

# HOVAMOL (THE BALLAD OF THE HIGH ONE)

1. Within the gates | ere a man shall go,  
(Full warily let him watch,) Full long let him look about him;  
For little he knows | where a foe may lurk,  
And sit in the seats within.
2. Hail to the giver! | a guest has come;  
Where shall the stranger sit?  
Swift shall he be | who with swords shall try  
The proof of his might to make.
3. Fire he needs | who with frozen knees  
Has come from the cold without;  
Food and clothes | must the farer have,  
The man from the mountains come.
4. Water and towels | and welcoming speech  
Should he find who comes to the feast;  
If renown he would get, | and again be greeted,  
Wisely and well must he act.
5. Wits must he have | who wanders wide,  
But all is easy at home;  
At the witless man | the wise shall wink  
When among such men he sits.
6. A man shall not boast | of his keenness of mind,  
But keep it close in his breast;  
To the silent and wise | does ill come seldom  
When he goes as guest to a house;  
(For a faster friend | one never finds  
Than wisdom tried and true.)
7. The knowing guest | who goes to the feast,  
In silent attention sits;  
With his ears he hears, | with his eyes he watches,  
Thus wary are wise men all.

8. Happy the one | who wins for himself  
Favor and praises fair;  
Less safe by far | is the wisdom found  
That is hid in another's heart.
9. Happy the man | who has while he lives  
Wisdom and praise as well,  
For evil counsel | a man full oft  
Has from another's heart.
10. A better burden | may no man bear  
For wanderings wide than wisdom;  
It is better than wealth | on unknown ways,  
And in grief a refuge it gives.
11. A better burden | may no man bear  
For wanderings wide than wisdom;  
Worse food for the journey | he brings not afield  
Than an over-drinking of ale.
12. Less good there lies | than most believe  
In ale for mortal men;  
For the more he drinks | the less does man  
Of his mind the mastery hold.
13. Over beer the bird | of forgetfulness broods,  
And steals the minds of men;  
With the heron's feathers | fettered I lay  
And in Gunnloth's house was held.
14. Drunk I was, | I was dead-drunk,  
When with Fjalar wise I was;  
'Tis the best of drinking | if back one brings  
His wisdom with him home.
15. The son of a king | shall be silent and wise,  
And bold in battle as well;  
Bravely and gladly | a man shall go,  
Till the day of his death is come.
16. The sluggard believes | he shall live forever,  
If the fight he faces not;  
But age shall not grant him | the gift of peace,  
Though spears may spare his life.
17. The fool is agape | when he comes to the feast,  
He stammers or else is still;

But soon if he gets | a drink is it seen  
What the mind of the man is like.

18. He alone is aware | who has wandered wide,  
And far abroad has fared,  
How great a mind | is guided by him  
That wealth of wisdom has.

19. Shun not the mead, | but drink in measure;  
Speak to the point or be still;  
For rudeness none | shall rightly blame thee  
If soon thy bed thou seekest.

20. The greedy man, | if his mind be vague,  
Will eat till sick he is;  
The vulgar man, | when among the wise,  
To scorn by his belly is brought.

21. The herds know well | when home they shall fare,  
And then from the grass they go;  
But the foolish man | his belly's measure  
Shall never know aright.

22. A paltry man | and poor of mind  
At all things ever mocks;  
For never he knows, | what he ought to know,  
That he is not free from faults.

23. The witless man | is awake all night,  
Thinking of many things;  
Care-worn he is | when the morning comes,  
And his woe is just as it was.

24. The foolish man | for friends all those  
Who laugh at him will hold;  
When among the wise | he marks it not  
Though hatred of him they speak.

25. The foolish man | for friends all those  
Who laugh at him will hold;  
But the truth when he comes | to the council he learns,  
That few in his favor will speak.

26. An ignorant man | thinks that all he knows,  
When he sits by himself in a corner;  
But never what answer | to make he knows,  
When others with questions come.

