

НЕИЗВЕСТНЫЙ АВТОР

**KALEVALA : THE EPIC  
POEM OF FINLAND –  
VOLUME 02**

Неизвестный автор

**Kalevala : the Epic Poem  
of Finland – Volume 02**

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# **Elias Lönnrot**

## **Kalevala : the Epic Poem of Finland – Volume 02**

### **RUNE XXV**

#### **WAINAMOINEN'S WEDDING-SONGS**

At the home of Ilmarinen  
Long had they been watching, waiting,  
For the coming of the blacksmith,  
With his bride from Sariola.  
Weary were the eyes of watchers,  
Waiting from the father's portals,  
Looking from the mother's windows;  
Weary were the young knees standing  
At the gates of the magician;  
Weary grew the feet of children,  
Tramping to the walls and watching;  
Worn and torn, the shoes of heroes,  
Running on the shore to meet him.  
Now at last upon a morning  
Of a lovely day in winter,  
Heard they from the woods the rumble  
Of a snow-sledge swiftly bounding.  
Lakko, hostess of Wainola,  
She the lovely Kalew-daughter,  
Spake these words in great excitement:  
"Tis the sledge of the magician,  
Comes at last the metal-worker  
From the dismal Sariola,  
By his side the Bride of Beauty!  
Welcome, welcome, to this hamlet,  
Welcome to thy mother's hearth-stone,  
To the dwelling of thy father,  
By thine ancestors erected!"  
Straightway came great Ilmarinen  
To his cottage drove the blacksmith,  
To the fireside of his father,  
To his mother's ancient dwelling.  
Hazel-birds were sweetly singing  
On the newly-bended collar;  
Sweetly called the sacred cuckoos  
From the summit of the break-board;  
Merry, jumped the graceful squirrel  
On the oaken shafts and cross-bar.

Lakko, Kalew's fairest hostess,  
Beauteous daughter of Wainola,  
Spake these words of hearty welcome:  
"For the new moon hopes the village,  
For the sun, the happy maidens,  
For the boat, the swelling water;  
I have not the moon expected,  
For the sun have not been waiting,  
I have waited for my hero,  
Waited for the Bride of Beauty;  
Watched at morning, watched at evening,  
Did not know but some misfortune,  
Some sad fate had overtaken  
Bride and bridegroom on their journey;  
Thought the maiden growing weary,  
Weary of my son's attentions,  
Since he faithfully had promised  
To return to Kalevala,  
Ere his foot-prints had departed  
From the snow-fields of his father.  
Every morn I looked and listened,  
Constantly I thought and wondered  
When his sledge would rumble homeward,  
When it would return triumphant  
To his home, renowned and ancient.  
Had a blind and beggared straw-horse  
Hobbled to these shores awaiting,  
With a sledge of but two pieces,  
Well the steed would have been lauded,  
Had it brought my son beloved,  
Had it brought the Bride of Beauty.  
Thus I waited long, impatient,  
Looking out from morn till even,  
Watching with my head extended,  
With my tresses streaming southward,  
With my eyelids widely opened,  
Waiting for my son's returning  
To this modest home of heroes,  
To this narrow place of resting.  
Finally am I rewarded,  
For the sledge has come triumphant,  
Bringing home my son and hero,  
By his side the Rainbow maiden,  
Red her cheeks, her visage winsome,  
Pride and joy of Sariola.  
"Wizard-bridegroom of Wainola,  
Take thy-courser to the stable,  
Lead him to the well-filled manger,  
To the best of grain and clover;

Give to us thy friendly greetings,  
Greetings send to all thy people.  
When thy greetings thou hast ended,  
Then relate what has befallen  
To our hero in his absence.  
Hast thou gone without adventure  
To the dark fields of Pohyola,  
Searching for the Maid of Beauty?  
Didst thou scale the hostile ramparts,  
Didst thou take the virgin's mansion,  
Passing o'er her mother's threshold,  
Visiting the halls of Louhi?  
"But I know without the asking,  
See the answer to my question:  
Comest from the North a victor,  
On thy journey well contented;  
Thou hast brought the Northland daughter,  
Thou hast razed the hostile portals,  
Thou hast stormed the forts of Louhi,  
Stormed the mighty walls opposing,  
On thy journey to Pohyola,  
To the village of the father.  
In thy care the bride is sitting,  
In thine arms, the Rainbow-maiden,  
At thy side, the pride of Northland,  
Mated to the highly-gifted.  
Who has told the cruel story,  
Who the worst of news has scattered,  
That thy suit was unsuccessful,  
That in vain thy steed had journeyed?  
Not in vain has been thy wooing,  
Not in vain thy steed has travelled  
To the dismal homes of Lapland;  
He has journeyed heavy laden,  
Shaken mane, and tail, and forelock,  
Dripping foam from lips and nostrils,  
Through the bringing of the maiden,  
With the burden of the husband.  
"Come, thou beauty, from the snow-sledge,  
Come, descend thou from the cross-bench,  
Do not linger for assistance,  
Do not tarry to be carried;  
If too young the one that lifts thee,  
If too proud the one in waiting,  
Rise thou, graceful, like a young bird,  
Hither glide along the pathway,  
On the tan-bark scarlet-colored,  
That the herds of kine have evened,  
That the gentle lambs have trodden,

Smoothened by the tails of horses.  
Haste thou here with gentle footsteps,  
Through the pathway smooth and tidy,  
On the tiles of even surface,  
On thy second father's court-yard,  
To thy second mother's dwelling,  
To thy brother's place of resting,  
To thy sister's silent chambers.  
Place thy foot within these portals,  
Step across this waiting threshold,  
Enter thou these halls of joyance,  
Underneath these painted rafters,  
Underneath this roof of ages.  
During all the winter evenings,  
Through the summer gone forever,  
Sang the tiling made of ivory,  
Wishing thou wouldst walk upon it;  
Often sang the golden ceiling,  
Hoping thou wouldst walk beneath it,  
And the windows often whistled,  
Asking thee to sit beside them;  
Even on this merry morning,  
Even on the recent evening,  
Sat the aged at their windows,  
On the sea-shore ran the children,  
Near the walls the maidens waited,  
Ran the boys upon the highway,  
There to watch the young bride's coming,  
Coming with her hero-husband.  
"Hail, ye courtiers of Wainola,  
With the heroes of the fathers,  
Hail to thee, Wainola's hamlet,  
Hail, ye halls with heroes peopled,  
Hail, ye rooms with all your inmates,  
Hail to thee, sweet golden moonlight,  
Hail to thee, benignant Ukko,  
Hail companions of the bridegroom!  
Never has there been in Northland  
Such a wedding-train of honor,  
Never such a bride of beauty.  
"Bridegroom, thou beloved hero,  
Now untie the scarlet ribbons,  
And remove the silken muffler,  
Let us see the honey-maiden,  
See the Daughter of the Rainbow.  
Seven years hast thou been wooing,  
Hast thou brought the maid affianced,  
Wainamoinen's Wedding-Songs.  
Hast thou sought a sweeter cuckoo,

Sought one fairer than the moonlight,  
Sought a mermaid from the ocean?  
But I know without the asking,  
See the answer to my question:  
Thou hast brought the sweet-voiced cuckoo,  
Thou hast found the swan of beauty  
Plucked the sweetest flower of Northland,  
Culled the fairest of the jewels,  
Gathered Pohya's sweetest berry!"  
Sat a babe upon the matting,  
And the young child spake as follows:  
"Brother, what is this thou bringest,  
Aspen-log or trunk of willow,  
Slender as the mountain-linden?  
Bridegroom, well dost thou remember,  
Thou hast hoped it all thy life-time,  
Hoped to bring the Maid of Beauty,  
Thou a thousand times hast said it,  
Better far than any other,  
Not one like the croaking raven,  
Nor the magpie from the border,  
Nor the scarecrow from the corn-fields,  
Nor the vulture from the desert.  
What has this one done of credit,  
In the summer that has ended?  
Where the gloves that she has knitted,  
Where the mittens she has woven?  
Thou hast brought her empty-handed,  
Not a gift she brings thy father;  
In thy chests the nice are nesting,  
Long-tails feeding on thy vestments,  
And thy bride, cannot repair them."  
Lakko hostess of Wainola,  
She the faithful Kalew-daughter,  
Hears the young child's speech in wonder,  
Speaks these words of disapproval:  
Silly prattler, cease thy talking,  
Thou Last spoken in dishonor;  
Let all others be astonished,  
Reap thy malice on thy kindred,  
must not harm the Bride of Beauty,  
Rainbow-daughter of the Northland.  
False indeed is this thy Prattle,  
All thy words are full of evil,  
Fallen from thy tongue of mischief  
From the lips of one unworthy.  
Excellent the hero's young bride,  
Best of all in Sariola,  
Like the strawberry in summer,

Like the daisy from the meadow,  
Like the cuckoo from the forest,  
Like the bluebird from the aspen,  
Like the redbreast from the heather,  
Like the martin from the linden;  
Never couldst thou find in Ehtland  
Such a virgin as this daughter,  
Such a graceful beauteous maiden,  
With such dignity of Carriage,  
With such arms of pearly whiteness,  
With a neck so fair and lovely.  
Neither is she empty-handed,  
She has brought us furs abundant,  
Brought us many silken garments,  
Richest weavings of Pohyola.  
Many beauteous things the maiden,  
With the spindle has accomplished,  
Spun and woven with her fingers  
Dresses of the finest texture  
She in winter has upfolded,  
Bleached them in the days of spring-time,  
Dried them at the hour of noon-day,  
For our couches finest linen,  
For our heads the softest pillows,  
For our comfort woollen blankets,  
For our necks the silken ribbons."  
To the bride speaks gracious Lakko:  
"Goodly wife, thou Maid of Beauty,  
Highly wert thou praised as daughter,  
In thy father's distant country;  
Here thou shalt be praised forever  
By the kindred of thy husband;  
Thou shalt never suffer sorrow,  
Never give thy heart to grieving;  
In the swamps thou wert not nurtured,  
Wert not fed beside the brooklets;  
Thou wert born 'neath stars auspicious,  
Nurtured from the richest garner,  
Thou wert taken to the brewing  
Of the sweetest beer in Northland.  
"Beauteous bride from Sariola,  
Shouldst thou see me bringing hither  
Casks of corn, or wheat, or barley;  
Bringing rye in great abundance,  
They belong to this thy household;  
Good the plowing of thy husband.  
Good his sowing and his reaping.  
"Bride of Beauty from the Northland,  
Thou wilt learn this home to manage,

Learn to labor with thy kindred;  
Good the home for thee to dwell in,  
Good enough for bride and daughter.  
At thy hand will rest the milk-pail,  
And the churn awaits thine order;  
It is well here for the maiden,  
Happy will the young bride labor,  
Easy are the resting-benches;  
Here the host is like thy father,  
Like thy mother is the hostess,  
All the sons are like thy brothers,  
Like thy sisters are the daughters.  
"Shouldst thou ever have a longing  
For the whiting of the ocean,  
For thy, father's Northland salmon,  
For thy brother's hazel-chickens,  
Ask them only of thy husband,  
Let thy hero-husband bring them.  
There is not in all of Northland,  
Not a creature of the forest,  
Not a bird beneath the ether,  
Not a fish within the waters,  
Not the largest, nor the smallest  
That thy husband cannot capture.  
It is well here for the maiden,  
Here the bride may live in freedom,  
Need not turn the heavy millstone,  
Need not move the iron pestle;  
Here the wheat is ground by water,  
For the rye, the swifter current,  
While the billows wash the vessels  
And the surging waters rinse them.  
Thou hast here a lovely village,  
Finest spot in all of Northland,  
In the lowlands sweet the verdure,  
in the uplands, fields of beauty,  
With the lake-shore near the hamlet,  
Near thy home the running water,  
Where the goslings swim and frolic,  
Water-birds disport in numbers."  
Thereupon the bride and bridegroom  
Were refreshed with richest viands,  
Given food and drink abundant,  
Fed on choicest bits of reindeer,  
On the sweetest loaves of barley,  
On the best of wheaten biscuits,  
On the richest beer of Northland.  
Many things were on the table,  
Many dainties of Wainola,

