

### Nr 13 The Shepard

Magic son with the sky blue stockings the purchased slave  
with a head of golden ringlets asked the blacksmith  
asked the host for work at morning in the evening asked the hostess  
Blacksmiths wife once maiden of the rainbow finally a Shepard made him

The scornful hostess baked a loaf of wondrous thickness  
Baked a Flintstone in the Centre poured around it liquid butter  
Gave it to the shepherd gave the youth instructions  
Do not eat the bread in hunger until the herd is in the woodlands

There upon the lad laid his lunch in his basket  
Drove the herd to mountain pastures  
Called the herd to rest in safety time to eat the basket dinner  
Then the shepherd drew his knife to cut his oat loaf  
Cut the hard and avid biscuit cuts against a stone imprisoned  
Breaks the knife in pieces saw his magic knife had broken  
This the one thing that I honor how shall I repay this insult  
How to avenge this women`s malice

From the tree the raven answered drive the herd across the lowlands  
Through the quick sands of the marshes to the wolves let one half wander  
To the bear dens lead the other  
Sing the forest wolves together sing the bear down from the mountain  
Drive them like a cowherd home ward drive them to thy masters milky yard  
Changes all her herd of cattle into wolves and bears by magic  
To the herd he speaks as follows tear and kill the wicked hostess  
Tear and kill the wicked hostess tear and kill the wicked hostess

Blacksmith wife long had waited for the milk at evening  
Waited for the new made butter speak word of welcome  
The blacksmiths wife went to milk her cows a waiting  
On the milk stool sits the hostess milks one moment then a second  
Then a third time milk and ceases when the bloody wolves disguise  
Quick attack the hostess and the bear lend their assistance  
Tear and mutilate her body shepherd thus repaid the wicked hostess  
Thus repaid her evil treatment

Quick the blacksmiths wife cried aloud in bitter anguish  
Thou has brought me wolves driven bears within my hurdles  
Have I evil done as Shepard worse the conduct of the hostess  
Baked a stone inside my oatcake on the stone my knife was broken  
Quick as lightning fell the hostess fell and perished in the hurdles  
On the ground before her cottage cherished wife of the blacksmith  
Once the maiden of the Maiden of the rainbow  
Blacksmith metal-worker, Wept one day, and then a second  
Wept the third from morn till evening, O'er the death of his companion  
Once the Maiden of the Rainbow once the Maiden of the Rainbow