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THE POETIC EDDA

Völuspá

The Prophecy of the Seeress

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

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The Völuspá ('Prophecy of the Seeress') is the great cosmological poem of the Poetic Edda: a seeress (völva) tells Odin of the creation of the world, its destruction at Ragnarök and its rebirth. It opens the Codex Regius. Here the Old Norse text (after the Codex Regius, ed. Guðni Jónsson) and Henry Adams Bellows' English translation (1923) are aligned stanza by stanza; all sources are in the public domain.

Old Norse	English – H. A. Bellows (1923)
1 <i>Hljóðs bið ek allar helgar kindir, meiri ok minni mögu Heimdallar; viltu at ek, Valföðr, vel fyr telja forn spjöll fira, þau er fremst of man.</i>	Hearing I ask from the holy races, From Heimdall's sons, both high and low; Thou wilt, Valfather, that well I relate Old tales I remember of men long ago.
2 <i>Ek man jötna ár of borna, þá er forðum mik fædda höfðu; nú man ek heima, nú íviðjur, mjötvíð mæran fyr mold neðan.</i>	I remember yet the giants of yore, Who gave me bread in the days gone by; Nine worlds I knew, the nine in the tree With mighty roots beneath the mold.
3 <i>Ár var alda, þat er ekki var, var-a sandr né sær né svalar unnir; jörð fannsk æva né upphiminn, gap var ginnunga en gras hvergi.</i>	Of old was the age when Ymir lived; Sea nor cool waves nor sand there were; Earth had not been, nor heaven above, But a yawning gap, and grass nowhere.
4 <i>Áðr Burs synir bjöðum of yppðu, þeir er Miðgarð mæran skópu; sól skein sunnan á salar steina, þá var grund gróin grænum lauki.</i>	Then Bur's sons lifted the level land, Mithgarth the mighty there they made; The sun from the south warmed the stones of earth, And green was the ground with growing leeks.
5 <i>Sól varp sunnan, sínni mána, hendi inni hægri um himinjöður; sól þat né vissi, hvar hon sali átti, máni þat né vissi, hvat hann megins átti, stjörnur þat né vissu hvar þær staði áttu.</i>	The sun, the sister of the moon, from the south Her right hand cast over heaven's rim; No knowledge she had where her home should be, The moon knew not what might was his, The stars knew not where their stations were.

6 þá gengu regin öll
á rökstóla,
ginnheilög goð,
ok um þat gættusk;
nótt ok niðjum
nöfn of gáfu,
morgin hétu
ok miðjan dag,
undorn ok aftan,
árum at telja.

Then sought the gods their assembly-seats,
The holy ones, and council held;
Names then gave they to noon and twilight,
Morning they named, and the waning moon,
Night and evening, the years to number.

7 Hittusk æsir
á lðavelli,
þeir er hörg ok hof
hátimbruðu;
afla lögðu,
auð smíðuðu,
tangir skópu
ok tól gerðu.

At Ithavoll met the mighty gods,
Shrines and temples they timbered high;
Forges they set, and they smithied ore,
Tongs they wrought, and tools they fashioned.

8 Tefldu í túni,
teitir váru,
var þeim vettergis
vant ór gulli,
uns þrjár kvámu
þursa meyjar
ámáttkar mjök
ór Jötunheimum.

In their dwellings at peace they played at tables,
Of gold no lack did the gods then know,--
Till thither came up giant-maids three,
Huge of might, out of Jotunheim.

9 þá gengu regin öll
á rökstóla,
ginnheilög goð,
ok um þat gættusk,
hverir skyldi dverga
dróttir skepja
ór Brimis blóði
ok ór Bláins leggjum.

Then sought the gods their assembly-seats,
The holy ones, and council held,
To find who should raise the race of dwarfs
Out of Brimir's blood and the legs of Blain.

10 Þar var Móðsognir
mæztr of orðinn
dverga allra,
en Durinn annarr;
þeir mannlíkun
mörg of gerðu
dvergar í jörðu,
sem Durinn sagði.

There was Motsognir the mightiest made
Of all the dwarfs, and Durin next;
Many a likeness of men they made,
The dwarfs in the earth, as Durin said.