27. A witless man, | when he meets with men,  
Had best in silence abide;  
For no one shall find | that nothing he knows,  
If his mouth is not open too much.  
(But a man knows not, | if nothing he knows,  
When his mouth has been open too much.)
28. Wise shall he seem | who well can question,  
And also answer well;  
Nought is concealed | that men may say  
Among the sons of men.
29. Often he speaks | who never is still  
With words that win no faith;  
The babbling tongue, | if a bridle it find not,  
Oft for itself sings ill.
30. In mockery no one | a man shall hold,  
Although he fare to the feast;  
Wise seems one oft, | if nought he is asked,  
And safely he sits dry-skinned.
31. Wise a guest holds it | to take to his heels,  
When mock of another he makes;  
But little he knows | who laughs at the feast,  
Though he mocks in the midst of his foes.
32. Friendly of mind | are many men,  
Till feasting they mock at their friends;  
To mankind a bane | must it ever be  
When guests together strive.
33. Oft should one make | an early meal,  
Nor fasting come to the feast;  
Else he sits and chews | as if he would choke,  
And little is able to ask.
34. Crooked and far | is the road to a foe,  
Though his house on the highway be;  
But wide and straight | is the way to a friend,  
Though far away he fare.
35. Forth shall one go, | nor stay as a guest  
In a single spot forever;  
Love becomes loathing | if long one sits  
By the hearth in another's home.

36. Better a house, | though a hut it be,  
A man is master at home;  
A pair of goats | and a patched-up roof  
Are better far than begging.
37. Better a house, | though a hut it be,  
A man is master at home;  
His heart is bleeding | who needs must beg  
When food he fain would have.
38. Away from his arms | in the open field  
A man should fare not a foot;  
For never he knows | when the need for a spear  
Shall arise on the distant road.
39. If wealth a man | has won for himself,  
Let him never suffer in need;  
Oft he saves for a foe | what he plans for a friend,  
For much goes worse than we wish.
40. None so free with gifts | or food have I found  
That gladly he took not a gift,  
Nor one who so widely | scattered his wealth  
That of recompense hatred he had.
41. Friends shall gladden each other | with arms and garments,  
As each for himself can see;  
Gift-givers' friendships | are longest found,  
If fair their fates may be.
42. To his friend a man | a friend shall prove,  
And gifts with gifts requite;  
But men shall mocking | with mockery answer,  
And fraud with falsehood meet.
43. To his friend a man | a friend shall prove,  
To him and the friend of his friend;  
But never a man | shall friendship make  
With one of his foeman's friends.
44. If a friend thou hast | whom thou fully wilt trust,  
And good from him wouldst get,  
Thy thoughts with his mingle, | and gifts shalt thou make,  
And fare to find him oft.
45. If another thou hast | whom thou hardly wilt trust,  
Yet good from him wouldst get,

Thou shalt speak him fair, | but falsely think,  
And fraud with falsehood requite.

46. So is it with him | whom thou hardly wilt trust,  
And whose mind thou mayst not know;  
Laugh with him mayst thou, | but speak not thy mind,  
Like gifts to his shalt thou give.

47. Young was I once, | and wandered alone,  
And nought of the road I knew;  
Rich did I feel | when a comrade I found,  
For man is man's delight.

48. The lives of the brave | and noble are best,  
Sorrows they seldom feed;  
But the coward fear | of all things feels,  
And not gladly the niggard gives.

49. My garments once | in a field I gave  
To a pair of carven poles;  
Heroes they seemed | when clothes they had,  
But the naked man is nought.

50. On the hillside drear | the fir-tree dies,  
All bootless its needles and bark;  
It is like a man | whom no one loves,—  
Why should his life be long?

51. Hotter than fire | between false friends  
Does friendship five days burn;  
When the sixth day comes | the fire cools,  
And ended is all the love.

52. No great thing needs | a man to give,  
Oft little will purchase praise;  
With half a loaf | and a half-filled cup  
A friend full fast I made.

53. A little sand | has a little sea,  
And small are the minds of men;  
Though all men are not | equal in wisdom,  
Yet half-wise only are all.

54. A measure of wisdom | each man shall have,  
But never too much let him know;  
The fairest lives | do those men live  
Whose wisdom wide has grown.

