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A Ballad of Týr
By Ross Koppel

I loved a darling puppy once,
He'd always tag along.
But with a love for malfeasance,
Young Fenrir grew too strong.

See, my Brothers Thor and Loki,
Had come to fear this beast.
The chains were made unknown to me,
To take him West or East.

They placed the chains upon his breast,
And He began to pull,
He filled with joy, you must have guessed,
When chains then shattered full.

He let a howl when He had won,
For He had beat their game.
"Please, bring another BIGGER one,
For I cannot be tamed."

He was a very playful pup,
I loathe to see him chained,
I long to see him run and jump,
Not have his freedom waned.

They brought the biggest chains there were
In all of the nine realms
And pulled them tight about Fenrir,
And battened on their helms.

He pulled and pulled and metal groaned,
And creaked under his might.
He gaped the mighty jaws he owned,
No chain withstood his bite.

Once more my dog was overjoyed,
As freedom he had won,
He checked his teeth: no fangs destroyed.
The gods were not yet done.

They made the binding Gleipnir,
From things that can't exist,
Such desperate acts against Fenrir,
In fear bade them persist.

It was but a silken ribbon,
A thing that will not rust,
A chainless game could have no fun,
Thus, Fenrir had distrust.

He asked us for collateral,

In case there was a trick
To prove the deal bilateral
I thought of something quick.

I let my hand upon his tongue,
And then I met his gaze
I raised him since a puppy young,
Then broke his trusting ways.

I gave my hand unto my hound,
His soft soul soothed from fear,
'Twas then he was forever bound,
 'Til Ragnarök is here.

“The Binding of Fenrir” is a Norse legend that describes how the great and powerful wolf, Fenrir, was both raised and bound by the god, Týr. Týr raises Fenrir, but to the chagrin of his fellow gods and goddesses, Fenrir grows quickly. The gods attempt many times to bind Fenrir using chain, but the wolf proves too powerful and breaks each chain. Finally, the gods attempt to bind Fenrir using an enchanted silken ribbon known as Gleipnir. Fenrir, having believed the chains were part of a game, becomes distrustful. To quell his trust and prove there is no foul play, Týr agrees to place his hand onto the tongue of the wolf. If the ribbon is anything but a simple silken ribbon, the wolf will be allowed to bite down. Týr, a god of his word, loses his hand in the deal. It is said that at the end of the world, an event known as Ragnarök, the bindings will fail and Fenrir will walk free.