In the bowls of scarlet color,  
In the platters deftly painted,  
Many cakes with honey sweetened,  
To each guest was butter given,  
Many bits of trout and whiting,  
Larger salmon carved in slices,  
With the knives of molten silver,  
Rimmed with gold the silver handles,  
Beer of barley ceaseless flowing,  
Honey-drink that was not purchased,  
In the cellar flows profusely,  
Beer for all, the tongues to quicken,  
Mead and beer the minds to freshen.  
Who is there to lead the singing,  
Lead the songs of Kalevala?  
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,  
The eternal, wise enchanter,  
Quick begins his incantations,  
Straightway sings the songs that follow.  
"Golden brethren, dearest kindred,  
Ye, my loved ones, wise and worthy  
Ye companions, highly-gifted,  
Listen to my simple sayings:  
Rarely stand the geese together,  
Sisters do not mate each other,  
Not together stand the brothers,  
Nor the children of one mother,  
In the countries of the Northland.  
"Shall we now begin the singing,  
Sing the songs of old tradition?  
Singers can but sing their wisdom,  
And the cuckoo call the spring-time,  
And the goddess of the heavens  
Only dyes the earth in beauty;  
So the goddesses of weaving  
Can but weave from dawn till twilight,  
Ever sing the youth of Lapland  
In their straw-shoes full of gladness,  
When the coarse-meat of the roebuck,  
Or of blue-moose they have eaten.  
Wherefore should I not be singing,  
And the children not be chanting  
Of the biscuits of Wainola,  
Of the bread of Kalew-waters?  
Even Sing the lads of Lapland  
In their straw-shoes filled with joyance,  
Drinking but a cup of water,  
Eating but the bitter tan-bark.  
Wherefore should I not be singing,

And the children not be chanting  
Of the beer of Kalevala,  
Brewed from barley in perfection,  
Dressed in quaint and homely costume,  
As they sit beside their hearth-stones.  
Wherefore should I not be singing,  
And the children too be chanting  
Underneath these painted rafters,  
In these halls renowned and ancient?  
This the place for men to linger,  
This the court-room for the maidens,  
Near the foaming beer of barley,  
Honey-brewed in great abundance,  
Very near, the salmon-waters,  
Near, the nets for trout and whiting,  
Here where food is never wanting,  
Where the beer is ever brewing.  
Here Wainola's sons assemble,  
Here Wainola's daughters gather,  
Here they never eat in trouble,  
Here they live without regretting,  
In the life-time of the landlord,  
While the hostess lives and prospers.  
"Who shall first be sung and lauded?  
Shall it be the bride or bridegroom?  
Let us praise the bridegroom's father,  
Let the hero-host be chanted,  
Him whose home is in the forest,  
Him who built upon the mountains,  
Him who brought the trunks of lindens,  
With their tops and slender branches,  
Brought them to the best of places,  
Joined them skilfully together,  
For the mansion of the nation,  
For this famous hero-dwelling,  
Walls procured upon the lowlands,  
Rafters from the pine and fir-tree,  
From the woodlands beams of oak-wood,  
From the berry-plains the studding,  
Bark was furnished by the aspen,  
And the mosses from the fenlands.  
Trimly builded is this mansion,  
In a haven warmly sheltered;  
Here a hundred men have labored,  
On the roof have stood a thousand,  
As this spacious house was building,  
As this roof was tightly jointed.  
Here the ancient mansion-builder,  
When these rafters were erected,

Lost in storms his locks of sable,  
Scattered by the winds of heaven.  
Often has the hero-landlord  
On the rocks his gloves forgotten,  
Left his hat upon the willows,  
Lost his mittens in the marshes;  
Oftentimes the mansion-builder,  
In the early hours of morning,  
Ere his workmen had awakened,  
Unperceived by all the village,  
Has arisen from his slumber,  
Left his cabin the snow-fields,  
Combed his locks among the branches,  
Bathed his eyes in dews of morning.  
"Thus obtained the pleasant landlord  
Friends to fill his spacious dwelling,  
Fill his benches with magicians,  
Fill his windows with enchanters,  
Fill his halls with wizard-singers,  
Fill his floors with ancient speakers,  
Fill his ancient court with strangers,  
Fill his hurdles with the needy;  
Thus the Kalew-host is lauded.  
"Now I praise the genial hostess,  
Who prepares the toothsome dinner,  
Fills with plenty all her tables,  
Bakes the honeyed loaves of barley,  
Kneads the dough with magic fingers,  
With her arms of strength and beauty,  
Bakes her bread in copper ovens,  
Feeds her guests and bids them welcome,  
Feeds them on the toothsome bacon,  
On the trout, and pike, and whiting,  
On the rarest fish in ocean,  
On the dainties of Wainola.  
"Often has the faithful hostess  
Risen from her couch in silence,  
Ere the crowing of the watcher,  
To prepare the wedding-banquet,  
Make her tables look attractive.  
Brew the honey-beer of wedlock.  
Excellently has the housewife,  
Has the hostess filled with wisdom,  
Brewed the beer from hops and barley,  
From the corn of Kalevala,  
From the wheat-malt honey-seasoned,  
Stirred the beer with graceful fingers,  
At the oven in the penthouse,  
In the chamber swept and polished.

Neither did the prudent hostess,  
Beautiful, and full of wisdom,  
Let the barley sprout too freely,  
Lest the beer should taste of black-earth,  
Be too bitter in the brewing,  
Often went she to the garner,  
Went alone at hour of midnight,  
Was not frightened by the black-wolf,  
Did not fear the beasts of woodlands.  
"Now the hostess I have lauded,  
Let me praise the favored suitor,  
Now the honored hero-bridegroom,  
Best of all the village-masters.  
Clothed in purple is the hero,  
Raiment brought from distant nations,  
Tightly fitting to his body;  
Snugly sets his coat of ermine,  
To the floor it hangs in beauty,  
Trailing from his neck and shoulders,  
Little of his vest appearing,  
Peeping through his outer raiment,  
Woven by the Moon's fair daughters,  
And his vestment silver-tinselled.  
Dressed in neatness is the suitor,  
Round his waist a belt of copper,  
Hammered by the Sun's sweet maidens,  
Ere the early fires were lighted,  
Ere the fire had been discovered.  
Dressed in richness is the bridegroom,  
On his feet are silken stockings,  
Silken ribbons on his ankles,  
Gold and silver interwoven.  
Dressed in beauty is the bridegroom,  
On his feet are shoes of deer-skin,  
Like the swans upon the water,  
Like the blue-duck on the sea-waves,  
Like the thrush among the willows,  
Like the water-birds of Northland.  
Well adorned the hero-suitor,  
With his locks of golden color,  
With his gold-beard finely braided,  
Hero-hat upon his forehead,  
Piercing through the forest branches,  
Reaching to the clouds of heaven,  
Bought with countless gold and silver,  
Priceless is the suitor's head-gear.  
"Now the bridegroom has been lauded,  
I will praise the young bride's playmate,  
Day-companion in her childhood,

In the maiden's magic mansion.  
Whence was brought the merry maiden,  
From the village of Tanikka?  
Thence was never brought the playmate,  
Playmate of the bride in childhood.  
Has she come from distant nations,  
From the waters of the Dwina,  
O'er the ocean far-outstretching?  
Not from Dwina came the maiden,  
Did not sail across the waters;  
Grew as berry in the mountains,  
As a strawberry of sweetness,  
On the fields the child of beauty,  
In the glens the golden flower.  
Thence has come the young bride's playmate,  
Thence arose her fair companion.  
Tiny are her feet and fingers,  
Small her lips of scarlet color,  
Like the maiden's loom of Suomi;  
Eyes that shine in kindly beauty  
Like the twinkling stars of heaven;  
Beam the playmate's throbbing temples  
Like the moonlight on the waters.  
Trinkets has the bride's companion,  
On her neck a golden necklace,  
In her tresses, silken ribbons,  
On her arms are golden bracelets,  
Golden rings upon her fingers,  
Pearls are set in golden ear-rings,  
Loops of gold upon her temples,  
And with pearls her brow is studded.  
Northland thought the Moon was shining  
When her jeweled ear-rings glistened;  
Thought the Sun had left his station  
When her girdle shone in beauty;  
Thought a ship was homeward sailing  
When her colored head-gear fluttered.  
Thus is praised the bride's companion,  
Playmate of the Rainbow-maiden.  
"Now I praise the friends assembled,  
All appear in graceful manners;  
If the old are wise and silent,  
All the youth are free and merry,  
All the guests are fair and worthy.  
Never was there in Wainola,  
Never will there be in Northland,  
Such a company assembled;  
All the children speak in joyance,  
All the aged move sedately;

Dressed in white are all the maidens,  
Like the hoar-frost of the morning,  
Like the welcome dawn of spring-time,  
Like the rising of the daylight.  
Silver then was more abundant,  
Gold among the guests in plenty,  
On the hills were money, pockets,  
Money-bags along the valleys,  
For the friends that were invited,  
For the guests in joy assembled.  
All the friends have now been lauded,  
Each has gained his meed of honor."  
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,  
Song-deliverer of Northland,  
Swung himself upon the fur-bench  
Or his magic sledge of copper,  
Straightway hastened to his hamlet,  
Singing as he journeyed onward,  
Singing charms and incantations,  
Singing one day, then a second,  
All the third day chanting legends.  
On the rocks the runners rattled,  
Hung the sledge upon a birch-stump,  
Broke it into many pieces,  
With the magic of his singing;  
Double were the runners bended,  
All the parts were torn asunder,  
And his magic sledge was ruined.  
Then the good, old Wainamoinen  
Spake these words in meditation:  
"Is there one among this number,  
In this rising generation,  
Or perchance among the aged,  
In the passing generation,  
That will go to Mana's kingdom,  
To the empire of Tuoni,  
There to get the magic auger  
From the master of Manala,  
That I may repair my snow-sledge,  
Or a second sledge may fashion?"  
What the younger people answered  
Was the answer of the aged:  
"Not among the youth of Northland,  
Nor among the aged heroes,  
Is there one of ample courage,  
That has bravery sufficient,  
To attempt the reckless journey  
To the kingdom of Tuoni,  
To Manala's fields and castles,

Thence to bring Tuoni's auger,  
Wherewithal to mend thy snow-sledge,  
Build anew thy sledge of magic."  
Thereupon old Wainamoinen,  
The eternal wisdom-singer,  
Went again to Mana's empire,  
To the kingdom of Tuoni,  
Crossed the sable stream of Deathland,  
To the castles of Manala,  
Found the auger of Tuoni,  
Brought the instrument in safety.  
Straightway sings old Wainamoinen,  
Sings to life a purple forest,  
In the forest, slender birches,  
And beside them, mighty oak-trees,  
Shapes them into shafts and runners,  
Moulds them by his will and power,  
Makes anew his sledge of magic.  
On his steed he lays the harness,  
Binds him to his sledge securely,  
Seats himself upon the cross-bench,  
And the racer gallops homeward,  
To the manger filled and waiting,  
To the stable of his master;  
Brings the ancient Wainamoinen,  
Famous bard and wise enchanter,  
To the threshold of his dwelling,  
To his home in Kalevala.

