

### **Nr7 Maiden of the rainbow**

Fairest daughter of Northland sat upon the bow of heaven  
In an gold and silver air gown wearing webs of beauty  
Minstrel rushing down the highway lift his eyes in wonder  
Beautiful maiden of the rainbow fair maiden I wish you by my side

You should bake me honey biscuit  
Brew my beer and fill my cup  
Sing beside my table  
Laugh happily at the window pane

Bright and warm are days of summer warmer still in maiden freedom  
Cold is iron in the winter as the life of a married women

I will go with the one only when he golden hair can split  
Using knives that has no edges peeled the rounded sandstone

Make me a ship from the splinter  
Set the little ship a floating  
Using not the knee to push it  
Using not the arm to move it  
Using not the hand touch it  
Using not the foot to turn it  
Using nothing to propel it  
Nothing at all

Works one day and then a second on the evening of the third day  
Evil grasps the hatchet pierce the flesh of the minstrel  
Gusher forth a bloodstream minstrel begin his magic singing  
Gathers lichens from the sandstones, moss within the marshes  
It was all unsuccessful

Travel to a Northland village  
Where the way is triple parted  
First road there was a boy he said there is no one here  
Second road there was an angry woman she said there is no one here  
Third road there was an old man said the causes of the iron

Is there no one in this cottage that can knew the pain I suffer  
That can heal the wound of the hatchet that can check this crimson streamlet

Near the fireplace sat an old man  
Greater things have been accomplished  
Three words of the master  
Through the telling of the causes  
The causes of the iron  
The causes of the iron  
The origin of the iron  
The origin of the iron

