

En lystig Bise/
om Torckil Trundson/ oc
stolt Adellutz/ lystig
at siunge/ etc.



Torkild hand er den gæveste svend,
Som sverdet kand bære ved side;
Og hver den dag der Østen Dages
Det lyster hannem at ride.

Saa felder hun lyden for hannem.

Hand rider sig saa aarle ud,
Som fuglen under øe;
Feste hand sig stolten Adeluds,
Hun er saa væn en møe.

Hand rider sig at bede dyvr
Udi Her Laves have;
Lover hand stolten Adeluds
Hand agter at ville hende have.

Der var hand i nætter,
Og der var hand i to;
Ingen mand det vidste,
Og ingen mand det fro.

Ingen mand det vidste,
Og ingen mand det fro.
Foruden Adeludsens tjenestemøe,
Og dertil hans svenne to.

Torkild tager jomfruen i sin favn,
Hand taler til hende med gammen;
Det er stor ynck at skille dem ad,
Som gjerne vilde være tilsammen.

Det svarede Adeludes tjeneste-møe,
Hun kunde baade tugt og ære;
Torkild, I vogter og varer eder vel,
I spilder ikke min jomfrues ære.

Svarede det Torkild Trundesen,
Hand ikke af hjertet lo;
Hør du Ellene lilde,
Du skalt det ikke troe.

Torkild han lader hende klæder skære,
Hvordanne hun vilde dem have;
Hver den søm som der laa paa,
Lod hand med rød guld drage.

Torkild he is the doughtiest man
That can bear a sword at his side;
And every day when dawn lights the East
His great delight is to ride.

Her face changes hue when she sees him.

He now rides off at break of day,
As birds fly up so free;
He seeks to woo gentle Adelitz,
So fair a maid is she.

He rides off to graze his herd
Out on Sir Lave's land;
He promises gentle Adelitz
He wishes to gain her hand.

He was there for one night,
And he was there for two;
There was no one heard of this,
Or knew it to be true.

There was no one heard of this,
Or knew it to be true;
Except gentle Adelitz's maid,
And his attendants two.

Torkild takes her in his embrace,
To her he speaks with kind heart;
It is pitiful to separate
Those who never would be apart.

Then spoke unto him Adelitz's maid,
Of decency and honour;
My lady's virtue, Torkild, I pray
You never will take from her.

To this replied Torkild Trundesen,
With solemn heart spoke he;
I swear to you, young Ellen,
I shall treat her courteously.

Torkild had garments made for her,
Such as she gladly would own;
And every single stitch they bore
With fine red gold was sewn.

Meldte det stolten Adeluds,
Der hun de klæder saa;
Christ signe alle de Skræddere,
Som der lagde vind uppaa.

Christ signe alle de Skræddere,
Som der lagde vind uppaa;
Baade først og sidst Torkil Trundesen,
Som alt den kostning monne staa.

Kongen hand lader en Herredag gjøre,
Med ridder og raske Hovmænd;
Og ikke kom Torkild Trundesen,
Før Herredagen havde ende.

Det var om en Søndag,
Saa hellig var de tide;
Det var Torkil Trundesen,
Hand lyster til kongen at ride.

Torkild han kom der ridende i gaard,
Og fremmest for alle sine svenne;
Kongen hand spurde hannem selver ad,
Hvor haver du været saa lenge?

Med min høg og med min hund,
Var jeg reden i grønne lund;
Hvilken svend som dyvrene vil bede,
Hand skal end tøve en stund.

Du rider saa lenge at bede dyvr,
Udi Her Laves have;
Det samme dyvr du lyster at bede,
Det legger dit liv udi grave.

Jeg skal faa dig andet at gjøre,
End bede de dyvr i have;
Du skalt fare til Island,
Alt med Her Esben snare.

Det svarede Torkil Trundesen,
Hand svared' sin Herre med ære;
Jeg haver saa ofte i Island været,
Jeg maatte end skot hjemme være.

Det var Danner Konning,

Gentle Adelitz she did exclaim
When she these garments saw;
May Christ bless all the tailors
Who have worked their fingers sore.

May Christ bless all the tailors
Who have worked their fingers sore;
But first and last Torkil Trundesen,
Who the cost of all this bore.

The king a special assembly called,
Which knights and high men should attend;
But Torkild Trundesen came not
Till the day was nigh at an end.

It was on a Sunday,
So holy a time did preside;
It was Torkil Trundesen,
To the king he did finally ride.

Torkild on horseback arrived at the court
At the head of his sturdy throng;
The king in person asked him,
What was it kept you so long?

Out with my hawk and with my dog,
I rode to the clearing so green;
Any man taking his herd to graze,
Must needs rest a while, I wean.

Out to Sir Lave's land you ride,
In order your herd to tend;
The same herd that you fondly graze,
Will bring your life to an end.

I will give you something else to do
Than graze your herd near and far;
You are to journey to Iceland,
Along with Sir Esben Snare.

Then answered Torkil Trundesen,
He answered his lord without guile;
So often in Iceland I have been,
I deserve to be home for a while.

It was the King of the Danes,

Hand slog sin haand imod bord;
Hand sad alt saa længe,
Og tænkte paa det ord.

Her er vel de dig ynke,
Og ikke forglemme dig;
Hør det Torkil Trundesen,
Til Island skalt du for mig.

Det var Torkil Trundesen,
Sit ord kunde hand vel vende;
I er min Herre, jeg er eders svend,
I hvor I vil mig sende.

Det var om en Søndag,
Saa hellig da var den tid;
Torkild hand sende sin svend for sig,
Bad Præsten efter hannem bide.

