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THE POETIC EDDA

Lokasenna

Loki's Wrangling

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

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The sea-giant Ægir – also called Gymir – invites the Æsir to a feast in his hall, where the ale pours itself and glittering gold lights the room instead of fire. His serving-men Fimafeng and Eldir are praised by the guests; out of envy Loki slays Fimafeng and is driven off into the forest by the gods. Yet Loki returns, invokes the old blood-brotherhood he once swore with Odin, and forces his way to a seat. Then he mocks one deity after another – Bragi, Idun, Gefjon, Odin, Frigg, Freyja, Njörd, Tyr, Freyr, Heimdall, Skadi and Sif – laying bare their weaknesses and shames without mercy, until at last Thor arrives with the hammer Mjölnir and drives the scoffer out. The closing prose tells how Loki is later caught as a salmon and bound with the entrails of his son while venom drips upon his face. The sources of this edition: the Old Norse text after the Codex Regius in the edition of Guðni Jónsson, and the English rendering by Henry Adams Bellows (1923) – both public domain.

	Old Norse	English – H. A. Bellows (1923)
1	<i>Segðu þat, Eldir, svá at þú einugi feti gangir framar, hvat hér inni hafa at ölmálum sigtíva synir.</i>	Speak now, Eldir, for not one step Farther shalt thou fare; What ale-talk here do they have within, The sons of the glorious gods?
2	<i>Of vápn sín dæma ok um vígrisni sína sigtíva synir; ása ok alfa er hér inni eru, manngi er þér í orði vinr.</i>	Of their weapons they talk, and their might in war, The sons of the glorious gods; From the gods and elves who are gathered here No friend in words shalt thou find.
3	<i>Inn skal ganga Ægis hallir í á þat sumbl at sjá; jöll ok áfu færi ek ása sonum, ok blend ek þeim svá meini mjöð.</i>	In shall I go into Ægir's hall, For the feast I fain would see; Bale and hatred I bring to the gods, And their mead with venom I mix.
4	<i>Veiztu, ef þú inn gengr Ægis hallir í á þat sumbl at sjá, hrópi ok rógi ef þú eyss á holl regin, á þér munu þau þerra þat.</i>	If in thou goest to Ægir's hall, And fain the feast wouldst see, And with slander and spite wouldst sprinkle the gods, Think well lest they wipe it on thee.
5	<i>Veiztu þat, Eldir, ef vit einir skulum sáryrðum sakask, auðigr verða mun ek í andsvörum, ef þú mælir til margt.</i>	Bethink thee, Eldir, if thou and I Shall strive with spiteful speech; Richer I grow in ready words If thou speakest too much to me.
6	<i>Þyrstr ek kom þessar hallar til, Loftr, um langan veg ásu at biðja, at mér einn gefi mæran drykk mjaðar.</i>	Thirsty I come into this thine hall, I, Lopt, from a journey long, To ask of the gods that one should give Fair mead for a drink to me.

