

O fair gold goddess,
As fair as thou mayst be
That gone I were
To the white seas-roof land,^x
Yet fairer were I
To leap on the wave-stone,
If God for me
The ghosts could quieten
Of Odin's fellows,
The old abiders
In the land of Naddod. †
To live a life there
Too short for sorrow,
Too loud with sword-clash
For any weeping.

x Iceland

† Iceland.

Might the world go backward
Then, Roses' Freyia,
Soon were I faring
Along the way
That leads to Valhall,
Long rest before me,
And my right hand holding
A glory maybe
To give to Odin

For foul is waxen
That world the Gods made,
And I - I help nought
Nor holpen am I.

But all are gone by,
And the edge play is over

And the bonny frost is fallen upon them.
There the wind wails ever
Without a story;
No whether the seas way leadeth.

The deeds they did
Are as hopes foredone
(Cumbering the ~~to~~ heart with curses.
Hast ye not heard
How hard they wrought? -
- And lo, the world ever worseneth.

Yet these are they
I must turn to now,
The dead - Yea the dead forgotten.
As fair friends were they
Were they alive;
And now for me meet friends it maybe.

O Rhine-fires Goddess,
Thou wretched Frickele
Of Kwasis mead,
(The last it may be)
Thou stald now forweth;
Still praying pardon
For fainting heart
And tongue grown ~~for~~ feeble,
Since nought he helpeth
Nor holpen is he.

Vithjalmt Vandradaskald