

GLANZ UND GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Atlamál in grænlenzku

The Greenland Ballad of Atli

Old Norse · English – H. A. Bellows (1923)

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GLANZ & GRAVUR
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The same story as the Lay of Atli, told at greater length and in a more domestic register, with warning dreams and family scenes. The manuscript calls it ‘Greenlandic’. Preserved in the Codex Regius of the Poetic Edda (GKS 2365 4to, c. 1270). This reading edition sets the Old Norse text and the English translation side by side, stanza by stanza; the German version is on the German edition of this page. Old Norse text after Guðni Jónsson's edition (Eddukvæði), digitised by heimskringla.no. German after Karl Simrock, Die Edda (1851; 6th ed. 1876, Wikisource). English after Henry Adams Bellows, The Poetic Edda (1923). All are in the public domain.

	Old Norse	English – H. A. Bellows (1923)
1	*Frétt hefir öld óvu,* *þá er endr of gerðu* *seggir samkundu,* *sú var nýt fæstum,* *ætxtu einmæli,* *yggr var þeim síðan* *ok it sama sonum Gjúka,* *er váru sannráðnir.*	There are many who know how of old did men In counsel gather; little good did they get; In secret they plotted, it was sore for them later, And for Gjuki's sons, whose trust they deceived.
2	*Sköp ætxtu skjöldunga,* *- skyldu-at feigir, -* *illa réðsk Atla,* *átti hann þó hyggju;* *felldi stoð stóra,* *stríddi sér harðla,* *af bragði boð sendi,* *at kvæmi brátt mágar.*	Fate grew for the princes, to death they were given; Ill counsel was Atli's, though keenness he had; He felled his staunch bulwark, his own sorrow fashioned, Soon a message he sent that his kinsmen should seek him.
3	*Horsk var húsfreyja,* *hugði at mannviti;* *lag heyrði hon orða,* *hvat þeir á laun mæltu;* *þá var vant vitri,* *vildi hon þeim hjalpa,* *skyldi of sæ sigla,* *en sjalf né komsk-at.*	Wise was the woman, she fain would use wisdom, She saw well what meant all they said in secret; From her heart it was hid how help she might render, The sea they should sail, while herself she should go not.
4	*Rúnar nam at rísta,* *rengdi þær Vingi* *- fárs var hann flýtandi -,* *áðr hann fram seldi;* *fóru þá síðan* *sendimenn Atla* *um fjörð Lima,* *þar er frænknir bjuggu.*	Runes did she fashion, but false Vingi made them, The speeder of hatred, ere to give them he sought; Then soon fared the warriors whom Atli had sent, And to Limafjord came, to the home of the kings.

5

Ölværir urðu
ok elda kyndu,
hugðu vætr véla,
er þeir váru komnir;
tóku þeir fórnir,
er þeim fríðr sendi,
hengðu á súlu,
hugðu-t þat varða.

They were kindly with ale, and fires they kindled,
They thought not of craft from the guests who had come;
The gifts did they take that the noble one gave them,
On the pillars they hung them, no fear did they harbor.

6

Kom þá Kostbera,
kvæn var hon Högna,
kona kapps gálig,
ok kvaddi þá báða;
glöð var ok Glaumvör,
er Gunnarr átti,
fellsk-at saðr sviðri,
sýsti of þörf gesta.

Forth did Kostbera, wife of Hogni, then come,
Full kindly she was, and she welcomed them both;
And glad too was Glaumvor, the wife of Gunnar,
She knew well to care for the needs of the guests.

7

Buðu þeir heim Högna,
ef hann þá heldr færi,
sýn var svipvísi,
ef þeir sín gæði;
hét þá för Gunnarr,
ef Högni vildi,
Högni því nítti-t,
er hinn of réði.

Then Hogni they asked if more eager he were,
Full clear was the guile, if on guard they had been;
Then Gunnar made promise, if Hogni would go,
And Hogni made answer as the other counseled.

8

Báru mjöð mærar,
margs var alls beini;
fór þar fjölð horna,
unz þótti fulldrukkit.

Then the famed ones brought mead, and fair was the feast,
Full many were the horns, till the men had drunk deep;

9

Hjú gerðu hvílu
sem þeim hægst þótti;
kennd var Kostbera,
kunni hon skil rúna,
innti orðstafi
at eldi ljósum;
gæta varð hon tungu
í góma báða,
váru svá villtar,
at var vant at ráða.

Then the mates made ready their beds for resting.
Wise was Kostbera, and cunning in rune-craft,
The letters would she read by the light of the fire;
But full quickly her tongue to her palate clave,
So strange did they seem that their meaning she saw not.

10

Sæing fóru síðan
sína þau Högni;
dreymði dróttláta,
duldi þess vætki,
sagði horsk hilmi,
þegars hon réð vakna:

Full soon then his bed came Hogni to seek,
The clear-souled one dreamed, and her dream she kept not,
To the warrior the wise one spake when she wakened:

11

"Heiman gerisk þú, Högni,
hyggðu at ráðum,
fár er fullrýninn,
far þú í sinn annat;
réð ek þér rúnar,
er reist þín systir,
björt hefir þér eigi
boðit í sinn þetta.

