Grettis rímur

Translated by Lee Colwill

Nardjón

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Apardjón Journal for Scandinavian Studies
2021

PUBLISHED BY APARDJÓN JOURNAL FOR SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES
Centre for Scandinavian Studies, University of Aberdeen, Scotland, United Kingdom

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First published in 2021
ISSN 2634-0577 (Online)
ISSN 2634-0569 (Print)
Published in Aberdeen, Scotland, United Kingdom

Editors: Hannah Booth, Heidi Synnøve Djuve, Deniz Cem Gülen, Ingrid Hegland, Jennifer Hemphill, Solveig Marie Wang, Jessie Yusek.

Layout and creative: Heidi Synnøve Djuve
Special font design: Blake Middleton
Back cover illustration: The Aberdeen Bestiary, Folio 15r – De urso (University of Aberdeen).

Typeset in Palemonas MUFI

This special issue of *Apardjón Journal for Scandinavian Studies* was financially supported by the University of Aberdeen Development Trust Experience Fund.

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ABOUT THE TRANSLATOR

Lee Colwill is a PhD student at the University of Cambridge, researching the way the poets of medieval chivalric *rímur* address questions of gender in their adaptations of chivalric sagas. Their MA dissertation used the late medieval poem *Snjáskvæði* to explore the motif of women disguised as male warriors in Old Norse literature. More generally, their research interests include the construction of identity – particularly gendered identity – in Viking Age and medieval Scandinavia, whether in texts or material culture.

This work was supported by the Arts and Humanities Research Council, grant number AH/L503897/1.

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EDITORIAL PREFACE

The present publication features the first English translation of *Grettis rímur*. The poem was translated by Lee Colwill, a PhD Candidate at the University of Cambridge. The editorial board received this translation alongside the many articles submitted for the journal's inaugural call for papers, advertised in early 2019. Due to the translation's length and uniqueness, however, it was decided to publish the work separately from the first volume, as a special issue. The translation of *Grettis rímur* has been through the rigorous academic process of peer-review. Keeping in line with the journal's objective to promote the academic work of early-career scholars, we invited Dr Philip Lavender, a postgraduate researcher at the University of Gothenburg, to conduct the peer review. A special thank you is owed to Philip, who went above and beyond in the review process. The translation was then edited multiple times by members of the editorial board. Editors who have contributed to the present publication are as follows: Hannah Booth, Heidi Synnøve Djuve, Deniz Cem Gülen, Ingrid Hegland, Jennifer Hemphill, Solveig Marie Wang, and Jessie Yusek.

Particularly owed mention is Professor Ralph O'Connor, whose advice helped us find an appropriate reviewer for such a translation. Also owed thanks is Blake Middleton, who contributed to the cover design of this issue and developed the special title font, which he digitally reconstructed from a series of medieval Scandinavian manuscripts. Similarly, thanks to Shannon Strinati, who during their MLitt in Scandinavian Studies at the University of Aberdeen kindly volunteered to participate in the final read-through of this publication. Once again, we are extremely grateful to the University of Aberdeen Development Trust Experience Fund for financially supporting the present translation's publication process. We extend our thanks to everyone who have supported the journal so far. We are currently working on the journal's second volume, themed 'Northern Peripheries', which will be published during Spring 2021. Until then, we sincerely hope you enjoy this translation of *Grettis rímur*.

On behalf of the editors,
Jennifer Hemphill

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Grettis rímur is a 478-stanza poetic account of the early life of the saga-hero Grettir Ásmundarson,[1] found in the fifteenth-century manuscript *Kollsbók* (Cod. Guelf. 42.7 4to) and its 1849 copy, AM 387 fol.[2] In the poetic form known as *rímur*, a style of rhymed, narrative poetry that was immensely popular in Iceland from the late medieval period through to the nineteenth century, it tells the story of Grettir's life from his childhood to the end of his first period of exile in Norway. Although the poem is anonymous, its composition has been dated to the first half of the fifteenth century (Haukur Þorgeirsson 2013: 256; cf Björn K. Þórólfsson 1934: 341). Unusual among the medieval *rímur,* this poem takes *Grettis saga Ásmundarsonar*, one of the *Íslendingasögur* (*Sagas of Icelanders*), as its subject material. *Skáld-Helga rímur*, based on the lost saga of Helgi the Poet, is the only other pre-Reformation *rímur* based on an *Íslendingasaga*. Although, in that case, the original prose text has been lost and only the *rímur* and a later reworking of the *rímur* into prose remain. Though *rímur* were the dominant literary genre in Iceland from the late medieval period until well into the nineteenth century, it is only very recently that they have become the subject of significant scholarly interest. This is in part due to changing poetic fashions, as well as to their status in later centuries as popular literature, but it can also be attributed to their inaccessibility. Even the medieval *rímur*, which as a group have received the most scholarly attention, have not all been edited,[3] or have been edited only as part of graduate theses which cannot easily be accessed.[4] The most extensive edition of medieval *rímur*, Finnur Jónsson's *Rímnasafn*, is a semi-diplomatic edition with unnormalised orthography, adding a further level of difficulty to the reading of texts which are already replete with obscure kennings and otherwise unknown vocabulary. While the semantic complexity of the average *rímur* stanza is significantly less than that of most skaldic poetry, the reader has very little assistance in their task of understanding the poetry, with the exception of Finnur Jónsson in his *Rímurordbog*, who occasionally finds himself as much at a loss as the rest of us.[5]

Until recent years, there has been a distinct lack of scholarly interest in *rímur* when compared to other forms of medieval Icelandic literature, especially from scholars outside of Iceland. *Grettis rímur* is no exception. Apart from brief mentions in surveys of medieval Icelandic poetry,[6] or discussions of the variety of textual material associated with Grettir,[7] the only detailed accounts of the *rímur* are found in Björn K. Þórólfsson (1934: 341–2) and Eva María Jónsdóttir's 2015 thesis. The latter is by far the most in-depth study of the *rímur* and

explores three different *rímur*-poets' approach to the *Grettis saga* material, including the fifteenth-century *rímur* that are the subject of this translation. Given this lack of scholarly attention, it is perhaps unsurprising that very few *rímur* have ever been translated to a language other than Icelandic, and *Grettis rímur* is far from unique in this regard. The normalised edition and translation found here form part of an effort to make the genre more accessible both to those familiar with Old Norse literature and those who are not. Despite *Grettis rímur*'s unusual position within the group of medieval *rímur*, I hope that its obvious connections with the much better-known *Grettis saga* will make this translation a subject of comparatively wide interest.

The *Rímur* Genre

Rímur are a form of long narrative poetry that developed in Iceland in the fourteenth century. The earliest extant *ríma* (sg.), *Óláfs ríma Haraldssonar* by Einar Gilsson, is found in the manuscript *Flateyjarbók*, which was written at the end of the fourteenth century. *Óláfs ríma* is an unusual example of the genre in its overtly hagiographical approach to its subject; while many medieval *rímur* feature passing references to Christianity and the Christian God, early *rímur* on Biblical subjects are rare.[8] Judging by the attempts by clergymen to ban *rímur* in favour of respectable hymns, there were mixed feelings among Icelanders about the form's suitability for religious verse. That said, the *Óláfs ríma* poet's taste for dramatic battle scenes is an obvious forerunner to many later *rímur*-cycles, which are largely devoted to the bloodthirsty deeds of legendary heroes.

In form, *rímur* are stanzaic, with stanzas in an individual *ríma* numbering anywhere from in the twenties to into the hundreds. In the vast majority of texts, multiple *rímur* are grouped together to form a *rímur*-cycle,[9] with the choice of metre varying *ríma* by *ríma*, although the four-line *ferskeytt* remains the preferred choice.[10] In *Grettis rímur*, the metres are as follows (Björn K. Þórólfsson 1934: 341):

I:	*ferskeytt*	V:	*ferskeytt*
II:	*valhent*	VI:	*stafhent*
III:	*stafhent*	VII:	*braghent*
IV:	*ferskeytt*	VIII:	*skáhent*

The majority of later *rímur* also feature the introductory stanzas known as *mansöngvar* ('love-songs'). Despite the name, these are very seldom the lyrical love-poetry typical of the *Minnesang* ('Middle High German love songs'), a genre that scholars often compare them to (e.g. Björn K. Þórólfsson 1934: 272; Davíð Erlingsson 1974: 84). Instead, they offer philosophical reflections on the nature of poetry and love. These most frequently take the form of a complaint — that the poet is old, despised by women, and unable to compose love-poetry — and the *Grettis rímur* poet is, again, no exception. In II.3 he comments that *[b]áru þeir fyrir bauga Eir beiskan kvíða* 'for the sake of the Eir [goddess] of rings [WOMAN] they (masc.) endured bitter anxiety' and later,[11] explaining his reluctance to compose love-poetry, says the following:

III.2

Mun ég því ekki mansöng slá	Thus I will not strike up a love-song
merkilega fyrir hringa Ná,	for the remarkable Ná [goddess][12] of rings [WOMAN],
því að in kæna kögra Hlökk	because the wise Hlökk [valkyrie] of counterpanes [WOMAN]
kunna mun þess litla þökk.	will not show much gratitude for this.[13]

Though the earliest *rímur*-cycles tend not to contain *mansöngvar*, or to contain only a handful of introductory lines rather than whole stanzas, *mansöngvar* became an integral part of the genre over time. In terms of language and metre, *rímur* have been influenced by several types of poetry. Their use of *heiti* and kennings owe a debt to earlier skaldic metres, especially *dróttkvætt* (Björn K. Þórólfsson 1934: 35), though as Davíð Erlingsson (1974: 10) argues, there is distinct evidence of the influence of medieval German poetry in the more ornate phrasings of later poets, as well as on the development of the *mansöngvar* stanzas. Vésteinn Ólason (1976: 74; 1978: 31–32) has pointed out their similarity to the metrical romances of Middle English (e.g. *Sir Orfeo*), both in metre and content. The majority of medieval *rímur* may be characterised as 'romances', being based on either *fornaldarsögur* ('legendary sagas') or *riddarasögur* ('chivalric sagas').

Little is known about the performance of early *rímur*, and it is not until the sixteenth century that we have accounts of anything that might be considered *rímur* performance. It is notable that several *rímur*-cycles refer to themselves as a *dans* 'dance', and the opening

mansöngur of *Sörla rímur* features the poet complaining that people are too busy dancing to listen to the poetry (Vésteinn Ólason 1982: 39–40):

I.7

Því má ég varla vísu slá —	Thus I may hardly strike up a verse —
veit ég það til sanns,	I know that for sure.
Þegar að rekkar rímu fá,	As soon as men get hold of the rhyme,
reyst er hún upp við dans.	it is shouted out for a dance.

I.8

Gapa þeir upp og gumsa hart	They gape and mock loudly
og geyma varla sín.	and hardly heed themselves.
Höldar dansa hralla snart	Men dance very hard
ef heyrist vísan mín.	if my verse is heard.

The sixteenth-century account in Oddur Einarsson's *Qualiscunque Descriptio Islandiae* describes a poetry performance in which a single voice chants verses to which the audience dances in silence (Oddur Einarsson 1928 66–67). Though Oddur does not specify the type of poetry in question, single-voiced chanting is certainly what the recordings of *rímur* made in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries show. Despite the words of the *Sörla rímur* poet, the question of whether *rímur* really were danced to in the early days of the genre has been raised by several scholars. Sverrir Tómasson (2012: 61) points out that the length of most individual *rímur* is longer than would be comfortable for dancing, although this does not seem to cause modern Faroese ring-dancers any problems. Shaun Hughes (1978: 39–42) has also suggested that people perhaps danced to *mansöngvar* separately from the main *rímur* narratives, which could explain the *Sörla rímur* poet's words. By the eighteenth century, when Eggert Ólafsson and Bjarni Pálsson undertook their official journey through Iceland, *rímur* performance seems to have been confined to the domestic sphere. They describe both sagas and *rímur* being performed by some member of the household with a good voice during the *kvöldvaka*, the period during the evening when the household worked at indoor tasks such as carding wool or whittling (Eggert Ólafsson & Bjarni Pálsson 1772: 48), and it is this context that *rímur* are mostly associated with today.[14]

Kollsbók

Kollsbók is the earliest extant collection of *rímur*, dating to c. 1480–90 (Ólafur Halldórsson 1968: xxxiv–xxxvi). In its original form, it contained twenty *rímur*-cycles, although the first four cycles (*Reinalds rímur*, *Skáld-Helga rímur*, *Andra rímur* and an unknown fourth cycle) are lost, along with the first part of the manuscript. The *rímur*-cycles in *Kollsbók* are based on a variety of source-texts, including Arthurian material (*Skikkju rímur*), kings' sagas (*Ólafs rímur*), family sagas (*Skáld-Helga rímur*, *Grettis rímur*), legendary sagas (*Hrings rímur og Tryggva*) and chivalric sagas (*Ektors rímur*), although it does not contain any *rímur* based on mythological material. *Grettis rímur* is the penultimate text in the manuscript, found on folios 104v–114v, in the hand of the second scribe, the person responsible for the largest part of the manuscript (Ólafur Halldórsson 1968: xix). 104v and 110r are both heavily worn, making the text entirely illegible in parts. Readings for these folios are supplied from AM 387 fol. (384r–423v) in this edition.

The Poet of *Grettis rímur*

The poet of the fifteenth-century *Grettis rímur* is anonymous, as is the case for most pre-Reformation *rímur*-poets. Our earliest known *ríma*, *Ólafsríma*, is highly unusual for being credited to a named author.[15] This has not prevented later poetry-collectors and scholars from attempting to attribute authorship to named poets of the appropriate period. People have been eager to ascribe *rímur* by poets who call themselves *blindur* ('blind') to several known blind poets, most popularly Sigurður *blindur*. Nevertheless, such attributions are rarely secure (Ármann Jakobsson 2014: 13). Despite the *Grettis rímur* poet's anonymity, however, a few potentially biographical details can be gleaned about him from his *mansöngur* stanzas, which take the form of a first-person address to the audience. It should of course be noted that, despite the apparently confessionary nature of *mansöngvar*, they remain an artificial construction (Kuhn 1990–93: 455). Though the poet may speak of being old, miserable, and despised by women, such remarks recur so sufficiently often in the *rímur* corpus that they are almost conventions of the genre, throwing their veracity into question.

However, we may at least be certain, that the *Grettis rímur* poet is male. Though he frequently speaks in the abstract of misery befalling 'the one' or 'those' who cannot compose love-poetry, the self-referentiality is clear, and in all of these cases, he uses masculine pronouns where gender can be determined (e.g. *þeir* in II.3; *sá* in III.4). In evoking the common *mansöngur* trope of the aged poet, he says that *ellin granda fleina rjóð* 'old age wounds

the reddener of spears [WARRIOR, a typical man-kenning]' (VI.2), and also notes that he does not expect romantic success, *þó heiðurs menn og hóffólk ríkt / hatist við gamla karla* ('though men of honour and powerful noblemen may despise old men') (IV.5). In contrast, the one known female *rímur*-poet from this early period speaks of her sorrow for a *frægur fleina lundur* ('famous tree of missiles [MAN]') and twice uses the feminine form of the predicate when referring to herself (Louis-Jensen 1992: 226–27), so it was clearly not a requirement to adopt the masculine persona seen in *Grettis rímur*.

The poet also seems to have had a male patron, judging by the opening of I.1, in which *Skrímnis seims skelfir* ('a generous man') *vili biðja* ('commands') the poet to recite. References to patrons in pre-Reformation *rímur* are rather rare, and it is often unclear to what extent statements like 'so-and-so asked me to compose this' signify a formal patronage relationship. However, by the seventeenth century, such arrangements were much better documented, and Kolbeinn Grímsson, a later *Grettis rímur* poet, notes that Brynjólfur Sveinsson commissioned his *Sveins rímur Múkssonar* (Eva María Jónsdóttir 2015: 106).

Contents of the *Rímur*-Cycle

As is the case with many pre-Reformation *rímur*, the fifteenth-century *Grettis rímur* does not relate the full events of its source-saga. It ignores the genealogical prologue entirely, beginning instead with Ásmundur's establishment of a settlement at Bjarg, which takes place in chapter 14 of the saga. A brief description of Grettir's immediate family is given — so brief that his sisters' names are not included — but by stanza 11 the poet has introduced the titular character. Thereafter, the plot follows the events of the saga closely, ending with Grettir's reconciliation with jarl Sveinn,[16] and subsequent return to Iceland, as told in chapter 24 of the saga. It is not always easy to know whether a *rímur*-cycle as preserved contains all the parts its poet intended it to, and the task is still harder in the case of texts like *Grettis rímur* which survive in only a single manuscript. However, the fact that *Grettis rímur* opens with the birth of its eponymous hero and largely follows the events of the saga until the cycle's end suggests that no major part is missing from the beginning or middle of the *rímur*, and the cycle's final stanza likewise implies that this was an intentional stopping point:

VIII.69

Karlmanns brögð eru kunn og sögð:	The man's tricks are known and told:
kappinn bar yfir alla.	the champion outmatched everyone.

Heim til Bjargs kom bræðir vargs.	The feeder of the wolf [WARRIOR] came home to Bjarg.
Bragur skal þannig falla.	The poetry will thus fall silent.

Lines such as *Bragur skal þannig falla* ('the poetry will thus fall silent') are typical when concluding a *ríma* within a larger cycle, and such a line on its own does not suggest the end of a cycle. However, the statement that Grettir's tricks are now *kunn og sögð* ('known and told') has an unmistakable air of finality to it. From a narrative point of view, too, this is a reasonable stopping point: Grettir has developed from an unpromising childhood through a sulky adolescence, to a man of renown, vanquisher of the supernatural and scourge of berserkers. His minor unpleasantness with jarl Sveinn has been at least temporarily resolved, he is the beloved friend of several powerful Norwegian magnates, and his return to Iceland can well be considered that of a homecoming hero. Glámur's curse, Grettir's outlawry, betrayal and death all lie in his future, but for this moment, a happy ending seems possible, and the poet cannot be blamed for wishing to stop on a note of relative triumph. In several *rímur*-cycles, the poets stress that the main narrative will concern itself with the deeds of manly heroes, rather than the beauty of women.[17] As this *mansöngur* stanza suggests, the *Grettis rímur* poet fulfils these genre conventions:

II.4

Lýsi ég fátt í litlum þátt af lindi hnossa;	I describe little in this small section about the lindens of gemstones [WOMEN];
segjum heldur af báru blossa	let us rather speak of the breaker of the wave's
brjót er fór að geyma hrossa.	fire [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN], who went to look after the horses.

A preoccupation with the deeds of men, with correspondingly little attention paid to female characters, is a hallmark of the medieval *rímur* genre,[18] and the *Grettis rímur* poet is no exception. Though women do play a part in several key episodes — for example, Bárður's wife aboard the ship, Þorfinnur's wife and daughter during the berserker raid — the only woman the *rímur*-poet actually names is Grettir's mother, Ásdís. The poet instead seems particularly interested in battle sequences, which is typical of *rímur*-poets in general, and sea-voyages, which is more uncommon. Grettir's exploration of Kár's burial mound is particularly

vivid, with *rímur*'s characteristic use of ellipsis serving to emphasise Grettir's shadowy stumbling through the tomb:

IV.34

Hetjan víða um hauginn fór	The hero ranged widely through the mound
hjá hjörva leiðum Ulli.	by the awful Ullur of swords [WARRIOR = Kár].
Hitti síðan hestbein stór	Then he came upon enormous horse bones
og hrugu mikla af gulli.	and a great pile of gold.

This laconic style of *rímur* narration allows the scene to move easily back and forth during Grettir's investigation, locating him first by Kár's feet, then back at the rope, then further into the mound, effectively disorienting the reader and leaving them as vulnerable to the *draugur*'s surprise attack as Grettir. Similarly, in the berserker's attack on Þorfinnur's estate, the action shifts smoothly between the women's fear, the raiders' glee and Grettir's schemes to create a scene that encompasses all angles of the attack. It then abruptly narrows its focus to Grettir's single combat against the attackers, which it diligently follows for ten stanzas. Compared to other *rímur*-poets, who delight in gruesome descriptions of slaughter and mutilation,[19] the *Grettis rímur* poet is relatively restrained, focusing instead on the heroism and prowess of his protagonist in the face of overwhelming odds, but he nonetheless takes a clear delight in describing battle.

The poet's fondness for fight scenes is matched only by his taste for sea-voyages. Grettir's first journey to Norway is dwelt on at great length, and the poet includes details above and beyond what the saga-author provides. For example, where the saga says only that they sailed south around Reykjanes (ch. 17), the *rímur* note that they are passing through skerries (III.43). Other scene-setting details are added: the visual of the keel slicing through the blue waves (*kjölurinn sníður kólgu blá* [III.44]), the growing wind (*gonsuður ekki gerist hægur* [III.46]), and the swelling sea (*gylfrið vex* [III.43]). The striking image of the keel slicing through the waves is echoed in descriptions of subsequent voyages, such as when *borðum þvær hin bleika alda; / bárur kunnu hvítt að falda* 'the pale waves wash the planks; / the breakers knew how to hood themselves in white' (VII.44) during Grettir's journey to Vógi. In contrast, such scenes in the saga focus tightly on the people aboard the ship in question, with the physical landscape only described if it poses a direct threat, as with the skerries and darkness that cause Grettir's first shipwreck in chapter 17.

In general, though, the earliest *rímur*-cycle adheres closely to the events of the saga — sufficiently closely that both Finnur Jónsson (1924: 39) and Björn K. Þórólfsson (1934: 341) are confident that the poet used the C-redaction of the saga (found in AM 556 a 4to). As is discussed in the next section, later poets felt comfortable taking a more expansive approach to the material.

Other *Rímur* about Grettir

The popularity of Grettir as a figure in the Icelandic imagination is attested through the sheer number of placenames, poetry and manuscripts connected with him and his saga. He appears in poetic lists of Icelandic heroes (e.g. *Íslendingadrápa*, Þórður Magnússon's *Kappakvæði*, as well as a brief appearance in *Fjósaríma*) and is the subject of six extant *rímur* cycles, as well as one by Jón Guðmundsson í Hellu that has since been lost (Guðvarður Már Gunnlaugsson 2000: 53–54):

15th century:	anonymous *Grettis rímur* in *Kollsbók* (8 *rímur*)
1656:	*Grettis rímur* by Jón Guðmundsson í Rauðseyjum (14 *rímur*)
1658:	*Grettis rímur* by Kolbeinn Grímsson (20 *rímur*)
17th century:	*Grettis rímur* by Jón Guðmundsson í Hellu (now lost)
1828:	*Grettis rímur* by Magnús Jónsson í Magnússkógum (44 *rímur*)
1889:	*Ríma um síðasta fund Grettis Ásmundssonar og móður hans, Ásdísar á Bjargi* by Oddur Jónsson (1 *ríma*)
1930:	*Gláms rímur* by Sigfús Sigfússon (6 *rímur* plus epilogue)

Even by the prolific standards of *rímur* poets, this is a lot of material. As mentioned above, the first *rímur*-poet does not cover the entire story as told in the saga, and subsequent poets may understandably have wished to continue where he left off. However, just because one *rímur*-poet had already covered the same material, this does not seem to have dissuaded other poets from also making their mark. Particularly Kolbeinn Grímsson seems to have been keenly aware that he was operating in a lively poetic tradition, calling himself *óðar smiður þó annar fyrr / undan hafi hér gengið* ('a smith of poetry though another may have covered this ground before') (Eva María Jónsdóttir 2015: 68).

