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RUNE XXXI.

IN the ancient times a mother
Hatched and raised some swans and chickens,
Placed the chickens in the brushwood,
Placed her swans upon the river;
Came an eagle, hawk, and falcon,
Scattered all her swans and chickens,
One was carried to Karyala,
And a second into Ehtland,
Left a third at home in Pohya.
And the one to Ehtland taken
Soon became a thriving merchant;
He that journeyed to Karyala
Flourished and was called Kalervo;
He that hid away in Pohya
Took the name of Untamoinen,
Flourished to his father's sorrow,
To the heart-pain of his mother.

Untamoinen sets his fish-nets
In the waters of Kalervo;
Kullerwoinen sees the fish-nets,
Takes the fish home in his basket.
Then Untamo, evil-minded,
Angry grew and sighed for vengeance,
Clutched his fingers for the combat,
Bared his mighty arms for battle,
For the stealing of his salmon,
For the robbing of his fish-nets.
Long they battled, fierce the struggle,
Neither one could prove the victor;
Should one beat the other fiercely,
He himself was fiercely beaten.

Then arose a second trouble;
On the second and the third days,
Kalerwoinen sowed some barley
Near the barns of Untamoinen;
Untamoinen's sheep in hunger
Ate the crop of Kullerwoinen;
Kullerwoinen's dog in malice
Tore Untamo's sheep in pieces;
Then Untamo sorely threatened
To annihilate the people
Of his brother, Kalerwoinen,
To exterminate his tribe-folk,

To destroy the young and aged,
To out-root his race and kingdom;
Conjures men with broadswords girded,
For the war he fashions heroes,
Fashions youth with spears adjusted,
Bearing axes on their shoulders ,
Conjures thus a mighty army,
Hastens to begin a battle,
Bring a war upon his brother.

Kalerwoinen's wife in beauty
Sat beside her chamber-window,
Looking out along the highway,
Spake these words in wonder guessing:
"Do I see some smoke arising,
Or perchance a heavy storm-cloud,
Near the border of the forest,
Near the ending of the prairie?"

It was not some smoke arising,
Nor indeed a heavy storm-cloud,
It was Untamoinen's soldiers
Marching to the place of battle.
Warriors of Untamoinen
Came equipped with spears and arrows,
Killed the people of Kalervo,
Slew his tribe and all his kindred,
Burned to ashes many dwellings,
Levelled many courts and cabins,
Only, left Kalervo's daughter,
With her unborn child, survivors
Of the slaughter of Untamo;
And she led the hostile army
To her father's halls and mansion,
Swept the rooms and made them cheery,
Gave the heroes home-attentions.

Time had gone but little distance,
Ere a boy was born in magic
Of the virgin, Untamala,
Of a mother, trouble-laden,
Him the mother named Kullervo,
"Pearl of Combat," said Untamo.
Then they laid the child of wonder,
Fatherless, the magic infant,
In the cradle of attention,
To be rocked, and fed, and guarded;
But he rocked himself at pleasure,
Rocked until his locks stood endwise;
Rocked one day, and then a second,
Rocked the third from morn till noontide;
But before the third day ended,

Kicks the boy with might of magic,
 Forwards, backwards, upwards, downwards,
 Kicks in miracles of power,
 Bursts with might his swaddling garments
 Creeping from beneath his blankets,
 Knocks his cradle into fragments,
 Tears to tatters all his raiment,
 Seemed that he would grow a hero,
 And his mother, Untamala,
 Thought that be, when full of stature,
 When he found his strength and reason,
 Would become a great magician,
 First among a thousand heroes.

When three months the boy had thriven,
 He began to speak as follows:
 "When my form is full of stature,
 When these arms grow strong and hardy,
 Then will I avenge the murder
 Of Kalervo and his people!"

Untamoinen bears the saying,
 Speaks these words to those about him;
 "To my tribe he brings destruction,
 In him grows a new Kalervo!"

Then the heroes well considered,
 And the women gave their counsel,
 How to kill the magic infant,
 That their tribe may live in safety.
 It appeared the boy would prosper;
 Finally, they all consenting,
 He was placed within a basket,
 And with willows firmly fastened,
 Taken to the reeds and rushes,
 Lowered to the deepest waters,
 In his basket there to perish.

When three nights had circled over,
 Messengers of Untamoinen
 Went to see if he had perished
 In his basket in the waters;
 But the prodigy, was living,
 Had not perished in the rushes;
 He had left his willow-basket,
 Sat in triumph on a billow,
 In his hand a rod of copper,
 On the rod a golden fish-line,
 Fishing for the silver whiting,
 Measuring the deeps beneath him;
 In the sea was little water,
 Scarcely would it fill three measures.

Untamoinen then reflected,
 This the language of the wizard:
 "Whither shall we take this wonder,
 Lay this prodigy of evil,
 That destruction may o'ertake him,
 Where the boy will sink and perish?"

Then his messengers he ordered
 To collect dried poles of brushwood,
 Birch-trees with their hundred branches,
 Pine-trees full of pitch and resin,
 Ordered that a pyre be builded,
 That the boy might be cremated,
 That Kullervo thus might perish.
 High they piled the and branches,
 Dried limbs from the sacred birch-tree,
 Branches from a hundred fir-trees,
 Knots and branches full of resin;
 Filled with bark a thousand sledges,
 Seasoned oak, a hundred measures;
 Piled the brushwood to the tree-tops,
 Set the boy upon the summit,
 Set on fire the pile of brushwood,
 Burned one day, and then a second,
 Burned the third from morn till evening.

When Untamo sent his heralds
 To inspect the pyre and wizard,
 There to learn if young Kullervo
 Had been burned to dust and ashes,
 There they saw the young boy sitting
 On a pyramid of embers,
 In his band a rod of copper,
 Raking coals of fire about him,
 To increase their heat and power;
 Not a hair was burned nor injured,
 Not a ringlet singed nor shrivelled.

Then Untamo, evil-humored,
 Thus addressed his trusted heralds:
 "Whither shall the boy be taken,
 To what place this thing of evil,
 That destruction may o'ertake him.
 That the boy may sink and perish?"

Then they hung him to an oak-tree,
 Crucified him in the branches,
 That the wizard there might perish.

When three days and nights had ended,
 Untamoinen spake as follows:

“It is time to send my heralds
To inspect the mighty oak-tree,
There to learn if young Kullervo
Lives or dies among the branches.”

Thereupon he sent his servants,
And the heralds brought this message:
“Young Kullervo has not perished,
Has not died among the branches
Of the oak-tree where we hung him.
In the oak he maketh pictures
With a wand between his fingers;
Pictures hang from all the branches,
Carved and painted by Kullervo;
And the heroes, thick as acorns,
With their swords and spears adjuste4
Fill the branches of the oak-tree,
Every leaf becomes a soldier.”

Who can help the grave Untamo
Kill the boy that threatens evil
To Untamo’s tribe and country,
Since he will not die by water,
Nor by fire, nor crucifixion?
Finally it was decided
That his body was immortal,
Could not suffer death nor torture.

In despair grave Untamoinen
Thus addressed the boy, Kullervo:
“Wilt thou live a life becoming,
Always do my people honor,
Should I keep thee in my dwelling?
Shouldst thou render servant’s duty,
Then thou wilt receive thy wages,
Reaping whatsoe’er thou sowest;
Thou canst wear the golden girdle,
Or endure the tongue of censure.”

When the boy had grown a little,
Had increased in strength and stature,
He was given occupation,
He was made to tend an infant,
Made to rock the infant’s cradle.
These the words of Untamoinen:
“Often look upon the young child,
Feed him well and guard from danger,
Wash his linen in the river,
Give the infant good attention.”

Young Kullervo, wicked wizard,
Nurses one day then a second;

On the morning of the third day,
Gives the infant cruel treatment,
Blinds its eyes and breaks its fingers;
And when evening shadows gather,
Kills the young child while it slumbers,
Throws its body to the waters,
Breaks and burns the infant’s cradle.
Untamoinen thus reflected:
“Never will this fell Kullervo
Be a worthy nurse for children,
Cannot rock a babe in safety;
Do not know how I can use him,
What employment I can give him!”
Then he told the young magician
He must fell the standing forest,
And Kullervo gave this answer:
“Only will I be a hero,
When I wield the magic hatchet;
I am young, and fair, and mighty,
Far more beautiful than others,
Have the skill of six magicians.”

Thereupon he sought the blacksmith,
This the order of Kullervo:
“Listen, O thou metal-artist,
Forge for me an axe of copper,
Forge the mighty axe of heroes,
Wherewith I may fell the forest,
Fell the birch, and oak, and aspen.”

