

The old and evil with of the lightless Northland  
She asked the skillful blacksmith  
To forge the wondrous Sampo, the lid in many colors,  
The mighty mill to make good fortune to its holder.  
The master of the forge and smithy,  
Forges for her the lid in colors,  
Mixes together certain metals  
□ See the fire now burn in his eyes!  
The blacksmith of Pohjola  
Sees the magic Sampo rising.  
Yet he has not the bride of beauty  
□ See the fire now burn in his eyes!  
And he hammers for her the lid in many colors  
Rising from the fire.  
To have her fairest daughter as a trade-off,  
To be his wife and queen forever and ever.  
The master of the forge and smithy,  
Forges for her the lid in colors,  
Mixes together certain metals  
□ See the fire now burn in his eyes!  
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Sees the magic Sampo rising.  
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