## RUNE XXVI

### ORIGIN OF THE SERPENT

Ahti, living on the island,  
Near the Kauko-point and harbor,  
Plowed his fields for rye and barley,  
Furrowed his extensive pastures,  
Heard with quickened ears an uproar,  
Heard the village in commotion,  
Heard a noise along the sea-shore,  
Heard the foot-steps on the ice-plain,  
Heard the rattle of the sledges;  
Quick his mind divined the reason,  
Knew it was Pohyola's wedding,  
Wedding of the Rainbow-virgin.  
Quick he stopped in disappointment,  
Shook his sable locks in envy,  
Turned his hero-head in anger,  
While the scarlet blood ceased flowing  
Through his pallid face and temples;  
Ceased his plowing and his sowing,  
On the field he left the furrows,  
On his steed he lightly mounted,  
Straightway galloped fleetly homeward  
To his well-beloved mother,  
To his mother old and golden,  
Gave his mother these directions,  
These the words of Lemminkainen:  
"My beloved, faithful mother,  
Quickly bring me beer and viands,  
Bring me food for I am hungry,  
Food and drink for me abundant,  
Have my bath-room quickly heated,  
Quickly set the room in order,  
That I may refresh my body,  
Dress myself in hero-raiment."  
Lemminkainen's aged mother  
Brings her hero food in plenty,  
Beer and viands for the hungry,  
For her thirsting son and hero;  
Quick she heats the ancient bath-room,  
Quickly sets his bath in order.  
Then the reckless Lemminkainen  
Ate his meat with beer inspiring,  
Hastened to his bath awaiting;  
Only was the bullfinch bathing,

With the many-colored bunting;  
Quick the hero laved his temples,  
Laved himself to flaxen whiteness,  
Quick returning to his mother,  
Spake in haste the words that follow:  
"My beloved, helpful mother,  
Go at once to yonder mountain,  
To the store-house on the hill-top,  
Bring my vest of finest texture,  
Bring my hero-coat of purple,  
Bring my suit of magic colors,  
Thus to make me look attractive,  
Thus to robe myself in beauty."  
First the ancient mother asked him,  
Asked her son this simple question:  
"Whither dost thou go, my hero?  
Dost thou go to hunt the roebuck,  
Chase the lynx upon the mountains,  
Shoot the squirrel in the woodlands?"  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,  
Also known as Kaukomieli:  
"Worthy mother of my being,  
Go I not to hunt the roebuck,  
Chase the lynx upon the mountains,  
Shoot the squirrel on the tree-tops;  
I am going to Pohyola,  
To the feasting of her people.  
Bring at once my purple vestments,  
Straightway bring my nuptial outfit,  
Let me don it for the marriage  
Of the maiden of the Northland."  
But the ancient dame dissented,  
And the wife forbade the husband;  
Two of all the best of heroes,  
Three of nature's fairest daughters,  
Strongly urged wild Lemminkainen  
Not to go to Sariola,  
To Pohyola's great carousal,  
To the marriage-feast of Northland,  
"Since thou hast not been invited,  
Since they do not wish thy presence."  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen.  
These the words of Kaukomieli:  
"Where the wicked are invited,  
There the good are always welcome,  
Herein lies my invitation;  
I am constantly reminded  
By this sword of sharpened edges,  
By this magic blade and scabbard,

That Pohyola needs my presence."  
Lemminkainen's aged mother  
Sought again to stay her hero:  
"Do not go, my son beloved,  
To the feasting in Pohyola;  
Full of horrors are the highways,  
On the road are many wonders,  
Three times Death appears to frighten,  
Thrice destruction hovers over!"  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,  
These the words of Kaukomieli:  
"Death is seen by aged people,  
Everywhere they see perdition,  
Death can never frighten heroes,  
Heroes do not fear the spectre;  
Be that as it may, dear mother,  
Tell that I may understand thee,  
Name the first of all destructions,  
Name the first and last destroyers!"  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"I will tell thee, son and hero,  
Not because I wish to speak it,  
But because the truth is worthy;  
I will name the chief destruction,  
Name the first of the destroyers.  
When thou hast a distance journeyed,  
Only one day hast thou travelled,  
Comes a stream along the highway,  
Stream of fire of wondrous beauty,  
In the stream a mighty fire-spout,  
In the spout a rock uprising,  
On the rock a fiery hillock,  
On the top a flaming eagle,  
And his crooked beak he sharpens,  
Sharpens too his bloody talons,  
For the coming of the stranger,  
For the people that approach him."  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:  
"Women die beneath the eagle,  
Such is not the death of heroes;  
Know I well a magic lotion,  
That will heal the wounds of eagles;  
Make myself a steed of alders,  
That will walk as my companion,  
That will stride ahead majestic;  
As a duck I'll drive behind him,  
Drive him o'er the fatal waters,  
Underneath the flaming eagle,

With his bloody beak and talons.  
Worthy mother of my being,  
Name the second of destroyers."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"This the second of destroyers:  
When thou hast a distance wandered,  
Only two clays hast thou travelled,  
Comes a pit of fire to meet thee,  
In the centre of the highway,  
Eastward far the pit extending,  
Stretches endless to the westward,  
Filled with burning coals and pebbles,  
Glowing with the heat of ages;  
Hundreds has this monster swallowed,  
In his jaws have thousands perished,  
Hundreds with their trusty broadswords,  
Thousands on their fiery chargers."  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:  
"Never will the hero perish  
In the jaws of such a monster;  
Know I well the means of safety,  
Know a remedy efficient:  
I will make of snow a master,  
On the snow-clad fields, a hero,  
Drive the snow-man on before me,  
Drive him through the flaming vortex,  
Drive him through the fiery furnace,  
With my magic broom of copper;  
I will follow in his shadow,  
Follow close the magic image,  
Thus escape the frightful monster,  
With my golden locks uninjured,  
With my flowing beard untangled.  
Ancient mother of my being,  
Name the last of the destructions,  
Name the third of the destroyers."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"This the third of fatal dangers:  
Hast thou gone a greater distance,  
Hast thou travelled one day longer,  
To the portals of Pohyola,  
To the narrowest of gate-ways,  
There a wolf will rise to meet thee,  
There the black-bear sneak upon thee-,  
In Pohyola's darksome portals,  
Hundreds in their jaws have perished,  
Have devoured a thousand heroes;  
Wherefore will they not destroy thee,

Since thy form is unprotected?"  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:  
"Let them eat the gentle lambkins,  
Feed upon their tender tissues,  
They cannot devour this hero;  
I am girded with my buckler,  
Girded with my belt of copper,  
Armlets wear I of the master,  
From the wolf and bear protected,  
Will not hasten to Untamo.  
I can meet the wolf of Lempo,  
For the bear I have a balsam,  
For his mouth I conjure bridles,  
For the wolf, forge chains of iron;  
I will smite them as the willow,  
Chop them into little fragments,  
Thus I'll gain the open court-yard,  
Thus triumphant end my journey."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Then thy journey is not ended,  
Greater dangers still await thee,  
Great the wonders yet before thee,  
Horrors three within thy pathway;  
Three great dangers of the hero  
Still await thy reckless footsteps,  
These the worst of all thy dangers:  
When thou hast still farther wandered,  
Thou wilt reach the Court of Pohya,  
Where the walls are forged from iron,  
And from steel the outer bulwark;  
Rises from the earth to heaven,  
Back again to earth returning;  
Double spears are used for railings,  
On each spear are serpents winding,  
On each rail are stinging adders;  
Lizards too adorn the bulwarks,  
Play their long tails in the sunlight,  
Hissing lizards, venomed serpents,  
Jump and writhe upon the rampart,  
Turn their horrid heads to meet thee;  
On the greensward lie the monsters,  
On the ground the things of evil,  
With their pliant tongues of venom,  
Hissing, striking, crawling, writhing;  
One more horrid than the others,  
Lies before the fatal gate-way,  
Longer than the longest rafters,  
Larger than the largest portals;

Hisses with the tongue of anger,  
Lifts his head in awful menace,  
Raises it to strike none other  
Than the hero of the islands."  
Spake the warlike Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:  
"By such things the children perish,  
Such is not the death of heroes;  
Know I well the fire to manage,  
I can quench the flames of passion,  
I can meet the prowling wild-beasts,  
Can appease the wrath of serpents,  
I can heal the sting of adders,  
I have plowed the serpent-pastures,  
Plowed the adder-fields of Northland;  
While my hands were unprotected,  
Held the serpents in my fingers,  
Drove the adders to Manala,  
On my hands the blood of serpents,  
On my feet the fat of adders.  
Never will thy hero stumble  
On the serpents of the Northland;  
With my heel I'll crush the monsters,  
Stamp the horrid things to atoms;  
I will banish them from Pohya,  
Drive them to Manala's kingdom,  
Step within Pohyola's mansion,  
Walk the halls of Sariola!"  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Do not go, my son beloved,  
To the firesides of Pohyola,  
Through the Northland fields and fallows;  
There are warriors with broadswords,  
Heroes clad in mail of copper,  
Are on beer intoxicated,  
By the beer are much embittered;  
They will charm thee, hapless creature,  
On the tips of swords of magic;  
Greater heroes have been conjured,  
Stronger ones have been outwitted."  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"Formerly thy son resided  
In the hamlets of Pohyola;  
Laplanders cannot enchant me,  
Nor the Turyalanders harm me  
I the Laplander will conjure,  
Charm him with my magic powers,  
Sing his shoulders wide asunder,  
In his chin I'll sing a fissure,

Sing his collar-bone to pieces,  
Sing his breast to thousand fragments."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Foolish son, ungrateful wizard,  
Boasting of thy former visit,  
Boasting of thy fatal journey!  
Once in Northland thou wert living,  
In the homesteads of Pohyola;  
There thou tried to swim the whirlpool,  
Tasted there the dog-tongue waters,  
Floated down the fatal current,  
Sank beneath its angry billows;  
Thou hast seen Tuoni's river,  
Thou hast measured Mana's waters,  
There to-day thou wouldst be sleeping,  
Had it not been for thy mother!  
What I tell thee well remember,  
Shouldst thou gain Pohyola's chambers,  
Filled with stakes thou'lt find the court-yard,  
These to hold the heads of heroes;  
There thy head will rest forever,  
Shouldst thou go to Sariola."  
Spake the warlike Lemminkainen:  
"Fools indeed may heed thy counsel,  
Cowards too may give attention;  
Those of seven conquest-summers  
Cannot heed such weak advising.  
Bring to me my battle-armor.  
Bring my magic mail of copper,  
Bring me too my father's broadsword,  
Keep the old man's blade from rusting;  
Long it has been cold and idle,  
Long has lain in secret places,  
Long and constantly been weeping,  
Long been asking for a bearer."  
Then he took his mail of copper,  
Took his ancient battle-armor,  
Took his father's sword of magic,  
Tried its point against the oak-wood,  
Tried its edge upon the sorb-tree;  
In his hand the blade was bended,  
Like the limber boughs of willow,  
Like the juniper in summer.  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:  
"There is none in Pohya's hamlets,  
In the courts of Sariola,  
That with me can measure broadswords,  
That can meet this blade ancestral."  
From the nail he took a cross-bow,