- 11** *Nýi, Niði,
Norðri, Suðri,
Austri, Vestri,
Alþjófr, Dvalinn,
Nár ok Náinn
Nípingr, Dáinn
Bívurr, Bávurr,
Bömburr, Nóri,
Ánn ok Ánarr,
Óinn, Mjöðvitnir.*
- Nyi and Nithi, Northri and Suthri,
Austri and Vestri, Althjof, Dvalin,
Nar and Nain, Niping, Dain,
Bifur, Bofur, Bombur, Nori,
An and Onar, Ai, Mjothvitnir.
- 12** *Veggr ok Gandalf,
Vindalf, Þorinn,
Þrár ok Þráinn,
Þekkr, Littr ok Vittr,
Nýr ok Nýráðr,
nú hefi ek dverga,
Reginn ok Ráðsviðr,
rétt of talða.*
- Vigg and Gandalf, Vindalf, Thrain,
Thekk and Thorin, Thrór, Vit and Lit,
Nyr and Nyrath,-- now have I told--
Regin and Rathsvith-- the list aright.
- 13** *Fíli, Kíli,
Fundinn, Náli,
Hefti, Víli,
Hannar, Svíurr,
Billíng, Brúni,
Bíldr ok Buri,
Frár, Hornbori,
Frægr ok Lóni,
Aurvangr, Jari,
Eikinskjaldi.*
- Fili, Kili, Fundin, Nali,
Heptifili, Hannar, Sviur,
Frar, Hornbori, Fræg and Loni,
Aurvang, Jari, Eikinskjaldi.
- 14** *Mál er dverga
í Dvalins liði
ljóna kindum
til Lofars telja,
þeir er sóttu
frá salar steini
Aurvanga sjöt
til Jöruvalla.*
- The race of the dwarfs in Dvalin's throng
Down to Lofar the list must I tell;
The rocks they left, and through wet lands
They sought a home in the fields of sand.
- 15** *Þar var Draupnir
ok Dolgþrasir,
Hár, Haugspori,
Hlévangr, Glóinn,
Dóri, Óri
Dúfr, Andvari
Skirfir, Virfir,
Skáfiðr, Ái.*
- There were Draupnir and Dolgthrasir,
Hor, Haugspori, Hlevang, Gloin,
Dori, Ori, Duf, Andvari,
Skirfir, Virfir, Skafith, Ai.

- 16** *Alfr ok Yngvi,
Eikinskjalði,
Fjalarr ok Frosti,
Finnr ok Ginnarr;
þat mun æ uppi
meðan öld lifir,
langniðja tal
Lofars hafat.*
- Alf and Yngvi, Eikinskjalði,
Fjalar and Frosti, Fith and Ginnar;
So for all time shall the tale be known,
The list of all the forbears of Lofar.
- 17** *Unz þrír kvámu
ór því liði
öflgir ok ástkir
æsir at húsi,
fundu á landi
lítt megandi
Ask ok Emblu
örlöglausa.*
- Then from the throng did three come forth,
From the home of the gods, the mighty and
gracious;
Two without fate on the land they found,
Ask and Embla, empty of might.
- 18** *Önd þau né áttu,
óð þau né höfðu,
lá né læti
né litu góða;
önd gaf Óðinn,
óð gaf Hænir,
lá gaf Lóðurr
ok litu góða.*
- Soul they had not, sense they had not,
Heat nor motion, nor goodly hue;
Soul gave Othin, sense gave Hönir,
Heat gave Lothur and goodly hue.
- 19** *Ask veit ek standa,
heitir Yggdrasil,
hár baðmr, ausinn
hvíta auri;
þaðan koma döggar,
þærs í dala falla,
stendr æ yfir grænn
Urðarbrunni.*
- An ash I know, Yggdrasil its name,
With water white is the great tree wet;
Thence come the dews that fall in the dales,
Green by Urth's well does it ever grow.
- 20** *Þaðan koma meyjar
margs vitandi
þrjár ór þeim sæ,
er und þolli stendr;
Urð hétu eina,
aðra Verðandi,
- skáru á skíði, -
Skuld ina þriðju;
þær lög lögðu,
þær líf kuru
alda börnum,
örlög seggja.*
- Thence come the maidens mighty in wisdom,
Three from the dwelling down 'neath the tree;
Urth is one named, Verthandi the next,--
On the wood they scored,-- and Skuld the third.
Laws they made there, and life allotted
To the sons of men, and set their fates.

