

Einsam ho gret, den vakraste av alle
Fanga og låst I ei sorg ingen skjøner
Gleden forsvann langt, langt der ute.
Ei brennande lyst, en ingen håp.
Ho lengtar heim, men finn ingen veg.
Ein sorgfull lagnad gøymt bak eit smil.

Mardol du fagre for fred du blei ofra
Du solgte din lekam, men fann ingen trøyst.
Det som glimrar gjer ikkje fred for deg

Gern du ga deg hen, og slokka mangt
eit begjær. Men, framleis drypp
det om natta gull frå dine auge.

Frøya, od skal du finna når alt er forbi
då skal du bli sluppen fri.
Inntil den dag finn du inga trøyst.
Sjøl ikkje I glitrande Brisinghamen.

English translate: Brisinghamen

In solitude she cries, the most beautiful of them all
Captured and locked in a sorrow no one can conceive
Joy vanished far out there
Burning desire, but no hope
She longs for home, but can not find a way
A dismal destiny hidden behind a smile

Mardol, you glorious, sacrificed for peace you were
You sold your flesh, but found no comfort
That which glitters does not bring you peace

Gern you devoted yourself
and consumed many desire.
But, still in the night,
gold is dripping from your eyes.

Frøya, Od you shall find when everything ends
Then you shall be set free
Untill that day you shall find no comfort
Not even in the shining Brisinghamen