

Jåmfri i Ul'ham
/ Maiden in Wolf Guise

JY:

A stuk o æ låwt å bost mi hoo'r
—Mi huldtrou væn—
Der så a mi stimu'er kom kyren i goo'r
—Å sinnhen de låår mi mu'er i æ juer—

A po't æ bost ni'er o mi baa'rm
A løw't hin a den fårgyllen karm

Mi stimu'er hun fåtø't
Te a hāj for gu'er en lø'k

Hun skaw't mæ om te en saws
Te a skull blyw sløw å aldri hwas

Så bløw a te en saws så gu'er
Te a bløw hwas o aldri sløw'

Åm æ daw' a klep'et lærret å lii'n
Om æ næt a såw' i jåmfri hinne skrii'n

Mi stimu'er hun fåtø't
Te a hāj for gu'er en lø'k

Hun skaw't mæ åm te en swaa'r
Te a skul alti få en uløk'le faa'r

Så bløw a te en swaa'r så gjøw'
Te a bløw hwas å aldri sløw'

Æ ri'er de war så bli'er
De sa't mæ i fårgyl'ne skii'er

Mi stimu'er hun fåtø't
Te a hāj for gu'er en lø'k

Hun skaw't mæ åm te ul' så groo'
Hun baa'r te a skul i æ skåw kuns goo'

Hun baa'r a skul i æ skåw kuns go
Te a dråk a mi bru'er hans blu'er

I æ skåw a war i å't oo'r
Mi stimu'er wåwwet æ' i æ kjær'k å goo'

Å det war i den niien
Mi stimu'er vill uurrii

A snap'et hinne ka'p så bloo'
Å løw't hin a ganger så groo'

A snap'et i hinne sii
Å u væl't tow twælner så hvii

A dråk a mi bru'er hans blu'er
Igjæn stuk a en jåmfri så gu'er

Igjæn stuk a en jåmfri så skjøn
—Mi huldtrou væn—
Mi stimu'er fik hinne fåtjæne'st i løn'
—Å sinnhæn de låår mi mu'er i ju'er—

ENG:

I was standing in the attic, brushing my hair
—My full- (or: huldra-) faithful friend—
When I saw my stepmother come driving into our yard
—And since, they buried my mother under ground—

I placed my brush by my bosom
And lifted her down from the gilded wagon

But my stepmother thought
That I had too good a luck

She turned me into a pair of scissors
So I should be dull and never sharp

But I became such a good pair of scissors
That I was sharp and never dull

Every day I would cut canvas and linen
At night I would sleep in the virgin's case

But my stepmother thought
That I had too good a luck

She turned me into the dullest sword
And asked that I would always be unlucky

But I became such a good sword
That I was sharp and never dull

Those knights were so tender
They placed me in their gilded sheaths

But my stepmother thought
That I had too good a luck

She turned me into a wolf so grey
And asked that I would roam the forest

She asked I would roam the forest
Until drinking my brother's blood

I was in the forest for eight years
My stepmother did not dare to go to church

But it was in the ninth
My stepmother dared to ride out

I seized her by her blue cape
And lifted her from her grey horse

I seized her by her side
Two twins came tumbling out, so white

Then I drank my brother's blood
Here I stand, a maiden so good

I stand here as a maiden so fair
—My full- (or: huldra-) faithful friend—
My stepmother got her deserved pay
—And since, they buried my mother under ground—

Æ Kvinn(e)morder
/ The Woman Slayer

JY:

