

HYNDLULJOTH

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THE POEM OF HYNDLA

Freyja spake:

1. "Maiden, awake! | wake thee, my friend, My sister Hyndla, | in thy hollow cave! Already comes darkness, | and ride must we To Valhall to seek | the sacred hall.
2. "The favor of Heerfather | seek we to find, To his followers gold | he gladly gives; To Hermoth gave he | helm and mail-coat, And to Sigmund he gave | a sword as gift.
3. "Triumph to some, | and treasure to others, To many wisdom | and skill in words, Fair winds to the sailor, | to the singer his art, And a manly heart | to many a hero.
4. "Thor shall I honor, | and this shall I ask, That his favor true | mayst thou ever find;
.. | Though little the brides | of the giants he loves.
5. "From the stall now one | of thy wolves lead forth, And along with my boar | shalt thou let him run; For slow my boar goes | on the road of the gods, And I would not weary | my worthy steed."

Hyndla spake:

6. "Falsely thou askest me, | Freyja, to go, For so in the glance | of thine eyes I see; On the way of the slain | thy lover goes with thee, Ottar the young, | the son of Instein."

Freyja spake:

7. "Wild dreams, methinks, | are thine when thou sayest My lover is with me | on the way of the slain; There shines the boar | with bristles of gold, Hildisvini, | he who was made By Dain and Nabbi, | the cunning dwarfs.
8. "Now let us down | from our saddles leap, And talk of the race | of the heroes twain; The men who were born | of the gods above, |
9. "A wager have made | in the foreign metal Ottar the young | and Angantyr; We must guard, for the hero | young to have, His father's wealth, | the fruits of his race.
10. "For me a shrine | of stones he made,— And now to glass | the rock has grown;— Oft with the blood | of beasts was it red; In the goddesses ever | did Ottar trust.
11. "Tell to me now | the ancient names, And the races of all | that were born of old: Who are of the Skjoldungs, | who of the Skilfings, Who of the Othlings, | who of the Ylfings, Who are the free-born, | who are the high-born, The noblest of men | that in Mithgarth dwell?"

Hyndla spake:

12. "Thou art, Ottar, | the son of Instein, And Instein the son | of Alf the Old, Alf of Ulf, | Ulf of Sæfari, And Sæfari's father | was Svan the Red.
13. "Thy mother, bright | with bracelets fair, Hight, methinks, | the priestess Hledis; Frothi her father, | and Friauf her mother;— Her race of the mightiest | men must seem.
14. "Of old the noblest | of all was Ali, Before him Halfdan, | foremost of Skjoldungs; Famed were the battles | the hero fought, To the corners of heaven | his deeds were carried.
15. "Strengthened by Eymund, | the strongest of men, Sigtrygg he slew | with the ice-cold sword; His bride was Almveig, | the best of women, And eighteen boys | did Almveig bear him.
16. "Hence come the Skjoldungs, | hence the Skilfings, Hence the Othlings, | hence the Ynglings, Hence come the free-born, | hence the high-born, The noblest of men | that in Mithgarth dwell: And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!
17. "Hildigun then | her mother hight, The daughter of Svava | and Sækonung; And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool! It is much to know,— | wilt thou hear yet more?
18. "The mate of Dag | was a mother of heroes, Thora, who bore him | the bravest of fighters, Frathmar and Gyrth | and the Frekis twain, Am and Jofurmar, | Alf the Old; It is much to know,— | wilt thou hear yet more?
19. "Her husband was Ketil, | the heir of Klypp, He was of thy mother | the mother's-father; Before the days | of Kari was Frothi, And born of Hild | was Hoalf then.
20. "Next was Nanna, | daughter of Nokkvi, Thy father's kinsman | her son became; Old is the line, | and longer still, And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!
21. "Isolf and Osolf, | the sons of Olmoth, Whose wife was Skurhild, | the daughter of Skekkil, Count them among | the heroes mighty, And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!
22. "Gunnar the Bulwark, | Grim the Hardy, Thorir the Iron-shield, | Ulf the Gaper, Brodd and Hörvir | both did I know; In the household they were | of Hrolf the Old.
23. "Hervarth, Hjorvarth, | Hrani, Angantyr, Bui and Brami, | Barri and Reifnir, Tind and Tyrfing, | the Haddings twain,— And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!
24. "Eastward in Bolm | were born of old The sons of Arngrim | and Eyfura; With berserk-tumult | and baleful deed Like fire o'er land | and sea they fared,— And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!
25. "The sons of Jormunrek | all of yore To the gods in death | were as offerings given; He was kinsman of Sigurth,— | hear well what I say,— The foe of hosts, | and Fafnir's slayer.
26. "From Volsung's seed | was the hero sprung, And Hjordis was born | of Hrauthung's race, And Eylimi | from the Othlings came,— And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!
27. "Gunnar and Hogni, | the heirs of Gjuki, And Guthrun as well, | who their sister was; But Gotthorm was not | of Gjuki's race, Although the brother | of both he was: And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!
28. "Of Hvethna's sons | was Haki the best, And Hjorvarth the father | of Hvethna was;
.. |
29. "Harald Battle-tooth | of Auth was born, Hrörek the Ring-giver | her husband was; Auth the Deep-minded | was Ivar's daughter, But Rathbarth the father | of Randver was: And all are thy kinsmen, | Ottar, thou fool!"