Took the strongest from the rafters,  
Spake these words in meditation:  
"I shall recognize as worthy,  
Recognize that one a hero  
That can bend this mighty cross-bow,  
That can break its magic sinews,  
In the hamlets of Pohyola."  
Lemminkainen, filled with courage,  
Girds himself in suit of battle,  
Dons his mighty mail of copper,  
To his servant speaks as follows:  
"Trusty slave, and whom I purchased,  
Whom I bought with gold and silver,  
Quick prepare my fiery charger,  
Harness well my steed of battle;  
I am going to the feasting,  
To the banquet-fields of Lempo."  
Quick obeys the faithful servant,  
Hitches well the noble war-horse,  
Quick prepares the fire-red stallion,  
Speaks these words when all is I ready:  
"I have done what thou hast hidden,  
Ready harnessed is the charger,  
Waiting to obey his master."  
Comes the hour of the departing  
Of the hero, Lemminkainen,  
Right hand ready, left unwilling,  
All his anxious fingers pain him,  
Till at last in full obedience,  
All his members give permission;  
Starts the hero on his journey,  
While the mother gives him counsel,  
At the threshold of the dwelling,  
At the highway of the court-yard:  
"Child of courage, my beloved,  
Son of strength, my wisdom-hero,  
If thou goest to the feasting,  
Shouldst thou reach the great carousal,  
Drink thou only a half a cupful,  
Drink the goblet to the middle,  
Always give the half remaining,  
Give the worse half to another,  
To another more unworthy;  
In the lower half are serpents,  
Worms, and frogs, and hissing lizards,  
Feeding on the slimy bottom."  
Furthermore she tells her hero,  
Gives her son these sage directions,  
On the border of the court-yard,

At the portals farthest distant:  
"If thou goest to the banquet,  
Shouldst thou reach the great carousal,  
Occupy but half the settle,  
Take but half a stride in walking,  
Give the second half to others,  
To another less deserving;  
Only thus thou'lt be a hero,  
Thus become a son immortal;  
In the guest-rooms look courageous,  
Bravely move about the chambers,  
In the gatherings of heroes,  
With the hosts of magic valor."  
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen  
Quickly leaped upon the cross-bench  
Of his battle-sledge of wonder,  
Raised his pearl-enamelled birch-rod,  
Snapped his whip above his charger,  
And the steed flew onward fleetly,  
Galloped on his distant journey.  
He had travelled little distance,  
When a flight of hazel-chickens  
Quick arose before his coming,  
Flew before the foaming racer.  
There were left some feathers lying,  
Feathers of the hazel-chickens,  
Lying in the hero's pathway.  
These the reckless Lemminkainen  
Gathered for their magic virtues,  
Put them in his pouch of leather,  
Did not know what things might happen  
On his journey to Pohyola;  
All things have some little value,  
In a strait all things are useful.  
Then he drove a little distance,  
Galloped farther on the highway,  
When his courser neighed in danger,  
And the fleet-foot ceased his running.  
Then the stout-heart, Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,  
Rose upon his seat in wonder,  
Craned his neck and looked about him  
Found it as his mother told him,  
Found a stream of fire opposing;  
Ran the fire-stream like a river,  
Ran across the hero's pathway.  
In the river was a fire-fall,  
In the cataract a fire-rock,  
On the rock a fiery hillock,

On its summit perched an eagle,  
From his throat the fire was streaming  
To the crater far below him,  
Fire out-shooting from his feathers,  
Glowing with a fiery splendor;  
Long he looked upon the hero,  
Long he gazed on Lemminkainen,  
Then the eagle thus addressed him:  
"Whither art thou driving, Ahti,  
Whither going, Lemminkainen?"  
Kaukomieli spake in answer:  
"To the feastings of Pohyola,  
To the drinking-halls of Louhi,  
To the banquet of her people;  
Move aside and let me journey,  
Move a little from my pathway,  
Let this wanderer pass by thee,  
I am warlike Lemminkainen."  
This the answer of the eagle,  
Screaming from his throat of splendor:  
"Though thou art wild Lemminkainen,  
I shall let thee wander onward,  
Through my fire-throat let thee journey,  
Through these flames shall be thy passage  
To the banquet-halls of Louhi,  
To Pohyola's great carousal!"  
Little heeding, Kaukomieli  
Thinks himself in little trouble,  
Thrusts his fingers in his pockets,  
Searches in his pouch of leather,  
Quickly takes the magic feathers,  
Feathers from the hazel-chickens,  
Rubs them into finest powder,  
Rubs them with his magic fingers  
Whence a flight of birds arises,  
Hazel-chickens from the feathers,  
Large the bevy of the young birds.  
Quick the wizard, Lemminkainen,  
Drives them to the eagle's fire-mouth,  
Thus to satisfy his hunger,  
Thus to quench the fire out-streaming.  
Thus escapes the reckless hero,  
Thus escapes the first of dangers,  
Passes thus the first destroyer,  
On his journey to Pohyola.  
With his whip he strikes his courser,  
With his birch-whip, pearl-enamelled;  
Straightway speeds the fiery charger,  
Noiselessly upon his journey,

Gallops fast and gallops faster,  
Till the flying steed in terror  
Neighs again and ceases running.  
Lemminkainen, quickly rising,  
Cranes his neck and looks about him,  
Sees his mother's words were truthful,  
Sees her augury well-taken.  
Lo! before him yawned a fire-gulf,  
Stretching crosswise through his pathway;  
Far to east the gulf extending,  
To the west an endless distance,  
Filled with stones and burning pebbles,  
Running streams of burning matter.  
Little heeding, Lemminkainen  
Cries aloud in prayer to Ukko:  
"Ukko, thou O God above me,  
Dear Creator, omnipresent,  
From the north-west send a storm-cloud,  
From the east, dispatch a second,  
From the south send forth a third one;  
Let them gather from the south-west,  
Sew their edges well together,  
Fill thou well the interspaces,  
Send a snow-fall high as heaven,  
Let it fall from upper ether,  
Fall upon the flaming fire-pit,  
On the cataract and whirlpool!"  
Mighty Ukko, the Creator,  
Ukko, father omnipresent,  
Dwelling in the courts of heaven,  
Sent a storm-cloud from the north-west,  
From the east he sent a second,  
From the south despatched a third one,  
Let them gather from the south-west,  
Sewed their edges well together,  
Filled their many interspaces,  
Sent a snow-fall high as heaven,  
From the giddy heights of ether,  
Sent it seething to the fire-pit,  
On the streams of burning matter;  
From the snow-fall in the fire-pond,  
Grows a lake with rolling billows.  
Quick the hero, Lemminkainen,  
Conjures there of ice a passage  
From one border to the other,  
Thus escapes his second danger,  
Thus his second trouble passes.  
Then the reckless Lemminkainen  
Raised his pearl-enamelled birch-rod,

Snapped his whip above his racer,  
And the steed flew onward swiftly,  
Galloped on his distant journey  
O'er the highway to Pohyola;  
Galloped fast and galloped faster,  
Galloped on a greater distance,  
When the stallion loudly neighing,  
Stopped and trembled on the highway,  
Then the lively Lemminkainen  
Raised himself upon the cross-bench,  
Looked to see what else had happened;  
Lo I a wolf stands at the portals,  
in the passage-way a black-bear,  
At the high-gate of Pohyola,  
At the ending of the journey.  
Thereupon young Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,  
Thrusts his fingers in his pockets,  
Seeks his magic pouch of leather,  
Pulls therefrom a lock of ewe-wool,  
Rubs it firmly in his fingers,  
In his hands it falls to powder;  
Breathes the breath of life upon it,  
When a flock of sheep arises,  
Goats and sheep of sable color;  
On the flock the black-wolf pounces,  
And the wild-bear aids the slaughter,  
While the reckless Lemminkainen  
Rushes by them on his journey;  
Gallops on a little distance,  
To the court of Sariola,  
Finds the fence of molten iron,  
And of steel the rods and pickets,  
In the earth a hundred fathoms,  
To the azure sky, a thousand,  
Double-pointed spears projecting;  
On each spear were serpents twisted,  
Adders coiled in countless numbers,  
Lizards mingled with the serpents,  
Tails entangled pointing earthward,  
While their heads were skyward whirling,  
Writhing, hissing mass of evil.  
Then the stout-heart, Kaukomieli,  
Deeply thought and long considered:  
"It is as my mother told me,  
This the wall that she predicted,  
Stretching from the earth to heaven;  
Downward deep are serpents creeping,  
Deeper still the rails extending;

High as highest flight of eagles,  
Higher still the wall shoots upward."  
But the hero, Lemminkainen,  
Little cares, nor feels disheartened,  
Draws his broadsword from its scabbard,  
Draws his mighty blade ancestral,  
Hews the wall with might of magic,  
Breaks the palisade in pieces,  
Hews to atoms seven pickets,  
Chops the serpent-wall to fragments;  
Through the breach he quickly passes  
To the portals of Pohyola.  
In the way, a serpent lying,  
Lying crosswise in the entry,  
Longer than the longest rafters,  
Larger than the posts of oak-wood;  
Hundred-eyed, the heinous serpent,  
And a thousand tongues, the monster,  
Eyes as large as sifting vessels,  
Tongues as long as shafts of javelins,  
Teeth as large as hatchet-handles,  
Back as broad as skiffs of ocean.  
Lemminkainen does not venture  
Straightway through this host opposing,  
Through the hundred heads of adders,  
Through the thousand tongues of serpents.  
Spake the magic Lemminkainen:  
"Venomed viper, thing of evil,  
Ancient adder of Tuoni,  
Thou that crawlest in the stubble,  
Through the flower-roots of Lempo,  
Who has sent thee from thy kingdom,  
Sent thee from thine evil coverts,  
Sent thee hither, crawling, writhing,  
In the pathway I would travel?  
Who bestowed thy mouth of venom,  
Who insisted, who commanded,  
Thou shouldst raise thy head toward heaven,  
Who thy tail has given action?  
Was this given by the father,  
Did the mother give this power,  
Or the eldest of the brothers,  
Or the youngest of the sisters,  
Or some other of thy kindred?  
"Close thy mouth, thou thing of evil,  
Hide thy pliant tongue of venom,  
In a circle wrap thy body,  
Coil thou like a shield in silence,  
Give to me one-half the pathway,

Let this wanderer pass by thee,  
Or remove thyself entirely;  
Get thee hence to yonder heather,  
Quick retreat to bog and stubble,  
Hide thyself in reeds and rushes,  
In the brambles of the lowlands.  
Like a ball of flax enfolding,  
Like a sphere of aspen-branches,  
With thy head and tail together,  
Roll thyself to yonder mountain;  
In the heather is thy dwelling,  
Underneath the sod thy caverns.  
Shouldst thou raise thy head in anger,  
Mighty Ukko will destroy it,  
Pierce it with his steel-tipped arrows,  
With his death-balls made of iron!"  
Hardly had the hero ended,  
When the monster, little heeding,  
Hissing with his tongue in anger,  
Plying like the forked lightning,  
Pounces with his mouth of venom  
At the head of Lemminkainen;  
But the hero, quick recalling,  
Speaks the master-words of knowledge,  
Words that came from distant ages,  
Words his ancestors had taught him,  
Words his mother learned in childhood,  
These the words of Lemminkainen:  
"Since thou wilt not heed mine order,  
Since thou wilt not leave the highway,  
Puffed with pride of thine own greatness,  
Thou shall burst in triple pieces.  
Leave thy station for the borders,  
I will hunt thine ancient mother,  
Sing thine origin of evil,  
How arose thy head of horror;  
Suoyatar, thine ancient mother,  
Thing of evil, thy creator!"  
"Suoyatar once let her spittle  
Fall upon the waves of ocean;  
This was rocked by winds and waters,  
Shaken by the ocean-currents,  
Six years rocked upon the billows,  
Rocked in water seven summers,  
On the blue-back of the ocean,  
On the billows high as heaven;  
Lengthwise did the billows draw it,  
And the sunshine gave it softness,  
To the shore the billows washed it,

On the coast the waters left it.  
"Then appeared Creation's daughters,  
Three the daughters thus appearing,  
On the roaring shore of ocean,  
There beheld the spittle lying,  
And the daughters spake as follows:  
'What would happen from this spittle,  
Should the breath of the Creator  
Fall upon the writhing matter,  
Breathe the breath of life upon it,  
Give the thing the sense of vision?  
"The Creator heard these measures,  
Spake himself the words that follow:  
'Evil only comes from evil,  
This is the expectoration  
Of fell Suoyatar, its mother;  
Therefore would the thing be evil,  
Should I breathe a soul within it,  
Should I give it sense of vision.'  
"Hisi heard this conversation,  
Ever ready with his mischief,  
Made himself to be creator,  
Breathed a soul into the spittle,  
To fell Suoyatar's fierce anger.  
Thus arose the poison-monster,  
Thus was born the evil serpent,  
This the origin of evil.  
"Whence the life that gave her action'?  
From the carbon-pile of Hisi.  
Whence then was her heart created?  
From the heart-throbs of her mother  
Whence arose her brain of evil?  
From the foam of rolling waters.  
Whence was consciousness awakened?  
From the waterfall's commotion.  
Whence arose her head of venom?  
From the seed-germs of the ivy.  
Whence then came her eyes of fury?  
From the flaxen seeds of Lempo.  
Whence the evil ears for hearing?  
From the foliage of Hisi.  
Whence then was her mouth created?  
This from Suoyatar's foam-currents  
Whence arose thy tongue of anger r  
From the spear of Keitolainen.  
Whence arose thy fangs of poison?  
From the teeth of Mana's daughter.  
Whence then was thy back created?  
From the carbon-posts of Piru.

