

Valhalla's lord gave gold and treasure;
 * she looked far into the future,
 spoke with wisdom of all the worlds.

[Ragnarok: the end of all things]:

She saw valkyries come from far away,
 ready to ride to the lands of men;
 Hild had a shield, so did Skogul,
 Gunn was there, Gondul, Geirskogul.

I saw Balder stained with blood,
 I saw the fate of Odin's son:
 above the fields, fragile and fair,
 stands the slender mistletoe.

From that same plant which seemed so frail
 the fatal shaft came to Hod's hand;
 and Frigg wept in Fensalir
 for Valhalla's sorrow. Seek you wisdom still?

She saw in chains under the kettle-wood
 someone who looked like guileful Loki;
 there sits Sigyn— she doesn't seem
 happy for her husband. Seek you wisdom still?

A river bears westward through a baneful valley
 spears and swords; its name is Fear.

Far from sunlight stands a hall
 on the Shores of the Dead; its doors face north.
 Deadly poisons drip through its roof,
 snakes were woven to form its walls.

She saw men wading through heavy streams;
 some were oath-breakers, others had murdered,
 some had lured women to love.
 There the Serpent sucks on corpses,
 the Wolf rends dead men. Seek you wisdom still?

* she: the Vala or seer.

He sat on a grave-mound, striking a harp,
 Eggther, glad to guard the giants' herds;
 close to him, the bright red cock,
 Fjalar, crowed from the gallows tree.

And in Asgard Gold-comb crowed,
 the cock who wakes Odin's warriors;
 another is heard beneath the earth,
 a soot-red cock in the halls of Hel.

Garm is howling from the Gnipa Cave,
 the rope will break, and the Wolf run free.
 Great is my knowledge, I can see
 the doom that awaits almighty gods.

Brothers will die, slain by their brothers,
 kinsmen betray their close kin;
 woe to the world then, wedded to whoredom,
 battle-axe and sword rule, split shields asunder,
 storm-cleft age of wolves until the world goes down,
 only hatred in the hearts of men.

Mimir's sons play; now fate will summon
 from its long sleep the Gjallarhorn:
 Heimdall's horn clamors to heaven,
 Mimir's head speaks tidings to Odin.

Lofty Yggdrasil, the Ash Tree, trembles,
 ancient wood groaning, the giant goes free;
 terror harrows all of Hel,
 until Surt's kinsman comes to consume it.

How fare the Æsir? How do the elves fare?
 Jotunheim seethes, the Æsir assemble;
 at the stone doorways of deep stone dwellings
 dwarfs are moaning. Seek you wisdom still?

Garm is howling from the Gnipa Cave,
the rope will break, and the Wolf run free.
Great is my knowledge, I can see
the doom that awaits almighty gods.

Westward drives the giant, Hrym, his shield high;
the world-girding Serpent rises from the water,
lashing at the waves; the bright-beaked eagle
rends corpses, screaming; Naglfar sails free.

Westward the ship sails, Loki steers;
ruin by fire flies across the sea
with Muspell's demons, monsters, and the Wolf.
Byleist's brother, Loki, leads them.

Surt moves northward, lord of the fire giants,
his sword of flame gleams like the sun;
crashing rocks drag demons to their doom,
men find the way to Hel, the sky splits open.

Garm is howling from the Gnipa Cave,
the rope will break, and the Wolf run free.
Great is my knowledge, I can see
the doom that awaits almighty gods.

A second sorrow comes to Odin's wife:
Odin goes forth to fight the Wolf;
Frey, who killed Beli, battles with Surt.
Lifeless has fallen Frigg's beloved.

Odin's son Vidar goes forth to fight the Wolf;
that carrion eater, Loki's evil son,
feels the hero's sword inside his heart—
thus is avenged the Æsir's lord.

Far-famed Thor, the son of Earth,
the son of Odin, goes forth to fight the Snake.
Midgard's defender dies triumphant,

but the human race no longer has a home:
nine steps beyond the Serpent's body,
Thor, wounded, walks in pride.

The sun turns black, the earth sinks below the sea,
no bright star now shines from the heavens;
flames leap the length of the World Tree,
fire strikes against the very sky.

She sees the earth rising again
out of the waters, green once more;
an eagle flies over rushing waterfalls,
hunting for fish from the craggy heights.

The Æsir meet in Idavöll;
they speak together about the Serpent,
consider all that came to pass,
the ancient runes offered to Odin.

Later they will find a wondrous treasure,
gold gameboards, lying in the grass
where they had left them so long before.

Barren fields will bear again,
Balder's return brings an end to sorrow.
Hod and Balder will live in Odin's hall,
home of the war-gods. Seek you wisdom still?

She sees a hall, fairer than the sun,
thatched with gold; it stands at Gimlé.
There shall deserving people dwell
to the end of time and enjoy their happiness.

There comes the dark dragon flying,
flashing upward from Nidafells:
on wide swift wings it soars above the earth,
carrying corpses. Now she will sink down.