U**; Yggdrasils, **r**, *H. G. Sv. Magn.* 21.—Man, *Mh. S. J.*; man hón, **R. H.** *has the third person, as in st. 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 35, 38 39,*

(Creation of Men.)

17. Then came three gods of the Æsir kindred,
mighty and blessed, towards their home.
They found on the seashore, wanting power,
with fate unwoven, an Ash and Elm.
18. Spirit they had not, and mind they owned not,—
blood, nor voice nor fair appearance.
Spirit gave Odin, and mind gave Hönir,
blood gave Lodur, and aspect fair.

(The Tree of Life and Fate.)

19. An ash I know standing, 'tis called Yggdrasil,
a high tree sprinkled with shining drops;
come dewes therefrom which fall in the dales;
it stands ever green o'er the well of Weird.
20. There are the Maidens, all things knowing,
three in the hall which stands 'neath the Tree.
One is named 'Weird,' the second 'Being'—
who grave on tablets— but 'Shall' the third.
They lay down laws, they choose out life,
they speak the doom of the sons of men.

(The War of the Gods.)

21. I remember the first great war in the world,
when Golden-draught they pierced with spears,
and burned in the hall of Odin the High One;
thrice they burned her, the three times born,—
oft, not seldom— yet still she lives.

17.—Elm: the meaning of Icelandic *embla* is doubtful. 18.—Hönir: a god of wisdom. Lodur probably stands for Loki, for these three were always companions.
20.—Weird, see *Gg.*, st. 7. 21.—The story of this war between the Æsir and Wanen is never fully told, but is the subject of constant allusions; see *Vm.*, 39. Golden draught, see *Vsp. en skamma*, st. 9.

VÖLUSPÁ.

22. Heiði hétu hvars húsa kvam
 völu velspaa, vitti ganda ;
 seið hvars kunni, seið hugleikin,
 á vas angan illrar brúþar.
23. Þá gengu regin öll á rökstóla,
 ginnheilug goð, ok of þat gættusk :
 hvárt skyldu ásir afráp gjalda
 eða skyldu goð öll gildi eiga.
24. Fleygði Óþinn ok í folk of skaut :
 þat vas enn folkvíg fyrst í heimi ;
 brotinn vas borþveggr borgar ása,
 knáttu vanir vígská völlu sporna.
25. Þá gengu regin öll á rökstóla,
 ginnheilug goð, ok of þat gættusk :
 hverr lopt hefði lévi blandit
 eða rétt jötuns Óps mey gefna.
26. Þórr einn þar vá þrunginn móþi—
 hann sjaldan sitr es slíkt of fregn—:
 á gengusk eiþar, orþ ok scéri,
 mál öll meginlig es á meþal fóru.
27. Veit Heimdallar hljóþ of folgit
 und heiþvönnum helgum baþmi ;
 á sé ausask aurgum forsi
 af veþi Valföþrs : vituþ enn eða hvat ?

22. Men called her 'Witch,' when she came to their dwellings,
flattering seeress; wands she enchanted,
spells many wove she, light-hearted wove them,
and of evil women was ever the joy.
23. Then went all the Powers to their thrones of doom,
the most holy gods, and o'er this took counsel:
whether the Æsir should pay a were-gild
and all Powers together make peaceful offering.
24. But Odin hurled and shot 'mid the host;
and still raged the first great war in the world.
Broken then were the bulwarks of Asgard,
the Wanæs, war wary, trampled the field.

(War with the Jötuns.)

25. Then went all the Powers to their thrones of doom,
the most holy gods, and o'er this took counsel:
who all the air had mingled with poison
and Freyja had yielded to the race of Jötuns.
26. Alone fought the Thunderer with raging heart—
seldom he rests when he hears such tidings.
Oaths were broken, words and swearing,
all solemn treaties made betwixt them.

(The Secret Pledges of the Gods.)

27. I know where Heimdal's hearing is hidden
under the heaven-wont holy tree,
which I see ever showered with falling streams [what?
from All-father's pledge. —Would ye know further, and

22.—Witch, or Vala. 23.—Lines 2 and 3 are thus understood by Hl. 25.—
For Snorri's account, see *Introd.* Freyja is here called the bride of Od or Ottar; see
Hdl.

VÖLUSPÁ.

