

GLANZ UND GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Fjölsvinnsmál

The Lay of Fjolsvith

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

Public-domain sources ·

GLANZ & GRAVUR
glanzundgravur.de

A stranger stands before a locked stronghold and questions the warden Fjölsvid about its gate, hounds, tree and mistress. At last he gives his name, Svipdag, and the mistress Menglöd receives him as the one she has awaited. It survives only in 17th-century paper manuscripts. 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	*Útan garða* *hann sá upp of koma* *þursa þjóðar sjöt:* *"Hvat er þat flagða,* *er stendr fyr forgörðum* *ok hvarflar um hættan loga?*	Before the house he beheld one coming To the home of the giants high. Svipdag spake: “What giant is here, in front of the house, And around him fires are flaming?”
2	*Hvers þú leitar,* *eða hvers þú á leitum ert,* *eða hvat viltu, vinlaus, vita?* *Úrgar brautir* *árnaðu aftr heðan;* *átt-at-tu hér, verndar vanr, veru."*	“What seekest thou here? for what is thy search? What, friendless one, fain wouldst thou know? By the ways so wet must thou wander hence, For, weakling, no home hast thou here.”
6	*"Segðu mér, hverjum* *ertu, sveinn, of borinn,* *eða hverra ertu manna mögr?"*	“Tell me now, fellow, what father thou hast, And the kindred of whom thou camst.” Svipdag spake: “Vindkald am I, and Varkald's son, And Fjolkald his father was.
7	*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,* *er ek fregna mun* *ok ek vilja vita:* *Hverr hér ræðr* *ok ríki hefir* *eign ok auðsölum?"*	Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask, For now the truth would I know: Who is it that holds and has for his own The rule of the hall so rich?”
8	*"Menglöð of heitir,* *en hana móðir of gat* *við Svafrþorins syni;* *hon hér ræðr* *ok ríki hefir* *eign ok auðsölum"*	“Mengloth is she, her mother bore her To the son of Svafrthorin; She is it that holds and has for her own The rule of the hall so rich.”
9	*"Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,* *er ek þik fregna mun* *ok ek vilja vita:* *Hvat sú grind heitir,* *er með goðum sá-at* *menn it meira forað?"*	“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask, For now the truth would I know: What call they the gate? for among the gods Ne'er saw man so grim a sight.”

10

"*Þrymgjöll hon heitir,*
en hana þrír gerðu
Sólblinda synir;
fjöturr fastr
verðr við faranda hvern
er hana hefr frá hliði."

“Thrymgjol they call it; 'twas made by the three,
The sons of Solblindi;
And fast as a fetter the farer it holds,
Whoever shall lift the latch.”

11

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat sá garðr heitir,
er með goðum sá-at
menn it meira forað?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What call they the house? for no man beheld
'Mongst the gods so grim a sight.”

12

"*Gastrópnir heitir,*
en ek hann görfan hefk
ór Leirbrimis limum;
svá hefik studdan,
at hann standa mun,
æ meðan öld lifir."

“Gastropnir is it, of old I made it
From the limbs of Leirbrimir;
I braced it so strongly that fast it shall stand
So long as the world shall last.”

13

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat þeir garmar heita,
er gífrari hefik
enga fyrr í löndum lítit?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What call they the hounds, that before the house
So fierce and angry are?”

14

"*Gífr heitir annarr,*
en Geri annarr,
ef þú vilt þat vita;
varðir ellifu,
er þeir varða,
unz rjúfask regin."

“Gif call they one, and Geri the other,
If now the truth thou wouldst know;
Great they are, and their might will grow,
Till the gods to death are doomed.”

15

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita,
hvárt sé manna nökkut,
þat er megi inn koma,
meðan sókndjarfir sofa."

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
May no man hope the house to enter,
While the hungry hounds are sleeping?”

16

"*Missvefni mikit*
var þeim mjök of lagit,
síðan þeim var varzla vituð;
annarr of nætr sefr,
en annarr of daga,
ok kemsk þá vætr, ef þá kom."

“Together they sleep not, for so was it fixed
When the guard to them was given;
One sleeps by night, the next by day,
So no man may enter ever.”

17

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita,
hvárt sé matar nökkut,
þat er menn hafi,
ok hlaupi inn, meðan þeir eta."

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
Is there no meat that men may give them,
And leap within while they eat?”

18

"*Vegnbráðir tvær*
liggja í Viðópnis liðum,
ef þú vilt þat vita,
þat eitt er svá matar,
at þeim menn of gefi,
ok hlaupi inn, meðan þeir eta."

