

Native Land

Korpiklaani

The waves of the lake splash
and pines hum.
The frost of the north hurts,
Finnish grief it sings.
Woods bleak and stony, unlit,
there my mind rests.
There I will forget the pain,
stars and moon us bless.
O my native land, stand proud, facing the future.
You were never broken down, banished into the night
O my native land, stand proud, facing the future
you will never be broken down.
Not weather can frighten us
not to shrivel us winters
not the cruelty of the woods
take our blood and life.
Frothy rapids roar
and the hills high.
Woods of pine and forests of birch
over the wide rocks.