28. Ein sat úti, es enn aldni kvam
Yggjungur ása ok í augu leit.
.
Hvers fregniþ mik, hví freistiþ mín ?
29. Allt veit, Óþinn ! hvar auga falt,
í enom mára Mímis brunni ;
drekkr mjöþ Mímir morgin hverjan
af veþi Valföþrs : vituþ enn eþa hvat ?
30. Valþi Herföþr hringa ok men
fyr spjöll spaklig ok spá ganda.
.
sá vitt ok vítt of veröld hverja.
31. Sá valkyrjur vítt of komnar,
görvar at ríþa til Gotþjóþar :
Skuld helt skildi, en Skögul önnur,
Guþr, Hildir, Göndul ok Geirskögul.
Nú 'ru talþar nönnur Herjans,
görvar at ríþa grund valkyrjur.
32. Ek sá Baldri blóþgum tívur,
Óþins barni örlög folgin :
stóþ of vaxinn völlum hæri
már ok mjök fagr † mistilteinn.
33. Varþ af meiþi es már sýndisk
harmflaug háttlig : Höþr nam skjóta ;
Baldrs bróþir vas of borinn snimma,
sa nam Óþins sunr einnættr vega.
34. Þó hendr áva né höfoþ kembþi,
áþr á bál of bar Baldrs andskota ;
en Frigg of grét í Fensölum
vá Valhallar : vituþ enn eþa hvat ?

30.—Fyr spjöll, *Gv.* ; fekk spjöll, *E. Mh. G. S. J.* ; féspjöll, *B. C. Sv. R.* ; fe
spiöll, **R.**

28. I sat lone enchanting when came the Dread One,
the ancient god, and gazed in my eyes :
‘What dost thou ask of me ? why dost thou prove me ?
29. All know I, Odin,— yea, where thou hast hidden
thine eye in the wondrous well of Mimir,
who each morn from the pledge of All-father
drinks the mead ” —Would ye know further, and what ?
30. Then Odin bestowed on me rings and trinkets
for magic spells and the wisdom of wands.
I saw far and wide into every world.
31. From far I saw the Valkyries coming
ready to ride to the hero host.
Fate held a shield, and Lofty followed
War and Battle, Bond and Spearpoint.
Numbered now are the Warfather’s maidens,
Valkyries, ready to ride o’er Earth.
32. I saw for Baldr, the bleeding god,
the child of Odin, his doom concealed.
High o’er the fields, there stood upgrown,
most slender and fair, the mistletoe.
33. And there came from that plant, though slender it seemed,
the fell woe-shaft which Höd did shoot.
But Baldr’s brother was born ere long ;
that son of Odin fought one night old ;
34. for never hand he bathed, nor head,
ere he laid on the bale-fire Baldr’s foe.
But Frigg long wept o’er the woe of Valhöll
in Fen’s moist halls —Would ye know further, and what ?

28.—Heimdal’s hearing was celebrated. *Dt. and Hl. thus correct the hitherto accepted translation horn of Icl. hljóð.* 29.—Mimir, a water giant. He is the wise teacher and counsellor of the gods, although a Jötun; see *Háv.*, st. 139. 32-34.—See *Bdr.*, st. 8-12. 34.—Fen’s moist halls: the home of Frigg.

35. Hapt sá liggja und hvera lundi
 lægjarns líki Loka áþekkjann ;
 þar sitr Sigyn þeygi of sínum
 ver vel glýjuþ : vituþ enn eða hvat ?
36. Á fellr austan of eitrdali
 söxum ok sverþum : Slíþr heitir sú.
 : : : : : : : : : : : :
 : : : : : : : : : : : :
37. Stóþ fyr norþan á Niþavöllum
 salr ór golli Sindra ættar,
 en annarr stóþ á Ókólni
 bjórsalr jötuns, sá Brimir heitir.
38. Sal sá standa sólu fjarri
 Náströndu á, norþr horfa dyrr ;
 fellu eitrdropar inn of ljóra,
 sá 's undinn salr orma hryggjum.
39. Sá þar vaða þunga strauma
 menn meinsvara ok morþvarga
 ok þanns annars glepr eyrarúnu ;
 þar só Níþhöggri naí framgengna,
 sleit vargr vera : vituþ enn eða hvat ?
40. Austr sat en aldna í Jarnviþi
 ok fœddi þar Fenris kindir ;
 verþr af öllum einna nekkverr
 tungls tjúgari í trolls hami.
41. Fyllisk fjörvi feigra manna,
 rýþr ragna sjöt rauþum dreyra ;
 svört verða sólskin of sumur eptir,
 veþr öll válynd : vituþ enn eða hvat ?