- 7 *Hví þegið ér svá,
þrungin goð,
at þér mæla né meguð?
Sessa ok staði
velið mér sumbli at
eða heitið mik heðan.*
- Why sit ye silent,
swollen with pride,
Ye gods, and no answer give?
At your feast a place
and a seat prepare me,
Or bid me forth to fare.
- 8 *Sessa ok staði
velja þér sumbli at
æsir aldregi,
því at æsir vitu,
hveim þeir alda skulu
gambansumbl of geta.*
- A place and a seat
will the gods prepare
No more in their midst for thee;
For the gods know well
what men they wish
To find at their mighty feasts.
- 9 *Mantu þat, Óðinn,
er vit í árdaga
blendum blóði saman?
Ölvi bergja
lézktu eigi mundu,
nema okkr væri báðum borit.*
- Remember, Othin,
in olden days
That we both our blood have mixed;
Then didst thou promise
no ale to pour,
Unless it were brought for us both.
- 10 *Rístu þá, Viðarr,
ok lát ulfs föður
sitja sumbli at,
síðr oss Loki
kveði lastastöfum
Ægis höllu í.*
- Stand forth then, Vithar,
and let the wolf's father
Find a seat at our feast;
Lest evil should Loki
speak aloud
Here within Ægir's hall.
- 11 *Heilir æsir,
heilar ásynjur
ok öll ginnheilög goð -
nema sá einn áss
er innar sitr,
Bragi, bekkjum á.*
- Hail to you, gods!
ye goddesses, hail!
Hail to the holy throng!
Save for the god
who yonder sits,
Bragi there on the bench.
- 12 *Mar ok mæki
gef ek þér míns féar,
ok bætir þér svá baugi Bragi,
síðr þú ásum
öfund of gjaldir,
grem þú eigi goð at þér.*
- A horse and a sword
from my hoard will I give,
And a ring gives Bragi to boot,
That hatred thou makst not
among the gods;
So rouse not the great ones to wrath.
- 13 *Jós ok armbauga
mundu æ vera
beggja vanr, Bragi;
ása ok alfa,
er hér inni eru,
þú ert við víg varastr
ok skjarrastr við skot.*
- In horses and rings
thou shalt never be rich,
Bragi, but both shalt thou lack;
Of the gods and elves
here together met
Least brave in battle art thou,
(And shyest thou art of the shot.)

- 14 *Veit ek, ef fyr útan værak,
svá sem fyr innan emk,
Ægis höll of kominn,
höfuð þitt
bæra ek í hendi mér;
lykak þér þat fyr lygi.*
- Now were I without
as I am within,
And here in Ægir's hall,
Thine head would I bear
in mine hands away,
And pay thee the price of thy lies.
- 15 *Snjallr ertu í sessi,
skal-at-tu svá gera,
Bragi bekkskrautuðr;
vega þú gakk,
ef þú vreiðr séir;
hyggsk vætr hvatr fyrir.*
- In thy seat art thou bold,
not so are thy deeds,
Bragi, adorn of benches!
Go out and fight
if angered thou feelest,
No hero such forethought has.
- 16 *Bið ek þik, Bragi,
barna sífjar duga
ok allra óskmaga,
at þú Loka
kveðir-a lastastöfum
Ægis höllu í.*
- Well, prithee, Bragi,
his kinship weigh,
Since chosen as wish-son he was;
And speak not to Loki
such words of spite
Here within Ægir's hall.
- 17 *Þegi þú, löunn,
þik kveð ek allra kvenna
vergarnasta vera,
síztu arma þína
lagðir ítrþvegna
um þinn bróðurbana.*
- Be silent, Ithun!
thou art, I say,
Of women most lustful in love,
Since thou thy washed-bright
arms didst wind
About thy brother's slayer.
- 18 *Loka ek kveðk-a
lastastöfum
Ægis höllu í:
Braga ek kyrri
bjórreifan;
vílk-at ek, at it vreiðir vegizk.*
- To Loki I speak not
with spiteful words
Here within Ægir's hall;
And Bragi I calm,
who is hot with beer,
For I wish not that fierce they should fight.
- 19 *Hví it æsir tveir
skuluð inni hér
sáryrðum sakask?
Loftki þat veit,
at hann leikinn er
ok hann fjörg öll fía.*
- Why, ye gods twain,
with bitter tongues
Raise hate among us here?
Loki is famed
for his mockery foul,
And the dwellers in heaven he hates.
- 20 *Þegi þú, Gefjun,
þess mun ek nú geta,
er þik glapði at geði
sveinn inn hvíti,
er þér sigli gaf
ok þú lagðir lær yfir.*
- Be silent, Gefjun!
for now shall I say
Who led thee to evil life;
The boy so fair
gave a necklace bright,
And about him thy leg was laid.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>21 <i>Ærr ertu, Loki,
ok örviti,
er þú fær þér Gefjun at gremi,
því at aldar örlög
hygg ek, at hon öll of viti
jafngörla sem ek.</i></p> | <p>Mad art thou, Loki,
and little of wit,
The wrath of Gefjun to rouse;
For the fate that is set
for all she sees,
Even as I, methinks.</p> |
| <p>22 <i>Þegi þú, Óðinn,
þú kunnir aldregi
deila víg með verum;
oft þú gaft,
þeim er þú gefa skyldir-a,
inum slævurum sigr.</i></p> | <p>Be silent, Othin!
not justly thou settest
The fate of the fight among men;
Oft gavst thou to him
who deserved not the gift,
To the baser, the battle's prize.</p> |
| <p>23 <i>Veiztu, ef ek gaf,
þeim er ek gefa né skylda,
inum slævurum, sigr,
átta vetr
vartu fyr jörð neðan,
kýr mólkandi ok kona,
ok hefr þú þar börn borit,
ok hugða ek þat args aðal.</i></p> | <p>Though I gave to him
who deserved not the gift,
To the baser, the battle's prize;
Winters eight
wast thou under the earth,
Milking the cows as a maid,
(Ay, and babes didst thou bear;
Unmanly thy soul must seem.)</p> |
| <p>24 <i>En þik síða kóðu
Sámseyu í,
ok draptu á vétt sem vödur;
vitka líki
fórtu verþjóð yfir,
ok hugða ek þat args aðal.</i></p> | <p>They say that with spells
in Samsey once
Like witches with charms didst thou work;
And in witch's guise
among men didst thou go;
Unmanly thy soul must seem.</p> |
| <p>25 <i>Örlögum ykkrum
skylið aldregi
segja seggjum frá,
hvat it æsir tveir
drýgðuð í árdaga;
firrisk æ forn rök firar.</i></p> | <p>Of the deeds ye two
of old have done
Ye should make no speech among men;
Whate'er ye have done
in days gone by,
Old tales should ne'er be told.</p> |
| <p>26 <i>Þegi þú, Frigg,
þú ert Fjörgyns mæd
ok hefr æ vergjörn verit,
er þá Véa ok Vilja
léztu þér, Viðris kvæn,
báða i baðm of tekit.</i></p> | <p>Be silent, Frigg!
thou art Fjorgyn's wife,
But ever lustful in love;
For Vili and Ve,
thou wife of Vithrir,
Both in thy bosom have lain.</p> |
| <p>27 <i>Veiztu, ef ek inni ættak
Ægis höllum i
Baldri líkan bur,
út þú né kvæmir
frá ása sonum,
ok væri þá at þér vreiðum vegit.</i></p> | <p>If a son like Baldr
were by me now,
Here within Ægir's hall,
From the sons of the gods
thou shouldst go not forth
Till thy fierceness in fight were tried.</p> |