21 *Þat man hon folkvíg
fyrst í heimi,
er Gullveigu
geirum studdu
ok í höll Hárs
hana brenndu,
þrisvar brenndu,
þrisvar borna,
oft, ósjaldan,
þó hon enn lifir.*

The war I remember, the first in the world,
When the gods with spears had smitten Gollveig,
And in the hall of Hor had burned her,
Three times burned, and three times born,
Oft and again, yet ever she lives.

22 *Heiði hana hétu
hvars til húsa kom,
völu velspáa,
vitti hon ganda;
seið hon, hvars hon kunni,
seið hon hug leikinn,
æ var hon angan
illrar brúðar.*

Heith they named her who sought their home,
The wide-seeing witch, in magic wise;
Minds she bewitched that were moved by her
magic,
To evil women a joy she was.

23 *Þá gengu regin öll
á rökstóla,
ginnheilög goð,
ok um þat gættusk,
hvárt skyldu æsir
afráð gjalda
eða skyldu goðin öll
gildi eiga.*

Then sought the gods their assembly-seats,
The holy ones, and council held,
Whether the gods should tribute give,
Or to all alike should worship belong.

24 *Fleygði Óðinn
ok í folk of skaut,
þat var enn folkvíg
fyrst í heimi;
brotinn var borðveggr
borgar ása,
knáttu vanir vígspá
völlu sporna.*

On the host his spear did Othin hurl,
Then in the world did war first come;
The wall that girdled the gods was broken,
And the field by the warlike Wanes was trodden.

25 *Þá gengu regin öll
á rökstóla,
ginnheilög goð,
ok um þat gættusk,
hverir hefði loft allt
lævi blandit
eða ætt jötuns
Óðs mey gefna.*

Then sought the gods their assembly-seats,
The holy ones, and council held,
To find who with venom the air had filled,
Or had given Oth's bride to the giants' brood.

- 26** Þórr einn þar vá
þrunginn móði,
- hann sjaldan sitr -
er hann slíkt of fregn -:
á gengusk eiðar,
orð ok særi,
mál öll meginlig,
er á meðal fóru.
- In swelling rage then rose up Thor,--
Seldom he sits when he such things hears,--
And the oaths were broken, the words and bonds,
The mighty pledges between them made.
- 27** Veit hon Heimdallar
hljóð of folgit
und heiðvönum
helgum baðmi,
á sér hon ausask
augum forsi
af veði Valföðrs.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?
- I know of the horn of Heimdall, hidden
Under the high-reaching holy tree;
On it there pours from Valfather's pledge
A mighty stream: would you know yet more?
- 28** Ein sat hon úti,
þá er inn aldni kom
yggjungur ása
ok í augu leit.
Hvers fregnið mik?
Hví freistið mín?
Allt veit ek, Óðinn,
hvar þú auga falt,
í inum mæra
Mímisbrunni.
Drekkr mjöð Mímir
morgun hverjan
af veði Valföðrs.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?
- Alone I sat when the Old One sought me,
The terror of gods, and gazed in mine eyes:
'What hast thou to ask? why comest thou hither?
Othin, I know where thine eye is hidden.'
I know where Othin's eye is hidden,
Deep in the wide-famed well of Mimir;
Mead from the pledge of Othin each morn
Does Mimir drink: would you know yet more?
- 29** Valði henni Herföðr
hringa ok men,
fékk spjöll spaklig
ok spá ganda,
sá hon vítt ok of vítt
of veröld hverja.
- Necklaces had I and rings from Heerfather,
Wise was my speech and my magic wisdom;
Widely I saw over all the worlds.
- 30** Sá hon valkyrjur
vitt of komnar,
görvar at ríða
til Goðbjóðar;
Skuld helt skildi,
en Skögul önnur,
Gunnr, Hildr, Göndul
ok Geirskögul.
Nú eru talðar
nönnur Herjans,
görvar at ríða
grund valkyrjur.
- On all sides saw I Valkyries assemble,
Ready to ride to the ranks of the gods;
Skuld bore the shield, and Skogul rode next,
Guth, Hild, Gondul, and Geirskogul.
Of Herjan's maidens the list have ye heard,
Valkyries ready to ride o'er the earth.