(Vision into Hel and Jötunheim.)

35. I saw lying bound in Cauldron-grove
 one like the form of guile-loving Loki.
 And there sat Sigyn, yet o'er her husband
 rejoicing little. —Would ye know further, and what?
36. From the eastward a flood, the Stream of Fear,
 bore swords and daggers through Poison-dales.
37. To the northward stood on the Moonless Plains,
 the golden hall of the Sparkler's race;
 and a second stood in the Uncooled realm,
 a feast-hall of Jötuns, 'Fire,' 'tis called:
38. and far from the sun I saw a third
 on the Strand of Corpses, with doors set northward:
 down through the roof dripped poison-drops,
 for that hall was woven with serpents' backs.
39. I saw there wading the whelming streams
 wolf-like murderers, men forsworn,
 and those who another's love-whisperer had wiled.
 The dragon, Fierce-stinger, fed on corpses,
 a wolf tore men. —Would ye know further, and what?
40. Far east in Iron-wood sat an old giantess,
 Fenrir's offspring she fostered there.
 From among them all doth one come forth,
 in guise of a troll, to snatch the sun.
41. He is gorged, as on lives of dying men;
 he reddens the place of the Powers like blood.
 Swart grows the sunshine of summer after,
 all baleful the storms. —Would ye know further, and what?

35.—See *Ls. prose ending*. 37.—The Sparkler: a dwarf and forger of the gods' treasures; see *Grm.*, st. 43. 39.—Fierce-stinger, see *Grm.*, st. 35. 40.—Ironwood: a famous mythical forest in Jötunheim. Fenrir's offspring: Skoll, who pursued the sun, and Hati, who followed the moon; see *Grm.*, st. 39.

42. Sat þar á haugi ok sló hörpu
 gýgjar hirþir, † glaþr Eggþér ;
 gól of hánum í gaglviþi
 fagrrauþr hani sás Fjalarr heitir.
43. Gól of ásum Gollinkambi,
 sá vekr hölþa at Herjaföþrs ;
 en annarr gelr fyr jörþ neþan
 sótrauþr hani at sölum Heljar.
44. Geyr nú Garmr mjök fyr Gnipahelli,
 festr mun slitna, en freki rinna !
 fjölþ veitk fróþa, fram sék lengra
 umb ragna rök, römm sigtíva.
45. Bróeþr munu berjask ok at bönum verþask,
 munu systrungar sífjum spilla ;
 hart's í heimi, hórdómr mikill ;
 skeggjöld, skalmöld, skildir 'u klofnir,
 vindöld, vargöld, áþr veröld steypisk ;
 mun engi maþr öþrum þyrma.
46. Leika Míms synir, en mjötviþr kyndisk
 at enu gamla Gjallarhorni ;
 hátt bléss Heimdallr, horn's á lopti,
 málrir Óþinn við Míms höfuþ.

44.—Veitk, *J. Sv. G.* ; veit hón, *R.* ; so also st. 49, 58. 46.—Mjötviþr, *Dt.* and *Hl.* (notes) ; mjötuþr, *R.*, etc. 47.—Losnar in *H* is followed by

hróþask allir á helvegum
 áþr Surtar þan sevi of gleypir.

(Signs of Doom.)

42. Sits on a mound and strikes his harp
 the gleeful Swordsman, warder of giant-wives ;
 o'er him crows in the roosting tree
 the fair red cock who Fjalar is called.
43. Crows o'er the gods the Golden-combed ;
 he wakes the heroes in War-father's dwellings ;
 and crows yet another beneath the earth,
 a dark red cock in the halls of Hel.
44. Loud bays Garm before Gaping-Hel ;
 the bond shall be broken the Wolf run free.
 Hidden things I know ; still onward I see
 the great Doom of the Powers, the gods of war.
45. Brothers shall fight and be as murderers ;
 sisters' children shall stain their kinship.
 'Tis ill with the world ; comes fearful whoredom,
 a Sword age, Axe age, —shields are cloven,
 a Wind age, Wolf age, ere the world sinks.
 Never shall man then spare another.
46. Mim's sons arise ; the Fate Tree kindles
 at the roaring sound of Gjalla-horn.
 Loud blows Heimdal, the horn is aloft,
 and Odin speaks with Mimir's head.