55. A measure of wisdom | each man shall have,  
But never too much let him know;  
For the wise man's heart | is seldom happy,  
If wisdom too great he has won.
56. A measure of wisdom | each man shall have,  
But never too much let him know;  
Let no man the fate | before him see,  
For so is he freest from sorrow.
57. A brand from a brand | is kindled and burned,  
And fire from fire begotten;  
And man by his speech | is known to men,  
And the stupid by their stillness.
58. He must early go forth | who fain the blood  
Or the goods of another would get;  
The wolf that lies idle | shall win little meat,  
Or the sleeping man success.
59. He must early go forth | whose workers are few,  
Himself his work to seek;  
Much remains undone | for the morning-sleeper,  
For the swift is wealth half won.
60. Of seasoned shingles | and strips of bark  
For the thatch let one know his need,  
And how much of wood | he must have for a month,  
Or in half a year he will use.
61. Washed and fed | to the council fare,  
But care not too much for thy clothes;  
Let none be ashamed | of his shoes and hose,  
Less still of the steed he rides,  
(Though poor be the horse he has.)
62. When the eagle comes | to the ancient sea,  
He snaps and hangs his head;  
So is a man | in the midst of a throng,  
Who few to speak for him finds.
63. To question and answer | must all be ready  
Who wish to be known as wise;  
Tell one thy thoughts, | but beware of two,—  
All know what is known to three.

64. The man who is prudent | a measured use  
Of the might he has will make;  
He finds when among | the brave he fares  
That the boldest he may not be.
65. . . . . | . . . . .  
. . . . .  
Oft for the words | that to others one speaks  
He will get but an evil gift.
66. Too early to many | a meeting I came,  
And some too late have I sought;  
The beer was all drunk, | or not yet brewed;  
Little the loathed man finds.
67. To their homes men would bid me | hither and yon,  
If at meal-time I needed no meat,  
Or would hang two hams | in my true friend's house,  
Where only one I had eaten.
68. Fire for men | is the fairest gift,  
And power to see the sun;  
Health as well, | if a man may have it,  
And a life not stained with sin.
69. All wretched is no man, | though never so sick;  
Some from their sons have joy,  
Some win it from kinsmen, | and some from their wealth,  
And some from worthy works.
70. It is better to live | than to lie a corpse,  
The live man catches the cow;  
I saw flames rise | for the rich man's pyre,  
And before his door he lay dead.
71. The lame rides a horse, | the handless is herdsman,  
The deaf in battle is bold;  
The blind man is better | than one that is burned,  
No good can come of a corpse.
72. A son is better, | though late he be born,  
And his father to death have fared;  
Memory-stones | seldom stand by the road  
Save when kinsman honors his kin.
73. Two make a battle, | the tongue slays the head;  
In each furry coat | a fist I look for.



74. He welcomes the night | whose fare is enough.  
(Short are the yards of a ship,)  
Uneasy are autumn nights;  
Full oft does the weather | change in a week,  
And more in a month's time.

75. A man knows not, | if nothing he knows,  
That gold oft apes begets;  
One man is wealthy | and one is poor,  
Yet scorn for him none should know.

76. Among Fitjung's sons | saw I well-stocked folds,—  
Now bear they the beggar's staff;  
Wealth is as swift | as a winking eye,  
Of friends the falsest it is.

77. Cattle die, | and kinsmen die,  
And so one dies one's self;  
But a noble name | will never die,  
If good renown one gets.

78. Cattle die, | and kinsmen die,  
And so one dies one's self;  
One thing I know | that never dies,  
The fame of a dead man's deeds.

79. Certain is that | which is sought from runes,  
That the gods so great have made,  
And the Master-Poet painted;  
. . . . . | . . . . .  
. . . . . of the race of gods:  
Silence is safest and best.

80. An unwise man, | if a maiden's love  
Or wealth he chances to win,  
His pride will wax, | but his wisdom never,  
Straight forward he fares in conceit.

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81. Give praise to the day at evening, | to a woman on her pyre,  
To a weapon which is tried, | to a maid at wedlock,  
To ice when it is crossed, | to ale that is drunk.

82. When the gale blows hew wood, | in fair winds seek the water;  
Sport with maidens at dusk, | for day's eyes are many;  
From the ship seek swiftness, | from the shield protection,

Cuts from the sword, | from the maiden kisses.

83. By the fire drink ale, | over ice go on skates;  
Buy a steed that is lean, | and a sword when tarnished,  
The horse at home fatten, | the hound in thy dwelling.

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84. A man shall trust not | the oath of a maid,  
Nor the word a woman speaks;  
For their hearts on a whirling | wheel were fashioned,  
And fickle their breasts were formed.

