

ÁGARR ÁQUADÁN

– THE SONG OF THE GLORIOUS HORN –

Below starry North,
Life-lending is force,
Hasten to a womb,
Which will offer *you*,

Body is the Horn,
Drink it well, don't spill,
In this state of yours,
Won't be poured again,

bellows Horn of Life,
from the glinting sky.
which could bear you, Light,
with your body's heart.

Beverage is the Soul,
get you couldn't more:
since your childbirth passed,
won't stay full – at last.

With a foe you drink,
With a friend you sip,
Dwellings all can boast
Ran out the great mead?

wherethrough you forfeit,
whereby you'll retain.
but with the great mead,
Ruins meet men's walls.

While away the time,
Whinge about your fights,
Nothing will change past,
Towards death, you march,

whimper all around,
wail because of bites:
prepared you must die:
tenacious and proud!

Men enjoy repast,
Whilst the Horn their brims:
Stand up joyful then
Cross the Hall of Tales

when their table's rich,
blithely revel fast.
hasten glory find,
tame yours only once.

Raise no weapon yours
Intent vile that is
Hatred cannot cure,
Banished too can be

towards ruthless scum,
dies out with the last.
what it spawned at first:
not with childish smile.

Cultivated tongue
Avid could be eyes,
Death knock cannot hear
Cannot frustrate fire,

cannot illness cure,
ice won't check for sure.
hearing of the best,
firmest hands of men,

Strongest may be nose,
Forget veins their flow
Even if our mind,
Error comes to pass –

treachery can't scent,
friends when break their faith.
mighty, beyond stands,
erred is, what is dealt.

ÁGARR U HUTRÓGASH HRÓLDVARI

– THE SONG OF HRÓLDVAR’S LAST WORDS –

Hróldvar, Hrúnár's brother, speaks to Hrúnár, and dies:

Jaw of mine gets lame
Your daughter with Hljóð –
For the womb of Híth
Herds of brainless fools
my tongue lacks its/loses jest,
Hrúnár, *you* must join.
Hráith's daughter fair,
feeble scuffles held.'

Híth, daughter of Hráith and Hrúnár, speaks with Hrúnár:

Praised *are* gabby heads
Upend should we them
I won't, with him, tie.
Me in meaning such:
on rough pikes; and pests:
Horns of Life to cut.
Take would darn he not
need he'd never shown.'

Hrúnár speaks:

'Híth, my daughter just,
Here and there I breathe,
You shall live with Hljóð;
Pledge it on the Stone

Hróldvar haunts me thus,
cursed I seem to be.
hence he is the one!
to yours uncle's peace.'

Híth speaks:

‘Hatred towards you
Loved I always you:
Here and there you asked –
Silence me you vow –

hardly had I hatched,
thus to yield my fate?
for you, I was *meek*.
now – to make me bleak?"

Hljóð, the son of Hróldvar, speaks:

'Hasty is my chief,
Elsewhere I pay heed –
I have never sought
What all is behind –

Hrúnár, whom I trust,
and *she* is my love:
to be sworn to *Híth*.
bewray now to me!’

Hrúnár speaks:

'I won't have you fled,
For what Hróldvar said:
I don't need to beg,
Honoured are his words

whose tongue's jabbed me yet!
must be forthwith dealt!
bargain even less...
on behalf of death.

Híth speaks:

‘Chafe at my dissent,
Betake your cheap self
Kiss Hrólðvar swiftly,
More tasks he maybe,

cherish your dead words,
beneath dark barrows.
stay with him helpless:
meant *he* to disclose!"

VALÓ-NÁR

– THE SONG OF THE POWERLESS –

PROLOGUE

Rough waters ripple round,
Murk wolfs them, rumbles,
Ridges those craggy vow,
Revenge on thunders.

Beneath the	looming clouds
Where the Sun	needs to set,
Válah holds	Western grounds,
Protects she	tribes of hers:
‘Render up	secrets you,
Daughter of	lore-lasting,
To the West	hasten you,’
Invokes she	soothsayer.
Swoops down thus	– abruptly!
Seer of odd	counsels wise,
Svídaháll	wreathed in words;
Discloses	Válah’s fate:
‘Lavish is	fear of yours
Opened wide	in your dreams,
In your heart	writhes your doom;
At the door	waits no peace.
Befell you	rot – disease!
Self-pity...	calls you here!
Foe that is	yours but yours...
Hearken, though	to my aid:
Vanquish this	enemy,
In the darks	he is clad;
More about	you will learn,
If you tread	out of West:

I. PART

Off the hill and soar on,
Strides, Válah's haste there,
Spurts out fast. Mournful heart
Hers must be calmed. Worn

Is hope and tightened breath,
In there little joy
Is left... Locks hers brazen,
Blaze in wind's gusts... Feet

Fall on grey grit and stones.
Spear clinks, where the eyes
Ahead cling: crosses she
Lands arid, bare. And

Eastward *must* – its wooden
Realm... | Rustling shrubs bare
Hide of wild boars. Large sow
Propels piglings, frets,

Storms against the pesky
Scent! Válah... *sets* to
Meditate. Clash avoids
Thus – sow is to hurt

No one, who's meek: hardly
Sly... Válah then hears
Distant cry. Tenacious
Is her dash thither.

As if blown in by a
Breeze, Válah descends,
With all her speed. And there's
A hog pierced, hoisted

Aloft, propped by black-haired
Gal of brawn. Unsheathed
Válah's axe halves spear
For the hog to run