Det var Torkil Trundesen,
Bad sadle sin ganger med ære;
Hand rider til den samme kirke,
Hvor Adeluds monne være.

Det var Torkil Trundesen,
Hand ganger ad Kirken ind;
Hilser hand fruere og stolte jomfruere,
Saa hæderlig hilser hand dem.

Han taler til fruere og stolte jomfruere,
Som hannem stod allernest;
Baade først og sidst stolten Adeluds,
Hand undte hende allerbest.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun spurde ad Moder sin;
Hvem da er det Sendinge bud,
Der skal til Island ride.

Det svarede hendes kiere Moder,
Hun smilede under sit skind;
Det skal Torkild Trundesen,
Dend aller kieresten din.

Jeg haver ikke mere med Torkild,
End med en anden unger svend;

On the table he struck his fist;
He pondered there for quite a while
On what Torkil had said in their midst.

Here are those that feel pity,
And forgotten you will not be;
Hear you, Torkild Trundesen,
To Iceland you shall for me.

It was Torkil Trundesen,
He wisely chose to consent;
You are my Master, I am your man,
Where'er you would have me sent.

It was on a Sunday,
So holy a time did preside;
Torkild he sent his man ahead,
Asked the priest for him to bide.

It was Torkil Trundesen,
Had his steed got ready to ride;
He sets off at once to the selfsame church
Where Adelutz sits inside.

It was Torkil Trundesen,
The church he enters so free;
The ladies and gentle maidens there
He greets most courteously.

He speaks to ladies and maidens alike,
That closest to him he'd profess;
But first and last gentle Adelutz,
The one that his heart loves best.

It was gentle Adelutz,
Took her mother on one side;
Who is to be the king's messenger,
That to Iceland has to ride?

Then answered her dear mother,
She smiled to herself apart;
That is to be Torkild Trundesen,
The dearest of all to your heart.

I have no more to do with Torkild,
Than with all the other young men;

Herre Gud lade mig leve dend dag,
At Torkild kommer glad igjen.

Messen hun var sjungen,
Og folket det foer hiem;
Torkild og stolten Adeluds,
De gjorde deres tale saa lang.

Hør du stolten Adeluds,
Du skalt hverken sørge eller kvide;
En liden stund ikke half-lenge,
Vil jeg til Island ride.

En stakked reise er snarlig endt,
Til Island at ride;
Dend tøkkes en stakked tiid være lang,
Som baade skal sørge og kvide.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Fuldte Torkil til Ganger sin;
Der hun vendte tilbage igjen,
Da rand hende taare paa kind.

Der var liden glæde,
De bøde hver andre god nat;
Saa finge de bør hin blide,
De segled' til Island saa brat.

Fire af sine svenne,
Tog hand af landet med sig;
I andre skulde hiemme være,
At vogte min hiertens kiere.

De vunde op deres silke-segl,
Under deres forgyldte raa;
Saa seglede de til Island,
Mindre end maaneder to.

De vunde op deres silke-segl,
Dennem bleste baade vejr og vind;
Saa seglede de til Island,
Mindre end maaneder to.

Vejret det bleste og skibene skred,
Og bølgerne legte paa bord;
Stille sad Torkil Trundesen,

May the Lord God let me see the day,
When Torkild returns safe again.

The mass was sung and over,
Back home the people all went;
Torkild and gentle Adelutz,
Much time in talking spent.

Listen to me gentle Adelutz,
Do not grieve or be sad for me;
A short while, not even half as long,
I must travel to Iceland by sea.

A brief sea journey is soon at an end
That to Iceland me will take;
A brief time seems far too long to one
Who grieves or is sad for my sake.

It was gentle Adelutz,
Followed Torkild to his horse;
When she later returned again,
The tears down her cheeks did course.

Joy was in short measure,
They wished each other good night;
Then a fair and gentle wind arose
To Iceland their boat took flight.

Four of his own true men,
He took with him when he set sail;
The others were to remain at home
And keep his love safe without fail.

They hoisted up their silken sail,
Under their gilded spar;
Then they did make for Iceland,
Within two months they sailed that far.

They hoisted up their silken sail,
Aided by fair wind and star;
Then they did make for Iceland,
Within two months they sailed that far.

The wind it blew, the ships sailed on,
And the waves they washed on board;
In silence sat Torkil Trundesen,

Han taledede ikke et ord.

Det var Esben Snare,
Hand taledede om den vind;
Ikke er der seglet den sø, i dag
At Tørkild tør blegne om kind.

Jeg vil segle en søe med dig,
Om tusind gylden at være;
Jeg vil bryde en stang med dig,
For alle jomfruers ære.

Saa kaste de deres anker,
Alt paa den hvide sand;
Torkild og Her Esbern Snare,
De trene der først paa land.

Mit udi dend borrig gaard,
Da axlede de deres skind;
Og saa gaa de i højeloft,
For Islands konning ind.

Hil sidder I Islands Konning,
Alt over eders brede bord;
Konningen udi Danmark,
Haver sendt eder brev og ord.

Det var Islands Konning,
Der hand udi brevet saae;
Saa tog hand ud en liden kniv,
Og skar dem udi stykker smaa.

Det mældte Islands Konning,
Hannem kom der saa meget i hu;
Før haver mand hørt saa fattig en svend,
Haver faaet saa rig en Jomfru.

Det svarede Torkil Trundesen,
Hand stod Kongen allernest;
Ikke var brevet saa ilde skrevet,
At I maatte det jo have for læst.

