

## Värttinä "Maamo"

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Maamoni mailla  
isÄin 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 veräjät,  
ouot olot tää.

Nämä ouot ovet,  
vierahat veräjät,  
tiet tuntemattomat,  
murheen mieleen tuo.

"Milloin mieli on minulla..."

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

On miun poloisen piian,  
mieli maille maamoni,  
piian 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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