

RIGSTHULA

RIGSTHULA

THE SONG OF RIG

They tell in old stories that one of the gods, whose name was Heimdall, went on his way along a certain seashore, and came to a dwelling, where he called himself Rig. According to these stories is the following poem:

1. Men say there went | by ways so green Of old the god, | the aged and wise, Mighty and strong | did Rig go striding. |
2. Forward he went | on the midmost way, He came to a dwelling, | a door on its posts; In did he fare, | on the floor was a fire, Two hoary ones | by the hearth there sat, Ai and Edda, | in olden dress.
3. Rig knew well | wise words to speak, Soon in the midst | of the room he sat, And on either side | the others were.
4. A loaf of bread | did Edda bring, Heavy and thick | and swollen with husks; Forth on the table | she set the fare, And broth for the meal | in a bowl there was. (Calf's flesh boiled | was the best of the dainties.)
5. Rig knew well | wise words to speak, Thence did he rise, | made ready to sleep; Soon in the bed | himself did he lay, And on either side | the others were.
6. Thus was he there | for three nights long, Then forward he went | on the midmost way, And so nine months | were soon passed by.
7. A son bore Edda, | with water they sprinkled him, With a cloth his hair | so black they covered; Thræll they named him, |
8. The skin was wrinkled | and rough on his hands, Knotted his knuckles, | Thick his fingers, | and ugly his face, Twisted his back, | and big his heels.
9. He began to grow, | and to gain in strength, Soon of his might | good use he made; With bast he bound, | and burdens carried, Home bore faggots | the whole day long.
10. One came to their home, | crooked her legs, Stained were her feet, | and sunburned her arms, Flat was her nose; | her name was Thir.
11. Soon in the midst | of the room she sat, By her side there sat | the son of the house; They whispered both, | and the bed made ready, Thræll and Thir, | till the day was through.
12. Children they had, | they lived and were happy, Fjosnir and Klur | they were called, methinks, Hreim and Kleggi, | Kefsir, Fulnir, Drumb, Digraldi, | Drott and Leggjaldi, Lut and Hosvir; | the house they cared for, Ground they dinged, | and swine they guarded, Goats they tended, | and turf they dug.
13. Daughters had they, | Drumba and Kumba, Ökkvinkalfa, | Arinnefja, Ysja and Ambott, | Eikintjasna, Totrughypja | and Tronubeina; And thence has risen | the race of thralls.
14. Forward went Rig, | his road was straight, To a hall he came, | and a door there hung; In did he fare, | on the floor was a fire: Afi and Amma | owned the house.

15. There sat the twain, | and worked at their tasks: The man hewed wood | for the weaver's beam; His beard was trimmed, | o'er his brow a curl, His clothes fitted close; | in the corner a chest.
16. The woman sat | and the distaff wielded, At the weaving with arms | outstretched she worked; On her head was a band, | on her breast a smock; On her shoulders a kerchief | with clasps there was.
17. Rig knew well | wise words to speak, Soon in the midst | of the room he sat, And on either side | the others were.
18. Then took Amma | The vessels full | with the fare she set, Calf's flesh boiled | was the best of the dainties.
19. Rig knew well | wise words to speak, He rose from the board, | made ready to sleep; Soon in the bed | himself did he lay, And on either side | the others were.
20. Thus was he there | for three nights long, Then forward he went | on the midmost way, And so nine months | were soon passed by.
21. A son bore Amma, | with water they sprinkled him, Karl they named him; | in a cloth she wrapped him, He was ruddy of face, | and flashing his eyes.
22. He began to grow, | and to gain in strength, Oxen he ruled, | and plows made ready, Houses he built, | and barns he fashioned, Carts he made, | and the plow he managed.
23. Home did they bring | the bride for Karl, In goatskins clad, | and keys she bore; Snör was her name, | 'neath the veil she sat; A home they made ready, | and rings exchanged, The bed they decked, | and a dwelling made.
24. Sons they had, | they lived and were happy: Hal and Dreng, | Holth, Thegn and Smith, Breith and Bondi, | Bundinskeggi, Bui and Boddi, | Brattskegg and Segg.
25. Daughters they had, | and their names are here: Snot, Bruth, Svanni, | Svarri, Sprakki, Fljoth, Sprund and Vif, | Feima, Ristil: And thence has risen | the yeomen's race.
26. Thence went Rig, | his road was straight, A hall he saw, | the doors faced south; The portal stood wide, | on the posts was a ring, Then in he fared; | the floor was strewn.
27. Within two gazed | in each other's eyes, Fathir and Mothir, | and played with their fingers; There sat the house-lord, | wound strings for the bow, Shafts he fashioned, | and bows he shaped.
28. The lady sat, | at her arms she looked, She smoothed the cloth, | and fitted the sleeves; Gay was her cap, | on her breast were clasps, Broad was her train, | of blue was her gown, Her brows were bright, | her breast was shining, Whiter her neck | than new-fallen snow.
29. Rig knew well | wise words to speak, Soon in the midst | of the room he sat, And on either side | the others were.
30. Then Mothir brought | a broidered cloth, Of linen bright, | and the board she covered; And then she took | the loaves so thin, And laid them, white | from the wheat, on the cloth.
31. Then forth she brought | the vessels full, With silver covered, | and set before them, Meat all browned, | and well-cooked birds; In the pitcher was wine, | of plate were the cups, So drank they and talked | till the day was gone.
32. Rig knew well | wise words to speak, Soon did he rise, | made ready to sleep; So in the bed | himself did he lay, And on either side | the others were.
33. Thus was he there | for three nights long, Then forward he went | on the midmost way, And so nine months | were soon passed by.
34. A son had Mothir, | in silk they wrapped him, With water they sprinkled him, | Jarl he was; Blond was his hair, | and bright his cheeks, Grim as a snake's | were his glowing eyes.

