

Nr3

The Contest

Far away in dismal Northland
Lived a singer young and reckless
Envy rose within his bosom
Envy of the famous sweeter singer

I will go and face the minstrel
By my songs shall I transform him

His feet shall be as Flintstone
His heart a strong burden
His hand a gantlet
His brow a stony visor

Third day upon the highway
He met the minstrel silent driving
Young and fiery dasher down upon the minstrel shouting

He that higher stand in wisdom
He that is the sweeter singer
He alone shall keep shall keep the highway

The old minstrel said
Never where you present
When the earth was created
When we hollowed out the caverns
When the moon was placed in orbit
When the skies with stars was sprinkled

Angry then grew the old singer
Self composed he began his song
Rocks and ocean heard and tumbled
Sings the boy deep down in mud and water

The boy cried
Please turn away your magic
I will pay a golden ransom
A magic bow, magic stallion, silver and gold

I will give to you my little sister
Bride to you forever, bride to do you pleasure
Sweep the rooms within your cottage
Bake for you the honey biscuit
For you the honey biscuit