

GLANZ UND GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Reginsmál

The Ballad of Regin

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

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GLANZ & GRAVUR
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The smith Regin tells Sigurd the prehistory of the hoard: Otr's death, Loki's seizure of the dwarf's gold and Andvari's curse. Afterwards Sigurd avenges his father on the sons of Hunding. 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	"*Hvat er þat fiska,* *er renn flóði í,* *kann-at sér við víti varask?* *Höfuð þitt* *leystu helju ór,* *finn mér lindar loga.*"	“What is the fish that runs in the flood, And itself from ill cannot save? If thy head thou wouldst from hell redeem, Find me the water's flame.”
2	"*Andvari ek heiti,* *Óinn hét minn faðir,* *margan hef ek fors of farit;* *aumlig norn* *skóp oss í árdaga,* *at ek skylda í vatni vaða.*"	“Andvari am I, and Oin my father, In many a fall have I fared; An evil Norn in olden days Doomed me In waters to dwell.”
3	"*Segðu þat, Andvari,* *ef þú eiga vill* *líf í lýða sölum,* *hver gjöld fáa* *gumna synir,* *ef þeir höggvask orðum á?*"	“Andvari, say, if thou seekest still To live in the land of men, What payment is set for the sons of men Who war with lying words?”
4	"*Ofrgjöld fáa* *gumna synir,* *þeir er Vaðgelmi vaða;* *ósaðra orða,* *hverr er á annan lýgr,* *oflengi leiða limar.*"	“A mighty payment the men must make Who in Valthgelmir's waters wade; On a long road lead the lying words That one to another utters.”
5	"*Þat skal gull,* *er Gustr átti,* *bræðrum tveim* *at bana verða* *ok öðlingum* *átta at rógi;* *mun míns féar* *manngi njóta.*"	“Now shall the gold that Gust once had Bring their death to brothers twain, And evil be for heroes eight; joy of my wealth shall no man win.”
6	"*Gull er þér nú reitt,* *en þú gjöld hefir* *mikil míns höfuðs;* *syni þínum* *verðr-a sæla sköpuð;* *þat verðr ykkarr beggja bani.*"	“The gold is given, and great the price Thou hast my head to save; But fortune thy sons shall find not there, The bane of ye both it is.”

7

"*Gjafar þú gaft,*
gaft-at-tu ástgjafar,
gaft-at-tu af heilum hug;
fjörvi yðru
skylduð ér firrðir vera,
ef ek vissa ek þat fár fyrir."

“Gifts ye gave, but ye gave not kindly,
Gave not with hearts that were whole;
Your lives ere this should ye all have lost,
If sooner this fate I had seen.”

8

"*Enn er verra*
- þat vita þykkjumk -
niðja stríð of neppt;
jöfra óborna
hygg ek þá enn vera
er þat er til hatrs hugat."

“Worse is this that methinks I see,
For a maid shall kinsmen clash;
Heroes unborn thereby shall be,
I deem, to hatred doomed.”

9

"*Rauðu gulli*
hygg ek mik ráða munu,
svá lengi sem ek lifi;
hót þín
hræðumk ekki lyf,
of haldið heim heðan."

“The gold so red shall I rule, methinks,
So long as I shall live;
Nought of fear for thy threats I feel,
So get ye hence to your homes.”

10

"*Lyngheiðr ok Lofnheiðr,*
vitið mínu lífi farit,
mart er þat, er þörf þéar."

“Lyngheith and Lofnheith, fled is my life,
And mighty now is my need!”

11

"*Al þú þó dóttur,*
dís ulfhuguð,
ef þú getr-at son
við siklingi;
fá mey mann
í meginþarfar;
þá mun þeirar sonr
þíns harms reka."

“A daughter, woman with wolf's heart, bear,
If thou hast no son with the hero brave;
If one weds the maid, for the need is mighty,
Their son for thy hurt may vengeance seek.”

12

"*Bróður kveðja*
skaltu blíðliga
arfs ok æðra hugar;
er-a þat hæft,
at þú hjörvi skylir
kveðju Fáfni féar."

“In friendly wise the wealth shalt thou ask
Of thy brother, and better will;
Not seemly is it to seek with the sword
Fafnir's treasure to take.”

13

"*Kominn er hingat*
konr Sigmundar,
seggr inn snarráði,
til sala várra,
móð hefir meira
en maðr gamall,
ok er mér fangs ván
at frekum ulfi.

“Hither the son of Sigmund is come,
The hero eager, here to our hall;
His courage is more than an ancient man's,
And battle I hope from the hardy wolf.

