

### **Nr15 The Mill lost in the Sea**

Old dame hostess of Northland Called her many tribes together chose the mightiest war-ship  
In the vessel placed her army sailed across the seas of Northland to re-take the wondrous Mill

Minstrel old and faithful looked from the topmast speak and these the words  
From the north a boat pursues us driven by a hundred rowers  
Thus addressed his fleeing people Row, all you noble oarsmen that our boat may skim the waters  
The minstrel saw destruction in the distance know one miracle for safety  
Then he grasped his box of tinder of the tinder took some fragments  
Cast the fragments on the waters speak these words of master-magic  
Let from these arise a mountain

Came the war-ship of the Northland wrecked upon the Mount of Magic  
Dame of Northland tries to free her sinking vessel

But she cannot raise the war-ship  
Then the hostess of the Northland make herself another body  
Rises as a monster-eagle flies on high

The mighty eagle swoops grasps the Mill with her talons  
Drags the treasure to the waters drops the magic lid in colors  
To the bottom of the deep-sea

Where the Mill breaks in pieces  
Many fragments scatters through the waters  
To increase the ocean's treasures  
Minstrel speak as follows it will come the sprouting seed-grain,  
From the plowing and the sowing  
From the glimmer of the moonlight  
From the splendor of the sunshine

The wicked hostess answered all my power has departed  
All my strength has gone to others all my hope is in the deep-sea  
In the waters lies my Magic mill

God of love and mercy, Shelter and protect thy people  
Where the wicked may not enter  
The moonlight glistens and the sun brings golden blessings to the plains of Kalevala.