

Classic Poetry Series

Aleksis Kivi

- poems -

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My Heart's Song

Absalon, my son, that I could have died for you, my son.
Life holds no pleasure, let me descent to hell, weeping

Grove of Tuoni, grove of evening,
There a sandy cradle is waiting,
There I will carry my child.

There the child is free from sorrow
In the wood, in the meadow
Tending the cattle of Tuoni.

There my child is free from sorrow
When the evening casts it's shadow
Rocked in the cradle of Tuoni.

There my child is free from sorrow,
Lulled to sleep by a birdsong mellow,
Rocked in a cradle of gold.

Peace of Tuoni, far from passion
Far away from man's oppression
Far from the treacherous world.

Aleksis Kivi