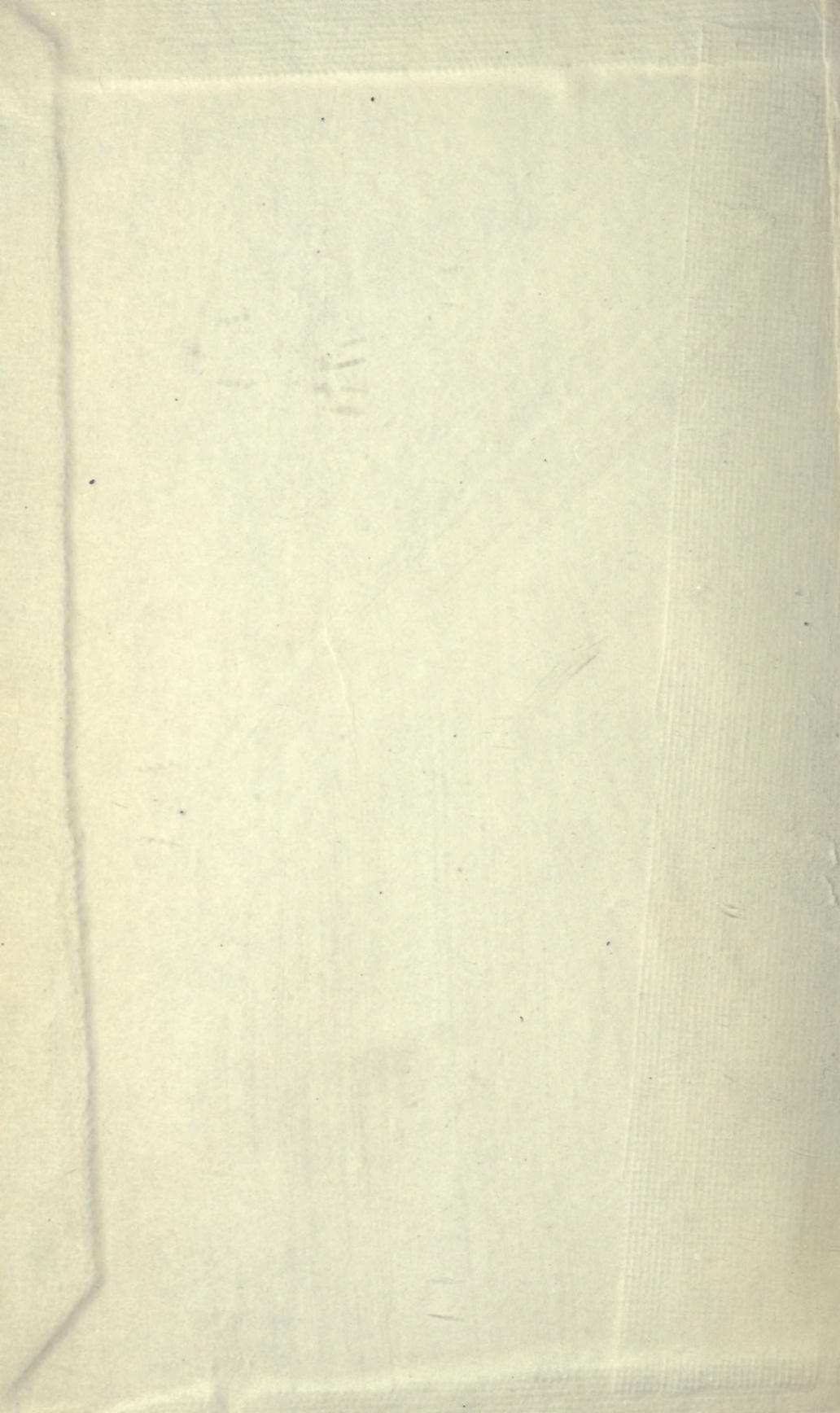
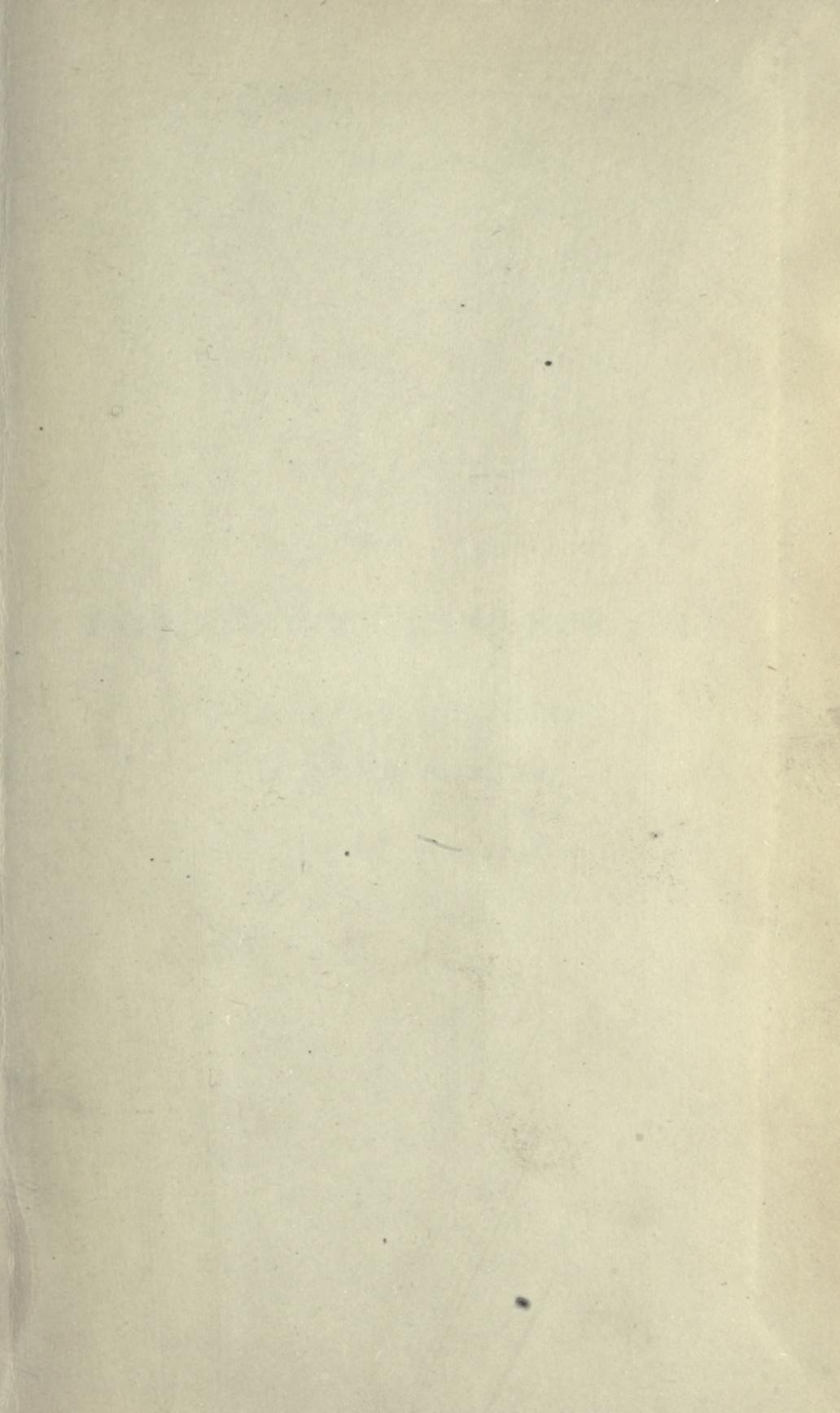


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CORPVS POETICVM BOREALE

THE POETRY

OF THE

OLD NORTHERN TONGUE

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

EDITED

CLASSIFIED AND TRANSLATED

WITH

INTRODUCTION, EXCURSUS, AND NOTES

BY

GUDBRAND VIGFUSSON, M.A.

AND

F. YORK POWELL, M.A.

VOL. I

EDDIC POETRY

Oxford

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CONTENTS.

VOLUME I. EDDIC POEMS.

INTRODUCTION.	PAGE
§ 1. Decadence of the Old Learning in Iceland	xvii
§ 2. Revival—Arngrim the Learned, etc.	xx
§ 3. Bishop Bryniolf, etc.	xxii
§ 4. The word Edda, History of—	
a. Before A.D. 1642	xxvi
b. In and after A.D. 1642	xxxiii
§ 5. Icelandic Diplomatics	xxxvii
§ 6. MSS. used in these volumes	xli
§ 7. Old Teutonic Poems, Lombard, German, English, etc.	l
§ 8. Place and Date of Eddic Songs	lvi
§ 9. Classification of Eddic Songs	lxiv
§ 10. Collection of Eddic Songs, when made	lxxi
§ 11. Citations of Eddic Songs	lxxvi
§ 12. The origin and objects of Court Poetry	lxxx
§ 13. State of Text and of Court Poetry	lxxxii
§ 14. Textual Emendations	lxxxviii
§ 15. Former Editions and Commentaries	xcii
§ 16. The true position and value of the Prose Edda	xcvii
§ 17. Some mythologic aspects of Old Northern Poetry	ci
§ 18. Spelling and arrangement of this Edition	cvii
§ 19. The Translation, its purport and design	cxiv
§ 20. The growth and aims of the present Edition	cxviii
Appendage to Introduction. Final Readings, etc.	cxciv

BOOK I. OLDEST NORTHERN POETRY.

§ 1. Old Ethic Poems. See notes, p. 459.	
The Guest's Wisdom [G. W.]	2
Song of Saws [S. S.]	14
The Lesson of Loddafni [Less.]	16
Fragment of a Lost Lay	20
§ 2. Mythical Ensamples. See notes, p. 463.	
Woden's Love Lessons [Love Less.]	20
§ 3. The Old Ritual. See notes, p. 466.	
Háva-mál—The High One's Lesson [Hávam.]	23
Fragments of a Spell Song [Spell S.]	29
§ 4. Old Heroic Teaching. See notes, p. 469.	
✓ The Old Play of the Wolsungs [O. W. Pl.]	30

§ 5. The Oldest Epics. See notes, p. 472.	PAGE
✓ Atla-kviða in Groenlenzka—The Old Lay of Atli [Akv.]	44
Hamðis-mál—The Old Lay of Hamtheow [Hamð.]	52
Lay of Theodrick the Goth	59

BOOK II. EARLIEST WESTERN POEMS.

§ 1. Didactic Mythology. See notes, p. 478.	
Vafþrūðnis-mál—The Lesson of Wafthrudni [Vþm.]	61
Grimnis-mál—The Sayings of the Hooded One [Grimn.]	69
Mnemonic Verses relating to Mythology	77
Alviss-mál—The Wisdom of Allwise the Dwarf [Alvm.]	81
King Heidrek's Riddles [Riddles]	86
The Lay of Swipday and Menglad [Swipd. M.]	92
§ 2. The Western Islands' Aristophanes. See notes, p. 486.	
Loka-senna—The Flyting of Loki [Lokas., Ls.]	100
The Lay of Skirmi—Skirnis-mál	110
Harbards-lióð—The Lay of Hoarbeard [Harb.]	117
The Flyting of Ivar and Woden [Flyt. Iv.]	123
§ 3. Mythic Fragments. See notes, p. 489.	
Fragments of lost Mythological Poems—Heimdallar-galdr—	
Lays of Niord and Skadi—Balder—Thor and Garfred, etc.	125

BOOK III. EARLY WESTERN EPICS.

§ 1. The Helgi Poet. See notes, p. 489, and introd., p. cxxx.	
The HELGI TRIOLOGY—	
Helgi and Sigrún. First Helga-kviða [Helgi i]	131
Helgi and Swava [Helgi ii]	144
Helgi and Kára—Káro-lióð [Helgi iii]	148
Volsunga-kviða in Forna—Old Tale of the Wolsungs [Volskv.]	150
Helgi and Sigrún (fragment) [Helgi i. b.]	151
Lay of Atli and Rimegerd the Giantess [Rimeg.]	151
The Western Wolsung-Lay [W. W. L.]	155
Hialmar's Death-Song [Hialm. D.]	159
The Waking of Angantheow [Wak.]	163
§ 2. The Ballad Poet. See notes, p. 496.	
The Lay of Weyland [Volskv.]	168
Þryms-kviða—The Lay of Thrym [þkv., þrym.]	175
Balder's Doom [Doom]	181
Grotta-songr—The Mill-Song [Grott.]	184
Biarka-mál in Forno—The Old Lay of Biarki [Biark.]	188
Fragments of a Lost Lay of Rolf Kraki	190
Fragment of Hildibrand's Lost Lay	190
§ 3. The Sibyl's Poet. See notes, vol. ii, p. 642.	
Volo-Spá—The Sibyl's Prophecy [Vsp.]	192
See Reconstructed Text, vol. ii, p. 621.	
See also Short Wolospa [Sh. Vsp.], vol. ii, p. 629.	

CONTENTS.

vii

§ 4. The Christian Poet. See notes, p. 508.	PAGE
Sólar-lióð—The Sun-song [Sol.]	202
The Christian's Wisdom [Chr. W.]	211

BOOK IV. EARLY HISTORIC POEMS.

§ 1. The Hymi Poet. See notes, pp. 511-514, and introd., p. lxx.	
Hymis-kviða—Lay of Hymi [Hym.]	219
§ 2. Genealogical Lays. See notes, vol. ii, p. 515, and vol. i, p. 514.	
Hyndlo-lióð and Volo-spá in Skamma—Lay of Hyndla [Hyndl.]	
For Reconstruction of Hyndla's Lay, see vol. ii, pp. 515-517.	
For Reconstruction of Short Wolospa [an independent poem], see vol. ii, p. 629	225
Rigs-pula—The Lay of Righ [Rigsm.] See notes, p. 514	234
Ynglinga-tal—The Generations of the Ynglings [Yt., Yngl.]	242
For Ynglinga-tal, restored, see vol. ii, p. 655. See also notes, vol. i, p. 520.	
Háleygja-tal—The Generations of the HALEYG EARLS [Hlt.], cp. vol. ii, Excursus IV	251
For Háleygja-tal, restored, see vol. ii, p. 657.	
§ 3. Early Encomia. See notes, p. 529.	
Hornklofi's Raven-song [Hornkl.]	254
Eiriks-mál—The Dirge of King Eric [Eirm.]	259
Hákonar-mál—The Dirge of Hakon Æthelstan's Foster-son [Hakm.]	262
§ 4. Egil Skallagrímsson. See notes, p. 534.	
Höfuð-lauss—The Head-ransom [Höfuðl.]	266
Arinbiom's Lay [Ad.]	271
Sona-torrek—The Sons' Wreck [Sonat.]	276
For Reconstruction of Sona-torrek, see pp. 621-628.	
§ 5. Sigtrygg's Poet. See notes, p. 553.	
Darráðar-lióð—The Lay of Darts [Darr.]	281

BOOK V. THE LATEST EPICS.

§ 1. Sigfred's Ballad Poet. See notes, p. 556.	
The Lay of Gripi [Grip.]	285
§ 2. The Brunhild Poet. See notes, p. 556.	
The Long Lay of Brunhild [L. B. L.]	293
Fragment of a Short Brunhild Lay [Short Brunh. L.]	306
Oddrúnar-grátr—Lamentation of Ordrun [Oddr.]	309
Fragments from Lost Lays of the Lacuna	314
§ 3. The Gudrun Poet. See notes, p. 559.	
Guðrúnar-kviða in Forná—The Old Lay of Gudrun [O. G. L.]	315
The Ordeal of Gudrun [Ord.]	322
Guðrúnar-kviða—The Tale of Gudrun [Gkv.]	323
Treg-róf Guðrúnar—Gudrun's Chain of Woe [Tregr.]	328
§ 4. The Atli Poet. See notes, p. 562.	
Atla-mál in Grœnlensko—The Greenland Lay of Atli [Atlam.]	331
Fragment of an Atli Lay	347

§ 5. The Huns' Cycle. See notes, p. 565.	PAGE
Hlod and Angantheow's Lay [Hlod and Ang.]	348
Fragment of an Angantheow Lay	352
§ 6. Heroic Muster Rolls. See notes, p. 567.	
Fragment of a Starkad Lay	355

BOOK VI. SCHOLIA.

§ 1. Ditties.	
Mythical, Ghosts, Dreams	357
Historical and Anecdotic	360
Epigrammatic	368
Ditties on Runic Stones in Sweden and Norway	370
§ 2. Torf-Einar Metre.	
Wicking Songs [Wick. Cp. ix. 2, § 6, 7]	371
APPENDIX TO VOL. I.	
A. Duplicate or Double Texts	375
B. Extracts of Songs from Saxo Grammaticus	381
C. The Lost Lays of the Lacuna Englished from the Wolsunga Paraphrase	391
ADDENDA	400

EXCURSUS.

I. BELIEFS AND WORSHIP OF THE ANCIENT NORTHMEN.	
The Temple and Sacrifice—Sortilege, Divination—Ancestor Worship—Vows and Oaths—Demoniacal Possession—The Calendar	401
II. ON THE NORTHERN AND OLD TEUTONIC METRES.	
Definition and Notation—The Cædmonian or Old Long Line— Dialogue-metre—Western or Helgi Poets' or Cynewolf's Short Epic-metre—Northern or Ynglinga Short Epic-metre—Turf- Einar-metre—Krákomal-line—The Line of Bragi—The Regular Court-metre—The Eight-measured Court-metre—Four-meas- ured Court-metres of Thormod and of Sighvat—Spondaic Shiver-metre—Echo-metre—Docked-metres—End-rhyme— Burdens—The Drapa or Encomium—The Flokk or Ode—The Stal or Fill-gap—The Kenning or Synonym in its Metrical aspect	432
NOTES to text of the <i>Eddic Poems</i>	459
NOTES ON BALLAD POETRY	501
SONA-TORREK RECONSTRUCTED	544
Note on RUNES, Tune-stone, Runes 9, 11	572
Mythic Poetical Gradus (cp. vol. ii, p. 618)	574
Errata	576

VOLUME II. COURT POEMS.

BOOK VII. HEATHEN POETRY IN COURT-METRE.

	PAGE
§ 1. Mythical Court Poems. Shield Song type (10th century). See notes, p. 563.	
Bragi's Shield-Lay (Ragnars-drápa) [Bragi]	2
Thiodwolf's Haust-long—Harvest Lay or Shield-Song [Haust.]	9
Eilif Gudrunsson's Þórs-drápa [Þd.]	17
" " Lay on Christ	22
Ulf Uggason's Hús-drápa (The Lay of the House) [Husd.] . .	22
Mythical Fragments in Court-metre, by Olvi Hnufa, Eysteinn Valdason, Vetrliði, Þorbiorn Dísar-skald, Gamli (all on Thor, fragments)	26
§ 2. Royal Court Poems (before A.D. 970). See notes, p. 565.	
Hornklofi's Glym-drápa	27
Guthorm Sindri's Hákonar-drápa	30
Cormac Ögmundsson's Sigrœðar-drápa [Korm.]	32
Eywind's Improvisations	33
<i>The Sons of Gundhild and their Poets</i> (A.D. 970-976).	
Glúm Geirason's Gráfeldar-drápa	39
<i>Earl Hakon's Poets</i> (976-995).	
Einarr Skálaglam's Vellekla, or Lack Lucre [Vell.]	44
" " Fragments of a later Drapa	48
Tindr Hallkelsson	49
Þorleifr Rauðfeldarson	51
Þórolfr Muðr	51
Eilífr	51
Eyiolfr Dada-skald's Banda-drápa	51
§ 3. Poems of Incident (before A.D. 1000). See notes, p. 570.	
<i>Sailor Poets.</i>	
Hafgerðinga-drápa, or Seawalls' Song	54
Svein's Norðseta-drápa (Norset Song)	54
Snæbiorn	54
Ormr Barreyjar-skald	55
<i>Icelandic Poets.</i>	
Hromund and his Sons	55
Thorarin the Black's Máhlíðinga-vísor	57
Ord (Oddr) and the Sons of Hialti—Illuga-drápa	61
Völo-Stein's Ögmundar-drápa	62
Steinþórr	62
Bárœðar-drápa	62

§ 4. Improvisations. See notes, p. 573.	PAGE
Cormak's Stray Verses	63
Holmgongo-Bersi	70
Egil's Improvisations	71
Viga- <i>Glum</i> and his Fellows (<i>Brusi, Vigfus</i>)	73
Hávarðr <i>Halti</i>	76
Satires by Icelanders	77

BOOK VIII. CHRISTIAN COURT POETRY.

§ 1. <i>Olaf Tryggwason</i> (995-1001). See notes, p. 574.	
<i>Hallfræðr Vandræða-scald</i> :	
1. <i>Olafs-drápa, or Olaf's Dirge</i>	90
2. The Older Praise of <i>Olaf</i>	94
3. On <i>Earl Rognwald (or Earl Hakon?)</i>	95
4. On <i>Earl Eric</i>	96
5. Improvisations	96
<i>Earl Eric Hakonsson</i> (1000-1014).	
<i>Halldórr Úkristni</i>	100
<i>Skúli Þorsteinnsson</i>	102
<i>Thorroðr Kolbeinnsson</i> :	
1. <i>Eireks-drápa</i>	102
2. <i>Dirge on Gunlaug</i>	105
3. <i>Lausa-vísor</i>	105
The <i>Lithsmen's Song</i>	106
<i>Biorn the Hitdale Champion (Niðvísa, Grámaga-flim)</i>	108
<i>Gunlaug Snakestongue</i> :	
1. Praise on <i>Æthelred</i>	111
2. Praise on <i>Sigtryg, King of Dublin</i>	111
3. Improvisations	111
<i>Hrafn Önundarson (Skald-Hrafn)</i>	112
<i>Gretti the Strong</i>	113
<i>Gestr Þórhallason</i>	114
<i>Þormóðr Trefilsson's Hrafnus-mál</i>	115
<i>Skapti Þóroddsson's Kristz-drápa</i>	115
§ 2. <i>St. Olaf and Cnut</i> (1015-1040). See notes, p. 579.	
<i>Sighvat the Poet</i> :	
1. The First Praise of <i>Olaf [Sighvat i]</i>	124
2. <i>Nesja-vísor [Sigh. ii]</i>	127
3. <i>Austrfarar-vísor, or Eastern Travel Verses [Sigh. iii]</i>	129
4. <i>Vestrfarar-vísor, or Western Travel Verses [Sigh. iv]</i>	133
5. <i>Tog-drápa, or Stretch-Song on King Cnut [Sigh. v]</i>	135
6. <i>Dirge on Erling [Sigh. vi]</i>	137
7. <i>Olafs Drápa—Olaf's Dirge [Sigh. vii]</i>	138
8. <i>Pilgrimage, etc. [Sigh. viii]</i>	143
9. <i>Magnus and Anstrid [Sigh. ix]</i>	144
10. <i>Bersoglis-vísor—The Plain-speaking Verses [Sigh. x]</i>	145
11. <i>Lauta-vísor [Sigh. xi]</i>	148

	PAGE
Othere the Black (Óttarr Svarti):	
1. Höfuð-lausn, on St. Olaf	152
2. Knútz-drápa	155
3. On Olaf the King of Sweden	157
4. Improvisations	157
Thorarinn Praisetongue (Loftunga):	
1. Tog-drápa, on King Cnut	159
2. Höfuð-lausn (Head-ransom), on King Cnut	160
3. Glælogns-kviða—Shrine Song	160
Hallvard Háreks-blei's Knútz-drápa	161
Biarni Gullbrá's Kalfs-flokkr	163
Þórðr Siáreksson:	
1. Róða-drápa—The Road Song	165
2. On Thoralf Skolmsson	165
3. An unknown Song	166
Gizur Gullbrárskald [Goldbrow's Poet]	166
Skald-Refr:	
1. On Thorstein Egilsson?	166
2. Dirge on Gizur Gullbrár-skald	167
3. Of a Voyage	167
4. Riddle	168
Minor Fragments of the age of St. Olaf:	
Bersi Skald-Torfoson (on St. Olaf and on Klong)	169
Iokull Bárðarson	170
Hárekr or Þjóttó	170
The Poets at Stiklastad	170
Bryniolfr Ulfaldi	171
Skald-Helgi	171
Tryggva-flokkr	171
Olaf Helgi	172
Þormóðr Kolbrúnar-skald (Coalbrow Poet)	172
§ 3. The Court Poetry of Magnus and Harold Hardrede (the Orkney Earls, Sweyn Estrithsson), (1040-1070). See notes, p. 592.	
Arnórr Iarla-skald (Earls' Poet):	
1. Hrynhenda [Arnor i]	186
2. Magnus-drápa [Arnor ii]	189
3. Praise of Harold [Arnor iii]	191
4. Erfi-drápa on King Harold [Arnor iv]	192
5. Rögnvaldz-drápa (Earl of Orkney) [Arnor v]	193
6. Þorfinnz-drápa (Earl of Orkney) [Arnor vi]	194
7. Dirge on Hermund [Arnor vii]	197
8. Dirge on Gelli [Arnor viii]	197
9. Improvisations [Arnor ix]	197
Þiodolfr Arnórsson:	
1. Magnus-flokkr [Thiod. i]	199
2. Vísor [Thiod. ii]	202
3. Sex-stefja—Six Stave, on King Harold [Thiod. iii]	204

	PAGE
4-9. Visor and Improvisations [Thiod. iv-ix]	208
10. Rímhenda on Harold [Thiod. x]	211
11. Comic Improvisations [Thiod. xi]	212
Oddr Kikina-skald	214
Bolverkr	215
Valgarðr á Velli	216
Illugi Bryndola-skald	218
Grani the Poet	218
Þórarinn Skeggjason	218
Snœglo-Halli, <i>or</i> Halli Stríði	219
Þorleik Fagri's Flokk on King Sweyn	219
Stuf the Blind's Stúfa on King Harold	222
Steinn Herðisarson:	
1. Nizár vísor	223
2. Oláfs-drápa	224
Þorkell Skallason's Valpiófs-flokk (on Waltheow)	227
Haraldz-stikki	227
<i>Occasional Verses and Improvisations.</i>	
King Harold Hardrede:	
1. Mansongr	228
2. Lausa-visor	229
3. King, Thiodolf, and Fisher	231
Ulfr Stallari	232
§ 4. King Eric the Good of Denmark and Magnus Bareleg and his Sons (1093-1130). See notes, p. 598.	
Markus Skeggjason:	
1. Hrynhenda, <i>or</i> Eiriks-drápa [Mark.]	235
2. On St. Knut	239
3. Christ-drápa	239
4. Of a Voyage	239
5. Some Libel	239
Gisl Illugisson	240
Biorn Kreppil-hendi	243
Thorkell Hamar-skald	245
Stray Verses (Anon., King Magnus, the Norman Knight, King and Kali)	246
Halldórr Skvaldri	249
Þorvaldr Blöndo-skald	250
Thorarinn Stuttfeld	250
Einarr Scúlason's Sigurðar-drápa	252
§ 5. The Gilchrist Family and Later Kings (the Gillung Court Poets), (1130-1200). See notes, p. 600.	
Ivarr Ingimundarson's Sigurðar-bölkr [Ivar]	261
Halldórr Skvaldri	266
Einarr Scúlason [Einar]:	
1. Tog-drápa	267
2. Haraldz-drápa	267

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
3. Eysteins-drápa Rímhend	268
4. Praise on Four Brothers	269
5. Dirge on Sigurd	269
6. Fragments	270
7. Elvar-vísor on Gregorius	270
8. Lay on an Axe	271
9. Love-song	272
Böðvarr Halti	272
Kolli Prúði	272
Þorbiörn Skakka-skald	273
Asgrímr Ketilsson	274
Styrkarr Oddason	274
Klængr Biskop	274
Occasional Verses (Earl Rognwald, Einar Sculason, etc.)	274
§ 6. Twelfth-century Poems on Past Events. See notes, p. 602.	
Geisli, by Einar Sculason [Geisli]	283
Hallar Steinarr:	
1. Rek-stefja [Rekst.]	295
2. A Love-song	300
3. On Skald-Helgi	300
Iomsvíkingá-drápa, by Bishop Biarni of Orkney [Jomsw.]	302
Búa-drápa	308
Konunga-tal—Genealogy of the Kings of Norway [Kont.], cp. vol. ii, Excursus IV	309
Odd-miör	321
§ 7. Scraps of Court Poetry. See notes, p. 605.	
Eilífr Kulna-Sveinn	323
Unclassed Fragments and Encomia (Mythical, Historical, Satirical, Legendary)	324
Verses of the Saga Editors (Gisli Surrsson, etc.) [Gisli]	331
BOOK IX. EPIGONIC POETRY.	
§ 1. The Ragnar Cycle. See notes, p. 606.	
Kráku-mál [Krak. and Krakom.]	339
Ragnar Lodbrok, Anslaug, and Ragnar's Sons	345
Last Fragments:	
1, 2. From Flatey-bok and Arrow-Ord's Saga	355
3. From Fridtheow's Saga	355
4. From Wiglund's Saga	357
5. The Giantess and the Fisherman	358
6, 7. From Ragnar's Saga and Half's Saga, see also Bk. vi, § 2	358
8. From Gautrick's Saga	360
9-11. From Rolf Kraki's Saga	361
12. From Bard's Saga	362
§ 2. Proverbs and Saws. See notes, p. 607.	
The Proverb-Poem [Malsh.]	363
The Song of the Runes [Run.]	369

BOOK X. MEDIÆVAL AND BOOK POETRY.

	PAGE
§ 1. Merlinus Spa —The Prophecy of Merlin, by Gunlaug the Benedictine, c. 1200. [Merl.] See notes, p. 608	372
§ 2. Last Poems in Old Metre. See notes, p. 609.	
Volsa-fœersla	381
Grettis-fœersla	382
Skaufhala-bolkr, by Einar Fostri (The Life of Reynard)[Skaufh.]	383
The Fairy Metre and its use	384
§ 3. Danz ok Visor.	
1. Icelandic Danz (Ballad), Fragments and Refrains	391
2. Faroic 'Vuigengur' or Burdens	391
§ 4. Rimur. See notes, p. 610.	
Oláfs-Ríma, by Einar Gilsson, c. 1360 [Ol. R.]	393
Skíða-Ríma, by Einar Fostri, c. 1450 [Skíð.]	398
One Hundred Icelandic Rhyme-Ditties	408
§ 5. Index Poems. See notes, p. 612.	
1. Islinga-drápa, by Hauk Valdfarson	419
2. Þorkell Elvara-skald	421
3. Þormóðr Oláfsson	421
4. By an unknown Author	421
§ 6. Thulor, or Rhymed Glossaries. See notes, p. 613.	
I. Mythical, Personal:	
Sea Kings, Kings, Dwarves, Giants, Giantesses, Woden, Sons of Woden, Names of the Anses, Goddesses, Names of Freyja, Walkyries, Women, Men, Company, Kindred, Household, Battle, <i>Weapons</i> , Swords, Parts of the Sword, Axe, Spear, Arrows, Bow, Shield, Helmet, Coat of Mail	423
II. Physical:	
<i>Water</i> , the Sea, Rivers (geogr.), Fishes, Whales, Ships, Parts of a Ship; <i>Earth</i> , Trees and Plants; <i>Animals</i> , Oxen, Cow, Ram, He-goat, She-goat, Bear, Stag, Boar, Wolf; <i>the Heavens</i> , Sun, Moon, Day and Night, <i>the Heavens</i> (repeated), Wind and Water, Fire; Serpents, Horses, Hawk, Raven, Cock, Eagle, Birds	430
III. Sundries:	
Goddesses again, Mind and Heart; the Fox, the Hand, the Walkyrjas; Isles (geogr.), Friths; Seeds, Numbers	437
APPENDIX.—Thulor in Court-metre	440
§ 7. Skalda-tal	442

EXCURSUS.

	PAGE
I. ON THE FIGURES AND METAPHORS (Kenningar) OF OLD NORTHERN POETRY, WITH SOME REFERENCE TO THE ANCIENT LIFE, THOUGHT, AND BELIEF AS EMBODIED THEREIN	447
§ 1. Physical.	
<i>The Body</i> —The Breast, Heart, Head, Brains, Mind, Eye, Tears, Eyelashes, Eyebrows, Mouth, Teeth, Tongue, Hair, Comb, Beard, Ears; Limbs; Hands and Arms, Fingers, Back, Feet, Toes, Claws	450
<i>The Home</i> —House, Bed, Drinking-hall, Pillars, Window, Door, Hearth, Fire, Cauldron, Horn or Cup, Ale, Wine, Mill, Grain	453
<i>Beasts</i> —Oxen, Goat, Horse, Bridle	456
<i>Land</i> —Earth, Wood, Desert, Hart, Wolf, Fox, Mouse, Snake, Osprey, Cock	456
<i>Tools</i> —Hammer, Smith's Tongs, Woof, Hone, Hay-fork, Walking-staff, Gallows, Halter, Hanged	456
<i>Sky and Water and Seasons</i> —Heavens, Wind, Clouds, Rainbow, Hail, Rain, Calm, Sun, Moon, Night, Summer, Winter, Autumn	457
<i>Sea and Ships</i> —Sea, Waves, Ice, Rocks and Stones, Pearls and Gems, Caves and Caverns, Coast; Ship, Sail, Anchor, Oars, Fishing-line, Hook, Herring, Porpoises	457
§ 2. Mythological.	
<i>Woden</i> —The Sun his Eye, Walhall, Anses, Einherjar, the Walkyries, the Earth, Gallows	458
<i>Poetry</i> —The Poet	462
<i>Thor</i> —The Hammer, Earth, Giant Hrungni, Giant Thiazi, Giantess Skadi, Constellations, Giant Garfred, Giant Thrym, Thialvi	463
<i>Minor Gods</i> —Heimdall, Frey, Gerðr, Skadi, Freyja, Frigg, Balder, Höd, Bragi	465
<i>The Giants</i> —Giantesses, Dwarves, Ogresses, Evil Ghosts, Cairns	466
<i>Cosmogonic Beings</i> —Chaos-Giant Ymi, Soma-Giants, Frost-Giants, Rock-Giants, Mud-Giants, Prometheus, Giant Okeanos, the Sea Ogress, the Okeanid Billows, the Wind-Giant, Chaos, the Deep, the Pit, Night, Day, Winter, the Sun, the Powers, the Norms, Heavenly Abodes, Fays	468
<i>The Demons</i> —Loki, Hell, Hell's Abodes, the Wolf, the Serpent, the Dragon, the Demon World Destroyers, the Crack of Doom	470
§ 3. Political.	
<i>The Family</i> —Man and Woman—King and Folk	472
<i>War, Weapons, Gold</i> —Battle, Sword, Spear, Axe, Arrows, Shield, Helmet, Mail-coat, a Wolf's or Bear's Coat, Wound, Blood, Carrion, Raven and Eagle, Wolves; Gold, Gems	480
<i>Christian Synonyms</i> —Christ, the Pope, etc. [see p. 711]	485

	PAGE
II. ON CHRONOLOGY	487
III. TRACE OF OLD HEROIC TEUTONIC SONGS TO BE FOUND IN THE ISLENDINGA SOGUR AND IN OTHER TALES.	
Grettis Saga and Beowulf—Vatzdola and the Lay of Ælfwine's Youth—Niala and the Lay of Egil—Gunlaug's Saga and Waltharii Poema—Laxdola and the Lays of Brunhild and Hamtheow—Widukind's Treason of Iring and Hlod's Lay. [<i>Cp. also Hymiskviða and Færeyinga Saga, vol. i, p. 511—Gisli and Karliod, vol. ii, p. 331—Helgi Lays and Olger the Dane, vol. i, p. cxxx]</i>	501
IV. THE CREATION MYTH AND THE NORTHERN GENEALOGIES IN HYNDLA'S LAY.	
Divine origin of Kings—Etymon of Edda and Anse—Recon- struction of LAY OF HYNDLA—Paraphrase of Hyndla's Lay— Langfeðga-tal	509
APPENDIX.—ICELANDIC TEXTS of the Prose Pieces from R—Wolsunga Paraphrase of the Lacuna Lays—Hamtheow Story from Edda—Para- phrase List of Synonyms—Glosses from AM. 748 (Hall of Hell)	524
Spurious Pieces of Epic Poetry from the late Mythical Sagas	547
Appendage to Introduction	560
NOTES to text of the <i>Court Poems</i>	563
Appendage to the Notes—A Brief Poetical GRADUS of the Twelfth Century (MSS. Arna-Magn. 748, 757)	618
WOLOSPA RECONSTRUCTED.—THE LONG SIBYL LAY—THE SHORT SIBYL LAY—Extracts from Edda, Paraphrases based on the Sibyl Songs, etc.	621
Final Readings to vol. ii	658
List of Abbreviations	659
INDEX I.—MYTHICAL.	
1. MYTHOLOGIC. 2. HEROIC. 3. GEOGRAPHIC	660
INDEX II.—HISTORICAL.	
1. PERSONS. 2. PLACES	674
INDEX III.—SUBJECTS.	
1. PHILOLOGICAL. 2. POETICAL. 3. CRITICAL. 4. AUTHORITIES. 5. CHRONOLOGY. 6. HISTORY. 7. LAW. 8. WAR AND SEA LIFE. 9. HOUSEHOLD. 10. HEATHEN RELIGION. 11. CHRISTIAN RELIGION. 12. PROVERBS	685
Islands	709
Aftermath	710
Addenda and Corrigenda to Excursus I	711
Errata	712

INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. DECADENCE OF OLD LEARNING.

IT has been long taken for granted that Iceland is and has been a land of antiquaries, a place where the old traditions, nay more, the old poems and myths of the Teutons have lingered on unbroken; and glowing phrases have painted its people as a Don Quixote of nations ever dreaming over the glorious reminiscences of the gods and heroes. It is to the credit of the Icelanders as a living people that it is not so. Yet such, if he had formulated his creed, would have been the Editor's belief before he began to look for himself, some twenty years ago, into the state of literature and literary tradition in the middle ages and the post-reformation days of Iceland. In the Arna-Magnæan Collection, a vast congeries of all kinds of documents bearing on the subject, memoranda, letters, vellums, fragments of vellums, and paper-copies of vellums, there exists ample material for getting at some notion of the true state of the case. It was while working at this collection, making careful statistics of these vellums and the vellum fragments representing lost vellums, that the opinions now set forth forced themselves bit by bit upon the Editor. The following results came out from a minute enquiry into the state of the MSS. of the *classical* literature—the Sagas touching Iceland, the Kings' Lives, the Older Bishops' Lives, etc.

After the fall of the Commonwealth, in 1281, throughout the next ensuing century, there was a great activity for *collecting* and copying the historical literature of the past. By far the greater portion of the Sagas have gone down in fourteenth-century MSS., some of which are in fact great collections of Sagas. This contained the great collections such as Sturlunga A and B, Hulda, AM. 61, Flatey-book, Waterhorn-book, Berg's-book, which all belong to this epoch, as do also Cod. Wormianus, the Stiern vellums, Hawk's-book. It was in fact an age in which a marked amount of curiosity was taken by the survivors of the old families as to the history of the past. The great vellums speak, though no other records are left, for this was an *unproductive* though appreciative age. But that the public taste was far otherwise set during the next hundred years is proved by the rapid fall in the number of copies of classic works. Thus, as regards the number of vellums, the fifteenth century stands to the fourteenth in a ratio of 1 to 3 or even 4. Not that writing or copying had

ceased, there are still many vellums, but they contain Sagas on subjects taken mostly from foreign or fictitious romances, or *Skrök-Sögur* [pseudo-Sagas] or Saints' Lives or the like. The end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth are mainly marked by 'Rimur,' and poems on saints in a cloister style, with a stray true Saga vellum now and then. At last we reach a period (1530-1630) of which hardly any Saga MSS. exist: no single copy taken of Landnama, or Edda, or Sturlunga, or Laxdæla, one transcript of Niala perhaps, and some stray antiquarian scraps.

In fact, after careful examination, we cannot point to any classic which had kept its place in popular favour or popular remembrance. For instance, has a fifteenth-century Rimur-maker to give a list of luckless lovers or gallant and unfortunate heroes (a favourite topic which at once set forth the wide knowledge of the poet and whetted the hearer's hunger for another song), what does he do? Of course he turns to the woe of Gudrun, the proud sorrow of Brunhild, the devotion of Sigrun and Cara, the gallantry of Helgi! Not at all, he never mentions their names. Then he speaks of Nial and Gunnar, Egil, of Skarphedin, Kiartan, of Gretti! Not a whit more. The only Icelanders whom he remembers are Poet-Helgi and Gunlaug Snake's-tongue. But he grieves for the grief of Tristram and Isolt, of Alexander and Helen, of Hector and Iwain, of Gawain and Roland, and of the heroes of a score of imaginary stories. Our friend Dr. Kölbjng, who has collected passages¹ where such lists occur in his *Beyträge* (Breslau 1876), has been kind enough to send us a copy of the unpublished *Kappa-kvædi*, composed by a West Icelander c. 1500, from which we have extracted the following typical list: Hector, David, Mirmant, Karlamagnus, Otwel, Balan, Rolland, Walter, Bæring, Errek, Ivent, Floris, Gibbon, Philpo, Tristram, Partalopi, Remund, Konrad, Asmund, Mafus (Maugis), Clares, Alanus, Florens, Belus, Landres, Herman, Iarlman, Victor and Blaus, Anund and Randwe, Saulus, Anchises, Ahel, Helgi, Hogni, Hialmar, Arrow-Odd, Anganty, Illugi, An, Thori Highleg, Vilmund, Solli, Hagbard, Skald-Helgi, Finnbogi, Thorstan Bæjar-magn, Einar, Elling, Bui Digri, Vagn, Ref, Oddgeir, the two Olafs, Harald, Ring, Ulf the Red.

Of all *Islendinga Sagas* Niala has been most copied: counting every strip of vellum which once formed part of a manuscript, we shall find out of some fifteen MSS., one of the thirteenth century, ten of the fourteenth, three of the fifteenth, and one of the sixteenth. This Saga was

¹ Compare the list of heroes from *Skida-rima*, ii, p. 396; and the following from *Hialmtheow's Rimur* (fifteenth century)—Arthur and Elida, Tristram and Ysolt, Hogni and Hedin, Philotemia, Ring and Tryggwi, Iwain, Alexander and Elene, David and Absalom; from *Gerard's Rimur* (fifteenth century)—Priamus, Mirman, Iwain, Flores and Blanche fleur, Samson and Dalila, Sörli, Earl Roland; from *Heming's Rimur* (fifteenth century)—Godwine, Sörli, Parthenope, Raven and Gunlaug, Poet-Helgi, Tristram and Ysolt. For Gunnar and Hallgerd, or Gudrun and Kiartan, we look in vain.

perhaps never utterly forgotten, though of a certain but little read. More statistics on this head are given in *Prolegomena*, where the history of the literature is more fully treated than suits our present purpose. The facts are however clear enough, that the taste of the times had completely changed by the year 1500, that there was neither interest in nor remembrance of the old life and old literature. This ignorance even went so far that the very constitution of the Commonwealth was forgotten, and it was the law of St. Olaf, not the law of Skafti or Wolfliot (whose names were clean perished from the popular mind), which had now become the ideal of the Icelandic patriot.

The English trade and the change of physical circumstances may have something to do with this rapid but complete oblivion of things past, this absolute neglect of history and tradition. To the Icelander of the sixteenth century, even the fifteenth century was a mythical, semi-fabulous age; Lady Olof, Biorn her husband (*d.* 1467), the feuds with the English traders, were as legendary to them as Nial had once been to the twelfth-century Icelander. The pedigrees go no higher up. The Saga tide is not even seen looming behind. The legend of Sæmund Frodi as Virgilius, is the work of the Renaissance, grown from the story in Bp. John's Saga. The difference between new and old was still more marked by the Reformation, which cut the last link that bound Iceland to the past—the Old Church. The change which about the same time affected the tongue itself is but an outward token of a deep and real phenomenon.

And now the tide begins to turn. About the last ten years of the sixteenth century we notice symptoms of a Renaissance, the impulse for which came from *abroad*. There are only two marks of *native* interest in these matters, one provoked by the re-discovery of *Landnámabok*, the other by the knowledge of the single vellum of *Hungrvaka*. The influence of the former is shown in the pedigrees compiled by Odd, Bishop of Scalholt 1589–1630, in his earlier years, which form the nucleus for our information respecting the families of the last Catholic and first Protestant bishops¹. The latter is manifested by the *Lives of Bishops*, drawn up by John Egilson, at the instance of Bishop Odd, who also took down the life of the last Roman Catholic bishop from his living grandson, in imitation of the venerable model which had preserved the biographies of their *Hungrvaka* predecessors. The *Lives* in *Hungrvaka* were to Bishop Odd and John Egilsson what *Suetonius* was to *Einhard*. Still, though here and there there may have been a possibility of a revival, the real motive power was actively supplied from abroad.

About 1550 there was found at Bergen a MS. vellum of the Kings'

¹ These pedigrees, stretching back to about A.D. 1500, a few to 1450, were, after the re-discovery of *Sturlunga*, joined on by false links to the genealogies of *Islendinga Saga*, and so gave rise to the long fictitious trees of the eighteenth-century antiquarians. But in their pure state these sixteenth-century pedigrees form the well-spring of modern authentic family history.

Lives, all the great MSS. of which were (as we have noticed at length in *Prolegomena*¹) in Norway. A Norwegian began to translate the Lives. They were published at Copenhagen in 1594, and being Lives of Kings, Royal interest was roused in the matter in Denmark, which led to the employment of Icelanders, who were better able to interpret documents the language of which they still spoke with little change.

§ 2. REVIVAL.—ARNGRIM THE LEARNED, ETC.

The first two Icelanders who are drawn into the study of their own old literature are Arngrim the Learned and Biorn of Scardsa: their activity would extend from 1593 to 1643. To understand the character of the revival, of which they were the pioneers, we must put ourselves as far as possible back into their position, for till we have done so, it will be impossible to understand their views or interpret their statements.

ARNGRIM JOHNSON² was born in 1568. He was fostered by Gudbrand, the pious printer-bishop, whose life-long friend and right-hand man he grew up to be. He was priest of Mel and officialis or coadjutor of the Bishop for his diocese of Holar; hence his time was passed between his cure and the Bishop's seat. He wrote four works: the *Brevis Commentarius Islandiæ*, 1593, on the History of Iceland; the *Supplementum*, 1596 (which only exists in MS.), on the Lives of Kings; the *Crymogæa*, 1609, a Constitutional History of Iceland; and *Specimen Islandiæ*, mostly drawn from *Landnama*, printed 1643, written c. 1635. He was a correspondent of Ole Worm, the Danish scholar, survived his foster-father for many years, and died in 1648³.

¹ See Professor Storm's Essay for the details.

² He was the first Icelander who took a family name, calling himself Widalín, from his native place Widdalé. All Icelandic Widalíns, a goodly race of men, are descended from him. Yet he himself mostly goes by the name Arngrim, and so we designate him.

³ The story of his last marriage (for he was wedded more than once) is worth a brief note, for Arngrim was as famous for his family as for the learning which won him his eke-name. After the death of his friend Gudbrand (1627) he would naturally have been chosen bishop, but he was set aside in favour of Thorlac, the late Bishop's grandson. Arngrim did not let his disappointment weigh upon him, but, though in his sixtieth year, he took to himself a fair young wife, by whom he had four sons and three daughters. They were a long-lived race. A son of his, Gudbrand, was burnt with his wife, both bedridden, in his house in 1719; and there was, according to the popular story, heard out of the fire a ditty (which we have given, vol. ii. p. 416, No. 63); a late version of the Skarphedin story! But it is with Gudbrand's sister Hilda (who was the mother of the most learned Icelander of the following generation, as she was the daughter of the best scholar of the preceding one), that one is chiefly inclined to linger. She died on the 25th of October, 1725 (157 years after her father's birth). John Olafsson (1705-1779) was brought up at her house, and has pleasant gossip about her. A Hamlet story he narrates from her dictation.

One pretty tale links her with the best man among her contemporaries, Hallgrím Petersson the Poet. In her youth she was staying at Bessastad with a Danish household as a humble companion, for her family were at that time not well off. Once on a time she set off with one of the Danish ladies on a journey. It was growing dark; they had still to ride across a rough hill or heath, and so on the way they

Arngrim, from his influential position and from authority conferred upon by the King, had the best possible means of getting at what MSS. and remains were within reach, and he availed himself of his opportunities, so that, as he tells us, he had no less than twenty-six vellums in his care at one time¹. It is therefore highly interesting for us to trace through his books what books he does *not* know at the different stages of his literary life. He never knew Sturlunga Saga, Islendinga-book, Bishop Arni's Saga, Flatey-book², all most important works for his peculiar study, the constitutional antiquities of his country. Snorri he only knows as 'auctor Eddæ,' i. e. of the Gradus. Ari, as the great historian of the beginning, and Sturla as the chronicler of the later days of the Commonwealth, are wholly unknown to him. The older (Eddic) poems, of course, he was totally ignorant of. We must bear in mind the range of his authorities to judge his work fairly: considering the imperfection of the sources he had to work with, his books show high sagacity and good sense.

BIORN JOHNSON OF SCARDSA was born in North Iceland 1575, and died blind at a high age in 1656. He betook himself to the study of antiquities when about fifty years old. Though a franklin and farmer, self-educated (he had never been to the High School, or learned Latin), he had a poetic imaginative turn of mind, and also, it appears, a force of character and enthusiasm, which led his dicta to be eagerly

called at Saurbye, Hallgrim's manse, to get another horse. A tall man, wearing peasant clothing, came out in his shirt sleeves to see to their wants. As they were about to ride away he beckoned the girl aside, and said to her, 'I knew your father well; he was indeed a good man. Do not be disheartened at your present lowly estate, better things are certainly in store for you.' With that he gave her his blessing and turned away. The girl rejoined the Danish lady, and as they were in the dark groping their way across the stony heath, the latter asked her who it was that spoke with her, and when told that it was the good man Priest Hallgrim, she was astonished at having taken so little notice of him, saying, 'How was it I didn't know the priest?' on which phrase she kept harping again and again during the ride. The words of Hallgrim proved prophetic. Hilda made a good match; her son Paul Widalin became Lawman in due time; and even our book bears witness of him, for many of the ditties, ii. p. 408, are his.—*From John Olafson's autograph MS. at Copenhagen, which the Editor came across some twenty years ago.*

¹ *Arngrim*—Codices et volumina nostratium, in antiquissima membrana descriptos, habui ad manus xxvi. et certe longe plures, lectos enim subinde possessoribus restitui.—*Datum Holar i Hialtadal, 1597.*

² When Arngrim wrote Supplementum and Chrymogæa, he knew the following works—Landnama, Heimskringla, Great Olaf Tryggvason's Saga with its Episodes, Harold's Saga as in Hulda, Knytlinga, Orkney Saga, Iomsvickinga Saga, Skioldunga (mythical, but a fragment, yet fuller than at present extant), the great vellum Vatzhyrna. Of legendary; Thorstan Oxfoot, Kroka Ref, Orm Storolfsson, Heming. Farther, Fagrskinna Cod. A (while in Copenhagen one should think, for this MS. never was in Iceland). He did *not* know the Flatey-book, as seen from what he says of the Faro Islands;—the Pedigrees and 'Frá Forníóti' he would have got from our present Arna-Magn. 309 (a late copy of parts of the Flatey-book). Of Annals he would have used our present Annales Reseniani; this we conclude from his not mentioning Bishop Magus' death; those Annales being the sole ones that omit that fact.

accepted by his contemporaries, as we shall find by and by. His style is euphemistic, and he coined many words.

Of the same generation is MAGNUS OLAFSSON, priest of Laufas (1574-1636), well known as the author of a compilation or rearrangement of the Codex Wormianus of Snorri's Edda, in which the Gylfaginning is turned into sixty-eight Dæmisögur (short Tales, like the brief apologues of Eastern story-books), and the Gradus-part into an alphabetical index. His book has superseded the original in popular knowledge and esteem; and it was through hearing it read aloud by his old friend, Jacob Samsonson [ii. p. 412, No. 8], that the Editor when a child first got to know the story of Balder.

§ 3. BISHOP BRYNIOLF, ETC.

The name of Bishop BRYNIOLF of Scalholt (born Sept. 14, 1605, bishop 1639-1675) will be for ever connected with the old revival of letters, with the Edda MSS., and other treasures which his care preserved for us. But this Icelandic Parker is a man whose personality was a striking one, and he was a little king in the island in his own day, looked up to and revered for his learning, his rank, and his force of character. He is brought vividly before the eye—big, tall, stern of face, with red hair close-cropped to the ears, and long flowing red beard, speaking with decision, and nodding his head as he spoke; a man of proud feelings, dwelling with satisfaction upon his descent from Bishop John Arason, his mother's great-grandfather, and perhaps for that very reason void of the intolerance which was commonly felt at that time towards the old Church. He would neither speak ill of her himself, nor suffer others to show irreverence towards her ceremonies or hallowed images, saying that such things were well fitted to waken feelings of religion within a man, and loving to pray with his eyes upon a crucifix. A shrewd saying of his on the Reformation is worth record: "The Church had a scabbed head, but Luther took a currycomb to it, and scraped off hair and scalp and all."

He was a great observer of times and seasons (like Laud), refusing to start on a journey on a Saturday, and recording and prognosticating from coincidences, carefully keeping the birth-hour of his children and friends that their nativity might be accurately drawn, and regarding himself as possessing a certain prophetic gift. His learning was renowned as marvellous by his contemporaries, and remembered by tradition; but, save a few letters and annotations, it has gone; and the man who could talk Greek with a Greek, and keep up a correspondence with the learned world of the continent from his far-off see, has left but what he would have regarded as the fragments of his library as his enduring literary monument.

Several good anecdotes touching him are given by John Halldorsson (1665-1736), priest and dean of Hitardale, in his *Biscopa Ævi* (Lives of Bishops), a book of worth, with some pleasant biographic detail in it,

which ought not to remain longer unprinted, for it contains the best historic material for the times of which it treats¹. "I saw Bryniolf once," says John; "I was then nine years old" [1674]: and he tells how he and other boys were outside the tent at the Althing [moot] one evening, holding the horses for their fathers and masters, like Shakspeare's 'boys,' and no doubt chatting and laughing among themselves, on the north side of the church at Thingvalla, as their elders were within, for the Bishop was taking leave of the priests and franklins, and the parting-cup was going round. "It was then that Master Bryniolf came out alone among us, somewhat suddenly. He was rather merry (gladr), and he asked the first of us, as he greeted him, about his family and his name and his forefathers, till he could get no further answer out of him; and he bade the boy to look him straight in the face while he spoke to him; and in the same way he questioned one after the other, and last of all me, John Halldorson, for I was the youngest. And to all of them he said something kind as he turned from them, but he patted my head and said, 'Age is upon me, and youth is upon thee²; thou art very young, and I am grown too old for thee to get any good from me.' Then he turned back again into the tent."

He was unlike other men in many small ways; one notes his characteristic monogram L_E , i.e. *Lupus Loricatus*, still to be met with in an old book here and there in Iceland, the scattered jetsam of the writer's fine library; and there is something royal about the Bryniolfus R. of his signature³, though R. does not stand for 'Rex,' but for 'Rufus,' or more probably for 'Ragnheid's son;' for he always had the deepest affection for his mother Ragnheid, and chose to use her name rather than his father's (Sweyn) as his surname.

Bryniolf had two children, and their fate has a real bearing on the literary history of the Eddas and Sagas, for had they not predeceased him, the books and MSS. which he had collected would hardly have been scattered and destroyed as they were. His son Halldor (born 1642), the younger of the two, was not successful at the High School, and was accordingly removed by his father and sent to England to try his luck there,—for there was some trading, smuggling, and fishing still carried on between the two countries. Here however he fell ill and wished to start for home, but the Dutch war was going on, and there was a fair chance of an English ship being captured just at that time, when the Dutch were masters of the North Sea; so he died and was buried at Yarmouth, Oct. 1666. His father, when he heard the news, sent over an epitaph to be set on his grave:—

"Hallthoris Yslandi cineres humus Anglica serua,
depositumque bona quandoque redde fide!"

¹ The Editor, when a boy of fourteen, remembers listening to portions of it read from MSS. as evening entertainment.

² An unconscious repetition of the Old Wicking's Ditty, see vol. i. p. 362, No. 25.

³ We have never seen this signature, but the biographers mention it; it was doubtless reserved for private confidential letters.

It would be good to know whether it was duly inscribed, and whether the poor boy's tomb is still to be recognised. Sad as was this loss, the blow he had suffered four years before was far crueller and harder to be borne. His daughter Ragnheid (born Sept. 8, 1641) was the very apple of his eye, a beautiful and accomplished girl, the maiden to whom Hallgrim the Poet sent, in May 1661, one of the three autographs of his Passion-Hymns, then fresh from his hand. The Bishop had taken into his household one Daði, a parson's son, a clever, handsome, merry young fellow, a fine penman and good at all bodily feats, but a man of no worth as it turned out. He was brought into contact with the Bishop's daughter, to whom he acted as tutor, and being entirely unscrupulous he took advantage of his position to ruin the poor girl. He was clever enough to get out of the way before the Bishop should learn the news, and direct vengeance never fell on him. The Bishop was almost distraught at the disgrace that had fallen upon his daughter, and the very love he bore her served but to make the wound bite deeper. He was heard to repeat the words of Psammenitos, τὰ μὲν οἰκίρια ἦν μέζω κακὰ ἢ ὥστε ἀνακλαίειν, and it would seem that he never got over the melancholy which this catastrophe brought into his life. He obtained the king's Letters of Rehabilitation for Ragnheid (as is the use in Lutheran countries), but she did not long survive her trouble and the terror which her father's rage and grief had caused her, but sank and died in Lent 1663, in her twenty-second year¹. Her son was adopted by the Bishop, but he too died young (1673), so that there is no direct descendant of him who in his lifetime was held the highest and sorest tried of any man in Iceland. It was during the very year of this domestic tragedy, 1662, that Thormod Torfæus was in Iceland hunting after vellums for the king's new-founded library, and it is highly probable that the MSS. he took back to Denmark with him as a gift from Bishop Bryniolf to the King's Library [see Prolegomena, pp. 145, 146] were intended as a conciliatory present by which the royal favour he demanded might be the more readily taken into consideration, and so, along with other treasures, Edda, Cod. R, left Iceland for good. The Bishop felt that he had no more need now for the books, we may fancy; his interest for the time at least must have gone, for a collector does not send away so many of his choicest treasures (some of them he had had twenty years) without good reason. When the end came, Bryniolf prophesied the place and manner of his death 'alone in the room,' and appointed his grave *outside* the cathedral church at Scalholt apart from all the other bishops. But his heirs

¹ The wretched fellow survived his victim well-nigh sixty years, and died 1719, aged 83, having passed forty-six years in holy orders. Tradition, however, with true popular justice asserts that nothing ever went well with him, and that he never came to any good. The disgrace he brought upon the Bishop's daughter was rendered greater by his having got one of the maids with child, who bore twins about the same time as Ragnheid gave birth to her son.

collateral¹, who cared so little for his memory as not even to have marked his grave, treated his books with scant reverence, and the Icelandic vellums, many of them, had disappeared before Arne Magnusson, thirty years later, came to rescue all that was left of vellum MSS. in the Island. Some of the Latin printed books may still be lingering on in Iceland, mouldering away, as the Editor saw one folio with his monogram twenty-four years ago. Most lucky it was that Bryniolf not only sent some of his best MSS. to Denmark, where all save one (Gisli's Saga, see Prologomena, § 27, for the List) have safely reached us, but had taken care to have copies made of them by John Erlendsson, for these transcripts, being easy to read, were preserved by those into whose hands they fell, while the original vellums were left to positive ill-use or carelessness, which soon destroyed many of them. For instance, Libellus and Landnama, both old vellums once in the Bishop's library, were copied by John Erlendsson in 1651, and somehow perished in the thirty years' interval between the Bishop's death and Arne's arrival.

We have quoted from the correspondence of Bryniolf and the Danish scholar OLE WORM; a word or two upon the latter will not be out of place. Born 1588, he seems to have taken early to study, and as he was a man of good position and of great thirst for knowledge of every kind, he came into relations with most of the scholars within reach of his busy pen. His correspondence with his Icelandic contemporaries has been published. He was connected with the publication of Peter Clausen's translation of Heimskringla. Worm fell into the study of Runes, which he treated in his peculiar mystic way, and in his well-known *Literatura Runica* he makes mention of, and cites, the Poetic Edda. Arngrim sent him out the MS. of Snorri's Edda, which has ever since borne his name, Cod. Wormianus, as Arngrim says 1629: "The Edda and the Scalda that is affixed to it, as it is my manuscript, I grant freely to Master Worm for as long as he will." Worm also acquired other MSS. which did not pass into the University Library, but finally became Arne Magnusson's property.

STEPHANIVS, Worm's contemporary, born 1599 and schooled at Herlufsholm, was a great correspondent of Bishop Bryniolf, and really a fine scholar; his edition of Saxo is the first piece of true editing of a Northern classic, and shows at every page wide reading and sound criticism of a shrewd Bentleian quality. The *Notæ Uberiores*, which appeared in 1644, but which had necessarily taken some time to pass through the press, frequently refer to the help he received from Icelandic scholars.

Stephanivus became possessed of several Icelandic MSS., which (in

¹ His Icelandic MSS. he bequeathed to a kinswoman, Helga Magnúsdóttir of Brádratunga—a name that often enough recurs in Arne Magnússon's slips.

1651) were sold by his widow to the noble collector De la Gardie, whence they passed to the Upsala Library in 1685 (along with Codex Argenteus); the best of them is the Codex Upsalensis of Snorri's Edda.

§ 4. THE HISTORY OF THE WORD 'EDDA.'

a. Before A. D. 1642.

The word 'Edda' is never found at all in any of the dialects of the Old Northern tongue, nor indeed in any other tongue known to us. The first time it is met with is in the Lay of Rígh, where it is used as a title for great-grandmother, and from this poem the word is cited (with other terms from the same source) in the collection at the end of Scaldscaparmal. How or why Snorri's book on the Poetic Art came to be called 'Edda' we have no actual testimony (the Editor's opinion thereon is given at length in Excursus IV to vol. ii), but in the vellums of it which survive the following colophons are found; viz. in Cod. Upsalensis:—

"This Book is called *Edda*, which Snorri Sturlason put together according to the order set down here:—First, concerning the Anses and Gyfi. Next after, Scaldscaparmal and the names of many things. Last, the Tale of Metres which Snorri wrought for King Hacon and Duke Skuli¹."

And in the fragment AM. 757: "The book that is called *Edda* tells how the man called Eager," etc.²

Snorri's work, especially the second part of it, Scaldscaparmal, handed down in copies and abridgments through the Middle Ages, was looked on as setting the standard and ideal of poetry. It seems to have kept up indeed the very remembrance of court-poetry, the memory of which, but for it, would otherwise have perished. But though the mediæval poets do not copy 'Edda' [i. e. Snorri's rules], they constantly allude to it, and we have an unbroken series of phrases from 1340 to 1640 in which 'Edda' is used as a synonym for the *technical laws of the court-metre* (a use, it may be observed, entirely contrary to that of our own days). Thus beginning with Sacred Poems between 1340–1400, Eysteinn says in *Lilja*, verse 97: "In all speech the substance is the thing, though the obscure *rules of Edda* may here and there have to give way; so I shall write plainly at all events³." Again, Abbot Arni (c. 1380): "The great masters of the *Eddic Art*,

¹ Bók þessi heitir EDDA, hána hefir saman setta Snorri Sturlo sonr eftir þeim hætti sem her er skipað: er fyrst frá Ásom ok Gylfa [Ymi Cd.] þar næst Skaldskaparmál ok heiti margra hluta. Síðast Háttatal er Snorri hefir ort um Hákon konung ok Skúla hertoga.—*Cod. Ups.*

² Svá segir í bók þeirri sem EDDA heitir, at sá maðr sem Ægir hét, spurði Braga skald. . .—*Cod. Arna-Magn.* 757 [Snorra Edda, Edit. Arna-Magn. ii. p. 532].

³ Varðar mest til allra orða: undir-staðan sé réttlig fundin eigi líós þótt EDDU REGLA: undan hlióti at víkja stundum.—*Lilja.*

who cherish the precepts of learned books, may think this poem too plain, but the plain words of Scripture are better suited in my opinion to the lives of saints, than the dark likenings which give neither strength nor pleasure to any one¹." And Abbot Arngrim (1345): "I have not told my tale according to the *rules of Edda*, so my verses are not smooth to the tongue. I give you but poetastro. I am far from the good poets²." And in Nicholas Drapa, Hall the priest (c. 1400) says: "I am not equal to my subject, I lack wisdom, gentle breeding, etc., eloquence, the study of good poets, the knowledge of *Edda's noble laws*³."

From 1450-1550 we have numerous examples from the Rimur. "I have never heard or seen *Edda*," i. e. I have never learnt poet-craft. "Poets would do better not to be everlastingly fumbling over the *Edda similes*." "There is no pleasure in speaking in riddles, according to the dark *rules of Edda*." "I am tired of *Edda*." "I send my poem forth though I have not learnt my words or art from *Edda*!" "I have never learnt any of *Edda's figures*." "No help of *Edda* have I got, she is thought hard to master, and she has never got into my brains!" Again, after 1550: "The *crooks* or *gambits of Edda*;" "I have no help from *Edda*;" "Many sing though they know little of *Edda*;" "I shall not fix my mind on *Edda*, the meaning is the important thing;" "*Edda* is said to be a glorious book by those who study her;" "The laws of the poets and the *rules of Edda*;" "The similes or *figures of Edda*;" and so on down to the times of Arngrim, and Magnus, and Biorn of Scardsa⁴.

It is their theories and beliefs respecting such ancient literature as they knew, and particularly the works of Snorri, that we must next consider. It must be borne in mind that Codex Wormianus [§ 6] was the MS. of Snorri's work, which they knew; that it contains besides 'Edda' a number of additional treatises (a book on the grammatical figures by Olaf, and the alphabetic studies of Thorodd and his follower) which were known as 'Scalda.' The first occurrence of this latter word is in the Rimur of Valdimar, by a poet of the end of the sixteenth century [see at the end of Introduction], an allusion, we doubt not, to Cod. Wormianus itself.

Now Codex Wormianus does not contain the ascription to Snorri, and there is no evidence that the name of Snorri was traditionally

¹ Yfir-meisturum mun EDDU listar : all-stíðr síá hróðr virðaz þeim er vilja svá grafa ok geyma : grein klókastra fræði-bóka : lofi heilagra lízt mer hæfa : líós ritninga sætra vitni, enn kenningar auka monnum : engan styrk né fagnað myrkar.

² Rædda ek lítt við reglur EDDU : ráðin mín, ok kvað ek sem bráðast vísor þær er vil ek ei hrósa : verkinn erat síá miúkr í kverkum.

³ Veit ek mik eigi vanta lítið : veslan þræl um Dróttinn mæla, vízku ok síðsemd, víslega gæzku : vilja góðan rétt at skilja, mál-sniðl, aktan skýrra skalda : skil vegligrar EDDU reglu, . . . hræðumk ek því hróðr at smíða : nema himna sveit mer fullting veiti.

⁴ These references from the Rimur, being too numerous to put into a foot-note, are given at the end of the Appendix to vol. ii.

connected with the 'Edda,' of which the Rimur-makers speak so often. For, though we have so many references to Edda's rule, we have none to the rule-maker, a thing most strange, but which may fairly be taken as evidence that Snorri was clean forgotten in the popular mind at any rate.

The first person who gives Snorri as author of the Edda is Arngrim in Crymogæa, 1609, most probably on the authority of some copy or fragment. It is not impossible of course that he may have heard of or had a glimpse at (the present) Codex Upsalensis of Edda, which, as we have seen, contains the ascription.

Biorn of Scardsa, on the contrary, had evidently never heard of Snorri as connected with the Edda, and had already formed his own theory on the authorship of the two great sections (Edda and Scalda) of the Codex Wormianus. One he ascribes to Sæmund the Historian, one to Gunlaug the Benedictine Monk. But how in the world came he to place Sæmund and Gunlaug together? In this way we think. He only knew of *one book* that had come down from the old days in which there was mention of *authors' names*, Bishop John's Life. This Life contains the statement that it was written by Gunlaug the monk, and it also contains a reference to a more distinguished Icelandic scholar, Sæmund, of whom it relates the very interesting legend which pictures him as a disciple of the black art and a prodigy of learning. Biorn's flighty fancy is fired, in one hand he holds the two anonymous works, in the other two authors, and so he boldly pairs them off, as in a game of cards, giving Edda to Sæmund, Scalda to Gunlaug. For is not Edda worthy of Sæmund? And does not Scalda suit Gunlaug, who knew all about Sæmund and was a learned man in his day too?

With this satisfactory and pleasing hypothesis he rested in high content till he found that Arngrim confidently named Snorri in his list of Speakers as 'auctor Eddæ.' He will not surrender his pet theory, and he will not dispute Arngrim's statement, so he coins an hypothesis of reconciliation, and holds that the Edda was *begun* by Sæmund and *completed* by Snorri; but he leaves Gunlaug as author of Scalda, which he remained till late in last century¹.

In this final form we get it expressed in his Gronlandia [AM. 115, 8vo, autogr.], when, having spoken of the Scalda treatises as "written by Monk Gunlaug, who lived under Waldimar the Second" (!), he proceeds: "he forbids one to draw the synonyms and likenings farther than Snorri permits [quoting from Olaf's treatise]; that must have been Snorri Sturlason the Lawman, he lived in the days of Gunlaug; Snorri gathered the synonyms and many kinds of names

¹ We now know, certainly, that Olaf Whitepoet is the author of Scalda; yet Biorn could hardly be expected to have known what Cod. Worm. does not tell; he might have got at it by way of induction, but that was not his manner. Of evidence for connecting it with Gunlaug, or Edda with Sæmund, there is none, these theories are sheer bubbles of fancy.

and added them to Edda, which Priest Sæmund the Wise had compiled aforetime¹."

This theory Arngrim accepts and upholds as a *tradition* in his correspondence with Ole Worm, 1636, who is a little puzzled by his loose statements. "Why do you speak of Edda as Sæmund's, when you in Crymogæa called Snorri its author?" Arngrim answers, 1637: "I can solve your difficulty; in *our records* these words are plainly to be read, 'Snorri Sturlason lived in the days of Gunlaug the monk, he added to the Edda which Sæmund the historian had composed².'" A striking statement! What are these 'records?' Nothing but the words of Biorn given above, written only ten years back, quoted almost letter for letter. Arngrim is anxious to be thought consistent, and we are afraid the 'monumenta' looks a little like an equivocation. Certainly two years later Arngrim is bolder, when he writes to the same correspondent: "Hence it is that Edda is found in *old records* ascribed both to Sæmund and Snorri, the plan and beginning being Sæmund's, the additions and conclusion Snorri's³."

To show (in addition to these words of Arngrim), (1) that Biorn habitually spoke of the 'Edda' as Sæmund's or Snorri's, (2) that by this 'Edda' is always meant the prose Edda, (3) that he used the name of Sæmund wherever he wished to find an author for a great classic—the following extracts will be of use. In a Commentary on Law-phrases Biorn quotes Scaldscaparmal three times as Sæmund's alone, once as Snorri's and Sæmund's, and the Thulor once as

¹ *Biorn of Scardsa in Gronlandia*, Arna-Magn. 115, 8vo, autogr.: "Þessi Gunnlaugr munkr hefir saman sett þann bækling um Stafrof Íslendinga, og lof og löstu í málinu, sem og skáldskapnum, sem Dónatinn kennir . . . svo hann hefir verið einn mælliga lærdr maðr, og miög hug-vitugr á skáldfræði og mál vort, sem sá bæklingr nógliga út vísar. Hann vottar þar til Valdimars konungs um Rúna-stafi. Það hefir verið Valdimar Valdimarsson annar, sem var á dögum Gunnlaugs (hann tók konungdóm 1203, dó 1240). Hann bannar og að reka heiti eða kenningar lengra enn Snorri lofar. Þat hefir verið Snorri Sturluson Lögmadr; hann var á dögum Gunnlaugs, Snorri sótti heiti og nöfn flestra hluta, og jók við þá Eddu, sem Sæmundr prestur inn Fróði hafði áðr sam-sett."

The same author in 'Commentaries yfir Fornkvæði' [*Court Poems*]: "Sá vísi maðr, sem sam-sett hefir þann bækling á Íslenzku, er vér köllum Skáldu, og vér iatum margir að verit hafi sá vitri og vel-lærði bróðir Gunnlaugr frá Þingeyrum, þó að nokkur annar hafi seinna þar mátt við auka, hann stímar saman lof og lesti á skáldskapnum, og kennir réttilega hvernig skuli yrkja, og setr saman allar reglur skáldskaparins á Norrænu máli, og saman ber þær og iafnar við Látinu klerka reglur og versa hátt' (sic).

² *Worm to Arngrim*, 1636: "Eddæ autorem videris constituere Sæmundum Froda, cum tamen Chrymogæa [*Arngrim's work of 1609*] Snorroni Sturlæo id opus attribuat. Quid sentientium dissertius edoce, rogo."

Arngrim answers: "De autore Eddæ objectum scrupulum illo emendum sentio, quod in monumentis nostris manifeste leguntur hæc verba—"Snorri Sturluson var á dögum Gunnlaugs munks; hann bætti við þá Eddu sem Sæmundr hinn Fróði hafði sam-sett."

³ *Arngrim again to Worm*, 1639: "Hinc est quod Edda utrique, Sæmundo et Snorroni, in Antiquitatibus (!) ascripta reperiatur, ita ut Sæmundo initia et fundamentalia, Snorroni locupletatio et opusculi absolutio debeatur."

Sæmund's, twice as Snorri's, sometimes citing word for word, so that there can be no mistake; e. g. "Sæmund the historian says flatly that 'the speech of these peoples is called the Danish tongue;'" and "Sæmund the historian says, 'next to the liege men or barons came they who are called holds.'" Which passages are to be found in Edda Sksk. ch. 53¹. He also cites from Scalda as Gunlaug's. To Sæmund he ascribes 'Niala and the great Saga of Olaf Tryggvason' in his notes to Landnama-bok². Very interesting is the quotation given by Arne Magnuson (1696) from Biorn, Commentary on Gest's Riddles, which we now take to be lost, written in 1641 (observe the date):—"The prose Edda, which we commonly call Snorri's Edda, Biorn of Scardsa attributes to Sæmund³." Arne Magnuson (1696) has also preserved the statement:—"M. Thormod Torfisson (now 60) says, that in his youth he had heard his father quote somewhat from *Sæmund's Edda*, which he said he had himself read in the book some time ago⁴." A notice easily interpreted in the light which we are now able to throw upon the *invariable* use of the words *Sæmund's Edda* for the 'prose Edda' before 1642.

We may now leave Biorn in 1641 with his theory on the *one prose Edda* with *two* authors known to him, and turn to Magnus Olafsson, who first conceived the idea of a *second Edda* having existed. He was not content with speculating on the authorship of the Edda, but boldly goes to the root of the matter, and holds that Edda, as preserved in Codex Wormianus, is merely a compendium of an archetypal Edda, a gigantic cyclopædia of ancient lore, composed by the Anses themselves,

¹ BIÖRN OF SKARÐSÁ, *Commentary on Law Phrases*, c. 1626. *Cod. Arna-Magn.* 61, *chart, autograph*:—

s. v. *Baron*—'Sæmundr og Snorri lögmaðr, þeir skrifuðu her um greiniliga. Les Eddu Snorra. Ari Fróði Flateyjar Annal. Her um fleira hiá lendum manni.' [*Snorra, Edda*, i. p. 456.]

s. v. *Höldr*—'Sæmundr Fróði segir "næst lendum mönnum eru þeir menn er höldar heita," etc. [*Ibid.*]

s. v. *Dönsk Tunga*—'Sæmundr inn Fróði segir berliga, at mál þessara þjóða heiti "Dönsk Tunga," [*Ibid.*]

s. v. *Barði*—'Nafn skipsins er og barði, item byrðingr, sem Sæmundr og Snorri skrifa.' [*Edda, Thulor.*]

s. v. *Fylki*—'Ekki var fylking kölluð nema xl. í væri, Sem Sæmundr segir.' [*Edda*, i. p. 534.]

s. v. *Há-skerðingr*—'Þegar Snorri Lögmaðr greiur í sundr nöfn fiskanna og hvalanna, þá telur hann há-skerðing með fiskum.' [*Edda, Thulor.*]

s. v. *Hafr-hvalr*—'Hann telur Snorri með hvala nöfnum.' [*Ibid.*]

² 'Les Brians bardaga, Níálu Sæmundar hins Fróða, . . . Skoða Skáldu Gunnlaugs munks.' *Again*, 'Syncope, Les Skaldu Gunnlaugs munks . . . Sæmundr prestur inn Fróði hefir saman snarað Níálu og megin-sögu Olafs konungs Tryggvasonar' (sic).

³ *Arne Magnusson*, 1696: 'Eddam illam Prosaicam, quæ vulgo Snorra Edda, Sæmundo Froda tribuit Biorno de Skardsa in Commentario suo yfir Gátur Gestz Blinda, skrifudum 1641.' [I have not seen this Commentary. G. V.]

⁴ Monsieur Þormóðr Torfason (nú sextugr) segist í sínu ungdæmi heyrð hafa föður sinn citera nokkuð úr Sæmundar Eddu, sem hann sagt hafði sig í bókinni fyrir longu (nokkru) lesið hafa.—*Arne Magnusson*.

or at least their grandsons. As he says: "From the poems of the ancients [the fragments of poetry in Snorri's Edda], and also from certain titles of the Anses, and especially Woden, and indeed of other things also, it appeareth that there hath been *another older Edda*, or book of stories, put together by the Anses themselves or their grandsons, which hath perished, and of which our Edda is, as it were, an epitome; for of very few of these many names, which are applied to Woden on account of divers adventures of his, as Edda itself declareth, can any account be given from the stories contained therein, yea, nor even of the names of many others, which are therein to be found¹."

The theory is grandiose, and not wholly fanciful. Snorri's Edda stands to tradition in much the same relation which Magnus dreamed that it stood to his Arch-Edda; and those names, in the Thulor, of sea-kings and ogresses, which we cannot identify, are indeed evidences of lost legends and faded myths.

Bishop Bryniolf accepts the theory, but he has heard of Biorn's ideas on the authorship of Edda, and he effects a decent episcopal substitution of Sæmund for the 'Anses or their grandsons.' In a letter to Stephanus (1641) he expresses himself with a certain fervour: "Where be those mighty treasures of all human knowledge, written down by Sæmund the Wise, and in especial that most noble Edda, of which, beside the name, we have now left scarce a thousandth part; yea, and that which we have, had been altogether destroyed had not the compendium of Snorri Sturlason, which we have, preserved to us what I would call the bare shadow and foot-print of that ancient Edda, rather than the work itself? Where too is that huge volume of histories, from Woden down to his own day, which Ari, surnamed the Historian, compiled? [Alluding to another theory of the author-guessing Biorn.] Where be those most excellent writings of Monk Gunlaug? Where be the royal poets' songs that were held as marvels over the whole northern world²?"

The last stage of the Magnus theory is reached by the poet Peter

¹ Ex veterum rhythmis, ut etiam appellationibus Asarum nonnullis, ac in primis Odini, et aliarum denique rerum, apparet, aliam fuisse Eddam antiquiorem, aut volumen fabularum, ab ipsis Asis confectum aut eorum nepotibus, quod interierit, et cujus hæc nostra Edda aliquale sit compendium; quia nominum paucissimorum, quæ Odino ex variis casibus indita sunt plurima, ut Edda proficitur, ex ejus fabulis reddi potest ratio, nec etiam plurimum, quæ ibi occurrunt, appellationum.—*Magnus Olafsson*, c. 1629, ad calcem *Eddæ Latinæ*, which he presented to Chancellor Fries.

² Bishop Bryniolf in a letter to Stephanus, year 1641: 'Ubi enim ingentes thesauri totius humanæ sapientiæ, conscripti a Sæmundo Sapiente; et in primis nobilissima illa Edda, cujus vix millesimam partem reliquam nunc præter nomen habemus; atque id ipsum, quod habemus, omnino fuisset deperditum, nisi Snorronis Sturlonis epitome umbram potius et vestigia, quam verum opus Eddæ illius antiquæ reliqua fecisset? Ubi vero ingens volumen historiarum, ab Odino ad sua tempora contextum ab Ario polyhistore dicto? Ubi prestantissima Gunlogi monachi scripta? Ubi regiorum per totum arctoum orbem poetarum admiranda carmina?' etc. etc.—['*Mag. Bryniolphus in Epistola ad me sua ante triennium fere scripta*,' Stephanus in 1644.]

Thordsson, who says (c. 1650): "The story goes, that in the old days in Gautland, there was a king's daughter named Edda, who was held the greatest paragon for wise counsel and for her many accomplishments, but above all for knowledge and book-learning, of any maid or matron that was living in her day. She flourished a short time after Woden and the Anses came hither out of Asia to the lands of the North and took them under their rule. And because of her wisdom she wrote down in a continuous story the dealings between Woden and King Gylfi of Sweden, who was named Gangler, etc. . . . But I have never found that these histories have ever been put down in writing since Edda wrote the Beguiling of Gylfi till Snorri Sturlason wrote his Edda¹."

In Stockholm there is an interesting MS. (Holm. Isl. 38, fol.) containing an Essay on Edda composed in 1641, a date to be noted². This essay is an omnium gatherum of all kinds, and, amongst other things, contains the first written information respecting the elves and other popular legend-matter, for which the Editor (in 1861) made use of it in his preface to Mr. Arnason's Icelandic Fairy-tales. The author's name is not given, but his personality is clearly pointed out, for instance, in the following passage:—"This book, like all my other things, I lost in 1616, whereof it is no profit to think." Which is an allusion to the persecution that John Lærði underwent for siding with some Gascon pirates in the west of Iceland in 1616, and for being suspected of sorcery, as he tells us in his autobiographical poem, called 'Fíolmod' (the Curlew). John draws his information from the few books which he knew—Snorri's Edda and its two arrangements (Laufas Edda and Upsalensis Edda) and Hawk's-book; and he quotes no poetry but what is found in these, save two verses from Wolospa, which do *not* occur in the prose Edda, but are found in Hawk's-book (his favourite store-house), as we can tell by the reading he follows. He also tells the story of Giant Thrym³, but here again from the Rimur Thrymlor, not from any other source. Now Thrymlor is contained in the big Rimur vellum which was found in the west of Iceland, precisely the spot from whence John Lærði came.

¹ *Arna-Magn.* 166, 8vo, *Hraundals Edda*: 'Enn sú er saga til þess, að konungs dóttir var á Gautlandi í fornum sið, sem hét Edda; hon þótti meiri skörungr á vitrlig ráð, og mörg snildar-brögð, og mest á ment og bók-fræði, enn nokkur mey eðr kona henni samtíða; hon var uppi skömmum tíma síðar enn Óðinn og Æsir kómu af Asia hingað á Norðrlönd, ok tóku þau undir sína stjórn. Og sakir sinnar speki, ritaði hún í saman tekna frá-sögu skipti þeirra Gylfa konungs í Svíþjóð, er nefndr er Gangleri, og Æsa, er Gylfi fór til Valhallar . . . Enn ekki hefi eg fundið að þessar kenningar hafi verið skrá-settar síðan Edda ritaði Gylfa-ginningar og allt þar til Snorri Sturlason ritaði sína Eddu.'

² *Begins thus*—'Her byrjar saman-tektir um skilning á Eddu. Sú fyrsta fregn er af Saturno í Krít, eptir fornum fræði-bókum upp teiknað til gamans anno 1641.'

³ 'Þrymr inn mikli í lotunheimum náði hamri Þórs; þá gerði Þór sig að þíku til að giptast Þrym, og fékk sú brúðr þris mikinn af sínum brúðguma; en hún var svó vel mat-frekinn; því fekk hún að sjá hamarinn. Þess kendu boðsmenn og brúðguminn.'

John accepted Magnus' grand theory, with the same modifications as Bryniolf had supplied, as we see from such passages as: "Then the clerk Snorri Sturlason of Reykholt, the lawman of the south of the country in the days of Gudmund Arason the bishop, the fifth bishop of Holar, began to write somewhat out of the old books of the Anses. Some got more and some less; that is why there are such different Eddas about. But men think that the Edda of Sæmund the historian is the fullest and best, for he was the older in point of time¹."

Here the statement about Snorri's age would be derived from a statement in the Life of Bishop John respecting Gunlaug, who is there said to have written it for Gudmund the bishop, whilst Biorn says that Snorri and Gunlaug are contemporaries: it is hence that Bishop Gudmund puts in an appearance here. Again, John Lærdi says that he is obliged to write from the shortest Eddas, for he has not yet been able to come across a larger one; he being evidently of opinion that there was, for instance, a far larger Gylfa-ginning than his [which is our text of to-day], but this he had never seen.

A further proof (if it were needed) that John knew Hawk's-book well, is found in his imitation of Merlinus Spa, called Krucks Spa, a prophecy of Iceland's fate and future history.

John, with his cabalistic learning and happy love of popular superstition, is a figure of rather pathetic interest to one; his works are a storehouse of old words and phrases. He was a bit of a poet too in his own way; Ditty 51, vol. ii, is his, and it may well be that some of the fairy-tale poems, such as Kötlu-draumr, are by him. He was an artist too, a noted ivory-carver. Poor fellow! he lost most of his papers, which were taken and burnt, when he himself had a narrow escape from the mania for witch persecution which had reached Iceland too in the seventeenth century. He was what Johnson loved, a 'good hater.' He died in 1651.

b. In and after 1642.

We have now traced the story of the Edda among the scholars of the Icelandic Renaissance down to the great year 1642. How the whole of their ideas and theories were changed by the important discovery of Codex Regius at that date, remains now to be pointed out. The theory of Magnus respecting a *double* Edda paved the way for the acceptance of the new MS. as an *Edda*; Biorn's phantasy supplied Sæmund's name (which, but for that, would never have been hit upon) as the author thereof.

¹ *John the Learned*, 1641: 'Þá tók til nokkuð lítið úr þeim fornu Æsa-bókum að skrifa sá sribent Snorri Sturluson í Reykjabolti, Lögmaðr suðrlanz syðra byskups-dæmis, á dögum Guðmundar biskups Arasonar, fimta Hóla-byskups; þar af feugu sumir meir, en sumir minna; því eru svo misiafnar Eddur víða.—Enn Sæmundar Edda hins Fróða þykir mönnum fyllst og fróðust vera; hann var og fyrri.'

Let us see how the knowledge of the new-found MS. affected Biorn. In the same MS. which contains John's treatise, is an Essay by Biorn of Scardsa, entitled 'A certain little Compilation on Runes (*Samtak um Runir*), for the benefit of the learned, at Scardsa, 1642, B. I. S.¹' [Biorn Johnson]. In this Essay for the first time appears the word *Hávamal*, and quotations unmistakably drawn from the songs in the Cod. Regius MS. Hitherto there has been no citation from any one of the songs therein contained which one cannot point out as derived from other works. Here at last is sure and certain evidence that Biorn has seen Cod. Regius. How does he treat the songs? He speaks of them as dim, obscure, and difficult, needing interpretation, as of immense age, composed by the Anses, etc. It would seem as if he had come across the MS. while writing his Essay, for he stops to explain what he is talking about, and to make clear to his readers what he means by the words he is using respecting it. For of course he must account for the book in some way. How he does so is this,—he accepts the Magnus-Bryniolf theories as to a *double* Edda, and adapts them to this new find: this is *the Edda* we have all been talking about, the archetype or a piece of it, composed by Anses and heroes, and written down by Sæmund. This Song-Edda I shall call Sæmund's Edda for distinction sake, and the Prose one I call henceforth Snorri's. This is what we gather clearly from such passages as this: "There are two books (he says) here in Iceland, which men commonly call Edda [a characteristic sweeping statement]. . . . Now these books which are called Edda are very different indeed, for the book, which priest Sæmund Sigfusson the Wise has composed, is *all in verse*, and he has gathered together therein all the oldest, wisest, and most obscure songs which he could find in that tongue [the Danish tongue alluded to above in his Essay]. Many² have called the book Sæmund's Song-Book³," etc. [This last statement covers his own advance, or volt-face of theory, for it does not do to let people know one has not been omniscient, and a good broad assertion will always go down. There is of course no real intent to deceive here; it is only the old man's flighty fancy, not to say pet vanity, instinctively saving itself.] Again we have: "All that I have just stated comes from the Edda of Sæmund and its extremely old poems, prophecies and proverbs of wisdom, which are too long to insert here. This deep and obscure matter is treated of at great length in divers places of the old poems in Sæmund's Edda⁴." Surely in such passages we catch old Biorn

¹ 'Nokkuð lítið Samtak um Rúnir . . . bráða-fangs upp teiknað til um-bóta vitra manna á Skarðsá í Skagafirði 1642, B. I. S.'

² 'Many' is here Biorn himself and nobody else; the national 'we' of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street.

³ 'Tvær bækur eru hér á landi er menn nefna almennilega, hvora fyrir sig, Eddu. . . Nú eru þessar bækur sem Edda er nefnd, hvor um sig sundr-greinilegar, þviat bók sú, er Sæmundr prestur Sigfusson inn Fróði hefir saman sett, *er öll í lióðum*, og hefir saman hent í hana öll þau elztu hann spökustu og dimmustu lióð, sem hann hefir í þessari tungu getað fundið; hafa margir kallað þá bók Sæmundar "Lióða bók," etc.

⁴ 'Allt þetta hér sagt kemr fram í Eddu Sæmundar í þeim afganila lióða-lætti,

in the very act of christening his new-found treasure. In the same Edda he makes this final confession of faith as to Sæmund's authorship, the last edition, in fact, of his theories: "These (he says) are his works which men know for certain that he has composed and written: 1. Niala, which he has composed with great brilliancy. 2. Edda, which we call the Song-Edda. Master Bryniolf believes that this has for the most part perished; however, its yet existing fragments yield clear testimony to the learning and eloquence of this author. 3. He was also the first to begin the Odd-Annals from the creation of the world right down to his own day¹."

One more passage will show that it is unmistakably Codex Regius which Biorn now dubs Edda Sæmundi: "I will first say something about that obscure prophecy which Sæmund places *first* in his book, and which is named after the Wolwa²."

We need not pursue the list of notices of the Edda-Songs any further. We have seen the state of opinion just before and just after the discovery of Cod. Regius. Subsequent scholars follow Bryniolf and Biorn's theory, like sheep, without doubt or development [see Arni Magnusson below]³ down to the present day.

As to the order in which single songs of Eddic type turned up later, a few words may suffice.

About the same time, or a few years later, the discovery of Cod. Regius was supplemented by the discovery of a fragment of a MS. (A) which contains Olaf Whitepoet's Essay on the Figures of Grammar, Snorri's Scaldscaparmal, the Thulor, and one sheet of poems, chief of which was the hitherto unknown *Balder's Doom*. When Flatey-book came to light [in 1643] the one old poem it includes, the *Hyndlo-liod*, became known. In 1641 Bishop Bryniolf had bought a new second MS.

spá-sögnum og spak-mælum, sem langt vill vera inn að færa. Mart og mikið talar um þetta diúp-setta mál í forn-diktum Sæmundar Eddu.'

¹ Þessi eru hans opera, sem menn víst vita að hann samið og skrifað hefir:— 1. Níala, hverja hann saman skrifað hefir með stórum candore. 2. Edda, hverja ver köllum Lióða-Eddu—hana hyggur Mag. Bryniolfur að mestu leiti intercideraða—og af hennar fragmentis eptir blifandi hvorrar ágæti þó ber líóst vitni um lærdóm og orð-suilli autoris. 3. Hann byrjaði og fyrstr Odda-annál ab orbe condito, og allt til síns tíma.'

² 'Nú vil eg fyrst nokkuð tala um hina diúp-skildu spá, er Sæmundr setr undan í bók sinni, og kend er við volfu.'

And—'Einnig finn eg í þeim for-gamla, dul-mæltu lióða hætti, sem kallaðr er Háfa-mál . . . og meina eg þau lióð hafi giör verið á dögum Æsanna eða skamt eptir.'

And—'Sem helzt má lesa og skilja í þeim dul-mæltu lióðum, er Brynhildr Buðia dóttir kveðr til Sigurðar Fáfnis-bana.'

³ The *first* notice out of Iceland of the two Eddas is in Stephanii Notæ Ueberiores, 1644, ii. 93: 'Docet utraque Edda, et illa genuina Rhythmica Sæmundi Sigfussonii, vulgo Froda, vel Polyhistoris, dicti, quam non ita diu e latebris eruisse præ se fert M. Brynolvus Svenonius, et vulgatiór Snorronis Sturlouii, qui Sæmundinam illam priscam interpolavit,' etc. [Here he falls back into the theory before 1642.] Stephanus cites 'Edda' about thirty times, meaning always the Prose one, except this once. Observe that most of the sheets of his book would have been in type ere the news of 1642 had reached him.

of Snorri's Edda (r); in this the *Mill Song* is preserved. The *Sun's Song* is first mentioned in Biorn's Essay of 1642: 'as it is said in the old Sun's Song¹;' we have no information as to its vellum original, only paper copies having come down to us. The Lay of *Menglad and Swipday* seems to have emerged later, as it is not cited by Biorn; it is in like case, as to MSS., with the Sun Song. The first of all these early poems known was the *Lay of Rígb*, as it is in Codex Wormianus, which was certainly known before 1609 (when it is first mentioned by Magnus Olafsson), for we gather that Arngrim knew it as early as 1596. Heidrek's *Riddles*, to which Biorn made a commentary (1641), were known first from Hawk's-book, one of the mediæval MSS. which emerged earliest, quite as early as 1620. The introductions to the poems in Book iv note the earliest citations and the MS. authority of the other 'Eddic' poems; e.g. of Egil's three great poems *Hofudlausn* was the first known, before 1640, and the indefatigable Biorn wrote a commentary on it.

When Eryniolf had found the Codex Regius he had a copy taken on vellum, and inscribing it 'Edda Sæmundi multiscii,' sent it abroad². From it the title became spread on the continent, where scholars, as Arne Magnusson complains, accepted the superscription as an oracle not to be doubted. This vellum copy is lost. It came with the rest of Torfæus' MSS. into Arne Magnusson's collection, and has disappeared, probably burnt in the Copenhagen fire, 1728³.

Beyond the momentary stir among the little knot of scholars, the influence of the newly-discovered 'poetic Edda' was not very great; the scholars of the continent chiefly cared for them as throwing light upon 'Runic' matters, and the complete ignorance of their real worth is shown by the fact that the Editio Princeps of the Mythic Poems of Codex Regius is of 1787, only scraps and stray bits having been printed before, and that the earliest edition of the Heroic Poems is that of von der Hagen, 1812. The first complete edition of the whole is Rask's of 1818 [see § 15].

¹ 'Svo segir í Sólar-lióðum gömlu: Bækr sá ek fáðar feikn stöfum' (!).

² Arne Magnusson in *Vita Sæmundi*: '[Brynolfus] inter alia membranam quandam antiquissimam, carmina Islandica continentem, nactus est; quæ, ut lectioni commodius inservirent, in recenti membrana exarari fecit [*this copy is lost*], ac ita transcriptis titulum "Edda Sæmundi Multiscii" propria manu præfixit. Hanc recentiorem membranam Brynolvi dono postea obtinuit . . . Tormodus Torfæus. [*Arne now proceeds to narrate further compilations*], . . . atque ita ex variis codicibus confarcatum corpus "Edda Sæmundi" vulgo dicitur, fide scilicet Brynolvi Swenonii, qui titulum illum primo, ut ante dictum est, apographo præfixit. Quæ sententia, tamquam ex Appollinis cortinâ profecta, adeo invaluit, ut dictus liber eo nomine hucusque constanter venerit, nec ullus de ejus inscriptionis authenticiâ quæstionem movere præsumperit. Sed tamen Eddam Sæmundi ante Brynolvi tempora ita vocatam fuisse, fide patris sui sexagenarius mihi retulit Thormodus Torfæus' [in the 'præ-1642' sense].

And again in *Icelandic on a slip*, see p. xxx. note 4.

³ 'Öll exemplaria sem eg séð hefí, eru yngri enn initium episcopatus Brynolvi.'—Arne Magnusson on a slip.

In Iceland the influence is (beyond the lost copies alluded to, § 15) not very marked. Hallgrim Petersson's Commentary on some of the verses in Olaf Tryggvason's Saga, a quaint work, quotes one of the Helgi Lays (but as from Gudrunakvida),—the earliest citation from these poems. There are traces of an acquaintance with the Didactic poems in his Passion Hymns, and his Sam-hendur clearly show a knowledge of them.

Besides this, there is little or nothing save the forgery, Hrafnagaldur Odins [Hrævagaldur?], or Forspiall's liod, intended as an introduction to the Doom of Balder, the oldest MS. of which goes back to 1670. See Introduction to Balder's Doom.

§ 5. ICELANDIC DIPLOMATICS.

There are, as we noticed in the Prolegomena (§ 27), four great collections of Icelandic MSS. :—

First, MSS. collected by Bishop Bryniolf and presented to the king, especially those which he sent him in 1662, now in the Royal Library of Copenhagen (the old MSS. Collection, 'Gamle Kgl. Saml.')

—*Codices Regii*, about fifteen in all.

Secondly, the Collection of Arne Magnusson, made between the years 1690 and 1728. For the life of this Father of Icelandic Letters, see the Prolegomena (§ 27)—*Codices Arna-Magnæani* [= AM. or Arna-Magn.]

Thirdly, the Upsala Collection, which was formed by Stephanus, of whom we have spoken above: from the hands of the De La Gardie family these MSS. passed to their present locale—*Codices Upsalenses*.

Fourthly, the Stockholm Collection, of which the first part was brought together in Iceland in 1662 by Rugman; the second by John Eggertzson in 1682—*Codices Holmenses*.

There was formerly a *fifth* collection, that of the University Library of Copenhagen, many from the library of Resenius (*Codices Reseniani*). This collection was wholly destroyed by fire in 1728, save one MS. which had been lent out to Arne Magnusson. But luckily, under the auspices of Torfæus and other scholars, careful copies had been made of all the important Icelandic MSS. in this University collection, and these copies are now in the Arna-Magnæan Library—*Codices Academici*.

These five collections absorbed all the Icelandic vellums and the best paper copies; and happily it was so, for the destruction of MSS. which went on in Iceland at the end of the seventeenth century would have left very little to be gathered if Arne had not come just when he did. As we have seen, all the vellums still in Bishop Bryniolf's possession at his death were scattered or mutilated or destroyed within a few years, and Arne could only procure fragments of what had been the finest collection in Iceland. Besides careless keeping, ill-usage, and bookbinding (for which the vellums were cut up, the loose plies serving to cover the wooden boards of modern printed books), which we may rank as active agents, Icelandic MSS. had, owing to the absence of

libraries and national buildings, much to contend with,—the damp and smoke of the houses, which blackens and rots the parchment itself, and accounts for the dark, grimy, mouldering state of most MSS.

Besides the dark, discoloured state of Icelandic MSS., there are other diplomatic signs which distinguish them. They are written in a systematically *contracted* form, which is quite unique in European diplomatics; hundreds of the ordinary words, and nearly all proper names, are expressed by abbreviations. This we may well suppose to have arisen from lack of parchment, but it was continued as a matter of calligraphy long after vellum was generally available, for however costly the MSS., however large the margin, Icelandic scribes *never* wrote otherwise. In the Norwegian MSS., unless they were written by Icelanders, the fashion did not obtain. One of the results of this is, that it requires a long and special training to read blurred passages, or to restore from the misreadings of extant MSS. the original words of the archetype.

Again, we have to take into account the absolute disappearance of nearly all *early* MSS., so that there are far fewer than we should expect of the twelfth century, and those which do exist of such date are mostly on *sacred subjects*, translations from Latin mediæval books, etc., of little worth for our purposes. So complete has been the destruction of early vellums, that hardly a deed or charter remains from the Middle Ages (twelfth and thirteenth centuries), the one exception, a most valuable one, being the Reykholt Charter, which we shall mention again. We therefore lack much diplomatic information, which fuller and earlier remains would yield.

It is also to be noted, that the collections of Copenhagen and the North, which are so rich in Icelandic MSS., are remarkably weak in early Latin, French, and English MSS. and charters of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries which could be compared with Icelandic MSS. Hence it has been, that in the absence of any date to be got at from internal evidence (and this is very seldom attainable), Icelandic vellums have been dated in a haphazard fashion, without sufficient knowledge, and without sufficient method. So that, as a rule, the judgment of editors as to a MS.'s age must not be accepted, and a fresh and searching investigation into the facts of each case is necessary. Down to the present day, indeed, editors of Icelandic MSS., only knowing one class of vellums, have been trying to judge of them by guess-work, by the same method as the now extinct Greek scholars who sought to find the etymology of every word and the explanation of every form in the Greek tongue itself. And the results of the intuition or guess method in the one case are about as trustworthy as those in the other. The only scholars whom it is safe to follow are the Norwegian editors, such as Munch and Unger, who have had not only a wide experience of mediæval MSS., but have worked upon a scientific method; and among Icelandic scholars the late Mr. Sigurdsson's wide knowledge of fourteenth and fifteenth

century Icelandic MSS. and sagacious industry warrant one in relying on his verdict upon all *late* MSS. Where we have dissented from these scholars it has been with the fullest consideration.

It was after a long and minute study of the AM. collections, after some acquaintance with the MSS. of other countries and tongues, especially those of England, which are so important in this connection (for from Britain it was that writing originally came to Iceland), that the Editor drew up the Table in Prolegomena (p. ccxii), in which he has attempted to fix the dates of the most valuable Icelandic vellums. For this purpose it must be remembered that it is not enough to know and notice peculiarities of writing and changes of grammar and phonesis, but one must also look at the make of the vellum, the size and destination of the book, the needle-marks at the back of the sheets, the way in which the volume has been bound and rebound, and the like. Moreover, one must always be on the watch to look out for similarities of handwriting and physical resemblances between different MSS., for only so can one hope to light on a positive date.

A few examples of the mistakes in dating perpetrated by editors will show the caution necessary in accepting the 'traditional' dates.

The earliest Icelandic MS. is a translation of that well-known mediæval book, the *Elucidarius*. Now the editors, who have an extraordinary and wholly unbased prejudice against putting any MS. earlier than the thirteenth century—the twelfth century, with Ari the historian, Thorodd the grammarian, and King Swerri, being a mere vacuum to them—have invented two bags, labelled Early Thirteenth Century and Early Fourteenth Century, into which they tumble all MSS. they do not know much about. If a MS. is evidently *very* old, it goes into the former; if it is evidently *rather* old, it goes into the latter. Here, in the case of *Elucidarius*, no one could doubt but that a MS. which contains archaic grammatical forms such as, not only 'es' for 'er,' but even 'an' for 'þan,' must be very old, so it goes plump into the first bag¹. But a careful look at the book will soon convince one that it is at least a hundred years older than the editors will allow. Taking the actual verbal forms they are *consistently early*, the handwriting is of a *wholly* early type, the size of the letters, the absence of abbreviations, and the grouping of the page, all point to an early date. Thus, to compare it with foreign MSS., the Editor has seen a charter of Henry I of England, the penmanship of which he could hardly distinguish from it, and several English-written MSS. of similar dates which present exactly the same *type* of handwriting—a variety of the Latin round hand of England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

¹ Professor Gislason of Copenhagen, in *Arna-Magnæanske Haandskrifter*, 1869. So again, AM. 677, Gregory's Dialogues [clearly a twelfth-century vellum, though not so old as *Elucidarius*] is by the same author, said to be of 'early in the first half of the thirteenth century.'—*Frumpartar*, p. xciv.

Let us allow a few years for this type to reach Iceland from England, and it is necessary to allow for this, for fashions of course reach Iceland slowly, and the date of 1130 will be found to suit all the evidence which it is possible for us to collect with regard to this MS., whereas the traditional bag-date means nothing, is based on no fact, and agrees with no external evidence.

Another odd notion is the fixed idea that, when two or more hands are found in a single volume, they must be of different dates. Thus in the little Agrip MS. (which, by the way, bears a curious resemblance in some respects to the famous Digby MS. of the Song of Roland) there are two hands 'nearly contemporary.' Why not contemporary? There is no earthly reason. Of course there are instances of MSS. begun by one man and finished by another one or even two generations afterwards; but such cases are few and far between, and there is nearly always a reasonable amount of internal evidence to be got at, either the hands present obvious marks of difference, or the character of the vellum changes, or something of the kind. Thus in the facsimiles of Sturlunga Cod. B, given in the Oxford edition of that Saga (p. ccxix), there is absolutely no cause to doubt the contemporaneity of the hands employed, or to say that the MS. is 'partly from the beginning, partly from the end of the fourteenth century¹.' The older-looking hand actually *recurs* after the more modern-looking one of the three, and the parchment and disposition of the whole vellum is one and the same throughout.

In the MS. of Graygoose, again, a solitary fossil alliterative phrase of old Norwegian Law, 'churl's or *earl's* land,' has been taken, without further proof, to date the MS. to the days of Earl Gizur, who was earl from 1259 to 1268; for, say they, this phrase must refer to Gizur, the only earl who ever ruled in Iceland. But as *both* our MSS. of Graygoose have it in a somewhat *different* version, their common archetype must have had it too, and as that must have been written in Gizur's day, our MSS. could not be earlier than, say, 1280. Now the phrase does not bear the meaning attributed to it, and the MS. in which it is found, by every diplomatic test, must be at least half a century older than 1280. We can also fix its upward date exactly, for it contains a 'novel' of Bishop Magnus' first year. Now he was consecrated 1217, and the novel was, we take it, recent when the collection was made. It will not do to base a legal theory upon such a slippery foundation as this phrase has proved.

To give a final example of diplomatic shortcomings. It is proper to note here that Hawk's-book, in which we have the hands of Hawk himself and several of his scribes, has been much misused as an authority. For editors have pitched upon Hawk's peculiar and somewhat archaic penmanship as a standard, wholly neglecting to take also into notice the contemporary hands of Hawk's scribes, one of whom is probably the

¹ Gislason, Frumpartar, p. viii.

scribe of the first hand in Sturlunga, Cod. B,—an indication which may again serve as a stepping-stone to further date-equations¹.

Only a comparative study can yield any security. Hence it comes, that the estimates of the late Mr. Coxe—a master in palæography, gifted with an intuitive eye, and, like the craftsmen of the Middle Ages, working out a method of his own, from his own wide experience—are borne out as true in almost every instance.

Before turning to the MSS. which are the bases of our edition of the 'Eddic' poetry, we need only dwell for a moment on the way in which the vellum books were made up and bound, for we shall have to know something of this to understand exactly their present condition. The skin was, irrespective of size, made up into a sheet of four *plies* or *quaterns*, as in an ordinary 8vo-sized MS. (our sizes of paper, folio, quarto, etc., have been borrowed from the sizes of parchment, which were ultimately fixed by the size of sheep), so that a MS. is just like a common 8vo book now-a-days. The leaves are never numbered in an Icelandic MS. The number of lines in a page of a MS. is nearly always regularly maintained. It varies of course in different MSS. according to size, from 25 of the Agrip 4to to 61 of the Flatey-book folio. The quire of four plies was pierced and sewn into strips of leather, which were then plugged into oak boards covered with sealskin or sheepskin, and the piercing of the plies all through the volume is of course uniform.

§ 6. THE MANUSCRIPTS USED IN THESE VOLUMES.

Chief of all Icelandic MSS., the treasure of the Royal Library at Copenhagen, is Codex Regius (R), No. 2365, the history of whose appearance in the learned world we have already spoken of; a narrow octavo, now in an eighteenth-century binding, with the royal arms of Christian VII (c. 1780). What its former binding in Bishop Bryniolf's days was, is not known; its second binder did the vellum some harm by plowing its edges. We should have liked to have had its original cover, but that was probably lost before the worthy, but misguided, librarian ordered it a new coat. It consists of five complete sheets and one final sheet, from which three blank leaves have been cut; but between the fourth and fifth sheets a sheet at least is missing (the sheet of the *Lacuna*). This Lacuna existed when Bishop Bryniolf got the MS., for he has noted at the top of the fifth sheet, 'λόγος ἀκέφαλος.' But for this the MS. is perfect. The first page, dark and grimy, is yet perfectly preserved, signed by the good Bishop's monogram L . There is *no* superscription (Edda or otherwise) in the old hand.

The whole shape and character of the handwriting is of the *transition*

¹ There are in this connection three additions which may be made to the Table of Vellums given in Sturlunga, whence they were left out by inadvertence:—

In third column—'AM. 61. The two St. Olaf's Sagas. c. 1360.'

In second column—'Wolsunga Vellum, Roy. Libr. c. 1380.'

In first column—'AM. 557. c. 1400.' Eirik the Red's Saga, given hence in the Reader.

period, and retains the marks of the twelfth century, to which, if it were English, one would unhesitatingly refer it. Though the Editor has had in hand and gone through probably every extant early Icelandic vellum or vellum-fragment (save those at Wolphenbüttel), he has never been able to find a shred of the same handwriting. Nearest, but a little older, are—the Placidus Drapa, AM. 673 (clearly twelfth century); the third hand of the Reykholt Charter (which dates between 1223 and 1240¹, most probably nearer the former than the latter year); and the first handwriting in Graygoose (Cod. Reg.),—which are all of the same type of hand, and cannot differ very far in age. The scribe must, in our opinion, have written it between 1220 and 1240, but certainly not later than the latter date, and in all probability earlier.

The writing is very yellow and faded: the scribe is careful and methodical, an excellent penman and even a corrector, for he underdots, in a fashion common elsewhere but rare in Icelandic MSS., words he wishes to alter; he sometimes leaves a blank, when he cannot make out or does not know a word. The facsimile in 1787 is not good, those of Rafn (*Antiqq. Russes*) and Bugge are good. The spelling of R is to be noted; a specimen of it, which is fairly representative of its style, is given in the Appendix to vol. i (pp. 375–377). The most noticeable points are the following:—

- 'f, d,' in a few cases still the Latin form, instead of the later A. S. 'F and ð.'
 - 'es, vas' a few times.
 - 'ér' and 'þér' alternately.
 - 'sk' reflexive a few times, usually, however, 'z.'
 - 'r' sometimes in a semi-A. S. type.
 - 'þ' throughout, as 'inlaut' and 'auslaut' as well as 'anlaut.'
 - 'þ' inflexive, (not t); for the rule, see Dict. p. 93 b, C. III. 2.
 - 'ø' and 'œ' (ϕ) distinguished, or meant to be so, though the notation be often indistinct; for the rule, see Dict. p. 761 b, I. 1–2.
 - 'æ' and 'œ' sometimes confounded.
 - 'h' in a few instances dropped before 'l' and 'r,' Lavdves for Hlodvess, Reidgotum for Hreidgotum. Could this be a remnant of the archetypus, an Orkney one?
- For all details, see Bugge's account, in the Preface to his edition, pp. viii–xvii.

It is very much to be wished that a facsimile printed edition, such as Stengel's or Kölbing's MSS. of Roland, were done by a careful scholar. A photographic edition, if practicable, would be most desirable, but the ink is so faded, that even with it, a letter-for-letter printed edition would still be needed.

The contents of R are thus arranged (| roughly marking the junctions of the sheets): (1) Wolospa, The Havamal Collection (a jumble of the Guests' Wisdom, Havamal, Woden's Love Lessons, The Old Ritual Song, etc. all mingled together in a formless mass), Walthrudnis-Mal, | (2) Grimni's L., Skirni's L., Hoarbeard's L., Hymi's L., Flyting of Loki, | (3) Thrym's L., Wayland's L., Allwise's Lesson, The Helgi Collection (containing Helgi and Sigrun A, Helgi and Swafa, Helgi and Cara, mixed

¹ A photograph of which may be seen in Captain Burton's *Travels in Iceland*. Hand 3 begins—Kirkia á en . . . , and ends—crosar ij script.

with fragments of the Old Wolsung Tale | (4) Helgi and Sigrun B), Gripi's L., Old Wolsung Play down to l. 283 | .

Now comes the great *Lacuna* : | (5) On the two sheets following it there stand, Short Brunhild's L., Gudrun's L., Long Brunhild L., Old Gudrun L. (with which Attila fragments are mingled), Ordeal of Gudrun, Ordrun's L., Old Atli L. | (6) Greenland Atli Lay, the Chain of Woes and Hamtheow's L., in one confused mass.

Our next MS. is Codex AM. 748, known as A. All that is left of it is four more or less complete sheets, twenty-two leaves in all. The *first* remaining sheet is entirely poetical, begins in the middle of Hoar-beard's Lay, and goes on with the Doom of Balder and Skirni's Lay; here, from one leaf being lost, only the first half of this Lay is left us, and the first part of Wafthrudni's Lay which followed it has also gone. Then come Grimni's Lay, Hymi's Lay, and the first lines of the prose introduction to Weyland's Lay. There is here at least one sheet missing, so that the end of Weyland's Lay is lacking, and other matter at which we can only guess. The *second existing sheet* begins with the last few lines of a treatise of Olaf Whitepoet on terms of grammar, which is found nowhere else [Snorra Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. ii. p. 397, ll. 1-15]. Olaf's other treatise follows; there is one leaf cut out of this sheet, but otherwise it is perfect. It is followed by *sheets three and four*, containing Snorri's Scaldscaparmal and the Thulor, which end on the top of the thirteenth page of the fourth sheet [Snorra Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. ii. pp. 397-498]. A subsequent hand later on has added here Hawk's Islen-dinga Drapa [ii. 419-421], which fills the rest of the thirteenth and the whole of the fourteenth page, and must probably have ended about half-way down the fifteenth page; but the rascal hand of the vellum-hunter has pounced on this partially clear leaf and hacked it out.

Hence it is evident that this volume must once have contained at least six sheets. There is an excellent facsimile of it in Snorra Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. iii. tab. v. As to its *age*, Olaf died 1259, so it must be subsequent to his death, but very little, not later, we should say, than 1280. This date would suit with other indications which (Phonetics, Grammar) make it plainly half a century younger than R.

As to the contents of the lacunas in A, and how big the MS. was, when perfect, we can make some guess. The first sheet remaining presupposes an earlier sheet, probably of poems. We can even with some degree of probability fix one of the songs. It will be noticed in the facsimile [Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. iii. tab. v] that the scribe put his initial very far back in the margin, some distance from the text. Now for the Lay of Sweepday and Menglad vellums are lacking, but there are paper MSS. which curiously contain several false initial letters. The scribe, we take it, had been working from a MS. in which the initials set far back had been cropped off, as, indeed, in our remaining leaves they have been, by the binder. May it not have been this very

vellum? Initial letters set in this way are not common in Icelandic MSS. The Sun's Song, too, of which there are no extant vellums, may have come from the same MS. There were probably in the first sheet such poems as *Woluspa*, *Allwise's Lesson*, etc., but not we think any of the *Wolsung* cycle [except the *Runes of Brunhild?*]. The order and contents being different from R, though it has followed the same authority in poems common to both, lead one to think that it may have been intended as a kind of florilegium of such poems as the owner fancied. The value of A lies, firstly, in its preserving *Balder's Doom*, and, secondly, in the *Thulor* (best text), the small notices respecting *Olaf Whitepoet*, and *Islendinga Drapa*. Codex A was probably perfect when Bishop *Bryniolf* died, and was mutilated between that date and its being secured by *Arne*.

We next come to the MSS. of *SNORRI'S EDDA*, of which there are three—*Wormianus* (W), *Regius* (r), and *Upsalensis* (U). Of these the best and most important is certainly *Wormianus*, a finely-written square vellum; the only existing facsimile, in the *Snorra Edda*, edit. *Arna-Magn.* vol. iii. tab. ii, is not quite good nor well chosen, the scribe not being here at his best. A facsimile edition (after *Stengel's* model), and if possible a photographic edition, should be taken of this precious MS. The Editor made a copy for himself in December 1875, from which he has worked.

Its contents are, *Gylfa-ginning*, *Scaldscaparmal* (without the interpolations from the *Sigfred Saga*), the *Kennings* (but without the *Thulor* or the *Ókend heiti*) down to '*Hilditannz hin milldi*' [*Snorra Edda*, edit. *Arna-Magn.* vol. i. p. 464], followed by *Thorodd's Essay* on the Alphabet, with the scribe's own preface, the *Second Grammarian's Essay*, *Olaf's Treatise* on the Figures, with an appendix, which we believe to be by the scribe himself; it breaks off unfinished on the fifteenth page of the seventh sheet, leaving a blank page after it [*Snorra Edda*, edit. *Arna-Magn.* vol. ii. pp. 1-278]. Hitherto there has been but one blank in these seven sheets, where a leaf (falling curiously in *Olaf's* treatise where the leaf of *Cod.* 748 is missing) has been cut out.

Next comes a sheet (the eighth) containing *Hattatal*, but this has been copied, not from W's archetypes, but from some poor and imperfect MS.; quite unlike the rest of the book. The first or outer ply of this sheet is gone.

The last (ninth) sheet begins with the *Lay of Righ*, with a large initial letter at the top of the page, which poem covers both sides of the first leaf; then a leaf is lost, containing the end of the *Lay* and the beginning of a section on the *Synonyms*, the middle of which is found on the third leaf, then a whole ply is gone, and the essay goes on upon the remaining sixth leaf, but is never finished, the writer, as once before, breaking off in the middle of his page and subject [*Snorra Edda*, edit. *Arna-Magn.* vol. ii. pp. 495-500]. The remaining leaves, the seventh and eighth of the sheet, were left blank; one is now gone,

the other is scribbled over with the verses and notes of subsequent owners or readers¹.

The whole MS. must once therefore have contained nine sheets, seventy leaves of which were written on. The scribe and writer left it unfinished in two places, where he was composing himself, not copying [Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. ii. pp. 248 and 500]. The age we should put at 1320-30: the last king mentioned is Hakon V, the last person Arne Lawrenceson the poet, a Benedictine monk of Thingore, North Iceland, some of whose verses are quoted. Had the MS. been much later we should have had citations from Lilia and other Icelandic poets, Abbot Arngrim of Thingore and Einar Gilsøn for example. The writing would suit the date we fix. The size of the vellum, the general air of wealth and perfection about the whole book, as well as its preservation, which is so far better than usual, would suit a book written and kept in a cloister. Indeed, the book may well have been made and kept at Thingore.

There was a bad copy (now known as AM. 756) of a part of this MS. taken in the fifteenth century, but it is of no use or value whatever.

That Wormianus was one of the first old MSS. that became known to the scholars of the Revival, Arngrim and Biorn and the rest, is to be carefully kept in mind; for it was on the basis of his knowledge of this very vellum that Biorn of Scardsa spun his wondrous theories upon 'Edda' and 'Scalda,' upon Sæmund and Gunlaug, etc., theories largely affected by the form and idiosyncracies of the MS. itself.

In 1609 Magnus Olafsson used it for his re-arrangement of the Laufas Edda, which he composed for and dedicated to Arngrim the Learned², who lent him the vellum for this purpose. Since then it has never been lost sight of; Biorn, as we have seen, having access to it till it left Iceland, in 1629³, as Arngrim's gift to Ole Worm; from Worm's grandson it came to Arne Magnusson in 1706. It is now numbered AM. 242. Its mark W might stand for 'Widalinus,' Arngrim's chosen name, as well as 'Wormianus.'

In Worm's day several paper leaves were let into the volume after it was bound in its present vellum clothing, containing a worthless copy of the interpolations which are found in the Regius (r) of Scaldscaparmal, but which never did exist in W. These leaves are known

¹ We subjoin the following verse in fifteenth-century handwriting:—

Endilega fáí Arnór frændi : allan heiðr þann eg kann beiða,
 auð og seim og yfir-vald lýða : angri sviptur og ógiptur :
 um lönd og geima, lögu og sanda : líósa frægd og sóma nægðir,
 líf og heilsu, lukku og gæfu : líái honum Kristr í himna vistu.

A father's good wishes to his son (?)—somewhat aristocratic in spirit; we guess the young Arnor to be one Arnor, son of Finn (surnamed Law-Finn), which Arnor appears in 1480-1510.

² Magnus' autograph is extant in Arna-Magn. 743 chart., dated 'Audkulæ, 4 id. Martii, A° 1609,' signed 'M. Olafs.'

³ *Arngrim to Worm*, 1629: 'Eddam et conjunctam Scaldam, quia meus Codex est, Domino Wormio libenter concedo, quamcunque volet diu' [translated p. xxv].

as 'W chart.,' and are entirely valueless. They have caused some confusion, as editors have ever and anon been quoting 'W chart.' as 'W,' or vice versa. They should be henceforward wholly disregarded.

The value of W lies, first, in the careful and conscientious character of the scribe throughout, for wherever a blank or difficulty occurred in his archetype he has left a corresponding blank in his copy, a rare instance of fidelity in old copyists; next in that it saves for us the *Lay of Rígb* and Thorodd's Essay, both pieces which could ill be spared, being unique in their kind.

Codex Regius of Snorri's Edda (r) is a small octavo, somewhat blackened and begrimed, bought by Bishop Bryniolf on the 31st of January, 1640, as his entry testifies, still extant on the first page¹. Its contents are, Gylfa-ginning, Scaldscaparmal (with an interpolation of great interest which we shall discuss below), the Thulor (imperfect), Hattatal (the best text), followed by blank pages on which a subsequent hand has written Jomswickinga-drapa [ii. p. 301], and the Proverb-Song [ii. p. 363]. The top lines of this MS. are often a little mouldered away, the first page is gone, and the writing is of the end of the thirteenth century; a very good facsimile of part of the 'interpolation' is given in the Arna-Magnæan edition of Edda, vol. iii. tab. i. The writer was by no means so careful as the scribe of W, he has *slurred over all the blanks* or defects of his original; thus in the second line of Haustlong one can see (though the page is a little injured) that though 'r' could read no more than 'W' did, he simply runs on from 'leggja' to 'radd-kleifar' without any break. The modern editions do far worse, and fill up the missing half-line with a frigid suggestion of the last century. The 'interpolation' containing Sigfred's Saga, part of Bragi's Shield-Song, and above all the Mill-Song, is of the highest value. All the rest is of less importance, though the Hattatal text has some value, albeit, as Möbius has lately proved, by no means perfect, and one would not willingly have lost the Jomswickinga-drapa or the Proverb Song.

A sister MS. is r e β in the Arna-Magnæan Collection; a small folio MS. which must once have contained Gylfa-ginning, but now begins in the middle of Scaldscaparmal in the Sigfred interpolation and goes on to the end of Thulor [Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. ii. pp. 573-627]. No more was ever written in it, for there was a page left blank after the last Thulor page. This blank was afterwards filled up by a genealogy of the Sturlungs [see Sturlunga, ii. p. 399]. The handwriting is of the former half of the fourteenth century. No facsimile of it has been taken.

A MS. by no means devoid of interest is the *Codex Upsalensis*, 'U,' which bears a certain relationship to W. It comprises Gylfa-

¹ *In the margin of 'r' in Bishop Bryniolf's hand—'Anno 1640, d. 31 Januarii keypti eg Bryniolf Sveinsson þessa bok af Magnusi Gunnlaugs syni í Skálholti.'*

ginning, Scaldscaparmal, several sentences from the philological treatise of Thorodd, and a few bits of the Anonymous Grammarian's work, with imperfect broken text, but with the *Tables* referred to in 'W,' but not copied there, being probably missing in his original [see Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. ii. pp. 364-369]. After this follows an imperfect and unfinished text of Hattatal. The value of this MS. lies, in the superscription, 'This Book is called Edda,' in its better readings in one or two places, and in the Tables belonging to the Anonymous Grammarian's Essay, which, by the way, ought to be re-edited. The whole MS. is printed, Snorra Edda, edit. Arna-Magn. vol. ii. pp. 250-396.

There is one Saga to which we are indebted for very fair texts of old poems, that of Herwor. It is preserved in two vellums; one, the best, *Hawk's-book*, where it appears in the very hand of Hawk (who died at a high age in 1334); the other, of inferior type, a late fourteenth-century MS., Royal Libr. 2845. In this Saga are contained the magnificent Waking of Angentheow [i. p. 159], one of the first poems which attracted European attention to the 'Runick Muse,' and the Death Song of Hialmar, both probably by the Helgi poet.

Several interesting fragments of the Hun cycle [i. p. 348] are also comprised in Herwor's Saga, one of which is paralleled in the prose paraphrase (attributed to other characters) of Widukind of Corbey, while another is put into Latin elegiacs by Saxo.

A third contribution is Heidrek's Riddles [i. p. 86]. The compiler of Herwor's Saga must have had access to a well-preserved collection of the old poetry.

Hawk's-book, a perfect magazine of antiquities, also yields the text of Merlinus Spa [ii. p. 372]; this too in Hawk's autograph. Hawk's-book suffered, like so many other MSS., after Bishop Bryniolf's death; a full account of it and how it was parcelled into various nos. will be found in the Editor's Introduction to Biskupa Sogor (1858). Amongst other lost things was a collection of fragments from Ari the historian's work, which Biorn of Scardsa copied from Hawk's-book, where they once stood probably next after Kristni Saga. From this copy they are printed, and are known as 'Mantissa.' Excellent facsimiles of Hawk's beautiful, delicate hand, and of those of his scribes, may be found in *Antiquit. Americanæ*, tables iii and iv.

Another gigantic vellum, far surpassing Hawk's-book, is the *Flatey-book*, which is still happily in the best of preservation. It is in many respects unique; thus it contains a kind of *title-page* with the name of the owner and scribes. The last entry (save the Annals) is of the date 1387. It must have taken many years to write. It has been so well treated, because it was looked on as an heirloom in the well-to-do family of Reykholar and Scard in the West Peninsula of Iceland. The head of the family, John Finsson (of Flatey in Broad Frith), would not sell it, but generously presented it, as a parting gift, to Bishop Bryniolf (1643), who sent it over to

the King thirteen years after he got it, about 1656. In the last century (c. 1780) it was split up and rebound in two volumes, in a coarse inartistic way. A MS. of this type was a great undertaking, and one cannot but pay honour to the enterprise, courage, and intelligence which, in a poor country like Iceland, could produce such a colossal work. The book, as it stood, was of about 200 leaves, of large, fine vellum (probably English, it is ruled in foreign fashion with a sharp point), beautifully and elegantly, though not always over accurately, written, in such a highly abridged style, that the printed edition covers some 1760 8vo pages. John Haconsson the first owner (b. 1350, d. ?) also had the Vatz-hyrna vellum written, and perhaps others. We get some small knowledge of the family of John Haconsson from entries of the Annals contained in this very book. John's grandfather Gizur (named after the Wicked Earl) was an extraordinary man, a traveller and adventurer who had many deadly wounds and hairbreadth escapes; but, being of a fine tough breed, won through it all and managed to live to over a hundred (born 1269, died 1370), an almost unique instance of well-authenticated *centenarism* in the Middle Ages. John Haconsson's two scribes were priests, perhaps his chaplains. (1) John Thordarson, who wrote the first Saga (Eric's Saga) and the lives of both the Olafs, down to Orkneyinga Saga, St. Magnus' death. (2) Magnus Thorhallsson completed the MS. [Fb. vol. ii. p. 434, l. 12 to the end]. The task over, and the book being finished off by Annals, which should serve for future contemporary history, Magnus seems to have discovered somewhere some early mythical and royal pedigrees, and one genealogical poem of early date, which would form an extremely good introduction to the whole book. He accordingly *adds two leaves*, which he prefixed to the forefront of the MS. Upon one of these is our Lay of Hyndla [see Book iv], in a corrupt state, it is true, but most likely very much as Magnus found it, for he sticks closer to his text than John; for example, his copy of Swerri's Life is the best we have¹. Something we must allow too for faded MS., and for the impossibility of his understanding it properly even if he had had a good copy. Magnus wrote down the Lay of Hyndla, as he tells us (Fb. i. 28), in the year 1387.

The huge MS. was afterwards (a century later, c. 1480) enlarged by the insertion of Harold Hardrede's Saga between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth sheets, Fb. iii. pp. 249-441, where perchance a Saga ends just at the junction of a sheet,—some three sheets (not all filled). The Life of Harold (of the same type as Morkin-skinna) was not however followed by those of the intermediate Kings down to Swerri. Save these and Ynglinga Saga, the whole corpus of Kings' Lives with all the appendices is represented; whole Sagas, such as Orkneyinga, Færeyinga, Fostbrædra, being sliced up and worked into it chronologically.

¹ Though there be errors enough in it; for instance, ok þottiz hann standa við trapizo, read, ok þósk hann við trapizo, Fb. ii. p. 537, l. 13 from the bottom.

The Editor copied the whole vellum himself, between the years 1858-1864, for the Norwegian edition [printed at Christiania under the eyes of his friend Unger], to the introduction of which the reader is referred for further detail respecting the huge book, which indeed must be confessed in worth and even in execution to surpass the contemporary English colossus the Vernon MS.

To Flatey-book, besides Hyndlolið, we owe Olafs-rima [ii. p. 392] and Konungatal [ii. p. 309].

Of the other poems of the older type the MS. authority is stated in the introduction to each; a fuller account of the MSS. themselves will be found in Prolegomena.

The various Icelandic Sagas and, best of all, the Landnamabok and Kristni Saga have contributed their quota, especially to the Ditties in Bk. vi.

As has been noticed before, there is no extant collection of COURT-POETRY, but quotations from it are scattered throughout the Kings' Lives, the Edda of Snorri, and Olaf Whitepoet's 'Essays. Of the Edda MSS. enough has been said above. The chief MSS. of the Kings' Lives fall into several families of the *Compendium Class*; there were three MSS. of this:—

<i>Kringla</i> [Academicus primus], extant in copy, Arna-Magn.	} written c. 1260- 1280.
35, 36, 63, chart.,	
<i>Jofra-skinna</i> [Academicus secundus], extant in copy, Arna-Magn. 37, chart.,	
<i>Frisbok</i> [Konungabok], Arna-Magn. 45, folio, vellum,	

They alone preserve Ynglinga-Saga, and the poem Ynglingatal [i. p. 242] on which it is based, also Haconarmal [i. p. 262]. They also give better texts of the Court-poetry than our MSS. of the fuller and essentially older recension. *Kringla* has preserved Scaldatal [ii. p. 442]. The first ply of the first sheet was gone before the copy was taken; hence it had lost the title and preface and begun 'Kringla heimsins,' whence the name Heims-kringla, given to this MS. and its sisters; Ynglingatal too has suffered, see i. 244. [The eighth leaf of the first sheet is here missing, as one is able to infer from the intervening text volumen, though the vellum is now lost.] *Jofra-skinna* was so called by Torfæus, from an illumination of St. Olaf and Tryggvason which it contained. Both these perished in the fire of 1728. The third, *Frisbok*, was so called after Chancellor Friis: its real title is 'Konunga-bok' (in the sixteenth century we find it called so), and it is still well preserved. The title and preface [given in the Reader, p. 151] are duly found in this MS.

As for *Olaf Tryggvason*. The Lives of the two Olafs are in a full and largely appended text in AM. 61 (Gt. O. T. S.) Arni bought it in 1690, when it had lately left Iceland. Vols. i-v of Fornmanna Sogor are in the main founded on this vellum. This MS. was written about 1350. On p. 72 there are seven stanzas on Tryggvason, in court metre scribbled in the margin in a hand which is very like that of the scribe of the

MS. but a little smaller. The verses are exactly of the same character as Einar Gilsson's [for whom see ii. p. 393] poems, and are probably by him, he may therefore be the very scribe of the whole volume¹.

MSS. of *St. Olaf's Saga* are very numerous; the oldest is the Stockholm one, No. 2, and of the same family as the Kringla text. It was published by Unger in 1853, and is our main foundation, besides Kringla, for the Court-poetry in the texts of St. Olaf's time².

For the subsequent Lives of the Kings from St. Olaf to Swerri the two authorities are—

Hulda (AM. 66), 1320-30.

Hrokkin-skinna (Roy. Libr. Copenhagen, No. 1010), fifteenth century.

The Editor (in Oct.-Nov. 1875) copied *Hrokkin-skinna* for the purpose of an edition for the Rolls Series.

Morkin-skinna (Roy. Libr. Copenhagen, No. 1009), middle of thirteenth century. From *Morkin-skinna* comes Ivar Ingimundson's Dirge over Sigurd Slembi-diakn [ii. p. 261]. Of *Hulda* and *Hrokkin-skinna* and AM. 61 there are facsimiles in the *Fornmanna Sogor*.

Skioldunga Saga (Arna-Magn. Nos. 1 and 20, folio; both are parts of one vellum, as the Editor observed in 1875), the earliest part of which has furnished the paraphrase of Ivar's *Flyting* [i. p. 123], the later part (the so-called *Knytlinga*) has preserved the lay of Eric the Good by Mark Skeggisson [ii. p. 235].

Fagr-skinna (both vellums perished in 1728, but copies are preserved in Arna-Magn. Library), an independent redaction of the Kings' Lives, is a highly interesting MS. In it alone are found the Dirge of Eric [i. 259] and Hornklofi's Raven-Song [i. p. 254], which are worth more than all the fragments of Court-poetry put together.

In the great *Bergs-bok* at Stockholm (No. 1), which has amongst much else the Lives of the two Olafs, the scribe has added Geisli [ii. p. 283] and *Rekstefia* [ii. p. 294].

Our general rule in treating these MSS. has been, to follow Kringla and Cod. Holm. 2, as far as they go; when that could not be, to prefer AM. 61 and 66, folio. The poems gleaned from these MSS. have been supplemented by those got from Snorri's Edda and Olaf's Treatise; for which see Cod. Wormianus, above.

To every fragment and stanza the MS. authority is prefixed; and the MSS. for such poems as Egil's [i. pp. 266-280], the Dart Lay [i. p. 281], etc., are discussed in the introduction to each poem.

§ 7. OLD TEUTONIC POEMS, LOMBARD, GERMAN, ENGLISH, ETC.

To begin from the beginning, we have many testimonies as to the fondness of the Teutons for heroic song. Tacitus tells of their mytho-

¹ Some eighty stanzas of his in Court-metre, all on Bishop Gudmund, are preserved in Gudmund Saga by Abbot Arngrim (Bs. vol. ii, fasc. i),—a stiff half-renaissance style quite easily recognisable.

² The Catalogue of 1848 puts it 'the beginning of the fourteenth century' (bag No. 2 l), Unger and Munch in 1853 with better reason to the early thirteenth century.

logical poems. "In their old songs (he says), which are the only kind of history and chronicles they have, they tell of a god Tuiscon sprung from Earth, and his son Mann, the fountain-head and founder of their race¹." And he speaks further of their heroic poems on Arminius², who had died two or three generations before (c. 90 years before the *Annales*); rude verse, no doubt, but we believe alliterative and of similar type to our older poems.

Einhard, in his *Life of Charles the Great*, tells how, when he was emperor, the great Frank took care of his native literature. "Moreover the oldest barbarian Lays, in which the deeds and wars of the kings of old were sung, he had written down and committed to memory³."

But far more excellent is the record of Paul the Deacon (died c. 790), who, speaking of his hero Elfwine Eadwineson, the Lombard king, who died 572, and was thus distant about six generations, or 200 years, from him (about the same space as from Ari to Harold Fairhair), says, "But the famous name of Elfwine resounded so far and wide, that even down to to-day, as well among the Bavarian and Saxon folk as among [all] other men of the same tongue, his open hand and renown, and luck and bravery in warfare, are set forth in their songs. That the best of weapons were wrought in his days is also the common talk of many down to our own time⁴." This passage is strikingly confirmed by the fame of Elfwine having reached even the English author of the *Traveller's Song*, who says:—

Swylce ic wæs on Eatule mid Ælfwine,
se hæfde moncynnes mine gefræge,
leohteste hond lofes to wyrçenne,
heortan unhnæweste hringa gedales
beorhtra beaga, bearn Eadwines.

But Paul does not stop here; he actually gives us *very close prose paraphrases* of two old Elfwine Lays (for no one familiar with the *Eddic Songs* can fail to see that they are *Lays* and not bits of mere history) which are contemporary with the poems of *Cædmon*, if we take the probable date as half-way between Paul and Elfwine. These *Songs* therefore are the earliest remains of epic Teutonic poetry we have any exact knowledge of. The first one is of the same type as the *Helgi*

¹ Celebrant carminibus antiquis, quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est, Tuisconem deum, Terra editum, et filium Mannum, originem gentis conditoresque.—*Germ.* ch. 2.

² Canitur adhuc barbaras apud gentes.—*Ann.* ii. 87.

³ Item barbara et antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit memorizæque mandavit.—*Vita Car.* 29. The latter words are ambiguous: do they refer to learning by heart or to using for history?

⁴ Alboin vero ita præclarum longe lateque nomen percubuit, ut hactenus etiam, tam apud Baioariorum gentem, quamque et Saxonum, sed et alios ejusdem linguæ homines ejus liberalitas et gloria bellorumque felicitas et virtus in eorum carminibus celebretur. Arma quoque præcipua sub eo fabricata fuisse a multis hucusque narratur.—*Book ii* (end).

Lays, a noble heroic Lay with a flyting scene, which vividly recalls the fierce half-humourous bickerings of the heroes Sinfliotli, Gudmund, etc. The other is a royal tragedy of the same cruel, dreadful type as the Hunnish tragedy of Attila, furious passion and deadly reckless hate, with the fatal consequent Nemesis on all the actors. These stories we give here literally translated, in order that they may be compared as to length, style, and phrasing with the older epics of this volume. They are the best witness to the essential unity of Teutonic poetry, and exhibit many close parallels to our poems.

In the first, *THE YOUTH OF ELFWINE*, after describing how the Gefids and Lombards came to fight, he turns to the words of the song, and goes on :—

And when the battle was joined, while both hosts were fighting mightily, neither willing to give way to the other, it came to pass that in this self-same fray Elfwine son of Eadwine and Thurismund son of Thuriswend met face to face. But Elfwine thrust Thurismund through with a sword, and he fell dead headlong from his horse. Now when the Gefids saw that their king's son was dead for whose sake they had in great measure entered upon the war, their courage was melted and they began to fly. And the Lombards followed them up fiercely and smote them down. And when they had slain most of them they came back to strip the slain of the spoil. And when the Lombards came back to their own homes after the winning of this victory, they asked their king Eadwine to make Elfwine, by whose valour they had gotten the day, one of his Guests, that he might be his father's companion at the banquet as he was his companion in the day of danger. But Eadwine answered them that he could not do this thing without breaking the custom of the Lombard folk. "For ye know," quoth he, "that it is not the custom among us that the king's son should sit down with his father, before he hath first received weapons [of a foe slain in fair fight] of the king of some other folk." Now when Elfwine heard his father's words, he took forty young men with him and no more, and went to Thuriswend the king of the Gefids with whom he had lately fought, and told him the cause of his coming. And Thuriswend welcomed him kindly, and bade him to the feast and seated him at his right hand, where Thurismund his dead son had been wont to sit.

And it came to pass while the servants were serving at the tables, that Thuriswend remembering how his son had been lately slain, and calling to mind his death, and beholding his slayer there beside him in his very seat, began to draw deep sighs, for he could not withhold himself any longer, and at last his grief burst forth into words. "Very pleasant to me," quoth he, "is the seat, but sad enough it is to see him that is sitting therein." Then the king's second son [Cynemund], who was present, was roused by his father's words, and began to sting the Lombards with foul words, and he said they were like mares with white stockings,—for the Lombards are wont to wear white bands about their legs. "White-legged mares are they ye take after!" said he. Then one of the Lombards answered him in these words: "Go to Asfield," said he, "and there thou shalt plainly learn, how hard they, whom thou callest mares, can kick, for there thy brother's bones lie scattered about in the midst of the meadow like the bones of a wretched pack-horse." When they heard these words the Gefids could not bear the reproach and were mightily moved to wrath, and made ready to avenge the open scoff; the Lombards also on their part made ready for the fray, and every

man laid his hand on the hilt of his sword. Then the king sprung up from the table and thrust himself between them, and withheld his men from anger and battle, threatening that he would punish the first man who began the fight, saying that for a man to slay his guest in his own house was a deed displeasing to God. And in this way he at last settled the quarrel, and they went on with the feast again with gladsome hearts. And Thuriswend took the weapons of his son Thurismund and gave them to Elfwine, and sent him back in peace and safety to his father's kingdom. And when Elfwine came back to his father, he was made his Guest from that day forth. And while he was joyfully eating the royal dainties with his father, he told in order all things which had befallen him among the Gefids in Thuriswend's hall. And they that were at meat marvelled and praised the boldness of Elfwine, nor did they bestow less honour upon the great good faith of Thuriswend¹.

The second one runs thus:—

*Paul the Deacon's Paraphrase of the Song of the MURDER OF ELFWINE,
King of the Lombards.*

Now this was the reason of his being slain. One day when he had been sitting longer than was meet at a banquet of wine at Verona, and was merry, he bade give the queen wine to drink in the cup which he had made out of the skull of King Cynemund, his father-in-law, and called upon her to drink merrily with her father.—Which thing, lest it should seem to any one impossible, I [Paul] protest I speak the truth in Christ, yea, I have seen Radgisl the prince holding the very cup in his hand on a certain feast-day, showing it to them that sat at table with him.—Now when Rosamund took heed of this thing, she conceived a deep grief at the heart which she could not lull. Wherefore her anger was swiftly kindled to the end that she might avenge the death of her father by the slaughter of her husband, and she made no tarrying, but took counsel with Helmgisl, who was the king's shieldbearer and foster-brother, how she might put the king to death. But he persuaded the queen that she herself should win over to their plot Beartheow, who was a very mighty man. And, when Beartheow would not consent to such a shameful deed at the queen's persuasion, she stole in by night and lay down in the bed of her rail-maiden with whom Beartheow was wont to lie. And Beartheow came thither unwitting and lay with the queen. And when the deed of shame was done she asked him whom he thought she was, and he answered naming his leman, for he thought it had been she. Then answered the queen, "It is not as thou thinkest; but I am Rosamund!" said she, "and thou now hast done such a deed, Beartheow, that either thou shalt put Elfwine to death therefore or he slay thee with his sword." Then he understood the evil that he had wrought and saw that he had become bound in this way to slay the king, which thing he would not willingly have done. Then Rosamund ordered that deep silence should be kept in the king's house, while Elfwine had fallen into his midday sleep, and she took away secretly all the other arms; but the king's sword she bound strongly to the head of the bed, that it might not be taken down or unsheathed. Then according to their plan Helmgisl, crueller than any wild beast, brought Beartheow the murderer privily into the room. Elfwine being suddenly roused from his slumber,

¹ For a fuller discussion of this story, which is evidently only half told by the good Paul, see Excursus III [ii. p. 503].

understood the evil that threatened him, and stretched forth his hand very quickly for his sword, and when he could not get it down, for it was full tightly bound, he caught up a footstool and defended himself with it for some time. But wellaway this man, albeit a mighty man of war and of the greatest valour, could not prevail against his foe, and was slain as if he had been a coward [in his house]: and he, who had become so famous in war for the overthrow of so many enemies, fell himself by the cunning of one weak woman. And his body was buried under the going up of the stairs which are nigh to the palace, with very great weeping and mourning by the Lombards. He was of high stature and fashioned in his whole body as was meet for a warrior. His tomb Gisibert, who was Duke of the men of Verona, opened in our days, taking away therefrom his sword and what else of his gear he found therein. Wherefore he was used with his wonted vanity to boast to unlearned men, that he had seen Elfwine face to face.

Now when Elfwine was dead, Helmgisl tried to enter upon his kingdom, but this he could by no means do, for the Lombards grieved mightily for Elfwine's death and threatened to slay him. Rosamund therefore straightway sent to Longinus the Governor of Ravenna, praying him to send a ship as quickly as might be to take them both away. Longinus was glad when he received her message, and he sent off a ship in haste, whereon Helmgisl and Rosamund, who was now his wife, embarked by night and fled, taking with them the king's daughter Elfwinthia and the whole hoard of the Lombards, and they reached Ravenna very swiftly. Then Longinus the governor began to try and win over Rosamund to put Helmgisl to death and marry him. And she being ready for any niding's work, and desiring to become Lady of the Ravenna-folk, consented to the doing of the deed. And when Helmgisl was washing himself in the bath she brought him a cup of poison, which she gave him as he came forth from the bath-room, saying that it was a Cup of Healing; but when he felt that he had drunk of the Cup of Death, he drew his sword upon her and forced her to drink what was left of it. And so by the doom of God Almighty these two most wicked murderers fell at the same moment.

When these things were accomplished Longinus the Governor sent Elfwinthia with the hoards of the Lombards to Constantinople to the Emperor. There be some that say that Beartheow had come with Helmgisl and Rosamund to Ravenna and that he was sent thence with Elfwinthia to Constantinople, and that there in the sight of the people before the emperor he slew a lion of wonderful size. And, as they tell, Beartheow's eyes were put out by the Emperor's command, lest he should do any harm in the royal city, for he was a mighty man. After a while he made ready two knives and hid them one in each sleeve and went to the palace and said that he had somewhat to say to Augustus which would be for his good, if he were brought before him. And Augustus sent two noblemen of his servants to him to hear his words and bring them to him. And when they came to Beartheow, he drew very nigh to them as if he had somewhat most secret to say, and gave each of them a mighty wound with the swords which he had hidden, one in each hand, so that they fell down straightway to the ground and gave up the ghost.

So, like Samson the strongest of men, in his vengeance as in his blindness, he avenged his wrongs, and for the loss of his two eyes slew two of the Emperor's most trusty gentlemen.

There are several other citations in Paul from poems, which he would no doubt have mentioned as his authorities had he lived to finish and prefix a preface to his book. There are, for instance, the phrase

about Grimwald, 'For the lad was fairly shapen, his eyes glittered, and he had long milk-white hair,' which answers to the description of the Earl in the Lay of Righ: the colouring of the whole charming story of the brothers' flight from the Avars, where the elder brother, rather than leave his young brother in the enemy's hands, wants to kill him; and the boy cries out, 'Do not kill me! I can ride,' and when he is caught manages to slay his captor with his little sword and rejoin his brethren to their great joy: the curious and humorous story of the Maidens who saved their honour even in captivity: the tale of the quarrel of the Two Warriors before the battle, and several more stories which he merely gives the gist of, are, to our mind, derived from lost Lays, etc.

There is only one GERMAN heroic song left, that of *Hildebrand and Hadubrand*, which is in a sad fragmentary state, and apparently weaker in style than the Lombard Lays. The *Song of Waltere* in the Chronicon Novaliciense is a later poem, but it has suffered from the hands of the paraphrast, who has turned it into bad Latin hexameters.

Muspilli is, save in metre and a few phrases and expressions, too fundamentally Christian and bookish in character to give one much help towards the reconstruction of the old German Epic, while the other old fragments in German are non-epic in character.

In ENGLAND an innovation appears, the *barper* who sits at the king's feet (as we are shown in *Beowulf*), like Demodocos, and sings:—

þær wæs sang ond swég samod ætgædere
fore Healfdenes hilde-wisan
gomen-wudu gréted gid oft wrecan,
þonne heal-gamen Hroðgares scóp
æfter medo-bence mænan scolde
Finnes eafterom ðá hie se-fær beogat:—
. Leoð wæs asungen
gleo-mannes gyd.—*Beowulf*, 1064 and 1160.

In the Exeter MS. the following classic passages occur:—

Sum sceal mid hearpan æt his hláfordes
fótum sittan, feoh þicgan,
ond á snellice snére wræstan.—*Wyrde*, 80-82.
And— Sum mid hondum mæg hearpan grétan;
áh he gleobeámes gearobrygda list:
sum bið rýnig, sum ryht scytte,
sum leoda gleaw. . . .—*Craftas*, 49. See also *Widsith*, 105.

There are unluckily only a few really pure typical Old English poems, such as the *Bryhtnoth Lay*, made after the fight at Maldon, about 995, and the fine bit of *Finn's Lay* (which answers to our *Biarca-mal*). The *Waldere* fragment is apparently of an archaic cast and should be classed with these. Its action is brisk and its placing matterful. The *Brunanburh Lay*¹ is book-poetry of the same type as the later bits in the English Chronicle. In the *Beowulf* we have an *epic* completely metamorphosed in form, blown out with long-winded, empty repetitions and comments by a book-poet, so that one must be careful not

¹ It has several lines almost identical with lines in *Judith*.

to take it as a type of the old poetry. *Judith* is a Christian epic, also of this long modified style, composed by a bookman, who, however, knew and used snatches of good old verse. Cædmon's *Rood Song* and other sacred poetry were probably the first of their kind in any Teuton tongue. They had many imitators, down to Ealdhelm, the Boethius-paraphrast, and the bald prosy versifier of the Saints' Lives. The *Rood Song* may also have given the impulse to the curious and really poetic half-lyrical compositions, such as the best pieces in the precious Exeter book, for instance, the *Sailor*, the *Ruin*, *Fate*, and the like.

The *Riddles* are late, and imitations from the Latin, as are, of course, *Domesday* and the *Phœnix*.

*Widsith*¹ and *Deor's Lament*, though highly interesting, are of a poorer type than the Lamentation Songs of our cycle (Book v), with which they are to be compared.

In the *Genesis*, and other poetry ascribed to Cædmon, we see a late 'remaniement' of Cædmon's genuine short lays; line after line of his occurs untouched, and then come long stretches of verbosity and tediousness which belong to the good clerks, who stuffed out the old poet's works to bring them to the fashionable size, and added their own prosy notions to complete, as they imagined, their predecessor's treatment of his subject.

Turning from these to the Northern poems, we find among them older epics exactly parallel to the Ælfwine Lays. For example, Hamtheow's Lay, save for the language, which absolutely forbids its being set back before the ninth century, might be a sister lay to those collected by Charles the Great and paraphrased by Paul. Alongside of this, however, we meet a fresh song development, the *Ethic Song*, with its dramatic form, couplet-metre, and didactic intent.

§ 8. PLACE AND DATE OF EDDIC SONGS.

We are now face to face with the MS. Codex Regius and a small knot of poems which are of the same early character, bearing definite relationship to the early Teutonic schools of Song of which we have just been speaking, and the problem presents itself,—whence came these poems, who were their nameless authors, when and where were they composed? It is these questions we shall endeavour to answer. We have no information from outside, no one of the authors is even named, there is absolutely nothing to look to but these few sheets of parchment of the early thirteenth century; and if they had perished, there would really be not the slightest evidence that a noble school of poetry had ever existed in the North.

One is therefore forced to depend wholly upon such internal evidence as can be gathered from the poems themselves. Three facts are certain; they are original compositions in a Scandinavian tongue, they were

¹ Widsith's details of old Northern geography and notices of Epic heroes are of high worth,

composed for popular entertainment, and they cannot date earlier than the ninth century. To what branch of the Scandinavian race are we then to assign them?

Down to the present century, and far into it, the most extravagant views were held with regard to the 'Eddic poems.' They are 'monuments of hoar antiquity' such as Tacitus might have heard, they were the 'sacred songs and hallowed wisdom of the ancient sages of our race,' the 'Bible of the North,' and the like. Even Grimm placed them long before Charles the Great. These opinions, however, a careful examination of the poems will show to be untenable and the positive evidence of language prove to be absolutely mistaken.

In the eighth century the tongue of the Northern Teutons underwent a mighty change, which severed it from the speech of the neighbour kinsfolk of the same stock, English and Germans, and left it a stamp of its own: a mere skeleton sketch of these changes is given in the Reader, pp. 464-65. Grammar was stamped afresh, words and particles were as it were thrown into the crucible and recast, initial letters and syllables dropped off—a fatal change for alliterative poetry. No poems, such as these we are dealing with, could have come through this metamorphosis: stories might and did survive, and myths remain. Besides this, a change so deep and widely spread speaks to great changes in life and customs and taste, which must have swept away the older poetry: while our poems are too spontaneous and fresh to be ever mistaken for such pieces of traditional lore as the Twelve Tables or the Song of the Arval Brothers. Then again, though there are deep differences between them, they are not more widely severed in speech, metre, and tone than one would expect from a succession of poets of three or four generations. And there is one whole group of poems which, as we shall see, can hardly be set earlier than the eleventh century.

We have therefore the problem narrowed within these limits, 800-1100. To what branch of the Scandinavians within that period can they most reasonably be assigned?

What was the state of the North during this period? First there was the great Exodus from all the Scandinavian lands on the North Sea westwards; fleet after fleet of rovers and colonists passed over to the British group and the neighbouring coasts. Then we have the consolidation and growth of a strong imperial dominion in Norway under Fairhair, and its effects upon the colonists and the colonies. Thirdly, in consequence of external force of a violent character, we see a certain portion of the Western colonists breaking away from the settlements they had made or were making, and going forth on a *second* farther and, as it turned out, *final* Exodus, leaving the Western Isles for Iceland and the Faroes, and thence penetrating even to Greenland and the American coast¹. We know now that, though the connection between Iceland

¹ About the same time they appeared in the Black Sea. The year 774 is the first mention of them in Eastern history. See Howorth, *The Spread of the Slaves*, Part iv.

and the west of Norway was close, and though it is true that Harold's stern rule had to do with the settlement of Iceland, that he did not drive the settlers so much from their *old* homes in Norway, as from their *new* homes in the Western Isles¹.

Now there is a body of Norwegian poetic literature of the tenth century extant, and there is also a considerable mass of information respecting the tenth century in Iceland giving definite historical accounts of the life of the settlers and their descendants; and a regular Icelandic school of epic prose compositions, the Sagas, which have a very distinct character and complexion of their own. How do our Eddic poems stand with regard to them?

Had the older chronology, which placed the Eddic poems long before Charles the Great, ere the dawn of the Wicking Age and the Exodus, been possible, then there would of course have been but one answer to our questioning. They must have been from the Scandinavian mother-country, for there was no Scandinavian colony then, and the distance in time would account for their great diversity from the Sagas.

The best way will be to examine what kind of life and thought, what subjects, and what style these poems exhibit, and then to see how far the claims of the various Scandinavian lands are agreeable to these certain indications.

But here some need for a classification of the poems will be felt. Our reasons for the one adopted will be given in due order, at present we shall merely speak of the earlier Didactic poems as the work of the *Ethic poet*, the Helgi cycle and its fellow poems as the *Helgi-poet's* [Book iii, § 3], the Loka-Senna group as the composition of the *Aristophanes-poet* [Book ii, § 2], the Lay of Thrym and the Mill Songs as the *Ballad poet* [Book iii, § 2], the later Brunhild poems as the *Tapestry-poet's* [Book v, §§ 2-4], the Ynglingatal and the Lays of Book iv as the *Norwegian poets'*, and so on.

If we take in turn the *family-life*, the *law*, the *geographical* indications *physical* and *historical*, the *vocabulary*, we shall see that the poems describe a social condition and natural circumstance of their own.

The family life is of the large heroic type, with a certain splendour and ease, which contrasts with that of the Icelandic Sagas. 'Salr' is the word for the *great hall*, the household is 'sal-drótt,' the bondmaids are 'sal-þyjar,' 'sal-conor,' the cock is the 'sal-gaukr,' the cuckoo of the hall. But this word 'sal' is not found in Icelandic prose, the Norwegian and Icelandic terms are 'scáli' and 'stufa.'

The women's room is the 'búr,' the *bower* of our English ballads. Here in our Tapestry-poet, as in the ballads, the lady sits with her maids, working the tapestry (hlada, gull-bóka, byrða, spiold, bordi, script) with figures of swans and beasts, and ships and heroes, fighting and sailing, pre-

¹ It was Fairhair's expedition to the West that drove them from Caithness, the Hebrides, and Orkneys, to Arctic Iceland; but for that, Iceland, one may safely say, would never have been peopled, or would have been like the Newfoundland of the present day.

cisely like the toilette of Bayeaux. In Icelandic the word for this chivalric bower, 'búr,' merely means the pantry or storehouse [whilst 'dyngja' or 'stufa' denotes the ladies' room]. 'Baith bour and ha' stood in a 'tún' or court [in Iceland 'tún' means the homefield]; there is a 'ta' or forecourt, a broad platform probably on which the great hall stands or the space just before it [the word is unknown in Iceland]. In the 'tún' games go on and ceremonies take place. The Tapestry-poet speaks of a 'borg' or 'fort,' with high walls, a gateway (hlið), and a gate (grind) which enclose its garth (garð). On the wall by the gateway is a watch-tower (hlid-skialf). For all the world the picture of a late Irish 'liss' or 'rath,' and not very far removed, when we are told of 'lofty walls,' from the rudimentary 'peel' or 'keep and baily' of a feudal age.

The hall inside is set with tables, 'bíóðr' [in Iceland tables are boards, 'bord']. Among the articles of furniture there is a cupboard, 'vá' [Dan. 'vrá'], on which stand cans (canna) and cups (kalkr or calcr), an oft-repeated word [Lat. calicem, through Keltic, but unknown in Iceland]. The cup is mounted, 'varðir calkar' of the Lay of Rígh ['hrim-calcr' of the Aristophanes-poet we cannot explain]. In this the 'bíór' [a foreign word] is drunk, and wine [foreign]. Among the dishes are roast birds [of land-birds there is only the ptarmigan eatable in Iceland], killed no doubt by the hawk, which is kept in the hall. Oats ['æti,' a Gaelic word] are among the grains known, as are rye, bigg, wheat. The cooking-vessel and brewing-vat is 'hver' [which in Iceland means a hot-spring], an oft-repeated word. The bread is such as the Scotch bannock baked on the hearth. Dainties, such as boiled veal, are noticed in the Lay of Rígh.

The fuel is peat, which is dug on the estate and stacked for burning. When one remembers the patriotic endeavours of Mr. Asbjørnsen (a forester by business, better known in England as the collector of the delightful Norwegian Fairy Tales) to stay his countrymen from destroying their magnificent forests by their wanton misuse of wood, when peat was to be had in any quantity for the trouble of digging; and when one knows, too, that his beneficent crusade met with a sturdy resistance,—it is not easy to imagine for a moment that a poem in which such mention of peat occurs is Norwegian of the tenth or eleventh century, when there was far more wood-land than there is even now.

Then there is well-developed agriculture, carts (kart), wheeled wagons (hvel-vagn), ploughs (plógr) [all un-Icelandic entirely]. There are geese kept in the court; tame pigs who are fed with swill, goats herd on the hills, and the goat-keeper with his hazel stick, who guards them from the wolves, are vividly presented to us by the Helgi-poet; sheep [so essentially Icelandic] are never mentioned; oxen and neat are frequent.

The dogs, of whom there are many, are kept for watch-dogs and hunting, and tied up at night [Iceland only knows sheep-dogs]. There is plenty of scope for hunting, wolves in the waste, harts on the hill, tallest of deer. Bears are rarely met with, but are mentioned; the white bear in the Greenland Lay is a piece of undoubted local colour.

The Helgi-poet mentions reindeer in the wilderness as *wild* [the old Ethic poet talks of them on the hill as *tame*], but above all he brings forward the hart with his towering horns, his dewy sides, his tall slender legs, and his gallant port. So the Tapestry-poet knows the hart. But these beasts are not Scandinavian, were not known save in Denmark so early as this¹. They are highly characteristic of the Western Islands. They have never existed in Iceland.

Gulls and tame hawks are characteristic birds.

There is plenty of wood, oak for the pyre, yew and elm for the bow; similes are drawn from the lofty ash and the low broad thorn, the willow stripped of her leaves by the cruel wind or fire, the garlick lifting its tall graceful head above the other grass. Autumn is the Flax-cutter, 'hor-meitoð;' a lady is flax-shrouded, i. e. linen-wimpled.

Of positive geographic indications there are few. However one, which the Tapestry-poet gives, is striking indeed, 'Sudr á Fifi,' South on Fife, as if viewed from Orkney. Norway and Denmark are mentioned a couple of times. Limbfrith (Denmark) is spoken of once. The Russian name 'Iarigar' is in the Tapestry-poet. The Helgi-poet's geography is, beyond 'Iorbasound' [?], merely one of phantasy, Holy-river, Joy-bay, Sun-fell. The Morva-land (Oddrun), Havada-fiall (Heidrek Lay), and Jordan (Helgi Lay) look very like Moravia, the Carpathians, and Jordan. The pillars and shelves of the giant's house and the stone cauldrons of our Hymi Lay wonderfully recall the chamber of the giant-tomb at New Grange, Ireland, with its huge stone-slabbed chamber and broad stone bowls; a fit home indeed for a giant. See the pictures in 'Sculptured Stones of Ireland.'

The Tapestry-poet has many words for dress, and stuffs, and metals, etc.: breech and blouse, 'brók [Gaelic] ok blæja [bleaut];' tresses, 'tresc' [Romance word]; twisted brooches, 'hrodit sigle' [Old Eng. gehroden sigl]; 'lín' [Lat. linum]. The harp is also mentioned by him [never in the Sagas]. Constant intercourse with Celtic people is evidenced by the Welsh-metal (Vala-malmr), Welsh-stuff (Vala-ript), Welsh swords (Volskom sverdom), Welsh-woman (Valnesk-víf).

The remarkable Lay of Alwise is the work of a man who had had the means of seeing various men and manners, he has a few Gaelic words.

For wages and trade, rings of fixed weight are used, yet the Ballad Poet once speaks of 'scillingar,' English coined money, and the word 'penny' is found in Loka-Senna.

We find Gaelic words scattered throughout the whole breadth of our songs, though in no great number: krás, *disb* (Righ, Hymi, Helgi, Thrym, Sun-Song); æti, *oats*; niol, *darkness* (Alwise); biöð, *earth* (Wolospa); lind, *well, water* (Old Wolsung Play); tir, *earth* (if we read it rightly in the Western Wolsung Lay, l. 85, etc.)

¹ The stag was introduced into Sweden in the sixteenth century. See Mr. Styffe's (of Upsala Library) Scandinavia i Medeltiden,—a truly excellent book.

Several Latin words have been noticed above.

There are Old English words (though few), such as 'hauk-staldr, hage-stalda,' in our Tapestry-poet.

The Tapestry-poet uses Hunar (*Huns*), Hynskr (*Hunnish*), as a vague word for *foreign*, in a like way as Valir (Gauls) is used by the earlier poets; probably the East Baltic folk would have been 'Huns' to them.

In the Helgi-poet ships play a great part: the gallant fleet running out to sea, the bold captain carrying on before the gale, the waves dashing over the bows, the rattling of the shielded bulwark, and the groaning of the hull; the harbour with its marks (curious-shaped stones), the docks ('grindir'), [not 'naust' as in Iceland], a golden war-standard or gonfalon at the bows; the tents of the forecastle (stamn-tiold); the *wicker* shield (víg-nisting) hoisted to the mast as a war-token. There is the captain at the tiller, the pilot ('sund-wordr,' sound-warder) in the forecastle, ready to con the ship in, and to warn the captain of all danger—these are all non-Icelandic. The wicker shield is not Norwegian either, but characteristically Irish. It was an archaism in the North, where the good linden had replaced it. The very word for ship, 'ciol,' is foreign.

As regards *law* there are strange words, unknown in Icelandic, used instead of the familiar terms. The judge is 'miotud' [measurer], or 'forseti' [fore-sitter]; the daysmen are 'iafnendr' [eveners]; the inheritance 'oðal-torfa' [ethel-turf, an Anglicism one would say (extinct inheritance)]; the escheated estate, 'aldauða arfr;' head-money or tax is 'nef-giold' [neb-gild]; boot-money is 'munda-baug' [manus aurum]; to summon to wage of battle is 'stefna til eyrar' [not the Icelandic 'scora á holm']; 'ganga til hvers' or 'taka til ketils' is to go to wager of law—ordeal; the sacrifice or victim is 'tifor;' to *wed* is to go under linen, 'ganga und líni;' the woman is said 'at breida blæior,' to spread the coverlet for her husband. Husband and wife are 'wordr and wer' [ward and were],—words peculiar to these poems.

Traces of a *peculiar vocabulary* are frequent, not only foreign words (see above) but Teutonic words, not met with in the North: hloa [to low], cringa [to cringe], swelta [to die], angr [narrow], ámunr [like], hiufra [to bewail], varn [warren], etc.

The kind of life to which all these indications witness is very different indeed from that of Iceland, as preserved for us in the Sagas, not only in details but also in the whole tone and spirit. The real flesh and blood characters, the homely incident, the faithful presentment of a scene by small sharp touches, which are so patent in the Sagas, are absent here, while, on the other hand, these poems discover an ideal of beauty, an aerial, unearthly fairy world, and a love of nature, which we do not find in the Sagas. We are not depreciating Icelandic genius; the Saga is the true child of Iceland; were it so that but one could be preserved, the Eddic Songs or the Sagas, the Editor, at least, would unhesitatingly pray for the Sagas; for Ballads there are

in other countries or were at other times, but the Icelandic Saga is a unique plant.

Nor, if we turn to the remains of the early *Norwegian poets* [Book iv, §§ 2-4], do we find in them either the vocabulary, or the style, or the spirit of these poems; they too have high qualities of their own, but not those which are so marked in the Helgi or the Tapestry-poet. To take more prosaic, but perhaps clearer considerations,—the *flora* and *fauna* of the poems, yew-trees, harts, wolves, for instances, are certainly non-Icelandic. Hunting with hounds, bird-clubbing, can never at any time have been pursued in Iceland. The geographical considerations and the vocabulary are also wholly non-Icelandic.

On the other hand, putting Iceland out of the question, the life is not of a kind which we can fancy to have existed in Norway or Scandinavia at the period when these poems were certainly composed. Ladies in bower, working at their tapestry of gold, lofty castles or forts, are quite mediæval in tone, and Scandinavia was not mediævalised till far later than this. On the contrary, in the early Ethic poems, such as the Guests' Wisdom and the admitted Norwegian poems, the life depicted is singularly primitive and archaic, and the early Kings' Lives testify to this in every page (notice fetching the reindeer on foot in a thawing fellside). But the quantity of foreign words used by the Helgi, Aristophanic, and Tapestry poets, the foreign customs, the peat-digging, the *flora* and *fauna*, are altogether unsuitable; hazel and oak and ash and thorn and willow are certainly un-Norwegian; the fir and birch are its characteristic trees.

Nor do the conditions of life, the budding chivalry of the Helgi poems, the Gaelic vocabulary of our Aristophanes, the air of luxurious plenty of the Tapestry-poet, the strong Christian influence of Celtic cast in the strophic prophetic poems, fall in at all with what we know of Sweden and Denmark in the ninth and tenth centuries.

Where, then, shall we find a place to which the conditions of life depicted in the poem shall apply—a temperate country, with Kelts in or near it, with a certain amount of civilisation and refinement and foreign trade, with Christian influences, with woods and deer and forest trees, with a fine coast and islands, where there were fortified places¹, where there was plenty of rich embroidered tapestry², where

¹ The Roman towns, Chester for instance, where Ingimund the Ostman and Etheldreda's men fought, are, as may be seen from Pevensey or Richborough to this day, very striking fortifications of the burg kind. Note too the later forts of Ælfred (London-burgh, etc.) and of his son and daughter, who built the chain of stone and stockaded holds which kept their kingdom safe and enabled them soon to absorb all the Danish settlements and kingdoms in the south of the main island. In Ireland there are the Round Towers; in Scotland many a 'camp,' old and new, was manned against the invaders.

² England is pre-eminently the home of fine needlework, as Ireland of intricate illumination, at this period. The tapestry of Ely (Brihtnoth's deeds), of Bayeux (the Conquest), the rich cope which Eadmer saw with pride on the Beneventan archbishop's back at the Council [see the story told at length in English in Dr. Freeman's

hunting, hawking, bird-clubbing went on as common pastimes¹, where slavery was widely prevalent² (the slaves being often of a different racial type to their masters), where harping³ and carping went on in the hall to the merry clink of cup and can kept filled with beer and wine, where there was plenty of 'Welsh' cloth, 'Welsh' gold and 'Welsh' steel, where the Scandinavian led a roving life, fighting and sailing, and riding and feasting by turns? Where but in the Western Isles?

Again, where could those curious mythologic fancies, which created Walhall, and made of Woden a heavenly Charlemagne, which dreamed, like Cædmon, of the Rood as a tree that spread through the worlds, which pictured the final Doom as near, and nursed visions of an everlasting peace, holier even than Cynewulf's Phœnix figures,—where could such ideas as these, alien as they are to the old Teutonic religion and ritual and thought, have been better fostered than in the British Isles, at a time when the Irish Church, with her fervent faith, her weird and wild imaginings, and curious half-Eastern legends, was impressing the poetic mind on one side, while the rich and splendid court of Eadgar or Canute would stimulate it on the other?

But after all, we must remember that, however mixed in blood and however changed in circumstance and life, the *authors* of these poems were Scandinavians in the heroic age of the North. To what particular tribe of Scandinavia are we to assign their authorship? When we consider the choice of subject (Helgi, Frodi, Craki, Angantheow, etc.), certain curious phrases (Woden called the Gauts' patron, 'Gauta spialli'), the knowledge of the Huns, Iarizkar, etc., slight indications of language, the retention, in a few instances at least, of the 'w,' word [word], wreidr [O. E. wrath], the discrepancy in words for the commonest household objects, the different law terms, which neither fit West Norway nor Iceland,—we are inclined to hold that the authors must rather have been connected with the *Southern* Scandinavian emigration. And is not this what was to be looked for? The *Wick* [Scage Rack] is the very centre of the district whence came the first *Wickings* [named, most probably, from *this* Wick, not merely 'men of the bays,' but

William Rufus], the panegyrics which the rich dress of the English nobles extorted from the Norman populace, as William of Malmesbury notices, the splendid embroidery on the robes of saints and kings in the paintings of Old English MSS., are all evidences on this head.

¹ The prohibition, 81 in Cnut's Dooms, the frequent mention of hounds and hawks in early documents, the hounds, huntsmen, etc. of Domesday, the passionate love of the sport, which actuated Eadgar and the Confessor as well as the Normans, are to the point here.

² Wulfstan's sermons, the Conqueror's law itself (a repetition of Ethelred's), the plain words of William of Malmesbury, the manumission-lists of the MSS., speak loudly here. Mark further that the greatest slave-trade was with Ireland.

³ The harping of the Irish, Welsh, and English poems, the special love of minstrelsy, which is marked in the tales of the tenth and eleventh centuries, Bæda's story of Cædmon, Dunstan's musical skill, and many other examples which might be collected, point to the British Isles, and especially the Keltic parts thereof, as essentially musical, and more than that, as especially skilled in harping.

‘men of *the Bay*’], the centre and natural outlet of the dales of South Norwegian tribes, of Gauts, of Jutes, the land from whence Godfred and Ragnar and Guthrum, aye and Harold Fairhair and his sons, and Cnut also, sailed West, whence certainly came the leaders of the greatest kingdoms the northern emigrants raised in these islands. These emigrants were a mixed body, and that would account for discrepancies here and there, but it seems to be pretty clear that the composers of these poems were not so near to the North and West Norwegian colonists whom Harold did his best to drive from the Western Islands, as they were to the men who won Waterford and Limerick and kinged it in York and East England¹.

It is well to remember, in this connection, that among the first poets we really have any personal knowledge of, the majority are of *mixed blood*, with an Irish ancestress not far back in the family tree. Their physical characteristics, dark hair and black eyes, like Sighwat and Cormac, their reckless passion and wonderful fluency [cf. Helgi-poet and Tapestry-poet], are also un-Teutonic and speak to their alien descent.

§ 9. CLASSIFICATION OF EDDIC LAYS.

To determine the chronology of the poems within a year or two is hopeless, we can only point out a few considerations which may help to give some reasonable results. With regard to their relation to the older Teutonic poems the reader is requested to turn back to § 7, and for a detailed discussion of the evidence afforded by metre to look forward to Excursus I in this volume.

The Songs of the *Ethical Group* [Book i, §§ 1-4] are clearly in spirit, culture, evidence, and metre older than the Helgi Cycle or the Tapestry Poems. They bear many resemblances in style and spirit to the *Older Epics*, with which we have therefore classed them.

The *Helgi Cycle*, while clearly later than these, yields every appearance of being composed in the seething days of the Wicking-tide, rather towards the end than to the beginning of it. There is one little piece of evidence, which, if our reading be correct, would almost surely fix an eminently satisfactory date. Eywind (c. A. D. 970), we take, uses the word ‘víg-roði;’ now he was a noted plagiarist, and the word is unmistakably a characteristic word of the Helgi-poet, who loves and affects those víg-compounds, so that it is not at all unlikely that Eywind has

¹ Critics have pleaded the weak state and medley tongue of the Scandinavians of the West. But here we are speaking of the tenth and eleventh centuries, when they were a mighty imperial race. Where records are silent, the very stones speak. In the Hebrides, Captain Thomas, a safe authority on ancient West Scottish geography, has (as he informs the Editor) collected *all* the names of places in the Isle of Lewis, and finds that out of every four, three are Norse, under various disguises, but still recognisable, even after having had to pass through the Gaelic tongue of centuries past. Captain Thomas notices that Munch, in the last years of his life, was much struck by this fact; even he did not expect so great a ratio in the Hebrides. Munch’s premature death hindered him from working out the results to be drawn from his English friend’s researches.

'conveyed' the word from him. We know roughly the date of other poems Eywind borrows from, Ynglingatal, c. 930, and Erics-mal, soon after 950; the Helgi poems would not be farther removed from him than these (he certainly would not copy old-fashioned poems), and c. 950, leaving a margin of a score of years, would fit admirably with their metre, spirit, and internal evidence [note the Fair-hair allusion, Wak. l. 93]. But even if the word 'vigröði' were out of the question, the peculiar rôle of the Walcyria in Haconar-mal is doubtless of a piece with that played by Helgi's amazon heroines; and after all is not the exact scene, fine as it is, where Hacon is sitting war-weary and wounded on the field amid the dead, and Gondul and her maiden-mates armed and helmed ride spear in hand to greet him, copied from the interview of Helgi and his 'Helmed Fairies?' Even the turns of phrase, the Helgian 'asides' (which no other poet employs), recur in Eywind's Lay. In saying this, we do not deny Eywind's talents,—he 'imitates like a man of genius,'—but simply wish to point out his attitude to the earlier poet, and establish this anonymous poet's date.

The *Tapestry-poet* (one might also dub him the *Monologue-poet*, or the *Lamentation-poet*) is undeniably later than the Helgi-poet; he is living in an age of greater culture, of more sentiment, of refinement, of luxury, when ladies worked tapestry instead of serving the household, leaving that to slave-women. He bears all the marks of the eleventh century, its chivalry, its brutality, its passionate weeping [compare the Song of Roland on this head]. Then the style, the prevalence of narrative, the falling off in dramatic power, the Euripidean similes, and love of doleful and harrowing situations, the special study of female character, the constant harping on sorrow, Gudrun's, Brunhild's, Ordrun's, etc., whole poems being built on a 'chain of woes,'—would all be impossible in an earlier age, and would not be tolerated by those who lived the rougher life of the earlier settlers. That they are written for *entertainment* their epilogues declare plainly, and this is suitable to a generation of 'gluttons and winebibbers,' such as Wulfstan's sermon and Malmesbury's jeremiads portray (with considerable animus of course). The Helgi-poet is a heathen evidently at heart: while there is nothing in the Tapestry-poet to vindicate his faith or creed, he is more unreligious than the Court-poets, for they use heathen figures in abundance, though they were good Christians enough. The date of 1050, all things considered, would suit the Tapestry poems well enough.

The *Greenland Poem* cannot be older than the discovery and colonisation of Greenland, c. 984, and would reasonably fit to some time early in the next century, say 1020. It is more archaic and naive, and composed for a sterner and more simple public than the Tapestry poems.

The *Ballad-poet* is harder to deal with. In high poetic gift he does not stand far from the Helgi-poet: in elaboration of form, in dramatic treatment, in the regular character of his phrasing, in his minute and select vocabulary he has analogies with the Norwegian school of poets. It does not do to lay too much stress on a phrase

in an epilogue, but still we may note the coincidence between the 'That is how Thor got back his hammer' of the Ballad and the 'This is how Gudrun was cleared of the charge against her' of the Tapestry school. Both poems are confessedly for entertainment. We should certainly incline to put the Ballad-poet earlier than the Tapestry poems, say about 990. He *may* be older, but that is probably the safest date. We have noted his marked Western characteristics. The trick of Thor dressing as a bride is the same as the legend of Thorgils' death in Ireland, when the young heroes dressed themselves up as women to get access to him and slew him.

A poem which presents a very delicate problem is the *Weyland's Lay*. On the one side there are such deeply-cut archaisms, such a Homeric spirit breathing through it, so many lines with the ring of the Hamtheow Lay in them, that it was not without long consideration and careful discussion that its present place in this volume was decided on; for, while these traits would claim it as a fellow to the older Epics, there are traces of later phrasing, e. g. ll. 107-110, and of such modern metre, structure, and wording as show certain resemblances to the Ballad-poet. Perhaps to suppose that it is an old poem, which has gone through a remodelling by some admirer of the Ballad style, would be the most reasonable theory. It is an especially fascinating Lay and deserves minute study.

Biarka-mal, unless the legend lies, is older than 1030, the day when the martyr-king heard it sung as the last sun that he was to see rose over his waking host. But we must not pin our faith to this too tightly, for we know that round Sticklestead-battle, as round Senlake and Alcazar, stories have clustered which really belong to older and later events. The extraordinary resemblance between it and the fragment of the Finsburgh fight, amounting even to the identity of parallel lines, must be pointed out¹. There must be some transfusion of legend

¹ *Of such parallelisms mark, e. g.—*

And onwænigeað nu wigend mine.

And— Vaki ok vaki vina-höfuð.

Compare too — Ða árás mæning gold hláden ðegn gyrde hine his sworde,
ða to dura eodon drihtlice ceman,
Sigeferð and Eaha hyra sword getugon,
ond æt oþrum durum Ordlaf and Guþlaf,
ond Hengest sylf hwearf him on laste, etc.

And this sentence from the Paraphrase in Rolf's Saga—

Þá stökk upp Hromundr Harði, ok Hrolfr skióthendi, Svipdagr ok Beigaðr, Hvítserkr enn Hvati, Haklangr enn sétti, Harðrefill enn siaundi, Haki inn Frœkni enn átti, Vötrr enn Mikil-afri enn niundi, Stárolfr enn tiundi, Hialti enn Hugprúði enn ellepti, Böðvarr Biarki enn tolfri.

Compare too— Ða gewat him wund hæleð on wæg gangan
sæde þæt his byrne abrocen wære
here-sceorpum hrór and eac wæs his helm ðyrl :

with the paraphrastic— Þvati af mer eru hœggnar allar hlífar, fóst-bróðir, ok þykkjomk ek þó all-ákaft vega, ok get ek nú eigi hefnt allra minna hœggva; enn eigi skal nú við hlífaz, ef ver skulum Valhöll gista í kveld,

here. To support the Fin story there is Beowulf; to support the Biarka-mal story, Saxo, a good and untainted witness. There is a riddle to solve here.

The *Aristophanic poems* are not to be hastily dealt with. All three (Ls., Skm., Hbl.) appear to be the work of one poet¹. There is an archaic smack about them; they are by a heathen certainly, a man who is at home in his religion, who treats Thor and Woden, as many a good mediæval churchman did the Abbot or the Pope, with a humour which has in it no hate or abhorrence, but rather sympathy. He takes care too to avoid irreverence, by putting his flouts and jibes in Loki's mouth. That biting mischievous scoffer always says more than he means. There are traces also of a deep religious feeling, which must have vanished at the later date when Christendom and Heathendom stood out clear face to face. This nameless Aristophanes is a high poet too, with a beautiful restraint, an antique grace in his metre and phrasing, and a vigorous homely pith that belonged to the Ethic school. His love for Thor is Norwegian-like, but the pictures of wild roving life, the bold buccaneer fighting and plundering and carrying off women and lying feasting on an island for days together, or even a whole winter, are as unmistakeably of the wicking-tide. He may well be a contemporary of the Poet of Helgi; later he could not, earlier a little he might possibly be.

In *Wolo-spa* [Bk. iii, § 3] the fine flexible melodious metre, which has here reached its highest pitch of development, the careful logical divisions of the whole into burden-bounded strophes, would forbid any thought of 'hoar antiquity,' of 'primeval utterances,' or the like. And on a closer examination, the refinement and spirituality of thought which show throughout, the philosophical character, one might almost say, of its conceptions, are positive indications, which tend still more strongly to confirm our conviction that we have here a poem of about the same age as the Ballad poems, with which indeed it bears clear marks of likeness. The apprehension of the near crack of doom, too, points to a date near A. D. 1000. The source of the poet's inspiration has been ably pointed out by Dr. Bang of Christiania. The western locale of it is rendered certain by the occurrence of 'bioð,' earth, the use of the harp, and the eschatology. There are Irish compositions on Domesday still extant which would serve as links between its Scandinavian author and the wild eastern fancies of the Sibylline poems.

¹ See the *parallelisms*, e. g.—

Heill ves þú nú Loki ok tak við hrim-kalki.—Ls.

And— Heill ves þú nu heldr sveinn ok tak við hrim-kalki.—Skm.

Herr es sá sveinn sveina.—Hbl.

And— Hvat es þat hlym hlymja.—Skm.

Ok þóttiska þú þá þórr vesa.—Ls. 244 and Ls. 82.

Rare and peculiar words, used in these Lays only, are—Gamban-reiði, *Skm.* 136; gamban-teinn, *ib.* 131 and *Hbl.* 63; gamban-sumbl, *Ls.* 32. The Old Wolsung Play alone presents parallelisms to them: is that, too, or parts of it, by the same poet?

Balder's Doom [Bk. iii, § 2] has 'ballad' character in its framework, but is more heathen and antique in spirit than the *Wolospa*.

Hyndlo-líoð [Bk. iv, § 2] is a valuable but sadly mangled poem. Our arrangement of it in the text is by no means definitive, though we have been able to restore the framework of the genealogical part. Hence we have given a complete reconstruction of the whole poem in Excursus IV, vol. ii. There are in fact two poems in it, each with its own burden. (1) A Genealogical Lay; an heroic encyclopædia, taking in all the famous men of old. This poem is the *Hyndla-Lay* proper. (2) The other part, which well deserves the title by which Snorri cites it, the *Short Wolospa*, is an eschatology, bearing many points of resemblance to that of the great *Wolospa* and the *Doom of Balder*, but in a little more archaic and less ideal vein. Here there are traces of a second framework, *Wodin* calling up a *Sibyl* or *Wolwa* by enchantment and threats, and extorting answers from her, as *Woden* does from the *Sibyl* in the other poem; and finally the *Wolwa* sinks to sleep again, having ended her prophecy with a distinct intimation of the coming of the *Greater One*, a more clearly Christian phrase than any even in *Wolospa*. These two poems have, for reasons we know not, been run by the reciter into one jumble. The fragments are so mangled, the lacunæ so evident and so serious, that it is often hard to get matter for a complete reconstruction. We would propose the following rearrangement—

Verses 147-166 on *Heimdal* should stand at the head of the Genealogical Lay, immediately after our l. 45, for *Heimdal* is the progenitor of all royal races.

Lines 20-28, 171-174, and 187-192 are the epilogue to *Othere's* Genealogical Lay.

On the other hand, lines 175-176, 183-184 belong to the Introduction to the *Necromantic Sibyl Song*: while lines 185-186 are part of the prophecy to be inserted before line 159.

One indication of *date* we can perhaps get: *Wolf Uggason's House Poem*, iv. 9, yields a distinct echo of our corrupt lines 147-155, where we should read—

Ragna-reinar ramm-aukinn mög,

and render—

The mighty warder of the bridge of the Powers.

The 'nadd-gaofgan' is evidently some allusion to the 'Brising necklace' over which *Heimdal* and *Loki* fought at *Singa-stone*¹.

Wolf's poem dates from c. 980; so that 950, say, would be a fair date for our poem.

The *Sun's Song* and *Christian's Wisdom* [Bk. iii, § 4], which are probably

¹ Note that 'mann,' the word used here of *Heimdal*, recalls *Mannus* the 'conditor gentis Germanorum' in *Tacitus's* day. Compare also the pedigree of *Ermanric* as given by *Jordanis*.

by a single author, would, we take it, be fitly allotted to the early part of the eleventh century. They are frankly Christian, both in spirit and subject; they contain passages of a more *romantic* character than we should expect in very early poems. There seems almost an echo of the Helgi-poet [i. l. 59, 60] in the line 166, and the Sun's hart and other touches remind one of the Grimnis-mal mythology.

It is an idle fancy to think that one of the Christian Wise-man's examples is founded on the Adventures of Gunlaug and Raven. The fact is that Gunlaug's Saga, as we have it, is a romance¹. Thorrod Kolbeinsson, in his Dirge on Gunlaug [ii. p. 105], says nothing about the duelling; but makes Gunlaug slay two men, Olaf and Grim, ere he struck Raven down,—evidently a fray or battle, not a set combat. Again, Landnama-bok, which names Gunlaug and Raven, does not tell of any Helga the Fair as Raven's *wife*, but does give Raven a *sister* Helga. That Gunlaug and Raven fought a wager of battle is historical, but the cause of it and the manner of Gunlaug's death we do not know. The Saga, which is of a distinctly non-Icelandic romantic type, has received some of its finest scenes from foreign stories, perhaps even this very tale which the Christian Saga alludes to, of the unhappy passion of Swafod and Scart-hedin, who really did slay each other in wager of battle for the unnamed lady's love. There are several indications which point to the Western Islands as the locale of the author. Rye-dale etc. is non-Icelandic; 'cras' is a Gaelic word; 'Vanar-dreka' is paralleled by Snorri's word 'Vanar-gandr,' of the earth-serpent, a quotation no doubt. The origin of the N. E. 'gow-sun' is given s. v. 'gygjar-sol' in Dict. 222 a. The early Visions, such as Adamnan's, which was widely celebrated, were well known to our author; also the 'burdens of lead,' Dante's cowls, which King John is said to have used to torture a living man. The later classification of the Seven Sins [the earlier arrangement has Eight] had not reached the Christian Sage, or he would certainly have adopted it, for he is very methodical and symmetrical in his poem. It is, one would say, upon the model of the Guest's Wisdom and such old poems that the Sun's Song and the Christian's Wisdom were composed.

Grimnis-mal and *Waftrudnis-mal* [Bk. ii, § 1] offer little internal evidence; we have been guided by their general spirit and style to place them as we have. They were composed for entertainment we have little doubt. *Waftrudnis-mal* is probably the older of the two.

Allwise's Lessons [Bk. ii, § 1] is obviously by a western poet. It is clearly composed by one who, like Widsith or Odusseus, 'unlocked his word-hoard,' having seen many men and states; there are two certain Gaelic words at least [æti, niol, etc.], and several English words [barr = bear or barley, etc.]. The trick, by which the dwarf is here out-witted, is applied with equal success to a giantess in the Flying

¹ See Excursus III, vol. ii.

of the Helgi-poet [cf. also the Bard-dale ogress of Gretti's Saga]. We take the Wafthrudni and Allwise Lays to be by one poet.

Gripis-spa [Bk. v, § 1] is the one poem which might possibly be Icelandic; its regular form, prosaic and business-like tone, and plain wording are akin to its neighbours in this volume.

The *Lay of Righ* [Bk. iv, § 2] is a fine and elaborate poem, clearly of Western origin: the mixed household, elaborate dress and food, foreign words, and the peat-digging, which indeed was the point that first led the Editor to the Western hypothesis; the Earl is the highest authority, the King is to be sought over-sea; the curious popular etymology—con ungr [Kon the young]. Is it casual that Conn is an Irish name? The 'j' must needs have been dropped from 'ungr' ere such an etymology could have been proposed. That 'Righ' is connected with 'Rí' is evidently also the author's theory. The line and style (not archaic), the tendency to philosophise on subjects which would hardly have struck a pure Northerner, and the metre, would all lead one to conclude that the poem could not be older than the generation which produced *Wolospa*.

The *Lay of Darts*, *Darradar-liod* [Bk. iv, § 5], is dated, according to tradition, by the great battle of Clontarf, to which it refers. There is every reason to believe this tradition to be true, though no name be given to the king or earl of the poem. In the notes to the 'Four Masters,' an Irish tradition referring to this same fight is cited: "Moling delivered this prophecy: 'Tonndurgen and the royal bard of lances shall violate friendship at Glinngerg; mutual oaths shall not prevent bloodshed,'"—which calls back lines 130-134 of *Wolospa*.

The Irish poem relating to Dunlaing O'Hartigain, who was warned by the Fairy Spirit of his race, contains this striking prophecy, which is parallel to our lines 28-34: "Brian shall fall! Murchad shall fall! They shall fall in the field in rows! the plain shall be red to-morrow with the blood of many brave men!" See *Annals of Innisfallen* and *Annals of Kilronan*.

For *Hymis-kvida* [Bk. iv, § 1] it is obvious that the verse is rather of the Norwegian type, in metre and synonym, though we cannot name the author. There are striking incidents in it, which point to a Western origin; and as we have said the stone cauldrons in *Hymi's* hall remind one forcibly of the stone bowls in such big Irish tumuli as those of New Grange and Sliath-na-Calleigha. The poem too is, like other Western poems, for *recitation* at an entertainment; it is in a humorous vein, which is quite foreign to Norwegian poets.

With regard to the other early poems in the Fourth Book of this volume (*the Norwegian poets*), they are dated by their subject or contents clearly enough, and we have spoken fully on their authorship and time in the introduction prefixed to each piece. Egil's poems [Bk. iv, § 4] naturally fall in with the rest of the Norwegian *Encomia* of Bk. iv,

he being in life and career practically a Norwegian, but one image, though that is a very touching and characteristic one, being drawn from Iceland,—the cauldron of tears.

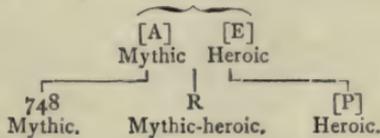
The early Norwegian Encomia are marked off pretty distinctly from those of the Western school.

They are all *historical* in subject, addressed not to the guests at a festival, but to the king himself. They are really rhymed chronicles.

§ 10. COLLECTION OF EDDIC LAYS WHEN MADE.

Having [§ 6] by the evidence of a diplomatic kind arrived at about 1230 as the latest date for our Codex Regius, what evidence have we towards getting at the state of things with regard to the poems it contains before this MS. was written?

It is evident that R and 748 are sister texts; there was also another sister text, now lost, from which the paraphrast of the Wolsunga Saga worked. But it must be noticed that the paraphrast's text [P] need not have comprised the Mythic poems, nor 748 the Heroic, though both collections are found in R. So that the evidence stands thus—



And we may either fancy two archetypes [A] and [E], or one [Æ], which is probably more likely.

Allowing a fair amount of time for the copies to be made, etc., Æ would be at least as early as the end of the twelfth century; and to any one who notices the peculiarities of the *prose passages* [they are given in Appendix to vol. ii, p. 524 sqq.] which are interspersed among the heroic lays, this will not seem a whit too early. There are few specimens in any tongue of such archaic lapidary style as this, which contrasts in the strongest way with the classic twelfth-century Icelandic prose, polished by generations of story-tellers, who had developed its capacity to a singularly high degree. Yet here, by the side of tales as well told as the best of Herodotus, are legends given in rough, broken, uncouth sentences, to which there is nothing parallel in Greek, and which in their primitive form recall the fragments of the old Roman Laws and Carmina.

There are two hypotheses to be drawn from this curious phenomenon; viz. that the collection must be very early in date, or else that the prose came from the mouth of some one non-Icelander, who was not used to the highly-developed Saga-style. The existence of words in it not known in Icelandic speech or literature, supports the latter explanation. It is also noteworthy that, though our R and 748 are certainly Icelandic MSS., i. e. written by Icelanders, there are places here and there where 'l' and 'r' are not aspirated, which we might fairly interpret as a sign that Æ was written at a non-

Icelander's dictation [see § 6]. It is impossible to fix a date for the writing down of *Æ*. We can only hope to establish a probable time. The question really is, how long were these poems preserved by the people from among whom they were collected; for it is clear that the collector was only just in time (as so often has happened in other cases) to take down the last and most precious remains of a whole body of literature. Now, from Sweris Saga we know that these old poems were still fairly known in the Western Islands in that king's youth (1150-1170), so that it is probable they were well remembered in 1100. There is therefore no need to carry the date of our collection further back than 1150, for if it had been made much earlier, the poems would have been far more perfect in all probability.

As to the state of the collection itself, we have seen that it falls into two great bundles in R, Mythic and Heroic.

Here again we feel the want of a facsimile page for page reprint of R, for it is only from such a text that the reader can get a fair idea of the state of the poems in these collections. However, we have (pp. xlii-xliii) given the list of their contents as they stand in R, and on p. 376, vol. i, will be found some specimens of the jumbled text in one of the chief poems.

One gathers from a careful consideration of the MS. that the collection must have been put together somewhat as follows:—The Collector, interested by hearing one or two of these old poems, which were entirely new to him, but of which he knew the plot in a vague way, got the reciter to dictate to him all he knew. The reciter's memory fails him in the less impressive parts of the poems, and he *substitutes a plain, rough, clumsy bit of prose*, giving the thread of the plot, to fill up the gap. We notice that the more broken the song is the more bits there are of prose. In a few instances—for instance, the Helgi Lays, the Hamtheow Lay, Havamal, the Old Wolsung Play, etc.—all is a jumble: in one place we have obviously a double text, A, B; in another an old fragmentary song has been interlarded with bits of a younger one. We may picture the Collector, having written down all the reciter could give him, trying another man, who knows some more; he recites his little collection to him, and this second informant is able to give him a few fresh verses; but more often he says, 'You haven't got it quite right here; I always heard it so,' giving him what is really a parallel text of bits he has already; or else he says, 'I remember some lines you haven't got about that matter,' and cites fragments of a fresh poem on the same subject. The good Collector puts down all his new friend tells him in rough chronological order alongside of what he has already got, according to the thread of the tale, so that e.g. in the Old Wolsung Play we get in R two separate poems of different style and age mixed together.

We may even fancy how the Collector came to take down the poems now in R. It was in the Saga-time, and even till lately, the fashion for traders on Iceland to sail about mid-summer or early autumn and put up

there through the winter, to avoid the terrible equinoctial gales, boarding with the franklins of the district, and going away in the spring next year. Suppose a Western Islander, skipper of a trading vessel, lodging (as we know many an Orkneyman did) with an Icelandic franklin or priest through the winter. At Christmas-time Saga-telling and reading is a favourite pastime, the guest is well entertained, and in his turn is asked to tell a story; he recites one of the poems he has heard at entertainments in his own land, where poetry, and not saga-telling, is the popular pastime. His host is pleased with the poem, and begs him next day to dictate all the verses he knows to him. Or if any one prefers it, he may imagine an Icclander, such as Ingimund the priest or Hrafn Sveinbjornsson, passing a winter in the Orkneys or Shetlands, and there writing down the poems he had heard recited at festal gatherings.

The collection of Saxon poems, made in Norway by the compiler of Theodrick's Saga, shows that it was not an uncommon thing to gather poems from foreigners.

The Collector has had better luck with the Mythic poems than with the Heroic lays, which are in a far worse state; but still, even in the Mythic poems there are great gaps and extraneous pieces wedged in.

Of the Helgi poems and their state in R we have spoken in the introduction. The Havamal Collection is a formless mass of all the gnomic verses the collector could get, put down in blocks, one after another, as he got them. Then there are the common errors and mistakes of reciters, verses from one poem slipped in to fill a blank in another, transpositions, mixings of separate poems of similar plot or personages. Such phenomena in fact as occur in Mr. Campbell's Collections of Highland Tales and Poems, and which are sure to be found wherever a conscientious collector takes down oral songs or stories.

It has been our first task throughout this edition to clear the separate poems of the mass of extraneous matter that has been left so long to cumber them; to separate parallel texts and verses; to put the sequence of the lines right; to extricate the fragments of the older poems from the newer poetry in which they are imbedded; to mark the hitherto unnoticed gaps which but too often mar and deface the most beautiful poems. And it is necessary to do this *before* we can apply the needful process of textual criticism; to begin mending the text before one has a clear idea of what one is working on is but working in the dark. It is the neglect of these preliminary operations, the dull way of looking at and treating the poems as so many pages in a book, not as separate entities, composed with a definite aim by reasonable men for the pleasure of their fellow-human beings, that has caused the slough in which Eddic studies have so long lain. We must, on the contrary, be ever ready to draw comparisons from the experience of Ballad collectors of our own time, and not look on the old days as something outside or above ordinary human life.

We have, in accordance with these ideas, endeavoured to restore the original state of the poems that were jumbled in the Havamal mass, to

set in some order at least the beautiful Helgi Trilogy and the grandly planned Old Wolsung Play, and are able to show the double texts (which have hitherto passed undetected) in the Gudrun and Hamtheow Lays.

Now our collector (or collectors) of \mathfrak{A} account for the existence of a good many poems; but there are others in exactly the same state as his, corrupt not from scribes' mistakes, but from age and decay and reciters' confusions and forgetfulness. The Hyndla Lay and the Mill Song, for example, evidently show the same symptoms as Weyland's Lay or the Wolospa. Can there have been a collection, which stood to Flatey-bok, to the compiler of Codex Wormianus and to the scribe of 'r,' as \mathfrak{A} stands to R, to 748, and to [P]? Such a collection would among other things have comprised the Mill Song, Righ's-mal, Hyndlu-liod, Biarka-mal.

We know that there were collections of poems, dealing with Danish tradition, known to Saxo or his Icelanders [Thylenses]; such poems as the lost Lay of Amlodi [Hamlet], Hagbard and Signy, Starkad's Death Song, a Proverb-song [which Saxo makes great use of], Biarka-mal, Rolf Craci at Upsala, the Lodbrok Lays, etc.

That some Lays were *separately* preserved one might also expect, and one finds from Ynglinga that Ari knew the Old Ritual poem in a different text to ours. Snorri knew the short Sibyl Prophecy separate from Hyndla Lay. The genealogical portion of the Lay of Hyndla has, when in a much purer and completer state than we possess it, been paraphrased (see Flatey-bok, i. pp. 24-25).

Snorri, no doubt, had access to some collection of old poems, now lost, whence he cites fragments and paraphrases of incidents throughout his Gylva-ginning. It must have been a mythic collection [see Bk. ii, § 3], for he speaks of a *Heimdal's Charm* ('Heimdalar galdr'), paraphrases a lost song on *Balder's Funeral*, cites from lost Lays of *Grozw* and *Gna*, and must have known some more bits of Lays which he has used to draw upon for material for his tales, the *Allegory on Hell* and her abode for instance [vol. i, pp. 125-127]¹.

Snorri used for the Beguiling of Gylfi a different text of Wolospa to ours, a text in which the order was distinctly better than ours. It is not certain however that he had not also our text; for the 'Dwarf interpolation' (vol. i, p. 79) is in W, r, and U; and he may have borrowed these lines from our text. We can hardly suppose any text earlier than \mathfrak{A} to have contained them.

¹ In this connection it is well to note that the discoveries of 'Odinic fragments' in the Shetlands are utterly illusory. A poem in a fragmentary and corrupt condition, in fact in an advanced stage of decomposition, is taken down in the twelfth century just as it is fading out of tradition; and it is believed that this very fragment (covering, it is to be observed, by a miraculous coincidence, a space included in the fragment we already have) can be still on record in the nineteenth century, a fragment which yields nothing new, no fresh word or idea.—Credat Judæus Apella! Let us remember, putting aside all other possibilities, that Resenius' printed text, with a Latin translation, has been accessible for more than two hundred years.

As to other lost Songs of which we can gather some evidence :—

In Ynglinga Saga, ch. 40, 41, there is a paraphrase of a lost song of the Helgi-type.

The compiler of Scioldunga Saga, a work which is unfortunately in a terribly imperfect state, paraphrases a song of the Aristophanes-type, The Flyting of Iwar [i. 123, and Reader, p. 191]; a Lay of Gorm's Death [see Reader, p. 193], which, we take it, was of the type of the Weyland Lay; a Lay of Hrofl's visit to Upsala [i. p. 190], known also to the interpolator of 'r;' Starkad's Death Song, a rather late poem which Saxo knows and paraphrases; the Biarka-mal [i. p. 188]; a Ragnar's Lay, the old song on whose fragments—such phrases as 'I will die laughing'—the late poem Kraku-mal was afterwards built up in the West. In the lost portion of Scioldunga would have been the paraphrase of the Amloda Lay, and the Lay of Harbard and Signy, a once popular poem, the story of which is frequently alluded to. Hrofl Kraki's Saga, wherein Biarka-mal is paraphrased, is just, to our mind, a diluted paraphrase of a lost chapter of Scioldunga, which itself was founded on an old cycle of poems early lost.

In fact, the DANISH CYCLE seems to have been the biggest next to the WOLSUNG CYCLE; and, if we could have sat at the court of Eadgar with the Danish emigrants and adventurers which he gathered round him, we should have heard other poems of this cycle and have seen perhaps some of the composers of those very Lays we still have. Yet, it must not be supposed that we would derive all tradition from lost poems; there is, in every instance we have named, either an alliterative phrase, a peculiar turn of the story, an imagery or poetic word or simile, or some more or less evident token, which forbids one's assigning a prose tradition or Saga as the source of the story. Thus, Thor and Outgarth Loki is distinctly a *story*; there is nothing unproselike in its form or phrase. But the Death of Gorm, with its alliterative 'Denmark is drooping, dead is my son!' its characteristic touches, the good wise queen, the fiery warm-hearted old king [reminding one of Goethe's *Es war ein König im Thule*], the dark hangings in the hall where the scene passes, the pure poetry of Thyra's apologue, the stern brevity of the phrase which tells of Gorm's death and lights up the speechless heart-broken figure sitting bolt upright dead in the royal seat—all point to the 'sacer vates.'

So again the *similes* in Amlodi's madness, as calling the sand on the shore the 'meal ground by the gales,' the rudder a 'monstrous knife gashing the huge flitch-like waves,' mark the story as having passed through the crucible of song, and received the stamp from a poet.

We have mentioned the [P] text which the Wolsunga paraphrast used. This P text was perfect, whereas in our R there is a great lacuna. We have therefore from the Paraphrast a means of finding out something about the Lays which once stood in the now vacant spot. We have therefore translated literally such chapters of Wolsunga

Saga as contain matter no longer found in R, and printed them in appendix to vol. i. [pp. 391-399], and the text itself is appended to vol. ii.

How much is lost from R, one sheet or two? The Editor now believes that only one is gone. The poems in the lacuna were all certainly of the Wolsung cycle, the greater part by the Tapestry Poet, as is manifest from several scenes and treats in the paraphrase. From the vertical lines (pp. xlii-iii) the reader is enabled to see how much text one sheet in R represents; taking the one sheet after the lacuna as an example, it is roughly about 1040 lines, besides the average prose stuffings. We can hardly imagine that there were 1000 lines more of Wolsung Poems, especially as the amount of poetry underlying the Wolsung prose need not have exceeded 1100 lines. The prose of the lacuna is a little above the average sheet, for instance, of the sheet following after the lacuna; the reason we take is, that in the lost sheet the paraphrast stuck a little more closely to the text than is usual with him; for we have also to make allowance for songs or bits of songs *not* paraphrased, since there are sure to have been some lay of which no trace is left, just as in the post-lacuna sheet the Lay of Ordrun and the Lay of the Weeping Gudrun and the end of the Great Brunhild Lay have been passed over; because there was too little action in it the paraphrast thought, or that it was too poetical, or that it was a double text, like the two Atli Lays. For all this one has to leave some margin.

The age of the unique MS.¹ (No. 1824, New Collection, Royal Library, Copenhagen) of Wolsunga is of the end of the fourteenth century, but it is not by the original compiler, for two reasons. (1) There are Rimur, Wolsung's Rimur (ed. Möbius) of the fifteenth century, which are founded on the first eight chapters of the Wolsunga Saga, but in a *better* text than ours, so that 1824 is not a first generation MS. (2) There are many evident scribe's errors in our text, not owing to the poems, but to false copying of the prose. Dr. Bugge in his last edition has not observed this; yet the mistakes are obvious; we have tried to put right the most glaring ones, so as to make a translation feasible. See the foot-notes to the translation, vol. i, Append. p. 391 sqq., and to the text, vol. ii, Append. p. 532 sqq. The original MS. was probably compiled about the year 1300.

There is another paraphrase, Norna-Gests Thattr, found in Flatey-bok, which cites the Old Wolsung Play with the interpolation, and the end of the Long Brunhild Lay. The compiler (whom we take to be the Wolsung paraphrast) must have had our text.

Hromund Gripsson's Saga we shall speak of in the next section.

§ II. CITATIONS OF EDDIC LAYS.

In tracing the history of the poems a word may be said on the citations of them which can be discovered, bearing in mind the distinction between quotations made from the living poems and from them when

¹ It was a gift of Bishop Bryniolf to the Danish king. See Prolegom. and § 3.

collected and written down. We noticed above the quotations of Eywind and Wolf Uggason, c. 980. Next comes Arnor's quotation from Wolospa in a Dirge made in the Orkneys on an Orkney Earl, c. 1064. Eighty years later, in Iwar's Dirge on Sigurd Slembi, a Western Islander, are three lines which echo the Helgi Lay. About the same date, in the Orkneys, Earl Rognwald in his Hatta-lykill says, echoing the Helgi Lays,—

Hafði Helgi í hiörva gny'
geð-stein harðan¹, gótt drengja val,
híalm harð-sleginn, hiól mundriða,
sverð snar-dregit, ok snara brynjo.
Var rönd roðin, riðo skolkingar²,
fello fyrðar í flogi vápna,
áto ernir af iofurs dolgum,
reyfðuzk ramnar yfir ræ-kesti.

King Swerri, who was born in the Faroes and brought up in the Western Islands, cites in his speeches the Old Wolsung Play, ll. 83-84, and from the lost lays, i. p. 314, ll. 1-2. And this implies evident familiarity with the poems, which we may fancy him learning in his youth in the West. We have his speeches from his own report, so that it is not necessary to believe that the snatches he cites were as familiar to his hearers as they were to him. The 'remanieur' of Fostbrodra Saga cites a ditty of the Guest's Wisdom, calling it a snatch of song, 'kvidling.'

Besides these few direct quotations, there are several instances in the Icelandic Sagas where one is struck by a slight departure from the normal treatment, by a more romantic colouring and an unrealistic air, which are in direct contrast to the true spirit of the Sagas. In such cases one can hardly fail to recognise the influence of epic traditions, often no doubt derived from lost poems, but sometimes directly drawn from extant sources. We have treated this subject separately [Excursus III, vol. ii].

But there are a certain number of places in which we have paraphrases taken straight from Songs, and these may be enumerated here:—

Ari shows knowledge of several Eddic poems,—stray Lays one would say,—the *Ritual Song*, detached, not as we have it now, and from a better text than ours (see *Ynglinga Saga*, ch. 6-7); the *Lay of Rigb* (see *Ynglinga Saga*, ch. 21, 'Sonar Rígs er fyrstr var konungr kalladr á Danska Tungo').—Not to speak of the songs referred to in *Edda*, *Gylfaginning*, the staple of which treatise are the three Lays, *Wolospa*, *Wafthrudni*, and *Grimni*, and a few fragments of lost songs already mentioned.

Of *Scioldunga Saga* we have spoken above.

Gisli's Saga has a lost Lay of the *Helgi type* twisted into relation with its Icelandic hero's fortunes (see ii. p. 331).

Hromund Gripsson's Saga contains a paraphrase of the third part of the *Helgi Trilogy* (i. p. 148), an incident copied from the second part

¹ Helgi, i. l. 223.

² Id. l. 105.

of the *Angantheow Cycle* [see i. p. 348], and a pretty close prose version of some *Dream Lay*, in which the two doomed men, Blind the Balewise and King Harding, talk over the former's dreams. (Whether this Dream-Lay was originally concerned with these two heroes or others we cannot even guess.)

The following extracts from Hromund Gripsson's Saga will give the reader all the help that can be got out of it. The first treats of HELGI'S LOVE CARA.

"Said Hromund [Helgi's brother in this Saga, really Helgi himself here]: 'I had bad dreams last night, and all will not go as I could wish, wherefore I shall not go into the battle to-day.' . . . They came into the battle and went forward boldly, and every one of the host of the Haddings that met them fell before them. There was a witch-wife came there in the shape of a swan; she chaunted with such mighty spell-songs that none of Olaf's men thought of defending himself. She flew over Gripsson, singing loudly; her name was Cara. Helgi the Bold met the brothers at that very moment, and slew the whole eight of them together." *And again*:—

"Helgi the Bold had ever gotten the victory, and he won it by sorcery. His mistress was called Cara, she that was in the image of a swan. Helgi brandished his sword so high above him that it cut asunder the leg of the swan [so Cara dies, and Helgi's luck is gone]." *See Griplur.*

[A piece about a MAGIC SWORD Mistletoe—an echo of the sword in the Angantheow and Herwor Lays down to its loss and recovery from the maw of the pike—now comes in, then follows the episode of the SEARCH FOR HELGI (here called Hromund), an episode from which the Niala compiler has borrowed the motif of his escape of Thrain, an episode even more nearly copied in another Icelandic Saga.]

"Blind goes with some men to Hagal's house and asks if Hagal is stowed away there. The old woman said that they would not find him there. Blind sought carefully and found him not, for she had hidden him away under the cauldron. Blind and his fellows went off, but when they were come on their way Blind said, 'Our journey has not been glorious, let us turn back again.' They did so, got back to the house, and met the old woman. Blind said that she was full of wily tricks, and had stowed away Hagal under her kettle. 'Seek and catch him then!' said she. But she said this because as soon as she saw that they were turning back she had put Hagal into a bondwoman's dress, and set him to grind and turn the hand-mill. While the maid was turning the mill they were all about, but she kept looking fiercely at the king's men. Then they went away without having found anything; and when they were come on their way, Blind said that the old woman must have wished to beglamour their sight, and he thought it very likely that Hagal might have been there turning the mill in woman's clothes."

"Blind dreams that a wolf ran from the east and bit the king, and wounded him. The king reads the dream, that a king should come to see him, and that their meeting should be fierce at first, but end in peace. Blind dreams a second time of a number of hawks sitting in a house, and among them the king's falcon, all featherless and stripped of his skin. Says the king, 'There shall come a wind out of the clouds and shake our burgh.' In Blind's third dream he saw a herd of swine running from the south to the king's hall, rooting the earth up with their snouts. 'That means a high sea, wet weather, and great crop of grass, which shall grow lush from the damp of the water when the sun shines upon the ground,' says

the king. Blind's fourth dream—'I saw an awful [some beast¹] come from the east; he bit you and made a great wound.' The king answers, 'Heralds shall come to my hall; they shall . . . all their weapons, and I shall be angry.' 'My fifth dream,' says Blind, 'is that I thought I saw a grimly snake living in Sweden.' 'A great war-ship shall come ashore laden with treasure.' Sixth—'I thought I saw a black [gull?] with claws and wings, which flew away with thee, O king, and there was a snake at Hagal's, methought, which ate me up and all the king's men.' But the king answers, 'I have heard of a great bear lurking in the wood by Hagal; I shall hunt it, and it will bite me.' 'I thought,' went on Blind, 'that a dragon's skin with Hagal's belt on it was drawn through the hall.' 'That is the sword that Hagal lost with his belt in the water.' Blind goes on, but the king always reads the dream for luck, till Blind says, 'I thought an iron ring was put about my neck.' 'This dream foretells thy being hanged, and I believe we are both fey.'"

[Hagal soon after breaks suddenly upon the king and slays him, hangs Blind, and marries Swanwhite, daughter of King Olaf.]

The Rimur Griplur (of c. 1480) is taken from a text better than ours, which certainly contained some of the original verses; we therefore give a few citations (from Prof. Kölbing's notice, for we have no complete copy at hand). It would be worth while to publish the whole of Griplur, simply for the chance of recovering a word or two to eke out the scanty fragments of the third part of the Helgi Trilogy:—

Þá skal þegn sem þjóðin fregn í þýjar klæðin færa.—*Helgi and Kara*, 4.

Þegninn stóð í þýjar vóð : þrífir möndul stinnan.—*Ib.*

Þú hefir megn at mala í gegn : mína kvern at hræra.—*Ib.* 13.

'Möndul' dró af magni svó mátti ei orku stilla.—*Ib.* 11 and 13.

Ambátt sú var eigi trú : áðan stóð hía lúðri.—*Ib.* 7.

The Saga compiler appears to have larded some bits of the Lay into his Saga, whence the Rimur maker again took these words.

With this may be compared the prose of R:—

"King Sigmund Wolsungsson had to wife Borghild of Bragrove. They called their son Helgi also, after Helgi Hiorward's son. Hagal fostered Helgi. Hunding [read Harding] was the name of a mighty king after whom Hundland is named. He was a great warrior, and had many sons who were a-warring. War and feuds there were between King Hunding and King Sigmund [read Harding and Sefi]; they slew each the other's kinsmen. King Sigmund and the men of his race were called Wolsungs and Wolfings. Helgi went and spied secretly at the court of King Hunding. Heming, the son of King Hunding, was at home. . . . The name of Heming's son was Hagal. King Hunding sent men to Hagal's to seek Helgi, and Helgi had no other way to escape than to take a bondmaid's clothes [þýjar klæði above] and betake himself to the mill. . . . Helgi got away, and went aboard a war-ship. He slew King Hunding [Harding], and was afterwards called Hunding's Bane [Harding's Scathe]. He lay with his host

¹ Hriki, unknown what beast is meant. See Dict. s. v.

in Bruin Bay, and held a 'strand-slaughter' there, and ate raw flesh there. There was a king named Högni [Halfdan]; his daughter was Sigrun [Cara]. She was a Walcyrie, and rode over air and water; *she was Swafa born again.*"

The prose has also preserved the name of the Lay:—

"Sigrun was short-lived for the sorrow and woe [that she had]. It was the belief in the old days [heathendom] that men were born again, but that is now called an old wife's tale. Helgi and Sigrun are said to have been born again; he was then called Helgi Harding's Scathe, and she Cara Halfdan's daughter—as it is said in the *Lay of Cara*—and she was a Walcyrie."

Though unknown even to the minstrel from whom the bits in R were taken down, the identity is as apparent as day at noon (Hagal, Hamal, Blind the Bale-wise). As for restoring the names—the alliteration of some is the same: for Sigmund read Sevi (?): for Hunding read Harding: for Högni read Halfdan: for Hundings-bani read Haddingjaskaði: for Sigrun read Cara: Hagal, Hamal, Blind, remain untouched.

In Bosa Saga, ch. 12, one of the latest and worst of the mythical Sagas, is a notice of a lost Hiarranda Lioð, Hiorrend's Lay, the hero of which, the mighty harper, is a prominent figure in some of the later North German poems of the Gothic Cycle. He is earlier mentioned in *Deor's Lament*:—

þæt ic bi me sylfum secgan wille
þæt ic hwile wæs Heodeninga scóp
dryhtne dýre : me wæs Deór noma.
Áhte ic fela wintra folgað tilne
heoldne hláford, óð þæt Heorrenda nu
liód-cræftig mon lond-ryht gefah,
þæt me eorla hleoð ær gesealde.

§ 12. THE ORIGIN AND OBJECTS OF COURT-POETRY.

We now come to the COURT-POEMS. On this head there will be found some information in the introductions to the various poems; as to their metrical peculiarities, their curious synonym system, these are treated in a separate Excursus.

The Court-poetry is a species of poetry distinct and peculiar to the Norwegian court, whence it afterwards for a short time spread to Denmark and England, but not further¹. It is the outcome of the Wicking-tide and the growth of the great Norwegian kingdom. It will be necessary, in order to understand its peculiarities, which are at first so unfamiliar and even repulsive to the student, to see how it arose and what were the intentions of its creators. Only by doing so is one able to appreciate their ingenuity and estimate the worth of their work.

The first Court-poems are the *Shield-Songs* [Book vii], poems recounting a series of mythical incidents, and dedicated to a king or

¹ The poems on Swedish kings are of very doubtful character.

patron. Of the like type is the Lay of the House [ii. p. 22], in which Wolf tells over the tales depicted in his patron Olaf Peacock's new hall. From such poems the transition was comparatively easy.

We have two early species of Lay dealing with kings and princes, and no doubt composed for their pleasure: the *Genealogies*, such as Ynglinga-tal [Book iv], and the *Praises and Dirges* of epic character, such as Eric's-mal, Haconar-mal, and that remarkable poem the Raven Song of Hornclöfi [Book iv], in which a Walcyrie questions a raven about the deeds, warriors, champions, poets, wife, and jugglers of Harold Fairhair—a significant poem, openly praising a *live* king, which hitherto had not been done. For the older *encomia* and didactic heroic poems, like the older epics, are always the traditional praise of the mighty *dead*, Lays made on exploits that were magnified by the haze into which they would soon have vanished altogether had not the poet appeared and put down, what he could discern, in immortal verse. But it is not to the flattery of poets nor to the vanity of monarchs that this change is to be put down. It was the desire of endless fame which led such a king as Harold Fairhair or Hacon to wish that his deeds should be preserved for ever. And how could this be done? Writing was unknown for any historical or descriptive purpose: songs were, as Tacitus says, the only chronology and the only history that existed. It is to song, 'which never dies,' that the record must be entrusted,—song, which had preserved the deeds of Sigfrid, of Sighere, of Attila, of Angantheow, of Waldhere, and Weyland, and Ælfwine, and many more.

Accordingly the king commands the poet to put the *Annals* of his reign into regular order, in the same way as he would the myths on a shield or a cup. The result is the *regular Encomium*; which is *addressed* to a king or prince, opens with a statement of the poet's motive in composing, contains a series of strophes, dealing in strict chronological order with the patron's exploits, in the *form* of simple direct statements, full of names of persons and places, and even of dates, and often winds up with a request for largess. The burdens which divide the strophes are short laudatory sentences, after the model of those in the Shield Songs. The poet, having composed his poem, now goes to the king and begs to be allowed to deliver it; and this is done publicly in a loud voice in the hall or at the moot (almost as a piece of evidence before witnesses). The king then gives the poet a gift as guerdon for his song, such gifts being often kept long and treasured by the donee. Our introductions to the various Court-poems, to which we beg to refer the reader, contain many lively and dramatic scenes of this poem-reciting. The poet is then bound to *teach* his poem, we can hardly doubt, for only so could the king's fame be securely established, and an elaborate Court-poem would want to be repeated several times in order to fix it in the hearers' memory. It must also be smooth and flowing and pleasant to the ear, or no one would or could learn it.

Who made the first Court-poem we cannot say; Glymdrapa [ii. p. 27] is so unsafe we can build little on it. There are similar fragments on

Hacon the Good (in a terrible state now), though the finest poem on him is in the old epic form. The first really sound Court-poem is Glum Geirason's Dirge on Greyfell, c. 976 [ii. p. 37]. After this, curiously enough, the craft soon falls almost wholly into the hands of Icelanders. Why, is not quite clear; but we know that the kings loved to attach foreigners to them—and these men were unaffected by Norwegian politics or ties, and noted for their fidelity. Young Icelandic gentlemen going abroad, as was the practice, to take service with the king or to trade, found it to their advantage to practise poetry; and the poet's position at court grew into a kind of regular office held by an Icelander [Book viii].

Beside regular Encomia, the poets would compose an Ode, 'flockr,' on any great occasion, and these 'flockr' were remembered, and would no doubt afford materials as regards facts for the Dirge-Encomia so frequently recited to the young king after his accession, poems which were in reality the verse chronicles of his father's reign.

The height of Court-poetry was reached in the days of Harold Hardrede (d. 1066), who was as ambitious of fame as he was of wealth and power, and had a great love for this kind of composition. It is, we can hardly doubt, owing to him that the Encomia were so well remembered, for he would, as the story of Stump shows [ii. p. 221],—a tale which of course is not to be taken literally,—listen to old poems with pleasure, and a poet in his day was bound to have by heart a considerable number of Encomia, Odes, and the like. Thus the eleventh century was 'bridged over' in tradition, so that by Ari's time these poems were not lost, but he was able to collect a sufficient number of such as he could use for the basis of his great history, whereby the desire of the good old kings for everlasting glory was in a way realised.

And this is no small matter, for every line of the Court-poetry embodies a *fact*, an annal, which would else have perished. One might, if one had seen only one of the Embroidery-poems, form a very good guess as to the age, style, and even matter of the others; but where a Court-poem has been lost, a number of real facts has disappeared for ever. Without the Court-poets Ari's work would have been impossible.

§ 13. STATE OF TEXT AND REMANIENTS OF COURT-POETRY.

We have now merely to deal with the question of the *text of the Court-poems*, summing up the results arrived at by a careful and minute consideration of the poems themselves.

The results here put forth are entirely new, and go to the root of the old historiography, affecting as they do the main questions of the authority and authorship of the Kings' Lives.

To Ari's preface to the Book of Kings, which he compiled, we have first to turn for information. He therein says, speaking of the authorities he has used: "Somewhat [also I have written] that is found in the Genealogies, wherein kings and other men of great race have drawn up their family-relationship. And somewhat is written according to old traditions, or poems [Court-poetry], or epic lays, which men have used

for entertainment. Though we have no proof for such matter as this [the epic tales, etc.], yet we have this evidence [authority] thereon, that old historians [not necessarily *writers*] have taken them to be true."

Ari here mentions the *Genealogies*, prose or verse we know not; if verse, such poems as Ynglinga-tal are meant: *traditions, court-poetry*, and *epic tales*, Eric's-mal or Haconar-mal would perhaps represent this last species of composition. Further on he says: "Attached to Harold [Fairhair] there were poets, and men still know their poems [on him], and the poems *or* encomia of all the kings that have been in Norway since. And we draw the greatest part of our facts from what is said in these encomia, which were delivered before the princes themselves or their sons. We take all that is found in these encomia about these princes' expeditions or battles to be absolutely true. Now it is the way of poets to praise their patrons most highly; but this will never lead them to attribute to a man himself deeds which all who are listening know to be imaginary and false, not to speak of the patron himself. For to do so would be mockery and not praise." [See Reader, p. 14.]

Now these *Encomia* have not been preserved in their integrity, but there are inserted piecemeal in the text of the Kings' Lives and in Scaldscapar-mal and Skalda a considerable number of stanzas from them. As to those in the Kings' Lives they are put in as citations. 'Such-and-such a thing happened, as it is said in So-and-so's poem,' is a standing phrase of Ari's, coming over and over again. Ari's words in his preface are positive enough; he was going to draw his facts from these poems, and he has done so.

But when one comes to look a little closely into the relations between his clear matter-of-fact statements in the prose and the verse which is cited in support of the statement, we are struck by the inexplicable but constant fact that the *prose is not supported by the verse cited*. The verse is hazy, nebulous, full of ingenuity and mouth-filling phrases, but its modicum of fact is of the very smallest. How is this? Is Ari's preface merely a pretence? It is incredible that he, whom the ancients call the 'truthful' [sann-ordr], should speak of basing his history on the poems, if he had not done so. Yet how reconcile the discrepancy between the prose statement, purporting to be drawn from the verse, and the empty worthless verse standing by it, in which no such statement occurs? Again, if Ari did not get his minute facts—the exact plan of a battle, the exact numbers present, the exact day it took place, the boundaries of a nobleman's domain, the distance of a day's march in a foreign land, and the like—from these poems, whence on earth did he get them? Tradition does not busy itself with such matters; and from local tradition, the most exact of traditions (though that is vague and untrustworthy enough too, as Ari very well knew), he was far removed. He must either therefore be a Defoe, capable of making a story minutely exact to impose on his reader's credulity,—a thing utterly alien to his age, his character, and his other works, and in reality impossible,—or we must seek some other explanation.

This problem had long puzzled the Editor, but he had not been able to solve it, till, when engaged upon the text of the Court-poems for the present volumes, and comparing carefully the parallel prose and verse, he hit upon what we take to be the true solution. It was a startling and unexpected one¹, for so smooth and regular is the verse, so uniform in style and manner, that not a doubt has ever been cast upon its purity. Yet the greater bulk of it *has been entirely remodelled*. It once did indeed contain all that Ari says it did, it really was his storehouse of facts, and even now under the smooth palimpsest phrases of the 'remanieur' one can again and again detect the very word (usually a name or place) which Ari has cited. The text, as we have it in the Kings' Lives, is in fact a *textus rescriptus*. It is *beneath* it we must look for the original one. And we have done so with regard to the Court-poetry throughout the present edition, printing the text as it is in the vellums, but noting in every case by *inverted commas* the places where the text is demonstrably a falsified one, and translating as far as possible in accordance with the prose, drawn from the verse when it was in its perfect and unadulterated state. Often too, where the prose failed us, we have been able to see merely that the text was unsafe, but have had no means of determining what its original sense was. In such cases we have simply obelised the doubtful matter and given a version of what little fact remained in the verse.

It is notable that this deliberate falsification (for there is no question of decay or corruption here, the verses all read evenly, all in good metre, will construe, but are completely bald, empty, and exenterate) extends from the Court-poems of the days of Harold Greyfell down to those of the reigns of Harold Hardrede and of Olaf the Quiet (c. 970-1070), when it abruptly stops. It is notable also that it only extends, as a rule, to those in Court-metre, and that it does not so seriously affect the stray verses or loose epigrams (Visor) and the like, but is universal in the Encomia, both Drapa and Flock. Notable too it is that the tone of the Kings' Lives, founded upon these corrupted Court-poems, down to Olaf the Quiet's reign, is distinctly epic and archaic, while the Kings' Lives after their period are wholly different in tone and style².

Every page of our text in the second volume, down to p. 226, abounds in examples, but we may give a few of the most capital at the cost of a little repetition. In Vellekla (which has suffered terribly from the leprosy of 'remaniement') there is a verse referred to as authority for the fact

¹ The supplementary entry on 'ætla' in the Dictionary, p. 760 a, merely dealt with what the Editor believed to be an isolated fact. He had not then (early in 1873) arrived at the present conclusions.

² We believe we have here a clue to how far Ari's Lives of Kings did go—just as far as the remaniements. The 'water-shed or division line' between the 'remaniements' and the untouched poems and between the Archaic Sagas and those of the new style coincide.

that 'Earl Hacon by the strength of his kindred held Throntham *three winters*, so that Gundhild's sons gat no hold in Throntham; he waged great battles against the Gundhild's sons, and there were slain many men on both sides.' But the verse merely says that the prince had a fleet, that he was joyful in battle and waged war—a hazy, factless, invertebrate sentence, which might refer to any prince in any war;—the sort of stuff that no poet would compose, no patron would pay for, no one would listen to, and surely no one remember as a piece of history. But under these meaningless words lurk the very facts Ari has learnt: 'Svafði bil' conceals 'Swafni's böl' [winters, years], and under 'etjo-lund' lies 'ættlönd' [his native soil—Throntham]. The 'remanieur' has changed all that was concrete into ideal, altered the simple factful phrases into long commonplaces, elegantly expressed; but he has not obliterated all traces of the past; an ingenious alteration of a letter or two in the stressed words has often been sufficient to serve his turn, the rest of the verse of course he has treated much more freely. Ari, again, quotes the stanza of Vellekla in support of his statement that Hacon 'had a great levy from Haloga-land and Naum-dale, so that the whole way from Byrda to Cape Stadt he had the levy from all the coast-countries.' The verse says nothing about any places, but contains a vague phrase, 'the earl went north to Sogn, he had with him a levy,' but underneath the silly synonym words 'stoð' and 'byrjar' are hidden from us Ari's 'Stað' and 'Byrða,' well-known places on the marches, the bounds of Hacon's power.

Again, the fact, referred to by Ari, of the earl's sacrifices and throwing the holy twigs for an oracle. 'At the mouth of the Gaut-skerries he cast the holy lots' is hidden under the empty phrase 'He sought the lives of the Gauts.' Then in the verse which tells of the fighting at the Dane-work, the momentous struggle between Otho the Second and the Danish king, in which Earl Hacon played a not undistinguished part, the emperor's very name 'Odda' is hidden in a common phrase beneath the word 'oddom' [edge].

The Encomia on Olaf the Saint are in just as bad a state as those on Hacon, as a specimen or two will show. The verses which tell of the dispositions and numbers of the king's army, details of no small interest, and of the clothing and arms of the king himself, are metamorphosed. 'He had *thirty* bodies of forty men' is turned into 'he had fought *twenty* pitched battles;'; 'the Swedes from the East stood on his left hand' is turned into 'the Swedes waded in blood;'; 'the stout king bore a golden helm' is buried beneath the words 'Olaf felled many a man victoriously.' Everywhere it is the same; smooth vapid phrases, which tell us nothing new, are substituted for the rougher original lines which once bristled with hard facts.

Another good instance of the way the poems have been treated occurs in the famous Dirge on Erling Skialgsson. There are statements in the prose of the Kings' Lives that he was a great husbandman, a man of quaint words, of peaceful disposition, who never, probably, fought a battle

in his life¹, that he was brother-in-law to Olaf Tryggwason, and that he was the most mighty of Western barons, swaying the whole land from Sogn to Rygiar-bit or Naze. But the Dirge says of him that 'there never was a baron who fought more battles, that he went in first and came out last,' etc. (which is commonplace enough, and which besides we know to be untrue), and leaves out all about his wide domain, which we know it once contained; and in fact under this very palimpsest phrase we can discern the words 'stodir runno undir . . . til Sogns sunnan . . . til Rygiarbitz vestan.'

So it is at every step. In poems relating to England and Denmark, which Ari has not cared, or was not able, to make such minute excerpts from as he has from those which relate to Norway, the Old English Chronicle and the Map are our best guides. Some future Munch, with as marvellous an eye for historical geography as the Norwegian historian possessed, will no doubt be able to identify places which we have failed to discover. A local knowledge of parts of Denmark has helped the Editor to light on one or two concealed place-names—Ramnlaus, Helsing, Saurar, Grip-skogr, Andverdo-skog, etc. See vol. ii, pp. 203, 217. One more instance of this will be found in vol. ii, p. 89, where the important statement 'the battle was fought on the wide sound of *Hedinsey*' is turned into a simple battle synonym, and the 'swirl of Hedin' into 'Bellona's champion.'

Further illustrations would be fruitless; it is time to take up the questions which these phenomena force upon one. How, when, and why, and by whom was this 'remaniement' effected? The bigger MSS. of the Kings' Lives, Hulda, Hrokkininna, Morkininna, the big St. Olaf Saga, and the Heimskringla MSS. carry one back to the middle of the thirteenth century, about the time of the death of Snorri. These all are of the same type, and yield only the same overdaubed adulterated verse-text. And of the few MSS. which go back beyond this, Ágrip (which contains amid its few verse quotations a typical line or two) shows the same text also. So with the verses in Snorri's Scaldskapar-mal and Ólaf's Essay,—all are in the same case, which carries us back to or even *beyond* Snorri's lifetime.

Hence we may conclude that Snorri did not, and could not have gathered any facts from the corrupt text he knew; *ergo*, he was not the *author* of the Preface, or the early Kings' Lives. Was he then the 'remanieur' himself? Hardly; he was an historian, and had no reason, as far as we know, to change good evidence into useless balderdash; and lastly, he wrote verse of a wooden, awkward, hard type, very unlike in style to the smooth, regular, even-flowing lines of the remodelled poems. It was all done *before* his time, we have no doubt,

¹ He did *not* fight at Nesia; the Earls in fact lost the battle by his neutrality, a fact which adds pathos to Erling's fate. The phrase in ch. 44 of St. Olaf's Life is an insertion, we have no doubt; his whole course and family position forbid its acceptance.

but how soon after Ari's, for, as we have established, Ari had the *pure text* before him?

Who did it is a matter of comparatively little importance. The Editor has [ii. 258] given his reasons for thinking it to be Einar Skulason who did this miserable work. He was a smooth, polished versifier, a man of ready skill and great industry, leader as it were of a poetic school, just such a man as *à priori* one would pitch upon as a likely person to set up and carry out a strict canon of poetry, improving the old poems in accordance with his 'new and better way,' just as the Restoration poetasters polished the 'rude blank verse' of Shakspeare and Marlowe and Massinger into heroic rhyming couplets, or even 'elegant and correct prose.'

Einar may very possibly have made a first draught of Scaldscaparmal; a bare gradus of classified synonyms one would think. The inserted stories are evidently in Snorri's style, and the dialogue form, with the framework—in short all that is beautiful therein¹. Snorri did not however finish his work, and the annotator (Olaf the Whitepoet or another) has not added all the illustrative verses, for there are in the lists of the gods' names, for instance, several synonyms for which there is no corresponding verse, though in some cases we still have the verses from which these synonyms were evidently culled.

When were the verses first added to the Kings' Lives? Ari we cannot fancy to have put in any verses at all; he had distilled what was good out of them; he had cited his authority; what need had he then to put them in? They must have been added afterwards. The first Kings' Lives, where verses seem to occur naturally, are the Gilchrist's Sagas, and it is perhaps in imitation of these very Lives that there grew up a fashion of putting in verses to break up the level prose of a Saga. Hrafn's Saga, which we can date c. 1220, has genuine verses put in by the author, and the Icelandic Sagas edited in the thirteenth century are filled with spurious verses to suit prevailing fashion. What has happened to them has happened to the Old Kings' Lives. When the great Corpora of the Kings' Lives were formed, the references of Ari were glossed by the scribes with quotations from the poems, which quotations were taken from the remodelled text known to the glossators.

Not all the verses of every Encomium cited were inserted into our Saga texts, and so we need not try to find every statement in the few 'remanied' fragments that are left us: only the staple verses are inserted, and Ari knew and used and extracted facts from a great deal more. All this he appears to have done in a critical, sober, sagacious way; a mere hint was often enough to a historian like him.

Our solution of the problem we have had to attack happily brings us to the conclusion that the Early Kings' Lives are even of greater authority than was formerly imagined, for they are *Ari's own work founded on contemporary documents*. We are as confident of his good

¹ 'Seulement le beau!'—M. Renan's quiet answer to the antiquary who wished to show that the Greeks were not *original*, that they discovered nothing new in art.

sense and authority in dealing with verses now perished, but which he knew, as we are of his faithful presentiment of the facts he has gathered from sources which we still have access to. It would be a worthy task to extract from the Lives all annalistic matter-of-fact statements likely to have been extracted from the poems.

§ 14. TEXTUAL EMENDATION.

For dealing with the errors of the existing MSS., which are in the most important cases unique, the qualities absolutely necessary are, a thorough sympathy with and knowledge of the poems, so that one can be continually comparing line with line, epithet with epithet,—for the poems are their own interpreters, when their indications are patiently listened to and carefully followed,—and also an accurate acquaintance with all the phenomena of the MSS. in question, so that a graphic picture can be formed of what the scribe must have had before his eyes as he wrote. Then it is necessary to note the exact style and position and relations of the poem one is working on; so as to look in the right quarters for help from analogy, imitation, and the like. It will not do to emend Egil on the same principles as one would 'Reynard's Story' or 'Merlinus Spa;' and the Court-poems, as we shall see, require wholly different treatment from that which can be applied to the Eddic poems. A *hybrid* clause, lame in grammar, inane of sense, and unfitted to the context, is, in our poems and in Icelandic MSS., an unmistakable mark of a corrupt text. The key-note to a correction is an outward *resemblance* either in sound or in appearance [observe, in *shortband vellum* writing (p. xxxviii), for words, utterly unlike in modern print, will in a vellum often deceive the eye]. But this resemblance is *unreal*, for it is an essential mark of a true emendation, that the sentence which comes out of the crucible has no resemblance in *sense* to the false one. This is easily accounted for. It is like a popular etymology, as Shotover for Chateau Vert, where the sound is alike, but the meanings are wide apart. The sham resemblance is either one to the *ear*; in that case the error is owing to the minstrel, the listener, the collector; or it is to the *eye*, in which case it is due to the scribe. But in either case, scribe or listener, eye or ear, the brain or fancy has been at work; the man who makes the mistake coins a sense out of the words as the delusion of eye or ear prompts to him. Icelandic is very rich in word doublets.

An editor must try to catch the key-words of a corrupt passage, the rest of the phrase will then come out clearly. Emendations so found are the safest of all, paradoxical or bold as they may look; indeed, there are many we take to be absolutely certain: in most cases, there is but *one* possible way out of the difficulty, so, strictly speaking, it is not *conjectural* emendation; we must either take that or, missing the cue, leave the passage in its degraded state.

An emendation should be *thorough*; a *cheap emendation* is worse than none. Unless an emendation cuts deep and to the core of the ill,

unless it be a pregnant one, which lights up the text, ten to one it is fallacious, a mere semblance of emendation, one possible reading out of a hundred¹. We have preferred in such instances to obelise the text rather than put in a feeble and worthless suggestion. Thus—

In the Old Gudrun Lay, l. 99, one might insert an 'ok' between 'hrægifr' and 'hugin;' this would be a cheap emendation, and, as it destroys the rhythm, it must be a false one: the evil lies deeper; but if, in 'hugin' we suppose an adjective meaning 'greedy,' a word 'hækin' suggests itself at once; it meets all requirements, it resembles hugin (in *sound* here); it is a rare or even unknown word in Iceland, though well known in Scandinavia—'hækjen' in present Norwegian, 'hige' in Danish. The Icelandic scribe could not catch it, whilst hugin (Woden's raven) here suggested itself to him.

In Volsunga Saga, p. 150 (Bugge's Ed.), which is full of errors, Gundhere retorts on Brynhild, who had chided his mother. The context requires, 'She was never false to her husband like thee, nor did she,' etc. Here the MS. has 'eigi yndi hon ver sinu, sem þu gorir' (the scribe was thinking of, 'She was not worse pleased with her lot than thou art,'—a feeble, lame sentence). Now 'ver' is *husband* and 'undir' *under*; here is the resemblance and here is the key; we at once recognise the law term 'taka mann *undir ver* sinn,' to cuckold one's husband; hence we read, 'eingi mann tók hon undir ver sinn,'—an absolutely certain emendation, where no other is possible.

A few specimens of the way in which we have worked will make the matter clearer.

Taking first emendations founded on *scribal* errors, good instances are the Hyndlu-liod, l. 94, where the scribe has 'ani ómi,' but his copy undoubtedly read 'arn g'mi.' A spot of ink, a scratch, or a faintness of the curves below the body of g being practically all the difference between the senseless and the true reading.

In Hus-drapa the MS. has 'geð niþar,' which is a simple mistake for 'geð m'kar' (Wolf was thinking of Egil's mun-strandar). Yet all the difference in the MS. is the prolonging of a down stroke.

In Egil's Sons' Wreck, l. 49, the scribe has 'm̄ biarnar,' which is an easy misreading of 'ar̄i biarnar,' one stroke more making the whole difference.

¹ A good instance of the fallacy of *cheap emendations* occurred to the Editor. In the printed edition of Heidarviga Saga occurred the words 'verksmið mikinn,' which were evidently wrong, for 'smið' is a feminine word. In the Dict., p. 698, the correction 'mikla' (fem. form agreeing with smið) was (in 1872) put forward, and seemed satisfactory enough. But two years afterwards (in 1874) the Editor had for the first time the opportunity of seeing the MS. of the Saga at Stockholm. He looked at the first page (very bleak) for a few minutes, and a few lines apart he found two errors; one was our word in question. The MS. really read 'verksnvd mikinn.' So that this *easy* correction, far from healing the text, would really have removed the *only* letters which could have led to the discovery of the true reading. Now the editor of Heidarviga Saga was a man of sterling accuracy, but if he could pass mistakes which bear contradiction in their face, how much more often must such errors have arisen and been present in the work of scribes of the old days?

In the same poem, l. 2, the MSS. give two readings, 'lopt uæi' and 'lopt ætt;' the real reading is 'lopt uæt,' the dotted 't' for 'tt' being misread by one copyist for 'i,' by the other a letter being dropped.

A marvellous instance of the danger of blindly accepting words of nonsense as a true reading, of trying to crush meaning out of a passage which is certainly corrupt, is found in Menglad's Lay, where the paper copy reads 'kristindaud kona' [a Christian dead woman]. This is simply the scribe's perversion of 'kuellidrid^w kōa.' 'Kveldrida' (witch, night-hag) was abracadabra to the scribe, it only once occurs in any literature he could have known [Eyrbyggja], while it is easy to see how little difficulty there was in reading 'krist' for 'kuell,' and 'daud' for 'drid' [Loddfafni's Lay, ver. 2]. Observe the two d's, distanced by two letters. The emendation we hold absolutely safe, yet what conclusions have not been drawn from this 'dead Christian woman!' 'This (it is said) is manifestly the youngest of Eddic songs, yet here we find a Christian dead woman detested as a fiend; hence the poet was a heathen. How much older then may we suppose such lays as Wolospa,' etc. etc.? Arguing in false premises, however well and cleverly, is but building a strong castle on sand.

In Sonatorrek, l. 50, Ketil Jorundson, who always writes 'ei' for 'ey,' has the words 'bræðra leisi' where the MS. we think had 'bræðra leyti.' The latter word is a rare one (spelt in a Norwegian fashion, *l* for *bl*), which he did not understand, and has therefore turned by the change of one letter, 's' for 't.' One can see how the acute over the following *i* made the preceding *t* look like *s* (ʃ), for 'brædra leysi' would easily suggest itself to an Icelandic scribe.

In the end-line is the meaningless 'torvelldt tveggja boga;' and strange words editors have squeezed out of this, 'Tveggi' = Woden, or tveggja boga = 'double misery!' Now, the Egils Saga tells us that the poet called his song 'Sona torrek,' Sons' Loss, and that the sons were *two*; this title must (according to the use of the older poets) have stood in this very end-line when the Saga-man knew it. But in the meaningless jumble of words we see the syllables *tor* and *tveggja* (two), and *boga*, slightly wrenched from 'bura' or even 'suna.' This cannot be an accident, we are on the scent of the true reading—'Torrek . . . tveggja bura' (or 'svna'), the loss of two sons. The very name of the poem reappears before our eyes, and the noble poet's words breathe again.

The alliteration often helps one. In the last line of the Ordeal a word is clearly dropped; an s-word it must needs be, and 'sykn' meets the requirements of metre, sense, and grammar. So again in the Raven Song, logondom *kifom* for *búfom*.

The other class of corruptions, arising from imperfect *memory* or bad *hearing*, is even harder to deal with. The *Sound semblance* is our guide here, often assisted by a good analogy from another poem, an imitation in a later poet, a prose paraphrase, or the like.

A ludicrous instance of the way reciters will turn phrases they do not understand into *like-sounding* phrases, which convey a meaning, but

do not make real sense at all, occurs in the Long Lay of Brunhild, ll. 309-12, where for the proper words which mean 'I dwelt with Hami [Heimi] eight years in Lymdale and led a happy life,' there is a like-sounding phrase substituted with the ridiculous meaning, 'The noble king had the skins ['hami' for 'Heimi'] of us eight sisters taken under an oak!' ['und eik' for 'unðak'], a phrase which has not the slightest reference to any other words in the poem, or indeed justification of any kind. It is one of the lost lays of the lacuna that here gives the key.