FRAGMENT OF "THE SHORT VOLUSPO"

30. Eleven in number | the gods were known, When Baldr o'er the hill | of death was bowed;
And this to avenge | was Vali swift, When his brother's slayer | soon he slew.
31. The father of Baldr | was the heir of Bur, |
32. Freyr's wife was Gerth, | the daughter of Gymir, Of the giants' brood, | and Aurbotha bore
her; To these as well | was Thjazi kin, The dark-loving giant; | his daughter was Skathi.
33. Much have I told thee, | and further will tell; There is much that I know;— | wilt thou hear
yet more?
34. Heith and Hrossthjof, | the children of Hrimnir. |
35. The sybils arose | from Vitholf's race, From Vilmeith all | the seers are, And the workers of
charms | are Svarthofthi's children, And from Ymir sprang | the giants all.
36. Much have I told thee, | and further will tell; There is much that I know;— | wilt thou hear
yet more?
37. One there was born | in the bygone days, Of the race of the gods, | and great was his
might; Nine giant women, | at the world's edge, Once bore the man | so mighty in arms.
38. Gjolp there bore him, | Greip there bore him, Eistla bore him, | and Eyrgjafa, Ulfrun bore
him, | and Angeyja, Imth and Atla, | and Jarnsaxa.
39. Strong was he made | with the strength of earth, With the ice-cold sea, | and the blood of
swine.
40. One there was born, | the best of all, And strong was he made | with the strength of earth;
The proudest is called | the kinsman of men Of the rulers all | throughout the world.
41. Much have I told thee, | and further will tell; There is much that I know;— | wilt thou hear
yet more?
42. The wolf did Loki | with Angrbotha win, And Sleipnir bore he | to Svathilfari; The worst of
marvels | seemed the one That sprang from the brother | of Byleist then.
43. A heart ate Loki,— | in the embers it lay, And half-cooked found he | the woman's heart;—
With child from the woman | Loft soon was, And thence among men | came the monsters
all.
44. The sea, storm-driven, | seeks heaven itself, O'er the earth it flows, | the air grows sterile;
Then follow the snows | and the furious winds, For the gods are doomed, | and the end is
death.
45. Then comes another, | a greater than all, Though never I dare | his name to speak; Few
are they now | that farther can see Than the moment when Othin | shall meet the wolf.

Freyja spake:

46. "To my boar now bring | the memory-beer, So that all thy words, | that well thou hast
spoken, The third morn hence | he may hold in mind, When their races Ottar | and
Angantyr tell."

Hyndla spake:

47. "Hence shalt thou fare, | for fain would I sleep, From me thou gettest | few favors good;
My noble one, out | in the night thou leapest As Heithrun goes | the goats among.
48. "To Oth didst thou run, | who loved thee ever, And many under | thy apron have crawled;
My noble one, out | in the night thou leapest, As Heithrun goes | the goats among."

Freyja spake:

49. "Around the giantess | flames shall I raise, So that forth unburned | thou mayst not fare."

Hyndla spake:

50. "Flames I see burning, | the earth is on fire, And each for his life | the price must lose;
Bring then to Ottar | the draught of beer, Of venom full | for an evil fate."

Freyja spake:

51. "Thine evil words | shall work no ill, Though, giantess, bitter | thy baleful threats; A drink
full fair | shall Ottar find, If of all the gods | the favor I get."

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