

ÁGARR ÁQUADÁN

– THE SONG OF THE GLORIOUS HORN –

Below starry North, bellows Horn of Life,
Life-lending is force, from the glinting sky.
Hasten to a womb, which could bear you, Light,
Which will offer *you*, with your body's heart.

Body is the Horn, Beverage is the Soul,
Drink it well, don't spill, get you couldn't more:
In this state of yours, since your childbirth passed,
Won't be poured again, won't stay full – at last.

With a foe you drink, wherethrough you forfeit,
With a friend you sip, whereby you'll retain.
Dwellings all can boast but with the great mead,
Ran out the great mead? Ruins meet men's walls.

While away the time, whimper all around,
Whinge about your fights, wail because of bites:
Nothing will change past, prepared you must die:
Towards death, you march, tenacious and proud!

Men enjoy repast, when their table's rich,
Whilst the Horn their brims: blithely revel fast.
Stand up joyful then hasten glory find,
Cross the Hall of Tales tame yours only once.

Raise no weapon yours towards ruthless scum,
Intent vile that is dies out with the last.
Hatred cannot cure, what it spawned at first:
Banished too can be *not* with childish smile.

Cultivated tongue cannot illness cure,
Avid could be eyes, ice won't check for sure.
Death knock cannot hear hearing of the best,
Cannot frustrate fire, firmest hands of men,

Strongest may be nose, treachery can't scent,
Forget veins their flow, friends when break their faith.
Even if our mind, mighty, beyond stands,
Error comes to pass – 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 my tongue lacks its/loses jest,
Your daughter with Hljóð – Hrúnár, *you* must join.
For the womb of Híth Hráith's daughter fair,
Herds of brainless fools feeble scuffles held.'

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

‘Praised *are* gabby heads on rough pikes; and pests:
Upend should we them Horns of Life to cut.
I won’t, with him, tie. Take would darn he not
Me in meaning such: 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.’
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Híth speaks:

‘Hatred towards you hardly had I hatched,
Loved I always you: thus to yield my fate?
Here and there you asked – for you, I was *meek*.
Silence me you vow – now – to make me bleak?’

Hljóð, the son of Hróldvar, speaks:

‘Hasty is my chief, Hrúnár, whom I trust,
Elsewhere I pay heed – and *she* is my love:
I have never sought to be sworn to *Híth*.
What all is behind – 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, cherish your dead words,
Betake your cheap self beneath dark barrows.
Kiss Hróldvar swiftly, stay with him helpless:
More tasks he maybe, 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