# THE YOUNGER EDDA: ALSO CALLED SNORRE'S EDDA, OR THE PROSE EDDA

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

#### ISBN 9780649738113

The Younger Edda: Also Called Snorre's Edda, or The Prose Edda by Rasmus B. Anderson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

## RASMUS B. ANDERSON

# THE YOUNGER EDDA: ALSO CALLED SNORRE'S EDDA, OR THE PROSE EDDA



## THE YOUNGER EDDA:

ALSO CALLED

## SNORRE'S EDDA, OR THE PROSE EDDA.

AN ENGLISH VERSION OF THE FOREWORD; THE FOOLING OF GYLFE, THE AFTERWORD; BRAGE'S TALK, THE AFTER-WORD TO BRAGE'S TALK, AND THE IMPORTANT PASSAGES IN THE POETICAL DICTION (SKALDSKAPARMAL),

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, VOCABULARY, AND INDEX.

### By RASMUS B. ANDERSON,

PROFESSOR OF THE SCANDINAVIAN LANGUAGES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WIS-CONSIN, AUTHOR OF "AMERICA NOT DISCOVERED BY COLUMBUS,"

"NOUSE MYTHOLOGY," "DEN NORSKE MAALSAG,"

"VIKING TALES OF THE NORTH," ETC.

> CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY. LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO. 1880.

COPTRICET, 1879,

BY S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY.



DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, BINDERS, CHICAGO.

TO

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

### PREFACE.

In the beginning, before the heaven and the earth and the sea were created, the great abyss Ginungagap was without form and void, and the spirit of Fimbultyr moved upon the face of the deep, until the ice-cold rivers, the Elivogs, flowing from Niflheim, came in contact with the dazzling flames from Muspelheim. This was before Chaos.

And Fimbultyr said: Let the melted drops of vapor quicken into life, and the giant Ymer was born in the midst of Ginungagap. He was not a god, but the father of all the race of evil giants. This was Chaos.

And Fimbultyr said: Let Ymer be slain and let order be established. And straightway Odin and his brothers—the bright sons of Bure—gave Ymer a mortal wound, and from his body made they the universe; from his flesh, the earth; from his blood, the sea; from his bones, the rocks; from his hair, the trees; from his skull, the vaulted heavens; from his eye-brows, the bulwark called Midgard. And the gods formed man and woman in their own image of two trees, and breathed into them the breath of life. Ask and Embla became living souls, and they received a garden in Midgard as a dwelling-place for themselves and their children until the end of time. This was Cosmos.

The gods themselves dwelt in Asgard. Some of them were of the mighty Asa-race: Valfather Odin, and Frigg his Queen; Thor, the master of Mjolner; Balder, the good; the one-handed Tyr; Brage, the song-smith. Idun having the youth-giving apples, and Heimdal, the watcher of Asgard. Others were mild and gentle vans: Njord, Frey, and Freyja, the goddess of love; but in the midst of Asgard in daily intercourse with the gods, the serpent Loke, the friend of the giants, winded his slimy coils.

To these gods our Teutonic ancestors offered sacrifices, to them prayers ascended, and from them came such blessings as each god found it proper to bestow. Most of all were these gods worshiped on the battle-field, for there was the home of the Teuton. There he lived and there he hoped some day to die; for if the norns, the weavers of fate, permitted him to fall sword in hand, then would he not descend to the shades of Hel, but be carried in valkyrian arms up to Valhal, where a new life would be granted unto him, or better, where he would continue his earthly life in intercourse with the gods.

Happy gatherings at the banquet, where the flowing mead-horn was passed freely round, and where words of wisdom and wit abounded, or martial games with sharp swords and spears, were the delight of the asas. Under the ash Ygdrasil they met in council, and if they ever appeared outside of the walls of Asgard, it was to go on errands of love, or to make war on the giants, their enemies from the beginning. Especially did Thor seldom sit still when he heard rumors of giants; with his heavy hammer, Mjolner, he slew Hrungner and the Midgard-serpent, gave Thrym and all that race of giants bloody bridal-gifts in Freyja's garments, and frightened the juggler Loke, of Utgard, who had to resort to his black art for safety. Thus lived the gods in heaven very much like their worshipers on earth, excepting that Idun's apples ever preserved them fresh and youthful.

But Loke, the serpent, was in the midst of them. Frigg's heart was filled with gloomy forebodings in regard to Balder, her beloved son, and her mind could not find rest until all things that could harm him had sworn not to injure Balder. Now they had nothing to fear for the best god, and with perfect abandon and security they themselves made him serve as a mark, and hurled darts, stones and other weapons at him, whom nothing could scathe. But the serpent Loke was more subtle than any one within or without Asgard, whom Fimbultyr had made; and he came to Hoder, the blind god, put the tender mistletoe in his hand and directed his arm, so that Balder sank from the joys of Valhal down into the abodes of pale Hel, and did not return. Loke is bound and tortured, but innocence has departed from Asgard; among men there are bloody wars; brothers slay brothers; sensual sins grow huge; perjury has taken the place of truth. The elements themselves become discordant, and then comes the great Fimbul-winter, with its howling storms and terrible snow, that darkens the air and takes all gladness from the sun.