



GLANZ
UND
GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Þrymskviða

The Lay of Thrym

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

Public-domain sources · Codex Regius

GLANZ & GRAVUR
glanzundgravur.de

Brymskviða, the 'Lay of Thrym', is one of the best-loved and liveliest of the mythological poems of the Poetic Edda. It tells, with swift humour, how Thor wakes one morning to find that his hammer Mjöllnir has been stolen. Loki borrows Freyja's feather-dress and flies to Jötunheim, where the giant king Thrym boasts that he has buried the hammer eight leagues deep in the earth and will yield it only if Freyja is given to him as his bride. Freyja indignantly refuses. On Heimdall's advice Thor himself is dressed as the bride, veiled and adorned with the Brísingamen necklace, while Loki rides along as the serving-maid. At the wedding feast the supposed Freyja devours a whole ox, eight salmon and three tuns of mead, and her eyes blazing beneath the veil alarm the bridegroom — Loki explains it away as the bride's longing. When Thrym at last brings in the hammer to hallow the bride, Thor seizes Mjöllnir and slays the giant and all his kin. The Old Norse follows the Codex Regius (ed. Guðni Jónsson); the English is Henry Adams Bellows' translation (1923). Both are public domain.

Old Norse	English – H. A. Bellows (1923)
1 <i>Vreiðr var þá Vingþórr er hann vaknaði ok síns hamars of saknaði, skegg nam at hrista, skör nam at dýja, réð Jarðar burr um at þreifask.</i>	Wild was Vingthor when he awoke, And when his mighty hammer he missed; He shook his beard, his hair was bristling, As the son of Jorth about him sought.
2 <i>Ok hann þat orða alls fyrst of kvað: „Heyrðu nú, Loki, hvat ek nú mæli er eigi veit jarðar hvergi né upphimins: áss er stolinn hamri!“</i>	Hear now the speech that first he spake: 'Harken, Loki, and heed my words, Nowhere on earth is it known to man, Nor in heaven above: our hammer is stolen.'
3 <i>Gengu þeir fagra Freyju túna, ok hann þat orða alls fyrst of kvað: „Muntu mér, Freyja, fjaðrhams léa, ef ek minn hamar mættak hitta?“</i>	To the dwelling fair of Freyja went they, Hear now the speech that first he spake: 'Wilt thou, Freyja, thy feather-dress lend me, That so my hammer I may seek?'
4 <i>Freyja kvað: „Þó munda ek gefa þér þótt ór gulli væri, ok þó selja, at væri ór silfri.“</i>	Freyja spake: 'Thine should it be though of silver bright, And I would give it though 'twere of gold.'
5 <i>Fló þá Loki, - fjaðrhamr dunði, - unz fyr útan kom ása garða ok fyr innan kom jötna heima.</i>	Then Loki flew, and the feather-dress whirred, Till he left behind him the home of the gods, And reached at last the realm of the giants.

- 6 *Þrymr sat á haugi,
þursa dróttinn,
greyjum sínum
gullbönd sneri
ok mörum sínum
mön jafnaði.*
- Thrym sat on a mound, the giants' master,
Leashes of gold he laid for his dogs,
And stroked and smoothed the manes of his steeds.
- 7 *Þrymr kvað:
„Hvat er með ásum?
Hvat er með alfum?
Hví ertu einn kominn
í Jötunheima?“
Loki kvað:
„Illt er með ásum,
illt er með alfum;
hefr þú Hlórriða
hamar of folginn?“*
- Thrym spake:
'How fare the gods, how fare the elves?
Why comst thou alone to the giants' land?'
Loki spake:
'Ill fare the gods, ill fare the elves!
Hast thou hidden Hlorrithi's hammer?'
- 8 *Þrymr kvað:
„Ek hef Hlórriða
hamar of folginn
átta röstum
fyr jörð neðan;
hann engi maðr
aftr of heimtítr,
nema færi mér
Freyju at kvæn.“*
- Thrym spake:
'I have hidden Hlorrithi's hammer,
Eight miles down deep in the earth;
And back again shall no man bring it
If Freyja I win not to be my wife.'
- 9 *Fló þá Loki,
- fjaðrhamr dunði, -
unz fyr útan kom
jötna heima
ok fyr innan kom
ása garða.
Mætti hann þór
miðra garða,
ok þat hann orða
alls fyrst of kvað:*
- Then Loki flew, and the feather-dress whirred,
Till he left behind him the home of the giants,
And reached at last the realm of the gods.
There in the courtyard Thor he met:
Hear now the speech that first he spake:
- 10 *„Hefr þú erendi
sem erfiði?
Segðu á lofti
löng tíðendi,
oft sitjanda
sögur of fallask
ok liggjandi
lygi of bellir.“*
- 'Hast thou found tidings as well as trouble?
Thy news in the air shalt thou utter now;
Oft doth the sifter his story forget,
And lies he speaks who lays himself down.'

