

GLANZ UND GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Guðrúnarhvöt

Guthrun's Inciting

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

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GLANZ & GRAVUR
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Gudrun goads her sons Hamdir and Sörli to avenge their sister Svanhild and laments her own life. 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	*Þá frá ek sennu* *slíðrfengligsta,* *trauð mál, talið* *af trega stórum,* *er harðhuguð* *hvatti at vígi* *grimmum orðum* *Guðrún sonu:*	A word-strife I learned, most woeful of all, A speech from the fullness of sorrow spoken, When fierce of heart her sons to the fight Did Guthrun whet with words full grim.
2	*"Hví sitið ér,* *hví sofið lífi,* *hví tregr-at ykkr* *teiti at mæla,* *er Jörmunrekkr* *yðra systur,* *unga at aldri,* *jóm of traddi,* *hvítum ok svörtum,* *á hervegi,* *grám, gangtömum* *Gotna hrossum?*	“Why sit ye idle, why sleep out your lives, Why grieve ye not in gladness to speak? Since Jormunrek your sister young Beneath the hoofs of horses hath trodden, [White and black on the battle-way, Gray, road-wonted, the steeds of the Goths.]
3	*Urðu-a it glíkir* *þeim Gunnari* *né in heldr hugðir* *sem var Högni;* *hennar munduð it* *hefna leita,* *ef móð ættið* *minna bræðra* *eða harðan hug* *Húnkonunga."*	Not like are ye to Gunnar of yore, Nor have ye hearts such as Hogni's was; Vengeance for her ye soon would have If brave ye were as my brothers of old, Or hard your hearts as the Hunnish kings'.”
4	*Þá kvað þat Hamðir* *inn hugumstóri:* *"Lítt myndir þú* *leyfa dáð Högna,* *þá er Sigurð vökðu* *svefni ór;* *bækr váru þínar* *enar bláhvítu* *roðnar í vers dreyra,* *folgnar í valblóði.*	Then Hamther spake, the high of heart: “Little the deed of Hogni didst love, When Sigurth they wakened from his sleep; Thy bed-covers white were red with blood Of thy husband, drenched with gore from his heart.

5

Urðu þér beggja
bræðra hefndir
slíðrar ok sárar,
er þú sonu myrðir;
knættim allir
Jörmunrekki
samhyggjendr
systur hefna.

Bloody revenge didst have for thy brothers,
Evil and sore, when thy sons didst slay;
Else yet might we all on Jormunrek
Together our sister's slaying avenge.

6

Berið hnossir fram
Húnkonunga;
hefir þú okkr hvatta
at hjörþingi."

The gear of the Hunnish kings now give us!
Thou hast whetted us so to the battle of swords."

7

Hlæjandi Guðrún
hvarf til skemmu,
kumbl konunga
ór kerum valði,
síðar brynjur,
ok sonum færði,
hlóðusk móðgir
á mara bógu.

Laughing did Guthrun go to her chamber,
The helms of the kings from the cupboards she took,
And mail-coats broad, to her sons she bore them;
On their horses' backs the heroes leaped.

8

Þá kvað þat Hamðir
inn hugumstóri:
"Svá kemsk meir aftr
móður at vitja
geir-Njörðr hniginn
á Goðþjóðu,
at þú erfi
at öll oss drykkir,
at Svanhildi
ok sonu þína."

Then Hamther spake, the high of heart:
"Homeward no more his mother to see
Comes the spear-god, fallen mid Gothic folk;
One death-draught thou for us all shalt drink,
For Svanhild then and thy sons as well."

9

Guðrún grátandi,
Gjúka dóttir,
gekk hon tregliga
á tái sitja
ok at telja
tárughlýra
móðug spjöll
á margan veg:

Weeping Guthrun, Gjuki's daughter,
Went sadly before the gate to sit,
And with tear-stained cheeks to tell the tale
Of her mighty griefs, so many in kind.

10

"Þrjá vissa ek elda,
þrjá vissa ek arna,
var ek þrimr verum
vegin at húsi;
einn var mér Sigurðr
öllum betri,
er bræðr mínir
at bana urðu.

