

GLANZ UND GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Guðrúnarkviða in forna

The Second Lay of Guthrun

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

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GLANZ & GRAVUR
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Gudrun tells the Gothic king Theodoric her life since Sigurd's death: her flight, the drink of forgetfulness and the forced marriage to Atli. Guðni Jónsson calls it ‘Guðrúnarkviða in forna’. 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	*Mær var ek meyja,* *- móðir mik fæddi, -* *björt í búri,* *unna ek vel bræðrum, -* *unz mik Gjúki* *gulli reifði,* *gulli reifði,* *gaf Sigurði.*	A maid of maids my mother bore me, Bright in my bower, my brothers I loved, Till Gjuki dowered me with gold, Dowered with gold, and to Sigurth gave me.
2	*Svá var Sigurðr* *of sonum Gjúka* *sem væri grænn laukr* *ór grasi vaxinn* *eða hjörtr hábeinn* *of hvössum dýrum* *eða gull glóðrautt* *af gráu silfri.*	So Sigurth rose o'er Gjuki's sons As the leek grows green above the grass, Or the stag o'er all the beasts doth stand, Or as glow-red gold above silver gray.
3	*Unz mér fyrmunðu* *mínir bræðr,* *at ek ætta ver* *öllum fremra;* *sofa þeir né máttu-t* *né of sakar dæma,* *áðr þeir Sigurð* *svelta létu.*	Till my brothers let me no longer have The best of heroes my husband to be; Sleep they could not, or quarrels settle, Till Sigurth they at last had slain.
4	*Grani rann at þingi,* *- gnýr var at heyra, -* *en þá Sigurðr* *sjalfr eigi kom;* *öll váru söðuldýr* *sveita stokkin* *ok of vanið vási* *und vegöndum.*	From the Thing ran Grani with thundering feet, But thence did Sigurth himself come never; Covered with sweat was the saddle-bearer, Wont the warrior's weight to bear.

5

Gekk ek grátandi
við Grana ræða,
úrughlýra
jó frá ek spjalla;
hnipnaði Grani þá,
drap í gras höfði,
jór þat vissi,
eigendr né lifðu-t.

Weeping I sought with Grani to speak,
With tear-wet cheeks for the tale I asked;
The head of Grani was bowed to the grass,
The steed knew well his master was slain.

6

Lengi hvarfaðak,
lengi hugir deildusk,
áðr ek of frægak
folkvörð at gram.

Long I waited and pondered well
Ere ever the king for tidings I asked.

7

Hnipnaði Gunnarr,
sagði mér Högni
frá Sigurðar
sárum dauða:
"Liggr of höggvinn
fyr handan ver
Gothorms bani
of gefinn ulfum.

His head bowed Gunnar, but Hogni told
The news full sore of Sigurth slain:
“Hewed to death at our hands he lies,
Gotthorm's slayer, given to wolves.

8

Líttu þar Sigurð
á suðrvega;
þá heyrir þú
hrafna gjalla,
örnu gjalla
ægli fegna,
varga þjóta
of veri þínum."

On the southern road thou shalt Sigurth see,
Where hear thou canst the ravens cry;
The eagles cry as food they crave,
And about thy husband wolves are howling.”

9

"Hví þú mér, Högni,
harma slíka
viljalaussi
vill of segja?
Þitt skyli hjarta
hrafnar slíta
við lönd yfir
en þú vitir manna!"

Why dost thou, Hogni, such a horror
Let me hear, all joyless left?
Ravens yet thy heart shall rend
In a land that never thou hast known.”

10

Svaraði Högni
sinni einu,
trauðr góðs hugar,
af trega stórum:
"Þess áttu, Guðrún,
græti at fleiri,
at hjarta mitt
hrafnar slíti."

Few the words of Hogni were,
Bitter his heart from heavy sorrow:
“Greater, Guthrun, thy grief shall be
If the ravens so my heart shall rend.”

11

Hvarf ek ein þaðan
annspilli frá
á við lesa
varga leifar;
gerðig-a ek hjúfra
né höndum slá
né kveina um
sem konur aðrar,
þá er sat soltin
of Sigurði.