Both Jón Guðmundsson í Rauðseyjum and Kolbeinn Grímsson cover the full story of Grettir's life, from Ásmundur's settlement of Bjarg to Grettir's death on Drangey, with Jón

going on to relate (albeit briefly) the epilogue in which Þorsteinn *dromund* goes adventuring in Miklagarður. Magnús Jónsson takes a more leisurely and completionist approach. His *Grettis rímur* is the only extant cycle to cover the 'prequel' material concerning Önundur *tréfótur* and, as the numbers above suggest, he was not in any hurry to get to the Grettir-centric part of the story. Indeed, by the end of the five *rímur* that have been edited (in Eva María Jónsdóttir 2015: 207–41), Magnús has only just reached the Kengála episode. The *rímur* by Oddur Jónsson and Sigfús Sigfússon are a departure from earlier compositions in that they focus on a single episode in their protagonist's life, rather than attempting to tell a sequence of events. *Ríma um síðasta fund* is a sentimental account of Grettir's last conversation with his mother before he departs to his death on Drangey, featuring a cold, miserable Grettir making his way back to the last people who care about him. Oddur's focus is very much on evoking the emotions of such a scene, although the pathos is somewhat undercut by his choice to use the almost relentlessly upbeat *ferskeytt* metre.

In contrast, Sigfús Sigfússon's *Gláms rímur* has little time for sentiment, being far more concerned with both informing the reader about the various trolls, ghosts, and other supernatural beings of the Icelandic landscape, and providing a lively account of Grettir's monster-wrestling activities. Sigfús explicitly states that his goal is *að skýra fræði forn* ('to explain ancient wisdom') (1930: 6), and, as a folklorist, he digresses on the varieties of Icelandic troll at a moment's notice (1930: 6–8), but the poem's use of Grettir's fight with Glámur as a narrative hook on which to hang these asides keeps it entertaining. Oddur and Sigfús clearly had very different goals than the poets who sought to retell the entirety of *Grettis saga* in *rímur* form, and they in turn had a different intent than the fifteenth-century poet, with his truncated work. However, the story of Grettir clearly spoke to each of these poets across the centuries.

Note on the Text

The text in this edition is based on my own transcription of *Kollsbók* (K). However, where the manuscript is so damaged as to be illegible (most notably in places where the edges of the pages have been trimmed in such a way as to cut off part of the text), I have supplied readings following the 1849 copy AM 387 fol. (A). In cases where the surviving text seems not to make sense, I have occasionally followed Finnur Jónsson's suggestions for emendation in his *Rímnasafn* edition, noted with a 'FJ' in the accompanying note. I indicate supplied readings with [square brackets] and emendations are given in *italics*, as shown below:

I.1

[Skil] ég nú ei hve Skrímnis seims — K; A *eims*] *seims* FJ
skelfir vili mig biðja
vekja upp Boðnar brosmu heims;
betri er önnur iðja.

In the first line of this stanza, *skil* is supplied from AM 387 fol. and the *s* of *seims* is a suggested emendation by Finnur Jónsson where both *Kollsbók* and AM 387 fol. read *eims*. For ease of reading, and because no standard orthography for the Middle Icelandic of early *rímur* exists, I have normalised the text to Modern Icelandic orthography, although I preserve the archaic forms *eigi/ei,* as the modern form *ekki* entirely destroys the rhyme. The manuscript also uses *eð* for the relative particle, which in Modern Icelandic is written *er*; for ease of reading, I have normalised this to *er* without marking it as an emendation. There are several stanzas which feature the apparently defective rhyme of, for example, *svo* and *þá*, reflecting the state of the language before the fourteenth-century sound-change [ɔ:] > [au] . As there are also cases where the poet rhymes e.g. *kvón* (OI: *kván*) and *sjón* (IV.22), and *stóru* and *vóru* (OI: *váru*) (V.30), I think it reasonable to conclude that these rhymes were awkward in the poet's own time as well. For the sake of consistency, I have followed the Modern Icelandic spelling of these words. The translation does not attempt to preserve the metre of the original and is instead a prose translation which nonetheless aims to capture at least a part of the liveliness of the original. Where kennings appear, I provide a literal translation and an explanation added in [SMALL CAPS IN SQUARE BRACKETS], in the style of the *Skaldic Poetry Project* editions, e.g. 'the dispenser of the fire of the wave [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN]'.

Notes

[1] I would like to extend my sincere thanks to Haukur Þorgeirsson and Philip Lavender who reviewed this text, both of whose suggestions have improved this work immeasurably.

[2] Finnur Jónsson's *Rímnasafn* edition of *Grettis rímur* refers to the copy in AM 387 fol. as being the work of Jón Sigurðsson, though I can find no means of verifying this. Some marginal notes in a different hand to the main text are initialled 'K.G.', presumably Konráð Gíslason, and the 1849–51 volume of *Antiquarisk Tidsskrift* notes only that the Arnamagnæan Commission had a copy made of Cod. Guelf 42.7 4to *ved Stipendiarerne* ('by [our] Fellows'). Suggested emendations given in AM 387 fol. are therefore noted in this edition as being from 'JS', with a due sense of caution.

[3] e.g. *Jarlmanns rímur*, *Sigurðar rímur þögla* etc.

[4] e.g. *Mábilar rímur* (Valgerður Kr. Brynjólfsdóttir 2004).

[5] See, for example, the entry for *letr* in II.35.1 of *Grettis saga*: *Må vist være en kenning for Grette men hvorledes?* ['Must certainly be a kenning for Grettir, but how?'] (Finnur Jónsson 1926–28: 238).

[6] For example, Jón Þorkelsson's *Om digtningen på Island i det 15. og 16. århundrede* (1888: 136).

[7] For example, Guðvarður Már Gunnlaugsson's 'Grettir vondum vættum' (2000).

[8] From the seventeenth century onwards, *rímur* on religious themes become more common, as is apparent from the titles listed in Finnur Sigmundsson's *Rímnatal* (1966: 189–212).

[9] Notable exceptions include *Óláfs ríma Haraldssonar* and *Skíðaríma*, which, as their names suggest, consist of only a single *ríma*.

[10] For a description of the most common *rímur* metres (*ferskeytt*, *stafhent*, *skáhent* and *úrkast*), see Vésteinn Ólason's *Traditional Ballads of Iceland* (1982: 57–9); for a discussion of more unusual *rímur* metres, see Helgi Sigurðsson 1891.

[11] Though the poem is anonymous, the poet refers to himself as male several times. See below, p.5.

[12] Finnur's *Rímurordbog* (1926) glosses this as a goddess name, and the *Íslensk Orðsifjabók* (malid.is) suggests that this name is a variant spelling of Gná.

[13] Unless otherwise noted, all quotations of *rímur* (other than the fifteenth-century *Grettis rímur*) in this Introduction are given in normalised form from Finnur Jónsson's *Rímnasafn*. All translations are my own.

[14] As an attendee of the 2019 *Rímnamaraþon*, I can confirm that *rímur* are an excellent way to pass the time while knitting.

[15] From the seventeenth century onwards, it becomes far more common for *rímur* to bear their poets' names, often concealed in runes or riddling stanzas, as Kolbeinn Grímsson, composer of the seventeenth-century *Grettis rímur*, does (Eva María Jónsdóttir 2015: 66). For a list of *rímur* by century, along with their (lack of) authors, see Finnur Sigmundsson 1966: 189–212. On the practice of *rímur*-poets concealing their names see Páll Eggert Ólason 1915.

[16] As there is no precisely synonymous translation of *jarl* into English, I have opted to leave the title untranslated.

[17] e.g. in *Geðraunir* I.5 and *Sturlaugs rímur* V.4.

[18] With the notable exception of *Mábilar rímur*, which features no fewer than four female main characters.

[19] e.g. *Mábilar rímur* VI.61: *hálsinn mætti höggi stærstu; / höfuðið fauk yfir tvo hína næsta* '[the sword] met the neck with the greatest blow; the head drifted over the nearest two men'.

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Grettis
rímur

NOTE

Where the text in *Kollsbók* (K) is illegible, readings have been supplied from AM 387 fol. (A) and are given [in square brackets]. Emendations following Finnur Jónsson's *Rímnasafn* edition are noted with 'FJ'. Those suggested as marginal notes in A are attributed to 'JS' (see fn. 2), while readings from the main text are given as 'A'. Both Haukur Þorgeirsson, who read an early, incomplete draft of this translation, and Philip Lavender who peer-reviewed the book, have made helpful suggestions for emendations that I have gratefully adopted. Their suggestions are marked as 'HÞ' and 'rev.' respectively. For reader-friendliness, the translation has been divided into the numeral sections of the original manuscript.

I.1

[Skil] ég nú ei hve Skrímnis *s*eims	K; A *eims*] *seims* FJ
skelfir vili mig biðja	
vekja upp Boðnar brosmu *g*eims;[20]	K; A *heims*] *geims* rev.
betri er önnur iðja.	

Now I do not understand how the brandisher of Skrímnir's speech [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] wants to ask me to awaken the fish of Boðn's sea [MEAD OF POETRY > TONGUE]. Other activity is better.

I.2

F[orð]um þ[ótti] ég fálka krás	
forlög kunnu að vendast.	
[Síðan] fekk ég lygr*u* lás;	K; A *lygra*
lengi mun sá endast.	

Long ago I thought that fate would turn me to dainties for the falcons [i.e. that I would die in battle]. Then I ended up locked in wretchedness; that will long endure.[21]

I.3

Horfin gerist að mestu mærð	
meiði Fáfnis bryggju;	
sé ég því lí*t*t við ljótri flærð	K; A *ligt*] *litt* FJ
og l[a]ngri undirhyggju.	

Praise[-poetry] mostly has turned away from the harmer of Fáfnir's bridge [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN]; thus, I can hardly prevent the ugly lie and long deceit.

I.4
Því mun hamingjan h[a]fna svo
hræva teina brjóti,
grípa alla gle[ð]ina frá
en gefa honum angur í móti.[22]

Thus, fortune will so forsake the breaker of the wands of corpses [SWORDS > WARRIOR], snatch away all joy and give him sorrow in its place.

I.5
Hörmulega er heimurinn spilltur —
hygg ég það mun standa.
Margur finnst af vélum villtur
veitir nöðru granda. K; A *veigar*] *veitir* FJ

The world is woefully ruined — I think this will endure. Many an offerer of the adder's isthmus [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] finds himself deceived by stratagems.

I.6
Hróðurinn skal þar hefja nú;
honum vill engi sinna.
Ásmund setti á Bjargi bú —
braut hann skjöldu stinna.

The praise[-poetry] will now begin here; no one will heed it. Ásmund[23] established a farm at Bjarg — he broke strong shields.

I.7
Fjölmenni hélt fleina Týr.
Fekk hann heiður og sóma.
Lýðum þótti lögmáls skýr K; A *logmal*] *logmals* FJ
lestir foldar dróma.

The Týr of missiles [WARRIOR = Ásmund] was in charge of many men. He received honour and renown. People thought the damager of the fetters of the earth [MIÐGARÐSORMUR > WARRIOR] clever in legal matters.

I.8
Seggjum þótti í sóknum strangur
seima lundurinn þýði.
Hann var kenndur hærulangur
og hélt vel sína lýði.

Men thought the affable tree of gold [MAN = Ásmund] stern in his attacks. He was known for his long, grey hair and he managed his people well.

I.9
Ásdís hét sú auðar bríkAsmund hafði fengið.
Fyrðum þótti hún frænda ríkfekk hann af því gengi.

That board of wealth [WOMAN] whom Ásmund had married was called Ásdís. Men considered her to be rich in kinsmen [i.e. of good family]; he [Ásmund] benefitted from this.

I.10
Atli nefndist einhver rekkur,
arfi þeirra hinn þarfi.
Bæði þótti blíður og þekkur, K *bodi*] A *bodi*] *badi* FJ] *bæði* JS
bónda hollur í starfi.

There was a fellow who was called Atli, their useful son. He seemed both agreeable and cheerful to them, loyal to the farmer [Ásmund] in his work.

I.11
Áttu þau sér annan svein —

yngri var sá hóti.
Grettir jafnan gumnum mein
gerði að fleina móti.

They had another boy — that one was a bit younger. Grettir always caused harm to men at the meeting of missiles [BATTLE].

I.12
Beldinn þótti í bernsku hann
beint til orða og verka.
Ásmund hirti ekki um þann
örva Þund hinn merka.

He seemed violent in his childhood, direct in words and deeds. Ásmund did not care for that noteworthy Þundur [Óðinn] of arrows [WARRIOR = Grettir].

I.13
Löngum var hann í [lyndi fár],
l[é]k þó marga pretti; K] *hvekki* is written before *pretti* but marked for deletion
í uppvexti ekki knár,
elskaði móðir Gretti.

He was introverted for a long time, yet played many a trick; not promising in growth, [yet] Grettir's mother loved him.

I.14
Andlit hans var einkar frítt,
augun væn að lita,
hárið [rautt] og harðla sítt
á hoskum fleygi rita.

His face was especially attractive, his eyes handsome to see, his hair red and rather long on the clever swinger of shields [WARRIOR = Grettir].

I.15
Og dýrar átti dætur tvær
drengur og snótin svinna.
Göfgum mönnum gifti hann þær;
gerir svo bókin inna.

The man [Ásmund] and the clever lady [Ásdís] also had two dear daughters. He married them off to noble men; so the book [i.e. the saga] relates.

I.16
Blíður upp að Bjargi vex
brjótur orma valla.
Fulla hafði fjóra og sex
fengið nöðru galla.

The breaker of the serpents' fields [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Grettir] grew up happily at Bjarg. He had fully obtained four and six of the harm to the adder [WINTER, i.e. he was ten years old].

I.17
Ásmund talar við Gretti það,[24]
eigi seinn til ferða:
'Um heimgæs mínar,' halurinn kvað,
'hugsa muntu verða.'

Ásmund, not slow in travelling, says this to Grettir: 'You will have to think about my tame geese,' said the man.

I.18
Garpurinn svarar af góðri slegt

glöggt með máli snjöllu:
‘Lítið verk og löðurmannlegt
líst mér þetta að öllu.’

The man [Grettir] replies in good order, sharp with clever speech: ‘All this seems to me a pathetic and despicable task.’

I.19
Vaskur svaraði vopna þollur —
var sá kænn við geira:
‘Vertu í þessu verki hollur,
virða skal þig meira.’

The valiant fir-tree of weapons [WARRIOR = Ásmund] replied — he was skilful with spears: ‘Be dutiful in this task and I shall value you more.’

I.20
Lést hann öngu lofa um það:
‘Lítið kann ég vinna.’
Gekk í burt og glotti að
og geymdi fugla sinna.

He made no promise of that: ‘I understand little of work.’ He went away grinning and watched over his birds.

I.21
Fimmtíu voru í flokki þær,
furðu reika víða.
Grettir eftir gengið fær;
gera nú stundir líða.

There were fifty in the flock, scattered rather widely. Grettir had to go after them; now time passes.

I.22
Bágt var sveini að safna þeim;
sinn veg hver vill leita.
Koma þær sjaldan heilar heim;
heldur stirt kann veita.

It was awkward for the boy to gather them up; each wants to go its own way. They seldom come home whole; it can prove rather severe for them.

I.23
Stála Týr, sem stendur greint,
starfinn tók að leiðast.
Kjúklingarnir keifa seint —
karli er búið at reiðast.

The job began to bore the Týr of steel-points [WARRIOR = Grettir], as is explained [in the saga]. The chickens lumber slowly — the fellow is just about to get angry.

I.24
Fór svo inn að f*ar*andi lýður K; A *framandi*] *farandi* FJ
fugla hitti dauða.
Ásmund gerðist eigi þýður
orka slíkt til nauða.

It went thus, that travellers came across dead birds. Ásmund grew disagreeable that such a thing was necessary.

I.25
Ásmundi varð undra leitt;
auðinn tók að þverra.
'Hefir, þinn glópur, gæsnar meitt!
Gerir þú illt og verra!'

This became very trying for Ásmund; his wealth began to decrease. ‘You idiot, you have harmed my geese! You do badly and worse!’

I.26
Vísu kvað þá vopna Þundur
og villdi þannig greina:
‘Hálsinn þeirra hristi ég sundur;
hirði ég lítt um eina.’

Then the Þundur [Óðinn] of weapons [WARRIOR = Grettir] spoke a stanza and wanted to explain like this: ‘I wrung their necks; I cared little for any of them.’

I.27
‘Skaltu eigi lengur skerða þær,’
skýfir talaði randa. K; A *branda*] *randa* FJ
‘Annað verkið verra fær
vaskur lundur *b*randa.’ K; A *granda*] *branda* FJ

‘You’ll harm them no longer,’ said the cleaver of shields [WARRIOR = Ásmund]. ‘The valiant tree of swords [WARRIOR = Grettir] will get a another, worse task.’

I.28
‘Hér mun verða að hætta á
hristir vænna glófa.
Þann má segja fleira frá
er fýsir margt að prófa.’

‘Here the shaker of handsome gloves [MAN = Grettir] must take a chance. He who is eager to try many things has more to say.’

I.29
Bóndinn segir þá komið er kveld
og kvinnur láta rjúka:

‘Bófinn skal mitt bak við eld
báðum höndum strjúka.’

When evening has come and the women make [the fire] smoke, the farmer says: ‘The wretch shall stroke my back with both hands by the fire.’

I.30
‘Heldur gerast nú verkin vönd,
vopna lundur hinn djarfi.
Víst er þetta varmt um hönd
og vesalla manna starfi.’

‘This is rather a rubbish job, bold tree of weapons [WARRIOR = Ásmund]. It is certainly hot on the hand, and the job of wretched men. ‘

I.31
Oftast fekk af eldi mak
álma Týr hinn harði.
Fáfnir strýkur föður síns bak
fast og lítið sparði. K; A *lidit*] *litit* FJ; JS

The hard Týr of elms [= bows > WARRIOR = Ásmund] very often gets pleasure from the fire. Fáfnir [Grettir] strokes his father’s back soundly and spares little effort.[25]

I.32
Hér kom enn að hausta tekur.
Halurinn mun það finna:
kappa næsta kláðinn vekur;
hann kallsar þá við Linna.

Now it happens that autumn begins. The man [Grettir] discovers this: the itch almost wakes the champion [Ásmund]; he then calls out to Linni [Grettir].

I.33
‘Vomurinn, skaltu vöttu slens
visliga af þér leggja,’
brjótur kvað sig bríma fens
bernsku ráð að eggja.

‘Wretch! You shall certainly take off your slothful gloves,’ the breaker of the fire of the bog [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Grettir] said to himself to encourage his childish scheme.

I.34
Karl tók heldur að klóra sér.
Kominn var eldi nærri.
‘Aldrei er, duggan, dugur í þér;
dvelur þú meir en bæri.’

The old man [Ásmund] began to scratch himself. He had come near to the fire. ‘You’re never hard-working, you coward; you rest more than you should.’

I.35
Ullar kambinn[26] Öglir sá
eigi litla standa,
halnum færði herðar á;
horfist nú til vanda.

Öglir [Grettir] saw the wool comb standing there, not small. He brought it to the man’s shoulders; now things turn to trouble.

I.36
Eftir bakinu örva meiður
ofan lét kambinn ganga.
Bóndinn stökk upp býsna reiður,
bað sinn arfa fanga.

The damager of arrows [WARRIOR = Grettir] drew the comb down along [his father's] back. The farmer leapt up, furious, [and] ordered [people] to seize his son.

I.37
Ásmund greip um stóran staf;
stefndi þegar að Gretti.
Halurinn fekk þar ekki af;
undan frá ég hann setti.

Ásmund gripped a big stick; he headed immediately towards Grettir. The man [Ásmund] got nothing from it; I heard he [Grettir] set off away.

I.38
Hústrú kom til fyrða fljótt
og frétti um leikinn þenna.
Fáfnir ansar furðu skjótt,
'Faðir minn vill mig brenna!'

The lady of the house came quickly to the men and learnt of this game. Fáfnir [Grettir] very swiftly replies, 'My father wants to burn me!'

I.39
'Stundum fær af starfa last
stýfir unda *sk*essu. K; A *sessv*] *skessv* FJ
Karli þótti ég klóra fast;
kunni hann illa þessu.

'Sometimes the chopper of the giantess of wounds [AXE > WARRIOR = Grettir] gets blame for his work. The old man thought I clawed firmly; he took it badly.'

I.40
Brúðurin talar við blíðan svein —
blés þá enn af móði:

‘Finnst eigi með þér forsjá nein,
frændi minn inn góði.’

The lady speaks, sighing, to the cheerful boy: ‘My good kinsman, I do not see any foresight in you.’

I.41
Fátt var heldur um feðga tal;
fleira þurfti að inna.
Garpurinn segir að Grettir skal
geyma hrossa sinna.

The father and son’s conversation was rather short; they needed to say more. The man [Ásmund] says that Grettir shall look after his horses.

I.42
‘Hross er eitt,’ er hetjan kvað,
hirti sagði varga,
‘Kengálu vér köllum það;
kosti hefir hún marga.

‘One horse,’ said the hero [Ásmund], told to the feeder of wolves [WARRIOR = Grettir], ‘we call Kengála; she has many benefits.

I.43
‘Kengála er svo um veðurin vís
hún veit fyrri hríðir sterkar.
Hér fyrir skulu henni halda prís
hölda kindur merkar.

‘Kengála is so weather-wise, she knows in advance of mighty storms. For this reason, the noteworthy sons of men should value her.

I.44
‘Hleypur hún snemma heim af jörð
hörðum veðrum kvíðir.
Bragnar mega þá byrgja hjörð,
bresta eigi hríðir.’

‘She runs home early from the field, fearing harsh weather. Men can then shut up the flock; there’s no lack of storms.’

I.45
Blíður ansar bauga Týr —
bar sá sverð að undum:
‘Brugðist hafa þó bóndinn skýr
betri vonir stundum.

The cheerful Týr of rings [MAN = Grettir] answers — he bore a sword to wounds [i.e. was a warrior]: ‘Yet better hopes have sometimes not worked out for the clever farmer.

I.46
‘Vartu fyrr við vopna hark
og vildir mörgu spilla.
Hver sem tekur á merinni mark
mun það reynast illa.’

‘You were ahead in the tumult of weapons [BATTLE] and wanted to harm many. Whoever marks the mare will suffer for it.’[27]

I.47
Þannig endist þeirra tal,
þegnum líkar varla.
Lýk ég aftur ljóða sal;
læt ég rímu falla.

Thus, their conversation ended, hardly pleasing to the men. I lock up the hall of poetry [MOUTH] once more; I cause the *ríma* to end.

11

II.1
Orða val í óðar sal vill nú eigi vaxa,
síðan gæðir gríðar faxa
gerði að tálga eyði saxa.

