

Excerpt from The Poetic Edda; Havamal:

139. I ween that I hung | on the windy tree,  
Hung there for nights full nine;  
With the spear I was wounded, | and offered I was  
To Odin, myself to myself,  
On the tree that none | may ever know  
What root beneath it runs.

140. None made me happy | with loaf or horn,  
And there below I looked;  
I took up the runes, | shrieking I took them,  
And forthwith back I fell.