From him who spake I turned me soon,
In the woods to find what the wolves had left;
Tears I had not, nor wrung my bands,
Nor wailing went, as other women,
[When by Sigurth slain I sat.]

12

Nótt þótti mér
niðmyrkr vera,
er ek sárla satk
yfir Sigurði;
ulfar þóttumk
öllu betri,
ef þeir léti mik
lífi týna
eða brenndi mik
sem birkinn við.

Never so black had seemed the night
As when in sorrow by Sigurth I sat;
The wolves
Best of all methought 'twould be
If I my life could only lose,
Or like to birch-wood burned might be.

13

Fór ek af fjalli
fimm dægr talið,
unz ek höll Halfs
háva þekkðak.

From the mountain forth five days I fared,
Till Hoalf's hall so high I saw;

14

Sat ek með Þóru
sjau misseri,
dætr Hákonar
í Danmörku;
hon mér at gamni
gullbókaði
sali suðræna
ok svani danska.

Seven half-years with Thora I stayed,
Hokon's daughter, in Denmark then.
With gold she broidered, to bring me joy,
Southern halls and Danish swans;

15

Hafðu vit á skriftum
þat er skatar léku,
ok á hannyrðum
hilmis þegna,
randir rauðar,
rekka Húna,
hjördrótt, hjalmdrótt,
hilmis fylgju.

On the tapestry wove we warrior's deeds,
And the hero's thanes on our handiwork;
[Flashing shields and fighters armed,
Sword-throng, helm-throng, the host of the king.]

16

Skip Sigmundar
skriðu frá landi,
gylltar grímur,
grafnir stafnar;
byrðu vit á borða,
þat er þeir börðusk
Sigarr ok Siggeirr
suðr á Fjóni.

Sigmund's ship by the land was sailing,
Golden the figure-head, gay the beaks;
On board we wove the warriors faring,
Sigar and Siggeir, south to Fjon.

17

Þá frá Grimildr,
gotnesk kona,
hvat ek væra
hyggjuð -- --;
hon brá borða
ok buri heimti
þrágjarnliga
þess at spyrja,
hverr vildi son
systur bæta
eða ver veginn
vildi gjalda.

Then Grimhild asked, the Gothic queen,
Whether willingly would I
Her needlework cast she aside, and called
Her sons to ask, with stern resolve,
Who amends to their sister would make for her son,
Or the wife requite for her husband killed.

18

Görr lézk Gunnarr
gull at bjóða
sakar at bæta,
ok it sama Högni.
Hon frétti at því,
hverr fara vildi
vigg at söðla
vagn at beita,
hesti ríða,
hauki fleygja,
öðrum at skjóta
af ýboga.

Ready was Gunnar gold to give,
Amends for my hurt, and Hogni too;
Then would she know who now would go,
The horse to saddle, the wagon to harness,
[The horse to ride, the hawk to fly,
And shafts from bows of yew to shoot.]

19

Valdarr Dönum
með Jarizleifi,
Eymóðr þriði
með Jarizskári
inn gengu þá,
jöfrum líkir,
Langbarðs liðar,
höfðu loða rauða,
stuttar brynjur,
steypða hjalma,
skalmum gyrðir,
höfðu skarar jarpar.

[Valdar, king of the Danes, was come,
With Jarizleif, Eymoth, and Jarizskar.]
In like princes came they all,
The long-beard men, with mantles red,
Short their mail-coats, mighty their helms,
Swords at their belts, and brown their hair.

20

Hverr vildi mér
hnossir velja,
hnossir velja
ok hugat mæla,
ef þeir mætti mér
margra súta
tryggðir vinna, -
né ek trúa gerða.

Each to give me gifts was fain,
Gifts to give, and goodly speech,
Comfort so for my sorrows great
To bring they tried, but I trusted them not.

21

Færði mér Grímhildr
full at drekka
svalt ok sárligt,
né ek sakar munðak;
þat var of aukit
jarðar magni,
svalköldum sæ
ok sónum dreyra.

