His soul was as clear as ice  
Which falleth right from the sky  
And magnificent were his black eyes  
From which tears falled at nights.

O father, o dear for what say to me  
In kingdom ye makest people suffer and grieve  
Thy wisdom is great but why don’t ye see  
That injustice in violence only woel will bring !

The king with his servants gathered and went  
To the northern lands to make the visit  
The letter to monarch had been already sent  
The monarch had already waited for him.

Northern wind began to blow  
Prince with suite had to go  
Passing mounts, fields of holdeth  
Under waning moon and snow.

I’m a prince and I want to be  
In the palace of monarch to listen to speech  
Thou cannot refuse this my steadfast will  
We go together  
tis my last will !

Thy eyes sad & nice  
Like two moons are shining bright  
Yet black mourn mystifies  
And to embrace invites  
I don’t want to disguise  
From Thy Majesty the lives  
Thine calm I ‘l never blight  
Mine light  
Yet thy image is so far  
Pensive prisoner do not court  
Graceful magical is thy art  
Fatal sufferings, fanatical heart  
Crystal stars flash in the darkness  
In a rhythm of thy melody  
Norn is base, forgive.  
Starlit tears enlighten the darkness  
For duchess the best melody  
Viewless I must see!  
Only the maiden I have to seem,  
‘tis thy perfect fear of a sin  
One step & one step & break this mistake!  
White snow soft and mild  
Black mourn you’ve satisfied  
I can’t see it but I see it!  
I’m cold water and snow  
My life I had lost I know  
What can I do in misery?  
The way into peace is closed  
Thou art is tyrant I know  
Thy truth is buried in gore  
I don’t need images of wrath  
If you demand I’ll go.