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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, often referred to as a 'stone' or 'shell' pattern, featuring overlapping, fan-like shapes in shades of reddish-brown, teal, and ochre. The marbling is dense and covers most of the surface. In the center, the text 'OXFORD UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH' is printed in a gold-tooled, serif font, arranged in four lines. The left edge of the book is bound in a dark, textured material, likely leather, which is visible as a vertical strip on the left side of the image. The overall appearance is that of a well-used, historical volume.

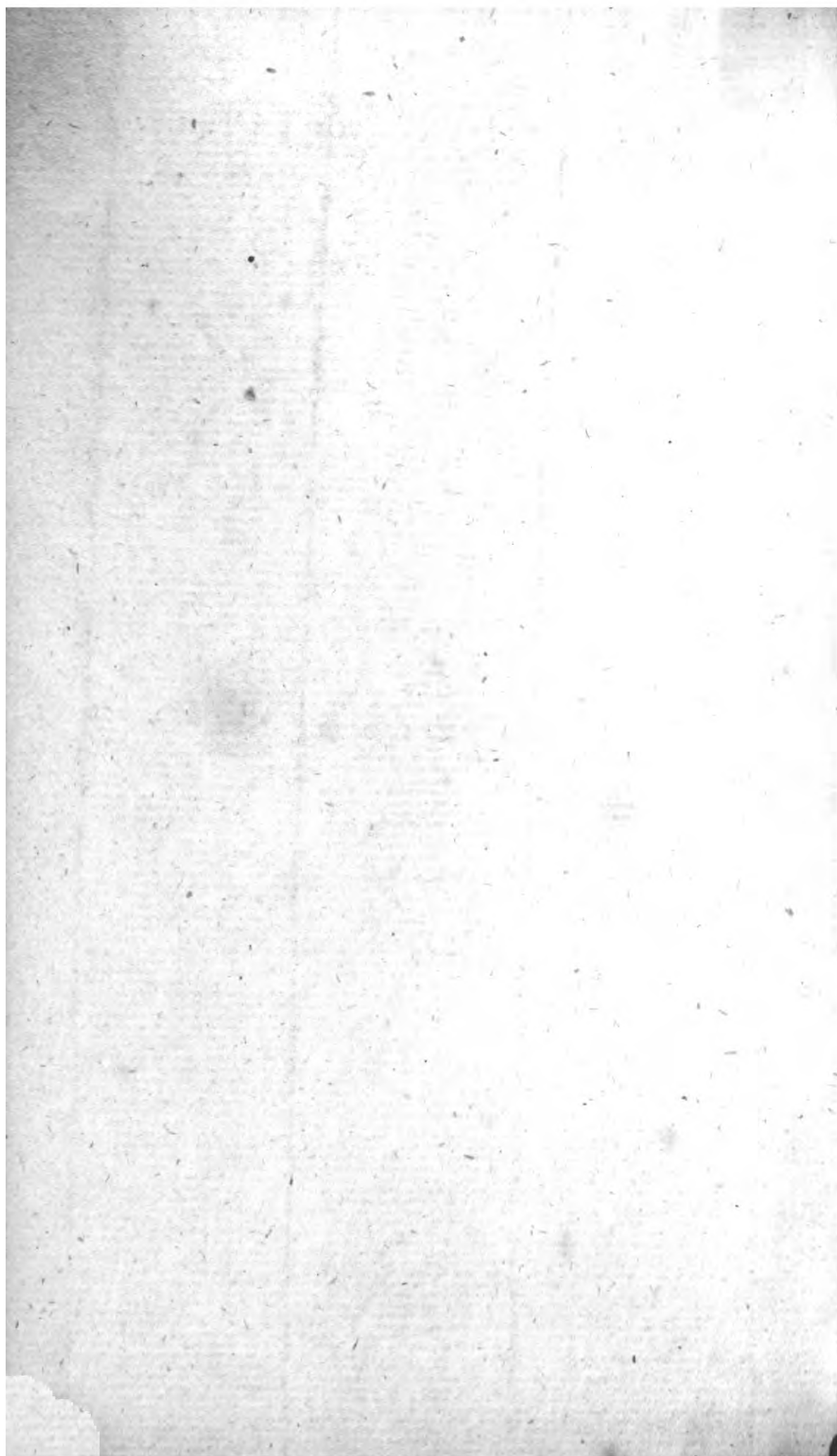
OXFORD  
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ENGLISH

B3 13

**ICELANDIC** — FIVE PIECES OF RUNIC  
Poetry translated from the Islandic Language  
by Bishop Percy, Editor of the "Ballads,"  
small 8vo, boards, uncut, 6s 6d  
London : R. & J. Dodsley, 1763

Case 6

Rev. E 189



Fowler

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# F I V E P I E C E S

O F

## R U N I C P O E T R Y

Translated from the

### I S L A N D I C L A N G U A G E .

B þ R I þ A I I N Y I A Þ .

Y I I T Y A I R Þ \* N A A .

\* N Þ I T Y A I N I þ M Y .

\* \* \* *Egill's Ode.*

Þ R I Y N Y B I A R I þ B R A Þ Þ

N R B I N Þ N I Þ N Y \* A N Y .

M I Þ I M Þ Y I A I I þ Þ I I .

*Regner's Ode.*

—Populi, quos despicit Arctos,  
Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum  
Maximus haud urget leti metus : inde ruendi  
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces  
Mortis ; et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ.

LUCAN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

MD CC LXIII.



N. B. THIS LITTE TRACT WAS DRAWN  
UP FOR THE PRESS IN THE YEAR 1761:  
BUT THE PUBLICATION HAS BEEN DELAY-  
ED BY AN ACCIDENT.

# P R E F A C E.

*T*HE ancient inhabitants of the northern parts of Europe are generally known under no other character than that of a hardy and unpolished race, who subdued all the southern nations by dint of courage and of numbers. Their valour, their ferocity, their contempt of death, and passion for liberty, form the outlines of the picture we commonly draw of them: and if we sometimes revere them for that generous plan of government which they every where established, we cannot help lamenting that they raised the fabric upon the ruins of literature and the fine arts.

Yet is there one feature of their character of a more amiable cast; which, tho' not so generally known, no less belongs

## P R E F A C E.

*to them: and that is, an amazing fondness for poetry. It will be thought a paradox, that the same people, whose furious ravages destroyed the last poor remains of expiring genius among the Romans, should cherish it with all possible care among their own countrymen: yet so it was. At least this was the case among the ancient Danes, and from the similarity of their religion, manners, and customs, is equally credible of the other nations of Teutonic race.*

*The ancient inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark and Norway retained their original manners and customs longer than any other of the Gothic tribes, and brought them down nearer to our own times. The remoteness of their situation rendered access to them slow and difficult: nor was it till the tenth and eleventh centuries that christi-*

## P R E F A C E.

*christianity had gained an establishment among them. Hence it is that we are better acquainted with the peculiarities of their character, and have more of their original compositions handed down to us, than of any other of the northern nations.*

*Of these compositions a great multitude are extant, some of them in print, others preserved in MS in the libraries of the north. All of them demonstrate that poetry was once held there in the highest estimation. The invention of it was attributed to the gods, and ranked among the most valuable gifts conferred on mortals. Those that excelled in it, were distinguished by the first honours of the state: were constant attendants on their kings, and were often employed on the most important commissions. These bards were called by the*

## P R E F A C E.

*significant name of SCALD, a word which implies "a smoother or polisher of language." \**

*The LANGUAGE in which their productions are preserved, and which once prevailed pretty extensively in the north, is commonly called ISLANDIC: Iceland being the place where it was supposed to be spoken in the greatest purity, and where it is to this day in use. The Islandic is the mother of the modern Swedish and Danish tongues, in like manner as the Anglo-saxon is the parent of our English. Both these mother-tongues are dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic; and of so near affinity, that, in the opinion of*

\* SKALLD a depilando dicti videntur, quod rudem orationem tanquam evulsis pilis perpoliunt. *Tarfæi Præfat. ad Orcades.*

The name of BARD also [Isl. *Barda*] was not unknown among the Islandic poets.

*the*

## P R E F A C E.

*the learned, what was spoken in one of them, was without much difficulty understood by those, who used the other. Hence it is, that such as study the originals of our own language have constantly found it necessary to call in the assistance of this ancient sister dialect.*

*The CHARACTERS, in which this language was originally written, were called Runic; from an Islandic word that signifies a FURROW\*. As the materials used for writing in the first rude ages were only wood or stone, the convenience of sculpture required that the strokes should run chiefly in strait lines; and the resemblance to plowing suggested the appellation. The word Runic was at first applied to the letters only; tho' later*

\* RYN Sulcus. Vid. Olaij Wormij Literat. Runica. 1636. 4to. p. 2, 3.

## P R E F A C E.

writers have extended it to the verses written in them.

*A few specimens of these are now offered to the public. It would be as vain to deny, as it is perhaps impolitic to mention, that this attempt is owing to the success of the ERSE fragments. It is by no means for the interest of this little work, to have it brought into a comparison with those beautiful pieces, after which it must appear to the greatest disadvantage. And yet till the Translator of those poems thinks proper to produce his originals, it is impossible to say whether they do not owe their superiority, if not their whole existence entirely to himself. \* The Editor of these pieces had no such boundless field for licence. Every poem here produced has been already published accompanied with a Latin or Swedish*

## P R E F A C E.

*disb version ; by which every deviation would at once be detected. It behoved him therefore to be as exact as possible. Sometimes indeed, where a sentence was obscure, he hath ventured to drop it, and the asterisks which occur will denote such omissions. Sometimes for the sake of perspicuity it was necessary to alter the arrangement of a period; and sometimes to throw in a few explanatory words: and even once or twice to substitute a more simple expression instead of the complex and enigmatic phrase of the original.*

*For the reader must be informed that the productions of the Islandic poets, tho' quite original and underived, are far from being so easy and simple as might be expected: on the contrary, no compositions abound with more laboured metaphors, or more studied refinements. A proof that  
poetry*



## P R E F A C E.

*poetry had been cultivated among them for many ages. That daring spirit and vigour of imagination, which distinguished the northern warriors, naturally inclined them to bold and swelling figures: and as their mythology was grown very extensive and complicated, the frequent allusions to it could not but be a great source of obscurity to modern readers. It was the constant study of the northern SCALDS to lift their poetic style as much as possible above that of their prose. So that they had at length formed to themselves in verse a kind of new language\*, in which every idea was expressed by a peculiar term, never admitted into their ordinary converse. Some of these terms are founded on their mythology or the fa-*

\* Called by them, after the manner of the ancient Greeks, (*Afom-maal*,) THE LANGUAGE OF THE GODS.

## P R E F A C E.

*bulous history of their gods : and others on some fancied analogy or resemblance. Thus if an Islandic poet had occasion to mention a rainbow, he called it, The bridge of the gods ; if gold, The tears of Freya ; if poesy, The gift of Odin. The earth was indifferently termed, Odin's spouse ; the daughter of night, or the vessel that floats on the ages : In like manner a battle was to be styled, The bath of blood ; The storm of Odin ; or the clash of bucklers : the sea, The field of pirates, or the girdle of the earth. Ice was not insignificantly named, The greatest of bridges : a ship, The horse of the waves, &c. †*

*From the following specimens it will  
be*

† See these and more instances in a very elegant *French* book lately published in *Denmark*, and often quoted in the following pages, intitled  
*L' in-*

## P R E F A C E.

*be found, that the poetry of the Scalds chiefly displays itself in images of terror. Death and war were their favourite subjects, and in expressions on this head their language is amazingly copious and fruitful. If in the following versions there should be found too frequent a recurrence of synonymous phrases, it is entirely owing to the deficiency of our language, which did not afford a greater variety: for in the original the same thought is scarcely ever expressed twice in the same words. But tho' most of the Islandic poetry, that has been printed, is of the rougher cast; we are not to suppose that the northern bards never addressed themselves to the softer*

*L' introduction a l' histoire de Dannemarc par le Chev. Mallet, 4to. Which contains a most curious and entertaining account of the ancient manners, customs, religion and mythology of the northern nations; besides many striking specimens of their composition. A translation of this work is in great forwardness, and will speedily be published.*

*passions,*

## P R E F A C E.

*passions, or that they did not leave behind them many pieces on the gentler subjects of love or friendship. The misfortune has been, that their compositions have fallen into the hands of none but professed antiquarians: and these have only selected such poems for publication as confirmed some fact in history, or served to throw light on the antiquities of their country.*

*The Editor was in some doubt whether he should subjoin or suppress the originals. But as they lie within little compass, and as the books whence they are extracted are very scarce, he was tempted to add them as vouchers for the authenticity of his version. They have also a further use.—It has been said by some critics \* that the prevalence of rhyme in European poetry was de-*

\* CRESCEMBENI, &c.

*rived*

## P R E F A C E.

*rived from the Latin hymns, invented by the monks in the fourth and fifth centuries: but from the original of EGILL'S ODE, it will be seen that the ancient Gothic poets occasionally used rhyme with all the variety and exactness of our nicest moderns, long before their conversion to christianity; and therefore were not likely to adopt it from the monks; a race of men, whom they were either unacquainted with, or held in derision †.*

*Upon the whole, it is hoped that the few pages assigned to the Islandic originals will not be thought an useless incumbrance by any readers; but it is presumed will be peculiarly acceptable to such curious persons, as study the ancient languages of the north. To these gentlemen this small publication is inscribed:*

† *Vide infra pag. 32.*

## P R E F A C E.

*One of the most learned and most eminent among them has honoured it so far as to compare the versions every where with the originals. But this was a small exertion of that extensive skill in languages, which the public has seen displayed with so much advantage in the fine editions of JUNIUS'S ETYMOLOGICON and the GOTHIC GOSPELS—That the study of ancient northern literature hath its important uses has been often evinced by able writers\* : and that it is not dry or unamusive this little work it is hoped will demonstrate. Its aim at least is to shew, that if those kind of studies are not always employed on works of taste or classic elegance, they serve at least to unlock the treasures of native genius; they present us with frequent sallies of bold imagi-*

\* See Dr. Hickes's *Dissertatio Epistolaris*, &c.

