

Nr 10 Forges the magic mill

The old magician, bard and famous singer
Sang wondrous pine tree until it pierced the clouds
He sing again enchanting sings the moon to shine forever
In the fir trees emerald branches

Singer hastens to the blacksmith since as ransom he has promised he has promised the magic artist

Tells him about the fairest maiden daughter of the earth and ocean
From her temples beams the moonlight from her breast the gleam of sunshine

Go and see her wondrous beauty forge for her the magic grinder
Forge the lid in many colors your reward shall be the maiden
Cannot trust your tale of wonder
Until I see the blooming fir tree with its bear and golden moonlight
Straightway climbed high upon the bow of heaven
To bring the golden moonbeams to bring the bear of heaven

Singer sang a storm wind sang the wild winds into fury
Makes of air a sailing vessel takes the blacksmith towards Northland

Old toothless dame of Northland standing in the open courtyards
Asking are you the skillful blacksmith He answer I'm the smith and artist

Could you forge for me the magic mill
From the tips of white swan feather from the milk of greatest virtue from finest wool of lambskin
Blacksmith work to build a smithy build a fire raised a chimney
Put the mixture in the caldron

First day bent and examined the fire arose a crossbow
It was ill-natured broke the bow in many pieces
Second day from the fire came a boat of purple color
A thing of evil hastens into quarrel breaks the ship in many fragments
Third day he saw a heifer rising on her head the bear of heaven
She was ill-tempered wasting all the milk cut the cow in pieces
Fourth day there behold a plow golden was the point
But it's ill-mannered plow neighbor field of corn breaks the plow in pieces

East wind rushing west wind roaring
South wind crying north wind howling

Sees the magic mill rising sees the lid in many colors
One side the flour is grinding another salt third money forging
The lid is rocking grinds one measure at the daybreak, grinds a second for the market
Grinds a third one for the store house

The dame of Northland ,takes away the magic mill
Nine locks upon the wonder, one root beneath the mountain one at the sandy sea

Blacksmith said to maiden will you come be my wife and queen forever
Maiden said never will I say farewell to maiden freedom
The eternal metal forger disappointed heavy hearted travel to his homeland
Disappointed heavy hearted travel to his homeland
Travel to his homeland