

Nr14 Capture of the Mill

Minstrel old and truthful blacksmith was the other third the, reckless black magician
On the sea's smooth plain departed to the never-pleasant Northland where the heroes fall and perish
The minstrel old and trusty laid his hand upon the rudder, steered his vessel over the waters

When their journey they had ended on the land they rolled their vessel
Hostess of the Northland thus addressed the strange-heroes
What the tidings you are bringing to the people of my village?"
"If thou wilt not share the magic mill give to us an equal portion
Thereupon the Northland hostess angry grew
Called her people into council to destroy old truthful minstrel

Old minstrel wise and truthful hastened to his harp of fish-bone And began his magic playing
All of Northland stopped and listened plays the maidens into slumber plays to sleep the young and aged
In his pouch of leather draws therefrom his slumber-arrows locks the eyelids of the sleepers

Then the heroes hasten to obtain the magic mill
Old minstrel then began his wondrous singing
Trembled all the rocky portals and the iron-banded pillars
Blacksmith well anointed all the hinges and the bars and locks
Black magician reckless hero harnesses the ox in pasture
Plows the roots about the magic mill and then sacred Mill loosens

Straight way old minstrel lastly brings the magic Mill hides it in his waiting vessel
Rolled his vessel to the water then the minstrel joyful, homeward sailed, happy-hearted
And the war-ship glided homeward
Then speak the reckless black magician Hear no songs upon the vessel
Minstrel said it's not well to sing too early
So speak the reckless black magician
I would sing at morn and evening though my voice has little sweetness

But his measures were discordant far and wide was heard his singing
There sat a crane within the rushes
And the bird was justly frightened flew across the broad-sea
Screeching, screaming, over Northland until the people were awakened from their slumbers