## P R E F A C E.

*nation, and constantly afford matter for philosophical reflection by showing the workings of the human mind in its almost original state of nature.*

## E R R A T A.

Page 89. col. 1. line 20. lege  
*Fyrer Inndyris eium.*

Page 94. col. 1. line 32. lege  
*Fofur sueigde r.*

THE

( I . )

THE

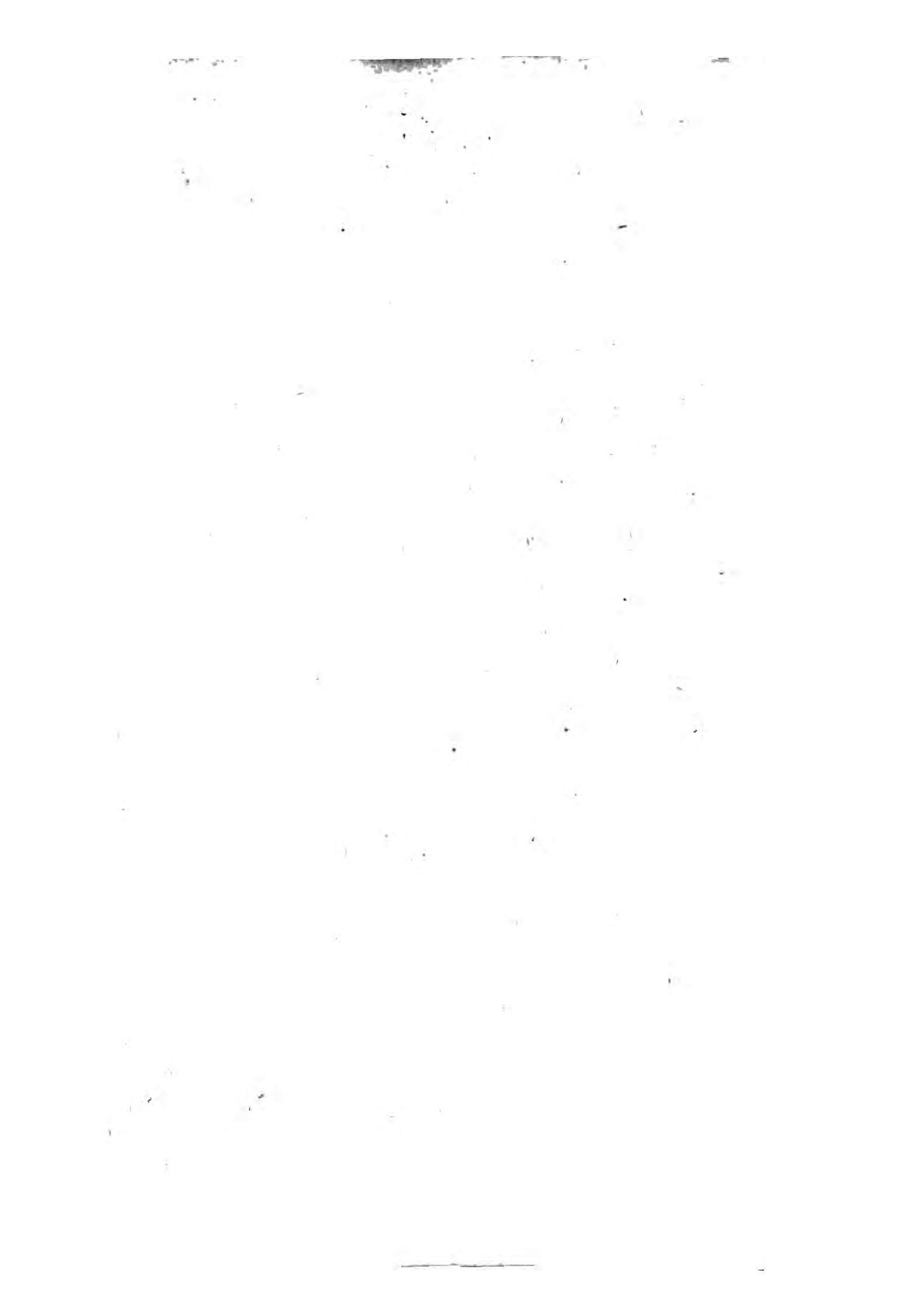
INCANTATION

OF

H E R V O R.

B





## INTRODUCTION.

“ **A**NDGRYM the grandfather  
“ of Hervor, was prince of a  
“ part of Sweden, now in the province  
“ of Smaland: He forcibly carried away  
“ out of Ruffia Eyvor the daughter of  
“ Suafurlama, by whom he had twelve  
“ sons, four whereof were Hervardur,  
“ Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Angantyr the  
“ father of Hervor. These twelve bre-  
“ thren, according to the usual practice  
“ of those times, followed piracy. In  
“ one of their expeditions they landed  
“ in the territories of Hialmar king of  
“ Thulemark, where a fierce battle en-  
“ suing they all lost their lives. An-  
“ gantyr fell the last of his brethren,  
“ having first with his own hand killed  
“ their adversary Hialmar. They were

“ buried in the field of battle, together  
 “ with their arms : and it is at their  
 “ tombs that Hervor, the daughter of  
 “ Angantyr, who had taken a voyage  
 “ thither on purpose, makes the follow-  
 “ ing invocation.”

“ N. B. This Piece is published from  
 “ the translation of Dr. Hickes, with  
 “ some considerable emendations ; See  
 “ his *Thesaurus Antiq. Literaturæ Sep-*  
 “ *tentrion. Tom. 1. p. 123.*

“ The *Hervarer Saga*, whence this  
 “ poem is extracted, is an old Islandic  
 “ history \*, the author and date of  
 “ which are unknown : but it is be-  
 “ lieved, in general, to be of very great

\* *Saga* in the Islandic language signifies A  
 HISTORY, &c.

“ antiquity. It records the achievements  
 “ of Hervor, a celebrated northern  
 “ heroine, as also the exploits of  
 “ her ancestors and descendants, in Swe-  
 “ den and other northern countries. It  
 “ was printed in a thin folio vol. at  
 “ Upsal in 1672, with a Swedish ver-  
 “ sion and Latin notes by Olaus Vere-  
 “ lius: and contains many other pieces  
 “ of Runic poetry.”



“ To prevent as much as possible the  
 “ interruption of notes, it was thought  
 “ proper to premise a few miscellaneous  
 “ observations.

## I.

“ **T**HE northern nations held their  
 “ Runic verses in such reverence,  
 “ that they believed them sufficient (pro-  
 “ vided they were pronounced with great  
 “ emotion of mind) to raise the ghosts  
 “ of the departed : and that without  
 “ other magical rites, especially if the  
 “ the party had worked himself up in-  
 “ to

“ to a firm persuasion that it would hap-  
 “ pen according to his desires. ———  
 “ Hervor therefore in the first stanza  
 “ or strophe calls upon her father to  
 “ awake and deliver to her his sword.  
 “ — This not succeeding, in the next  
 “ place she adjures him and his bre-  
 “ thren by all their arms, THE SHIELD,  
 “ &c. ——— Being still unanswered,  
 “ she wonders that her father and un-  
 “ cles should be so mouldered to dust,  
 “ as that nothing of them should re-  
 “ main, and adds, as it were by way of  
 “ imprecation, SO MAY YOU ALL  
 “ BE, &c. a form of conjuring not pe-  
 “ culiar to this poem, Olaus Verelius  
 “ quotes a like passage from another  
 “ ancient piece to the following effect.

*Alla quælie eitur ver*

*Innan rífa, oc vesta bal :*

*Nema sverdid selier mier*

*Samit rauda jotna mal.*

“ May the poison of serpents and noxious flames torment you all within your ribs, unless you deliver me the sword adorned with gold.”

*Vid. Herv. Saga, pag. 100, &c.*

## II.

“ BY *Duergar* or DWARFS, the ancient Scandinavians did not understand human creatures defective in size or stature, but a distinct race of beings, a kind of lesser demons, who inhabited the rocks and mountains, and were remarkably expert at forging weapons, that were proof against all force or fraud.—They  
“ meant

“ meant by *dwarfs*, much the same as  
 “ we do by *fairies*.”

*Olaus Ver. ad Her. Sag. p. 44. 45.*

*Hickes Thes. tom. 2. p. 311.*

### III.

“ As to what is said in the second stan-  
 “ za, of their being buried UNDER THE  
 “ ROOTS OF TREES. It may be ob-  
 “ served, that the northern nations, in  
 “ the first ages, usually burnt their  
 “ dead: afterwards they buried them  
 “ under a *barrow* or hillock of earth,  
 “ &c. but no author mentions the roots  
 “ of trees, as chosen particularly for the  
 “ place of interment. There is, indeed,  
 “ one instance of this to be found, in a  
 “ fragment of an ancient Runic poem  
 “ preserved in the history of Snorro  
 “ Sturleson,



“ Sturleson, but it seems to be attended  
 “ with circumstances too particular to  
 “ prove the generality of the practice.”

—*Bith ofur capp,*  
*Austur konga &c.*

“ —THE eastern kings contended together with vehement rage, when the sons of Yngvon hanged the generous king on a tree.

“ AND there on a promontory is that ancient tree, on which the dead body was suspended : where the promontory Straumyernes divides the bay ; there, I say, exposed to the winds, stands that most noted tree, remarkable for the tomb and monument \* of the king.”

*Snorro Sturl. Hist. Reg. Sept. fol. p. 28.*

\* Or rather *barrow*, Lat. *tumulus*.

IV.

## IV.

“ THE northern nations believed that  
 “ the tombs of their heroes emitted a  
 “ kind of lambent flame, which was  
 “ always visible in the night, and serv-  
 “ ed to guard the ashes of the dead.  
 “ They called it *Hauga Elldr*, or THE  
 “ SEPULCHRAL FIRE. It was supposed  
 “ more particularly to surround such  
 “ tombs as contained hidden treasures.”  
*Barthol. de contempt. a Dan. Mort. p. 275.*

## V.

“ MOST of the proper names in the  
 “ ancient northern languages were  
 “ significant. Thus *Angantyr* signifies  
 “ One who bravely does his duty.” *Her-*  
*vardur*, “ A preserver of the army.” *Hior-*  
*vardur*, “ A keeper of the sword.” &c.  
*Vid. Ol. Verel. ad Herv. Saga, p. 49.*



THE  
INCANTATION  
OF  
HERVOR.

**A**WAKE, Angantyr; Hervor,  
the only daughter of thee and  
Suafu, doth awaken thee. Give me,  
out of the tomb, the hardened sword,  
which the dwarfs made for Suafurlama.

Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and  
Angantyr; with helmet and coat of  
mail, and a sharp sword; with shield  
and accoutrements and bloody spear, I  
wake you all under the roots of trees.

ARE

ARE the fons of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, now become dust and ashes? Can none of Eyvor's fons now speak with me out of the habitations of the dead? Hervardur, Hiorvardur!

So may you all be, within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up to putrefy among insects, unless you deliver me the sword, which the dwarfs made, \* \* \* and the glorious belt.

[HERE the tomb opens, the inside of which appears all on fire, and the following words are sung out of the tomb.]

A N G A N T Y R.

DAUGHTER Hervor, full of spells to raise the dead, why doest thou call so?  
Wilt

Wilt thou run on to thy own mischief?  
 Thou art mad and out of thy senses,  
 who art desperately resolved to waken  
 dead men.

I was not buried either by father or  
 other friends: two which lived after  
 me got Tiring; one of whom is now  
 possessor thereof\*.

H E R V O R .

Thou dost not tell the truth. So let  
 Odin preserve thee safe in the tomb, as  
 thou hast not Tiring by thee. Art thou  
 unwilling, Angantyr, to give an inheri-  
 tance to thy only child?

AN-

\* This is said merely to make her desist from  
 her purpose; as foreseeing it will prove fatal to her  
 posterity.

*Tiring* is the name of the sword. The etymo-  
 logy of this word is not known.

A N G A N T Y R.

I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to pass : this Tiring will, if thou dost believe me, destroy almost all thy offspring. Thou shalt have a son, who afterwards must possess Tiring, and many think he will be called Heidrek by the people.

H E R V O R.

I do by enchantments make that the dead shall never enjoy rest, unless Angantyr deliver me Tiring; that cleaveth shields, and killed Hialmar.

A N G A N T Y R.

YOUNG maid, I say, thou art of manlike courage, who dost rove about by night to tombs, with spear engraven  
with

with magic spells \*, with helmet and coat of mail, before the door of our hall.

### HERVOR.

I took thee for a brave man, before I found out your hall. Give me, out of the tomb, the workmanship of the dwarfs, which hateth all coats of mail. It is not good for thee to hide it.

### ANGANTYR.

The death of Hialmar lies under my shoulders : it is all wrapt up in fire : I know no maid, in any country, that dares take this sword in hand.

\* It was usual with the northern warriors to inscribe Runic characters on their weapons, to prevent their being dulled or blunted by enchantment, as also to give them a keenness and strength which nothing could resist. *Ol. Verel. pag. 101.*



## H E R V O R.

I shall keep and take in my hand the sharp sword, if I may obtain it. I do not think that fire will burn, which plays about the fight of deceased men.

## A N G A N T Y R.

O conceited Hervor, thou art mad: rather than thou, in a moment, shouldest fall into the fire, I will give thee the sword out of the tomb, young maid; and not hide it from thee.

[Here the sword was delivered to Hervor out of the tomb, who proceeds thus.]

## H E R V O R.

Thou didst well, thou offspring of heroes, that thou didst send me the sword  
out

out of the tomb; I am now better pleased,  
O prince, to have it, than if I had  
gotten all Norway.

ANGANTYR.