As instance of emendation from another poem, the Greenland Lay of Attila was composed by a man who knew the Old Attila Lay and imitated it. The word 'dag-megir,' l. 231, makes no sense; the real word, an uncommon one to the people who later on repeated the poems, was the Old Attila Lay's word 'drott-megir.' Here the younger poem is corrected from the older. In Arinbiorn's Lay the reverse process may be exemplified; l. 93 reads in the MS. 'mal þion,' which is certainly wrong, but in Geisli the expression 'mal-tol' is found, which is plainly founded on his remembrance of the old poem, and directs one to the right reading in Egil's poem, 'mal-þorn.'

An instance in which the text can be restored from the paraphrase, where the reciter has forgotten the right word and simply put in another with the needful alliteration, is to be seen in Wolospa, 'goðin öll gildi' being substituted for 'gislar oc gildi,' which is seen from Ari's paraphrase (Ynglinga Saga, ch. 4) to be the right reading. The postponed article alone would condemn the corruption in the MS. Note, that the *league* and the *hostages* between the Wanes and the Anses were the two important facts, and that the alliteration remains unchanged in the corrupt text.

In the Long Lay of Brunhild the MS. reads 'þvi-at Iormunrec oþarft lifir,' i. e. 'for Iormunrec leads a useless life,' which certainly construes, but is neither idiomatic nor sensible. Hamtheow's Lay here gives the key to the phrase we want, 'for Eormunrec shall tread her to death with his horses,' i. e. 'þvi-at hána Iormunrec íóm of træðr,' which has some *sound* and even *eye* resemblance with the corrupt text, and gives the right sense.

With regard to the COURT-POETRY, the treatment pursued has been necessarily different. The corruption here is of such a peculiar character that full textual emendation is in most cases impossible, though in many cases we can clearly point out where the poems are corrupt, and even see the underlying names of *place* or *person* which have been scribbled over as it were. As in the Court-poems we are dealing with annals, not literature, that is sufficient, nor would it be possible to do more; we have therefore *obelised the corrupt text*¹, and translated according to the original contents of each verse [as pointed out at the foot of the page].

¹ To avoid confusion, the inverted commas have in both volumes been *solely* used for marking corrupt text, head and foot-stones as it were over a buried verse which we could not disinter.

§ 15. PAST EDITIONS AND COMMENTARIES.

Between the discovery of R and its arrival in Denmark (1642-1662) several copies were no doubt taken, but none of those of the first generation have been preserved, though some of the later copies which we possess are certainly derived from them.

As we know that Arne Magnusson used to collect, not only vellums, but also paper copies of the Revival time (1640-1700), this complete absence of Edda copies of that time would be very striking, save that it is explained by certain memoranda in Arne's own hand, which the Editor disinterred. In one he says that there were 'plenty of copies of Sæmund's Edda;' from another we know that he possessed the early vellum copy which the Bishop had taken; and a list of his, first printed in Prolegomena (p. 149), gives the names of a number of copies of Sæmund's Edda (none now extant). There is little doubt but that they all perished in the great fire¹. And here it is fortunate that we have Arne Magnusson's distinct statement, that 'All the copies [of the Poetic Edda] which I have seen are younger than the beginning of the episcopate of Bryniolf [that is, A. D. 1639]².' From their descendants, now in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, we can form a good idea of their character. These paper MSS. are little Corpora Poetica, each comprising, besides the Lays of Cod. Reg., many other old pieces which, either in style or subject, were consonant with them. In fact their owners wished to make for themselves a collection such as is put forth in our vol. i. Each collector followed his own fancy; thus there are Luxdorph's Edda, Suhm's Edda, etc. Not one is of any value, and it is absurd to collate them alongside of the vellums R and A. There are many late copies of the last century, well written, but often badly corrupted.

¹ *Arne Magnusson in AM.* 739. 4to:—

'Sæmundar Eddur geysi-margar:—

Með hendi Jóns Gísla sonar. 4to.

Magnuss Sigurðs sonar. Folio.

Arna Álfs sonar. Folio.

Með hendi Sira Ólafs Jóns sonar. 4to.

Með hendi Mag. Bryniólfs framan af, frá Oddi Sigurðs syni. Folio.

Með hendi Biörns á Skarðsá, 4to, gaud-röng.

Með hendi Sira Jóns í Villinga-holti. Folio.

Með hendi Sira J. 8vo.

Sira Þorkels Arngríms sonar, 8vo, ónýt.

Sira Arna í Gerði, 8vo, ónýt.

Sira Einars í Görðum, 8vo, ónýt.

Sira Halldórs í Reykholti. 4to.

Sigurðar Biörns sonar lögmennz. Folio. Með tvö-faldri Völuspá. Báðar eins rangar. Í Mag. Bryniólfs var fleira en í membranis.

Jóns í Oddgeirs hólum. 4to.

Með minni eigin hendi. Folio. Þar af hafa copíur sira Jóns í Hitardal og Páll lögmadr.'

² 'Oll exemplaria, sem eg séð hef, eru yngri en *initium episcopatus* Brynolvi.'—*AM. on a slip.*

It is curious that, in spite of all the interest and pride felt by the early scholars in the 'Edda' Codex Regius, it was not *printed* for a long time. Resenius put forth Hava-mal and Wolospa in 1665, with learned notes and a Latin translation by Stephen Olafsson the poet (several of whose ditties are given in our vol. ii, p. 408 sqq.) This is all. His version is interesting to read, it shows him as an intelligent and gifted young man; it was done for Ole Worm in the year 1644, for Stephen Olafsson went home to Iceland in 1648. Of his invitation from Mazarin to come to Paris we have spoken in the Prolegomena. From this time for more than a century there are only a few fragmentary quotations (e.g. those in Bartholinus De Causis Contemptæ Mortis, etc.) given here and there in different books, through which some knowledge of the stories and striking phrases from the poems themselves became known to the 'learned world.'

At the end of last century there was a large and complete edition projected at Copenhagen, the first volume of which came forth in 1787, containing the Mythical Songs with a Latin version and notes. There is also a smaller separate reprint of Wafthrudnis-mal by the same editors, dating 1779.

In 1812 Van der Hagen edited, in a neat little octavo, the whole of the heroic Wolsung-lays, an unpretending but useful book, giving a faithful text by no means far removed from the MS.

In 1815, on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, there came out a charming volume by the Brothers Grimm, then in their bright youth and at the height of their literary powers. It contains the text of Weyland's Lay, Helgi and Swafa, the two parts of Helgi Hunding's Bane, the prose paraphrase of Sinfitela's death, the Prophecy of Gripi, the Old Wolsung Play (cut up into sections on Regin Hnikar, Fafnir, and Sigdrifa), the Short Brunhild's Lay, the Long Brunhild's Lay (broken into Sigurd's Lay and Brunhild's Death-ride). Facing the text is a literal translation, and there are a few good notes below. But the great beauty of the book lies in the version at the end (with fresh pagination), in which the story of the poems is told in the inimitable style which has made the Märchen a classic work for ever. Lexicons, Grammars, Comparative Mythologies, however good, must, like men, die when their time comes, but there is a spark of immortal fire in the Märchen. And these few pages on the old legends of Weyland and Helgi and Sigfred are worthy to be reprinted and prefixed to the Märchen, to go down with them to be the pleasure of the young and the wise of all time ¹.

But when this delightful book came out, it was apparently not received as it should have been, for the projected edition, of which it was to be the first instalment, was never finished. In the Bodleian copy there is

¹ The first volume of Märchen appeared in 1812, the second in 1814; the Märchenfrau died in 1816; a collective edition (the first re-told, in part from the Märchenfrau) appeared in 1819. So this Edda and the Märchen are nearly contemporary.

a letter to a (Dutch?) friend, in Wilhelm Grimm's autograph, which we give as bearing on the subject:—

‘Wohlgeborner Hochgeehrtester Herr und Freund.

‘Ew^r Wohlgeb. sende ich hierbei die eben fertig gewordene erste Abtheilung des I^{ten} Bandes unserer Edda mit der Bitte solche als ein freundschaftliches Geschenk anzunehmen. Wir wünschen daz Ihnen das Buch nicht ganz missfällt, seyn Sie aber so gütig uns Ihr Urtheil über die Behandlung zu schreiben und überhaupt, wie Ihnen das alte nordische Epos gefällt. Auf diese erste Abtheilung wird eine andere folgen die den Urtext völlig mit theilt, der II^{te} Band enthält dann das Glossarium, der dritte den Commentar.

‘Die Einlagen an H^r Hoekstra und H^r Bilderdyk bitte ich gefälligst auf die Post geben zu lassen, da ich die Adresse des letztern nicht genau kenne, bitte ich gleichfalls sie zu zu fügen.

‘Mein Bruder wird Ihnen von Wien aus selbst geschrieben haben, ich hoffe ihn bald hierzusehen. Behalten Sie uns in freundschaftlichem Andenken, ich bin mit der vollkommensten Hochachtung.

‘Ew^r Wohlgeb.

‘Erbgebenster,

‘W. GRIMM.’

‘CASSEL, 18 May, 1815.

But there were still some Eddic poems in MS. unprinted, and they did not see the light till three years later, in 1818, when Rask published the two ‘Eddas’ in two volumes at Stockholm. Rask was then in health and strength, full of hope and zeal, preparing for his journey to the East. Ere starting he passed a winter at Stockholm, and there he prepared his edition. His friends saw it through the press after he left for India, and these volumes are really the *editiones principes* of the two collections. Rask's visit, and the appearance of this edition, is the first sign of a dawn of philology in Sweden. The notes are fresh and straightforward, and testify to Rask's colloquial knowledge of Icelandic, which he had acquired on his recent journey to Iceland. Here again we have the names of Grimm and Rask associated as pioneers of Teutonic Literature and Philology.

In 1818 came forth the second volume of the ponderous Copenhagen edition, and in 1828 the third and final volume, which contained the remainder of the poems, and the bulky, but not unwelcome, *Lexicon Mythologicum* of Finn Magnussen, which is a work of considerable labour and diligent reading, though not of course of high philological value.

In 1838 Dr. Bergmann put forth his *Poèmes Islandais* (printed at Paris),—an edition of *Wolospa*, *Wafthrudnis-mal*, and the *Flyting of Loki*, which marks an epoch in the study of the Eddic poems. It was the first attempt to apply the higher criticism to them. The Editor can remember as far back as 1852, at evenings in the house of Niels Mathias Petersen (Rask's friend and school-fellow; both were born within a mile of each other), how the Danish historian used to speak of Bergmann's *Wolospa*, and declare that he found new and true ideas in the book.

Then follow a series of hand-editions; that of Munch and Unger, in 1847 (Christiania), deserving of note, as containing a few important text emendations; it was intended for use as a class-book. That of Möbius was issued in 1860, a neat and handy volume. That of Lüning of the same year was published at Zurich; a grammar and glossary accompany the text; an industrious and careful book.

In 1867 came out the best edition that has yet appeared, that of Dr. Bugge, the Norwegian philologist, which in a faithful and accurate way follows the MS. spelling, etc., and is indispensable for the scholar. There is much cumbrous irrelevant matter (notices of former scholars' often inane opinions, etc.) in the notes, but ever and anon among these there glitters out the gold of the editor's own brilliant textual emendations. In fact this book is the first in which the art of textual criticism was applied to the Eddic poems. The reader will find in our first volume several valuable corrections which we have adopted from this genial scholar, marked by his name.

Bugge's edition has been the staple out of which subsequent editions have been, especially in Germany, manufactured. The only books on the subject, since his, which are deserving of notice are the Danish edition of 1874 by Dr. Grundtvig, the well-known compiler and editor of the Danish *Kæmpe-viser*; and the German 1875 edition of Hildebrand, a promising young scholar, whose premature death is to be regretted. In the latter edition the distinction between 'i' and 'j' is first made aright, a distinction which we have adopted in the present book.

We must here mention Mallet's work. Mallet was born in Geneva, 1730; lived at Copenhagen, 1751-1762, as tutor in French to the Danish Crown Prince. Here, in 1755, he published his book. It contains, in a French translation, (1) *The Gylfaginning*, divided, on the scheme of Magnus Olafsson, into thirty-three legends; (2) Prose translation of the Havamal group, of Krakomal, Harold's Love Song [ii. 228], the Doom, and Hakonarmal. The book had an influence quite out of proportion to its merits. Percy, Scott, and those who wrote on Northern subjects in English, all read and were inspired by it, and it is hardly too much to say that the ordinary notions of the Northern Mythology, both here and in America, are based solely upon it. It was a revelation of a new world even to such spirits as Goethe's, the precursor of the mediæval or 'Gothic' Renaissance of the beginning of this century. It acted directly upon Macpherson and Chatterton, and many more of less note.

Dryden's *Miscellany* contained the *Waking of Angantheow*, text and translation, possibly the first English rendering of any Old Norse poem. Gray, Herbert, Cottle, and others used the Latin translations of the Danish antiquaries for their versions. But the enumeration of English imitations, translations, and paraphrases belong rather to English bibliography than to our province, and we are the more willing to relinquish the task, as, with the exception of Gray's lines from *Darrada-Lioð* and Aytoun's version of *Krako-mál*, few of them are of any real merit.

Tennyson, Swinburne, and Longfellow are perhaps the best known modern poets who have sought subjects from the Eddic poems.

The history of the critical treatment of the poems is not a very lengthy one. The Icelandic scholars of the seventeenth century began by Commentaries upon single Lays. Biorn of Scardsa wrote Commentaries on Hofudlausn, Heidrek's Riddles, parts of Wolospa, etc. (1625-42). Magnus Olafsson interpreted the verses of Orkney Saga and some verses from Scalda (which he calls Scioldunga-visor). Hallgrim Peterson wrote upon some thirty-one stanzas of Olaf Tryggwason's Saga (c. 1650). All these are in MS. Philologically they are almost incredibly worthless, and will speedily convince any one, who chooses to take the pains to peruse them, of the idleness of supposing that any 'living Icelandic tradition' of the old heathen days had survived the Middle Ages, and prove how thick and black was the wall of darkness which separated Snorri from Bryniolf, Gunlaug from Biorn.

In the eighteenth century Gunnar Paulsson (d. 1791) headed a second school of commentators, to which Eggert Olafsson (d. 1768) and many other scholars at Copenhagen belonged. With them began the 'Skýringar,' a mode of dealing with the Court-poetry which is copied from the French plan for translating Greek and Latin poets: each stanza is re-arranged in the ordinary prose order, and then it is commented on where necessary and translated.

This methodical but practical treatment was not very fruitful in results; but it at all events was carefully applied, and sufficed in almost every instance in which the text was sound. Unhappily for the commentators this was rarely the case. The crowning work of this class of interpracy is the twelfth volume of Fornmanna Sögur (1838), which is a masterpiece of its kind, brief, sensible and clear, containing an explanation of the verses of the Kings' Lives by Dr. Sveinbiorn Egilson. One feels that wherever it was possible to arrive at the truth by the methods then employed, the truth has been ascertained; that where Dr. Egilson has failed, some other means than his must be employed. His *Lexicon Poeticum*, which is the last work of this now departed school, is a work of great industry and ingenuity, but it is unsafely based, as it wholly neglects textual criticism and the comparative method¹. It is not however upon either of these works, meritorious as they are, considering the time and circumstances of their production, but upon far higher work that the name of Dr. Egilson will rest—his beautiful prose translations of the Odyssey and Iliad. This version of Homer (especially that of the Odyssey) has to our mind not been surpassed by any, prose or verse, in any tongue with which we are acquainted. The translator's heart was in the work; it was a labour of love; and the fine sympathy between the two tongues, Greek and Icelandic, is thoroughly well brought out

¹ Owing to the 'remaniements' spoken of in § 13, a large percentage of its vocabulary and phrases must, as mere mediæval fabrication, clean disappear from future Lexicons.

in it. His commentaries on the Court-poems, etc. were faithfully performed, but his mind was really too bright, his sympathy too fine to be content with such arid toil. For in the days of these old commentators the field of Northern scholarship was a vast plain, filled with dry bones, and up and down there walked a company of men, doing their best to set these bones in order, skull by skull, thigh by thigh, with no hope or thought of the breath that was to shake this plain with the awakening of the immortal dead. Since that day Philology and History have transformed the whole aspect of scholarship; but it is with deep gratitude that one looks back upon the progress, small but real, which the scholars of the prescientific days made in spite of so many difficulties.

§ 16. THE TRUE POSITION AND VALUE OF THE PROSE EDDAS.

One of the chief results of our work at the text of these Eddic poems has been the Editor's late discovery with respect to the relations of the prose and verse glosses in the Prose Edda, and the conclusions that are to be drawn from these observations.

'Tout savant est un peu cadavre' said a good judge, and it is because those who have handled our ancient Songs and Sagas have been content to remain in a lifeless routine-bound condition of mind, that the real state of the matter has not been perceived long ago. Editors and commentators have been content to look upon our Lays and Stories and like books precisely as if they were books of their own day, the creation of one man, handed down mechanically from age to age, nothing changed, nothing omitted, like a printed volume.

With regard to all such works, however, it is, and must necessarily have been, far otherwise. The great Books of old time are accretions, our Psalter is such a one, Homer is such a one, the Sagas are such. An inspired beginning is made by one man of genius, and accepted by all hearers; his work, as it passes from hand to hand, gathers bulk, another man of genius adds his masterpiece, perhaps even a third makes a contribution to the mass, then the Era of Production is closed, the Age of Commentators, Copiers, Glossators begins, and we are happy if we can get the book as it then stands before the Age of Neglect and Decay has come on and the work has partly perished.

The *men of antiquity* were not (in such societies at least as that of early Scandinavia) *antiquarians*, they were rightly delighted with the great works of their predecessors, and they handed them on, but they were men of flesh and blood, dealing with spiritual things, not mummified Alexandrian grammarians anatomising dead matter. It is, indeed, impossible in the course of the three or four generations, which must have elapsed between the age of creation and the age of committal to paper, but that great changes even of word, order, and phrase must have

been suffered by such poems as *Wolospa*, not to speak of the alterations caused by forgetfulness, confusion, repetition, and the like.

To take the particular case of the *Prose Edda*, here in *Gylfa-ginning* is a prose paraphrase, clear and consistent with itself, fringed and glossed with citations of poems. At the first glance all looks smooth and plain enough, but directly one begins to look into the relations between paraphrase and citation precisely the same phenomenon appears. As we have observed [§ 12] with regard to the prose and verse of the *Kings' Lives*, *the verse-citations do not contain the facts, which in the prose is supposed to be drawn from them*. Our conclusion must be the same, *the citations are added later, and are from a corrupt and maimed text*.

Numbers of instances which might be adduced to support the premisses of the argument will, as far as feasible, be found in the notes to the two *Wolospas*, but among the most striking a few may be given.

1. There is a long piece of prose-text relating to the Doom of the Gods, containing a clear and striking account of the Last Battle and the signs that preceded it, evidently derived from a poem; and there is a long citation from *Wolospa* in support of its statements,—a confused, pell-mell jumble of broken, distorted verses, as if the lines of the poem had been shaken up together in a bottle; and, though there are names and phrases enough in the prose to show that it is *Wolospa* that is meant and no other poem, there are several striking incidents about which the verse, as it has come down to us, says absolutely nothing.

2. In the account of the Creation of the World, the prose is orderly and right, the verse gloss is obviously disordered in an absurd way—light from the sun *before* the sun is set in heaven, and so on.

3. In the account of the Golden Age, the prose is straightforward enough; but the lines of verse containing the phrase 'smǫða . . . or golli' are evidently dislocated, so that as it stands the passage is unidiomatic and impossible.

4. In the notice of the Birth of the Dwarves, maggots kindling in the flesh of the cosmic Titan *Ymir*, there is a distinct reference to a myth drawn from some poem; but the citation, in its present state, is poor and pithless, and does not give the cited fact at all, though under its corrupt 'morg' one can see the original 'or moðcō' plain enough when once attention is directed to the verse.

5. The account of *Sigyn* sitting over her husband *Loki* with her bowl, catching the poison that would drip on him, and the writhing of the tortured Titan which causes earthquakes, when the venom burns him, as the faithful wife turns away for a moment to empty the bowl, all this is no doubt drawn from *Wolospa*, but we have only a mangled fragment of a colourless verse remaining in the glossators' text. That *Loki* is bound by the guts of his own son is noticed in the prose, and mention of it can be detected beneath the corrupt text in *R*.

6. In the description of the Holy Ash and the *Norn's* brook, the verse is mangled and misplaced, and can only be rearranged and restored by the help of the prose paraphrase. However the one word 'priar'

proves that these lines have been dislocated, that the three Midwife Norns were once mentioned in it, and that Wolospa is indubitably the paraphrast's authority here ¹.

There are besides many names which, from their type and connection with extant verses, we cannot but suppose to be taken from the Wolospas, though no trace of them be left in our mutilated text.

The texts of Grimnis-mal and Wafthrudnis-mal, also paraphrased, do not appear to have suffered so much by *corruption*, though here too, as can be seen by the omissions in our present texts, verses or strophes have fallen out and perished between the time of the paraphrast and the days of the glossator.

The *glossator* we may pretty confidently put to the date of the glossator or glossators of the Kings' Lives, and so dismiss him; but with regard to the *paraphrast*, who knew and used the perfect text of these great poems, who was he, and when did he live? Was he Snorri or another?

In style the paraphrase looks rather more complex and scientific than those parts of the Prose Edda that give its chief beauty to the book—the tales of Thor and Utgard-Loki, with their bright humour and their sly fun, which one unhesitatingly puts down to Snorri. Again, one notices, that the dialogue frame-work is not of the same style as the paraphrase, indeed it rather hinders than helps the course of the narrative, while it seems to belong to the humorous part of Edda. One would fancy, that the *paraphrast* belonged to an *older generation* than Snorri; that he made out of the old heathen poems, which he collected, a little treatise in prose; that this book came into Snorri's hands, and was enlarged, added to, and re-edited, so to speak, with a new frame-work, which fitted it for entertainment, breaking up the prose treatise into little sections, which could be recited one by one, and spreading out the incident, exactly as is done in the later versions of the Icelandic Family Tales (Islendinga-Sögur). The *glossator* who added the citations, and the *theory-monger* with his Trojan-myth, etc., are *subsequent to Snorri*²; of a generation later at least, one would think.

These views must be carefully considered; the question is ripe for study. We have tried at all events to state and describe the difficulties. It is a great pity that no man of talent has ever really taken up and studied the Prose Edda. Jacob Grimm, who *was* a genius, only used it as a help to his other work, and never attacked the book itself. Niels Matthias Petersen alone felt and expressed to the Editor long ago that the conventional beliefs respecting it could not be true. The Prose

¹ With these Norns compare the Casmenta of Professor Nettleship's article, *Journal of Philology*, No. xxii.

² The article on Snorri, in connection with Edda in *Prolegomena*, though *right in direction*, will have to be corrected in detail in the light of our present standpoint; for instance, the distinction between Snorri and the *Glossator*, which was not then known to us, must now be definitely made.

Edda is not a 'Livy,' mechanically written by a learned man for learned men in a literary age, and transmitted with learned accuracy; it is a complex work, stamped with the mind-marks of the several men of genius who worked at it one after another, and transmitted it with that royal carelessness which has let so many unworthy works perish, and preserved, as if by accident, those which were the finest and best.

The authority of the book is enhanced by the view now first put forth; and it may be added, that the best evidence we can gather seems to place the date of the paraphrast about the beginning of the twelfth century, for the text of *Wolospa* used by Ari in *Ynglinga* is evidently the full and pure text, while of subsequent use of this pure text, save in the *Prose Edda*, there is no further trace whatever.

It is perhaps well to note here, that throughout these volumes we take for granted the conclusions which we long ago arrived at and have fully stated in *Prolegomena* with respect to the authorship of *Kings' Lives*—namely, that *ARI THORGILSSON* (1067–1148) was the author of the first draft of the *Kings' Lives* down to *Magnus Bareleg*, and that *SNORRI STURLASON* (1178–1241) re-edited this work, putting into dramatic form, with great beauty, pathos, and humour, those stories which have made the '*Heimskringla*' so justly famous. These conclusions resting, as they do, not only upon the scanty external evidence left us by antiquity, but also upon numerous historical and literary inferences, drawn from the documents themselves, have been amply confirmed by the new and unexpected mass of evidence, which have been the result of our work upon the old poems in these two volumes. And these views give a fixed and stable basis, upon which to build up further conclusions. It is of little value to have a statement referring to Harold Fairhair, or even to St. Olaf, if we cannot tell when, or where, or by whom it was recorded; or, if we are to suppose it first set down in the thirteenth century: whereas to know that a fact, or date, or genealogy was set down by a painstaking, truthful scholar of the eleventh and twelfth century is a great gain. The old vague use of Snorri's name (still a blot on Scandinavian histories) must be definitely given up; it is not Snorri, but Ari, that is the authority for the *data* of the early *Kings' Lives*: to Snorri, on the other hand, let us give full credit for those masterly dramatic touches, which have kindled and quickened Ari's sober facts into breathing life, and turned a chronicle into a drama of the highest form and beauty. '*Suum cuique tribuere*' is even in literary ways, on high authority, the essence of human duty; it is also a high pleasure, for, as Jacob Grimm pertinently observes, '*Es ist in der literatur-geschichte ebenso nöthig und gedeilich, einen schrift-steller aus dem recht herauszuweisen, in dessen besitz er unverdienterweise gelangt ist, als dász es erfreuet, einen verkannten ruhm zu sichern und zu erneuern*' [*Kl. Schr.* vol. vi]. So much it was necessary to say to warn the reader against the slipshod use or rather abuse of names of authority, idle statements copied from one book into another by that laziness of mind, which has led to the survival

of such baseless statements as—‘Saemund wrote the Poetic Edda,’ which we have now refuted for the second time (though we find it still repeated in books which purport to be authorities, by men who should know better), and this, that ‘Snorri wrote Heimskringla,’ which, as has been shown in Prolegomena, is every whit as groundless, taken in its bald every-day sense.

§ 17. SOME MYTHOLOGIC ASPECTS OF OLD NORTHERN POETRY.

Throughout these volumes we have consistently tried to adopt a chronological basis, and to keep clear of the old, but persistent, error of viewing all Teutonic mythology as a *complete system*, which it never was and never could be. Carlyle never forgot that myths were *beliefs*, and that they enwrapped the deepest and wisest thoughts of sages of old—dumb inarticulate modes of expression, it may be, but tokens not to be mistaken of the true and fervent thought that produced them. He saw clearly, that there are not one but many mythologies in the Eddic poems—

‘All this of the old Norse belief which is flung out for us, in one level of distance in the Edda, like a picture painted on the same canvas, does not at all stand so in reality. It stands rather at all manner of distances and depths, of successive generations since belief first began. All Scandinavian thinkers, since the first of them, contributed to that Scandinavian system of thought; in every new elaboration and addition, it is the combined work of them all’ [Heroes, Lecture I].

True of all mythology this, and a very precious lode-star in the dark journey along the far-stretching roads and wandering by-paths of the myths, which these Eddic poems testify to. As one goes through the poems, one is ever and anon face to face with a myth of the most childish and barbaric type—the world a giant, slain by the gods, who make heaven out of his skull, sun and moon from his eyes, earth out of his flesh, ocean out of his blood, clouds out of his brains, dwarves out of the worm that bred in his body, and so on,—a story that carries one back to præ-Aryan days, and must, one would fancy, have rather suited the imagination of the Ivernian thrall, than of his Keltic lord, or his Scandinavian conqueror.

Another almost as archaic is the early myth of the holy cow—first-born of things, a figure common to Indian and Teutonic fancy. But side by side with these old out-crops of primæval granite rock comes the latest strata, a wholly new system of beliefs, coloured through and through with Christian ideas,—a heaven with a supreme God, angels, demons, a Holy Tree, a hell, and a doomsday.

Of these beliefs, so diverse in time and degree, some are indigenous, some are borrowed and grafted more or less completely on the native mythology. And, though there will always be a halo of glory about the late Walhall and Walcyrie system,—albeit it was simply a wicking-faith, lasting some three generations at most, the outcome of a notable

age, but never a *universal* or *family religion* at all—yet it is still more interesting to deal with the earlier myths of home-growth, or, at all events, of such vast age, that they have become completely assimilated. We may briefly touch here upon one or two of those archaic beliefs, which it has been a pleasure to us to try and draw forth from the obscurity in which they have been left; for they, and not the Walhall system, are really the substance of our forefathers' religion, from Tacitus' days to St. Olaf's and Ari's.

First of these we would notice the belief, on which we have treated at length in our commentary on Hyndla's Lay, of *the divine descent of the pure race of kings*, sprung from the God and Mother Earth.

Another, of which one can only just catch a glimpse as it vanishes into the darkness, is the old myth of *the great bird that laid the world*, the beautiful fancy which Aristophanes in his most noble chorus sets forth with such delight:—

Χάος ἦν καὶ Νῆξ Ἐρεβός τε μέλαν πρῶτον καὶ Τάρταρος εὐρύς·
 γῆ δ' οὐδ' ἀήρ οὐδ' οὐρανός ἦν Ἐρέβου δ' ἐν ἀπέροσι κόλποις
 τίκειτο πρώτιστον ὑπηνέμιον Νῆξ ἡ μελανόπτερος φῶν,
 ἐξ οὗ περιτελλομένουσιν ὥραισιν ἐβλασταν Ἐρωσ ὁ ποθεινός,
 στίλβων νῶτον πετερίγων χρυσαῖν, εἰκὼς ἀνεμώκεσι δίνας.
 οὗτος δὲ Χάει πεπερόντι μιγείναι νυχίᾳ κατὰ Τάρταρον εὐρὸν
 ἐνεόττευσεν γένος ἡμέτερον, καὶ πρῶτον ἀνήγαγεν ἐς φῶς.
 πρότερον δ' οὐκ ἦν γένος ἀθανάτων, πρὶν Ἐρωσ ξυνέμιξεν ἅπαντα·
 ξυμμιγνυμένων δ' ἐτέρων ἐτέροις γένετ' οὐρανὸς ὠκεανὸς τε
 καὶ γῆ πάντων τε θεῶν μακάρων γένος ἀφθιτον. ὦδε μὲν ἐσμεν
 πολὺ πρεσβύτατοι πάντων μακάρων. ἡμεῖς δ' ὡς ἐσμεν Ἐρωτος
 πολλοῖς δῆλον.—*Birds*, 693-704.

Upon what proofs we are now able to say, that this myth was once known to our forefathers also, is worth recording. There is a story of the creation of man by three wandering gods, who become in mediæval stories Jesus and SS. Peter and Paul walking among men, as in Champfleury's pretty apologue of the Bonhomme Misère, so beautifully illustrated by Legros. In the Eddic legend one of these gods is named *Hæne*, he is *the speech-giver* of Wolospa, and is described in phrases taken from lost poems as 'the long-legged one' [*langi-fótr*], 'the lord of the ooze' [*aur-konungr*]. Strange epithets, but easily explainable when one gets at the etymology of *Hæne*¹ = *hohni* = Skt. *śakunas* = Gk. *cúcnos* = the white bird, swan or stork, that stalks along in the mud, lord of the marish—and it is now easy to see that this bird is the Creator walking in Chaos, brooding over the primitive mish-mash or *tohu-bohu*, and finally hatching the egg of the world. *Hohni* is also, one would fancy, to be identified with *Heimdall the walker*, who is also a creator-God, who sleeps *more lightly than a bird*, who is also the '*fair Anse*' and

¹ The long diphthongic vowel *é* bespeaks an assimilation, a guttural or palatal: our Teutonic *h* or Greek-Aryan *k*, which brings one to the true etymon of this hitherto unexplained name—the Greek *κύκνος*.

the 'whitest of the Anses,' the 'waker of the gods,' a celestial chanticler as it were.

But beside the myth of the creation of the material universe, there was also the myth of the *origin of the spiritual universe*. This was the subject of many legends, which told of the breathing of the true ghostly life into this upper world, under the figure of the *adventurous god getting the Holy Drink*. This drink—blood, wine, mead, beer, grain, or whatever it be called—was brewed by the Dwarves (nature's creative forces) before the beginning of time, stolen from them by the Giants, who concealed the precious treasure in their deep caverns, locking it up *unproductive* and useless for æons, till Woden came and won it by his superior craft at the risk of his own life. From him it passed to gods and men, and became the inspirer, under whose influence all wisdom, learning, knowledge, and poetry were produced. Of this myth, so thoughtful and deep, there are many variations. In one, the god beguiles the giantess daughter of the Titan, in whose charge it is, and so *steals* the drink. She is described like the guardians of the holy water of the Accadian legends, as sitting on a golden throne.

In another, the wine is kept by a witch, who enchants and spell-binds men; but Woden breaks from her spells and carries off his prize.

In a third, the god hangs from the gallows over the abyss, and lowers himself into Hades, whence he brings up the gift of knowledge, of which Giant Midvitnir, the father of Bestla, was the warder.

In a fourth, deeper and more philosophic perhaps than the rest, there is a sacred Burn of Wisdom in the earthly Paradise under the Holy Tree at the garden of the Norns¹, whence Mim, the giant-judge, quaffs every day huge draughts of knowledge in the magic horn. But Woden gives up one of his eyes to buy a single draught, and so the giant is able to *see*, as well as know, everything that goes on in the world; but Woden's one draught has been sufficient to give us all the wisdom that is in mankind or the gods. The solar bearings of this myth are evident, but there is more to be got from it. What better emblem could there be of the disparity between man's drop of knowledge and the boundless ocean of the Unknown, than the contrast between Woden's cupfull and the bottomless well-spring of the Wisdom of the Universe!

In a fifth kindred tale, Woden visits a giant in quest of wisdom, and risks his head to get answers to his questions, destroying the giant in the end by his craft and cunning. In all these myths Woden is the type of the sage and seeker of all times, a single-eyed, hooded, bearded figure, who has drunk once of wisdom but is still filled with a quenchless thirst for it, and is ever wandering pilgrim-like up and down the world, seeking to lure the boon he craves for from the blind, dull, dangerous, and relentless forces of nature. The very name 'Woden'

¹ Cp. the 'Garden of Okeanos' in Aristophanes.

tells the same tale, being, we hold, an appellative akin to the Latin 'uātes,' a *prophetic singer* or bard. Cf. O.N. 68-r, *inspiration*¹.

This myth, in its various forms, was evidently a favourite with those unknown thinkers and philosophers, who were the parents of a race that has since given great poets and great thinkers to the world; and we seem to catch even faint echoes of their thoughts on the subject in the words of Tacitus: 'Ulisse[m] quidam opinantur, longo illo et fabuloso errore in hunc Oceanum delatum, adisse Germaniae terras, Asciburgiumque, quod in ripa Rheni situm hodie incolitur, ab illo constitutum nominatumque. Aram quin etiam Ulissi consecratam, adiecto Laertae patris nomine eodem loco olim repertam monumentaque et tumulos quosdam graecis litteris inscriptos in confinio Germaniae Rhaetiaeque adhuc extare.' Here we can see that the wandering god's adventures had induced the Roman traders to talk of him as 'Ulysses.'

And after all, may we not go a little further, and look to the various adventures of a god, in search of wisdom, for the origin of the adventures of Odusseus himself. The toils of the god are given to the hero, as the Sun's labours to Herakles, or the Moon's to Psyche. Odusseus goes down to the Unseen World to win knowledge, outwits the witch Kirke, beguiles the daughter of the Sun, risks himself with a giant, Poluphemos [Much-talker²], all adventures parallel to those of our Woden, and varieties of the Soma-myth. The adventures of Odusseus have in their turn not only furnished Persian story-tellers with some of their most thrilling tales, but inspired Vergil, and through him the 'highest poet' of Italy, the greatest voice of mediæval Europe. So fruitful, true, and enthralling has been the very tale of the Quest for Wisdom.

These archaic myths, with that vast mass of beliefs and superstitions which enwrapped the subject of Death and the Dead and are summed up under the term *Ancestor-worship*, and that system of Divination and sacrificial observances on which we have written a separate Excursus, made up the religion of a Teuton sage of the days of Tacitus, and of his successors down to the days of Charlemagne. For it will be clear and patent to every observer, that this Wandering God, as well as the different tribal deities (deified kings and priests), and the rude Nature-myths are *quite incompatible* with the Walhall pantheon, in which Woden *davells*, with his host of Amazons and Heroes.

And now to glance at these *later myths*, the last Act as it were of the

¹ The phonetic change is analogous to that in *māter módar*; *t, d* following Verner's Law; *hóna* (a hen) is a cognate word.

² The original form of the myth seems to be clouded here in the Greek. Poluphemos is intoxicated himself, which may or may not be part of the original; the real essence of the story is the *false name*, the clever *escape* under the ram's belly, the folly of the presumptuous giant; all found also in Woden's case, *he* never gives his real name, and always outwits his cumbrous foes. Odusseus takes away the Giant's eye, as Mim took Woden's. Can the mythic names Hallinskidi or Heimdali, given to the Ram in the Thulor, have been culled from a Northern Poem, telling the story of this escape in some form?

heathen religious Drama. The effect of the contact with a new civilisation upon the English cannot be clearly made out, for there are no data left from which to draw evidence; but in the Walhall system one can clearly see the effect upon the Northman of the Roman civilisation, the Christian religion, and the Carling organisation, with which he was brought suddenly face to face. This warrior religion, with its gross heaven of fighting, feasting, and drinking, its creed of dauntless fatalism, its scorn of death and peace, reminds one of the practical working faith of the followers of the Prophet, who were at that very time running a somewhat parallel course in the south of Europe to that of the Scandinavians in the north. But though the Northman's creed was far lower than that taught by Mohammed, the Northman was the 'heir of progress,' and he flung away his fighting faith of his own free will, and accepted the higher teaching as soon as it was worthily put before him.

The Wicking religion will always be a noble memory to us, as representing one aspect of the master-minds of the Scandinavian peoples at a period when they were helping to mould modern Europe. Its armed angels are splendid figures; its unselfish, single-hearted, fate-defying heroes are of a noble type; its god, albeit bloody and boastful, is yet not beyond our sympathies as he sits feasting in heaven with his friends, ever ready for the final death-grapple, in which he must fall, as he knows, before the fiends of hell.

But there are also among the Eddic poems records, happily preserved, which tell us how the *new world of thought and life* looked to the Northern *sage* (just as Walhall shows the impressions of the Northern *sea-rover*). In the strange, beautiful myths of the gallows-tree, that fills the whole universe, holy, life-giving, sprinkled with the white ooze, there is indeed plainly to be seen the reflection of the Cross; while in the eschatology, with its Doomsday and battle of Armageddon, and the glorious myths of the golden age that has gone, but will come back again with the new heaven and new earth, we can feel the very echo of the mighty vision that has inspired poet, and painter, and thinker ever since it was told by the seer who had seen the fate of Jerusalem.

These later myths, so largely tinged with foreign hues, are purely *Scandinavian*, whereas the *older strata of myths are really the common Teutonic religion*. There can however be traced among the very oldest myths one set which bears a distinctly northern stamp, namely, that of *Thunder* (Thor), who seems to have been the favourite god of the west Scandinavian tribes, as Frey was of the Swedes. These myths are of most archaic type, simple nature myths—Thunder slaying and driving away the foul mists and clouds, and protecting his mother earth and her children from all harm; but they, in some special way, caught the fancy of the Northern farmers and fishermen, and they have put into them that simplicity, observation, and keen and broad humour, which seem to have distinguished them among the sister Teutonic tribes.

Just as the Burgundians were the most good-natured, and the Saxons the cruellest, so the Reams, and Theles, and Throwends, and their companion folks seem to have been the most humorous of the Teutons. We have also the great advantage in the case of the Thor myths, of having them told by Snorri in his best style, with that inimitable mixture of naïveté and humour, strong sense and fun, which has its only parallel in the best of Grimm's Märchen.

One must not pass over without mention the occurrence in Wolospa of the old myth of the *first murder* and the *first woe*, brother slaying brother, and the hapless mother weeping in the waters for her beloved son. A story which most probably sprung from Accadia, like other primæval legends, though, of course, it *may* be here merely a distorted view of the later Hebrew scriptural Cain and Abel, borrowed directly through Christian sources from the Jews.

The reconstruction of Wolospa has brought out very clearly, what the very use of the preterite 'I saw' not 'I see' had hinted at, namely, that the death of Balder does *not precede immediately* Doomsday, but is on the contrary the *first crime*. The Achilles parallels of Professor Bugge and even the Christ-parallel (save so far as Abel is and must be the type of Christ) thus vanish and fall away. In the mediæval myths the weeping of Eve, neck-deep in the Euphrates, is the mourning of Frigg; no doubt, too, that pearls are those of her tears that fell into the water, as the little nuggets of surface gold are the tears she shed upon the hills and plains.

One other myth claims a few words. The *legends of Loki* bear evident and tangible marks of divided origin. First, there is an old Titan Wloki (Lupus Behemoth)¹ chained, like Enceladus or Typhon, beneath the mighty mountain, in the pit [crater Hver-gelmi]², causing earthquakes as he writhes in his torture-spasms, a monstrous, bestial, scarce human figure, which can by no means be lacking among the old anthropomorphic Nature-myths. There is another Loki, the mocking Meimos, the wicked, spiteful, cunning, sharp-tongued, weak-thewed jester of Walhall, an old character, taken and put to a new part, giving many of the traits of the mediæval Devil (though we do not believe that his name has anything to do with Lucifer, or his brother Byleist's with Beelzebub). A strange metamorphosis for the old Titan, for which he is indebted to his one great act of villainy, Balder's betrayal; this has justified his being drawn out of his old monster-shape, and belied into a puny cunning tempter, powerless in the hands of Thunder, and merely tolerated, like some Archy or Will Somers, for his scathing words.

Late writers on this subject have, we take it, confused the whole matter of the Christian and foreign influence upon old Scandinavian

¹ The chained wolf Fenri is merely a doublet of Wloki.

² In Wolospa we read 'Hvera-brunni,' Cauldron Well; in Aristophanes, Peace (like our Truth) is prisoned in a 'deep well,' whence she is pulled up.

mythology, by fancying that the *characters* of the Walhall religion are new. Not so, they are the old primitive figures, common to old Aryan age and præ-Aryan beliefs. Hell, the black foul ogress, a figure known as well in Tahiti as in Germany; the monstrous Beasts that swallow the sun and moon, believed in to-day in China as fourteen centuries ago in England; the Earth-serpent, that is said to be found in South American myths as well as in those of Old Norway; even the belief in the ill-faring of criminal ghosts common to Homer and the Wolospa-poet; punishment of crime, as Tacitus notices, being part of the old Teuton faith, though the Christian idea of *sin* is of course a later conception. These archaic figures and fancies are merely employed in a new connection, and mingled with new personifications (whose very names betray their recent origin—Glad-ham, Corse-strand, Muspilli, Swart, and the like) and so often obscured and altered, so that it often requires careful investigation to trace their real character, origin, and bearing.

The results of our work here also are truly conservative. We have tried to gain a clearer conception of the old Teutonic religion among the Northern folks (essentially the same as the faith of our English forefathers), the true character of which has been obscured by false historical perspective. We have also, by setting the Wicking religion in its proper place and in its proper light, endeavoured to obtain a deeper insight into the spiritual life of the Wicking-tide than has hitherto been possible. Questions, many and important, arise as the consequences of the conclusions we have come to, but these we may confidently leave to the care of living scholars in this place, who, by intimate and minute knowledge of comparative Indian, Greek, and Semitic mythology, are so eminently qualified to treat them. And it is especially with a view of bringing these unsolved problems to their notice that this imperfect sketch has been written.

§ 18. SPELLING AND ARRANGEMENT OF THIS EDITION.

The system of *spelling* adopted in these volumes must here be explained. As to the early poems, the MS., in which the chief of them are preserved, is one of the *transition period*, an era between Ari the historian and Snorri, when Icelandic phonesis was passing through a change which was complete about 1230. Two modes of treatment are therefore possible—to normalise the spelling *down* to the *classical* spelling of the fourteenth-century MS., a plan hitherto adopted, or to do as we have done and put the spelling *back* before the change, to the normal spelling of Ari's time as near as may be. Thereby we get nearer the MS. from which the scribe of R copied; we approach more nearly the language in which the poems were composed; for where, if not in these songs, should we learn the oldest forms of the Northern tongue? We have been careful throughout to use no form for which there is not good MS. warrant.

We make the distinction between $\varrho, \text{æ} (\phi)^1$; we prefer inflexive o to u , as R does; though, following R, we have, wrongly perhaps, preferred inflexive i to e ; for the oldest MSS. use e , not i , and to an English eye 'time' looks more homely than 'timi.' We have not changed the k into c , for two reasons: the change would be meaningless, a mere pedantry, and it is inconvenient for dictionary purposes, etc.

A few things require special notice:—

We print vowel before vowel, irrespective of natural quantity, as *short*; that this was a phonetic law with the ancients is borne out by the metric evidence: words as *buā, trua* are never found in the trochaic third or sixth measure of Court-poetry, whereas they are frequent in the last measure of the Dialogue metre line—*buā*, Old W. Pl. 193; *buinn*, 50; *buā*, G. W. 74; *snuask*, Alvm. 2; *trui*, Love Less. 56; *hloa*, Grimm. 90; *nio*, Niord and Skadi; *gloa*, Alvm. 18; *veom*, Grimm. 46; *soit*, Love Less. 54; *blyi*, Sun Song 124; *skiom*, 76; *sæing*, 68;—an evidence that it was sounded $\upsilon\upsilon$, not υ .

That this too was the pronunciation of Thorodd the grammarian appears from the phrase (as once restored by the Editor, Dict., p. 335 a) 'þar vas þu at (þu-at), as maðr kefldi þvát,' to be sounded þu-at or þw-at, the u sounded with a slight touch of w . The strange pronoun (Dict. p. 738 a, s. v. þinn B) owes its origin to the same phonesis—þu-inn, þwinn, þinn. In like way we have by preference written þvi-at, þo-at, sva-at, sa-es, su-es, and so on. We must not count syllables here, *both vowels* were distinctly heard, but slurred or rapidly pronounced². The sound was, we take it, like 'io, mio, miei, tuoi' in Italian. Such lines abound in Dante and Petrarca.

Mr. Alexander Ellis urges that the so-called hiatus in Latin were in fact 'slurred vowels;' each vowel being sounded though they did not make a syllable.

We distinguish between vowel i and consonant $i (j)$; it is *vocalic*—(1) as in *fiāll, iord, iardar*, (2) as in the diphthong of *biððā, iók*; the sound in all such cases was, we take it, purely vocalic, like Italian *io, mio*, or the like; the alliteration bears ample evidence to its being sounded as vowel, differently from the modern Icelandic pronunciation (y). Again, i is *consonantic* in inflexions, such as *gledja, dynja, midjom*, as evidenced not only by the etymology, but by these syllables being long by position, which is seen by the frequent occurrence of these words in the third and sixth measure of the six-measured Court-metre, which here requires υ . So, too, the j , coming between two vowels, pre-

¹ See Dict. p. 761. The form 'ao,' it should be noticed, is far more correct than the hurried script form 'o.' It is also better, for it shows its meaning at once, and is analogous to the other forms 'æ,' 'é.' We have preferred it to the Old English form of the Parker MS. 'æ,' as more consonant with the modern-type shape of 'a.' The $\varrho, \text{æ}$ forms, so much affected nowadays, are neither so shapely nor so correct, nor do they tell the eye what they mean.

² An inflexive syllable counts as short, e. g. *ganganda* (— | $\upsilon\upsilon$), Less. Lodd. 87. In *Lokas. 59 skraut oðr* is treated as a double word.

serves the length of the former, e.g. *nyjo* (Lat. *novo*) (-*o*), whilst *nio* (*o*) (Lat. *novem*)¹.

Again, though it is certain that, when the poems were composed, the final inflexive 'r,' Ψ, was a sibilant (*z*) not a fricative (*r*), and that the fricative did not come in till a much later date than is generally supposed, we have not ventured to make the change in printing. It is difficult to fix the exact date of such phonetic changes, and it will not be the same date in different countries, so that, while in the earlier poems it would be more correct to print '*stadz*,' '*Haralldz*,' '*Alafz*' nominative, it would be impossible to draw a correct line fixing what poets first spoke 'r' instead of '*z*'².

So, too, we might well have printed 'w' for 'v' throughout the first volume at any rate, for there is no doubt that 'v' was pronounced 'w' as late as the eleventh or even twelfth century, and it would have given the book a more homely look to English eyes. However, a great part of the text was already clean copied and it was deemed hardly worth while to make the change. In a future edition of any of the poems we should be willing to adopt the 'w' as truer and speaking more clearly to the eye. At any rate the reader must *sound* the 'v' as 'w.'

We spell *hána* (*illam*). The word is hardly ever found in MSS. uncontracted; that it was sounded long we know, (1) because we have once, in *Sturl. Cod. B.* (a hand which distinguishes between *a* and *aa*), actually found it written so in full; (2) by its use in *Placidus-drapa*, '*frán-þvengs sa es gat hána*' (the sixth measure requiring -*o*); (3) by the analogy with *hánom*; for it is only before a double consonant that the vowel is shortened.

The double 'ss' in genitive inflexions, as *búss*, *læss*, *skýss*, *týss*, *Freyss*, *ríkiss*, *stilliss*, etc. [from *bú*, *læ*, *ský*, *tý-rr*, *Frey-rr*, *ríki*, *stillir*], are warranted by the best vellums, and represent the pronunciation. So also *vatz*, *botz*, from *vatn*, *botn*—'*vatns*, *botns*' are purely manufactured book-forms, and should, with so many other like things, be banished from our grammars and paradigms; they are not once met with in an old vellum, nor are they ever heard in modern speech.

The old forms *awr* (*wreka*, *wreiðr*, *wrangr*) might in many of the songs, e.g. the Aristophanic poet, have been restored. Yet the MSS. in no instance retain the 'w,'—it is merely from the alliteration that we learn its existence, as with the digamma in Homer,—for the songs have had to pass through the hands of Icelanders, to whom the *w* was a thing of the past. *r* for *awr* is merely a West Norwegian idiom. The Swedes and Danes even at the present day say *awr* in most, though not all words where it is etymologically due. Even the Icelanders have in a few cases substituted an *br* (see *Dict.*, p. 672, B III),—a mark that

¹ Grimm. 22 must be wrong for '*glymja yfir*' or the like.

² In these ancient times nominative and genitive case were distinguished, one being -*z*, one -*iz*; of which archaic genitive a few remains are seen in the laws and poems, as *heimis*, *svefnis*.

at no remote time the *aw* sound was still heard in words whence it has now vanished.

As for the article, 'en' is the sole form in the oldest vellums, then 'in,' and lastly by analogy 'hin.' A young Swedish scholar, Mr. Axel Kock, of Lund, has lately demonstrated the etymological identity of the Scandinavian and the Anglo-German article; the 'en' was sounded 'æn,' the initial þ being dropped—'þan' being the stem of our present Northern article, whether prefixed or post-fixed (enn góde madr *or* madr-enn). Thus an old and hard puzzle has at last been solved. R spells in and en (ins, ens) promiscuously. In this edition we should have given 'e' throughout, without regard to the vellum.

The preposition and particle should have been 'of' or 'umb' throughout; though R prefers 'um,' which form can hardly have existed in the tenth or eleventh century.

As to proper names, in the older poems we have kept to the normal eleventh and tenth century forms, for example preferring 'Aleifr' ['Anlafz'] and 'Sigrœðr' ['Sigfridz']. In the later dated poems we have kept their contemporary 'Óláfr' and 'Sigurdr.' In the translation, while keeping to the familiar Olaf and Sigurd, our rule has been to put the names as far as possible into their English forms; thus to prefer Woden to Odin, Eadwine to Audun, Ælfwine to Albain, Wolf and Worm to Ulf and Orm, Thorfrid to Thorrod or Thord, Garfrid to Geirrod (but Gard, Bard, Thord, in later cases), Anses to Ases¹. For 'Sigrœdr' in the text there is MS. authority once or twice in W, but it is not certain at what time the 'frid,' 'fred' was degraded (by analogy with 'rad' probably) into 'ræd' in so many cases. Sigrœdr must have passed into Sigodr about the eleventh century, when we have 'Sigodr com nordan.' From this the latest form Sigurdr regularly comes. Accordingly the forms are, Sigfrœdr (ninth century), Sigrœdr (tenth century), Sigodr (eleventh century), Sigurdr (twelfth century).

The history of the name of Olaf is as follows:—The White Dublin king, the Aud's husband of the Northern genealogists (A.D. 850), would have been called 'Anlaif.' The second, his great namesake Tryggwason (965–1000), must, to judge from the poems, have been known as 'Álaf' (there seems here to have been a Western influence in turning the laif, leif, into láf; Sighvat has *Álafar frið gáfo*). The Quiet King, who loved the farmers, was called, we know, Óláfr [Ólaf, sólar]: the *á* is here rounded into *ó*. We have thus nasal Anlaif (ninth century); Álaf (still nasal? tenth century); Ólaf (eleventh century); and lastly, Ólaf (the modern form). The pet-form Láfi, beside Leifr, still preserves the quantities of the name, which was raised to such popularity by the veneration paid to St. Olaf.

There remain other things for remark in this connection; however, we must needs stop, with a hearty apology for slips and casual incon-

¹ A very strict consistency would have required Gundhere everywhere for Gunnar, Binki for Bikki.

sequences, having had much else to mind of even greater moment in this edition. Grimm once (Kl. Schr.) speaks of 'falsches streben nach kalter richtigkeit.'

Touching the extent or limits of this work, it will be well to notice at least the names of certain poems which, for various reasons, we have not included in the present volumes. The chief of these are the two metrical poems *Hatta-lykill* and *Hatta-tal*. Of the first, the following account is given in the *Orkneyinga Saga*: 'These two together [Poet Hall and Earl Rognwald, vol. ii, p. 274] made the old *Metre-Key*, setting five verses to each metre, but afterwards that was thought too long, and now there are two pieces of verse to each metre¹.'

In 1222 Snorri's *Hatta-tal* was composed. It is a poem in honour of Hacon and Duke Sculi. It is wholly uninteresting, gives no historic fact, and as many of its metres are mere fanciful inventions of its author, it is by no means a safe authority to follow. It has lately been critically edited by Möbius, who is now engaged upon the *Hatta-lykill*.

The poems by Snorri, Olaf and Sturla in *Hacon's Saga*, *Sturlunga*, etc., being purely artificial and imitative poetry, and having been lately edited elsewhere by the Editor, would have been rather out of place in these two volumes. In the same category fall the fragments in *Hrafn Sveinbjornsson's Saga* and *Aron's Saga*.

The poems in *Orkneyinga Saga* are also beyond our limits, though we have taken some of the most important of Earl Rognwald's.

¹ It is of little interest, save as containing the following names of heroes:—

[Three lost.]		Hedin.
{	Gundhere.	Hogni.
	Attila.	Harald.
		Hiarrandi.
[Two lost.]		Hrolf Kraki.
		Hialmar.
{	Ragnar Lodbrok.	Eirec Victorious.
	Eirec.	Anlaf Swedes' King.
	Agnar.	Gautrec.
	Biorn.	Styrbiorn.
	Sigfred Snake i' th' Eye.	Harald Fairhair.
	White-Sark.	Eirec Bloodaxe.
		Hakon the Good.
[Four lost.]		Harald Grayfell.
		Swein Forkbeard.
{	Hagbard.	Canute the Great.
	Fridlaf.	Olaf Tryggwason.
{	Anila.	St. Olaf.
	Frodi.	Magnus.
	Helgi Hunding's Bane.	Harald.
		Olaf.
{	Harald Hild-tooth.	Magnus Bareleg.
	Hring.	
	Angantheow.	[The end ? stanzas lost.]

The knowledge of the Helgi story in the West is worthy of remark. The MS. at Stockholm is very corrupt, and we have had no means of making a satisfactory text.

To another category altogether belongs the Early Book-poem, *Hugsvinnz-mál*, a translation in the old Dialogue metre of Cato's *Moralia*. We take it to be of the early twelfth century, for later the Dialogue metre would hardly have been known or used. It was published by the late Dr. Hallgrím Schewing as a School Program, Bessastead, Iceland, 1831¹.

There are also some book-poems on sacred subjects, *Harm-sól*, *Leidarvisan*, *Liknar-braut*, all from Arna Magn. 757, and the *Placidus Drapa* in a twelfth-century MS. (AM. 673), which are mere cloister-work, void of inspiration and purely imitative. They have been edited as School Programs, by Dr. Egilsson, 1833 and 1844, as also was the spurious Olaf's *Drapa* (from Berg's *Bók*), mentioned vol. ii, p. 89².

In the edition of Bishops' Lives, vol. ii, fasc. 1, the Editor published (1861) a text of the *Gudmund Encomias*, of Einar Gilsson, Abbot Arngrim, and Abbot Arni (1345-80). Of the *Lilja* of 1350 (on the Virgin, by the Augustin Eystan) a critical text has appeared, by Cedershiöld, 1881.

It was not worth while to reprint these poems in our volumes to the necessary exclusion of more important original work. We have by omitting them gained space for all that is of real original value in Northern poetry down to the Reformation, and been able to include such important poems as *Skida-Rima*, *Skaufhala-balkr*, to put in the Ditties, the Ballad Burdens, etc., and to give a more complete view of the whole subject than we could otherwise have accomplished.

A few fragments from the *Scalda* Essay from poems on Saints have been likewise left out, as they are of no original value whatever.

No attempt had till now been made to classify the Eddic poems in the order of development or to fix their subordinate relationships. It has been one of our chief aims to do this, for without some such general scheme there is no comprehending the poems themselves, and their use as historical documents and their exact position in literature is merely a matter of guess-work. We have endeavoured to look at the whole matter from as broad a point of view as possible, taking into account the literary evidence afforded by the other fragments of early Teutonic literature and the historic testimony presented by English and German chronicles. And it was only after weighing every consideration as well as we could that the plan of each poem

¹ It is found in AM. 624, a fifteenth-century vellum, and is very corrupt in parts; we have only noted the final stanza :—

*Hugsvinnz-mál lét ek fyr holdom kveðin,
ok sýndak rekkom ráð,
hyggins mannz leysta ek hulda speki.
Her ro líóð um lokin.*

The MS. reads, 'let ek, . . . holda speki. . . Her er nú.' Yet in a new edition this interesting but very corrupt vellum would have to be re-read and re-considered; the poem if printed should in due order follow the *Merlinus spá*.

² By a strange chance, 'Placidus' is, as to MSS., the oldest bit of Northern poetry, for AM. 673 appears to be older than our R by some thirty or forty years.

NAMING AND NUMBERING OF THE POEMS. cxiii

was decided upon. We may at all events humbly claim to have buoyed the way, and whatever modifications our classification may undergo from the result of future research, we trust that the main grounds on which it rests will not be shaken.

As to the Court-poetry, it should be noticed that, though in Snorri's Edda the bits cited are, in most cases, simply referred to the poet without giving the name of the poem, yet there is very seldom any doubt as to the exact piece from which they come. The internal evidence is, in ninety-nine examples out of a hundred, pretty conclusive. The Editor first classified them twenty years ago, and in not more than half-a-dozen cases has he thought it needful to alter the classification then arrived at, though he has gone over each verse again and again.

It will be seen that the whole of the Court-poems are fragmentary; in no case have we a perfect, complete work. It is impossible in all cases to show exactly where there is a gap and how much is missing, but by classing the lines according to subject, and marking the text and translation whenever the subject changes, enough is done to indicate the state of the text.

With regard to the *naming* of the poems we have adopted the following rule. Where there is an old title fixed by MS. authority we have kept it, translating it also. Where there is a modern fabricated title (such as Sigdrifu-mal) without any authority, we have given an English name. Hence the names at the top of the pages are sometimes in the Old Northern, sometimes in the English tongue; thus Hofudlausn is vouched for by Egil himself, but Wolundar-kvida is a mere fabrication, and we use the descriptive English title Weyland's Lay. The reader will thus be able to distinguish between true and false titles, for the only Old Northern titles used have good MS. authority.

Such names as the Atli- or Attila-poet, the Brunhild-poet, the Western Aristophanes, the Tapestry-poet, the Ballad-poet, are convenient titles for different anonymous poets whose work we have arranged and classified. There is in every case certain internal evidence for the works classed under the same head, e.g. Helgi-poet, being of the same school and often strong proof that they are by the same man. But it is sufficient to bear in mind that they are of the same time, plan, and style.

The mode of *citation* followed in this edition is new, but it is strictly necessary. We cite *by line, not by stanza*, most of the poems hitherto cited by stanza being *wholly unstanzaic*. The system of citing by stanza is altogether unsatisfactory; only two modes of citing the older poems being really right, viz. they must either be cited by the line of the Codex Regius, which till the Codex Regius is published in a facsimile edition it is impossible to do, or the line must be quoted according to the plan invariably followed in all other poetry, Greek, Latin, or English.

The Court-poems having been here collected and arranged for the

first time, they have been numbered both by stanza and line, so as to facilitate future references.

In the case of the complex masses of verse, such as Havamál, where we have had to disentangle the component parts, we have added in brackets the old-fashioned stanza-number, to enable reference to be made with certainty to older books.

The abbreviations employed in citation are marked in the Table of Contents; they are, as far as possible, identical with those used in the Lexicon, but in many cases changes were imperatively necessary, owing to needful re-arrangement of poems.

§ 19. THE TRANSLATION.—ITS PURPORT AND DESIGN.

It will be right, if only in self-defence, to say something about the *translations* included in these volumes. They are primarily intended as a help to the scholar, and a faithful rendering for those who wish to know the contents of the various poems and citations, without having mastered the tongues in which they are composed. This aim has been, as far as could be, kept in view throughout; and it is from this point of view, rather than from a purely literary standpoint, that they are to be judged.

There were no light difficulties in the Translator's way, and they have not, by any means, always been overcome, though they have at least been honestly faced and grappled with. In the first place, it is no light task to deal with songs of such high beauty and power as many of these poems are, it is only a great thinker and poet that could worthily achieve a noble transfusion of them. Like all masterpieces of literature they have a style, a phraseology, and a savour of their own, which it is easy to feel, but singularly hard to transmit to another who is not already en rapport with the tongue or the age in which the poems were composed. Then the syntax, simple as it looks at first sight, is really very difficult; so delicate and fine are the minute shades of difference which the same tense, for example, may express in several phrases,—a peculiarity which readers of Professor Driver's monograph on the tenses in Hebrew will see closely paralleled in that tongue. Then there are numerous technical phrases, legal, political, martial, naval, colloquial, economic, not found elsewhere, the meaning of which has to be discovered, settled, and duly brought out, a process often of extremest difficulty. All this is work, which not even a born Icelander is at all fitted for, unless he has not only studied the *old tongue*, but the *old life* in all the extant evidence possible; indeed, it would be easier in many cases to get help from old English and old French scholars than from Icelanders, so different is the old diction and the old circumstance of the poems from modern speech and social existence in Iceland. Again, it will not do for a scholar, who is merely a philologist, to presume to deal with the translation or edition of the old literature of our own or any other tongue. The letter, sacred

as it is, kills; and one, whose *chief* interest in a poet is to know how often he uses such and such a word, and who is *mainly* taken up with considering how far the 'copyist' is changing the 'é' into 'e,' should not (without help from some one who knows and feels the life and beauties of the literature in question) deal with literary matters at all, or he will be likely to fall into some such error as a certain distinguished scholar did when he mistook prose for verse, and gravely told his reader to take the poems he was noticing as models of classic prose style. The philologist's work is of the very highest value; but in precise proportion as a man is a good philologist, or indeed a specialist of any kind, he must take especial care to prevent his interest from becoming contracted, and his senses blinded to other than the small round of daily objects which his particular specialty brings before him. There is perhaps no work more likely to turn a man into a gerund-grinding machine, 'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,' wholly insensible to the real beauty and worth of literature, than what is often misnamed 'pure scholarship;' while, on the other hand, no critic can enjoy the best books so well as the rightly educated, widely read, and thoughtful philologist.

It must also be remarked, that it will not do to use one style of English to render the wide varieties of poem and prose met with in these volumes. The Biblical phraseology, which will aptly render Paul the Deacon's paraphrase, would not give the quaint half-pedantic effect of Saxo for instance; while the calm, unruffled serenity and purity of diction, which marks the poet of Wolospa, is very different to the rugged, passion-wrung lamentation of Egil. The legal phrases of the Greenland Lay of Attila and the Euripidean softness of the Gudrun Lays are very far removed from the antique Homeric beauty of the old Attila and Hamtheow Lays.

There is one grave error into which too many English translators of old Northern and Icelandic writings have fallen, to wit, the *affectation of archaism*, and the abuse of archaic, Scottish, pseudo-Middle-English words. This abominable fault makes a Saga, for instance, sound unreal, unfamiliar, false; it conceals all diversities of style and tone beneath a fictitious mask of monotonous uniformity, and slurs over the real difficulties by a specious nullity of false phrasing. The idiomatic spoken tongue of the Saga-makers should be rendered as far as possible into an idiomatic spoken tongue¹.

One great advantage the translator has had. English is, of all existing

¹ It is perhaps invidious to mention instances of failure, but among examples of more successful rendering, one is glad to put Sir Edmund Head's Viga-Glum's Saga, Mr. Sephton's Eric the Red's Saga, Sir G. W. Dasent's Gisli the Outlaw. While on this subject, it may be noted that there is a very great difference between the styles and worth of different Icelandic Sagas, and even parts of them; there are parts of Njala which are certainly below the level of true classic writing, and the greater part of Grettis Saga and Egil's Saga is mere fictitious 'padding.' Future translators would do well to consider this point when dealing with the Icelandic Sagas proper. A man who has a real pleasure in his work will have a pretty safe guide in his

tongues, from the richness of its vocabulary, the laconic power of its idioms, and the simplicity of syntax which it admits of, the best vehicle for a translator from the old Northern speech to work in. The Elizabethan dramatists, the Bible, and more modern classics, such as Defoe and Carlyle, pithy, phraseful, idiomatic, give the translator an inexhaustless mine in which to quarry. There is always the right word somewhere in English, though it is not always that one can hit upon it at the right time. Especially useful also to him, who would attempt to English the Songs and Sagas of old, is a knowledge of the spoken English of the country-folk, who (as Mr. Barnes has proved to those who refused to see it before) often preserve the best English phrases which the miserable, conventional, hack-English of this and the preceding century has scornfully passed by. Some knowledge of Greek, especially of Homer, Hesiod, and Herodotus, and some acquaintance with what is known of the older Greek life and ways, will often avail the translator when nothing else can. It is obvious that he should know something of Old English literature, law, and history, familiarity with which again and again will prove his best guide against mistake, and his best help to the right handling of his subject-matter.

The task is not one to be entered upon with a 'light heart,' and the translator may at least claim to have been aware for years of the obstacles in his way; now that he has gone through with the work, he cannot profess to be satisfied with his results, save in a very modified degree. At best his version is to the original as the thin, muffled, meagre, telephone-rendering is to the full rich tones which it transmits, faithfully, it is true, but with what a difference to the hearer!

There are many instances in which the translator has had to choose between a poetical rendering, and one which, awkward though it was, yet had the quality of suggesting the real meaning; and in every case he has preferred the latter. Had he been making a purely literary version, which should not be merely, as it were, an *interpretation*, but a *representation* of the original, he would have decided otherwise. Hence in the qualities of rhythm, flow, and roundness of phrase, the present version is obviously all too often lacking, and this is, as the writer feels, a very serious defect; but there seemed no help for it. A translator, even of Chapman or North's calibre, could such a one be found, must sometimes come to a place where two roads fork, and will not always follow the right branch of the Pythagorean letter. Moreover, in the present case, it was necessary very often to decide quickly.

Wherever, too, there were phrases which, though 'they construed,' would not 'make sense,' the translator has chosen to omit them rather than give a guess rendering, which would make his version read more easily, but at the same time mislead the innocent reader.

instinctive feelings, and should follow them in making his selection of what should be translated; and if he thinks, above all, of *making himself intelligible*, he will not be likely to fail absolutely in conveying his matter into readable and actual English.

It is not with a desire to forestall criticism, that thus much has been said, but from a wish to set forth plainly the aims, object, and scope of the present version.

Besides the poems, the translator has in the course of these two volumes given a rendering of all that part of the Prose Edda which has not yet been translated or printed in England, a version of the paraphrase of the lost Lays of R, and an anthology of all the best passages relating to poetry or poets which occur in the Iceland Book of Settlement or Landnama-bok, the Kings' Lives, and the Icelandic Family Sagas, as well as many of the most noteworthy parts of Jordanis, Paul the Deacon, and other writers, of which there is either none or no accessible English translation.

The translator must in fairness add that he has received *no help* from any former versions, English or foreign; his success or failure, such as it is, is his own. When he took up his task the text of most of the poems was in such a chaotic condition that, till the work of arrangement and reconstruction was well under weigh, it was impossible really to make a beginning at all. Every word and phrase has been reviewed three times; and, though there are far too many slips and shortcomings even upon the face of the translation, yet considerable pains have been taken to bring it into harmony with the finally settled text above it. In the case of the *Wolospas* and *Hyndlu-liod*, the translation in the Appendix is of course to be preferred.

The hope with which the translator has laboured has always been that of inducing Englishmen and Americans to seek back for themselves into the Homeric age of their forefathers, to turn to the rock from which we are hewn, and to make it possible for those who cannot go straight to the original work of this period to get some knowledge at second-hand of its glories and its greatness, of its highest creations and its deepest thoughts. Any real, however scanty, knowledge of these old Northmen's finest poetry and noblest era of history is of solid value and interest; the men from whom these poems sprung took no small share in the making of England, their blood is in our veins, their speech in our mouths, their law in our courts, their faith in our hearts; and if there be, as the sage has said, no ingratitude so base as self-forgetfulness, surely we of all men should look back to the great Wicking-tide, to which the finest of the Lays in these volumes are due, as a momentous era in the world's history and our own.

Let Goethe speak on this head—'The most singular and deepest themes in the History of the Universe and Mankind, to which all the rest are subordinate, are those in which there is a conflict between Belief and Unbelief, and all epochs, wherein Belief prevails, under what form it will, are splendid, heart-elevating, and fruitful. All epochs, on the contrary, where unbelief, in what form soever, maintains its sorry victory, should they even for a moment glitter with a sham splendour, vanish from the eyes of posterity, because no one chooses to burden himself with the study of the unfruitful.'

§ 20. THE GROWTH AND AIMS OF THE PRESENT EDITION.

As early as 1861 the Editor began to make a collection of the Court-poetry, including all written in that style down to the fourteenth century, copying, classifying, and arranging the scattered materials with a view to the publication of a 'Corpus Poetarum Aulicorum.' This plan was extended by degrees, till the idea of a complete *Corpus Poeticum* was reached, and the Eddic Poems were for the first time classified and put in some order. The work was interrupted, and the intended publication in Germany, which had been the Editor's ultimate end, set aside by a summons to England, where other and engrossing toil put a stop for a long time to any projects of the kind. But already some results had been achieved; the half-begun work had not been fruitless, though there were still many questions left for future solution; for instance, the Editor had convinced himself that the Helgi-poems were the work of one author, that Skirnis-mál and Harbard's Lay and Loka-senna were the work of one man, that the Tapestry-poems were later than the Helgi-poems, that the lays of Arrow-Ord and Half were spurious epics, etc.; he had also arranged the body of the Court-poetry—an elementary and rough sketch, yet it is the foundation of great part of the present book.

The *textual restoration* has been a hard task, and the measure of success therein attained is sure to seem but small in comparison to the pains spent upon it; for there are still scores of passages which have foiled our best efforts, and which, after much labour lost, we have been compelled to leave obelised for future toilers to grapple with. Former editors have not even been aware of the fearfully corrupt state in which the text stands in R; they have taken the MS. as literally exact, without seeing the often absolute necessity of changing its *order*, of disentangling its intertwined poems, or even of pointing out the breaks of sequence and gaps and blanks which disfigure nearly every lay. They have busied themselves with disputes about stanzas in old unstanzaic poems, and endeavoured with all manner of grammar-defying devices to squeeze sense out of the senseless corruptions of a mangled text; or else they have vexed their souls over questions of spelling, whilst they left the sense smothered and choking, without lifting a finger to rescue it.

When the text and translation had at last been put into shape and order for printing, and had passed through the press in due course, the text was subjected to two rigorous revises at some months' interval of time, first, for the Excursus (especially Excursus I to vol. ii), and again for the Notes, so that the final result, as embodied in the Excursus and Notes, may be looked on as, in some sort, a *second* or even *third edition*. It has been highly satisfactory to us, that our subsequent tests have been confirmatory of our first conclusions as far as they went, and that we have in each successive revision of the poems accumulated new evidence with regard to such cardinal points as the *Western origin of the Helgi and*

Wolospa Lays, the religion of the Northmen, the classification and chronological order of the various poems and the like. It is perhaps inevitable in a case like this, when we have had to work from our own printed or written text, no other being in the least degree helpful for our purpose, that there should be numerous fresh text-emendations and alterations of detail; but the reader will not, we believe, be puzzled by this, if he will only take the trouble in every case to consult the Notes and the Appended List of Final Readings, as well as the prefaced introduction when he peruses the text or translation of any given poem. He must also bear in mind, that for the greater convenience of historians and scholars, and to save space and needless repetition as far as might be, we have preferred to throw the main results of our work on the Metric and Vocabulary of the poems, on the Chronology of the early poets, and on the Mythology Ritual and Religion of the Old Scandinavians into the form of connected Dissertation or Excursus, rather than strew them up and down the whole book in scattered notes. Such textual alterations as are of the greatest moment we have, for the reader's behoof, postfixed to this introduction.

The Excursus on Metric is a piece of pioneering; for nothing at all conclusive to our mind has yet been attempted in this direction. It endeavours to account for the whole mass of phenomena, presented by Early Teutonic metric, in Old English, German, and Scandinavian poems, according to orderly and historical principles¹.

The Excursus on the Synonyms² will practically fulfil the need of a small poetical Glossary, as it includes nearly every genuine and original phrase under a regular classification which permits a ready comparison with the Thulor Lists. It also carefully excludes that mass of unauthoritative and parrotty kennings³ which were the manufacture of the Remanieur of the Court Poems,—a rank and file of wooden dummies, that choke the dreary pages of the Lexicon Poeticum and of many an Icelandic commentary or 'Skyringar,' and hide the quick life that there is in the fresh and thoughtful kennings of the early Encomia.

The two Excursus on Mythology and the Early Beliefs of the Scandinavians are of course to a large extent sketches; we have merely tried to give the prime outlines of the religious phenomena which our subject-matter presents, phenomena that have hitherto been obscured and

¹ That the introduction of line-rhyme into Northern poetry is due to Celtic influence (long our conviction) was first suggested in print by the late Dr. Edzardi, a young German scholar, in Paul Braune's Beiträge, 1878, an essay which for clearness, ingenuity, and conciseness might serve as a model to other writers on such subjects. His suggestion that the first feeling towards line-rhyme may be traced in such lines as *Wolospa* 3, 5, 79, 93, we can hardly accept (though it would fall in with the general Western influences so marked in that poem), for the instances seem to be mere coincidences such as might easily occur in any poet with a fine ear who always sought to make his verse harmonious and varied. Cf. *Beowulf*, l. 1009.

² Supplemented by the two Graduses, vol. i, fine, and vol. ii, p. 618.

³ Yet even of these a sample is presented to the reader in vol. ii, pp. 600-6: 2.

ignored. Thus the great facts of Ancestor-worship, and the many beliefs and ideas connected with it, are here plainly if briefly pointed out. We have also endeavoured to show the true standpoint of that late and artificial system that, as set forth in the two splendid poems, the Greater and Lesser Wolospas, has so impressed itself upon modern students, that they have mistaken its age, its character, and its origin. With this Excursus, § 16 of this Introduction should be read, as it touches upon another side of the same subject¹.

We have in the course of these volumes practically included the whole body of mythological evidence for Old Northern Belief, the main mythic contents of the Prose Edda, and its appendices, as well as the material afforded by Ari's works—the Landnama-bok, Kings' Lives, etc., and by the Icelandic Family Stories [*Islendinga Sögur*].

A novel and interesting question is handled in the Dissertation on the traces of Teutonic Legends in the Icelandic Sagas, and the little note on the *Hymiskviða* from the *Færeyinga Saga* and *Grettla*² must be referred to in connection with it. It should also be observed that in the French *Chanson de Geste* are a number of incidents founded upon early Teutonic legends, and though we have here no time or space to treat of this matter, which is in great measure beside our immediate subject, we would at least suggest this fruitful and charming field of research to Old French as well as Old Northern scholars.

The Translator's note on the English Ballads touching their connection with older poems and their kinship to the Scandinavian Ballads may be mentioned in this place.

The Excursus on Chronology as well as the Introductions to each book and section of the Court-Poems, containing, as we believe, many noteworthy corrections and rectifications of some of the most capital chapters of Northern History, the age of Fairhair, the career of Tryggwason, the character of St. Olaf, the impostor kings and their destinies, and the like, we commend to the notice of Scandinavian friends and historians, and especially to the judicious and philosophic Sars of Christiania, and the ingenious and careful Steenstrup of Copenhagen, as well as to those many distinguished Englishmen who are labouring in the field of Old English history and literature.

Towards a complete Verbal Commentary, what is strictly necessary has been done at the foot of the page and in the brief, added notes; the text will speak for itself. To fully illustrate the poems, e. g. with parallel passages from Greek, English, Indian, and Hebrew poetry,

¹ Our amiable and learned friend M. James Darmesteter of the *École des Hautes Études* of Paris has given the Editor an unexpected confirmation in the matter of the Heathen Calendar discussed in this Excursus. He has quite independently discovered that the old Persian week was a *pentad*, a fact which throws no little light upon the Editor's theory, founded upon the oldest Northern poems, that the Old Teutons reckoned by months made up of six weeks of five days.

² Given in the notes to the Lay of Hymi.

would alone require another volume, and we have perforce allowed ourselves but few notes on this head.

Indices have been reduced to the smallest practical limits; the full tables of contents and the chronological arrangement adopted furnishing themselves the most useful index which we could contrive.

What we have tried to do here with regard to Old Northern poetry we hope to see done some day for Old English poetry and literature. It is ever to be deplored that that most gifted scholar Kemble, who had the deep philological and literary sympathies and wide knowledge required for such a work, should have died so untimely. However, all knowledge did not perish with him, and we look to the rising generation of Old English scholars to set about this long-neglected work, which the late much-regretted Grein did so much under such pathetic discouragement to smooth the way for. The Editor owes a deep debt to him; for his book was the only firm piece of Old English lexicography which he had to help him in much of the comparative part of his Dictionary, as to wit, towards settling what words in English are Scandinavian loan-words.

England and the other English-speaking countries are in one respect singularly happily situated, in that learning and literary interest *is not confined to a class* as abroad within the walls of universities where a man is aut Professor aut nullus. All over the British Empire and the United States, often far from big towns or universities, often little known, humble, and unpretending, there are to be found earnest and devoted scholars, who take up and pursue studies of various kinds, purely from the love of them, without any desire for reward or fame or publication. This is a class which every writer must cherish as furnishing many of his best readers, and we have throughout these volumes endeavoured to hold the wants and requirements of such students in view, and taken pains to put things as plainly as possible, and to keep as free from all needless technicalities as might be.

It were much to be wished that every scholar and man of letters had some handiwork, which he could take up during his spare hours for the strengthening of his body and the freshening of his brain; and indeed all wise men of letters have ever had some 'hobby,' carving, turning, boat-building, or the like¹. And it were also an excellent thing if every handicraftsman and trader, great or small, had some literary or artistic occupation or amusement for his leisure time. To those of this class who are willing to take a little trouble for the sake of a great gain, we can recommend no more delightful study than that of the Old Northern Literature, with a part of which we have endeavoured to deal in these volumes.

¹ 'I never look but with reverence on the features of an aged carpenter, now fourscore, with whom, *encouraged by the family laws of my father's house*, I used to work in my boyhood. I first learnt in his work and at his bench what I have now related; and never, as a child, saw him at his work, but that I felt the nobleness of labour.'—*Dr. Acland*.

The Editor may be allowed here to notice an amusing attack, that has been brought against him by certain of his own countrymen, of *lack of patriotism*; the chief charges of the indictment being, that he spelt his Christian name in English fashion, and that he used 'we' and 'our' in speaking of English things and ways. His answer to this must be, that he writes in English because he writes for Englishmen, who publish, buy, and read his books, and that, as Sterne says, he may 'at least be permitted the licence accorded to a heathen Roman,' and allowed to speak rather from the reader's point of view than his own, just as if he were a humble correspondent of Cicero or Pliny or even Julian. In penning one phrase at least, which has been adduced against him, he was, as now, writing in conjunction with an Englishman, and their joint views are therein expressed.

With respect to the arguments that have been brought against the Western origin of some of the Eddic poems, the Editor has more sympathy, for they represent what were once his own views. During his life he has indeed passed through several stages of opinion on Eddic questions—at first accepting the generally accredited view that the 'Eddas' were the holy books of the fourth and fifth centuries. Next, when such ideas on closer inspection proved baseless and visionary, he came round to the notion that they were Icelandic (of the Western colonies they must be, as he soon felt) of a comparatively late date [see Dict. p. 2 b]—a theory now held by the *patriotic* school, but which he was the first to put forth, and which, from his letters and conversation, has passed into circulation. But this theory, after full, careful, and mature consideration, he finally abandoned in favour of the one he now holds, which has since he first formed it received an abundant mass of confirmatory support from all kinds of unexpected sources¹.

¹ The fresh and charming little book of Professor Rhys, 'Celtic Britain,' published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, has even, as we are passing through the press, furnished fresh and new arguments to our position.

For instance, Professor Rhys speaks of the *Dog-men*, sons and slaves of the Dog, an un-Aryan, un-Celtic, un-Teutonic nomenclature, peculiar to the præ-Celtic population of Great Britain, with whom the Northmen came into contact at a time when feelings and ideas were strong in the mixed Celtic and half Celticised kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland. This phenomenon of nomenclature recalls at once the Hundings, *Dogsons*, of the Helgi Lays—Macbeaths and Maelbeaths, due, we have little doubt, to Ivernian influences.

Again, 'ond' is præ-Celtic for *stone*. In the Helgi Lays one meets with an oath sworn at the 'Unnar-stein,' though to swear by a stone is un-Teutonic. Is not the word a mere doubling of the Ivernian word, such as there are many instances of elsewhere, e. g. *the Isle of Sheppey, Bardsey Island*, and the like?

Further, there are in Ireland and Scotland place-names in Ith, Magh-Ith, the plain of Ith, though Ith is not a Celtic vocable, but probably the Ivernian name of a tribal and ancestral deity. What if Wolospa's 'Iða-völlr' were merely the same word?

The Brownies and Fairies too of Wolospa, etc., one dwarf actually bearing the Welsh name Dwryn, are these not borrowed Celtic or præ-Celtic figures? But we must forbear here, confidently leaving the final working out of these questions to our learned and ingenious friend.

We have now to add in a few words the brief history of these two volumes.

In June, 1880, the Editor and Translator proposed to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, through the ready and hearty mediation of the Dean of Christ Church, who has always shown the warmest interest in Northern studies, to edit and translate a Corpus of Old Northern Poetry. The Delegates were good enough to accept the proposal, and the work was at once begun, some part of the text having been already put in order and prepared by the Editor.

It was at first proposed to include the whole Corpus in one volume, but as the work proceeded it became evident that the subject naturally fell into two distinct parts, and the separation into two volumes—one of Eddic and one of Court-poetry—was decided upon, with the kind approval of the Delegates, who have throughout the work given continual evidence of their goodwill and indulgence, for which we beg to tender them our best thanks.

As to the several shares of the Editor and Translator in this book, what was said in the preface to the *Sturlunga Prolegomena* need not be repeated here, it is sufficient to say that their co-operation in the work, extending over nearly three years, has been of a still closer character. To enter into fuller detail would be impertinent, 'nec debet prologus enormior esse quam fabula.' Without more ado, therefore, we bid our book good speed. We have bestowed on it no small time and thought, but we know full well that it is not the quantity but the quality of the labour spent that gives it what value it has, and we are most surely aware how hopeless it is to expect any work of this kind to wholly fulfil its designs, aims, or completely satisfy their ideal. Still, as we have done our best, we are content to adopt the words of the sweet singer of Germany—

'Wenn dirs im kopf und herzen schwirt
Was willst du bessres haben:
Wer nicht mehr liebt und nicht mehr irrt,
Der lasse sich begraben.'

OXFORD, *March* 1883.

FINAL READINGS.

(See Introduction, p. cxix, l. 8.)

VOLUME I.

Guest's Wisdom—

- Line 34. enn at viði vrekask.
 102. skalat maðr önn ala.
 190. ef hann at sumbli sitr.
 303. étr sem solginn sé.
 306. þótt hann sét væðdr til vel.

Song of Saws—

34. hvars þú öl drekkir kíós-þú þer
 iðll ok eigin (?).
 46. opt es und heðni vándom hendr
 vaskar (?).

Lesson of Loddfafni—

1. Ráðomk þer Hóddfafnir (?).
 14. annars kván teygðo þer aldregi.
 58. þrimr vorðom senna: skalattu þer
 við verra mann.
 82. varan bið ek þik vesa, ok eigi
 ör-varan.
 83. vesþu við öl varastr ok við annars
 kván.
 97. gest þú ne geyja, ne á grind
 vrekir.

Woden's Love Lesson—

17. ástar ósköp ne einir vitit.
 24. varð-drótt öll um vakin.
 25. með brennandom líosom ok með
 bronnom viði.
 53. at Bölverki þeir spurðo ef hann
 væri at bíóri (?) kominn.
 63. öl alda sonom.

The High One's Lesson—

4. hlýdda-ek á meyja (?) mál.
 14. hveim hann af rótom renn.
 17. óð . . . ek nam . . .
 24. vorð mer af vorði vorðz leitaði.
 50. líóð ek þer þyl es kannat þióðans
 barn.
 70. á rótom rás-viðar.
 77, 78. ef með öldom fara | níð . . .
 106. telja tíva rök.

Spell Song—

4. Hódd-fafnis (?).
 12. ok á því hveli es snýsk und reiðo
 Vinguiss.

Guest's Wisdom—

34. many lucky men may be driven
 to the woods.
 102. 'a man must not nurse envy.'
 190. when he is at a gild-feast.
 303. eat like one starving.

Song of Saws—

34. Take angelica and the wheat-
 sprout.
 46. There is often a stout hand
 under a tattered coat.

Loddfafni's Lesson—

1. Hoard-Fafnir [Dragon of the
 Treasure].
 52. mindless fools.
 82. I bid thee be wary and not un-
 wary.
 102. bring down every plague upon
 thy limbs.

Woden's Love Lesson—

17. lest any should get wind of our
 ill-fated love (?).
 19. I came back again thinking to
 win my will from the maid.

53. asking for B. if he had got at
 the ale or whether . . .
 68. Ale is not so good for the sons
 of men as it is said to be.
*A verse from Guest's Wis-
 dom.*

The High One's Lesson—

17. I got the draft of inspiration,
 then I fell back.
 50. I chaunt thee songs such as no
 king's son knoweth.
 70. by the roots of . . . wood.
 77. An eighth I know if there be
 any quarrel among men.
 106. till the Doom of the Gods.

Spell Song—

4. out of the Treasure-Dragon's
 horn.
 12. and on the wheel that turns
 under Wigní's car [Thor's
 goat-cart].
 14. on Bragi's [i. e. Woden's] tongue.
 16. on the Raven's wings and on
 the Whale's tail.

16. á Blæings vængjom, ok á Bruungs sporði (?).

The Old Wolsung Play—

12. þeir es liúgask orðom á.
 16. langar leiða simar (?), see l. 258.
 34. mörg es þegns þián (?).
 36-40, see p. 470.
 54. ørn á ask-limom (?).
 80. . . . skiarr við skot.
 108. ok kíósa frá mæðrom mögo?
 109, 110. Nágönglar mögom hygg-ek at Noruir sé sundr-bornar saman.
 127. es með folkom kæmr.
 191. kannat hann síá við svikom.
 201. Mörg ero lýða læ.
 205. heil nótt með niðom!
 215. ok merkja tysvar Tý.
 224. á lófa skal þær rísta ok á liðo spanna.
 229. ok merkja Eild ok Ár.
 258. grimmar simar ganga: af griða rofi.
 281. sífjar slítattu, né þær til svefniss laða.
 292-4. við heimska hali, berjask es betra an bregðask sé illom orð-stöfom.

The Old Lay of Atli—

4. árin-geypom at s. h. A.
 5. drukko þar drótt-megir—ne þeir dyljendr ugðo—
 12. . . . árin-geypan.
 14. hialma goll-hroðna.
 17. Vell lézk ykr ok mundo velja v. Gn.
 18. af geiri giallanda ok af gylldom sverðom.
 21. höfði vatt þá Gunnarr at Högna ok sagði—
 33. vargs heðni varinn, hygg-ek at h. v. b.
 45. geyja man grey-stóð, ef G. ne k.
 62-4. Betr h. þú, bróðir, at þu at bekkjom færir með h. . . árin-geypom, an sækja heim Atla, sætir þú at sumblum, etc.
 81, 87. þá kvað þat Gunnarr Gotna dróttinn.
 107. Rín skal ráða róg-malmi skatna, Ása slög-gialdi, arfi Hniflunga.
 108. í vellanda vatni lýsisk val-baug-ar.
 140. nauðig na . . . om.

The Old Wolsung Play—

12. who speak lying words.
 17. long fetters will pain.
 36-40. Call swiftly on thy brother for the inheritance and the family land [that is thy share], for it ill becomes thee to let Fafnir keep the whole of the estate.
 54. If thou hear an eagle scream from the tree-branch.
 109. I know that there came to children a midwife-Norns of very different kindred.
 127. comes into the host.
 132. thou madest a great blast and didst scream with a cruel heart
 191. He [Sigfred] suspects no treachery.
 201. Manifold are men's ills!
 205. Hail Night with thy moons.
 215. some on the hilt-band and mark T twice.
 229. and brand them on thine oar, or and mark [runes] *Eld* and *Year*.
 258. grim bonds come from broken oaths: most wretched is the man-sworn.
 281. brides on the bench, do not break the bonds of kindred nor bed with them.

292-4. If thou art in a suit against a fool, it is better to fight than bandy words with him.

Old Lay of Attila—

5. The henchmen were drinking wine in the great hall, they had no thought of traitors.
 14. gold-decked helmets.
 17. He says that he will give you the gold.
 18. whistling spears and gilt swords.
 21. turned his head to Hagena and spake.
 33. wrapt in the wolf's coat [in a piece of wolf hide].
 45. shall bite . . . the wolf shall howl.
 64. would, O brother, thou hadst stayed at home on thy hearth-encompassing benches, rather than come here to visit . . .
 81-87. Gundhere the lord of the Goths.
 107. The Rhine shall possess the strife-begetting treasures of the heroes, the Anses' ransom, the heritage of the Hniflunga.
 140. as dainty morsels the horrid carrion-feast.
 151. uproar among the women.

170. brúðir Buðla ungar brunno ok skiald-meyjar.
- Lay of Hamtheow—*
21. þá es kvisto skeðja konor of dag varman.
24. es ið Sigroedr rökðosk svefni or (?).
74. Íllt es í blaudom hal brautar-gengi.
96. beindisk at brúði ungrí, böðvað-isk at víni.
102. goð-borna guma festa á galga.
- Lay of Wafthrudni—*
2. at vitja Vafþrúðnis vea.
5. Heima setja ok mœnda Herja föðr.
83. enn af hans heila vóro þau en hríðfello.
142. ey manni sialfan um síá.
164. Segðu þat it tolfta allz þú tíva rök.
216. Hvat mælti Baldri, áðr á bál stigi, Sviðrir (?) í eyra syni?
- Lay of Grimni—*
22. unnir glymjya yfir.
103. öfundar orð hann skal ofan bera.
109. an þat of hyggi hverr ósviðra afa.
- p. 79, l. 4, *add*, Nár ok Náinn, Nip-ingr, Dainn.
- p. 79, l. 12, *add*, Billingr, Bruni, Bildr ok Buri.
- Lay of Alwise—*
11. vagna veðs em ek á vit kominn.
110. kalla *Hlið-þang* Heljo í.
- King Heidrek's Riddles—*
79. hvítar váðir þær of vetrom bera: en svartar u. s.
108. þó lá drykkjar dryn-rann yfir?
- Lay of Swiþday—*
27. varð-lokkor haldi þer á vegom öllom.
34. gærvir á gagnvegi (?).
48. hregg né kulði megít þino holdi fara.
56. máls ok mannvitz sé þer á minnis byrgi.
227. hækknir hrafnar skolo þer á hám galga.
236. þaðan rákomk vind-kalda vego.
237. Urðar orði kviðjar eingi maðr.
- Flying of Loki—*
34. bléndom blóði í spor.
134. hitt es undr es Áss argr es her inn of kominn.
137. sendr at gislingo goðom.
174. mergi smæra mœlða-ek þina mein-kráko.
184. þegi þú Byggvir! þu ert Beylo verr.
- 198-9. þvi at þik á hiörvi skolo ens hrím-kalda iötuns görnóm binda burar (?).
- 206-7. frá minnis veom mínóm ok munar vöngom skolo þær æ köld ráð koma.
-
170. smoked; the young maidens of Budli burnt and the amazons within sunk, etc.
- Lay of Hamtheow—*
21. when the women are lopping withies on a hot day.
24. when you and Sigfred awoke out of sleep.
74. There is ill help in a coward's heart.
123. Lack of wisdom is a sad lack in a man.
- Lay of Webstrong—*
83. were all the stormy clouds made.
142. over the waves; but is never seen of men itself.
216. What didst thou, Woden, whisper in Balder thy son's ear?
- Lay of Grimni—*
103. he is bound to carry the words of mischief down.
109. than any ignorant man can know.
- Lay of Alwise—*
11. I am come to fetch Woden's pledge [the Sun goddess = Woden's Eye].
109. Weald-fur.
- King Heidrek's Riddles—*
79. they wear white raiment.
- Lay of Swiþday—*
34. on the straight path [lit. short cut].
48. may neither sleet nor frost hurt thy body.
53. may the evil night-riding witches not come nigh to palsy thee.
56. given into thy breast.
227. may the greedy ravens.
- Loki's Flying—*
34. blended blood in the foot-print.
148. T. Frey is, etc.
184. Be silent, Boor, Beyla's husband.
206. From my heart and breast.

Lay of Skirni—

17. móð-trega þína hykka-ek svá mikla vesa.
 39. þursa þorp yfir.
 114. vexti þer tár með trega.
 129. í önd ofan-verða.
 130. til holtz ek rann: ok til rás-viðar.
 159-60. Nær þú at þingi vilt enom þroska-mikla,
 nenna Niarðar syni.

Lay of Hoarbearð—

46. sprakkar átto ver konor, etc.
 55. upp varp-ek augom Ölvalda sonar.
 94. ek vask austr ok við ingjona dömdak.
 105. Brúðir Bergrisa barðak í Hléss-eyjo.
 119. Namk at ár-mönnom þeim enom aldænom.

The Flying of Iwar—

10. Hann vas Höðr es hræddastr vas Ása.

Njord and Skadi—

5. ulfa þytr þykkjomk illr vesa.

Helgi and Sigrun, Helgi i—

- 19-21. Hrafn kvaddi hrafn—sat á háum meiði
 andvanr áto—ek veit emni nokkur.
 25. drótt þótti dýrr dögligr vesa.

28. ungom foera ímon-lauk grami.
 34. almur itr-borinn unnar líoma.
 63. . . . or ulf-heðni.
 66. þjóð-löð þiggja (?), etc.
 74. konung óneisinn sem kráko unga.
 89. beit á brim skriðo, etc.
 92. enn einn konungi at öðrom sagði.
 103. víg-nistingo á Varins-firði.
 110. sem brim við biörg, etc.
 121. Einn þeir synir Granmars frá Svarins-haugi.

127. verp . . . víg-gyrðir . . . víkingar.
 179-80. Obelise.
 192. skalf mǫn á mari hvars meyjar fóro.

- 281-3. ne man af liði lofðungs líoma bregða,
 renna und vísa víg-blær hinig goll-bitli vanr, knegat-ek grami fagni.

- 315-16. mál es mer at ríða róða brautir,
 láta fólvan ió fogl-stíg troða.
 348. sem ek lofðungi lífðom mœndak.

Helgi and Swava, Helgi ii—

58. þó má at góðo gærask ef glikt . . . (?).
 64. flagð eitt es Heðin fyggjo beiddi.

Helgi and Cara, Helgi iii—

6. es-at þat karls ætt es at kvernom stendr.

Lay of Skirni—

39. over Giant-Thorp.
 63. which of the sons of the Elves or of the Anses?
 67. I am no son of the Elves nor of the Anses.

Hoarbearð's Lay—

46. Lively wenches they were.
 94. in adventure with a lass.
 105. I smote the brides of the giants [ogresses].
 119. I learnt them from the ancestral spirits.
 143. thou comest to the land of men.

Iwar's Flying—

2. the greed of Hell [a boundless ambition].

Helgi and Sigrun—

20. Somewhat of hopeful tidings I know.
 25. The household loved the king.
 28. bearing a fair sword to the young prince.
 63. The king called out from under his wolf-coat [skin-armour].

66. bear him home with them that night.

74. no better than a young crow.
 90. Then Helgi asked Hiorlaf.
 92. But one king after another answered.

103. they hoisted the wicker shield.
 110. as if the surf were breaking against the rocks.

120. The sons of Grammar gathered at S.

127. The wickings' ships are bulwarked for battle.

179. and . . . that ragged hag, Imd's daughter.

192. the horses' manes fluttered out as they passed by.

315. for me to ride the road of the wind [air] and let my fallow steed tread the bird's path,

Helgi and Swava—

33. the curse of the shield.

Helgi and Cara—

33. when I took [or slew] Biörn in Woden's wood. [Lund?]

Helgi and Sigrun—

2. Vinna Skuldir sköpom (?).

Helgi and Rimegerd—

- 75-6. Austr líttu nu, Hríngerðr, enn þik Helgi lostna hefir hel-stöfum.
77. ok stíga-ek á land af legi.

Western Wolsung Lay—

- 5-10 and 35-38, see p. 494.
48. þar liggr Reginn, ræðr um svik.
53. hegndi hónom svik ok, etc.
87-8, see p. 495.

Hjalmar's Death Song—

40. austr við sker Sóta.

The Waking—

53. hialmi ok með brynjo fyr Heljar durom.
71. skelírað meyoj hnegg í mun-túni.
109. sá þer mannz miötuðr at meini verðit!

Lay of Wayland—

3. þær í Sævar-stöð settosk at hví-lask.
64. Opt es í holti heyrandi nær.
66. Tenn hans man teygjask, etc.
69. ok setið hónom smiðjo í Sævar-stöð.
102 [149]. sló hann brióst-kingor . . .
140. Gakk þú til smiðjo í Sævar-stöð (?).

Lay of Thrym—

14. ok þó selja, at or silfri væri.
72. þegi þú, þórr, vesall þeirra orða!

90. nú fœra mer Fr. at k.
96-7. vas at kveldi bekkir konom skipaðr, ok fyr Iötna öl innar borit.
105 [113]. sat in alsnotra ambótt fyr svörom.
107 [115]. át [svaf] eyvit Freyja átta nóttom.

Balder's Doom—

26. skírar veigar, ero skapker leyð-roð (?).
50. Ertattu Vegtamr, sonr Valtams.

The Mill Song—

21. nó hæggi þegn vi hvösso sverði,
66. miskunnlauss, ok at mani hafðar.

Lay of Biarki—

20. visi inn vígdíarfí, Vaki B. . . (?).

Hildibrand's Lay—

5. Tveir vóro þeir Tyríngar goervir.
10. ero þar talðir tveir tigar ens átta.
17. mitt skaltu verja váðom líki.
34. Húna kappi faðir Höðbrandz (?).

*The Sibyl's Prophecy reconstructed, see vol. ii, p. 621.**The Short Sibyl Lay, see vol. ii, p. 629.**The Sun Song—*

53. Obelise, 'Munar-þerna . . .' perhaps.
99. Obelise.
139-40. hrafnar Heljar þeim or höfði slito síónir sárliga.
167. þæt liggja götor til gods.

Helgi and Sigrun—

1. thou hast been an Hild [Eri-
phyle] to me.

Helgi and Rimegerd—

77. and if I step ashore.

Western Wolsung Lay—

48. Regin plotting treason.
53. if he were to punish him for his treachery.

Hjalmar's Death Song—

40. in the east at Sote's reef.

The Waking—

53. before the door of Death.
71. Thy daughter's heart will never quake in her breast.
109. May this Doomer of men do no harm to thee!

Wayland's Lay—

3. at Sea-stead [an island].
64. 'Woods have ears.' *The line is misplaced.*
69. and set down his smithy in S.

Lay of Thrym—

96. In the evening there was a bench set for the ladies.

Balder's Doom—

21. Way-wont . . . War-wont.
26. ready brewed, the bright cups and the ale-vats scoured.
50. No Way-wont art thou, son of War-wont.

The Mill Song—

66. to the merciless king's house.

Biarki's Lay—

7. nor to woman's whispers.

Hildibrand's Lay—

10. counted thereon three score and twelve men.
17. wrap my body in mine own raiment.

The Sun Song—

16. the doomed man's race.
53. *Probably* The Soul flew up.
99. meal for-them that dwell in hell.

- 172-3. þik bið-ek skilja, es oss skapat hefir,
alla eymðom frá.
- The Christian's Wisdom*—
20. því hinn sagðisk válaðr vesa.
33. auð né heill ræðr engi maðr.
63. því at þeir menn hverfa es munom fylgja.
115. allz andvani verðr sá es ein-skiss biðr.
119. þing-logi h . . . ek heitinn vas.
- Lay of Hymí*—
3. hristo teina ok hlaut-spáno (?).
31-33. áttmiðr Ása ! ykkir viljak hug-litla tvá und hvera setja, es mín fríðill . . .
44. sé þú hvera setta und salar gaffi.
47. enn allr í tvau áss brotnaði.
77. átt-rúni iötna útar föera.
140. enn braun-Vali haan alla drap (?).
147. hverr hann af braun-bua hand-laun um fekk.
- Hyndla's Lay* reconstructed, see vol. ii, p. 515.
- Lay of Rígh*—
3. ofgan ok aldinn, ok Ás-kungan.
23. hörfu sveipðo ; héto þræl.
61. dúkr vas á halsi, dalkr vas á öxlom.
107. keikr vas f.
- Ynglinga-tal*—restored text, see vol. ii, p. 655.
- Haleygja-tal*—restored text, see vol. ii, p. 657.
- The Raven Song*—
23. ungr leiddisk öldr-velli ok inni at sitja
25. At Húskarla reiðo vilek þik spyrja . . .
- Lay of Hymí*—
3. and the blood-spills (?).
31. Thou child of the Anses, I will set both you tremblers under the cauldron, etc.
44. Look where the cauldrons stand under the gable, there they are, with a pillar before them.
- Lay of Rígh*—
23. swaddled it in a cloth and called it T. (?)
- The Raven Song*—
65. and gaping beaks.
- Hakonar-mal*—
69. Many are the woes of men.
- Arinbiorn's Lay*—
50. and mansworn at Woden's toast.

- . . . við inn-drótt sína.
34. reiðoliga hykk þa or vörro ræði þeysa.
56. at hundi elskr Andaðr heimsko drýgir.
65. með gínandom höfðom ok gap-andom tinglom.
82-3. valr lá þar á sandi vígðr enom ein-eygja.
Fiorgynjar faðm-byggji . . .

Hakonar-mal—

69. mörg es þjóðar þían.

Arinbiorn Lay—

47. . . . ættar skati.
50. ok vár-liúgr at Viðriss fulli.
70-71. auðs iðgnóttir at ðerno driúpa sem vatn-föll af vegom öllom.
92-94. með mál-þorns megin-verk-om :
hlóð ek lof-köst þann-es lengi stendr
óbrot-giarn í bragar túni.

Sonatorrek—see reconstructed restored text, vol. i, p. 544.

Lay of Gripi—

188. Giúka arfa á grið trúðir.

Long Lay of Brunhild—

186. hon oss borinn óvilja til.

Lamentation of Ordrun—

- 63-64. hafði hon . . . á skriptom, l . . . auð-sali . . .
100. Hlymr vas at heyra hófgjallanda.
122. sœrva deili sem sialfrí mer.

Old Gudrun Lay—

81. Fiolð fiár at þinn frum-ver dauðan.

93. labour of my speech-peg.

Gripi's Lay—

187. when thou with all thine heart art trusting to thy sworn-friendship with the sons of Guiki.

Long Lay of Brunhild—

24. or else he must die.
186. ever for evil to us.

Ordrun's Lament—

64. in the bower, she embroidered . . . and men on her roll how . . .

122. I loved the generous hero.

Old Gudrun Lay—

23. South-Way [on the Rhine = Germany].

Ordeal—

17. Lifa þrír einir þriggja tega manna.
 19, 20. Hnuggin em-ek brøðrom ok
 buri ungom.
 hnuggin em ek ö. h.

Chain of Woe—

58. þá es vit á beð bæði stigom.

The Atli Lay—

29. Báró miöð meyjar, etc.

- 123-4. Roa námo ríki, roði skialfa,
 beysto bak-föllum, brusto há-
 reiðir.
 179. undorn ok aptan, öndurða nótt.

Ditties—

- No. 1. Skald kalla mik, skip-smið
 Viðurs.
 73. Ey man l. m. a. l.

Guðrunar-kviða—

75. a willow shorn of her leaves.

Attila Lay—

179. Afternoon and evening till night-
 fall.

Ditties—

5. They call me Poet, Dwarf's
 ship-builder.
 105-106. *Transpose— the game is*
'hurling,' not 'curling.'
 235. Here shall lie for ever, etc.

To be added to the Notes.

It is worth noting that the Romance of Olger the Dane contains several late echoes of the old Helgi myth. *a.* The visit of the fairies by night to the new-born child, whose mother, we learn, died at his birth. *b.* His childhood at an enemy's court in danger of his life. *c.* His possession of a famous sword, Curtana. *d.* His rescue by a fairy from a terrible storm at sea. *e.* His return to earth after death or disappearance, like Ossian in the later Finn ballads. Mark that Holgi is the true old form (cp. Russ. Olga), and the one which should have been used throughout this book. Helgi is merely a piece of eleventh-century Icelandic 'folk-etymology,' for really Holgi has nothing to do with helgi (holy); its true derivation is unknown. The old hero Holgi and the Carling peer Otgeir (Eadgar) are distinct persons confused by later tradition.

Helgi i. 127. We adhere to the reading given in p. cxxvii. The sense requires, *your ships are ready for battle*; now the technical word for bulwarking the ships is 'viggýrðla' (Dict. 715 a); the resemblance with vigröði cannot be accidental; further, verpa is not idiomatic for *throwing* light (for which slá, líosta are appropriate); verpa um is *to fence about, for casting a net or fence*; so in Vellekla 70 vörp would mean *bulwark*. From Merl. ii. 299 we may infer that the text Gunnlaug had in hand was the same as our disordered one.

Christian's Wisdom, p. 217. The Earth is figured as a ship, see Seneca, Nat. Quest. iii, ch. 14—'Quæ sequitur Thaletis inepta sententia est, ait enim terrarum orbem aquâ sustineri, et vehi more navigii, mobilitateque ejus fluctuare tunc quum dicitur tremere.'

Long Br. Lay, l. 103. Metre, grammar, and sense are faulty; the object to firrask is missing; we suggest svik: for fiánd-garði (an improbable word) read frænd-garði, a word we find in Sonat. l. 26; see Excursus I to vol. ii, p. 473. Read—

Kannat hann firrask svik or frænd-garði,

He (our infant son) *will not be able to escape his kinsmen's treachery.* In fact, Sigfred's murder was followed by that of his son, cp. ll. 45, 46, O. G. L. 95.

- l. 113. 'hans' cannot carry letter-stress; obelise the line.

2000

EDDIC POETRY.

BOOK I.

OLDEST NORTHERN POETRY.

THIS Book contains the *earliest* Northern poetry yet surviving, mostly if not entirely of the *præ-Wicking* day, and some of it belonging to a very remote period.

The Poems are mostly of an *ethical* character, but among them we have the earliest Norse form of several old myths and traditions.

The *metre* employed in the first four sections is that used for dialogue ('*mála-hátt*'); in the last, the old epic metre ('*kvido-hátt*').

SECTION 1 comprises poems of a purely *ethic* and *instructive* character, without any mixture of myths or traditions, and preserves the best picture of the Northman of the old days.

SECTION 2 contains fragmentary poems of a *half-mythic*, *half-ethical* character.

SECTION 3 preserves some of the most precious remnants of the old *spells*, *liturgical* observances, etc., intermingled with myths and traditions.

SECTION 4 contains the oldest version of the Wolsung story—though the interest is less historical than didactic.

SECTION 5 contains the remains of the *oldest epic cycles* that centred in the famous names of Attila, Ermanarik, and Theodrik.

§ 1. OLD ETHIC POEMS.

THE GUEST'S WISDOM.

THIS poem is the first of a series of compositions of an *ethical* nature, found mingled together at the beginning of R (leaves 3-7) under the general title *Hávamál*, rightly due to one only among them.

No restoration of order can be more than approximative. The framework, which seems to be the talk on manners and morals of an old wayfarer to his host on entering, is very slight and soon dropped. By clearing away what were obviously parts of other poems, and setting in such array as was possible its scattered limbs, we have done what we could for it. The order, or rather disorder, of the verses in R is shewn by the figures in brackets. See notes also.

Two verses we have *transposed* to the Christian Wise Man's Song, Book iii. § 5.

Lines 253-54 are cited in *Fostbrædra Saga* as a ditty, and verse 76 in *Edda* (Gg) also as a detached stave. Line 1 of verse 39 appears in *Eyvind the Poet-spoiler's Lay of Hakon*. Saxo, Lib. v, translates verse 74. Beyond this all is silence, so that but for R we should never have known of the existence of this great collection of antique Wisdom.

It falls into *two main divisions*: the first (vv. 1-55), consisting of general *Reflexions* under various heads, the Guest, the Wise, the Fool, etc., or various subjects, Friendship, Trouble, etc.; and the latter (56-82), distinguished by the use of 'skal' and 'skylli,' being a series of *Ethical Maxims* touching various points of behaviour and conduct.

The pithy common sense and truth of this poem and its keen but homely observation of human nature are noticeable.

The ethics are *beatben*, with no touch of Christianity. Verse 65 is the outcome of slighted love and a wounded heart.

1. Gefendr heilir! Gestr es inn kominn. [2]
Hvar skal sitja síá?
miök es bráðr sa-es á brændom skal
síns um freista frama.

2. Eldz es þærf þeims inn es kominn [3]
ok á kné kalinn;

5

1-3. HAIL, mine host! a guest is come, where shall he sit? Hot haste is his that has to try his luck standing at the gate-post. The new-comer with his cold knees needs a fire. A man that has travelled

- matar ok váða es manni þarf
þeim-es hefir um fiáll of farit.
3. Vatz es þarf þeim-es til verðar kæmr, [4]
þerro ok þiód-laðar;
góðs um áðiss, ef ser geta mætti
orðz ok endr-þægo. 10
4. Vitz es þarf þeim-es víða ratar. [5]
Dælt es heima hvat:
at auga-bragði verðr sa-es ekki kann
ok með snotrom sitr. 15
5. Sá einn veit es víða ratar [18]
ok hefir, fiálð um farið,
hverjo geði stýrir gumna hverr,
sa-es vitandi es vitz. 20
6. Enn vari gestr es til verðar kæmr [7]
þunno hlióði þegir;
eyrom hlýðir, enn augom skoðar;
svá nýsisk fróðra hverr fyrir.
7. Kópir afglapi es til kynnis kæmr, [17]
þylsk hann um eða þrumir;
allt es senn, ef hann sylg um getr,
uppi es þá geð guma. 25
8. Fróðr þykkisk sa-es flótta tekr [31]
gestr at gest hæðinn;
veita goerla sa-es um verði glissir
þótt hann með græmom glami. 30
9. Gumnar margir erosk gagn-hollir, [32]
enn at virði vrekask:
aldar-róg þat mon æ vesa:
óerir gestr við gest. 35

over the hills needs meat and clothing. He that comes to a meal needs water, a towel, a welcome, good fellowship, and a hearing and kind answer if he could get it.

4. A man that travels far needs his wits about him; anything will pass at home. He that knows nought makes himself a gazing-stock when he sits among wise folk.

5. A man that has travelled far, and seen many lands, will know the ways of every kind of men, if he have his wits about him.

6-9. The wary guest who comes to his meal keeps a watchful silence; he listens with his ears, and peers about with his eyes; thus does every wise man look about him.

The fool gapes when in company, mutters to himself, sitting stock still. But if he get a drink, then immediately his mind is all displayed.

A guest that mocks his fellow guest is pleased when he drives the other away. But he that gabbles over a meal, little knows but that his baying will bring his foes upon him. Many men, good friends other-

10. Haldit maðr á kerri, drekki þó at hófi miðð, [19]
 mæli þarft eða þegi;
 ókynniss þess vár þik engi maðr
 at þú gangir snemma sofa. 40
11. Gráðögr halr, nema geðs viti, [20]
 etr sér aldr-trega;
 opt fær hlégiss, es með horskom kœmr,
 manni heimskom magi.
12. Hiarðir þat vito nær þær heim skolo, [21] 45
 ok ganga þá af grasi:
 enn ósviðr maðr kann ævagi
 síns um mál maga.
13. Hinn es sæll, es ser um getr [8]
 lof ok líkn-stafi: 50
 ódælla es við þat es maðr eiga skal
 annars brióstom í.
14. Sá es sæll, es sialfr um á [9]
 lof ok vit meðan lifir:
 þviat ill ráð hefir maðr opt þegit 55
 annars brióstom or.
15. Byrði betri berrat maðr brauto at [10]
 an sé manvit mikit;
 auði betra þikkir þat í ókunnom stað;
 slíkt es válaðz vera. 60
16. Byrði betri berrat maðr brauto at, [11]
 an sé manvit mikit:
 veg-nest verra vegr at hann velli at,
 an sé of-drykkja æls.

wise, will quarrel over a meal; it will ever be a besetting sin for guest to wrangle with guest.

10-12. Let the cup go round, yet drink thy share of mead; speak fair or not at all. No one can blame thee for ill-breeding though thou go early to sleep.

A glutton, unless he has his senses about him, eats himself into life-long misery. The fool's belly makes him a laughing-stock in company of gentle-folk.

The flocks know their time of folding, and leave their pasture: but a fool never knows the measure of his own belly.

13-14. Blessed is he who wins a good report and the favour of men: for it is hard to win over other men's hearts.

Blessed is he who in his life enjoys good report and good advice: for many a man has suffered from another's evil counsel.

15-16. No man can bear better baggage on his way than wisdom; in strange places it is better than wealth. It is the wretched man's comfort.

No one can bear a better baggage on his way than wisdom; no worse wallet can he carry on his way than ale-bibbing.

17. Fróðr sá þykkisk, es fregna kann, [28] 65
ok segja it sama:
Eyvito leynd mego ýta scenir
þvi-es gengr um guma.
18. Ærna mœlir, sa-es æva þegir, [29] 70
staðlausu stafi:
hraðmælt tunga, nema ser haldendr eigi,
opt ser ógótt um gelr.
19. Af-hvarf mikit es til flz vinar [34]
þótt á brauto bui:
enn til góðs vinar liggja gagn-vegir
þótt hann sé firr farinn. 75
20. Bú es betra, þótt bú-kot sé. [36]
Halr es heima hverr:
þótt tvær geitr eigir ok taug-reptan sal,
þat es þó betra an bóén. 80
21. Bú es betra, þótt bú-kot sé. [37]
Halr er heima hverr:
blóðogt es hiarta þeim-es biðja skal
ser í mál hvert matar.
22. Fannka-ek mildan mann eða svá matar góðan, [39] 85
at værit þiggja þegit,
eða síns fiár svági
at leið sé laun ef þægi.
23. Mikilsti snemma kom-ek í marga staði, [66] 90
enn til síð í suma:
æl vas drukkit, sumt vas ólagat.
Sialdan hittir leiðr í líð.

17. He feels at his ease who can ask and answer. The sons of men can keep silence of nothing that passes among men.

18. He that never is silent talks much folly. A glib tongue, unless it be bridled, will often talk a man into trouble.

19. It is a far way to an ill friend, even though he live on one's road; but to a good friend there is a short cut, even though he live far off.

20. One's own home is the best, though it be but a cottage. A man is a man in his own house. Though thou hast but two goats and a hut of hurdles, yet that is better than begging.

21. One's home is the best, though it be but a cottage. A man is a man in his own house. His heart bleeds who must beg for every meal.

22. I never met with a man so open-handed and free with his food but that boon was boon to him; nor so [prodigal] as not to look for return if he had a chance.

23. To one man's house I came much too early, to another's much too late; either the ale was drunk out, or it was unbrewed. An unwelcome guest always misses the feast.

24. Her ok hvar myndi mer heim uf boðit
 ef þyrftak at málungi mat, [67]
 eða tvau lær hengi at ins tryggva vinar
 þars ek hafða eitt etið. 95
25. Ungr vas-ek forðom, fór-ek einn saman, [47]
 þá varð-ek villr vega :
 auðigr þóttomk es ek annan fann.
 Maðr es mannz gaman. 100
26. Mildir, fróeknir menn bazt lifa, [48]
 sialdan sút ala,
 enn ósniallr maðr uggir hot-vetna.
 Syrgir æ glæggr við giæfom.
27. Váðir mínar gaf ek velli at [49]
 tveimr tré-mænnom ;
 rekkar þat þóttosk es þeir ript hæfðo.
 Neiss es nækviðr halr. 105
28. Hrcærnar þæll, su-es stendr þorpi á, [50]
 hlýrat henni bækr né barr :
 sva-es maðr sá, es mangi ann.
 Hvat skal hann lengi lifa ? 110
29. Snapir ok gnafir, es til sævar kæmr, [62]
 ærn á aldinn mar :
 sva-es maðr, es með mærgom kæmr
 ok á formælendr fá. 115
30. Eldi heitari brennr með flom vinom [51]
 friðr fimm daga :
 enn þá slœknar es inn sétti kæmr
 ok versnar allr vinskapr. 120

24. Here and there I should have been bidden had I known where to look for my next meal; or if even two hams were hanging at my good friend's for every one I had eaten.

25. Once I was young, and travelled alone, then I went astray. I felt happy when I met a man. Man is man's comfort.

26. Open-handed bold-hearted men live most happily, they never feel care; but a fool troubles himself about everything. The niggard pines for gifts.

27. I bestowed my raiment on two men of wood in the field; they looked gallant when they were dressed. A naked man is bashful.

28. The young fir in a court withers; neither bark nor shoots shelter her. Even so is a man whom nobody loves. Why should he live long?

29. The eagle coming to the sea sniffs and droops her head over the ocean. Even so is the man who comes into company having no comrades.

30. Hotter than fire for five days flares friendship between ill friends; but when the sixth day comes it is slaked, and all friendliness turns sour.

31. Brandr af brandi brenn, unz brunninn es; [57]
funi kveykvísk af funa:
maðr af manni verðr at máli kuðr,
enn til dólskr af dul.
32. Sifjom es þá blandit hvern es segja ræðr [124] 125
einom allan hug
33. Hugr einn þat veit es býr hiarta nær, [95]
einn es hann ser um sefa:
œng es sótt verri hveim snotrom manni
an ser ængo at una. 130
34. Eldr es baztr með ýta sonom [68]
ok sólar sýn,
heilindi sítt ef maðr hafa nair,
án við læst at lifa.
35. Esat maðr allz vesall þótt hann sé illa heill: [69] 135
Sumr es af sonom sæll,
sumr af frændom, sumr af fé óérno,
sumr af verkom vel.
36. Betra es lífðom, an sé ólífðom. [70] 14
Ey getr kvíkr kú.
37. Haltr ríðr hrossi; hjarð rekr handar-vanr, [71]
daufr vegr ok dugir;
blindr es betri an brendr sé.
Nýtr mangi nás.
38. Sonr es betri, þótt sé síð of alinn, [72] 145
eptir genginn guma:

31. Brand kindles brand till it is burnt out; fire is lit from fire. Through speech man draws nearer to man, but becomes wilful in proud loneliness.

32. He that opens all his heart to another mixes blood with him. . . .

33. Only one's own mind knows what lies in one's heart; a man is his own confidant. No sorrow is worse to a man than to be able to enjoy nothing.

34. Fire is the goodliest thing the sons of men can have, and the sight of the sun, the enjoyment of good health, and a guileless life.

35. A man is not utterly wretched though he have ill health; some men are blessed with sons, some with kindred, some with wealth, some with good deeds.

36. Better be quick than dead. A live man may always get a cow. . . .

37. The halt may ride a horse; the handless may drive a herd; the deaf may fight and do well; better be blind than buried. A corpse is good for nought.

38. A son, though late born after his father's death, is better than

- sialdan brautar-steinar standa brauto nær,
nema reisi niðr at nið.
39. Deyr fé deyja frændr, [76]
deyr sialfr it sama : 150
enn orðz-tírr deyr aldregi
hveim-es ser góðan getr.
40. Deyr fé, deyja frændr; [77]
deyr sialfr it sama : 155
ek veit einn at aldri deyr,
dómr um dauðan hvern.
41. [133]
Esat maðr svá góðr at galli ne fylgi,
né svá illr at einogi dugi.
42. Lítilla sanda, lítilla sæva [53] 160
lítill ero geð guma :
þvi-at allir menn urðot iafn-spakir.
Halb es æld hvar.
43. Veita hinn es vetki veit, [75] 165
margr verðr af aurom api :
maðr es auðigr, annarr óauðigr,
Skylit þann vætki vár.
44. [70] 170
Eld sá-ek upp brenna auðgom manni fyrir,
enn úti lá dauðr fyr durom.
45. Allt es betra an sé brigðom at vesa. [124]
Esa sá vinr aðrom es vilt eitt segir.

none. Few road-stones stand by the wayside that were not raised by son for father.

39. Chattels die; kinsmen pass away; one dies oneself: but good report never dies from the man that gained it.

40. Chattels die; kinsmen die; one dies oneself: I know one thing that never dies, a dead man's name [good or bad].

41. No man is so good but there is a flaw in him, nor so bad as to be good for nothing.

42. Little are grains of sand; little are drops of water; little are men's minds: for all men were not made wise alike. The average of men is but moiety.

43. He that knows nought else knows this, many are befooled by riches. One is wealthy, another needy, never blame a man for that. . . .

44. I saw fire consume the rich man's dwelling, and himself lying dead before his door. . . .

45. Anything is better than to be false. He is no friend who only speaks to please.

147. bautarsteinar, R.
vitka, R.

165. af aurom] af auðrom, R.

167. vætki]

46. Purra skíða ok þakinna næfra, [60]
þess kann maðr miæt,
þess viðar es vinnask megi 175
mál ok misseri.
47. orða þeirra es maðr æðrom segir [65]
opt hann giöld um getr.
48. Osniallr maðr hyggsk mono ey lifa, [16]
ef hann við víg varask: 180
enn elli gefr hánom engi frið
þótt hánom geirar gefi.
49. Ósviðr maðr vakir um allar nætr, [23]
ok hyggr at hví-vetna: 185
þá es móðr es at morni kœmr;
allt es vfl sem vas.
50. Ósnotr maðr hyggr ser alla vesa [24]
við-hlæjendr vini:
hitki hann fiðr, þótt þeir um hann fár lesi
ef hann með snotrom sitr. 190
51. Ósnotr maðr hyggr ser alla vesa [25]
við-hlæjendr vini:
þá þat fiðr, es at þingi kœmr,
at hann á formælendr fá.
52. Ósnotr maðr þykkisk allt vita, [26] 195
ef hann á ser í vó vero:
hitki hann veit, hvat hann skal við kveða
ef hans freista firar.
53. Ósnotr maðr, es með aldir kœmr, [27] 200
þat es bazt at hann þegi:
engi þat veit at hann ekki kann,
nema hann mæli til mart:

46. Dry logs and bark-flakes, wood to last for all meals and seasons, one knows how to husband them. But . . . [the application is missing].

47. . . . One often has to pay dear for [idle] words spoken to another.

48-55. The fool thinks he shall live for ever if he keeps out of battle: but old age gives him no quarter, though the spears may.

A fool is awake all night worrying about everything; when the morning comes he is worn out, and all his troubles just as before.

A fool thinks all that smile on him his friends, not knowing, when he is with wise men, what there may be plotting against him.

A fool thinks all that smile on him his friends; but when he goes into court he shall find few advocates.

A fool thinks he knows everything, if he sits snug in his little corner. But he is at loss for words if people put him on his mettle.

A fool, when he comes among men, 'tis best he hold his peace. No one can tell that he knows nothing unless he talks too much; for a fool is a fool still speak he ever so much.

- veita maðr hinn es vetki veit
þótt hann mæli til mart.
54. Ósnotr maðr, ef eignask getr [79] 205
fé eðr fljóðs munuð,
metnaðr hánom þroask, enn manvit aldregi ;
fram gengr hann driúgt í dul.
55. Vesall maðr ok illa skapi [22] 210
hlær at hví-vetna :
hitki hann veit, es hann vita þyrfti,
at hann esa vamma vanr.

II.

56. Þagalt ok hugalt skyli þjóðans barn [15] 215
ok víg-diarft vesa ;
glaðr ok reifr skyli gumna hvern
unz sínn bíðr bana.
57. Ríki sítt skyli ráð-snotra hvern [64] 220
í hófi hafa :
þá hann þat finnr, es með fróeknom kœmr,
at engi es einna hvataztr.
58. Meðal-snotr skyli manna hvern, [54] 225
æva til snotr sé :
þeim es fyrða fegrst at lifa
es vel mart vito.
59. Meðal-snotr skyli manna hvern, [55] 225
æva til snotr sé :
œrlæg sín viti engi maðr fyrir,
þeim es sorgalausastr sevi.
60. Meðal-snotr skyli manna hvern, [56] 230
æva til snotr sé :

A fool if he wins wealth or woman's love waxes in pride, but not in wisdom, and goes on steadily in his own conceit.

The miserable man whose mind is warped laughs at everything ; knowing not what he ought to know, that he has no lack of faults.

II.

56. A king's son should be silent and thoughtful, and daring in battle ; cheery and blithe every one should be till his death-day come.

57. Every man of foresight should use his power with moderation ; for he will find when he comes among valiant men that no man is peerless.

58. Middling wise should every man be, never over-wise. Those who know many things fairly lead the happiest life.

59. Middling wise should every man be, never over-wise. No man should know his fate beforehand ; so shall he live freest from care.

60. Middling wise should a man be, never too wise. For a wise man's heart is seldom glad, if its owner be a true sage.

- þvi-at snotr^s mannz hiarta verðr sialdan glatt,
ef sa-es al-snotr es á.
61. Heima glaðr gumi, ok við gesti reifr, [103]
sviðr skal um sik vesa;
minnigr ok málogr, ef hann vill marg-snotr vesa. 235
Opt skal góðs geta.
Fimbol-fambi heitir sá-es fátt kann segja;
þat es ósnotrs aðal.
62. Ástar firna skyli engi maðr [93]
annan aldregi: 240
opt fá á horskan, es á heimskan ne fá,
lost-fagrir litir.
63. Eyvitar firna es maðr annan skal [94]
þess-es um margan gengr guma:
heimska or horskom gærir hælða sono 245
sa-inn máttki munr.
64. Fagrt skal mæla ok fé bióða [92]
sa-es vill fljóðs ást fá;
líki leyfa ins líosa mans.
Sá fær es friár. 250
65. Meyjar orðom skyli mangi trua, [84]
né þvi-es kveðr kona:
þvi-at á hverfanda hveli vóro þeim hiarto skæpoð,
brigð í brióst lagið.
66. Bert ek nú mæli, þvi-at ek bæði veitk, [91] 255
brigðr es karla hugr konom;
þá ver fegrst mælom es ver flást hyggjom;
þat tælir horska hugi.
67. Vin sínom skal maðr vinr vesa, [42]
ok gialda giæf við giæf 260

61. A man should be merry at home and cheerful with his guests, genial, of good manners and ready speech, if he will be held a man of parts. A good man is in every one's mouth. Archduce is he who can speak nought, for that is the mark of a fool.

62-66. No man should blame another in matters of love; hues charmingly fair may move the wise and not the dullard. Never blame a man for what is all men's weakness. Mighty love turns the sons of men from wise to fools.

The man who will win a lady's grace should speak fair and offer gifts and praise the fair maid's form. He that woos will win.

No man should trust a maiden's talk, nor any woman's word; for their hearts were wrought upon a whirling wheel, and falsehood planted in their bosoms.

Now I will make a clean breast of it, for I know quite well that men's mind to women is false; we speak fairest when we mean falsest; this beguiles honest souls.

67-71. A man should be a friend to his friend, and pay back gift with gift; give back laughter for laughter, and leasing for lies.

- hlátr við hlátri skyli hælðar taka,
enn lausung við lygi.
68. Vin sínom skal maðr vinr vesa, [43]
þeim ok þess vin:
enn óvinar síns skyli maðr, 265
vinar vinr vesa.
69. Vápnom ok váðom skolo vinir gleðjask, [41]
þat-es á siælfom sýnst:
viðr-gefendr ok endr-gefendr erosk lengst vinir, 270
ef þat bíðr at verða vel.
70. Mikit eitt skala manni gefa. [52]
Opt kaupir ser í lítlo lof:
með hælfof hleif, ok með hællo kerri
fekk-ek mer féлага.
71.
ey sér til gildiss giæf. [145] 275
72. Fregna ok segja skal fróðra hverr, [63]
sa-es vill heitinn horskr:
einn vita, né annarr skal:
Þiód veit ef þrír ro.
73. Ár skal rísa, sa-es á yrkendr fá, [59] 280
ok ganga síns verka á vit:
mart um dvelr þann-es um morgin sæfr.
Halfr es auðr und hvætom.
74. Ár skal rísa, sa-es annars vill [58] 285
fé eðr fiær hafa:
sialdan liggjandi ulfr lær um getr,
né sofandi maðr sigr.

A man should be a friend to his friend, to himself and his friend; but no man should be a friend of his foe's friend.

Friends should gladden one another with gifts of weapons and raiments, such as may shew about one's body. 'Give' and 'give back' make the longest friends, if there be luck withal. Give not overmuch at a time; one often buys a friend at little outlay; I got a comrade with half a loaf and the last drops of my cup. . . Gift always looks for return.

72. The wise man, who wishes to be called well bred, must both ask and speak:—(The latter part is here wrong. Better, 'A wise man should learn to answer all questions.')

Tell one man [thy secret] but not two; what three know all the world knows.

73. He should rise betimes who has few workers and get about his work; many hindrances has he who sleeps his mornings away; wakeful man's wealth is half won.

74. He should rise betimes that would win another's chattel or life. The slumbering wolf seldom gets a joint; nor the sleeping man victory.

75. Ganga skal, skala gestr vesa [35]
æ í einom stað:
líúfr verðr leiðr, ef lengi sitr 290
annars fletjom á.
76. Vápnom sínom skala maðr velli á [38]
feti ganga framarr:
þvi-at óvíst es at vita hvar verðr á vegom úti 295
geirs um þarf guma.
77. Gáttir allar, áðr gangi fram, [1]
um skoðask skyli,
um skygnask skyli:
þvi-at óvíst es at vita hvar óvinir sitja 300
á fleti fyrir.
78. Árliga verðar skyli maðr opt fá, [33]
nema til kynnis komi;
sitr ok snópir, lætr sem solginn sé,
ok kann fregna at fá.
79. Þveginn ok mettr ríði maðr þingi at, [61] 305
þótt hann sé væddr til vel;
skua ok bróka skammisk engi maðr,
ne hestz in heldr.
80. At hyggjandi sinni skylit maðr hróesinn vesa, [6] 310
heldr gætinn at geði:
þa-es horskr ok þægoll kœmr heimis-garða til.
Sialdan verðr víti vørom:
þvi-at óbrigðra vin fær maðr aldregi
an manvit mikit.
81. At auga-bragði skala maðr annan hafa, [30] 315
þótt til kynnis komi:

75. Go on, be not a guest ever in the same house. Welcome becomes Wearisome if he sit too long at another's table.

76. A man should not step a foot beyond his weapons, for he can never tell where, on his path without, he may need his spear.

77. A man, ere he goes in, should look to and espy all doorways; for he can never know where foes may be sitting in another man's house.

78. A man should take his meal betimes, before he goes to his neighbour, or he will sit and snuffle, like one starving, and have no power to talk.

79. Washed and fed should a man ride to court, though he be not so well clad; let none be ashamed of his shoes or breeches, nor of his horse though it be but a sorry one.

80. A man should not boast of his wits, but rather keep watch over his mind, when a wise and silent man comes to a house. The wary man will seldom slip; for there is no better friend than great common sense.

81. A man should not make a gazing-stock of another in company;

margr þá fróðr þykkisk, ef hann freginn esat,
ok nai hann þurr-fjallr þruma.

82. Fiár síns, es fengit hefir, [40]
skylit maðr þærf þola: 320
opt sparir leiðom þatz hefir liúfom hugat.
Mart gengr verr an varir.

SONG OF SAWS.

THIS little fragment of sayings, and sundry odds and ends, is only found in R, stuck, in three places, into the midst of the 'Hávamál Collection.' The last fragment (ll. 47-50) is from Edda Arn. Magn. 748. The figures in brackets mark the strophes of the Codex R.

AT kveldi skal dag leyfa; kono es brend es; [81]
mæki es reyndr es; mey es gefin es;
ís es yfir kœmr; æl es drukkit es.

Í vindi skal við hœggva; veðri á síó roa; [82]
myrkri við man spialla; mærg ero dags augo. 5
á skip skal skriðar orka; enn á skiöld til hlífar;
mæki hœggs; enn mey til kosta.

Við eld skal æl drekka; enn á ísi skriða; [83]
magran mar kaupa; enn mæki saurgan;
heima hest feita; enn hund á bui. 10

Brestanda boga, brennanda loga, [85]
gínanda ulfi, galandi króko,
rýtanda svíni, rótlausom viði,

many a man feels happy when no one asks him questions, and he may keep his corner with a dry skin.

82. A man should not stint himself of money he has made; the loathed often get what was meant for the loved. Things often go worse than was hoped.

1-3. PRAISE the day at eventide; a woman at her burying; a blade when it is tried; a maid when she is married; ice when crossed; ale when drunk.

4-5. Fell wood in a wind; row out in fair weather; court a maid in the dark. Many are the day's eyes.

6-7. A ship for speed; a shield for shelter; a sword for a stroke; a maid for marriage.

8-10. Drink ale by the fireside; slide on the ice; buy a lean horse and a rusty blade; fatten thy horse at home and thy hound at thine house.

11-24. A creaking bow; a burning log; a gaping wolf; a coughing crow; a grunting sow; a rootless tree; a waxing wave; a boiling

vaxanda vági, vellanda katli,
 flúganda fleini, fallandi báro, [86] 15
 ísi ein-nættom, ormi hring-lægnom,
 brúðar beð-málo, eða brotno sverði,
 biarnar leiki, eða barni konungs, [87]
 siúkom kalfi, sialf-ráða þræli,
 vælo vil-mæli, val ný-feldom, 20
 bróðor-bana sínom þótt á brauto móeti, [89]
 húsi half-brunno, hesti al-skiótom,
 —þa es iór onýtr ef einn fótr brotnar—
 —Verðit maðr svá tryggr at þesso trui ællo.

Akri ár-sáonom trui engi maðr [88] 25
 ne til snemma syni:
 veðr ræðr akri enn vit syni,
 hætt es þeirra hvárt.

Svá es friðr kvenna þeirra-es flátt hyggja, [90] 30
 sem aki ió óbryddom á ísi hálo, m,
 teitom tve-vetrom, ok sé tamr ílla;
 eða í byr óðom beiti stiórnlauso;
 eða skyli haltr henda hrein í þá-fialli.

Hvars þú æl drekk, kíós-þú þer iarðar megin: [137] 35
 því at iarð tekr við ældri; enn eldr við sóttom;
 eik við abbendi; ax við fialkyngi;
 haull við hý-rogi; heiptom skal mána kveðja;
 beiti við bit-sóttom; enn við bælvi rúnar;
 fold skal við flóði taka.

cauldron; a flying shaft; a falling billow; ice one night old; a coiled snake; a bride's bed-talk; a broken sword; a bear's play, or a king's child; a sick calf; a self-willed thrall; a sibyl's fair oracle; a fresh-felled corpse, or thy brother's killer though thou meetest him abroad; a half-burned house, or a swift steed; a steed is useless if but one leg is broken. Let no man be so confident as to trust in any of these things.

25-28. Let no man trust an early-sown acre, nor too soon in a son: weather makes the acre, and wit the son; each of them is slippery enough.

29-33. The love of a woman whose heart is false, is like driving with a slipshod, wild, two-year old, badly broken horse on slippery ice; or sailing in a rudderless ship with a gale behind her; or like setting a lame man to catch a reindeer on the thawing hill-sides.

34-39. Wherever thou drinkest ale take earth's strength [as antidote]: for earth acts against ale; and fire against sicknesses; oak against binding of the bowels; the corn-ear against witchcraft; spur of rye against hernia;—call on the moon against curses;—heather against biting sicknesses; runes against charms. Earth drinks up floods.

- Nótt verðr feginn sa-es nesti truir. [74] 40
 Skammar ro skips rár.
 Hverb es haust-gríma.
 Fiælð um viðrir á fimm dægum,
 enn meira á mánaði.
 Tveir rot eins herjar. Tunga es hæfuðs bani. [73] 45
 Es mer í heðin hvern handar væni.
- Or kattar dyn, ok or kono skeggi,
 or fisks anda, ok or fogla miolk,
 or bergs rótom, ok or biarnar 'sinom :'
 or því vas hann Gleipnir goerr. 50

THE LESSON OF LODDFAFNI.

FOUND only in R, packed among the other poems of the 'Hávamál Collection.' The verses of this song are marked by the occurrence of the forms 'thou' and 'thee,' which do not occur in the Guest's Wisdom, which is of a more reflective and less didactic character even where they both travel over the same ground.

This poem, the second great collection of the *Traditional Ethics* of the old præ-Wiking days, is nowhere quoted.

The *framework* or plot of it is slight, but sufficient for the purpose. A wise mentor is supposed to be addressing his youthful pupil Loddafni, just as King Lemuel is admonished by his mother, Prov. xxxi.

The topics treated of are of the usual character in such collections. Friendship, self-control, behaviour in company, etc.

1. RÁÐOMK þer, Loddáfni, enn þú ráð nemir, [112] 5
 nióta mundo ef þú nemr,
 þer muno góð ef þú getr:
 Nótt þú rísat, nema á niösn sér,
 eða þú leitir þer innan út staðar.
2. Ráðomk þer, Loddáfni, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
 Fiæl-kunnigri kono skalattu í faðmi sofa,
 sva-at hon lyki þik liðom:

40-44. He who trusts in his wallet is glad when the night sets in. Short are ship's berths. An autumn night is changeable. The weather often changes in five days, but oftener in a month.

45-46. Two are never on one side. The tongue works death to the head. A stout hand is often hid under a shabby cloak.

47-50. From the tread of the cat, from a woman's beard, from fishes' breath, and birds' milk, from a hill's roots, and a bear's tail: out of all these things Gleipni (the Lithe Shackle) was fashioned.

1. I COUNSEL thee, Loddafni; do thou take my counsels; they will profit thee if thou take them; and do thee good if thou followest them: Rise not at night, save thou be scouting, or go out to cover thy feet.

2. I counsel thee, etc.: Sleep thou not in a witch's arms lest she palsy

- hon svá goerr, at þú gair eigi
þings ne þjóðans máls; 10
mat þú villat né manzkiss gaman,
gengr þú sorga-fullr at sofa.
3. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Annars kono teygðo þer aldregi
eyra-rúno at. 15
4. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Á fialli eða firði ef þik fara tíðir,
fástu at virði vel.
5. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Íllan mann láttu aldregi 20
óhæpp at þer vita:
þvi-at af íllom manni fær þú aldregi
gjæld ens góða hugar.
6. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Veitztu ef þú vin átt, þannz þú vel truir, 25
farðu at finna opt:
þvi-at hrísi vex ok hávo grasi
vegr es vætki trœðr.
7. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Góðan mann teygðu þer at gaman-rúnom, 30
ok nem líknar-galdr meðan þú lifir.
8. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Vin þínom ves-þu aldregi
fyrrí at flaum-slitom:
sorg etr hiarta ef þú segja ne nair 35
einhverjom allan hug.
9. [Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :]
Veitztu ef þú vin átt þann-es þú vel truir, [44]
ok vill-þu at hánom gótt geta:

thy limbs. She will make thee to forget the assembly and the king's business. Thou shalt refuse thy meat, and all pastime of men, and go off sorrowful to sleep.

3. I counsel thee . . . : Never tempt another man's wife to be thy mistress.

4. I counsel thee . . . : If thou art minded to travel on fell or firth, take good provender with thee.

5. I counsel thee . . . : Never let a bad man know thy mishaps: for of a bad man thou shalt never get good reward for thy sincerity.

6. I counsel thee . . . : Know this, if thou hast a trusty friend, go and see him often; because a road which is seldom trod gets choked with brambles and high grass.

7. I counsel thee . . . : Draw a good man to thee for thy good conversation, and learn spells of good favour whilst thou livest.

8. I counsel thee . . . : Be not thou the first to break off with thy friend. Sorrow will eat thy heart if thou lackest a friend to open thy heart to.

9. I counsel thee . . . : If thou hast a friend in whom thou trustest, and thou wishest to profit by him, mingle souls with him, and exchange gifts with him, and go and see him oft. If thou hast another in whom thou

- geði skaltú við þann blanda ok giæfom skipta, 40
fara at finna opt :
Ef þú annan átt þannz þú illa truir, [45]
villdu af hánom þó gótt geta :
fagrt skaltú við þann mæla ok flátt hyggja,
ok gialda lausung við lygi. 45
Þat-es enn of þann es þú illa truir [46]
ok þer es grunr at hans geði :
hlæja skaltú við þeim ok um hug mæla.
Glík skolo giæld giæfom.
10. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . : 50
Orðom skipta þú skalt aldregi
við ósvinna apa :
þvi-at af illom manni mundo aldregi
góðs laun um geta ;
enn góðr maðr mun þik goerva mega 55
líkn-fastan at lofi.
11. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Þimr orðom senna skalattu þer við verra mann.
Opt inn betri bilar
þá es inn verri vegr. 60
12. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Skó-smiðr þú vesit né skepti-smiðr,
nema þú siælfom þer sér :
Skór es skapaðr illa, eða skapt sé rangt,
þá es þer bæls beðit. 65
13. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Hvars þú bæl kannt, kveð-þú þer bælvi mána ;
ok gefat þínom siándom frið.
14. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :

trustest not, and yet thou wilt profit by him, thou shalt speak fair to him and mean false, and pay him leasing with lies. Farther, smile thou in the face of him thou trustest not, and whose faith thou suspectest, and speak against thy mind. So shall gift pay back gift.

10. I counsel thee . . . : Never bandy words with mindless apes, for thou wilt never get good reward from an ill man's mouth ; but a good man will make thee strong in good favour and man's goodwill.

11. I counsel thee . . . : Do not speak three angry words with a worse man ; for often the better man falls by the worse man's sword.

12. I counsel thee . . . : Be thou neither shoe-smith nor shaft-smith save for thyself : if the shoe be misshapen or the shaft be wry, thou shalt get ill thanks.

13. I counsel thee . . . : Where thou encounterest a curse invoke the moon against it, and give no peace to thy enemies.

14. I counsel thee . . . : Never rejoice at evil ; and be of good conversation.

52. Read, osvinnz apa ?
kveð þu þer þqlvi at, R.

62. vesit] verir, R.

67. bölví mána] emend. ;

- Íllo feginn ves-þu aldregi ; 70
ok lát þer at góðo getið.
15. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Upp líta skalattu í orrosto :
—gialti glfikir verða gumna synir—
síðr þik um heilli halir. 75
16. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Ef þú vill þer góða kono kveðja at gaman-rúnom,
ok fá fægnuð af :
fægro skaldu heita, ok láta fast vesa.
Leiðisk mangi gótt ef getr. 80
17. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Varan bið-ek þik vesa, ok eigi of-varan ;
ves þú við æl varastr ok við annars kono,
ok-við þat ið þriðja at þiófar ne leiki.
18. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . : 85
At háði né hlátri haf-ðu aldregi
gest né ganganda :
opt vito ógærla þeir-es sitja inni fyrir
hvers þeir ro kyns es koma.
19. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . : 90
At három þul hlæ-þu aldregi.
Opt es gótt þat-es gamlir kveða :
Opt or skarpom belg skilin orð koma,
þeim es hangir með háom,
ok skollir með skráom, 95
ok váfir með víl-mægom.
20. Ráðomk þer, Loddfáfnir, enn þú ráð nemir . . . :
Gest þú ne geyja, né á grind hrækir.
Get þú váloðom vel.

15. I counsel thee . . . : Never look up in battle: the sons of men may be turned into swine [panic-stricken]; beware of men spell-binding thee.

16. I counsel thee . . . : If thou wilt converse with a good woman, and take thy pleasure with her, thou shalt promise fair and hold to it. No one will turn away from good.

17. I counsel thee . . . : I bid thee be wary, and yet not over wary; be wary with ale and with another's wife; and thirdly, lest thieves play a trick with thee.

18. I counsel thee . . . : Mock thou not nor laugh at a guest or a wayfarer, for often no one in the house knows who they may be that come.

19. I counsel thee . . . : Never laugh at a hoary sage: old men's sayings are often good; discreet words often come out of a shrivelled skin, hanging among the hides, and dangling among the pelts, and swinging among the bondsmen.

20. I counsel thee . . . : Never growl at a guest, nor drive him from thy gate. Be kind to the poor. There is might in the door

- Ramt es þat tré es ríða skal 100
 ællom at upp-loki:
 baug þú gef, eða þat biðja mun þer
 læs hvers á liðo.
21. Lióða þessa mun-þú, Loddfáfnir, [162]
 lengi vanr vesa. 105
 Þó sé þer góð ef þú getr,
 nýt ef þú nemr,
 þáorf ef þú þiggr.

FRAGMENT OF A LOST LAY.

FROM Edda (Gg). It is apparently the beginning to a song like the Guest's Wisdom. Nothing more has been preserved.

OK stattu fram meðan þú fregn!
 Sitja skal sá es segir.

§ 2. MYTHICAL ENSAMPLES.

WODEN'S LOVE-LESSONS.

ONLY found in R, mixed up with the other poems of the 'Hávamál Collection:' in which its position is marked by the bracketed figures. It is nowhere cited. It seems to be a portion of a greater poem of Woden's adventures, using them as ensamples.

The first fragment is one of Woden's love adventures. It is found nowhere else, nor is it even alluded to. Its moral is not to trust to woman.

The second is the popular story of how Woden came by the Holy Mead, beguiling Suptung and his daughter Gundfed. Snorri tells the tale at large in his Edda (Sk), and Eyvind the Poet-spoiler knew the same myth. Verse 14 is a reflection of the poet's own.

The High One's Lesson tells another tale, how Woden hangs nine days on the gallows-tree, and so learns the spells by which he brings the magic drink out of Hell. The author of Volospá and Egil tell how Woden pawned one of his eyes to Giant Mimi in the Brook of the Weird-sisters for the precious potion, whence it comes that he is one-eyed.

We have *transposed* ll. 9-10 from after l. 14.

beam, which shall swing for all men's coming. Set a ring (a handle) thereon, or it shall bring down curses on thine every limb.

21. O Loddfáfnir! long shalt thou need these songs; may they be good to thee if thou follow them, profitable if thou receive them, gainful if thou trust them!

STAND thou forth that questionest. He that answers must sit.

I.

1. **M**ORG es góð mæR, ef goerva kannar, [102]
 hug-brigð við hali.
 Þá ek þat reynda es ið ráð-spaka
 teygða-ek á flærðir fljóð;
 háðungar hverrar leitaði mer ið horska man,
 ok hafða-ek þess vætki vífs. 5
2. Þat ek þá reynda, es ek í reyri sat [96]
 ok vættak míns munar:
 Iarls ynði þóttomk ekki vesa
 nema við þat lík at lifa; 10
 hold ok hiarta vas mer en horska mæR;
 þeygi ek hána at heldr hefík.
3. Billings mey ek fann beðjom á [97]
 sól-hvíta sofa:
4. Auk nær apni skaltu, Óðinn, koma, [98] 15
 ef þú vilt þer mæla man;
 allt ero óskæp nema einir viti
 slíkan læst saman.
5. Aprt ek hvarf, ok unna þóttomk [99] 20
 vísom vilja frá;
 hitt ek hugða, at ek hafa mynda
 geð hennar allt ok gaman.
6. Svá kom ek næst, at in nýta vas [100] 25
 víg-drótt æll um vakin
 með brennandom líósom ok bornom viði;
 svá váromk víl-stigr of vitaðr.
7. Auk nær morni, es ek vas enn um kominn, [101] 30
 þá vas sal-drótt um sofin;
 grey eitt ek þá fann ennar góðo kono
 bundit beðjom á.

1. MANY a good maid, if thou knowest her well, turns out false to a man. I proved that when I tried to lead the wise maiden astray, the gentle lady mocked me throughout, I got no favour from her.

2-7. I proved that when I sat in the rushes, watching for my love; I thought there was no happiness for a man but in her sweet body; the gentle maid was as my own flesh and blood, yet she was not mine. I found the sun-white Billing's daughter sleeping in her bed. 'Come then, Wodin, in the gloaming, if thou wouldest talk with me. It would be my ruin if any but us two knew of our unlawful love.' Away I went, I was distraught with love; I was sure I should win her whole heart and love. But when I came again, all the armed household was awake with burning lights and flaming torches; such a woeful walk had I. And nigh morning-tide, when I came again, and all the household were asleep, then I found the fair lady's hound tied to her bed.

II.

8. Enn aldna Iætun ek sótta; nú em ek aprtr um kominn; [104]
fátt gat-ek þegjandi þar;
mærgom orðom mæla-ek í mínn frama
í Suptungs sælom.
9. Gunnlað gáfomk gollnom stóli á [105] 35
drykk ins dýra miðar;
íll iðgiæld lét-ek hána eptir hafa
síns ins heila hugar,
síns ins svára sefa.
10. Rata munn létomk rúms of fá [106] 40
ok um griót gnaga;
yfir ok undir stóðomk Iætna vegir;
svá hætta ek hæfði til.
11. Vél-keyptz litar hefi-ek vel notið. [107] 45
Fáss es fróðom vant:
þvi-at Óðrerir es nú upp um kominn
á alda véss iaðar.
12. Ífi eromk á at ek væra enn kominn [108] 50
Iætna gærðom or:
ef ek Gunnlaðar ne nytak ennar góðo kono
þeirrar-es lægðomk arm yfir.
13. Ens hindra dags gengo Hrímbursar [109] 55
at Bælverki þeir spurðo, ef hann væri með bændom kominn,
eða hefði hánom Suptungr um soit.
14. Baug-eið Óðinn hygg-ek at unnit hafi. [110] 55
Hvat skal hans trygðom trua?

8-10. I sought the old Giant,—now I am back. It was not by holding my tongue that I won my suit there; many a word I spoke to my profit in Suptung's hall. Gundfred gave me to drink of the precious mead in a golden chair; I gave her back evil reward for her true heart, and for her steadfast love. I let the point of Rati (the auger) make its way gnawing through the rock. Giant causeways were over and under me. Thus I risked my head.

11-12. The fraud-bought mead has profited me well. The wise man lacks nought now that Odreari [Inspiration] is come up to the skirts of the city of men. I doubt whether I should have come back out of Giant-town had I not had the help of Gundfred, that fair lady in whose arms I lay.

13. Next day the Frost-giant came . . . asking for Balework, if he were back among the gods, whether Suptung had sacrificed him.

14. Wodin, I ween, had taken the oath on the ring; how shall his

35. gáfomk] mer um gaf, R.
48. eromk] er mer, R.

47. iaðar] iarðar, false quantity (-), R.

* R adds—Hava raðs at fregna, Háva hollo í, reminiscence from the High One's Lesson.

Suptung svikinn hann lét sumbli frá,
enn grætta Gunnlaðo.

APPENDIX.

15. Óminnis hegri heitir sa-es yfir ældrom þrumir, [13]
sá stell geði guma: 60
þess fogls fiðrom ek fiotraðr vask
í garði Gunnlaðar.
16. Olr ek varð, varð-ek ofr-æarvi [14]
at ins fróða Fialars: 65
Sva es ældr of bazt, at apr um heimtir
hverr sítt geð gumi.
17. Esa svá gótt sem gótt kveða [12]
æl alda sona:
þvi at færa veit es fleira drekk
síns til geðs gumi. 70

§ 3. THE OLD RITUAL.

HÁVA-MÁL—THE HIGH ONE'S LESSON.

THIS poem of a *mystical* and *liturgic* character has come down only in R, where it stands at the end of the 'Hávamál Collection.'

It is nowhere cited; but Ari the historian must have known it as a separate song, since he paraphrases verses 11, 15, 17, 19 in Ynglinga (chs. 2, 6, 7). But along with these he also clearly gives paraphrases of verses which are no longer found in our vellum, an evident proof, if any were needed, that our copy is but fragmentary. In one verse (19) Ari introduces a later western development of this old præ-Wicking poem, making Woden give *Biannak* to his followers, and bless them when he sends them into battle, instead of the 'undir randir ek gel' of the poem.

The poet of the Lesson of Fiolswind (Book ii) must also have known it. A verse of the old song has even dropped in there.

The first verse (ll. 1-8) separated from the rest in the vellum, has been restored to its place. Line 15 is maimed, though the sense is not doubtful. Lines 36 sqq. contain sacrificial terms, belonging to the

good faith be trusted any more! He betrayed Suptung out of his mead, and made Gundfled weep.

15. The heron of forgetfulness hovers over banquets; he steals away the minds of men. I was fettered with that bird's feathers in Gundfled's mansion.

16-17. I was drunk, I was over-drunk at the wise Fialar's [the Dwarf]. The only comfort is that a man's wits (wandering through drink) come home again. The ale of the sons of men is not so good as it is said to be, for the more a man drinks the less he is master of his wits.

oldest Teutonic ritual, the key to which is now lost. Verse 26 is no part of the old poem, but a bit of byplay of the minstrel who sung it.

The loss of part of the song, and our ignorance of its framework, makes the scene and personages a little uncertain; but the speaker is probably Woden in the character of a Counsellor or Wise-man, sitting in the Wiseman's seat opposite the King, the High One, and delivering his counsel and old instances (*forn doemi*) according to the duties of his office. Such a Counsellor as this appears as a necessary court official in all early Teutonic history (the referendarius and the redesmen of our old English Kings and perhaps even the mediæval fool may be his descendants). His right old name is Norse '*Pulr*,' A. S. '*Pyle*.' He is to the Teutonic king as Phœnix was to Achilles, and always belongs to an earlier generation, his advice, like Nestor's, being drawn both from his own experience and from 'the tradition of the elders.'

1. MÁL es at þylja þular-stóli á. [111]
 Urðar brunni at
 sá-ek ok þagðak; sá-ek ok hugðak;
 hlýdda-ek á manna mál:
 Of rúnar heyrða-ek dóema, né um ráðom þægðo, 5
 Háva-hallo at,
 Háva-hallo í
 heyrða-ek segja svá.
2. Veit-ek at ek hékk Vinga-meði á [138]
 nætr allar nio 10
 geiri undaðr, ok gefinn Óðni,
 sialfr sialfom mer,
 á þeim meði, es mangi veit
 hvers hann af rótom renn.
3. 'Við hleifi mik seldo ne við hornigi.' [139] 15
 Nýsta-ek niðr, nam-ek upp rúnar,
 óþandi nam[k]. Fell ek apr þaðan.
4. Fimbul-lióð nio nam-ek af enom frægja syni [140]
 Bølpors, Bestlo faðor:
 ok ek drykk of gat ens dýra miaðar 20
 ausinn Óðreri.

1. IT is time to speak from the Wiseman's chair. At Weird's Brook, I saw and was silent; I saw and took thought; I listened to men's counsels. I heard them consider the mysteries; nor did they leave words of forethought unspoken in the High One's Hall. In the Hall of the High One thus I heard spoken:—

Woden (the High One) speaks:

2-5. I mind me hanging on the gallows-tree nine whole nights, wounded with the spear, offered to Woden, myself to myself; on the tree, whose roots no man knoweth. They gave me no loaf; they held no horn to me. I peered down, I caught the mysteries up with

9. Emend., vindga meði, R; but vinga is attested by Haleygjatal. 15. horni gi, R. 19. Thus Edda (Gg); Bølpors, R.

5. Þá nam-ek frævask ok fróðr vesa,
ok vaxa ok vel hafask :
orð mer af orði orðz leitaði,
verk mer af verki verks leitaði. 25
6. Rúnar munt-þú finna ok ráðna stafi,
miæk stóra stafi,
miæk stinna stafi,
es fáði Fimbul-þulr,
ok gærðo Ginn-regin,
ok reist Hroptr Ræгна : 30
Óðinn með Ásom, enn fyr Alfom Dáinn,
Dvalinn ok Dvergom fyrir,
Alsviðr Iætnom fyrir,
ek reist sialfr sumar. 35
7. Veiztu hve rísta skal? veiztu hve ráða skal?
veiztu hve fá skal? veiztu hve freista skal?
veiztu hve biðja skal? veiztu hve blóta skal?
veiztu hve senda skal? veiztu hve soa skal?
8. Betra es óristið, an sé of-ristið ; 40
betra es óráðit, an sé of-ráðit ;
betra es ófait, an sé of-fait ;
betra es ófreistað, an sé of-freistað ;
betra es óbeðit, an sé of-beðit ;
betra es óblótið, an sé of-blótið ; 45
betra es ósent, an sé of-sent ;
betra es ósoit, an sé of-soit,—
—Svá Þundr um reist fyr þjóða ræk—

a cry, then I fell back [descended]. I learnt nine songs of might from Balethorn's son, Bestla's father, and I got the draught of the precious mead, blent with Odreari [Inspiration]. Then I became fruitful and wise, and waxed great and flourished; word followed fast on word with me, and work followed fast on work with me.

6. Thou shalt discover mysteries and staves to read, most great staves, most steadfast staves, which the mighty Wiseman painted and the High Gods made and the Counsel of the Powers graved; Woden among Anses, Dain among Elves, Dwale among Dwarves, Alwise among Giants. I myself graved some.

7. Knowest thou how to grave? knowest thou how to read? knowest thou how to paint? knowest thou how to inquire? knowest thou how to play? knowest thou how to sacrifice? knowest thou how to send? knowest thou how to offer?

8. Better is never graved than graved out of measure, etc. . . .

Thus Thund [the Great Sage] graved ere the world began.

31. rogná] false quantity (-).

40-47. Thus emendated, R reads—

betra es obedit an se of blotið,

ey sér til gildiss giof:

betra es ósent an se of soit.

- Par ek upp um reis es ek aptr um kom.
9. Lióð ek þau kann, es kannat pióðans kona, 50
ok mannzkiss mægr:—
Hialp heitir *eitt*; enn þat þer hialpa mun
við sökum ok sorgom, ok við sóttom gœrv-ællom.
10. Þat kann-ek *annat*, es þurfo ýta synir 55
þeir-es vilja lækna liva:—
11. Þat kann-ek [it] *þriðja*:—Ef mer verðr þærð mikil
haptz við mína heipt-mægo:
eggjar ek deysi mínna andskota,
bítað þeim vápn an velir.
12. Þat kann-ekið *fjórdá*:—Ef mer fyrðar bera 60
bænd at bóg-limom:
svá ek gel, at ek ganga má;
sprettr mer af fótom fiatorr,
enn af hændom hapt.
13. Þat kann-ek ið *fimta*:—Ef ek sé af fári skotinn 65
flein í folki vaða:
flýgrað hann svá stinnt, at ek staðvigak,
ef ek hann síonom of sék.
14. Þat kann-ek et *sexta*:—Ef mik særir þegn 70
á rótom 'ras viðar':
ok þann hal, es mik heipta kveðr,
þann éta mein heldr an mik.
15. Þat kann-ek it *siaunda*:—Ef sofændom logar
salr um sess-mægom:

Now I ascended returning again.

9. I know songs, such as no King's daughter, nor son of man knows. *Help* the first is called, it will help thee with all suits and sorrows, and all kinds of sickness.

10. A second one I know, which the children of men need who wish for healing simples. . . .

11. A third one I know: If I am in sore need of bonds for my enemies, I can deaden my enemies' swords, their swords will bite no more than staves.

12. A fourth I know: If my foemen lay bonds on my limbs, I can chant myself free; the fetter flies off my feet, and the shackles off my hands.

13. A fifth I know: If I see a shaft shot with deadly aim into the ranks; fly it never so fast I can stay it, if my eyes light on it.

14. A sixth I know: If a man wounds me by spells of a . . . tree; the curse shall bite him that lays the spells upon me rather than me.

15. A seventh I know: If I see a hall aflame over the sleepers, be

49. þar ek . . . es ek] emend.; þar hann . . . es hann, R. 53. sóttom] sutom, R.
59. an] emend.; ne, R. See Yngl. S. ch. 6. 73. ef sofondom logar salr] emend., suggested by Bugge; ef ek se havan loga sal, R.

- brennrat svá breitt, at ek hánom biargigak ; 75
 þann kann-ek galdr at gala.
16. Þat kann-ek ið *átta*, es ællom es
 nytsamlikt at nema:—
 Hvars hatr vex með hildings sonom,
 þat má ek bóeta brátt. 80
17. Þat kann-ek ið *niunda*:—Ef mik nauðr um stendr
 at biarga fari míno á floti:
 vind ek kyrrri vági á,
 ok svæfik allan sæ.
18. Þat kann-ek ið *tiunda*:—Ef ek sé tún-riðor 85
 leika lopti á:
 ek svá vinnk, at þær villar fara
 sínna heim-hama,
 sínna heim-haga.
19. Þat kann-ek ið *ellifta*:—Ef ek skal til orrosto 90
 leiða lang-vini:
 undir randir ek gel, enn þeir með ríki fara
 heilir hildar til,
 heilir hildi frá,
 koma þeir heilir hvaðan. 95
20. Þat kann-ek ið *tolfta*:—Ef ek sé á tré uppi
 váfa virgil-ná:
 svá ek ríst, ok í rúnom fák,
 at sá gengr gumi
 ok mælir við mik. 100
21. Þat kann-ek ið *þrettánda*:—Ef ek skal þegn ungan
 verpa vatni á:
 munað hann falla þótt hann í folk komi;
 hnígra sá halr fyr hiærom.

the flame ever so broad I can stay it. Such a charm know I how to chant.

16. An eighth I know (most profitable to men): Whereso feud arises among princes, I can heal it forthwith.

17. A ninth I know: If I am in need to save my ship afloat, I still the wind on the waves, and lull the whole sea.

18. The tenth I know: If I see witches [hedge-riders] dancing in the air, I prevail so that they go astray and cannot find their own skins and their own haunts.

19. The eleventh I know: If I am to lead my old friends to battle, I chant under the shields, so that they go in their might hale to the battle, hale from the battle, hale wherever they go.

20. The twelfth I know: If I see a halter-corpse swinging high on the tree, I can so grave and paint in signs, that the man shall come down and talk with me.

21. The thirteenth I know: If I sprinkle water on a young lord, he shall never fall though he go to battle, he will be proof against the swords.

77. es ollom . . . nema is surely a fillgap.
 haga] emend.; heim huga, R.

84. svæfik, R.

89. heim-

22. Þat kann-ek ið *fiortánda*:—Ef ek skal fyrða liði 105
telja tiva fyrir;
Ása ok Álfar ek kann allra skil;
fár kann ó-snotr svá.
23. Þat kann-ek ið *fímtánda*, es gól Þiódreyrir 110
dvergr fyr Dellings durom:—
afl gól hann Ásom, en Alfom frama,
hyggjo Hropta-tý.
24. Þat kann-ek ið *sextánda*:—Ef ek vilja ins svinna mans 115
hafa geð allt ok gaman:
hugi ek hverfi hvít-armri kono,
ok sný-ek hennar ællom sefa.
25. Þat kann-ek ið *síautiánda*:—At mik mun seint firrask 120
eð man-unga man.
26. Þat kann-ek ið *átjándá*—es ek æva kennig 120
mey né mannz kono,
—Allt es betra es einn um kann—
Þat fylgir lióða lokom—
nema þeirri einni es mik armi verr,
eða mín systir sé.
27. Nu ero HÁVA-MÁL kveðin Háva-hælló í, 125
all-þærð ýta sonom,
óþærð lætna sonom.
Heill sa-es kvað! Heill sa-es kann!
nióti sa-es nam!
Heilir þeirs hlýddo! 130

22. The fourteenth I know: If I am to tell over the tale of the gods before the host, I know them all well, both Anses and Elves; few dunces know so much as that.

23. The fifteenth I know: How Great Sage (Thiodrearer) the dwarf chanted before Delling's doors; he chanted strength into the Anses, and victory to the Elves, wisdom to the God of Counsel.

24. The sixteenth I know: If I would win a goodly lady's whole heart and love; I can change the white-armed lady's heart, and turn all her love to me.

25. The seventeenth I know: That the young maid shall never forsake me. . . .

26. The eighteenth I know, which I never will tell, neither to maid nor matron,—It is safest to keep one's own secret. This is the end of my Lay—save only to her who lies in my arms, or to my sister.

27. Now the Lay of the High One has been chanted in the Hall of the High One, most profitable to children of men, most unprofitable to the sons of the Giants. Hail to him that spoke it! Hail to him that knows it! Joy to him that learnt it! Hail to them that have listened to it!

APPENDAGE which we do not know where to insert.

Þá es þat reynt [80]
 ef þú at rúnom spýrr enom regin-kunnum,
 es gærðo ginn-regin,
 ok fáði Fimbul-þulr,
 þá hefir hann bazt ef hann þegir.

5

FRAGMENTS OF A SPELL SONG.

PRESERVED as an insertion in the Great Play of the Wolsungs, § 5 (between vv. 63-64); also inserted into the Wolsung paraphrase, though in a very indifferent text (V). It tells of the origin of the Runes, and seems to contain another fragment relating to the signs of the Heavens, and the mysterious characters which they trace on the black vault of a moonless night (a fancy which the Jewish cabalists shared). The final words are unmistakably the *end* of a long poem, but of the framework of the poem and the name of the speaker we get no trace. The metre is mixed, half-didactic, half-epic.

ÞÆR of réð, þær of reist,
 þær of hugði Hroptr,
 af þeim legi, es lekit hafði
 or hausi Heiðdraupniss, ok or horni Hoddrofniss.
 Á biargi stóð með brfmiss eggjar,
 hafði ser á hæfði hialm:
 þá mælti Míms haufuð
 fróðligt, it fyrsta orð
 ok sagði sanna stafi.—

5

Á skildi kvað ristnar, þeim-es stendr fyrir skínanda goði; 10
 á eyra Alvaks, ok á Alsvinnz hófi;
 ok á því hveli es snýsk und reið Hrungniss;
 á Sleipniss tænnom, ok á Sleða fiætrom;

Appendage.

It will be seen whenever thou askest . . . of the heavenly mysteries, which the High Gods made, and the Great Counsellor painted, he shall do best to hold his peace.

THE Sage read them, graved them, thought them out from the lees that had leaked out of Cleardripper's skull and out of Hodd-rofni's horn.

He (Woden?) stood on the cliff, holding a sword, and a helm on his head. Then spake Mim's Head . . . the first wise word, and told the staves true.

They were engraven on the shield that stands before the shining God, on Allwaker's ear, and Allswift's hoof, and on the wheel that turns under Rungni's car, on Sleipni's teeth, and on the sledge-bands,

á Biarnar hrammi, ok á Braga tungo ;	
á Ulfs klóm, ok á Arnar nefi ;	15
á blóðgom vængjom, ok á Bruar sporði ;	
á lausnar lófa ; ok á líknar spori ;	
á gleri ok á golli, ok á gumna heillom ;	
í víni ok í virtri, ok á Vælo sessi ;	
á Gungniss oddi, ok á Grana briósti ;	20
á nornar nagli, ok á nefi uglo.	
Allar voro af skafnar þær-es vóro á ristnar,	
ok hverfðar við inn helga miæð,	
ok sendar á víða vega—	
Sumar ro með Ásom, sumar með Alfom,	25
sumar með vísom Vænom,	
sumar hafa menzkir menn.—	
Þat ero Bók-rúnar, þat ero Biarg-rúnar,	
ok allar Al-rúnar	
ok mætar Megin-rúnar,	30
hveim-es þær kná óvilltar ok óspilltar	
ser at heillom hafa	
—Nióttu ef þú namt—	
unnz riúfask regin.	

§ 4. OLD HEROIC TEACHING.

THE OLD PLAY OF THE WOLSUNGS.

THIS poem is now found only in R, leaves 28–32, down to l. 283 (the great lacuna). The end is supplied by paper copies derived, we believe, from lost leaves of a sister MS. AM 748. The authenticity of these verses, which has been attacked, may be proved by the occurrence of the *ἄπαξ λεγόμενον*, *aud-stafir*, which we find quoted by Gunnlaug in his *Merlinus Spá*; but even were this testimony lacking we should have no reason to suspect their genuine character.

on the bear's paw, on Brage's tongue, on the Wolf's claw, and the Eagle's beak, on the bloody wings, and the Bridge's end; on the mid-wife's palm, on the healing foot-print, on men's amber and gold, on talismans, on wine and wort, and the Sibyl's seat; on Gungni's point, and Grani's breast; on the Norn's nail, and the owl's beak.—All that were engraven were scraped off, and mixed with holy mead, and sent away on every side. The Anses have some, the Elves have some, some the wise Wanæs have; mortal men have some.—There are Beech-runes, Help-runes, Love-runes, and great Power-runes, for whomsoever will, to have for charms, pure and genuine, till the world falls in ruin. Profit by them if thou canst.

The Wolsung paraphrast knew this poem and used it in his rough way, even inserting verses though in a very corrupt state. Snorri quotes v. 30 in Edda (Gg), and paraphrases v. 32. King Swerri cites ll. 83-84, and Gunnlaug, as has been noticed, may have had it in its present form. We have not been able to trace any other notices of it. The Fiolswind poet has also known this lay.

It is unfortunately in a fragmentary condition, with sad gaps yawning here and there across the even path of the story, but the plot and sense are nowhere doubtful. Some of these gaps have been filled up (by the collector?) by fragments, broken pieces of a later grander and more beautiful work on the same subject. Those new pieces bear the stamp of the Poet of the Helgi Trilogy. We have carefully gathered them up and placed them with the rest of his work in Book iii.

Lines between verses 63-64, belonging to some old lost poem of a *magical* character, and a few lines probably relating to mythical astronomy, have been removed to § 3, under the name of 'Fragments of a Spell Song' (see above).

This old Wolsung Play was evidently written down just at a time when the older poetry was dying out of men's memories, supplanted by a newer poetic school: hence, though we have 300 lines remaining, there must have perished at least 100 lines, principally in the *early* or more *mythological* part.

The poem has hitherto been printed, divided into 3 lays (Sigurdar kvíða II, Fafnis-mál, and Sigdrífú-mál), but this is not only unwarranted by the vellum, where the poem runs straight on without any break or big initial letter, but is plainly contrary to its whole plan and spirit.

It is an *encyclopædic* work, containing the earliest known version of the story of the Wolsungs, in a *dramatic* form, which is a natural development of those earlier Didactic Dialogues between Teacher and Pupil, of which we have already treated. Indeed the poet is continually falling back into the traditional form, through the mouths of his characters blending his story with old mystic, augurial, half-perished tradition. Thus we find Andwari, Hnikar (the wise god Woden in disguise), Fafni the giant snake with the prescience of death upon him, and Sigdrífa the mysterious Athene-like Walkyrie, each in turn teaching their pupils.

The red thread which runs through the whole, and links the deeds of the divine Anses to the exploits of the Hniflung heroes, is the *Curse* that follows the *Hoard*.

Rodmar had three sons, Fafni the Serpent, Regin the Dwarf-Smith, and Otter. The Anses had the ill luck to slay Otter. The injured father compels them to pay him as *werregild* enough gold to cover his son's skin (hung up by the tail so that the nose touches the ground, as in the Welsh Laws). Loki borrows Ran's net, catches the dwarf Andwari in a pike's shape, and gets a great treasure from him. But one hair is still bare, though the heaped gold hides the rest. Loki therefore robs the poor dwarf of his only remaining ring, with which he had hoped to retrieve his losses in time, for it was a magic ring which bred gold. Enraged at this merciless treatment Andwari laid a curse upon all who should own the ring till it had been eight men's bane. Loki now pays Rodmar, and the curse begins to work. Fafni kills his father and takes the hoard off to Glistenheath, cheating his weaker brother of his share of the heritage. The Giant-Snake, as we gather from vv. 17 sqq. of our lay, could only be slain by one who was 'unborn,' and Sigfred, Regin's foster-son, the Macduff of our

tale, is employed forthwith to kill Fafni. The talking pies warn Sigfred that Regin, now master of the cursed hoard, means to murder him, and so defraud him of the reward he had promised him. Sigfred thereupon kills Regin, and rides home with the gold. Sigfred's meeting with Sigrdrifa is told. But the part telling of his fate and the end of the Curse has been lost.

Very noteworthy is the subserviency of the real actual historical element which is paramount in the mythical tale in its later forms. Sigfred's life here is rather that of Heracles than of Achilleus. In the later tales Brynhild replaces Sigrdrifa, and the human passion with which her story is filled gives the whole story a fresh colour.

The *characters* in the drama as we have it are—

Act 1. Andwari and Loki.	Act. 5. Hnikar (Woden) and Sigfred.
„ 2. Loki and Rodmar.	„ 6. Fafni and Sigfred.
„ 3. Rodmar and his daughter Lyngheid.	„ 7. Regin and Sigfred.
„ 4. Lyngheid and Regin her brother.	„ 8. The three talking Pies and Sigfred.
Act 9. Sigrdrifa and Sigfred.	

I.

1. *Loki.* **H**VAT es þat fiska, es renn flóði í;
q. kannat ser við víti varask?
 hæfuð þitt leystu heljo or,
 finn mer lindar loga.
2. *Andv.* Andvari ek heiti; Oinn hét mín faðir,
q. margan hefi-ek fors um farit: 5
 aumlig norn skóp mer í árdaga
 at ek skylda í vatni vaða.
3. *Loki.* Segðu þat, Andvari, ef þú eiga vill
q. líf í lýða sælom: 10
 Hver giöld fá gumna synir
 ef þeir hæggevask-orðom á?
4. *Andv.* Ofr-giöld fá gumna synir
q. þeir-es Vaðgelmi vaða: 15
 ósaðra orða es á annan lýgr
 of-lengi leiða limar.

I. LOKI and ANDWARI.—*Loki.* WHAT is that fish that swims in the stream, and does not know how to keep out of danger? Ransom thou thy head from death, give up thy hoard.—*Andwari.* My name is Wideawake, Oin was my father, many a fall have I swum up. An evil Norn doomed me long ago to swim in water.

Loki. Tell me, Andwari, if thou wilt keep thy life on earth, what penance awaits the sons of men who revile one another?—*Andwari.* Heavy is their penance: They must wade through Whelm-ford. False words against another strike deep roots of retribution.

II.

5. *Loki.* Goll es þer nú reitt, enn þú giæld hefir
q. mikil míns hæfuðs:
 Syni þínom verðra sæla skæpuð;
 þat verðr ykkarr beggja bani. 20
6. *Hreid.* Giafar þú gaft, gaft-attu ást-giafar,
q. gaft-attu af heilom hug;
 fiærvi yðro skyldot-ér firðir vesa,
 ef ek vissa þat fár fyrir.
7. *Loki.* Enn es verra—þat vita þikkjomk—
q. niðja stríð um nept:
 iæfra óborna hygg-ek þá enn vesa
 es þat es til hatsr hugað. 25
8. *Hreid.* Rauðo gollu hygg-ek mik ráða muno
q. svá lengi sem ek lifi:
 hót þín hræðomk ekki lyf:
 ok haldit heim heðan! 30

III.

9. *Hreid.* Lyngheiðr ok Lofnheiðr! vitið mfnu lífi farit:
q. Mart es þat-es þærf þiár.
10. *Lyngh.* Fáó mun systir, þótt fæðor missi
q. hefna hlýra harms. 35

IV.

11. *Lyngh.* Bróðor kveðja þú skalt blíðliga
q. arfs ok céðra hugar:
 esa þat hóeft at þú hiærvi skylir
 kveðja Fáfni fiar. 40

II. *LOKI and RODMAR.*—*Loki.* Here is the gold for thee, verily thou hast a great ransom for my head. Luck shall not fall to thy son; it shall be the death of you both.—*Rodm.* Thou gavest gifts indeed, and no gifts of love, thou gavest not with whole heart. It should cost you your lives if I knew this disaster was to come.—*Loki.* There is a worse still in store, as I know, a deadly feud among thy offspring. They who shall be under this curse are still unborn.—*Rodm.* I shall enjoy the red gold as long as I live; I fear nought thy threats. Get ye home.

III. *RODMAR and LYGHEID.*—*Rodmar* (deadly wounded, to his daughters). Lyngheid and Lofnheid! Behold, I am dying! Manifold are the woes of men.—*Lyngheid.* How can sisters revenge their father's death on their own brother!

IV. *LYNGHEID to REGIN* (her brother). Call gently on thy brother for inheritance and redress, for it ill beseems thee, at sword's point to call on Fafni for treasures.

V.

12. *Sig.* Segðu mer þat, Hnikarr, allz þú hvár-tveggja veizt
q. goða heill ok guma:
 hver bæzt ero, ef berjask skal,
 heill at sverða svipon.
13. *Hn.* Mærg ero góð, ef gumar vissi, 45
q. heill at sverða svipon:
 Dyggva fylgjo hygg-ek ens dœkkva vesa
 at hrotta-meði hrafns.
14. Þat es annat, ef þú ert út um kominn
 ok ert á braut buinn: 50
 Tvá þú lítr á tai standa
 hróðr-fúsa hali.
15. Þat-es ið þriðja, ef þú þióta heyrir
 ulf und ask-limom:
 heilla auðit verðr þer af hialm-stæfom, 55
 ef þú sér þá fyrri fara.
16. Þat-es fár mikit, ef þú fœti drepr
 þars þú at vígi veðr:
 tálar-dísir standa þer á tvær hliðar
 ok vilja þik sáran síá. 60
17. Kemðr ok þveginn skal kœnna hvern,
 ok at morni mettr:
 þvi-at ósýnt es hvar at apni kœmr.
 Íllt es fyr heill at hrapa.

VI.

18. *Fáfn.* Sveinn ok sveinn! hverjom ertu sveinn um borinn? 65
q. hverra ertu manna mægr?
 es þú á Fáfni rautt þínn inn frána mæki.
 Stændomk til hiarta hiærr.

V. HNIKAR [*Woden*] and SIGFRED.—Tell me, Nikar, as thou knowest the omens of gods and men, what is the best omen in battle whilst the swords are sweeping.

Nikar. Many good omens there are, if men but knew them, while the swords are sweeping. It is a good omen for a warrior to be followed by the dark raven. It is another, if thou be without thy house ready for thy journey and thou see two proud warriors standing in the path. It is a third, if thou hear a wolf howling underneath the branches of an ash, then if thou see them going before thee, thou wilt gain victory over thy antagonists. It is a most fatal omen if thou stumble on thy feet when marching to battle, for Evil Fairies stand on either side of thee, wishing to see thee wounded. Combed and washed shall every man be, and take his morning meal: for no one knows where he may lodge at night. Ill it is to outrun one's luck.

VI. FAFNI and SIGFRED.—*Fafni* (*mortally wounded*). Boy, O boy! whose son art thou, and what man's child art thou that thou hast reddened thy keen brand on Fafni? the sword has struck me to the heart.

19. *Sig.* Gæfugt dýr ek heiti, en ek gengit hefk
q. inn móðor-lausi mægr: 70
 Fæðor ek ákka sem fira synir;
 æ geng-ek einn saman.
20. *Fáfn.* Veiztu, ef fæðor né áttað sem fira synir,
q. af hverjo vartu undri alinn?
21. *Sig.* Ætterni mítt kveð-ek þer ókunnigt vesa 75
q. ok mik sialfan ið sama:
22. *Fáfn.* Hverr þik hvatti? Hví hvetjask lézk
q. míno fiarvi at fara?
 Inn frá-eygi sveinn, þú áttir fæðor bitran.
 Óbornom 'sciór asceip.' 80
23. *Sig.* Hugr mik hvatti, hendr mer fulltýðo
q. ok míninn inn hvassi hæorr.
 Fár es hvatr, es hræask tekr,
 ef í barnæsko es blauðr.
24. *Fáfn.* Veit-ek, ef þú vaxa næðir fyr þinna vina bríosti, 85
q. sæi maðr þik vreiðan vega:
 Nú ertú haptr ok her-numinn.
 Æ kveða bandingja bifask.
25. *Sig.* Því bregðr þú nú mer, Fáfnir, at til fiarri siák
q. mínom feðr-munom. 90
 Eigi em-ek haptr, þótt ek væra her-numi;
 þú fannt at ek lauss lifi.
26. *Fáfn.* Heipt-yrði ein telr þú þer í hví-vetna,
q. enn ek þer satt eitt segik:

—*Sigfred* (the unborn, wants to hide his name). My name is Noble deer; I came into the world a motherless child; I had no father like the sons of men. I stand alone.—*Fafni*. Tell me if thou hadst no father like the sons of men, by what marvel wert thou born? (*here something is lost*)... —*Sigfred*. My race is unknown to thee, I think, and myself also.—*Fafni*. Who egged thee on? why wert thou persuaded to seek my life? Thou keen-eyed boy, thou hadst a bitter father. To the unborn... —*Sigfred*. My heart egged me on; my hands helped me, and this my sharp sword. An old man is seldom valiant, if he was cowardly in his youth.—*Fafni*. Behold! if thou grow up for the face of thy friends, one would see thee fight in wrath; but now thou art in bonds and captive. A prisoner's heart is ever throbbing.—*Sigfred*. Why blamest thou me, because I am far from my father's care? I am no bondman, though I be captive; thou hast felt that my hands were free.—*Fafni*. Thou talkest none but words of hate, though I tell thee but the truth. The

72. æ] added for sake of the metre. 76. R adds, *Sigurðr ek heiti, Signmundr hét mínn faðir, | es hefk þik vápnom vegit.* *Sigfred* is 'unborn,' and conceals his name. So these lines must be an interpolation. 80. Thus partly emend.; *abornu sciór asceip*, R, some saying to the effect that only an unborn could harm *Fafni*. 83. *hræask*] *Sverr. S.*; *hræðaz. R.* 84. ef hann er í bernsku til, *Sverr. S.* 86. reidan. 88. *ε ε. R.*

- Ið gialla goll, ok ið glóð-rauða fé
þer verða þeir baugar at bana. 95
27. *Sig.* Fé ráða vill fyrða hverr
q. æ til ins eina dags:
þvi-at einu sinni skal alda hverr
fara til Heljar heðan. 100
28. *Fáfn.* Norna dóm þú munt fyr nesjom hafa
q. ok ósvinnz apa:
Í vatni þú druknar, ef í vindi réer.
Allt es feigs forað.
29. *Sig.* Segðu mer, Fáfnir, allz þik fróðan kveða,
q. ok vel mart vita:
Hverjar ro þær Nornir, es nauð-gænglar ro
ok kíosa móéðr frá mægom?
30. *Fáfn.* Sundr-bornar miæk hygg-ek at Nornir sé;
q. eigod þær ætt saman: 110
Sumar ro Ás-kungar; sumar Alf-kungar;
sumar dóétr Dvalins.
31. *Sig.* Segðu mér þat, Fáfnir, allz þik fróðan kveða,
q. ok vel mart vita:
Hve sá holmr heitir, es blanda hiær-legi
Surtr ok Æsir saman? 115
32. *Fáfn.* Óskópnir hann heitir; enn þar æll skolo
q. geirom leika goð;
Bilræst brotnar es þeir á brú fara
ok svima í móðo marar. 120
33. Ægis-hialm bar-ek um alda sonom
meðan ek um menjom lág:

ringing gold, and the fire-red hoard; these rings shall be thy death!—*Sigfred.* Every one longs to enjoy his riches to his last day; because every one must needs sometime go hence to Hell.—*Fafni.* The doom of the Norns [death] will overtake thee off the (*nearest*) headlands . . . Thou shalt drown in the water if thou rowest in a gale. The doomed man's death lies everywhere.

WISDOMS.—*Sigfred.* Tell me, Fafni, since they call thee wise and of great knowledge—Who are the Norns, the midwives of mankind, who chose the child from the mother's womb?—*Fafni.* The Norns are of most sundry races, they have no common kin; some are of Anse-race, some of Elve-race, some Dwale's (Dwarf's) daughters.

Sigfred. Tell me, Fafni, etc.: What is that holm called, where Swart and the Anses shall mingle blood together?—*Fafni.* Unshapen is the name of the reef, where all the gods shall hold a lance play. Bilrost [Rainbow] shall break as they pass over the bridge, and swim their steeds through the waters.

Fafni. I carried the helm of terror over the sons of men, when I lay on the Hoard. I thought myself stronger than all beside, finding none

97. vill] svill, R.
brot, R.

101. Thus, not 'neisom,' R.

120. marir, R.

119. brú] Bugge;

- einn rammari hugðomk ællom vesa,
fannka-ek svá marga mægo.
34. *Sig.* Ægis-hialmr berg einungi 125
q. hvars skolo vreiðir vega:
þá þat finnr es með fleirom kæmr
at engi es einna hvatastr.
35. *Fáfn.* Eitri ek fnæsta es ek á arfi lá 130
q. miklum míns fæðor.
36. *Sig.* Inn fráni Órmr! þu gærðir fræs míkla
q. ok galzt harðan hug;
heipt at meiri verðr hælða sonom
at þann hialm hafi.
37. *Fáfn.* Ræð-ek þer nú, Sigræðr, enn þú ráð nemir, 135
q. ok ríð heim heðan:
It gialla goll, ok it glóð-rauða fé,
þer verða þeir baugar at bana.
38. *Sig.* Ráð es mer ráðit, enn ek ríða mun 140
q. til þess gollz es í lyngvi ligr:
Enn þú, Fáfnir, ligg í fiær-brotom
þar-es þik Hel hafi!
39. *Fáfn.* Reginn mik réð; hann þik ráða mun;
q. hann mun okr verða báðom at bana. 145
Fiær sítt láta hygg-ek at Fáfnir myni.
Þitt varð nú meira megin.

VII.

40. *Reg.* Heill þú nú, Sigræðr, nú hefir þú sigr um vegit,
q. ok Fáfnir um farið:
manna þeirra es mold troða
þik kveð-ek óblauðastan alinn. 150

my peer.—*Sigfred.* The helm of terror is of little help in deadly fray. A man soon finds, when he comes among others, that no one is peerless.—*Fafni.* I spouted venom when I lay on the great hoards of my father. . . .—*Sigfred.* Thou fierce Dragon, thou madest a great blast, and a hard heart. All the greater the hate will be among the sons of men, if they have that helm.—*Fafni.* I counsel thee, Sigfred, do thou take my counsel; ride straight home. The ringing gold, and the fire-red hoard; these rings shall be thy death!—*Sigfred.* I have heard thy counsel, yet I shall ride towards the gold that lies on the heath. But thou, Fafni, lie there in thy death throes till Hell take thee!—*Fafni.* (Beware) Regin betrayed me; so he will thee; he will be the death of us both. Now, Fafni, I shall yield my life. Thy strength hath prevailed. (*Fafni dies, Regin comes in.*)

VII. REGIN and SIGFRED.—*Regin.* Hail, Sigfred! thou hast won the

123. hugdamc, R. 124. svá] add. Bugge. 125. Bugge; einugi, R.
126. reiðir, R. 131. fráni] rammi, R. 132. gatz, R. 135. Sigurðr,
R (here and elsewhere). 139. mer] þer, R.

41. *Sig.* Þat-es óvíst at vita, þa-es komom allir saman
q. sig-tiva synir,
 hverr óblauðastr es alinn:
 margr es sá hvatr es hiær ne rýðr
 annars brióstom í. 155
42. *Reg.* Glaðr ertu nú, Sigrœðr, ok gagni feginn,
q. es þú þerrir Gram á grasi;
 bróðor míninn hefir þú benjaðan;
 ok veld-ek þó sialfr sumo. 160
43. *Sig.* Því þú rétt es ek ríða skyldak
q. heilæg fiøll hinig:
 fé ok fiærvi réði sá inn fráni ormr,
 nema þú frýðir mér hvatz hugar. 165
44. *Reg.* Sittu nú, Sigrœðr, enn ek mun sofa ganga,
q. ok halt Fáfniiss hiarta við funa;
 eiskæld ek vil etinn láta
 eptir þenna dreyra drykk. 170
45. *Sig.* Fiarri þú gekt meðans ek á Fáfni rauðk
q. mínn inn hvassa hiær;
 aþli míno atta-ek við orms megin
 meðan þú í lyngvi látt. 175
46. *Reg.* Lengi liggja létir þú lyngvi í
q. þann inn aldna iætun:
 ef þú sverðz ne nytir þess-es ek sialfr goerða,
 ok míns ins hvassa hiærs. 175
47. *Sig.* Hugr es betri an sé hiærs megin
q. hvars vreiðir skolo vega:
 þvi-at hvatan mann ek sá harliga vega
 með slævo sverði sigr.

victory, and slain Fafni. Of all men who tread the earth, verily thou art the bravest born.—*Sigfred*. It cannot be known, when the Sons of the Blessed Gods meet all together, who is the bravest born. There is many a bold man who has never reddened his sword in another's breast.—*Regin*. Thou art glad, Sigfred, and rejoicest in thy victory, now thou wipest Gram [thy sword] in the grass. Thou hast given my brother his death-wound; though I myself took share therein.—*Sigfred*. It was thou who madest me to ride hither over the holy hills; the fierce Dragon would still be enjoying his life and hoard, hadst thou not challenged my courage.—*Regin*. Sit down, Sigfred, and roast Fafni's heart at the fire whilst I go to sleep. I will take a morsel of the heart after this draught of blood.—*Sigfred*. Thou stoodest aloof, when I reddened my sharp sword on Fafni. I matched my strength against the Dragon's might, whilst thou wast hiding in the heath.—*Regin*. Long indeed might the Dragon, that old Giant, have lain on the heath, if thou hadst not the help of the sword that I made thee, this sharp brand of mine.—*Sigfred*. Courage is better than a good brand, when the wroth

154. rýðr] Rask; ryfr, R.
 a. i., R.

175. míns] þíns, R.

168. meðan, R.

177. reiðir, R.

173. þann lyngvi í inn

178. sá] se, R.

48. Hvætom es betra an sé óhvætom 180
 í hildi-leik hafask :
 glæðom es betra, an sé glúpnanda,
 hvat sem at hendi kœmr.

VIII.

49. 1st Hæfði skemra láti hann inn hára þul
 Igða. fara til Heljar heðan; 185
 q. ællo golli þá kná hann einn ráða
 fiæð þvi-es und Fáfni lá.
 50. 2nd Miæk es ósviðr ef hann enn sparir
 Igða. fiánda inn folk-ská,
 q. þar-es Reginn liggr es hann ráðinn hefir; 190
 kannat hann við slíko at síá.
 51. 3rd Hæfði skemra láti hann þann inn hrím-kalda iætun
 Igða. ok af baugom bua;
 q. þá mun hann fiár þess es Fáfni réð
 ein-valdi vesa. 195
 52. Sig. Verða svá rík skæp at Reginn skyli
 q. mítt ban-orð bera :
 þvi-at þeir báðir bræðr skolo brálliga
 fara til Heljar heðan.

IX.

53. Sigrd. Lengi ek svaf, lengi ek sofnoð vask; 200
 q. læng ero lýða læ.

meet in fray, for I have seen a brave man win the day with a blunt sword. The brave fares better than the coward in the game of war; the cheery man fares better than the whiner, whatever betide him.

VIII. *The THREE TALKING PIES and SIGFRED (Sigfred is sitting beside the sleeping Regin, roasting the dead Fafni's heart at the fire. The birds speak from the tree above him).*

First Pie. Let him send the hoary Counsellor quick to Hell, shorter by the head, then all the gold shall be his, all the hoard that Fafni lay on.

Second Pie. He is right foolish if he spare any longer his dangerous foe. Lo! where Regin lies, who has plotted his death. He [Sigfred] cannot guard against it.

Third Pie. Let him shorten the rime-cold Giant by the head, and enter into his hoard; then he will be sole owner of all the riches Fafni had.

Sigfred (who, having tasted the heart, understands the birds' talk). The Fates shall not fall so ill, that Regin shall sentence me to death; for both the brothers shall quickly go hence to Hell.

IX. SIGDRIFA and SIGFRED.—*Sigrd.* (*awakening from the enchanted*

- Óðinn því veldr es ek eigi máttak
bregða blund-stæfom.
54. Heill Dagr! Heilir Dags synir!
heil Nótt ok Nipt! 205
- óvreiðom augom lítið okr þinig,
ok gefit sitjændom sigr.
55. Heilir Æsir! Heilar Ásynjor,
ok síá in fiæl-nýta Fold!
Mál ok man-vit gefit okr mærom tveim,
ok læknis-hendr meðan lifom! 210
56. **Sig-rúnar** skaltú kunna, ef þú vilt sigr hafa,
ok rísta á hialti hiærs;
sumar á vett-rimom; sumar á val-bæstom;
ok nefna tysvar Tý. 215
57. **Al-rúnar** skaltú kunna, ef þú vill annars kvæn
vélit þik í trygð ef þú trúir:
á horni skal þær rísta ok á handar-baki;
ok merkja á nagli Nauð:
58. Full skal signa, ok við fári síá,
ok verpa lauki í læg. 220
59. **Biarg-rúnar** skaltú kunna, ef þú biarga vilt
ok leysa kind frá konom:
á lófa skal þær rísta, ok of liðo spennna;
ok biðja þá Dísir duga. 225

sleep). Long have I slept, long have I slumbered; the spells bind men long. Woden wrought this, that I could not break from the rods of sleep. Hail Day! hail Day's sons! Hail Night and her sister [Earth]! Look with gracious eyes upon us, and bless us both as we sit here. Hail Anses! hail Goddesses! and hail mother Earth! Give to us, two goodly lovers, counsels and wisdom; and healing hands as long as we live!

THE CHARMS OF SIGDRIFA, *which she spake to Sigfred*.—**Runes of Victory** thou must know, if thou wilt have victory; and *thou shalt* grave them on thy sword-hilt; some on the rims, some on the carnage-brands, and twice name **Tý**.

Runes of Love thou must know, if thou wilt not have another's wife in whom thou trustest betray thy trust. Cut them on the horn, and on the back of the hand, and mark **Need** on thy nail.

[**Runes of Ale** thou must know . . .] Cross thy cup against ill; and throw leak into the liquor, [then I know that thy mead will never be poisoned.]

Runes of Help thou must know, if thou wilt help to deliver a woman of a child. Grave them on the palm of the hand, and clasp it on the wrist, and cry upon the Fairies for help.

216. i. e. Love-runes.

219. Two lines of ale-runes wanting.

221. þá

ek þat veit at þer verðr aldri | mein-blandinn miöðr, add. Vols. S.

60. **Brim-rúnar** skaltú rísta, ef þú vilt borgit hafa
 á sundi segl-mærom;
 á stafni skal þær rísta ok á stiórnar-blaði:
 ok merkja Eld í ár:
 esa svá brattr brekr, né svá blár unnir, 230
 þó kœmztú heill af hafi.
61. **Lim-rúnar** skaltú kunna, ef þú vilt læknir vesa,
 ok kunna sár at síá:
 á berki skal þær rísta, ok á baðmi viðar
 þeim-es lúta austr limar. 235
62. **Mál-rúnar** skaltú kunna, ef þú vilt at manngi þer
 heiptom gialdi harm:
 þær um vindr; þær um vefr,
 þær um setr allar saman
 á því þingi es þjóðir skolo 240
 í fulla dóma fara.
63. **Hug-rúnar** skaltú kunna, ef þú vilt hverjom vesa
 geð-svinnari guma;—
64. Nú skaltú kíósa, allz þer es kostr um boðinn,
 hvassa vápna hlynr! 245
 sægn eða þægn hafdu þer sialfr í hug;
 æll ero mein of metin.
65. *Sig.* Munka-ek flája, þótt mik feigjan vitir;
q. emka-ek með bleyði borinn;
 ást-ráð þfn ek vil æll hafa 250
 svá lengi sem ek lifi.
66. *Sigrd.* Þat ræð ek þer ið *fyrsta*: At þú við frændr þína
q. vamma-laust vesir;

Runes of Sea shalt thou grave, if thou wilt save the sailsteeds afloat. Grave them on the bow and on the rudder-blade, and mark **Eld** [Rune] on thy oar. Be the wave ever so steep, or the billows never so black, thou shalt come safe from the deep.

Runes of Branches thou must know, if thou wilt be a leech, and learn to search a wound. Thou shalt grave them on the bark, and on the stock of a tree whose branches lean eastwards.

Runes of Speech thou must know, if thou wilt that no one may harm thee in a feud. Wind them; weave them; put them all together at the husting when the assembly is going into full court.

Runes of Mind thou shalt know if thou wilt be wiser than all other men.

* * * * *
Sigrdrifa. Now, my hero, as thou hast the choice, choose either silence or speech. All evils are meted out [predestined].—*Sigfred*. I will not flinch, yea, though I know I am a doomed man, I was not born a coward; I will cherish all thy loving counsels as long as I live.

SIGDRIFA'S COUNSELS.—*Sigrdrifa*. I counsel thee *firstly*: Avoid thou

- síðr þú hefnir, þótt þeir sakar gæri;
þat kveða dauðom duga. 255
67. Þat ræð ek þer *annat*: At þú eið ne sverir
nema þann-es saðr sé:
grimmar limar ganga at trygð-rofi.
Armr es vára vargr.
68. Þat ræð ek þer it *þriðja*: At þú þingi á 260
deilit við heimska hali:
þvi-at ósviðr maðr lætr opt kveðin
verri orð an viti:
Allt es vant,—ef þú við þegir
þá þikkir þú með bleyði borinn, 265
eða sænno sagðr;
—Hætrr es heimis-kviðr
nema ser góðan geti:—
annars dags láttú hans ændo farit,
ok launa svá lýðom lygi. 270
69. Þat ræð ek þer it *fiórða*: Ef býr forðæða
vamma-full á vegi:
ganga es betra an gista sé,
þótt þik nótt um nemi.
70. Forniósna-r augo þurfo fira synir, 275
hvars skolo vreiðir vega:
opt bæl-vísar konor standa brauto nær
þær-es deyfa sverð ok sefa.
71. Þat ræð ek þer it *fimta*: Þóttú fagnar sér
brúðir bekkjom á: 280
sifja-silfr láta-þu þínom svefni ráða;
teygjattu þer at kossi konor.

offence towards thy kinsmen; even if they harm thee, revenge it not. It will do thee good when thou art dead.

I counsel thee *secondly*: Swear no oath, except it be true. Perjury strikes fearful roots. Most wretched is the truce-breaker.

I counsel thee *thirdly*: Do not plead in court against an ignorant man: for a fool may drop worse words than he knows of. Thou hast no choice: if thou holdest thy peace thou art either held a coward, or his words are held to be true.—The home verdict is a parlous matter, unless it be good;—slay him the next day, and thus requite people for their lie.

I counsel thee *fourthly*: If a witch full of evil be in thy way, better go on than sleep there, though the night overtake thee. The sons of men need an eye of foresight, wherever the fray rages, for balewise women (evil Fairies) often stand near the way, blunting swords and mind.

I counsel thee *fifthly*: Though thou seest fair brides on the bench, let them not hinder thy sleep. Do not allure women to kisses.

258. limar] simar, R (cp. l. 16).
sifjar silfrs?

276. reiðir, R.

281. Read,

72. Þat ræð ek þer it *setta*: Þótt með seggjom fari
 ælðor-mál til æfug:
 drukkna deila skalattu við dolg-viðu. 285
 Margan steln vín viti.
73. Sennor ok æl hefir seggjom vesit
 mærgom at móð-trega;
 sumom at bana, sumom at þæl-stæfom.
 Fialð es þat-es tregr fira. 290
74. Þat ræð ek þer it *siaunda*: Ef þú sakar deilir
 við hug-fulla hali:
 berjask es betra an brenna sé
 inni auð-stæfom.
75. Þat ræð ek þer it *átta*: At þú skalt við sílo síá, 295
 ok forðask flærðar-stafi;
 mey þú teygjat né mannz kono,
 né eggja of-gamans.
76. Þat ræð-ek þer it *niunda*: At þú náom biargir 300
 hvars þú á foldo finnr:
 hvártz ero sótt-dauðir, eða ero sæ-dauðir,
 eða ero vápn-dauðir verar.
 Laug skal gœra þeim-es liðnir ero,
 þvá hendr ok hæfuð;
 kemba ok þerra áðr í kisto fari, 305
 ok biðja scétan sofa.
77. Þat ræð-ek þer ið *tiunda*: At þú truir aldregi
 várom varg-dropa
 hverstu ert bróðor-bani
 eðr hafir þú feldan fæðor: 310

I counsel thee *sixthly*: Though there be high words bandied at the banquet, never quarrel with drunken men: wine is a great wit-stealer. Revellings and ale have often brought men grief of heart, death to some, to some curses. Manifold are the evils of men.

I counsel thee *seventhly*: If thou hast to fight out a quarrel with dauntless men, better to fight than be burnt in the house.

I counsel thee *eighthly*: Beware of evil, and avoid staves of falsehood. Betray no maid nor man's wife, nor lead them to shame.

I counsel thee *ninthly*: Care thou for corses, wherever on earth thou findest them, be they sick-dead, or sea-dead, or weapon-dead. Make a bath for the departed man; wash his hands and head; comb him and dry him, ere he be put in coffin; and bid him sleep sweetly.

I counsel thee *tenthly*: Trust thou never the oath of an outlaw's son, if thou hast slain his brother, or felled his father. There is a wolf

283. fari] here falls in the great lacuna in R, the rest of the poem from paper MSS. 285. druckinn, Cdd. 286. Read, viti vín? 287. Sennor] Arni Magnusson; Söngur, Cdd. 291. ef] emend.; at, Cdd. 291. deilir] emend., Cd. 300. foldum, Cdd. 303. Laug] Bugge; Haug, Cdd. 305. áðr] ath, Cdd. 306. scétan] Bugge; sajan, Cdd. 308. várom] vasom, Cdd. 309. hvarstu, Cdd.

- Ulfr es í ungom syni
þótt hann se gollí gladdr.
78. Sakar ok heiptir hyggjat svefngar vesa
né harm in heldr:
vitz ok vápna es iáfri vant at fá 315
þeim-es skal fremstr með firom.
79. Þat ræð-ek þer it *ellifla*: At þú við íllo síáir
hvern veg at vinom.
Langt líf þikkjomkak lofðungs vita;
ræmm ero róg of risin. 320

§ 5. THE OLDEST EPICS.

ATLA KVIÐA IN GRÆNLENZKA; OR, THE OLD LAY OF ATLI.

THIS Lay is only found in R, leaves 39-41, and, save where it is paraphrased (along with the later Lay, for which it served as a model) by the Wolsung paraphrast, nowhere else noticed.

It is in a fragmentary condition, and in some parts unintelligible. Great gaps and hopelessly mangled are especially ll. 53, 72-78, 110-116, 127-134; but enough remains to tell the story clearly enough.

One verse (between ll. 53 and 54) of Hamtheow's Lay, which had been inserted in it, we have removed to its proper place.

In R it is inscribed 'Atla kvíða in Grænlenzka' (the *Greenlandish Atli Lay*), for this reason, we imagine, that our poem was the model to the later Greenland Lay (*Atla-mál*); the collector, we presume, gathered both poems from the same source; in no other sense can it be Greenlandish, for it must be anterior to the discovery of Greenland by a century at least.

In our Lay the scene is cast between the *Hníflungs* (this and not Níflungs is the old Norse form preserved in alliteration), namely, Gunnar and Hogni, and the *Huns* (Atli and his men). The Hníflungs are betrayed and perish, the curse of the Hoard now resting on them.

It is one of the most ancient Teutonic epics, and markedly original in vocabulary; an originality which has led to its maltreatment before it reached the transcriber, who often fails to understand the drift of the verses, though he honestly gives the words.

in a young son, though he be comforted with gold. Feuds and hates are not sleepy, nor malice either. The warrior, who is to be the chief among men, must needs have the choicest wits and weapons.

I counsel thee *eleventhly*: Beware of evil in all thy ways. For thee I can forecast no long life. Mighty feuds have arisen [which will cause thy death].

315. Emend.; vant er iofri at fa, Cdd.
319. þikkjommk ek, Cd.

318. vinom] emend.; vegi, Cdd.

The *metre* (which only occurs in one or two other poems of later date) is a fine dactylic mode of the old Teutonic heroic metre. It has in several instances suffered badly, lines being shortened and marred, and words cut out or altered.

Historically, it is interesting as preserving so purely the character and fall of the great King Attila, whose wonderful life and death are here linked to the story of the cursed Hoard as told in the old Wolsung Play, giving a final act to that drama.

There seems to be some memory of the Lombard tragedy of Rosamund and Alfwín in the story of Gudrun as told here.

ATLI sendi ár til Gunnars
 kunnan segg at ríða; Knefræðr vas sá heitinn.
 At gærðom kom hann Giúka, ok at Gunnars hællo,
 bekkjom árin-greypom, ok at biðri svásom.
 Drukko þar drótt-megir,—enn dyljendr þægðo— 5
 vín í Valhælllo: vreiði sásk þeir Hniflunga.
 Kallaði þá Knefræðr kaldri ræddo,
 seggr inn Suðróeni, sat hann á bekk háom:—
 Atli mik hingat sendi ríða ærindi
 mar inom mél-greypa Myrkvið inn ókunna: 10
 at biðja yðr, Gunnarr, at ið á bekk kæmit
 ‘með hialmom,’ árin-greypa, at sóekja heim Atla.
 Skiældo knegoð þar velja ok skafna aska,
 hialma goll-roðna ok Húna meyjar,
 silfr-gyllt sæðul-klæði, serki val-rauða, 15
 ‘dafar’ darraðar, dræsla mél-greypa.
 Væll lezk ykr ok mundo gefa víðrar Gnita-heiðar,
 af geiri giallanda ok af gylltom stæfnom,
 stórar meiðmar, ok staði Danpar,
 hrís þat ið mæra es meðr Myrkvið kalla. 20

IN the olden days Atli sent one of his trusty warriors, whose name was Knefred, to Gunnar. He came to the courts of Giuki, to the hall of Gunnar, with its hearth-compassing benches, and to the sweet ale. The henchmen were drinking wine in the great Hall, the strangers kept silence, for they feared the wrath of the Hniflungs; till Knefred the Southern messenger cried with an evil voice from where he sat on the high bench:—

‘Atli hath sent me hither on the bridled steed through the wild Mirkwood to ride his errand, to bid you, Gunnar, to come to the hearth-compassing benches . . . to visit Atli. Ye shall choose you gifts there, shields and smooth-shaven shafts, gold-red helms and Hunnish maidens, silver-gilt saddle-cloths and crimson shirts, . . . darts and bridled chargers. He says that he will give you the wide field of Gnite-heath, and store of sounding spears and gilt shields, huge treasure, and the dwellings of Danp, and the famous forest men call Mirkwood.’

6. Hniflunga] conj.; Húna, R; or better would be, enn d. *ugðo* . . . vreiði Hniflunga. 12. árin-greypa] arin-greypom, R; it can only be an epithet to the hall. 14. meyjar] conj.; mengi, R. 15. val-røða, R. 18. Read skigldom for stæfnom?

Hæfði vatt þá Gunnarr ok Hægna til sagði :—
 Hvat ræðr þú okr, seggr inn céri, allz við slíkt heyrom?
 Goll vissa-ek ekki á Gnita-heiði
 þat es við ættima annat slíkt.
 Siau eigo við sal-hús sverða full; 25
 hverjo ero þeirra hiælt or gollu.
 Mínnt veit-ek mar baztan; enn mæki hvassastan;
 boga bazt sóeman; enn brynjor or gollu;
 hialm ok skiæld hvítastan, kominn or hællu Kiars;
 einn es mínnt betri an sé allra Húna. 30
 Þat kvað þá Høgna :—
 Hvat hyggr þú brúði bendo, es hon okr baug sendi
 varinn váðom heiðingja? Hygg-ek at hon værnuð byði:
 Hár fann ek heiðingja riðit í hring rauðom;
 ylfskr es vegr okkarr at riða ærindi. 35
 Niðjar hvættoð Gunnar né naongr annarr,
 rýnendr né ráðendr, né þeir es ríkir véro.
 Kvaddi þá Gunnar sem konungr skyldi,
 mærr í miæð-ranni af móði stórom :—
 Rístu nú, Fiornir! láttu á flet vaða 40
 greypar goll-skáilir með gumna hændom!
 Ulfar muno ráða arfi Hniflunga,
 gamlir, grán-væddir, ef Gunnars missir,
 birnir blakk-fiállir bíta 'þref'-tænnom

Then Gunnar turned his head, and spake to Hogni: 'What counsel dost thou give us respecting all this that we hear, thou young hero? I know no gold on Gnite-heath, but that we have as much again. We have seven treasuries full of swords, every one of them with a golden hilt. My steed is the best, my brand the keenest, my bow the best strung, my mail-coat is of gold, my helm and shield are the whitest, they came from the hall of Kiar. My harness alone is better than that of all the Huns.'

Then spake Hogni . . . : 'What thinkest thou the lady [our sister] meant, when she sent us a ring wrapt in the coat of the beast of the heath? I think that she gave us a warning thereby. For I have found wolf's hair twisted about the red ring. Our way will be wolfish [murderous] if we ride on this errand.'

It was neither his friends nor his neighbours, nor his wise men, nor his counsellors, nor his mighty men that made Gunnar eager to go.

Up spake Gunnar, as beseems a king, gallantly in his mead-hall, out of the pride of his heart—'Rise up, Fiornir [my cupbearer], let the gold-ringed cups pass round the benches from hand to hand. The wolf, that old grey-coated beast, shall rule over the heritage (Hoard) of the Hniflungs, if Gunnar perish. The bears with black hide shall bite with fierce teeth at the "gold" if Gunnar come back no more.'

28. bazt sóeman] conj.; bekk søma, R.

36. hvotto, R. 41. greypar] greppa, R.

gamlir, grán-væddir] emend.; gamlar gran verðir, R.
 fiállar, R.

35. ylfskr] Eg.; ylfskr, R.

42. Ulfir mun, R. 43.

44. -fiállir] emend.;

‘gamna grey-stóði’ ef Gunnarr ne kœmrað. 45
 Leiddo land-rægni lýðar óneisir
 grátendr gunn-hvatan or garði Hniflunga.
 Þá kvað þat inn céri erfi-væðr Hægna:
 Heilir farit nú ok horskir hvars ykr hugr teygir!
 Fetom leto fróeknir um fiöll at þyrja 50
 mari-na mál-greypo Myrkvið inn ókunna.
 Hristisk æll Húnmærk þar-es harð-móðgir fóro,
 ‘ráko þeir vann-styggva’ vælo al-gréna.

II.

‘dafa’ darraðar, enn þar drakk Atli
 vín í Valhælo; verðir sáto úti, 55
 at varða þeim Gunnari, ef þeir her vitja kvæmi,
 með geiri giallanda at vekja ‘gram’ hildi.
 Systir fann þeirra snemst es þeir í sal kvómo
 bróðr hennar báðir, ‘bíori vas hon lítt drukkin:’—
 Ráðinn ertu nú, Gunnarr; hvat muntu ríkr vinna 60
 við Húna harm-brægdóm? Hæll gakk þú or snemma!
 Betr hefðir þú, bróðir, at þú a bekk ne féerir
 ‘með hialmom’ árin-greypan at síá heim Atla;
 sætir þú í sæðlom sól-heiða daga,
 nai nauð-fælva létir nornir gráta, 65
 Húna skiald-meyjar hervi kanná;

The blameless warriors wept as they led the warlike kings out of the courts of the Hniflungs [to bid them farewell]. Then spake Hogni's young heir: ‘Fare hale and hearty wherever your hearts list to go.’

The gallant kings made their bridled steeds gallop apace over the mountains and through the wild Mirkwood. All Hunmark shook where the strong heroes passed, they rode their chargers through the . . . green mantled fields.

II.

They reach Atli's Palace . . . darts, where Atli was drinking wine in the great hall. The warders were sitting without, to guard it from Gunnar, if he and his brother should come thither to waken the [fierce] battle with the sounding spears.

Their sister met her two brothers at once as they came into the hall, . . . ‘Thou art betrayed, Gunnar (*sbe said*), how wilt thou, O King, withstand the treacherous wiles of the Huns? Get thee out of the hall as fast as thou mayst. Thou hadst better not have come hither, brother, to the . . . hearth-compassing benches to visit Atli's hall. Thou shouldst be sitting in the saddle through the sunlit day, making the Fates to weep over the death-pale corpses, and making the Hunnish

45. Read, gríðar gránstóð for gamna grey-stóði? 47. -hvata, R. Hniflunga] emend.; Huna, R. 57. gram] an adjective epithet to hildi is required. 59. bíori . . . drukkin] clearly corrupt. 62-63. Emend., at þú í brynjo færir sem h. aringreppom, R.

enn Atla sialfan létir þú í orm-garð koma ;
nú es sá orm-garðr yðr um folginn.

[Mærr kvað þat Gunnarr geir-Hniflungur]:—

Seinað es nú, systir, at samna Hniflungom; 70
langt es at leita lýða sinniss til
of 'rosmo fiöll' Rínar rekka óneissa.

Fengo þeir Gunnar ok í fiator setto
vin Burgunda, ok bundo fastla.

Siau hió Høgni sverði hvæsson; 75
enn enom átta hratt hann í eld heitan.
Svá skal fróekn fiáondom verjask.
'Høgni varði hendr Gunnars.'

frágo fróeknan, ef fiær vildi

Gotna þjóðan gollu kaupna. 80

[Þá kvað þat Gunnarr gumna dróttinn]:—

Hiarta skal mer Høgna í hendi liggja

blóðukt or briósti skorið balld-riða

saxi slíðr-beito syni þjóðans.

Skábro þeir hiarta Hialla or briósti 85

blóðukt ok á bióð lægðo, ok báro þat fyr Gunnar.

Þá kvað þat Gunnarr gumna dróttinn:—

Her hefi-ek hiarta Hialla ins blauða,

óglíkt hiarta Høgna ins fróekna,

es miæk bifask es á bióði liggr, 90

bifðisk hælfo meirr es í briósti lá.

amazons to know the harrow, and setting Atli himself in the pit of serpents—but now that serpent-pit is dug for thee.'

Then answered Gunnar, the Hniflung hero: 'It is too late, sister, to call up the Hniflungs; it is too far to get their help, my blameless champions, across the "craggy" mountains of the Rhine.'

They took Gunnar, the friend of the Burgundians, and set him in fetters and bound him fast. Hogni cut down seven men with his keen sword, and cast the eighth into the hot fire. So should a brave man defend himself against his foes! . . .

They asked the brave King of the Goths if he would buy his life with gold. [Then said Gunnar] 'Hogni's bleeding heart must be laid in my hand, carved with the keen-cutting knife out of the breast of the good knight.'

They carved the heart of Hialli (the thrall) from out his breast, and laid it bleeding on a charger, and bore it to Gunnar.

Then spake Gunnar, king of men: 'Here I have the heart of Hialli the coward, unlike to the heart of Hogni the brave. It quakes greatly as it lies on the charger, but it quaked twice as much when it lay in his breast.'

74. vin] Bugge, vin', R; cp. 'Guðhere wine Búrgenda.'
85. One or two lines missing?

89. olíkt, R.

77. skal] skyli?

Hló þá Hægni es til hiarta skáro
kvikvan kumbla-smið, klekkva hann sízt hugði :
Blóðugt þat á bióð lægðo ok báro fyr Gunnar.

Mærr kvað þat Gunnarr Geir-hniflungr :— 95

Her hefi-ek hiarta Hæгна ins frécna,
óglíkt hiarta Hialla ins blauða ;
es lítt bifask es á bióði liggj,
bifðisk svági miæk es í briósti lá.

Svá skaltu, Atli, 'augom' fiarri 100
sem munt menjom verða,

es unt einom mer æll um folgin
hodd Hniflunga ; lifira nú Hægni.
Ey vas mer týja meðan við tveir lifðom,
nú es mer engi es ek einn lífik. 105

Rín skal ráða róg-malmi skatna,
svinn, ás-kunna, arfi Hniflunga.
Í veltanda vatni lýsask val-baugar,
heldr an á hændom goll skíni Húna bænom.

Ykvið ér hvel-vægnom ! haptr es nú í bændom ! 110

'Ok meirr þaðan men-værð, bituls'
'dolg-rægni dró til dauðs skókr.'

'Atli inn rski reið Glaum mænom'
'sleginn róg-þornom' sífungr þeirra.

Hogni laughed when they cut out the quick heart of that crested hero, he had little thought of whimpering. They laid it bleeding on the charger, and bore it before Gunnar.

Then spake Gunnar, the Hniflungs' hero : 'Here I have the heart of Hogni the brave, unlike to the heart of Hialli the coward ; it quakes very little as it lies on the charger ; but it quaked far less when it lay in his breast. May thou ever be as far from joy [luck], Atli, as thou art from the hope of the treasures ! for the whole Hoard of the Hniflungs is hidden with me alone now that Hogni is dead. While we two were alive I always had a doubt, I have none now that I alone am alive. The Rhine, the stream the gods know well, shall possess the strife-begetting Treasure of the heroes, the heritage of the Hniflungs. The great rings shall gleam in the rolling waters rather than they shall shine on the hands of the sons of the Huns.'

* * * * *
Quoth Atli, 'Harness the wheel-wain, the prisoner lies in bonds.'

[Some corrupt lines, which cannot be translated, come in here ; the sense of them is that Gudrun tries to dissuade her husband from putting her brother to death and so breaking the oath he had sworn to him, saying :—]

100. augom] corrupt ; read auðno? angan ?
Niflunga, R.

102. unt = und ?

103.

- Guðrún sigtíva 115
 'varnaði við tárom vaðin í þýs-hælló:—
 Svá gangi þer, Atli, sem þú við Gunnar áttir
 eiða opt um svarða, ok árofa nefnda
 at sól inni suðr-hælló ok at Sigtýss bergi,
 hœlkvi hvíl-beðjar, ok at hringi Ullar. 120
- Lifanda gram lagði í garð þann,
 es skriðinn vas, skatna mengi,
 innan ormom; enn einn Gunnarr
 heipt-móðr hærpo hendi kníði,
 glumðo strengir. Svá skal gollí
 frœkn hring-drífr við fira halda. 125

III.

- Atli lét landz síns á vit
 ió 'eyr skán' aprt frá morði.
 Dynr vas í garði, dræslom of þrungit;
 vápn-sængr virða. Váro af heiði komnir. 130
 Út gekk þá Guðrún Atla í gœgn
 með gylltom kalki at 'reifa giæld Rægniss: '
 Þiggja knáttu, þengill, í þinni hælló
 glaðr at Guðrúno 'gnadda-nífl-farna.'
- Umðo æl-skálin Atla vín-hæfgar,
 þá-es í hæll saman Húnar taldosk;
 gumar gran-síðir gengo inn hvatir. 135
 Skævaði þá in skírleita 'veigar' þeim at bera

'May it be with thee, Atli, according to the oaths, which thou didst oftentimes swear to Gunnar, calling aged witnesses to hear thy vow, by the southing sun, and the Great God's rock, and by the lintels of thy bedchamber, and by the ring of Wuldor. . . .'

The band of warriors put the king alive into the pit that was crawling with serpents. But Gunnar, alone there, in his wrath smote the harp with his hands; the strings rang out. So should a valiant hero keep his gold from his foes.

III.

Atli made his steed gallop back from the murder toward his own land. There was a din in the courtyard, crowded with horses, the clang of men's weapons, when they came back from the heath.

Then Gudrun came out to meet Atli with a gilt chalice. . . . 'Take, lord, in thine hall from Gudrun. . . .'

Heavy with wine Atli's ale-beakers rang when the Huns gathered in the hall, when the long-bearded heroes assembled together.

The bright-faced [Gudrun], that fierce lady, hastened to bear the

118. árofa] emend., from árofi, see Dict. 45 a; árof, R.

126. -drífr] hringdrífr, R.

132. Read reida?

120. hulqvi, R.

138. False alliteration.

- afkár dís iæfrom, ok æl-krásir valði
 nauðig nef-fælom; enn nið sagði Atla. 140
- Sona hefir [þú] þínna, sverða deilir!
 hiarto hráe-dreyrog við hunang of tuggin.
 Melta knátto, móðugr, manna val-bráðir,
 eta at æl-krásom, ok or ændugi at senda.
 Kallara-þú síðan til kniá þínna 145
 Erp né Etil, æl-reifr, tvá.
 Séra-þu síðan í seti miðjo
 gollz-miðlendr geira skepta,
 manar meita, né mara keyra.
- Ymr varð á bekkjom; afkarr sængr virða; 150
 gnýr und goðvefjom; gréto bærn Húna:
 Nema ein Guðrún, es hon æva grét
 bréðr sína ber-harða ok buri svása,
 unga ófróða þá-es hon við Atla gat.
- Golli særi in gagl-biarta; 155
 hringom rauðom reifði hon húskarla.
 Skæp lét hon vaxa; enn skíran malm vaða.
 Æva flióð ekki gáði fiarg-húsa.
- Olværr Atli, óðan hafði hann sik drukkit;
 vápn hafði hann ekki; varnaðit hann við Guðrúno. 160
 Opt vas sá leikr betri, þá es þau lint skyldo
 optar um faðmask fyr æðlingom.
 Hon beð broddi gaf blóð at drekka
 hendi hel-fússi, ok hvelpa leysti.

wine to the lords, and in her cruelty to share out the dainty morsels to the pale-faced princes, but to Atli she spake a word of mockery. 'Thou hast eaten the fresh-bleeding hearts of thy sons, mixed with honey, thou giver of swords. Now thou shalt digest the gory flesh of man, thou stern king, having eaten of it as a dainty morsel, and sent it as a mess to thy friends. Never more shalt thou, merry with ale, call thy two sons Erp and Etil to thy knees from thy high seat. Thou shalt never see in the midst of thy court the young princes shafting their spears, clipping their horses' manes, or spurring their steeds.'

Then arose a hum on the benches, a horrible murmur from the men, uproar among them that were in fine raiment, the children of the Huns weeping aloud—save Gudrun only, she never wept for her bear-hearted brothers or her sweet sons, the young innocents that she bore to Atli.

The swan-white queen strewed gold abroad, and bribed the household with red rings,—making doom to wax high,—and poured out the bright hoards; she grudged not the treasures. . . .

Merry was Atli, he had drunk himself mad, weapon he had none, he was not wary against Gudrun. It had been often a sweeter play between them when they embraced each other before the princes.

With the point of the sword she gave the bed blood to drink with her murderous hand, and loosed the hounds. She cast the hot brand

144. or] emend.; í, R.
 159. ölværr] ovaR R, see Atlamál.

146. öltreifr] emend.; aylreifa, R.

155. sgrí, R.

Hratt fyr hallar dyrr—ok húskarla vakði— 165
 brandi brúðr heitom. Þau lét hon giöld bréðra.
 Eldi gaf hon þá alla es inni vóro,
 ok frá morði þeirra Gunnars komnir vóro or Myrkheimi.
 Forn timbr fello; fiarg-hús ruko;
 boér buðlunga brunnu, ok skiald-meyjar 170
 inni aldr-skamar hnigo í eld heitan.

Full-róett es um þetta; Ferr engi svá síðan
 brúðr í brynjo bréðra at hefna.

Hon hefir þriggja þjóð-konunga,
 ban-orð borit biart áðr sylvti. 175

HAMDIS-MAL, OR THE OLD LAY OF HAMTHEOW.

ONLY found in R (where it is the last poem in the book), but known to and used by the Wolsung paraphrast (who also draws from a later parallel prose story). In the story of the Wolsungs, inserted in Codex Regius of Edda (Sk), there is also a paraphrase derived from our poem and other sources. It is hence that ll. 68-71 can be restored.

It is imperfect in our vellum, where it is treated in a peculiar way; a part has been taken down *double*, so to say. The first part, or what survives of it, is tacked (prefixed) to a wholly different poem of later age (from which its metre and subject sufficiently mark it off), viz. the Death Song of Gudrun (see Book v). Then there follows another copy, separately headed 'Hamdismal,' but parts of the two bits overlap and run parallel, text B being a side-piece or appendage to text A. Thus—

Text B

G

Text A

so that we get for some verses a double text. Our text (ll. 1-61) is a compound text from the best readings of the two, B and A, as far as the parallelism goes. In the Notes both A and B are printed side by side in parallel columns, so the reader may see and judge for himself. In the Introduction to the Death Song of Gudrun will be found an account of that lay.

The *metre* appears to have been cut down in many places, but still many of the older *long lines* (for they are the true ones) of the original are preserved.

against the door of the hall. . . . This is the weregild she got for her brothers. To the flame she gave all that were in the hall, that had come from Mirkwood from the murder of Gunnar. The old timbers fell down; the treasure-houses smoked; the king's houses and the amazons within them sunk life-lorn into the burning fire.

It is told to the end. Never has other lady gone forth in mail to avenge her brothers as she [Gudrun] did. The fair queen wrought the death of three great kings before she died!

168. Read Myrkvíði.
 stamar, i. e. scamar, R.

170. Read boeir?

171. skamar] emend.;

The poem is in many places mangled beyond mending, with great gaps in one or two places at least. Lines 50 sqq., 65 sqq., 102-105, 130-131 are especially in a most broken and sad state. No thorough restoration is here to be attempted, though one may guess at the meaning of what is lost, misplaced, or maimed. As to ll. 126-129, see the Notes.

Transpositions we have made in ll. 49-50 from between 79-80; ll. 72-75 from between 64-65; ll. 126-129 from between 131-132; ll. 84-87 are transposed hither from the *Atli Lay*, and ll. 81 and 82 have been interchanged.

The *story* of which this *Lay* contains the oldest version (one strikingly identical with that which Jordanes gives after Cassiodorus) was very popular in the North. And such expressions as 'Hamtheow's sark' for a coat-of-mail, and 'the killer of the sons of Ionakr' for a stone, are found even in very early poets. The famous final scene was painted on Bragi's shield, and it was known with some important variations to the Beowulf poet, who mentions the 'necklace' which Hamtheow owned.

The first part of the poem, the *Murder of Swanbild*, is lost, so that what is left falls into two parts, the *Egging of Gudrun* and the *Fight in Ermanarik's Hall*. The plot deals with a feud between Huns (Hamtheow) and Goths (Ermanarik). Gudrun, wedded to her third husband Ionakr the Hun, marries Swanbild, her daughter by her first husband Sigfred, to Ermanarik king of the Goths, who, listening to the treacherous advice of Bikki, has her trodden under the feet of horses in the gate of his palace. Gudrun eggs on her sons to avenge their sister, and they set out, having been armed by their mother with wonderful magic mail-coats, upon which no sword will bite. Their bastard brother offers them his help, but they despise him and slay him. They attack Ermanarik and cut off his arms and legs, but he lives to have them beaten down and stoned to death, since steel could not hurt them.

ÞÁ frá-ek senno slíðr-fengligsta
 trauð-mál talið af trega stórom,
 es harð-huguð hvatti at vígi
 grimmom orðom Guðrún sono:
 Hví sitið? hví sofið lífi?
 hví tregrað ykkur teiti at mæla?
 Systir vas ykkur Svanhildr um heitin
 su-es Iormunrekr íóm of traddi

5

I HEARD the bitterest bickering, hard words spoken forth of deep sorrow, when the stern-hearted Gudrun egged on her sons with fierce words.

'Why sit ye, why sleep ye your lives away? How can ye bear to speak words of cheer? Ye had a sister named Swanbild, whom Eormunrek trod down on the highway under the hoofs of his steeds, white

1. Vasa þat nú ne í gœr | þat hefir langt liðit síðan; | es fátt fornara, fremr vas þat halfo, | es hvatti Guðrún Giúka dóttir | sono sína unga at hefna Svanhildar, adds R.—A duplicate of the verse in the text. 8. Iorm-, R, here and elsewhere.

hvítom ok svörtom á hervegi, gráom gang-tæmom Gotna hrossom.	10
Urðoa-ið glíkir þeim Gunnari, né in heldr hugðir sem vas Hægni. Hennar mundoð-ið hefna vilja, ef ið móð ættið mínna bréðra eðr harðan hug Hún-konunga.	15
Eptir es ykk þrungit þjóð-konunga, lífið einir ið þátta ættar mínna. Ein-stéð em ek orðin sem æsp í holti; fallin at frændom sem fura at kvisti; vaðin at vilja sem víðir at laufi,	20
þá-es in kvist-skéða kœmr um dag varman. Hitt kvað þá Hamðér inn hugom-stóri:— Lít myndir þú þá, Guðrún, leyfa dáð Hægna es þeir Sigrœð vökdo svefni or; svaftu á beð, enn banar hlógo.	25
Boékr véro þínar inar blá-hvíto roðnar í vers-dreyra folgnar í val-blóði. Svalt þá Sigrœðr, satztu yfir dauðom; glyja þú ne gáðir; Gunnarr þer svá vildi. Atla þóttisk þú stríða at Erps morði, ok at Eitils aldr-lagi.	30
Þat var þer óno verra svá skyldi hverr aðrom verja til aldr-laga sverði sár-beito at ser ne stríddit.	35
Urðo þer . . . bréðra hefndir	

and black, the grey well-broken horses of the Goths. Ye are not such as Gunnar, nor have ye hearts like Hogni's. Ye would have the will to avenge her if ye had the spirit of my brothers or the stern heart of the Hun-kings, yet ye are the sad remains of these great kings, ye only are alive, last strands of my race. I am left alone like an aspen in the wood; reft of my kinsmen like the fir of its branches; stripped of joy like a willow of her leaves when the branch-scather [the lopper with his bill] comes on a warm day.'

Then spake Hamtheow, the great of heart: 'Thou wouldst not have praised Hogni's deeds so highly when he and his fellows waked Sigfred from his sleep; thou wast sleeping in the bed, while the slayers laughed. Thy blue and white coverlets were dyed red with the gore of thy husband, bathed in his blood. When Sigfred sunk in death thou didst sit over him dead; thou hadst no mind for joy. Gunnar wrought that for thee. Thou thoughtest to pain Atli by the murder of Erp and by the slaying of Eitil; but thou hurtedst thyself. . . . One should so use the biting sword to slay another as not to hurt himself. The revenge of thy gladsome brothers was sharp and sore to thee when thou didst

17. ið] er, R. 20. víðir] víðr, R. 25. satztu, R. 32. óno] enn, R. 36. add blíðra, ballra ?

slíðrar ok sárar es þú sono myrðir . . .

Knættim allir á lærmunreki
sam-hyggjendr systor hefna.

Hitt kvað þá Sørli, svinna hafði hann hyggjo : 40
Vilkat-ek við móður málom skipta,
orðz þykkir enn vant ykkro hváro,
hvers biðr þú nú, Guðrún, es þú at gráti ne férað?
Berid herkumbl framm Hún-konunga ;
hefir þú okkr hvatta at hjar-þingi! 45

Hlæjandi Guðrún hvarf til skemmo ;
kumbl konunga or kerom valði
síðar brynjor, ok sonom férdi.
Skóko loða, skalmir festo,
ok goð-bornir smugo í guðvefi ; 50

hlóðosk móðgir á mara bógo.

[Hitt kvað þá Sørli, svinna hafði hann hyggjo] :—
Brúði grát þú þína ok buri svása
niðja ná-borna leidda nær rógi ;
okkr skaltu ok Guðrún gráta báða 55
es her sitjom feigir á mærom, fiarri monom deyja.

Þá kvað þat Hamðér inn hugom-stóri :
'Svá komask meirr aprt móðor at vitja
geir-niærðr hniginn á Goðþióðo :'
at þú erfi at æll oss drykkir, 60
at Svanhildi ok at sono þína.

murder thine own sons therefore. . . All united we might revenge our sister upon Eormunrek.'

Then spake Sorli, he had a wise mind : ' I will not bandy words with my mother ; each of you still thinks a word is lacking. What dost thou ask for, Gudrun, which thou canst not speak for tears ? Bring out the war-crests of the Hun-kings, now that thou hast egged us on to the court of swords !'

Gudrun turned to her storehouse, laughing ; chose out of the chests the kings' crested helms and the long mail-coats and brought them to her sons. They shook their cloaks, they fastened their swords, and the god-born heroes clad themselves in goodly woven raiment, . . . and angrily sprung on their horses.

Then quoth Sorli, etc. . . (*as they took leave of their mother*) : ' Weep for thy daughter, and for thy sweet sons too, thy young children whom thou hast led into thy feud. Thou shalt have to bewail both of us, Gudrun, that sit here doomed on our horses ; we shall die far away.'

Then quoth Hamtheow, etc. : ' We shall never come back to our mother [when we have slain the King of Goths]. Thou shalt drink the arval for us all together, for Swanhild and thy sons.'

Gengo or garði gœrvir at eiskra ;
liðo þá yfir ungir úrig fiöll
mærom Húnlenzkom morðz at hefna.

Fundo á stræti stór-brægðóttan— 65

Hve mun 'Iarp-scaml' okkr fulltingia.

Svaraði um sundr-méðri, svá kvazk veita mundo
fullting frændom sem fótr hendi
[eða hold-groin hænd fœti.]

Hvat megi fótr hendi veita, 70
eðr hold-groin hænd fœti?

Þá kvað þat Erpr eino sinni
mærr um lék á mars baki :
Íllt es blauðom hal brautir kenna

Kóðo harðan miæk hornung vesa. 75
Drógo þeir or skíði 'skíði iarn'
mækiss eggjar 'at mun flagði,'
þverrðo þeir þrótt sinn at þriðjungi,
léto mæg ungan til moldar hníga.

II.

Fram lágo brautir, 'fundo vá-stigo,' 80
varg-tré vind-kæld vestan bóejar,
ok systur son sáran á meiði,
'trýtti æ træno hvæt,' títt vasat bíða.
Hæll sá þeir Gotna ok hlið-skialfar diúpa,

They went out of the court foaming with rage ; the young men rode on their Hun horses over the wet mountains to revenge the murder [of their sister]. They met on the street their [base brother]. 'How shall this little . . . help us?'

He answered their half-brother, saying that he would help his kinsmen as foot does hand, or flesh-fast hand does foot. . . .

They say: 'How may foot help hand, or flesh-fast hand help foot?' . . .
Erp the merry, as he sat on his horse's back, spake once: 'It is ill work to show cowards the way.' . . .

They said that the bastard was over-bold, they drew the [scathing] iron from the sheath . . . with the edge of the sword they minished their strength by a third when they felled their young brother to the ground.

II.

The road lay before them, they found . . . a wolf-tree [gallows] wind-cold on the west of the hall, and their sister's son wounded on the tree. The 'corse' kept swinging, . . . it was not pleasant to stay there. They

68-71. R reads, . . . sem fótr öðrom. Hvat megi fótr fæti veita, ne holdgroin hænd annarri? 83. bíða] bíðia, R. 84. Havll] emend.; land, R. Gotna] emend.; Atla, R. hlið-] liðskialfar, R. Read drúpa? 84-87. Transposed from Lay of Atli.

Bikka greppar standa á borg inni há ;
sal um suðr-þjóðom sleginn sess-meiddom,
bundnom rændom, bleikom skiældom. 85

Glaumr vas í hællo, halir æl-reifir,
sva-at Gotnar ekki gærðot heyra,
áðr halr hug-fullr í horn um þaut. 90

Segja ærir Iærmunreki
at sénir vóro seggir und hialmom :
Róðit ér um ráð, ríkir ero komnir
fyr máttkom hafid-ér mænnom mey um tradda.

Hló þá Iærmunrekr, hendi drap á kampa, 95
beindisk at brængo, bæðvaðisk at víni :
Skók hann skær iarpa, sá á skiæld hvítan,
lét hann ser í hendi hvarfa ker gollit :

Sæll ek þá þéttomk, ef ek síá knetta
Hamðé ok Særla í hællo mínni, 100
'byri' munda-ek þá binda með boga-strengjom,
'góð bærn Giúka' festa á galga.
'Hitt kvað þá Hróðrglæð, stóð vf hleðom,
mefingr mælti við mæg þenna :—
þvi-at þat hetta at hlyðigi myni :'

Megoð tvá menn eina tíu hundrað Gotna
binda eða berja í borg inni há!

saw the Goths' hall and the lofty watch-seats, and Bikki's warriors standing within the high stronghold, the hall of the Southerners set round with seat-benches, with clasped targets and white shields. There was a clatter inside, the men were merry with ale, and the Goths paid no heed to their coming till the proud warrior blew his horn. The watchmen told Eormunrek that helmed men were in sight. 'Take counsel thereto, for they that come be mighty; it was the sister of the strong that ye have trodden [under your horse-hoofs].'

Then Eormunrek laughed, and stroked his beard, leant over to his leman, maddened with wine. He shook his brown hair; he looked on his white shield; he rolled the gold cup round in his hand. 'Happy should I think myself if I could see Hamtheow and Sorli in my hall! I would bind them with bow-strings, and fasten the god-born [heroes] to the gallows.' . . . [*What has fallen out recounts the coming of the two brothers and their furious onslaught, no iron will bite on their mail, and they slay on the right hand and on the left. Eormunrek, aweltering in his blood, his hands and feet cut off, shouts out in his rage*]: 'Shall not ten hundred Goths bind and beat down two lone men in the high hall!'

89. Emend.; ok til Gota ekkí g. h., R. 90. Read, horn um þeytti.
91. ærir] fóro, R. 96. beindisk] emend.; beiddiz at brængo, R. 101.
'byri,' superfluous. 106. Megoð tvá menn eina tíu hundrað Gotna] Mega
tveir menn einir tíu hundraðom Gotna, R.

Styrr varð í ranni, stukko æl-skáilir,
í blóði bragnar lágo komið or briósti Gotna.

Hitt kvað þá Hamþér inn hugom-stóri— 110
Æstir, Iærmunrekr, okkarrar kvaðmo
bróðra sam-móðra innan borgar þínna.
Fóétr sér [þú] þína, hændom sér þú þínom,
Iærmunrekr, orpit í eld heitan.

Þá hraut ríkt inn regin-kungi 115
baldr í brynjo sem biörn hryti:—
Grýtið ér á gumna allz geirar ne bíta,
eggjar ne iærn Iónakrs sono!

Hitt kvað þá Hamðér inn hugom-stóri—
Bæl vantú, bróðir, es þú þann belg leystir: 120
Opt or skærpom belg bæll ráð koma.

Hug hefir þú, Hamðér, ef þú hefðir hyggjandi.
mikils es á mann hvern vant es manvitz es.

Af væri nú hæfuð ef Erpr lifði
bróðir okkarr inn bæð-fróekni es við á braut vágom. 125

[Ekki hygg ek okkr vesa ulfa dóemi
at vit mynir sialfir um sakask,
sem grey Norna þau es gráðug ero
í auðn um alin.]

‘Varr inn víg-fróekni, hvættomk at dísir, 130
gumi inn gunn-helgi gærðomk at vígi.’

Vel hæfom við vegit; stændom á val Gotna
ofan egg-móðom sem ernir á kvisti:

There was an uproar in the hall; the ale-cups were shivered; men lay in the blood that had flowed from the breasts of the Goths. Then spake Hamtheow, the stout of heart: ‘Thou didst wish, Eormunrek, for the coming of us two brethren to thy stronghold. Now, Eormunrek, look at thy feet, look at thine hands cast into the burning fire.’

Then the god-sprung king roared mightily, as a bear roars, out of his harness: ‘Stone ye these fellows, these sons of Ionakr, that spears will not bite nor sword-edge nor arrows!’

Then spake Hamtheow, stout of heart: ‘It was ill done of thee, brother, to unloose the bag. Sharp counsels often come out of a shrivelled belly.’

Quoth Sorli: ‘Thou hast heart enough, Hamtheow, would thou hadst wit to boot. It is a sad lack in a man to lack of wisdom.’

Quoth Hamtheow: ‘The head would be off by now, if Erp had lived, our bold brother whom we slew on the way . . . the fairies egged us on, . . . set us to murder him.’

Quoth Sorli: ‘I never thought that we two should come to do as the wolves do, and fly at one another, like the Fates’ greedy greyhounds that are bred in the wilderness. . . .’

109. Gotna] Gauta, R. 115. ríkt] við, R.
121. skærpom] emend., see p. 19, l. 93; þeim, R.
126. ykr, R.

118. iærn] read örvar?
122. hefir] hefðir, R.

Góðs hæfom tírar fengit þótt skylim nú eða í gær deyja.
Kveld lifir maðr ekki, eptir kvið Norna.

135

Þar fell Sørli at salar-gaffi,
en Hamðér hné at hús-baki.

LAY OF THEODRICK THE GOTH.

A FRAGMENT on an ancient Runic stone (early tenth century?), known as the 'Rökstone,' in East Gothland, Sweden; see Icelandic Reader, pp. 446 and 452. This stone stands in the same relation to the lost Lay as does the Ruthwell Cross to the Lay of the Rood. The identity we assume from the correspondence of the name Theodrick and the Maringa with the Mæringaburg where, according to the old English Deer's Lay, Theodrick ruled. The stone has no word-division, and never doubles a letter. 'A' is a *nasal a*.

RAIP Þiaurikz hin þurmúþi
Stiliz flutna strandu Hraipmaraz.
Sitiz nu garuz a guta sinum
Skialdi ub fatlaþz skati Maringa.

'We have fought a good fight, we stand on slaughtered Goths, on the sword-sated slain, like eagles on their perch. We have gotten a good report though we die to-day or to-morrow. No man can live over the evening when the word of the Fates has gone forth.'

Sorli fell at the gable of the hall, and Hamtheow sank down at the back of the house.

THEODRICK the daring of mood, the lord of seamen, ruled Redmere's Strand. He, the Prince of the Mærings, sitteth now in full war-gear on his steed, shield-girt.

BOOK II.

EARLIEST WESTERN POEMS.

THE *subjects* of the poems in this Book are all of *mythical* origin. They belong to what we take, from considerations treated in the Introduction, to be the beginning of a Western School of Poetry.

The *metre* employed is chiefly that of the old ethical poems.

SECTION 1 comprises those *encyclopedic* poems which are evidently intended for teaching purposes (mythological primers, as it were), each poem having its own proper framework.

SECTION 2 contains what is left of the work of a single great poet, a Norse Aristophanes of the Western Islands, treating mythology in his own humorous way.

SECTION 3. Fragments of lost mythical poems of almost the same date and subject as others in this Book.