- 28 *Enn vill þú, Frigg,
at ek fleiri telja
mína meinstafi:
ek því réð,
er þú ríða sér-at
síðan Baldr at sölum.*
- Thou wilt then, Frigg,
that further I tell
Of the ill that now I know;
Mine is the blame
that Baldr no more
Thou seest ride home to the hall.
- 29 *Ærr ertu, Loki,
er þú yðra telr
ljóta leiðstafi;
örlög Frigg,
hygg ek, at öll viti,
þótt hon sjalfgi segi.*
- Mad art thou, Loki,
that known thou makest
The wrong and shame thou hast wrought;
The fate of all
does Frigg know well,
Though herself she says it not.
- 30 *Þegi þú, Freyja,
þik kann ek fullgörva,
er-a þér vamma vant:
ása ok alfa,
er hér inni eru,
hverr hefir þinn hór verit.*
- Be silent, Freyja!
for fully I know thee,
Sinless thou art not thyself;
Of the gods and elves
who are gathered here,
Each one as thy lover has lain.
- 31 *Flá er þér tunga,
hygg ek, at þér fremr myni
ógótt of gala;
reiðir ro þér æsir
ok ásynjur,
hryggr muntu heim fara.*
- False is thy tongue,
and soon shalt thou find
That it sings thee an evil song;
The gods are wroth,
and the goddesses all,
And in grief shalt thou homeward go.
- 32 *Þegi þú, Freyja,
þú ert fordæða
ok meini blandin mjök,
síz þik at bræðr þínum
stóðu blíð regin
ok myndir þú þá, Freyja, frata.*
- Be silent, Freyja!
thou foulest witch,
And steeped full sore in sin;
In the arms of thy brother
the bright gods caught thee
When Freyja her wind set free.
- 33 *Þat er válítit,
þótt sér varðir
vers fáí, hós eða hvárs;
hitt er undr, er áss ragr
er hér inn of kominn
ok hefir sá börn of borit.*
- Small ill does it work
though a woman may have
A lord or a lover or both;
But a wonder it is
that this womanish god
Comes hither, though babes he has borne.
- 34 *Þegi þú, Njörðr,
þú vart austr heðan
gíls of sendr at goðum;
Hymis meyjar
höfðu þik at hlandtrogi
ok þér i munn migu.*
- Be silent, Njorth;
thou wast eastward sent,
To the gods as a hostage given;
And the daughters of Hymir
their privy had
When use did they make of thy mouth.