This behest the blacksmith honors,
Forges him an axe of copper,
Wonderful the blade he forges.
Kullerwoinen grinds his hatchet,
Grinds his blade from morn till evening,
And the next day makes the handle;
Then he hastens to the forest,
To the upward-sloping mountain,
To the tallest of the birches,
To the mightiest of oak-trees;
There he swings his axe of copper,
Swings his blade with might of magic,
Cuts with sharpened edge the aspen,
With one blow he fells the oak-tree,
With a second blow, the linden;
Many trees have quickly fallen,
By the hatchet of Kullervo.
Then the wizard spake as follows:
“This the proper work of Lempo,
Let dire Hisi fell the forest!”

In the birch he sank his hatchet,

Made an uproar in the woodlands,
 Called aloud in tones, of thunder,
 Whistled to the distant mountains,
 Till they echoed to his calling,
 When Kullervo spake as follows:
 “May the forest, in the circle
 Where my voice rings, fall and perish,
 In the earth be lost forever!
 May no tree remain unlevelled,
 May no saplings grow in spring-time,
 Never while the moonlight glimmers,
 Where Kullervo’s voice has echoed,
 Where the forest hears my calling;
 Where the ground with seed is planted,
 And the grain shall sprout and flourish,
 May it never come to ripeness,
 Mar the ears of corn be blasted!”

When the strong man, Untamoinen,
 Went to look at early evening,
 How Kullervo was progressing,
 In his labors in the forest;
 Little was the work accomplished,
 Was not worthy of a here;
 Untamoinen thus reflected:
 “Young Kullervo is not fitted
 For the work of clearing forests,
 Wastes the best of all the timber,
 To my lands he brings destruction;
 I shall set him making fences.”

Then the youth began the building
 Of a fence for Untamoinen;
 Took the trunks of stately fir-trees,
 Trimmed them with his blade for fence-posts,
 Cut the tallest in the woodlands,
 For the railing of his fences;
 Made the smaller poles and cross-bars
 From the longest of the lindens;
 Made the fence without a pass-way,
 Made no wicket in his fences,
 And Kullervo spake these measures.
 “He that does not rise as eagles,
 Does not sail on wings through ether,
 Cannot cross Kullervo’s pickets,
 Nor the fences he has builded.”

Untamoinen left his mansion
 To inspect the young boy’s labors,
 View the fences of Kullervo;
 Saw the fence without a pass-way,
 Not a wicket in his fences;

From the earth the fence extended
 To the highest clouds of heaven.
 These the words of Untamoinen:
 “For this work be is not fitted,
 Useless is the fence thus builded;
 Is so high that none can cross it,
 And there is no passage through it:
 He shall thresh the rye and barley.”

Young Kullervo, quick preparing
 Made an oaken flail for threshing,
 Threshed the rye to finest powder,
 Threshed the barley into atoms,
 And the straw to worthless fragments.

Untamoinen went at evening,
 Went to see Kullervo’s threshing,
 View the work of Kullerwoinen;
 Found the rye was ground to powder,
 Grains of barley crushed to atoms,
 And the straw to worthless rubbish.

Untamoinen then grew angry,
 Spake these words in bitter accents:
 “Kullerwoinen as a workman
 Is a miserable failure;
 Whatsoever work he touches
 Is but ruined by his witchcraft;
 I shall carry him to Ehtland,
 In Karyala I shall sell him
 To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
 There to swing the heavy hammer.”

Untamoinen sells Kullervo,
 Trades him off in far Karyala,
 To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
 To the master of the metals,
 This the sum received in payment:
 Seven worn and worthless sickles,
 Three old caldrons worse than useless,
 Three old scythes, and hoes, and axes,
 Recompense, indeed, sufficient
 For a boy that will not labor
 For the good of his employer.

RUNE XXXII.

KULLERWOINEN, wizard-servant
 Of the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
 Purchased slave from Untamoinen,
 Magic son with sky-blue stockings.,

With a head of golden ringlets,
 In his shoes of marten-leather,
 Waiting little, asked the blacksmith,
 Asked the host for work at morning,
 In the evening asked the hostess,
 These the words of Kullerwoinen:
 "Give me work at early morning,
 In the evening, occupation,
 Labor worthy of thy servant."

Then the wife of Ilmarinen,
 Once the Maiden of the Rainbow,
 Thinking long, and long debating,
 How to give the youth employment,
 How the purchased slave could labor;
 Finally a shepherd made him,
 Made him keeper of her pastures;
 But the over-scornful hostess,
 Baked a biscuit for the herdsman,
 Baked a loaf of wondrous thickness,
 Baked the lower-half of oat-meal,
 And the upper-half of barley,
 Baked a flint-stone in the centre,
 Poured around it liquid butter,
 Then she gave it to the shepherd,
 Food to still the herdsman's hunger;
 Thus she gave the youth instructions:
 "Do not eat the bread in hunger,
 Till the herd is in the woodlands!"

Then the wife of Ilmarinen
 Sent her cattle to the pasture,
 Thus addressing Kullerwoinen:
 "Drive the cows to yonder bowers,
 To the birch-trees and the aspens,
 That they there may feed and fatten,
 Fill themselves with milk and butter,
 In the open forest-pastures,
 On the distant hills and mountains,
 In the glens among the birch-trees,
 In the lowlands with the aspens,
 In the golden pine-tree forests,
 In the thickets silver-laden.

"Guard them, thou O kind Creator,
 Shield them, omnipresent Ukko,
 Shelter them from every danger,
 And protect them from all evil,
 That they may not want, nor wander
 From the paths of peace and plenty.
 As at home Thou didst protect them
 In the shelters and the hurdles,

Guard them now beneath the heavens,
 Shelter them in woodland pastures,
 That the herds may live and prosper
 To 'the joy of Northland's hostess,
 And against the will of Lempo.

"If my herdsman prove unworthy,
 If the shepherd-maids seem evil,
 Let the pastures be their shepherds,
 Let the alders guard the cattle,
 Make the birch-tree their protector,
 Let the willow drive them homeward,
 Ere the hostess go to seek them,
 Ere the milkmaids wait and worry.
 Should the birch-tree not protect them,
 Nor the aspen lend assistance,
 Nor the linden be their keeper,
 Nor the willow drive them homeward,
 Wilt thou give them better herdsman,
 Let Creation's beauteous daughters
 Be their kindly shepherdesses.
 Thou hast many lovely maidens,
 Many hundreds that obey thee,
 In the Ether's spacious circles,
 Beauteous daughters of creation.

"Summer-daughter, magic maiden,
 Southern mother of the woodlands,
 Pine-tree daughter, Kateyatar,
 Pihlayatar, of the aspen,
 Alder-maiden, Tapio's daughter,
 Daughter of the glen, Millikki,
 And the mountain-maid, Tellervo,
 Of my herds be ye protectors,
 Keep them from the evil-minded,
 Keep them safe in days of summer,
 In the times of fragrant flowers,
 While the tender leaves are whispering,
 While the Earth is verdure-laden.

"Summer-daughter, charming maiden,
 Southern mother of the woodlands,
 Spread abroad thy robes of safety,
 Spread thine apron o'er the forest,
 Let it cover all my cattle,
 And protect the unprotected,
 That no evil winds may harm them,
 May not suffer from the storm-clouds.
 Guard my flocks from every danger,
 Keep them from the hands of wild-beasts,
 From the swamps with sinking pathways,
 From the springs that bubble trouble,

From the swiftly running waters,
 From the bottom of the whirlpool,
 That they may not find misfortune,
 May not wander to destruction,
 In the marshes sink and perish,
 Though against God's best intentions,
 Though against the will of Ukko.

“From a distance bring a bugle,
 Bring a shepherd's horn from heaven,
 Bring the honey-flute of Ukko,
 Play the music of creation,
 Blow the pipes of the magician,
 Play the flowers on the highlands,
 Charm the hills, and dales, and mount
 Charm the borders of the forest,
 Fill the forest-trees with honey,
 Fill with spice the fountain-borders.

“For my herds give food and shelter,
 Feed them all on honeyed pastures,
 Give them drink at honeyed fountains
 Feed them on thy golden grasses,
 On the leaves of silver saplings,
 From the springs of life and beauty,
 From the crystal-waters flowing,
 From the waterfalls of Rutya,
 From the uplands green and golden,
 From the glens enriched in silver.
 Dig thou also golden fountains
 On the four sides of the willow,
 That the cows may drink in sweetness,
 And their udders swell with honey,
 That their milk may flow in streamlets;
 Let the milk be caught in vessels,
 Let the cow's gift be not wasted,
 Be not given to Manala.

“Many are the sons of evil,
 That to Mana take their milkings,
 Give their milk to evil-doers,
 Waste it in Tuoni's empire;
 Few there are, and they the worthy,
 That can get the milk from Mana;
 Never did my ancient mother
 Ask for counsel in the village,
 Never in the courts for wisdom;
 She obtained her milk from Mana,
 Took the sour-milk from the dealers,
 Sweet-milk from the greater distance,
 From the kingdom of Manala,
 From Tuoni's fields and pastures;

Brought it in the dusk of evening,
 Through the by-ways in the darkness,
 That the wicked should not know it,
 That it should not find destruction.