11 *Loki kvað:
„Hef ek erfiði
ok erendi;
Þrymr hefr þinn hamar,
þursa dróttinn;
hann engi maðr
aftr of heimtir,
nema hánun færi
Freyju at kván.“*

Loki spake:
‘Trouble I have, and tidings as well:
Thrym, king of the giants, keeps thy hammer,
And back again shall no man bring it
If Freyja he wins not to be his wife.’

12 *Ganga þeir fagra
Freyju at hitta,
ok hann þat orða
alls fyrst of kvað:
„Bittu þik, Freyja,
brúðar líni;
vit skulum aka tvau
í Jötunheima.“*

Freyja the fair then went they to find,
Hear now the speech that first he spake:
‘Bind on, Freyja, the bridal veil,
For we two must haste to the giants’ home.’

13 *Reið varð þá Freyja
ok fnasaði,
allr ása salr
undir bifðisk,
stökk þat it mikla
men Brísinga:
„Mik veiztu verða
vergjarnasta,
ef ek ek með þér
í Jötunheima.“*

Wrathful was Freyja, and fiercely she snorted,
And the dwelling great of the gods was shaken,
And burst was the mighty Brisings’ necklace:
‘Most lustful indeed should I look to all
If I journeyed with thee to the giants’ home.’

14 *Senn váru æsir
allir á þingi
ok ásynjur
allar á máli,
ok um þat réðu
ríkir tívar
hvé þeir Hlórriða
hamar of sætti.*

Then were the gods together met,
And the goddesses came and council held,
And the far-famed ones a plan would find,
How they might Hlorrithi’s hammer win.

15 *Þá kvað þat Heimdallr,
hvítastr ása,
vissi hann vel fram
sem vanir aðrir:
„Bindum vér þór þá
brúðar líni,
hafi hann it mikla
men Brísinga.*

Then Heimdall spake, whitest of the gods,
Like the Waners he knew the future well:
‘Bind we on Thor the bridal veil,
Let him bear the mighty Brisings’ necklace;

16 *Látum und hánun
hrynja lukla
ok kvenváðir
um kné falla,
en á brjósti
breiða steina
ok hagliga
um höfuð typpum."*

Keys around him let there rattle,
And down to his knees hang woman's dress;
With gems full broad upon his breast,
And a pretty cap to crown his head.'

17 *Þá kvað þat Þórr,
þrúðugr áss:
„Mik munu æsir
argan kalla,
ef ek bindask læt
brúðar líni!"*

Then Thor the mighty his answer made:
'Me would the gods unmanly call
If I let bind the bridal veil.'

18 *Þá kvað þat Loki
Laufeyjar sonr:
„Þegi þú, Þórr,
þeira orða.
Þegar munu jötnar
Ásgarð búa,
nema þú þinn hamar
þér of heimtir."*

Then Loki spake, the son of Laufey:
'Be silent, Thor, and speak not thus;
Else will the giants in Asgarth dwell
If thy hammer is brought not home to thee.'

19 *Bundu þeir Þór þá
brúðar líni
ok inu mikla
meni Brísinga,
léttu und hánun
hrynja lukla
ok kvenváðir
um kné falla,
en á brjósti
breiða steina,
ok hagliga
um höfuð typpðu.*

Then bound they on Thor the bridal veil,
And next the mighty Brisings' necklace.
Keys around him let they rattle,
And down to his knees hung woman's dress;
With gems full broad upon his breast,
And a pretty cap to crown his head.

20 *Þá kvað Loki
Laufeyjar sonr:
„Mun ek ok með þér
ambótt vera,
vit skulum aka tvær
í Jötunheima."*

Then Loki spake, the son of Laufey:
'As thy maid-servant thither I go with thee;
We two shall haste to the giants' home.'

21 *Senn váru hafrar
heim of reknir,
skyndir at sköklum,
skyldu vel renna;
björg brotnuðu,
brann jörð loga,
ók Óðins sonr
í Jötunheima.*

Then home the goats to the hall were driven,
They wrenched at the halters, swift were they to run;
The mountains burst, earth burned with fire,
And Othin's son sought Jotunheim.