In the hall of poetry [MOUTH], the choice of words will not now increase, since the feeder of the giantess's horses [WOLVES > WARRIOR = Grettir] harmed the destroyer of swords [WARRIOR = Ásmund].

II.2
Veiga gátt með visku mátt kann að veita sóma;
það hefir orðið fyrr að fróma
frægum rjóði ylgjar *g*óma. K; A *bloma*] *góma* FJ

With the strength of wisdom, the doorpost of strong drinks [WOMAN] is able to offer honour; that has already glorified the famous reddener of the she-wolf's gums [WARRIOR].

II.3
Báru þeir fyrir bauga Eir beiskan kvíða.
Hefir það dreifst um heiminn víða;
harðla seint mun þetta líða.

For the sake of the Eir [goddess] of rings [WOMAN] they [masc.] endured bitter concern. It has spread widely over the world; this will pass very slowly.

II.4
Lýsi ég fátt í litlum þátt af lindi hnossa;
segjum heldur að báru blossa K; A *af*] *að* HÞ
brjótur fór að geyma hrossa.

I describe little in this small section about the lindens of gemstones [WOMEN]; let us rather say that the breaker of the wave's fire [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] went to look after the horses.

II.5
Hrossin rak og hreppti ei mak halurinn mætur.
Kappinn bar oft kalda fætur —
Kengála stóð á allt til nætur.

The worthy man drove the horses and got no pleasure from it. The champion often got cold feet[28] — Kengála stood outside right up until night.

II.6
Ófnir vitur úti situr eigi hræddur.
Furðu lítt var Fáfnir klæddur —
ferliga var hann af kulda mæddur

Wise Ófnir [Grettir] sits outside unafraid. Fáfnir [Grettir] was extraordinarily underdressed — he was greatly wearied by the cold.

II.7
Þýður drengur ef þannig gengur þenkir á
maklig gjöld skal merinni fá;
mætti vera hann gerði svo.

The agreeable fellow thinks that if it goes on like this, the mare shall get a fitting reward; it might be that he did something about it.

II.8
Morgin einn hinn mæti sveinn, er mjög var kalt —
klæða lánið varð þá valt —
víslega tók hann ráðið snjallt

One morning, the worthy boy, who was very cold — his fortune in clothes was unreliable — began to formulate a clever plan.

II.9
Í hestahús kom hetjan fús, hreysti vendur.
Kengála fyrir stalli stendur.
Stundum er hann við hvekki kendur.

The eager hero comes into the stable, inclined to bravery. Kengála stands in front of the stall. Sometimes he is known for his trickery.

II.10
Bauga Týr sté blíður og hýr á bakið á henni.
Hvassan frá ég hann hnífinn spenni.
Hins er von að merin kenni.

The Týr of rings [MAN] mounted, cheerful and friendly, onto her back. I heard he gripped a sharp knife. One might expect the mare to notice this.

II.11
Herðar skar með hnífi þar sem harðast fær,
burtu húð af bakinu flær.
Benja tók að renna sær.

He scores the shoulders with the knife there as hard as he can, flays the skin away from the back. The sea of wounds [BLOOD] began to flow.

II.12
Vak*ur*inn fekk af vænum rekk voða skeinu. K; A *vakinn*] *vakrinn* FJ
Baklengju flær aftur í einu,
allt á lend með járni hreinu.

The horse got a harmful wound from the promising man. He flays the length of her back again in one, all the way to her hindquarters with pure iron.

II.13
Brást hún viður svo bóndans niður af bakinu datt.
Beit hún þegar og barði hratt.
Bauga Týr á fætur spratt.

She startled so much at this that the farmer's son fell off her back. She bit him immediately and struck out quickly. The Týr of rings [MAN] sprang to his feet.

II.14
Upp á háls rak eyðir stáls alla klára.
Bleikála ekki beit hin sára;
blóðið rennur ofan á nára.

The destroyer of steel [WARRIOR] drove all the horses up the hill. The wounded, dark-striped one didn't bite anything; the blood runs down to her groin.

II.15
Brosti hinn er brögðin vinnur beitir ríta. K; A *beidir*
Hún vill æ til baksins bíta.
Bóndi mun sinn arfa víta.

The user of shields [WARRIOR] who performs these tricks smiled. She [Kengála] continually wants to bite at her back. The farmer will punish his son.

II.16
Dregur upp mökk en merin stökk því mjög var kallt
heim á leið til hússins allt.
Hróðrar mun því aukast mallt.

A thick cloud [of steam] is produced and the mare leapt all the way home to the barn because it was very cold. The malt of praise [POETRY] will increase from this.

II.17
Bragða mann réð byrgja rann og beiglar heim.
Hústrú fagnar halnum þeim.
Hefst nú tal með feðgum tveim.

The man of tricks shut up the barn and wandered home. The lady of the house welcomes this man. Now a conversation begins with the two: father and son.

II.18
Hetjan kyrr að hrossum spyr: 'Þú herm það, Linni.'
Öglir svarar hinn orða svinni:
'Öll eru byrgð í húsi inni.'

The peaceful hero [Ásmund] asks about the horses: 'Tell me about it, Linni [Grettir].' Öglir [Grettir], quick in words, replies: 'They're all shut up inside the barn.'

II.19
'Byrgið hjörð,' kvað bauga Njörður, og biður eigi fresta.
Sveigir talaði siglu hesta:
'Síst mun oss nú hríðin bresta.'

'Shut up the herd,' said the Njörður of rings [MAN = Ásmund], and asks them not to delay. The bender of the horses of the sail [SHIPS > SAILOR = Grettir] spoke: 'Now it is unlikely the storm will burst upon us.'

II.20
Bóndans ráð við besta dáð er bragnar halda
byrgja sauði brjótar skjalda.
Burtu líður náttin kalda.

When the men fittingly follow the farmer's orders, those breakers of shields [WARRIORS] shut up the sheep. The cold night passes away.

II.21
Bjart var veður — það bragna gleður — en bóndans arfi
var þá senn að sínu starfi.
Sveinninn tók þá hross hinn djarfi.

The weather was bright — this gladdens the men — and the farmer's son was quickly about his work. Then the bold boy took the horse.

II.22
Fór því nær sem fyrragær í frosti hörðu:
hrossin ganga heim af jörðu.
Hefur á þeim sterka vörðu

It went almost as it had the day before in the hard frost: the horses go home from the fields. He keeps a strict watch on them.

II.23
Margar nætur mýgir lætur mens hinn svinni
byrgja hjörð í húsum inni,
hríðin kom þó ekki að sinni.

For many nights, the wise destroyer of the necklace [GENEROUS MAN = Grettir] shut up the herd inside the buildings, yet the storm doesn't arrive at that time.

II.24
Kappinn fór með kesju Þór til kapla sinna,
vill nú hugsa um verkin Linna.
Verður slíkt svo görla inna.

The champion [Ásmund] went towards his horses with the Þór of the halberd [WARRIOR = Grettir]. Now he wants to think about Linni's [Grettir's] tasks. This must be told in its entirety.

II.25
Á fákum heldur fenju meldurs fleygir sínum:
'Hold eru engi á hrossum mínum!
Hygg ég slíkt af völdum þínum!'

The distributor of Fenja's [giantess] flour [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Ásmund] strokes his horses: 'There's no flesh on any of my horses! I think this was your doing!'

II.26
Mjög svo gengur hinn mæti drengur að móður hesta:
'Eigi munu þér bakholdin bresta;
ber þú þol yfir kapla flesta!'

The worthy fellow [Grettir] walks quickly over to the mother of horses [Kengála]: 'The flesh of your back will not burst; may you be patient over and above most horses!'

II.27
Randa Týr, frá ég, röskur og skýr, að reiði kenni.
Baklengjan var burt af henni.
Bauga frá ég það líta spenni.

I heard the doughty and intelligent Týr of shields [WARRIOR = Ásmund] felt her harness. The length of her back was off her. I heard the gripper of rings [MAN] looked at that.

II.28
Geira meiður geysi reiður Gretti sagði:
'Þú munt þessu bella bragði!'
Brosti hinn í mót og þagði.

The harmer of spears [WARRIOR = Ásmund], utterly furious, said to Grettir: 'You must have played this wretched trick!' The other smiled in reply and was silent.

II.29
Angur fekk af ungum rekk álma Týr.
Hetjan þegar til húsa snýr.
Hústrú fagnar bónda skýr.

The Týr of elms [= bows > WARRIOR = Ásmund] received sorrow from the young man. The hero [Ásmund] immediately turns towards the buildings. The lady of the house welcomes the clever farmer.

II.30
'Seg þú til,' kvað seima Bil, 'sveigir branda,
hvort að ganga verk að vanda
*v*eitis rauðra orma sanda.' K *beitis*] A *veitis*

The Bil [goddess] of gold [WOMAN] said: 'Tell me, swinger of swords [WARRIOR = Ásmund], whether the things are going badly with the work of the offerer of the red sand of serpents [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Grettir].'

II.31
Vísu kvað og vildi svo það vífi inna:
'Batnar síst um brögðin Linna.
Belling skal nú ekki vinna.'

He spoke a verse and wanted to perform it for the woman: 'Linni [Grettir] does not improve in his tricks. Trickery shall not work now.

II.32
'Hafa skal þann hinn heimski mann,' kvað hristir fleina,
'víslega allan verri beina.
Virða má það engi meina.

‘That foolish man shall,’ said the shaker of missiles [WARRIOR = Ásmund], ‘certainly have worse hospitality overall. No man can prevent this.’

II.33

Gargan stóð hjá geira rjóð og gullhlaðs selja.
‘Þá skal engi á annan telja.
Ekki gera mig verk að dvelja.’

The snake [Grettir] and the willow of gold-lace [WOMAN = Ásdís] stood beside the reddener of spears [WARRIOR = Ásmund]. ‘Then no-one shall blame another. These tasks do not delay me.’

II.34

Líður stund en laufa Þundur er löngum fár.
Drengjum þótti hann digur og hár; K; A *drakon [...] / dreingivm [...]*[29]
Drákon gerðist furðu knár.

Time passes but the Þundur [Óðinn] of leaves [SWORDS > WARRIOR = Grettir] is taciturn for a long time. Men considered him stout and tall; Drákon [Grettir] became very strong.

II.35

Skil ég nú það er skáldið kvað af Skrými letra:
eyðir var þá orma setra
orðinn fullra þrettán vetra.

Now I understand what the poet said of Skrýmir’s [giant] letters [SNAKE? = Grettir]: the destroyer of the serpents’ seats [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] was then fully thirteen winters old.

II.36

Ungir menn er allir senn þar efla leika
ætla ég burt á ísinn bleika K *reika* is marked for deletion before *bleika*
örva meiðar gerðu að reika.

At the time, all the young men there took part in games. I think the harmers of arrows [WARRIORS] wandered out onto the pale ice.

II.37
Kappa val úr Viðidal og vænar sveitir
víkja og þangað er Vestur heitir.
Voru allir gu*mn*ar teitir. K; A *gundar*] *gvnnar* FJ

A choice of champions from Viðidalur and handsome troops also wended their way there, to the place known as 'West'. All the men were cheerful.

II.38
Atli var með Ögli þar og ýtar fleiri.
Höldar beita hvössum geiri;
hetjur finnast varla meiri.

Atli was there with Öglir [Grettir] and more men. The men offer sharp spears; one may scarcely find greater heroes.

II.39
Auðun hét sá ýta lét fyrir eggjum falla.
Sá bar afl yfir seggi snjalla
sveina í leiknum þessa alla

The one who made men fall before his sword was called Auðun. He overpowered quick men, all these lads, in the game.

II.40
Garpurinn bar yfir gumna þar, sem gengu fréttir,
árum mörgum eldri en Grettir.
Ýtum beitti frænings stéttir.

The man [who] outmatched the men there, as the news went, was many years older than Grettir. He offered the serpent's grounds [GOLD] to men.

II.41
Grettir hlaut — sá er gjarn í þraut — við garp að leika.
Seggir gerðu saman að reika.
Sá mun afla vargi steika

Grettir was allotted to play with that man — he [Grettir] is keen to make an effort. The men walked together. That man will strengthen wolves with meat [i.e. be a warrior].

II.42
Hnatttré tók sá — hreysti jók — og hnöttinn sló.
Geysi snart yfir Gretti fló;
getið er hann muni reiðast þó.

He [Auðun] took up the bat — his valour increased — and struck the ball. It flew very quickly over Grettir; it is mentioned that he will grow angry.

II.43
Afreks mann að eftir rann er þá reiður.
Þrífur hnöttinn málma meiður.
Mjög svo var hann í ferðum greiður

The man of might who ran after [it] then is angry. The tree of metals [WARRIOR = Grettir] seizes the ball. He was thus very quick in his travels.

II.44
Hygg ég rétt, sem hafi þér frétt, að heiftar kenni.
Færði hann hnöttinn framan í enni;
féll þá blóð af örva spenni.

I think it is correct, as you have heard, that he felt spite. He brought the ball forwards into [the other boy's] forehead; blood then fell from the grasper of arrows [WARRIOR = Auðun]

II.45
Auðun vill, því efni eru ill, til Öglis slá;
undir höggið hljóp hann þá.
Horfa flestir leikinn á.

Because matters are bad, Auðun wants to strike out at Öglir [Grettir]; he leapt under the blow then. Most people are watching the game.

II.46
Gerðist brátt, við grimmdar mátt, sú glíman hörð.
*Öf*lin voru eigi spörð, K *ofolin*] A *ofolin*] *oflin* FJ; JS
Auðun sótti bauga vörð.

This wrestling quickly becomes rough with fierce might. No strength was spared [as] Auðun attacked the guardian of rings [MAN = Grettir].

II.47
Leikurinn harður lítt var sparður af lundi sverða: K *þraut* crossed out before *lítt*
ferlega tóku fang að herða,
falla mun þó annar verða.

The tree of swords [WARRIOR = Auðun?] held back little [in] the rough game : they began to greatly tighten their embrace, yet one of them must end up falling.

II.48
Lengir þraut en Linni hlaut fyrir lesti að falla
harðla móður Hafla spjalla.
Hygg ég Atla líka varla.

The struggle lengthens, but Linni [Grettir] had to fall before the destroyer of Hafli's chatter [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Auðun], utterly exhausted. I think Atli hardly likes that.

II.49
Garpurinn vildi gjarn í hildi Gretti meiða;
brjótur gerði benja seiða
bragna þegar í sundur leiða

The fellow very much wanted to injure Grettir in battle; the breaker of the fish of wounds [SWORDS > WARRIOR = Atli] at once made the men part ways.

II.50
Bersi vildi að brjótar skyldu Bellings sveita
síðan allir sáttir heita
seggir gerðu heim að leita.

Bersi wanted that the breakers of Belling's sweat [GOLD > GENEROUS MEN] should all swear to be reconciled. The men headed home.

II.51
Nefnum hinn er hreysti vinnur og hrotta beitir
Þorkell krafla þegninn heitir.
Þessi hefir þar goðorð um sveitir.

Let us name the one who performs valiant deeds and uses swords: the fellow is called Þorkell *krafla* [rummager?]. This one has the *goðorð* [chieftaincy] there in that area.

II.52
Fæðir vargs er fór til Bjargs með fyrða svinna —
virðar hafa þar veizlu stinna —
vildi hann gjarna mág sinn finna.

The feeder of the wolf [WARRIOR = Þorkell] who went to Bjarg with swift men — men have a strong feast there — he very much wanted to find his kinsman.

II.53
Hölda gleður þar heiðri meður horna Vína.
Þegnar tala um þingreið sína;
þurfti slíkt svo görla að tína.

The Dvina [river] of horns [MEAD/BEER] gladdens men there with honour. Men talk about their journey to the assembly; one needs to carefully relate that.

II.54
'Atla lát,' segir öldin kát, 'með ýtum ríða.
Halurinn má þá heima bíða;
hann mun verða frægur víða.'

The cheerful people say, 'Let Atli [Grettir?] ride with the men. The man can then wait at home; he will become widely renowned.'

II.55
'Öglir má,' kvað eyðir þá, 'með umsjá þinni
halda upp svörum af hendi minni,'
Hrímnis tals, 'með visku sinni.'

Then the destroyer of Hrímnir's [giant] speech [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Ásmund] said: 'Öglir [Grettir] may, with your oversight, make decisions on my behalf, in his wisdom.'

II.56
Bauga Týr fór blíður og skýr með beiti sverða.
Þorkell var þá fús til ferða.
Frægir mágar skilja verða.

The Týr of rings [MAN = Grettir] went, cheerful and bright, with the one who makes swords bite [WARRIOR = Þorkell]. Þorkell was then eager for the journey. The famous kinsmen had to part.

II.57

Þorkell reið sem liggur leið frá lesti *teina*. K; A *steina*] *teina* FJ
Svinnur hafði sveigir fleina
sextíu manns og tuttugu eina.

Þorkell rode where the road lies, away from the destroyer of swords [WARRIOR = Ásmund]. The clever shaker of spears [WARRIOR = Þorkell] had only sixty and twenty men.

II.58

Kappa sveit með kurteis heit koma til víða;
Tvídægru vill traustur ríða
tjörgu hlynur með rekka fríða.

The troops of champions came with a courteous promise to a plain; the trusty maple of the shield [WARRIOR = Þorkell] wants to ride over Tvídægur [a heath] with the handsome men.

II.59

Ei skal lengur eflast fengur Ása tiggja;
á Hellisfitjum holdar þiggja
horskir náð og fóru að liggja.

The prize of the king of the Æsir [POETRY] will no longer grow stronger; at Hellisfitjar the wise men take their rest and went to lie down.

III

III.1

[F]rár*iðs* skal nú færa af stað K *?radris*] A *Fradris*] *Frarids* FJ
fundinn rétt sem hetjan bað.
Vanda ég ekki á vísum hátt;
verður þar til orða fátt.

Frárið*ur*'s [Óðinn's] find [MEAD OF POETRY] shall now be brought from its place, just as the hero decreed. I do not take pains about the manner of the verse; there will end up being little put into words.

III.2

Mun ég því ekki mansöng slá
merkilega fyrir hringa Ná,
því að in kæna kögra Hlökk
kunna mun þess litla þökk.

Therefore I will not strike up love-poetry for the remarkable Ná of rings [WOMAN], because the wise Hlökk [valkyrie] of counterpanes [WOMAN] will not show much gratitude for this.

III.3

Mæla þetta hinu mætu víf:
'Mekta sitt með elsku líf.'
Má sá engi mansöng slá,
mest er horfinn æsku frá.

They say this to the worthy woman: 'Strengthen your life with love.' That man cannot strike up a love-poem who has mostly turned away from his youth.

III.4

Vakta ég ekki um Venris lát,

vífin kann að frygða kát;
greinum heldur Gretti af,
görpum veitti Iðja skraf.

I do not keep watch over Venus's behaviour [LOVE]; [I] know how to gladden merry women. Let us rather explain about Grettir, who offered men Iði's [giant] chatter [GOLD].

III.5
Vaknar hann og virða sveit.
Vildi síðan fara í leit.
Hestum sínum hyggja að;
hversu mun þeim veita það?

He and the band of men awaken. He then wanted to go in search. [The men] think of their horses; how will it turn out for them?

III.6
Garpurinn fann sinn gjarða hrein.
Gerast má nú af því mein:
undir kviðnum söðulinn sá.
Seggurinn vildi fáknum ná.

The man found his reindeer of the saddle-girth [HORSE]. Now harm may come of this: he saw the saddle under its belly. The man wanted to catch the horse.

III.7
Síðan rétti söðulinn þann.
Sér nú þegar hinn vaski mann
vista malurinn var þá burt.
Víða lands var þetta spurt.

Then he righted the saddle. Now the valiant man immediately sees that the knapsack of provisions was gone. This was widely known throughout the countryside.

III.8
Leita fór hann þegar í stað
linna jarðar langan dag.
lítt vill honum nú ganga í hag.
Halinn sá hann þar hlaupa að.[30]

Straightaway he went looking in the place of the snake of the earth [SNAKE > HEATH] all day long. Little will now turn out to his advantage. He saw a man running away.

III.9
'Skeggja kalla skatnar mig.
Skjala ég ekki margt við þig:
Þorkels bónda þingmann einn.
Þykir ég ei til víga seinn.'

'Men call me Skeggi. I'm not boasting much to you: I'm a thingman of Þorkell the farmer. I do not seem slow in battle.'

III.10
Hristir sagði hildar blýs:
'Hefir ég næsta fengið slýs.
Karl hefir lítið krása val —
kynlega fekk ég skilist við mal.'

The shaker of the flame of battle [SWORD > WARRIOR = Skeggi] said: 'I've nearly ended up in an accident. A man has little choice of delicacies — I got strangely separated from my knapsack.'

III.11
Ófnir kvað það æru brest:
'Eindæmi má kalla verst;
týndur er einn veg malurinn minn.'
Má slíkt varast í annað sinn.

Ófnir [Grettir] declared that a loss of honour: ‘A singular example may be called the worst; one way or another, my knapsack is lost. May such a thing be a warning against it happening a second time.

III.12
‘Leggjum saman og leitum tveir.’
Lofðar fóru víða þeir.
Skynjar um það skjalda *v*iður. K *bidr*] A *bidr* with *viðr* suggested in margin]
vidr FJ; JS
Skeggi laut í mó*u*num niður. K; A *monvm*

‘Let us band together and search, we two.’ Those men travelled widely. The tree of shields [WARRIOR = Grettir] investigates this matter. Skeggi stooped over the moor.

III.13
‘Fanntu nokkuð, félaginn góður?’
Fleina svaraði þannig rjóður:
‘Flýta skal ég og fara hest
fundið er mitt leiðar nest.’

‘Have you perhaps found something, good fellow?’ The reddener of missiles [WARRIOR = Skeggi] answered thus: ‘I shall hurry and fetch the horse; my trail rations have been found.’

III.14
‘Legg þú niður og lát mig sjá —
lítum síðan báðir á,’
mætur sagði meiðir gerða.
‘Margt kann öðru slíkt að verða.’

‘Put it down and let me see — let us both have a look at it, then,’ said the worthy damager of armour [WARRIOR > Grettir] ‘Many a thing can turn out like another.’

III.15

Brjótur sagð*i* báru ess K *sagdu*] A *sagdi*
bragna eigi þurfa þess:
‘Ætla ég rétt fyrir allt þitt skraf,
ekki skaltu fá hér af.’

The breaker of the horse of the wave [SHIP > SAILOR = Grettir] said he did not need this from the man:[31] ‘I rightly expect that for all your backchat, you shan’t get away from here.’

III.16

Grettir þangað gengur að;
gaf sér ekki Skeggi um það.
Hér kom enn þeir heldust á;
hvorgi vildi öðrum fá.

Grettir heads over there; Skeggi didn’t give up. It came about that they both held onto each other; neither wanted the other to get it [i.e. the knapsack].

III.17

Skjalda gýgi Skeggi þrífur;
skötnum þótti hann eigi svífur.
Höndum báðum hjó til Linna —
honum mun þetta lítið vinna.

Skeggi seizes the giantess of shields [AXE]; men thought him unwavering. With both hands he struck at Linni [Grettir] — that will do him little good.

III.18

Öxar skaptið Öglir greip —
er sá kæn við Högna sveip.
Oftast var honum aflið traust,
en var Skeggi að láta laust.