“Two wing-joints there be in Vithofnir's body,
If now the truth thou wouldst know;
That alone is the meat that men may give them,
And leap within while they eat.”

19

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat þat barr heitir,
er breiðask um
lönd öll limar?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What call they the tree that casts abroad
Its limbs o'er every land?”

20

"*Mímameiðr hann heitir,*
en þat manngi veit,
af hverjum rótum renn;
við þat hann fellr,
er fæstan varir,
flær-at hann eld né járn."

“Mimameith its name, and no man knows
What root beneath it runs;
And few can guess what shall fell the tree,
For fire nor iron shall fell it.”

21

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat af móði verðr
þess ins mæra viðar,
er hann flær-rat eld né járn?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What grows from the seed of the tree so great,
That fire nor iron shall fell?”

22

"*Út af hans aldni*
skal á eld bera
fyr kelisjúkar konur;

“Women, sick with child, shall seek
Its fruit to the flames to bear;
Then out shall come what within was hid,
And so is it mighty with men.”

23

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat sá hani heitir,
er sitr í inum háva viði,
allr hann við gull glóir?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What cock is he on the highest bough,
That glitters all with gold?”

24

"*Víðópnir hann heitir,*
en hann stendr veðrglasir
á meiðs kvistum Míma;
einum ekka
þryngr hann örófsaman
Surtr Sinmöru."

“Vithofnir his name, and now he shines
Like lightning on Mimameith's limbs;
And great is the trouble with which he grieves
Both Surt and Sinmora.”

25

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
hvárt sé vápna nökkut,
þat er knegi Viðópnir fyrir
hníga á Heljar sjöt?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What weapon can send Vithofnir to seek
The house of Hel below?”

26

"*Lævateinn heitir hann,*
en hann gerði Loftr rúnum
fyr nágrindr neðan;
í segjárnskeri
liggr hann hjá Sinmöru,
ok halda njarðlásar níu."

“Lævatein is there, that Lopt with runes
Once made by the doors of death;
In Lægjarn's chest by Sinmora lies it,
And nine locks fasten it firm.”

27

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
hvárt aftr kemr,
sá er eftir ferr
ok vill þann tein taka."

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
May a man come thence, who thither goes,
And tries the sword to take?”

28

"*Aftr mun koma,*
sá er eftir ferr
ok vill þann tein taka,
ef þat færir,
er fáir eigu,
Eiri örglasis."

“Thence may he come who thither goes,
And tries the sword to take,
If with him he carries what few can win,
To give to the goddess of gold.”

29

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
hvárt sé mæta nökkut,
þat er menn hafi
ok verðr því in fölva gýgr fegin."

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What treasure is there that men may take
To rejoice the giantess pale?”

30

Ljósan léa
skaltu í lúðr bera,
þann er liggr í Viðópnis völum,
Sinmöru at selja,
áðr hon söm telisk
vápn til vígs at ljá."

“The sickle bright in thy wallet bear,
Mid Vithofnir's feathers found;
To Sinmora give it, and then shall she grant
That the weapon by thee be won.”

31

"Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat sá salr heitir,
er slunginn er
vísum vafrloga?"

"Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What call they the hall, encompassed here
With flickering magic flames?"

32

"Hyrr hann heitir,
en hann lengi mun
á brodds oddi bifask;
auðranns þess
munu um aldr hafa
frétt eina fírar."

"Lyr is it called, and long it shall
On the tip of a spear-point tremble;
Of the noble house mankind has heard,
But more has it never known."

33

"Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hverr þat gerði,
er ek fyr garð sák
innan, ásmaga?"

"Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What one of the gods has made so great
The hall I behold within?"

34

"Uni ok Íri,
Óri ok Bári,
Varr ok Vegdrasill;
Dóri ok Úri,
Dellingr, Atvarðr,
Líðskjalfr, Loki."

"Uni and Iri, Bari and Jari,
Var and Vegdrasil,
Dori and Ori, Delling, and there
Was Loki, the fear of the folk."

35

"Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat þat bjarg heitir,
er ek sé brúði á
þjóðmæra þruma?"

"Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What call they the mountain on which the maid
Is lying so lovely to see?"

36

"Lyfjaberg þat heitir,
en þat hefir lengi verit
sjúkum ok sárum gaman;
heil verðr hver,
þótt hafi árs sótt,
ef þat klífr, kona."

"Lyfjaberg is it, and long shall it be
A joy to the sick and the sore;
For well shall grow each woman who climbs it,
Though sick full long she has lain."