Hr. Ribål han tjænner i æ kånng hans gor
—I æ lun'—

Å dæ tjæn't han i manne oo'r
—I æ skow der falmer æ jomfru'er—

Han tjæn't æ't får annen løn
Æn får Gulbårri hun war så skjøn

Han giilje hin da mæ list
Slæt ingen skjøn' riier'et vist

Han gilje hin da mæ u'er
slæt ingen skjøn' riier'et det tu'er

Gulbårri, Gulbårri! Samel gul' u'i di skrii'n
Imæns a sårler æ gråganger mii'n

Ja, kan du samel gul' i sæk?
Mæns a ka træk gråganger te bæc

Hr. Ribål han språn'g te hywwen hæst
Han sa't Gulbårrig i får ve hans brøst

Han ræ'ær som han no kunn'et bæst
Mæn han ræ'ær som det ty'k war mjæst

Dæærr de kam' i rosenlun'
Dæær løstet'et Ribål å tyew en stån'

Han bon' hans hæst ve en lenngræ'n
Han kååst en graw, han war æ' sie'n

Gulbårri hun soj' å tæ'n't ve' sæ
Hwæm mon den graw' ska væ' te?

Te di hun' æ en få lång
Å te di hæst dæ æ en få trån'g

Næj, den æ æ' te æ hun' dæ æ mi'in
Mæn te Gulbårri så faw'er å fi'in

Ja, hist du si'er dæm blå'k
Å dæær lewwer swaarflå'k

Å hist du sier en lel'le knål'
Dæær ån'ner lewwer å't jåmmfru'er djer gul'

Å hist ka du sier en lel'le flu'er
I dæn dæ rinner å't jåmmfru'er djer blu'er

Å du ska væær den niien
Å lii få de anner djer synner

Enhwær hå nåk ui æ syn' si æj'æn
så hå a ow nåk i mi æj'en

Mæn lææng hå du gilje mæ
Mo a da æ' jæn' gång løsk dæ?

Jow, gjaarn mo du løsk mæ lii
Åm du æ' i søwonn vil mæ swii

Swii' mæ Gud fåår' i Hemmeri'
Åm a dæ i søwonn ska swii

Han låår hans huer i hinne skør
Han sow en søwn, den war æ' så søør

Gulbårri hun soj' å tin't ve' sæ
Mån mi snøørboo'n ka æ' hjæl'p mæ?

Hun løst aw hinne snøørboo'n
Så boo'n hun Ribål hans fu'er og håån

Hun gik så te den lel'le flu'er
I den dæ rææn å't jåmmfru'er djer blu'er

Ja, hun gik så te den lel'le knål'
Dærån'er låw' å't jomfru'uer djer gul'

Å så gik hun hæn te æ blå'k
som dæ stuk swar i flå'k

Hun skwaj jen, å hun skwaj tow
Dæn træær hun a æ ski'er dråw'

Swåår mæ, swaar' – åm te du æ gu'er
Åm te du ka røør ve miniskblu'er?

Ja, væ du fast i æ håån te dæ
Som a æ hvas i æ åår te mæ

Wåwn åp, Ribål! Å snak mæ mæ
I søwonn a æ' vil swiie dæ

A bee'r dæ Gulborri! Få di u'er
La mæ føst æ præst og skrøw'temål fo

Næj, a skal skrøw't dæ al'ebæst
Såå' skrøw'ter dæ ingen såwnepæst

A bee'r dæ Gulbår! Få di nawn:
La mæ æ' lew få hun' å raw'n

A ska hwær'ken læw dæ få hun' hælle raw'n
Mæn i æ graw du sjæl' hå graw'n

Så håw hun ham i stø'ker smoo'
Som det menst løw' i æ lun' dæ lå'

Gulbårri hun språn'g o hæst så hyw'
Så ree'r hun lång faster æn te æ fåwl dæn fløw

No lew'er Ribål få hun' å raww'n
—I æ lun'—
Gulbårri hun bæ'r hinne jomfrunaw'n
—I æ skåw dæær falmer æ jomfru'er—

ENG:

Mr. Ribål serves in the king's castle
—In the grove—
And he served there for many years
—In the forest, the virgins fade—

He did not serve for other pay
Than for Gulbårri, she was so fair

He wooed her cunningly
No fair knight would know how

He wooed her with words
That no fair knight would dare to speak

Gulbårri, Gulbårri! gather gold in your case
While I saddle my grey horse

Yes, can you gather gold in sack?
While I take my horse to the brook

Mr. Ribål mounted his high horse
And placed Gulbårri in front by his chest

He rode his best
But he rode as if the thick was the most

When they arrived in the rose grove
Ribål desired to rest a little

He tied his horse to a linden tree
And dug a grave, he was not slow

Gulbårri sat and thought to herself
I wonder who that grave is for?