“This the language of my mother,
 And these words I also echo:
 Whither does the cow's gift wander,
 Whither has the milk departed?
 Has it gone to feed the strangers,
 Banished to the distant village,
 Gone to feed the hamlet-lover,
 Or perchance to feed the forest,
 Disappeared within the woodlands,
 Scattered o'er the hills and mountains,
 Mingled with the lakes and rivers?
 It shall never go to Mana,
 Never go to feed the stranger,
 Never to the village-lover;
 Neither shall it feed the forest,
 Nor be lost upon the mountains,
 Neither sprinkled in the woodlands,
 Nor be mingled with the waters;
 It is needed for our tables,
 Worthy food for all our children.’

Summer-daughter, maid of beauty,
 Southern daughter of Creation,
 Give Suotikki tender fodder,
 To Watikki, give pure water,
 To Hermikki milk abundant,
 Fresh provisions to Tuorikki,
 From Mairikki let the milk flow,
 Fresh milk from my cows in plenty,
 Coming from the tips of grasses,
 From the tender herbs and leaflets,
 From the meadows rich in honey,
 From the mother of the forest,
 From the meadows sweetly dripping,
 From the berry-laden branches,
 From the heath of flower-maidens,
 From the verdure. maiden bowers,
 From the clouds of milk-providers,
 From the virgin of the heavens,
 That the milk may flow abundant
 From the cows that I have given
 To the keeping of Kullervo.

“Rise thou virgin of the valley,
 From the springs arise in beauty,
 Rise thou maiden of the fountain,
 Beautiful, arise in ether,

Take the waters from the cloudlets,
 And my roaming herds besprinkle,
 That my cows may drink and flourish,
 May be ready for the coming
 Of the shepherdess of evening.

“O Millikki, forest-hostess,
 Mother of the herds at pasture,
 Send the tallest of thy servants,
 Send the best of thine assistants,
 That my herds may well be guarded,
 Through the pleasant days of summer,
 Given us by our Creator.

“Beauteous virgin of the woodlands,
 Tapio’s most charming daughter,
 Fair Tellervo, forest-maiden,
 Softly clad in silken raiment,
 Beautiful in golden ringlets,
 Do thou give my herds protection,
 In the Metsola dominions,
 On the hills of Tapiola;
 Shield them with thy hands of beauty,
 Stroke them gently with thy fingers,
 Give to them a golden lustre,
 Make them shine like fins of salmon,
 Grow them robes as soft as ermine.

“When the evening star brings darkness,
 When appears the hour of twilight,
 Send my lowing cattle homeward,
 Milk within their vessels coursing,
 Water on their backs in lakelets.
 When the Sun has set in ocean,
 When the evening-bird is singing,
 Thus address my herds of cattle:

“Ye that carry horns, now hasten
 To the sheds of Ilmarinen;
 Ye enriched in milk go homeward,
 To the hostess now in waiting,
 Home, the better place for sleeping,
 Forest-beds are full of danger;
 When the evening comes in darkness,
 Straightway journey to the milkmaids
 Building fires to light the pathway
 On the turf enriched in honey,
 In the pastures berry-laden!

“Thou, O Tapio’s son, Nyrikki,
 Forest-son, enrobed in purple,
 Cut the fir-trees on the mountains,

Cut the pines with cones of beauty,
 Lay them o’er the streams for bridges,
 Cover well the sloughs of quicksand,
 In the swamps and in the lowlands,
 That my herd may pass in safety,
 On their long and dismal journey,
 To the clouds of smoke may hasten,
 Where the milkmaids wait their coming.
 If the cows heed not this order,
 Do not hasten home at evening,
 Then, O service-berry maiden,
 Cut a birch-rod from the glenwood,
 From the juniper, a whip-stick,
 Near to Tapio’s spacious mansion,
 Standing on the ash-tree mountain,
 Drive my wayward, jowing cattle,
 Into Metsola’s wide milk-yards,
 When the evening-star is rising.

“Thou, O Otso, forest-apple,
 Woodland bear, with honeyed fingers,
 Let us make a lasting treaty,
 Make a vow for future ages,
 That thou wilt not kill my cattle,
 Wilt not eat my milk-providers;
 That I will not send my hunters
 To destroy thee and thy kindred,
 Never in the days of summer,
 The Creator’s warmest season.

“Dost thou hear the tones of cow-bells,
 Hear the calling of the bugles,
 Ride thyself within the meadow,
 Sink upon the turf in slumber,
 Bury both thine ears in clover,
 Crouch within some alder-thicket
 Climb between the mossy ledges,
 Visit thou some rocky cavern,
 Flee away to other mountains,
 Till thou canst not hear the cow-bells,
 Nor the calling of the herdsmen.

“Listen, Otso of the woodlands,
 Sacred bear with honeyed fingers,
 To approach the herd of cattle
 Thou thyself art not forbidden,
 But thy tongue, and teeth, and fingers,
 Must not touch my herd in summer,
 Must not harm my harmless creatures.
 Go around the scented meadows,
 Amble through the milky pastures,
 From the tones of bells and shepherds.

should the herd be on the mountain,
 Go thou quickly to the marshes;
 Should my cattle browse the lowlands,
 Sleep thou then within the thicket;
 Should they feed upon the uplands,
 Thou must hasten to the valley;
 Should the herd graze at the bottom,
 Thou must feed upon the summit.

“Wander like the golden cuckoo,
 Like the dove of silver brightness,
 Like a little fish in ocean;
 Ride thy claws within thy hair-foot,
 Shut thy wicked teeth in darkness,
 That my herd may not be frightened,
 May not think themselves in danger.
 Leave my cows in peace and plenty,
 Let them journey home in order,
 Through the vales and mountain by-ways,
 Over plains and through the forest,
 Harming not my harmless creatures.

“Call to mind our former pledges,
 At the river of Tuoni,
 Near the waterfall and whirlpool,
 In the ears of our Creator.
 Thrice to Otso was it granted,
 In the circuit of the summer,
 To approach the land of cow-bells,
 Where the herdsmen’s voices echo;
 But to thee it was not granted,
 Otso never had permission
 To attempt a wicked action,
 To begin a work of evil.
 Should the blinding thing of malice
 Come upon thee in thy roamings,
 Should thy bloody teeth feel hunger,
 Throw thy malice to the mountains,
 And thy hunger to the pine-trees,
 Sink thy teeth within the aspens,
 In the dead limbs of the birches,
 Prune the dry stalks from the willows.
 Should thy hunger still impel thee,
 Go thou to the berry-mountain,
 Eat the fungus of the forest,
 Feed thy hunger on the ant-hills,
 Eat the red roots of the bear-tree,
 Metsola’s rich cakes of honey,
 Not the grass my herd would feed on.
 Or if Metsola’s rich honey
 Should ferment before the eating,
 On the hills of golden color,

On the mountains filled with silver,
 There is other food for hunger,
 Other drink for thirsting Otso,
 Everlasting will the food be,
 And the drink be never wanting.

“Let us now agree in honor,
 And conclude a lasting treaty
 That our lives may end in pleasure,
 May be, merry in the summer,
 Both enjoy the woods in common,
 Though our food must be distinctive
 Shouldst thou still desire to fight me,
 Let our contests be in winter,
 Let our wars be, on the snow-fields.
 Swamps will thaw in days of summer,
 Warm, the water in the rivers.
 Therefore shouldst thou break this treaty,
 Shouldst thou come where golden cattle
 Roam these woodland hills and valleys,
 We will slay thee with our cross-bows;
 Should our arrow-men be absent,
 We have here some archer-women,
 And among them is the hostess,
 That can use the fatal weapon,
 That can bring thee to destruction,
 Thus will end the days of trouble
 That thou bringest to our people,
 And against the will of Ukko.

“Ukko, ruler in the heavens,
 Lend an ear to my entreaty,
 Metamorphose all my cattle,
 Through the mighty force of magic,
 Into stumps and stones convert them,
 If the enemy should wander,
 Near my herd in days of summer.

“If I had been born an Otso,
 I would never stride and amble
 At the feet of aged women;
 Elsewhere there are hills and valleys,
 Farther on are honey-pastures,
 Where the lazy bear may wander,
 Where the indolent may linger;
 Sneak away to yonder mountain,
 That thy tender flesh may lessen,
 In the blue-glen’s deep recesses,
 In the bear-dens of the forest,
 Thou canst move through fields of acorns,
 Through the sand and ocean-pebbles,
 There for thee is tracked a pathway,

Through the woodlands on the sea-coast,
 To the Northland's farthest limits,
 To the dismal plains of Lapland,
 There 'tis well for thee to lumber,
 There to live will be a pleasure.
 Shoeless there to walk in summer,
 Stockingless in days of autumn,
 On the blue-back of the mountain,
 Through the swamps and fertile lowlands.