False woman, thou dost not un-  
derstand that thou speakest foolishly of  
that in which thou dost rejoice: for  
Tirfing shall, if thou dost believe me,  
maid, destroy all thy offspring.

HERVOR.

I must go to my seamen. Here I  
have no mind to stay longer. Little do  
I care, O royal ancestor, about what  
my sons may hereafter quarrel.

ANGANTYR.

Take and keep Hialmar's bane,  
which thou shalt long have and enjoy :

touch but the edges of it, there is poison in them both: it is a most cruel devourer of men.

H E R V O R.

I shall keep, and take in hand, the sharp sword, which thou hast let me have: I do not fear, O slain father, about what my sons may hereafter quarrel.

A N G A N T Y R.

Farewel, daughter: I do quickly give thee twelve men's death: if thou canst believe with might and courage: even all the goods, which Andgrym's sons left behind them.

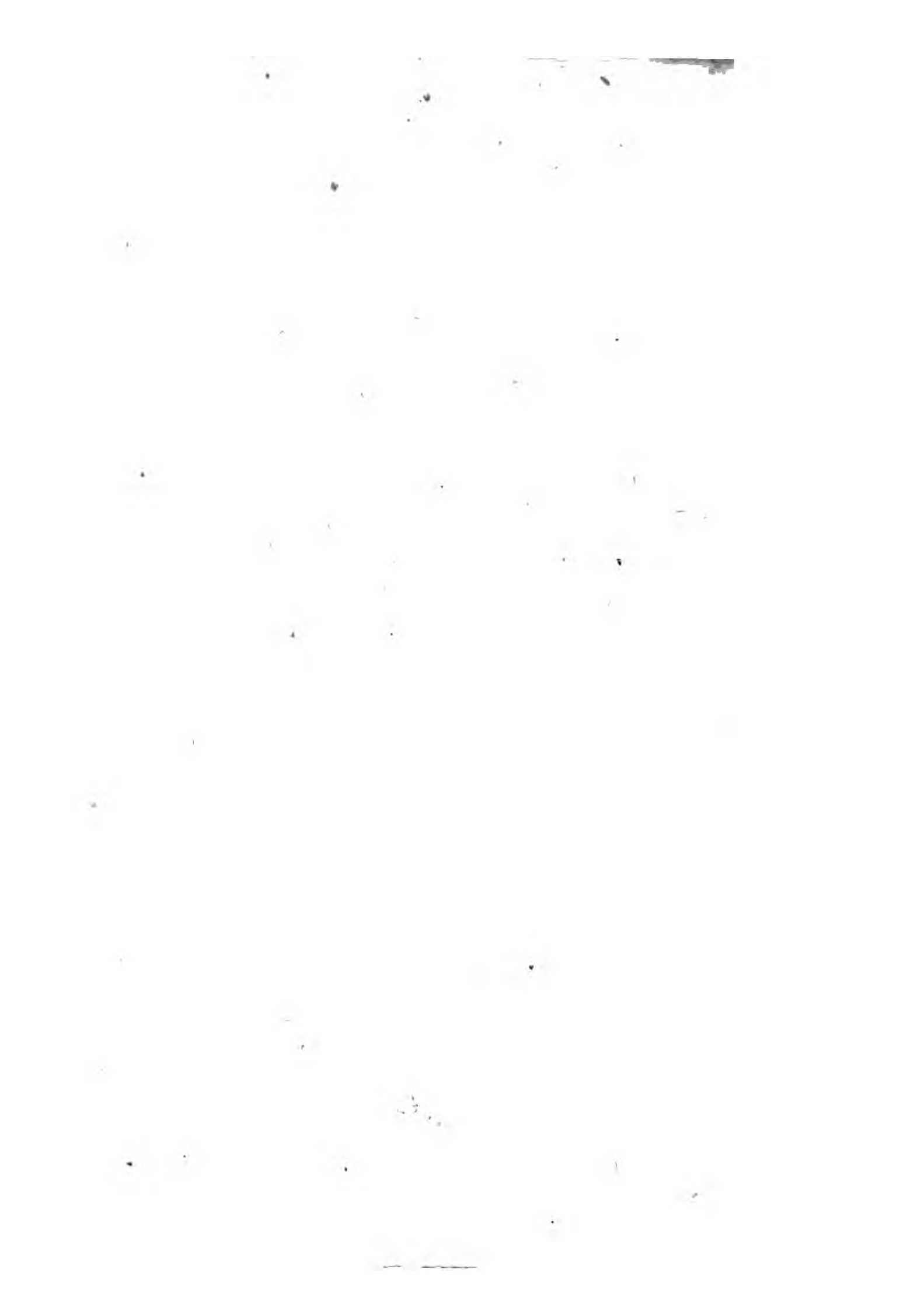
H E R V O R.

Dwell all of you safe in the tomb. I must be gone, and hasten hence; for I seem to be in the midst of a place where fire burneth round about me.

T H E

( II. )  
T H E  
D Y I N G O D E  
O F  
R E G N E R L O D B R O G .

C 3



## INTRODUCTION.

“ **K**ING Regner Lodbrog was a  
 “ celebrated Poet, Warrior, and  
 “ (what was the same thing in those  
 “ ages) Pirate; who reigned in Denmark,  
 “ about the beginning of the ninth cen-  
 “ tury. After many warlike expeditions  
 “ by sea and land, he at length met with  
 “ bad fortune. He was taken in battle by  
 “ his adversary Ella king of Northum-  
 “ berland. War in those rude ages was  
 “ carried on with the same inhumani-  
 “ ty, as it is now among the savages of  
 “ North-America: their prisoners were  
 “ only reserved to be put to death with  
 “ torture. Regner was accordingly  
 “ thrown into a dungeon to be stung

“ to death by serpents. While he was  
 “ dying he composed this song, where-  
 “ in he records all the valiant atchieve-  
 “ ments of his life, and threatens Ella  
 “ with vengeance; which history in-  
 “ forms us was afterwards executed by  
 “ the sons of Regner.

“ It is, after all, conjectured that Reg-  
 “ ner himself only composed a few stan-  
 “ zas of this poem, and that the rest  
 “ were added by his *Scald* or poet-  
 “ laureat, whose business it was to add  
 “ to the solemnities of his funeral by  
 “ singing some poem in his praise.

*L'Edda par Chev. Mallet. p. 150.*

“ This piece is translated from the  
 “ Islandic original published by Olaus  
 “ Wormius in his *Literatura Runica*,  
 “ *Hafniæ*

“ *Hafniæ 4to. 1631.—Ibidem, 2. Edit.*

“ *Fol. 1651.*



“ N. B. Thora, mentioned in the  
 “ first stanza, was daughter of some  
 “ little Gothic prince, whose palace  
 “ was infested by a large serpent ; he  
 “ offered his daughter in marriage to  
 “ any one that would kill the monster  
 “ and set her free. Regner accom-  
 “ plished the atchievement and acquir-  
 “ ed the name of *Lod-brog*, which sig-  
 “ nifies ROUGH OR HAIRY-BREECHES,  
 “ because he cloathed himself all over  
 “ in rough or hairy skins before he  
 “ made the attack. [*Vide Saxon Gram.*  
 “ *pag. 152, 153.*]——This is the poe-  
 “ tical



“ tical account of this adventure : but  
“ history informs us that Thora was  
“ kept prisoner by one of her father’s  
“ vassals, whose name was *Orme* or  
“ SERPENT, and that it was from this  
“ man that Regner delivered her, clad  
“ in the aforesaid shaggy armour. But  
“ he himself chuses to commemorate it  
“ in the most poetical manner.”

*Vide Chev. Mallet Introd. à l’ Hist.  
de Dannemarc. pag. 201.*

[ 27 ]

THE  
DYING ODE  
OF

REGNER LODBROG.

**W**E fought with fwords : \* \* \*  
when in Gothland I flew an  
enormous serpent : my reward was the  
beauteous Thora. Thence I was deem-  
ed a man : they called me Lodbrog from  
that slaughter. \* \* \* I thrust the monster  
through with my spear, with the steel  
productive of splendid rewards.

We fought with fwords : I was very  
young, when towards the East, in the  
straights of Eirar, we gained rivers of  
blood

blood \* for the ravenous wolf: ample food for the yellow-footed fowl. There the hard iron fung upon the lofty helmets. The whole ocean was one wound. The raven waded in the blood of the slain.

We fought with swords: we lifted high our lances; when I had numbered twenty years, and every where acquired great renown. We conquered eight barons at the mouth of the Danube. We procured ample entertainment for the eagle in that slaughter. Bloody sweat fell in the ocean of wounds. A host of men there lost their lives.

\* Literally "Rivers of wounds."——

By the yellow-footed fowl is meant the eagle.

We

We fought with swords: we enjoyed the fight, when we sent the inhabitants of Helging to the habitation of the gods †. We sailed up the Vistula. Then the sword acquired spoils: the whole ocean was one wound: the earth grew red with reeking gore: the sword grinned at the coats of mail: the sword cleft the shields asunder.

We fought with swords: I well remember that no one fled that day in the battle before in the ships Herauder fell. There does not a fairer warrior divide the ocean with his vessels. \* \* \* This prince ever brought to the battle a gallant heart.

† Literally, "to the hall of Odin."

We

We fought with swords: the army cast away their shields. Then flew the spear to the breasts of the warriors. The sword in the fight cut the very rocks: the shield was all besmeared with blood, before king Rafno fell, our foe. The warm sweat run down from the heads on the coats of mail.

We fought with swords, before the isles of Indir. We gave ample prey for the ravens to rend in pieces: a banquet for the wild beasts that feed on flesh. At that time all were valiant: it were difficult to single out any one. At the rising of the sun, I saw the lances pierce: the bows darted the arrows from them.

We fought with swords: loud was  
the

the din \* of arms; before king Eifin fell in the field. Thence, enriched with golden spoils, we marched to fight in the land of Vals. There the sword cut the painted shields †. In the meeting of helmets, the blood ran from the wounds: it ran down from the cloven skulls of men.

We fought with swords, before Boring-holmi. We held bloody shields: we stained our spears. Showers of arrows brake the shield in pieces. The bow sent forth the glittering steel. Volnir fell in the conflict, than whom there was not a greater king. Wide on the

\* DIN is the word in the Islandic original.

*Dinn greniudu brottam.*

† Literally, "the paintings of the shields."

shores lay the scattered dead : the wolves  
rejoiced over their prey.

We fought with swords, in the Fle-  
mings land : the battle widely raged  
before king Freyr fell therein. The blue  
steel all reeking with blood fell at length  
upon the golden mail. Many a virgin  
bewailed the slaughter of that morning.  
The beasts of prey had ample spoil.

We fought with swords, before Ain-  
glanes. There saw I thousands lie dead  
in the ships : we failed to the battle for  
six days before the army fell. There  
we celebrated a *mas*s of weapons \*. At  
the

\* This is intended for a sneer on the Christian  
religion, which tho' it had not gained any footing  
in the northern nations, when this Ode was writ-  
ten, was not wholly unknown to them. Their  
piratical

rising of the sun Valdiofur fell before our swords.

We fought with swords, at Bardafyrda. A shower of blood rained from our weapons. Headlong fell the palid corpse a prey for the hawks. The bow gave a twanging sound. The blade sharply bit the coats of mail: it bit the helmet in the fight. The arrow sharp with poison and all besprinkled with bloody sweat ran to the wound.

We fought with swords, before the bay of Hiadning. We held aloft magic shields in the play of battle. Then

piratical expeditions into the southern countries had given them some notion of it, but by no means a favourable one: they considered it as the religion of cowards, because it would have corrected their savage manners.

D

might



might you see men, who rent shields with their swords. The helmets were shattered in the murmur of the warriors. The pleasure of that day was like having a fair virgin placed beside one in the bed.

We fought with swords, in the Northumbrian land. A furious storm descended on the shields: many a lifeless body fell to the earth. It was about the time of the morning, when the foe was compelled to fly in the battle. There the sword sharply bit the polished helmet. The pleasure of that day was like kissing a young widow at the highest seat of the table.

We fought with swords, in the isles of the south. There Herthiofe proved

victorious: there died many of our valiant warriors. In the shower of arms Rogvaldur fell: I lost my son. In the play of arms came the deadly spear: his lofty crest was dyed with gore. The birds of prey bewailed his fall: they lost him that prepared them banquets.

We fought with swords, in the Irish plains. The bodies of the warriors lay intermingled. The hawk rejoiced at the play of swords. The Irish king did not act the part of the eagle\*\*\*. Great was the conflict of sword and shield. King Marstan was killed in the bay: he was given a prey to the hungry ravens.

We fought with swords: the spear

refounded: the banners shone \* upon the coats of mail. I saw many a warrior fall in the morning: many a hero in the contention of arms. Here the sword reached betimes the heart of my son: it was Egill deprived Agnar of life. He was a youth, who never knew what it was to fear.

We fought with swords, at Skioldunga. We kept our words: we carved out with our weapons a plenteous banquet for the wolves of the sea †. The ships were all besmeared with crimson, as if for many days the maidens had brought and poured forth wine. All rent was the mail in the clash of arms.

\* Or more properly "reflected the sunshine upon the coat of mail."

† A poetical name for the fishes of prey.

We

We fought with swords; when Harold fell. I saw him struggling in the twilight of death; that young chief so proud of his flowing locks\*: he who spent his mornings among the young maidens: he who loved to converse with the handsome widows. \* \* \* \*

We fought with swords: we fought three kings in the isle of Lindis. Few had reason to rejoice that day. Many fell into the jaws of the wild-beasts. The hawk and the wolf tore the flesh of the dead: they departed gluttoned with their prey. The blood of the Irish fell plentifully into the ocean, during the time of that slaughter.

\* He means Harold Harfax king of Norway.—*Harfax* (synonymous to our English *Fairfax*) signifies *Fair-locks*.

We fought with swords, at the isle of Onlug. The uplifted weapon bit the shields. The gilded lance grated on the mail. The traces of that fight will be seen for ages. There kings marched up to the play of arms. The shores of the sea were stained with blood. The lances appeared like flying dragons.