§ I. DIDACTIC MYTHOLOGY.

VAFÞRUÐNIS-MÁL.

THE LESSONS OF GIANT WAFÞHRUDNI.

FOUND in R and partly (the end, from l. 73) in A (A. M. 748). It was upon this poem and the Sibyl's prophecy that Snorri based his eschatology in Edda, where the paraphraser makes use of the following verses, 10-13, 17, 19-38, 41-42, 47-48, 51-54; cited are vv. 17, 31-32, 36, 38, 42. It treats mainly of cosmogony and cosmography, and represents the popular view rather than the speculative and spiritual ideas of wise men.

The first scene is in Walhall between Woden and his wife. The next scenes lie in Giantland in the wise Giant's Hall, where Woden presents himself to make trial of wits, answering the giant's questions for a time, till it is his turn, when he asks the giant many hard things, and at last one which he cannot answer, thus (as had been agreed on between them) forfeiting his head.

The text is in a fair condition. One verse, an interpolation, has been put down in a foot-note. Of another verse we have a duplicate version, one in Grímnismál. Its true place is here, hence our verse 20.

I.

- | | | | |
|----|--------|--|----|
| 1. | Oð. | RÁÐ þú mer nú, Frigg, allz mik fara tíðir | |
| | q. | at vitja Vafþrúðniss: | |
| | | forvitni mikla kveð-ek mer a fornóm stæfom | |
| | | við þann inn al-svinna iætun. | |
| 2. | Frigg. | Heima letja ek munda Herja-fæðor | 5 |
| | q. | í gærðom goða: | |
| | | þvi-at engi iætun ek hugða iafn-raman | |
| | | sem Vafþrúðni vesa. | |
| 3. | Oð. | Fíalð ek fór; fíalð ek freistaðak; | |
| | q. | fíalð ek reynda regin; | 10 |

FIRST SCENE.—*Lidskialf in Walhall. Woden and Frigg.*

1. *Woden.* Counsel me, Frigg, now I am longing to visit Wafthrudni (Webstrong). I have a great mind to cap staves of old with that wise Giant.—*Frigg.* I counsel thee, Father of hosts, to stay at home in the seat of the gods. For I never knew of a giant so wise as Wafthrudni.—*Woden.* Far have I travelled, much have I seen, many beings have I

- Hitt vil ek vita hve Vafprúðniss
sala-kynni sé.
4. *Frigg.* Heill þú farir! Heill þú aptr komir!
q. Heill þú á sinnom sér!
 óði þer dugi hvars þú skalt, Alda-fæðr!
 orðom mæla iætun. 15

II.

5. *Oð.* Heill þú nú, Vafprúðnir, nú em-ek í hœll kominn
q. á þik sialfan síá:
 Hitt vil-ek fyrst vita ef þú fróðr sér
 eða al-sviðr, iætunn! 20
6. *Vafþ.* Hvat es þat manna, es í mínom sal
q. verpomk orði á?
 út þú ne komir órom hœllom ofrá
 nema þú inn snotrari sér.
7. *Oð.* Gagnráðr ek heiti; nú emk af gængo kominn 25
q. þyrstr til þinna sala;
 laðar þurfi hefi-ek lengi farit,
 ok þinna andfanga, iætunn!
8. *Vafþ.* Hví þú þá, Gagnráðr, mælist af golfi fyr?
q. farðu í sess í sal!
 þá skal freista hvárr fleira viti
 gestr eða inn gamli þulr. 30

known; but now I will find out how Wafthrudni's household stands.—
Frigg. Farewell in thy going! farewell in thy coming back! farewell on
 thy way! may thy wits stand thee in good stead, when thou, Sire of
 men, hast to cap words with the Giant.

SECOND SCENE.—*Giantland, in the Giant's hall, Woden standing before
 Wafthrudni.*

5. *Woden.* I greet thee now, Wafthrudni! I am come here to thy
 hall to see thee. First, I must know if thou art a wise and learned
 Giant.—*Wafþr.* Who is this man that speaks to me in my hall? Thou
 shalt never leave this hall alive except thou prove the wiser of us two.
 —*Woden.* Ganger is my name; I am just come off the road thirsty to
 thy hall. I have yearned on my long journey for thy bidding and hos-
 pitality, O Giant.—*Wafþr.* Why dost thou stand and speak from the
 floor? take thy seat in the hall! Now shall it be proved who is the

15. or, add. R.

16. R adds— Fór þá Oðinn at freista orð-speki
 þess ins al-svinna iotuns,
 at höllo hann kom es átti lms faðir;
 inn gekk Yggr þegar; i.e.—

Then Woden went to cap wisdom with the Giant. He came to the Giant's
 hall, and in he went.—*An epic verse most surely interpolated.*

22. Read, verpomk vordí á?

9. *Oð.* Óauðigr maðr es til auðigs kæmr
q. mæli þarft eða þegi :
 ofr-mœlgi mikil hygg-ek at illa geti 35
 hveim-es við kald-rifjaðan kæmr.
10. *Vafþ.* Segðu mer, Gagnráðr, allz þu á golfi vill
q. þíns um freista frama :
 Hve sá hestr heitir es hverjan dregr
 Dag of drótt-mægo? 40
11. *Oð.* Skin-faxi heitir es inn skíra dregr
q. Dag um drótt-mægo,
 hesta baztr þykkir hann með Hreiðgotom ;
 æ lýsir mæn af mari.
12. *Vafþ.* Segðu þat, Gagnráðr, allz þu á golfi vill 45
q. þíns um freista frama :
 Hve sá iór heitir es austan dregr
 Nótt of nýt regin?
13. *Oð.* Hrímfaxi heitir es hverja dregr
q. Nótt of nýt regin ; 50
 mæl-dropa fellir hann morgin hvern ;
 þaðan kæmr dægg um dala.
14. *Vafþ.* Segðu þat, Gagnráðr, allz þu á golfi vill
q. þíns um freista frama :
 Hve sú á heitir es deilir með Iætna sonom 55
 grund ok með Goðom?
15. *Oð.* Ífing heitir á, es deilir með Iætna sonom
q. grund ok með Goðom ;
 opin renna hon skal um aldr-daga ;
 veðrat íss á á. 60
16. *Vafþ.* Segðu þat, Gagnráðr, allz þu á golfi vill
q. þíns um freista frama :

wiser, the Guest or the old Sage.—*Woden.* When a poor man comes to a rich man, let him speak something to the point or else hold his peace. Great babbling turns to ill, when one encounters a cold-hearted man.

10. *Wafþbr.* Tell me, Ganger, as thou wilt try thy luck from the floor, What is that horse called, that draws every day over mankind?—*Woden.* Sheenmane is its name, the horse that draws the bright day over mankind. The Red-Goths hold him the best of horses; ever glimmers that steed's mane.

12. *Wafþbr.* Tell me, Ganger, etc., What is that steed called that draws the night from east over the blessed Powers?—*Woden.* Rime-mané is the horse called, which, etc. Every morning the foam drops from his mouth; hence comes the dew in the valleys.

14. *Wafþbr.* Tell me, G., etc., What is the river called which parts the land between the sons of Giants and the Gods?—*Woden.* Ifing its name is, etc. Open it runs for ever; no ice comes on it.

16. *Wafþbr.* Tell me, G., etc., What is that plain called where Swart and the sweet gods shall gather for battle?—*Woden.* Wigrid that plain is

- Hve sá völlr heitir es finnask vígi at
Surtr ok in sváso goð.
17. *Oð.* Vígrföðr heitir völlr es finnask vígi at 65
q. Surtr ok in sváso goð,
hundrað rasta hann es á hverjan veg;
sá es þeim völlr vitaðr.
18. *Vafþ.* Fróðr ertú nú, gestr, Far-þu á bekk iætuns,
q. ok mælomk í sessi saman! 70
hæfði veðja við skolom hællo í,
gestr, um geð-speki.
19. *Oð.* Segðu þat ið *eina*, ef þítt óði dugir,
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir:
Hvaðan Iarð um kom eða Upp-himinn 75
fyrst, inn fróði iætunn?
20. *Vafþ.* Or Ymiss holdi vas Iarð um skæpuð,
q. enn or beinom biörg:
himinn or hausi ins hrím-kalda iætuns,
enn or sveita síór: 80
enn or hans bróm goerðo blíð regin
miðgarð manna sonom:
enn or hans heila vóro þau in harð-móðgo
ský æll um skæpuð.
21. *Oð.* Segðu þat *anna*, ef þítt óði dugir, 85
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir:
Hvaðan Máni um kom, sá es ferr menn yfir,
eða Sól ið sama?
22. *Vafþ.* Mundilfœri heitir hann es Mána faðir
q. ok svá Sólar ið sama; 90
himin hverfa þau skolo hverjan dag
ældom at ár-tali.

called, etc. A hundred miles it is every way. This is their pitched battle-field.

18. *Wafþr.* Thou art wise indeed, O guest. Come up to my bench, and let us sit and talk together! Guest, let us wager our heads on our wisdom.

Now comes the real trial, and Woden's turn to question.

19. *Woden.* Tell me, firstly, O Wafthrudni, if thy wisdom can tell it thee, and thou knowest it, Whence came the Earth or the Heavens above in the beginning, thou wise Giant?—*Wafþr.* Out of Ymis' flesh the earth was made, and the mountains from his bones; the heavens from the skull of that rime-cold giant; but from his blood the sea; and from his brows the blithe gods made the earth for the sons of men; but from his brains were all the threatening clouds made.

21. *Woden.* Secondly, tell me, etc., Whence the Moon is come that rides above men, and the Sun likewise?—*Wafþr.* Mundilfœri (Fire-auger) was the father of the Moon and also of the Sun; they must wheel round the heavens every day to tell men the seasons.

23. *Oð.* Segðu þat ið þriðja, allz þik svinnan kveða,
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir :
 Hvaðan Dagr um kom, sa-es ferr drótt yfir, 95
 eða Nótt með niðom?
24. *Vafþ.* Dellingr heitir, hann es Dags faðir,
q. enn Nótt vas Nærvi borin;
 ný ok nið skópo nýt regin
 aoldom at ár-tali. 100
25. *Oð.* Segðu þat ið fjórða, allz þik fróðan kveða,
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir :
 Hvaðan Vettr um kom eða varmr Sumarr
 fyrst með fróð regin?
26. *Vafþ.* Vind-svalr heitir, hann es Vettrar faðir, 105
q. enn Svásuðr Sumars
27. *Oð.* Segðu þat ið fimta, allz þik fróðan kveða,
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir :
 Hverr Iætna ellztr eðr Ymiss niðja
 yrði í árdaga? 110
28. *Vafþ.* Orófi vetra áðr væri iærð um skæpuð
q. þá vas Ber-gelmir borinn;
 Þrúð-gelmir vas þess faðir,
 enn Or-gelmir afi.
29. *Oð.* Segðu þat ið séttá, allz þik svinnan kveða 115
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir :
 Hvaðan Or-gelmir kom með Iætna sonom
 fyrst, inn fróði iætunn?
30. *Vafþ.* Or Eli-vágom stukko eit-dropar
q. svá óx unz or varð iætunn; 120

23. *Woden.* Thirdly, tell, etc., Whence the Day came that passes over mankind, and the Night with her new moons?—*Wafþbr.* Delling is the name of the father of Day; but Night was Norwi's daughter. The blessed gods shaped the full moons (ny) and new moons (nid) to tell men the seasons.

25. *Woden.* Fourthly, tell me, etc., Whence came the Winter and the warm Summer in the beginning, among the wise Powers?—*Wafþbr.* Wind-chill is the name of the father of Winter, but Sweet-mood of Summer. . . .

27. *Woden.* Fifthly, tell me, etc., Which of the Giants or the sons of Ymi was the eldest in the beginning?—*Wafþbr.* Winters unnumbered ere earth was fashioned was Berwhelm born; Thrudwhelm was his father, and Orwhelm his grandsire.

29. *Woden.* Sixthly, tell me, etc., Whence did Orwhelm come among Giant-kind in the beginning, thou wise Giant?—*Wafþbr.* From the Bay of Sleet poisonous drops beat, which grew into a giant. Thence is the whole of our race sprung; hence it is altogether grisly.

- þar ero órar ættir komnar allar saman ;
því es þat æ allt til atalt.
31. Oð. Segðu þat ið *siaunda*, allz þik svinnan kveða,
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir :
Hve sá bærn gat enn baldni iætunn, 125
es hann hafdit gýgjar gaman?
32. Vafþ. Undir hendi vaxa kváðo Hrífm-þursi
q. mey ok mæg saman ;
fótr við féti gat ins fróða iætuns
sex-hæfðaðan son. 130
33. Oð. Segðu þat ið *átta*, allz þik svinnan kveða,
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir :
Hvat þú fyrst um mant, eða fremst um veitzt ;
þú ert alsviðr iætunn?
34. Vafþ. Oróefi vetra áðr veri iærð um skæpuð 135
q. þá vas Ber-gelmir borinn :
þat ek fyrst um man, es sá inn fróði iætunn
á vas lúðr um lagiðr.
35. Oð. Segðu þat ið *niunda*, allz þik svinnan kveða,
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir : 140
Hvaðan vindr um kæmr sá-es ferr vág yfir ;
æ menn hann sialfan um síá?
36. Vafþ. Hræ-svelgr heitir, es sitr á himins enda,
q. iætunn í arnar ham ;
af hans vængjom kveða vind koma 145
alla menn yfir.
37. Oð. Segðu þat ið *tíunda*, allz þú tiva ræk
q. æll, Vafþrúðnir, vitir :
Hvaðan Niærðr um kom or Noa-túnom?
Hofom ok hærgom hann ræðr hunn-mærgom, 150
ok varðað hann Ásom alinn.

31. *Woden*. Seventhly, tell me, etc., How did this sturdy giant beget sons, since he knew not giantess?—*Wafþbr*. A maid-child and man-child grew together from under his arm-pit. Foot begat with foot a six-headed son to that wise giant.

33. *Woden*. Eighthly, tell me, etc., What earliest thou knowest, and what thou rememberest furthest back, thou wise Giant?—*Wafþbr*. Winters unnumbered ere Earth was fashioned Berwhelm was born. The first thing I know of is when this wise giant was laid in the Ark.

35. *Woden*. Ninthly, tell me, etc., Whence comes the Wind, which blows over waves, but is never seen?—*Wafþbr*. Carrion-gulper is he called, a giant in eagle's shape, that sits at the end of heaven; from under his wings the wind that blows over all men is said to come.

37. *Woden*. Tenthly, tell me, etc., Whence Niord from Noatun came among the Anses; he rules over countless temples and high places; yet he was not Anse-born?—*Wafþbr*. In Wane-world the wise Powers

125. baldni] A; alldni, R. 130. sæx-, A; serh-, R. 131. svinnan]
fróðan, R. 149. or Noatúnom] emend.; með Asa sonom, R and A.

38. *Vafþ.* Í Vana-heimi skópo hann vís Regin
q. ok seldo at gislingo goðom:
 Í aldar-ræk hann mun aptr koma
 heim með vísom Vænom. 155
39. *Oð.* Segðu þat et *elliþta*, [allz þik svinnan kveða
q. ok þú, Vafþrúðnir, vitir:—
 hvat Einherjar
 Óðins túnom í?]
40. *Vafþ.* Allir Einherjar Óðins túnom í 160
q. hœggvask hverjan dag;
 val þeir kíosa ok ríða vígi frá;
 sitja meirr um sáttir saman.
41. *Oð.* Segðu þat ið *tolfta*; hví þú tiva ræk
q. æll, Vafþrúðnir, vitir? 165
 Frá Iætna rúnom ok allra goða
 segir þu ið sannasta,
 inn alsvinni iætunn!
42. *Vafþ.* Frá Iætna rúnom ok allra goða 170
q. ek kann segja satt;
 þvi-at hvern hefik heim um komit:
 Nio kom-ek heima fyr Nifhel neðan;
 hinig deyja or Heljo halir.
43. *Oð.* Fiælð ek fór, fiælð ek freistaðak,
q. fiælð ek um reyndak regin: 175
 Hvat lifir manna þa-es inn mæra líðr
 Fimbul-vefr með from?
44. *Vafþ.* Lif ok Lif-þrasir, enn þau leynask muno
q. í holti Hodd-mimiss;
 morgin-dœggvar þau ser at mat hafa, 180
 enn þaðan af aldir alask.

made him, and gave him to the Gods (Anses) for a hostage. In the doom of the Age he shall come back again home to the wise Wanæs.

39. *Woden.* Tell me, eleventh, etc. . . . (*mangled text*).—*Wafþbr.* All the Chosen Host in Woden's Court meet together in sword-play every day; they choose the slain, and ride from the battle, and then sit down at peace together.

41. *Woden.* Twelfthly, tell me, Why thou, Wafthrudni, knowest all the fate of the Gods? Thou speakest most truly of the mysteries of the Giants and all the Gods, thou all-wise Giant.—*Wafþbr.* Of the mysteries of the Giants and all the Gods I can speak truly, for I have been in every world, I have been in nine worlds, (even) underneath the Hell of Clouds. Hither die the men from Hell (a second death).

43. *Woden.* Far have I travelled, tried untold things, explored untold worlds, etc.: What men shall be left alive when the Monster-winter has passed away?—*Wafþbr.* Lif [Sample] and Lifþrasi shall be hidden away in Hoardmimi'sholt. They shall feed on the dews of morning and from thence a new generation shall spring.

156-159. partly mended by guess; Segðu þat et xi. hvar ytar tunom í havggvaz hverian dag. Val þeir kíosa . . . saman, R. 178. Lif þrasir] A; Leifþrasir, R.

45. *Oð.* Fíalð ek fór, fíalð ek freistaðak,
q. fíalð ek um reyndak regin:
 Hvaðan kœmr Sól á inn slétta himin,
 þa-es þessa hefir Fenrir farit? 185
46. *Vafþ.* Eina dóttor berr Alf-ræðull
q. áðr hána Fenrir fari:
 Sú skal ríða, þá es regin deyjja,
 móðor brautir mæR.
47. *Oð.* Fíalð ek fór, fíalð ek freistaðak, 190
q. fíalð ek um reyndak regin:
 Hverjar ro þær meyjar es yfir mar-liða
 fróð-geðjaðar fara?
48. *Vafþ.* Þrjár þjóð-ár falla þorp yfir
q. meyja Mæg-þrasiss; 195
 Hamingjor einar þær es í heimi ero;
 þó þær með Iætnom alask.
49. *Oð.* Fíalð ek fór, fíalð ek freistaðak,
q. fíalð ek um reyndak regin:
 Hverir ráða Æsir eignom goða
 þá es sloknar Surta-logi? 200
50. *Vafþ.* Viðarr ok Vali byggja vé goða
q. þá es sloknar Surta-logi;
 Móði ok Magni skolo Miollni hafa
 Vingnis at víg-proti. 205
51. *Oð.* Fíalð ek fór, fíalð ek freistadak,
q. fíalð ek um reynda regin:
 Hvat verðr Óðni at aldr-lagi
 þa-es um ríufask regin?
52. *Vafþ.* Ulfr gleypa mun Alda-fæðor; 210
q. þess mun Viðarr vreaka;

45. *Woden.* Far have I, etc.: Whence shall come the Sun on their burnished heaven, when the Wolf shall have destroyed this one?—*Wafþr.* The Sun shall bear a daughter ere the Wolf destroy her; that maid shall ride, when the powers have passed away, along the paths of her mother.

47. *Woden.* Far have I, etc.: Who are the maids, the wise-minded, who ride above the mariners?—*Wafþr.* Three great rivers fall over the croft of the Maids of Mogthrafi (the Fates). Only their images are in the world, whilst they themselves dwell with the Giants.

49. *Woden.* Far have I, etc.: Which of the Anses shall own the dominion of the Gods, when Swart's Fire is quenched?—*Wafþr.* Widar and Wali shall inhabit the city of the Gods, when Swart's fire is quenched; Mood and Main shall have Miollni [the Hammer] after Wingni's (Thor's) last battle.

51. *Woden.* Far have I, etc.: What shall be the death of Woden, when the powers fall in ruin?—*Wafþr.* The Wolf shall swallow the

192. Emend. by guess; er liða mar yfir, R. 196. þær es] A; þeirra, R.
 205. Thus A; vinna at vígproti, R. 211. reka, R.

- kalda kipta hann klyfja mun
Vitniss vígi at.
53. *Oð.* Fiæloð ek fór, fiæloð ek freistaðak,
q. fiæloð ek um reyndak regin: 215
Hvat mælti Óðinn, áðr á bál stigi,
sialfr í eyra syni?
54. *Vafþ.* Ey manni þat veit, hvat þú í árdaga
q. sagðir í eyra syni:—
Feigom munní mælt-a-ek mína forna stafi, 220
ok um Ragna-ræk:
Nú ek við Óðin deildak mína orð-speki.
Þu ert æ vísastr vera!

GRIMNIS-MÁL, OR

THE SAYINGS OF THE HOODED ONE.

FOUND complete in two sister MSS., R and A. Copious quotations and paraphrases of the same text are found in Snorri's Edda (GG), vv. 5, 6, 10-15, 19-30, 32, and Appendix, vv. 1-7, 9. One verse (25) lost in our vellums is preserved there also in paraphrase. The text of Snorri had the same interpolations as ours.

The *subject* is *celestial geography*. The *framework* is the visit of Woden in disguise to a certain wise but cruel king, Geirrod, who, not knowing his rank, seizes his guest and binds him between the fires on the hearth to torture him, denying him food or drink. On the third day, Agnar, the king's son, takes pity on him and offers him a beaker of mead, whereupon he speaks, and after giving his treasure of old lore blesses the young man, and by the death of his father, which he brings about, endows him with the kingdom.

The text is *doubly interpolated*, first out of a similar poem in which Woden is speaking *without disguise*, which of course is quite incompatible with the plan of our story (the fragments of this poem we have eliminated and subjoined in an Appendix); the second are memorial verses of a different metre.

One verse between 1 and 2 is put in a foot-note, being epic and in different metre.

1. **H**EITR ertu, hripuðr, ok heldr til mikill.
Gængomk firr funi!

Sire of Men; Widar shall revenge him, he shall rend the cold jaws of the Beast and slay him.

53. *Woden*. Far have I, etc.: What did Woden whisper in his son's ear before he mounted the Pyre?—*Wafþr*. No being knows what thou long ago didst whisper in thy son's ear. With a doomed mouth have I set forth my old lore, and the world's doom, now that I have striven in speech with Woden. Thou shalt be ever the wisest of all!

THE SCENE, *Grimni* (*Woden in disguise*) in the hall of King Geirrod, staked between two fires, without food or drink. Agnar, the King's son, hands the prisoner a goblet of wine. Then Woden breaks forth into song,—

1. *Grimni*.—HOT thou art, flame, and far too great! Fall back from me,

- Loði sviðnar, þótt ek á lopt berak ;
brennomk feldr fyrir.
2. Heill skaltú, Agnarr, allz þik heilan biðr
Vera-týr vesa ;
eins drykkjar þú skalt aldregi
betri giæld geta. 5
3. Land es heilagt es ek liggja sé
Ásom ok Alfom nær :
Enn í Þrúð-heimi skal Þórr vesa
unz riúfask regin. 10
4. Ýdalir heita, þar-es Ullr hefir
ser um gœrva sali :
Alfheim Frey gáfo í ár-daga
tivar at tann-fé. 15
5. Bóer es sá inn þriði es blíð regin
silfri þækðo sali :
Vala-skialf heitir es vælti ser
Áss í ár-daga. 20
6. Sœkkva-bekkr heitir inn fiórði, enn þar svalar knego
unnir yfir glymja :
þar þau Óðinn ok Sága drekka um alla daga
glæð or gollnom kerom.
7. Glæðs-heimr heitir inn fimti þars en goll-biarta
Valhæll víð of þrumir :
enn þar Hroptr kýss hverjan dag
vápna-daúða vera. 25

flame! My fur is singed, though I hold it aloft. My fur burns on me.
(Here Agnar reaches bim the cup.)

2. Woden. Hail to thee, Agnar, the God of men bids thee hail.
Never for one draught shalt thou get better guerdon. (Here Woden
breaks forth in song):—

3-16. A holy land I see nigh Anses and Elves. Ever in *Þrúðham* Thor shall dwell till the fall of the Powers. *Yewdales* they are called where Wuldor has built him a hall; *Elfham* the Gods gave to Frey in olden time for a tooth-fee. There is the third mansion, which the blessed Gods thatched with silver: it is called *Wale-shelf*; the Anse (Thor) bought it in the olden time. *Sunkbench* the fourth is called, where the cold waves ever murmur above; there Woden and the Seeress drink every day joyfully out of golden cups. *Gladham* the fifth is called, where the gold-bright wide *Walball* towers; there the Sage (Woden) chooses every day weapon-dead men. That hall is very easy to know for all that come to

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4. R here adds—
Átta nætr sat ek milli elda her
svá at mer mangi mat ne bauð
nema einn Agnarr, es einn skal ráða
Geirróðar sonr Gotna landi; i. e.—

I sat here eight nights between the fires, while nobody offered me morsel, save Agnar alone, who alone of Geirrod's sons shall rule the land of the Goths.

8. Miök es auð-kennt þeim-es til Óðins koma
sal-kynni at síá : 30
skæptom es rann rept, skiaeldom es salr þakiðr,
brynjom um bekki stráð.
9. Miök es auð-kent þeim-es til Óðins koma
sal-kynni at síá :
vargr hangir fyr vestan dyrr, 35
ok drúpir ærn yfir.
10. Þrym-heimr es enn sétti, es Þiazi bió,
sa inn amatki iætunn :
enn nú Skaði byggvir, skír brúðr goða,
fornar toptir fæðor. 40
11. Breiða-blik ero in siaundo, enn þar Baldr hefir
ser um gœrva sali :
á því landi es ek liggja veit
fæsta feikn-stafi.
12. Himin-biærg ero en átto, enn þar Heimdall 45
kveða valda veom :
þar værðr goða drekkir í væro ranni
gláðr inn góða miæð.
13. Folk-vangr es inn niundi, enn þar Freyja ræðr 50
sessa kostom í sal :
halfan val hon kýss hverjan dag,
enn halfan Óðinn á.
14. Glitnir es inn tiundi, hann es gollu studdr
ok silfri þakðr ið sama :
enn þar Forseti byggir flestan dag 55
ok svæfir allar sakar.
15. Noa-tún ero en ellifto, enn þar Niarðr hefir
ser um gœrva sali ;
manna þengill enn meins-vani
há-timbroðom hærgi ræðr. 60

visit Woden ; the house is rafted with shafts, the hall is thatched with shields, the benches are strewn with mail-coats. That hall is, etc. A wolf hangs before the west door, an eagle hovers above it. *Thrymbam* the sixth is called, where Thiazi dwelt, that foul giant ; but Skathi, the fair bride of the Gods, now dwells in her father's old home. *Broad-blink* is the seventh, there Balder has made him a hall ; the land in which the fewest curses lie [the most blessed of lands]. *Heavenbold* is the eighth, where they say Heimdall rules over the fane ; here the glad watchman of the Gods drinks the goodly mead in the peaceful hall. *Folking* is the ninth, where Freyja orders the seats in the hall : she chooses half the slain every day, but Woden the other half. *Glistener* is the tenth, its pillars are of gold and it is thatched with silver : here Forseti (Judge) lives every day, settling all causes. *Noaton* is the eleventh ; there Niord has built him a hall ; the guileless helper of men rules a high-timbered altar-place.

16. Hrísi vex ok háo grasi
Viðars landi Viði:
enn þar mægr 'of lezk' af mars baki
fróekn at hefna fæðor.
17. Þýtr þund, unír þjóðvitniss 65
fiskr flóði í:
ár-straumr þykkir of míkill
val-glaumni at vaða.
18. Val-grind heitir es stendr velli á
heilæg fyr helgom durom; 70
forn es sú grind; enn þat fair vito
hve hón es í lás um lokin.
19. Fimm hundruð dura ok um fiórom togom,
svá hygg-ek á Valhælló vesa:
átta hundruð Einherja ganga senn or einom durom 75
þa-es þeir fara við Vitni at vega.
20. Heiðrún heitir geit, es stendr hælló á Herja-fæðors
ok bítr af Læraðs limom:
skap-ker fylla hon skal ins skífra miaðar;
knáat sú veig vanask. 80
21. Eikþyrnir heitir hiærtr, es stendr á hælló Herja-fæðors
ok bítr af Læraðs limom:
enn af hans hornom drýpr í Hvergelmi;
þaðan eigo vætn æll vega.
22. Kærmt ok Ormt ok Kerlaugar tvær, 85
þær skal Þórr vaða
dag hvern es hann dœma ferr
at aski Ygg-drasils:
þvi-at Ás-brú brenn æll loga;
heilæg vætn hloa. 90
23. Glaðr ok Gyllir, Gler ok Skeið-brfmir
Silfrin-toppr ok Sinir,

Wood, the land of Widar, is overgrown with sprouts and high grass; here the son [shall mount on] horseback to avenge his father.

17. (. . . . one verse).

18-19. *Wal-gate* is the gate's name: it stands on the holy plain before the holy doors. It is an ancient gate, but few know how it is locked. Five hundred and forty doors there are to Wal-hall I ween. Eight hundred of the Chosen shall go out of each door at one time, when they go forth to fight the Beast.

20-21. *Heiðbrun* is the name of the goat that stands on the hall of the Father of Hosts and bites at the boughs of Learad (a tree). She shall fill a vat with pure mead which shall never fail. *Oaktborn* is the name of the hart that stands on the hall of the Father of Hosts and bites at the boughs of Learad: his horns drip into the Boiling-cauldron [Tartarus], whence come all the rivers on earth. . . .

22-23. Kormth and Wormth and the two Charlocks Thor must

- Gisl ok Fal-hófnir, Goll-toppr ok Létt-feti,
 þeim ríða Æsir íóm
 dag hvern es þeir dóma fara
 at Aski Ygg-drasils. 95
24. Þrjár róetr standa á þríá vega
 undan aski Ygg-drasils:
 Hel býr und einni, annarri Hrímfursar,
 þriðjo mennzkir menn. 100
25.
26. Rata-Toskr heitir es renna skal
 at aski Ygg-drasils:
 arnar-orð hann skal ofan bera,
 ok segja Níðhøggvi niðr.
27. Hirtir ro ok fiorir þeirs af 'høfingar á'
 gag-halsir gnaga: 105
 Dainn ok Dvalinn, Duneyrr ok Dura-þror.
28. Ormar fleiri liggja und aski Ygg-drasils,
 an þat of hyggi hverr ósviðra apa:
 Goinn ok Moinn, þeir ro Grafvitniss synir, 110
 Grábakr ok Grafvølluðr:
 Ofnir ok Svafnir hygg-ek at æ skyli
 meiðs kvisto má.
29. Askr Ygg-drasils drýgir erviði
 meira an menn viti: 115
 hiærtr bítr ofan, enn á hliðo fúnar,
 skerðir Níðhøgggr neðan.
30. Árvakr ok Alsviðr skolo upp heðan
 svangir Sól draga:

wade every day when he goes to court at the ash *Ygg's-steed*, for the Anse-bridge burns all aflame, and the holy waters bellow. Glead and Gylli, Gler and Skidbrim, Silvertop and Sini, Hostage and Fallow-hoof, Goldcrest and Lightfoot, these steeds the Anses ride every day when they go to court at the ash *Ygg's-steed*.

24-29. Three roots stretch three ways under the ash *Ygg's-steed*. Hell dwells under one, the Frost Giants under the second, mortal men under the third. [An eagle sits in the branches of the ash *Ygg's-steed*, called . . . , and between his eyes sits a hawk, that is called *Weather-pale*.] *Rat-tusk* is the name of the squirrel that runs up and down the ash *Ygg's-steed*: he carries the Eagle's words down and tells them to the Serpent below. There are four bow-necked Harts that gnaw the [high shoots]: Dain and Dwalin, Duneyr and Durathror. More serpents lie under the ash *Ygg's-steed* than any foolish ape can know: Goin and Moin the sons of Grave-wolf, Greyback and Gravedigger, O. and S., I know will for ever be boring at the roots of the tree. The ash *Ygg's-steed* suffers greater hardships than men know of. The hart bites its root, and its side is rotting, the Serpent crops it below.

30-32. The speedy *Earlywaker* and *Allswift* draw the Sun hence,

100. Here one verse is dropped, of which Edda (Snorri) gives a paraphrase. 101. Rata-toskr heitir *ikornr*, R (supernumerary). 103. öfundar orð, Edda. 113. kvisto] read rótom?

- enn und þeirra bógom fálo blíð regin,
Æsir ísarn-kol. 120
31. Svalinn heitir, es stendr Sólo fyrir
skiældr skínanda goði:
biærg ok brim ek veit at brenna skolo
ef hann fellr í frá. 125
32. Skæll heitir ulfr, es fylgir eno skírleita goði
'til varna viðar:'
Enn annarr Hati, hann es Hroðvitniss sonr,
sá skal fyr heiða brúði himins.
33. Ullar hylli hefir ok allra goða
hverr es tekr fyrstr á funa:
þvi-at opnir heimar verða um Ása-sonom
þa-es hefja af hvera. 130
34. Ólr ertu, Geirrœðr, hefr þú of-drukkit,
miklo ertu hnugginn, es þú ert míno gengi,
ællom Einherjom ok Óðins hylli. 135
35. Fiæld ek þer sagðak, enn þú fátt um mant;
of þik véla vinir!
Mæki liggja ek sé míns vinar
allan í dreyra drifinn. 140
36. Egg-móðan val nú mun Yggr hafa;
þítt veit ek líf um liðit;
úvar ro Dísir. Nú knáttu Óðin síá.
Nálgastu mik ef þú megir!

and under their shoulders the blissful powers, the Anses, hid the cooling of iron. *Cooler* is the name of the shield that stands before that shining Goddess the Sun. Rocks and sea would burn up, I know, if it fell down. *Skulk* is the name of the wolf that follows the fair-faced Goddess to But the other is called *Hastener*; he is the son of the Great Beast: he has to run before the bright bride of Heaven. . . .

33. He has the favour of Wuldor and all the Gods who first touches the fire; for all worlds stand open before the Anses' sons when the kettles are lifted. . . .

34-36. *The end of the song. Here Woden reveals himself.*

Woden. Drunk art thou, Geirrod, too deep hast thou drunken. 'Tis grievous for thee to have forfeited my fellowship, that of all the Chosen Host, and Woden's friendship. Often I told thee, but little thou mindedst it. Thy friends are betraying thee; I see my friend's [thy] sword all dripping with blood. Now Woden shall soon have thy sword-worn corse, I know that thy life is at an end, the Sisters frown on thee. Now thou seest Woden. Come nigh me if thou canst! (*Geirrod rises from the fire, and stumbles over his sword, which runs him through.*)

APPENDIX.

FRAGMENTS of a long poem imbedded in Grimnis-mal, telling the names of Woden, his exploits, etc. They are distinguished from the rest by the incompatibility with the plot of that Lay, which requires Woden to conceal himself till the end of the story.

1. **A**ND-HRIMNIR lætr í Eld-hrimni
Sæ-hrímni soðinn,
fleska bazt; enn þat fair vito,
við hvat Einherjar alask.
2. Gera ok Freka seðr gunn-tamiðr 5
hróðigr Herja-fæðor;
enn við vín eitt vápn-gæfogr
Óðinn æ lifir.
3. Huginn ok Muninn fljúga hverjan dag 10
Iærmun-grund yfir:
Oumk-ek of Hugin at hann aprt ne komið;
þó síámk meirr of Munin.
4. Fimm hundruð golfa, ok um fírom togom,
svá hygg-ek Bil-skírni með bugom;
ranna þeirra es ek rept vita 15
míns veit-ek mest magar.
5. Hrist ok Mist vil-ek at mer horn beri,
Skeggj-æld ok Skægul,
Hildir ok Þrúðr, Hlækk ok Herfæatur,
Gæll ok Geirænul, 20
Randgríð ok Ráðgríð ok Regin-leif,
þær bera Einherjom æl.
6. Ivalda synir gengo í árdaga
Skíðblaðni at skapa,
skipa bazt skírom Frey 25
nýtom Niarðar bur.

BREATH-SOOTY cooks Sea-sooty [the hog] in Fire-sooty [the kettle], the best of bacon, but few know what the Host of the Chosen live on.

2-3. The glorious war-wont Father of Hosts feeds *Greedy* and *Fierce* [his two Wolves], but the weapon-blessed Woden lives on wine alone. *Thought* and *Mind* [his two Ravens] fly every day over the mighty earth: I fear for *Thought* lest he never come back, but I am still more fearful about *Mind*. . . .

4-5. Five hundred and forty rooms in all there are in *Clear-twinkling*. I ween of all roofed halls my son's (Thor's) is the biggest.

I will have Hrist and Mist (Walkyries) to give me the horn. S. and S. etc.; these serve ale to the Chosen Host.

6. The sons of Iwald in the days of old set about building Skidblade, the best of ships, for the bright Frey, the blessed son of Niord.

7. Svipom hefi-ek nú ypt fyr Sigtiva sonom,
við þat skal vil-biorg vaka.
ællom Ásom þat skal inn koma
Ægiss bekki á, 30
Ægiss drekko at.
8. Hétomk Grímr, hétomk Gangleri,
Herjan ok Hialmberi,
Þekkr ok Þriði, Þuðr ok Uðr,
Helblindi ok Hár, 35
Saðr ok Svipall ok Sann-getall,
Herteitr ok Hnikarr . . . —
Eino nafni hétomk aldregi
sitz ek með folkom fór.
9. Grímní mik heto at Geirraðar, 40
enn Ialk at Ásmundar ;
enn þá Kialar es ek kialka dró ;
Þrór þingom at,
10. 'Viðvrr at vigom'
Óski ok Ómi, Iafn-hárr ok Biflindi ; 45
Gændlir ok Hárbarðr með Goðom.
11. Sviðurr ok Sviðrir es ek hét at Sækk-mímiss,
ok dulða-ek þann inn aldna Iætun,
þa-es ek Mið-vitniss vask ins mæra burar
orðinn einbani. 50
12. Óðinn ek nú heiti, Yggr ek áðan hét,
hétomk Þundr fyrir þat ;
Vakr ok Skilfingr, Váfoðr ok Hropta-týr,
Gautr ok Ialkr með goðom.
Ofnir ok Sváfuir, es ek hygg at orðnir sé 55
allir at einom mer.

[Some reference to Eager's banquet.]

8-12. I was called Grim [mask]. I was called Traveller, Host-leader, Helm-bearer, etc. I never had one name since I walked among the natives. They called me Hooded at Geirrad's, Ialk at Asmund's, Keeler when I drew the sledges, Thro at assemblies, Widur in battle, . . . Wish and Sough, Even-high and Sway-shield, . . . Wizard and Hoar-beard among the Gods. Swithir and Swithri I was called at Sunk-Mimis [the giant of the abyss], when I fooled the old giant, when single-handed I became the slayer of that famous son of Midwolf. Now I am called Woden, before that I was called Awe, and before that I was called Sage, Waker, etc. Gaut and Ialk among the Gods, Opener and Sleep-maker, . . . which, I think, all meet in me.

MNEMONIC VERSES RELATING TO MYTHOLOGY.

I. IN DIDACTIC METRE.

THEY are the most artless examples of the Teaching or Lesson-Lays, and are for the most part mere lists, poetically describing some part of the old mythology. The *frame* either never existed or is hopelessly lost. They were used for instruction and to aid the memory.

a. From a lost Lay. List of Best Things. Found in Grimnis-mal, Rivers, etc.

b. Thorgrim's List. Fragments. Found in Edda (Sk). They tell the names of the famous Horses and Oxen of the epics and myths.

c. The Moon-Pail fragment. Found in A.M. 748, with a paraphrase of another lost verse, which gives us the name of the well (Byrgi), wherein the pail was dipped, and of Widfinn, the father of the two children, Bil and Hiuki. Dante (Purgatorio, xviii. 76) has the same image:—

*La luna, quasi a mezza notte tarda
facea le stelle a noi parer più rade
fatta com' un secchione che tutto arda.*

d. Of the Tree Glass. A fragment preserved in Edda (Sk).

II. IN EPIC METRE.

a. 1, 2, 3. Lists of Dwarves, Fates, and Walkyries found embedded in Wolo-spa, from which they are clearly distinguished by metre and style.

b. Kalf's Verses. Heroes and their steeds. Pieces of a lost mnemonic poem found in Edda (Sk). It may be compared with Thorgrim's List.

c. Of Woden's Ravens. Found only in Skalda.

d. Names of Woden from Grimnis-mal.

I.

a. FRAGMENTS OF LOST LAY IN GRIMNIS-MAL.

1. *Best Things.*

ASKR Ygg-drasils hann es óeztr viðá,
enn Skíðblaðnir skipa,
Óðinn Ása, enn íóa Sleipnir,
Bilrøst brúa, enn Bragi skalda
Hábrók hauka, enn hunda Garmr
. enn Brímir sverða.

5

2. *Rivers.*

Síð ok Við, Sekin ok Ækin,
Svavl ok Gunnþro, Fiorm ok Fimbul-þul,

a. 1. THE ash Ygg's-steed is the best of trees, Skidblade of ships, Wodin of Anses, Slipper of horses, Bilrost of bridges, Bragi of poets, Highbreek of hawks, Garm of hounds, Brimi of swords, etc.

Rín ok Rennandi,	
Gipul ok Gavpul, Gavmul ok Geirvimul, þær hverfa um hodd goða.	10
Þyn ok Vin, Þavll ok Havll, Grað ok Gunnþorin.	
Vína heitir ein, ænnor Vegsvinn, þriðja Þioðnuma ;	15
Nyt ok Navt, Navnn ok Hravnn, Slið ok Hrið, Sylgr ok Ylgr, Við ok Van, Vavnd ok Stravnd, Gjavll ok Leiptr, þær falla gumnom nær, enn falla til Heljar heðan.	20

b. ÞORGRIMS-ÞULA.

1. *Horses.*

H RAFN ok Sleipnir <i>hestar</i> ágætir, Valr ok Léttfeti, vas þar Tialdari, Golltoppr ok Goti, getið heyrðak Sóta, Mór ok Lungr með Mari.	
Vigg ok Stúfr vas með Skæfaði, Þegn knátti Blakkr bera,	5
Silfrin-toppr ok Sinir, svá heyrðak Fáks of getit, Gollfaxi ok Íor með goðom.	
Blóðughófi hét hestr, es bera kváðo aflgan Atriða,	10
Gils ok Falhófnir, Glær ok Skeiðbrímir, þar vas ok Gylliss of getit.	

2. *Oxen.*

Gamalla <i>oxna</i> næfn hefik gerla fregit, þeirra Rauðs ok Hæfiss, Rekinn ok Kyrr, Himinhrjótr ok Apli	15
Arfr ok Arfuni.	

c. THE MOON PAIL.

SÓGR heitir sár, enn Simul stæng, Bil ok Hiuki bera hann.
--

b. 1. RAVEN and Slipper, famous horses, Hawk and Lightfoot and Racer, Goldcrest and Goth, and I heard Soot reckoned, etc. Blanch bore Thane, etc. Bloodyhoof was the name of the horse that bore, they say, the mighty Atrid [Frey]. 2. I have enquired diligently into the old names of *Oxen*. Red etc. . . . and Dapple, Chattle and . . .

c. THE pail is called Sæg, the pole is called Simul, Bil and Hiuk carry them.

d. THE TREE GLASS.

GLASIR stendr með gollno laufi
fyr Sigtýs sælom.

II.

a. FRAGMENTS FOUND IN VOLO-SPA.

1. *The Dwarves.*

PAR [vas] Motsognir mæztr um orðinn dverga allra, enn Durinn annarr . . . Nýi ok Niði, Norðri ok Suðri, Austri ok Vestri, Alþiofr, Dvalinn, Bivavrr, Bavavrr, Bavmburr, Nori,	5
Án ok Anarr, Ai, Mioðvitnir, Veigr, ok Gandalfr, Vindalfr, Þrainn, Þekkr ok Þorinn, Þror, Vitr ok Litr, Nár ok Nyraðr.—Nú hefi ek Dverga,— Reginn ok Ráðsviðr—rétt um talða.	10
Fili, Kili, Fundinn, Nali, Hepti, Vili, Hanarr, Sviorr, Frar, Hornbori, Fręgr ok Loni, Avrvangr, Iari, Eikinskialdi.	
Mál es Dverga í Dvalins líði liona kindom til Lofars telja, þeir es sóttu frá salar-steini Avrvanga siavtt til Íórovalla:	15
Þar vas Draupnir ok Dolgþrasir, Hár, Havg-spori, Hlęvangr, Gloi, Scirvir, Virvir, Scafiðr, Ai, Alfr ok Yngvi, Eikin-skialdi, Fialarr ok Frosti, Finnrr ok Ginnarr.— Þat man uppi, meðan öld lifir, lang-niðja-tal Lofars hafat.	20 25

2. *The Fates.*

Urð héto eina, aðra Verðandi,
skáero á skíði, Skuld ena þriðjo.

d. GLASS stands with golden leaves before the hall of the Blessed God.

II.

a. 1. THE greatest of all Dwarves was Motsogni, the second Durin, Full Moon and New Moon, North, South, East and West, etc. It is time to count up the generations of the company of Dwale [the Dwarves] to Lofar, those Dwarves that went from Rock-halls, the seat of Loam-garden, to Ioroplain. There was Dripper, etc. This pedigree counted from Lofar shall remain as long as mankind lives.

2. *Weird* they called the first of them, the second *Becoming*—they carved on a tablet—*Should* the third.

3. *The Walkyries.*

Skuld hélt skildi en Skægul ænnor,
 Gunnr, Hildir, Gændul ok Geirskægul,—
 Nú ero talðar nænnor Herjans,
 gøervar at riða grund Valkyrjor. 30

b. KALFS-VISA.

DAGR reið Dræsli, enn Dvalinn Moðni,
 Hialmpér Háfeta, enn Haki Fáki,
 reið bani Belja Blóðughófa,
 enn Skævaði Skaði Haddingja ;
 Vestein Vali, enn Vivill Stúfi ; 5
 Meinþiofr Moi, enn Morginn Vakri ;
 Áli Hrafni, es til fss skriðo,
 enn annarr austr und Aðils
 grár hvarfaði geiri undaðr.
 Biorn reið Blakki, enn Biarr Kerti, 10
 Atli Glaumi, enn Aðils Slungni,
 Hægni Havlqvi enn Haraldr Favlqvi,
 Gunnarr Gota, enn Grana Sigurðr.

c. FROM EDDA (SKALDA). *Woden's Ravens.*

FLUGO hrafnar tveir af Hnikars æxlom :
 Huginn til hanga, enn á hræ Muninn.

d. FROM GRIMNIS-MAL. *Names of Woden.*

Bil-eygr, Bál-eygr, Bæl-verkr, Fiolnir,
 Grímr ok Grimnir, Glap-sviðr, Fiol-sviðr,
 Síð-hættir, Síð-skeggr, Sig-fæðr, Hnikuðr,
 Al-fæðr, Val-fæðr, Atriðr, ok Farma-týr.

3. Should held the shield, and Skogul the second. . . . Now the nuns of Woden are told over, the Walkyries ready to ride over the land.

b. DAY rode Steed, but Dwale Moden ; Helmtheow Highfoot ; Haki Gelding ; Beli's slayer [Frey] Bloodyhoof ; [Helgi] the Scathe of the Haddings rode Strider ; Westan rode Wali, and Weevil rode Stump ; Mantheow rode Moi ; Morn rode Waker ; Anila rode Raven (to the Battle) on the ice, whilst another, a Grey, wounded with the spear, turned east under Eadgils.

Biorn rode Blanch ; Biar rode Cart ; Attila rode Gleam, but Eadgils rode Slungni ; Hogni rode Haulqui, and Harold Faulqui ; Gunnar rode Goth, and Sigurd Grani.

c. THERE flew two ravens from Woden's shoulders, Thought to the gallows, Mind to the carrion.

ALVISS-MAL:

THE WISDOM OF ALLWISE THE DWARF.

THIS little poem, which seems almost complete, is found in R only (leaves 19-20), save two verses (20 and 30) cited in Edda (Sk). The name is warranted by Edda and the superscription in R. It is plainly of Western origin, as there are several Gaelic words (*niola*, *æti*) introduced. The text in ll. 11-20 is not quite safe.

The *frame* of the story is ingenious: Allwise the Dwarf, having entrapped the Gods into a promise of giving him Freya to wife, comes to claim her, but one of the Anses (probably Wingi, i.e. Woden, for the frank blunt character of Thor would by no means suit the part, though Wingthor is found in the MS.) contrives, by playing on his philological vanity, to keep him answering questions, till the sun rises and its rays falling on him turn him to stone. We have therefore put 'W. q.' in the margin, leaving undecided whether to read Wingthor or Wingi. The vellum has 'þorr q.' Maybe the Dwarf first met Thor (Wingthor), whereupon Woden (Wingi) came up. In that case the *dramatis personæ* would be three.

The answers to the questions comprise a *dictionary of synonyms* for thirteen important words—Earth, Sky, Moon, Sun, Clouds, Wind, Calm, Sea, Fire, Wood, Night, Corn, and Ale. The different synonyms are brought in as being the speech of the different orders of living beings—Gods, Men, Wanes, Giants, Elves, Dwarves, the Dead within Hell, and the Higher Powers. Each verse can only take in six, and so the names are varied, only Men and Gods are constant items. As in Homer, the common Norse word for each object is given to Men, the older or rarer word (often Saxon or English) to the Gods, curious and foreign words to the Giants. The synonyms which are invented for the Dwarves and Elves are very fanciful and pretty, suited to the dark underground world of the pigmy miners, or the pathless fields of air in which the crew of Ariel disport themselves.

I.

1. *Alviss* q. **BEKKI** breiði! Nú skal brúðr með mer
heim í sinni snuask;
hratað um mægi mun hverjom þikkja.
Heima skalat hvíld nema!

FIRST SCENE.—*The door of the Dwarf's cavern. He hurries in hot haste to fetch his bride, telling his servants, as he leaves, to make ready for the wedding feast.*

Allwise (to his men): DECK the benches; the bride will soon be back with me. I am in great hurry for marriage, folk will say. There is no staying at home for me!

1. breiði] emend.; breiða, R.

3. Mægi, R.

II.

2. *W. q.* Hvat es þat fira? Hví ertu svá fœlr um nasar? 5
 vastu í nótt með ná?
 þursa líki þikkjomk á þer vesa;
 ertattu til brúðar borinn.
3. *Alviss* Alvíss ek heiti, bý-ek fyr iærð neðan;
q. á-ek undir steini stað: 10
 Vagna vers em-ek á vit kominn,
 bregdi engi fæsto heiti fira.
4. *W. q.* Ek man bregða, þvi-at ek brúðar á
 flest um ráð sem faðir.
 Vaska-ek heima þá es þer heitið vas,
 'at sa einn es giavfer' með goðom. 15
5. *Alviss* Hvat es þat rekka, es í ráðom telsk
q. fljóðs ens fagr-gloa?
- [*W.*] Fiarra fleina, þik muno fair kunna.
q. Hverr hefir þik baugom borit? 20
6. *W. q.* Vingþórr ek heiti; ek hefi víða ratað;
 sonr em-ek Síð-grana:
 at ósætt mínni skalattu þat ið unga man hafa,
 ok þat giaforð geta.
7. *Alviss* Sáttir þínar viljak snemma hafa, 25
q. ok þat giaforð geta;
 eiga vilja heldr an án vesa
 þat ið miall-hvíta man.

SECOND SCENE.—*Outside Walball. Allwise meets Woden*
(Wing-thor, Wingi?).

W. What fellow is this? why art thou pale about the nose? wast thou sleeping with corpses? There is something oger-like about thee; thou art but a sorry bridegroom!—*A.* Allwise my name is. I dwell beneath the earth; under the rock is my homestead; I am come to fetch my bride. Let none break his plighted word.—*W.* I will break it; I have the bride in ward like a father. I was not at home when she was betrothed; I who hallow the weddings of the Gods.

A. Who is the fellow who claims to be the ward of the fair beaming maid....? *W.* A runagate; nobody knew thee. Who hath bribed thee?—*W.* Wing-thor (Wingi) is my name; I have travelled far; I am Longbeard's son. Without my will thou shalt never have that young maid, nor make that match.—*A.* I would rather have thy goodwill, and make that match; I would sooner win than lack the drift-white maid.—

5. *W. q.*] Þórr *q.*, R, here and elsewhere. 7. þikkjomk] þik mer, R.
 11. Read *Vardar vers?* i. e. the bride Freyja. 16. For *giavfer* read *giaforð?*
 21. Read *Wingi?* i. e. Woden? 23. *skalattu*] *Rask; scaltu, R.* 25. *viljak*
 gr ek vil, R.

8. *W. q.* Meyjar ástom muna þer verða,
vísi gestr, of varið: 30
ef þú er heimi kant hverjom at segja
allt þat-es viljak vita.
9. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
i. Hve sú IÆRÐ heitir, es liggr fyr alda sonom, 35
heimi hverjom í?
10. *Alviss q.* Iörð heitir með Mænnom; enn með Ásom *Fold*;
kalla *Vega* Vanir;
Igræn Iættnar; Alfarr *Groandi*;
kalla *Aur* Upp-regin. 40
11. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
ii. Hve sa HIMINN heitir 'erakendi,'
heimi hverjom í? [45
12. *Alviss q.* *Himinn* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Hlyrnir* með Goðom;
kalla *Vind-ofni* Vanir;
Upp-heim Iættnar; Alfarr *Fagr-ræfr*;
Dvergar *Driupan-sal*.
13. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:— 50
iii. Hverso MÁNI heitir, sá-es menn sia,
heimi hverjom í?
14. *Alviss q.* *Máni* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Mylinn* með Goðom;
kalla *Hverfanda-hvel* Heljo í;
Skyndi Iættnar; enn *Skin* Dvergar; 55
kalla Alfarr *Ar-tala*.

W. The maiden's love shall not be denied thee, thou wise guest, if thou canst tell me of every world what I want to know.

(Here Dialogue begins.)

W. Tell me, Allwise, for thou Dwarf, methinks, knowest the whole history of mankind:—How is EARTH, which lies before sons of men, called in every world?—*A.* 'Earth' among men; 'Field' among Anses; the Waners call it 'Way,' the Giants 'Ever-green,' the Elves 'Growing;' the High Gods call it 'Clay.'

W. Tell me, Allwise, etc. How is HEAVEN the . . . called in every world?—*A.* 'Heaven' among Men, 'Warmer' among Gods; the Waners call it 'Wind-woof,' the Giants 'High-home,' the Elves 'Fair-roof,' the Dwarves 'Drip-hall.'

W. Tell me, Allwise, etc. How is the MOON, that all men see, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* 'Moon' among Men, 'Mylin' among the Gods; 'Whirling-wheel' in Hell; 'Hastener' the Giants, 'Sheen' the Dwarves, 'Year-teller' the Elves call it.

15. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
iv. Hve sú SÓL heitir, es síá alda synir,
heimi hverjom í? 60
16. *Alviss* *Sól* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Sunna* með Goðom;
q. kalla Dvergar *Leika-Dvalins*;
Ey-gló Iættnar, Alfar *Fagra-hvel*;
Al-skír Ása synir.
17. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira 65
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
v. Hve þau Ský heita, es skúrom blandask,
heimi hverjom í?
18. *Alviss* *Ský* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Skúrvan* með Goðom;
q. kalla *Vind-slot* Vanir; 70
Ur-ván Iættnar, Alfar *Vedr-megin*,
kalla í Heljo *Híalm-hulíðs*.
19. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
vi. Hve sá VINDR heitir, es víðast ferr, 75
heimi hverjom í?
20. *Alviss* *Vindr* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Vávodr* með Goðom;
q. kalla *Gneggiöð* Ginn-regin;
Épi Iættnar, Alfar *Dyn-fara*,
kalla í Heljo *Hvíðöð*. 80
21. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
vii. Hve þat LOGN heitir, es liggja skal,
heimi hverjom í?
22. *Alviss* *Logn* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Lægi* með Goðom; 85
q. kalla *Vind-slot* Vanir;

W. Tell me, Allwise, etc. How is the SUN, that all men see, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* ‘Sol’ among Men, ‘Sun’ among Gods; the Dwarves call her ‘Dwale’s doll;’ ‘Everglow’ the Giants, ‘Fair-wheel’ the Elves, ‘All-sheer’ the sons of Anses.

W. Tell me, Allwise, etc. How are the CLOUDS, that are mingled with showers, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* ‘Sky’ among Men, ‘Shower-boder’ among Gods; the Waners call it ‘Windfloe,’ ‘Wet-boder’ the Giants; Elves ‘Weather-main;’ in Hell they call it ‘Helm-of-Darkness.’

W. Tell me, Allwise, etc. How is the WIND, that travels so far, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* ‘Wind’ among Men, ‘Waverer’ among Gods; the Strong Powers call it ‘Neigher,’ ‘Whooper’ the Giants, ‘Softgale’ the Elves; in Hell they call it ‘Whistle-gust.’

W. Tell me, Allwise, etc. How is the CALM, that rests, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* ‘Loun’ it is called among Men, and ‘Lea’

62. Dvalins leika, R.

77. vonsundr, Edda.

79. gnýfara, Edda.

80. heitir í Heljo hlömmuðr, Edda.

- Of-hlý* Iættnar; Alfar *Dag-seva*;
kalla Dvergar *Dags-vero*.
23. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:— 90
VIII. Hve sá MARR heitir, es menn roa,
heimi hverjom í?
24. *Alvíss q.* *Sær* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Sil-ægja* með Goðom;
kalla *Vág* Vanir;
Ál-helm Iættnar; Alfar *Laga-staf*;
kalla Dvergar *Diúpan-mar*. 95
25. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
IX. Hve sá ELDR heitir, es brenn fyr alda sonom,
heimi hverjom í? 100
26. *Alvíss q.* *Eldr* heitir með Mænnom; enn með Ásom *Fúrr*;
kalla *Vag* Vanir:
Frekan Iættnar; en *For-brenni* Dvergar;
kalla í Heljo *Hviðuð*.
27. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira 105
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
X. Hve sá VIÐR heitir, es vex fyr alda sonom,
heimi hverjom í?
28. *Alvíss q.* *Viðr* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Vallar-fax* með Goðom;
kalla *Hlúð-þang* Halir: 110
Ellði Iættnar; Alfar *Fagr-lima*,
kalla *Vönd* Vanir.
29. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
XI. Hve su NÓTT heitir, in Nærvi kenda, 115
heimi hverjom í?

among Gods; the Wanes call it 'Wind-slack,' 'Sultry' the Giants, the Elves 'Soul-of-Day;' the Dwarves call it 'Day's-rest.'

W. Tell me then, Allwise, etc. What is the MAIN, which men row over, called in each world?—*A.* 'Sea' among Men, 'Level' among Gods; the Wanes call it 'Wave,' Giants 'Sound-ham,' the Elves 'Sea-blink;' the Dwarves call it 'Deep.'

W. Tell it me, Allwise, etc. How is FIRE, that burns before the sons of men, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* 'Eild' among Men, 'Fire' among Gods; the Wanes call it 'Wavy,' 'Greedy' the Giants, 'Furnace fire' the Dwarves; in Hell they call it 'Destroyer.'

W. Tell it me, Allwise, etc. How the WOOD, that grows before the sons of men, is called in each of the worlds?—*A.* 'Wood' among Men, 'Wield-fur' among the Gods; the Men in Hell call it 'Cliff-wrack;' Giants call it 'Firewood,' the Elves 'Fair-foliage;' the Wanes call it 'Wand.'

W. Tell me this, Allwise, etc. How is NIGHT, Norwi's daughter,

30. *Alviss* *Nótt* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Níól* með Goðom;
q. kalla *Grímo* Ginn-regin;
Ólíos Iættnar; Alfar *Svefn-gaman*;
kalla Dvergar *Draum-níorun*. 120
31. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:—
xii. Hve þat SÁÐ heitir, es sá alda synir,
heimi hverjom í? [125]
32. *Alviss* *Bygg* heitir með Mænnom; enn *Barr* með Goðom;
q. kalla *Vaxt* Vanir;
Æti Iættnar; Alfar *Laga-staf*;
kalla í Heljo *Hnipinn*.
33. *W. q.* Segðu mer þat, Alvíss!—æll of ræk fira
væromk, dvergr, at vitir:— 130
xiii. Hve þat ÆL heitir, es drekka alda synir,
heimi hverjom í?
34. *Alviss* *Æl* heitir með Mænnom; enn með Ásom *Bíorr*;
q. kalla *Veig* Vanir;
Hreina-lög Iættnar, enn í Heljo *Míöð*;
kalla *Sumbl* Suttungs synir. 135
35. *W. q.* Í eino briósti ek sák aldregi
fleiri forna stafi:
Miklom tálom, ek kveð tældan þik!
Uppi ertu, dvergr, um dagaðr. 140
Nú skínn sól í sali!

KING HEIDREK'S RIDDLES.

THIS Lay has come down in two vellums, Hauks-bók (A), and Cod. Reg. No. 2845 (B). Our text is mainly founded on A, first to l. 9 on the vellum itself, hence on copies taken in the seventeenth century, when

called in each of the worlds?—*A.* 'Night' among Men, 'Newl' among Gods; 'Mask' the Great Powers, 'Unlight' the Giants, 'Sleep-joy' the Elves; the Dwarves call it 'Dream-fairy.'

W. Tell me then, Allwise, etc. How is the SEED, which the sons of men sow, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* 'Bigg' among Men, 'Bear' (barley) among Gods; 'Waxh' the Wanes call it, 'Oat' the Giants, the Elves 'Lees-staff'; in Hell they call it 'Blight.'

W. Tell me then, Allwise, etc. How is the ALE, the sons of men drink, called in each of the worlds?—*A.* 'Ale' among Men, 'Beer' among Anses; 'Draught' the Wanes; 'Clear-lees' the Giants, 'Mead' in Hell; Suttungs' sons (Dwarves) call it 'Good-Cheer.'

W. In one man's breast I never saw more olden words.—With great wiles thou hast, I swear, been beguiled. The Day is upon thee, Dwarf; the hall is full of sunshine! (*The Dwarf is turned into stone.*)

117-120. enn nióla í Heljo, kolluð er Gríma með Goðom, ósorg Iotnar, etc., Edda.

it was still complete, viz. AM. 281, 4to. Text B omits riddles 7, 10, 11, 15, 30, 33: the sequel also is here somewhat different.

The *framework* of the poem, which binds together a collection of riddles of the same type as those of the early English and Mediæval riddle poets, is the visit of Woden disguised as a blind wayfarer (*Gestum-blindi*) to King Heidrek, the famous riddle-reader, at Yule-tide. The King, after solving all Woden's questions, at length fails to answer the one which was fatal to Wafthrudni, and falls like him a victim to the 'pride of learning.'

In the last century, *answers* in verse were supplied by some Icelander, probably Gunnar Pálsson, the author of 'Gunnar-Slag;' but in our vellums, the King replies to each question with the remark,—'Gód es gáta þin Gestum-blindi getid es þeirar.' *Thy riddle is good, Guest the blind; it is soon read!* whereupon the solution follows in prose.

The riddles relate to many subjects thrown together without much order, and were possibly (as several have the same answer) not all in the original framework. One of them (No. 34) has not been read before; it depends on an intricate pun, and must be later than most of the others.

The second line of riddle 24 is cited in *Skalda*.

- | | | | |
|----|---------|---|----|
| 1. | H | AFA ek þat vilda es ek hafða í gær ;
vittu hvat þat vas:
Lýða lemill, ok orða tefill,
ok orða upp-hefill?
Heiðrekr konungr hygg þú at gáto! | 5 |
| 2. | Hei | man ek fór, heiman ek fær gærðag,
sá-ek á veg vega:
vegr vas undir, ok vegr yfir,
ok vegr á alla vega?—Heiðr. k. h. | |
| 3. | Hvat-es | þat drykkja es ek drakk í gær;
vasa þat vín né vatn,
miðr né mungát, né matar ekki,
þó gekk ek þorsta-lauss þaðan?—H. k. h. | 10 |
| 4. | Hverr | es sá inn hvelli es gengr harðar gætor
ok hefir hann þær fyrr of farit: | 15 |

Guest. 1. WOULD I had what I had yesterday! guess thou what it was: Men's damager, words' hinderer, and yet words' arouser. Read my riddle, O King Heidrek!—*Ale*.

2. I came from home, I wended my way from home, I saw a way of ways; way underneath, way above head, way on all sides. Read my, etc.—*A bridge*.

3. What drink was it I drank yesterday; it was neither wine nor water, nor mead, nor beer, nor aught of meat kind; yet I went thirstless away? Read my, etc.—*The dew*.

4. Who is that shrill one, who walks by hard paths, having passed them many a time; he kisses very fast, has two mouths, walks on nought but gold? Read my, etc.—*The goldsmith's hammer*.

- miæk fast kyssir ok hefir munna tvá,
sá es á gollu eino gengr?—H. k. h.
5. Hverr es sá inn mikli es ferr mold yfir,
svelgr hann vötn ok við,
glygg hann oask enn guma eigi, 20
ok yrkir á sól til saka?—H. k. h.
6. Hverr es sá inn mikli es mar veðr,
ok horfir til Heljar halfr;
ældom hann bergr, enn við iærð sakask,
ef hann hefir ser vel trausta við?—H. k. h. 25
7. Hverr byggir há fiøll? Hverr fellr í díúpa dala?
hverr anda-lauss lifir?
hverr æva þegir?—H. k. h.
8. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom: 30
Hæfði síno vísar Heljar til,
enn fótom til sólar snýr?—H. k. h.
9. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom:
Ókyrrir tveir anda-laussir 35
sára-lauk suðo?—H. k. h.
10. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom:
Hvítir flíugendr hello líósta,
enn svartir í sand grafask?—H. k. h. 40
11. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom:

5. Who is the huge one, who passes over the earth, swallowing water and woods; he fears the wind, but no man, and wages war on the sun? Read my, etc.—*The fog.*

6. Who is the big one, who wades in the deep, turning half towards Hell; he saves people, but tugs against the earth, if he has a trusty withy by him? Read my, etc.—*The anchor.*

7. Who dwells in high mountains? Who falls into deep dales? Who lives without breath? Who is never silent? Read my, etc.—*The raven, the dew, a fish, a fall.*

8. What was that wonder I saw outside Delling's door (outside the hall): It turns its head towards Hell, and its feet towards the Sun? Read my, etc.—*The leek.*

9. What was that wonder, etc.: Two ever-stirring yet lifeless things were boiling a wound-leek? Read my, etc.—*Smith's bellows forging a sword.*

10. What was that wonder, etc.: The white flyers beat the rock, while the black ones are embedded in the sand? Read my, etc.—*Hail and rain.*

11. What was that wonder, etc.: I saw a black hog wallow in the

17. gollu eino] B; gullheino, A. 19. við] B; veisur, A. 22. es mar
veðr] or enn marvaði? emend.; er mörgo ræðr, A. 25. trausta við] emend.;
traustan vin, A. 31. á Helvega, B. 35. okvikvir, B.

- Svartan gælt ek sá í sauri vaða,
ok reisat honom burst á baki?—H. k. h.
12. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság,
fyr Dellings durom :
tio hefir tungor, tutugo augo,
fíora tigo fóta, fram líðr sú vætr?—H. k. h.
13. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom :
Ofarliga flýgr, 'arn-hlióð' gellr,
'harðar ro hilmir' . . . ?—H. k. h.
14. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom :
Fóétr hefir átta en fiogor augo,
ber þat ofar kné an kvið?—H. k. h.
15. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom :
lýðom lýsir lænd æll yfir,
ok keppask um þat vargar of-allt?—H. k. h.
16. Hvat es þat undra es ek úti ság
fyr Dellings durom :
horni harðara, hrafni svartara,
skialli hvítara, skapti réttara?—H. k. h.
17. Báoro brúðir bleik-haddaðar,
ambáttir tvær, æl til skemmo ;
vasat þat hændom horfit, né hœmrom klappat,
þó es fyr eyjar útan ærðið [es] ker gærði?—H. k. h.
18. Hverjar ro þær rygjar á regin-fialli,
elr við kvón kona :
70

mud, though no bristles were on his back? Read my, etc.—*A dung-beetle.*

12. What was that wonder, etc.: It has ten tongues, twenty eyes, forty feet; this being moves along? Read my, etc.—*A sow with a litter of nine pigs.*

13. What was that wonder, etc.: It flies high aloft, yelling loud . . . ? Read my, etc.—*An arrow.*

14. What was that wonder, etc.: It has eight feet, four eyes, carrying its knees higher than its belly? Read my, etc.—*A spider.*

15. What was that wonder, etc.: It lightens people over all lands, and yet is ever chased by wolves? Read my, etc.—*The sun.*

16. What was that wonder, etc.: Harder than horn, blacker than a raven, whiter than egg-film, straighter than a shaft? Read my, etc.—*A streaked agate or obsidian.*

17. Blond-haired brides, bondswomen both, carried ale to the barn; the casks were not turned with hands, nor forged by hammers; she that made it strutted about outside the isles? Read my, etc.—*Eider duck's eggs.*

18. Who are those fairies of the mighty mountains; woman begets by

- mær við meyjo mæg of getr;
ok eigot þær varðir vera?—H. k. h.
19. Hverjar ro drósir es um sínn dróttinn
vápni-lausar vega:
enar iærpo hlífa alla daga, 75
enn enar fegri fara?—H. k. h.
20. Hverjar ro þær leikor es líða lænd yfir
at fægnumði fæðor:
hvítan skizæld þær á vetrom betra,
enn svartan um sumar?—H. k. h. 80
21. Hverjar ro þær snótir es ganga syrgjandi
at fægnumði fæðor:
hadda bleika hafa þær enar hvít-fældnu,
ok eigo í vindi vaka?—H. k. h.
22. Hverjar ro þær meyjar es margar ganga saman 85
at fægnumði fæðor:
mærgom hafa manni þær at meini komit,
ok eigot þær varðir vera?—H. k. h.
23. Hverjar ro þær brúðir es ganga brim-skerjom í,
ok eigo eptir firði fær: 90
harðan beð hafa þær enar hvít-fældno,
ok leika í logni fátt?—H. k. h.
24. Fara ek ság foldar mold-bua,
ok sat nár á ná;

a woman; a maid bears a son by a maid. Those goodwives have no husband? Read my, etc.—*Two Angelicas*.

19. Who are the maids that fight weaponless around their lord; the brown ever sheltering, the fair ever attacking him? Read my, etc.—*The pieces of a table* (hnef-tafl).

20. Who are the merry maids that glide above the land to the joy of their father; in winter they bear a white shield, but black in summer? Read my, etc.—*Snow-flakes and rain* [the text gives Rep-hens (!)].

21. Who are the maids that go weeping to the joy of their father, white-hooded, fair-haired, wide awake in a gale? Read my, etc.—*The waves*.

22. Who are the maids that go many together to the joy of their father; they have brought grief to many; these goodwives have no husbands? Read my, etc.—*The same*.

23. Who are the brides that walk over the reefs, and drive along the friths; these white-hooded ladies have a hard bed; in calm weather they make no stir? Read my, etc.—*The same*.

24. I saw an earth-dweller pass by, a corpse sitting on a corpse; a blind

78. fægnumði] emend.; forvitni, Cd., here and below.

85 ff. B thus—Hverjar ro þær meyjar es ganga margar saman at forvitni föður
hadda bleika hafa þær enar hvitfoldodo,
ok eigot þær þær varðir vera.

Hverjar ro þær ekkjor es ganga allar saman at forvitni föður:
Sialdan blíðar ero þær við seggja lið, ok eigo þær í vindi vaka.

94. nár á ná] A; naðr á nai, B; nar á na, Skalda.

- blindr reið blindom 'brim-reiðar *til*,'
iór es andar-vani?—H. k. h. 95
25. Hvat es þat dýra es drepr fé manna,
ok es iarni kringt:
horn hefir átta en hæfuð ekki
ok?—H. k. h. 100
26. Hvat es þat dýra es Dænom hlífir,
berr blóðugt bak, en bergir firom,
geirom mótir, gefr líf sumom;
leggr við lófa lík sítt gumi?—H. k. h.
27. 'Míæk vas forðom næsgas' varin 105
barn-giærn su-es bar bú-timbr saman;
hlífðo henni halms bit-skalmir,
þó lá drykkjar dryn-hraun yfir?—H. k. h.
28. Fíórir ganga, fíórir hanga,
tveir veg vísa, tveir hundom verja, 110
einn eptir drallar ok optast óhreinn?—H. k. h.
29. Hverr es sá inn eini es sefr í æsgrua,
ok es af grióti eino gcerr:
fæðor né móður áat sá inn fár-giarni,
þar mun hann sínn aldr ala?—H. k. h. 115
30. Hest sá ek standa, hýddi meri,
dúði dyndil, drap hlaun und kvið,
or skal draga 'ok í optað góða' stund.—H. k. h.

one riding on a blind sea-car, yet the steed was lifeless? Read my, etc.—*A dead horse floated on an icefloe.*

25. What is that beast, all girdled with iron, which kills the flocks; it has eight horns, but no head, and? Read my, etc.—*The búnn (bear) or headpiece in the game of knef-tafl (fox and geese).*

26. What is that beast that shelters the Danes; with bloody back it covers men, encounters spears, saves many a life, fitting its body to the hands of men? Read my, etc.—*The shield.*

27. A yearning for children, gathered her building materials, straw-choppers fenced her in, whilst above her was drink's echoing hall. Read my, etc.—*A duck building her nest in a neat's head with the horns on.*

28. Four ganging, four hanging, two showing the way, two keeping the dogs off, one ever dirty lags behind. Read my, etc.—*A cow.*

29. Who is it that sleeps in the hearth, all made of stone,—a mischievous being without father or mother,—there is his lifelong abode? Read my, etc.—*A spark hidden in a flint.*

30. I saw a horse, a maid whipped it, she shook a? Read my, etc.—*A loom (the upright) worked by a woman.*

95. *til*] somehow wrong; a noun is required (*icefloe*). 98. *iarni kringr utan*, B.
100. *ok fylgia því margir miok*, B. 104. *lófa*] B; *lofða*, A. 105. *nös-*
gas] thus A, B. *varin*] emend.; *vaxin*, Cd. 108. *drynhraun*, B; *drunraun*, A.
112. *avs grva*, B. 114. *frgr-giarni*, B. 116. *meri*] read *mær*?

31. Hverir ro þeir þegnar, es ríða þingi at,
ok ero sextán saman; 120
lýði sína senda þeir lænd yfir
at byggja ból-staði?—H. k. h.
32. Sá-ek á sumri sól-biörgom í
verðung vaka vilgi teiti:
drukko iarlal æl þegjandi,
enn ópandi æl-ker stóðo?—H. k. h. 125
33. Meyjar ek sá moldo glfkar,
vóro þeim at beðjom biörg:
svartar ok sámar í sól-viðri,
enn þess at fegri es færa of sér?—H. k. h. 130
34. Sá-ek a árni^a, egg-dauða menn^b
blóðs-hol^c bera í biörk kviðar^d.
35. Hverir ro þeir tveir es tio hafa féetr,
augo þriú, enn einn hala?—H. k. h.
36. Hvat mælti Óðinn í eyra Baldri 135
áðr hann vas á bál um borinn?
Heidr. g. Undr ok argskap ok alla bleyði!

THE LAY OF SWIPDAY AND MENGLAD.

THIS Lay is only found in very indifferent seventeenth century copies of a lost vellum, about which we have no information. It is nowhere

31. Who are the champions riding to court sixteen together; they send their men far and wide to make settlements? Read my, etc.—*The table (game) of King Itrek.*

32. I saw in summertime a household awake and merry at sunset; the gentlemen drank their beer in silence, but the ale-butt stood and screamed. Read my, etc.—*A sow with a litter of sucking pigs.*

33. I saw certain dust-like maidens; the rocks were their bedding; they are black and swart in sunshine, but the less one can see [i. e. in the dark] the fairer they look. Read my, etc.—*Pale embers on the hearth.*

34. I saw on a (see the text). *A pun, (a hearth, a hawk, a duck, talons.)*

35. Who are the two that have ten feet, three eyes, one tail? Read my, etc.—*The one-eyed Woden riding Sleipni his eight-legged steed.*

36. What did Woden whisper into Balder's ear ere he was borne on the pyre?—*Heidrek cries, Wonder and wickedness and all sorts of lewdness!*

Being vanquished he has now forfeited his life, but he treacherously draws

120. sáttir allir sam, B.

131-2. Thus emendated; maimed in Codd. thus—Sat eg a segli sa eg dauða menn blóðs hold bera í bork viðar (!).

^a árinn = a hearth, also a stone wall.

^b egg-dauða menn = valr, the slain, also a hawk.

^c blood-tube = æðr, a vein, also a duck.

^d belly's birch = talons.

137. The rest in prose.

cited, and the very story appears to be unmentioned by any old writer. But there is a Danish ballad of the sixteenth century telling the tale of 'Young Sweidal' (No. 70 of Grundtvig's Collection), which is clearly derived from some old copy or tradition of this poem. The romantic character of the story evidently pleased the taste of the sixteenth century, for there are also Swedish ballads (derived from the Danish?) which tell it with the variations suitable to the taste of the time. Dr. Bugge was the first to discover that the two parts, in which this Lay is found (therein entitled Grogaldr and Fiolsvinns-mal), are merely sections of the same poem.

The riddles exchanged between Swipday and the Giant are to such a degree obscure and corrupt as to defy any attempt at interpretation. We have therefore put them in small type, retaining what belongs to Swipday and his love Menglad.

The *story*, which is probably a Sun-Myth from some alien source, is briefly this:—Young Swipday is bound, by a cruel step-mother, to ride into Giantland and win the giant-guarded maiden of the enchanted castle. Before setting out he goes to his mother's cairn, and raising her from the dead prays her to give him charms that will protect him on his dangerous errand. She grants his prayer, and thus endowed he is able to try his wit with success against 'Mani-wise,' the warder of Menglad. The charm is broken, and Menglad is set free and gladly welcomes her long-expected lover.

The poet has known and imitated several old poems, e.g. Havamal, The Old Wolsung Lay, Lay of Wafthrudni, Skirnismal, etc. Nay, a few lines one would think are fragments of lost verses of the Song of the High (e.g. v. 9; v. 10 is a duplicate, better text, of Hm. v. 12); verses 36, 39 may be an echo of lost verses of Grinnismal.

1. *Swipd.* VAKI þú Groa! vaki þú góð kona!
q. vek-ek þik dauðra dura:
 Ef þú þat mant, at þú þínn mæg bæðir
 til kumbl-dysjar koma.
2. *Móðir* Hvæt es nú annt mínom einga syni? 5
q. hverjo ertu bælvi borinn?
 Es þú þá móður kallar, es til moldar es komin
 ok or lióð-heimom liðin?

his magic brand Tyrping and strikes at Woden, who flies away in the shape of a hawk. Heidrek however soon afterwards perishes, slain by his slaves with his own sword.

FIRST SCENE.—*At his mother's grave.*

S. AWAKE thou, Groa! awake thou, sweet lady! I bid thee awake at the door of the dead. Perchance thou rememberest how thou toldest thy son to come to the grave-mound.

The Mother. What is it that troubles thee, my only son? what ails thee, that thou callest thy mother, who is turned to dust, and gone from the world of men?

3. *Svipd.* Lióto leik-borði skaut sú fyr mik in lævísa kona
q. sú es faðmaði mínn faður: 10
 þar bað hon mik koma es 'kveðki veit'
 móti Menglæðo.
4. *Móðir* Læng es fær, langir ro farvegar,
q. langir ro manna munir: 15
 ef þat verðr, at-þú þínn vilja bíðr,
 ok skeikar þá skuld at skæpom.
5. *Svipd.* Galdra þú mer gal, þá es góðir ro!
q. biarg þú, móðir, megi!
 á vegom allr hygg-ek at ek verða muni;
 þykkjomk til ungr afi. 20
6. *Móðir* Þann gel-ek þer *fyrstan*: þann kveða fiæl-nýtan,
q. þann gól Vrindr Vala:
 At þú of æxl skiótir þvi-es þer atalt þykkir;
 sialfr leið þú sialfan þik.
7. Þann gel-ek þer *annan*: Ef þú árna skalt 25
 vilja-lauss á vegom:
 Urðar-lokor haldi þer ællom megom
 es þú á sinnom sér.
8. Þann gel-ek þer inn *þriðja*: Ef þer þióð-ár 30
 falla at fjær-lokom:
 hrænn ok uðr snuisk til Heljar meðan
 ok þverri æ fyr þer.
9. Þann gel-ek þer inn *fjórða*: Ef þik fiánder standa
 gœrvir á galg-vegi:
 hugi þu hverfi þínom heipt-mægom, 35
 ok snuisk þeim til sátta sevi.

S. That false woman, who lies in my father's arms (my step-mother) has set an ill game for me; she bade me go . . . to find Menglad.

Mother. Long is the journey, long are the paths; long are the sorrows of men; perchance thou may get thy will, and the fates turn well for thee.

S. Chant me chants, that will help; Mother, save thy child, else I shall perish in my journey; I am but a youth.

Mother. The first charm I chant thee, it will stand thee in good stead; Wrindr chanted it to Wali: Cast off from thy shoulder whatever evil thou encounterest; let thyself be thy guide.

The second charm I chant thee: If despair fall upon thee on thy way, may Guarding-charms fence thee about on all sides, as thou goest on thy way.

The third I chant thee: If great waters threaten to overwhelm thee, may flood and foam turn back to Hell the while, and dry up before thee.

The fourth I chant thee: If foes stand in ambush on the gallows-

9. skaut sú] Bugge; skautzu, Cd. 12. menglodom, Cd. 20. Nót arfi, the metre requiring (oo). 22. Vrindr Vala] emend.; Rindr Rani, Cd. 28. sinnom sér] Bugge; es þú á sman ser, Cd. 30. Emend.; fiørlotom, Cd. 31. Bugge; horn de ruðr, Cd. 35. Emend.; hugr þeim hverfi til handa þer mætti, Cd.

10. Þann gel-ek þer inn *fímta*: Ef þer fiátorr verðr
borinn at bóg-limom:
leysi-galdri læt-ek þá fyr legg of kveðna,
ok staekkr þá láss of limom, 40
en af fótom fiátorr.
11. Þann gel-ek þer inn *setta*: Ef þú á sió koemr
meira an menn viti:
logn ok légi gangi þer í læð saman,
ok líái þer æ frið-driúgrar farar. 45
12. Þann gel-ek þer inn *siaunda*: Ef þik sóekja koemr
frost á fialli há:
há-vetrar kulði megit þíno holdi fara,
ok haldit þer læ at liðom.
13. Þann gel-ek þer inn *átta*: Ef þik úti nemr 50
nótt á nið-vegi:
'at því firr' megið þer til 'meins gœra'
kveld-riðor koma.
14. Þann gel-ek þer inn *niunda*: Ef þú við inn nadd-gæfga
orðom skiptir Iæton: 55
máls ok manvitz se þer á munn ok hiarta
gnóga of gefit.
15. Far þú nú æva þars forað þykkir;
ok standit þer mein fyrir munom!
Á iarð-fæstom steini stóð-ek innan dura 60
meðan ek þer galðra gól.

path, mayest thou turn the heart of thine enemies, and shape all their mind to goodwill to thee.

The fifth I chant thee: If fetters be laid on thy limbs, then may my loosing spell make them slip off thy body, the bonds snap off thy limbs, and the fetters off thy feet.

The sixth I chant thee: If thou comest on sea swelling higher than men can tell, may calm and still obey thy bidding, and give thee a peaceful journey.

The seventh I chant thee: If frost overtakes thee high on the mountains, may the winter cold not harm thy body, nor any ill take hold of thy limbs.

The eighth I chant thee: If the night overtake thee on a path of darkness, may the [evil] night-riding witches have no power to come and harm thee.

The ninth I chant thee: If thou must needs bandy words with the goad-wielding Giant, may speech and wisdom be abundantly given into thy heart and mind.

Fare thou well through every danger; may no evil stop thy desire. I stood within doors on the earthfast stone, while I chanted thee these charms. Do thou, my child, bear thy mother's words hence, and let

39. leysi-galdri] Bugge; leifnis elda, Cd. 44. légi] Bugge; lögr, Cd. löð] or laupr. Cod. S., cp. mod. Icel., þat fellr allt í liúfa 'löð.' 48. hávetrar] Bugge; hræva, Cd. 49. læ] emend.; lic, Cd. 52. Read man-véla? 53. kveld-riðor koma] emend.; kristin dauð kona, Cd. 56. munn ok] Bugge; minnis, Cd.

16. Móður orð ber þú mægr heðan,
ok lát þer í brjósti bua;
ið-gnóga heill skaltu of aldr hafa
meðan þú mín orð of mant. 65
- II*.
17. *Svipd.* Hvat es þat flagða es stendr fyr forgarðom
ok hvarflar um hættan loga?
q.
18. *Fiols-* Hvers þú leitar, eða hvers þú á leitom ert?
við eða hvat viltu vin-lauss vita?
q. úrgar brautir árna þú aprt heðan!
áttattu her í vá vero. 70
19. *Svipd.* Hvat es þat flagða es stendr fyr forgarði,
q. ok býðrat líðændom læð?
sæmðar orða lauss hefir þú, seggr, lifat;
ok haltu heim heðan! 75
20. *Fiols.* Fiølsviðr ek heiti; enn ek á fróðan sefa,
q. þeygi em-ek míns mildr matar;
innan garða þú kæmr her aldregi;
ok dríf þú nú vargr at viði!
21. *Svipd.* Augna gamans fýsir 'aptr fán'
q. hvars hann getr svást at síá: 80
Garðar gloa mer þykkja of gollna sali,
her vilda-ek æðli una.
22. *Fiols.* Segðu mer, hverjom ertu, sveinn, of borinn,
q. eða hverra ertu manna mægr? 85
Svipd. Vind-kaldr ek heiti, Vár-kaldr hét minn faðir,
q. þess vas Fiøl-kaldr faðir.

them dwell in thy breast; for ever-abounding luck shalt thou have through thy life as long as thou rememberest my words.

SECOND SCENE.—*Svipday in Giantland, before Menglad's flame-bound bower, encounters the Giant Warder Manywise.*

S. What monster is this, standing in front of the fore-court and wandering round the hot flame?

Giant. What dost thou seek, and what art thou in quest of, and what wouldst thou, lone man, know? Tread back the wet ways; thou hast no abiding-place here.

S. What monster is this that stands in the front of the fore-court, giving no welcome to wayfarers . . . ?

G. Manywise my name is; I have a wise mind, though I am chary of my meat; thou shalt never come within these walls, but shalt wander forth like a wolf to the woods.

S. One yearns for the delight of one's eyes, seeing a sweet sight. The courts gleam, methinks, in these golden halls. Here would I live for ever.

G. Tell me, whom wast thou born of, lad, and whose man's child art thou?

64. ið-gnóga] emend.; því gnoga, Cd.

* Cod. here adds— Utan garða hann sá upp um koma þursa þjóðar siöt.

67. Read heitan? 71. Emend.; áttattu her verndar vanr vero, Cd. 79. at viði] at vegi, Cd.

23. *Swipd.* Segðu mer þat, Fiølsviðr, es ek þik fregna mun
q. ok ek vilja vita:
 Hverr her ræðr, ok ríki hefir, 90
 eign ok auð-sælom?
24. *Fiøls.* Menglæð of heitir; enn hána móðir of gat
q. við Svafr-þorins syni;
 hon her ræðr, ok ríki hefir,
 eign ok auð-sælom. 95
25. *S.* Segðu mer þat Fiølsviðr es ek þik
q. fregna mun
 ok ek vilja vita:
 Hvat sú grind heitir, es með goð-
 om sáat
 menn it meira forað?
26. *F.* Þrym-gioll hon heitir, enn hána
q. þrir goerðo 100
 Sól-blinda synir;
 fiötorr fastr verðr við faranda
 hvern
 es hána hefr frá hliði.
27. *S.* Segðu mer þat F. :
q. Hvat sá garðr heitir, es með goð-
 om sáat 105
 menn it meira forað?
28. *F.* Gastropnir heitir, enn ek hann
q. goervan hefk
 or Leirbrímíss limom;
 svá hefk studdan, at standa mun
 æ meðan öld lifir. 110
29. *S.* Segðu mer þat F. :
q. Hvat þeir garmar heita 'er gifur
 reka
 giørða fyr löndin lim'
30. *F.* Gifir heitir annarr, enn Geri an-
q. narr,
 ef þú vill þat vita 115
 varðir ellífo es þeir varða
 unz riúfaz regin.
31. *S.* Segðu mer þat F. :
q. Hvárt sé manna nökkut, þat es
 megi inn koma
 meðan sókn-diarfir sofa. 120
32. *F.* Mis-svefni mikit vas þeim miok
q. of lagit
 sízt þeim vas varzla vituð:
33. *S.* Segðu mer þat F. : 125
q. Hvárt sé matar nokkut þat es
 menn hafi,
 ok hlaupi inn meðan þeir
 eta?
34. *F.* Vegn-bráðir tvær liggja í Við-
q. ofnis liðom,
 ef þú vilt þat vita;
 þat eitt es svá matar, at þeim
 menn of gefi, 130
 ok hlaupa inn meðan þeir
 eta.
35. *S.* Segðu mer þat F. :
q. Hvat þat barr heitir, es breiðask
 um
 lönd öll ok limar.
36. *F.* Míma-meíðr hann heitir, enn þat
q. mangi veit 135
 af hverjom rótom renn.
 Við þat hann fellr es sæstan varir;
 flær at hann eldr ne iarn.
37. *S.* Segðu mer þat F. :
q. Hvat af móði verðr þess ins
 mæra viðar, 140
 ef hann flær at eldr ne iarn?
38. *F.* Ut af hans aldri skal á eld bera
q. fyr keli-siúkar konor.
 útar hverfa þatz þær innar skyli,
 sá es hann með mönnum
 niötodr. 145
39. *S.* Segðu mer þat F. :
q. Hvat sá hani heitir, es sitr í enom
 háva viði,
 allr hann við goll gloir?

S. Wind-cold is my name, Spring-cold was my father's name, Hard-cold his father.

(Here begin the questions.)

Tell me now, Muchwise, what I shall ask, and what I would know:
 Who rules here and reigns over this land and gleesome halls?

G. Menglad is her name, whom her mother bore to the son of S., she rules, etc.

40. *F.* Viðofnir hann heitir; enn hann
q. stendr veðr-glasi
 á meiðs kvistom Mima: 150
 einom ekka þrungr hann orof
 saman
 Surtar Sinmavto.
41. *S.* Segðu mer þat *F.* :
q. Hvárt sé vápna nokkut þat es
 knegi Viðofnir fyr
 hniga á Heljar siot? 155
42. *F.* Læva-teinn hann heitir, enn hann
q. goerði Loptr ruinn
 fyr ná-grindr neðan :
 í seggiarns-keri hann liggir hiá Sin-
 möto,
 ok halda Níarð-lásar nio.
43. *S.* Segðu mer þat *F.* . . . : 160
q. Hvárt aprt kæmr sá-es eptir ferr,
 ok vill þann tein taka?
44. *F.* Aprt mun koma sá-es eptir ferr,
q. ok vill þann tein taka,
 ef þat færir es fair eigo 165
 eiri aurglasis.
45. *S.* Segðu mer þat *F.* :
46. *F.* Liósan liá skaltu í lúðr bera 170
q. þann-es liggir í Viðofnis
 völoom,
 Sinmöto at selja, áðr hon sæm
 telisk
 vápn til vígs at liá.
47. *S.* Segðu mer þat *F.* :
q. Hvat sá salr heitir es slunginn es
 vísom vafr-loga? [175
48. *F.* Hyrr hann heitir, enn hann lengi
q. mun
 á broddz oddi bifask,
 auð-rannz þess muno um aldr hafa
 frétt eina firar. 180
49. *S.* Segðu mer þat *F.* :
q. Hverr þat goerði es fyr garð sák
 innan Ás-maga.
50. *F.* Uni ok Iri, Bari ok Ori,
q. Varr ok Vegdrasil, 185
 Dori ok Uri, Dellingr, Atvarðr
 Liðskialfr, Loki.
51. *Svipd.* Segðu mer þat, Fiølsviðr, es ek þik fregna mun,
q. ok ek vilja vita :
 Hvat þat biarg heitir, es ek sé brúði á 190
 þiðð-mæra þruma?
52. *Fiols.* Lyfja-berg heitir, enn þat hefir lengi verit
q. siúkum ok sárom gaman :
 heil verðr hver þótt hafi árs sótt,
 ef þat klífr kona. 195
53. *Svipd.* Segðu mer þat, Fiølsviðr, es ek þik fregna mun,
q. ok ek vilja vita :
 Hvat þær meyjar heita, es fyr Menglaðar kniám
 sitja sáttar saman?
54. *Fiols.* Hlíf heitir, ænnor Hlífþrasa, þriðja Þiððvarta, 200
q. Biort ok Blíð, Blíðr, Fríð,
 Eir ok Aurboða.

S. Tell me now, Muchwise, etc. What is the rock called, on which I see the most belauded maid sit?

G. Hill of Healing it is called, it has long been the joy of the sick and sore. Any woman that climbs it, though she have a year's sickness on her, will become whole.

S. Tell me, M. etc. What are the maids called that sit together peacefully at Menglad's knees?

G. The name, (*all healing names.*)

55. *Svipd.* Segðu mer þat, Fíalsviðr, es ek þik fregna mun,
q. ok ek vilja vita:
 Hvárt þær biarga þeim es blóta þær, 205
 ef gærask þarfar þess?
56. *Fíols.* ‘Sumur hvar’ es menn blóta þær
q. á stall-helgom stað:
 Eigi svá hátt forað kæmr at hælða sonom,
 hvern þær or nauðom nema. 210
57. *Svipd.* Segðu mer þat, Fíalsviðr, es ek þik fregna mun,
q. ok ek vilja vita:
 Hvárt se manna nokkut þat-es knegi á Menglaðar
 svásom armi sofa?
58. *Fíols.* Vætr es þat manna, es knegi á Menglaðar 215
q. svásom armi sofa,
 nema Svipdagr einn; hónom vas su in sól-biarta
 brúðr at kván of kveðin.
59. *Svipd.* Hrittu á hurðir! láttu hlið rúm!
q. her máttu Svipdag sjá! 220
 Enn þó vita far, ef vilja muni
 Menglæð mítt gaman.
60. *Fíols.* Heyrðu, Menglæð, her es maðr kominn,
q. gakk þú á gest síá:
 hundar fagna, hús hefir upp lokizk; 225
 hygg-ek at Svipdagr sé.
61. *Mengl.* Horskir hrafnar skolo þer á háom galga
q. slíta síonar or:
 ef þú þat lýgr, at her sé langt kominn
 mægr til mínna sala. 230
62. Hvaðan þú fórt? hvaðan þú fær gærðir?
 hve þik héto hiú?

S. Tell me, M. etc. Whether they deliver those that worship them, if need be?

G. Every summer, if they be worshipped in an altar-hallowed place, though never so high peril overtake the sons of men, they will deliver them every one from his need.

S. Tell me this, M. etc. If there be any one, to whom it is granted to sleep in Menglad's sweet arms?

G. To none of men is it granted to sleep in Menglad's sweet arms, save to Swipday alone; the sunbright bride was destined to him for wife.

S. Push open the door, throw back the gates, lo, Swipday is here! yet go and see if Menglad will have my love.

G. (*shouting to within*). Hearken, Menglad! here is a new comer, go and see the guest; the hounds welcome him, the house has sprung open of itself; I think it is Swipday.

Menglád (from within to the Giant). May the great ravens tear out thine eyes on the high gallows-tree, if this be a lie that my love is come from afar to my hall. (*Svipday comes in, she turns to him*): Whence didst thou start? whence didst thou journey? what did thy

- at ætt ok nafni vil-ek jar-tegn vita,
 ef ek vas þer kváon of kveðin.
63. *Svipd.* Svipdagr ek heiti. Sólbjartr hét mínna faðir, 235
q. þaðan rákomk vindar kalda vegu.
 Urðar orði kveðr engi maðr,
 þótt þat sé við læst lagið.
64. *Mengl.* Vel þú nú kominn! hefik mínna vilja beðit. 240
q. Fylgja skal kveðjo koss.
 Forkunnar sýn mun flestan glaða,
 hvars hefir við annan áost.
65. Lengi ek sat Lyfja-bergi á,
 beið-ek þín dóegr ok daga :
 Nú þat varð, es ek vætt hefi, 245
 at þú ert kominn, mægr, til minna sala.
66. Þrár hafðar es ek hefi til þíns gamans,
 enn þú til míns munar.
 Nú es þat satt at við slíta skolom 250
 ævi ok aldri saman.

§ 2. THE WESTERN ISLANDS'

ARISTOPHANES.

LOKA-SENNA.—THE FLYTING OF LOKI.

THIS poem is preserved in R, leaves 15-17. Edda (Gg) quotes v. 29, yet mixing it up with v. 47; ll. 60-61 seem to have come in here from the old Wolsung Play.

The plot is laid at the Last Banquet of the Gods just after Balder's death. All are present, save Thor and Loki; the latter comes to the

household call thee? I must have sure token of thy kindred and name, to know whether I be thy fated wife.

S. Swipday is my name, Sunbright was my father's name; the winds have driven me far along cold paths. No one can withstand the word of the Fate, even though it be spoken to one's destruction.

Menglad. Be welcome now! I have got my will; take a kiss with my greeting. A blessed sight is the meeting of two lovers. Long have I sat upon the Hill of Healing, day after day I waited for thee. Now that which I yearned for is come to pass, and thou, my love, art come to my bower. I have yearned sorely for thy kiss, and thou for my love. Now it is true that we shall pass our lives and days together.

door of Eager's Hall, and though warned by the cook that he will find scant welcome, persists in entering, and going round the hall banters each God and Goddess in turn with the bitterest sarcasm, reducing all to silence till Thor comes in fresh from his exploits in Giant-land, when Loki is forced to retire, cursing his host.

The treatment is purely *dramatic*, and the drawing of character is extremely vivid and well sustained. Loki's speeches are full of allusions to the scandals of Ansegard (many otherwise unknown to us), a few of which seem to be remnants of very archaic cosmogonic myths, such as we find in Irish and Hindu mythology.

The *poet* is a heathen; for the mockery is not that of Voltaire or Lucian, but of Aristophanes, and there is no more lack of reverence in his attitude than in that of the Homeric poems when recounting the quarrels of Zeus and Hera or the loves of Aphrodite.

The *diction* and vocabulary are as rich as those of Rabelais, and contain many words which are not found elsewhere.

The *text* is luckily in a fair state. A few lines, e.g. 76-77, are corrupt.

The *name* Loka-senna is warranted by the superscription in R.

I.

- | | | | |
|----|--------------|--|----|
| 1. | <i>Loki</i> | SEGÐU þat, Eldir, sva-at þú einugi | |
| | <i>q.</i> | feti gangir framarr: | |
| | | Hvat her inni hafa at æl-máðlom | |
| | | sigtiva synir: | |
| 2. | <i>Eldir</i> | Of vápn síu dóema ok um vígrisni sína | 5 |
| | <i>q.</i> | sigtiva synir: | |
| | | Ása ok Alfa es her inni ero | |
| | | mangi es þer í vorði vinr. | |
| 3. | <i>Loki</i> | Inn skal ganga Ægiss hallir í | |
| | <i>q.</i> | á þat sumbl at síá: | 10 |
| | | 'ioll ok afo' féri-ek Ása sonom, | |
| | | ok blend-ek þeim svá meini miað. | |
| 4. | <i>Eldir</i> | Veiztu, ef inn þú gengr Ægiss hallir í | |
| | <i>q.</i> | á þat sumbl at síá: | |
| | | hrópi ok rógi ef þú eyss á holl regin, | 15 |
| | | á þer muno þau þerra þat. | |

FIRST SCENE, in Eager's Hall (*Okeanos*); all the Gods and Goddesses, save Thor, present at a banquet. *Loki* appears at the door.

Loki at the door to *Eldi* the Cook. Tell me, *Eldi* (*Cook*), before thou goest further, what the Blessed Gods talk of over their Ale!—*Eldi*. The Blessed Gods are comparing their weapons and their exploits. Of all the Anses and Elves within, not one speaks a good word for thee.—*Loki*. I shall go into Eager's hall, to see this banquet; I will bring the Gods bitter spice for their drink, and mix their mead with venom.—*Eldi*. Be sure, if thou goest in to behold the banquet, and pourest foul words and filthy slander on the bounteous Gods, that they will wipe it off on

5. *Loki* Veiztu þat, Eldir, ef við einir skolom
q. sár-yrðom sakask,
 auðigr verða mun-ek í andsvörum,
 ef þú mælir til mart. 20
- II.
6. *Loki* Þyrstr ek kom þessar hallar til,
q. Loptr um langan veg,
 Áso at biðja at mer einn gefi
 mæran drykk miaðar.
7. Hví þegit ér svá, þrungin, goð!
 at ér mæla ne megoð?
 Sessa ok staði velið mer sumbli at,
 eða heitið mik heðan. 25
8. *Bragi* Sessa ok staði velja þer sumbli at
q. Æsir aldregi : 30
 þvi-at Æsir vito hveim þeir alda skolo
 gamban-sumbl um geta.
9. *Loki* Mantu þat, Óðinn, es við í ár-daga
q. blendom blóði saman?
 ælvi bergja letztu eigi mundo,
 nema okkr væri báðom borit. 35
10. *Óðinn* Rístu þá, Viðarr, ok lát Vulfs fæður
q. sitja sumbli at:
 síðr oss Loki kveði lasta-stæfom
 Ægiss hællo í. 40
11. *Loki* Heilir Æsir! Heilar Ásynjor!
q. ok æll ginn-heilog goð!

thee.—*Loki*. Be sure, Eldi, if we two be left alone to bandy cutting words, that I shall not lack an answer, if thou speakest too much.

SECOND SCENE.—*Loki enters the Hall.*

Loki. Thirsty, I, Loki, came to this hall off a long journey, to beg the Anses to give me but one draught of the goodly mead.—(*No answer.*) Why sit ye so silent, ye moody Gods, speaking no word? Give me seat and place at this banquet, or else bid me go hence.

Bragi. The Anses will never give thee seat or place at their banquet: for the Anses know well who deserve the joy of the feast.

Loki and Woden. *Loki*. Dost thou remember, Woden, how we two in days of old blended blood together? Thou sworest never to taste ale unless we drank together.—*W*. Get up then, Widar, and let the Wolf's father (*Loki*) sit down to the banquet; that *Loki* may not make mock of us here in Eager's hall. (*Loki sits down and drinks health to the Gods.*)

Loki and Bragi. *L*. Hail, Anses, hail, Anseses, and all ye most holy Gods, except that one Anse, *Bragi* by name, who sits on the

- nema sá einn Áss, es inni sitr,
Bragi, bekkjom á.
12. *Bragi* Mar ok mæki gef ek þer mfn's fiár, 45
q. ok bóetir þer svá baugi Bragi:
stíðr þú Ásom æfund um gialdir.
Gremðu eigi goð at þer!
13. *Loki* Iós ok arm-bauga mundu æ vesa 50
q. beggja vanr, Bragi!
Ása ok Alfa, es her inni ero,
þu ert við víg varastr,
ok skiarrastr við skot.
14. *Bragi* Veit-ek ef fyr útan værak, svá sem fyr innam emk, 55
q. Ægiss hæll um kominn:
hæfuð þitt bæra-ek hendi í,
'lítt ek' þer þat fyr lygi.
15. *Loki* Sniallr ertu í sessi; skalattu svá gœra, 60
q. Bragi bekk-skrautuðr!
vega þú gakk ef vreiðr sér.
Hyggsk vætr hvatr fyrir.
16. *Idunn* Bið-ek, Bragi, barna-sifjar duga 65
q. ok allra ósk-maga:
at-þú Loka kveðira lasta-stöfom
Ægiss hællo í.
17. *Loki* Þegi þú, Idunn! þik kveð-ek allra kvenna 65
q. ver-giarnasta vesa:
sitzu arma þína lagðir ítr-þvegna
um þinn bróður-bana.
18. *Idunn* Loka ek kveðka lasta-stöfom 70
q. Ægiss hællo í;
Braga ek kyrri biór-reifan;
vilkat-ek at ið vreiðir vegisk.

inner bench.—*B.* I will give thee out of my store a steed and a sword, moreover Bragi will recompense thee with rings; so thou do not abuse the Anses. Do not rouse the Gods to anger against thee!—*L.* Thou hast never had a horse or arm-rings; of all the Anses that are here to-day thou art the wariest in fight, and the shyest of shooting.—*B.* Be sure, if I were without Eager's hall, as I am now within it, I would bear thy head in my hand; and give thee that for thy lies.—*L.* Thou wilt not do so. Thou art bold enough in thy seat, O Bragi, thou bench-boaster. Go fight if thou be wroth; a valiant man flinches for nought.

Idun and Loki. *Idun.* I pray thee, Bragi, for our children's sake, and all our beloved, do not provoke Loki here in Eager's hall.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Idun; I call thee the lewdest of women, since thou laidest thine arms, washed white in the water, about thy brother's slayer.—*I.* I am not provoking Loki in Eager's hall; I am but quieting the beer-stirred Bragi; I would not see you come to blows in anger.

19. *Gefion* Hví ið Æsir tveir skoloð inni her
q. sár-yrðom sakask? 75
 ‘Lopzci þat veit at hann leikinn es
 ok hann fiorg avll fiá.’
20. *Loki* Þegi þú, Gefion! þess mun-ek nú geta,
q. es þik glapði at geði
 sveinn inn hvíti, es þer sigli gaf,
 ok þú lagdir lær yfir. 80
21. *Óðinn* Oerr ertu, Loki, ok ær-viti,
q. es þú fær þer Gefion at gremi:
 þvi-at aldar ærlæg hygg-ek at hon æll um viti
 iafn-gœrla sem ek. 85
22. *Loki* Þegi þú, Óðinn! þú kunnir aldregi
q. deila víg með verom:
 opt þú gaft þeim, es þú gefa skyldira,
 enom slævorom sigr:
23. *Óðinn* Veiztu, ef ek gaf þeim, es ek gefa ne skylda,
q. enom slævorom sigr:
 átta vetr vastu fyr iærð neðan
 kýr molkandi ok kona,
 ok hefir þú þar bærn of borit,
 ok hugða-ek þat args aðal. 95
24. *Loki* Enn þik síða kóðo Sámseyjo í,
q. ok draptu á vætt sem vælor;
 vitka líki fórtu ver-þjóð yfir;
 ok hugða-ek þat args aðal.
25. *Frigg* Orlægom ykkrom skylit aldregi
q. segja seggjom frá,
 hvat ið Æsir tveir drýgdut í ár-daga.
 Firrisk æ forn ræk firar! 100

Gefion and Loki. *G.* Why should ye two Anses bandy angry words here within? *Loki* knows . . . —*L.* Hold thy peace, *Gefion*! I will now tell how the fair swain, who gave thee the raiment, and who lay with thee, stole thy love.

Woden and Loki. *W.* Drunk art thou, *Loki*, and out of thy wits, to make an enemy of *Gefion*; for she knows, as well as myself, the fate of all men.—*L.* Hold thy peace, *Woden*, thou never couldst deal victory fairly out to men; thou often hast given the victory to them to whom thou shouldst not have given it, to the cowardly.—*W.* Know that if I gave the victory to whom I should not, to the cowardly, that thou wast eight winters underneath the earth, a woman, and a milkmaid; and thou hast borne children, and I call that the part of a . . . —*L.* But thou, they say, didst work sorcery in Sams-ey; and thou dealtest in magic, like wise women. In a wizard's shape thou flewest over the earth, and that I call the part of a . . .

Frigg and Loki. *F.* Ye should never talk of your old doings before men, of what ye two Anses went through in old times. Men should let

26. *Loki* Pegi þú, Frigg, þú ert Fiorgyns mæR,
q. ok hefir æ ver-giærn vesið : 105
 es þá Vea ok Vilja létztu þer, Viðriss bróðr,
 báða í baðm um tekit.
27. *Frigg* Veiztu, ef inni ættak Ægiss hælló í
q. Baldri glíkan bur : 110
 út þú ne kvæmir frá Ása sonom,
 ok væri þá at þer vreiðom vegit.
28. *Loki* Enn vil þú, Frigg, at ek fleiri telja
q. mína mein-stafi ?
 ek því ræð, es þú ríða sérat
 síðan Baldr at sælom. 115
29. *Freyja* Ærr ertu, Loki, es þú yðra telr
q. líóta leið-stafi :
 ærlæg Frigg hygg-ek at æll viti,
 þótt hon sialfgi segi.
30. *Loki* Pegi þú, Freyja! þik kann ek full-gcerva ; 120
q. esa þer vamma vant :
 Ása ok Alfa, es her inni ero,
 hverr hefir þinn hór vesið.
31. *Freyja* Flá es þer tunga ; hygg-ek at þer fremr
q. myni ógótt um gala : 125
 Vreiðir ro þer Æsir, vreiðar ro þer Ásynjor,
 hryggr muntu heim fara.
32. *Loki* Pegi þú, Freyja! þu-ert fordæða,
q. ok meini blandin miæk :
 ‘Sitztu at bróðr þínom síðo’ blíð regin,
 ok myndir þú þá, Freyja, frata. 130
33. *Niordr* Þat es vá-lftit, þótt ser varðir
q. vers fai hóss eða hvars :

bygones be bygones.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Frigg; thou art Fiorgyns' daughter, and hast always been wanton; since thou, Woden's wife, laidest We and Wili, thy husband's brothers, both in thy bosom.—*F.* Be sure, if I had here in Eager's hall a son like Balder, thou shouldst never come out alive from the Anses, but thou shouldst be slain in thy anger.—*L.* Willest thou, Frigg, that I tell more of my abominations? It is my doing that thou seest no more Balder ride into the hall.

Freyja and Loki. *F.* Drunk art thou, Loki, telling all your horrors. I ween Frigg knows the fate of all men, though she say it not.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Freyja; I know thee well enough; there is no lack of lewdness in thee; of all Anses and Elves that are here, every one has been thy paramour.—*F.* Loose is thy tongue; it will, I guess, talk down evil on thee. The Gods are wroth with thee, the Anses are wroth with thee; thou wilt go home a sadder man.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Freyja; thou art a witch-hag, most full of evil, since thou 'bewitchedst' and then, Freyja, thou didst

Niord and Loki. *N.* 'Tis no great matter, though women find them

- hitt es undr, es Áss ragr es her inn of kominn,
ok hefir sá barn of borit. 135
34. *Loki* Pegi þú, Niðrd! þu vast austr heðan
q. gísl um sendr at goðom:
Hymiss meyar hæfdo þik at hland-trogi,
ok þer í munn migo.
35. *Niðrd* Su eromk líkn, es ek vask langt heðan 140
q. gísl um sendr at goðom:
þa-ek mæg gat, þann es mangi fiár;
ok þíkkir sá Ása iaðarr.
36. *Loki* Hettu nú, Niðrd! hafðu á hófi þik!
q. munka-ek því leyna lengr: 145
við systor þinni gatzu slíkan mæg,
ok 'esa þó vóno verr.'
37. *Týr* Freyr es baztr allra ballriða
q. Ása gærðom í:
mey hann ne grætir, né mannz kono, 150
ok leysir or hæptom hvern.
38. *Loki* Pegi þú, Týr! Þú kunnir aldregi
q. bera tilt með tveim;
handar ennar hégri mun-ek hinnar geta,
es þer sleit Fenrir frá. 155
39. *Týr* Handar em-ek vanr, enn þú hroð-vitniss,
q. bæl es beggja þrá.
Ulfgi hefir ok vel es í bondom skal
bíða Ragna-rækr.
40. *Loki* Pegi þú, Týr! Þat varð þinni kono 160
q. at hon átti mæg við mer;
æln né penning hafdir þú þess aldregi
van-réttiss, vesall!

lovers, this man or that man. But it is monstrous that a vile Anse, who has borne children, should have dared to come in here.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Niord; thou wast sent from the east a hostage to the Gods; the maids of Hymi used thee for a . . . and . . .—*N.* This is my comfort, though I was sent as a hostage among the Gods from afar, that I have begot a son whom no one hates, and who is best of the Anses.—*L.* Stay now, Niord, keep within measure; I shall not hide it longer; this son thou didst beget with thy sister; that outdoes all.

Ty and Loki. *L.* Frey is the best of all charioteers in Anse-town; he never makes a maid or man's wife weep, and redeems all from their bonds.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Ty, thou couldst never set goodwill between two men. Now I will call to mind that right hand of thine which Fenri bit off thee.—*Ty.* I lack a hand, but thou hast lost thy son the Wolf. Both fare badly. The wolf is in ill plight, for he must wait in bonds for the Doom of the Powers.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Ty. It happened to thy wife to have a child by me. Thou hast never had an ell or a penny for thy damages, thou sorry fellow.

136. Read, þú vast austan hegat gísl um sendr goðom? 147. esa] þera, R.
vóno] óno, R. 156. Emend.; hroþrs vitniss, R. 158. False alliteration.

41. *Freyr* Ulf sé-ek liggja ár-ósi fyrir
q. unz riúfask regin; 165
 því mundu næst, nema þú nú þegir,
 bundinn, bælva-smiðr!
42. *Loki* Golli keypta leztu Gymiss dóttor,
q. ok seldir þítt svá sverð; 170
 enn es Muspellz synir ríða Myrkvið yfir,
 veizta-þu þá vesall hve þú vegr.
43. *Byggv.* Veiztu, ef ek æðli ættak sem Ingunar-Freyr,
q. ok svá sælikt setr:
 mergi smæra mœlða-ek þá mein-kráko,
 ok lemða alla í liðo. 175
44. *Loki* Hvat es þat ið lífla, es ek þat læggra sék,
q. ok snapvíst snapir!
 at ærnom Freyss mun-ðú æ vesa,
 ok umb kvernom klaka.
45. *Byggv.* Byggvir ek heiti; enn mik bráðan kveða 180
q. goð æll ok gumar;
 þvi em-ek her hróðugr, at drekka Hroptz-megir
 allir æl saman.
46. *Loki* Þegi þú, Byggvir! Þú kunnir aldregi
q. deila með mænnom mat; 185
 ok þik í fletz strá finna ne máotto
 þar es vágo verar.
47. *Heimd.* Ölr ertu, Loki, svá at þú ert ærviti,
q. hví ne 'lezcaþu' Loki?
 þvi-at ofdrykkja veldr alda hveim 190
 es sína mælgí-ne manað.

Frey and Loki. *F.* I see the Wolf lying in the mouth of the river till the world falls in ruins. Thy turn will come next to be bound, thou worker of evil, save thou holdest thy peace.—*L.* Thou boughtest Gymi's daughter with gold, and gavest thy sword for her. And when Muspell's sons ride over Murkwood, thou shalt not know with what to fight, thou sorry fellow.

Byggvi (Barleycorn) and Loki. *B.* Be sure, if I had a heritage like Frey the Ingowin and such a seemly seat, I would pound thee to marrow, thou ill-omened crow, and maul thine every limb.—*L.* What is the tiny thing I see there wagging its tail, snuffling about (doglike)? Thou wilt be always at Frey's hearth, yapping at the quern.—*B.* My name is Barleycorn; Gods and men know I am hot-tempered; I am here in high spirits because all Hropt's sons (Anses) are here drinking together.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Barleycorn; thou hast never shared food fairly among men. Hid in the bedstraw, thou wast not to be found when men were a-fighting.

Heimdæl and Loki. *H.* Drunk art thou, Loki, and out of thy wits; why dost thou not . . . ? Too deep drinking makes men babble they

48. *Loki* Þegi þú, Heimdallr! Þer vas í ár-daga
g. ið líóta líf um lagit:
 aurgo baki þú munt æ vesa,
 ok vaka, vørðr goða. 195
49. *Skadi* Létt es þer, Loki! Munattu svá lengi
g. leika lausom hala;
 þvi-at þik á hiærvi skolo ins hrím-kalda magar
 gærnom binda goð. [200
50. *Loki* Veiztu! Ef mik á hiærvi skolo ens hrím-kalda magar
g. gærnom binda goð:
 Fyrstr ok æfstr vas-ek at fiærlagi
 þars ver á Þiaza þrifom.
51. *Skadi* Veiztu, ef fyrstr ok æfstr vastu at fiærlagi
g. þa-es ér á Þiaza þriföð: 205
 frá mínom veom ok vængom skolo
 þer æ kæld ráð koma.
52. *Loki* Léttari í málom vastu við Laufeyjar son,
g. þa-es þú letz mer á beð þinn boðit;
 getið verðr oss þess, ef ver gærva skolom 210
 telja 'væmmin vár.'
53. *Sif* Heill ves þú nu, Loki! ok tak við hrím-kalki
g. fullom forns miaðar!
 heldr þú hana eina látir með Ása sonom
 vamma-lausa vesa. 215
54. *Loki* Ein þú værir, ef þú svá værir
g. vørðr græm at veri.
 Einn ek veit, sva-at ek vita þikkjomk,
 hór ok af Hlórríða,
 ok vas þat sá inn lævísí Loki. 220

know not what.—*L.* Hold thy peace, Heimdal! A dull life was meted out to thee in old times. Thou must ever stand with a wet back, and wake as the Gods' watchman.

Skadi and Loki. *S.* Thou art easy now, Loki, but thou shalt not long go tail-away; for the Gods shall bind thee on swords with the guts of thy rime-cold son.—*L.* Be sure, if the Gods, etc. I was the first and the foremost at the slaughter, when we handled Thiazi (thy father) roughly.—*S.* Be sure, if thou wast the first, etc. From my hearth and home there shall ever come cold counsels for thee.—*L.* Thou wast softer of speech to Laufey's son (me), when thou didst bid me to thy bed. We must speak of the . . .

Sif and Loki. *Sif* (*handing him a goblet*). Now hail to thee, Loki, and take this foam-brimmed cup full of old mead, so that thou let but her among the Anses be unrevid.—*Loki* (*emptying the goblet*). But thou too, if so it be, art a wife who has played thy husband false. I know for sure one rival of the Thunderer (Thor)—no one else but cunning Loki (myself).

55. *Beyla* Fiaðll æll skialfa, hygg-ek á fær vesa
q. heiman Hlórriða;
 hann ræðr ró þeim-es rœgir her
 goð æll ok guma.
56. *Loki* Þegi þú, Beyla! Þú ert Byggviss kvæn, 225
q. ok meini blandin miæk;
 ókynjan meira koma með Ása sonom;
 æll ertu, deigja, dritin!
57. *Þórr* Þegi þú ræg vætrr! þer skal mín þrúð-hamarr,
q. Miollnir, mál fyr-nema; 230
 herða-klett drep-ek þer halsi af;
 ok verðr þá þíno fiarvi um farit.
58. *Loki* Iarðar burr es her nú inn kominn.
q. Hví þrasir þú svá, Þórr?
 enn þá þorir-þú ekki es þú skalt við ulfinn vega, 235
 ok svelgr hann allan Sig-faðor.
59. *Þórr* Þegi þú, ræg vætrr! Þer skal mín þrúð-hamarr,
q. Miollnir, mál fyr-nema;
 upp ek þer verp á Austr-vega,
 síðan þik mangi sér. 240
60. *Loki* Austr-færom þínom skaltú aldregi
q. segja seggjom frá:
 sízt í hanzka þumlungi hnúkðir þú, Einriði!
 ok þóttiska-þu þá Þórr vesa.
61. *Þórr* Þegi þú, ræg vætrr! Þer skal mín þrúð-hamarr, 245
q. Miollnir, mál fyr nema;
 hendi inni hégri drep-ek þik Hrungniss bana,
 sva-at þer brotnar beina hvat.
62. *Loki* Lifa ætla-ek mer langan aldr,
q. þóttú hótir hamri mer; 250

Beyla (housewife) and Loki. B. The mountains are a-quaking; the Thunderer must be astir from home; he will quiet those that revile Gods and men here.—L. Hold thy peace, Beyla, thou art Barleycorn's wife, and full of malice; nothing more noisome has come among the Anses; thou art altogether filthy, thou serving-woman.

(Here Thor comes in.)

Thor. Hold thy peace, vile being; Miollni, my mighty hammer, shall cut thy speech short. I will knock thy shoulder-knob (head) off, and then thy life is done.—L. Ha! here is Earth's son at last; why talkest thou big, Thor? Thou wilt not be so valiant in thy fight with the Wolf, who shall swallow up the Blissful Father (Woden).—T. Hold thy peace, Loki, etc. I will fling thee up into the east, where none shall see thee more.—L. Never speak to men about thy eastern journeys, since thou, the Hero, didst crouch in a glove-thumb, remembering not that thou wast Thor.—T. Hold thy peace, Loki, etc. My right hand will smite thee with the killer of Rungni (Hammer), so that thy every bone shall be broken.—L. I mean to live a long life, though

- Skarpar álar þóttu þer Skrymiss vesa,
ok máttira-þú þá nesti ná,
ok svaltza-þu þá hungri heill.
63. Þórr Pegi-þú, ræg vættr! Þer skal mín Prúð-hamarr,
g. Miollnir, mál fyr nema; 255
Hrungniss bani mon þer í hel koma
fyr Ná-grindr neðan.
64. Loki Kvað-ek fyr Ásom, kvað-ek fyr Ása sonom
g. þaz mik hvatti hugr;
enn fyr þer einom mun-ek út ganga, 260
þvi-at ek veit at þú veigr.
65. Æl gærðir þú, Ægir, enn þú aldri munt
síðan sumbl um gæra;
Eiga þín æll, es her inni es, 265
leiki yfir logi,
ok brenni þer á baki!

THE LAY OF SKIRNI.

GIVEN in R, leaves 11-12; and (the opening only) in A (748) to l. 110. Quoted in Edda (Sk), v. 42, where also a paraphrase of the plot is given, which supplies the scanty account to be gathered from the poem, which is certainly imperfect, with several serious lacunæ.

The character of the story is highly romantic and passionate, and there are touches which remind one of Romeo and Juliet. But the bantering scenes, in which the faithful servant upholds his master's cause, testify to the poet of Loka-senna.

Frey, having fallen in love with the beautiful white-armed giant-maiden, falls into a deep love-melancholy. His mother, grieving at his sad state, bids his trusty page Skirni find out the cause thereof. Skirni worms out his secret, and agrees to go to Giant-land to woo Gerda, his master's love, for him. By a mixture of caressing and force he makes her consent; but at a great price, Frey's charmed sword must go to Giant-land. Frey welcomes his good squire's tidings, and the poem breaks off before the end. We learn from the prose paraphrase the antecedents and consequences of this fiery passion, and why it is that Frey will ride weaponless to the Last Battle at the Crack of Doom.

The origin of the story is probably a sun-myth.

The name Skirnismal is warranted by A, where it is thus superscribed.

thou threatenest me with thy hammer. Skrimnis' straps were too tight for thee, thou couldst not get to thy food, and wast well-nigh starved for hunger.—T. Hold thy peace, Loki, etc. The killer of Hrungni shall strike thee dead, and (send thee) down underneath the gates of the Dead.—L. I chanted to the Anses, I chanted to the sons of Anses, what the mind bid me; but for thee alone I will go away, for I know thou wilt smite.

Loki (in parting, addresses Eager the host). Thou didst brew thy ale [for a feast], Eager, but thou shalt never more give a banquet. All thy goods here within the flame shall lick, and burn thy back to boot.

I.

1. *Skadi* **R**ÍSTÚ nú, Skirnir, ok gakk at beiða
q. okkarn mála mæg;
 ok þess at fregna, hveim enn fróði sé
 of-reiði afi.
2. *Skirnir* Illra orða erumk ón at ykkrom syni,
q. ef ek geng at mæla við mæg;
 ok þess at fregna, hveim enn fróði sé
 of-reiði afi. 5

II.

3. *Skirnir* Segðu mer þat, Freyr, folk-valdi goða,
q. ok ek vilja vita: 10
 Hví þú einn sitr endlanga sali,
 mín dróttinn, um daga?
4. *Freyr* Hví um segjak þer, seggr inn ungi,
q. mikinn móð-trega;
 þvi-at alfræðull lýsir um alla daga,
 ok þeygi at mfnom munom. 15
5. *Skirnir* Muni þína hykka-ek svá mikla vesa
q. at þú mer, seggr, ne segir:
 þvi-at ungir saman værom í árdaga;
 vel mættim tveir truask. 20
6. *Freyr* Í Gymiss-gærðom ek sá ganga
q. mér tíða mey;
 armar lýsto, enn af þaðan
 allt lopt ok lægr.
7. Mær es mér tíðari, an manni hveim
 ungom í árdaga; 25

FIRST SCENE.—*At Elfbam, in Frey's Hall. Skadi, Frey's mother, speaks to Skirni, Frey's messenger.*

Skadi. ARISE, Skirni, and go and get speech of our son, and ask our goodly son with whom he is angry.—*Skirni.* I shall get but evil words from your son if I try to speak with him and ask your goodly son against whom his wrath is kindled.

SECOND SCENE.—*Skirni goes up to Frey.*

Skirni. Tell me, O Frey, thou captain of the Gods, fain would I know why thou, my lord, sittest the livelong day alone in thy hall.—*Frey.* How can I tell thee, my young boy, my heavy heart-sorrow. For the sun shines day by day, but brings no joy to me.—*Skirni.* Can thy grief be so great that thou, my friend, couldst not tell it to me? For we were lads together in past days; well might we two trust one another.—*Frey.* In Gymis' crofts I saw a-walking a maid I love; her arms beamed so that sky and sea were lit thereby. This maid is dearer to me than

1. Alliteration amiss.
 ænn manni, A.

5. er mer, R.

25. an manni] enn mann, R;

Ása ok Alfa þat vill engi maðr
at við samt sém.

8. *Skirnir* Mar gefðu mer þá, þann-es mik um myrkvan beri
q. vísan vafr-loga; 30
ok þat sverð, es sialft vegisk
við Iætna ætt.
9. *Freyr* Mar ek þer þann gef, es þik um myrkvan berr
q. vísan vafr-loga; 35
ok þat sverð, es sialft mun vegask,
ef sá es horskr es hefir.

III.

10. *Skirnir* Myrkt es úti, mál kveð-ek okkr fara
q. úrig fiøll yfir,
Þursa þjóð yfir,
Báðir við komumk, eða okkr báða tekr 40
sá inn amátki iætunn.

IV.

11. *Skirnir* Segðu þat, hirðir, es þú á haugi sitr
q. ok vardar alla vega:
hve ek at andspilli komumk ens unga mans 45
fyr greyjom Gymiss.
12. *Hirðir* Hvárt ertu feigr, eða ertu fram-genginn?
q. andspilliss vanr þú skalt æ vesa
góðrar meyjar Gymiss.
13. *Skirnir* Kostir ro betri heldr an at kløkkva sé
q. hveim-es fúss es fara; 50

ever maid was to a young man. But none of the Anses or of the Elves will have us be together.—*Skirni*. Now give me the horse to bear me through the dark flicker-flame thou knowest of; and that sword that fights of itself against the Giant-kind.—*Frey*. I will give thee the horse to bear thee through the dark flicker-flame; and that sword that fights of itself if he is bold that bears it.

THIRD SCENE.—*Skirni on his way talks to his horse.*

Skirni. It is dark all about us, it is time for us to go over the wet hills, over Ogre-land. We shall both get there unless that foul giant takes us both.

FOURTH SCENE.—*In Giant-land, outside Gymis' hall. To the Shepherd.*

Skirni. Tell me, Shepherd, sitting on the howe and watching all the ways, how I may come to talk with the young maid, maugre Gymis' hounds.

Shepherd. Art thou fey, or art thou a ghost? . . . Thou canst never get to talk with Gymis' goodly maid.—*Skirni*. He must never be flinching

eino dóegri mer vas aldr um skapaðr
ok allt líf um lagið.

V.

14. *Gerðr* Hvat es þat hlym hlymja, es ek heyri nú til
q. ossom rænnom í?
Iærð bifask, enn allir fyrir 55
skialfa garðar Gymiss.
15. *Ambótt* Maðr es her úti, stiginn af mars baki,
q. ió lætr til iarðar taka.
16. *Gerðr* Inn bið-þu hann ganga í okkarn sal,
q. ok drekka inn mæra miæð; 60
þó ek hitt óumk, at her úti sé
mínn bróður-bani.

VI.

17. *Gerðr* Hvat es þat Alfa né Ása sona
q. né vissa Vana?
Hvi þú einn um komt eikin-fúr yfir 65
ór sal-kynni at síá?
18. *Skirnir* Emkat-ek Alfa né Ása sona,
q. né vissa Vana,
þó ek einn um komk eikin-fúr yfir
yðor sal-kynni at síá. 70
19. Epli ellifo her hefi-ek al-gollin,
þau mun-ek þer, Gerðr, gefa,
frið at kaupa, at þú þer Frey kveðir
óleiðastan lífa.
20. *Gerðr* Epli ellifo ek þigg aldregi 75
q. at manzkiss munom;

whoso wants to go on with his journey. On one day my fate was fashioned and all my life laid down.

FIFTH SCENE.—*Inside the ball. Gerda and a bondswmaid.*

Gerda. What is that clattering clatter that I hear in our court? The earth is quaking, and all Gymis' homestead shaking.—*Bondswmaid.* A man is without here, he has got off his horse, and lets his steed graze.—*Gerda.* Go, bid him in to our hall, to drink of our clear mead; though it misgives me that my brother's slayer is without.

SIXTH SCENE.—*Gerda welcomes Skirni to the ball.*

Gerda. Which of the sons of Anses or of wise Wanes is this? How didst thou alone get over the huge fire to visit our hall?—*Skirni.* I am none of Anses nor of Elves nor of wise Wanes, though alone I came over the huge fire to visit your hall. I have here eleven all-golden apples; these, *Gerda,* will I give thee to purchase thy favour, that thou mayest call Frey the best-beloved of all living.

Gerda. Thy eleven apples I will never take, for any one's love; nor

- né við Freyr, meðan okkart fiær lifir,
byggjom bæði saman.
21. *Skirnir* Baug ek þer þá gef, þann-es brenndr vas
q. með ungom Óðins syni; 80
átta ero iafn-hæfgir es af driúpa
ena niundo hverja nótt.
22. *Gerðr* Baug ek þikkak, þótt brenndr sé
q. með ungom Óðins syni;
esa mer gollz vant í gærðom Gymiss 85
at deila fé faður.
23. *Skirnir* Sér þú þenna mæki, mær, miófan, mál-fán,
q. es ek hefi í hendi her?
hæfuð hœggva ek mun þer halsi af,
nema þú mer sætt segir. 90
24. *Gerðr* Ánauð þola ek mun aldregi
q. at manzkiss munom;
þó ek hins get, ef ið Gymir finnisk
vígs ótrauðir, at ykr vega tíði.
25. *Skirnir* Sér þú þenna mæki, mær, miófan, mál-fán, 95
q. es ek hefi í hendi her?
Fyr þessom eggjom hnígr sa inn aldni iætunn;
verðr þínn feigr faðir.
26. Tams-vendi ek þik drep; enn ek þik temja mun,
mær, at mínom munom: 100
Þar skaltu ganga, es þik gumna synir
síðan æva sé.
27. Ara þúfo á skaltu ár sitja,
horfa heimi or,
snugga Heljar til. 105
Matr sé þer meirr leiðr, an manna hveim
enn fráni Ormr með from.

shall we two, Frey and I, ever live together.—*Skirni*. I will give thee a ring that was burnt with Woden's young son; eight rings as heavy drop therefrom every ninth night.—*Gerda*. I take no ring, even though burnt with Woden's young son. I lack no gold in Gymis' house, sharing my father's wealth.

Skirni (*threatening*). Look on this blade, maid, slender, marked with characters, that I hold in my hand; I will hew thy head from off thy neck unless thou yieldest to me.—*Gerda*. I shall never bear to be driven to love any man. Yet I guess if thou and Gymir meet, you will come to fight.—*Skirni*. Look at this blade, etc. Before its edge the old giant shall bow down and thy father fall doomed. I shall touch thee with a magic wand, for I will tame thee, maiden, to my will; thou shalt go where the sons of men shall never see thee, on the Eyrie-mound thou shalt for ever sit, looking out of the world, sniffing Hellwards. Meat shall be more loathsome to thee than is the cruel Serpent to any man. Thou shalt

28. At undr-síonom þú verðir es þú út kæmr,
 á þik Hrimnir hari!
 á þik hotvetna stari; 110
 við-kunnari þú verðir an vörðr með goðom,
 gapi þú grindom frá!
29. Tópi ok Ópi, Tíasull ok Ópoli
 vaxi þer tór með trega!
 Seztu niðr! enn ek mun segja þer 115
 'sváran súb-breka'
 ok tvennan trega:
30. Gramar gneyppa þik skolo gerstan dag
 Iætna gærðom í.
 Til Hrímb-þursa hallar þú skalt hverjan dag. 120
 kranga kosta-laus,
 kranga kosta van.
 Grát at gamni skaltu í goegn hafa,
 ok leiða með tórom trega.
31. Með þursi þrí-hæfðuðom þú skalt æ nara, 125
 eða verlaus vesa.
 Þítt geð grípi! þik morn morni!
 ves-þu sem þistill sá-es vas þrunginn
 í ænn ofanverða.
32. Til holtz ek gekk ok til 'hrás viðar,' 130
 gamban-tein at geta,
 gamban-tein ek gat[k].
33. Reiðr es þer Óðinn, reiðr es þer Ása-Bragr,
 þik skal Freyr fíask.
 En firin-illa mæ, enn þú fengit hefir 135
 gamban-reiði goða.
34. Heyri Iættnar! Heyri Hrímb-þursar!

be made a show of, when thou comest out. May Rimni (the giant) grin upon thee; may everything stare on thee; thou shalt be better known than the watchman (Heimdall) among the Gods, gaping through the gate! May (the magical characters) Maddener and Whooper, Tease and Lust, bring upon thee tears and sorrow! Sit thee down, I will yet tell thee a heavy . . . and double grief. May the demons pinch thee every day in Giant-land; thou shalt creep loveless and lovelorn to the Frost-Giants' hall day by day, thou shalt have weeping for joy, and wear out sorrow with tears. Thou shalt linger for ever with a three-headed monster, or else be husband-less. May thy soul be smitten! May thou pine away with pining! Be thou like a thistle-head thrust away in the porch! I went to the holt, and to the . . . wood to fetch the magic wand, and got it. Woden is wroth with thee, the pride of the Anses (Thor) is wroth with thee; Frey shall hate thee. Thou, most wicked maid, hast brought down upon thee the wrath of the Gods.—Hearken, O Giants! Hearken,

114. Read vexi?

118. Tramar, R.

129. v' þa, R; read, ofan viðar?

135. Emend.; Enn fyrir illa mer, R.

- Synir Suttunga! Sialfir Ás-liðar:
 hve ek fyr-býð, hve ek fyr-banna
 manna glaum mani, 140
 manna nyt mani.
35. Hrímgrimnir heitir þurs, es þik hafa skal,
 fyr ná-grindr neðan;
 þar þer víl-megir á viðar rótom
 geita hland gefi: 145
 óðri drykkja fá þú aldregi,
 mæ, af þínom munom,
 mæ, at mínom munom.
36. Þurs ríst-ek þer ok þriá stafi:
 Ergi ok Æði ok Óþola; 150
 svá ek þat af ríst, sem ek þat á reist,
 ef gæraek þarfar þess.
37. *Gerðr* Heill ves-þú nú heldr, sveinn, ok tak við hrím-kalki
q. fullom forns miaðar:
 Þó hafða-ek þat ætlað, at myndak aldregi 155
 unná Vaningja vel.
38. *Skirnir* Ærendi mín vil ek æll vita
q. áðr ek ríða heim heðan:
 nær þu á þingi munt enom þroska
 nenna Niarðar syni. 160
39. *Gerðr* Barri heitir, es við bæði vitom,
q. lundr logn-fara:
 enn ept nætr þriár þar mun Niarðar syni
 Gerðr unna gamans.

VII.

40. *Freyr* Segðu mer þat, Skirnir, áðr þú verpir sæðli af már, 165
q. ok þú stigir feti framarr:

ye Frost-Giants! ye sons of Suttung! ye companies of the Anses! how I forbid, how I deny her all joy of men, all pleasure of men. A monster called Rimegrim below Corse-gates shall have thee (to wife). There the sons of toil underneath the roots of the wood shall serve thee with . . . ; no better drink shalt thou get, maid, for thy pleasure, at my pleasure.—I engrave thee with the sign 'þ' and the three signs, Lewdness, Love-Madness, Lust.—Yet will I scrape it off as I scratched it on, if need be.

Gerda (cowed, now brings him a goblet). Hail now, lad, and take this foaming cup full of old mead! Though I had not thought that I should ever love the Waningi (Frey) well.—*Skirnir*. I must have a full answer before I ride hence; when wilt thou have a love-tryst with Niord's blooming son?—*Gerda*. Barra is the name of a peaceful copse we both know; there after three nights Gerda will grant her love to Niord's son.

SEVENTH SCENE.—*Skirnir* back at *Elfbam* telling his success to *Frey*.
Frey. Tell me, Skirnir, before thou castest saddle off thy horse and

- hvat þú árnaðir í Iætun-heima
 þíns eða míns munar?
 41. *Skirnir* Barri heitir, es við báðir vitom,
 q. lundr logn-fara : 170
 enn ept nætr þriár þar mun Niarðar syni
 Gerðr unna gamans.

VIII.

42. *Freyr* Læng es nótt! lengri ro tvær!
 q. Hve um þreyjað þriár?
 Opt mer mánaðr minni þótti,
 an síá half hý-nótt. 175

HARBARDS-LIOD; OR, THE LAY OF HOARBEARD.

THIS little drama is contained in R (leaves 12-13); and partly in A, from ll. 57 to the end. It is otherwise unknown, never having been cited or paraphrased.

The *metre* is a sort of alliterative prose, which ever and anon becomes regular verse; a style of composition only met with in this poem and in the following fragment.

The *subject* of the drama is the contrast between the two religious ideals of the age, the old and the new; the homely, hard-working, old-fashioned franklin, and the adventurous, gallant, loose-living gentleman-buccaneer of the young wicking-days, typified in the two characters Thor and Woden.

The dialogue between the two kings, Eystein the reformer and Sigurd the crusader, in *The Life of Kings*, treats of a similar subject, and may be partly inspired by our poem.

Thor, anxious to get across the stream, which he cannot ford (as Bergmann acutely observed) because the water would put out his quiver-ful of thunder-bolts, calls to the ferryman, Hoarbeard (Woden in disguise), to put him across. Hoarbeard mocks him, denies him a passage, and the scene ends by Thor going off grumbling to seek his way home by a long roundabout route which his malicious antagonist has told him of.

There are several interesting mythological allusions, and the vocabulary is marked. The text seems pretty straight and perfect.

The *name* 'Harbards-liod' is warranted by R.

takest one step forward, How didst thou fare in Giant-land—for thy pleasure, or mine?—*Skirni*. Barra is the name of a peaceful copse we both know; there after three nights' time Gerda will grant her love to Niord's son.

EIGHTH SCENE.—*Freyr* (*soliloquising*). One night is long, two nights are longer! How can I endure three? A month has often seemed shorter to me that this half (short) bridal night.

- Fórr q.* **H**VERR es sá sveinn sveina, es stendr fyr sundit handan?
- Harb. q.* Hverr sá karl karla, es kallar um váginn?
- Fórr q.* Ferðu mik um sundit! Fœði-ek þik á morgin; meis hefi-ek á baki; verðra matr in betri; Át-ek í hvíð, áðr ek heiman fór, 5
sildir ok hafra; saðr em-ek enn þess.
- Harb. q.* Árligom hrósar þú verðinom; veitzattu fyr gœrla: dæpr ro þín heim-kynni; dauð hygg-ek at þín móðir sé.
- Fórr q.* Þat segir-þu nú es hverjom þikkir verst at vita, at mín móðir dauð sé. 10
- Harb. q.* Þeygi es sem þú þriú bú góð eigir; ber-beinn þú stendr, ok hefir brautinga gœrvi; þat-ki at þú hafir bróekr þínar!
- Fórr q.* Stýrðu hingat eikjonni! ek mun þer stæðna kenna. Eða hverr á skipit es þú heldr við landit? 15
- Harb. q.* Hildolfr sá heitir, es mik halda bað rekr inn ráð-svinni, es býr í Raðseyjar-sundi; baðat hann hlenni-menn flytja né hrossa-þiöfa, góða eina, ok þa-es ek gœrva kunna. Segðu til nafns þíns, ef þú vill um sundit fara. 20
- Fórr q.* Segja mun-ek til nafns míns, þótt ek sekr siák, ok til allz æðliss:—Ek em Óðins sonr; Meila bróðir, enn Magna faðir, Prúðvaldr goða; við Þór knáttu her dœma.— Hins vil-ek nú spyrja hvat þú heitir. 25

SCENE, on the banks of a river, Thor shouting on the one bank for the ferryman who is on the other.

Thor. WHO is that lad of lads, that stands across the river?—*H.* Who is that churl of churls, that shouts across the water?—*T.* Ferry me across the water, I will give thee food to-morrow. I have a basket on my back; there was never better meat; I dined, as I rested before I went from home, on herring and goat-venison; I am still sated with it.—*H.* Thou rejoicest in an early meal. Little thou knowest it, but dismal is thy home; I guess thy mother be dead.—*T.* Thou tellest me now, what is the worst news to every man, that my mother is dead.—*H.* It looks little like thy having three estates; there thou art, bare-legged in a beggar's gaberdine; not even thy breeches on.—*T.* Bring the boat here, I will show thee the berths. Who owns the bark thou holdest by the shore?—*H.* Hildwolf is his name, who bade me hold her here; the shrewd husbandman who lives in Radsey Sound. He told me not to ferry over any poachers or horse-thieves, but only good men and such as I knew well. Tell me thy name, if thou wilt cross the Sound.—*T.* I will, though an outlaw, give my name, and all my kin and dwelling. I am Woden's son, Meili's brother, and Main's father, the Strong One of the Gods; it is with Thor thou speakest. Now I will ask what is thy

- Harb. q.* Hárbarðr ek heiti; hylk um nafn sialdan.
Þórr q. Hvat skaltu of nafn hylja, nema þú sakar eigir?
Harb. q. Enn þótt ek sakar ne eiga
þá mun ek forða fiærvi míno fyr slíkom sem þu est,
nema ek feigr sé— 30
- Þórr q.* Harm líótan mer tel-ek at vaða um váginn til þín,
ok væta kægur mín.
Skylda-ek launa kægur-sveini þínom kängin-yrði,
ef ek komumk yfir sundit!
- Harb. q.* Her mun ek standa, ok þín heðan bíða. 35
Fantattu mann in hardara at Hrungni dauðan.
- Þórr q.* Hins viltu nú geta, es við Hrungnir deildom,
sa-inn stór-úðgi iætunn, es or steini vas hæfuðit á;
þó lét-ek ek hann falla ok fyr hníga.—
Hvat vanntu þá meðan, Hárbarðr? 40
- Harb. q.* Vas-ek með Fíolvari fimm vetr alla
í ey þeirri es Algróen heitir.
Vega ver þar knóttom ok val fella;
margs at freista; mans at kosta.
- Þórr q.* Hverso snúnoðo yðr konor yðrar? 45
Harb. q. Sparkar átto ver konor, ef oss at spækom yrði;
horskar átto ver konor, ef oss hollar væri:
Þær or sandi síma undo;
ok or dali díúpom grund um grófo.
Varð-ek þeim einn ællom æfri at ráðom, 50
hvílða-ek hía þeim systrom siau,
ok hafða-ek geð þeirra allt ok gaman.—
Hvað vanntu þá meðan, Þórr!

name?—*H.* My name is Hoarbeard; I never hide my name.—*T.* Why shouldst thou hide thy name, unless thou be an outlaw?—*H.* Even though I were an outlaw, I could keep my life safe from such as thee, unless I were death-doomed.—*T.* 'Tis a bad job to have to wade through the water to thee and wet my quiver; I should pay thee, thou quiver-boy (wee boy), for thy mockery, if I were to cross the Sound.—*H.* Here I shall stand, and bide thy coming; thou shalt not have met a better man since Hrungni's death.—*T.* Now thou tellest how Hrungni and I dealt together, that stout-hearted Giant, whose head was of stone; yet I felled him and brought him low. What wast thou doing then?—*H.* I was with Fíolware five winters together on an island called Allgreen; we fought there, and made a slaughter: tried many things, meddled with love.—*T.* What manner of women were those women of yours?—*H.* Sparks of women they were, had they but been wise; fair they were, if they had been but faithful. They wound rope out of sand, and dug down the dales into a field. I got the better of them all. I slept with these seven sisters, took my pleasure with them all. What wert thou doing the while, Thor?

- Pórr q.* Ek drap Þiaza enn þrúð-móðga iætun,
upp ek varp augom Allvalda sonar 55
á þann inn heiða himin;
þau ero merki mest mínna verka,
þau es allir menn síðan um sé.—
Hvat vanntu þá meðan, Hárbarðr?
- Harb. q.* Miklar man-vélar ek hafða við myrk-riðor, 60
þa-es ek véлта þær frá verom;
Harðan iætun ek hugða Hlébarð vesa;
gaf hann mer gamban-tein,
enn ek véлта hann or viti.
- Pórr q.* Íllom huga launaðir-þú þá góðar giafar. 65
Harb. q. Þat hefir eik es af annarri skefr,
um sik es hverr í slíko.—
Hvat vanntu [þá] meðan, Þórr?
- Pórr q.* Ek vas austr ok iætna barðag
brúðir bælvisar es til biargs gengo. 70
Mikil mœndi ætt iætna, ef allir lífdi,
vætr mœndi manna undir Miðgarði.—
Hvat vanntu þá meðan, Hárbarðr?
- Harb. q.* Vas-ek á Vallandi ok vígom fylgdak;
atta-ek iæfrom, enn aldri sættak. 75
Óðinn á iarla, þá es í val falla,
enn Þórr á þræla kyn.
- Pórr q.* Óiafnt skipta es þú mœndir með Ásom liði,
ef þú ættir vilgi mikils vald!
- Harb. q.* Þórr á afl óerit, enn ekki hiarta: 80
af hræzlo ok hug-bleyði þer vas í hannzka troðit;
ok þóttiska-þú þá Þórr vesa;

Thor. I smote Thiazí, the mighty Giant; I flung the eyes of Alwald's son up into the clear heaven; these are the greatest tokens of my works, which all men may see hereafter. What wert thou doing the while, Hoarbeard?

H. Many love adventures I had with the night-riders (hags), when I wiled them from their husbands. Sturdy Giant, indeed, was Leebeard; he gave me a magic wand, but I wiled him out of his wit.—*T.* Ill didst thou requite good gift then.—*H.* One oak takes what is scraped from another. Every man for himself. What wast thou doing the while, Thor?

Thor. I was in the east, smiting the ill-working Giant-brides on their way to the hills. Great would be Giant-kind were they all alive. No man could then live on this earth. What wast thou doing the while, Hoarbeard?

H. I was in Welshland, busy a-fighting; I drove kings to fight, but never wrought peace. Woden owns all the gentlefolk that fall in fight, but Thor the thrall-kind.—*T.* Thou wouldst share out unfair odds among the Anses, if the power were thine.

H. Thor has strength enough, but no heart; from fear and cowardice thou wast packed away in a glove, and wast not much like Thor then; thou darest not in thy terror either to sneeze or . . . lest Fialar heard

- hvárki þú þá þorðir fyr hræzlo þínni
físa né hnísa sva-at Fialarr heyrði.
- Þórr q.* Hárbarðr inn lagi! ek mœnda þik í hel drepa, 85
ef ek mætta seilask um sund.
- Harb. q.* Hvat skyldir þú um sund seilask, es sakar ro allz ængar!
Hvat vanntú þá, Þórr?
- Þórr q.* Ek vas austr, ok ána varðak,
þá-es mik sóttu þeir Svarangs synir. 90
Grióti þeir mik bærðo; gagni urðo þeir þó lítt fegnr;
þó urðo þeir mik fyrri friðar at biðja.—
Hvat vanntu þá meðan, Hárbarðr?
- Harb. q.* Ek vas austr, ok við einhverja dœmðak;
lék-ek við ena lín-hvíto ok laun-þing háðak; 95
gladdak ena goll-biærto; gamni mær unði.
- Þórr q.* Góð áttoð ér man-kynni þar þá.
- Harb. q.* Liðs þíns vas ek þá þurfi, Þórr,
at ek hélða þeirri enni lín-hvíto mey.
- Þórr q.* Ek mœnda þer þá þat veita, ef ek viðr of kœmomk. 100
- Harb. q.* Ek mœnda þer þá trua, nema þu mik í trygð væltir.
- Þórr q.* Emkat-ek sá hæl-bítr sem húð-skór forn á vár.
- Harb. q.*
Hvat vanntu þá meðan, Þórr?
- Þórr q.* Brúðir berserkja barðak í Hlesseyjo; 105
þær hafdo verst vunnit, villta þjóð alla.
- Harb. q.* Klóeki vanntu þá, Þórr, es þú á konom barðir.
- Þórr q.* Vargynjor þat váro, enn varla konor;
skelldo skip mítt es ek skorðat hafðak;

it.—*T.* Thou coward, Hoarbeard, I would smite thee to death if I could stretch across the Sound.—*H.* Why stretch across the Sound when there is no cause? What didst thou the while, Thor?

Thor. I was in the East, and defended the river, when Swarang's sons set upon me; they pelted me with stones, yet they did not enjoy victory, they were obliged to beg quarter of me. What wast thou doing the while, Hoarbeard?

H. I was in the East, in adventure with a certain lady; I played with the linen-white one, and held a secret love-meeting; I gladdened the gold-bright lady. She, the maid, enjoyed the sport.—*T.* Ye had a good choice of maidens then.—*H.* I needed thy help then, Thor, that I might keep hold of that linen-white maid.—*T.* I would have helped if I had had the chance.—*H.* I would have trusted thee, if thou hadst not broken truce with me.—*T.* I am no such heel-biter as an old brogue in the spring.—*H.* What wast thou doing the while, Thor?—*T.* I smote the Bearsark brides in Leesey, they had wrought the worst deeds, wiling all people.—*H.* That was a shameful deed of thee, Thor, to beat women.—*T.* She-wolves they were, but hardly women. They shattered

84. Fialarr] thus.
98. vas] A; vœra, R.

95. laun-þing] A; lavng þing, R.
106. villta] A; velta, R.

97. atto þ'r, R.

- óegdo mer iarn-lurki; enn elto Þialfa.— 110
 Hvát vanntu meðan, Hárbardr?
Harb. q. Ek vask í hernom es hingat gærðisk,
 gnæfa gunn-fana, geir at rióða.
Þórr q. Þess viltu nú geta, es þú fórt oss ólíufan at bióða.
Harb. q. Bóeta skal þer þat þá munda-baugi, 115
 sem iafnendr unno, þeir es okr vilja sætta.
Þórr q. Hvar namtu þessi in hnœfiligo orð,
 es ek heyrða aldri in hnœfiligri?
Harb. q. Nam-ek at 'männom,' þeim enom aldrœnom,
 es bua í heimis-haugom. 120
Þórr q. Þó gefr þú gótt nafn dysjom
 es þú kallar þær heimis-hauga.
Harb. q. Svá dóemi ek um slíkt far.
Þórr q. Orð-kringi þín mun þer illa koma,
 ef ek ræð á vág at vaða: 125
 Ulfi hæra hygg-ek þik ópa muno,
 ef þú hlýtr af hamri hægg.
Harb. q. Sif á hór heima; hans mundo fund vilja;
 þann muntu þrek drýgja; þat es þer skyldara. [130
Þórr q. Mælir þú at munnz ráði sva-at mer skyldi verst þikkja;
 halr enn hug-blauði! hygg-ek at þú líugir.
Harb. q. Satt hygg-ek mik segja; seinn ertu at fær þínni;
 Langt mœndir þú nú kominn, Þórr, ef þú litom færir.
Þórr q. Hárbardr inn ragi! heldr hefir þú nú mik dvalðan.

my ship which I had beached, threatened me with an iron club, and chased Thialfi. What wast thou doing the while, Hoarbeard?

H. I was in the army, which was marching hither, hoisting the war-banner, and reddening the spear.—*T.* Now thou art telling how thou wentest to do harm to us.—*H.* I will make it good to thee with a hand-ring, as the daysmen order who shall settle our cause.

Tbor. Where didst thou learn those cutting words? I never heard words more cutting.—*H.* I learnt them from the old [giantesses] that live in the home-howes.—*T.* Thou givest a (too) fair name to cairns, when thou callest them home-howes.—*H.* So I judge on this head (that is what I call them).—*T.* Thy word-fencing will turn out ill to thee, if I do set myself to wade across; thou wouldst, methinks, cry louder than the Wolf, if thou shouldst get a stroke of the Hammer.—*H.* Sif [thy wife] has a paramour at home, go and seek him, that is a job for thee; 'tis nearer at hand to thee.—*T.* Thou lettest thy tongue lead thee to say what is most offensive to me; thou coward, Hoarbeard, thou liest, I warrant thee.

H. I speak true, I warrant thee; thou art too slow on thy journey. Thou wouldst have been far on thy way now, if thou hadst started at break of day.—*T.* Hoarbeard, thou coward, how long thou hast kept

113. gun fana, A. 118. aldri in] A; aldrigi, R. 119. mönnonn] mm, A; om. R.; read íviðjom? 120. Bugge; -skavgom, A; skogom, R.
 122. -skoga, R and A. / 128. hór] hó, R and A.

- Harb. q.* Ása-Þórs hugða-ek aldregi mundo
glepja far-hirði farar. 135
- Þórr q.* Ráð mun-ek þer nú ráða! Ró þú hingat bátinom;
hættom hóettingi; hittu fæðor Magna.
- Harb. q.* Far þú firr sundi! þer skal fars synja.
- Þórr q.* Vísa-þú mer nú leiðina, allz þú vill mik eigi um váginn
ferja! 140
- Harb. q.* Lítið es at synja: Langt esat fara:
Stund es til stokksins; ænnor [es] til steinsins;
Halltu svá til vinstra vegsins unz þú hittir Verland.
Þar mun Fiorgyn hitta Þór son sinn,
ok mun hon kenna honom áttunga brautir til Óðins
landa. 145
- Þórr q.* Mun-ek taka þangat í dag?
- Harb. q.* Taka við víl ok erfiði at upp-vesandi sólo
es ek get þána.
- Þórr q.* Skamt mun mál okkat, allz þú mer skóetingo einni
svarar;
Launa mun-ek þer far-synjon, ef við finnomk í sinn
annat. 150
- Harb. q.* Farþu nú þars þik hafí allan gramir!

THE FLYTING OF IVAR AND WODEN.

THIS curious fragment is found in a prose paraphrase in the Skíoldunga Saga; whence we have taken those lines which still keep traces of the old poetic form. The text is printed in the Icelandic Prose Reader, pp. 191-193.

Ivar Widefathom, the famous Danish conqueror, had a dream, as

me waiting.—*H.* I never thought a ferryman could stop Anses-Thor's journey.—*T.* I will give thee counsel; pull the boat hither; let us stop hooting. Come to meet Magni's father (me).

H. Get thee gone from the Sound, passage shall be denied thee.—*T.* Then shew me the way, since thou wilt not ferry me across the water.—*H.* That is a small thing to refuse. It is no long way to go; an hour to the stock; an hour to the stone; then keep on to the left hand, till thou comest to Werland, there shall Fiorgyn meet her son; and then she will tell thee the highway to the land of Woden.—*T.* Shall I get there to-day?—*H.* Aye, thou wilt get there with great toil and trouble at sunrise, or nigh about, I think.

Þbor. Short shall our talk be, since thou answerest me nothing but mocking. I will pay thee back for refusing me passage, if we two meet again.

H. Get thee gone. May all the fiends take thee!

136. far-hirði] Egilson; fe-hirði, R; fæ-hirði, A.

142. es] add. A.

143. vegsins] R; vægs, A.

Lex. 657 a; upp rænandi, A.

141. esat] er at, R.

147. upp-vesandi] see

148. þána, R; þa na, A.

he lay on his ship off a haven, in which he saw a great fiery dragon, flying up from the sea, followed by all the birds in the Northern lands; and from the land he saw a great cloud rolling up, with rain and tempest, towards the dragon; and presently the dragon and his followers were swallowed up in the cloud, and were seen no more. But there came great thunderings and terrible lightnings, and rain and hail over all the realms that were under his rule; and when he looked for his war-galleys, to put to sea and take refuge from the storm, lo, they had turned into whales and were swimming away into the deep. With that the King woke, and called on Hord, his old foster-father, to read his dreadful dream. But Woden took the likeness of Hord, and stood on the pier by the side of the King's ship, while the King sat under the awnings at the stern and talked to him.

It is at this point that our paraphrase begins:—At the end of the dialogue the King rose up furious, and jumped overboard to get at Hord, who dived into the water before he reached him, and neither of the two was ever seen again, and the revolution foretold by the dream came to pass, so that the mighty empire of Ivar Widefathom was broken up and ruled over by strangers. Munch has traced the events alluded to with great ingenuity in his Norse History.

The *metre* appears to have been the same as in the preceding Lay of Hoarbeard; and by the same poet.

- Ivar* **G**AKK á skip Hæððr ok ráð draum mín. . . .
Horðr . . . Es nú kominn á þik hel-gráðr.
Ivar Gakk hingat ok seg ill-spár þínar!
Horðr Her mun-ek standa ok heðan segja.
Ivar Hverr es Halfdan Snialli með Ásom? 5
Horðr Hann vas Baldr með Ásom es æll Regin greto.
Ivar Gakk hingat ok seg tíðendi!
Horðr Her mun-ek standa ok heðan segja.
Ivar Hverr vas Hrócrekr með Ásom?
Horðr Hann vas Hócnir es hræddaztr vas Ása. 10
Ivar Hverr vas Helgi inn Hvassi með Ásom?
Horðr Hann vas Hermóðr es bazt vas hugaðr.

King Ivar. Come on board, Hord, and read my dream.

Hord. I shall not come; read it thyself. Thy kingdom shall fall from thee, both Sweden and Denmark. And surely the greed of Hell is come upon thee, since thou thinkest to lay all realms under thy rule; but thou shalt die, and thine enemies shall take thy kingdom.

K. I. Come hither, and tell thy prophecies of evil!

H. I will stand here and speak from this place.

K. I. Which of the Gods may Halfdan the Sharp be likened to?

H. He is Balder among the Gods, whom all the powers mourned for—very unlike thee.

K. I. Come hither, and tell thy words of wisdom.

H. I will stand here and speak from this place.

K. I. Which of the Gods may Hrorek be likened to?

H. He is Honir, the cowardliest of the Gods, and he, too, is unfavourable to thee.

K. I. Which of the Gods may Helgi the Keen be likened to?

H. He is Hermod, who was the boldest-hearted, and . . .

- Ivar* Hverr vas Goðrœðr með Ásom?
Horðr Heimdallr vas hann es heimskastr vas Ása.
Ivar Hverr em-ek með Ásom?
Horðr Muntu vesa Vormr sá sem verstr es til ok heitir Mið-¹⁵
 garðz-ormr.
Ivar Ek kenni þik hvar þú stendr, þrúðna-þursinn!
Horðr Far þú nú nær, Miðgarðz-ormrinn . . .!

§ 3. MYTHIC FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS OF LOST MYTHOLOGICAL POEMS.

1. *Heimdall's Charm* (Heimdallar Galdr). A fragment preserved in Edda (Gg).

2. *The Dialogue of Niord and Skadi*, probably by the author of Skirnismal. Husband and wife ill-matched; the God of the Sea with the Giantess of the Hills. A morsel saved in Edda (Gg). It is also paraphrased by Saxo, pp. 53-55 (ed. 1839); but falsely attributed by him to King Hadding and his Queen. Saxo dilutes the eight Norse lines into thirty-one Latin ones.

3. *The Goddess Gna's talk with the Wanæs*; just this morsel in Edda (Gg).

4. *Balder's Death*. A mere quotation in Edda (Gg) and a paraphrase of the story is all that remain of what must have been a fine poem. Thokk is Loki in disguise.

5. *Geirrod and Thor*. A story of one of Thor's adventures paraphrased in Edda (Sk). Eilif Gudrunson's Thor's Drapa gives a later version of the legend. There is an Irish version of this story derived from a Northern source (as the word 'Iarla' shows) in the *Revue Celtique*, 1880.

I. HEIMDALLAR-GALDR.

NIO em-ek mcéðra mægr,
 nio em-ek systra sonr.

K. I. Which of the Gods may Godfred be likened to?

H. He is Heimdall, the most foolish of the Anses.

K. I. To which among the Anses am I like?

H. Thou art the serpent, the worst of all things, called the Earth-serpent.

K. I. If thou art foretelling my fate, I can tell thee of thine. For I know thee, where thou standest, thou monstrous Demon.

H. Come nearer, thou Earth-serpent, and let us prove our might.

1. *Heimdall's Charm*.

. . . . I AM nine mothers' child, I am nine sisters' son,

2. *Njörd and Skadi.*

<i>Njörd</i>	Leið eromk fiöll, vaskat-ek lengi á,	
q.	nætr einar nio:	
	ulfa þytr þóttomk illr vesa	5
	hía sængvi svana.	
<i>Skadi</i>	Sofa ek ne mákat sævar-beðjom á	
q.	fogls iarmi fyrir:	
	sá mik vekr, es af víði kœmr,	
	morgun hverjan már.	10

3. *Gná and her steed Hofvarpni.*

<i>Vanir</i>	Hvat þar flýgr? hvat þar ferr?	
q.	eða at lopti líðr?	
<i>Hon</i>	Ne ek flýg, þó ek fer,	
q.	ok at lopti líð	
	á Hólfvarpni þeim-es Hamskerpir	15
	gat við Garðrofo.	

4. *Lay on Balder (the Giantess Thokk).*

<i>Thókk</i>	Þækk mun gráta þurrom tórom	
q.	Baldrs bál-farar:	
	Kviks né dauðs nautka-ek Karls sonar.	
	Haldi Hel því-es hefir!	20

5. *Thor and Giant Geirrod.*

<i>Þórr</i>	Vaxat-þu nú Vimor allz mik þik vaða tíðir	
q.	Iætna garða í!	

2. *Njörd and Skadi.*

Quoth Njörd. I LOATHE the mountains; I was not long there, nine nights only. The howl of the wolves seemed evil to me after the song of the swans.

Quoth Skadi. I cannot sleep in the resting-places of the sea (shore) for the shrieking of the sea-fowls. The mew, coming in from the sea, wakes me every morning.

3. *Gna and her steed Hoofsplasher.*

The Wanes say: WHAT is that flying? What is that moving, gliding through the air?

She says: I am not flying, though I move and glide through the air on the back of Hoofsplasher, whom Hamsharp begot with Gardrof.

4. *Lay on Balder's Death.*

The ogress Thokk says: THOKK will weep dry tears at Balder's bale-fire. What have I to do with the Son of Man quick or dead? Let Hell keep what she holds!

5. *Thor and Giant Geirrod.*

Thor, (wading through the river Wimmer, says): WAX not, Wimmer,

3. á] add. W. 5. þóttomk] emend.; mer þótti, W. 7. mákat] emend.; matat (i. e. macac), W. 21. Vimra, W, but elsewhere Vimor.

veiztu ef þú vex, at þá vex mer Ás-megin
iafn-hátt upp sem himinn.

Eino sinni neyttak Ás-megins 25
Iætna gærðom í:
þá es Gialp ok Greip, dóctr Geirræðar,
vildo hefja mik til himins.

for I am minded to wade through thee to Giant-land. Be sure if thou waxest, my god-power will wax too, as high as heaven.

Once I put forth all my God's-power in Giant-land, when Squall and Grip, Geirrod's daughters, tried to lift me up to heaven.

25. sinni] om. U; allz (for Ás), U. Both W and r drop this verse.

BOOK III.

EARLY WESTERN EPICS.

THIS BOOK contains the flower of Northern Epic Poetry (kvidor); of the best period of what we take to be a Western School. These poems differ widely from those of the preceding Books in spirit and form. The *metre* of the first three Sections is *epic* (kvido-hattr).

SECTION 1 includes the finest Heroic poems in the whole range of Northern Song; all, we think, by the same unknown hand, the 'poet of Helgi.'

SECTION 2 is made up of the Lay of Weyland, Thryms-kvida and Balder's Doom, the Danish Mill Song, the Morsels of Biarka-mal, all marked out by their ballad-like spirit.

SECTION 3 contains Volo-spa, the great prophetic Sibyl's Lay of the last days of heathendom.

The first Northern Christian poems which make up SECTION 4 we have preferred to put here, next to Volo-spa, rather than in the preceding Book with works kindred in metre, but wholly alien in spirit. They are the last genuine poems in Didactic measure, but their strength and subject are those of Dante, not of Hesiod.

§ 1. THE HELGI POET.

THE HELGI TRILOGY.

THIS trilogy has reached us in a single vellum, R, (leaves 20a-26b,) where its component parts are massed together confusedly, just as they must have been taken down by the collector from the mouth of reciters who had half forgotten the old poem. As the editions by no means represent the state of the MS., it will be necessary to enter into detail, especially as there is no other part of R which shows so clearly how the collector received and treated his matter.

R gives the trilogy in this order:—

(a) The story of HELGI and SIGRUN down to line 235 (A text), followed by—

(b) The story of Hiorward and Sigrlind, and HELGI and SWAVA, with the *Flyting of the Giantess* embedded in it, going on without fresh title to—

(c) The beginning of HELGI and KARA, under the names of Helgi and Sigrun. Then come without a break—

(d) The fragments of the old Wolsung Lay, to which are attached—

(e) The last section of Helgi and Sigrun, ll. 236 sqq., with—

(f) Stray verses of the earlier part of the same story, strewn pell-mell among the rest, giving a *duplicate* text (B) to part of the story (ll. 125-235); being probably the recollections of a second reciter, who happened to know a few verses the collector had not got before.

The Wolsung paraphrast, working from a sister copy of our R, takes (a), and uses it for his story, without noticing the following sections (or text B), which indeed were not necessary for his purpose. Of Helgi and Swava, we have *no* paraphrase. But we do find such bits of the story of Helgi and Kara in the late and wretched Saga of Hromund Gripson, as enable us to restore the proper names in (c), and show that it is really the first part of the old Karoliød referred to in the prose of R.

We have used (a), (e), and (f) in our text of the first part of the trilogy (Helgi and Sigrun), choosing the best versions where they run parallel. Both texts A and B are printed in the Notes, side by side.

The second part (Helgi and Swava) has been cleared from its interpolations.

The old Wolsung Lay fragment is printed separately.

The third part (Helgi and Kara) is thus left distinct.

The *plot* of the three parts is all built on the same lines. The whole story may be thus resumed.—A young hero wins the love and protection of a Valkyrie, marries her, and dies in the height of his glory. She joins him in the grave, and the two lovers are born again

under different names to go through the same life-story, though with varying incidents, as follows:—

I. *Helgi and Sigrun*. Helgi is born at Bralund of Borghild, and is blessed by the Fates, though an evil Fate foretells trouble to him. While he is yet a child, his father, Sigmund, is slain by King Hunding. His first deed of arms is to avenge his father in a battle at Lowefell. As he is resting after the fight, the Walkyrie Sigrun, daughter of King Hogni, comes riding through the air to him, and begs him to deliver her from being given in marriage to Hodbrord, the cruel son of Granmar. He agrees to do so, and sets out with his fleet; when he reaches the enemy's coast there follows an episode, the flyting between Sinfiotli, his captain of the host, and Godmund, Hodbrord's watchman. At the battle of Frekastein, Helgi slays his enemy, but also unwittingly his love's father and elder brother, but saves Day, the next brother, making him swear fealty to him. Day breaks his oaths, and kills his father's slayer at the battle of Fettergrove. Sigrun curses her brother for his perjury, and goes into the grave with Helgi's ghost.

II. *Helgi and Swava*. The opening scenes are very fragmentary. Atli, by help of the talking birds, woos Sigrlind, Swafni's daughter, for his master, King Hiorward. Rodmar, a piratic king, kills Swafni, and Sigrlind escapes to Hiorward, marries him, and bears a son, Helgi, who is dumb and nameless in his youth, till he meets Swava, a Walkyrie, in a wood; she gives him a name and a charmed sword which will enable him to avenge his grandfather, Swafni. He accordingly kills Rodmar in battle, and marries Swava. His half-brother, Hedin, having refused the love of a witch, is cursed by her, and in consequence makes a foolish vow at the Brag-cup, to wed Swava, his brother's wife. In horror at his words he tells all to Helgi, who bids him be at ease, for he himself is doomed to fall in battle against Rodmar's sons. As Helgi lies dying but victorious in the field, he sends for Swava, and gives her to his brother, but she refuses to marry him till he has avenged her husband. Here the story breaks off abruptly.

III. *Helgi and Kara*. We have very little of this story left. It is evident that Helgi's father (Sevi?) has been slain, for we find him brought up by a foster-father, Hagal, with his own son Hamal. In their house he is sought for by his enemies under the conduct of King Hadding's counsellor, Blind the balewise, but contrives to elude them by putting on a bond-woman's dress and grinding at the hand-mill. After this he meets the Walkyrie Kara, Halfdan's daughter, who tells him that she has long watched over him though invisible. Here the poem breaks off; but no doubt there was in the last part a flyting, in which Hamal took part, a battle in which Helgi slays his father's slayer, Hadding,—a complication in which Kara's brothers, Sigar and Hogni, are mixed up, and a final tragedy in which both Kara and Helgi perish.

That Haddinga-skadi (not Haddinga-skati, as it is twice written, the word only occurring thrice in all) is the proper epithet of *this* Helgi, appears from the parallelism with 'Hundings-bane,' from the name 'Halding' (an evident corruption of Hadding), in Hromund Gripson's Saga, and from the fact that it fits the verse, while there is no place for Hadding in Helgi Hiorward's son's life at all.

For the *transposition* at the end of Helgi and Sigrun see the Notes.

HELGI AND SIGRUN.

I. HELGA-KVIDA.

ÁR vas alda þat-es arar gullo,
 hnigo heilæg vatn af Himin-fiællom :
 þá hafði Helga inn hugom-stóra
 Borghildr borit í Brá-lundi.

Nótt varð í bóe; Nornir kvómo. 5
 þær-es æðlingi aldr um skópo :
 Þann bóðo fylki frægstan verða,
 ok buðlunga baztan þikkja.
 Snero þær af afli ærlæg-þátto
 burar Borghildar í Brálundi; 10
 þær um greiddo gollin símo,
 ok und mána-sal miðjan festo.
 Þær austr ok vestr enda fálo,
 þar átti lofðungr land á milli.
 Brá nipt Nera á Norðr-vega 15
 einni festi: ey það hon halda.

Eitt vas at angri Ylfinga nið
 ok þeirri meyjo es munuð féddi . . .

Hrafn kvað at hrafni, sat á háom meiði,
 and-vanr áto:—Ek veit nækkoð: 20
 Stendr í brynjo burr Sigmundar,
 dægurs eins gamall;—nú es dagr kominn—
 hvessir augo sem hildingar;
 sá es varga vinr. Við skolom teitir!
 Drótt þótti sá dæglingr vesa, 25

I. It was in the olden days, the eagles were screaming, the holy streams were flowing from the Hills of Heaven, when Helgi the stout of heart was born of Borghild, in Braeholt. Night lay over the house when the Fates came to forecast the hero's life. They said that he should be called the most famous of kings and the best among princes. With power they twisted the strands of fate for Borghild's son in Braeholt, they spread the woof of gold and made it fast under the midst of the moon's hall. In the east and in the west they hid the thrums, all the land between was to be his. Neri's sister fastened one strand in the sides of the North, and prayed that it might hold for ever.

There was one thing only that threatened the son of the Wolfings and the lady that bore the darling . . .

Quoth a raven to a raven, as he sat on a lofty branch, famished for food, 'Somewhat of tidings I know. The son of Sigmund, one night old, stands in his armour—now the day is a-dawning—his eyes flashing like a hero's; friend of the wolves is he. Let us be of good cheer!'

The household looked on him as a dayling [bright son of light],

10. burar Borghildar] emend.; þa er borgir braut, R.
 or more seems to be lost.

18. Here a verse

kváðo með gunnom góð ár komin.
 Sialfr gekk vísi or víg-þrimo
 ungom féra ítr-lauk grami.
 Gaf hann Helga nafn, ok Hring-staði,
 Sól-fiöll, Snæ-fiöll, ok Sigars-vælló, 30
 Hring-stað, Hátún, ok Himin-vanga,
 blóð-orm buinn, bréðr Sinfíotla.
 Þá nam at vaxa fyr vina brjósti
 almr ítr-borinn ynðiss líoma.
 Hann galt ok gaf goll verðungo ; 35
 Sparðiat hilmir hodd 'blóð rekinn.'
 Skamt lét vísi vígs at bíða :
 Þá-es fylkir vas fimtán vetra,
 ok hann harðan lét Hunding veginn
 þann-es lengi réð lændom ok þegnom. 40
 Kvæddo síðan Sigmundar bur
 auðs ok hringa Hundings synir,
 því-at þeir áotto iáofri at gialda
 fiár-nám mikit ok fæður dauða.
 Létað buðlungr bóetr uppi, 45
 né niðja in heldr nef-gjald fá.
 Vón kvað hann mundo veðrs ens mikla
 grára geira ok gremi Óðins.
 Fara hildingar hjar-stefno til
 þeirrar es lögðo at Loga-fiollom : 50
 Sleit Fróða-frið fiánda á milli ;
 fara Viðriss grey val-gjærn um ey.
 Settisk vísi, þá-es vegit hafði
 Alf ok Eyjolf, und Ara-steini,

saying, 'Now are good seasons come among men.' The king himself came off the battle-field bearing a fair leek to the young prince. He gave him the name of Helgi with Ringstead, Sunfell, Snowfell, Sigarsfield, Ringhaven, Hightown and Heavening; moreover he gave Sinfíotli's brother an inwrought blood-serpent [sword].

The high-born elm [hero] grew up fair and lovely before his kinsman's eyes, he dealt out the gold and bestowed it on the household, never sparing the red hoards. He did not wait long for a war When he was fifteen years old he slew the stark Hunding, who had long borne rule over his lands and people. Then the sons of Hunding summoned the child of Sigmund to give them riches and rings, for they had to make him repay them for their father's death and a vast plunder. But the prince paid the heirs neither recompense nor weregild, but bade them await the fierce tempest of spears and the anger of Woden. The king's sons came to the sword-tryst at Lowefell, as was appointed. Frodi's peace was broken between the foes, Woden's greedy hounds ravined over the island. When he had slain the sons of Hunding, Alf and Eywulf, Hiorward and

ið-gnógan Ognar-lióma brágnom bióða ok burom þeirra:— Biðit skióttliga til skipa ganga, ok or Brandeyjo búna verða.	85
Þaðan beið þengill, unz þingat kvómo halir hund-margir or Heðinseyjo. Ok þar af stundo or Stafnsnesi 'beit her' út skriðo ok buin golli. Spurði Helgi Hiorleif at því: Hefir þú kannaða koni óneisa?	90
Enn ungr konungr æðrom sagði: Seint kvað at telja af Træno-eyri lang-hæfðuð skip und líðondom þau-es Iorva-sund útan fóro:	95
tolf hundruð tryggra manna. þó es í Hátúnom hælo fleira víg-lið konungs. Vón eromk rómo. Svá brá stýrir stafn-tíaldom af at mildinga mengi vakði,	100
ok dæglingar dags-brún síá, ok siklingar snero upp við rá vef-nistingom á Varinsfirði. Varð ára ymr, ok iarna glymr; brast rænd við rænd; rero víkingar;	105
Eisandi gekk und æðlingom lofdungs floti lændom fiarri. Svá vas at heyra es saman kvómo Kolgo systir ok kilir langir, sem biörg eða brim brotna mcendi.	110

levy, promising the warriors and their sons gold in good store. 'Bid them get aboard their ships forthwith and make ready to sail from Brandey.' There the prince waited, till there came thither warriors by hundreds from Hedinsay. Forthwith the gold-decked fleet stood out to sea from Staffness. Then quoth Helgi to Hiorleif, 'Hast thou mustered the blameless host?' And the young king answered that it were long to tell over the high-stemmed ships freighted with mariners from Crane-ore, as they sailed out to sea down Yorwa-sound, twelve hundred trusty men. 'Yet there lies at Hightown a king's host twice as great. We must make us ready for battle.'

The host awoke, they could see the brow of dawn; the king bade furl the bow-awnings, and they hoisted the woven canvas to the yards in Warinsfirth. Then there arose a plashing of oars and a rattle of iron, shield clashed against shield as the Wickings rowed. With a foaming wake the king's fleet of warriors stood out far from the land. When Kolga's sister [the billow] and the long keels dashed together, it was to the ear as if surf and cliffs were breaking against each other.

88. af stundo] emend.; stöndom, R.
not i grva-. 102. rá] tre, R.

89. beit her] thus? 95. Thus,

Draga bað Helgi há-segl ofarr.
 Varðat húfom hrönn þing-loga,
 þá es ógorlig Ægiss dóttir
 á stag stiörn-mærom steypa vildi.
 Enn þeim siálfom Sigrún ofan 115
 folk-diærf um barg ok fari þeirra:
 Snœrisk ramliga Rán or hendi
 gialf-dýr konungs at Gnípa-lundi.
 Svát þar um aptan í Una-vágom
 flaustr fagr-buin fljóta knátto. 120
 Enn þeir sialfir frá Svarins-haugi
 með hermdar hug her kænnoðo.
 Frá goð-borinn Goðmundr at því:
 Hverr es skiældungr sa-es skipom stýrir,
 lætr gunn-fana gollinn fyr stafni? 125
 þikkira mer frið-skiældr í farar-broddi;
 verpr víg-roða um vkinga.
 Sinfætli kvað—Slæng upp við rá
 rauðom skildi; rænd vas or golli.
 Þar vas sund-værðr sa-es svara kunni, 130
 ok við æðlinga orðom skipta:—
 Segðu þat í aptan, es svfnom gefr
 ok tkr yðrar teygir at solli,
 at sé Ylfingar austan komnir
 gunnar giarnir fyr Gnípa-lundi. 135

Helgi bade them hoist the topsails higher. The fast-following seas kept trust upon the hulls, whilst Eager's dreadful daughter strove to whelm the bows of the steer-steeds. But battle-bold Sigrun, from on high, saved them and their craft off Cliffholt. The king's brine-steed was wrested by main strength from Ran's hands, and that night the fair-found fleet rode safe once more in Unisvœ.

The foes gathered at Swarin's howe, mustering their host in angry mood. Quoth the god-born Godmund [Hodbrodr's warder], 'Who is the king that steers these ships with a golden war-standard at his bows? No shield of peace, methinks, do I see in the van, but a halo of war wraps the Wickings about.'

Quoth Sinfotli, hoisting a red shield, golden-rimmed, to the yard—he was a warder that could give a good answer, and bandy words with warriors—'Remember this evening, when thou art feeding the swine and leading the bitches to their swill, to make it known that the Wolfings from the East, in fighting mood, have come off Cliffholt. There

112. varðat húfom hrönn þing-loga] thus emend.; hrœnom hæv, 'n, R (the scribe mended the wrong word). 114. á stag . . .] emend.; stagstiörn mavrom, R.

119. Svát] i. e. sva-at; sat, R. 123. Hence to l. 235 there is a double text, A and B. 126. Emend.; þikkira mer frið í farar br-, R. 127. Thus Text

B; Text A has—Hverr er land reki sá es lið stýrir | ok feikna lið færir at landi.—

A duplicate. 128. rá] tre, R. 135. fyr] frá, R. 135-139. Text B— . . . Gnípa-lundi. Her má H. Helga kenna | fljóta traudan í flota miðjom | Hann hefir æðli ættar þinnar | arf Fiorsunga und sik þrungit.—A duplicate.

- Þar mun Hæðbroddr Helga finna
flug-trauðan gram í flota miðjom,
sa-es opt hefir ærno sadða
meðan þu at kvernom kysstir þýjar.
- Goðm.* Fyrr vilda-ek at Freka-steinu 140
g. hrafna seðja á hræjom þínom,
an tkr yðrar teygja at solli,
eða gefa gæltom. Deili græm við þik!
- Sinf.* Fyrr mundo, Goðmundr, geitr um halda,
g. ok berg-skorar brattar klífa, 145
hafa þer í hendi hesli-kylfo,
þat-es þer blíðara an brimiss dómar.
- Goðm.* Fátt mantu, fylkir, fornra spialla,
g. es-þu æðlingom ósænno bregðr:
Þú hefir etnar ulfa krásir 150
ok bréðrom þínom at bana orðit;
opt sár sogin með svælom munni;
hefir í hreysi, hvar-leiðr, skriðit.
- Sinf.* Þú vart vælva í Varinseyjo,
g. skoll-vís kona, bartu skræk saman; 155
kvaztu engi mann eiga vilja,
segg brynjaðan, nema Sinfíotla.
Þú vart, en skœða, skass, Valkyrja,
ætul, amatlig, at Alfæður;
mundu Einherjar allir berjask, 160
sveip-vís kona, of sakar þínar.

in the midst of his fleet may Hodbrodd find Helgi, that flight-spurning hero, who has often given the eagles their fill, whilst thou wast kissing the slave-girls at the querns.

Quoth Godmund: I would sate the ravens on thy carcass at Wolfstone before I would lead your bitches to their swill, or feed the hogs. The fiends bandy words with thee.

Quoth Sinfíotli: Thou, O Godmund, shalt sooner tend goats, and climb steep scaurs, holding a hazel club in thy hand. That is more to thy liking than the moot of the swords.

Quoth Godmund: Thou knowest little, my lord, of the stories of old, when thou bringest false charges against warriors. Thou thyself hast eaten wolves' meat and murdered thy brother. Thou hast often sucked wounds with cold mouth, and slunk, loathsome to all men, into the dens of wild beasts.

Quoth Sinfíotli: Thou, witch-hag that thou art, wast a sibyl in Warinsey, fashioning false prophecies. Thou didst say that thou wouldst have none of the mail-clad warriors to husband save Sinfíotli. Thou, hateful ogress, wast a Walkyrie, hideous, accursed of All-father. The

139. at] a, R. 140-143. These lines, clearly due in here, are a response to the preceding. Text B has—Því fyrr skolo at Freka steini sáttir saman um sakar dæma | Mál es Hodbrodd hefnd at vinna ef ver lægra hlut lengi bárom.—A duplicate. 142. an] enn, R. 151. bréðrom] V; bréðr, R. 158. 'q.' (i. e. quap Sinfíotli), add. R after skœða. 161. sveip-vís] emend.; sveiv, R.

	Nio sótto við á nesi Ságo ulfa alna; ek vas einn faðir þeirra.	
<i>Godm.</i>	Faðir vasattu Fenris-ulfa	
<i>q.</i>	ællom ellri, sva-at ek muna: sízt þik geldo fyrir Gnípa-lundi þursa meyar á Þórsnesi. Stiúpr vastu Siggeirs, látt und stæðom hreina, varg-lióðom vanr á viðom úti; kómo þer ógægn æll at hendi, þá-es bræðr þínom brióst raufaðir, gærðir þik frægjan af firin-verkom.	165 170
<i>Sinf.</i>	Þú vast brúðr Grana á Brávelli;	
<i>q.</i>	goll-bitloð vast, gær til rásar: hafda ek þer móðri mart skeið riðit svangri und sæðli, simul forbergis.	175
<i>Godm.</i>	Sveinn þóttir þú síðlauss vesa	
<i>q.</i>	þa-es þú Gollniss geitr molkaðir; enn í annat sinn Imðar dóttir, tættrug-hypja. Vill þú tælo lengri?	180
<i>Helgi</i>	Væri ykk, Sinfíotli, sócmra miklo	
<i>q.</i>	gunni at heyja ok glaða ærno; an sé ónýtom orðom at bregdask, þótt hring-brotar heiptir deili. Þikkjat mer góðir Granmars synir; þó dugir siklingom satt at mæla: þeir hafa markat á Mæins-heimom at hug hafa hiærom at bregða.	185

Host of the chosen had well-nigh fought together for thy sake, thou false woman. On Saganess we two had a litter of nine wolves; I was the father of them all.

Quoth Godmund: Nay, thou wast no father of Wolves, that I can remember, since the ogre-maids gelt thee on Thorsness by Cliffholt. Thou wast Siggeir's step-son, and didst lie in the reindeer's lairs, out in the woods, used to the songs of the wolves. All manner of crimes fell to thy lot; thou didst rip up thine own brother's breast, and didst make thyself famous for abominations.

Quoth Sinfíotli: Thou wast Grani's dam on Braefield, golden-bitted thou rannest saddled for a race. I have ridden thee many a course, uphill and down dale, sitting in saddle on thy slim back, thou . . .

Quoth Godmund: Thou wast a mannerless swain when thou wert milking Gollni's (the Giant's) goats; and now, for the second time, thou hagspaw, thou tatter-screen, wilt thou a longer tale?

Quoth Helgi: It would beseem you both far better, good Sinfíotli, to fight out your quarrel and gladden the eagle, than to bandy unprofitable words. Though the princes are my foes, yet a warrior should speak the truth, and brave, methinks, are Granmar's sons; they have proved on Moin's heath that they have the heart to wield their swords.

168. hreina] Bugge; heima, R.
ingar, Text B.

181. þer es S, Text B.

184. hild-

188. ero hildingar hœlzi sniallir, add. Text B.

- Peir af ríki renna léto
 Svipóð ok Sveigioð Sólheima til, 190
 ðala ðæggóttu, ðækkvar hlíðir.
 Skalf mistar marr hvar megir fóro.
 Mœtto þeir tiggja í tún-hlíði;
 sægdo stríðliga stilli kvómo.
 Úti stóð Hæðbroddr hialmi faldinn, 195
 ‘hugdi hann ioreið ættar sínna’—
 Hví es hermðar litr á Hniflungom?
Godm. Snuask her at sandi snefgir kíolar,
 q. rakka hirtir, ok ráf langar,
 skildir margir, skafnar árar, 200
 gæfukt lið Gylfa, glaðir Ylfingar.
 Ganga fimtán folk upp á land,
 þó es í Sogn út sjau þúsundir.
 Liggja her í grindom fyr Gnípa-lundi
 brim-dýr blá-svært ok buin golli; 205
 þar es miklo mest mengi þeirra.
 Muna nú Helgi hjar-þing dvala?
 [Hæðbroddr kvað]:—
- Hodbr.* Renni-rækn bitlið til regin-þinga!
 q. Enn Spurvitrir at Sparins-heiði, 210
 Melnir ok Mylnir til Myrkviðar.
 Látið engi mann eptir sitja
 þeirra es ben-logom bregða kunni!
 Biððið ér Hæгна ok Hrings sonom,
 Atla ok Yngva, Alf enom Gamla, 215
 Þeir-ro giarnir gunni at heyja;
 Látum Vælsunga viðr-nám fá.

Now they rode their steeds Sweepwood and Swaywood with all speed to Sunham, through dewy dales and dusky glens; the sea of mist [air] shook as they passed by. They met the king in the gate of the court, and told him of the coming of his foes. Hodbrord was standing helmeted without the house, looking on the riding of his kinsmen: ‘Why are the Hniflungs flushed with wrath?’ [quoth he.]

Quoth Godmund: The lithe keels are turning their heads to our shore, ringed sea-stags, with long sail-yards, with many shields and smooth-planed oars, a great war-fleet, the gallant Wolfings. Fifteen battalions are landing, but out in Sogn are seven more thousand. At the dock by Cliffholt are lying suri-deer, swart-black, and fair with gold, there is by far the most of their host. Helgi will not put off the sword-moot.

Quoth Hodbrord: Bridle the fleet steeds to go forth and call a great levy! Saddle Spurwitni for Sparin’s heath, Melni and Milni for Mirkwood. Let no man stay away that can bear a brand. Call up Hogni

Svipr einn vas þat, es saman kvómo
faolvir oddar at Freka-steini.

Ey vas Helgi Hundings-bani 220

fyrstr í folki þar es firar bærðusk ;

céstr á imo, all-trauðr flugar.

Sá hafði hilmir hart móð-akarn.

Kómo þar or himni hialm-vitr ofan

—óx geira gnýr—þær es grami hlífðo. 225

Þá kvað þat Sigrún, sár-vitr fluga—

‘át havlða scer af hvgrins bari:’—

Heill skaltu, vísi, virða nióta,

átt-stafr Yngva, ok una lífi !

es þú fellt hefir inn flugar-trauða 230

iafur þann-es olli Ægiss dauða.

Ok þer buðlungr samir bæði vel

rauðir baugar ok in ríkja mær.

Heill skaltú buðlungr bæði nióta

sigrs ok landa—Þá es sókn lokit. 235

Sigr. Muna þér Sigrún frá Seva-fiællom.

q. Hæðbroddr konungr, hníga at armi.

Liðin er ævi—‘opt nair hrefi

gran-stoð Gríðar’—Granmars sona.

Helgi Esat þer at ællo, al-vitr, gefið ; 240

q. þó kveð-ek nækkvi Nornir valda :

Fello í morgon at Freka-steini

Bragi ok Høgni ; varð-ek bani þeirra.

Enn at Styrkleifom Starkaðr konungr ;

enn at Hlébiörgom Hrollaugs synir : 245

and the sons of Ring, Atli and Yngwi, Alf the old ; they are all eager to waken war. Let the Wolsungs meet resistance.

With one swoop the yellow blades crossed at Wolf-Rock. Ever fought Helgi Hundings' slayer foremost in the foremost ranks, with stoutest mettle, spurning to fly. That hero's heart was steadfast. And now the Helmed Fairies, that watched over him, came down from heaven,—higher grew the clash of spears. Then spake Sigrun, winged war-fairy . . . Hail, Prince of Yngwi's race, have joy of thy life, for thou hast felled the flight-spurning king that wrought the death of Eager. Thine, king, by right are now the red-rings and the mighty maiden. Hail, king, and have joy of thy victory and thy realm !—Now the battle is ended . . .

Sigrun to Hodbrodd dying on the battle-field : Sigrun from Sevafell shall never, O King Hodbrodd, rest in thy arms. Thy life and that of the sons of Granmar is at an end . . .

Quoth Helgi : Thou canst not give good hap in all things, thou fairy, though some of this is the Fates' doing [not thine]. Bragi and Hogni fell this morning at Wolf-Rock, and at Styrcliff King Starkad, and Hrollaug's sons at Leaburgh : I was their slayer . . . The fiercest

þann sá-ek gylva grim-úðgastan
 es barðisk bolr, vas á brot hæfuð.
 Liggja at Iordan allra flestir
 niðjar þínir at náom orðnir:
 Vantattu vígi; vas þer þat skapað
 at þú at rógi ríkmenni vart! 250

II.

- Dagr* Trauðr em-ek, systir, trega þer at segja,
g. þvi-at ek hefi nauðigr nipti grætta:—
 Fell í morgon und Fíætur-lundi
 buðlungr sa-es vas baztr í heimi,
 ok hildingom á halsi stóð. 255
- Sigr.* Þik skyli allir eiðar bíta
g. þeir es Helga hafðir unna,
 at eno líósa Leiptrar vatni,
 ok at úr-svælom Unnar steini! 260
 Skríðiat þat skip, es und þer skríði,
 þótt óska-byrr eptir leggisk!
 Rennia sá marr, es und þer renni,
 þóttú fiánder þína forðask eigir!
 Bítia þer þat sverð, es þú bregdir,
 nema siælfom þer syngvi um hæfði! 265
 Þá væri þer heft Helga dauða,
 ef þú værir vargr á viðom úti,
 auðs andvani ok allz gamans;
 hefðir eigi mat nema á hræom spryngir, 270
- Dagr* Ær ertu, systir, ok ervita,
g. es þú bréðr þínom biðr forskapa:

king I ever saw, his trunk fought on when his head was off. Most of thy kinsmen lie corpses at Yordan. This slaughter was no work of thine, but thou wast fated to be the cause of feud among the Mighty.

II. *Day comes to Sigrun to tell her the news of her lover's death by his hand, saying:* Sorry am I, sister, to tell thee tidings of sorrow, and it is sore against my will to make my kinswoman weep. He fell this morning at Fetterholt that was the best of earthly princes, that trod upon the necks of kings.

Quoth Sigrun: May all the oaths that were sworn to Helgi, by the bright Lightning water and the ice-cold Rock of the Waves, sting thee now. May the ship that sails under thee sail not, even though thou have a fair wind aft! May the horse that runs under thee run not, yea, though thy foemen are following after thy life! May the sword that thou drawest bite not, save when it is whistling about thine own head! Helgi's death were but rightly avenged, if thou wert a wolf [outlaw] out in the woods, poor and joyless, and lacking meat save what thou couldst get from leaping on carrion corpses!

Quoth Day: Thou art mad and distraught, sister, to pray down

- Einn veldr Óðinn ællo bælvi,
þviat með sífingom sak-rúnar bar.
Þer býðr bróðir bauga rauða, 275
æll Vandils-vé ok Vígdali.
Haf þú halfan heim harms at giældom,
brúðr baug-varið, ok burir þínir.
Sigr. Sitka-ek svá sæl at Seva-fiællom
q. ár né um nætr, at ek una lífi : 280
nema at liði lofdungs líoma bregdi,
renni und vísa Víg-blær þinig
goll-bitli vanr ; knega-ek gramí fagna.
Svá hafði Helgi hrædda goerva
fiáendr sína alla ok frændr þeirra, 285
sem fyr ulfi óðar rynni
geitr af fialli geiska-fullar.
Svá bar Helgi af hildingom,
sem ítr-skapaðr askr af þyrni ;
eða sá dýr-kalfr dæggo slunginn, 290
es æfri ferr ællom dýrom,
ok horn gloa við himin sialfan.

III.

- Helgi* Þú skalt, Hundingr, hverjom manni
q. fót-laug gœra ok funa kynda ;
hunda binda ; hesta gæta ; 295
gefa svínom soð, áðr sofa gangir.
Sigr. Kominn væri nú, ef koma hygdi,
q. Sigmundar burr frá sælom Óðins,

curses on thine own brother. It was Woden alone that wrought all this evil, when he scattered runes of strife among kinsfolk. Thy brother offers thee red rings, all Wandilswé and Wardales, yea, the half of his land to recompense thy wrong to thee and thy sons, thou ring-dight lady.

Quoth Sigrun: Nevermore shall I sit happy at Sevafell, nor have joy of my life at morn or eventide; for nevermore shall I see the light flash on my lord's company, nor the war-steed with its gold bit bearing my king thither; nevermore shall I welcome the prince home. Helgi struck terror into his foemen and their kindred, so that they were like unto the fearful goats that run madly downhill from the wolf. Helgi was among other kings as it were a noble ash among the thorns, or as a young hart, flecked with dew, towering above the other deer, his antlers glittering against the very heaven.

III. *The dead Helgi enters the Halls of Woden with his company, and calls to King Hounding, his old enemy, to do service to him, saying:* Hounding, do thou make ready a foot-bath and kindle a fire for each of us, and tie up the hounds and bait the horses, and give the hogs their swill before thou goest to sleep!

Sigrun said: Sigmund's son would have come by now, if he meant

Kveð-ek grams þinig grenask vánir
 es á ask-limom ernir sitja 300
 ok drífr drótt æll draum-þinga til.

Ambott Hvárt ero þat svik ein es ek síá þikkjomk,
 q. eða Ragna-ræk? Ríða menn dauðir!
 Ér íóa yðra oddom keyrit?
 eða es hildingom heim-fær gefin! 305

Helgi Esa þat svik ein es þú síá þikkisk,
 q. né aldar-rof, þóttú oss lítir:
 þótt vér íóa óra óddim keyrim;
 heldr es hildingom heim-fær gefin.
 Út gakk þú, Sigrún frá Seva-fiællom, 310
 ef þik folks iaðar finna lystir.

Upp es haugr lokinn; kominn es Helgi.
 Dolg-spor dreyra; Dæglingr bað þik
 at þú sár-dropa svefja skyldir.
 Mál es mer at ríða roðnar brautir, 315
 láta fælvan íó flug-stíg troða:
 Skal-ek fyr vestan Vind-hialms bruar
 áðr Salgofnir sigr-þiódð vekir.

[*Ambott*] Vesattu svá óer, at ein farir,
 q. dís Skiældunga, draug-húsa til. 320
 Verða æflgari allir á nóttom
 dauðir dolg-megir an um daga líósa.

to come, from the halls of Woden. I have but faint hope of his coming, now that the eagles are sitting on the limbs of the ash and all the household are thronging to the Assembly of Dreams.

Sigrun's bondmaid sees Helgi and his company riding by in the dusk, and cries out: Is it a mere phantom that I think I see, or is the Doom of the Powers come?—Can dead men ride? Ye are pricking your steeds with the spur!—or have ye been granted leave to come home?

Helgi answered her: It is no mere phantom that thou thinkest thou seest, nor is it the end of the world, though we prick our steeds with the spur, but we have been granted leave to come home. Come out, O Sigrun from Sevafell, if thou desirest to see thy lord. The barrow is opened, Helgi is come, the sword-prints are gory on him. The king bids thee come to stay the bleeding of his wounds. It is time for me to ride along the reddening roads, to let my fallow steed tread the paths of air. I must be west of Windhelm's bridge [the sky bridge, i. e. rainbow] before Salgofni [chanticleer] awakens the mighty Host.

The bondmaid answered: Be not so mad as to go alone, thou sister of kings, to the houses of the Ghosts. All dead fiends of Hell wax stronger by night than in the bright daylight.

299. gręnaz, R.
 319. ver þu eigi, R.

309. heldr] Bugge; 'n.,' R.
 322. dolg-megir] emend.; dolg męr, R.

313. Read biðr?

- Sigr.* Nú em ek svá fegin fundi okkrom,
q. sem át-frekir Óðins haukar,
 es val vito, varmar bráðir, 325
 eða dægg-litir dags-brún síá.
 Fyrr vil ek kyssa konung ólifdan
 an þú blóðugri brynjo kastir.
 Hár es þítt, Helgi, hélo þrungit ;
 allr es vísi val-dægg sleginn ; 330
 hendr úr-svalar Hægna mági,—
 Hve skal-ek þer, buðlungr, þess bót of vinna?
- Helgi* Ein veldr þú, Sigrún frá Seva-fiællom !
q. es Helgi es harm-dægg sleginn : 335
 Grætr þú, goll-varið, grimmom tárom,
 sól-biært, suðrén áðr þú sofa gangir :
 hvert fellr blóðugt á brióst grami,
 úr-svalt, ófialgt, ekki þrungit. . . .
 Vel skolom drekka dýrar veigar,
 þótt misst hafim munar ok landa ; 340
 skal engi maðr angr-lióð kveða,
 þótt mer á briósti benjar líti.
 Nú ero brúðir byrgðar í haugi,
 lofða dísir, hjá oss liðnom !
- Sigr.* Her hefi-ek þer, Helgi, hvílo goerva 345
q. angr-lausa miæk, Ylfinga niðr !
 Vil-ek þer í faðmi, fylkir, sofna,
 sem ek lofðungi lifnom myndak.
- Helgi* Nú kveð-ek enskis ær-vænt vesa

Sigrun goes out to meet her dead lord, and falls upon his neck and kisses him, saying : I am as glad to meet thee as are the greedy hawks of Woden when they scent the slain, their warm prey, or dew-spangled espy the brows of dawn. I will kiss thee, my dead king, ere thou cast off thy bloody mail-coat. Thy hair, my Helgi, is thick with rime, thy whole body is drenched with gory dew, thy hands are cold and dank. How shall I deliver thee from this, O my lord?

Helgi answered her : It is thine own doing, Sigrun from Seva-fell, that Helgi is drenched with deadly dew. Thou weepst cruel tears, thou gold-dight, sun-bright lady of the South, before thou goest to sleep: every one of them falls bloody, dank cold, chilly, fraught with sobs, upon my breast. . . . Let us drink costly draughts, though we have lost both love and land! Let no man chant wailing dirges, though he see the wounds on my breast. Now are maidens, royal ladies, shut up in the barrow with us dead men!

Quoth Sigrun : I have made thee a bed here, Helgi, a very painless bed, thou son of the Wolfings. I shall sleep in thine arms, O king, as I should if thou wert yet alive.

Helgi answered : Now I swear that there shall never be a greater

- q.* síð né snimma at Seva-fiællom: 35°
 es þú á armi ólifðom sefr,
 hvít, í haugi, Hægna dóttir;
 ok ert þó kvik, in konung-bornal

HELGI AND SWAVA.

I. KING HIORWARD AND SIGRLIND.

- Fogll* **S**ÁTTU Sigrlinn Svafniss dóttor,
q. meyna fegrsto í Munarheimi?
 þó ero hagligar Hjarvarðz konor
 gumnom þekkar at Glasiss-lundi.
- Atli* Mundo við Atla Idmundar son, 5
q. fogl fróð-hugaðr, fleira mæla?
- Fogll* Mon-ek, ef mik buðlungr blóta vildi,
q. ok kyss-ek þaz ek vil or konungs garði.
Atli Kiósattu Hjarvarð, né hans sono,
q. ne inar fægro fylkiss brúðir; 10
 eigi brúðir þær es buðlungr á.
 Kaupom vel saman; þat es vina kynni.
- Fogll* Hof mun-ek kiósa, hærga marga,
q. goll-hyrndar kýr frá grams bui,
 ef hánom Sigrlinn sefr á armi, 15
 ok ónauðig iæfri fylgir.
- Atli* Hæfom erviði ok ekki ærendi;
q. Mara þraut óra á megin-fialli;

marvel, early or late, at Sevafell: for thou, the white daughter of Hogni, art sleeping in the arms of the dead; thou, a king's daughter, art come down alive into the barrow.

I. FRAGMENT.—*King Hiorward and Sigrlind. Hiorward sends Atli to woo Sigrlind to him; he is helped by a talking bird.*

The Bird says: HAST thou seen Sigrlind, Swafni's daughter, the fairest maid in this blissful world, though the lovely wives of King Hiorward in Glassgrove seem fair to men?—*Atli.* Thou wise bird, wilt thou talk more to Atli the son of Idmund?—*Bird.* I will, if the king will worship me, and I may choose what I will out of the king's house.—*Atli.* Thou shalt not choose Hiorward, nor his sons, nor any of his fair wives, nor one of the king's wives. Let us bargain together as friends do.—*Bird.* I will choose temples, and many high places, gold-horned kine from the king's stock, if I get Sigrlind to sleep in his arms, and follow the king of her own will.

Atli comes back to the King: We have had trouble and ill speed, our steeds foundered on the broad mountains; we had to wade across

urðom síðan Sæmorn vaða;
 Þá vas oss synjat Svafniss dóttor 20
 hringom góeddrar es ver hafa vildom.

II. HELGI AND SWAVA.

- Valk.* Síð mundu, Helgi, hringom ráða,
q. ríkr róg-apaldr! ne Ræðuls-vællom—
 ærn gól árla—ef þú æ þegir,
 þóttú harðan hug, hilmir, gialdir. 25
- Helgi* Hvat lætr þú fylgja Helga nafni,
q. brúðr biart-litudd! allz þú bióða ræðr?
 Hygg þú fyr ællom atkvæðom vel;
 þiggiat-ek þat, nema ek þik hafa.
- Valk.* Sverð veit-ek liggja í Sigars-holmi, 30
q. fiórom færa an fimm togo:
 eitt es þeirra ællom betra
 víg-nesta bæll, ok varið gulli.
 Hringr es í hialti, hugró es í miðjo;
 ænn es í oddi, þeim-es eiga getr: 35
 ligr með eggjo ormr dreyr-fáðr;
 enn á valbæsto verpr naðr hala.
- Helgi* Ertattu, Hiærvarðr, heilráðr konungr,
q. folks odd-viti, þóttú frægr sér: 40
 léztu eld éta iæfra bygðir,
 enn þeir angr við þik ekki gærðo;

Sæmorn; and then we were denied Swafni's daughter, the ring-endowed maid, whom we came to woo.

II. *The king wins her at last, and she bears him a son, and his father having been slain, he was silent and nameless. He goes one day out in the wood, and meets the Walkyria Swava, a king's daughter. She says—*

Helgi, my warrior, it will be long ere thou rulest over rings or the Sunfells—the eagle screamed early—if thou alway keep silence; though thou broodest over thy revenge.—*Helgi.* What gift wilt thou give with the name, thou bright-faced lady, since thou givest me these commands? Consider well thy words, I take no gift unless I am to have thyself to boot. *Then the Walkyria tells him where to find a magic sword, with which he is to win fame and avenge his father.*

I know where swords, two score and six, lie in Sigar's holm, but one is the best of them all, the curse of the war-net [mail], inwrought with gold. There is a ring in the hilt, a tang through the midst; an 'onn' in the point, for him that gets it; a blood-painted serpent lies along the edges, writhing his tail round the sword-knot.

O H., thou art not a well-advised king, although thou be a great champion; thou madest the fire consume the halls of a king who had done no harm to thee. But thou lettest Rodmar rule over

29. þigg ek eigi, R. 34. hugró es] emend.; hugr er, R (see Lex. 309 a).
 35. ænn] emend.; ogn, R (see Lex. 765 b).

enn Hroðmarr skal hringom ráða
þeim-es ótto órir niðjar ;
sá sésk fylkir fæst at lífi,
hyggsk aldaða-arfi at ráða. 45

Helgi Kom-þú heill, Heðinn! Hvat kanntu segja
q. nýra spialla or Nóregi?
Hví es þer, stillir, stækkt or landi,
ok ert einn kominn oss at finna?

Hedin Mik hefir miklo glépr meiri sóttan: 50
q. ek hefi koerna ena konung-borno
brúði þína at Bragar-fulli.

Helgi Sakask eigi þú! sænn mono verða
q. æl-mál, Heðinn, okkor beggja:
Mer hefir stillir stefnt til eyrar ; 55
þriggja náttu, skylak þar koma.
Íf es mer á því, at ek aptr koma ;
þó má at góðo gæask slíkt ef skal.

Hedin Sagdir þú, Helgi, at Hroðmarr væri 60
q. góðs verðr frá þer, ok gíafa stórra ;
þer es sómra sverð at rióða
an frið gefa fiádom þínom.

Helgi Reið á vargi, es rekvið vas,
q. fljóð eitt es Heðin fylgjo beiddi ;
hon vissi þat, at veginn mœndi 65
Sigrlinnar sonr á Sigars-vællom.

Sendi Helgi Sigar at riða
eptir Eylima einga-dóttor :—

the treasures which our forefathers had. He (Rodmar) sits free from fear of foes, for he thinks he holds the heritage of an heirless race. (*K. Rodmar knew not that Helgi, Sigrlind's son, survived from the slaughter.*)

Helgi to his brother Hedin: Hail, Hedin! what news hast thou to tell from Norway? why art thou outlawed from thy country, and come alone to see us here?—*Hedin.* Far greater is my guilt; I have chosen at the Braei-toast thy king-born bride.—*Helgi.* Blame not thyself; the ale-talk of both of us may prove true. A king has challenged me to the field; within three nights' time I must be there. I doubt if I shall ever come back; yet it may turn out well if I do not.—*Hedin.* Thou saidest that Rodmar had deserved goodwill and great gifts from thee, but it becometh thee better to redden thy sword than to give peace to thine enemies.

It was a witch, riding a wolf in the gloaming, that bade Hedin follow her. She knew that Sigrlind's son should be slain at Sigarsfield.

Helgi (*wounded to death*) sent Sigar [his friend] to fetch Eylimi's

45. aldaða-] emend.; aldaðra R (see Lex. 11 a). 55. stefnt] steyct, R.
58. slíkt ef skal] corrupt? 59. Hroðmarr] emend.; h', R.

- Helgi* Bið brálliga búna verða,
q. ef hon vill finna fylki kvikvan. 70
- Sigarr* Mik hefir Helgi hingat sendan
q. við þik, Sváva, sialfa at mæla:
 Þik kvazk hilmir hitta vilja
 áðr ítr-borinn ændo týndi.
- Sváva* Hvat varð Helga Híarvarðz-syni—
q. mer es harðliga harma leitað? 75
 Ef hann sær um lék, eða sverð um beit,
 þeim skal-ek gumna grand um vinna.
- Sigarr* Seig her í morgon at Sigars-vællom
q. buðlungr sa-es vas baztr und sólo. 80
 Alfr mon sigri ællom ráða,
 þótt þetta sinn þærfgi væri.
- Helgi* Heil ves þú Sváva! hugi deilattu;
q. síá mun í heimi hinztr fundr vesa:
 Tiá buðlungi bléða undir; 85
 mer hefir híarr komið hiarta ið næsta.
 Bið-ek þik, Sváva—brúðr gráttattu—
 ef þú vill míno máli hlýða:
 at þú Heðni hvílo goervir,
 ok iæfurr ungan ástom leiðir. 90
- Sváva* Mælt hafða-ek þat í Munar-heimi
q. þá-es mer Helgi hringa valði,
 myndiga-ek lostig at liðinn fylki
 iæfur ókunnan armi verja.

only daughter (Swava): 'Tell her to make her ready quickly, if she would find her lord alive.'

Sigar goes to Swava and says: Helgi has sent me hither to speak to thee, Swava. He said he wished to see thee before he yielded up his breath.—*Swava.* How came hurt to Helgi Hiorwardson? I sorely am stricken with grief—was it by sea or was it by sword, then I will surely harm his slayer.—*Sigar.* This morning at Sigar's-field fell the best king under the sun. Alf has won, though it was in evil hour.

Swava comes to Helgi on the field of battle.

Helgi. Hail to thee, Swava! let not thy heart fail thee! this shall be our last meeting. My wounds are bleeding; the sword has cut right to my heart. I pray thee, Swava, if thou wilt hearken to my words—weep not, my lady!—to make ready the bed for Hedin, and lay thy love on him.—*Swava.* I had vowed in the home of my happiness, when thou, Helgi, didst endow me, that I would never, of my will, take any other to my arms after my lord's death.

69. Bið] Bugge; biðr, R.
 her í m. at Frekasteini, R.

79. Seig her í m. at Sigars-vællom] emend.; fell
 83. hugi deilattu] emend.; hug skaltu deila, R.

Hedin Kystu mik, Sváva! Kem-ek eigi áðr 95
q. Rógheims á vit ne Ræðuls-fialla,
 áðr ek hefnt hefik Hiorvarðz sonar
 þess es buðlungr vas baztr und sólo.

HELGI AND KÁRA.

KÁRO-LIÓÐ (FRAGMENT).

Helgi SEGÐU Hemingi, at Helgi man
q. hvern 'í brynjo' bragnar feldo,
 es ulf ungan inni hæfðot
 þar es Hamal hugdi *Haddingr konungr.
Blindr Hvæss ero augo í Hagals þýjo; 5
bolvisi esa þat karls ætt es á kvernom stendr;
q. steinar rifna; stoekkr lúðr fyrir.
 Nú hefir hærð dæmi hildingr þegit,
 es vísi skal val-bygg mala. 10
 Heldr es sóemri hendi þeirri
 meðal-kaffi, an mændul-tré.
Hagal Þat es lítil vá, þótt lúðr þrumi,
q. es man konungs mændul hróerir.
 Hon skævaði skýjom œfri,
 ok vega þordi, sem víkingar: 15

Helgi dies, and Hedin bids farewell to Swava before going to revenge his brother.

Hedin. Kiss me, Swava! I will never come back to Strifeham, or Sunfell, before I have revenged the son of Hiorward, the best king under the sun!

When Helgi's father [Sevi?] was slain, he was saved by his foster-father Hagal, who sent him to be brought up in the hall of his enemy, giving him the name of his own son Hamal. When he was grown up Helgi left his foe's house, and bade a shepherd tell Heming whom he had fostered.

1. TELL Heming that Helgi knows who slew his father at B. (place, Bear-bay?); ye have cherished a wolf-cub among you, K. Harding, deeming that it was Hamal.

Blind the mischievous was sent to seek after him, and came to Hagal's house, where Helgi was hid in a bondmaid's dress, working the mill. When he saw him Blind said—

5. Hagal's bondmaid has fierce eyes, no slave-born maid is she that stands at the quern. The stones are cracking, the bin is shivering. Surely the prince is hardly entreated, when a lord such as he must grind the barley. The grip of the sword fits those hands better than the mill-handle.

12. *Hagal answered:* It is little wonder that the bin rattles as the king's bondmaid turns the handle. She was wont to ride above the

4. *Haddingr] Hundigr, R. 6. á] read at? 9. mala] om. R. 13.
 man] mgr, R.

áðr hana 'Helgi' hæpto gærði;
Systir es hón þeirra Sigars ok Hægna;
því hefir ætul augo Ylfinga man.

†Kára	Hverir láta fljóta fley við bakka?	
q.	Hvar, her-megir, heima eiguð? Hvers bíðit ér í Brúna-váögom? Hvert lystir yðr leið at kanna?	20
†Hamall	Hamall lætr fljóta fley við bakka.	
q.	Eigom heima í Hless-eyjo. Bíðom byrjar í Brúna-váögom. Austr lystir oss leið at kanna.	25
Kára	Hvar hefir þú, hilmir, hildi vakða, eðr gægl alin Gunnar systra? Hví es brynja þín blóði stokkin? Hví skal und hialmom hrátt kiæt eta?	30
Helgi	Þat vann næst nýss niðr Ylfinga fyrir vestan ver, ef þik vita lystir, es ek biærno tók í Braga-lundi, ok ætt ara oddom saddak. Nú es sagt, mér, hvaðan sarkat gærðisk; því vas á legi, mér, lítt steikt etið.	35
Kára	Víg lýsir þú; varð fyrir Helga Haddingr konungr hníga at velli; Bar sókn saman es Seva hefndoð, ok busti blóð á brímiss eggjar.	40

clouds, and dared to fight as wickings use, before H. (*name uncertain*) made her captive. She is the sister of Sigar and Hogni. That is why the Wolfings' maid has such wild eyes.

After the battle, in which Helgi had slain Harding and avenged his father's death, Kara, the War-fairy, comes flying towards him.

19. Kara said: Who are ye that moor your ships by the shore? Where is your home, ye warriors? What are you awaiting at Bear-bay? Whither are you bound? *Helgi answers*: Hamal is letting his ships lie by off the shore. Our home is in Leeseey. We are awaiting a fair wind at Bear-bay. We are bound for the east. *Kara says*: Where hast thou, King, wakened the war, and where didst thou sate the birds of the sister of Battle? Why is thy mailcoat flecked with blood? Why eat ye raw flesh, helmed as ye are? *Helgi answers*: The very last deed of the sons of the Wolfings west of the Main, if thou seekest to know, was when I baited the bears in Bragholt and fed the eagle's brood full with my blade. Now, maiden, I have told thee why our meat is raw; we get little roast meat at sea, maiden! *Kara says*: Thou tellest of war; King Harding was made to bow low in the field before Helgi. The fight was joined, and Sevi was avenged, and the blood spirted on the

19. †Kára] Sigrun, R, here and below.
sarkat gærðisk] Bugge; sacar gorduz, R.

23. †Hamall] Helgi, R. 35.
38. Haddingr] ? Hundingr, R.

<i>Helgi</i> q.	Hvat vissir þú, at þeir sé, snót svinn-hugað, es Seva hefndo? Margir ro hvassir hildings synir ok ámunir ossom niðjom.	
<i>Kára</i> q.	Vaska-ek fiarri, folks odd-viti, gæc á morgon grams aldr-lokom: Þó tel-ek slægjan [*Seva] bur es í val-rúnom víg-spiáll segir. Leit ek þik um sinn fyrr á lang-skipom, þá-es þú bygðir blóðga stafna, ok úr-svalar unnir léko: Nú vill dyljask dæglingr fyrir mer, enn mæc Halfdanar Helga kennir.	45 50

VOLSUNGA KVIÐA IN FORNA.

THE OLD TALE OF THE WOLSUNGS (FRAGMENT).

A fragment of a poem, found imbedded in Text B of the great Helgi Lay in R. It gives a duplicate, but inferior, version of the first meeting of Helgi and Sigrun, and may be by a different poet.

SÓTTI Sigrún sikling glaðan;
heim nam hon Helga hænd at sóekja;
kyssti ok kvaddi konung und hialmi.
Pá varð hilmí hugr á vífi.
Fyrr lezk hon unna af ællom hug
syni Sigmundar an hann séð hafði. 5
Vas ek Hæðbroddi í her fæstnuð,
enn iæfur annan eiga vildak.

edges of the brand. *Helgi says*: How canst thou tell, thou wise lady, that we be they that avenged Sevi? There are many keen wickings like unto us. *Kára says*: I was not far off, my lord, yestermorn when the chief was slain, though thou, son of Sevi, talkest covertly, and tellest of the war in strange riddles. I have seen thee before on the long ships, when thou stoodest at the bloody bows, and the ice-cold waves played about thee. Thou art striving to hide thee from me, my prince, but Halfdan's daughter knows thee well.

Sigrun seeks Helgi after the battle in which he had avenged his father, to beg his aid against Hodbord her suitor, as it is told in the Lay of Helgi.

1. SIGRUN went to meet the joyful king; she was minded to seek Helgi's hand; she kissed and greeted the helmed king. Then the hero heart was moved to her. She told him that she had loved him long ere he had seen her.

Saying: I was plighted to Hodbord, though I loved another king;

47. *Sigmundar, R. 53. mæc Halfdanar] emend; Hognæ mæc, R. Helga] om. R. 6. hann] emend.; hon, R; cp. Lay of Kara.

Þó siamk, fylkir, frænda reiði;
 hefi-ek míns faður mun-ráð brotið. 10
 Nama Hæogna mæf of hug mæla;
 hafa kvazk hon Helga hylli skyldo.
Helgi Hirð eigi þú Hæogna reiði
q. né illan hug ættar þinnar.
 Þú skalt, mæf ung, at mer lifa. 15
 ‘Ætt áttu, in góða, es ek siámk.’

HELGI AND SIGRUN (FRAGMENT).

A fine fragment from what was probably, judging from the metre, a short dialogue-poem between Helgi and Sigrun. It is found after l. 251 in R (Helgi and Sigrun).

Helgi HUGGASTU, Sigrún! Hildir hefir þú oss vesit.
q. Vinnat skiaöldungar skæpom.
 [*Sigr.*] Lifna munda-ek nú kíósa þa-es liðnir ro,
q. ok knætta-ek þer þó í faðmi felask.

LAY OF ATLI AND RIMEGERD THE GIANTESS.

A dramatic episode in the story of the second Helgi, into whose poem it is stuck in the vellum after l. 45. It is probably by the same author.

1. *Hrimg.* HVERIR ro hælðar í Hatafirði?
q. skiaöldom es tíaldat á skipom.

though I fear, my lord, my kinsmen's wrath. I have broken my father's dearest wish.

11. Hogni's daughter spoke from her heart, when she said that she would fain have Helgi's love.

13. *Helgi spake*: Fear not thou the wrath of Hogni nor the evil thoughts of thy kindred. Thou shalt live with me, young maid . . .

Helgi tells Sigrun that he has not only slain his enemies but also her father Hogni.

COMFORT thee, Sigrun, thou hast been a war-goddess as it were to me. Kings cannot withstand fate. *Sigrun answers*: Indeed I could wish those alive that now are dead. But yet I would shelter me in thy arms.

Helgi has slain giant Hati, Rimegerd's father, and has brought his ships to Hatefirth, where they are moored by night. Atli his warder is keeping watch on deck, while the warriors sleep, when Rimegerd appears on the cliff and calls to him.

Rimegerd. WHO are the men in Hatefirth, whose ships are awned

- Fróeknliga látið; fátt hygg-ek yðr siásk.
Kennit mer nafn konungs!
2. *Atli* Helgi hann heitir; enn þú hvergi mátt 5
q. vinna grand gramí;
iarn-borgir ro um æðlings flota;
knegoð oss fálor fara.
3. *Hrimg.* Hve þu heitir, halr inn amátiki? 10
q. Hve þik kalla konir?
fylkir þer truir, es þik í fægrom lætr
beitz stafni bua.
4. *Atli* Atli ek heiti; *atall* skal-ek þer vesa; 15
q. miæk em-ek gífrom gramastr;
úrgan stafn ek hefi opt buit,
ok kvalðar kveld-riðor.
5. Hve þú heitir, hála ná-gráðug?
Nefndu þinn, fála, fæðor!
Nio ræstom es þú skyldir neðarr vesa,
ok vaxi þer á baðmi barr. 20
6. *Hrimg.* Hrímgærð ek heiti, Hati hét minn faðir;
q. þann vissa-ek amatkastan iætun;
margar brúðir hann lét frá bui teknar
unz hann Helgi hió.
7. *Atli* Þú vast, hála, fyr hildings skipom 25
q. ok látt í fiarðar mynni fyrir.
ræsiss rekka es þú vildir Rán gefa,
ef þer kœmið í þverst þvari.
8. *Hrimg.* Duliðr ertu nú, Atli; draums kveð-ek þer vesa,
q. síga lætr-þú brýnn fyr brár; 30

with shields? You come in boasting guise, as if you feared no danger. Tell me your king's name!—*Atli*. Helgi is his name, but thou canst never do him harm. There are iron fences about his fleet; ye ogresses are powerless over us.—*Rimegerd*. What is thy name, thou foul wight? How do men call thee? Thy prince must trust thee well to set thee at his ship's fair bow.—*Atli*. My name is *Atli*; and *Hateful* (a pun) shall I prove to thee. I am the fiercest foe to ogresses. I have often stood in the wave-washed bows, and many a night-rider have I slain. What is thy name, thou corse-greedy monster? Name thy father, ogress! Thou shouldst be set nine miles deep in earth, with the thorns growing from thy breast.—*Rimegerd*. My name is *Rimegerd*. My father was named *Hati*, the grimmest giant I have heard tell of. He carried off many a wife from her home ere *Helgi* hewed him down.—*Atli*. Monster, thou wast swimming before the king's ships, and didst lie before the mouth of the firth. Thou wouldst have given the king's crews to *Ran*, hadst thou not been thwarted.—*Rimegerd*. Thou art astray in thy mind, *Atli*; thou art in a trance, I think, with thy brows bent over thine eyelids. It was my mother that lay before the prince's ships; but it was I

- móðir mín lá fyr mildings skipom ;
ek drekða Hlæðvarz sonom í hafi.
9. Gneggja myndir þú, Atli, ef þú geldr ne værir ;
brettir sínn Hrímgæðr hala.
Aptarla hiarta hygg-ek at þítt, Atli, sé, 35
þótt þú hafir reina rædd.
10. *Atli* Reini mun ek þer þikkja, ef þú reyna knátt,
q. ok stíga-ek á land af legi ;
æll muntu lemjask, ef mer es al-hugat,
ok sveigja þínn, Hrímgæðr, hala. 40
11. *Hrimg.* Atli, gakk þú á land, ef þú afli truir,
q. ok hittomk í vfk Varins,
rifja rétti es þú munt, rekk, fá,
ef þú mér í krymmor kæmr.
12. *Atli* Munka-ek ganga áðr gumnar vakna, 45
q. ok halda of vísa værð ;
esa mer ærvænt nær óro kæmr
skars upp undir skipi.
13. *Hrimg.* Vaki þú, Helgi, ok bóét við Hrímgæði
q. es þú lézt hæggevinn Hata : 50
eina nótt kná hon hiá iæfri sofa,
þá hefir hon bælvá bóetr.
14. *Helgi* Loðinn heitir es þik skal eiga, leið ertu mann-kyni,
q. sá býr í Þolleyjo þurs,
hund-víss iætunn, hraun-bua verstr ; 55
sá es þer makligr maðr.
15. *Hrimg.* Hina viltu heldr, Helgi, es réð hafnir skoða
q. fyrri nótt 'með from,'

that drowned the sons of Lodvar in the deep. Thou wouldst neigh, Atli, wert thou not gelt. Lo, Rimegerd tosses her tail; surely thy heart must be sunk low within thee, Atli, for all thou hast a stallion's voice.—*Atli*. I will prove myself a stallion, if we meet and I land from the sea. Thou shalt be mauled, and carry thy tail low, Rimegerd, if I set to work in earnest.—*Rimegerd*. Come ashore, Atli, if thou trustest in thy strength. Let us meet in Warin's Bay. A rare rib-stretching thou shalt get, thou champion, if thou comest within my clutches.—*Atli*. I shall not leave the deck ere the crews awaken, but keep watch about my lord. I can never be sure but that some monster may come up from under the ship.

Rimegerd. Awake, Helgi, and recompense Rimegerd for the slaughter of Hati! If I lie but one night with thee, I will count my loss made good.—*Helgi*. Shaggy is the name of the giant that shall wed thee,—thou art loathsome to mankind,—the ogre that lives in Tholley, a cunning giant, worst of all the haunters of the waste, fit husband is he to thee.—*Rimegerd*. Thou wouldst rather have her, Helgi, who was

36. hreina, R.
wrong.

37. remi, R.

53. es] ert, R.

58. Something

- Margollin mæR, mer þótti afli bera;
her sté hon land af legi, 60
ok festi svá yðarn flota:
Hon ein því veldr, es ek eigi mák
buðlungu mænnom bana.
16. *Helgi* Heyrðu nú, HrímgæRðr, ef ek bóetti harma þer, 65
q. segðu gærr gramí:
Vas sú ein vætr, es barg æðlings skipom;
eða fóro þær fleiri saman?
17. *Hrimg.* Prennar niundir meyja; þó reið ein fyrir 70
q. hvít und hialmi mæR:
Marir hristusk; stóð af mænom þeirra
dægg í diúpa dala,
hagl í háva viðo;
þaðan kæmr með ældom ár.
Allt vas mér þat leitt es ek leitk.
18. *Atli* Austr líttu nú, HrímgæRðr, ef þik losta hefir 75
q. Helgi hel-stæfom:
Á landi ok á legi borgit es lofðungs flota,
ok siklings mænnom ið sama.
19. Dagr es nú, HrímgæRðr! Enn þik dvalða hefir 80
Atli til aldr-laga.
Hafnar-mark þykkir hlóegligt vesa,
þars þú í steins líki stendr.

watching over the haven 'among the men' last night! A gold-bright maiden, she seemed mighty to me; she landed here from the sea, and moored your fleet. It is her power alone that withholds me from killing the king's crew.—*Helgi*. Hearken, Rimegerd, if I make good thy loss, tell me all about it. Was it one fairy alone that saved my ships, or were they more together?—*Rimegerd*. Three nines of maids; but one rode foremost, a white maid, enhelmed. When their steeds reared, they shook from their manes dew into the deep dales, and hail upon the lofty woods; thence come fair seasons to men. But the whole sight was hateful to me.

Atli. Look eastward now, Rimegerd! Helgi hath stricken thee with the wand of Death. By land and by sea the king's fleet is safe, and his crew likewise. It is day, Rimegerd! Atli has lured thee to deadly delay. It will be a laughter-moving harbour-mark, methinks, that thou wilt make now thou art turned to stone!

THE WESTERN WOLSUNG-LAY.

THE fragments of this Lay (save one) are found scattered here and there, up and down the older poem, the Old Play of the Wolsungs (Book i. § 4), on the same subject, whose gaps the Collector thus strove to fill up. The first fragment is preserved by the paraphrast of Wolsunga, and is put with the rest as probably belonging to the same poem.

We would ascribe this 'Lay' to the Helgi poet, whose style is almost unmistakable, especially in the better parts of the fragments, the meeting with Sigrdrifa and the birds' talk.

I.

RISTU af magni mikla hello
Sigmundr hiærvi ok Sinfíotli.

II.

Andv. Þat skal goll es Gustr átti
q. bréðrom tveim at bana verða,
ok æðlingom átta at rógi; 5
mun míns fiár mangi nióta.

III.

Hreiðm. Al þú þó dóttur, dís ulf-huguð,
q. ef þú getrað son, við siklingi:
fá þú mey mann í megin-þarfar;
þá mun þeirrar sonr þíns harms reka. 10

IV.

Reginn Kominn es hingat konr Sigmundar,
q. seggr inn snar-ráði til sala várra;
móð hefir meira an maðr gamall;
ok es mer fangs vón at frekom ulfi.
Ek mun féða folk-diarfan gram; 15

The escape of Sigmund and his son Sinfíotli from the stone cave in which they were imprisoned.

1. WITH all their might they scored the great stone with the sword, Sigmund and Sinfíotli.

Andværi, as he dies, lays the curse upon the treasure which is to prove fatal to the Wolsung race.

3. The gold which I owned shall be the death of two brothers, and set feud among eight kings; no one shall have joy of my hoard.

The dying Rodmar wishes the blood-revenge to go on like a heritage in his race, and having no son to take it up at once, says to his daughter—

7. Bear a daughter, thou wolf-hearted lady; if thou bearest no son to the king thy husband, give the maid to a man to wife, perchance their son may avenge thy loss (my death).

The first meeting of Sigurd and his foster-father, Regin.

11. The son of Sigmund is come hither, a keen warrior, to our hall. He has more courage than many a full-grown man: I look for a grip from a wolf's cub. I will bring up the dauntless prince, now that

nú es Yngva konr með oss kominn :
 Siá mun ræsir ríkstr und sólo ;
 þrymr um æll lænd ærlæg-símo.

Reginn Hátt muno hlæja Hundings-synir,
q. þeir-es Eylima aldrs synjoðo, 20
 ef meirr tyggja munar at sóekja
 bringa rauða an hefnd fæðor.

V.

Hnikar Hverir ríða þar Rævils hestom,
q. hávar unnir, haf glymjanda ? 25
 segl-vigg ero sveita stokkin,
 munat vág-marar vind um standask.

Reginn Her ro ver Sigurðr á sæ-tríóm,
q. es oss byrr gefinn við bana sialfan ;
 fellr brattr breki brændom hæri ;
 hlunn-vigg hrapa. Hverr spyr at því ? 30

Hnikar Hnikarr hétomk þá-es hugin gladdak,
q. Vælsungr ungi ! ok vegit hafðak :
 nú máttú kalla karl af bergi
 Feng eða Fiolni. Far vil ek þiggja.

Hnikar Engr skal gumna í goegn vega 35
q. síð skínandi systor Mána :
 þeir sigr hafa es siá kunno
 hiærleiks hvatir, eða hamalt fylkja

he (the son of Yngwi) has come among us. He shall be the mightiest king under the sun ; the thrums of the woof of his fate lie over all lands.

Regin eggs Sigurd on to slay Fafni, as he cannot do so himself.

19. Loud would they laugh, Hundings' sons, who took Eylimi's life, if I were more bent on getting the red rings than on avenging my own father.

On the way to Gnitebeath Sigurd and Regin meet Hnikar (Woden), in the likeness and apparel of an old man, standing on a rock by which they pass. Hnikar says :—

23. Who are they that are riding on Refil's steeds over the high billows, the sounding sea? The sail-steeds are splashed with blood, the wave-horses cannot stand against the wind.

Regin says : Here are we, Sigurd and I, on our sea-trees ; we have a wind aft to waft us to death, the steep billows are breaking high over our prows. The surge-steeds are plunging. Who is it that asks?

Hnikar : My name was Hnikar when I gladdened the raven, thou young Wolsung, and had fought a battle. Now thou mayst call the old man of the rock Feng or Fiolni. I want a passage

Hnikar's wise counsel to Sigurd : No one should fight with his face to the setting sun, the moon's sister. They win the victory who are quick in the play of swords and set the battle-wedge in array

VI.

<i>Reginn</i>	Nú es bloðogr ærn bitrom hiærvi	
<i>g.</i>	bana Sigmundar á baki ristinn:	40
	œngr vas fremri, sá-es fold ryði,	
	hilmíss arfi, ok hugin gladdi.	

VII.

<i>1st Bird</i>	Þar sitr Sigurðr sveita stokkinn, Fáfniss hiarta við funa steikir: spakr þétti mér spillir bauga, ef hann fiær-sega fránan æti.	45
<i>2nd Bird</i>	Þar liggr Reginn, ræðr um við sik, vill tæla mæg þann-es truir hánom; berr af reiði ræng orð saman; vill bælva-smiðr bróðor hefna.	50
<i>3rd Bird</i>	Horskr þétti mér, ef hafa kynni ást-ráð mikit yðvar systra; hygði hann um sik ok hugin gleddi. Þar es mér ulfs vón, es ek eyro sék.	
<i>4th Bird</i>	Esat svá horskr hildi-meidr sem ek hers iaðar hyggja mundak, ef hann bróðor lætr á brot komask, enn hann æðrom hefr aldrs um synjat.	55
<i>Birds together</i>	Bitt þú, Sigurðr, bauga rauða; esa konungligt kvíða mærgo: Mey veit-ek eina myklo fegrsta, gollí góedda, ef þú geta mættir. Liggja til Giúka gróenar brautir;	60

Sigurd has slain Hunding. Regin rejoices at the deed.

39. Now is the Blood-eagle cut with the brand on the back of Sigmund's slayer. No greater king's son ever ruled a realm or gladdened the raven.

When Sigurd has slain Fafni, Regin sets him to cook the dead monster's heart for him, and lies down to sleep. While Sigurd is sitting at the fire, the talking birds begin to sing.

43. *1st Bird.* There sits Sigurd blood-bedabbled, roasting Fafni's heart at the fire. I should call him wise if he were to eat that fierce life-core. *2nd Bird.* There lies Regin plotting within himself, he will deceive him that trusts him. He is heaping up wrongful charges out of his wrath, the plotter of mischief would fain avenge his brother. *3rd Bird.* I should count him wise if he were to take the loving counsel of you two sisters, to bethink himself and gladden the raven. I look out for the wolf when I see his ears. *4th Bird.* He is not so wise as I should have thought him, if he lets the one brother go free now that he has slain the other.

Sigurd takes the birds' counsel and slays Regin. The birds speak again.

59. Truss up thy red-rings, Sigurd, it is not kingly to forebode future ill. I know a maid, gold-dight, fairer than all others by far, if thou couldst get her. Green paths lead to Giuki's, the fates point the warrior

fram vísa skæp folk-líðondom :
 Þar hefir dýrr konungr dóttor alna ; 65
 þá mundu, Sigurðr, mundi kaupa.
 Salr es á há Hindar-fialli,
 allr es hann útan eldi sveipinn ;
 þann hafa horskir halir um goervan
 or ódökkom Ognar-lióma. 70
 Veit-ek á fialli fólk-vitr sofa,
 ok leikr yfir lindar váði :
 Yggr stakk þorni, es aðra felldi
 hær-gefn hali an hann of vildi.
 Knátu, mægr, sjá mey und hialmi 75
 þá-es frá vígi VÍng-skorni reið :
 Má-at Sigdrífar svefni bregða,
 Skiöldunga niðr, fyr skæpom Norna.

VIII.

Sigrðr. Hvat beit brynjo? Hví brá-ek svefni?
q. Hverr felldi af mer fælvar nauðir? 80
Sig. Sigmundar burr sleit fyr skæmmo
q. hrafn's hræ-lundir hiærr Sigurðar . . .
Sigrðr. Agnarr hét Auðo bróðir
q. es vætr engi vildi þiggja . . .
Sigrðr. Biór féri-ek þer, bryn-þings apaldr, 85
q. magni blandinn ok megin-tíri ;
 fullr es hann líóða ok líkn-stafa,
 góðra galdra, ok gaman-rúna.

forward. There is a great king who has a daughter, her shalt thou buy with a dowry. There is a hall on the high hill of Hind, it is all lapt in fire without; cunning men built it of bright gold. I know a battle-fay that sleeps on the mountain, the linden's bane [fire] plays about her. Woden touched her with his wand of sleep, because she brought low in battle others than those he wished to fall. Thou shalt see, my son, the helmed maid, who rode Wing-skorni from the fight. Sigdrifa's sleep cannot be broken, thou son of the Shieldings, because of the Fates' decrees.

Sigdrifa wakes from the enchanted sleep, as Sigurd, who has burst through the wall of fire to her, cut off her mail-coat, and says—

74. Who has cut my mail? How have I broken my sleep? Who threw the pale spells off me?—*Sigurd answers*: Sigmund's son has just cut the raven's . . . [mail-coat] with Sigurd's sword.—*Sigdrifa tells of the cause of Woden's anger*. [There were two warriors, the one] was Aud's brother Agnar, whom no fairy would take . . .—*Sigdrifa gives Sigurd the magic cup*. I bring thee, my hero, a cup of ale mixed with power and glory; it is full of charms and love-spells, and good enchantments and mysteries of joy.

71. Read folk-vitti? (acc. sing.) 73. es aðra] Bugge; aðr a, R. 74. an hann of] enn hafa, R. 76. Vingskornir, R. 83. Agnarr] Bugge; annarr, R.

HIALMAR'S DEATH-SONG

AND

THE WAKING OF ANGANTHEOW.

Hialmar's Lay is only found in the second MS. of Herwor and Heidrek's Saga, Cod. Reg. 2845 (B). But that text may be mended by a few genuine fragments which occur in the later recension of Orvar Odd's Saga (O), mixed up with a deal of late and spurious verse, written no doubt by its compiler. We have used the following lines,—4-7, 25-28, 45-50. The earlier text of Orvar Odd leaves blanks for these verses which were never inserted.

The Waking of Angantheow is happily given in both vellums of Herwor's Saga; Hauks book (A), which has the better text, and (B). The latter omits ll. 1-2, 13-20, 25-28, 50-57, and gives a slightly different order. Our text is founded on A, save necessary transpositions that have been made, viz. ll. 50-57, taken from between ll. 77-78, and ll. 98-101, from after l. 72 to their present position.

The story of the Sons of Arngrim, archetypes of all later Bearsarks, was very widely known. The author of *Hyndlo-liod* sums up their exploits in a mangled verse, ll. 90-98, which we have been able, by the help of an incomplete citation in Orvar Odd's Saga, to restore, see Book iv. § 2. Arnor Earl's poet, c. 1066, names Tyrting, but this, curiously enough, is the only mention of this cycle we can call to mind throughout the whole court poetry. The Thulor Compilers know the legend. In his Fifth Book Saxo tells the tale of their life and death, which he probably got from an Icelandic Saga of Arrow-Odd. Both in Norway and the Faroes, ballads were founded on versions of Odd's and Hervor's Sagas. When Earl Gizur left Norway for Iceland in the autumn of 1258, he passed by the Hebrides, where he got a sword, which (by a confused reminiscence of Tyrting, we can hardly doubt) he named *Eyfarar-naut*, the heirloom of *Eyfora*; this blade afterwards stood him in good stead.

In the remains of the Arngrim-cycle left us, we have the work of at least four poets. 1. The author of *Hialmar's Death-Song*, who may, perhaps, be the *Gudrun poet*. 2. The author of *Angantheow's Waking*, who cannot, we believe, be other than the *poet of Helgi*. The freshness and pathos, the choice of scene and incident, the harmony, flow and wording of the verse are his alone. 3. The author of the Riddle of Gest and Heidrek (Book ii. § 1) belongs to an earlier school, and 4. the poet who sang of an epigonic Angantheow (Book v. § 5), to a later time than the authors of the Lays in this Book.

The story of the cycle, as far as touches our present purpose, runs thus:—Swafrlami, a king of the seed of Woden, stole the sword Tyrting [Ripper] from the Dwarves who made it. Unable to get back their treasure, they laid a curse upon it, that it should ever bring death to its bearer, that no wound it made should ever be healed, that three deeds of dolour and shame should be wrought by it. It is the working out of this doom, which, like that of the Niflung Hoard, runs through eight generations, which is the backbone of the cycle. Arngrim, a famous champion of Gautland, slays Swafrlami, and wins the

sword. He has twelve sons by his wife Eyfura, the eldest of whom, the renowned Angantheow, inherits the magic weapon when it has slain his father. He and his eleven brothers became Vikings, and 'rage like wild-fire over land and sea.' At last they came to Upsala, where Angantheow bids the Swedish King yield him his lovely daughter, Ingiborg, or find a champion to meet him. Hialmar the Stout-hearted, the lady's lover, and his trusty comrade Arrow-Odd, 'the best of them that speed the flying shaft,' take up the challenge. The trysting-place is fixed at Samsey. Hialmar and Odd reach the island first and go ashore, leaving their crew on board their ship in the haven. Here the twelve Bearsarks find them, and falling into their mad battle-fury kill them to a man. Rushing ashore, in the belief that they have slain all their foes, they wear out their supernatural rage against the trees and rocks. When it is quenched, and the languor, which ever follows it, is weighing upon them, the Swedish champions appear. Hialmar, as the greatest warrior, claims to fight Angantheow, leaving to his comrade Odd the easier task of encountering the eleven brethren. Had the fury been on them, the sons of Arngrim must have overcome their foes; but, as it is, in spite of Angantheow's giant-strength and deadly weapon, Hialmar slays him, and Odd kills all his brethren. But Tyrwing has done its work, and Hialmar, wounded in sixteen places, has but the time to chant his *Death-song* to his sorrowing friend before he breathes his last. Odd takes his body home, but lays the twelve brethren with their arms under a huge mound of earth on the island.

Angantheow has left his wife Tofa with child. After his death she bears a woman-child, Herwor, who is brought up as a bond-maid, without any knowledge of her father's name or kin. When she learns the truth, the war spirit comes upon her too: she arms herself as an Amazon, and goes forth to seek her rightful heritage, the deadly sword her father owned. For the vengeance of the Dwarves is not yet sated, and now the doom rests on her. Our second poem opens as she reaches Samsey. Unheeding the shepherd's warning, unfrightened by the horrible sounds that fill the air, and the awful flame that towers up to heaven above the Mound of Angantheow, she calls on her dead father to give her, his heiress, the precious Tyrwing. The dauntless calm of the warrior-maid, the Ghost's vain struggle not to part with his treasure, and at last, when forced to yield, the touching appeal of the father, who knows that the curse will follow it and fall upon his beloved daughter, are most strikingly given. With words of doom and woe she receives the sword, and our poem closes. The rest of the story and the fulfilment and working out of the curse are told in the Epigonic Lay of Angantheow the younger, Book v. § 5.

I.

Oddr
g. ÞÁ vas mer ótti einu sinni
 es þeir grenjandi gengo af æskom
 tírar-lausir, voro tolf saman.

Quotb Odd: ONCE only I felt fear, when those wicked ones left the ships howling, twelve together. . . .

<i>Oddr</i>	Menn sé-ek ganga frá Munar-vágom	
<i>q.</i>	gunnar-giarna í gráom serkjom; þeir hafa reiðir rómo háða, ero okkor skip auð á strando.	5
<i>Hialmar</i>	Fara halir hraustir af her-skipom	
<i>q.</i>	tolf menn saman tírar-lausir. Við munom í aptan Óðin gista, tveir fóst-brœðr, enn þeir tolf lifa.	10
<i>Oddr</i>	Því man-ek orði ann-svør veita:	
<i>q.</i>	Þeir muno í aptan Óðin gista, tolf berserkir, enn við tveir lifa.	
<i>Oddr</i>	Einn skal við einn eiga, nema sé deigr,	15
<i>q.</i>	hvatra drengja, eða hugr bili.	

