

A young maiden fair, the shame of lovemaking bear
For by the fruits of sin, you never can rejoice.
One autumn evening so raw, after secrecy and murder
In unblessed soil an infant she bury.

One day she was wed, in the barn a celebration was held
After the guests heard their parish priest.
A cheerful violin, into dance the bride is taken
When a miserable voice through the floorboard cracks are heard:

"My body is too long
For the grave which is too narrow,
Rotten and cold is my gown,
Wishful is my soul."

Three men took courage, and so they dug up
To their horror and grief, a child's dead body.
Now she dances, the bride who just got wed
With an ascended myling, towards her own grave.

"My body was too long
For the grave which was too narrow,
Peace now I won
When I mother mine found."