TUNES & SONGS
OF FINLAND
sung by John Stark & Aino Karelia

John Stark playing the Kantele

Folkways Records & Service Corp., New York, U.S.A.
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Adolf Stark's family came originally from Sweden. His father learned the trade of bricklaying and stonework in the city of Turku (Finland) where he grew up and became so adept that he was sent to Lappeenrants in the Eastern part of Finland to do masonry work for Russia's Czar Alexander the 3rd's summer palace. Some of the glazed tile from one of the fireplaces now decorates the fireplace of Adolf which he built in his home in Rhode Island. John met Adolf's mother, daughter of Matti Hoglund a construction engineer, in Lappeenrants and married her. Adolf was born in Enso, Finland in 1893.

One day a man came to visit the Starks. He had brought with him a Finnish harp and Adolf, who was nine years old at the time, became very interested in the harp and asked his father to buy it for him. It became his life-long hobby to play it for his own pleasure and the pleasure of others. At the age of seventeen, Adolf decided to run away from home to join the circus which was in Karelia near the border. Adolf's act was to walk on the tightrope while playing a violin. Performing in the shows throughout the Karelian villages was a lot of fun. But Adolf's career in the circus was very short. One of the leading men was an athlete and a wrestler. They had an act where local men were invited to challenge the wrestler, and a cash prize was awarded to the winner. But the previous winter another circus had been to this village and most of the local men had learned the art of wrestling. Since the members of the circus were all shareholders, they did not want to lose money if the local contestants won. Adolf was chosen to be the wrestler's partner. Unfortunately, Adolf, in one of the holds, managed to get the wrestler on his knees. The wrestler became very angry and threw Adolf on the floor crushing him with his elbow and breaking a couple of ribs.

"When I finally reached home, my uncle persuaded me to go to America. In the United States I went to Cleveland to see my uncle. I bought from him a little Finnish harp that he had made, for ten dollars. In New York City I met a girl who came from the city of Viipuri, Karelia, and married her. Once after wrestling in a gymnasium I came home with my ear hanging and my nose bruised. My wife insisted that I quit wrestling and so I went to school in the evenings and learned bricklaying and construction. I have had a hand in carrying out the construction of some of the finest and tallest buildings in New York City."

Born in Finland, Aino Karelia has lived a number of years in the United States which is now her permanent home.

Daughter of a teacher (educator) she was brought up in an intellectual home with musical atmosphere, a home that was a center of music and literature.

Aino Karelia is a true Karelian. Her ancestors once lived in "Viena Karelia", near the White Sea. The hardships of the life and wars brought some Karelians to the vicinity of Ladoga Lake. The Finnish settlement still extends to the neighborhood of the White Sea.

**TUOMI ON VIRRAN REUNALLA**
(Beside the Stream)

Tuomi on virran reunalla,
Ja sen juurella minä itkin,
Tuomi on virran reunalla,
Ja sen juurella minä itkin.
Vieraille maille kultani läksi
Ja jätti mun tanne yksin,
Vieraille maille kultani läksi
Ja jätti mun tanne yksin.

Kätte tuoni kyyneleen',
sulje kuolo silmäseni;
Kätte tuoni kyyneleen',
sulje kuolo silmäseni;
Ole sitten ystäväni',
koska jain minä yksinäni.
Ole sitten ystäväni',
koska jain minä yksinäni.

Here beside the stream I weep
Standing sadly beneath a willow,
Here beside the stream I weep
Standing sadly beneath a willow,
For my lover sails the deep,
Far away in realms I know not.
For my lover sails the deep,
Far away in realms I know not.

Come, Oh death, and hide my tears,
Close my eyes and remove my sorrow;
Come, Oh death, and hide my tears,
Close my eyes and remove my sorrow;
Pity me and be my friend,
Visit me before tomorrow.
Pity me and be my friend,
Visit me before tomorrow.

**VIENAN RANNALLA** (At the Viena River)

Vienan rannalla koivun alla
kuulin laulun kauhihin,
aurinkoisen taivallahalla
vaipuessa aaltoihin.

Siellä istui ihmainen
neitay kanteleinnensa,
sulhoansa surevainen,
vieraamilla kaukana.

Vienan virran pyörtehän
kynälisilmän katelee,
aikojansa ikävää
neito siellä laulelee.

Turhiin rientään nuoruuteni,
niinkuin laine virrassa,
polttava on sydämeni,
kaipaus on rinassa.
At the Vienna River
(Near the white sea - Finnish folk melody)

Under the romantic birch tree
Sweet singing spread around
Hot summer sun rays
Glorifying the water.