"If thou canst not journey thither,
 Canst not find the Lapland-highway,
 Hasten on a little distance,
 In the bear-path leading northward.
 To the grove of Tuonela,
 To the honey-plains of Kalma,
 Swamps there are in which to wander,
 Heaths in which to roam at pleasure,
 There are Kiryos, there are Karyos,
 And of beasts a countless number,
 With their fetters strong as iron,
 Fattening within the forest.
 Be ye gracious, groves and mountains,
 Full of grace, ye darksome thickets,
 Peace and, plenty to my cattle,
 Through the pleasant days of summer,
 The Creator's warmest season.

"Knippana, O King of forests,
 Thou the gray-beard of the woodlands,
 Watch thy dogs in fen and fallow,
 Lay a sponge within one nostril,
 And an acorn in the other,
 That they may not scent my cattle;
 Tie their eyes with silken fillets,
 That they may not see my herdlings,
 May not see my cattle grazing.

"Should all this seem inefficient,
 Drive away thy barking children,
 Let them run to other forests,
 Let them hunt in other marshes,
 From these verdant strips of meadow,
 From these far outstretching borders,
 Hide thy dogs within thy caverns,
 Firmly tie thy yelping children,
 Tie them with thy golden fetters,
 With thy chains adorned with silver,
 That they may not do me damage,
 May not do a deed of mischief.
 Should all this prove inefficient,
 Thou, O Ukko, King of heaven.

Wise director, full of mercy,
 Hear the golden words I utter,
 Hear a voice that breathes affection,
 From the alder make a muzzle,
 For each dog, within the kennel;
 Should the alder prove too feeble,
 Cast a band of purest copper;
 Should the copper prove a failure,
 Forge a band of ductile iron;
 Should the iron snap asunder,
 In each nose a small-ring fasten,
 Made of molten gold and silver,
 Chain thy dogs in forest-caverns,
 That my herd may not be injured.

Then the wife of Ilmarinen,
 Life-companion of the blacksmith,
 Opened all her yards and stables,
 Led her herd across the meadow,
 Placed them in the herdman's keeping,
 In the care of Kullerwoinen.

RUNE XXXIII.

THEREUPON the lad, Kullervo,
 Laid his luncheon in his basket,
 Drove the herd to mountain-pastures,
 O'er the hills and through the marshes,
 To their grazings in the woodlands,
 Speaking as he careless wandered:
 "Of the youth am I the poorest,
 Hapless lad and full of trouble,
 Evil luck to me befallen!
 I alas! must idly wander
 O'er the hills and through the valleys,
 As a watch-dog for the cattle!"

Then she sat upon the greensward,
 In a sunny spot selected,
 Singing, chanting words as follow:
 "Shine, O shine, thou Sun of heaven,
 Cast thy rays, thou fire of Ukko,
 On the herdsman of the blacksmith,
 On the head of Kullerwoinen,
 On this poor and luckless shepherd,
 Not in Ilmarinen's smithy,
 Nor the dwellings of his people;
 Good the table of the hostess,
 Cuts the best of wheaten biscuit,
 Honey-cakes she cuts in slices,
 Spreading each with golden butter;

Only dry bread has the herdsman,
 Eats with pain the oaten bread-crusts,⁷
 Filled with chaff his and biscuit,
 Feeds upon the worst of straw-bread,
 Pine-tree bark, the broad he feeds on,
 Sipping water from the birch-bark,
 Drinking from the tips of grasses I
 Go, O Sun, and go, O barley,
 Haste away, thou light of Ukko,
 Hide within the mountain pine-trees,
 Go, O wheat, to yonder thickets,
 To the trees of purple berries,
 To the junipers and alders,
 Safely lead the herdsman homeward
 To the biscuit golden-buttered,
 To the honeyed cakes and viands!"

While the shepherd lad was singing
 Kullerwoinen's song and echo,
 Ilmarinen's wife was feasting
 On the sweetest bread of Northland,
 On the toothsome cakes of barley,
 On the richest of provisions;
 Only laid aside some cabbage,
 For the herdsman, Kullerwoinen;
 Set apart some wasted fragments,
 Leavings of the dogs at dinner,
 For the shepherd, home returning.

From the woods a bird came flying,
 Sang this song to Kullerwoinen:
 "'Tis the time for forest-dinners,
 For the fatherless companion
 Of the herds to eat his viands,
 Eat the good things from his basket!"

Kullerwoinen heard the songster,
 Looked upon the Sun's long shadow,
 Straightway spake the words that follow:
 "True, the singing of the song-bird,
 It is time indeed for feasting,
 Time to eat my basket-dinner."

Thereupon young Kullerwoinen
 Called his herd to rest in safety,
 Sat upon a grassy hillock,
 Took his basket from his shoulders,
 Took therefrom the and oat-loaf,
 Turned it over in his fingers,
 Carefully the loaf inspected,
 Spake these words of ancient wisdom:
 "Many loaves are fine to look on,

On the outside seem delicious,
 On the inside, chaff and tan-bark!"

Then the shepherd, Kullerwoinen,
 Drew his knife to cut his oat-loaf,
 Cut the hard and arid biscuit;
 Cuts against a stone imprisoned,
 Well imbedded in the centre,
 Breaks his ancient knife in pieces;
 When the shepherd youth, Kullervo,
 Saw his magic knife had broken,
 Weeping sore, he spake as follows:
 "This, the blade that I bold sacred,
 This the one thing that I honor,
 Relic of my mother's people!
 On the stone within this oat-loaf,
 On this cheat-cake of the hostess,
 I my precious knife have broken.
 How shall I repay this insult,
 How avenge this woman's malice,
 What the wages for deception?"
 From a tree the raven answered:
 "O thou little silver buckle,
 Only son of old Kalervo,
 Why art thou in evil humor,
 Wherefore sad in thy demeanor?
 Take a young shoot from the thicket,
 Take a birch-rod from the valley,
 Drive thy herd across the lowlands,
 Through the quicksands of the marshes;
 To the wolves let one half wander,
 To the bear-dens, lead the other;
 Sing the forest wolves together,
 Sing the bears down from the mountains,
 Call the wolves thy little children,
 And the bears thy standard-bearers;
 Drive them like a cow-herd homeward,
 Drive them home like spotted cattle,
 Drive them to thy master's milk-yards;
 Thus thou wilt repay the hostess
 For her malice and derision."

Thereupon the wizard answered,
 These the words of Kullerwoinen:
 "Wait, yea wait, thou bride of Hisi!
 Do I mourn my mother's relic,
 Mourn the keep-sake thou hast broken?
 Thou thyself shalt mourn as sorely
 When thy, cows come home at evening!"

From the tree he cuts a birch-wand,
 From the juniper a whip-stick,

Drives the herd across the lowlands,
Through the quicksands of the marshes,
To the wolves lets one half wander,
To the bear-dens leads the other;
Calls the wolves his little children,
Calls the bears his standard-bearers,
Changes all his herd of cattle
Into wolves and bears by magic.

In the west the Sun is shining,
Telling that the night is coming.
Quick the wizard, Kullerwoinen,
Wanders o'er the pine-tree mountain,
Hastens through the forest homeward,
Drives the wolves and bears before him
Toward the milk-yards of the hostess;
To the herd he speaks as follows,
As they journey on together:
"Tear and kill the wicked hostess,
Tear her guilty flesh in pieces,
When she comes to view her cattle,
When she stoops to do her milking!"

Then the wizard, Kullerwoinen,
From an ox-bone makes a bugle,
Makes it from Tuonikki's cow-horn,
Makes a flute from Kiryo's shin-bone,
Plays a song upon his bugle,
Plays upon his flute of magic,
Thrice upon the home-land hill-tops,
Six times near the coming gate-ways.

Ilmarinen's wife and hostess
Long had waited for the coming
Of her herd with Kullerwoinen,
Waited for the milk at evening,
Waited for the new-made butter,
Heard the footsteps in the cow-path,
On the heath she heard the bustle,
Spake these joyous words of welcome:
"Be thou praised, O gracious Ukko,
That my herd is home returning!
But I hear a bugle sounding,
'Tis the playing of my herdsman,
Playing on a magic cow-horn,
Bursting all our ears with music!"

Kullerwoinen, drawing nearer,
To the hostess spake as follows:
"Found the bugle in the woodlands,
And the flute among the rushes;
All thy herd are in the passage,

All thy cows within the hurdles,
This the time to build the camp-fire,
This the time to do the milking!"