For your dog it is too long
And for your horse it is too narrow

No, it is not for my horse
But for Gulbårri so fair and fine

And there, you see those blocks
Where swords stand in flocks

And there you see a little hill
Under which lie eight virgins' gold

And there you see a tiny river
Where eight virgins' blood flows

And you shall be the ninth
And suffer for the sins of the others

Everyone has enough in her own sin
And so, I also have enough in my own

But you have wooed me for so long
Can't I lay with you just once?

Yes, of course you can lay with me
If you will not betray me in my sleep

Betray me God in Heaven
If I shall betray you in your sleep

He laid his head in her lap
And slept a sleep that was not sweet

Gulbårri sat and thought to herself
I wonder if my shoe laces might help me?

She loosened her shoe laces
And tied Ribål's feet and hands

And then she went to the tiny river
Where eight virgins' blood flows

Yes, she went to the little hill
In which eight virgins' gold is hidden

And then she went to the block
Where swords stand in flocks

She let one go, she let two go
The third she drew from the sheath

Answer me, sword, if you are good
If you can touch human blood?

Yes, if you are steady in your hand
As I am sharp in the point of my blade

Wake up, Ribål, and talk to me
I will not betray you in your sleep

I beg you, Gulbårri, for you word
Let me first see a priest to confess

No, I will confess you the very best
No parish priest will confess you like I do

I beg you, Gulbårri, for your name
Let me not lie for dog or raven

You will neither lay for dog nor raven
But in the grave that you have dug yourself

And then she chopped him into tiny pieces
Like the smallest leaves that lie in the grove

Gulbårri mounted her high horse
And rode much faster than the birds fly

Now Ribål is lying for dog and raven
—In the grove—
Gulbårri carries her maiden name
—In the forest, the virgins fade—

Æ Brur Hinne Kjær'kfær' / The Bride's Church Venture

JY:

Dæ buuer en man' i Riif
Han war så ææ'rl å så rii'
Han ga hans dæt'er en sel'kesærk
war fæm'ten fawwn vii'
— Sjøæl' stryger hun æ dåw a æ ju'er—

Fæm'ten war de skræ'rr
Æ særk skull skjærr og søj'
Såmm hâj hjæmm i Riif
Å såmm i rifer-bøj'

Fæm'ten war de hów'ske møø'r
Æ særk skol tow' å vrii
Såmm de fik djær hoor døø'r
Å såmm fik stin'g i æ sii

Å fæm'tem war de tømmermæn'
Æ særk sku hæng åp i æ goo'r
Somm de fik djer helsot
Å somm låw syk en oo'r

De fuller æ bruru'r te kjær'k
Hun war wal' fast i æ skin'
Fæm'ten alen tuk de a æ muu'r
Faa'r de ku trææng hin in'

Da hun kam i æ kjær'k dærin'
så tuk hun te å vraa'n
Så sluk hun nier den hellig kors
Såm faa'r hâj øwer staa'n

Æ præst stuk få alter og sâ'n'g
Han hi hærrer Knuu'r
Hæær blywer ingen messe i daw'
Kommer æ bruur æ' uu'r

Hun tuk en pennig a hinne pân'g
Hun åffert wal så nyww
Så sluk hun sønner æ dæjn hans biernn
Å stâk uu' æ præst hans yww

Det gân'g hun kam a æ kjær'k hæruu'
Så tuk hun te og li'e
No hå a warn te kjær'k i daw'
Som ænhwæær ka høø'r og si'e