“Thou wouldst go hence, Hogni, but heed my counsel,—
Known to few are the runes,— and put off thy faring;
I have read now the runes that thy sister wrote,
And this time the bright one did not bid thee to come.

12

Eitt ek mest undrumk,
mák-at ek enn hyggja,
hvat þá varð vitri,
er skyldi villt rísta;
því at svá var á vísat,
sem undir væri
bani ykkarr beggja,
ef it bráðla kvæmið;
vant er stafs vífi,
eða valda aðrir."

Full much do I wonder, nor well can I see,
Why the woman wise so wildly hath written;
But to me it seems that the meaning beneath
Is that both shall be slain if soon ye shall go.
But one rune she missed, or else others have marred it.”

13

"Allar ro illúðgar,
ákk-a ek þess kynni
vilk-a ek þess leita,
nema launa eigim;
okkr mun gramr gulli
reifa glóðrauðu;
óumk ek aldregi,
þótt vér ógn fregnim."

“All women are fearful; not so do I feel,
Ill I seek not to find till I soon must avenge it;
The king now will give us the glow-ruddy gold;
I never shall fear, though of dangers I know.”

14

"Stopalt munuð ganga,
ef it stundið þangat;
ykkr mun ástkynni
eigi í sinn þetta;
dreymdi mik, Högni,
dyljumk þat eigi;
ganga mun ykkr andæris,
eða ella hræðumk.

“In danger ye fare, if forth ye go thither,
No welcoming friendly this time shall ye find;
For I dreamed now, Hogni, and nought will I hide,
Full evil thy faring, if rightly I fear.

15

Blæju hugða ek þína
brenna í eldi,
hryti hár logi
hús mín í gögnum."

Thy bed-covering saw I in the flames burning,
And the fire burst high through the walls of my home.”

16

"Liggja hér línklæði,
þau er lítt rækið,
þau munu brátt brenna,
þau er þú blæju sátt."

“Yon garment of linen lies little of worth,
It will soon be burned, so thou sawest the bed-cover.”

17

"Björn hugða ek hér inn kominn,
bryti upp stokka,
hristi svá hramma,
at vér hrædd yrðim;
munn oss mörg hefði,
svá at vér mættim ekki;
þar var ok þrömmun
þeygi svá lítil."

“A bear saw I enter, the pillars he broke,
And he brandished his claws so that craven we were;
With his mouth seized he many, and nought was our might,
And loud was the tumult, not little it was.”

18

"Veðr mun þar vaxa,
verða ótt snemma,
hvítabjörn hugðir,
þar mun hregg austan."

“Now a storm is brewing, and wild it grows swiftly,
A dream of an ice-bear means a gale from the east.”

19

"Örn hugða ek hér inn fljúga
at endlöngu húsi,
þat mun oss drjúgt deilask,
dreifði hann oss öll blóði,
hugða ek af heitum
at væri hamr Atla."

“An eagle I saw flying from the end through the house,
Our fate must be bad, for with blood he sprinkled us;
From the evil I fear that 'twas Atli's spirit.”

20

"Slátrum sýsliga,
séum þá roðru,
oft er þat fyr öxnum,
er örnu dreymir;
heill er hugr Atla,
hvatki er þik dreymir."
Lokit því létu,
líðr hver ræða.

“They will slaughter soon, and so blood do we see,
Oft oxen it means when of eagles one dreams;
True is Atli's heart, whatever thou dreamest.”
Then silent they were, and nought further they said.

21

Vöknuðu vel borin,
var þar sams dæmi,
gettisk þess Glaumvör,
at væri grand svefna
-- -- -- við Gunnarr
at fáa tvær leiðir.

The high-born ones wakened, and like speech they had,
Then did Glaumvor tell how in terror she dreamed,
Gunnar two roads they should go.

22

"Görvan hugða ek þér galga,
gengir þú at hanga,
æti þik ormar,
yrða ek þik kvikvan,
gerðisk rök ragna;
ráð þú, hvat þat væri."

“A gallows saw I ready, thou didst go to thy hanging,
Thy flesh serpents ate, and yet living I found thee;
The gods' doom descended; now say what it boded.”

23

. . . . . .

—

24

"*Blóðgan hugða ek mæki*
borinn ór serk þínum
- illt er svefn slíkan
at segja nauðmanni, -
geir hugða ek standa
í gögnum þik miðjan,
emjuðu ulfar
á endum báðum."

“A sword drawn bloody from thy garments I saw,—
Such a dream is hard o a husband to tell,—
A spear stood, methought, through thy body thrust,
And at head and feet the wolves were howling.”

25

"*Rakkar þar renna,*
ráðask mjök geyja,
oft verðr glaumr hunda
fyr geira flaugun."

“The hounds are running, loud their barking is heard,
Oft hounds' clamor follows the flying of spears.”

26

"*Á hugða ek hér inn renna*
at endlöngu húsi,
þyti af þjósti,
þeystisk of bekki,
bryti fætr ykra
bræðra hér tveggja,
gerði-t vatn vægja;
vera mun þat fyr nökkvi."

“A river the length of the hall saw I run,
Full swiftly it roared, o'er the benches it swept;
O'er the feet did it break of ye brothers twain,
The water would yield not; some meaning there was.”

27

. . . . . .

