

HELREITH BRYNHILDAR

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BRYNHILD'S HELL-RIDE

After the death of Brynhild there were made two bale-fires, the one for Sigurth, and that burned first, and on the other was Brynhild burned, and she was on a wagon which was covered with a rich cloth. Thus it is told, that Brynhild went in the wagon on Hel-way, and passed by a house where dwelt a certain giantess. The giantess spake:

1. "Thou shalt not further | forward fare, My dwelling ribbed | with rocks across; More seemly it were | at thy weaving to stay, Than another's husband | here to follow.
2. "What wouldst thou have | from Valland here, Fickle of heart, | in this my house? Gold-goddess, now, | if thou wouldst know, Heroes' blood | from thy hands hast washed."

Brynhild spake:

3. "Chide me not, woman | from rocky walls, Though to battle once | I was wont to go; Better than thou | I shall seem to be, When men us two | shall truly know."

The giantess spake:

4. "Thou wast, Brynhild, | Buthli's daughter, For the worst of evils | born in the world; To death thou hast given | Gjuki's children, And laid their lofty | house full low."

Brynhild spake:

5. "Truth from the wagon | here I tell thee, Witless one, | if know thou wilt How the heirs of Gjuki | gave me to be Joyless ever, | a breaker of oaths.
6. "Hild the helmed | in Hlymdalir They named me of old, | all they who knew me. | |"
7. "The monarch bold | the swan-robcs bore Of the sisters eight | beneath an oak; Twelve winters I was, | if know thou wilt, When oaths I yielded | the king so young.
8. "Next I let | the leader of Goths, Hjalmgunnar the old, | go down to hell, And victory brought | to Autha's brother; For this was Othin's | anger mighty.
9. "He beset me with shields | in Skatalund, Red and white, | their rims o'erlapped; He bade that my sleep | should broken be By him who fear | had nowhere found.
10. "He let round my hall, | that southward looked, The branches' foe | high-leaping burn; Across it he bade | the hero come Who brought me the gold | that Fafnir guarded.
11. "On Grani rode | the giver of gold, Where my foster-father | ruled his folk; Best of all | he seemed to be, The prince of the Danes, | when the people met.

12. "Happy we slept, | one bed we had, As he my brother | born had been; Eight were the nights | when neither there Loving hand | on the other laid.
13. "Yet Guthrun reproached me, | Gjuki's daughter, That I in Sigurth's | arms had slept; Then did I hear | what I would were hid, That they had betrayed me | in taking a mate.
14. "Ever with grief | and all too long Are men and women | born in the world; But yet we shall live | our lives together, Sigurth and I. | Sink down, Giantess!"

DRAP NIFLUNGA

THE SLAYING OF THE NIFLUNGS

Revision #1

Created 2025-10-17 13:02:32 UTC by Ekospirit

Updated 2025-10-17 13:02:32 UTC by Ekospirit