II.

<i>Oddr</i>	Hvat es þer, Hialmar, hefir þú lit brugðit?	
<i>q.</i>	þik kveð-ek mœða margar undir: Hialmr þinn es hœgginn, ok á hlið brynja; nú kveð-ek fiærvi of farit þíno.	20
<i>Hialmar</i>	Sár hefi-ek sextán, slitna brynjo;	
<i>q.</i>	svart es mer fyr síonom; sékat-ek ganga. Hneit mer við hiarta hiær Angantýss, hvass blóð-refill herðr í eitri. Fregni-a þat á fold konor, at ek hœggom hlífask gærðak:	25

Quoth Odd: I see men in grey mail wending in fighting mood from Munarvoe [Love-bay]. They have made a grim slaughter. Our ships lie unmanned on the shore.—*Quoth Hialmar:* Doughty warriors are wending from their war-ships, yea, those wicked ones, twelve together. We shall lodge to-night with Woden, we two foster-brothers, while those twelve still live on.—*Quoth Odd:* This is the answer that I give thee, they shall lodge together to-night with Woden, those twelve Bear-sarks, while we two live on.

When Angantheow and his brothers come up, Odd calls to them: Brave men fight man to man, [not many against one, and so shall we,] unless ye be soft-spirited, or your hearts quake.

When the battle was over, and the two foster-brethren had slain their foes, Odd spoke: What ails thee, Hialmar? surely thy countenance is changed! I think thy many wounds are making thee faint. Thy helm is hewn through, and the mail-coat on thy sides. Thy life is failing fast, I trow.

Quoth Hialmar: I have sixteen wounds, my mail-coat is cut through, it is dark before mine eyes, I cannot see to walk. Angantheow's sword, that keen blood-grooved blade, tempered in venom, has gashed me to the heart. The women at home shall never be told that I sought

hlærat at því, at ek hliða gærða
snót svinn-huguð Sigtúnóm í
Áttag at fullu fimm tún saman;
enn ek því aldri unða ráði: 30
nú verð-ek liggja lífs andvani,
sverði undaðr, í Sámseyjo.

Drekka í hællo húskarlar miæð,
menjom gæfgir at míns fæður;
mécéðir marga mungát fira, 35
enn mik eggja-spor í eyjo þjá.
Gleðrat Hialmar í hæl konungs
æl né rekkar aldri síðan.

Hvarf-ek frá fægrom fljóða sængvi
ótrauðr gamans austr með Sóta: 40
fær skundaðak, ok fórk í líð
hinnta sinni frá holl-vinom.
Leiddi mik in hvíta hilmíss dóttir
á Agnafit útan-verða;
saga mun sannask sú-es hon sagði mer, 45
at apr koma eigi myndak.

Ber þú til sýniss—sá es minn vili—
hialm ok brynjo í hæl konungs:
Hugr mun gangask hilmíss dóttor
es hon hæggná sér hlíf fyr bríósti. 50
Drag þú mer af hendi hring inn rauða,
færðu inni ungu Ingibiörgo:
Sá mun henni hug-fastr tregi
es ek eigi kem til Uppsala.

shelter from sword-strokes, nor shall the fair, wise-hearted lady in Sigtown ever hear that I flinched. I owned five goodly manors together, yet was I never content with my estate; now I shall die, reft of life, deadly wounded by the sword, here in Samsey. The house-servants all decked with rings are drinking the mead in my father's house, and the ale overcomes many a one of them, but the prints of the sword-edges are chastising me here in the island. Never again shall ale or good-fellowship in the king's hall gladden the heart of Hialmar.

I left the fair song of the ladies with a merry heart, there in the east at Soti's house, and went on my way leaving my dear friends for the last time. The king's fair daughter sped me on my way as far as Agni's-bank; the words that she spake to me, when she told me that I should never come back, will surely prove true. Carry back my helmet and my mail-coat to the king's hall, such is my wish; the heart of the king's daughter will be moved when she sees the buckler of my breast hewn through. Draw the red ring off my arm, and bear it to the young Ingiborg. It will be a lasting sorrow of heart

Sé-ek hvar sitja Sigtúnom í
flióð þau es lætto farar mik þannig. 55

Hramn flýgr austan af háom meiði;
flýgr honom eptir ærn í sinni:
þeim gef-ek erni efstom bráðir;
sá mun á blóði bergja míno. 60

THE WAKING OF ANGANTHEOW.

I.

HITT hefir mæ'r ung í Munar-vági
við sólar-setr segg at hiærðo.

- Hirð.* Hverr es einn saman í ey kominn?
q. gakktu greiðliga gistingar til.
Herv. Munkað-ek ganga gistingar til, 5
q. þvi-at ek engi kann Eyjar-skeggja:
Segðu braðliga, áðr heðan líðir:
Hvar ro Hiærvarði haugar kenndir?
Hirð. Spyrjattu at því, spakr ertu eigi, 10
q. vinr Vákinga, þú ert van-farinn.
Færom fráliga sem okkr fœtr toga;
allt es úti amatt firom!
Herv. Men bióðom þer máls at giöldom;
q. muna drengja vin dælt-at letja.

to her, that I shall never come to Upsala again. I can see the ladies that would have hindered my journey here, sitting in Sigtown.

There is a raven flying from the east off the tall tree, and there is an eagle flying after him. That is the last eagle I shall ever give a meal to. He shall batten on my blood.

AT sunset in Munarvœ [Love-bay] the young maid met a man driving his flock home.—*Quoth the Shepherd*: Who comes alone to this island? Begone forthwith and seek guesting [for the night]. *With that he turned to go on his way.*—*Quoth Hervor*: I shall not seek guesting for the night, for I know none of the island folk. Tell me straight-way, ere thou go hence, where are the howes called Hiorward's howes?—*Quoth the Shepherd*: Ask me not that, thou art not wise, thou friend of the wickings, thou art in evil straits. Let us rather run as fast as our feet can carry us, for out of doors all is awesome for men to look on.—*Quoth Hervor*: I offer thee a neck-ring as payment for thy guiding. I, the friend of heroes, am not lightly to be stayed.—*Quoth the Shepherd*:

3. Hver er ýta, B.
á nátt forom.

4. greiðliga] sysliga, B.

12. Thus A and B, not

- Hirð.* Fær engi mer svá fríðar hnossir, 15
q. fagra bauga, at ek fara eigi.
 Heimskr þikki mer þa-es heðra ferr
 maðr einn saman myrkvar grímor :
 Hyrr es á sveimon! Haugar opnask!
 Brenn fold ok fen! Færom harðara! 20
- Herv.* Hirðoma†fælask við fnæson slíka,
q. þótt um alla ey eldar brenni:
 Látumat okkr liðna rekka
 skiótla skelfa. Skolom við talask.
- Vas þá fé-hirðir fliótr til skógar 25
 miæk frá máli meyjjar þessar :
 Enn harð-snuinn hugr í briósti
 um sakar slíkar svelr Herværo.

II.

- Herv.* Vaki þú Angantýr! Vekr þik Hervær
q. einga-dóttir ykkor Tófo. 30
 Sel-þú mer or haugi hvassan mæki,
 þann-es Svafr-lama slógo Dvergar!
 Hervarðr, Híarvarðr, Hrani, Angantýr!
 vek-ek yðr alla and viðar-rótom,
 hialmi ok með brynjo, hvæsson sverði,
 rænd ok með reiði, roðnom geiri. 35
 Miæk eroð orðnir, Arngríms synir,

No man shall give me such beautiful jewels or fair rings, as shall prevent me from going home. Foolish I hold him that will come hither alone in the dark night: fires are fitting, grave-mounds are opening, field and fen are ablaze. Let us run harder.—*Quoth Herwaro*: Let us not be frightened by such snortings [of the flame], though fires be ablaze all over the island. We must not let the ghosts of the dead scare us so quickly. We must parley awhile together.

With that the shepherd sped fast to the woods, away from the voice of the maid, but in this strait the hard-knit heart rose higher in the breast of Herwor.

II.

Herwaro goes on alone to where she sees the flames blazing around the Howes, and calls upon the spirits of her father Angantheow and his brethren:—

Awake, O Angantheow! It is Herwor, the only daughter of Tofa and thee, that bids thee awaken! Give me out of the howe the sharp blade which the Dwarves forged for Swafurlami. O Herward, O Hiorward, O Rani, O Angantheow! I bid you all awaken *where ye lie* under the roots of the trees, with helm and with mail-coat, with sharp sword, with shield, and with harness and with reddened spear! (*No answer.*) Surely ye are turned to heaps of dust, ye sons of Arngrim, since no one

- megir mein-giarnir, at moldar-auka :
 es engi skal sona Eyfuro
 við mik mæla í Munarvági. 40
- Hervarðr, Hiorvarðr, Hrani, Angantýr!
 Svá sé yðr ðallom innan rifja,
 sem ér í maura mornið hauga!
 nema sverð selit mer, þat-es sló Dvalinn ;
 samira draugom dýr vöpn fela. 45
- Angant.* Hervær, dóttir! hví kallar svá,
q. full feikn-stafa? ferr þú þer at sllo :
 óer ertu orðin, ok ærvita,
 vill-hyggjandi; vegr menn dauða.
 Kveðkat-ek þik, mæz ung, mænnom glíka 50
 es þú um hauga hvarfar á nóttu
 græfnom geiri, ok með Gota-malmi,
 hialmi ok með brynjo, fyrir haugs dyrr.
- Herv.* Maðr þóttomk ek mennzkr til þessa
q. áðr ek sali yðra, scékja réðak : 55
 sel þú mer or haugi hvassan mæki,
 dverga smíði; dugira þer at leyna.
- Angant.* Grófað mik faðir, niðr, né frændr aðrir,
q.
 þeir hæfðo Tyrfing tveir es lifðo ;
 varð þó eigandi einn um síðir. 60
- Herv.* Seg-þú einn satt mer ; svá láti 'oss' þik
q. heilan í haugi, sem þú hefir eigi

of the children of Eyfura will speak with me here in Munarvoe. O Herward, O Hiorward, O Rani, O Angantheow! May it be with all of you within your ribs, as if ye were nested in an ant-hill, unless ye give me the sword that Dwale forged. It ill beseems ghosts to keep costly weapons in hiding.

Quoth Angantbeow (answering her out of the hoave): Herwor, my daughter, why art thou crying out upon us words so full of cursing? Thou art walking to thine own destruction, thou art become mad or distraught of wit, bewildered in thy mind, that thou awakenest the dead. Young maid, thou art surely not like other mortals, that thou roamest about the howes by night, and standest before the door of the howe with graven spear and the ore of the Goths, with helmet and with mail-coat.—*Quoth Heravor:* I was aye held to be a mortal, till I came hither seeking your abode. Give me the sharp blade that the Dwarves smithied out of the cairn. It avails thee nought to hide it.—*Quoth Angantbeow:* Neither father nor son buried me, nor any others of my kin, but it was my foemen that laid me in my cairn; they, the only two that remained alive, got possession of Tyrfing, but afterward one only became the owner thereof.—*Quoth H.* Tell me naught but truth. May

38. B; megir at mein-samir moldar-auka, A. 43. haugi, B. 45. samir
 eigi, A. fela] bera, B. 53. haugs] hallar, A. 57. dugir ei, A.
 61-64. Segir þú ei satt sva lati oss þ. h. i. h. sitja s. þ. h. e. T. traudr ertu . . . , B.

Tyrfing með þer. Trauðr ert þú
arf at veita einga-barni.

- Angant.* Hnigin es Hel-grind; haugar opnask; 65
q. allr es í eldi ey-barmr at síá:
Atallt es úti um at litask.
- Herv.* Skyntu, mær, ef þú mátt til skipa þinna!
q. Brennida ér svá bál á nóttom,
at ek við elda yðra fælomk: 70
Skelfrað meyjo mun-tún hugar,
þo-at hon draug síái í durom standa
(1) Ek vígi svá virða dauða,
at ér skoloð allir liggja
dauðir með draugom í dys fúnir: 75
sel mer, Angantýr, út or haugi
hlffom hættan Hialmars bana!
- Angant.* Ligg mer und herðom Hialmars bani,
q. allr es hann útan eldi sveipinn:
mey veit-ek ænga moldar hvergi; 80
at þann hjar þori f hendr nema.
- Herv.* Ek mun hirða, ok í hendr nema
q. hvassan mæki, ef ek hafa mættag;
uggi ek eigi eld brennanda,
þegar loga lægir es ek líf yfir. 85
- Angant.* Heimsk ertu, Hervær, hugar eigandi,
q. es þú at augom í eld hrapar.
Viljak heldr selja þer sverð or haugi,

the [fiend] only let thee rest whole in thy howe if thou have not Tyrfing with thee. Thou art loth to deal thine only child her heritage!

Quotb A. The gates of Hell are ajar, the howes are opening, the whole round of the island is ablaze before thine eyes. Everywhere out of doors it is an awful sight to see. Haste thee back to thy ships, if thou mayest, maiden!—*Quotb H.* Ye can light no such bale-fire by night as that ye could affright me with the flame thereof. Thy daughter's heart will never quake, yea, though she see a ghost standing at the door of the howe!

Quotb H. I bind you all with spells, ye dead, that ye may all lie dead and rotten among the ghosts in the grave. O Angantheow, give me the mail-scathing slayer of Hialmar out of the howe!

Quotb A. The slayer of Hialmar lies under my shoulders. It is all wrapped about with fire. I know no maid upon earth that dare take this brand in her hands.—*Quotb H.* I will hold the keen blade and take it in my hands, if I may get it. I care not for the burning fire, the flame sinks before my eyes.—*Quotb A.* Thou art foolish, O Herwor the brave, to rush open-eyed into the fire! I will rather give thee the sword

63. B; trautt er þer at veita arfa þinom einar bœnir, A.
80. fyrir mold ofan, B.

88. viljak] ek vil, A.

69. brenni þer ei, A.

	mær in unga, mákað-ek þer synja.	
<i>Herv.</i>	Vel gærðir þú, Víkinga niðr,	90
<i>q.</i>	es þú seldir mer sverð or haugi. Betri þikkjomk nú, buðlungr, hafa an ek Noregi næðag ællom.	
<i>Angant.</i>	Veitztattu, dóttir, vesæl ertu mála	
<i>q.</i>	fáráð kona, hverjo fagna skal. Síá mun Tyrfingr, ef þú trua mættir, ætt þinni, mær, allri spilla. Mundu son geta, þann-es síðan mun Tyrfingr bera, ok trua afli: Þann muno Heiðrek heita lýðir; sá mun ríkstr alinn und ræðuls tialdi.	95 100
<i>Herv.</i>	Ek mun ganga til gialfr-mara; nú es hilmiss mær í hugom góðom. Lít hræðomk þat, lofðunga niðr, hvat synir mínir síðan deila.	105
<i>q.</i>		
<i>Angant.</i>	Þú skalt eiga ok una lengi, hafðu á hulðo Hialmars bana. Takattu á eggjom, eitr es í báðom; sá es mannz miætuduðr meini verri. Far vel dóttir! Fliótt gæfa-ek þer tolf manna fæor, ef þú trua mættir; afl ok elion, allt ið góða þat es synir Arngrims at sik leifðo.	110
<i>q.</i>		

out of the howe, for I cannot deny thee, thou young maiden. [*Here Angantheow bands out the sword and Hervor takes it.*]

Quoth H. Thou hast done well, thou son of the wickings, to give me the sword out of the howe. I hold myself happier in having it, O king, than if I were the conqueror of all Norway.—*Quoth A.* Thou little knowest, my daughter, at what thou rejoicest; hapless are thy words, thou foolish woman. This Tyrfingr, if thou wilt believe me, shall be the destruction of all thy race. Thou shalt bear a son, who shall wield Tyrfingr in days to come, trusting in his might. Men shall call him Heiðrek, he shall be the mightiest man born under the pavilion of the sun

Quoth H. I must go to my steeds of the billows [ships], the king's daughter is in good heart. I care little, O son of kings, how my sons may hereafter come to quarrel.—*Quoth A.* Thou shalt own it, and enjoy it long; but keep it aye sheathed, this slayer of Hialmar; touch not the edges, there is poison on both of them; this Doomer of men is worse than a plague. Farewell, my daughter, fain would I give thee, if thou wilt believe me, the life of us twelve men, all the goodly strength and pith that the sons of Arngrim lost when they died.

94. Segi-ek þer Hervör hlýð þu til meðan | vísa dóttir þat es verða mun | Sa mun Tyrfingr ef þú tr. m. | ætt þinni mær a. spilla.—*A duplicate in A after line 72. 105. synir*] hence is a blank in B.

Herv. Bui ér allir—brott fýsir mik,—
q. heilir í haugi! Heðan vil-ek skiótle.

115

To her- Helzt þóttomk nú heima í millim
self es mik umhverfis eldar brunno.

§ 2. THE BALLAD POET.

THE LAY OF WEYLAND.

ONLY found in R (leaves 18 and 19) now, but another copy of the same text once stood in A 748, for the last remaining leaf of that MS. contains the first few words of the prose introduction.

With the exception of the old Lays of Atli and Hamtheow and a few others, no poem has suffered so much. Yawning gaps and sloughs of despond break the course of the verse, and we have been able to do little to make the path surer.

We seem to have in our fragment the *opening and first part of a trilogy* dealing with the three brothers Weyland, Egil, and Slagfin, and their fates. Weyland the Smith is the hero of our poem, which, in spite of its mangled condition, manages to tell its own story pretty clearly. It opens with the trapping of three Swan Maidens, Lathgund, Allrune, and Swanwhite, by the shore of a lake, by the three heroes, who take them as wives. But after some years' happiness, during their husbands' absence, they betake them to their wings and fly away. Weyland alone and unwarned is trapped by Nidad, king of the Niars, hamstrung, and forced to work for him in his forge on the isle of Seastead in lake Wolfmere. He contrives to slay his tyrant's sons, beguile his daughter, and by the aid of a pair of wings which he has fashioned to soar away from his prison-house, rejoicing in his revenge. Here our poem is abruptly broken off. That the king's daughter had a son by Weyland, the famous Wade (the memory of whose magic boat Wingelock lingered in N. England till the Reformation), we know from Wilkina Saga.

The *Weyland smithy* of the O. E. Berkshire charter, the *Weyland* by which Alfred translated *Fabircius*, the *Galant* of the French Chansons de Gestes, the *Weyland's houses* or labyrinths of N. Europe, all attest the wide fame of this Teutonic Daidalos and his dealings with his Minos.

The story of *Egil the Archer* is told in Wilkina Saga, which says that he was called Allrune's Egil by the Northmen, and repeated in the legend of Heming, in Saxo's tale of Palna-toki, and in the S. German

Quoth H. Hail all ye that dwell in the howe! I yearn to be away. I must hasten hence.—*To herself as she turns away and the fires sink and darkness falls again over all:* Surely I felt between Life and Death when the fires were burning all about me! . . .

Tell-myth. Eyvind Poet-spoiler knew it. In the year of the great famine (975) he sings of how he bartered the silvery herrings (arrows) of Egil's bow for the swift arrows of the sea (herrings). The archer on Mr. Frank's Whalebone-Casket is labelled Egill. The myth of *Slag-Fin*, whom we take from his name to be *the Harper*, is lost, unless a broken shadow of it linger in the Saga of Herraud and Bosí (see Prol. p. 194).

MEYJAR flugo sunnan Myrkvið í gægnom,
 alvittr ungar, ærlæg drýgja:
 þær á Sævar-strænd settosk at hvflask
 dísir Suðróenar dýrt lín spunno.
 Ein nam Ölrún Egil at verja, 5
 fægr mæR Kiars, faðmi lióssom;
 ænnor Svanhvít Slagfið . . .;
 enn Hlaðguðr hennar systir
 varði hvftan hals Vælundar.
 Sáto síðan siau vetr at þat; 10
 enn inn átta allan þráðo;
 enn inn niunda nauðr um skilði.
 Meyjar fýstosk á Myrkvan við,
 alvittr ungar, ærlæg drýgja.
 Kom þar af veiði veðr-eygr skyti, 15
 Slagfiðr ok Egill, sali fundo auða;
 gengo út ok inn, ok um sásk:
 Austr skreið Egill at Ölrúno,
 enn suðr Slagfiðr at Svanhvíto.
 Enn einn Vælundr sat í Ulfðælom; 20
 Hann sló goll rautt við 'gim fastan;'
 lukði hann alla lind bauga vel.
 Svá beið hann sínnar lióssar
 kvánar, ef hon um koma gærði.

FROM the south through Mirkwood, to fulfil their fates, the young fairy maidens flew. The Southern ladies alighted to rest on the Sea-strand, and fell to spinning their goodly linen. First Allrune, Cear's fair daughter, took Egil to her bright bosom. The second, [Herwor] Swanwhite, *kissed* Slagfin. But Lathgund her sister clasped the white neck of Weyland. Seven winters they stayed there in peace, but on the eighth they began to pine, on the ninth they must needs part. The young fairy maidens hastened to Mirkwood to fulfil their fates.

The weather-eyed huntsman and Slagfin and Egil came home from the hunt, and found their house empty. They went in and out and sought around. Egil skated eastwards after Allrune, and Slagfin southwards after Swanwhite. But Weyland sat alone behind in Wolf-dale, hammering the red gold upon 'the stithy,' closing all the ring-bands tightly. Thus he awaited his bright wife if peradventure she might come.

2. Emend.; alvittr unga, R. 4. drósiR, R. 5. ölrún] emend.; þeira, R.
 6. Kiars] fira, R. 7. Grimm; onnor var Svanhvít, svanfíadrar dró, R. 8. enn
 Hlaðguðr hennar] enn in þriðja þeirra, R. 14. alvittr unga, R. 15. vegr-
 eygr, R, but veðr-e., l. 35 below. 21. Gim fastan, R. 24. hon um]
 hanom, R.

Pat spyr Niðaðr Niara dróttinn,
at einn Vølundr sat í Ulfdælom : 25

Nóttom fóro seggir; negldar váro brynjor;
skildir bliko þeirra við inn skarða mána.
Stigo ór sæðlom at salar gaffi;
gengo inn þaðan endlangan sal. 30

Sá þeir á bast bauga dregna,
siau hundrað allra, es sá seggr átti.
Ok þeir af tóko, ok þeir á léto;
fyr einn útan, es þeir af léto

Kom þar af veiði veðr-eygr skyti,
Vølundr líðandi um langan veg. 35

‘Gekk brunni’ bero hold steikja;
‘har brann hrísi all’ þurr fura
viðr enn vind-þurri fyr Vølundi.
Sat á ber-fialli, bauga talði, 40

alfa-lióði, eins saknaði:
hugði hann at Hlaðguðr Hlæðvess dóttir,
alvittr unga, væri aprt komin.

Sat hann svá lengi, at hann sofnaði;
ok hann vaknaði vilja-lauss : 45
Vissi ser á hændom hæfgar nauðir,
enn á fótom fiætor um spenntan.

[Pá kvað þat Vølundr vísi Alfa]:—
Hverir ro iæfrar es á lægðo
‘besti byr síma,’ ok mik bundo? 50

Kallaði nú Niðuðr Niara dróttinn:—

But Nidad, king of the Niars, heard that Weyland was sitting alone in Wolf-dale. The men marched forth by night, in their studded mail-coats, their shields shining against the waning moon. They alighted from their saddles at the hall gable, and went in forthwith right up the hall. There they saw rings threaded on bast, seven hundred in all, which the hero owned; and they took them off the bast and put them on again, all save one, which they took away. Home from the hunt came the weather-eyed hero Weyland gliding along the far track. He . . . roasting a she-bear's flesh, high blazed the faggots of rock-dry fir: the wind-dry wood before Weyland. He sat down on the bear-skin, and told his rings over, the Elves' king, but one he missed, and he thought that Lathgund the young fay, Lodwe's daughter, must have come back. He sat so long that at last he fell asleep; but he awoke in helpless plight, he felt the heavy shackles on his hands and the fetters clasped about his feet.

Then spake Weyland, lord of the Elves, ‘Who are the heroes that have “handled my rings” and bound me?’

Then shouted Nidad, king of the Niars, ‘Where didst thou get such

26. Some lines lost.
emend.; hafði, R.

38. hátt brann hrísi hall-þurri?
43. væri hon, R.:

42. Hlaðguðr]

Hvar gaztu, Vælundr, vísi Alfa,
 orof aura í Ulfðæloim?
 Goll vas þar eigi á Gnita-heiði;
 fiarri hugða-ek várt land fiællom Rínar. 55

[Þá kvað þat Vælundr vísi Alfa]
 Man-ek at ver meiri mæti áttom,
 es ver heil hiú heima várom:
 Hlaðguðr ok Hervær borin vas Hlæðve,
 kunn vas Ólrún Kiars dóttir 60

[Úti stendr 'kunnig' kván Niðaðar];
 hon inn um gekk endlangan sal,
 stóð á golfi, stillti ræddo:
 Esa sá nú hýrr es or holti ferr.

Ámon ero augo ormi þeim enom frána. 65
 Tenn hánom teygjask, es hánom es toéð sverð,
 ok hann Bæðvildar baug um þekkir.

Snfðit ér hann sína magni,
 ok setið hann síðan í Sævar-stað!

[Þá kvað þat Vælundr vísi Alfa]:— 70
 Skínn Niðaði sverð á linda,
 þat-es ek hvessta sem ek hagast kunnak;
 ok ek herðak sem mer hógst þótti;
 sá eromk fránn mækir æ fiarri borinn;

treasures untold in Wolf-dale, O Weyland, lord of the Elves? There was no gold in Glisten-heath, and I thought our land was far from the hills of Rhine.'

Then spake Weyland, lord of the Elves: 'Far more good things had we, I remember, when it was well with us all at home: Lathgund and Herwor, Lodwe's daughters; dear was Allrune, Cear's daughter, to us (*Several lines are missing here.*)

They bring Weyland to Nidad's palace and the Queen [Cynwig?] is standing outside: she mocks the prisoner and advises Nidad to hamstring him and set him on an island to work jewels and treasures for him.

Cynwig the queen of Nidad was standing without, she went in up the hall, she stood on the floor and raised her voice: 'He does not look blithe that is coming out of the wood. His eyes are like to the eyes of the flashing snake. He will open his lips and smile, when the sword is shown to him, and he perceives Bodwild's ring Sever the might of his sinews [hamstring him] and set him down in Sea-stead . . .'

Then spake Weyland, lord of the Elves: 'Nidad's sword glitters on his girdle, the sword I whetted with all my skill, and tempered with

53. orof] emend.; vara, R.
 59. borin vas] read bornar?
 veig? 66. tēþ, R.

54. Gnita-heiði] Grana leiðo, see Lay of Atli.
 61. kunnig] here and below; a pr. name, Kyn-
 74. er mer, R.

sékka-ek þann Vælundi til smiðjo borinn. 75
 Nú berr Þaðvildir brúðar mínna—
 bíðka-ek þess bót—bauga rauða.

Sat hann, ne hann svaf avalt, ok hann sló hamri:
 vél gærði hann heldr hvatt Niðaði.

Drifo ungir tveir at Ulf-siá, 80
 sýnir Niðaðar, í Sævar-stað.
 Kómo þeir til kisto, kræfðo lukla,
 opin vas flúð es þeir í sá.
 Fialð vas þar menja, es þeim mægom sýndisk
 at væri goll rautt ok gærsimar. 85

[Þá kvað þat Vælundur vísi Alfa]:
 Komið einir tveir, komið annars dags!
 ykr læt-ek þat goll um gefit verða.
 Segita meyjom ne sal-þjóðom,
 manni ængom, at ið mik fyndit. 90

Snemma kallaði seggr annan
 bróðir á bróður: Gængom baug síá!
 Kómo til kisto, kræfðo lukla,
 opin vas illúð es þeir í lito. 95
 Sneið af hæfuð húna þeirra,
 ok und 'fen fioturs' fætr um lagði:
 Enn þær skálar es und skærom vóro
 sveip hann útan silfri, seldi Niðaði:

all my cunning. That keen blade is now gone from me for ever. I shall not see it carried to Weyland's smithy. Bodwild is wearing my bride's red ring. I shall never be recompensed . . .'

He sat down, nor slept at all, but smote with his hammer; he speedily fashioned a snare for Nidad.

The two young boys, the sons of Nidad, rushed to Wolfmere in Seastead. They came to the chest, called for the keys; their greediness was clear when they looked in. There was abundance of treasure; it seemed to them full of red gold and jewels.

Then spake Weyland, lord of the Elves: 'Come alone, ye two, come to-morrow. I shall make this gold yours. Tell it not to the maidens nor to the hall-servants, nor to any man that ye are coming to me.'

Early on the morrow the one called to the other, brother to brother, 'Let us go see the rings.' They went to the chest, called for the keys; their greediness was clear as they looked therein. He cut off the heads of those urchins, and laid their feet underneath the bellows' pit. But the scull-pans that lay under their scalps he bound round with silver and gave to Nidad. Out of their eyeballs he made gems, which

Enn or augom iarkna-steina sendi hann 'kunnigri' kváon Niðaðar :	100
Enn or tænnom tveggja þeirra sló hann bríóst-kringlor, sendi Bæðvildi. Þá nam Bæðvildr baugi at hrósa, es brotið hafdi :	
Þoriga-ek segja nema þer einom.	105
[Þá kvað þat Vælundr vísi Alfa] :	
Ek bóeti svá brest á gollu, at feðr þínom fegri þikkir, ok móðr þínni miklo betri, ok sialfri þer at sama hófi.	110
Bar hann hána bióri 'þvi-at hann betr kunni' sva-at hon í sessi um sofnaði	
[Þá kvað þat Vælundr vísi Alfa] :	
Nú hefi-ek hefnt harma mínna allra nema einna ívið-giarnra.	115

Vel ek! kvað Vælundr, verða ek á fitjom
þeim es mik Niðaðar námo rekkar.

Hlæjandi Vælundr hófsk at lopti:
Grátandi Bæðvildr gekk or eyjo,
tregði fær friðils ok fæður reiði. 120

Úti stendr 'kunnig' kván Niðaðar;
ok hon inn um gekk endlangan sal.
Enn hann á sal-garð settisk at hvíflask:

'Vakir þú, Niðuðr Niara dróttinn?'
[Þá kvað þat Niðuðr Niara dróttinn]:— 125

he sent to Cynwig, Nidad's queen. But out of the teeth of the twain he wrought two breast-brooches and sent them to Bodwild. . . . Then Bodwild began to praise the ring . . . she had broken; 'I dare not tell any one save thee alone.' Then spake Weyland, lord of the Elves: 'I will mend the crack in the gold, so that thy father shall think it fairer, and thy mother much better, and thyself likewise.'

He gave her the beer-cup, for he was more guileful than she, so that she fell asleep on the settle.

When he had wrought his will, then said Weyland, lord of the Elves, 'Now I have avenged my cruel losses, all save one.' *Then he made him wings to serve in the place of feet that he might escape from Nidad.*

'Well is me,' said Weyland, 'I have now got back my feet, which Nidad's men bereft me of.' Laughing Weyland rose into the air, but Bodwild weeping left the island, in bitter grief for her lover's departure and her father's wrath.

Cynwig, Nidad's queen, was standing without; she went in up the hall. But he alighted down to rest on the wall of the hall. 'Art thou waking, Nidad, king of the Niars?' Then spake Nidad, king of the

Vaki ek avalt 'vilja ec lauss
 sofna ec minnzt sizt' mína sono dauða;
 Kell mik í hæfuð; kæld ero mer ráð þín;
 vilnomk-ek þess nú, at ek við Vælund dóema.
 Seg-þú mér þat, Vælundr vísi Alfa, 130
 af heilom hvat varð húnom mínom!
 [Þá kvað þat Vælundr vísi Alfa]:—
 Eiða skaltu mer áðr alla vinna
 at skips borði, ok at skialdar rænd,
 at mars bóegi, ok at mækiss egg: 135
 at þú kveljat kváon Vælundar,
 ne brúði mínni at bana verðir;
 þótt ver kváon eigim þa-es ér kunníð;
 eða ióð eigim innan hallar.
 Gakk þú til smíðjo, þeirrar es þú gærðir, 140
 þar fiðr þú belgi blóði stokna.
 Sneið-ek af hæfuð húna þínna,
 ok und 'fen fiæturs fétr' um lagðak:
 Enn þær skálar, es und skærom vóro,
 sveip-ek útan silfri selda-ek Niðaði: 145
 Enn or augom iarkna-steina
 senda-ek 'kunnigri' kváon Niðaðar:
 Enn or tannom tveggja þeirra
 sló-ek brióst-kringlor, senda-ek Bæðvildi.
 Nú gengr Bæðvildr barni aukin 150
 einga dóttir ykkor beggja.
 [Þá kvað þat Niðuðr Niara dróttinn]:—
 Mæltira þú þat mál es mik meirr tregi,
 ne ek þik vilja, Vælundr, 'verr níta.'

Niars: 'I am ever waking. I cannot sleep for sorrow ever since my son's death. Thy head is a-chill, thy devices have been cold to me. But now I would fain reason with Weyland. Tell me this, Weyland, lord of the Elves, what became of my brave boys.' Then spake Weyland, lord of the Elves: 'Thou shalt swear full oath to me before I speak, upon the ship's bulwark, and upon the shield's rim, upon the horse's shoulder, and upon the brand's edge, that thou wilt not put my wife to death, nor be the slayer of my bride, even though I have a wife known to thee, or we have a child within thy house. Go to the smithy thou didst set up, thou shalt find the bellows stained with blood. I cut off the heads of thy boys and laid their bodies under the bellows' pit. But their scull-pans that were under their scalps I bound with silver and gave to Nidad, and I made gems out of their eyeballs and sent them to Cynwig, Nidad's queen, and out of the teeth of the twain I wrought two breast-brooches and sent them to Bodwild. Bodwild goes great with child, the only daughter of you both.'

Then spake Nidad, king of the Niars: 'Thou never spakest word

126-7. Maimed text.
 154. Read vita?

131. húnom] sonom, R.

138. ér] þer, R.

Esa svá maðr hár at þik af hesti taki,	155
ne svá æflugr at þik neðan skióti,	
þar-es þú skollir við ský uppi!	
Hlæjandi Vælundr hófsk at lopti;	
enn ókátr Niðuðr sat þá eptir.	
[Þá kvað þat Niðuðr Niara dróttinn]:—	160
Upp rístu, Þakkráðr þræll míninn inn bazti;	
bið þú Bæðvildi, mey ina brá-hvíto,	
ganga fagr-varið við faður róða.	
[Þá kvað þat Niðuðr Niara dróttinn]:—	
Es þat satt, Bæðvildr, es sægðo mer,	165
sátoð ið Vælundr saman í hólmi?	
[Þá kvað þat Bæðvildr]:—	
Satt es þat, Niðaðr, es sagdi þer:	
sáto við Vælundr saman í hólmi,	
eina ægur-stund; æva skyldi!	170
Ek vætr hánom vinna kunnak;	
ek vætr hánom vinna máttak!	

PRYMS-KVIDA; OR, THE LAY OF THRYM.

THE text of this Lay rests only on R, leaf 17; nowhere else is even its story quoted or hinted at. Snorri himself, who took such pleasure in Thor's adventures, does not know this one. The first time that any notice of it occurs is in a Ballad of the sixteenth century Danish Collections (Svaning's and Wedel's), called *Tord af Havsgaard*. It is probably derived from our vellum, for the theory that it could have been handed down uncorrupt by Danish tradition from the heathen days is certainly untenable; the very names *Havsgaard* and *Locke* point unmistakably to Icelandic sixteenth century pronunciation. The easy style, the humorous subject, and markedly ballad-like form of this

which grieved me more, nor that I could blame thee more for, Weyland! There is no man here that can reach thee from horseback, nor so strong that he could shoot thee from below when thou soarest up there against the clouds.'

Laughing Weyland rose into the air, but Nidad sat behind in sorrowful mood. Then spake Nidad, lord of the Niars: 'Rise up, Thankred, thou best of my thralls, bid Bodwild, the white-browed fair-clad maiden, to come and speak to her father.' Then said Nidad, lord of the Niars: 'Is it true, Bodwild, that which is told me, did ye sit together, thou and Weyland, in the island?' Then said Bodwild: 'That which is told thee, Nidad, is true; I sat with Weyland in the island a little hour; would I never had. I could not prevail against him, I might not prevail against him.'

Lay are such as to render it a fit subject for a Renaissance ballad. The story tells itself. The title is from R. The text is as well preserved as any old poem we know.

REIÐR vas þá Ving-Þórr, es hann vaknaði
ok síns hamars um saknaði:
Skegg nam at hrista, skær nam at dýja;
réð Iarðar burr um at þreifask;
ok hann þat orða allz fyrst um kvað:— 5
Heyrðu nú, Loki, hvat ek nu mæli,
es eingi veit iarðar hvergi
né upp-himins. Áss es stolinn hamri.

Gengo þeir fagra Freyjo túna;
ok hann þat orða allz fyrst um kvað: 10
Muntu mer, Freyja, fiaðr-hams líá,
at ek mín hamar mættak hitta?
Þó mœnda-ek gefa þer, þótt or golli væri,
ok þó selja at væri or silfri.

Fló þá Loki, fiaðr-hamr dunði, 15
unz fyr útan kom Ása garða,
ok fyr innan kom Iætna-heima.

Þrymr sat á haugi Þursa dróttinn;
greyjom sínom goll-bænd snœri,
ok mærom sínom mæn iafnaði; 20
[ok hann þat orða allz fyrst um kvað]:
Hvat es með Ásom? Hvat es með Alfom?
Hví ertu einn kominn í Iætun-heima?
[Þá kvað þat Loki Laufeyjar son]:
Illt es með Ásom. Illt es með Alfom. 25

WROTH waxed Wing-Thor when he awoke and missed his Hammer; he shook his beard and tossed his locks, the Son of Earth groped about him with his hands, and this was the first word that he spoke: 'Hearken now, O Loki, to what I am telling thee, a thing unheard of either on earth or in the heavens above. Thor has been robbed of his Hammer!'

They went to the fair Freya's bower, and this was the first word that he spoke: 'Wilt thou lend me thy feather-fell, Freya, that I may be able to find my Hammer?'—*Quoth Freya*: 'Yea, I would give it thee though it were of gold, and grant it thee even though it were of silver.'

Then away flew Loki, the feather-fell rattled, till he won out of Ansgard and won into Giant-land. Thrym, the Giants' lord, was sitting on a howe plaiting golden leashes for his grey-hounds, and trimming the manes of his horses; and this was the first word that he spoke: 'How goes it with the Anses? How goes it with the Elves? Why hast thou come alone into Giant-land?'—*Quoth Loki, Laufey's son*: 'It goes ill with the Anses! It goes ill with the Elves! Hast thou hidden

Hefir þú Hlorriða hamar um folginn?

[Þá kvað þat Þrymr Þursa dróttinn]:—

Ek hefi Hlorriða hamar um folginn

átta ræstom fyr iærð neðan.

Hann engi maðr aprt um heimtir,

30

nema féri mer Freyjo at kváon.

Fló þá Loki, faðr-hamr dunði,

unz fyr útan kom Iætna-heima,

ok fyr innán kom Ása-garða.

Móetti hann Þór miðra garða;

35

ok hann þat orða allz fyrst um kvað:—

Hefir þú ærendi sem erfiði?

Segðu á lopti læng tíðendi!

Opt sitjanda sægor um fallask,

ok liggjandi lygi um bellir.

40

[Þá kvað þat Loki Laufeyjar son]:—

Hefi-ek erfiði ok ærindi:

Þrymr hefir þinn hamar Þursa dróttinn.

Hann engi maðr aprt um heimtir,

nema hánom féri Freyjo at kváon.

45

Ganga þeir fagra Freyjo túna,

ok hann þat orða allz fyrst um kvað:

Bittu þik, Freyja, brúðar-líni;

við skolom aka tvau í Iætun-heima.

Reið varð þá Freyja ok fnasaði;

50

allr Ása salr undir bifðisk;

stöekk þat ið mikla men Brísinga;

[ok hon þat orða allz fyrst um kvað]:—

the Thunderer's hammer?'—Quoth Thrym, lord of Giants: 'Yea, I have hidden the Thunderer's hammer eight miles deep under the earth. No man shall ever bring it back, save he bring me Freya to wife.'

Then away flew Loki—the feather-fell rattled—till he won out of Giant-land, and won into Ansgard. Thor met him in the gate, and this was the first word that he spake: 'Hast thou good news for thy toil? Tell me all thy tidings from the sky, for he that speaks sitting down often stumbles in his speech, and he that speaks lying down is often guilty of a lie.'—Quoth Loki, Laufey's son: 'I have good news for my toil. Thrym, the Giant lord, has thy Hammer. No man shall ever bring it back, save he bring him Freya to wife.'

They went to the fair Freya's bower, and this was the first word that he [Thor] spake: 'Take thy bride's veil, Freya, we two must drive to Giant-land.'

Wroth waxed Freya, and snorted with rage; the hall of the Anses shook all over, the great Brising necklace snapped, and this was the

Mik veiztu varða ver-giarnasta,
ef ek-ek með þer í Iætun-heima. 55

Senn vóro Æsir allir á þingi
ok Ásynjor allar á máli;
ok um þat réðo ríkir tivar,
hve þeir Hlorriða hamar um sóetti.

Þá kvað þat Heimdallr hvítastr Ása— 60
vissi hann vel fram sem Vanir aðrir:—
Bindo ver Þór þá brúðar-líni;
hafi hann ið mikla men Brísinga.
Látom umb hánom hrynja lukla,
ok kvenn-váðir um kné falla; 65
enn á briósti breiða steina,
ok hagliga um hæfuð typpom.

Þá kvað þat Þórr þrúðigr Áss:—
Mik muno Æsir argan kalla,
ef ek bindask læt brúðar-líni. 70

Þá kvað þat Loki Laufeyjar son:—
Þegi-þú, Þórr, þeirra orða!
þegar muno Iætнар Ásgarð bua,
nema þú þinn hamar þer um heimtir.

Bundo þeir Þór þá brúðar-líni 75
ok eno mikla meni Brísinga;
léto umb hánom hrynja lukla
ok kvenn-váðir um kné falla;
enn á briósti breiða steina,
ok hagliga um hæfuð tyðo. 80

first word that she spoke: 'Sure I were proved the man-maddest of women, should I drive with thee to Giant-land.'

At once the Anses all went into council, and all the goddesses into parley; the mighty Gods took counsel together how they might get back the Thunderer's hammer.

Then Heimdall spake, the whitest of the Anses; he had great foresight, as all the other Wanes have: 'Let us wrap Thor in the bride's veil, let him have the great Brising necklace, let the bunch of keys rattle down from his girdle, and a woman's coats fall about his knees, and fasten the broad stones [brooches] on his breast, and wind the hood neatly about his head.'

Then up spake Thor, that doughty God: 'Surely the Anses would call me lewd fellow, if I were to let myself be wrapped in a bride's veil.'

Then up spake Loki, Laufey's son: 'Speak not so, O Thor, for the Giants will soon dwell in Ansgard save thou get back thy Hammer.'

Then they wrapped Thor in the bride's veil, and gave him the great Brising necklace, let the keys rattle down from his girdle, and the woman's coats fall about his knees, and fastened the broad stones [brooches] at his breast, and wound the hood neatly about his head.

Þá kvað þat Loki Laufeyjar son:—
Mun-ek ok með þer ambátt vesa;
við skolom aka tvær í Iætun-heima.

Senn vóro hafrar heim um reknir,
skyndir at skæklom, skyldo vel renna: 85
Björg brotnoðo; brann iærð loga;
ók Óðins sonr í Iætun-heima.

Þá kvað þat Þrymr Þursa dróttinn:—
Standit upp, Iætvar, ok straið bekki!
Nú férið mer Freyjo at kváon, 90
Niarðar dóttor or Noa-túnom!
Ganga her at gardi goll-hyrndar kýr,
œxn al-svartir, Iætvi at gamni.
Fiælð á-ek meiðma; fiælð á-ek menja,
einnar mer Freyjo ávant þikkir. 95

Vas þar at kveldi um komið snimma,
ok fyr Iætva æl fram borit.
Einn át oxa, átta laxa,
krásir allar þær-es konor skyldo;
drakk Sifjar verr sald þriú miaðar. 100

Þá kvað þat Þrymr Þursa dróttinn:—
Hvar sáttu brúðir bíta [in] hvassara!
Sáka-ek brúðir bíta [in] breiðara,
mey in meira miæð mey um drekka!
Sat in al-snotra ambátt fyrir 105
es orð um fann við iætuns máli:—
Át vætr Freyja átta nóttom,

Then spake Loki, Laufey's son: 'I will follow thee as bridesmaid; we two will drive to Giant-land.'

The goats were fetched out at once, they were harnessed to the car-poles, that they might run swiftly. The rocks were rent, the earth blazed in flame, as Woden's son drove into Giant-land.

Up spake Thrym, the Giant lord: 'Stand up, my giants all, and strew the benches, they are bringing me Freya to wife, the daughter of Niord, of Noatown. There are here in the yard gold-horned kine, and black unspotted oxen, the delight of the Giant lord. I have treasures in store, I have jewels in store, I lack nought but Freya.'

Early in the evening the guests gathered, and ale was served to the Giants. Sif's husband [Thor] ate for his share a whole ox, eight salmon, all the dainties cooked for the ladies, and drank three casks of mead.

Up spake Thrym, the Giant lord: 'Was ever a bride so sharply set? I have never seen a bride take such big mouthfuls, nor a maid drink so deep of mead.'

The quick-witted bridesmaid, sitting by, found ready answer to the Giant's speech: 'Freya has not eaten for eight days, so eager was she to be in Giant-land.'

svá vas hon óðfús í Iætun-heima.

Laut und líno, lysti at kyssa;
enn hann útan stækk end-langan sal: 110
Hví ero ændótt augo Freyjo?
Þikki mer or augom eldr um brenna!

Sat in al-snotra ambáott fyrir
es orð um fann við iætuns máli:—
Svaf vætr Freyja átta nóttom, 115
svá vas hon óðfús í Iætun-heima.

Inn kom in aldna Iætna systir,
hin es brúð-fiár biðja þorði:
Láttu þer af hændom hringa rauða
ef þú æðlask vill ástir mínar, 120
ástir mínar, alla hylli!

Þá kvað þat Þrymr Þursa dróttinn:—
Berið inn hamar brúði at vígja!
Leggit Miollni í meymar kné!
Vígít okr saman Várar hendi! 125

Hló Hlorriða hugr í briósti,
es harðan hændom hamar um þekði.
Þrym drap hann fyrstan Þursa dróttinn,
ok ætt iætuns alla lamði. 130
Drap hann ina ældno Iætna systur,
hin es brúð-fiár of beðit hafði.
Hon skell um hlaut fyrir skillinga,
ok hœgg hamars fyr hringa fiöld.

—*Svá kom Óðins sonr endr at hamri.*

He [Thrym] bent down under the veil, wishing to kiss the bride, but he started back the whole length of the hall. 'Why are Freya's eyes so awful? it seems as if flames were darting from her eyes.'

The quick-witted bridesmaid, sitting by, found ready answer to the Giant's speech: 'Freya has not slept for eight nights, so eager was she to be in Giant-land.'

In came the Giants' aged sister (mother?) begging boldly for a bridal fee: 'Take the red-rings off thine arm if thou wouldst win my love, my love and all my heart besides!'

Up spake Thrym, the Giant lord: 'Bring in the Hammer to hallow the bride, lay the Miollni on the Maid's lap. Hallow our hands together in wedlock!'

The heart of the Thunderer laughed in his breast when he felt the hard Hammer with his hands. First he slew Thrym, the Giant lord, and then smote the whole race of Giants. He slew the Giants' aged sister (mother?) who had begged a bridal-fee of him; she got a pound instead of pence, and hammer strokes instead of rings.

This is how Woden's son got back his Hammer. (*Minstrel's epilogue.*)

112. eldr um] om. R.
es harð-hugaðr h. um þ., R.

117. aldna] Bugge; arma, R.

127. Emend.;

BALDER'S DOOM.

THIS poem, evidently by the author of *Thryms-kvida*, has come down only on one of the remaining six leaves of A. It is never alluded to; Snorri telling the story of Balder according to *Hús-drapa* (Book vii), and Saxo from a third source. We have not the whole poem; the first section being lost, leaves it headless, as if, for instance, *Thryms-kvida* began with l. 56.

So marked is this, that between the years 1643 (when R and *Flateyar-bók* were first discovered) and 1670 (the date of our first paper copy) some scholar made an introduction to it, which he called *Forspialls-liod* [Preface-song], and *Hræfua-galdr* [the Carrion-charm], often misread *Hrafna-galdr* [the Raven's-charm]. He also stuffed the poem with interpolations. The copy he used was certainly A, as we can show by the recurrence of errors of A, common to these interpolated copies. The same kind of evidence proves his use of R of *Volo-spá*. The word 'Ulfrun,' only known from *Hyndlu-liod*, suffices to fix a date subsequent to 1643. In his postiche this author, picking up words in a most artful way, has used the following works: *Volo-spá* freely, some ten times, even once in Biorn of Skardsa's copy (*heimis*); *Weyland's Lay*, once; *Atla-quida*, once; *Hymis-quida*, once; *Ynglinga Saga*, once (*diar*); *Wafthrudnis-mal*, once; *Hyndlu-liod*, once; *Gudrun's Lays*, once; and either *Gágás* or *Niala*, once (*bera kvido*); *Snorri's Edda* often, and even in *Magnus Olafson's copy* (*frum-quedull*), etc. Further a Greek proverb, *ἐν νυκτὶ βουλῆ*. Ovid is also used. We should guess the poet to be Paul Hallson, the learned translator of *Lilia* into Latin, who died in Denmark, 1662.

The original *title* is lost: we prefer *Balder's Doom*, or *Balder's Lay*, to *Balder's Dream*, as more exactly giving the intent of the poem.

The *text* is corrupt here and there. Of ll. 41-44 we have a double text, one here, one in *Volo-spá*; its right place is here, and so we have made one text of both, printing the double one in the Notes.

SENN vóro Æsir allir á þingi
ok Ásynjor allar á máli:
Ok um þat réðo ríkir tívar,
hví væri Baldri ballir draumar.

Upp reis Óðinn aldinn gautr,
ok hann á Sleipni sæðul um lagði.
Reið hann niðr þaðan Nifl-heljar til;
móetti hann hvelpi þeim-es ór helli kom.
Sá vas blóðugr um bríóst framan,

5

..... AT once the Anses all went into council, and all the goddesses to a parley. The mighty gods took counsel together that they might find out why dreams of evil haunted Balder.

Then Woden arose, the ancient Sire, and laid the saddle upon Sleipni's back. Away he rode down toward Mist-Hell's abode, and

	ok galdrs fæðor gó um lengi.—	10
	Fram reið Óðinn—fold-vegr dunði,— hann kom at hávo Heljar ranni. Þá reið Óðinn fyr austan dyrr þar es hann vissi Vælo leiði: Nam hann vittugri val-galdr kveða,	15
<i>Volva</i>	Hvat es manna þat mer ókunnra,	
<i>q.</i>	es mer hefir aukit ervitt sinni? Vas-ek snivin snióvi, ok slegin regni, ok drifin dæggo; dauð vas-ek lengi.	20
<i>Od.</i>	Vegtamr ek heiti, sonr em-ek Valtams.	
<i>q.</i>	Segðu mer or Heljo; ek man or heimi: Hveim ero bekkir brynjom strámir, flet fagrlic fæðom skiöldom?	
<i>Volva</i>	Her stendr Baldri of brugginn miæðr,	25
<i>q.</i>	skírar veigar; 'liggr skioldr yfir:' enn Ásmegir í of-væni.— Nauðig sagðak. Nú mun-ek þegja!	
<i>Od.</i>	Þegjattu, Vælva! Þik viljak fregna,	
<i>q.</i>	unz alkunna; viljak enn vita:— Hverr man Baldri at bana verða, ok Óðins son aldri ræna?	30
<i>Volva</i>	Hæðr berr hávan hróðr-barm þinig.	
<i>q.</i>	Hann mun Baldri at bana verða;	

there met him a whelp (Hell hound) coming out of a cave; there was blood on its breast, as it ran by the way baying at the Father of Spells. On Woden rode, while the vault rang till he came to the lofty hall of Hell. Then Woden rode to its eastern gate, where he knew the Sibyl's barrow stood. He fell to chanting the mighty spells that move the Dead, till she rose all unwilling, and her corpse spake:—

Sibyl. What mortal is it, whom I know not, that hath put me to this weary journey? I have been snowed on with the snow, I have been beaten with the rain, I have been drenched with the dew, long have I been dead.

Woden. Way-wise is my name, I am the son of War-wise. Tell me the tidings of Hell, and I will tell thee tidings of Earth. For whom are the benches strewn with 'mail-coats,' and the hall so fairly hung with painted shields?

Sibyl. For Balder the mead stands ready brewed, the walls decked with shields, while the sons of the Anses are in merry mood. All unwilling have I spoken; I will speak no more.

Woden. Speak on, O Sibyl; I must enquire of thee till I know all. Next I must know, Who shall be the death of Balder and take the life of Woden's son?

Sibyl. Lo, Hod is bearing a tall branch of fate. He shall be the death

10. gó] gol, A. 23. brynjom strámir] thus emend.; baugom sánir, A.
24. fæðom skiöldom] emend.; floþ' golli, A. 30. vil-ek, A, here and below.

	ok Óðins son aldri ræna.—	35
	Nauðig sagðak. Nú mun-ek þegja!	
<i>Od.</i>	Þegjattu, Vælva! Þik viljak fregna	
<i>g.</i>	unz alkunna, viljak enn vita:—	
	Hverr man Heði hefnt of vinna,	
	eða Baldrs bana á bál vega?	40
<i>Volva</i>	Rindr berr Vala í Vestr-sælom,	
<i>g.</i>	sá mun Óðins sonr ein-nætr vega:	
	hænd um þværa, né hæfuð kembir	
	áðr á bál um berr Baldrs and-skota.—	
	Nauðig sagðak. Nú mun-ek þegja!	45
<i>Od.</i>	Þegjattu, Vælva! þik viljak fregna	
<i>g.</i>	unz alkunna; viljak enn vita:—	
	Hverjar ro þær meyar, es at muni gráta,	
	ok á himin verpa halsa skautom?	
<i>Volva</i>	Ertattu Vegtamr, sem ek hugða,	50
<i>g.</i>	heldr ertú Óðinn aldinn gautr.	
<i>Od.</i>	Ertattu Vælva, né vís kona,	
<i>g.</i>	heldr ertu þriggja þursa móðir.	
<i>Volva</i>	Heim rið-þú, Óðinn, ok ves hróðigr!	
<i>g.</i>	Svá komit manna meirr aptr á vit,	55
	unz lauss Loki líðr ór bændom	
	es í ragna-ræk riúfendr koma.	

of Balder, and take the life of Woden's son. All unwilling have I spoken; I will speak no more.

Woden. Speak on, O Sibyl; I must enquire of thee till I know all. Next I must know, Who shall wreak vengeance on Hod, and lift the slayer of Balder on to the funeral fire?

Sibyl. In the Halls of the West Wind shall bear a son, Wali, that shall avenge Woden's son when but one night old. He shall neither wash his hands nor comb his hair till he has borne the murderer of Balder to the funeral fire. All unwilling have I spoken; I will speak no more.

Woden. Speak on, O Sibyl; I must enquire of thee till I know all. Next I must know, Who are the maidens that stand weeping to their mind's liking, casting their neck-veils up towards the heavens?

Sibyl. No Way-wise art thou, as I took thee to be, but thou art Woden, the ancient Sire.

Woden. No Sibyl art thou, nor wise woman, but thou art the mother of three Monsters.

Sibyl. Ride homeward, Woden, and glorify thyself, for no other man shall behold me again until Loki breaks loose from his bonds, and the Destroyers come at the Doom of the Powers.

39. Emend.; hæipt Heði hefnt, A. 41. Vala] Bugge; om. A. 43. þværa] þvær, A; þo hann æva hendr ne havfoð kembði, áðr á bal um bar Baldrs andskota, R. 55. meirr] read mer? 56. unz] emend.; ær, A. 57. es í] z (i. e. ok), A.

GROTTA-SONGR; OR, THE MILL-SONG.

ONLY found in Cod. Reg. of Edda (*r*), though from the four lines of introduction at the foot of a stray leaf of Cod. Arna Magn. 1 e β (Edda) we can tell that it once existed therein also.

The song itself is never cited, but the story of Frodi is widely known. His *peace* is talked of by the Helgi-Poet, and by Einar Skáláglam, c. 985. A more particular allusion to his *mill* and its *work* is the Brynhild-poet's 'Menia's precious flour' (see Book v. § 2, and Dict. s. v. *neit*). Egill (c. 950) speaks of 'Frodi's meal,' Biarka-mal of 'Fenia's task.' As late as 1104 Mark Skeggiason calls the Danish king 'ruler of Frodi's throne.'

The prose introduction to our poem mixes up the legend of *Frodi and his Gold Mill* with another story of a *King Mysing and his Salt Mill*, which is a variety of the well-known folk-tale 'How the sea became salt,' localised fittingly enough in the Pentland firth, where the swelchies are ever churning up the white foam. Our poem, which ends with the destruction of Frodi's mill, has no hint of this story. In Rimbegla occurs a remarkable passage, derived in all probability from Ari's lost *Skioldunga*, which throws light upon a dark passage in our poem. It tells how, at the end of Frodi's reign, there arose a terrible tempest, mighty thunderings, the earth rocking and casting up huge stones. This is the Giant-maidens' play of *Grotta-Song*, where they are pictured as casting rocks for sport from under the earth, upon which they first climb in search of their missing playthings. Their subsequent conversion into Walkyries is very curious, as an evidence of how the Walkyrie legend gradually grew up. It was while Walkyries that they were taken by Frodi, and forced like Samson to grind at the mill of the merciless king. After grinding peace and gold, they suddenly grind war, the mill breaks, and they disappear. Yrsa's son, i. e. Rolf Kraki, is to be the avenger of Halfdan, the gold-thirsty king's slain brother.

There are several hopeless passages; we have made two absolutely necessary transpositions, viz. ll. 26-33 are taken from after l. 68, and ll. 85, 86 from after l. 78.

NÚ ero komnar til konungs húsa
fram-vísar tvær Fenja ok Menja:
þær ro at Fróða Friðleifs sonar
máttkar meyjar at mani hafðar.
Þær at lúðri leiddar váro,
ok griótz gríá gangs of beiddo.

5

Hét hann hvárigri hvíð né ynði

Two seeresses are come to the king's house, Fenja and Menja; these mighty maids are held in bondage at the palace of Frodi, the son of Friðleif. They were led to the bin, and set to turn the gritstone of the mill He [Frodi] bade them take neither rest nor pastime, he must always hear the song of the bondmaids They [kept

1. ero] 1 e β; erū, r.

4. giorvar, 1 e β.

áðr hann heyrði hlióm ambátta.

Þær þyt 'þulv þægn-horvinnar.'

Leggjom lúðra, léttom steinom 10

Bað hann enn meyjjar at þær mala skyldo.

Sungo ok slungo snúðga-steini,
sva-at Fróða man flest sofnaði.

Þá kvað þat Menja,—vas til meldrar komin:—

Auð mælom Fróða! mælom alsælan! 15

fiæld fiár, á fegins-lúðri!

Siti hann á auði, sofi hann á dúni!

Vaki hann at vilja! Þá es vel malit.

Her skyli engi æðrom granda,

til bæls bua, né til bana orka; 20

né hœggva 'þvi' hváosso sverði,

þo-at bana bróður bundinn finni!

Enn hann kvað ekki orð it fyrra:—

Sofiða-ið lengr an 'of sal'-gaukar, 25

eða lengr an svá líóð eitt kveðak!

Hendr skolo hvílask! hallr standa mun;
malit hefig, Fróði, sem at munom léki.

Nú mona hændom hvíld vel gefa,

áðr full-malit Fróða þykki.

Hendr skolo hændla harðar triónor, 30

vópn val-dreyrog. Vaki þú Fróði!

up the never-ceasing song to the thud] 'Let us fit the bin, let us lighten the stones.' He [the King] bade the maidens to grind on.

They sang and they whirled the spinning stones, till Frodi's household all fell asleep. Then quoth Menia, as she stood at the mill, 'Let us grind Frodi wealth, let us grind him fulfilment of joy, abundance of riches on the bin of bliss. May he sit on riches; may he sleep on down; may his waking be happy! It were well-ground then. No man shall harm his neighbour, devise any evil, or prepare any slaughter, nor smite with whetted sword, yea, not though he find his brother's slayer bound before him.'

But still his [the King's] word was never other than 'Sleep ye no longer than the cuckoo song stays, or than I can say a single stave!'. . . .

They fall to grinding again in anger, and this time they mean to grind curses on Frodi and his house. When all were asleep, the one says to the other, as she lets the handle go for a moment—

The hand shall have rest, and the stone shall stand still. I have ground to my mind's liking.

Soon our hands shall take no more rest, till Frodi himself shall say that we have ground it out. The hands shall handle the hard shafts, the

14. meldrs, r. 24. Emend.; sofit eigi þit ne of sal-gaukar, r. 27. Or, mun um léki? thus emend., see l. 90; malit hefi ec firir mic mitt of letti, r. 30. höndla] hólða, r.

Vaki-þú Fróði! Ef þú hlýða vill
 sœngom okkrom ok sœgom fornóm:—
 Vasattu Fróði, full-spakr of þik,
 mál-vinr manna, es þú man keyptir: 35
 kauss-þú at afli, ok at álitom,
 enn at ætterni ekki spurðir.
 Harðr vas Hrungrnir, ok hans faðir;
 þó vas Þiazi þeim æflgari,
 Iði ok Aurnir okkrir niðjar; 40
 brúðir Berg-risa, þeim erom bornar.
 Kœmia Grotti or gría-fialli,
 ne sá inn harði hallr or iærðo;
 ne mcéli svá mæR Berg-risa,
 ef vissi 'vitt' vætr til hennar. 45
 Vær vetr nio vórom leikor,
 æflgar alnar fyr iærð neðan;
 stóðom meijar at megin-verkom;
 fœrðom sialfar set-berg ór stað.
 Veltom grióti of garð risa, 50
 sva-at fold fyrir fór skialfandi.
 Svá slængðom vit snúðga-steini,
 at hruto hæfgir hallir í tvau.
 Enn vit síðan á Svi-þjóðo
 fram-vísar tvær í folk stigom; 55
 'Beiddom biærno;' enn brutom skiaeldo;
 gengom í gœgnom grá-serkjat lið;
 steypðom stilli, studdom annan;
 veitom góðom Gothormi lið;

gory weapons of war. Waken, Frodi! waken, Frodi! if thou wilt listen to our songs and our stories of old.

Frodi, thou gossip of men, wert no wise man when thou boughtest thy bondmaids. Thou didst choose by strength and appearance, without asking of their race. Hrungni and his father were sturdy, yet Thiazi was mightier still, and Idi and Aurnir, our ancestors, from whom we brides of Mountain-giants are sprung. Never had this mill come out of the grit mount, nor the massy millstone out of the earth, nor were the Mountain-giants' maids thus grinding here, if

We two playmates were brought up under the earth for nine winters. We busied ourselves with mighty feats; we hurled the cleft rocks out of their places, we rolled the boulders over the giants' court, so that the earth shook withal. We hurled the stones so fast that the massy rocks were split in twain. Afterwards we two seeresses stepped into the array of battle in Sweden, we rent the mailcoats, we hewed the shields, we drove through the gray-clad ranks. We pulled down one king, we set up another; we gave help to the good Gothworm, we

32. The alliteration at fault here.
 43. halr, r. 45. vitt] read vísir?
 56. Read, bendum brynjor?

41. brúðir] emend.; brœðr, r (see l. 89).
 53. Emend.; hofga halli at halir toco, r.

vasa kyrr-seta áðr Knui félli.	69
Fram héldom því þau misseri, at við at kæppom kenndar vórom: þar skorðo vit skærpom geirom blóð ór benjom, ok brand ruðom.	
Nú erom komnar til konungs-húsa miskunn-lausar ok at mani hafðar. Aurr etr iljar, enn ofan kulði.	65
Drægom dolgs siotul. Daprt es at Fróða! Eld sé-ek brenna fyr austan borg; víg-spiæll vaka; ero vitar kyndir:	70
Mun herr koma hinig at bragði, ok brenna bóe fyr buðlungi. Munat-þú halda Hleiðrar-stóli, rauðom hringom, ne regin-grióti.	
Tækom á mændli mæer skarpara, eroma 'val,mar' í val-dreyra.	75
Mól míns fæður mæer ramliga, þvi-at hon feigð fira fiæl-margra sá:	
Mælom enn framarr! Mon Yrso burr víg Halfdanar hefna Fróða:	80
Sá mun hennar heitinn verða burr ok bróðir. Vitom báðar þat.	

never rested till Knui fell. We held this life for a season; we were dear to champions; we gashed the blood out of the wounds with our sharp spears and reddened swords.

But now we are come to the king's hall, unmercifully treated and held in bondage, the mud eating our feet and the chill our heads. We are grinding the Quern of Peace. It is dismal here at Frodi's!

[Then prophesying the evils to come.]

'I behold fire burning from the east of the stronghold, the tokens of war are waking, the beacons are kindled. On a sudden a host shall come hither, and burn the hall over the king's head. Thou shalt not hold the Throne of Lethra, the red rings, or the Holy Stones [altars]

'Let us grasp the handles harder still, we are with gore. My father's maiden [my mother] ground amain because she beheld the doom of a multitude of men

'Let us grind on! Yrsa's child [Rolf Kraki] shall avenge Halfdan's death on Frodi. He [Rolf] shall be called her son and her brother. Both of us know that this shall be.'

62. voro, r.
þat mun viti kallaðr, r.
repeated, r.

66. miskun lausar, r.
76. eroma val,mar, r.
80. víg] emend.; við, r.

70. ero vitar kyndir] emend.;

79. molom enn framarr,

Mólo meyjar, megin kostoðo;
vóro ungar í iætun-móði

Stukko stórar steðr frá lúðri, 85
'iarnar fiarðar'
Skulfo skap-tré; skautz lúðr ofan;
hraut inn hæfgi hallr sundr í tvau.

Enn Berg-risa brúðr orð um kvað:— 90
Malit hæfom, Fróði, sem at munom léki.
Hafa full-staðit fljóð at meldri!

BIARKA-MÁL IN FORNU; OR,
THE OLD LAY OF BIARKI.

OF this poem we have the beginning in S. Olaf's Saga, the second passage on gold in Snorri's Edda-Sk. (W), the other two fragments are preserved in Magnus Olafsson's copy of the lost leaves of Codex Wormianus of Edda. Saxo has given what seems to have been a paraphrase of the whole poem (printed in Notes), derived, we believe, from Icelandic sources, at the end of his Second Book. There is also, in the last chapters of Hrólf Kraki's Saga, a poor paraphrase of Biarkamal. But it is of little help to us, for this Saga is a sixteenth century compilation, built up with windy phrases upon a foundation we take it of some stray leaves of Skioldunga. The Saga paraphrase reverses the rôles of Biarki and Hialti; the *name* of the song shows that Saxo is right.

The *story* is, that king Rolf is overtaken by his enemies in the dawn. His two warders, Biarki and Hialti, rouse his merry men to the fray, just as a farmer calls up his labourers to their daily work. Ruta the Walkyrie bids Biarki look through her left arm akimbo, whereby he is able to see Woden. The death of Rolf and all his champions ends the poem.

On the morning of Sticklestead fight, an Icelander sang this song to S. Olaf's followers, and the king was pleased, and said that it was a true 'Húskarla hvavt' or Workmen's call.

1. **D**AGR es upp kominn! Dynja hana fiarðrar!
mál es víl-mægom at vinna erfiði:
Vaki ok æ vaki vina-hæfuð,
allir enir ózto Aðils of sinnar.

The maids ground on, putting forth all their strength, the young maids were in giant-fury. The huge props flew off the bin [the iron rivets] The shaft-tree shivered, the bin shot down, the massy mill-stone rent in twain.

But the Mountain-giants' bride spake this word: We have ground, O Frodi, to our mind's liking. We have stood full long at the mill.

- Hárr enn harð-greipi, Hrólfr skiótandi, 5
 ættom-góðir menn þeir-es ekki flýja :
 Vekka-ek yðr at víni, né at vífs rúnom ;
 heldr vek-ek yðr at hærðom Hildar leiki !
2. Gramr enn giöflazti góeddi hirð sína :
 Fenjo for-verki, Fáfniss mið-garði, 10
 Glasiss gló-barri, Grana fagr-byrði,
 Draupniss dýr-sveita, dúni Graf-vitniss :
 Ýtti ærr hilmir—aldir við tóko—
 Sifjar svarð-festom, svelli dal-nauðar,
 tregom Otrs-giældom, tárom Mardallar, 15
 eldi Oranar, Iðja glys-máolom :
 Gladdi gunn-veiti—gengom fagr-búnir—
 Þíaza þing-skilom—þjóðir her-margar,—
 Rínar rauð-malmi, rógi Hniflunga,—
 Vísi inn víg-diarfi—vakði hann ‘Baldr þæygi!’ 20
3. Svá skal-ek hann kyrkja sem inn kám-leita
 véli við-biarnar veggja aldinna.
4. Hniginn es í hadd iarðar Hrólfr inn stórláti.

Rolf, the king of Leithra, is asleep in his hall after the feast, when his enemies come. Biarki his warder rouses his comrades, saying :—

1. THE day is up, the cock's feathers are flapping, it is time for the sons of toil to get to their work. Wake and awake, comrades mine, all the noblest henchmen of Adils. Hoar with the hard grip, Rolf the good archer, well-born men that never flee. Not to wine do I wake you, nor to woman's spell, but I wake you to the stern play of the war-goddess.

2. The open-handed prince endowed his henchmen with the toil of Fenja, the lair of Fafni, the glistening needles of Glassy [the Tree], the fair burden of Grani, the precious sweat of Dropper [Magic Ring], the down of Gravewolf [the Dragon].

The free-hearted king gave away, and the people received—Sib's snood, the ice of bow-compeller [the hand], the unwilling weregild of Otter, the tears of Mardall [Freya], the flame of Oran [British River], the glossing speech of Idia.

The hero gladdened many a warrior—we walked in fair array—with the pleadings of Thiazia, the red ore of Rhine, the feud-maker of the Niflungs. Awake, awake, O king!

Biarki in his despair, when he sees Woden who had been before invisible to him, burst into blasphemy, crying,—

3. I will throttle him like a grey mouse [lit. destroyer of the hall's old walls].

Biarki said, when he heard of his leader's fall,—

4. Rolf the proud-hearted hath stooped to the locks of Earth [the grass].

FRAGMENTS OF A LOST LAY OF ROLF KRAKI.

THE story of this lost Lay is told in Edda (Sk.) Rolf and his merry men go to visit Eadgils (Adils), king at Upsala. Having heard their boast that they would never turn from foe or fire, Eadgils tries them by sitting inside a ring of fires in his hall. They escape, as is told in our fragments, and are pursued by Eadgils. But Rolf escapes by the stratagem of casting gold behind him, the picking up of which delayed his pursuers. This famous 'sowing of Rolf' is mentioned in several places, and the 'seed of Fyris-valla' is named by Eywind Poet-spoiler in his Lament for Hakon.

Adils q. **A**UKOM enn elda at Aðils húsom!

Hrolfr q. Flýra sá elda es yfir hleypr.

FRAGMENT OF HILDIBRAND'S LOST LAY.

FOUND embedded in the Saga of Asmund the Champion-slayer, extant in one vellum, Stockholm 7, 4to. Paraphrased by Saxo in his Seventh Book. The name Asmund takes the place of Hadubrand in our fragment. The whole Lay would have been interesting, as a branch of that cycle of which we have the well-known early German fragment *Hildebrand and Hadubrand's Lay*.

Saxo appears to have had our text in two sections as now. The story, the conflict of two kinsmen (here brothers) with two twin swords (like the rings of Nathan the Wise), peerless each, but charmed that when borne by two brothers against one another the false shall fail. The twin swords, and the battle of the brothers Balin and Balan in the Arthur cycle, seem like echoes of this early tradition. The translation will explain itself.

I.

Hildibr. **M**IOK es vand-gætt hvern verða skal
q. of borinn bróðir at bana-orði:
 Mik Drótt of bar af Danmorko,
 enn þik sialfan af Svíþjóðo.

Adils heaping fresh fuel on the hall fires, which he has lit about Rolf, to try whether he would stand to his boast of never flying before fire, cries,—

LET us heap the fire higher in Adils' hall.

Rolf answers, dashing his shield on the flame and leaping over it out of the blazing ring,—

He flies not the fire that dares to leap through it.

Hildibrand, as he lies dying on the field of battle, slain by one of the pair of charmed swords, his own broken, speaks to his brother who slew him:—

IT is hard when a man is tated to slay his own brother. Drott bore me in Denmark and thee in Sweden. There were two charmed swords,

Tveir vóro þeir 'tyrvir giarnir.'	5
Buðla nautar; nú es brotinn annarr; svá hæfðo dvergar dauðir smíðat, sem engi mun áðr né síðan.	
Stendr mér at hæfði hlíf in brotna: ero þar talðir tígir ins átta	10
manna þeirra es ek at morði varð. Liggr þar inn svási sonr 'at hæfði' œfstr, erfingi, es ek eiga gat, óviljandi aldrs synjaðak.	
Bið-ek þik, bróðir, bóenar einnar; einnar bóenar, eigi þú synja: mik skaltú verja váðom þínom, sem fíars bani fár annars mun.	15
Nú verð-ek liggja lífs andvani mæki undaðr 'þanns magna sár.'	20

II.

<i>Asmundr</i> Lítt varði mik laga þeirra	
[<i>Hodbrandr</i>] 'at mik mannz einskis ofyr kvæði'	
g. þá-es mik til kappa kuro Hún-megir átta sinnom fyr iæfurs ríki.	
Bærðomk einn við einn, ok endr við tvá,	25
fimm ok fíora 'flet-megninga,' sex ok við siau, senn á velli, einn ek við átta. Þó ek enn lífi. Þá hvarflaði hugar í bríósti, es menn ellifo ofr-kapp buðo:	30

that once were Budli's—now one of them is broken,—the dead dwarves smithied them so as never was before nor ever shall be again.

My broken buckler lies at my head, there are counted thereon four-score men whom I have slain. My sweet son lies there, the last 'of the reckoning,' my heir after me that I begat, I have slain him unwittingly.

I beg one boon of thee, brother, one boon, deny it me not—to wrap me in thine own raiment as no other slayer will do for him he has slain.

Now I am lying, reft of my life, wounded by the sword in (*some name of place here*).

The slayer of Hildibrand says: I little thought this fate [would have come upon me to do such a monstrous deed] . . . when the Huns chose me as their champion, eight times, for the king's realm.

I fought man against man, then one man against two, against four, and against five heroes, then against six, and against seven in the field, one man against eight. Yet I am still alive. But my heart shook in my breast when eleven men challenged me at odds, till the

5. Read, Tyrfingar . . . ?
lace hidden here.

13. œfstr] eptir, Cd.
22. Certainly mangled text.

20. Some name of

áðr mer í svefni sægðo dísir
 at ek hior-leik þann heyja skyldak.
 Þá kom enn hári Hildibrandr
 Húna-kappi, hann varð mér ómakr :
 ok ek markaða meðan á hónom
 her-kumbl harðlig fyr hialm neðan.

35

§ 3. THE SIBYL'S POET.

VOLO-SPÁ—THE SIBYL'S PROPHECY.

THIS Lay, the highest spiritual effort of the heathen poetry of the North, is found in three texts. The first two leaves of R contain one; a stray leaf of Hauks-bók, c. 1310 (H), a second. This latter copy would almost appear to be the work of one who had learnt the poem from a sister-text to R, and written it down when it had a little faded from his memory, as he *omits* important passages such as that relating to Balder, ll. 87-93, 98-107, 211-212, *inserts* a few lines which are clearly mere stopgaps, being totally out of keeping with the rest, and adopts a confused *arrangement*. But we have a third text (incomplete it is true, but presenting both a better wording and a better order than either of the other two) in Snorri's Edda, which gives *quotations* as well as *paraphrase* for ll. 9-12, 19-21, 35-40, 49-52, 70-77, 85-89, 110-117, 130-134, 137-140, 143-158, 161-178, 199-202, 207-210, 213-217, some 90 lines out of 220, and *paraphrases* of ll. 24-34, 41-48, 181-195, 199-206, some 30 lines more.

The *transpositions* here made in the text are the following:—

ll. 20-21, 144-155, placed as in Snorri's text.

ll. 203-217 removed from after l. 109, according to the context and Snorri's paraphrase. Further—

ll. 83-86, 87-93, 94-97 have been interchanged.

ll. 143-146 from their former position after l. 154.

The Mnemonic Verses (p. 79), relating to the names of the Dwarves, Fates and Walkyries, have been removed as most certainly extraneous, though they had crept even into Snorri's text.

Four lines after l. 103, taken from the Doom of Balder (ll. 41-44), of which they give a duplicate text, have been restored to their proper place in that poem, (see p. 183, l. 41 sqq.)

l. 187 in H is genuine, as proved by Snorri's text.

In the Notes the central part of both texts, R and H, is given for the sake of reference.

fairies told me in my sleep that I should fight that sword-play out. Then came the hoary Hildibrand, the champion of the Huns; he was no fair match for me [because of our kinship], yet I marked on him hard war-tokens beneath his helmet

The readings of the Wormianus MS. of Edda (W) have proved of the greatest weight in the determination of the words of the text.

The *title* of the poem comes from Edda. Neither R nor H has any legible superscription.

The earliest quotation of the poem is l. 175, cited by Arnor the Earl's poet, c. 1064, in his dirge on Earl Thorfinn. Gunnlaug the monk (1140-1219) in his prophecy of Merlin (a paraphrase of Geoffrey's famous prediction) imitates and uses phrases and words of Volospa; see, for instance, ll. 131, 134, 176, 177. Ari, in Yngl. S., ch. 4, treats of or even paraphrases ll. 64-69 of our poem; l. 65 may be hence restored.

Volospa falls into *two* great divisions, the first part relating to the past (unfortunately fragmentary in many places), giving the Genesis, and the second which deals with the future, setting forth the Eschatology of the author. The *scene* in each case is different; in the first the Wola or Sibyl is giving answers from her Sibyl's seat in the midst of the assembly of the Gods; in the second she is 'sitting out' performing her enchantments and answering the anxious consultation of Woden.

The structure of the latter part is strophical, with recurring burdens of couplets put in at regular intervals in a way which greatly heightens the effect of the words.

I.

HLÍÓDS bið-ek allar Helgar kindir,
meiri ok minni Mægo Heimdallar.

Vildo at ek, Valfæðr, vel fyr telja
forn-spiæll fira, þau-es ek fremst um mank :
ek man lætna ár um borna 5
þá-es forðom mik fédda hæfðo ;
nío man ek heima, nío íviðjor ;
Miætuð mæran fyr mold neðan.

Ár vas alda þat-es ekki vas ;
vasa sandr né sær né svalar unnir, 10
iærð fansk æva né upp-himinn ;
Gap vas Ginnunga, enn gras ekki,
áðr Bærs synir bióðom um ypðo
þeir-es miðgarð mæran skópo.

For a hearing I pray all Holy Beings [Gods], and the sons of Heimdall high and low [all men]. Thou O Wal-Father [Woden] wouldst have me set forth in order the histories of men as far back as I remember. I remember the Giants born of yore, who bred me up long ago. I remember nine Worlds, nine Sibyls, a glorious Judge beneath the earth.

In the beginning, when naught was, there was neither sand nor sea nor the cold waves, nor was earth to be seen nor heaven above. There was a Yawning Chasm [chaos], but grass nowhere, ere that the sons of Bor, who made the blessed earth, raised the flat ground. Then the

1. Helgar] add. H; om. R. 3. viltu at ek vafðrs vel fram t., H.
4. ek] add. H. 7. íviðjor] H; iviði, R. 8. miqtvið, H; miotuiþ, R.
9. W; þar es Ymir bygði, R, H. 12. ekki] H, W; hvergi, R.

Sól skein sunnan á salar-steina ; 15
 þá vas grund groin gróenom lauki.
 Sól varp sunnan sinni mána
 hendi inni hógri um himin-ioður.
 Sól þat ne vissi hvar hon sali átti,
 máni þat ne vissi hvat hann megins átti, 20
 stiarnor þat ne visso hvar þær staði áttu.

Þá gengo Regin öll a rök-stóla,
ginn-heilög God, ok um þat gættosk :
 Náott ok niðjom næfn um gáfo,
 morgin héto ok miðjan dag, 25
 undorn ok aptan, árom at telja.
 Hittosk Æsir á Iða-velli,
 þeir-es hærg ok hof há-timbroðo ;
 afa lægðo, auð smíðoðo ;
 tangir skópo ok tól gærðo. 30
 Teflðo í túni, teitir váro ;
 vas þeim vettugis vant or golli :
 Unz þriár kvómo Þursa meyjjar
 amatkar miæk or Iætun-heimom.

Þá gengo Regin öll a rök-stóla, 35
ginn-heilög God, ok um þat gættosk :
 Hverr skyldi Dverga drótt of skepia
 or brimi blóðgo ok or Blains leggjom.
 Þar man-líkon mærg um gærðosk

Sun shone forth from the south on the dwelling-stones, and the fields were mantled with green herbs. The Sun from the south, with the moon her fellow, cast her right hand on the edge of Heaven [entered the gates of the horizon]. The Sun knew not her inn, nor the Moon his dominion, nor the Stars their place.

Then all the Powers, the most high Gods, assembled to their judgment-seats and took counsel together, giving names to Night and the New Moons [phases of Moons]: they called Morningtide and Midday, Afternoon and Eventide by their names, for the counting of seasons.

The Anses met on Ida-plain, and raised high places and temples, setting forges, and fashioning treasures, shaping tongs and making tools. They played at tables in the court and were happy, they lacked not gold till there came three most loathsome Titan maids from Giant-land.

* * * * *

Then all the Powers, the most high Gods, assembled to their judgment-seats and took counsel together, who should create Dwarf-kind

18. iodur, H; iodyr, R. 20. W; R transposes ll. 20 and 21. 28.
 afis kostoðo allz freistoðo, H, which om. l. 28. 32. vettugis] H; vettergis, R.
 37. W; hverir—dvergar dróttir, R and H. 38. W and H; or brímiss blóði
 ok or blám l., R. 39. þar—gærðosk] W; þeir—gærðo, R, H.

dvergar í iærðo, sem Durinn sagði. 40

Unz þrír kvomo or því liði
æflgir ok ástkir Æsir at húsi:
Fundo á landi, lítt-megandi,
Ask ok Emblo ærlæg-lausa.
Önd þan ne sótto; óð þau ne hæfdo; 45
lá né læti, né lito góða.
Önd gaf Óðinn; óð gaf Hæmir;
lá gaf Lóðurr ok lito góða.

Ask veit ek ausinn, heitir Yggdrasil,
hár baðmr heilag, hvíta auri: 50
Þaðan koma dæggvar þæs í dala falla;
stendr æ yfir grœnn Urðar-brunni.
Þaðan koma meyjar margs vitandi
þriár or þeim sal es und þolli stendr:
þær læg lægdo, þær líf kuro, 55
alda barnom ærlæg at segja.

Þat man-ek 'folk-víg' fyrst í heimi,
es Gollveig geirom studdo,
ok í hæll Hárs hána brendo;
þrysvar brendo, þrysvar borna, 60
opt ósialdan. Þó hon enn lifir.

Þá gengo Regin öll a rök-stóla,

from the bloody surf and the Giants' black bones; they fashioned out of earth, in the image of man, many Dwarves as Durinn commanded.

* * * * *

Till out of this host there came to the house three Anses, mighty and blessed. They found Ask and Embla helpless and futureless on the ground. The breath of life was not in them, they had neither feeling nor motion, nor utterance, nor comely hues. Woden gave the breath of life, Hæmir feeling, Lodur utterance and comely hues.

I know an Ash, a high-towering Holy Tree, called Ygg-drasil [Woden's steed, gallows], besprinkled with white loam; whence come the dews that fall in the dales. It spreads ever green over the Weird's burn; whence come the Three Virgins of manifold wisdom, from the Well beneath the tree. They have laid down the fate, and chosen the life and spoken the destinies of the children of men.

The first war in the world that I [the Sibyl] remember was when they speared Gold-weig [Gold-draught], and burnt her in the High One's Hall; thrice was she burnt, and thrice reborn, though still she lives.

* * * * *

Then all the Powers, the most high Gods, assembled to their judg-

41. þriar, R. 42. H; ástgir, R; húsi, R, H; sævar strondo, Edda. 43.
aa landi, H. 46. lá né læti] thus R and H; read, lát ne læti? 49. ausinn
—heilagr] W; standa—ausinn, R, H. 54. sal] Edda and H; sæ, R. 56.
W, H; orlog seggia, R. 57. man-ek] man hon, R, H.

ginn-heilög Goð, ok um þat gættosk :
 Hvert skyldo Æsir afrað gialda,
 gíslar seljask, eðr gildi eiga. 65
 Fleygði Óðinn ok í folk um skaut;
 Þat vas enn folk-víg fyrst í heimi.
 Brotinn vas borð-veggr borgar Ása,
 knátto Vanir víg-spá vallo sporna.

Þá gengo Regin öll a rök-stóla,
ginn-heilög Goð, ok um þat gættosk : 70
 Hverr hefði lopt allt lævi blandit,
 eða ætt iætuns Óðs mey gefna.
 Þórr einn þar vá þrunginn móði,
 hann sialdan sitr es hann slíkt um fregn. 75
 Á gengosk eiðar, orð ok skéri,
 mál æll meginlig es á meðal fóro.

II.

HEIÐI hána héto hvars til húsa kom,
 vælo vél-spá; vítti hon ganda;
 seið hon kunni; seið hon leikin; 80
 æ vas hon angan íllrar brúðar.

Valði henni Herfæðr hringa ok men,
 fé-spíall spaklig ok spá-ganda;
 sá hon vítt ok um vítt of verald hverja.
 Sá hon Valkyrjor vítt um komnar, 85
 gærvar at ríða til Goð-þjóðar.

ment-seats and took counsel together, whether the Anses should pay tribute, or were they to exchange hostages and make a league. Woden hurled *spears* and shot into the host. This was the first war in the world. The paled-wall of the Burgh of the Anses was broken, the Wanes [Gods] marched over the plains that rung with war.

Then all the Powers, the most high Gods, assembled to their judgment-seats and took counsel together *to know* who had charged the air with noisome venom and given the Maid of Od [Freya] to Giant-kind. Thor alone was swelling with wrath, he seldom sits still when he hears such news. Then were utterly broken all oaths and plighted faith and mighty leagues sworn between them.

II. Wheresoever she came to a house they called her Haid, the sooth-saying Sibyl; she charmed divining rods, she knew witchcraft, she was aye the delight of the evil Bride [Hell].

The Father of Hosts endowed her with rings and necklaces, with cunning treasure-spells and rods of divination. She could see far and wide through all the worlds. She could see the Wal-choosers travelling afar, ready to ride to God-folk.

65. Emend.; eða skyldi goðin öll gildi eiga, R, H, corrupt (see Yngl. S. ch. 4).
 74. þar vá] þat vá, W; þar vas, R. 80. seið hon hvars hon kunni, seið hon hugleikin, H.

Ein sat hon úti, þa-es inn aldni kom yggiongr Ása, ok í augo leit: Hvers fregnit mik? Hví freistið mín? Allt veit-ek, Óðinn, hvar þú auga falt í enom mæra Mimis-brunni.	90
Drekkur mið Mimir morgin hverjan af veði Valfæðr.— <i>Vitð er enn eða hvað?</i> Veit-ek Heimdalar hlið um folgit undir heið-vænom helgom baðmi:	95
Á sé-ek ausask aurgom forsi af veði Valfæðrs.— <i>Vitð er enn eða hvað?</i>	
Ek sé Baldri, blóðgom tivor, Óðins barni oerlæg folgin: stóð um vaxinn vællom hæri miór ok miæk fagr Mistil-teinn.	100
Varð af þeim meiði, er nær sýndisk, harm-flaug hættlig,—Hæðr man skióta. Enn Frigg um grét í Fen-sæлом væ Valhallar.— <i>Vitð er enn eða hvað?</i>	105
Hapt sé-ek liggia und Hvera-lundi lægjarns líki, Loka áþekkjjan. Þar sitr Sigyn þeygi um sínom ver vel glyjoð.— <i>Vitð er enn eða hvað?</i>	
Austr býr in aldna í Iarn-viði	110

She was sitting alone without when the aged Patriarch of the Anses [Woden] came and looked into her eyes. What ask ye me? Why tempt ye me? I know it all, O Woden, where thou hiddest thine eye in the holy Well of Mimi, who quaffs mead every morning from Wal-Father's pledge.—Know ye yet or what?

I [the Sibyl] know the trumpet-blast of Heimdal, hid beneath the wide-shadowing Holy Tree. I see a stream rush in rapids over the pledge of Wal-Father.—Know ye yet or what?

I behold Fate looming for Balder, Woden's son, the bloody victim. There stands the Mistletoe slender and delicate, blooming high above the ground. Out of this shoot, so slender to look on, there shall grow a harmful fateful shaft. Hod shall shoot it, but Frigga in Fen-hall shall weep over the woe of Wal-hall.—Know ye yet or what?

I behold a captive lying under Cauldron-holt, the bodily semblance of Loki the guileful. There Sigyn sits, sad of heart, over her husband.—Know ye yet or what?

Eastward in Ironwood the aged witch is sitting, breeding the brood

94. 96. veit-ek, sé-ek] veit hon, ser hon, R. 98. ek sé] ek sá, R. 102.
R here sticks in four lines from the Doom of Balder, see p. 183, ll. 41-44. 103.
man] nam, R. 106. sé-ek] sá hon, R. 107. lægjarn líki, R; instead of
verses 106-7 H has—þá kná Vala vigbönd snua, heldr voro harðgür hoþt or þörmom,
þar s., etc. 110. býr—fæðir] W; sat—fæddi, R.

ok féðir þar Fenriss kindir;
 verðr af þeim ællom einna nokkorr
 tungls tíugari í trollz hami.
 Fyllisk fiærvi feigra manna;
 rýðr ragna siót rauðom dreyra. 115
 Svært verða sól-skin; né sumor eptir;
 veðr æll válynd.—*Vitöð ér enn eða hva?*

Sat þar á haugi ok sló hærpo,
 gýgjar hirðir glaðr Eggþér;
 gól um hánom í gagl-víði 120
 fagr-rauðr hani sá-es Fialarr heitir.
 Gól um Ásom Gollin-kambi;
 sá vegr hælða at Herja-faðrs;
 enn annarr gelr fyr iærð heðan
 Sót-rauðr hani at sælom Heljar. 125

*Geyr nú Garmr miok fyr Gnúpa-helli,
 festr mun slitna, enn Freki renna.*

Fiaöld veit-ek fróeða; fram sé-ek lengra
 um Ragna-ræk ræm sig-tiva:—
 Bréðr mono berjask, ok at bænom verðask; 130
 muno systrungar sífjom spilla.
 Hart es í heimi, hórdómr mikill,
 skeggi-æld, skalm-æld, skildir klofnir,
 vind-æld, varg-æld, áðr veræld steypisk.
 Leika Mims synir; enn Miætuðr kyndisk 135

of Fenri [the Wolf-ogre], from whom there shall spring one amongst them all in ogre shape that shall pitch the Moon out of Heaven. He shall feed on the lives of death-doomed mortals, spattering the heavens with red blood. The sunshine shall wax dark, nor shall any summer follow, and all the winds shall turn to blight.—Know ye yet or what?

On a mound there sat striking a harp the giantesses' shepherd, Eggtheow the Gladsome; in Gaggle-brake, a bright-red chanticleer whose name is Fialar was crowing to her. The cock Gold-comb is crowing to the Anses, waking the warriors of the Father of Hosts. Another cock, Sooty-red, crows under the earth in the halls of Hell.—Fiercely Garm [the hell-hound] bays before the cave of the Rock, the chain shall snap and the Wolf range free!

Tales-a-many the Sibyl can tell. I see farther in the future, the mighty Doom of the blessed Gods. Brothers shall fight and slay one another, kinsfolk shall break the bonds of kindred. It shall go hard with the world: much of whoredom, an age of axes, an age of swords, shields shall be cloven, an age of storm, an age of wolves, ere the world falls in ruin. The sons of Mimi are astir, the Judge is moving at the

116. né sumor eptir] emend.; of sumor eptir, R. 128. veit-ek] veit hon, R; fram sé ek lengra fiöld kann ek segja, H. 130. verðask] W; verða, R.
 132. í heimi] með höldom, W. 133. skeggi-öld] W. skildir] W; skildir ro, R.
 134. R adds—mun engi maðr öðrom þyrma; H adds—grundir gialla gifr flugandi, m. e. m. ö. p.

at eno galla Giallar-horni.
 Hátt blæss Heimdallr; horn es á lopti;
 mælir Óðinn við Mims hæfuð.
 Skelfr Yggdrasils askr standandi,
 Ymr ið aldna tré; enn Iætunn losnar. 140

*Geyr nú Garmr miok fyr Gnípa-helli,
 festr mun slitna, enn Freki renna.*

Hvat es með Ásom? Hvat es með Alfom?
 Gnýr allr Iætun-heimr. Æsir ro á þingi.
 Stynja Dvergar fyr stein-durom,
 vegg-bergs visir.—*Vilð er enn eða hvat?* 145

Hrymr ekr austan, hefisk lind fyrir;
 snýsk Iærmun-gandr í Iætun-móði.
 Ormr knýr unnir; enn ari hlakkar.
 Slítr nái nef-fælr. Naglfar losnar. 150

Kiöll ferr vestan; koma muno Muspellz
 um læg lýðir, enn Loki stýrir;
 fara fífl-megir með Freka allir,
 þeim es bróðir Byleistz í fær.
 Surttr ferr sunnan með sviga lævi;
 skínn af sverði sól val-tiva: 155
 Griót-biærg gnata, enn gífr hrata;
 troða Halir hel-veg, enn himinn klofnar.

*[Geyr nú Garmr miok fyr Gnípa-helli,
 festr mun slitna, enn Freki renna.]* 160

blast of the Horn of Roaring. Loud blows Heimdal, the Horn is on high, Woden talks with Mimi's head, the towering Ash Yggdrasil quivers, the aged tree groans, the Giants have broken loose.—Fiercely bays Garm, etc.

How do the Anses fare? How do the Elves fare? All Giant-land is rumbling from end to end. The Anses are assembled. The Dwarves are moaning before their doors of stone, the inmates of the rocks.—Know ye yet or what?

The Giant Hrym comes driving from the east; high he holds his linden shield; the Monster Dragon writhes in giant-fury; the Serpent lashes the waves; the Eagle screams; Pale-neb [the vulture] tears the corpses; Nail-board [the Ship of Doom] is launched. A bark is speeding from the west; the sons of Muspell [the World-Destroyers] are crossing the sea, with Loki for steersman. All the Demons are marching with the Wolf; Byleist's brother [Loki] is in their ranks.

From the south comes Giant Swart, fire in hand; the sword of the Demon of Death shines like the sun. The granite-rocks are rending, the ravines fall in, the Dead are marching up the road of Hell, the Heavens are riven.—Fiercely bays Garm, etc.

136. gamla, H.
 þann sevi of gleypir.
 rata, R. 159-60. R here at the junction of lines inadvertently omits the burden.

140. H here adds—hræðaz allir á helvegum aðr Surtar
 151. vestan] emend.; austan, R, H. 157. hrata] W;

Þá kœmr Hlínar harmr annarr fram
 es Óðinn ferr við Ulf vega,—
 enn bani Belja biartr at Surti—
 þar man Friggjar falla angan.
 Þá kœmr inn mikli mægr Sigfæðor 165
 Viðarr vega at val-dýri:
 lætr hann megi Hveðrungs mund um standa
 hior til hiarta. Þá es hefnt fæðor.
 Þá kœmr inn mæri mægr Hlóðynjar,
 Óðins sonr, við Orm vega. 170
 Drepr hann af móði Miðgarðz veorr;
 gengr fet nio Fiorgynjar burr
 neppr frá Naðri niðs ókvíðnom.
 Muno Halir allir heim-stæð ryðja. . . .

Sól mun sortna; sækkir fold í mar; 175
 hverfa af himni heiðar stjarnor:
 geisar eimi ok aldr-nari;
 leikr hár hiti við himin sialfan.

*Geyr nú Garmr miok fyr Gnúpa-helli,
 festr mun slitna, enn Freki renna.* 180

III.

SÉ-ЕК upp koma æðro sinni
 iærð or ægi iðja-grœna.

Hlin's second woe shall now come to pass when Woden goes forth to fight with the Wolf, and Beli's bright slayer [Frey] encounters Swart. Frigga's darling must die there. Then shall Widar, mighty son of the Father of Hosts, go forth to fight the Beast. He shall thrust his sword down the Monster's jaws right to the heart. Then is his father avenged.

Then shall Hlodyn's glorious child, Woden's son [Thor], go forth to fight with the Dragon. Earth's Holy Warder shall slay him in his might. Nine paces back from the accursed serpent reels the Son of Earth [Thor].

The inmates of Hell [the evil dead] shall all sweep over the earth. . .

The sun turns to darkness, Earth sinks into the deep, the bright stars vanish from out the heavens, fume and flame rage together, the lofty blaze plays against the very heavens.—Fiercely bays Garm, etc.

III. I behold Earth rise again with its evergreen forests out of the

164. angan] W, H; Angantyr, R.

Ulf vega | Viðarr of veg at val-dýri.

mögr Sigfæður | neppr af Naðri niðs ókvíðnom; | muno halir allir heimstoð ryðja |

er af móði drepr miðgarðz veorr. 170. gengr Óðins sonr, R. Orm] emend.;

Ulf, R. 171. veor, R.

man—sækkir, W; tér—sigr, R, H.

181. sé-ek] sér hon, R, H.

165. W reads—Gengr Óðins son við

169. W reads thus—Gengr hinn mæri

170. gengr Óðins sonr, R. Orm] emend.;

174. Removed two lines down, 175.

177. ok aldr-nari] W, H; við aldrnara, R.

Falla forsar; flýgr ærn yfir;
sá es á fialli fiska veiðir.

Finnask Æsir á Iða-velli, 185
ok um mold-þinur máttkan dóma;
ok minnask þar á megin-dóma,
ok á Fimbul-týss fornar rúnar.

Þar muno eptir undrsamligar
gollnar tæflor í grasi finnask 190
þærs í ár-daga áttar hæfðo.

Muno ósánir akrar vaxa;
bæls mun allz batna; Baldr mun koma:
Bua þeir Hæðr ok Baldr Hroptz sig-toptir,
vé val-tíva.—*Vitð er enn eða hvað?* 195

Þá kná Hœnir hlaut-við kíosa;
ok burir byggja brœðra tveggja
vind-heim víðan.—*Vitð er enn eða hvað?*

Sal veit-ek standa sólo fegra,
golli þakðan á Gimlé: 200

þar skolo dyggvar dróttir byggja,
ok um aldr-daga ynðiss nióta.
Stendr fyr norðan á Niða-fiællom
salr or golli Sindra ætar,
enn annarr stendr á Ókolni 205
biór-salr Iætuns, enn sá Brimir heitir.

Sal veit-ek standa sólo fjarri
Ná-strando á, norðr horfa dyrr:

deep; the waters fall in rapids; above hovers the eagle, that fisher of the falls. The Anses meet on Ida-plain, they talk of the mighty Earth-serpent, and remember the great decrees, and the ancient mysteries of Fimbul-ty [the unknown God]. There shall be found in the grass wonderful golden tables, their own in days of yore. The fields unsown shall yield their increase. All sorrows shall be healed. Balder shall come back. Balder and Hod shall dwell in Woden's mansions of Bliss, in the holy places of the blessed Gods.—Know ye yet or what?

Then shall Hœni choose the rods of divination *aright*, and the sons of the Twin-brethren shall inhabit the wide world of the winds.—Know ye yet or what?

I see a hall, brighter than the sun, shingled with gold, standing on Gem-lea. The righteous shall dwell therein and live in bliss for ever.

Northward in the mounts of Darkness [No-Moon] stands a hall of gold, hostel of Dwarves. But on Okoln [Uncold] stands another, called Surf [Brimi], the Giant's drinking-hall.

Far from the sun on Corse-strand I behold a hall, whose doors

187. Add. H, see Edda paraphrase.

191. Here a line is missing.

Vþm., Viðarr ok Vali byggja *ve goða*.

W; ser hon, R.

sá hon, R.

189. Þá muno Æsir . . . finna, H.

195. vel val tivar, R; vel vell tivar, H; cp.

196. hlut-við, H.

199. veit-ek]

203 and 205. stendr] stóð, R.

207. veit-ek] W;

falla eitr-dropar inn um líóra
 sá es undinn salr orma hryggjom. 210
 Á fellr austan um eitr-dala
 sæxom ok sverðom, Sliðr heitir sú:
 Skolo þar vaða þunga straua
 menn mein-svara ok morð-vargar,
 ok sá annars glepr eyra-rúno: 215
 þar kvelr Níð-hæggr nai fram-gengna;
 sleit vargr vera.—*Vitod ér enn eða hva?*

Þar kœmr inn dimmi dreki fliúgandi,
 naðr fránn, neðan frá Niða-fiaðllom;
 berr ser í fíaðrom—flýgr væll yfir— 220
 Níðhæggr nai.—Nú mun hon sökvask!

§ 4. THE CHRISTIAN POET.

SÓLAR-LIÓÐ; OR, THE SUN-SONG AND THE CHRISTIAN'S WISDOM.

THE following poems, which stand quite alone, are contained only in indifferent paper copies of the seventeenth century, without any trace of their origin, age, or MSS. We can only be sure that these copies are all derived from *one single vellum*, nay, even from a *single copy* of a single vellum. A guess may be hazarded that the lost original may have been the missing leaves of AM. 748. Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages there is neither trace nor hint of the existence of these poems, which are indeed first mentioned by Biorn of Skardsa, in a MS. Essay (unpublished), now at Stockholm (Royal Libr. No. 38), where he speaks of the 'Old Solar-liod' (referring to the words 'fáðar

stand northwards. In through its luffer drops of venom are falling, its roof is thatched with adders. A river, called Slide, *whose waters are knives and swords*, flows through Venom Dales. There shall the murderers and the mansworn wade through heavy streams, while Nidhogg [Backbiter] the serpent is sucking the corpses of the dead, and a Wolf is ravening on men.—Know ye yet or what?

Hither comes Nidhogg, the dark Dragon, the fiery serpent winging his way up from the hills of Darkness, flying over the earth with corpses on his wings.

Now must the Sibyl sink.

209. W; fello, R. 213. skolo] W; sá hon þar v., R. 215. W omits
 this verse. sá] emend.; þann, R, H. 216. kvelr] W; saug, R. 218.
 H here adds—þá kœmr hinn ríki at regin-dómi | öflugr ofan sá es öllo ræðr.

feikn-stöfom' in l. 112 of the present text). Later in the same century, when Sæmund's name had been connected with the 'Poetic Edda,' of which he was then popularly supposed to be the author, a myth sprang up that this poem was the *last* composed by Sæmund, and that he sung it rising from the bier three days after his death. A perusal of the Sun-Song will easily show how this story arose. It has been supposed that the story of Swafr and Skarthedinn is that of Gunlaug and Raven (Proleg. p. 81), told under feigned names; but it is not safe to press the details of Gunlaug and Raven's Saga, and the incident of the *mutual slaughter* there may just as well be copied from the tradition of our poet, as our poet's tragedy derived from the Saga. Nor can anything be gleaned from the supposed derivation of 'Drauma-quædi,' the Norwegian ballad, No. 7 of Landstad's Collection; for beyond the coincidence of the words 'Drauma quædi' and 'í draumi kveðit,' l. 182, which could hardly escape occurring in two poems on a 'dream' or trance, there is absolutely no connection between our poems and the ballad. The ballad, indeed, may rather be paralleled by some fragments in North-English ballads, such as Clerk Saunders.

That our poems are old (eleventh century?) there can be no doubt; they are in an old metre, and preserve the quantity accurately. It is not unlikely that the author, or authors, may have known Volospa. The spiritual connection between the two poets, one a heathen with glimpses of Christianity, the other a Christian with heathen remembrances, warrants us in placing their works in juxtaposition. The subject of the Sun-Song was a favourite one in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and we have a number of mediæval *visions*, foregangers of the great Comedy which has obscured them all. The Sun-Song poet seems to quote from some lost ritualistic poem, such as our Spell-Song (Book i. § 3), whence he borrows the mystic phrases which are enigmas to us.

It is a curious fact that these striking poems have left no traces on a single Icelandic poet. Probably a pair of half-effaced parchment leaves alone preserved them from oblivion through the Middle Ages.

The best of the paper copies, which are in no very good state, and in the second generation from the vellum, is that marked I, in Bugge's edition, No. 166 in 8vo. of the AM. Collection, and our text is chiefly derived from it. Its date is c. 1660.

Both poems are, we doubt not, of Western origin.

In the MS. the two poems which we have here separated are run together without division, the headless Christian's Wisdom first, and then following without break or capital letter the Sun-Song. The latter perfectly distinct in subject, regularly divided into three parts, Death, Hell, and Heaven, and ending with its rightful epilogue, which gives us the title 'Sun-Song.' The poet must have given it this title from the striking words 'sól ek sa,' seven times repeated in the first part of this lay.

The SUN-SONG is told by a dead father in a vision of the night to his son, for his instruction. The father in the *first* part tells him, in what is the finest passage of the poem, of his death and how he lay, with corse-bound soul, a night ere the spirit fled, and then after nine days in the Norns' Chair passed into the world of Hell. In the *second* part he describes how he saw there ten kinds of torments for different kinds of sins. In the *third* part (of which some verses are, we believe, lost), the father recounts six of the joys of Heaven. He ends his vision with a beautiful Prayer, and a last word to his son.

The TEXT is in a tolerably fair state; one or two of the maimed passages we have been able to heal, but there are certainly some verses lost. The division between the parts is marked by the words 'Frá því es at segja;' but the verses with these words which began the third part 'Heaven' are lost.

I.

1. FRÁ því es at segja, hve sæll ek vas
 ynðis-heimi í:
 ok eno æðro, hve ýta synir
 verða nauðgir at náóm.
2. Vil ok dul tælir virða sono, 5
 þá-es fikjask á fé:
 líósir aurar verða at længom trega:
 Margan hefir auðr apat.
3. Glæðr at mærgo þótta-ek gumnom vesa;
 því-at ek vissa fátt fyrir: 10
 dvalar-heim hefir Dróttinn skapat
 muna-fullan miæk.
4. Lútr ek sat; lengi ek hælloðomk;
 miæk vas ek þá lustr at lifa:
 enn sá réð, es ríkri vas: 15
 Frammi ero feigs gætor.
5. Heljar reip kómo harðliga
 sveigð at síðom mer:
 slíta ek vilda, enn þau sterk vóro:
 Létt es lauss at fara. 20
6. Einn ek vissa, hverso alla vega
 sullo sútir mer:

I. DEATH.

Now I shall begin to tell how happy I was in this World of Delight, next how the sons of men go down into the grave against their will.

Vanity and Pride deceive the children of men who set their heart on riches; bright gold turns to long grief. 'Wealth hath befooled many.'

Happy in every way was I in men's eyes, for I could not see far before me. Surely the Lord has made this world we live in very full of pleasures.

Bowed down I sat, drooping a long while; great was my desire to live, but He, the Stronger, had His will. 'The doomed men's race is run.' The cords of Hell were hard-girt round my sides. I tried to break them, but they were strong. 'Lightly he walks whose limbs are free.' None but myself knew how the pains got hold of me on

2. ynðis-heimi] thus I.

15. ríkri] emend.; ríkr, Cd.

4. name (i. e. naam), Cd.

19. sterk] seig, I.

11. dular-heim, I.

- Heljar meyjar, es mer á hverjo kveldi
heima hrolla buðo.
7. Sól ek sá, sanna dag-stiærno, 25
drúpa dyn-heimom í:
enn Hel-grindr heyrdag annan veg
þióta þungliga.
8. Sól ek sá, setta dreyr-stæfom; 30
miæk vas-ek þá or heimi hallr;
máottug hon leizk á marga vega
frá því es fyrri vas.
9. Sól ek sá; svá þótti mer 35
sem ek sæja gæfgan Goð:
Henni ek laut hinzta sinni
alda-heimi í.
10. Sól ek sá; svá hon geislaði,
at ek þóttomk vætki vita:
En Gylfar-straumar grenjoðo annan veg
blandnir miæk við blóð. 40
11. Sól ek sá, á sínom skialfandi,
hræzlo-fullr ok hnipinn:
þvi-at hiarta mítt vas harðla miæk
runnit sundr í sega.
12. Sól ek sá, sialdan hryggvari; 45
miæk vas-ek þá or heimi hallr:
tungu mín vas til trés metin,
ok kolnuð at fyr utan.
13. Sól ek sá, síðan aldregi 50
eptir þenna dapra dag:

every side. The Maids [messengers] of Hell called me home to them every evening.

I saw the Sun, right Star of Day, sink in a World of Storm, while on the other side I heard the gates of Hell clang heavily.

I saw the Sun go down, with characters of blood thereon, well-nigh gone was I out of this world; more glorious did he then appear than ever he had done before.

I saw the Sun, I felt as if I were looking on the glory of God. I bowed to him [the Sun] for the last time in this world of mortals.

I saw the Sun, so bright he beamed, that I fell in a swoon; while on the other side roared boiling streams, deep-dyed with blood.

I saw the Sun, with trembling eyes, shrinking and full of dread, for my heart was utterly melted away into clots.

I saw the Sun, never was I more sorrowful, well-nigh gone was I out of this world; my tongue was become dry as it were wood, and all without was stiff with cold.

I saw the Sun never more after that dreary day, for the mountain

23-24. Emend. by transposing the words; er mer hrolla buðo heim á hverjo kveldi, Cd. (false quantity, -u). 39. Gylvar, I (not Giallar). 48. kolnuð] add. I.

- þvi-at fialla-vætn lukðosk fyr mer saman;
enn ek hvarf kallaðr frá kvæloim.
14. Vánar-stiarna flaug,—þá vas-ek hræddr—
brot frá brióstom mer;
hátt at hon fló; hvergi settisk,
svá-at hon mætti hvílfð hafa. 55
15. Öllom lengri vas síá in eina nótt,
es ek lá stirðr á stráom:
Þat merkir es mælti Goð:
Maðr es moldo iamn. 60
16. Virði þat ok viti inn virki Goð,
sa-es skóp hauðr ok himin:
hve munaðar-lausir margir fara,
'þó við skylda skili.'
17. Síinna verka nýtr seggja hver:
sæll es sá-es gótt gœrir.
Auði frá es mer ætluð vas
sandi orpin sæing. 65
18. Hærundar hungur tælir hælða opt;
hann hefir margr til mikinn. . . . 70
Lauga vatn, es mer leiðast vas
eitt allra hluta.
19. Á Norna stóli sat-ek nio daga;
þaðan vas-ek á hest hafiðr:
gygjar sólr skino grimmliga
or Ský-drúpniss skiám! 75
20. Útan ok innan þóttomk ek alla fara
sigr-himna siau:

waters closed over my head, and I departed being called out of my torment.

The star of Hope flew up from my breast (sore afraid was I then). High she soared, nor once alighted that she might take her rest. Longer than the rest was that one night when I lay stark on straw; then was fulfilled the word of God, 'Man is but as dust.' Consider and take heed, O great God, that made earth and heaven, how woe-begone many fare. . . . Every man reaps the fruit of his own works; blessed is he that doeth good. For *all* my riches a bed of sand was made ready for me. The Lust of the Flesh oftentimes deceives men, many a man has too much thereof. . . . The water of cleansing was to me of all things most loathsome.

Nine days I sat in the seat of the Norns, whence I was lifted on a horse; mock suns shone grim out of the windows of a cloud-charged heaven. Within and without, through all the Seven blessed Heavens,

53. hræddr] emend.; fæddr, Cd. 57. vas] er, I. 59. mælti Goð]
Guð mælti, Cd. 60. moldo iamn] emend.; moldu sami, I. 63. hve]
for hversu, I. 68. sæing] (u) a vowel before a vowel. 70. Something
missing here? 73. stol, I. 74. hafinn, Cd. 76. skiám] thus mended;
skjom for skjjom, Cd. (not skyjom). 78. himna] AM. 738; heima, Cd.

upp ok niðr leitaða-ek céðra vegar,
hvar mer væri greiðastar gætor. 80

II.

21. Frá því es at segja, hvat ek fyrst um sá,
þá ek vas í kvæl-heima kominn:
Sviðnir foglar, es sálar vóro,
flugo margir sem mý.
22. Vestan sá-ek fljúga Vánar-Dreka, 85
ok fella glævalldz gæto:
vængi þeir skóko, svá-at víða mer þótti
springa hauðr ok himinn.
23. Sólar-hiært leit-ek sunnan fara;
hann teymðo tveir 'saman:' 90
fóetr hans stóðo foldo á;
enn tóko horn til himins.
24. Norðan sá-ek ríða Niðja sono;
ok vóro siau saman;
hornom fullom drukko þeir inn hreina miæð 95
or brunni Baug-ræris.
25. Vindr þagnaði; vætn staðvaði.
Þá heyrða-ek grimmligan gný:
Sínom mænnom svip-vísar konor
mólo mold til matar. 100
26. Dreyrga steina, þær inar dækko konor,
drógo daprliga:

methought I passed; high and low I sought a path, wherein my way might lie straight.

II. HELL.

Now I shall begin to tell what I saw first when I went into the Place of Torment:—

Scorched birds that were souls were fluttering about as thick as flies.

From the West I saw the Dragons of Despair fly, leaving behind them wakes of fire; they shook their wings as if, methought, heaven and earth would fall asunder.

I saw the Sun's Hart wend from the South, and there were two that led him 'between them;' his feet stood on the earth, but his horns reached to heaven.

From the North I beheld the sons of the Dark Moon, riding; they were seven together; from brimming horns they drank the clear mead from the brook of Mammon [Baug-rori, Ring-rearer].

The wind lulled, the waters stilled, then I heard an awful clash. Traitorous women were grinding dust into meal for their paramours.

85. Read vanar? 86. fell a, I. 90. 'saman' cannot be right. 96.
Emend.; cp. óð-rerir; baug-reirz, I (not regins). 100. mólo] molodu (the
mod. form), Cd.

- blóðog hiarto hénego þeim fyr brióst útán,
móedd með miklom trega.
27. Margan mann sá-ek meiddan fara 105
á þeim gléddo gætom:
andlit þeirra sýndosk mer æll vesa
rygjar blóði roðin.
28. Marga menn sá-ek moldar gengna, 110
þeir-es hæfðot þíónosto þegit:
heiðnar stiarnor stóðo yfir hæfði þeim
fáðar feikn-staofom.
29. Menn sá-ek þá, es miæk ala 115
æfund um annars hagi:
blóðgar rúnar vóro á briósti þeim
merkðar meinliga.
30. Menn sá-ek þar marga ófegna, 120
þeir vóro villir vega:
þat kaupir sá, es at þessa heims
óheillom apask.
31. Menn sá-ek þá, es mærgom hlutom 125
viltu um annars eign:
Flokkom þeir fóro til Fégiarns borgar,
ok hæfðo byrðar af blyi.
32. Menn sá-ek þá, es marga hæfðo 130
fé ok fiærvi rænt:
brióst í gœgnom rendo brægnom þeim
æflgir eitr-drekar.
33. Menn sá-ek þá, es minzt vildo 135
halda helga daga:

Bloody stones were these dark women piteously whirling; gory hearts hung out of their bosoms, heavy with many sorrows.

I saw many maimed men walking on those glowing paths: their faces were smeared all over, methought, with witches' blood.

I saw many of the dead, who had not received the *last* holy office. Heathen stars, painted with characters of dread, stood over their heads.

I saw men that dearly cherish envy of others' goodhap: bloody signs were painfully engraven on their breasts.

I saw many sore distressed, bewildered and astray; this is their reward that ape the follies of this world.

I saw men, who in divers ways defrauded others of their own: in crowds they were journeying to the City of Greed, bearing burdens of lead.

I saw men, that had robbed many of life and goods: strong venomous dragons kept shooting through their breasts.

I saw men, that would in no wise keep holy-days: their hands were painfully nailed to hot stones.

110. Emend.; þá er eigi máttu þíonustu na, Cd. 119. Emend.; sa es þ. h. apast at óheillom (-u), Cd. 122. villtu, not væltu, I (or read véltu?). 124. blyi (uu).

- hendr þeirra vóro á heitom steinom
neglðar nauðliga.
34. Menn sá-ek þá, es af mikillæti
væðask vónom framarr:
Klæði þeirra vóro 'kynliga'
eldi um slegin. 135
35. Menn sá-ek þá, es mart hafa
orð á annan logit:
Heljar hramnar or hæfði þeim
harðliga siónir slito. 140
36. Allar ógnir fær-þú eigi vitað
þær es Hel-gengnir hafa:
Scétar synðir verða at sárom bótom:
Æ koma mein eptir munoð.

III*.

37. [Frá því es at segja] 145
38. Menn sá-ek þá, es mart hæfðo
gefit at Goðs lægom:
hreinir kyndlar vóro yfir hæfði þeim
brendir biartliga.
39. Menn sá-ek þá, es af miklom hug
veitto fátóekom frama: 150
Láso Englar helgar bóékr ok himna skript,
[slíkt es ózta-unað].
40. Menn sá-ek þá, es miæk hæfðo
hungri farit hærund: 155

I saw men, that through pride had dressed too sumptuously: their clothes were wondrously wrapped in fire.

I saw men that had borne false witness against their neighbour: the Ravens of Hell were pitilessly tearing the eyes out of their heads.

Never canst thou know all the torments which the damned endure. Sweet sins are turned to sore penance. Pain ever follows after pleasure.

III. HEAVEN.

Now I shall begin to tell

I saw men that had given away much according to the Law of God: Pure candles were brightly lit above their heads.

I saw men that with all their hearts had succoured the poor: Angels were reading holy books and heavenly writings to them: this is the highest bliss.

I saw men that had chastened their flesh by much fasting: Angels of God bowed down to them: this is the highest bliss.

134. væðask] emend.; virðaz, I.
or more here missing.

149. breiddir, I.

135. kymiliga, Cd.

153. Thus from the following

verse; yfir höfði þeim, Cd.

- Englar Guðs luto ællom þeim ;
slíkt es ózta unað.
41. Menn sá-ek þá, es móður hafðo
látið mat í munn :
hvflor þeirra vóro á himin-geislom 160
hafðar hagliga.
42. Helgar meyjar hafðo hreinliga
sál af synðom þvegit,
manna þeirra, es á mærgom degi
þína sialfa sik. 165
43. Hávar reiðir sá-ek með himnom fara ;
þær eiga gætor til Goðs :
menn þeim stýra, es myrðir ro
allz fyr ængar sakar.

IV.

44. Inn máttki Faðir ! mæzti Sonr ! 170
Heilagr Andi himins !
þik bið-ek skilja, es skapat hefir,
oss alla eymðom frá !
45. Kvæði þetta, es ek þer kennt hefi,
skaltu fyr kvikom kveða, 175
SÓLAR-LÍÓÐ, es sýnask muno
minnt at mærgo login.
46. Her við skiljomk, ok hittask munom
á Fegins-degi fira :
Dróttinn minn gefi dauðom ró ; 180
hinom líkn es lifa !
47. Dásamligt fróeði vas þer í draumi kveðit ;
enn þú sátt ið sama :

I saw men that had put meat into their mother's mouth : their beds were softly made on the beams of heaven.

Holy Virgins had washed clean of sin the souls of those that had on many a day chastised themselves.

I saw troops riding along the sky high aloft, they are on their way to God, their leaders are men murdered without cause.

IV. PRAYER.

Father Almighty, most glorious Son, Holy Ghost of Heaven, I pray Thee, Who hast made us, to deliver us from evil.

This Song which I have taught thee, thou shalt recite before the Living, the SUN'S SONG in which no lie shall be found.

Here we part, but we shall meet again in the Great Day of Gladness. O my Lord, give rest to the Dead and mercy to the Living.

A wondrous tale was chanted to thee in thy dream, and thou didst

Fyrða engi vas svá fróðr um skapaðr,
es áðr heyrði SÓLAR-LIÓÐS SÆGO.

185

THE CHRISTIAN'S WISDOM.

THIS poem, of which the beginning is lost, consists of a series of parables told by a teacher to his disciple, ending with seven short counsels, by way of epilogue, in the spirit of the old poems of our first Book. The five perfect parables we have (how many more there were it is impossible to tell), deal with the Repentance of a Sinner, the Deceitfulness of Riches, the Perils of Love, the Fall of Pride, and the Discovery of Treachery. The names of the characters in the parables may be feigned, but they are all possible. The spirit of the poem, which may be by a different author from that of the Sun-Song, is sweet and gentle, but never rises very far from earth, and is more coloured by the wisdom of old days.

Between verses 44 and 45 of the Sun-Song is a fragment dealing with mystic figures. The transcriber of the lost vellum must have thrust them in here; they stand by themselves, and have no evident connection with the rest of either of the poems as we have them. They are here put into the Appendix.

There are three fragments (vv. 34-36) from the 'Hávamál Collection,' which would seem to be part of our poem, and are therefore added here. The key words 'ek sá' would lead us to separate them from their place, and refer them to some such poem as the Christian's Wisdom.

I.

- | | | |
|----|--|----|
| 1. | HVERJO bragði þeir belt hafa
Svaforr ok Svafrlogi:
blóð þeir vøkðo, ok þenjar sugo,
'undir eyvana.' | |
| 2. | Fé ok fiarvi rændi fyrða kind
sá inn grimmi greppr;
yfir þá vega es hann varðaði
mátti engi kvikr komask. | 5 |
| 3. | Einn hann át opt harðla;
aldri bauð hann manni til matar: | 10 |

see the same. Never was mortal man so wise as to have heard ere now the Tale of the SONG OF THE SUN.

I. WHAT wickedness they wrought, Swafor and Swaferlow; they shed blood

* * * * *

The fierce [highway]man took the life and goods of wayfarers; no man could pass with his life upon the road he watched. Day by day he ate alone and never bade any man to sit at meat with him, till

- áðr an móðr ok megin-lítill
gestr af gæto kom.
4. Drykks of þurfi lézk inn dæsti maðr,
ok van-mettr vesa;
hræddo hiarta hann létzk trua 15
þeim-es áðr hafði vályndr vesit.
5. Mat ok drykk veitti hann þeim-es móðr vas,
allt af heilom hug:
Goðs hann gáði, góðo hónom beindi,
því hann hugðisk vælligr vesa. 20
6. Upp hinn stóð; íllt hann hugði;
eigi vas þarfsamliga þegit;
synð hans svall, sofanda myrði
fróðan fiöl-varan.
7. Himna-Goð bað hann hialpa ser, 25
þá-es hann veginn vaknaði:
enn sá gat við synðom taka,
es hann hafði saklausan svikit.
8. Helgir Englar kómo ór himni ofan, 30
ok tóko sál hans til sín:
í hreino lífi hon skal lifa
æ með almáttkom Goði.
- II.
9. Auði né heilso ræðr engi maðr
þótt hann gangi greitt:
margan þat scékir es minzt of varir: 35
engi ræðr sáttom sialfr.
10. Ekki þeir hugðo Unarr ok Sævaldi,
at þeim mœndi heill hrapa:

a weary and fainting guest happened to come by the way. Wet and cold the stranger told him that he was hungry and athirst, feigning to trust with a trembling heart this man that had always been so cruel aforetime. He [the robber] set meat and drink before the weary one, all with an upright heart; he was mindful of God, and gave him good cheer, for he bethought him of his wickedness. But the other rose up with an evil heart, requiting good with evil; his sin waxed great within him, he murdered his watchful host [the robber] in his sleep. He cried unto the God of Heaven for help when he was wakened by the death-blow; and lo, his sins passed from him unto the man that had slain him treacherously without a cause. The holy Angels came down from Heaven and bore his soul back with them, *and* he shall live a pure life for ever with Almighty God.

II. Wealth and health no man can rule, be he ever so happy. What is least expected often happens, no man of himself can make sure of peace;—Unnar and Sævaldi little thought that their luck would fall

12. Emend.; gestr gangandi, Cd.
dur, I. 20. vælligur, I.

15. hann] hinn, Cd.

16. vællin-

31. lifa æ] æ lifa, Cd.

- * Nakðir þeir urðu ok næmðir hvívetna;
ok runno sem vargar til víðar. 40

III.

11. *Munabrar-ríki* hefir margan tregat:
Opt verður kvalræði af konom:
Meingar þær urðu; þó inn máttki Goð
skapði skírliga.
12. Sáttir þeir vóro Sváfoðr ok Skart-heðinn, 45
hvárgi mátti annars án vesa:
fyrir an þeir céddosk fyrir einni konu;
sú var þeim til lýta lagið.
13. Hvárskiss þeir gáðo fyrir þá hvíto mey 50
leiks né líóssa daga:
engi hlut máttu þeir annan muna,
an þat ið líósa lík.
14. Daprar þeim urðu inar dimmo nætr;
cengan máttu þeir sóetan sofa:
Enn af þeim harmi rann heipt saman 55
millom virktar-vina.
15. Fádóemi verða í flestum staðom
goldin grimmliga:
Á holm þeir gengo fyrir ið horska víf,
ok fengo báðir bana. 60

IV.

16. *Of-metnað* drýgja skyli engi maðr;
þat hefig sannliga sét:
því at þeir hverfa, es hónom fylgja
flestir Goði frá.

to pieces; they were stripped naked and outlawed, and fled like wolves to the wood.

III. The Might of Love hath brought sorrow on many a man. Much misery comes of women, they have become drossy; God Almighty created them pure:—Swafod and Skartheðin were at one, neither could live without the other, till they grew mad because of a woman; she was the cause of strife between them. For this fair maiden's sake they took no pleasure in any sport nor in the light of day, they could think of nothing else but her white body; the dark nights became dreary to them, they could get no sweet sleep; till out of this misery deadly feud sprung up between two bosom friends. For the most part, fatal passions meet with fearful retribution. These two fought a wager of battle for that proud lady, and slew one another.

IV. No man should fall into Pride; this have I seen to be true: for all they that follow after it fall away from God:—Radny and Webow

17. Rík þau váro, Ráðný ok Vébogi, 65
ok hugðosk gótt eitt geta:
Nú þau sitja ok sárom snua
ymsom elda til.
18. Á sik þau trúðo, ok hugðosk ein vesa 70
allri þjóð yfir:
Enn þó leizk þeirra hagr
annan veg Almátkom Goði.
19. Munað þau drýgðo á marga vega,
ok hæfðo goll fyr gaman:
Nú es þeim goldit, es þau ganga skolo 75
milli frostz ok funa.

V.

20. Óvinom þínom trú-þú aldrigi,
þótt fagrt mæli fyrir;
golli þó heiti. Gótt es annars 80
viti hafa at varnaði.
21. Svá hánom gafsk Særta inom Góðráða,
þá-es hann lagði á vald hans Vígulfs,
tregliga hann trúði—enn hánom at tálom varð—
sínom bróðor-bana.
22. Grið hann þeim seldi af góðom hug;
enn þeir héto honom golli í gegn:
Sáttir létosk, meðan saman drukko;
þó kómo flærðir fram. 85
23. Enn þá eptir á æðrom degi,
es þeir hæfðo í Rygjardal riðit: 90

were mighty, and thought the world their own: now they sit turning their mangled bodies first to the fire, then to the frost. They trusted in themselves and thought themselves above the rest of mankind, but their behaviour seemed in no way so pleasing to God Almighty. They fell into Lust in divers ways, and took delight in gold: and now they are repaid by being doomed to walk between frost and fire.

V. Put not thy trust in thine enemies, yea, though they speak thee fair, though they promise thee weregild; good it is to take warning by the mishap of others:—Sorli the Single came to know this when he put himself in Wigwulf's power. He trusted his brother's slayer freely, but it turned out badly for him. He [Sorli] gave them safe conduct out of the simplicity of his heart, but they promised him gold [weregild] in return. All was peaceful while they sat and drank together, nevertheless treachery sprang out of it. For afterwards on the next day, when they had ridden into Ryedale, they hacked the

66. geta] gera, Cd. 68. eldi, Cd. 79. golli þó heiti] emend.; góðo þú heit, Cd. 82. Wrong quantity. 83. tregliga] thus I. hánom] emend.; hinn, Cd. (h'm=hín). 90. ryardal, Cd.

- sverðom þeir meiddo, þann-es saklauss vas;
ok léto hans fiarvi farit.
24. Lfk hans þeir drógo á leyni-gæto,
ok brytjoðo í brunn niðr;
dylja þeir vildo; enn Dróttinn sá 95
Heilagr himni af.
25. Sól hans bað inn sanni Goð
í sinn fægnoð fara:
Enn sako-dolgar hygg-ek síðla muno
kallaðir frá kvælom. 100

VI.

26. Dísir bið-þú þér 'Dróttins mála'
vesa hollar í hugom:
'viko eptir' mun þer vilja þíns
allt at óskom haga.
27. Reiði-verk, es þú vunnit hefir 105
bóeta-þú sílo yfir:
grættan géla skaltu með góðom hlutom;
þat kveða sálo sama.
28. Á Goð skaltu heita til góðra hluta,
þann-es hefir skatna skapað: 110
miæk fyrir verðr manna hverr
'es ser fiona faðor.'
29. Æsta dugir einkom vandliga
þess es þykkir vant vesa,
allz 'á væl' verðr sá-es einskis biðr: 115
Fár hyggr þegjanda þærf.

innocent man with their swords, and took his life. His body they dragged along a hidden path and dropped it into a well. They wished to hide it, but the Blessed Lord beheld it from heaven. The one true God called his soul to dwell in bliss with Him, but I think the murderers will not so soon be called out of their torments.

VI. 1. Call upon the Virgins . . . of the Lord to be propitious to thee : . . . afterward all shall go according to thy wishes.

2. The Deeds of Wrath that thou hast done, see that thou add no offence thereto; yea, thou shalt cheer them that thou hast made to weep with good things, it shall do thy soul good.

3. Thou shalt call upon God, Who made all men, for all good things. Every man

4. A man must pray earnestly for that which he thinketh he needeth. He that asketh nothing shall always 'be in want.' Who can guess the needs of him that is silent?

104. haga] ga or ganga (-u), Cdd. 106. bóet þu eigi, Cd. 107. géla] emend.; gala, Cd. 113. dugir] Bugge; þikkir, Cd. 116. þegiandi, Cd.

30. Síðla ek kom, snemma ek kallaði,
til dómvaldz dura ;
þangat ek 'ætломk,' því mer heitið vas :
Sá hefir kráos es krefr. 120
31. Synðir því valda at ver siúkir færom
ægis-heimi ór :
Engi óttask, nema fillt gæri :
Gótt es vammalausóm vesa.
32. Ulfom glíkir þykkja allir þeir,
es eiga hverfan hug :
svá mun gefask, þeim-es ganga skal
þær inar glóeddo gætor. 125
33. Vinsamlig ráð, ok viti bundin,
kenni-ek þer siau saman :
gærla þau mun, ok glata aldregi :
æll ero þau nýt at nema. 130

VII.

34. Fullar grindir ek sá fyr Fitiungs sonom,
nú bera þeir vánar-væl :
Svá es auðr sem auga-bragð ;
hann es valtastr vina. 135
35. Elld sá-ek upp brenna auðgom manni fyr ;
enn úti lá dauðr fyr durom.
36. Ofarla bíta ek sá einom hal
orð flrar kono : 140

5. I appeared too late, though I was summoned in good time to the judge's door, and so I 'lost the suit' that was given in my favour. 'He that cries out gets the dish.'

6. It is because of our sins that we go sick out of this world of terror. No man is in fear save he has done ill; it is good to be without spot.

7. Like unto wolves are they that have a deceitful heart. It shall be so with them that they shall walk in the paths of fire.

Seven friendly counsels that pertain unto wisdom, I give thee here together. Thou shalt remember them well and never forsake them, they are all of them worth learning.

VII. I saw the well-stocked garners of the sons of Fitiung, now they bear the beggar's staff. Riches are, as it were, the twinkling of an eye, the most unstable of friends.

I saw the fire consume the rich man's house, and himself lying dead before the door. . . .

I saw the words of an evil woman sting a man so that he smarted.

flá-ráð tunga varð honom at-fjar-lagi,
ok þeygi of sanna sök.

APPENDIX.

'Bingvor' ok 'Listvor' sitja í 'herdis durom'	
ágiarns stóli á:	
norna-dreyri fellr ór næsom þeim,	
sá vekr fíón með fírom.	
Óðins kván róer á Iarðar skipi	5
'móðug' á munað;	
seglom hennar verðr síð hlaðit	
þeim es á þrá reipom þruma.	
Arfi! faðir einn ek ráðit hefi,	
ok þeir Sólkætlo synir,	10
hiartar horn þat-es er haugi bar	
inn vitri Vfgdvalinn.	
Her ro rúnar þær es ristit hafa	
Niarðar ðætr nio,	
'Badveing' in ellzta ok Kreppvær in yngsta	15
ok þeirra systir siau.	

The Slanderer's tongue was the death of him, and yet he was falsely accused.

. . . . and are sitting at the door of on the stool of the Greedy, witches' blood falls from their nostrils which wakens hatred among men.

Woden's wife is rowing on the Earth's ship, . . . her sails that hang [defiantly] on the haulyards are never furled.

I, the father, and the sons of Solkettle have read to thee, my son, [the signs on] the hart's horn that the wise War-dwarf bore out of the grave-mound.

Here are the runes that Niord's nine daughters have graven, Badveing the eldest, and Kreppwor the youngest, and their seven sisters.

2. ágiarns] Bugge; organs, Cd.

Sun Song, l. 108.

4. fyrðum, I.

3. Bugge; iarna dreyri (sic), Cd.; cp.

6. í moðugum, I.

8. þumor, I.

9. Read arfa?

BOOK IV.

EARLY HISTORIC POEMS.

THE poems in this Book are (with one exception in the last section) the work of a group of tenth-century poets running from c. 900 to c. 985. The school to which the poems belong is influenced on one side by the great Western Epics of the Third Book, on the other by the oldest Epics of the First Book. The link which binds them together is a common historical interest.

SECTION 1 contains one poem, which, though akin to its neighbours in metre and spirit, is not on an historical subject, but relates one of Thor's adventures.

In SECTION 2 we have gathered together the *genealogical* poems, the first two Western and of Pindaric character, the third more Hesiodic in tone and by a Norwegian. Along with this latter we have given an imitation by a Northern court-poet, the latest poem of these four sections, dating not before 985.

SECTION 3 comprises the earliest *Encomia* on kings by their poets, Hornklofi's Praise of Harold Fairhair, an unknown Western poet's Dirge on his eldest son Eric Bloodax, and Eywind's imitation of it in a Dirge on his youngest son Hakon Athelstan's foster-son.

SECTION 4 contains three original and powerful contemporary poems, Head Ransom, Arinbiorn's Lay, and the Sons' Wreck, the work of our first *Iceland-born poet* Egil.

SECTION 5. Latest of all in this book comes the Dart Lay, composed after 1014 by some unknown Western poet, probably in honour of Sigtrygg Silkbeard, king of Dublin.

§ I. THE HYMI POET.

HYMIS-KVIÐA.

THIS clever poem, which stands in a class by itself, is found both in R, leaves 13, 14, and in A. These two copies differ very little.

The *subject* is twofold: a double adventure of Thor's, the hooking of the Sea-Serpent and the carrying off the Cauldron. The former is well known from Edda; though Snorri relates it, not from our poem, but from *Hus-drapa* and similar poems; see Book vii. Among other things he calls the Giant Ymi (all three vellums of Edda, W, r, U), so our poem he cannot have known. The second adventure is utterly unknown to the Edda. The only references we have, which seem to refer to our poem or at all events to its story, are Thorodd's 'heyrdi til höddo er Þórr bar hverinn,' c. 1130, and Harold Sigurdson's verse 'haddan skull,' which looks like an echo from our l. 133, 'enn á hælom bringar skullo.' Peculiar to our poet is the word 'Veorr,' the giant-birth of Tew, and the occasion of Thor's getting his servants Thialfi and Röskvi, Snorri making him gain his servant on the road to Utgard Loki's.

The short, crisp, regular *metre* is of the model followed by Egil and Thiodolf. 'Kennings' begin to appear. The epithets, a distinct feature in its style, are very well chosen and striking. The parallelism, as in lines 87-92, is noticeable throughout.

The *story* tells of the Gods' *first* feast at Eager's hall, the 'Ἐκείνοιο δόμοι, and of Thor's quest of a cauldron big enough for brewing the ale for them all. The giant Hymi, in the far north, is reported to own such a vessel, and Thor accordingly repairs to him. He is received contemptuously at first, but proves his might in three tasks. First, he goes fishing with the Giant, who pulls up whales, while Thor hooks the Earth-serpent; for the second, Thor shatters the giant's cups upon his head; for the last, Thor walks off with the huge ale-copper on his head like a hat, the rings and pot-hooks of it clanking about his heels as he goes. The giants pursue him, but he betakes himself to his Hammer and slays them all, coming back triumphantly with his prize. All this is racily and humourously told. Line 93 is sublime, like Milton's 'Earth felt the shock.' It is evidently a poem to be recited at feasts and merrymakings, as the Epilogue shows.

The *text* is fair, merely a word here and there corrupt.

The *title* is warranted by the superscription in A. There are several foreign words in this poem, 'kálkr' for instance.

ÁR valtivar veigar nómo :
ok sumbl-samir, áðr saðir yrði,
hristo teina, ok á hlaut sá ;
fundo þeir at Ægiss ær-kost hverja.

Sat berg-bui barn-teitr fyr
miæk glíkr megi Miskor-blinda. 5

Leit í augo Yggs barn í þrá :—
Þú skalt Ásom opt sumbl gæra !
Önn fekk iætnei orð-bægin hálr ;
hugði at hefndom hann næst við goð : 10
bað hann Sifjar ver ser fœra hver,—
Þannz ek ællom æl yðr of heita.

Né þat mátto mærir tivar
ok ginn-regin of geta hvergi :
unz af trygðom Týr Hlorriða 15
ást-ráð mikit einom sagði :—

Býr fyr austan Eli-vága
hund-víss Hymir at himins enda :
á mfnm faðir móðugr ketil,
rúm-brugðinn hver, rastar díupan. 20

[Þórr q.] Veiztu, ef þiggjom þann læg-velli ?
[Týr q.] Ef, vinr, vélar ver gærvom til.

Fóro driúgom dag þann fram
Ásgarði frá unz til Egils kvómo.
Hirði hann hafra horn-gæfgasta ; 25
hurfo at hællo es Hymir átti ;

The Gods are feasting at Eager's. The unwilling host at parting sends Thor on a forlorn errand for a cauldron for future entertainments.

IN days of old the blessed Gods drank together, and gathered at the feast : ere they had their fill, they cast the divining rods, and inspected the blood, finding at Eager's all good cheer.

The simple giant [Eager], like the Mud-monster's son, was sitting ; Woden's son [Thor] looked him defiantly in the face, *saying*, 'Thou shalt often make a feast for the Anses !' The taunting wight [Thor] gave the giant trouble ; he [Eager] thought to pay out the Gods in his turn. He bade Sif's Husband bring him the cauldron 'wherein I may brew the ale for all of you.' None of blessed Gods, nor of the Powers above, could anywhere get such a cauldron, until Tew secretly gave the Thunderer the best of counsel :—'There lives east of the Sleet-bays, at the ends of heaven, a hundred-wise giant, called Hymi. My grim father owns a mighty cauldron a mile deep.'—*Thor*. 'Thinkest thou we can get this lee-vat.'—*Tew*. 'Yes, friend, if we contrive a plot for it.'

Now they made speed all day long, till they came to Egil's [Tew's uncle]. He stalled the proud-horned goats. Then they wended to the hall that Hymi owned. The grandson [Tew] found his granddam,

1. veigar] emend. ; veiðar, R, A.
R ; miskor-, A. 17. glivaga, R.

4. hverja] A ; hvera, R.
20. -brygðan, A.

6. miscor-,
24. Egils] Ægis, A.

mægr fann æmmo miæk leiða at síá ; hafði hæfda hundred nio : Enn ænnor gekk al-gollin fram brún-hvít bera biór-veig syni :—	30
Átt-niðr iætna ! ek viljak ykk hug-fulla tvá und hvera setja. Es mín frí mærgo sinni glæggr við gesti, gærr íllz hugar.	35
Enn vá-skapaðr varð síð-buinn harð-ráðr Hymir heim af veiðom. Gekk inn í sal, glumðo iæklar ; vas karls es kom kinn-skógr fræring.	40
[<i>Frilla q.</i>] Ves-þu heill, Hymir, í hugom góðom ! nú es sonr kominn til sala þinna sá-es við vættom af vegi længom : fylgir hánom hróðrs-and-skoti, vinr ver-liða, Veorr heitir sá. Se-þú hvar sitja und salar gaffi !— svá forða ser—stendr súl fyrir.	45
Sundr stækk súla fyr sión iætuns ; enn áðr í tvau áss brotnaði : stukko átta, enn einn af þeim hverr harð-sleginn heill, af þolli. Fram gengo þeir ; enn forn iætunn siónom leiddi sinn and-skota. Sagðit hánom hugr vel þá es hann sá gygjar-græti á golf kominn.	50

loathsome to look on, having nine hundred heads. But another came forth, bright as gold, fair-browed, bearing a beer-cup to her son, *saying*, 'Thou child of Giants! I will hide you stout-hearted twain underneath the cauldron. My husband is oftentimes sharp and savage to his guests.'

But now that woe-maker, the sturdy Hymi, came late home from hunting; he walked into the hall; the icicles clattered; the churl's chin-thicket [beard] was frozen. *Giant-wife says*: 'Hail, Hymi! be not angry! thy son is come to thy hall, whom we have been looking for, off a long journey. With him comes the Giant-killer, the friend of man, whose name is Weor [Thor]. Look where they sit under the gable, keeping at safe distance, behind the pillar!'

The giant turns his face towards them. The pillar flew asunder at the look of the giant, and the [cross] beam [on which the cauldrons lay] broke in twain. Down came from the shelf eight cauldrons; but one, a hard-wrought one, remained unbroken. Now the two came out, and the old giant fixed his eye on his foeman. It could bode him no good to see him, who makes widows of giantesses, standing on his floor.

27. at síá] emend.; ser, R.
46. sul, R; sol, A.

33. frí] R; faðir, A.
53. gæti, A (badly).

43. Væorr, R.

- Þar vóro þjórar þrjár of teknir;
 það senn iætunn síðða ganga. 55
 Hvern léto þeir hæfði skemra,
 ok á seyði síðan báro:
 át Sifjar verr áðr sofa gengi
 einn með ællo, æxn tvá Hymiss.
 Þótti három Hrungniss spialla 60
 verðr Hlorriða vel full-mikill:
 Munom at apni æðrom verða
 við veiði-mat ver þrjár lifa.
 Veorr kvazk vilja á vág roa,
 ef ballr iætunn beitor gæfi. 65
Hym. q. Hverf þú til hiarðar ef þú hug truir,
 briótr Berg-Dana, beitor sækja!
 Þess vænti ek, at þer mynit
 ægn af oxa auð-feng vesa.
 Sveinn sýsliða sveif til skógar 70
 þar-es oxi stóð al-svartr fyr.
 Braut af þjóri þurs ráð-bani
 há-tún ofan horna tveggja.
- Hym. q.* Verk þikkja þín verri miklo,
 kíóla valdi, an þú kyrr sitir. 75
 Það hlunn-gota hafra dróttinn
 átt-runna apa útar féra:
 Enn sá iætunn sína talði
 lítla fýsi at roa lengra.
 Dró mærr Hymir módugr hvala 80
 einn á ængli upp senn tvá:
 Enn aprt í skut Óðni sífaðr

Now three steers were taken out, and the giant bade set them to boil. One by one they made them shorter by the head, and set them on the fire. Sif's Husband alone ate, before he slept, three of Hymi's oxen whole. The hoary giant deemed Thor's dinner rather large, and said: 'We three shall have to provide some other venison for our supper.'

Next morning Weor [Thor] said he should like to row out fishing, if the bold giant would give bait. *Giant said*: 'Go to the herd, thou Giant-slayer, and get thy bait thyself! I think thou shalt easily find bait from the oxen.' Then the lad [Thor] turned quickly to the wood, where a coal-black ox stood. The Giant-killer wrung the head off the bullock. . . . *Giant said*: 'Thou boatman! thy works are worse than thy sitting still.'

Now they go out fishing.

The Lord of the Goats [Thor] bade the giant pull his boat out further; but the giant said he had no mind to row any longer. The sturdy Hymi kept pulling up whales, two at once, on his hook; while

62. i. e. aptni. 66. A; hverfo, R. 77. att rænn, A. 80. mæirr, A.
 hvala] hvali, R, A. 81. upp senn eða tvá, A.

Veorr við vélar vað gærði ser.

Egndi á ængul, sa-es ældom bergr,

Orms ein-bani, oxa hæfði: 85

gein við agni, su-es goð fiá,

um-gjærð neðan allra landa.

Dró diarfliga dáð-rakkr Þórr

Orm eit-fán upp at borði:

hamri kníði há-fiall skarar 90

of-liótt ofan Ulfs hnit-bróður.

Hrein-galkn hlumði, enn hælkn þuto;

fór in forna fold æll saman.

Sœkðisk síðan 'sá fiskr' í mar.

Óteitr iætunn, es þeir aptr ræro, 95

svá at ár Hymir ekki mælti;

veifði hann ræði veðrs annars til.

Hym. q. Mundo um vinna verk halft við mik!

At þú heim hvali haf til bóejar

eða flot-brúsa festir okkarn! 100

Gekkt Hlorriði, greip á stafni;

vatt með austri upp læg-fáki,

einn með sórom ok með aust-skoto;

bar hann til bóejar brim-svín iætuns,

ok holt-riða hver í gœgnom. 105

Ok enn iætunn um afrendi,

þrá-girni vanr, við Þór sennti:

kvaðat mann ramman, þótt roa kynni

kræpturligan, nema kálk bryti.

Weor, Woden's kinsman, aft in the boat, was cunningly getting his line ready. He, the Helper of men, the Serpent-slayer, baited his hook with the ox's head. He, the God-abhorred one, that girds all lands round from beneath [the Serpent], gulped down the bait. The doughty Thor pulled amain the venom-streaked Serpent up to the gunwale, and battered with the Hammer the hideous head of the Wolf's twin-brother. The Dragon howled, and the wilderness rang; even the old Earth shuddered all through. Back sank the sea-monster into the deep.

Moody was the giant as they rowed back, so that he never spoke a word; he steered round with his oar on the other tack.

Ashore the Giant says: 'I pray thee, share half the work with me! Either carry the whales up to the court, or house our ship.' The Thunderer stepped forward, caught hold of the bow, swung the wave-steed [ship] up single-handed, with all the bilge, the oars, and the bilge-scoop in her. He carried the giant's craft up to the court, all along through the rock-cauldrons [caves].

Still the stubborn giant challenged Thor's strength, saying, 'Though a man might pull a good oar, he did not call him strong except he could break his cup.'

92. hlumði] emend.; hlumdo, R; hruto, A. 94. sá fiskr] thus R, A.
95. réro, R. 96. ár] thus R, A. 106. um] ead inn?

- Enn Hlorriði, es at hændom kom, 110
brátt lét bresta bratt-stein í tvá ;
sló hann sitjandi súlor í gægnom ;
báro þó heilan fyr Hymi síðan.
Unz þat in fríða frilla kenndi
ást-ráð mikit eitt es vissi: 115
Drep við haus Hymiss, hann es harðari,
kost-móðs iætuns kalki hveriom !
Harðr reis á kné hafra dróttinn,
fóerðisk allra í Ás-megin:
heill vas karli hialm-stofn ofan ; 120
enn vín-ferill valr rifnaði.
Hym. g. Mærg veit ek mæti mer gengin frá,
es ek kálki sé or kniám hrundit
—Karl orð um kvað—knákat-ek segja
aptr ævagi, þú ert ælðr of heitt ! 125
þat es til kostar, ef koma mættið
út or óro æl-kiól hofi.
Týr leitaði tysvar hróera ;
stóð at hváro hverr kyrr fyrir.
Faðir Móða fekk á premi, 130
ok í gægnom steig golf niðr í sal :
hóf ser á hæfuð upp hver Sifjar verr ;
enn á hælom hringar skullo.
Fóroð lengi áðr líta nam
aptr Óðins sonr eino sinni. 135

Hymi gives him the cup. When the Thunderer grasped the [giant's] beaker [and cast it], he soon burst the tall shaft [pillar] in twain. From where he sat he dashed it through the pillars; but they bore it back whole to Hymi again, till the giant's fair leman gave him good counsel, which none but she knew: 'Dash it down on Hymi's skull; that sturdy giant's pate is harder than any cup.' Then the hardy Lord of the Goats [Thor] sprang to his feet, putting forth his whole godly strength; the old churl's skull was unbroken, but the wine-vat was cracked all across.

The giant cries, whimpering: 'Many good things have now departed from me, now I see my cup broken at my feet. Now,' the old fellow said, 'I can no more say, "Ale, thou art brewed."' "

The giant tells Thor: 'The last Task is, if thou canst carry my ale-cauldron out of my hall.' Tew tried twice to lift it, but each time the cauldron stood still [he could not stir it]. Then the Father of Modi [Thor] caught hold of the brim, and his feet sank down through the floor of the hall. Sif's Husband [Thor] clapped the cauldron upon his head [like a hat], and the [pot-books] chains rattled about his heels.

They had not passed far upon their path, when Woden's son [Thor]

III. í tvá] gleri, A (sic).
berill? 134. Fóroð] emend.; foro, R, A.

119. allra] thus R and A.

121. Read vín-

Sá hann or hreysom með Hymi austan
folk-drótt fara fíal-hæfdaða.

Hóf hann ser af herðom hver standanda;
veifði hann Miollni morð-giærnom fram;
ok hraun-hvala hann alla drap.

140

Fóroð lengi áðr liggja nam
hafr Hlorriða half-dauðr fyr:
vas skirr skækuls skakkr á beini;
enn því inn lævísí Loki um olli.

Enn ér heyrð hafið:—hverr kann um þat
goð-málogra gærr at skilja—
hver af hraun-bua hann laun um fekk,
es hann bæði gallt bærn sín fyrir.

145

Þrótt-æflogr kom á þing goða,
ok hafði hver þannz Hymir átti.

150

Enn Veorr hverjan vel skyli drekka
ældr at Ægiss eitt hærmeitið!

§ 2. GENEALOGICAL LAYS.

HYNDLO-LIÓÐ; OR, VOLO-SPÁ IN SKAMMA.

IN Flatey-book only, under the title *Hyndlo-liod*, this poem is found. The copyists of that huge vellum lit upon it among other odds and

looked once back; he saw a many-headed throng come from the East, following Hymi from their dens. He [Thor], as he stood, cast the cauldron down from his shoulders, and swung the murderous Miollni before him, and smote all the whales [monsters] of the wilderness.

They had not passed long on their way, when the Thunderer's goat fell down half-dead; the shaker of the car-pole [the goat] was lame on one leg; it was the guileful Loki's doing.

[*The Poet's epilogue*]: Now ye have heard—every mythologist can tell all about it—what pledge he [Thor] exacted from the Giant [Egil], who had to pay him both his children as ransom. So the Mighty One [Thor] came to the assembly of the Gods, bringing the cauldron that Hymi had owned.

[*The Gleeman's epilogue*]: Now Weor [Thor] shall surely drink ale at Eager's, once every harvest-time [*like a barvest-kern*].

140. -hvala] -vala, R; -hvali, A. 143. skirr] R, A, = skær? á beini] emend.; a bani, R, A. 151. Veorr—skyli] emend.; veor—skolo, R, A. 152. hørmeit', A; havrmeitiþ, R.

ends, when they had finished the greater part of their task, and to find room for this matter, prefixed two vellum leaves to the whole volume, on column 5 of which they wrote this Lay (Fb. vol. i, pp. 11-16).

Snorri (Edda Gg) quotes ll. 133-6 under the title *Volo-spa in Skamma*. The compiler of the Genealogies which follow it in Flatey-book (who was *not* the Flatey-book scribe) knew it in a more complete state, and the compiler of Orvar Odd-Saga knew at least a few lines.

More than 25 years ago in Tima-tal the Editor suggested that it was written for some member of the famous Horda-Kari family, which numbered among its members S. Magnus of Orkney, Thorleif the Wise, the lawgiver, and other distinguished persons in the West. The names Ketil, Klyp, Olmod, often met with in that family's genealogy, and occurring here, seem to warrant this conclusion.

The *framework* of the poem is ingenious; *Othere* (Othere the Simple the Giantess calls him), a great worshipper of Freya, begs her help to get him an inheritance which is at dispute between him and his rival Angantheow, and will fall to him that shows the best ancestry. Freya turns her favourite into the shape of the boar Goldbristle (her well-known steed), mounts on his back, and goes to seek a Giantess [Houndling or Gothic Hunilo = Hyndla for Hýnla?] in her cave, whom she asks to saddle her wolf (the steed of witches) and ride with her in the gloaming to Walhall, promising her safe-conduct at Thor the Thunderer's hand. As they ride together, the Goddess draws from the Giantess the generations of the Heroes. She runs over these one by one, adding after each tree, 'All thy ancestry, Othere the Simple!' This fills the first part of the poem. Then she turns to the generations of the Gods, and of the Destroyers of the World; and finally foretells the Doom of the World. This section no doubt gave it the title of the Shorter Sibyl's Lay. When she has told all, Freya asks her to hand a *cup of remembrance* to her Boar; the Giantess recognises the humanity of the disguised Othere and reviles Freya. Yet the poem ends with a blessing on Othere.

The poem was composed in the dim light between heathendom and Christianity, and the passage relating to the High One (no interpolation) points to a hearsay knowledge of the New Faith at least.

The *text* is, like that of all Fb. verse, very sadly mangled. Bugge's acute conjectures have been of great help, and we have been able to make the plot clear by what we take to be a few certain emendations.

The genealogy of the sons of Arngrim has been put right by the help of the echo of the lost original verse in Orvar Odd-Saga. The genealogies in Fb. i. 24, 25 may be of a little further use, but the poem is completely hopeless in parts.

We have transposed ll. 133-140 from after l. 158.

[*Freyja*]
q. VAKI mæR meYja! vaki mÍn vina!
 Hyndla systir es í helli býr!
 Nú es rœkkR rœkkra; ríða við skolom
 til Valhallar ok til véss heilags.

Freya at the cave of Houndling, the Giant-witch, when she cries,—

WAKEN, maid of maids, waken, my friend, my sister Houndling, that dwellest in the cave! It is now the gloam of gloaming, let us ride together to Wal-hall, to the holy city. Let us pray the Father of the

	Biðjom Herja-faður í hugom sitja ;	5
	hann geldr ok gefr goll verðungo :	
	gaf hann Hermóði hialm ok brynjo,	
	enn Sigmundi sverð at þiggja :	
	gefr hann sigr sonom, enn sinnom aura,	
	mælsko mægom, en man-vit from ;	10
	byri gefr hann brægnom ; enn brag skaldom ;	
	gefr hann mansemi mærgom rekki.	
	Þór mun-ek blóta ; þess mun-ek biðja,	
	at hann æ við þik einart láti ;	
	þó es hónom óttit við Iætuns brúðir.	15
	Nú taktú ulf þinn ein af stalli ;	
	lát hann renna með rúna mínom ;	
	‘seinn es’ gæltr mín Godveg troða ;	
	vil-ek á mar mín mætan hlœða.	
[Hyndla]	Flá ertu, Freyja, es þú freistar mín,—	20
q.	vísar þú augom á oss þannig :—	
	es þú hefir ver þinn í val-svíni	
	Óttar inn unga Innsteins bur.	
[Freyja]	Dulið ertu, Hyndla, draums ætlig þer,	
q.	es þú kveðr ver mín í val-svíni,	25
	þar es gæltr gloar Gollin-bursti,	
	Hildi-svíni, es mér hagir gærðo	
	dvergár tveir, Dainn ok Nabbi.	
	Sennom við or sæðlom ! sitja við skolom,	
	ok um iæfra ættir dóma :	30
	gumna þeirra es frá goðom kvómo.	

Hosts to be gracious to us, for he grants and gives gold to his servants ; he gave Hermod a helmet and mail-coat, and Sigmund a sword. He gives victory to his sons, and wealth to his followers, ready speech to his children, and wisdom to his offspring. He gives fair wind to captains, and song to poets, and luck in love to many a hero. I will worship Thor, and pray him that he be at peace with thee, though he is no friend to the giant-brides. But take thy wolf now from the stall, and let him run beside my boar. My boar shall forthwith speed to the land of the Gods ; I will saddle [mount ?] my steed of price.

Quoth Houndling : Thou art false, Freya, tempting me so—thou fixest thine eyes on me—thou that hast thy lover with thee in boar-shape, Othere the young, the son of Innstone.

Quoth Freya : Thou art deceived, Houndling, thou art surely entranced, to say that I have my lover here in boar-shape, where the swine Golden-bristle glows, the Boar of War, which the skilful dwarves, Dain and Nabbi, wrought for me. Let us talk from our saddles, let us sit and weigh the Races of Kings, of all men that sprung from the Gods. For they have

5. herians f., F. 6. verðugum, F. 9. sinnom] suinum, F. 10. mögom] morgum, F.
 es] read, senn man? 13. mun-ek] emend.; mun hon, F. 18. seinn God-vegr here = Godheimr. 19. vil-ek á] emend.; vil-ek ei, F. hlœða] hleða, F.
 22. val-svíni] emend.; valsinni, F, here and l. 25. 24. dulin, F.

Þeir hafa veðjat Vala-malmi
 Óttarr inn ungi ok Angantýr.
 Skyllt es at veita, sva-at skati enn ungi,
 fæður-leifð hafi eptir frændr sína: 35
 Hærg hann mer gærði hlaðinn steinom;
 nú es griót þat at gleri orðit;
 rauð hann í nýjo nauta-blóði;
 æ trúði Óttarr á Ásynjor.
 Nú láttu forna niðja talða, 40
 ok upp bornar ættir manna:—
 Hvat es Skiöldunga? Hvat es Skilfinga?
 [Hvat es Öðlinga]? Hvat es Ylfinga?
 Hvat es hælð-borit? Hvat es hers-borit—
 mest manna-val und Miðgarði? 45

I.

[Hyndla] Þú ert, Óttarr, borinn Innsteini;
 g. Enn Innsteinn vas Alfi 'nom gamla;
 Alfr vas Ulfi; Ulfr Sæfara;
 enn Sæfari Svan enom rauða. 50
 Móður átti faðir þinn menjom gæfga;
 hygg-ek at hon héti Hlédís gyðja:
 Fróði vas faðir þeirrar, enn 'Friaut' móðir;
 Öll þótti ætt sú með yfir-mænnom.
 Áli vas áðr ælfgastr manna,
 Halfdan fyrri hæstr Skiöldunga. 55
 Fræg vóro folk-víg þau-es framir gærðo;
 hvarfla þóttu hans verk með himin-skautom.
 Efldisk hann við Eymund, óéztan manna;

laid a wager of Welsh-ore [gold], Othere the young and Angantheow. I am bound to help the former, that the young prince may have his father's heritage after his kinsmen. He made me an altar built of stones, the grit thereof is changed to glass, he has reddened it with the fresh blood of oxen. Othere hath ever trusted in the Ansesses. Now do thou tell over the men of old and say forth in order the races of men. Who of the Shieldings? who of the Shelings? who of the Ethelings? who of the Wolfings? who of the Free-born? who of the Gentle-born are the most chosen of kindred of all upon earth? (*Here Houndling's lesson begins.*)

THE GENERATIONS OF HEROES. I.

Quoth Houndling: Thou, Othere, art sprung from Instone, but Instone was from Alf the Old, Alf from Wolf, Wolf from Sea-farer, and Sea-farer from Swan the Red. Thy father had a mother, rich with necklaces; I think that her name was Hledis the priestess. Frodi was her father and F . . . her mother—all that race is ranked with those of high degree. Anila was of old the mightiest of men, and Halfdan in former days the highest of the Shieldings. Famous are the wars which that king waged, his deeds have gone forth to the skirts of heaven. He strengthened himself in marriage with [*the daughter of*] Eymund the

enn hann Sigtrygg [vá] með svælom eggjom.
 Eiga gekk Almveigo, ózta kvinna; 60
 ólo þau ok átto átián sono :
 Þaðan ero Skiaeldungar; þaðan ero Skilfingar;
 þaðan [ero] Öðlingar; þaðan [ero] Ylfingar;
 þaðan hælð-borið; þaðan hers-borið—
 mest manna-val und Miðgarði.— 65
Allt es þat ætt þín, Óttarr heimski!

Vas Hildigunn 'hennar' móðir
 Sváfo barn ok Sækonungs.
Allt es þat ætt þín, Óttarr heimski!—
Vöromk at vitir svá! Viltú enn lengra? 70

Dagr átti Þóro Drengja-móðor :
 ólosk í ætt þar óztir kappar :
 Fradmarr ok Gyrðr, ok Frekar báðir,
 Amr ok Jofur-marr, Alfr enn gamli.—
Vöromk at vitir svá! Viltú enn lengra? 75

Ketill hét vinr þeirra Klypps arf-þegi ;
 vas hann móðor-faðir móðor þínnar.
 'Þar vas Fróði fyrr an Kári,'
 inn ellri vas Alfr um getinn.

Nanna vas næst þar Noekkva dóttir ; 80
 vas mægr hennar mágr þíns faður.
 Fyrnd es sú mægð.—Fram sé-ek lengra.
 Kunna-ek báða Brodd ok Haurfi.—
Allt es þat ætt þín, Óttarr heimski!

highest of men, who slew Sigtryg with the cold blade. He [*Halfdan*] wedded Almweig the highest of ladies; they bred up and had eighteen sons. Thence come the Shieldings! Thence come the Shelfings! Thence the Ethelings! Thence the Wolfings, etc.—All this race is thine, Othere the Simple.

Hildigund was . . . mother, the child of Swafa and Seaking. All this race is thine, Othere the Simple! I doubt if any know so much. Wilt thou have me tell more?

Day wedded Thora Mother-of-heroes; of their race are bred the highest champions—Fradmar and Gurth, and both the Frekis, Am and Iofur-mar, Alf the Old.—I doubt, etc.

Their friend was named Ketil, the heir of Klyp, he was the father of thy mother's mother. Frodi came before Kari, but Alf was born . . .

Nanna came next, Nokkvi's daughter; her child was thy father's kinsman by law. This affinity is of old days, but I can see farther forward.

I know both Brord and Haurfi.—All this race is thine, Othere the Simple!

59. vá] om. F. 60. quinnu, F. 63. Ylfingar] Ynglingar, F. 70.
 Vöromk at vitir svá] emend.; see *Alvis-mal*, p. 83; vardi at viti svá, F. 74.
 iosurmar, F (cp. O. H. G. *Epar-mâr*).

- Isólfr ok Asólfr Ölmóðs synir, 85
ok Skúrhildar Skekkils dóttur.
Skaltú til telja skatna margra.—
Allt es þat ætt þín, Öltarr heimski!
- Gunnarr balkr, Grímr arð-skafi,
iárn-skiaeldr Þórir, Ulfr gínandi. 90
.
- Hervarðr, Hiorvarðr, Hrani, Angantýr,
Bui ok Brami, Barri ok Reifnir,
Tindr ok Tyrfingr, tveir Haddingjar:
Arngrími óro bornir
arfar tolf ok Eyfuro: 95
bræðr berserkja í Bolmi austr,
um laund ok um laug sem logi fóro.—
Allt es þat ætt þín, Öltarr heimski!
.
- vóro þeir í hirð Hrolfs ens gamla;
allir bornir frá Iærmunreki, 100
Sigurðar mági,—Hlýð-þú sægo mínni,—
folkom grimms, þess-es Fáfni vá.
Sá var vísir frá Völsungom;
enn Hiardís frá Hraudungom;
enn Eylimi frá Öðlingom.— 105
Allt es þat ætt þín, Öltarr heimski!

Iswolf and Answolf, Olmod's sons, and Skurhild, Shackle's daughter. Thou canst tell thy race up to many heroes.—All this, etc.

Gunnar Balk, Grim the Ploughshare, Thori Iron-shield, Wolf the Gaper . . .—All this, etc.

Herward, Hiorward, Rani, Angantheow, Bui, Brami, Barri, Reifnir, Tind and Tyrfingr and twins Hardings, these twelve sons, they were born of Arngrim and Eyfura in Bolm-in-the-East: Bearsark-brothers, who raged like wild-fire over land and sea.—All this, etc.

They were among the henchmen of Hrolf the Old; all sprung from Eormunrek, the kinsman by law to Sigurd—listen thou to my story—the fierce king that slew Fafni. That prince was of the Wolsings, but Hiordis [*his mother*] of the Redings, and Eylimi [*his mother's father*] of the Ethelings.—All this, etc.

91-98. Thus partly mended and transposed. F runs on from verse 90.—Ulfr gínandi bui ok brami barri ok reifnir tindr ok tyrfingr, ok tveir haddingjar. Allt er þat. Ani omi voru bornir arngrims synir ok eyfuro braukun berserkia bauls margs konar um laund ok um laug sem logi færi. Allt er þat. Kunna ek bada brodd ok haurfi (*repeated* from l. 83).

*Orvar Odd-Saga gives the following verse:—*Hervarðr, ok Hiorvarðr, Hrani Angantyr | Bildr ok Bági, Barri ok Toki | Tindr ok Tyrfingr, tveir Haddingjar | þeir í Bolm austr bornir vóro | Arngríms synir ok Eyfuro | þá frá ek manna mein-úðgasta | ok ógiarnasta gott at vinna | þeir ero berserkir bóls of fyldir | tvau skip hruðu tryggra manna.—*This and the mangled remains of F are our materials for restoring the text.* 103-104. Völsungom . . . Hraudungom] Völsungi, Hraudungi, F.

Gunnarr ok Hægni Giúka arfar,
ok ið sama Guðrún systir þeirra;
eigi vas Guthormr Giúka ættar;
þó vas hann bróðir beggja þeirra.— 110
Allt es þat ætt þín, Óttarr heimski!

Haraldr Hildi-tann, borinn Hrcereki
Sloengvan-bauga, sonr vas hann Auðar;
Auðr Diúp-auðga Ívars dóttir;
enn Raðbardr vas Randvess faðir: 115
Þeir vóro gumnar goðom signaðir.—
Allt es þat ætt þín, Óttarr heimski!

II.

Vóro ellifo Æsir talðir
Baldr es hné við bana-þúfo.
Þess létzk Vali verðr at hefna;
síns um bróður sló hann hand-bana.— 120
Allt es þat ætt þín, Óttarr heimski!

Vas Baldrs faðir Bors arf-þegi.
Freyr átti Gerði; hon vas Gymiss dóttir,
Iætna ættar ok Aurboðo. 125
Þó vas Þiazi þeirra frændi,
skot-giarn iætunn; hans vas Skaði dóttir.
Mart segjom þer, ok munom fleira.—
Vöromk at vitir svá! Villú enn lengra?

Hati vað Hveðro 'hóti baztr' sona; 130
enn Hata vas Hroð-vitnir faðir:
Heiðr ok Hross-þjófr Hrimniss kindar.

Gunnar and Hogni the heirs of Giuki, and Gudrun their sister likewise, but Guthorm was not of Giuki's race, though he was the brother of both of them.—All this, etc.

Harald War-tusk was sprung from Roderik Ring-slinger; he was the son of Aud, but Aud of-deep-wealth was the daughter of Ivar, and Radbeard was Randwer's father. They were men marked with a sign to the Gods.—All this, etc.

THE GENERATIONS OF THE GODS AND THE DESTROYERS. II.

There were eleven Anses all told, when Balder went down into the hillock of death. Vali was his avenger; he slew the very slayer of his brother. Balder's father [Woden] was the heir of Bor. Frey wedded Gerd; she was Gymi's and Aurboðe's daughter of giant-race; so Thiazi became their kinsman, the hunter-giant; his daughter was Skadi. I tell thee much, but I know more.—I doubt, etc.

Hate [the Sun-devouring Wolf] was the . . . of Hwedra's sons, but Hate's father was the Great Beast. Haid and Horse-thief were of

112. -taunn, F. 127. skaut-giarn, F. 130-131. Emend.; Haki var Hveðnu h. beztr sona enn Hveðno var Hiorvarðr faðir, F.—See Thulor and Gm. p. 74.

Ól Ulf Loki við Angrboðo;
enn Sleipni gat við Svaðilfœra;
eitt þótti skars allra feiknast 135
þat vas bróðor frá Byleistz komit.
'Loki af hiarta lindi brendo
fann hann half-sviðinn hug-stein koma;'
varð Loptr kviðugr at kono illri.
Þaðan es á foldo flagð hvert komit. 140

Ero Vælor allar frá Viðolfi:
Vitkar allir fra Vilmeiði:
Seið-berendr frá Svart-hæfða:
Iættnar allir frá Ymi komnir.
Mart segjom þer, ok munom fleira.— 145
Vörómk at vitir svá! Viltú enn lengra?

Varð einn borinn í árdaga,
ramm-aukinn miok Ræгна kindar:
Nio báro þann nadd-gæfган mann
Iættna meyjjar við iarðar þræm: 150
Hann Gialp um bar, hann Greip um bar,
hann bar Eistla, ok Eyrgiafa,
hann bar Ulfrún, ok Angeyja,
Imðr, ok Atla, ok Iarn-saxa:
Sá vas aukinn Iarðar megni, 155
sval-kældom sæ ok sónar-dreyra.

Mart [segjom þer, ok munom fleira.—
Vörómk at vitir svá! Viltú enn lengra?]

III.

Haf gengr hríðom við himin sialfan;

Hrimni's kindred [giant-brood]. Loki bred the Wolf with Angrbode, and begat Sleipni with Swadilfarer. One monster there was, of all the most terrible [the Serpent], sprung from Byleist's brother . . . (*two lines corrupt*) . . . Loft [Loki] grew heavy with a female child, an evil woman [Hell]. Thence are sprung every kind of Ogresses.

All Sibyls are from Wood-wolf, all Warlocks from Wilmeid, all Sorcerers from Swart-head, all the Giants from Ymi. I tell thee much, but I know more.—I doubt, etc.

There was one born in the beginning of days [Heimdall], endowed with mighty strength, of the kindred of the Powers. Nine giant-maidens bare this stud-endowed man, on the outskirts of the earth. Yelp bare him, Grip bare him, Eistla and Eyrgive bare him, Wolfrun and Angey bare him, Imd and Atla and Iron-saxa. He was endowed with the strength of Earth. I have told thee much, etc.—I doubt, etc.

THE LAST DOOM. III.

The Deep shall rage in tempest against the very heavens, pouring

134. -fara, F. 135. read, eitt þó vas? 139. at] emend.; af, F.
141. vaulfur, F. 143. Seið-b.] Edda; Skilberendr, F. 149. nad baufgan,
F. 150. F here inserts—Mart segjom þer ok munom fleira (wrongly).

líðr lænd yfir; enn lopt bilar: 160
 Þaðan koma snióvar ok snarir vindar.
 Þá es 'í ráði' at Regin um þrióti.

Varð einn borinn ællom meiri;
 sá vas aukinn Iarðar megni:
 þann kveða stilli stór-úðgastan 165
 'Sif sífjaðan' síótom gœrvællom.

Þá kœmr annarr enn mátkari.
 þó þoriga þann at nefna:
 Fair síá nú fram um lengra
 an Óðinn man Ulfi móéta. 170

IV.

[*Freyja*] Ber þú minnis-æll mínom gelti,
 q. sva-at hann æll muni orð at tína
 þessar rœðo á þriðja morni
 þa-es þeir Angantýr ættir rekja.

[*Hyndla*] Snúðu braut heðan! sofa lystir mik; 175
 q. fær þú fátt af mer fríðra kosta.—
 Hleypr þú, Óðs-vina, úti á nóttom
 sem með hæfrom Heiðrún fari!
 Rannt at Óði ey þreyjandi;
 skutosk þer fleiri und fyrir-skyrto.— 180
 Hleypr þú Óðs-vina úti á nóttom
 sem með hæfrom Heiðrún fari!

over the land. The firmament shall fall. Thence shall come snows and rushing winds. Then the Doom of the Powers shall be nigh at hand.

There was one born mightier than any [Thor]. He was endowed with the strength of Earth. He is held the most strong of lords, Sib's gossip, among all races.

Then there shall come ANOTHER mightier still, but I dare not name him. None can see farther forward than the day when Woden shall meet the Wolf.

EPILOGUE. IV.

Quoth Freya: Bear a cup of remembrance to my boar, so that he may remember all the words of this speech, to repeat them on the third morning from now, when he and Angantheow shall reckon up races.

Quoth Houndling: Get thee gone hence, I would fain sleep, thou shalt get little good from me. Thou runnest out, thou friend of Od [Freya's lover], by night, as *the she-goat* Heathrun does among the he-goats.

Thou hast run after Od ever pining, and many have stolen under thy skirt. Thou runnest out, etc.

162. regin] regn, F. 165. -auðgastan, F. 168. þorig eigi, F. 171.
 gelti] thus F. 173. þessa, F. 174. reikna, F. 177. Óðs-vina]
 Bugge; edlvina, F. 179. Óði] Bugge; æði, F.

- [*Freyja*] Ek slæ eldi of íviðjo
q. svá at þú . . . á braut heðan.
- [*Hyndla*] Haf sé-ek brenna; enn hauðr loga : 185
q. verða flestir fiðr-lausun þola :
 Ber þú Óttari biór at hendi,
 eitri blandinn miæk illo heilli.
- [*Freyja*] Orð-heill þín skal engo ráða,
q. þóttú, brúðr Iætuns, bælvi heitir. 190
 Hann skal drekka dýrar veigar,
 Bið-ek Óttari æll goð duga!

RIGS-ÞULA; OR, THE LAY OF RIGH.

THIS poem only occurs on one of the stray leaves at the end of Codex Wormianus. It begins with a few words of prose and a big initial letter at the top of the page, and fills both sides; but the following leaf is lost, and the end of the poem with it. The second leaf was missing in 1609, when Magnus Olafsson had the vellum; but a few years earlier, 1596, when Arngrim wrote his Supplement to the Kings' Lives, it seems to have been in existence, for he gives information which could only be derived from it, as to Dan, Danp, etc. See Notes.

The only reference to it is by Ari, who in *Ynglinga*, c. 20, says: 'Dyggvi's mother was Drott, daughter of King Danp, the son of Ríg, who was the first called King in the Danish tongue.' The myth of Heimdal being, like Brahma, the father of men, is known to the author of *Volo-spa*, whose invocation begins, 'Sons of Heimdal high and low.'

The story deals with the origin of the three orders of men—Thralls, Yeomen, and Gentlemen. Heimdal the White God, the old Anse, assuming the name of Righ the Wanderer, walks thrice over the Earth. From his first visit spring the Thralls, from the second the Churls, from the third the Earls. Now follows the birth of *Kon the young* (= *Konung, King*), the youngest son of *Earl*. The final lines, which, we take it, contained the particular application to some king of the author's day, for this belongs to the class of Pindaric genealogical poems, are lost.

From the plan of the poem, the first three strophes are full of *parallels*; and hence, as abbreviations could be used by the copyist, omissions were likely to occur and are actually found. Bugge noticed that the fare of the Yeoman household was missing. Bergmann acutely observed that the latter lines of the Thrall's fare in our vellum were too good, and

Quoth Freya: I will cast fire about [thee] the evil Sibyl, so that thou shalt not be able to get hence.

Quoth Houndling: I see the Deep on fire and Earth ablaze: few there be that shall not suffer death. *Here she bands the cup to Freya*. Bear the ale to Othere's hand, mixed with venom and omen of ill.

Quoth Freya, taking the cup: Thine omen shall be of no avail, though thou threatenest with curses, thou giant's bride. He [Othere] shall drink draughts of blessing. I pray all the gods prosper Othere!

183. of] af, F. 184. . . .] eigi kemk, F (a verb negative on *b* is required).
 185. Haf] emend.; hydr, F.

must have been transposed from the Yeoman-strophe. The names of the Daughters of Earl are also missing. Further, the names given of the Yeoman's daughters are those of gentle ladies, and must be out of place. So here we are in a double plight. But chance has helped us: the Thulor gives us twenty names of women, evidently taken from our poem. From them we can pick out ten names of ladies and ten names of Yeoman's daughters, and thus put the Yeoman's daughters aright, and at the same time fill the second lacuna. But we still lack half the fare of the Thralls, the way the Yeoman's table was dressed, and a line or two more about the food at the Earl's table. For this there is no help, unless a new text should turn up. The second line, either overlooked by or illegible to the copyist, containing Heimdal's name, had dropped out. We have restored this, a necessary clause, from the Prose Preface.

The writer of the Codex Wormianus had the poem before him in a prototype of not later date than 1200, to judge from the spelling of certain words, e. g. l. 179.

The *metre* is something between the short and long epic measures, and is not very flowing or finished. The poet's attention was concentrated on the *concise and orderly setting forth of his subject*, which makes his work so interesting and renders almost every word worthy of study. The *vocabulary* is, as one would expect from a poem dealing with economic and political life, rich and varied.

I.

ÁR kváðo ganga gróennar brautar
[hvítan ok h . . . Heimdall . . .];
æflgan ok alldinn Ás kunnigan;
ramman ok raskvan RIG Stíganda.

Gekk hann meirr at þat miðrar brautar: 5
Kom hann at húsi; hurð vas á gætti.
Inn nam at ganga; eldr vas á golfi:
Hiún sátu þar hár of árne,
AI ok EDDA alldin-fallda.
Rígr kunní þeim ráð at segja: 10
Meirr settisk hann miðra fletja;
enn á hlið hvára hión sal-kynna.
Þá tók Edda œkvinn hleif,

IN the olden time they say there went along the green paths the white and . . . Heimdal, the mighty and ancient Anse, the strong and brisk RIGH the Walker.

He went on upon his way along the middle of the path and came to a house, where the door was ajar, and made bold to walk in. There was a fire on the floor, and over the hearth there sat the hoary good-folk of the house, AI, and EDDA with her old-fashioned hood. Righ knew how to make himself at home; he sat him down in the middle seat, with the good-folk of the house on either side. Then Edda took an unkneced

I. ár] at, W. gróennar brautar] emend.; grœnar brautir, W; cp. ll. 20, 51, etc.
8. hiún] hion, W, here and below. of] af, W. aarmþ, W.

þungan ok þiokkan, þrunginn sáðom.

Rígr kunni þeim ráð at segja : 15
reis hann upp þaðan ; rézk at sofna :
meirr lagðisk hann miðrar rekkjo ;
enn á hlið hvára hiún sal-kynna.
Þar vas hann at þat þriár nætr saman :
gekk hann meirr at þat miðrar brautar. 20
Liðo meirr at þat mánoðr nio :
iðð ól Edda, íoso vatni,

hærvi svartan, héto ÞRÆL.
Hann nam at vaxa, ok vel dafna :
vas þar á hændom hrokkit skinn, 25
kropnir knuar
fingr digrir, fúlligt andlit,
lotr hryggr, langir hælur.
Nam hann meirr at þat magns at kosta,
bast at binda, byrðar gœrva ;
bar hann heim at þat hrís gerstan dag. 30
Þar kom at garði Gengil-beina ;
ærr vas á iljom, armr sól-brunninn,
niðr-biugt vas nef ; nefndisk ÞIR :
miðra fletja meirr settisk hon ; 35
sat hiá henni sonr hiúna.
Róeddo ok rýndo, rekkjo gœrðo
ÞRÆLL ok ÞIR þrungin dœgr.
Bærn ólo þau, bioggo ok unðo :
hygg-ek at heiti :—Hreimr ok Fiðsnir, 40

loaf, heavy and thick, and mixed with bran. He rose up thence and went to bed. Rígr knew how to make himself at home ; he lay down in the middle of the bed, with the good-folk of the house on either side. Here he stayed three nights together, and then went on upon his way.

Nine months more went by, Edda brought forth a man-child and sprinkled it with water, of swarthy skin, they called it *Thrall*. He grew apace and throve finely, ; the skin of his hands was wrinkled, his knuckles bent, his fingers thick, his face ugly, his back broad, his heels long. He began to put forth his strength, binding bast, making loads, and bearing home faggots the weary long day. There came to the house Toddle-shankie, with scars on her feet, sunburnt arms, and a broken nose ; her name was *Theow*. She went to the middle seat, the good-folk's son sat down beside her ; the weariful day they gossiped and whispered, and made ready one bed for them, *Thrall* and *Theow*. They had children, and dwelt together and were happy. Their sons' names I ween were Sooty and Cowherd, Clumsy

15. ll. 15 and 16 interchanged in W.
þýr? 36. hiúna] emend. ; huús, W.

34. vas] er, W. þir, W ; read

Klúrr ok Kleggi, Kefsir, Fúlnir,
 Drumbr, Digraldi, Drættir ok Hæsvir,
 Lútr ok Leggjaldi: lægðo garða,
 akra tæddo, unno at svínom;
 geita gætto; grófo torf. 45
 Dættir vóro þeirra: Drumba ok Kumba,
 Ekkvín-kalfa, ok Árin-nefja,
 Ysja ok Ambótt, Eikin-tiasna,
 Tætrug-hypja ok Træno-beina.—
 Þaðan ero komnar ÞRÆLA-ÆTTIR. 50

II.

Gekk Rígr at þat réttir brautar:
 kom hann at hællo; hurð vas á skíði:
 inn nam at ganga; eldr vas á golfi.
 Hiún sáto þar, héldo á sýslo;
 maðr telgði þar meið til rifjar: 55
 vas skegg skapat; skær vas fyr enni;
 skyрто þrængva; skokkr vas á golfi.
 Sat þar kona, sveigði rokk,
 breiddi faðm; bió til váðar:
 sveigr vas á hæfði; smokkr vas á bringo; 60
 dúkr vas á halsi; dvergar á æxlom.—
 AFI ok AMMA sótto hús.
 Rígr kunnir þeim ráð at segja:
 [Meirr settisk hann miðra fletja;
 enn á hlið hvára hiún sal-kynna. 65
 Þá tók Amma
]

and Clod, Bastard, Mud, Log, Thickard, Laggard, Grey-coat, Lout, and Stumpy. They busied themselves with building fences, dunging plowland, and tending swine, herding goats, and digging peat. Their Daughters were Loggie, Cloggie, Lumpy-leggie, Snub-nosie, Cinders, Bondmaid, Woody-peggie, Tatter-coatie, Crane-shankie. Thence are come the generations of THRALLS.

II. Then Righ went on his right way. He came to a hall; the door was on the latch. He went boldly in; there was a fire on the floor. The good-folk were sitting there, busy at their work. The good-man was cutting a log into a loom-beam; his beard was trimmed, his hair was cut across his forehead, his shirt was tied; a chest was on the floor. The good-wife sat there twirling her distaff, stretching out her arms, working the clothes; she had a hooked cap on her head, a smock on her breast, a kerchief on her neck, pin-brooches on the shoulders. GAFFER and GAMMER owned the house. Righ knew how to make himself at home; he sat down on the middle seat, with the good-folk of the house on either side. Then Gammer took, these she put

Bar hon meirr at þat miðra skutla ;
 soð vas í bolla ; setti á bióð ;
 vas kalfr soðinn krása baztr.
 [Rígr kunnir þeim ráð at segja] : 70
 reis frá borði ; rézk at sofna :
 meirr lagðisk hann miðrar rekkjo ;
 enn á hlið hvára hión sal-kynna.
 Þar vas hann at þat þriár nætr saman :
 [gekk hann meirr at þat miðrar brautar] . 75
 Liðo meirr at þat mánoðr nio.
 ióð ól Amma, ióso vatni ;
 kælloðo KARL ; kona sveip ripti,
 rauðan ok rióðan ; riðoðo augo.
 Hann nam at vaxa, ok vel dafna : 80
 œxn nam at temja, arðr at gœrva,
 hús at timbra, hlæðor [at] smíða,
 karta at gœrva, ok keyra plóg.
 Heim óko þá Hangin-luklu,
 Geita-kyrtlo, gipto Karli : 85
 SNOR heitir sú ; settisk und ripti :
 Bioggo hión, bauga deildo ;
 breiddo bléjor, ok bú gœrðo.
 Bærn ólo þau, bioggo ok unðo ;
 hét : Halr ok Drengr, Hælðr, Þegn ok Smiðr, 90
 Breiðr, Bóndi, Bundin-skeggi,
 Bui ok Boddi, Breið-skeggr ok Seggr.
 Enn héto dóettr æðrom næfnom :
 Rýgr, Víf, ok Drós, Ristill, Sæta,

on the middle of the dish, broth was in the bowl which she set on the table, and boiled veal the best of dainties. Rígh knew how to make himself at home; he got up from the table and went to bed. He lay down in the middle of the bed, with the good-folk of the house on either side. Here he stayed three nights together, then he went on upon his way.

Nine months more went by. Gammer brought forth a man-child, they sprinkled it with water and called it *Carle*; the good-wife swaddled him in linen; he was red and ruddy, with rolling eyes. He grew apace and throve finely. He took to breaking oxen, and building plows, timbering houses, smithying barns, making carts, and driving the plow [cart]. They carried home a wife for Carle. Keys o' beltie, Goat-skin-coatie, *Daughter-in-law* was her name; she sat under the linen [veil]. The good-folk kept house together, and spent their rings [money], they spread the sheets, and farmed their land. They had children, and dwelt together and were happy. Their sons' names were Child, Lad, Yeoman, Thane, Smith, Burly, Farmer, Sheafbeard, Neighbour and Bodger, Broad-beard and Gossip. But their Daughters had other names:

71. rézk] réð, W.
 Bratt-skeggr, W.

82. ok hloðor, W.
 93. dóettr] emend.; svá, W, see l. 46.

92. Breið-skeggr] emend.;

Man, Svarkr ok Hæll, Mær, ok Kerling.— 95
 Þaðan ero komnar KARLA-ÆTTIR.

III.

Gekk Rígr þaðan réttar brautar :
 Kom hann at sal; suðr horfðo dyrr;
 vas hurð hnigin; hringr vas í gætti.
 Gekk hann inn at þat: Golf vas stráð; 100
 sáto hión, sásk í augo,
 FADIR ok MÓÐIR, fingrom at leika.
 Sat hús-gumi, ok snæri streng;
 alm of bendi, ærvar skepti:
 Enn hús-kona hugði at 'ormom,' 105
 strauk of ripti, sterti ermar.
 Keistr vas faldr, kinga vas á bringo,
 síðar slóðor, serkr blá-fánn:
 brún biartari, brióst líósara,
 hals hvítari hreinni miðllo. 110
 Rígr kunni þeim ráð at segja.
 Meirr settisk hann miðra fletja;
 enn á hlið hvára hiún sal-kynna.
 Þá tók Móðir merkðan dúk,
 hvítan af hærvi, [ok] hulði bióð. 115
 Hon tók at þat hleifa þunna,
 hvíta af hveiti, ok hulði dúk.
 Fram setti hon skutla fulla . . .
 silfri varðan bióð
 forn fleski ok fogla steikða; 120

Mistress, Wife, Lassie, Buxom, Spinster, Maid, Bouncing-girl, Widow, Maiden and Carline. Thence are come the generations of CHURLS.

III. Then Righ went on his right way. He came to a hall with the doors turned to the south; the door was down, there was a ring on the lintel. He went boldly in; the floor was strewn, the good-folk sat there looking one another in the eyes, and playing on their fingers, FATHER and MOTHER. The Master of the house sat twisting [bow] strings, bending the elm [for his bow], shafting arrows; and the Lady of the house was looking on her arms, smoothing her linen, and pleating her sleeves. Her head-gear stood out from her head, she wore a brooch on her breast, long trailing sashes, and a blue-dyed sark. Her brow was brighter, her breast lighter, her neck whiter than the driven snow. Righ knew how to make himself at home; he sat him down in the middle seat, with the good-folk of the house on either side. Then *Mother* took a broidered cloth of bleached flax and covered the table. Then she took thin loaves of white wheat and covered the cloth. She set forth silver-mounted dishes full of old [well-cured] ham, and roasted

97. rettar braut', W. 107. Emend.; keisti fald, W. 108. Emend.; serk blafaan, W. 118-120. Thus emendated; fram setti hon skutla fulla silfri varða a biod faan^s fleski, W.

- vín vas í kaønno, varðir kálkar.
 Drukko ok dóemðo, dagr vas á sinnom.
 Rígr kunnir þeim ráð at segja :
 reis hann at þat ; rekkjo gærði :
 [meirr lagðisk hann miðrar rekkjo 125
 enn á hlið hvára hiún sal-kynna] :
 Þar vas hann at þat þriár nætr saman :
 gekk hann meirr at þat miðrar brautar.
 Liðo meirr at þat mánoðr nio ;
 svein ól Móðir, silki vafði, 130
 ióso vatni, IARL léto heita :
 Bleikt vas hár, biartir vangar ;
 ætul váro augo sem yrmlingi.
 Upp óx þar Iarl á fletjom :
 lind nam at skelfa, leggja strengi, 135
 alm at beygja, ærvar skepta,
 flein at fleygja, frækkor djá,
 hestom ríða, húnom verpa,
 sverðom bregða, sund at fremja.
 Kom þar or runni Rígr Gangandi, 140
 Rígr Gangandi rúnar kenndi ;
 sítt gaf heiti, son kvazk eiga ;
 þann bað hann eignask óðal-vælló,
 óðal-vælló, aldnar bygðir.
 Reið hann meirr þaðan Myrkvan við, 145
 heilog fiöll, unz at hællo kom.
 Skapt nam at djá, skelfði lind,
 hesti hleypði, ok hiærvi brá ;
 víg nam at vekja, væll nam at rióða,

birds. There was wine in a can, *and* mounted beakers. They drank and talked while the day passed by. Rígh knew how to make himself at home ; he rose after this, and made his bed ; he laid him down in the middle of the bed, with the good-folk of the house on either side. He stayed here three nights together, then he went on upon his way.

Nine months more passed on, Mother brought forth a boy, she swaddled him in silk, sprinkled him with water, and called him *Earl*. His hair was yellow, his cheeks were rosy, his eyes were keen as a young serpent's. Earl grew up in the house, he took to shaping the linden-shield, fixing the string [for the bow], bending the bow, shafting arrows, hurling the javelin, shaking the lance, riding horses and throwing dice, fencing with the sword and practising swimming.

Out of the copse came Rígh the Walker. Rígh the Walker taught him Spells, gave him his own name, and acknowledged him as his son ; he bade him have and hold the Udal-fields, the Udal-fields dwelt on from the days of old. He [Earl] rode on thence through Mirkwood and the Holy Hills till he came to a hall. He began to brandish the shaft, to shake the linden [shield], to gallop his horse, and fence with the sword.

val nam at fella; vá til landa.	150
Réð hann einn at þat átján búom.	
Auð nam at skipta, ældom veita	
meiðmar ok mæsma, mara svang-rifja;	
hringom hreytti, hió sundr baug.	
Óko ærir úrgar brautir;	155
kvómo at hællo þar-es HERSIR bió.	
Mey átti hann mió-fingraða,	
hvíta ok horska. Hét sú ERLA.	
Báðo hennar ok heim óko;	
gipto Iarli, gekk hon und líni.	160
Saman bioggo þau, ok ser unðo;	
ættir ióko, ok aldrs nuto:	
Burr vas inn ellzti, enn Barn annat,	
Ióð ok Aðal, Arfi, Mægr,	
Niðr ok Niðiung—námo leika,—	165
Sonr ok Sveinn,—sund ok tafl,—	
Kundr hét einn. KONR vas inn yngsti.	
Enn véro dóétr æðrom næfnom:	
Snót, Brúðr, Svanni, Svarri, Sprakki,	
Flióð, Sprund, Kona, Feima, Ekkja.	170
.	
Upp óxo þar Iarli bornir:	
Hesta tæmðo, hlífar bendo,	
skeyti skófo, skelfðo aska.	
Enn KONR-UNGR kunnir rúnar,	
ævin-rúnar, ok aldr-rúnar:	175

He began to waken war, he began to redden the field, he began to fell the doomed. He won lands, he ruled alone over eighteen townships; he began to deal out wealth, and endow his people with treasures and costly things, with fine-ribbed steeds; he scattered rings, and hewed great rings asunder [among them].

The messengers drove over the dew-wet paths, they came to the hall where *Lord* dwelt; he had a daughter, slender-fingered, white and gentle. Her name was *Erla*. They asked her father for her hand, and drove her home; they married her to Earl. She walked under the veil of fine-linen; they dwelt together, were happy, they increased their race, and led a joyful life. First-born was their eldest son, the second was Bairn, Baby, and Etheling, Heir, Kinsman, Cousin, and Friend, Son, and Swain. They learned swimming and tables. One of them was called Gentle, but the *youngest* was named KIN. But the daughters had names of their own: Grace, Bride, Swan, Haughty, Spark, Fleda, Spouse, Lady, Virgin, Girl.

Earl's sons grew up; they busied themselves with breaking horses, rimming shields, smoothing shafts, and planing ash-spears. But *Kin-the-young* knew hidden things, everlasting mysteries, mysteries of life; he

152. ollom, W. 155. óko ærir] Bugge; okú ærir, W. 157. Bugge;
mætti hann miofingardi . . . hetu, W. 158. [Erla] emend.; erna, W.
168-170. See Introduction.

meirr kunnir hann mænnom biarga,
eggjar deyfa, ægi lægja :
klæk nam fogla, kyrra elda,
sáor at svefja, sorgir lægja ;
afl ok elion átta manna. 180
Hann við Ríg Iarl rúnar deilði,
brægðom beitti, ok betr kunnir :
Þá æðlaðisk ok þá eiga gat
Rígr at heita rúnnum-kunnir.
Reið Konr ungr kær ok skóga, 185
kolfi fleygði, kyrði fogla.
Þá kvað þat kráka,—sat [á] kvisti ein :—
Hvat skaltu, Konr ungr, kyrra fogla?
heldr mætti
hestom ríða ok her fella. 190
Á Danr ok Danpr dýrar hallir,
æðra óðal an ér hafið.
þeir kunno vel kíól at ríða,
egg at kenna, undir riúfa.
.

YNGLINGA-TAL; OR,
THE GENERATIONS OF THE YNGLINGS.

In the Prologue to the Lives of the Earlier Kings it is written: 'Thiodwolf of Hwin was Harold Fair-hair's poet; he made for King Reginwald heidum hæra, the poem which is called the Genealogy of the Ynglings. (Reginwald was the son of Anlaf Gerstada-alf, and brother of Halfdan the Black.) In that poem are named thirty of his forefathers, and the death and burial-place of each is told.' Ynglinga Saga, which is undoubtedly Ari's work, is founded on this poem, and

knew too how to save men's lives, how to blunt the edges [of the sword], and how to still the sea; he learnt the language of birds, how to quench fire, to stay wounds' bleeding, to allay sorrows; he had the strength and pith of eight men.

Earl capped spells with Rígr, he overcame him by cunning, and outdid him. Then he came into his heritage and got the surname of Rígr the Spell-wise.

Kin-the-young rode through shrub and shaw, flinging the bird-club, and stunning the birds. Up spake a crow, as she sat on a bough. Why art thou killing birds, Kin-the-young? Thou shouldst rather be riding thy steed and felling armies. Dan and Danpr have costly halls, a higher heritage than you have. They are well skilled in riding the keel, in wielding the sword, and ripping wounds. (*Rest of lay missing, how Kin became King.*)

179. sár at] emend.; sæva z svefia, W.
192. ér] þer, W.

184. Emend.; rúnar kunna, W.

in our vellums of this Saga we luckily find the poem itself inserted piecemeal by some editor. But of the thirty names we have only twenty-seven; three have therefore dropped out, whether at the beginning or end we cannot tell, yet we should suspect that the latter verses (between stanzas 26 and 27) have suffered, which may have led to the false views of the poem's age.

Thiodwolf, who is named by Ari as Harold's poet, has left other poems, one *Haust-long* (see Book vii), in honour of the well-known Lawgiver, Thorleif the Wise, the founder of Gula-Things-Law, who was the friend and adviser of Hakon Æthelstan's foster-son, who ruled in the middle (950-970) part of the tenth century. He also wrote a poem, now lost, on Earl Strut-Harold (see *Skalda-tal* in *Kringla*), father of Sigwald, who commanded the Iom Wickings c. 980, fought at Swold in 1000, and is believed to have perished in the massacre of St. Brice, in England, 1002. Thirdly, a poem on Earl Hakon I, King Harold's contemporary. These data would fix our poem to the first part of the tenth century. Its short epic metre, with kennings and courtly phrases, well fits that date, and would be impossible a hundred years earlier.

In the beginning of the tenth century, Norway was, for the first time, under the rule of *one* king, who, starting from small beginnings, had won himself an empire. The poem is plainly composed to magnify his family, to give them the one glory they lacked, the consecration of time, by tracing them up on the spear-side to the Gods at Upsala, to Ingowin-Frey himself, through thirty generations. When we look into the poem, we find how, to accomplish his object, Thiodwolf had to take famous kings of all races and times, and string them one upon another regardless of chronology. Thus we have Eadgils, who is spoken of in *Beowulf*; Godofridus, Charles the Great's contemporary; Dyggwi, etc. That mere traditional memory could not supply so many steps in one descending line is obvious; the Greek and Norse genealogies soon lose themselves among the Giants and Gods.

We should naturally conclude that Thiodwolf would make his poem on the *head* of the family, Harald Fair-hair himself, his great contemporary, and may it not be that he has done so after all? In the last verse he says that he knows no surname under the blue sky so glorious as that of '*beidum-barr*' [so the best of our two MSS. reads, there is a lacuna in *Kringla*]. But this, on the analogy of *raudum-skialdi* [*Red-shield*] and *fagrom-kinni* [*Fair-cheek*], can only mean *fair-hair*. The other reading, '*heidom-hæri*,' *higher than the heaths*, is nonsense. Heaths are not always high, nor is there any particular splendour associated with them. But if we read *Fair-hair*, this surname is a glorious name, for it was a memorial of the Conqueror's Vow and Victory. We may therefore suppose that by '*rögnvaldr reidar-stiori*' is meant the wise Earl Reginwald [Reynold], who gave the king the surname at that solemn hair-polling which marked the fulfilment of the vow. This explanation is in consonance with the Raven-Song which speaks of the King as '*Lufa*,' '*Shock-head*.' The chronology is right, for Harold lived down to Æthelstan's death at least. For full discussion of this point and justification of reading adopted see Notes.

Ynglinga-tal is never cited or alluded to elsewhere: Snorri and Olaf would have taken much more pleasure in *Haleygia-tal* no doubt, but still the complete silence is remarkable. Of Eywind's imitation, which is remarkably close, we shall speak below. That Ari was drawn to Ynglinga-tal is not unaccountable. He himself claimed to be of Yngling

blood on one side at least. There is an originality about the poem which led to its being drawn upon as a model of such genealogies. Skioldunga and Saxo we take to be founded on some such imitation on behalf of the Danish Kings; though no Danish 'Skioldunga-tal' is known to have existed. Its absence of *framework* and good practical arrangement suited the court panegyrist better than the more ingenious and pindaric Western Genealogies such as Hyndlu-liod.

Before Harald's reign and conquest, our poem would have been meaningless and even impossible; when great Kings, Tryggvason, St. Olave, had made Fair-hair's title good, in a way undreamt of, it would have been needless. As it was, it appeared in season as a title-deed to a conquering king, the first sovereign of the whole land.

Ynglinga Saga has come down in three vellums, Kringla (A), Jöfraskinna (B), Frisianus (F); at l. 168 there is a blank of one leaf in Kringla. The proem of the poem, and at least one verse at the beginning, are lost.

- | | | |
|------|--|-------------------------|
| I. | VÁRÐ fram-gengt, þar-és Fróði bió,
feigðar-orð, es at FÍOLNI kom :
ok sikling svigðiss geira
vágr vindlauss um viðá skyldi. | |
| II. | Enn dag-skiarr Durniss niðja
sal-værðuðr SVEGÐI vélti :
þá-es í stein inn stór-geði
dulsa konr ept dvergi hlióp :
ok salr brattr þeirra Sækk-mimiss,
iætun-bygðr, við iæfri gein. | 5

10 |
| III. | Enn á vit Vilja bróðor
vitta-vétr VANLANDA kom :
þá troll-kund um troða skyldi
liðs Grímhildr-lióna bága :
ok sá brann á beði Skúto
men-glætoðr, es mara kvalði. |

15 |
| IV. | Ok VÍSBURS vilja byrgi | |

I. THERE was fulfilled the word of fate that came to FÍOLNI, where Frodi dwelt, when the windless wave of the bull's spear [horn of wine] was fated to overcome the king.

II. But the warder of the hall of the Sons of the daylight-shrinking Durni [the dwarf] beguiled SVEGÐI, when the high-souled king sprang after the dwarf into the rock; and the steep giant-peopled hall of the Pit-ogre [rock] yawned for the king.

III. But an ogress brought WANLAND to visit Wili's brother [Woden], when the fiend-born Grímhild trampled on the umpire of litigants; and the necklace-dropper, whom the Nightmare slew, was burned in the bed of the river Skuta.

IV. And the Sea's brother [fire] did swallow the ship of the mind

8. dusla, B. 9. brattr] emend.; biarr, A, B. 10. -bygðir, B.
 17. byrgi] B; byrði, A.

- Siávar niðr svelgja knátti:
þá-es mein-þióf markar ætt
setr-verjendr á sinn fæðor: 20
ok allvald í árin-kióli
glóða garmr glymjandi beit.
- v. Hitt vas fyrr, at fold ruðo
sverð-berendr sínom dróttni:
ok land-herr á lífs-vænom 25
drærog vápn DÓMALDA bar:
þá-es ár-gjarn Ióta dolgi
Svia kind um soa skyldi.
- vi. Ok ek þess opt um Yngva hrœr
fróða menn um fregit hafðak: 30
hvar DÓMARR á dynjanda
bana Halfs um borinn væri:
nú ek þat veit, at verk-bitinn
Fiolniss niðr við Fyri brann.
- vii. Kveðkat-ek dul, nema DYGGVA hrœr 35
Glitniss grá at gamni hefir:
þvi-at iodis Ulfs ok Narfa
konung-mann kíosa skyldi:
ok allvald Yngva þióðar
Loka mæR at leikom hefr. 40
- viii. Frá-ek at DAGR dauða-yrði
frægðar-fúss um fara skyldi:

[breast or body] of WISBUR, when the warders of the palace [the king's sons] hounded the vile robber of the forest [fire] against their father; and the roaring dog of the embers [fire] bit the high-king in the hearth-bark [hall].

v. It was in former days that the sword-bearers reddened the earth with their own lord's blood, and the people of the land wielded their gory weapons on the life-reft DOMWALD, what time the Swedish folk, eager for good seasons, did sacrifice the foeman of the Jutes.

vi. And I have often asked of wise men concerning Yngwi's kinsman's tomb, where DOMHERE was laid upon the roaring bane of Half [fire], but now I know that the son of Fiolni died sickness-stricken by the river Fir [Shallow].

vii. It cannot be gainsaid but that Glitni's kinswoman [Hell] has the corse of DYGGWI for a toy, for the sister of the Wolf and Narfi picked out that royal man, yea, Loki's maid has the mighty ruler of Yngwi's people [the Swedes] for a plaything.

viii. I heard that the glory-loving DAY had to obey the word of

18. siarvar, A; sævar, B. 24. sverð-rióðendr, B. 25. -vænom] B;
-vanan, A. 37. iopis, A; iodis, B. 40. at leikom] B; leikinn, A.
41. -yrði] B (A.S. wyrth); orði, A.

- pá-es val-teins til Vørva kom
spak-fræmoðr spærs at hefna:
ok þat orð á Austr-vega 45
vísa ferð frá vígi bar,
at þann gram um geta skyldi
slængo-pref Sleipniss verðar.
- IX. Þat tel-ek undr, es AGNA her
Skialfar ráð at skæpom þótto: 50
þá-es góðing með goll-meni
Loga dís at lopti hóf:
hinn-es við Taur temja skyldi
svalan hest Signýjar vers.
- X. Fell ALREKR, þar-es EIREKI 55
bróðor vápn at bana urðo:
ok hnakk-mars með hæfuð-fetlom
Dags frændr um dreppask kvóðo:
fráat maðr áðr eykja gœrvi
Freyss afspring í folk hafa. 60
- XI. Ok varð hinn, es Alfr um vá,
vørðr vé-tiallz um veginn liggja;
es dæglingr drærgan mæki
æfund-giarn á YNGVA rauð.
Vasa þat bært, at Bera skyldi 65
val-scéfendr vígs um hvetja,
þá es bróðr tveir at bænom urðosk
óþurfendr um ofbrýði.

doom, when he, the soothsayer of the rods of divining, came to Worwi to avenge his sparrow; yea, the king's men brought word from the battle on the Baltic, that the sling-staff of Sleipni's food [hay-fork] struck the king.

IX. I count it a marvellous thing that AGNI's people thought Skialf's deeds natural, what time Logi's sister heaved the Chief in the air on her golden necklace: he that was fated to tame the ice-cold horse of Signy's husband [Hagbard's steed=the gallows] at Taur.

X. ALRIC fell what time a brother's weapon slew ERIC, and as men say, the children of Day smote one another with the headgear of the saddle-horse [bit]. Never man heard before that Frey's offspring ever used horse-harness in fight.

XI. And he whom Alf slew, the keeper of the holy tabernacle, was fated to lie slain, when the envious prince reddened his blade on YNGWI. It was not meet that Bera should egg on the slayers to the slaughter, when two brothers slew each other needlessly for jealousy's sake.

52. Lolka, i. e. Loka, B.
62. vé-tiallz] F; vé-stallz, A.

54. Sigyniar, B.
68. afrydi, A.

59. greiði, B. 61. auk, B.

- XII. Varð IÖRUNDR, hinn es endr um dó,
lífs um latr í Limafirði:
þa-es há-brióstr hærva-Sleipnir
bana Goðlaugs um bera skyldi:
ok Hagbarðz hersa valdi
hauðno leif at halsi gekk. 70
- XIII. Knátti endr at Uppsælom 75
Ana-sótt AUN um standa:
ok þrá-lífr þiggja skyldi
jóðs aðal aðro sinni:
ok sveiðuðs at ser hverfði
mækiss hlut inn miávara: 80
ok ok-reins áttunga rióðr
lægðiss odd liggjandi drakk:
máttit hárr hiarðar mæki
austr-konungr upp um halda.
- XIV. Ok lof-sæll or landi fló 85
Týss áttungr Tunna rski:
enn flóeming farra trióno
iætuns eykr á AGLI rauð,
sá-es um Aust-mærk áðan hafði
brúna-hærg um borinn lengi: 90
enn skiðlauss Skilfinga nið
hóefiss hiarr til hiarta stóð.
- XV. Fell ÓTTARR und ara greipar
duganligr fyr Dana vápnom:
þann her-gammr hrægom fœti 95

XII. EORWIND, who died long ago, lost his life in Limb-frith, when the high-shouldered flax-steed [the gallows] was fated to bear the slayer of Godlaug, and Hagbard's goat-hair rope [the halter] clasped the neck of the lord of lords.

XIII. Anility overcame AUN in the days of yore at Upsala, and he, clinging to life, was obliged to take the nature of a babe a second time, and turn the smaller end of the steer's sword [horn] towards him; yea, the sacrificer of his sons drank, as he lay, from the point of the blade of the yoke-reindeer [ox-horn]; the hoary king of the East had not strength to hold up the weapon of the herd [horn].

XIV. And the much-renowned son of Tew fled from his country before the might of Tunni, but the Giant's yoke-ox [ur-ox], a beast that had long borne a brow-pillar [horn] over the East-mark [Lithuania?], dyed red upon EGIL the sword of the stirk's snout [horn]; yea, the sheathless weapon of the heifer struck the son of the Shelings to the heart.

XV. OTHERE the doughty fell by the weapons of the Danes, under the talons of the eagle, when the war-vulture spurned him, the reason-

71. há-brióstr] thus A and B.

74. hauðnu, A, B.

76. Aun] A.

78. alap, B.

89. -mörk] add. B; om. A.

- viti borinn á Vendi sparn.
 Þau frá-ek verk Vættz ok Fasta
 Sænskri þjóð at sægom verða,
 es Eylandz iarlar Fróða
 víg-fræmoð um veginn hæfðo. 100
- XVI. Þat frá-ek enn, at AÐILS fiæru
 vitta-vétr um víða skyldi:
 ok dáð-giarn af drasils bógom
 Freyss áttungr falla skyldi:
 ok við aur ægir hiarna 105
 bragnings burs um blandinn varð:
 ok dáð-sæll deyja skyldi
 Ála dolgr at Uppsælom.
- XVII. Veit-ek EYSTEINS enda folginn
 lokins lífs á Lofundi: 110
 ok sikling með Sviom kváðo
 lótzka menn inni brenna:
 ok bit-sótt í brand-nói
 hlíðar þangs á hilmí rann,
 þá-es timbr-fastr toptar nækkvi 115
 flotna fullr um fylki brann.
- XVIII. Þat stækk upp at YNGVARI
 Sýslo kind um soit hefði:
 ok líós-hæmom við lagar hiarta
 herr Eistneskr at hilmí vá: 120
 ok Aust-marr iæfri Sænskom
 Gymiss lióð at gamni kveðr.

endowed, with its brute carrion-feet at Wendle. I heard the deeds of Glove and Fast told in story among the Swedish people, how Frodi's island [Zealand's] earls had slain the war-raising king.

XVI. I heard that the witch-wife [Hell] was fated to destroy the life of EADGILS, and that the deed-thirsty king, the son of Frey, should fall from the saddle of his steed, and that the brain-flood of the son of kings should be mingled with the dust, and that the renowned enemy of Anila was doomed to die at Upsala.

XVII. I know that the close of EYSTAN's life was hid on Lofund, and that Jutish men burned the king in the midst of the Swedes, and the fever of the cliff-weeds [forest-fire] rushed upon the king in the fire-ship [hall], when the timber-fast craft of the croft [hall] burnt, full of men, about the king's ears.

XVIII. It came to pass that the people of Sysel sacrificed YNGWERE, the Esthlanders slew the fair-skinned prince at the heart of the sea [at Stone], and Eastmere sings ocean-songs for the joy of the King of the Swedes.

107. dag-sæll, B. 115. necqvi, A. 118. soat, A; sott, i. e. soit, B.
 119. hómom] add. B; om. A.

- XIX. Varð ÖNUNDR Ionakrs bura
harmi heptr und Himin-fiællom:
ok of-væg Eistra dolgi 125
heipt hrísungs at hendi kom:
ok sá framóðr foldar beinom
Hægna hrœrs um horfinn vas.
- XX. Ok INGIALLD ífiærvan trað
reyks ræsoðr á Ræningi: 130
þá es hús-þiófr hyrjar leistom
Goð-konung í gægnom steig:
ok sá yrðr allri þjóðo
siall-gætastr með Sviom þótti,
es hann sialfr síno fiærvi, 135
frékno fyrstr um fara skyldi
- XXI. Ok við vág Viðar-telgjo
hræ ÁLEIFs hof-gylðir svalg:
ok glóð-fialgr gærvar leysti 140
sonr Forníótz af Svía iæfri:
Svá átt-konr frá Uppsælom
lofða kyns fyr længo hvarf.
- XXII. Þat frá hverr, at HALFDANAR
sæk-miðlendr sakna skyldo:
ok hall-varps hlífi-nauma 145
þjóð-konung á Þótni tók:
ok Skæreið í Skirings-sal
um brynj-alfs beinom drúpir.

XIX. EANWIND was imprisoned at Heavenfell by what slew the sons of Jonakr [stones], and the bane of the bastard [stones] overpowered the fierce enemy of the Esthlanders, yea, the forwarder of Hogni's wreck [king] was buried under the bones of the Earth [stones].

XX. And the smoke-gusher [fire] trampled on the living INGOLD at Ræning, what time the house-riever [fire] walked over the King of the Goths with burning soles; and that fate was thought the rarest by every one of the Swedish folks, that he himself should be the first to destroy his gallant life.

XXI. And by the Bay the fane-devourer [fire] swallowed the body of ANLEIF [Olave] the Woodcutter, and the ember-hot son of Forniot [fire] dissolved the frame of the King of the Swedes. So the scion of the glorious race of Upsala disappeared long ago.

XXII. Every one has heard how the doomsmen were fated to lose HALFDAN, how the Queen of cairns [Hell] took the great king on T hotni, yea, Skæreid droops in Skirings-hall over the bones of the mail-elf [hero].

129. Thus, 'ífiörvan' (one word), A. 130. rausuðr, A. 133. yrðr]
B; urðr, A. 134. siallgærvastr, B. 136. vildi, B. 137. Thus
emend; Ok við vág hinn er viðjar, A and B. 139. glóð-fialgr] B; glaðfialgr, A.
gaurvar, A; götvar, B. 140. sonar, A. 141. Svá] *not* sá, A and B.
143. hverr] B; hyrr, A. 144. spcc-, A. 145. A; hallvarps (= hall-
varps), B. 147. Skereið and skirissal, A.

- XXIII. Enn EYSTEINN fyr ási fór
til Byleistis bróðor meyjar: 150
ok nú liggr und lagar beinom
reiks lauðoðr á raðar broddi:
þar-es él-kaldr hiá iæfri Gauzkom
Væðlo-straumr at vági kæmr.
- XXIV. Ok til þings Þriðja iæfri 155
Hveðrungs mæR or heimi bauð:
þá-es HALFDAN, sá-es á Holtom bió,
Norna dóms um notið hafði:
ok buðlung á Borroe
sigr-hafendr síðan fálo. 160
- XXV. Varð GOÐRÆÐR inn Gæfogláti
lómi beitr, sá-es fyr længo vas:
ok um ráð at ælom stilli
hæfuð-heipt rækt at hilmí dró:
ok laun-sigr inn lóm-geði 165
Áso árr af iæfri bar:
ok buðlungr á beði fornóm
Stiflo-sundz of stunginn vas.
- XXVI. Ok nið-kvísl í Noregi
Þróttar burs um þroask hafði: 170
Réd ÁLEIFR Upsa forðom,
Viði, Grænd, ok Vestmarom:
Unz fót-verkr við foldar-þræm
víg-miðlung um viðá skyldi:

XXIII. But EYSTAN, struck by the boom, went to the maid of Byleist's brother [Hell], and the washer of blades is now lying under the bones of the sea [stones], on the tongue of the beach [the shore], where the sleet-cold Wadle-stream [R. Waddle] runs into the bay hard by the Gautish King.

XXIV. And Loki's daughter [Hell] called the king out of this world to the court of Woden; what time HALFDAN, that lived in Holt, received the Norns' doom. And afterward the victors buried the prince at Borro.

XXV. GOTHFRED the MAGNIFICENT, who lived long ago, was struck down by treason; and a deadly hate, long nursed, drew treachery upon the king, upon the drunken prince; and the cowardly traitorous messenger of Asa won a murderous victory over the king, yea, the prince was stabbed to death on the ancient bed of Stifla-sound.

XXVI. And the shoot of the tree of Woden's son [Frey] throve in Norway. ANLEIF [Olave] once ruled Upsi, Wood, Green, West-mare, till gout was fated to destroy the war-dealer at the land's thrum

150. bylestz, B. 153. iofur, A. 157. Holtom] B; Holtti, A. 160.
i. e. sigr-höfundar. 170. burs] þurs, F. hafði] náði, F. 171. Olafir, F.
172. Thus emend.; ofsa forðum vidri grund of (ok, F) Vestmari, F, B. 174. víg
niðlung, F.

Nú liggir gunn-diarfr á Geirstaðom
her-konungr haugi ausinn.

175

.

XXVII. Þat veit-ek bazt und bláom himni
kenni-nafn, svá-at konungr eigi,
es Røgnvaldr Reinar-stióri
HEIDOM-HÁRR þik heita réð.

180

HALEYGIA-TAL; OR,

THE GENERATIONS OF THE HALEYG-EARLS.

AFTER the great famine of 975-6, the rule of Norway passed for twenty years from the Ynglings, Gunhild's sons, into the hands of Earl Hakon II of Lathe. His father and grandfather were men of mark, Law-speakers in the Northern district of Norway. But his family seems beyond that to be one of no special distinction, local earls and no more. Hakon was a mighty man, who put down all opposition and saved Norway from the Danish Wickings. He was therefore in somewhat the same position as King Harold Fair-hair had been, and would welcome a poet who proved his race to be divine. Eywind was ready to fulfil this task, and with Ynglinga-tal for his model he went boldly to work, furnished him with a son of Woden (who migrated from Sweden to the North of Norway) for ancestor, and the regulation thirty generations of distinguished forefathers. Nay, he even explains, in a very ingenious way (see Agrip, cited Reader, p. 257), the fact of Hakon being called Earl and not King, though his ancestors once were kings.

The poem, probably of the same length as its prototype, has only reached us in fragments, comprising perhaps a fifth of the whole. Of these pieces those numbered 3, 4, 8, 9 occur in the Kings' Lives, and 10 in Fagrskinna, the rest in Edda and Skalda (W).

They show a striking similarity to the original Ynglinga-tal; words, phrases, plan, all are copied, ingeniously but unmistakably. Fragment 6 is even quoted as Thiodwolf's, the resemblance having deceived thirteenth-century critics, though it must be Eywind's: first, because it will not fit into Ynglinga-tal; secondly, because the new clause beginning with 'þá-es' comes in the *middle* of the line, a blemish never found in Thiodwolf (who pairs off the several clauses of his sentences, like an old Hebrew poet, line corresponding strictly to line), though frequent enough with Eywind, cf. ll. 11, 15, 37, 42, 45, 51.

A = Kringla, B = Jöfra-skinna, W = Edda, Wormianus.

[the shore]. Now the war-doughty king of hosts is lying with a barrow cast over him in Garstead.

XXVII. The best surname that I know any king under the blue sky has, is that when Reginwald the lord of Rein [place] called thee FAIR-HAIR.

I.

VILJA-EK hliðð at Hárs liði,
meðan Gillings giældom yppik :
þvi-at hans ætt í hver-legi
Galga-farms til goða teljom.

II.

hinn es Surtz or Sœkk-dælom 5
(far-mæugnoðr), fljúgandi bar.

III.

Seming Þann skiald-blóétr skatt-féeri gat
Ása niðr við Iarn-viðjo,
þá-es þau meirr í Manheimom
skatna vinr ok Skaði bioggo 10
^a Y 151. ^a sævar-beins : ok sono marga
Öndor-dís við Óðni gat.

IV.

Godlaug Enn GODLAUGR grimman tamði
við ofr-kapp Austr-konunga
^b Y 73. ^b Sigars ið : es synir Yngva 15
^c Y 16. ^c men-glætoð við meið reiðo :
Ok ná-reiðr á nesi drúpir
Vinga-meiðr, þar-es víkr deilir.
^d Y 29. Þar es fiæl-kynt um fylkiss ^d hrœr
steini merkt Straumeyjar-nes. 20

I. *Prologue.* I wish for a hearing for the cider of Woden [my song], whilst I pay out the ransom of Gilling [poetry], whilst I tell His [Earl Hakon's] lineage up to the gods in the cauldron-lee of the Gallows' load [Woden's drink = Poetry].

II. (*Of Woden*). . . . He, the mighty traveller, that bare on his wing out of Swart's Pit-dales [Tartarus, Abyss]. (*Woden stealing the Mead from the Giants*.)

III. When the shield-sacrificing Anses' son [Woden?] begot this tribute-bearer [under-king] with Ironwood [the Giantess], what time they dwelt in the Manham [world of Men] long ago, the friend of the sea-bone's folk [Njord] and Skadi: yea, the lady of the snow-skates [Skadi] bore many sons to Woden.

IV. But GODLAUG tamed the cruel steed of Sigar [was hanged], through the too great might of the Kings of the East, when the children of Yngwi hoisted the necklace-looser to the tree; yca, the corse-ridden steed of Wingi [Woden's gallows] droops on the ness where the bays are parted. It is known far and wide Strome's ness, stone-marked, about the princes' grave-mound.

3. þvi-at] W; meðan, A. hans] i.e. Earl Hacon's. 9. mærr, A. 10. bioggo] B; bygðo, A. 16. riðo, B. 19. B; -kunnr, A. 20. B; merktr, A.

V.

Þá-es út-ræst iarla bági
(Belja-dolgs) byggja vildi.

VI.

(Hæfuð-baðm): þá-es heið-sæi
á fiorniss fiællom drýgði.

VII.

Ok sá halr at Hárs-veðri 25
hæsvan serk hrís-grisniss bar.

VIII.

- Earl Hakon I.* Varð HÁKON, Hægna meyar
viðr, vápn-berr, es vega skyldi :
ok smn aldr i odda gný
e Y 104. e Freyss áttungr á Fiællom lagði : 30
Ok þar varð, es vinir fello
magar Hallgarðz, manna blóði,
Stafaness, við stóran gný
vinar Lóðrs, vágr um blandinn.
- Earl Sigred*
his son. Ok SIGRÆÐ hinn, es svænom veitti 35
hróka-biör, Haddingja vals,
Farma-týss: fiærvi næmðu
iarð-ráðendr á Oglói:
Ok æðlingr Yrna iarðar
alnar orms ófælinn varð 40
lífs of latr: þá-es lænd-rekar
f Y 86. f Týss áttung í trygð sviko.

V. The enemy of Beli [Frey]. When the foe of Earls [the King] wished to people the outlying lands.

VI. . . . the head-beam; when he performed the sowing of gold on the hawk's hills [hands], [i. e. when he paid his men].

VII. . . . and this man bore into the storm of Woden [Battle] the grey sark of the bush-hog [i. e. a wolf's coat].

VIII. HAKON, the love of Hogni's maid [Hilda, i. e. Battle], was weapon-bare when he fought, and the kinsman of Frey laid down his life in the spear-clash at Fialar; and there, when the friends of Griotgard's son fell, Staffaness bay was mixed with the blood of men in the great crash of Loki's friend [Woden].

And the earth-rulers deprived SIGFRED of life at Ogloi, him that fed the swans of the gallows-god [Woden] with the beer of Harding's carrion-crows [blood]; yea, the undaunted Etheling of Yrna-land (the Lord of Yriar), unsparing of arm-serpents [rings], was reft of life when the rulers of the land betrayed the son of Tew in time of truce.

21. ut ræstr, W. 26. hrisnis, W. 31. þar] þat, A and B. 39. Yrna] emend.; i olun, Cdd.

IX.

Earl Hakon Þar varð minnztr mein-vinnondom
his son. Yngi-Freyss ændurðan dag
 fagna-fundr: es flota þeysto 45
 iarð-ráðendr at eyðændom:
 þá-es sverð-alfir sunnan kníði
 lagar-stóð at liði þeirra.

X.

Þeim es allt austr til Egða-býss
 brúðr Val-týss und bóegi liggr. 50

XI.

Íolna-sumbl: Enn vér gátom
 stilliss lof sem steina-brú.

 § 3. EARLY ENCOMIA.

HORNKLOFF'S RAVEN-SONG.

THE foremost and oldest of its class is this poem. Its author was the 'poet Hornklofi, an old friend of the King [Harold Fair-hair], who had always been among his courtiers from his youth up.' Besides this brief notice we know nothing. To judge from ll. 62, 69, 81 however he must have been a Western man from beyond the Main. His name is sometimes given as Thorbiorn, but he always goes by his nickname, Horn-cleft, that is 'hard-beaked,' an epithet and synonym of the Raven. The foreign fabliau in Hauks-book (Proleg., p. 160) is of course merely fastened upon him as a well-known person, and has no foundation in fact.

The Raven-song is a Dialogue between a Raven (in the choice of which bird the poet is probably playing on his own name) and a Lady, who we should guess from lines 5-6 to be a Walkyrie, or even a Finnish woman. The Raven, in answer to her questions, speaks in turn of the Warlike Glory of Harold the Fair-hair, his Generosity towards his Warriors and his Poets, and gives an account of his Bear-sark champions, and lastly of Andad the Fool, his learned Dog, and the Tumblers. The Raven then tells of the King's Battles, and especially of his crowning exploit, the Battle of Haffrith, of which he gives a

IX. *Of Hakon II.* It was the least joyful meeting for the enemies of Yngwi-Frey, when the rulers of the land [Earl Hakon and his sons] sped with their fleet against the destroyers [the Ioms-Wickings], when the sword-elf drove his sea-steeds from the south against the host of them.

X. All Woden's bride [the earth, i. e. all Norway], as far as Egda-by [to Land's end], lies under his [Earl Hakon's] arms.

XI. *The Epilogue.* The Gods' nectar [poetry]; and I have made the Chief's praise to stand like a stone bridge.

glowing account. To have so old a description of a Northern King's court is of high interest, especially as the picture it gives is not that which the stern gravity of the Saga would suggest, but much more that of such writers as Dudo and Wace. Andad and Gollet are among the oldest examples of the court-fool, whose character has been so powerfully drawn by Shakspeare. The historical value of the poem is also very great. The light it throws on the relations between the king and the Western Wickings, whom it ranks as his most formidable opponents, the notices it affords of the ships, weapons, and even the names of the enemy (Ceotwan, probably Gaelic, and Haklang), are all exceedingly welcome, where there is such a lack of early information on such an important time as that of Harold Fair-hair. Hornklofi is in fact to his master as Asser to Ælfred, and it is interesting to contrast the encomia of the two great contemporaries, each most characteristic in its way.

The *main part* of the Song, ll. 1-61, is found inserted in the so-called Fagrskinna Abridgment of the Kings' Lives. There are two vellums of this book, both lost in the fire, 1778. Our A (A. M. 302) is in Asgeir Jonsson's copy of the Konungatal-vellum. Our B is Arni Magnusson's own copy of the Ættartal-vellum; which was, as may be seen by the specimen in the Reader, p. 251, remarkable for its Norwegian spelling.

As Hornklofi's ll. 21-24 are cited in the Kings' Lives, ll. 47-50 are cited in Flatey-book, and wrongly given to Audun [Eadwine] Ill-skellða.

The *second part* of the poem, the Haffrirth Battle, ll. 61-81, we find inserted in the Kings' Lives (Heims-kringla), who ascribe them to Hornklofi. Fagrskinna, which also cites them, gives them by mistake to Thiodwolf of Hwin. Snorri, too, quotes ll. 78-79 as Thiodwolf's; but they are clearly part of Hornklofi's poem. Not only the peculiar metre, the subject, and the style fit, but the very words of the earlier part 'Heyrdir þú' of the dialogue. The fragments subjoined are also from this poem, of which we have perhaps two-thirds. The first is about the King's wife, and is found in the Kings' Lives. The second, unfortunately corrupt, ll. 85-88, is from Flatey-book i. 576, where it is given to Thiodwolf of Hwin. The third morsel, 89-90, is one of the Raven's speeches cited by Snorri as Thiodwolf's. The confusion of ascription is increased by the presence in Flatey-book, i. 567-568, of twelve *spurious* lines by a twelfth-century poet (the metre and style leave no doubt), the same probably who wrote the four spurious lines in Fagrskinna, 'þá var lofdungr' etc., foot of page 9 in the Edition.

The *metre* of Hornklofi deserves careful attention; it is a dated example of verse in *long lines* as we should expect, and with a curious mixture here and there of Didactic verses. As far as age and metre go, it might have been placed with the older Epics of our First Book. It is indeed on account of the nature of its contents that it is set here. It is, we believe, the oldest poem of any in this Book, antedating Eric's-mal by about half a century.

H LÝÐI hring-berendr meðan ek frá Haraldi segi
 odda iþróttar enom avar-auðga:
 Frá máloim mun-ek segja þeim-es ek mey heyrdá,

LISTEN, ye warriors, while I tell the feats of arms of Harold the Fortunate [Fair-hair]. I will tell of a parley I heard between a fair,

2. avar-auðga] B; harfagra, A (or, read hoddá . . . Harfagra?).

- hvíta hadd-biarta, es við hrafn dóemði.
 Vitr þóttisk Valkyrja, verar ne váro 5
 þekkir Finnnonni frátleito es fogls rædd kunni:
 Kvaddi en kverk-hvíta enn glöegg-hvarma
 Hymiss haus-reyti, es sat á horni Vinbiarga:—
- Valk.* Hvat es yðr, hrafnar? Hvaðan eroð ér komnir
 9. með dreyrgo nefi at degi ændverðom? 10
 hold loðir yðr í klóm; hræs þefr gengr yðr or munni;
 nær hykk yðr í nótt bioggo þar[s] ér vissoð nai liggja.
 Hreyfðisk inn haus-fiaðri, ok um hyrno þerði,
 arnar eið-bróðir, ok at and-sværom hugði:—
- Hrafn* Haraldi ver fylgðom, syni Halfdanar, 15
 9. ungom Ynglingi síðan or eggi kómom.
 Kunna hugða-ek þik konung mundo þanns á Kvinnom býr,
 dróttinn Norðmanna, diúpom ræðr hann kíólom,
 roðnom rændom, rauðom skiældom,
 tíargom árom, tíældom drifnom. 20
 Úti vill Jól drekka, ef skal einn ráða,
 fylkir enn fram-lyndi, ok Freyss-leik heyja:
 Ungr leiddizk eld-velli, ok inni at sitja,
 varma dyngjo, eða vætto dúns fulla.
- Valk.* Hverso es hann fé-giafa þeim es fold verja 25
 9. ítra ógn-flýtir, við ípróttar-menn sína?

bright-haired Maiden, and a Raven with whom she was speaking. She seemed a wise Walkyrie that despised wedlock, a keen Finnish maid that knew the tongue of birds. The white-throated lady spake to the rover of the sky with the quick eyelids as he sat on a peak of Wincrag:—

‘How is it with you, ye ravens? Whence are ye come with gory beak at the dawning of the day? There is flesh cleaving to your talons, and a scent of carrion comes from your mouth. Ye lodged last night I ween near where ye knew the corpses were lying.’

The poll-feathered sworn-brother of the eagle shook himself, and wiped his beak, and thought over his answer:—‘We have followed the young Yngling [royal hero] Harold, the son of Halfdan, ever since we left the egg. Surely, I thought thou must know the king that dwells at *Quin*, the Lord of the Northmen. He has many a deep keel, with reddened targets, and red shields, tarred oars, and driven [snow-white] awnings. The eager prince would drink his Yule at sea and play Frey’s game [war] if he had his will. From his youth up he loathed the fire-boiler [hearth], and sitting in-doors, the warm bower, and the bolster full of down.’

Quoth the Walkyrie: How does the generous prince deal with the men of feats of renown that guard his land?

6. Partly emend.; þekkir suamo enni fram-sotto, A; þeccir fin nonn hinni fram-leito, B. 7. enn] emend.; ok en, A, B; glogg arma, A. 11. yðr] add. B. 12. nær hyggeg í nott bioggoð, B. 13. B; vissu at nar, A. 14. hous-, B; haus-, A. 16. oðlingi, B. 17. Kynnium, B. 20. tíorghaðom árom oc drifnom skiöldom, B. 26. ítra] ytra, B.

- Hrafn* Miæk ero reyðfir róg-birtingar
g. þeirs í Haraldz túni húnom verpa :
fé ero þeir gœddir, ok fægrom mækom,
malmi Húnlenzkom, ok mani Austréno. 30
Þá ero þeir reifir, es vito rómo væni,
ærvir upp at hlaupa, ok árar at sveigja,
hæmlor at brióta, enn hai at slíta ;
reiðuliga hygg-ek þá værro þeysa at vísa ráði.
- Valk.* At SKALDA reiðo vil-ek þik spyrja, allz þú þikkisk skil vita :
g. greppa ferðir þú munt gærla kunna 36
þeirra-es með Haraldi hafask.
- Hrafn* Á gerðom ser þeirra ok á goll-baugom
g. at þeir ro í kunnleikom við konung :
Feldom ráða þeir rauðom ok vel fagr-rendaðom, 40
sverðom silfr-væfðom, serkjom hring-ofnom,
gylldom ann-fetlom ok græfnom hiælmom,
hringom hand-bærom, es þeim Haraldr valði.
- Valk.* At BERSERKJA reiðo vil-ek þik spyrja, bergir hræ-sævar :
g. Hverso es fengið þeim es í folk vaða 45
víg-diarfom verom ?
- Hrafn* Ulf-heðnar heita, þeirs í orrosto
g. blóðgar randir bera :
vigrar rióða es til vígs koma ;
þeim es þar sýst saman : 50
áræðiss-mænnom einom hygg-ek þar undir felask
skyli sa inn skil-vísi þeim-es í skiöld hœggva.

Quoth the Raven: They are well cared for, the warriors that cast dice in Harold's court. They are endowed with wealth and with fair swords, with the ore of the Huns, and with maids from the East. They are glad when they have hopes of a battle, they will leap up in hot haste and ply the oars, snapping the oar-thongs and cracking the tholes. Fiercely, I ween, do they churn the water with their oars at the king's bidding.

Quoth the Walkyrie: I will ask thee, for thou knowest the truth of all these things, of the meed of the Poets, since thou must know clearly the state of the minstrels that live with Harold.

Quoth the Raven: It is easily seen by their cheer, and their gold rings, that they are among the friends of the king. They have red cloaks right fairly fringed, silver-mounted swords, and ring-woven sarks, gilt trappings, and graven helmets, wrist-fitting rings, the gifts of Harold.

Quoth the Walkyrie: I will ask thee, thou blood-drinker, of the meed of the Bearsarks. What is given to them, men daring in war that plunge into the battle?

Quoth the Raven: Wolfcoats they call them, that bear bloody targets in battle, that redden their spear-heads when they come into the fight, when they are at work together. The wise king, I trow, will only enrol men of high renown among them that smite on the shield.

29. B; ífe ero þess beðnir, A. 34. ræikuliga, A; rikuliga, B. 35. B;
ræðo, A. 40. feldom] skiöldom, B. vel fagr-] B; vaðom rødom, A.
42. grœfnom] B; grænom, A. 45. B; þer fenguð, A. 46. B; -þiörfom, A.

- Valk.* At LEIKOROM ok TRÚÐOM hefi-ek þik lítt fregit:
q. Hverr es aurgáti þeirra Andaðar
 at húsom Haraldz? 55
- Hrafn* At hundi elskr Andaðr, ok heimsko drýgir,
q. eyrna-lausom, ok iæfor hlóegir.
 Hinir ro ok aðrir, es of eld skolo
 brennanda spáon bera;
 logondom lúfom hafa ser und linda drepit 60
 hæl-dræpir halir.

II.

- Valk.* Heyrðir þú í Hafrs-firði, hve hizug barðisk
q. konungr enn kyn-stóri við Kiætvan auðlagða?
Hrafn Knerrir kómo vestan kapps um lystir,
q. með gínandom hæfðom, ok græfnom tinglom; 65
 hlaðnir vóro þeir hælða ok hvítra skialda,
 vigra Vestróenna ok Valskra sverða.
 Freistoðo ens fram-ráða, es þeim flýja kenndi,
 iæfurs Austmanna, es býr at Útsteini.
 Staðom nækkva brá stillir, es honom vas styrjar væni; 70
 grenjoðo Berserkir; guðr vas þeim á sinnom;
 emjoðo Ulfheðnar, ok ísarn glumðo:
 hlæmmon varð á hlífom áðr Haklangr félli.
 Leiddisk þá fyr Lúfo landi at halda
 hilmi 'nom hals-digra—holm let ser at skialdi. 75
 Slógosk und sess-þiljor es sárir vóro;

Quoth the Valkyrie: I have not asked thee yet of the Players and Tumblers. What is the meed of Andad and his company at Harold's house?

Quoth the Raven: Andad dandles his crop-eared dog, and plays the fool, making the king laugh. There are others of them that carry burning chips across the fire, the tripping fellows tuck their flaming shock-locks under their belts.

II. *Quoth the Valkyrie:* Hast thou heard how yonder in Hafrsfirth the high-born king [Harold] fought with Ceotwan the wealthy?

Quoth the Raven: Ships came from the West, ready for war, with grinning heads and carven beaks. They were laden with warriors, with white shields, with Western spears, and Welsh [Gaulish] swords. They tried their strength against the eager king, the Lord of the Eastmen that dwells at Outstone, and he taught them to flee. The king launched his ship when he looked for the battle. The Bearsarks roared in the midst of the battle, the Wolfcoats howled and shook the iron [spears]. There was hammering on bucklers ere Haklang fell. The thick-necked king [Haklang] could no longer keep the land against Shock-head [Harold], he put the island between them as a shield. They that were wounded

54. aurgáti] thus A (œrgati); arghari, B. 56. elskr] emend.; elskar, A.
 57. iöfur] iour, B. 60. lúfom] emend.; hufum, A, B. 64. vestan] emend.; austan, Cdd.

léto upp stíðlo stúpa; stungo í kíal hæððom :
 á baki léto blíkja—barðir vóro grióti—
 Svafniss sal-næfrar seggir hyggjandi.
 Æstosk Aust-kylfor, ok um Iaðar hliópo 80
 heim or Hafrs-firði, ok hugðo á miæð-drykkjo.

[*Hrafn*] Valr lá þar á sandi vitinn enom ein-eygja
 q. Friggjar faðm-byggvi. Fægnoðom dáð slíkri.

III.

Hafnaði Holm-Rygjom, ok Hærdá-meyjom,
 hverri enni Heinversko ok Hælgæ ættar, 85
 konungr inn kyn-stóri, es tók kono 'na Dænsko.

Annat skolo þær eiga ambáttir Ragnhildar,
 dísir dramblátar, at drykkjo-máloim :
 an ér séð her-gopor es Haraldr hafi sveltar
 'valdreyrar enn vera þeirra bræði.' 90

EIRIKS-MÁL; OR, THE DIRGE OF KING ERIC.

ERIC Blood-axe, the brave and luckless son of Harold Fair-hair, being driven from Norway, went off West of the Main as a sea-king. The Northumbrians, having dethroned their king by one of those violent revolutions so common in their history, chose Eric in his room. So he reigned in York for a few years, but at last he too was thrust forth from his second realm in 954, according to the English chroniclers, whom we must follow. Not long after, he was slain by Anlaf, an under-king of 'Edmund [Eadred?] Edwardsson' King of the English, as Fagrskinna tells, in a battle in which he fell with all his host.

'After Eric's death, Gundhild [his wife] had a poem made on him, telling how Woden welcomed him to Walhall.' Gundhild, Mother-of-kings, to whom we owe this noble Dirge, is a famous figure in Northern tradition. She is drawn as a Jezebel or a Catherine dei Medici, lustful, cruel, and greedy of power. The miseries of Norway under her son's rule may have coloured this picture.

threw them down beneath the benches, they turned their tails up, and jammed their heads down to the keel. The cunning fellows let the shingles of Walhall [their shields] shine on their backs, as they were pelted with stones. The Eastern fellowship [the Northmen confederates of the Wicking invaders] ran over Iadar away from Hafrsfirth, thinking on their mead at home.

Corses lay on the sand there given to the one-eyed husband of Frigga [Woden]. We [Ravens] rejoiced at such a deed of fame.

III. *Quoth the Raven when the Valkyrie asked him of Harold's wife*: He scorned the Holm-rygians, and the maidens of the Hords, all the Heins, and the race of Halgo-land: the high-born king took a Danish wife. . . .

The bondmaids of Reginhild [the Queen], that proud woman, shall have other things to gossip over at their cups, than that ye be slave-women that Harold has starved. . . .

- Odinn* Heimsko mæla skalt-þú, inn horski Bragi!
q. þo-at þú vel hvat vitir:
 Fyr Eireki glymr, es her mun inn koma
 iæfurr í Óðins sali. 15
Sigmundr ok Sinfjotli! Rísið snarlíga
 ok gangit í gœgn grami:
 Inn þú bióð, ef Eirekr sé,
 hans eromk nú vón vitoð.
- Sigm.* Hví es þer Eireks vón, heldr an annarra konunga, 20
q. [iæfurs í Óðins sali?]
- Odinn* Þvi-at [á] mærgo landi hann hefir mæki roðit,
q. ok blóðogt sverð borit.
- Sigm.* Hví namtu hann sigri þá, ef þer þótti hann sniallr vesa?
q. [konung inn kost-sama?] 25
- Odinn* Þvi-at óvíst es at vita nær Ulfr inn hæsvi
q. gengr á siot goða.
- Sigm.* Heill þú nú, Eirekr! vel skaltu her kominn!
q. ok gakk í hæll, horskr!
 Hins viljak þik fregna, hvat fylgir þer . 30
 iæfra frá egg-þrimo?
- Eirekr* Konungar ro fimm; kenni-ek þer namn allra;
q. ek em inn sétti sialfr:

Woden answers: Surely thou speakest foolishly, good Bragi, although thou art very wise. It thunders for Eric the king, that is coming to the hall of Woden. Then turning to his heroes he cries: Sigmund and Sinfjotli, rise up in haste, and go forth to meet the prince! Bid him in if it be Eric, for it is he whom I look for.

Sigmund answers: Why lookest thou more for Eric the king to Woden's hall than for other kings?

Woden answers: Because he has reddened his brand and borne his bloody sword in many a land.

Quoth Sigmund: Why didst thou rob him, the chosen king, of victory then, seeing thou thoughtest him so brave?

Woden answers: Because it is not surely to be known when the grey Wolf shall come upon the seat of the Gods.

SECOND SCENE.—*Without Walball.*

Sigmund and Sinfjotli go outside the Hall and meet Eric.

Quoth Sigmund: Hail to thee, Eric, be welcome here, and come into the hall, thou gallant king! Now I will ask thee what kings are these which follow thee from the clash of the sword-edges?

Eric answers: They are five kings; I will tell thee all their names; I myself am the sixth. (*The names followed in the song whereof the rest is lost.*)

12. Read skalattu? 17. gœgn] gongū, A. 19. eromk] er mer, A.
 21. Added by guess from l. 15; om. A. 25. Added from Dirge of Hakon, l. 6.
 26-27. Emend.; ser ulfr inn hausvi a siot goða, A. 30. vilak, A. 33. End missing.

HÁKONAR-MÁL; OR,
THE DIRGE OF HAKON ÆTHELSTAN'S FOSTER-SON.

