**Krákumál**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Verse 1</th>
<th>Ben Waggoner (2009)</th>
<th>Margaret Schlauch (1930)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>We struck with our swords! So long ago, it was: we had gone to Gautland for the ground-wolf’s slaughter. Then we won fair Thora; thus the warriors named me Loðbrok, when I laid that heather-eel low in battle, ended the earth-coil’s life with inlaid shining steel.</td>
<td>We hewed with the sword! It is not long since That I journeyed to Gautland to slaughter the snake; Thora the maiden I won in that fray, And men call me Lodbrok because of the deed, When my burnished spear slew the might drake.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Verse 2</td>
<td>We struck with our swords! Still was I young, when we went east to Øresund, carved the eager wolf’s meal. We gave a great dinner to the gold-legged birds, where hard iron clashed, howling against helmets, tall and well forged. All the sea was swollen, in slain-blood the raven waded.</td>
<td>We hewed with the sword! I was still a young lad When we fought by Eyrasund in the East; High ran the sea with the blood of the slain, The hard iron rang on the studded helms, Ran waded in blood; the wolves had a feast.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Verse 7</td>
<td>We struck with our swords! Swinging blades were howling</td>
<td>We hewed with the sword! High screamed the blades Before King Eystein was felled in the fray:</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| Verse 25 | Before King Eystein fell there  
On the Field of Ullr;  
We went, glittering with gold  
Of the ground of the falcon—  
Corpse-light shattered shieldboards—  
From ships to helm-meeting;  
Neck-ale burst from blade wounds,  
From brain-cliffs it spurted. | The sword struck home on helmet and shield,  
From our wounds sprang forth the warm wet blood;  
Our foes were left for birds of prey. |
|---|---|---|
| Verse 25 | We struck with our swords!  
My soul is glad, for I know  
That Balder’s father’s benches  
For a banquet are made ready.  
We’ll toss back toasts of ale  
From bent trees of the skulls;  
No warrior bewails his death  
In the wondrous house of Fjolnir.  
Not one word of weakness  
Will I speak in Viðrir’s hall. | We hewed with the sword! I am glad to know  
That in Odin’s hall the benches are laid:  
We shall soon drink our ale from the deers’ horns there  
(The bold man never shrinks back from death)  
I shall not go in like a man afraid. |
| Verse 26 | The sons of Aslaug all would  
Rouse the wrath of Hild here  
With their ruthless sword-blades,  
If they fathomed fully  
How far I have traveled,  
How so many serpents  
Stab me with their poison.  
My sons’ hearts will help them;  
They have their mother’s lineage. | We hewed with the sword! Now Aslaug’s sons  
Would hasten to combat with steel-tipped darts  
If they knew that I lay in this utter need  
And that venomous worms were fierce at my flesh:  
From their mother and me they have won stout hearts. |
| Verse 29 | I desire my death now.  
The disir call me home,  
Whom Herjan hastens onward  
From his hall, to take me.  
On the high bench, boldly,  
Beer I’ll drink with the gods;  
Hope of life is lost now—  
Laughing I shall die! |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| I am ready to go. Odin’s maids have come  
To call me home to his hall on high:  
With the gods I shall merrily drink my ale;  
My days are done, and laughing I die. |