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85. In a breaking bow | or a burning flame,  
A ravening wolf | or a croaking raven,  
In a grunting boar, | a tree with roots broken,  
In billowy seas | or a bubbling kettle,

86. In a flying arrow | or falling waters,  
In ice new formed | or the serpent's folds,  
In a bride's bed-speech | or a broken sword,  
In the sport of bears | or in sons of kings,

87. In a calf that is sick | or a stubborn thrall,  
A flattering witch | or a foe new slain.

88. In a brother's slayer, | if thou meet him abroad,  
In a half-burned house, | in a horse full swift—  
One leg is hurt | and the horse is useless—  
None had ever such faith | as to trust in them all.

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89. Hope not too surely | for early harvest,  
Nor trust too soon in thy son;  
The field needs good weather, | the son needs wisdom,  
And oft is either denied.

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90. The love of women | fickle of will  
Is like starting o'er ice | with a steed unshod,  
A two-year-old restive | and little tamed,  
Or steering a rudderless | ship in a storm,  
Or, lame, hunting reindeer | on slippery rocks.

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91. Clear now will I speak, | for I know them both,  
Men false to women are found;  
When fairest we speak, | then falsest we think,  
Against wisdom we work with deceit.
92. Soft words shall he speak | and wealth shall he offer  
Who longs for a maiden's love,  
And the beauty praise | of the maiden bright;  
He wins whose wooing is best.
93. Fault for loving | let no man find  
Ever with any other;  
Oft the wise are fettered, | where fools go free,  
By beauty that breeds desire.
94. Fault with another | let no man find  
For what touches many a man;  
Wise men oft | into witless fools  
Are made by mighty love.
95. The head alone knows | what dwells near the heart,  
A man knows his mind alone;  
No sickness is worse | to one who is wise  
Than to lack the longed-for joy.
96. This found I myself, | when I sat in the reeds,  
And long my love awaited;  
As my life the maiden | wise I loved,  
Yet her I never had.
97. Billing's daughter | I found on her bed,  
In slumber bright as the sun;  
Empty appeared | an earl's estate  
Without that form so fair.
98. "Othin, again | at evening come,  
If a woman thou wouldst win;  
Evil it were | if others than we  
Should know of such a sin."
99. Away I hastened, | hoping for joy,  
And careless of counsel wise;  
Well I believed | that soon I should win  
Measureless joy with the maid.

100. So came I next | when night it was,  
The warriors all were awake;  
With burning lights | and waving brands  
I learned my luckless way.

101. At morning then, | when once more I came,  
And all were sleeping still,  
A dog I found | in the fair one's place,  
Bound there upon her bed.

102. Many fair maids, | if a man but tries them,  
False to a lover are found;  
That did I learn | when I longed to gain  
With wiles the maiden wise;  
Foul scorn was my meed | from the crafty maid,  
And nought from the woman I won.

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103. Though glad at home, | and merry with guests,  
A man shall be wary and wise;  
The sage and shrewd, | wide wisdom seeking,  
Must see that his speech be fair;  
A fool is he named | who nought can say,  
For such is the way of the witless.

104. I found the old giant, | now back have I fared,  
Small gain from silence I got;  
Full many a word, | my will to get,  
I spoke in Suttung's hall.

105. The mouth of Rati | made room for my passage,  
And space in the stone he gnawed;  
Above and below | the giants' paths lay,  
So rashly I risked my head.

106. Gunnloth gave | on a golden stool  
A drink of the marvelous mead;  
A harsh reward | did I let her have  
For her heroic heart,  
And her spirit troubled sore.

107. The well-earned beauty | well I enjoyed,  
Little the wise man lacks;  
So Othrorir now | has up been brought  
To the midst of the men of earth.

108. Hardly, methinks, | would I home have come,  
And left the giants' land,  
Had not Gunnloth helped me, | the maiden good,  
Whose arms about me had been.

109. The day that followed, | the frost-giants came,  
Some word of Hor to win,  
(And into the hall of Hor;)  
Of Bolverk they asked, | were he back midst the gods,  
Or had Suttung slain him there?

110. On his ring swore Othin | the oath, methinks;  
Who now his troth shall trust?  
Suttung's betrayal | he sought with drink,  
And Gunnloth to grief he left.

