

Krákumál

	Ben Waggoner (2009)	Margaret Schlauch (1930)
Verse 1	<p>We struck with our swords! So long ago, it was: we had gone to Gautland for the ground-wolf's slaughter. Then we won fair Thora; thus the warriors named me Loðbrok, when I laid that heather-eel low in battle, ended the earth-coil's life with inlaid shining steel.</p>	<p>We hewed with the sword! It is not long since That I journeyed to Gautland to slaughter the snake; Thora the maiden I won in that fray, And men call me Lodbrok because of the deed, When my burnished spear slew the might drake.</p>
Verse 2	<p>We struck with our swords! Still was I young, when we went east to Øresund, carved the eager wolf's meal. We gave a great dinner to the gold-legged birds, where hard iron clashed, howling against helmets, tall and well forged. All the sea was swollen, in slain-blood the raven waded.</p>	<p>We hewed with the sword! I was still a young lad When we fought by Eyrasund in the East; High ran the sea with the blood of the slain, The hard iron rang on the studded helms, Ran waded in blood; the wolves had a feast.</p>
Verse 7	<p>We struck with our swords! Swinging blades were howling</p>	<p>We hewed with the sword! High screamed the blades Before King Eystein was felled in the fray:</p>

	<p>Before King Eystein fell there On the Field of Ullr; We went, glittering with gold Of the ground of the falcon— Corpse-light shattered shield- boards— From ships to helm-meeting; Neck-ale burst from blade wounds, From brain-cliffs it spurted.</p>	<p>The sword struck home on helmet and shield, From our wounds sprang forth the warm wet blood; Our foes were left for birds of prey.</p>
<p>Verse 25</p>	<p>We struck with our swords! My soul is glad, for I know That Balder's father's benches For a banquet are made ready. We'll toss back toasts of ale From bent trees of the skulls; No warrior bewails his death In the wondrous house of Fjolnir. Not one word of weakness Will I speak in Viðrir's hall.</p>	<p>We hewed with the sword! I am glad to know That in Odin's hall the benches are laid: We shall soon drink our ale from the deers' horns there (The bold man never shrinks back from death) I shall not go in like a man afraid.</p>
<p>Verse 26</p>	<p>The sons of Aslaug all would Rouse the wrath of Hild here With their ruthless sword-blades, If they fathomed fully How far I have traveled, How so many serpents Stab me with their poison. My sons' hearts will help them; They have their mother's lineage.</p>	<p>We hewed with the sword! Now Aslaug's sons Would hasten to combat with steel-tipped darts If they knew that I lay in this utter need And that venomous worms were fierce at my flesh: From their mother and me they have won stout hearts.</p>

Verse 29	I desire my death now. The disir call me home, Whom Herjan hastens onward From his hall, to take me. On the high bench, boldly, Beer I'll drink with the gods; Hope of life is lost now— Laughing I shall die!	I am ready to go. Odin's maids have come To call me home to his hall on high: With the gods I shall merrily drink my ale; My days are done, and laughing I die.
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