Ilmarinen's wife, the hostess,
Thus addressed an aged servant:
"Go, thou old one, to the milking,
Have the care of all my cattle,
Do not ask for mine assistance,
Since I have to knead the biscuit."
Kullerwoinen spake as follows:
"Always does the worthy hostess,
Ever does the wisdom-mother
Go herself and do the milking,
Tend the cows within the hurdles!"

Then the wife of Ilmarinen
Built a field-fire in the passage,
Went to milk her cows awaiting,
Looked upon her herd in wonder,
Spake these happy words of greeting:
"Beautiful, my herd of cattle,
Glistening like the skins of lynxes,
Hair as soft as fur of ermine,
Peaceful waiting for the milk-pail!"

On the milk-stool sits the hostess,
Milks one moment, then a second,
Then a third time milks and ceases;
When the bloody wolves disguising,
Quick attack the hostess milking,
And the bears lend their assistance,
Tear and mutilate her body
With their teeth and sharpened fingers.
Kullerwoinen, cruel wizard,
Thus repaid the wicked hostess,
Thus repaid her evil treatment.

Quick the wife of Ilmarinen
Cried aloud in bitter anguish,
Thus addressed the youth, Kullervo:
"Evil son, thou bloody herdsman,
Thou hast brought me wolves in malice,
Driven bears within my hurdles!
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
"Have I evil done as shepherd,
Worse the conduct of the hostess;
Baked a stone inside my oat-cake,
On the inside, rock and tan-bark,
On the stone my knife, was broken,
Treasure of my mother's household,
Broken virtue of my people!"

Ilmarinen's wife made answer:
 "Noble herdsman, Kullerwoinen,
 Change, I pray thee, thine opinion,
 Take away thine incantations,
 From the bears and wolves release me,
 Save me from this spell of torture
 I will give thee better raiment,
 Give the best of milk and butter,
 Set for thee the sweetest table;
 Thou shalt live with me in welcome,
 Need not labor for thy keeping.
 If thou dost not free me quickly,
 Dost not break this spell of magic,
 I shall sink into the Death-land,
 Shall return to Tuonela."

This is Kullerwoinen's answer:
 "It is best that thou shouldst perish,
 Let destruction overtake thee,
 There is ample room in Mana,
 Room for all the dead in Kalma,
 There the worthiest must slumber,
 There must rest the good and evil."

Ilmarinen's wife made answer:
 "Ukko, thou O God in heaven,
 Span the strongest of thy cross-bows,
 Test the weapon by thy wisdom,
 Lay an arrow forged from copper,
 On the cross-bow of thy forging;
 Rightly aim thy flaming arrow,
 With thy magic hurl the missile,
 Shoot this wizard through the vitals,
 Pierce the heart of Kullerwoinen
 With the lightning of the heavens,
 With thine arrows tipped with copper."

Kullerwoinen prays as follows:
 "Ukko, God of truth and justice.
 Do not slay thy magic servant,
 Slay the wife of Ilmarinen,
 Kill in her the worst of women,
 In these hurdles let her perish,
 Lest she wander hence in freedom,
 To perform some other mischief,
 Do some greater deed of malice!"

Quick as lightning fell the hostess,
 Quick the wife of Ilmarinen
 Fell and perished in the hurdles,
 On the ground before her cottage
 Thus the death of Northland's hostess,
 Cherished wife of Ilmarinen,
 Once the Maiden of the Rainbow,
 Wooed and watched for many summers,

Pride and joy of Kalevala!

RUNE XXXIV.

KULLERWOINEN, young magician,
 In his beauteous, golden ringlets,
 In his magic shoes of deer-skin,
 Left the home of Ilmarinen
 Wandered forth upon his journey,
 Ere the blacksmith heard the tidings
 Of the cruel death and torture
 Of his wife and joy-companion,
 Lest a bloody fight should follow.

Kullerwoinen left the smithy,
 Blowing on his magic bugle,
 Joyful left the lands of Ilma,
 Blowing blithely on the heather,
 Made the distant hills re-echo,
 Made the swamps and mountains tremble,
 Made the heather-blossoms answer
 To the music of his cow-horn,
 In its wild reverberations,
 To the magic of his playing.
 Songs were heard within the smithy,
 And the blacksmith stopped and listened,
 Hastened to the door and window,
 Hastened to the open court-yard,
 If perchance he might discover
 What was playing on the heather,
 What was sounding through the forest.
 Quick he learned the cruel story,
 Learned the cause of the rejoicing,
 Saw the hostess dead before him,
 Knew his beauteous wife had perished,
 Saw the lifeless form extended,
 In the court-yard of his dwelling.
 Thereupon the metal-artist
 Fell to bitter tears and wailings,
 Wept through all the dreary night-time,
 Deep the grief that settled o'er him,
 Black as night his darkened future,
 Could not stay his tears of sorrow.

Kullerwoinen hastened onward,
 Straying, roaming, hither, thither,
 Wandered on through field and forest,
 O'er the Hisi-plains and woodlands.
 When the darkness settled o'er him,
 When the bird of night was flitting,
 Sat the fatherless at evening,

The forsaken sat and rested
 On a hillock of the forest.
 Thus he murmured, heavy-hearted:
 "Why was I, alas! created,
 Why was I so ill-begotten,
 Since for months and years I wander,
 Lost among the ether-spaces?
 Others have their homes to dwell in,
 Others hasten to their firesides
 As the evening gathers round them:
 But my home is in the forest,
 And my bed upon the heather,
 And my bath-room is the rain-cloud.

"Never didst thou, God of mercy,
 Never in the course of ages,
 Give an infant birth unwisely;
 Wherefore then was I created,
 Fatherless to roam in ether,
 Motherless and lone to wander?
 Thou, O Ukko, art my father,
 Thou hast given me form and feature;
 As the sea-gull on the ocean,
 As the duck upon the waters,
 Shines the Sun upon the swallow,
 Shines as bright upon the sparrow,
 Gives the joy-birds song and gladness,
 Does not shine on me unhappy;
 Nevermore will shine the sunlight,
 Never will the moonlight glimmer
 On this hapless son and orphan;
 Do not know my hero-father,
 Cannot tell who was my mother;
 On the shore, perhaps the gray-duck
 Left me in the sand to perish.
 Young was I and small of stature,
 When my mother left me orphaned;
 Dead, my father and my mother,
 Dead, my honored tribe of heroes;
 Shoes they left me that are icy,
 Stockings filled with frosts of ages,
 Let me on the freezing ice-plains
 Fall to perish in the rushes;
 From the giddy heights of mountains
 Let me tumble to destruction.

"O, thou wise and good Creator,
 Why my birth and what my service?
 I shall never fall and perish
 On the ice-plains, in the marshes,
 Never be a bridge in swamp-land,
 Not while I have arms of virtue

That can serve my honored kindred!"

Then Kullervo thought to journey
 To the village of Untamo,
 To avenge his father's murder,
 To avenge his mother's tortures,
 And the troubles of his tribe-folk.
 These the words of Kullerwoinen:
 "Wait, yea wait, thou Untamoinen,
 Thou destroyer of my people;
 When I meet thee in the combat,
 I will slay thee and thy kindred,
 I will burn thy homes to ashes!"

Came a woman on the highway,
 Dressed in blue, the aged mother,
 To Kullervo spake as follows:
 "Whither goest, Kullerwoinen,
 Whither hastes the wayward hero?
 Kullerwoinen gave this answer:
 "I have thought that I would journey
 To the far-off land of strangers,
 To the village of Untamo,
 To avenge my father's murder,
 To avenge my mother's tortures,
 And the troubles of my tribe-folk."
 Thus the gray-haired woman answered:
 "Surely thou dost rest in error,
 For thy tribe has never perished,
 And thy mother still is living
 With thy father in the Northland,
 Living with the old Kalervo."

"O, thou ancient dame beloved,
 Worthy mother of the woodlands,
 Tell me where my father liveth,
 Where my loving mother lingers!"

"Yonder lives thine aged father,
 And thy loving mother with him,
 On the farthest shore of Northland,
 On the long-point of the fish-lake!"

"Tell me, O thou woodland-mother,
 How to journey to my people,
 How to find mine honored tribe-folk."

"Easy is the way for strangers:
 Thou must journey through the forest,
 Hasten to the river-border,
 Travel one day, then a second,
 And the third from morn till even,

To the north-west, thou must journey.
 If a mountain comes to meet thee,
 Go around the nearing mountain,
 Westward bold thy weary journey,
 Till thou comest to a river,
 On thy right hand flowing eastward;
 Travel to the river border,
 Where three water-falls will greet thee;
 When thou comest to a headland,
 On the point thou'lt see a cottage
 Where the fishermen assemble;
 In this cottage is thy father,
 With thy mother and her daughters,
 Beautiful thy maiden sisters.”

