Havamal

Burzum

Rh first I know, unknown to rulers,
Or any human mind;
Help it is named, for help it can give
In hours of despair....

I know a third, in the thick of battle,
If my need be great,
It will blunt the edges of swords and axes,
Their weapons will make no wounds.

I know a ninth, when need I have
To shelter my ship on the flood,
The wind it calms, the waves it smoothes
And puts the sea to sleep.

The Wise One has spoken the words in the hall,
Joy to him who understood.

I grew and I throve well;
Word from word gave words to me,
Deed from deed gave deeds to me.

When I brethern lead to battle
I chant it behind my shield,
Unwounded they go,
Unwounded they return,
Unscathed whereever they are.

I know another, only few know,
The names of the falles ones.
About the gigh ones, elves and gods,
I can name them all.

The Wise one has spoken the words in the hall,
Joy to him who understood.

I grew and I throve well;
Word from word gave words to me,
Deed from deed gave deeds to me.

The Wise One has spoken the words in the hall,
Needful for men to know.
Hail the speaker, hail to who knows,
Joy to him who understood.

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