How then was thy tail created?  
From the brain of the hobgoblin.  
Whence arose thy writhing entrails?  
From the death-belt of Tuoni.  
"This thine origin, O Serpent,  
This thy charm of evil import,  
Vilest thing of God's creation,  
Writhing, hissing thing of evil,  
With the color of Tuoni,  
With the shade of earth and heaven,  
With the darkness of the storm-cloud.  
Get thee hence, thou loathsome monster,  
Clear the pathway of this hero.  
I am mighty Lemminkainen,  
On my journey to Pohyola,  
To the feastings and carousals,  
In the halls of darksome Northland."  
Thereupon the snake uncoiling,  
Hundred-eyed and heinous monster,  
Crawled away to other portals,  
That the hero, Kaukomieli,  
Might proceed upon his errand,  
To the dismal Sariola,  
To the feastings and carousals  
In the banquet-halls of Pohya.

## RUNE XXVII THE UNWELCOME GUEST

I have brought young Kaukomieli,  
Brought the Islander and hero,  
Also known as Lemminkainen,  
Through the jaws of death and ruin,  
Through the darkling deeps of Kalma,  
To the homesteads of Pohyola,  
To the dismal courts of Louhi;  
Now must I relate his doings,  
Must relate to all my bearers,  
How the merry Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,  
Wandered through Pohyola's chambers,  
Through the halls of Sariola,  
How the hero went unbidden  
To the feasting and carousal,  
Uninvited to the banquet.  
Lemminkainen full of courage,  
Full of life, and strength, and magic.  
Stepped across the ancient threshold,  
To the centre of the court-room,  
And the floors of linwood trembled,  
Walls and ceilings creaked and murmured.  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,  
These the words that Ahti uttered:  
"Be ye greeted on my coming,  
Ye that greet, be likewise greeted!  
Listen, all ye hosts of Pohya;  
Is there food about this homestead,  
Barley for my hungry courser,  
Beer to give a thirsty stranger?  
Sat the host of Sariola  
At the east end of the table,  
Gave this answer to the questions:  
"Surely is there in this homestead,  
For thy steed an open stable,  
Never will this host refuse thee,  
Shouldst thou act a part becoming,  
Worthy, coming to these portals,  
Waiting near the birchen rafters,  
In the spaces by the kettles,  
By the triple hooks of iron."  
Then the reckless Lemminkainen  
Shook his sable locks and answered:

"Lempo may perchance come hither,  
Let him fill this lowly station,  
Let him stand between the kettles,  
That with soot he may be blackened.  
Never has my ancient father,  
Never has the dear old hero,  
Stood upon a spot unworthy,  
At the portals near the rafters;  
For his steed the best of stables,  
Food and shelter gladly furnished,  
And a room for his attendants,  
Corners furnished for his mittens,  
Hooks provided for his snow-shoes,  
Halls in waiting for his helmet.  
Wherefore then should I not find here  
What my father found before me?"  
To the centre walked the hero,  
Walked around the dining table,  
Sat upon a bench and waited,  
On a bench of polished fir-wood,  
And the kettle creaked beneath him.  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"As a guest am I unwelcome,  
Since the waiters bring no viands,  
Bring no dishes to the stranger?"  
Ipotar, the Northland hostess,  
Then addressed the words that follow:  
"Lemminkainen, thou art evil,  
Thou art here, but not invited,  
Thou hast not the look of kindness,  
Thou wilt give me throbbing temples,  
Thou art bringing pain and sorrow.  
All our beer is in the barley,  
All the malt is in the kernel,  
All our grain is still ungarnered,  
And our dinner has been eaten;  
Yesterday thou shouldst have been here,  
Come again some future season."  
Whereupon wild Lemminkainen  
Pulled his mouth awry in anger,  
Shook his coal-black locks and answered:  
"All the tables here are empty,  
And the feasting-time is over;  
All the beer has left the goblets,  
Empty too are all the pitchers,  
Empty are the larger vessels.  
O thou hostess of Pohyola,  
Toothless dame of dismal Northland,  
Badly managed is thy wedding,

And thy feast is ill-conducted,  
Like the dogs hast thou invited;  
Thou hast baked the honey-biscuit,  
Wheaten loaves of greatest virtue,  
Brewed thy beer from hops and barley,  
Sent abroad thine invitations,  
Six the hamlets thou hast honored,  
Nine the villages invited  
By thy merry wedding-callers.  
Thou hast asked the poor and lowly,  
Asked the hosts of common people,  
Asked the blind, and deaf, and crippled,  
Asked a multitude of beggars,  
Toilers by the day, and hirelings;  
Asked the men of evil habits,  
Asked the maids with braided tresses,  
I alone was not invited.  
How could such a slight be given,  
Since I sent thee kegs of barley?  
Others sent thee grain in cupfuls,  
Brought it sparingly in dippers,  
While I sent thee fullest measure,  
Sent the half of all my garner,  
Of the richest of my harvest,  
Of the grain that I had gathered.  
Even now young Lemminkainen,  
Though a guest of name and station  
Has no beer, no food, no welcome,  
Naught for him art thou preparing,  
Nothing cooking in thy kettles,  
Nothing brewing in thy cellars  
For the hero of the Islands,  
At the closing of his journey."  
Ipotar, the ancient hostess,  
Gave this order to her servants:  
"Come, my pretty maiden-waiter,  
Servant-girl to me belonging,  
Lay some salmon to the broiling,  
Bring some beer to give the stranger!"  
Small of stature was the maiden,  
Washer of the banquet-platters,  
Rinser of the dinner-ladles,  
Polisher of spoons of silver,  
And she laid some food in kettles,  
Only bones and beads of whiting,  
Turnip-stalks and withered cabbage,  
Crusts of bread and bits of biscuit.  
Then she brought some beer in pitchers,  
Brought of common drink the vilest,

That the stranger, Lemminkainen,  
Might have drink, and meat in welcome,  
Thus to still his thirst and hunger.  
Then the maiden spake as follows:  
"Thou art sure a mighty hero,  
Here to drink the beer of Pohya,  
Here to empty all our vessels!"  
Then the minstrel, Lemminkainen,  
Closely handled all the pitchers,  
Looking to the very bottoms;  
There beheld he writhing serpents,  
In the centre adders swimming,  
On the borders worms and lizards.  
Then the hero, Lemminkainen,  
Filled with anger, spake as follows:  
Get ye hence, ye things of evil,  
Get ye hence to Tuonela,  
With the bearer of these pitchers,  
With the maid that brought ye hither,  
Ere the evening moon has risen,  
Ere the day-star seeks the ocean!  
O thou wretched beer of barley,  
Thou hast met with great dishonor,  
Into disrepute hast fallen,  
But I'll drink thee, notwithstanding,  
And the rubbish cast far from me."  
Then the hero to his pockets  
Thrust his first and unnamed finger,  
Searching in his pouch of leather;  
Quick withdraws a hook for fishing,  
Drops it to the pitcher's bottom,  
Through the worthless beer of barley;  
On his fish-book hang the serpents,  
Catches many hissing adders,  
Catches frogs in magic numbers,  
Catches blackened worms in thousands,  
Casts them to the floor before him,  
Quickly draws his heavy broad sword,  
And decapitates the serpents.  
Now he drinks the beer remaining,  
When the wizard speaks as follows:  
"As a guest am I unwelcome,  
Since no beer to me is given  
That is worthy of a hero;  
Neither has a ram been butchered,  
Nor a fattened calf been slaughtered,  
Worthy food for Lemminkainen."  
Then the landlord of Pohyola  
Answered thus the Island-minstrel:

"Wherefore hast thou journeyed hither,  
Who has asked thee for thy presence?  
Spake in answer Lemminkainen:  
"Happy is the guest invited,  
Happier when not expected;  
Listen, son of Pohylander,  
Host of Sariola, listen:  
Give me beer for ready payment,  
Give me worthy drink for money!"  
Then the landlord of Pohyola,  
In bad humor, full of anger,  
Conjured in the earth a lakelet,  
At the feet of Kaukomieli,  
Thus addressed the Island-hero:  
"Quench thy thirst from yonder lakelet,  
There, the beer that thou deservest!"  
Little heeding, Lemminkainen  
To this insolence made answer:  
"I am neither bear nor roebuck,  
That should drink this filthy water,  
Drink the water of this lakelet."  
Ahti then began to conjure,  
Conjured he a bull before him,  
Bull with horns of gold and silver,  
And the bull drank from the lakelet,  
Drank he from the pool in pleasure.  
Then the landlord of Pohyola  
There a savage wolf created,  
Set him on the floor before him  
To destroy the bull of magic,  
Lemminkainen, full of courage,  
Conjured up a snow-white rabbit,  
Set him on the floor before him  
To attract the wolf's attention.  
Then the landlord of Pohyola  
Conjured there a dog of Lempo,  
Set him on the floor before him  
To destroy the magic rabbit.  
Lemminkainen, full of mischief,  
Conjured on the roof a squirrel,  
That by jumping on the rafters  
He might catch the dog's attention.  
But the master of the Northland  
Conjured there a golden marten,  
And he drove the magic squirrel  
From his seat upon the rafters.  
Lemminkainen, full of mischief,  
Made a fox of scarlet color,  
And it ate the golden marten.

