

Under the caress of the mountain prospered  
Two mortals which all beheld  
Never surrendering before them  
All happening in a horrifying manner  
One, proud as a god  
Raised high his head for heaven  
Bold and brave, the hunter  
(of that forest, he was alone)  
The other, sweet as a rosary  
Despite being arrested by the winter (Season)  
Which coldness makes anyone fall  
Still then (she stubbornly rose her head) with love  
For the spite the unleashed storm  
Their beauty and love  
(were the truth to their union)  
'Cause after uncovering the sun  
Were they still holding one another  
Both living in happiness  
The boy in his youth was Frithiof  
Beauty young... Ingesburge  
Was the maiden of his dreams  
Both so sweet as Brunbilde  
That Freya, goddess of love  
Wanted them to live in her mansion  
And so, were they both sheltered without delay  
The moon undone in moonlight  
Near the forest they danced  
Without knowing what has been  
Embraced together through the flames of the night  
When he understood the signs  
Frithiof, happier than a god  
Felt in intensive happiness  
When he met his newly bride