22 *Þá kvað þat Þrymr,
þursa dróttinn:
„Standið upp, jötnar,
ok stráið bekki,
nú færa mér
Freyju at kván
Njarðar dóttur
ór Nóatúnum.*

Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
'Bestir ye, giants, put straw on the benches;
Now Freyja they bring to be my bride,
The daughter of Njorth out of Noatun.'

23 *Ganga hér at garði
gullhyrnðar kýr,
öxn alsvartir
jötni at gamni;
fjölð á ek meiðma,
fjölð á ek menja,
einnar mér Freyju
ávant þykkir.“*

'Gold-horned cattle go to my stables,
Jet-black oxen, the giant's joy;
Many my gems, and many my jewels,
Freyja alone did I lack, methinks.'

24 *Var þar at kveldi
of komit snemma
ok fyr jötna
öl fram borit;
einn át oxa,
átta laxa,
krásir allar,
þær er konur skyldu,
drakk Sifjar verr
sáld þrjú mjaðar.*

Early it was to evening come,
And forth was borne the beer for the giants;
Thor alone ate an ox, and eight salmon,
All the dainties as well that were set for the women;
And drank Sif's mate three tuns of mead.

25 *Þá kvat þat Þrymr,
þursa dróttinn:
„Hvar sátstu brúðir
bíta hvassara?
Sák-a ek brúðir
bíta breiðara,
né inn meira mjöð
mey of drekka.“*

Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
'Who ever saw bride more keenly bite?
I ne'er saw bride with a broader bite,
Nor a maiden who drank more mead than this!'

26 *Sat in alsnotra
ambótt fyrir,
er orð of fann
við jötuns máli:
„Át vætr Freyja
átta nóttum,
svá var hon óðfús
í Jötunheima.“*

Hard by there sat the serving-maid wise,
So well she answered the giant's words:
'From food has Freyja eight nights fasted,
So hot was her longing for Jotunheim.'

27 *Laut und línu,
lysti at kyssa,
en hann útan stökk
endlangan sal:
„Hví eru öndótt
augu Freyju?
þykki mér ór augum
eldr of brenna.“*

Thrym looked 'neath the veil, for he longed to kiss,
But back he leaped the length of the hall:
'Why are so fearful the eyes of Freyja?
Fire, methinks, from her eyes burns forth.'

28 *Sat in alsnotra
ambótt fyrir,
er orð of fann
við jötuns máli:
„Svaf vætr Freyja
átta nóttum,
svá var hon óðfús
í Jötunheima.“*

Hard by there sat the serving-maid wise,
So well she answered the giant's words:
'No sleep has Freyja for eight nights found,
So hot was her longing for Jotunheim.'

29 *Inn kom in arma
jötna systir,
hin er brúðféar
biðja þorði:
„Láttu þér af höndum
hringa rauða,
ef þú öðlask vill
ástir mínar,
ástir mínar,
alla hylli.“*

Soon came the giant's luckless sister,
Who feared not to ask the bridal fee:
'From thy hands the rings of red gold take,
If thou wouldst win my willing love,
(My willing love and welcome glad.)'

30 *Þá kvað þat Þrymr,
þursa dróttinn:
„Berð inn hamar
brúði at vígja,
lekkid Mjöllni
í meyjar kné,
vígð okkr saman
Várar hendi.“*

Then loud spake Thrym, the giants' leader:
'Bring in the hammer to hallow the bride;
On the maiden's knees let Mjollnir lie,
That us both the band of Vor may bless.'

31 *Hló Hlórriða
hugr í brjósti,
er harðhugaðr
hamar of þekkði;
Þrym drap hann fyrstan,
þursa dróttin,
ok ætt jötuns
alla lamði.*

The heart in the breast of Hlorrithi laughed
When the hard-souled one his hammer beheld;
First Thrym, the king of the giants, he killed,
Then all the folk of the giants he felled.

32 *Drap hann ína öldnu
jötna systur,
hín er brúðféar
of beðit hafði;
hon skell of hlaut
fyr skillinga,
en högg hamars
fyr hringa fjölda.
Svá kom Óðins sonr
endr at hamri.*

The giant's sister old he slew,
She who had begged the bridal fee;
A stroke she got in the shilling's stead,
And for many rings the might of the hammer.
And so his hammer got Othin's son.

Source & public domain: Old Norse after the Codex Regius (ed. Guðni Jónsson); English after Henry Adams Bellows (1923). Both public domain. Compiled by Glanz & Gravur.