We fought with swords. Death is the happy portion of the brave\* ; for he stands the foremost against the storm of weapons. He, who flies from danger, often bewails his miserable life. Yet how difficult is it to rouse up a coward to the play of arms ? The dastard feels no heart in his bosom.

\* The northern warriors thought none were intitled to Elizium, but such as died in battle, or underwent a violent death.

We

We fought with swords. Young men should march up to the conflict of arms: man should meet man and never give way. In this hath always consisted the nobility of the warrior. He, who aspires to the love of his mistress, ought to be dauntless in the clash of arms.

We fought with swords. Now I find for certain that we are drawn along by fate. Who can evade the decrees of destiny? Could I have thought the conclusion of my life reserved for Ella; when almost expiring I shed torrents of blood? When I launched forth my ships into the deep? When in the Scottish gulphs I gained large spoils for the wolves?

We fought with swords : this fills me still with joy, because I know a banquet is preparing by the father of the gods. Soon, in the splendid hall of Odin, we shall drink BEER \* out of the skulls of our enemies. A brave man shrinks not at death. I shall utter no repining words as I approach the palace of the gods.

We fought with swords. O that the sons of Aslauga † knew; O that my children knew the sufferings of their father! that numerous serpents filled with poison tear me to pieces! Soon would

\* BEER and MEAD were the only nectar of the northern nations. Odin alone of all the gods was supposed to drink WINE. *Vid. Bartholin.*

† Aslauga was his second wife, whom he married after the death of Thora.

they

they be here : soon would they wage bitter war with their swords. I gave a mother to my children from whom they inherit a valiant heart.

We fought with swords. Now I touch on my last moments. I receive a deadly hurt from the viper. A serpent inhabits the hall of my heart. Soon shall my sons black their swords in the blood of Ella. They wax red with fury : they burn with rage. Those gallant youths will not rest till they have avenged their father.

We fought with swords. Battles fifty and one have been fought under my banners. From my early youth I learnt to dye my sword in crimson : I never yet could find a king more valiant than myself.



myself. The gods now invite me to them. Death is not to be lamented.

'Tis with joy I cease. The goddesses of destiny are come to fetch me. Odin hath sent them from the habitation of the gods. I shall be joyfully received into the highest seat; I shall quaff full goblets among the gods. The hours of my life are past away. I die laughing.

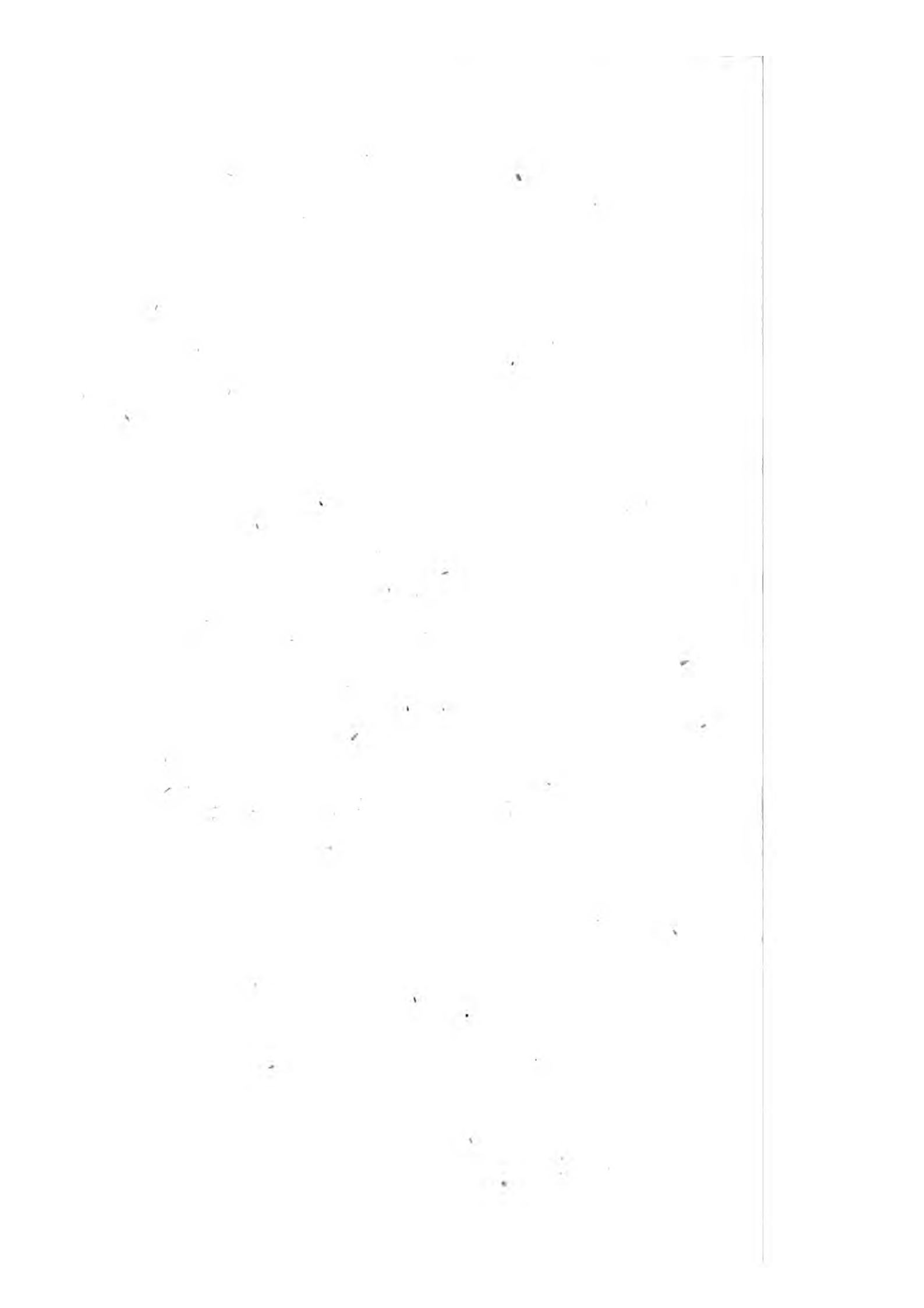
( III. )

T H E

R A N S O M E

O F

E G I L L the S C A L D.



## INTRODUCTION.

“ **T**HE following piece is an il-  
 “ lustrious proof of the high re-  
 “ verence in which poets and their art  
 “ were held among the northern na-  
 “ tions. It was composed by Egill a  
 “ celebrated *Scald* or poet, who having  
 “ received some injury from Eric Blo-  
 “ dox king of Norway, had in revenge  
 “ killed his son and several of his friends.  
 “ Being afterwards seized in Iceland by  
 “ Eric’s queen, she sent him after her  
 “ husband into England; which he  
 “ had just before invaded, and where  
 “ he then had gained some footing.  
 “ Though Egill had so highly exas-  
 “ perated the king, he purchased his  
 “ pardon by the poem, here translated;

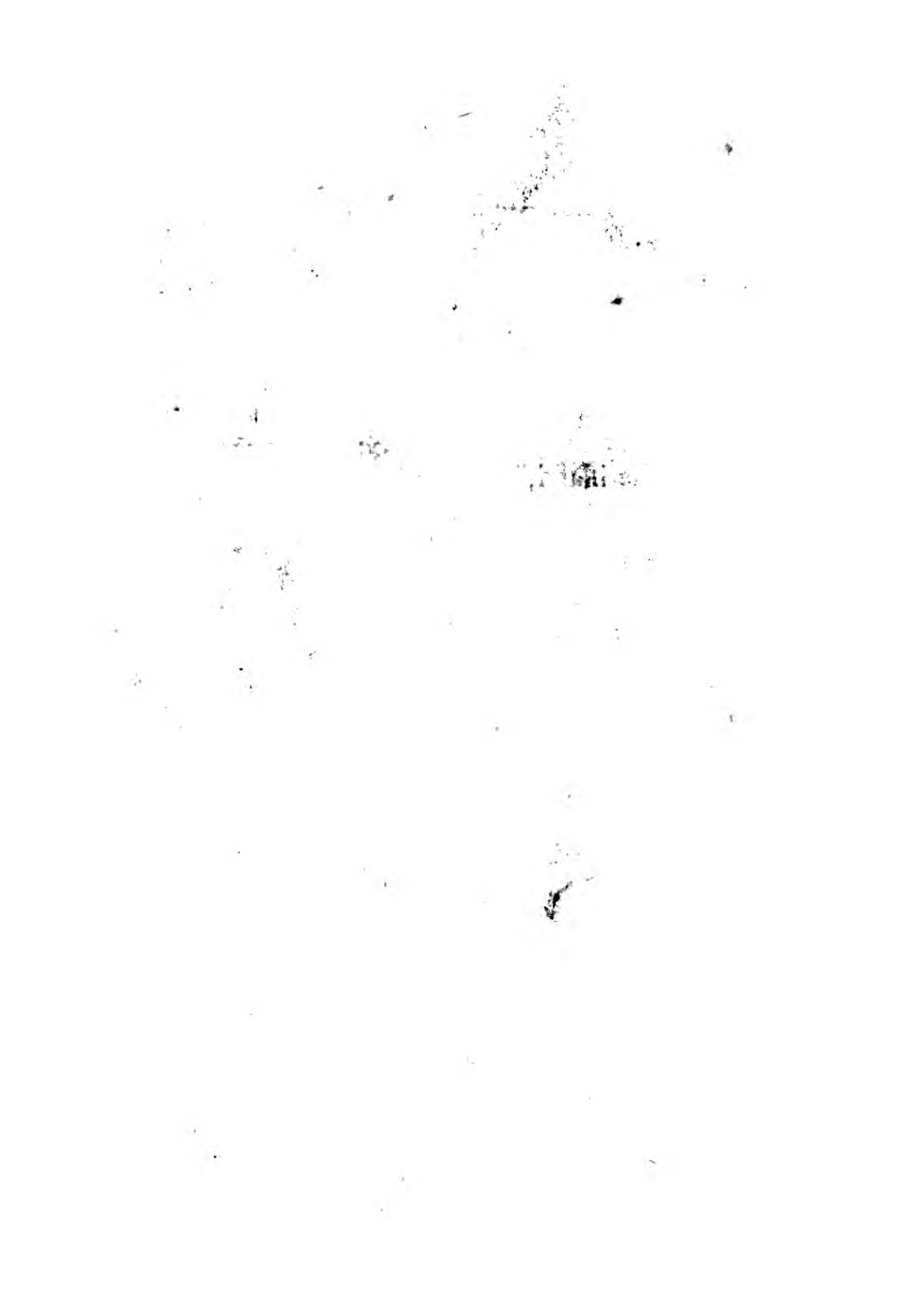
“ which, notwithstanding it is all in  
 “ rhyme, and consists of a great va-  
 “ riety of measures ; and tho’ the style  
 “ is uncommonly figurative, is said to  
 “ have been pronounced extempore in  
 “ a full assembly of Eric and his  
 “ chiefs.”

*Mallet Introd. a l’Hist. de Dannem. p.*  
*247. Olaij Worm. Lit. Run. p. 195.*

“ The translation is made from the  
 “ Islandic original, published by Olaus  
 “ Wormius in his *Literatura Runica*,  
 “ 4to. pag. 227.

“ N. B. In the following poem Eric  
 “ is called THE ENGLISH CHIEF, in  
 “ compliment to his having gained some  
 “ footing in the kingdom of Northum-  
 “ berland.

“ berland.—He is also intitled THE  
“ COMMANDER OF THE FLEET OF  
“ SCOTS; from his having auxiliaries  
“ of that nation: it was usual for the  
“ Scots to join the Danes &c. in their  
“ irruptions into the southern parts of  
“ the island.”



THE  
R A N S O M E  
O F  
E G I L L the S C A L D.

**I** Came by sea from the west. I bring  
in my bosom the gift of Odin.  
Thus was my passage: I launched into  
the ocean in ships of Iceland: my mind  
is deep laden with the songs of the  
gods.

I offer my freight unto the king: I  
owe a poem for my ransome. I pre-  
sent to the English chief the songs of  
Odin. Renown is imperfect without  
songs. My lays resound his praise; I  
**E** intreat



intreat his silent attention ; while he is the subject of my song.

Listen, O prince, that I may swell the strain. If I can obtain but silence, many men shall know the achievements of the king. Odin hath seen where the dead bodies lie.

The clash of arms increased about the edges of the shield. The goddesses of war had required this of him. The king was impetuous : he was distinguished in the tumult : a torrent flowed from his sword : the storm of weapons furiously raged.

The web of spears went furiously forward ; thro' the resounding ranks of shields ; among the carcasses destined to  
glad

glad the eagles. The ship failed in a sea  
of blood. Wounds resounded on all sides.

The feet of the warriors failed at the  
discharge of arrows. There Eric ac-  
quired deathless renown.

I shall proceed if the warriors will  
listen: I have heard of all their glorious  
renown. The wounds boiled at the  
king's attack. The swords were broken  
against the azure shields.

The broken harness gave a crash:  
the helmets flashed out fire. Sharp  
was the sword: it was a bloody de-  
stroyer. I know that many warriors

fell before the springing bow, in the play of weapons.

Then was there a devouring of spears, in the clash of arms. There Eric acquired deathless renown.

The king dyed his sword in crimson; his sword that glutted the hungry ravens. The weapon aimed at human life. The bloody lances flew. The commander of the Scottish fleet fed fat the birds of prey. The sister of Nara\* trampled on the foe: she trampled on the evening food of the eagle.

\* An Islandic phrase for death, it alludes to the ancient northern mythology. See the EDDA, &c.

The

The beaked lances flew amidst the edges of the sword. The weapons accustomed to measure wounds were imbrued in blood. The wolf mangled the festering wounds. Over their prey the ravens tumultuously assembled.

The dreadful inundation overwhelmed the secure. Eric gave the dead bodies to the wolves in the sea\*.