Then the master of Pohyola  
Conjured there a hen to flutter  
Near the fox of scarlet color.  
Lemminkainen, full of mischief,  
Thereupon a hawk created,  
That with beak and crooked talons  
He might tear the hen to pieces.  
Spake the landlord of Pohyola,  
These the words the tall man uttered:  
"Never will this feast be bettered  
Till the guests are less in number;  
I must do my work as landlord,  
Get thee hence, thou evil stranger,  
Cease thy conjurings of evil,  
Leave this banquet of my people,  
Haste away, thou wicked wizard,  
To thine Island-home and people!  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"Thus no hero will be driven,  
Not a son of any courage  
Will be frightened by thy presence,  
Will be driven from thy banquet."  
Then the landlord of Pohyola  
Snatched his broadsword from the rafters,  
Drew it rashly from the scabbard,  
Thus addressing Lemminkainen:  
"Ahti, Islander of evil,  
Thou the handsome Kaukomieli,  
Let us measure then our broadswords,  
Let our skill be fully tested;  
Surely is my broadsword better  
Than the blade within thy scabbard."  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen.  
"That my blade is good and trusty,  
Has been proved on heads of heroes,  
Has on many bones been tested;  
Be that as it may, my fellow,  
Since thine order is commanding,  
Let our swords be fully tested,  
Let us see whose blade is better.  
Long ago my hero-father  
Tested well this sword in battle,  
Never failing in a conflict.  
Should his son be found less worthy?"  
Then he grasped his mighty broadsword,  
Drew the fire-blade from the scabbard  
Hanging from his belt of copper.  
Standing on their hilts their broadswords,  
Carefully their blades were measured,

Found the sword of Northland's master  
Longer than the sword of Ahti  
By the half-link of a finger.  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen.  
"Since thou hast the longer broadsword,  
Thou shalt make the first advances,  
I am ready for thy weapon."  
Thereupon Pohyola's landlord  
With the wondrous strength of anger,  
Tried in vain to slay the hero,  
Strike the crown of Lemminkainen;  
Chipped the splinters from the rafters,  
Cut the ceiling into fragments,  
Could not touch the Island-hero.  
Thereupon brave Kaukomieli,  
Thus addressed Pohyola's master:  
"Have the rafters thee offended?  
What the crimes they have committed,  
Since thou hewest them in pieces?  
Listen now, thou host of Northland,  
Reckless landlord of Pohyola,  
Little room there is for swordsmen  
In these chambers filled with women;  
We shall stain these painted rafters,  
Stain with blood these floors and ceilings;  
Let us go without the mansion,  
In the field is room for combat,  
On the plain is space sufficient;  
Blood looks fairer in the court-yard,  
Better in the open spaces,  
Let it dye the snow-fields scarlet."  
To the yard the heroes hasten,  
There they find a monstrous ox-skin,  
Spread it on the field of battle;  
On the ox-skin stand the swordsmen.  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:  
"Listen well, thou host of Northland,  
Though thy broadsword is the longer,  
Though thy blade is full of horror,  
Thou shalt have the first advantage;  
Use with skill thy boasted broadsword  
Ere the final bout is given,  
Ere thy head be chopped in pieces;  
Strike with skill, or thou wilt perish,  
Strike, and do thy best for Northland."  
Thereupon Pohyola's landlord  
Raised on high his blade of battle,  
Struck a heavy blow in anger,  
Struck a second, then a third time,

But he could not touch his rival,  
Could Dot draw a single blood-drop  
From the veins of Lemminkainen,  
Skillful Islander and hero.  
Spake the handsome Kaukomieli:  
"Let me try my skill at fencing,  
Let me swing my father's broadsword,  
Let my honored blade be tested!"  
But the landlord of Pohyola,  
Does not heed the words of Ahti,  
Strikes in fury, strikes unceasing,  
Ever aiming, ever missing.  
When the skillful Lemminkainen  
Swings his mighty blade of magic,  
Fire disports along his weapon,  
Flashes from his sword of honor,  
Glistens from the hero's broadsword,  
Balls of fire disporting, dancing,  
On the blade of mighty Ahti,  
Overflow upon the shoulders  
Of the landlord of Pohyola.  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:  
"O thou son of Sariola,  
See! indeed thy neck is glowing  
Like the dawning of the morning,  
Like the rising Sun in ocean!"  
Quickly turned Pohyola's landlord,  
Thoughtless host of darksome Northland,  
To behold the fiery splendor  
Playing on his neck and shoulders.  
Quick as lightning, Lemminkainen,  
With his father's blade of battle,  
With a single blow of broadsword,  
With united skill and power,  
Lopped the head of Pohya's master;  
As one cleaves the stalks of turnips,  
As the ear falls from the corn-stalk,  
As one strikes the fins from salmon,  
Thus the head rolled from the shoulders  
Of the landlord of Pohyola,  
Like a ball it rolled and circled.  
In the yard were pickets standing,  
Hundreds were the sharpened pillars,  
And a head on every picket,  
Only one was left un-headed.  
Quick the victor, Lemminkainen,  
Took the head of Pohya's landlord,  
Spiked it on the empty picket.  
Then the Islander, rejoicing,

Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,  
Quick returning to the chambers,  
Crave this order to the hostess:  
"Evil maiden, bring me water,  
Wherewithal to cleanse my fingers  
From the blood of Northland's master,  
Wicked host of Sariola."  
Ipotar, the Northland hostess,  
Fired with anger, threatened vengeance,  
Conjured men with heavy broadswords,  
Heroes clad in copper-armor,  
Hundred warriors with their javelins,  
And a thousand bearing cross-bows,  
To destroy the Island-hero,  
For the death of Lemminkainen.  
Kaukomieli soon discovered  
That the time had come for leaving,  
That his presence was unwelcome  
At the feasting of Pohyola,  
At the banquet of her people.

## RUNE XXVIII THE MOTHER'S COUNSEL

Ahti, hero of the Islands,  
Wild magician, Lemminkainen,  
Also known as Kaukomieli,  
Hastened from the great carousal,  
From the banquet-halls of Louhi,  
From the ever-darksome Northland,  
From the dismal Sariola.  
Stormful strode he from the mansion,  
Hastened like the smoke of battle,  
From the court-yard of Pohyola,  
Left his crimes and misdemeanors  
In the halls of ancient Louhi.  
Then he looked in all directions,  
Seeking for his tethered courser,  
Anxious looked in field and stable,  
But he did not find his racer;  
Found a black thing in the fallow,  
Proved to be a clump of willows.  
Who will well advise the hero,  
Who will give him wise directions,  
Guide the wizard out of trouble,  
Give his hero-locks protection,  
Keep his magic head from danger  
From the warriors of Northland?  
Noise is heard within the village,  
And a din from other homesteads,  
From the battle-hosts of Louhi,  
Streaming from the doors and window,  
Of the homesteads of Pohyola.  
Thereupon young Lemminkainen,  
Handsome Islander and hero,  
Changing both his form and features,  
Clad himself in other raiment,  
Changing to another body,  
Quick became a mighty eagle,  
Soared aloft on wings of magic,  
Tried to fly to highest heaven,  
But the moonlight burned his temples,  
And the sunshine singed his feathers.  
Then entreating, Lemminkainen,  
Island-hero, turned to Ukko,  
This the prayer that Ahti uttered:  
"Ukko, God of love and mercy,

Thou the Wisdom of the heavens,  
Wise Director of the lightning,  
Thou the Author of the thunder,  
Thou the Guide of all the cloudlets,  
Give to me thy cloak of vapor,  
Throw a silver cloud around me,  
That I may in its protection  
Hasten to my native country,  
To my mother's Island-dwelling,  
Fly to her that waits my coming,  
With a mother's grave forebodings."  
Farther, farther, Lemminkainen  
Flew and soared on eagle-pinions,  
Looked about him, backwards, forwards,  
Spied a gray-hawk soaring near him,  
In his eyes the fire of splendor,  
Like the eyes of Pohyalanders,  
Like the eyes of Pohya's spearmen,  
And the gray-hawk thus addressed him:  
"Ho! There! hero, Lemminkainen,  
Art thou thinking of our combat  
With the hero-heads of Northland?"  
Thus the Islander made answer,  
These the words of Kaukomieli:  
"O thou gray-hawk, bird of beauty,  
Fly direct to Sariola,  
Fly as fast as wings can bear thee;  
When thou hast arrived in safety,  
On the plains of darksome Northland,  
Tell the archers and the spearmen,  
They will never catch the eagle,  
In his journey from Pohyola,  
To his Island-borne and fortress."  
Then the Ahti-eagle hastened  
Straightway to his mother's cottage,  
In his face the look of trouble,  
In his heart the pangs of sorrow.  
Ahti's mother ran to meet him,  
When she spied him in the pathway,  
Walking toward her island-dwelling;  
These the words the mother uttered:  
"Of my sons thou art the bravest,  
Art the strongest of my children;  
Wherefore then comes thine annoyance,  
On returning from Pohyola?  
Wert thou worsted at the banquet,  
At the feast and great carousal?  
At thy cups, if thou wert injured,  
Thou shalt here have better treatment

Thou shalt have the cup thy father  
Brought me from the hero-castle."  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"Worthy mother, thou that nursed me,  
If I had been maimed at drinking,  
I the landlord would have worsted,  
Would have slain a thousand heroes,  
Would have taught them useful lessons."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Wherefore then art thou indignant,  
Didst thou meet disgrace and insult,  
Did they rob thee of thy courser?  
Buy thou then a better courser  
With the riches of thy mother,  
With thy father's horded treasures."  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:  
"Faithful mother of my being,  
If my steed had been insulted,  
If for him my heart was injured,  
I the landlord would have punished,  
Would have punished all the horsemen,  
All of Pohya's strongest riders."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Tell me then thy dire misfortune,  
What has happened to my hero,  
On his journey to Pohyola?  
Have the Northland maidens scorned thee,  
Have the women ridiculed thee?  
If the maidens scorned thy presence.  
If the women gave derision,  
There are others thou canst laugh at,  
Thou canst scorn a thousand women."  
Said the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"Honored mother, fond and faithful,  
If the Northland dames had scorned me  
Or the maidens laughed derision,  
I the maidens would have punished,  
Would have scorned a thousand women."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Wherefore then are thou indignant,  
Thus annoyed, and heavy-hearted,  
On returning from Pohyola?  
Was thy feasting out of season,  
Was the banquet-beer unworthy,  
Were thy dreams of evil import  
When asleep in darksome Northland?"  
This is Lemminkainen's answer:  
"Aged women may remember  
What they dream on beds of trouble;

I have seen some wondrous visions,  
Since I left my Island-cottage.  
My beloved, helpful mother,  
Fill my bag with good provisions,  
Flour and salt in great abundance,  
Farther must thy hero wander,  
He must leave his home behind him,  
Leave his pleasant Island-dwelling,  
Journey from this home of ages;  
Men are sharpening their broadswords,  
Sharpening their spears and lances,  
For the death of Lemminkainen."  
Then again the mother questioned,  
Hurriedly she asked the reason:  
"Why the men their swords were whetting,  
Why their spears are being sharpened."  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:  
"Therefore do they whet their broadswords,  
Therefore sharpen they their lances:  
It is for thy son's destruction,  
At his heart are aimed their lances.  
In the court-yard of Pohyola,  
There arose a great contention,  
Fierce the battle waged against me;  
But I slew the Northland hero,  
Killed the host of Sariola;  
Quick to arms rose Louhi's people,  
All the spears and swords of Northland  
Were directed at thy hero;  
All of Pohya turned against me,  
Turned against a single foeman."  
This the answer of the mother:  
"I had told thee this beforehand,  
I had warned thee of this danger,  
And forbidden thee to journey  
To the hostile fields of Northland.  
Here my hero could have lingered,  
Passed his life in full contentment,  
Lived forever with his mother,  
With his mother for protection,  
In the court-yard with his kindred;  
Here no war would have arisen,  
No contention would have followed.  
Whither wilt thou go, my hero,  
Whither will my loved one hasten,  
To escape thy fierce pursuers,  
To escape from thy misdoings,  
From thy sins to bide in safety,