Det gân'g hun kam o æ Kjærrgoor
Hun sluk âp hinne yw'n mor sky
Å alt det fææ' dæ war o æ mark
Det kôs hun hjæm' te æ bøj'
—Sjæl' stryyer hun æ dâw a æ ju'er—

ENG:

A man lived in Ribe
He was so very noble and rich
He gave his daughter a silk gown
That was fifteen embraces wide
—She is stroking the dew off the ground—

There were fifteen tailors
To cut and sew the gown
Some were at home in Ribe
And some in the city of Ribe

There were fifteen courtly maids
To wring the gown
This lead to the hard death for some
While others got side stitches

And fifteen were those carpenters
Hired in to hang the gown in the yard
Some got ill all over
And some were ill for a year

They followed the bride to church
She was quite firm in her flesh
But they had to take fifteen cubits off the wall
In order to push her in

When she came into the church
She started looking up
And then she knocked down the holy cross
That had been hanging above

The priest stood by the altar, singing
His name was Mr. Knuu'r
There will be no mass today
If that bride does not get out

Then she took a penny from her wallet
She sacrificed so very carefully
Then she knocked down the parish clerk
And pointed out the eyes of the priest

When she came out from the church
She started laughing
I have been to church today
As everyone can hear and see

When she entered the church yard
She gazed towards the sky
And all the creatures that were in the field
She kissed on her way home to town
—She is stroking the dew off the ground—

**Æ Skjållmø
/ The Shield-maiden**

JY:

Lirren Kjæsten hun spuor hinne muer
—Æ hærrer tuk æ falk—
Hååj a æ' en bru'er?
—Få de hâj spæ'æn ham i æ tâ'rn—

Di bruer æ æ' hjæmm i oo'r
Få han lewwer bonnen i æ kånng hans goo'r

Ja, hååj a saa'rl å bissel a nøj'
Da skull a hin't mi bru'er fra bøj'

Wal ka du få saa'rl å bissel a nøj'
Mæn æ't ka du hin't di bru'er fra bøj'

Lirren Kjæsten å hun språng te ganger hyw'
Så ree'r hun lång faster æn te æ fåwl dæn fløw

Å dæær hun kam te æ bää'r si le
Uu stuk æ kånng hans slarfrærskwin' å hwiilt sæ ve

Å hø'ør du, æ kånng hans slarfrærskwin'
Å hu æ så æ fanger in'?

Få østen i wår bää'r si goo'r
Dæær plæjer æ fanger å kruus djær hoo'r

Få østen i wår stjænnestååw
Dæær plæjer æ fanger alti å såww

Hun pe'ket o æ daar mæ hinne skin'
Stå åp mi kjæær bru'er te du lå'åker mæ in'

Å æ' så ka æ låk dæ in'
Få a lewwer bonnen lisâm en fanng

Fæm'ten nawler å en lel'le pin'
Dem låt hun fra å så gik hun in'

Høø'r du, mi kjæær bru'er hwa a sæjer te dæ
Hwoffå lo du dæ a æ dannerkånng binn

Mæ bon' æ' fiir, mæ bon' æ' fæm'
Mæ bon' wal trarwe jarnklæj mæn'

Mæ bon' æ' å't, mæ bon' æ' nii'h
Mæ bon' wal hunner ri'er fri'h

Hæær stoo'r a, en kwin' så smal som en linn
Wal hunner ri'er sku æ't mæ binn

Hun løøst hinne bru'er a hooresten boo'n
Hun så't æ kånng hans slarfrærskwin' dæær imu'er

Hæls æ Dannerkånng, næ han kommer hjæm'
hæær har warn en mø, dæ hå løø'st en swæn'

Lirren Kjæsten hun språn'g te hywwen hæst
Hon sa't hinne bru'r ve hinne brøst

Å dæær hun kam uu' i Rosenlun'
Dæær mø't hin æ Dannerkånng hans lelle hun'

