

GLANZ UND GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Brot af Sigurðarkviðu

Fragment of a Sigurth Lay

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

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GLANZ & GRAVUR
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This fragment of a Sigurd lay begins after the great lacuna in the Codex Regius: Gunnar and Högni plot Sigurd's murder, and Brynhild interprets her dream. Guðni Jónsson supplements it with stanzas from the Völsunga saga (‘Sigurðarkviða in meiri’). 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	*Eldr nam at æsask* *en jörð at skjalfa* *ok hár logi* *við himni gnæfa;* *fár treystisk þar* *fylkis rekka* *eld at ríða* *né yfir stíga.*	—
2	*Sigurðr Grana* *sverði keyrði;* *eldr sloknaði* *fyrir öðlingi,* *logi allr lægðisk* *fyrir lofgjörnum,* *bliku reiði* *er Reginn átti* *-- -- --*	—
3	*"Sigurðr vá at ormi,* *en þat síðan mun* *engum fyrnask,* *meðan öld lifir;* *en hlýri þinn* *hvárki þorði* *eld at ríða* *né yfir stíga."* *-- -- --*	—
4	*Út gekk Sigurðr* *andspjalli frá,* *hollvinr lofða,* *ok hnipnaði,* *svá at ganga nam* *gunnarfúsum* *sundr of síður* *serkr járnofinn.* *-- -- --*	—
5	*"[hvat hefir Sigurðr* *til] saka unnit,* *er þú fræknan vill* *fjörvi næma?"*	“[What evil deed has Sigurth] done, That the hero's life thou fain wouldst have?”

6

"Mér hefir Sigurðr
selda eiða,
eiða selda,
alla logna;
þá vélti hann mik,
er hann vera skyldi
allra eiða
einn fulltrúi."

“Sigurth oaths to me hath sworn,
Oaths hath sworn, and all hath broken;
He betrayed me there where truest all
His oaths, methinks, he ought to have kept.”

7

"Þik hefir Brynhildr
böl at gerva
heiftar hvattan
harm at vinna;
fyrman hon Guðrúnu
góðra ráða,
en síðan þér
sín at njóta."

“Thy heart hath Brynhild whetted to hate,
Evil to work and harm to win,
She grudges the honor that Guthrun has,
And that joy of herself thou still dost have.”

8

Sumir ulf sviðu,
sumir orm sniðu,
sumir Gotþormi
af gera deildu;
áðr þeir mætti
meins of lystir
á horskum hal
hendr of leggja.

They cooked a wolf, they cut up a snake,
They gave to Gotthorm the greedy one's flesh,
Before the men, to murder minded,
Laid their hands on the hero bold.

9

Soltinn varð Sigurðr
sunnan Rínar;
hrafn af meiði
hátt kallaði:
"Ykkr mun Atli
eggjar rjóða,
munu vígskáum
of viða eiðar."

Slain was Sigurth south of the Rhine;
From a limb a raven called full loud:
“Your blood shall redden Atli's blade,
And your oaths shall bind you both in chains.”

10

Úti stóð Guðrún
Gjúka dóttir,
ok hon þat orða
alls fyrst of kvað:
"Hvar er nú Sigurðr,
seggja dróttinn,
er frændr mínir
fyrri ríða?"

Without stood Guthrun, Gjuki's daughter,
Hear now the speech that first she spake:
“Where is Sigurth now, the noble king,
That my kinsmen riding before him come?”

11

Einn því Högni
andsvör veitti:
"Sundr höfum Sigurð
sverði höggvinn;
gnapir æ grár jór
yfir gram dauðum."

Only this did Hogni answer:
“Sigurth we with our swords have slain;
The gray horse mourns by his master dead.”

12

Þá kvað þat Brynhildr
Buðla dóttir:
"Vel skuluð njóta
vápna ok landa;
einn mundi Sigurðr
öllu ráða,
ef hann lengr litlu
lífi heldi.

Then Brynhild spake, the daughter of Buthli:
“Well shall ye joy in weapons and lands;
Sigurth alone of all had been lord,
If a little longer his life had been.

