

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."