

Korpiklaani "Old Tale"

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Old tale about the girl,
And the poor farmer boys,
Their time together flamed.
It couldn't last forever,
They knows it well.

So they took from the moment,
Everything
So they took from the moment,
Everything.

Said father to the maid,
It's time to go,
You'll marry my chosen one.
He's rich enough and religious,
He's the lord of all known.

Who is the chosen one,
Asked gilr with sad eyes.
He's a lord from the west,
He is to you the man best.
But the girl was sad as a child.
The girl carried the farmer's child,
And father noticed that.
You'll die, he yelled,
You'll die as a whore,
You bleongs to the gallows,
Then I'll buried you and your sins.
The Boy heard, that gilr got hung.

He took the sword
And cut her fahter's throat.
Then he rod to the chasm
And fell down to his death.
There he met his bride and son
Who is that little on,
Yho you embrace?
He is your sweet son...
And come with us
We ar now here together forever
Always here together forever...

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