Sharp was the flying dart : then peace was lost. Bent was the bow ; at which the wolf rejoiced. Broken were the lances. Sharp were the swords. The bow-strings bare away the arrows.

\* An Islandic phrase for fishes of prey.

The valiant provoker of warlike play  
 sends the lances from his hand : he is  
 prodigal of blood. It is poured forth  
 on all sides. The song flows from my  
 heart. The expedition of Eric is cele-  
 brated thro' the eastern ocean.

The king bent his bow : the stinging  
 arrows fly. Eric gave the dead bodies  
 to the wolves in the sea.

It remains that I distinguish among  
 the warriors the superior excellence of  
 the king. My song will flow more ra-  
 pid. He causes the goddess of war to  
 watch upon his prow. He makes his  
 ship to skate along the rough billows.

The

The king, who breaks the shower of arrows, abounds in wealth. The shield-rending warriors resound his praise: the jocund mariners are gladdened with his gold: precious stones court the hand of the king.

There was no standing for the deluge of blood. The drawn bow twangs: it sends forth the arrow to meet the sword. The king hath gained a firm possession in his enemies land. Praise dwells beside him.

The king hath been attentive to my lays such as I could produce. I am happy that I could obtain a silent hearing. I have employed my tongue. I

have poured forth from my soul the songs of Odin in this splendid city.

I have published the praises of the king: I have broke through the fetters of silence: I have not feared to speak in the assembly of warriors. I have poured forth from my breast the praises of Eric. They flowed forth that many might hear them.

May he abound in gold. May he enrich his subjects. May his fame be spread abroad. May all things succeed to the king's desires\*.

\* The last stanza is in the original so highly figurative, and contains such obscure allusions to the northern mythology, that it would only admit of a very loose paraphrase. That here given, is founded on the notes of Olaus Wormius. pag. 140.

(IV.)

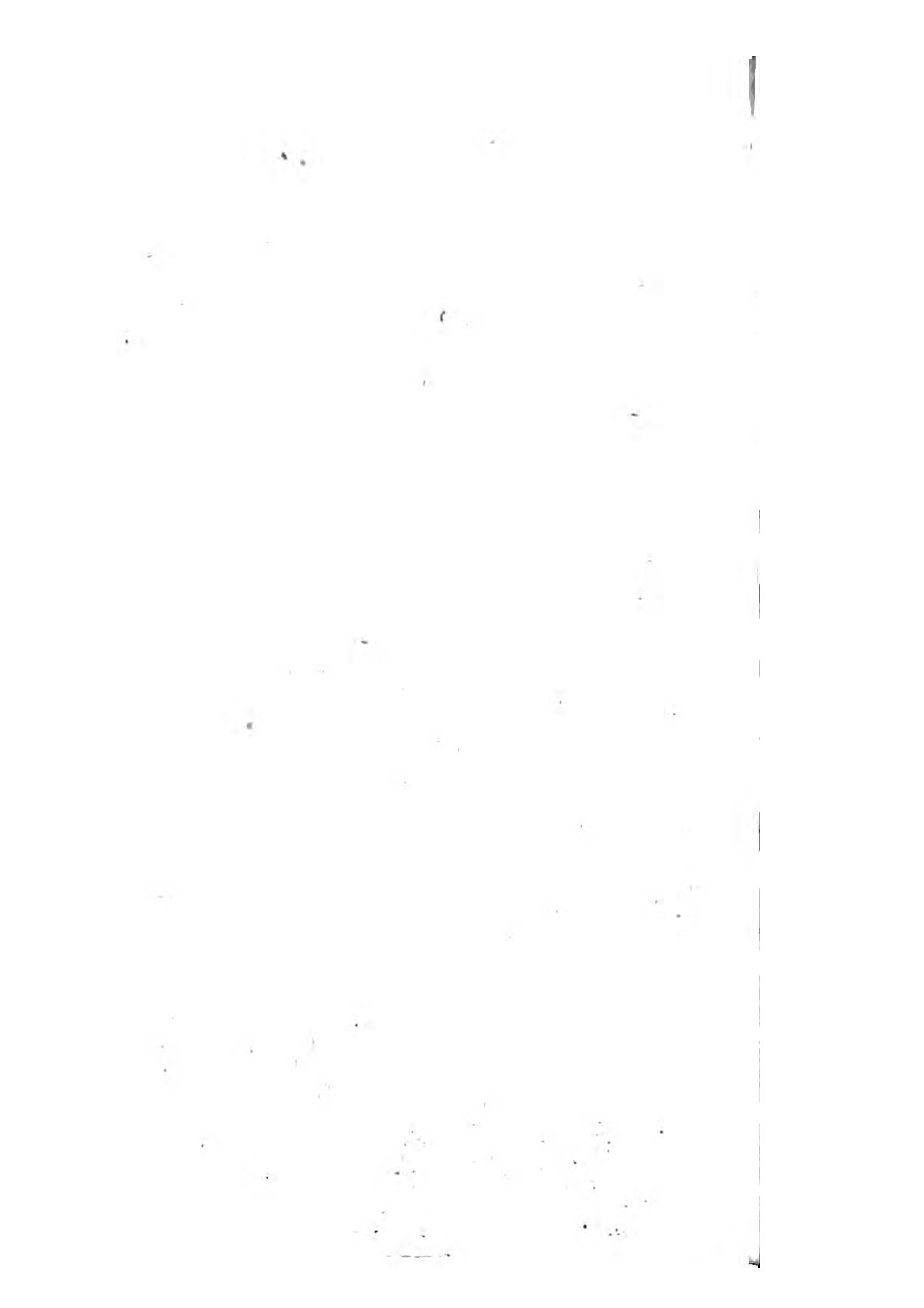
THE

FUNERAL SONG

OF

H A C O N.





## INTRODUCTION.

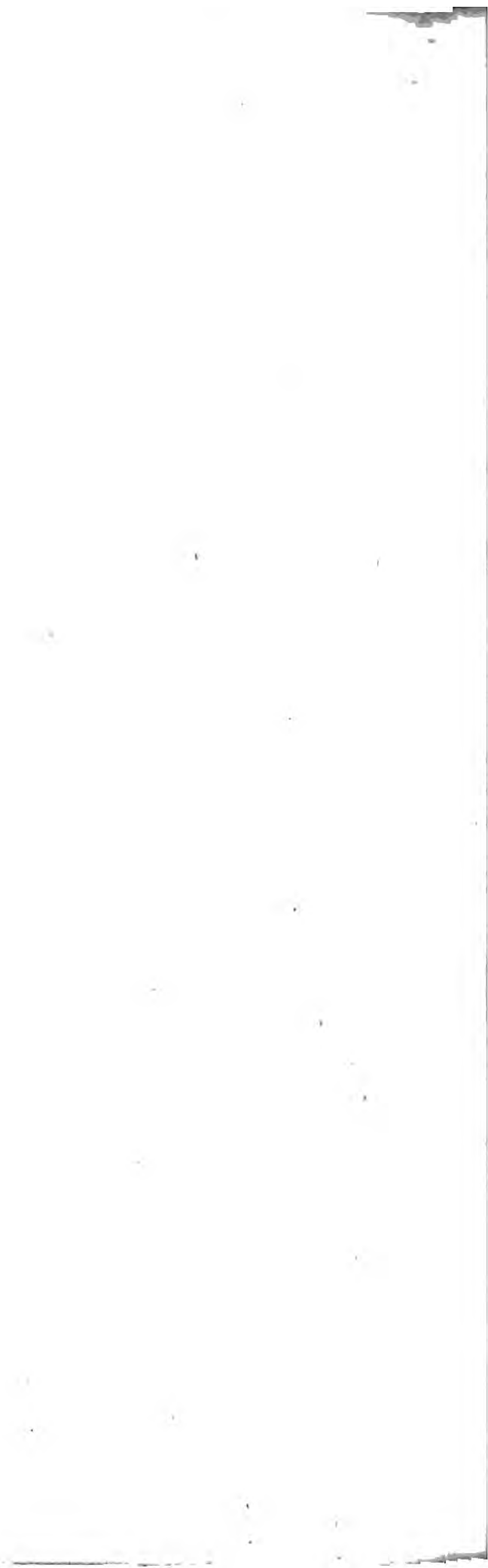
“ **H**ACON, the subject of the fol-  
 “ lowing piece, was son of the ce-  
 “ lebrated Harold Harfax, whose death  
 “ is recorded in Regner’s ode. He was  
 “ the great hero of the Norwegians,  
 “ and the last of their Pagan kings.  
 “ Hacon was slain about the year 960  
 “ in a battle with the Danes, in which  
 “ eight of his brethren fell before  
 “ him. Eyvindur his cousin, a famous  
 “ scald, or poet, who was present  
 “ at the battle, composed this poem  
 “ to be sung at his funeral.—What  
 “ seems to have suggested the plan of  
 “ the ode, was Hacon’s surviving the  
 “ battle, and afterwards dying of his  
 “ wounds, which were not at first ap-  
 “ prehended to be mortal. Although  
 “ this

“ this is not very clear from the his-  
 “ tory, something of this kind must be  
 “ understood, to render the poem in-  
 “ telligible.

“ To save the necessity of many  
 “ notes, we must remind the Reader,  
 “ that ODIN or WODEN was worship-  
 “ ped in the northern nations, as the  
 “ god of war, and as father of the  
 “ other gods. Such as died in battle  
 “ were believed to be received into the  
 “ habitation of the gods, and there to  
 “ feast and carrouse full goblets of the  
 “ northern nectar ALE and BEER; this  
 “ place or Elizium was called *Valball*  
 “ or the hall of slaughter. To receive  
 “ an invitation to *Valball* or the palace  
 “ of the gods meant the same as to re-  
 “ ceive a death-summons.

“ The

“ The Islandic original of this poem  
 “ is preserved in Snorro Sturleson’s *Hist.*  
 “ *Regum Septentrionalium*, folio. vol. 1.  
 “ pag. 163. The Latin version of Pe-  
 “ ringkiold has been chiefly followed,  
 “ except in some few places in which  
 “ the preference was given to that of  
 “ Bartholin in his *Causæ de contempt.*  
 “ *a Danis mortis*, and to the French  
 “ translation of the Chev. Mallet in his  
 “ *L’ Edda*, pag. 159.”



[ 63 ]

THE  
FUNERAL SONG

O F

H A C O N.

**G**ONDUL and Scogul, the goddesses of destiny, were sent by Odin to chuse, among the kings, one of the race of Yngvon, who should go dwell with him in the palace of the gods.

They found the brother of Biorno putting on his coat of mail: that excellent king stood ready under the banner: the enemies fell; the sword was brandished; the conflict was begun.

The

The slayer of princes had conjured the inhabitants of Haleyg: he had conjured the inhabitants of the isles: he went to the battle. The renowned chief had a gallant retinue of northern men. The depopulator of the Danish islands stood under his helmet.

The leader of the people had just before cast aside his armour; he had put off his coat of mail: he had thrown them down in the field a little before the beginning of the battle. He was playing with the sons of renowned men, when he was called forth to defend his kingdom. The gallant king now stood under his golden helmet.

Then the sword in the king's hand cut the coverings of brass, as easily as  
if

if it had been brandished in water. The javelins clashed together: the shields were broken: the arms resounded on the skulls of men.

The arms of Tyr, the arms of Bauga\* were broke to pieces; so hard were the helmets of the northern warriors. They joined battle in the island Storda. The kings broke through the shining fences of shields: they stained them with human blood.

The swords waxed hot † in the wounds distilling blood. The long

\* Tyr and Bauga were two subordinate gods of war: the expression means no more than the *Martia tela* of Virgil.

† Or perhaps more literally, "burnt in the wounds." One name for swords among the Runic poets is, "The fires of wounds," Latin *Vulnerum ignes*.



shields inclined themselves over the lives of men. The deluge from the spears ran down the shore of Storda: there on that promontory fell the wounded bodies.

Wounds suffused with gore were received among the shields; while they played in the battle contending for spoil. The blood rapidly flowed in the storm of Odin. Many men perished thro' the flowings from the sword.

Then fate the chiefs with their blunted swords; with broken and shattered shields; with their coats of mail pierced thro' with arrows. The host no longer thought of visiting the habitation of the gods.

When lo! Gondul leaned on her  
lance

lance and thus bespake them, The  
 assembly of the gods is going to be  
 increased, for they invite Hacon with a  
 mighty host to their banquet.

The king heard what the beautiful  
 nymphs of war, sitting on their horses,  
 spake. The nymphs seemed full of  
 thought: they were covered with their  
 helmets: they had their sheilds before  
 them.

Hacon said, Why hast thou, O god-  
 des, thus disposed of the battle? Were  
 we not worthy to have obtained a more  
 perfect victory?—Thou owest to us,  
 retorted Scogul, that thou hast carried  
 the field: that thy enemies have be-  
 taken themselves to flight.

Scogul the wealthy \* spake thus;  
 Now we must ride through the green  
 worlds of the gods, to tell Odin that  
 the all-powerful king is coming to his  
 hall; that he is coming to visit him.

The father of the gods said, Her-  
 mode and Brago, my sons, go to meet  
 the king: for now Hacon, the admired  
 warrior, approacheth to our hall.

The king was now arrived from the  
 battle, he stood all besprinkled with  
 blood and said; Odin appeareth very  
 severe and terrible: he smileth not upon  
 my soul.

\* The DESTINIES are called rich or wealthy,  
 because they finally inherit and possess all things.

Brago

Brago said, Thou shalt have peace here with all the heroes: drink ALE therefore with the gods. Thou destroyer of princes hast here within eight brethren.

The good king answered; We will retain our arms\*: the mail and helmet are carefully to be retained: it is good to have the sword in readiness.

Then was seen how religiously the king had performed all sacred duties; since the great council of the gods, and all the lesser divinities received Hacon among them with acclamations of welcome.

