

# Enslaved, Yggdrasil

I know that I hung  
In the windcold tree  
Nine whole nights  
With hurt point  
To Oden given  
Self given to myself  
In that tree  
Which nobody knows  
From which roots it ran

not given bread  
They brought no horns  
Saw down from the tree  
Took up runes  
Took them with screams  
And down from the tree I fell

Nine magic songs I got  
From the famous son of  
Boltorn, Bestlas father  
And a drink I got  
Of precious mead  
Poured by Odrere

Then I became vigorous  
And got wise  
Grew and felt well  
Of word sought word  
Me word again  
Of work sought work  
Me work again