42.—The gleeful Swordsman is the warder of Jötunheim, and corresponds with Heimdal, the watchman of the gods. 43.—The Golden-combed, see Fj., st. 17.
 44.—Garm, the Hel hound ; see Bdr., st. 2. He and Tyr fight and slay one another (Sn. E.). Gaping-hel, Icelandic Guipa-hel, is descriptive of the craggy rock entrance which forms the mouth of Hel. The Wolf, see Ls. 39. 46.—Mim or Mimir : his sons must be the waters of the well, or the streams that flow from it. Compare Ægir and Hymir's daughters ; Hym. st. 2, Ls. st. 34. The story of Mimir's head is told in Ynglinga S. (see *Introd.*), but here an earlier form of the myth is implied, in which the head is a well-spring of wisdom. The Fate Tree : the unemended mjötunr of the MSS. has suggested various renderings—the judge appears ; fate approaches.

VÖLUSPÁ.

47. Ymr aldit tré, en jötunn losnar,
skelfr Yggdrasils askr standandi,
48. Hvat's með ásum? hvat's með ölfum?
gnýr allr jötunheimr, æsir'u á þingi;
stynja dvergar fyr steindurum,
veggbergs visir: vituþ enn eða hvat?
49. Geyr nú Garmr mjök fyr Gniphahelli,
festr mun slítna, en freki rinna!
fjölp veitk fróþa, fram sék lengra
umb ragna rök, römm sigtíva.
50. Hrymr ekr austan, hefsk lind fyrir;
snýsk jörmungandr í jötunmóþi;
ormr knýr unnir, en ari hlakkar,
slítr naí niþfölr; Naglfar losnar.
51. Kjöll ferr *norþan*; koma munu *Heljar*
of lög lýþir, en Loki stýrir;
fara fiðmegir með freka allir,
þeim es bróþir Býleists í för.
52. Surtr ferr sunnan með sviga lávi,
skinn af sverþi sól valtíva;
grjótbjörg gnata, en gífr hrata,
troþa halir helveg, en himinn klofnar.
53. Þá kömr Hlínar harmr annarr fram,
es Óþinn ferr við ulf vega,
en bani Belja bjartr at Surti:
þá mun Friggjar falla angan.

48.—Placed here by *B. G. S.*; follows 51 in **R**. 51.—*Norþan*, *B. N. G. Sv. Mh. J.*; *austan*, **R** and other MSS. *Heljar*, *B. N. G. Sv. Mh. J.*; *Muspellz*, **R** and other MSS.

47. Groans the Ancient Tree, Fenrir is freed,—
shivers, yet standing, Yggdrasil's ash.
48. How do the gods fare, how do the elves fare ?
All Jötunheim rumbles, the gods are in council ;
before the stone doors the dwarfs are groaning,
a rock-wall finding —Would ye know further, and what ?
49. Loud bays Garm before Gaping-hel :
the bond shall be broken, the Wolf run free.
Hidden things I know ; still onward I see
the great Doom of the Powers, the gods of war.

(Gathering of the Destroyers.)

50. Drives Hrym from the East holding shield on high ;
the World-serpent writhes in Jötun-rage ;
he lashes the waves ; screams a pale-beaked eagle,
rending corpses, the Death boat is launched.
51. Sails the bark from the North ; the hosts of Hel
o'er the sea are coming, and Loki steering,
brother of Byleist, he fares on the way
with Fenrir and all the monster kinsmen.
52. Rides Surt from the South fire, bane of branches,
sun of the war gods, gleams from his sword.
The rock-hills crash, the troll-wives totter,
men flock Helward, and heaven is cleft.

(The last battles of the Gods.)

53. Soon comes to pass Frigg's second woe,
when Odin fares to fight with the wolf ;
then must he fall, her lord beloved,
and Beli's bright slayer must bow before Surt.

47.—Fenrir, not Loki. must be intended by Jötun of the text, for Loki was always reckoned among the gods. 50.—Hrym, the leader of the Frost-giants. A pale-beaked eagle, Corpse-swallower ; see *Vm.* 37. Death-boat or Naglfar, the Nail-ferry, said by Snorri to be made of the nails of dead men. 51.—Byleist is unknown except as Loki's brother. 52.—Surt, see *Vm.*, st. 53. 53.—Beli's bright slayer, or Frey. Beli, Snorri tells us, was a giant whom Frey slew with a stag's horn for lack of the sword which he had given for Gerd ; see *Skm.* st. 16, *Ls.* st. 42.