Hør du Torkild Trundesen,
Fuldvel kiender jeg dig;
Syv tønder af det hvide sølv,
Dem skattede din fader fra mig.

He spoke not a single word.

It was Esben Snare,
He spoke of the wind so hale;
The sea has not been sailed today
That Thorkild's cheek needs grow pale.

I sea I will gladly sail with you,
With a thousand guilders at stake;
I will gladly split a lance with you
For each virtuous maiden's sake.

Then they did all cast anchor
Up on the silver sand;
Torkild and Sir Esbern Snare
Were the first to tread on land.

Once within the courtyard
They shouldered their finest skins;
They then climbed up the many stairs
To Iceland's king entered in.

Hail to you, King of Iceland,
Who at your great table sit;
The King of Denmark has sent you
Letters and words he sees fit.

It was the King of Iceland,
When the letters he had read;
Took in his hand a little knife
Cut them in tiny shreds.

Then said the King of Iceland,
The memories flooded in;
But once did one hear of a swain so poor,
That so rich a maid did win.

Then answered Torkild Trundesen,
Right next to the king he stood proud;
The letter was scarcely so badly writ
That it needs be read out aloud.

Mark thee well, Torkild Trundesen,
Full well do I know thee;
Seven barrels of shining silver
Did thy father levy from me.

Syv tønder af det hvide sølv,
Dem skattede din fader fra mig.
Otte tønder af det røde guld,
Vil jeg ikke have for dig.

Det svarede Torkil Trundesen,
Det meste der hand torde;
Fuld livet kand jeg volde deri,
Hvad som min fader gjorde.

Hør du Torkil Trundesen,
Haver du det ikke før hørt;
Det skal grisen gjelde,
Det gamle sviin har gjort.

Det svarede Torkil Trundesen,
Det bedste der hand kunde;
Op da voxer dend liden griis,
Mad hvasse tænder i munde.

Alle da finge de Kongens mend,
Orlov hiem at fare;
Foruden Torkil Trundesen,
Hand maatte der eene være.

Alle Daner Kongens mænd,
Fore hiem hver til sin møe;
Forunden Torkil Trundesen,
Hand skulde udi taarnet døe.

Toge de Torkil Trundesen,
Lode hannem i taarnet ind;
Hand tænkte paa Fruer og stolte Jomfruer,
Og mest paa kieresten sin.

Alle da stode de Danske hovmænd,
De saae ilde derved;
Toge de Torkild Trundesen,
Bunde hannem i taarnet ned.

Det svarede Torkilds liden smaadreng,
Var klæd i kjortel rød;
Enten skal jeg følge Torkild hiem,
Eller jeg skal med hannem dø.

Seven barrels of shining silver
Did thy father levy from me.
Eight barrels of the finest red gold
I would not trade for thee.

Then answered Torkil Trundesen,
More boldly than he was bid;
I cannot life-long be held to account
For what my father did.

Mark thee well, Torkil Trundesen,
Shouldst thou not have heard it before;
It still applies to the little pig
What was done by the fat old boar.

Thus answered Torkild Trundesen,
In words quite direct, not uncouth;
The little piglet will soon grow up
And full of sharp teeth is his mouth.

All of the king's men were then allowed
To their country to sail back home;
Apart from Torkild Trundesen,
Who had to remain there alone.

All of the King of Denmark's men
Could return to their loves by and by;
Except for Torkil Trundesen,
Who there in the tower was to die.

They then seized Torkild Trundesen,
In the tower they him confined;
He thought of ladies and maidens gentle,
But most for his sweetheart he pined.

All of the Danish retainers stood there,
Sad at this misuse of power;
They took poor Torkild Trundesen
Led him fettered down into the tower.

Then did Torkild's servant lad,
Clad in a kirtel red;
If I cannot follow Sir Torkild home,
I will stay with him here till I'm dead.

Hør du nu Herr Esbern Snare,
En bøn saa beder jeg dig;
Siig stolten Adeluds tusind god nat,
Bed hende ej forglemme mig.

Du bede hende dandse eller kvede,
Og være baade glad og fro;
Jeg vil inden aar og dag,
Med hende bygge og bo.

De vunde op deres silke segl,
Under deres forgyldte raa;
Saa seglede de til Dannemark,
Mindre end måneder to.

Kaste de deres anker,
Alt paa den hvide sand;
Det var Her Esbern Snare,
Hand treen der først paa land.

Det var Her Esbern snare,
Hand treen der først paa land;
Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun rakte hannem hvide haand.

Velkommen Her Esbern Snare,
Og vilt du sige mig,
Hvor lider Torkild Trundesen,
Af landet foer med dig.

Torkild han tienner udi Island,
Baade for guld og ære;
Hand sender eder tusinde god nat,
I er hans hiertens kiære.

Hand bad eder hverken sørge eller kvide,
I skulde være baade glad og fro;
Hand vil inden aar og dag,
Med eder bygge og bo.

Da svarede stolten Adeluds,
Og hende rand taare paa kind;
Det raade Gud fader i himmerig,
At Torkild bliver nogen tid min.

Det da svared' den liden smaa-dreng,

Now listen, Sir Esbern Snare,
To gentle Adelitz please this convey;
A thousand good nights from me to her,
Ask her not to forget me, I pray.

Tell her that she shall both dance and sing,
Be happy, with joy be blessed;
Within a year and a day I hope
With her to build us a nest.

They hoisted up their silken sail,
Under their gilded spar;
Then they did make for Denmark,
Within two months they sailed that far.

Then they did all cast anchor
Up on the silver sand;
It was Sir Esbern Snare,
Who was first to tread on land.

