

Little Kirsten

Kirsten wandered in the apple orchard -
Still they dance in the meadow -
She picked flowers, blue and white,
Made a garland for her own true love.

No sooner had the garland been made
Than it was taken to her father's castle.
None should soil his honour.
The father spoke to his men,
Find this man and bring him here,
Give him to the cook to carve up.

Her true love was laid on the cook's table,
They boiled his heart with flowers in bloom
And served the dish to Kirsten.

Never did she taste a dish so delicious,
My heart grows so wondrously light,
How can it be?
And the cook's boy answered,
This is your own true love's heart,
It is his heart you are feasting on.

Kirsten put the jug to her lips and drank -
Still they dance in the meadow -
She drank until her heart broke in her bosom,
Soon she lay pale and dead in the bower

- Danish folksong.