A draught did Grimhild give me to drink,
Bitter and cold; I forgot my cares;
For mingled therein was magic earth,
Ice-cold sea, and the blood of swine.

22

Váru í horni
hvers kyns stafir
ristnir ok roðnir,
- ráða ek né máttak, -
lyngfiskr langr,
lands Haddingja
ax óskorit,
innleið dyra.

In the cup were runes of every kind,
Written and reddened, I could not read them;
A heather-fish from the Haddings' land,
An ear uncut, and the entrails of beasts.

23

Váru þeim bjóri
böl mörg saman,
urt alls viðar
ok akarn brunnin,
umdögg arins,
iðrar blótnar,
svíns lifr soðin,
því at hon sakar deyfði.

Much evil was brewed within the beer,
Blossoms of trees, and acorns burned,
Dew of the hearth, and holy entrails,
The liver of swine,— all grief to allay.

24

En þá gleymðu,
er getit höfðu,
öll jöfurs
jórbjúg í sal;
kómu konungar
fyr kné þrennir,
áðr hon sjalfa mik
sótti at máli.

Then I forgot, when the draught they gave me,
There in the hall, my husband's slaying;
On their knees the kings all three did kneel,
Ere she herself to speak began:

25

"Gef ek þér, Guðrún,
gull at þiggja,
fjölð alls féar,
at þinn föður dauðan,
hringa rauða,
Hlöðvés sali,
ársal allan
at jöfur fallinn.

“Guthrun, gold to thee I give,
The wealth that once thy father's was,
Rings to have, and Hlothver's halls,
And the hangings all that the monarch had.

26

Húnskar meyjar,
þær er hlaða spjöldum
ok gera gull fagrt,
svá at þér gaman þykki;
ein skaltu ráða
auði Buðla,
gulli göfguð
ok gefin Atla."

Hunnish women, skilled in weaving,
Who gold make fair to give thee joy,
And the wealth of Buthli thine shall be,
Gold-decked one, as Atli's wife.”

27

"Vilk eigi ek
með veri ganga
né Brynhildar
bróður eiga;
samir eigi mér
við son Buðla
ætt at auka
né una lífi."

“A husband now I will not have,
Nor wife of Brynhild's brother be;
It beseems me not with Buthli's son
Happy to be, and heirs to bear.”

28

"Hirð-a-ðu hölðum
heiftir gjalda,
því at vér höfum
valdit fyrri;
svá skaltu láta,
sem þeir lifi báðir
Sigurðr ok Sigmundr,
ef þú sonu fæðir."

“Seek not on men to avenge thy sorrows,
Though the blame at first with us hath been;
Happy shalt be as if both still lived,
Sigurth and Sigmund, if sons thou bearest.”

29

"Mák-a ek, Grímhildr,
glaumi bella
né vígrisins
ván telja,
siz Sigurðar
sárla drukku
hrægífr, huginn
hjartblóð saman."

“Grimhild, I may not gladness find,
Nor hold forth hopes to heroes now,
Since once the raven and ravening wolf
Sigurth's heart's-blood hungrily lapped.”

30

"*Þann hefi ek allra*
ættgöfgastan
fylki fundit
ok framast nökkvi;
hann skaltu eiga,
unz þik aldr viðr,
verlaus vera,
nema þú vilir þenna."

“Noblest of birth is the ruler now
I have found for thee, and foremost of all;
Him shalt thou have while life thou hast,
Or husbandless be if him thou wilt choose not.”

31

"*Hirð-a-ðu bjóða*
bölvafullar
þrágjarnliga
þær kindir mér;
hann mun Gunnar
grandi beita
ok ór Högna
hjarta slíta;
munk-at ek létta,
áðr lífshvatan
eggleiks hvötuð
aldri næmik."

“Seek not so eagerly me to send
To be a bride of yon baneful race;
On Gunnar first his wrath shall fall,
And the heart will he tear from Hogni's breast.”
I could not rest till of life I had robbed
The warrior bold, the maker of battles.