It was Sir Esbern snare,
Who was first to tread on land;
It was the gentle maid Adelitz,
She held out her lily-white hand.

Welcome Sir Esbern Snare,
And will you tell me true;
Where now is Torkild Trundesen
Who left the land with you.

Torkild her serves in Iceland,
For honour and gold so clear;
A thousand good nights he sends to you,
Who are to him most dear.

He bade you neither to grieve or pine,
To be happy, with joy be blessed;
Before a year and a day are past,
He with you will build a nest.

Then answered gentle Adelitz
On her cheek the tears did shine;
May the Lord God in heaven ordain
That Torkild one day shall be mine.

Then did the small young boy speak up,

Var klæd i kjortel rød;
Torkild han sider udi Island,
I taarnet monne hand døe.

Torkild hand sidder udi Island,
Alt inden saa haarde giemme;
Hand bad eder for den øverste Gud,
I skulde hannem ikke forglemme.

Er nu Torkild udi Island,
Alt udi taarnet sat;
Det vil jeg for sanningen sige,
At mig nyder hand det ad.

Sidder nu Torkild Trundesen,
Alt inden saa haarde giemme;
Jeg vil mit liv for Torkild vove,
Jeg vil hannem aldrig forglemme.

Det var ikke derefter,
Maaneder uden to;
Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Han bode for synden aa.

Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Hand bad sadle sin hest;
Jeg vil ride mig op paa land,
Her Lave vil jeg gieste.

Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Hand kom der ridend' i gaard;
Ude stander Her Lave,
Hand var velsvøbt i maard.

Hil stander du Her Lave,
Du est vel svøbt i skind;
Du giver mig stolten Adeluds,
Den kiereste dotter din.

Det svarede Her Lave,
Hand var baade klog og snild;
Jeg vil spørge min dotter ad,
Om det er hendes villie.

Hil sidder du stolten Adeluds,
Vel er dig du lever;

He was clad in a kirtel red;
Torkild he sits in Iceland,
In a tower locked up till he's dead.

Torkild he sits in Iceland,
In a dungeon foul he is kept;
He bade you by almighty God,
You him never will forget.

If Torkild now is in Iceland,
And in a tower has to sit;
Then I in truth will say to you,
This is not to my benefit.

If Torkild Trundesen now sits
In a dungeon foul he is kept;
I will risk my life for Torkild,
Him will I never forget.

It was not just thereafter,
But almost two months as well;
It was Sir Stig Jonsen,
Who south of the river did dwell.

It was Sir Stig Jonsen,
His horse he had saddled withal;
I will ride northwards through the land,
On Sir Lave will make a call.

It was Sir Stig Jonsen,
Into the courtyard he rode;
Out there stands Sir Lave,
Swathed in a fine ermine coat.

Hail stand you there, Sir Lave
In your ermine coat well dressed;
Grant to me gentle Adelitz
The daughter whom you love best.

To this answered Sir Lave,
He was both clever and wise;
I will consult my daughter
And you of her will apprise.

Hail sit you here gentle Adelitz,
Well it is that you live;

Dig beder Her Stig Jonsen,
Og hannem vil jeg dig give.

Hil sidder du stolten Adeluds,
Vel er dig alle dine dage;
Dig beder Her Stig Jonsen,
Og hannem skalt du have.

Det svarede stolten Adeluds,
Hun svor om Gud og mænd;
Det kom aldrig i min hu,
At jeg vil gifte mig end.

Det svarede hendes kiere moder,
Og svarede hun da saa;
Dend svend hand er i Island,
Der hendes hu ligger paa.

Dend svend hand er i Island,
Der ald din hu ligger paa;
Var hand end nu af Island,
Du skalt hannem aldrig faa.

Jeg haver ikke meere med Torkild,
End med en anden unger-svend;
Herre Gud lad mig leve den dag,
At Torkild kommer glad igen.

Det svarede Adeludsis tienneste-møe,
Og svarede hun dertil;
I giver ikke min Jomfru anden svend,
End hun selv have vil.

Fuld snart da svared Her Lave,
Han var en mand saa brat;
Fuld vel giver jeg min dotter bort,
Og spørg ikke min terne til raad.

Aldrig finge de hendes villie,
Og aldrig sagde hun ja;
Drukke de deres bryllup,
Den samme maaned's dag.

Drukke de deres bryllup,
Alt baade med glæd' og gammen;
Adeluds og hendes tienneste-møe,

Sir Stig Jonsen would have your hand,
And you to him will I give.

Hail sit you here gentle Adelitz,
May you fare well all your life;
Sir Stig Jonsen would have your hand,
And you are to be his wife.

Then answered gentle Adelitz,
She swore by both God and man;
To give my hand in marriage
Has as yet never been my plan.

Then answered her dear mother,
And this is what she said;
The man on whom her mind is set
Lies in Iceland till he is dead.

The man he lies in Iceland,
On whom all your mind is set;
Even were he not on Iceland,
You shall never with him be wed.

I have no more to do with Torkild
Than with all the other young men;
May the Lord God let me see the day
When Torkild returns safe again.

Then answered Adelitz's maid,
And this is what she said;
Do not give my lady some other man
Than the one she wishes to wed.

At once Sir Lave answered,
A hot-tempered man was he;
I shall certainly give my daughter away,
And no servant shall counsel me.

They never obtained her acceptance,
And never a yes did she say;
Yet they drank to their betrothal,
That very same month and same day.

They drank to their betrothal,
And the wedding was organised;
Adelitz and her servant maid

De vidste vel snildhed tilsammen.

