

1. Etkös ole, ihmis parca,
aiwan arca,
Coscas itket ylen öitä,
Coscas suret suuttumata,
puuttumata
Coucon mustan Murha-töitä.

2. Tap'on wanha tappawalla
Wierahalla
Luojan laitoxen perähän:
Hywät, huonot Langoinensa,
lapsinensa,
Syöstä, sullo' maan powehen.

3. Syöstä, haasta, särke, sorta,
Mullax murta
Hirmu Courilla Cowilla;
Eij ole toiwo toiwotuxis,
Woiwotuxis,
Parcu-suilla pelcurilla.

4. Parcu pojes paneminen,
catzominen
Caiken mailman menoja.
Catzo caicki catzeltawat,
cuunneltawat,
Eikö löydy loppuwia?

5. Eikö cuulu cuolewia
Catowia
Paitzi Ihmis parcaisia?
Tuules, Tähdis, Taiwahalla,
Meres, Maalla,
Cuolewil on cumpania.

6. Mitä maasa Matelepi,
Käwelepi,
Maaxi muuttua pitäpi;
Mitä Puussa pijscuttapi,
cuiscuttapi,
Puusta pudota pitäpi.

7. Lennä lindu mingäs lennät,
et sä lennä
Cowan Cuoleman Käsistä;
Se se Linnun lendäwängi,
riendäwängi,
Temma tuulettelemasta.

8. Kell' on Ruumis raittihimbi,
rautaisembi,
Cuin on Calalla Meresä?
Surma toki surmelepi,
Turmelepi
Wetten Carjangin Wedesä.

9. Haut'on walmis Wähäisillä

Wretched man, are you not made
Sore afraid
Since you weep throughout the night
Since you sorrow patiently,
Helplessly
When black Death reveals his might?

He well knows, the killer foe,
Where to go
When God's creatures must be found
Good and evil with their strong ones,
With their young ones -
To be stuffed into the ground.

He casts, wastes, he crumbles, smashes,
Wrings to ashes
In his stern, his dreadful grasp:
Hope has fled from the beliefs
And the griefs
Of the mouths that scream and gasp.

Let us put away their cries,
Let our eyes
Turn to where the world's ways tend.
Look at all things worth our stares
And our ears:
Is there nothing that will end?

Do we know of non that die
Pass away,
Other than humanity?
In the wind, the stars beyond,
Sea and land,
Mortals have their company.

What upon the earth goes creeping
Or goes stepping
Must to earth change after all;
What upon a tree to whistles
Or but rustles
From the tree at last must fall.

Fly, bird, but how far soever
You will never
Pass Death's hands; for he will bring,
Merciless, his flying quarry
In a hurry,
He will catch it on the wing.

Where's a body sturdier,
Hardier
Than a fish's in a lake?
And yet Doom will slay, will slaughter
In the water
Water's brood – make no mistake!

Little fishes quickly come

Calaisillä,
Hauwin hirmuisen Cuwusa;
Hauwin Haut'on cuohuwasa
Cattilasa,
Toinen puhuwan Powesa.

10. Ruohot raucat raukenevat,
ehkä owat
Coreana cukasansa;
Puut eij pääse paxu Juuret,
Pienet, Suuret,
Caatahan casotesansa.

11. Kiwet cowat Callioilla,
Cangahilla
Ricki mullax muretahan:
Rauta caicki rewäisewä,
raatelewa,
Ruostehelda raadellahan.

12. Eij niin wäähä woimatoinda,
Wäetöindä,
Jota Surma säästänepi;
Eij nijn wahwa wäellistä,
woimallista,
Joca käsis kestänepi.

13. Jossa cannell'caiken Ilman
heität Silmän,
Hänen tiedustat tapansa:
Käändy, culke, wäändy, wyöry,
poicke, pyöry,
Taiwas kircas Tähtinensä.