\* Meaning that he would only enjoy warlike amusements, for so they believed their heroes were employed in Elysium.—It is probably a poetical insinuation that he would have his arms buried with him.

That king is born on a fortunate day, who gains to himself such favour from the gods. The age in which he hath lived shall ever be held in high remembrance.

The wolf Fenris\*, freed from his chains, shall range through the world among the sons of men, before so renowned and so good a king shall again tread the desolate path of his kingdom.

Riches perish : relations die : kingdoms are laid waste. Let Hacon dwell with the magnificent gods: While many nations are plunged in grief.

\* By the wolf Fenris, the northern nations understood a kind of demon or evil principle at enmity with the gods, who, tho' at present chained up from doing mischief, was hereafter to break loose and destroy the world. See the Edda.

( V. )

T H E

C O M P L A I N T

O F

H A R O L D.

F 4



## INTRODUCTION.

“ **H**AROLD, surnamed The Va-  
 “ liant, lived about the mid-  
 “ dle of the eleventh century, and was  
 “ one of the most illustrious adventu-  
 “ rers of his time. Piracy was con-  
 “ sidered among the northern nations,  
 “ as the only road to riches and glory :  
 “ in pursuit of these Harold had not  
 “ only run thro’ all the northern seas,  
 “ but had even penetrated into the Me-  
 “ diterranean, and made many success-  
 “ ful attempts on the coasts of Africa  
 “ and Sicily. He was at length taken  
 “ prisoner and detained for some time  
 “ at Constantinople. In this ode he  
 “ complains that all the glory he had  
 “ ac-

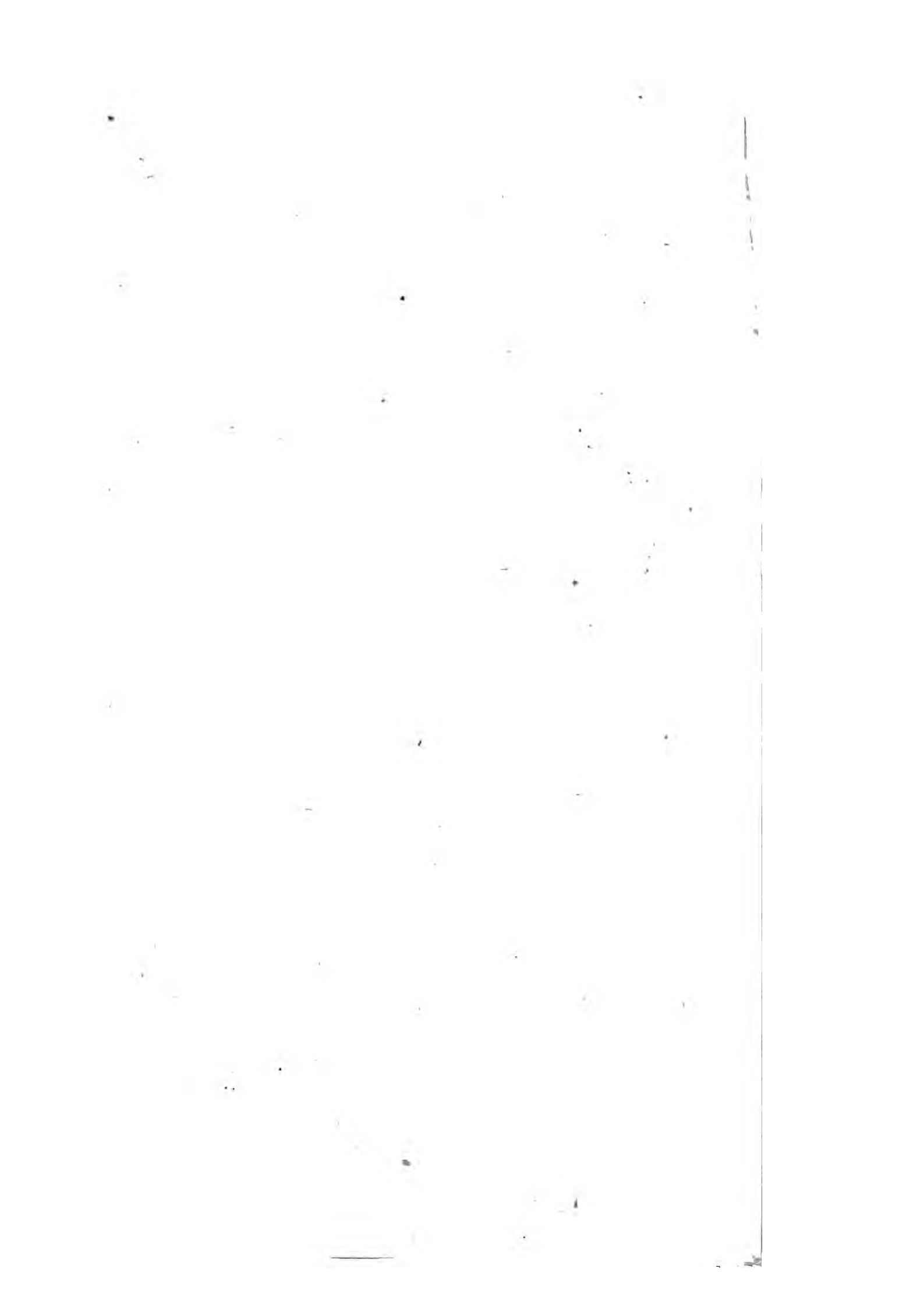


“ acquired by so many exploits had not  
 “ been able to move the heart of Eli-  
 “ zabeth daughter of Jarislaus king of  
 “ Ruffia.

“ The following piece is only a frag-  
 “ ment; for the ode originally consist-  
 “ ed of sixteen stanzas: it is also much  
 “ more modern than any of the former.  
 “ It was notwithstanding acceptable,  
 “ as the subject of it turns upon the  
 “ softer passions, and is not altogether  
 “ taken up with blood and death and  
 “ other images of horror, like the rest.

’ “ The original of this fragment is  
 “ printed in Bartholin’s excellent trea-  
 “ tise intituled, *Causæ contemptæ a Da-*  
 “ *nis mortis*, 4to 1689. p. 54: where it  
 “ is accompanied with a literal Latin  
 “ ver-

“ version, which we have chiefly fol-  
 “ lowed, except in one or two passa-  
 “ ges, where the preference seemed  
 “ due to the French translation of the  
 “ Chevalier Mallet, published in his  
 “ *L' Edda*, 4to 1755. Bartholin tells  
 “ us he had the original out of an old  
 “ Islandic history, intituled *Knitlinga*  
 “ *Saga.*”



T H E  
C O M P L A I N T  
O F  
H A R O L D.

**M**Y ship hath sailed round the isle  
of Sicily. Then were we all  
magnificent and splendid. My brown  
vessel, full of warriors, rapidly skimmed  
along the waves. Eager for the fight,  
I thought my sails would never slacken:  
And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

I fought in my youth with the inha-  
bitants of Drontheim. They had troops  
superior in number. Dreadful was the  
conflict. Young, as I was, I left their  
young

young king dead in the fight. And yet  
a Russian maid disdains me.

One day we were but sixteen on  
ship-board : a tempest rose and swelled  
the ocean. The waves filled the load-  
ed vessel : but we diligently cleared it.  
Thence I formed the brightest hopes.  
And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

I know how to perform eight exer-  
cises. I fight with courage. I keep a  
firm seat on horseback. I am skilled  
in swimming. I glide along the ice  
on scates. I excell in darting the lance.  
I am dextrous at the oar. And yet  
a Russian maid disdains me.

What tender maid or widow can de-  
ny, that in the morning, when, posted  
near

near the city in the south, we joined battle ; can deny that I bravely wielded my arms ; or that I left behind me lasting monuments of my valour. And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

I was born in the uplands of Norway, where the inhabitants handle so well the bow. Now I make my ships, the dread of peasants, rush among the rocks of the sea. Far from the abode of men, I have plowed the wide ocean with my vessels. And yet a Russian maid disdains me.

POSTSCRIPT.

## P O S T - S C R I P T.

“ In the preceding poem Harold  
 “ mentions EIGHT exercises, but enu-  
 “ merates only FIVE. If the Reader  
 “ is inquisitive to know what those are,  
 “ which he has omitted, he may col-  
 “ lect them from the following ancient  
 “ Runic verses. Wherein a northern  
 “ hero is introduced boasting of him-  
 “ self,

*Tafl em ek aurr at &c.*

“ I am master of nine accomplish-  
 ments. I play well at chess. I know  
 how to engrave Runic letters. I am  
 apt at my book ; and know how to  
 handle the tools of the smith. I tra-  
 verse

verse the snow on scates of wood. I excell in shooting with the bow; and in managing the oar. I sing to the harp; and compose verses.”

*Olj. Wormij. Lit. Run. pag. 129.—  
Barthol. Causæ &c. pag. 420.*

“ We shall conclude this subject,  
“ with a celebrated character from  
“ the ancient chronicles of Norway.  
“ viz.”

“ King Olaf Tryggesson was stronger, more alert and nimble than any man of his time. He would climb the rock Smalserhorn, and fix his shield on the top of it. He would walk without the boat on the oars while the men were rowing. He would play with

G

three



three darts at once ; tossing them up in the air, and always keeping two up, while one was down in his hand. He was ambi-dexter, and could use his weapon with both hands, and throw two javelins at once. He excelled all his men in shooting with the bow : And in swimming he had no equal."

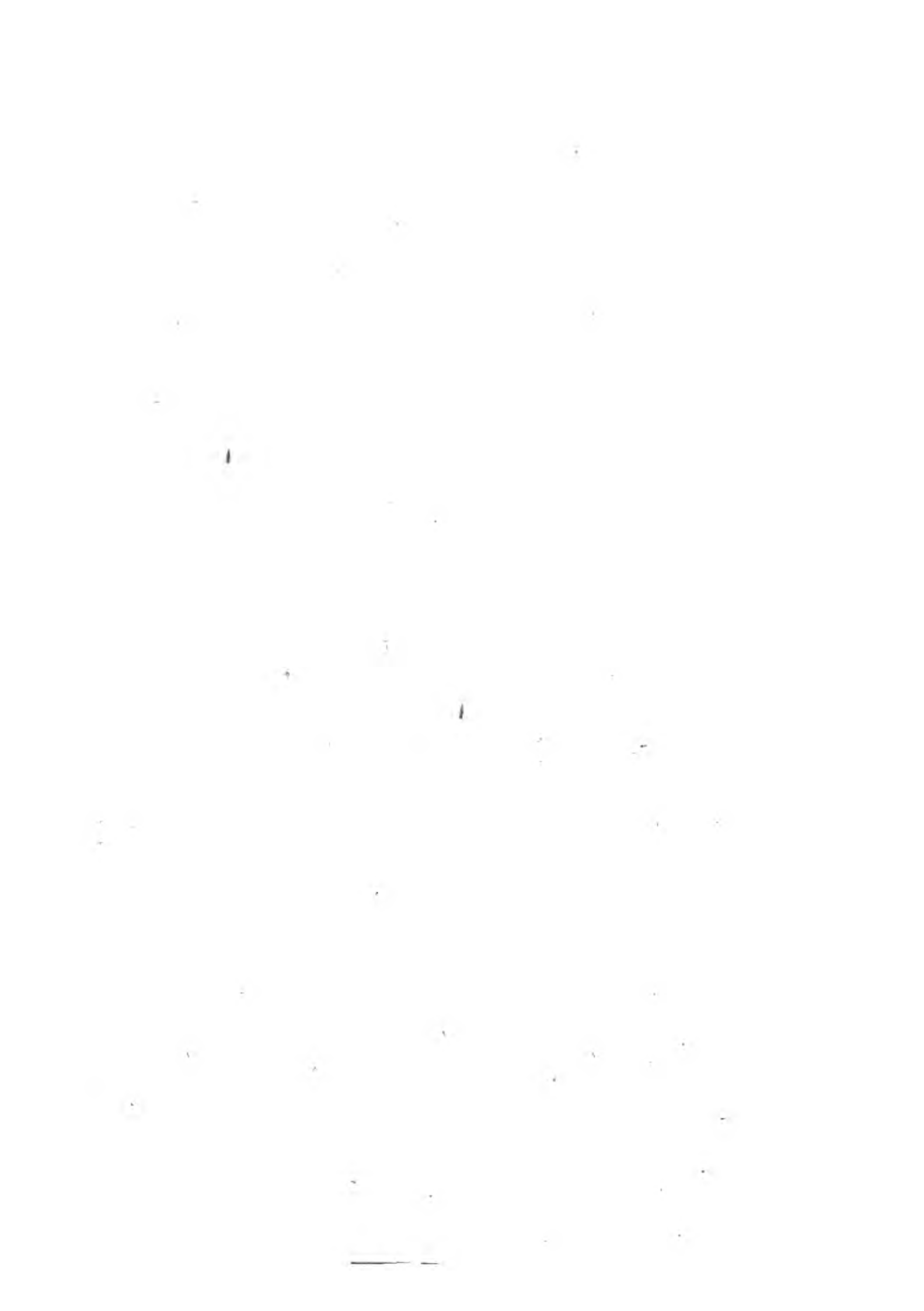
*See Pontoppidan's Hist. of Norway, pag. 248.*

T H E E N D.

THE  
ISLANDIC ORIGINALS

Of the preceding

P O E M S.



I.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL  
OF THE  
INCANTATION OF HERVOR.

V. Hervarer Saga, Olaf Verelj. Upsal. 1672. fol. p. 91.

HERVOR.

*V* Akadnu Angantyr,  
Vekur thig Hervor  
Einka dotter  
Yckar Suafu:  
Sel thu mer ur hauge  
Hardan mækir,  
Than er Suafurlama  
Slogu duergar.

Herwardur, Hiorwardur,  
Hrani oc Angantyr,  
Vek eg ijdur alla  
Vidar under rotum,  
Med hialmi oc briniu,  
Oc huoffu suerdi,  
Raund oc reida,  
Oc rodnum geiri.

