

Folkearth, Grimnismol (Ballad of Grimnir)

(Inspired by the Eddic poem:) 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

Balders home Breithablik is called

Himinbjorg residence of Heimdall

Vithi is Vidars landslayer 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 Valhalls 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-EyedKing Geiroth sat and had his sword on his knee

But when he heard that Othin was come thither, then he rose up and sought to take Othin from the throne

The sword slipped from his hand and fell with the hilt down

The king stumbled and fell forward, and the sword pierced him through and slew him

Then Othin vanished, but the boy long ruled there as king