"Three home-fires knew I, three hearths I knew,
Home was I brought by husbands three;
But Sigurth only of all was dear,
He whom my brothers brought to his death.

11

Svárra sára
sák-at ek né kunna,
-- -- --
meir þóttusk
mér of stríða,
er mik öðlingar
Atla gáfu.

A greater sorrow I saw not nor knew,
Yet more it seemed I must suffer yet
When the princes great to Atli gave me.

12

Húna hvassa
hét ek mér at rúnum;
máttig-a-k bölva
betr of vinna,
áðr ek hnóf höfuð
af Hniflungum.

The brave boys I summoned to secret speech;
For my woes requital I might not win
Till off the heads of the Hniflungs I hewed.

13

Gekk ek til strandar,
gröm vark nornum,
vilda ek hrinda
stríð grið þeira;
hófu mik, né drekkðu,
hávar bárur,
því ek land of sték,
at lifa skyldak.

To the sea I went, my heart full sore
For the Norns, whose wrath I would now escape;
But the lofty billows bore me undrowned,
Till to land I came, so I longer must live.

14

Gekk ek á beð,
hugðak mér fyr betra,
þriðja sinni
þjóðkonungi;
ól ek mér jóð,
erfivörðu,
erfivörðu,
Jónakrs sonum.

Then to the bed— of old was it better!—
Of a king of the folk a third time I came;
Boys I bore his heirs to be,
Heirs so young, the sons of Jonak.

15

En um Svanhildi
sátu þýjar,
er ek minna barna
bazt fullhugðak;
svá var Svanhildr
í sal mínum
sem væri sæmleitr
sólar geisli.

But round Svanhild handmaidens sat,
She was dearest ever of all my children;
So did Svanhild seem in my hall
As the ray of the sun is fair to see.

16

Gædda ek gulli
ok guðvefjum,
áðr ek gæfak
Goðþjóðar til;
þat er mér harðast
harma minna
of þann inn hvíta
hadd Svanhildar,
auri tröddu
und jóa fótum.

Gold I gave her and garments bright,
Ere I let her go to the Gothic folk;
Of my heavy woes the hardest it was
When Svanhild's tresses fair were trodden
In the mire by hoofs of horses wild.

17

En sá sárastr,
er þeir Sigurð minn,
sigri ræntan,
í sæing vágu,
en sá grimmastr,
er þeir Gunnari
fránir ormar
til fjörs skriðu,
en sá hvassastr,
er til hjarta
konung óblauðan
kvikvan skáru.

The sorest it was when Sigurth mine
On his couch, of victory robbed, they killed;
And grimmest of all when to Gunnar's heart
There crept the bright-hued crawling snakes.
And keenest of all when they cut the heart
From the living breast of the king so brave;

18

Fjölð man ek bölva,
-- -- --
Beittu, Siguðr,
inn blakka mar,
hest inn hraðfæra
láttu hinig renna;
sitr eigi hér
snör né dóttir,
sú er Guðrúnu
gæfi hnossir.

Many woes I remember,
Bridle, Sigurth, thy steed so black,
Hither let run thy swift-faring horse;
Here there sits not son or daughter
Who yet to Guthrun gifts shall give.

19

Minnsktu, Sigurðr,
hvat vit mæltum,
þá er vit á beð
bæði sátum,
at þú myndir mín,
móðugr, vitja,
halr, ór helju,
en ek þín ór heimi.

Remember, Sigurth, what once we said,
When together both on the bed we sat,
That mightily thou to me wouldst come
From hell and I from earth to thee.

20

Hlaðið ér, jarlar,
eikiköstinn,
látið þann und hilmi
hæstan verða;
megi brenna brjóst
bölvafullt eldr,
þrungit um hjarta
þiðni sorgir."

Pile ye up, jarls, the pyre of oak,
Make it the highest a hero e'er had;
Let the fire burn my grief-filled breast,
My sore-pressed heart, till my sorrows melt."

21

Jörlum öllum
óðal batni,
snótum öllum
sorg at minni,
at þetta tregróf
of talit væri.

May nobles all less sorrow know,
And less the woes of women become,
Since the tale of this lament is told.

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