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111. It is time to chant | from the chanter's stool;  
By the wells of Urth I was,  
I saw and was silent, | I saw and thought,  
And heard the speech of Hor.  
(Of runes heard I words, | nor were counsels wanting,  
At the hall of Hor,  
In the hall of Hor;  
Such was the speech I heard.)

112. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Rise not at night, | save if news thou seekest,  
Or fain to the outhouse wouldst fare.

113. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Beware of sleep | on a witch's bosom,  
Nor let her limbs ensnare thee.

114. Such is her might | that thou hast no mind  
For the council or meeting of men;  
Meat thou hatest, | joy thou hast not,  
And sadly to slumber thou farest.

115. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:

Seek never to win | the wife of another,  
Or long for her secret love.

116. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
If o'er mountains or gulfs | thou fain wouldst go,  
Look well to thy food for the way.

117. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
An evil man | thou must not let  
Bring aught of ill to thee;  
For an evil man | will never make  
Reward for a worthy thought.

118. I saw a man | who was wounded sore  
By an evil woman's word;  
A lying tongue | his death-blow launched,  
And no word of truth there was.

119. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
If a friend thou hast | whom thou fully wilt trust,  
Then fare to find him oft;  
For brambles grow | and waving grass  
On the rarely trodden road.

120. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
A good man find | to hold in friendship,  
And give heed to his healing charms.

121. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Be never the first | to break with thy friend  
The bond that holds you both;  
Care eats the heart | if thou canst not speak  
To another all thy thought.

122. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,

Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Exchange of words | with a witless ape  
Thou must not ever make.

123. For never thou mayst | from an evil man  
A good requital get;  
But a good man oft | the greatest love  
Through words of praise will win thee.

124. Mingled is love | when a man can speak  
To another all his thought;  
Nought is so bad | as false to be,  
No friend speaks only fair.

125. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
With a worse man speak not | three words in dispute,  
Ill fares the better oft  
When the worse man wields a sword.

126. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
A shoemaker be, | or a maker of shafts,  
For only thy single self;  
If the shoe is ill made, | or the shaft prove false,  
Then evil of thee men think.

127. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
If evil thou knowest, | as evil proclaim it,  
And make no friendship with foes.

128. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
In evil never | joy shalt thou know,  
But glad the good shall make thee.

129. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Look not up | when the battle is on,—  
(Like madmen the sons | of men become,—)

Lest men bewitch thy wits.

130. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
If thou fain wouldst win | a woman's love,  
And gladness get from her,  
Fair be thy promise | and well fulfilled;  
None loathes what good he gets.

131. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
I bid thee be wary, | but be not fearful;  
(Beware most with ale | or another's wife,  
And third beware | lest a thief outwit thee.)

132. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Scorn or mocking | ne'er shalt thou make  
Of a guest or a journey-goer.

133. Oft scarcely he knows | who sits in the house  
What kind is the man who comes;  
None so good is found | that faults he has not,  
Nor so wicked that nought he is worth.

134. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Scorn not ever | the gray-haired singer,  
Oft do the old speak good;  
(Oft from shrivelled skin | come skillful counsels,  
Though it hang with the hides,  
And flap with the pelts,  
And is blown with the bellies.)

135. I rede thee, Loddafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
Curse not thy guest, | nor show him thy gate,  
Deal well with a man in want.

136. Strong is the beam | that raised must be  
To give an entrance to all;



Give it a ring, | or grim will be  
The wish it would work on thee.

137. I rede thee, Loddafafnir! | and hear thou my rede,—  
Profit thou hast if thou hearest,  
Great thy gain if thou learnest:  
When ale thou drinkest, | seek might of earth,  
(For earth cures drink, | and fire cures ills,  
The oak cures tightness, | the ear cures magic,  
Rye cures rupture, | the moon cures rage,  
Grass cures the scab, | and runes the sword-cut;)  
The field absorbs the flood.

138. Now are Hor's words | spoken in the hall,  
Kind for the kindred of men,  
Cursed for the kindred of giants:  
Hail to the speaker, | and to him who learns!  
Profit be his who has them!  
Hail to them who hearken

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139. I ween that I hung | on the windy tree,  
Hung there for nights full nine;  
With the spear I was wounded, | and offered I was  
To Othin, myself to myself,  
On the tree that none | may ever know  
What root beneath it runs.

140. None made me happy | with loaf or horn,  
And there below I looked;  
I took up the runes, | shrieking I took them,  
And forthwith back I fell.

