

Un vieil heremite alors en cet endroit,
Priaît courbé près de son humble toit.
De loin on voit sa tête qui se penche,
Son front ridé, sa barbe longue et blanche,
Notre princesse à cet horrible aspect,
Fuit éperdue à travers la forêt.

But who is this in extreme age
Kneeling before his Hermitage?
Soon as the Princess, on her way,
Perceives him, and his beard so grey,
She hurries over stock and stone
In panic through the wood is gone.