—

28

"*Konur hugðak dauðar*
koma í nótt hingat,
væri-t vart búnar,
vildi þik kjósa,
byði þér bráðliga
til bekkja sinna;
ek kveð aflima
orðnar þér dísir."

“I dreamed that by night came dead women hither,
Sad were their garments, and thee were they seeking;
They bade thee come swiftly forth to their benches,
And nothing, methinks, could the Norns avail thee.
”

29

"*Seinat er at segja,*
svá er nú ráðit;
forumk-a för þó,
alls þó ar fara ætlat;
margt er mjök glíkligt,
at mynim skammæir."

“Too late is thy speaking, for so is it settled
From the faring I turn not, the going is fixed,
Though likely it is that our lives shall be short.”

30

Litu er lýsti,
létusk þeir fúsir,
allir upp rísa,
önnur þau löttu,
fóru fimm saman,
fleiri til váru
halfu húskarlar,
hugat var því illa.
Snævarr ok Sólarr,
synir váru þeir Högna,
Orkning þann hétu,
er þeim enn fylgði,
blíðr var börr skjaldar
bróðir hans kvánar.

Then bright shone the morning, the men all were ready,
They said, and yet each would the other hold back;
Five were the warriors, and their followers all
But twice as many,— their minds knew not wisdom.
Snævar and Solar, they were sons of Hogni,
Orkning was he called who came with the others,
Blithe was the shield-tree, the brother of Kostbera;

31

Fóru fagrbúnar,
unz þau fjörðr skiliði;
löttu ávallt ljósar,
létu-at heldr segjask.

The fair-decked ones followed, till the fjord divided them,
Full hard did they plead, but the others would hear not.

32

Glaumvör kvað at orði,
er Gunnarr átti,
mælti hon við Vinga,
sem henni vert þótti:
"Veitk-at ek, hvárt verðlaunið
at vilja ossum;
glæpr er gests kváma,
ef í gerisk nakkvat."

Then did Glaumvor speak forth, the wife of Gunnar,
To Vingi she said that which wise to her seemed:
“I know not if well thou requitest our welcome,
Full ill was thy coming if evil shall follow.”

33

Sór þá Vingi,
sér réð hann lítt eira:
"Eigi hann jötnar,
ef hann at yðr lygi,
galgi görvallan,
ef hann á grið hygði."

Then did Vingi swear, and full glib was his speech,
“May giants now take me if lies I have told ye,
And the gallows if hostile thought did I have.”

34

Bera kvað at orði,
blíð í hug sínum:
"Sigli þér sælir
ok sigr árnið;
fari sem ek fyr mælik,
fæst eigi því níta."

Then did Bera speak forth, and fair was her thought,
“May ye sail now happy, and victory have,
To fare as I bid ye, may nought your way bar.”

35

Högni svaraði,
hugði gótt nánum:
"Huggizk it, horskar,
hvégi er þat gervisk;
mæla þat margir,
missir þó stórum,
mörgum ræðr litlu,
hvé verðr leiddr heiman."

Then Hogni made answer,— dear held he his kin,—
“Take courage, ye wise ones, whatsoever may come;
Though many may speak, yet is evil oft mighty,
And words avail little to lead one homeward.”

36

Sásk til síðan,
áðr í sundr hyrfi,
þá hygg ek sköp skiptu,
skilðusk vegir þeira.

They tenderly looked till each turned on his way,
Then with changing fate were their farings divided.

37

Róa námu ríki,
rifu kjöl halfan,
beystu bakföllum,
brugðusk heldr reiðir,
hömlur slitnuðu,
háir brotnuðu,
gerðu-t far festa,
áðr þeir frá hyrfi.

Full stoutly they rowed, and the keel clove asunder,
Their backs strained at the oars, and their strength was fierce;
The oar-loops were burst, the thole-pins, were broken,
Nor the ship made they fast ere from her they fared.

38

Litlu ok lengra,
- lok mun ek þess segja -,
bæ sá þeir standa,
er Buðli átti;
hátt hriktu grindr,
er Högni kníði.

Not long was it after— the end must I tell—
That the home they beheld that Buthli once had;
Loud the gates resounded when Hogni smote them;

39

Orð kvað þá Vingi,
þats án væri:
"Farið firr húsi,
- flátt er til sækja,
brátt hefi ek ykkr brennda,
bragðs skuluð höggnir,
fagrt bað ek ykkr kvámu,
flátt var þó undir -
ella heðan bíðið,
meðan ek hegg yðr galga."

Vingi spake then a word that were better unsaid:
“Go ye far from the house, for false is its entrance,
Soon shall I burn you, ye are swiftly smitten;
I bade ye come fairly, but falseness was under,
Now bide ye afar while your gallows I fashion.”

40

Orð kvað hitt Högni,
hugði lítt vægja,
varr at véttugi,
er varð at reyna:
"Hirða þú oss hræða,
hafðu þat fram sjaldan,
ef þú eykr orði,
illt muntu þér lengja."

Then Hogni made answer, his heart yielded little,
And nought did he fear that his fate held in store:
“Seek not to affright us, thou shalt seldom succeed;
If thy words are more, then the worse grows thy fate.”

