

Nr12 The Wooing

Old minstrel safely landing in advance of the blacksmith
Pulls his gaily-covered vessel from the waves upon the sea beach
Straightway hastens to the guestroom speak this words to the maid of beauty
Come with me you lovely virgin be my bride and life companion

Northlands fair and slender daughter gives this answer to her suitor
Will not wed a sea born hero storms would bring us pain
Winds would rack our heart cannot be thy life companion

Blacksmith the eternal metal worker hastens forward to the courtroom
Can I see the maid of beauty for whose hand I journey hither
So speaks the dame of Northlands trouble does the one selected
Not yet are her in sandals your bride are not ready

Only can you win the maiden if you plow the field of hissing vipers
Straightway hastens he to the maiden she said forge thyself a golden plowshare
Forges boots and gloves of iron and plow the fields of hissing serpents

Speaks the dame of Northlands I shall not give my lovely virgin
Until Tuonis bear is conquered in the boundaries of Mana

Blacksmith Hastens to the maiden she said forge of steel a magic bridle
Made the straps of steel and copper and bridle the bear of Mana
Lead him from the Tuonis forests

Now Give me worthy dame thy daughter She said I will only give my daughter
When the monster pike you catches in the river of Tuonis fatal waters

Much dis hearted hastens Blacksmith to the maidens chambers
I must catch the pike of Mana she said In thy furnace forge an eagle
He will catch the pike of Mana from the death stream of Tuoni
Swiftly flies the magic eagle hunts the monster of the death stream
Then arose the pike of Mana the tongue of double hatchets
Mouth as broad as triple streamlets back as wide as seven sea boats
Tried to snap the magic blacksmith

Swiftly swoops the mighty eagle quick the giant fish endangered
Dragging down the mighty eagle lashing up the bottom to the surface

Strikes the second time the monster pike resisting
Dives again beneath the surface deep the wounds upon the body

Swoops a third time upon the monster grasp again the pike of Mana
Lifts the pike above the waters took the pike to the pine trees branches

Ate the body of his victim left the head for the blacksmith
Blacksmith took the head to the hostess of the ever dismal Northland

Three my victories in death land three the test of magic heroes
Will you give me now thy daughter give to me the bride of beauty

I will give to you my daughter will prepare my snow white virgin
Thou hast won the maid of beauty bride is she for you hereafter