O fair gold grades,
As far as thou mightst be
That gone I were
To the white sea-roof land,
Yet faster there. 8
To leap on the wave-sworn,
The God for me
The wheel would quiver
Of Odin's fellows,
The old abiders
In the land of Askelond.

To live a life there
Too short for sorrow,
Too loud and sound clash
For any weeping.

Might the world go backward
Then, fairest Friggia;
Sonn were I faring
Ne'er the way
That leads to Valhall,
Sorrow before me;
And my right hand holding
A mighty weapon
To give to Odin.

For soul is wayless
That world the Gods made,
And I - I help myself
Nor helper am I.

Few all are gone by,
And the edge play is over.
And the boughs of the sycamore tree
There the swallows dwell;
Without a story;
No whether the seas angry break.

The gods they did
Are as hers before;
COVERING THE TO HEART WITH CURSES.
Have ye not heard
How hard they wrought?—
And lo! The world ever onward.

Yet these are they.
I must learn to mourn;
The dead—yea! The dead forgotten.

Their friends were they;
Were they alive?
And now for me meet friends it may be.

O Rhine, sweet Goddess,
The unwashed, friable
Of Kvasir's mead.
(The last it may be)
They shall now penance;
Still praying pardon.
For fainting heart
And long, long gone for feebles;
Since no where he helpeth.
Not helpeth is he.

Vilhjalmr. Vandaestafell