

Valdr Galga

Thyrfing

I know that I hung in this tree
All of nights nine
Wounded by the spear, given to myself
Enlightened I'll becomeNo 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 againI know that I hung in this tree
All of nights nine
Wounded by the spear, given to myself
Enlightened I'll becomeFrom the son of Bolthorn, Bestla's father
I mastered mighty songs nine
And a drink I had from the strongest mead
Got out from? thraerirValdr galgaYggdrasil must abide
More than to men is known
The hart browsing above, it's bark rotting
And Nidhogg gnawing beneath

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