From thy crimes and misdemeanors,  
That thy head be not endangered,  
That thy body be not mangled,  
That thy locks be not outrooted?"  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"Know I not a spot befitting,  
Do not know a place of safety,  
Where to hide from my pursuers,  
That will give me sure protection  
From the crimes by me committed.  
Helpful mother of my being,  
Where to flee wilt thou advise me?"  
This the answer of the mother:  
"I do not know where I can send thee;  
Be a pine-tree on the mountain,  
Or a juniper in lowlands?  
Then misfortune may befall thee;  
Often is the mountain pine-tree  
Cut in splints for candle-lighters;  
And the juniper is often  
Peeled for fence-posts for the pastures.  
Go a birch-tree to the valleys,  
Or an elm-tree to the glenwood?  
Even then may trouble find thee,  
Misery may overtake thee;  
Often is the lowland birch-tree  
Cut to pieces in the ware-house;  
Often is the elm-wood forest  
Cleared away for other plantings.  
Be a berry on the highlands,  
Cranberry upon the heather,  
Strawberry upon the mountains,  
Blackberry along the fences?  
Even there will trouble find thee,  
There misfortune overtake thee,  
For the berry-maids would pluck thee,  
Silver-tinselled girls would get thee.  
Be a pike then in the ocean,  
Or a troutlet in the rivers?  
Then would trouble overtake thee,  
Would become thy life-companion;  
Then the fisherman would catch thee,  
Catch thee in his net of flax-thread,  
Catch thee with his cruel fish-hook.  
Be a wolf then in the forest,  
Or a black-bear in the thickets?  
Even then would trouble find thee,  
And disaster cross thy pathway;  
Sable hunters of the Northland

Have their spears and cross-bows ready  
To destroy the wolf and black-bear."  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"Know I well the worst of places,  
Know where Death will surely follow,  
Where misfortune's eye would find me;  
Since thou gavest me existence,  
Gavest nourishment in childhood,  
Whither shall I flee for safety,  
Whither hide from death and danger?  
In my view is fell destruction,  
Dire misfortune hovers o'er me;  
On the morrow come the spearmen,  
Countless warriors from Pohya,  
Ahti's head their satisfaction."  
This the answer of the mother:  
"I can name a goodly refuge,  
Name a land of small dimensions,  
Name a distant ocean-island,  
Where my son may live in safety.  
Thither archers never wander,  
There thy head cannot be severed;  
But an oath as strong as heaven,  
Thou must swear before thy mother;  
Thou wilt not for sixty summers  
Join in war or deadly combat,  
Even though thou wishest silver,  
Wishest gold and silver treasures."  
Spake the grateful Lemminkainen:  
"I will swear an oath of honor,  
That I'll not in sixty summers  
Draw my sword in the arena,  
Test the warrior in battle;  
I have wounds upon my shoulders,  
On my breast two scars of broadsword,  
Of my former battles, relies,  
Relies of my last encounters,  
On the battle-fields of Northland,  
In the wars with men and heroes."  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Go thou, take thy father's vessel,  
Go and bide thyself in safety,  
Travel far across nine oceans;  
In the tenth, sail to the centre,  
To the island, forest-covered,  
To the cliffs above the waters,  
Where thy father went before thee,  
Where he hid from his pursuers,  
In the times of summer conquests,

In the darksome days of battle;  
Good the isle for thee to dwell in,  
Goodly place to live and linger;  
Hide one year, and then a second,  
In the third return in safety  
To thy mother's island dwelling,  
To thy father's ancient mansion,  
To my hero's place of resting."

## RUNE XXIX THE ISLE OF REFUGE

Lemminkainen, full of joyance,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,  
Took provisions in abundance,  
Fish and butter, bread and bacon,  
Hastened to the Isle of Refuge,  
Sailed away across the oceans,  
Spake these measures on departing:  
"Fare thee well, mine Island-dwelling,  
I must sail to other borders,  
To an island more protective,  
Till the second summer passes;  
Let the serpents keep the island,  
Lynxes rest within the glen-wood,  
Let the blue-moose roam the mountains,  
Let the wild-geese eat the barley.  
Fare thee well, my helpful mother!  
When the warriors of the Northland,  
From the dismal Sariola,  
Come with swords, and spears, and cross-bows,  
Asking for my head in vengeance,  
Say that I have long departed,  
Left my mother's Island-dwelling,  
When the barley had been garnered."  
Then he launched his boat of copper,  
Threw the vessel to the waters,  
From the iron-banded rollers,  
From the cylinders of oak-wood,  
On the masts the sails he hoisted,  
Spread the magic sails of linen,  
In the stern the hero settled  
And prepared to sail his vessel,  
One hand resting on the rudder.  
Then the sailor spake as follows,  
These the words of Lemminkainen:  
"Blow, ye winds, and drive me onward,  
Blow ye steady, winds of heaven,  
Toward the island in the ocean,  
That my bark may fly in safety  
To my father's place of refuge,  
To the far and nameless island!"  
Soon the winds arose as bidden,  
Rocked the vessel o'er the billows,  
O'er the blue-back of the waters,

O'er the vast expanse of ocean;  
Blew two months and blew unceasing,  
Blew a third month toward the island,  
Toward his father's Isle of Refuge.  
Sat some maidens on the seaside,  
On the sandy beach of ocean,  
Turned about in all directions,  
Looking out upon the billows;  
One was waiting for her brother,  
And a second for her father,  
And a third one, anxious, waited  
For the coming of her suitor;  
There they spied young Lemminkainen,  
There perceived the hero's vessel  
Sailing o'er the bounding billows;  
It was like a hanging cloudlet,  
Hanging twixt the earth and heaven.  
Thus the island-maidens wondered,  
Thus they spake to one another:  
"What this stranger on the ocean,  
What is this upon the waters?  
Art thou one of our sea-vessels?  
Wert thou builded on this island?  
Sail thou straightway to the harbor,  
To the island-point of landing  
That thy tribe may be discovered."  
Onward did the waves propel it,  
Rocked his vessel o'er the billows,  
Drove it to the magic island,  
Safely landed Lemminkainen  
On the sandy shore and harbor.  
Spake he thus when he had landed,  
These the words that Ahti uttered:  
"Is there room upon this island,  
Is there space within this harbor,  
Where my bark may lie at anchor,  
Where the sun may dry my vessel?"  
This the answer of the virgins,  
Dwellers on the Isle of Refuge:  
"There is room within this harbor,  
On this island, space abundant,  
Where thy bark may lie at anchor,  
Where the sun may dry thy vessel;  
Lying ready are the rollers,  
Cylinders adorned with copper;  
If thou hadst a hundred vessels,  
Shouldst thou come with boats a thousand,  
We would give them room in welcome."  
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen

Rolled his vessel in the harbor,  
On the cylinders of copper,  
Spake these words when he had ended:  
"Is there room upon this island,  
Or a spot within these forests,  
Where a hero may be hidden  
From the coming din of battle,  
From the play of spears and arrows?  
Thus replied the Island-maidens:  
"There are places on this island,  
On these plains a spot befitting  
Where to hide thyself in safety,  
Hero-son of little valor.  
Here are many, many castles,  
Many courts upon this island;  
Though there come a thousand heroes,  
Though a thousand spearmen follow,  
Thou canst hide thyself in safety."  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:  
"Is there room upon this island,  
Where the birch-tree grows abundant,  
Where this son may fell the forest,  
And may cultivate the fallow?"  
Answered thus the Island-maidens:  
"There is not a spot befitting,  
Not a place upon the island,  
Where to rest thy wearied members,  
Not the smallest patch of birch-wood,  
Thou canst bring to cultivation.  
All our fields have been divided,  
All these woods have been apportioned,  
Fields and forests have their owners."  
Lemminkainen asked this question,  
These the words of Kaukomieli:  
"Is there room upon this island,  
Worthy spot in field or forest,  
Where to Sing my songs of magic,  
Chant my gathered store of wisdom,  
Sing mine ancient songs and legends?"  
Answered thus the Island-maidens:  
"There is room upon this island,  
Worthy place in these dominions,  
Thou canst sing thy garnered wisdom,  
Thou canst chant thine ancient legends,  
Legends of the times primeval,  
In the forest, in the castle,  
On the island-plains and pastures."  
Then began the reckless minstrel  
To intone his wizard-sayings;

Sang he alders to the waysides,  
Sang the oaks upon the mountains,  
On the oak-trees sang be branches,  
On each branch he sang an acorn,  
On the acorns, golden rollers,  
On each roller, sang a cuckoo;  
Then began the cuckoos, calling,  
Gold from every throat came streaming,  
Copper fell from every feather,  
And each wing emitted silver,  
Filled the isle with precious metals.  
Sang again young Lemminkainen,  
Conjured on, and sang, and chanted,  
Sang to precious stones the sea-sands,  
Sang the stones to pearls resplendent,  
Robed the groves in iridescence,  
Sang the island full of flowers,  
Many-colored as the rainbow.  
Sang again the magic minstrel,  
In the court a well he conjured,  
On the well a golden cover,  
On the lid a silver dipper,  
That the boys might drink the water,  
That the maids might lave their eyelids.  
On the plains he conjured lakelets,  
Sang the duck upon the waters,  
Golden-cheeked and silver-headed,  
Sang the feet from shining copper;  
And the Island-maidens wondered,  
Stood entranced at Ahti's wisdom,  
At the songs of Lemminkainen,  
At the hero's magic power.  
Spake the singer, Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:  
"I would sing a wondrous legend,  
Sing in miracles of sweetness,  
If within some hall or chamber,  
I were seated at the table.  
If I sing not in the castle,  
In some spot by walls surrounded  
Then I sing my songs to zephyrs,  
Fling them to the fields and forests."  
Answered thus the Island-maidens:  
"On this isle are castle-chambers,  
Halls for use of magic singers,  
Courts complete for chanting legends,  
Where thy singing will be welcome,  
Where thy songs will not be scattered  
To the forests of the island,

Nor thy wisdom lost in ether."  
Straightway Lemminkainen journeyed  
With the maidens to the castle;  
There he sang and conjured pitchers  
On the borders of the tables,  
Sang and conjured golden goblets  
Foaming with the beer of barley;  
Sang he many well-filled vessels,  
Bowls of honey-drink abundant,  
Sweetest butter, toothsome biscuit,  
Bacon, fish, and veal, and venison,  
All the dainties of the Northland,  
Wherewithal to still his hunger.  
But the proud-heart, Lemminkainen,  
Was not ready for the banquet,  
Did not yet begin his feasting,  
Waited for a knife of silver,  
For a knife of golden handle;  
Quick he sang the precious metals,  
Sang a blade from purest silver,  
To the blade a golden handle,  
Straightway then began his feasting,  
Quenched his thirst and stilled his hunger,  
Charmed the maidens on the island.  
Then the minstrel, Lemminkainen,  
Roamed throughout the island-hamlets,  
To the joy of all the virgins,  
All the maids of braided tresses;  
Wheresoe'er he turned his footsteps,  
There appeared a maid to greet him;  
When his hand was kindly offered,  
There his band was kindly taken;  
When he wandered out at evening,  
Even in the darksome places,  
There the maidens bade him welcome;  
There was not an island-village  
Where there were not seven castles,  
In each castle seven daughters,  
And the daughters stood in waiting,  
Gave the hero joyful greetings,  
Only one of all the maidens  
Whom he did not greet with pleasure.  
Thus the merry Lemminkainen  
Spent three summers in the ocean,  
Spent a merry time in refuge,  
In the hamlets on the island,  
To the pleasure of the maidens,  
To the joy of all the daughters;  
Only one was left neglected,