HAKON the Good, the foster-son of Æthelstan, fell before the Sons of Gundhild about 970, and a time of misery and famine followed his death, as long as Gundhild's sons ruled; the culminating woe being the great famine of 976. To judge from ll. 68-69 it was about this time (not immediately after the king's death) that Eywind made a Dirge on Hakon, 'composing it according to the one which Gundhild had had made for Eric, in which Woden bids him home to Walhall.' It is a fine poem in its way, but not original. Instead of the opening of Woden's Dream, the Walkyries are sent to the dying king, as Swafa comes to Helgi at Sigar's-field; he goes with them to Walhall, and there Woden bids Hermod and Bragi welcome him, just as in Eriks-mal Sigmund and Sinfiotli are told to do. In the latter part the copy is no doubt as close, but unluckily that half of Eriks-mal is lost.

It has been supposed that Eywind's nickname, Skalda-spillir, the *Poet-spoiler*, was given to him on account of his 'spoiling' all other poets by his superiority, eclipsing them all. But the word will not support this strained and affected meaning; 'spillir' means simply 'robber,' that is, in this case, 'plagiarist.' To names such as this, first applied by enemies, later accepted by all without any notion of dishonour, we have analogies. Thus one of Harold Fair-hair's poets, Audun (Eadwine), is known as Ill-skellda, 'Bad poet' or 'Poetaster,' and his poem was nicknamed Stolin-stefja, 'Stolen-stave,' from his plagiarism of a refrain (stef). Even if we had not this name, or any express record (as we have, clear and distinct as possible), the fact would still remain visible, that Hakonar-mal was a copy of Eriks-mal and HALEYGIA-TAL of Ynglinga-tal, so close and unmistakable is each imitation. We may even fancy that it was the HALEYGIA-TAL (glorifying as it does Earl Hakon and the new dynasty by its certificate of 'legitimacy') which drew down on Eywind the nickname.

There are a certain number of lines, of *different metre* and spirit, a high-sounding tinkle of words, perhaps from some other poem of Eywind's, thrust into the middle of this Hakon-Dirge in the MSS. These we have set as appendix. Two stanzas, 3 and 4, better than the rest, we have ventured to restore to the original didactic metre.

Our poet uses the didactic metre also for *narrative*, for the first time in old poetry.

The Poem has been preserved in the Heimskringla, where it is entered at full. The MSS. are the same as in Ynglinga-tal. Cod. B (Jöfra-skinna) yields some good readings, e. g. l. 30.

The *title*, warranted by the MSS., is also in imitation of Eriks-mal.

1. G ÖNDUL ok Skægul sendi Gauta-týr
 at kíosa of konunga:

THE God of the Gauts [Woden] sent Gondul and Skogul [Walkyries] to choose among the kings one of the race of Yngwi who should enter

- hverr Yngva ættar skyldi með Óðni fara
í Valhæll at vesa.
2. Bróðor fundo þær Biarnar í brynjo fara, 5
konung inn kost-sama,
kominn und gunfana:
Drúpðo dolg-árar, enn darraðr hristisk;
upp vas þá hildir um hafð.
3. Hét á Holm-Rygi, sem á Háleygi, 10
iarla ein-bani;
gótt hafði inn giöfli gengi Norðmanna,
óegir Ey-Dana.
4. Hrauzk or her-væðom, hratt á vøll brynjo 15
vísi verðungar:
gramr inn glað-væri stóð und goll-hialmi,
lék við lióð-mægo.
5. Sáto þá dæglingar með sverð um togin, 20
með skarða skiældo, ok skotnar brynjor.
Vasa sá herr í hugom,
es átti til Valhallar vega.
6. Gændul þat mælti,—studdisk geir-skapti:—
Vex nú gengi goða:
es Hákon hafa með her mikinn
heim bænd of boðit. 25
7. Vísir þat heyrði, hvat Valkyrjor mæltu,
mærar af mars baki:

Woden's service and dwell in Walhall. They found Beorn's brother [K. Hakon] clad in his mail, the chosen king, standing under his war-banner, the wound-oars [blades] were drooping, and the darts were quivering, the battle was just begun. The Earls' slayer cheered on the Holm-Rygians and the Halego-men, the terror of the Island-Danes had brave backing of the Northmen.

He tore off his weeds of war, he cast his mail-coat upon the field, the lord of henchmen. The gladsome warrior with the golden helm stood and played with the sons of song.

The battle over, the two Walkyries appear in the dawning of the day to the wounded [dead?] king on the battle-field.

The king was sitting with his drawn sword, his shield was scored and his mail shot through. The host of slain, that were bound for Walhall, were in no gladsome mood.

Then spake Gondul, as she leaned on her spear-shaft: 'The Gods' army is waxing great, now that the Powers have bidden Hakon and a great host with him home to them.'

The king heard what the noble Walkyries were saying as they sat on

4. B, W; ok í V. vesa, A. 7. guðfana, B. 8. dolgrar, A; dolgarar, B, F. darrar, B. 10. Thus B; sa es her kallar, A. 11 and 13. Metrically restored for, iarla einbani fór til orrosto and, óegir Ey-Dana stóð und arhialmi, Cdd. 14-17. Restored for, . . . vísi verðungar áðr til vígs tæki | lék við l. skyldi land verja | gramr inn glaðværi stóð und gull-hialmi, Cd., upon which follow the 16 lines in Appendix.

- hyggiliga léto, ok hialmaðar sáto,
ok hæfðosk hlífar fyrir.
8. *Hakon* Hví þú svá gunni skiptir í gær, Skægul? 30
q. vórom þó verðir gagns frá goðom.
Skogul Vér því völdom, at þú velli hélzt,
q. enn þínir fiánder flugo.
9. Ríða vit nu skulom—kvað in ríkja Skægul—
 gróenna heima goða, 35
 Óðni at segja, at her mun allvaldr koma,
 ok hann sialfan at síá.
10. *Odinn* Hermóðr ok Bragi! kvað Hropta-týr,
q. gangið í gægn grami:
 því-at konungr ferr; sá-es kappi þykkir 40
 til hallar hinig.
11. Ræsir þat mælti,—vas frá rómo kominn,
 stóð allr í drœra drifinn:—
 Ill-úðigr miæk þykkir oss Óðinn vesa;
 síámk ver hans um hugi. 45
12. *Bragi* Einherja grið þú skalt allra hafa;
q. þigg-þu at Ásom æl!
 Iarla bági! þú átt inni her
 átta brœðr,—kvað Bragi.
13. *Hakon* Gerðar órar—kvað inn góði konungr— 50
q. viljom ver halfir hafa:

horseback bearing themselves so fairly, sitting helmed with their shields before them.

Quoth Hakon: Why didst thou sway the fight so yesterday, Skogul, we surely deserved a victory from the Gods?

Skogul answered: Yea, and we ordered it so, that thou shouldst keep the field and all thy foes should fly. But now we must ride (quoth the mighty Skogul) to the green city of the Gods, to tell Woden that a mighty king is coming thither to see him.

SECOND SCENE.—*In Walball.*

Woden. Hermod and Bragi (said Woden) go forth to meet the warrior, for a king, who is deemed a hero indeed, is coming hither to our hall.

Hakon. The king spoke, he was come from the battle, all-dripping with gore: Evil of mood seems Woden to me, I mistrust his goodwill.

Bragi. Thou shalt be truce-plighted by all the Host of the Chosen. Take ale with the Anses, thou conqueror of earls, thou hast eight brothers here already (quoth Bragi).

Hakon. Our harnesses we will keep, one half of us (quoth the good king). One should well take care of one's helm and mail-coat. 'Tis good to have things ready at hand.'

28. sáto] B; stóðo, A. 30. í gær] thus B; Geir-skogul, A. 32.
 völdom] thus, pret. not pres. 34. ríkja] B; ríka, A. 35. grœna, A.
 36. her] nu, B. 37. ok] á hann, B. 45. um hans, A. 50. órar]
 varar, A. 51. halfir] emend.; sialfir, A, B, F.

- Hialm ok brynjo skal hirða vel:
gótt es til goers at taka.
14. Þá þat kyndisk, hve sá konungr hafði
vel um þyrmt veom: 55
es Hákon báðo heilan koma
Ráð æll ok Regin.
15. Góðo dóegri verðr sá gramr um borinn,
es ser getr slíkan seva:
Hans aldar mun æ vesa 60
at góðo getið.
16. Man óbundinn á ýta siæt
Fenriss-ulfr um fara:
áðr iafn-góðr á auða træð
konung-maðr komi. 65
17. Deyr fé; deyja frændr;
eyðisk land ok láð:
sízt Hákon fór með heiðin goð,
mærg es þjóð um þiáð.

APPENDIX.

SVÁ beit þá sverð or siklings hendi
váðir Váfaðar sem í vatn brygði:
brækoðo broddar, brotnoðo skildir,
glumroðo gylfringar í Gotna hausom.
Træddosk tærgor fyr tusom bauga 5
ok hialta harð-fótom hausar Norðmanna;
róma varð í Eyjo, ruðo konungar
skírar skiald-borgir í skatna blóði.

Then was made manifest how the king had wisely spared the sanctuaries, when all Gods and Powers bade Hakon welcome. In happy hour is that prince born, who wins such love as this. His reign shall ever be spoken of for good. The mighty Wolf shall be let loose upon mankind ere king so good shall come into his empty court. Cattle die, men die, land and lea are laid waste: since Hakon went among the heathen Gods, many people are intralled.

THE sword in the king's hand bit through the weeds of Woden [mail] as if it were whisked through water, the spear-points clashed, the shields were shattered, the axes rattled on the heads of the warriors. Targets and skulls were trodden under the Northmen's shield-fires [weapons] and the hard heels of their hilts. There was a din in the island, the kings dyed the shining rows of shields in the blood

53. geysr, B (*idem*). 68. fór] B; om. A. 3. broddar] A; oddar, B.
4. B; glymringar, A. 5. tusom] emend.; tys ok, Cd. Of the following verses
B only gives the beginnings. 6. ok] add F.

Brunno ben-eldar í blóðgom undom,
luto lang-barðar at lýða fiarvi, 10
svarraði sár-gymir á sverða-nesi,
fell flóð fleina í fiæro Storðar.

Blendosk víg-roðar und randar himni,
Skæglar veðr léko und skýjom bauga,
umðo odd-lár í Óðins veðri, 15
hneig mart manna fyr mækiss straumi.

§ 4. EGIL SKALLA-GRIM'S SON.

HÖFUÐ-LAUSN; OR, THE HEAD-RANSOM.

ONE of the first generation of Icelanders, son of a distinguished settler, who founded a great house, Egil, spent most of his active life abroad. Born about 910 he went to Norway and afterwards to England, where he served under K. Æthelstan, and fought at the famous battle of Brunanburh, 937. For many years he led a wicking life, 'visiting the courts of many kings.' An adventure in York, after Æthelstan's death, with K. Eric Blood-axe, the hereditary enemy of his family, was the cause of the first of his three great poems, *Head-Ransom*. He seems after this to have returned home, whence he sent his second poem, *Arinbiorn's Lay*, to Norway. His third poem, the *Sons' Wreck*, was composed in his old age at Borg, where he passed the latter years of his life, dying full of years and blind about 990. He was thus a contemporary of Dunstan, whom indeed he may have seen at the English court. For the chronology of Egil's life, which must be based on the data of the O. E. Chronicles, we must not trust the Saga, nor can we accept all its romantic details. Indeed the Songs show Egil a far higher and nobler character than the somewhat brutal warrior drawn by the Saga-writer. Again, four-fifths of the single verses ascribed to Egil in the Saga are clearly false; the few which may be true are printed in Books vi and vii.

HÖFUÐ-LAUSN OR HEAD-RANSOM is said by the Saga to have been composed on the following occasion. Egil was wrecked at York, where he was seized and set in prison, shortly to be executed. At the suggestion of his high-minded friend Arinbiorn, a liegeman and favourite of K. Eric's, he made a song of praise on the King, who in consideration thereof, and at the earnest intercession of Arinbiorn, spared his life. Whether the Lay was made in one night, as the Saga says, may

of men. The wound-fires [blades] burnt in the bloody wounds, the halberds bowed down to take the life of men, the ocean of gore dashed upon the swords'-ness, the flood of the shafts fell upon the beach of Stord. Halos of war mixed under the vault of the bucklers; the battle-tempest blew underneath the clouds of the targets, the lees of the sword-edges [blood] pattered in the gale of Woden. Many a man fell into the stream of the brand.

13. víg-roðar] emend.; við roðnar, Cd.
skys um, Cdd.

14. und skýjom] emend.; við

be questioned; the poem itself, ll. 1-8, seems to contradict it, and the very elaborate versification almost to forbid it. The whole incident is rather to be gathered from *Arinbiorn's Lay*, which is our only safe authority.

The *metre* is what is known by later metrists as *Run-henda*, i. e. *Rim-henda*, in *end-rhyme* as well as *alliteration*, a foreign innovation learnt, we think, from the Latin hymns. It is also the first example of a *drapa* or praise-song with regular *divisions* and *burdens*. Its scheme may be thus given:—

I. Beginning. Five four-lined stanzas.

II. The Staves or Body. Three pairs of four-lined stanzas, separated from each other and from the beginning and end by four two-lined *burdens*.

III. The End. Five four-lined stanzas, followed by an Envoy of two lines.

I.	II.	III.
—	—	—
5	— a 2 a 2 b 2 b —	5 c.

This poem does not occur in all the copies of Egil's Saga, where only the first four lines are generally given. The basis of our *text* is as follows:—Ketill Jorundsson, the grandfather of Arni Magnusson, a well-known Icelandic copyist, made a copy of a vellum of Egil's Saga which contained the song in perfect form. And among the fragments of vellums at Copenhagen, AM. 162, the Editor twenty years ago discovered portions of this very MS., and one leaf on which was Höfudlausn down to l. 69. It is in a most miserable condition, but with great trouble he was able to verify Ketil's text, and in sundry places to mend it. This vellum we have called A.

In Ole Worm's *Litteratura Runica* is printed a transcript by Magnus Olafsson, d. 1636, of a good text from some lost Egil-Saga vellum in his possession. This is our B. For Magnus and Ketil, see *Prolegomena*, p. 142.

Our C is the *Wolfenbüttel MS.*, a fine codex in good preservation, but its text of the poem is bad and the order of stanzas extremely confused and different from that of the other MSS. We have thought it right to give it at the end of this volume, that the reader may have the whole evidence on the subject before him.

Seven lines, 1-2, 5-6, 39-40, 59, are *cited* in *Edda*. We have an early unprinted commentary, c. 1630, on our poem by Biorn of Skardsa (see *Prolegomena*, p. 142), who in a little ditty says that people will surely laugh at him for working twelve months to explain a song which Egil composed in one night—

Eg var að ráða árið um kring það Egill kvað á nóttu.

Biorn used Magnus Olafsson's text.

The *name* of the poem is vouched for in the *Lay of Arinbiorn*, l. 32, and also Egil's Saga. The *date* is c. 950-954.

I. VESTR fór-ek um ver; enn ek Viðriss ber
mun-strandar mar: svá es mítt of far:

PROLOGUE.

I CAME west over the sea, bearing the sea of Woden's heart [my song]; that was my way. I launched my ship afloat from Iceland, I loaded the stern of my mind-vessel [my breast] with a cargo of praise.

2. strindar, B.

- Dró-ek eiki á flot við Ísa-brot,
hlóð-ek mærdar hlut minniss knarrar skut.
2. Buðomk hilmir læð. Nú á-ek hróðrar kvæð; 5
berr-ek Óðins miæð á Engla biæð:
Lof at vísa vann; iæfur mæri-ek þann;
hlióðs æsti-ek hann, es ek hróðr of fann.
3. Hygg vísir at—vel sómir þat— 10
hve ek þylja fat, es ek þægn of gat:
Flestr maðr of frá hvat fylkir vá;
enn Viðrir sá hvar valr of lá.
4. Óx hiaerva glæm við hlífar þræm;
guðr óx um gram; gramr sótti fram. 15
Þar heyrðisk þá—þaut mækiss á—
malm-hríðar spó, sú-es mest of lá.
5. Vasat villr staðar vefr darraðar
of grams glaðar geir-vangs raðar,
þa-es í blóði inn brimils móði
vællr of þrumði, und veum glumði. 20

II.

6. *Hné folk á fit við fleina hnit,*
orðz-tír of gat Eirekr at þat.
- I. 7. Frémr mun-ek segja, ef firar þegja,
frágom fleira til fara þeirra:
Brusto brandar við blár randar: 25
óxo undir við iæfurs fundi.

The king has given me a welcome; I owe him a song of praise. I bring the mead of Woden into England. I have made a Song of Honour on the king; I laud that Prince. I ask him for a hearing now that I have devised my song of praise.

Hearken, O king, it will become thee well, how I deliver my song, now that I have got silence! Every man has heard how the king fought, but Woden saw where the slain lay. The clatter of brands waxed against the rims of the bucklers, the war grew high about the king, the king pushed on. There was heard the weird-song of weapons rattling, the sword-river did flow, its surf was very great. The web of darts [standard] faltered not above the king's merry ranks of shields, where the troubled waters [seal's field] surged in blood and roared underneath the banners.

SECOND PART.

First Burden. The host sank on the shore at the clink of the javelins: Eric got renown there.

First Stave. Farther I will tell, if men will keep silence, we have heard more of their deeds. Brands broke against the black targets, wounds

5. B; hróðrs of, A. 7. B; lofa ek ísarns, A. iöfur] A; víst, B. 8.
fann] B; nam, A. 16. es] B; var, A. 19. þars, B. inn brimils móði]
thus (enn brimils móði), A. 20. veum] thus (veü), A; und um glumði, B.
21. hne frða fit, B. 24. frama, B.

8. Hlam hein-saðull við hialm-ræðul,
beit ben-grefill : þat vas blóð-refill :
frá-ek at félli fyr fetils svelli
Óðins eiki í iarn-leiki. 30
9. Þar vas odda at, ok eggja gnat :
orðz-tír of gat Eirekr at þat.
- II. 10. Rauð hilmir hiær ; þar vas hrafna gicær ;
fleinn sótti fiær ; flugo dreyrog spiar :
Ól flagðs gota fár-biðr Skota :
trað nipt Nara náttorð ara. 35
11. Flugo hialdr-tranar á hiærslanar ;
vórot blóðs vanar ben-máss granar ;
sleit und freki ; enn odd-breki
gnúði hrafní á hæfoð-stafni. 40
12. Kom gnaubar læ á gialfar skæ :
baud ulfom hræ Eirekr ef sæ.
- III. 13. Beit fleinn floginn ; þá vas friðr loginn ;
varð ulfr feginn ; enn almr dreginn :
Brusto broddar ; enn bito oddar ;
báro hærvar af bogum ærvar. 45
14. Bregðr brodd-fleti of baug-seti
hiær-leiks hvati—hann es þjóð-skati :

waxed when the princes met. The blades hammered against the helmet-crests, the wound-gravers, the sword's point, bit. I heard that there fell in the iron-play Woden's oak [heroes] before the swords [the sword-belt's ice].

Second Burden. There was a linking of points and a gnashing of edges: Eric got renown there.

Second Stave. The prince reddened the brand, there was a meal for the ravens; the javelin sought out the life of man, the gory spears flew, the destroyer of the Scots fed the steed of the witch [wolves], the sister of Nari [Hell] trampled on the supper of the eagles [corse]. The cranes of battle [shafts] flew against the walls of the sword [bucklers], the wound-mew's lips [the arrows' barbs] were not left thirsty for gore. The wolf tore the wounds, and the wave of the sword [blood] plashed against the beak of the raven.

Third Burden. The lees of the din of war [blood] fell upon Gialf's steed [ship]; Eric gave the wolves carrion by the sea.

Third Stave. The flying javelin bit, peace was belied there, the wolf was glad, and the bow was drawn, the bolts clattered, the spear-points bit, the flaxen-bowstring bore the arrows out of the bow. He brandished the buckler on his arm, the rouser of the play of blades—he

27. B; hlymr hein-saudull, A. 33. þar vas] þat vas, B. geyr, A. 34. B; faur, A. 36. natt uorð, A. 37. hiærslanar] B; hræs lanar, A. 39. A; þa es oddbr., sl. und fr. gn. hr. á h. st., B. 41. A; kom gríðar skæ á gialpar læ, B. 44. var almr dr. því varð u. feginn, B. 47. of] A; með, B. 48. blóð-skati, B.

- þróask hialdr sem hvar of hilmí þar ;
frétt es austr um mar Eireks of far. 50
15. *Iöfurr sveigði ý ; flugo unda bý :*
baud ulfom hræ Eirekr of sæ.
- III.
16. Enn man-ek vilja fyr verjom skilja
skap-leik skata ; skal mærd hvata :
Lætr snót saka um súð 'frí' vaka, 55
enn skæs Haka skið-garð braka.
17. Brýtr bóg-vita, bióðr hramm-þvita ;
muna hring-dofa hodd-Freyr lofa :
gláðar flotna fiöl við Fróða miöl ;
miök es hilmí fæl hauk-strandar-möl. 60
18. Stóðsk folk-hagi við fiær-lagi,
gall ý-bogi at egg-togi :
Verpr af brandi ; enn Iofor-landi
heldr Horn-klofi. Hann es næstr lofi.
19. Iæfurr hyggi at hve ek yrkja fat : 65
gótt þykkjomk þat es ek þægn of gat.
Hrórða-ek munní af munar grunni
Óðins ægi á Iofor-fægi.
20. Ber-ek þengils lof á þagnar rof ;
kann ek mála miöt í manna siöt : 70

is a mighty hero. The fray grew greater everywhere about the king. It was famed east over the sea, Eric's war-faring.

Fourth Burden. The prince bent the yew, the wound-bees [arrows] flew : Eric gave the wolves carrion by the sea.

THIRD PART.

Again I must set forth before men the stout heart of the king ; let me hasten with my song of praise. The Lady of strife [Walkyrie] makes the waves be awake about the gunwale, and the timbers break on the sea-king's steed [ship]. He breaks the wrist-glow, the giver of the wrist-bits ; this Lord of hoards does not praise niggardliness. He gladdens a multitude of men with Frodi's meal [gold], the arm's ore is much spent by the king.

The lover of the people withstood death, the yew-bow screamed when the sword-edge was drawn. The *wave* splashes from the prow, and the Raven [the Norse banner] holds the land of York. He is most worthy of praise.

Epilogue. Consider, O prince, how I have wrought over my song ; I am glad that I have had silence. I have drawn Woden's flood from the depth of my mind here at York. I have borne the praise of the king till the silence was broken [to the end of the time given me]. I know the

49. B ; þróaz hilldr (or hialldr) sem hvar of hilmí þar, A. 53. B ; A omits stanza 16. frá verjom, B, C. 54. C ; skaffeik, B. 55. B ; sverð-frey, C. 56. C ; enn skers aka skið geirs braka, B. 61. fiavrlagi, A. 63. or iofra landi, A. 63. æ or af, A. 67. B ; marar, A. 68. Iofor-] Ioru, B and A, =iofur-fægi (i. e. York). 70. B ; manna miot of mala siot, A.

ðð færi ek fram of stran gram
 ör hlátra ham, svá-at hann of nam.

*Níóti bíórs Bauga sem Bragi auga,
 Vagna vára, ok velliss lára!*

ARINBIORN'S LAY.

THIS poem, according to the Saga, was composed by Egil, in Iceland, and sent to his old friend and saviour Arinbiorn, on the occasion of his returning from exile, with the sons of his dead master, Eric. This would make its date about 970. One is inclined to put the date earlier, at c. 960; for after Eric Blood-axe's death, Arinbiorn in fact went home to Norway, which would afford a fit occasion. Surely many years must have intervened between this and Egil's third and last poem; fifteen or twenty years would not be too much. That it was not *spoken to* Arinbiorn, but delivered by a messenger or proxy (for writing was unknown), would seem confirmed by the poem itself. It is a noble monument of the friendship of the two men [the David and Jonathan of their day], and has, as Egil wished, immortalized his faithful preserver. Arinbiorn was well born, his forefathers were barons of the Firth in West Norway. Bragi the poet was his great-grandfather.

The *metre* is the brief epic line of Ynglinga-tal type. There appears to be a distinct stanza arrangement, four lines in each stanza, and it is the first encomium which is built up into regular strophes, without burdens.

The chief vellum of Egil's Saga, Arna-Magn. 132, ends on the left side of a leaf, the last of a sheet: on the right, blank side, in different but contemporary hands, our poem was written. It filled that page in double columns, of 41 lines, and was, no doubt, continued on another page which is now lost.

This, the *only* MS. of Arinbiorn's Lay, and sole foundation for the *text*, is almost illegible. There have been several attempts to read it. Arni Magnusson's, c. 1700, which copy we have in Asgeir Jonsson's hand (in AM. 146, folio). Later, c. 1790, the Editor of Egil's Saga, published posthumously, 1809. The present Editor took great pains to read the washed-out ghostly marking on the bleak greasy page, in 1860, and was able after long efforts to read nearly all the first column, with the top half and a few words here and there down the second column. His copy is printed in an Appendix. See also Ny Felags-rit, 1861. He was able for the first time to fix the place of one of the two quotations in Edda from the lost part of the Song, and to make corrections in the previous copies.

What is left of the poem can only be half of the whole, as can be seen from the plan, which begins with a *Proem* and *Introduction* (ll. 1-52)

measure of speech in the assembly of men. I have brought the noble chief's praise out of the abode of laughter [my breast], so that he learnt it.

The Envoy. Enjoy, O king, the Drink of Beag [my song], as Bragi doth the eye, Woden's pledge, and the cauldron of tears.

71. A; or hlátra ham hróðr ber ek gram, B, C. 73. Níóti] A. bíórs Bauga] emend.; A, B, C omit bíórs. 74. Emend.; vagna vara (vaara, C) ok (edr, B) vili tara (taara, C), A, B, C. For Vagna read Vinga?

telling the *tale* of the Head-Ransom, followed by an encomium upon *Arinbiorn's generosity* (ll. 61-86). The next part, to guess from legible words here and there, was on his *valour*; the third part (cp. *tvenn ok þrenn*, l. 60), probably on some other of his noble qualities, with an Epilogue (lost), which concludes with an Envoy (ll. 92-95) preserved in Skalda. The *title* of the Poem has not reached us.

Besides the two citations (eight lines) from the lost part, there are nine lines cited from the first half, ll. 29-30, 44, 57-60, 67-68.

Egil is fond of puns, similes, and conceits: he uses the quaintest fancies in speaking of eye, ear, head, tongue, mouth, and hand. The poet's work is likened to carpentering or a housewright's work; his materials are the timber or stocks, his tongue the plane. He plays upon the *name* of Arinbiorn. Note his description (ll. 25-35) of his own features, a huge head, gaunt dark face, craggy eyebrows, black eyes, wolfish grey hair—one *sees* the man.

In the foot-notes, A = the vellum; AM. = Arni Magnusson's copy; GM. = Gudmund Magnæus, the Editor of Egil's Saga, died 1798; W. = Edda and Skalda, Cod. Worm.; 748 = AM. 748, a sister MS. to W.

EMK hrað-kviðr hilmí at mæra;
 enn glap-máll um gleggvinga:
 opin-sjiallr um iæfors dáðom;
 enn þag-mælskr um þjóð-lygi:
 skaupi gnóegr skræk-berændom; 5
 emk vil-kviðr um vini mína.—
 Sótt hefi-ek margra mildinga sjæt
 með grun-laust grepps um éði.

Hafða-ek endr Ynglings burar,
 rfks konungs reiði fengna; 10
 dró-ek diarfr hætt mer of døkkva skær;
 lét-ek hersi heim um sóttan:
 Þar-es allvaldr und ýgr-hialmi,
 lióð-fræmoðr at landi sat,
 stýrir konungr við stirðan hug 15
 í Ioforvfk úrgom hiarli

Vasa þat tungl-skin tryggt at líta,
 ne ógn-laust, Eireks brá:

I AM quick of speech when I praise a king, but my pleading is marred when I deal with a niggard: I am frank-spoken about princely deeds, but tongue-tied towards a slanderer: full of scorn toward them that bear false witness, but fair-spoken of my friends. I have visited the courts of many kings in guileless poet's wise.

I had fallen under the wrath of the mighty king, the son of the Ynglings. Boldly I pulled the hood over my dark face, and went to seek the lord [Arinbiorn], where the far-ruling protector of the people [King] reigned under the helm of Awe, where the king with stern heart ruled over the wet land at York. It was neither a safe thing nor a thing without terror to face the beam from the stars of Eric's brow [his

2. gleggvinga, A. 5. gnegr. 7. margra] emend.; morg, A.
 11. Emend.; diarfr hauff, A. 14. liod framadad', A. 16. forvik, A.
 hiarli] not hiaurfi, very faded in A. 17. trukt, A.

þa-es orm-fránn enni-máni skein all-valldz ógi-geislom.	20
Þó-ek Bólstr-verð um bera þorðag, -maka, Hóeings markar dróttni : svá-at Yggs full ýranda kom at hvers mannz hlusta-munnom.	
Ne ham-fagrt hælðom þótti skald-fé mítt at skata húsom	25
þa-es ulf-grátt við Yggjar miði hattar-staup at hildi þág.	
Við því tók, enn tíror fylgðo, sækk svart-leit síðra brúna, ok sá muðr, es mína bar	30
HÖFUÐ-LAUSN fyr hilmis kné.	
Þar-es tann-fiæld með tungo þág, sem hler-tiæld hlustum gæfguð ; enn sú giæf golli betri	35
hróðigs konungs um heitin vas.	
Þar stóð mer 'mærgom betri' a hlið aðra tryggr vinr mín, sá-es ek trua knáttag heið-fræmoðr 'hverjo ráði :'	40
Arinbiörn es oss einn um hóf knia fremstr frá konungs síðnom, vinr þjóðans es vetki laug, í her-skáss hilmis garði.	
Ok studli	45
mærg-fræmoðr mína dáða. syne q'd sonr . . .	

eyes], when the sheen of the moon of the king's forehead shone serpent-keen with beams of awe. Yet I dared to deliver my *Head Ransom* [Pillow-mate-Ransom] before the Lord of the Humbers-march, so that Ygg's cup [poetry] came foaming to the ear-mouths of every man. The poet-meed I won [my head] seemed little fair of hue to men in the king's house, when I received at the prince's hand my wolf-grey helm-stock [my head] in return for Woden's mead. With it there followed the *two* lights, and the swart-hued pits of my jutting brows [eyes and brows], and the mouth that delivered my *Head Ransom* before the knees of the king; furthermore I received a multitude of teeth, and a tongue, and the tents of hearing [ears] endowed with ear-passages; but this gift of the great king was more acceptable than gold.

There stood at my side 'my best of brothers-in-law' . . . my trusty friend, in whom I could put my trust, the giver of fees . . . Arin-

22. m^a hængs, A. 28. Not hatt-staup. 29. tíror] tiru, W; faded in A.
30. samleit, W. 32. höfuð] thus, h'fð at the end of a line, A, forgetting the
second part of the compound at the beginning of the next line. 37. betri] vat',
AM; read, mága baztr? 38. Faded; hoþ finda in', AM. 40. Emend.;
heip^aadc, AM. 44. í herska hilmis ríki, W. 45-48. Unreadable.

Munk vin-þjófr verða heitinn,
ok vá-liúgr at Viðriss fulli, 50
hróðrs ær-virðr, ok heit-rofi:
nema ek þess gagns gjöld um vinnag.

Nú es þat sét hvar ek setja skal
bragar þáttom 'bratt stiginn'
fyr mann-fiæld, margra síónir 55
hróðr hersa kindar.

Nú eromk auð-skoéf omun-lokri
magar Þórisss mæðar-efni,
vinar míns, þvi-at válig liggja,
tvenn ok þrenn, á tungo mer. 60

Þat tel-ek *first*, es flestr um veit,
ok al-þjóð eyrom scékir:
hve mild-geðr mænnom þótti
Bióða-biærn-birkis ótta.

Þat allz-herjar at undri gefzk
hve hann yr-þjóð auði gnóegir:
es Griót-biærn um góeddan hefir
Freyr ok Niðrðr at fiár-aflí. 65

Enn Hróalldz á hæfuð-baðmi
auðs ið-gnóttir at 'alnom sífia':
sem 'vinseldir' af vegom ællom
á vind-kers víðom botni. 70

Hann um 'eiga gat'

biorn, the foremost of heroes, who alone delivered me from the king's wrath—the prince's friend that never lied—in the court of the warlike king. And [a mangled verse] I shall be called the thief of friendship, and the belier of my boast at Woden's toast [Song], unworthy of praise, and a vow-breaker, unless I pay some ransom for those benefits.

Now it is easy to see, where I must fix the strands of my song before the multitude, before the eyes of many the praise of the 'mighty' child of Lords [Arinbiorn].

Now the timbers of praise of my friend, the son of Thori, are easily planed by the voice-plane [the tongue], because they lie in mighty length, by twos and threes, upon my tongue.

I shall count *first*, what every one knows, and has come to all men's ears, how bountiful Arinbiorn seems to men. It is a marvel to all the world how he bestows gifts on men, for Frey and Niord have blessed Grit-bear with a store of wealth. On the head of Hroald's stock great abundance of riches fall like the rain [waters] from all quarters upon the wind-bason's wide bottom [wide earth-plain].

50. A, i. e. ván-liugr. 51. eyrvirðr, A. 54. Thus, though nearly illegible; bogit fotom baug stiginn, AM. 56. Faded; mectigs, AM and A (as it seems). 59. válig] A and W; valið, 748. 62. Emend.; eýrun, A. 65. allz-herjar] emend.; allzheri at, A. 66. ur þjóð, A. gnegir, A. 67. es] e', A; þviat, W. góeddan] Edda; gnegðan, A. 70. sífia] AM; now illegible in A. 71. So as it seems in A (vimr-eldar?), certainly not 'vin-reið.' 73. Faded; d'g seil, AM, an impossible word; read, ársima?

sem hildingar heyrnar spanna,
goðom ávarðr, með gumna fiálð,
vinr Veðr-orms Vetlinga tós. 75

Þat hann viðr es þrióta mun
flesta menn, þótt fé eigi:
kveðkat-ek skamt milli skata húsa,
né auð-skept almanna-spiær. 80

Gekk maðr engi at Arinbiarnar
or leg-vers længom knerri
háði leiddr né heipt-kviðom
með atgeirs auðar toptir.

Hinn es fé-grimmr es í Fiaerðom býr,
sá es of dolgr draupniss niðja. 85

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H
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Þat es órétt es orpit hefir
á má-skeið mærgo gagni,
ram-riðin Røekva stóði,
vell-vænoðr þvi-es veitti mer. 90

.
.
Vask ár-vakr; bark orð saman
með mál-þiðns megin-verkom:
Hlóð-ek lof-kæst þann es lengi stendr
óbrotgiarn í Bragar túni. 95

He, king-like, dealt out [gold] among men untold; he the darling of the Gods, the friend of Wether-worm the champion of the Watlings.

He does that in which most men, though they be wealthy, will fail, for the houses of the magnanimous are far between, and it is not easy to shaft every man's spear [to suit all]: No man ever went from Arinbiorn's house followed by scorn or evil words, or empty-handed. He that lives at Firth is a mammon-hater, and the enemy of the offspring of Dropper [rings = money]. . . . H

It were a pity if the gold-spender [Arinbiorn] should have thrown the many benefits he did me upon the path of the mew [the Deep] hard-trodden by the steeds of Rokkwi [ships].

The final Stanza: I was early awake. I put word to word, with the mighty labour of my slave of speech [tongue]. I have reared a pillar of praise, which shall long stand imperishable in the court of Bragi [Woden as the God of Song].

74. heyrnar? rather than hiarnar.

75. ávarðr] thus A.

76. Thus,

vep'orms, A, not veporins; AM has also read Veðorms Vetlinga rather than Veclinga, A.

86. Six lines here unreadable.

91. After this comes the great

gap. 93. megin-] W; morgin-, 748.

95. ubrot-, W.

SONA-TORREK; OR, THE SONS' WRECK.

THE occasion of this touching poem is told in Egil's Saga. The old poet's son Gunnar was snatched from him by a fever, his second and favourite son Bodwar was drowned soon afterwards. The news nearly broke his heart; he took to his bed, refused all food, and was only induced to refrain from starving himself to death by the affectionate stratagem of his daughter, who furthermore persuaded him to make a dirge on his dead son. When he had finished the poem he was comforted. This pathetic story (see Icel. Reader, p. 82) is, we believe, a romantic version of what really took place, but we must turn to the Dirge itself to know the conditions and feelings of the poet when he composed it.

The poem, even in its mangled lines, has something of the Hebrew Patriarch in it; a deep heartfelt sorrow, tender and affectionate, with a strong sense of the bonds of family; the imagery on that head is worth noticing. It was no mere brutal pirate manslayer (as the Saga too often depicts him) that could feel and express such grief.

The *text* rests upon a transcript of Ketil Jorundson, of the poem as given in the same lost vellum, we believe, from which he got Hofudlausn. There is a double copy in Ketil's hand (AM. 453 and 462), but one is derived from the other. It gives the whole song, but often corruptly. This slender basis is only supplemented by one citation of six lines (ll. 87-92) in Edda (W), and the four first lines given in AM. 132: this is all. We have *transposed* ll. 68-71 from between 83 and 84, and moved 62-63 four lines up.

The *metre* is the same as that of Arinbiorn's Lay. It is partly in strophic divisions, but the stanzas are irregular. The parallelisms are frequent and perfectly finished.

The poem throws many glimpses of light upon the poet's life—the pious remembrance of his mother and father's death (how different from the coarse account given in the Saga!)—his warm remembrance of his faithful friend Arinbiorn—the absence of outspoken allusion on the loss of a brother (Thorwolf)—his solitary friendless life. To be marked too is the creed of a Norseman who had been at King Athelstan's court, a gleaming twilight between Heathen and Christian.

The *date* of the poem would be about 975-980. Egil speaks of himself as old (l. 36), and as friendless and alone.

The text is especially unsafe in ll. 9-12, 54, 55, 59-61, 65-66, 77; we have been fortunate enough to restore the final lines, confirming the testimony of the Saga, 'He called this poem Sona-torrek' (the Saga, Reader, p. 85, l. 11).

The *structure* of the poem. First grieving that his wish to sing is struggling against his fresh grief for the son he has just buried at Naustness, he tells over the tale of his losses, mother, father, sons. The great wrong that the Giant of the Sea has done in taking his dear son Bodwar, a wrong he is helpless to avenge, the cruellest blow he has had since Gunnar his mainstay was snatched from him by fever. He has no one now to stand at his shoulder, it is sad to remember the good friends that are gone, Arinbiorn the trusty kinsman above all. Then coming back to the death of Gunnar he reproaches Woden, in whom he had trusted, for his unkind dealing, but ends with acknowledging that he had received from him good as well as evil, and that the greatest comfort, the power of song, was his gift.

M IÖK eromk tregt tungo at hróera,
 or lopt-vætt lióð-pundara :
 esa nu vænligt um Viðriss þýfi,
 né hóg-dróegt or hugar-fylgsnom :
 Esat auð-þeustr—(þvi-at ekki veldr
 hæfugligr)—or hyggjo-stað 5
 fagna-fundr Friggjar niðja
 ár-borinn or Iætun-heimom :
 ‘Lasta lauss’ es ‘lifnaði’
 ‘á nokkvers nokkva Bragi’ 10
 Iætuns ‘hals undir flota’
 nain nið fyr Naust-durom :
 þvi-at ætt mín á enda stendr
 sem laufi barnar limar marka :
 Esa karskr maðr sá-es kægla berr 15
 frænda hrærs af fletjom niðr.

Þó man-ek mítt ok móðor hrær,
 fæðor-fall, *fyrst* um telja :
 Þat berr-ek út or orð-hofi
 mæðar timbr máli laufgat. 20

Grimmt váromk hlið, þat-es hrænn um braut
 fæðor míns á frænd-garði :
 veit-ek ófullt ok opit standa
 sonar skarð, es mer sær um vann.

I AM hardly able to raise my tongue, the steelyard of sound, from the roof of my mouth. I have little hope of winning Woden's theft [poetry], nor is it easily drawn from the recesses of my mind. It is not easy to make it flow from the place of thought [my heart], that noble find of Frigg's husband [Woden], borne of yore from Giant-land. Heavy sorrow is the cause thereof. 'Ever since I laid my kinsman's corse . . . underneath the Giant's [Ymi's] bones' [the rocks on the shore] before the Dock-mouth: for my lineage is come to its end like the leafless branches of the forest. No hale man is he who beareth the bones of his kinsmen down from his house.

But *first* I will tell of my mother's funeral, and my father's end. I carry out of the word-fane [mouth] song-timber leafed with speech.

Cruel was the breach which the billow made in my father's wall of kinsmen. I see it standing unfilled and unclosed, the sons' gap which the sea caused me.

1. 132; er um, A. 2. Emend.; eðr lopt-væi, Cd.; or lopt-ætt, 132.
 4. fylgsni, Cd. 5. Emend.; and þeist, Cd. (Ketil gives the poem in his own spelling, he never uses y). 7. Friggjar] emend.; fagna (not þagna-) fagna fundr þriggja niðja, Cd. 11. flota] Cd.; not þiota. 12. nains niðr, Cd.
 14. Emend.; hræ barnar hliðr, Cd.; a maimed text, meaning 'as a leafless tree.'
 15. kaskr, Cd. kögla] þaugla, Cd. 16. niðr] emend.; riður, Cd. 21.
 varum, Cd.

Miðok hefir Rán ryskt um mik ; 25
 em-ek of snauðr at ást-vinom :
 sleit marr bænd mínna ættar,
 [sváran] þátt, af siðlfom mer.
 Veiztu um þá sök sverði of rækag
 við æl-smið allra tiva ! 30
 Róða vá-brúðir um vega mættag ;
 féra-ek and-vígr Ægiss mani :
 Enn ek ekki eiga þóttomk
 sakar afl við súða-bana :
 þvi-at al-þjóð fyr augom verðr 35
 gamals þegns gengi-leysi.
 Mik hefir marr miklo ræntan,
 grimmt es fall frænda at telja :

 síðan-es mín á mun-vega
 ættar-skiældr ólifinn hvarf. 40
 Veit-ek þat sialfr, at í syni mínom
 vasat illz þegns efni vaxit,
 ef sá rand-viðr ræskvask næði
 unz Hergautz hendr [hann] um tóeki.
 Æ lét fast þat-es faðir mælti, 45
 þótt æll þjóð annat segði ;
 ok mer við hélt um Valbergi,
 ok mítt afl mest um studdi.

Ran [the Giantess of the Sea] hath handled me roughly ; I am bereft of my loving friends ; the Sea hath cut the bonds of my race, the strong strands that bound me.

Behold, shall I take up my cause with the sword against the Brewer of all the Gods [Eager the Giant of the Sea], and wage war with the awful maids of the Breaker [Eager's daughters, the Billows], and fight a wager of battle against Eager's wife [Ran] ?

But I felt I had no strength to hold my own against the Destroyer of the ships [Eager], for an old man's helplessness is evident to the eyes of all men.

The Sea hath done me great damage, it is hard for me to tell over my kinsmen's destruction : *yea the cruellest* since the buckler of my race [Gunnar] turned from life into the path of Bliss.

I know very well that there were the parts of a good gentleman in my son, if that shield-tree [young lime tree : Hero] had been allowed to grow till the hands of the Lord of Hosts [Woden] gathered him. He ever held fast to his father's word, though every one else spoke against it, and held me up at Walberg [Walfell, the Moot-Hill near Borg], and was the great stay to my strength.

27. marr] emend. ; mars, Cd. 28. Left blank in Cd. ; a word on s wanted.
 30. allra tiva] emend. ; var ólsmid allra tima, Cd. 31. vá-brúðir] vágs bræðr, Cd.
 34. súðs bana, Cd. 39. síðan-es] read sízt ? 40. ólifinn] emend. ; af lífi, Cd.
 42. vasat.] emend. ; var illz þegns, Cd. 44. hann] om. Cd. 45. fast]
 emend. ; æ liet (*not á leit*) flest, Cd. 47. við] upp, Cd. Valbergi] verbergi, Cd.

Opt kœmr mer Arinbiarnar
 í brý-vind brœðra-hleyti; 50
 hyggjomk um, es hildr þroask,
 nýsomk hins ok kykk at þvf:
 hverr mer hugaðr á hlið standi
 annarr þegn við þjóðræði
 þarf ek þess opt 'of her gjaurum;' 55
 verð-ek var-fleygr es vinir þverra.
 Miæk es tor-fyndr sá-es trua knegim
 of alþjóð-elgiar-galga:
 þvi-at 'niðgórðr niðja steypir'
 bróðor hrœr við baugom selr. 60
 Finn-ek þat opt es 'fiar beiðir.'
 Eromka þekkt þjóða sinni,
 þótt ser-hverr sátt um haldi.
 Þat es ok mælt at mangi geti
 sonar ið-gjald 'nema sialfr alitue' 65
 'þann nið es æðrom sé'
 borinn maðr í bróðor stað.
 Þat man-ek enn, es upp um hóf
 í Goð-heim Gauta-spialli
 ættar-ask þann-es óx af mer, 70
 ok kyn-við kvánar mínna.
 Burr es bý-skips í bœ kominn,
 kvánar son, kynniss leita:

Arinbiorn's Foster-brotherhood often comes into my mind [gale of the Giantess]. I think over it when the battle is waxing, I ponder over it, and meditate thereon what second chief that loves me will stand by my side with wise counsel, I often lack I go with drooping flight, since my friends have dropt from me. It is right hard to find a man to trust among all the people of Iceland, for there is sell his brother's body for money. I often find it when the fellowship of the people is little friendly to me, though every man keeps himself from open war.

Yea, it is said that no one can get full 'recompense for a son, nor can one, born of another father,' stand in a brother's place.

The *second* thing I remember is how the Friend of the Gauts [Woden] raised up into the World of the Gods the ash of my race that grew out of me, and the branch of the kin of my wife.

Yea, Gunnar . . . my son, the son of my wife, is gone to stay in the City of the bee's ship [the Born of the Fates = the heavens].

49. Arinbiarnar] m^a biarnar, Cd. 50. byrvind, Cd. 52. hygg, Cd. 54. Emend.; oðræði, Cd. 55. Read gjörnóm? or, þjóðans börnom? 59. Read steypist? 60. hrör] hier (=hér), Cd. 61. Here some lines seem lost, 62. þekkt] emend.; þokkt, Cd. 63. Something lost. 64. mangi] emend.; engi, Cd. 66. No alliteration. 72. burr] byrr, Cd.

Enn mer forns í fæstom þokk hrosta hilmir á hendi stendr:	75
mákat-ek 'upp í aróar' grímo rýniss reið retti halda:	
sízt son mín sóttar-brími heiptu[g]ligr or heimi nam;	80
þann ek veit at varnaði vamma varr við vámaeli.	
Átta-ek gótt við geira dróttinn; gærdómk tryggir at trua hánom:	
áðr vinað vagna-rúni, sigr-hæfundr, um sleit við mik.	85
Blétkat-ek því bróðor Viliss goða iaðar, at ek giarn síá:	
þó hefir Mims vinr mer um fengnar bælva bóetr, ef it betra telk:	
gáfomk iðrott Ulfs of bági vígi vanr vamma firða;	90
ok þat geð, es ek gærða mer vísa fiáendr at viljændom.	
Nú es TORREK kveðit tveggja BURA; Niörva nipt it næsta stendr:	95
Skal-ek þó glaðr með góðan vilja ok óhyggr Heljar bíða.	

The Lord of the ancient Mead [Woden] presses heavily on me. I cannot hold my mind-chariot [breast] upright 'before the Lord of the Earth' [Woden]: since the deadly fire of sickness took my son out of this world, whom I knew to be blameless and forbearing from wicked speech.

I was friendly with the King of Spears [Woden], and became trustful in putting my faith in him, till the Lord of the Wain [Woden], the Judge of victory, broke friendship with me.

Therefore I do not willingly worship Wili's brother, the Chief of the Gods [Woden]. Yet the Friend of Mimi [Woden] hath given me recompense of my wrongs, if I am to count the good [he has done me]:—The war-wont Wolf's foe [Woden] hath given me the blameless Art [poetry], and the gift of *Song* to turn open foes into well-wishers.

Epilogue. Now the LOSS OF MY TWO SONS is sung through. Niörvi's daughter [Night] is near at hand. Yet I will gladly, and with a good will and without fear, abide Death.

75. forns] emend.; fanst, Cd. 77. Thus Cd.; iarpar? 78. 'retti,'
not rettri, Cd. (metaphor from a ship drifting?). 85. -haufunde, Cd.
86. Blotka ek, Cd.; blot ek eigi, W. 87. Partly emend.; goðs iaðar, Cd.;
goð iarðar, W. síá] r; sé, Cd. and W. 88. W; mis vinr, Cd. 89.
W; telda, Cd. 90. of bági] emend.; ok, Cd. and W. 93. viljændom]
emend.; velaundum, Cd. 94-95. Emend.; Nu er m' torveldit tveggja boga
niörva nipt a nesin stendr, Cd.

§ 5. SIGTRYGG'S POET.

DARRADAR-LIOD; OR, THE LAY OF DARTS.

THERE were several Icelanders from the East, both of the company and kindred of Flosi and of other chiefs of that quarter, at the great battle of Clontarf, fought on Good Friday (April 23rd), 1014. From their stories of this famous fight grew a Brian's Saga, which is quoted in Thorstein Hall o' Side's son's Saga, and was partly incorporated in an abridged shape in Nial's Saga, but is lost as a separate and complete story. In the part of Brian's Saga taken into Nial's Saga were inserted parts of a poem called Darradar-liod.

This Lay refers undoubtedly to Brian's Battle, and is a song of praise over a *young king*. It is supposed to be spoken by Walkyries, weaving a Web of War in which the Northmen, 'those who dwell on the out-skirts,' and the Irish are to be engaged. They chant a weaving song, in which is foretold the death of a 'mighty king' and 'earl' [the first is Brian, and the second Sigurd of Orkney, or Brian's son], and then a charm by which the 'young king' is to be preserved. When the web is woven, they mount their steeds and ride off.

It is undoubtedly a Western Lay. Gagarr (l. 14) is a Gaelic word.

The *chronology* of the poem is a little difficult. It must either have been composed soon after 1014 or else a generation later, when Earl Thorfinn of Orkney was beginning his successful career.

The metaphor 'Web of War' had been already used by Egil in his Hofud-launs, l. 17, but that is no evidence of imitation or plagiarism in our poet, whose style is remarkably powerful and original, with a certain weird humour and inspiration that recall the Old Testament prophets.

There are many vellums of Nial's Saga, but most of them are defective at the end. Our best MSS. are AM. 468, AM. 132 folio, and Royal Library, 2869 and 2870. See Prolegomena, p. 145.

The story in Niala of a man Darrad, who saw the vision of the weaving Walkyries, is contradicted by the name 'Geir-hliod' (l. 42), which evidently gives the true *title* of the Lay and equals 'Darradar-liod.' We have interchanged ll. 33-34.

VÍTT es orpit fyr val-falli
 rifs reiði-ský; rignir blóði:
 Nú es fyr geirom grár upp kominn
 vefr ver-þjóðar þann-es vinor fylla
 rauðom vepti Randvéss bana.

5

The weird sisters appear before the Battle of King Brian weaving the web of Ireland's fate.

WIDE-STRETCHED is the warp presaging the slaughter, the hanging cloud of the beam; it is raining blood. The gray web of the hosts is raised up on the spears, the web which we the friends of Woden are filling with red weft.

1. orpit] 132; orpin, 468.

5. Randvéss bana] 132; randverks bla, 468.

Síá es orpinn vefr ýta þærmom
 ok harð-kleáðr hæfðom manna :
 ero dreyr-rekin dærr at skæptom ;
 iarn-varðr yllir, enn ærom hrælaðr ;
 skolom slá sverðom sigr-vef þenna! 10
 Gengr Hildr-vefa ok Hiær-þrimol,
 Sangríðr, Svipol, sverðom tognom :
 skapt mun gnesta, skiældr mun bresta,
 mun hialm-gagarr í hlíf koma.
 Vindom, vindom vef darraðar! 15
 ok siklingi síðan fylgjom :
 Þar skolo bera blóðgar randir
 Gunnr ok Gændul þær-es grami hlífðo.
 Vindom, vindom vef darraðar!
 sá-es ungr konungr 'átti fyrri :'
 20 Fram skolom ganga ok í folk vaða
 þar es vinir órir vápnom skipta[sk].
 Vindom, vindom vef darraðar!
 þar-es vé vaða vígra manna :
 25 Látom eigi líf hans farask,
 eigo Valkyrjor vígs um kosti.
 Þeir mono lýðir lændom ráða
 es út-skaga áðr um bygðo :
 Kveð-ek ríkjom gram ráðinn dauða :
 nú es fyr oddom iarlmaðr hniginn ; 30

This web is warped with the guts of men, and heavily weighted with human heads; blood-stained darts are the shafts, iron-bound are the stays; it is shuttled with arrows. Let us strike with our swords this web of victory!

War and Sword-clasher, Sangrid and Swipple, are weaving with drawn swords. The shaft shall sing, the shield shall ring, the helm-hound [axe] shall fall on the target.

Let us wind! let us wind the web of darts, and then ride to war with the king [Sigtrygg]. Battle and Gondol that guard the king shall bear bloody shields.

Let us wind! let us wind the web of darts which the young king . . . Let us go forward and plunge into the ranks of battle where our friends are crossing weapons.

Let us wind! let us wind the web of darts where the banners of the men of war are streaming. Let not his life be taken! We Walkyries can order the battle.

They shall rule over the land, that formerly dwelt on the outskirts thereof [i. e. the Northmen]. I say that death is fated to a mighty king [Brian], and an earl [Brian's son] shall sink before the point of the

9. yllir] 132, 2870; ylli, 468. 132, 2870, read orvar at hrælom. 12.
 tognom] 132, 2870; tekna, 468. 17. skolo] emend.; sia, 468. bera] b^{ra},
 132, 2870; bragna, 468. 18. hlífðo] 132, 2870; fylgðo, 468. 20. átti]
 obscure; maybe some lines are missing here. 22. várir, 468. 26. vígs]
 132, 2870; vals, 468.

ok muno Írar angr um bíða
 þat es aldri mun ýtom fyrnask.—
 Muno um land fara læ-spiæll Gota.
 Nú es vefr ofinn, enn vællr roðinn;

Nú es ógorligt um at litask 35
 es dreyrog ský dregr með himni:
 Mun lopt litað lýða blóði

es spá-varðar syngja kunno.

Vel kváðo ver um konung ungan,
 sigr-hlióða fiæld sungom heilar. 40
 Enn hinn nemi, es heyrir á—
 —geir-hlióða fiæld—ok gumom skemti!

Ríðom hestom hart út berom,
 brugðnom sverðom á brot heðan!

spear, and the Irish shall suffer a woe that shall never grow old in the minds of men. Tidings of the devastations of the Goths [Norsemen?] shall spread over the land.

Now the web is woven and the field made red. . . . Now it is awful to look around, for gory clouds are gathering over the sky, the air shall be dyed with the blood of men.

They now go on with a charm which shall save the young king's life. A song such as seeresses know how to sing.

We have spoken words of might round the young king, we have sung him many a joyous Lay of Victory, many a Lay of Spears. Now let him that hath heard them, learn them and sing them to men.

Let us ride away fast on our bare-backed steeds, with our drawn swords in our hands, far away.

33. land] i. e. Ireland. 38. syngja] springa, 468. Emend.; spar uarðar syng^a, 132; sokn varðar, 2870; spar varar, 468; spá varðar or spa varðir we take to be = spá konor, *spæ wives, weird sisters*. 39. kváðo] kveðu, 132. 40. sungom] emend.; syngjom, 468.

BOOK V.

THE LATEST EPICS.

THESE poems are mainly those occurring after the great lacuna in the vellum R. They deal with the second part of the Hniflung story and other legends of the Goths and Huns, circling round Sigfred, Brunhild, Gudrun, Attila, etc. They are, we believe, mainly by Western poets. The lost lays of the lacuna would fit into this Book, and belong to § 2.

The *metre* is epic throughout. But the first three sections are in the *short late metre*, a development of that of Book iii, § 1. That of the fourth and fifth sections is founded on the *long metre* of the oldest epics of Book i, § 5.

We have grouped these poems by subjects, which roughly gives the chronological order.

SECTION 1 contains a poetic summary of Sigfred's life, and will serve as an introduction to the following poems. It is the only one that stands in R *before* the lacuna.

SECTION 2 deals with Brunhild—her revenge, remorse, and death.

In SECTION 3 are the poems which have Gudrun for heroine, and tell of her weary life, her three husbands, and her own death.

Next comes Attila's SECTION 4, containing a long poem by a nameless Greenland poet, and a fragment of a lost Lay.

SECTION 5 is all that remains of a poem relating to the conflict between Huns and Goths, and the long-famed battle of the two nations at Dunheath, where brother slew brother, and the Hunnish invasion was stayed by the valour of Angantheow:—fading memories of old history.

SECTION 6. The remains of a class of poems resembling Homer's Catalogue, the most famous of which related to the great struggle between the two kings, Harold Hilditann and Ring at *Bravalla-field* in South Sweden, of which Starkad was the hero.

To this Book would have belonged the lost lays of *Starkad-cycle*, of which we have paraphrases in Saxo.

§ 1. SIGFRED'S BALLAD POET.

THE LAY OF GRIPI.

FOUND only in R, leaves 27 and 28, touched on but not used by the Wolsunga paraphrast. Among the popular songs collected by Landstad in Thelemark is one, No. ix in his collection, beginning '*Hoyre du Greip min morbroder,*' which is plainly derived from our poem. Indeed, the plain and easy language, the good subject and regular four-lined stanzas mark it out, like *Thryms-kvida*, for treatment by the ballad-maker.

The *subject* is very simple. Sigurd (Sigfred) goes to his wise uncle Gripi to ask his fate, which Gripi reluctantly unfolds. The guileless innocence of the young hero is almost pathetic. The situation is like that in *Laxdæla*, between Gudrun and Guest the Wise, but there it is more poetically treated than by our gentle but somewhat tame poet.

It is in good preservation, and we have had little trouble with the text. We have interchanged ll. 165-168 with ll. 169-173. It is noteworthy that *Sigrdrifa* and *Brunhild* have not yet been identified, but are treated as distinct persons. It is the only old Lay indeed, save her own Lay, where *Sigrdrifa* is alluded to. The *title* is lost.

<i>Sigurd</i>	H	VERR byggir her borgir þessar?	
q.		Hvat þann pióð-konung þegnar nefna?	
<i>Geiti</i>		Gripir heitur gumna stióri	
q.		sá-es fastri ræðr foldo ok þegnom.	
<i>Sigurd</i>		Es horskr konungr heima í landi?	5
q.		Mun sá gramr við mik ganga at mæla?	
		Máls es þurfi maðr ókunnigr;	
		vil ek flíótliga finna Gripi.	
<i>Geiti</i>		Þess mun glaðr konungr Geiti spyrja,	
q.		hverr sá maðr sé, es máls kveðr Gripi.	10

FIRST SCENE.—*Sigurd at the gate of Gripi's castle.*

WHO dwells here in this hall? What is the name of this mighty king?—*Geiti, the warder, outside:* Gripi is the ruler's name, who reigns over the land and folk.—*Sigurd:* Is the good king at home in his land? Will the prince come and speak with me? A new comer wishes to talk with him; I would speedily see Gripi.—*Geiti:* The good king is sure to ask me this, Who is the man that asks speech of Gripi.—*Sigurd:* My name is Sigurd, Sigmund's son, but *Hiordis* was my mother.

SECOND SCENE. Now Geiti went in and told Gripi, 'Here is a man outside, a stranger; he is noble to look on, he would have speech of thee, my lord.'

The king of men goes out of the hall, and welcomes the strange

<i>Sigurd</i>	Sigurðr ek heiti, borinn Sigmundi;	
<i>q.</i>	enn Hiardís es hilmíss móðir.	
<i>Gripi</i>	Þá gekk Geitir Gripi at segja:	
<i>q.</i>	Her es maðr úti ókuðr kominn;	
	hann es ítarligr at álitu;	15
	sá vill, fylkir, fund þinn hafa.	
	Gengr or skála skatna dróttinn,	
	ok heilsar vel hilmi komnom:—	
<i>Gripi</i>	Þigg-þú her, Sigurðr! Væri sócmra fyrr;	
<i>q.</i>	enn þú, Geitir, tak við Grana siðlfom!	20
	Mæla námo ok mart hiala,	
	þa-es ráð-spakir rekkar fundozk.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Segdu mærr, ef þú veizt, móðor-bróðir:	
<i>q.</i>	Hve mun Sigurði snúna ævi?	
<i>Gripi</i>	Þú munt maðr vesa mæztr und sólo,	25
<i>q.</i>	ok hæstr borinn hverjom iðfri;	
	giðfull af gollu, enn glæggr flugar,	
	ítr álitu, ok í orðom spakr.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Segðu, gegn konungr, gærr an ek spyrja,	
<i>q.</i>	snotr, Sigurði, ef ðú síá þikkisk:	30
	Hvat mun fyrst gærask til farnaðar	
	þa-es or garði emk genginn þínom?	
<i>Gripi</i>	Fyrst muntu, fylkir, fæðor um hefna,	
<i>q.</i>	ok Eylima allz harms reka:	
	þú munt harða Hundings sono	35
	snialla fella; mundu sigr hafa.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Seg-þu, ítr konungr, ættingi, mér	
<i>q.</i>	heldr horskliga, es við hugað mælom:	
	Sér þú Sigurðar snær brögð fyrir,	
	þau-es hæst fara und himin-skautom?	40
<i>Gripi</i>	Mundu einn vega orm inn frána,	
<i>q.</i>	þann-es gráðoggr liggir á Gnita-heiði;	

hero, (saying): 'Take quarters here, Sigurd, would thou hadst come before; but do thou, Geiti, see to Grani!' (*the horse*.) The two heroes, wise of counsel, began to speak and talk over many things, now that they had met.—*Sigurd*: Tell, if thou knowest, uncle dear, How will life turn out for Sigurd?—*Gripi*: Thou shalt be the greatest man under the sun, and highest-born of all kings, free with thy gold, and chary of flight, noble to look on, and wise in speech.—*Sigurd*: Tell me, good king, more than I ask, if thou thinkest thou canst foresee it: What fortune shall first happen to me when I leave thy court?—*Gripi*: Thou shalt first avenge thy father, and wreak all the wrong of Eylimi; thou shalt fell the brave and brisk sons of Hunding, thou shalt have victory.—*Sigurd*: Tell thy kinsman, noble king, very frankly, now that we have opened our hearts: Canst thou foresee exploits for me that shall soar very high under the borders of heaven?—*Gripi*: Thou alone shalt slay the keen dragon, that lies in his greed at Glisten-heath;

	þú munt báðom ar bana verða Regin ok Fáfni. Rétt segir Gripi.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Auðr mun órinn, ef ek eslík svá	45
<i>q.</i>	víg með virðom, sem þú víst segir. Leið at huga, ok lengra seg:	
<i>Gripi</i>	Hvat mun enn vesa ævi mínna?	
<i>q.</i>	Þú munt finna Fáfnið bóeli, ok upp taka auð inn fagra; gölli hlæða á Grana bógo; ríðr þú til Giúka, gramr víg-risinn!	50
<i>Sigurd</i>	Enn skaltu hilmí í hugaz-ræðo, fram-lyndr iáfurr, fleira segja:	
<i>q.</i>	Gestr em-ek Giúka, ok ek geng þaðan, hvat mun enn vesa ævi mínna?	55
<i>Gripi</i>	Sefr á fialli fylkiss dóttir, biart í brynjo, sveipin bana lindar:	
<i>q.</i>	Þú munt hægga hvæsson sverði, brynjo rísta með bana Fáfnið.	60
<i>Sigurd</i>	Brotin es brynja, brúðr mæla tekr, es vaknaði víf or svefni:	
<i>q.</i>	Hvat mun snót at heldr við Sigurð mæla, þat-es at farnaði fylki verði?	
<i>Gripi</i>	Hon man rískjom þer rúnar kenna	65
<i>q.</i>	allar þær es aldir eignask vildo, ok á mannz tungu mæla hverja, líf með lækning. Líf-þú heill, konungr!	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Nú es því lokit; numin ero fréði, ok emk braut þaðan buinn at ríða:	70
<i>q.</i>	leið at huga, ok lengra seg: Hvat mun meirr vesa mínna ævi?	

thou shalt be the slayer of both Regin and Fafni; Gripi tells true.—*Sigurd*: Having wrought this slaughter by my valour, I shall have great treasure, as thou tellest me for truth; consider in thy mind and tell me at length, How shall my life go then?—*Gripi*: Thou shalt find Fafni's lair, and take up the fair treasure; load the gold on Grani's saddle, then thou shalt ride to Giuki's, victorious king.—*Sigurd*: Open thy heart, prophetic chief, and tell me more: When I am Giuki's guest, and leave him, how shall my life go then?—*Gripi*: A king's daughter lies asleep on the mountain, bright in mail, wrapped in flames. Thou shalt hew with thy keen sword, slitting the mail with the killer of Fafni.—*Sigurd*: The mail-coat is broken, the maid begins to speak, the lady is awakened out of her sleep: What then will she say to me that may be to my furtherance?—*Gripi*: She shall teach thee every mystery men wish to know, and to speak in every man's tongue, healing and leech-craft. Live and hail, my king!—*Sigurd*: Now that is done, and I have learnt the wisdom, and am ready to ride abroad,

<i>Gripi</i>	Þú munt hitta Heimiss bygðir, ok glaðr vesa gestr þjóð-konungs. Farið es, Sigurðr, þatz ek fyr vissak; skala fremr an svá fregna Gripi.	75
<i>Sigurð</i>	Nú fær mer ekka orð þatz-tu-mæltir, þvi-at þú fram um sér, fylkir, lengra: Veiz-tu of mikit angr Sigurði; því þú, Gripir, þat goerra segja.	80
<i>Gripi</i>	Lásk mer um óesko ævi mínna 'líósast fyr líta eptir.' Rétt emkat-ek ráð-spakr taliðr, né in heldr fram-víss; farit þatz ek vissak.	85
<i>Sigurð</i>	Mann veit ek engi fyrir mold ofan, þann-es fleira sé fram an þú, Gripir; skalattu leyna, þótt líótt sé, eða mein goerisk á mínom hag.	90
<i>Gripi</i>	Esa með læstom lægð ævi þer; látu inn ítri þat æðlingr nemask: þvi-at uppi mun, meðan æld lifir, nadd-els boði, nafn þítt vesa.	95
<i>Sigurð</i>	Verst hyggjom því, verðr at skiljask Sigurðr við fylki at sogoro. Leið vísa þú!—lagt es allt fyrir,— mærr mer, ef þú vilt, móðor-bróðir!	100
<i>Gripi</i>	Nú skal Sigurði segja gerva, allz þengill mik til þess neyðir: —mundu víst vita, at vetki lýgk— dóegr eitt es þer dauði ætlaðr.	

consider in thy mind, and tell me at length, How then shall my life go?
—*Gripi*: Thou shalt light on Heimi's dwelling, and be the glad guest of the great king. I have told all, Sigurd, that I can foresee; ask no further of Gripi.—*Sigurð*: What thou now sayest makes me sorry, because thou canst see further, O king; thou canst see a great sorrow for Sigurd, that is why thou wilt not, Gripi, tell it me clearly.—*Gripi*: I neglected whilst young 'the craft of prophecy.' I am not rightly called prophet, nor a true seer; what I knew is gone.—*Sigurð*: I know no man above ground that can see farther forward than thou; hide it not, though it be foul, or though there be some blot in my life.—*Gripi*: There are no blots in thy life, hold that in mind; for thy name shall ever be high while men live, my hero.—*Sigurð*: That is least to my mind to part from thee thus. Shew me my path, for all is predestined, if thou wilt, my uncle.—*Gripi*: Now I will tell thee, Sigurd, clearly, as thou forcest me so to do; thou shalt surely know that I lie not: a day is set for thy death.—*Sigurð*: I would not have

81. lásk] emend.; lá, R. mínna] emend.; þinnar, R. 82. líósast fyr]
corrupt. 83. emkat-ek] emend.; em ek, R. 99. lýgk] lygr, R.

- Sigurd* Vilkat-ek reiði ríks þjóð-konungs,
q. góð ráð at heldr Gripiss þiggja.
 Nú vilk víst vita, þótt viltki sé:
 hvat á sýnt Sigurðr ser fyr hændom?
- Gripi* Flið es at Heimiss fagrt álitom,
q. hána Brynhildi bragrar nefna,
 dóttir Buðla, enn dýrr konungr
 harð-úðikt man Heimir féðir.
- Sigurd* Hvat es mik at því, þótt mæz sé
q. fægr álitu féðd at Heimiss?
 þat skaltu, Gripir, goerva segja;
 því-at þú æll um sér ærlæg fyrir.
- Gripi* Hon firrir þik flesto gamni
q. fægr álitu fóstra Heimiss;
 svefn þú ne sefr né um sakar dómir,
 gára-þú manna, nema þú mey sér.
- Sigurd* Hvat mun til líkna lagt Sigurði?
q. segðu, Gripir, þat, ef þú síá þikkisk:
 mun-ek mey ná mundi kaupar,
 þá ina fægro fylkiss dóttur?
- Gripi* Ið munuð alla eiða vinna
q. full-fastliga, fá munuð halda:
 Vesið hefir þú Giúka gestr eina nótt,
 mantattu horska Heimiss fóstro.
- Sigurd* Hvat es þá, Gripir!—get þú þess fyrir mer—
q. sér þú geðleysi í grams skapi?
 es ek skal við mey þá málom slíta,
 es ek allz hugar unna þóttomk?
- Gripi* Þú verðr, siklingr, fyr svikom annars;
q. mundo Grímhildar gialda ráða:

thine anger on me, O king, but rather get thy good counsel. Now I must know for sure, though it be not pleasant, what lies before my hand.—*Gripi*: There is a maid at Heimi's, fair to see, they call her Brunhild, Budli's daughter, a proud lady, but Heimi, that great king, fosters the proud maid.—*Sigurd*: What is that to me, though there be a maid, fair to see, fostered at Heimi's? Thou shalt tell me this exactly, Gripi, because thou seest all fate before thee.—*Gripi*: This Heimi's foster-daughter, fair to see, shall rob thee of all thy happiness; thou shall not sleep a slumber, nor go to court, nor care for any man, except thou look on that maid.—*Sigurd*: What comfort is there set for Sigurd? Tell me this, Gripi, if thou knowest it: shall I buy the maid with dowry, that fair king's daughter?—*Gripi*: Ye shall swear all oaths fully, but ye shall hold few. When thou hast been Giuki's guest one night, thou shalt remember no more the brave foster-daughter of Heimi.—*Sigurd*: How is that, Gripi, tell it me; seest thou any lack of honour in my mind, that I should break my word to the maiden whom I loved with all my heart?—*Gripi*: Thou shalt be the victim of another's

	mun bióða þer biart-haddað man dóttor sína. Dregr hon vél at gram.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Mun-ek við þá Gunnar gœrva hleyti,	
q.	ok Guðrúno ganga at eiga: Full-kvæni þá fylkir væri,	135
	ef mun-tregar mer angraðit.	
<i>Gripi</i>	Þik mun Grímhildr gœrva véla;	
q.	mun hon Brynhildar biðja fýsa Gunnari til handa Gotna dróttni; heitr þú fliótliga fær fylkiss móðor.	140
<i>Sigurd</i>	Mein ero fyr hændom, má-ek líta þat;	
q.	ratar gœrliga ráð Sigurðar, ef ek skal mærrar meyjar biðja æðrom til handa, þeirrar ek unna vel.	
<i>Gripi</i>	Ér munuð allir eiða vinna	145
q.	Gunnarr ok Hœgni, enn þú gramr þriði: Þá it litom vixlit, es á leið eroð, Gunnar ok þú: Gripir lýgr eigi.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Hví gegnir þat? Hví skolom skipta	
q.	litom ok látom, es á leið erom? þar man flá-ræði fylgja annat atalt með ællo;—enn seg-þú, Gripir!	150
<i>Gripi</i>	Lit hefir þú Gunnars ok læti hans,	
q.	mælsko þína ok megin-hyggjor; mundu fastna þer fram-lundaða fóstro Heimiss. 'Sér vætr' fyr því.	155
<i>Sigurd</i>	Verst hyggjom því; vándr munk heitinn	
q.	Sigurðr með seggjom at sogoro: Vilda-ek eigi vélom beita iæfra brúði, es ek ózta veitk.	160

treason, and shalt suffer for Grimhild's schemes. That bright-haired lady shall offer thee her daughter, drawing her wiles around thee.—*Sigurd*: Shall I then marry into Gunnar's family and wed Gudrun? That would be a good match if no heart-sores befall me.—*Gripi*: Grimhild will surely beguile thee, she will stir thee up to woo Brynhild for Gunnar the king of the Goths, and thou shalt straightway promise her to go.—*Sigurd*: There is ill luck then before my hands, I see so much; my life goes clean wrong, if I am to woo the noble maid, that I love best, for another.—*Gripi*: Ye shall all of you, Gunnar and Hogni, and thou the third, swear oaths to each other. Ye shall take each other's form, Gunnar and thou, when ye are on the way. I lie not.—*Sigurd*: How can that be? how can we change face and form when we are on the way? Some other treason must surely be brewing. Say on, Gripi.—*Gripi*: Thou hast put on Gunnar's face and form, but thy speech and thine heart are still thine own. Thou shalt betroth thee Heimi's haughty foster-daughter. . . .—*Sigurd*: I think that is the worst, that, [if this be so,] I shall be called faithless among

<i>Gripi</i>	Pú munt hvíla, hers odd-viti,	
<i>q.</i>	mærr, hiá meyjo, sem þín móðir sé: Því man uppi, meðan öld lifir, þjóðar-þengill, þítt nafn vesa.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Mun góða kváon Gunnarr eiga	165
<i>q.</i>	mærr með mænnom?—mer segðu, Gripir!— þo-at hafi þriár nætr þegns brúðr hiá mer snar-lynd sofit? Slíks eroð démi.	
<i>Gripi</i>	Saman muno brullaup bæði drukkin	
<i>q.</i>	Sigurðar ok Gunnars í sælom Giúka; þá hæmom víxlit, es it heim komit; hefir hverr fyrir því hyggjo sína.	170
<i>Sigurd</i>	Hve mun at ynði eptir verða	
<i>q.</i>	mægð með mænnom?—mer segðu, Gripir! Mun Gunnari til gamans ráðit síðan verða eða sialfom mer?	175
<i>Gripi</i>	Minnir þik eiða; máttu þegja þó;	
<i>q.</i>	antu Guðrúno góðra ráða: enn Brynhildr þikkisk brúðr var-gefin; snót fiðr vélar ser at hefndom.	180
<i>Sigurd</i>	Hvat mun at bótom brúðr sú taka,	
<i>q.</i>	es vélar ver vífi gærðom? hefir snót af mer svarna eiða, enga efnda, enn unat lítit.	
<i>Gripi</i>	Mun hon Gunnari gœrva segja,	185
<i>q.</i>	at þú eigi vel eiðom þyrmðir: þá-es ítr konungr af ællom hug Giúka arfi á gram trúði.	
<i>Sigurd</i>	Hvat es þá? Gripir,—get-þú þess fyr mer,—	
<i>q.</i>	mun-ek saðr vesa at sægo þeirri?	190

men. I would never treacherously ensnare the king's daughter whom I honour most.—*Gripi*: Thou shalt sleep, prince, by the maid as if she were thy mother. Therefore thy name, O king, shall be held high while men live.—*Sigurd*: Shall the famous Gunnar wed the noble lady,—tell me, Gripi,—after she has slept those nights by my side? It is not to be looked for.—*Gripi*: Both bridals shall be drunk together, thine and Gunnar's, in Giuki's hall; when ye come home ye shall change forms again, but each shall keep his own heart.—*Sigurd*: What after happiness will there be in this match? tell me, will it turn out to Gunnar's happiness or my own?—*Gripi*: No, thou shalt remember the oaths, though thou must be silent; thou wilt not begrudge Gudrun her luck; but Brynhild will think she is ill-matched, and she will contrive means for revenge.—*Sigurd*: What redress shall she get, since we beguiled her? she having my sworn words, none fulfilled, and no happiness.—*Gripi*: She will persuade Gunnar that thou hast not kept thy oaths to him, when he, the son of Giuki, trusted thee with all his heart.—*Sigurd*: What is this? Gripi, tell it me, shall I be guilty of this charge, or does

- eða lýgr á mik lof-sæl kona
ok á sialfa sik?—segðu, Gripir, þat!
- Gripi*
q. Muna fyr reiði rík brúðr við þik
ne af of-trega all-vel skipa;
viðr þú góðri grand aldregi, 195
þó ér víf konungs vélom beittoð.
- Sigurd*
q. Mun horskr Gunnarr at hvæton hennar,
Gothormr ok Høgni ganga síðan?
Muno synir Giúka á sifiungi mer
eggjar rióða?—enn segðu, Gripir! 200
- Gripi*
q. Þá es Guðruno grimt um hiarta;
bróðr hennar þer til bana ráða
ok at ængo verðr ynði síðan
vitro vífi; veldr því Grímhildr.
Því skal hugga þik, hers oddviti; 205
sú mun gipta lagit á grams ævi:
Munat mætri maðr á mold koma
und sólar siæt, an þú, Sigurðr, þikkir.
- Sigurd*
q. Skiljomk heilir! Munat skæpom vinna.
Nú hefir þú, Gripir, vel goert sem ek beiddak. 210
Fliótt myndir þú fríðri segja
mína ævi, ef þú mættir þat.

the belauded lady belie me and herself? Tell me this, Gripi.—*Gripi*: The mighty maid shall, for wrath and out of her despair, deal ill with thee. It was no fault of thine, though ye did ensnare that fair princess.—*Sigurd*: Shall the brave Gunnar, and Gothorm, and Hogni follow her egging afterward? Shall the sons of Giuki redden the edge of the spear with my blood, their kinsman? Tell me more, Gripi.—*Gripi*: Gudrun's heart shall be cruelly used when her brothers slay thee. That wise lady shall nevermore be happy; this is Grimhild's fault. I will comfort thee with this, my prince, that this blessing shall rest on thy life that no better man shall ever come upon earth under the seat of the sun, than thou, Sigurd, shall be held.

Sigurd: Let us part in peace. No man can withstand his fate. And thou, Gripi, hast done just as I bade thee. Thou wouldst fain have told my life brighter, if thou hadst been able.

§ 2. THE BRUNHILD POET.

THE LONG LAY OF BRUNHILD.

AFTER the great lacuna in R, there come a series of poems of a different character. All, save one, are in a cluster on leaves 33-44. We have classified them, according to the chief persons, as Brunhild-Lays, Gudrun-Lays, and Atli-Lays. The missing Lays in the lacuna, to judge from the Wolsunga paraphrast, were of the Brunhild type, with Sigfred and Brunhild for hero and heroine. The remaining Lays all deal with events subsequent to Sigfred's death, and hence there is no real Sigfred Lay among those we know of.

The first in order and importance of the BRUNHILD GROUP is the *Long Lay of Brunhild*, headed 'Kvida Sigurdar' in R simply from the first line having Sigurd's name in it; it is *par excellence* the Brunhild Lay. The editions call it the *Third Lay of Sigurd*, and split the later section off as a separate poem, which they call the *Hell-ride of Brunhild*, though it is not marked off in R, and is plainly part of the poem it is joined to. The author of Norna Gest, whom we may take to be the Wolsunga paraphrast, used this part of our poem, but his text is, like that of Wolsunga, so bad here that one is scarcely able to draw a single reading from it.

The *text* of this long poem is sadly mangled in parts. We have been able to mend it here and there (as l. 254), but it is still thickly studded with obelized words, phrases, and lines. The text is literally *rotten* in ll. 158-210. The passage telling of the Bale-fire (202-272) offered great difficulties; it has been partly restored by the help of the Wolsunga Paraphrase. We have moved ll. 63-64 four lines down, and ll. 160-164 from between ll. 142 and 143.

The *story*: Brunhild, distraught by disappointed love, eggs on her husband Gunnar to murder Sigurd. After that hero's death, which is briefly passed over, her passion changes into a loathing of life; and after a long tale of woe she stabs herself, has a stately pyre and bale-fire made, and is burnt thereon with Sigurd's body. As she rides down the path to Hell in her chariot, she meets a Giant-witch, who accosts her and refuses to let her pass. After some dialogue the giantess sinks into the earth and Brunhild goes on her way.

One of the longest poems that survive; it is founded on a grandiose conception, though most unequal in execution.

ÁR vas þatz Sigurðr sótti Giúka,
Volsungr hafði; es vegit hafði;
tók við trygðom tveggja bréðra;
seldosk eiða elion-fréknir.

IT was in the days of old that Sigurd, the young Wolsung who had slain [Fafni], came to Giuki's. He received the troth-plight with two brothers; the doughty heroes interchanged oaths. They [the sons

Mey buðo hónom ok meiðma fiælð, 5
 Guðrúno ungo Giúka dóttor :
 drukko ok dœmðo dœgr mart saman
 Sigurðr ungi ok synir Giúka ;
 unnz þeir Brynhildar biðja fóro,
 svá-at þeim Sigurðr reið í sinni, 10
 Volsungr ungi, 'ok vega kunni ;'
 hann um ætti, ef hann eiga knætti.
 Seggr inn Suðróeni lagdi sverð nekkvið,
 mæki mál-fán á meðal þeirra ;
 ne hann kono kyssa gerði, 15
 né Húnskr konungr hefja ser at armi ;
 mey frum-unga fal hann megi Giúka.
 Hon ser at lífi læst ne vissi
 ok at aldr-lagi ekki grand,
 vamm þat-es væri eða vesa hygði, 20
 gengo þess á milli grimmar urðir.
 Ein sat hon úti aptan dags,
 nam hon svá eitt orð um at mælask :
Brunhild Hafa skal-ek Sigurð, eða þó svelta,
 7. mæg frum-ungan, mer á armi. 25
 Orð mæltak nú, iðromk eptir þess ;
 kvón es hans Guðrún, enn ek Gunnars ;
 líótar Nornir skópo okkr langa þrá.
 Opt gengr hon innan angrs um fylld,
 eiskialdi aptan hvern ; 30
 es þau Guðrún ganga á beð,
 ok hána Sigurðr sveipr í ripti,
 konungr inn Húnski kvón fríða sína.

of Giuki] offered him the maid Gudrun, Giuki's daughter, and a great dowry ; they drank and took counsel together many a day, the young Sigurd and the sons of Giuki, till they went to woo Brynhild with Sigurd riding in their company, the young Wolsung, . . . he was to win her if he could get her. . . . The Southern hero laid a naked sword, his sign-painted brand, between them twain ; nor did the Hunnish king ever kiss her, neither take her into his arms ; he handed the young maiden over to Giuki's son.

She knew no guilt in her life, nor was any evil found in her when she died, no blame in deed or in thought, it was the cruel Fates that meddled. She sat out of doors alone in the evening, she spake or else and no more:—I will have Sigurd, that young man, in my arms, or once die. I have spoken a word that I repent of now. Gudrun is his wife, and I am Gunnar's. The foul Fates have doomed us long sorrow.

She would often walk about the house 'full of anger,' with her heart sore every night when Gudrun and her husband went to bed, and Sigurd the Hunnish king clasped her, his fair wife, in the linen. 'I walk

23. eitt orð] emend. ; bert, R. 28. okkr] oss, R. 29. angrs] illz, R.
 30. . . . eiskialdi] partly emend. ; ísa z iocla, R. 33. fríða] emend. ; fria, R.

	Væn geng-ek vilja vers ok barna ; verð-ek mik gœla af grimmom hug.	35
	Nam af þeim af heiptom hvetjask at vígi:—	
<i>Brunhild</i>	Þú skalt, Gunnarr, gerst um láta	
<i>q.</i>	míno landi ok mer sialfri ; mun-ek una aldri með æðlingi. Mun ek aptr fara, þars ek áðan vask	40
	með ná-bornom niðjom mínom : þar mun-ek sitja ok sofa lífi, nema þú Sigurð svelta látir, ok iafurr æðrom óðri verðir. Látom son fara feðr í sinni :	45
	Skalat ulf ala ungan lengi ; 'Hveim verðr hælða' hefnda leitað ; 'síðan' til saka at sonr lifi ?	
	Hryggr varð Gunnarr ok hnipnaði, sveip sínom hug, sat um allan dag ;	50
	hann vissit þat vilgi gœrla hvat hónom væri vinna scémst, eða hánom væri vinna bazt, allz sik Volsung vissi 'firðan,' ok at Sigurð sæknoð mikinn.	55
	Ymist hann hugði iafn-langa stund ; þat vas eigi avar-títt at frá konungom kvánir gengi.	
<i>Gunnar</i>	Ein es mer Brynhildr ællom betri	
<i>q.</i>	um borin Buðla ; hon es bragr kvenna : fyrr skal-ek míno fiærvi láta, an þeirrar meymar meiðmom týna.	60

loveless, husbandless, sonless ; I must lull myself with cruel thoughts.' Out of this passion she whetted herself to murder. 'Thou shalt straightway lose my land and myself, Gunnar, I will live no more with thee ; I will go back where I dwelt before with my next-of-kin ; there I will sit and dream my life out, unless thou wilt put Sigurd to death and make thyself king above all others. Let the son perish with the father ; "One cannot foster a wolf-cub long." Revenge is sought by every son, and "The feud is fresh as long as a son lives."'

Gunnar was sad and bent down his head ; he sat all day casting about in his mind, for he did not know clearly what was most seemly for him to do, or what was best for him to do, for he knew that he was [beholden] to the Wolsung, and that he would have a great loss in [losing] Sigurd. He cast about as long on this side as on that. It was not every day's hap for a queen to leave her king. 'Brunhild, the child of Budli, is better than all ; she is a paragon among women. I would sooner lose my life than lose that maiden's dowry.' He betook him to call Hogni to

34. barna] beggja, R. 47. hefnda leitað] emend. ; hefnd léttari, R.
48. saka] satta, R (saca = sata). 49. Hryggr] emend. ; reiðr, R. 51. vissit]
emend. ; vissi, R. 58. Emend. ; konungdom, R.

	Nam hann ser Hægna heita at rúnom, þar átti hann allz full-trúa :	
<i>Gunn.</i>	Vildu okkr fylki til fiár véla?	65
<i>q.</i>	Gótt es at ráða Rínar-malmi, ok unandi auði stýra, ok sitjandi sælo nióta.	
	Eino því Høgni annsvør veitti:—	
<i>Høgni</i>	Samir eigi okkr slíkt at vinna.	70
<i>q.</i>	svárar sífjar, svarna eiða, eiða svarna, unnar trygðir. Vitoma við á moldo menn in sælli, meðan ⁿ síórir ver folki ráðom, ok sá inn Húnski her-baldr lifir ;	75
	né in mætri mægð á moldo, ef ver fimm sono féðom unga, áttom-góða óxla knættim. Ek veit gœrla hvaðan 'vegir' standa, ero Brynhildar brek of mikil.	80
<i>Gunn.</i>	Við skolom Godthorm gœrva at vígi,	
<i>q.</i>	yngra bróðor ófróðara ; hann vas fyr utan eiða svarna, eiða svarna, unnar trygdir.	
	Dælt vas at eggja óbilgiarnan, stóð til hiarta hiærr Sigurði.	85
	Réð til hefnda her-giarn í sal, ok eptir varp óbilgiærnóm ; fló til Godthorms Grams ramliga kyn-birt iarn or konungs hendi.	90

counsel with him, for he ever put most trust in him. 'Now wilt thou betray the King [Sigurd] for his wealth? It were sweet to own the hoard of the Rhine, and wield that wealth in happiness, and sit and enjoy it in peace.' With that Hogni made answer, 'Surely it beseems us not to do such a deed . . . the strong ties of marriage, the sworn oaths, the oaths sworn, and the plighted faith. We know no men on earth happier than we, while we four rule the people, and this Hunnish champion is alive, nor any mightier kindred on earth, if we five were to beget young sons, and could keep up and multiply our goodly race. I know well whence this . . . proceeds; great are the wiles of Brunhild.' —*Gunnar answers*: 'Let us make Gothorm do the murder, our younger simpler brother; he was outside all the sworn oaths, the oaths sworn, the plighted faith.'

It was easy to egg the reckless youth; the sword pierced Sigurd to the heart.

The hero took his revenge there in the hall; the bright sword Gram flew out of his hand and struck Gothorm. His enemy fell in two

71. svárar sífjar] emend.; sverði rofna, R. 77. unga] lengi, R. 79. Read, hvé gegnir nu?

Hné hans um dolgr til hluta tveggja ;
hendr ok hæfuð hné á annan veg,
enn fóta-hlutr fell aprt í stað.

Sofnoð vas Guðrún í sæingo

sorga-laus hiá Sigurði, 95

enn hon vaknaði vilja firð,
es hon Freyss vinar flaut í dreyra.

Svá sló hon sváran sínar hendr,
at ramm-hugaðr reis upp við beð :

Sigurd Gráta-ðu, Guðrún, svá grimmliga, 100
q. brúðr frum-unga, þer burr lifir.

Á-ek til ungan erfi-nytja,
kannat hann firrask or fiánd-garði.

Þeir ser hafa svárt ok dátt,
enn nær numit nýlig ráð. 105

Ríðra þeim síðan, þótt 'sjau alir,'
systor verr slíkr at þingi.

Ek veit gærla hví gegnir nú :
ein veldr Brynhildir ællo bælví.

Mer unni mæ'r fyr mann hvern ; 110
enn við Gunnar grand ekki vannk ;

þyrmða-ek sífjom, sværnóm eiðom,
síðr værak heitinn hans kvánar vinr.

Kona varp ændo, enn konungr fiærvi.

Svá vas gíallr grátr Gjúka dóttor, 115

at kváðo við kalkar í váo
ok gullo við gæss í túni.

pieces, the head and arms falling one way, and the legs and belly falling down where he stood.

Guðrun was sleeping peacefully in the bed, but she awoke to woe. She was bathed in the blood of Frey's friend [Sigurd]. She wrung her hands so sorely that the strong-hearted hero rose up in the bed. 'Weep not so terribly, Guðrun, thou fair young bride, for thy son is alive. Yea, I have yet a young heir, though he will hardly escape from this house of foes. They have dealt sorely and foolish by themselves, though they have cunningly contrived these counsels. They will never ride to the assembly with such a brother-in-law [though they be all together]. I know very well how things are: Brunhild alone wrought all this wickedness; she loved me above all other men, but I never dealt wrongfully by Gunnar. I observed our kinship by marriage, and the oaths we swore, lest I should be called the lover of his wife.'

The lady breathed a sigh, but the king breathed out his life: so loud was the cry of Gjúki's daughter that the cups rang on the wall, and the geese screamed in the yard.

98. sváran] emend.; svarar, R.

101. burr lifir] emend.; bróðr lifa, R.

107. verr] emend.; sonr, R.

115. Emend.; svá sló hon sváran sinni hendi, R.; repetition from l. 98.

- Hló þá Brynhildr Buðla dóttir
eino sinni af öllum hug,
es hon til hvílo heyra knátti 120
giallan grát Giúka dóttor.
- Gunn.*
Hitt kvað þá Gunnarr gramr haukstalda :
q. Hlæra þú af því, heipt-giærn kona,
glæð 'á golfi' at þer góðs viti.
Hví hafnar þú inom hvíta lit, 125
feikna féðir? Hygg-ek at feig sér.
Þú værir þess verðost 'kvenna,'
at fyr augom þer Atla hioggim ;
sæir bréðr þínom blóðokt sár,
undir dreyrgar knættir yfir binda. 130
- Brynh.*
Frýra maðr þer, Gunnarr, hefir þú full-vegít.
q. Lítt sézk Atli 'óvo þína ;'
hann mun ykkar önd síðari
ok æ bera afl it meira.
Segja man-ek þer, Gunnarr,—sialfr veiztu gærla,—
hve ér yðr snemma til saka réðot : 136
Varð-ek til ung ne 'of þrungiñ'
full-góedd fé á fleti bróðor.
Ne ek vilda þat, at mik verr ætti,
áðr ér Giúkungar riðot at garði 140
þrír á hestom þiód-konungar ;
—enn þeirra fær þærfgi væri !
Ok mer Atli þat einni sagði,
at hvárki lézk hæfn um deila,
goll ne iarðir, nema ek gefask létak, 145
ok engi hlut auðins fiár,

Then Brunhild, Budli's daughter, laughed once and no more, with all her heart, when she heard it in the bed, the loud cry of Giuki's daughter.

Then spake Gunnar, the king of men: 'Thou laughest not for joy now, thou revengeful woman, or for any good. . . . Why dost thou put away the white colour of thy face, thou mother of evils? I hold thee death-doomed. Thou wert most deserving of this, that we should smite down Atli before thine eyes, that thou shouldst see bleeding wounds on thy brother, and shouldst have to bind his gory wounds.'

Brunhild answered: 'No man can deny it thee, Gunnar, thou hast fulfilled a deed. Atli cares little for [thy pride], his breath will outlast thine, and he will ever be of greater might. I will tell thee, Gunnar, thou knowest it very well thyself, how ye first began the fray. I was young [and not full-grown], and richly nurtured in my brother's house, and I desired not that any husband should wed me, till ye Giukings, three mighty kings, rode into the court on horseback; but would they had never ridden thither. Moreover, Atli spake secretly with me, saying that he would never give me my portion save I agreed to be given in marriage, neither gold nor land, nor any part of my rightful wealth,

þá-es mer ióð-ungri eiga seldi
 ok mer ióð-ungri aura talði.
 Þá vas á hvarfon hugr mín um þat,
 hvárt ek skylda vega eða val fella 150
 bæll í brynjo um bróðor sæk;
 þat moendi þá þjóð-kunnt vesa
 mægom mínom at munar stríði.
 Létom síga saman sátt-mál okkor;
 lék mer meirr í mun meiðmar þiggja, 155
 bauga rauða burar Sigmundar;
 ne ek annars mannz aura vildak.

Unna einom, né ymissom,
 bióat um hverfan hug men-skægul.
 Þeim hétomk þá þjóð-konungi, 160
 es með golli sat á Grana bógom;
 vasat hann í augo yðr um glíkr,
 ne á engi hlut at álitom,
 þó þikkisk ér þjóð-konungar.

Allt mun þat Atli eptir finna, 165
 es hann mína spyr morð-fær goerva.
 Þeygi skal þunn-geð kona
 annarar ver ástom leiða,
 'þá mun á hefndom harma mínna.'
 Upp reis Gunnarr gramr verðungar, 170
 ok um hals kono hendr um lagði;
 gengo allir ok þó ymissir
 af heilom hug hána at letja.

which was given to me when I was yet a babe, and the ounces which were counted out to me while I was yet a babe. Then my mind was turning this way and that over the matter, whether I should betake me, boldly clothed in mail, to fighting and felling corpses, because of my brother, or no. It would become known to all people as a defiance to my kinsmen, but in the end we joined covenants together. I inclined rather to take the dowry, the red rings of Sigmund's son, but I would take no other man's ounces. . . . To love him only, not choosing first this, then that, my mind was not turning this way and that. I promised myself to the mighty king as he sat with the gold on Grani's saddle. He was not like you in the eyes, nor in any part of his countenance, though ye think yourselves great kings. . . . Atli shall find this out afterward, when he hears of my violent death [at my own hands], that I will not, like a weak-minded woman, set my love on another woman's husband. . . .

Up rose Gunnar, king of men, and threw his arms about his wife's neck; one by one they all came up, with kindly hearts, to try and stay

153. Emend.; mörgom manni, R.
 konungi] om. R. 162. licr, R.
 emend.; aldr, R. 172. ymsir, R.

154. saman] om. R.
 167. at þeygi, R.

160. þjóð-
 168. ástom]

	Hratt hon ver af halsi ser; léta mann sik letja langrar gængo.	175
	Nam hann ser Hægna heita at rúnom:	
<i>Gunn.</i>	Seggi bið-ek alla í sal ganga	
<i>q.</i>	þína með mfnom—nú er þærf mikil,— vita, ef meini morð-fær kono, 'unz af mæli enn mein komi' 'þá látom því þarfar ráða.'	180
	Eino því Høgni and-svør veitti:—	
<i>Høgni</i>	Letia maðr hána langrar gængo, þars hon apr-borin aldri verði;	
<i>q.</i>	hon kræng of komsk fyr kné móðor, hon æ borin óvilja til mærgom manni at móð-trega.	185
	Hvarf 'ser óhróðugr' and-spilli frá þar es mærk menja meiðmom deildi.	
	'Leit hon um alla eigo sína,' 'soltnar' þýjar ok sal-konor.	190
	'Goll-brynjo smó' vasa gótt í hug, áðr sik miðja lagði mækiss eggjom.	
	Hné við bolstri hon á annan veg, ok hiær-undoð hugði at 'ráðom:'	195
<i>Brun.</i>	Nú skolo ganga þeir es goll vili	
<i>q.</i>	mínna þýja, ok at mer þiggja; Ek gef hverri um hroðit sigli, brók ok bléjo, biartar váðir. 'Þægðo allir hugðo at ráðom,' ok allir senn ann-svør veitto:	200

her, but she cast her husband from her neck, nor would she let any one stay her from her long journey [to Hell]. Then he called Hogni to take counsel with him. 'I would that all men should come into the hall, thy men and mine together, for we are in great need, to see if they may stay her from slaying herself. . . . ' Hogni made answer once and no more. 'Let no man stay her from the long journey, that she may never be born again; she was a curse even from her mother's knees, she has been born ever to evil, a grief to the heart of many a man.'

She turned [*scornfully*] from their talk, where she was dealing out her treasures; she [was looking over all her wealth] . . . bondmaids, and house-women. She put on a [golden mail-coat], in no happy mood, before she thrust herself through with the edge of the sword.

She sank on the bolster on one side, and began to . . . wounded as she was with the brand. 'Come hither, all ye of my bondmaids that wish for gold, and take it at my hands. I will give each of you a broidered gown, a plaid, and dyed linen, bright raiment.'

They held their peace, . . . made answer all together, ' . . . to do

174. Emend.; hratt af halsi heim þar ser, R. 176. heita] hvetja, R.
177. bið-ek] vil-ek, R. 186. Read, h. æ b. at aldr-tila? 193. miðja
lagði] emend.; miðlaði, R. 195. orðom? 197. mínna þýja, ok] emend.;
ok mínna því, R. 199. brók] emend.; bok, R.

'óernar soltnar' munom enn lifa;
 verða sal-konor 'scémð at vinna.'
 Unz af hyggjandi hær-skrýdd kona,
 ung at aldri orð viðr um kvað: 205
 'Vilkat-ek mann trauðan ne tor-bóenan,
 um óra sæk all dri týna.'
 'Þó mun á beinom brenna yðrom
 fœri-eyrir þá es ér fram komið,'
 neit Menjo góð mfn at vitja. 210
 Seztu niðr, Gunnarr, mun-ek segja þer
 lífs œrvæna líósa brúði;
 Muna-yðvart far allt í sundi,
 þótt ek hafa ændo látið.
 Sátt munuð ið Guðrún snemr an þú hyggir. 215
 Hefir kunn kona við konungi
 dóttor alna at dauðan ver;
 þar es mæ r borin, móðir fœðir;
 sú mun hvítari an inn heiði dagr
 Svanhildr vesa sólar-geisla. 220
 Gefa mundo Guðrúno góðra nokkorom,
 'skeyti skeða,' skatna mengi;
 munað at vilja ver-sæl gefin;
 hána mun Atli eiga ganga
 of borinn Buðla bróðir mfn. 225
 Margs á-ek minnask, hve við mik fóro,
 þá-es mik sárla svikna hæfdot;
 vaðin at vilja vask meðan ek lifdak.
 Mundo Oddrúno eiga vilja;
 enn þik Atli mun eigi láta; 230
 ið munuð lúta á laun saman;
 hon mun þer unna sem ek skyldak,
 ef okkr góð um skæp gærði verða.
 Þik mun Atli flo beita;

honour.' Till the young linen-veiled lady spake again wisely, 'I will have no man lose his life for our sake' the costly flour of Menia

Sit down, Gunnar, I will tell thee, thy fair wife despairing of life. Your ship shall not be all afloat when I shall have breathed my last. Gudrun and ye shall be reconciled sooner than thou thinkest. She shall have a daughter by the king, born to her dead husband. There shall be a maid-child born, her mother shall bear [a daughter]; she, Swanhild, shall be whiter than a sunbeam in the bright day. Thou shalt give away Gudrun to a certain good husband, a king She shall not be given away at her own pleasure; Atli, Budli's son, my brother, shall wed her. I have many things to remember of your dealings with me, how sorely ye betrayed me. I was ever joyless as long as I lived. Thou shalt desire Oddrun to wife, but Atli will not permit it. Ye shall

213. i sundæ, R.
sára, R.

217. dóttor alna] emend.; daprar miniar, R.

227.

mundú í oengan orm-garð lagiðr.	235
Þat mun ok verða þvigít lengra, at Atli mun ændo týna sælo sínni ok sona lífi; þvi-at hónom Guðrún gyrja man beð snærpom eggjom af sárom hug.	240
Sóemri væri Guðrún systir ykkor frum-ver sínom	
ef henni gæfi góðra ráð, eða ætti hon hug ossom glíkan; cérit mæli-ek nú: Enn hon eigi mun 'of óra sök' aldri týna;	245
hána muno hefja hávar báror til Ionakrs oðal-torfo. Ala mun hon ser ióð, erfi-værðo erfi-værðo Ionakrs sono.	250
Mun hon Svanhildi senda af landi sína mey ok Sigurðar; hána muno bíta Bikka ráð, þvi-at hána Iormunrekr íóm of trœðr: Þá es æll farin ætt Sigurðar;	255
ero Guðrúnar græti at fleiri. Biðja mun-ek þik bóenar einnar, sú mun í heimi hinzt bóen vesa: látu svá breiða borg á velli, at undir oss ællom iafn-rúmt sé,	260
þeim-es sulto með Sigurði.	

come together in secret, she shall love thee as I ought if our destiny had been kindly decreed. Atli shall entreat you evilly, he will put you into a narrow pit of serpents. It shall not be very long afterward ere Atli shall lose his life, his happiness, and the life of his sons, for Gudrun, out of her cruel heart, shall make gory his bed with the sharp sword-edge. It had been seemlier for your sister, Gudrun the husband of her youth , if she took good counsel, or if she had a heart like mine. I have spoken many things, but she shall not lose her life. The high billows shall carry her to the heritage of Ionakr; she shall bear him heirs, sons, heirs to Ionakr. She will send Swanhild, her daughter and Sigurd's, out of the land, and Bikki's plot shall wound her, for Eormunrek shall tread her with horses. Then is all the race of Sigurd perished, and Gudrun has one sorrow more.

I will beg one boon of thee, it will be the last boon in this world. Do thou make a broad pyre on the plain, big enough to hold all of us that are going to die with Sigurd. Deck the walls of the pyre with awnings

238. sona] Bugge; sofa, R. 239. gyrja man] emend.; grym' a, R. 241.
ykkor] okkor, R. 244. líkan, R. 245. cérit] emend.; oavrt, R. 249.
R omits this line. 250. erfi-værðo] Bugge; ero ivarvdo, R. sono] sonom, R.
254. Emend.; þvi-at-Iormunrekr oþarft lífir, R.

Tialdi þar um þá borg tialdom ok skiældom,
 Vala-ript vel fáð ok Vala 'mengi,'
 Brenni mer inn Húnska á hlið aðra:
 brenni inom Húnska á hlið aðra 265
 mínar þýjar fimm menjom gæfgar,
 átta þíonar eðlom góðir,
 fóstr-man mítt ok faðerni
 þat-es Buðli gaf barni síno.

tveir at hæfðom ok tveir at fótom, 270
 ok tveir haukar
 þá es ællo skipt til iafnaðar.
 Liggi okkor enn í milli malmr hring-variðr,
 egg-hvast iarn, svá endr lagið,
 þá-es við bæði beð einn stigom, 275
 ok hétom þá hióna nafni.
 Hrynja hánom þá á hæl þeygi
 hlunn-blik Heljar hringi lokuð,
 ef hónom fylgir ferð mín heðan;
 þeygi mun ór fær aumlig vesa: 280
 því-at hónom fylgja fimm ambóttir,
 átta þíonar eðlom góðir,
 fóstr-man mítt ok faðerni
 þat-es Buðli gaf barni síno.

Mart sagða-ek, mœnda-ek fleira, 285
 ef mer meirr Miatoðr mál-rúm gæfi.
 Omon þverr, undir svella,
 satt eitt sagðak. Svá mun-ek láta.

and shields, with Welsh [Gaulish] stuff well-dyed, and with Welsh
 Burn the Hunnish king on one side of me, and on the other side of the
 Hunnish king my five bondmaids decked with necklaces. Eight men-
 servants of noble blood, my nurse and my fosterer whom Budli gave
 to his child [me]. . . . Put two men at our heads and two at our feet,
 [two horses, two hounds,] and two hawks, so all shall be shared equally
 between us. Lay between us the ring-fitted sword, the iron with
 whetted edges; lay it again, just as when we two lay on one bed and
 were called by the names of man and wife. Then the ring-locked
 doors of Hell shall not fall on his heels; if my company follow him
 hence our convoy shall be no poor one, when five bondmaids follow
 him, eight men-servants of noble blood, my nurse, and my fosterer,
 whom Budli gave to his child.

Much have I spoken, but I would speak more if Fate gave me a
 longer time to speak in. My voice is failing me, my wounds are
 swelling. Nought but truth have I spoken. Now I must depart.

264-272. Attempt at restoration by help of Wolsunga Paraphrase and ll. 281-284
 below. R has—Brenni mer inn hunska a hlið aðra. Brenni enom hunska a hlið
 aðra mína þíona meniom gogga, tveir at haufðom ok tveir haucar, þa es avillo skipt
 til iafn. 278. Heljar] emend.; hallar, R. lokuð] litkuð, R. 280. ór] var, R.

II.

<i>Gygr</i>	SKALTU í gœgnom ganga eigi	
<i>q.</i>	grióti studda garða mína.	290
	Betr semði þer borða at rekja æ	
	heldr an vitja vers annarrar.	
	Hvat skaltu vitja af Vallandi,	
	hvarfúst hæfuð, húsa mínna.	
	Þú hefir, vár gollz, ef þik vita lystir	295
	‘mild’ af hændom mannz blóð þvegít.	
<i>Brynh.</i>	Bregðu eigi mer, brúðr or steini,	
<i>q.</i>	þótt ek værak [fyrr] í víkingo:	
	ek man okkor œðri þikkja	
	hvars menn œðli okkart kunna.	300
<i>Gygr</i>	Þú vast, Brynhildr Buðla dóttir,	
<i>q.</i>	heilli versto í heim borin:	
	Þú hefir Giúka um glatat bærnóm	
	‘ok bui þeirra brugðit góðo.’	
<i>Brynh.</i>	Ek mun segja þer sannar rœðor	305
<i>q.</i>	viljalaus miæk, ef þik vita lystir,	
	hve gærðo mik Giúka arfar	
	ásta-lausa ok eið-rofa:	
	Sat-ek með Heimi í Hlym-dælom	
	átta misseri unðak lífi;	310
	vas-ek vetra tolf, ef þik vita lystir,	
	sva at ek cengom gram eiða seldak;	
	héto mik allir í Hlymdælom	
	Hildi und hialmi hverr es kunní.	
	Þá lét-ek gamlan á God-þjóðo	315

II.

Brunbild, riding to Hell in her funeral chariot, encounters an Ogress.

Ogress: Thou shalt not pass my rock-supported court; it would beseem thee better to sit at the broidering, than to be in company of another's husband. Why comest thou from Welsh-land [Gaul] to my house, thou fickle being? Thou hast, lady, if thou wilt know it, . . . washed human blood off thy hands.—*Brunbild:* Blame me not, thou bride of the rock, though I were once a wicking. I shall always be held the better of us two, wherever our kindred is known.—*Ogress:* Thou wast, Brynhild, Budli's daughter, born into the world in evil hour. Thou hast destroyed the sons of Giuki, and [laid waste their good house].

Brunbild: I will tell thee a true tale out of my woe, if thou wilt know, how Giuki's heirs made me loveless and plightlorn. I lived at Heimi's in Lymdale eight years, and enjoyed life. I was twelve winters old, if thou wilt know, before I plighted my troth to any prince; they all in Lymdale called me Hild [war-goddess] the helmed, whoso knew

291. æ] e, R, superfluous. 305-306. Emend.; svinn or reiðo vitlaussi miok, R. 309-312. Emend.; let hami vara hugfullr k'r viij systra and eik borit var ek vetra xii e. þ. v. l. er ek ungom gram e. s., R.

Hialm-Gunnar næst til Heljar ganga;
 gaf-ek ungom sigr Auðo bróðor;
 þar varð mer Óðinn of-reiðr um þat.
 Lauk hann mik skiöldom í Skata-lundi,
 rauðom ok hvítom; randir snurtosk: 320
 Þann bað hann slíta svefni mínom,
 es hvergi landz hræðask kynni.
 Lét hann um sal míninn sunnan-verðan
 hávan brenna her allz viðar
 þar bað hann einn þegn yfir at ríða,
 þannz mer férdi goll þatz und Fáfni lá. 325
 Reið góðr Grana goll-miðlandi
 þars fóstri míninn fletjom stýrði;
 einn þótti hann þar ællom betri
 víkingr Dana í verðungo. 330
 Sváso við ok unðom í sæing einni
 sem hann míninn bróðir um borinn væri;
 hvártki knátti hönd yfir annat
 átta nóttom okkart leggja.
 Því brá mer Guðrún Giúka dóttir,
 at ek Sigurði svæfak á armi. 335
 Þar varð-ek þess vís es ek vildigak
 át þau vélto mik í ver-fangi.

Muno við of-stríð allz til lengi
 konor ok karlar kvikvir féðask. 340
 Við skolom okkrom aldri slíta,
 Sigurðr saman!—Sœkstu nú Gygr!

me. Then I made the old Helm-Gunnar in Gothland go down to Hell, but gave victory to the young brother of Auda. Wodin was very wroth with me for that. He hemmed me round with shields, red and white, in Skatesholt, so that the rims of them touched; he decreed that he alone should break my sleep, who never felt fear. He let a high flame burn round my southern hall; and decreed that he alone should ride through the fire that brought me the gold that lay under Fafni. The good prince came, riding on Grani, to the hall where my foster-father lived. There he was held better than all the Danish wickings in the court. We slept and lay in one bed as if he had been my brother. Neither of us laid a hand over the other for eight nights. Gudrun, daughter of Giuki, reproached me that I slept in Sigurd's arms. It was then I knew what I would not, that they had beguiled me in my husband (*giving me a wrong one*).

Men and women shall now and always be born to live in woe. We two, Sigurd and I, shall never part again.—Sink now, Ogress!

FRAGMENT OF A SHORT BRUNHILD LAY.

THIS poem, half of which has perished in the lacuna of R, is on the same subject as the preceding. It is used by the Wolsunga paraphrast, though he does not follow it much, for it does not contain his version of the hero's death, but makes him to have met his end on the *open field* beyond the Rhine. It is only here (l. 36) that the sons of Giuki are made *five*, not *three*. Peculiar to it are the talk of the Raven and Eagle, l. 18 (missing), and the way in which Brunhild bursts out into lament in the night, against the murderers she has egged on. There is no Pyre-scene or the like, and it is possible that the end of the poem is lost. What remains is not in a good state. Lines 15-18 have been moved up from after 43; ll. 19-22, 45-51, 56-57, from after 55, where they are in R disorderly clustered together.

<i>Hogni</i> <i>speaking.</i>	[Hvat hefir Sigurðr til] saka unnit es þú fróeknan vill fiærvi nēma?	
<i>Gunnar</i> q.	Mer hefir Sigurðr selda eiða, eiða selda, alla logna; þá vælti hann mik es hann vesa skyldi, allra eiða einn full-trúi.	5
<i>Hogni</i> q.	Þik hefir Brynhildr bæl at gœrva heiptar hvattan harm at vinna: Fyr-man hon Guðrúno góðra ráða; enn síðan þer sín at nióta	10
	Sumir ulf sviðo, sumir orm sniðo, sumir Gothormi af 'gæra' deildo: áðr þeir mætti 'meins um lystir' á horskom hal hendr um leggja.	
	Soltinn varð Sigurðr sunnan Rínar.	15
	Hrafn af meiði hátt kallaði:— Ykk mun Atli eggjar rióða; muno 'víg-ská' of viðar eiðar.	

The end of a song describing how, by treason, Sigurd was slain by Gotborm in a wood.

[*Hogni* *quoth*: . . . 'What is Sigurd's] guilt, that thou wouldst take the hero's life?'—*Quoth Gunnar*: 'Sigurd swore oaths to me, swore oaths, that are all belied; he beguiled me when he should have been a true keeper of all oaths.'—*Quoth Hogni*: 'It is Brynhild that has egged your hate to do this wickedness, to bring about this crime. She grudges Gudrun her good match, and grudges thy possession of herself.'

Some gave Gothorm boiled wolf's flesh, some sliced serpents, some . . . before they could persuade him to lay hands on the gentle hero.

Sigurd died south of the Rhine. A raven called loudly from the

1. hvat . . . til] added by guess.

18. víg-ská] read, vára varga?

‘Fiælð’ nam at hlœra, fiælð nam at spialla;
hitt her-glætoðr hyggja tœði 20
hvat þeir á baðmi báðir sægðo
hrafn ey ok ærn es þeir heim riðo.

Úti stóð Guðrún Giúka dóttir;
ok hon þat orða allz fyrst um kvað:—
Hvar es nú Sigurðr seggja dróttinn, 25
es frændr mínir fyrri ríða?

Eino því Hægni andsvær veitti:
Sundr hæfom Sigurð sverði hœgginn;
gnapir æ grár iór yfir gram dauðom.

Þá kvað þat Brynhildr Buðla dóttir:— 30
Vel skoloð nióta vápna ok handa!
Einn mœndi Sigurðr ællo ráða,
ef hann lengr líflo lífi héldi.

Væria þat scémt at hann svá réði 35
Gota mengi ok Giúka arfi;
es hann fimm sono at folk-roði
gunnar-fúsa getna hafði.

Hló þá Brynhildr,—bcér allr dunði—
eino sinni af ællom hug:—
Vel skoloð nióta vápna ok handa 40
es ér frœknan gram falla létoð!

Þá kvað þat Guðrún Giúka dóttir:—
Miaök mæilir þú miklar finnar;

tree [to the murderers]: ‘Atli will redden the sword upon you, he shall overcome you . . . for your broken oaths.’

He listened much; he caught up many words. The warrior bethought him of what the twain, the raven and the eagle on the tree, were talking when they were on their way home.

Guðrun, Giuki’s daughter, stood without, and this was the first word she spoke: ‘Where is Sigurd, the king of men, that my brothers are riding in the van?’—Hogni made answer to her words: ‘We have hewn Sigurd asunder with the sword, the grey horse may droop his head for ever over the dead king.’

Then spake Brunhild, Buðli’s daughter: ‘Have great joy of your weapons and hands. Sigurd would have ruled everything as he chose, if he had kept his life a little longer. It was not meet that he should so rule over the host of the Goths, and the heritage of Giuki, who begot five sons that delighted in war and the havoc of battle.’

Brunhild laughed, the whole house rang: ‘Have long joy of your hands and weapons, since ye have slain the keen king.’ Then spake Guðrun, Giuki’s daughter: ‘Thou speakest very marvellously . . . murderous mood shall be revenged.’

19. fiölð nam at hlœra] emend.; fót nam at hœra, R. 21. baðmi] Bugge;
boðvi, R. 27. Einn, R. 31. handa] landa, R. 35. Giúka arfi ok
Gota mengi, R. 40. Emend.; vel sk. n. landa ok þegna, R; see l. 31.
41. þér, R.

Gramir hafi 'Gunnar' gætvað Sigurðar ;
 heipt-giarns hugar hefnt skal verða. 45
 [Þá kvað þat Brynhildr Buðla dóttir]:—
 Hvetið mik eða letið mik;—harmr es unninn—
 'sorg at segja eða svá láta.'
 Þægðo allir við því orði ;
 fár kunni þeim fljóða látom 50
 es hon grátandi gærðisk at segja
 þat-es hlæjandi hælða beiddi.

Fram vas kvelda; fiæld vas drukkit;
 'þá vas hví-vitna vil-mál talið.'
 Sofnoðo allir es í sæing kvómo; 55
 einn vakði Gunnarr ællom lengr.
 Vaknaði Brynhildr Buðla dóttir
 dís Skiaöldunga fyr dag lítlo:—
 Hugða-ek mer, Gunnarr, grimt í svefni,
 svalt allt í sal, ætta[k] sæing kalda; 60
 enn þú gramr riðir glaums andvani,
 fiætri fatlaðr, í fiánda lið:
 svá mun æll yðor ætt Hniflunga
 afli gengin. Eroð eiðrofa.
 Mantattu, Gunnarr, til goerva þat, 65
 es it blóði í spor báðir renndot:
 nú hefir-þú hónom þat allt fllo launat,
 es hann fremstan sik finna vildi.
 Þá reyndi þat, es riðit hafði
 móðigr á vit mín at biðja: 70
 hve her-glætuðr hafði fyrri

Then spake Brunhild, Budli's daughter: 'Egg me or stay me—the deed is done.' They were all silent at that word, no one could understand how she could weep when she spoke of what she had laughed at when she egged them on.

The evening was far gone, they had drunk deep, they had talked their fill. They all slept when they came into their beds, Gunnar alone of them all kept waking longer.

Brunhild, Budli's daughter, kinswoman of kings, awakened a little before the day, *saying*, 'I dreamed evil dreams in my sleep, Gunnar, it was all chilly in the hall, I had a cold bed, but thou, O king, didst ride, bereft of joy, fettered on thy feet, into the ranks of thy foes. So shall all the race of you Hniflungs be reft of strength, for ye are oath-breakers. Rememberest thou that clearly, Gunnar? how ye twain [Sigurd and thyself] did let your blood run together in the footprint [swearing brotherhood], but now thou hast repaid him with ill for it all, for showing himself ever the first of men. It was proved when he rode in his boldness to woo me, how the host-queller kept

eiðom haldit við inn unga gram.
Ben-vænd of lét brugdinn golli
marg-dýrr konungr á meðal okkarr;
eldi váro eggjar útan goervar,
enn eit-dropom innan fáðar.

75

ODDRÚNAR-GRÁTR; OR,
LAMENTATION OF ORDRUN.

ONLY preserved in R, leaf 39. It is not used by the Wolsunga paraphrast, nor cited anywhere.

As the text stands alone it is difficult to correct it, and lines here and there are obelized. Lines 96, 97 have been interchanged, and lines 107, 108 moved three places down.

The chief interest of the poem lies in its containing a fresh *version* of the quarrel between Attila and the Hniflungs. Ordrun, Attila's sister, and Gunnar are lovers; their intrigue is detected, and denounced to Attila. He has Gunnar cast into a pit full of snakes. Hoping to be delivered by Ordrun, Gunnar strikes the harp in his pit, and though perchance far away, she hears it and hastens to help him, though too late, for the witch-snake stung him to the heart. There is an unfortunate gap where the lovers are denounced (l. 97), so that we do not know exactly how Attila sets about wiling Gunnar into his power.

This sad story has its *framework*. Ordrun tells it to Borgny, whom she has come to help in her travail. She does this because of a vow (the nature of which is obscure, as we have corrupt lines here, 35-39). We hear, however, that Borgny, now herself with child by Wilmund, had formerly reproached Ordrun with her lawless love for Gunnar.

There is something individual about the poem which suggests a different authorship from the other lays it is in company with.

HEYRÐA-EK segja í sægom fornóm,
Hve mér um kom til Morna-landz:
Engi mátti fyr iærð ofan
Heiðreks dóttor hialpir vinna.
Þat frá Oddrún Atla systir,
at sú mér hafði miklar sóttir:
Brá hon af stalli 'stiorn' bitloðom,

5

his oaths to the young king [yourself]. The good king laid the gold inlaid wound-wand between us, its edges outside were wrought in the fire, but the inner part [of the blade] was stained with drops of venom. . . .

IN stories of old I heard tell how a maid came to Morn-land. Heidrek's daughter [Borgny] could get no help on earth [in her labour]. Ordrun, Atli's sister, heard that the maiden was in sore labour; she took the bitted steed from its stall, and set the saddle upon

2. Morna-landz] read Morua landz, i. e. Moravia.

7. Read stúfi.

	ok á svartan sæðul um lagði:	
	lét hon mar fara mold-veg sléttan,	
	unz at hári kom hæll standandi:	10
	svipti hon sæðli af svængom ió:	
	ok hon inn um gekk endlangan sal:	
	ok hon þat orða allz fyrst um kvað.	
	Hvat es frægst á foldo?	
	eða hvat es 'hléz' Húnalandz?	15
	[Þá kvað þat]	
	Her liggr Borgný of borin verkjöm	
	vina þín, Oddrún! Vittu ef þú hialpir!	
[Oddr.	Hverr hefir vífi vamma um leitað?	
g.]	hví ero Borgnýjar bráðar sóttir?	20
Ambott	Vilmundr heitir vinr haukstalda,	
g.	hann varði mey varmri blæjo	
	fimm nær allar, svá-[at] hon sínn fæðor leyndi.	
	Þær hykk mæltu þvigit fleira.	
	Gekk mild fyr kné meyjo at sitja:	25
	Ríkt gól Oddrún; rammt gól Oddrún	
	bitra galdra at Borgnýjo.	
	'Knátti mæ ok mægr mold-veg sporna;	
	börn þau in blíðo við bana Hægna.'	
	Þat nam at mæla mægr fiör-siúka	30
	svá at hon ekki kvað orð ið fyrra:—	
	Svá hialpi þer hollar vættir,	
	Frigg ok Freyja, ok fleiri goð,	
	sem þú felldir mer fár af hændom!	
Oddr.	Hnékað-ek af því til hialpar þer,	35
g.	at þú verir þess aldregi.	
	Hét-ek ok efndak, es ek hinig mæla,	

the black charger. She rode her horse through the flat paths of earth, till she came to the high-towering hall. She swept the saddle off the slender steed, and went in up the hall and spake this first of all: 'What is the last news in this land, and what is the . . . in Hunland?'

The Bondmaid answers: Borgny, thy friend, lies here overcome with the throes of labour. Ordrun, see if thou canst help her.—*Ordrun answers:* Who has brought this dishonour on her? Why have the sharp pains come upon Borgny?—*Bondavoman:* Wilmund the hero is his name, he lay with the maid five nights, and she hid it from her father.

They spake no more then I think, but the gentle lady went in to sit before the maiden's knees [that is, to act as midwife to Borgny]. Mightily chanted Ordrun, powerfully chanted Ordrun keen charms over Borgny. . . . *The child is born.* Then the labouring lady began to speak; these were the first words she said: 'May the gracious powers, Frigg and Freyja, and many other divinities, help thee as thou deliverest me from my labour!'—*Ordrun:* 'I did not bend to help thee because . . .

19. vífi] Bugge; visir, R.
text.

23. Emend.; vetr alla, R.

28-29. Maimed

36. A word wanting.

at ek hvívetna hialpa skyldak
þá-es 'æðlingar arfi skipto.'

Borgny
q.

Er ertu, Oddrún, ok ærvita,
es þú mer at fári flest orð of kvað!
enn ek fylgdak þer á fiorgynjo
sem við bræðrom tveim of bornar værim.

40

[*Oddr.*
q.]

Man-ek hvat-þú mæltir enn um aptan
þá-es Gunnari gærdag rekkjo:
slíks dæmi kvaðattu síðan mundo
meyjo verða, nema mer einni.

45

Þá nam at setjask sorg-móð kona,
at telja bæl af trega stórom:—

Vas ek upp alin í iæfra sal
flestom fagnaði at fira ráði:
unða-ek aldri ok eign faðor
fimm vetr eina, svá-at mínns faðir lifði.

50

Þat nam at mæla mál ið efsta
síá móðr konungr áðr hann sylti:
Mik bað hann gæða gollu rauða,
ok suðr gefa syni Grímhildar:

55

enn hann Brynhildi bað borg geta,
hána kvað hann ósk-mey verða skyldo;
kvaða hann ina óðri alna mundo
mey í heimi, nema miatoðr spillti.
Brynhildr í búri borða rakði;
'hafði hon lýði ok lænd um sik';
iærd dúsaði ok upp-himin

60

I vowed, and I fulfilled what I spoke, that ever I should render help, whereso.'

Borgny: Thou art surely distraught, Ordrun, and beside thy wit, to speak so many hard words to me, [*her words must have been in the preceding blank.*] But I was wont to follow thee over the earth, as if we had been born of two brothers.—*Ordrun*: I remember what thou saidst one evening to me when I took Gunnar to my bed. Thou didst say that such misfortune would never befall any maid but me.

Then the sorrow-stricken maid [Ordrun] sat her down and began to tell over the tale of her wrongs and woes. 'I was bred up in a king's hall with every bliss, as men say. I enjoyed my life and the wealth of my father for five winters, as long as my father was alive. It was the last word he spoke, that stern king, ere he sunk in death. He bade them endow me with red gold, and send me south as wife to Grimhild's son [Gunnar], and build a castle for Brunhild, saying that she should be a wish maid [to be wooed for], for he said that no maid more renowned than she should ever be brought up on earth, save the Judge [Fate] cut her life short. Brunhild wrought at the broiðery in the bower, she had [a wall of flame] about her, the earth

45. rekkjo] emend.; drecco, R. 51. Emend.; flestr, R. 58. borg geta] emend.; hialm geta, R. 59. Read skiald-mey? 60. qþræ, R. 63. Corrupt.

pá-es bani FáfniSS borg um þátti.	65
Þá vas víg vegit Vælsko sverði,	
ok borg brotin, sú-es Brynhildr átti.	
Vasa langt af því, heldr vá-lítið,	
unz þær vælar vissi allar.	
Þess lét hon harðar hefndir verða,	70
svá-at ver æll hæfom óernar raunir :	
þat man á hælða hvert land fara	
es hon let sveltask með Sigurði.	
Enn ek Gunnari gatk at unna,	
bauga-deili, sem Brynhildr skyldi.	75
Buðo þeir Atla bauga rauða,	
bróðor mínom, bóetr ósmár ;	
bauð hann enn við mer bú fimtán,	
hlið-farm Grana, ef hann hafa vildi.	
Enn Atli kvazk eigi vilja	80
mund aldregi at megi Giúka.	
Þeygi við máttom við munom vinna,	
nema ek helt heitom við hring-brota.	
Mæltó margir mínir niðjar,	
kvóðosk okkr hafa orðit bæði :	85
enn mik Atli kvað eigi myndo	
lýti ráða né læst gœra :	
Enn slíks skyldi synja aldri	
maðr fyr annan, þar-es munoð deilir.	
Sendi Atli áro sína	90
um myrkvan við mín at freista ;	
ok þeir kvómo þar, es þeir koma ne skyldað,	

quaked and the heavens above when Fafni's slayer sought out the stronghold. Then a fight was fought with the Welsh sword [from Gaul], and the stronghold of Brunhild was broken. It did not last long, but a short space only before she knew all the wiles [*that she had been deceived by Sigurd*]. She wreaked a dire revenge for all this, of which we have proofs enough. It shall go forth through all lands how she let herself die with Sigurd. But I loved King Gunnar, as Brunhild should have loved him. They offered Atli, my brother, red rings enough and no small ransom. He [Gunnar] offered fifteen homesteads for me, and the burthen of Grani, if he [Atli] would take it. But Atli said that he would never take the bride-fee from a son of Giuki. Albeit we could not withstand our love, nor deny my promise [*of Love*] to the King [Gunnar]. Many of my kinsmen bore witness that they had found us two together, but Atli said that I should never devise any wrong-doing or dishonour; yet no man should speak words of denial on another's behalf, in a matter of love. Atli sent his messengers through Mirkwood to prove me, and they came where they should not have come, when we lay in one sheet together. We offered

76. Atla] Rask; arla, R.
83. heitom] emend.; hafði, R.

77. bróðor] ok bréðr, R.

80. Read eiga ?

þá-es breiddo við blóejó eina.
 Buðo við þegnom bauga rauða,
 at þeir eigi til Atla segði: 95
 Enn þeir hvatliga heim skundaðo,
 ok óliga Atla sægðo.

Enn þeir Guðrúno gærla leyndo því,
 es hon heldr vita hælfo skyldi.

Hlymr vas at heyra hóf-gollinna 100

þá-es í garð riðo Giúka arfar:

Þeir or Hægna hiarta skáro;

enn í orm-garð annan lægðo.

Nam horskr konungr hærpo sveigja,

þvi-at hann hugdi mik til hialpar ser, 105

kyn-ríkr konungr, of koma mundo.

Vas-ek enn farin eino sinni

til Geirmundar gærva drykkjo.

Nam-ek at heyra or Hléss-eyjo,

hve þar af stríðom strengir gullo. 110

Bað-ek ambóttir búnar verða,

vilda-ek fylkiss fiærvi biarga.

Létom fljóta 'farland' yfir

unz ek alla sák Atla garða.

Þá kom in arma 'út-skævandi 115

móðir atla,'—Hon skyli morna!—

ok Gunnari gróf til hiarta,

svá-at ek máttigak mærom biarga.

Opt undromk þat, hve ek eptir mák,

them red rings not to tell Atli thereof, but they hastened home forthwith and told it eagerly to Atli. . . . *Atli and his men thereupon devise a plot to avenge his Sister's dishonour upon Gunnar, but they hid it [the treachery] from Gudrun, who should have been the first to know it.*

There was a clattering of gold hoofs to be heard when the Heirs of Giuki rode into the courtyard. They cut the heart out of Hogni, but put his brother in the pit of snakes. The good king began to strike the harp, for the noble king thought that I should come to his help. At that very hour I was away at Geirmund's at a banquet. I began to hear as far as Hlessey how the strings rang amain. I bade my bondmaids to make ready, I wished to save the king's life. We ferried over the Sound until we saw the halls of Atli. Then there came speeding out the accursed [snake-dam],—may she pine away!—and she pierced to Gunnar's heart, so that I could not save the famous king.

linn-vengiss 'bil,' lifi halda: 120
 es ek ógn-hvætom unna þóttomk
 sverða deili sem sialfri mér.

Sattu ok hlýddir meðan ek sagðak þer
 mærg ill um skæp mín ok þeirra.

Maðr hverr lifir at munom sínom.— 125

Nú es um genginn GRÁTR ODDRÚNAR.

FRAGMENTS FROM LOST LAYS OF LACUNA.

THESE are placed here as nearest akin to the poems yet preserved of the Brunhild section. The paraphrast has known and used them, and we are thus able to tell something about their contents, order, length, &c.

Swerri's Saga supplies the first fragment [King Swerri thus accosts his son flying before the enemy], which would seem to be part of a poem dealing with the early part of Sigfred's life; we recognise it in two places in the paraphrase, Regin egging Sigfred on, Vols. Saga, ch. 13 or 18.

The second, from Wolsunga Saga, deals with Sigfred, but is part of a different poem.

The third, from the same Saga, is part of the quarrel between Gudrun and Brunhild, in the same Brunhild-poem.

The last, also out of Wolsunga Saga, is all that is left of a long and fine Sigfred Lay (Sigurdar Kvida), of which, judging from the passion of the fragment and the paraphrase, we must much regret the loss.

I.

ÓGLÍKR ertu yðrom niðjom
 þeim es fram-ráðir fyrri vóro.

II.

ELDR nam at ósask, enn iærð at skialfa,
 ok hár logi við himni gnæfa:
 Fár treystisk þar fylkiss rekka 5
 eld at ríða né yfir stíga.

I often wonder how I could keep alive after the king, for I thought I loved the dauntless hero as myself.

Thou hast sat still and listened while I have told thee many evil haps of mine and theirs. Every one must live as his mind bids him.

The Minstrel's Epilogue. The LAMENTATION OF ORDRUN is finished.

I. *Regin to Sigurd:* Thóu art unlike thy kinsmen that were ever foremost in former days.

II. *Sigurd riding through the Waver-loave.* The fire began to rage and the earth began to shake, and the lofty flame towered up against the sky. None of the king's men dared to ride the fire or step over it.

Sigurðr Grana sverði keyrði,
eldr sloknaði fyr æðlingi,
logi allr lægðisk fyr lof-giærnóm ;
bliko reiði es Reginn átti.

10

III.

Brynh. SIGURÐR vá at Ormi ; enn þat síðan mun
g. engom fyrnask meðan æld lifir :
enn hlýri þínn hvarki þorði
eld at ríða, né yfir stíga.

IV.

ÚT gekk Sigurðr ann-spilli frá,
holl-vinr lofða, ok hnipnaði :
sva-at ganga nam gunnar-fúsom
sundr of síðor serkr iarn-ofinn.

15

§ 3. THE GUDRUN POET.

GUDRÚNAR-KVIÐA IN FORNA ; OR,
THE OLD LAY OF GUDRUN.

THE longest and most important of a little group of Songs, of which Gudrun is the heroine, giving the whole story of which the others take merely incidents.

The poem rests on R and the Wolsunga paraprast, whose text was slightly better than ours in the wording, though the derangement and disorder was the same.

The *framework* of the poem is, that Gudrun tells the sad story of her life to Thiodrek, who was then an exile at the court of Attila. She begins with the death of Sigfred, slain in the wood, on the way to [or from] an assembly (l. 9). She tells us how she sat out in the wild wood,

Sigurd spurred Grani with his sword, the fire slaked before the king, the flame abated before the fame-seeking hero; the saddle that Regin had owned gleamed. . . .

III. *Dialogue between Brunbild and Gudrun. Quoth Brunbild:* Sigurd overcame the Serpent, and that shall never grow old [in men's minds] while mankind remains, but thy brother never dared to ride the fire nor step over it.

IV. *Sigurd turns away after his last interview with Brunbild.* Sigurd, the beloved friend of man, went out from their talk, bowed down [with grief], so that the iron-woven sark began to rive asunder from the sides of the war-eager hero.

when the wolves were howling round her, over the body of her husband; a powerful scene, the mutilated text whereof we have but partly been able to restore. Thence she wanders off to Denmark, where she sits embroidering the deeds of heroes, Sigmund, Sigar, and Siggeir, on tapestry,—a circumstance which helps to fix the date of the poem, and reminds one of the Bryhtnoth tapestry at Ely, and the 'toilette' at Bayeux. The next scene is not quite clear, owing to gaps and faults, but we gather that her mother sends her brothers to offer atonement and bring her home. She comes home, and kings come wooing to her (ll. 79 sqq.), but like Penelope, though for other reasons, she refuses them all. At last Grimhild determines to marry her to Atli, who is at feud with her brothers on account of Brunhild his sister's death. Still Gudrun is stubborn, but her mother has recourse to a potion of forgetfulness, and she is borne off to Hunland with a grand train. It has been necessary to make *transpositions* here in the text to get sense. For it is absurd, as the disordered text of R gives, that she should go on arguing with her mother *after* she has drunk the potion, but the tale goes clearly on when the necessary shifting is made, due allowance being made for gaps and slighter errors. Gudrun goes on to mention her arrival at Attila's court; the great gates are thrown open, and—here the poem abruptly breaks off. In the MS. a fragment, headless and tailless, of wholly different metre and subject, follows on here. This, from its manifest affinity to the Attila group, has been moved to § 4, after the Atli Lay.

The *text* is rather disordered than corrupt on the whole. We have moved the Potion scene (ll. 120–133) down from before l. 80, also interchanging ll. 68 and 79. There are two *interpolations* (four lines after l. 4, and four lines after l. 36),—a *duplicate text* from the Lay of Gudrun (Gudrunar Kvida), in which they occur in their proper place. These we have left out here.

The poem is highly pathetic in parts, as where Grani grieves for his master; interesting all through, from the fulness of the details introduced. Thus, the horn in which Grimhild gives the potion is the very fellow of the Golden Horn. The Homeric descriptions of the broodery, the wooing kings, and the journey are all to be noted. The *title* is warranted by a passage in one of the prose pieces of R saying that in 'Gudrunar Kvida in forna' it is told that they all rode to an assembly, and that then Sigurd was slain; which agrees with l. 9 of our poem.

Gudrun
 q. MÆR vas-ek meyja, móðir mik fœddi
 biart í búri; unna-ek vel brœðrom:
 unz mik Giúki gollí reifði,
 gollí reifði, gaf Sigurði:
 Unnz mer fyr-munðo mfnir brœðr,
 at ek ætta ver ællom fremra. 5
 Sofa þeir ne máttóð, né of sakar dœma,

Gudrun speaks: I WAS a maid of maids, my bright mother brought me up in her bower. I loved my brothers dearly, till Giuki endowed me with gold, endowed me with gold and gave me to Sigurd, till my brothers begudged me a husband who was foremost of all. They could neither sleep nor sit in court before they put Sigurd to death.

Grani galloped from the assembly, the rattle [of his hoofs] was heard, but Sigurd himself never came back. All their horses were splashed

áðr þeir Sigurð svelta léto.
 Grani rann af þingi; gnýr vas at heyra;
 enn þá Sigurðr sialfr eigi kom: 10
 æll vóro sæðul-dýr sveita stokkin,
 ok of 'vanið' vási und vegændom.
 Gekk-ek grátandi við Grana ræða,
 úrug-hlýra; ió frá-ek spialla:
 hnipnaði Grani þá, drap í gras hæfði; 15
 iór þat vissi, eigendr ne lifðot.
 Lengi hvarfaðak, lengi hugir deildosk,
 áðr ek of frægak folk-værð at gram.
 Hnipnaði Gunnarr; sagði mer Hægni
 frá Sigurðar sárom dauða: 20

[*Høgni*
q.] Ligr of hœggvinn fyr handan ver
 Gothorms bani, of gefinn ulfom.
 Littú þar Sigurð á Suðr-vega!
 þá heyrir þú hrafna gialla,
 ærno gialla æzli fegna, 25
 varga þjóta um veri þfnom.

[*Ek q.*] Hvi þú mer, Hægni, harma slíka
 vilja-laussi vill um segja?
 Þítt-skyli hiarta hrafnar slíta
 'við lænd yfir; enn þú vitir manna.' 30
 Svaraði Hægni sinni eino,
 trauðr góðs hugar af trega stórom:
 Þess áttu, Guðrún græti at fleiri,
 at hiarta mítt hrafnar slíti.
 Hvarf-ek ein þaðan ann-spilli frá 35
 á við-ræssa varga leifar.

with blood, and stained with soil beneath their riders. I went weeping to talk with Grani, with wet cheeks I asked the steed to speak. Then Grani bowed his head and sunk it in the grass; the steed knew that his master was dead. I wavered a long while, for a long while I divided my mind, before I asked the king [Gunnar] about the prince [Sigurd]. Gunnar bowed his head, but Hogni told me that Sigurd lay dead of his wounds; saying: 'The slayer of Gothorm lies smitten beyond the water given to the wolves. Seek thou for Sigurd in South-way. Thou shalt hear the ravens scream, the eagles scream for joy of their quarry, and the wolves howl over thy husband.'

Quoth Gudrun: Why dost thou care to talk to me so cruelly, me a desolate woman? May the ravens tear thy heart. . . .

Hogni made answer once and no more, with an angry heart greatly moved with pity: 'Thou wilt have more still to weep over, Gudrun, if the ravens tear my heart.'

I turned away from our talk into the heritage of the wide-roving

8. letoð, R. 9. af] emend.; at, R. 16. iór þat] iorþ., R. 17.
 hvarfaþ, R. 36. Emend.; auþ lesar, R (Lex. 714 b). R here adds—Gœrðiga-
 ek hífra ne hondom slá | ne kveina um sem konur aðrar | þa es sat söltin um
 Sigurði.—*A duplicate.* See p. 324, ll. 3, 4.

Nótt þótti mer nið-myrkr vesa,
 es ek sárla satk yfir Sigurði;
 ulfar þuto ællo megin,
 'ef þeir léti mik lífi týna.' 40
 æti birnir mik sem birkiu-við.
 Fórek of fiæll fimm dóegr talið,
 unnz ek hæll Halfs háva þekðak:
 sat-ek með Þóro siau misseri,
 dóetr Hákonar í Danmærko: 45
 Hon mer at gamni goll-bókaði
 sali suðróena ok svani Danska:
 hæfðo við á skriptom þat-es skatar léko,
 ok á hann-yrðom hilmis þegna,
 randir rauðar, rekka Húna, 50
 hjar-drótt, hialm-drótt, hilmis fylgjo:
 skip Sigmundar skriðo frá landi,
 gyldar grímor, grafnir stafnar:
 byrðo við á borða þat-es þeir bærðosk
 Sigarr ok Siggeirr suðr á Fivi. 55
 Þá frá Grímhildr Gotnesk kona,
 hvar ek væra í vina bygðom ;
 Hon frá bróðr ok buri heimti
 þrá-gjærn á tal, þess at spyrja:
 hvárt [þeir] vildi son systor bóeta, 60
 eða ver veginn vildi gjalda.
 Gørr lezk Gunnarr goll at biðða,
 sakar at bóeta, ok ið sama Hægni.

wolves [forest]. The night seemed moonless [pitch-black] to me, as I sat sorrow-stricken over Sigurd. The wolves howled on all sides [would they had devoured me, and] the bears had gnawed me to pieces as they do the young sap-shoots of the birch. I wandered over the mountain five whole days told, before I lit on Half's high hall. I stayed with Thora, Hakon's daughter, in Denmark, seven seasons [years]. She embroidered in gold, to please me, southern halls and Danish swans. We had on our rolls the play of warriors [i. e. pictures of battles wrought in needlework], and on our handiwork the king's thanes, the red shield, the Hunnish warriors, a sworded company, a helmed company, the king's guards. Sigmund's ships were gliding from the shore, with gilt figure-heads and carved bows. We broidered on our broidery how Sigar and Siggeir fought south in Fife.

But now Grímhild, the Gothic lady, heard where I was living, in a friend's dwelling. She asked my brothers, her sons, holding a parley with them, asking over and over again if they would recompense their sister for her son, or pay her weregild for her slain husband. Gunnar said that he

39. Emend.; Ulfar þottuz ollo betri, R.

sem birkinn við, R.
 væra hyggiþ, R.

42. Emend.; af fialli, R.

58. Emend.; hon bra borða ok buri heimti þragiarnliga, R.

60. Emend.; hværr, R.

41. Emend.; eða brenndi mik

57. Emend.; hvat ek

Hon frétti at því, hvern fara vildi,
vigg at sæðla, vagn at beita, 65
hesti ríða, hauki fleygja,
ærom at skióta af ý-boga.

Kvómo konungar fyr kné þrennir :
Valdarr Dænom með Iarizleifi,
Eymundr 'þriði' með Iarizcári, 70
inn gengo þá iæfrom glfkir
Langbarz liðar, hæfðo loða rauða,
skreyttar brynjor, steypa hialma,
skalmom gyrðir, hæfðo skarar iarpar :
Hvern vildi mer hnossir velja, 75
hnossir velja, ok hugat mæla,
ef þeir mætti mer 'margra súta'
trygdir vinna ; ne ek trua gœrðak—

áðr hon sialfa mik sótti at máli.
Grimh. Gef-ek þer, Guðrún, goll at þiggja, 80
q. fiæld allz fiár, 'at þínn fæðor dauðan,'
hringa rauða, Hlœðvess sali,
ársal allan 'at iofur fallinn,'
Húnskar meyjar, þær-es hlaða spiældom,
ok gœra goll fagrt, svá-at þer gaman þikki : 85
ein skaltu ráða auði Buðla
golli gæfgoð, ok gefin Atla.
[*Ek q.*] Vilc-eigi-ek með veri ganga,
né Brynhildar bróðor eiga ;
samir eigi mer við son Buðla 90

was willing to offer gold to recompense her claim, and Hogni said the same. Moreover, she asked who would go to saddle the war-horse, to horse the wagons, ride the steed, fly the hawk, shoot arrows out of the yew bow.

Three kings came before my knees: Waldar of the Danes and Iarisleif Eymund was the third of them, and Iariscar: in they came like kings, the company of the Lombards; they wore red fur, variegated mail-coats, enamelled helmets, were girt with short swords, had brown hair cut across their brows. Each of them would gladly give me choice gifts, yea, choice gifts, and speak lovingly to me, to try and make me comforted but I would not put my trust in them ere she herself [my mother Grimhild] called on me to speak my mind, *saying*: 'I give thee gold to take, Gudrun, plenty of all wealth, thy dead father's heritage, red rings, Lothwy's hall, all the hall-hangings the fallen king left, Hunnish maidens that can weave checkered linen and work beautifully in gold, so that it shall please thee; thou shalt have all Budli's wealth for thine own, thou shalt be endowed with gold and given to Atli.'—*Then I answered*: I will not have him for husband, nor wed the brother of Brunhild; it beseems me not to have children by the

- ætt at auka né una lífi.
- Grimh.* Hirða-þu hildingom heiptir gialda,
q. þo-at ver hafim valdit fyrri.
 Svá skaltu láta sem þeir lífi báðir
 Sigurðr ok Sigmundr, ef þú sono fœðir. 95
- [*Ek q.*] Máka-ek, Grímhildr, glaumi bella,
 né víg-risnom várar selja,
 sízt Sigurðar sárla drukko
 hræ-gífr hækin hiart-blóð saman.
- Grimh.* Þann hefi-ek allra ætt-gæfgastan 100
q. fylki fundit ok framarst neckvi;
 hann skaltu eiga, unz þik aldr viðr
 verlaus vesa, nema þú vilir þenna.
- [*Ek q.*] Hirða-þu bióða bælva-fullar
 þrágiarnliga þær kindir mer: 105
 Hann mun Gunnar grandí beita,
 ok or Hagna hiarta slíta;
 munkað-ek létta áðr lífs hvatan
 egg-leiks hvætoð aldri næmik.
- Grátandi Grímhildr greip við orði, 110
 es burom sínom bælva vætti
 ok mægom sínom meina stórra.
- Grimh.* Lænd gef-ek enn þer, lýða sinni,
q. Vinbiörg, Valbiörg, ef þú vill þiggja;
 eigdu um aldr þat, ok uni dóttir! 115
- [*Ek q.*] Munkað-ek þann kíosa af konungom,
 né þann af niðjom nauðig hafa;

son of Budli, or live with him. — *Grimbild answered*: Do not thou entertain hatred against the kings [thy brothers and Atli], albeit we were the first to begin it. Do thou rather, when thou bringest up thy sons, make as if Sigurd and Sigmund were yet alive. — *Then I said*: I cannot make merry, Grimhild, nor plight my faith to the hero [Atli], since the greedy corse-harpies drunk the heart's blood of Sigurd together. — *Grimbild answered*: He is the best-born of all kings I have known, and the boldest of heroes. Him thou shalt wed, or else be husbandless until old age overcomes thee, save thou take him. — *I said*: Do not continue to thrust upon me, with importunity, that cursed race. He shall [one day] deal a deadly blow to Gunnar, and cut the heart out of Hogni, and I shall never rest till I have taken his life in the prime. Then Grimhild, weeping, broke in upon her words, when she [Gudrun] foretold ills to come upon her [Grimhild's] sons, and sore affliction to her offspring. — *Quoth Grimbild*: I will give thee yet more lands and servants, Wincrag, Walcrag, if thou wilt take them; keep them all thy life and rejoice in them, daughter. — *Then I said*: I will not choose him among kings, nor have him thrust upon me, among all his kin. A husband will bring

92. Emend.; havldom, R. 93. þvi at ver hofom, R. 97. Emend.;
 ne vigrísins vanir telia, R. 99. hækin] emend.; huginn, R. 102. víþar, R.
 109. næmik, R. 116-117. Emend.; þann mun-ek k. a. k. ok þó, R.

verðr eigi mer verr at ynði, né bani bróðra at bura skióli.	
Fóerði mer Grímhildr full at drekka, svalt ok sárlikt, né ek sakar munðak; þat vas um aukit iarðar magni, sval-kældom sæ, ok sónar-dreyra.	120
Vóro í horni hvers-kyns stafir, ristnir ok roðnir—ráða ek ne máttak— lyng-fiskr langr, landz Haddingja ax óskorit, innleið dýra:	125
Vóro þeim bíori bæl mærg saman, 'urt allz viðar ok akarninn,' um-dægg arins, iðrar blótnar, svíns lífr soðin, þvi-at hon sakar deyfði. Enn þá gleymðu, es getið hæfðu æll iofurs 'ior bivg' í sal.	130
Senn vas á hesti hverr drengr litinn, enn víf Valnesk hafíð í vagna.	135
Ver siau daga svalt land riðom, enn aðra siau unnir knfðom; enn ina þriðjo siau þurt land stigom. Þar hlið-verðir hárrar borgar grind upp luko es ver í garð riðom.	140

me no joy, nor will he, that shall be the death of my brothers, be a shelter to my sons.

But Grimhild brought me a beaker of drink, cold and bitter, whereby I forgot my wrongs. It was blent with the might of the earth, with ice-cold sea-water, and with the blood of sacrifice. On this horn there was every kind of letter engraved and painted in red (I could not read them), long ling-fishes [snakes], and unreaped corn ears 'from the land of Harding [the under-world], and the guts of beasts. In this beer there were many evil spells mixed, . . . and hearth's soot, the inner parts of beasts slain in sacrifice, boiled hog's liver because it allays strife. . . .

Then every hero was seen on his horse, and the Gaulish wives lifted up on the wagons. We rode seven days over the cold land, and seven days more we worked our way over the waves, and the third seven days we went upon the dry land. The warders of the lofty forts opened the gates when we rode into the court . . . (*rest missing*).

119. bani] emend.; baul, R.
brunnin, V.

135. hafit, R.

122. iarðar] urðar, R.

129. akara

THE ORDEAL OF GUDRUN.

THIS little poem only occurs in R; the Wolsunga paraphrast, though he knew it, does not use it. We have been able to mend it, so that it is practically perfect. It is in close relationship of plot with the preceding piece, dealing as it does with Gudrun and Theodric; the word 'spennor,' l. 15, refers expressly to the talks in which the lady told the tale of her woes to the hero. The chief value of the poem lies in its full account of the ordeal.

<i>Gudrun</i>	H VAT es þer, Atli, æ, Buðla sonr?	
q.	Es þer hryggt í hug? þó hlær-þú æva!	
	Hitt mœndi óðra iarlom þikkja,	
	at við menn mæltir ok mik sæir.	
<i>Alli</i>	Tregr mik þat, Guðrún Giúka dóttir,	5
q.	mer í hállo Herkja sagði:	
	at it Þjóðrekr und þaki svæfit,	
	ok léttliga líni verðit.	
<i>Gudrun</i>	Þer mun-ek allz þess eiða vinna	
q.	at inom hvíta helga steini:	10
	at ek við Þjóðmars son þatki áttak	
	es værð né verr vinna knátti:	
	nema ek halsaða herja stilli	
	iæfur oneisinn eino sinni,	
	—aðrær várot okkrar spennor—	15
	es við hærmog tvau hnigom at rúnom.	
	Her kom Þjóðrekr með þriá tego;	
	lifa þeir ne einir þriggja tega manna:	
	hneppt em-ek at brœðrom ok at buri ungom,	
	hneppt em-ek at ællom hæfoð-niðjom.	20

Quoth Gudrun: How goes it with thee ever now, Atli, thou son of Budli? Art thou heavy of heart? thou never laughest! Thy gentlemen would be better pleased if thou wouldst talk with men and look upon me.—*Quoth Atli:* This is my grief, Gudrun, thou daughter of Giuki. Herkia told me in the hall that thou and Theodric had slept under one roof, and lightly spread one bed for the twain of you.—*Quoth Gudrun:* I will take an oath about all this matter, upon the white holy stone, that I have never dealt with the son of Theodmar as man and wife are wont, save that once I fell upon the neck of the king of hosts, the blameless prince,—and no more embraces had we,—as we twain bowed our heads together as we talked of our woes. Theodric came here with thirty men, no one of those thirty men is left. I am bereft of my brothers and of my young son, I am bereft of all my next

2. þó] emend.; þv, R. 7. þit, R. 11. Þjóðmars son] emend.; Þjóð-
mar, R. 12. vörð] vörðr, R. 15. várot] emend.; voro, R. okkrar]
crar, R. spennor] not speccor, R. 17. xxx, R. 18. tego, Cd. 19. 20.
hneppt em-ek] emend.; hrineto mik, R. 19. buri ungom] emend.; brynjoðom, R.

	Sentu at Saxa Sunnmanna gram! hann kann helga hver vellanda.	
	Siau hundred manna í sal gengo áðr kvón konungs í ketil tóeki.	
<i>Gudrun</i>	Kemra nú Gunnarr, kalliga-ek Hægna;	25
<i>g.</i>	sékka-ek sðan svása bróðr: sverði mœndi Høgni slíks harms reka; nú verð-ek sialf fyr mik synja lýta. Brá hon til botz biærtom lófa; ok hon upp um tók iarkna-steina:—	
<i>Gudrun</i>	Se nú, seggir!—sykn em-ek orðin	30
<i>g.</i>	heilagliga,—hve síá hvern velli! Hló þá Atla hugr í bríósti es hann heilar sá hendr Guðrúnar:—	
<i>Atli</i>	Nú skal Herkja til hvers ganga,	35
<i>g.</i>	sú es Guðrúno grandí vænti! Sáat maðr armlíkt, hvern es þat sáat, hve þar á Herkjo hendr sviðnoðo. Leiddo þá mey í mýri fúla. <i>Svá varð Guðrún sykn sinna harma.</i>	40

GUDRUNAR-KVIÐA; OR, THE TALE OF GUDRUN.

A LAMENTATION also; this poem, from its lack of action, is not used by the Wolsunga paraphrast, so that we have only R to depend on.

It alone among these songs has a refrain, and is of a more modern cast of thought, with a subject of psychological interest quite alien to the other poems.

We have been able to mend some of the worst places, but it is pretty fairly preserved on the whole.

of kin. Now do thou send to Saxi, the lord of the Southerners, he knows how to hallow the boiling cauldron.

Seven hundred men came into the hall to see the king's wife deal with the cauldron.

Quoth Gudrun: Gunnar shall not come, I shall not call Hogni, I shall never see my sweet brothers more. Hogni would have avenged me of this foul charge with the sword, but now I must clear myself of this charge with my own hand.

She dipped her white hand to the bottom [of the cauldron] and took out the precious stones. 'See now, men, how the cauldron boils! I am proved guiltless according to the holy custom.' Atli's heart laughed in his breast when he saw Gudrun's hands whole. 'Now Herkia must go to the cauldron, she that imputed guilt to Gudrun.'

He has never seen a pitiful sight that did not see how Herkia's hands were scalded that day. They led the maid to a foul slough.

Poet's Epilogue: Thus was Gudrun proved guiltless of the foul charge.

For lines 3-4 and 65-71, we have the assistance of the *duplicate* text, interpolated in the Old Lay of Gudrun (p. 316). On the other hand, we have to cast out two lines after 59 borrowed from the Brunhild Lay, ll. 115-117, and wrongly inserted here. The *silent* weeping of the gentle heroine, with tears flowing through her tresses, is not to be confounded with the *loud* passionate crying of the Brunhild's Lay Gudrun, to which the whole household responds, the geese screaming, the cups rattling, etc. This would alone authorise one in cutting out these lines here.

The *title* is warranted by the superscription in R.

Á R vas þat Guðrún gærðisk at deyja,
 es hon sat sorg-full yfir Sigurði:
 Gærðit hon hiúfra, né hændom slá,
 ne kveina um sem konor aðrar.
 Gengo iarlal al-snotrir fram,
 þeir-es harðz hugar hána lætto. 5

*Þeygi Guðrún gráta mátti,
 svá vas hon móðug myndi hon springa.*

Sáto ítrar iarla brúðir
 gollu búnar fyr Guðrúno: 10
 Hver sagði þeirra sinn of trega,
 þann-es bitrastan um beðit hafði:—
 Þá kvað [þat] Giaflaug Giúka systir:
 mik veit-ek á moldo munar-laustasta;
 hefj-ek fimm vera for-spell beðit, 15
 tveggja dóetra, þriggja systra,
 átta bróðra.—Þó ek ein lifi.

*Þeygi Guðrún gráta mátti:
 svá vas hon móðug at mög dauðan,
 ek harð-huguð um hrær fylkiss.* 20

Þá kvað þat Herborg Húnalandz dróttning:—

IT was in the olden time, Gudrun was nigh to death, as she sat sorrowful over Sigurd. She made no loud cry, nor wrung her hands, nor wept as other women use. The wise men came and tried to soothe her heavy heart.

Nevertheless Gudrun could not weep, she was so oppressed, her heart was like to break.

The gentle ladies, dight with gold, sate before her. Each of them told her her own sorrows, the bitterest woes she had endured. Then spake Giaflaug, Giuki's sister: 'I hold myself the most forlorn woman on earth. I have lost five husbands, two daughters, five sisters, eight brothers. I alone am left alive.'

Nevertheless Gudrun could not weep, she was so oppressed at her husband's death, so heavy-hearted over the king's corpse.

Then spake Herborg, the queen of Hunland: 'I have heavier losses

Hefi-ek harðara harm at segja:
 Mímir siau synir sunnan-landz,
 verr inn átti, í val fello:
 faðir ok móðir, fírir bræðr, 25
 þau á vági vindr of lék;
 barði bára við borð-þili.
 Sialf skylda-ek gæfga, sialf skylda-ek gætva,
 sialf skylda-ek hændla hrœr þeirra;
 þat ek allt um beið ein misseri, 30
 sva-at mer mangi munar leitaði.
 Þá varð-ek hapta ok her-numa
 siau misseri 'síðan verða;'
 skylda-ek skreyta ok skua binda
 hersiss kváon hverjan morgin; 35
 hon ógði mer af afbryði
 ok hærðom mik hæggom keyrði:
 fann-ek húss-guma hvergi in betra,
 enn húss-freyjo hvergi [in] verri.

Þeygi Gudrún gráta málti, 40
svá vas hon móðug at mög daudan,
ok harð-huguð um hrœr fylkiss.

Þá kvað þat Gollrænd Giúka dóttir—
 Fá kantu, fóstura, þótt-þú fróð ser,
 ungo vífi ann-spiáll bera. 45
 Varaði hon at hylja um hrœr fylkiss;
 svipti hon bléjo af Sigurði,

to tell. My seven sons from the land of the South, and my husband the eighth, fell in battle. My father and mother, my four brothers, the wind of the deep played over them, the billow dashed them against the gunwales. They had none but me to wash them, none but myself to bury them, none but myself to lay out their corpses. All this I suffered in one season, nor was there any one to comfort me. After this I was taken captive, and for seven years held a prisoner of war [as the vilest of women], and put in bondage. I had to dress and bind the shoes on the lord's wife every morning. She would threaten me in her jealousy, and drove me with heavy stripes. I never saw a better goodman anywhere, nor ever anywhere a worse goodwife.'

Nevertheless Gudrun could not weep, she was so oppressed at her son's death, and so heavy-hearted over the king's [her husband's] corpse.

Then spake Goldrand, Giuki's daughter: 'Thou knowest not, foster-mother, though thou be wise, how to comfort the young wife.' She bade them uncover the king's body, and swept the sheet from off Sigurd, casting it to the ground before his wife's knees. 'Look on

29. hrœr] Bugge; h' for (=hreor), R. 31. mangi] Bugge; † engi, R.
 33. Emend.; sams misseris, R. verða] read varða? síðust varða?

- ok vatt á vengi fyr vífs kníóm :
 Líttu á líufan ! leggðu munn við græn,
 sem þú halsaðir heilan stilli ! 50
 Á leit Guðrún einu sinni ;
 sá hon dægling's skær dreyra runna,
 fránar síónir fylkiss liðnar,
 hug-borg iæfurs hiærvi skorna.
 Þá hné Guðrún hœll við bólstri ; 55
 haddr losnaði, hlýr roðnaði ;
 enn regns dropi rann niðr um kné.
- Þá grét Guðrún Giúka dóttir,
 svá-at tár flugo tresk í gægnom.*
- Þá kvað þat Gollrænd Giúka dóttir :— 60
 Ykkrar víska-ek ástir mestar
 manna allra fyr mold ofan :
 unðir þú hvárki úti né inni,
 systir mín, nema hiá Sigurði.
- Þá kvað þat Guðrún Giúka dóttir :— 65
 Svá vas mín Sigurðr hiá sonom Giúka,
 sem væri geir-laukr ór grasi vaxinn,
 eða hiærtr há-beinn um hvæssom dýrom,
 eða goll glóð-rautt af grá silfri,
 eða væri biartr steinn á band dreginn, 70
 iarkna-steinn, yfir æðlingom.
 Ek þótta ok þjóðans rekkom
 hverri hæri Herjans dísi :
 nú em-ek svá lítil sem laufi sé
 orpinn iælstr at iæfor dauðan. 75

thy love, lay thy mouth to his lips as if thou wert clasping thy living lord.'

Guðrun cast one look upon him, she saw the king's hair dripping with blood, his keen eyes dead, his breast scored by the sword. Then she fell upon the pillow, with loosened hair and reddened cheek ; her tears trickled like rain-drops down to her knee. And now Guðrun, Giuki's daughter, wept so, that the tears soaked through her tresses.

Then spake Goldrand, Giuki's daughter : 'The love of you two is the greatest I ever saw upon earth. Thou couldst never rest, my sister, within doors or out, save thou wert at Sigurd's side.'

Then spake Guðrun, Giuki's daughter : 'As the tall garlick above the grasses, or like a high-legged hart among the fleet deer, or like ember-red gold to the gray silver, or like the glittering gem upon a thread of beads, so was my Sigurd among the sons of Giuki, above all lords beside. Among the king's champions I was held higher than any other maid of Woden, but now I am brought as low as a willow shrunk of her leaves, by the death of the king ; at board and at

48. á vengi] emend.; vengi, R. 59. tresk, R (a Romance word).
 59-60. R adds—ok gullo við gæss í túni | mærir foglar er mæi átti.—From The Long
 Lay of Brunhild, p. 297, ll. 115-117. 74-75. Emend.; lauf se opt iavlstrom, R.

Sakna-ek í sessi ok í sæingo
 míns mál-vinar; Valda megir Giúka,
 valda megir Giúka míno [bælvi],
 ok systor sinnar sórom gráti.
 Svá ér 'um lýða landi eyðit,' 80
 sem ér um unnoð eiða svarða!
 Mana-þú, Gunnarr, gollz um nióta;
 þeir muno þer baugar at bana verða,
 es þú Sigurði svarðir eiða!
 Opt vas í túni teiti meiri, 85
 þá-es mínn Sigurðr sæðlaði Grana,
 ok þeir Brynhildar biðja fóro,
 armrar vættar, flo heilli.
 Þá kvað þat Brynhildr Buðla dóttir:—
 Væn sé sú vættr vers ok barna, 90
 es þik, Guðrún, grátz um beiddi,
 ok þer í morgon mál-rúnar gaf!
 Þá kvað þat Gollrænd Giúka dóttir:—
 Þegi-þú, þjóð-leið, þeirra orða!
 Urðr æðlinga þú hefir æ verið. 95
 Rekr þik 'alda hverr' flrar skepno,
 sorg sára siau konunga,
 ok vin-spell vífa mest.
 Þá kvað þat Brynhildr Buðla dóttir:—
 Veldr einn Atli ællo bælví, 100
 of borinn Buðla, bróðir minn.
 Þá-es við í holl Húnskrar þjóðar
 elld á iafri orm-beðs litom:
 Þess hefi-ek gangs goldit síðan;

bed I miss my gossip. It was the sons of Giuki, it was the sons of Giuki that caused my misery, the sore tears of their sister. May ye [keep land and lieges] according as ye kept your sworn oath. Thou shalt never profit by the gold, Gunnar, those rings shall be thy death, for the oath's sake which thou didst swear to Sigurd. There was far greater joy in the court when my Sigurd saddled Grani, and ye too went forth to woo Brunhild, that accursed being, in an evil day.'

Then spake Brunhild, Budli's daughter: 'May that being lack both husband and children that moved thee to tears, Gudrun, and gave thee the power of speech this day!'

Then spake Goldrand, Giuki's daughter: 'Hold thy peace, thou hateful woman, from such words. Thou hast been an Evil Fate to princes, . . . a sore sorrow to seven kings, and a bereaver of many a wife.'

Then spake Brunhild, Budli's daughter: 'Atli, my brother, the son of Budli, alone wrought this woe, when, in the hall of the people of the Huns, we saw the fire of the lair [Sigurd's spoils, Fafni's hoard].

78. bœlvi] om. R. 80. Maimed text; read, sva vesid lýð ok landi sneyddir?
 96. Thus hverr (not hver), R.

‘þeirrar sýnar sámk ey.’

105

Stóð hon und stoð ‘strengði hon elvi.’

Brann Brynhildi Buðla dóttor

eldr or augom, eitri fnæsti

es hon sár um leit á Sigurði.

TREG-ROF GUÐRÚNAR; OR, GUDRUN'S CHAIN OF WOE.

AT the end of R, last poem but one, under the title *Gudrunar-brvaut*, comes, as we have noted above (Book i. p. 52), a strange heterogeneous jumble of verses. When one looks into them, one sees that they fall into two lots. The *first lot*, broken fragments on the Hamtheow Story, some parallel to, others filling gaps in Hamtheow's Lay, in a metre such as that of Hamtheow's Lay, and with the fierce haughty Gudrun we know from Atli's and Hamtheow's Lays for a heroine. In the *second lot* all this is reversed; the metre is that of Book v, the heroine is the sweet gentle woe-begone Gudrun of the later Epics, the subject, her Death-Song, is widely different from that of the *first lot*, into which it cannot be linked; moreover, it is regularly finished off with an epilogue containing the title. One is forced to the conclusion that we have here *two fragments of two different poems*, the first one being a *B-text* of Hamtheow's Lay, the latter a separate poem, called *Gudrun's Chain of Woes*, of which the first half or more is lost. This one we print here.

Lines 16-18, and even 13-20, we incline to think belong to Hamtheow's Lay, part of Gudrun's address to her sons. Hamtheow's words, ll. 30-37 of that Lay, *answer* them. Moreover, the metre and wording are that of the old Lay.

After all her weary life of sorrow, Gudrun comes forth while her funeral pile is being made ready in the fore court of the palace (tá), and ere she mounts it sings her *Tale* or *Chain of Woes*. Then she calls on her love Sigfred to come and welcome her among the dead, and throws herself into the blazing pyre. The poem unhappily is not perfect; besides gaps, the beginning is lost *save the first four lines*, which, corrupt though they are, we can recognise by metre and meaning to belong here, and not to the place in which they are found in the vellum (at the head of Hamdis-mal). A few lines defy treatment as yet. We have, however, been able to recover the *title* of this poem, *Treg-rof Gudrunar*, from the last line, and by help of Skald-Helga-Rímur, the author of which, Thomas, an Eastern Iclander of the sixteenth century, must have had the last verse in his head when he wrote, ‘öllum verdi er inni eg fra *angr* sitt at hægra;’ l. 56 has been put right.

For that journey of Sigurd I have paid dearly, [for that never-to-be-forgotten sight].⁷

She stood by the pillar, she Fire was kindled in the eyes of Brunhild, Budli's daughter, the venom spirted from her mouth when she saw the wounds of Sigurd.

SPRUTTO á tai tregnar iðir
græti alfa in glystomo
ár um morgin manna bælva
sútir hverjar sorg um kveykva.

Guðrún grátandi Giúka dóttir 5
gekk hon tregliga á tai sitja,
ok at telja tárok-hlýra
móðug spiaöll á margan veg.

Þriá vissa-ek elda; þriá vissa-ek árna; 10
vas ek þrimr verom vegin at húsi:
Einn vas mer Sigurðr allom betri,
es bróðr mínir at bana urðo.
'Svarra sára' sákað ek né kunna

meirr þóttosk mér um stríða,
es mik æðlingar Atla gáfo. 15

[Húna hvassa hét ek mer at rúnom;
máttigak bælva bóetr um vinna
áðr ek hnóf hæfuð af Hniflungom.]

Gekkk ek til strandar; græm vas-ek Nornom;
'vilda ek hrinda stríð-gríð þeira:' 20
hófo mik, ne drekðo, hávar báror;
því ek land um sték at ek lifa skyldak.

Gekkk ek á beð—hugðak mer fyr betra—
þriðja sinni þiód-konungi:
ól ek mer ióð, erfi-værðo, 25
. . . . Ionakrs sono.

First four lines cannot be translated. Subject: The pyre is being reared in the court (tá).

GUDRUN, Giuki's daughter, sat weeping in the court; she [began sorrowfully to number her woes], and with tearful cheeks to tell over her sorrows in manifold ways.

I have known three fires, three hearths; I have been carried to the houses of three husbands. The first was Sigurd, the best of them all, whom my brothers did to death. I neither saw nor knew . . . I thought it a still harder trouble when they gave me to Atli. [I called my brave little sons apart to talk with me. I could find no recompense for my wrongs till I cut off the heads of the Hniflungs.]

I went down to the strand; angry with the Fates I was, [I wished to defy their hateful curse]; but the high waves bore me up without drowning me. I reached the land, for I was fated to live.

I went for the third time to the bed of a mighty king, hoping for better fate, and I bore children, sons, . . . to Ionakr. But the bondmaids

Enn um Svanhildi sáoto þýjar,
 es ek mínna barna bazt full-hugðak;
 svá vas Svanhildr í sal mínom,
 sem væri scémleitr sólar-geisli. 30
 Góedda ek golli ok goðvefjom,
 áðr ek gæfak Goðþjóðar til:
 Þat eromk harðast harma minna,
 es þeir inn hvíta hadd Svanhildar
 auri træddo und ioa fótom: 35
 enn sá sárastr, es þeir Sigurð mín
 sigri ræntan í sæing vágo:
 enn sá grimmastr, es þeir Gunnari
 frárir ormar til fiærs skriðo:
 enn sá hvassastr, es þeir Hægna 40
 hilmi kvikvan til hiarta skáro.
 Fiæld man-ek bælvá

Beittu, Sigurðr, enn blakka mar!
 hest inn hrað-féera láttu hinig renna!
 Sitrat her snor né dóttir 45
 sú-es Guðrúno gefi hnossir.
 Minztu, Sigurðr, hvat við mæltom
 þá-es við á beð bæði sátom:
 at þú myndir mín móðugr vitja
 halr or Heljo, enn ek þín or heimi. 50

Hlaðit ér, iarlár, eiki-kæstinn!
 látið þann und himni hæstan verða!
 Megi brenna brióst bælvá-fult

sat round Swanhild, whom I loved best of my children; she was like a glorious sunbeam in my bower. I endowed her with gold and goodly raiment before I married her into Gothland. That was the hardest of all my sorrows, when they trod Swanhild's fair hair in the dust under the hoofs of the horses: but the sorest when they slew my Sigurd, robbed of his victories, in my bed: and the cruellest when the fierce snakes pierced Gunnar to the heart: and the sharpest when they cut Hogni the hero to the heart, while he was yet alive. I can remember many woes. Harness, Sigurd, thy white steed; let thy fleet horse gallop hither, for here sits neither daughter-in-law, nor daughter, to give gifts to me. Remember, Sigurd, what we promised one another when we both went into the bed of wedlock, that thou wouldst come from Hell to seek me, but that I would come to thee from earth.

Then before she climbs upon the pile, she calls to those present to pile up the logs.

Pile up, good gentlemen, the oaken pile; let it stand high under

28. enn ek, R. 33. es mer, R. 34. es þeir] emend.; of þann, R.
 40-41. Emend.; es til hiarta fló konung oblaudan kvikvan skáro, R. 45. sitr
 eigi, R. 52. himni] emend.; hilmi, R.

eldr um hiarta
 þiðni sorgir. 55

Iærlom ællom angrs batni!
 snótom ællom sorgar minki!

Nú es um talið TREG-ROF GUÐRÚNAR.

§ 4. THE ATLI POET.

ATLA-MAL IN GRÆNLENZKO; OR, THE GREENLAND LAY OF ATLI.

FOUND only in R, leaves 41-43. The Wolsunga paraphrast used a sister text to ours, to which he adheres so strictly in his prose, contrary to his usual custom, that in some places we are able to correct our text from it [e.g. ll. 315, 345, 397]. In one instance [89-90] two lines have dropped out in our copy, which we have been able to recover from his prose. It is evident that our text was taken from a somewhat old and faded copy. We have transposed l. 268 three lines up.

The *title* is given in R, and is no mere name, for the 'White bears' in the dream fix the locality, and we cannot date it earlier than the eleventh century.

The *story*, though spun out, is the same as that of the old Atla-kvida (Bk. i. § 5), which this poet is well acquainted with and follows closely, sometimes even in phraseology, so that one is able to mend the text by the recurring words in the other poem [e.g. l. 231]. The chief peculiarity is the original treatment of Gudrun, who is here a furious Medea, quite alien in nature to the gentle Andromache or Electra of the poems in §§ 2 and 3. There is a savagery and grimness altogether about this Lay which is very appropriate to the wild life of the early Greenland colonists, and their terrible climate. The characters, the brutish credulity of Atli, for example, are not over-well drawn—still the voca-

the heaven. May my sorrow-laden breast burn, may the flame . . . my heart . . . may my sorrows melt away.

The Gleeman's Epilogue:—

May all gentlemen's griefs be bettered!
 May all ladies have less of sorrow!
 Now is Gudrun's CHAIN OF WOES told out.

56. angrs] emend.; oþal, R. 57. sorgar minki] emend.; sorg at minni, R.
 58. Nú es um . . . Guðrúnar] emend.; at þetta tregrof um talið veri, R (cp. Lay of Ordrun, last line).

bulary is rich, particularly in law terms, and contains a little hoard of rare words, some of which occur nowhere else. The style is marked by interjectional phrases, broken 'asides.' The *metre* is peculiar and almost monotonously regular.

FRÉTT hefir æld ofo þá, es endr um gærðo
 seggir samkundo,—sú vas nýt fæstom,—
 céxto ein-mæli; uggr vas þeim síðan,
 ok ið sama sonom Giúka es véro sann-ráðnir.
 Skæp céxto 'Skiældunga;—skyldo þeir feigir!— 5
 Ílla rézk Atla; átti hann þó hyggjo:
 fellði stoð stóra; stríddi ser harðla;
 af bragði boð sendi, at kvæmi brátt mágár.
 Horsk vas húss-freyja, hugði at manviti;
 lag heyrði hon orða, hvat þeir á laun mæltu: 10
 Þá vas vant vitri, vildi hon þeim hialpa;
 skyldo um sæ sigla; enn sialf ne komskat.
 Rúnar nam at rísta. Rengði þær Vingi—
 fárs vas hann flýtandi—áðr hann fram seldi:
 Fóro þá síðan sendi-menn Atla 15
 um fiærð Lima, þar es frœknir bioggo.
 Ölværir urðo ok elda kyndo,
 hugðo vætr véla, es þeir váro komnir.
 Tóko þeir fórnir es þeim 'friðr' sendi,
 hengðo á súlo; hugðoð þat varða. 20
 Kom þá Kostbera,—kván vas hon Hægna,—
 kona kapps-gólig, ok kvaddi þá báða:
 Glæð vas ok Glæumvør, es Gunnarr átti;

MEN have heard the dreadful tale, how the heroes held a parley together—good to nobody; they held a secret meeting, whence came woe upon themselves, and also to the sons of Giuki who were betrayed. The Norns let their doom wax high, since they were doomed to die. Atli took an evil step although he was a wise man; he hewed down a mighty pillar and did himself great harm, when he sent off his messengers to bid his brothers-in-law seek him without tarrying. The goodwife was brave, she used her wit, she caught the drift of the words which they were speaking in secret. The wise lady was hard put to it, she desired to help them, but they must cross the sea, and she herself could not come, so she graved runes; but Wingi—bent on treason was he—put them wrong ere he gave them [to her brethren].

Forth went the messengers of Atli and crossed Lim-firth, where the princes dwelt. They were merry with wine and kindled the fires—they thought not on guile—when the messengers came. They took the gifts their sister had sent them, and hung them on the pillars, they thought them of no moment. Then came Kostbera,—she was Hogni's wife,—a most merry lady, and greeted both the brethren. And Glæumvør,

2. Emend.; su vas nytt festom, R. 3. yggr, R. 5. Read Skuldir (*Fates*)?
 þeir] at, R. 19. Friðr? la Belle? 22. gálig, R.

- fellzkað saðr sviðri; sýsti um þarf gesta.
 Buðo þeir heim Hægna, ef hann þá heldr fóeri; 25
 —sýn vas svipvísi, ef þeir sín gæði.—
 Hét þá Gunnarr, ef Hægni vildi;
 Hægni því nýtti es hinn um róeddi.
 Báro miað mærar; margs vas allz beini;
 fór þar fiolð horna unnz þótti full-drukkið. 30
 Hiú gærðo hvflo sem þeim hægst þótti.
 Kend vas Kostbera; kunni hon skil rúna:
 innti orð-stafi at eldi líosom:
 gæta varð hon tungo í góma báða;
 váro svá villtar, at vas vant at ráða. 35
 Sæing fóro síðan sína þau Hægni;
 Dreymði drótt-láta, dulði þess vætki.
 Sagði horsk hilmí þegars hon réð vakna:—
Kostb. Heiman gærisk þú, Hægni, hygg-ðu at ráðom;
q. Fár es full-rýninn: far-þú í sinn annat: 40
 Réð ek þær rúnar es reist þín systir;
 biart hefir þer eigi boðið í sinn þetta.
 Eitt ek mest undromk,—mákað-ek enn hyggja,—
 hvat þá varð vitri, es skyldi villt rísta:
 því-at svá vas á vísat, sem undir væri 45
 bani ykkarr beggja, ef ið brálla kvæmið.
 Vant es stafs vífi; eða valda aðrir.
Hogni 'Allar ro flúðgar; ákka-ek þess kynni;
q. vilka-ek þess leita, nema launa eigim.'

Gunnar's wife, was glad also. She never lacked sure wisdom, she busied herself with the needs of the guests. They [Wingi and his fellow] begged Hogni to come, that Gunnar might be more willing to come—the treachery was clear, if they had but paid heed to it. Then Gunnar asked if Hogni would go. Hogni said that he would stand by the other's will.

The ladies served the mead; there was store of all good cheer; they bore drink-horns a many, till men had drunk their fill. The two [Hogni and his wife] went to rest as seemed good to them. Kostbera the kindly, she knew how to read runes; she read through the letters by the light of the fire, she kept guard on her tongue between her teeth; the letters were so dark that it was hard to read. Then she and Hogni went to bed. The gentle lady had a dream—she hid it not, but told it to her husband as soon as she awoke. 'Thou art going away from home, Hogni, take heed to what thou doest. Few men weigh what is before them; go this journey another time. I have read the runes thy sister engraved, she has not bidden thee to her this time. And I wonder at one thing, and cannot make it out, how it came about that she cut them wrong, for there were hints therein as if the death of you both were awaiting you if you go now; either she missed a letter or another has put them wrong.'—*Quoth Hogni*: . . . The king [Atli] will endow us

- Okkr mun gramr golli reifa glóð-rauðo: 50
 Óumk-ek aldregi, þótt ver ógn fregnim.
- Kostb.* Stopalt monoð ganga, ef ið stundit þangat;
q. ykk mun ást-kynni eigi í sinn þetta.
 Dreymði mik, Høgni,—dyljomk þat eigi,—
 ganga mun ykk andæriss, eða ella hræðomk. 55
 Blæjo hugða-ek þína brenna í eldi;
 hryti hár logi hús mín í gœgnom.
- Hogni* Liggja her lín-klæði, þau ér lítt róekit;
q. þau munn brátt brenna þar-es þú blæjo sátt.
- Kostb.* Biörn hugða-ek her inn kominn, bryti upp stokka, 60
q. hristi svá hramma, at ver hrædd yrðim;
 munn oss mærg hefði, svá-at ver mættim ekki;
 þar vas ok þræmmun þeygi svá lítil.
- Hogni* Veðr mun þar vaxa, verða ótt snemma;
q. hvíta-biörn hugdir, þar mun hregg austan. 65
- Kostb.* Örn hugða-ek her inn fliúga at endlængo húsi,
q. —þat mun oss driúgt deilask,—dreifði hann oss æll blóði;
 hugða-ek af heiptom at væri hamr Atla.
- Hogni* Sláótróm sýsliga; siám þá roðro;
q. Opt es þat fyr æxnom es ærno dreymir; 70
 Heill es hugr Atla, hvatki es þik dreymir.—
 Lokit því léto.—Líðr hver réða.
- Væknoðo vel-borin. Vas þar sams dóemi:
 Gættisk þess Glaumvør, at væri grand svefna
 . . . við Gunnar at 'fá tvær leiðir.' 75

with ember-red gold. I am never in doubt, though I do hear any rumour of ill.—*Quoth Kostbera*: It shall be ill with you if ye go thither now, it will not be a friendly meeting this time. I dreamed, Hogni,—I will not hide it,—that it will go hard with you, and I fear it will be so. I thought thy sheets were burning in the fire, and that a high flame was showering sparks through thy house.—*Quoth Hogni*: Here lie linen rags cast off, they will soon be burnt, and they are the sheets thou sawest in thy dream.—*Quoth Kostbera*: I saw a bear come in and tear up the seat-pillars, he shook his paws so that we were frightened. He held many of us in his mouth so that we could do nothing, there was no small trampling there too.—*Quoth Hogni*: The weather shall wax and soon grow to a gale; thou didst dream of a white bear, that means a snow-storm from the east.—*Quoth Kostbera*: I dreamed that an eagle flew in, all up the hall, spattering us all with blood, that will certainly bring us ill. I saw from his fierceness that it was the fetch of Atli.—*Quoth Hogni*: We shall make a big slaughter; then we shall see blood; it often means oxen when we dream of eagles. Atli's heart is single whatsoever thou dream.

Then they ceased. Every speech comes to an end.

The well-born [king Gunnar and Gleamwor] awakened, it was the same story with them. Gleamwor said that she had had evil dreams . . .

- Glaum.* Gœrvan hugða-ek þer galga, gengir þú at hanga;
q. æti þik ormar—yrða-ek þik—kvikvan;
 gœrðisk ræk ragna. Ráð-þú hvat þat væri!
- Gunn. q.* (*The answer lost.*)
- Glaum.* Blóðgan hugða-ek mæki, borinn or serk þínom,—
q. illt es svefn slíkan at segja nauð-manni,— 80
 geir hugða-ek standa í gœgnom þik miðjan;
 emjoðo ulfar á endom báðom.
- Gunn.* Rakkar þar renna; ráðask miæk geyja;
q. opt verðr geira flaug fyrir glaumi hunda.
- Glaum.* Á hugða-ek her inn renna at endlango húsi; 85
q. þyti af þjósti, þeystisk of bekki;
 bryti fétr ykkra bréðra hier tveggja;
 gœrðit vatn vægja. Vesa man þat fyrir nekkvi.
- Gunn.* [Þar muno akrar renna es þú á hugðir. || cf. 65.
q. Opt nema agnir fétr óra es ver akr gongom.] 90
- Glaum.* Konor hugða-ek dauðar koma í nótt hingat,
q. verit vart búnar; vildi þik kíósa;
 byði þer brálliga til bekkja sínna.
 Ek kveð af-líma orðnar þer Dísir.
- Gunn.* Seinat es at segja; svá es nú ráðit; 95
q. forðumka feigð, allz þó es fara ætlað;
 Mart es miæk glíklígt, at munim skamm-æir.

Lito es lýsti, létosk þeir fúsir
 allir upp rísa; ænnor þau létto.

warning Gunnar not to go.—*Quoth Gleamvor* : I dreamed of a gallows set up, and that thou wast going to be hanged thereon. I saw thee eaten alive of serpents, so that I lost thee. There came the crack of doom. Tell me what it means.—*Quoth Gunnar* : (*Answer lost.*)—*Quoth Gleamvor* : I saw a bloody blade drawn out of thy shirt. It is hard to have to tell such dream to a husband. I thought I saw a spear smitten through thy body, while the wolves howled at either side.—*Quoth Gunnar* : It was curs running, barking very sharply. The flight of spears often means dogs' baying.—*Quoth Gleamvor* : I thought I saw a river rushing up the hall; it roared with fury, dashing over the benches, and broke the legs of both of you brothers; the water was pitiless. That must mean something.—*Quoth Gunnar* : There corn-fields shall be waving where thou sawest a river; the awns catch our feet when we walk through a field.—*Quoth Gleamvor* : I thought I saw dead women, poorly clad, come in here to-night; they wished to choose thee, and bade thee come to their hall without tarrying. I fear thy good fairies have dropped away from thee.—*Quoth Gunnar* : It is too late to talk; now it is settled, we cannot escape our doom. We are bound to go now, yea, though it is not unlikely that our lives may be short.

When the dawning showed they all arose and made them ready, but

84. Transposed; opt verðr glaumr hunda fyrir geira flaugom, R.
 From the Paraphrase.

96. feigð] emend.; for þo, R.

Fóro fimm saman; fleiri til vóro	100
hælfo hús-karlar—hugat vas því slla:—	
Snævarr ok Sólarr; synir vóro þeir Hægna;	
Orkning þann héto, es þeim enn fylgði,	
blíðr vas bærr skialdar bróðir hans kvánar.	
Fóro fagr-búnar unz þau fiærðr skilði;	105
lætto ávalt líosar; létoat heldr segjask.	
Glaumvæz kvað at orði, es Gunnarr átti;	
mælti hon við Vinga, sem henni vert þótti:	
Veitkað-ek hvárt verð-launið at vilja ossom;	
glóépr es gestz kváma, ef í gærisk nakkvað.	110
Sór þá Vingi,—ser réð hann lítt eira:—	
Eigi hann lætnar, ef hann at yðr lygi;	
galgi gœrvallan, ef hann á grið hygði!	
Bera kvað at orði, blíð. í hug sfnom:	
Siglið ér sælir, ok sigr árníð!	115
fari sem ek fyr mælik! 'Fæst eigi því níta.'	
Hægni svaraði,—hugði gótt náonom:—	
Huggisk ið, horskar, hvegi es þat gœrvisk!	
Mæla þat margir,—missir þó stórom,—	
'mærgom ræðr lítlo, hve verðr leiddr heiman.'	120
Sásk til síðan, áðr í sundr hyrfi.	
Þá hykk skæp skipto; skilðosk vegir þeirra.	
Roa náomo ríki; rífo kíal halfan;	
beysto bak-fállom; brugðosk heldr reiðir:	
Hæmlor slitnoðo; háir brotnoðo;	125
Gærðot far festa, áðr þeir frá hyrfi.	
Lítlo ok lengra—lok mun-ek þess segja—	

their wives would have held them back. They went forth five together, and twice as many henchmen—it was ill devised:—*they two*; Snowar and Solar, Hogni's sons; and Orkning was the name of the last, this blithe hero was Gleamwor's brother. The fair-clad ladies went with them till the firth parted them; they would alway have held them back, but they were the more bent on going. Then Gleamwor, whom Gunnar wed, began to speak, talking to Vingi as she thought best: 'I know not whether ye will reward us according to our desert. It is foul shame to the guest if any ill happens through him [to the host].' Then Vingi swore, he did not spare himself: 'May the giants take me if I lie to you; may the gallows have me body and bones if I thought on any breach of faith.'

Bera blithe-hearted began to speak: 'Sail in safety, and speed ye well! May ye fare as I wish you' Lovingly Hogni answered his wife: 'Comfort you, gallant ladies, whatsoever betide' Then they kissed each other ere they turned away; their fates lay apart when their ways parted.

They began to row amain, . . . keel . . . ; they bent full on their backs, they waxed very furious, the oar-thongs split, the tholes broke. They did not moor the boat before they turned away. I must tell all

bé sá þeir standa, es Buðli átti:

hátt hrikðo grindr es Hægni kníði.

Orð kvað þá Vingi, þaz án vesi: 130

Farið firr húsi!—flátt es til sóekja:

brátt hefi-ek ykr brenda; bragðs skoloð hœgggnir.

fagrt bað-ek ykkv kvómo; flátt vas þó undir;—

ella heðan bíðit meðan ek hœgg yðr galga!

Orð kvað hitt Hægni,—hugði lítt vægja, 135

varr at vettugi es varð at reyna:

Hirða þú oss hræða! hafðu þat fram sialdan!

Ef þú eykr orði, illt mundo þer lengja!

Hrunðo þeir Vinga, ok í hel drápo

exar at lægðo, meðan í ænd hixti. 140

Flykðosk þeir Atli ok fóro í brynjor;

gengo svá gærvir at vas garðr milli;

urposk á orðom allir senn reiðir:

Alli q. Fyrr vórom full-ráða, at firra yðr lífi.

Hogni q. Á sér þat illa, ef hæfðot áðr ráðit; 145

enn eroð óbúnir, ok hæfom einn feldan,

lamðan til heljar; liðs vas sá yðars.

Óðir þá urðo, es þat orð heyrðo;

‘forðoðo fingrom,’ ok fengo í snæri;

skuto skarpliga, ok skiældom hlífðosk. 150

Inn kom þá ann-spilli, hvat úti drýgðo;

hátt fyr hællo heyrðo þræl segja.

Ötul vas þá Guðrún, es hon ekka heyrði;

to the end—they could see the hall that Budli owned standing a little farther on. The gate-bars creaked when Hogni shook it.

Up spake Vingi then, he had best held his peace: ‘Keep off from the house, ye may look for an ill welcome. I shall soon see you burnt, ye shall soon be slaughtered. With fair words I prayed you to come here, but there was falsehood beneath them. Get you gone, unless ye be willing to wait till I cut you a gallows.’—Up spake Hogni, he had no thought of yielding, he feared nothing that might befall: ‘Never think to frighten us! Thou wilt not! If thou speak another word it will be the worse for thee.’

They thrust at Vingi and smote him to death, they hewed at him with their axes while the breath rattled in his throat.

Atli’s men gathered, and did on their mail-coats; they marched in such wise that the wall was between them. They began to shout to one another, all in wrath together.

Quoth Atli: ‘We had settled beforehand to take your lives!’—*Quoth Hogni:* ‘It looks little as if ye settled it beforehand, ye are still unready, and we have slain one of you, smitten him to death; he was one of your host.’ They waxed wroth when they heard those words, they put forth their fingers and took hold on the strings, they shot sharply forth, covering themselves with their shields.

With that there came a message into the hall that told what was doing outside; they heard a thrall shouting loudly without: . . . Gudrun

hlaðin hals-menjom, hreytti hon þeim gervallom ;
 slöengði svá silfri, at í sundr hruto baugar. 155
 Út gekk hon síðan,—ypðit lítt hurðom ;
 fóra fælt þeygi ;—ok fagnaði komnom ;
 hvarf til Hniflunga,—sú vas hinzt kveðja,
 fylgði saðr slfko. Sagði hon mun fleira :
 Leitaða-ek í líkna, at letja ykkur heiman,— 160
 skæpom viðr manngi,—ok skoloð þó her komnir !
 Mælti af man-viti, ef mundo sættask ;
 ekki at réðosk ; allir ní kváðo.
 Sá þá sæl-borin, at þeir sárt léko :
 Hugði á harðræði, ok hrauðzk or skikkjo ; 165
 nækðan tók hon mæki, ok niðja fiær varði ;
 hóg vasat hialdri, hvars hon hendr festi.
 Dóttir lét Giúka drengi tvá hníga ;
 bróðor híó hon Atla, 'bera varð þann síðan ;'
 skapði hon svá skæro, skelldi fót undan : 170
 annan réð hon hœggva, svá-at sá upp reisat ;
 í heljo hon þann hafði,—þeygi henni hendr skulfo.
 Þiorko þar gærðo ; þeirri vas við brugðit ;
 þat brá um allt annat es unno bærn Giúka.
 Svá kváðo Hniflunga, meðan ó-sárir lifðo, 175
 skapa sókn sverðom, slítask af brynjor,
 hœggva svá hialma : sem þeim hugr dygði.
 Morgin mest vágo, unz miðjan dag líddi,

was roused when she heard this bad news ; she was laden with necklaces, she tore them all away, she flung the silver down so that every link was snapped asunder. She went out of the hall forthwith ; it was not softly that she threw back the doors, it was in no fearful mood that she went out to welcome the new comers. She turned to the Hniflungs—it was their last greeting, and there was earnest in it ; moreover, she said, ' I tried to save you and keep you at home, and yet ye are here. No man can fly from fate.' She spake wisely, trying to make peace, but they would not be counselled [or accede to it], all of them said No. When the high-born lady saw that the game was a bloody one, she hardened her heart, and threw off her mantle, took a naked sword in her hand and fought for the life of her kinsmen. She was no weakling in the fight, wherever her hand fell ; Giuki's daughter struck down two warriors. She smote Atli's brother . . . she shaped her stroke so that she smote off his foot, and struck down the other so that he never rose again, sending him to hell. Her hand faltered not.

The fight they fought, it was famed far and wide ; it was greater than all the other feats of the children of Giuki. It is said that the Hniflungs, as long as they were alive unwounded, never ceased to deal blows with their swords, riving mail-coats and hewing through helmets, as their hearts bade them. They fought all through the morning, through the first watches and the forenoon till mid-day was past—less would be a

ótto alla, ok ændurðan dag;
—fyrir vesi full-veggit,—flóði vællr blóði; 180
átján þeir felldo—æfri þeir urðo—
Bero tveir sveinar ok bróðir hennar.

Ræskr tók at róða, þótt hann reiðr væri:
Íllt es um litask;—yðr es þat kenna,—
vórom þrír tígir þegnar vígligr, 185
eptir lifom ellifo,—or es þar brunnit;
bróðr várom fimm, es Buðla mistom;
hefir nú Hel halfa, enn hæggnir tveir liggja.
Mægð gat-ek mikla,—mákak því leyna,
kona váliga!—knáka-ek þess nióta. 190
Hliótt áttom sialdan, sítz komt í hendr ossar;
firðan mik frændom; fé opt svikinn;
sendoð systor heljo; slíks ek mest kennomk!

Guðr. Getr þú þess, Atli; gærðir svá fyrri:
g. Móðor tókt mína, ok myrðir til hnossa; 195
svinna systrungo sveltir þú í 'helli.'

Hlóglikt mer þat þykkir, es þú þinn harm tímir;
goðom ek þat þakka, es þer gengsk illa.

Atli
g. Eggja-ek yðr, iarlar, auka harm stóran 200
vífs ins vegliga,—vilja-ek þat líta:
kostit svá keppa,—at klökkvi Guðrún;
síá ek þat mætta, at hon ser ne yndit.
Takið ér Hægna, ok hyltit með knífi;
skerid or hiarta!—skoloð þess gærvir!
Gunnar grimm-úðgan á galga festit; 205
bellit því bragði; bióðit til ormom!

good fight—the field was a-swim with blood. The two sons of Bera and her brother slew eighteen. They were the victors.

The hero [Atli] broke into speech, though he was very wroth: 'It is ill to look on, it is your doing; we were thirty fighting men, but eleven of us are left alive; we are as a remnant from the fire. We were five brethren when Budli died. Hell holds half of us now; two lie smitten down. I made a hard match—it cannot be gainsaid—thou woeful woman, I have little comfort from thee. I have never had rest since thou camest into my hands; thou hast bereft me of my kindred, defrauded me of my wealth, sent my sister to death. Needs must I feel it sorely.'—*Quoth Gudrun*: Speakest thou so, Atli, yet thou didst begin it. Thou tookest my mother and murdered her for her riches; my sweet cousin thou didst starve in a cave. It is a laughter to me, that thou talkest of thy wrongs. I thank the Gods that thou farest ill.—*Quoth Atli*: Now I rouse you all, my men, to heap up hurt on this proud wife of mine; I would fain see it. Do your best to draw tears from Gudrun. I would gladly see her in distress. Take Hogni, and flesh him with a knife, cut out his heart, make you ready! As for the fierce Gunnar, tie him up to the gallows; be not afraid; call the snakes to their meal!

- Hogni* Gær sem til lystir; glaðr munk þess bíða;
 q. ræskr munk þer reynask; reynt hefi-ek fyrr brattara;
 Hæfðot hnekking meðan heilir vórom;
 nú erom svá sárir, at-þú munt sialfr valda. 210
 Beiti þat mælti;—bryti vas hann Atla:
 Tæko ver Hialla, enn Hægna forðom!
 hægom ver halft yrkjom;—hann es skap-dauði;
 lifira svá lengi, læskr mun hann æ heitinn.
 Hræddr vas hver-gætir; hélta in lengr rúmi; 215
 kunni klækkr verða, kleif í ráó hverja.
 Vesall lézt vígs þess, es skyldi váss gialda;
 ok sinn dag dapran, at deyja frá svínom,
 allri ær-kosto, es hann áðr hafði.
 Tóko þeir brás Buðla, ok brugðo til knífi; 220
 æpði ill-þræli, áðr oddz kendi;
 tóm lézt at eiga, teðja vel garða,
 vinna ið vergasta, ef hann við rétti;
 feginn lézt þó Hialli, at hann fiær þægi.
 Gettisk þess Hogni—gœrva svá færi— 225
 at árna ánauðgom, at undan gengi:
 Fyrir kveð-ek mer minna at fremja leik þenna;
 hví mynim her vilja heyra á þá skrækton!
 Þrifo þeir þióð-góðan; þá vas kostur engi
 rekkom rakklátom ráóð in lengr dvelja: 230
 hló þá Hogni, heyrðo drótt-megir;
 keppa hann svá kunni; kvæl hann vel þolði.

Quotb Hogni: Do thy will, I shall gladly endure it; I shall prove myself steadfast; I have been tried more sorely. Ye were shamefully beaten as long as we were sound, now we are so wounded thou must have thy way. . . .

Then said Beiti, Atli's steward: 'Let us take Hialli and spare Hogni. Let us do half the work only. Hialli is only fit to die, however long he live he will always be known as a good-for-nothing.' The kettle-keeper was sore afraid, he did not wait, [but ran away and] fell to whimpering, and hid away in every corner he could find, crying that it was a woeful battle indeed if he were to pay for all the hurt done, and a black day when he must die and leave his swine, and all the good fare that he had had. But they took Budli's cook and lifted up the knife; the coward thrall cried out before he felt the blade, praying them to spare him; he said that he would be glad if his life were but left him to dung the field, to do the meanest work, if only he might live.

Hogni heard this; few would have done as he did, plead for the thrall that they would let him go: 'It would trouble me less to play out the play, why should we be made to listen to this screeching?' Then they laid hands on the hero; there was no further choice for them to put it off any more. And Hogni laughed, the henchman heard it; he knew how to bear it, he suffered the torture bravely.

Hærho tók Gunnarr, hróerði il-kvistom ;
slá hann svá kunni, at snótír gréto ;
klukko þeir karlar es kunno gærst heyra. 235

Ríkri ráð sagði. Raptar sundr brusto.
'Dó þá dýrir,' dags vas heldr snemma,
'léto þeir alesti lifa íþrotta.'

Stórr þóttisk Atli; sté hann um þá báða ;
horskri harm sagði, ok réð heldr at bregða : 240
morginn es nú, Guðrún! misst hefir-þú þer hollra ;
sums ertu sialf-skapa, at hafi svá gengit.

Guðr. Feginn ertu, Atli, ferr þú víg lýsa ;
q. á muno þer iðrar, ef þú allt reynir :
Sú mun erfð eptir,—ek kann þer segja :— 245
íllz gengsk þer aldri, nema ek ok deyja.

Atli Kann-ek slíks synja ; sé-ek til ráð annat
q. hælfo hógligra—hæfnom æva góðo !
Mani mun-ek þik hugga, mætom ágætóm,
silfri snæ-hvíto, sem þú sialf vilir. 250

Guðr. Ón es þess engi ; ek vil því níta ;
q. sleit-ek-þá sáttir, at vóro sakar minni ;
afkár ek áðr þótta ; á mun nú gæða ;
hræfða-ek um hot-vetna meðan Hægni lifði.
Alin við upp vórom í eino húsi ; 255
lékom leik margan, ok í lundi óxom ;
gæddi okkr Grímhildr golli ok hals-menjom ;

Gunnar took a harp and struck it with his toes, he knew how to play, so that the ladies wept and the men fell a weeping when they heard it. . . . The stronger had his way, the rafters burst asunder! . . .

When he died the day was yet young. . . .

Atli thought much of this, that he had overcome them both ; he spake to the gallant lady and spared not to taunt her : 'It is still morning and thou hast lost both of those thou lovedst. Much of what has happened is thine own doing.'—*Quoth Guðrún* : Thou art merry, Atli, giving notice of thy murders. Yet shalt thou rue it if thou try it to the end. A heritage of woe shall remain, I tell thee verily, which will always go ill with thee as long as I live.—*Quoth Atli* : I will traverse that, I can see another way, better by half. Let us not throw away our good luck : I will atone to thee with gifts of slaves, and costly treasures, and snow-white silver to thy heart's content.—*Quoth Guðrún* : There is no hope of that. I refuse it. I have broken atonements where there was less cause. I was always thought hard to deal with, but now I shall be so ; I could put up with everything as long as Hogni was alive. We were brought up in one house, we have played many a play together, we grew up together in the Grove. Grimhild used to deck us with gold and necklaces.

238. Corrupt ; read, lito es lysti ?
engia, R. 254. hovetna, R.

248. æva] emend. ; opt, R.

251. engi]

- bana muntu mer bréðra boéta aldregi ;
 né vinna þess ekki, at mer vel þikki.
 Kostom drepr kvenna karla ofrski. 260
 Í kné gengr hnefi, ef húnar þverra.
 Tré tekr at hníga, ef hœggr tóg undan.
 Nú máttu einn, Atli, ællo her ráða.
 Gnótt vas grunn-ýðgi, es gramr því trúði ;
 sýn vas sveip-vísi, ef hann sín gæði. 265
 Kræpp vas þá Guðrún ; kunní um hug mæla ;
 létt hon ser gœrði ; lék hon tveim skiældom.
 Lokit því léto,—lagat vas drykkjo ;
 Æxti hon æl-drykkjor at erfa bréðr sína ;
 sumbl lét ok Atli at sína goerva : 270
 sú vas sam-kunda við sværfon of-mikla.
 Stræng vas stór-huguð stríddi hon ætt Buðla ;
 vildi hon ver sínom vinna ofr-hefndir :
 Lokkaði hon lítla, es léko við stokki ;
 glúpnodoó grimmir, ok gréto þeygi ; 275
 fóro í faðm móðor ; frétto hvat þá skyldi.
Guðr. Spyrít lítt eptir ! spilla ætla-ek báðom ;
q. lyst váromk þess lengi, at lysja ykkir elli.
 [*Svein.*] ‘Blótt sem vilt bærnóm ; bannar þat manngi ;’
q. skæmmo ró reiði ef þú reynir gefa. 280
 Brá þá barnósko bréðra in kapp-svinna ;
 —Skiptit skaplíga—skar hon á hals báða.

Thou canst never recompense me for my brothers' death, nor do anything to please me. Men's tyranny often over-rides women's wishes. The king is mated if the pawns are taken. The tree must fall if the roots be cut ; thou shalt have thine own way now, Atli.

The king believed her, through his over-foolishness, yet the treachery was easy to see if he had paid heed withal. Gudrun was crafty, she knew how to dissemble ; she made as if she took it lightly, she played a double game.

They ceased speaking, the banquet was prepared ; she made a banquet of ale for the funeral of her brothers, and Atli one for his men. This feast was uproarious ; her heart was hardened, she waged war against the race of Budli. She planned too great a vengeance on her husband.

She called to her children that were tottering about the pillars of the seats, the fierce boys whimpered but they did not weep, they went to their mother's arms and asked her what she wanted.—*Quoth Gudrun :* Do not ask me, I mean to kill you both. I have long meant to save you from old age. [The bearing of the boys' answer not clear.] Try to give rest to thy anger for a little while. The passionate woman slew the two brothers in their childhood—an evil deed it was—she cut both their throats.

261. Emend. ; í kne gengr nefi ef kvistir þ., R. 270. sumbl lét] emend. ;
 samr lezt, R. 273. vinna] om. R. 274. es léko] emend. ; ok lagði, R.
 280. Emend. ; skóm mun ró reiði ef þú reynir gerva, R. 281. bréðra] braða, R.

- Enn frétti Atli, hvert farnir væri
sveinar hans leika, es hann sá þá hvergi.
- Gubr.* Yfir ráðomk ganga Atla til segja; 285
g. dylja munk þik eigi, dóttir Grfmhildar.
 Glæða mun þik minnzt, Atli, ef þú gœrva reynir;
 vakðir vá mikla, es þú vátt brœðr mína.
 Svaf-ek miðok sialdan síðans þeir fello;
 hét-ek þer hærðo; hefi-ek þik nú minntan; 290
 morgin mer sagdir, man-ek enn þann gœrva;
 nú-es ok aptan; átt-þú slíkt at fréttu.
 Maga hefir þú þinna misst sem þú sízt skyldir;
 hausa veitz-þú þeirra hafða at æl-skáolom;
 drýgða-ek þer svá drykkjo, dreyra blétt-ek þeirra; 295
 tók-ek þeirra hærto, ok á teini steikðak;
 selda-ek þer síðan; sagdag at kalfs væri;
 áztu þau með ællo; ekki réttu leifa;
 tœggtu tíðliga; trúðir vel iæxlom.
 Barna áztu þinna,—biðr ser fár verra— 300
- hlut veld ek mfnom; hœlomk þó ekki.
- Alli* Grimm vastu, Guðrún, es þú gœrva svá máttir,
g. barna þinna blóði at blanda mer drykkjo;
 snýtt hefir-þú sifiungom, sem þú sízt skyldir;
 mer lætr-þú ok sialfom millom íllz lítið. 305
- Gubr.* Vili mer enn væri at vega þik sialfan;
g. fátt es full-ílla farið við gram slíkan.
 Drýgt þú fyrr hafðir, þat-es menn dœmi vissoð

But Atli asked where the boys had gone to play, since he saw them not.—*Gudrun answered*: I will tell thee a thing, Atli, that passes all others; I will not hide it from thee. Thy joy shall be minished, Atli, when thou hast heard it all. Thou didst waken no small woes when thou slewest my brethren. I have slept little since they fell. I promised thee evil, I gave thee full warning. It was in the morning that thou didst speak to me, I remember it well [of my brother's death], now it is evening and it is thy turn to give ear. Thou hast lost thy sons in the worst of ways! know that their skulls have been used as ale-cups. I eked out thy drink, I mixed it with blood, I took their hearts and roasted them on the spits, and gave them to thee, telling thee they were calves' hearts. Thou atest them up all, leaving nought; thou didst mumble them greedily, trusting in thy teeth. Thou hast eaten thine own children, the worst fate a man can have. It was my doing, yet I do not boast thereof.—*Atli said*: Cruel indeed thou wast, Gudrun, to do such a deed as to mix my children's blood with my drink. Thou hast slain thine own children, the worst thing thou couldst do; thou leavest me no peace, evil follows evil.—*Quoth Gudrun*: I am minded to do more, to slay thee also. One cannot do too much harm to such a king as thou art. Thou hast done deeds such as none

298. áztu þau með öllo] emend.; einn þu því ollir, R. 300. áztu] veiztu, R.
 308. vissoð til, R.

- heimsko harðræðiss í heimi þessom ;
nú hefir-þú enn aukit, þat-es áðan frægom, 310
greipt gléþ stóran; goert hefir-þú þítt erfi.
- Atli* Brend mundo á báli, ok barið grióti áðr;
q. þá hefir-þú árnat, þatztú æ beiðizk.
- Gudr.* Seg þer siálfom slíkar spár morgin;
q. fríðra mun-ek dauða fara í líos annat. 315
- Sáoto sam-týniss, sendosk fár-hugi,
hendosk heipt-yrði; hvártki ser unði.
Heipt óx Hniflungi; hugði á stórræði;
gat fyr Guðrúno, at hann væri grimmr Atla.
Kómo í hug henni Hægna við-farar; 320
talði happ hánom, ef hann heftit ynni.
Veginn vas þá Atli; vas þess skamt bíða;
sonr vá Hægna ok siálf Guðrún.
Ræskr tók at róða;—rakðisk or svefni;
kennið brátt benja; bandz kvað hann þærf cenga:— 325
- Atli* Segit ið sannasta, hverr vá son Buðla!
q. Emka-ek lítt leikinn; lífs tel-ek váon cenga.
- Gudr.* Dylja mun þik eigi dóttir Grímhildar;
q. látomk því valda, es líðr þína ævi;
enn sumo sonr Hægna, es þik sár móða. 330
- Atli* Vaðit hefir þú at vígi, þótt værið skaplikt.
q. Íllt es vin véla, þannz þer vel truir.

have ever done, foolish cruelties in this house; and now thou hast added to it as I have lately heard, falling into great crimes. Thou hast drunk thine own funeral feast.—*Quoth Atli*: Thou shalt be burnt on a pyre, and stoned to death. Then thou shalt have earned that which thou hast always been seeking.—*Quoth Gudrun*: Tell to-morrow such prophecies of thyself. I am minded through a seemlier death to pass into another light.

They sat in the same chamber, each bearing a deep grudge against the other, bandying words of hate; neither of them was happy. The Hniflung's [Hogni's son's] wrath waxed high, he planned a mighty revenge, telling Gudrun of his hate for Atli. She remembered how they had dealt with Hogni; she said that she should be happy if she could revenge his father. Within a little space Atli was smitten. Hogni's son and Gudrun herself smote him.

The king broke into speech; starting from his sleep, he felt his wound and said that he was past need of bandages: 'Tell me the whole truth, who has smitten the son of Budli. I have been hardly dealt with, I have no hope of life.'—*Quoth Gudrun*: Grimhild's daughter will not lie to thee. It was my doing that thy life is fleeting, and the doing of Hogni's son that thy wounds overcome thee.—*Quoth Atli*: Ye have made haste to slay, though it was wrong of you; it is ill to betray the friend that trusted in thee. I left my home in love to woo

314. Emend. (V); seg mer slíkar sorgir ar morgin, R.
fríðra vil-ek dauða, R.

315. Emend. (V);

Beiddr fór-ek heiman at biðja þín, Guðrún.
 Leyfð vastu ekkja, léto stór-ráða;
 varða ván-lýgi, es ver um reyndom. 335
 Fórtu heim hingat; fylgði oss herr manna;
 allt vas ítarlikt um órar ferðir;
 margs vas allz sómi, manna tiginna;
 naut vóro óerin, nutom af stórom;
 þar vas fiæld fjár; fengo til margir. 340
 Mund gallt-ek mærrí: meidma fiæld þiggja,
 þræla þríá tigo, þýjar siau góðar;
 —scémð vas at slíko,—silfr vas þó meira.
 Létztu þer allt þikkja sem ekki væri,
 nema þú lændom réðir, es mer leifði Buðli; 345
 gróftu svá undir, 'gærðit hlut þiggja';
 sværo létztu þína sitja opt grátna;
 fann-ek í hug heilom hióna vætr síðan.
Guðr. Lýgr þú nú, Atli, þótt ek þat lítt rekja;
 heldr vas-ek hóeg sialdan; hóftu þó stórum. 350
 Bærðosk ér bræðr ungir, bárosk róg milli;
 halft gekk til Heljar or húsi þíno;
 hrolldi hot-vetna þat-es til hags skyldi.
 Þríú vórom systkin; þóttom óvægin;
 fórom of landi; fylgðom Sigurði; 355
 skæva ver létom; skipi hvert vart stýrði;
 ærkoðom at auðno, unz ver austr kváðom.
 Konung dráðom fyrstan; kurom land þaðra;

thee, Gudrun; thou wast praised in thy widowhood, and renowned for thy pride; it has turned out no lie now that it has come to the proof. Thou didst come home hither and a host of men with us, our company was altogether glorious; there was a mighty show of noble men, store of cattle, and we had great pleasure therein, there was wealth of money, and many took share thereof. I paid thee the bride-price, abundance of treasure, thirty thralls, seven good bondmaids,—that was an honour to thee,—and silver to boot; but thou didst take all this as if it were nought, unless thou shouldst rule over the land which Budli left me. Thou didst plot [under mine]. . . . Thou didst make thy mother-in-law to sit oft-times in tears. I never found any household at peace since thy coming.

Quoth Gudrun: Thou liest now, Atli, though I reckon little thereof. I was seldom easy to deal with, but thou didst magnify my wrath. Ye young brethren fought with one another, strife arose between you, the half of thy house went to hell thereby; all that should have been peaceful quivered with hate. We were three, brothers and sisters, deemed unyielding; we went abroad and followed Sigurd, we roved about, every one steering his own ship; we set forth to seek adventures, until we came to the east [here]. Before that we slew kings, and divided their lands; the nobles did homage to us, in token of their terror of us.

333. Read beiðr? 335. van lygi, R. 345. Emend. (V); meðan lönd þau lago, R. 350. hóftu] emend. (V); hostu, R.

- hersar oss á hænd gengo,—hræzlo þat vissi ;
 vágom or skógi þannz vildom syknan ; 360
 settom þann sælan es ser ne áttið.
 Dauðr varð inn Húnski ; drap þá brátt kosti ;
 strangt vas angr ungri, ekkio namn hlióta.
 Kvæl þótti kvikri, at koma í hús Atla ;
 átti áðr kappi ; illr vas sá missir. 365
 Komta-þú af því þingi, es ver þat frægim,
 at þú sæk sóttir ne slækðir aðra ;—
 vildir avalt vægja ; enn vætki halda ;
 kyrt um því láta
- Alli* Lýgr þú nú, Guðrún ! Lítt mun við boétask 370
g. hluti hvárigra ; hæfom æll skarðan.
 Gær-þu nú, Guðrún, af gæzko þinni
 okkr til ágætiss, es mik út hefja !
- Guðr.* Knærr mun-ek kaupa ok kisto steinda ;
g. vexa vel bléjo at verja þitt líki ; 375
 hyggja á þærð hverja, sem við holl værim.
- Nár varð þá Atli ; niðjom stríð óexti ;
 efndi ítr-borin allt þatz réð heita.
 Fróð vildi Guðrún fara ser at spilla ;
 urðo dvæl dóegra ; dó hon í sinn annað. 380
- Sæll es hverr síðan, es slíkt getr féða
 ióð at afreki, sem ól Giúki :
 Lifa mun þat eptir á landi hverjo
 þeirra PRÁ-MÆLI, hvargi-es pióð heyrir.

We inlawed by force those whom we would justify, and filled him that had nought with good things. When the Hunnish king [Sigurd] died, our glory departed in a moment. Sore grief was mine to be called a widow, bitter pain to me to come into Atli's household. A champion was my first husband, his loss was ill to bear ; but thou, as far as I know, never camest from the Court, whether thou wast pleading thy suit or sitting on the suit of another—thou couldst never carry it, or hold thine own. . . .—*Quoth Atli*: Thou liest, Gudrun, there is little to choose between our lots, our lives now are maimed altogether. But I pray thee, Gudrun, entreat me honourably when they bear me out [to bury me].—*Quoth Gudrun*: I will buy thee a ship and a stained coffin, I will wax the sheet well that shall shroud thy body, and provide all that is needful, as if we had loved one another.

Now Atli became a corpse ; the grief of kinsmen was great ; the high-born lady fulfilled all that she had promised. The wise Gudrun tried to slay herself, but she was respited ; she died another time.

Poet's Epilogue: Happy is he that shall beget such a bold lady as Giuki begat. The TALE of their QUARREL [Gudrun's and Atli's] shall live after them, in every land, wheresoever men hear it told.

FRAGMENT OF AN ATLI LAY.

THIS little fragment is found tacked on to the *Old Lay of Gudrun* (p. 316), from which it differs in both style and metre: whereas its whole character is near in kind to *Atla-mal*. But that the metre is not *exactly* the same, one would have supposed it a piece somehow dropped out of that poem. And one would be led to favour that conjecture the more from the fact that there seems to be something lacking in *Atla-mal*, just where the poet would be dealing with the same subject as our fragment here.

As a piece of, at all events, a parallel Lay, we have placed it here.

	V	AKÐI mik Atli, enn ek vesa þóttomk full illz hugar at [mína] frændr dauða.	
<i>Alli</i>		Svá mik nýliga Nornir vekja	
<i>q.</i>		vfl-sinnis spá, vildak at þú réðir:— Hugða-ek þik, Guðrún Giúka dóttir, læ-blændnom hiærvi leggja mik í gœgnom.	5
<i>Gudr.</i>		Þat es fyr eldi es iarn dreyma,	
<i>q.</i>		fyr dul ok vil drósar reiði: mun-ek þik við bælvi brenna ganga, líkna ok lækna, þótt mer 'leiðr sér.'	10
<i>Alli</i>		Hugða-ek her í túni teina fallna	
<i>q.</i>		þa-es ek vildigak visna láta, rifnir með rótom, roðnir í blóði, bornir á bekki, bæðir mik at tyggja. Hugða-ek mer af hendi hauka fliúga bráða-lausa bæl-ranna til: hiarto hugðomk þeirra við hunang tyggja sorg-móðs sefa sollin blóði. Hugða-ek mer af hendi hvelpa losna glaums andvana 'gvlli' báðir:	15 20

Gudrun speaks: ATLI woke me, but I lay thinking, full of evil designs, on my kinsmen's death.—*Said Atli*: The Norns have just waked me with forebodings of evil. I would have thee interpret them. I dreamed that thou, Gudrun, Giuki's daughter, thrust me through with a poisoned sword.—*Gudrun answered*: To dream of iron means fire, to dream of a woman's anger means sickness and sorrow. . . . I shall blister thee against some sickness, heal thee, and nurse thee, though thou art . . . to me.—*Said Atli*: I dreamed that there fell down in the croft two saplings, which I would not have seen withered, torn up by the roots, red with blood; they were laid on the table, and ye bade me eat them. I dreamed that two hawks flew off my hand famished for food into . . .

4. Emend.; vildi at ek reða, R. 6. hior, R. 12. visna] emend.; vaxna, R.
14. beðit, R. 17. hugða-ek . . . tuggin, R.

hold hugða-ek þeirra at hræom orðit,
 nauðigr nai nýta ek skyldak.

Gubr. Þar muno seggir um sóefing dæma,
g. ok hvítunga [tvá] hæfði næma;
 þeim muno feigom fárra náttu
 fyr dag lítlo dróttir bergja.

25

Atli Læga-ek síðan, ne sofa vildak,
g. þrá-giarn í kær. Þat man-ek gærva. . . .

§ 5. THE HUNS' CYCLE.

HLOD AND ANGANTHEOW'S LAY.

IN the introduction to the Battle of Samsey and the Waking of Angantheow (Book iii. § 1, p. 159), the first part of the Angantheow cycle has been told, down to the death of King Heidrek the Riddle-wise, with whom Woden capped riddles (see Book ii. § 1, p. 86). Woden's prophecy came true. Heidrek was slain by his own thralls, with his own sword Tyrting. He left an Amazon daughter, a second Herwor, and a son, Angantheow the Second (called after his great grandfather), by his wife; and by his bondmaid the daughter of Humbli, king of the Huns, a bastard named Hlod. Angantheow recovers the sword from the thralls and takes the kingdom of Arham, ruling at Danpstead after his father. Hlod comes from the court of his grandfather, Humbli, to claim his share of the heritage. Angantheow will not acknowledge his right, but offers him wealth and favour. All might have gone well but for Angantheow's old counsellor, Gizur, king of the Greothings, who rouses Hlod's pride and Angantheow's anger. Snorri (1238) makes Gizur to be Woden in disguise, who eggs the kings against each other,—an evil mentor. (See Hakonar S., *Rolls Ed.*, ch. 194.) Whether Woden or no, he has wakened war. Messages of defiance pass between Goths and Huns, and on Dunheath at Dylgy is fought a famous fight between countless hosts of either king. Herwor is slain, Hlod is wounded to death by Tyrting, and the Goths remain the victors. Angantheow's last interview on the battle-field with his dying brother is touching, and closes the scene. The curse of Tyrting is working still. Hauks-book fails us for these poems;

I dreamed that in sorrowful mood I ate their hearts, all full of blood, dressed with honey. I dreamed that I slipped two whelps from my hand, they were mute, they both. . . . I dreamed that they were turned to carrion, and that I was forced to eat them, though it was a sin to do it.—*Gudrun answered*: Men will soon be fixing the slaughtering [the autumn butchery for the winter's food] and shall cut off the heads of two young white bears, the household will feed on their carcases a few nights hence. . . .

Atli went on: Afterwards I lay, without being able to sleep, hard put to it, on my sick bed. I remember it well. . . .

22. nauðigr nai] Bugge; nauðigra na, R.
 dróttum, R.

25. Emend.; þeir m. feigir . . .

the B vellum (Cod. Reg. 2845) helps us down to l. 37, after which we depend upon bad copies from what was probably a blotted and fading vellum. Much of the poem is in so bad a state that we have printed it in small type. The end verses are again clearer.

Saxo knew fragments of this poem, and paraphrases the story. For ll. 98-103 see Appendix. Skioldunga also contained a paraphrase of part of it. The poem is interesting historically, as containing faint reminiscences of the great wars between Goths and Huns in the east of Europe. Such words as Danp (Danube or Dnieper) and Harvada-fiöll (Carpathian Hills) have survived in it to the eleventh century.

The readings borrowed from the copies of Hauks-book we mark *a*.

ÁR kvóðo Humla Húnom ráða,
 Gitzor Grýtingom, Gotom Angantý,
 Valdar Dænom, enn VæloM Kíar,
 Alrekr inn frékni Enskri þjóðo.
 Hlœðr vas þar borinn í Húnalandi 5
 saxi ok með sverði, síðri brynjo,
 hialmi hring-reiððom, hvæssom mæki,
 mari vel tæmom á Mærk-inni-helgo.
 Hlœðr reið austan Heiðreks arfi;
 kom hann at garði, þar-es Gotar byggja, 10
 í Árheima arfs at kveðja,
 þar drakk Angantýr erfi Heiðreks.
 Segg fann hann úti fyr sal hávom,
 ok síð-færlan síðan kvaddi:
 Inn gakkstu seggr í sal hávan! 15
 bið mer Angantý and-spiæll bera.
 Her es Hlœðr kominn, Heiðreks arf-þegi,
 bróðir þinn inn beð-skami;
 mikill es sá maðr ungr á mars baki,
 vill nú, þjóðan, við þik tala. 20
 Rymr varð í ranni, 'riso með Gotom,'

IN the days of old, they say Humli ruled the Huns, Gizur the Greothings, Angantheow the Goths, Waldar the Danes, and Kiar the Welsh [Gauls], Alrick the Bold the English people. It was then that Hlod was born in Hunland on the Holy Mark, with knife and with sword, with long mail-coat, with ring-fitted helm, and the whetted brand, and well-broken war-horse.

Hlod, Heidrek's heir, rode from the East; he came to the Hall in Arham, where the Goths dwell, to seek his inheritance, where Angantheow was drinking the arval over Heidrek. He found a warrior outside before the high hall, and spoke to the late roamer: 'Go in, man, to the high hall; ask Angantheow to talk with me.'

The Warder goes into the Hall, and spake to Angantheow, saying: 'Hlod, Heidrek's heir, is come hither, thy bastard brother; the young man sits high on his horse's back, he wishes to speak with thee, O king.'

There was an uproar in the hall, a stir among the Goths, every one

1. Húnom] *a*; fyr her, B. 2. Grýtingom] emend.; Gautom, B. 18.
 beð-skami] thus B. 21. Gotom] goðom, B.

	vildi hverr heyra hvat Hlœðr mælti, ok þau es Angantýr andsvær veitti.	
<i>Hlœðr</i>	Hafa vil-ek halft allt þat-es Heiðrekr átti,	
<i>q.</i>	kú ok af kalfi, kvern þiótandi, 'al ok' af oddi, 'einom skatti,'	25
	þýjo ok þræli ok þeirra barni: hrís þat ið mæra, es Myrkviðr heitir, græf þá ina helgo, es stendr á Goðþióðo: stein þann inn mæra, es stendr á stæðom Danpar,	30
	halfar her-borgir, þær-es Heiðrekr átti, lænd [ok lýða] ok líosa bauga.	
<i>Angant.</i>	Bresta mun fyr, bróðir, lind in blik-hvíta,	
<i>q.</i>	ok kaldr geirr koma við annan, ok margr gumi í gras hníga, an ek munu Humlungi halfan [arf] láta, eða Tyrfing í tvau deila.	35
	Ek mun bióða þer bauga fagra, fé ok fiælð meiðma, sem þik fremst tíðir: Tolf hundruð gef-ek þer manna;	40
	tolf hundruð gef-ek þer mara; tolf hundruð gef-ek þer skalka, þeirra-es skiæld bera: Manni gef-ek hverjom 'mart at þiggja' 'annat óðra, an'	
	mey gef-ek hverjom manni at þiggja; meyjo spennu ek hverri men at halsi: Mun-ek um þik sitjanda silfri mæla, enn ganganda þik gollu steypa, svá á vega alla velti baugar;	45

wished to hear what Hlod wanted, and what answer Angantheow would make.

Then Hlod came in and said: I will have half of all that Heidrek owned; of cow and calf, and the murmuring hand-mill, of awl and of edge of bondwomen and thralls and their children; the famous Forest that is called Mirkwood, the Holy Grave that stands in Gothland, the famous Stone that stands in Danpstead, half the war-harness that Heidrek owned, the land and folk and bright rings.

Angantheow made answer: The white-shining shield shall be cloven, brother, and cold spear strike on spear, and many a man sink to the grass, before I give thee half of the heritage, or cut Tyrfing in two between us, thou son of Humli. I will offer thee fair rings, wealth and treasures in plenty, as many as thou couldst wish. I will give thee twelve hundred men, I will give thee twelve hundred horses, I will give thee twelve hundred grooms to bear their shields. I will give every man I will give a maid to every man, and to every maid a necklace to clasp her neck. I will measure thee in silver as thou sittest, and cover thee

27. Emend.; þy ok af þræli, B.
goto þiodar, B.

29. helgo] a; góðo, B.
31. her-borgir] a; heruoðir, B.

Goðþióðo] a;
34. B om. this verse.

þriðjung Goðþjóðar, því skaltu einn ráða. 50
Gizurr Þetta es þiggjanda þýjar barni,
grytinga barni þýjar, þótt sé borinn konungi;
líði q. þá hornungr á haugi sat,
 es æðlingr arfi skipti.

Humli q.

Sitja skolom ver í vetr ok sælliga lífa,
 drekka ok dæma dýrar veigar, 56
 kenna Húnom her-vápn bua
 þau er fræknliga skolom fram bera.
 Vel skolom ver Hlöðr herlið bua
 ok ramliga randir knýja 60
 með tolf vetra mengi ok tvævetrom fola,
 svá skal Húna her of safna.

Ormarr q.

Skal-ek víst ríða ok rönd bera
 Gotna þjóðom gunni at heyja.
 Sunnan em ek kominn, at segja spiöll
 þessi 65
 sviðið er öll Myrkviðar heidr,
 drifin öll Goðþjóð gumna blóði
 Mey veit ek Heiðreks . . .
 systur þína svigna til iarðar,
 hafa Húnar hána felda 70
 ok marga aðra yðra þegna,
 léttari goerðisk hon at böðvi an við
 biðil rœða
 eða í bekk at fara at brúðar-gangi.

Angantyr q.

Miök vóro ver margir es ver miðð
 drukkum,
 nu ero ver færi, er ver fleiri skyldim. 75
 Sékkat-ek mann í míno líði
 þótt ek biðja ok baugom kaupá,
 es muni ríða ok rönd bera,
 ok þeirra Húna herlið finna.

Gizurr q.

Ek mun þik einskis eyris krefja 80
 ní skiallanda skarfs or gollí:
 þó mun-ek ríða ok rönd bera
 Húna þjóðom . . . biðða.
 Hvar skal ek Húnom her vig kenna?

Angantyr q.

Kendo at Dylgio ok at Dunheidi, 85
 ok á þeim öllum Iosor-fjollom;
 þar opt Gotar gunni háðo
 ok fagran sigr frægir vágo.

Gizurr q.

Felmtr er yðarr fylkir, feigr er yðarr vísi,
 'gnæfar' yður gunnfani, gramr er yðr
 Óðinn! 90

with gold as thou standest, so that the rings shall roll all over thee; the third part of the Gothic people for thee to rule alone.

Then Gizur, the hero of the Greothings, Heiðrek's foster-father, when he heard this offer, said: This is surely an offer to be taken by a bond-woman's son, by a bondwoman's son; yea, though he is begotten by a king

Hence only a partial translation:

Hlod, angry at Gizur's words, refuses Angantheow's offer, and goes home to his grandfather Humli, who agrees to help him to avenge him on his half-brother, saying, '[We will go forth with the full war-levy] with men twelve winters old, and foals two winters old!'

Wormhere is sent to bid defiance to Angantheow; he says: I am come from the south to tell thee this message; all the march is burnt up and the forest of Mirkwood, all Gothland is soaked with the blood of men. [*Thy sister is slain*], she that was merrier in the battle than when she talked with her wooers, or walked to the bench at a bridal.

When Angantheow in his anger offered a reward to him that would go and pitch a battle-ground against the Huns, Gizur said: I will never ask thee for a single ounce, nor the ringing shard of gold [*but will go gladly*]. Where shall I challenge the Huns to battle?

Angantheow answered: Challenge them to Dylgy, and to Dunheath, and under Iosur-fells, where the Goths have often fought and gained a glorious victory.

Gizur accordingly challenges the Huns and casts his spear against them: Your ranks are panic-stricken, your king is doomed, your war-banner droops, Woden is wroth with you! I challenge you to Dylgy and to

Býð-ek yðr at Dylgio ok at Dunheiði
orrostu undir Josor-fiðlóm.

hræsi yðr á há hverri, [mæli.
ok láti svá Óðinn flein flíuga sem ek fyr

Hlöd̄r q.

Takið ér Gizur [Grýtinga-liða] 95
mann Angantýs kominn or Arheimom.

Humli q.

[saman.

Eigi skolom árom spilla þeim-s fara einir

Gizurr q.

Vélað oss Húnar hornbogar yðrir!

Mikið er mengi þeirra :

Sextán ero seggja fylki,

í fylki hverjo fimm þúsundir,

í þúsund hverri þrettán hundruð,

í hundraði hverjo halir fiór-taldir.

100

Angant.

q.

Bauð-ek þer, bróðir, basmir óskerðar,

fé ok fiælð meidma, sem þik fremst tíddi.

Nú hefir þú hvárki hildar at giældom,

líósa bauga, né land ekki.

105

Bælvat es okkr, bróðir, bani em-ek þinn orðinn,
þat mun æ uppi; illr es dómr Norna!

FRAGMENT OF AN ANGANTHEOW LAY.

ÞESS galt hon gedda fyrir Grafar-ósi
es Heiðrekr vas veginn und Harvaða-fiællom.

Dunheath, to battle under Iosur-fell, . . . and may Woden let the javelin fly according to my words.—*Cried Hlod* : Take Gizur, Angantheow's man of Arham!—*Humbli* : Nay, never hurt a single man!—*Gizur* : Your Bastards shall not frighten us out of our wits.

He comes back and tells his lord : Great is the company of them! There are sixteen hosts of men, in every host five thousand, in every thousand thirteen hundred, in every hundred four times forty men.

The Battle was fought. Hlod was wounded to death, and Angantheow came where he lay and spake to him : I offered thee, brother, wealth unstinted, riches and store of wealth, as thy heart could most fully desire. Now thou hast neither the bright rings nor yet the land as battle-wages.

There is a curse on us, brother. I was ordained to be thy slayer—it shall never be forgotten! Evil was the Doom of the Fates.

When Angantheow was wandering through the woods after his father's murder, he came on some runaway thralls fishing in a river. One of them caught a big pike, and called for the knife to cut off its head, saying as he used it—

THIS pike hath paid here at Græfe-mouth, for the slaughter of Heidrek under the Carpathian hills. In the gleaming blade Angantheow recognised the lost Tyrping, and knew that the thralls were his father's murderers. He therefore caught up the sword, and slew them with it. But in regaining the sword, he brought the curse that accompanied it upon himself.

§ 6. HEROIC MUSTER-ROLLS.

THERE are here printed the remains of a class of compositions, of which the chief example must have been the Catalogue of the Heroes at the Battle of *Bravalla*, which was to the early Scandinavians what the struggle at Troy was to the Greeks. The names of the Heroes are, for the help of the memory, thrown into a chain of alliterative couplets, just as we now roughly index things in alphabetic order. The Thulor-compilers applied the same system to their lists of words in a later age.

The original poem on the Bravalla-battle, besides the Catalogue (which is of an Homeric character, giving information respecting the names and nicknames of over fifty heroes, their countries, and their place in the battle-array), seems to have dealt with the struggle itself. We have two prose paraphrases, one in Latin, by Saxo, Book ix. 11, which is amplified in that author's usual style, even Icelanders being introduced; the other, in Skjoldunga, we print here:—

Margir kappar aðrir vóro komnir ór Noregi til þessarrar orrosto:—

Þróndr Þróenzki, Þórir Mœrski, Helgi inn Hvíti, Biarni, Hafr, Fiðr Firzki, Sigurdr, Erlingr Snákr af Iaðri, Sögo-Eirekr, Holmsteinn Hvíti, Einarr Egðzki, Hrútr Vafi, Oddr Viðförlí, Einarr Þríúgr, Ivarr Skagi:—Þessir vóro kappar miklir Hrings konungs: Áki, Eyvindr, Egill Skjalgi, Hildir, Gautr Guði, Tolo-Steinn¹ af Væni, Styrr enn Sterki:—Þessir höfðu enn eina sveit: Hrani Hildar son, Sveinn Upp-skéri, Hlaumbóði, ok Sóknar-Sóti, Hrokkell Hækja, Hrólftr Kvensami:—Þeir vóro enn: Dagr enn Digri, Gerðarr Gláði, Dúkr Vindverski, Glúmr Vermski.—Vestan af Elfunni: Saxi Flettir, Sali Gauzki.—Þessir vóro ofan af Sviaveldi: Nori, Háki, Karl Kekkjja, Krókarr af Akri, Gunnfastr, Glysmakr Góði.—Þessir vóro ofan af Sigtúnom: Sigmundur Kaupangs-kappi, Tolo-Frosti, Aðils Ofáti frá Uppsölom; hann gekk fyrir framan merki ok skiöldo, ok var eigi í orrosto.—Sigvaldi er komit hafði til Hrings konungs elliö skipom². Tryggvi ok Tvívivill höfðu komit tolf skipom. Læsir hafði skeið ok alla skipaða með köppom: Eirekr Helsingr hafði dreka mikinn vel skipaðan her-mönnum.—Menn vóro ok komnir til Hrings konungs af Þelamörk, er kappar vóro, ok höfðu minzt yfir-lát, þviat þeir þóttu vera drag-málik ok tóm-látir. Þessir vóro þaðan: Þorkell Þrai, Þorleifr Goti, Haddr Harði, Grettr Rangí, Hróaldr Tá.—Sá maðr var enn kominn til Hrings konungs er hét Rögnvaldr Háí eða Raðbarðr Hnefi, allra kappa mestr; hann var fremstr í rananom. ok næst honom vóro þeir Tryggvi ok Læsir, ok út í frá Alreks synir, [Alfr] ok Yngvi. Þá vóro þíllirnir, er allir vildu sízt hafa, ok hugðu líta liðsemð mundo at vera. Þeir vóro bogmenn miklir.

But besides this, we have in the spurious poems of the Mythical Sagas Lists of Champions which are manifestly the *echoes* of genuine older verse, and may probably contain passages borrowed from them. Of these we have the list of Half's Champions, No. 1, which is the nearest of all to the Bravalla Catalogue. No. 2, the List in the Death-Song

¹ Emend.; Tollus Steinn, Cd.

² An echo from Tryggvason and Swolder.

of Hialmar (as in Orvar-Odd's Saga) of 'the mighty men that sit in the hall of my father.' No. 3, the List of Wickings in the Lay (late and imitative, see Book ix) of Asbiorn the Proud. No. 4, one of the late and spurious fragments relating to Starkad in Gautrik's Saga. Far more interesting than any of these would have been the poem on the Crew of the Long Serpent which has been used for the prose lists of King Olaf Tryggvason's mighty men in the Book of Kings. Of this there are five recensions, three in Odd, one in the Heimskringla text, one in the full Life of the King; they should some day be carefully harmonised and edited. They tell, like the Bravalla Catalogue, the names, homes, and quarters of some forty-five of King Olaf's picked guard,—a bird's eye view as it were of Norwegian politics and patriotism. The splendid roll of the Conquerors and their exploits in Wace's spirited account of the fight at Senlake will at once strike the reader as a later parallel.

I.

B ÖRKR ok Bryniólfr, Bælverkr, Haki, Egill ok Erlingr Áslaks synir.	
Mest vóro mer manna hugðir	
Hrókr bróðir munn ok Halfr konungr,	
Styrr inn sterki, Steinar báðir,	5
snar-ráðir menn synir Gunnlaðar.	
Hringr ok Halfdan, Haukar báðir	
réttir dómendr Dana þjóðar,	
. Dagr inn þrúði,	
Starri ok Steingrfrmr, Styrr ok Gauti,	10
finnr þú aldri fríðari drengi :	
Valr ok Haukr í verðungo	
báðir fróeknir buðlungs vinir.	
Vé bar Vémundr es vega þorði,	
Biörn ok Bersi fyr buðlungi.	15

II.

Drukku ver ok dómðom dóegr mart saman :	
Alfr ok Atli, Eymundr trani,	
Gitzurr gláma, Goðvarðr starri,	
Steinkell stikill, Stórolfr vífill :	
Hrafn ok Helgi, Hlœðver ígull,	20
Steinn ok Kári, Styrr ok Áli,	
Otzorr, Agnarr, Ormr ok Trandill,	
Gylfri ok Gauti, Giafarr ok Raknarr,	
Fiolmundr, Fialarr, Frosti ok Beinir,	
Tindr ok Tyrfringr, tveir Haddingjar,	25
Valbiörn, Vikarr, Vemundr, Flosi,	
Geirbrandr, Gauti, Gothormr snerill,	
Styrr ok Ari, Steinn ok Kári,	
Vætrr, Veseti, Vémundr ok Hnefi :	

§ 6.] FRAGMENT OF A STARKAD LAY. 355

Snarfari, Sigvaldi, Sæbiörn ok Kolr, 30
 Þrainn ok Þióstolfr, Þóralfr ok Svalr,
 Hrappr ok Haddingr, Húnfastr, Knui,
 Óttarr, Egill, með Ingvari.

III.

Annat var þa es inni allir saman vórom :
 Gautr ok Geiri, Glúmr ok Starri, 35
 Sámr ok Semingr synir Oddvarar,
 Haukr, ok Hama, Hrókr ok Tóki,
 Hrani ok Hægni, Hialmr ok Stefuir,
 Grani, ok Gunnarr, Grímr ok Særkver,
 Tumi ok Torfi, Teitr ok Geitir. 40

IV.

Þá samnaði Særkvi ok Gretti
 Haraldz arfþegi Hildigrími,
 Erp ok Ulf, Án ok Skúmo,
 Hroa ok Hrotta Herbrandz syni,
 Styr ok Steinþóri frá Staði norðan ; 45
 Þar var inn gamli Gunnolfr blesi.

FRAGMENT OF A STARKAD LAY.

PRESERVED in Skalda, part of a poem paraphrased by Saxo; see Appendix, in which the Danish hero reviews his past life and exploits. Our lines answer to Saxo's ll. 118, 119.

ÞANN hef ek manna menzkra fundit
 hring-hreytanda hrammastan at affi.

OF all human warriors this is the strongest I ever met.

BOOK VI.

SCHOLIA.

THIS Book contains a small anthology of Ditties or Scholia, *spontaneous improvisations* of a popular character; these are classified according to *metre* and *subject*. More ditties of a like kind might be picked out of Sturla's work, but we suspect their authenticity; they have the look of book-made, not spontaneous ditties, and there is a flatness and sameness about them: are they by Sturla himself?

SECTION 1 comprises the scholia proper, in *epic short metre*, with few exceptions, No. 13 *a* in didactic metre; with rhymes Nos. 1, 2, 18, 28, 30, 35, 38, 42, 46, 48, 50, 55, 60, 61-65, Nos. 22, 61, 67-69 with end rhymes (No. 71, without alliteration, stands alone as a modern ballad), arranged as follows:—

Nos. 1 to 14: Ditties referring to myths, ghosts, dreams, goblins, etc.

Nos. 15 to 36: Improvisations of historical or anecdotic interest touching Icelanders.

Nos. 37 to 56 are of a like character, but refer to Norwegian history.

Nos. 57 to 71: Epigrams and Satires, 'nid,' 'flimt,' 'qvidling,' 'danz,' as they are called; see Dict. sub voce *danz*, p. 96.

No. 72 sqq.: Epitaphs on Rune-stones, all, save the Norwegian No. 80, from Sweden.

SECTION 2. Compositions of a *song-like* or *lyrical* character in a marked and rare metre, which we may style the *Turf-Einar metre*, a metre which forms a link between the Epic of earlier and the court-metres of later times. We have set first *Turf-Einar's* own *Poem*, and after it a few snatches and staves of *Wicking song*.

§ I. DITTIES.

By rough estimate we should put Nos. 1-11, 15-35, 37-41, 57-63 to the tenth century [900-1010], Nos. 12, 42-48, 72 sqq. to the eleventh, Nos. 13, 14, 49-55 to the twelfth, and Nos. 56, 66-71 to the thirteenth century. Of several the age must be doubtful.

I. *Mythical, Ghosts, Dreams.*

1. *Trollk.* TROLL kalla mik: tungls-iót-rungni,
 q. at-súgs iatun, el-siötár-baol,
 vil-sinn vaolo, varð nátt-ferða,
 hleif-svelg hifins.—Hvat es TROLL nema þat?
Bragi SKALD kalla mik: skap-smið Viðurs, 5
 q. Gautz gíaf-rætoð, grepp óhneppan,
 Yggs æl-bera, óðs skap-móða,
 hag-smið bragar.—Hvat es SKALD nema þat?
Edda (Sk.)
2. Trautt man-ek trua þer troll, kvað Hæskollr.
Sturlunga vii. ch. 90.
3. Her ferr Grýla í garð ofan, 10
 ok hefir á ser hala fimtán.
Sturlunga vii. ch. 44.

