Song of the Old Robber

My youth has faded away,
The beauty in my face has withered,
And my former daring is gone,
And strength there is no more.

Once I would knock five men
Off their feet with my club,
Now I've become frail and old
And bewail my fate.

Once I would sing songs
From morning till dark night,
Now melancholy gnaws at me
And sorrow pierces my heart.

Once I was indeed bold,
I robbed and plundered,
Now I've become frail and old,
I've left all the past behind.