

While in his hand his whip upraised,  
Nearer, nearer came the noise,  
Till the driver cried "oh, boys!"  
As he looked behind, before,  
Louder seemed the wolves to roar.  
Quick he seized his whip and rein—  
Speeding swiftly through the plain—  
Now, my wolves, we'll shortly see  
Which is swiftest, you or me.  
So the jolly span of black  
Never, never ceased to slack,  
But my mighty steed of grey,  
Close behind the other sleigh,  
Too has never ceased to fail,  
Bound up neck and straight out tail,  
The driver shouted loud and clear  
Oh, the wolves will soon be here,  
Now my mighty span of black  
Is now beginning for to slack,  
Now my gallant steed of grey  
Just has passed the other sleigh,  
The driver's face grows white as snow,  
As the winds does widely blow,  
Closer does the wolves arrive,  
Oh, not long we'll be alive.  
As the evening glides away,  
And the night does fast array,  
We have nothing to defend,  
But our mighty span of black,  
Oh, we soon be to our end,  
The wolves is right behind our back.  
But my span of black did go  
Swifter than the wind that blow,  
While upon the frozen ground,  
Screeched beneath each speeding bound.  
But the wolves was gaining fast,  
Rushed upon us now at last,  
But the driver, stout and strong,  
Took his club both thick and long,  
As the wolf jumped from the snow  
There he hit it one hard blow,  
Hit it fare upon the head,