41

Hrundu þeir Vinga
ok í hel drápu,
öxar at lögðu,
meðan í önd hixti.

Then Vingi did they smite, and they sent him to hell,
With their axes they clove him while the death rattle came.

42

Flykkðusk þeir Atli
ok fóru í brynjur,
gengu svá görvir,
at var garðr milli;
urpusk á orðum
allir senn reiðir:
"Fyrr várum fullráða
at firra yðr lífi."

Atli summoned his men, in mail-coats they hastened,
All ready they came, and between was the courtyard.
Then came they to words, and full wrathful they were:
“Long since did we plan how soon we might slay you.”

43

"Á sér þat illa,
ef höfðuð áðr ráðit,
en eruð óbúnir,
ok höfum einn felldan,
lamðan til heljar,
liðs var sá yðvars."

“Little it matters if long ye have planned it;
For unarmed do ye wait, and one have we felled,
We smote him to hell, of your host was he once.”

44

Óðir þá urðu,
er þat orð heyrðu,
forðuðu fingrum
ok fengu í snæri,
skutu skarpliga
ok skjöldum hlífðusk.

Then wild was their anger when all heard his words;
Their fingers were swift on their bowstrings to seize,
Full sharply they shot, by their shields were they guarded.

45

Inn kom þá andspilli,
hvat úti drýgðu,
halir fyr höllu,
heyrðu þræl segja.

In the house came the word how the heroes with out
Fought in front of the hall; they heard a thrall tell it;

46

Ötul var þá Guðrún,
er hon ekka heyrði,
hlaðin halsmenjum,
hreytti hon þeim gervöllum,
slöngði svá silfri,
at í sundr hrutu baugar.

Grim then was Guthrun, the grief when she heard,
With necklaces fair, and she flung them all from her,
[The silver she hurled so the rings burst asunder.]

47

Út gekk hon síðan,
yppði-t lítt hurðum,
fór-a fælt þeygi
ok fagnaði komnum,
hvarf til Niflunga,
sú var hinzt kveðja,
fylgði saðr slíku,
sagði hon mun fleira:

Then out did she go, she flung open the doors,
All fearless she went, and the guests did she welcome;
To the Niflungs she went— her last greeting it was,—
In her speech truth was clear, and much would she speak.

48

"Leitaða ek í líkna
at letja ykkr heiman,
sköpum viðr manngi,
ok skuluð þó hér komnir."
Mælti af mannviti,
ef mundu sættask;
ekki at reðusk,
allir ní kváðu.

“For your safety I sought that at home ye should stay;
None escapes his fate, so ye hither must fare.”
Full wisely she spake, if yet peace they might win,
But to nought would they hearken, and “No” said they all.

49

Sá þá sælborin,
at þeir sárt léku,
hugði á harðræði
ok hrauzk ór skikkju;
nökðan tók hon mæki
ok niðja fjör varði,
hæg var-at hjaldri,
hvars hon hendr festi.

Then the high-born one saw that hard was their battle,
In fierceness of heart she flung off her mantle;
Her naked sword grasped she her kin's lives to guard,
Not gentle her hands in the hewing of battle.

50

Dóttir lét Gjúka
drengi tvá hníga,
bróður hjó hon Atla,
bera varð þann síðan,
skapði hon svá skæru,
skelldi fót undan.

Then the daughter of Gjuki two warriors smote down,
Atli's brother she slew, and forth then they bore him;
[So fiercely she fought that his feet she clove off;]

51

Annan réð hon höggva,
svá at sá upp reis-at,
í helju hon þann hafði,
þeygi henni hendr skulfu.

Another she smote so that never he stood,
To hell did she send him,— her hands trembled never.

52

Þjörku þar gerðu,
þeiri var við brugðit,
þat brá of allt annat,
er unnu börn Gjúka;
svá kváðu Niflunga,
meðan sjalfir lifðu,
skapa sókn sverðum,
slítask af brynjur,
höggva svá hjalma
sem þeim hugr dygði.

Full wide was the fame of the battle they fought,
'Twas the greatest of deeds of the sons of Gjuki;
Men say that the Niflungs, while themselves they were living,
With their swords fought mightily, mail-coats they sundered,
And helms did they hew, as their hearts were fearless.

53

Morgin mest vágu,
unz miðjan dag líddi,
óttu alla
ok öndurðan dag;
fyrr var fullvegit,
flóði völlr blóði,
átján áðr fellu,
efri þeir urðu.
Beru tveir sveinar
ok bróðir hennar.

All the morning they fought until midday shone,
[All the dusk as well and the dawning of day,]
When the battle was ended, the field flowed with blood;
Ere they fell, eighteen of their foemen were slain,
By the two sons of Bera and her brother as well.

54

Röskr tók at ræða,
þótt hann reiðr væri:
"Illt er um litask,
yðr er þat kenna;
várum þrír tigir,
þegnar vígligir,
eftir lifum ellifu,
ór er þar brunnit.

Then the warrior spake, and wild was his anger:
“This is evil to see, and thy doing is all;
Once we were thirty, we thanes, keen for battle,
Now eleven are left, and great is our lack.

55

Bæðr várum fimm,
er Buðla misstum;
hefir nú Hel halfa,
en höggnir tveir liggja.

