

Sylvia's Song

Calla

Sylvia's Christmas Song

Lyr. Zachary Topelius

Mus. Karl Collan

Tr. Anniina Jokinen

And now it is Christmas in my lovèd north,
Is it Christmas as well, in the heart?
And bright Christmas candles do spread their light forth,
To each little cabin and hearth.
But up in the rafters there hangs high above,
The cage that imprisons my soul's turtledove;
And quiet are now all the prisoners' groans,
But oh, who pays heed to a prisoner's moans?

Oh shine you, the brightest of stars in the sky,
On my Finland so far, far from here;
When finally your light in the darkness doth die,
Oh, bless you that land, oh so dear!
I never will find one of equal worth,
My dearest will always be my land of birth;
My country to praise, I sing Sylvia's song;
It e'er will remain as a song pure and strong.