

Joukahainen, he is great -
greater than his stony relic,
the vast barrow of Hot Steams,
his tremendous sauna stove.

Joukahainen, he is gloomier -
gloomier than the dark forest,
the forest with a dark emotion.
Behind it is the stove.

Sneak through the gloomy forest.
Look at the giant, make offerings.
Carry dark soil on your heels.
Always carry it all the way home.

In the dark soil and in the ground,
in the holes of rocks and in swamps
the gloomy creator will appear -
Joukahainen from the dark side.

A whisper reached my ear and the
shadows returned upon my head -
the dark, dismal and silent god.
The sounds of the forest shatter.

The Giant's kettle, the barrow -
those dark omens are now bygones.
The land is the creator's might.
The might belongs to Joukahainen.