VÖLUSPÁ.

54. Kömr enn mikli mögr Sigföður,
 Víðarr, vega at valdýri;
 lætr megi hveþrungs mund of standa
 hjör til hjarta : þá's hefnt föður.
55. Kömr enn mári mögr Hlóþynjar ;
 : : : : : : : : : : :
 : : : : : : : : : : :
 gengr Óþins sunr ormi móéta.
56. Drepr af móþi miþgarþs vëur ;
 munu halir allir heimstöþ ryþja ;
 gengr fet niu Fjörgynjar burr
 neppr frá naþri níþs ókvíþnum.
57. Sól tér sortna, sígr fold í mar,
 hverfa af himni heiþar stjörnur ;
 geisar eimi ok aldrnari,
 leikr hár hiti við himin sjalfan.
58. Geyr nú Garmr mjök fyr Gniphelli,
 festr mun slitna, en freki rinna !
 fjölþ veitk fróþa, fram sék lengra
 umb ragna rök, römm sigtíva.
59. Sék upp koma öþru sinni
 jörþ ór ági iþjagróena ;
 falla forsar, flýgr örn yfir,
 sás á fjalli fiska veiþir.
60. Finnask ásir á Iþavelli
 ok of moldþinur mátkan dcéma,
 ok minnask þar á megindóma
 ok á Fimbultýs fornar rúnar.

55, lines 3 and 4.—A trace of these missing lines is found in **H**, but the reading is doubtful:—
 ginn lopt yfir liþr fránn neþan

.—G.
 59.—Sék, G. ; sér hón, R. H. ; so also st. 64.

54. Comes forth the stalwart son of the War-father,
 Vidar, to strive with the deadly beast ;
 lets he the sword from his right hand leap
 into Fenrir's heart, and avenged is the father.
55. Comes forth the glorious offspring of Earth,
 Thor, to strive with the glistening Serpent.
56. Strikes in his wrath the Warder of Midgard,
 while mortals all their homes forsake ;
 nine feet recoils he, the son of Odin,
 bowed, from the dragon who fears not shame.

(The End of the World.)

57. The sun is darkened, Earth sinks in the sea,
 from heaven turn the bright stars away.
 Rages smoke with fire, the life-feeder,
 high flame plays against heaven itself.
58. Loud bays Garm before Gaping-hel,
 the bond shall be broken, the Wolf run free ;
 hidden things I know ; still onward I see
 the great Doom of the Powers, the gods of war.

(The new World.)

59. I see uprising a second time
 earth from the ocean, green anew ;
 the waters fall, on high the eagle
 flies o'er the fell and catches fish.
60. The gods are gathered on the Fields of Labour ;
 they speak concerning the great World Serpent,
 and remember there things of former fame
 and the Mightiest God's old mysteries.

55.—The Serpent, *see Hym., st. 23.*

VÖLUSPÁ.

61. Þar munu eptir undrsamligar
gollnar töflur í grasi finnask
þærs í árdaga áttar höfðu.
.
62. Munu ósánir akrar vaxa,
böls mun batna, mun Baldr koma,
bua Höþr ok Baldr Hropts sigtoptir,
vel valtívar: vituþ enn eþa hvat ?
63. Þá kná Hcénir hlautviþ kjósa
.
ok burir byggva bróþra Tveggja
vindheim víþan: vituþ enn eþa hvat ?
64. Sal sék standa sólu fegra,
golli þakþan á Gimlé:
þar skulu dyggvar dróttir byggva
ok of aldrdaga ynþis njóta.
65. Kömr enn ríki at regindómi
öflugr ofan sás öllu ræþr.
.
.
65. Kömr enn dimmi dreki fljúgandi,
naþr fránn neþan frá Niþafjöllum;
bersk í fjöþrum —flýgr völl yfir—
Niþhöggv naï; nú mun sökkvask.

62.—Vel valtívar, **R**, *Dt.*, *Hl.*; vé valtíva, *R. G. H. S.* 65, lines 1 and 2.—
Found only in H.