There were five of us brothers when Buthli we lost,
Now Hel has the half, and two smitten lie here;

56

Mægð gat ek mikla,
mák-a-k því leyna,
kona váliga,
knák-a ek þess njóta;
hljótt áttum sjaldan,
síz komt í hendr ossar,
firrðan mik frændum,
féi oft svikinn,
senduð systur helju,
slíks ek mest kennumk."

A great kinship had I,— the truth may I hide not,—
From a wife bringing slaughter small joy could I win.
We lay seldom together since to me thou wast given,
Now my kin all are gone, of my gold am I robbed;
Nay, and worst, thou didst send my sister to hell.”

57

"*Getr þú þess, Atli,*
gerðir svá fyrri,
móður tókt mína
ok myrðir til hnossa,
svinna systrungu
sveltir þú í helli,
hlægligt mér þat þykkir,
er þú þinn harm tínir;
goðum ek þat þakka,
er þér gengsk illa."

“Hear me now, Atli! the first evil was thine;
My mother didst thou take, and for gold didst murder her,
My sister's daughter thou didst starve in a prison.
A jest does it seem that thy sorrow thou tellest,
And good do I find it that grief to thee comes.”

58

"*Eggja ek yðr, jarlar,*
auka harm stóran
vífs ins vegliga,
vilja ek þat líta;
kostið svá keppa,
at klökkvi Guðrún,
séa ek þat mætta,
at hon sér né ynði-t.

“Go now, ye warriors, and make greater the grief
Of the woman so fair, for fain would I see it;
So fierce be thy warring that Guthrun shall weep,
I would gladly behold her happiness lost.

59

Takið ér Högna
ok hyldið með knífi,
skerið ór hjarta,
skuluð þess görvir,
Gunnar grimmúðgan
á galga festið,
bellið því bragði,
bjóðið til ormum."

Seize ye now Hogni, and with knives shall ye hew him,
His heart shall ye cut out, this haste ye to do;
And grim-hearted Gunnar shall ye bind on the gallows,
Swift shall ye do it, to serpents now cast him.”

60

"*Ger, sem til lystir,*
glaðr munk þess bíða,
röskr munk þér reynask,
reynt hefi ek fyrr brattara;
höfuð hnekking,
meðan heilir várum,
nú erum svá sárir,
at þá mátt sjalfr valda."

“Do now as thou wilt, for glad I await it,
Brave shalt thou find me, I have faced worse before;
We held thee at bay while whole we were fighting,
Now with wounds are we spent, so thy will canst thou work.”

61

Beiti þat mælti,
bryti var hann Atla:
"*Tökum vér Hjalla,*
en Högna forðum,
högum vér halft yrkjum,
hann er skapdauði,
lifir-a svá lengi,
löskr mun hann æ heitinn."

Then did Beiti speak, he was Atli's steward:
“Let us seize now Hjalli, and Hogni spare we!
Let us fell the sluggard, he is fit for death,
He has lived too long, and lazy men call him.”

62

Hræddr var hvergætir,
helt-a in lengr rúmi,
kunni klökkr verða,
kleif í rá hverja;
vesall lézk vígs þeira,
er skyldi váss gjalda,
ok sinn dag dapran
at deyja frá svínum,
allri örkostu,
er hann áðr hafði.

Afraid was the pot-watcher, he fled here and yon,
And crazed with his terror he climbed in the corners:
“Ill for me is this fighting, if I pay for your fierceness,
And sad is the day to die leaving my swine
And all the fair victuals that of old did I have.”

63

Tóku þeir brás Buðla
ok brugðu til knífi,
æpði illþræli,
áðr odds kenndi,
tóm lézk at eiga
teðja vel garða,
vinna it vergasta,
ef hann við rétti,
feginn lézk þó Hjalli,
at hann fjör þægi.

They seized Buthli's cook, and they came with the knife,
The frightened thrall howled ere the edge did he feel;
He was willing, he cried, to dung well the court yard,
Do the basest of work, if spare him they would;
Full happy were Hjalli if his life he might have.

64

Gættisk þess Högni
- gerva svá færi -,
at árna ánauðgum,
at undan gengi:
"Fyrir kveð ek mér minna
at fremja leik þenna.
Hví mynim hér vilja
heyra á þá skræktun?"

Then fain was Hogni— there are few would do thus—
To beg for the slave that safe hence he should go;
“I would find it far better this knife-play to feel,
Why must we all hark to this howling longer?”

65

Þrifu þeir þjóðgóðan,
þá var kostr engi
rekkum rakklátum
ráð enn lengr dvelja;
hló þá Högni,
heyrðu dagmegir,
keppa hann svá kunni,
kvöl hann vel þolði.

Then the brave one they seized; to the warriors bold
No chance was there left to delay his fate longer;
Loud did Hogni laugh, all the sons of day heard him,
So valiant he was that well he could suffer.

66

Harpu tók Gunnarr,
hrærði ilkvistum,
sláa hann svá kunni,
at snótir grétu,
klukku þeir karlar,
er kunnu görst heyra;
ríkri ráð sagði;
raftar sundr brustu.

A harp Gunnar seized, with his toes he smote it
So well did he strike that the women all wept,
And the men, when clear they heard it, lamented;
Full noble was his song, the rafters burst asunder.