Det var silde om en aften,
Der de fulde bruden til seng;
Stolten Adeluds og hendes møe,
De gjorde deres tale saa længe.

Hør du Ellinelild,
Vilt du være brud for mig;
Alle de dage jeg leve maa,
Fuld vel skal jeg lønne dig.

Det svarede Ellinelilde,
Hun svarede sin jomfru med ære;
Gjerne ville jeg det gjøre,
Hvad eder til villie kand være.

Silde om den aften,
Da skikkede de det saa;
Ellinelild hun ganger til brude-huus,
Og stolten Adeluds ganger derfra.

Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Hand klapped hende ved hviden kind;
Er jeg nu den allerkiereste
I haver udi eders sind.

Det var Ellinelilde,
Hun svarede sin jomfrues ord;
Alt er I den allerkiereste,
Men jeg maa ikke Torkil faa.

Jeg vil aldrig forsvære,
At Torkild havde mig ej kier;
Men det vil jeg for sandingen sige,
Hand bød mig aldrig u-ære.

Aarle om den morgen,
Da skikkede de det saa;
Adeluds gik til brude-huus,
Og Ellin gik derfra.

Aarle om den morgen,
Det første dagen var lys;
Det var Danner Konning,
Hand ganger til brude-huus.

Together a plan devised.

It was late in the evening,
When they followed the bride to her bed;
Gentle Adelitz and her maid,
These words to each other then said.

Listen my sweet Ellinelill,
Will you be the bride in my stead;
Full well I'll reward you if you do,
All the days that may lie ahead.

Then answered her maid Ellinelill,
She answer most honestly;
Gladly will I accept to do
Whatever your will might be.

It was late that evening,
The two arranged it this way;
Ellinelill went to the bridal bed,
While Adelitz stole away.

It was Sir Stig Jonsen,
He patted her lily-white cheek;
Am I now the dearest in your mind,
And no other man you seek?

It was Ellinelill,
Her lady's words; said as assigned;
You are indeed the dearest one,
For Torkild could never be mine.

I will never swear falsely
That Torkild was not more than kind;
But in truth I can tell you,
Dishonour was far from his mind.

Early the next morning,
The two arranged it this way;
Adelitz went to the bridal bed
And Ellen she stole away.

Early the next morning,
As soon as the sun grew red;
It was the King of Denmark,
He goes to the bridal bed.

Jeg giver dig det hvide sølv,
Og saa det guld saa rød;
At du tiger kver Her Stig Jonsen,
Om bruden var ikke møe.

Jeg giver dig det hvide sølv,
Og saa det røde guldbaand;
Du tiger kver Her Stig Jonsen,
Om der var tvivl i blant.

Have I selv eders hvide sølv,
Og saa eders guld saa rød;
I gave mig stolten Adeluds,
Hun var saa væn en møe.

Er det sandingen du siger for mig,
At Adeluds hun er møe;
Da skal Torkil Trundesen
For hende i Island ikke døe.

Drukke de deres bryllup,
Saa meget glædde de dem;
Otte dage der efter kom,
Da fulde de bruden hjem.

Det var ikke derefter,
Maaneder uden fem;
Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand kom fra Island hjem.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand kom fra Island hjem;
Sterke vare de tidinger,
Hannem ginge imod igen.

Sterke da vare de tidende,
Det gjorde Torkild allerverst;
Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Havde stolten Adeluds fest.

Det var om en Søndag,
Saa hellige da vare de tide;
Torkil hand sender sine svenne for sig,
Bad Præsten efter ham bide.

Torkild han ganger ad kirken ind,

I will give to you the white silver,
And also the red-gold ore;
If you say no word Sir Stig Jonsen
That the bride was a virgin no more.

I will give to you the white silver.
And the red-gold bracelet too;
If you say no word Sir Stig Jonsen
Of some doubt about her virtue.

You can keep all your white silver,
And your gold so bright red;
You gave me gentle Adelitz,
A virgin fair to wed.

If this is the truth you are telling,
That Adelitz still was a maid;
Then Torkild Trundesen need not
Imprisoned in Iceland have stayed.

The wedding was celebrated
Till the eighth day soon was come;
When the feasting then was over,
The bride they all followed home.

It was not just thereafter,
But almost five months as well;
It was Torkild Trundesen
Once more in Denmark could dwell.

It was Torkild Trundesen
Once more in Denmark could dwell;
Strong the tidings were he gained,
And some of them painful as well.

Strong indeed the tidings were,
But what pained him most of all,
It was Sir Stig Jonsen
Who Adelitz had in his thrall.

It was on a Sunday,
So holy a time did preside;
Torkild he sent his men ahead,
Asked the priest for him to bide.

Torkild he went into the church,

Hans haar det skinner som guld;
Det maatte mand vel paa hannem see,
Hans hierte var sørgefuld.

Det var Torkil Trundesen,
Hand meldte et ord med ære;
Hvo tog af det røde guld,
Stolt Adeluds plejde at bære.

Der til svared den liden smaa-dreng,
Og svarede hand Torkil saa;
Det gjorde Her Stig Jonsen,
Han bode for synden under aa.

Messen hun var sjungen,
Og folket det foer hiem;
Torkild ganger ad Kirken frem,
Hand helse alle dem.

Han taler til Fruer og stolte Jomfruer,
Som hannem stod allernest;
Først og sidst til stolten Adeluds,
Hand undte hende allerbest.

Hør du stolten Adeluds,
Og hvad jeg adspør dig;
Var det med din villie,
At du brødst tro mod mig.

