

## Griminsmol (The Ballad of Grimnir)

Folkearth

Heerfather-in chains  
Tortured by an unworthy king  
Eight nights between two fires  
A boy feels sympathy for him  
In exchange for a single drink  
(The boy is granted knowledge of the worlds  
His father ignorant to the real nature of his binded guest  
Knowledge of which will too late come to him)  
Thor shall ever in Thruthheim dwell  
Balder's home Breithablik is called  
Himinbjorg residence of Heimdall  
Vithi is Vidar's land-slayer of the wolf  
Skoll and Hati the soon and moon will devour  
Thus bidding the will of Hrothvitnir  
Ravens y forth memory and thought  
Bring me news of what happens in the world  
Far famed fighters of old  
Freki, Geri, who sit by me in my hall  
Feast on my food, satisfy your lust  
Wine is my food and drinking alike, alas!  
Valgrind stands, the Sacred Gate  
And behind are the holy doors  
Old is the gate but few there are  
Who can tell how it tightly is locked  
Five hundred doors and forty there are  
I wean, in Valhall's walls  
Eight hundred fighters through one door-fare  
When to war with the Wolf they go  
The best of trees, must Yggdrasil be  
Skithblathnir best of boats  
Of all the Gods Othin is the greatest  
And Sleipnir the best of steeds  
Bifrost of bridges, Bragi of skalds  
Hobrok of hawks and Garm of hounds  
Grim is my nae, wanderer am I  
Ruler, Helmet-bearer, Hor the high one  
A single name have I never had  
Since first among men I fared  
Allfather, Valfather, Rider, Grimnir I am  
Siegfather, Overthrower, the Hooded, Flaming-Eyed King Geiroth  
sat and had his sword on his knee, half drawn from its sheath  
But when he heard that Othin was come thither, then he rose up  
and sought to take Othin from the fire  
The sword slipped form his hand and fell with the hilt down  
The king stumbled and fell forward, and the sword pierced him t  
hrough and slew him  
Then Othin vanished, but the boy long ruled there as king