Ero miog vordner  
Andgryms syner  
Mein-giarner ad  
Molldar auka!  
Ad eingi gior sona  
Eyvør vid mig mæla  
Ur munar heimi!  
Herwardur, Hiorwardur.

*Suo sie ijdur aullum  
Innan rifia  
Sem er i maura  
Mornid hangi,  
Nema suerd selier,  
Thad er slogu duergar  
Samyra draugum;  
Dyrt um fetla.*

[*I thui bili opnudust hau-  
gar, oc var alt ad sia sem  
logi eirn, oc tha var thetta  
quedid i hauge Angantyr's :]*

ANGANTYR.

*Hervor dotter  
Huij kallar suo,  
Full feikiustafa,  
Fer thu ad illu?  
Od ertu ordin  
Oc orvita  
Vill-higgiandi  
Vekia dauda menn.*

*Grofu mig ey fader  
Nie frændur adrer.  
Their haufdu Tirfing*

*Tueir er lifdu,  
Vard þo eigandi  
Einn af síðan.*

**HERVOR.**

*Satt mæler þu ecki.  
So lati As þig  
Heilan i haugi  
Sem þu hafir eigi  
Tirfing med þier.  
Trauttes þier ad veita  
Arf Angantyr  
Einka barne.*

**ANGANTYR.**

*Seige eg þier, Hervor  
Þad vera mun,  
Sa mun Tirfingur  
(Ef þu trua mættar)  
Ætt þinni nær  
Allre spilla.  
Muntu son gieta,  
Þann síðar mun  
Tirfing bafa,  
Oc trua marger  
Hann munu Heidrek  
Heita lyder.*

**HERVOR.**

*Eg of-kingi  
So virða dauda  
Ad þier tholed  
Alldrey kyrrer,  
Nema Angantyr  
Selier mier Tirfing,  
Hlyfum bættan,  
Hialmars bana.*

**ANGANTYR.**

*Mær qued eg unga*

*Monnum líka,  
Er um hauga  
Huarlar à nottum,  
Grofnum geiri  
Med gotta malum,  
Hialm oc briniu  
Fyre hallar dyr.*

**HERVOR.**

*Madur thotter þu  
Menskur tilforna  
Adur eg sali  
Ydra tok kannar :  
Sel þu mier ur haugi  
Þan er batar brinju  
Duerga smidi :  
Duger þier ey ad leina.*

**ANGANTYR.**

*Liggur mier under herdum  
Hialmars bani,  
Allur er þan utan  
Elldi sueipinn.  
Mey veit eg aungva  
Mollð à huorge  
Er þan bior thori  
Hond i nema.*

**HERVOR.**

*Eg mun birða  
Oc i haund nema  
Huassan mæki  
Ef eg bafa gnædi.  
Hygg eg eige  
Elld brenna þan  
Er framlidnum sírdum  
Leikur uin síoner.*

**ANGANTYR.**

*Heimsk ertu Hervor*

*Hugar eigandi,  
Er thu ad augum  
I elld brapar,  
Helldur vil eg suerd thier  
Selia ur haugi,  
Mær en unga,  
Mun eg thig ey leina.*

[*Tha var suerd i hendi  
Her-varar, oc quad hon:]*

**HERVOR.**  
*Vel giorder thu  
Vikings nidur  
Er thu sender mier  
Suerd ur haugi:  
Betur thikiumst nu  
Budlungur hafa  
Enn eg Noreyge  
Næde allre.*

**ANGANTYR.**  
*Veistu ey ad  
Uppsol ertu  
Mala, flarad kona  
Thui thu fagna skalt.  
Sa mun Tirsingur  
(Eg thu trua nædur.)  
Ætt thinni mær  
Allri spilla.*

**HERVOR.**  
*Eg mun ganga  
Til gialfur-manna;  
Hier mun ey mær  
I hug godum.  
Litt ræke eg thad  
Lofdunga vinur  
Huad syner minner  
Sijdan deila.*

**ANGANTYR.**  
*Thu skalt eiga  
Oc unna leingi;  
Hafdu ad huldu  
Hialmars bana,  
Taktu ad eggium,  
Eitur er i badum,  
Sa er mans matadur  
Miklum verri.*

**HERVOR.**  
*Eg mun birda  
Oc i haund nema  
Huassan mæki  
Er mig hafa latid:  
Ugge eg eye thad,  
Ulfa greinir,  
Huad syner minner  
Sijdan telia.*

**ANGANTYR.**  
*Far vel dotter,  
Fliott gief eg thier  
Tolf manna fior,  
Eg thu trua nædir,  
Afl oc eliom,  
Alt hid goda  
Er syner Angryms  
Efter leifdu.*

**HERVOR.**  
*Bui thier aller,  
Burt mun eg skiotla,  
Heiler i hauge,  
Hiedan fyser mig.  
Helst thottunst eg  
Heima i mille  
Er mig umbuerfis  
Elldar brunnu.*

## II.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL  
OF THE  
DYING ODE OF REGNER LODBROG.

V. Literatur. Runic. Olaf Wormij. Hafniæ 1636.  
4to. p. 197.

BIARKAMAL  
SEM ORTE REGNAR LODBROG.

*H*uggum vier med biorve  
Hitt var æi fyrer longu  
Er a Gautlande geinkum  
At graf vitins morde  
Tha feinkum vier Thoru  
Thadan heitu mig frdar  
Er lingaulum lagdag  
Lodbrok ad thui vige  
Stak eg a storear lykin  
Stale biartra mala.

Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Helldur var ek ungur er  
feingum  
Austur i Eirar Sunde  
Undarm frekum varge  
Og fatgulum fugle  
Fengum vier thar er sungu  
Vid haseymda hialma  
Hard iarn mikils verdar  
Allur var aegar solliam  
Od rafa i valblode.

Hiuggum vier med biorve

Hatt barum tha geira  
Er tuituger toldunst  
Og tyr rudum vyda  
Uunnum atta Farla  
Austur fyrer Thinu minne  
Kera feigum tha gnoka  
Gifting ad thui vike  
Sueiti fiell i sollium  
Sae tynde lid æfe.

Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hiedins kuonar vard andit  
Tha er Helsingin heimtum  
Til heimsala Odins  
Lokdum uppi ivu  
Oddur naade tha byta  
All var unda gialfre  
Asuer rodin heitu  
Greniada brandur i brynu  
Bensilldur klufu skyllði.

Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hygg ek onguan tha flyde  
Adur a hemlis bestum

*Heraudur i styr felle  
Klyfur ei aegis aundrum  
Allur Jarlin faegre  
Lunda voll til loegis  
A langskipum sydan  
Sa bar siklungur vida  
Snart fram i styr hiarta.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Her kastade skialldum  
Tha er braegagare rende  
Reistur ad gunna brioftum  
Beit i Skarfua skerium  
Shaeribildur at hialdri  
Rodinn var randar mane  
Adur Rafn kongur felle  
Dreif ur holda hausum  
Heitum a brynniur sueite.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Haft gatu tha rafnar  
Fyrir In yndiris eium  
Aerna braad ad slyta  
Fengum salu bestum  
Fullann verd ad finne  
Illt var eins ad geta  
I uppruna solar  
Strengbaumtur sa eg stinga  
Stak almur af sier maalme.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hett greniudu brottar  
Adur a Ullar akre  
Eisteinn kongur felle  
Geingum gulli faedur  
Grandur vals ad braundum  
Hraekindil sneid randa  
Ritur ad hialma mote  
Snira virtur ur farum  
Sueif of siarna kleifa.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hofdum rendur i blode  
Tha er benthuera braeddum  
Fyrer Borgundar holme  
Reggsky slitu rander  
Ratt almur af sier malme  
Volnir fell at vige  
Var at aei kongur meire  
Val rak vitt um strandir  
Vargur fagnade tafne.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hilldur var synt i vebste  
Adur Freyr kongur fille  
A Flemingia lande  
Nade blaer ad byta  
Blode smelttur i gyltann  
Hogna-kust ad hialldre  
Hardur bengrefill fordum  
Maer griet morgin skaeru  
Morg en tafn gafft vorgum.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hundrudum sa eg liggia  
A eireis aundrum  
Thar Aeinglanes heitir  
Sigldum vier til snaeru  
Sebs daegur adur lid felle  
Allum odda missu  
Fyrir upruna solar  
Vard fyrir vorum suerdum  
Valdiefur i styr bniga.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hrande dogg af suerdum  
Bryn i Bardafyrde  
Bleikan na fyrir bauka  
Umde almur thar oddar  
Allstrit bitu skyrtur  
Ad slidur loga sennu*



*Suolnis batte thæfðar  
Rende almur til unda  
Eiturbuas drifum sueita.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hielldum blakar tiolldum  
Hatt ad bildur leike  
Fyrir Hiadninga-vage  
Sia maittu tha seggir  
Er suerd rifu skioldu  
At bræfildur hialldre  
Hialm slitnad ann gotna  
Varat sem biarta brude  
I bing hia fier leggja.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Hard kom brid a skioldum  
Naer fell nidur til iardar  
A Nordhumra-lande  
Varat um eina ottu  
Olldum thorf at flya  
Hilldar leik thar er huasser  
Hialm-tun bitu skiomar  
Varat sem unga ekkiu  
I ondueige kyssa.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Herthiofe vard audit  
I suthur-eium sialfum  
Sigurs a varum monnum  
Vard i rauda regne  
Raugnvalldur firir kniga  
Sa kom hæstur yfur hauka  
Harmur ad suerda leike  
Huaft kastade brifter  
Hialms strenglaugar palme.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Huor la thuer um anan  
Gladur vard geira brydur*

*Gaukur at suerda leike  
Liet ei aurn nie ylge  
Sa er Irlande styrde  
Mot vard malms og ritar  
Marstan kongur fasta  
Vard i Vedra-firde  
Valtafn gefit brafne.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Her margan sa eg falla  
Morgenstund fyrir maeker  
Mann i odda senniu  
Syne minum hneit snemma  
Slidra tharn vid hiarta  
Eigill liet Agnar raentann  
Oblaudann hal lyfe  
Glumde geyr vid Hamdes  
Grann serk bliku merke.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Halldarda sa eg pryta  
Eke smatt fyrir ulfa  
Endils nidar brandum  
Varat a vikar skeide  
Sem vinkonur baere  
Hrodin var aegis asne  
Ofar i dyn gepra  
Skarin var skoglar-kapa  
Att Skioldunga hialldre.*

*Hiuggum vier med biorve  
Harfagrann sa eg rankua  
Meiar dreng enn um morgum  
Og malvin ekkiu  
Varat sem uormar laugur  
Vinkiors niorun baere  
Os i Ilasunde  
Adur Auru kongur felle  
Blud mana sa eg bresta  
Bra thad fira life.*

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Hadum suerds ad morde  
 Leik a Lindis eire  
 Vid lofdunga threinna  
 Faer nade thui fakna  
 Fiell margur i gynvarge  
 Haukur sleit bolld med ulfe  
 Ad hann heill thadann kuae-  
 mist  
 Ira blod i aege  
 Aerit fiell um skiru.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Ha suerd bitu skialldum  
 Tha er gullrodin glumde  
 Geir nid bildar naefre  
 Sia man i Onlugs eiu  
 Um alldur mega sydan  
 Thar er at logdis leike  
 Lofdungar fram-geingu  
 Rodinn var ut fyrir eire  
 Ar flugdreke sara.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Huad er drengur ad feigre  
 Ad hun i odda ele  
 Ondurdur latinn uerdi  
 Oft syter sa aefe  
 Er alldrege nester  
 Illt kueda arg ann eggia  
 Auru ad suerda leike  
 Hugblaudum keimur huorge  
 Hiarte sit ad gagne.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Hit tel eg iafnt ad gange  
 At samtoger suerda  
 Sueinn i mote einum  
 Hrokkve ei thegn fyrir  
 thegne

Thad var drengs adal leinge  
 Ae skal astuinur meia  
 Einardur i dyn suerda.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Hitt fiunist mier raunar  
 At forlogom fylgium  
 Faar geingur um skop narva  
 Aige hugdak Ellu  
 At aldur-lage minu  
 Tha er eg blod vale braedda  
 Og bord a log keirdag  
 Vitt fengum tha varge  
 Verd i Skotlands fiordum.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Hit blaeger mig iafnam  
 Thad Balldur fadur bekke  
 Buna veit eg at sumlum  
 Drekum BIOR ad bragde  
 Ur piukvidum hausa  
 Syter ei drengur vid dauda  
 Dyr ad Fiolins husum  
 Ei kem ek med eidru  
 Ord till Vidris hallar.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Hier uilldu nu aller  
 Burer Aflaugar brandum  
 Bitrum billde vekkia  
 Ef vandlige viffe  
 Um vidfarar ossar  
 Hue o-faer ormar  
 Eitur follir mig slyta  
 Modernis fek eg minum  
 Maugum suo at biartun  
 duga.

Hiuggum vier med hiorve  
 Hardla lidur at arfue

<i>Grimt stendur grand af nodru</i>	<i>At mier vera skylldæ</i>
<i>Goinn bigger sal hiarta</i>	<i>Ungur nam eg odd at rioda</i>
<i>Vaentum hins ad Vidris</i>	<i>Annar kongur fremre</i>
<i>Vandur i Ellu blode</i>	<i>Os munu Aesar bioda</i>
<i>Sonum minum mune fuella</i>	<i>Er ei sýtande daude.</i>
<i>Sin modur rodinn verda</i>	<i>Fysumst hins at haetta</i>
<i>Ei munu snarper sueinar</i>	<i>Heimbíode mier Dyfir</i>
<i>Sett kyrt vera lata.</i>	<i>Sem fra Herians ballu</i>
<i>Hiuggum vier med biorve</i>	<i>Hefur Odinn mier sendar</i>
<i>Hef eg fimtigum sinna</i>	<i>Gladur skaleg OL med Afum</i>
<i>Folk orvstur framdar</i>	<i>I ondvege dreka</i>
<i>Fleindings bode og eina</i>	<i>Lifs eru lidnar stunder</i>
<i>Minst bugde eg manna</i>	<i>Laegiande skal eg deia.</i>

III.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL  
OF THE  
RANSOME OF EGILL THE SCALD.