67

Dó þá dýrir,
dags var heldr snemma,
létu þeir á lesti
lifa íþróttir.

Then the heroes died ere the day was yet come;
Their fame did they leave ever lofty to live.

68

Stórr þóttisk Atli,
sté hann of þá báða,
horskri harm sagði
ok réð heldr at bregða:
"Morginn er nú, Guðrún,
misst hefir þú þér hollra;
sums ertu sjalfskapa,
at hafi svá gengit."

Full mighty seemed Atli as o'er them he stood,
The wise one he blamed, and his words reproached her:
“It is morning, Guthrun; now thy dear ones dost miss,
But the blame is part thine that thus it has chanced.”

69

"Feginn ertu, Atli,
ferr þú víg lýsa,
á munu þér iðrar,
ef þú allt reynir;
sú mun erfð eftir,
ek kann þér segja:
Ills gengsk þér aldri,
nema ek ok deyja."

“Thou art joyous, Atli, for of evil thou tellest,
But sorrow is thine if thou mightest all see;
Thy heritage heavy here can I tell thee,
Sorrow never thou losest unless I shall die.”

70

"Kann ek slíks synja,
sé ek til ráð annat
halfu hógligra,
- höfnum oft góðu -,
mani mun ek þik hugga,
mætum ágætum,
silfri snæhvítu,
sem þú sjalf vilir."

“Not free of guilt am I; a way shall I find
That is better by far,— oft the fairest we shunned;—
With slaves I console thee, with gems fair to see,
And with silver snow-white, as thyself thou shalt choose.”

71

"Ón er þess engi,
ek vil því níta;
sleit ek þá sáttir,
er váru sakar minni;
afkár ek áðr þótta,
á mun nú gæða,
hræfða ek um hotvetna,
meðan Högni lifði.

“No hope shall this give thee, thy gifts I shall take not,
Requital I spurned when my sorrows were smaller;
Once grim did I seem, but now greater my grimness,
There was nought seemed too hard while Hogni was living.

72

Alin vit upp várum
í einu húsi,
lékum leik margan
ok í lundi óxum,
gæddi okkr Grímhildr
gulli ok halsmenjum;
bana muntu mér bræðra
bæta aldrigi
né vinna þess ekki,
at mér vel þykki.

Our childhood did we have in a single house,
We played many a game, in the grove did we grow;
Then did Grimhild give us gold and necklaces,
Thou shalt ne'er make amends for my brother's murder,
Nor ever shalt win me to think it was well.

73

Kostum drepr kvenna
karla ofríki;
í kné gengr hnefi,
ef kvistir þverra;
tré tekr at hníga,
ef höggr tág undan;
nú máttu einn, Atli,
öllu hér ráða."

But the fierceness of men rules the fate of women,
The tree-top bows low if bereft of its leaves,
The tree bends over if the roots are cleft under it;
Now mayest thou, Atli, o'er all things here rule.”

74

Gnótt var grunnýðgi,
er gramr því trúði,
sýn var sveipvísi,
ef hann sín gæði;
kröpp var þá Guðrún,
kunni of hug mæla,
létt hon sér gerði,
lék hon tveim skjöldum.

Full heedless the warrior was that he trusted her,
So clear was her guile if on guard he had been;
But crafty was Guthrun, with cunning she spake,
Her glance she made pleasant, with two shields she played.

75

Æxti hon öldrykkjur
at erfa bræðr sína,
samr lézk ok Atli
at sína gerva.

The beer then she brought for her brothers' death feast,
And a feast Atli made for his followers dead

76

Lokit því létu,
lagat var drykkju,
sú var samkunda
við svörfun ofmikla;
ströng var stórhuguð,
stríddi hon ætt Buðla,
vildi hon ver sínum
vinna ofrhefndir.

No more did they speak, the mead was made ready,
Soon the men were gathered with mighty uproar.
Thus bitterly planned she, and Buthli's race threatened,
And terrible vengeance on her husband would take;

77

Lokkaði hon litla
ok lagði við stokki,
glúpnuðu grimmir
ok grétu þeygi,
fóru í faðm móður,
fréttu, hvat þá skyldi.

The little ones called she, on a block she laid them;
Afraid were the proud ones, but their tears did not fall;
To their mother's arms went they, and asked what she would.

78

"Spyrið lítt eftir,
spilla ætla ek báðum,
lyst várumk þess lengi
at lyfja ykkr elli."

“Nay, ask me no more! You both shall I murder,
For long have I wished your lives to steal from you.”

79

Brá þá barnæsku
bræðra in kappsvinna,
skipti-t skapliga,
skar hon á hals báða.
Enn frétti Atli,
hvert farnir væri
sveinar hans leika,
er hann sá þá hvergi.

Then the grim one slew both of the brothers young,
Full hard was her deed when their heads she smote off;
Fain was Atli to know whither now they were gone,
The boys from their sport, for nowhere he spied them.

80

"Yfir ráðumk ganga
Atla til segja;
dylja munk þik eigi,
dóttir Grímhildar;
glaða mun þik minnst, Atli,
ef þú görva reynir;
vakðir vá mikla,
er þú vátt bræðr mína.

