The Völsunga Saga

For hearing I pray
All holy kindred,
Higher and lower
Heimdall's offspring:
Ye would that Vanafather's
Wiles I set forth;
Man's ancient lore
As utmost I mind.

I mind me giants
Of yore begotten,
In by-gone seasons
Who brought me up;
Nine homes I mind me,
Nine wildwood trolls-grens,
The glorious world-tree
Beneath the mould.

In ages of yore
There yet was nothing,
No sand nor stone,
Nor sea-cold billows,
No earth there was,
No upper heaven,
Ginnung-gap only,
But gras-growth nowhere.

Till Pers sons lands
Had lifted upward,
En them who shaped
The stately Midgarth
From south the Sun
Set up the shining

With green luck was
The ground begrown.

The Sun from the south
He, Morn's companion
Hung the right hand
O'er heaven's exist.
The Sun knew not
Where halls he owned,
The Moon knew not,
What might was hers,
The stars knew not,
Where steeds they had.

Then went all Powers
To awarding tools,
The gods most holy,
And held a council:
To Night and No-moon
They names allotted;
Morning named
And Midday season,
Dawn and evening:
All years' tales.

The "Aesir" met
In Erla meadow,
Who fence and temple
Of timber reared;
Their forge they fitted,
Forbade they riches,
Tongues they shaped,
And tools they made.