

## **Moonsorrow**

### **"Tuulen Tytar / Soturin Tie"**

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Kuule kuinka tuulen tytÃƒÂfÃ,Âxr  
laulaa kaunista lauluaan.  
Kuinka henkÃƒÂfÃ,ÂyksensÃƒÂfÃ,Âx  
lumpeita hiljaa liikuttaa.

SyvÃƒÂfÃ,ÂxÃƒÂfÃ,Âxn vihreÃƒÂfÃ,ÂxÃƒÂfÃ,Âxn  
silmien noiden  
valo tÃƒÂfÃ,Âxhtien lankeaa.  
SydÃƒÂfÃ,ÂxmessÃƒÂfÃ,ÂxÃƒÂfÃ,Âxn voima kuin  
heleÃƒÂfÃ,Âx nauru  
joka kantaa maailmain taa.

Aikojen saattoon tuulen tytÃƒÂfÃ,Âxr  
laulaa kaunista lauluaan.  
Aallon eksyneen kotiin kutsunsa saa.  
HeliÃƒÂfÃ,Âx kÃƒÂfÃ,ÂxtensÃƒÂfÃ,Âx  
metsÃƒÂfÃ,Âxn kehtoa keinuttaa.

[SOTURIN TIE]

Suuri on hÃƒÂfÃ,Ânnen  
vÃƒÂfÃ,ÂxkevytensÃƒÂfÃ,Âx,  
valtava hÃƒÂfÃ,Ânnen voimansa.  
Karuilla mailla kasvanut  
mies alla jÃƒÂfÃ,Âxisen tuulen.

Vain vire joukkonsa johtaa  
myrskyn silmÃƒÂfÃ,ÂxstÃƒÂfÃ,Âx tyveneen.  
Soturin tie on mainettaan kantaa,  
ei miekkaansa maahan laskea saa.

Soturi, sankari,  
viitan kultaisen kantaja.  
Taisteluun, kuolemaan,  
tielliÃƒÂfÃ,Âx jumalten kaupunkiin.

[English translation:]

[DAUGHTER OF THE WIND]

O' hear the daughter of the wind  
singing her fairest song.

How gently her silent breath  
caresses the lilies on the open lake.

Into the deepest green of her eyes  
is cast the light of stars.  
In her heart, strength like brightest laughter  
that endures beyond worlds.

'til the end of time daughter of the wind  
is singing her fairest song.  
A lost wave guided home by her call.  
The sleeping woodland cradled by her hand.

[THE WAY OF A WARRIOR]

Grand is his power  
and enormous his strength.  
Man grown on barren lands,  
grown under an icy wind.

A mere breeze can lead its forces  
to calm through the eye of a storm.  
The way of a warrior is to bear his name,  
never to lower his sword.

Warrior, a hero,  
bearer of the golden cloak.  
Into battle, into death,  
on the path to the city of the gods.

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