13

Væri-a þat sæmt,
at hann svá réði
Gjúka arfi
ok Gota mengi,
er hann fimm sonu
at folkræði,
gunnarfúsa,
getna hafði."

Right were it not that so he should rule
O'er Gjuki's wealth and the race of the Goths;
Five are the sons for ruling the folk,
And greedy of fight, that he hath fathered.”

14

Hló þá Brynhildr
- bær allr dunði -
einu sinni
af öllum hug:
"Lengi skuluð njóta
landa ok þegna,
er þér fræknan gram
falla létuð."

Then Brynhild laughed— and the building echoed—
Only once, with all her heart;
“Long shall ye joy in lands and men,
Now ye have slain the hero noble.”

15

Þá kvað þat Guðrún
Gjúka dóttir:
"Mjök mælir þú
miklar firnar;
gramir hafi Gunnar,
götvað Sigurðar;
heiftgjarns hugar
hefnt skal verða."

Then Guthrun spake, the daughter of Gjuki:
“Much thou speakest in evil speech;
Accursed be Gunnar, Sigurth's killer,
Vengeance shall come for his cruel heart.”

16

Fram var kvelda,
fjölð var drukkit,
þá var hvívetna
vilmál talið,
sofnuðu allir,
er i sæing kómu,
einn vakði Gunnarr
öllum lengr.

Early came evening, and ale was drunk,
And among them long and loud they talked.;
They slumbered all when their beds they sought,
But Gunnar alone was long awake.

17

Fót nam-at hræra,
fjölð nam-at spjalla,
hitt herglötuðr
hyggja téði,
hvat þeir í bölvi
báðir sögðu
hrafn ey ok örn,
er þeir heim riðu.

His feet were tossing, he talked to himself,
And the slayer of hosts began to heed
What the twain from the tree had told him then,
The raven and eagle, as home they rode.

18

Vaknaði Brynhildr
Buðla dóttir,
dís skjöldunga,
fyr dag litlu:
"Hvetið mik eða letið mik
- harmr er unninn -
sorg at segja
eða svá láta."

Brynhild awoke, the daughter of Buthli,
The warrior's daughter, ere dawn of day:
“Love me or hate me, the harm is done,
And my grief cries out, or else I die.”

19

Þögðu allir
við því orði,
fár kunni þeim
fljóða látum,
er hon grátandi
gerðisk at segja
þat er hlæjandi
hölða beiddi:

Silent were all who heard her speak,
And nought of the heart of the queen they knew,
Who wept such tears the thing to tell
That laughing once of the men she had won.

20

"Hugða ek mér, Gunnarr,
grimmt í svefni,
svalt allt í sal,
ætta sæing kalda;
enn þú, gramr, riðir
glaums andvani,
fjötri fatlaðr,
í fjánda lið;
svá mun öll yður
ætt Niflunga
afli gengin,
eruð eiðrofa.

“Gunnar, I dreamed a dream full grim:
In the hall were corpses; cold was my bed;
And, ruler, thou didst joyless ride,
With fetters bound in the foemen's throng.
Utterly now your Niflung race
All shall die; your oaths ye have broken.

21

Mant-at-tu, Gunnarr,
til görva þat,
er þit blóði í spor
báðir rennduð;
nú hefir þú hánum þat allt
illu launat,
er hann fremstan þik
finna vildi.

Thou hast, Gunnar, the deed forgot,
When blood in your footprints both ye mingled;
All to him hast repaid with ill
Who fain had made thee the foremost of kings.

22

Þá reyndi þat,
er riðit hafði
móðigr á vit
mín at biðja,
hvé herglötuðr
hafði fyrri
eiðum haldit
við inn unga gram.

Well did he prove, when proud he rode
To win me then thy wife to be,
How true the host-slayer ever had held
The oaths he had made with the monarch young.

23

Benvönd of lét,
brugðinn gulli,
margdýrr konungr
á meðal okkar;
eldi váru eggjar
útan görvar,
en eitrdropum
innan fáðar."

The wound-staff then, all wound with gold,
The hero let between us lie;
With fire the edge was forged full keen,
And with drops of venom the blade was damp.”

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