Det svarede stolten Adeluds,
Med tugt og fulgdod sinde;
Det gjorde alt venner og frender mine,
Det var aldrig med mit minde.

Hør du stolten Adeluds,
Og er det med din villie;
Da vil jeg slaa Her Stig Jonsen ihjel,
Og dig fra hannem adskille.

Hør I Torkild Trundesen,
Det er aldrig med min villie;
Den samme Gud os sammen kom,
Hand kan os best adskille.

Hør I Torkild Trundesen,
En bøn skuld' I mig vide;

His hair like a gleaming gold sheaf;
It could be seen by looking at him,
His heart was full of grief.

It was Torkil Trundesen,
He weighed his words with care;
Who removed the bright-red gold
Gentle Adelitz used to wear?

To this replied the small young boy.
To Torkil he this did tell;
It was Sir Stig Jonsen who did this,
Who south of the river did dwell.

The mass was sung and over,
Back home the people go;
Torkild he walks up the nave,
And greets all those he knows.

He speaks to ladies and maidens alike,
That closest to him he'd profess;
First and last to gentle Adelitz,
The one that his heart loves best.

Listen gentle Adelitz,
And say if you agree;
If it was of your own free will
That you broke faith with me.

Then answered gentle Adelitz,
Subduedly and calm of mind;
My friends and family did this,
I constantly declined.

Listen gentle Adelitz,
And say if you agree;
I intend then to slay Sir Stig Jonsen,
And from him set you free.

You listen Torkild Trundesen,
With that I will never agree;
The same God who us together brought
From him shall set me free.

Now hear me Torkild Trundesen,
My plea please understand;

I skal ride op paa land,
Om Her Peders dotter at bede.

I bede ikke om den yngste,
I bede ikke om den ældste;
I bede om stolten Sidsellild,
Hun er den allerbedste.

I bede om stolten Sidsellild,
Hun er baade favr og hvid;
Det sige de alle der hende seer,
Det hun er mig saa lig.

Hør du stolten Adeluds,
For din skyld skal det saa være;
Dog vil jeg dig for sandingen sige,
Jeg fanger hende aldrig kier.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand bad sadle sin hest;
Jeg vil ride mig op paa land,
Her Peder saa vil jeg gjeste.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand kom der ridend' i gaard;
Ude stander Her Peder,
Hand var vel svøbt i maard.

Hil stander I Her Peder,
I er vel svøbt udi skind;
I giver mig stolten Sidsellild,
Allerkiereste dotter din.

Det svarede Her Peder,
Hand var en mand saa klog;
Jeg gaar mig i højeloft,
Jeg spør min dotter til raad.

Hil sidder du stolten Sidsellild,
Vel er dig du lever;
Dig beder Torkild Trundesen,
Og hannem vil jeg dig give.

Det svarede stolten Sidsellild,
Hun kunde baade tugt og ære;
Det er ikke godt at love den svend,

You are to ride up northwards,
For Sir Peder's daughter's hand.

Not for the hand of the youngest
Of the eldest even less;
You must ask for gentle Sidsellill,
For she is the one who is best.

You must ask for gentle Sidsellill,
She is fair and pale of hue;
And everyone who sees her
Says that she is so like me too.

Listen gentle Adelitz,
For your sake I this will do;
Though I must tell you truthfully,
I can never love her as you.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
His horse he had saddled withal;
I will ride northwards through the land,
On Sir Peder will make a call.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
Into the courtyard he rode;
Out there stands Sir Peder,
Swathed in a fine ermine coat.

Hail stand you there, Sir Peder,
In your ermine coat well dressed;
Grant to me gentle Sidsellill
The daughter whom you love best.

To this answered Sir Peder,
He was a man so wise;
I will consult my daughter
And you of her will apprise.

Hail sit you here gentle Sidsellill,
Well it is that you live;
Torkik Trundesen would have your hand,
And you to him will I give.

To this replied gentle Sidsellill,
Her mind was restrained and clear;
It is no good thing to say yes to a man

En anden haver kjer.

De finge hendes ville derpaa,
Gladelig hun sagde Ja;
Drukke de deres bryllup,
Dend samme maanets dag.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand bad sadle sin hest;
Jeg vil end i aften,
Min kiere moder gieste.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand spurde sin moder med ære;
Hvo skal være den eene Frue,
Der min brud skal fremføre.

Det svarede hans kiere moder,
Saa lystelig under skind;
Du beder hin stolten Adeluds,
Dend allerkieresten din.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand bad sadle sin hest;
Jeg vil ride mig op paa land,
Her Stig Jonsen vil jeg gieste.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand kom der ridend' i gaard;
Ude staar Her Stig Jonsen,
Hand var velsvøbt i maard.

Hil stander du stolten Adeluds,
Du est vel svøbt i skind;
Vil du være den ene Frue,
Der skal føre bruden min.

Længe stod stolten Adeluds,
Og intet torde hun svare;
Ja sagde Her Stig Jonsen,
Du skal det gjerne gjøre.

Hun skar under to silke,
Og saa to sindals vefve;
Ingen der til bryllupet kom,
Gav bruden saadan gave.

Whom another holds so dear.

They finally gained her acceptance,
And yes she did gladly say;
They drank to their betrothal,
On that same month and same day.

It was Torkild Trundesen
His horse he had saddled withal;
I will ride northwards through the land,
On my dear mother will make a call.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
His mother he asked as his guide;
Who shall be one of the bridesmaids
That is to lead up my bride?

His dear mother then answered,
She smiled to herself apart;
You are to ask gentle Adelutz,
The dearest of all to your heart.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
His horse he had saddled withal;
I will ride northwards through the land,
On Sir Stig Jonsen make a call.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
Into the courtyard he rode;
Out there stands Sir Stig Jonsen,
Swathed in a fine ermine coat.