Öglir [Grettir] gripped the axe's shaft — he is keen in Högni's [legendary warrior] turmoil [BATTLE]. He could usually rely on his strength, and Skeggi let go.

III.19
Síðan höggur seima viður —
seggnum trúi ég að minnkist friður.
Öxin klyfur heila hauður;
hinn lá þegar á jörðu dauður.

Then the tree of gold [MAN = Grettir] strikes — I believe peace decreases for the men. The axe cleaves the earth of the brain [SKULL]; the other man straightaway lay dead on the ground.

III.20
Skilst hann þar við heimskan hal.
Hestinn tók og vista mal.
Reið hann þá og fyrða fann —
fréttu þeir að Skeggja hann.

He [Grettir] parts there from the foolish fellow. He took the horse and the bag of provisions. Then he rode off and found the men — they learned about their Skeggi.

III.21
'Hljóp að Skeggja hamartröll eitt —
harðara þurfti eigi neitt!
Garpsins sneið það heila helli
hinn lá þegar dauður á velli.'

'A cliff-troll leapt at him — he didn't need anything harder! It sliced the man's cave of brains [SKULL] so he immediately lay dead on the field.'

III.22
'Undarleg varð atferð slík,'
ansar þannig þjóðin rík.

‘Trautt er þetta trölla plag
að taka svo menn um ljósan dag!’

‘Your behaviour has turned out strangely,’ the powerful people answer thus. ‘This is hardly trollish behaviour, to take men like this in daylight!’

III.23
‘Önnur munu hér efni í,’
ansar *Þorkell bóndi* því. K *bondi þorkell* marked for reversal by the scribe
‘Grettir löngum girnist illt
garpsins hefir hann lífi spillt.’

‘Things must be different [than they seem] here,’ Þorkell the farmer replies to this. ‘Grettir has long wanted to do harm; he has destroyed this man’s life.’

III.24
Svinnur greindi seima Þór
seggjum allt hve með þeim fór.
Þorkell varð nú þeygi styggur.
Þannig talaði menja Yggur.

The clever Þór of gold [MAN = Grettir] explained for the men everything which had befallen them. Yet Þorkell did not now get angry. The Yggur [Óðinn] of necklaces [MAN = Þorkell] spoke thus.

III.25
‘Bæta skal ég fyrir laufa lund
og leggja á það alla stund,’
sveigir mælti sófnis láða.
‘Sekt þinni má ég ekki ráða.’

‘I shall pay compensation for the tree of leaves [SWORDS > WARRIOR = Skeggi] and devote all my time to it,’ said the shaker of the serpent’s lands [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Þorkell]. ‘I cannot judge your guilt.’

III.26
Rausnar maðurinn reið á þing;
raun mjög var honum dáðin kring.
Bætti víg fyrir bauga meið
bóndinn ríki aftur reið.

The splendid man [Þorkell] rode to the assembly; the valour surrounding him was truly great. The powerful farmer compensated the killing for the harmer of rings [GENEROUS MAN = Skeggi] [and] rode back.

III.27
Fáfnir skyldi, fús í þraut,
fara sekur af landi braut.
Varla miður en veturna þrjá
vill svo dómurinn falla á.

Fáfnir [Grettir], eager in exertion, should travel, guilty, away from the country. The judgement will scarcely turn out to be less than three winters’ [exile].

III.28
Hér skal fyrir herma það:
en höfðingjarnir skildust að,
gildan hóf þá Grettir stein —
geysi mikið var foldar bein.

Here I shall relate this: when the chieftains parted, then Grettir hoisted up a mighty stone — the bone of the earth [STONE] was extremely large.

III.29
Ýtar lofuðu afreks mann;
öllum fannst þá mikið um hann.
Vendu síðan virðar heim;
verður þannig skilt með þeim.

Men praised the mighty man; everyone thought very highly of him. Then the men wended their way home; thus, he ends up parted from them.

III.30
Hafliði nefnist hjörva Týr.
Heldur sýndist bóndi skýr.
Að Reyðarfelli rekkurinn bjó.
Randir oft með skjóma hjó.

There is a Týr of swords [WARRIOR] called Hafliði. The farmer seemed rather clever. The man lived at Reyðarfell. He often struck shields with his sword.

III.31
Í Hvítár ósi Hafliði á
hlunnar dýr og *v*arning hjá.
Stýris björn um strengjum flaut —
stýrimaður vill halda í braut.

K; A *farning*] *varning* FJ

At the Hvítá's estuary, Hafliði had a beast of the roller [SHIP] and goods nearby. The bear of the steering-oar [SHIP] floated on its mooring-lines — the steersman wants to keep it away.

III.32
Ásmund kom þar Ögli í skip.
Ekki var hann með blíðu svip.
Kappa fekk hann kost um haf
komst þar eigi með meira af.

Ásmund got Öglir [Grettir] onto the ship. He did not have a cheerful expression. He got a berth for the champion [Grettir] over the sea: he couldn't get away with more there.

III.33
Grettir nú frá Bjargi býst.
Bauga Týr til ferðar snýst.
Öglir bað sér Ásmund fá
eitthvert vopn að halda á.

Grettir now readies himself to leave Bjarg. The Týr of rings [MAN = Grettir] turns to his journey. Öglir [Grettir] asked Ásmund if he could have some kind of weapon for himself to keep.

III.34
Hinn kvað önga þörf á því.
Þegninn sagði hér fyrir ný.
Fálega kvaddi hann fleina meið.
Fór þá Grettir sína leið.

The other man said there was no need of that. The man [Grettir] repeated [his request] anew. He bid farewell poorly to the injurer of spears [WARRIOR = Ásmund]. Then Grettir went on his way.

III.35
Ásdís fylgir arfa sín.
Ókát var þá bauga Hlín.
'Fátækleg er ferðin þín;
fær þú ekki af auði mín. K *auði* is written twice

Ásdís follows her son. The Hlín of rings [WOMAN]was then unhappy. 'Your journey is a poor one; you do not get any of my wealth.

III.36

‘Gefa vil ég þér Gillings eld.
Glæstan sníður Högna feld;
hvergi gefur í höggi stað,
ef hraustir kappar reiða það.

‘I want to give you Gillingur’s [giant] fire [SWORD]. It cuts the shining cloak of Högni [legendary warrior] [MAILCOAT]; it never gives way in its blow, if valiant champions wield it.

III.37

‘Fyrri bar það fleina viður,
fyrða lagði að jörðu niður:
Jökull hinn frækni, frændi þinn.
Fær eigi betra hjalta linn.’

K after *það*, *kvað* has been marked for deletion

‘A tree of missiles [WARRIOR] bore it before, struck men to the ground: Jökull the valiant, your kinsman. You couldn’t have a better snake of the hilt [SWORD].’

III.38

Grettir tók þá glaður við hjör,
ganga kvað hann sér næsta í kjör:
‘Betra er þetta en báru glæður.’
Blíðlega þakkar sinni mæður.

Grettir gladly took the sword then. He said things had turned out very near to his wishes: ‘This is better than the wave’s glowing embers [GOLD].’ He happily thanks his mother.

III.39

[S]vanninn skilst við sveininn hrygg
seima þöllin fögur og dygg.
vitjar heim hinn vopna ruður.
Vendur þaðan á heiðar suður

The lady, anxious, parts with the boy, the fair and faithful fir-tree of riches [WOMAN]. The bush of weapons [MAN = Grettir] leaves home. He makes his way away from there, south over the heath.

III.40
Hafliði fagnar hringa meið.
Höfðu þeir sig út á skeið.
Lofðar, þegar að lægi gaf,
lögðu skipinu út á haf.

Hafliði welcomes the damager of rings [GENEROUS MAN = Grettir]. They take themselves out onto the galley. As soon as a fair wind arose, the men launched the ship out on the sea.

III.41
Undir báti bauga viður
býst hann um og lagðist niður.
Þegninn vill ei þjóna neitt;
það var mönnum undra leit.

The tree of rings [MAN = Grettir] arranges himself under the ship's boat and lies down. The man doesn't want to help out at all; that was strange for men to see.

III.42
Barður hét þar búzusveinn. K; A *bvczu*
Bestur var sá skipmann einn.
Væna átti veiga Gná;
var þá engi fegri enn sjá.

The sailor there was called Barður. He alone was the best mariner. He had a handsome Gná [goddess] of strong drinks [WOMAN]; there was none fairer than her then.

III.43
Ýtar heldu út um fles

og svo suður fyrir Reykjanes.
Gylfrið vex en góðlegt flaustur
gekk þá snart um landið austur.

The men carry on out through the skerries, and then south beyond Reykjanes. The sea grew rougher and the good ship then went quickly along the coast to the east.

III.44
Æ því vex en Ægis hreinn
eigi þótti í ferðum seinn.
Kjölurinn sniður kólgu blá;
kappar hvergi landið sjá.

It grew ever rougher, but Ægir's reindeer [SHIP] did not seem slow in its travels. The keel slices the blue waves; the champions cannot see land anywhere.

III.45
Hér næst fá þeir harðan rétt;
holdum vannst nú eigi slétt.
Öldin flest í austri stendur;
ýtar verða að reyna hendur.

Next, they have a hard course; smooth sailing doesn't last for the men. The men mostly stand in the bilge-trough; men must try their hands.

III.46
Skipið er lekt en veðrið vótt —
varð því fólkið harðla mót.
*Gon*suður ekki gerist hægur. K; A *gnosudur*] *gonsvdr* FJ
Gengur þetta nokkur dægur.

The ship is leaky and the weather is wet — the people therefore struggle hard against it. The wind does not become gentle. This goes on for several days.

III.47
Fyrðar töluðu Fáfni við.
Flestir báðu hann sýna lið:
‘Kempan þykkist þú fróm,
frem þú nú þinn skipmannsdóm!’

The men spoke with Fáfnir [Grettir]. Most asked him to show them some support: ‘You seem a decent warrior, now demonstrate your seaworthiness!’

III.48
Grettir svarar og glotti að:
‘Geysi vel má kalla það
þó að krypplingum kneppið fingur.’
Kviðlingunum hann að þeim stingur.

Grettir answers (and grins at them): ‘One may call it very well done, though cripples’ fingers are crushed.’ He jibes at them with these ditties.

III.49
Austmenn verða illa við:
‘Er þér betra að klappa um kvið
kvinnu Barðar, kögra meiður,
og kyssa hana með lítinn heiður.’

The Norwegians take this badly: ‘It is better for you to stroke Barður’s wife’s belly and kiss her with little honour, O tree of counterpanes [MAN]!’[32]

III.50
[H]afliði talar við Gretti glaður
‘Gakk til austrar listarmaður,
fyrr en sökkvi sjóvar naður!’
Seggurinn var til þessa hraður.

Cheerful Hafliði speaks with Grettir: ‘Get to bailing, skilful man, before the sea’s adder [SHIP] sinks!’ The man was quick at this.

III.51
Virða spyr hvað vinna skal,
varð þá ekki margt um tal:
‘Dýf þú byttum, darra viður.’
Drengurinn fór í austurinn niður.

He asks the men what he shall do; there wasn’t much to say about it: ‘Bail with tubs, tree of spears [WARRIOR].’ The fellow went below to the bailing.

III.52
Rekkar fá til roskvan mann;
reyna skyldi sig við hann.
Þessi hinn gildi geira rjóður
gekk frá austri og var þá móður.

The men get themselves a sturdy fellow; they want to test themselves against Grettir. This worthy reddener of spears [WARRIOR] left the bailing and was then exhausted.

III.53
Því næst fara til þegnar tveir.
Þreyttir frá ég að væri þeir!
Fóru þá til fjórir senn —
flestir vóru kaskir menn.

Next, two men come along. I heard that they were knackered! Then four at once went at it — most of them were strong men.

III.54
Ýtar falla austri frá;
einnig skildist hann við þá.

Álma spillir eys við sey.
Upp var ausið þeirra fley.

Men fall away from the bailing; he likewise is separated from them. The destroyer of elms [= bows > WARRIOR] bails water against seven opponents. Their ship was entirely bailed out.

III.55
Hér næst kemur blíður byrr.
Búzan stóð þá varla kyrr.
Sigldu glaðir um sildar heim.
Samþykkið var gott með þeim.

Next there comes a gentle breeze. The ship then hardly remained peaceful. They gladly sailed on the herring's home [SEA]. There was good agreement among them.

III.56
Drengir lofuðu Drákon mest —
dugði hann í þrautum best.
Að Sunnmæri seggi bar.
Sá þ*ei*r ey fyrir stafni þar. K *þier*] A *þeir*

The men praised Drákon [Grettir] most — he worked hardest in their time of need. The man arrived at Sunnmærr. They saw an island in front of the prow there.

III.57
Ýtar fengu æði veður —
ylmast tók þá styrjar beður.
Skodda myrk en skerjótt var.
Skeiðin varð at brotna þar.

The men had fearsome weather — the rudder-bed [SHIP] began to chafe. There was a dark fog and skerries all around. The galley ended up broken there.

III.58

Eigi var þá öldin kát.
Allir fengu komist í bát.
Fluttust brátt af fiska láð,
fengu síðan landi náð.

Then people were not happy. They all managed to get into the boat. They quickly fled the land of fish [SEA], then managed to reach land.

III.59

Seggir heldu suður í land.
Selju var þar eftir band
Gunnlaðar taki þér horna lá;
ganga ætla ég þannig frá.

The men carried on south to land. The encircler of Selja [JÖRMUNGANDR = Grettir] was behind [them] there.[33] Receive the liquid of Gunnlöð's horns [MEAD OF POETRY]; I intend to leave it as it is.

IV.1

Blíðri má ég ei bauga norn
Bellings eikju færa.
Mitt er horfið hróðrar korn;
hvað gerir slíkt að kæra?

K *bil* is marked for deletion after *bauga*

I cannot bring Belling's ship [POETRY] more cheerfully to the norn of rings [WOMAN]. My grain of praise-poetry has vanished; what good does it do to complain of such a thing?

IV.2

Fekk ég nokkurn fræða part
fyrr í æsku minni.
Þann hefir grimmust gygjar art
grípið með illsku sinni.

I got a certain portion of wisdom before, in my youth. The giantess's most dreadful behaviour [ELLI > OLD AGE] has gripped it with its evil.

IV.3

Horfinn gerust ég heimi úr.
Hrygðin að mér kallar,
því hinu stærstu stóltar frúr
styggjast við mig allar.

I have ended up turning away from the world. Sorrow calls to me because all the proud ladies abhor me the most.

IV.4

Venus gaf það efnið eitt
eyði frænings hlunna.

Þeim fá brúðir betra veitt
blíður heimsins kunna.

Venus gave this one matter to the destroyer of the serpent's rollers [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN]. Women get offered those who better know the joy of the world.

IV.5
Ei þurfti að undra slíkt
eyðir Sauðungs spjalla,
þó heiðurs menn og hóffólk ríkt
hatist við gamla karla.

The destroyer of Sauðungur's [giant] chatter [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] need not wonder at such a thing, though men of honour and rich and powerful people may despise old men.

IV.6
Enn þó lýðurinn leiti sviður
laufa lund að pretta
engi skyldi örva viður
angra sig fyrir þetta.

Even though the wise people may seek to trick the tree of leaves [SWORDS > WARRIOR], the tree of arrows [WARRIOR] should not grieve himself over it.

IV.7
Hugsa má það hoskur og framur
hristir Ægis bríka
að sá inn hæsti hlýrna gramur
hann gerir öllum líka.

The clever and prominent shaker of Ægir's wooden boards [SHIPS > SAILOR] may think that the highest lord of heavenly bodies [GOD] treats all alike.

IV.8
Þar skal Dáins hið fríða fley
færa á mærðar stéttir.
Þá var kominn í Aramarsey
afreks maðurinn Grettir.

Dáinn's [dwarf] handsome ship [POETRY] shall there go forth on the smooth expanses of praise [TONGUE? TEETH?]. Then the man of might, Grettir, had arrived at Aramarsey.

IV.9
Þorfinnur átti Þundar frú,
þýða hélt hann drengi.
Rekkurinn hafði rausnar bú.
Réð sá eynni lengi.

Þorfinnur owned the bride of Þundur [Óðinn] [JÖRÐ = the island], he managed agreeable men. The man had a generous estate. He had held the island for a long time.

IV.10
Gildur býður Gretti heim
greiðir fetla linna.
Var þá fátt með virðum þeim;
vildi hann lítið vinna.

The worthy speeder of the snake of the strap [SWORD > WARRIOR] told Grettir to make himself at home. He [Grettir] was reserved with those men then; he didn't want to work much.

IV.11
Fyrri bjó þar faðir hans Kár,
fyrða lagði undir.
Grettir var við gumna fár.
Gera nú líða stundir.

Formerly, his [Þorfinnur's] father Kár had lived there, who subdued men. Grettir was uncommunicative with the men. Time now passes.

IV.12
Eyðir gerði Ónans mey
elda brims að kanna.
Grettir jafnan gekk um ey,
gjarn til smærri ranna.

The destroyer of the fires of the wave [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Grettir] explored Ónan's [dwarf] girl [JÖRÐ = the island]. Grettir always walked around the island, eager [to find] smaller houses.

IV.13
Bóndi nokkur bjó þar nær
bragnar Auðun kalla.
Á Vindheimum vondur bær;
var hann þar dagana alla.

A certain farmer lived there whom men called Auðun. At Vindheimar there was a poor estate; he was there every day.

IV.14
Geta skal þess er gumnum þeim
gerði kært í orðum.
Seggurinn kom þar síðla heim;
sátu menn yfir borðum.

This should be mentioned, that these men [Grettir and Auðun] became close in speech. The man came home late there; men were sitting at table.

IV.15
Eitthvert kvöld, sem Ófnir síð

ætlaði heim að renna,
leit hann eld hjá laxa hlíð,
lágt á nesinu brenna.

One evening, when Ófnir [Grettir] planned to run home late, he saw fire near the hillside of salmon [SEA], burning low on the headland.

IV.16
Grettir spurði Auðun að
elris miklum voða.
'Gef þér ekki garpur um það;
gakk þú heim til náða.'

K *avd* is marked for deletion after *ekki*

Grettir asked Auðun about the great peril of the alder [FIRE]. 'Do not worry about that, man; go home and rest.'

IV.17
Öglir kveðst það ætla heldur,
'Undir rótar grandi
mundi finnast Fenju meldur
fagur á voru landi.'

Öglir [Grettir] declared that he rather thought, 'One would find Fenja's [giantess] fair meal [GOLD] under the injury of roots [FIRE] in our country.'

IV.18
'Stendur á nesinu haugurinn hár,
hvergi fjarri miðju.
Get ég hann byggi hinn gamli Kár,
er galdra kunni iðju.'

'On the headland stands a high mound, and not less around the centre. I reckon old Kár built it — he knew how to perform magic.'

IV.19

Auðun segir að engi mun
ýta þangað leita
en þó holdar hafi á grun
hirði hann b*aug*a sveita. K; A *benia*] *bauga* FJ

Auðun says that no man will go searching there, although men suspect that he [Kár] guards the sweat of rings [GOLD].

IV.20

‘Átti Kár, sem inn*t*i ég fyrr, K; A *jnni*] *jnnti* FJ
einum garði að ráða.
Hans hefir grimmur galdra styrr
görpum kommið í voða.

‘Kár, as I said before, had a single estate to rule. The grim tumult of his magic has caused men trouble.

IV.21

‘Gekk sá aftur og gumna drap,
galdra karl hin leiði.
Ýtar fengu aura t*ap* K; A *tion*] *tap* FJ[34]
fyrir illum bauga meiði.

That man walked after death and killed men, the wretched sorcerer. Men lost their wealth because of the wicked damager of rings [GENEROUS MAN].

IV.22

‘Ríkari er nú seggjum sjón,’
kvað sveigir brynju flagða.
‘Alla hefir hann Óðins kvón
undir son sinn lagða.’

‘The sight is now more powerful to men,’ said the swinger of the giantess of the mailcoat [AXE > WARRIOR = Auðun]. ‘He has placed all of Óðinn’s wife [JÖRÐ = the island] under his son’s rule.

IV.23
‘Enn þó síðla setti um land
seggir þar finnst snjallir
engum vinnur aulinn grand
eru í náðum allir.’

‘Even though Þorfinnur’s clever men are lately settled throughout the country, the fool does no harm to anyone; they’re all at rest.’

IV.24
‘Ég skal hitta inn harða draug
er heldur greipar svelli.
Báðir skulum við bófans haug
brjóta niður að velli.’

‘I shall meet the hardy revenant, who holds onto the ice of the grip [SILVER]. We shall both break the wretch’s mound down to the ground.’

IV.25
Auðun biður ei fara því fram
fleygi eisu brunna.
‘Þorfinnur mun þegnum skamm
fyrir þetta verkið kunna.’

Auðun tells the scatterer of the fire of wells [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] not to go on with this. ‘Þorfinnur will consider it shameful for men [to perform] this deed.’

IV.26
Grettir kveðst þar gefa um fátt

gjarn á fagrar sáðir.
'Finnumst þegar að farinn er nátt
og fórum til haugsins báðir.'

Grettir declared he cared little about that, eager for fair seeds [GOLD].[35] 'Let us meet when the night is passed and both go to the mound.'

IV.27
Mættust þeir að morgni dags
og minntust orða sinna
Grettir fekk þá grundar sax
og gerir nú hauginn vinna

They met at daybreak and reminded each other of their words. Then Grettir got a sword of the ground [SPADE] and now goes to work on the mound.

IV.28
Grefur hann lengi græna fold;
grjót var undir víða.
Trúlega ruddi hann torfi og mold.
Tekur nú dagur að líða.

He digs the green earth for a long time; there were lots of stones under it. Truly, he cleared turf and soil. Now the day begins to wear on.

IV.29
Vasklega fekk að viðunum sótt
veitir harðra spanga.

K *spanda*] A *spanda* with *spanga* suggested in the margin (400r)] *spanga* FJ; JS

Kappinn vill, þó komin sé nótt,
kaskur í hauginn ganga.

The offerer of hard metal plates [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] valiantly attacks the wood.[36] The intrepid champion wants — though night has fallen — to enter the mound.

IV.30
Auðun biður eigi fara því fram
fleygi græna hlíða:
'Gakk þú ekki í galdra rann —
gerum til morguns bíða!'

Auðun tells the caster of green shields [WARRIOR] not to proceed: 'Do not go into the enchanted hall — let us wait until morning!'

IV.31
'Seggurinn skaltu svinnur og knár
sitja og geyma festi.
Ég er fús að finna Kár;
fullvel plagar hann gesti.'

'Wise and trusty fellow, you shall sit and guard the rope. I'm keen to meet Kár — he treats guests very well.'

IV.32
Í galdra skólann[37] girntist hann
gjarn að leita að baugi.
Dólg á stóli digran fann —
daun var illur í haugi.

He hastens into the school of magic, eager to look for rings. He encountered a stout foe on a chair — the stench in the mound was awful.

IV.33
Fíflar hann um fólann þá,
er flesta kunni hvekki.

Svo var myrkt að mátti sjá
meiðir rita ekki.

He then beguiles the fool, he who knows best how to cause mischief. It was so dark that the damager of shields [WARRIOR = Grettir] couldn't see anything.