61. Then shall be found the wondrous-seeming
golden tables hid in the grass,
those they had used in days of yore.
62. And there unsown shall the fields bring forth ;
all harm shall be healed ; Baldr will come—
Höd and Baldr shall dwell in Valhöll,
at peace the war gods. —Would ye know further, and what ?
63. Then Hönir shall cast the twigs of divining,
and the sons shall dwell of Odin's brothers
in Wind-home wide. —Would ye know further, and what ?
64. I see yet a hall more fair than the sun,
roofed with gold in the Fire-sheltered realm ;
ever shall dwell there all holy beings,
blest with joy through the days of time.
- (Coming of the new Power, passing of the old.)
65. Comes from on high to the great Assembly
the Mighty Ruler who orders all.
66. Fares from beneath a dim dragon flying,
a glistening snake from the Moonless Fells.
Fierce-stinger bears the dead on his pinions
away o'er the plains.— I sink now and cease.

62.—Valhöll, called here the victory halls of Hropt (Odin). 63.—The twigs, see *Hym.*, st. 1. 64.—Fire-sheltered realm, Icelandic (Gimlé from gim, fire, and hlé, shelter; *Dt. and Hl.*), which has often been translated jewelled; but the above meaning shows this hall in contrast to the others of st. 37 and 38.

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I.

MSS. OF THE EDDA.

- R** CODEX REGIUS OF THE ELDER EDDA, a parchment MS. of the 13th-14th centuries, in the Copenhagen Library. Facsimile by Finnur Jónsson, 1896.
- A** CODEX ARNAMAGNÆANUS, parchment of the 14th century, containing fragments of Vm., Grm., Hým., Skm., Hrbl., Bdr. Copenhagen.
- H** HAUKSBÓK, parchment of the 14th century, containing Völuspá. Copenhagen.
- r** CODEX REGIUS OF SNORRA EDDA, a parchment of the 14th century, containing a few strophes quoted from the Sæmundar Edda and unknown sources.
- U** CODEX UPSALIENSIS OF SNORRA EDDA, a parchment MS. of the 14th century. Upsala.
- W** CODEX WORMIANUS OF SNORRA EDDA, a parchment of the late 14th century, containing Rþ. Copenhagen.
- F** FLATEYJARBÓK, a parchment of the 14th century, containing Hdl. Copenhagen.
- B, C, E, L, N O, S, St.** Paper MSS. of the 17th century, containing Gg. and Fj.

II.

EDDIC POEMS.

Alv.	Alvíssmál.	Hým.	Hýmiskviða.
Bdr.	Baldrs Draumar.	Ls.	Lokasenna.
Fj.	Fjölsvinismál.	Rþ.	Rígsþula.
Gg.	Gróugaldr.	Skm.	Skirnismál.
Grm.	Grimnismál.	Vm.	Vafþrúðnismál.
Háv.	Hávamál.	Vsp.	Völuspá.
Hdl.	Hyndluljóð.	Þrk.	Þrymskviða.
Hrbl.	Hárbarðsljóð.		

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2.—TRANSLATION.

- Ægir, a sea giant, 21, 113, 195, 245-269.
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 Agnar, brother of Geirröd, 3, 5.
 ——— son of Geirröd, 5, 23.
 Ai, name of two dwarfs, 281.
 Alf, kinsman of Ottar, 231.
 Alf the Old, son of Dag and Thora, 231.
 ——— grandfather of Ottar, 229.
 Ali, kinsman of Ottar, 231.
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 All-green, an island, 189.
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 All-wielder, a giant, father of Thiazi, 189.
 All-wise (Alviss) a dwarf, 25-37.
 ——— (Alsviþr) a jötun, 103.
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 ——— a berserk, 233.
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 Asgarth, dwelling of the Æsir or gods, 115, 129, 131, 133, 271, 275, 285.

- Ash, the first man, 283.
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 Beli, a giant slain by Frey, 293.
 Bergelm, forefather of all Jötuns, 49, 51.
 Bestla, a giantess, mother of Odin, 103.
- Cauldron-grove, Loki's prison, 289.
- Chosen Warriors, heroes of the battle field bidden to Valhöll by Odin, 11, 17, 53.
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 Corpse-swallower, a giant eagle, maker of the wind, 53.
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 Counsel-isle-sound, home of Battle-wolf, 185.
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 Dawning, Dawn, father of Day, 49, 109.
 Day, personification of Day, 47, 49.
 Day-spring, Menglöd's lover, 163, 177, 179.
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- Dead's Way, road to Valhöll, 227.
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