Hail stand you there gentle Adelutz,
In your ermine coat so wide;
Will you be one of the bridesmaids
That is to lead up my bride?

For a long time stood gentle Adelutz
Not a word did she dare reply;
To this Sir Stig Jonsen he said yes,
With his wish you may comply.

She cut under two pieces of silk,
And two cloths of sendal weave;
No one who came to the wedding,
Had so fine a gift to give.

Ingen der til bryllupet kom,
Der bruden gav saadan gave;
Hun gav hende den samme svend,
Som hun agtet selver at have.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Rider Torkilds brud imod;
Silke og saa det røde sindal,
Hengde over gangernes food.

De rede over de grønne enge,
Igennem de grønne skove;
Aldrig kom Torkilds hvide haand,
Af stolten Adeluds sadelbue.

Hør du stolten Adeluds,
Jeg spør dig under Øe;
Hvad sagde Her Stig Jonsen,
For du varst ikke møe.

Jeg takker Ellin min tjenestemøe,
Bruden var hun for mig;
Og hun loste der æren min,
Der med hviden hals for dig.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Og smilede hand derved;
I aften skal jeg mig vogte,
For saadan kvinde sned.

Det svared stolten Adeluds,
Lo listelig under skind;
Hvor finge I de udydelige ord,
Hierte allerkieresten min.

Det var silde om aftenen,
De fulde bruden til seng;
Torkild og stolten Adeluds,
De gjorde den tale so læng'.

Hvi stander I her saa længe,
Det vorder end halve værre;
I fanger utak af eders brud,
Og jeg udaf min herre.

Hielp mig saa sandt den sande Gud,

No one who came to the wedding,
Had such a gift for the bride;
She gave to her the very same man
Whom she would have had at her side.

It was gentle Adelitz,
She rides to meet Torkild's bride;
The silks and the crimson sendal
Hung over the horse's sides.

They rode out over green meadows
And through forests green their rode;
Torkild's white hand never left
Gentle Adelitz's saddle bow.

Hear me gentle Adelitz,
How did you danger evade;
What did Sir Stig Jonsen say to you,
For you were no longer a maid.

For this I thank Ellin my servant maid,
The bride's place she did take;
My honour she redeemed that night
With her lily-white neck, for your sake.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
He heard this with a smile;
This evening I must take great care
To avoid such female guile.

Then answered gentle Adelitz,
She smiled to herself apart;
Where did you find such indecent words,
You dearest one to my heart.

It was late in the evening,
They followed the bride to her bed;
Torkild and gentle Adelitz
They had so much to be said.

Why do you stand here so long a time,
You are only making things worse;
Your bride will be most ungrateful,
My master me sorely will curse.

May the true God truly help me,

Baade af sorrig og kvide;
At jeg vilde heller med eder tale,
End sove hos brudens side.

With grief and pain me not chide;
I would rather stand talking to you here
Than sleep next to my bride.

Hielp mig saa snart Gud af himmerig,
Baade af sorg og harm;
Jeg vilde heller med eder tale,
End sove i brudens arm.

May the Lord God of Heaven help me,
Save me from sorrow and harm;
I would rather stand talking to you here
Than sleep on my bride's white arm.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun drog de sparlagen sammen;
Hendes Øjne runde og hiertet græd,
Hun gjorde det ej af gammen.

It was gentle Adelitz
The bed curtains she shut tight;
Her round eyes and her heart they wept,
It brought her no delight.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun drog over den silke-pelt;
Det veed Gud fader i himmerig,
At jeg heller laa der selv.

It was gentle Adelitz,
The silk coverlets she did trace;
God in Heaven only knows,
I long to take the bride's place.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun lukte den dør saa brat;
Torkild og hans unge brud,
Sagde hun tusind god nat.

It was gentle Adelitz,
She shut the door so tight;
Torkild and his fair young bride
She wished a thousand good nights.

Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Af sot sjudom laa;
Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun gik hannem til og fra.

It was Sir Stigen Jonsen,
Was by deadly disease laid low;
It was gentle Adelitz
By his bedside walked to and fro.

Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Hand meldte et ord af harm;
Det være Gud kært i himmerig,
Vi have ikke sammen et barn.

It was Sir Stig Jonsen,
Said words of despair so wild;
God in heaven has not seen fit
To grant us both a child.

Det svarede stolten Adeluds,
So listelig under skind;
Det baader rige frender din,
Og staden bliver min.

Then answered gentle Adelitz,
To herself did these words consign;
Your rich kin will put this right,
And this place will be mine.

Det var Her Stig Jonsen,
Hand vendes til veggen der ved;
Det vil jeg for sandingen sige,
Hand døde i saa slet.

It was Sir Stig Jonsen,
His face he turned to the wall;
And what I say is truth no less,
For him now death did call.

Ind saa kom den liden smaadreng,
Var klæd i kiortel rød;

In then came the small young boy,
Was clad in a kirtel red;

Et Pater Noster for Her Stig Jonsen,
Hand bad før hand var død.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand sloe de tavelbord sammen;
Et Pater Noster for hands sjel han bad,
Det var alt ud af gammen.

Det var ikke derefter,
Meere end maaneder tre;
Det var stolten Sidsel,
Hun fødte saa faver en søn.

Det var stolten Sidsel,
Hun var saa ven en Frue;
Det vil jeg for sandingen sige,
For hannem sit liv der loed.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun breder sine benke;
Herre Gud Fader i himmerig,
Hand vider mig hvad jeg tenker.

