

Nr 9 The Healing

Now I know the source of iron
The steel and all it's evil
Blood of ages stop your coursing
Stand by power of mighty magic

And at last the bloodstream ended
As the magic words were spoken
Send his young son to the smithy
There to make a healing balsam

From the herbs of tender fibre
From the healing plants and flowers
From the stalks of secreting honey
From the roots and leaves of blossom

Place them within the furnace
In an kettle made of copper
Lets then steep and boil together
Three long days of summer weather

Found at last that it was ready
Found the magic balm was finished
Touch the wounds with magic balsam
Speaking words of old wisdom

Drove away the killing torment
To the court of all our trouble
To the highest hill of torture
To the evil bearing mountains

Make the healing bandage
Tied the ends with silken ribbons
Straightway stronger the wound united
Looked with gratitude to heaven
Looked with gratitude to heaven