There sat a beautiful maiden
Beloved "kantele" on her lap
Grieving her sweetheart
Far away in the foreign land.

The waves of the "Vienna river"
Tears, sadness brings to her mind;
Lonely days, loneliness of the young heart
Makes her even more sad.

Very soon, very soon, the white lily will fade away...
Very soon the youthful days are gone....
Darling! If you do delay your homecoming-
You'll find my "grave" instead.

KREIVIN SYLISSÄ ISTUNUT (Standing on a Hillock)

is one of the most beautiful ballads in the Finnish language and one of the very rare ballads of chivalry. Knighthood romance did not flourish to any great degree in Finland, but there were some centres of splendour even here.

Olavinlinna on Suomen kauneimpia ja runollisimpia kaksiisikäisiä maistomerkkejä.

Minä seisoin korkealla vuorella,
viherjäisessä laaksossa.
Minä seisoin korkealla vuorella,
viherjäisessä laaksossa.
Nain, nain minä laivan seilaavan,
kolme kreiviä laivalla.
Nain, nain minä laivan seilaavan,
kolme kreiviä laivalla.

Pium paum kehto heliltaaa
ja lapsi viatoinna nukaahaa
Pium paum Aili laulaa vain
Kun sydän kipypansa tundittaa.

Pium paum Viulu vingahtaa
ja nuoret karkeloihin kiiruhtaa
Pium paum nauti elämää
Sillä kun se sulle hymyää

Pium paum kerran kajahtaa
Tuo kirkon kello sulle ilmoittaa
pois pois henki vaeltaa
ja ruumis mailan alla majan saa.

Pium paum cradle swaying on
Innocently baby falls asleep
Pium paum mother singing on
As her darling she keeps swaying on.
Pium paum sound of fiddle creaks
In haste the youngers dancing go
Pium paum go enjoy your life
While it still smiles at you.

Pium paum some day bells will clang
The Church bell to you will make its known
Away away your soul is roaming on
And under the soil your body is at rest.

DREAMS OF A SOLDIER IN A TRENCH
by John A. Stark

Once in a summer evening
Swinging my beloved one
Dreamt the dreams of a lover
That someday you'd be my own
Those smiling lips I believed in
The happiness of spring I'm awaiting
O, let me caress your hair so lovely
Let me someday call you my own.

A long time has passed since summer
The swing has perhaps decayed
The path we walked together
Perhaps all covered by trees
May I ever see you my darling
To caress your hair so lovely
The only dream I wish to remember
Is that our paths lead to that swing again.

CAREFREE VAGABOND
by John A. Stark

Heigh-ho my song is ringing
I'm a gay carefree vagabond
I used up my money on drink
Cause I can't live as a man of wealth
Heigh-ho heigh-ho heigh-ho
And I used up my money on drink
Cause I can't live as a man of wealth.

For my darling I made a ring of birch bark
With which we became engaged
Since the birch bark rings and my loves
Lasted for only one night at a time.

MIKSI EN LAULAILI? (Kanteletar)

Laulavat Lapinksi lapset, heinäkengät heittelevät
hirven harvoilta liinolta, petran pienin palsehiltta,
niin miks en minä laula, miks ei laula meijän lapset
ruoalta rukhiiselta, suulta suurukselliselta?

Laulavat Lapinksi lapset, heinäkengät heittelevät,
vesimaljan juotuansa, petjäisen partuansa,
niin miks en minä laula, miks ei laula meijän lapset
juoimalta jyväliselta, oluelta ohraselta?

"Lapland" children
Singing carefree -
Wearing shoes,
Made of fiber --
Less fed with tasty deer meat
Less fed with tasty deer meat
Why I shouldn't sing - too?
Why our children couldn't sing too!
We are fed with the rich, rye bread,
We have had plenty feel of everything!

Lapland children
Singing carefree -
Wearing shoes,
Made of fiber (obs! kultsaige)

Vesimaljan juotuansa
(After drinking kristall water,)
Petajaisen partuansa;
(After eating "Petta" - bread.)
(Petta - "Skin of the pine tree, mixed with flour")
Niin miks en minakin laula
(Why I shouldn't sing too - )

Miks ei laula meijän lapset;
(Why our children shouldn't sing too:)

Juomalta jyväliselta.
(Drinking "Kaljo" made of rye, )

Oluelta ohraselta?
(Tasty "Kaljo" made of barley? )

Niin miks en minakin laula,
(Why I shouldn't sing too!)

Miks ei laula meijän lapset;
(Why our children shouldn't sing - too:)

Lavaituelta lautaiselta;
(Praising bread large and woody, )

Huonehiltta honkaiselta.
(Praising the house- made of pine-trees -.)