141. Nine mighty songs | I got from the son  
Of Bolthorn, Bestla's father;  
And a drink I got | of the goodly mead  
Poured out from Othrörir.

142. Then began I to thrive, | and wisdom to get,  
I grew and well I was;  
Each word led me on | to another word,  
Each deed to another deed.

143. Runes shalt thou find, | and fateful signs,  
That the king of singers colored,  
And the mighty gods have made;

Full strong the signs, | full mighty the signs  
That the ruler of gods doth write.

144. Othin for the gods, | Dain for the elves,  
And Dvalin for the dwarfs,  
Alsvith for giants | and all mankind,  
And some myself I wrote.

145. Knowest how one shall write, | knowest how one shall rede?  
Knowest how one shall tint, | knowest how one makes trial?  
Knowest how one shall ask, | knowest how one shall offer?  
Knowest how one shall send, | knowest how one shall sacrifice?

146. Better no prayer | than too big an offering,  
By thy getting measure thy gift;  
Better is none | than too big a sacrifice,  
. . . . .  
So Thund of old wrote | ere man's race began,  
Where he rose on high | when home he came.

\* \* \* \* \*

147. The songs I know | that king's wives know not,  
Nor men that are sons of men;  
The first is called help, | and help it can bring thee  
In sorrow and pain and sickness.

148. A second I know, | that men shall need  
Who leechcraft long to use;  
. . . . . | . . . . .  
. . . . .

149. A third I know, | if great is my need  
Of fetters to hold my foe;  
Blunt do I make | mine enemy's blade,  
Nor bites his sword or staff.

150. A fourth I know, | if men shall fasten  
Bonds on my bended legs;  
So great is the charm | that forth I may go,  
The fetters spring from my feet,  
Broken the bonds from my hands.

151. A fifth I know, | if I see from afar  
An arrow fly 'gainst the folk;  
It flies not so swift | that I stop it not,  
If ever my eyes behold it.

152. A sixth I know, | if harm one seeks  
With a sapling's roots to send me;  
The hero himself | who wreaks his hate  
Shall taste the ill ere I.
153. A seventh I know, | if I see in flames  
The hall o'er my comrades' heads;  
It burns not so wide | that I will not quench it,  
I know that song to sing.
154. An eighth I know, | that is to all  
Of greatest good to learn;  
When hatred grows | among heroes' sons,  
I soon can set it right.
155. A ninth I know, | if need there comes  
To shelter my ship on the flood;  
The wind I calm | upon the waves,  
And the sea I put to sleep.
156. A tenth I know, | what time I see  
House-riders flying on high;  
So can I work | that wildly they go,  
Showing their true shapes,  
Hence to their own homes.
157. An eleventh I know, | if needs I must lead  
To the fight my long-loved friends;  
I sing in the shields, | and in strength they go  
Whole to the field of fight,  
Whole from the field of fight,  
And whole they come thence home.
158. A twelfth I know, | if high on a tree  
I see a hanged man swing;  
So do I write | and color the runes  
That forth he fares,  
And to me talks.
159. A thirteenth I know, | if a thane full young  
With water I sprinkle well;  
He shall not fall, | though he fares mid the host,  
Nor sink beneath the swords.
160. A fourteenth I know, | if fain I would name  
To men the mighty gods;  
All know I well | of the gods and elves,—

Few be the fools know this.

161. A fifteenth I know, | that before the doors  
Of Delling sang Thjothrörir the dwarf;  
Might he sang for the gods, | and glory for elves,  
And wisdom for Hroptatyr wise.

162. A sixteenth I know, | if I seek delight  
To win from a maiden wise;  
The mind I turn | of the white-armed maid,  
And thus change all her thoughts.

163. A seventeenth I know, | so that seldom shall go  
A maiden young from me;  
. . . . . | . . . . .  
. . . . .

164. Long these songs | thou shalt, Loddfafnir,  
Seek in vain to sing;  
Yet good it were | if thou mightest get them,  
Well, if thou wouldst them learn,  
Help, if thou hadst them.

165. An eighteenth I know, | that ne'er will I tell  
To maiden or wife of man,—  
The best is what none | but one's self doth know,  
So comes the end of the songs,—  
Save only to her | in whose arms I lie,  
Or who else my sister is.

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