IV.34
Hetjan víða um hauginn fór
hjá hjörva leiðum Ulli.
Hitti síðan hestbein stór
og hrugu mikla af gulli.

The hero ranged widely through the mound by the awful Ullur of swords [WARRIOR = Kár]. Then he came upon some enormous horse bones and a great mound of gold.

IV.35
Bar til festar bauga raftur
bjartan Draupnis sveita,
dregur sig þegar að draugunum aftur
djarflega fór að leita.

The rafter of rings [MAN] carried the bright sweat of Draupnir [RINGS] to the rope, draws himself immediately back to the revenant, boldly went searching.

IV.36
Kempan stóran kistill fann.
Kár stóð undir fótum.
Grettir réð að grípa hann,
grimmur að fleina mótum.

The champion found a large chest. It stood under Kár's feet. Grettir, fierce in the meeting of missiles [BATTLE], decided to take hold of it.

IV.37
Ætlar þegar að bera í braut
brjótur harðra randa.
Fyrr mun kappinn koma í þraut
og kenna styrkra handa.

He plans to carry it away immediately, the breaker of hard shields [WARRIOR]. But before that, the champion will get into difficulties and get to know strong hands.

IV.38
Þá var gripinn með grímdar hót
Grettir fast af draugi.
Rekkurinn varð að ráða í mót
rimman óx í haugi.

Then Grettir was grabbed securely with grim threats by the revenant. The man had to fight against it; the tumult in the mound grew.

IV.39
Grepplega var sú glíman hörð.
Gerir nú sókn svo langa,
aflin voru eigi spörð.
Upp varð flest að ganga.

This wrestling was gruesomely hard. The attack now goes on so long, no strength was spared. Everything [inside the mound] was torn loose.

IV.40
Klyppti hann víða kappans hold —
kann það heldur að blána.
Lókurinn sigur langt í mold.
Leikurinn tók að grána.

He gripped all over the champion's body — it can go rather blue. The wretch[38] sinks deep into the earth. The game began to grow rough.

IV.41
Hefir þann Grettir hyggju stein,
hræðast kunni varla.
Þá varð Kár um klársins bein,
kynja leiður, að falla.

Grettir has a stone of worry [HEART] that hardly knows how to be afraid. Then Kár, hater of men, had to fall by the horse's bones.

IV.42
Hark var mikið að heyra þá
haugbúinn fallið átti.
Auðun hleypur festi frá,
fór sem harðast mátti.

There was a great noise to be heard when the mound-dweller had his fall. Auðun runs away from the rope, went as fast as he could.

IV.43
Garpurinn liggur gaurnum á;
gjarn var sá til víga.
Linda kerti Linni brá
og lét á hálsinn hníga.

The bold man lies on the wretch; he was eager to fight. Linni [Grettir] drew the candle of the belt [SWORD] and let it sink into the other's neck.

IV.44
Sómi hátt í svíra gall
sverðið þjónar flagði,

[ennis] tók þá af honum stall
og aftur að þjónum lagði.

The sword loudly shrieked in the neck, the sword dealt with the monster, then struck the platform of the forehead [SKULL] off him and laid it behind the servant [Kár].

IV.45
Bar til festar frænings hauður
Fálu sót*u* lestir. K; A *sotar*] *sotu* FJ
Fann þá skjótt að bóndinn blauður
í burtu var frá festi.

The harmer of the Fála [a trollwoman] of battle [AXE > WARRIOR] carried the serpent's land [GOLD] to the rope. The he quickly discovered that the soft farmer had gone away from the rope.

IV.46
Halurinn kom svo haugnum úr:
halar upp strenginn harða.
Flutti með sér Fáfnis múr
frækinn lundur barða.

The man got out of the mound like this: he hauls himself up hard on the line. The valiant tree of shields [WARRIOR] brought Fáfnir's [serpent] wall [GOLD] with him.

IV.47
Þegninn kom til Þorfinns heim
þá sat hann yfir borðum.
Beint var ekki blítt með þeim —
bóndi er styggur í orðum.

The man came to Þorfinnur's house when he was sat at table. Straightway things were not pleasant for them — the farmer is angry in speech.

IV.48
Eyðir lætur Óma tal
upp á borðið falla
Irpu sót*u*. Aura val K; A *sota*] *sotu* FJ
eigi má lítið kalla!

The destroyer of the Irpa [trollwoman][39] of battle [AXE > WARRIOR = Grettir] lets Ómi's [Óðinn] speech [GOLD] fall upon the table. The choice of wealth cannot be called small!

IV.49
Blíðkast hinn að brima hlé
á borði litur standa:
'Hver á þetta hitt fagra fé,
þú færir oss til handa?'

The other man [Þorfinnur] grows merry when he sees Hlér's [a sea-god's] fire [GOLD] standing on the table: 'Who owns this fair wealth which you put in our hands?'

IV.50
Svaraði hinn (er sýndist blár —
sá var harður í pínum):
'Það hefir fjandinn, faðir þinn Kár,
fyllt í haugi sínum.'

The other [Grettir] (who seemed blue — he was in great pain) replied: 'Your father Kár, the devil, has filled his mound with it.'

IV.51
Síðast tók hann saxið eitt —
seggur hinn náði af flagði;
borið var ekki betra neitt —
á borð fyrir Þorfinn lagði.

Last, he took out a sword — the man had got it from the monster; no better sword was borne — and laid it on the table in front of Þorfinnur.

IV.52
Vísu kvað og veik svo að
veitir gyldra spanga:
‘Aldrei skyldi ef ætti ég það
oss fyrir hendi ganga.’

The offerer of gilt spangles [GENEROUS MAN = Grettir] spoke a stanza and turned thus towards [Þorfinnur]: ‘If I had this thing, it would never leave my hand.’

IV.53
‘Eigi fær þú ættgríp minn,’
ansar bóndi þessu,
‘fyrr en reyni ég röskleik þinn,
rekkur, að odda messu.’

‘You shan’t get my heirloom,’ answers the farmer, ‘before I test your boldness in the mass of spear-points [BATTLE], man.’

IV.54
‘Þeygi veit hver þurfa mun enn,
þegar stundir líða?’[40]
Bóndi geymdi bauga þá
bæði og saxið fríða.

‘Yet who knows who will still need it when time passes?’ The farmer kept both the rings and the handsome sword.

IV.55
Gekk til sæti garpurinn stirður

og gerði [lítið] drekka.
Af mönnum var hann þá meira virður
og mælti fátt við rekka.

The stiff man [Grettir] went to his seat and had little to drink. He was then more valued by men, and spoke little to other people.

IV.56
Hitt er skylt að herma nú
(ef halnum væri eigi bannað):
í Eilífsfirði burðugt bý
bóndinn átti annað.

It is necessary to relate this now (if it were not forbidden to the man [i.e. the poet]): in Eilífsfjörður the farmer had another fine estate.

IV.57
Þar vill drengurinn drekka jól —
dýra hélt hann sveina.
Seggurinn lét á sildar völl
setja ferju eina.

There the man wants to drink in Yule — he commanded fine men. He had a ferry launched on the field of the herring [SEA].

IV.58
Þrjátíu menn að bóndi býr
boðsmenn voru sóttir.
Hans var kvinna heima skýr
og hennar fríða dótt[ir].

Messengers were sent to invite thirty men to stay with the farmer. His clever wife was [left] at home, and her beautiful daughter.

IV.59
Grettir var með gullhlaðs Gná
og gerði fátt til þarfa.
Fljóðið hafði fimm og þrjá
frækna menn til starfa.

Grettir was with the Gná [goddess] of gold lace [WOMAN] and did little that was needed. The lady had five and three valiant men to do the work.

IV.60
Bóndi hélt í burtu glaður —
brátt mun aukast vandi.
Seggir létu sunda naður
svífa inn að landi.

The farmer cheerfully set off — trouble will quickly increase. The men made the adder of the sounds [SHIP] swerve in towards land.

IV.61
Hal[ur]inn veitti horna flóð
holda sveit með prýði.
Vegleg fyrir þeim veizlan stóð;
var hann því glaður við lýði.

The man offered the horns' flood [BEER] to the troop of men with honour. The magnificent feast stood before them; he was therefore merry with the people.

IV.62
Þorfinnur gaf þýður og ör
þegnum [Ægis] brima.
Líkar mér þó Lyngva knör
losni í sundur um tíma.

Þorfinnur, kind and generous, gave Ægir's fire [GOLD] to men. It pleases me, though, to set Lyngvi's ship [POETRY] loose in the sound for a while.

V.1

[Angrið] dvelur mig a[r]l*a* og síð;	K *a?l*] A *arl*] *arla* FJ
er [því me]s[t] að vonum.	
Eigi byggist or*m*vangs hlíð	K; A *orvangs*] *ormvangs* FJ
upp af fornum sponum.	

Sorrow delays me, early and late; that is mostly to be expected. The serpent's hillside [GOLD] is not built up from ancient splinters.

V.2

Það var fyrr að hrepta ég heldur
hylli dýrra seggja.
Nú er það harður heiftar eldur
holdar á mig leggja.

Before, I obtained the favour of worthy men instead. Now it is the harsh fire of enmity that men place on me.

V.3

Hallast af þeim heiður [og] mekt
er hverfa nöðru grundir.
Nú hef ég Lofts í langri sekt
löngum verið um stundir.

Honour and might turn away from him, when the adder's grounds [GOLD] vanish. Now I have been in Loftur's[41] deep guilt for a very long time.

V.4

Virðar efla vopna skak
og villtu silki grundir.

L*íma* hefir og lindar þak — K; A *lvna*] *líma* rev.
löngum komið þeim undir.

Men strengthen the scolding of weapons [BATTLE] and the grounds of silk [WOMEN] lead [them] astray. The roof of struggle of the linden-tree [MAN > HIS SORROWFUL THOUGHTS] has long depressed him.

V.5
Heimurinn misjafnt höldum tér;
hefir það staðið svo lengi.
Finn *ég* rétt að folnar mér — FJ following JS inserts *eg* | K; A *af*] *at* FJ; JS
fyrða spekt og gengi.

The world deals unequally with men; it is been that way for a long time. I find it fitting that wisdom and the company of men avoid me.

V.6
Óðar hef ég ekki par
átt í Gneipar vindi.
Greinum hitt, að Grettir var
Góins hjá beðjar lindi.

I have had no equal in poetry in the wind of Gneip [trollwoman] [MIND]. Let us talk about this: that Grettir was with the linden of the bed of Góinn [A SERPENT > GOLD > WOMAN].

V.7
Gekk sá út er gylfri tafn
gerði o[f]t [að] veita.
Fríðan leit hann flæðar hrafn
framan að landi beita.

The one [Grettir] who often offered prey to the wolf went outside. He saw the handsome raven of the flood [SHIP] sailing off the coast.

V.8
Halur[inn] leit á Hækings jörð.
Hann vill úti bíða.
Þar var skjöld[um] skip[að] um bo[rð];
ski[p]ið var steint svo víða.

The man looked at Hækingur's [legendary sea king] earth [SEA]. He wants to wait outside. There were shields arranged along the gunwales; the ship was decorated like this all over.

V.9
Létu þeir að landi fley
og lögðu [inn] til nau[sta].
Trúðar stukku tólf á ey —
tel ég þá alla hrausta.

They directed the ship towards land and laid in a course towards the boathouse. Twelve idiots leapt onto the island — I reckon they were all strong.

V.10
Brjóta upp naust en báru út
bóndans [karfa] fríðan.
Fluttu skeið af fiska lút
og færðu í húsið síðan.

They break up the boathouse and carried out the farmer's handsome ship. They brought the galley from the fishes' liquid [SEA] and then carried it into the building.

V.11
Ófn[ir] gengur ofan að Hlé,
ýta heilsar ríka.
[Frétt]i þegar hver fyrir þeim sé:
'Fyrða sá ég eigi slíka!'

Ófnir [Grettir] goes down to the sea and greets the powerful men. He asked straightaway who was in charge of them: 'I never saw such men!'

V.12
'[Þ]órir er ég af þegnum kendur
þömb er flestir kalla.
Bar ég þar löngum blóðgar hendur
er bragnar urðu að falla.'

'I'm known to men as Þórir, who most call *paunch*. For a long time, I had bloody hands when men needed to fall.

V.13
'Ögmund er minn lifri langur;
læst hann fæstu kvíða.
Brestur oss eigi berserksgangur,
bílu við aldrei að stríða.

'Ögmundur is my tall brother; he's ended very few worries. The berserker-rage doesn't break us. We never hesitate in the fight.

V.14
'Er nú bóndinn heima hér?
Hann vildu vér finna.
Ætti hann næsta illt að mér
ef það [mætti vinna].'

'Is the farmer here at home at the moment? We wanted to meet him. He ought to suffer rather badly by me, if that can be done.'

V.15
'Hetjan burt með holdum fór;
heldur fátt er manna.

Heima er nú hústrú vór
og hér með ungum svanna.

‘The hero [Þorfinnur] went away with his men; there are rather few men around. The lady of our household is at home at the moment, and there is a young lady with her.

V.16
‘Vér skulum sitja saman um jól —
fyrir seggjum vil ég það greiða.
[Van]tar eigi orma ból
og allt það viljið þér beiða.

‘We shall sit together for Yule — I will arrange that for men. There shall be no lack of the lair of serpents [GOLD] and all that you want to ask for.

V.17
‘Hamingjan mun yður heiðra mest
þó holdar vili það banna.
Kappar me[ga] nú kjósa um flest;
komi þér heim til svanna.’

‘Fortune will favour you most, though men may want to deny it. You champions can now choose most things; come home to the ladies.’

V.18
Gengu þeir á garðinn heim
og gerðu inn að vitja.
Fálega var þá fagnað þeim.
Fljóð í stofunni sitja.

They walked home to the estate and went inside to pay a visit. They were then received poorly. The ladies sit in the main room.

V.19
Fræning biður að falda skorð
fylgi vilja sínum:
‘Tígin skaltu tvinna jörð
taka við gestum þínum.

Fræning [Grettir] tells the prop of headdresses [WOMAN] to go along with his demands: ‘Honoured ground of threads [WOMAN], you should receive your guests.

V.20
‘[Br]æður rjóða benja kólf
og bjóða mörgum ótta.
Þórir bóndi og þessi tólf
þig hafa heim um sótta.’

‘The brothers redden the bolt of wounds [SWORD] and offer fear to many. Þórir the farmer and these twelve have sought you out at home.’

V.21
Hústrú gerir með har[mi senn]
haln[um] at ansa snjöllum:[42]
‘Veit ég enga verri menn
vera í Noregi öllum!’

The lady of the house with sorrow at once answers the eloquent man: ‘I know of no worse men in all of Norway!’

V.22
‘Heiðurs kvinnan, hugsa um það
sem hamingjan kann að veita!
Býst hann yður í bónda stað;
ber þér eigi að neita.

‘Woman of honour, think about what Fortune is able to offer! He expects you instead of the farmer; it doesn’t suit you to say no.

V.23
‘Ger þér kátt í gríðar þey;
gæfan mun þig hefja!
Ögmundur vill yðra mey
armi sínum vefja.

‘Make yourself cheerful in the giantess’s thaw [MIND]; good fortune will raise you up! Ögmundur wants to enfold your girl in his arms.’

V.24
Angurið bitur ágæt víf.
Ansar dygðug kvinna:
‘Fyrri vil ég láta líf
en ljótum þjófum sinna.’

Sorrow bites at the noble wife. The dutiful woman replies: ‘I would sooner lose my life than take care of foul thieves.

V.25
‘Illskan þig til orða hvetur!
Er það fjarri sanni.
Bóndinn gaf þér brauð í vetur
beint sem frjálsum manni!’

‘Your evil nature incites you to speech! That [i.e. Grettir’s previous statement that things look promising] is far from true. The farmer gave you bread over the winter, just like for a free man!’

V.26
‘Saka þu eigi seima brjót,

Sagan jötna róma!
Göngum heldur gestum mót
og gerum þeim allan sóma.

'Do not miss the breaker of gold [GENEROUS MAN = Þorfinnur], Saga of the voice of giants [GOLD > WOMAN]! Let us instead go to meet our guests and do them all honour.

V.27
Eigi duga nú orðin klók,'
kvað eyðir Grafnings stræta.
Vopn og klæði af virðum tók
og vildi sjálfur gæta.

'Clever words will not help now,' said the destroyer of the snake's street [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN]. He took the weapons and clothes from the men and wanted to look after them himself.

V.28
Seggjum skipar hann sætin í —
sá kann blítt að láta.
Fljóðin stukku fram í því.
Flestar tóku að gráta.

He arranges the men in their seats — he knows how to behave cheerfully. The women ran forth at this. Most began to cry.

V.29
Kappinn lætur kost og öl
koma á borð fyrir sveina.
Þar er nóg *á* vistum völ — FJ, following JS, inserts *á*
varla skortir beina.

The champion had fine food and ale brought to the table for the men. There is enough choice of food that bones are hardly lacking.

V.30
Ekki vætta brögnum brast.
Bar hann þeim hornin stóru.
S*vein*ar tóku að svelgja fast; K; A *somar*] *sveinar* FJ
sannlega þyrstir vóru.

The men lacked for nothing. He brought them large horns. Men began to gulp deeply; they were truly thirsty.

V.31
Grettir einn var gumnum nær
og gerði alla káta.
Þegar að ölið á fóla fær
ferlega taka að láta.

Only Grettir was near the men and he made everyone cheerful. As soon as ale reaches the fools, they began to behave awfully.

V.32
Flotnar drukku fram á nátt —
fæstir þangað vitja.
Glópar tóku að grenja hátt
og gera eigi kyrir sitja.

The men drank on into the night — very few come visiting there. The ruffians began to howl loudly and make it uncomfortable to sit there.

V.33
Gotna frétti grundar hængur
gjarn í styrri vóða.
‘Vili þér bóndi vitja sængur,
vífin skulu yður náða.’

The salmon of the ground [SNAKE = Grettir], eager in the battle of garments [= mailcoats > BATTLE], informed the men: 'Farmer, if you visit the beds, the women will help you to relax.'

V.34
Fólinn sagði fyrður[43] dáð
flestu þótti megna.
'Þú skalt hafa fyrir þegnum ráð,
það mun líkast gegna.'

The fool said that most people thought the man had strength enough for the deed. 'You shall have control over men; that will most likely be of benefit.'

V.35
Gengu fram og gerðu í stað
grundir seims að kalla:
'Hvílum mega þær hallast að K; A *þeir*] *þær* FJ
er hölda vilja spjalla.

They went forth and in that place called out to the grounds of gold [WOMEN]: 'They can head for the beds, those who want to converse with the men.'

V.36
Herða tók*u* þá hryggðar klút K; A *tok*] *toku* FJ
hringa nornir þenna.
Grettir með þeim gengur út
og gerir nú margt að senna.

The norns of rings [WOMEN] began to wring their cloth of sorrow [HANDKERCHIEF?]. Grettir goes outside with them and chats with them a lot.

V.37
Grettir talar við geira Ull;
grimmlegt þótti hans æði.

‘Yður skal sýna silfur og gull,
sjáleg vopn og klæði.’

Grettir talks to the Ullur of spears [WARRIOR = Þórir]; his spirit seemed fierce. ‘I will show you silver and gold, handsome weapons and clothes.’

V.38
Kappar fundu klæða búr —
kænir vóru til víga.
Hitta ma þar hraunþvengs múr.
Hátt er upp að stíga.

The champions found a storehouse of clothes — they were keen for battle. There one can find the serpent’s wall [GOLD]. It is high to climb up to.

V.39
Lauk hann upp og lét þá inn.
Leikur er mikill á sveinum.
Sýna má þar safala og skinn
sett með dýrum steinum.

He [Grettir] unlocked it and let them in. It is a great game for the men. They can see there sables and furs studded with expensive gems.

V.40
Hafa þeir ljós og hugsa um
hirslum luka mörgum.
Ærið sýndist skratta skrum
skræfum þessum örgum.

They have a light and wonder about unlocking many chests. There seemed to be enough of the wicked creature’s boasting [GOLD][44] to these despicable cowards.

V.41
Grettir lætur gilling aftur
og gerði að læsa.
Síðan kom til bæjarins kesju raftur
og kallar svanna fríðan:

Grettir puts the key back and locked up. Then the rafter of the halberd [WARRIOR] came to the farmstead and calls to the handsome lady:

V.42
'Vífið fá þú vopnin góð: K; A *vifin*] *vifit* FJ
víg glaðst þinga stefni.
Víkingunum skal vekja blóð;
veiðar eru hér efni!'

'Lady, get yourself good weapons: the prow of assemblies [WARRIOR] is pleased in battle. [I] shall stir up blood for these raiders; hunting is the thing here!'

V.43
Brúðurinn kvað hjá bóndins sæng
brynju eina liggja,
'Og það fríða fetla hæng
fyrr vildir þú þiggja.

The lady said that a mailcoat lay near the farmer's bed, 'And that handsome salmon of the strap [SWORD] that you wanted to have before.

V.44
'Kelli taktu kappinn br*átt*, K; A *biart*] *bratt* FJ; JS
kænn að éli rita.
Krókaspjót að Kár hefir átt,
kann það helst að bita.'

‘Take the helmet quickly, champion, swift in the storm of shields [BATTLE]. The barbed spear that Kár used to own — that knows best how to bite!’

V.45
Krókaspjótið kappinn greip
Kjalars og vermi halla.
Því næst tók hann Sörla sveip
og setti á Ægis hjalla.

K *því næst* repeated twice

The champion gripped the barbed spear and the warmth of Kjalar’s [Óðinn] halls [SHIELD]. Next, he took Sörli’s [legendary hero] headdress [HELMET] and set it on Ægir’s [sea god] ledge [HIS HEAD].

V.46
Var sá fús í vopna glam.
Vitjar út að sinni.
‘Háleygir munu hreppa skamm
í húsi vóru inni!’

He was eager in the clash of weapons [BATTLE]. He goes out at that time. ‘The Háleygir will be humiliated in your house!’

V.47
Görpum þótti Grettir seinn
og gera til hurðar víkja.
Þá var lás fyrir húsi hreinn.
‘Halurinn vill oss svíkja!’

The men thought Grettir was being slow, and they move towards the door. Then the lock at the front of the house became clear. ‘The man wants to betray us!’

V.48
Berserkirnir bruttust um fast —

bera þeir hugsun stranga.
Hlaupa á svo hurðin brast —
hægt var út að ganga.

The berserkers struggled hard — they endured harsh thoughts. They charged at the door so that it burst — it was then possible to walk out.

V.49
Það má verða ýtum angur
ef þeir lífi halda.
Brátt kemur á þá berserks gangur
er brögðum illum valda.

It may become a sorrow to men, if they hold on to life. The berserker rage, which controls evil tricks, quickly overcame them.

V.50
Ganga út og grenja við
svo gall í hávum fjöllum.
Fyllt kom Þórir fram á rið
af félögum sínum öllum.

They go outside howling — thus it resounded in the high mountains. Þórir came all the way to the stairs ahead of all his companions.

V.51
Þynnill spjót á Þóri rak
þá með skjótum hætti
Oddurinn gengur aftur um bak
allt sem krókum mætti.