14

Ek mun fæða
folkdjarfan gram;
nú er Yngva konr
með oss kominn;
sjá mun ræsir
ríkstr und sólu;
þrymr um öll lönd
örlögsímu."

Here shall I foster the fearless prince,
Now Yngvi's heir to us is come;
The noblest hero beneath the sun,
The threads of his fate all lands enfold.”

15

"*Hátt munu hlæja*
Hundings synir,
þeir er Eylima
aldrs synjuðu,
ef meir tyggja
munar at sækja
hringa rauða
en hefnd föður."

“Loud will the sons of Hunding laugh,
Who low did Eylimi lay in death,
If the hero sooner seeks the red
Rings to find than his father's vengeance.”

16

"*Hverir ríða þar*
Ræfils hestum
hávar unnir,
haf glymjanda?
Seglvigg eru
sveita stokkin,
mun-at vágmarar
vind of standask."

“Who yonder rides on Rævil's steeds,
O'er towering waves and waters wild?
The sail-horses all with sweat are dripping,
Nor can the sea-steeds the gale withstand.”

17

"*Hér ro vér Sigurðr*
á sætréum;
er oss byrr gefinn
við bana sjalfan;
fellr brattr breki
bröndum hæri,
hlunnvigg hrapa.
Hverr spyrr at því?"

“On the sea-trees here are Sigurth and I,
The storm wind drives us on to our death;
The waves crash down on the forward deck,
And the roller-steeds sink; who seeks our names?”

18

"*Hnikar hétu mik,*
þá er hugin gladdak
Völsungr ungi,
ok vegit hafðak;
nú máttu kalla
karl af bergi
Fengi eða Fjölni;
far vil ek þiggja."

“Hnikar I was when Volsung once
Gladdened the ravens and battle gave;
Call me the Man from the Mountain now,
Feng or Fjolnir; with you will I fare.”

19

"*Segðu mér þat, Hnikarr,*
alls þá hvárttveggja veizt
goða heill ok guma:
hver bözt eru,
ef berjask skal,
heill at sverða svipun."

“Hnikar, say, for thou seest the fate
That to gods and men is given;
What sign is fairest for him who fights,
And best for the swinging of swords?”

20

"Mörg eru góð,
ef gumar vissi,
heill at sverða svipun;
dyggva fylgju
hygg ek ins dökkva vera
hrottameiði hrafns.

“Many the signs, if men but knew,
That are good for the swinging of swords;
It is well, methinks, if the warrior meets
A raven black on his road.

21

Þat er annat,
ef þú ert út of kominn
ok ert á braut búinn,
tvá þú lítr
á tái standa
hróðrfúsa hali.

Another it is if out thou art come,
And art ready forth to fare,
To behold on the path before thy house
Two fighters greedy of fame.

22

Þat er it þriðja,
ef þú þjóta heyrir
ulf und asklimum;
heilla auðit
verðr þér af hjalmstöfum,
ef þú sér þá fyrri fara.

Third it is well if a howling wolf
Thou hearest under the ash;
And fortune comes if thy foe thou seest
Ere thee the hero beholds.

23

Engr skal gumna
í gögn vega
síð skínandi
systur Mána;
þeir sigr hafa,
er séa kunnu,
hjörleiks hvatir,
eða hamalt fylkja.

A man shall fight not when he must face
The moon's bright sister setting late;
Win he shall who well can see,
And wedge-like forms his men for the fray.

24

Þat er fár mikit,
ef þú fæti drepr,
þars þú at vígi veðr;
tálar dísir
standa þér á tvær hliðar
ok vilja þik sáran sjá.

Foul is the sign if thy foot shall stumble
As thou goest forth to fight;
Goddesses baneful at both thy sides
Will that wounds thou shalt get.

25

Kembður ok þveginn
skal kænna hverr
ok at morgni mettr,
því at ósýnt er,
hvar at aftni kemr;
illt er fyr heill at hrapa."

Combed and washed shall the wise man go,
And a meal at mom shall take;
For unknown it is where at eve he may be;
It is ill thy luck to lose.”

26 "*Nú er blóðugr örn*
bitrum hjörvi
bana Sigmundar
á baki ristinn;
engr var fremri,
sá er fold ryði,
hilmis arfi,
ok hugin gladdi."

“Now the bloody eagle with biting sword
Is carved on the back of Sigmund's killer;
Few were more fierce in fight than his son,
Who reddened the earth and gladdened the ravens.”

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