

Sorrow is my bread
And tears I drink as wine
Oblivion my happiness
Ground under teeth of time

For cold be the stone
When frost ve devoured the land
Consolation is no gift
Of winter's icy hand

Upon a crust of snow
I'll lay my broken frame
What steel and iron won't take
I'll give in winter's name
No good a sullen sout no use a simple knave
No groom for brides of plaited hair
This man old and lame

If only I could breathe
To see the sun of may
but still longer are the nights than days
As I wither away

Came the man of crown
With sound of war drums beat
Said no sword arm's strong enough
Without my two good feet

But not overlooked am I
In eyes of the maid I'll wed
I'll reap the crops of Tuonela
My bride's wealth in death