Kullerwoinen, the magician,
 Hastens northward on his journey,
 Walks one day, and then a second,
 Walks the third from morn till evening;
 To the north-west walks Kullervo,
 Till a mountain comes to meet him,
 Walks around the nearing mountain;
 Westward, westward, holds his journey,
 Till he sees a river coming;
 Hastens to the river border,
 Walks along the streams and rapids
 Till three waterfalls accost him;
 Travels till he meets a headland,
 On the point he spies a cottage,
 Where the fishermen assemble.

Quick he journeys to the cabin,
 Quick he passes through the portals
 Of the cottage on the headland,
 Where he finds his long-lost kindred;
 No one knows the youth, Kullervo,
 No one knows whence comes the stranger,
 Where his home, nor where he goeth.
 These the words of young Kullervo:
 “Dost thou know me not, my mother,
 Dost thou know me not, my father?
 I am hapless Kullerwoinen
 Whom the heroes of Untamo
 Carried to their distant country,
 When my height was but a hand-breadth.”
 Quick the hopeful mother answers:
 “O my worthy son, beloved,
 O my precious silver-buckle,
 Hast thou with thy mind of magic,
 Wandered through the fields of Northland
 Searching for thy home and kindred?
 As one dead I long have mourned thee,

Had supposed thee, in Manala.
 Once I had two sons and heroes,
 Had two good and beauteous daughters,
 Two of these have long been absent,
 Elder son and elder daughter;
 For the wars my son departed,
 While my daughter strayed and perished
 If my son is home returning,
 Yet my daughter still is absent,
 Kullerwoinen asked his mother:
 “Whither did my sister wander,
 What direction did she journey ?
 This the answer of the mother:
 “This the story of thy sister:
 Went for berries to the woodlands,
 To the mountains went my daughter,
 Where the lovely maiden vanished,
 Where my pretty berry perished,
 Died some death beyond my knowledge,
 Nameless is the death she suffered.
 Who is mourning for the daughter?
 No one mourns her as her mother,
 Walks and wanders, Mourns and searches,
 For her fairest child and daughter;
 Therefore did the mother wander,
 Searching for thy lovely sister,
 Like the bear she roamed the forest,
 Ran the glenways like the adder,
 Searched one day and then a second,
 Searched the third from morn till even,
 Till she reached the mountain-summit,
 There she called and called her daughter,
 Till the distant mountains answered,
 Called to her who had departed:
 I Where art thou, my lovely maiden,
 Come my daughter to thy mother!’

“Thus I called, and sought thy sister,
 This the answer of the mountains,
 Thus the hills and valleys echoed:
 ‘Call no more, thou weeping mother,
 Weep no more for the departed;
 Nevermore in all thy lifetime,
 Never in the course of ages,
 Will she join again her kindred,
 At her brother’s landing-places,
 In her father’s humble dwelling.’”

RUNE XXXV.

KULLERWOINEN, youthful wizard,
 In his blue and scarlet stockings,
 Henceforth lingered with his parents;
 But he could not change his nature,
 Could not gain a higher wisdom,
 Could not win a better judgment;
 As a child he was ill-nurtured,
 Early rocked in stupid cradles,
 By a nurse of many follies,
 By a minister of evil.

To his work went Kullerwoinen,
 Strove to make his labors worthy;
 First, Kullervo went a-fishing,
 Set his fishing-nets in ocean;
 With his hands upon the row-locks,
 Kullerwoinen spake as follows:
 "Shall I pull with all my forces,
 Pull with strength of youthful heroes,
 Or with weakness of the aged?"

From the stern arose a gray-beard,
 And he answered thus Kullervo:
 "Pull with all thy youthful vigor;
 Shouldst thou row with magic power,
 Thou couldst not destroy this vessel,
 Couldst not row this boat to fragments."

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
 Rowed with all his youthful vigor,
 With the mighty force of magic,
 Rowed the bindings from the vessel,
 Ribs of juniper he shattered,
 Rowed the aspen-oars to pieces.

When the aged sire, Kalervo,
 Saw the work of Kullerwoinen,
 He addressed his son as follows:
 "Dost not understand the rowing;
 Thou hast burst the bands asunder,
 Bands of juniper and willow,
 Rowed my aspen-boat to pieces;
 To the fish-nets drive the salmon,
 This, perchance, will suit thee better."

Thereupon the son, Kullervo,
 Hastened to his work as bidden,
 Drove the salmon to the fish-nets,
 Spake in innocence as follows:
 "Shall I with my youthful vigor

Scare the salmon to the fish-nets,
 Or with little magic vigor
 Shall I drive them to their capture?
 Spake the master of the fish-nets:
 "That would be but work of women,
 Shouldst thou use but little power
 In the frightening of the salmon!"

Kullerwoinen does as bidden,
 Scares the salmon with the forces
 Of his mighty arms and shoulders,
 With the strength of youth and magic,
 Stirs the water thick with black-earth,
 Beats the scare-net into pieces,
 Into pulp he beats the salmon.

When the aged sire, Kalervo,
 Saw the work of Kullerwoinen,
 To his son these words he uttered:
 "Dost not understand this labor,
 For this work thou art not suited,
 Canst not scare the perch and salmon
 To the fish-nets of thy father;
 Thou hast ruined all my fish-nets,
 Torn my scare-net into tatters,
 Beaten into pulp the whiting,
 Torn my net-props into fragments,
 Beaten into bits my wedges.
 Leave the fishing to another;
 See if thou canst pay the tribute,
 Pay my yearly contribution;
 See if thou canst better travel,
 On the way show better judgment!"

Thereupon the son, Kullervo,
 Hapless youth in purple vestments,
 In his magic shoes of deer-skin,
 In his locks of golden color,
 Sallied forth to pay the taxes,
 Pay the tribute for his people.
 When the youth had paid the tribute,
 Paid the yearly contribution,
 He returned to join the snow-sledge,
 Took his place upon the cross-bench,
 Snapped his whip above the courser,
 And began his journey homeward;
 Rattled on along the highway,
 Measured as he galloped onward
 Wainamoinen's hills and valleys,
 And his fields in cultivation.

Came a golden maid to meet him,

On her snow-shoes came a virgin,
O'er the hills of Wainamoinen,
O'er his cultivated lowlands.

Quick the wizard-son, Kullervo,
Checked the motion of his racer,
Thus addressed the charming maiden
"Come, sweet maiden, to my snow-sledge,
In my fur-robies rest and linger!"
As she ran, the maiden answered:
"Let the Death-maid sit beside thee,
Rest and linger in thy fur-robies!"

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
Snapped his whip above the courser;
Fleet as wind he gallops homeward,
Dashes down along the highway;
With the roar of falling waters,
Gallops onward, onward, onward,
O'er the broad-back of the ocean,
O'er the icy plains of Lapland.

Comes a winsome maid to meet him,
Golden-haired, and wearing snow-shoes,
On the far outstretching ice-plains;
Quick the wizard checks his racer,
Charmingly accosts the maiden,
Chanting carefully these measures:
"Come, thou beauty, to my snow-sledge,
Hither come, and rest, and linger!
Tauntingly the maiden answered:
"Take Tuoni to thy snow-sledge,
At thy side let Manalainen
Sit with thee, and rest, and linger!"

Quick the wizard, Kullerwoinen,
Struck his fiery, prancing racer,
With the birch-whip of his father.
Like the lightning flew the fleet-foot,
Galopped on the highway homeward;
O'er the hills the snow-sledge bounded,
And the coming mountains trembled.
Kullerwoinen, wild magician,
Measures, on his journey homeward,
Northland's far-extending borders,
And the fertile plains of Pohya.
Comes a beauteous maid to meet him,
With a tin-pin on her bosom,
On the heather of Pohyola,
O'er the Pohya-hills and moorlands.

Quick the wizard son, Kullervo,

Holds the bridle of his courser,
Charmingly intones these measures:
"Come, fair maiden, to my snow-sledge,
In these fur-robies rest, and linger;
Eat with me the golden apples,
Eat the hazel-nut in joyance,
Drink with me the beer delicious,
Eat the dainties that I give thee."

This the answer of the maiden
With the tin-pin on her bosom:
"I have scorn to give thy snow-sledge,
Scorn for thee, thou wicked wizard;
Cold is it beneath thy fur-robies,
And thy sledge is chill and cheerless.

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
Wicked wizard of the Northland,
Drew the maiden to his snow-sledge,
Drew her to a seat beside him,
Quickly in his furs enwrapped her;
And the tin-adorned made answer,
These the accents of the maiden:
"Loose me from thy magic power,
Let me leave at once thy presence,
Lest I speak in wicked accents,
Lest I say the prayer of evil;
Free me now as I command thee,
Or I'll tear thy sledge to pieces,
Throw these fur-robies to the north-winds."