1. *Poet and Ogress, emblems as it were of the two spirits of Destruction and Creation, meet in the twilight and hail one another—Who art thou? The Monster answers: They call me Troll [fiend]: Gnawer of the Moon, Giant of the gale-blasts, Curse of the rain-hall [heaven], Companion of the Sibyl, Night-roaming hag, Swallower of the loaf of heaven [sun]. What is a Fiend but that? Says Bragi: They call me Poet: Mixer of Woden's wine, Finder of Woden's gift, guileless Bard, Bearer of Woden's ale, Brewer of Modi's inspiration, Craftsman of song. What is a Poet but that?*

2. *A proverb (relating to some adventure, the tale of which is lost), quoted by Sturla as 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferenteis: ' I dare not trust thee, fiend! quoth Hoskold.*

3. *The many-tailed Goblin-Vixen (like the Vampire-Cat of Nabeshima), an Icelandic Bogie: Here comes Gryla down to the farmyard, with fifteen brushes behind her.*

2. Emend.; auðsug iotuns el solar böl, Cd.
 4. 1 c β; hvel-svelg, r.

3. Emend.; nattf., 1 c β.

4. Kalt vatn augom, enn kvett tænnom,
lérept líki: Lát mik aprt í síó.
Dregr mik engi á degi síðan
maðr upp í skip af marar-botnom. 15
Halfs S., ch. 7.
5. Geirhildr getta, gótt es æl þetta,
ef því ann-markar engir fylgja:
ek sé hanga á hávóm galga
son þinn, kona, seldan Óðni. 15
Halfs S., ch. 1.
6. Tuttr lítli, ok toppr fyrir nefi!
meiri vas Goðmundr í gær borinn. 20
Orvar Odds Saga, ch. 18.
7. Ek ráð hesti hélog-barða
úrig-toppa, illz-valdanda:
eldr es í endom, eitr es í miðjo:
svá es um Flosa ráð sem fari keffi, 25
svá es um Flosa ráð sem f. k.
Niala, ch. 126.
8. Roðin es Geirvør gumna blóði,
hon man hylja hausa manna. 25
Eyrbyggja S., ch. 43.

4. *A merman is caught, they try to get good counsel from him (as Menelaos does from Proteus), asking him what is best, but he will not speak till they promise to let him go again, then he cries out: Cold water for the eyes! Flesh for the teeth! Linen for the body! Put me back in the sea. No man shall draw me up to his boat from the bottom of the deep again.*

5. *King Alrek promised to marry which of two ladies brewed him the best ale. Signy prayed to Freya, but Geirhild vowed to Woden what was between her and the brewing-vat. When it came to trying the ale, hers proved the best, and King Alrek cried: Geirhild, my girl, good is thine ale, if there be no curse on it; but I can see thy son, woman, hanging on a high gallows given to Woden. For Geirhild was with child. Her son Wikar afterwards met the predicted fate.*

6. *A Brobdnagian story, the hero Arrow-Ord in Giant-land dandled by the Giantess, who sings this lullaby: Little babe with tufted chin. Godmund, born yesterday [the giant-child], was bigger than thee.*

7. *Before the burning of Nial dire portents are seen. One night there appeared in the west a halo of fire, in the midst of which was a dark form on a grey steed whirling lighted firebrands in his hands, as he sped swiftly through the air. As he dashed past the horror-stricken gazers, he shouted: I ride a steed with rimy mane and dewy crest, and evil foreboding. Then, as he hurls his brands through the air, he goes on,—There is fire at the ends and poison in the midst thereof. Flosi's plans run like a roller.*

8. *The shepherd hears a voice from the earth at Geirvør-shore, where a battle is to be fought. Geirvør is reddened with the blood of men. She shall hide the skulls of men.*

9. Hangir vát á vegg, veit hatt-kilan bragð,
þvegit 'optarr' þurr; þeygi dyl-ek hon viti tvau. 30
Laxdæla, ch. 57.
10. Kosti fyrðar, ef framir þykkjask
at varisk við svá vélom Snorra,
engi má við varask, vitr es Snorri.
Ibid.
11. Sitk á húsi, sé-ek til þess,
heðan muno ver oss hefnda vænta! 35
Suðr es ok suðr es, svá skolom stefna,
her er, ok her es, hví skolom lengra!
Dyng er um allan dal Svarfaðar,
ero vinir órir vals 'um fylldir.'
Kniom kniom Karls of liðar! 40
Látom liggja Liótolf goða
í urð ok í urð.
Svarfdæla, ch. 19.
12. Segir vetr-gæmul, veit ekki sú:
segir tvæ-vefr, truig eigi at heldr:
enn þre-vefr segir, þykkira mer glíkligt: 45
kveðr mik roa á merar hæfði,
enn þik, konungr, þióf mfn's fjar.
Konunga Sögur Olafs Kyrra S.

9. *A voice heard from a cloak hung up to dry: Hoodie-cloak hangs wet on the wall, washed and set to dry. She knows a 'braid.' I will not say she does not know two.*

10. *The fetch of a doomed man sings: Let those that think themselves the best strive to beware of Snorri's wiles. But no one can beware; Snorri is so cunning.*

11. *The ghost on the housetop beckoning his friends up to avenge him on his slayers: I sit on the house and look down on the game, hence will come revenge for me. To the south, to the south, thither go we! It is here! It is here! Why should we go farther? Later on he cries: There is a din over all Swarfad's dale, our friends are at the slaughter. Push on! Push on, Charles' men! Let Liotolf the chief lie under the stone-heap!*

12. *A king hears of a yeoman who knows the language of birds; he sends his men to kill his horse secretly and bring the head to him, then he bids them fetch the old man. When he comes he seats him on the skull and talks to him as he rows. While they are talking a crow flies over their heads cawing; the yeoman is rather disturbed. A second follows the first; the old man drops his oar in astonishment. But when the third flies by, cawing louder than the rest, he springs to his feet in his agitation. What is the matter? says the king. The old man replies: This year's bird speaks; she knows nothing! The two year old bird speaks, but I don't believe her either. The three year old bird speaks, but I don't think it likely: she says I am sitting rowing on my mare's skull, and that thou, O king, art the thief of my cattle!*

- 13 a. Faraldr ek heiti, ferr-ek um aldar kyn,
emkað-ek sættir svika:
dæprom dauða ek mun drengi vega, 50
ok nýta mer nai.
- 13 b. Seðu hvarfa heima í milli
synð-auðigra sálor manna,
kveljask andir í orms gini,
skelfr rammr ræðull. Ræð-ek þer at vakna. 55
Hrafn S., ch. 14.
14. Roum vit ok roum vit, rignir blóði,
Guðr ok Gændul fyr gumna falli:
vit skolom ráðask í Rapta-hlíð,
þar munom blótaðar ok bœlvaðar. 60
Hœggvask hart seggir, enn hallask veggir,
illa ero ver settir, es inn koma grair hettir:
verk muno upp innask þa es aldir finnask,
engi er á sómi, at efsta dómi.
Sturlunga vii. ch. 28.

II. Historical and Anecdotic of Icelanders.

15. Tveir ro inni—trui-ek bæðom vel—

13. In 1209 a man in Selardale in Iceland dreams that he sees a black bideous-looking man, who says: My name is the Death that walks. I go among mankind. I am no appeaser of treasons; I will slay men with dismal death and batten on their corpses. He wakes, but falls asleep again and sees the same figure, who sings to him: Lo, where the souls of sinful men are fluttering between the worlds! Spirits are being tortured in the jaws of the Serpent, the mighty sun quivers; I bid thee awake.

14. A vision of two Walkyries (degraded to bags, like Shakespere's weird sisters) sitting blood-dabbled in a hall rocking sideways, while a shower of blood drips on them through the luffer. One of them sings: Let us rock, let us rock, it is raining blood. War and Battle are we, before the fall of men. Let us go to Raft-lithe, where we shall be cursed and banned. Another man dreams he sees two men clad in black with grey hoods in a little room, sitting on a bench hand in hand, rocking backwards and forwards so violently that the walls tottered and were nigh to fall, and while they rocked they sung: Men deal hard blows and the walls are tottering. Peace does not hold long when we Greyhoods [Woden and his mate?] come in. Deeds, in which is no honour, shall be reckoned up when men meet at the last day. Like the former visions, these portents refer to the Civil Wars of Iceland.

15. King Hior's wife gave birth to two sons while he was away warring, one called Geirmund, the other Hamund; her bondmaid bore a son called Leif. He was so fair and the twins so dark-skinned, that the queen changed sons with her, and the young thrall was brought up as a prince. One day, while all the men were out hunting and the women nutting, the three boys were playing in the empty hall, and no one by but old Bragi the poet. Seeing the boldness of the twins and the cowardice of Leif, he went up to the dais-curtain behind which the queen was sitting, and touched it with his staff, saying: There are two here whom I trust well, both

- Hámundr ok Geirmundr Hiorvi bornir, 65
enn Leifr þriði Loðhattar son,
Fœddira-þu þann, kona! fár mun in verri!
Landn. ii. 19.
16. Ek bar einn af ellifo
bana-orð—Blástu meirr!
Landn. iv. 12.
17. Drúpir Hæfði, dauðr es Þengill, 70
hlæja hlífdir við Hallsteini.
Landn. iii. 17.
18. Her liggr, kíóla keyrir, Kalda-kinn um aldr;
enn ver færom heilir, Hialmun-Gautr, á braut!
Landn. iii. 17.
19. Belg hió fyrr mer Bøggvir snøggvan,
en fyr Áleifi sól ok verjo: 75
Svá skal verða, ef ver lifom,
við bæl buinn Bøggvir høggvinn.
Landn. iii. 13.
20. Bana sé-ek okkarn beggja tveggja,
allt es amorligt, út-norðr í haf:
frost ok kulða, feikn hvers-konar, 80

of them, Hamund and Geirmund, Hior's sons; but as for the third, Leif, Shag-hood's son, none viler could be. Thou didst not bear *him*, queen! So the queen took heart of grace and presented her two black boys to the king when he came home. 'Take them away,' said he, 'I never saw two such Hell-skins.' But the Hell-skins grew up famous men, and after lives of war settled and founded a notable family in Iceland.

16. *Wemund, a great smith and renowned fighting-man, chaunts at his forge, to his brother, who blows his bellows: I alone have overcome and slain eleven men! Blow harder thou!*

17. *Hallstan, sailing out to his heritage in Iceland, after his father Þhengil's death, cries as he makes the haven and sees the dark gloomy hills and fair green slopes: The Hill o' Head is mourning, for Þhengil is dead, but the hill-sides are laughing to greet Hallstan.*

18. *Þhori, leaving his old home Kaldakinn and sailing off to find another settlement, looks back to land and cries to his captain, Helm-Gaut: There lies Cold-Side for ever, master! But we two, mess-mate Helm-Gaut, are sailing safely away.*

19. *Þhorleif the Earl's poet and his brother Olaf had been gathering herbs for dyeing on Bøggvi's land; Bøggvi hacked the herb-bag in pieces in his anger at their trespass, whereon Þhorleif said: Barleycorn [Bøggvir] hacked my neat bag in pieces and Olaf's strap and gaberdine, so shall Barleycorn be miserably hacked in pieces in the same way if we live. Hence arose the Svarfdale tale.*

20. *A prophecy from a dream of Snowbiorn, portending woe to the early explorers of Greenland. I foresee the death of both of us; it is altogether*

veit-ek af slíko Snæbiörn veginn.

Landn. ii. 30.

21. Bersi brunnin-arsi beit geit fyrir Heriolfi,
enn Heriolfr holkin-arsi hefndi geitar á bersa.
Landn. ii. 9.
22. Hlióp-ek í hauginn forna, hvílt hefkak lengr um morna,
let-ek á braut of borna beltis-hringjo Korna. 85
Landn. (Hauksbok) ii. 8.
23. Allar vildo meyjar með Ingolfi ganga
þær-es vaxnar voro—Vesol em-ek æ til lítil!
Svá skal-ek ok, kvað kerling, með Ingolfi ganga
meðan mer tvær of tolla tenn í efra gómi.
Halfredar S. (Vatzdæla), ch. 2.
24. Lifða-ek lengi, lét ek ráða goð,
hafða-ek aldri hoso mó-rauða,
batt-ek aldri mer belg at halsi
vilta-fullan. Þó ek enn lifi. 90
Kormaks S., ch. 12.
25. Liggjom báðir í bekk saman,
Halldórr ok ek, hvergi fóerir : 95
veldr óeska þer, enn elli mer :
þess batnar þer, enn þeygi mer.
Kormaks S. (Laxdæla), ch. 16.

dismal north-west in the ocean; frost and cold and horrors on all sides. I think that Snowbiorn will be slain by them.

21. *Heriawolf, when a boy, slew a wood-bear because it had killed one of his goats, whence came the ditty: Bear the burnt-buttocked bit Heriawolf's goat, but Heriawolf the rough-buttocked revenged the goat upon Bear.*

22. *The song of the cairn-breaker. I leaped into the old barrow; I did not sleep late into the morning; I carried away the clasp of Corn's belt. Thorarin Corn was a noted hero of the Settlement days.*

23. *A ditty on the beautiful Ingolf, the fairest man in all the North: All the maids wished to go with Ingolf, they that were full-grown. 'Woe is me, I am too young,' says the child. 'I too,' says the old crone, 'will go with Ingolf as long as two teeth dangle in my upper gums.'*

24. *Two champions swimming a match, Steinar Dallasson tears the bag of charms off Bersi's neck, and cries: I have lived long; I have let the gods have their way. I have never worn a murrey stocking about my neck, I have never carried a bag at my neck full of charms, yet I am still alive.*

25. *Bersi the old champion is lying in the ball alone with Halldor the baby, while all the household are out haymaking. The baby tumbles out of his cradle and lies sprawling on the floor, but Bersi is bed-ridden and cannot pick him up. He looks at him and cries: We are both of us lying helpless on the floor, Halldor and I. Youth is the matter with thee, and old age with me. Thou wilt get better, but I never shall.*

26. Eigom ekkjor all-kaldar tvær,
enn þær konor þurfo blossa.
Egils Saga, end.
27. Látom Gamminn geisa, gerra Þrainn vægja! 100
Njala, ch. 89.
28. Gall Gunnlogi, gaman vas Sæxo,
hrœkk hræ-frakki, hió-ek til Skeggja.
Gísla Saga, p. 6.
29. Heyr undr mikil! heyr ærlygi!
heyr mál mikit, heyr mannz bana! (eins eðr fleiri).
Gísla Saga, p. 15.
30. Bøllr á byrðar stalli brast, kannka-ek þat lasta: 105
Geirr í gumna sárom gnast, kannka-ek þat lasta.
Gísla Saga, p. 26.
31. Hefi-ek þar komit, es Þorvaldi
Kodrans syni hvíldar Krístr of lér:
þar es hann grafinn í há-fialli
eino í Drafní at Jóhannis-kirkjo. 110
Kristni Saga, ch. 12.
32. Vel kann Skapti skilja, skaut Ásgrímr spíóti,
villat Holmsteinn flyja, vegr Þorketill nauðigr.
Njala, ch. 146.

26. *Egil in his old age lying at the hearth thrusting his feet close up to the fire. The servants tell him he is in their way. He answers: Here are two frozen widows [heels]: poor women, they need the fire! [c. 990].*

27. *Thrain's cry of defiance as his good ship the Vulture runs out to sea out of the king's power with the prisoner whom he has saved on board: Let us make the Vulture fly. Thrain will never quail.*

28. *Skeggi cuts with his sword Warflame at Gíslí, at their wager of battle on Saxey, and shouts: Warflame is whistling, gladdened is Saxey. Gíslí answers with a blow of his halberd which bews off Skeggi's foot, The carrion-halberd quivers, as I cut at Skeggi; and Skeggi limps home with a wooden leg.*

29. *Þorkettle, Gíslí's brother, as he overhears the women's gossip which causes all the lifelong misery of Gíslí, says: Harken to a great marvel! hearken to words of doom! hearken to a great speech! hearken to the doom of men, of one or more!*

30. *Gíslí and Þorgrím are playing at curling; Þorgrím is tumbled down roughly, and gets up in anger, muttering, in allusion to a past quarrel: The spear clashes in the wounds of men, and right it is that it should do so. Gíslí strikes the ball so that it hits Þorgrím between the shoulders and falls him, saying: The ball bursts on the shoulders of men; and right it is that it should do so.*

31. *Brand the traveller tells of the grave of Þorwald Kodransson, the famous missionary to Iceland: I have been where Christ gives rest to Þorwald Kodransson. He is buried on a certain high mountain at John's Church of Dramm [in Russia].*

32. *Snorri's epigram on the battle at the Althing: Skapti [the speaker] knows it well, it was Ásgrím [who wounded Skapti] shot the spear. Holmstein would not flee, but Þorkettle fights against his will [c. 1010].*

33. Vaskað-ek dasi, es ek þessa dró
opt ósialdan ár at borði:
síá gærði mer sára lófa
meðan heim-dragi hnauð at rauða. 115
Floamanna S. (Fornsögur), 177.
34. Elto seggir, all-satt vas þat
einn Einfœting ofan til strandar:
enn kynlegr seggr kostaði rásar
hart of stopi. Heyrðu Karls-efni. 120
Eiriks Rauða Saga, ch. 14.
35. Eigi leyna augo, ef ann kona manni.
Gunnlaugs S., ch. 11.
36. Þá vas betra es fyr baugom réð
Brandr inn ærvi ok burr Skata:
enn nú es fyrir lændom, ok lengi man,
Hákon konungr ok hans synir. 125
Sturlunga vii. ch. 293, v. l.

Historical and Anecdotic of Norsemen.

37. Þat es váo lífil þótt ver seiðim
Karla bærn ok kerlinga:
es Ragnvaldr síðr Rettil-beini
hróð-mægr Haraldz á Haðalandi.
Konunga Sögur (Har. S. Harf.), ch. 36.
38. Þar gaf hann Tre-skegg trolom Torf-Einarr drap Skurfo.
Konunga Sögur (Har. S. Harf.), ch. 27.

33. *Thorgils finds an oar floating on the sea off Greenland, on the blade of which was cut this verse in runes:* I was no laggard when I was pulling thee all day on the gunwale; it made my hands sore, whilst the stay-at-home [the man the sailor is mocking] was hammering at the red-hot iron.

34. *One of Karlsefni's men in America calls to Karlsefni about a one-footed man whom they had found and given chase to:* The men chased a One-Footer down to the shore, (my tale is very true); but the strange fellow ran as hard as he could over the stubbles. Listen, Karlsefni!

35. *An old Icelandic ditty on love:* The eyes tell the tale if a woman loves a man.

36. *A dream in which a woman appears on horseback bewailing in a verse the lost freedom of Iceland:* Times were better when Brand the open-handed and the son of Skati swayed the rings, but now King Hakon and his sons rule the land, and long will they do so [c. 1260].

37. *The Hord Warlock Witgeir reproached for his witchcraft, answers the King Harold Fairhair:* It is little hurt though we yeomen's sons and old wives work witchcraft, since Harold's proud son Reginwald Spindle-shanks works witchcraft in Hadeland.

38. *Earl Einar of the Orkneys slew two Wickings, Thori Wood-beard and Galf Scurf, and boasted of it:* He gave Woodbeard to the Fiends, yea, Turf-Einar slew Scurf [c. 920].

39. Ey standa mer augo of eld til Gráfeldar. 131
Agrip., ch. 8.
40. Hefi-ek í hendi til hæfuðs goerva,
bein-brot Bua, bæl Sigvalda,
vó vkinga, vörn Hákonar:—
Sú skal verða, ef ver lifom 135
eiki-klubba óþærf Dænom.
Iómsvíkinga S., ch. 42.
41. Gærða-ek iarli ær á vári
þat vas mer þá títt, enn þetta nú. *Fagrskinna*, p. 51.
42. Nú læt-ek skóg af skógi skreiðask lítills heiðor:
hverr veit nema ek verða, víða frægr um síðir. 140
Konunga Sögur (Har. Harðr. S.)
43. Mæl-þú við mik, Magnús konungr,
þvi-at í fylgjo vask með fæðor þínom,
þá bar-ek hægginna haus mínna þaðan
es þeir um dauðan dægling stigo.
þú elskar þá ina ærmo þjóð, 145
dróttins-svika es Diáfulinn hlóggðo.
Konunga Sögur (Magnus Góða S.)
44. Skrapp or hændom Haraldr Dænom.
Konunga Sögur (Har. Harðr. S.)

39. *Popular ditty on the beauty of King Harold Greyfell, Gundbild's son: My eyes are ever drawn across the fire towards Greyfell [c. 970-976].*

40. *Wigfus carries a huge club into the battle against the Ioms-Wickings; Earl Hakon asks him what it is for; he answers: I hold in my hand ready for head-breaking the breaker of Bui's bones, the bane of Sigwald [he and Bui are the two Wicking leaders], the woe of the Wickings, the buckler of Hakon. This oak club, if I live, shall be a curse to the Danes [c. 980].*

41. *Hrut, one of the Ioms-Wickings, after the battle in which their power was broken, is led a prisoner to be beheaded. As he walks to the log, he says: I gave the earl a scar last spring, it was my turn then, but now it is his.*

42. *The boy Harold fled after the battle of Sticklestead in which his brother St. Olaf had fallen, and while he was lurking about in hiding, till he could leave the country, he was heard one day to hum over to himself: I am creeping now from corpse to corpse in little honour enough, who knows but later on I may become a famous man! [c. 1030].*

43. *A franklin who cannot get audience of King Magnus, son of St. Olaf, grows wrath and shouts to him across the crowd of courtiers: Speak to me, King Magnus, for I was in thy father's following, and bore my head off hacked from the spot where they put the king to death. But thou lovest this wretched set, the traitors who made the Devil laugh! For among these courtiers were St. Olaf's slayers [c. 1038].*

44. *King Harold the Stern on one of his forays in Denmark escapes from the Danes by a stratagem, so that it became a proverb in his camp, Harold bolted out of the hands of the Danes [c. 1054].*

45. Framm gængo ver í fylkingo
brynjo-lausir und blár eggjar,
hialmar skína,—hefkat-ek mína, 150
nú ligg skrúð vart at skipom niðri.
Konunga Sögur (Har. Harðr. S.)
46. Bændr þykkja mer baztir, byggt land ok friðr standi.
Konunga Sögur (Olafs Kyrra S.)
47. Heill at hændom: enn hrumr at fótom—
Vórom félagar fiorir, færðom einn við stýri.
Konunga Sögur (Magnus Berf. S.)
48. Of-lengi dvelr Ingi ofan-reið inn þió-breiði. 155
Konunga Sögur (Magnus Berf. S.)
49. Flægð hvatto mik til Fyrileifar,
æ vas ek ófúss á orrosto:
mik bito eggjar af alm-boga,
skal-ek aldregi á Ask koma.
Konunga Sögur (Harold Gilli).
50. Varð eigi vel við styrjo Vatn-ormr í Portyrjo. 160
Konunga Sögur (Harold Gilli).
51. Gott vas í gamma, es ver glaðir drukkum,
ok glaðr grams son gekk meðal bekkja:

45. *King Harold's last verses, which he sung as he saw the English march upon him on the morning of the battle at Stamford Bridge: Forth we march in battle-array without our mailcoats against the blue edges; helmets are glittering, but I have not mine; our rigging is lying down at the ships [c. 1066].*

46. *The motto of Harold's son, Olaf the peaceful [died 1093]: I like the farmers best, tilled land, and standing peace.*

47. *King Magnus Bareleg chases the rebels of whom Thori is chief. As his ship comes up with theirs, a king's man halloo, 'What cheer, Thori?' 'Hale hands, but tottery legs,' answers he. When Thori was taken and led to the gallows, he looked up at them and said: We were four messmates, we put one at the helm [c. 1094].*

48. *Magnus Bareleg is harrying in Gautland; his men, eager for battle, make the ditty: Ingi Broad-buttocks [the Swedish king] is long coming down! [c. 1095].*

49. *Ingomar of Ash, one of the first victims of the Civil Wars, doomed to death at the battle at Fyrileif [1134], bemoans himself: The Devils egged me to Fyrileif; I never wished to go into battle. The arrows of the elm bow have bitten me; I shall never get home to Ash again.*

50. *A ditty made on the cowardice of Worm at a battle in one of Sigurd Ill-deacon's forays: He did not quit him well at Portyrria, Water-Worm! [c. 1139].*

51. *A stave of Sigurd Ill-deacon about his merry days when he lived in the waste with the Fins: There was mirth in the wigwam when we were drinking merrily, and the joyous prince [myself] was walking*

vara þar gamans vant at gaman-drykkjo,
þegn kvaddi þegn, þar landz er ek var.

Konunga S. (Sigurd Slembi).

52. Fátt eitt fylgir furo Háleyskri, 165
svipar und segli sin-bundit skip.
Ibid.
53. 'Dúsi er' enn Ása, atatata! liggr í vatni,
hutututu! hvar skal-ek sitja, heldr er mer kalt, við elldinn.
Orkneyinga Saga.
54. Báro lung lendra manna 170
fyrir Þrasnes Þorbiörn svarta
trað hlyn-biörn und hæfuð-skaldi
Áta iærð Akrs-borgar til:
Þar sá-ek hann at hæfuð-kirkjo
siklings vin sandi ausinn:
Nú þrumir grund grýtt um hánom 175
sólo signoð á Suðrlondom.
Ibid., ch. 95.
- 55 a. Ætla-ek mer ina móero munn-fagra Ingunni,
hvegi-er fundr með frægjom ferr Magnúsi ok Sverri.
- 55 b. Esa sem kol-við klíufi karl sa-es vegr at iarli.
Sverris Saga, ch. 47.
56. Skal-ek aldregi, þótt ek æ lifa, 180
sýslo biðja á Sunn-Móeri,

between the benches [from friend to friend]; there was no lack of sport at our drinking bouts; man pledged man, where I was then.

52. *Sigurd's boat was so fast that nothing could catch her, as his ditty runs:* Few can follow the Haloga-land boat; she flies under sail, the sinew-sewn craft [c. 1137-1139].

53. *A girl falls into a well on a cold autumn day, and comes dripping into the hall where Earl Rognwald is, her teeth chattering so that she can hardly speak. But the Earl says that he can interpret her words Asa, atatatta! is dripping with water; hotar-totta! when shall I sit close to the fire? I am very cold [c. 1148].*

54. *While the Earl lay at Acre on his crusade, his poet, Thorbiorn the black, died. His friend and fellow-poet, Oddi the Little, a Sbetlander, made these verses on him:* The war-ship of the lords bore Thorbiorn the black past Thrasness [Cape St. Angelo]. The plank-bear [ship] trod the field of Ati [sea] under the chief poet as far as Acre. I saw the Earl's friend sprinkled with sand at the head church there. The stony sunblest earth is now weighing upon him in the South lands [c. 1152].

55. *Sverri in one of his speeches quotes this ditty, applying it to the careless and lukewarm politicians of his day:* I mean to have the lovely fair-mouthed Ingunn, no matter how things are shared between Magnus and Sverri.—*In another speech he quotes:* Fighting an earl is other-guess work than chopping fire-wood! [c. 1180].

56. *In the civil war between King Hakon and Duke Skuli, Snowbiorn, an Orkney chief and Skuli's partisan and steward, is taken prisoner, and cries:* Never more shall I, though I live for ever, ask for a stewardship on

þvi at flutto mik fiánd-menn þaðan
 Biörgynjar til at boði hilmíss.

Hákonar S., ch. 208.

III. *Epigrammatic (níð, kvíðlingar, danzar).*

57. Hefir bærn borit biskop níð,
 þeirra es allra Þorvaldr faðir. 185
Kristni Saga, ch. 4.
58. Spari ek eigi goð geyja, grey þykki mer Freyja,
 æ man annat-tveggja Óðinn grey eða Freyja.
Njala and Libellus Islandorum.
59. Munkat-ek nefna—nær man-ek stefna,
 niðr-bíugt es nef á níðingi—
 þann es Svein konung sveik or landi, 190
 ok Tryggva son á talar dró.
Kristni Saga, ch. 12.
60. Esa gap-riplar góðir, góegr er þer í augom.
Njala, ch. 34.
61. Hirðmaðr es einn, hann es einkar-meinn,
 truit honom vart, hann es illr ok svartr.
Gunnl. Saga, ch. 6.
62. Hverso þykkja ketils þer, Kormakr, ormar?— 195
 Góðr þykkir soðinn mæðr syni Ogmundar.
Kormaks S., ch. 4.

South More, for foemen carried me thence to Bergen by the king's command [1240].

57. *The libellous satire made on the missionary bishop Frederick and his friend Thorwald by the heathen Icelanders: The bishop has borne nine children, Thorwald was the father of them all [c. 980].*

58. *Hiallti Skeggisson makes this epigram on the heathen gods in full Moot, for which blasphemy he was outlawed: I do not refrain from mocking the gods. Freya seems to me a bitch. One of the two will ever be a bitch, Woden or Freya [c. 999].*

59. *Stephen, in his wrath on the betrayers of King Olaf Tryggvissón, makes this satire on Earl Sigwald, for which he is put to death: I will not name him, but I will point clearly at him; a crooked nose the nothing has. He decoyed King Sweyn [Forkbeard] out of his land, and drew Tryggvissón into the toils [c. 1001].*

60. *Thorhild the poetess seeing her husband Thrain looking at another lady at a wedding-feast, calls out to him: 'Thy gaping is not good, lust is in thine eyes; for which aspersion he divorced her [c. 974].*

61. *Gunnlaug Snake-Tongue on one of King Æthelred the Unready's benchmen: There is a certain henchman, who is very mean, trust him little, he is ill-looking and dark [c. 1006].*

62. *The cook pulls out a string of sausages and shows them to Kormak the poet: How do you like the snakes of the kettle, Kormak? The son of Ogmund [i. e. I] is very fond of boiled suet-meat, answered he [c. 960].*

63. Pegi-þú, Þórir! þegn ertu ógegn,
 heyrst hefi-ek at hétu Hvinn-gestr faðir þínn.—
 Enn þótt hétu Hvinn-gestr faðir mín,
 þá gærdi hann aldri garð, um hest-reðr 200
 sem Sigurðr sýr, sá vas þínn faðir.
Konunga S. (Harald Harðraða).
64. Hvaðan kennir þef þenna? Þórðr andar nú handan.—
 Andi es Ingimundar ekki góðr á bekkinn.—
 Rýrir í barka ríkis-manni;
 glitrar skallinn við á goða yðrom.— 205
 Vaxa blástrar á þann bekk þaðra;
 raun-illr gærisk þefr af ropom manna.—
 Þat er vá lítill, þótt ver reptim,
 búðu-nautar af bola-kiotvi:
 reptir Þórðr Þorvaldar son, 210
 Kiartans sonar af kana sínom.—
 Goðinn reпти svá es ver gengomz hiá,
 skalf á hnakka hý; hverr maðr kvað fý!
Sturlunga i. ch. 10.
65. Fingr ero þrír af þeiri—þó skyldo mun fleiri—
 sundr í sælings hendi (slíkt es Bæggvir) nú hœgggnir. 215
Sturlunga i. ch. 18.
66. Hotvetna grét—hefi-ek þat fregit,
 býsn þótti þat—Baldr or Heljo:
 þó hefir hæra þa-es hæfuð sóerði
 Þorvaldr potið—þat es ólogit.
Hrafns Saga, ch. 7.
67. Sitr fimligt flióð—fram greiði-ek lióð, 220
 vex greppi sút—at Gnúpi út:
 enn hæfðo heim þat-es hœfði þeim,

63. *Harold the Stern, sitting at meat with his men, tries to get a laugh out of Thori of Steig, and cries to him in verse—Hold thy peace, Thori! thou art a self-willed fellow! I have heard that thy father was called Guest the Pilferer. Thori caps him with—Though my father was called Guest the Pilferer, he never put covers on his mares' rumps as Sigurd Sow did, who was thy father.*

64. *The satire made on Ingimund at the riotous banquet at Rykbolar in 1119. See Sturlunga Saga.*

65. *Mock made of the chief Hafliði when he was wounded at the fray at the Althing in 1120. There are three fingers, would there were more, cut off the chief's hand. He is a regular 'cripple' now.*

66. *Epigram made on Thormod's cowardly behaviour. Everybody (I have heard tell) wept Balder out of hell (that was a great marvel); but Thormod cried louder still, when he yielded himself. That is true indeed [year 1197].*

67. *Epigram by Magnus the priest on Bergthor's ill success in wooing, c. 1200. There lives a buxom maid out at Cliff (so runs my song).*

var hundr í fær með hialma bær.

Hrafn's Saga, ch. 7.

68. Fóerom gildan grepp Ioseppi,
sá skal ríða, ríkom til Súðavíkr. 225
- Hrafn's Saga*, ch. 13.
69. Upp skaltu á kíal klífa, kæld er sævar drífa;
kostaðu hug þinn herða, her skaltu lífit verða:
skafi beygjattu skalli, þótt skúrr á þik falli!
ást hafðir-þu meyja. Eitt sinn skal hverr deyja.
- Sturlunga* vii. ch. 143.
70. Loptr er í Eyjom bítr lunda-bein:
Sæmundr er á heiðom, étr berin ein. 230
- Sturlunga* vii. ch. 44.
71. Mínar ero sorgir þungar sem blý.
- Sturlunga* vii. ch. 329.

IV. *Ditties on Runic Stones in Sweden and Norway (11th century).*

72. Hann opt siglt til Simgala
dyrum knerri um Domisnes. 235
- Bautil*, 165.
73. Her mun liggja með aldr lifir
bru arð-slegin í ríð eptir:
góðir sveinar garðu at sinn faður,
ma igi brautar kuml betra verða.
- Bautil*, 41.
74. Her má standa stain miðli bua,

He [the lover] is sad at heart. They brought home with them a fit parting-gift. There was a dog with the men on their way.

68. *A ditty made in Iceland on the removal of a pauper.* Let us carry the pauper to Joseph. Let him bear rule over Southwick.

69. *A sailor's boat has been capsized, they call to him.* Thou must climb up on to the keel, cold is the drift of the sea. Keep a bold heart, thou must lose thy life here. Never whimper, old baldhead, though a shower fall upon thee; thou hast had maiden's love in thy time. 'A man must die sometime.' *Quoted after the fight of Orlygsstead, Aug. 21, 1238, by Thori, who was stepping up to the block to be beheaded.*

70. *Two chiefs quarrel, and their feud runs so high that they go off where they may be out of each other's way, whence the ditty is made.* Loft is in the Islands [Westmen's Isles] picking puffin bones, Sæmund in the Deserts eating nought but berries [year 1221].

71. *Quotation made by Thord, Sept. 27, 1264, just before he is put to death.* My sorrows are heavy as lead.

72. *On the grave of Sæwyn: 'Sigrid let raise this stone over Sæwyn her husband.'* He often sailed to Singallia on a dear bark by Dumisness [the south cape of the entrance to the Mere of Riga].

73. *Eostan and Iorund and Biorn, three brothers, made a bridge as a memorial to their father Thrum.* Here shall lie while the age lives this strong-built bridge in time to come. Good lads made it after their father, no better road-mark can there be.

74. *Withox on his father's memorial-stone, carved by Bali.* Here shall

- raði tekr þaz runsi runum þessom. 240
Bautil, 584.
75. Her mun standa stáinn nær brautu. *Bautil.*
76. Viðraldi let auk L
 stáin all-mikinn or staði fóera. *Bautil, 596.*
77. Su var mæz hannast á Haðalandi. *Norway.*
78. Skal at minnum manna meðan menn lifa. 245
Bautil, 165.
79. Ristu merki at mann 'ietan'
 synir al-góðir at sinn faður Sterkar. *Bautil, 93.*
80. Merki mikit eptir mann góðan. *Bautil, 43.*
81. Sár flo aigi at Uppsalum
 an vá meðan vápn afði. 250
Bautil.

§ 2. TORF-EINAR METRE.

WICKING SONGS.

1. **S**ÉKAT-EK Hrolfs or hendi né Hrollaugi fljúga
 dærr á dolga mengi, dugir oss fæðor hefna:
 Enn í kveld þar es knýjom at ker-straumi rómo

stand the stone between the farms. Devil take him that disturbs these runes.

75. *On a stone at . . .* Here shall the stone stand near the road . . .

76. *On a stone at . . .* W. and L. let move a huge stone out of its place.

77. *On a stone in Norway at . . .* She was the cleverest maiden in Hade-land.

78. *A stone in . . .* It shall be in men's minds as long as men live.

79. *A stone in . . .* Right good sons raised a monument after a goodly man, their father Stirkar.

80. *A stone in . . .* A mighty monument to a good man.

81. *Saxi on his mate Asborn, son of Toki: He fled not in the battle at Upsala, but fought whilst he had weapons.—A great battle at Upsala [one such was fought c. 980, between Styrbjorn and King Eric].*

1. *Earl Turf-Einar's Song of Triumph over the death of Halfdan High-leg, son of K. Harold Fairhair, which he brought about in revenge for his own father, Reginwald Earl of More. A tradition, which we take to be derived from a misunderstanding of the words of this poem, makes Einar to have cut the 'blood-eagle' on his foe, but this is incredible. Harold would never have made peace with one who had committed such an outrage. I cannot see the dart speeding from Rodwolf or Rodlaug's hand among the foemen's*

þegjandi sitr þetta Þórir iarl á Móri.

Margr verðr sénn at sauðom seggr með breiðo skeggi; 5
enn ek at ungs í Eyjom allvaldz sonar falli:

hætt segja mer hælðar við hug-fullan stilli.

Haraldz hefig skarð í skildi, skalat ugga þat, hœggit.

Ey mun-ek glaðr sízt geirar (gott es vinna þrek manni)

bæð-fikinna bragna bito þengils son ungan: 10

þeygi dyl-ek nema þykki (þar fló grár at sárom
hræva nagr of holma) holund-vala gœli.

Rekit hefig Rægnvaldz dauða (enn réðo því Nornir,

nú es folk-stuðill fallinn) at fiorðungi mínom:

verpit snarpir sveinar, þviat sigr hæfom fengit 15

(skatt vel-ek hánom harðan) at Háfóto grióti.

Ero til míns færs margir menn of sannar fréttir

or ymissum áttom ósmábornir giarnir:

enn þó vito þeygi þeir áðr mik hafi feldan

hverr il-þornom arnar undir lýtr af stundo. 20

Orkney S., ch. 8.

2. Hafnit Nefjo nafna; nú rekit gand or landi
horskan hælða barma! Hví bellit því, stillir?
Illt es við ulf at ylfask Yggs val-bríkar slíkan;

ranks. It is our duty to avenge our father, but while we are pressing on the fray this evening Earl Thori the Silent is sitting over the cup-stream in More.

Many a broad-bearded Franklin is guilty of sheep-slaughter, but I am guilty of killing the mighty king's young son out here in the Islands. Men tell me my life is in jeopardy from the proud-hearted ruler. I have made a gap in Harold's shield. Never fear for that!

I shall never be sad again since the spears of the war-greedy warriors bit the prince's young son. It is good for a man to have wrought a deed of fame. I confess that the charmer of war-hawks will be wroth. The grey bird of carrion was swooping down to the wounds over the island.

I have wreaked Reginwald's death for my fourth share. The Fates have ruled it so, the pillar of the people is fallen. Cast the stones over High-leg, my brave lads, for we have gotten the victory. It is with hard money I pay him his taxes.

I know of a truth that many men of no mean kindred, from divers quarters, are seeking after my life: but they can never know until they have felled me, whether it is to be I or they that shall one day bow beneath the foot-thorns [talons] of the Eagles.

2. *Rolf the Walker's mother Hild, daughter of Rolf Neb, tries to induce the king to spare her son, and revoke the sentence of outlawry; and when he refuses, warns him of what may happen.* Thou refuseth the namesake of Neb, and art driving him as a wolf out of the country, the noble kinsman of gentlemen. Why dost thou make so bold? It is ill to play

4. þessi, Fsk.
holundvala gœlis, Fsk.

5. sekr of sauði, Hkr.
17. deildir, Hkr.

11. grár] ár, Fsk.

12.

monað við hilmíss hjarðir hógr ef hann renn til skógar.
Konunga S. Har. Harf., ch. 24.

3. Þat mælti mín móðir, at mer skyldi kaupa 25
 fley ok fagar arar, fara á braut með vikingom :
 standa upp í stafni, stýra dýrom knerri ;
 halda svá til hafnar ; höeggva mann ok annan.
Egils S., ch. 40.
4. Skalat maðr rúnar rísta, nema ráða vel kunni ;
 þat verðr mærgom manni, at um myrkvan staf villisk : 30
 sá-ek á telgðo talkni tio laun-stafi ristna,
 þat hefir lauka lindi lengs of trega fengit.
Egils S., ch. 75.
5. Upp skolom órom sverðom, ulfs tann-litðr glitra
 —eigom dáð at drýgja—í dal-miskunn fiska :
 leiti upp til Lundar lýða hverr sem tíðast, 35
 gærom þar fyrir setr sólar seið ófagran vígra.
Egils S., ch. 47.
6. Hvat skaltu sveinn í sess minn? sialdan hefir þú gefnar
 vargi varmar bráðir, vesa vil-ek ein um mína :
 sáttattu hrafn á hausti of hræ-solli gialla ;
 vasattu at þar-es eggjar á skel-þunnar runnosk. 40
 Farið hefi-ek blóðgom brandi, svá at mer ben-þiðurr fylgði
 ok giallanda geiri, gangr vas harðr á víkingom :

the wolf with a wolf, yea, such a shield-wolf as he is. He will not deal gently with the king's flocks if he takes to the woods.

3. *The young wicking's cradle-song, ascribed in the Saga to Egil, but hardly his.* My mother said they should buy me a boat and fair oars, and that I should go abroad with the wickings, should stand forward in the bows and steer a dear bark, and so wend to the haven, and cut down man after man there.

4. *A man carves runes in a charm wrongly, so that instead of a love-charm it turns out a sickness-spell.* A man should not carve runes unless he knows their power, for it happens to many a man to miswrite the mysterious letter. I saw ten secret letters carved on the smooth whalebone. They have cost the lady a pining sickness. *Ascribed to Egil.*

5. *A wicking stave ascribed to Egil.* Let us up with our swords, let the dyer of the wolf's teeth [blade] gleam in the joy of the fishes of the valley [warm sunlight of summer], we have a deed to do. Let every man go up to Lund [in Sweden] as quick as he can; before the sun sets let us make a grim sorcery with spears.

6. *The earl's daughter scorns the boy who is her partner at table, and says:* What dost thou, boy, in my seat? I will keep it for myself alone. Thou hast never given a warm meal to the wolf. Thou hast never seen the raven in the autumn scream over the carrion-draught. Thou hast never been where the shell-thin edges crossed. *The young wicking replies:* I have walked with bloody brand and with whistling spear, with the wound-bird following me. The wickings made a fierce attack; we raised a furious storm, the flame ran over the dwellings

gœrðom reiðir rósto, rann eldr of siæt manna ;
létom blóðga búka í borg-hliðom sæfask.

Egils S., ch. 48.

7. Kennir þú kyrtíl, þenna? kú áttú skiældungi gjalda, 45
svín ok ali-gaós eina áttú skiældungi gjalda,
ok al-vaxinn oxa áttú skiældungi gjalda,
bærn ok allt þatzú árnar áttú skiældungi gjalda ;
margar ero manna vélar, mos átt ok skiældungi gjalda.
Har-harðr. S. Fms. vi. ch. 95.
8. Stundo ver til stikka—starf vex í Danmárko— 50
esa Sveins synir sáttir at sinn fæður dauðan :
Haraldr skal vígi verja—þá es vel tamiðr stikki—
iærð af óérno megni fyr ellifo bróðrom.
Skjöldunga Saga (Reader, p. 198).
9. Amb-hæfði kom norðan, enn Orkn-hæfði sunnan,
Hiart-hæfði kom vestnu, hæfðo ráð und skauti : 55
tóko mart at mæla, es menn spakir fundosk :
þó vas ulfbúð óérin í Amb-hæfða briósti.
Sturlunga S., i. ch. 20.

of men, we laid the bleeding corpses to rest in the gates of the city.
Ascribed to Egil.

7. *This story is told of Harold the Stern and his thrall Wolf, but it is probably a traditional tale. The king reclaims his slave, who has been allowed to live freely and make money. The king holds out the white kirtle of a thrall to the wretched fellow, who had thought that the bitterness of slavery was past, and says, mockingly: Knowest thou this kirtle? A cow thou owest me as my due. Both a swine and a fat goose thou must pay me as my due. And a full-grown ox thou owest me as my due. Thy children and all that thou earnest, thou owest me as my due. Many are the wiles of men. Thy 'wench,' too, thou owest me as my due.*

8. *At the death of K. Sweyn Estrith's son of Denmark, there was a struggle for the throne between Harold Hone on the one side, and his eleven brethren on the other, as the ditty runs. Now my ditty begins, trouble is brewing in Denmark. Sweyn's sons are not of one mind since their father's death; Harold must guard his land in fight with might and main against his eleven brethren.*

9. *The three chiefs of Iceland, Hafliði, Hall, and Thord Thorwaldson, are meeting in council in 1120. This ditty was made on them. 'Amb'-head from the North, and Ork-head from the South, Hart-head from the West, had a plot under their coats. There was talk enough when these wise men met, and yet there was deadly hate in 'Amb'-head's breast.*

APPENDIX TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

A.

DUPLICATE OR DOUBLE TEXTS MENTIONED IN THE INTRODUCTIONS TO THE RESPECTIVE POEMS.

To Page 52.

Text A.

Sprvttu atái tregnar iðir gręti alfa in glystavmo. ár um morgin mana bavlva svtir hveriar sorg vm qveyqva. Vara þat nv ne igger þat hefir langt lipit siþan er fátt fornara fremr var þat halfo er hvatti guðrvn givca borin ss. sina vnga at hefna svanhildar. Syster var yccor svanhildir vm heitin sv er iormvnreccer iom vm traddi hvitom oc svortom ahervegi grám gang tavmom gotna hrossom. Eptir er ycr þrvngit þioð konvnga lifiþ einir er þatta ettar minar einstoð em ec orðin sem avsp iholti fallin at fröndom sem fvra at qvisti vadin at vilia sem uipr at lavfi þa er in qvist sceþa komr vm dag varman hitt qvaþ þa hamþir in hugom stóri litt myndir þv þa gvðrvn l. d. h. er þ. sigvrd s. or. v. saztv a beþ en banar hlogo bec v. þ. i. b. h. ofnar vavlundom flvto i vers dreyra. Svált þa sigurþr saztv yfir davþom glyia þv ne gaðir gvñar þer sva vildi atla þottiz þv striþa at erps morði oc at eitils morþi aldr lagi þat var þer en verra sva scyldi hver avþrom veria til aldrлага sverþi sar beito at ser ne stridit. Hitt qvaþ savrli svina hafði hann hycio vilcat ec við moþvr malom scipta

Text B.

Gvðrvn gecc þa til sevar er hon hafði drepit atla. gecc hon vt aseinn oc vildi fara ser. hon matti eigi savecqua. rac hana yfir fiordinn aland ionacrs konvngs. hann fecc henuar. þeirra synir voro þeir særli oc erpr oc hamþer. þar foddiz vpp svanhildir sigvrdar d. hon var gipt iormvnreck enom rikia. med hanom var bicci. hann reþ þat at randvér konvngs son scyldi taca hana . . . þat sagði bicci konvngi. Konungr let hengia randué enn troþa svanhildi vndir hrossa fotom. Enn er þat svrþi gvðrvn þa qvaddi hon ss. sina: Gvðrvnar hvavt:

þa fra ec sennu slipr fengligsta travþ mál talid af trega storvm er harþ hvgrþ hvatti at vigi grimmom orþom gvðrvn sono. Hvi sitit hvi sofit lifi hvi tregraþ ycr teiti at meþa er iormvnreccer ydra systor vnga at aldri iom of traddi hvitom oc svortom ahervegi grám gang tavmom gotna hrossom. Vrþva ip glicir þeim gvnnari ne in heldr hvgrðir sem var havgni hennar mvndoþ ip hefna leita ef ip móþ ettiþ minna brodra eþa harþan hvgr hvn konvnga. þa qvaþ þat hamþir inn hvgom stori litt mvndir þv leyfa daþ havgna þa er sigvrð vocþo svefni or þec voro þinar enar blá hvito roþnar ivers dreyra folgnar ivalbloþi. Vrþo þer broþra hefndir sliprar oc sarar er þu sono myrþir knegttim a iormvnrecci sam hygiendr systor hefna. Beriþ hrossir fram hvn konvnga hefir þv ocr hvatta at hior þingi. Hlejanði gvðrvn hvarf til scemo

orz þiccir en vant ycro hváro hvers þiþr þv nv gvdrvn er þv at grati ne fōrat. Brōþr grat þv þina oc bvri svasa niþia na borna leiþa nēr rogi ocr scaltv oc gvdrvn grata baþa er her sitiom feigir amavrom. fiari mvnom deya. Gengo or garði gorvir at ġisra liþo þa yfir vngir v.

kvmbi konunga er kerom valþi siþar brynior oc sonom ferþi. Hloþvz modgir a mara bogo; þa qvaþ þat hamþer enn hugom stori sva comaz meirr aprt moþvr at vitia geir niorþr hniginn a goðþioþo at þv erfi at oss avll dryckir at svanhildi oc ss. þina. Gvdrvn gratandi givca d.gecc hon tregliga atai sitia oc at telia tarok hlyra, etc. [see p. 329].

To Page 61, Book II.

(a) Text from *Grimnismal*.

Or ymis holdi var iorð vm scavpvð en or beinom biorg himinn or havsi ins hrimkalda iotvns enn or sveita sior.

(b) Text from *Vafþrúðnismal*.

Or ymis holdi var iorþ vm scavpvð enn or sveita sær biorg or beinom baðmr or hari enn or havsi himinn enn or hans brám gerðo blið regin mið gard manna sonom enn or hans heila voro þav in harð¹ moðgo scy avll vm skavpvþ.

To Page 129.

Text A.

Enn þeir sialfir fra svarins havgi með hermþar hvǵ her kavnoþo. Fra goþborinn guþmvndr at þvi. hver er landreki sa er liþi styrir oc hann feicna liþ fōrir at landi. Sinfiótlr qvaþ slavng vp viþ ra ravþom scildi ravnd var or gvlli. þar var svnd vorþr sa er svára kunni oc viþ avþlinga orþom scipta. Segðv þat iaptan er svinom gefr oc tícr yðrar teygir at solli at se ylþingar avstan comnir gvnnar giarnir fra gnipalvndi. þar mvn havd broddr helga finna flavgravþan gram i flota miþiom sa er opt hefir orno sadda meþan þv akvernom kystir þygiar. Fatt manttv fylcir fornra spialla er þv avþlingom osavunno bregdr þv hefir etnar vlfá crásir oc brōþr þinom at bana ordit opt sar sogin meþ svavlom mvnni hefir ihreysi hvar leiþr scriþit. þv vart vavlvá ivarins eyio scoll viss cona bartv scravc saman qvaztv engi mann eiga vilia segg bryniþan nema sinfiotla. þv vart en soęþa .q. scass valkyria avtv amátlig at alfavdr mvndo ein heriar allir beriaz svevis kona vm sacar þinar. Nio atto viþ anesi sagav vifa alna ec var einn faþir þeirra. Fadir varattv fentris vifa

Text B.

Ētt attv in goþa er ec siame [see p. 151, l. 16]. Helgi samnadi þa miclom scipa her oc for til freca steins oc fengo ihafi ofviðri mann hētt. þa qvomo leiþr yfir þa oc stoþo geislar iscipin. þeir sa iloþtino at valcyrior ix, riþo oc kendo þar sigrvno. þa leggði storminn oc quomo þeir heilir til landz. Grammars. ss. sato abiargi noccoro er scipin sigldo at landi. Gvdmvndr hliop ahest oc reið aniosn abergit viþ havfnina. þa hlóþo volsvngar seglom. þa quad q. gvdmvndr. Sva sem fyrr er ritap i helga qviþo. Hvert er fylcir sa er flota styrir oc feikua liþ fōrir at landi. Sinfiotli sigmundar s. sv. oc er þat enn ritap. Gvdmvndr reiþ heim meþ hersavgo. þa savmnoþo granmars s. her. Como þar margir konvngar. þar var havgni faðir sigrvnar oc ss. hans bragi oc dagr. þar var orrosta micil oc fello allir granmars ss. oc allir þeirra havþþingiar nema dagr havgna s. fecc griþ oc vann eiþa volsvngom, sigrvn gecc i valinn oc hitti havdbrodd at kominn davþa. hon quap. mona þer sigrvn fra seva fiavllom havþbroddr konvngv hniga at armi liþin er ġvi opt nair hreifi gran stoþ Griþar granmars ss. þa hitti hon helga oc varþ allfegin. hann quap. Erat þer at aullo alvitr gefiþ þo queþ ec nocqvi norrir valda fello i morgon at freca steini bragi oc havgni varþ ec bani þeira. Enn at styrkleifom starcapr kr' enn at hlebiorgom hrollavgs ss.

¹ hriðfelldo, Edda (better).

ollom ellri sva at ec mvna sizt þic geldo
fyr gnipa lvnði þvrsa meyar a þors nesi.
Stivpr vartv siggeirs latt vnd stavþom
heima varg liþom vanr a viþom vti
komo þer ogogn oll at hendi þa er
broþr þinom briost ravfaðir. Gorþir þic
freggian af firin vercom. Sinfiotli q. Þv
vart brvþr grana a bravelli gvllbitlvþ
vart gor til rasar hafða ec þer moþri
mart sceiþ riþit svangri vnd savþli simvl
forbergis. Gvþm. q. Sveinn þottir þv
siþlavss vera þa er þv gvllniss geitr mol-
capir enn iannat sinn imþar dottir tavt-
trvg hypia villþv tavlo lengri. Sinf. q.
Fyrr vilda ec at freca steini hrafna seþia
a hræom þinom enn ticr yþrar teygia at
solli eþa gefa gavltom deili gramv viþ
þic. Veri ycr. Sinfiotli. q. Sæmra myclo
gvnni at heyia oc glaþa orno en se
onytom orþom at bregdaz þott hring
brotar heiptir deili. Þicciat mer godir
granmars synir þo dvgir siclingom satt
at meþa þeir hafa marcat a moins heimo
at hvg hafa hioriom at bregða. Þeir af
rici renna leto [*and so on*, ll. 190-230].
iofvr þann er olli egiss davða. Oc þer
bvþlvngr samir þeþi vel ravþir bavgar oc
in rikia mer. heill scalþv bvdlungr þeþi
niota havgna dottor oc hring staþa sigrs
oc landa þa er soen locit [*here ends Text
A*].

þann sa ec gylfa grimmvþgastan er
barðiz bolr var a brot havfub. Liggia
at iordan allra flestir niþiar þinir at nam
orþnir vanttattu vigi var þer þat scapad
at þu at rogi ric menne vart. Þa gret
sigrvn. hann quap. Hvggaztu sigrvn
hildir hefir þu oss verip vinnat scioldvngar
scavpom. Lifna mvnda ec ny kiosa er
liþnir ero oc knegta ec þer þo ifaðmi
felaz [*see p. 151*].

Þetta quap gvdmvndr granmars son.
Hverr er scioldvngr sa er scipom styrir
letr gvnnfana gvllinn fyrr stafui þiccia
mer friþ ifarar broddi vinnat vigroþa vn
vikinga. Sinfiotli sigmvndar s. sv. oc
er þat enn ritap. Her ma hoþbroddr
helga kenna flotta traupan i flota miþiom.
hann hefir eþli ettar þinnar arf fiorsvnga
vnd sic þrvngit. Þvi fyrr scole at freca
steini sattir saman vm sacar dōma mal
er havdbroddr hefnd at vinna ef ver
leggja lvt lengi barom. Fyrr mvndv
gvdmvndr geitr vm halda oc bergscoar
brattar klifa hafa þer ihendi hesli kylfo
þat er þer bliþara enn brimiss domar.
þer er sinfiotli sæmra myclo gvnni at
heyia oc glaþa órno enn onytom o. a. d.
þott hildingar heiptir deili. Þiccit
mer goþir gran. s. þ. d. s. s. a. m. þeir
mercþ h. a. m. r. at hvg hafa hior. a. b.
ero hildingar havllzti sniallir. Helgi
fec sigrvnar oc atto þav sono. var
helgi eigi gamall. dagr havgna s. blo-
taþi oþin til favdvr hefnda. Oþinn leþi
dag greis (!) sins. dagr fann helga mag
sinn þar sem heitir at fioturlvndi hann
lagdi igognom helga meþ geinom. þar
fell helgi enn dagr reip til fialla oc sagdi
sigrvno tiþindi. Travþr em ec systir trega
þer at segia [*etc.*, *see p. 240, l. 252*].

To Page 181.

(a) *Volospa (Cd. R.)*.

Nam sciota | baldrs broðir vár of borin
snemma sa nam oþins | sonr ein nettr
vega. þo hann eþa hendr ne havivþ
kembþi aþr | a bal vm þar baldrs and-
scota. en frio vm grét ifensavlom ua |
valhallar v. e. e. e. h.

(b) *Doom of Balder (Cd. AM. 748)*.

Hæipt hæði hæft of vinna ædr balldrs
bana a bal væga. Rindr berr | i væstr
solvum sa man oðins son æin nættv væga
hond vm þvær næ hofuð kæm | bir aðr
abal vm berr balldrs andskota navdvvg s.
n. mvn e. þ. þegiattu v. þ.

To Page 192 at the bottom.

(a) *Text R.*

Ena þridio. Þer lavg lavgdo þer lif
kvro alda bornom ór | lavg secia. þat
man hon folc uig fyrst iheimi er gull

(b) *Text H.*

Skaru aa skiði skulld hina þridiu.
þer lög logdu þær lif kuru all | da þorn-
un orlög at segia. þa gengv regin oll aa

ueig | geirom studdv oc ihavll hárs hana
brendo. Þrýsvar brendo | þrýsvar borna
opt osialdan þo hon en lifir. Heiði
hana | heto hvars til hvsa com uólo uel
spá uitti hon ganda seid | hon kvni
seip' hon leikin e var hon angan illrar
brvdar | Þa g. r. a. a. huart scyldo eðir
afrað gjalda eþr scyldo goðin | avll gildi
eiga. Fleygði oðin oc ifolc um scavt
þat var en folc | vig fyrst iheimi brotin
var bord uegr borgar asa knatto | vanir
uig spa uollo sporna. Þa g. r. a. hverir
hefði lopt | alt lēvi blandit eþr eitt iotuns
oþs mey gefna. Þorr ein | þar var
þrvngin moði hann sialdan sitr er hann
slict vm frega age | ngoz eiðar orð oc
særi mál avll meginlig er amedal foro. |
Heit hon heimdalar hlíoð vm folgit undir
veitð vonom helgom | baðmi a ser hon
avsaz avrgom forsi af ueði ual fjoðrs uit |
oþ er en e. hvat. Ein sat hon uti þa er
in aldni com ygiogr | asa oc iavgo leit.
hvær fregit mic hvi freistip min alt |
ueit ec oþin hvar þv avga falt þit ienom
mæra mimis | bruni dreckr mioð mimir
mærgin hverian af veþi v. v. e. e. h. |
Valpi heani herfavþr hringa oc men fe
spioll spaelig oc spa | ganda sa hon uit oc
vm vitt of verold hveria. Sa hon valkyr |
ior vitt um komnar gavrvor at riða til
goðþioðar sevlð | helt seildi enn scavglv
avnor gvnr hildir gavvadul oc geir ||

[Fresh page.]

scavgul nu ero talþar navnor herians
gorvar at riða grvnd | valkyrior. Ec sa
balðri blodgom tivor oðins barni or log |
folgin stóð vm vaxin vollo heri mior oc
mioc fagr mistil tein. | Varð af þeim
meiði er m' syndiz harm flavg hetlig
havþr | nam sciota baldrs broðir vár of
borin snemma sa nam oþins | sonr ein
nettr vega. Þo hann eva hendr ne
havfup kembþi apr | abál vm bar baldrs
andscota. en fric um grét ifensavlom
va | valhallar v. e. e. e. h. Hapt sa
hon licia undir hvera lundi le | giarn lici
loca aþeckian. þar sitr sigyn þeygi vm
sinom ver | vel glyioð v. þ. e. h. A
feller avstan um eitrl dala savxom oc
sverþom | slíðr heitir sv stoð fyr norðan
anþa fiollom salr or golli sin | dra eþtar.
enn annar stoð a ocolni bior salr iotvns
en sa brimir | heitir. Sal sa hon standa
solo fiari na strondo a norþr hor | fa
dvr fello eittr dropar in vm liora sa er
undir salr orma | hrysiom. Sa hon þar
vaþa þvnga stravma men miorðvargar |
meins vara oc. oc þanz anars glepr eyra

røkstola ginnheilugh | god ok um þat
giættuz hverir hefði loft allt lēvi blandit
eðr ætt iq | tuns oðs mey gefna. Þorr
einn þar vaa þrvnginn moði hann sialldan
| sitr er hann slikt of fregnn aa
genguz eiðar orð ok ok særi maal oll |
meginlig er aa meðal voru. ||

[Fresh page.]

Veit hun heimdallar hlíoð vm folgit
vndir heid uonvm helgum badmi aa ser
hun | ausaz orgum forsi af ueði valfoðrs
uitu þer enn eðr hvat. Austr byr hin
alldna i | iarnviði ok feðir þar fenris
kindir verðr af þeim ollum einna nokkur
tungls tiu | gari i trollz hami fylлиз sigri
feigra manna ryðr ragna sigt raudum
dreyra svort verða | solskin um sumvr
eftir ueðr oll ualynd vitu þer enn eðr
hvat. Þat man hon folk | uig fyrst i
heimi er gullueig geirum studdi ok i holl
haars hana brendu þrýsvar bren | du
þrýsvar brendv þrýsvar borna opt o
sialldan þo hon enn lifir. Heiði hana
hetu huars | til hvsa kom ok völu vel
spa uiti hun ganda seid hon hvars hon
kunni seid hon huglei | kin æ var hon
augann illrar brudar. Þa gengv regin
oll aa røk stola ginnheilvg god ok vm |
þat giættuz hvart skylldv æsir afraað
giallda eðr skylldu guðin oll gilldi eiga. |
Fleygði odinn ok i folk um skaut þat
var enn folk uig fyrr i heimi brotinn
var bord | veggv borgar aasa knaattv
vanir vig spa völlu sporna. Þa kna vala
vigbond sn | ua helldr voru hardgior
hoft or þormum þar sitr sigyn þeygi um
sinom ver uel | glyiut vitv þer enn eða
hvat. Geyr garmr miok fyr gnupa |
helli festr man slitna enu freki renna
fram se ek lengra | sigld kann ek segia
um ragna røk rømm sigtva. Sat þar
aa haugi ok | slo horpu gygiar hirðir
glæðr egðir gol yfir i galg viði fagr raudr
hani enn sa fia | larr heitir. Gol yfir
aasum gullin kambu sa vekt hólða at
heria foðrs enn annarr gelr | fyr iorð

runo þar svg niþ | havgr nai fram
 gengna sleit vargr vera v. e. e. e. h.
 Austr sat | in aldna icarnuþi oc fõddi
 þar fenris kindir verðr af þeim | avliom
 eina noccorr tungls tivgari i trolliz hami.
 Fylliz fior | vi feigra manna ryþr ragna
 snot ravðom dreyra svart varþa sol | scin
 of sumar eptir veþr oll valynd v. e. h.
 Sat þar ahavgi | oc slo havrpo gygiar
 hirþir glaðr eþþer. gol vm hanom
 igagl | viþi fagr ravðr hani sa er fialar
 heitir. Gol um asom gul | lincambi sa
 uecr havþa at hiarar at heria favþrs en
 anar | gelfr fyr iorð neðan sõt ravþr hani
 at savliom heliar. Geyr | garmr mioc
 fur gnipa helli festr mvn slitna en fra |
 ki rexa fiolþ veit hon frõða fram se ec
 lengra vm rag | na ravk ravm sig tyva.
 Broþr mvno beriaz oc at bavnom | verþa
 muno systrungar sifiom spilla hárt er
 iheimi hor | domr micill scecgavld scalm-
 avld scildir ro klofnir vind avld | varg
 avld aþr veravld steypiz mvn engi maþr
 oðrom þyrma. |

neðan sot raurd hani at solum heliar.
 Sal ser hon standa solu fiari | naa
 strõndu aa norðr horfa dyrr falla eit
 drvpar inn vm liora saa er undinn salr |
 orma hryggium. Ser hon þar vaða
 þunga straua menn mein svara ok
 mordvar | ga ok þannz annars glepr
 eyrna runa þar saug niðhoggr nai fram
 gengna sleit | vargr vera vitv þer enn
 eða hvat. Geyr nu garmr miok fyr gn.
 h. f. man sl. enn f. | Broedr munu beriaz
 ok at þõnum verðaz munu systrungar
 sifium spilla hart | er i heimi hordomr
 mikill skeggoll skaalmõlld skildir klofnir
 vind ǫld varg | ǫld aadr verǫld steypiz
 grundir gialla gifr fiugandi man engi
 maðr ǫðrum þyrma. |

To Page 235.

(a) *Rigs-þula in Cd. W.*

Enn hetu sva ǫðrum nofnum. Snot
 bruðr svanni svarri sprakki fiõð sprund
 ok rif feima ristill. Þaðan eru komnar
 karla ættir.

(b) *Thulor (Cd. r and AM. 748).*

Snot brvðr svanni svarri sprakki fiõð
 sprvnd, kona, feima ækkia rygr víf ok
 dros ristill sæta, svarkr dros ok man
 mæð ok kerling.

To Page 267.

Hofuðlausn Text C (Cd. Wolfenbütt.)

Vestr kom ek vm ver enn ek viðris ber man strandar mar sva er mitt of far :
 dro ek eik aflof við isa brot hloð ek mærdar hlvt mins knarrar skvt.

Buðumz hilmir lauð þar a ek hroðrar kuod ber ek oðins miod a engla bioð
 lofat uisa vann vist mæri ek þann hlioðs biðivm hann þviat hroðr of fann.

Hygg visir at vel somir þat hue ek þyilia féar ef ek þogn of get
 fíest mæðr of fra hvat fylkir vaa en viðrir sa huar valr of laa.

Varað villr staðar vefr darraðar fyrir grams glavðvm geirvangs rauðum
 þars í bloði ibrimils móði flaustr of þrumði en vnd vm glumdi.

Hne fyrða fit vndz fleina hnit orðztir of gat Eirekr at þat.

Fremr mun ek segia ef firar þegia fragum fleira til frama þeira
 æztuz vndir við iofurs fundi brustu brandir við blaar randir.

Haufi hef saudul við hialm ravðvl beit ben grefill þat var bloð refill
 fra ek at fellir firir fetils sverði oðins eiki i iarnleiki.

Rauð hilmir hior þat var hrafnia gior fleinn hitti fior flugu drvrug spior
 auferð gota far bioðr skota brað nipt nara nórá uðrd ara.

Þar var eggia at ok odda gnat orðztir of gat Eirikr at þar.

Flugu hialldrs vanir of hræs lanir orv bloðs vanar ben maas granar
 sveit sáars freka svalg vnd dreka gnuði hrafnia a hofut stafni.

Kom gríðar læ af gialpar skæ bauð ulfum hræ Eirikr of sæ.

Lætr snot saka sverð frey vaka enn skers haka skiðgarð braka.
 brustu broddar en bitv oddar baru horfar af bogum orfuar.

Beit fleinn floginn þa var friðr loginn var almr dreginn þvi varð ulfr feginn.

Iofurr sveigði y hrtu unnda by bauð ulfum hræ Eiríkr aa sæ.
 Enn mun ek vilia fra verium skilia skapleik skata skal mærd huata
 verpr af brondvm en iofurr londum helldr hornklofi hann er næstr lofi.
 Brytr boghuita biöðr hram slita muna hoddafa hring briotr lofa
 miok er hanum fol havk strandar miol hvggask flotna fiól við froða miol.
 Verpr brodd flæti af baug seti hiorleiks huati hann er baug skati.
 Þroaz her sem hvar hugat mæli ek þar kunt er austr vm mar Eiríks of far.
 Bar ek þengils lof a þagnar rof kann ek maala miot a m^a siot
 or hlatra ham hroðr ber ek firir gram. Suo for þat fram at flestr of nam.
 Nioti bavga sem bragi avga vagna váára eðr vili táára.

To Page 271.

The Lay of Arinbiorn in AM. 132.

	1ST COL.	2ND COL.
	Emc hradq'dr hilme at hilme	z þren atügu mier. Þ'tel ek fyrst
	at mæra en glap mall um gle	e' flestr ü veit z alþiöð eyrun sek' hue mi
	gguíga opispiallr ü iofurs da	lldgedr mím þotte bida biörn birkis ot
	dü ē þag melskr um þiodyge Scau	ta. Þ' allz h'i at üd' gefz hue þ urþiöð
	pe gnegr skrauk b'auðü emc vilq'dr	aude gneg' e' griot biörn ü gnegdä hef'
	um uine mina sott hefi ek morg milldin	freyr z niörd' at fiar afte. En hroalldz a
	ga siot m' grü laust g'ps ü odi Haf	hausð baðme auds idgnott at alnü sifear
	da ek eðr ynglins burar ríks kgs rei	sö uiseld ^r af uegü aullü auindk's uíðü bot
	de fēgna dro ek diarf hautt m' of	ne. H d ^r g seil ü eiga gat sem hilldigr
10	daukqu skor let ek h'si heí ü sottan	heyrnar spāna godü au'dr my gūna fiöld
	Þ ^r e' allualld' üd ygr . . . alme liöð	uin' ueþ'orms ueclinga tps. Þ'h uid'
	f ^u madad'	
	at l'de sat styr' . . . v' stirdä hug iior	e' þriota mü flesta m þott fe eigi q'd
	uik urgü h. r. . . Vara þ'tügl	ka ek skät mille skata husa ne aup
	skin trvkt	skept almāa spior. Gek m ^r engi at
	arinbiarn ^r or leg uers lögü knerri
	hade leidd' ne heipt k'dü mz atgeirs
	audar tuptir. Hiñ e' feg'mr er i
	fiordü byr sa e' of dolg' draupnis nid
20	ia . . . nautr . . . nar kvinna h'ngum
 H . . . ü
	ega f'de spiöllü
 Þ' e'
	vañödr S
 hu'

 liome. Ok
	ill spiöllü
30	þ . . . sa k. ek skald k'di ok
 Ok m; heidn hr.
 astrad þau

 i brimsker. rodn ^r
	e' fram stafn i folke
	d' brande bir' blarra geira
	hars veðri Þ' e'
 knegy þ
40
 mekiss egg

The Editor's exact copy of what could be read in the blank of the first column is lost, but the results of his reading are embodied in the text of Arinbiorn's Lay.

To Pages 316 and 326, ll. 66-71, Book V, § 3.

a. Text.

Þa quaf þat gvdrva givka dottir. Sva
var minn sigurþr hia sonom givka sem
væri geir lāvkr or grasi vaxinn eþa vęri
biartr steinn a band dreginn iarkna
steinn yfir avdlogom.

b. Text.

Sva var Sigvrþr vf sonom givka sem
vęri grōnn lavcr or grasi vaxinn eþa
hiortr habeinn vm hvossom dýrom eþa
gvll gloðravtt af gra silfri.

B.

EXTRACTS OF SONGS FROM SAXO GRAMMATICUS.

To Page 125, Saxo, Book I.

Haddingus Quid moror in latebris opacis
Collibus implicitus scruposis,
Nec mare more sequor priori?
Eripit ex oculis quietem
Agminis increpitans lupini
Stridor, et usque polum levatus
Questus inutilium ferarum
Impatiensque rigor leonum.
Tristia sunt juga vastitasque
Pectoribus truciora fisis. 10
Officiunt scopuli rigentes
Difficilisque situs locorum
Mentibus æquor amare sveltis.
Nam freta remigiis probare
Officii potioris esset,
Mercibus ac spoliis ovare,
Æra aliena sequi locello,
Æquoreis inhiare lucris,
Quam salebras nemorumque flexus
Et steriles habitare saltus. 20

Uxor Me canorus angit ales immorantem littori
Et soporis indigentem garriendo concitat.
Hinc sonorus æstuosæ motionis impetus
Ex ocello dormientis mite demit otium,
Nec sinit pausare noctu mergus alte garrulus
Auribus fastidiosa delicatis inserens,
Nec volentem decubare recreari sustinet
Tristiore flexione diræ vocis obstrepens.
Tutius sylvis fruendum dulciusque censeo.
Quis minor quietis usus luce, nocte carpitur,
Quam marinis immorari fluctuando motibus? 30

To Page 188, Saxo, Book II.

Hialto Ocius evigilet, quisquis se regis amicum
Aut meritis probat, aut sola pietate fatetur.
Discutiant somnum proceres, stupor improbus absit;
Incaleant animi vigiles; sua dextera quemque
Aut famæ dabit aut probro perfundet inertis;
Noxque hæc aut finis erit aut vindicta malorum.
Non ego virgineos jubeo cognoscere ludos,
Nec teneras tractare genas, aut dulcia nuptis
Oscula conferre et tenues astringere mammas,
Non liquidum captare merum, tenerumve fricare 10
Femen et in niveos oculum jactare lacertos.
Evoco vos ad amara magis certamina Martis.
Bello opus est nec amore levi; nihil hi quoque facti

	Mollities enervis habet; res proelia poscit. Quisquis amicitiam regis colit, arma capessat. Pensandis animis belli promptissima laus est. Ergo viris timidum nihil aut leve fortibus insit, Destituatque animos armis cessura voluptas. In pretio jam fama manet, laudis sibi quisque Arbiter esse potest, propriaque nitescere dextra.	20
	Instructum luxu nihil adsit; plena rigoris Omnia præsentem discant exsolvere cladem. Non debet laudis titulos aut præmia captans Ignavo torpere metu, sed fortibus ire Obvius et gelidum non expallescere ferrum.	
<i>Biarco to his page Scalco</i>	Surge puer, crebroque ignem spiramine pasce; Verre larem ligno et tenues dispelle favillas. Scintillas extunde focus, ignisque jacentes Erige reliquias et opertas elice flammæ. Languentem compelle larem producere lumen, Ardenti rutilas accendens stipite prunas. Proderit admota digitos extendere flamma. Quippe calere manu debet, qui curat amicum, Et nocui penitus livoris pellere frigus.	30
<i>Hialto</i>	Dulce est nos domino percepta rependere dona, Acceptare enses, famæque impendere ferrum. En virtus sua quemque monet meritum bene regem Rite sequi dignaque ducem gravitate tueri. Enses Theutonici, galeæ, armillæque nitentes, Loricæ talo immissæ, quas contulit olim Rolyo suis, memores acuunt in prælia mentes. Res petit et par est, quæcunque per otia summa Nacti pace sumus, belli ditione mereri, Nec lætos cursus mæstis præponere rebus, Aut duris semper casus præferre secundos. Mente pari proceres sortem capiamus utramque, Nec mores fortuna regat; quia concedet æque Delicias ac dura pati, vultuque sub illo Ducamus tristes, quo dulces hausimus annos. Omnia quæ poti temulento prompsimus ore, Fortibus edamus animis et vota sequamur Per summum jurata Jovem superosque potentes. Danorum primus herus est meus; adsit eidem, Ut probus est quisque; procul hinc, procul este fugaces! Forti opus est stabilique viro, non terga ferente In dubium, bellive truces metuente paratus. Maxima sæpe duci virtus ex milite pendet. Tanto etenim princeps aciem securior intrat, Quanto illum melius procerum stipaverit agmen.	40
	Arripiat digitis pugnacibus arma satelles, Iniiciens dextram capulo clypeumque retentans, Inque hostes ruat, et nullos expalleat ictus. Nemo se retro feriendum præbeat hosti, Nemo enses tergo excipiat; pugnacia semper Pectora vulneribus pateant. Certamina prima Fronte gerunt aquilæ et rapidis se rictibus urgent Anteriore loco; species vos alitis æquet, Adverso nullam metuentes corpore plagam. Ecce furens æquoque sui fidentior hostis, Ferro artus faciemque aurata casside tectus, In medios fertur cuneos, ceu vincere certus	50
		60
		70

Intimidusque fugæ et nullo superabilis ausu,
 Svetica (me miserum) Danos fiducia spernit,
 Ecce truces oculis Gothi visuque feroces
 Cristatis galeis hastisque sonantibus instant;
 In nostro validam peragentes sanguine cladem,
 Destringunt gladios et acutas cote bipennes,
 Quid te, Hiarthvare, loquar? quem Sculda nocente replevit
 Consilio, tantaque dedit crudescere culpa?
 Quid te, infande, canam, nostri discriminis auctor, 80
 Proditor eximii regis, quem sæva libido
 Imperii tentare nefas furiisque citatum
 Conjugis æternam pepulit prætereundere noxam?
 Quis te error factum Danis dominoque nocentem
 Præcipitavit in hoc rerum scelus? unde subibat
 Impietas tanto fraudis constructa paratu?
 Quid moror? Extremam jam degustavimus escam.
 Rex perit et miseram sors ultima corripit urbem.
 Illuxit suprema dies, nisi forte quis assit
 Tam mollis, qui se plagis præbere timescat, 90
 Aut imbellis ita ut domini non audeat ultor
 Esse sui, dignosque animo proscibat honores.
 Tu quoque consurgens niveum caput exere, Ruta,
 Et latebris egressa tuis in prælia prodi,
 Cædes te foris acta vocat. Jam curia bellis
 Concutitur, diroque strepunt certamine portæ.
 Loricas lacerat ferrum, dirumpitur hamus
 Nexilis, et crebro cedunt præcordia telo.
 Jam clypeum regis vastæ minuere secures;
 Jam longi resonant enses, crepitatque bipennis 100
 Humanis impacta humeris et pectora findens.
 Quid pavitant animi? quid hebescit languidus ensis?
 Porta vacat nostris, externo plena tumultu.

 Ut quid abes Bjarco? num te sopor occupat altus?
 Quid tibi, quæso, moræ est? Aut exi, aut igne premeris.
 Elige quod præstat! eia! concūrrite mecum!
 Igne ursos arcere licet; penetrabilia flammis
 Spargamus, primosque petant incendia postes.
 Excipiat torrem thalamus, tectique ruina
 Fomentum flammis et alendo præbeat igni, 110
 Fundere damnatis fas est incendia portis.
 At nos, qui regem voto meliore veremur,
 Jungamus cuneos stabiles, tutisque phalangem
 Ordinibus mensi, qua rex præcepit, eamus:
 Qui natum Bøki Røftricum stravit avari,
 Implicuitque virum leto virtute carentem.
 Ille quidem præstans opibus habituque fruendi
 Pauper erat, probitate minus quam sænore pollens;
 Aurum militia potius ratus, omnia lucro
 Posthabuit, laudisque carens congestit acervos 120
 Æris et ingenuis uti contempsit amicis.
 Cumque lacessitus Rolyonis classe fuisset,
 Egestum cistis auram deferre ministros
 Jussit et in primas urbis diffundere portas,
 Dona magis quam bella parans, quia militis expers
 Munere, non armis tentandum credidit hostem,
 Tanquam opibus solis bellum gesturus, et usu

Rerum, non hominum Martem producere posset. Ergo graves loculos et ditia claustra resolvit, Armillas teretes et onustas protulit arcas, Exitii fomenta sui, ditissimus æris,	130
Bellatoris inops, hostique adimenda relinquens Pignora, quæ patriis præbere pepercit amicis. Annellos ultro metuens dare, maxima nolens Pondera fudit opum, veteris populator acervi. Rex tamen hunc prudens oblataque munera spreuit, Rem pariter vitamque adimens; nec profruit hosti Census iners, quem longo avidus cumulaverat ævo, Hunc pius invasit Rolvo, summasque perempti Cepit opes, inter dignos partitus amicos,	140
Quicquid avara manus tantis congesserat annis; Irrumpensque opulenta magis, quam fortia castra, Præbuit eximiam sociis sine sanguine prædam. Cui nil tam pulchrum fuit, ut non funderet illud, Aut carum, quod non sociis daret, æra favillis Assimulans, fama que annos, non fœnore mensus. Unde liquet, regem claro jam funere functum Præclaros egisse dies, speciosaque fati Tempora præteritos decorasse viriliter annos. Nam virtute ardens, dum viveret, omnia vicit,	150
Egregio dignas sortitus corpore vires. Tam præceps in bella fuit, quam concitus amnis In mare decurrit, pugnamque capessere promptus, Ut cervus rapidum bifido pede tendere cursum. Ecce per infusas humana tabe lacunas Cæsorum excussi dentes rapiente cruoris Profluvio toto et scabris limantur arenis. Splendescunt limo allisi, lacerataque torrens Sanguinis ossa vehit, truncosque superfluit artus. Danicus humescit sanguis, stagnatque cruenta Latius eluvies et corpora sparsa revolvit Elisus venis vapidum spumantibus amnis. Impiger invehitur Danis Hjarthvarus, amator Martis, et extenta pugnantes provocat hasta. Attamen hic inter discrimina fataque belli Frothonis video lætum arridere nepotem, Qui Fyrisvallinos auro conserverat agros. Nos quoque lætitiæ species extollat honesta, Morte secuturos generosi fata parentis, Voce ergo simus alacres ausuque vigentes.	160
Namque metum par est animosis spernere dictis, Et memorabilibus letum consciscere factis. Deserat os animumque timor; fateamur utroque Intrepidus nisus, ne nos nota judicet ulla Parte aliqua signum dubii præstare timoris. Librentur stricto meritorum pondera ferro. Gloria defunctos sequitur, putrique favillæ Fama superstes erit, nec in ullum decidet ævum, Quod perfecta suo patravit tempore virtus. Quid clausis agitur foribus? quid pessula valvas Juncta seris cohibent? Etenim jam tertia te vox, Bjarco, ciet, clausoque jubet procedere tecto.	170
	180
<i>Biarco</i> Quid me Rolvonis generum, quid, bellice Hjalto,	

135. fugit, Ed. 1514.
167. sirtvallinos, Ed. 1514.

144. aut, Ed. 1514.

163. hyvarus, Ed. 1514.

Tanta voce cies? Etenim qui magna profatur,
 Grandiloquisque alios verbis invitat ad arma,
 Audere et dicta factis æquare tenetur,
 Ut vocem fateatur opus. Sed desine, donec
 Armer et horrendo belli præcingar amictu.
 Jamque ensem lateri jungo, jam corpore primum
 Lorica galeaque tegor, dum tempora cassis
 Excipit et rigido conduntur pectora ferro. 190
 Nemo magis clausis refugit penetralibus uri
 Cumque sua rogos esse domo; licet insula memet
 Ediderit, strictæque habeam natalia terræ,
 Bissenas regi debebo rependere gentes,
 Quas titulis dedit ille meis. Attendite, fortes!
 Nemo lorica se vestiat interituri
 Corporis; extremum perstringat nexile ferrum;
 In tergum redeant clipei; pugnemus apertis
 Pectoribus, totosque auro densate lacertos. 200
 Armillas dextræ excipiant, quo fortius ictus
 Collibrare queant et amarum figere vulnus.
 Nemo pedem referat! Certatim quisque subire
 Hostiles studeat gladios hastasque minaces,
 Ut carum ulciscamur herum. Super omnia felix,
 Qui tanto sceleri vindictam impendere possit
 Et fraudum justo punire piacula ferro.
 Ecce mihi videor cervum penetrasse ferocem
 Theutonico certe, qui Snyrtir dicitur, ense,
 A quo belligeri cepi cognomen, ut Agner 210
 Ingelli natum fudi retulique trophæum.
 Ille meo capiti impactum perfregit Høthingum,
 Elisum morsu gladium, majora daturus
 Vulnura, si melius ferri viguisset acumen.
 Cui contra lævam lateris cum parte sinistri
 Dissecui dextrumque pedem, labensque sub artus
 Incidit in medias ferrum penetrabile costas.
 Hercule nemo illo visus mihi fortior unquam.
 Semivigil subsedit enim cubitoque reclinis
 Ridendo exceptit letum, mortemque cachinno 220
 Sprevit et Elisium gaudens successit in orbem.
 Magna viri virtus, quæ risu calluit uno
 Supremam celare necem, summumque dolorem
 Corporis ac mentis læto compescere vultu!
 Nunc quoque cujusdam præclaro stemmate nati
 Vitales fibras ferro rimabar eodem,
 Et ferrum penitus intra præcordia mersi.
 Filius hic regis et avito sanguine lucens
 Indole clarus erat, tenerisque nitentior annis.
 Non illi hamatum poterat prodesse metallum, 230
 Non ensis, non umbo teres; tam vivida ferri
 Vis erat, objectis tardari nescia rebus.
 Ergo duces ubi sunt Gotthorum militiæque
 Hiartuari? Veniant et vires sanguine pensent.
 Qui jaciunt, qui tela rotant, nisi regibus orti?
 Surgit ab ingenuis bellum; clarissima Martem
 Stemmata conficiunt; nec enim vulgaribus ausis
 Res agitur, quam sola ducum discrimina tentant.
 Illustres obeunt proceres. En, maxime Rolvo, 240
 Magnates cecidere tui, pia stemmata cessant.
 Non humile obscurumve genus, non funera plebis
 Pluto rapit vilesque animas, sed fata potentum

- Implicat et claris complet Phlegethonta figuris.
 Non memini certamen agi, quo promptius esset
 Alternare enses partiri que ictibus ictus.
 Dans unum tres accipio; sic mutua Gotthi
 Vulnere compensant, sic dextra potentior hostis
 Vindicat acceptam cumulo fœnore penam.
 Quanquam adeo solus multorum funere leto
 Corpora tradiderim pugnans, ut imagine collis 250
 Editus e truncis excresceret artubus agger,
 Et speciem tumuli congesta cadavera ferrent.
 Et quid agit, qui me nuper prodire jubebat,
 Eximia se laude probans, aliosque superba
 Voce terens et amara serens opprobra, tanquam
 Uno bisenas complexus corpore vitas?
- Hialto* Quanquam subsidio tenui fruor, haud procul absum;
 Hac quoque, qua stamus, opus est ope, nec magis usquam
 Vis aut lecta manus promptorum in bella virorum
 Exigitur. Jam duræ acies et spicula scutum 260
 Frustatim secuere meum, partesque minutim
 Avulsas absumpsit edax per prælia ferrum.
 Prima sibi testis res est, seque ipsa fatetur.
 Fama oculo cedit, visusque fidelior aure est.
 Rupti etenim clipei retinacula sola supersunt,
 Sectus et in giro remanet mihi pervius umbo.
 Et nunc, Biarco, viges, quanquam cunctatior æquo
 Extiteris, damnumque moræ probitate repensas.
- Biarco* Carpere me necdum probrisque lacessere cessas?
 Multa moras afferre solent. Namque obvius ensis 270
 Cunctandi mihi causa fuit, quem Sveticus hostis
 In mea prævalido contorsit pectora nisu.
 Nec parce gladium capuli moderator adegit;
 Nam quantum in nudo vel inermi corpore fas est,
 Egit in armato; sic duri tegmina ferri
 Ut molles trajecit aquas; nec opis mihi quicquam
 Aspera lorice poterat committere moles.
 Et nunc ille ubi sit, qui vulgo dicitur Othin
 Armipotens, uno semper contentus ocello?
 Dic mihi, Ruta, precor, usquam si conspicias illum? 280
- Ruta* Adde oculum propius et nostras prospice chelas,
 Ante sacraturus victricis lumina signo
 Si vis præsentem tuto cognoscere Martem.
- Biarco* Si potero horrendum Friggæ spectare maritum,
 Quantumcunque albo clypeo sit tectus et altum
 Flectat equum, Lethra nequaquam sospes abibit;
 Fas est belligerum bello prosternere divum.
 Ante oculos regis clades speciosa cadentes
 Excipiat. Dum vita manet, studeamus honeste
 Posse mori clarumque manu decerpere funus. 290
 Ad caput extincti moriar ducis obrutus, ac tu
 Ejusdem pedibus moriendo allabere pronus,
 Ut videat, quisquis congesta cadavera lustrat,
 Qualiter acceptum domino pensavimus aurum.
 Præda erimus corvis aquilisque rapacibus esca,
 Vesceturque vorax nostri dape corporis ales.
 Sic belli intrepidus proceres occumbere par est,
 Illustrem socio complexos funere regem.

To Page 352, ll. 99-103, Saxo, Book VII.

Hercule deprendi nulli numerabile vulgus,
 Vulgus, cujus erat terra nec unda capax.
 Colluxere ignes crebri. Silva omnis obarsit;
 Index innumeræ flamma cohortis erat.
 Calcibus obtrita tellus subsedit equinis,
 Edebant rapidos stridula plaustra sonos;
 Ingemuere rotæ, ventos auriga premebat,
 Ut tonitrum currus assimilasse putes.
 Vix armorum cœtus sine lege ruentes
 Ponderis impatiens pressa ferebat humus. 10
 Obmugire aer visus mihi, terra moveri,
 Tantus in externo milite motus erat.
 Nam quindena simul vexilla micantia vidi,
 Quodque ex iis centum signa minora tenet;
 Post quorum quodvis poterant bis dena videri;
 Signorum numero par erat ordo ducum.

To Page 190, Saxo, Book VII.

Hildigerus Collibet alternis devolvi fatibus horam,
 Et, ferro pausante, solo subsidere paulum,
 Alternare moram dictis animosque fovere.
 Restat proposito tempus; nam fata duorum
 Fors diversa tenet; alium discrimine certo
 Sors feralis agit, alium potioribus annis
 Pompa decusque manent et agendi temporis usus.
 Sic sibi dividuum partes discriminat omen.
 Danica te tellus, me Sveticus edidit orbis.
 Drot tibi maternum quondam distenderat uber; 10
 Hac genitrice tibi pariter collacteus exto.
 En pia progenies trucibus concurrere telis
 Ausa perit; sudo prognati sanguine fratres
 Illata sibi cæde ruunt, dum culmen aventes
 Tempore deficiunt, sceptrique cupidine nacti
 Exitiale malum socio Styga funere visent.
 Ad caput affixus clypeus mihi Sveticus astat,
 Quem specular vernans varii cælaminis ornat,
 Et miris laqueata modis tabulata coronant.
 Illic confectos proceres pugilesque subactos, 20
 Bella quoque et nostræ facinus spectabile dextræ
 Multicolor pictura notat; medioxima nati
 Illita cõspicuo species cælamine constat,
 Cui manus hæc cursum metæ vitalis ademit.
 Unicus hic nobis hæres erat, una paterni
 Cura animi, superoque datus solamine matri.
 Sors mala, quæ lætis infaustos aggerit annos,
 Et risum mœrore premit sortemque molestat.
 Lugubre enim ac miserum est dejectam ducere vitam
 Et tristes spirare dies omenque dolere. 30
 Sed quæcunquẽ ligat Parcarum præscius ordo,
 Quæcunquẽ arcanum superæ rationis adumbrat,
 Seu quæ fatorum serie prævisa tenentur,
 Nulla caducarum rerum conversio tollet.

<i>Haldanus</i>	Patris scepra relinquens Nil figmenta verebar Commenti muliebris Astus fœmineive, Unum quando duosque, Tres ac quatuor, et mox Quinos, indeque senos,	Post septem, simul octo, Udenos quoque solus Victor Marte subegi. Sed nec tunc fore rebar Probri labe notandus, Promissi levitate, Pactis illicibusque.	10
<i>Gyuritha</i>	Fragili moderamine rerum Animus mihi pendulus hæsit, Trepida levitate pererrans ; Tua fama volatilis, anceps, Variisque relatibus acta, Dubium mihi pectus inussit. 20 Teneri tibi temporis annos Gladio periisse verebar.	Poteramne resistere sola Senioribus atque magistris, Prohibitibus ista negari, Thalamoque monentibus uti ? Manet et Venus et calor idem, Socius tibi parque futurus, Nec ab ordine sponsio cessit, Aditus habitura fideles.	30

To Page 355, Saxo, Book VIII.

<i>Starcatherus</i>	Ut sine regressu pronas agit alveus undas, Sic ætas hominum, cursim labentibus anuis, Irreditura fluit ; præceps ruit orbita fati, Quam generat finem rerum factura senectus. Illa oculos hominum pariter gressusque relidit, Eripit os animumque viris, famæque nitorem Paulatim premit et claros obliterat actus ; Occupat occiduos artus, frustratur anhelæ Vocis opus, vegetamque premit torpedine mentem. Dum paritur tussis, dum pellis scabida prurit, 10 Dens stupet exesus, stomachus fastidia gignit, Evacuat juvenile decus, marcore colorem Oblinit et picea crebras serit in cute rugas. Obterit egregias artes, monumenta priorum Obruit et titulos antiquæ laudis adurit ; Demolitur opes, pretium virtutis et usum Carpit edax, transvertit res et ab ordine turbat. Ipse ego, quam noceat, didici, damnosa vetustas, Visu æger, vocis modulis et pectore raucus ; Cunctaque in adversam fluxerunt commoda sortem, 20 Jamque minus vegetum corpus fulcimine tutor, Flaccida subjectis innixus membra bacillis. Lucis inops moderor vestigia fuste gemello, Et virga monstrante sequor compendia callis, Stipitis auspicio potius quam lumine fisus. Nemo mei curam celebrat, nec in agmine quisquam Solamen veterano adhibet, nisi forsân Hatherus Assit et infracti rebus succurrat amici. Ille, semel quemcunque pio dignatur amore, Integer incepti studio constanter eodem 30 Prosequitur, primosque timet pervellere nexus. Ille etiam bello meritis bene præmia crebro Digna refert, animosque colit ; largitur honorem Fortibus et claros donis veneratur amicos, Spargit opes, laudisque suæ cumulare nitorem Dapsilitate studet, multos superare potentes. Nec minor ad Martem pietatem viribus æquat, Belligerare celer, labi piger, edere pugnam Promptus, et urgenti tergum dare nescius hosti. At mihi, si recolo, nascenti fata dedere 40
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- Bella sequi belloque mori, miscere tumultus,
 Invigilare armis, vitam exercere cruentam.
 Castra quietis inops colui, pacemque perosus
 Sub signis, Gradive, tuis discrimine summo
 Consenni; victoque metu, pugnare decorum,
 Turpe vacare ratus, crebras committere cædes
 Egregium duxi et strages celebrare frequentes.
 Sæpe graves bello reges concurrere vidi,
 Et clypeos galeasque teri, crudescere campos
 Sanguine, loricas affixa cuspidè rumpi, 50
 Undique thoraces admissò cedere ferro,
 Luxuriare feras inhumato milite pastas.
 Hic aliquis forte egregii conaminis auctor
 Marte manūque potens medium dum pugnat in hostem,
 Intentam capiti lorīcam diffidit alter,
 Cassidè perfossa, ferrumque in vertice mersit.
 Hic gladius sæpe dextra bellantis adactus
 Tegmine discisso capiti dēstrictus inhæsit.
- Hatherus* Unde venis, patrias solitus scriptare poeses,
 Infirmo dubium suspendens stipite gressum? 60
 Quove ruis, Danicæ vates promptissime Musæ?
 Roboris eximii cassus decor excidit omnis;
 Exulāt ore color, animoque amota voluptas;
 Destituit fauces vox et rauedine torpet;
 Deseruit corpus habitus prior; ultima cepit
 Illuvies, formæque notas cum robore carpsit.
 Ut ratis assiduo fluctu quassata fatiscit,
 Sic longo annorum cursu generata senectus
 Triste parit funus, defunctaque viribus ætas
 Occidit et primæ patitur dispendia sortis. 70
 Quis vetuit te, note senex, juvenilibus uti
 Rite jocis, agitare pilam, morsa nuce vesci?
 Jam satius reor, ut rhedam, quæ sæpe veharis,
 Venditor ensis emas, facilemve in frena caballum,
 Aut pretio leve curriculum merceris eodem.
 Aptius invalidos, sua quos vestigia fallunt,
 Excipient jumenta senes; rota proficit illi
 Orbibus acta suis, cui planta vacillat inanīs.
 At si forte caves cassum venundare ferrum,
 Ereptus tibi te perimet, ni veneat, ensis. 80
- Starcatherus* Improbe, verba seris facili temeraria labro,
 Auribus inconcinna piis. Quid præmia ductus,
 Qui gratis præstandus erat, per munera quæris?
 Nempe pedes gradiar, nec turpiter ense relicto
 Externam mercabor opem; natura meanti
 Jus dedit, et propriis jussit confidere plantis.
 Cur, cui debueras ultro dux esse vianti,
 Ludibrio insultas, sermone procaciter usus,
 Quæque olim gessi, memori dignissima fama,
 Dedecori tribuis, meritum quoque crimine pensas? 90
 Quid risu insequeris vetulum pugnare potentem,
 Invictosque meos titulos et splendida facta
 Probro adigis, famosa terens et fortia carpens?
 Quæ probitate petis indignum viribus ensem?
 Haud latus hic imbellè decet dextramve bululci,
 Agrestem soliti calamo deducere Musam,
 Procurare pecus, arvis armenta tueri.
 Nempe inter vernas ollæ vicinus obunctæ
 Crustula spumantis patinæ bulligine tingis,

Crassi adipis macrum perfundens unguine panem,	100
Jusque tepens furtim digito sitiente liguris,	
Doctior assuetam cineri prosternere pallam,	
Indormire lari, somnos celebrare diurnos,	
Sedulus officium nidentis obire culinæ,	
Quam bello fortem jaculis aperire cruorem.	
Aversans lucem, latebræ sordentis amator,	
Mancipium ventris miserabile parque putaris	
Sordida cum siliquis lambenti farra catello.	
Hercule non tunc me ferro spoliare petebas,	
Quando ter Olonis summo discrimine nati	110
Expugnator eram. Namque agmine prorsus in illo	
Aut gladium fregit manus aut obstantia fudit;	
Hæc gravitas ferientis erat. Quid, quando Curetum	
Littus et innumera constratum cuspidem callem	
Primus ligniferis docui decurrere plantis?	
Namque aditurus agros confertos murice ferreo	
Armabam laceros subjecto stipite gressus.	
Hinc mecum egregiis congressum viribus Hamam	
Eneui; mox cum Rino duce Flebace nato	
Obtrivi Kyrios, vel quas alit Estia gentes,	120
Et populos, Sengala, tuos. Post hæc Thelemarchos	
Aggressus, caput inde tuli livore cruentum,	
Quassum malleolis armisque fabrilibus ictum.	
Hic primum didici, quid ferramenta valerent	
Incidis, quantumve animi popularibus esset.	
Theutonici quoque me pœnas auctore dedere,	
Quum natos, Suertinge, tuos, Frothonis iniqua	
Cæde reos, domini vindex ad pocula stravi.	
Nec minus hoc facinus, quando pro virgine cara	
Uno septenos necui certamine fratres,	130
Teste loco, qui me stomacho linquente peresus	
Non parit arenti redivivum cespite gramen.	
Moxque ducis Kerri bellum navale parantis	
Vicimus egregio confertam milite puppim.	
Inde dedi letho Wazam, Fabrumque procacem	
Multavi natibus cæsis, ferroque peremi	
Rupibus a niveis hebetantem tela Wisinnum.	
Quatuor hinc Leri natos pugilesque peremi	
Biermenses. Gentis Hibernæ principe capto,	
Duflinæ populabar opes; semperque manebit	140
Nostra Brawellinis virtus conspecta trophæis.	
Quid moror? Excedunt numerum, quæ fortiter egi,	
Quodque manu gessi, ad solidum celebrare recensens	
Deficio; sunt cuncta meo majora relatu;	
Vincit opus famam nec sermo suppetit actis.	
Præterea, Hathere, privavi te patre Lenno;	
Hanc mihi, quæso, vicem referas, et obire volentem	
Sterne senem, jugulumque meum pete vindice ferro.	
Quippe operam clari mens percussoris adoptat,	
Horret ab ignava fatum deposcere dextra.	150
Sponte pia legem fati præcurrere fas est.	
Quod nequeas fugere, hoc etiam anticipare licebit.	
Arbor alenda recens, vetus excidenda. Minister	
Naturæ est, quisquis fato confinia fundit,	
Et sternit, quod stare nequit. Mors optima tunc est,	
Quum petitur, vitæque piget, quum funus amatur,	
Ne miseros casus incommoda proroget ætas.	

To Page 365, No. 40, Saxo, Book VII.

Haldanus

En rude, quod gerimus obnixo vertice, pondus
 Vulnere verticibus exitiumque feret.
 Sed neque frondosi gestamen roboris ullum
 Omine Götenses horridiore premet.
 Ardua comminuet nodosi robora colli,
 Et cava sylvestri tempora mole teret.
 Clava quidem sævum patriæ domitura furorem
 Nulla magis Svetis exitialis erit;
 Ossa domans lacerosque virum librandâ per artus
 Impia prærupto stipite terga premet,
 Cognatos pressura lares, fusura cruorem
 Civis, et in patriam perniciosa lues.

10

C.

THE LOST LAYS OF THE LACUNA ENGLISHED FROM THE
 WOLSUNGA PARAPHRASE. [W. P.]

§ 1. Sigfred and Alswind, Chaps. xxxiii, xxiv. W. P.

Sigfred, after he had killed the Dragon, rode to the house of a great prince called Heimi, who fostered Brunhild and married Benchhild her sister. [She was so named because she had dwelt at home and learned needlework, while Brunhild had gone fighting, with helm and mail-coat, whereby she got the name Brunhild.] Heimi and Benchhild had a son called Alswind, the most courteous of men. Men were at play out of doors; when they saw a man riding towards the house, they left off playing and marvelled at him, for they had never seen his like. *They go out to him.* Alswind prays him to stay with him and to take hospitality from him at his pleasure. He accepted the offer. They set about serving him with honour. Four men lifted the gold off the horse, and a fifth received him. There might a man see goodly treasures and rare; it was held a pastime indeed to look on the mail-coats and helms, and wonderful great stoups of gold, and all kind of weapons of war [in the hoard Sigfred had won from Fafni]. *Sigfred stays there with Alswind.* They loved each other well, and each was true to the other. It was their pastime to furbish their weapons and shaft their arrows, and to fly their hawks.

Brunhild was at that time come home to Heimi her foster-father. She sat in a bower with her maid. She knew more of needlecraft than other women. She laid her embroidery with gold, and sewed on it seamwise the mighty deeds that Sigfred had done; the slaying of the Serpent and the taking away of the Treasure, and the

Death of Regin. One day, it is said, Sigfred rode into the woods with his hounds and his hawks and a great company, and as he was coming home his hawk flew on to a high tower and alighted there in front of a window. Sigfred went after the hawk, and then he saw a fair woman, and knew that it was Brunhild; and it was altogether marvellous to him, both her beauty and the work that she was doing; and when he came into the hall he would take no pastime with any one.—*Alswind*: Why art thou so speechless? Thy mood grieves me and all thy friends. Why canst thou not be merry any longer? Thy hawks hang their heads and thy steed Grani also, and we shall be long ere we be comforted.—*Sigfred*: Good friend, hear my thought. My hawk flew on to a tower, and when I caught him [her?] I saw a fair woman sitting at a golden broidery, and laced [embroidered] thereon my past, and the deeds I have done.—*Alswind*: Thou hast seen Brunhild, Budli's daughter, who is the paragon of women.—*Sigfred*: It must be so. But, tell me, when did she come here?—*Alswind*: There was no long while between the coming of thee and her.—*Sigfred*: I have only known it a few days. That lady seemed to me the best in the world.—*Alswind*: Give no heed to any one woman, being such a man as thou art. It is ill to pine for what one cannot get.—*Sigfred*: I will see her, and give her gold and win her love and fellow-feeling.—*Alswind*: Never was that man found whom she would set by her, or to whom she would give ale to drink; she

will ever be warring and doing all kinds of exploits.—*Sigfred*: I wot not whether she will answer me or no, or give me a seat by her. And on the next day Sigfred went to the bower, but Alswind stood outside hard by the bower, shafting his arrows.—*Sigfred*: Hail, lady! how farest thou?—*Brunhild*: I am well; my kinsmen and friends are all alive, but it is a hazard what luck one's lot will carry till one dies. He sat down by her. After that there came in four ladies with great table-cups of gold full of the best of wine, and stood before them.—*Brunhild*: This seat shall be granted to no one save my father.—*Sigfred*: But now it is at my will. The room was hung with the most precious hangings and the whole floor covered with cloths.—*Sigfred*: Now is thy promise come to pass.—*Brunhild*: Ye shall be welcome here. Then she rose up and the four maids with her, and went before him with the gold cup and offered him to drink. He put forth his hand to the cup and took her hand with it, and set her down by him. He clasped her round the neck and kissed her, and

said, No woman born was ever fairer than thee.—*Brunhild*: It is a wise maxim not to put one's faith in a woman's power, for they always break their word.—*Sigfred*: It would be the best day that could come, the day whereon we two might have our will.—*Brunhild*: It is not fated that we two should live together. I am a shield-maiden, and wear a helm with the kings of hosts, and I am bound to be their helper, and I am not loath to fight in battle.—*Sigfred*: It would be the greatest joy to live together with thee, and it is greater grief to bear this fate which lies over us than to encounter keen weapons.—*Brunhild*: I shall live among their host, but thou shalt wed Gudrun, Gibika's daughter.—*Sigfred*: A simple king's daughter shall not ensnare me; I have no two thoughts on this head, and I swear by the gods that I will wed thee and no other woman. She said the same. Sigfred thanked her for her troth and gave her a golden ring, and swore the oath a second time and went forth to his men, and abode there awhile and flourished greatly.

§ 2. The Dreams of Gudrun, Chap. xxv. W. P.

ONCE upon a time Gudrun told her maidens that she could not be merry. One of the women asked her what it was that grieved her. She answered, I have had unhappy dreams, wherefore grief is in my heart; read me my dream, since thou enquirest after them. She answered, Tell it me and be not afraid withal, for dreams always come before bad weather. Answers Gudrun: It is not bad weather. I dreamed that I saw a fair hawk on my hand, his wings were of golden hue.—*Woman*: Many men have heard of your beauty, wisdom, and courtesy, some king's son will ask for thee to wife.—*Gudrun*: I liked nothing better than the hawk, and would sooner have lost all my wealth than him.—*Woman*: He who wins thy hand will be a man of good endowments, and thou shalt love him dearly.—*Gudrun*: My grief is that I do not know who he is. Now let us seek Brunhild, she will surely know.—*She goes in rich array to Brunhild's hall*, which was decked with gold and stood on a mountain. It was told Brunhild that a company of women were driving to the burgh in gilded wagons. It must be Gudrun, Gibika's daughter, I dreamed of her last night.

Let us go out to meet her; no fairer woman will ever come here to see us.—*Brunhild welcomes Gudrun to her hall*, which is painted inside and decked with much silver. Cloths were spread under their feet, and all did them service; they played many kinds of games. Gudrun was silent. Brunhild spake: Why will nothing make thee merry? Do not so. Let us all tell stories together for pastime, and talk of mighty kings and their great feats.—*Gudrun*: Let us do so. What kings, then, dost thou think to have been the foremost?—*Brunhild*: Haki and Hagbard, [Hamund's] sons, they did deeds of renown in warfare.—*Gudrun*: They were great and famous, yet Sighere carried off one of their sisters and burnt another of them in her house, and they are slow to avenge it. But why didst thou not name my brothers, who are held the first of mankind?—*Brunhild*: They promise well, but they have not been much proved yet, and I know one that carries it far above them; that is Sigfred, son of King Sigmund: he was yet a child when he slew the son of King Hunding and avenged his father and his mother's father, Eylimi. [Quotation abridged

from one of the Helgi-poets' lost Lays.]—*Gudrun*: Thou hast lovingly sought out his life. But I came here to tell thee my dreams, which give me much heaviness of heart.—*Brunhild*: Do not let such matter trouble thee. Abide with thy kinsfolk, all of whom would fain make thee happy.—*Gudrun*: I dreamed that we went forth, many together, from my bower and saw a great hart, that carried it far above all the other deer; his hide was of gold. We all wished to catch this hart, but it was I alone that caught it. I prized that hart better than all else beside. Then thou didst shoot that hart at my very knees.

It was such grief to me that I could hardly bear it. After that thou gavest me a wolf-cub, that bespattered me with the blood of my brothers.—*Brunhild*: I will interpret it as it shall afterwards come to pass. Sigfred, whom I chose for my husband, will come to you; Grimhild will give him mead mixed with venom, that shall turn to mighty strife amongst us all. Thou shalt wed him and quickly lose him. Thou shalt wed King Attila. Thou shalt lose thy brethren and Attila shall slay them.—*Gudrun*: It is far too grievous to know such a fate. *Then she drove home to King Gibika's again.*

§ 3. The Wooing of Sigfred, Chaps. xxvi, xxvii. W. P.

Sigfred rides up to Gibika's hall. One of the warders cries to King Gibika: One of the Gods is riding hither, I think: the man is all decked with gold, his horse is much bigger than other horses, and his war-harness is of exceeding beauty. He is far above all other men, and is more excellent than all other men.—*Gibika goes out with his men and says*: Who art thou that ridest into my burgh, which no man dares to do without my sons' leave?—*Sigfred*: I am called Sigfred, and I am the son of King Sigmund.—*Gibika*: Thou shalt be welcome here with us, and be our guest as long as thou wilt.—*They go into the hall; all looked small beside him. They served him well, and he was held in high honour. Ever they ride together, Sigfred, Gundhere, and Hagoni, but Sigfred surpassed them in all feats, yet they were all of them mighty men.—Grimhild finds out Sigfred's love for Brunhild, but seeing his power and riches, resolved to wed him to Gibika's daughter.* One evening, as they sat drinking, the Queen rose up and went before Sigfred with a horn and greeted him and spake: We are glad of thy presence here, and we will give thee all the good we can. Take this horn and drink thereof. *He did so.—Grimhild*: King Gibika shall be thy father and I thy mother, Gundhere and Hagoni shall be thy brothers, and ye shall all swear oaths [of brotherhood] to each other¹, and none shall be your peers. Sigfred agreed, for with that draught he forgot Brunhild. Grimhild went up to King Gibika and laid her arms about his neck and said, The greatest champion that can be found

in the world has come here, thou wilt have a great stay in him. Give him therefore thy daughter to wife, with such wealth and such a realm as he will, and peradventure he will take up his abode here.—*Gibika*: It is an uncommon thing for a man to offer his daughter in marriage, but yet it is a greater honour to offer her to him than to have others ask for her. One evening Gudrun was bearing the wine. Sigfred saw that she was fair and the most courteous of ladies. . . . Five seasons Sigfred stayed there, dwelling together with them in fame and friendship.—*Gibika said*: Thou dost us much good, Sigfred, and greatly hast thou strengthened our kingdom.—*Gundhere*: We will offer thee all if thou wilt stay on with us, both a kingdom and our sister at our offer, but no other man should have her, yea, even if he asked for her.—*Sigfred*: Have thanks for your courtesy; I will accept it. Then they swore brotherhood, to be as born brothers.—*The bridal was held.* Sigfred gave Gudrun a morsel of Fafni's heart to eat, and she was ever afterwards crueller and wiser than before. They had a son called Sigmund. One day Grimhild said to Gundhere, Your estate is very flourishing, save in one thing, that ye are wifeless. Go, seek Brunhild in marriage. It is the most honourable match, and Sigfred shall ride with you.—*Gundhere*: She is surely fair, and I am well-pleased to do so.—*They ride to Budli, Brunhild's father, and demand her hand; thence to Heimi her foster-father, in Hlymdale, who tells them that he who would win her must ride through a wall*

¹ Read, ok allir ér eiða vinnit.—A verse line.

of fire. They found the hall and the fire, and saw a burgh pinnaced with gold and the fire burning all about it. Gundhere rode Goth, and Hagoni Hulk. [See p. 80, ll. 12-33.] Gundhere spurs his horse at the fire, but the horse gave back. Sigfred spake: Why dost thou give back, Gundhere? He answered: The horse will not run at the fire, and prayed Sigfred to lend him Grani. 'He is at thy service,' says Sigfred. Then Gundhere rides at the fire again, but Grani would not go forward. — *They changed features, as Grimhild had taught them.* Then Sigfred took Grani in hand and bound the gold spurs on his heels. Grani galloped toward the fire when he felt the spurs. As the song says, 'The fire began to rage . . .' [See Fragments, II. pp. 314-15, ll. 3-10, Book v. § 3.] *When he had ridden the Waver-Lowe and reached Brunhild, she said: Who art thou?—Sigfred: I am Gundhere, Gibika's son. Thou art appointed to be my wife by the consent of thy father and of thy foster-father with thine own consent, if I should be able to ride the Waver-Lowe.—Brunhild: I cannot tell for certain how I ought to answer this. Sigfred stood upright on the floor leaning upon his sword-hilt, and spake to Brunhild: I will pay a great dowry [wife-price] in gold and goodly treasure for thee. She answered him sorrowfully from where she sat, like a swan on the billow: in her hand was a sword, on her head was a helm, and she was clad in a mail-coat: 'Gundhere, thou shalt not prevail with me save thou be the best of all men, and thou shalt slay them that*

have sought me to wife if thou hast the heart. I have been in battle with the King of Gothland¹; my weapons were dyed with men's blood; and this life I still yearn after.'—He answers: 'Many great feats have ye done, but remember now your promise, that if this fire were ridden ye would wed the man that did it.' She saw that his answer and the token of his words were true, and stood up and welcomed him kindly. *They lay together three nights, but ever he put the sword Gram between them.* When she asked why he did so, he told her that if he did not so at his wedding he should get his death. He took back the ring Andwari's Treasure which he had given her [before], and gave her another ring out of the heritage of Fafni. Then he rides back toward the fire to his friends, changes features again, and Brunhild goes home to her foster-father and tells him of her betrothal; 'how a king had come to me, and rode the Waver-Lowe that was round me, and told me that he had come to parley with me and that his name was Gundhere; but I said that only Sigfred, to whom I plighted my oath on the mountain, could perform that feat, and that he was to be my true husband. Heimi said that all must now go as had been appointed².' . . . *The Bridal of Gundhere and Brunhild was held, but ere the feast was over Sigfred remembered the troth he had plighted to Brunhild, but he constrained his grief and said nothing withal.* But Brunhild and Gundhere sat merrily together and drank the good wine.

§ 4. The Quarrel between Brunhild and Gudrun, Chap. xxviii. W. P.

ONE day as they went into the river together to wash themselves, Brunhild waded farther out into the river, and Gudrun asked her why she did so. Says Brunhild: Why shall I not be before thee in this as in all else? I always thought that my father was mightier than thine, and my husband has done many doughty deeds, and he rode the burning fire, but thy husband was Helperic's thrall.—

Gudrun (wrathfully): Thou wert wiser to hold thy peace than to revile my husband; for all men say that never came man into the world his peer in anything, and it ill becomes thee to revile my husband, seeing he is thy true husband and slew Fafni and rode the Waver-Lowe, but thou thoughtest he was King Gundhere; and he lay with thee and took the ring Andwari's Treasure off thy hand,

¹ Read, Goðþjóðo. See the Long Lay of Brunhild, l. 315.

² Here the paraphrast inserts, by way of introducing his Aslaug Story, chap. xliii, which he attempts to connect with our Sigfred:—'*Brunhild said to Heimi: Thou shalt bring up here with thee Aslaug, my daughter and Sigfred's.*' It is obvious that this would put the real Sigfred-story wrong, by giving a colourable pretext to Gundhere's revenge, whereas the perfect innocence of Sigfred is positively required by the myth.

and thou canst see it here and know it again. When Brunhild saw the ring and knew it again, she grew as pale as if she were dead, and went home, and spake no more that evening. And when Sigfred came to bed, Gudrun asked: Why is Brunhild so wroth? Sigfred answers: I do not rightly know, but I suspect that we shall know well enough.—*Gudrun*: Why is she not happy with her weal and wealth and the praise of all men, and being wedded to the husband she wished for?—*Sigfred*: What moved her to say so, that she had wedded the best husband, and him whom she would rather have wedded?—*Gudrun*: I will ask her tomorrow whom she would rather have wedded.—*Sigfred*: I forbid thee this, and thou shalt surely repent it if thou do so.—But in the morning they were sitting in their bower and Brunhild was silent. Then spake *Gudrun*: Be of good cheer, Brunhild! does our talk trouble thee, or what is it that prevents thy happiness?—*Brunhild*: It is not for kindness thou askest this; yea, thou hast a cruel heart.—*Gudrun*: Nay, never think so, but tell me.—*Brunhild*: Ask rather after things which will profit thee, such things as become mighty ladies. Yea, it is better for thee to enjoy thy good fortune now that all goes well with thee.—*Gudrun*: It is too soon to boast of that, I have a foreboding¹ as it were in this. What blame dost thou impute to me? I did not do aught to trouble thee.—*Brunhild*: Thou shalt pay for this, that thou didst wed Sigfred; and I begrudge thee having him to husband and the great hoard.—*Gudrun*: I never knew of your betrothal, and my father had the right to provide for me without thy favour.—*Brunhild*: Ours was no secret contract, but yet we swore oaths to one another: but understand this, that

ye have betrayed me, and it shall be avenged.—*Gudrun*: Thou art better wedded than was to be looked for, but thy pride shall have a fall, and many shall pay dear for it.—*Brunhild*: I should be glad enough, but that thou art wedded to the better man.—*Gudrun*: Thou hast a good husband, and a greater king it would be hard to find, and store of treasure and a great realm.—*Brunhild*: Sigfred overcame the Serpent, etc. [quoting the verses p. 315, III. ll. 11-14; see Book v. § 2].—*Gudrun*: Grani would not gallop into the fire while Gundhere was on him; he did not lack heart to ride it, no need to question his courage.—*Brunhild*: I will not conceal it. I bear no love to Grimhild.—*Gudrun*: Do not speak against her, for she stands to thee as to a daughter.—*Brunhild*: She brought about the beginning of this curse that gnaws me. She gave a cruel draught to Sigfred, so that he could not remember my very name.—*Gudrun*: Many a false word thou speakest. This is a great lie.—*Brunhild*: Enjoy thy Sigfred, as you have betrayed me²; yea, your life together is unseemly. May it go with you according to my wish.—*Gudrun*: I shall have more joy of him than thou wilt; no one ever said that he dealt wrongly by me at any time.—*Brunhild*: Evil is thy speech, and when thy wrath is slaked thou shalt repent thee. Let us no longer bandy words of hate.—*Gudrun*: Thou wert the first to cast words of hate upon me, but now thou makest as if thou wouldst make up for them, but hate is within thee.—*Brunhild*: Let us cease from profitless talk. For a long while I held my peace over my hurt, that lay in my heart. I love thy brother well enough. Now let us talk of something else.—*Gudrun*: Thy mind sees far ahead. So their talk ended.

§ 5. Sigurd's Lay (Sigurðar-kviða), Chap. xxix. W. P.

AFTER that talk Brunhild took to her bed, and it was told King Gundhere that Brunhild was sick; and he went to her and asked her what was the matter with her. But she answered him not, and lay as if she were dead. But when he enquired earnestly of her, she made an-

swer; What hast thou done with the ring I gave thee³, that King Attila gave me at our last parting, when the sons of Gibika came to him, and I swore to go forth and harry and burn rather than thou shouldst have me⁴? Then he led me aside to talk, and asked me

¹ Read, nokkur svá forspá. ² Read, sem þer hafit mik svikit. ³ Budli in the text.

⁴ Corrupt; read, ok hét ek at herja ok brenna heldr an þer næðit mer (cp. the Long Lay of Brunhild).

whom I would choose of them that were come there [to woo me]¹, but I offered to guard the land and command a third part of the host. There were then two choices before me, to marry one of them as he wished, or to lose both his wealth and love altogether [quoth Attila], saying that his love would stand me in better stead than his wrath. Then I communed with myself whether I should slay the doomed and kill many a man², but I thought myself too weak to strive against him, and so it came to pass that I was to wed the man that should ride the steed Grani, with Fafni's treasure, and ride through the Waver-Lowe that was about me, and slay the men I named [as dowry or bride-price]. But no man dared to ride it save Sigfred only. He rode through the fire because his heart did not fail him. It was he that slew the Serpent, and Regin, and five kings, and not thou, Gundhere! Thou didst grow pale as a corpse. Thou art neither king nor champion! Yea, I vowed this vow at home in my father's house, to love him only that should be the noblest man ever born; and he is Sigfred. And now I am forsworn, for he is not my husband. Wherefore I shall plot thy death, and I have a crime to requite Grimhild for, she shall never meet a more heartless or crueller woman [than I shall be to her]. Gundhere answered, so that none could hear: Many words of scorn hast thou spoken, and thou art an evil-hearted woman, to speak against the woman that is far better than thou; for she never was false to³ her husband as thou art, or dealt ill with dead men, nor did she ever murder any one, but she lives in good report.—*Brunhild answers*: I have been at no secret meeting, nor committed any deed of shame, nor is that my nature; but I should be willing to kill thee. Then she would have slain King Gundhere, but Hagoni set her in fetters.—*Then spake Gundhere*: I will not let her stay in fetters.—*She answered*: No matter for that; thou shalt never more see me merry in thy hall, nor drink, nor play at tables, nor speak gently,

nor embroider fine clothes with gold, nor counsel you. Then she sate up and struck her broidery, so that it was rent asunder, and with that she bade them open wide the bower-doors. And now, far off⁴, one could hear her lamentation. There is now great lamentation, and it is heard all over the house.—*Gudrun asks her bower-maidens why they were so mournful and sorrowful*: What is the matter with you, why do ye go as mad folk, what panic is come upon you?—*Then answered one of the women of the household, whose name was Swafrled*: It is a day of mourning. Our hall is full of lamentation.—*Then spake Gudrun to her fellows*: Arise, we have slept late! Awaken, Brunhild! let us go to meat, and be of good cheer!—*Swafrled*: I will not waken her, nor speak with her. She has not drunk mead or wine for many days, she has gotten the wrath of the Gods.—*Then spake Gudrun to Gundhere*: Go and see her, and tell her that I am sorry for her grief.—*Gundhere*: It is forbidden me to go to her⁵ or deal wealth with her. Yet he went to seek her, and tried in many ways to get speech of her, but got no answer. Then he went out and found Hagoni, and prayed him to go and see her. He said he did not care to do so, but yet he went, and got nothing from her. Then Sigfred was sought, and prayed to go and see her. He did not answer, and the matter rested for the evening. But next morning when he came back from hunting he went to see Gudrun, and said, It is borne in upon me, that this portent will come to some great woe, and that Brunhild will die!—*Gudrun*: My lord, there is a charmed sickness on her. She has now slept seven days, and no one has dared to wake her.—*Sigfred*: She is not sleeping; she has mighty plans in hand against us.—*Gudrun, weeping*: It is great woe for me to know thy death. Go now and seek her, and see if thou mayst soothe her pride; give her gold, and so allay her wrath.—*Sigfred went to Brunhild and pulled the clothes off her face, and said*: Wake now, Brunhild, the sun is shining through

¹ Something wrong or missing in the text.

² i. e. go as a Walkyria; read, hvárt ek skylda fella val ok drepa margan mann. Cp. Long Lay of Brunhild, l. 150.

³ Read, ok eigi ágði [or some such verb] hon ver sínom svá sem þú görir.

⁴ Read mátti, not, as in text, 'mætti,' as part of Brunhild's words.

⁵ The text is corrupt here.

all the house, and thou hast slept enough. Cast off thy grief and be merry.—*Brunhild*: How art thou so daring that thou comest to see me? No one has behaved worse to me in all this treason.—*Sigfred*: Why dost thou not speak to any one? What is it that troubles thee?—*Brunhild*: I will tell thee why I am in wrath.—*Sigfred*: Thou art under a spell, to think my heart evil towards thee. Moreover, he is thy husband whom thou didst choose.—*Brunhild*: Nay, Gundhere never rode through the fire to me, and never paid me slain men for a wife-price. I marvelled at the man that came into my hall, and thought I knew your eyes, but was not sure because of the darkness that came over my luck [lit. fetch].—*Sigfred*: I am not a mightier man than the sons of Gibika, they slew the King of the Danes and a great prince, the brother of King Budli.—*Brunhild*: I owe them much evil; and do thou not recall my wrongs to me. But thou, Sigfred, did slay the Serpent and rode the fire, and all for my sake: the sons of Gibika were not there.—*Sigfred*: I was not thy husband, thou wast not my wife¹: the rich king bought thee for a wife-price.—*Brunhild*: When I see Gundhere my heart never laughs for him, and I am cruel to him, though I hide it from others.—*Sigfred*: It is dreadful not to love such a king! Now, what troubles thee most? Methinks his love to thee is better than gold.—*Brunhild*: That is the sorest of my griefs, that I cannot bring this about that the bitter sword should be dyed in thy blood.—*Sigfred*: Never grieve for that! It is but a little, and the bitter sword shall be thrust into my heart. But thou couldst not desire aught worse for thyself: for thou shalt not live after me. Yea, our days of life shall henceforward be but few.—*Brunhild*: Thy word is of little worth², since ye beguiled me out of all happiness. Yea, I care no more for life.—*Sigfred*: Live and love King Gundhere and me, and all my wealth will I give thee, that thou mayst not die.—*Brunhild*: Thou knowest not my nature; thou art the foremost of all men, and thou hatest no woman more than me.—*Sigfred*: Nay, the opposite were truer, I love thee better than myself, though I was

overcome by that treason; but there is no help for it now, for ever when I was in my right mind, it grieved me that thou wert not my wife. But I bore it as well as I could, as long as I was in the king's hall. Moreover it was a comfort to me that we all dwelt together. It may also be, that what I have foretold thee will yet come to pass. It is no use to be mournful therefore.—*Brunhild*: Thou hast told me too late that my sorrow troubles thee, for now there is no cure for us.—*Sigfred*: I would fain we two should come into one bed, and that thou wert my wife.—*Brunhild*: Such words should not be spoken, and I will never wed two kings in one hall; and I would sooner lose my life than betray King Gundhere. And then they called to mind how they met on the mountain and swore troth to each other. But now they are all broken, and I will not live.—*Sigfred*: I could not even remember thy name. I did not know thee before thou wast wedded, and that is great pity.—*Brunhild*: I swore to wed the man that rode through my Waver-Lowe; and I will keep that oath or die.—*Sigfred*: Sooner than thou shouldst die I will wed thee and forsake Gudrun.—*Brunhild*: I will not wed thee nor any one else. Out went Sigfred [p. 315, IV. ll. 15-18 of 'Sigurð-kviða', see Book v. § 2, end]. And when Sigfred came into the hall, Gundhere asked him whether he knew what her heart's sorrow was, and whether she had got back her speech. Sigfred said she was able to speak. Then Gundhere went a second time to her, and asked her what was the matter with her, and whether there were any help for her.—*Brunhild*: I will not live since Sigfred has betrayed me, and thee also, for thou hast let him come into my bed, and I will not have two husbands in one hall; and that shall be the death of Sigfred or of thee and me, for he hath told it all to Gudrun, and she mocketh me. After that Brunhild went out and sat beneath her bower-wall and spoke many words of woe, saying that land and realm were loathly to her, since she had not Sigfred to husband. Then came Gundhere to her a third time . . . saying, Sigfred shall die, or else I will die myself. He bids Brunhild stand up and be

¹ Text corrupt here.

² Text at fault; the meaning is, I cannot believe your words now.

of good cheer. Then she stood up and spake withal, saying that Gundhere should never come into the same bed with her till that word of his was fulfilled. . . . *He tells his brothers* that it was a crime worthy of death that Sigfred had had Brunhild's maidenhead. *They egg on Guthorm to do the deed with a cup of charmed drink.* [Here comes a corrupt, though apparently fuller and better duplicate of the fragmentary Brunhild Lay, p. 306, ll. 11-12¹.] And with this draught he was so eager and mad, and also with the persuasions of Grimhild, that he promised to do the deed, and they promised him great honour therefore. Sigfred was unaware of their guile, neither could he with-

stand his fate nor the doom of his death. Sigfred also knew that he was guileless towards them. Guthorm went into Sigfred's room in the morning when he lay in his bed, but when he looked at him he dared not do his will, but turned back again. And so it came to pass a second time, for Sigfred's eyes were so bright that no one dared to meet them. But he went in a third time, when Sigfred was asleep. Guthorm drew his sword and thrust it into Sigfred, so that the 'blood-groove' stood in the down beneath him. *The story as told in this Lay is followed no farther. The Paraphrast goes on from a parallel Lay to our Long Brunhild Lay, ll. 87 sqq. (p. 296).*

§ 6. Lost Songs by an earlier poet in the Wolsunga Paraphrase.

Sigmund and Sinfitela become Were-wolves, Chap. viii. W. P.

ONCE upon a time Sigmund and Sinfitela went into the wood again to win wealth, and lit on a house wherein two men lay asleep, with thick gold rings on them. They were under a spell as were-wolves, for their wolf-skins were hanging over them. Every tenth day they were able to come out of their skins. They were kings' sons. Sigmund and Sinfitela put on the skins and could not put them off again, and fell under the same spell as the others had been under, and howled like wolves, but they could both understand each other's howling. And so they lay out in the waste, each going his own way. Moreover, they made a covenant between them, that they should each run his own risk if there were but seven against him, but no more; but he who is in peril from men shall give a wolf's howl, said Sigmund, for thou art young and over-ready to begin the fray. Men will think it good sport to hunt thee. . . . When they had parted Sigmund lit upon eight men, and gave a wolf's howl; and when Sinfitela heard it, he went swiftly to him and slew them all. Then they both parted again. And when Sinfitela had gone far into the wood, he lit upon eleven men and fought with them and

sped so that he slew them all. He grew very weary and went under an oak to rest there. *Sigmund came upon him as he lay, and asked him why he had not called to him, seeing that eleven men had set upon him, but he answered . . .* but I am a child beside thee, yet I would never call for help to slay eleven men. Then Sigmund sprang at him so hard that he staggered and fell, and Sigmund bit him in the front of the throat. That day they could not come out of their wolf-skins. Sigmund lay him on his back and bore him home to the hall, and watched over him and bade the fiend take the wolf-skins. One day Sigmund saw two polecats together; one bit the other in the throat and then ran to the wood and took a leaf and laid it on the wound, and the other polecat sprang up sound. Sigmund went out and saw a raven flying with a leaf, bringing it to him². He laid it on the wound of Sinfitela, and straightway he sprang up sound, as if he had never been wounded. After that they went to their cave and waited there till the day came when they could come out of their skins, and then they took the skins and burnt them with fire, that they might do no more harm to any one.

¹ Thus—Sumir við-fisk toko, sumir vitnis-hræ skifðo, | Sumir Guthormi gáfo gera hold | við mungati ok marga hluti aðra í tyfrom.—*Quite corrupt, and we fear past mending.*

² Something seems to have dropped out here.

§ 7. The Death of Signy, Chap. viii. W. P.

On a day they [Sigmund and Sinfitela] went forth from their cave, and came to the dwelling of King Siggeir, late in the evening, and went into the porch that was before the hall, and there were ale-vats there, and there they hid themselves. The Queen [Signy] soon knew where they were, and was minded to see them, and when they met, they agreed to seek vengeance for their father at nightfall. Now Signy and Siggeir had two young children, and they were playing on the floor with gold rings, trundling them along the floor of the hall and running after them. And one gold ring flies out into the room where Sigmund and Sinfitela were, and the boy ran into the porch to seek his ring. But lo, he saw two big fierce-looking men, with broad helmets and white mail-coats, sitting there. With that he ran back into the hall to his father, and told him what he had seen. Then the king guessed that there must be some treason afoot against him. Signy heard what was said, and stood up and took both the children, and went out to the porch to her kinsmen, saying that they should know that it was the children that had betrayed them, 'and I counsel you to slay them both.' Said Sigmund: 'I will not slay thy children, though they have betrayed me;' but Sinfitela would not let himself be softened, but drew his sword and slew both the children, and cast them down inside the hall before King Siggeir. *The king bids his men take the two heroes. After a brave defence they are overcome and set in fetters.* Then the king took counsel with himself what was the most lingering death that he could put them to; and when the morning came he let them make a great barrow of stones and turf, and when the *chamber* of the barrow was made he had a great stone set in the midst thereof, so that one edge of the stone stood up and the other down. It was so big that it touched both sides of the *barrow-chamber*, so that no one could come by it. Then he had Sigmund and Sinfitela taken and set in the barrow each on his own side thereof, for he thought that it would be worse for them not to be together but yet to be able to hear one another. Now while they were turfing the barrow, Signy came there with a truss of straw in her arms, which she cast into the barrow to

Sinfitela, bidding the king's slaves hide it from him. They said that they would, and the barrow was then closed again. Now when the night fell Sinfitela spoke to Sigmund: 'We shall not be short of meat for a while, I think.' The queen cast some flesh into the barrow wrapped up in a truss of straw! Then he fell to fumbling for the flesh in the straw, and soon found that it was Sigmund's sword that had been thrust into the truss. He knew it by the hilt, for it was dark in the barrow, and told Sigmund. They were both glad of it. Then Sinfitela thrust the sword point down on the stone and sawed away hard. The sword bit on the stone. Then Sigmund got hold of the sword point and they sawed away at the stone between them, never ceasing till the stone was sawn through, as the verse says [see p. 155, I. ll. 1, 2]. And now that they were both together, loose in the barrow, they cut through both stone and iron, and so made their way out of the barrow. Then they went to the hall, where all men were asleep, and bore wood to the hall and set fire to the wood, and they that were within woke with the smoke and with the hall afire over them. The king asked who kindled the fire. 'Here we are,' said Sigmund, 'my sister's son and I, and we mean to let you know to-day that the Wolsungs are not all dead.' He *then* called upon his sister to come out and take good worship and great honour at his hands, wishing so to repay her for what she had suffered. She answered: 'Thou shalt know to-day whether I have remembered the death of King Wolsung upon King Siggeir. I let our children be slain, whom I thought would be slow to revenge our father, and I went into the woods to thee in the likeness of a sibyl, and Sinfitela is our son. And this is why he has such great prowess, because he is both son of the son and of the daughter of King Wolsung. I have paid dear in many ways to bring about King Siggeir's death; yea, I have paid so dear to get revenge, that life is no longer open to me. Wherefore I shall gladly die with King Siggeir, albeit I lived with him against my will.' Then she kissed her brother Sigmund and Sinfitela, and bade them farewell, and went back into the fire. And there she met her death along with King Siggeir and all his company.

ADDENDA.

To the Didactic Fragments preserved in p. 14 may be added the line from Skalda—

Baugr es á bero sœmstr, enn á boga örvar.

A ring befits a buckler best, but arrows befit a bow.

To the Ditties may be added the following, which Eirik, an Icelander, made on the last of the Wickings, Swein Asleifsson—

Bœir ero brendir, en buendr rændir,
svá hefir Sveinn hagat, sex í morgin:

Görði hann einum óerinn 'þeira,'
leigir þar kol leigo-manni. [c. 1150.]

Orkneyinga Saga, ch. 82.

Farms are burnt and farmers plundered, six of a morning: that is the way Sweyn works. He has given . . . and charcoal enough to the tenant.

This old children's jingle was quoted by Duke Skuli when all the king's favourites spoke against him one after another at the Moot at Christ-Church, 1239. He listened quietly for some time, then he stood up and said—

Eina kann ek víso:	Ari sat á steini!
ok ina aðra:	Ari sat á steini!
[ok ina þriðjo:	Ari sat á steini!]
öll er sem ein sé:	Ari sat á steini!

Hakonar Saga, ch. 177.

One verse I know:	An eagle sat upon a rock.
and a second too:	An eagle sat upon a rock.
[and also a third:	An eagle sat upon a rock.]
They are all like the first:	An eagle sat upon a rock.

EXCURSUS I.

BELIEFS AND WORSHIP OF THE OLD NORTHMEN.

§ I. TEMPLE AND SACRIFICE.

FOR the history of the Mission of King Olaf Tryggvason [Book viii, § 1] we have to distinguish two sources, one the pure native tradition, the other a body of foreign legendary, which must be used with great distrust. In the matter of the Religion and Worship of the Northmen, we are in like case. On one side stands the evidence of the early poems, and that genuine body of facts, so carefully garnered by Ari in his Book of the Settlements and Book of Kings; and, after these, the later poems (whose mythology is in part affected by Christianity). On the other hand, there are a number of stories, plainly based on the Martyrology and Apocrypha of the Roman and Irish Church. We must clearly put aside these latter documents, and rely upon the older untainted witnesses in any attempt to make out the real mental state of the heathen Northmen.

If one looks into the fictitious narrations which have been too long cumbering the minds and distorting the judgment of those who have treated Northern myths and beliefs, one's suspicions are at once aroused by their unreal air, their sameness, the lack of that detail and precision which are always found in such testimony as Ari's; but when it becomes clear that there are means of tracing the origin of these fictitious statements, and in one important case of disproving them by unimpeachable authority, their worthlessness need not be further insisted on.

Many of the more foolish stories are versions of Latin originals, whose authors, misled by such familiar legends as those of Juliana, Margaret, and Theophilus, make out their heathen forefathers to have been *pagani* of the later Empire type, worshipping 'graven images, likenesses of devils,' all decked in gold and in gorgeous temples of the classic model. The false analogies which they draw between Thor and Jove, Woden and Mercury, Tew and Mars, Freyia and Venus, Sif and Juno, Gefion and Diana, etc., help to further the mistake. Nor had they besides their books other means for composing their historical dramas of heathen days; the old Northern faith was dead, its traces preserved only in fairy tales and old wives' fables, where they did not dream of looking for it. Ari and the old poems they knew not, or cared not about. Hence it is that they came to gravely relate such tales as the following, which, it will be seen, bear their refutation in themselves.

In one a son, Gideon-like, destroys his father's temple, drags the image of Thor out by a halter, cuts it in pieces, and gives the sawdust and ashes mingled with water to the dogs to drink, saying, 'It is fit that thou, who didst eat thine own children, shouldst be devoured!' Of course the reference is not to Thor, but to Jove or Saturn; while

the draught of ashes and water looks like a reminiscence of the penance of Israel after the outbreak of idolatry round the golden calf at Sinai¹.

Then we have the Christian king, who in his godly wrath smites the huge Nebo-like idol borne to confront him at the Moot itself. The unwieldy image falls broken by his blow, and foul toads and paddocks and adders leap from the hollow body of the prostrate god.—A story like that of Dagon².

Again, there is the comic episode of the king tricked by Iron-beard into pulling Thor's car. A long-drawn legend referring to the temple of Mærin in Throndeim, which it describes, like a late Roman sanctuary, with images on pedestals, glittering with gold, and Thor in his car drawn by harnessed goats, like a charioted Apollo.—A most unreal conception, as we shall see³.

Then there are three stories connected with Thorgerd, the tutelary goddess of the Haleygia family (some deified ancestress no doubt), which may be found in Færeyinga (ch. 23), Hord's Saga (ch. 19), and Niala (ch. 89). In the first, the temple in which Earl Hakon worships is like a church, with glass windows; he kneels in Christian fashion to the image of the goddess, who bears in her hand a ring, which she clasps tight or lets go, like the Venus of the mediæval chroniclers. In the second, the images of the gods are moving about, ready to leap from their pedestals, when Grimkettle, their worshipper and Pontiff, comes into the fane, and the idol Thorgerd speaks to him, and tells him that she is going to leave him and go to his daughter: he is so angry, that he fetches fire and burns the temple, and then drops down dead the very same day. Again, in Niala, Hrapp, a worthless desperado, is made to burn and rob this famous temple of the Earls, spoiling its images of their gold trappings.

But though we might have been suspicious of these silly stories—which give us hardly more information about the real faith of the Northern heathen than the Chansons de Gestes, with their wonderful accounts of Mahound, Termagant, and Apollin, whom the 'miscreants' are supposed to have worshipped, do of Islam—still we should have been hardly able to get a *positive* notion of the true state of the case, had we no other help than the poems, whose allusions would be often enigmatical, or the distant reports of the Latin biographers and chroniclers, who are often misled. In the famous passage of Adam of Bremen about Upsala, for instance, we have a tolerably careful writer about the time of the Norman Conquest, when heathendom in Sweden was but half a century dead, putting down his knowledge at the instance and with the help of King Sweyn Estrithson; but still far removed by land and sea from the place of which he is treating. Accordingly, while he gives us true accounts of the functions of the gods, the site of the temple, the worship of deified heroes, and mentions the 'sceptrum' of Thor (the glossator, Adam or not, going further still and describing the pit and gallows by the fane, and the great gold chain that ringed-in the sacred spot), yet in the midst of all this valuable information we have the usual mediæval common-place of a 'templum auro paratum,' 'statuas trium deorum,' 'solium medio

¹ Flatey-bok, i. 387 sqq.

² St. Olafs S. ch. 119.

³ Flatey-bok, i. 319-21. In Flatey-bok, i. chs. 32-23, the king clubs a huge idol of Frey in the temple at Mærin. [See p. 426.]

in triclinio,' 'Wodanum sculptare sicut nostri Martem solent;' for is it not natural that 'pagani' should 'colere ydola?'

Providentially we have a trustworthy and full authority in ARI, the chief of Teutonic historians, that ever-enquiring, sagacious writer, whose skilled and careful hand has given us the Story of the Settlement of Iceland, the account of the Christening of the New Commonwealth, the sketch of its Constitution, and a series of Lives of the Kings of the mother-country, Norway. In the course of these most interesting and authoritative works we meet with numerous references to the customs and manners of the heathen days, from which Ari was no further removed than Bede had been in his day¹, so that he could have—and no doubt did have—information from men whose fathers had told them what they themselves had seen and done in the heathen days. Besides these advantages of time, and the skill to use them, Ari appears to have had the rarer gift of perfect tolerance and impartiality, so that one may rely implicitly on him as one who always draws on the best information to be had, and whose only aim is truth. With so much preface let us turn to his text, only premising that Ari's use of technical words and great compression of style present peculiar difficulties to a translator, and much of his work would perhaps only be fully rendered in the tongue of Herodotus:—

In the beginning of Eyrbyggja Saga there is a quotation from Ari's lost *Islendinga-bok*, describing the ancestral temple of his own native place, built by Thorwolf of Most, one of the first settlers: "It was a big house; there were doors in both side-walls, near the ends thereof; over against which, inside, there stood the *high-seat pillars*; and upon these pillars there were nails; these nails were called the holy nails (*or* nails of the Powers). The house inside was a place of peace [asylum]. In the inner part of the temple was a house after the similitude of a choir in a church now-a-days; and there stood a *table* [lit. stall] in the midst of the floor, like unto an altar, and upon it there lay a gold *ring* without a joint [closed], of two ounces in weight [or, as other copies read, silver ring of 20 oz.], upon which all oaths were sworn. The priest of the temple was wont to wear this ring on his wrist at all moots or gatherings of men. On the table there was wont also to stand the *bowl of sortilege*, and therein the *twigs of sortilege*, as it were a sprinkler, with which to sprinkle out of the bowl the blood, that was called sortilege blood [hlaut]. It was the blood of such beasts as were sacrificed as an offering to the gods. [Here follows an interpolation.] To the temple all men were wont to pay toll, and they were bound to the temple-priests as the thingmen are now to the chiefs; but the priest had to maintain the temple at his own cost, so that it did not fall into decay, and to hold the sacrificial feasts inside²."

¹ The Icelandic mission falls in 997-1000; Ari was born in 1067, making about 70 years. The English mission 604; Bede was born in 672,—the same distance almost to a year.

² Hann setti bæ mikinn við Hofsvág, er hann kallaði á Hofstöðum. Þar lét hann reisa hof; ok var þat mikit hús. Vóro dyrr á báðom hlið-veggjum, ok nær öðrom endanom. Þar fyrir innan stóðo öndugis-súlurnar; ok vóro þar í naglar; þeir héto regin-naglar. Þar fyrir innan var fríð-staðr mikill. Innar af hoino var hús í þá líking sem nú er söng-hús í kirkjum; ok stóð þar á stalli á miðjo golfinu, sem altari; ok lá þar á hringr einn mót-lauss, tví-eyringr [or tvítög-eyri gr], ok skyldi þar at sverja eida alla; þann hring skyldi hof-goði hafa á hendi ser til allra

A grossly over-painted recension of this passage is found in *Kjalnesinga Saga*, which among much that is clearly spurious adds the size of the temple, 100 ft. by 60, says that the bowl was of copper, and fills up his notice of the feast by adding that the blood-sprinkled cattle served for the sacrificial feasts. "But men, when they sacrificed them, were thrown down into the pool that lay hard by the door; this pool they called the *Well of Sacrifice*¹. The cross-beams that had been in the temple were in the hall at Temple when Olaf Johnson pulled it down; he had them all cloven asunder and they were still [sound]."

In *Hakon the Good's Life*, ch. 16, Ari, completing the account, says, "It was the heathen fashion, when a sacrifice was to take place, that all the franklins should come to the place where the temple was, carrying thither their provender, as much as they needed to have for as long time as the feast lasted. At the feast all the people held a banquet of ale; moreover there was slain all kind of cattle, and also horses; and all the blood that came from them was called '*blaut*;' and the bowls that the blood stood in were called '*blaut-bowls*;' and the twigs that were made like sprinklers, '*blaut-twigs*,' with which they used to redden the altar all over, and also the wall of the temple, within and without, and in like manner to sprinkle the people; but the slaughtered cattle were boiled as cheer for the people. There were fires in the midst of the floor of the temple, and kettles over them; and the toasts were passed over the fire. And he who made the feast and was chief, was bound to hallow [signa] the toast and all the meat of the sacrifice. The first toast to be drunk was Woden's, which was drunk for victory and the happy rule of the king; and after that Niord's toast, and Frey's toast for good seasons and peace. Many men were wont to drink Bragi's toast next after this². Men also drank a toast to their kinsmen who had been of gentle blood [göfgr], and this was called the Cup of Remembrance." So we find in ch. 17, "The franklins say that they wish the king to sacrifice for good seasons and peace, as his father had done."

The best description of the Braga-full (paraphrased, as the Editor believes, from a lost poem of the Helgi school) is in the *Ynglinga Saga*, ch. 40: "It was the fashion at that time when an arval was made after a king or an earl, that he who gave the arval and was to take up the heritage, should sit on the footstool before the high-seat all the time till the toast, which was called Bragi's toast, came on. Then he had to stand up and take the Bragi's toast and make his avow, and then drink off

mann-funda. Á stalle nom skyldi ok standa hlaut-bolli, ok þar í hlaut-teinn sem stökkull væri, ok skyldi þar stökkva með or bollanom blóði því er hlaut [read hlaut-blóð?] var kallað; þat var þess konar blóð, er sæfð vóro þau kvikendi, er goðonom var fórnat. [Um-hverfis stalle nom var goðonom skipat í af-húsino—*this is an evident interpolation.*] Til hofsins skyldo allir menn tolla gialda, ok vera skyldir hof-goða til allra ferða, sem nú ero þing-menn höfðingjom; enn goði skyldi hofi upp halda af sialfs síns kostnaði, svá at egi hroernaði; ok hafa inni blót-veizlor.—*Eyrbyggja*, ch. 4.

¹ Enn mönnum, er þeir blótoðo, skyldi steypa ofan í fen þat, er úti var há dýrunum. þat kölluðu þeir Blót-keldo.—*Kjaln. S.*, ch. 2.

² This toast must have been the same as *Woden's toast*, of which it was the real technical name, but it had got associated with 'boasting and vowing at great arvals,' such as that of King Sweyn which led to the Iomswickings' vows; and so either Ari or his glossator may have inserted it as differing from the ordinary toast to Woden. The original identity of the two is obvious from Egil's synonym of poetry, alluding to 'Bragi's one eye.'

the toast; after that he was to be led to the high-seat that his father had owned, and was held to have come into all the heritage after him."

Another notice of these banquets occurs in the *Life of S. Olaf*, ch. 97: "The franklins held feast, to which men gathered together in the autumn [Michaelmas-tide]. There were great drinkings. . . . there were Toasts of Remembrance hallowed to the Anses after the heathen fashion, slaying of cattle and horses, and reddening of the altar with blood, and sacrifices were carried on, and the proper forms [carmina] for the bettering of the seasons."

The following extracts from *Ari* refer to sacrifices: "They were used to sacrifice before the winter to the Anse [Thor], and at mid-winter for the crop, and the third when summer began; that was a sacrifice for victory [Sigr-blót]."¹

And in *Hervar Saga*: "One harvest there was made a great sacrifice to the woman-spirits [Disa-blót] at King Alf's, and Alfhild performed the sacrifice. . . . and in the night as she was reddening the high-place, Starkad carried her away."² The *Disa-blót* [Fairy sacrifice] is again spoken of in *Ynglinga Saga*: "King Eadgils was taking part in the *Disa-blót*, riding his horse round the hall of the *Disa* (*disar-salinn*), when the horse struck his foot under him [stumbled] and fell."

The curious word 'Son' [Soma?] also appears in connection with sacrifice, as when the king holds a 'Soma-blót' to enquire after the fate of his pet sparrow. In the famous story in *Hervar Saga* there is a *Soma-blót* too: "King Heidrek sacrificed to Frey; the biggest boar he could get he was wont to give to Frey: they accounted this beast so

¹ Þat var forn siðr, þá er blót skyldi vera, at allir bændr skyldo þar koma sem hof var, ok fytja þannog fōng sín, þau er þeir skyldo hafa meðan veizlan stóð. At þeirri veizlo skyldo allir menn öi eiga. Þar var ok drepinn allz konar smali, ok svá hross; enn blóð þat allt er þar kom af, þá var þat kallat hlaut (?); ok hlaut-bollar þat er blóð þat stóð í; ok hlaut-téinar—þat var svá goert sem stœkklar—með því skyldi rióða stallana öilo saman, ok svá veggi hofins útan ok innan, ok svá stœkkva á mennina; enn slátr skyldi síóða til mann-fagnaðar. Eldar skyldo vera á miðjo golfi í hofino, ok þar katlar yfir; ok skyldi full um eld bera. Enn sá er goerði veizlona, ok höfðingi var, þá skyldi hann signa fullit, ok allan blót-matinn: skyldi fyrst Óðins-full;—skyldi þat drekka til sigs ok ríkiss konungi sínom,—enn síðan Niardar-full ok Freyss-full til árs ok friðar. Þá var mörgom mönnon títt at drekka þar næst Braga-full. Menn drukko ok full frænda sinna, þeirra er göfgir höfðo verit—ok vóro þat minni kólloð. Sigurðr iarl var manna örvastr; hann goerði þat verk er frægt var miök, at hann goerði mikla blót-veizlo á Hlödum, ok hétt einn upp öllum kostnaði. Þess getr Kormakr Ögmundar son í Sigurðar drápo (see vol. ii. p. 33).—*Life of Kings, Hak. S. Góða*, ch. 16. And—

Þat var siðvenja í þann tíma, þá er erfi skyldi goera eptir konunga eðr iarla, þá skyldi sá er goerði erfit, ok til arfs skyldi leiða, sitja á skörinni fyrir hásetino, allt þar til er inn væri borit full þat, er kallat var Braga-full; skyldi sá þá standa upp í móti Braga-fulli, ok strengja heit; drekka af fullit síðan. Eptir þat skyldi hann leiða í háseti þat, er átti faðir hans. Var hann þá kominn til arfs allz eptir hann.—*Yngl. Saga*, ch. 40. And—

Buendr höfðo þar haft veizlor fiölmennar at vetr-nóttom; vóro þar drykkjor miklar. . . . þar vóro minni öil signoð Ásom at fornom sið. . . . drepin naut ok hross; enn roðnir stallar af blóði, ok framið blót; ok veittr sá formáli, at þat skyldi vera til ár-bótar.—*Olafs S.*, ch. 94. And—

Þá skyldi blóta í móti vetri til árs; enn at miðjom vetri blóta til gróðrar; it þriðja at sumri; þat var sigr-blót.—*Yngl. S.*, ch. 8.

² Eitt haust var goert disa-blót mikit at Alf's konungs; gekk Alfhildr at blótino; enn um nóttina, er hon rauð hörginn, nam Starkaðr Álo-drengr Alfhildi á brott.—*Hervar S.*, *begin*.

holy that on his bristles they would swear in all great cases [stór-mál], and they used to sacrifice the boar as a Soma-blót after Yule. They used to lead the Soma-boar into the hall before the king, and men laid their hand on his bristles to make their avows¹."

We have a description of the fittings of the great temple at Mærin in Throntham, in Landnama-bok, iv. 6, the more interesting as it gives the lie to the preposterous inventions of the legendary type referring to this very fane given above [p. 402]: "Thorhard the Old was the temple priest in Throntham inside at Mærin; he was minded to go to Iceland, and took down the temple, taking with him the mould and the pillars from the temple; and he landed in Stodwarfirth, and laid the sacredness of Mærin upon the whole firth [i. e. gave it the sanctuary-rights Mærin had had], and would allow nothing to be put to death there save tame cattle²."—Not a word about idols!

If there had been any idols certainly we should have heard of it; but this passage is not solitary, we have another account of the migration of a temple-priest, Thorwolf, "the great friend of Thor" (Eyrbyggja, ch. 4); who, being minded to emigrate in obedience to the advice of an oracle, "took down the temple, and carried along with him most of the wood that had been in it, and also the mould under the altar³." The following words, "whereon Thor had sat," are plainly corrupt or added, for Ari has told us what there was on the altar,—the ring and the bowl with the twigs. Moreover if there had really been an image, surely Ari would have described it, and mentioned his taking it with him, as quite as important as the mould and Pillars. The Pillars are continually recurring in the Landnama-bok, but never an image or idol⁴. Thus the first settler of all, Ingolf, bore his Pillars with him; and so did Lodmund, of whom it is told that "he threw his Pillars overboard in the deep sea, and said that he would settle when they were driven ashore." Another colonist refuses to throw his Pillars overboard to find a place to settle in, and prefers to trust to Thor's oracle. These Pillars are named 'ondvegis-sulor,' which we take to mean *porch-away pillars* (from önd, a porch, and vegr, a way, a word formed like the English gateway), indeed, some such pillars as those of Solomon's temple: the term 'sul' is a word of ritual, as we know from the 'Irmin-sul' of the Old Germans and other instances⁵.

Of heathen priests and priestesses emigrating, such as Thurid the

¹ Heiðrekr konungr blótaði Frey þann gölt er mestan fekk; skyldi hann gefa Frey; kolloðo þeir hann svá helgan, at yfir hans burst skyldi sverja öll stór-mál; ok skyldi þeim gelti blóta at Sónar-blóti lóla aptan. Skyldi leiða sónar-göltinn í höll fyrir konung; lögðu menn þá hendr yfir burst hans at strengja heit.—*Hervar S.*, ch. 10.

² Þórhadrinn inn Gamli var hof-goði í Þróndheimi inn á Mærinni. Hann fýstisk til Íslandz; ok tók áðr ofan hofit; ok hafði með ser hofs-moldina ok súlornar. Enn hann kom í Stöðvar-fiörð, ok lagði Mærina-helgi á allan fiörðinn, ok lét öngo tortína þar nema kvik-fé heimolo.—*Landn.* iv. 6.

³ Hann tók ofan hofit, ok hafði með ser flesta við þá er þar höfðu í verit, ok svá moldina undan stellanom [þar er þórr hafði á setið—*manifest interpolation*]... Þórolfr kastaði þá fyrir borð öndugis-súlom sínom þeim er staðit höfðu í hofino. Þar var þórr skorinn á annari.—*Eyrbyggja*, ch. 4.

⁴ In one instance [Eyrb. l. c.] Thor's head is said to have been carved on one of the pillars, an apparently abnormal occurrence. O. E. Mss. show beast-headed seat-stocks.

⁵ The Dictionary should be corrected in accordance with the etymology now given. The late use of the term 'ondvegis-sulor' as equivalent to 'set-stokkar,' seat-stocks, may perhaps have arisen from the seat of the priest being originally placed at the entrance to the temple between the 'stocks' or 'pillars,' whence

temple-priestess (*hof-gydja*) and Thord Frey's priest (*Freys-godi*), and of the setting up of temples, we have other notices in the Book of Settlements; e.g. "There he raised a great temple. There lay an unsettled hide east of Fleet . . . that land Iorwind went round with fire [the proper mode of taking possession] and bestowed upon the temple [as *glebe*]¹." Of the *sanctity* of the temple we are told: A man "had a good sword and he carried it into the temple, wherefore Ingimund [the chief and priest] took the sword away from him." Bede's almost solitary reference to heathen customs mentions this point, that no weapon was to be borne in a hallowed place.

The word for the sacred *τέμενος* is 'vé,' often met with in place-names in Scandinavia, as Odense = Woden's vé, a word which seems to mean 'holy,' 'hallowed.' This word has been replaced by the law-word 'heilagr,' 'tabu' [literally integer, whole and to be kept whole], which the Christians chose instead of the heathen ritual-word; 'vé' represents 'sanctus.' See Dict. sub voce, p. 687.

There is in Flatey-bok, i. 337-339, a most remarkable story, though in a debased shape, of a portable ark or shrine, drawn round the country amid joy and feasting, corroborating the interesting account given by Tacitus in Germania, which is so well illustrated by Grimm.

The word for the temple-building is 'hof' (a favourite place-name in Iceland to this day), which stands simply for 'hall' and 'house' in the Southern Teutonic dialects. It seems to imply a roofed place or house; the nave or hall of the temple, where the banquets were held. (See Dict. sub voce, p. 277.) Thiodolf uses 'vé-tialld,' the *tem* of the holy place.

There must have been a ritual-word for the *shrine* itself, the innermost sanctuary; but if Ari knew it, he does not use it. We may guess that once upon a time it was Ulfila's 'Alh-s,' met with in the English compound proper names Alch-win, Alch-frid. Some of the Northern *al-* compounds, such as even *al-fodr*, *al-vitr*, etc., look rather as if 'alh-' and 'all-' had got confused. This word, which apparently means an *ark* or *receptacle*, would perhaps have been the right term for the portable shrines, such as Frey in Sweden, and the goddess whom Tacitus calls Isis, in Germany, were borne about in.

The proper name for the *sacrificial altar* is most likely 'horg' [O. E. *hearg*, our 'harrow'], a heap, a high place: this is the term used in the poems [e.g. Lay of Hyndla, ll. 36-39; see Dict. sub voce, p. 311]. 'Stall,' a stall [Germ. *stelle*], is merely descriptive, like our 'table,' of an *altar of hallowing*, and is possibly used by Ari as less heathen-sounding and more easily understood than the old word which is lost. The 'harrow' was of stone, and, like the Mexican 'stone of sacrifice,' ought to be kept glassy, with victims' blood. Any man or family could have a 'high place;' we read of 'many high places' in Helgi ii. 13. A 'high place' by no means presupposes a 'temple,' which was a clan or tribal possession, kept by a regular priest (probably the descendant of the tribal hero), though, on the other hand, there was no doubt a 'haug' at nearly every 'hof.'

The word for the 'reddening with sacrificial blood' (cf. Lev. iv. 17, Num. xix. 4, Heb. ix. 23) would be 'roðra'². Dict. 502 b.

chairs of ceremony, high-seats, or thrones would have a high post on either side, wherever they were placed.

¹ Hann reisti þar hof mikitt. Biórr lá ónuminn fyrir vestan Flíót, milli K. and I.; þat land fór Iórunðr eldi, ok lagði til hofs.—*Landn.* v. 3.

² Better spelt 'roðra' than 'róðra.'—A word found also in Sanskrit.

The word 'hlaut' the Editor now takes to mean 'sortilege' (etymologically it can mean but that), not, as he, led by Ari, supposed in the Dictionary, 'blood.' He would read 'hlaut-blóð' for 'hlaut' when the word occurs alone in the passage cited above.

The word 'blóta,' to hallow, to make sacred, or devote (Lat. fladmen, flāmen, contains the same stem, as Bugge has shown), is a very old ritual-word. In its later uses 'sacer' has become 'sacré,' as in the interesting passages in the Eið-sifia Church Law, forbidding, like our English Penitentials, the remains of heathendom: "No man shall have in his house a staff or stall [Pillar or Table], nor any witch-gear [charms], nor *hallowed thing* [blæti=talisman or teraphim or Phallus or the like], nor anything that savoureth of heathendom. . . . Now if a *hallowed thing* be found in a latchless house [a place open to men's eyes], or such a one made of bread or such a one made of clay, made after the similitude of a man in clay or dough [such as our gingerbread men and the wax figures of mediæval sorcery] No man shall put his trust in Fins [the Fins were noted 'mediums,' cf. the Fin wizards, like Eskimo angekoks, in the apocryphal story of Gundhild's fosterage], or in for-doers [wizards or witches, the word is used of a hag in later times], or in charms, or in talisman, or root [mandrake for instance], or in anything that appertaineth to heathendom, nor seek help therefrom . . .¹" A talisman is mentioned in the Spell Song (vol. i. p. 30, l. 18; in Book vi, No. 24), hung round the neck like a Red Indian's medicine-bag; the 'scales' of Einar, the 'hlaut' of Ingimund (a tiny figure of Frey), are such 'wizard-gear' as is forbidden above. The charmed kirtle of Ragnar, the charmed mail of Saurila and Hamtheow, and the many charmed swords and rings of the poems and Sagas, from Draupnir and Tyring downwards, are among unchristian things.

The old Ritual Poem (Book i, § 3) gives us the *technical ritual terms*, but we know so little of the ceremonial that we can only get at their interpretation by analogy.

'Soa,' which in its modern figurative sense signifies 'to destroy, waste, or squander,' is twice used of *human sacrifice* (vol. i. p. 22, l. 54, and Ynglinga-tal, 28). 'Sæfa' or 'svæfa' [Lat. sopio] now means 'to pith' cattle, and would lead us to believe that the victims brought to the altar were sometimes slaughtered in this way. It would be the appropriate term for the *sacrifice of cattle*, the 'gold-horned oxen' of Helgi's Lay, but one would suppose the victims must have been *bled* also for the blood to redden the holy place. 'Senda' would seem to refer to the *hanging* of Woden's victims, 'sent or hurled to Woden,' hoisted up in the air as a sacrifice to the 'God of heaven.' The ritual in this case is given in Gautrick's Saga, where the sacrificer marks the victim's breast with a spear-point [the mark would be the sacred emblem of Woden ↑ or the like] and devotes him to Woden, while the halter is round his neck, after which he is hanged². The ceremony of

¹ Engi maðr skal hafa í húsi síno staf, eðr stalla, vit, eða blót [read blæti, see vol. ii. p. 382], eða þat er til heiðins siðar veit; Nú ef blót er funnit í húsi lās-lauso, mat-blót, eða leir-blót, gört í mannz líki, af leiri, eða af deigi, þá skal . . . —N. G. L. i. 383. And—

Engi maðr á at trua á Finna, eða forðæðor, eða á vit, eða blót, eða rót, eða þat er til heiðins siðar heyrir; eða leita ser þar bóta.—*Id.* 389.

² Siðan steig hann upp á stofninn, ok lagði Starkaðr virgilinn um hals hónom, ok steig siðan ofan af stofninom. Þá stakk Starkaðr sprotanom á konungi, ok mælti. Nú gef ek þik Óðni. Þá lét Starkaðr lausan furo-kvistinn. Reyrr-sprotinn

marking to Woden, perhaps the 'rista' of the Ritual-poem, is noticed both in Ynglinga and elsewhere by Ari. There may be a reminiscence or echo of the Longinus-story in the passage where Woden is marked by the spear 'himself to himself,' but such 'markings' are commonly the remnants of old sacrificial rites, like circumcision and other mutilations. The spear used is as characteristic of Woden [as Gradivus] as the hammer is of Thor; it was *the weapon* of old times, of the Roman Law with its *hasta*, symbol of conquest, and the Hebrew phrase 'captive of bow and spear'.¹

The oft-quoted passage in Eyrbyggja Saga, derived from Ari, tells of a third kind of sacrifice, the appropriate one to Thor, where, speaking of Thorsness, our author says, "There is still to be seen the doom-ring wherein men were doomed to sacrifice. Inside the ring stands Thor's stone, whereon those men, who were kept for the sacrifice, had their backs broken, and the blood is still to be seen on the stone."²

Of the ceremony of *drowning* we hear nothing, save in the traditions of fastening men to reefs at low tide (a mode of execution which the City of London meted to traitors in the twelfth century by old custom). But the pit has its place by the gallows, at the west door of Walhall.

Human sacrifices were no doubt frequent in the older times among the Northern tribes, as the accounts of Tacitus and other classic authors prove; and, though most of the early vernacular notices of them are legendary, they give one the impression that, though rarely, men were occasionally sacrificed down to the very last days of heathendom. The latest and most authentic instances are all in cases where there was an all-important object to be gained for or a great peril averted from the sacrificer.

The first instance in the vernacular traditions is the sacrifice of King Doomwald by his Swedish subjects, that they may get good seasons. There is a terrible famine; the first year they sacrifice oxen, but things do not mend; the next year they hold human sacrifices, but to no better purpose; the third year they agree to sacrifice their king, as Thiodwolf tells in Ynglinga-tal [corrected text]: "It was a fearful deed, when the sword bearers [the folk in moot] reddened the altars with their lord's blood." Then in the same poem we have the famous tradition of Ani 'the sacrificer of his sons,' who devoted nine sons, one by one, to Woden for long life, till the Swedes interfered to save the tenth, when the old king died himself of old age. The story in Hervar Saga of Heidrik and Harald, which we have only in a rather corrupt form, tells how one king, whose son as 'the noblest' is demanded for sacrifice, manages to please the gods and spare his son. To come to historical persons, it is one

varð at geir, ok stóð í gegnom konunginn. Stofninn fell undan fótum hönóm, enn kalfs-þarmarnir urðu at víðo sterkri; enn kvistrinn reis upp, ok hóf upp konunginn við limar; ok dó hann þar. Nú heita þar síðan Vikars-holmar—[the whole story is worth attention].—*Gautr. S.* ch. 7.

¹ Óðinn varð sótt-dauðr í Svíþjóð. Enn er hann var at kominn bana, lét hann marka sik geirs-oddi, ok eignaði ser alla vápn-dauða menn. Niörðr varð sótt-dauðr, lét hann ok marka sik Óðni áðr hann dó —*Yngl. S.*, ch. 10, 11, and the *Old Ritual*, i. p. 24, ll. 9-14.

² Þar sér enn dóm-kring þann, er menn vóro dæmðr í til blótz. Í þeim hring stendr þórs steinn, er þeir menn vóro brotnir um, er til blóta vóro hafðir, ok sér enn blóðs-litinn á steininom.—*Eyrb. S.*, ch. 10. Cf. the Blood-stones in the Fiji Islands.

of the legends that centred round the great Fyris-field fight in Sweden, that King Eric gave himself to Woden, when the battle seemed going against him, for ten years of victory, a Faust-like contract accepted by the god¹.

The 'hlunn-rod' or 'roller-reddening' of the Wickings (in ii. 349, l. 56) is the last Northern instance of a practice Cook found in full vogue in the South Seas. The victims were bound to the rollers, over which the war-galley was run down to the sea, so that the stem was 'sprinkled with their blood.' Such sacrifices took place at a launch of a new war canoe, or when an important expedition was setting out. The old legend of Hedin and Hagen, like that of Iason, has preserved mangled accounts of this sacrifice. The last trace of such 'consecration' with us we take to be the breaking of a wine-bottle over the ships' bows. The analogous custom of consecrating a big building by burying a human victim under the main posts or by the corner-stone (of which there are many mediæval traditions) we find no trace of in our Sagas or poems; like the 'hlunn-rod,' it obtained in the South Seas.

During a critical moment in the Iomswicking Battle, Earl Hakon, like Mesha, sacrificed his son (according to a doubtful tradition), whereby he raised a magic storm, and so gained the day.

A no more authentic case is that noticed in Landnama-bok, where Hallstan sacrificed his son to Thor, and the god sent him an immense log of drift wood eighty ells long, out of which the chief fittings and pillars of his hall were hewn².

In the dire distress of the heathen party at the Great Moot, when the struggle between the two faiths was at its height, they proposed to sacrifice two men out of each quarter to the gods. The Christians thereupon resolve to "make a 'victory-gift' [sigr-giof] to the Lord Jesus Christ," to wit, that two men from each quarter, "not the worst criminals such as the heathen sacrifice," but the best-born among them, should devote themselves to a purer life. Eight men soon stepped forward and made their vows, but the heathens could not get their victims. The story is beautifully told in Kristni Saga³.

One gathers from several of the above instances, and from other hints, that every execution was really a *devoting* of the doomed criminal to the god, whom he had offended; for private wrongs of course were not capital offences, in any ancient state⁴.

Another kind of sacrifice is the *private vengeance-offering*, the 'blood-eagle making,' a cruel mode of putting a man to death, to which the traditions of Ælla and Ragnar refer (the Turf-Einar legend is hardly historical); it was doubtless once a well-known rite, though its exact significance is lost to us. The technical term is 'at rista blod-örn.'

The forcing of criminals and paupers over precipices (such as the

¹ Þá nótt inn somo gekk Eiríkr í hof Óðins, ok gafsk hónom til sigrs ser, ok kvað á tío vetra frest síns dauða.—*Flatey-bok*, ii. 72.

² The sacrifice is authentic enough, only the 'son' appears to be an interpolation, absent in the best text of Landnama; though it is found in Hauks-bok, and must have stood in the copy used by the compiler of Gisli's Saga, where it is found (as a gloss), p. 140.

³ The whole narrative is given in the Reader, pp. 12, 13.

⁴ Tacitus' reason is wrong here, but his fact is right. He notices that deserters [who tried to break Woden's battle-laws] were hung [devoted to him], and that those guilty of foul offences were drowned [devoted like women to the water-god]; but he explains it on moral and analytic, not on historical, grounds.

Tarpeian rock) may also have been looked on as a mode of devoting them to some particular god. We hear of it in the *Legendary Fragment* (vol. ii. p. 354), as a mode of self-devotion or suicide against pressure of poverty, and in *Bæda's* account of the Sussex peasants leaping in time of famine into the sea from the cliffs by forty or fifty together, 'junctis misere manibus.'

§ 2. SORTILEGE, DIVINATION.

ONE of the ends of sacrifice was *enquiry*, when by divers ceremonies men were wont to 'seek the oracle,' 'ganga til fretta.' The ritual word for sortilege would have been 'hlautr,' probably a masculine gender (not, as once suggested in *Dict. sub voce*, feminine),—a word akin to hlut-r, a lot; hence the divination rods took their name. For the most common kind of enquiry was the *divination by rods* [a practice well known to the Jews, cf. *Numbers xvii*, and *Hosea iv. 12*; and used by the Assyrian king on the monuments]. Tacitus and Ammianus Marcellinus (speaking of the Alans) both notice this mode of enquiry, and there are several illustrations to be drawn from our old poems as well as from the prose of Ari. It is from them we must gather the shape and make of the pieces of wood used. The ritual terms used in our poems are 'hlaut-vid,' sortilege-wood, 'hlaut-tein,' sortilege twig, which look as if bits of *green* wood had been employed; but Ari's blot-span, consecrated chips, point the other way. The ceremonies observed were first the *sbaking*, 'hrista,' and then the *choosing*, 'kiosa,' of the twigs. Ari prefers the verb 'fella,' to cast, as in our N. E. phrase to 'cast the kevels.' The most noteworthy passages on the subject are in *Landnama-bok*; e. g. "Of the two rivals Eanwind and Eric, Eanwind cast the hallowed chips to know when Eric was going to set out to take possession of the date; and Eanwind was the quicker of the two, and he shot across the river with the fire-arrow and hallowed [tabued] the land to himself westward and dwelt between the rivers. . . .¹" So the Swedes cast the hallowed chips "to know how to stop the famine." Another king sacrificed to *enquire* about a lost pet.

Of the early colonist Ingolf it is said by Ari (*Land. i. ch. 6*), "That winter Ingolf made a great sacrifice, and sought for a sign or omens ['leitadi ser heilla,' parallel to 'ganga til fretta'] in the matter of his fate, but Hiorlaf would never sacrifice. The oracle counselled Ingolf to set out for Iceland²." The word 'heil,' here used as a token of luck, is the one in the old *Wolsung Play*, verse 12, where Hnikar is asked to teach Sigfred 'the omens.' It is also applied to a talisman ('the luck of Edenhall,' to wit), to charms and spells, and in late feminine form the word is used of 'luck' good or bad.

The passage in *Vellekla*, "the prince chose the twigs of sortilege (tein

¹ Þá er Eiríkr vildi til fara at nema dalinn allan allt fyrir vestan, þá felldi Öundur blót-spán, at hann skyldi verða viss, hvern tíma Eiríkr mundi til fara at nema dalinn. Ok varð þá Öundur skíótari, ok skaut yfir ána með tundur-ör, ok helgadi ser landit fyrir vestan, ok bió milli á.—*Landn.* iii. ch. 8.

² Þann vetr fekk Ingólfr at bióti miklo, ok leitadi ser heilla um forlög sín—enn Hiörleifr vildi aldregi blóta. Fréttin vísaði Ingólfi til Íslandz.—*Landn.*

hlautar) off the Gauta skerries," is paraphrased in the historian's prose: "When Hakon came east off Gothland, then he cast the hallowed chips, and the answer was that he should have good-luck to fight at day-break, and he had two ravens screaming and following the host continually." In Ynglinga-tal the king is called the "prophet of the twig of choosing." Wolospa makes Hoeni recognise the lost twigs of sortilege in the Restoration of all things. After the feast at Eager's in the Lay of Hymi the gods cast lots, "shook the twigs and looked on the sacrifice," as was probably the custom at all great banquets. The 'looking on' may refer to the wide-spread custom of divining by *blade-bones*, which obtained in the Western Isles, but is not mentioned in our authorities.

Another mode of enquiry is *augury*; this in the north was practised by means of *ravens*. Woden has two ravens as a divining god or pontifex (old witches with us have ravens). The wicking Floki, it is told in Landnama-bok, prepared a great sacrifice and hallowed three ravens to tell him his course¹. To judge from Husdrapa, the proper word for this enquiry is 'freista.' The omens of ravens are elsewhere mentioned: one thrice screaming on the roof bodes death to warriors (ii. p. 56); a raven following a man is a good augury [Old Heroic Teaching, verse 13]. The wisdom and wide range of the raven makes it natural for the Walcyrrie to enquire of the raven respecting Harold Fairhair's deeds and state. [Hornklof's Raven Song, ii. 255.] The *wolf* was also (Old Heroic Teaching, verse 14) used for augury, as were *hallowed beasts*, e. g. *horses* [see Tacitus] and *oxen*.

When enquiry is mentioned without any manner of doing it, we take it that the 'hlaut-tein' was used, as when we read of Helgi in Landnama-bok, iii. 12. He was "much mixed in his faith; he believed in Christ, though he called upon Thor on his voyages or in great jeopardy. When Helgi saw Iceland, he set about enquiring of Thor where he should settle land; and the oracle counselled him to stand north of the land. Then Rolf, his son, asked whether Helgi would sail even into the Frozen deep [the Arctic Sea, Dumbs-haf] if Thor counselled him to go thither.. For the crew thought it late to be on the deep since much of the summer was gone by?"

Consulting *wise-women* was a third kind of *divination*, which seems to have been a favourite plan with farmers seeking to know what seasons to provide against; the classical passage on this point is that in Eric's Saga [given in the Reader]. Of Gardar, one of the first discoverers, it is told in Landnama-bok that "he went to seek Snowland [Iceland] by the direction of his mother a prophetess" [she must have had second sight], just as his fellow-explorer went at the bidding of the ravens². Of Ingimund the Old, one of the first settlers, Landnama-bok says, "Heid the Sibyl prophesied that they should all settle in a land that

¹ Hann fekk at blóti miklo, ok blótaði hrafna þriá, þá er honom skyldo leið vísa.—Landn. i. ch. 2.

² Helgi var blandinn miök í trú [a Norseman setting out for Iceland from the Hebrides, where he was born]; hann trúði á Christ; enn hét á Þór til síófara ok harðræða. Þá er Helgi sá Ísland, gekk hann til fréttu við Þór, hvar land skyldi taka; enn fréttin vísaði honum norðr um landit. Þá spurði Hrolfr sour hans [mockingly], hvárt Helgi mundi halda í Dumbshaf ef Þórr vísaði honum þangat,—því at skipverjóm þótti mál or hafi, er á liðit var miök sumarit.—Landn. iii. ch. 12.

³ Hann fór at leita Snælandz at til-vísan móður sinnar fram-sýnnar.—Landn. i. ch. 1.

was then undiscovered west over the sea, but Ingimund said that should not be. The Sibyl told him that he could not prevent it, and told him this, as a token thereof, that the lot [a sortilege-talisman] was lost out of his purse, and that he should find it again when he was digging a place for his Porch-pillars in this land¹." Of course all came about as she foretold. In this connection we may mark the beginning of the second part of *Wolospa*, which tells of the duties of a sibyl. Whether the 'spá-ganda,' there mentioned, are the 'chips,' or the later Y-shaped hazel-rods of mediæval magic, we cannot tell.

Witchcraft and evil kinds of sorcery are connected with the words 'seid-kona,' 'sida,' 'seidr,' as in *Ynglinga-tal*: "Drive hired Huld the witchwife to charm Wanland to Finland or else slay him, and when the charm was wrought," etc.; and "Doomwald's step-mother had ill-luck wrought for him by witchcraft . . . they took to witchcraft again, and wrought this spell that they might be able to slay their father. Then Huld the Sibyl told them that she would work that charm; and this withal, that there should ever be slaughter of kindred in the *Ynglings'* house."

Sitting out or working spells at a cross-way is rather an evil kind of sorcery also, but we do not know the details of it. It was used to raise tempests and the like. It is mentioned in *Wolospa*, l. 87; in *Orkney Saga* (ch. 70, p. 114, Rolls Edition]; in the *Ancient Norse Laws*; and in *Skida Rima*, verse 56.

Divination by dreams is told of in the *Atli Lays* (in consonance with the dreams of the classics), also in *Hildebrand's Lay*, iii. § 2, where the *dream-fairies* tell the hero to fight; and in *Gisli's Saga*, where in a poem founded on a lost heroic lay, *Dream-fairies* appear to the hero prophesying his death, etc. The predictions drawn in the Poem, much mutilated, may be compared with those of English mediæval poems.

§ 3. ANCESTOR WORSHIP.

SUCH testimony as that of Jordanes, who speaks of the 'Anses,' 'semideos non puros homines²,' the ancestors of the royal races, being objects of veneration and worship to the Goths, is amply confirmed by our older authorities, which all point to the *habitual and household worship of ancestors* as being the main cult of the older religion. Thunder and Woden are worshipped by a tribe or confederation, and a king or prince acts as his *rex sacrificulus*, but each clan and family has its own 'anses,' such as Thorgerd Holgabride, the *Haleygia* family's *Dís*; and there were even collective sacrifices to what we take to be the

¹ Heiðr Völva spáði þeim öllum at byggja á landi því es þá vas ófundit vestr í haf . . . Einn Ingimundr kvazk við því skyldo goera. Völván sagði hann þat eigi mundo mega, ok sagði þat til iartegna, at þá mundi horfinn hlutr or pussi hans, ok mundi hann finna es hann grefi fyrir óndugis-súlom sínom á landino.—*Landn.*

² Jam proceres suos, quorum quasi fortuna vincebant, non puros homines, sed semi-deos, id est Ansis, vocaverunt. Quorum genealogiam ut paucis percurram, vel quis quo parente genitus est, aut unde origo cœpta, ubi finem effecit, absque invidia, qui legis, vera dicentem auscultat: Horum ergo heroum, ut ipsi suis in fabulis referunt, primus fuit Gaut, qui genuit Haimdal, Haimdal vero genuit Rigin, Rigin genuit eum qui dictus est Amal, a quo et origo Amalorum decurrit—[*giving the lineage of Ermanric in the ninth, and Theodric in the fourteenth degree from Gaut (Woden)*].—Chs. 13, 14. Holder's Edition.

spirits of the dead, male and female, 'Alfa-blót' or 'Dísa-blót,' held every year to gain good seasons. This worship was of a patriarchal character, and conducted by the head of the family at the family 'horg' (as Cæsar somehow ascertained), which was, we doubt not, set hard by the family graves or barrows where the dead were supposed to dwell.

The best account we can get of the sacrificial feasts held in honour of and for the advantage of the dead is perhaps that of Cormac's Saga: "She [Thordis] said, There is a knoll a little way from here where the Elves dwell; thou shalt take thither the ox that Cormac slew, and sprinkle the blood of the ox on the outside of the knoll, and give the Elves a banquet of the meat; and thou shalt be healed¹." Here the primitive notion of the dead coming to taste the blood (which we find in Homer), and the still ruder conception of the need of setting meat at their graves, are well given.

"After Gudmund's death men worshipped him and called him their god²," says Hervar Saga. "When the Swedes saw that Frey was dead, and that yet good seasons and peace continued, then they believed that it would be so as long as Frey remained in Sweden, and they would not burn him. And they called him the God of the World, and sacrificed especially to him for good seasons and peace ever afterward³." Here we have 'the Lord of the Elves,' the chief God of the Swedes, supposed to be merely a lucky king deified after his death.

"Le premier des dieux fut un tyran heureux"

is Ari's hypothesis. And Ari knew instances nearer home, where a man, who had been within nine generations of his own day, was worshipped. "Thorwolf Butter was the son of Thorstan Scrub, the son of Grim, who was worshipped [blotadr] after his death for his debonairté, and called Camban." Grim must have died about 800 or later⁴.

In the life of Anshar, the king offers to bring Horicus, one of the late dead kings, into the 'collegium' or guild of the Anses, if it was thought that they needed another god⁵.

The story of Anlaf the Garstead Elf, son of Godfrid Charlemagne's foe, an ancestor of King S. Olaf (who most probably was named after him), as told in Flatey-bok, is another striking instance of ghost-worship. There was a great famine and plague, and the king prophesied that it would not be stayed till he himself died and was buried, and bade them prepare a huge howe, and fence it off. "And quicker than thought there came a great sickness and many folk died, and they were all put into the howe who were people of any mark, for King Anlaf made men go straightway off the Moot to the making of the

¹ Hon (Thordis) sagði: Höll einn er heðan skamt í brott, er Alfur bua í: graðung þann er Cormakr drap, skaltu fá, ok rióða blóð graðungsins á hólinn útan, ok gæra Alfom veizlo af slátrino;—ok mun þer batna.—*Cormaks S.*, ch. 22.

² Eptir dauða Goðmundar blótoðu menn hann, ok kolloðu hann goð sitt.—*Hervar. ch. i.*

³ Þá er Sviar visso at Freyr vas dauðr, enn hélzk ár ok friðr, þá trúðu þeir at svá mundi vesa, meðan Freyr væri á Sviþjóð; ok vildo eigi brenna hann; ok kolloðu hann veraldar goð, ok blótoðu mest til árs ok friðar alla ævi síðan.—*Yngl. S.*, ch. 13.

⁴ Þóroldr Smiör vas son Þorsteins Skrofa, Gríms sonar, þess es blótinn vas dauðr fyrr þokka-sæld, ok kallaðr Kamban.—*Landn. i. 14.*

⁵ Ericum quondam regem vestrum nos unanimes in collegium nostrum ascencimus, ut sit unus de deorum numero.—*Vita Anshari.*

great howe, and the people set about fencing it as he had counselled withal. Moreover, it fell out that the king's men died last, and were duly borne to the howe; and, last of all, King Anlaf died, and he was quickly laid in the howe beside his men, with much treasure, and after that the howe was closed. Then the plague began to stop; but afterward there befell a great famine and scarcity, and then men took counsel to worship King Anlaf for good seasons, and they called him the Garstead Elf." Theodwolf does not seem to agree with this story, for he speaks of his dying of 'gout,' but he notes his wide fame¹.

The dead were supposed, as we see, to dwell in their barrows or burial-places, or in great hills near the place where they lived in life. This is clearly to be seen from Ari's words, who is here speaking of a spot near which he himself dwelt, or where even he was born, and of a person whom he must have heard traditions about from men who had talked with heathen Icelanders. Thorwolf of Most, the settler and priest, whose temple has been described above, says Ari, "had so great reverence for the hill that stood on the ness which he called Holy-fell, that he would have no man look toward it [i. e. pray] unwashed; and it was such a great asylum, that no living thing, man or beast, should be destroyed there [nor brought off it to die], save it came away of its own will." "And he believed that he should die *thither into the hill*, and all his kindred that dwelt on the ness. It was also such a great asylum that he would not have the place defiled in any way, neither by bloodshed, nor should there any 'Elf-driving' [excrement] come there, but for this there was a reef set apart, that was called Dirt-reef²." This curious ritual word 'Alf-rek' shows that the dead were called 'Elves,' and also that the superstition, which still lingers on, of the neatness and cleanliness of the fairies, is but a faint survival of the older belief that filth and impurity would drive away spirits.

Of this Holy-fell there is another story, showing the state of the happy dead within, as it was conceived in the old days. "Thorstan, the head of the Most Family, went out in the autumn to fish, as his wont was; and one evening his shepherd (who must have had second-sight) was going after his flock on the north side of Holy-fell, and he saw the mountain open on the north side. Inside the mountain he saw great fires, and heard great sounds of glee, and gurgling of horns. And as he listened, if haply he might catch some clear words, he heard Thorstan and his mates welcomed, and how it was said to them that he should sit in the High Seat over against his father [the late patriarch Thorwolf] . . . And next morning there came men out from Hoskuldsey and told them tidings, that Thorstan had been drowned out fishing at sea, and men thought it a great misfortune³."

Again, in Landnama-bok, of Lady Aud, the Queen, the greatest settler in the New Land, whose blood was in Ari's veins, he says: "She had a place of prayer at the Cross-hills; there she had a cross raised, for she was a christened woman, and of right faith. Her kinsmen afterward had great reverence for these hills. There was a 'harrow' [High Place] made there, and sacrifices began to be performed there, for they believed that

¹ Síðan gördi úaran mikit ok hallæri; var þat þá ráð tekið, at þeir blótödo Ólaf konung til árs ser, ok kolloðu hann Geirstaða-Alf.—*Flatey-bok*, ii. 7. *One wonders at the common-place epithet 'gunn-diarfr' in Thiodwolf's Song—a poet so chary of his words and so epigrammatical; might we not read 'gunn-blóttinn,' or the like?*

² The whole passage is given in the Reader, p. 88.

³ This passage too is given in the Reader, p. 88.

they *died into those hills*; and thither was Thord Gellir [Aud's great-grandson] conducted, before [his son] Thorarin took the chieftainship after him, as is told in his [Thord's or Thorarin's] Story¹. Pity that this Saga is lost, or we should have the tradition of Thord's introduction to the dead elders, as we have Thorstan's. We read 'Thorarinn' for 'hann' of the text, which is corrupt in the last sentence. Of the Cross-hills the Editor has endeavoured to fix the locale in Sturlunga, ii. p. 510. Queen Aud appears to have been afraid of becoming an object of veneration, for (as Landnama-bok tells) she desired to be buried between high and low water-mark, though this has also been attributed to her wish not to lie in heathen ground.

"Seal-Thori and his heathen kindred *died into Thori's hill*," says Ari again of a famous settler in the north-west of Iceland².

There is in Kristni Saga a further passage relative to the matter in hand. In the days of the Change of Faith, Bishop Frederick and Thorwald passed a winter with Kodran, Thorwald's father, at Gillwater. "Thorwald prayed his father to let himself be baptized, but he was not very ready to agree to it. There stood a certain stone at Gillwater, which the family held in reverence, believing that their Family-spirit dwelt therein, and Kodran said that he would not let himself be baptized till he knew which was the most powerful, the bishop or the Family-spirit in the stone. Whereon the bishop went to the stone, and sung over it, till the stone burst asunder; whereby Kodran thought he could perceive that the Family-spirit was overcome. Then Kodran had himself baptized and all his household³."

Where there was not some natural feature, rock or stone or cave, which might be looked on as the dwelling of the dead, there were artificial howes ('ätt-högar,' family-howes, as the Swedes call them) set near the main door of the big house on the estate. Thus there are mounds near the east door of Walhall in Balder's Doom; and mounds near the house in the Helgi Lay, where the maid sees the dead riding by. Gunnar's cairn (in Niala) is not far from the house. Indeed, the barrow, besides being the place for the 'horg' of family worship, was also the seat of the patriarch. Thus Giant Thrym is sitting on the howe by his hall, "the lord of the giants, plaiting golden leashes for his greyhounds and trimming the manes of his horses." And later in Hallfred's Saga, the good yeoman Thorlaf "was wont, *as was much the habit of the men of old*, to sit for long hours together out on the howe not far from the homestead⁴." Here he was to be found by all who sought him, and

¹ Hon hafði böna-hald sitt á Krosshólom [close to the hot springs there, now called Hot-spring Hills]; þar lét hon reisa krossa, þvíat hon var skírd ok vel trúð—þeir frændr hennar höfðu síðan átrúnað mikinn á hólana. Var þar görr högr er blót tóko til; trúðo þeir því, at þeir dœi í hólana; ok þar var Þódr Gellir leiddr í, áðr Þórarinn [mended, hann, Cd.] tók mann-virðing. Sem segir í Sögo hans.—Landn. ii. 16. Thord Gelli had two sons, Thorarin, who succeeded to the estate at Hwamm, and Eywolf Ari's grandfather's father. *Minor errors are*, var þa gör högr for var þar gör horg.

² Þeir Sel-þórir frændr hans enir heiðno dó í Þóris-biorg.—Landn. ii. 5.

³ Þorvaldr bað föðor sinn skírask; enn hann tók því seinliga. At Giljá stóð steinn, sá es þeir frændr höfðu blótið, ok köllöðo þar bua í ár-mann sinn. Kodran lézk eigi munda fyrri skírask láta, an hann vissi hvárr meira mátti, byskop eða ár-maðr í steininom. Eptir þat fór byskop til steinsins, ok sæng yfir, þar til es steinninn brast í sundr. Þá þóttisk Kodran skilja at ár-maðr vas sigraðr. Lét Kodran þá skíra sik, ok hiú hans öll.—Kristni S., ch. 1.

⁴ Þorleifr var því vanr, sem miök var fornmeniss hátt, at sitja löngom úti á

could see all that was going on all over the farm. The shepherd of Gymi, in the Lay of Skirni, is sitting on a howe hard by the hall, when Frey's messenger came riding into Gymi's croft. The proper name for such family howes is preserved in Harbard's Lay, where Harbard speaks of learning his wisdom and eloquence from "the ancestral spirits, the patriarchs, that dwell in the family barrows," that is his departed ancestors. But Thor answers, "Thou givest too fair a name to *cairns* (such stone heaps as criminals are buried under), when thou callest them *family barrows*,"—that is, "You learnt it not from the pure family spirits, but from wicked ghosts." The word 'heimis-haugr' has preserved the full old genitive form, as in Ulfla¹.

In Egil's family we have Kweld-wolf, who died on the voyage out, and his son Skalla-Grim, and Egil's two sons, all buried in the family barrow, though Egil himself, a prime-signed man, who had been at Athelstan's Court, does not believe that his beloved son has died *into* the grave, but thinks of him as having entered Godhome, the Thorp of Honey by the Brook of the Fates, an Elysian field or Hesperian garden of heroes,—faint reflection in this case no doubt of that Paradise of God that the old English are never tired of describing.

How altars were reared on such places we have an instance in Kristni-Saga. The missionaries landed in the Westmen's-isles, at a place called 'Harrow ore' (a place of high places, 'harrows,' and heathen worship). Here they reared the church for which the King Tryggvason had given them the timber, ordering them to rear the church wherever they first took land. (The passage is given in the Reader, p. 11.)

Sometimes of course the dead were buried in howes at the place where they died, especially when the death was violent, as Beowulf is buried at the ness hard by the Dragon's Cave, Angantheow at Samsay, Hialmar far from home.

The presence of the holy dead was reckoned a source of blessing to the neighbourhood, as in Hindustan to this day; thus when King Halfdan the Black died, his head, bowels, heart, and body were each buried in a separate howe, "called Halfdan's howes," as Fagrskinna and Heimskringla, with slight difference, testify. This heathen usage of burying a great king piecemeal was perpetuated in the case of mediæval saints, and at least one of our Angevin kings².

Of the spirit-life and behaviour of the dead there is some evidence. In the older accounts they are feasting happily and busying themselves with the good of their living kindred, with whom they are still united by intense sympathy. The passionate love between Helgi and Sigrun (of which the William and Margaret of our ballads are but faint echoes) and the fatherly affection of Angantheow striving to persuade his daughter to renounce her ill-fated project (for though he is, like all ghosts, greedy and tenacious, he is really more concerned for Herwar's doom than for

haugi einom eigi langt frá böenom, ok svá bar nú at móti er Hallfredr kom. Hallfredr gekk at hauginom.—*Hallfr. S.* (in Olafs S.)

¹ Ármaðr is here the right word; 'at' and 'ar' cannot be distinguished in a vellum, and the metre required a word beginning with a vowel.

² Enn svá var mikil ársæli Halfdanar, at þá er þeir funno lík hans [*he was drowned*], þá skipto þeir líkam hans í sundr, ok véro inn-yfli hans iörðot á þengils-stöðom á Hadalandi, enn líkamr hans var iarðaðr á Steiniá Hringa-riki, enn höfuð hans var flutt í Skírings-sal á Vestfold, ok var þar iarðat. Enn fyrir því skipto þeir líkam hans, at þeir trúðu því, at ársæli hans myndi iafnan með hónom vera, hvárt sem hann væri lífs eða dauðr.—*Fagrsk. Ættartal*, ch. 4.

his own loss) are good instances of the behaviour of the dead. So Rolf Craki's gentleness and meekness are not lost in the tomb, as Ari tells, in his account of Midfrith Skeggi, "who was a mighty sailor and traveller: he harried in the Eastway [Baltic], and lay in Denmark off Zealand, when he came back from the east. And then he landed and broke into the howe of Hrolf Craki, and took away Skofnung, the sword of King Rolf, and the axe of Healti [a hero of Biarka-mal], and much treasure beside, but he could not get the sword Leaf from Badwere. . . . Badwere wished to attack him, but King Rolf would not permit him¹." There are several stories of howe-breakers confirming the Irish chroniclers as to the habits of the Wicking-Age. The later legends of this kind make the ghosts struggle bodily with their robber, as in the legends of how Gretti got his famous weapon the 'seax,' or of Thrain in the late Saga of Romund Gripsson. But in the older heathen times, 'cumbli-briotr,' or tomb-breaker, was a term of the greatest contempt, and dire are the curses on the Swedish grave-stones against grave-robbers². The 'haug-bui,' or howe-dweller, is degraded by the change of faith into a demon, in many cases, but in the old days only bad men made bad ghosts. Glam (a fiend, the Norse Grendil), most horrible of all, is the spirit of a wicked man in Iceland. Sighvat, a Christian, talks of 'hauga-her' (the host of the howe, the whole family in an ancestral tomb) with contempt and loathing; but the Editor remembers a knoll, near a farm in Iceland, which has kept its old title 'Elf-hill,' having been, one can hardly doubt, at one time the family barrow or the Holy fell of the homestead.

The quiet barrows of the happier dead were sometimes miraculously marked out, as Thorgrim's, in Gisl's Saga, which was always green on one side, and Wash-brink, Einar's barrow, "close by Sigmund's barrow," which was green all the year round, a fact which the near neighbourhood of the hot-springs may perhaps explain³.

Of the ritual names of the worshipped dead, the oldest we know is 'Anse,' which survived in Iceland into the Middle Ages, in the sense of guardian-spirit or genius of a hill, such as Bard the Anse of Snow-fell (the patriarch once, no doubt, of the spirits of the family who died into that mountain), and the Swine-fell Anse, who was the guardian of the Swine-fellings, according to the coarse joke in Niala. 'Elf' is another name used of spirits of the dead (surviving in Anlaf Garstead-Elf), of divine spirits generally, as "the Anses and Elves" of Loka-Senna. Later in Christian times it sinks in Scandinavia to mean 'fairy.' Indeed, half of our ideas about fairies are derived from the heathen beliefs as to the spirits of the dead, their purity, kindness, homes in hillocks [cf. Irish folk of the hills, ban-sidhe, etc.] 'Armaðr' and perhaps also 'Ar' are early used for the dead patriarchs who are supposed to give good seasons, the ár- being not 'message' here, but 'season.' The later meaning of 'Armaðr,' king's steward, may easily

¹ Hann var garpr mikill ok farmaðr. Hann herjaði í Austrveg, ok lá í Danmörk við Sióland, er hann fór austan: þar gekk hann upp, ok brauzk í haug Hrolfs Kraka, ok tók þar ór Sköfnung, sverð Hrolfs konungs, ok öxi Hialta, ok mikitt fé annat; enn náði eigi Laufa [*Badwere's sword*] þviat Böðvarr vildi at hónom, enn Hrolfr konungr varði.—*Landn.* iii, 1.

² Their text is given in the Reader, pp. 447-8, esp. Nos. 3, 5, 15. A howe-breaker is named, *Landn.* ii, 8, see Bk. vi, No. 74; cp. also the Mæshowe Runes, Reader, p. 449.

³ Laugar-brekku Einar var heygðr skamt frá Sigmundar-haugi, ok er haugr hans ofallt grœnn vettr ok sumar.—*Landn.* ii, 7.

be a derived one, if it be necessary to connect the two words. 'Draug,' as it is used in compound kennings in a good sense, must once have been a favourable name for 'ghost,' but in mediæval times it acquires a bad connotation.

Reasoning by analogy, from its parallel use in 'kennings' and in proper names, from there being a yearly Dísablot in winter [the season for ancestor worship] for good seasons [the especial grant of the dead], and from the obvious necessity of the dead of womankind being provided for¹, we believe that 'Dís' [O.E. Ides] was a proper name for a *female spirit*. Later on the name is used, like 'nympha,' for other orders of spirits besides the dead, just as 'Elf' was. Its etymology is to seek. In the weird story of the nine white and nine black Spirit Amazons, who slay Thidrandi Hall o' Side's son, the Dísir are the geniæ of Heathendom and Christianity [see Thidrandi's Tháttir in the Reader].

The word 'vættir,' wight, is the most *general* term for unearthly beings or spirits; the 'blessed dead' of the oath-carmen being 'hollar vættir;' the unholy dead, evil and mischievous, being 'uvættir' [Germ. unhold]. The land was full of 'vættir,' and they were not to be offended by men, but treated with the utmost deference, lest they should desert the country. Hence, at the head of the Old Heathen Laws there is the enactment, "That no one should have *bead-ships* at sea, or if they had they were to take off the heads ere they came within sight of land, and not sail to the land with gaping heads and grinning snouts, lest the land-wights should be scared away²." The expression 'gaping heads and grinning snouts' is cited in the Raven Song, where Hornklofi is telling of the outrageous attack of the Wickings, who dared to offend the spirits of the country in this way³. The gentleness of the land-wights, who are disgusted by signs of warfare, was probably the reason for this prohibition.

The *form* in which the 'vættir' appear is not very clear; the half-satirical tale of the appearances in the Lives of Kings⁴ seems to derive its point from some allusion to the family 'totems' or emblems of the chiefs, rather than the form the spirits took. They were visible by those who had second-sight; thus in Landnama-bok it is told of two chiefs that the 'land-wights' followed one brother to the fishing-banks and fowling, while they accompanied the other to the moot, giving each success at his favourite occupations; and this was known by those who had second-sight⁵. Egil is made in the Saga to call on the 'land-wights' to drive the Tyrant his enemy out of the country⁶. That the *land-wights* were originally the spirits of the dead, tutelary

¹ 'Freyja takes half the dead.' The Walhall having been appointed by the later heathendom of the Wicking-tide to men, Freyja's abode must be set apart for women. It is clear that women's spirits must have been known and revered long ere this, or there would have been no need to have a heavenly dwelling for them.

² The text is given in the Reader, p. 16.

³ We should here read, ginandom hofdom, ok gapondom tinglom (or triónom), as in the carmen itself.

⁴ In Heimskringla, Olafs S. Tryggvasonar, ch. 36, p. 151, in Unger's edition.

⁵ Þat sá ofreskir menn, at Landvættir allar fylgðo Hafðirni til þings, enn þeim þorsteini ok Þórði til veidar ok fiskjar.—*Landn.* iv. 12.

⁶ Sný ek þessu niði á Landvættir þær er þetta land byggja, svá at allar fari þær villar vega, ok engi hitti né finni sitt inni, fyr an þær þafa rekið or landi Eirik konung ok Gunnhildi.—*Egils S.*, ch. 60. A similar curse on the *evil* wights is contained in Havamal, ll. 85-89—'so that they go astray and cannot find their own skins nor their own haunts.'

genii, we believe: in later times, when the dead went to Walhall and to Freyja-hall (in imitation of the Christian's heaven), the land-wights sank to the condition of fairies, 'huldo-folk,' and became mere harmless unbaptized spirits.

In three instances 'halir,' A. S. hæled, is used of the *dead* (Vsp. 158, 174, Alv. 110, Vpm. 173); but this is an innovation, probably from its likeness to 'hel.'

There were *evil spirits*, spirits of bad men, and even vampires and the like, such as the dreadful Glam, and the unhallowed ghosts and monsters in Eyrbyggja Saga, Sealkolla, in Bishop Gudmund's Saga, and the rest. The necromancy of the wizard could summon the spirits of the dead, as Thronð o' Gate does in the Færeyinga Saga, where the dripping ghosts of the drowned and the gory phantom of the murdered hero pass before the eyes of living witnesses; but such intercourse with the dead was uncanny. Still worse was it to conjure fiends into dead bodies, or to gain wisdom, as Woden is taunted with doing, by converse with dead malefactors, or by haunting the fiends that live, as Grendel's mother does, under the waterfalls.

The duty of the living to the dead is set forth fully in Havamal, where the careful finding, washing, and burying of a corpse is reckoned a worthy action, as in Hellas of old. The idea of a journey into the spirit-world, for which the body was to be prepared, is indicated in the passages which refer to the 'hell-shoes' (Gisli Saga), and the duty of binding them on, which fell, as Niala informs us, to the next of kin; or to the last service of closing the mouth and nostrils of the dead¹; and, in the case of folks of higher rank, to Brynhild's 'driving to death' in the car, and to Hermod's fruitless journey to Hell to fetch back Balder the darling of the world. How this is reconciled with the early belief in the dead, living in their barrows, is not quite clear; but similar discrepancies meet us in Homer, and in the beliefs of the Red Indian and the South Sea Islander. When the poets, with dim knowledge of the Christian heaven, invented the Halls of Woden for warriors, of Ran for sailors, of Freyja for women, and of Hell for the wicked, the rainbow bridge was the chosen path for warriors to climb to Walhall, just as the starry street in the night sky is known as the *spirit-path* to many savage tribes, and perhaps even to our forefathers (as the Editor's countryman, Mr. Gisli Brynjulfsson, has suggested), 'Vættlinga stræt.' The Icelandic 'vettrar-braut' may stand for 'vætta-braut.' The Icelandic custom of foretelling the winter weather by the look of the Milky-Way in autumn gives a reason for the change of the rare 'vætrr-' into the common 'vettr-.' The Editor well remembers from his childhood how that certain people—always men, never wise women—were credited with this 'second-sight,' and actually visited the farm in the autumn, like the Sibyl of old.

In early days the barrow, as is well known, was modelled after the house; and in the case of Wicking princes, what could be more appropriate than to bury them in their war-ship, as was Osmund the pirate [Landn. ii. 6], and the nameless leader, whose noble vessel was unearthed last year on the Christiania firth? So the dying Ring was put to sea in his galley, which was set on fire over him [Yngl. S. ch. 27²], and in the famous funeral which the Arab trader saw the hero was burned in his ship.

¹ See the Lexicon, s. v. nábiargir, p. 448.

² See also Proleg. p. 90.

The type of the *barrow-burial* is that of Balder: we have the solemn procession on horse-back to the pyre, the farewell of the kindred, each entrusting his message to the dead man to bear to Hell, the hallowing the pyre with the Hammer, the great gifts, the devotion of the hero's wife who would not live apart from her husband. The famous burial of Sigfred and Brunhild [Long Brunhild Lay, 257 ff.], like that of Beowulf, gives more details, the purple hangings of the pyre, the horsed car in which Brynhild and her dead love are placed, the hawks and hounds and captive slaves, men and women, that are to attend them in the spirit-life. So Gudrun does not deny Attila a nobler funeral than he gave her brothers [the Greenland Lay of Atli, ll. 372-6].

We need not, like Ari, separate the burning and burial ages, as far as the Scandinavians are concerned, for, whether ashes or body were placed in the funeral chamber, the result was the same, though the Arab account does give a reason for burning rather than burying the dead; and the fashion may have been mere tribal or family usage. In old songs, as Guests' Wisdom, 'burnt' means dead and buried.

These old Aryan beliefs on this matter (which cling so strongly to us still in the honours and reverence which we rightly pay the dead) are far removed from the Christian precepts, "Let the dead bury their dead!" and that new revelation, "He is not here! He is risen!"

It is impossible that the Northern heathen, with their strong family affection and their vivid belief in ghosts, could have invented for themselves such a system as the Walhall, with its hierarchy and population of the elect, ideas which reproduce, as in the coarse popular Moslim theories of Paradise, a false counterpart to the Christian heaven.

There were besides the *dead* and the *powers of nature*, such as Thunder, and Mother Earth, and the Heaven, many other objects of worship. *Animism* was exhibited in the hallowing of *places and things*; e. g. the Landnama-bok: "Eywind is said to have settled Flatey-dale up to the *Gund-stones*, and them he hallowed or worshipped¹."

The worship of *groves* as attested by Tacitus is spoken to by Ari: "He dwelt at the Grove [Lund], he hallowed or worshipped the grove²."

Of the worship of *water* we read Ari's statement: "Thorstan Rednebb was a great sacrificer; he worshipped the waterfall [name not given], and used to have all the leavings taken to the waterfall; he was a great prophet." Of him it is told that he had countless sheep, because he knew all the sheep that would die in the winter and slaughtered those at autumn, so that his food was never wasted. One autumn however when it came to picking out the doomed sheep he said, "Kill any you like, for either they are all doomed, or I am, or both of us!" And the night he died, all the sheep ran down into the waterfall and perished there³.

¹ Eyvindr, son hans, nam Flateyjardal upp til Gunnsteina, ok blótaði þá.—*Landn.* iii. 17.

² Hann bió at Lundi; hann blótaði lundinn.—*Landn.* iii. 17.

³ Þorsteinn Rauðnefr var blótmaðr mikill; hann blótaði forsinn, ok skyldi bera leifar allar á forsinn; hann var ok fram-sýnn miök; Þorsteinn lét telja sauði sína or rétt, tuttogo hundroð, enn þá hlióp alla réttina þaðan af. Því var sauðrinn svá margr, at hann sá á haustum hverir feigir vóro, ok lét þá skera. Enn et síðasta haust er hann lifði, þá mælti hann í sauðar rétt: Skerid é þú sauði þá es ér villid; feigr em ek nú, eðr allr sauðrinn ellegar, nema bæði sé! Enn þá nótt es hann and-
aðisk, rak sauðinn allan í forsinn.—*Landn.* v. 5.

The wells that Bishop Gudmund hallowed were possibly holy before to the heathen, as was the case in Ireland, where the king's daughters are not at all surprised to see Fairy-folk seated by the well-side, in the old story of St. Patrick. Holy wells in England are frequent.

§ 4. VOWS AND OATHS.

AMONG other religious ceremonies are VOWS and OATHS. The regular oath used in trials and for constitutional and legal purposes was the *Ring-oath*, 'baug-eiðr,' taken on the jointless gold ring that lay on the 'table' of the temple of the tribe and worn by the president, king or earl or speaker, at the moot. The formula is given by Ari¹. In the final anathema clause² 'God' has replaced the 'gods,' as in our English carmen the 'Anses and the holy Ring' are changed to 'the Saints and the holy Gospels.' In Glum's Saga is the formula of the clearing-oath, and it is noted that "He who will take a temple-oath must take the silver ring in his hand, that is reddened with the blood of the cattle that have been sacrificed, and the ring must be of no less than 3 oz. weight." The formula, as before, begins with the oath-taker calling on two human witnesses by name to hear his words, he then "declares to the Anse" the statement which he wishes to make³. The Anse is, as before, Thunder. Such a ring-oath Woden swore to Gundfred and broke. [Woden's Love Lessons, 55, i. p. 22.]

In the Old Atli-Lay [ll. 116-20], the oath-taker calls 'aged witnesses' by name to hear his words, and then swears by the Southing Sun and the Great God's rock, and the lintels of the bed-chamber, and the ring of Wuldor⁴. This is rather obscure, and may be a kind of *imprecation*, in which the oath-taker calls evils down on himself and his household if he breaks his word. Another *oath of peace* is given by the Helgi-poet [ll. 257-66], when Day is said to have sworn to Helgi by the bright water of Lightning, and the ice-cold Rock of the Wave, with imprecations on ship, steed, and sword, if the oath were not kept. In Weyland's Lay [ll. 133-39] is the same *grith-oath*, to be sworn with imprecations, on the ship's timber, on the shield's rim, on the steed's shoulder, and the sword's edge. The oath-taker is said to 'take a full oath,' 'alla eiða vinna' [cf. Gripi's Lay, l. 145, where 'allir' may be read 'alla']. Such *grith-oaths* are named in Wolospa, 'oaths, words [terms], and swearings,' which resume the three parts of an oath, witness-calling, terms, and imprecations. The feacial oath of the Old Romans is a parallel grith-oath.

¹ See the Reader, p. 16, where the oath is given in full.

² The Christianised formula, Goð sé mer hollr, ef ek satt segi; gramr, ef ek lýg. N. G. L. ii. 397,—presupposed a heathen, Goð sé mer holl, ef ek satt segi; gröm, ef ek lýg.

³ Þá kvað Glúmr svá at orði: Ek nefni Ásgrím í vætti, annan Gizor í þat vætti, at ek vinn hofs-eið at baugi, ok segi ek þat Ási, at ek vaskat þar, ok vákat þar, ok rauðkat þar odd ok egg, es þorvaldr Krókr fekk bana.—*Glum*, ch. 25.

⁴ The fox in the Highland tale takes a 'clearing oath' 'by the earth beneath and the air overhead and the setting sun;' and again, 'by the blackthorn and briar, the earth under foot, and the westing sun.' The heroes of the Fenian cycle swear 'by the edge of their weapons.' Similar oaths 'by oak, ash, and thorn,' and 'by the edge of the blade,' are also found in North English Ballads.

Imprecations are given in the late *Atli-Lay* [ll. 112, 113], "May the giants take me if I lie to you, may the gallows have me wholly if I think on breach of grith!" The common curse, "May the trolls take me," is derived from such formulæ.

The *Ordeal-oath* is referred to in *Gudrun's Ordeal*, where he says, "I am ready to swear over the holy white stones!" to wit, the bright gem ("iarkna-stein") of the boiling cauldron. That there was a ceremony of consecration of the ordeal-stones we learn from the same poem.

We have noticed above the *Vows* on the hallowed boar of Frey at *Tule-feasts*, and over the cup of Woden at *arvals*. There is another example in *Honsa-Thori's Saga*, ch. 12, where at a *bridal* the vow-maker Herstan gets up from his seat, and standing with one foot on a stone makes his vows and drinks his cup. The attitude here recalls our old-fashioned 'honours' at great toasts, one foot on the table¹.

Solemn pledges of faith, such as wedlock and sworn-brotherhood, are called 'várar.' In the marriage-scene in *Thrym's Lay*, the giant bridegroom calls out, "Bear in the hammer [sacred emblem] to hallow the bride! Lay it on the bride's knees! Hallow us together by the vow-hand!" [The passage is rendered too freely in the text, p. 180.] The Old English 'wærloga,' Egil's 'vár-liugr' and 'heit-rofi'², are the terms of contempt for the man-sworn and perjurer. The phrase for making solemn pledges is 'vigia várar-hendi,' to hallow with oath-hand [*Thrym's Lay*]; for making vows, 'heit strengia,' to establish a promise.

The bond of *sworn-brotherhood* was known to the Northmen; the way it was entered into is given in the *Short Brunhild's Lay*, "Ye twain did let your blood run together in the foot-print," l. 66, in consonance with which the Editor would read 'í spor' for the weak and tautologic 'saman' in *Loka-Senna*, l. 34³, "Dost mind, Woden, how we twain in days of yore blent our blood in the foot-print?" Saxo knows the old ceremony: "On entering upon a league, the ancients were wont to soak their foot-prints with a mutual aspersion of gore, that their pledges of friendliness might be established by the blending of their blood⁴."

There is a long account of the ceremony of *swearing brotherhood* in *Gisla Saga*; but it is a jumble of incompatible ceremonies (kneeling, for instance, a Christian form), the only relevant part of which is the blending of the blood together in the earth. The ceremony of the Earth-necklace, 'iardar-men,' the propped-up strips of turf, is given rightly in *Watzdola Saga*, where it is shown to be a form of *sub-mission*, 'subjugatio.' Iokul is asked to go under the strips, but refuses; his brother Thorstan offers to act as his proxy. The three earth-necklaces were propped up, probably, as *Gisla Saga* has it (and the Roman historian here supports him), by spears. "The first was shoulder high, the second as high as the breech-belt, the third up to

¹ Ok svá sem borð vóro sett, ok allir menn í sæti komnir, þá stoekk Hersteinn brúðgumi fram yfir borðit, ok gengo þar at sem steinn einn stóð; hann steig öðrom fœti upp á steininn, ok mælti, þess strengi-ek heit, etc.—*Honsap. S.*, ch. 12.

² Arinbiorn Lay, l. 50, where váliugr is to be restored to vár-liugr, the ancient Teutonic ritual term.

³ For 'Blendom blóði saman' read 'blendom blóði í spor,' thus restoring the ritual term.

⁴ Siquidem icturi foedus veteres vestigia sua mutui sanguinis aspersione perfundere consueverunt, amicitiarum pignus alteri cruoris commercio firmaturi.—*Saxo*, lib. i.

mid thigh¹." The *submissarius* would therefore have to stoop successively, head, back, and knee, to creep under the strips; the degradation being very great to a Northman, who would never, in the heathen days at any rate, prostrate himself to god or man; and the legend of Charles the Simple's overthrow is true enough to Northern feelings. With the taunt in *Watzdola Saga*, cf. also the mockery of the Swede in Rolf's story as given by Snorri². The right word for sworn-brotherhood was perhaps 'eiðsifia'³, oath-sibry, and the sworn brothers were, as in the *Raven-Song*, 'eiðbrodir,' oath-brethren⁴. 'Sann-reynir' is used in the kennings of *Haustlong* and *Cormac* to express the relations of Woden, Hoene, and Loki, the band of Creators. Loki alludes to his old bond of brotherhood with Woden in *Loka-Senna*, l. 33 ff. The phrase he uses of the 'sharing of the cup' was, we doubt not, one of the clauses of the oath; compare the *carmen Grithamal*. The late and common word 'fost-brædr' also usurped the older term; it is however incorrect, and the name, as applied to the *Saga of Thormod* and his sworn-brother, a modern title.

Very notable is the *Nazarite vow* of soldiers, who swear not to clip hair or beard till they have done some deed of difficulty. Tacitus tells of such a vow by Julius Civilis [Hist. iv. 61], and Suetonius speaks to one which the great Julius swore [Vita C. J. 67]. The custom is named as a general custom among German nations [Germ. 31], and early in the sixth century a body of 6000 Saxons vow neither to cut beard nor hair till they have revenged their fallen comrades on the Swedes, as Paul the Deacon [3. 7] tells. It also occurs as a well-known custom in Silius [Bel. Pun. 4. 200], which Bekker cites:—

Occumbit Sarmens, flavam qui ponere victor
Cæsariem crinemque tibi, Gradive, vovebat.

Harold Fairhair's vow, neither to cut nor comb his hair till he had conquered the whole of Norway, was of this nature, and when the vow was fulfilled he took a bath and had his hair cut and combed. Hence his name *Shockhead*, which his contemporaries give him, is a proud monument of his arduous task and its happy fulfilment. The *Longbeard* story of Paul the Deacon looks as if it had some reference to a vow taken by the emigrant warriors of an over-populous tribe going forth to colonise, and the name *Lombard* may very likely be owing to this oath. The original tribal name was *Winnil*.

The connection between libation, sponsio, and oath is not apparently known to the Scandinavians (if *són* be *sóma*, as we take it, there may have been a libation connected with it, but there is no evidence for this whatever).

Of *facial* ceremonies we have the spear-throwing in *Hildebrand's*

¹ Iokull gangi undir þríu iarðar-men,—sem þar var siðr eptir stórar afgerðir . . . hit fyrsta iarðar-men tok í öxl, annat í brók-linda, þriðja í mitt lær.—*Vatzd.* ch. 33. Gísla S. says—Rísta upp or iörðo iarðar-men, svá at báðir endar vóro fastir í iörðo, ok setto þar undir mála-spiót, þat er maðr mátti taka hendi sinni til geir-nagla. Pages 11 and 93.

² Svín-beygt hefi-ek nú þann er ríkastr er með Svíom.—*Edda* (Skms.)

³ The confusion between *Heiðsifia* and *Eiðsifia* seems to have arisen from the existence of the latter as a well-known word, though we do not actually find it in any of our old sources.

⁴ The word 'sororium' applied to the beam, 'tigillum,' of the *Horatius* story in *Livy* has, the Editor thinks, nothing to do with 'soror,' sister (which is a mere folk-etymology), but probably may be connected with the 'swear' or 'sward' root.

Cycle, where a warrior is sent to throw the spear against the enemy and bid them to a pitched battle. It is alluded to in the Styrbiörn Swedish Champion's story, Flatey-bok, ii. 72, where it is explained as a *devotion* to Woden, with the carmen 'Woden owneth you all.' There is another instance in Eyrbyggja Saga, ch. 44; when the enemy draws nigh, "Stanthor shot a spear *in heathen fashion* for luck for himself over the company of Snorri."

§ 5. DEMONIAL POSSESSION.

CONNECTED with the old animistic beliefs are the phenomena of possession, lycanthropy, and second-sight, to which Ari so frequently alludes in Landnama-bok. As to *possession* by *demons*, 'demoned,' tryllt; 'demon-eked,' troll-aukin; 'a half-demon,' half-troll, are common phrases with him, and may be exactly paralleled by South Sea and African beliefs. Epilepsy and furious mania seem to be the disorders thus explained.

For *lycanthropy* there are the terms 'skin-changer,' 'evening-wolf,' and the like, attesting the belief that certain men could change themselves into beasts. The fullest legend on the subject is that of the Wolsung Sigmund and Sinfitela, who became 'were-wolves,' men-wolves, by finding wizards' wolfskins (this may be compared with the stories given by Apuleius, Petronius, and Lucian); it is alluded to in the *Flytings* of the Helgi-Lays. The satiric poets are fond of hinting that the objects of their ill-will have gone through discreditable metamorphoses into mares, women-slaves, and the like. One of the best passages, in which Ari speaks of lycanthropes, is when speaking of Hildir and his family, settlers from the West (Ireland in this case): he says, "Dufthac [Dubhthach] was the name of their freedman, he settled Dufthac's holt. Now he was a mighty *skin-changer*, and so was Storwolf o' Whale, and they got into a quarrel about rights of pasture. A certain second-seer one evening when it was nearly dark saw a great bear come out from Whale and a bull from Dufthac's holt, and meet at Storwolf's field, and they set upon one another furiously, and the bear had the better. In the morning it was seen that the valley where they had fought looked as if there had been an earthquake Both of them [Dufthac and Storwolf] were badly bruised and were lying in bed¹."

The gods were supposed occasionally to afflict men with *panic mania*, and the rune-stones pray that grave-breakers may be turned into *swine* [Lessons of Loddafani, l. 74]. Examples of this panic madness are found in Irish stories.

One having *second-sight* is called 'ófreskr maðr,' and Cynwolf, husband of Reginhild Wolf's sister, is called on his gravestone in Zealand 'glámolan man,' a seer. Nial had a modified form of this faculty².

It may here be noted that 'berserks-gangr' is a false term of late and mediæval authors. Bearsarks were really *chosen champions*, as Hornklofi shows [Raven Song, 44 and 71 sqq.]; and he describes their warwhoop and the rattling of sword and spear upon shield (which the Latin classics notice). The idea that they were frenzied maniacs seems to have arisen out of misapprehension of this passage. That

¹ Text given in the Reader, p. 19.

² The text of the Runic stone is given in the Reader, p. 447, No. 5.

'hamramir men' cast off their clothes, trod fire, bit shields, and felt no pain, is true, these are not uncommon phenomena in certain kinds of mania. That there were ever maniac champions, or that the word 'bearsark' refers to anything but the nobler henchmen's fur coats, is in the highest degree improbable.

It is to be wished, that some one with the requisite physiological knowledge would give his opinion on the recorded cases of 'possession' and the like in Landnama-bok. (The Sagas cannot be trusted implicitly in this matter, though no doubt they give true traits when they describe the curious dumb laughing passion-fits of Glum, who was half a seer, and the dark gloom of Egil, in whose family lycanthropy was known.) Meanwhile we may suggest partial explanations.

The Northmen were cribbed up in a narrow over-peopled strip of land; a powerful race of men, with vast pent-up strength lacking all outlet, a great human steam-boiler without the requisite safety-valve: till, in the Wicking age, the great exodus to West and South opened a new field of action to them.

All those who have seen the more northern Norwegian valleys are struck by their dark gloom. Cooped up in these narrow vales, isolated and intermarrying, generation after generation had dwelt from the time Norway was settled till the Wicking-tide began. Even in our days melancholia is by no means unfrequent in the more remote firths. It is no marvel that among the first generation of settlers there were men of abnormal mental condition, especially when the great change of life and enormous increase of disturbing conditions incident to the emigration to the West are remembered. The second generation, the offspring of mixed marriages and brought up in a far wider sphere, with plenty of good hard fresh work before them, building, fencing, plowing, and law-making, throw off the inherited taint almost entirely.

We have been anxious to bring together, from the early poems and prose notices, a full and fair view of the old Teutonic faith, extenuating nought, neither setting down aught in malice. It must be remembered that the subject not only concerns the Scandinavians, but all the other Teuton races; for not even Bæda has given us any real information on the heathen beliefs of the English, nor have we any early German authority of weight and fulness on this head. It is in the accurate prose of Ari and the old verse in these volumes that all of direct evidence that can be recovered is practically contained. The conclusions which a careful examination of this field has forced upon us are, briefly, that the Teutons were eminently a religious people, though by no means priest-ridden or superstitious; that their worship was principally the household worship of the family spirits, conducted by the house-father¹; that they did not worship idols², though they had temples of great fame and riches, wherein the great tribal sacrifices

¹ Of Clan worship Ari gives an instance, when he speaks of one of the younger settlers going back every third year to Norway to sacrifice on his own and his uncle's behalf, at a temple kept by his grandfather:—*Lopttr fór útan eð þriðja hvert sumar, fyrir hönd þeirra Flosa beggja, móðor-bróðor síns, at blóta at hofi því er þorbiörn móðor-faðir hans hafði vart veitt.*—*Landn.* v. 8.

² There is a most notable absence in the language of any name for *idol* or *image*; the terms used in the Sagas are all late and post-Christian translations, mostly from the Latin. Nor do we find a *single allusion* to an idol or image in any poem, nor has any such been found, for instance, by the excavations in Biarkö (Bircha). The religion was too spiritual, the people too inartistic, for graven images of the invisible.

and feasts were held; that there was an honest homely character about their religion, though in certain royal houses on great occasions crueller rites and more superstitious observances no doubt occasionally took place¹.

It seems further pretty certain, that the whole 'Walhall' creed, with its Heaven and Host and regular Hierarchy, its battle of Armageddon and its final Doomsday, is a borrowed faith, decked up by two or three poets of high imagination from the more or less vague notions they caught up from the Christians of the West and South; that this Walhall belief never really obtained save among the Wickings of the West or at the courts of warrior kings, though later poets adopted it as eminently suited for their verses and fitting to their ideas of the heathen faith. Farther, the legend of the Gallows-tree Yggdrasil we find to be inspired by Christianity.

Moreover we might add, that we have found no reason to believe that *Classic mythology* has in any way affected the Northern mythology as we have it. Parallel myths such as have often been pointed out, e.g. Dædalos and Weyland, the Dragon fights of Sigmund and Apollo, the struggles of Thor and the toils of Herakles, are merely what one is sure to find in the different sister branches of the Aryan race; but to fancy that a dead foreign mythology should be taught by Irish monks to Northern poets, and by them be widely spread as a living thing among their countrymen, is to our mind a very improbable hypothesis. When the native Irish mythology is properly explored we shall no doubt find that the Western poems, the Helgi Trilogy and the like, have been affected more or less by Irish tradition; but that is a very different matter, and a point of view to which the Editor has long been most anxious to draw Irish scholars' attention. Many points of Northern mythology and legend, many ancient usages, many words and phrases will only be rightly explained when the stores of Irish history and myth are rendered accessible to the student of Teuton poetry and literature.

§ 6. THE CALENDAR.

BÆDA and the Latin Chroniclers leave us in darkness with respect to that important index of Early Teutonic Life, the Calendar. We have lists of months, German, Old English, Old Northern, and scattered notices of annual festivals, but nothing more. From the Northern poems, and Ari's notes, and the modern Icelandic reckoning somewhat may still be gathered to supply this shortcoming.

That the week is a non-Teutonic mode of counting time admits of no doubt. The days are now, one may hope, gone by when Bishop John could be reviled by patriotic antiquaries for having put down the recitation of the glorious Edda poems, and changed the fine old Scandinavian names of the days². We know now that these Lays were not

¹ It is a fortunate accident that the pious and charming record given by Ari (see above, p. 406, note 2) refers to the *very same* temple where, a century later, Tryggvason's havoc, club in hand, on the gold-decked idols is said, by some nondescript writer, to have taken place. There may really have been much gold in such tribal fanes as Upsala, which seems to have had a Treasury like some of the great Hellenic and Semitic temples.

² He was Bishop of Holum in Northern Iceland A.D. 1106-1121 (see Proleg. § 21, pp. cxxi, cxxii). The account runs thus—Hann bannadi ok alla hindr-vitni þá er

known in Iceland in his day, and that the 'heathen names' the Quaker-like bishop abhorred had come into the North along with Christianity, being mere translations of the Latin *Dies Solis*, etc.¹ Their very forms prove them loan-words. *Friadag*, *Friadag*, is impossible to explain, save as a direct loan-word, the Saxon *Freadæg*, A. S. *Frige-dæg*, which again was a direct translation from the Latin.

We can even with great probability point to the time of their introduction. Shortly after St. Olaf's death, in the poems of Arnor and his contemporaries, there occurs a new phenomenon, the *dating* of battles by the day. It was on a Monday [i. 195. 22], or, it was on Friday morning [ii. 195. 35], Wednesday morning [196. 40], the Wolves had a breakfast set for them; or, on Saturday the ship was launched [ii. 208. 5]; it was on Thomas-mass evening [Sighvat], and the like. The fashion soon passes away again, but it obtained in several instances where its traces can only now be followed in Ari's prose. Is it not a plausible explanation that the Christian Calendar with its new *week-days* and *holidays* was an innovation which the poets, otherwise little concerned for chronology, were proud to show their acquaintance with, perhaps even glad to give as a proof of their hearty acceptance of the New Faith? Then the very name 'vika,' week, is a loan-word, the Latin 'vices,' as was noticed by Dr. Jessen long ago (see *Dict. sub voce*).

What then was the arrangement of time which the week superseded? A valuable piece of information is given us by the old Guests' Wisdom, where the proverbs occur, "The weather changes often in *five days*, but more often in a *month*;" "Bad friends' love blazes high *five days*, and is then slaked." To these phrases we can add the Norse law term 'fimt,' pentad, the space of time which must occur between summons and appearance, so that, to give an example, no summons must be served on Tuesday, for then a man would have to appear on a nefast day, Sunday,—a usage which has given rise to the term 'fimtá,' to summons (see the *Lexicon*, s. v. p. 153). A *month* and a *five days*! May we not conclude that the month was divided into *pentads*, five-day-weeks? Ari tells us that the old year consisted of twelve months of thirty days, which would give seventy-two pentads, and allow of six pentads per month. That these six pentads were further divided into two lots seems likely from the employment of such phrases as mid-month (mid-Thorri, mid-Goi), for which we have analogies elsewhere. This arrangement would give a year of 360 days, which even the ruder computists (such as the Romans) would soon perceive to be too incorrect for practical use.

As for the *intercalation*, it is a double one; the *first* of four days added every year, the *other* of a whole week put in every sixth or seventh year. We can form some notion as to how this came about.

The four days *intercalated* after Midsummer are called 'Eke-nights.' But this is, as it stands, a post-Christian arrangement to get a multiple of seven (364). If the heathen intercalated in this way, they would

fornir menn höfðu tekit af tungl-kvámom eða dægrom, eða eigna daga heiðnom mönnum eða goðom, sem er, at kalla Óðins dag eða Þórs-[dag].—*Bp. John's Saga*, Bisk. i. 165. And—Hann tók af it forna daga-tal, ok setti þat er nú er haft, ib. 166, note.

¹ The Bishop's zeal has been successful in Iceland, when the reckoning is Sunday, Monday, Third-day [3ia feria], Midweek-day [as in Germany], Fifth-day [5ta feria], Fast-day, Washing-day. Sturla in his *Hakon Saga* still uses the older terms, but the *Flatey-bok* text replaces them by the Bishop's neologisms.

have put in another pentad, which would have been fairly correct for their purposes. The duty of the law-speaker was to declare at the public Moot the calendar for the year, and this, while it is a proof of the rudeness of the arrangement followed, indicates that some kind of rectification was in use. From the name Tway-month, Tvi-manudr, applied to one of the summer months (the Midsummer month), we might fairly guess that a *month was usually* intercalated whenever the twist of the rude cycle threatened to bring the months too far out of their traditional places. This theory has the further advantage of its recalling the still more primitive arrangement of the year by lunar months, which at some very early period must have been superseded by the solar months which we know on good testimony to have been used by the Teutons as early as 750 at least.

It is interesting to see how the Icelanders, who had changed their year of 360 (72×5) to one of 364 (52×7), proceeded to correct it still further. Thorstan Swart (son of that Hallstan who was so ardent a worshipper of Thor) had a remarkable dream. He thought he was on the Moot, wide awake, while all were sleeping round him; upon which he slept, and they awoke. This he told to Oswif the Wise, father of Gudrun the heroine of Laxdola Saga, and 'grandfather of my grandfather,' as Ari himself tells us. Oswif told him that he would make a speech at the Moot which would make every sleeper awake. Thorstan accordingly fulfils the dream by proposing to put a week of seven days to the year every seventh year. Ari mends this reckoning, by enjoining to add to the sixth instead of the seventh year (for it was another week to the summer) whenever two leap-years, by the Christian official reckoning, come between the first and the seventh year. This is the arrangement followed to this day in the Icelandic calendar, an entirely unique arrangement of the calendar. This Thorstan is hence in the Sagas noted as the man "who invented the Summer-Eke¹."

The introduction of the New Christian Calendar, we know from scattered notices, produced great resistance among the heathen in Norway. The Fast-day and Sabbath-day were the two innovations. The Friday fast was opposed by the thralls (labourers in our parlance), who objected to work without food, and the Sunday feast and holiday was opposed by the farmers (masters), who declared they could not give their men food if not allowed to make them work. The idea of a weekly rest was evidently quite unknown among the Teutons. The year with them was divided into seasons of various work, as we know by the old month-names. Thus there was a fencing season, a sowing season, a fishing season, a hay season, a harvest season, a slaughtering season. All these 'seasons,' like our hay-harvest and corn-harvest, were long unbroken spells of work. Between these seasons we find the great *heathen festivals* placed, Easter, Yule [fourteen days later than Noel, says Ari], the Midsummer Moot, the Autumn feast, which were also unbroken but shorter spells of mirth and merry-making, when public games, law proceedings, inaugurations, and the like were carried on. The Christian Calendar must, with its scattered holidays and Sunday rests, have been difficult to adapt to these old 'seasons,' but with a little arrangement the great Christian feasts which fell near the older pagan festivals took their place (Noel and Yule, Pasch and Easter, St. John's Day and the Midsummer feast, St. Michael's mass and the Autumn festival).

The modern Icelandic popular calendar is also worth notice as pre-

¹ See Libellus, ch. 4.

serving many points of the old pastoral and agricultural year's round. We never use the Roman calendar months. The year begins with Yule Night, Christmas Eve; the Yule lasts thirteen days; hence a few days till the great month Thorri sets in on Friday, 9-16th January (old style), and is counted thus—1st week of Thorri, the 2nd week of Thorri, at the end of which comes the day Mid-Thorri, 3rd week of Thorri, and last week of Thorri, Thorri's Thrall being the last day of that month. The month of Goi sets in on Sunday, 8-15th February (o. s.), it is counted in the same way—1st, 2nd week of Goi, Mid-Goi, 3rd week of Goi, last week of Goi, Goi's Thrall; upon which Einmanudr (first month) sets in on Tuesday, with its 1st, 2nd, 3rd, last week (no 'Mid' or 'Thrall' here); the last day of that month is the last day of Winter. And then Summer sets in on Thursday, 8-15th April (o. s.)¹ Then the reckoning begins from the First week of Summer, week by week, 1st, 2nd, 3rd weeks of Summer, and so on. 'Midsummer' falls on 12-18th July (o. s.) Towards the end of the Summer (for the year has only two seasons, Summer and Winter), for the last weeks the reckoning is reversed in the Sagas. "When eight weeks of Summer were left," etc., for instance, was the favourite time for weddings in Iceland, after the hay was in, before the next spell of work begun. After 26 weeks of Summer (27 in the Eke-year) Winter sets in on Saturday, 11-15th October (o. s.), reckoning the first, second, and third weeks of Winter, upon which follows the Yule Fast (Íóla-fasta), four weeks, when Yule sets in.

Summer and Winter are equal halves of the year, beginning respectively about Lady Day and Michaelmas, old style (Summer, 8-15th April; Winter, 11-18th October, old style), according, we doubt not, to the old Teutonic Nature's Calendar, as Mr. Jeffries calls it in his charming book, from which we take the extract below².

¹ An illustration of this—My grand-aunt, who brought me up, told me that I was born on the 'last Saturday in Goi' (laugar-daginn seinastan í Gou). This, for years, was all that I knew, till once I asked my mother—'No,' said she, 'you were born the last *Tuesday* in Goi' (four days earlier). Neither of them had a thought of the calendar month. When letters have to be written, an almanac is looked into, but that is a 'learned transaction.' Thus it comes that still, if I want to realise what is going on in Iceland at a certain time, I must translate the Roman calendar into the homely one: say 'Mid-thorri,' or the 'tenth week of the Summer,' and I know exactly the season of the year. Celebrating 'birthdays' was in my youth, as in ancient days, quite unknown. Christmas was *the* Birthday of the year, there was no other, and each Yule-night makes one a year older, no matter in what month one is born.—*Editor*.

² 'Lady Day (old style) forms with Michaelmas the two eras, as it were, of the year. The first marks the departure of the winter birds and the coming of the spring visitors; the second, in reverse order, marks the departure of the summer birds and the appearance of the vanguard of the winter ones. In the ten days or fortnight succeeding Lady Day (old style)—say from the 6th of April to the 20th—great changes take place in the fauna and flora; or, rather, those changes which have long been slowly maturing become visible. The nightingales arrive and sing, and with them the white butterfly appears. The swallow comes, and the wind-anemone blooms in the copse. Finally the cuckoo cries, and at the same time the pale lilac cuckoo-flower shows in the moist places of the mead. The exact dates, of course, vary with the character of the season and locality; but, speaking generally, you should begin to keep a good look-out for these signs of spring about old Lady Day. . . . But about Michaelmas (between the new and old styles) there is a marked change. It is not that anything particular happens upon any precise day, but it is a date around which, just before and after, events seem to group themselves.'

Snorri names all the months, the Sagas name 'Tway-month,' but only Thorri, Goi, and Einmanudr are now used. Thorri and Goi are personified in Flatey-bok and Orkney Saga, ch. 64. The names at the top of the published Icelandic almanac are artificial and never used in daily life¹.

The important days of the year are the Thirteenth night (our Twelfth day), the First Day of Summer (when New-year's gifts are given), and the great Church days, Lady Day, Easter, St. John's Day, the national Saint Thorlak's Day (23rd Dec.), St. Olaf's Day, Moot-Mary-mass (2nd July), Nativity, the Decollation or Head-Day (29th Aug.), Michaelmas.

The Roman months are quite unknown save as book-dates, to be looked up in the almanac, and the published Icelandic almanacs must not be taken as evidence of the popular way of reckoning time.

The 'seasons' in Iceland, 'tíð,' From sheep-farming and the like, Lamb-weaning time or Pen-tide, 'Stekktíð,' in May; Parting-tide, 'Fra-fætur,' when the sheep are driven to the hills; Market-tide, 'Kaup-tíð,' when all purchases for the year are made; Home-field hay-time and Out-field hay-time (July and August); Folding-tide, 'Rettir' (Sept.), when the sheep are driven off the hill pastures into folds to be separated into flocks and marked. Again, from wild birds and eider-ducks, one calls the spring Egg-tide. The fisherman uses such seasons as Ver-tíð, Fishing-tide; of these there is a spring and autumn and winter Fishing-month. Flitting-days, 'Far-dagar,' come in the spring, and 'Skil-dagi' in summer, when servants leave.

It may be noticed that the old year must have begun in Spring, according to the name of One Month, for 'one' in the old language means 'first,' confirmed by our Old English reckoning, which made the world to have been created on the 25th of March, and the year to begin on that day.

The old use of reckoning by *night* rather than day (noticed by Tacitus) is accounted for by the observation of Ideler, i. 81, communicated to the Editor by Mr. Dale, of Balliol College, Oxford, that it refers to the ancient *lunar* year, the best opportunities for observing the moon ['Year-teller,' as Alwismal says] and stars being at those times; in the same way days are still in Iceland counted by nights. Cf. our 'se'ennight,' 'fortnight.'

The etymologies of Goi [Hiems?] and Thorri are unknown as yet².

¹ In ancient Norway the summer began on Saturday, the reason we know not, probably owing to some intercalation of two days. This appears from Hakon Saga, ch. 231, where the writer, speaking of a battle fought in Norway, says, 'This year (1240) Easter eve fell on the first day of the summer.' [Easter in 1240 was 15th of April.]

² Snorri (Edda, Sksm.) gives the list of the months thus:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Haust-mánoðr. | 9. Egg-tíð and Stekk-tíð. |
| 2. Gor-mánoðr [the first in the Winter]. | 10. Sól-mánoðr or Sel-mánoðr. |
| 3. Frer-mánoðr [= Íól-mánoðr, Rimb. 556]. | 11. Hey-annir. |
| 4. Hrut-mánoðr. | 12. Korn-skurðar-mánoðr [Tví-mánoðr, Rimb. 556; at Tví-mánaði sumars, the Sagas call it]. |
| 5. Þorri. | |
| 6. Goi. | |
| 7. Ein-mánoðr. | |
| 8. Gauk-mánoðr and Sáð-tíð [the first in Summer]. | |

Observe—Nos. 8 and 9 are in the Icelandic almanac called Harpa and Skerpla. The Sagas only give four months, Þorri, Goi, Ein-mánoðr, and Tví-mánoðr.

EXCURSUS II.

ON THE OLD NORTHERN AND TEUTONIC METRE.

As with Mythology so with Metre, Northern metrists have begun their work from the *wrong end*, and so their ingenuity and industry have been, as too often happens, in great part wasted, and their labour lost. The reason for this is that they have started from the basis of *Hatta-tal* and *Hatta-lykill*, the metrical works of Snorri, c. 1222, and of Earl Rognwald and Hall, c. 1150. Now these two poems, interesting enough in their own way, and authoritative on the subject of *court-poetry*, in the heyday of which they were composed, are of very small help with respect to the *older poetry*, with which we are now-a-days busied. Rognwald has, out of about fifty examples of different metres, given but three or four in the old metres at the head of the rest; and Snorri, out of his hundred specimens, has not more than seven or eight old-metre snatches, which he post-fixes as a somewhat ragged tail to the body of his work, showing very clearly the comparative importance of the court-metres and old metres to his mind. Not only did these famous teachers of verse-making look on the older poetry as inferior, but they did not understand it; it was out of fashion in their day. Snorri also to a certainty misapplies the names for the older metres, as we shall see by and by; and the whole system of terminology which he employs, while excellently suited for court-poems, is neither historically nor actually correct when applied to the older metres. Snorri, indeed, knows this, and does not attempt to analyse or give the rules for the old poetry, but his modern followers have not shown such self-control, and have consequently fallen into the pitfalls which in all investigations entrap the unwary and misguided explorer.

For example, with the exception of the excellent edition of the brothers Grimm, the old poems have been printed and are printed, as we see from books published last year, in half-lines, which is nearly as absurd as if one should print Vergil's hexameters in two lines, cutting them at the *cæsura*. The reason why the court-poets counted by the half-line or 'clause' (*viso-ord*) in this manner is manifest. The court-metre was their standard, where to each alliterative line there are two sets of rhymes, one in each half-line; and so the half-line was their unit. But the old epic metre knows of no rhymes, the alliteration being its sole bond—so many sets of alliterations so many lines; and the 'viso-ord' can have no place whatever in such a system. So the name *head-letter* applied to the alliterative element in the latter part of a line is a term which can only be rightly used with reference to court-poetry.

A still fatal error, for it is one that strikes at the very life and soul of the old poetry, is the idea that the older metres depend on a strict number of syllables. The way in which this baseless fancy has been accepted by men who ought to have at once seen its worthlessness,

is very shocking to us. It has arisen simply from beginning the study of the old poems with prepossessions, based upon some knowledge of the court-metre system. It implies a total neglect of historical and chronological method, and a singular lack of that as yet unnamed sense to which our pleasure in hearing poetry is due.

Again, in edition after edition the unfortunate 'Edda' poems have been tortured into *strophes*, in total disregard of the flow of the poems themselves, in the teeth of the parallel poems in Old English and Old German, and in spite of the terrible wounds which the systematic application of the theory would inflict upon such noble works as *Wolospa* and the *Helgi* Lays.

The more melodious, the more inspired, the older, and the purer a poem is, the worse it must needs fare under the cruel operation of this school of metrists; whilst the monotonous lines of the later renaissance poets pass well-nigh unscathed under their treatment. Much time have they wasted over this *chimæra*; for instance, in the glorious hymn of the Creation with which *Wolospa* begins, when—

'The sun knew not her inn,
The moon knew not her dominion,
The stars knew not their place,'

they will query whether it were better to omit the second or third lines so that the regular half-strophe of two lines [four they would make it] might not be exceeded.

Instead of beginning with the late court-poetry, let us rather go back to the earliest bits of Teuton poetry that have survived, and try to work downwards from them, for surely in no other way is it possible to account for the processes and products of metric growth and development which make factors in our problem.

But first it will be necessary to agree on some few technical terms. It is not well to borrow the terms of Latin and Greek metric here, and to talk of feet, arsis, thesis, cæsura, and the like; for to use these old terms in new senses would only cause confusion. We have a different metric system to describe, and must have our own terms. These we shall use, nor are they very numerous or hard to remember.

Every *line* of Old Teutonic poetry is a *blank* verse divided into two *halves* by a *line-pause* which always comes at the end of a word.

Each half is made up of a fixed number of *measures*, a *measure* being a word, or number of words, of which the first root-syllable is *stressed*, i. e. forcibly pronounced, as one does in speaking when one wishes to draw particular attention to a particular word or syllable; .e. g. WE want it, We want IT. A measure never ends nor begins in the middle of a word, such affixes as *ge-*, *for-*, *un-*, *be-* being treated as separate words in poetry; compounds and strong inflexions are like separate words.

In every line two stress-syllables at least, one in each half-line, must begin with a similar consonant or a vowel [these vowels being usually different, and in later Northern poetry always so]. Stress-syllables so *alliterated* are said to carry *letter-stress*.

