

# Valdr Galga

## Thyrfin

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

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