32

Grátandi Grímhildr
greip við orði,
er burum sínum
bölva vætti
ok mögum sínum
meina stórra.

Weeping Grimhild heard the words
That fate full sore for her sons foretold,
[And mighty woe for them should work;]

33

"*Lönd gef ek enn þér,*
lýða sinni,
Vinbjörg, Valbjörg,
ef þú vill þiggja;
eigðu um aldr þat
ok uni, dóttir."

“Lands I give thee, with all that live there,
[Vinbjorg is thine, and Valbjorg too,]
Have them forever, but hear me, daughter.”

34

"*Þann mun ek kjósa*
af konungum
ok þó af niðjum
nauðig hafa;
verðr eigi mér
verr at ynði
né böl bræðra
at bura skjóli."

So must I do as the kings besought,
And against my will for my kinsmen wed,
Ne'er with my husband joy I had,
And my sons by my brothers' fate were saved not.

35

Senn var á hesti
hverr drengr litinn,
en víf valnesk
hafið í vagna;
vér sjau daga
svalt land riðum,
en aðra sjau
unnir kníðum,
en ina þriðju sjau
þurrt land stigum.

Soon on horseback each hero was,
And the foreign women in wagons faring;
A week through lands so cold we went,
And a second week the waves we smote,
[And a third through lands that water lacked.]

36

Þar hliðverðir
hárar borgar
grind upp luku,
áðr í garð riðum.

The warders now on the lofty walls
Opened the gates, and in we rode.

37

Vakði mik Atli,
en ek vera þóttumk
full ills hugar
at frændr dauða.

Atli woke me, for ever I seemed
Of bitterness full for my brothers' death.

38

"Svá mik nýliga
nornir vekja," -
vílsinnis spá
vildi, at ek réða, -
"hugða ek þik, Guðrún
Gjúka dóttir,
læblöndnum hjör
leggja mik í gögnum."

“Now from sleep the Norris have waked me
With visions of terror,— to thee will I tell them;
Methought thou, Guthrun, Gjuki's daughter,
With poisoned blade didst pierce my body.”

39

"Þat er fyr eldi,
er éarn dreyma,
fyr dul ok vil
drósar reiði;
mun ek þik við bölvi
brenna ganga,
líkna ok lækna,
þótt mér leiðir séir."

“Fire a dream of steel shall follow
And willful pride one of woman's wrath;
A baneful sore I shall burn from thee,
And tend and heal thee, though hated thou art.”

40

"Hugða ek hér í túni
teina fallna,
þá er ek vildak
vaxna láta,
rifnir með rótum,
roðnir í blóði,
bornir á bekki,
beðit mik at tyggva.

“Of plants I dreamed, in the garden drooping,
That fain would I have full high to grow;
Plucked by the roots, and red with blood,
They brought them hither, and bade me eat.

41

Hugða ek mér af hendi
hauka fljúga
bráðalausa
bölranna til;
hjörtu hugða ek þeira
við hunang tuggin,
sorgmóðs sefa,
sollin blóði.

I dreamed my hawks from my hand had flown,
Eager for food, to an evil house;
I dreamed their hearts with honey I ate,
Soaked in blood, and heavy my sorrow.

42

Hugða ek mér af hendi
hvelpa losna,
glaums andvana,
gylli báðir;
hold hugða ek þeira
at hræum orðit,
nauðigr nái
nýta ek skyldak."

Hounds I dreamed from my hand I loosed,
Loud in hunger and pain they howled;
Their flesh methought was eagles' food,
And their bodies now I needs must eat.”

43

"*Þar munu seggir*
of sæing dæma
ok hvítinga
höfði næma;
þeir munu feigir
fára nátta
fyrir dag litlu,
drótt of bergja."

“Men shall soon of sacrifice speak,
And off the heads of beasts shall hew
Die they shall ere day has dawned,
A few nights hence, and the folk shall have them.”

44

"*Lægja ek síðan,*
né ek sofa vildak,
þrágjarn í kör;
þat man ek görva."

“On my bed I sank, nor slumber sought,
Weary with woe,— full well I remember.”

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