In many lines there occur one or more unstressed syllables, which form, as it were, the *elastic*, *unmeasured* part of the line; these, for want of a better term, we call *slurred syllables*, or, collectively, a *slur*. It is not meant that these syllables are gabbled over, they may be spoken fast or slow, but that they are redundant or unimportant for the 'make' or structure of the verse, and that they would be *less*

emphasised and spoken in a less vigorous tone than the rest of the line. There may be one or more *slurs* in a line.

When a monosyllabic word is *stressed* and followed by no enclitic words before the next stress it is succeeded by a short interval of silence, which we call a *rest*. Such a monosyllable with its rest is a *measure* in itself.

Quantity is observed in some measures, as in Greek verse.

There are two kinds of *rhyme* or sound-echo used in later Northern metres: *full-rhyme*, which may be *single*, 'take' and 'bake,' or *double*, 'taking' and 'baking;' *consonant-rhyme* or *consonance*, as 'take' and 'cook'.

Rhymes may be *end-rhymes* coming one at the end of each half-line or line of a set, or they may be *line-rhymes* coming both within one half-line: *line-rhymes* may come in any stem-syllable of a word.

A set of lines may form a verse-group, which is called a *stanza*.

A set of lines or of stanzas may form a longer group called a *strophe*.

A line or lines may be used at necessary intervals as a *refrain* or *burden*.

The notation employed is as follows:—

The *line-pause* is marked by :; a *syllable-pause* by ·; the words of a measure are linked together by -; and the measures marked off by |; initials of *letter-stressed syllables* are printed in small capitals, *slurred syllables* in italics.

In the shorter notation, a = letter-stressed measure; m = stressed measure; s = slur, S = a big slur of many syllables; c = measure with consonance; r = measure with rhyme.

In the beginning poetry was simply excited and *emphatic prose* with repetitions of catchwords, and such we have no doubt was the primitive Teuton poetry. The different branches of the Aryan stock appear each to have developed, in obedience to natural law, a metric suited to their particular modification of the Arch-Aryan tongue or tongues. Thus with the Indian or Greek, *quantity* was the pivot upon which his metric turned; with the Teuton, *alliteration of stressed root-syllables*. The Teutons, having no musical instruments when we first know them, and having a tongue whose structure did not lend itself well to a purely quantitative system, seem to have hit upon the development of that alliterative stress which is a feature in almost all early verse, naturally satisfying that marked love of repetition which is seen in all children's and savages' songs and speeches.

In the older Teutonic Law Formulæ and in the old Latin Saturnians we seem to get specimens of the earlier stage before regular verse of the alliterative type was completely reached, when all the necessary factors were already present—line-pause, stresses, and alliteration—but before the artist had arisen who was to fix the type. This great Unknown had however arisen before the English crossed the North Sea, for we find the same line, well marked and unmistakable, in the oldest remains of the German, the Scandinavian, and the English races.

Its finest specimens are to be found in England, in the Vercelli-Book

¹ We call it *consonance*, in analogy with *assonance* in old French poetry: take, gate, is assonance; took, cake, consonance: the one minds the vowel and not the consonant, the other the consonant and not the vowel. The court-metrists call *consonance* 'half-rhyme,' but this is equivocal and would do as well for *assonance*.

and the Cædmon MS., whence for convenience we have called this type of line the CÆDMONIAN LINE. In the Lay of the Rood, attributed to Cædmon, as it seems, on the Ruthwell Cross, we have the purest extant piece of poetry in this metre. In the Vercelli-Book in which it is preserved, there is tacked on to it another poem on a somewhat similar subject, but wholly different in style and metre, which may very possibly be Cynewolf's. In Judith and Genesis we also find pure passages in this old metre.

In Germany, the Wessobrunner Prayer, the Charms, the Heliand, Hildebrand's Lay, Muspilli, this line is used with different degrees of skill and purity. The Heliand is somewhat monotonous and stiff; the Hildebrand has been a fine poem, but it is badly corrupted and hacked about, as we have it, in the small fragment that has survived. The splendid Alboin or Elfwine Lays of the Lombards, Saxons, and Bavarians, paraphrased by Paul the Deacon (translated in the Introduction), were no doubt in this Arch-Teutonic metre.

Of Scandinavian poems, this long line is used by preference in the Old Lay of Hamtheow, the old Attila Lays, the Lay of Hoarbeard (which is the most prose-like of them all), the Raven-Song, and oftentimes in the first line in each couplet of the old Dialogue Metre-poems.

The Greenland Lay of Attila imitates the old Attila Lay.

These are the principal poems surviving in this metre, and they should be carefully studied, for this line is the parent of every other native Teutonic metre, as the pedigree given below will show.

We have chosen a set of examples of this old metre, which should be read over slowly aloud by the student till the ring and beat of the verse becomes familiar to the ear; for till it does, he cannot really understand the nature of the changes which the line underwent, nor appreciate its full beauty and use.

It may be briefly described as a four-measured line, 2 : 2 (two measures in each half), with two letter-stresses in the first half and one in the second, the third letter-stress being the strongest, the first next, the second the weakest. Sometimes there is but one letter-stress in the first half-line. There is frequently a 'slur' of several words, and this is always placed at the beginning of a line or half-line. Cædmon himself prefers to put it *after* the line-pause, and, as is well shown in the Rood-Song, this is far the best place, artistically speaking, for it. Occasionally, as in Muspilli, it heads both halves of the line. The *slur* is spoken in a low but distinct recitative; it is the elastic part of the line, and forms a background to the emphatic stresses which stud the line. The effect of such clusters of unstressed syllables was soon noticed and taken advantage of.

The last syllables of each Cædmonian half-line appear to have in preference the quantity -∪; though neither Heliand nor the Northern Songs follow this law. There would be a very good reason for this strict and regular finish before each pause¹; one wants to feel when the end of the half-line is coming in such a long and varying metre as this.

The same want has given us the regular ending of the hexameter, which was very probably originally an indefinitely long dactylic line closed by a trochee.

¹ The prevalence of trochee-endings (datives, accusatives, infinitives, and other inflexions of the verbs) in the language is also to be remarked.

The following formulæ will give the chief effects of the Cædmonian line:—

a a : S a m	Rood Lay type.
S a a : S a m	”
S m a : a m	An old German type.
S a a : a m.	

The following examples are arranged in a rough chronological order, English, German, Scandinavian. It is a great pity that we cannot head the list with a few lines of Gothic verse, for this old metre, with its bold stresses and elastic measures, is so exactly fitted to the fully inflected Gothic nouns and verbs (which often run to five or six syllables) that we should have had fine effects in it, had any one of the songs Theodric and Ermanric listened to been preserved to our day.

In default of better we subjoin the lines on the Golden Horn and the ancient Tune-Stone and two others,—perhaps the oldest extant Teutonic verse, and as such venerable. The dialect is near to the Gothic of Wulfila. [See Reader, p. 446.]

1. *Ec* hlewa-gastiz | holtingaz : horna | tawido.
2. *Ec* wiwaz after woduride | witai-gahlaiban | worohto | rúnoz.
arbijas ijos | tez-arbijand
þrijoz dohtriz dalidun . . . woduride staina.
3. *Af*az hariwulafa | harþuwulalfz : hæru-wulafiz | warait runaz þaiaz.

There is a fine solemnity and an instinctive and harmonious variety about this old Epic line, which finds perhaps its nearest parallel in modern times, as far as the effect on the *mind*, in the weightier of Milton's lines.

ENGLISH.

The Rood:

Swætan-on-þá | swiðran-healfe : eall-ic-wæs mid sorgum-ge | dréfid.
 Forht-ic-wæs-for-þære | Fægran-gesihðe : geseah-ic-þæt fúse | beácan.
 wendan | wædum-and-bleóm : hwilum-ic-wæs-mid wætan-be | stémed.
 á stryed-of | srefne-mínum - genámon-me-þær STRange | feóndas.
 bærom-me-þær | beornas-on-eaxlum : oð-þæt-he-me-on beorg á | setton.
 ge fæstnodon-me-þær | feondas-ge-noge : ge seah-ec-þá fræán | mancynnes.
 on girede-hine-þá | geong-hæled : þæt-wæs god-æl | mihtig.
 þurh driſon-hi-me-mid | þeorcum-nægum : on-me-sindon-þá dolg ge | siéne.
 bismeredon-he-unc | bútu-æt-gædere : eall-ic-wæs-mid blóde be | stémed.
 be goten-of-þæs | guman-sídan : sedden-he-hæfde-his gást-on | sended.
 sáre-ic-wæs-mid | sorgum-ge-drefid | hnág-ic-hwædre-þám secgum-to | handa.
 ándfun-hine-of-þám | hefigan-wíte : forléton-me-ða-hilde | rincas.
 Strandan | sreáme-be-drifenne : eall-wæs-ic-mid STRælum for- | wundad.
 áledon-hie-hine | lim-wérigne : gestódom-him-æt-his Lices | heafdum.
 be heoldon-hie-ðær | heofenes-dryhten : and he hine þær hwile | reste.
 méde-æfter-ðám | miclan-ge-winne : on gunnon-him-ða moldærn | wyrcean.
 beornas-on | banan-ge-sihde : curfon-hie-dæt-of beorhtum | stáne.
 ge setton-hie-ðæron | sigora-wealdend : on gunnon him þa sorg-leóð | gálan.

Cædmon, Genesis:

swá mihtigne-on-his | mod-ge-pohte : he-lét-hine-swá | micles | wealdan.
 héhstne-to-him-on | heofona-ric : hæfde-he-hine-swá | hwitne-ge | worhtne.
 swa wynlic-wæs-his | Wæstm-on heofonom : þæt-him-com-from Weroda | drihtne.
 ge lic-wæs-he | Leohtum-steorrum : sceolde ne drihtnes Lof | wyrcean¹.
 big-strandad-me | STRange-ge-neátas : þá-ne-willad-me-at-þam STRide-ge- |
 swican,
 gode-æfter | góde-ænegom : ne-wille-ic-leug-his geongra | wurdan.

¹ Lof transposed.

for swápen-on-þás | Sweartan-mistas : swa-he-us-ne-mæg-ænige Synne-ge | stólan.
þæt-we-him-on þám Lande | lád-ge-fremedon : he hæfd-us-þeah-þæs Leohthes-
be- | scyrede.

GERMAN.

Muspilli :

Dár-ni-mac-denne mác | andremo : helfan vora demo mus | pille.
war-is-denne-diu | marka : dár-man-eo-mit-sinen mágon | piec'
denni-verit-er-ze deru | mahal-steti : deru dar ke-markhol- | ist'
so denne der mahtigo | kuninc : daz mahal-ki | pannit.
der warch-is-ke- | Wáfanit : denne-wirdit-untar-in Wic-ar- | hap'
in fuir-enti-in- | fínstri : dazi-ist-rehto firinlih | dine.

Hildbrand Lay :

ih walloda sumaro-enti | wintro : sebstic-ur | lante.
dat hilti-brant | hætti-min-fater : ih heittu hadu | brand'
was-im-thuo-an ihro ge | sidie-ge | sámad : endi fragoda umbi hwilika dia saka |
sprákin.—5966.
that wif-ward-thuo-an | Wupnon : that siu muosta sulíkan willion | kú dian.—
5941.
that sie that te Wárun | Wítin : that thu mi an thesa werold | sandos.—4097.
an thema máreon | daga : that wirdia her ér an themu mánon | skin.—4312.

Wessobrunner Prayer :

dat ge fregin-ic-mit | firahim : firi-wizo | meista.
suma hapt' | heptidon : suma heri | lezidun.
du-wart-demo balderes | Volon : sin Vuoz-bi | renkit.

NORTHERN.

From the Atli Lay :

Hvat væðr-þu okkr seggr-inn | cœri : allz vit slíkt' | heyrom
hvat-hyggr-þu brúði | bendo : es-hon-okkr baug' | sendi.
vell lézk ykkr mundo | Velja : víðrar | gnita-heiðar
es-frá mordi-þeirra | gunnars : komuir-voro-or Myrk' | heimi.

From the Dialogue Metre Poems :

höfði | skemra : láti-hann-þann-inn hrim-kalda | iötun
heipt-yrði | ein' : telr-þu-þer-i hví' | vetna
kvars-þu öl' | drekkir : kíostu-þer íarðar | megin.
veit-ek-ef-þu | vaxa-nædir : fyrir-þinna vina | bríostí.
þat veit-ek it sex' | tánda : ef ek vilja ins svinna | mans'
þat-kann-ek-it | þriðja : ef-mer-verðr þorf' | mikil
fanka-ek mildan | mann' : eða-svá matar | góðan
þat es óvíst-at | vita : þa-es komom Allir | saman
heill-þú nu | sigræðr : nu-hæfir-þu sigr-um | vegit.
þú at a hverfanda | hveli : vóro-þeim niorto | skopoð.
at vol-verki-þeir | spurðo : ef hann væri með bondom | kominn
hví-namtu-hann | sigri-þa : ef þer þótti hann sniallr' | vesa.—[Eirm.]

From Raven Song :

at skalda-reiðo | vil-ek þik spyrja : allz-þu-þikkisk skil' | vita
stroðom-nokkva-brá | stillir : es hónom vas styrjar | væni
kunna-hugða-ek þik | konong-mundo : þannz-á kvinnom | býr'

From Harbard Lay :

strýrðu-hingað | eikjónni : ek mun þer stroðina | kenna
baðat hann hlenni-menn | flytja : né hrossa | þjófa
segðu-til | nafns þíns : ef þú vill um sundit | fara.
skylda-ek-launa kogor-sveini-þínom | kangin-yrði : ef ek komomk-yfir | sundit.
skamt-mon-nú | mál okkat : allz þú mer skoétingo-einni | svarar
ok mun hon kenna hónom áttunga | brautir : til óðins | landa.
vísa-þú-mer-nú | leiðina : allz-þú-vill-mik-eigi-umwáginn | ferja.

In the Charm Song the IRREGULAR LINES are not to be hastily condemned, they, like the formulæ of the Ritual Song and the curse of

the Helgi Lay and the old Law oaths and declarations, are the last remnants of an older generation of poetry, which was replaced by the regular Cædmonian line, but still survives in an alliterative law carmina and proverbs. It must have consisted of short alliterative phrases, with measured stresses, but without any regularity or fixture of type.

The following pieces, from various sources, will give fair examples. In the passage from the Helgi Lay we have extracted the words of the Oath from the lines in which the poet has imbedded it.

There are other instances scattered through these volumes, for example in the Wolsung Play, and in the charms of the Ritual and Spell Songs (ancient carmina):—

From the Old High German Charm Song :

<i>thu bi guolen</i>		<i>sint-gunth : sunna era suister</i>
<i>thu bi guolen</i>		<i>FRÍA : Folla-era suister</i>
<i>thu bi guolen</i>		<i>Wodan : so he Wola conda</i>
<i>so se Ben-renki : so se BLUOT</i>		<i>renki</i>
<i>so se Lidi renki</i>		<i>.</i>
<i>Bén zi béna : BLUOT-zi BLUOTA</i>		
<i>Lid-zi ge</i>		<i>Liden : so se ge Limida-sind.</i>

The Song of Saws :

Eik-við abbendi : AX við fiolkyngi
haull við hyrogi, etc.

From the Old Ritual, i :

betra es ó-ristið : an se Of-ristið
betra es ó-raðit : an se Of-raðit, etc.

From Fragments of a Spell Song, i. 29 :

ok a því hveli es snýsk undir reið runnes
á sleipnis tönnum : ok a sleða fiotrom, etc. : or—
hausi | heið draupnis : ok or horni | hodd-rofnis.

From Helgi Lay, which, deducting the poet's adaptation, would have run thus :—

bítia þat sverð : es þú bregðir
rennia sá marr : es þú ríðir
SKRÍÐIA þat skip : es þú sryrir.

From Laws :

sem metendr máto, —ok teljendr töldo, —oc dómr doemði —ok þiggjendr þágo—
með ré fullo.

menn sáttir : oc sam-værir —at öldri : ok at áti —á þingi : oc á þjóð-stefno —at
kirkna sokn : ok í konungs húsi.

it skolot deila knif : ok kiöt-stykki —ok Alla hluti : ykkar í milli —sem frændr :
ok eigi sem fiáendr.

enn sá ykkar es gengr : á gcervar sættr —eða Vegr á : veittar trygðir. —Grágás.
skal hann svá víða vargr, | vrækr ok vrekinn : sem menn víðast varga vreka.
elldr upp brennr : iorð groer —mogr móðor kallar : ok móðir mog foedir —Aldir :
elda kynda.

skip skríðr : skildir blíkja —sól skinn : snæ leggr —fiðr skríðr : fura vex —valr
flýgr : vár langan dag.

standi hómom bytr veinn : undir báða vængi.

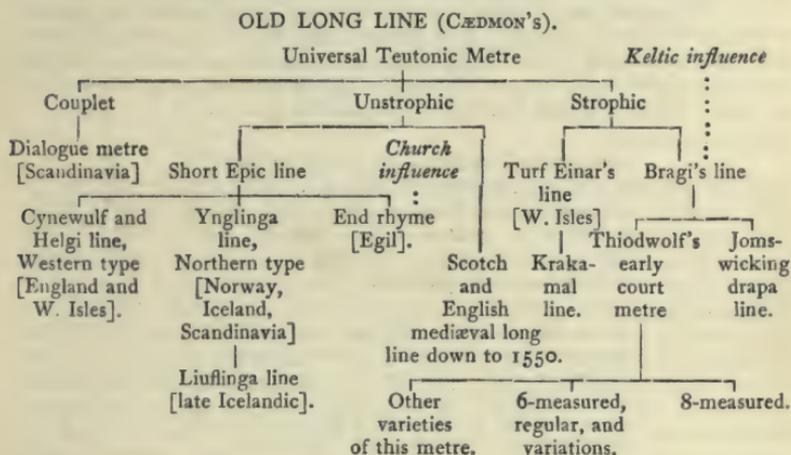
himin hverfr : heimr es byggðr —vindr þýtr : vötn til sævar falla, —karlar korni
sá, etc. —Grágás Grida-mál.

There might be several more bits of old formula gathered from the Old Swedish and German Laws.

To the Cædmonian line, as we have said, every later form of line employed in these volumes till the influx of French metres may be traced. In Iceland to the present day the chief of its essentials—the alliteration of stressed words—is a sine qua non in all kinds of verse,

rhymed or unrhymed. In England the good old line survived till the Renaissance blank verse came in, and it is used by many a worthy mediæval poet, by the unknown Author of the paraphrases of Genesis and Jonah, by William in his allegory of Piers the Plowman, by Sir Hugh of Eglinton in his Romance of Chivalry, by the Bagley who sung of Flodden Field, and by Douglas' lettered son in the poem to part of his translation of Vergil.

We have now to turn to the metamorphosed forms in which it presents itself in the West and North, according to the following pedigree:—



The first distinct variation upon the old line is what we have styled the **DIALOGUE METRE**. This was invented, as far as we can tell, in the North, after the English emigration—for unless it be the following lines of an Old English Gnostic poem in the Exeter Book,

pæs ne | gymed | god—164,
ælc him hafad | sundor | sefan—169,
and him æt | somne | swefan—179,

we have not been able to find it throughout the whole Old English body of verse, nor has any verse of this metre ever been discovered in Germany. It is an old metre we cannot doubt, for not only are most of the oldest Northern poems composed in it, but it bears such clear marks of its origin as a variety of the old line.

The Dialogue metre¹ consists of a *couplet*, the first member of which is the old Epic Cædmonian line, but the second is a line of *three measures with two letter-stresses*, which may be arranged in several ways. It varies immensely from the lightly-built lines of later examples, which one would almost take for two-measured lines, to the heavily-made lines with triple letter-stress and sometimes slur to boot, which occur in the older examples. The third and last measure must, if bisyllabic, be *uu* (never -*u*), a peculiarity first observed by Bugge (com-

¹ It is by the court-metrists wrongly styled 'lïoda hatt', whilst 'mála hatt' is by them applied to an epic metre: now 'mál' is just the standing name for the dialogue poems (Hava-mal, Vafthrudnis-mal, Alvis-mal, etc.), whilst 'lïod' rather denotes an epic song, or else is a mere generic term.

municated to the Editor in 1877), which often yields a useful test of a doubtful line. The types of the line are very numerous:—

<i>Triple letter-stress :</i>	a		a		a	
<i>Double letter-stress :</i>	s	a		a		m
”				m		a
”				a		m
”				a		m
<i>Two-measured (?) :</i>	s	a		a		

The lines in which two measures only are found seem to have once had a third measure, which has somehow dropped out.

The Dialogue couplet was not understood nor known in Iceland when the Codex Regius was first discovered; the most amusing efforts were, in the edition of Hava-mal 1665, made to bring it into conformity with the short epic metre. It is for the first time properly printed in these volumes, where it at once catches the eye:—

Triple letter-stress :

veizta-þu-þa | Vesall hve þu | vegr.—[Ls.]
 vilkat-ek at ið | vreiðir | vegisk.—[Ls.]
 ok haldit | heim' | Heðan.—[Wols. Pl.]
 hefna | hlýta | harms.—[Wols. Pl.]
 þalr es | heima | hverr.—[G. W.]
 ælik skolo | giold' | giofom.

With slur, Double letter-stress :

esa-sa vinn öðrom es | vilt eitt | segir.—[G. W.]
 opt-es gott-þat es | gamlir | kveða.—[Loddf.]
 ok liai þer æ frið | driúgrar | farar.—[Swipd.]
 til þess gollz es í | Lyngvi | liggr
 nema-þú frýðir mer | hvatz' | hugar.—[Wols. Pl.]
 þa es þeir fara við | vitni at | vega.—[Gm.]
 svá hygg ek á | valhollo | vesa.
 áðr hann vas á | bál-um | borinn.—[Riddle.]
 eða hefði honum | sputungr um | soit.—[Less.]
 hvíla-ek hiá þeim | systrom | siau
 ok hafða-ek | geð þeirra allt ok | gaman.—[Harb.]

Letter-stress on second and third measure :

hvar skal | sitja | siá.
 dælt es | heima | hvat'
 get þú | váloðom | vel'
 an se | of-drykkja | öls.—[G. W.]
 verðr at | íss-á | á.—[Vafþ.]

Letter-stress on first and third measure :

þunno | hlióði | þegir.—[G. W.]
 blandnir | miok við | blóð'
 Annars | brióstom | ór'

Letter-stress on first and second measure :

þjóð veit ef | þrír' | ro.—[G. W.]
 ausinn | óð' | roeri
 Drógo | þapr' | liga.—[Sun Song.]
 heima-skalat | hvilð' | nema.—[Alm.]
 há-timbrotom | hörgi | ræðr.—[Gm.]
 fiskr' | flóði | í'
 fækk ek mer | fé' | laga.—[G. W.]

'Ok,' 'eða,' and 'ne' make measure :

eða | Al sviðr | rotunn.—[Vpm.]
 eða | sól it | sama
 eða | nótt með | niðom
 eða | ver laus | vesa.—[Skirn.]

eða		sonno		sagðr	—	[Wols. Pl.]
eða-at		lopti		lið		
ok at		lopti		lið	—	[p. 126, 12 and 14.]
ok		fafni um		farit	—	[Wols. Pl.]
ok		sólar		syn	—	[G. W.]
né		harms in		heldr		
né		hestr in		heldr	—	[G. W. 308.]

Two-measured, or else somehow wrong:

í hófi		nafa	—	[G. W. 218.]
á fleti		fyrr	—	[300.]
an manvit		mikit	—	[314.]
ok skollir með		skrá	—	[Less. 95.]
í suptungs		solom	(better, suptungs solom i)	
enom slævorom		sigr	—	[Ls. 91.]
ok mannskis		mögr	—	[Hm. 51.]
nióti-sa-es		nam	—	
hellir-peirs		nyddo	—	
nióttu-ef þu		nam	—	

It is essentially a *sentence couplet*, the sentence must always conclude within the two lines. It is thus especially well-fitted for gnomic and didactic poetry and for dramatic exchange of sentence, question and answer, stichomuthia, and the like¹. The Didactic and Gnostic poems of Books i, ii, iii, the Aristophanic dialogue poetry, the heroic dramas which follow them, set forth the full capabilities of this good metre. Eric's-mal, with its imitator Hakon's-mal, close the list of this class with the exception of the Sun Song and Christian Man's Wisdom, which, though not dramatic, are highly ethical. Beyond one or two scraps (in the 9th and 6th Books, Bk. vi. no. 13 a, and Bk. ix. § 1. viii) we have no more instances of the metre till the cloister translation of Cato's Disticha, a twelfth-century revival by one who knew the Christian Man's Wisdom and realised the peculiar aptness of the Dialogue metre for didactic purposes. We have not printed this piece, not only because it is a book-poem and a translation, but because we have not been able to get a good and safe text.

After this down to Eggert Olafsson's time there is hardly a poem in this metre, and Eggert and his followers, who revived it, have failed to observe the quantity of the last syllables and thus made many false verses.

After the invention of the Dialogue metre, some time in the eighth century, there came over the Scandinavian tribes a Phonetic Change, of which we have given a brief account in the Oxford Icelandic Reader, pp. 464-65. The results of it were to alter the whole character of the tongue by violent contraction, which brought the long flexible Gothic words into short compact but harmonious vocables. It was accompanied or preceded by a considerable change in vocabulary. All unnecessary affixes were got rid of, and the language became from a *dactylic polysyllabic a trochaic and monosyllabic* tongue. That this change had taken place before the Danes settled in South Britain is proved by such forms as Urm, Ulf, etc., in the Parker MS., the coins, and other old MS. authority, English and Irish. It is similar in kind to that which Latin must once have undergone, and must have made a deep distinction between the German and Scandinavian.

Of course these changes had their influence upon metre, and ren-

¹ It is worth while to compare its use in the Old Wolsung Play with the Welsh gnomic metre, e.g. the 'Mountain Snow' Book of Hergest iv [cxiv. Skene's Ancient Books of Wales] and others.

dered possible and acceptable certain innovations which in the ninth and tenth centuries were borne by foreign influence into the Old Teutonic metres.

But the next variety of metre, the **SHORT EPIC LINE**, comes, it seems, by natural progress from the long-line. It is met with both in England and in the Scandinavian colonies of the West, and has several well-marked varieties, such as the **WESTERN** or **CYNEWULF** and **HELGI-POET'S LINE**, and the **NORTHERN** or **YNGLINGA LINE**.

These modifications were arrived at (1) by the shortening of the measure, till one word, and that a monosyllable with its rest, is reckoned sufficient, (2) by confining the slur to one or two enclitic vocables, only now and then allowing a noun or verb or weighty particle in the slur, (3) by quite disregarding the quantity of the last syllables before the final and line-pause, (4) by the free use of the licence to leave out one letter-stress in the first half-line.

Among the older examples of the **WESTERN** type are the English poems of the second literary period in the tenth century, ranging from Cynewulf to the Lay of Bryhtnoth, comprising Beowulf, which certainly cannot be older than Alfred, and in the copy we have it is certainly later.

Among the contemporaneous poems of our Books iii and v will be found many analogous examples. In England Cynewulf is far the most musical, in the West among the Scandinavians the Helgi Poet and the Ballad Poet are particularly skilful in their metre. The skilful alternation of light dactylic measures and weighty monosyllabic ones, with the use of an occasional slur, give possibility of almost endless modifications of this metre, which for ductility and power of expression was not equalled till the Elizabethan dramatists developed the full powers of iambic blank verse.

A complete analysis of this important metre would be beside our present purpose; we have chosen a number of characteristic lines from the better poets that the student may become *orally* conversant with them, and it is not irrelevant to repeat the fact that it is only by careful reading aloud of these lines that their form and beauty can be appreciated.

We begin with the English specimens, as possibly the older:—

ENGLISH—*Cynewulf, Beowulf*:

Megin-cyning | meotud : on ge mót | cuman.
 Eardes-at | ende : sceal þonne Anra ge | hwylc
 se micle | doeg : meahthan | drihtnes.
 bugon-þa-to | þence : byrnan | hringdon.—[B. 327.]
 ofer geofenes-be | gang : geáta | líóde.—[362.]
 Alwalda | god : þæt æt ær | estan.—[Cynewulf, Christ.]
 of Lic : homan : leóde-ne | cūðan
 ne | heargan | hlyn : ne hæleda | stefn.—[Cynewulf, Phoenix.]
 ne ænig þara | dreáma : þe drythen-ge | scóp
 gumon-te | gliwe : in þæs geomran | woruld
 urig | fedra : earn-sið-be | heóld.—[Cynewulf, Helene.]
 Wælhreowra | wíg : wulf-sang-a | hóf
 ac on wacnigead | nú : Wigend | míne.—[Finnsb.]
 habbad-eowre | linda : nicgead-on | ellen
 Winnad-on | orde : Wesad-on | móde
 Hleodrode | þá : heado-geong | cyning
 ne þis ne dagad | cástan : ne her draca | fleóged.

Stressed words in slur:

þonne cén | cwacad : ge hyred cyning | mæðlan.
 Word-cwide | writan : sumum Wiges | spell.

- GERMAN—
dat ero ni | was' : *noh uf* | himil.—[Wessobr.]
ant that mud-spelles | megin : *obar man* | ferid.—[Hel.]
 MENES | fulle : mut-spelli | cumit.—[Id.]
an rhiustra | naht' : *also rhiot* | ferid.—[Id.]
- NORSE—
 Skegg-nam-at | hrista : skör-nam-at | dýja.—[þkv.]
 Ok hann þat | Orða : Allz-fyrst-um | kvað.
 enn-þær | skálar : *es und skörom* | váro.—[Volkv.]
 Nóttom-fóro | seggir : *negldar-vóro* | brynjor.—[Id.]
 skildir-bliko | þeirra : *við inn skarða* | mána.—[Id.]
nú-eromk FRÁnn | mækir : *æ Fiarri* | borinn.—[Id.]
 siti-hann-á | auði : *sofi-hann-á* | dúni. | [Grott.]
 Vaki-hann-at | Vilja : *þa-es Vel* | malit.—[Id.]
 Hnigin-es | hel-grind : *haugar* | opnask.—[Wak.]
við-skolom laka | tva' : *í totun* | heima.—[þkv.]
ef Ek-ek-með | þér : *í totun* | heima.—[Id.]
 Bræðr-mono | nerjask : *ok at bönom* | verðask.—[Vsp.]
 Opt | ósialdan : *þó hon enn* | lifir¹.
 hugða-ek-mer | Gunnarr : *grimt í* | svefni
 Svalt-allt-í | sal' : *attak sæing* | kalda.
svá-man oll' | yðor : ætt' | hniflunga
 Afli | gengin : *erod* | eið' | rofar.
 sem fyr | ulfi : *óðar* | rynni.—[Helgi i.]
 Geitr af | fialli : *geiska* | fullar.
 es á ask' | limom : *ernir* | sitja.
 ok dráfr | *Drótt-öll* : *draum-þinga* | til'.
 hvárt-ero-þat | svik-ein : *es-ek síá* | þykkjomk.
 verða | ofgari : *Allir á* | nóttom.
 dauðir | dolg megir : *an um daga* | liósa.
 úr-svalt | *ó-fialgt* : *Ekka* | þrungit.

With a double syllable pause :

- golli | þakðan : *á gim* | lé —[Vsp.]
 hvat es mik-at | þvi' : *þótt mæ'r* | sé.—[Grip.]
 deyr' | fé' : *deyja* | frændr

The NORTHERN type of short Epic-line is arrived at by a still more vigorous curtailment of the old long-line; the slur is less used, the measures are short and trochaic or monosyllabic, more regular and less dactylic than the Western short-line, yet avoiding strict syllable-count, with seldom more than one letter-stress in the first half, the whole line is stiffer and more simple, yet, when skilfully managed, it is by no means monotonous.

It is best handled by Egil and Thiodwolf, and was the progenitor of nearly all the later short-metre verse in Iceland, down—through such poems as Skaufhala-balkr and the Ditties in Bk. vi—to the Fairy-poems of the later middle-ages, whence it got its modern name of *Liúflinga-háttr*.

The examples given will show the difference between this and the Western short-line.

There will be found lines of this Northern type mixed up with those of the Cynewulf type in many poems, partly through the scribe preferring the more contracted forms of word and measure, and partly perhaps through the oscillations of the Cynewulf metre between a longer and a shorter line, but there can never be any doubt as to the metre in which the poem, *as a whole*, is composed in. There was a distinct tendency in England to shorten metre as the tenth century advanced. The short lines in the Brunanburh Song (composed some

¹ N. B. Volospa evidently uses — in the last measure by preference.

time after the battle) are probably a case in point. We cannot suppose that the short-clipped lines, in which some glossator has translated Bede's Latin version of Cædmon's proem, would have been tolerated by Cædmon himself.

NORTHERN.

- Ynglingatal*: Ok | varð hinn : es alfr of | vá
vörðr | vó-tiallz : um vegiun | liggja
ok | Ingiald : f-fiorvan | trað
ok | skæ : reid̄ : í skírings | sal
um brynj | alfs : einom | drúpir.
Loga | dis : at lopti | hóf
- Lay of Hymi*: DRÓ | diarfliga : Dáð-rakkr | Þórr
orm | Eitr-fán : upp at | bordi.
- SWEDISH— hann opt | sigt : til sim̄ | gala
Dýrom | kneri : um Dómis | nes
ei man | ligja : meðan aldr̄ | lifir
sar fló | eigi : at upp̄ | sölom
en vá | meðan : vápn̄ | hafði.—[i. 370-71.]
- ICELANDIC— Ek bar | einn̄ | af ell̄ | ifo
bana | orð̄ : blástu | meirr̄
DRÚPIR | hófði : dauðr es | þengill
HLÆJA | hlíðir : við hall̄ | steini.—[i. 361.]
- Egil Sonatorrek*: þat ber-ek | út̄ : or Orð̄ | hofi
mærdar | timbr̄ : máli | laufgat.
ok sá | muðr̄ : es mína | bar

Lay of Arinbjörn:

hofuð | lausn̄ : fyr̄ hilmis | kné
vask ár̄ | vakr̄ : bark orð̄ | saman
með mál̄ | þorns̄ : megin | verkom.

It is not unusual for the two first letter-stresses to be close to one another, only separated by a syllable pause. In the Dialogue line we note the following instances:—

Wols. Pl. 136, 142; Less. 68; Vpm. 68; Eiriksm. 19.

In the Epic line, the Western, as well as the shorter Northern, we have:—

Helgi i. 15, 70, 120, 275, 278, 300, 325; ii. 5, 40; iii. 3, 34, 39, 42; Wak. 10, 44, 47; W. W. L. 9, 29, 36; Vsp. 16, 55, 59, 61, 73, 92, 105, 108, 109, 113, 114, 195, 214; Sh. Br. L. 63; Old G. L. 52, 61; Gripi 122; Long Br. L. 115; Hym. 5, 22, 43, 49, 67, 70, 85, 89, 125, 135, 140, 142; Rm. 12, 56, 91, 109, 110; Hyndl. 1, 3, 26, 160; Yt. 62, 78, 126, 130; Ad. 76; Dart Lay 3, 24, 37; i. 266. 12, 16.

The Long-line also gave birth to a peculiar metre of considerable beauty and flexibility, which may be called TURF-EINAR'S LINE, which was apparently¹ developed or invented in the Western Islands (see Book vi. § 2), where we find traces of it down to Kraka-mal and the Ragnar-Songs (Bk. ix. § 2). This metre has unfortunately suffered much from copyists and editors, who have tried to squeeze it into later regular court-metre. We have not much more than a hundred examples, and many of these are not to be depended on. But the character of the line can be made out.

¹ The court-metrists clearly misapply the name; we here use it just as we find it in the fragments bearing the name of Turf-Einar, Earl of the Orkneys.

It was a five-measured line (3:2), with two letter-stresses in the first half—

m | a | a : s a | m.

The first measure usually of three syllables, and sometimes also the fourth following the line-pause; a brief slur after the line-pause; the three-syllabled measures are followed by a trochaic measure, for instance:—

- u u | - u | - u : u - u u | - u
- - u | - u | - u : u u - - u | - u

The peculiar ending, reminding one somewhat of the last feet of a hexameter, is easily caught by the ear, and the good pure lines (few unfortunately) can be picked out from those which have been 'mended' and tampered with, as our examples will show.

It is very possible that the first measure of the line is merely a developed regular slur, hardened into a stressed measure.

In the KRÁKA-MAL LINE, which is formed out of Turf-Einar's line, the last half becomes three-measured, and the whole stands (3:3). Yet the poet has not completed the metamorphose, and leaves the line still distinct from the court-metre line, without its rhymes.

The Turf-Einar metre in Snorri's Edda is a spurious imitation of the real Turf-Einar line, with rhymes added, and three stresses in the second half, of which the first is the letter-stress:—

sékat-ek | Hrolfs or | hendi : né Hrollaugi | flúga
enn í kveld' | þar-es | Knyjom : at ker-straumi | rómo
þegjandi | sitr' | þetta : þórir á | mæri¹
rekit hef ek | rögnvaldz | dauða : enn réðo-því | nornir.
skalat-maðr | rúnar | rísta : nema ráða-vel | kunni
þat verðr | mörgom | manni : at um myrkvan-staf | villisk
þat' | mælti min | móðir : at mer skyldi | kaupa
farit hef ek | Blóðgom | brandi : sva at mer þenþiðurr | fylgði
viltu | þenna | þiggja : er þóra hiortr | átti
þer ann ek | serk inn | síða : ok saumaðan | hvergi
Orrostor | hefek | Áttar : þær er Ágætar | þóttu
samira | okkr of | öldrom : of öndugi | þræta.
hvat-skaltu | sveinn í | sess minn : Sialdan-hefir-þú | gefnar
sa ek á | reigdo | rálkni : rio-laun | stafi².

In modern times the metre has been used by the Icelandic poet Biarni Thorarinson (1787-1841), working on the model given by the lines in Egil's Saga (which, we take it, once formed part of the Ragnar poems in this metre). He uses it for dirges on friends and countrymen, which are good poetry in good metre. All his best verse, the most inspired, some 150 lines, is in this metre. He has caught the true lilt, and reproduced it very successfully (save for the quantity of the last measure, which is not a blemish to modern ears). He has chosen the dactylic both in the first, second, and the fourth measures, which gives his lines a hexameter-like flow. So few old lines being left in this metre we subjoin several scraps from Biarni's poems, which well deserve translation, so unaffected, thoughtful, and melodious are they:—

Frials-þinn-og | Auðigur | Andi : sér Átti-og | nýtti
álfa slot | hverjum í | hamri : og hægindi-í | skýjum ;
bú-garð | hvers í | blómsturs : bikari | miðjum,
og hvern til | við-tals sér | valdi : af vitringum | liðnum.

¹ iarl is not needed.

² ristna is not needed.

Örlaga | örvar ðvi | náðu : þig aldrei að | fella,
að undan | færi þinn | andi : ætíð sér | hafði ;
var hann að | leikum með liðnum : eða liós-álfum | muna
harma | nornir þá | heima : hann hugðu að | finna.

Or— Vaknaðir | opt þú um | ævi : til áhyggjo og | sorga,
víst er nú | vænt til að | hugsa : að vakna til | leika
aldrei sem | endast með | hrygðum : hiá eilífðar | börnum,
og upp til | iðju að | rísa : sem aldrei mun | lýja.

Or— Þó svo ver | séum frá | henni : að sam-vistum | skilin
síst hana | náum ver | nalgast : á ná-brautum | harma ;
tíar ei þess | lifir í | liósi : að leita í | myrkri,
né þess hiá | lifondom | lifir : í landi | dauðra.

Or— Því þá | fatið | fyrnist : fellur það | betr að | limum,
og lætur | skírar í | liósi : lögun hins | innra
fögur önd | andlits ens | gamla : mun eptir sér skapa
og ungdóms | slétt-leik | æðri : á þær | skruð rósir | grafar¹.

Or— Veist þú nú | líf mitt in | liúfa : þer liggur á vörum
leyfðu að það | sofanda | siúg-eg : úr sól-fagra | beðnum :
láttu ei | bana mig | bíða : eg bið þig, mín | Svafa ;
gefðu mér | önd mína | aptur : og aptur mig | kysstu.

We now come to the metre which was the fountain-head of the various court-metres, the LINE OF BRAGI. Unluckily, though we have some seventy lines of this poet, they have been so overlaid that we can scarcely pick out more than eight or ten pure 'Bragian' lines², to which may be added a few more from Thiodwolf's *Haust-lay*. These pure lines exhibit the following characteristics. They are *six-measured* (3 : 3), the first half being blank with two letter-stresses, the second half with a letter-stress in the first measure, and a pair of *consonance* or *full rhyme-stresses* (for Bragi does not seem to distinguish between them, using either indifferently). A letter-stress may coincide with a consonance or rhyme in the same syllable. The slur is occasionally used, and the first or blank half-line may be of two measures (just the reverse to Turf-Einar's line), as it is obviously of less weight and import than the more elaborate second half-line. Quantity is strictly preserved before a line-pause. The measure never exceeds three syllables. Bragi's lines are all in stanza.

Bragi's innovation of *line-rhyme* and more regular stressing we should certainly ascribe to foreign influence, probably Celtic; we can account for it in no other way. The novelty of Bragi's poem, his own good position as member of a powerful family of nobles, and his attachment to the Ragnar family, would spread the innovations he championed so well; and thus it was that he was able to direct the stream of court-poetry into the course it kept so long.

The Jomswickinga Drapa is a kind of Renaissance attempt to reproduce Bragi's line. Its first half is blank, its second contains a pair of consonances, *but never of full-rhymes*. It is of course like all later poems strictly measured, and without slur.

The line-types may be thus represented:—

s	o	r	m		a		a	:	a		r		r		B.
a		m		a	:	a	:	c		m		c		J.	

¹ Irregular line,

² Pace Mrs. Gamp,

Nearly every untouched Bragian line preserved is here given:—

Bragi: vilit | hrafn-keþill | heyra : hve hrein' | groit | steini
 Ok um | heðins | cæða : ósk' | kván-at-þat | sínom
 næs gáfomk | reiðar | mána : ragnarr | ok fiold' | sagna
 knátti | Endr-við | illan : iormun | rekk-rat | vakna
 þat-es-á | Leifa | Landa : Laufi | fátt-at | höfði
 þat-sék | Fall-á | Eðgrom : Flotna | randar | botni
 hinn-es | vatt á | víða : vinda | öndor | dísar
 báro | rxn ok | Átta : enni | tungl þars | gingo
 fyrir | Venis of | víðri : val' | rauf fiogor | haufoð.

Thiodwolf: þatz of | fát á | fiälla : Finnz' | iljabrú | minni
 baugs þák | bifom | fáða : bif | kleif at þor | leifi.
 eðr of | sér es | iötna : ótti | lét of | sóttan.

Thiodwolf, following in Bragi's path, seems to have finally determined the form of the COURT-METRE in a poem which is perhaps the best in that form. Yet he himself uses the old Bragi-line in his burdens¹, and perhaps (for no doubt his poem has been a little touched up here and there) occasionally in his strophes, nor does he distinguish very strictly between consonance and full-rhyme.

We may now examine the *Court-line*, and give some account of its peculiar characteristics.

It is six-measured (3 : 3), and each line contains two separate parts linked together by alliteration, but possessing each its own subordinate unity, so to speak. In the first half-line are two letter-stresses and two consonant-stresses (one stress at least therefore being double), the second half-line has one letter-stress which immediately follows the line-pause (no slur is ever allowed here) and two full-rhyme-stresses (which may or may not coincide with the letter-stress). The third letter-stress, from coming immediately after the line-pause, is called by the Court-poets the *head-letter*, while the other two are known as *þrops* (studlar).

It will be seen from the above description that the Court-metre admits great variety. Thus the following table shows twelve changes which may occur:—

	1.	2.	3.		4.	5.	6.
1st half.	{	a	c		and {	a	r
	a	c		a		r	
	c	a		a	c		
	m	a		a	c		
	a	c		a	c		
	a	c		a	c		

There is also a further source of variety in the stress-placing; for instance, either half-line may be composed of three bisyllabic measures, as—

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.
 hæfir | heit at | riúfa ; and : Eid-fastr | Haraldr | skeiðom ;

or it may follow the more frequent and beautiful arrangement in which the heavy single syllable and root of the first measure is balanced as it were by the length of the second measure, as in the following examples:—

¹ Out of Haustlong's 80 lines, 15-20 are blank in the first half, and of a more or less Bragian type; the Burden is purest Bragian. Were the poem preserved as it came from Thiodwolf's mouth, there would surely be more of these. But in the latter half Thiodwolf almost invariably uses a full rhyme, not a consonance.

	1.	2.	3.		4.	5.	6.			
1st half.	Al'	gilda	mank		aldar :	ó'	laus	burar		hausi
	al'	lifo	son		drifa :	bif'	kleifar	þor		leifi
	dyn'	sæðinga		daudan :	forn'	haldin	sköp		norna	
	kveld'	runninna		kvenna :	stóð'	einriða		blóði		
	ramt'	mein	vas	þat		mögr'	haf-nýra		fögro	
				reyni :	and	hrót'	innan	svá		minnom
					þarf'	laust	Haraldr		austan	
					lífs'	grand	í	stað		vöndom
					gráms'	erfingjom		hverfa		
					blá'	fiallaðan		gialla		
					ó'	niðraðan		þriðja		
					þrek'	förloðom		iarli		
					iarls'	fylgiorom		dylgjor		

It is utterly false to count by syllables and divide, e.g.

alfif | o son | drifa, or iarls fylgj | orom | dylgjor;

for these reasons: (1) the rhyme would then fall on the second unstressed element of the measure; (2) still worse, the unstressed inflexive syllables would have to make up the second measure; (3) the measure division would fall into the middle of a word; (4) the distribution of sentences, the chief and intercalary one, farther tends to show that docked first and fourth measure, especially the latter, followed by - u u or - - u, were favourites with the old poets.

The measures in *Court-metre* are far more strictly connected than in the earlier poetry, and rarely exceed two syllables.

It may be noticed that the final 'r' never makes a syllable in poetry till the fourteenth century and after the Reformation¹. This is evidently a usage derived from the days when it was not 'r' but nearly 'z,' not 'fricative' but 'sibilant,' and hence really combined with the preceding letter, e.g. in 'Haraldr.'

There is another 'licence' which runs throughout the Court-poetry: 'a' and 'o (ao)' are allowed as full rhymes. The reason for this is not that, for instance, 'haond' was ever pronounced 'hand,' as has been supposed; that is impossible; but merely that the two sounds made a fair rhyme to a rough ear, for the old sound of o (ao) was not that of the present day, but rather a back-vowel than a front one—the 'a'-part being more felt than the 'o'-part. It is not till later, when the 'o'-part became the more influential, that any great discrepancy between 'a' and 'o' would be felt by the ear. At the beginning the sounds were probably as near as the English 'aw' and French 'a,' which were used to transliterate each other, e.g. 'Spaw,' in the last century.

The quantity-rule, that a measure of (- u) shall end each half-line, is strictly observed. In the *stumpy* or *docked metres* this last foot is -.

The Court-metre lines are always combined into couplets, each couplet containing one main sentence. That this was the original stanza (as in Irish poetry) one sees from the burdens, which are at first always couplets. But the Court-poets early began to combine two couplets into a stanza of four lines, which became the normal Court-stanza. The two couplets are linked together by sense, as is noticed below. The stanzas may stand alone as *lausá-visor*, loose or stray verses, or they may be combined to form the '*flokkr*,' a short simple poem without burdens, or built up into the strophes of the complex '*drapa*' or burden-poem. An account of these compositions is given further on.

¹ In fourteenth-century poems, e.g. Olafs Rima and Skiða Rima, a syllabic 'r' creeps in ever and anon, but never before a pause. Its use before a pause first appears about the Reformation time.

There are many varieties of *Court-metre*, some of which are the mere freaks of the poets' ingenuity, and were never used in regular compositions. Such are many of the varieties to be found by the curious student in Snorri's *Hatta-tal* (*Metre-List*) and Earl Rognwald and Hall's *Hatta-lykill* (*Key of Metres*), but others are really employed by poets and will be found in these volumes. These we may briefly describe.

The best of them is probably the EIGHT-MEASURED COURT-METRE (4 : 4), which was known as 'Hryn-henda' or '*Flow-metre*.' It is first found in the *Hafgerdinga-drapa*, c. 990, made by a Sodor-man [see ii. p. 54]; and it is used by Arnor, c. 1047 [see ii. p. 186], and Mark Skeggison, c. 1105 [see ii. p. 235]. It was popularised in Iceland by the *Lilia* in the fourteenth century. With the addition of the end-rhyme to each half-line and the omission of the final quantity it is followed in the Western Proverb-Song [ii. p. 363]. It is the *Court-metre*, with an additional measure in each half-line. The addition makes it an easier metre, as the composer has more room to get in the alliterative, consonant, and rhyme stresses. But it requires skilful handling, as the lengthy line tends to run into regular bisyllabic measures, and become monotonous. The following examples will suffice:—

Mínar | bið-ek | Munka | reyni : Meina | lausan | farar | beina
Haukr rétt | ertu | Hörða | dróttinu : hverr gramr | es þer | stórom | verri

A FOUR-MEASURED COURT-LINE is found in Thormod's *Hrafnsmal*, c. 1012 (ii. p. 115), and its imitation by Lawman Sturla, in the year 1264. It is practically the *Helgi-metre*, with the addition of rhymes and consonance stresses. The first and third stress-measures tend to fall into a dactylic form; e.g.:—

Saddi svan | greddir : sára dyn | báro

Sighwat shows another variety (ii. p. 135) of FOUR-MEASURED COURT-LINE, his verse being rather on the model of the *Ynglinga-line*, with, of course, the addition of rhyme and consonance stresses. The first and third measures tend to be heavily bisyllabic; e.g.:—

Kómo | fylki : far-lystir es | bar'
hervíg i | hug' : hafanda | staf

Sighwat's poem and metre were imitated by Thorarin's *Praisetongue*, c. 1027 (ii. p. 159). Neither variety, Thormod's or Sighwat's, is quite pleasing; but the latter is to our mind the better of the two.

There is a peculiar metre, used by Steinarr in the twelfth century (ii. p. 294), and known to Earl Rognwald, who calls it *skialf-bent*, shiver-metre, in reference to its origin; 'for,' says Snorri, 'it was invented by the poet Weili on the reef where he was shivering cold and naked after a ship-wreck.' It is known as *tavi-skelft* also. One may almost look on it as a seven-measured line, of which the first two measures are stumps or docked.

Each line begins with a *spondee*, which fills the first measure, and is usually made up of two weighty monosyllables. Examples are:—

senn öll | síðan | runno : snekkjo | borð or | Gorðom.

The rhyme-stress is sometimes intentionally thrust on the second part of the *spondee*—

Fim-tán | fiornis | mána : fleygjendr | at gram | rendo
her-mörg | hála | tiorguð :

In older poets a line of this kind occurs here and there; e. g. :—

Sig-hvatz | hugir ro | hitzig :—[ii. p. 145. 5].
Seðr gekk | Svolnis | ekkja :—[Haust. 60].

Einar (ii. p. 48) late in the tenth century uses a kind of *echo* in his line, making the first stress after the line-pause in alliteration and consonance with the last stress before the line-pause. This metre is called *idrmælti*, *iterative* by Snorri :—

Hug | stóran bið-ek | heyra : heyr iarl | kvásis | dreyra.

The seven-measured STUMPED or DOCKED metres are manufactured by the simple process of cutting the final *trochee* of each half-line down into a single long-syllable. A good example of this is Orm Steintorsson's dirge (ii. p. 322), where a docked metre is very appropriately chosen and beautifully treated; e. g. :—

Fastan | lagða-ek | flagðs' | gust' : fiarðar á | brímis | garð'
þviat | hols' | hryn' | báls' : hramma-þatz-ek | ber' | framn'

In the West there occur instances of the employment of END-RHYME as an additional ornament, besides the regular alliteration. The earliest examples are the Old English Rhyming Lay in the Exeter Book, and the Head Ransom of Egil upon Eric Blood-axe, c. 952 [Bk. iv, vol. i, p. 266]. It is, we doubt not, derived from the Latin Church hymns. It does not occur as applied to the old long line.

END-RHYME may be double or single; it comes at the end of the two half-lines of one line, linking them together, but sometimes the same rhyme is carried on to the next line, thus binding the two lines together; e. g. in English :—

The Exeter-book Song : wic ofer | wongum : wennan | gongum,
lisse mid | longum : leoma ge | tongum.

And in Northern verse :—

Single rhyme : (1) ∪ mun strandar | mar' : *sva es mitt of* | far'
(2) - iöfurr sveigði | f' : *flugö unda* | bý'

Double rhyme : - ∪ Vagna | vára : velliss | túra
∪ ∪ of órams' | gláðar : gairvangs | raðar.

Couplets : *budomk* nilmir | löð : *nu-á-ek* hróðrar | kvöð'
ber-ek Odins | miöð' : á engla | biöð'
And iofurr hyggi | at' : *hve ek* yrkja | fat'
gott þóttomk | þat' : *es ek* þögn of | gat'

The end-rhyme is else entirely alien to the old Teutonic poetry; comparatively late poets may, for sake of effect, throw in a line now and then; e. g. Cynewulf's

Þær wæs borda-ge | bræc' : *and* beorna-ge | þræc'
heard' | hand-ge-swing : *and* herga | gring'—[Helen, II4, II5]

can hardly be accidental. The Helgi poet's

Varð ára | ymr' : ok iarna | glymr'—[Helgi, i. 104]

and

Fliúga Viðris | grey' : Val-gjorn um | ey'—[Helgi, i. 52]

are possibly unintentional, though, being intercalary sentences of the nature of epic commonplace, they may have received (like Cynewulf's) special ornament; the possibility of their coming from a later poem is also to be considered¹.

¹ One of the earliest examples of rhyme in Teutonic poetry is about a century

The example of Egil was not followed by many, the Court-poetry with its many adornments was more attractive. Gunlaug (ii. p. 111), Egil's kinsman, Thiodwolf (ii. p. 211), and a few more (ii. p. 109), however, composed in the metre of Hofudlausn, but nearly all they have done is lost. The Court-poets judiciously avoided overloading their difficult burden of verse with fresh weight.

In the West, however, we have two examples of alliteration and end-rhyme, one the *Runic-Song*, c. 1150 (ii. p. 369), in which it may be noticed that the final - u rule is observed, and the other, the *Proverb-Song* (ii. p. 363), c. 1175-1200, which, like Egil, neglects the final-quantity rule, but sets up a fresh principle of having the double rhyme in u u, not - u, and prefers the single rhyme to end in -, not in u (of which the instances are only one to five)¹.

The old epic poems, not being very long, and containing a stirring story, were not in need of other than natural period divisions. But one sees that, in compositions of a more lyrical character, the song cannot proceed so evenly; the passion comes in bursts and gusts, and breaks the song into waves, and there is a natural tendency to mark the fall of each of these waves of song.

This is done by a repeated *exclamatory sentence* of the speaker, or by a *burden-verse*, which looks as if it had been taken up by the listeners in a kind of chorus.

Instances of the *exclamatory* kind are the sibillic

Vitod ér enn eða hvat?

of Wolospá, and the similar

Allt es þat sett þín. Óttar heimski!
Vörómk at vitir svá. Viltú enn lengra?

of the Lay of Hyndla; and the characteristic refrain of the risen ghost in the Doom of Balder:—

Nauðig sagða-ek : Nú mun-ek þegja.

Sometimes, in great grief, we have a recurrent *wailing phrase* of the same character, as in the English Deor's Lament:—

þæs ofereode : þisses swa mæg!

or,

þeygi Guðrún gráta mátti,
svá vas hon móðig, mundi hon springa.—[Tale of Gudrun.]

earlier than Egil's poem, Otfrid's Gospel-book, finished in 868; but in it, as with the English poets of the eleventh century, the rhyme is thought sufficient without alliteration. There occurs in England, in the later English Chronicle verses, and in the Brut of Layamon a curious alternation of alliteration and rhyme, either being used at will, but never the two together in one line; this inartistic and irritating irresolution could never continue, and the mass of English poets opt for rhyme, though the Northern English cling to alliteration down to the sixteenth century. Orm alone striking out a new path in pure blank verse with regular stress-measures. The later Scottish alliterative poets frequently add final rhyme to the *end of the line*, coupling it with other alliterative lines into stanzas, etc., as do the author of the Pearl, Hugh of Eglinton, Clark of Tranent, Gawin Douglas. This is of course a wholly new development.

¹ The mediæval metrists call this metre *runhenda*; but 'un' here we take to be a mere misreading for 'im': the metre is of foreign extraction, and 'rim' (rhyme) is the word wanted. This likeness cannot be mere accident; the reason is obvious, 'rim,' a foreign word, conveyed no meaning to the Norse copyist, and so he read 'run.'

Goethe's beautiful natural use of this figure in Gretchen's song,

Meine ruh' ist hin, mein herz ist schwer,
ich finde sie nimmer und nimmer mehr,

will occur to the reader.

Of the *burden*, or chorus couplet, as we might call it, which is always in the third person, we have the famous instances in the two different parts of *Wolospá*:—

Þa gengo regin öll á rök-stóla,
ginn-heilog goð, ok um þat gættosk;

and the awful warning:—

Geyr Garmr miok fyr Gnipa-helli,
festr mun slitna, enn freki renna.

From such lyrical and irregular divisions as these it is easy to proceed to a system of regular sections, marked off by a couplet. And this step was taken in the Shield Songs, probably first by Bragi, who after a *prologue*, such as we find in the Gudrun and Brunhild Lays, addressed to the company or the patron, divides the *body* of his poem into strophes of regular *sets of couplets*, each such strophe telling a separate story and marked off by a *burden*, which is ever varied in words, but always the same in sense:—

This I see painted on the shield,
The shield the king gave me.

The very character of the Shield-poem, a description of the pictures painted or engraved on the various compartments of the buckler, would favour regularity of structure in the composition.

Such complex poems were called *DRAPA*, a name we explain thus:—The *burden*, which was probably accompanied by the *harp* when the kings and princes had been westward and learnt from the example of the Celts to keep a harper (a usage, however, which has left but slight traces, if any, in Norway itself), was called the *strike*, '*drapa*,' from the string accompaniment to the chorus, which closes each stretch of recitative. The *Aoi* of the *Chanson d'Roland* very probably implies an interval marked by music.

So the Court-poetry acquired a definite form, which lasted throughout its whole life; the perfect *Drapa*-form being after this wise:—It opens with a dedicatory *Introduction*, '*upp-haf*,' then comes the *body*, '*stefia-mél*' (see vol. ii, p. 187), consisting of a number of *strophes*, '*erindi*,' of equal length, each preceded and followed by the *burden stanza*; then follows the *Conclusion* or '*slæm*' (the '*slim*' or tapering end), which corresponds in size to the *Introduction*. The general rule being that the *Introduction* and *Conclusion* together should equal the *Body*. The typical form is well preserved in Egil's *Head Ransom*, which is luckily perfect. It may be thus represented:—

b = burden, E = erindi or strophe, p = pair or couplet.

Introduction.

10 p.

Body of 3 strophes.

E. E. E.

b + (4p + b) + (4p + b) + (4p + b).

Conclusion and *Envoy.*

10 p + 1 p.

The whole balancing thus:—

10 p + 16 p + 11 p = 37 p;

or, if we count by verses of four lines, thus:—

$$(5 v + 10 v + 5 v) + 1 v = 21 v.$$

It is long ere we find another complete instance of the Drapa, for the bulk of the Court-poems have only reached us in fragments, and we have to wait for the twelfth-century Geisli and Jomswickinga Drapa to compare with it. Their structure is given on pp. 284 and 302. The later Saints' Drapas yield many more instances.

We have in every fragment of Court-poetry been careful to mark the burden by italics, e. g. in Hallfred's Olaf's Drapa (vol. ii, p. 90), so that it may at once catch the eye. The burdens in vol. ii, pp. 54 and 40, and § 2, are exceptions.

The *Burden* is very variously treated; sometimes it is *varied*, as in Egil and Bragi and Hallfred, and other older Court-poets; sometimes it is *repeated* unchanged. The burden may be also either *free* or *larded*. If free, it invariably marks off the *beginning* of the Stave-sections or Erindi. It is then repeated after each stave-section. If *larded*, it is wedged into the body of the stave-section in divers ways. It is then called a *cloven stave* (klofa-stef, rek-stef). The oldest example of this kind is the curious larding of short *mythological sentences* into the section verse, one to each couplet, of which the earliest example is that of Cormac (vol. ii, p. 33). An earlier analogue is the conclusion of each verse of the Dialogue-metre poems by a *saw* or *proverb*, as in the Old Wolsung Play (verses 66-79). We have many examples of *burden-larding* in the Court-poems which survive. In Wolf's Husdrapa, c. 980 (vol. ii, p. 23), the burden (. . . .) is put in thus at the last half-line of a couplet:—

— : —
 — :
 — : —
 — :

Only the last line of the burden survives in this poem; but it is probable from what is left that there was only one line more.

In Eywolf's Banda Drapa, c. 975 (vol. ii, p. 52), the section is bound or rivetted by the burden thus:—

Strophe of 5 pairs. { — : —
 — :
 — : —
 — :
 — : —
 — :
 — : —
 — :
 — : —
 — :

The whole five pieces making up the burden-sentence.

Sighwat's *Stretch-Song*, c. 1027 (vol. ii, pp. 135-36), so called from the way he treats his two-pieced burden, gives the following arrangement of strophe:—

1. { : —
 — : —
 — : —
 — : —

2 and 3 burdenless.

4. { — : —
 — : —
 — : —
 — :

Thus the first and last half-line of each strophe gives the burden. This disposition is copied by Thorarin (vol. ii, p. 159).

In Arnor's Thorfin's Drapa, c. 1064 (ii. p. 194), the burden of two pieces is thus larded, probably in the *first and last stanza* of each strophe:—

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{....} \end{array} \right\}$$

Stuf's Harold's Dirge, c. 1067 (ii. p. 222), gives a four-piece burden thus larded:—

$$4 \times \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{....} \end{array} \right\}$$

And Stein, c. 1070 (ii. pp. 224–26), imitating Sighwat in sense¹, but Stuf in order, gives his three-piece burden:—

$$3 \times \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{....} \end{array} \right\}$$

Steinarr's *Rek-stefia*, or Broken-Stave, c. 1150 (ii. pp. 295–300), has a five-pieced burden treated in precisely a similar fashion.

Jomsaickinga Drapa, c. 1190 (ii. pp. 302–308), adopts a fresh fashion of larding. He gives his burden of two lines in the *main clauses* of the last stanza of his four-stanzaed strophes, thus:—

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{....} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{....} \\ \text{....} : \text{—} \\ \text{—} : \text{....} \end{array} \right\}$$

Burdenless poems were often divided, like Arinbiorn's Lay, into sections.

Short sectionless poems in court metre were, in distinction of the complex Drapas, called 'Flokkr' or 'Ode.' These seem to have consisted of from ten to sixteen stanzas. The most perfect remaining poem of this class is the Dirge on Erling by Sighwat. For a king's encomium, recording the long roll of his exploits, the 'flokkr' would be too short, and the amusing story of Cnut's pride (vol. ii, p. 158) will be remembered on this head. An early example of the word 'Drapa' is found in Landnama-bok, iii. 1, where the sons of Arnor Thorordsson are mentioned: 'Thorbiorn, whom Gretti slew, and *Thorord Drapa's-stump*, who made *Ofeig's Verses* . . . the father of Walgerd, who married Skeggi Shorthand; the son of Skeggi Shorthand was Gamli, father of Alfdis, mother of Ord the monk.' The story as to how Thorord got his name is unluckily not told: one may guess that it was in mockery of his poem, which was nothing more than the stump of an encomium. The Ofeig might be the hero of Bandamanna Saga. The 'flokkr,' as drawn

¹ A proof of the creativeness of the age of Harold Fairhair, and the close way in which each poet's invention or improvement in metre was watched, is found in the story of Eadwine Ill-poet alluded to in vol. i, p. 262: 'he took the refrain out of the Encomium, which Wolf Sebbason, his kinsman, had made on King Harold; whereby Eadwine got his nickname and his Encomium the name of Stolen-stave, as it is told in the Story of Wolf Sebbason and Earl Quac:—a story which is unluckily lost and was apparently unknown to the compiler of *Scalda-tal*.

straight from the older burdenless undivided short epic poems, would be a more archaic form of composition than the 'Drapa.'

The older name of poems of a personal character seems to have been 'visor' *verses*. This is the name applied to unshapen poems made up of stanzas more or less loosely strung together, without section or burden or the stricter logical form of the 'flokkr.' Thus in Landnama-bok, ii. 6, speaking of Godlaug the settler, Ari says, 'His son was Godlaf, who had one merchantman, while Thorolf, son of Loft the old of Eyrebrink, had the other, when they fought with Earl Gurth, the son of Sigwald, in Middlefare-sound [the Little Belt between Funen and Jutland], and kept their goods, whereof Godlaf made Gurth's verses.'

This Gurth may be the man from whom Godwine got his name, for we should take Sigwald to be a kinsman (perhaps grandfather) of Sigwald Strut-Haroldsson, whose brother Thorkell the Tall is well known in English history. The best specimens of Visor are perhaps Sigwat's East-faring verses, West-faring verses, and Ness-verses.

A single occasional stanza is called *lausá visa*, a loose verse; improvisations on special subjects such as Einar's were so called. At first lausa-visor were *couplets*, afterwards they were *quatrains*, and there are (in the Kings' Lives, for instance) traces of improvised couplets having been edited into quatrains.

The *Structure* of the Court-poets' verse is very rigid and peculiar. It must be remembered that the composer's aim was to announce and annalise in due order and in brief and simple clauses (dressed up as gallantly as he could) the roll of his patron's exploits. The main part of his poem is the list of a series of battles, in most cases. He must, as Ari tells us, be truthful; he does not rely for the force of his verse upon the exaggerating of his facts, but merely upon his elaborate way of stating them, so that his statements, stripped of their showy trapping, come down to sentences of the highest simplicity.

Every couplet of the Court-poetry, as we have seen, contains one *main-clause*, and is a perfect verse in itself, but it is usually (invariably, in the later poets) joined to a second couplet of two lines, containing a parallel *main-clause*, repeating and amplifying the former. A clause must never overrun its own two lines, and the two main-clauses of a stanza must bear a close relation to each other. So that, in fact, as the translation will show, a normal Court-poem runs on in verses such as these:—

{ The M . . . king let his standard advance ;
 { He dyed his sword at N . . .
 { He put his foes to flight ;
 { The O . . . men fled before him, etc., etc.

It will be noticed that the king's name often occurs in the *first* half-line of a stanza, and the place-name in the *fourth* or *eighth*.

The parallelism of the two main-clauses in the Court-verse is merely the regularisation of a very common phenomenon in early Teutonic poetry, especially in Old English verse of the tenth century, where the important sentence is continually doubled as it were, being said over again in different words, precisely after the fashion of the Hebrew poets. In cases such as these, where elaborate syntax *could not* be employed, this is the only way in which the poet can manage to convey *his whole meaning* clearly and impressively. The repetition of the idea

is impressive, the fresh presentment of it enables one to see it in a new light without the impatience produced by mere reiteration. The prose of the English version of Utopia and the sermons of almost any Tudor divine will yield excellent examples of the powerful and beautiful way in which parallelism can be employed. In the older poems, such as Helgi i. lines 66, 68, 128-131, 225, there are instances of great force; but as a rule, with the older Northern poets, especially of the Western School, the action moves too quickly and the dramatic passion is too high to need parallelism. The splendid parallelism of Wolospá, prophetic in style and strength, and often, like Isaiah's, running into triplets, is exactly suited to the inspired pythoness.

In the Court-poetry, besides the *main-clauses*, we must notice another distinctive feature, the 'stál' or *fill-gap*. Stál literally means 'steel,' an image drawn from the old smith's craft, by which the steel core of the blade of sword or sickle is embedded in the rind of soft iron of which the outer wrap of the blade is composed. With the poet, it is the term for an *intercalary sentence* larded, as it were, into the main-clause of a verse, with which it has only a secondary connection. It is used by the Court-poets, either as an adornment to fill up their verse, without breaking up the severity of arrangement, which they universally adopt, or (and perhaps originally more often) to enable them to get in proper names of men and places, which, but for the help of a fresh object or subject supplying possibilities of new synonyms, they would have found difficult to bring into their verse. For example, the poet, wishing to tell us in one of his simple clauses that King A., whom he is celebrating, beat his foes at X., some place the name of which he could not easily find a rhyme or alliteration to, is able by the addition of a fill-gap to get in a word meaning 'wolf' or 'raven' or 'blood' or the like, which contains the desired rhyme. These *fill-gaps* seldom of course convey any very useful information, and one can almost always leave them out in translating; indeed, to put them in would often merely cumber the clearness of the verse. Still, wherever the fill-gap has yielded any statement of the slightest value, wherever it is in any way an index of the poet's style, wherever it is poetic in itself, we have made it our rule to translate it fully.

In the text we have been careful, wherever the sense was intelligible, to mark the 'stál' off by () from the main-clause to which it belongs, for no mere punctuation would suffice to distinguish the enamelled inlay from the body of the verse: and when, as sometimes happens, a second fill-gap occurs in the same main-clause, we have marked the second by []. As may be clearly seen by our brackets, the fill-gap generally occupies a regular position in the two lines of the clause to which it belongs, the most frequent arrangement being—

———— : — (. . . .
 : . . .) ———

when the bracket comes after the fourth measure in the line, especially when that measure is a heavy monosyllable and rest.

The stál is an ingenious device, and certainly adds to the beauty of the sound of the verse, though it must be confessed that it is of little advantage to its sense. The larding of *burdens* is perhaps the first budding of the stál-system, which attains a great development in the later Court-poets, so that one looks for the fill-gap as a natural, if humble, companion to every main-clause.

The stál, dovetailing two lines as it does, is obviously of great

assistance to the memory, but forgetfulness or changes of its meaningless contents would entail the loss of important detail in the main clause to which it belongs.

To the nature and description of the 'Kenning' or *Synonym* we have devoted a special Excursus; it remains only to give a brief view of its technical uses and divisions. As we divided synonyms into *physical* and *mythical*, according to their origin, so we might divide them into *descriptions* and *similes* or *likening*s, according to their nature. Thus to call the *hero* a spear-hurler, a wolf-feeder, a steersman, a wage-taker, a ring-giver, is to use a *descriptive synonym*, while to speak of the *shield* as the 'leaf' of the ship, the 'walk' of the spear, the 'thatch' of Walhall, the 'foot-stool' of Rungni, the 'ship' of Wuldor, is to use *likening*s or *similes*.

Synonyms may be single, double, triple, or even quadruple, as multiple in fact as the length of two lines will admit of. Instances of long similes are the following, the first of Thord Siarreksson (meaning *warrior*),

ship	shield	battle	spear
nausta - blakks -	hlé - mána -	drífo - gim -	slöngvir }
dock - steed's -	quarter - moon's -	gale - fire's -	hurler }

or this of Hallfred, who calls *Tryggvason*

ship	shield	battle	raven	feeder
Heita - dýr -	blikks -	dyn -	sædinga -	hungr - deyfír }
Seaking's -	beast's -	moon's -	tempest's -	bird's - hunger - sater }

or this of Thorarin, who styles *Canute*

sword	shield	battle	sword
gunn - vita -	göto -	gráps -	leygs - bör }
battle - beacon's -	path's -	storm's -	fire's - tree }

In a 'finished' Court-poem,—one of those which would have satisfied Einar Sculason,—every person and thing almost is clothed in a garb of 'kennings,' so that it is sometimes difficult, especially when the weaving of the *stál* into the main-clause is at all intricate, to trace the meaning of the verse. The verb is always clear however, and is one's best guide to the subject; when that is got at, the rest of the sentence falls into place and meaning.

The abuse of the kenning is one of the chief blots of the Court-poetry. It is carried to an extent which is simply childish and barbaric; but, if one is content to listen to the verse, without trying to trace its meaning, as no doubt was the case with the good Queen (vol. ii, p. 260), who behaved so kindly to Sturla, we must admit that the harmony of the line is sometimes enhanced by the 'thundering battle-words' that the synonym-system enables the poet to bring in whenever he wishes.

In the Hatta-tal of Snorri (composed in 1222) the student will find a mass of examples of the many various modes and fashions into which the already elaborate *drott-kvæd* or Court-metre is tortured and twisted: he will also find the technical terms used by the Court-poets, based all of them upon an analysis of the Court-metre. And it may not be unnecessary to note here that these technical terms in many cases are misunderstood, and neither can nor ever did apply to the older metres, the old technical terms for which are lost entirely. Thus the unit of the Court-poets is double (1) the alliteration-unit, the *line*, and

(2) the rhyme or consonance-unit, the *half-line*: thus in Hallfred's Saga the king makes him put a sword into each visu-ord [verse-sentence] or half-line. So that there may be some justification in printing Court-poems in eight lines instead of four, though we have preferred to rather lean on the alliteration and the historic structure of the verse than the mere ornament. Moreover, the arrangement we have preferred has the additional merit of saving space and helping the eye.

The backbone of Teuton-poetry is alliteration-stress, and this is most strikingly exemplified in the history of Iceland-poetry. Where rhyme comes in, for instance, in the popular hymns of the Reformation, it is often mere consonance, but the alliteration never fails. It is impossible to satisfy the popular ear in Iceland without alliteration even to this day. The Editor remembers many instances of this from his childhood.

Again, syllable-counting is all right, as applied to the polished school of Einar Sculason and his imitators, though there are mistakes in the way of applying it even to them, which its advocates have fallen into; but it must not be for an instant supposed that this strict-measuring was ever thought of by the older poets, and to cut the Helgi-poet's lines down after the fashion of Procrustes to fit a rigid bed so many feet long seems to us simply barbarous.

In noticing that Snorri's rules do not apply to the older metres, we cast no slight on Snorri himself. His essay is a marvel of mediæval learning; he sets forth his rules for Court-poets, and they suit Court-poetry admirably. He is no more authority on the older verse than King James would have been on Cædmon, nor indeed does he profess to be; he glories in slighting the 'old poets.' It is those who have mistaken his aims and misused his information that are in the wrong.

No theory of the Old Northern metres can be satisfactory which will not account for the parallel phenomena of Old English and Old German metres also; no theory can be accepted which would maim and mar the older poetry in conformity to the supposed authority of the later poets, in defiance of all history, grammar, and harmony.

NOTES.

(Fresh renderings are distinguished by Italics.)

BOOK I. *Guest's Wisdom*, (p. 3.)

THE stanzas, which in R seem to have been flung pell-mell into a chest, like Mahomet's blade-bones, are here for the first time sorted and strung together. Yet there are still wide gaps, and all is more or less fragmentary. In a few instances the halves of the stanzas are mispaired, and do not rightly cohere, being bits of different stanzas on different subjects; we especially mark vv. 9, 13, 14, 17, 29. As for the *title*, only the *last* of the series is rightly termed 'Havamal' or the Lesson of the High (see p. 28, v. 27). The collector, finding this, has superscribed the *whole* as 'Havamal,' whence in Editions that name is applied to the whole jumbled mass from one end to the other. We have removed stanza 1 of R to 77. The second stanza of R we take to be the true beginning; it is the frame to the ethic collection, which hence we called *Guest's Wisdom*.

Proverbs, quite marked, ll. 14, 60, 78, 92, 100, 104, 108, 128, 140, 143, 144, 163, 165, 172, 220, 236, 250, 256, 269, 272, 275, 279, 283, 286-7, 312, 321.

Rare words, still known in Norway, but never in Iceland, oerir 36, glissir 31, kopir 25, and many more.

verse 1. There is a proverb 'Bráð ero brautingja erendi' [Reader, No. 18]; some have therefore altered bröndom into brautom, against ordinary rules of emendation, for bröndom, being the *rarer* of the two words, is more likely to be the true original one. It is the *guest* at the *gate* (brandar), not the *beggar* on the *road*, the poet introduces us to.

line 6. á kné, see Dict. 37 a, C. iv.

v. 3. þjóð-löð, a *hearty welcome*. orðz ok endr-þaga, talking and listening in turn, a hearty talk, *cheerful conversation*.

l. 13. Should be 'wrata,' old alliterative phrase, cp. l. 11, Alvm. 21.

l. 22. þunno hlióði, silence is likened to a *thin veil of ice*, through which all is observed; the image only occurs here. Cf. our 'breaking silence.'

l. 25. Genitive, cp. l. 216.

l. 29. Perhaps read 'rekr' (sa es á flotta rekr), as Hom. Od. xviii; 'hæðinn,' here an impossible word, for heðinn? to mock at a worn gaberdine? The second half is not wholly right.

v. 9. We must read 'viði' (the MS. v'þi): viði and vreka is an alliterative law phrase; the two halves of the stanza have, we think, been misjoined; the first half is explained by Christian's Wisdom, II, modelled, we believe, on this very line, which would then have to be removed elsewhere. *Many a man who has begun brightly has ended an outlaw in the woods.*

v. 10. vár þik, cp. l. 167; dubious.

v. 13. The halves do not join quite well.

v. 14. Two halves, indeed parts of two stanzas.

l. 60. Should be obelised, it is maimed and displaced somehow; cp. l. 196 (slíkt es í vá vera?).

v. 17. Seems to be parts of two stanzas: the second half fits well enough to the succeeding stanza 18.

v. 20. *bucot*, a necessary emendation 'bucot,' 'litit,' the difference but one stroke.

l. 85. For the genitive cp. *matar illr*, *Yngl. ch. 52*; *mildr matar*, p. 96, l. 77.

l. 88. þægi, here impossible (-u); at leið sé laun þegin?

l. 96. etið (u), but éta (-u).

l. 102. *sialdan-sút* is not right; a proverb is hid under it—*skalat maðr önn ala*, which may be the true reading, *a man should not brood over care to come*. Cp. *Matt. vi. 34*, ok fyrir því skulu þer eigi önn ala annars morguns, *Reader*, p. 275.

l. 105. Read 'sýtir,' thus R, not 'syrgir.'

l. 106. The men of wood, as way-marks (*hafnar-mark*). The last 'woodman' was still extant in Iceland in Paul Widalin's day. He says—Öll gef eg hin sömu svör um ýkja lífneskíð á Hofi í Vopnafirði, sem menn segja vera skuli þorkels Geitis sonar, og svo hátt, að Mons. Biorn Petrsson, sýslumaðr þar í heraði nú í dag, megi ganga undir hönd á stígvelum með hatt á höfði; er Mons. Biorn einn af stórvöxnustu mönnum þessa tíma. Eg vil þegja um vitleysu þeirrar traditionis, at þorkell hafí á sinni tíð þótt svo lítill vexti, að þar fyrir hafí hann ei mátt lögmaðr verða [Paul Wid. *Skýringar*, p. 41]. This is that 'Mons. Biorn of Bustarfell' [d. 1726], 'who saved the Giantess' [a family tradition told the Editor when a child]. This woodman, the popular legend maintains, was a life-sized likeness of Thorkel, a great lawyer of the Saga time (known from *Vapnfirdinga Saga*), but who was never made Speaker? And why not? He was not of the lawful height, and therefore could not be admitted, howsoever wise; yet, such dwarfish creatures are we, that Mons. Biorn, reckoned a giant now-a-days, could walk hatted and booted beneath the armpit of this woodman.

l. 109. This image is clearly Norwegian, the young pine or fir.

l. 115. með morgom = at móti, *to the moot, formælendr, counsel*; cp. ll. 193, 194: the two halves do not fit rightly.

l. 118. We have elsewhere, from this interesting phrase, drawn conclusions as to the calendar of the ancient Scandinavians, their months and *pentads*, cp. p. 16, ll. 43, 44.

l. 125. Metaphor from the holy rite of blending blood, see *Excursus*, p. 423.

l. 130. Pining for what is unattainable, or what cannot be got back. *Regret is the worse of illnesses*.

v. 35. As if a fragment of a whole string of saws, like those preserved in the A. S. Exeter book [Grein i. 204, 210].

l. 139. Cp. *Helgi*, i. 327, 351.

l. 143. *brendr*, i. e. buried, cp. *Song of Saws*, l. 1.

l. 147. *brautar-steinar*. This word we treated years since in *Dict.* p. 54 a.

ll. 149, 143. 'fé' was probably by the poet sounded bisyllabic.

l. 160. The image is not quite clear, nor the genitive: in the next line one should read, *svá ero geð guma?* *such are the souls of men*, cp. l. 163: *hvar*, anywhere, in any one place.

l. 165. 'api,' no relation to an *ape*, rather = Ulf. *aba* (a man); we now propose to read, *margr es ósvinnz api*, cp. *Less. of Lod.* 52, *Old Wols. Pl.* 102: proverb, l. 167, should be obelised, being quite obscure.

v. 46. The antithesis in the simile is missing, 'but it is not every one that knows how to keep measure with his tongue' (or the like).

- vv. 48-55 form a group apart, bare of popular saws, a little 'Book of Fools.'
- l. 184. 'vetna,' cp. 210, as if sounded ʋʋ.
- l. 190. 'snotrom' cannot be the right word, 'ef hann at sumblí sitr?'
- l. 196. See Dict. Introd. to Let. V, B. iii. 3 (p. 672 a).
- l. 198. *fírar* (ʋʋ).
- l. 209. 'vesall,' perhaps wrong for *ósnotr*, unless 'ves' was sounded as vowel, as suggested Dict. 699 b: *illa skapi* = *illa skapi fariinn*? or rather somehow wrong: *úskafinn*? *unpolished*?
- l. 213. Cp. Hm. 50, Less. 10.
- ll. 219, 220. Occurs again Old Wols. Play, 127, 128.
- l. 237. *fambi*, a dunce, a fool, ἄπ. λεγ.
- v. 65. Mark the Hebrew character, true sentence poetry, with the image from a potter's wheel.
- v. 66. We should prefer, *brígdarro karlom konor, þá þær fegrst mæla*, etc.: *that women are false to men, they speak fairest*, etc. The verse is otherwise too modern and sentimental.
- l. 262. *lausung*, here in the English sense, 'leasing.'
- l. 266. Letter-stress on first and third measure, 'vinir' half stressed.
- l. 269. Alliteration faulty; read, *erosk alda vinir* ('alda' stressed, 'erosk' slurred): in the next line 'ef þat' slurred.
- l. 273. 'höllo,' *half filled*?
- l. 275. A proverb (read Ey); a fragment of a stanza, stuck in a wrong place in R.
- v. 72. The two halves do not fit: the latter part enforces silence, keep your own counsel; the former, free and frank exchange of words.
- v. 74. Saxo gives this verse—*Pernox enim et pervigil esse debet alienum adpetens culmen; nemo stertendo victoriam cepit, nec luporum quisquam cubando cadaver invenit.* Saxo, Bk. v.
- v. 76. Cp. Hakm. v. 13.
- v. 77. *ganga fram* means to *go to the door*, answering a call, see Dict., fram, A. II (p. 169): examples in the Sagas, Grett. ch. 45 (slaying of Atli), Fostbr. ch. 3 (slaying of Iodur). The stanza, from standing at the head of the poem, paired off with the guest's entrance, has been hitherto misunderstood. Correct the translation, reading *forth* for *in*, and *lurking round one's house* for *sitting in another man's house*.
- v. 78. *Solginn* here means *hungry*, famished; for 'lætr' read 'étr,' *he eats like a famished [wolf]*, and *has no mind for talk*; for the proverb, see Reader, p. 263, no. 172.
- l. 306. Read, *sét*, *be not* (seð, R).
- l. 311. *heimis garðr*, cp. Old Wols. Pl. 267, Harb. 120.
- ll. 313, 314, belong to vv. 15, 16.
- l. 318. *þurr-fiallr*, cp. Akv. 44, vol. ii, 56, l. 2.

Song of Saws, (p. 14.)

A string of *golden rules* (Dan. Remser): the 'Samhendur' by Hallgrim Petersen, composed shortly after 1651, were called forth by this portion of the Havamal group, then fresh in the poet's hands; they have been published in Snót, an Icelandic Anthology, second edition, 1866, p. 299, but are unluckily too long to be inserted here. The paper copies, too, have here added some lines. 'Trust not' is a favourite in mediæval lore: cf. Shakespeare—'He is mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.'—*King Lear*, iii, 6.

Proverbs are ll. 1, 5, 39, 41-46.

l. 7. Emend., Dict. kostr, I. 4 (p. 352 a).

l. 8 sqq. If 'ice' is literal here, it means the sliding on shin-bones, the skates of ancient days, cp. Hkr. p. 682, for of sledgings *aka* is used; sliding on 'skíð' or öndurr was more practised, cp. vol. ii, p. 276, l. 7, whence Skadi's name Ondor-dís, Hlt. 12: 'saugan' means here *rusty*, for old blades, often taken out of cairns, were priced high: gínanda ulfi, Shakespeare's 'tameness of a wolf:' barni konungs, the old 'trust not in princes:' volo vil-mæli, the proverbial equivocation of oracles (Herodotus): broður-bana, cp. Skirn. 62, Old W. Pl. 309, Grott. 22, Christ. Wisd. v. 21.

ll. 34-39, manifestly healing charms and medical rules, in part obscure: 'iarðar-megin' is corrupt for some plant's name, 'iörð' = ioll, *angelica sylvestris*, used to spice ale with; in 'megin' may be hid 'eigin,' a *young sprout of corn*: fire and heat were old heathen remedies for fever: the witchcraft-ill which the ear heals is probably sterility; mána heiptom is obscure; here the passage probably refers to menstrual disorders, cp. Less. Lodd. l. 67: bit-sótt, some 'gnawing,' internal complaint, cp. Yngl. 113. Haull and hyrog we have put right, Dict. p. 241 b.

ll. 43, 44. Cp. Guest's Wisdom, v. 30.

l. 45. Tveir rot . . . , somehow wrong.

l. 46. Should be obelised, manifestly corrupt; the bearing of the saying is given by Saxo—vili interdum amiculo validas subesse manus [p. 285], and, nam tegmine sæpe ferino contigit audaces delituisse viros [p. 27]—und hedins hröri hendr vaskar (?).

ll. 47-50. Things impossible. The mistake in l. 49 is strange, for the bear's tail is meant. The Fairy Tales relate how the fox persuaded the foolish bear to fish by putting his tail as a line down a hole in the ice. The tail freezes fast to the ice, and when the hunters come up poor bruin only saves his life by the loss of his tail. The prose in Edda has the same error—Hann var görr af sex hlutom: or dyn katarins of af skeggi konunnar, af rótum bergsins, ok af 'sinom' biarnarins, af anda fisksins, ok af fogs hráka (milk, better, the Lay).—Edda W.

Lesson of Loddfafni, (p. 16.)

The name Loddfafni, obviously wrong, is only met with here: we suggest Hoddfafni, the *Treasure-Snake*. We should prefer imagining the serpent *giving*, not receiving, the counsel; cp. the dying Fafni giving sage advice to Sigfred, Old W. Pl. vv. 18-39. It would originally have run: *O counsel me, thou Hoard-Serpent*: and the frame may once have been the same as in the Old Wolsung Play.

Proverbs, ll. 49, 59, 80, 92-93.

v. 2. Beware of a witch's embraces, cp. troll-riða, myrk-riða, tún-riða; palsy was supposed to ensue from it, cp. Eyrb. ch. 16.

l. 14. Better kván; so also l. 83; in the poets 'kona' is *woman*, kvæn *wife*: eyra-rúna, a mistress, Lat. pellex, see Excursus to vol. ii, pp. 473, 474.

l. 40. Cp. Guest's Wisd. v. 32.

l. 45. Repetition of Guest's Wisd. l. 262.

l. 52. api = afi, Ulf. aba, esp. in the allit. phrase, osvinnr api, an unwise man, see note above.

l. 58. Pronounce 'vorðom,' the letter-stress on vorðom and verra, 'skalattu þer við' being the slur.

l. 62. skósmiðr refers to horse-shoe, cp. Lay of Arinb. l. 80.

l. 67. Emend., from Song of Saws, l. 37.

l. 68. Cp. Old Wols. Pl. 269.

v. 15. *gialti*, old dat. (cp. *skialdi* for *skildi*), only in the phrase, *verða at gialti*, of panic terror, to be turned into a hog; cp. *Enn þér ærðiz allir ok yrðit at gialti eptir á vegum úti með villi-dýrum*, *Vatzd. S. ch. 26*, and *Dict. p. 223 b.* Cp. the curse on the Runic stones, where the Rune cutters seem not to have known the word aright: *róði* (*Thulor, 477*) would be the right word [Reader, p. 447, Nös. 3 and 5]:—'halir' is here strange=of the inmates of hell, like in *Vsp.* and *Vþm.*, *Alvm.?* In v. 17 *þiðfar* can hardly be right; *þýjar?* (=harlot): wine and illicit love is the burden of the stanza: for of *varan read óvaran* or *ör-varan*; *ör-* is the older form, cp. *ör-vænt*.

l. 91. *þul*; cp. *Havam. l. 1, Old Wols. Pl. 184, Vþm. 32, Reader 447, No. 1.*

l. 93. Cp. *Hamtheow Lay 121.*

ll. 100-103. Is very doubtful and obscure, as if two wrong halves were here pieced together: 'læ,' here *ill*, disease, pains in the limbs = arthritis?

Fragment. The teacher, the sage, shall sit, the 'asker,' or pupil stand (as a sign of respect); it is the reverse of to 'sit at one's feet' of the N. T.

Woden's Love-lesson, (p. 20.)

I. ll. 1, 2. Cp. *Guest's Wisd. 256.*

l. 9. *iarls yndi*, 'earl' here in the old common Teutonic sense.

l. 12. Letter-stress on 'hána' and 'hefik'; 'þeygi ek,' slur.

l. 13. *Billings*, a dwarf's or giant's name, occurs vol. ii, p. 322, l. 3 from the bottom (*Billings brúðar full* = poetry). This story is a doublet to the following, though stripped of anything supernatural, and perfectly human; only the name 'Billings's daughter' remains to mark it as a Soma myth.

l. 17. Read, '*ástar ósköp né einir vitit*,' *let no one know of our unlawful love*; in 'allt' we think 'ast' is concealed.

l. 19. Read, '*at aptni ek hvarf*' (kom), *in the evening I came back and thought to win her will* (. . . *vifs vilja fá*).

l. 20. Somehow wrong.

l. 24. Read, *varð-drótt*, or 've-drótt' (the household), cp. *sal-drótt* below.

l. 25. bornom, read, 'bronnom,' burning torches.

II. Here we have another story, Woden's love adventure with *Gundfleth*, the Soma Giant's daughter. The story is told at length in *Edda*, whereof we subjoin a translation:

The Origin of Poetry.

There was a man named *Eager* (*Egir*), or *Lear* (*Hlér*). He lived in the island which is now called *Leasey* (*Hleseý*). He was a great wizard. He made a journey to *Ansegarth*, and when the *Anses* knew of his coming he was welcomed heartily, though there was much witchcraft; and in the evening, when they were about to drink, *Woden* let bear a sword into the hall, and it was so bright that the light shone from it, and there was no other light while they sat at the drink. Then the *Anses* began their guild feast, and the *Twelve Anses* sat themselves down in the high seats where the judges ought to sit, and these were their names:—*Thor*, *Niorth*, *Frey*, *Tew*, *Heimdall*, *Bragi*, *Widar*, *Wali*, *Wuldor*, *Hœnir*, *Forseti*, *Loki*; and also the *Ansesses*, *Frigg*, *Freya*, *Gefion*, *Idun*, *Gerth*, *Sigyn*, *Fulla*, *Nanna*. *Eager* thought it splendid to look on, the wall-panelling was all covered with fair shields; there was also strong mead, and they drank deep. Next man to *Eager* sat *Bragi*, and they shared drink and talk, and *Bragi* told *Eager* of many things which had happened to

the Anses. . . . *After telling the Story of Thiazi (translated vol. ii, pp. 10, 11), it goes on:—*

Now Scathe [Skaðe], the daughter of Giant Thiazi, took helm and mailcoat and all the weapons of war, and came to Ansegarth to avenge her father. but the Anses offered her peace and weregild, and chiefly that she should choose her a husband from among the Anses, choosing him by the feet and seeing no more of him *to choose by*. And she saw a man's feet wonderfully fair, and said, 'Him I choose, all is fair in Balder!' But it was Niorth of Noatun. As one of the terms of peace she would have, also, that the Anses should do what she thought they never could do—make her laugh. But Loki did this; he took the beards of certain goats, and both of them screamed aloud. Then Loki tumbled on to the knees of Scathe, and then she laughed, and straightway the peace between her and the Anses was hand-selled. And it is told that Woden did this as weregild for her, he took Thiazi's eyes and cast them up into the heaven and made them into two stars [Castor and Pollux].

Then spake Eager: 'Thiazi seems to me to have been a mighty man,—of what kin was he?' Answers Bragi, 'Alwald was his father's name, and it will seem a wonderful thing to thee if I tell thee of him. He was very rich in gold, and when he died, and his sons were about sharing the heritage, they set about measuring the gold which they were sharing, and each of them was to take his mouthful, all sharing alike. One of them was Thiazi, the second Idi, the third Gang. And we have that now as a saw among us, to call gold the *giants' mouth-reckoning*, and we hide it or wrap it up in Runes or in poet-craft thus, calling it the *speech or word or tale of these giants*.' Then spake Eager, 'Methinks the Runes hide it safely away.' And again he spake: 'Whence got ye that craft, which thou callest poet-craft?'

Answers Bragi, 'The beginning of it was that the gods had a peace-breach with the folk who are called Wanes. And they set a tryst of peace between them, and set grith [sanctuary-right] in this manner, that each of them went to one vessel and spat their spittle therein. But when they parted, the gods, not wishing to let that token of peace be lost, took and shaped a man out of it, who was called Quasi. He was so wise, that no one could ask him anything which he could not unfold, and he used to travel far and wide from home to learn the history of men. And *on a time* when he came, as he was bidden, to a feast, with certain Dwarves, Fealar and Galar, they called him aside to speak with them alone, and slew him, and let his blood run into two cups and a kettle. The kettle was called Spirit-rearer, but the cups were called Son [Soma] and Bodn. They mixed honey with the blood, and made from it the mead, of which, if a man drink, he becomes a poet and a sage. The dwarves told the Anses that Quasi had choked with his own wisdom, because there was no one who was wise enough to question him. Then the dwarves bade a giant, whose name was Gilling, with his wife to their house; and *when he was come*, the dwarves asked him to row out to sea with them, and when they went out to sea the dwarves rowed on a sunken rock and upset the boat. Gilling could not swim, and he was drowned; but the dwarves righted their boat and rowed to land. They told his wife of the mishap, and she bore it very badly and wept loudly. Then Fealar asked her if she would be easier in her mind if she could see the place where he was drowned out at sea, and she wished to do so. Then he agreed with Galar his brother that he should get up above the doors, as she went out, and let a mill-stone fall on her head, for he said that her shrieking was most horrible to hear, and so he did.

'Now when Suftung the giant, the son of Gilling, heard these tidings, he went thither and took the dwarves and carried them out to sea and set them on the reefs the tide runs over. They prayed Suftung to give them their lives, and offered him as atone-

ment for his father's weregild the precious mead, and this atonement was agreed upon between them. Suftung carried the mead home and shut it up in the place called Hnitberg, and sat his daughter Gundfled there to watch over it. Hence we call the poet's craft *Quasi's blood*, or the *Dwarves' drink*, or *cup*, or *lees* of some kind,—*Mind-rearer's* or *Bodn's* or *Sōn's* (Soma), or *the ship* of the *Dwarves*, because this mead got them a ransom for their lives from the reef, or *Suftung's mead*, or the *lees* of Lock-hill [*Hnitberg*].'

Then spake Eager: 'I think it dark speech to call poetry by those names, but how did the Anses get at Suftung's Mead?' Answers Bragi, 'The story goes that Woden was journeying from hence, and came to a place where nine slaves were mowing hay. He asked if they would like him to sharpen their scythes. They said yea. Then he took a hone from his belt and sharpened them, and they found their scythes cut much better *for it*, and bargained for the hone. But he stood out that he who would buy it, must give [text corrupt] for it. And they all said they would do so, and prayed him to hand it over to them, but he threw the hone up into the air, and they all tried to catch it. And the end of the matter was, that every man swung his scythe about his fellow's neck. Woden sought lodging for the night at the house of a giant whose name was Beag, a brother of Suftung. Beag said that his business was going ill, and said that his nine slaves were slain, and that he did not know where to get workmen. But Woden said that his name was Balework, and offered to undertake the nine slaves' work for Beag, but asked for one draught of Suftung's mead for his wages. Beag declared that he had nothing to do with the mead, saying that Suftung wished to keep it for himself alone; but he declared that he would go with Balework and try if they could get the mead. That summer Balework did the work of the nine slaves for Beag, but when the winter began [Michaelmas] he asked Beag for his wages. They both set out together to Suftung's. Beag tells Suftung his brother the bargain he and Balework had made, but Suftung utterly denied them even a drop of his mead. Then Balework told Beag that they ought to try some trick to get at the mead withal, and Beag was well pleased that they should. Then Balework pulled out an auger, called Rat, and said that Beag should bore through the hill, if the auger bit. So he did. Then Beag said that the mountain was bored through, but Balework blew into the auger-hole, and the chips flew back into his face. Then he saw that Beag was trying to deceive him, and he bade him bore through the mountain. Beag fell to boring again, and when Balework blew a second time the chips flew inwards. Then Balework turned himself into the similitude of a serpent, and crept into the hole of the auger, but Beag stabbed at him with the auger and missed him. Then Balework got into the place where Gundfled was and lay with her three nights, and then she gave him leave to drink three draughts of the mead. In the first draught he drank the whole of Odrearer, at the second all Bodn, at the third all Sōn, and by that time he had all the mead. Then he turned himself into his eagle's coat, and flew away as hard as he could. But when Suftung saw the eagle's flight he betook himself to his eagle-skin, and flew after him. And when the Anses saw Woden flying, they set their vessels out in the court, and when Woden came into Ansegard he spewed up the mead into the vessels. But it had gone so near Suftung's catching him that he sent some of the mead backwards, and that was not kept; any one might have it who would, and we call it the poetasters' share. But Suftung's mead Woden gave to the Anses, and to those men that knew how to compose. Wherefore we call Poesy *Woden's booty*, or *find*, and his *drink*, and his *gift*, and the *Anses' drink*.'

l. 34. 'Suptungr,' cp. 54, 57; in Edda assimilated 'Sutt-.' We take *p* to stand

for *m* (qs. Sumptung, Sum-t-ung), 'Son' or 'Soma' being the root, and Sumtung being indeed the *giant of the Soma*, or Holy Mead.

l. 35. *gáfomk*, restored, cp. *Sonat*, 90, and ll. 42 and 51 below; see Dict. 124 b, s. v. ek B.

l. 44. We read 'vél-keypt' (not 'vel'), *fraud-bought*, the poet's very apt term for the Soma-drink; cp. *kaup-fox*, *cheating*, Dict. s. v.

l. 45. A proverb. In the translation, for *now that*, read *for*.

ll. 46, 47. *óðrerir*, -uu, cp. *Havam*. 21: *alda vé = oikouμένη*: 'iaðar,' edge, the Holy Mead was fetched from Hades beyond the outskirts of the inhabited earth.

v. 13. Here is a manifest blank, and the line on the Hall of the High, an echo from the other Lay, is here misplaced in R; nor can the words, ef hann væri með *böndom* kominn, be right: read, ef hann veri til brúðar kominn? or, ef hann veri með bióri um kominn. The meaning of the verse we take to be this—The Hrim-Giants (Titans), missing the mead, assemble asking, 'Has Suftung recovered his mead and slain false Balework?' Then there is woe and wailing, Giant-home desolate, Gundfletth distressed, Suftung slain, the mead gone. The assembly is in the Giant-hall, the Titans could not gather at the Hall of the High. After *gods* in the translation read *or*.

l. 55. *baug-eið*, the oath on the holy ring, *Excursus*, vol. i, p. 422.

vv. 15-17. In R this has been thrust into the Guest's Wisdom; it appears to be a bit of another version on the Soma myth; here Gundfled is a witch—a Kirke, not the innocent beguiled giant maiden of the preceding lay; and Woden, after being spell-bound in her house, recovers and carries away the mead. Is not there a relationship between *κίρκος* and *hegri*, nay, and even with *Κίρκη* herself? It would be but one more likeness between the wide-roaming, much-enduring Odusseus and Woden wandering in quest of the Mead and the Holy Mysteries of knowledge.

l. 64. *Fialar*, according to *Edda a Soma Dwarf*.—Still one more version of the Soma myth.

l. 63. For *sona* read *sonom*. v. 17 probably belongs to the Guest's Wisdom, and the translation should read, *Ale is not so good as it is said to be for the sons of men, for the more a man drinks the less is he master of his wits*.

Havamal or The High One's Lesson, (p. 24.)

v. 1. The minstrel's or wise man's introductory words: l. 8 runs with the following verses. Woden is here meant, who, silent and observant, sat at the Weirds' well, where the Norns reside. Hence, in l. 4, 'manna' cannot be right; we suggest 'meyja,' I listened to *the speech of the maids* (i. e. the Norns), cp. *Vpm*. 195. There are three places—(1) Weird's Bourn, (2) the Hall of the High, (3) the Gallows-tree, in all of which I (Woden) learned the sacred mysteries.

v. 2. *Vinga-meidr*, occurs besides in *Hlt*. l. 18: 'vingi' is probably an ancient law term of one hanged, the *rocking, swaying body*, hence Woden, hanging in the tree, is called *Vingi*—Enn stundum vakði hann upp dauða menn or iörðu eða settiz undir hanga, fyrir því var hann kallaðr drauga dróttinn eða hanga dróttinn [*Yngl*. S. ch. 7]. The sacrifice to Woden and the marking with the spear is also recorded by Ari (partly if not mainly from our song), see *Excursus*, vol. i, pp. 408, 409. Cp. also the remarkable story of Starkad and Wikar, which we subjoin in full translation:—

King Wicar sailed from Agd northwards to Hordaland with a great fleet. He lay at the holm some time, for a mighty head wind arose against him. They cast the chips for a fair wind, and they fell to the end that Woden should receive a hanged man chosen by lot out of the host. Then they cast lots, and the lot fell upon King

Wicar [lit. the lot of King Wicar came up]. At this all became speechless, and it was agreed that the counsellors of the king should call a meeting over this hard case next day. That night nigh upon midnight Horsehair-beard [Woden] woke Starcad his fosterling, and bade him come with him. They took a little boat and rowed to an island inside the holm. They went up to the wood and found a clearing therein, and in the clearing there was a great assembly and a court set withal. There were eleven men sitting on stools, but the twelfth stool was empty. They went up to the moot and Woden sat down on the twelfth seat, and they all greeted him. He spoke, saying that the doomsmen should now decree Starcad's fate. Then Thor took up his parable and spake: 'Ælfhild, the mother of Starcad's father, chose a dog-wise [cunning] giant to be the father of her son rather than the Anses' Thor, wherefore I decree this for Starcad that he shall never have son nor daughter, and so his race shall come to an end.' Woden: 'I decree for him that he shall live three generations.' Thor: 'But he shall do a dastard's deed in each life.' Woden: 'I decree for him that he shall have the best of weapons and weeds.' Thor: 'But he shall never own land or heritage.' Woden: 'I give him this that he shall have much chattels.' Thor: 'But he shall never think that he has enough.' Woden: 'I give him victory and fame in every fight.' Thor: 'But he shall get a scarring wound in every fight.' Woden: 'I give him poesy so that he shall make verse as easily as he can speak.' Thor: 'He shall never remember again what he has made.' Woden: 'He shall be thought the noblest among gentlefolk and the best born.' Thor: 'He shall be hateful to the people.' Then the doomsmen doomed all this that they had spoken upon Starcad, and with that the moot broke up.

Woden and Starcad went off to their boat. Then said Woden to Starcad, 'Thou shalt repay me well, foster-son, for the help that I have given thee.' 'I will,' says Starcad. Says Woden: 'Then thou shalt send King Wicar to me, and I will find a means to bring it about.' Starcad agreed to this. Then Woden gave him a spear in his hand, and told him it would look like a reed-stalk. Then they went back to the fleet, and by this time the day was up. The following morning the counsellors of the king came together for counsel, and they all agreed to make some semblance of a sacrifice, and Starcad announced their counsel. There was a fir-tree standing near them and a tall stump hard by the fir, and low down on the fir-tree sprang a thin shoot, which reached up to the crown of the tree. The serving men were dressing meat, and there was a calf there cut up and cleaned. Starcad took the guts of this calf and mounted upon the stump and bent down the thin shoot and knotted the calf's guts thereon. Then he spake to the king—'The gallows is ready for thee now, O king, and it does not look very perilous. Come hither and I will lay the noose about thy neck.' The king said, 'Verily, if this contrivance be not more perilous to me than it looks, then I think it will not hurt me, but if it be otherwise, then fate shall settle what may happen.' Then he mounted the stump, and Starcad laid the halter about his neck and then stepped down off the stump. Then he struck the king with the rod and said, 'I give thee now to Woden!'—and let loose the fir-shoot. The rod of reed turned into a spear and ran the king through, the stump fell down under his feet, the calf's guts turned to a strong withy, the shoot flew up and bore the king into the crown of the tree, and then he died. And ever afterwards the place is called Wicar's Holm.—[Gautreks S., ch. 7.]

l. 14. We should prefer, *hveim hann af rótom renn*. *Of what roots that tree springs no man knoweth*. It is the legend of the Cross that is, partly at least, the mother to this legend of the Gallows-tree and Woden hanging on it. The whole is fragmentary, and the text decomposed.

l. 15 is faulty in grammar; we discern the two words, *loaf* and *horn*, meat and drink. The meaning would be,—without loaf or drink (fasting) I hung on the tree. This act of self-sacrifice is here represented as undergone in order to win wisdom, the hidden Mysteries or the Holy Mead, in quest of which Woden peers down into, or even, Odysseus-like, descends into the Deep Abyss of Hades.

l. 17. *œpandi*, wrong; ‘*oþ*,’ *song*, or one of its compounds, as ‘*oþ-galdr*,’ is probably the original word. ‘*Fell ek apr þaðan*,’ too, is senseless; the real phrase must refer to the descent to Hades, to visit the Soma-keeping Giant Balethorn.

l. 19. *Bestla*, Woden’s mother. *Balethorn*, Woden’s grandfather, is here represented as a Soma Giant.

l. 24. We prefer here to sound the *w*, ‘*word mer af worði worðz leitaði*,’ which yields a sound-harmony between this and the following line—a very expressive line. Woden, having got the Holy Mead, feels as if new-born.

v. 6. Mysterious to us now that the clue is lost. The etymon of ‘*hropt*’ we know not, it seems to mean a *Sage*=*þulr*? For *counsel* read *counsellor*.

vv. 7, 8 (ll. 36-49) are probably no part of this song, but rather an independent bit of a ritual Carmen, containing several sacrificial terms, now hidden and enigmatic to us. We have filled in the text so as to make questions and answers square.

vv. 9 to the end is an old song of Charms or Spells, a catechism for the young to learn. It is quite fragmentary; a few more lines may be supplied from the first chapters of *Ynglinga Saga*, the author of which has paraphrased verses now lost to us; cp. also the *Lay of Swipday*, and *Menglad I*, and the *Old Wols. Play*.

l. 50. Read, *þjóðans barn*: the alliteration is faulty; the stress should be on *þjóðan* (*lióð ek þer þyl, es kannat þjóðans barn?*).

l. 55. *liva*, see *Dict.* s. v. *lyf*, p. 400 b.

v. 11. Paraphrased in *Yngl. S.* ch. 6—*Oðinn kunnir svá göra, at í orrostom urðu óvinir hans blindir, eða daufr, eða ótta-fullir, enn vápn þeirra bitu eigi heldr an vendir* (velir of the poem): hence we have altered ‘*ne*’ into ‘*an*’; ‘*vélar*’ would here be inadmissible on account of its quantity (—*o*).

l. 67. Mark the forms, *stöðvigak* 68, *biargigak* 75.

l. 70. Read, *rás-viðar*, *rush-wood*, see notes to vol. ii, p. 73, No. 9 [p. 572].

l. 74. *sess-megir*=*bekkjo-nautar*.

ll. 77, 78. *es ollom er nytsamligt at nema*, very flat, and no doubt corrupt: judging from the context we read, *ef með öldom fara nið . . . ?* of deadly drunken riots, quarrels, libels, or *nið*, cp. *Old Wols. Play*, v. 72.

v. 17. *Yngl. S.* has paraphrased verses 15 and 17: *þat kunnir hann enn at gera með orðum einum, at slökkva eld, ok kyrra síá, ok snua vindum hverja leið er hann vildi*.

l. 85. *tún-riðor* occurs only here, = *kveld-riða*, *myrk-riða*.

l. 89. *heim-haga*, a needful and evident emendation, cp. *sva at allar fari þær villar vega, ok engi hitti sítt inni*. [*Egils S.* ch. 60.]

v. 19. Freely paraphrased in *Yngl. S.* ch. 2, *þat var háttr hans*, etc.

v. 20. Paraphrased in *Yngl. S.* ch. 7, *Enn stundum . . . hanga dróttinn*.

v. 21. The heathen baptism, see *Dict.* p. 35 a, s. v. *ausa*, I. 2. β. For *lord* read *man*.

v. 22. Read, *tívar*, see *Dict.* 634 b. One would prefer, *ef ek skal fyr fyrða liði telja tíva röð*, cp. *Vþm.* 147; for it is the *tale*, not only the *names*, that he knows; cp. also *Vsp.* 4.

l. 107. *Ása* ok *Alfa*, the two tribes of gods, cp. *Havam.* 32, *Skirn.* 27, 63, *Grimn.* 10.

l. 110. Dellings doors, cp. Riddles, 30 sqq. ; of the same root as Heim-dallr.

l. 112. Hropta-Týr, the Sage God, Woden, cp. Hakm. 38, vol. i, p. 76, l. 53.

v. 27. Partly the words of the Sage, partly the Minstrel's Epilogue.

Appendage, ll. 3, 4. Repetition from Havam., ll. 29, 30.

Spell Song, (p. 29.)—ll. 1-9. Very obscure: l. 2, cp. Havam. 31: Clear-dripper's skull = the sky? hoddrofní's horn, the *crescent* moon as Bull's horns? Note Mims (not Mimis), cp. Vsp. 135, 138, Sonat. 88 (all monosyll.), see also Yngl. S. ch. 4.

ll. 10-21. Most, if not all, we hold to be signs of the Heavens, the Northern Constellations, but the clue to most of them is missing; some original Teutonic, others adopted from abroad.—ll. 10, 11, cp. Grimm., vv. 30, 31. Torfæus tells how he once asked Hallgrim Petersen the poet, who told him that the ear, the uppermost part of the Sun's horse, denotes the *dawn* (aurora), and the hoof, the nethermost, the *dusk*—a poet's commentary: l. 12, read, reið Vingnis = Woden's, (the Charles Wain?): Sleipni (Pegasus?), the Sledge (the Plough?), the Bear-paw (the Pointers?). l. 16, 'bloðgom,' must be wrong, we expect some beast; we suggest 'blæings' (raven's), Thulor 579: so also 'Bruar sporði' (the same line) corrupt; we suggest 'brungs' (the whale, Thulor 376), or perhaps 'Bifrs,' *the Beaver's tail*.

l. 23. The holy mead = the Soma.

The Old Wolsung Play, (p. 32.)

The interpolated epic fragments of the Western Wolsung Lay are given in their proper place, Bk. iii, § 1, p. 155.

Proverbs marked, ll. 34 (?), 64, 80, 83, 84, 88, 104, 201, 259, 267, 286, 290, 311.

A few 'kennings,'—such as, *gold*, lindar logi 4; *ship*, segl-marr 227; *man*, vápnahlyur 248, auð-stafr 294, see the note; *battle*, hildi-leikr 181,—are somewhat modern, and seem to have slipped in from the interlarded epic lines.

No help is to be got from the Wolsung Paraphrase, the text being just the same as ours: and line 294 (see the note) would show that Gunlaug the Benedictine (Merl. i. 22) must have had our *written mutilated* text.

The Play represents on the whole the old Teutonic life and ideas of the Scandinavians *before* their contact with foreign people (pre-wicking tide). It is full of law terms—a kind of heathen Decalogue, yet all fragmentary; we have been able to make some few fresh *safe* emendations.

l. 4. lind, a Gaelic word, frequent in mod. Icel. of a *brook* or *rill*, but in old writers (unless it be Vsp. 147) only met with here.

l. 5. The Thulor, 360, gives andvari as the name of a *fish*, it is unknown which.

l. 12. We must read of necessity 'liúgask' (not hoggvask), as seen from the answer; the verse treats of *slanders* or *perjurers*.

l. 14. Vad-gelmi, a Hell-punishment, strange in a lay as old as this; cp. Vsp. 211-213; 'vad' is somehow wrong, a repetition of the following 'vaða.'

l. 16. We mend, langar leiða limar, the image is taken from the *branches* (limar) of a *tree*, as we speak of *to bear a bitter fruit*, cp. l. 258 below and note to vol. ii, p. 215: fior-neppr, ii. 175, l. 22.

l. 26. nept, cp. Vsp. 173, Rune Song 8; Bk. vi, No. 1, read 'óneppan;' fior-neppr, ii. 175, l. 22.

l. 31. ekki lyf (*not a whit*), ἄπ. λεγ., most probably corrupt; for there is no right flow in the line: hót þín hræðomk (here a word has fallen out?).

l. 34. A proverb; read, Mörg es þegns þián (?), cp. l. 201, and the modern, Mart er manna bölið.

l. 36. hlýra (dat.), she is to avenge her father's death on her brother.

v. 11. Sentimental and modernised, the real sense is quite the reverse. Lyngheid, the 'wolf-hearted lady' of W. W. L. 7 (lines that should be placed *here*), eggs her brother on to slay Fafni. The sense is clearly this—*Call forthwith on him for thy sister's portion and for thy patrimony, for it is not meet that Fafni should keep (us) the lawful heirs out of our inheritance*; 'brúðar arfr' is the *sister's portion*; for œðra hugar (manifestly wrong) we read, óðal-haga (*patrimony*); for 'hiorvi' we suppose 'heyrom,' an old law term, see Dict., p. 261 b.

Read— Brúðar kveðja skaltu bráðliga
arfs ok óðal-haga:
esat þat hæft at heyrom skyli (or skyldom?)
kviðja Fáfniur fiár.

Cp. óðal-torfa, and heim-haga, Havam. 89.

l. 42 (44, 46). heill, here neuter pl., see Dict. 248 b, s. v. heill A.

l. 52. tai, the fore-court, cp. Tregr. I, and correct the translation.

l. 54. Cp. however Helgi i. 300.

v. 16. Hence the proverb, Fall er farar heill, so as to avert the bad omen.

l. 59. tálár-dísir, obscure, the only parallel being the black fairies in the story of Thidrandi [Reader, p. 102].

l. 61. Cp. Guest's Wisd. 217, 276, and as to sense, Guest's Wisd., vv. 78, 79.

l. 68. stöndomk, cp. Love Less. 35, 42, 48, 51, Dict. 124 b.

l. 69. 'Göfugt dýr;' the clue to this pun is now lost. Lines are here missing, telling how Sigfred was cut out of his mother's womb, a birth of miracle which the Wolsunga Saga wrongly attributes to King Wolsung.

l. 79. 'foðor bitran' does not come aright (foðor-bana?).

l. 80. A proverb, but mangled; skiarr við skot (Lokas. 53) are the nearest words, but they do not fall in with the sense.

l. 83. hræraz, to decay from old age.

l. 85. The image we find in Helgi i. 33.

l. 86. wreidæn wega, alliterative, cp. 126, 177, 276, Lokas. 60; hence we have in this lay restored the *wr*, l. 205, etc.

l. 90. feðr-munir, inheritance? Lat. patri-monium.

l. 91. hapt and hernumi are law terms, hapt, *captivus*, the stronger of the two.

l. 98. eina dags, cp. ein-dagi; here death, the last *term*, is meant.

l. 101. Norna dómr, death, cp. urðar orð, Svipd. 237; Norna kviðr, Hamð. 135.

l. 102. osvinnz apa, see above; better vocative,—O foolish man, the Norns' verdict (death) will overtake thee off the nearest point.

l. 107. Better, ná-gönglar, of the *midwife Norns*; ná-kona is a midwife.

l. 108. Read, kíósa frá mæðrom mögo (see Wols. S. l. c.)

v. 30. The alliteration is faulty ('miok' is flat), yet the same error occurs in the Edda citation (an evidence that the verse was inserted *afterwards*). The answer, as usual, repeats the question; the poet, we believe, said—

Ná-gönglar mögom hygg ek at Nornir sé
sundr-bornar saman.

The Norns, who are present at every man's birth, are sprung of different races altogether—some are, etc.: kungar=kyngar, from kyn.

l. 118. Correct translation, and didst scream with a cruel heart.

- l. 119. Bilröst, thus also p. 77, l. 4; Edda prefers Bifröst.
- l. 128. for *fleirom*, read *folkom*, cp. Guest's *Wisd.* 193.
- l. 136. it *gialla goll*, a popular etymology; hence we say that the assimilation, *þ* into *ll*, had taken place when these lines were composed.
- l. 152. *Sigtíva* (gen. sing.) *synir*, the Heroes, the sons of Woden.
- l. 161. The holy mountains, Lay of Rígh, 146, cp. holy water, *Hkv.* i. 2.
- l. 166. *eisköld*, n. pl., cp. Long Brunh. L. 30 (emend.); *eiskialdi*, vol. ii, p. 281, l. 3; absent in Thulor 632-633.
- l. 178. *harliga*?
- l. 179. The main letter-stress on first and third measure, cp. 16, 36.
- l. 187. *fiöld*, goes with *gold*, *most of the gold*.
- l. 191. Manifestly corrupt; read, *kannat hann síá við svikom*, *he* (Sigfred) *suspects no treachery*.
- l. 192. *Fafnir* is called the 'Old Giant,' l. 173, and his brother *Regin*, a Frost Giant, a name else reserved for the huge Chaos-Giant *Ymi*, *Vþm.* 79, and Giant *Rungni*, *Lokas.* 199, and their brood of *Wolospa*.
- l. 201. Read, *Mörg* *ero lýða læ*, a proverb, *Manifold are the woes of mortal man*.
- l. 204. In Edda (from partly lost songs) *Night* is the mother of *Day* and *Earth*; *Delling*, one of the kin of the *Anses* (*Haimdall*), is the father of *Day* (*Vþm.* 97), who thus in brightness takes after his father. What means 'Nipt' here? We propose to read, *Heil nótt með niðom*, cp. *Vþm.* 96, *Vsp.* 24. *Earth* is already named, l. 209.—*Day's* sons are the beams of light: *Æsir* and *Ásynjor* (here named in close connection to *Mother Earth*) would here be used in the primitive sense, of *Anses* = departed Heroes and Heroines [in Pindaric sense].
- l. 207. 'sitiöndom *sigr*,' wrong, though we cannot hit on what is beneath it.
- l. 214. *Valböst*, perhaps = *fríðbönd*, the *bast cords* wound round the scabbard.
- l. 215. Read, ok *merkja* *tysvar Tý* (the *character Tew*), cp. 219, 229.
- v. 57. *Alrúnar*, *love runes*. Grimm has treated this word at length;—once the name (nickname?) of a German Sibyl, Tac. Germ. ch. 8. The next stanza treats of *ale runes* (beer runes); both have been confounded by the reciter, and lines dropped out.
- l. 220. ok við *fári síá*, very tame, and somehow wrong; one recalls, *láttu grön síá þa*, *sonr* (vol. ii, p. 528, last line), and expects some *sifting* or *straining of the drink*.
- l. 224. of *liðo spenna* cannot be right; read, ok of *liðo spanna*, *on the joints* (the wrist?) *of the out-stretched hand*.
- l. 225. *Disir*, here of midwives, like *Norns*, l. 107.
- l. 229. We would read, ok *merkja* *Eld* ok *Ar*,—both names of magic characters.
- l. 232. Is not 'lif-rúnar,' *runes of life*, the word? cp. *Havam.*, verse 10.
- l. 236. ef þu *vilt* . . . *harm*, not clear.
- l. 240. 'þjóðar,' but it is *mál* (the case) that must 'fara í dóm;,' some law term is hidden here.
- l. 248. *feigjan*, restored from the *Rok-stone* [Reader, p. 446].
- l. 254. Better *hefni* (imperat.)? as for sense, cp. *Sighvat* vi. 28.
- l. 258. Alliteration wrong; yet 'limar' is warranted by l. 16, and *grammar* is a suitable word; hence the error sticks in the latter half, one synonymous law term having been interchanged for another: we read, *grímmar limar ganga af* (not *at*) *gríða-rofi*. *Breach of Troth strikes fearful shoots*. Scan 'ganga af' as slurred.
- l. 259. *vára vargr* = *vár-liúgr*, Lay of *Arinb.*, l. 50.
- l. 267. A law proverb; observe the old genitive.
- l. 271. for-dæða, a murderess, or poisoning palsyng witch, cp. *Less.* of *Lodd.* v. 2.

l. 281. Clearly corrupt and meaningless. There are law terms hidden beneath it; 'sifja' yields the clue to the former,—'sifja slit' or 'spilla sifjom'; and 'svefni' to the latter,—bríóta kono til svefnis, *to ravish a woman*. Hence we restore and read, Sifjom spillattu, ne þær til svefnis laða, *Thou shalt not commit adultery* being the burden of the whole verse: svefnis, by the way, is an archaic genitive of svefn, masc., like heimis of heimr, not from svefni, neut. This poet is very fond of law terms; indeed, such poems as Havamal and Wols. Play are the Decalogue of the old heathen Scandinavian; more such must have once existed. The whole line should have been obelised.

l. 288. móð-tregi, else mun-tregi, q. v.

v. 74. Palpably corrupt; 'fight sooner than be burnt in the house' is too meaningless: we are here again in law; for 'auð-stafir' we substitute 'orð-stofom,' 'illom orð-stöfom,' *bandy not evil words*, and we have the clue.—The Dialogue and Ethic poets are fond of compounds on stafar, in a gnomic or law sense,—flærðar-stafar, O. W. Pl. 296; böl-stafar, 289; blund-stafar, 203; orð-stafar [294], Atlam. 33; líkn-stafar, G. W. 50; lasta-stafar, Lokas. 39; leið-stafar, 117; mein-stafar, 113; feikn-stafar, Grimm. 44, Solarl. 112; dreyr-stafar, 29; hel-stafar, Rimeg. 76.

Read—
 þat r. ek þ. i. s. ef þú sakar deilir
 við heimska hali,
 berjask er betra an bregðask sé
 illom orð-stöfom.

If in the assembly thou hast a suit with fools (foul-tongued men), sooner fight than bandy foul words—a warning against flyting scenes and libels, often repeated by the ancients.

l. 296. flærðar-stafir, *fraud, cheating, falsehood*.

l. 305. Mark the foreign word, 'chest,' of a coffin, cp. Atlam. 374, Völkv. 82.

v. 78. The two halves do not pair off well. There is a lacuna between l. 314 and l. 315.

l. 318. Siá vandliga við vél-ráðum vina þinna.—Wolsung Paraphrast. For 'vita' read 'vina.'

The Old Lay of Atli, (p. 45.)

It is striking to find that the details of Attila's death so powerfully portrayed here are for the most part historically correct, yet so it is, as the following passage of Jordanis relating to the fiery Hun proves:—

"Who,—as Priscus the historian tells, speaking of his death,—having already wives without number, as was the custom of his race, took to himself a very fair maiden, whose name was Ildico; and at the wedding feast, as he lay senseless on his back, overdone by the exceeding revelry, and heavy with wine and slumber, the superfluity of blood, which was wont to flow out through his nostrils, not finding its accustomed channels free, sought another and a deadly issue, and falling into his throat choked him."—Jordan. ch. 49.

Priscus was a contemporary of Attila's, and had been at his court, and the citation is probably almost verbal according to Jordanis' wont.

There was of course in the earliest Lays no connection between the *Sigfred* and the *Attila Cycles*. It is the character of Gudrun that has been amplified and made a link between them, to the great increase of the interest in her at all events. There are two other stories centering round Attila's woman-kind,—the *Ordeal of Gudrun*, where the treason of Herkia (the historic wife of Attila) is exposed, and the *Loves of Ordrun and Gundhere*, which are obscurely treated in the Lament of Ordrun.

The Attila tragedy has left an echo in the Kings' Lives. Tryggvason is made to marry Gudrun daughter of Ironbeard, a heathen whom he has slain. On the wedding night Gudrun tries to stab him with a knife which she has hidden. Of course the story could not go further, as it was well known that Tryggvason disappeared at Swold, so it is made to end tamely by the divorce of the vengeful lady. The legend has no doubt crept into the Kings' Lives from the Latin book-writers.

Priscus also gave the following story, which Jordanis also cites:—

"It happened that a certain cowherd saw that one of his heifers was halting, and as he could not find out how she had got so badly wounded, he took the trouble to follow up her bleeding tracks, and at last came upon a sword which she had heedlessly trodden on as she was browsing in the grass. He dug it up forthwith and took it off to Attila, who was delighted with the gift, and, being a man of a lofty soul, made up his mind that he was thereby raised to the empire of the whole world, and that by this sword of Mars power was given him to be lord of war."—Jordan. ch. 35.

It is probably also to Priscus that we owe the admirable sketch of Attila's person and career, which must by no means be overlooked:—

"Now this Attila was the son of Mundzucus; he had two brothers, Octar and Roas, who are said to have reigned before Attila, though not over quite all the people that he ruled. And after their death Attila and his brother Bleda [Budli of our Lays] together succeeded to the kingdom. . . . But Bleda, who was ruler over a great part of the Huns, was cut off by the treacherous wives of his brother, and Attila then brought the whole nation together under his sole sway. . . . A man born into the world for the braying of the nations, the dread of all lands. . . . For he was a man of a haughty address, ever casting his eyes round about this way and that [*as Varnhagen says of Napoleon, whom parts of this description would admirably suit*], of short stature, broad-chested, with a somewhat large head, small eyes, a thin beard, and scant hair, pug-nosed, and sallow-skinned, thus showing the clear marks of his race."—Jordan. ch. 35.

l. 4. árin-greypr, here and l. 63: we would prefer 'árin-geypom' (cp. 12, 63), *hearth encompassing*, an epithet of the benches—'greypr' being never used but in a metaph. sense, fierce, cruel.

l. 5. dyljendr? traitors = *dolg-megir*; we suggest, *né þeir dyléndr ugðo, they drank, unsuspecting of traitors.*

l. 6. Walhall is here used of an earthly hall, *the great Hall*: 'Hniflungar,' for Gundhere was a Nibelung, not a Hun; or is it, *vætki sásk þeir Húna (not fearing the Hunnish guest)?* or are we to read, 'verðir sáto úti,' as in l. 55, where this passage seems repeated?

l. 10. *mél-greypr, 'bit-fierce,' tugging at the bit.*

l. 14. Read, *goll-hroðna, A.S. gold-hroden, and translate gold-bound.*

l. 16. 'dafar,' def, *a kind of spear*, Thulor 284; read, *dafar ok darradar, spears and darts.*

l. 17. Read, 'vell' and 'velja' (*gold and treasures*): we have an echo of this in Angantheow Lay, 25 sqq. Translate, *the gold, the treasure of wide Gnitath.*

l. 18. 'stofnom,' but *sverðom* must be meant; we have *shields* already in a preceding line. Translate, *and gilt swords.*

l. 28. *sœman = seimðan? strung* must be the sense.

l. 33. Corrupt, sense and metre wrong; 'heiðingi' is a repetition from the succeeding line. We read, *vargs heðni varið, wrapt in a wolf's skin*; there was a *two-*

fold token—a ring *wrapt* in wolf's skin, and a wolf's hair *twisted* in a ring: riðit, i. e. writit. In the translation, for *For* read *And*.

l. 39. 'mærr,' better *mæra*.

ll. 42–45. Thus partly mended; 'grán-væddir, blakk-fiallir,' so much is safe; what 'þref' is we know not: 'gamma,' read, 'geyja man' grá-stóð, cp. Helgi i. 239.

l. 47. The poet is fond of participles, *dylendr* 5, *ráðendr*, *rýnendr* 37, *grátendr* 47: *Hniflunga*, for the *Giukungs* were *Nibelungs*, not *Huns*.

l. 53. Corrupt, yet we have not the clue to an emendation.

l. 54. See l. 16.

l. 56. *varða*, we take to mean to *pass the word*, or *give notice*, 'now they are coming:' *vitja*, better 'á vit.'

l. 57. Not yet understood.

l. 59. Obscure; 'biór' is the front partition in the hall.

ll. 62, 63. We now suggest, at þú at bekkjom færir . . . árin-geypom, . . . *and*, *sækja heim Atla*, *and*, *sætir þu at 'sumblum'*, i. e. *thou hadst better have stayed feasting at home than come to see Attila*. Between 64 and 65 a few lines seem to be missing, and a fresh train of images.

ll. 69, 95. *Geir-hniflungr*, the great *Nibelung*.

l. 73. 'Rosmofiöll,' a crux to commentators: we have the clue in *Jordanis*, '*Rosomonorum gens infida*;' it is thus the name of a *people*, an echo of a much older lay, which *Jordanis* paraphrased, whereon see below. Translate, *across the hills of the Rosmons*.

ll. 81 and 87. *gumna*; better 'Gotna.'

l. 93. *kumbla-smið*, *weapon-wright*, cp. *Hamð*. 47.

l. 100. Read, *öndo*?

l. 103. Mark the *h* alliteration; hence we have restored the *h*: the letter-stress in here on the fourth and last measure; this is met with in A. S. poetry, but is very rare in Northern; and may be only owing to faulty text here.

l. 107. *svinn áskunna*, most certainly wrong. The lost words must have given a new synonym for the hoard, to wit, *the ransom or murder-fine of the Anses*. We have two such expressions from lost passages of verse in *Edda*—*slög-gjald and nauð-gjald Ása*. The melody of these lines, 104–109, is superb.

l. 108. Better 'lýsisk.'

l. 110. For *harness* read *yoke to*.

ll. 111–116. An obscure and mangled text, to which no clue as yet is forthcoming: *Glaum* is *Attila's horse*, p. 80, l. 11.

ll. 117–120. For the oath, see *Excursus*, vol. i, p. 422: 'árofa' is a safe emendation, a law term.

ll. 121–126. More modern in tone than the rest; here the harp is for the first time mentioned.

ll. 127, 128. Text unsafe, yet the meaning clear.

l. 129. *dynr* (*din*), or *dunn* (*a crowd, flock*).

ll. 132–134. *reifa giöld Rognis and gnadda niffarna* (*Hniflunga*?), quite corrupt; some allusion to *arval* or funeral banquet to be held in honour of her dead brethren—a law phrase? Some standing epithet of *Gudrun* lurks under the corrupt 'gnadda niffarna.'

l. 135. Obscure, alliteration faulty; refers to *Gudrun* slaying her sons and dressing a *Thyestes banquet* for *Attila*: for *iofrom* read *örfom*.

l. 140. *nauðigr ná?* cp. p. 348, l. 22. Cut out the words between *morsels* and *but* in the translation.

1. 144. 'or,' the king used to send dainties from his table to friends in the hall.
 1. 146. *Ölreifr*, must refer to Attila, not to the boys.
 1. 151. Translate, *a wail from the women*. Cp. our M. English phrase, 'gainest under gore.'
 1. 157. *sköþ lét hon vaxa*, cp. *Atlám*. 5.
 1. 158. In A. S. *feorh-hus* is the *breast*, 'life-house,' it recurs l. 169: the line should have been obelised; the meaning we now think is this, *she brewed a grim plot in her breast*; and in l. 169, *the hall and the men within were consumed by the fire*.
 1. 170. 'bör'; a plural word is required, 'bráðir?' or 'bœir Buðla?' cp. AM. 187.

Old Hamtheow Lay, (p. 53.)

The earliest testimony to Ermanric's death is that of Ammianus, lib. xxxi, cap. 3:—

"Wherefore the Huns, when they had overrun the countries of the Alans, whom the trend of the Tanais makes the neighbours of the Greeting, and had slain and plundered many of them, joined the rest to themselves by a bond of alliance, and somewhat emboldened by their fellowship, burst, in sudden inroad, upon the broad-lying and fruitful lands of Ermanric, a very warlike king, who was feared by all the peoples because of his many brave deeds of all kinds. But he was heavily smitten by the blows of this sudden storm, and, although he long struggled to stand firm and upright, yet at last, when report kept magnifying in more than common kind the horrors of the future, put an end to his fear of mighty dangers to come by killing himself. After his death, Withimer, who was made king, held his own for a while against the Alans, by means of the Huns, and others whom he brought over to his side; but after many defeats, he was overcome by force, and gave up the ghost in the midst of the battle. And Alatheow and Saphrax, the captains of the host, men known for their steadfast bravery, undertook the guardianship of his little son Wideric."

Now the two faithful guardians fought as Fredgern's allies in 378, so that we may calculate Ermanric's reign to have lasted somewhat beyond 360: and as Ammianus in his youth followed Julian on his fatal expedition of 363, it follows that the lives of this great Gothic king and the last true Roman historian, who celebrates him, overlap, and that we have in the above passage the plain straightforward utterance of a contemporary. But our next witness speaks from tradition merely:—

"For not long after Gefric, King of the Goths, having passed out of this life, Hermanric, the noblest born of the Amals, succeeded to his kingdom; and he thoroughly tamed many of the most warlike tribes of the North, and made them obey his laws. Wherefore our elders, not without reason, have likened him to Alexander the Great. . . . [Then, after an account of the appearance of Huns and Alans, he proceeds] For although Hermanric, King of the Goths, as we have said above, was of such great renown as the conqueror of many tribes, nevertheless at the very time that he was thinking over the coming of the Huns, that faithless folk the *Rosmons*, who, with many other tribes, then acknowledged his rule, took advantage of the following circumstance to betray him. The king had ordered a certain woman of the said folk, named Swanhild, to be bound to wild horses and torn asunder of them, for he was moved to wrath by the treacherous desertion of her husband; wherefore her brothers, Sarus and Ammius [Amthius?], smote him in the breast with the sword to avenge their sister's death; and he being grievously

wounded fell into ill-health by reason of the weakness of his body. And when Balamber, King of the Huns, heard of his bad health he moved his host into the borders of the East-Goths, from whose fellowship the West-Goths had already separated by reason of a certain quarrel which had arisen between them. And in the midst of these things, not being able to endure the pain of his wound, nor the inroads of the Huns, Hermanric died [killed himself] very old and full of days in the hundred and tenth year of his life. And it was through his death that the Huns were able to prevail over those Goths, who, as we said, dwelt on the East march, and were called East-Goths."—Jordan. chs. 23, 24.

In these words are imbedded the tradition which produced the Hamtheow Lay, and there is little doubt but that Jordanis or his informant is here *actually quoting from a song*, a lost *Ermanric's Lay*; the mention of the 'faithless Rosmon-folk' (known to us from the 'rosmofiǥll' of Atli's Lay, l. 73), the epic details of Ermanric's age and wound, as well as the express citing of the names, all seem to point to this conclusion. Would that we had this oldest of all Hamtheow Lays, the prototype of those which Saxo paraphrased and the R collection imperfectly preserved! Jordanis was living just at the right distance of time from his hero for the tradition to have ripened fully into song, and for the song itself to have become well known and admired (a gap of 200 years separating them, as it does Ari and Fairhair, Paul and Ælfwine). It is worth noting here that the earliest form of the DEATH OF ERMANRIC knows nothing of the *magic armour* with which later tradition, borrowing from some mythic source, endows the avengers. It is also to be remarked that Saxo does not make the Avenging of Swanhild a part of the Sigfred or Hniflung cycle, but a separate episode. The name Gudrun may have been the link which suggested to the later poets the addition of a final tragedy to the chain of woes which hung round their favourite heroine.

Deeply true of Ermanric, as of Attila, Elfwine, Charlemagne, Fairhair, Tryggvason, and the rest of the 'sceptred shades,' are Mr. Carlyle's words,—“What an enormous camera-obscura magnifier is Tradition! How a theory grows in the human Memory, in the human Imagination, when Love, Worship, and all that lies in the human Heart is there to encourage it. And in the darkness, in the entire ignorance, without date or document, no book, no Arundel marble, only here and there some dumb monumental cairn. Why, in thirty or forty years, were there no books, any great man would grow *mythic*, the contemporaries who had seen him being dead. And in three hundred years, and three thousand years!”

The poem before us is one of the most noble antique cast, if we may judge from such shattered fragments as ll. 95-98, 132-135, though now it is all ruin. Whole strings of verses are utterly maimed, others are grammatically unsafe, while there are shocking gaps and blanks every few lines. Moreover, two Songs, or bits of Songs, differing in type and age, have been mingled hotch-pot together: we have tried to separate them in our text; *Gudrun's Chain of Woe* is given Bk. v, § 3, p. 328. But we must still go a step further, for ll. 16-18 of that latter poem are manifestly parts of Hamtheow Lay; the metre, the strange obsolete words such as 'hnóf,' the savage character of Gudrun, all speak to their being part of Gudrun's Egging, and have to be restored to our Lay between ll. 21, 22, where a yawning gap is ready to receive them. The *duplicate text* we have given in Appendix to vol. i, p. 374, where the doublet lines, not marked in the foot-notes, can be seen. The *Hamtheow Story* from Edda is given in vol. ii, pp. 541, 542.

l. 15. The brothers are *Huns* (originally Rosmons), ll. 15, 44, 64: the name of Gibika (Giuki) is quite alien to our song (l. 102 being corrupt). Ermanric is

a *Goth*, ll. 10, 84, 89, 106, 109, 132 (some of which lines we have restored); his land *Goð-þjóð* (l. 59), the *Gutþiuda* of the Gothic Calendar.

l. 16. þringit, cp. Lay of Skirni, 128.

ll. 20, 21. viðir, *willow* (an easy emendation): l. 21, we would read, þá es kvisto skeðja konor um dag varman, (*as a willow*) *that women lope on a warm day*; see skeðja, Dict. p. 542 b (with dat. and acc.)

l. 24. 'vokto' cannot be right; Atlam. l. 324 gives the clue, probably, es ið Sig-rœðr rækðozk svefni or (*or S. rakðisk*), *when ye were aroused from your sleep*.

l. 25. svaftu, cp. Long Br. Lay 94; or is it 'sáttu?' the sense being, *thou didst see thy bed soaked in blood*.

l. 26. bekr . . . ofnar völundum fluto í vers dreyra [Text A]: for 'bökr' [A and B] perhaps read 'brækr.'

l. 29. Gunnar þer svá vildi, *tame, it was all G.'s doing*.

l. 37. Better 'slíðar,' cp. A. S. *slide*, Ulf. *sleipis = cruel*.

l. 43. Somehow wrong. Here the *egging* ends.

ll. 49, 50. Self-evident transposition: Gudrun picks out their armour, they put it on, mount their horses, say good-bye to their mother, and ride off. Lines are here missing, narrating the magic virtues of the armour, proof against steel, fire, all save stones, and lacking too is some warning word, *Beware of stone-casting*.—An ancient myth, as of some Titans, sons of the Earth, whose bones are stones.

ll. 59, 60. Half-maimed, though the sense gleams through (at *geirniord hn. á G.*?).

l. 66. 'iarp skamr;' what is this? 'stræti' [Lat. word] can scarcely be right.

ll. 68-71. Hann [Erp] segir, at hann mun veita þeim þvilíkt sem hönd föeti; þeir segja, at þat var allz ekki, er fótr studdiz við hönd . . ., They then slay (stone) Erp; shortly after which one of the brothers, slipping with one leg, is by one hand prevented from falling—'Ah!' cries he, 'now the hand helpeth the foot.'

l. 74. Evidently a proverb; we read, Íllt es í blaudom hal bratar-gengi, *one gets poor backing from a craven heart*.

ll. 76, 77. Maimed lines. The Wolsung paraprast says—Hon hafði svá buit þeirra herklæði, at þá bito eigi iarn, ok hon bað þá eigi 'skeðja grióti,' né öðrum stórum hlutum, ok kvað þeim þat at meini mundu verða, ef þeir gerði svá . . ., and, í því höfðu þeir af brugðit boði móður síunar, at þeir höfðu grióti skatt, i. e. *they should never fling stones as weapons*. They did so, and were stoned themselves. We espy beneath 'skiði iarn' 'skeðja iarn,' *iron could not hurt them, nor sword's edges*: 'at mun flagði,' what is that? the lines are probably misplaced. They slew Erp, we take it, by throwing stones at him.

l. 80. Maimed, and so is l. 83; in 'tröno hvót,' some gallows-simile; see Dict. 639 a (trana II).

l. 84. 'höll' we mended years since, Dict. p. 271 a, and rightly: it is but idle to defend false, phonetically impossible, alliterations (as Prof. Bugge does) by stray examples from *Beowulf* (extant in but one vellum, and that by no means an immaculate one) or from still more corrupt texts, such as the central parts of Lay of Menglad and Swipday. 'Gotna' (emend.): 'Atla' comes from these lines, having been foisted into the *Atli* Lay.

l. 89. Mark, the natives were Goths; the new-comers Huns.

l. 90. The casual verb is þeyta (þeyta horn, *to blow a horn*); it is the watchman sitting in the watch-tower (hlið-skjalf).

ll. 95-98. A grand scene like that of King Belshazzar, Daniel, ch. v: 'bravngo' is otherwise an unknown word, or it may simply be a misreading, 'brúði unгри' (*br. . . ung* are in both words); it was, we suppose, blurred in the archetype—at any rate we

take it to mean *leman*, and consequently read 'beindizk' (beiðazk at e-u is ungrammatical and void of any sense whatever): böðvaðisk, ἄπ. λεγ. (bølvaðisk?) sá á skiöld hvítan, what is this? (skiall-hvítan?)

l. 101. Perhaps read, berja mun ek þá ok binda; cp. l. 107.

l. 102. For 'góð börn Giúka' we read, goð-borna guma, cp. l. 50 ('Giúki' is here an impossibility altogether).

ll. 103-105. Very corrupt; we believe misplaced too, being really a part of the *egging*; read, hroðin golli . . . mefingr mælti við mögo sína, *gold-decked . . . the slim-fingered lady spake to her sons.*

l. 106. Mended; the scribe of R or the collector confounds Goths and Huns here as in l. 89.

l. 107. Mark the dat. há, here and ll. 85, 109, when postponed (but, inni hávo borg).

l. 109. Gotna, thus of a certainty, not Gauta.

l. 115. Dict. p. 286 b, misled by this corrupt passage, we tried once to establish a double verb, hrióta (to clash) and rióta (to roar and snore); yet it is an inadmissible distinction; an *r*-word has slipped out, 'ríkt,' or the like,—þá kallar Ermenrekr, at þá skildi með gríoti berja [Edda].

l. 118. Ionakr; the name is nowhere else found; may be some Hunnish name, drawn from the lost Lay that Jordanis used; the last part (-akz) resembles *Mundzucus*, Attila's father.

l. 121. Did the brothers here throw a stone? for the proverb, see Less. Lodd.

l. 123. A proverb, cp. Guest's *Wisd.* verse 15. In translation for *to lack* read *the lack.*

ll. 126-129. From a different poem in dialogue metre? Norna grey, *the wolves*, cp. *Vsp.* 110 sqq.

ll. 130, 131. Obscure and mangled.

l. 134. 'goerr' here, like in *Ulf.*, *to-morrow.*

l. 135. Proverb, cp. Lay of *Swipdag*, l. 237.

Theodric Lay, (p. 59.)—þor-móðr (a new word): garuz, older form for goerr, sitting on his horse, in his cairn, like a Wicking. *Maringaz* = *Merowioingas* of *Beowolf*.

BOOK II. *Vafþrudnis-mal*, or *The Lessons of Web-strong*, (p. 61.)

Pedagogic and pedantic; yet with an under-current of poetic religious feeling. A kind of Primer of Physical Science and Archæology as then understood.

l. 2. Quantity at fault; read, *Vafþrudnis á vit*; or at *vitja Vafþrudnis vea*?

l. 5. Quite ungrammatical; for 'letja' read 'setja,' *I would make thee stay at home*; cp. *setja e-n aprt.*

l. 23. Mark the subjunctive.

v. 8. The Giant asks the new-comer to *sit down*; but on the stranger's bench; the guest, however, continues *standing*, like a boy under examination.

v. 9. This verse looks as if it belonged to the Guest's Wisdom.

vv. 10-17. A sort of preliminary examination. Giant asks the questions like an *examiner*, for *he* knows it already, and is in no want of information.

l. 47. *austan*, of the night, read *vestan*? if *w* might alliterate with a vowel; night's race being between west and east (no farther).

l. 60. Stress on the latter 'á,' *river.*

v. 17. The *Field of Wigrid* is an echo, one fancies, from Attila's *Catalaunian Fields* (Châlons)—*Convenitur itaque in campos Catalaunicos . . . centum leuvas* (ut

Galli vocant) in longum tenentes, et septuaginta in latum.—[Jordan. ch. 36.] Our poet has rounded the figures into *square*.

v. 18. Woden, having got his 'accessit,' is invited to sit down with the Giant, as his compeer in wisdom, and now in his turn asks the questions—a fatal step for poor Giant!

v. 20. A doublet of this verse we have rejoined, for it is clearly a part of Wafthrudni's Lay. hriðfeldo (l. 83), *tempestuous*, Cod. A. (better).—The mediæval Frisian idea of the making of man was that Adam was made of *eight things* (bones of *stone*, flesh of *clay*, blood of *water*, heart of *wind*, thought of *cloud*, sweat of *dew*, hair of *grass*, eyes of *sun* [and *moon*]), and then quickened by the *holy breath of God*; as Prof. Skeat observes in his Notes to P. Plowman.—All this is heathen psychology and a kind of inversion of the Ymi legend told here.

v. 22. Mundilfoeri, popular etymology, the origin of which is to be sought in Sanskrit 'Para-manthus,' whence Greek Prometheus [Mr. Harry Ward's observation, of the British Museum, communicated orally to the Editor]. See also Kuhn's well-known and learned Essay on the Fire Myth.

l. 103. We have restored the masc. gender.

vv. 27-32. Creation of Giants; 'Ymir' is the Giant of Chaos; -gelmir, in the compounds, not from gamall, rather from root 'galm,' of the dinning, seething Elements; cp. Hver-gelmir, Vað-gelmir, *the Pit* (Tartarus). After v. 32 more verses must have slipped out, narrating the creation of *Dwarves* and last of *Men*; cp. Wolospa and Lays of Rígh and Hyndla.

v. 34 relates a *flood* or *deluge*; one giant saved in a *box*, líðr. Is this an echo from Chaos legends, or 'urverwandt?' The giants were drowned in the *blood* of the Chaos-Giant Ymi, says Edda (from a poem?).

l. 142. 'æ menn,' read ey-manni, cp. l. 218, *no man, no body*.

l. 149. Mended, Nóa-tún, *Shipton*; nó-r, as well as naust, we take to be a loan-word from Latin. The Roman galleys were the first big ships the Northmen knew of.

v. 39. Question and answer have run into one: we could not restore them completely.

l. 164. Read 'allz' for 'hví' (?).

l. 173. 'halir,' here the inmates of Hell, a second death, as it were.

v. 44. 'Lif' = Gr. φάρμακον, *a simple*.

l. 185. Mark the acc. 'þessa,' *having overtaken* her, Dict. fara, B. I. 2.

l. 192. Emend.; cp. proverb, 'Margir ro mar-líðendr,' Eyrb. ch. 16.

l. 195. þrásis (∪∪), not þrásis (-∪): it calls to mind Gen. ii. 8-14: cp. also the A. S. neorxna-wang.

l. 196. Partly mended; the 'hamingjor' dwell among men, but the Holy Mother-Norns are of Giant kind.

l. 205. Somewhat obscure, *when the Thunderer (Wingnir) is dead* (?).

l. 213. Vitnir we render the *Beast*; root is vit, *witchcraft*, the *bewitched* monster.

l. 216. Alliteration faulty, for 'áðr' is no stressed word; read, Hvát mælti Baldrí, áðr á bál stigi | S. . . í eyra syni. In 'sialfr' we surmise Woden's name (on s), 'Sviðorr' or the like.

Grimnismal, (p. 69.)

For the prose introduction in R, see vol. ii, p. 524.

l. 1. hripoðr, see Thulor 532, quoting from here, *Spark-showerer* probably.

v. 2. Note the blessing bestowed for a cup of drink.

vv. 3-16 are the cream of the poem; the twelve Celestial Dwellings. One

cannot help thinking of the twelve Zodiacal Signs. The names are quite different from those of the Spell Song, pp. 29, 30.

l. 20. 'Áss,' Edda 'Óðinn.'

l. 22. Quantity amiss; read *glymja yfir*.

l. 23. *Sága* (-v), not *Saga*, cp. Vell. 41, vol. ii, p. 334, l. 74. *Sága*, from Goth. *saihwān*, according to Professor Verner's supplement to Grimm's law, a *seeress, prophetess*, refers to some lost myths on Woden drinking wisdom out of golden beakers at a Pythoness'.

vv. 7-9 is one of our main sources for the Walhall-myth; used word for word by the Edda author in his account of the Walhall-myth, of which he is so fond.

l. 35. *vargr, a felon, a malefactor*, cp. Lay of Hamtheow, ll. 81, 82.

v. 11. *Breiða-blik*; we say 'blika,' to blink, of the Fixed Stars.

v. 13. Freyja has a Walhall of her own for women, for such must be the meaning of 'halfan val:' the one half of mankind comes to her; cp. Egil's S. ch. 81—Þorgerðr segir hátt, engan hefi ek nátt-verð haft, ok engan mun ek fyrr en at Freyjo: 'sessa kostom í sal,' the Edda paraphrast read, as it seems, 'Sess-rymnis sali' ('Salt hennar Sess-rymnir, hann er mikill ok fagr').

v. 14. Forseti, *Judge*, son of Balder, says Edda.

v. 15. Niord, god of the sea and of riches, 'rich as Niord' runs the proverb; *manna-þengill*, cp. vol. ii, p. 518 (clause a).

v. 16. 'há,' read 'hávo'; 'hám' is a true form, but 'há' (neut.) scarcely, see however Hamtheow Lay, l. 107. *Viði, wood, forest*; a county in Norway is thus called. l. 63 wholly dark.

vv. 17-21. All descriptive of Walhall and its surroundings: v. 17 very obscure.

v. 19. Note the 640 doors and 960 heroes,—the concrete numbers denoting unnumbered multitudes, as with Homer's Thebes. Cf. Appendix, l. 15.

vv. 22-29. One of our main sources for Yggdrasil: mark the court being held under a tree. In the ancient poets, Vsp. as well as here, it is always 'the Ash of Ygg-drasill,' never 'Ygg-drasill' alone; *drasill, drösull*, means a horse, the *dragger, puller*; in 'Ygg' there must be some name hidden, like 'vingi,' *hanged = the ash of the horse of the hanged one*, that is, *the gallows-ash*. The image is manifestly inspired by Christianity, though the word itself is Norse. For the steeds, cp. Thorgrim's Thulor.

After l. 100 a verse has slipped out, paraphrased in Edda (Gg.)—'Örn einn sitr í limom asksins, ok er hann margs vitandi, enn í milli augna hónung sitr haurk sá er heitir Veðr-fölnir,' cp. l. 36 above.

l. 101. See Dict., p. 317 b.

l. 103. For 'arnar orð' read 'öfundar-orð,' Edda paraphrasing—ok berr öfundar orð milli arnarns ok Níðhöggs; it recalls Phædr., Book ii, Fabula 4.

l. 109. Better 'afa' here as elsewhere.

l. 116. Read 'hliðom,' for dat. sing. 'hliðo' is inadmissible.

vv. 30-32. On the Sun: l. 121, Edda—Enn undir bógom hestanna setto goðin tvá vind-belgi at kœla þá, enn í sumom fræðom er þat kallat ísarn-kol.

l. 123. Mark 'goð,' in singular case of a *goddess*; thus Skaði is 'Vanagoð.'

l. 127. til varna viðar has puzzled commentators; we now take 'varn' (n.?) simply to be a well-known English word, *warren*; to the *warrens of the wood*, where the sun every evening disappears to appear next morning at heaven's east gate.

The verses on the moon (to two children and their pail) are in this place paraphrased in the Edda, see p. 77; they may even have been part of our poem. For a cut of which, see the Translator's Old Stories, 1882, p. 13. v. 33. Very obscure.

Appendix (p. 75) is in parts very obscure, fragmentary.

vv. 1-5 is Walhall over again, the Wolves, Ravens, Walcyries. See the outfitting of Hell's hall, vol. ii, p. 546. v. 6. The Dwarves, see story in Edda below.

vv. 7-12. Woden's adventures under various names; for, like Odysseus at Polyphemus', in his wanderings he ever gave a *false* name. Some names are known, as Gangleri and Thrídi and Hár from Gylfa-Ginning; Hnikarr from the Helgi Lay; Grimni from Grimnis-Mal; Hárbard from Hoarbeard's Lay; Hropt from Háva-Mal. But of the others the legends have perished.

In v. 11 is a lost Soma Giant's myth; mid-vitnis, qs. miöð-vitnir? the Mead-monster.

The Best Things, (p. 77).—A story in the Edda (Skaldskapar-mal):—

The Gods' Treasures.—Loki Laufeysson had devised, out of malice, to clip all Sif's hair off. But when Thor was aware of this, he took Loki, and would have broken every bone in his body if he had not sworn to get the Black Elves to make Sif a golden head of hair, which should grow like other hair. Thereupon Loki went to those dwarves, who are called the sons of Iwald, and they made the hair, and Skidblade, and the spear that Woden has, which is called Gungnir. Then Loki wagered his head with the dwarf who was named Brank (Brokk), that Brank's brother Cinder (Sindri) could not make three treasures as good as these were. And when they came to the smithy, Sindri laid a swineskin on the anvil, and bade Brank blow, and never cease before he took off the anvil what he had laid thereon. But as soon as he went out of the smithy and began to blow, a fly came and lit upon his hand and stung him, but he blew on as before, till the smith took *the skin* off the anvil, and lo it was a boar with golden bristles. Next he laid gold on the anvil, and bade him [Brank] blow, and not cease from blowing until he came back; then Brank went out, and straightway the fly came and lit upon his neck, and stung twice as hard as before. But he blew away, till the smith took off the anvil the gold ring that is called Draupnir [Dropper]. Then he laid iron upon the anvil, and bade him [Brank] blow, and said that the smithy would be spoil if the blast fell. With that the fly came and lit between his eyes, and stung the eyelids; but when the blood fell into his eyes so that he could not see, he caught up his hand as quick as could be while the bellows were down, and swept the fly off him. With that out came the smith, and said that it had gone near, but the work on the anvil had been spoil. Then he took a hammer off the anvil. And all these treasures he gave into his brother Brank's hands, and bade him take them to Ansegarth and pay the wager. And when Loki's friends had brought forth their treasures *also*, then the Anses sat down in their judgment-seats, and as Woden, Thor, and Frey gave it, so the verdict should stand. Then Loki gave Woden the spear Gungnir, and to Thor the hair Sif was to have, and to Frey Skidblade, and showed them the powers of all the treasures,—that the spear should never be stayed by anything, that the hair should grow to the flesh as soon as it touched Sif's head, that Skidblade should have a fair wind as soon as the sail came aloft, wherever one wished to go, and that she could be folded together like a cloth and put into a purse, if one wished. Then Brank brought forward his treasures. He gave Woden the ring, and said, that every ninth night there should drop from it nine rings of the same weight as itself; and to Frey he gave the boar, and said, that it could run through air or sea, night and day, faster than any horse, and that be it never so dark in the night, or in Mirkham, there should always be plenty of light wherever he went, the bristles would shine so. Then he gave Thor the hammer, and said that he could strike as hard as he liked whatever was before him, and that

the hammer should never break, and that if he cast it, then he should never miss; and that it would never fly so far, that it would not come back to his hand, and that if he liked it would become so little that he could keep it in his shirt, but there was one blemish in it, that the helve was rather short. Their judgment was that the hammer was the best of all the treasures, and the greatest defence against the Rime-giants, and they judged that the dwarf had won the wager. Then Loki offers to redeem his head. The dwarf answered and said that there was no hope of that. 'Then catch me,' quoth Loki; but when he would have caught him he was far, far away. For Loki had shoes, so that he could run through air or over the sea. Then the dwarf prayed Thor to catch him, and he did so. Then the dwarf wished to cut off Loki's head, but Loki said that the head was his, but not the neck. Then the dwarf took a thong and knife, and tried to pierce holes in Loki's lips, wishing to stitch his lips together, but the knife would not cut. Then he said that his brother's awl would be better; but as soon as he had named it, there the awl was, and it bit on the lips. Then he stitched the lips together, but the thong broke out of the awl-holes. The thong with which the mouth of Loki was stitched together was called Garter.

Rivers, (p. 77.) Mythologic are ll. 11 and 20; for the rest, cp. Thulor, ll. 333-356.

Horses. 'lungr,' Gaelic, prop. *ship*; mark especially ll. 9, 10, the steed Blood-hoof and Woden (Atriði, cp. Thulor 114). Below, p. 80, l. 3, Frey is the master of this horse. The matter is interesting, from touching on the same subject as the famed old German Charm, the editors of which song, their heads being full of Northern mythology, have put into it much that never belonged to it. The dramatic personæ, we take it, are but *two*, viz. Woden and his Steed; Balder is but an appellation, the *prince*, i. e. Woden himself; the first word 'phuol' we take to be the *horse*. Translate—'Woden and his horse went to the wood, when the prince's (god's, Woden's) steed had its foot strained.' And now the Fays come in and sing their Charms,—all which seems plain enough. One must certainly not argue from the lines that there was a separate German god Balder, for he is a Northern creation altogether. For horses see farther, Thulor 554-569, Kalfs-visor and Grimnis-mal.

The Dwarves. Here two fragments have been pieced together; l. 14 is a mere distortion of ll. 17, 18, and l. 13 a corruption of l. 20. Between ll. 4 and 5 have slipped out—

Nár ok Nainn, Nípingr, Dainn.

And later, ll. 12 and 13—Billigr, Bruni, Bildr, ok Buri,

'Durinn,' l. 2, is decidedly Gaelic or Welsh, cp. Thulor, ll. 33-56. Many of these names may be from the Short Sibyl Song.

The Fates. It is a sign of late composition that Urðr alliterates as a vowel.

Walcyrias. Cp. Thulor, ll. 172-174. For *nuns* in the translation read *maids*.

Kalfs-visor. Interesting to see how many myths and Sagas the poet knew, some of which are now lost to us, viz. Westan 5, Wifil 5, Mantheow 6, Morgin (a lost cosmogonic hero) 6, Biorn 10, Biarr (Beowolf?) 10. Dagr we take to be him of the Helgi Lay; Dvalin is a dwarf; Harald, l. 12 = Hildi-tooth?

Allwise-mal, (p. 81.)

It is wonderful that a poem like this, with its many strange poetic words, *could* have come down to us. Its fun has saved it, it being used, one fancies, for entertainment, as a pleasant feat of memory. As to the 'frame,' it is clear, beyond dispute, that Thor, the honest, guileless Lord of the Hammer, who never played a trick, can

have nothing whatever to do with it. The Edda legends always make him to be *absent* from home (Walhall in the meantime defenceless) upon such occasions. Woden is meant: 'ek hefi víða vratað' (l. 21) is just an appropriate term for *him*, cp. 'Far have I travelled,' the burden of Wafthrudni Lay; 'Sonr em ek Síðgrana' (l. 22) must be a *spurious line*; what once stood there we cannot tell. Years since, Dict. 57 a, s. v. bekk, we mended 'breiða' into 'breiði' (imperative), an absolutely needed and self-evident emendation, imparting new life into the whole. The Bride is the *Sun*, 'the fair-beaming lady' (l. 81); hence, l. 11, we now read, Vagna veðs (for vers is meaningless); the Sun is Woden's *pledge* [for Vagni, cp. Hofuðl., last line], as in Wolospa.

The synonyms of the Beings are thirteen:—*Men, Gods, Giants* are constant; for æsir, ll. 37, 101, is an equivalent necessitated by the alliteration, as on earth there is no other suitable synonym beginning with a vowel [see Thulor 421 sqq.]. The *Elves*, eleven times, constantly, one may say. Next come, *those in Hell*, seven times [for halir, l. 110, we now take to be a mere error for 'heljo í']. *Dwarves* six times. More special are, *Ginn-regin*, twice (ll. 78, 118); *Upp-regin*, once (l. 40); Suptungs synir or *Soma-Giants*, once (l. 136); *Asa synir*, in its primitive sense (?) once (l. 64); and *Æsir, Anses*, twice (above).

ll. 15, 16. Obscure and corrupt; less so, but unsafe, are ll. 19, 20: l. 17, for *ward* read *warden* or *guardian*; l. 22 *spurious*.

l. 43. We cannot find the clue, some epithet to heaven, an *h*-word. For the heaven's synonyms see Thulor, ll. 487-497 and 510-513: words like *skat-yrnir*, *heið-ornir*, one cannot help thinking cognate to *uranos*, though not as *loan*-words.

l. 54. Whirling wheel, but of the moon, in spite of our note and translation to Guest's Wisdom, l. 253, and not of the potter's wheel; women's hearts are *shifty as phases of the moon*.

l. 56. ártala, cp. Vsp. 26.

l. 88. vero (∪∪), not from vesa, but akin to verr or værr, *snug, cosy*.

l. 93. sil-, as in Lat. *sil-entium*; sil-vetni, *still water*, etc. *Calm* is a better translation than *level*.

l. 101. We have substituted *fúrr*, for the poet, wherever alliteration allows of it, puts the *general household Germ.-Saxon word in the mouth of the gods*.

l. 117. niol, a Gaelic word, old Irish *nel*, Lat. *nebula*.

l. 127. æti (ęti in the vellum), an ἄπ. λεγ. (not even in Thulor 682-689), Gaelic word most undoubtedly; Irish *eth* = corn, barley; whence mod. Scot. *aits*, Engl. *oats*, are probably derived. *Oats* are nowhere else mentioned in old Icel. Sagas or poems as used for food, nor named at all, 'hafrar' being a modern loan-word from German, through Danish; barr, Scotch *bear*, cp. Thulor 682: hnipinn, see Hell's Hall, vol. ii, p. 546.

v. 34. Very suitable indeed to mention Giants here in connection with wine and beer, 'clear lees' and, as the Soma-Giants call it, 'sumbl' [what is the root of this word?].

King Heidrek's Riddles, (p. 87.)

From diverse times, one would say, some (as Nos. 12, 16, 28) familiar to all European people, some are clearly bookish; on all which we cannot enter here. Of the refrain phrases we notice, (1) *Dellings door*, the eastern Sunrise-gate of heaven, as it were; here, of the *hall's east door*, the ancient hall running lengthways from east to west; we read elsewhere of the *west door* (Grimm, l. 35, Hamtheow 81,

vol. ii, p. 360, l. 33): (2) 'forvitni' foður, meaningless, we have altered into 'fög-nuði;' in a vellum it would be written full once, then, as is vellums' wont, by repeating the initial letters.

l. 25. við, self-evident emendation, according to the Saga, við, a *witthy*: akkeri með 'góðom streng'—*the Saga*.

l. 36. sára laukr, cp. imon-laukr, Helgi i, and Eywind.

ll. 51, 52. Beyond recovery.

l. 60. Read, of-valt; mark the *w* here makes alliteration in a word, the etymon of which is of-allt; in modern pronunciation the *v* in ávallt is stressed.

l. 72. Observe the alliterated varðir vera, a sign of a western poet.

v. 20. 'líða lönd yfir' denotes that snow and rain is meant.

l. 79. The alliteration is faulty; 'skiold' cannot be right (váðir?).

v. 24. A sort of pun (very old it seems); we are unable to quite restore it: is the reading right? foldar moldbui must mean a *snake*, a *worm*? cp. Herodot. i, ch. 78 [naðr (*serpent*) and nai is the reading of B]. Indeed, in the Saga Text B, we read, þar komtu at á einni, ok rak ís-iaka eptir ánni, ok lá þar á dauðr hestr, ok á hestinum einn dauðr ormr, ok bar þar blindr blindan, er þeir vóru þrír saman.

v. 25. Corrupt and obscure, cp. Atlam. 261 (as emendated): this game, a kind of predecessor to chess, probably something like our 'fox and goose.' þat er hnef-tafl, töflur drepaz vápna-lauser um hnefann, ok fylgja hönum enar rauðo [the Saga]: and, þat er hún í hnefa-taffi, hann heitir sem biörn, hann rennr þegar er hönum er kastað.—[Text B.]

l. 105. We are unable to mend this; what duck is meant? In l. 108 read dryn-rann, = *hous*, *hall*, of the horn.

l. 106. bú-timbr, here *nest*: straw-chopper = *the neal's teeth*; dryn-rann, *roaring hall* = the horn.

l. 112. ösgrui, akin to mod. Norwegian *gruva* = hearth, fire-place; also in Swed. and Dan. dialects.

v. 30. Corrupt in parts; it is the standing loom is meant: we are as yet unable to recover the words. The loom used in the Editor's youth was a *sitting* loom; he was too young to have seen the old loom in Iceland [even my father, skilled at weaving, knew only the sitting loom.—*Editor*].—Hest þann kallar þú lín-vef, enn skeið meri hans, enn upp ok ofan skal hrista vefinn.—[*The Saga*, Text B.]

v. 31. þat er Itrekr ok Andaðr, er þeir sitja at taffi sínu [*Saga*, Text A]; names else unknown, except Andaðr the juggler, Hornkl. Raven Song, l. 54.

l. 123. sólbörg, *the sunset*, we take it; a word well known in Norse and Swedish dialects, properly sun-saving or sun-hilling, sun hidden behind the hills.

l. 137. Paper MSS. add—skí ok skripi ein | enn eingi veit þau orð þin | útan þú sialfr | íll vættr ok örm:—For Woden's whispering into Balder's ear, see Lessons of Wafthrudne, end. The Saga adds,—Woden turned into a hawk and flew off, enn konungr hió eptir hönum, ok af hönum véli-fiðrit aptan, ok því er valr svá véli-stuttr avalt síðan.—[Text A.]

Lay of Swiþday and Menglad, (p. 93.)

The reader must bear in mind that our text is but a slovenly copy of one single vellum—and that very probably a blurred and faded one—by an utterly unskilled copyist (no John Erlendsson), a man wholly ignorant of the metre and of the rare poetical words; through this imperfect medium we have to try to see the faded vellum, in its spelling, and account for the scribe's possible hallucinations.

Verses 5-16 are especially antique, a compeer piece to the Song of the High; maybe a fragment of a Spell-song, addressed by Wrind to her son Wali; indeed such a Lay seems once to have existed [l. 22].

- l. 9. leik-bord, cp. a (manufactured) verse in *Grett. S.*, ch. 74.
- l. 11. A crux; the clue not yet found; judging from l. 13 it should be a place-name.
- l. 12. Menglad, *necklace-bright = the Sun*.
- l. 14. A proverb, cp. *Old Wols. Pl.*, l. 201.
- l. 19. allr, *gone, dead*, see *Dict.*, p. 16 a, s.v. allr, A. II. β; still in use in South Germany. Goethe is fond of it, see *Grimm, Dict.*, vol. i, p. 211 a.
- l. 20. afi = Goth. aba, as already mentioned.
- l. 22. So emendated; Wali, Wrind's and Woden's son, born in the West—Cormac (vol. ii, p. 33, l. 10) knew the myth—who, one night old, left his mother to avenge his brother's death. The poets of old have seized on this, as a *frame* to a Spell-song. Hence, too, it follows that 'Wrind' is the true form.
- l. 27. Urðar lokor (or better varð-lokkor), cp. *Varð-lokkor, Reader*, p. 127: we would read, *Varð-lokkor haldi þer | á vegom öllum*.
- l. 30. fior-lok (emend.), cp. aldr-lok.
- l. 31. 'horn oc ruðr,' Cd.; quite meaningless.
- v. 9. For 'galg-vegi' read *gagn-vegi?* or *galkn-vegi*; or rather, a *moot-stead assembly* seems to be meant. Egil (in *Sonat*, 92, 93) had such a charm in his mind. It is the divine power of song to enchant and spell-bind, turning foe into friend; cp. Hann (Woden) talaði svá sniallt ok slétt, at öllum, er á heyrðu, þótti þat eina satt er hann mælti: in view whereof we have mended l. 35: heipt-megir is warranted by Havam. l. 57: cp. also Lay of Righ, l. 179 [where read 'sakar lægja?'].
- v. 10. Cp. Havam. v. 12.
- v. 11. Cp. Lay of Righ, l. 177, and Havam. v. 17: l. 44 we have also been able to put right.
- v. 12. 'hávetrar' is not a *poetical* word; it is also too far from the text, hence we read, 'hregg né kulði,' *neither storm nor cold: læ* at liðom; 'læ' here *mortification* from frost-bite; for *any ill* one might read *frost-bite*, cp. *Less, Lodd.* l. 103.
- v. 13. For the emendation l. 53, see *Introd.* § 14, p. xc. Of l. 52 the sense is now clear; we would translate, *come nigh thee to palsy thee*: 'meingörða' is no poet's word, perhaps 'munar . . .'; carnal intercourse is no doubt meant (the effects whereof were supposed to be palsy, as in *Eyrb.* ch. 16), as indicated by the words *kveld-riða, tún-riða, troll-riða*. See *Grimm's* interesting note, *Germ. Myth.*, and cp. the mediæval incubus and succubus superstitions.
- l. 54. nadd-gofga, cp. *Hyndla's Lay*, l. 149, of *Heimdal*.
- l. 56. We want a 'kenning' for the *breast*; read, *minnis byrgi, mind's burrow*.
- l. 66. Imitated by *Spurious Epic Poets*, vol. ii, p. 557.
- l. 71. Mended according to *Guest's Wisdom*, l. 196.
- l. 74. 'sæmðar orða lauss,' prosy and poor, but we know not how to restore it.
- l. 79. Cp. *Christian's Wisdom*, l. 40.
- l. 80. 'aptr fan;' what word lurks there?
- ll. 84, 85. = *Old Wols. Play*, ll. 65, 66.
- ll. 96 sqq. Alluding to midwifery it seems, but the passage is mangled and obscure.
- l. 207. What lurks under 'sumur hvar?'
- l. 227. 'horskir' is not good; read, 'hæknir,' *greedy*; cp. *Old L. Guð.*, l. 99.
- l. 236. Read, *vind-kaldo vego, over wind-cold paths*.
- l. 237. Better 'kviðjar' for *kveðr*, cp. *O. W. Pl.*, l. 40, note. A proverb, cp.

Hamtheow Lay, last line. Commentators here take it of words of *wisdom*, and 'kveðr' as if from 'kveða'; hence, strangely, this saw is put as a motto, in Runic characters, to the publications of Rafn's Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen.

Flying of Loki, (p. 101.)

Lines 57, 76, 77, 130, 133, 147, 157, 158, 164, 184, 189, 210, 211, 217, 218, about one-tenth, are maimed, and more or less unintelligible.

Mark *w*, ll. 8, 37, 60, 73, 111.

Proverbs, ll. 61, 102.

l. 11. *ioll* or *ióll* (see Dict. 326 b), perhaps *angelica sylvestris*, 'iól' of Norwegian dialects; but what 'afo' means we cannot tell.

l. 34. Read, blendom blóði í spor, *blended blood in the foot-print*; see Excursus, p. 423.

l. 41. Here in the primitive sense, like Old Wols. Pl. 208, 'Anses' here being distinguished from 'the Holy Powers.'

ll. 60, 61. Slipped in from Old Wols. Pl. we think, but what they replaced we know not.

ll. 62, 63. *ósk-megir* and *barna-sifjar*; what is the exact law-sense of these words?

ll. 76, 77. Quite hopeless.

l. 92. Scan, 'vastu fyr' as slur; letter-stress on 'átta' and 'iord.'

v. 24. Woden's sorceries on his travels in quest of wisdom.

v. 29. Enn Frigg er kona hans, ok veit hon öll örlög manna, þótt hon segi eigi spár.—[Edda Gg.]

l. 130. *siðo*, pret. pl. from verb *síða*, *to charm, bewitch* (?).

v. 33. Mark the juxtaposition of 'varðir' and 'ver,' *man and wife*; but the metre is out of joint. What can 'hóss eða hvars' mean?—Text manifestly corrupt.

l. 134. Read 'argr,' with letter-stress on it (*áss, argr, inn*); 'hitt er undr' (*wundr?*) slurred.

l. 137. Ungrammatical; mend and read, *sendr at gislingo goðom*.

ll. 138, 139. Some old crude cosmogonic myth, else unknown.

l. 153. tilt, *ἀπ. λεγ.*; here it seems neut. adj. of *tilr* (*good*), a word not found save here in the Old Scandinavian; yet once on a time it must have been there, for from it came the prep. *til, till*.

ll. 157-159. Metre and sense both quite amiss. In 'böi es beggja þrá' some proverb lurks. Mark *ragna-rökrs*, which would mean *twilight of the Powers*, has crept from this text into Edda, and from that into modern books, but it is wrong: the old poets always call it *ragna rök, the doom of the gods*, a word quite different from *rökkr, dusk*; see notes hereon, Dict. p. 507, ss. vv. *rök, 2*, and *rökr, 2*.

ll. 164, 165. Under 'liggja' we suspect 'Loki.' Loki was caught in a *river*: it is Loki's own captivity is here alluded to.

l. 170. Better, *Muspellz megir*.

l. 172. *Ingunar-Freyr*, the elder form, cp. Tacitus' 'Ingæonones;' later, contracted into *Yngvi-Freyr*.

l. 174. Read 'þína' *mein-kráko*, cp. Hbl. l. 33; we have years since, in Dict. p. 738 (s.v. *þinn B*), explained this strange Scandinavian idiom, = *þu-inn*, sounded as *þwinn*, then dropping the *w*, *þinn*; built after the possessive pronoun, although no relation whatever of that word.

l. 178. A necessary emendation; *Byggvir*, from *bygg, barley*.

l. 184. 'þú kunnir aldregi,' *tame and flat*; read, 'þú ert Beylo verr,' or the like,

cp. l. 225: deila með mönnum mat, the sense must be *to share out food,—that is all that thou knowest*, thy place is in the pantry, a 'sutor ad crepidam.'

l. 189. Obscure.

l. 198. Obscure in parts; in the first place we would read, ens hrím-kalda iötuns [Giant's], for *stone* is the giant's 'sword,' and we are told that Loki when caught was bound upon three slate stones set edge-ways (see Edda) with the guts of his own son; hence l. 201 we read, görnóm binda burar.

l. 206. The sense requires *breast*, so we read, frá minnis veom mínóm ok munar vöngóm, *from my mind's sanctuary (vé) and soul's garden (vangr)*; cp. Excursus, vol. ii, p. 452.

ll. 210, 211. Maimed, flat, and meaningless; however, in Edda (Sksk.) Loki is called 'vömm allra goða,' from here? If so, the speech could not be in Loki's own mouth, and lines must here be lost.

l. 217. For 'gröm' we suggest 'giorn,' cp. ver-giorn, l. 105, Lay of Thrym. l. 54.

l. 219. Cp. Hbl. 128, a parallel to the present one.

l. 229, as well as 237, 245, we prefer 'örg' (arg), the old genuine form; cp. l. 99, Lay of Thrym. l. 69. A word, quod nequam sonat, cause of much bloodshed; see Paul the Deacon, vi, ch. 24:—'Tunc ei Ferdulfus indignans ita locutus est: "Quando tu aliquid fortiter facere poteris, qui Argait ab *arga* nomen deductum habes?" Cui ille, maxima stimulatús irâ, ut erat vir fortis, ita respondit: "Sic vellit Deus, ut non antea ego et tu, dux Ferdulfe, exeamus de hac vitâ, quam cognoscant alii, quis ex nobis magis est *arga*" . . . and . . . 'Tunc Argait, de quo premisimus, ita Ferdulfo dixit: "Memento, dux Ferdulf, quod me esse inertem et inutilem dixeris, et vulgari verbo *arga* vocaveris."'

l. 234. Render, *why dost thou snort with rage, Thor?*

l. 243. Here and in Hbl. l. 81 Thor's adventures in Giant Skrymi's glove are alluded to. They are given at full length in Edda, and alluded to in Hoarbeard's Lay, l. 80.

Lay of Skirni, (p. 111.)

Somewhat fragmentary, gaps ever and anon, yet the best parts seem to have been remembered.

l. 4. afi, Goth. *aba*, as noted above.

l. 5. Scan, Illra-wordða-eromk | Ón : at Ykkrom syni.

l. 11. 'endlanga,' as to sense it applies to daga; yet cp. Þkv. 110, Wayl. Lay, l. 30.

l. 17. 'muni;' one should prefer 'mód-trega þína,' from l. 14.

l. 39. For 'þióð' one would prefer 'þorp,' cp. Vþm. 194.

l. 45. Mark Gymis (∪∪) here and ll. 48, 56, 85.

v. 13. Proverbial: perhaps better suited to a didactic poem.

l. 53. The double noun (hlym, dat.) emphasising, cp. Harb. ll. 1, 2.

l. 63. Alfa and Asa sona, here in the primitive sense: *of elves* or has slipped out of the translation.

ll. 65, 69. eikin-fúr, a strange word, of the fír, fencing, like an *oaken* pale, the giant-maiden's hall.

v. 18. In translation for *none of* read *no son of*.

v. 19. Is the 'eleven' merely to suit the verse, or has Skirni eaten one apple?

vv. 23-36. The flying, proceeding towards a climax at an ever-increasing rate.

ll. 87 and 95. miófan must refer to the lady, not the blade: read, *O slender maid*.

l. 94. Metre wrong; 'vreiða vega,' or the like, lurks in it.

l. 109. hari, an ἄπ. λεγ. here.

- ll. 113 and 150. Names of magic charm characters, working love or madness.
- l. 114. Better *vexi*, causative.
- l. 116. Quite corrupt. The following line is too short.
- l. 127. *morn morni* (morn morna?), emphasising, *a mourning of mournings betide thee!*
- l. 129. *önn*, here = *önd*.
- l. 130. Read, till *holtz ek rann ok til rás viðar*, letter-stress on *r*, see note, vol. ii, p. 572, v. 9.
- v. 34. Three kinds of giants,—from some old carmen or oath.
- l. 145. for *sons of toil* read *thralls*: ‘*á viðar rötóm*’ is not right.
- l. 146. *drykkja*, here gen. pl. governed by *œðri*?
- ll. 159, 160. *nenna* has here, as in old poets, the sense of *to travel, proceed*; after *þroska* a word has been dropped, for ‘*þroskr*,’ as adjective, is quite inadmissible (delete the word, Dict. 746 b); hence we read and scan, *nær þú at [not ‘á’] þingi: villt enom þroska-mikla | nenna Niardar syni, when wilt thou go to a love tryst to meet Niord’s gallant son?*
- ll. 163 and 171. We have changed ‘*nio*’ into ‘*þriar*,’ for how else can one harmonise it with ll. 173, 174, which are true and genuine if anything is? The error must have originated with the minstrel, for we find it also in the Edda paraphrase. For the three hymeneal nights (*hý-nótt*) see our guess, years since, Dict. 304 b.

The Lay of Hoarbeard, (p. 118.)

Myths not otherwise known are those of *Fiolware, Hlébard, Swarang’s sons, the Hlessey ogresses.*

ll. 11, 12. *Bare-legged! not even thy breeches on!*—a western poet speaks here who had seen the breechless Irish and Scots.

l. 17. *Rothsay* has a familiar look and sound.

l. 31. *tel-ek*, for ‘*harm líótan*’ can only be taken as two words; cp. se *harm líótan, fadír!* Edda (Skm.), in the *Hrungni* story.

l. 32. *væta kogur mín*, Old High Germ. *chochar*, mod. Germ. *kocher*, A. S. *cocer*, Dutch *koker*, a word lost in the Scandinavian, where it is replaced by a compound word, *ör-malr, arrow-mail*. Yet it must once have been found there too; and, in fact, as *Bergmann* has noticed, here, and in the compound *kögur-sveinn*, it is actually present. Note that *Thunder’s arrows* are bolts of fire.

l. 34. *kögur-sveinn, a boy who carries the hunter’s quiver (kögur)*, the ‘*little lad*’ of *Jonathan, 1 Sam. xx: kangin-yrði, ἄπ. λεγ. = köpor-yrði*.

l. 46. Better ‘*sprakkar*,’ adj. *sprightly, lively*. *Voltigeantes*, as *Panurge* puts it in a parallel dialogue.

l. 55. Better *Ölvalda*, cp. Edda, of *Giant Thiazí*, whose eyes were made a constellation of [*Castor and Pollux?*]. See the cut in the *Translator’s ‘Old Stories,’ 1882, p. 21.*

ll. 66, 67. Proverbs.

l. 74. *Vallandi, France*, another evidence of a western poet; *Brittany or Normandy* would be meant.

l. 76. ‘*iarlar*,’ here *the gentry*; as in *Robert of Bourne’s* notable story. *þrælur* including *franklins and serfs*.

l. 84. *Fialar* takes here the place of *Skrymi*, some giant’s name?

l. 94. ‘*einhverja*,’ of surety wrong; we want a vowel-word, meaning ‘*girl*’ or ‘*damsel*,’ read ‘*ingjona*,’ Old Irish *inghean* = *daughter* (a Gaelic word is just here in its place); see vol. ii, p. 347, l. 15, and Bk. vi, No. 55 a.

- l. 95. laun-þing, a word that occurs in Swerri and Orkney Sagas.
- l. 105. Berg-risa, *giants*, an emendation both necessary and safe, cp. Grott. 44, 89.
- l. 112. Mark the foreign word gunnfani, cp. Hlod and Angantheow, l. 90.
- l. 117. hnœfilegr, from the verb hnúfa, hnóf, *to lop off*.
- l. 119. Alliteration faulty: the '*spirits*' in the family cairns are meant; and we want a word beginning with a vowel; '*alfom*' would suit the sense, but not the form,—'*ár-mönnom*' is the word; we find it in Kristni S. ch. 3; '*at mönnum*' and '*ar mönnum*' differ only in one single letter. Farther, this opens to us the true old sense of *aldrœnn* (a rare word); in prose we find it once or twice as a substitute for '*aldrádr*,' for instance, Bisk. SS. i, p. 201. But once, as its etymon indicates, it had a special sense, *ancestral*, cp. Old High Germ. *eltiron*, A.S. *yltran*, Germ. *eltiern*, Icel. for-*ellri*. Translate—*I learnt it of the ancestral spirits that dwell in the family cairns*. See Excursus, p. 417.
- l. 121. '*dys*' is a cairn where a felon or witch was buried.
- l. 133. litom, somewhat obscure; cp. Dict. 390 b, s. v. *litr*, 2, of the time of the day.
- l. 142. stokkr, here of a gill or swamp bridged over by a felled *stock*.
- l. 143. vegsins, a strange form for vegarins. Wer-land looks like Wera-land, the land of men.
- l. 148. þána, qs. þá-na, demonstr. enclitic -na (?), [or hlána?]; unless, indeed, the clause is corrupt, and beneath þana, '*þanan*,' *thence*, is hidden. An Icelander would be apt to make nothing of that word.
- l. 151. gramir, in swearing, cp. Skirn. 118.

Iwar and Woden, (p. 124.)

- l. 2. hel-gráðr, ḁπ. λεγ., here of insatiable ambition, presaging of death and downfall.
- l. 4. Cp. Hbl. l. 34.
- ll. 5 sqq. For the persons, see Sogobrot (Skiold. Saga).
- l. 10. For '*Hœnis*' we must read '*Höðr*,' as borne out by the characters of the persons. Hrærek, driven by jealousy, slew his brother Helgi, which tale fits Hod, not Hœni.
- l. 14. heimskastr of Heimdal, cp. Yngl. S. ch. 4, and what is there said of Hœni—Hœni being but a doublet of Heimdal, as we take it.
- l. 16. vormr, for sake of alliteration (MS. ormr).
- l. 18. þrúðna-þurs, ḁπ. λεγ., what does it mean?

Mythic Fragments, (p. 125.)

Heimdal's Charm.—For the names of his nine mothers, see Lay of Hyndla.

Niord and Skadi.—l. 7. mákat (pret. into pres.), for this is not a narrative, but a bit of a drama: l. 5, one should read '*þykjkomk*.'

Lay on Balder.—l. 19. Mark how Balder is called Karl's son, *the Son of Man* (echo from Christianity?).

Thor and Giant Garfred.—Cp. Eilif's poem, vol. ii, pp. 17-22, and ditty, p. 212.

BOOK III. THE HELGI LAYS.—*Helgi and Sigrun* [Helgi i], (p. 131.)

The '*kenning system*,' in the bud here, is neither original nor otherwise notable; all the synonyms in these Lays are noted down in Excursus I, vol. ii.

The Asides—Helgi i, ll. 20, 22, 66, 68, 128, 225, 227, 235, 238; Helgi ii, ll. 24, 76, 87.

The mass of jumbled verses, double text, etc., of the middle portion is given in Appendix, pp. 376, 377; cp. also vol. ii, pp. 527, 528.

l. 4. Brálundi, here and l. 10; but Bragalundi, Helgi iii. 33.

ll. 5-18. *The Midwife-Norns' scene, in the depth of night*, cp. Old Wols. Pl. vv. 29, 30.

l. 9. örlög-þátto, cp. örlög-símo, West. W. Lay, l. 18.

l. 10. burar Borghildar; 'þa er borgir braut' being quite meaningless.

l. 15. nipt Nera, *Neri's sister?* Neri, *the knitter, spinster?* to be distinguished from 'nipt Nara' = *Hell*, Hofuðl. 36, and Niörva nipt = *Night*, Sonat. 95.

ll. 17, 18 begin the tale of some *black* Norn or wicked fairy, who shaped the young hero's tragical fate and early death, but the incidents have perished, and there is plainly a gap of several lines. In l. 19 begins a new scene, the ravens talking at daybreak. The birth and the Norn scene take place in the depth of the night.

ll. 19-24. *The raven scene, in the early morn.*—kveða at e-m is quite ungrammatical; 'hrafn at hrafni' can only mean *one raven after another*. The passage is corrupt, and we read, hrafn kvaddi hrafn, *one raven greeted another*; cp. þegn kvaddi þegn, Bk. vi, No. 5. There was a bevy of hungry ravens on the high trees near the hall.

l. 20. 'ek' cannot carry letter-stress, a vowel-word has slipped out; read, ek veit emni nokkur, *I see signs of luck for us*; 'there are better times in store for us.'

ll. 25-36. *The hero's youth till he comes of age.*

l. 25 cannot be right, a word on *d* dropped—drótt þótti dýrr, or the like; read, *the household held the prince dear.*

l. 28. Read, imon-lauk, *sword*, cp. Eywind (vol. ii, p. 36, l. 25), who, we hold, drew the word from our song; the sword appears here to be a 'tooth-fee,' cp. Grimm. verse 7.

ll. 33, 34. Cp. Old Wols. Pl. l. 85, Iliad xviii. 56: almr 'yndis' líoma is but a lame kenning; we read, unnar líoma, cp. l. 82, W. W. L. l. 70: what lurks beneath 'blóðrekinn?' Is it not some word for snake or dragon?

ll. 37-56. *Helgi comes of age, revenges his father.*—Full age is here put at 'fifteen,' as in Kent and many English boroughs (as in Cod. B of Gunnl. S. ch. 4), though elsewhere twelve seems to be the Northern people's legal term; Wols. Rimur—tolf vetra var tiggji merkr hann tók stýra röndum: see also Hlod and Angantheow's Lay, l. 61.

l. 56. Geir-mimiss? who is he? some vowel-word seems to have slipped out of the verse, for, as it stands, we must put the pause after 'ætt,' and scan 'farit hafði hann,' slurred.

ll. 57-79. *The first meeting with the Walcyries.*

ll. 59, 60. Bugge's ingenious and safe suggestion; the Sun Song, l. 166, here gives the clue, yet there is still a blank to be filled in.

l. 63. ulfiði = ulf-híði, *wolf's lair, the wood*. But the word is unsafe; merely, we take it, corrupt from ulf-héðni, *clad in a wolf's coat*, a set-off against the mail-coats of the Walcyries.

l. 66. þá nótt fara; neither sense nor alliteration is right (þá is not the proper word here to stress); cp. also 'árlega' just above; read þjóð-laðar þiggja? cp. l. 70 below.

l. 74. kattar son; but better, 'kráko-unga,' *crow-chick*, Wols. Paraphrast, cp. Sv. S. ch. 54 (Fb).—'Harald bróður mín lét Erlingr hengja sem einn kráko-unga.' In the days of the Helgi-poet the domestic cat would not have been known, see Dict. 368 b.

- ll. 80-98. *Helgi gathering his levy to fight Sigrun's father and rescue her.*
- l. 87. Stafns-nesi; one cannot help thinking of Staffenage near Oban, Scotland.
- l. 88. af stundo, *forthwith*; certainly so.
- l. 89. Read, beit á brim skriðo buin gollí?
- l. 92. ungr öðrom? read, enn einn konungi at öðrum sagði? *one after another told him.*
- l. 94. líðendr, *mariners*; cp mar-líðendr, Eyrb. ch. 16; mar-líðar, Vpm. 192.
- ll. 99-129. *They put to sea.*
- l. 99. bregða stafn-tíoldom af, the sign of putting to sea.
- l. 103. vef-nisting is a misnomer (a web-woof?), vef and nist meaning the same; 'vef' is a scribe's or reciter's error for 'vig.' We have here the very same word as Helgi ii. 33; the *shield* is meant, hoisted as a war-token to the yard, cp. ll. 125, 126, 129, 130: her-skiöldr, frið-skiöldr (= white flag), distinguished by the colour. Mark, that the víg-nisting betokens a *plaited wicker shield*, not spoken of elsewhere in Northern poems, though the Roman historian notes its use, and it was common enough among the Irish. Read, *the wicker-shield.*
- l. 110. Better, sem brim við biörg, *as if the surf were breaking against rocks.*
- l. 111. há-segl, one word, for there was but one square-sail. The word 'sail' we take to be a loan-word, from Lat. *sagulum*. The Teutons in their early state, knowing but lakes and rivers, had no sails. An almost Darwinian evidence, confirming this etymology, is afforded by the curious fact that the Norsemen loved sails of *variegated* colours (stafað segl), the survival of the striped cloth mantle which formed the earliest sail. With which fact in mind, read Tacit. Hist. v, ch. 23 — 'et simul captæ lintres *sagulis versi-coloribus* haud indecore pro velis iuvabantur.'
- l. 112. 'húfom hrönn' we believe absolutely safe; the sense requires this, and nothing else, the waves in rapid succession dashing against *hulls* of ships.
- l. 114. We have already put right Dict. 587 a (s. v. stag).
- l. 117. Rán,—etymology to be sought far beyond the Scandinavian languages. The early Teutons were *inland* people; the main an unknown mystery to them, so that neither god nor goddess of the *sea* could possibly form a part of their ideas. Here it is noticeable that the ancients speak of Rán's *net*; hence she was, like Homer's Scylla and Charybdis, rather a monster form, *polype* or *spider*; indeed, Lat. *aranea*, Gr. ἀράχνη, dropping the initial vowel. As our friend Mr. Morfill informs us, Slavon. *rak*=crab confirms this etymology. Ages later on, when Northerners had peopled Scandinavia and grown into a people of sailors—the first the world had yet known—the etymology being clean forgotten, our Rán was changed into a *giantess* or goddess of the deep, her hall, like that of Walhall or Hell, ready to receive all *drowned*—one instance, of many, how myths grow, are metamorphosed, refined, and recast.
- ll. 120-180. *The flying scene between the two hosts* (Godmund, son of Hóbrord, spokesman of the enemy, and Sinfel, of Helgi and the Wolsungs). There is some difficulty in allotting the speech to each; we have done the best we could. For the duplicate text, see pp. 376, 377.
- l. 121. þeir 'sialfir' (flat, some proper name of clan or some word for 'warrior' lurks underneath)=*the enemy*. We now read, enn þeir 'synir Granmars,' in archetype abridged 'ss. Gr.,' which the scribe read 'sialfir.'
- l. 127. víg-roði, cp víga-brandr. The poet, we take it, means the *purple aurora borealis*, as seen in the lower latitudes of south Britain and France, as here in Oxford, Nov. 18, 1882, unlike the white, darting floods of Northern lights the Editor used to see as a child, under lat. c. 65°. 20', and whereof he retains a vivid recollection.

1. 129. rauðom skildi, a war token, as 'frid-skiöldr' would be a white shield.
1. 134. Wolfings and Wolsungs are here synonymous; 'komnir austan' is used almost as *come a-roving*. Pirates all come from the east in these poems.
1. 142. an, than, necessitated by the sense.
- ll. 150-153 refer to the loup-garou stories, Wols. S. ch. 8, see Append. p. 398.
1. 161. sveip-vís, cp. Atlam. 265.
1. 168. Bugge's emendation; 'heima stöð' (*homestead*) cannot well apply to wolves.
1. 175. What is 'simul?' Dict. 528 b is barely a shift.
1. 179. 'enn í annat sinn' should have been obelised; it is too flat and vapid to be right. The proper phrase would seem to relate to adventures of the herd-boy Sinfítela and Imd's daughter.
- ll. 189-217. *The enemies seeing the fleet prepare for battle.*
1. 192. 'mistar marr' is certainly wrong, but what word or image lurks under it? Read, skalf (skein?) mön á mari hvars meyjar fóro, cp. Rimeg. and Helgi, v. 17; and Vþm. l. 44.
1. 196. Alliteration amiss; read, 'uggði hann,' but the text is unsafe.
1. 202. folk, probably here meaning detachment of two scores, or forty each [fifteen crews?], see note to Sighvat vii. 40 and 48 (vol. ii, p. 584).
1. 209. renni-rökn is here a compound noun, as shown by Bragi (vol. ii), l. 42; hence for bitloð read bitlið.
- ll. 218-240. *The battle at Freka-stan, Hödbrord slain: Sigrun and Walcyries appear again.*
1. 219. Mark the yellow bronze blades, fit weapons for the wicker-shielded heroes. The phrase is probably a standing one, for we know that the Wickings used iron weapons.
1. 224. hialm-vitr; 'vitr' here a noun, *wight, fay, fairy*, cp. ll. 227, 240, W. W. L. 71, Wayl. L. 2.
1. 231. Ægiss must be wrong, but who is meant?
1. 234. Here a line has slipped out, 'Högna dóttor ok Hringstaða' (s. ok l.); but Heill skaltu sqq. is but a duplicate, and only one version should be received into the text.
- ll. 238, 239. grá stóð gríðar, *the wolves*; but what lurks under the meaningless 'opt nair hreifi?'
- ll. 240-251 present some difficulties. It is not certain whether it be in the same battle or a second (we rather think so), where Sigrun's father and her whole kin save Day, who is spared on swearing to be true to the conqueror, are slain by Helgi, see the prose, p. 377. Helgi brings the news thereof to Sigrun. There has been a special song in dialogue on this pathetic story, whereof we have but one stanza left (p. 151).
1. 240. gefit, read getið? or has 'vel' slipped out?
1. 251. Here is a large gap in our lay, see the prose, p. 377; Day, Sigrun's relict-brother, invokes Woden, and with a charmed spear slays Helgi. Note, in the prose 'Dag' (dat.); just so the Editor recollects from his childhood a youngster named Dag (Dagr á Manheimum), and the oft-used command, Segð-onum-Dag a'-sækja hestana, *Tell Day to fetch the ponies!* [but 'degi' when appellative.]
- ll. 252-292. *Day breaks the news to Sigrun. The tragic scene between brother and sister.*
- ll. 261 sqq. are plainly from a carmen; hence ll. 261, 263, 265 are irregular, here adapted by the poet, see Excursus II, vol. ii, pp. 437, 438. For the oath, see Excursus, vol. i, p. 422.

l. 271. Cp. Wak. 48, Oddr. 40, Lokas. 82.

l. 281. nema and the ensuing subj. cannot be right; we expect, *never more shall*—ne man of liði k. líoma bregða, renna und vísa v. h. . . knegat-ek? we have translated according to this suggestion.

ll. 288 sqq. Drayton has given a vigorous rendering of the same image in Canticles ii. 9—

‘My love is like a roe that frisketh in the wood,
Or like the strong and stately hart in prime and lusty blood.’

ll. 293-296 are in the prose given as bits of a scene in Walhall, where the foes meet. There is evidently a great gap, which the minstrel himself knew not how to fill. The lines given look like a bit of a fresh flyting scene between Hunding and Helgi when alive and before fighting.

ll. 296-352. *Sigrun meets the ghost in the cairn and is entombed with him,—the climax of the lay.*

ll. 296-301. The transpositions here made are to our mind absolutely necessary. There can be but *one* meeting between Sigrun and her dead lover in the cairn, and there is no return to life for her after once resting in the arms of the dead ghost; hence ll. 296-301 represent Sigrun's *waiting* [Helgi had promised to visit her after death]. The night is setting in, and she is despairing of his coming. The handmaid, on the outlook, sees the ghost [ll. 302-305]; the ghost calls out, telling Sigrun to come, for his leave is but scant [ll. 310-318]; the handmaid dissuades her [ll. 319-322]. The meeting in the cairn [ll. 324 to the end]. In R the order is—302-314, 323-353, 315-318, 297-301, 319-322. Our text is plainly defective, with broad gaps intervening. The prose bit at the end is poor and prosy, making it plain that the reciter had quite lost the cue to the story.

ll. 315, 316. For ‘roðnar brautir’ read ‘róða brautir,’ *the roads of the wind = the air*; and for ‘flug-stig’ read ‘fogl-stig,’ *birds' path*; mod. Icel. ‘flug-stigr’ is probably but a corruption from that word.

l. 322. We subjoin the compounds on ‘megir,’ *sons of*—denoting *foe*, *dolg-megir* l. c.; *fið-megir*, Vsp. 153; *heipt-megir*, Havam. 57, Swipd. and M. 35; *of gods*, Ás-megir, Doom 27; *Hroptz-megir*, Lokas. 182; *of household*, drótt-megir, Atlakv. 5; *lióð-megir*, Hak. 17; *sess-megir*, Havam. 74; *her-megir*, Helgi iii. 20; *víl-megir*, Skirn. 144, Biark. 2; *of family*, ósk-megir, Lokas. 63; *hróð-mögr*, Bk. vi, No. 37.

l. 348. For lifnom read lifðom, cp. ll. 327, 350, Guest's Wisdom, l. 139.

Helgi and Swava, or Helgi ii, (p. 144.)

A mere fragment; the great gaps but in part filled in by the prose, vol. ii, 526, 527.

l. 19. Sæmorn, river Severn?

l. 23. róg-apaldr, cp. W. W. L. 85.

l. 34-37. Already put right, Dict. 309 a (s. v. höggró); parts of the sword are plainly meant, by which the charmed weapon may be known, cp. Thulor 273 (onn), 276 (hugró), vol. ii, p. 79, l. 6; valbosto, note on Old W. Pl. 214.

l. 44. Text not safe; the meaning and the equivalent in prose would be = ‘hann uggir ekki at ser.’

l. 45. aldaða arfr, a law term, Early Dan. *dane fæ*; *King R. thinks that ye be all dead*; already righted, Dict. II b.

l. 58. Common-place, and plainly corrupt, but what is underneath it? scan, þó má at góðo | görazk : ef olíkt . . . ?

l. 64. Read ‘flagð,’ see the prose.

l. 79. Guess, cp. l. 66; the text in R is an echo from Helgi i.

l. 80. baztr und sólo, cp. l. 97, Helgi i. 255. Swava and Hedin seem to have had a daughter Hildigund, see Hyndla's Lay, vol. ii, p. 517, foot-note.

Helgi and Cara, or Helgi iii, (p. 148.)

From the mass of the Helgi jumble in R we have indeed picked out an indubitable fragment of the lost *Cara Lay*; this is plain from the parallelism of names and incidents between our *Lay* (prose included) and the Helgi-and-Cara paraphrase, as preserved in Hromund Gripsson's *Saga*, of which see *Introd.* § 11. The wonder of the whole is, that the last minstrels of our Helgi group have been quite unaware of it; indeed they have translated, as it were, whatever names they could into Helgi and Sigrun. We have replaced the old names as far as possible.

l. 3. ulf ungan, emend. (ulf gran, R), cp. *Old Wols. Pl.* 311, Long Br. L. 46.

l. 6. Read, at kvermom?

l. 16. Helgi, what name is here hidden?

l. 31. 'næst nýss,' cp. í nez (næz), *Edda* (*Arna-Magn.*) i. 510, v. l. 5.

l. 32. Mark 'fyrir vestan ver' and 'Vikingar' [l. 15], betokening Northmen in the British Isles.

l. 35. Bugge's ingenious emendation; cp. *Hallfred* i. 30: þat er 'sarkat' sem roðit er, *Edda* ii. 493.

l. 39. Sevi, Helgi's father? cp. 42 [and 47].

l. 48. val-rúnóm, riddles? víg-spiöll, cp. *Grott.* 70.

l. 53. Thus according to the prose, Enn hon (hét) Kára Halfdanar dóttir; svá sem kveðit er í Káro-lióðom, [vol. ii, p. 528.]

Wolsunga-kviða, etc. (p. 150.)

l. 2. sækja heim hönd, Sighvat x. 33; else the phrase is unknown to us.

l. 16. Text unsafe.

Helgi and Sigrun, (p. 151.)—l. 2. 'skiöldungar' cannot be right; skuldar? vinna skuldir sköpom, 'Tis the Norns that rule the fate of man: cp. also *Grip.* 209, *Atlam.* 161.

Helgi and Rimegerd, (p. 151.)—l. 28. í þvers, cp. *Dan. i tværs, þaa tværs.*

ll. 36, 37. reini, qs. wreini, *Dict.* 491 b.

l. 58. 'með firum;' what is there underneath?

l. 59. Alliteration faulty (for 'mer' cannot carry letter-stress); 'margollin' too is an impossible word; 'marr' yields the clue, viz. she was mounted. Read, mer þótti miklo bera? (cp. *Dict.* bera C, II. 5), her beauty excelled by far that.

l. 75. Letter-stress not placed aright on 'littu;' rather transpose and read, enn þik Helgi lostna | hefir hel-stöfom.

l. 77. Read, á land af legi, cp. ll. 38, 60, the fleet is safely ashore, safely moored.

Western Wolsung Lay, (p. 155.)

Proverbs.—l. 14, cp. *Eyrb.* ch. 47: l. 54, the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Interpolations from *Old Wolsung Play*, turned by an adapter from dialogue to epic metre, but which can and should be restored as follows:—

ll. 8, 10. ef þú getrað við siklingi sono.
þa mun þeirra sonr vígs of vreka.

ll. 35, 36. Sið skínandi skalat systor mána
í gœgn vega gumi.

ll. 87, 88. Fullr es hann galdra ok gaman-rúna,
lióða ok líkn-stafa.

- l. 18. þrymr um öll lönd, unsafe; what is 'þrymr?'
- l. 28. við bana sialfan, text corrupt; the translation does not make sense. Whether a synonym for 'Sigfred' or for 'the ships' underlies the word, we cannot say.
- l. 37. sia komr is plainly false.
- l. 47. við sik, read, um svik, and render the phrase, *plotting treason*.
- l. 53. Clearly false; read, hegndi hómom svik, *paid him for his treason*.
- l. 67. há, better hávo, cp. Doom 12.
- l. 81. fólvar nauðir; hofgar nauðir is used of a *fetter* in Wayland's Lay 46: translate *yellow shackles* (of the mail-coat?) in the next verse under hrafns hrælundir, maybe 'hofgar . . .?' *heavy bonds*: the words as they stand are quite obscure.
- l. 86. megin-tíri, yields no fit meaning, as 'glory' will not suit the passage. The parallel iarðar-magni (Old G. Lay 122) suggests that 'tir' is here the *earth*, Gaelic *tir, terra*, and we should render 'strength of earth.'

Hialmar's Death Song, (p. 160.)

l. 15 does not scan; the alliteration amiss (nema argr só?); a scribe's error, 'ar' and 'dei.'

l. 40. Read, austr við sker Sóta; Sóta-skær, þat er í Svía-skærjom [S. Ol. S. p. 17, edit. 1853], render, *off Sote's reef*.

l. 44. Agnafit, see S. Ol. S. l. c.

The following bit of song from Hervar Saga, too halt, tame, and spiritless to be attached to the text of such a song as the Waking, we add here; it is a sort of introduction to the Waking:—

Hervar—

Áka ek móðor mágsemd¹ hrósa
þótt hon Froðmars fengi hylli:
föður þóttomk ek fræknan eiga,
nú es sagðr fyr mer svína hirðir.

Earl—

Logit es mæz at þer móðor lýti², 5
vas frækinn með fyrðom faðir þinn taliðr;
stendr Angantýss ausinn moldo
salr í Sámsey sunnan, verðri.

Hervar—

Nú fýsir mik, fóstri, at vitja
fram-genginna frænda mínna, 10

auð mundo þeir eiga gnógan,
þann skal ek öðlazk nema ek áðr föromk.
Skal skiótliga um skör bua
blæjo líni áðr braut farim;
mikít býr í því es á morgin skal 15
skera bæði mer skyrtó ok olpo.

Hervar to her mother—

Bú þú mik at öllo sem þú bazt kunnir,
sann-reynd kona, sem þú son mundir,
satt eitt mun mer í svefn bera,
fæ ek ekki her yndi it næsta. 20

Hervar S. Cod. B.

The Waking of Angantheow, (p. 163.)

Lines 1, 2, 13-16, 25-28 look like interpolated versification from the prose; they are very weak when side by side with lines such as 17-20.

l. 36. reiði, may possibly denote the ship and her tackle, the Wicking's outfit; so gear is perhaps a better rendering than *harness*.

l. 38. moldar auki, cp. Sun Song, l. 60, Run. Song, l. 15, derived from here.

l. 43. Not quite grammatical, morna *to mourn*, cp. Skirn. 128, Oddr. 115; it is

¹ Bugge; varri vegsemd, Cd.

² Bugge; logit er mart at þer lýti, Cd.

not morkna, for though *rgn* be sounded *rn*, *rkn* is, even at the present day, sounded full, e. g. storkna, morkna. Better read haugi (dat.)

l. 52. gröfnom refers to the 'mála-spiót,' cp. Krakom. 5, Skirn. 87, Long Br. Lay 14. Gota-malmr is the Northern steel, just as Wala-malm is the steel of the West, probably drawn through France from Spain.

l. 53. Read, fyrir Heljar durom, at the gates of Death; for a bisyllable is wanted, and 'hauga' already stands two lines up.

l. 58. Here something is missing. 'Twas the foemen who did it, and they took the sword, so 'tis not here.'

ll. 61-64. Text unsafe and ungrammatical; the flow and metre not right either, though the sense is pretty clear.

ll. 65 sqq. Very powerful and harmonious.

l. 71. 'hugar' is here superfluous to 'mun-tún,' we expect the heart; hence we read and restore, Skelfrað meyjo hnegg í mun-túni, the heart quakes not within thy daughter's breast (hnegg, see vol. ii, p. 440, l. 14, Thulor, l. 632).

ll. 73, 74 are not quite right, though the sense is plain; vígja here to spell-bind, cp. konungr vígði þá útan steins með mála-saxi [Hervar. S.]

l. 79. sveipinn, cp. W. W. L. 68 (the same line repeated).

ll. 92, 93—as well as the mention of Wickings, ll. 10, 90, Helgi i. 105, 127, iii. 15; cp. also Helgi ii. 47—all betokens a time soon after Fairhair's conquest, and dates the poet.

l. 97. For this use of mær as address, cp. Helgi iii. 35, 36, Vols. kv. 15.

l. 109. 'meini verri' is plainly wrong; we mend and read, sá þer mannz miötoðr at meini verðit! may this doomer of men (man-killer) harm thee not!

Lay of Wayland, (p. 169.)

The prose, see vol. ii, p. 526.

l. 2. 'al-vitr;' vittr here noun, a wight, fay, fairy, as so often in Helgi Lays (note to Helgi i. 224).

l. 3. sævar-strönd, á vaz-ströndo, the prose; read Sævar-stöð.

ll. 5-9. Text maimed; the prose, drawing from the poem, gives all these names and whom each chose for her husband, see vol. ii, p. 526. We were unable to find the word 'love' for Slagfid and Swanwhite: 'alvitr' seems to be a mere appellative, not a proper name. Under 'ardró' lies some word for love or embracement (avrmom?).

l. 14. örlög drygja, 'til víga,' so the prose compiler takes it; but we need not accept it, for they were Swan Maidens, not Walcyries.

l. 15. veðr-eygr, of a huntsman's eye; 'vegr-eygr' yields no sense—

'Murphy hath a weather eye, he can tell when'er he pleases

When it rains and when it's dry, when it snows and when it freezes.'

l. 18. Skreið. Paul the Deacon describes the snow-skates of the Fins—Scrito-bini [the Skating Fins, i. e. the Laps] . . . hi a *saliendo* [skriða] juxta linguam barbaram ethimologiam ducunt; saltibus enim utentes arte quâdam ligno incurvo ad arcus similitudinem feras adsequuntur (Lib. i. ch. 9). In Tacitus, Germ. ch. 46, one is tempted to see *scrita* beneath the meaningless *scuta*.

l. 21. 'gim,' a Latin loan-word, through A. S.; in Thulor 522 = fire; we may either take it as rendered, or perhaps better read 'in the fire.'

l. 22. 'lind bauga' cannot be right; 'he strung all his rings on a basten cord' must be the meaning, cp. l. 31: in 'vel' we suspect 'vél.'

l. 26. Here is plainly a gap.

ll. 37, 38. Hopelessly mangled; what is lost beneath 'gekk brunni?' 'þurr' is but a repetition from the following line.

l. 42. For 'hefði' we have restored 'Hlaðguðr' (abridged in the archetype and misread by the scribe).

l. 50. Corrupt, refers to the rings; the latter half too is docked, a word missing.

l. 53. orof, 'vára' of the Cod. should have been 'óra,' a word resembling orof.

l. 54. Gnita-heiði, where the Hoard of Nibelungs was gotten; leiðo is an impossible form. There is something wrong in this phrase.

ll. 56 ff. Text studded with asterisks here; it is a mere string of fragments.

l. 59. Read 'bornar' for 'borin var,' cp. the prose.

l. 64 cannot be right; one detects the proverb, Opt es í holti heyrandi nær, and would read 'woods have ears.'

l. 66. Better, tenn hans man teygjask, see Dict. 635 b (tjá, B. 2), to which add—Hon mornaði öll ok þornaði, ok tæði alldri síðan tanna,—Biarn. S. p. 69 (of a lady after her lover's death). The *rietus* of grief is denoted.

l. 69. 'síðan,' we miss the 'smithy,' and probably should read, ok setið hónom smiðjo (better than, setið hann í smiðjo), and set down his smithy in S.

l. 80. þar er vatn er heitir Ulfsiár [the prose], from the poem.

l. 96. 'fen fioturs' has baffled us like all preceding commentators; a *pit* is meant (fen); ok skýtr undir smið-belgi sína í gröf eina diúpa.—Þiðr. S. ch. 73; cp. the story in Herodot. i. ch. 68.

l. 99. iarkna-steinar, prob. an A.S. loan-word; Bede knows 'eorcna-' even in proper names.

l. 100. Under 'kunnigri,' we hold, lurks the queen's name, Kynweig? (Cynew..)

l. 102. 'kinga' is the standing word for *breast-brooch*, cp. Lay of Righ; so we had better read bríóst *kingo* here and l. 149.

l. 111. Tame and flat; it ought to run, for he had drugged the draught.

l. 115. Cp. Old Germ. 'inwiddi,' whence comes íviðja, a *witch*. Cp. Brunanburh Lay, l. 46, where Constantine the future monk is called 'eald inwidda.'

ll. 126, 127. Still unable to restore the disjointed and confused text.

l. 139. The king's answer is lost, swearing the oath.

l. 140. 'þeirrar er þu görðir,' plainly wrong; we surmise, gekk þú til smiðjo í *Sævarstöð*—the evil news follow one by one.

l. 149. For 'kringlor' read 'kingor;' see above.

l. 154. What can be concealed under 'verr níta?'

l. 170. ögur-stund, an else unknown word; a *wee hour* or an *evil hour*?

Lay of Thrym, (p. 176.)

The peerless princess of all Northern Ballads, ancient or modern. In the main well preserved.

ll. 1, 2. vakn-aði, sakn-aði, to be scanned as *double-measured*; as fnas-aði, ll. 50, 86, cp. Old Br. Lay 49, 96, Lay of Righ 183, and oftener, indications of the trisyllabic preterites being sounded as compounds; of course they *may* be scanned single-measured, cp. l. 20, Atlam. 73, Old G. L. 17, 19, Lay of Righ 79, etc. Scan also the participles, sitj-andi, liggj-andi (ll. 39, 40), and in comparatives, breið-ara (l. 103) as *twi-measured*.

l. 9. Mark the local genitive, as in Lay of Righ, cp. ll. 35, 46.

l. 14. Transpose, at or silfri væri.

l. 37. Cp. Helgi ii. 17.

l. 38. Cp. Skirn. v. 40: a proverbial phrase follows.

l. 54. We read, 'varða,' gen. pl. of vörð, *wife*: word and wer, here as elsewhere in these songs, go together.

l. 55. Letter-stress on first 'ek.'

ll. 56-58 recur, Doom 1-3.

ll. 61-67. Mark the bridal array. Scan hag-liga, double-measured here, as mostly elsewhere the adverbs on -liga; cp. Sol. 102, 132, 149, 161, Chr. W. 44, 58, Long L. Br. 100, etc.

l. 72. We miss the word 'vesall' to fill the sense and so as to account for the genitive, þegi þú þ.: vesall þeirra orða.

l. 82. Letter-stress on 'ok,' *I too*.

l. 85. 'skyndir,' or some similar word, must here mean *they were harnessed to the cart poles*.

l. 86. Cp. Haustlong, verse 15.

l. 89. Cp. Alvis-mal 1, 2.

l. 90. Better, Nú færa mer, *now that they come carrying home to me*.

l. 96. 'komið snimma' is hardly right; under 'komið' we think lurks 'konom;' read, var at kveldi bekkur konom skipaðr? *that evening a bench was set for the women*; cp. þá var skipað konom í annat sinn, Niála, ch. 34.

l. 97. Strange that the stress is here laid on 'ok fyr,' which should scan as slur; nor is 'fram' the right word for serving ale; hence we read, ok fyr iotna öl: unar borið; we have an analogy in Skiða R. l. 215.

ll. 102-104. We have inserted 'in' before the comparatives, see Dict. 127-128 a-b (en, 1. 2. β).

ll. 105 and 113. 'svörom' has plainly slipped out after 'fyrir'—read, sat in alsnotra: am bótt fyrir svörom (see Dict. sitja, I. 2).

ll. 107 and 115. In both instances the letter-stress should be on 'vætr' (*nought*); hence we surmise 'eyvit,' which suits both cases—svaf [át] eyvit Freyja átta nóttom.

l. 112. Or, þykkjomk eldar or augom brenna.

l. 118. By 'bride-fee' the dos payable by the bride's family to the husband-to-be is meant. In Icelandic law 'heiman-fylgja.'

l. 125. 'Vígja vórar hendi;' this holy rite occurs only here: alter the translation, which is too loose, into *Hallow us together by the hand of wedlock*.

l. 127. Plainly so; harðan applies to the hammer.

We print the ballad below, p. 503, it is obviously not drawn from any traditional tale, but merely a version of our Lay made by one who had read it in a sister MS. to our R. The absolute coincidence of order and phrase clearly proves this (verse 20, bride's knee, cp. Þkv. 124, would alone be conclusive).

Balder's Doom, (p. 181.)

This weird, passionate, even sublime little piece is in the main well preserved, though ever and anon there come mangled lines which defy all our attempts at restoration.

l. 8. helli, Bugge; from Vsp. l. 126 (in the burden).

ll. 15, 16. val-galdur, perhaps *necromantic charms*: nás orð, *necromancy*.

l. 17. These pathetic lines recall the words of the prophet's ghost—'Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?'

l. 19. snivin, ἀπ. λεγ., the sole remnant of a lost strong verb.

ll. 23, 24. corrupt; we have been able to set it partly right; parallel passages, as means for restoring it, are Grimm, ll. 31, 32, Eirm. 4, cp. Þkv. 89: for 'fagrllig' we would read 'fagr-sett.'

ll. 25, 26. 'stendr' cannot be right: what lurks under 'liggr skiöldr yfir?' [ero skap-ker leyðroð?]. The sense must be, 'The mead is brewed, the cups are burnished, the benches set, the hall decked.'

l. 27. of-væni, ἀπ. λει., *hopeless despair* (in which case read, 'ör-væni'), or *over-joy*? Great merriment is said to presage great calamities. From verse I we learn that Anses felt bodeful of some evil.

l. 30. unz al-kunna, not quite grammatical; in 'alkunna,' verb = alt kunnag, or, as is more likely, an epithet to the Sibyl, *O thou that knowest all things*.

ll. 41-44. Doublet; lines given also in Vsp., to which they seem to be alien.

ll. 48, 49. Here should follow some wanton query, whereby the Sibyl sees that she had to deal with the wrong man. As it stands, the verse, taken from some riddle poem such as Heiðrek's, is a mere conundrum, of which the answer is 'the waves.'

l. 50. 'sem ek hugða,' alliteration false, sense flat; we would read, 'ertattu Veg-tamr, ne sonr Valtams,' cp. l. 52 below.

l. 35. 'meirr aprt á vit' has not the right flow (manni . . . mín at vitja?). Or is the sense, Once more at the Crack of Doom thou shalt come to me—Job's comfort?

l. 57. í ragnarök, cp. í alda rök, Vpm. 154.

The Mill Song, (p. 184.)

A facsimile of ll. 19 to the end is given in Edda (Edit. Arna-Magn.), vol. iii, Tab. i.

The transpositions are necessitated by the plot of the story. In one place, for instance, in our text of *r* the mill is shivered, yet after a while the maids begin whirling the stones again. *This* had to be put right.

l. 6. griótz griá, *the granite mill*? cp. 42; a word has, we fancy, slipped out after griá.

l. 9. þulu þogn horfinnar, what lurks underneath these words?

l. 10. The maids want to rest awhile, so stop under colour of lightening the quern, which is done by driving in a plug or wedge: but Frodi bids them 'grind on.' Again and again on various pretexts they beg for rest, but he always refuses. ll. 26, 27 should follow here.

l. 12. This accompanying of the whirling of the mill by song is a living remembrance of his childhood to the Editor (where he was brought up there was a hand-mill to which the women as they ground would sing in a loud voice); he has learnt many a ditty to the whirling of the quern. Most readers will recall Odys. xx. 105 sqq., cp. also Lokas. 179.

l. 13. man, collectively = *household*, esp. the *servants*.

l. 16. fiúr, here bisyllabic.

l. 21. 'því,' we read ne hoggvi þegn, and render accordingly.

l. 24. Tainted and defective text. The prose (Edda) has—'Hann gaf þeim eigi lengri hvíld, eða svefn, enn gaukrinn þegði eða hlióð mátti kveða.'

ll. 26, 27. These lines should be moved three lines higher up. See note on l. 10 above.

l. 27. Here and l. 20, sem at munom léki, emend.; cp. Dict. s. v. munr, II. 1 (p. 438 b).

l. 30. 'höndla,' nearest in sense and from the 'hölda.'

l. 32. Alliteration amiss; Vaki þú í höll Fróði?

l. 41. brúðir, mended in agreement to ll. 44, 89.

l. 45. Text mangled; *if thou, O king, knewest our kindred!*

ll. 46-53. They recall their former lives as Giant maids.

l. 53. Mended in harmony with l. 88; under toco lurks 'tvau.'

ll. 54-64. They are Walcyries, waging war among men.

l. 56. For 'biorno' read 'brynjor.'

l. 60. Knui, some king of lost tradition; cp. Cniua, Jordanes, ch. 18.

l. 62. 'adkavppvm,' Cd. (af köppom?)

l. 66. miscunlausar, Cd.; read either, miscunlauss, referring to the king; or -lausa, referring to the house; the first by preference. This scene calls to mind Isaiah xlvii. 2—'Take the mill-stones and grind meal, remove thy veil, strip off the train, uncover the leg.'

l. 68. 'draga,' of the mill, like Samson among the Philistines; see Sun Song, l. 101: *dolgs-siötul, the mill of peace, the feud-settleress*. A lacuna follows. The sense of the lost passage is, Let us now make the Mill grind War.

l. 70 we have mended thus: 'vaka' we take gen. of vaki, a watchman. Translate, *the watchman's war-spells or tokens*.

l. 74. *regin-griót, the holy stones, i. e. harrows or altars*. Henceforward the text is riddled with lacunæ. Some such word as 'whelmed' should lie under *val-mar*?

l. 77. Correct translation, *My father's maid, i. e. I myself grind amain*.

l. 82. *víg 'v'*, Cd.; for the history cp. Hrolf Kraki's Saga and Beowulf.

l. 85. The quern is shivered, and the Giant maids break free. l. 86 corrupt.

Lay of Biarki, (p. 188.)

On the morn of Sticklestead, we read in S. Olaf's Saga:—Konungr (S. Olaf) svarar: Tel þú oss kvæði nokkot. Þormóðr settiz upp ok kvæð hátt miök svá at heyrði um allan herinn. Hann kvæð Biarka-mál in Forno; þat er þetta er upphaf . . . Þá vaknaði liðit. Enn er lokit var kvæðino þá þokkoðo menn hónum kvæðit, ok fanz mönnum mikit um ok þótti vel til fundit, ok köllodo kvæðit *Húskarla-hvöt*.—That Saxo had heard this name given to the song appears from his words, having finished the poem—'Hanc maxime *exhortationum seriem* idcirco metrica ratione compegerim quod earundem sententiarum intellectus Danici cuiusdam carminis compendio digestus a compluribus antiquitatis peritis memoriter usurpatur.' The Lay opens with the lord of a house awakening at daybreak and arousing all his serfs (*víl-megir*) from sleep to work (reminding one of Woden in the first lines of the Lay of Eric)—hence the name. The first lines sound as if adopted from another song. In l. 3 the war-play begins. The song from Saxo is given in Append. pp. 381-386. We have noted this poem's relation to the Old English fragment Fin's Lay.

l. 1. The first cock-crow, as so often, marks the hour for rising.

l. 4. *sinnar, A. S. gesidas*. Rolf's champions had formerly been the men of King Eadgils of Upsala, but left him in anger and took up with the Danish King.

l. 5. ekki, not eigi, as it carries the letter-stress, *who flee from naught*.

ll. 7, 8 bespeak rather a late date, a licentious Wicking life.

ll. 9-20. Some ten gold-myths represented, cp. Excursus to vol. ii, pp. 484, 485.

l. 20. Read, Vaki . . ., the rest unsafe, *Awake, O king!*

ll. 21, 22. We recognise the Saga paraphrase—'skylda ek kreysta hann sem annan versta ok minzta mýsling.'

l. 23. This stands in Saxo, ll. 239, 240. The poem was originally very rich in kennings; ergo of comparatively late composition.

Hildebrand Lay, (p. 190.)

Saxo's paraphrase is given in Appendix, pp. 387, 388.

l. 5. Read, Tyrtingar görvir?

l. 10. Better, *tigar ens átta*; a word slipped, after *talðir* (tveir, or the like).

- l. 12. 'at hafði,' certainly wrong.
 l. 17. Corrupt; we must read, mitt skaltu verja váðom líki, cp. *Atlam.* l. 375.
 ll. 20 and 22 maimed.
 l. 34. hann varð mer ómakr, false in metre and meaningless; the son Hadubrand's name lurks under it, 'faðir Haðubrandz.'
 l. 35. 'meðan' is wrong, perhaps 'á miðdm.'

APPENDIX TO THRYMSKVIDA NOTES, p. 498. THORD OF HAFSGAARD.

Grundtvig, No. 1 (Swaning's MSS., sixteenth century).

1. Det vor Thord af-Haffsgaard rider over de grønne enge :
taapte hand sin hammer af guld oc borte vor hand saa lenge.
2. Det vor Thord af Hafsgaard taler til broder sin :
du skal fare til Norrefield oc liuse efter hammer min.
3. Det vor liden Locke setter sig i fieder hamme :
saa flög hand til Norrefield alt over det salte vand.
4. Mit udi den gaard der axler hand sit skind :
saa gik hand i stoven alt for den Tossegreve ind.
5. Du ver vel kommen lidell Locke, du ver vel kommen her :
hvor stander landen i Haffsgaard oc hvor stander landen der ?
6. Vel (!) stander landen i Hafsgaard oc vel stander landen der :
men Thord haver sin hammer mist, fordi er ieg kommen her.
7. Icke fanger Thord sin hammer igien, dig siger ieg disse ord :
for femten favn oc fire oc ti der ligger hand graven i iord.
8. Icke fanger Thord sin hammer igien, det siger ieg talen saa :
med minde i giver mig Fredensborgh med alt det gods i aa.
9. Det vor liden Locke setter sig i fedder-ham :
saa flög hand til bage igien alt over det salte vand.
10. Mit udi den gaard der axler hand sit skind :
saa ganger hand i stuvnen alt for sin broder ind.
11. Icke fanger du din hammer igien, dig siger ieg talen saa :
med mindre vi giver hannem Fredensborgh med alt det gods vi aa.
12. Der til svared den stalte iomfru paa benken som hun sad :
giver mig helder en christen mand end delig en trolld saa led.
13. Da vil vi tage vor gamle fader, gandske vel vil vi börste hans haar (!)
føre vi hannem til Nörrefeld for en saa stalt iomfru.
14. Förde de den unge brud de förde hende i bröllups gaard :
det vill ieg for sandingen sige der vor ikke guld for liegerne spaart.
15. Saa toge di den unge brud satte hende i brudebenk :
for da gik den Tossegreve hand lyster for hender at skienk.
16. En oxekrop saa aade hun op, vel treti svine flöcke :
siuv hundred bröd hindes rente vor, saa lyste bruden at dricke.
17. En oxekrop saa aade hun op, vel treti svine flöcke :
tolf tönder öll saa drack hun ud, för hun kunde torsten slöcke.
18. Tosse-greven hand gick at stuve gulven, hand monne sig saa ilde kiere :
Hven saa er den unge brud, hun vil saa meget æde.
19. Svarede liden Locke, smiler undar skarlagen skind :
I siuv dage fick hun icke mad, saa haver hun stundit hiem til din.
20. Otte vor de kiemper der hammeren bar ind paa træ :
det vil ieg for sandingen sige de lagde hannem over brudens knæ.
21. Det vor da den unge brud tog hammeren i sin haand :
det vil ieg for sandingen sige, hun slönget hannem som en vand.
22. Nu slog hun Tossegreve i hiel den lede trolld oc lang :
saa slog hun i hiel de andre smaa trolde at bröllupen monne hun gang.
23. Det vor liden Locke monne sig saa vel om tenke,
nu vil vi fare hiem til vor egne land skone vor fader en enke.

APPENDIX TO NOTES ON HELGI LAYS, p. 493. AAGE OG ELSE.

Grundtvig, No. 90 (sixteenth century).

1. Der sidder tre möer i buret de to slynger guld :
den tredje hun græder sin fæstemand under sorten muld.
2. Det var rige Her Aage rider hand sig under ö :
feste hand jomfru Else-lille hun var saa ven en mö.
3. Feste hand jomfru Else-lille saa ven en mö :
alt om deris bryllops-aften maate hand for hende dö.
4. Saa saare gred iomfru Else-lille hendis hender hun vred :
det hörde Ridder Her Aage saa langt af led.
5. Saa saare gred iomfru Else-lille, sine hender hun sloe :
det hörde Ridder Her Aage under sorten iord.
6. Op staar Ridder Her Aage tager kisten paa bag :
saa lacker hand til sin festemös bur med saa megen umag.
7. Hand klapper paa døren med kiste, for hand havde ikke skind :
du stat op stalten Else-lille ! du luk din festemand ind.
8. Lenge laa stalten Else-lille ok tenkte ved sig :
monne det vere Ridder Her Aage der kommer til mig ?
9. Det melte liden Else-lille med taare paa kind :
kand I Jesu nafn nefne saa kommer I ind.
10. Du stat op stalten Else-lille, luk op din dör :
jeg kand saa vel Jesu nafn nefne som jeg kunde för.
11. Op staar stalten Else-lille med taare paa kind :
sa lucker hun den döde mand i buret ind.
12. Saa tog hun den gulkam hun kiemte hans haar :
for hver et haar hun redde da felder hun taar.
13. Hör I Ridder Her Aage, aller-kieriste min :
hvordan er der under den sorte iord i graven din ?
14. Saadant er der i den sorte iord i graven hos mig :
sem i det frydelig Himmerig, thi gled du dig.
15. Hör I Ridder Her Aage aller-kjeriste min,
maa jeg dig følge i sorten iord i graven din ?
16. Saadant er der i sorten iord i graven hos mig :
sem i det sorteste Helvede, gör kors for dig.
17. For hver en gang du greder for mig, din hu giöris mod :
da staar min kiste for inden fuld med levret blod.
18. For oven ved mit hoved staar greset grönt :
for nedden ved mine födder med slanger om hengt.
19. For hver en gang du kveder, din hu er glad :
da er min grav for inden omhengt med rosens blad.
20. Nu galer hanen den hvide, til iorden maa jeg :
til iorden stunder alle de lige, nu maa jeg med.
21. Nu galer hanen den röde, til iorden maa jeg :
til iorden maa alle de döde, nu maa jeg med.
22. Nu galer hanen den sorte, til iorden maa jeg :
nu luckes op alle de porte, nu maa jeg følge med.
23. Op stod Ridder Her Aage, tog kisten paa bag :
saa lacker hand til kierke-gaard med saa megen unag.
24. Det gjorde stalten Else-lille, for hendis hu var mod :
saa fulde hun sin festemand igiennem mörken skov.
25. Der hun kommer igiennem skoven paa kierke-gaard :
da felmer Ridder Her Aage sit favre gule haar.
26. Der hun kom af kierke-gaard i kierken ind :
da felmer Ridder Her Aage sin rosens kind.
27. Da felmer Ridder Aage baade hand och fod :
da felmer hand sin rosens kind och blev til iord.
28. Hör du stalten Else-lille aller-kieriste min :
du gred nu aldrig mere for festemand din.

29. Du stat op stalten Else-lille, du gak nu hiem :
du gred nu aldrig mere din feste mand igien.
30. Du see dig op til himmelen til stierne smaa :
saa faar du at vide huor natten hun gaar.
31. Saa hun op til himmelen til stierne smaa :
i iorden slap den döde mand, hun hannem aldrig mere saa.
32. Saa snarlig slap den döde mand i iorden hen :
saa sörgelig gik stalt Else-lille til bage igien.
33. Saa saare gred stalt Else-lille, Gud hun bad :
at hun icke maatte leve i aar och dag.
34. Dat var stalten Else-lille blev siug hun laa :
det var inden maanedz dag hun lagdes paa baar.

A Note on Ballad-Poetry.

We have given these two ballads not only because they are in intimate connection with our subject, but also because they give a clear glimpse into the way in which early translators and adapters went to work when they wished to hand down the old stories to a new generation. We are too much in the habit of taking our own modern book-ways as foundations for our notions about the past, but these ideas must be put aside entirely if we are to form a true conception of the way that our foregangers wrought. Their business was not to make a literal version of their originals with strict and scientific fidelity of form and incident, but rather to re-create their original so that it should appear real, vivid, and natural to the men of their own day to whom they wished to present it. And after all there is much to be said for their method. For such successes as Mr. Lane's delightful, though too brief translation of the Arabian Nights, or Captain Burton's Camoens, there are hundreds of dead, lifeless, uninteresting versions of the master pieces of the past, by men who in their struggle after the letter have forsaken the spirit, and have at best produced stuffed skins about as like to the breathing creations from which they are derived as the stony-hided and name-inscribed pachyderms, so familiar to our youth in the upper room of the British Museum, are to the living animals whose metamorphosed integuments they bear. Keats' finest sonnet would never have been written 'after reading Lord Derby's Homer.' It is not to be denied that both species of translation have their uses; a literal translation is often invaluable to the beginner, but only as a stepping-stone to understanding the original: directly he can manage to read his text, it is rightly and properly flung aside. Whereas a real rendering must be a work of art in itself, readable and learnable, such a one as Mr. Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, or North's Plutarch, or Shelley's Hymn of Hermes, or Milton's Ode, or Egilson's prose rendering of the Odyssey.

With respect to Thord of Havsgaard, there can be no question but that it is directly derived from Thrýmskviða, the coincidences in order of events, phraseology, incident, and colouring are far too great to allow of any other selection. Some MS., containing the Old Lay, the translator must have seen, and very rightly seized upon it as an excellent subject for a ballad. Whether a sister vellum to R. reached Denmark at the end of the Middle Ages, or whether some Danish trader or traveller heard the Lay or story in Iceland and thence adapted it, we cannot tell; anyhow there is no *distance* between the Old Lay and the Danish ballad, but a close and complete kinship.

In the cases of Young Swendal and the Swipday and Menglad Lay, or, as in that of Aage and Else and the Helgi Lay, the ballad-maker has merely taken the incident and wrought them upon his new canvas in his own colours, but even

here there is no valid reason whatever for supposing that the Swipday and Menglad Lay, or the Helgi Lay had been handed down by tradition to the fifteenth century; on the contrary, every scrap of evidence which we can get at points entirely the other way. R, or a sister MS., is ultimately as much the source of these ballads as they are of Thord of Havsgaard.

There is another most interesting question which, though its complete treatment does not fall within the scope of these volumes, is worth touching on here, to wit, the connection between the Scottish and North English ballads and those of Denmark. The difficult problem of the transmission of ballads and ballad plots from one country to another has never been attacked. It is well known that there is an extraordinarily close connection between the Danish ballads and our own. Dr. Jamieson and Sir Walter Scott long ago observed this. Such pairs as the following are unmistakable.

Lord Thomas and Fair Annet	= Skiön Anna.
Willie's Lady	= Sir Stig and Torelild.
Katherine Janfarie	= Child Dyring.
Child of Elle	} = Ribolt and Guldborg.
Erlinton	
Douglas Tragedy	} = Aage and Else.
Sweet William and May Margaret	
End of Clerk Saunders	
Leisome Brand [see Motherwell]	} = Sir Wal and Lisa Lyle. = Fair Midel and Kristen Lyle.

And when one comes to examine closely the *language* of the Danish ballads, one is struck by the identity of *formula* and *phrase*: setting aside such epic commonplaces as are common to many lands, red gold, golden hair, white hand, etc., there are a dozen of absolutely identical idioms, words, and sentences. There are not a few instances also in which an idiom or a word, still familiar to Ramsay, Ferguson, and Burns, strikes us as wholly strange to Modern Danish, and in many cases, when there are two or three versions of a Danish ballad, it is the oldest which is 'most Scottish,' the later ones substituting more 'Danish-looking' phrases in place of these non-Danish expressions. There are even cases, in which the Scottish rhyme now, if restored, would give a completer rhyme than the adapter's Danish one. These coincidences will be allowed on all hands, but to what conclusions do they point?

We cannot suppose a common origin, for none such parent literature is known to exist. Must not one country have borrowed its first ballads from the other? If so, one is driven to look upon England and Scotland rather as the lenders than the borrowers—it is known that it was from Scotland and North England that many French Romances travelled to Norway—it is known that the connection between Scotland and Denmark was close throughout the Middle Ages down to the days when James went on his chivalrous errand across the North Sea to bring home the 'king's dochter o' Denmark'—it is known that every step of the four-lined ballad from the earlier eight-lined French metre, from which it sprung, can be traced in the case of our Scottish and North English poems, while such evidence is lacking in the case of the Danish ballad—it is known that the Dance, the parent of our ballad as it was once of the Greek comedy, was introduced into the British islands early in the Middle Ages, and that, as far as we have any evidence, it was not adopted till later in the Scandinavian lands. Is it not

then within fair reasoning to conclude, that it was from Scotland and North England that the ballad came to Denmark, where the transplanted seedling struck deep root and bloomed and flourished, and bore a fair and full crop of delightful fruit? One need not necessarily suppose that any great number of the existing Danish ballads are versions of Scottish ballads. It would be quite sufficient for some poetic Danish merchant or skipper to have got hold of a dozen Northern ballads at Leith, Hull, or Berwick, and adapted them in the broad popular style of translation we have spoken of, for 'dances' in his own land. The impulse once given there would soon be movement enough. Just as in Iceland the Rimur, once started, attracts to itself subjects from every quarter, from books, from local legend, from old traditions, and the like. Yet in this case, no one doubts but that the original impulse came from without. So our own north country ballads find material everywhere, in French romances, and the English translations thereof, in Latin legends, in Italian novels, in local memories of forest outlawry, border feuds, court tragedies, and historical events. A final argument in favour of the superior indigeneity, so to speak, of the Scottish and North English ballad, and one which to our mind is by no means the weakest, may be drawn from æsthetic considerations. No country has produced ballads which in simple tragic strength, deep pure pathos, and rich humour equal our own. Danish, Swedish, Færoic ballads have beauties real and great, but there is not that supreme excellence of form and force about them which raises ours to the level of the Eddic Lays. And to those who, like ourselves, consider the Eddic Lays as the productions of men who lived in a society and in an age in which the Teutonic mind, stirred to its depths, was being fermented by Celtic leaven, the analogy between these circumstances and those under which at a later day the north country ballads are indubitably created is very striking and impressive. There are other considerations, such as the longevity and spontaneity of the ballad in Great Britain, the complete and remarkable way in which it has been adopted by generation after generation down to our own day as the popular expression of the deepest poetic feeling, which cannot fail to weigh with those who have studied these phenomena. But enough has been said to show that the question is one deserving of earnest study, and to prove that it is a problem to the settlement of which the arguments we have urged may at least be of some help as an indication of unexpected results which have forced themselves one by one upon our consideration.

It would not be right to omit a word of thanks for the colossal labours of Dr. Svend Grundtvig, to whose patient care it is owing that the beautiful Danish ballads are at present the only national ballads which can be studied in a complete and orderly form. A generation before our own writers (with the exception of such honourable names as Ritson, Motherwell, Kinloch, Buchan, and Scott) were alive to the supreme importance of one of the deepest mainsprings of our national life, he was already well advanced in his patriotic task, and it is largely owing to him that the long-neglected work, in which he was for many years the lone pioneer, is now being worthily done by American and English students.

The Northern Ballad of *Sweet William and May Margaret* is the counterpart to the Danish *Aage og Else*, as will be seen from the following lines, which Scott gives as the second part of the Clerk Saunders ballad:—

The clinking bell gaed through the town,
To carry the dead corse to the clay,
And Sweet William stood at May Margaret's window
An hour before the day.

' And are ye sleeping, Margaret, he says,
Or are ye waking presentlie?

Give me my faith and troth again,
True love, I gied to thee.'

' Your faith and troth ye sall never get,
Nor our true love sall never twin,

Until ye come within my bower
And kiss me cheik and chin.'

' O the cocks are crowing a merry midnight,

The wild-fowls are boding day,
Give me my faith and troth again
And let me fare me on the way.'

A dialogue follows, much of which has been lost, but which in the original ballad must have been the central part of the poem, of the same kind as the old heathen necromantic questioning of which there are several examples among the Eddic Lays. Margaret at last gives back the troth and the ghost turns away, but—

It's hosen and shoon and gown alone
She climb'd the wall and follow'd him,
Until she cam to the green forest,
And there she lost the sight o' him—

to the last two lines of which stanza there are sundry variations. But the final verses are true enough to the old story:—

' Is there ony room at your head, William?
Is there ony room at your feet?

Or ony room at your side, William?
Where fain, fain I wad sleep?'

' There's nae room at my head, Margaret,
There's nae room at my feet,

My bed it is fu' lowly now,
Amang the worms I sleep.

The cauld mould is my covering now
But and my winding sheet,

The dew it fa's nae sooner down,
Than my resting-place is weet.

And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,

Gin e'er ye love anither man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me!'

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,
And up and crew the gray,

Her lover he vanish'd intil the air,
And she gaed weeping away.

With the final scene of Helgi and Sigrun compare the ballad of *Earl Brand* (the last of the English variants on this theme). The 'king's daughter o' fair England' begs the hero to carry her off; as they ride away they are met by 'auld carle Hood' (a Grimnir-like figure), whom Brand, out of pity for his age, will not put to death, in spite of the wise princess's advice. The lovers are betrayed by Hood, and pursued by the king and his fifteen men. Brand slays his foes, but is wounded to the death, and falls dying at his mother's gate, whither he has borne the lady safely.

' O my son's slain, he is falling in swoon,
 And it's a' for the sake of an English loon!
 ' O say not so, my dearest mother,
 But marry her to my youngest brother.
 To a maiden true he'll gie his hand,
 To the king's [æ] daughter o' fair England,
 To a prize that was won by a slain brother's hand.'—*R. Bell, 1857.*

In the ballad of *Earl Richard* an ordeal, reminding one of Gudrun, is given; but here the heroine is guilty like Herkia, and like her fails to prove her innocence and drees her weird in the bale-fire.

' Put na the wite on me,' she said,
 ' It was my May Catherine.'
 Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,
 To burn that maiden in;
 It wadna tak upon her hair,
 Nor yet upon her chin,
 Nor yet upon her yellow hair
 To cleanse the deadly sin.
 * * * * *
 Out hae they taken her May Catherine
 And putten her mistress in.
 The flame tuik fast upon her cheik,
 Tuik fast upon her chin,
 Tuik fast upon her fair body,
 She burnt like hollin green.

Besides the inevitable coincidences of style, epic phrases, and the like, there are coincidences of subject-matter and story, which it is not needful to do more than point out here. For example, birds speak in both Lays and Ballads, while the other beasts have mostly lost their primæval powers in this direction; the hawk, the dove, and the popinjay are notable speakers in the Scottish ballads; and in one version of the *Murdered Lover* a 'bonny bird' spake 'from high upon a tree,' like those who foretold Helgi's prowess, furthered the henchman's wooing, or announced the fate of Sigfred. Hounds and horses are sympathetic and wise, but seldom do more than dumbly signify their will and wisdom. The religion of the Scottish ballads, save for the few poems that deal with the popular Catholic mythology, is absolutely as heathen as that of the Helgi Lays; the sacredness of revenge, remorse, and love, the horror of treason, cruelty, lust, and fraud are well given, but of Christianised feelings there are no traces. The very scheme, on which ballads and lays are alike built, the hapless innocent death of a hero or heroine, is as heathen as the plot of any Athenian tragedy can be.¹—[The Translator.]²

The Sibyl's Prophecy: Wolospa, (p. 192.)

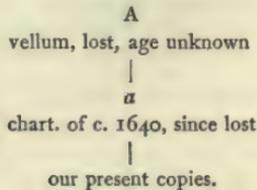
[The Notes to this lay are appended to the reconstructed text, vol. ii, p. 641.]