- 35 *Sú erumk líkn,
er ek vark langt heðan
gísl of sendr at goðum,
þá ek mög gat,
þann er mangi fíár,
ok þykkir sá ása jaðarr.*
- Great was my gain,
though long was I gone,
To the gods as a hostage given;
The son did I have
whom no man hates,
And foremost of gods is found.
- 36 *Hættu nú, Njörðr,
haf þú á hófi þik,
munk-a ek því leyna lengr:
við systur þinni
gastu slíkan mög,
ok er-a þó vánu verr.*
- Give heed now, Njorth,
nor boast too high,
No longer I hold it hid;
With thy sister hadst thou
so fair a son,
Thus hadst thou no worse a hope.
- 37 *Freyr er beztr
allra ballriða
ása görðum í;
mey hann né grætir
né manns konu
ok leysir ór höftum hvern.*
- Of the heroes brave
is Freyr the best
Here in the home of the gods;
He harms not maids
nor the wives of men,
And the bound from their fetters he frees.
- 38 *Þegi þú, Týr,
þú kunnir aldregi
bera tilt með tveim;
handar innar hægri
mun ek hinnar geta,
er þér sleit Fenrir frá.*
- Be silent, Tyr!
for between two men
Friendship thou ne'er couldst fashion;
Fain would I tell
how Fenrir once
Thy right hand rent from thee.
- 39 *Handar em ek vanr,
en þú hróðrsvitnis,
böl er beggja þrá;
ulfgi hefir ok vel,
er í böndum skal
bíða ragnaröks.*
- My hand do I lack,
but Hrothvitnir thou,
And the loss brings longing to both;
Ill fares the wolf
who shall ever await
In fetters the fall of the gods.
- 40 *Þegi þú, Týr,
þat varð þinni konu,
at hon átti mög við mér;
öln né penning
hafðir þú þess aldregi
vanréttis, vesall.*
- Be silent, Tyr!
for a son with me
Thy wife once chanced to win;
Not a penny, methinks,
wast thou paid for the wrong,
Nor wast righted an inch, poor wretch.
- 41 *Ulfr sé ek liggja
árósi fyrir,
unz rjúfask regin;
því mundu næst,
nema þú nú þegir,
bundinn, bölvasmiðr.*
- By the mouth of the river
the wolf remains
Till the gods to destruction go;
Thou too shalt soon,
if thy tongue is not stilled,
Be fettered, thou forger of ill.