Å dæær hun kam uu' i en grønne æn'g
Dæær mø't hin æ Dannerkånng all hans hâwmæn'

Du håller mi hæst i towl å i tømm
De stoo'r å a gor hæen å sna'kker mæ dæmm

Du håller mi hæst uu' i bissel å miil'
Fåwaa'r dæ te du nõwner æ' æ naww'n te mæ

Lirren Kjæsten hun hâw te hun bløw træt
Hun stuk wal i trærrer mæn' djær ræt

Lirren Kjæsten hun hâw te hun bløw mu'er
Hun stuk wal i hunner ri'er djær bluer.

Lirren Kjæsten å hun drawer uu' hinne swaa'r
Wa'et æ' jær, Dannerkångg, sku I faar en ufaa'r

Lirren Kjæsten å hun drawer uu' hinne knyw'
Wa'et æ' jær, Dannerkångg, det sku kåst jer æ lyw'

Ja, håjj du byrd å håjj du æær
Så wal ku du dråning i Dannemark væær

Ja, wal hår a byrd å wal hår a æær
Så wal ku a dråning i Dannemark væær

Hål åp lirren Kjæsten, du steller di haarm
Du ska bæær gullkroon å æ dronning hinne naw'n

A skø'ter æ' å di gul' så røø'r
—Æ hæerre tuk æ falk—
A aw'ter lånt mier mi bruer hans døø'r
—Få de håj spæ'æn ham i æ tårn—

ENG:

Little Kirsten asked her mother
—The lord took the falcon—
Didn't I have a brother?
—For they had chained him in the tower—

Your brother isn't home this year
Because he is chained in the king's castle

Well, did I have a new saddle and bridle
I would free my brother from the city

You can have a new saddle and bridle
But you can't free your brother from the city

Little Kirsten mounted her high horse
And rode way faster than the bird flies

And when she arrived at the castle's fence
The king's woman was resting thereby

And listen, you, the king's woman
Where do you keep the prisoners?

Towards the east in our courtyard
There, the prisoners usually frizz their hair

Towards the east in our stone hall
That's where the prisoners usually sleep

She knocked on the door with her skin
Stand up, my dear brother, and let me in

How should I let you in?
When I'm chained here just like a prisoner?

Fifteen nails and a small stick
She lured from the door and then she went in

Listen, dear brother, what I ask you:
Why did you let the Danish king put you in chains?

It wasn't four or five who chained me
But thirty iron-clad men

It wasn't eight or nine who chained me
But one hundred free knights

Here I stand, a woman as slim as a linden
Not hundred knights could put me in chains

She freed her brother from his hardest chains
And put the king's woman in his place

Extend my regards to the Danish king, when he returns
A maid has been here to release a man

Little Kirsten mounted her high horse
And placed her brother in front by her chest

And when she entered the rose grove
She encountered the Danish king's little dog

And when she entered the green meadow
She encountered the Danish king and all his men

You will hold my horse's reins
All the while I go talk to them

You will hold my horse's bridle
Beware not to mention my name

Little Kirsten fought until she got tired
Then she stood in the right of thirty men

Little Kirsten fought until she became courageous
Then she stood in the blood of one hundred men

Little Kirsten draws out her sword
Wasn't it you, Danish king, you would be damned

Little Kirsten draws out her knife
Wasn't it you, Danish king, it would cost you your life

If you had lineage and honour
You could very well be the queen of Denmark

Of course I have lineage, of course I have honour
Of course I could be the queen of Denmark

Stop, Little Kirsten, you will calm your rage
You will wear a gold crown and the queen's name

I don't care for your gold, however red
—The lord took the falcon—
I'm much more concerned about my brother's death
—For they had chained him in the tower—

Æ fáwan'leng / The Transformation

JY:

