

GLANZ UND GRAVUR

THE POETIC EDDA

Völuspá in skamma

The Short Völuspá

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

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A brief sketch of the history of the gods and the world up to its coming end, inserted into the Lay of Hyndla. Snorri quotes one stanza from it under the name ‘Völuspá in skamma’. Preserved in Flateyjarbók. 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	*Váru ellifu* *æsir talðir,* *Baldr er hné,* *við banaþúfu;* *þess lézk Váli* *verðr at hefna,* *síns of bróður* *sló hann handbana.*	Eleven in number the gods were known, When Baldr o'er the hill of death was bowed; And this to avenge was Vali swift, When his brother's slayer soon he slew.
2	*Var Baldrs faðir* *Burs arfþegi,* *Freyr átti Gerði,* *hon var Gymis dóttir,* *jötna ættar,* *ok Aurboðu;* *þó var Þjazi,* *þeira frændi,* *skrautgjarn jötunn,* *hans var Skaði dóttir.*	The father of Baldr was the heir of Bur, Freyr's wife was Gerth, the daughter of Gymir, Of the giants' brood, and Aurbotha bore her; To these as well was Thjazi kin, The dark-loving giant; his daughter was Skathi.
3	*Margt segjum þér* *ok munum fleira;* *vörumk, at viti svá.* *Viltu enn lengra?*	Much have I told thee, and further will tell; There is much that I know;– wilt thou hear yet more?
4	*Haki var Hveðnu* *hóti beztr sona,* *en Hveðnu var* *Hjörvarðr faðir;* *Heiðr ok Hrossþjófr* *Hrímnis kindar.*	Of Hvethna's sons was Haki the best, And Hjorvarth the father of Hvethna was; Heith and Hrossthjof, the children of Hrimnir.
5	*Eru völur allar* *frá Viðolfi,* *vitkar allir* *frá Vilmeiði,* *seiðberendr* *frá Svarthöfða,* *jötnar allir* *frá Ymi komnir.*	The sybils arose from Vitholf's race, From Vilmeith all the seers are, And the workers of charms are Svarthofthi's children, And from Ymir sprang the giants all.

6

Margt segjum þér
ok munum fleira;
vörumk, at viti svá.
Viltu enn lengra?

Much have I told thee, and further will tell;
There is much that I know;— wilt thou hear yet more?

7

Varð einn borin
í árdaga
rammaukinn mjök
rögna kindar;
níu báru þann
naddgöfgan mann
jötna meyjar
við jarðar þröm.

One there was born in the bygone days,
Of the race of the gods, and great was his might;
Nine giant women, at the world's edge,
Once bore the man so mighty in arms.

8

Hann Gjalp of bar,
hann Greip of bar,
bar hann Eistla
ok Eyrgjafa,
hann bar Ulfrún
ok Angeyja,
Imdr ok Atla
ok Járnsaxa.

Gjolp there bore him, Greip there bore him,
Eistla bore him, and Eyrgjafa,
Ulfrun bore him, and Angeyja,
Imth and Atla, and Jarnsaxa.

9

Sá var aukinn
jarðar megni,
svalköldum sæ
ok sónardreyra.

Strong was he made with the strength of earth,
With the ice-cold sea, and the blood of swine.

10

Margt segjum þér
ok munum fleira;
vörumk, at viti svá.
Viltu enn lengra?

Much have I told thee, and further will tell;
There is much that I know;— wilt thou hear yet more?

11

Ól ulf Loki
við Angrboðu,
en Sleipni gat
við Svaðilfara;
eitt þótti skass
allra feiknast,
þat var bróður frá
Býleists komit.

The wolf did Loki with Angrbotha win,
And Sleipnir bore he to Svathilfari;
The worst of marvels seemed the one
That sprang from the brother of Byleist then.

12

Loki át hjarta
lindi brenndu,
fann hann halfsviðinn
hugstein konu;
varð Loftr kviðugr
af konu illri;
þaðan er á foldu
flagð hvert komit.

A heart ate Loki,— in the embers it lay,
And half-cooked found he the woman's heart;—
With child from the woman Lopt soon was,
And thence among men came the monsters all.

13

Haf gengr hríðum
við himin sjalfan,
líðr lönd yfir,
en loft bilar;
þaðan koma snjóvar
ok snarir vindar;
þá er í ráði,
at rögn of þrjóti.

The sea, storm-driven, seeks heaven itself,
O'er the earth it flows, the air grows sterile;
Then follow the snows and the furious winds,
For the gods are doomed, and the end is death.

14

Varð einn borinn
öllum meiri,
sá var aukinn
jarðar megni;
þann kveða stilli
stórúðgastan
sif sifjaðan
sjötum görvöllum.

One there was born, the best of all,
And strong was he made with the strength of earth;
The proudest is called the kinsman of men
Of the rulers all throughout the world.

15

Þá kemr annarr
enn máttkari,
þó þori ek eigi
þann at nefna;
fáir séa nú
fram of lengra
en Óðinn mun
ulfi mæta.

Then comes another, a greater than all,
Though never I dare his name to speak;
Few are they now that farther can see
Than the moment when Othin shall meet the wolf.

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