

Gang ût, nesso, mid nigun nessiklînon,
Ût fana themo marge an that bên,
Fan themo bêne an that flêsg,
Ût fan themo flêsgke an thia hûd,
Ût fan thera hud an thesa strâla.
Drohtin, uuerthe sô!

Go out, worm, with your nine little ones,
Out from the marrow to the bone,
From the bone to the flesh,
Out from the flesh to the skin,
Out from the skin to this arrow.
Lord, make it so!