

Gjallarhorn, Hjadningarima

Hrkkutrllin hraea ge
rimursarnir fornir
dvergar lvar draugar me
dsir vlvur nornir

tti eg rttur erfitt kreik
illu ankinn spudi
sk´gar loksins undir eik
eina setjast ni

St´d I brekku stofninn hallt
st´rfly´t nokkurt viur
limar huldu landi allt
aufin hngu niur

Hrkkutllin hra ge
rimursarnir fornir
dvergar lvar draugar me
dsir vlvur nornir

Sk´gatrll um vindavoll
vakti skill hin mestu
straumafll r stormahll
steyptust ll hin verstu

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==English translation==
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The grim giants are frightening
The ancients frost giants
And dwarfs, elves, ghosts
Demigoddesses, enchantresses, Norns

I was tired and had a hard journey,
I had bad premonitions,
Finally I sat down
Under an oak tree in the forest

The tree stood leaning on a slope
At a large river's side
Its branches shadowed the entire land
And its leaves hung down low□

The grim giants are frightening
The ancients frost giants
And dwarfs, elves, ghosts
Demigoddesses, enchantresses, Norns

The forest giant uttered mighty bellows
Through the field of winds
Enormous floods of water
Cascaded from the castle of storms (= sky)