- 42 *Gulli keypta
léztu Gymis dóttur
ok seldir þitt svá sverð;
en er Múspells synir
ríða Myrkvið yfir,
veizt-a þú þá, vesall, hvé þú vegr.*
- 43 *Veiztu, ef ek eðli ættak
sem Ingunar-Freyr
ok svá sælligt setr,
mergi smæra
mölda ek þá meinkráku
ok lemða alla í liðu.*
- 44 *Hvat er þat it litla
er ek þat lögggra sék
ok snapvíst snapir?
At eyrum Freys
mundu æ vera
ok und kvernum klaka.*
- 45 *Byggvir ek heiti,
en mik bráðan kveða
goð öll ok gumar;
því em ek hér hróðugr,
at drekka Hrofts megir
allir öl saman.*
- 46 *Þegi þú, Byggvir,
þú kunnir aldregi
deila með mönnum mat,
ok þik í flets strái
finna né máttu,
þá er vágú verar.*
- 47 *Ölr ertu, Loki,
svá at þú ert örviti,
- hví né lezk-a-ðu, Loki? -
því at ofdrykkja
veldr alda hveim,
er sína mælgí né man-at.*
- 48 *Þegi þú, Heimdallr,
þér var í árdaga
it ljóta líf of lagit;
örgu baki
þú munt æ vera
ok vaka vörðr goða.*
- The daughter of Gymir
with gold didst thou buy,
And sold thy sword to boot;
But when Muspell's sons
through Myrkwood ride,
Thou shalt weaponless wait, poor wretch.
- Had I birth so famous
as Ingunar-Freyr,
And sat in so lofty a seat,
I would crush to marrow
this croaker of ill,
And beat all his body to bits.
- What little creature
goes crawling there,
Snuffling and snapping about?
At Freyr's ears ever
wilt thou be found,
Or muttering hard at the mill.
- Byggvir my name,
and nimble am I,
As gods and men do grant;
And here am I proud
that the children of Hropt
Together all drink ale.
- Be silent, Byggvir!
thou never couldst set
Their shares of the meat for men;
Hid in straw on the floor,
they found thee not
When heroes were fain to fight.
- Drunk art thou, Loki,
and mad are thy deeds,
Why, Loki, leavst thou this not?
For drink beyond measure
will lead all men
No thought of their tongues to take.
- Be silent, Heimdall!
in days long since
Was an evil fate for thee fixed;
With back held stiff
must thou ever stand,
As warder of heaven to watch.

- 49 *Létt er þér, Loki;
mun-at-tu lengi svá
leika lausum hala,
því at þik á hjörvi
skulu ins hrímkalda magar
görnum binda goð.*
- Light art thou, Loki,
but longer thou mayst not
In freedom flourish thy tail;
On the rocks the gods bind thee
with bowels torn
Forth from thy frost-cold son.
- 50 *Veiztu, ef mik á hjörvi
skulu ins hrímkalda magar
görnum binda goð,
fyrstr ok efstr
var ek at fjörlagi,
þars vér á Þjaza þrifum.*
- Though on rocks the gods bind me
with bowels torn
Forth from my frost-cold son,
I was first and last
at the deadly fight
There where Thjazi we caught.
- 51 *Veiztu, ef fyrstr ok efstr
vartu at fjörlagi,
þá er ér á Þjaza þrifuð,
frá mínum véum
ok vöngum skulu
þér æ köld ráð koma.*
- Wert thou first and last
at the deadly fight
There where Thjazi was caught,
From my dwellings and fields
shall ever come forth
A counsel cold for thee.
- 52 *Léttari í málum
vartu við Laufeyjar son,
þá er þú létst mér á beð þinn boðit;
getit verðr oss slíks,
ef vér görva skulum
telja vömmín vár.*
- More lightly thou spakest
with Laufey's son,
When thou badst me come to thy bed;
Such things must be known
if now we two
Shall seek our sins to tell.
- 53 *Heill ver þú nú, Loki,
ok tak við hrímkálki
fullum forns mjaðar,
heldr þú hana eina
látir með ása sonum
vammalaus vera.*
- Hail too thee, Loki,
and take thou here
The crystal cup of old mead;
For me at least,
alone of the gods,
Blameless thou knowest to be.
- 54 *Ein þú værir,
ef þú svá værir,
vör ok gröm at veri;
einn ek veit,
svá at ek vita þykkjumk,
hór ok af Hlórriða,
ok var þat sá inn lævísi Loki.*
- Alone thou wert
if truly thou wouldst
All men so shyly shun;
But one do I know
full well, methinks,
Who had thee from Hlorrithi's arms,--
(Loki the crafty in lies.)
- 55 *Fjöll öll skjalfa;
hygg ek á för vera
heiman Hlórriða;
han ræðr ró,
þeim er rægir hér
goð öll ok guma.*
- The mountains shake,
and surely I think
From his home comes Hlorrithi now;
He will silence the man
who is slandering here
Together both gods and men.