She a poor and graceless spinster,  
On the isle's remotest border,  
In the smallest of the hamlets.  
'Then he thought about his journey  
O'er the ocean to his mother,  
To the cottage of his father.  
There appeared the slighted spinster,  
To the Northland son departing,  
Spake these words to Lemminkainen:  
"O, thou handsome Kaukomieli,  
Wisdom-bard, and magic singer,  
Since this maiden thou hast slighted,  
May the winds destroy thy vessel,  
Dash thy bark to countless fragments  
On the ocean-rocks and ledges!"  
Lemminkainen's thoughts were homeward,  
Did not heed the maiden's murmurs,  
Did not rise before the dawning  
Of the morning on the island,  
To the pleasure of the maiden  
Of the much-neglected hamlet.  
Finally at close of evening,  
He resolved to leave the island,  
He resolved to waken early,  
Long before the dawn of morning;  
Long before the time appointed,  
He arose that he might wander  
Through the hamlets of the island,  
Bid adieu to all the maidens,  
On the morn of his departure.  
As he wandered hither, thither,  
Walking through the village path-ways  
To the last of all the hamlets;  
Saw he none of all the castle-,  
Where three dwellings were not standing;  
Saw he none of all the dwellings  
Where three heroes were not watching;  
Saw he none of all the heroes,  
Who was not engaged in grinding  
Swords, and spears, and battle-axes,  
For the death of Lemminkainen.  
And these words the hero uttered:  
"Now alas! the Sun arises  
From his couch within the ocean,  
On the frailest of the heroes,  
On the saddest child of Northland;  
On my neck the cloak of Lempo  
Might protect me from all evil,  
Though a hundred foes assail me,

Though a thousand archers follow."  
Then he left the maids ungreeted,  
Left his longing for the daughters  
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge,  
With his farewell-words unspoken,  
Hastened toward the island-harbor,  
Toward his magic bark at anchor;  
But he found it burned to ashes,  
Sweet revenge had fired his vessel,  
Lighted by the slighted spinster.  
Then he saw the dawn of evil,  
Saw misfortune hanging over,  
Saw destruction round about him.  
Straightway he began rebuilding  
Him a magic sailing-vessel,  
New and wondrous, full of beauty;  
But the hero needed timber,  
Boards, and planks, and beams, and braces,  
Found the smallest bit of lumber,  
Found of boards but seven fragments,  
Of a spool he found three pieces,  
Found six pieces of the distaff;  
With these fragments builds his vessel,  
Builds a ship of magic virtue,  
Builds the bark with secret knowledge,  
Through the will of the magician;  
Strikes one blow, and builds the first part,  
Strikes a second, builds the centre,  
Strikes a third with wondrous power,  
And the vessel is completed.  
Thereupon the ship he launches,  
Sings the vessel to the ocean,  
And these words the hero utters:  
"Like a bubble swim these waters,  
Like a flower ride the billows;  
Loan me of thy magic feathers,  
Three, O eagle, four, O raven,  
For protection to my vessel,  
Lest it flounder in the ocean!"  
Now the sailor, Lemminkainen,  
Seats himself upon the bottom  
Of the vessel he has builded,  
Hastens on his journey homeward,  
Head depressed and evil-humored,  
Cap awry upon his forehead,  
Mind dejected, heavy-hearted,  
That he could not dwell forever  
In the castles of the daughters  
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge.

Spake the minstrel, Lemminkainen,  
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli:  
"Leave I must this merry island,  
Leave her many joys and pleasures,  
Leave her maids with braided tresses,  
Leave her dances and her daughters,  
To the joys of other heroes;  
But I take this comfort with me:  
All the maidens on the island,  
Save the spinster who was slighted,  
Will bemoan my loss for ages,  
Will regret my quick departure;  
They will miss me at the dances,  
In the halls of mirth and joyance,  
In the homes of merry maidens,  
On my father's Isle of Refuge."  
Wept the maidens on the island,  
Long lamenting, loudly calling  
To the hero sailing homeward:  
"Whither goest, Lemminkainen,  
Why depart, thou best of heroes?  
Dost thou leave from inattention,  
Is there here a dearth of maidens,  
Have our greetings been unworthy?"  
Sang the magic Lemminkainen  
To the maids as he was sailing,  
This in answer to their calling:  
"Leaving not for want of pleasure,  
Do not go from dearth of women  
Beautiful the island-maidens,  
Countless as the sands their virtues.  
This the reason of my going,  
I am longing for my home-land,  
Longing for my mother's cabins,  
For the strawberries of Northland,  
For the raspberries of Kalew,  
For the maidens of my childhood,  
For the children of my mother."  
Then the merry Lemminkainen  
Bade farewell to all the island;  
Winds arose and drove his vessel  
On the blue-back of the ocean,  
O'er the far-extending waters,  
Toward the island of his mother.  
On the shore were grouped the daughters  
Of the magic Isle of Refuge,  
On the rocks sat the forsaken,  
Weeping stood the island-maidens,  
Golden daughters, loud-lamenting.

Weep the maidens of the island  
While the sail-yards greet their vision,  
While the copper-beltings glisten;  
Do not weep to lose the sail-yards,  
Nor to lose the copper-beltings;  
Weep they for the loss of Ahti,  
For the fleeing Kaukomieli  
Guiding the departing vessel.  
Also weeps young Lemminkainen,  
Sorely weeps, and loud-lamenting,  
Weeps while he can see the island,  
While the island hill-tops glisten;  
Does not mourn the island-mountains,  
Weeps he only for the maidens,  
Left upon the Isle of Refuge.  
Thereupon sailed Kaukomieli  
On the blue-back of the ocean;  
Sailed one day, and then a second,  
But, alas! upon the third day,  
There arose a mighty storm-wind,  
And the sky was black with fury.  
Blew the black winds from the north-west,  
From the south-east came the whirlwind,  
Tore away the ship's forecastle,  
Tore away the vessel's rudder,  
Dashed the wooden hull to pieces.  
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen  
Headlong fell upon the waters;  
With his head he did the steering,  
With his hands and feet, the rowing;  
Swam whole days and nights unceasing,  
Swam with hope and strength united,  
Till at last appeared a cloudlet,  
Growing cloudlet to the westward,  
Changing to a promontory,  
Into land within the ocean.  
Swiftly to the shore swam Ahti,  
Hastened to a magic castle,  
Found therein a hostess baking,  
And her daughters kneading barley,  
And these words the hero uttered:  
"O, thou hostess, filled with kindness,  
Couldst thou know my pangs of hunger,  
Couldst thou guess my name and station,  
Thou wouldst hasten to the storehouse,  
Bring me beer and foaming liquor,  
Bring the best of thy provisions,  
Bring me fish, and veal, and bacon,  
Butter, bread, and honeyed biscuits,

Set for me a wholesome dinner,  
Wherewithal to still my hunger,  
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.  
Days and nights have I been swimming,  
Buffeting the waves of ocean,  
Seemed as if the wind protected,  
And the billows gave me shelter,"  
Then the hostess, filled with kindness,  
Hastened to the mountain storehouse,  
Cut some butter, veal, and bacon,  
Bread, and fish, and honeyed biscuit,  
Brought the best of her provisions,  
Brought the mead and beer of barley,  
Set for him a toothsome dinner,  
Wherewithal to still his hunger,  
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.  
When the hero's feast had ended,  
Straightway was a magic vessel  
Given by the kindly hostess  
To the weary Kaukomieli,  
Bark of beauty, new and hardy,  
Wherewithal to aid the stranger  
In his journey to his home-land,  
To the cottage of his mother.  
Quickly sailed wild Lemminkainen  
On the blue-back of the ocean;  
Sailed he days and nights unceasing,  
Till at last he reached the borders  
Of his own loved home and country;  
There beheld he scenes familiar,  
Saw the islands, capes, and rivers,  
Saw his former shipping-stations,  
Saw he many ancient landmarks,  
Saw the mountains with their fir-trees,  
Saw the pine-trees on the hill-tops,  
Saw the willows in the lowlands;  
Did not see his father's cottage,  
Nor the dwellings of his mother.  
Where a mansion once had risen,  
There the alder-trees were growing,  
Shrubs were growing on the homestead,  
Junipers within the court-yard.  
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen:  
"In this glen I played and wandered,  
On these stones I rocked for ages,  
On this lawn I rolled and tumbled,  
Frolicked on these woodland-borders,  
When a child of little stature.  
Where then is my mother's dwelling,

Where the castles of my father?  
Fire, I fear, has found the hamlet,  
And the winds dispersed the ashes."  
Then he fell to bitter weeping,  
Wept one day and then a second,  
Wept the third day without ceasing;  
Did not mourn the ancient homestead,  
Nor the dwellings of his father;  
Wept he for his darling mother,  
Wept he for the dear departed,  
For the loved ones of the island.  
Then he saw the bird of heaven,  
Saw an eagle flying near him,  
And he asked the bird this question:  
"Mighty eagle, bird majestic,  
Grant to me the information,  
Where my mother may have wandered,  
Whither I may go and find her!"  
But the eagle knew but little,  
Only knew that Ahti's people  
Long ago together perished;  
And the raven also answered  
That his people had been scattered  
By the swords, and spears, and arrows,  
Of his enemies from Pohya.  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:  
"Faithful mother, dear departed,  
Thou who nursed me in my childhood,  
Art thou dead and turned to ashes,  
Didst thou perish for my follies,  
O'er thy head are willows weeping,  
Junipers above thy body,  
Alders watching o'er thy slumbers?  
This my punishment for evil,  
This the recompense of folly!  
Fool was I, a son unworthy,  
That I measured swords in Northland  
With the landlord of Pohyola,  
To my tribe came fell destruction,  
And the death of my dear mother,  
Through my crimes and misdemeanors."  
Then the minstrel [sic] looked about him,  
Anxious, looked in all directions,  
And beheld some gentle foot-prints,  
Saw a pathway lightly trodden  
Where the heather had been beaten.  
Quick as thought the path he followed,  
Through the meadows, through the brambles,  
O'er the hills, and through the valleys,

To a forest, vast and cheerless;  
Travelled far and travelled farther,  
Still a greater distance travelled,  
To a dense and hidden glenwood,  
In the middle of the island;  
Found therein a sheltered cabin,  
Found a small and darksome dwelling  
Built between the rocky ledges,  
In the midst of triple pine-trees;  
And within he spied his mother,  
Found his gray-haired mother weeping.  
Lemminkainen loud rejoices,  
Cries in tones of joyful greetings,  
These the words that Ahti utters:  
"Faithful mother, well-beloved,  
Thou that gavest me existence,  
Happy I, that thou art living,  
That thou hast not yet departed  
To the kingdom of Tuoni,  
To the islands of the blessed,  
I had thought that thou hadst perished,  
Hadst been murdered by my foemen,  
Hadst been slain with bows and arrows.  
Heavy are mine eyes from weeping,  
And my checks are white with sorrow,  
Since I thought my mother slaughtered  
For the sins I had committed!"  
Lemminkainen's mother answered:  
"Long, indeed, hast thou been absent,  
Long, my son, hast thou been living  
In thy father's Isle of Refuge,  
Roaming on the secret island,  
Living at the doors of strangers,  
Living in a nameless country,  
Refuge from the Northland foemen."  
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:  
"Charming is that spot for living,  
Beautiful the magic island,  
Rainbow-colored was the forest,  
Blue the glimmer of the meadows,  
Silvered were, the pine-tree branches,  
Golden were the heather-blossoms;  
All the woodlands dripped with honey,  
Eggs in every rock and crevice,  
Honey flowed from birch and sorb-tree,  
Milk in streams from fir and aspen,  
Beer-foam dripping from the willows,  
Charming there to live and linger,  
All their edibles delicious.

This their only source of trouble:  
Great the fear for all the maidens,  
All the heroes filled with envy,  
Feared the coming of the stranger;  
Thought that all the island-maidens,  
Thought that all the wives and daughters,  
All the good, and all the evil,  
Gave thy son too much attention;  
Thought the stranger, Lemminkainen,  
Saw the Island-maids too often;  
Yet the virgins I avoided,  
Shunned the good and shunned the evil,  
Shunned the host of charming daughters,  
As the black-wolf shuns the sheep-fold,  
As the hawk neglects the chickens."

## **RUNE XXX**

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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