“My fate shall I seek, all to Atli saying,
The daughter of Grimhild the deed from thee hides not;
No joy thou hast, Atli, if all thou shalt hear,
Great sorrow didst wake when my brothers thou slewest.

81

Svaf ek mjök sjaldan,
síðans þeir fellu,
hét ek þér hörðu,
hefi ek þik nú minntan;
morgin mér sagðir,
man ek enn þann görva,
nú er ok aftann,
átt þú slíkt at frétta.

I have seldom slept since the hour they were slain,
Baleful were my threats, now I bid thee recall them;
Thou didst say it was morning,— too well I remember,—
Now is evening come, and this question thou askest.

82

Maga hefir þú þinna
misst, sem þú sízt skyldir,
hausa veizt þú þeira
hafða at ölskálum,
drýgða ek þér svá drykkju,
dreyra blett ek þeira.

Now both of thy sons thou hast lost
as thou never shouldst do;
The skulls of thy boys thou as beer-cups didst have,
And the draught that I made thee was mixed with
their blood.

83

Tók ek þeira hjörtu,
ok á teini steikðak,
selda ek þér síðan,
sagðak, at kalfs væri:
einn þú því ollir,
ekki réttu leifa,
töggtu tíðliga,
trúðir vel jöxlum.

I cut out their hearts, on a spit I cooked them,
I came to thee with them, and calf's flesh I called
them;
Alone didst thou eat them, nor any didst leave,
Thou didst greedily bite, and thy teeth were busy.

84

Barna veiztu þinna,
biðr sér fár verra;
hlut veld ek mínum,
hælumk þó ekki."

Of thy sons now thou knowest; few suffer more
sorrow;
My guilt have I told, fame it never shall give me."

85

"Grimm vartu, Guðrún,
er þú gera svá máttir,
barna þinna blóði
at blanda mér drykkju;
snýtt hefir þú sifjungum,
sem þú sizt skyldir,
mér lætr þú ok sjalfum
millum ills lítit."

"Grim wast thou, Guthrun, in so grievous a deed,
My draught with the blood of thy boys to mingle;
Thou hast slain thine own kin, most ill it be seemed
thee,
And little for me twixt my sorrows thou leavest."

86

"Vili mér enn væri
at vega þik sjalfan,
fátt er fullilla
farit við gram slíkan;
drýgt þú fyrr hafðir
þat, er menn dæmi vissu-t til,
heimsku, harðræðis
í heimi þessum;
nú hefir þú enn aukit,
þat er áðan frágum;
greipt glæp stóran,
gört hefir þú þitt erfi."

"Still more would I seek to slay thee thyself,
Enough ill comes seldom to such as thou art;
Thou didst folly of old, such that no one shall find
In the whole world of men a match for such
madness.
Now this that of late we learned hast thou added,
Great evil hast grasped, and thine own death feast
made."

87

"Brennd muntu á báli
ok barið grjóti áðr,
þá hefir þú árnat
þatstu æ beiðisk."

"With fire shall they burn thee, and first shall they
stone thee,
So then hast thou earned what thou ever hast
sought for."

88

Sátu samtýnis,
sendusk fárhugi,
hendusk heiftyrði,
hvártki sér unði;
heift óx Hniflungi,
hugði á stórræði,
gat fyr Guðrúnu,
at hann væri grimmr Atla.

Together they sat and full grim were their thoughts,
Unfriendly their words, and no joy either found;
In Hniflung grew hatred, great plans did he have,
To Guthrun his anger against Atli was told.

89

Kómu í hug henni
Högna viðfarar,
talði happ hánum,
ef hann hefnt ynni.
Veginn var þá Atli,
var þess skammt bíða,
sonr vá Högna
ok sjalf Guðrún.

To her heart came ever the fate of Hogni,
She told him 'twere well if he vengeance should win;
So was Atli slain,— 'twas not slow to await,—
Hogni's son slew him, and Guthrun herself.

90

Röskr tók at ræða,
rakðisk ór svefni,
kenndi brátt benja,
bands kvað hann þörf enga:
"Segið it sannasta,
hverr vá son Buðla,
emk-a ek lítt leikinn,
lífs tel ek ván enga."

Then the warrior spake, as from slumber he wakened,
Soon he knew for his wounds would the bandage do nought:
“Now the truth shalt thou say: who has slain Buthli's son?
Full sore am I smitten, nor hope can I see.”

91

"Dylja mun þik eigi
dóttir Grímhildar,
látumk því valda,
er líðr þína æfi,
en sumu sonr Högna,
er þik sár mæða."

“Ne'er her deed from thee hides the daughter of Grimhild,
I own to the guilt that is ending thy life,
And the son of Hogni; 'tis so thy wounds bleed.”

92

"Vaðit hefir þú at vígi,
þótt væri-t skaplikt,
illt er vin véla,
þanns þér vel trúir;
beiddr fór ek heiman
at biðja þín, Guðrún.

“To murder hast thou fared, though foul it must seem;
Ill thy friend to betray who trusted thee well.
Not glad went I hence thy hand to seek, Guthrun,

93

Leyfð vartu ekkja,
létu stórráða,
varð-a ván lygi,
er vér of reyndum;
fórtu heim hingat,
fylgði oss herr manna,
allt var ítarligt
um órar ferðir.