- 56** *Þegi þú, Beyla,
þú ert Byggvis kvæn
ok meini blandinn mjök,
ókynjan meira
kom-a med ása sonum;
öll ertu, deigja, dritin.*
- Be silent, Beyla!
thou art Byggvir's wife,
And deep art thou steeped in sin;
A greater shame
to the gods came ne'er,
Befouled thou art with thy filth.
- 57** *Þegi þú, rög vættr,
þér skal minn þrúðhamarr,
Mjöllnir, mál fyrnema;
herðaklett
drep ek þér halsi af,
ok verðr þá þínu fjörvi of farit.*
- Unmanly one, cease,
or the mighty hammer,
Mjollnir, shall close thy mouth;
Thy shoulder-cliff
shall I cleave from thy neck,
And so shall thy life be lost.
- 58** *Jarðar burr
er hér nú inn kominn,
hví þrasir þú svá, Þórr?
En þá þorir þú ekki,
er þú skalt við ulfinn vega,
ok svelgr hann allan Sigföður.*
- Lo, in has come
the son of Earth:
Why threaten so loudly, Thor?
Less fierce thou shalt go
to fight with the wolf
When he swallows Sigfather up.
- 59** *Þegi þú, rög vættr,
þér skal minn þrúðhamarr,
Mjöllnir, mál fyrnema;
upp ek þér verp
ok á austrvega,
síðan þik manngi sér.*
- Unmanly one, cease,
or the mighty hammer,
Mjollnir, shall close thy mouth;
I shall hurl thee up
and out in the East,
Where men shall see thee no more.
- 60** *Austrförum þínum
skaltu aldregi
segja seggjum frá,
síz í hanska þumlungi
hnúkðir þú einheri,
ok þóttisk-a þú þá Þórr vera.*
- That thou hast fared
on the East-road forth
To men shouldst thou say no more;
In the thumb of a glove
didst thou hide, thou great one,
And there forgot thou wast Thor.
- 61** *Þegi þú, rög vættr,
þér skal minn þrúðhamarr,
Mjöllnir, mál fyrnema;
hendi inni hægri
drep ek þik Hrungnis bana,
svá at þér brotnar beina hvat.*
- Unmanly one, cease,
or the mighty hammer,
Mjollnir, shall close thy mouth;
My right hand shall smite thee
with Hrungnir's slayer,
Till all thy bones are broken.
- 62** *Lifa ætla ek mér
langan aldr,
þóttú hætir hamri mér;
skarpar álar
þóttu þér Skrýmis vera,
ok máttir-a þú þá nesti ná,
ok svalzt þú þá hungri heill.*
- A long time still
do I think to live,
Though thou threatenest thus with thy hammer;
Rough seemed the straps
of Skrymir's wallet,
When thy meat thou mightest not get,
(And faint from hunger didst feel.)

63 *þegi þú, rög vættr,
þér skal minn þrúðhamarr,
Mjöllnir, mál fyrnema;
Hrungnis bani
mun þér í hel koma
fyr nágrindr neðan.*

Unmanly one, cease,
or the mighty hammer,
Mjollnir, shall close thy mouth;
The slayer of Hrungnir
shall send thee to hell,
And down to the gate of death.

64 *Kvað ek fyr ásum,
kvað ek fyr ása sonum,
þats mik hvatti hugr,
en fyr þér einum
mun ek út ganga,
því at ek veit, at þú vegr.*

I have said to the gods
and the sons of the gods,
The things that whetted my thoughts;
But before thee alone
do I now go forth,
For thou fightest well, I ween.

65 *Öl gerðir þú, Ægir,
en þú aldri munt
síðan sumbl of gera;
eiga þín öll,
er hér inni er,
leiki yfir logi,
ok brenni þér á baki.*

Ale hast thou brewed,
but, Ægir, now
Such feasts shalt thou make no more;
O'er all that thou hast
which is here within
Shall play the flickering flames,
(And thy back shall be burnt with fire.)

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