

Brun rides off to the maiden's home  
- Brun sleeps all alone -  
Before him the maiden stands alone  
- The howling wind and rainstorms lash the northern  
mountains  
Three northerners lie dead there -

His mantle of blue Brun spreads so wide,  
Lifts up the maiden, and away he rides.

And Brun rides many a weary mile  
Until he longs to rest for a while.

"Now hear me, maiden, I'll tell you plain:  
Fifteen maids in this place I have slain."

And Brun lay down with that maiden fair,  
Till sweet sleep overcame him there.

Her braids of gold the maiden unties  
And binds Brun hand and foot where he lies.

"Rise up now, Brun, as quick as you can,  
For I never will slay a sleeping man."

Her knife of gold she takes in her hand  
And stabs young Brun to the quick where he stands.

"Lie there till the ravens and dogs have their fill,  
And my maiden's virtue will be with me still.

"Lie there, lie there on the ground so cold,  
- Brun lies all alone -  
And still I will keep my maiden's gold."  
- The howling wind and rainstorms lash the northern  
mountains  
Three northerners lie dead there -