The snake [Grettir] drove a spear at Þórir then, in hasty fashion. The point goes right through the back, as far as the spear could reach.

V.52
Þeygi gaf sig Þórir við.
Þann má hetju kalla.
Oddurinn hljóp í Ögmunds kvið.
Ýtar dauðir falla.

Despite this, Þórir did not give up. One may call him a hero. The spear-point ran through Ögmundur's stomach. The men fall down dead.

V.53
Hlaupa af riðinu hver sem gat
hinir er eftir vóru.
Grettir sótti görpum að
og gaf þeim höggin stóru.

They leap off the steps, any of them who can, the rest who were behind him. Grettir attacked the men and gave them huge blows.

V.54
Keppa stóra kefsar fá;
kunnu hart að reiða.
Gildlega lögðu Gretti á
og gjarna vildu hann meiða.

The slaves got big sticks; they knew how to brandish them hard. They struck powerfully at Grettir and very much wanted to hurt him.

V.55
Saxi bregður seggurinn þá,
sótti að þeim lengi.
bitur rétt sem brygði í snjá.
Bárust sár á drengi.

Then the man drew his sword and attacked them for a long time. It bites just like if it were drawn through snow. It brought wounds to the men.

V.56
Berserkina í túni tvo
tjörgu meiður felldi.
Eigi sýnist eggin sljó —
af þeim höfuðin skelldi.

The damager of the shield [WARROR = Grettir] made two berserkers fall into the enclosure. The edges [of the sword] did not seem blunt — he cut their heads off.

V.57
Brögnum rennur benja lút:
blóðgar mega þeir heita.
Fjórir kómu fyrðar út
og fóru Grettir veita.

The liquid of wounds [BLOOD] runs for these men: they may be called bloodied. Four men came out and went to attack Grettir.

V.58
Höldar syndu hóflegt megn
hlaupa til með skundan.
Þegar Háleygir horfa í gegn
hrökkva hinir undan.

The men showed moderate might and run at him with speed. As soon as the Háleygir turn against him, the others also retreat.

V.59
Sefring höggur en sóknin vex.

Særði hann drengi hrausta.
Fáfnir hafði þá fellda sex;
flýðu hinir til nausta.

The snake [Grettir] strikes and the attack grows. He wounded mighty men. By then, Fáfnir [Grettir] had felled six; the rest fled to the boathouse.

V.60

[G]re*t*tir eftir gengur að meir — K *?reptir*] A *Greptir*] *Grettir* FJ; JS
gerir nú sókn að herða.
Inn í naustið allir þeir
undan hrökkva verða

Grettir pursues them for more, presses the attack now. They all retreat into the boathouse.

V.61

Höggum mega þeir vixlast viður;
viljan skortir eigi.
Ætla ég best að Báleygs niður
beðja kaupið hnígi. — K; A *benia*] *bedia* FJ

They can exchange blows with each other; their will is not lacking. I think it best that Báleygur's [Óðinn's] bargain of the bed [POETRY] should sink down.

VI.1
Bellis strandar þilju elg
það skal færa á landa svelg.
Eigi er víst hvort uppi flýtur;
öngu trú ég hann sé nýtur

I shall launch Belli's [giant, here treated as dwarf name] elk of the plank of the beach [SHIP > POETRY] on the devourer of lands [SEA]. It is uncertain whether it will perform; I do not believe it will be useful.

VI.2
Gamanið hefir mér gengið nær.
Gerist ég ekki til þess fær,
að yrkja neitt um ágæt fljóð.
Ellin grandar fleina rjóð.

Joy has passed me by. I do not happen to be suited to this, to compose anything about great ladies. Old age wounds the reddener of spears [WARRIOR].

VI.3
Eigi er lygi um auðar pín
orðin verða hverfa mín,

K; A *hverfa verða* marked for reversal by the scribe

þegar kemur í gygjar glygg
geira Sjöfnin harðla dygg.

It is no lie that my words about the pain of wealth [POVERTY] will vanish as soon as the very faithful Sjöfn [goddess] of spears [WOMAN] comes into my storm of the giantess [MIND].

VI.4

Hitt er meir að hugsa á —
hverfa skal ég þar aldrei frá.
Heiðurs menn mig heldu fyrr.
Hrygðar tekur að auka styr.

It is more important to think about this — I shall never turn away from it. Men of honour esteemed me before. The tumult of sorrow begins to increase.

VI.5
Óðurinn féll í fimmta sinn,
Fáfnir kómst í naustið inn.
Með árum vörðust ýtar þá —
eigi gefa þeir höggin smá!

The poetry ceased for the fifth time [when] Fáfnir [Grettir] came into the boathouse. The men then defended themselves with oars — they did not give small blows!

VI.6
Eyðir sótti einn að sex
undra hraustir nöðru bekks.
Halnum gefa höggin stór —
hvergi kappinn undan fór.

The destroyer of the adder's bench [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] attacked six wondrously strong men on his own. They gave the man huge blows — the champion did not retreat anywhere.

VI.7
Fór svo enn að féllu tveir —
feigir trú ég að væri þeir.
Fjórir komust fyrðar út.
Fá þeir síðar meiri sút.

It went on like this, that two fell — I think they were doomed to die. Four men emerged. They later received more grief.

VI.8
Grettir eftir gaurum renn.
Gylfris vill hann rjóða tenn.
Í kornhlöðuna komust tveir. K *þeir* marked for deletion by the scribe after *komuzt*
Kappa vó hann með snörpum geir.

Grettir runs after the men. He wants to redden the wolf's teeth. Two men come into the granary. He struck the champions with his sharp spear.

VI.9
Eigi mátti hann leita lengur.
Listarmaður að bænum gengur.
Svo var myrkt að mátti þá
meiðir rita ekki sjá.

He could not search any longer. The skilful man goes to the farmstead. It was by then so dark that the harmer of shields [WARRIOR] couldn't see anything.

VI.10
Gekk að dyrunum geira rjóður.
Garpurinn var furðu móður.
Hústrúin kom þá honum í gegn,
hei*l*sar upp á vaskan þegn. K *heislar*] A *heilsar*] *heilsar* FJ

The reddener of spears [WARRIOR] went to the doorway. The man was very tired. The lady of the house then came towards him and greets the valiant man.

VI.11
'Velkominn skaltu vera með oss,'
veiga talaði þannig Hnoss,

‘er leysti mig frá ljótri blyggð.
Launa skal ég það yður með dyggð.’

‘You shall be welcome among us,’ said the Hnoss [daughter of Freyja] of strong drinks [WOMAN], ‘you who delivered me from ugly shame. I shall faithfully reward you for that.’

VI.12
‘Misjöfn verður mörgum öld;
mæltir þú annað fyrr í kvöld.’
‘Betri er nú brúða hagur.’
Brosti við það ristill fagur.

‘Time turns out unevenly for many; you spoke otherwise earlier in the evening.’
‘The women’s situation is now better.’ The fair gentlewoman smiled at that.

VI.13
Síðan talaði svanninn glaður:
‘Sannlega ertu frægðar maður.
Yður skal gervallt heimilt hér,
hvað mér stendur að veita þér.’ K *bioda* marked for deletion and *veita* added from margin

Then the cheerful lady said: ‘You are truly a man of renown. Everything here is entirely at your disposal, whatever it befits me to offer you.’

VI.14
Ganga inn og gera sér kátt.
Garpurinn drekkur fram á nátt.
Fólk gervallt fór og svaf —
fer hann ekki klæðum af.

They go inside and make themselves cheerful. The man drinks on into the night. All the people went and slept — he did not undress.

VI.15
Síðan kom þann sigrar nótt,
sendu þeir um eyna skjótt.
Ærið kom þar virða val,
víkingana leita skal.

When the one who conquers night [DAY] came, they sent quickly across the island. A sufficient selection of men came there who shall search for the raiders.

VI.16
Fundu þá við foldar bein —
fengið höfðu dauðans mein.
Ófnir rauð svo unda kólf,
alla hefir hann fellda tólf.

They found them by a bone of the earth [ROCK] — they had received a deadly injury. Ófnir [Grettir] so reddened the bolt of wounds [SWORD] that in all he had felled twelve of them.

VI.17
Færðu burt í flæði urð —
frægðin hans var víða spurð —
berserkjanna bölvuð hræ.
Bólið þeirra er allt við sæ.

They carried away the cursed bodies of the berserkers, out to the flood's ground [i.e. the land covered at high tide]. His [Grettir's] fame was widely reported. Their [the berserkers'] resting place is entirely by the sea.

VI.18
Halurinn sat þar hústrú nær.
Hún var svo við garpinn kær,
allvel mun honum launað lið.

Lýðurinn þótti kjörinn í fríð.

The man sat there near the lady of the house. She was so fond of the man that she will repay his aid very well. The people thought her decision a handsome one.

VI.19
Það skal segja Þorfinni af:
þegnum veitti hann Iðja skraf.
Þegar að veizlan virðum leið
vendi hann út á sína skeið.

One must say this of Þorfinnur: he offered Iði's [giant] chatter [GOLD] to men. When the feast wore on for men, he wended his way out onto his ship.

VI.20
Seggir drógu segl við rá.
Sigldu þegar sem skjótast má.
Byrðingurinn um brattan geim
bar þá skjótt að naustrum heim.

Men drew the sail against the yardarm. They sailed immediately, as fast as possible. The merchant-ship bore them swiftly over the steep sea, home to the boathouse.

VI.21
Þorfinnur gekk þegar á land.
Þegninn sér hvar liggur á sand
hans hið góða hefla dýr.
Hetjan upp að naustrum snýr.

Þorfinnur went ashore immediately. The man sees where his good beast of the sailrope [SHIP] lies on the sand. The hero turns towards the boathouse.

VI.22

Bóndinn kenndi bræðra skip.
Brátt var hann með reiði svip.
Angurið beit á auðar lund;
ekki fékk hann talað um stund.

The farmer recognised the brothers' ship. His expression quickly grew angry. Grief bit at the tree of wealth [MAN]; he couldn't speak for a while.

VI.23
Þorfinnur kvað vísu vón:
'Vér höfum fengið ærna smán.
Berserkir hafa blyggðað víf.
Betra væri að missa líf.

Þorfinnur spoke the expected verse: 'We have received little honour. The berserkers have shamed my wife. It would be better to lose one's life.

VI.24
'Heldur var nú heima fátt —
hygg ég þeim sé eigi kátt.
Grettir mun þeim lítið lið —
leggja þyrfti *mik*ið við.' K; A *litit*] *mikit* FJ; JS

'There were now rather few people at home — I think it might not be cheerful for them. Grettir will have been little help to them — they will have had great need [of it].

VI.25
Hústrú skal það herma frá:
hún vil ofan til strandar gá.
Drákon hefir það dvalið um stund.
Drósin talar við auðar lund.

I will relate this about the lady of the house: she wants to go down to the beach. Drákon [Grettir] has delayed that [i.e. her going] for a while. The lady speaks to the tree of wealth [MAN].

VI.26
‘Listarmaðurinn, leyfdu oss
lesti að finna stála foss.
Hans mun sefi á hringa brú.’ K; A *hann*] *hans* FJ; JS
Hetjan bað hana ráða nú.

‘Skilful man, allow us to meet the destroyer of the waterfall of steel [BATTLE > WARRIOR = Þorfinnur]. His mind must be on the bridge of rings [WOMAN].’ The hero told her she could decide [what to do].

VI.27
Höldar fara með hringa Ná
og hennar dóttir ofan að sjá.
Þegar að bóndinn brúði leit
þá blíðkast hann í sinnu reit.

Men go with the Ná [goddess] of rings [WOMAN] and her daughter down to the sea. As soon as the farmer saw the lady, then he became cheerful in his square of thought [MIND].

(A small fragment of verse appears here in K: *þá bóndi hústrúan kyssti* ‘Then the famer kissed the lady of the house’.)[45]

VI.28
Það má kalla fagna fund:
fólkið settist niður á grund.
Seima skorð með sæmdar plag
sagði allt af þeirra hag.

One may call that a welcome meeting: people sat themselves down on the ground. The prop of gold [WOMAN], with honourable manner, told all about their condition.

VI.29
‘Gretti eigum gjald á best —
garpurinn, láttu eigi á frest!
Heiðra þann er vígum veldur.
Veitast skal honum flæðar eldur.’

‘We ought to reward Grettir the best — do not delay, man! Honour the one who causes deaths [i.e. the one who slew the raiders]. He should be offered the fire of the flood [GOLD].’

VI.30
Frétti þann, er skjöldu skar,
skikkju Bil hvar Grettir var:
‘Kempan heim í kyrðum situr.
Kappinn er sjá snar og vitur!’

The Bil [goddess] of the mantle [WOMAN] told the one who cut shields [WARRIOR = Þorfinnur] where Grettir was: ‘The champion sits quietly at home. That fighter is swift and wise!’

VI.31
Gengu í stofuna garpur og snót.
Grettir vikur þeim í mót. — K *moti* with *i* marked for deletion
Bóndinn fagna býti stáls. — K *vikur* marked for deletion before *bóndinn*
Blíðlega tók hann á til máls.

The man and the lady walked into the living room. Grettir turns towards them. The farmer greets the offerer of steel [WARRIOR]. He began to speak happily.

VI.32
‘Aldrei fær ég *þakk*að þér — K; A *lavnad*] *þakkad* FJ
þessa dyggð þú syndir mér,

nema þú þyrftir virða við,
veita skal ég þér traust og lið.'

'I will never be able to thank you for the faithfulness you've shown me, unless, if you have need of men, I shall offer you support and aid.'

VI.33
Þorfinni var þegninn kærstur
því hann sat jafnan bónda næstur.
Þetta víða flýgur og fer
hver frægðar maður að Grettir er.

The man was most dear to Þorfinnur and he therefore always sat nearest to the farmer. The news flies and travels widely, what a famous man Grettir is.

VI.34
En þá úti er or*m*a stríð, K; A *orfa*] *orma* FJ; JS
Ófni spurði kempan fríð,
'Hvað vill rekkurinn ráða sín
til reiðu skal þér umsjá mín.'

And when the strife of snakes [WINTER] was over, the handsome champion told Ófnir, 'Whatever the man wants to decide for himself, I'm ready to take care of it for you.'

VI.35
Seggurinn kvað það sína lyst
að sigla norður í Vóga fyrst:
'Hingað skal ég þegar haustar að.'
Hinn kvað honum til reiðu það.

The man said that it was his desire to sail north to Vógi first. 'I shall come here when it is autumn.' The other said he was ready for that.

VI.36
Seggnum fekk hann silfur í nóg —
sá var kænn við fleina róg.
Saxið góða Sefring gaf.
Síðan létu þeir í haf.

He got the man silver enough — he was swift in the strife of missiles [BATTLE]. He gave Sefringur [Grettir] the good sword. Then they went out to sea.

VI.37
Rekkar létu Ránar hund
renna norður um sildar grund.
Virðar koma í Vóga um dag
var þar haldið stefnulag.

Men made Rán's [goddess] hound [SHIP] run north through the herring's ground [SEA]. The men came to Vógi on the day a meeting was held there.

VI.38
Þar má lita margan mann.
Múgurinn kemur og Gretti fann.
Fyrir þann sigur at seggurinn vann
sveitir allar tígna hann.

There one may see many a man. The crowd comes and found Grettir. For the sake of the victory which the man won, all the groups of men honour him.

VI.39
Ríkir menn buðu rekknum heim;
réðst hann ekki í ferð með þeim.
Seggurinn vildi suður í land.
Sá var kænn við rítar grand.

Powerful men invited the man home, but he did not arrange to journey with them. The man wanted to go south into the country. He was swift in the damaging of shields [BATTLE].

VI.40
Í byrðing einum fekk hann far.
Furðu ríkur Þorkell var;
þegninn átti þetta fley —
þann var fyrr í geira þey.

He got passage in a merchant-ship. Þorkell was very rich; the man owned that ship — that one was previously in the thaw of spears [BATTLE].

VI.41
[Á] Hálogalandi halurinn sat,
hvorki sparði hann öl né mat.
Í Saltri hét þar bóndinn bjó;
byggðin stendur nærri sjó.

The man had his seat in Hálogaland. He didn't stint on ale or food. Where the farmer lived was called Saltur; the estate stands near the sea.

VI.42
Grettir fór með garpnum heim,
gerðist heldur kært með þeim.
Drengurinn beiddi Drákon brátt
dveljast hjá sér vintrar nátt.

Grettir went home with the man, became rather fond of him. The man quickly offered to let Drákon [Grettir] stay with him for the winter nights.

VI.43
Þar var Grettir þessa nauð
Þjóttu baugs sem rekkurinn bauð.

Sæmilega, að segginn heldur,
sveitum veittist Fenju meldur.

Grettir was there for the need of Þjótta's [an island's] ring [MIÐGARÐSORMUR > WINTER] as the man offered. Honourably, as the man thinks, he offered Fenja's meal [GOLD] to troops.

VI.44
Björn hét sá með bónda var.
Beslu hafði fæddan mar.
Garpurinn var af góðri ætt,
gat hann þó oft við lýði þrætt.

Björn was the name of one who was with the farmer. He had fed Besla's [giantess] steed [WOLF]. The man was of a good lineage, though he could often be quarrelsome with people.

VI.45
Þorkell studdi þegnsins heiður,
þó var hann af mörgum leiður.
Ófni tók að öfunda fast.
Öllum veitti hann nokkorn last.

Þorkell supported the man's honour, though he was disliked by many. He quickly began to envy Ófnir [Grettir]. He offered some kind of insult to all.

VI.46
Gerði hann úti glaum um nætur;
gumnar fá þess öngvar bætur.
Eru þar margir ungir menn
allir fylgja Birni enn.

He caroused outside during the night; men got no relief from this. There are many young men who all still follow Björn.

VI.47
Harkið þeirra heyrði og kall
harðla vítt um grund og fjall.
Híðbjörn nokkur vaknast við.
Veita mun þeim lítinn frið.

Their noise and calling could be widely heard across the earth and through the mountains. A certain brown bear is woken up by it. It will offer them little peace.

VI.48
Bersi víða um byggðir fór.
Brögnum veitti hann meizlin stór.
Svo er hann orðinn ólmur og ær,
engi þorði að koma þar nær.

The bear ranges widely around the buildings. It did great harm to men. It has become so savage and enraged, no one dared to come near it.

VI.49
Úfur deyddi ýta og hjörð.
Eigi var það hagleg gerð
að hleypa honum úr híði á burt.
Háleygirnar fá það spurt.

The bear killed men and herds. It was not skilfully done, to run him out of his lair and away. The Háleygir learnt this.

VI.50
Þorkells rifur bersi bú.
Byrginginn var eigi trú —
nóga fekk hann Njarðar kvón.
Næsta mun þess þykkja vón.

The bear rips up Þorkell's estate. The enclosure was not steadfast — it received enough of Njörður's wife [SKAÐI = injury]. It almost comes to be expected.

VI.51
Þorkell leitar bersa bóls.
Brjótar fundu nöðru stóls
hellis skúta hömrum í.
Hvergi er gott að sækja að því.

Þorkell seeks the bear's lair. The breakers of the adder's stool [GOLD > GENEROUS MEN] found a cave of jagged rocks in the cliff. There was nowhere good to attack it.

VI.52
Einstigi var upp að gá.
Ærið hátt var niður að sjá.
Urðin var þar undir stór.
Ófært þótti málma Þór. K *var* marked for deletion after *ofært*

There was a narrow path to go up. It was very far down to the sea. There was a huge pile of boulders underneath there. It seemed impassable to the Þór of metals [WARRIOR].

VI.53
Ísólfur lá inni um dag.
Optast var það dýrsins hag
að halda burt þegar kveldið kemur,
kvikfé margt til *d*auða lemur. K *lavda*] A *dauda*

Ísólfur [the bear] lay inside during the day. It was most often the beast's custom to be away when evening comes. He claws many livestock to death.

VI.54
Þorkell fekk af meinið mest.
Margir reikna hann harka gest

Kotungar illa kæra þá;
kappinn Grettir þagði hjá.

Þorkell received the most injury. Many reckoned the bear a harsh guest. The cottagers debate this evil; the champion Grettir stood silently by.

VI.55
'Bragnar skyldu bera sig vel,'
Björn kvað ráðið ífing hel.
'Yðvar verður fljótur friður
fyrst við nafnar eigust viður.'

'Men should bear themselves well.' Björn announced the plan for the bear's death. 'You will soon have peace because we namesakes [i.e. Björn and the bear, another *björn*] shall fight.'

VI.56
Ófnir brosti að orðum rekks
Ætla ég best að liði Þekks
tanna byrgis Tifur og Nil.
Taki við henni hver sem vil.

Ófnir [Grettir] smiled at the man's words. I think it best that Þekkur's [Óðinn's] Tiber and Nile of the enclosure of teeth [MOUTH > MEAD OF POETRY] should pass. May whoever wants it have it.

VII.1

Nú skal miðjungs Mæfils hestinn mönnum færa.
Seggjum vex þeim sorgar snæra
er svinna ger*a* sér jungfrú kæra. K; A *giorir*] *gera* LC

Now I shall bring Mævill's [legendary sea king] horse of the dwarf [SHIP > POETRY] to men. The fire of sorrow grows for those men who make themselves dear to the wise maiden.

VII.2

Sefanum kunni saman að víkja sagnar þél;
öngum dugir vondsleg vél,
þó verði duld um nokkuð mél.

The file of speech [TONGUE] may know how to turn minds together; evil stratagems benefit nobody, though they may be concealed for some time.

VII.3

Hvarf ég frá þar drengir gerðu um dýr að ræða —
ýtar tóku ekki að græða. K*giordv* marked for deletion before *tocu*
Eigi lagðist Björn til klæða.

I turned away there where the men were discussing the animal — the men did not begin to feel better [i.e. they continued to be concerned]. Björn did not undress for bed.

VII.4

Hvarf hann burt þá bragnar gerðu yfir borð að sitja.
Njót*u*r gerð*i* nöðru fitja K; A *niotar giordv*] *niotur giordi* FJ
nafna síns til byggða að vitja.

He turned away while men were sitting at table. The user of the adder's land [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] visited his namesake's dwelling.

VII.5
Leggst við híðið hjörva lundur huldur skildi.
Þannig frá ég garpurinn gildi
gjarna besting svíkja vildi.

The tree of swords [WARRIOR] lies concealed by a shield near the lair. I heard that the worthy fellow wanted to betray the bear most eagerly in this way.

VII.6
Lét þá heldur lítið yfir sér lestir branda.
Ætlar Björn þá bersa að granda;
burtu fer hann eftir vanda.

The destroyer of swords [WARRIOR] tried to draw little attention to himself. Björn then intends to wound the bear; he goes away as usual.

VII.7
Mosmi vissi að mjög svo var honum maðurinn nærri.
Sá mun kunna að sjá sér færri:
sofnaður frá ég að kappinn væri.

Mosmi [the bear] knew very well that the man was near him. That man knows less how to look out for himself: I heard that the champion was asleep.

VII.8
Ratti nam að renna út að reyni branda
hnykkir af honum Hrungnis granda.
Hinn réð fyrr þegar á að standa.