31 *Ek sá Baldri,
blóðgum tívur,
Óðins barni,
örlög folgin;
stóð of vaxinn
völlum hæri
mjór ok mjök fagr
mistilteinn.*

I saw for Baldr, the bleeding god,
The son of Othin, his destiny set:
Famous and fair in the lofty fields,
Full grown in strength the mistletoe stood.

32 *Varð af þeim meiði,
er mæðr sýndisk,
harmflaug hættlig,
Höðr nam skjóta;
Baldrs bróðir var
of borinn snemma,
sá nam Óðins sonr
einnættir vega.*

From the branch which seemed so slender and fair
Came a harmful shaft that Hoth should hurl;
But the brother of Baldr was born ere long,
And one night old fought Othin's son.

33 *Þó hann æva hendr
né höfuð kembði,
áðr á bál of bar
Baldrs andskota;
en Frigg of grét
í Fensölum
vá Valhallar.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?*

His hands he washed not, his hair he combed not,
Till he bore to the bale-blaze Baldr's foe.
But in Fensalir did Frigg weep sore
For Valhall's need: would you know yet more?

34 *Þá kná Váli
vígbönd snúa,
heldr váru harðgör
höft ór þörmum.*

I know that Vali his brother gnawed,
With his bowels then was Loki bound.

35 *Haft sá hon liggja
und Hveralundi,
lægjarns líki
Loka áþekkjan;
þar sitr Sigyn
þeygi of sínum
ver vel glýjuð.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?*

One did I see in the wet woods bound,
A lover of ill, and to Loki like;
By his side does Sigyn sit, nor is glad
To see her mate: would you know yet more?

36 *Á fellur austan
um eitrdala
söxum ok sverðum,
Slíðr heitir sú.*

From the east there pours through poisoned vales
With swords and daggers the river Slith.

37 Stóð fyr norðan
á Niðavöllum
salr ór gulli
Sindra ættar;
en annarr stóð
á Ókólni
bjórsalr jötuns,
en sá Brimir heitir.

Northward a hall in Nithavellir
Of gold there rose for Sindri's race;
And in Okolnir another stood,
Where the giant Brimir his beer-hall had.

38 Sal sá hon standa
sólu fjarri
Náströndu á,
norðr horfa dyrr;
falla eitrdropar
inn um ljóra,
sá er undinn salr
orma hryggjum.

A hall I saw, far from the sun,
On Nastrond it stands, and the doors face north,
Venom drops through the smoke-vent down,
For around the walls do serpents wind.

39 Sá hon þar vaða
þunga strauma
menn meinsvara
ok morðvarga
ok þann er annars glepr
eyrarúnu;
þar saug Niðhöggr
nái framgengna,
sleit vargr vera.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?

I saw there wading through rivers wild
Treacherous men and murderers too,
And workers of ill with the wives of men;
There Nithhogg sucked the blood of the slain,
And the wolf tore men; would you know yet more?

40 Austr sat in aldna
í Járnvíði
ok fæddi þar
Fenris kindir;
verðr af þeim öllum
einna nokkurr
tungls tjúgari
í trölls hami.

The giantess old in Ironwood sat,
In the east, and bore the brood of Fenrir;
Among these one in monster's guise
Was soon to steal the sun from the sky.

41 Fyllisk fjörvi
feigra manna,
rýðr ragna sjöt
rauðum dreyra;
svört verða sólskin
um sumur eftir,
veðr öll válynd.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?

There feeds he full on the flesh of the dead,
And the home of the gods he reddens with gore;
Dark grows the sun, and in summer soon
Come mighty storms: would you know yet more?

42 *Sat þar á haugi
ok sló hörpu
gýgjar hirðir,
glaðr Eggþér;
gól of hánum
í galgviði
fagrrauðr hani,
sá er Fjalarr heitir.*

On a hill there sat, and smote on his harp,
Eggther the joyous, the giants' warder;
Above him the cock in the bird-wood crowed,
Fair and red did Fjalarr stand.

43 *Gól of ásum
Gullinkambi,
sá vekr hólða
at Herjaðöðrs;
en annarr gelr
fyr jörð neðan
sótrauðr hani
at sölum Heljar.*

Then to the gods crowed Gollinkambi,
He wakes the heroes in Othin's hall;
And beneath the earth does another crow,
The rust-red bird at the bars of Hel.

