

BALDRS DRAUMAR

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BALDR'S DREAMS

1. Once were the gods | together met, And the goddesses came | and council held, And the far-famed ones | the truth would find, Why baleful dreams | to Baldr had come.
2. Then Othin rose, | the enchanter old, And the saddle he laid | on Sleipnir's back; Thence rode he down | to Niflhel deep, And the hound he met | that came from hell.
3. Bloody he was | on his breast before, At the father of magic | he howled from afar; Forward rode Othin, | the earth resounded Till the house so high | of Hel he reached.
4. Then Othin rode | to the eastern door, There, he knew well, | was the wise-woman's grave; Magic he spoke | and mighty charms, Till spell-bound she rose, | and in death she spoke:
5. "What is the man, | to me unknown, That has made me travel | the troublous road? I was snowed on with snow, | and smitten with rain, And drenched with dew; | long was I dead."

Othin spake:

6. "Vegtam my name, | I am Valtam's son; Speak thou of hell, | for of heaven I know: For whom are the benches | bright with rings, And the platforms gay | bedecked with gold?"

The Wise-Woman spake:

7. "Here for Baldr | the mead is brewed, The shining drink, | and a shield lies o'er it; But their hope is gone | from the mighty gods. Unwilling I spake, | and now would be still."

Othin spake:

8. "Wise-woman, cease not! | I seek from thee All to know | that I fain would ask: Who shall the bane | of Baldr become, And steal the life | from Othin's son?"

The Wise-Woman spake:

9. "Hoth thither bears | the far-famed branch, He shall the bane | of Baldr become, And steal the life | from Othin's son. Unwilling I spake, | and now would be still."

Othin spake:

10. "Wise-woman, cease not! | I seek from thee All to know | that I fain would ask: Who shall vengeance win | for the evil work, Or bring to the flames | the slayer of Baldr?"

The Wise-Woman spake:

11. "Rind bears Vali | in Vestrsalir, And one night old | fights Othin's son; His hands he shall wash not, | his hair he shall comb not, Till the slayer of Baldr | he brings to the flames. Unwilling I spake, | and now would be still."

Othin spake:

12. "Wise-woman, cease not! | I seek from thee All to know | that I fain would ask: What maidens are they | who then shall weep, And toss to the sky | the yards of the sails?"

The Wise-Woman spake:

13. "Vegtam thou art not, | as erstwhile I thought; Othin thou art, | the enchanter old."

Othin spake:

"No wise-woman art thou, | nor wisdom hast;
Of giants three | the mother art thou."

The Wise-Woman spake:

14. "Home ride, Othin, | be ever proud; For no one of men | shall seek me more Till Loki wanders | loose from his bonds, And to the last strife | the destroyers come."

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