Hæær gor dans o æ bjæær
—Drywer'en dáw, fæller'en rii'm—
Hæær danser æ ælver-dwæær
—Få den a ga æ trow sãm'æ mii'n—

Hæær danser hun dæ'ter Dännimoo'r
Å så skjøn en rii'er a Rosensgoo'r

A skaawer dæ te så lirren en par skow
A draawer dæ o mi fæær tow

A løster nåk di gawwer å bæær
Mæn a lyster æ' en par skow å væær

A skaawer dæ til en par hannsker så fiin
A drawer dæ o æ smo hinner miin

A løster nåk di gawwer å bæær
Mæn a løster æ' en par hannsker å væær

A skaawer dæ te så lirren en gulltroo'r
A flæt'er dæ i mi fawwer hoo'r

A løster nåk di gawwer å bæær
Å a løster ow en gulltroo'r å væær

A skaawer dæ te så lirren en gull-lin'
A flæt'er dæ ve mi rosen-kin'

A løster nåk di gawwer å bæær
Å a løster ow en gull-lin' å væær

Den ri'er å dæt'er Dannimoo'r
De ky'er te hinne fåår' hans goo'r

Å dæær de kommer te æ bää'rw si leh
Uu stuk hinne fåår' å hwiilt så veh

Å wallkom'en, dæ'ter Donnimoo'r
Å så skjøn' en Rii'r a Rosensgoo'r

Så sluk hun åwwen hinne koobe bloo'
Å mi kjæær fåår' I si'er hæær oo'

Han æ æ' an'er di koobe bloo'
Han æ flæt in' i di fawer hoo'r

Så sluk hun åwwen hinne skaarlawwen kin'
Å ja, mi kjæær fåår' I si'er hæerin'

Han æ æ' an'er di skaarlawwn-kin'
Han æ flæt ve di rosens-kin'

Så tuk han åp så hwas en knyw'
Han skor æ lå'ker i stø'ker syw'

Han skoo'r æ lå'ker i stø'ker nii'h
Mæn æ ri'er a rosensgoo'r gik frii'h

Dæ æ æ' en møø' i den hæær land
Dæ så ka bewaar si æwteman'

Dæ æ æ' en swæn' o dæn hæær ø
—Drywer'en dåw, fæller'en rii'm—
Dæ hår så kånste en fæstemø
—Få den a ga æ trow sãm'æ mii'n—

ENG:

Here, the dance is on hills
—The dew drifts, the frost falls—
Here, the elver dwarfs are dancing
—For the one I gave my faith—

Here, she is dancing, Daughter Donnimaar
And the oh, so fair, knight of the rose garden

I will turn you into a small pair of shoes
I will wear you on my little feet

I do long to carry your gifts
But I don't want to be a pair of shoes

I will turn you into a pair of fine gloves
I will wear you on my little hands

I do long to carry your gifts
But I don't want to be a pair of gloves

I will turn you into a golden thread
I will braid you into my golden hair

I do long to carry your gifts
And I do want to be a golden thread

I will turn you into a golden linen
I will braid you by my rosy cheek

I do long to carry your gifts
And I do want to be a golden linen

The knight and Daughter Donnimaar
They drive to her father's castle

And when they arrive at the castle's fence
Her father is resting thereby

Welcome, Daughter Donnimaar
And the oh, so fair, knight of the rose garden

Then she opened her blue cape
Oh yes, my dear father, you are looking at us

He is not under your blue cape
He is braided into your golden hair

Then she presented her scarlet cheek
Yes, my dear father, you are looking here-in

He is not under your scarlet cheek
He is braided by your rosy cheek

Then he brought forth a knife so sharp
And cut her hair into seven pieces

He cut her hair into nine pieces
But the knight of the rose garden escaped

There is no maiden in this land
Who thus may enchant her husband

There is no man on this island
—The dew drifts, the frost falls—
Who has such a cunning spouse
—For the one I gave my faith—

Thanks to:

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