Herre Gud Fader i himmerig,
Hand vider mig hvad jeg tenker;
Lad mig være inden dag og aar,
Hverken møe eller enke.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand beder sadle sin hest;
Jeg vil ride mig op paa land,
Stolten Adeluds vil jeg geste.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand kom der ridend' i gaard;
Ude staar stolten Adeluds,
Hun var vel svøbt i maard.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand taler til hende saa brat;
Hører I stolten Adeluds,
I laaner mig huus i nat.

Hør I Torkild Trundesen,
I stander af eders hest;
Vil I have her hiemme,

A Pater Noster for Sir Stig Jonsen
He prayed ere he was dead.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
With his fist the table-board struck;
A Pater Noster for his soul he prayed,
Delighted at this stroke of luck.

It was not just thereafter
But a further full months three;
It was gentle Sidsel
Bore a son as fair as could be.

It was gentle Sidsel,
She was so fair a wife
And what I say is the truth no less,
The son it cost her her life.

It was gentle Adelitz,
Said when the news was brought;
Lord God the Father in heaven,
He knows my every thought.

Lord God the Father in heaven,
He knows for what I have prayed:
Let me before a year and a day
Be neither widow nor maid.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
His horse he had saddled withal;
I will ride northwards through the land,
On gentle Adelitz make a call.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
Into the courtyard he rode;
Out there stands gentle Adelitz,
Swathed in a fine ermine coat.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
To her he said outright;
Hear me gentle Adelitz,
Lend me your house for the night.

Hear you Torkild Trundesen,
Get down from your horse and rest;
If you would here at home be,

Det er eder allerbest.

Hør I Torkild Trundesen,
I tør ikke andet tro;
Et aar vil jeg efter eder enke side,
Alt i mit eget bo.

Det var megen glæde,
Der de vare komne tilsammen;
Det var alt deres meste sorg,
Den sommers nat var ikke lang.

Det gjorde stolten Adeluds,
Alt men hun sad saa eene;
Gav hun Ellen sin tjeneste mø,
En af Torkilds svenne.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Og hand bad sadle sin hest;
Jeg vil ride mig op paa land,
Her Lave saa vil jeg geste.

Det var Torkild Trundesen,
Hand kom der ridend i gaard;
Ude stander Her Lave,
Hand var vel svøbt i maard.

Hil stander du Her Lave,
Du est vel svøbt i skind;
Du giver mig stolten Adeluds,
Allerkiereste dotter din.

Det svarede Her Lave,
Hand var een mand vel klog;
Jeg vil gange udi højeloft,
Og spørge min dotter ad.

Hil sidder du stolten Adeluds
Ved er dig du lever;
Om dig beder Torkild Trundesen,
Og hannem vil jeg dig give.

Med min sax og med min søm,
Dermed vil jeg mig føde;
Jeg vil ikke give mig igen,
Jeg gider ikke haft den møde.

That for you would be best.

Hear me now Torkild Trundesen,
You need for long be alone;
One year as a widow from now I will sit
In my own abode on my own.

Great happiness they both did feel,
Now they to each other belong;
They only had but one regret,
That the summer night was not long.

This did gentle Adelitz
While alone she sat once again;
She gave to Ellen her servant maid
One of Torkild's young men.

It was Torkild Trundesen
His horse he had saddled withal;
I will ride northwards through the land,
On Sir Lave will make a call.

It was Torkild Trundesen,
Into the courtyard he rode;
Out there stands Sir Lave,
Swathed in a fine ermine coat.

Hail stand you there, Sir Lave
In your ermine coat well dressed;
Grant to me gentle Adelitz
The daughter whom you love best.

Then answered Sir Lave,
He was a man so wise;
I will consult my daughter,
And you of her will apprise.

Hail sit you here gentle Adelitz,
Well it is that you live;
Torkil Trundesen would have your hand,
And you to him will I give.

With my scissors and stitches fine,
I can earn a livelihood;
I do not intend to marry again,
It brings more trouble than good.

Med din sax og med din søm,
Der med kan du lidet vinde;
Du skalt gifte dig igjen,
Som andre goede kvinder.

Det svarede stolten Adeluds,
Saa gladelig der hun lo;
Det kom aldrig i min hu,
At givte mig førend nu.

Det var stolten Adeluds,
Hun taler til sin moder saa;
Alt er Torkild den samme svend,
I sagde jeg aldrig skulde faa.

Saa finge de hendes villie,
Saa gladelig sagde hun ja;
De drukke deris bryllup,
Den samme maaned-dag.

Drukke de derest bryllup,
Med lyst og vare glade;
Der var ikke det det røde guld,
For de legere spart.

Drukke de deres bryllup,
Alt baade med glæde og gammen;
Nu sidde de i megen glæde,
He have syv sønner tilsammen.
Saa felder hun lyden for hannem

With your scissors and stitches fine,
It's a poor life you have in view;
You must certainly marry again,
Like other good women do.

Then answered gentle Adelitz,
She laughed so loudly, I vow;
To get married never entered my mind,
By which I mean until now.

It was gentle Adelitz,
To her mother these words she said;
But Torkild is the very same man
You said I never should wed.

They finally gained her acceptance,
And yes she did gladly say;
They drank to their betrothal,
On that same month and same day.

They drank to their betrothal,
With delight and happiness;
And no red gold for some alloy
Was spared this joy to express.

They drank to their betrothal,
Joy and delight filled each breast;
And happy and contented
With seven sons have they been blessed.
Her face changes hue when she sees him.