Straightway wicked Kullerwoinen,
Evil wizard and magician,
Opens all his treasure-boxes,
Shows the maiden gold and silver,
Shows her silken wraps of beauty,
Silken hose with golden borders,
Golden belts with silver buckles,
Jewelry that dims the vision,
Blunts the conscience of the virgin.
Silver leads one to destruction,
Gold entices from uprightness.
Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
Flatters lovingly the maiden,
One hand on the reins of leather,
One upon the maiden's shoulder;
Thus they journey through the evening,
Pass the night in merry-making.

When the day-star led the morning,
When the second day was dawning,
Then the maid addressed Kullervo,

Questioned thus the wicked wizard:
 "Of what tribe art thou descended,
 Of what race thy hero-father?
 Tell thy lineage and kindred."
 This, Kullervo's truthful answer:
 "Am not from a mighty nation,
 Not the greatest, nor the smallest,
 But my lineage is worthy:
 Am Kalervo's son of folly,
 Am a child of contradictions,
 Hapless son of cold misfortune.
 Tell me of thy race of heroes,
 Tell thine origin and kindred."
 This the answer of the maiden:
 "Came not from a race primeval,
 Not the largest, nor the smallest,
 But my lineage is worthy;
 Am Kalervo's wretched daughter,
 Am his long-lost child of error,
 Am a maid of contradictions,
 Hapless daughter of misfortune.

"When a child I lived in plenty
 In the dwellings of my mother;
 To the woods I went for berries,
 Went for raspberries to uplands,
 Gathered strawberries on mountains,
 Gathered one day then a second;
 But, alas! upon the third day,
 Could not find the pathway homeward,
 Forestward the highways led me,
 All the footpaths, to the woodlands.
 Long I sat in bitter weeping,
 Wept one day and then a second,
 Wept the third from morn till even.
 Then I climbed a lofty mountain,
 There I called in wailing accents,
 And the woodlands gave this answer,
 Thus the distant hills re-echoed:
 'Call no longer, foolish virgin,
 All thy calls and tears are useless;
 There is none to give thee answer,
 Far away, thy home and people.'

"On the third and on the fourth days,
 On the fifth, and sixth, and seventh,
 Constantly I sought to perish;
 But in vain were all my efforts,
 Could not die upon the mountains.
 If this wretched maid had perished,
 In the summer of the third year,
 She had fed earth's vegetation,

She had blossomed as a flower,
 Knowing neither pain nor sorrow."

Scarcely had the maiden spoken,
 When she bounded from the snow-sledge,
 Rushed upon the rolling river,
 To the cataract's commotion,
 To the fiery stream and whirlpool.
 Thus Kullervo's lovely sister
 Hastened to her own destruction,
 To her death by fire and water,
 Found her peace in Tuonela,
 In the sacred stream of Mana.

Then the wicked Kullerwoinen
 Fell to weeping, sorely troubled,
 Wailed, and wept, and heavy-hearted,
 Spake these words in bitter sorrow:
 "Woe is me, my life hard-fated!
 I have slain my virgin-sister,
 Shamed the daughter of my mother;
 Woe to thee, my ancient father!
 Woe to thee, my gray-haired mother!
 Wherefore was I born and nurtured,
 Why this hapless child's existence?
 Better fate to Kullerwoinen,
 Had he never seen the daylight,
 Or, if born, had never thriven
 In these mournful days of evil!
 Death has failed to do his duty,
 Sickness sinned in passing by me,
 Should have slain me in the cradle,
 When the seventh day had ended!"

Thereupon he slips the collar
 Of his prancing royal racer,
 Mounts the silver-headed fleet-foot,
 Gallops like the lightning homeward;
 Gallops only for a moment,
 When he halts his foaming courser
 At the cabin of his father.
 In the court-yard stood the mother,
 Thus the wicked son addressed her:
 "Faithful mother, fond and tender,
 Hadst thou slain me when an infant,
 Smoked my life out in the chamber,
 In a winding-sheet hadst thrown me
 To the cataract and whirlpool,
 In the fire hadst set my cradle,
 After seven nights had ended,
 Worthy would have been thy service.
 Had the village-maidens asked thee:

‘Where is now the little cradle,
Wherefore is the bath-room empty?’
This had been a worthy answer:
‘I have burned the wizard’s cradle,
Cast the infant to the fire-dogs;
In the bath-room corn is sprouting,
From the barley malt is brewing.’”

Thereupon the aged mother
Asks her wizard-son these questions:
“What has happened to my hero,
What new fate has overcome thee?
Comest thou as from Tuoni,
From the castles of Manala?”
This, Kullervo’s frank confession:
“Infamous the tale I bring thee,
My confession is dishonor:
On the way I met a maiden,
Met thy long-lost, wayward daughter,
Did not recognize my sister,
Fatal was the sin committed!
When the taxes had been settled,
When the tribute had been gathered,
Came a matchless maid to meet me,
Whom I witless led to sorrow,
This my mother’s long-lost daughter.
When she saw in me her brother,
Quick she bounded from the snow-sledge,
Hastened to the roaring waters,
To the cataract’s commotion,
To the fiery stream and whirlpool,
Hastened to her full destruction.

“Now, alas! must I determine,
Now must find a spot befitting,
Where thy sinful son may perish;
Tell me, all-forgiving mother,
Where to end my life of trouble;
Let me stop the black-wolf’s howling,
Let me satisfy the hunger
Of the vicious bear of Northland;
Let the shark or hungry sea-dog
Be my dwelling-place hereafter!”
This the answer of the mother:
“Do not go to stop the howling
Of the hungry wolf of Northland;
Do not haste to still the black-bear
Growling in his forest-cavern;
Let not shark, nor vicious sea-dog
Be thy dwelling-place hereafter.
Spacious are the rooms of Suomi,
Limitless the Sawa-borders,

Large enough to hide transgression,
Man’s misdeeds to hide for ages,
With his sins and evil actions.
Six long years man’s sins lie hidden
In the border-land of Kalma,
Even nine for magic heroes,
Till the years bring consolation,
Till they quiet all his mourning.”

Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
Answers thus his grieving mother:
“I can never hide from sorrow,
Cannot flee from my misconduct;
To the jaws of death I hasten,
To the open courts of Kalma,
To the hunting-grounds of Pohya,
To the battle-fields of heroes.
Untamoinen still is living,
Unmolested roams the wicked,
Unavenged my father’s grievance,
Unavenged my mother’s tortures,
Unavenged the wrongs I suffer!”

RUNE XXXVI.

KULLERWOINE.N, wicked wizard,
In his purple-colored stockings,
Now prepares himself for battle;
Grinds a long time on his broadsword,
Sharpens well his trusty weapon,
And his mother speaks as follows:
“Do not go, my son beloved,
Go not to the wars, my hero,
Struggle not with hostile spearsmen.
Whoso goes to war for nothing,
Undertakes a fearful combat,
Undertakes a fatal issue;
Those that war without a reason
Will be slaughtered for their folly,
Easy prey to bows and arrows.
Go thou with a goat to battle,
Shouldst thou go to fight the roebuck,
‘Tis the goat that will be vanquished,
And the roebuck will be slaughtered;
With a frog thou’lt journey homeward,
Victor, with but little honor!”
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
“Shall not journey through the marshes,
Shall not sink upon the heather,
On the home-land of the raven,
Where the eagles scream at day-break.

When I yield my life forever,
 Bravely will I fall in battle,
 Fall upon the field of glory,
 Beautiful to die in armor,
 And the clang and clash of armies,
 Beautiful the strife for conquest!
 Thus Kullervo soon will hasten
 To the kingdom of Tuoni,
 To the realm of the departed,
 Undeformed by wasting sickness.”
 This the answer of the mother:
 “If thou diest in the conflict,
 Who will stay to guard thy father,
 Who will give thy sire protection?”
 These the words of Kullerwoinen:
 “Let him die upon the court-yard,
 Sleeping out his life of sorrow!”

“Who then will protect thy mother,
 Be her shield in times of danger?”

“Let her die within the stable,
 Or the cabin where she lingers!”

“Who then will defend thy brother,
 Give him aid in times of trouble?”

“Let him die within the forest,
 Sleep his life away unheeded!”

“Who will comfort then thy sister,
 Who will aid her in affliction?”

“Let her sink beneath the waters,
 Perish in the crystal fountain,
 Where the brook flows on in beauty,
 Like a silver serpent winding
 Through the valley to the ocean!”

Thereupon the wild Kullervo
 Hastens from his home to battle,
 To his father speaks, departing:
 “Fare thou well, my aged father!
 Wilt thou weep for me, thy hero,
 When thou hearest I have perished,
 Fallen from thy tribe forever,
 Perished on the field of glory?”
 Thus the father speaks in answer:
 “I shall never mourn the downfall
 Of my evil son, Kullervo;
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 Shall beget a second hero

That will do me better service,
 That will think and act in wisdom.”
 Kullerwoinen gives this answer:
 “Neither shall I mourn thy downfall,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall make a second father,
 Make the head from loam and sandstone,
 Make the eyes from swamp-land berries,
 Make the beard from withered sea-grass,
 Make the feet from roots of willow,
 Make the form from birch-wood fungus.”