14. Kerran käändy käändymästä,
wäändymästä,
Käändy käändymättömäxi,
Käändy käskyllä cowalla,
Caickiwallan,
Tyhjäxi, tawattomaxi.

15. Täm' on Tuoni tulisella
taiwahalla,
Tämä tähtein pesällä,
Täm' on ikä ihanalla
Auringolla:
Tämä wahwuus wahvudella!

16. Sijs ei ole olewata,
pysywätä
Tämän mailman Menoissa:
Caicki caatu, caicki muuttu,
caicki puuttu,
Luojan Luotuin seasa.

17. Hengelliset, hengettömät,
huolettomat,
Menojansa muuttelewat;

To their tomb
In the grim pike's gaping jaw,
While the pike's tomb is the hot
Cooking-pot
And, again, the speaker's maw.

Slender grasses lose their power
Though they are
Handsome in their blossom-time;
Trees have, whether slight or stout,
No way out
But are cut down in their prime.

Solid rocks in mountain chains
Or on plains
Crumble finally to soil,
Iron that destruction brings
To all things
Rust at last will wreck and spoil.

There is no small thing so faint,
Impotent,
As great Doom may let it slip,
There is no strong thing so forceful,
So resourceful,
As may long endure his grip.

If to heaven you cast your gaze
For his ways,
God will show you in reply
Turning and returning, whirling,
Twisting, twirling
Stars in the resplendent sky.

One day they will turn from turning
And returning,
Turn until their turnings cease,
Turn at the imperious word
Of the Lord
Into void and waywardness.

Thus the heavens will expire
All on fire
In the stronghold of the stars,
Thus at death the beautiful
Sun will cool
And the warrior with his wars.

So there's nothing that will last
Or stand fast
On this world's fast-moving road:
All things fall and all things alter,
All things falter
Where all things were made by God
Animate, inanimate
Do not fret
But to nature's law they bend,

Hetki hetkeld, Päiwä päiwäld,
Wuosi wuodeld,
Loppuwansa lähenewät.

For as hour and day and year
Disappear
They draw closer to their end.

18. Tätä aina ajatella,
muistutella,
Sinun sundisen pitäisi;
Tästä otta ojennusta,
huojenusta,
Surman sua säikyttäisä.

Let this be your recollection,
Your reflection,
Sinful man, by day and night,
And from this too take your bearing,
Not despairing
When Doom comes and fills with fright.

19. Luodut caicki catoawat,
lopun saawat,
Laatuinensa luondoinensa.
Ongo ihmet jos sä caadut,
jossa maadut,
Syndi säcki syndinensi?

To its death goes every creature
With its nature
Irrespective: is it then
Such a wonder that you must
Come to dust
With your sins, you sack of sin?

20. Mik' on ilo ricastua,
racastua,
Caupungisa catowasa?
Mik' on ilo oleskella,
asuskella,
Täsä turhasa Tilasa?

What's the joy to have a carriage
And a marriage
In a city doomed to die?
What joy to be permanent
Resident
In this state of vanity?

21. Etzi muuta elandota,
olendota,
Pyydä taiwahan Talohon!
Etzi meno muuttumatoin,
puuttumatoin,
Pyri taiwahan ilohon!

Seek another way of living
And surviving,
And on heaven set your sights!
Seek a way that will not alter
Neither falter,
And aspire to heaven's deligths!

22. Siell' on riemu rickahambi,
runсахambi,
Siell' on Ilo loppumata:
Siellä laulat Lapsinensi,
Langoinensi,
Woiton Wirtä wäsymätä.

There is joy more plentiful,
Prodigal,
There delight that will not die,
You will sing there with your young ones,
With your strong ones
Tireless songs of victory.

23. Cosk' ei coskan cuolemata,
catomata,
Sinne täädä tulla taita;
Sydän on sull' syndis-parca,
aiwan arca,
Ettäs suret surman Töitä.

But because mankind must die,
Pass away,
Or he cannot there alight,
Your poor sinful heart is made
Sore afraid,
Sorrowing at Doom's great might.