

Vrttin "Maamo"

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Maamoni mailla
isin pellon pientarill,
kasvoin kukkaseksi,
vartuin vanhemmaks.

Hyv' ol' olla miula,
olla oksall omenan,
kukkasen kotona
linnun lehossa.

"Milloin mieli on minulla,
alahalla allilla,
silloin mietin maamoin maita,
taattoin tanterii."

Nyt oon muilla mailla
koti miula kaukana.
Vieraat on verjt,
ouot olot tl.

Nm ouot ovet,
vierahat verjt,
tiet tuntemattomat,
murheen mieleen tuo.

"Milloin mieli on minulla..."

Voi mie poloinen piika,
kuin olenkin onneton,
miss' ois' hyv miula,
olla omenan.

On miun poloisen piian,
mieli maille maamoni,
pian palamahan,
taattoin tanterill'.

"Milloin mieli on minulla..."

On my mother's lands
By my father's fields
I grew and blossomed,

Left childhood behind.

Happy I was,
An apple on a branch,
A flower at home
A bird in a grove.

"Whenever I'm feeling
Down at heart,
I remember my mother's lands
And the fields of my father."

Now I'm in other lands
Far away from home.
Alien are the acres here
And strange the ways of the people.

Strange are the doors,
And foreign the fields,
Untravelled the roads,
I'm down at heart.

"Whenever I'm feeling..."

Woe is me, poor maid,
How unhappy I am,
Where can I be happy,
An apple on a branch?

Woe is me poor maid,
Were I on my mother's lands,
On my way home once more
To the fields of my father.

"Whenever I'm feeling..."

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