

At the Huts of the Underworld

Korpiklaani

Joukahainen, a youthful son,
Laplander, a slender fellow
bore a grudge within his heart,
bitter envy in his bosom.

Thus he worked a fiery crossbow,
so he shaped a noble bow
and he formed the bow of iron,
overlaid the back with copper.

Then the points were to be sharpened.
So the arrows then were ready
and his bow was fit for bending.

"Now, should you bring 'bout Väinämöinen's death
and by your arrow let him die,
joy will then fade away from Earth.
Songs cannot then be heard again.
Elation is way better on Eary
and the music is more cheerful in here
than somewhere in the land of the dead,
at the huts of the Underworld."

Long he watched for Väinämöinen
peering, peeping at the lodges,
sometimes listening in the alleys,
sometimes watching in the meadow.

Spanned in haste his might crossbow
and he aimed his splendid weapon
at the head of Väinämöinen,
thus to kill Suvantolainen.

And then the old Väinämöinen
fell head over heels in water
off the back of his blue moose.