

On his trail the stones they grew
He was lead astray
Forces strange he had to face
Magic unseen

When he asked, he was not answered
But he would not yield
What he asked for was not given
A shape to his dream

To a whirling mass of water
Mountains of high
His desire he spoke out
To claim his due
A shadow moved in Louhi's mirror
The fairest maid of them all
Restless mind found her to his liking
But the queen wanted more

Louhi spoke in riddled tones of three things to achieve
Find and catch the devil's moose and bring it here to me

Seize the stallion born of fire, harness the flaming horse
He captured and bound the moose, he tamed the golden horse

Still remained the one final test
Hunt the bird from the stream of death