In thy widowhood famed, but haughty men found thee;
My belief did not lie, as now we have learned;
I brought thee home hither, and a host of men with us.

94

Margs var alls sómi
manna tíginna,
naut váru ærin,
nutum af stórum,
þar var fjölð féar,
fengu til margir.

Most noble was all when of old we journeyed,
Great honor did we have of heroes full worthy;
Of cattle had we plenty, and greatly we prospered,
Mighty was our wealth, and many received it.

95

Mund galt ek mærri
meiðma fjölð þiggja,
þræla þría tigu,
þýjar sjau góðar,
sæmð var at slíku,
silfr var þó meira.

To the famed one as bride-gift I gave jewels fair,
I gave thirty slaves, and handmaidens seven;
There was honor in such gifts, yet the silver was greater.

96

Léztu þér allt þykkja,
sem ekki væri,
meðan lönd þau lágu,
er mér leifði Buðli,
gróftu svá undir,
gerði-t hlut þiggja;
sværu léztu þína
sitja oft grátna,
fann ek í hug heilum
hjóna vætr síðan."

But all to thee was as if nought it were worth,
While the land lay before thee that Buthli had left me;
Thou in secret didst work so the treasure I won not;
My mother full oft to sit weeping didst make,
No wedded joy found I in fullness of heart.”

97

"Lýgr þú nú, Atli,
þótt ek þat lítt rekja;
heldr var ek hæg sjaldan,
hóftu þó stórum;
börðuzk ér bræðr ungir,
báruzk róg milli;
halft gekk til heljar
ór húsi þínu;
hrolldi hotvetna
þat er til hags skyldi.

“Thou liest now, Atli, though little I heed it;
If I seldom was kindly, full cruel wast thou;
Ye brothers fought young, quarrels brought you to battle,
And half went to hell of the sons of thy house,
And all was destroyed that should e'er have done good.

98

Þrjú várum systkin,
þóttum óvægin,
fórum af landi,
fylgðum Sigurði,
skæva vér létum,
skipi hvert várt stýrði,
örkuðum at auðnu,
unz vér austr kómum.

My two brothers and I were bold in our thoughts,
From the land we went forth, with Sigurth we fared;
Full swiftly we sailed, each one steering his ship,
So our fate sought we e'er till we came to the East.

99	*Konung drápum fyrstan,* *kurum land þaðra,* *hersar oss á hönd gengu,* *hræðslu þat vissi;* *vágum ór skógi* *þanns vildum syknan,* *settum þann sælan,* *er sér né átti-t.*	First the king did we slay, and the land we seized, The princes did us service, for such was their fear; From the forest we called them we fain would have guiltless, And rich made we many who of all were bereft.
10 0	*Dauðr varð inn húnski,* *drap þá brátt kosti,* *strangt var angr ungri* *ekkju nafn hljóta;* *kvöl þótti kvikri* *at koma í hús Atla,* *átti áðr kappi,* *illr var sá missir.*	Slain was the Hun-king, soon happiness vanished, In her grief the widow so young sat weeping; Yet worse seemed the sorrow to seek Atli's house, A hero was my husband, and hard was his loss.
10 1	*Komt-a-ðu af því þingi,* *er vér þat frægim,* *at þú sök sættir* *né slekðir aðra;* *vildir ávallt vægja* *en vætki halda,* *kyrrt of því láta,* *-- -- -- -- -- --"*	From the Thing thou camst never, for thus have we heard, Having won in thy quarrels, or warriors smitten; Full yielding thou wast, never firm was thy will, In silence didst suffer, ”
10 2	*"Lýgr þú nú, Guðrún,* *lítt mun við bætask* *hluti hvárigra,* *höfum öll skarðan.* *Gerðu nú, Guðrún,* *af gæzku þinni* *okkr til ágætis,* *er mik út hefja."*	“Thou liest now, Guthrun, but little of good Will it bring to either, for all have we lost; But, Guthrun, yet once be thou kindly of will, For the honor of both, when forth I am home.”
10 3	*"Knörr mun ek kaupa* *ok kistu steinda,* *vexa vel blæju* *at verja þitt líki,* *hyggja á þörf hverja,* *sem vit holl værim."*	“A ship will I buy, and a bright-hued coffin, I will wax well the shroud to wind round thy body, For all will I care as if dear were we ever.”
10 4	*Når varð þá Atli,* *niðjum stríð æxti,* *efndi ítrborin* *allt þats réð heita;* *fróð vildi Gudrún* *fara sér at spilla,* *urðu dvöl dægra,* *dó hon í sinn annat.*	Then did Atli die, and his heirs' grief doubled; The high-born one did as to him she had promised; Then sought Guthrun the wise to go to her death, But for days did she wait, and 'twas long ere she died.

10	*Sæll er hverr síðan,*	Full happy shall he be who such offspring has,
5	*er slíkt getr fæða*	Or children so gallant, as Gjuki begot;
	jóð at afreki,	Forever shall live, and in lands far and wide,
	sems ól Gjúki;	Their valor heroic wherever men hear it.
	lifa mun þat eftir	
	á landi hverju	
	þeira þrámæli,	
	hvargi er þjóð heyrir.	

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