

Valdr Galga

Thyrfinġ

I know that I hung in this tree
All of nights nine
Wounded by the spear, given to myself
Enlightened I'll become

No horn they upheld, nor handed me bread
I looked below me, aloud I cried
Caught up the runes, caught them up wailing
Then to the ground I fell again

I know that I hung in this tree
All of nights nine
Wounded by the spear, given to myself
Enlightened I'll become

From the son of Bolthorn, Bestla's father
I mastered mighty songs nine
And a drink I had from the strongest mead
Got out from? thraerir

Valdr galga

Yggdrasil must abide
More than to men is known
The hart browsing above, it's bark rotting
And Nidhogg gnawing beneath.