

Amoric

"My Kantele"

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Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsense
Who say that music reckon that the kantele
Was fashioned by God
Out of a great pike's shoulders
From a water-dog's hooked bones:
It was made from grief

It's belly out of hard days
Its sound board from endless woes
Its strings gathered from torments
And it pegs from other ills
Truly they lie, they talk utter nonsense

So it will not play, will not rejoice at all
Music will not play to please
Give off the right sort of joy
For it was fashioned from cares
Mouldered from sorrow

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