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
 To his brother speaks as follows:
 “Fare thou well, beloved brother!
 Wilt thou weep for me departed,
 Shouldst thou hear that I have perished,
 Fallen on the field of battle?”
 This the answer of the brother:
 “I shall never mourn the downfall
 Of my brother, Kullerwoinen,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall find a second brother ‘
 Find one worthier and wiser!”
 This is Kullerwoinen’s answer:
 “Neither shall I mourn thy downfall,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall form a second brother,
 Make the head from dust and ashes,
 Make the eyes from pearls of ocean,
 Make the beard from withered verdure,
 Make the form from pulp of birch-wood.”
 To his sister speaks Kullervo:
 “Fare thou well, beloved sister!
 Surely thou wilt mourn my downfall,
 Weep for me when I have perished,
 When thou hearest I have fallen
 In the heat and din of battle,
 Fallen from thy race forever!”
 But the sister makes this answer:
 “Never shall I mourn thy downfall,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall seek a second brother,
 Seek a brother, purer, better,
 One that will not shame his sister!”
 Kullerwoinen thus makes answer:
 “Neither shall I mourn thee fallen,
 Shall not weep when thou hast perished;
 I shall form a second sister,
 Make the head from whitened marble,
 Make the eyes from golden moonbeams,
 Make the tresses from the rainbow,

Make the ears from ocean-flowers,
And her form from gold and silver.

“Fare thou well, beloved mother,
Mother, beautiful and faithful!
Wilt thou weep when I have perished,
Fallen on the field of glory,
Fallen from thy race forever?”

Thus the mother speaks in answer:
“Canst not fathom love maternal,
Canst not smother her affection;
Bitterly I’ll mourn thy downfall,
I would weep if thou shouldst perish,
Shouldst thou leave my race forever;
I would weep in court or cabin,
Sprinkle all these fields with tear-drops,
Weep great rivers to the ocean,
Weep to melt the snows of Northland,
Make the hillocks green with weeping,
Weep at morning, weep at evening,
Weep three years in bitter sorrow
O’er the death of Kullerwoinen!”

Thereupon the wicked wizard
Went rejoicing to the combat;
In delight to war he hastened
O’er the fields, and fens, and fallows,
Shouting loudly on the heather,
Singing o’er the hills and mountains,
Rushing through the glens and forests,
Blowing war upon his bugle.

Time had gone but little distance,
When a messenger appearing,
Spake these words to Kullerwoinen:
“Lo! thine aged sire has perished,
Fallen from thy race forever;
Hasten home and do him honor,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma.”
Kullerwoinen inade this answer:
“Has my aged father perished,
There is home a sable stallion
That will take him to his slumber,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma.”

Then Kullervo journeyed onward,
Calling war upon his bugle,
Till a messenger appearing,
Brought this word to Kullerwoinen:
“Lo! thy brother too has perished,
Dead he lies within the forest,
Manalainen’s trumpet called him;

Home return and do him honor,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma.”
Kullerwoinen thus replying:
“Has my hero-brother perished,
There is home a sable stallion
That will take him’ to his slumber,
Lay him in the lap of Kalma.”

Young Kullervo journeyed onward
Over vale and over mountain,
Playing on his reed of battle,
Till a messenger appearing
Brought the warrior these tidings:
“Lo! thy sister too has perished,
Perished in the crystal fountain,
Where the waters flow in beauty,
Like a silver serpent winding
Through the valley to the ocean;
Home return and do her honor,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.”
These the words of Kullerwoinen:
“Has my beauteous sister perished,
Fallen from my race forever,
There is home a sable filly
That will take her to her resting,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.”

Still Kullervo journeyed onward,
Through the fens he went rejoicing,
Sounding war upon his bugle,
Till a messenger appearing
Brought to him these words of sorrow:
“Lo! thy mother too has perished,
Died in anguish, broken-hearted;
Home return and do her honor,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.”
These the measures of Kullervo:
“Woe is me, my life hard-fated,
That my mother too has perished,
She that nursed me in my cradle,
Made my couch a golden cover,
Twirled for me the spool and spindle!
Lo! Kullervo was not present
When his mother’s life departed;
May have died upon the mountains,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
Lave the dead form of my mother
In the crystal waters flowing;
Wrap her in the robes of ermine,
Tie her hands with silken ribbon,
Take her to the grave of ages,
Lay her in the lap of Kalma.

Bury her with songs of mourning,
 Let the singers chant my sorrow;
 Cannot leave the fields of battle
 While Untamo goes unpunished,
 Fell destroyer of my people.”

Kullerwoinen journeyed onward,
 Still rejoicing, to the combat,
 Sang these songs in supplication:
 “Ukko, mightiest of rulers,
 Loan to me thy sword of battle,
 Grant to me thy matchless weapon,
 And against a thousand armies
 I will war and ever conquer.”

Ukko, gave the youth his broadsword,
 Gave his blade of magic powers
 To the wizard, Kullerwoinen.
 Thus equipped, the mighty hero
 Slew the people of Untamo,
 Burned their villages to ashes;
 Only left the stones and ovens,
 And the chimneys of their hamlets.

Then the conqueror, Kullervo,
 Turned his footsteps to his home-land,
 To the cabin of his father ‘
 To his ancient fields and forests.
 Empty did he find the cabin,
 And the forests were deserted;
 No one came to give him greeting,
 None to give the hand of welcome;
 Laid his fingers on the oven,
 But he found it cold and lifeless;
 Then he knew to satisfaction
 That his mother lived no longer;
 Laid his hand upon the fire-place,
 Cold and lifeless were the hearth-stones;
 Then he knew to satisfaction
 That his sister too had perished;
 Then he sought the landing-places,
 Found no boats upon the rollers;
 Then he knew to satisfaction
 That his brother too had perished;
 Then he looked upon the fish-nets,
 And he found them torn and tangled;
 And he knew to satisfaction
 That his father too had perished.

Bitterly he wept and murmured,
 Wept one day, and then a second,
 On the third day spake as follows:

“Faithful mother, fond and tender,
 Why hast left me here to sorrow
 In this wilderness of trouble?
 But thou dost not hear my calling,
 Though I sing in magic accents,
 Though my tear-drops speak lamenting,
 Though my heart bemoans thine absence.

From her grave awakes the mother,
 To Kullervo speaks these measures:
 “Thou has still the dog remaining,
 He will lead thee to the forest;
 Follow thou the faithful watcher,
 Let him lead thee to the woodlands,
 To the farthest woodland border,
 To the caverns of the wood-nymphs;
 Kullerwoinen’s Victory and Death
 There the forest maidens linger,
 They will give thee food and shelter,
 Give my hero joyful greetings.”

Kullerwoinen, with his watch-dog,
 Hastens onward through the forest,
 Journeys on through fields and fallows;
 Journeys but a little distance,
 Till he comes upon the summit
 Where he met his long-lost sister;
 Finds the turf itself is weeping,
 Finds the glen-wood filled with sorrow,
 Finds the heather shedding tear-drops,
 Weeping are the meadow-flowers,
 O’er the ruin of his sister.

Kullerwoinen, wicked wizard,
 Grasps the handle of his broadsword,
 Asks the blade this simple question:
 “Tell me, O my blade of honor,
 Dost thou wish to drink my life-blood,
 Drink the blood of Kullerwoinen?”

Thus his trusty sword makes answer,
 Well divining his intentions:
 Why should I not drink thy life-blood,
 Blood of guilty Kullerwoinen,
 Since I feast upon the worthy,
 Drink the life-blood of the righteous?”

Thereupon the youth, Kullervo,
 Wicked wizard of the Northland,
 Lifts the mighty sword of Ukko,
 Bids adieu to earth and heaven;
 Firmly thrusts the hilt in heather,

To his heart he points the weapon,
Throws his weight upon his broadsword,
Pouring out his wicked life-blood,
Ere he journeys to Manala.
Thus the wizard finds destruction,
This the end of Kullerwoinen,
Born in sin, and nursed in folly.

Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
As he hears the joyful tidings,
Learns the death of fell Kullervo,
Speaks these words of ancient wisdom:
“O, ye many unborn nations,
Never evil nurse your children,
Never give them out to strangers,
Never trust them to the foolish!
If the child is not well nurtured,
Is not rocked and led uprightly,
Though he grow to years of manhood,
Bear a strong and shapely body,
He will never know discretion,
Never eat the bread of honor,
Never drink the cup of wisdom.”