35. To grow in the house | did Jarl begin, Shields he brandished, | and bow-strings wound,
Bows he shot, | and shafts he fashioned, Arrows he loosened, | and lances wielded, Horses
he rode, | and hounds unleashed, Swords he handled, | and sounds he swam.
36. Straight from the grove | came striding Rig, Rig came striding, | and runes he taught him;
By his name he called him, | as son he claimed him, And bade him hold | his heritage
wide, His heritage wide, | the ancient homes.
37. | Forward he rode | through the forest dark, O'er the frosty crags, | till
a hall he found.
38. His spear he shook, | his shield he brandished, His horse he spurred, | with his sword he
hewed; Wars he raised, | and reddened the field, Warriors slew he, | and land he won.
39. Eighteen halls | ere long did he hold, Wealth did he get, | and gave to all, Stones and
jewels | and slim-flanked steeds, Rings he offered, | and arm-rings shared.
40. His messengers went | by the ways so wet, And came to the hall | where Hersir dwelt; His
daughter was fair | and slender-fingered, Erna the wise | the maiden was.
41. Her hand they sought, | and home they brought her, Wedded to Jarl | the veil she wore;
Together they dwelt, | their joy was great, Children they had, | and happy they lived.
42. Bur was the eldest, | and Barn the next, Joth and Athal, | Arfi, Mog, Nith and Svein, | soon
they began— Sun and Nithjung— | to play and swim; Kund was one, | and the youngest
Kon.
43. Soon grew up | the sons of Jarl, Beasts they tamed, | and bucklers rounded, Shafts they
fashioned, | and spears they shook.
44. But Kon the Young | learned runes to use, Runes everlasting, | the runes of life; Soon
could he well | the warriors shield, Dull the swordblade, | and still the seas.
45. Bird-chatter learned he, | flames could he lessen, Minds could quiet, | and sorrows calm; . .
. | The might and strength | of twice four men.
46. With Rig-Jarl soon | the runes he shared, More crafty he was, | and greater his wisdom;
The right he sought, | and soon he won it, Rig to be called, | and runes to know.
47. Young Kon rode forth | through forest and grove, Shafts let loose, | and birds he lured;
There spake a crow | on a bough that sat: "Why lurest thou, Kon, | the birds to come?
48. "'Twere better forth | on thy steed to fare, | and the host to slay.
49. "The halls of Dan | and Danp are noble, Greater their wealth | than thou hast gained; Good
are they | at guiding the keel, Trying of weapons, and giving of wounds."

Revision #1

Created 2025-10-17 13:02:27 UTC by Ekospirit

Updated 2025-10-17 13:02:27 UTC by Ekospirit