

## 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.