44 *Geyr nú Garmr mjök
fyr Gnipahelli,
festr mun slítna,
en freki renna;
fjölð veit ek fræða,
fram sé ek lengra
um ragna rök
römm sigtíva.*

Now Garm howls loud before Gnipahellir,
The fetters will burst, and the wolf run free;
Much do I know, and more can see
Of the fate of the gods, the mighty in fight.

45 *Bræðr munu berjask
ok at bönum verðask,
munu systrungar
sifjum spilla;
hart er í heimi,
hórdómr mikill,
skeggöld, skalmöld,
skildir ro klofnir,
vindöld, vargöld,
áðr veröld steypisk;
mun engi maðr
öðrum þyrma.*

Brothers shall fight and fell each other,
And sisters' sons shall kinship stain;
Hard is it on earth, with mighty whoredom;
Axe-time, sword-time, shields are sundered,
Wind-time, wolf-time, ere the world falls;
Nor ever shall men each other spare.

46 *Leika Míms synir,
en mjötuðr kyndisk
at inu galla
Gjallarhorni;
hátt blæss Heimdallr,
horn er á lofti,
mælir Óðinn
við Míms höfuð.*

Fast move the sons of Mim, and fate
Is heard in the note of the Gjallarhorn;
Loud blows Heimdall, the horn is aloft,
In fear quake all who on Hel-roads are.

- 47 *Skelfr Yggdrasils
askr standandi,
ymr it aldna tré,
en jötunn losnar;
hræðask allir
á helvegum
áðr Surtar þann
sefi of gleypir.*
- 48 *Hvat er með ásum?
Hvat er með alfum?
Gnýr allr Jötunheimr,
æsir ro á þingi,
stynja dvergar
fyr steindurum,
veggbergs vísir.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?*
- 49 *Geyr nú Garmr mjök
fyr Gnipahelli,
festr mun slitna
en freki renna;
fjölð veit ek fræða,
fram sé ek lengra
um ragna rök
römm sigtíva.*
- 50 *Hrymr ekr austan,
hefisk lind fyrir,
snýsk Jörmungandr
í jötunmóði;
ormr knýr unnir,
en ari hlakkar,
slítr nái niðfölr,
Naglfar losnar.*
- 51 *Kjöll ferr austan,
koma munu Múspells
of lög Lýðir,
en Loki stýrir;
fara fíflmegir
með freka allir,
þeim er bróðir
Býleists í för.*
- Yggdrasil shakes, and shiver on high
The ancient limbs, and the giant is loose;
To the head of Mim does Othin give heed,
But the kinsman of Surt shall slay him soon.
- How fare the gods? how fare the elves?
All Jotunheim groans, the gods are at council;
Loud roar the dwarfs by the doors of stone,
The masters of the rocks: would you know yet
more?
- Now Garm howls loud before Gnipahellir,
The fetters will burst, and the wolf run free;
Much do I know, and more can see
Of the fate of the gods, the mighty in fight.
- From the east comes Hrym with shield held high;
In giant-wrath does the serpent writhe;
O'er the waves he twists, and the tawny eagle
Gnaws corpses screaming; Naglfar is loose.
- O'er the sea from the north there sails a ship
With the people of Hel, at the helm stands Loki;
After the wolf do wild men follow,
And with them the brother of Byleist goes.

- 52 *Surtr ferr sunnan
með sviga lævi,
skínn af sverði
sól valtiva;
grjótbjörg gnata,
en gífr rata,
troða halir helveg,
en himinn klofnar.*
- Surtr fares from the south with the scourge of
branches,
The sun of the battle-gods shone from his sword;
The crags are sundered, the giant-women sink,
The dead throng Hel-way, and heaven is cloven.
- 53 *Þá kemr Hlínar
harmr annarr fram,
er Óðinn ferr
við ulf vega,
en bani Belja
bjartr at Surti;
þá mun Friggjar
falla angan.*
- Now comes to Hlin yet another hurt,
When Othin fares to fight with the wolf,
And Beli's fair slayer seeks out Surt,
For there must fall the joy of Frigg.
- 54 *Geyr nú Garmr mjök
fyr Gnipahelli,
festr mun slitna,
en freki renna;
fjölð veit ek fræða,
fram sé ek lengra
um ragna rök
römm sigtiva.*
- Now Garm howls loud before Gnipahellir,
The fetters will burst, and the wolf run free;
Much do I know, and more can see
Of the fate of the gods, the mighty in fight.
- 55 *Þá kemr inn mikli
mögr Sigföður,
Víðarr, vega
at valdýri.
Lætr hann megi Hveðrungs
mundum standa
hjör til hjarta,
þá er hefnt föður.*
- Then comes Sigfather's mighty son,
Vithar, to fight with the foaming wolf;
In the giant's son does he thrust his sword
Full to the heart: his father is avenged.
- 56 *Þá kemr inn mæri
mögr Hlóðynjar,
gengr Óðins sonr
við orm vega,
drepr af móði
Miðgarðs véurr,
munu halir allir
heimstöð ryðja;
gengr fet níu
Fjörgynjar burr
neppr frá naðri
níðs ókvíðnum.*
- Hither there comes the son of Hlothyn,
The bright snake gapes to heaven above;
Against the serpent goes Othin's son.
In anger smites the warder of earth,--
Forth from their homes must all men flee;-
Nine paces fares the son of Fjorgyn,
And, slain by the serpent, fearless he sinks.