¹ The Færoese ballads, which seem to be mainly founded upon the stories or the rimur of a few Icelandic *books* which reached them, show how easily a few composers in a new style may win a hearing and gain popular favour for their work.

² One does not like to quit the subject without noticing the admirable use made of the Helgi and Sigrun 'motiv' in the well-known poems *The Ghost's Petition* and *The Poor Ghost*.

The Sun Song: Sólarliod, (p. 204.)

The relation of our extant copies to the lost archetypus would stand thus:—



It follows that, though we may know something of *a*, we have little means of fixing the reading of *A*. The vellum appears to have been blurred and in parts at least hard to read; hence whole patches of our text are meaningless, whilst others read fairly well. To this copyist also applies what was said about the Lay of Swipday and Menglad.

Proverbs and sentences—ll. 8, 15, 16, 20, 60, 66, 144, 180.

l. 2. *ynðis heimi*, cp. *munar heimi*, *Helgi* ii. 90; *dvalar-heim*, l. 11 below; *aldaheim*, 36; *dyn-heim*, 26; *ægis-heim*, *Chr. W.* 122.

l. 4. *verða at ná*, i. e. *to die*, cp. *Helgi* i. 249.

l. 15. Cp. *Prov. Song* 89, *Atlam.* 236.

l. 24. *hrolla* (*hroll?*), text not safe.

l. 27. ‘*annan*’ cannot be right, or some *h*-word has been dropped: here *þjóta* of the door, less aptly, but ‘*hrikta*,’ *Atlam.* 129.

l. 31. Read *máttig* when single, *-ug* when compound (*máttig*, but *almáttog*).

l. 35. That is—It was my last prayer, my last worship to the sun, the last day of my life. With this compare the story of *Thorketel*, *Landn.* i. ch. 9, given in the *Reader*, p. 8, which calls back the past days of my childhood and early youth. Every morning, immediately after coming out of bed, I had to go out of doors, and there bareheaded to say a prayer, at the same time making the sign of the Cross (*signa sig*); then come back and say ‘Good morning.’ This was called ‘fetching the good morning.’ From my seventh to my thirteenth year (except the three summer months, when all was out of door life, there being no night in those high latitudes) hardly a day passed, no matter what weather, without due observance of this rite. But the curious thing is that the words of verse I was wont to say—

. A morni hverjum þá upp stend eg,
fyrst eg stíg niður fæti á iörð, færi eg þer hiartans þakkar-giörð,

from the *Passion Hymns*, composed 1650-1660—were clearly suggested to the poet by the same custom. But what prayer or verse used children in *Hallgrim's* days to say?—[Editor.]

l. 39. *gylfar*, akin to *gylfra*, a witch?

ll. 43, 44. Cp. *Josh.* vii. 5, *Ps.* xxii. 14.

l. 48. Text unsafe.

l. 52. For *kallaðr* read *kalðr* (cold); yet even so the line is not right.

l. 53. Here the soul, in the shape of a *bird*, must be meant, leaving the body at the point of death; ‘*þerna*’ is nearest in form to *stiarna*: ‘*þa vas ek hræddr*’ is not right, nor can ‘*vas*’ carry the letter-stress; the whole line should be obelised.

l. 55. ‘*hon*’ cannot carry the letter-stress; the particle ‘*at*’ requires a *place*; we therefore read, *hátt at himni fló, she winged her way heavenward.*

- v. 16 is unsafe altogether; *virði, viti, virki* are as many errors.
- ll. 65, 66. Cp. Rev. xiv. 13; after l. 66 some lines seem to be missing, line 67 being of another train of idea; so, too, after l. 70 some lines again are missing.
- l. 75. Cp. Scotch *gow-sun*=mock sun; *skino* slurred.
- l. 76. The gates or window of the sky are meant, cp. 2 Kings vii. 2.
- l. 78. *sigr-heima*, what means that?
- l. 79. *œðra* cannot be right.
- l. 82. *kvöl-heima* (*kval-heima*, or *kvala-heima*)?
- l. 85. *vanar-dreka*, modelled after *vanar-gandr*, one of the names of the wolf Fenri (from a lost line of Vsp.?)
- l. 86. Better *glœddar götor*; verses 22-24 are modelled on Vsp., where the Fiends are marching up to battle.
- l. 90. We have not as yet the key to this line.
- l. 94. *siau saman*, representing the seven days of the week?
- vv. 25, 26. Here he enters the gates of Hell. The first sound that meets him is the grating of a mill. In Icelandic houses the 'quern,' hand-mill, on which the household meal is ground, is oftenest placed inside near the door. Verse 25 is, we hold, descriptive of Hell's abode (not a special punishment); the meal that the inmates of Hell eat is *dust*. l. 98 we would read, *þá heyrðak gríóttz gný, or gróttta gný*; is 'sinom'=sinnom, A.S. *gesidás?* or sticks the error in 'monnom'=mundom? in which case we require an epithet to the 'hands:' for *draga*, of the mill, cp. Grott. 78, as if the workers were harnessed to the mill like Samson; otherwise the mill is whirled with the hands, as in the Mill Song.
- With v. 27 sqq. begins the special punishments.
- l. 105. Read *mœddan*, *weary?*
- l. 110. Altered so as to suit the metre.
- l. 112. Cp. Grimm. 44.
- l. 117. '*marga ofegna*' should be obelised; their *sin* is here given.
- l. 119. Letter-stress wrong, '*þat*' cannot carry letter-stress.
- l. 134. *væðask* or *væddosk*, a plain and manifest emendation.
- l. 137. Cp. Old W. Pl. 12, 15 (see notes to that passage).
- ll. 139, 140. Metre lame, the words disjointed by the copyist; we rearrange and read—

*Heljar hrafnar þeim or höfði slito
sionir sárliga,*

substituting '*sárliga*' for *hárliga*. The poet often uses adverbs on *-liga* as end measure in the short dialogue (∪∪) line, cp. ll. 28, 102, 116, 132, 149, Chr. W. 44, 58.

l. 145. Agreeably with v. 21.

ll. 152, 153. One might read—

*Láso helgar bœkr ok himna-skript
Englar þeim yfir.*

Skript is else in poems only used of pictures, mostly of embroidered images, not of *written* characters.

l. 167. For '*eiga*' read *liggja* (the copyist read *eiga* for *ligia*), Dict. 388 b, s. v. *liggja* V.

ll. 172, 173. Read—*þik bið-ek skilja, es oss skapat hefir,
alla eymðom frá.*

ll. 180, 181. These lines are famed, but whence are they drawn?

The Christian's Wisdom, (p. 211.)

The *title* is our making. MSS. the same as preceding poem.

For an Old English (A. S.) notice of *Sins*, see Cotton, Nero II, where the list runs thus—(gastromargia) ingluvies, fornicando, (filargia) avaricia, sive amor pecuniæ; ira; tristitia, sive anxietas, sive tædium vitæ; accidia; (cynodoxia) iactantia, sive vana gloria; superbia.

v. 1. Following the lead of Bugge we place these lines at the head. In MS. they are thrust in between App. v. 3 and Sun Song, v. 46.

l. 3. Cp. Helgi i. 152.

l. 8. vega, for the metre's sake.

l. 12. gangandi, superabundant.

l. 15. hann, i.e. the benighted guest; l. 17, of the host.

l. 20. We propose, því hinn sagðisk válaðr vesa, for he (the stranger) said he was poor.

ll. 31, 32. Text unsafe, metre and flow not right; 'hon' cannot carry letter-stress; an *h*-word perhaps dropped, hon skal (slurred) háliga lífa?

l. 33. Read, auði né heill, *wealth nor luck*.

l. 34. Read, þótt hóm gangi greitt.

l. 36. sáttom, one would prefer sökum or sköpom—the *course of fate*.

l. 54. Cp. Old W. Pl. 306.

l. 57. í flestom stöðom should be obelised.

l. 63. A word is missing, for 'þvi at þeir' must be scanned as slur, and so is here but *one* measure; we might read, því at þeir menn hverfa es munom fylgja, *the men who follow the desires of their heart*.

ll. 67-72 are all mangled, a mere jumble of words. Note that the retribution first follows in l. 75 (nú þau . . .); hence in the preceding lines their *sins* are given running up to a climax. In l. 67 we fancy 'örnom' beneath sarom, how they feasted sumptuously at their fireside; yet it is quite obscure: l. 69. Read, á afi sitt (or auð sinn) þau trúðo: ll. 71, 72 quite awry in metre and wording; the sense underlying gleams through, i.e. Their ways run counter to the will or command of God Almighty.

l. 75. Here follows the apodosis.

l. 79. golli þó heiti is required by the following words, see l. 86.

l. 82. Quantity wrong: read, þá es hann lagði á Vígulfs vald = selja sialfdæmi, cp. O. H., Hkr. p. 330—tók hann þann kost at leggja allt á vald konungs, bæði sik ok ríki sítt.

l. 83. Enn hóm at tálom varð, an aside. For the 'h'm' of the vellum the copyist read 'hin.'

l. 90. Ryedale sounds like a Northman's version of a Gaelic place-name.

l. 102. Disir Dróttins mála (Scriptures) = *Holy Virgins, Women Saints*?

l. 104. haga, cp. vol. ii, p. 334, l. 56.

ll. 111, 112. Corrupt and meaningless.

l. 115. Read, allz andvani.

l. 116. Saying. Is still in use, Reader 260, No. 53.

v. 30. Quite amiss, though the sense just looms behind the mess of letters: dómvaldz, cp. dómaldi, Yt. 26. In l. 119 we espy 'þing-logi' beneath þangat: we read—þinglogi h . . . þar ek heitinn vask;

i.e. *I was told to begone, having failed to come in due time*; cp. eða heitið mik heðan, Lokas. 28.

l. 121. *siúkir*, for metre's sake. The meaning, 'The wages of sin is death.'

l. 123. Cp. Rom. xiii. 4, 'But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid.'

l. 127. *svá mon gefask* yields no sense; we propose, *svik muno gefask*, *falsehood will get its due* when they shall walk in the paths of fire.

vv. 34-36. From the Havamal collection; suits better in here as a fragment of a lost Fable. *Appendix*, ll. 1-8, quite a riddle, the text altogether unsafe.

ll. 9-12. Epilogue. The hart's horn filled with mysteries, see Proverb Song, l. 32.

l. 14. Niord's nine daughters? We are told of Heimdal's nine mothers, of Okeanos' nine daughters. Does Niord figure here as a god of the sea?

BOOK IV. *Lay of Hymi*, (p. 220.)

All the Lays of this book (except *Hymi's Lay*, which we have put here for the metre's sake, and because of its other poetical characteristics) make up the earliest authentic historical documents of Northern History, hence they should be submitted to a keen and sympathetic, though not destructive criticism, every word and sentence being weighed and looked into.

The *Lay of Hymi* is one of the best known mythic lays of our collection; perhaps the raciest of them all. Incidents of it have served as subjects to the Saga-makers; we can point out striking scenes manifestly drawn from it, in *Færeyinga* and *Gretti's Saga*.

1. *The two orphan boys, Sigmund and his cousin, are wandering in the snow upon the Dofrafells, weary and wayless*:—"One evening they found a chim or gully on the mountain and followed along it, and at last they perceived the smell of smoke, and soon came upon a homestead, and went up to it, and came into a room where two women were sitting; the one of them was stricken in years, but the other was a little girl, and both were fair to look on. They welcomed the boys, and took off their clothes and put dry clothes upon them, and made haste to give them food to eat, and took care of them, and then put them to bed, telling them that they did not wish them to be in the goodman's sight when he came home, for they said that he was a rough-tempered man.

"Sigmund woke at the coming of a man into the room. He was a big man in a reindeer pelt-coat with a reindeer on his back, and he cast up his nostrils and asked who had come there. The goodwife said that there had come two boys, poor little wretches, cold and so sore an-hungered that they were well-nigh starved to death. He answers, 'It is just the quickest way for us to be found out, for thee to take folks into our house, and so I have often told thee.' 'I could not bear,' said the goodwife, 'to let two such pretty boys die here close to our house.' Then the goodman let the matter pass, and they fell to their meat and then went to bed. There were two beds in the room, the goodman and his wife lay in one and the goodfolk's daughter in the other, and a bed was made up for the boys in the room. Early in the morning the goodman was afoot, and he spoke to the boys, 'I am willing to let you stop here to-day, as the women wish it, if it please you so to do.' They said that they would be right glad to do so."—*Færeyinga*, ch. 9.

2. In *Gretti*, the well-known scene in ch. 50 (Edit. 1853) of the *Fetching of the Ox*. If we look at it, it appears beyond doubt that we have here an episode of our *Lay*, adapted to and localised in Reekhills, in the west of Iceland. *Gretti* here plays the parts of Thor; Thormod and Thorgar of Giant *Hymi*; only in the *Lauding Scene* the parts are reversed, that *Gretti* carries the bull home (the hardest task

to the Saga-maker's mind), whilst the Foster-brothers draw the ship ashore. The Gretti-story is modelled on ll. 64-79, 95-105 of our Lay; Færeyinga on ll. 27-45. There are thus three component parts of our Grettis Saga: (1) Mythical, Gretti-Beowulf, Gretti-Thor, Gretti-Tram, etc.; (2) Historical, the smallest of the three; (3) Romantic-padding by a late hand, from French mediæval tales and the like.

3. Lastly, in *Edda*, Gg. (though the author mainly draws on other poems), we recognise the Rowing Scene in prose paraphrase.

This is not without use for our text, for in all these instances we learn that the Lay the Saga-makers had in mind, was in parts *fuller* than the Lay as we have it in R and A, lines having dropped out; as one would infer even from the stunted, abrupt character of verses ever and anon throughout the song. The minstrel, from whom the text of R was taken down, no longer knew the Lay in full, though in the main he remembered the brightest parts. We miss the name of the Bull, himin-hrióðr [the reading of $\text{r e } \beta$ to Thulor 447], *the Heavenly Bull*.

Cp. also Jack the Giant Killer hidden in the oven by the giant's wife when he comes to steal the giant's treasure, his golden hen, harp, etc. Indeed Jack is really Thor; like him he kills a many-headed giant by craft, and we can from the modern English chap-books even recover lost legends of Thor's exploits in Giant-land, e. g. where Jack gets the stupid giant to disembowel himself, or hangs three-headed ogres.

With chapter 14 of Grettis Saga cp. also the chap-book Story of Tom Tram, part ii, ch. 7, and Campbell's Mac-a-Rusgaich, vol. ii. See Notes to Ditties.

For the many racy characteristic kennings of this song, see the Excursus.

1. 1. veigar is the nearest word ($g = \beta$), and it fits in with the sense: *sumblr-samr* we take to be adjective, *gathered at a feast*.

1. 3. ok á hlaut sá cannot be right, for 'ok á' must be scanned as a slur, and so only two docked measures (two monosyllables) remain, which *after the line pause* is inadmissible; hence a word must have dropped out; we propose, ok hlaut-spáno, or kicero hlaut-spáno, cp. Vsp. (vol. ii, p. 68) l. 189.

1. 4. œrkost, better œrkosto, cp. Atlam. 219 (fem.), means *abundance*, and never *want, scarcity*; hence Dict. 767 a, s. v. dele II.

ll. 5 sqq. are somewhat over-chary of words, owing maybe to lines being missing;

1. 6. miskor-blindi or mistor-? from mista or miska, akin to Ulf. *maihstus*. A genitive of weak feminines in *-ur* is found in the old Gutalagh (Isle of Gotland), and remains in the speech of that interesting island to the present day: it is also found in about four or five instances in Swedish Runic stones from other countries, thus kirkia, kona, gen. sing. kirkiur, konur; cp. Gothic *-onz*, whence presumably *-oz, -or*. In Icelandic the only traces are a few compounds, such as miscor, and eisor-fala (from eisa, *embers*), Thulor 107, Mokkor-kalfi.—[The late Carl Säve, a native of Gotland.]

1. 7. í þrá, see Dict. 743 b, s. v. 2.

1. 9. orð-bægginn 'halr,' it is strange to call Thor this, since 'hann' in the following line must refer to the giant. The fact is, we have not the full text left.

1. 10. Awry; the letter-stress cannot rest on 'hann.'

1. 13. ne (not né) þat, better ne þann, viz. hver.

1. 15. Tew is here represented as the Giant's son,—quite peculiar to our Lay.

1. 24. Egil, Hymi's retainer, as it seems, lives in a cottage near the Giant's hall. At his byre they leave the goats and walk up to the hall. Egil plays the part of the goodman and goodwife in the story in *Edda* (Gg.): l. 25. hann, viz. Egil.

ll. 27 sqq. Here begins the parallel passage to Færeyinga. The two women at home; one an old beldame, the giant's gammer; the other, the giant's wife, Tew's mother, young, bright—a strange and beautiful contrast. The giant is away hunting,

comes home frowning, scents the new-comers—two boys stowed away behind or beneath the cauldron. Fancy the grim humour of the Thunderer in such plight! The Saga is the same tale mellowed and humanised. We can, indeed, correct our poem from it, reading l. 32 hug-litla tvá or the like, *ye wee, cow'ring, tim'rous things!* atniðr iötna (l. 31) is not right; the giant's wife recognises her son Tew, 'my dear boy,' or the like.

l. 31. For metre's sake transpose and read, ykkir viljak.

l. 33. For 'frí' read friðill, *lover, husband*, though she is, as it were, a capture-wife, and probably of the race of the Anses, for Tew is no giant's son.

l. 34. In the Saga the boys are put to bed, at þeir yrði eigi fyrir bónda er hann kemr, 'kvað hann vera stygg-lyndan.'—[Saga.]

ll. 35 sqq. We miss in the Lay the *game* he carried home; after l. 38 one looks for a line describing the giant frowning, and his wife appeasing him.

l. 42. 'hróðr' or 'hræðr' can hardly be right, some giant name disguised.

l. 44. We must needs mend, se þu hvera setta, *behold the cauldrons in a row under the gable end!* or, se þu und hverom sitja, *behold them sitting under the cauldron!* svá forða ser, *hiding themselves*. The giant looks towards them, and the stone pillar is rent before his glance; but the cauldron breaks the force of his fiery eyes, and the boys come forth unscathed. l. 47. for 'áðr' read 'allr.'

ll. 54 sqq. Their meal and going to bed, cp. here the Lay of Thrym.

ll. 64 sqq. *The fetching of the bait*; here we miss the name of the Bull—Ymir bað hann sialfan fá ser beitor; þá sneri Þórr ábraut þangat er hann sá oxna flokk nokkvorn, er Ymir átti; hann tók inn mesta oxann, er Himin-hriðr hét, ok sleit af höfuðit [Edda], clearly a paraphrase from our song, but fuller.

ll. 74 sqq. *Here begins the Fishing Scene*, which comes in Gretti Saga. After l. 73 there seems to be a blank; the lines 74, 75 (verk þikkja þín) would refer to Thor's *breaking* the gear of the giant's craft. See the Saga—Reri þormóðr í halsi, enn þorgeirr í fyrir-rúmi, enn Grettir í skut . . . Grettir dró þá fast árnarn meðan þorgeirr bætti at hánum; enn er þorgeirr gaf upp at roa, höfðu svá luizt árnarn at Grettir hristi þær í sundr á borðinu. þormóðr kvað betra at roa minna ok brióta ekki.

ll. 76-77. Paraphrased in Edda (Gg.)—Þórr kvazt vilja roa miklo lengra; ok tóku þeir enn snerti-róðr; sagði Ymir þá at þeir vóro komnir svá langt út at hætt var at sitja fyrir Miðgarðz-ormi; enn Þórr kvazk mundo roa enn um hrið (ll. 76-79); ok svá gærði hann; enn Ymir var þá all-úkátr (ll. 95, 96): ll. 78, 79 are evidently mangled; metre and flow destroyed. The meaning is, that they would come upon the Serpent *Iormungand* (hidden under 'sa *iotun* sína?') if they went farther.

ll. 80-94. Gretti Saga has no line under the *Serpent Scene*. l. 80. read meirr (farthermore), cp. Lay of Righ 5 and oftener: l. 90. hnit-bróðir = *frater germanus?* l. 92. somewhat obscure; we restore the verb to the singular, for hrein-galkn must mean *a beast*, cp. Finn-galkn; what can 'hölk' be here? l. 94. sá fiskr, some name for the Serpent, perhaps 'siðan' should also be obelised.

ll. 95-98. From the Edda paraphrase one would think these lines ought to stand after l. 79; but they are wanting in flow, and not quite safe.

ll. 98 seqq. Here Gretti Saga resumes the story. The parallels are curious and unmistakable—Grettir spyr, hvárt þeir vildi heldr fara heim með oxann eða setja upp skipit (ll. 98-100). For mundo, see Dict., s. v. muno B. III.

ll. 101-103. 'ok settu þeir upp með öllum síánum er í var ok iöklinum' [Saga].

l. 104. hann, better 'hinn,' for Giant Hymi is meant. Note that 'brim-svín' means the *whales*, prop. *sea-hogs, porpoises*; hence in Excursus, vol. ii, p. 458, move that word down and add under PORPOISES—'brim-svín, Hym. 104.' It is the

giant that carries the catch home, whilst Thor houses the boat. In Gretti, as marked above, the tasks are reversed.

l. 105. This line does not fit in here; it rather seems to belong to the following scene, *the hurling* or *breaking* of the cup and *the cauldron* (hver).

ll. 106-109. kryptorlīgan is a strangely formed *ām. λεγ.* The sense seems to be this—Says the Giant, 'To row and break oars and craft is a small matter; but only try to break my cup!'

ll. 114-117. Tew's mother, the giant's wife, here, Delilah-like, betrays the giant's secret—only if dashed against his pate can the cup be cracked: *ástráð*, cp. l. 16: *harð-ari*, two-measured; see notes to Lay of Thrym.

ll. 124, 125. Not quite clear. One is tempted to read, *Kiallandi kvað*, meaning the old *beldam*, the giant's mother, who has never said a word all the time, though duly introduced (ll. 27, 28).

ll. 126 sqq. *The Cauldron Scene*: l. 133. the famous line to which Thorodd the grammarian alludes in his phrase, *heyrði til höddo es þórr bar hverinn*. It struck Mr. Carlyle—'Thor, after many adventures, clapping the pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it—quite lost in it, the ears of the pot reaching down to his heels—a kind of vacant hugeness, large awkward gianthood, characterises that Norse system; enormous force, and yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with large uncertain strides' [Lecture on Heroes]. The image figures to us the black thundercloud-capped sky—an Ivernian, pre-Aryan, pre-Teutonic simile, one should say. We still in Iceland liken a black cloud-capped sky to a 'pot turned upside down.'

ll. 134-140. *The Pursuit*: l. 134. we have added the suffixed negative: l. 140. Cd. A. here reads *hraun-Vali*, *the Gauls of the wilds = the giants*, which fits in with l. 67 above, and is, we take it, the right reading, for *hraun-hvalr* is at best a hybrid simile.

ll. 141-144. The scene differently given in Edda (Gg.) After 140 some lines seem lost, telling how they returned to Egil, and, harnessing the goats, found the one lame: l. 143. 'skirr skokuls' is hardly right; in Thulor, l. 464, we find *skæ-motr*, a name of the he-goat; what if *skæ-motoll* be the word, drawn from our poem?

l. 147. 'hann' cannot carry the letter-stress. We read *hann-laun*, i. e. *hand-laun*, 'handfee,' *surety, fine* (A. S. *hond-leán*), and thus we recover an old law term.

l. 151. *veorr skyli*; certainly so. The poet is fond of calling Thor so, cp. ll. 43, 64, 83.

l. 152. A calendary name, the late autumn; cp. Gr. *φθινόπωρον*.

Hyndla's Lay: Hyndlo-líod, (p. 226.)

See Reconstructed Text, vol. ii, p. 515, and notes to the same at the end of vol. ii.

The Lay of Rígh, (p. 235.)

This poem, quite alone in its class, gives the historian really valuable material for the most important part of his task—a true judgment of the state of society during a very notable epoch. Professor Rogers has shown in his learned and instructive *History of Prices* the profit to which such indications may be turned; the author of our poem has done in his own way for the early years of the Northern settlement in the West what Chaucer and Langland and Eglinton did later for the fourteenth century, a much less important era.

The poem, though derived from but one late MS., is better preserved on the whole than the bulk of the poems in R, and where it is out of joint or broken, it often gives

a clue to the right reading. The Thulor, as noticed, pp. 234-235, has yielded one notable emendation.

The table of the three degrees—Thrall, Yeoman, and Gentleman—may be summed up thus:—

THRALL.	YEOMAN.	GENTLEMAN.
<p>FORM— swarthy skin, bent back, thick, crooked fingers, [black haired], long heeled, thin shanked, snub nose. <i>Baby</i>, dusky.</p>	<p>ruddy skin. [brown haired]. red and ruddy, rolling eyes.</p>	<p>white skinned, yellow haired, bright eyed. <i>Lady</i>, slender fingered. hair yellow, rosy cheeks, flashing eyes like a young serpent's.</p>
<p>DRESS— <i>Man</i>, grey coat. <i>Woman</i>, tatters, swaddling-clothes of sack- cloth.</p>	<p><i>Man</i>, trim beard and hair, fastened shirt. [wadmal coat.] <i>Woman</i>, hooked cap, smock and kerchief, pin - brooches on the shoulders, goat-skin coat, keys in belt, bridal veil of linen, swaddling-clothes of linen, child washed.</p>	<p><i>Man</i>, [missing, red cloth coat, fine hose?] <i>Woman</i>, a high steeple- cap, blue sark, long sashes, a round brooch on her breast, bridal veil of fine linen, swaddling-clothes of silk, child washed.</p>
<p>CONDITION— unmarried, pigging in the bush, thrall.</p>	<p>married, wife driven home, free.</p>	<p>married, wife driven home in state, noble.</p>
<p>FOOD— bran-bread loaves, thick, heavy, [buttermilk, porridge?] no table, no cloth.</p>	<p>[barley loaf] on a trencher, veal, broth in a bowl [ale], table, no cloth.</p>	<p>loaves of wheat, thin, brittle, ham and roast game in silver-mounted dishes, wine in a can, with beaker silver-mounted, a cloth of bleached linen, [sideboard and] table.</p>
<p>OCCUPATION AT HOME— chattering and whisper- ing, [women at household drudgery.]</p>	<p>man carpentering, or at loom, woman spinning, wadmal making.</p>	<p>man trimming arrows, twisting bow-string, woman embroidering, trimming, smoothing her dress.</p>
<p>WORK ABROAD— productive, menial— bast-binding, load-mak- ing, faggot-bearing, fence-building, peat- digging, swine-tend- ing, goat-herding, dunging land.</p>	<p>productive and mate- rial— ox-breaking, plow-build- ing, house-timbering, barn-making, cart- building, cart-driving.</p>	<p>unproductive and spiri- tual— shield-making, bow- bending, arrow-shaft- ing, fencing, swim- ming, riding, dice- playing, table-playing,</p>

THRALL.

YEOMAN.

GENTLEMAN.

warring, ruling, keeping soldiers, bird-clubbing—using charms of good medicine, showing knowledge of history, of the speech of birds, of stanching wounds, and allaying sorrows.

There is something sympathetic about the notice of the thrall, half-scornful though it be. But compare it with Carlyle's noble paragraph:—

“Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal as of the sceptre of this Planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a Man living man-like. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee. Hardly entreated Brother, for us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our Conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred.”—Sartor, bk. iii, ch. 4.

The dignity of rough work as here set forth is, as Mr. Ruskin shows, a wholly modern idea, having its root in early Christianity. There is a little-known passage from Hegesippos, which is worth citing in this place; when speaking of the early Persecution, he says—

“There were yet alive of the kindred of the Lord the two grandsons of Judah, who was his brother according to the flesh. And these men were informed against as being of the kindred of David, and the Evocatus brought them [from Batanæa in the far East] before Domitian Cæsar [A. D. 95], for he was afraid of the coming of the Christ even as Herod had been. And he enquired of them, whether they were of the kindred of David. And they said that they were. Then he enquired of them what possession they had, and of what wealth they were the masters. And they both said that they were worth no more than 9,000 pence, half of which belonged to each of them. And this sum they declared that they had not in money, but in the worth of their land, which was only 39 plethra [acres], from which they drew money for the taxes, and maintained themselves labouring with their own hands. Moreover they held up their hands before him, the hardness of their bodies testifying to their toil, and the thick skin upon their very hands, the stamp of their unceasing labour, confirming the same. And when they were asked concerning the Christ and his Kingdom, of what kind it was, and where and when it should appear, they declared that it was not of this world, nor upon earth, but that it was heavenly and angelic, and that it would come at the end of the age, when He should come in His glory to judge the quick and the dead, and render to every man his deserts. And Domitian, finding no guilt in them, but despising them as men of no account, sent them away free, and put a stop by decree to the Persecution of the Church. And they, being released, were honoured of the Churches [as bishops or overseers], both as being Witnesses to the same, and as being of the kindred of the Lord. And when the peace was made in the days of Trajan they were yet alive.”—Eusebius, Church Hist., Bk. iii.

In the poem it is interesting to notice how the *spiritual life is confined to the gentlefolks*, the royal race have the birthright of science; in olden days men were ‘born healers,’ seventh sons of seventh sons, Æsculapids, and the like. The gift of

Edward the Confessor was perhaps but the Christian reflection of a heathen notion, that the king in his priestly character had a virtue in him.

A very interesting and true account of the actual thrall's life in Norway in 1025 is given in the Life of St. Olaf; and it is highly to the credit of the lord,—that Erling whose dirge was sung by Sighvat, see vol. ii, p. 137:—

“Erling always kept thirty thralls in his household besides other servants. He used to set every thrall his day's work; and after that was done he gave them time and leave to do what work they would for themselves in the twilight and in the evening. He gave them tilled land to sow corn for themselves, and to carry the crop to their own profit [cp. the allotment ground, which too many landlords have deprived the English poor of in the past]. He set upon every one of them his price and ransom. And many were able to buy their freedom the first or second year, but all, who thrived at all, could free themselves in three years' time. With the money he got in this way, Erling bought other servants; and he gave his freedmen a means of livelihood, some at the herring fishing and some in other ways of gaining a livelihood. Some cleared the forest and made themselves farms there; and all of them he put into some good way of living.” Erling was both wiser and more humane than Cato: such households as his made Norway richer than before. In ch. 104 Erling's thralls are noticed as corn-sellers.

In the Lives of Kings there are two passages preserved which seem to come from the lost part of this song, and so help us to some idea of the verses which have perished. The *first* of these is an interpolation in Ari's preface to his Lives of Kings, *The Funeral of King Dan*: ‘And when Dan the Magnificent, King of the Danes, had a howe made for himself, and bade them bear him to it when he was dead, with his king's raiment and his harness of war, and his steed with his saddle and gear, and much treasure to boot,—then many of the men of his race did so afterward, and so the *age of barrow-burial* arose in Denmark¹.’ The *second* is the gloss in the Ynglinga Saga: ‘Dyggwi's mother was Drott, the daughter of Danp, the son of Righ, the first who was called *king* in the Danish Tongue; the men of his race ever afterwards held the name of king as the name of highest rank . . . Queen Drott was the sister of King Dan the Magnificent, after whom Denmark is named.’ The poem may well have been by a man of Danish descent.

Farther, we have Arngrim's record, mentioned p. 234:—

‘Rigus nomen fuit viro cuidam inter magnates sui temporis non infimo. Is Danprijus domini in Danpsted filiam duxit uxorem, cui Dana nomen erat; qui deinde regis titulo in sua illa provincia acquisito, filium ex uxore Dana, Dan sive Danum, heredem reliquit, cujus Dani, paternam ditionem jam adepti, subditi omnes Dani dicebantur.’—Arngrim, Supplementa, MS.

The *parallelisms* are of greatest help in fixing the text, noting the gaps and other blemishes of the text.

1. 1. This genitive is a favourite with the poet, ll. 5, 20, etc., even with setjask, l. 12; in prose ganga leiðar sinnar, cp. German geh deines pfades! seiner wege gegangen (Goethe).

1. 2. According to the prose introduction (vol. ii, p. 532) Heimdall's name must have stood here; we can supply the epithet hvítan (Lay of Thrym, l. 60) followed by some other *h*-word.

¹ ‘Enn síðan er Danr inn Mikilláti Dana konungr lét ser haug gœra, ok bauð sik pangat bera dauðan með konungs skrúði ok her-búnáði, ok hest hans með söðul-reiði, ok mikit fé annat, enn hans ætt-menn gœrðo margir svá síðan, ok hófsk þar haugs-öld þar í Danmörk.’—[Lives of Kings, Preface.]

1. 3. In 'Áskunnigan' we recognise Ás-kungan, *one of the race of Anses*, god-born, celestial, cp. Old W. Pl. 111, and Vsp. 54, where we surmise the same.

1. 4. Stiganda, the *Strider*, Walker (occurs as nickname in Eyrb. ch. 61). Thus Hœni, a double of Heimdall, is called the 'Swift Anse,' the 'ooze-foot,' the 'long-legged one;' Heimdall, the sire of men walking the earth. See Introduction, p. cii, for fuller discussion.

1. 8. Between lines 8 and 9 some lines, answering to 54-61, have dropped out, recounting Ai's and Edda's dress and the menial work they had in hand.

1. 14. What here follows we have transposed to the section of Amma and Afi; we miss the *relish* of the Thrall Household, probably *butter-milk* and *porridge* in a wooden bowl; no table presumably.

1. 23. Possibly nothing is here missing; but, in analogy with l. 78, we ought to read hörfi sveipðo, *they swaddled him in sackcloth*, 'hör'r' here denoting some *coarse* cloth.

1. 24. We would, following the parallelisms of l. 80, move this line down four lines—

Hann nam at vaxa ok vel dafna,
nam hann meirr at þat, etc.

1. 28. We read 'lotinn,' for 'lotr' is no word (lútr one may say, Sol. 13); but Icelanders say lotinn of *bent* back.

ll. 32 sqq. Note how they couple 'under the bush:' niðr-bjúgt nef, cp. Bk. vi, No. 59: þirr, repeated l. 38, strangely formed feminine; else þý-r, gen. þýj-ar.

1. 36. We read hiúna; húss is inadmissible, (1) in sense—'son of the house' is a Hebrew, not a Norse term; and even if it were it would but ill fit the thrall; (2) in metre, for two docked measures *after* the line pause are abnormal, cp. note to Hym. 3.

1. 40. We find elsewhere, drött, Skíða R. 120; kefsir, Thulor, 222; þirr, 221; Ysja, nickname in Sturl. i. 287; tötrug-hypja, Helgi i. 180; 'þræla-heiti standa í Rígs þulo,' vol. ii, p. 545.

1. 52. Note the gradation, hús 6, höll 52, salr 98, house, home, hall, as it were.

1. 57. skokkr vas á golfi is strange here, we expect a piece of dress; 'á golfi' may be but a repetition from 53; read skokkr (some *waistcoat-like jacket*) vas á bringo, answering to the goodwife's smokkr.

1. 61. dvergar is clearly wrong; dverg, a pillar, never could mean a pin or brooch on the shoulder; we read 'dalkr vas á öxlom,' or better 'dalgr,' the older form, Gaelic *dealg*; the archetypus presumably had dalgr, which the scribe read du'gr, the likeness would be deceptive, 'dvergr' being well known, while dalgr would be unfamiliar; for dalk is a Gaelic loan-word, meaning here the *common* pin to the plaid; Mother, l. 107, wears a *golden brooch* (kinga), a coin with a hook and pin fastened to it. For types of *fibula*, see O. Montelius' well illustrated and careful study.

ll. 66 sqq. Here we miss the loaf, probably a bannock of barley; the table (bióð) would be a wooden one *without cloth*; the 'skutlar' wooden plates or trenchers; soð=broth. These lines, as noted pp. 234, 235, have been moved down from Edda to Gammer.

1. 83. Cart, a foreign word: plóg, here a waggon.

1. 84. hangin-lukla, cp. Lay of Thrym 64; mark the goat-skin jacket.

1. 87. Sounds too gentlefolk-like; we would move it down, substituting it for l. 161.

l. 92. Breið-skeggr, cp. vol. ii, p. 280, l. 53.

ll. 93-95, as noted p. 235, the yeoman's daughters' names are those of gentle ladies, while the earl's daughters are missing, hence we have moved them to their proper place, supplying the gap from Thulor 179, 180, following the text of Cd. r.

l. 99. hringr, used as a knocker, cp. Less. Loddv. v. 20.

l. 104. Here lines are missing, viz. Father's dress.

l. 105. hugði at örmom cannot be right; 'hannörð,' woman's *handiwork*, embroidery, is the word underlying (h . . . at örm . . . = hannörð), see Dict. 239 a, and hannr, hannarst, Bk. vi, No. 77.

l. 107. keistr is no word; we read 'keikr,' *strutting*, of the steeple-chase head-gear as seen in Middle English and French pictures: kinga (see Dict. s. v.), a brooch of silver or gold.

l. 114. merktan, see mark IV. (Dict. 413 a).

ll. 118-120 partly put right; yet the trenchers, not the table, were silver-mounted. One would read—

Fram bar hon skutla, fulla . . .
silfri varða, setti á bióð,
fleski forn, fogla steikða, etc.:

skutill, canna, and kalkr are all foreign loan-words.

ll. 132, 133 call to mind Paul the Deacon's picture of young Grimwald—Erat enim ipse puerulus eleganti forma, *micantibus oculis, lacteo crine perfusus*.—Bk. iv, ch. 37.

ll. 137, 138. frakka, Thulor 287, cp. framea (franca) of Tacitus.

l. 138. húnom verpa, cp. Hornklofi 28, Riddl. v. 25.

l. 140. Gangandi we take as a nickname, cp. Stígandi 4.

l. 144. The repetition is unusual, except with the Tapestry poet; possibly another word is to be substituted.

l. 150. vá til landa, *to win* lands by one's sword, as in the Wicking-tide; vol. ii, p. 75, v. 8, echoes the same idea.

l. 153. mösma, an else unknown word.

ll. 156 sqq. Have been put right by Bugge, only we read *erla* (Countess).

l. 161. We would here read—

Bioggo hión, bauga deilðo,
breiddo blæjor, ok bú goerðo,
ættir ióko, ok aldrs nuto.

A gentle life is depicted in these lines.

ll. 169, 170. See above and Thulor 177, 178.

l. 172. benda 'hlífar'; benda is elsewhere used of the *bow*; perhaps read *tývið bendo*, Thulor 295.

l. 175. ævin- is an unusual form, al-rúnar, allar ok . . . (*love runes?*), Spell Song 29.

l. 179. We read, sár at svefja; the archetype would, judging from the shape of the letters hereby indicated, seem to have been a vellum of the twelfth or early thirteenth century; cp. Havam. II, 17, Helgi i. 314.

l. 183. æðlask, here as a law term, to enter into one's heritage.

l. 187. This bird-club still survives in our English 'squirrel-bolt.' It is originally, as in the Egyptian monuments, a 'boomerang,' though it now retains no mark of its origin.

1. 194. We would propose to read—

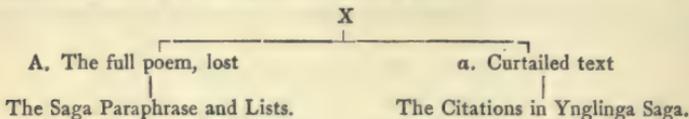
ægi kanna, unnir riúfa,

to explore the sea and cleave the waves.

For the rest of the poem see above. If our hypothesis as to the interpolation be true, the song ended like Beowulf's with a mighty funeral, thus giving the pageantry of birth, marriage, and death.

Ynglingatal: Generation of the Ynglings, (p. 244.)

The materials for the text of this poem, the means of restoration, etc., are (1) the citations in Ynglinga Saga, (2) the paraphrase contained in Ynglinga Saga, (3) the two Lists we have given in vol. ii, pp. 521-523. The Saga and Lists were drawn from the poem when full and pure, whilst the citations appear to have been inserted by a later hand, and from a curtailed and in many ways impure text. The pedigree is exactly the same as in Wolospa (see vol. ii, p. 642)—



The ensuing Notes will we trust afford abundant proofs of this.

The plan of the poem.—It falls into *strophes*, one to each king or link in the generation: each strophe again falls into *line-pairs* or brace of lines, strung together (Hebrew-like) by a copula, 'ok' (about forty times), 'þa es' (some thirteen times), or other particles. In a poem worked out with such art, we may take it for granted that originally all these stanzas had exactly the same number of pairs; though in the present state they are unequal, the highest being of five pairs. Taking five as the normal number, we get the following statistics—

Two strophes (I, xxvi) have two line-pairs—three lost.

Fifteen strophes (ii-vii, ix, x, xii, xviii, xix, xxi-xxiv) three pairs—two lost.

Nine strophes (viii, xi, xiv-xvi, xvii, xx, xxv, xxvi) four pairs—one lost.

One strophe (xiii) five pairs—none lost?

Hence, of the still existing twenty-seven strophes, numbering ninety line-pairs, forty-five, or exactly one third, are lost. In stanzas where but one single fact was on record, the poet, to fill up the space, resorted to variation of image, by different words, where he shows himself a great master. In other cases we have to be on our guard. The names and surnames of the kings, the place of the burial, the mode of death, as given in the Saga and in the Lists, must all once have stood in the Lay, either in the lost pairs or pair, or in now-existing but corrupt lines. Many of the lost pairs may have contained the number of the successive kings in the poem.

Altogether lost are—(1) the Introduction, whereof no traces are now on record; (2) certain links—(a) at the beginning only one, we take it, has been lost, viz. that to Yngwi-Frey; for from Haleygatal, l. 44, as well as from the words in the Preface to Kings' Lives, we conclude that Yngwi-Frey stood at the head as Arch-Sire of all the race. We have added below the new number in brackets, Yngwi-Frey included. (b) After strophe xxvi [xxvii] three would be lost, which calculation as to chronology—Godfred, xxv [xxvi], died 810, Harold Fairhair, born c. 870 [see Excursus II to vol. ii]—gives a fair and probable result; only Halfdane the Black cannot be Godfred's son, but must be great-grandson. Fairhair himself is outside the thirty, who are all ancestors of his. We take xxi [xxii] and the following to be historical names, though we need not suppose that they follow strictly in descending line.

The *metre*, not fully treated in Excursus, we find, upon fresh inspection, to have this peculiar characteristic—in the *first line* of each pair, being the *odd* ones after a short slur (copula, particle¹), follow *two docked measures of two monosyllables, a rest of syllable pause to each*. The second line of each pair again is regular, like in the Helgi or Ballad line, as is also the second half after the line-pause. Thus throughout the poem there is alternate sequence of docked and undocked lines, creating an agreeably regulated variation in rhythm and flow. The formula for each couplet is thus—

First line— Ok dag* | skiarr : durniss | niðja.

Second line— sal | vorðoðr : Svegði | velti.

The rule of the *odd* lines is brought before the eye by the following list of statistics of docked lines throughout the poem—ll. 1, 3, 5, 13, 17, 19, 21, 25, 27, 31, 37, 39, 43, 51, 55, 57, 63, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77, 79, 81, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 99, 103, 109, 111, 113, 115, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 139, 145, 147, 149, 153, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 179 [l. 148 sounds trisyllabic]. Faulty in metre, and often too in sense, are ll. 7, 11, 15, 23, 29, 33, 41, 45, 47, 49, 59, 61, 65, 75, 83, 97, 101, 105, 117, 119, 133, 135, 137, 143, 151, 155. In most of which cases the error lies in a stressed monosyllable having been *dropped*, so that only the slur and one measure is left. In many other cases too the sense is faulty, proving that the text is corrupt.

The docked measures consist of a compound word such as dag-skiarr above; hence follows an interesting fact—perhaps the reason why the poet chose this metre—that the true bisyllabic compound kings' names come in the first half-line, and scan — ' | — ' two measured, as—Á-leifr, 171; Goð-ræðr, 161; Vis-burs, 17; Hag-barðz, 73; Ey-stein, 109, 149; Half-dan, 157; Rogn-valdr, 179; Al-rekr, 55; Ingi-alld, 130; Ior-undr, 69; On-undr, 123; Ótt-arr, 93; Dóm-arr, 31. So too the places, Ey-landz, 99; Aust-marr, 121; Skær-eið, 147; Aust-mork, 89. Inflexions scanned as compounds,—sikl-ing, 3; gæð-ing, 51; dögl-ingr, 63; buðl-ung, 158, 167; flæm-ing, 87; sveið-oðs, 79; fróm-oðr, 127. Where the kings' names are trisyllabic, as ll. 12, 26, or single-stressed (—), as ll. 1, 2, 6, 35, 49, 64, 75, etc., they are thrown back to the second line or to after the line-pause of the first.

Much attention is paid to the harmony of the wording throughout.

For the many *kennings*, characteristic and original, see Excursus I to vol. ii.

Of the poet's peculiar wording, racy, chary, brief, we shall notice but a few favourite specimens. First of all, 'hrær,' meaning *funeral, mode of death*, ll. 29, 35, 49, 128 [138?]; orð, yrðr (dauða-orð, feigðar-orð), *weird, fate, doom*, ll. 2, 41, 45, 133, 143; skyldi, preceded by an infinitive, of *decrees, decreed by fate, was doomed, fated*, ll. 4, 13, 28, 42, 47, 53, 72, 77, 102, 104, 107, 128, 136, 173.

[1] The missing strophe on Yngi-Frey, the arch-patriarch, in which, besides the relation of his death and burial, one would expect an account of the Upsala treasury.

i [ii]. Fiolni was, like Clarence, drowned in a wine-butt at a banquet at King Frodi's of Hlethra. Three line-pairs are here missing.

ii [iii]. *Svegði*, travelling, like Woden or Odysseus, in quest of Godham, pursues a dwarf into a rock, where he disappeared, an ancient legend: l. 7. read steinninn : Sökk-Mimi, here figured as a dwarf, see Grimn. App. 47.

¹ Mostly a copula, ok (a great favourite), þa es, nú, etc. Restore the full þa es (not es only) in ll. 13, 64, 99: 'ok' better than enn, ll. 87, 91. Sometimes, mostly heading a strophe, a full word,—varð, 1, 69, 123, 161; réð, 171; unuz, 173; fell, 54, 93; veit-ek, 109; þat frá, 143; nu liggr, 175.

III [IV]. *Wanlandi* = Lackland. The Saga mentions Hulð, the Nightmare-witch, egged on by Drifa, the king's young wife, and the charm wrought upon the king—a favourite legend, fit subject for a Greek Tragedy: 'liðs Grímhíldr' cannot be right; it has not the right flow; under 'híldr' we discover the Hulð of the Saga, whilst in 'liðs grim' there is some epithet hidden. We read—

þá es troll-kynð um troða skyldi
l. . grimm Hulð líóna bága,

whom the fiend-born cruel witch Huld trampled on.

IV [V]. *Wis-burr* we take to be = Wés-burr, the *Temple keeper*. Here another Necklace Tragedy comes in. The Saga tells us that the king's two sons were named Gisl and Öndorr, the latter of whom is still easily recognisable under *endr* in the clumsy meaningless *setrverjendr*. We read and restore—

þá es mein-þíóf markar ötto
Gisl ok Öndorr á sinn góðan föður,

what time Gisl and Ondur hounded the fire on their father dear; 'góðan föður,' a favourite clause of the Swedish Runic Stones, N. and N. put this stone after N., 'their father dear,'—an old household term, which Thiodwolf knows and uses.

V [VI]. *Domaldi* (the *Judge*), a Famine Tragedy. The Swedes sacrifice their king to appease the gods. The text is mangled. The Saga says, þeir skyldo hónom blóta til árs ser ok riðða stalla með blóði hans. Moreover, we trace firm under 'fyrir,' and söni (Thulor 321), *sacrificial blood*, under 'sínom.' Read—

Hitt vas stór firm es stalla ruðo
sverðberendr söni dróttins.

VI [VII]. *Dómarr* (*Judge*) dies in peace, buried on the river Fyri: l. 29. some error in þess: l. 33. read, nu ek víst veit.

VII [VIII]. *Dyggwi* (the *Doughty*), 'whom we call Tryggwi' (the *Trusty*), adds the List: Glitni (the *glittering*), probably Hell's abode, see vol. ii, p. 546; blíkjanda bøl is Hell's door, unless Gillíngur, l. c. (her key), is the word (gillings gná?): iodis, qs. ióð-dís, vol. ii, p. 544, l. 1: l. 37. better Nara, cp. Hofuðl. 36.

VIII [IX]. *Day*, the Wise (Spaki), and his prophet-sparrow; the nickname sticks in l. 44: he was smitten with a hay-fork at Skiotand-vað, which place-name must have stood in one of the lost line-pairs: l. 47 does not construe: yrði = *weird, fate, doom*.

IX [X]. *Agni*, a Husband-murder Tragedy; Skialf the queen's name, an accursed Gold Necklace. Saga and List surname the king as 'Skialf's husband:' ll. 49, 50 will not construe; under 'her' we detect hrær, the poet's oft-repeated word. We read—

þat tel-ek . . . undr es Agna hrær
Skialfar-vers at sköpom fórot,

'tis monstrous to tell how the funeral of Agni, Skialf's husband, went against the course of nature. We have here once more the Necklace, famed in ancient legends, Greek as well as Teutonic. Cp. Hild and the Hiadning Story (Bragi, Bk. viii, § 1); once more in Beowulf, ll. 1198-1202, attached to the Ermenric Story; also Loki and Heimdall's fight over Brossing-Necklace in the House Lay. Logi the queen's brother is mentioned: also Taur, near Upsala on the Bothnic Gulf: so we fill in and read, sá við Taur austr,—á austan-verðom Taurinom.—[Saga.]

X [XI]. *Alrek* (Alaric) and *Eric*, a Brother-murder Legend; they slay one another with their bits of the bridles, cp. Abel's slaughter. In the state of innocence there were no murderous weapons, and the first murder was committed with a bone, a twig, or a stone.

xI [xII]. *Alf* and *Yngvi*, two brothers. Here again a mutual Brother-murder, brought on by jealousy (as in the Danish legends in *Skioldunga* of *Iwera Wide-fathom*); both brothers loved the same Queen *Bera*, who, *Hilda*-like, sows discord between them. The *Saga* surnames *Alf* the *Elfski*: l. 61 is somehow wrong, esp. 'hinn': vé-tialld means a *movable tabernacle*, as depicted in the story of *Gunnar*, *Flateyb.* i. 337: vé-stallz (the altar): l. 65. read bært verk: l. 66. better vé-sæf-endr, the temple sacrificers.

xII [xIII]. *Iorwind*, a Hanging Tragedy. The *List* says—'Iormun-frodi, whom we call Iorund; 'hinn es endr um dó,' being banal and flat, we suppose—

Vard Öundur inn Iormun-fróði:

hana Goðlaugs, from slaying King Goðlaug, whom Eywind later turns into an ancestor of Hacon.

xIII [xIV]. *Aun* or *Ani*; the song gives both forms—'Ön, whom we call Ani' [the *List*]. The decrepid old king who sacrifices his nine sons, gaining from the gods ten years' allowance by each offering—an ancient myth, a *Kronos* devouring his own sons; emblem of Old Father Time: l. 82 we read, with the *Saga*, sem lé-barn (cp. *Fas.* ii. 150)—

logðiss odd sem lé-barn drakk,

he sucked the horn ('bottle' of old-world nurseries) like a baby in swaddling-clothes.

xIV [xV]. *Egil*, surnamed *Tunna-dolg* (*Tunne's* foe), gored by a bewitched bull.

xV [xVI]. *Othere* or *Eadhere*, we miss the surname *Wandilcraca* (*Wandil's* crow), which the *Saga* and *List* give him; perhaps it is concealed in l. 100. Read—

Vandils-kráko veginn hofðo.

Want (*Glove*) and *Fasti*, King *Frodi's* earls in *Eyland* (*Denmark*).

xVI [xVII]. *Adils*, *Eadgils* of *Beowulf*, surnamed *Ála-dolgr* (foe of *Anila*). For xv-xvi see *Beowulf*—*Onela*, *Eadgils*, *Ohtere*, *Ongantheow*, *Ohtere's* father, etc. Famed is King *Eadgils's* fight on the ice of *Lake Wenir*. At a sacrifice he fell off his horse (a charmed steed) in the *Disa*-temple and brained himself: *Adils konungr* var at *Disa-blóti* ok reið hesti um *disar-salinn* [ch. 33]. The *Saga* paraphrast gives us the name of the bewitched steed, *Slængvi*, and the place of death in the Temple of the female *Genii* (*disa-salr*). All this was contained in the poem: the 'witch-steed' we detect in l. 102, reading *vitta-vigg*; *vitta vettr* is a repetition from l. 22: we substitute *Slongvis* for *drasils*, 'disa sal' for the commonplace *dád-sæll*, and read—

vitta-vigg um víða skyldi:

ok s . . . af *Slongviss* bógom, etc.:

ok í *disa-sal* deyjja skyldi, etc.

Eadgils's steed *Slöngvi*, see the list, p. 80, l. 11; in *Thulor* we miss it, yet as *Skin-faxi* is repeated in ll. 557 and 569, we would substitute *Slongvi* in the first place.

xVII [xVIII]. *Eystan*, ll. 109, 110 will not construe. Here the *Saga* yields the clue, 'The Swedes betrayed him' (*Svíar sviko hann*). In 'lífi' we detect *lævi*, in 'lokinn' *leikinn*, and read—

Veit-ek *Eystein* endr um folginn

leikinn lævi á *Lofundi*,

Eystan, slain by treason, is buried in *Lofund* (in *Lake Mælur*). As in *Welsh* [Professor *Rhÿs*], *Icel.* nú-r, though a loan-word from *Latin*, is used of any box, trough for butter, or the like, but never of a ship—*Barnið heilsaði konunni, og það hana gefa ser ogn af floti í nóann sinn* (for butter), *Isl.* Þjóðs. i. 122: bitsótt, cp. *Song of Saws* 38.

xVIII [xIX]. *Yngwere*, slain, as the *Saga* informs us, in *Osel*, at a place called *Stone*

(lagar-hiarta of l. 119): Aust-marr=Gulf of Finland? l. 117 is faulty in metre, 'stœkk upp,' what is hidden under it? l. 119. líós-hömoñ, or as the List surnames him, 'inn Hári.'

xix [xx]. *Eanwind, Önund*. We miss the surname Braut-Onundr (Road-Eanwind), given him by the Saga and List, from clearing wealds and breaking roads through forests. It must have been in one of the two lost line-pairs. The king was buried under an earth-slip; hence in the last line we read—

haugi hroers of horfinn vas,

i. e. he was buried under an earth-slip *by way of funeral cairn*.

xx [xxi]. *Ingialld*, around whom, like Eadgils [xvi], there clusters a train of legends (Yngl. S. chs. 38-45). His nickname 'Illráði' (the Tyrant), given in the Saga and List, is missing in the Lay; it may have stuck in the one lost line-pair; yet we rather think it to be concealed under the almost impossible 'iförvan.' The Saga informs us how this king, Sardanapalus-like, of free will burnt himself, his wives, and treasure—all which we may rest assured was contained in Theodwulf's line; and we are able to restore it with full safety. In 'sialfr' the metre calls for a lost syllable; sialf-ráði is the word: in 'fyrstr' we furthermore detect fúr (fire), for Ingialld was not the *first* who perished in fire by violence; and lastly, in 'frœkno' í fiknom, for we do not want an epithet to Ingialld's *life*, but to the *fire*. We read—

Ok Ingialld Illráðan trað, etc.

es hann sialf-ráði síno fiörvi

í fiknom fúr fara skyllði,

it was among the Swedes deemed an unexpected death *that he, by his free will, yielded up his life in a greedy fire*. Note, yrði being feminine, one must read sialld-gætazt. Ræningi, in Lake Mœlar. Goð-konungr is a kind of fossil from bygone days of hoary antiquity of Gothic hegemony, Ermanric's and Theodric's palmy days, and meant *King of the Goths*, Goð-þjóð (= Gutþiuda) being *the empire of the Goths*. Alcuin knows Ingeld's fame and speaks of him as a typical hero, c. 800.

xxi [xxii]. *Anlaf the Woodcutter*, Viðar-telgja; the Saga and List give the name Tré-telgja. The first lines are visibly corrupt. The Saga tells that Anlaf perished by fire on the border of Lake Wener. Hence we read and restore—

Ok við vág Veniss Viðar-telgjo,

'Wood-carver, Wood-feller,' a suggestive name in those old days when primæval forests covered all the land; the kings of the Settler-clans clearing the forest axe in hand, like American backwoodmen of the present day. By the way, it is here we for the first time in history meet with the since famous and time-honoured name Olaf, or Anlaf, which name in the ninth century was transplanted to British soil, where it has shot fresh branches in the *Havelocks* and *Aulays* (Mac-Aulays) of our day, not to forget the Three Tailors of Tooley (St. Olave's) Street.

We now come to an important passage, to wit—

ll. 141, 142. The Saga (ch. 45) tells us—Eptir Ingialld *hvarf Upsala-veldi* or ætt Ynglinga, þat er *lang-fedgom mætti telja*. And the poem—

Sa átt konr frá *Uppsolom*

Lofða kyns fyrir *longo hvarf*.

These lines will not construe, being clearly corrupt; but we note that prose and verse have here *in common* the three words, 'Uppsala,' 'lang,' and 'hvarf.' This cannot be mere chance; one is forced to the inference that prose and verse are no strangers, or that the *Saga is here but a paraphrase of the lines of the Lay*, then in

a pure state, fraught with fulness of sense. Hence in 'Lofða' we want a name, representative of the 'ætt Ynglinga' of the Saga. *Lúfa* or Shockhead, Fairhair's name, is as it were self-chosen; it has the same main letters as the corrupt Lofða, and as to the sense, what else could it be? Hence we propose to read and restore—

Svá átt-runnr frá Uppsólom
Lúfo kyns langfeðgom hvarf,

thus the generation of Shockhead's lineal ancestors ceased to rule at Upsala, i.e. lost Upsala, left there. We have here an unexpected, but positive, confirmation of Ynglingatal being composed in honour of Fairhair himself. Of course the statement in the Saga bears on its face the proof that it was drawn from a Lay. The paraphrast simply substituted 'ætt Ynglinga' for 'Lúfo kyns.'

xxii [xxiii]. *Halfdane*, the first on record of that name, since, together with the Olaves and Harolds, so famed in the bede-roll of Scandinavian royalty. The Saga and List give the nickname 'Hvitbein,' Whitebone, Whiteleg, lost in the now remaining fragment of the stanza, though once contained in the two dropped line-pairs: ll. 144, 145 are corrupt; under 'hverr' one at once detects the poet's favourite oft-repeated hroer—

Þat frá . . . hroer at Halfdanar
søk-miðlendr sakna skyldo:
ok Hvit-bein . . . ,

as for *Halfdane's funeral*, we learn how the doomsmen had to mourn for him, and *Whitebone* (end lost): by *hall-varps hlifi-nauma Hell* must be meant, *the queen of the mountain caverns*; the verse, vol. ii, p. 337, ll. 23, 24, calling Hell the 'cavern-locked beldame,' may once have stood in these very lines in our Lay: for *nauma* (a fay, giantess?) see *Thulor* 628: þotn, present *Thoten*, a county on Lake Miösen: *Skiringssal*, near the present *Laurvik*, a famed central Scandinavian emporium, known from *Alfred's Orosius*: *Skær-eið*, some isthmus now unknown; in the simile, cp. Bk. vi, No. 17.

xxiii [xxiv]. *Eystan*, swept overboard by the boom: 'iofri Gautskom' (l. 153) is dubious, for *Eystan* was no king of the Gauts; we suggest *götvar* (a cairn)—

hiá iofors götvom . . . ,

where, close by the king's cairn, the cool stream of the river *Wadla* mouths into the sea.

xxiv [xxv]. *Halfdane II*, surnamed in the Saga and List 'inn Mildi ok inn Matar-illi,' mean and munificent in the same person, starving his men, though paying them well; the alliteration marks this surname out as drawn from one of our two missing line-pairs. *Borro*, *Holtar*, in county Westfold, on the west side of *Christiania Frith*.

xxv [xxvi]. *Godrod*. The late historian *Munch* conclusively made out this king's identity with *Godfred*, *Charlemagne's* famed antagonist,—a result contested in vain by over-zealous Danish nationalists. *Westfold* is the cradle of great *Wicking* kings, *Fairhair's* race: *Stiflo-sund*, a port on *Westfold*: *laun-sigr* (l. 165) is not a right word; following the lead of the *Saga* we read—

Ok laun-svik inn lóm-geði,

i.e. *treason*.

xxvi [xxvii]. *Anlaf*, worshipped after death, see the account in *Excursus*, p. 415; and surnamed *Geirstaða-alf*, which name we suppose lurks under the commonplace *gunn-diarf*, l. 175, *goð-alf* (or the like) á *Geirstoðom*, now *he, the holy genius, lies*

buried in Garstead. As for counties (ll. 171, 172), they are all in South Norway, west of Christiania Frith. Widi (now disused), Westmarar (formed like Westmoreland), Upsi (not named elsewhere); Grønd, by a light, but safe emendation, we take to be an old name for the later Grenland or Grena-land, the land of the Grens, or Grænir (Granii of Jordanes, ch. 3). The adjective Grenskr (Haraldr Grenski), which could not possibly be formed from Greenland, presupposes this older form.

We now come to the last stanza. In the Lives of Kings we are told how Harold lay under a vow not to cut or comb his hair until he had conquered Norway; hence his name Shockhead (Lúfa). Having accomplished his task, Earl Ragnwald of Møre, after the observance of certain ceremonies, cut the king's hair, upon that occasion giving him a new surname, *Fairhair*. It runs thus in the Saga (Ari)—
 'þá tók Haraldr konungr laugar; hann lét þá ok greiða hár sítt; ok þá skar Rög-
valdr iarl hár hans—enn áðr hafði verið óskorit ok ókembt tíu vetr; var hann áðr
 kallaðr Lúfa—Enn síðan gaf Rognvaldr iarl hánom *kenningar-nafn* ok kallaði hann
 Harald inn *Hárfagra*; ok sögðo allir er sá, at þat var it mesta sann-nefni, þvíat
 hann hafði hár bæði mikit ok fagrt.'

Compare with this the (maimed) lines—

þat veit-ek bazt und blám himni
kenni-nafn svá at konungr eigi:
 es Rögvaldr reidar stíóri
Heiðum-hár heitinn er.

Here one is struck with the *identity*, in wording and phrasing, *between prose and verse*—'Kenni-nafn' and 'kenningar-nafn,' 'Rögvaldr' (in both), 'Heiðum-hárr' (see p. 243) and 'Hárfagri,' 'nafn' and 'heitinn:' substantially there is moreover identity between 'þat var sann-nefni' (*a true name indeed*) and 'þat veit-ek bazt' of the poem. These *parallelisms* speak to this stanza, while full and unblemished, being the very authority from which the historian paraphrased. We now come to 'reidar stíóri'—a simile that could but be used of Thunder—what possibly can be the palimpsest word underlying it? The Kings' Lives here also, we think, give the clue, for we are told that Earl Rognwald was surnamed the 'Ráð-svinni' (Sage) or 'Ríki' (Mighty)—'Hann var kallaðr Rögvaldr iarl inn ríki eða inn Ráðsvinni, ok segja menn at hvárt-tveggja væri sann-nefni' [Hkr. Har. S. Harf. ch. 10, Orkn. S. ch. 3, Rolls ed.] Here again the same identity of phrasing; mark the clause about 'sann-nefni,' as if drawn from the *same* song; the alliteration, too, fits in with the line in Ynglingatal; there is the syllabic identity between 'ráð' and 'reið;' the initial *s* in second component of both words. In short, we now propose to read—

Es Rognvaldr inn Ráð-svinni
 Heiðum-hárr þik heita réð.

To which Cod. Fris. adds—ok mild-geðr markar dróttinn, as if the beginning of a fresh line-pair, varying the same image in other words, as is Thiodwulf's wont. We would here read—

ok mild-geðr Mœra dróttinn . . .

It has long been our conviction that the Preface to the Lives of Kings is interpolated [N. M. Petersen of Copenhagen thought so], and especially that the clause on King Fairhair and his poets once ran thus—

'Þjóðolfr or Hvini vas skald Haraldz ins Hárfagra; hann orti um konung kvæði þat es kallat es Ynglinga-tal. Í því kvæði eru nefndir þrir tigr lang-feðga hans, ok sagt frá dauða hvers þeirra ok leg-stað . . . Eyvindr Skalda-spillir talði ok langfeðga Hákonar iarls ins Ríkja í kvæði því es Háleygja-tal heitir, es ort vas um Hákon.

Sagt es ok þar frá dauða hvers þeirra ok haug-stað. Eptir Þjóðolfs sögn es fyrst ritin ævi Ynglinga, ok þar við aukit eptir sögn fróðra manna. Enn es Haraldr inn Hárfagri vas konungr í Noregi þá bygðisk Ísland. Með Haraldi konungi vóro skáld,' etc.

So much said, we humbly submit that Rognwald, surnamed 'Higher than the Heath,' King of Westfold, Fairhair's uncle, should at once make his exit from history and vanish into the empty air of which he is composed, being but a double shadow,—by name of Earl Rognwald of More, by surname of King Fairhair himself, in which capacity he has played a long Comedy of Errors upon critics and historians.

Haleygjatal, (p. 252.)

A copy traced from the preceding Lay. Theodwulf had at least a wealth of myths, recalling those that cluster round Greek Thebes, each a subject as it were to a tragedy. His was a true surname indeed, to call him of all poets, Frodi—the Mythologist, the Story-man. Only a meagre selection of all this wealth of myth is given in Ynglingatal. Of Eywind's poem we know less; it was of a surety far inferior to its original; some of the legends, as we see, were even purely manufactured doublets from the original; yet there were others genuine no doubt, a gleaming of Thiodwulf's rich legend-harvest.

Our materials to restore the scattered fragments are—(1) Paraphrases in Ynglinga Saga from a couple of stanzas; (2) the List given in vol. ii, p. 522, both drawn from the poem whilst still complete and sound, which, alas, it is no longer.

Eywind has not imitated his model in point of line-pairs, rather following the Old English (A. S.) precedents in starting a fresh clause at the line-pause. His number of line-pairs, judging from iv, viii (double) complete, seems to have been four= eight lines, as in the court poetry of that day.

ll. 1-4. Introductory.

Woden. ll. 5, 6. Mutilated text, yet can be safely restored. Scanning 'hinn es' slurred, only one measure is left; besides 'Surt' is no Soma giant; we want a bisyllabic Soma giant in s; Suptung meets all requirements. The citation was professedly quoted in Edda (Skskm.) on account of its containing a *name of Woden*, such we find hidden under the meaningless farmognoðr, viz. farma-goð, given in Edda (Gg.) from this very song no doubt. We read and restore—

Hinn es Suptungs or Soekkdǫlom
farma-goð fiiúgandi-bar,

'mead' being understood from a lost line. Farther, ll. 23, 24 are to be moved up to Woden, for in heið-sei we espy heið-sœni, *the clear Soma* (sēi = sei), cp. Thulor 321; hapt-sœnis heið, Kormak, l. 16. Moreover, under 'á fiornis fiollom' there seems to be Hnitz fiöllom = Hnit-biorg, the *Soma caverns* of Edda. The whole clause records Woden's flying off with the mead. Read—

... hinn es heiðsœni
á f... Hnit-fiöllom drýgði.

For 'drýgði' one would suppose some such word as 'drank' (drykkjo).

I. *Seming.* Ynglinga Saga, drawing from our poem while complete and pure, says—'Atto þau (Woden and Skaði) marga sono, einn þeirra hét Samingr.' We miss the name in the strophe, yet detect it under sævar-beins (l. 12); the first two letters are the same. As for ll. 7, 8, judging from the analogy of these poems, we find that skiall-blœtr hides the *subject*, skatt-feri the *place*, Ása-niðr the *object*.

Hallfred calls Woden hrafn-blætr, *raven charmer*; here we suggest skoll-blætr, *wolf charmer*, cp. Thulor 479. Skatvalar is a place, a county where the earls lived [see Munch, Norg. Beskr.] And so we read—

Þann skoll-blætr at Skatvølom gat
Ása-nið við Iarnviðjo, etc.

Sæming einn ok sono marga, etc.

The wolf-charmer begat this scion of Anses at Scatvol by the giantess, what time, etc. . . . Sæming the firstborn, and many sons besides, the Snowshoe-goddess bore to Woden: Skatna vinr = Woden, else of Thor, see Hym. 43 (read Skalda vinr?).

Godgest, No. ix of the List, is modelled on Theodwulf xii. Þar var undir alinn annarr hestr er Hrafn hét; hann (acc.) sendi hann (nom. Eadgils) til Hálogalandz Godgesti konungi; þeim reið Godgestr konungr, ok fékk eigi stöðvat, áðr hann fell af baki, ok fekk bana. Þat var á Ömd á Hálogalandi.—Yngl. S. ch. 33. The strophe is lost.

Hamgest (Hengist?), brother of Hulð, List No. x, seems modelled on Theodwulf iii.

Hersi, No. xiv of the List: of this strophe we have a paraphrase given in Agrip to this effect—"And he reckoned his family back to a king whose name was Hersi; he was king in Neamdale, his wife's name was Wigtha, after whom the river Wigtha in Neamdale, is named; and Hersi lost her, and wished to make away with himself after her, if there were any example to be found of any king having done so before. Now there was an example found of an earl having done so, but none of a king having done so. Then he went to a certain howe, and rolled himself down it, saying that he had rolled himself out of his king's title; and then he hanged himself in an earl's title. And his offspring would never afterwards take upon them the title of king. And the proofs of this may be heard in Haleygja-tal [the Halogamen's-tree], which Eywind, who is called the Poet-spoiler, made."

Fragments V and VI cannot be identified with the List. In V one seems to have a legend of *emigration* caused by *Famine*, such as is found in Paul the Deacon, Saxo, and Dudo; út-röstr, see Dict. 672 a, seems to imply as much.

Fragment VIII. *Hacon I*, son of Greotgarth (l. 32), surnamed 'Urna iarl,' No. xxv of the List: vápn-berr, read 'vápn-bitinn;' Fialir, the county in Norway, where Stafanes is: Hallgarðr=Griótgarðr, No. xxiv of the List: for Lóðrs read Lóðurs, cp. Vsp. 33.

Sigrod, ll. 35-38, No. xxvi of the List. Somewhat crabbed to construe: iarð-ráðendr = the kings, sons of Gundhild: es svönom—vals looks like a reconstruction without any historical kernel in it. Lines 39-42 are especially hard to restore. Yrna we have guessed; Hacon, Sigrod's father, is called Yrna iarl = the Earl of Yrja, see vol. ii, p. 251, l. 11. Yrjar would have been the ancient seat of the earls ere Fair-hair's day, when they moved to Hlaðir. l. 40 is manifestly corrupt and overwritten: in 'ofælinn' we expect a *place* name. We are not told in the Sagas where Sigfred met his death; but it has been guessed long ere this (by Schöningh, see Munch) that it was at 'Aurar,' the greatest farm in Skatvol (see above); see Munch, Norg. Beskr., p. 75. We read—

'alnar orms' á Aurom varð.

Fragment IX. *Hacon II*, No. xxvii of the List, to whom the poem is addressed, seems to refer to the battle with the Jomswickings: l. 44. the sense requires Yngvi-Freys ættar = the Wickings, the foemen of the *race* of Yngvi-Frey, that is Earl Hacon: fagna-fundr, cp. Sonat. 7; in prose fagnaðar-fundr. For the banal meaningless 'eyðendr' and 'Sverð-alfr' we read Ey-Dönom and Sigvaldi, the chief of the

Wickings. Both fit in with the alliteration; and if no names were given, how could it be known that it referred to the Iomwickings?

Fragment X. Still on Earl Hacon II: Egða-byss, palpably false, Agde being the southernmost point of Norway, whereas the east border-land is Eida, see vol. ii, p. 155, l. 65. Hence we read—

þeim-es allt austr til Eiða-búss.

The word 'Eiða-bú' is formed like Finna-bú (= Finmarken) in the north¹.

Fragment XI. A word dropped. Read, enn ver yrkja gátom: sem steina-brú, lasting like a stone bridge, a term which may here be used in the sense of the Swedish Runic stones, of a road across a swamp. In Iceland we say, hann er elldr'en steina-brú, older than the very rocks.

The poem, we now see, has been sadly mangled.

Hornklofi's Raven Song, (p. 255.)

In his use of the Cædmonian line, Hornklofi contrasts with his contemporary Thiodolf of Ynglinga-tal, the word-thriftiest of all extant poets, whom one would liken to old Harpagon, stingy of words, bounteous of legend.

The poem falls into sections. *Poet's Address* (ll. 1-8):—

l. 2. Unsafe; one prefers Hárfagra, in which case the letter-stress would be *h*.

ll. 5, 6, from vitr to frán-leita is a maze of words, every word unsafe; the Maid may be figured as a Finnish woman, skilled in birds' language; a Walcyrie in the sense of the Helgi Lays she could not well have been, for then she would have known all by her own semi-spiritual nature.

l. 7. We strike out the copula; glægg-hvarma must be the raven's epithet: Vinbiorg, some place, cp. O. G. L. 114.

Introductory speech between Maid and Raven (ll. 9-24):—

l. 12. Pret. infin. with acc. (else only used in mundo, skyldo) occurs first in poets of middle of the eleventh century, and never obtained, Thiodolf (vol. ii) p. 200, l. 18; Krakom. 21; hence the reading of B may be preferable, nær hykk í nótt bioggot.

l. 13. hyrna, the raven's horned beak; the 'bird's horns' is found in Riddles, from the Exeter-Book down to the seventeenth-century English chap-books.

l. 16. Here a couple of lines must be missing, for l. 17 heads a fresh reply of the raven's. Says the Maid, 'What, Harold? pray tell me of him!'—Answer, 'Why, dost not know him?'

l. 17. Kvinnom, no doubt the present *Quind-herred*, Hardanger (Rosendal), which place, though never named in the Kings' Lives—they always speak of Alrekstad near Bergen,—must have been a favourite residence of the kings, being a central place in the Wicking-tide. The etymology given in Half's Saga is but fable and fancy.

l. 23. For 'eld-velli' read 'öldr-velli,' the *ale-cauldron*, cp. lög-vellir, Hym.; vellir is a boiler.

ll. 25 sqq. Hence in turn follow the sections depicting the king's court and life: (1) the Housecarles, ll. 25-34; (2) Poets, ll. 35-43; (3) elect Champions, ll. 44-52; (4) Jugglers, ll. 53-61; (5) Battle in Hafrsfirth, ll. 62-83; (6) Wives and Family

¹ As it has slipped out in the Dictionary, we subjoin the passages—Leggr hann undir sik allt land norðan frá Finna-búi ok suðr til Danmerkr, Fms. x. 273; hann þóttisk verða at fogli svá miklom at nef hans tók austr til landz-enda, enn véli-fiadrar allt norðr í Finna-bú, Sverr. S. ch. 2, Flatb. ii. 536.

(fragment), ll. 84-90. At l. 25 one line is missing, cp. the parallel lines 35, 44, 53. The chief word is 'Húskarlar' rather than Hirðmenn. We read—

'At Huskarla reiðo vil ek þik spyrja¹ . . .
Hverso et hann,' etc. . . .

Fé-giafall (adj.) perhaps construes better than the genitive; one may say gódr, illr giafa, cp. matar-illr, but hverso giafa is unidiomatic.

l. 26. 'Ítra ógn-flýtir' should be obelised, what it is we know not: ípróttar-menn is a suspicious word, we propose² 'inn-drótt' (Archetype, ídrott = iðrott), or even inndróttar-menn, see Thulor 204, where note that húskarlar and inn-drótt stand side by side, put as if drawn from our Lay. William of Malmesbury has preserved the name of two of Harold's guard—Helgrim and Osfrid, who came to York with the ship Shockhead sent as a gift to Æthelstan.

l. 28. For the ancient Teutons' passion for gambling, cp. Tacitus Germ. ch. 24.

l. 30. Hún-lenzkkr occurs in Hamð. 64, whilst the Lay of Atli and the Tapestry Poet use Húnskr (Hýnskr). Present Poland, Austria, Sempallia are probably meant.

l. 34. at vísa ráði is flat and senseless; we espy ræði (*oars*) under it, and are farther helped by an eleventh-century poet Thiodolf (vol. ii, p. 209, l. 9), who most likely had Hornklofi's line in his mind. We read—

Reiðoliga hygg-ek þá or vǫrro ræði þeysa,

with a swift stroke they sweep the oar out of the wake.

l. 40. fagr-rendaðr, *variegated* (versicolor), points to the Gaelic tartan.

ll. 44 sqq. Bearsarks is here the generic name, *Wolfcoat* the special, the proper name, as it were, of Shockhead's chosen body-guard. The Lives of Kings (drawing from our poem) mention them—þar vóro þá með hónum [the king] . . . þeir berserkir er Ulfheðnar vóro kallaðir; þeir höfðu varg-stakka fyrir brynjor ok vörðu fram-stafn á konungs-skipinu³. Both names are echoes from past times, when warriors actually were clad in skins of hunted wild beasts; and it by no means follows that *Shockhead's* men were so equipped. Note, that for eagle-bearer in the Roman legions, under the Emperors, was chosen a picked man, tall and strong in limb, clad in wolf's skin, like a German king's henchman [often really a German we doubt not]. Cp. our negro bandsman and the French tambour-major of last and the present century.

ll. 50, 51. We recognise a paraphrase of this passage in the Kings' Lives (Hkr. p. 53)—Þeir einir náðu hirð-vist með Haraldi konungi er afreks-menn vóro at affi ok hreysti ok allz-konar atgœrvi; þeim einum var skipat hans skip; enn hann átti þá góð vól at kiósa or hverju fylki ser hirð-menn [Har. Harf. ch. 9]. l. 51. 'aræðis mönnum,' better afreks-mönnum as in the prose: l. 51 does not construe, though we are unable to restore it.

ll. 53 sqq. *Andad the juggler*. Note the jugglery alluded to in the story of Cuchullin and in the Senchus Mor; quoit hurling, keeping balls and knives in the air together, are mentioned. The whole has the air of Irish court-life, from Shockhead's expeditions to the West. Yet, mark that the Sagas make no mention whatever of this! It was not dignified enough, or Ari did not understand it right.

l. 54. aur-gáti, see Dict. 34 b.

¹ Here one may fancy she addresses the raven as horn-klofi, the stress-letter is *h*; and the word occurs both in Hofuðl. 64 and Thulor 580.

² The spelling 'íprótt' should be disused.

³ Vatzdola, ch. 9, in speaking of Hafsríð Battle. The passage, by the way, is drawn from Ari's Kings' Lives in a fuller and better state than we now have it in Heimskringla.

l. 55. As to whether to read *elskar* (verb) or *elskr* (adj.).—In St. Olaf's Saga we read—*þorkell elskaði at iarl meðan hann var ungr* [Kringla and Cod. Holm.]; *elskaðiz* (reflex.), Fms. iv, l. c. [Cod. AM. 61]; *fóstraði hann* (acc.) *er iarl var ungr* [Orkney Saga, l. c. p. 18, Rolls Edit.] Hence we should by preference say, at *hundi elskar* (elskaz) *Andaðr ok*, as in the text, *Andað trains pet dogs and plays the fool*.

l. 60. *lúfom*, most certainly, sense and metre require it.

ll. 62 sqq. *The Hafsfirth Battle*. That this is part and parcel of the Raven Song is evinced by the introductory clause, *Heyrðir-þú . . .* The Raven's reply begins we think in l. 64.

l. 63. Keotwan. The Kings' Lives, paraphrasing our Lay, turn it into a Norse *Kiötví*, taking the *n* for a suffixed article; we scent a Gaelic name, of which Landnama gives so many, on *-an*, such as Beolan, Trostan, Kearan. Even Haklang, l. 74, sounds as if translated from Gaelic, like Svarthofði, Hunding, and so many more. The Lives add a Sulki (from last line in our song). The chiefs were, we hold, of half-Gaelic blood, like so many of the Icelandic settlers.

l. 64. 'vestan,' *from west over the sea*, is borne out by the whole context; for the new-comers were Wickings from the British Isles, see ll. 67 and 69. The Wickings of the Colonies of Ireland and Great Britain called the Norsemen *Eastmen* or *Easterlings* (see Landn. and the Sagas passim).

l. 65. The law phrase is 'með gapandom höfðom né gínandom triðnom,' see Reader, p. 16. Hence we would read—

með gínandom höfðom ok gapandom tinglom,

figuring the fury of the invading Wicking host, breathing death and destruction to the land.

ll. 68-70 we have moved up three lines, for they refer to the Wickings, whilst ll. 71-73 speak of Shockhead's campaign: *stöðom nöekkva . . .* read, or *stöðom . . . out of the berth*, cp. Harb. 14.

ll. 71, 72. *emjoðo* and *grenjoðo* do not infer *madness*, such as the later Sagas are so fond of depicting when speaking of Bearsarks, mixing them up with cases of demoniac possession, quite another thing; the words simply describe the *war-whooping*, common to old Germans and Celts, cp. *baritus* in Tacitus Germ. ch. 3, Ammian. Marcell. Bk. xxvi, ch. 7, § 17; xvi, ch. 12, § 43; xxx, ch. 7, § 11. *Berserkr* (we should wish to rewrite the article in the Dict.) is a word of a pure denotation, meaning hero. Mr. Carlyle has touched the true sense, once saying of Oliver, 'He was a Norse Baresarker.'

ll. 74-81 partly paraphrased in the Kings' Lives—*Þórir Haklangr hafði lagt skip sitt í móti skipi Haraldz konungs, ok var Þórir berserkr mikill* (misreading of l. 71); *var þar allhörd sókn ádr Þórir Haklangr fell* (l. 73); *var þá hroðit allt skip hans. Þá flýði Kiötví konungr í holma nökkurn; þar var vígi gótt* (ll. 74, 75). *Síðan flýði allt lið þeirra, sumt á skipom, sumt hlióp á land upp, ok svá et efra suðr um laðar* (ll. 76-81). Hence 'landi at halda' cannot be right, read 'lengr' or the like, that is, *he gave way*, was turned to flight. By the 'thick-necked' king, Ceotwan is meant. The defeat is vividly painted; ll. 78-81 are not quite clear; by 'Austkylfor' would be meant the *Easterlings* that fought with the Wickings; they, the song says, fled ignominiously to their bowls of mead. Lines 73-77 again we take to refer to the fate of the slain and wounded of the *Wickings*¹.

¹ Lines 76, 77 recall the image in *Odys.* xii. 414, 415.

We have an illustration in king Swerri's fierce battle in the port of Bergen, A. D. 1194.

ll. 78-79. To fling the shield on one's back is to *run*, turn in flight; hence for 'hyggjandi' we would read *uggandi*, *terror-stricken*.

ll. 82, 83. A fragment, after the battle; 'vitinn' is ungrammatical, perhaps for *vígðr*, *hallowed*; cp. Óðinn á yðr alla! Flatb. ii. 72; ok gaf hann nú þenna val Óðni, Herv. S. p. 327 (Bugge). l. 83. We should prefer 'Fiorgynjar,' Frigg being Woden's *wedded* wife; cp. Excursus, vol. ii, pp. 474-475.

ll. 84 sqq. *A fragment on Shockhead's wives*. The Kings' Lives speak of the king's many wives, partly no doubt apocryphally, partly drawing from our Lay when still complete. The poet's words need only mean that he chose Ragnhild, the Danish queen, by preference over the heads of all the Norse ladies: Heinverskr, *one from Heiðmark*, county Hedemarken, Norway; Hœlga ættar, the tribal king Hælgí, the eponymous hero of the Halogians.

ll. 89, 90 are corrupt and obscure; her-gaupá seems to be the law-term for *captive women* serving the lust of the conqueror; by *ye* the Norse ladies are meant, Harold's secondary wives, eclipsed by Ragnhild.

The Dirge of King Eric, (p. 260.)

As in Biarki's Lay (p. 188), we can catch here the echo of an older Household Poem,—the goodman rising before day, arousing his bondsmen, getting his sleeping household out of bed, making a mighty stir; hence l. 4 denotes *menial* work, unfit one would think for the Chosen Heroes of celestial Walhall: *leyðra* (from *lauðr*, *lather*, see Dict. 374 a) is an ἀπ. λεγ.; it can only mean to *wash in lather*. Surely this is a survival from a song where 'vil-megir' (not *einherjar*) was the word—alliterating as it does with *wake*. It is strange to find this, the oldest Walhall Song, moulded on an older genuine Husbandmen's Song (Húskarla-hvöt).

l. 3. We prefer the indicative; the subjunctive was no favourite in either the Saga or the Song of old.

l. 8. Already put right, Dict. 779 b; cp. for the dative, Skirn. 53, and hvat, A. 2. β. Dict. 297 a: þúsund, here an *untold* number, *myriad*.

l. 12. We prefer *skalattu*; the negation denoting wonder, 'Speak not such folly!' The return of Balder is like the return of the Coqsignes.

l. 19. Mark the participle *vitoð* (*vitinn*, Hornkl. 82, is an error).

l. 21. Missing line; we have filled it up, repeating line 15.

l. 25. Here again a line has been dropped; we fill it up from the copy, Hakm. 6.

ll. 26, 27. Faulty both in metre and sense. The simile is copied by Eywind, Hakm. 63, 64, Man óbundin á yta síót Fenris-ulfr of *fara*; here 'síot' is identical; from 'fara' we guess at 'ganga' in the original, a *g*-word being required by the letter-stress. The emendation we take to be safe: 'nær' is mended from 'ser.'

ll. 32, 33. The Kings' Lives [Hkr. Hak. S. Góða, ch. 4], drawing from the *complete* Song, give the names of the kings, being Goðthorm, Iwere and Harec his two sons [names of Danish royal race], and Sigrod and Ragnwald,—making five. The Saga then adds—þar fell ok Arnkell ok Erlendr synir Torf-Einars [Orkney Earls],—which would bring the number up to seven,—a confusion, as we can clearly see, from King Bareleg's time, when an Orkney-Earl Erling is said by some to have been slain at the battle of Anglesey, 'whilst some say he fell with King Magnus in Ireland' (A. D. 1103). We can confidently strike the Orkney Earls out here as having no place in the Lay—the kings were five and no more—and so destroy

a bit of pseudo-history. What were the contents of the lost part of the Lay we can guess at from Eywind's copy; it contained some account of the battle, the welcome, and a final apostrophe. The English authority for Stainmoor fight is Simeon of Durham. The Life of S. Cadroe gives a glimpse of Eric's English reign, and mentions one of his nobles, Gunderichis (perhaps a kinsman of Gundhild—the name is of Danish type). Eric's coins, struck at York on the models of his predecessor Sitric and of Onlaf, give the names of his moneyers, Aculf (?), Radolf, Ingelgar, and Leofic (?).

The Dirge of Hacon, (p. 262.)

The Walcyrie scene is an addition, if not creation (for it is probably drawn from the Helgi Lays) of Eywind's. The original (l. 5) barely gives the name; which however suggested the idea to the younger poet.

l. 5. Beorn Chapman, Fairhair's son.

l. 7. gunfani, cp. Harb. 113, Helgi i. 125.

ll. 11, 13, 15, 17 have come down as *epic* lines; one sees they were once dialogue lines, the *oo* shows so much; we have restored them by simply dropping the added end-clauses—*fór til orrosto; stóð und ar-hialmi; áðr til vígs tœki; skyldi land verja*—commonplace enough: in ll. 16, 17 a small transposition was needed. Verse 3 looks like echoed by Raven Song, ll. 84-86.

l. 20. hugom (single); a parallel is, *bæði reiðr ok í hugom*, Post. S. p. 168; else *í hugom góðom*, Hym. 39, Wak. 103.

l. 30. *í gœr, yesterday*, we take this to be the true reading, *Geirskogul* is, in face of ll. 1, 34, inadmissible. There is in the poet's mind an *interval* for the spirits of the slain between the battle and the march to Walhall; they lie stark through the night; it is in the early morning the dead rise and march off. The battle most likely lasted down to the afternoon or late into the evening of the preceding day.

ll. 37 sqq. Here begins the plagiarism from Eric's Dirge. It is however probable that the battle description, vv. 3 and 4, may have had some equivalent in the lost part of the Dirge. ll. 38-41 pair off with ll. 16-19.

v. 11 is Eywind's creation, for Hacon was baptized.

ll. 46, 47 pair off with ll. 28, 29, and ll. 48, 49 with ll. 30-33 of the Dirge. Who were the eight brothers? What becomes of the *twenty* sons of Fairhair the Kings' Lives count up! Hacon, the youngest, meets only eight that had preceded him.

v. 13 again is a consequence of v. 11: 'sialfir' is empty in sense and false in metre; we read 'halfir.' The sense we hold to be this—The king is suspicious of entering Walhall, as treachery might be brewing against him, and so, to ward off this danger, he proposes that but the *half* of his following shall enter at the time (unarmed of course), whilst the other half is to remain watching outside the door in arms. The Spurious Epic, vol. ii, p. 553, ll. 5, 6, may echo our line when uncorrupt.

l. 56. *ráð ok regin*, alliteratively from a Carmen; we meet it in Olkofra Thattr, turned into *Ran ok regin* (!) (in an oath).

ll. 62, 63 pair with ll. 26, 27 of the Dirge. l. 66 an echo from G. W. vv. 39, 40.

l. 68 is perhaps a proverb, *Morg es þjóðar þján?* cp. O. W. Pl. 34 (note), 201. The end of the stanza seems to allude to the famine of the year 975. Hence the poem was *not* composed till several years after the battle; the softened tone of the poet's grief speaks to the same effect.

Appendix—l. 4. *gylfringar* (or *glymringar*, v. l.) not found in Thulor.

l. 5. *tusi*, a Chudic loan-word, Thulor 527; not inappropriate in Eywind, who lived under lat. 65° 20', close up to Lapmark.

ll. 9 sqq. Simile from tempest and sea, surfing against the shore [the blood = the sea, the battle = the storm, the shield = the land]: again, ll. 13, 14, the missiles are the thunderbolt, the shield the sky; *skjjom bauga* is a safe emendation: l. 16, one would read *stormi* for *straumi*: *víg-roðar* is prompted by *Helgi i.* 127.—The text presented in the MSS. is a mere maze of wild wandering words.

Head-Ransom: Hofudlausn, (p. 267.)

We give here the marrow of the story as told in Egil's Saga, of the incidents which led to the making of the poem Head-Ransom:—

“It is told that Gundhild had a spell worked; and this was the spell, that Egil Scallagrimsson should never rest in peace in Iceland till she should set eyes on him. . . . And when he was staying at Borg [out in Iceland], after Scallagrim's death, he began to grow restless; and as the winter drew on he grew ever more restless. And when the summer came then he made it known, that he was minded to get a ship ready to go abroad that summer.” It was late when he sailed, and they met bad weather, but in the end made the Humber, and ran the ship ashore and wrecked her. “There they got news which pleased Egil, that King Æthelstan and his kingdom were faring well; but other news too there were which seemed parlous to Egil, to wit that King Eric Bloodaxe and Gundhild were there holding and ruling the kingdom [of Northumberland], not far from where they were, up in York.” He also knew that Arinbeorn the baron was there with Eric and in great favour with him. So the same night he rides up secretly to York. “He had a broad hood over his helmet, and all his weapons on him.” He asked which house in the town belonged to Arinbeorn, and was told, and rode up to it at once. “And when he came to the house itself, he sprang off his horse, and found a man to speak to. He was told that Arinbeorn was sitting at meat. Said he, ‘Good fellow, I would like thee to go into the house, and ask Arinbeorn whether he will rather talk to Egil Scallagrimsson indoors or out.’ Says the man, ‘It is little trouble to me to do thy errand.’ Then he went into the room and spoke out in a big loud voice, ‘There is a man come here as big as a giant, and he is now standing at the door, and he bade me go in and ask thee whether thou wilt rather talk with Egil Scallagrimsson indoors or out.’ Said Arinbeorn, ‘Go and bid him wait outside; he shall not wait long.’ He did as Arinbeorn told him. Arinbeorn bid them take the tables away; then he went out and all his Housecarles with him. And when he met Egil he greeted him kindly, and asked him why he had come there. Egil told him in a few words all about his voyage, ‘and now thou shalt consider what course I shall take, if thou art minded to give me thy protection.’ ‘Hast thou met any man in the town,’ says Arinbeorn, ‘who will have known thee, before thou camest here to my house?’ ‘None,’ says Egil. ‘Take your weapons then, men,’ says Arinbeorn. So they did; and when they were all weaponed then they walked to the king's house. And when they came to the hall, Arinbeorn rapped at the door and bade them open, saying who he was. The Door-wards opened the doors at once. The king was sitting at table there. Arinbeorn said that twelve of them should walk in, naming Egil and ten others besides himself. ‘Now thou, Egil, shalt bear thy head to the king, and take hold of his foot; but I will plead thy suit.’ Then they walked in. Arinbeorn went up to the king and greeted him. The king welcomed him, and asked what he wanted. Said Arinbeorn: ‘I am bringing you a man that has come a long way to visit you at home and be reconciled with you. It is a high honour for you, my lord, that your foes come of their own will out of

far-off lands to you, feeling that they cannot bear your wrath, though they be far from you. And do thou treat this man as a king should!'. . . Then the king peered about, and looked over the heads of the men, and saw where Egil was standing. He knew him at once, and glared upon him, and said, 'Why wert thou so bold, Egil, as to dare to come to see me? Thou didst leave such a tale of crime behind thee last time we parted, that thou couldst have no hope of life from me.' Then Egil went up to the table, and caught hold of the king's foot. King Eric said, 'I need not tell over thy crimes against me, for they are so many and so heavy, that any one of them would be quite enough for thee not to be suffered to go hence alive. Thou mightest have known beforehand that thou shalt never make thy peace with me.' Then spake Gundhild: 'Why not slay Egil at once? Dost thou not call to mind, O king, what Egil has done to thee, slaying thy friends and thy kinsmen, and, above all, thy son, and making a libel (nith) on thyself also? Who hath ever heard of a king being defied in this way?' Says Arinbeorn: 'If Egil have spoken ill against the king, he may make amends therefore by words of praise that shall endure for ages.' But Gundhild said: 'We will not hear his words of praise. Do thou, O king, have Egil led out of doors and cut down. I will neither hear his words nor look upon him.' Then Arinbeorn spake: 'The king must not let himself be egged on to work thy cowardly work. He must not have Egil slain by night, *for night-slaughter is murder.*' The king said: 'It shall be as thou askest, Arinbeorn, Egil shall live this night. Have him home with thee and bring him to me in the morning.'" . . . Arinbeorn takes him home, "and when they were come to his house, they twain went up into a loft for a little while and took counsel together over the matter. Arinbeorn spake thus: 'The king was very wrath just now, but I rather thought his mood was softening somewhat at the last; still we must leave it to fate which way it will end. I know that Gundhild will set her whole heart to upset thy cause. Now my wish is that we take this course, to wit, that thou should keep awake all night and make a song of praise on King Eric. I think it would be well if thou wert to make an Encomium of twenty stanzas, and were to deliver it in the morning when we two come before the king.' . . . Says Egil: 'I will try thy counsel since it is thy wish; but I am not prepared to make a song of praise on King Eric.' Arinbeorn bade him try. Then he went out, and had meat and drink carried up at once to the loft; Egil was there alone all night. Arinbeorn went back to his men, and they sat over their drink till midnight. Then Arinbeorn went to the sleeping-room with his men; but before he took off his clothes he went up to the loft to Egil, and asked him how he was getting on with his song. Egil said that it was not begun: 'A swallow has been sitting by the window, twittering all night, so that I have had no peace for her.' Then Arinbeorn went out of the room and out by the doors that led up to the top of the house, and sat down over against the window of the loft where the bird had been sitting; and he saw a witch in a changed shape going off to the other side of the house. He sat by the window till it dawned. And after Arinbeorn's coming Egil made the whole poem and got it by heart, that he might deliver it in the morning when he should see Arinbeorn. They go to the king next morning, and Arinbeorn says: 'Here is Egil; he has not sought to flee in the night. Now I would fain know, my lord, what his lot shall be. I hoped that thou wouldst let him get the benefit of my pleas, for I think it would be a very great thing that Egil should be permitted to make his peace with thee. I have ever acted, as was my duty, in such a way as to spare nothing, either in work and word, to make your glory greater than before. I have left all my belongings, and kinsmen, and friends,

which I had in Norway, and followed you, when all your liegemen forsook you; and this is but fair, for thou hast done me many a kindness.' Then Gundhild spake: 'Enough, Arinbeorn, do not talk so much on this head! Thou hast done King Eric much good, and he has repaid thee in full. You owe much more to the king than to Egil. It is not a thing that thou shouldst ask for, to wish that Egil should go off from here scot-free, with such guilt as there is on him!' Then Arinbeorn said: 'If thou, O king, and Gundhild be of one mind, that Egil shall not make his peace with thee here, it were a manly thing to give him law and leave for a week, that he may have a chance of getting away, inasmuch as he has come here of his own will to see you, hoping to get mercy from you. And after this the dealings between you may go on as you will.' Then said Gundhild: 'I can see by this, Arinbeorn, that thou art more faithful to Egil than to King Eric; if Egil is to have a week to ride away quietly, he will certainly reach King Æthelstan's realm in that time. And King Eric need not deceive himself into thinking that any other king is not more than a match for him; nevertheless a short time ago it would not have been thought likely that King Eric would not have had will or means to revenge his injury upon any such fellow as this Egil here.' Says Arinbeorn: 'No man can call Eric a greater man for slaying a franklin's son that has put himself in his power. But if the king wish to magnify himself by this, I will promise him so much, that this matter shall never be forgotten; for Egil and I will make common cause henceforth, so that he shall have to deal the same lot to both of us. Thou shalt buy Egil's life dear, O king, if we are all laid dead on the field, I and my following. I had looked for other things from thee, than that thou shouldst rather have me laid dead on the ground than give me one man's life when I ask thee.' Then the king answered: 'Thou art going too far, Arinbeorn, in taking Egil's part. I should be loath to do thee harm, if it come to this, that thou wilt rather lay down thy life than he should be slain. Nevertheless I have cause enough against Egil, however hardly I deal with him!' And when the king had said these words, Egil walked up to him and began his poem, and spoke up and got silence at once." . . . "King Eric sat bolt upright while Egil was delivering his poem, glaring at him. And when the Encomium was finished, he said: 'The poem is most finely delivered, and I have now made up my mind, Arinbeorn, what to do in Egil's case. Thou hast pleaded Egil's cause in a very unmeasured way, in threatening to defy me. But for thy sake it shall be as thou hast asked of me, that Egil shall go from my presence whole and unpunished. But do thou, Egil, take heed in thy voyaging, that after thou art once gone from my presence out of this hall, thou never come into my sight again nor in my sons' sight, nor ever be with me or in my host. And I give thee thy head now this once, because thou hast put thyself in my power. I will not act like a nidding by thee. But know of a truth, that there shall be no peace between thee or me, or my sons, or any of our kindred that is minded to revenge our cause upon thee.'" Arinbeorn thanks the king and they go away. "And when Arinbeorn and Egil took leave of each other, Egil gave Arinbeorn the two gold rings which King Æthelstan had given him, and they were worth a mark a-piece. And Arinbeorn gave Egil a sword called Drag-wandil. Thorwolf Scallagrimsson had given it to Arinbeorn, and Scallagrim had got it before from Thorwolf his brother, but Grim Hairy-cheek, the son of Kettle Trout, had given it to Thorwolf. Kettle Trout had had it and used it at wager of battle, and it was the sharpest of swords." Cp. Hom. II. xxiii and Od. xxi.

Text B is given in full, pp. 379-380. The *kennings* are treated in the respective Excursus. For the *metre*, see p. 553.

l. 1. 'West over the Sea' is a standing term of the Wicking-tide, going westward to the British Isles; here it is of Iceland as if from Norway. So too in Landnama the Irish in Iceland are called 'Westmen.'

l. 3. Isa-brot; is it the Arctic ice the poet has in mind?

l. 6. biöð (f.), *earth*, a Gaelic loan-word (different in gender, sense, and root-vowel from biöð-r, *table*); occurs besides, Vsp., l. 16, Merl. ii. 298.

l. 7. Note, the *w* sounded as a vowel and alliterating with *i*; see however Text B.

l. 17. 'The web of darts,' the standard, we hold, is meant; perhaps, in the British Isles, originally a plaited shield, cp. Helgi i. 103, note: vé (l. 20) too means the standard, cp. Arnor. vi. 48.

l. 19. 'inn brimills móði' we do not understand.

l. 21. 'Fit' we take to be the *shore* where battles were fought.

l. 30. Or isam-leiki?

l. 36. Nari, Hell's brother, cp. aldr-nari, Vsp. 156.

ll. 39, 40. A ship's beak labouring in a high sea, compared to the raven's beak dipping in the blood of the slain: savage imagery!

l. 41. gnauðar læ, not quite safe, see B.

l. 42. Battering the wolves on the *sea* is not so absurd as it might seem, for actions were fought close in to the shore; the wolves are fancied as coming down from the woods to the corpses drifted ashore, cp. vol. ii, p. 202, l. 9.

l. 49. 'sem hvar' is unidiomatic.

l. 53. verjom (Old Germ. *waren*, Lat. *uarii* = *men*), different from ver, *husband*.

l. 55 we do not understand; the text is unsafe.

l. 59. fiöl = fiöld, with genitive, þkv. 94.

l. 61. fiör-lag, cp. aldr-lag; folk-hagi, cp. þjóð-hagi.

l. 63. Iofor-land = York and the surrounding county; Iofor-vik, Lay of Arinb. 15. In Egil's day York was sounded trisyllabic, though some eighty years later in Sighvat we already find Íór-vík, vol. ii, p. 135, l. 2. By hornklofi, *the raven standard* is meant, of which Orkney Saga tells us—(merkit) var goert í hrafns-mynd, ok þá er vindr bléss í merkit, þá var sem hrafn beindi fluginn [Rolls Edit. ch. 11, p. 15]: verpr af brandi we understand not.

l. 68. He has above said Ioforlandi, but what is 'fægi?' we take it to be the Irish form of Lat. *vicus*, *fich*¹, hence Iofor-fægi = Iofor-vik. Note that King Eric's Blood-axe's Body-guard was mixed in nationality, Irish and Norse; the word, though a riddle to Icelanders and an ἄπ. λεγ., would therefore have been understood by the hearers in Eric's hall. Ioforvic is, by the way, but a popular etymology of Eburacum.

ll. 73, 74. The gem of the Song, otherwise rough-hewn enough! The emendation we have treated in the General Introduction: 'baugi' not appellative; for it is the *poem*, not gold or rings, the poet bids the kings enjoy—'enjoy rings' would have fitted the king's address to the poet. As for Baugi (Beäg), the Soma Giant, Sup-tung's brother, see the story translated, vol. i, p. 465; 'bióri' fits in with alliteration and sense: Vagni, of Woden, occurs in Alvism. 11, notes; from the heavenly Wain: Cod. B. gives vaara, taara; so the quantity is well warranted, being tár, *tears*, and no other word; villi is near in form to velli, it is just the word we want, *tear-boiler*, *tear-cauldron*. The image would be drawn from the hot springs in Iceland, whereof there are many in Egil's home Borgfrith (e. g. those of Reykjaholt). The poet thrice repeats this simile of the eye,—'Cherish my song, O king, as Woden does his only eye!'

¹ It lurks, we think, in later kennings (drawn from here?), hokka fægi, the *land of hoard*, or *land of gems* = the *hand*, Lex. Poet. 161-162; vol. ii, p. 64, l. 28.

Arinbeorn's Lay, (p. 272.)

The facsimile transcript, p. 380, will give the reader an idea of the unique MS. For the kennings, see the Excursus.

ll. 1-8. *Introductory.*

ll. 1 and 6. -kviðr, adj., abridged in Cod., is to be read thus (not kveðr), agreeably with a vowel-change *e-i* [first noticed by Mr. Leffler of Upsala], e. g. *rigna* from *regn*, *virkr* from *verk*, *virðr* from *verð*, etc.

ll. 2-6. *gløggvinga*, cp. vol. ii, p. 543, l. 13: *skrokk-berendr*, cp. *Helgi* i, l. 155.

ll. 7, 8. *siqt* (gender fem.), cp. *Hofuðl.* 70, *Eirm.* 27, *Hakm.* 62, *Gripi* 208: we read 'margra,' as being more idiomatic, and because *siqt* certainly is not a neuter: *cæði*, cp. *Vsp.* 32, *G. W.* 11, *Vþm.* vv. 19, 20.

ll. 9-48. *The poet begins his story*, by relating *Arinbeorn's* goodness to himself in having saved his life in York from *Bloodaxe's* anger. See p. 534.

ll. 9, 10. 'He had fallen under the king's wrath.' How, we know not, for the murders and butcheries, of the king's son among others, told in the *Saga* (chs. 57-60) are in a great measure to be set down as fables, invented by the *Saga-remodeller*, of the thirteenth century.

l. 11. 'diarfr hött,' yields no good sense: 'dular-hött,' *disguise-hood*, we should say, was what the poet said. The *Saga-maker* (and in this episode he is excellent) must have known that to be the word, for he says, 'hann hafði síðan hatt yfir hialmi,' though a few lines above there stands—*Hann herði þá huginn*, which *might* allude to a 'diarfr.'

l. 12. *Arinbeorn* is par excellence called *Hersi* (just as *Cato* is called *Censor*).

l. 13. 'ygr-hialmr' (elsewhere *ægis-hialmr*, *O. W. Pl.* vv. 33, 34). *Sturla* copies the word in that form in a poem of 1264.

l. 16. 'hiarli,' not *hforvi*, must be the word; an *h-word* is wanted, so much one can see: *úrigr*, *watery*, will not do, (it cannot well be) applied to the 'sword,' but befits the coast, *Mark* 63; mountains, *Skirn.* 38; ship, *Rimeg.* 15; ways, *Righ.* 155, *Swipd.* and *Meng.* 70; cp. *Homer's* ὑγρὰ κέλευθα. Here, in *Egil's* song, it is aptly applied to the land about York, the *Humber March*, watered by so many rivers (*πολυπόταμος*). We know not the gender of *hiarl*; but take it to have been masculine.

ll. 17-20. The keen flashing eyes of a king are often sung by the poets, see *Righ.* 133; here it is a still 'terribler' thing to face the eyes of a king in wrath.

ll. 21, 22. The puns or conceits, *Bolstr-maka* (head's) *verð* = *Head-Ransom*, cp. l. 32 below. In 'høngs markar' we think we see another conceit denoting the *county*; either we read 'Humra,' which would fit well enough, *humra*, gen. of *humarr* = *Humber*; or *høng* (though now in *Iceland* applied to the salmon) may in *Egil* mean the lobster; anyhow, by *høings mark* the *Humber March* is meant.

l. 26. *skati*, cp. 79, *Hofuðl.* 48, 54.

l. 27. Cp. *ulf-grátt hárit ok þykkt* [*Saga* drawing from the poem].

ll. 29, 30. We read *tíror* (dual), *the two eyes, the two sparklets*, 'tíra' is akin to Germ. *zier*: *søkk*, *gullies*, *chines*, cp. *Hlt.* 5, alluding to *Egil's* *craggy, jutting eyebrows*; *brúna-mikill* the *Saga* says, ch. 54, though it makes the picture too coarse and monstrous: 'sám-leitom' we now prefer; it recurs vol. ii, p. 270, VI. 13 (drawn from our *Lay*?).

l. 37. *mörgom betri*, dubious (*mögom betri*): l. 40 too is dim and unsafe.

l. 42. *kníar*, cp. *Thulor* 188 (knight, champion).

ll. 45-48. Neither *Arni Magnusson* nor the Editor (in 1860) were able to read

this. What Gudmund Magnæus read (end of former century in Ed. 1109) is illusory; it is not *that* which lies in the faded lines, nor has it the right flow, being lame in sense: 'ætтар-skati' (end of l. 48) seems safe, cp. piód-skati, Hofuðl. 48.

ll. 49-52. *The poet reverts to the obligation now lying on himself.*

l. 49. vin-piófr, a law word, *ǫn. ley.* (or coined by Egil?).

l. 50. Read, vár-liúgr (not ván-liúgr), an old Teutonic law term, A.S. *wær-þoga*; for toasts coupled with vows, see Excursus, p. 404. Strange to say, vár-liúgr is an *ǫn. ley.* in this passage; other words, grið-rofi, tryggð-rofi, having taken its place: hróðrs œrvirðr is too impersonal, not *technical* enough; the poet heaps together the strongest 'ákveðin orð,' libellous law terms; hence we would read, hrókr (k=þ), œrvirði, older form for auvirði (see Dict. 36 a)=hrókr, œr-virði ok heit-rofi, a boor, a wretch, a vow-breaker, unless, etc. A goodly anthology or Glossary of such terms is gathered (from lost sources mainly), vol. ii, pp. 543 and 545: heit-rofi, a vow-breaker, see Dict. s. v.

ll. 54-56. Faded, illegible, unsafe. Arni was not able to read it, nor could we. The image is from *carpentry* or *smith's handiwork*. The clue is perhaps afforded by Einar Skúlaason's Geisli, l. 198, 'slétti ek óð bragar-tólom,' *to plane out with the song tools*, i. e. *the tongue*, clearly copied from here. We read—

Nú es þat sét hve ek slétta skal
bragar-tólom . . .

The rest we must leave alone; 'bragar-fútom' is inadmissible, 'feet' being altogether alien to Teutonic ideas of poetry.

ll. 57-60. Images from *carpentry* continued; the subject-matter is the *timber* or boards, the tongue the *plane* for *shaving* the boards; these similes are copied later, see vol. ii, p. 300, l. 8: omon (*voice*), cp. L. Br. L. 287, and vol. ii, p. 544, l. 10, bottom: efni, *the timber*; válig (*mighty*) is preferable to valið (*chosen*): á tungo, closer to the trope would be 'und' tungo, lying ready to be shaved *underneath* my tongue: magar þóris, Thori the Baron, son of Hroald, of whom see Egils S. ch. 32.

l. 60. *twofold* or *even threefold*, marks the sections to come of Arinbeorn's Praise: (1) His lordly *liberality*, wealth, open hand and heart; (2) his *valour* and exploits.

l. 61. The *first* item follows, the *second* falls in the blank, see p. 380, col. 2. Are we to read, like Head-Ransom 22, 'þat telgig fyrst?'

l. 62. alpióð, cp. Sons' Wreck 74.

l. 65. -herjar, easy emendation (a dative -heri has no existence).

l. 66. yrþiód, qs. verþiód, cp. Vellekla 40, 62 (copied from Egil?).

l. 68. Frey and Niorth, the givers of wealth and of good seasons. 'Rich as Niorth,' Vatzd. (last chapter), cp. Yngl. S. chs. 11, 12, Edda (Gg.)

ll. 69-72. The simile. Arinbeorn, the 'caput familias,' is figured as a mighty *tree* (cp. Excursus, vol. ii, p. 473), from whose every branch bounties come drizzling down like streams of water coursing all over the outstretched earth: hofuð-baðmr, a law term, Hlt. 23, Thulor 214. Hroald, the Baron of Frith in Norway, was Arinbeorn's grandfather, the founder of the family; of whom see Landn. ii, ch. 1, Egils S. chs. 2, 7, from lost clause in the Lives of Kings: 'At álno sifa' is unsafe, we read, at œrno driúpa, *flow abundantly*: l. 71. 'vinseldir,' in 1860 we tried hard to unravel this word in the MS., and we could then see that it was not 'vinseldir,' as given in the Editions; we have now, we think, found the word that fits in with the sense and the 'ductus calami' of the vellum, to wit, vatn-föll, *streams of water*, see Dict. 682 b (vatz-föll it could not be): af vegom öllom, *from all sides*,

all around, cp. Swipd. and Meng. 27, Sun Song 21, Höd and Ang. 49, Grimm. 84: vind-kers botn, image copied by Sighvat ii. 15, Mark 4. We now read—

Enn Hroaldz á höfuð-baðmi
 auðs ið-gnóttir at óérno driúpa,
 sem vatn-föll af vegom öllom
 á vind-kers víðom botni.

ll. 73-76. A fresh simile; unfortunately l. 73 is utterly illegible and unsafe. We once tried long and tried in vain to find the key-word to the image. The old editor Magnæus fancied a string (seal) of the ears=*fame, renown*, which to our mind is too far-fetched, lying clean outside the range of ideas of the ancients; yet the sense seems to be, how *well-beloved* Arinbeorn was, beloved by all men like a true king (l. 74), the darling of the gods (75): Veðr-orms, certainly so' (not veþorin, an otherwise impossible word); some chief of whom no record is left; Vettingar (not Veclingar), clan-name Watling to be found in England: toér (tœja), *helper, champion of*.

ll. 79, 80. Two proverbs, 'men of large heart, of great soul, are few and far between;' and 'tis given but to few to win the hearts of all men'—wealth alone, the poet truly says, cannot do it, cp. Lodd. Less. v. 12: spear (Thulor 286) is here the spear-head (arrow's head?), to which the 'shaft' is to be fitted, cp. örvar skepta, Righ. 135.

ll. 81-83. 'No man ever left Arinbeorn's house without gifts and welcome:' legver (*bed*), its ship, *the house*: longom knerri. Ancient halls were long and narrow; a hall of thirty-five fathoms by seven yards is mentioned in Landn. (Hb.), App., whence the builder got the surname 'Long-Hall': heipt-kviðr, cp. Havam. 71, vol. ii, p. 59, l. 37: háði leiddr, cp. Lodd. Less. vv. 18, 20. This latter refers to the *poor* of these days, who were termed 'walkers,' gango-menn, Gangandi (Chr. W. 12, foot-note); alliteratively, ala gest ok ganganda.

l. 86 unsafe. In the rest of the column (p. 380 b) we could read the initials only of the stanza.

ll. 88-91. Cited in Edda, we are able to identify it in the blurred column: the image is from the saying, kasta á glæ, 'to throw in the sea,' to waste.

ll. 92 sqq. All the rest down to the envoy is now lost; the part on the faded page relates Arinbeorn's *valour*, prowess, and *feats of arms*. How much of the text ran over to the next leaf we are unable to tell; whatever it was, it is irretrievably lost, whilst the rest of the column *may* one day be read, though, beyond a few bits, we were foiled in the attempt.

ll. 92-95. The *Envoy*. Images again from carpentry or *house-building*: mál-pjón is not material enough for a poet of old; we want a *tool* or instrument, mál-pörn, *speech-pin*, would be the nearest word = the *tongue*, called 'plane,' l. 57: óbrotgiarn, *unbreakable, firmly built*; bragar (not Bragar) tún, *song's court*, cp. orð-hof, Sonat. 23, *mouth* or *breast*; stendr, present or future sense, *shall stand* = mun standa, meaning, 'I have reared a song that shall long live unbroken in the mouth, breast, or memory of men!' Cp. Pind. Pyth. vi. 7-13.

Having finished his song—as he was residing in Iceland, and his friend in Norway—the next thing Egil had to do was to despatch a fit messenger (there were no other means of publication in his days), who would have to carry the poem to Norway in his 'breast,' and to recite it before Arinbeorn, his house, and clan.

Sona-torrek, (p. 277.)

The story of the composition of *Sona-torrek* is thus told in *Egil's Saga*, ch. 80:—

“It happened once that *Beadwere* [*Egil's* son] asked to go with them [*Egil's* servants], and they gave him leave. Then he went down to *Wold* with the servants. They were six together in an eight-oared boat. But when they were about putting out [to come back] the flood was late in the day, and since they had to wait for the tide, they got away late in the evening. Then a mad gale burst upon them from the south-west, right in the face of the river. And a big sea rose in the bay, as will often happen there. And the end of it was, that the boat was swamped beneath them, and they were all lost; but when the next day came the bodies drifted ashore. *Beadwere's* body came ashore on *Einar's Ness* . . . *Egil* heard the tidings the same day, and rode thither to seek the body. He came right upon *Beadwere's* body. He took it up and set it across his knees and rode with it out into *Thick-ness* to the barrow of [his father] *Scallagrim*. Then he had the barrow opened and laid *Beadwere* therein down by the side of *Scallagrim*. Then it was closed again, and it was not finished till about sunset. After that *Egil* rode home to *Borg*. And when he came home he went straight to the bed-locker, wherein he was wont to sleep, and lay down and shot the lock to. No one dared to speak to him. [And it is told that when they buried *Beadwere* *Egil* was dressed in hose knit fast to the leg, and over them a red fustian kirtle, tight, and close cut and laced at the side. And more say that he swelled so [for grief] that the kirtle and hose were rent upon him¹.] Nor did *Egil* open the bed-locker later in the day, nor had he any meat or drink there with him. There he lay that day and the next night, and no one dared to reason with him. But the third morning, when it began to dawn, *Ansegerd* [*Egil's* wife] set a man on horse-back, and he rode as hard as he could west to *Herdholt*, and told *Thorgerd* [*Egil's* daughter] all these news. It was past noon-tide [three o'clock] when he got there. He also said that *Ansegerd* had sent word to her to come as quick as might be south to *Borg*. *Thorgerd* had a horse saddled for her forthwith, and two men rode with her. They rode on all that evening and through the night till they reached *Borg*. *Thorgerd* went straight into the big room. *Ansegerd* greeted her and asked whether she and her men had had supper. *Thorgerd* answered in a loud voice: ‘I have had no supper, and none will I have till I sup at *Freya's*. I know no better way than my father's, and I will not live after him and my brother!’ Then she went to the bed-place and called out: ‘Father, open the door, I wish us both to go the same way!’ *Egil* pushed back the lock. Then *Thorgerd* got up into the bed-room and had the door shut again, and lay down on the second bed that stood there. Then spake *Egil*: ‘Thou hast done well, daughter, to wish to follow thy father. Thou hast shown me great love. How was it likely that I should wish to live after such a sorrow?’ Then they were silent for a space. Then spake *Egil*: ‘What is this, daughter; thou art chewing something?’ ‘I am chewing dulse,’ says she, ‘for I think that that will make me worse than before, for otherwise I think that I shall live too long.’ ‘Is it bad for a man then?’ says *Egil*. ‘Very bad,’ says she; ‘wilt thou eat thereof?’ ‘Why not?’ says he. And an hour later she called out and bade them give her to drink, and they gave her water. Then said *Egil*: ‘Thus it goes with them that eat dulse, they always get more thirsty.’ ‘Wilt thou drink, father?’ says she. He

¹ An echo of the *Sigfred Lay*, where the mail-coat is riven by the hero's grief and passion. The passage is a gloss in the text of *Egla*.

took and swallowed a great draught, and it was in an ox-horn. Then said Thorgerd: 'We are beguiled, it is milk!' And Egil bit a shard out of the horn as far as his teeth gripped it, and then threw the horn down. Then said Thorgerd: 'What counsel shall we take now, for this plan of ours is at an end? I am fain, father, that we should live a little longer, so that thou mightest make a dirge over Beadwere, and I will carve it on a stick, and then let us die if we please. For I think it will be long ere thy son Thorstan makes a poem over Beadwere, and it is not seemly that he should not have his due rites.' . . . Egil said that it was not very likely that he could make a poem then, even if he tried. 'But I will try,' says he. Egil had had another son whose name was Gundhere, and he had also died a little time before. Egil began to get better as he went on making his poem. And when the poem was finished, he recited it to Ansegerd and Thorgerd and his household. And after that he rose up out of his bed and sat down in the high-seat. This poem is called the *SONS' WRECK*. Then Egil had his son's funeral performed after the heathen fashion. And when Thorgerd went home Egil took leave of her with parting gifts¹."

This Family Idyll is an independent story, based on traditions in Thorgerd's family and posterity in Broadfirth; we note but few, if any, traces of the Saga-man having paraphrased the *poem*, the only historically *authentic* source. Yet the names of the two brothers, Gundhere and Beadwere (as is the case with the poem's *title*, l. 94), may, though now lost, have been once drawn from the poem. The Saga, too, gives place-names connected with the funeral cairn or the drowning, Nausta-nes (cp. l. 12), Digra-nes, Einars-nes; do any of these lurk under the corrupt lines?

The *date* of the poem can only approximately be fixed; we fear we have (p. 276) put it *too early*, and that A. D. 970 would be nearer the mark. Taking that date, we shall better understand the poet's lamentation of his lonely, helpless state, bereft of kindred and progeny, a picture of gloom and despondency *overdrawn*, as often is the case; for Egil had *one son* left, Thorstan, a gentle weakly backward lad, good for little, the father thought, yet he turned out well enough. This Thorstan's eldest son (vol. ii, p. 99) fought, when quite a young man, at Swolder (against Tryggvason); his father's marriage would accordingly fall in 978-980, so that in 970 Thorstan would have been a mere lad of fourteen or fifteen, or even younger, no stay to an aged father. As for *daughters*, Egil had two. Thorgerd was at this time, we take it, still an *unmarried* girl in her father's house². This would make

¹ There is a beautiful parallel in Beowulf, ll. 2450-63, to Egil's grief at his son's death:—

Symbles bið gemyndgād mornā gehwylce
 eaforan ellor-sið; óðres ne gýmeð
 to gebíðanne burgum on innān
 yrfe-weardes, þonne se ān hafað
 þurh deādes nýd dæda gefondad.
 Gesyhð sorh-cearig on his suna búre
 win-sele wéstne wind-gereste
 róte berofene; ríðend swefað
 hæleð in hoðman; nis þær hearpan swég
 gomen in geardum, swylce þær geó wæron.
 Gewíteð þonne on sealman sorh-léoð gæleð
 ān æfter ānum: þúhte him eall tó rúm
 wongas ond wíc-stede.

² Thorgerd's children are recorded in Landnama, Bk. ii, ch. 18—*Sons*, Kiartan, Halldor, Stanthor, Thorberg; *daughters*, Thurid, Thorbiorg, Bergthora. It is the

her ruse all the truer, it would fall on her to console her father, and she would have a chance of success where his wife had none. Thorgerd afterwards married Olaf Peacock, a patriarch rich in flocks and herds, the hero of the House Lay (vol. ii, pp. 22, 23).

The Poet's outlook in 970 was indeed gloomy enough—one boy not of age, two unmarried girls, no brothers, Arinbeorn gone, no friend left, old age closing upon him, enemies around him, an outlook dark enough to justify ll. 13 sqq.

Ketil Iorundsson (see Proleg. p. cxlii) gave us, about the year 1650, the only copy we have. The copy being taken, the vellum was cut up into covers (a common fate in Iceland), and used for binding, stretched over wooden boards. A few leaves, however, were saved by Arni Magnusson, and (in 1859) identified by the Editor as being part of Ketil's original; one of these leaves happens to contain the Head-Ransom. There is no doubt but that Hofudlausn was taken from that very same vellum: that leaf, however, is lost (unless it is lurking somewhere as the cover to an old book). The reader therefore must look back to Ketil's authority, a fifteenth-century vellum, with blurred lines here and there, which the good easy man could not read; hence the state of our text is easily accounted for. Had the leaf been preserved, we might possibly even now after two centuries, by taking greater time and trouble than he gave, have read it all¹.

The 'kennings' and similes have been treated of in Excursus I to vol. ii.

Since the text p. 277 was printed we have, although in the eleventh hour, found means for a further readjustment and redistribution of its scattered lines. We will, in the utmost brevity, sketch out its plan as it now appears to us:—

invariable wont of Ari (in Landnama) to count sons and daughters respectively in the order of their age; hence we know the sequence of the age of each separately; but how sons and daughters alternated we never can tell; Lawman Sturla (in *Islendinga Saga Genealogies*) follows the same rule. Kiartan was accordingly their *eldest* son; and he stayed with Tryggwason in 998-1000 as a young man (age 18-20?); his birth would therefore fall in or about 980, and Thorgerd's marriage, say 978.

¹ The parchment is of a poor quality; the lines from the other side are seen through as if the leaf had been steeped in oil, which confuses the copyist. I remember the Head-Ransom leaf well, what pains it took me (in 1859-61) to decipher this and other Icelandic MSS., some palimpsests. I never used any chemical reagents, but only *pure water* poured into a saucer, wherein the leaves were put. A sheet of paper was ready at hand, with all the lines of the vellum marked down, so that one could put in with a pencil in its right place every word or phrase as soon as read. When the very dim writing cannot be read through the thin sheet of water, one has to move the leaf out of the water on to the edge of the saucer, and there let it dry, waiting patiently (never *rub* or touch it) till at a certain degree of the drying process the writing will come out, faint, yet perceptible to the naked eye, and after a moment (a few seconds) vanish again like a fleeting shadow. The soft light of an afternoon is best; time (many days) and patience do the rest. An accurate acquaintance with Icelandic palæography, abbreviations, etc., is more helpful than sharp eyesight. In this way I was able to read pages where nothing but black, sooty, grimy parchment was visible to the naked eye, and which Arni Magnusson 150 years earlier had failed to read; nor had anybody even known that anything was written thereon. My last effort of this kind was in 1874, over a few fragmentary leaves of Sturlunga at Copenhagen, and a newly discovered MS. at Stockholm in August of the same summer, for the Rolls Series. The writing does not suffer from the process. This I ascertained by trying the same leaf twice, at two years' interval (1859 and 1861). The ~~last~~ time the writing came out again just as it had before; I thought clearer the second time. Texts before unknown were thus won.—[Editor.]

It falls into *three* sections, Proem, Central Part, and End, winding up with an Envoy. These divisions are made up of four-lined verses.

The Proem, ll. 1-20; we have here moved up ll. 9-12, a parallel simile to ll. 5-8 and 13-16; this makes the proem twenty lines; some lines are probably missing.

ll. 21-81. *The Central Part of the poem*. It is much disordered as to the sequence of stanzas (which is not to be put to Ketil's account); fresh transpositions are required. The first thing requisite is to make out as clearly as one can the *plan* or *frame* the poet had in mind. In this we are aided by, (a) noting parallels from Arinbiorn's Lay, and (b) from the statement in the Saga that the lay was dedicated to the memory of his *two sons*, to each of whom a section was devoted. We find that the dirge falls into three Sections, besides Introduction, Epilogue, and Envoy, viz.

(1) *Beadwera's death*, by drowning, ll. 21-42; beginning, *First I will carve*, a parallel from Lay of Arinbiorn, l. 61.

(2) The *second* section treats of *Gundhere's death*, headed by the line—*þat man-ek enn* (or *annat*) in line 68 of our present disordered text; this whole section has therefore to be transposed to after l. 42, viz. ll. 68-73, 41-48, all fragmentary.

(3) From hence it turns to his *loss of friends*, Arinbeorn foremost, upon which, l. 73, he descants on the faithlessness of men, the bad times he has fallen on. A son's loss is irreparable (ll. 78-81).

The End, ll. 82 sqq., followed by an Envoy.

SONA-TORREK.

The Proem.

Eromk tregt miok tungo at hrœra

or lopt-vætt lióð-pundara :

esa nú vænligt um Viðriss þýfi,

né hóg-drégt or hogar-fylgsnom.

Esat auð-þeystr—því ekki veldr

höfugleikr—or hyggo-stað

fagna-fundr Friggjar vers

ár-borinn or lötun-heimom.

Eromk Farma-góðs af frosti þiokkt

hrosta-brim í hiarta ströndo :

mákat-ek upp í óðar grunní

rýniss ráði réttó halda.

5

10

THE SONS' CRUEL WRECK.

Proem.—He cannot sing for grief—

It is hard for me to raise my tongue, the steel-yard of sound, from the roof of my mouth.

Little hope have I of winning Woden's spoil, nor is it lightly drawn from the hiding-place of my mind.

It is not easy to make it flow from the home of fancy [my breast] that pleasant find of Frigg's husband, borne of yore from Giant-land.

The heaviness of my woe is the cause thereof.

The yeasty surge of the God of the Burden [Poetry] lies icebound on the strand of the heart [my breast].

Nor can I make the oar of speech [my tongue] play rightly in the deeps of song [my breast]. [Four lines of like meaning, but corrupt.]

'Lasta lauss er lifnaði'
 'á nockvers nockva bragi'
 'íotuns hals undir flota' 15
 nains niðr fyr naust-durom.
 Þviat ætt mín á enda stenzk
 sem hræ brunnin hlyna marka:
 esa karskr maðr sás í koggglom ser
 frænda hrær af fletjom ryðr. 20

The Central Part.

Þat mank emni óðar lokri
 í fróða-sal fyrst um telgja:
 þat kœmr út or orð-hofi
 mærdar-timbr máli laufgat.
 1. Grimmt váromk hlið þatz hrönn um braut 25
 fōðor míns á frænd-garði:
 veit-ek ó-fullt ok opit standa
 sonar skarð es mer sær um vann.
 Miok hefir Rán ryskt um mik;
 emk œr-snauðr at ást-vinom: 30
 sleit marr bōnd mínna ættar,
 snaran þátt, af sialfom mer.
 Veitzto um þá sōk sverði rækag
 við ǫl-smið allra tíva:
 Róða vá-brúðir um vega mættag, 35
 fórag and-vígr Ægiss mani.

Why he mourns—

For my race hath now come down to the stock, like the burnt trunk of the trees of the forest,

No hearty man is he that must bear in his hands the corse of his kinsmen from his house.

But he will sing—

First I will with the blade of song [my tongue] out of the hall of song [my breast] hew this matter.

Yea, this song timber, leafed with speech, shall pass out of the word-fane [my mouth].

§ 1. *Beadware's death by drowning—*

Cruel was the breach the billow made in my father's wall of kinsmen.

I can see it standing unfilled, unclosed, the gap left by my son which the sea caused me.

Ran [the Ocean Giantess] hath handled me roughly. I am utterly reft of my loving friends.

The sea hath cut the bonds of my race, the hard-spun strands that bound me.

How shall I take up my cause with the sword against the Brewer of all the Gods [Eager]?

How can I make war upon the awful Maids of the Storm [the Billows, Eager's daughters]?

Or fight a wager of battle with Eager's wife [Ran]?

Enn ek ekki eiga þóttomk
 sakar-afi við sunar bana:
 því-at al-þjóð fyr augom verðr
 gamals þegns gengi-leysi. 40
 Mik hefir marr myklo ræntan,
 grimmt es fall frænda at telja.

11. Þat man *enn* emni es upp um hóf
 í Goðheim Gauta-spialli
 ættar-ask þannz óx af mer, 45
 ok kyn-við kvánar minnar.
 'Eromka þokt þjóðar sinni.'
 'Þótt ser hver sattom haldí'
 byrr es bý-skips í bóe kominn
 kvánar son, 'kynniss leita.' 50
 Sízt son minn sóttar brími
 heiptúðigr or heimi nam:
 'þann ek veit at varnaði'
 'vamma varr við ná mæli.'
 Síðan es mínn á mun-vega 55
 ættar-skiöldr 'aflifi' hvarf.
 Veit ek þat sialfr at í syni mínom
 vasat illz þegns emni vaxit,
 ef sá rás-viðr ræskvask næði
 unz her-gautr hõndom tæki. 60
 Æ lét fast þat es faðir mælti,
 þótt al-þjóð annat segði,
 ok mer við helt á Valbergi,
 ok mítt afi mest um studdi.

Moreover, I know that I am not strong enough to cope with the destroyer of my son.

For the helplessness of an old man is manifest to the eyes of the whole people.

Yea, the Ocean hath done me a great wrong.

It is hard for me to recount the murder of my kinsman.

§ 2. *Gundhere's death by fever*—

The *second* song-matter shall be how the Patron of the Gauts raised up into Godham the sapling-ash of my race, that grew out of me, the tendril of the kin of my wife.

[*Two corrupt lines follow.*]

Yea, Gundhere, my wife's son, is gone to be a guest in the city of the Hive [Paradise] ever since the scion of my race [Gundhere] turned into the path of bliss—since the deadly heat of sickness took my son from the world—since the buckler of my race turned from life into the path of bliss.

I know very well that there were the parts of a good gentleman in my son, if the sapling had been left to ripen ere that the Lord of Hosts laid hands on him.

He ever held fast to his father's word, though the whole congregation spoke against it.

And upheld my cause at Walfell [the Moot-hill].

And was the greatest stay to my strength.

III. Mer kœmr opt Arinbiarnar	65
í brý-vind bróðra-hleyti:	
hnugginn vini es hildir þroask,	
horskom hersi, ek hygg at því—	
Hverr mer hugaðr á hlið standi	
annar þegn við þióð-ræði,	70
‘þarf ek þess opt of her gíaurum’	
verð-ek var-fleygr es vinir þverra.	
Miok es tor-fyndr sá-es trua knegim	
af al-þióð Yggjar galga:	
‘þviat nifl goðr niðja steipir’	75
broðor beran ‘við baugom selr,’	
‘finn ek þat opt er fiar beiðir’	
þat es orð mælt at engi geti	
sonar ið-gjöld ‘nema sialfr alitue’	
‘þann nið or oðrom se’	80
borinn maðr í broðor stað.	
.	

The End.

Áttag gótt við geira dróttinn,	
gríðom tryggtr trúðak hánom:	
áðr vinskaf Vagna-rúni,	
sigr-höfundr, um sleit við mik.	85
Blótkat-ek því broðor Viliss,	
goða iaðar, at ek gíarn séak:	

§ 3. *Arinbeorn's absence—*

I yearn for the brotherhood of Arinbeorn.

Now that I *am* reft of my friend, that trusty Baron; when the battle waxes I think of it.

What other hero that loves me well will stand by my side against the counsels of my foes?

[I am like an old eagle that has lost his flight feathers].

I lack [the strong pinions that once upheld me].

Yea, I go with drooping flight, for my friends are dropping away from me.

It is right hard to find a man to trust among all the congregation beneath the gallows of Woden [the world-tree].

For there is . . . [a saw], Bare [is man's back without brothers behind him].

I often found this when . . .

Moreover, it is a proverb that no one can get full recompense for his son, . . .

Nor can one born of another father stand in the place of a brother.

The End.—His gift of song—

I was friendly with the King of Spears [Woden].

And I put my trust in him, feeling safe in his plighted truce.

Till the Lord of the Wain, the Judge of Victory, broke the bonds of friendship with me.

Wherefore I do not worship *him*, the brother of Wili, nor look yearningly upon the Prince of the Gods.

þó hefir Mims vinr mer um fengnar
 þolva boétr, ef it betra teljom.
 Gáfomk í-ðrótt Ulfs of bági
 vígi vanr vamma firða ;
 ok þat grepps geð es ek goerða mer
 vísa fiánder at viliendom.

90

The Envoy.

Nú es úti TORREK tveggja bura,
 Nörva nipt it næsta stendr :
 skal-ek þó glaðr með góðan vilja
 ok ó-hryggr Heljar bíða.

95

ll. 1-20. *Introductory*, a poem, as it were.

ll. 1, 2. See General Introduction, p. xc : líóð-pundari, the tongue figured as steel yard *weighing out* the words.

l. 6. 'hofugligr,' a misshapen word, though heilagligr occurs, Ord. 32 ; perhaps 'höfugleiki,' an *ἀπ. λεγ.* in Edda Gg., see vol. ii, p. 631, l. 9 (drawn from here?).

l. 7. fagna fundr, cp. Hlt. 45 : 'niðja' can only be gen. pl. (of the Anses) ; we would read, Friggjar vers, of Woden ; Ketil's copy, as known, has 'þriggja,' hence editors have altered fagna into þagna, taking þriggja to stand for 'þriðja,' as a name of Woden (an impossible one by the way). The error lies in the other word, and we read Friggjar, but one letter different. It was Woden who, in the 'dawn of ages,' carried the Soma-mead from Giant-land.

The Poet's Task—

ll. 9-12. It is here of the *poem*, not of Woden, he is speaking ; hence 'hilmir' is wrong : the whole clause, as it stands in our MS., is a maze of error. Fortunately we have, we think, the key to it. In the first place, in Arnor (vol. ii, p. 194, l. 2) we find the simile, Woden's hrosta brim¹, *Woden's yeasting surf*, copied, we take it, from this line. Therefore in 'fanst' a name of Woden must be hidden, an *f*-word ; the very 'ductus calami' of the corruption points to Farma-goðs (farma = fanst, goðs dropped). Farther, 'í fostom þock' is ungrammatical and meaningless, no such word as þokkr ever existed ; what is underneath it ? The poet is speaking of Song as Woden's surf, and complaining it will not flow ; the words, as it were, stick in his throat. We thereby get the clue of simile ; under 'fostom' we detect frosti (frost) ; under 'þockt,' þiockt (thick), *thick with frost, icebound*. Following the simile farther, under 'á hendi stendr' (unidiomatic and meaningless by the way), the *breast*, figured as *coast* or *land*, is hidden ; in 'stendur' we detect ströndu, in 'hendi' hiarta—and the figure is now full ; *the song lies icebound within his breast*. A very

Yet the friend of Mim hath bestowed upon me a recompense for my wrongs :
 If I am to reckon the good [he hath done me as well as the evil],
 The war-wont Foe of the Wolf hath given me the blameless art,
 Yea, song, by which I may turn my open foes into well wishers.

Envoy—

Now the *Cruel Wreck of my Two Sons* is sung through.
 Norwi's granddaughter [Night or Darkness] standeth nigh at hand.
 But I shall gladly, and with a good will and fearlessly, await death.

¹ brim (not fen) is the true reading of the MSS. : Arnor, younger by a century, a native of the same country as Egil, born within twenty miles of Borg, would have known Egil's poems, and now and then copied his imagery. Here is one parallel passage, and more may turn up.

beautiful, touching figure, and one not unmeet for an Icelandic poet¹. In the next two lines the poet varies the simile a little, and Snorri in Hattatal (v. 81) appears to have copied his figure, where he says, I put forth my poem með tölo ræði, *with my speech oar*; hence for 'reiði' we propose to read ræði (oar); rýni, here *speech song*; rýniss ræði, *song-oar (=the tongue)*. To 'iaroar grimo' we find the clue in 'munar grunni,' Hofuðl. 67: for 'retti' read rétto. Sense, 'I cannot hold my tongue aright in my mouth,' i. e. I cannot work on my song.

Just as *silent* reading was unknown to the ancients (see note on Atlam. 34), so we have always to fancy the poet of old composing *audibly*, accompanying his thoughts with his voice, plying his tongue all the while, as a modern poet plies his quill; hence such comparisons as this of the tongue to a plane, the words being the timber, and the mouth the workshop. In other lines the simile is from *seamanship*, the tongue is the oar or the rudder, the mouth the ship, the poem the sea.

ll. 13-16. The text all wrong; we have not got the key to any safe emendation; but, judging from the stray words, 'nökkva' (*boat*), 'fyrir naust-durom,' we surmise the poet gives a fresh parallel simile, figuring the song as a *dwarves' ship*, and the poet as her shipwright. There would then be *three* parallel similes, all to the same effect, to wit, that he is so oppressed with grief that he cannot sing.

ll. 17, 18. The second line contains the simile; the emendation tried in our first text is too far from the wording; the line alliterates on *h*. Considering that hræ means *wreck*, markar *forest*; farther, if in 'barnar'² we suggest *brunnin, burnt*, the simile seems to be drawn from a *wood laid waste by fire*, with nothing left standing but charred stumps—

þvi-at ætt mín á enda stenzk
sem hræ brunnin hl . . . marka,

for my family is come to an end like the wreck of a burnt forest. What word lurks in hlunnar³ (hlyn-r=*the plane*)? We prefer the reflexive form: for standask á endom, see Dict. s. v. standa, C. II.

ll. 19, 20. The sense is safe; it refers to the *lifting* the body out of the house, for which funeral rite, see Dict. s. v. hefja, A. I. 3. We read, sá es í köglom ser, for koglar means the *joints of the hand*; it never can mean the *corse*; we should therefore retain ryðr (as in Ketil's copy), *to rid, clear out*; hrœr is *funeral*, here, as it seems, including the body of the person to be buried.

Beadwre's death—

ll. 21-24. The whole clause is awry; 'fall' implies a violent death, and Scallagrim, Egil's father, died in his bed; beside this, the poet is not here bewailing his parents' death. We have to seek for a clue elsewhere. And the parallelism and analogy with the following lines show that we have here again a simile from *carpentry* or *carving*, the timber, the adze, and the workshop, are the poem, the tongue, and the mouth; these are the items underlying the corruption of Ketil's copy. Remembering the rule once laid down about word-doublings, we proceed—under 'telja' we espy telgja (to carve), with one single letter's difference; next we have to look for

¹ The Gradus (vol. ii, pp. 619, 620) says—Munnr (the *mouth*) mannz er kallaðr inni . . . allz fróðleiks (the inn of knowledge): and again, the *breast*—Brióst er kallað inni eða skip aldri ok hugar ok hiarta: the *tongue*—tunga er kölluð ár (oar) eða stýri (rudder) . . . ok kennnd til orða (words) eða góma, eða tanna. These similes were drawn from old poems, and among others from these very songs of Egil (in their pristine state).

² barnar as barðar, *beaten*, as given by editors and commentators (Lex. Poet. s. v. hræbarinn), is grammatically impossible.

³ hlimar, qs. limar (*branches*), as commentators put it, is impossible.

the mouth; here *Skíða Ríma* 375 supplies *fræða-salr* (for *foðor fall*), echoed as we surmise from this very line: in 'ec enn' we espy *emni* (timber): in 'moðor' óðar: in 'hrer' locri, cp. *Arinb.* 57—an apt image—the words which he has called dry logs of song-timber, carved or planed in the mouth, shall bud forth like living, blossoming branches, Aaron's rod, or like Pope Urban's staff in the Tannhauser tale. Did the poet during his stay in England hear the Bible story, or has he drawn it from old native legend or his own imagination?

ll. 23, 24. We prefer to read *kœmr* for 'ber' (*kēr = ber*); the words being figured as blooming wands shooting out of the poet's mouth. The sense is—*This is the first subject-matter of my song.*

ll. 30–33. *snauðr* at e-u; cp. *fallin* at *frændom*, *vaðin* at *vilja*, *Hamtheow Lay* 19, 20: 'svaran,' an s-word is missing, as epithet to *strand*; in one of the false verses in *Egil's Saga* we read, 'snar-þátt Haraldz áttar,' as this would be an imitation from this line, 'snaran þátt,' a *hard-twisted strand*, would be the right words.

ll. 33–36. The emendation (l. 34) is safe. The Ocean Titan *Ægir* is known as the great *brewer* and host of all the gods: 'roða vágs bræðr' of the MSS. is much too heavy for the line, and defies grammar. *Róði* (the destroyer) may be aptly said of wind, fire, or sea; cp. the phrase *láta fyrir róða*, *to throw forth to the winds, to waste*: here we take it to mean the sea, personified as the Desolator; for 'bræðr' we read *brúðir*, for 'vágs' *vá-* (terrible). The three lines tell over the Ocean Titan's family, a line to each, husband, wife, and brood,—a grim array.

l. 34. *súðs bana*, impossible; *súða-bani* is not right either; we unhesitatingly read 'sunar-bana,' *the slayer of my son*. The poet speaks as if he were waging a bitter law-suit for his son's slaughter against the giant, his dam, and his daughters—man's unequal battle against the brute, pitiless, cold forces of nature.

Gundhere's death—

ll. 43 sqq. One is here at once struck with the half-Christian imagery taken from the poet's long stay in England, a subject for a study into which we cannot here enter. His son has entered a heavenly Paradise, 'Godham,' *the home of gods*, into which place he has been *lifted* by Woden¹; he also calls it *mun-vega*, *places of bliss*, whither his son went his way (l. 55), or *bý-skips bæ*, *the Bee-ship City*, to which figure *Edda* (Gg.) we think affords the key—'Two birds (it is there said) live in Weird's Burn (Paradise), they are called swans, and from them are come all the race of birds that bear that name' [vol. ii, p. 635]. Possibly this passage too is derived from these very lines of *Egil's*. Again (l. 60) the poet tells that *the hands of the Lord of Hosts have taken his son*. Did *Egil* by *Hergaut Gauta-spialli* mean Woden or an unknown god higher still? Possibly he himself hardly knew.

l. 43. 'man' is here not the active verb (remember), but the auxiliary verb (shall), and is to be scanned with slur; a word is missing; there is but one measure; in conformity with line 21, we believe *emni* to be the missing link; noting the syllabic similarity between it and the following *enn* (*emni, enn*), and so unhesitatingly read, *þat man enn emni*, i. e. the next matter at hand to be carved out.

ll. 45, 46. *ættar-askr*, an almost Biblical phrase; *kyn-viðr* (cp. *cuinio-widi* of the Old Germ. Charm Song) would mean some *ivy* or wild *vine*, though at the same time keeping in view the simile of a *family tree* (*ætt, askr, kyn-viðr*). The image calls to mind Ps. cxxviii, 3, 'Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine.'

¹ To this *Godham* *Yngl. Saga* affords a strange commentary—*þessa Svíþjóð kólloðo þeir Mannheima, enn ina miklo Svíþjóð kólloðo þeir Godheima*; or *Godheimom sogðo þeir [the Anses] mörg undr*—possibly merely a lame gloss drawn from this line of *Egil's* poem.

ll. 47, 48. Unintelligible; what is hidden underneath we as yet are unable to tell; from the adjacent lines, those speaking of the Bee-ship (for in the MS. those lines stand linked together, and should not be separated), and from the technical word 'sinni,' A.S. *gesidas*, we are inclined to fancy some allusion to Egil's son having come into the Company of Woden, and been received a member of the heavenly household.

l. 50. *kynnis leita* cannot be right.

l. 52. 'heiptogligr' is impossible; we surmise *heiptuðigr*, *uþigr* = *uligr*, a blurred *þ* read as *l*.

ll. 53, 54. We take these lines to have contained some further words of praise to his son Gundhere, and would read *vamma vanr*, cp. G. W. 212; the letter-stress being *w*, one supposes *vá-mæli* (slander?).

ll. 57-60. *vasat*, put right in Dict. 732 b, s. v. *þegn*, I. 2; the suffixed negative has simply been dropped: for *emni*, see Dict. 116, s. v. *efni*, I. *β*: 'randviðr,' there is no such word; we read *rás-viðr*, a *young sapling*, a word found in Skirn. 130, Havam. 70; Egil himself elsewhere uses the uncompounded *rá*, vol. ii, p. 73, l. 28 (for which passage see the Notes): Ketil read *raaf* as *rand*. That famous Latin motto, 'tandem fit surculus arbor,' the proud device of the orphaned Maurice of Orange, springs unbidden to one's mind.

ll. 61-63. *æ lét fast*, cp. Lodd. Less. 79: 'öll þjóð,' we prefer *al-þjóð*, Egil's favourite word, cp. 39, 74, Arinb. 62: line 47 is hard to solve; the context bears out that by 'ver-bergi' a *place of assembly* must be meant; now it so happens that Egil's County Moot was held under a mount called *Valfell* (a *w*-word), *Val-berg* would be the hill or rock of the Moot, like *Logberg*; the line would therefore alliterate on *w*, and 'upp' be wrong. These lines contain allusions to certain political troubles, whereof we have a distorted picture left in Egil's Saga, ch. 84. Indeed the Claim of Scallagrim must have *split* into two halves, the part lying south of White-water going with the Southern Quarter, whilst the western half remained under the Myramen, each getting its own court and speaker¹.

Loss of Friends—

ll. 65, 66. For *Ariabiarnar*, see General-Introduction, pp. lxxx-xc. There is no doubt whatever but that under 'm^a biarnar' *Aribeorn's* name is hidden, cp. 'vinir þverra,' a few lines down. *brý-vind*, *bryja*, *ogress*, occurs also, Thulor 94; 'bry' = *troll*, vol. ii, p. 546².

ll. 67, 68. 'hyggjomk um,' and again in the next line 'hykk at því,' would be a poor repetition; the error lies in the first word; here another word at once suggests itself, to wit, *hnugginn* (reft of) governing dative; in 'um' we detect 'uini,' *reft of my friend*; but what is hidden in *hnysumz hins*? It is palpably corrupt, for the old form is *nýsask*, and here we require an *h*-word; in 'hins' we espy *hersi*, the Baron *Aribeorn's* title, see Lay of *Ariabiorn* 12 (*híns* = *h'fi*); hence in *hnysumz* some epithet to *Aribeorn* is hidden, *horskom* or other *h*-word. As for *hnugginn*, with dat., see Grimm. 135; vol. ii, p. 243, l. 70 (*sigri hnugginn*); Ord. (see notes) 19, 20, *hnuggin em ek bræðrom*, etc.; pres. indic. with dat., vol. ii, p. 243, l. 70.

¹ Um vátinn einn dag ræddi Þorsteinn (Egil's son) um við Bergfinn, ef hann vildi ríða með hónum upp undir Valfell;—þar var þá þing-stöð þeirra Borgfirðinga;—enn Þorsteini var sagt, at fallnir væri búðar-veggir hans, Gunnl. S., ch. 2. The same locality is indicated in the moot-scene in Egil's Saga, ch. 84—menn sá af þinginu at flokkur manna reið upp með Gliúfrá.

² *Aribeorn* must at this date have been *dead*, though the Saga relates that he fell with Greyfell (A.D. 976), a statement of small authority in the face of allusions afforded by the poem.

ll. 69, 70. á hlið standi, recalling the scene in Bloodaxe's hall in York: þióð-ræði, a guess-word: l. 71 is unintelligible: l. 72, var-fleygr, simile from a *moulting* hawk.

l. 71. We believe the well-known proverb, Berr es hverr á baki . . ., reading beran for 'hrer' (Reader, p. 259, No. 20), to have stood here.

ll. 73, 74. It is an instance of ingenuity peculiarly hard to realise, that a man should ever guess that this poet's image could have been formed from elk-hunting on the ice, and further, fancying that the beast would be driven into the ice-holes and drowned there, conclude that it would be possible to call the *ice* the *elk's gallows*, and so in the phrase *men of the land of the elk's gallows* recognise the *Icelanders*; the whole idea is absurd; besides, elg-r has in gen. elg-s, cp. vol. ii, p. 169, l. 7; p. 420, l. 32. We unhesitatingly suggest Yggjar galga, *Woden's gallows, the Tree of Life*, under which mankind dwells, see Grimm. 100.

ll. 75-77. Corrupt, though the drift is fairly visible, 'My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me: they that dwell in my house and my maids count me for a stranger: I am an alien in their sight,'—Job xix. 14, 15: or, 'I looked on my right hand and beheld: but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me: no man cared for my soul.'—Ps. cxlii. 4.

ll. 78-81. Very obscure; we would read—þat es orð mælt at engi geti [ok=orþ]. The sense appears clear; a son's loss is irreparable, 'feohleas,' as the English poet puts it [Beow. 2441]: iðgiöld, here a law term (Woden's Love Less., l. 37), *full compensation*: the latter clause from nema stað is quite dark; we would suggest—borinn mágr í burar stað, i. e. 'even a son-in-law cannot replace a son.'

Woden and the Poet—The *final part* addressed to Woden,

ll. 83-85. Well preserved: 'vinað,' impossible; we have to read either vináttu, vinsemð, or vinscap; the last best (*sc* blurred or dropped, *p* read as *þ*); in G. W. 120 it is used as a compound; and here it scans as bi-measured, 'aðr' being a slur.

ll. 86-91, cited in Edda, are in a fair state in Ketil's copy; 'goða iaðar,' *the prince of gods*, or goð iarðar, *the god of earth*, which is to be preferred? for telk read teljomk (?). In l. 87 scan séak as bisyllabic.

ll. 92, 93. viliendr, *well-wishers, friends*, cp. Havam. v. 16, and Swipd. and M. 35.

ll. 94-97. See Intro. p. xc—'Kvæði þetta kallaði hann Sona Torrek' [Saga]. So the *title* is Sona Torrek, or 'Torrek' single: Nörva nipt, *N.'s daughter or niece*—Nótt vas Nörvi borin, Vpm. 98; Nótt in Nörvi kenda, Alvm. 115. The Night of Death is here meant. Light or Day is constantly used of Life in old Teutonic poetry, e. g. to seek a second light—to live over again in another world, to die.

Such is our text. Indeed, one might fancy some mischievous elfish imp had *inked it all over*. Look at changeling lines like these!—

- | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|----------|
| 1. En mer | fanst | i fostom | þock |
| 2. eromc | farma (gods) | af frosti | þiockt. |
| 1. hrosta | hilmir | ahendi | stendur |
| 2. hrosta | brim | ihiarta | strondu. |
| 1. þat man | ecmit | oc moður | hrer |
| 2. þat manc | emni | oðar | locri. |
| 1. foður | fal fyrst | um telja | |
| 2. fræða | fal fyrst | um telgja. | |
| 1. í byr | vind bræðra | leysi | |
| 2. í bry | vind bræðra | hleyti. | |
| 1. nu er | mer tor | velt tveggja | boga |
| 2. nu er | uti tor | rek tveggja | bura. |

Was ever text of a noble poem in such a state? It would be wrong to put down all this to Ketil's account. Fortunately, the key-word once gained, we are greatly helped; so, for instance, *telgja* for *telja* is an open-sesame to *frøða-salr* and the rest.

As for the *metre* in Egil's two poems, Lay of Arinbiorn, and Sons' Wreck, we find the poet fond of Thiodwulf's Ynglingatal line—a slur followed by two docked measures, yet not in regular alternate succession as in Ynglingatal, but often in many lines running. In the present state there are nearly seventy lines in this metre; had we the pristine text there would be many more. The type is—

or lopt · | vætt · : lið | pundara
o brot · | giarn · : í bragar | túni
emk hrad · | kviðr · : hilmr at mæra.

Cp. Lay of Arinbiorn—ll. 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 11, 13, 16 (?), 18-21, 23-25, 27, 28 (?), 44, 49, 50, 55, 57, 62, 63, 66, 67, 69, 71, 72, 80, 82, 84, 85, 88, 89, 92-95. Sonat.—ll. 1-5, 9, 19, 27, 30, 31, 34, 36, 39, 44, 46, 58-60, 62, 64, 66, 72, 74, 84, 88, 92, 94, 97.

Ever and anon, besides particles, words relating to personal existence or feeling are to be scanned *slurred*—Sonat., *esat nú, vasat*, ll. 3, 19, 59¹; *eromk*, 9; *veit-ek*, 27; *verð-ek*, 72; *sleit*, 31; *fœrag*, 36; *þó hefir*, 88; *burr es*, 49:—Lay of Arinb., *dró-ek*, l. 11; *skein*, 20; *nú eromk*², 57; *hve hann*, 66; *vask*, 92; *hlóð ek*, 94.

Again, a close observation of the metre reveals that in several lines a stress-syllable has been *dropped*, the slur and but one docked measure remaining. By the aid of metre we can even recover lost words, e. g. Arinb. 35 we would read, *en sú grams gíof* (a *g*-word is manifestly lost): l. 29 a *t*-word is missing, *við því* is slurred. Farther, in Sonat. 9, *eromk* is slurred, *goðs* is missing: l. 23, perhaps read *þat kæmr eitt út*: l. 30, 'of' cannot carry the stress, and we read *œr-snauðr*: l. 43, scan 'þat man' slur, as a vowel-word is missing; *emni* fits well in, cp. l. 21: l. 55, a vowel-word missing, *ungr* (?): l. 78, we propose *orð* for *ok*: l. 92, a stressed *g*-word missing; we propose *grepps*, Cp. Arinb. 8: l. 94, *Torrek*, the poem's name, would, for sake of emphasis, be scanned double-docked (*tor · | rek ·*), hence we read, *nú es úti*, see Dict. 671 a, s. v. *úti* 4; and so can account for the syllable *m'* in Ketil's copy: l. 96, one would slur *skal ek þó*, if so a *g*-word is missing.

The Lay of Darts, (p. 281.)

Brian's Battle has been drawn within the circle of the Icelandic Family Sagas, owing to a young Icelandic noble having fought at Clontarf as the Orkney Earl's henchman. The following pieces are drawn from the lost Brian's Saga: (1) the story of the Charmed Raven-Standard, preserved in the Earls' Saga; (2) The Battle itself, of which we subjoin a few extracts from our two sources, Niala and the Tale of Thorstan Hall-o'-Side's son:—

"Hlodwe Thorfinsson took the earldom after Liot, and was a mighty man; he had to wife Edna, the daughter of Cearval, king of the Irish; their son was Sigrod the Stout. Hlodwe died of an illness, and is buried in a howe at Haven in Caithness. Sigrod his son took the earldom after him; he was a mighty ruler and of wide domain. He held Caithness against the Scots by his power, and called his host out every summer. He used to harry in the Sodors in Scotland and Ireland. It happened one summer that Finleic, Earl of the Scots, pitched a field for Sigrod on a

¹ Even in line 1 we would transpose and read, *Eromk tregt miok*, etc. *Eromk* slurred, cp. analogies in ll. 5, 9, 47, Arinb. 57.

² Here *dele nú*, following Cod., AM., W., and 748.

set day [i. e. challenged Sigrod to a pitched battle] at Skedmire. Sigrod sought his mother that she might divine unto him upon the matter, for she was a wise woman. The earl told her that the odds in number between his foemen and his own men would not be less than seven to one. She answered, 'I would have brought thee up all thy life in my wool-basket, if I had known that thou wert bent upon living for ever; but 'tis Fate that settles a man's days wherever he is. It is better to die with honour than to live with shame. Now take this banner, which I have wrought for thee with all my skill! And I say, by my knowledge, that the victory shall be to them before whom it is borne, but deadly shall it be to them that bear it.' The banner was made with much fine needlework, and with exceeding art. It was wrought in the likeness of a raven, and when the wind blew upon the banner it was as if the raven flapped his wings in flight. Earl Sigrod was very angry at his mother's words; and gave the Orkneymen their ethel-holdings free to raise a levy for him; and went to Skedmire to meet Earl Finleic, and each of them set his host in array. And as soon as the battle was joined, Earl Sigrod's standard-bearer was shot to death. The Earl called upon another man to carry the standard, and he bore it for a short while and then fell also. Three of the Earl's standard-bearers fell indeed, but he won the victory. And that is how the Orkneymen got back their ethel-holdings" [i. e. became udallers again].—*Orkney Saga*, ch. II.

"That winter Earl Sigrod went to Ireland, and there fought a battle with King Brian; and this battle has become famous over the land west of the main [North Sea], both for the multitude of them that fought there and because of the notable things that happened therein to them that were at it. Now when the Earl set out from home, he asked Thorstan whether he would go with him. Thorstan said that it would be very unseemly for him not to go and follow him in danger, 'For I have been well pleased to lead a merry life with thee in time of peace.' The Earl thanked him for this speech of his. Then they went to Ireland and fought a battle with King Brian. And many notable things happened thereby, as it is told in the *Tale of him* [King Brian]. Three standard-bearers of Earl Sigrod fell there one after another, and then the Earl bade Thorstan carry the standard; but Thorstan said, 'Carry thy crow thyself, Earl!' Then a certain man said, 'Thou art right, Thorstan, for I have lost three sons by it!' The Earl took the banner off the staff and put it round his body over his clothes, and fought right dauntlessly. And a little while after this a voice was heard crying in the air, 'If Earl Sigrod will have the victory, he must go to Dumas-bank [Tomar's Wood] with his host.' [Blank in MS.] And so it came to pass. The Earl fell and a great part of his host with him, but Brodir¹ slew Brian."—*Thorstan's Saga*.

In the parallel but fuller passage in the Nial's Saga, drawn also from the Saga of Brian Boroimhe, the story of the banner is thus told—"Earl Sigrod had a hard fight against Terthealfach [Tairdelbach, Brian's grandson], who came on so mightily that he cut down every one near him, and broke the array of the Earl right up to the standard, and slew the standard-bearer. Then the Earl got another man to carry the standard, and a hard battle began, but Terthealfach gave him his death-stroke at once, and cut down man after man that came up. Then Earl Sigrod told Thorstan, son of Hall o' Side, to carry the standard, and he was about to take up the standard when Amund the White called out, 'Do not thou carry the standard, for all they that bear it are slain!' 'Raven the Red,' said the Earl then, 'do thou carry the standard.' But Raven answered, 'Carry thy devil thyself' [*crow*

¹ Bruadair of the Irish text, looking like a Pictish name.

is here better]. Then the Earl cried, 'It is most meet for the beggar to carry his own bag.'" So he tears it off the pole and wraps it round him, and dashes into the fight, where he soon falls, shot through by a spear. His fall is the signal for flight. Thorstan stood still when the others fled, and began to tie up the thong of his shoes. "Then Terthealfach asked why he did not run away with the others. 'Because,' said Thorstan, 'my house is out in Iceland; I can't get home to-night if I do run¹.' Terthealfach gave him quarter. He went back to the Orkneys, and thence to Norway, and joined King Magnus's following and became one of his guard. Thorstan was twenty years old when he was in Brian's battle."

Among the portents before the battle was an apparition of Woden—

"On the Thursday a man on an apple-grey horse, with a pole-staff in his hand, rode up to Gormflaith and her company, and held long talk with them." See for prose Irish accounts Todd's War of Gaedhil and Gaill, Rolls Series. There are citations from Irish poems on this great fight in the Annals of the Four Masters.

The Lay is possibly but a fragment; in the middle, lines seem to be dropped. Like the Dirges on Eric and Hacon, it falls into *two* sections; (1) a *Dirge* on the eve of battle, (2) during and after the battle lost and won, *Guardian Spells* and a *Pæan* for the *young king* (Sigtryg?). This latter part especially is fragmentary and the text in part doubtful. The Norns are figured as seated in a 'dyngja,' or underground 'weavers' bower' [cp. Grimm, Dict. s. v. dunk, iii. 1532-33], weaving the fatal woof². Note the half-strophic character of the Lay and the *clashing* lines 13, 34.

ll. 1-5. rifs, better rifjar, Righ, l. 55: fyrir geirom, dubious, some word denoting *death*, destruction; we would join it to ver-þjóðar (= yrþjóð, Arinb. 66), *presaging the death of a host of men*: Randvés-bani = Woden, from the Hamtheow and Ermanaric cycle, vol. ii, p. 541; the friends of Woden = the Walcyries.

ll. 6-10. The upright standing-loom; klé, kleadr (Dict. 342, 343) we take to be akin to *λαλα* or *λέια* (γ being dropped): yllir, see Thulor 429, an else unknown word: iarnvarðr yllir should be obelised, it lacks proper flow; the weaver's *loom* (Icel. *hlein*) is meant; we would prefer—

hleinar or iarni enn at hrælom örvar.

ll. 11, 12. The names of Walcyries, cp. Thulor 172-175 (nine), and 642-649 (twenty-nine, originally thirty), and p. 80, No. 3 (six), Grimm, App. 5 (thirteen)—all incomplete: Svipol, Hiör-þrimol occur only here: for Sangrid, Grimm, App. reads Rand-grid; the Thulor have both.

ll. 15, 16. darraðr, cp. Hakm. 8: siklingi 'síðan,' tame and suspicious: read, ok siklings syni? or, ok Sigtryggi hans syni fylgjom.

ll. 17, 18. Dubious text, but the meaning clear: the Walcyries or Norns say they will throw a *sheltering shield*, hlíf-skioldr (Dict. 261), around the young prince.

l. 20 we know not how to put right. Perhaps read—

Svá at ungr konungr angri firrisk.

So that no harm may betide the young king.

l. 22. The right phrase is skiptask hæggom við; skiptask vápnom is unidiomatic: ll. 15-26 appear to be a charm for the young king.

ll. 27 sqq. Forecasting the death of Brian and Sigrod.

¹ Thus Niala: the unique MS. of Thorstan's Saga has here a corrupt reading, where under 'við skóginn' one spies the true 'skó-þveng sinn.'

² The word remains in Trolla-dyngja (Titaness' Bower), Iceland's greatest volcano (lately described in Mr. W. G. Lock's vivid Monograph 'Askia,' 1882), where the Titanesses are fancied beating the loom in subterranean caverns.

l. 38. Spá-varðar = spá-dísir (?). This line ought to follow l. 40, where it fits in as apodosis; after l. 37 there are certainly several lines missing.

l. 40. sigr-hlióð, a *Pæan*, copied by Lawman Sturla, cp. angr-lióð, Helgi i. 341. Some one is represented as eavesdropping and listening to the song, cp. Spell Song 33, 34.

BOOK V. *Lay of Gripi*, (p. 285.)

Of all the Eddic songs this is the gentlest, but also the most prosy; it is a *summary* of the whole Sigfred story. The Welcome scene (ll. 1-20) is noticeable, that and nothing more. Text plainer and less corrupt than usual; yet we have a few emendations to add.

l. 19. þigg-þú her, ellipt., house (gisting) or the like understood, cp. vol. ii, p. 556, § 9, l. 5.

l. 52. víg-risinn, cp. Old G. L. 97.

l. 58. The sense requires 'wrapt in fire,' hence the emendation is supplied by Wak. 79, W. W. L. 72, both which songs the Gripi poet would have known: in 'eptir' we espy 'sveipinn.' Some hero's name may underlie 'Helga.' [Hencgest?]

l. 82. Mangled; read, leita eptir (?).

l. 103 = vilt-ki, cp. G. W. 172.

l. 188. Mangled text, emendation clear; read, þa es þú etc., Giúka arfa á grið trúðir, when thou art *heartily* trusting G.'s sons; Sigfred being betrayed (í griðom) by Giúki's sons.

l. 199. sífungi, see Atlam. 304, Thulor 218. An old law term.

• l. 209. A well-known saw (mát?), cp. Atlam. 161.

Long Brunhild Lay, (p. 293.)

The following cluster of Lays, contained in §§ 2, 3, we have called *Tapestry Songs*, from the frequent embroidery scenes here depicted, Long Br. L. 291; O. G. L. 46-55, 68-74, 84; Oddr. 62-67; or *Lamentations* or *Monologue Songs*, L. Br. L. 135-169, 211-288, 305-342; Sh. B. L. 59-76; Oddr. 50-125; Old G. L. 1-140; Gkv.; Tregr. 9-57. Cp. also the tapestry scenes in the *Lacuna Lays*, vol. i, p. 391, and oftener. See the like scenes in English poems—

þa wæs hátæn hraðe Heort innan weard
folmom gefrætwod, fela þæra wæs
wera ond wífa þe þæt wín-reced
gest-sele gyredon. Goldfæg scinon
web after wagum, wundor-seóna fela
secga gehwylcum, þára þe on swylc starad.—*Beow.* 991-996.

It is to little purpose that in *Wolsunga Saga* we have a paraphrase of the *Tapestry Songs* and of *Atli's Lay*, much closer than those in *Ynglinga Saga*, *Edda*, *Flatey-book*, of *Ynglingatal*, *Wolospa*, and *Hyndla's Lay*, which have furnished us with the clue to a thorough restoration of the latter poems; for, while the paraphrasts of these had at hand good, complete texts, our *Wolsunga* paraphrast had but a sister MS. to our disorderly text; hence his paraphrase is in most instances practically useless, all deep-seated errors being common to both. The text of all these lays is in a sad plight, and we have but little to offer as an after-math of emendation.

A sprinkling of kennings, though mostly neither pungent, original, nor imaginative—e. g. *lady*, menja mörk, Long B. L. 189; men-skögl, 159; gollz vár, 294; linn-vengis (gold's) Bil, Ordr. 120: *man*, her-glötuðr, Short Br. L. 20, 71; sörvá deilir, Ordr. 122; bauga deilir, 75; hring-broti, 83; eggleiks (battle's) hvötoðr, O. G. L. 109: *gold*, ormbeðs eldr (!), Gkv. 103; linn-vengi, Ordr. 120; Grana

hlið-farmr, 79; Rínar malmr, L. B. L. 66; *battle*, folk-roð, Short Br. L. 36: *fire*, víðar herr, Long Br. L. 324 (better hrót-garm). Better are, Menjo neit (gold), Long Br. L. 210; varga leifar (wood), Old G. L. 35; alfa græti (dew?), Tregr. 2; árnus um-dögg (smoke), Old G. L. 130, etc. See the Excursus.

Characteristic of these lays is the emphasising *repetition*, Short Br. L. 3, 4; L. Br. L. 71, 72, 83, 84, 147, 148, 249, 250; O. G. L. 75, 76; Oddr. 26; Gkv. 3, 4, 75, 76; cp. also Tregr. 9, 10, 36-40; O. G. L. 24-26. In other lays it is rare, Righ 143, 144; Þkv. 120, 121, and probably owing to a faulty text.

l. 13. seggr inn sudrœni, echo from Akv. 8; cp. *disir Sudrœnar*, Vkv. 4, Helgi i. 64. The use of this word is strange, cp. Exeter-Book Riddles, 3rd series, II; *superne secg*, and in the Lay of Bryhtnoth, l. 134, *superne gár*.

l. 16. Mark the confused fashion in which our poet uses *Hunnish*, mostly applying it to Sigfred, cp. ll. 33, 75, 264, 265, O. G. L. 50, Atlam. 362.

l. 30. In 'isa iocla' we espy 'eiskaldi,' O. W. Pl. 166; vol. ii, p. 218, l. 3. Brunhild's *passion* is the subject-matter of these lines.

l. 32. 'sveipr í' ripti, lame in grammar, cp. Righ 78; read, sveip (pret.) í ripti, cp. l. 50.

l. 33. *fria*, meaningless (*fríða*?).

l. 34. Cp. Gkv. 90 (*vön sé sú vætr 'vers ok barna'*).

l. 37. *láta*, with dat., cp. l. 61, 214, Long Br. L. 214.

l. 46. A proverb, cp. O. W. Pl. v. 77.

ll. 47, 48. One espies 'hefnda leita' under 'hefnd léttari,' and 'til saca' under 'sata.'

l. 51. *vilgi* only means *very*; the error lies in the verb, the negative suffix having been dropped; hence Dict. p. 706 a, s. v. *vilgi*, dele II; also in Þd. 4 there lurks an error, perhaps = *vilgi glæggr*, *very canny*.

l. 58. *ganga frá bónda sínom*, to divorce oneself, cp. Unnr gekk frá Hrúti, Laxdæla, ch. 19. Again, *ganga með veri*, to take a husband, marry, O. G. L. 88.

l. 71. By guess, or *sœri* . . .?

l. 79. A counterpart to l. 108.

l. 87. *her-giarn*, suspicious; the object to 'varp' is missing, and it must be the sword 'Gram,' a synonym for which is concealed under 'giarn:' for *revenge* read *weapon*.

l. 98. *sváran*, adverbially, cp. 104.

l. 101. *brœðr*, so also the paraphrase; in Gudrun's case a slender comfort, her brothers being her husband's murderers; we must read 'bur:' note that a *son* was left; the daughter Swanhild seems to have been a posthumous child.

l. 106. *siau alir*, the meaning would be 'when we are gone' (*þa es sém allir?*): *systur ver*, *brother-in-law*.

l. 116. See Dict., p. 672 a, l. 6.

l. 122. *haukstalda*, loan-word from English.

l. 124. '*glöð á golfi*,' manifestly wrong; we suggest *gylfra*, a *hag*, *beldame*, to be concealed under '*golfi*;' the word occurs in Sverr. Saga; see Dict. 221 b.

l. 132. What is '*ovo*?' cp. Atlam. I (ofrmod?).

l. 153. *mögom mínom*, necessitated by the sense.

l. 168. Cp. Dict. 380 b, s. v. *leiða* (to lead) II.

ll. 174, 175. Her husband alone clasped her *neck*, the rest standing aloof.

l. 186. We read, *hon oss borin óvilja til*.

l. 199. *brók*, cp. Hamð. 26.

l. 204. The frequent mention in these songs of the linen-veiled ladies recalls Paul the Deacon, Bk. iv, ch. 22—*Vestimenta vero eis erant laxa et maxime linea, qualia Angli-Saxones habere solent*.

- l. 210. *neit*, already explained in Dict. 451 b.
- l. 213. *i sundi* should be obelised: read, *your two lives shall be hale = you shall survive and be merry*.
- l. 215. The use of the dual is treated in Dict. 733 a, s. v. *þeir*, B. 2, to which add—*id N.* (= *N. and yourself, thyself*), Grip. 147, Ord. 7, L. Br. L. 215, Völkv. 166, Skíða R. 231: *við N.* (= *N. and myself*), Skirn. 77, Harb. 37, L. Br. L. 341, Völkv. 169, Þrymskv. 49, 83; also in Old Engl. poetry, Beow. l. 2002, Widsith, l. 103 (wit Scilling), Satan 411, Cædm. 387 (unc Adame). For survivals of the dual in Homeric Greek see Kühn's Beiträge, 1877, for an article by Wackernagel.
- l. 217. *dóttor alna*, necessary emendation, viz. the dying Sigfrid prophesies the birth of Swanhild.
- l. 239. *gyrja man*, emendation suggested by vol. ii, p. 359, VII. 4.
- l. 254. Treated in General Introduction; Hamð. 7 affords the key.
- ll. 262-284. The Burial Scene is all mangled and awry, nor can it fully be restored. A horse, a hawk, and a dog are mentioned in Fas. iii. 378: the paraphrase—*enn á aðra hönd hónum mína menn, tveir at fótum, tvá hauka*; but the paraphrast had only a maimed text before him, essentially the same as our R.
- l. 278. *Heljar*, necessary emendation, cp. the following 'drive to Hades.'
- l. 286. *miðoðr*, *Fate, Destroyer* rather than *sword*; cp. however Wak. 109 (restored text), Oddr. 61.
- l. 292. Brunhild drives to Death in the company of Guðrun's husband.
- l. 293. Vallandi, Gaul (Normandy, Brittany) would be meant.
- ll. 309 sqq. Treated in General Introduction; the Lacuna-poems afford the clue.
- ll. 316, 317. Helm-Gundhere and Aud, who are they? cp. W. W. L. 83, 84.
- l. 319. *Scata-lund = Oðins vé*.

Short Brunhild Lay, (p. 306.)

- The text is very mangled and fragmentary; the transpositions made improve matters a little, yet there are yawning gaps.
- ll. 11, 12. Like the witches' broth in Macbeth; the ingredients, owing to the bad text, cannot wholly be made out. Another version, but still corrupt, is in the paraphrase, vol. ii, p. 530, ll. 12, 13.
- l. 19. He is *listening* to the dialogue of the raven and eagle; hence the emendation 'hlæra' for 'hræra' suggests itself, there being only one single letter's difference: for 'fót' we read 'fiölð'; this iteration is just in keeping with our Tapestry poet's wont; cp. Tregr. 9 and oftener. The raven's prophecy, before Sigfred's death, is exactly paralleled by the raven's foreboding Osgar's fall as he goes forth on his last journey. Cp. the older and more horrible portents met by Cuchullin.
- ll. 20, 21. *her-glötoðr*, cp. l. 71: for 'baðmi' read 'bavðui', in keeping with l. 16 just above.
- l. 31. *nióta 'landa'* is unidiomatic, see Dict. s. v. *nióta*, B. I.
- l. 36. Five sons, as in the German legends; in earlier Eddic songs they are but three, one a half brother only.
- ll. 53-56. Maimed and obscure.
- l. 66. Cp. the Excursus, vol. i, p. 423.

Lamentation of Orðrun, (p. 309.)

- l. 8. Read, *ok á svartan ío*; 'ok á' is to be scanned slurred (better, *ok á svangan ío*, cp. l. 11 below).
- ll. 14, 15. Quite a maze, the clue is missing; many lines lost.

l. 22. Who is Wilmund? This poem if perfect would have given the key to the juncture of the Sigfred and Attila cycles.

l. 27. *bitra* must be wrong; read, *burðar galdra*, or the like, for *midwife charms* are meant; in translation read 'birth' or 'midwife charms.'

ll. 28, 29. Wholly obscure; the child is born.

l. 33. 'fleiri goð' cannot be right.

ll. 33-39. Obscure; Ordrun did not render help for love's sake, but because of her vow.

l. 42. á *fiorgynjo*, meaningless.

l. 45. Gundhere was Ordrun's secret lover, cp. l. 93.

l. 58. Paraphrased, *borgar geta* (i. e. *gæta*).

l. 62. Cp. O. G. L. l. 2.

ll. 63-67 should have been obelised; it is all a *tapestry scene*, recounting (like O. G. L. 46-55) all the items embroidered on the canvass. The words are partly visible through the maze of the corrupt text by the aid of a parallel contained in one of the *Lacuna Lays* (if that same lay were preserved, we might have the means of restoring the text); see p. 391 and vol. ii, p. 353—*hon lagði sinn borða með gulli, ok saumaði á þau stór-merki er Sigurðr hafði gört, dráp Ormsins, ok upp-töku fiárinis, ok dauða Regins: under 'um sik' we espy á skriptom, cp. O. G. L. 48: under 'iörð dúsabi' auðs upp tǫko, or the like.*

l. 85. *orðit*, cp. *Atlam.* 77, *Hallfred* i, l. 96.

l. 100. O. G. L. presents a parallel as to grammar; but '*hofgullionna*,' *golden-hoofed*, is meaningless; we would read *hóf-giallanda*, *the hoof-clattering*, cp. *Catullus' soni-pes* (copied by *Vergil*).

ll. 104-110. The harping scene is altogether Western; yet the incident is here localised in *Jutland* (l. 109), cp. *Atlam.* 16. *Geirmund* is the father of *Offa* in another cycle of tales; cp. *Matthew Paris' Vita Offæ*, and *Saxo's Garmundus*.

l. 122. Read, *sorva*, dealer of treasures.

ll. 123-125. Ordrun's epilogue: l. 126, the poet's *envoy*.

Fragments from the Lost Lays of the Lacuna, (p. 314.)

v. i. The paraphrase runs—*ok svá mundi þótt hafa enum fyrnum frændum þínum . . . ok mun-þú eigi hafa þeirra skaplyndi, er fyrst eru talðir til allz frama, Vols. S. ch. 13: or rather—Eigi má þer ráð ráða, er þú ert við hvat-vetna hræddr, ok ertu ólíkr þínum frændum at hughreysti, ch. 18.*

vv. 2-4 are entirely in the vein of the *Tapestry poet*. l. 16. *hnipnaði*, cp. O. G. L. 15, 19; cp. also *Egil's Saga* for the bursting of the sark.

The Old Lay of Gudrun, (p. 316.)

This is from one end to the other a *Lamentation Lay*; *Thiodrek* is never made to utter a word. It is in a sad plight; the needful transpositions however clear the way through the pathetic Euripidean strain, though one is still stayed by gaps and hindered by obscure lines.

l. 9. at þingi, see the context. The *Short Brunhild Lay* follows a similar story, cp. the prose, vol. ii, p. 531.

l. 14. *úrog-hlýra*, cp. *Tregr.* 7: the trait of the sympathetic horse is noticeable.

l. 23. One would suggest, *leita þú Sigurðar*; the sentence as it stands is hardly idiomatic; cp. the following, where *Gudrun* goes forth in quest of her slain husband. South-way is Germany, as East-way is the Baltic country, this nomenclature starting from the Wick.

l. 36. We have already suggested this, *Dict.* 714 b; cp. *ok hæfir fyrir því, sála*,

ef þú villt, at eigi hvarfi ást þín ein saman, goer hána þó eigi svá víð-ræsa, sem ill-kvendi gera, bióðaz öllum, en unna engum—[*Helgra manna*, SS. (ed. Unger) i. 455]: varga leifar = *wolves' heritage*, the wild forest. The lines here added in R. are quite out of place and drawn from the other lay, where Gudrun sits weeping over her husband murdered by her side in her *bed*.

l. 39. Right in the paraphrase—Síðan hvarf Guðrún brott 'á skóga, ok heyrði alla vega frá ser varga þyt;' indeed, 'ulfar þuto' is concealed under 'þotoz.'

l. 41. Under 'brendi' we espy birnir; the sweet sap of the young birch is the bear's dainty, cp. Sværris S., in the passage cited Dict. 772, s. v. birkja,—þeir áto safa ok sugo birkju víð, where dele article birkinn.

ll. 41-45. Half and Thora are else unknown; one here recalls the hall of Heort.

ll. 46-55. The greatest of all the embroidery scenes, reminding one of the Bayeux tapestry; indeed, judging from it, they cannot be far distant in time. Lines 68-74 below are clearly part and parcel of this passage; the list of names and apparel mark them out as such; they should therefore be removed to after l. 55; where they now stand they clog the story, and are unexplainable. 'Iofrom likir' (l. 71) is meaningless; we read, í iǫfor-líkjom, *in boar helmets*; Beowulf gives the key—

... efor lic sceonon

ofer hleór wera gehroden golde—l. 303.

For 'steyppta' (l. 73) we read stopða, *helmets steeple-high*, cp. vol. ii, p. 216, l. 8. The names Iarizlaf, Iariscar, are most likely corrupt, the flow of the lines indicates as much: for Waldere see note to Lay of Hlod and Angantheow. Respecting Sigar (l. 155) cp. Hyndla's Lay, the Prose Paraphrase, vol. ii, p. 519, v, the race of 'Siklings.' In one of the Lays of the Lacuna, the famous story of Sighere and Siggar is told in a fuller way, see vol. i, p. 392; see also Ynglingatal. Cp. Saxo. The incident of Bevis of Hampton, where Josiana hangs the Earl, is the last echo of Sigar's Legend.

l. 55. The Wolsunga paraphrast has altered Fivi into Fioni (Fíui = Fíūi), cp. Sighvat iv. 20 (or Fifi norðan), and Orkn. S.,—hann fór þá allt suðr á Fífi ok lagði undir sik landit, p. 34, Rolls Edition. Mark the use of suðr, norðan. These three instances are the sole ones in Old Northern literature where the name of the Scotch kingdom occurs, whilst the Danish isle Fion is spoken of scores of times, and must have been well known, even to the paraphrast, from Iomswickinga Saga, a popular story circulated in many copies.

ll. 56-58. Right in the paraphrase—Þetta spyrr Grímhildr hvar Guðrún 'er niðr komin; heimtir á tal sono sína.'

ll. 66, 67. *ý-bogi, bow of yew tree*, decidedly English, cp. the hawk's portrait in the Exeter-Book's Business of Men, where he is seen training the 'Welsh bird.'

ll. 68 sqq. Else unknown names, save Waldhere: read Wascom.

ll. 69, 70. Cp. Hlod and Angantheow Lay, ll. 1-3.

l. 81. at þinn foðor, read frum-ver, a word used by our poet, L. Br. L. 242.

l. 82. Hlödveß, a Frankish name, cp. Valland, L. Br. L. 293.

ll. 92, 93. 'hildingom' and 'þoat' are required by the sense.

l. 95. sono, that is to say, by her new husband.

l. 97. Elsewhere veitask vǫrar, vol. ii, p. 527, l. 30.

l. 99. See the General Introduction, p. lxxxix: hækinn, besides here, occurs only in Merl. ii. 67; but is frequent in Dan. and mod. Norwegian (see Ivar Aasen): 'corse-harpy' is merely a synonym for 'raven' or 'eagle.'

l. 114. The place-name looks like one of the poet's inventions—Wine-hill.

l. 119. bani brøðra, whereby Attila is meant, a presage of future tragedy.

ll. 122, 123. Paralleled by Hyndla's Lay, vol. ii, p. 516 a (reconstructed text).

'Sónar' (-u) we take to be identical with *Sóma*, the divine nectar; cp. *Excursus*, vol. ii, p. 462; the change of *m* into *n* we account for as a mere corruption. The word, by the way, only occurs in genitive form, *sónar* (*n* before *a*); traces of the original *m* are however still found in the derivative, *Suftung*, qs. *Sumptung*, *Sumtung*, and perhaps in *sumr*, *Thulor*, l. 318; the *o* being long is proved by lines such as vol. ii, p. 51, l. 10 (for in the third measure -u is required).

ll. 125 sqq. in part obscure; what is 'landz Haddingja?' probably a synonym for serpent, *landz huitingr* or *landz fyldingr*; render, *the trout of the earth*: *innleið* (entrails?), if correct, explains perhaps the writhing curves of the Golden Horns: l. 129 quite corrupt. Cp. however Harding's necromancy and magic adventures, told at length in *Saxo*, bk. i, from a lost *Saga*.

l. 133. Mangled text; for the hypothesis we once had in mind, *Dict.* 326 b, l. 8 from bottom, is too unsafe.

l. 135. *valnesk*, *ἄκ. λέγ.*, else always *valsk-r*; unsafe text one would think; read, *vala-ript varið* (?), *ladies clad in stuffs of Gaul* (?); *hafð í vagna*, faulty in metre, read, *í vagna hafð*.

l. 140. The end is missing, for the fragment below, p. 347, is wholly different.

The Ordeal of Gudrun, (p. 322.)

The best and earliest description of a heathen ordeal. Cf. *Æthelstan's Laws*. The metre falls here and there; e. g. l. 1, 'arfi' is better than *sonr*: l. 21, 'gram' is doubtful; l. 27, second half somehow harsh.

l. 2. þó, not því, cp. *Dict.* 742 b, s. v. þó, A. II. 1.

l. 10. Cp. *unnar-steini*, *Helgi* i. 260.

l. 12. *vörð né verr*, alliterative law phrase, *husband and wife*.

l. 15. This line is an 'aside'; the suffixed negation has dropped out; it is here restored to make the lines run right.

l. 16. 'We talked of our woes.' *Gudrun's Tale of Woe* is contained in *Old Gudrun Lay* above.

l. 17. Read— *Lifa þrír einir þriggja tego manna*,
but three are left of these thirty men; cp. *Þjóðrekr konungr var með Atla, ok hafð þar 'látið fiesta alla menn sína.'*—R (Prose), vol. ii, p. 531.

ll. 19, 20. *hneppt em-ek* is not the right word; we require a participle, meaning *bereft*, *hnugginn* (*hnugin emc = h'incto mic*). Read—

Hnuggin em-ek bræðrom ok buri ungom,
hnuggin em-ek ollom hqfoð-niðjom;

cp. *Grimm*. 135, vol. ii, p. 243, l. 70. In 'brynjoðom' (a manifest corruption) we surmise 'buri ungom,' i. e. *Sigmund*, *Gudrun's* infant son, whom the brothers had slain.

l. 21. *Saxi*, King of the Southerlings (South Teutons), only known from here.

l. 23. *siau hund segga*, *seven companies of men* would be better.

ll. 31, 32. 'sykn em ek orðin heilagliga' is an aside.

l. 39. *í mýri*, exactly *Tacitus*, 'cæno ac palude, injecta super crate,' *Germ.* 12.

l. 40. *sykn*, the word required by sense and alliteration, has been dropped; 'svapa,' corrupt from *sva vrb*.

The Tale of Gudrun, (p. 323.)

Iliad vi. 400 sqq. presents some analogies to our poem.

l. 32. *hapta ok her-numa*, cp. *O. W.* Pl. 87.

l. 33. 'síðan verða,' *varða*, gen. pl. of *vörð* (a wedded wife?).

l. 41. In the translation read 'husband's' for 'son's.'

l. 48. Put right, Dict. 693 b, s. v. vengi.

l. 59. 'tresc' is clearly the Old French word *tresce*, mod. Fr. *tresse*, Engl. *tress*. In French it can be traced back to the twelfth century; our poem will move it a century and a half farther up.

ll. 66-71. Lines 68-69 have been severed and thrust in elsewhere in the Old G. L. between ll. 5 and 6; thus—'sva var S. vf sonom Giuka | sem veri groenn laukr or grasi vaxinn, | eða hiortr há beinn um hvossom dýrom, | eða goll gl. af grá silfri : ' the broken simile we have put together here, where it is in full harmony with our lay.

ll. 74, 75. iolstr or ilstri is a name of the *willow*, Thulor, l. 440; for the same simile, see Hamtheow Lay, l. 20. In the English read 'shorn' for 'shrunk.'

ll. 95-98 remind one of Helen of Troy, *νυμφόκλαυτος Ἐρινύς, δορίγαμβρος* (as Æschylus calls her) *ἑλένας ἑλανδρος ἑλέπολις*, cp. Helgi and Sigrun, p. 151, ll. 158 and 250.

ll. 96, 105, 106, corrupt; we have yet to find the key to the riddle: who, too, were the seven kings?

Gudrun's Chain of Woe, or Treg-róf, (p. 329.)

See respecting this poem the notes and text of Hamtheow Lay.

ll. 1-4 are in the main obscure; 'á tai' and 'ár um morgin' (l. 3) point to a scene in the *forecourt early of a morning*, where the pyre is erected: *græti alfa, elfin tears, the dew?* l. 4, *kveykva* must refer to the lighting of the pyre, hence 'sútir hverjar sorg' should be obelised.

l. 10. *vegin* at húsi, render, *I have been wedded to*; to 'be driven home' is an old legal term, *conduci, uehi*, cp. O. G. L. 135, Rigsm. 159.

ll. 16-18 are part of the Old Lay of Hamtheow; *hnóf* (ἄπ. λεγ.), pret. of *hnúfa*, *to crop off*; cp. the Norwegian law word *núfa* (i. e. *hnúfa*), Dict. 277 a.

l. 30. Cp. L. B. Lay, ll. 219, 220.

l. 34. 'es þeir' required by the grammar, for 'tröddo' can only be pret. indic.

ll. 40, 41 we have tried to restore here by following up the parallelism; after Högna a word has still to be added for metre's sake. The lines are imitated by the compiler of *Laxdæla* in the famous passage where Gudrun tells her favourite son, Bolli, the secret of her heart.

l. 48. Better, *þá es vit á þeð bæði stigom, or gengom*, cp. l. 23 above.

ll. 54, 55. We believe there is a lacuna here.

l. 57. To this emendation we have the key in *Ordrun's Lay*, 'nú es um gengian Grátr Oddrúnar,' and in *Sona-torrek*, l. 94, though there too the text had to be restored, yet in both cases safely we trust.

The Greenland Lay of Atli—Atla-mál, (p. 332.)

Proverbs—ll. 5, 40, 72, 96, 110, 161, 236, 248, 260-262, 280, 281, 332.

l. 1. 'ofo' is suspicious; the word may be *ofa-þrá*, *tragedy*: in the measure before the line-pause this poem (the exceptions being some ten out of nearly four hundred) has -o (not oo). The comma should stand before 'þa.'

l. 2. Thus; for 'nýtt' = *knýtt* is an impossibility; these asides are favourites with the poet, cp. ll. 5, 14, 21, 26, 43, 54, 67, 77, 126, 156, 180, 225, etc.

l. 3. Cp. Akv., l. 5, as finally restored, *Introd.* p. cxxv.

l. 5. *Sköp æxto skuldir* (?), cp. Helgi and Sigr. 2.

l. 17. Cp. Akv. 159: l. 18, better *ugðo*.

l. 19. *förn*, offering, a Christian word, derived from ecclesiastical Latin.

l. 26. *svip-vísi*, cp. L. B. L. 50.

l. 29. Read, *meyjar* for 'mærar.'

l. 34. The wording was *equivocal*. Note that *silent reading* was unknown to the ancients; they read (as common people, at least in Iceland, still do) by moving the tongue and muttering.

l. 37. *drótt-lát*, epithet of a lady, perhaps borrowed from some lost line of the Old Atli Lay.

ll. 48, 49. Corrupt; for *leita* read *letja*?

l. 65. The white Polar bear was unknown before the discovery of Iceland, where however he is merely a chance guest, coming and leaving again on the floes of Polar ice; cp. *Ingimundr* [the Settler] *fann bero ok húna tvá hvíta á Húna-vatni; eptir þat fór hann útan ok gaf Haraldi konungi* [Fairhair] *dýrin. Ekki höfðu menn áðr í Nóregi séð hvíta-biörno.*—*Landn.* iii. ch. 3 [early tenth century]. By the discovery of Greenland [end of tenth century] Europeans reached the home of the Polar bear. Hence this image is quite conclusive as to the age and place of the poem; and justifies the *title* 'Greenlandish' given it in R.

l. 69. Text unsafe. The meaning must be, 'thy sark was dyed in blood.'

l. 83. An echo of *Atla-mál*, 45 (as emended, *Introd.* p. cxxx).

ll. 89, 90. Paraphrase—*þar munu renna* (wave) *akrar er þú hugðir ána; ok er ver göngum akrinn, nema opt stórar agnir færtr vára.* Here is a good verse from a North Engl. Ballad—

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladie,
—sic dreamis are never guid—
I dreamt my bour was full of red swine,
and the wa's ran down wi' bluid.

Which an Icelandic Ballad gives thus—

Mig dreymdi í dúrnum þau hin svörtu svín,
þau rótuðu upp moldu með rönunum sín.

And so on.—*Isl. Fornkvæði*, No. 21.

l. 96. *feigð*, following the paraphrase—ok má ekki forðazt sitt aldrag.

l. 98. For 'litr' as a day-mark, see *Dict.* 390 b, s. v. *lit*, 2.

l. 110. The wording unsafe; it is a proverb, respecting the inviolability of the stranger.

ll. 123-124. '*rifo kiöl halfan*' and '*brugdosk heldr reiðir*' are meaningless; underneath the former we espy, *ræði skialfa*, in the latter, *brusto háreiðir*; the whole running—

Roa námo ríki, ræði skialfa,
beysto bak-föllom, brusto há-reiðir, etc.,

i. e. *the oars shivered, the rowlocks burst.* We find a parallel to this passage in the Rowing Scene in *Grettla*—*Þorgeirr fell þá svá fast á árar, at af gengu baðir háirnir . . . höfðu svá lúisk árarar, at Grettir hristi þær í sundr á borðinu . . . Grettir preif erði tvau, er lágu í skipinu ok rak boror stórar á borð-stokkunum.*—[*Grett.* ch. 50.] We meet the phrase *ræði skialfa* in *Snorri's Hattatal*, verse 75. Is it not echoed from *Atli's Lay*?

l. 149. What is concealed beneath *forðoðo fingrom*?

l. 155. For '*silfri*' read *sörvom*, *amber beads*, of which necklaces were made; of course silver (unless bad) would not be *shivered* though cast about; instead of '*baugar*' read '*steinar*.' Cp. the breaking of the necklace in *Hord's Saga*, *Reader*,

p. 97—Men hennar lá á kníóm henni . . . ok hraut menit or kníóm henni, ok *brast* er á golfit kom.

l. 156. Read, *ypði létt hurðom?*

l. 165. Cp. Hakm. 14, Dict. 286. For the Amazon-like exploits of Gudrun (ll. 165-172), cp. Freydis in Eric Red's Saga (Flatey-book i, ch. 432).

l. 175. 'ósárir' is required by the sense; the letter-stress may fall on either of the components; it here falls on *s*.

l. 178. The sequence of the hours of the day is deranged; we would restore and read, *undorn ok aptan, önd-verða nátt (morning, noon), afternoon, evening, early night*, cp. Vsp. 25, 26.

l. 181. *átján þeir fellðo*, cp. Paraphrase—*drepit átjan (xix. Cd.) kappa mína*.

ll. 183 sqq. Several incidents in the following lines are only known from this poem.

l. 188. I. e. 'Two died a natural death, two slain, I alone am left.'

l. 196. *Í heljo (?)*, ok *sveltir í hel ok myrðir* [Paraphrase].

l. 217. *es skyldi váss gjalda*; what is that?

l. 220. *brás*, a *cook, scullion?*

l. 230. *drótt-megir (the henchmen)*, cp. Akv. 5, Vpm. 42; *dag-megir* yields no meaning.

ll. 237, 238. No clue is as yet found to these lines; a wide gap, too, seems to fall here, for lines 239 sqq. represent Atli as *returning* from Gundhere's death.

l. 248. *æva* for *opt*; *hafna góðo*, to throw away a good chance, here a kind of proverb; cp. Gunnar Paulsson's (vol. ii, p. 410)—

*Half eru ráð í hendi manns : að hafna og taka góðu,
liggur þeir við lánið hans : á lífs og andar slóðu.*

l. 254. *hotvetna*, cp. l. 353, always so in ancient vellums; *hvat-vetna* the later form.

l. 256. *ok í lundi óxom*, in a Ballad strain.

l. 261 we take to be drawn from the game of *hnefa-tafl*, cp. Heidrek's Riddles, vv. 19 and 25; when the pawns are gone the king is in straits.

l. 262. Cp. the Scottish Ballad—

*Thomas, herkyn what I the saye:
When a tree [at] rote is dede
the leves fallis and wytis awaye,
froyte it beris none whyte ne rede.*

l. 270. *sumbl* or 'it same.' Paraphrase—*Gudrún gærir nú erfi eptir sína bræðr, ok svá Atli konungr eptir sína menn*.

l. 274. *es léko við stokki*, cp. *Þá gekk Hörðr (the baby) fyrsta sinni frá stokki*.— [Harð. S., Reader, p. 97.]

ll. 279 sqq. Text unsafe; we see the sayings, *Gefa ró reiði*, cp. Malsh. 13.

l. 298. *Emend., enn þú ázt* [Paraphrase].

l. 300. *Emend.*; perhaps better, *barna áztu þinna bráðir (obelise the rest)*.

l. 314. The Paraphrase—*þú spár þer þat sialfum; enn ek mun hlióta annan dauða*.

l. 315. Cp. the Icel. Fifth Court formula—*í þvísa líósi ok öðro*; see poem by the English Chronicler on Eadgar's death. Cp. also last lines of *Sona-Torrek*.

l. 335. Cp. *gafsk ván at lygi*.—[Agrim.]

l. 345. Paraphrase—*nema þú réðir löndum þeim er átt hafði Buðli konungr*.

l. 347. *sværa*, we have recovered the partner-word, vol. ii, p. 104, l. 29.

l. 363. Paraphrase—*ok var þat lítið at bera ekkju nafn*.

ll. 366-369. Somewhat unsafe; some law term one fancies.

l. 384. 'Þrá-mæli,' perhaps meant to be the *title*, cp. *Odhrúnar-Grátr* and *Tregróf*.

Fragment of an Atli Lay, (p. 347.)

l. 12. *visna*; the sense requires this word. The Paraphrase here, as so often elsewhere, shares the error of the text.

l. 14. *boðnr* mer at éta [Paraphrase].

l. 22 seems to be an echo or imitation of the Old Atli Lay, l. 40 (but unfortunately also in a mangled state).

Hlod and Angantheow Lay, (p. 348.)

ll. 1-4 look like a bit of a separate song, parallel to the English Traveller's Lay, ll. 15-35—

Atla weold Hunum, Eormanrec Gotum, etc.

l. 2. Gitzor (qs. Gisrod, Gisfred). His egging kings on to strife is alluded to in the Proverb Song, l. 185, a legend drawn from the *Hlod and Angantheow Lay*: Grytingom, an obvious emendation; for the Saga (from lost lines of the Lay) calls Gitzor the *Champion of the Greothings* (*Grýtinga-liði*): Iordanes and Ammianus have preserved the name of this clan or tribe (*Greotingi*).

l. 3. There was a famous Cear, King of Munster; cp. also *Weyland's Lay*.

Waldarr, Waldhere—the hero-patriarch of the wide-spread Walter family—calls for a special notice. He is famed in song, the hero of an old English Epic (of which a fragment was lately unearthed at Copenhagen), and of the Latin tenth-century '*Waltharii Poema*' (Ed. Grimm, 1838), where he is termed '*Rex Aquitaniæ*,' which Grimm rightly takes to be a rendering of the alliterative '*Waldhere*' of '*Wasconoland*' of the Old Teuton Ballads; hence in this line we would read—

Valdarr Vöskom enn Vølom Kiarr.

In O. G. L., l. 69, in the great tapestry scene, he reappears, though in a deranged text. Here, too, we suspect a '*Valdarr Vöskom*,' or '*Valdarr inn Mildr af Vaskalandi*' (?), for '*með Iarizleifi*' is manifestly corrupt. His name has also been stuck into the *Scioldung* lineage (though only in a side line), see vol. ii, p. 522. This is all that remains of him by *name* in old Northern Song or Saga, for no historical Valdarr occurs anywhere in the Icelandic Sagas (*Landnama* or *Lives of Kings*). Yet in the old Sagas we find *indirect* traces of his and Hildigund's love—(1) In *Laxdæla Saga*, Ceartan's death¹, where Ospac eggs Bolli on to draw his sword and stand no longer a mere on-looker at the fight (*Reader*, pp. 23, 24), the clause *Enn er Ospakr sá* and the following passage recall in wording and phrase *Gundhere's* harangue to *Hagano*, *Walth.*, ll. 1064 sqq. (2) In *Gunlaug and Raven's* fight, mentioned in *Excursus III* to vol. ii, where we have put on record our opinion that once upon a time *Waldhere's* and *Hildigund's* story ended *tragically*², and that the good monk

¹ The death of Ceartan, slain by the sons of Oswife, is historical (see *Landnama*, Bk. ii, ch. 11), into which Bolli's and Gudrun's parts are woven in by the legend. For if, as the Saga relates, Bolli was the real slayer, and dealt the death-wound, why did he alone escape scot free? The brothers were all outlawed, and settled in Norway, they and their descendants, of whom Archbishop Eystan was one.

² *Helga's* is a romantic figure, preserving the features of the *Hildigund* of the old poems. The Saga exhibits many other traits which point to mythic additions from old songs. The last fight is manifestly inartistic in its incidents; thus *Raven* is maimed like *Gundhere*, but is slain directly afterwards, whereas in the original the

who put Waltharius into his Latin garb has, in this point, tampered with his originals, the old Teuton Ballads. In the course of the Waltharii Poema many allusions—Walther's presentiments, Hildigund's silence and gentleness—point to a tragic end to come. The poetical 'motive' requires it; for a mere battle, be the blows ever so thick, may be an incident, but can never be the main subject of a true old song. But we must here forbear, and appeal to the *reader's* poetical sense. How glad we should be to know how the English 'Waldere' poet unravelled his story. The English Ballads, the Lay's spiritual descendants, speak to a tragical end. Professor Child's Ballads afford fresh proof of this.

ll. 5-8. The hero is born in full armour (cp. Helgi i. 21, 22), like Athene springing out of Jove's head.

ll. 24-32 and 47-49 read as law-formulas. With these terms compare those in Beowulf (ll. 1086-1089) between Finn and Hengest—

Ac hig him geþingo budon,
 þat hie him óder flet eal gerýmdon
 healle and heáh-setl, þæt hie healfre gewæld
 wið Eótena bearn ágan móston
 ond æt feoh-gyftum Folc-waldan sunu
 dógra gehwylce Dene weorþode,
 Hengestes héap, hringum wenede
 efne swa swiðe sinc-gestréonum
 fættan goldes swá he Fresena-cyn
 on béor-sele byldan wolde.

The terms of the oath—

þæt ðær ænig mon
 wordum ne worcum wære ne bræce,
 ne þurh inwit-searo æfre gemænden,
 ðeah hie hira beáh-gyfan banan folgedon—

are evidently from an old *carmen*.

With ll. 47-49 compare the Welsh laws of Howeldda and the Otter-skin story, vol. ii, p. 529. *And—*

Hunc ego mox auro vestirem sepe recocto,
 et tellure quidem stantem hinc inde onerarem,
 atque viam penitus clausissem vivo talentis.

Waltharius, ll. 405-407.

l. 81. skiallanda, read skillinga?

ll. 89-94. Cp. the story of Styrbeorn, Flatey-book i. 3—Hann seldi hónom reyr-sprota í hönd, ok það hann skióta honum yfir lið Styrbiarnar, ok þat skyldi hann mæla, 'Óðinn á yðr alla!' Ok er hann hafði skotið, sýndiz hónum gafiak á lopti,

wound is part of the story, not a mere purposeless event. Professor Kölbing's pretty and accurate German translation is accessible and deserves to be widely read. A perusal of it will convince those who cannot read the original that there is more of legend than family tradition throughout the Saga. As for the improvisation verses of the Saga, given in vol. ii, pp. 111-113, they had better all have been put among 'Verses of Saga Editors,' pp. 331 sq. Genuine, we hold, is only the line, Alin vas rýgr at rógi fira börnom, cited in Edda (the rest of the line-pair is not genuine); the word rýgr, here used of the lady, gives room for reflection; it could never refer to the young *maiden* Helga, meaning as it does a sacrificing priestess, see Sigh. iii. 55; the ditty, II. 80. 17; and the Sun Song 108, where the word has sunk still lower, and means a *witch*.

ok fló yfir folk Styrbiarnar; ok þegar sló blindi á lið Styrbiarnar ok síðan á sialfan hann. *And*—Þá skaut Steinþórr spíóti á fornorn síð til heilla ser, Eyrb. ch. 44.

l. 98. horn-bogi = hornungar? *bastards*.

ll. 100-103. A puzzle of numbers. Cp. 'the man of St. Ives' of the nursery rhyme.

l. 104. basmir (wealth?), an else unknown word. Can it be O. E. *baswa stán*, rubies or topazes?

l. 109. For *was* read *is*. A saw which looks like an echo from the Hamtheow Lay (conclusion).

BOOK VI. *Ditties*, (p. 357.)

Mythical, ghosts, dreams—

1. This flying of Witch and Poet is paraphrased in Saxo. It falls in that part of the Edda *not* contained in Cod. W, whilst, of the rest of the MSS., Codd. U and AM. 748, 757 omit the giantess' song; Cod. 1 e β, owing to a great blank, begins with 'él sólar böl.' Hence it comes that of the piece one line and a half has only come down in Cod. r. We have tried to restore the lines—l. 1 we divide, tungls-iótr, *the moon-grinder, moon-swallower*: l. 2, the reading of r is plainly corrupt; at-súgs iötunn would refer to giants *raising the wind*, cp. Lay of Wafthr. v. 36; farther, for 'él-sólar' we read él-síotar, *the heavens*: l. 3, nátt fa . . . , 1 e β, nafarþar, r, refer, we think, to the *night-roaming* of witches: l. 5, we prefer skip-smið, 1 e β, = *the dwarf-ship-wright, = poet*: l. 6, read óneppan.

Note—Is not skald after all a Gaelic loan-word? It is found in no Teut.-Scand. dialect out of Iceland (for mod. Swed. skald is an Icel. Renaissance word). Cp. Gael. *sgeul* (story), *sgeulache* (story-teller), *sgeulachd* (romance).

2. The story is unknown, like No. 1 it is a dialogue between Giantess and Man.

3. Grýla figured as vixen, see Thulor, l. 635, and the Icelandic ditty—

Grýla reið fyrir ofan garð, hafði hala fimtán:
enn í hverjum hala hundrað belgi:
enn í hverjum belgi börn tuttugu.

We subjoin, from memory, the following Nursery Rhymes on Grýla—

Her er komin Grýla á Gægis-hól,
hún vill sig hvíla her um öll lól:
Hún vill sig hvíla því hana vantar börn,
hún er grá um halsinn og hlakkar einsog örn:
Hún er grá um halsinn ok hleypur ofan-í fiós,
hún vill ekki horfa á það hátíða-liós:
Hún vill ekki hlýða á þann hátíða-söng,
kvartar hún um ketleysi og kveðst vera svöng:
Kvartar hún um ketleysi kiökrandi þá,
'Gefðu mer barn-korn í belginn minn grá:.'
'Gefðu mer barn-korn sem brekin hafa nóg,
ýrurnar og ærslin þau aldrei koma í ró:.'
'Yrurnar og ærslin . . .'—and so on *ad infinitum*.

4. kvett, older form for kiöt, *flesh*.

5. getta, *lassie*?

6. tuttr, a lullaby word = stuttr? in modern nursery talk *st* is sounded as *t*, telpa = stelpa.

7. For a giant looming out of the glare of a huge fire, cp. Dio Cass., Bk. lxxvi,

ch. 24, Vergil's *Æneid* ii. 610 sqq., and in Iceland Isl. *Þjóðsögur* i. 31, and Eglinton's *Mort d'Arthur*, which Mallory has paraphrased.

9. hatt kíla (?).

13 a. Faraldr, the Destroyer.

13 b. Compare this with *Volospa* 175-180, Serpent Nidhogg holding the doomed souls in his jaws. The poet must have known the Sibyl's lay.

We have to insert a few more ditties, omitted by mistake.

a. The story of Gretti's turbulent childhood is clearly the adaptation of an old mythic tale to round off the gap caused by absence of all information respecting the famous outlaw's early life. But a hero must have been a wonderful child, and so we get the childhood of Gretti as we do the childhood of the heroes of the *Chanson de Geste*, of the Arthurian romances, and of Buddhist legends. The comic tale which appears in English as Tom Tram's adventures, and in Gaelic as the Tale of Mac-a-Rusgaich, Storm's or Bluster's (son), forms the foundation for the Saga editor's additions here, and two genuine old ditties occur in the passages containing parts of this tale. One (ch. 14) where Gretti kills the geese he is sent to keep, singing—

Þat gær-ek 'vist es vettrar' ving-ek hals á kíuklingom¹,

which as the 'vettrar' must refer to the Mistress Winter of the English chapbook, the Bluster of Campbell's tale may be rendered—

Says Winter's son, 'My deed I sing, the little goslings' necks I wring.'

Another (ch. 17) where Gretti is in the Saga made to lie lazily in the cabin of the boat with the skipper's wife, laughing at the men clawing at the oars in a gale with their frozen fingers—

Happ er ef hér skal kropna hværr fingr á kyrpingom :

It makes me merry to behold the wretches' fingers stiff with cold.

The comic adventure of Gretti at the farm with the two girls (ch. 77), where he plays the part of Mazet, is from the same source, for Tom and Mac-a-Rusgaich meet with similar experiences. The ditty is here unfortunately replaced by two miserable court-metre verses of the Remodeller's own composition.

b. There is one little bit of verse of the same type as St. Patrick's *Lorica*, which, if only as a very early version of our familiar child's charm, 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,' must not be left out. It occurs in the *Føreyinga Saga*: Thronð o' Gate had taken Thora's little son Sigmund to foster, in the hope of allaying a fierce family feud. The mother went to visit Thronð and see her son. "He was then nine winters old and very sprightly to look on. His mother asked him what Thronð had taught him, and he said he had gotten by heart how to pursue all suits and the rights of himself and other men, and he had all that at his fingers' ends. Then she asked him what his foster-father had taught him in religion. Sigmund said that he had gotten the Pater-noster and the Creed by heart. She said that she would like to hear him, and he did as she wished, and she thought that he sang the Pater-noster pretty well. But Thronð's Creed was after this fashion—

‘ . . . Gengat-ek einn út

fetum mínom fylgja fimm Guds Englar ;

ber ek bæn fyrir mer, bera þeir bæn fyrir Christi ;

syng-ek salma siau. Siai Guð hluta mínn !’

¹ vist er vetrar (verb) is a corrupt form for Vetrar (proper noun in the genitive); ving-ek stands for wring-ek—a mark of this ditty being older than Gretti's day.

'I do not walk alone, four follow me,
 Five of God's angels follow in my steps [names of angels lost];
 I put up a prayer for myself, they bear it before to Christ;
 I sing the seven Psalms. May God look on my soul'¹

Meanwhile Thronð comes into the room and asks what they were talking about. Thora answered and said that Sigmund, her son, had been saying over to her the prayers he had taught him, and 'I do not think his Creed of much account.' 'Well, but the fact is, as thou knowest,' says Thronð, 'that Christ had twelve disciples or more, and each one of them taught his own Creed; and now I have my Creed, and thou the Creed thou hast learnt; and there are many Creeds, and they by no means all read one way.'—Færeya Saga, ch. 56.

Historical and Anecdotic—

15. This ditty and story occurs in three places, Landn. l. c. (the best text), Sturl. (begin.), Halfs S. (end): to l. 67 there are various readings, whereof this appears to be the one that yields the best sense.

17. For the mountains mourning and laughing, cp. Sighvat viii. 25.

20. 'allt es amorlegt,' an aside: correct the punctuation of the rendering.

21. The bear must have lost his tail by fire in the folk-tale alluded to; it is usually said to have been frozen off, or as one of Uncle Remus' tales has it—rubbed off.

23. ganga með Ingolfi, to marry Ingolf; cp. ganga með veri, to take a husband, O. G. L. 88; so, ganga frá, to abandon.

25. This is a ditty alluded to in the Introduction, p. xxiii: for hvergi færir, a various reading has hofom engi þrek,—an attempt at turning into a rhyme ditty; the rhymes in ll. 96, 97 are unintentional.

26. ekkja, poet., heel, feet, how we know not. With this story, cp. Job xix. 14, 15.

28. hræ-frakki, cp. frakki, Lay of Righ.

29. orlygi, here a portent, a prodigious thing.

30. The two lines should be transposed.

31. Awry, has come down but in one MS. (Hauksbók); the words are all shaken out of place. One might right it, reading—

Hefik þar komit es hvíldar of léf
 Kristr þorvaldi Koðrans syni.

The Saga says—'Thorwald died in Russia, a short way from Polotzk, and is there buried in a mount (?) at John the Baptist's Church.' Some such thing must have once stood in ll. 109, 110. Perhaps—'þar es hann hafðr í há-fialli,' but 'high mountain,' when speaking of Polotzk in Russia, is strange. One would prefer 'há-palli' or the like, i. e. near the altar, cp. also 54. The verse is given to one Brand, the Traveller. It is unknown who he was, when, or where he lived, unless,

¹ As the ditty has only come down corrupted in the Flety-book text—Gangat ek einn út, fyrir mer fylgia fim Guðs Englar, ber ek bæn fyrri mer bæn fyrri Christi, etc.—we subjoin the modern Faroic version, a better text descended, we take it, from a lost vellum copy—

Gjivnir eru Ainglar gowir: ai gengi e aina uti,
 ferun mujnum higia fim Guds Ainglar,
 Bije e firi mær bön, bera tair ta bön firi Christe,
 singje e salmana sjei. Sær Gud til sauluna mujna!

For a full O. Engl. text naming the Evangelists, see Grein, ed. Wülcker.

as we strongly suspect, he be identical with Brand surnamed Frodi, Ari's contemporary, for whom see Landn. Bk. ii, ch. 15. By the way, we hold 'breiðfirðinga kynslöð,' Landn. l. c., to be an error for Borgfirðinga kynslöð.

33. A parallel to many a mocking 'mansong' in the court-poets: I am fighting here and my lady's favoured lover is lying snug at home, cp. vol. ii, p. 76, ll. 5-8, 205, l. 9, 352, l. 133, etc.

34. of stopi, over the stubbles?

36. Brand the Munificent and Skati's son, cp. Lay of Arinb. 79; see the half-legendary story in Reader, p. 143.

37. þat er vá lítil, cp. Helgi iii. 12: seiðim, better síðim.

40. Paraphrased in Saxo, given p. 391.

42. heiðar, gen. from heiðr, genitive of value.

45. Paraphrased in Saxo. It is, we take it, older than Stanford-Bridge Fight; only the last line applies to affairs at that battle.

49. Fyrileif, a place in East Norway; Ask, a farm in the Isle of Fenring, off Bergen.

50. Portyrja, East Norway.

53. atatata, hutututu, onomatopoeics of the teeth chattering with cold; known to readers of Asbjornsen's excellent Norse tales: 'dúsi ér' is somehow wrong.

54. lung, a Gaelic word: the sun-blest earth = Palestine, *the Holy Land*. Cp. 31.

55 a. Ingunni, here an appellative, Gael. *inghean*; cp. note on Harb. 94, and Ditties, vol. ii, p. 247, l. 15. Render, *I mean to have the lovely fair-mouthed lassie, no matter . . .* A western ditty.

Epigrammatic, Libels—

57. Note the bishop's gentle reply—Eptir nið þat vá þorvaldr tvá menn. Biskup spurði hvi hann vægi þá.—'Þviat þeir sögðo okkr eiga börn saman.' Biskup svarar: 'Þeir lugo á okkr, enn þú færðir ó-orð þeirra afeidis; þviat ek máttá vel bera börn þín eptir mér.'—[Kristni S., ch. 4.]

58. The famous blasphemy (god-gá) against the heathen gods, recorded in Libellus, ch. 7 (one line only), cp. Niala, ch. 103 (in full).

59. Stephen the missionary; the ditty given in Kristni Saga, ch. 12; it cost the poet his head. For the hook-nose, cp. Righ 34.

60. gap-ríplar, staring, goggling (as if with lust); *gœgr, goggling*.

62. ketil ormar = *sausages*.

63. Hvinn, see Dict. s. v.

64. Observe, kani, akin to canna, *a can*: *fy, fie*, occurs only here.

66. Allusion to the tale of weeping Balder out of Hell, cp. Proverb Song, v. 9.

67. A burlesque in Egil's Head-Ransom's metre.

70, 71. See vol. ii, pp. 385-392.

72. A good sample of the old *nith*; cp. Lokas v. 23, Helgi i. 150-180, vol. ii, p. 81. No. 12, p. 109, l. 11; the flyting in the Lombard hall (Introd. p. lii), Niala, ch. 125 and elsewhere—John Thorlaksson, the poet-priest, the translator of Milton, and the hero of Henderson's Travels, who died as late as 1819, was famous for his biting improvisations and powers of flyting. His verses against the poor rhymster, who was hired by his adversaries to encounter him, are as overwhelming in comic force as the satires of Dunbar himself. But best known perhaps of all his satiric work is the *nith* he made upon one of those pests of Iceland, the Danish truck-merchants, whose usury and greed had forced him to part with his pet pony. He sent the beast to the importunate creditor, but tied the following verse to its tail—

Varla má þer, vesalt hross, veitast heiður meiri
enn að þiggja kaupmanns koss, og kærleiks at-lot fleiri,
orðin húsrú hans :

Enn þegar þú leggur harðan hóf um háls þíns ekta-manns,
kreistu fast og kyrktu þióf, kúgara Norður-lands !

which we might English roughly—

Poor mare, no greater meed than this shall ever be thy share,
Than to receive the merchant's kiss and other fondling care,
now thou'rt his wedded wife :

But when about thy husband's neck thou throw'st thy hard hoofs forth,
Throttle the thief, and choke to death the tyrant of the North !

This, as will be seen, is a *nith* of the real, coarse, archaic type, the last spontaneous utterance of a kind of satire, which goes back to the very earliest remains of Teutonic literature. A good brief sketch of John Thorlaksson's life would be worth having ; he is the most picturesque of Icelanders of the last generation.

Ditties on Runic Stones in Sweden and Norway—

None older than the eleventh century. The early ones in the older Runic characters we have touched on in the Excursus on Metre, p. 436. Professor Bugge has kindly contributed some corrections and additions.

73. Read in Icelandic spelling—

Ei man liggja með aldr lifir
brú harð-slegin breið ept góðan,
sveinar gærðu at sinn föðor,
má eigi brutar-kuml betra verða,

i. e. *For ever, while ages endure, shall this broad, strong-built bridge (road) last, which the lads made after their father dear.*

74. Bugge comments and renders—*Read, whoso is skilled in Runes, these tongues (twisted Runes) that Bali carved !* taking 'tekr' = tengr, and þimsum as two words. However, a verb runsa, governing dative (*to confound, disturb*), is found in Sverr S. p. 380—þeir runsodo (*pillaged*) buom þeira. Bali, a Swedish Rune carver from Upland, appears to have lived about the end or middle of the eleventh century.

76. = Viðvaldi lét or Langarni (*Langarn*, a place-name).

77. 'Su vas mar hanarst a Hapalanti.' Anstrith was her name. Cp. Dict. s. vv. hannarr, hannorrð.

80. Read, 'mykit,' the Swedish form.

81. maþ ann = með hann (*whilst he*) ; með = meðan is frequent in Swedish Stones.

We add the following in Rune spelling (Bugge)—

Rostein auk Eilifr Aki auk Hakun
reisþu þeir sueinar iftir sin faþur
kubl kenilikt iftir Kala taupan,
þy mun koþs (góðs) kitit verþa.—[Smaaland, Sweden.]

R. and E. etc., these boys reared a notable monument after Kali their dead father. He, the good, shall be remembered.

And— Satu trikar [drengir] iftir sin brup[r]
stin a biarki stuþan runum.

The men raised on a rock a standing stone with Runes after their brother.

'Runar ek rist ok rapna stafi' is an echo of an oft-repeated formula, cp. Havam. 26, 36.

We subjoin farther—

Æ skal at minum mana, miþan min lifa.—[392 L.]
 Ristu merki at man ietan.—[476 L.]
 Sunir alkuþir at sía faþur Sterkar.—[851 L., 710 B.]
 Styrlaugz auk Hialmar staina raistu
 At bruþr sina brautu nesta
 Þaiz entaþus i Austrike
 Þurlík auk Sturbiarn þiaknar kuþiz.
 Han uaz bonta bestr i Sili.—[947 L., 737 B.]
 Sten hafir riton þon stonta mon
 Bali . . . rauþi uftir bruþur.—[999 L., 1084 B.]
 Han uaz mana mistir unipikz (úniðingr)
 uaz (m)iltr mataz uk . . .—[1267 L., 1008 B.]
 Miþ stin lifir auk stafir runa.—[1277 L.]
 Hialmz auk Hiali hiaku runaz.—[1342 L.]
 Kuþ hialbi saul hans auk Ku(þ)s muþiz
 Hilagr Kristir i himin riki.—[1410 L.]
 Han uaz bastr bumana
 auk miltastr matar. . .—[1427 L.]
 Nu skal stando stin o biarki.—[1441 L., 1164 B.]
 Faiz uarþa nu fuðiz þom betri.—[1468 L.]
 E mun stanta meþ stein lifiz.—[1609 L.]
 Hær líkkiz faþhar tuer,
 Hiþin ok Enarr hæto þer.—[1631 L.]
 Sia ma þu a mik
 ai ma þu fa mik
 Kunnar garþi mik
 K . . . a mik.—[1953 L.]
 Fiuriz kirrþu at faþur kuþan
 tyrþ. trilík at tumara
 miltan uirþ auk mataz guþan . . .—[45 D.]
 Uaru aliz Uíkiks suniz
 lat burniz men litu rita stain.—[41 D.]
 Uaz til Inglans ukr tringr farin
 uarþ þa haima at harma tauðr.—[42 D.]

By way of winding up this little section on Runes, I subjoin a note on the Tune-stone (given in Reader, p. 446). Some years ago (Sept. 9, 1879) I took up M. Wimmer's able book on Runes, and after looking at his illustration of the Stone itself and going through the lengthy commentary which accompanies it, came to the conclusion that he had read many letters wrong: (1) the four times repeated *ſ* is not 'ng,' but 'j=y,' a 'bildung consonant,' whence the frequent recurrence; (2) the letter after 'þ' is not 'u,' but 'r,' a mistake easy to make, for in old runic inscriptions, runic *r*, written backwards and inverted (as here), is hard to distinguish from *u*; (3) the letter after 'an' should be read 'd,' not 'o'; (4) the final inflexive consonant must be read 'z,' not 'r.' Re-reading the stone with these corrections, and

dividing the words afresh (for there is no word division), one gets a reasonable sentence—

Þrijōz dōhtriz daillidun¹ . . . z wōduride st . . .

arbijas ijōz tez-arbijand . . .

Three daughters shared . . . Wodarid st . . .²

They the heiresses share the heritage . . .

This inscription, in pure 'Gothic,' such as Ulfila wrote, contains a numeral, two verbs (one in preterite plural, one in present indicative plural), and a pronoun, and is not scratched on a portable ring or horn, but graved upon a rock weighing many tons, found in an island in the mouth of the Glommen River, S. E. in Norway. The inference is obvious—once on a time the self-same speech was spoken by every 'Gothic' tribe from Roumania to Norway. As separate tribes were isolated, this language split of course into different tongues, and these tongues into unnumbered dialects.

As to the words of this inscription, it may be noted that 'tez' exactly answers to the Germ. *zer-*, Lat. *dis-*: the compound 'tez-arbijan' is a legal term for the process *familiæ herciscundæ*. We may now bid farewell for ever to the imaginary forms 'þuingor,' 'singoster,' coined by Bugge and Wimmer, out of their misreadings of this stone.

From another stone we notice: 'þaðan,' Vsp. 45, Vþm. 181, Grimm. 85, Hyndl. 66, etc., should perhaps have been written 'þanan,' = O. E. *þanon*; see Danish Runic Stone, No. 3, Reader, p. 47—is stain þansi ailti iþa aft anan traki, *whosoever rolls this stone or draws it back from there*. 'Aft anan' = 'aft þanan,' the final 't' causing the following 'þ' to be dropped. The carver represents himself as a spectator looking at the stone from afar—the mental attitude of the Latin letter-writers,—[Editor.]

In such early inscriptions as this, and even in the Gothic of Ulfila, the origin of Þ from O = ð is pretty clear, and it is a question whether it should not be read and transliterated (at least in all inflexions) ð rather than *th*.—[Translator.]

The Wicking Songs, (p. 371.)

v. 1. Rolf, i. e. the future Duke of Normandy: Hrollaug, his brother, later an Icelandic settler: Thori, earl, the third brother: l. 5, *breiðo skeggi*, cp. Lay of Righ 92: l. 9, *Gótt er vinna þrek manni*, a saw: l. 14, they being four brothers: l. 15, *skattr, A.S. sceat*, here *the coin*. The kenning 'holund-vala gæli' may be a later padding.

vv. 3, 5, 6. Bits of old Wicking Songs, of which there must have been many.

¹ Mark, however, the pret. *dailidun* for *dailidēdun* (*it* being written in one rune). It is now certain that the alleged affinity of the weak verb-ending in preterite to *did* (heard = hear-did) is a mere illusion; in fact, this *d* goes far back into the hoariest antiquity, beyond Latin, Greek, Sanskrit. Hence *dailidun* need not be an abridged later form for *dailidedun* (Wulfilas). May not the Wulfilasian *-dedun* be merely idiomatic, a piece of popular etymology, analogous to John his book for John's book?

² We miss the names of the *three daughters*. The stone, we now see, is a law-deed some fourteen or fifteen centuries old; yet how human affairs repeat themselves! The line on the Tune-stone puts one in mind of a line in Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*—

Nur drei tōchter sind da, sie theilen allein das vermōgen.

The three words, 'three, daughters, deal,' in one single line, witness to the unity of speech through all these, say forty, generations.

They appear to belong to the story of the Ragnar sons (Bk. ix, § 1); but to have been used by a later editor for the adornment of Egil's Saga: l. 33, 'ulfs tannlitoðr' looks like a 'remaniement,' so as to bring in the rhyme of court-metre. No. 6 has entirely the ring of those in vol. ii, pp. 352, 353.

v. 4. A classic runic ditty, also given to Egil, but, as the metre indicated, really of the Turf-Einar class, for the metre is none of Egil's.

v. 8. Add to the translation the words, *So my story ends!*

v. 9. Ambhöfði (Gælic?); Orkn-höfði is a kind of seal or porpoise.

A POETICAL MYTHIC GRADUS.

Contains the remainder of the antique 'kennings' known to us, and completes the lists previously given, the Gradus, vol. ii, pp. 618-620, and Excursus I to vol. ii. It is mainly drawn from Edda, Skaldskapar-mal, a few words gleaned from Gylfaginning. It is in contents *mythological*, drawn: (1) from poems still existing, mostly of the older court-poetry: (2) from poems which the compiler knew in a pure state, but which are now maimed (as such we recognise, Wolospa, gráta goð, Heljar sinnar; HALEYGIATAL, farma goð; Lay of Rígh, Hvíta áss; Sons' Wreck, farma goð; and perhaps more): (3) from lost poems, e.g. Heimdal's Charms, Burning of Balder (fostri Vingniss ok Hlóro, Fégiafa goð, Ár-goð, Gollin-tanni, and several others; see under Ullr, Hœni, Heimdal). The author, or rather compiler, seems to have been Snorri's last predecessor in his task of working up the poetical gradus which we call Skaldskapar-mal. That he was older than Snorri seems proved by his knowledge of the purer text of several poems, which we only have in a later and corrupted form:—

Woden (Óðinn).—Heitir Allföðr, þviat hann er faðir allra goða; hann heitir ok Valföðr, þviat hans óska-synir eru allir þeir er í val falla . . .; hann heitir ok Hanga-goð, ok Hapta-goð, Farma-goð . . ., Hrafna-goð . . . Svá sem ver kþlloem Sig-tý, eða Hanga-tý, Farma-tý . . ., svá ok at kalla Reiðar-tý.—[Skskm., Edda Gg.]

Poetry.—Því kþllo ver skaldskapinn, feng Óðins ok fund, drykk hans, ok giöf, ok drykk Ásanna . . ., Kvásis dreyra, ok Dverga-skip, Dverga miöð, Iötna miöð, Sup-tunga miöð, Óðins-miöð, Ása-miöð, föður-giöð Iötna; Lögur Öðreriss, ok Boðnar, ok Sónar, ok fylli; lögur Hnit-biarga; fengr, ok fundr, ok farmr, ok giöf Óðins. *And again*—Af þessu kþllo ver skaldskapinn . . ., Dverga drekkio, eða fylli . . ., Eða far-kost Dverga . . ., eða drykk Óðins, ok drykk Ásanna.—[Edda, Skskm.]

Thor.—Öko-þór (Gg.), son Óðins, ok Iarðar; faðir Magna, ok Móða, ok Þrúðar; ver Sífjar; Stiúp-faðir Ullar; stýrir, ok eigandi Miöllniss, ok megin-gjarða, Bil-skirniss; verjandi Ás-garðz, Mið-garðz; dolgr, ok bani Iötna, ok Troll-kvænna; vegandi Hrungniss, Geirrœðar, Þrivalda; dróttinn þialfa, ok Røsko; dolgr Mið-garðz-orms; föstri Vingniss ok Hlóro.

Balder.—Son Óðins, ok Friggjar; ver Nønno; Faðir Forseta; eigandi Hring-horna, ok Draupniss; dolgr Haðar; Heljar-sinni, Gráta-guð.

Niord.—Vana-goð, eða Vana-nið, föður Freyss, ok Freyjo; Fégiafa-goð.

Frey.—Son Niarðar; bróður Freyju; ok enn, Vana-goð, ok Vana-nið, ok Vanr, ok Ár-goð, ok fé-giafa; eigandi Skið-blaðniss, ok galltarins Gollin-borsta . . .; Slið-rug-tanni.

Heimdal.—Hallin-skiði, Gollin-tanni (Gg.); Son nio meðra; eða vörð goða; eða Hvíta-ás; Loka dolgr; men-sækir Freyjo . . .; eigandi Goll-topps; til-sækir Vága-skers, ok Singa-steins.

The Head.—Heimdala sverð: svá er sagt, at hann var lostinn mannz-höfði í

gögnom, enn þat er kveðit í Heimdallar-galdri, ok er síðan kallat höfuð 'miqtuðr Heimdallar.'

Tew (Týr).—Einhenda Ás; Ulfs-fóstra; Víga-goð; son Óðins.

Bragi.—Iðunnar ver; fram-smið bragar; inn síð-skeggja Ás—af hans nafni er kallaðr 'skegg-bragi' er mikit skegg hefir.

Widar.—Þogla Ás; eiganda iám-skóss; ok bana, ok dolg Fenriss-ulfs.

Wali.—Son Óðins, ok Rindar; stiúp-son Friggjar; bróður Ásanna; hefni-Ás Baldrs; dolg Haðar, ok bana hans; byggvanda fōður-túna.

Hoð (Hōðr).—Blinda Ás; Baldrs-bana; skiótanda Mistil-teins; son Óðins; Heljar-sinna; Vala dolg.

Wuldor (Ull).—Son Sifjar; stiúp-son Þórs; Ondor-ás, Boga-ás, veiði-ás, skialdar-ás.

Hæni.—Sessa, eða sinna, eða mála Óðins; ok enn skióta-ás, ok enn Langa-ás, ok aur-konung.

Forseti.—Son Baldrs ok Nōnno.

Wloki (Loki).—Son Fárbauda, ok Laufeyjar, ok Nálar; bróðor Byleistz, ok Helblinda; ok fōðor Vanar-gandz, ok Iormun-gandz, ok Heljar, ok Nara, ok Ala; frænda, ok fōður, bróður, sinna, ok sessa Óðins, ok Ása; heim-séki, ok kisto-skrúð Geirrōðar; þiófr Iotna, hafrs, ok Brisinga-mens, ok Iðunnar, epla; Sleipniss frænda; ver Sigynjar; goða dolgr; hár-skaði Sifjar; þolva-smiðr; enn slægi Áss; rōegjandi, ok vélandi goðanna; [róg-bera Ásanna, frumkveða flærðanna, ok vōmm allra goða ok manna, *add. Gg.*]; ráð-bani Baldrs; enn bundni Áss; þrætu-dolgr Heimdalar, ok Skaða.

Frigg.—Dóttor Fiorgyns; konu Óðins; móður Baldrs; elju Iarðar, ok Rindar, ok Gunnlaðar, ok Gerðar; sværa Nōnno; dróttning Ása, ok Ásynja, Fullo, ok Vals-hams, ok Fensala.

Freyja.—Dóttur Niarðar; systur Freyss; kono Óðs; móður Hnossar; eigandi val-fallz, ok Sess-rúmniss, ok fressa, Brisinga-mens; Vana-goð ok Vana-dís; hið grát-fagra goð; ásta-goð.

Sif.—Kono Þórs; móður Ullar; ið hár-fagra goð; elju Iarn-sōxu; móður Þrúðar.

Idwyn (Iðunn).—Konu Braga; ok gætandi eplanna; enn eplin, elli-lyf Ásanna; ráu-fengi þiazza.

Heaven.—Ymiss haus; Iotuns hauss; ok erviði, eða byrði Dverganna, eða hialm, Vestra ok Austr, Norðra, Suðra.

Earth.—Ymiss hold; ok móður Þórs; dóttur Ánars; brúði Óðins; elju Friggjar, ok Rindar, ok Gunnlaðar; sværu Sifjar; dóttir Náttar; systir Auðs, ok Dags.

Sea.—Ymiss blóð; heim-sækir goðanna; ver Ránar; faðir Ægiss dœttra.

Sun.—Dóttur Mōndilfœra; systur Mána; kono Glens.

Wind.—Son Forniótz; bróður Eildz, ok Ægiss.

Fire.—Bróður Vindz, ok Ægiss; Halfs bani.

Winter.—Son Vindsvals.

Summer.—Son Svásaðar.

Gold.—Elld Ægiss, ok barr Glasiss; haddr Sifjar; höfuð-band Fullu; grátr Freyju; munn-tal, ok orð, ok rōdd Iotna; dropa Draupniss, ok regu, eða skúr Draupniss, eða augna Freyju; otr-giöld; nauð-giöld (slaug-giald, r) Ásanna; fræ Fyris-valla; sáð Kraka; haug-þak Hœlga.

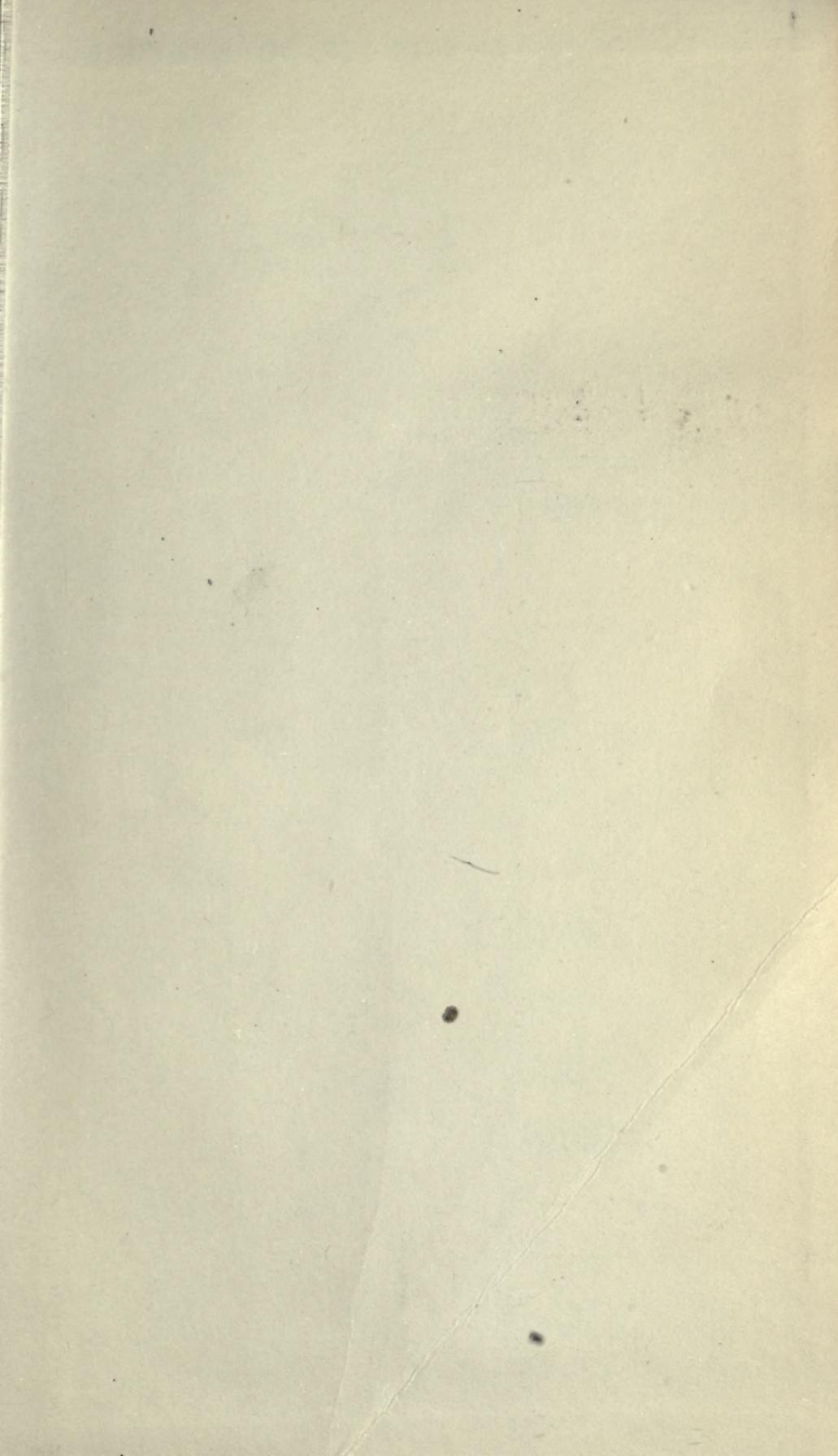
Battle.—Hiaðninga veðr, eða ól.

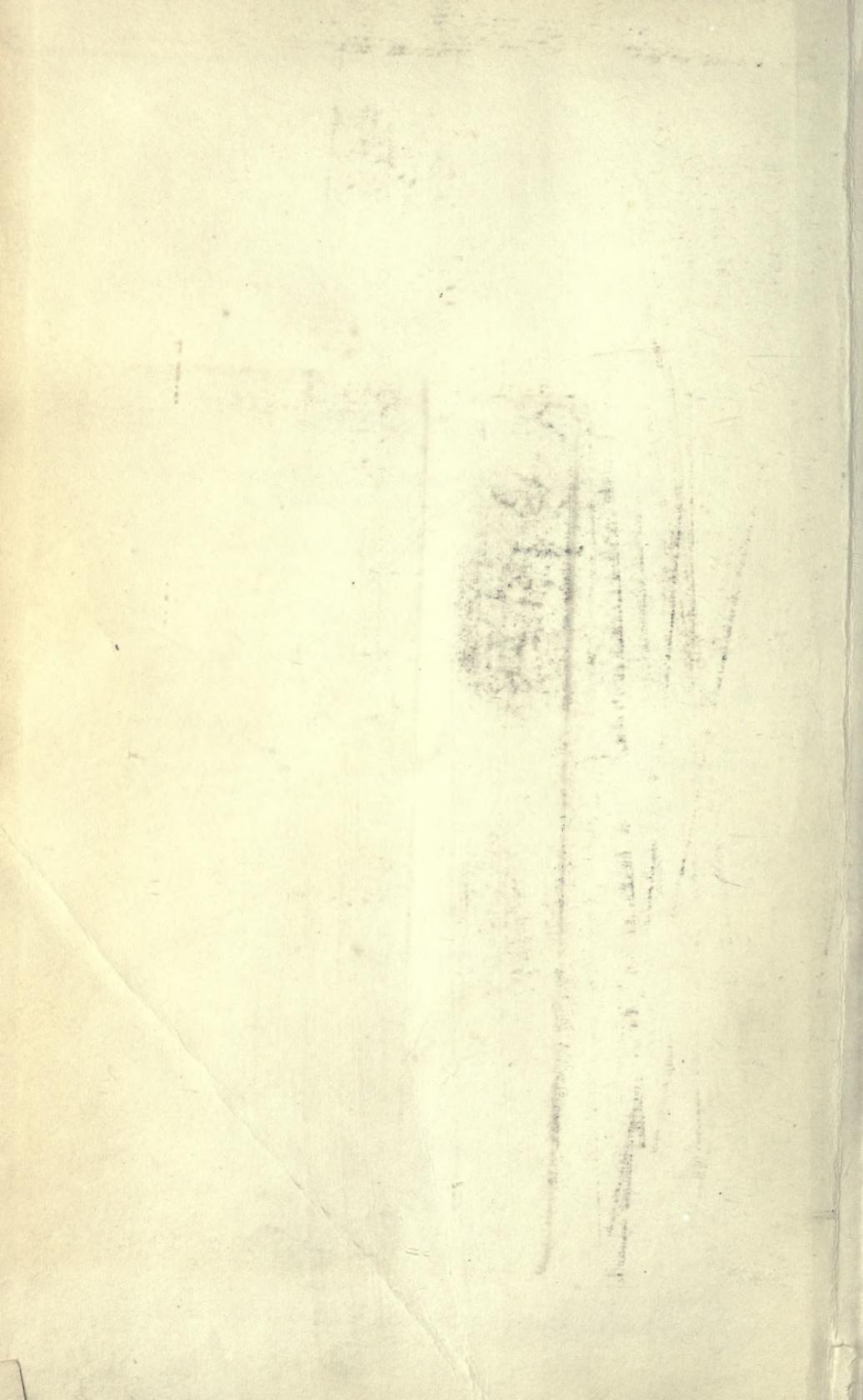
Weapons.—Hiaðninga eldar, eða vendir.

ERRATA TO VOLUME I.

- page civ, foot-note 1, *transpose* 'hóena (a hen) is a cognate word' to p. cii, foot-note 1.
- p. cxxiii, l. 8 from the bottom, *dele* aims.
- G. W. 104, *read* sýtir.
- „ 306, *read* séð.
- Less. Lodd. 14, *read* teygðu.
- Spell S. 11, *read* Árvakrs.
- O. W. Pl. 120, *read* svimma.
- Atlakv. 146, *read* Eitil.
- Hamð. 43, *read* færað.
- Alvm. 30, *read* or heimi.
- Swipd. M. 228, *read* síónir.
- Lokas, 25, *dele* comma.
- „ 54, *read* innan.
- „ 262, *read* Öl.
- Helgi i. 308, *read* oddom.
- Rimeg. 75, *read* lostna.
- Þrymskv. 104, *read* né in meiri.
- Rígh 35, *read* niðr-biúgt.
- Hofuðl. 42, *read* of sæ.
- L. B. L. 273, *read* okkar.
- Atlam. 59, *read* muno.
- p. 365, l. 139, *read* heiðar.
- Bk. vi, l. 93, *read* vitta fullan.
- Ibid. No. 7, *for* Baut. 165 *read* Baut. 720, 728.
- Wick. 55, *read* vestan.
- Transl.*, p. 119, *read* Though I were no outlaw.
- p. 521 bottom, *read* stein inn.
- p. 527, l. 18, *read* gleaning.

END OF VOLUME I.





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