37

"Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvat þær meyjar heita,
er fyr Menglaðar knjám
sitja sáttar saman?"

"Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
What maidens are they that at Mengloth's knees
Are sitting so gladly together?"

38

"*Hlíf heitir,*
önnur Hlífþrasa,
þriðja Þjóðvarta,
Björt ok Blíð,
Blíðr, Fríð,
Eir ok Aurboða."

“Hlif is one named, Hlifthrasa another,
Thjothvara call they the third;
Bjort and Bleik, Blith and Frith,
Eir and Aurbotha.”

39

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita:
Hvárt þær bjarga,
þeim er blóta þær,
ef gerask þarfar þess?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
Aid bring they to all who offerings give,
If need be found therefor?”

40

"*Bjarga svinnar,*
hvar er menn blóta þær
á stallhelgum stað;
eigi svá hátt forað
kemr at hölða sonum,
hvern þær ór nauðum nema."

“Soon aid they all who offerings give
On the holy altars high;
And if danger they see for the sons of men,
Then each from ill do they guard.”

41

"*Segðu mér þat, Fjölsviðr,*
er ek þik fregna mun
ok ek vilja vita,
hvárt sé manna nökkut,
er knegi á Menglaðar
svásum armi sofa?"

“Now answer me, Fjolsvith, the question I ask,
For now the truth would I know:
Lives there the man who in Mengloth's arms
So fair may seek to sleep?”

42

"*Vætr er þat manna,*
er knegi á Menglaðar
svásum armi sofa,
nema Svipdagr einn,
hánum var sú in sólbjarta
brúðr at kván of kveðin."

“No man there is who in Mengloth's arms
So fair may seek to sleep,
Save Svipdag alone, for the sun-bright maid
Is destined his bride to be.”

43

"*Hrittu á hurðir,*
láttu hlið rúm,
hér máttu Svipdag sjá;
en þó vita far,
ef vilja myni
Menglöð mitt gaman."

“Fling back the gates! make the gateway wide!
Here mayst thou Svipdag see!
Hence get thee to find if gladness soon
Mengloth to me will give.”

44

"*Heyr þú, Menglöð,*
hér er maðr kominn,
gakk þú á gest sjá;
hundar fagna,
hús hefir upp lokizk,
hygg ek, at Svipdagr sé."

“Hearken, Mengloth, a man is come;
Go thou the guest to see!
The hounds are fawning, the house bursts open,—
Svipdag, methinks, is there.”

45

"*Horskir hrafnar*
skulu þér á hám galga
slíta sjónir ór,
ef þú þat lýgr,
at hér sé langt kominn
mögr til minna sala.
46
Hvaðan þú fórt,
hvaðan þú för gerðir,
hvé þik hétu hjú?
At ætt ok nafni
skal ek jartegn vita,
ef ek var þér kván of kveðin."

“On the gallows high shall hungry ravens
Soon thine eyes pluck out,
If thou liest in saying that here at last
The hero is come to my hall.
Whence camest thou hither? how camest thou here?
What name do thy kinsmen call thee?
Thy race and thy name as a sign must I know,
That thy bride I am destined to be.”

47

"*Svipdagr ek heiti,*
Sólbjartr hét minn faðir,
þaðan rákumk vindkalda vegu;
Urðar orði
kveðr engi maðr,
þótt þat sé við löst lagit."

“Svipdag am I, and Solbjart's son;
Thence came I by wind-cold ways;
With the words of Urth shall no man war,
Though unearned her gifts be given.”

48

"*Vel þú nú kominn,*
hefik minn vilja beðit,
fylgja skal kveðju koss;
forkunnar sýn
mun flestan glaða,
hvars hefir við annan ást.

“Welcome thou art, for long have I waited;
The welcoming kiss shalt thou win!
For two who love is the longed-for meeting
The greatest gladness of all.

49

Lengi ek sat
ljúfu bergi á,
beið ek þín dægr ok daga;
nú þat varð,
er ek vætt hefi,
at þú ert kominn, mögr, til minna sala.

Long have I sat on Lyfjaberg here,
Awaiting thee day by day;
And now I have what I ever hoped,
For here thou art come to my hall.

50

Þrár hafðar
er ek hefi til þíns gamans,
en þú til míns munar;
nú er þat satt,
er vit slíta skulum
ævi ok aldr saman."

Alike we yearned; I longed for thee,
And thou for my love hast longed;
But now henceforth together we know
Our lives to the end we shall live.”

Source & public domain: 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.