Ratti [the bear] ran out towards the rowan of swords [WARRIOR], snatches Hrungnir's [giant] isthmus [SHIELD] off him. The other immediately decided to stand up.

VII.9
Skjöldum hraut fyrir bjargið breitt að bröttum Ægi.
Setti vandan seggurinn slægi.
Sveini trú ég að hræzlan *b*ægi. K; A *mægi*] *bægi* FJ

The bear flung the shield down the face of the broad cliff to Ægir's depths [the sea]. The sly man caused trouble. I believe that fear caused the man to stoop.

VII.10
Aular heim með illan leik til ýta sinna.
Bragnar gerðu beru að finna;
brosað var að eigi þess minna.

He trudges home with wickedness to his men. The men set out to find the bear; he was not smiled at any less for this.

VII.11
Bóndinn Þorkell býr sig til nú bersa að vinna.
Átta vóru hölda hinna —
hafa þeir allir benja linna.

Farmer Þorkell now readies himself to deal with the bear. There were eight of the men — they all have snakes of wounds [SWORDS].

VII.12
Björn og Grettir báðir fylgja brodda víðir
Bragnar sóttu að brúsa híði —
bersa trú ég að lítið svíði.

Björn and Grettir both follow the willow of points [WARRIOR = Þorkell]. The men attacked the bear's lair — I think the bear is little injured from this.

VII.13
Kápu af sér lagði Linni: leiður er flótti
meðan að drengurinn dýrið sótti.
Drjúgum stóð því af honum ótti.

Linni [Grettir] took off his cloak: the chase is hard while the man attacked the beast. He caused a great deal of fear with this.

VII.14
Öngum kom þar vopnum að nema vænum spjótum;
illa sóktist auðar njótum.
Af sér laust hann þar með fótum.

They could not get near [the bear] with any weapons other than handsome spears; it went badly for the enjoyers of wealth [MEN]. He [the bear] struck about himself with his feet.

VII.15
Ýta tók að eggja Björn sem óður væri:
'Eigi fá bragnar betra færi!'
Bersa kom hann þó hvergi nærri.

Björn began to egg on the men as though he were mad: 'Men will not get a better opportunity!' Yet he came nowhere near the bear.

VII.16
Feldi Grettis fekk hann náð og fleygði af hendi.
Halurinn mitt í híðið sendi.
Hlakkar var sá gyrður vendi.

He managed to get hold of Grettir's cloak and flung it from his hand. The man sent it into the middle of the lair. He was girded with Hlökk's [valkyrie] wand [SWORD].

VII.17
Ýtar fengu eigi sigrað úrinn lagða.
Brjótar munu því fjörnis flagða
fleiri verða að leita bragða.

The men did not achieve victory over the aurochs of hairy tufts [BEAR]. The breakers of the helmet's giantesses [AXES > WARRIORS] will have to look for more tricks.

VII.18
Fáfnir missti feldar síns, hinn fremdar blíði.
Linni sér hann liggja í híði.
Lék þá að honum björninn stríði.

Fáfnir [Grettir], the happy in honour, missed his cloak. Linni [Grettir] sees it lying in the lair. Then the bear swung at him in combat.

VII.19
'Hver hefir gæðir gleðst við mig Grímnis versa
feldi mínum fleygt til bersa?
Furðu lítið kemur til þessa.'

K; A *med* follows *mic*. FJ deletes it.

'Which nourisher of Grímnir's verses [BATTLE > WARRIOR] has made sport of me in flinging my cloak to the bear? Very little will come of this.'

VII.20
Svaraði Björn, er sjaldan þótti í sögnum bæta:
'Eigi nenni ég þessa að þræta;
þú vildir ekki að honum gæta.'

Björn — who seldom seemed to improve in speech — replied: ‘I cannot be bothered to deny it; you didn’t want to look after it.’

VII.21
Bráðla gerðu bragnar heim til bæjar herða.
Ófnir nam þá eftir verða.
Úfa mun sá vilja skerða.

Soon the men made their way home to the farmstead. Ófnir [Grettir] then ended up behind them. He will want to damage the bear.

VII.22
Þegar að eigi lyði litur lestir randa,
skjóma bregður skýfir branda.
Skal nú kostur að neyta handa!

As soon as the destroyer of shields [WARRIOR = Grettir] can no longer see the people, the brandisher of swords [WARRIOR] drew his blade. Now there will be an opportunity for him to use his hands!

VII.23
Einstígið réð upp að ganga eyðir menja.
Brjótur heyrði birti fenja
bersi tók svo hátt að grenja.

The destroyer of necklaces [GENEROUS MAN] walked up the narrow track. The breaker of the brightness of the fens [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] heard [when] the bear began to roar so load.

VII.24
Húninn gerir með heift og æði hlaupa að Gretti,
höggið þegar með hramminum setti.
Hinn í móti sverði rétti.

With enmity and fury, the bear rushes at Grettir, struck a blow immediately with its paw. The other raised a sword against it.

VII.25
Hrottinn skýfði hramminn burt af híðis tiggja —
sannlega hlaut hann sár að þiggja.
Hann sá nú klær á jörðu liggja.

The sword cleaved the paw away from the king of the lair [BEAR] — truly it had to receive a wound. Now it saw its claws lying on the ground.

VII.26
Ófnir hl*e*ypur fress í fang með feiknar æði. K *hlypr*] A *hl(e)ypr*] *hleypr* FJ; JS
Traustum frá ég hann tókunum næði:
tók hann höndum eyrum bæði.

Ófnir [Grettir] leaps into the bear's embrace with awful fury. I heard he managed to get a secure grip: he took both ears in his hands.

VII.27
Hélt hann af sér bersa í braut er bíta vildi
vopna lundur vanur við hildi.
Veit nú eigi hvað bre*g*ða skildi. K; A *breda*[46]

He held the bear — who wanted to bite him — away from himself, the tree of weapons [WARRIOR], accustomed to battle. He doesn't know what should change now.

VII.28
Dýrið hratt þeim furðu fast er framdi dáðir.
Hröpuðu þeir fyrir bjargið báðir.
Boðnar vóru þeim litlar náðir.

The creature pushed the one who performed great deeds very soundly. They both tumbled down in front of the cliff. Little mercy was offered to them.

VII.29
Ófnir verður efri en er urðu mæta.
Saxið mun fyrir segnum bæta;
sveigir frá það orma stræta.

Ófnir [Grettir] ends up on top when they meet the rocks. The sword will improve matters for the man; the brandisher of the serpents' streets [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] heard that.

VII.30
Síðan skaut hann birni í brjóst því brynju flagði.
Dýrið hitti dauða að bragði.
Drengurinn yfir sig feldinn lagði.

Then he shot the bear in the chest with that giantess of the mailcoat [AXE]. The beast met its death with that trick. The man laid his cloak over himself.

VII.31
Hirðir gerði heim að ganga hrungþvengs fitja.
Drengir þá yfir drykkju sitja.
Drákon gerði í stofu vitja.

The guardian of the serpent's lands [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] walked home. The men were then sitting around drinking. Drákon [Grettir] visited the main room.

VII.32
Gekk fyrir borð þar gumnar sátu garpurinn vitri
fyrðar hlógu að feldar slitri
fellir hekk á linda inn bitri.

The wise man walked in front of the table where the men were sitting. The men laughed that the bitter feller of linden shields [WARRIOR] hung onto a torn cloak.

VII.33

Leggur á borð það burtu skýfdi beru af fæti.
Brosti við það bóndinn mæti;
býtti hann jafnan orma stræti.

On the table, he places the paw which he had cut off the bear. The worthy farmer smiled at that; he always offered the serpents' street [GOLD].

VII.34

'Hvar er nú Björn?' er brjótur sagði bjartra *rita*.

K *rita* missing in MS] A *[rita]* supplied by JS

'*Ei* sá ég þér svo eggjar bita;
ekki skaltu Gretti vita.'

K; A *eigi*] *ei* FJ; JS

'Where is Björn now?' said the breaker of bright shields. 'I didn't see edges bite you like this; you will not [dare to] face Grettir.

VII.35

'Gerðu heldur Gretti sæmd fyrir gletri slíka,'
veitir svaraði Viðris bríka.
'Vér skulum honum síðar líka.'

'You should rather do Grettir honour instead of this taunting,' answered the offerer of Viðrir's [Óðinn] bench [SHIELD > WARRIOR = Þorkell]. 'We shall please him later.'

VII.36

Drengurinn talar við Drákon það af drengskap sínum:
'Hjalpa skal ég heiðri þínum,
hefnst þú ei á frænda mínum.

The man speaks to Drákon [Grettir] of his heroism: 'I shall assist your honour if you do not take vengeance on my kinsman.

VII.37

'Manngjöldum skal ég miðla þér móins af granda,

sættin mætti síðan standa; K *standa sidan* marked for reversal by scribe

segginn vildi ég forða vanda.'

'I will share a wergild with you of the serpent's isthmus [GOLD] in order that a truce may afterwards stand; I wanted the man to avoid trouble.'

VII.38

'Í betra stað má bóndinn rakkur býta auði,'

svaraði Björn hinn sæmdar snauði.

'Sárleg fer þá pen*in*gurinn rauði. K *pengurinn*] A *penningrinn*

'The bold farmer could offer his wealth in a better place,' answered Björn, the poor in honour. 'Then the red money goes to waste.

VII.39

'Fyrri skulum við foldar vagna fleina rjóða;

ekki skal honum annað bjóða,'

ýtir sagði báru glóða. K; A *glodar*] *gloda* FJ

'We should sooner redden spears for the dolphin of the earth [SNAKE = Grettir]; nothing else should be offered to him,' said the pusher of the wave's glow [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Björn].

VII.40

Grettir tók að glotta við hvað garpurinn mælti.

Þeim kann bita broddurinn stælti.

Björn að sönnu heimskan vælti.

Grettir began to grin at what the man said. The tempered point knows how to bite that one. Björn truly wailed his foolishness.

VII.41
‘Ófnir, gerðu eigi angur illsku fúsum
meðan þið eruð í mínum húsum.
Mjöðurinn skal þér veittur af krúsum.’

‘Ófnir [Grettir], do not cause any grief out of a desire for wickedness while you’re in my house. You shall be offered mead from the cups.’

VII.42
Þessu vildi þegninn játa Þundi skjalda:
orðin mun hann allvel halda,
‘En má þetta síðar gjalda.’

The man wanted to agree this with the Þundur [Óðinn] of shields [WARRIOR]: he will hold to his words very well, ‘But that may later be repaid.’

VII.43
Hinn kveðst eigi fyrir halnum skyldu hræddur verða:
‘Þóttu leyfir greiði gerða,
ganga ætla ég minna ferða.’

The other man [Grettir] declares that they should not be afraid for the man: ‘Though you have given permission to the giver of armour [MAN], I intend to go on my journey.’

VII.44
Vorið kemur og vildi naður til Vóga halda
Borðum þvær hin bleika alda;
bárur kunnu hvítt að falda.

Spring comes and the adder [Grettir] wants to carry on to Vógi. The pale waves wash the planks; the breakers knew how to hood themselves in white.

VII.45

Veitir dvelst í Vógum norður Vignis róma.
Kempann hitti kappa fróma
e*r* kunnu honum að veita sóma. K *ei*] A *e(r)*] *er* FJ

The offerer of Vignir's [Óðinn][47] strife [BATTLE > WARRIOR] stays in Vógi in the north. The champion met the mighty heroes who knew how to offer him honour.

VII.46

Síðan vildi hann suður í land sem sagt mun verða.
Byrðingurinn v*ar* búinn til ferða. K *vid*] A *var*
Byrinn tók þá strengi að herða.

Then he wanted to go south in the country, as will be said. The merchant-ship was prepared for the journey. The breeze then began to grip the ropes.

VII.47

Köppum v*e*itir kólgu bríma kempan Linni. K *vitir*] A *v(e)itir*
Gönsuður var greitt í sinni —
gekk því suður um Þrándheims minni.

Linni [Grettir] the warrior offers the waves' fire [GOLD] to the champions. The wind was ready at that time — thus he went south through the mouth at Þrándheimur.

VII.48

Gumnar hitt*u* góða höf*n* í Göltum heitir K; A *hitte*] hittv FJ; JS | K *hof*] A *hof(n)*
Á landið ganga lýða sveitir;
lofdar vóru allir teitir.

The men encountered a good harbour, which is called Galtur. The troops of people go ashore; all the men were happy.

VII.49
Kappar lita kaupskip eitt þar koma að landi.
Vindurinn hvass er vóðir þandi.
Virðar huldu flein í sandi.

The champions see a single merchant-ship coming towards land there. The sharp wind has stretched the canvas. The men concealed a pike in the sand [i.e. they let down an anchor].

VII.50
Fyrðar stíga fyrst á land sem fréttist þaðra:
höldar báru hjálm og naðra.
Hvorir frá ég að kvöddu aðra.

The men first step ashore as is told about there: the men carried helmets and adders [SWORDS]. I heard that each of them greeted the others.

VII.51
Þegninn litur *að* þar var Björn í þeirra flokki — K; A *at* missing in MS] *at* FJ
eigi þótti hann allra bokki,
engum var þó á honum þokki.

The man sees that Björn was there in their group — he did not seem a decent fellow at all, yet no one was fond of him.

VII.52
Grettir talar til Bjarnar brátt: ‘Við búumst til víga.
Hvort skal okkar annar hníga —
eigi láttu á deigan síga!’

Grettir speaks quickly to Björn: ‘Let us prepare ourselves for battle. Each shall lay the other low — do not give up!

VII.53
Björn kveðst heldur bæta mundu breytni sína
seggurinn tók þá sakir að týna.
‘Sæmd vil ég nú önga þína.’

Björn says that he would rather offer compensation for his behaviour; the man then began to recount his grievances. ‘Now I do not want any of your honour.’

VII.54
‘Gumnar hafa eigi gleðst við mig,’ er Grettir sagði.
‘Bita skal nú brynju flagði.’
Björn tók vöpn að skömmu bragði.

‘Men have not been happy with me,’ as Grettir said. ‘Now the giantess of the mailcoat [AXE] shall bite.’ Björn quickly took up his weapons.

VII.55
Síðan hlaupast seggir að og sverðin reiða.
Þurfti högga eigi að beiða.
Hjörinn tók þá Björn að meiða.

Then the men charged at each other and raised their swords. There was no need to ask for blows. Then the sword began to injure Björn.

VII.56
Halurinn fær þá hættleg sár á hverri stundu.
Blóði rauðu benjar hrundu.
Björn hné dauðir niður að grundu.

The man then receives a dangerous wound in every moment. Red blood pours from the wounds. Björn sinks, dead, down to the ground.

VII.57

Sveigir fór þá suður á Mæri sefrings landa. K *sefnings*] A *sef(r)ings*

Þorfinni kom þegar til handa.

Þýðlega tók hann eyði branda.

The brandisher of the serpent's lands [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] then went south to Mær. He soon came into Þorfinnur's hands; he warmly received the destroyer of swords [WARRIOR = Grettir].

VII.58

Veitir sagði Viðris tjalda vígið Bjarnar.

Fleygir svaraði Fáfnis tjarnar:

'Fylgi skal ég þér veita gjarna.

The offerer of Viðrir's [Óðinn] tents [SHIELDS > WARRIOR] told of Björn's slaying. The distributor of Fáfnir's lake [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] replied: 'I will gladly offer you my support.'

VII.59

'Hvergi skil ég við Hlakkar báru hljóða sendi,

en þó fyrðar fleininn sendi, K *sendu* marked for deletion at start of line

fyrr en málin ganga af hendi.'

'I shan't part with the sender of the sounds of Hlökk's [valkyrie] wave [BATTLE > WARRIOR], even though men may send a spear, before the matter goes out of my hands.'

VII.60

Nýtur sat þá Noregs vörður norður í landi.

Hann var mildur móins af sandi,

mörgum var þó fyrr að grandi.
The able guardian of Norway at that time sat in the north of the country. He was generous with the serpent's sand [GOLD], although he had harmed many in the past.

VII.61
Stillir sat þar stóltur og ríkur er Steinker heitir.
Jarlinn Sveinn að brandi beitir.
Blíðliga hélt hann sínar sveitir.

The ruler sat in that place which is called Steinker, proud and rich. *Jarl* Sveinn makes the sword bite. He ruled his lands happily.

VII.62
Halda gerði hilmir ríkur hirðmann þenna
Hjarranda mega holdar kenna —
hann vill aldrei úr stríði renna.

The powerful ruler controlled that retainer whom men may know as Hjarrandi — he will never run away from battle.

VII.63
Fyrðum þótti hann furðu gjarn á frænings sáðir.
Hjarrandi var bjarnar bróðir;
barmar þóttu eigi góðir.

Men thought him very eager for the serpent's seeds [GOLD].[48] Hjarrandi was Björn's brother; the brothers did not seem well-intentioned.

VII.64
Þorfinni gerir þengill boð er þegninn heldur
að koma til sín þann vígum veldur.
Víslega trú ég að einhver geldur.

The prince [Sveinn] extends an invitation to Þorfinnur, who maintains the man [Grettir], to bring the one who causes killings to him. I certainly think that someone will pay.

VII.65
Þegnar koma á þengils fund með frækna drengi.
Hristir sundur hljóða strengi;
hygg ég þá fái bætta engi.

The men come to the prince's meeting with the valiant man [Grettir]. The string of sound [STRINGED INSTRUMENT? VOCAL CORDS?] shakes apart; I think that nothing will manage to improve it.

VIII.1

[V]ignis örk af visku mörk
vildi ég gumnum færa.
Gerist óbeint og gengur seint
Glapsviðs farm að næra. K *framm*; A *fram*] *farm* FJ

I wanted to bring Vignir's [Óðinn][49] chest [POETRY] to men from the forest of wisdom [MIND]. It happens indirectly and goes slowly, to nourish Glapsviður's [Óðinn] burden [MEAD OF POETRY].

VIII.2

Mansöngs hátt um menja gátt
má ég nú ekki smíða.
Í sjafna korn að setti norn
sorgar pilu stríða.

I may not now craft the metre of love-poetry about the doorpost of necklaces [WOMAN]. The norn of sorrow sets an arrow of strife in the kernel of thought [BREAST].

VIII.3

Hvað mun Baldur, hníginn í aldur,
hrungþvengs granda ljóða
mansöngs orð um menja skorð
við meistara væna og fróða? K; A *við* missing in MS] *vid* FJ

What will the Baldur of the serpent's isthmus [GOLD > MAN], bowed in old age, compose in the words of love-poetry about the support of necklaces [WOMAN] for the handsome and wise master?

VIII.4
Brast þar óður, bóndinn góður
báðir saman og Linni
hittu jarlinn. Hrungþvengs pall
holdar buðu að sinni.

The poetry broke off there, when the good farmer and Linni [Grettir] both together met the *jarl*. The men offered the serpent's dais [GOLD] at that time.

VIII.5
Stefnudag við stóltan plag
stillir frá ég við lagði.
Hjarrandi var með hilmi þar —
harðlega frá ég að sagði.

I have heard that the ruler arranged the meeting day with proud behaviour. Hjarrandi was there with the ruler — I heard that he spoke harshly.

VIII.6
Sá vill ei, og sagði nei,
sættir neinar þiggja:
'Hann skal fyrr en heftist styr
í helju verða að liggja.

He [Hjarrandi] does not want to receive any settlements, and he said 'no': 'He shall end up lying in Hel sooner than be thwarted in combat.'

VIII.7
Af stefnu gengur hinn sterki drengur;
stríði mun sá valda.
Þeg*n*inn vænn fyrir Þorfinns bæn — K; A *þeginn*] *þegninn* FJ
þá skal landsvíst halda.

The strong fellow [Grettir] goes to the meeting; he will choose strife. The promising man [Grettir] shall then have the right to remain in the country, for the sake of Þorfinnur's intercession.

VIII.8
Arnbjörn skal með ítrum hal
úti jafnan víkja.
Hjarrandi mun — sem hef ég á grun —
hreysti manninn svíkja.

Along with the excellent man [Grettir], Arnbjörn will often wander outside. Hjarrandi will — as I suspect — betray the valiant man.

VIII.9
Gengu þeir fyrir garðshlíð tveir
garpar úti um stræti.
Af höldum sex enn hríðin vex:
höggum trú ég þeir mæti.

These two men walked in front of a gate in the fence, outside in the street. The storm still increased from six men: I believe they encountered blows.

VIII.10
Gerði fyrr sá girntist styr
Grettir jafnan ganga.
Arnbjörn hratt — og er það satt! —
ýti frá sér spanga.

Grettir, the one who desired tumult, always walked in front. Arnbjörn thrust — and this is true! — the destroyer of spangles [GENEROUS MAN = Grettir] away from himself.

VIII.11
Hjarrandi nam hlaupa að
og höggva í stað til Linna.
Á herðarblað kom höggið það —
hlaut hann sár að finna.

Hjarrandi ran up and struck instead at Linni [Grettir]. The blow landed on his shoulderblade — he had to receive a wound.

VIII.12
Unda gríður eigi síður
ofan í strætið renndi.
Saxi brá þann sárið á,
síðan aftur vendi.

Nonetheless, the trollwoman of wounds [AXE] crashed down into the street [i.e. struck the ground]. The injured one [Grettir] drew his sword and then turned back.

VIII.13
Höggur brátt við hreysti mátt
hönd af jarlsins þegni. K *jarls en*] A *jallsen(s)*
Bragna sveit með brynju þveit
borðust þegar af megni.

He quickly strikes, with valiant strength, the hand off the *jarl*'s man. Straightaway the troop of men fought the cutter of the mailcoat [SWORD] with all their strength.

VIII.14
Grettir lætur gumna mætur
Gillings bálið kenna.
Arnbjörn enn og ítri seggur[50]
óx þá geira senna.

The worthy Grettir introduces the men to Gillingur's fire [SWORD]. Arnbjörn and the worthy man increased the flyting of spears [BATTLE] then.

VIII.15
Féllu á storð við fleina morð
fjórar jarlsins kempur
Ritin brast en búkurinn skarst;
biluðu Sörla hempur.

Four of the *jarl*'s champions fell to the ground in the murder of spears [BATTLE]. The shield burst and the body was carved up; Sörli's [legendary hero] capes [MAILCOATS] gave way.

VIII.16
Hinn fimmti var sá brandinn bar
Bjarnar lifri hinn sterki.
Drengurinn frægur, dýr og slægur,
dauðans fekk hann merki.

The one who was fifth bore a sword, the mighty brother of Björn. The famous, worthy, and sly man received the mark of death.

VIII.17
Hinn setti í rann og sjóla fann,
sveigir hlunnar dýra.
Gerði þann hinn gildi mann
gervallt honum að skýra.

The sixth ran in and found the king, the brandisher of the beasts of the roller [SHIPS > SAILOR]. That worthy man explained everything to him.

VIII.18
Reiðin svall fyrir rekka fall
ríkum stýri ylgja.

Setti þing en sæmd var kring.
Seggir þangað fylgja.

Rage swelled in the mighty commander of wolves [WARRIOR] for the men's death. He established an assembly and honour surrounded it. Men followed him there.

VIII.19
Milding víkur á mótið ríkur
málin gervöll setti.
Tjörgu meiður talaði reiður
trúlega upp á Gretti.