V. Literatur. Runic. Olaj Wormij Hafniæ 1636.  
4to. p. 227.

H O F U D L A U S T I  
EIGILS SCALLAGRYMS SONAR ISLANDSK KAPPA.

I. Viísa.

*V*Estur kom eg um ver  
Enn eg Vidris ber  
Munstrindar mar  
So er mitt offar  
Dro eg eik a flot  
Vid Isabrot  
Hlod eg maerdar liit  
Minis knarrar skut.

II.

*Bydunst bilmer blod*  
*Nu a eg brodrar quod*  
*Ber eg Odins miod*  
*A Eingla beod*  
*Lof at viísa vann*  
*Vyft maere eg dann*  
*Hliods bidium hann*  
*Duiat brodur of fann.*

III.

Hygg vísifer at  
Vel somer that  
Hue eg thylia fat  
Ef eg thogn of-gat  
Flestur madur of-fra  
Huad fylker va  
Enn vidrer sa  
Huar valur um la.

IV.

Ox hiorva blom  
Vid blyfar drom  
Gudur vox um gram  
Gramur sogte fram  
Thar heirdist tha  
Thaut maekirs a  
Malmbyrdar spa  
Su er mest of-la.

V.

Var at villustadar  
Vefur daradar  
Of grams gladar  
Geir vangs radar  
Thars i blode  
I brimla mode  
Flauster of drunde  
Und um glumde

I. Stef.

Hnie firða fit  
Vid steinahnit  
Ordstyr of-gat  
Eirikur at that

Nu hefir annat Stafiamal.

I.

Fremur mun eg seigia

Ef firðar theikia  
Fragum fleira  
Til frama theira  
Aistust under  
Vid iofurs funder  
Brustu brander  
Vid blar rander.

II.

Hlam bryn sodull  
Vid hialmrodull  
Beit benkrefill  
Thad var blodrefill  
Fra eg ad felle  
Firer fetils suelle  
Odins eike  
I iarn leike

Annad staf.

Tha var odda-at  
I eggia gnat  
Ordtyr of-gat  
Eirekur at that

Thridia stefiamal.

I.

Raud hilmer hior  
That var brafn-agior  
Fleinn bitte fior  
Flugu dreyrug spior  
Ol Flagds gota  
Thar biodur skota  
Trad nist Nara  
Nattuerd ara.

II.

Flugu hialldurs tranar  
Um hiors lanar  
Varu blode vanar

*Ben-mal-granar  
Tha er oddbrekke  
Sleit und-freke  
Gniide brafne  
O bufudtafne*

*Thridie stef.  
Kom grydar skiae  
A galfrar lae  
Baud ulfur brae  
Eirikur um sae*

*Fiorda stefiamal.*

*I.  
Beit flenn floginn  
Tha var fridur loginn  
Var almur dreiginn  
Thui vare ulfur feiginn  
Brustu broddar  
Bitu oddar  
Baru horvar  
Af bokum orvar*

*II.  
Verpur broddfete  
Med baugfete  
Hiorleik huata  
Hann er blodskate  
Throast hier sem huar  
Hugat maele eg thar  
Freitt er austur um mar  
Eireks op far*

*Fiorda stef.  
Jofur sueigder  
Hrunu unda br  
Baud ulfum brae  
Eirikur um sae*

*Fimta stefiamal.*

*I.  
Enn mun eg vilia  
Fra verium skilia  
Skasleik skata  
Skal maerd huata  
Laetur snot-saka  
Um sud fri vaka  
Enn skers aka  
Skyd geirs braka*

*II.  
Brytur bog huita  
Biodur bram thuita  
Muna hodd-ofa  
Hring briotar losa  
Gladdist flotnashol  
Vid froda miol  
Miok er bilme fol  
Haukstrandar mol.*

*III.  
Stodst folk eigd  
Firer fior leige  
Gall r boge  
Ad eggtoge  
Verpur af brondum  
Enn Jofur lodum  
Helldur Hornklofe  
Hann er naestur losa*

*Alyktan drapunnar.*

*I.  
Jofur eigge at  
Hue eg dylia fat  
Gott dottunst that  
Er eg thagn ofgat  
Hraerda eg munne  
Af munar grunne  
Odins aege a Jorusaege*

II.  
*Bar eg theingils lof  
 A thagnar rof  
 Kan eg maela miot  
 I manna siot  
 Or blatra ham  
 Hradur ber eg gram*

*Sa for that fram  
 Ad flestur opnam*

*Nu fylger ofkan a efter  
 Niota bauga  
 Sem brage auga  
 Vagna vara  
 Edur vile tara.*

IV.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL  
 OF THE  
 FUNERAL SONG OF HACON.

V. Snorro Sturleson Hist. Regum Septentrion. fol.  
 pag. 163.

H A C O N A R M A L

“ Eyvindur Scalldaspillir orti quæthi eitt um fall Haconar kongs, oc sua that buerso honum var fagnat i Valholl; that ero kollut H A C O N A R M A L, oc er thettu upphaf.”  
 Snorro Sturles. Hist.

**G** Aundul ok Skogul  
 Sendi Gauta Tyr  
 At kiofa um konga,  
 Huer Yngva cettar,  
 Skyldi meth Othni fara,  
 I valholl at vera.

Brothur fundo thær Bi-  
 ornar  
 I Brinio fara  
 Kong hinn kozsama,  
 Kominn und Gunnfana,  
 Drupto Dolgar,

Enn Darrathur bristiz  
 Upp var tha byldur ofha-  
 finn.

Het a Haleggi,  
 Sems a Halmrhygi,  
 Jarla Einbani,  
 For til Orosto,  
 Gott hafthi hinn gausgi  
 Geingi Northmanna,  
 Eythir eythana  
 Stoth und Ar-hialmi.

Hrauthz or Herrvatthom,

Pratt a vøll Brynio,  
 Vifi verthungar,  
 Atbur til Vigs tæki,  
 Lek vith Liobmaugo,  
 Skylthi land verja,  
 Gramur hinn glath-veri,  
 Stoth und Gullhialmi.

Sua beit tha Suertb,  
 Or Siklings Hendi,  
 Vathir Vafathar,  
 Sem i Vatni brigtbi,  
 Brokotho Broththar,  
 Brotnotho Skilder,  
 Glumrotho Glymringar,  
 I Gotna Hausom.

Tranthboz Taurgur,  
 Fyrir Tys ok Bauga,  
 Hialta Harthfotom,  
 Hausi Northmanna,  
 Roma varth i Eyjo,  
 Rutbo Kongar,  
 Skirar Skiald borgir,  
 I staina Blotbi.

Brunno Beneidar,  
 I blotgom undom,  
 Lyta Lang-barthar,  
 At Litha Fiorvi,  
 Suarathbi fargymir  
 A suertba nesi  
 Fell stoth fleina,  
 I fioro Storthar.

Blenthuz vith rothnar,  
 Vuthir Ranthar Himni,  
 Skoglar wethur  
 Leko vith skys um bauga,  
 Umtho Othtblar

I Othins vethfi,  
 Hneig margt Manna;  
 Fyri Mækis Straumi.

Sato tha Doglingar,  
 Meth Suertb umtoginn,  
 Meth scartha Scioltbo,  
 Oc scotnan Brynjor,  
 Vara sa Herr,  
 I Hugom,  
 Er atti til Valballar vegd:

Gaunthul that mællti,  
 Studdiz Geir scapti,  
 Vex nu Geingi Gotho,  
 Er Hæconi hafa,  
 Meth Her micinn,  
 Heimbauth umbothit:

Visir that heyrthi  
 Huath Valkyrrior,  
 Mæltio mærar,  
 Af Mars Baki;  
 Hyggilega leto,  
 Oc bialmathar stotho,  
 Oc hostboz Hlifar for.

[con]

Hvi thu sua (quath Ha-  
 Gunni Sciptir,  
 Geirscaugol vorom, [thom,  
 Tho verthor gagns fra Go-  
 Ver thui vaullthom (quath  
 Scaugol)  
 Er thu velle bellz  
 Enn thindir fianthur flugo:

Ritha vit nu sculom,  
 Quath hin rika Scaugol;  
 Grona Heima Gotha,  
 Othni at seiga

*Her mun All-vallthur koma,  
Oc hanu sialfann at sia.*

*Hermothor oc Bragi,  
Quath Hropta Tyr,  
Gangit i gogn Grami,  
Thui at Kongur fer sa,  
Er Kappi thickir,  
Til Hallar hinnig*

*Ræfir that mællti,  
Var fra Romo kominn,  
Stoth allur i drora drifinn;  
Illuthigurmioc,  
Thykir ofs Othinn vera,  
Siam ver um hann hugi.*

*Einberia Grith,  
Thu scallt allra hafa,  
Thigg thu at Asum Ol  
Jarla Bagi  
Thu att inni her  
Atta Brothur, quath Bragi.*

*Gerthar varar,  
Quath binn gothi kongur,  
Viljom ver sialfar hafa,  
Hialm oc Brynio  
Scal byrtha vel,  
Gott er til Geirs at tacæ.*

*Tha that kynthiz,  
Hue sa kongur basthi,  
Vel of thyrmt Veom,  
Er Hacon batho,  
Heilann kema,  
Rath oll oc Reginn.*

*Gotho dogri  
Verthur sa Gramur um bo-  
rinn,  
Er ser getur slican sefa,  
Hanns alldar,  
Ae mun vera.  
At gotho getit.*

*Mun obunthinn,  
A yta Siot,  
Fenris Ulfur fara,  
Athur iasfn gothur  
A autha tranth,  
Kongs Mathur komi.*

*Deyr fe  
Deyia frænthur  
Eythiz Land oc Lath,  
Sixt Hacon,  
Meth Heythin Goth,  
Morg er thioth um thiath.*

[A different copy of part of the above poem, containing many variations, may be found in Bartholin's *Causæ contemptæ a Danis mortis*. Lib. 2. Cap. 11. p. 520.]



## V.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL  
OF THE  
COMPLAINT OF HAROLD.

V. Bartholin. de causis contemptæ a Danis mortis.  
Hafniæ 1689. pag. 154.

“ I thessum ferdum orti Haralldr gamanvisur, ok ero  
xvj saman, ok eitt nidrlag at ollom, tho ero herfar rit-  
nar.” *Knitlinga Saga.*

**S**Neid fyrir Sikeley vida  
Sud varnm tha prudir  
Brunn skreid vel til vanar  
Vengis hiortr und drengium  
Vætti ek midr at motti

Muni enn thannig renna  
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum  
Gollbrings vid mer skolla

Fundr var thefs at thrændir  
Their hofdu lid meira  
Vard su er ver of giordum  
Vist errilig snerrá

Skildumz ungr vid ungan  
All vallyd i styr fallinn  
Tha let gerdr i gordum  
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

Senn iofum ver suanna  
Sextan tha er brin vexti  
Dreif a bladna hufa  
Hum i fiorum rumum

Vietti ek minnr at motti  
Muni enn thinnig nenna  
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum  
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

Ithrottir kann ek atta  
Ygs fet ek lid at smida  
Færr er ek bvaft a bestu  
Hefik sund numit stundum  
Skrida kann ek a skidum  
Skyt ek ok ræk svo at nytir  
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum  
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

Enn munat Eckia  
Ung ne mær at værim  
Thar er giordum suip suerda  
Sudr i borg um morgin.  
Ruddumz um med oddi  
Eru merki thar verka  
Tho lætr gerdr i gordum  
Gollbrings vid mer skolla.

*Fæddr var ek þar alma  
Upplendingar bendu.  
Nu læt ek við sker skolla  
Skeidr þummonum léidar.*

*Vitt hefi ek sízt ytum  
Eigard skotid bardí  
Þho lætr gerdr i gordum  
Gollbrings við mer skolla.*

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL  
of the VERSES quoted pag. 10.

*—Bith ofur capp,  
Austur konga,  
Sigars io,  
Er eynar Yngva,  
Menglaututh  
Bith meith reitho.*

*Binga meithur,  
Þhar er vikur deilir:  
Þhar er Fiolkunnur,  
Um fylkis hrór,  
Steine merktur,  
Straumeyiar nes.*

*Oc nareithur  
A nefe druther,*

Snorro Sturl. Hist. p. 28.

THE ISLANDIC ORIGINAL  
of the VERSES quoted pag. 80.

*Taft em ek aurr at efla,  
Ítbrottir kann ek niu,  
Tyni ek tradla runum,  
Tid er mer bok, ok smider,*

*Skrida kann ek a skidum,  
Skyt ek, ok ræ suo nytir,  
Huortveggia kann ek byggiu  
Harpslatt ok brag þhatta.*

Ol. Wor. Lit. Run. p. 129. Barch. Cauf. &c. p. 420.

A D D I T I O N to pages 9, 10.

Since the foregoing sheets were printed off we have met with a passage in Olaus Wormius's *Monumenta Danorum*; which seems to clear up the difficulty. This accurate writer, observes that it was the general practice with the ancient Danes to bury their dead in open plains under hillocks of earth, which they frequently also surrounded with circles of large stones: yet acknowledges that instead of stones these *barrows* or *tumuli* are sometimes found incircled with large trees, disposed with great exactness; and that these are supposed to be the sepulchres of kings.—“*Interim dissimulare non possum, colles et tumulos ejusmodi etiam in planis reperiri, grandibus undique in coronam cinctos arboribus, fagis, quercubus, aliisque lapidum vices sustinentibus, studio et arte eleganter dispositis: in quibus regum humata esse cadavera credunt.*”

Mon. Dan. Hafn. 1643. folio. p. 38.

F I N I S.



1/10/16  
L. J. G.

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