

Ek man jötna ár of borna
Þá er forðum mik fædda höfðu
Níu man ek heima, níu íviðjur
Mjötvið mæran fyr mold neðan

Ár var alda, þar er Ýmir byggði
Var-a sandr né sær né svalar unnir
Jörð fannsk æva né upphiminn
Gap var ginnunga, en gras hvergi

I remember yet the giants of Yore
Who gave me bread in the days gone by
Nine worlds I knew, the nine in the tree
With mighty roots beneath the mould

Of old was the age when Ymir lived
Sea nor cool waves nor sand, there were
Earth had not been, nor heaven above
But a yawning gap and grass nowhere