57 *Sól tér sortna,
sígr fold í mar,
hverfa af himni
heiðar stjörnur;
geisar eimi
ok aldrnari,
leikr hár hiti
við himin sjalfan.*

The sun turns black, earth sinks in the sea,
The hot stars down from heaven are whirled;
Fierce grows the steam and the life-feeding flame,
Till fire leaps high about heaven itself.

58 *Geyr nú Garmr mjök
fyr Gnípahelli,
festr mun slitna
en freki renna;
fjölð veit ek fræða
fram sé ek lengra
um ragna rök
römm sigtíva.*

Now Garm howls loud before Gnípahellir,
The fetters will burst, and the wolf run free;
Much do I know, and more can see
Of the fate of the gods, the mighty in fight.

59 *Sér hon upp koma
öðru sinni
jörð ór ægi
iðjagræna;
falla forsar,
flýgr örn yfir,
sá er á fjalli
fiska veiðir.*

Now do I see the earth anew
Rise all green from the waves again;
The cataracts fall, and the eagle flies,
And fish he catches beneath the cliffs.

60 *Finnask æsir
á lðavelli
ok um moldþinur
máttkan dæma
ok minnask þar
á megingdóma
ok á Fimbultýs
fornar rúnir.*

The gods in Ithavoll meet together,
Of the terrible girdler of earth they talk,
And the mighty past they call to mind,
And the ancient runes of the Ruler of Gods.

61 *Þar munu eftir
undrsamligar
gullnar töflur
í grasi finnask,
þærs í árdaga
áttar höfðu.*

In wondrous beauty once again
Shall the golden tables stand mid the grass,
Which the gods had owned in the days of old.

62 *Munu ósánir
akrar vaxa,
böls mun alls batna,
Baldr mun koma;
búa þeir Höðr ok Baldr
Hrofts sigtoftir,
vé valtíva.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?*

Then fields unsowed bear ripened fruit,
All ills grow better, and Baldr comes back;
Baldr and Hoth dwell in Hropt's battle-hall,
And the mighty gods: would you know yet more?

63 þá kná Hænir
hlautvið kjósa
ok burir byggja
bræðra tveggja
vindheim víðan.
Vituð ér enn - eða hvat?

Then Hönir wins the prophetic wand,
And the sons of the brothers of Tveggi abide
In Vindheim now: would you know yet more?

64 Sal sér hon standa
sólu fegra,
gulli þakðan
á Gimléi;
þar skulu dyggvar
dróttir byggja
ok um aldrdaga
ynðis njóta.

More fair than the sun, a hall I see,
Roofed with gold, on Gimle it stands;
There shall the righteous rulers dwell,
And happiness ever there shall they have.

65 Þá kemr inn ríki
at regindómi
öflugr ofan,
sá er öllu ræðr.

There comes on high, all power to hold,
A mighty lord, all lands he rules.

66 Þar kemr inn dimmi
dreki fljúgandi,
naðr fránn, neðan
frá Niðafjöllum;
berr sér í fjöðrum,
- flýgr völl yfir, -
Niðhöggr nái.
Nú mun hon sökkvask.

From below the dragon dark comes forth,
Nithogg flying from Nithafjöll;
The bodies of men on his wings he bears,
The serpent bright: but now must I sink.

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