The powerful ruler turns to the meeting and laid out the matter entirely. The angry injurer of the shield [WARRIOR] spoke up truly about Grettir.

VIII.20
'Mínar hendur, málmur er sendur,
milding, átti ég verja.
Fekk ég sár,' kvað furðu knár
fleygir þynnils skerja.

'The metal was sent [i.e. there was a fight], lord. I had to defend my hands. I was wounded,' said the very valiant caster of the snake's skerry [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN = Grettir].

VIII.21
'Illa var,' kvað öðling snar,
'eigi fekktu dauða.
Lýðurinn geldur ef lífi heldur
lestir gullsins rauða.'

'It was badly done,' said the clever king, 'that you didn't receive death. The people will pay if the destroyer of red gold [GENEROUS MAN] keeps his life.'

VIII.22

Kárs son býður, kæn og þýður,
kólgu bál fyrir Linna
á jarlsins dóm, en öldin fróm
öll tók honum að *sinna*. K *fylgia*] *sinna* FJ following JS, to fit the metre

Kár's son, swift and affectionate, offers the wave's fire [GOLD] for Linni [Grettir] according to the *jarl*'s judgment, and the good people all began to attend to him.

VIII.23

Var þar mann er Viðris kann
víðis bróður hvessa
öðling meður. Úlfa seður;
ýtar kalla Bersa.

There was a man there with the king who knows how to whet the brother of Viðrir's [Óðinn] sea [MEAD OF POETRY].[51] He satisfies wolves; men call him Bersi.

VIII.24

Þegnsins mæður móðu glæður
mörgum gerði að veita
Skikkju jörð með skjalleg orð
Skáld-Torfa nam heita.

The man's mother offered the river's glowing embers [GOLD] to many. The ground of the cloak [WOMAN] with eloquent words was called Skáld-Torfa.

VIII.25

Þegninn sté fyrir þengils hné
þýður og kæn í máli:
'Veit þeim gríð og fullan frið
fyrða vó með stáli.'

The man stepped in front of the prince's knee, affectionate and swift in speech: 'Offer a truce and full peace to the one who struck men with steel.'

VIII.26
'Í Túnsbergi situr, trúr og vitur,'
tiggi réð það sanna,
'bóndi e[in] er beitir flein,
bróðir þessara manna.

'In Túnsberg,' the king asserted, 'there sits a true and wise farmer, who makes his spear bite, the brother of these men.

VIII.27
'Gunnar vill — og get ég þess til —
gildra bræðra hefna.'
Þangað austur þengill traustur
þegnum gerði að stefna.

'Gunnar will — and I expect this — want to avenge his worthy brothers.' The trusty ruler directed men eastwards to that place.

VIII.28
'Að sumri skal ég með seggja val
sitja Túns í bergi.
Drengir þá,' kvað dögling sá,
'dragi sig undan hvergi.'

'In summer, with a choice of men, I shall sit at Túnsberg,' said this ruler. 'The men then may not escape anywhere.'

VIII.29
Gerð*u* það sem gramsson bað: K; A *giordi*] *giordu* FJ
garpar austur halda vitja.

Í kaupstað þeim með kólgu eim
kappar gerðu að sitja.

They did what the king's son commanded: the men paid a visit to the east. In that trading place, the men sat with the wave's flame [GOLD].

VIII.30
Linni fann þar listar mann,
lífra sinn hinn snjalla.
Garð einn heldur er gæfu veldur;
garpar *dromund* kalla.

Linni [Grettir] found a skilful man there, his clever brother. The one who causes good fortune [Þorsteinn] holds an estate there; men call him *dromund*.

VIII.31
Hetjan bauð þá heiður og auð
hoskum bróður sínum.
'Sit hjá mér,' kvað sverða grér,
'sinna ég málum þínum.'

The hero offered honour and wealth there to his clever brother. 'Sit next to me,' said the twig of swords [WARRIOR], 'and I will be on your side in this matter.'

VIII.32
Kárs son kænn, báði vitur og vænn,
situr í Þorsteins garði.
Bóndi slíkur brögnum ríkur
bjórinn eigi sparði.

Kár's keen son, both wise and handsome, sits at Þorsteinn's estate. Such a wealthy farmer did not stint on beer for the men.

VIII.33

Ófnir snar var um sig var — K *snart*] A *snarr*
Ýtar gerðu honum sinna.
Ætla þeir með gyldan geir
Gunnar vili hann finna.

Clever Ófnir [Grettir] was cautious. Men were on his side. They expect that Gunnar will want to find him with a golden spear.

VIII.34

Einnhvern dag með æru plag
Öglir situr að drekka. — K; A *augli*] *Avglir* FJ
Í kaupmanns búð er kempan prúð;
kátur var við rekka.

One day, with honourable behaviour, Öglir [Grettir] sits drinking. The magnificent champion is in the merchant's booth; he was cheerful with the men.

VIII.35

Hinn kom gnýr að hetjan dýr
hljóp til vopna sinna.
Hnúið var fast en hurðin brast;
hark var ekki að minna.

A sound came, so that the worthy hero leapt to his weapons. The hinge was secure, but the door burst open; the tumult did not diminish.

VIII.36

Hlupu þar inn með hjalta linn
höldar furðu stórir.
Gjúka fald með Grímnis tjald
garpar báru fjórir.

Remarkably large men leapt in there with the snake of the hilt [SWORDS]. The four men carried Gjúki's headdress [HELMET] with Grímnir's tent [SHIELD].

VIII.37
Sóttu brátt og syndu mátt,
seggir fast að Linna.
Gunnar var fyrir gumnum þar.
Gretti vill hann finna.

The men quickly attacked and showed their might — straight at Linni [Grettir]. Gunnar was ahead of his men there. He wants to find Grettir.

VIII.38
Kolbaks jörð að kempan hörð
kænlega fyrir sig setti.
Saxi heldur, sveitin geldur —
sóttu þeir að Gretti.

The hardy champion swiftly set Kolbakur's earth [SHIELD] before him. He holds a sword, rewards the troop — they attacked Grettir.

VIII.39
Hetjan kemur sá hreysti fremur
höggi á kempu eina.
Skipti í sundur Skilfings tundur
skýfi bjartra fleina.

The hero comes — he is foremost in prowess — with a blow at one of the champions. Skilfingur's fire [SWORD] divided the cleaver of bright arrows [WARRIOR] in two.

VIII.40
Annar fekk sá að honum gekk
eigi minni skeinu.

Heila borg og hyggju torg
hjörinn sneið í einu.

The second who went at him got no less a wound. The sword cut through the fortress of the brain [SKULL] and square of thought [BREAST] in one.

VIII.41
Gunnars sveinn var eftir einn.
Út hljóp sá fyrir Gretti;
þann lá flatur til frægða latur,
fætur í þroskold setti.

One of Gunnar's men was behind him. He ran out in front of Grettir, who lay low, slow to take action, his feet set on the threshold.

VIII.42
Leggur fast en lindin brast
lestir orma sveita.
Gunnar vill (því gjöld eru ill)
gjarna undan leita.

The destroyer of the serpents' lands [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] stands firm, but the shield burst. Gunnar wants very much to escape, because the rewards are bad.

VIII.43
Hildar ský fyrir hyggju bý
heldur höndum báðum.
Hopar sá út er hrepti sút.
Hann mun fyrður náðum.[52]

He holds Hild's [valkyrie] cloud [SHIELD] in front of the dwelling-place of thought [BREAST] with both hands. The one who caught sickness retreats outside. The man will catch him.

VIII.44
Ófnir hjó — sá unda sjó
ýtum vekja kunni —
báðar hendur, bölvi vendur,
burt af víga runni.

Ófnir [Grettir], inclined to ill deeds, struck both hands off the bush of battle [WARRIOR = Gunnar]. He knew how to awaken the sea of wounds [BLOOD] in men.

VIII.45
Fljótt á bak við fleina skak
falla trú ég hann verða.
Annað slag gaf enda dag
eyði vænna gerða.

I believe he ends up quickly falling on his back in the scolding of spears [BATTLE]. At the day's end he gave another blow to the destroyer of handsome armour [WARRIOR].

VIII.46
Frétti jarl að fleininn gall —
fyrðar drepnir vóru.
Þá varð reiður randa meiður
rétt svo gegndi stóru.

The *jarl* heard that the spear resounded — the men were killed. Then the harmer of shields [WARRIOR] became angry as befitted [the deed's] importance.

VIII.47
Þingið setur en sæta letur
sjóli Noregs grundar. K; A *grvnda*] *grundar* FJ
Fáfnir kemur er fjörni lemur
fljótt til þetta fundar.

An assembly is arranged, but the king of Norway's land spoke against a settlement. Fáfnir [Grettir], who strikes helmets, comes swiftly to that meeting.

VIII.48
Fylgir enn við frækna menn
frægur Kársson Linna.
Þorsteins sveit að þengill leit;
þeir bera skjöldu stinna.

Kár's famous son still follows Linni [Grettir] with valiant men. Þorsteinn's troop looked to the prince; they carry sturdy shields.

VIII.49
Brynju rokk og bragna flokk
Bersi hafði að ráða.
Allir þeir við gildan geir
Gretti vildu náða.

Bersi had a mailcoat's distaff [SWORD] and a troop of men to command. All of them wanted to protect Grettir with their gilt spear.

VIII.50
Svarangs róm á siklings dóm
seggir bjóða snjallir.
Ef fengist gríð fyrir vopna víð
væri sáttir allir.

The eloquent men offer Svarangur's [giant] voice [GOLD] for the king's judgment. If they could get a truce for the tree of weapons [WARRIOR], all would be satisfied.

VIII.51
Öngvar bætur buðlung mætur
af brögnum vildi þiggja:

‘Drákon skal, fyrir dýrum hal,
dauðir á velli liggja.

The excellent king didn’t want to receive any recompense from the men: ‘Drákon [Grettir] shall lie dead on the field for the sake of the worthy man.

VIII.52
‘Þjóti lúður þengils prúður,
þegnar búist að kífa. K; A *bvazt*] *bvizt* FJ
Ég skal nú með Öglis brú
engum þeirra hlífa.’

‘The prince’s magnificent trumpet may roar; men may prepare themselves for conflict. I will not spare any of them for the sake of the serpent’s bridge [GOLD].’

VIII.53
‘Vili þér það,’ er Kársson kvað,
‘kappar rjóði geira,
Öglis líf við örva dríf
yður skal kosta meira.’

‘If you want that,’ Kár’s son said, ‘that men may redden spears, Öglir’s [Grettir’s] life shall cost you more in the drift of arrows [BATTLE].’

VIII.54
Skildust að, en skrifað er það,
skatnar dromund fylgja.
Bjuggust við en lofðungs lið
leitaði fæði ylgja.

They parted and, it is written, men follow (Þorsteinn) *dromund*. They prepared themselves and the ruler’s troop searched for the feeder of wolves [WARRIOR = Grettir].

VIII.55
Fyrstur stóð af frægri þjóð
fleygir orma sveita.
Gretti næstur Kársson kærstur
kunni sverði að beita.

Of that famous people, the disperser of the serpents' lands [GOLD > GENEROUS MAN] stood first. Kár's dearest son, nearest to Grettir, knew how to make swords bite.

VIII.56
Grettis bræður gildur og skæður
gerir þeim nær að standa.
Bersi var með brögnum þar,
búinn til fóta og handa.

Grettir's brother, worthy and mighty, stands near them. Bersi was with the men there, ready with feet and hands.

VIII.57
Kemur þar *fljótt* en fríða drótt — K; A *ott*] *fliott* FJ
fram með jarlsins merki.
Fyrir hlíðinu stóð með Gillings glóð
Grettir fyrstur hinn sterki.

The handsome people come there swiftly, with the *jarl*'s banner in front. Grettir the Strong stood foremost before the slope with Gillingur's [giant] ember [SWORD].

VIII.58
Álmurinn gall, en ítri jarl
við ýta talaði fríða:
'Gefið upp þann er vígin vann;
vér skulum ella stríða.'

The man shrieked, and the glorious *jarl* spoke to the handsome men: 'Give up the one who committed the slaying, or else we will attack.'

VIII.59
Þorsteinn að kvað þengill það
þiggja mundi varla:
'Vopna hríð þó [verði] stríð
virðar hljóta að falla.'

Þorsteinn declared that the prince would hardly receive that: 'Though the storm of weapons [BATTLE] may become harsh, men will have to fall.'

VIII.60
'Hvað skal þér,' er þengill tér,
'Þorsteinn Gretti að veita
oss í mót við eggja rót
Óska röðli að beita?'

The prince says, 'Þorsteinn, why should you help Grettir in the tumult of edges [BATTLE], making Óski's [Óðinn] sun [SWORD] bite against us?'

VIII.61
'Bróður minn með benja linn
bragnar mega hann kalla.
Herra merkur, harðla sterkur,
heiftir láttu falla!

K *minn* inserted from margin

'Men may call him with the snake of wounds [SWORD] my brother. Renowned lord, very mighty, let this feud drop!

VIII.62
'Taki þér bót fyrir bauga njót
og berjust ei við tiggja.'

Í annan stað að Bersi bað
buðlung sættir þiggja.

'Accept compensation for the user of rings [GENEROUS MAN] and do not fight against the ruler.' In another place, Bersi asked the king to accept reconciliation.

VIII.63
Sveitin hvetur, því svo var betur,
sættir mætti verða.
'Síðst er bót við sína drótt
sverða leik að herða.'

The troop encourages it, that they might be reconciled, because that would be better. 'The compensation is smallest for your people to press the game of swords [BATTLE].'

VIII.64
Jarlinn veit fyrir ýta heit —
var það meiri sómi.
Var þá sætt en vígin bætt
vísi jötna rómi.

The *jarl* offers an oath in front of the men — it was more fitting. [Grettir] then became reconciled with the king and compensated the slaying with the voice of giants [GOLD].

VIII.65
Þó var fátt um þeirra sátt,
þanninn frá ég þá skilja.
Göfugur jarl fyrir gumna spjall
gekk frá sínum vilja.

Though few of them were satisfied with this, I heard they parted like this. The noble *jarl*, for the sake of what the men had said, abandoned his will.

VIII.66

Kársson snýr á kólgu dýr.
Knúði á borðum alda.
Grettir fór með geira Þór,
gera þeir heim að halda.

K *vitja* marked for deletion before *hallda*

Kár's son turns to the beast of the wave [SHIP]. Waves pounded on the planks. Grettir went with the Þór of spears [WARRIOR]; they held a course home.

VIII.67

Kársson fekk, þar fréttin gekk,
frægð af þessu sanna,
fyrir það lið hann veitti við
vöskum birti hranna.

Wherever the news travelled, Kár's son received fame from this truth, for the support which he offered the valiant tree of the brightness of the waves [GOLD > MAN].

VIII.68

Bauga Týr vill blíður og skýr
brátt til Íslands vitja.
Þorfinnur gaf Þjassa skraf
Þundi nöðru fitja.

The Týr of rings [MAN = Grettir], cheerful and wise, wants to visit Iceland soon. Þorfinnur gave Þjassi's [giant] chatter [GOLD] to the Þundur [Óðinn] of the adder's land [GOLD > MAN].

VIII.69

Karlmanns brögð eru kunn og sögð:
kappinn bar yfir alla.
Heim til Bjargs kom bræðir vargs.
Bragur skal þannig falla.

The man's tricks are known and told: the champion outmatched everyone. The feeder of the wolf [WARRIOR] came home to Bjarg. The poetry shall end like this.

Notes

[20] Emendation suggested by reviewer.
[21] It is unclear what is meant by *lygra lás*. Finnur Jónsson's *Ordbog til rímur* defines *lygra* only as *ukendt ord* ['unknown word'], while *Íslensk orðsifjabók* suggests that *lygra/Lygra* should be understood as referring to the Norwegian island of the same name, or else that it may be an alternative form of *lyrgja*, 'wretchedness, uselessness'. I have followed the 'wretchedness' meaning here, because based on comparison to other *rímur*, where poets contrast their vigorous youth with their current decrepitude, some sort of expression for old age seems to be called for. This is not entirely satisfactory, as *lyrgja* is a feminine noun yet cannot be in the nominative here due to *ég* being the subject of the sentence. I have tentatively amended it to *lygru* instead.
[22] The form *svo* occurs following the fourteenth-century sound-change which resulted in the diphthongisation of *á* [ɔ:] > [au]. The original pronunciation [ɔ:] was retained after *v* and came to be spelt with an *o*. Before this sound-change, *svo* and *frá* would have rhymed, and the rhyming of *vo* with *á* is common throughout the medieval *rímur* corpus, despite many of these texts post-dating the sound-change in question.
[23] The *rímur*-poet consistently uses the form *Ásmund* rather than *Ásmundur* in the nominative; the latter's use of the two unstressed syllables in a row would otherwise complicate the metre.
[24] This line lacks a word to alliterate with *Ásmund*. Finnur Jónsson (1905–12: 101) suggests *Gretti* may be a mistake for *Ófni* or *arfa*, both of which would leave the meaning unchanged but fix the metre.
[25] As the name *Grettir* means 'snake', the poet often refers to Grettir with the names of other famous serpents, or with kennings for snakes.
[26] Combs for carding wool are typically found in pairs, and indeed Finnur Jónsson amends *kambinn* to the accusative plural *kamba*, but it is reasonable to imagine Grettir picking up a single comb for his purposes.
[27] It is unclear who is speaking in this stanza. The first two lines seem most plausibly to belong to Grettir, as Grettir has never been in a battle himself, while the final two could either be Ásmund threatening his son, or Grettir acknowledging that he understands the consequences of failing to look after Kengála. A change of speaker on the half-stanza is not uncommon in *rímur*, although the issue is confused here by the lack of attribution for either speaker. I have chosen to treat this stanza as a continuation of Grettir's speech in I.45, but other interpretations are equally valid.
[28] This should be taken literally; the English idiom for cowardice is not found in Icelandic.
[29] Though these lines make semantic sense unamended, the metre is improved if their order is reversed, as I have done here, following Finnur Jónsson. Konráð Gíslason suggests amending to *Drákon gerðist digur og hár; / drengjum þótti hann furðu knár*, which also works to fix the metre (noted in the margins of A, 390v).
[30] The line-order seems off here — the metre calls for AABB rhyme, but this stanza has ABBA as it stands. Inserting the 4th line as the 2nd fixes the metre but makes the order of events somewhat confusing.
[31] *Bragna* is plural but as Grettir is only addressing Skeggi here, I have translated it in the singular.
[32] *Kögra meiður* may be understood as a synonym for *kögursveinn* or *kögurbarn*, an insulting term implying Grettir is more fit to lie uselessly in bed with women than perform the same work as the other men.
[33] *Selju band* is unclear as a kenning. *Selja* is the name of a Norwegian island, leading Finnur Jónsson to interpret the 'encircler of Selja' as the Miðgarðsormur, making this another example of a snake-name being used for Grettir.
[34] In the margins of A, 399r, Konráð Gíslason suggests *tap* or *hrap*.
[35] This kenning seems to be corrupted; Finnur Jónsson amends *sáðir* to *dáðir* to give 'fair deeds'.
[36] *Spöng* has a number of meanings, but here it seems to refer to the small plates of metal used to decorate belts and other items.

[37] *Galdra skólann* ('school of magic') is an odd way of referring to a burial mound, and *galdra skálann* ('hall/building of magic') might be more expected. However, as *galdra skóli* also appears in *Griplur* II.51, where it likewise refers to a haunted burial mound, I have opted to leave it unamended here.
[38] A marginal note in A, 401r, points to an example of *lókur* meaning 'sword' in *Áns rímur bogsveigis*, but in context, Finnur Jónsson's interpretation of *blødagtig, uduelig person* ('weak, incompetent person') as a generally insulting term for Kár seems to make more sense.
[39] Irpa is treated in this poem as a trollwoman. For a discussion surrounding the scholarly classification of Irpa, see McKinnell 2014.
[40] The metre here is somewhat unsatisfactory, having an excess of unstressed syllables in the first line and insufficient in the second. Finnur Jónsson, following Jón Sigurðsson, suggests amending it to *"Þeygi veit hver þurfa má / þegar en stundir líða"*.
[41] Finnur Jónsson suggests one possible interpretation of *lopz* could be the poet likening his suffering to the exile/punishment of Loki (*Rímnasafn* I: 103). In the absence of any more obvious meaning, I have followed his interpretation here.
[42] The readings supplied here are conjecture by Jón Sigurðsson, who could read only *með ha[...] haln[...]* in K. See marginal note in A, 404v.
[43] Spelt *firdr* in K — *i* and *y* are usually distinguished in K, but I see no way to make sense of this line with *firður*.
[44] *Skratti* more usually means 'sorcerer' or 'ghost', but here seems to be used as a synonym for 'giant'.
[45] Jón Sigurðsson notes that this may be a fragment of a now-lost stanza (see the note in A, 410r), although as Finnur Jónsson points out, the fragment does not fit the metre of the *ríma* in which it is found (Finnur Jónsson 1905–12: 81).
[46] Jón Sigurðsson has a marginal note of *sic plenis literis* ('thus, spelt out in full') but does not offer a proposed emendation. See note in A, 414v.
[47] Elsewhere, this name is treated as a giant-name (see Finnur Jónsson 1926: 393), but in the context of a battle-kenning, a name for Óðinn makes more sense. *Rímur*-poets often use the names of giants and *Æsir*, especially Óðinn, interchangeably in their texts.
[48] Finnur Jónsson amends *sáðir* to *slóðir* ('paths'), which would be a more usual gold kenning.
[49] Finnur Jónsson suggests *Vignis örk* may be a 'ship of the dwarf' poetry kenning, with *Vignir* being used s a dwarf-name (*Rímurordbog*: 393).
[50] The rhyme of this line is deficient. Finnur Jónsson suggests *Arnbjörn heggur, hinn ítri seggur* ['Arnbjörn strikes, the worthy man'] (1905–12: 112). Another possibility would be *Arnbjörn enn og ítru menn* ['Still Arnbjörn and the worthy men']. Calling the traitorous Hjarrandi's men *ítru* seems dubious, although not outside the realm of poetic licence for *rímur*-poets.
[51] Finnur Jónsson, in his *Ordbog til rímur*, suggests that *bróður* here may be an error for *bylgju* or *báru*, making this kenning 'the wave of Viðrir's sea'. This is plausible, but tautological kennings, where '[close relative] of [noun]' means simply 'noun', are seen elsewhere in *rímur* (e.g. in *Lokrur* I.14, where *höðnu bræður*, 'brothers of the she-kid', are simply 'goats'). I have therefore chosen to leave this line unamended.
[52] As in V.34, this is spelt *firdr* in the MS.

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Grettis rímur is a fifteenth-century poetic account of the early life of saga-hero Grettir Ásmundarson. It opens with his father Ásmundur establishing the family farm at Barge and concludes at the end of Grettir's first period of exile in Norway. In between, it tells the story of Grettir's unpleasant childhood, his initial outlawry, and the various adventures by which he proves his worth in Norway, including his defeat of a gang of violent *berserkers*, single combat with a bear, and his chilling battle in a burial mound with the revenant Kár.

ISSN 2634-0577