

Griminsmol (The Ballad of Grimnir)

Folkearth

Heerfather-in chains
Tortured by an unworthy king
Eight nights between two fires
A boy feels sympathy for him
In exchange for a single drink
(The boy is granted knowledge of the worlds
His father ignorant to the real nature of his binded guest
Knowledge of which will too late come to him)
Thor shall ever in Thruthheim dwell
Balder's home Breithablik is called
Himinbjorg residence of Heimdall
Vithi is Vidar's land-slayer of the wolf
Skoll and Hati the soon and moon will devour
Thus bidding the will of Hrothvitnir
Ravens y forth memory and thought
Bring me news of what happens in the world
Far famed fighters of old
Freki, Geri, who sit by me in my hall
Feast on my food, satisfy your lust
Wine is my food and drinking alike, alas!
Valgrind stands, the Sacred Gate
And behind are the holy doors
Old is the gate but few there are
Who can tell how it tightly is locked
Five hundred doors and forty there are
I wean, in Valhall's walls
Eight hundred fighters through one door-fare
When to war with the Wolf they go
The best of trees, must Yggdrasil be
Skithblathnir best of boats
Of all the Gods Othin is the greatest
And Sleipnir the best of steeds
Bifrost of bridges, Bragi of skalds
Hobrok of hawks and Garm of hounds
Grim is my nae, wanderer am I
Ruler, Helmet-bearer, Hor the high one
A single name have I never had
Since first among men I fared
Allfather, Valfather, Rider, Grimnir I am
Siegfather, Overthrower, the Hooded, Flaming-Eyed King Geiroth
sat and had his sword on his knee, half drawn from its sheath
But when he heard that Othin was come thither, then he rose up
and sought to take Othin from the fire
The sword slipped form his hand and fell with the hilt down
The king stumbled and fell forward, and the sword pierced him t
hrough and slew him
Then Othin vanished, but the boy long ruled there as king