

**Juha Niemelä**

# **Finnish American Songs**

**Siirtolaisuusinstituutti – Migrationsinstitutet**

**Turku - Åbo 2003**

<http://www.migrationinstitute.fi>

## Finnish American Songs

Here are a few Finnish and Finnish American songs which are describing the immigrant life of the Finns during 1900-1940. Earlier texts, from 1870-1890, are usually the same as they used in Finland on that time. There are some songs which are telling stories about the mines and the accidents in them and expressing general thoughts about America.

Here is one good example of those early songs:

Amerikkaan aikeet	I am planning go to America
Amerikkaan aivon lähteä niin ois mulla mieli, Suomen niemi on nuorelle pojalle kuljeksella pieni.	I have an idea of going to America because this Cap of Finland is too small for a wandering boy.
Amerikkaan ajottu matka ei oo kovin kalllis, Senkään suhteen kuin on sieltä tuleva suuri saalis.	The ticket to go to America is not too expensive, If one thinks about the great "catch" [wealth] which will become.
Palkka siellä on monin kerroin, kyllä se työstä riittää, Nyt minä menen ensi kerran ja aion Suomen heittää.	The salary will be many times more, it will be enough from the work. Now I am going for the first time and leave Finland [behind].
Toistamiseenkin menevät sinne, jotka on nauttia saanu, Hyvää palkkaa ja takaisin tultua heiltä ompi laannu.	Those will go second time there, who have enjoyed The good salary and after returning have not more got it. <i>(Again the motif that payment was much more less in Finland. JN remark)</i>
Kyllähän tään Suomenkin maan mieleeni voi muistaa, Kuitenkin sinne päästyäni surun annan luistaa.	Well surely I can remember my land, Finland, But when I will be there I let my sorrows be bygone.
Mutta rakkaus Suomeen tavaksi on tullu, Maa on tuhatjärvinen ja omaksi tät' on luullu.	But my love for Finland is like a habit. The land of thousand lakes and mine I have believed that it is.

lloisest' tätä mielessäni kuvailen aina, En voi siellä ijäti olla kun rakkaus Suo- meen painaa.	With joyness I will describe this land of mine, I can't be there forever because I have the deep love for Finland.
Kuitenkin siellä ruumiini työssä täydelli- sesti olkoon Sille joka työtä tekee, siitä kunnia tulkoon.	Anyway there will be my body in total way with work, The one, who shall make the work, shall have the honor.
En mä tahdo työtöinnä olla enkä jouten viettää Aikaa, sillä jos mitä kylvän sitä myös saan niittää.	I don't want to be without work and just spend The time, because that what I will seed that shall I gather.
Suru ei voi mitään saada aikaan onnen maassa, Raha tekee monin kerroin täällä Suome- lassa.	With sorrow one don't do anything in the land of happiness, [With] The money, one will do so many times more here in Finland.
Original source: Arkki Kolme kaunista laulua, Vaasa 1888 [The Broadside ballad: Three Beautiful Songs, Vaasa 1888].	

Here you can read the simple wishes of so many Finns of 1860 and onwards, the hope of the work, the money and the better living in the USA. One has to remember that the push factor was the economic one. There was not enough workplaces in the agrarian society of 1860's to secure all those men and women who had to seek their living outside their homes. The families were large, about 8 to 14 children and only one of the children could herite the farm (small or large one), and even there were done some division of the landproperty, this was not enough to answer the all-time growing need. The emigration to America besides the new coming industry of Finland, was one of the answers.

## The New World

Since there were three main directions and forces among the Finns (as I believe that you probably already are familiar with) the temperance movement (from 1880s), the Finnish Lutheran church movement (plus all the Apostolic, Synod etc fractions) (from 1890s) and the workers movement (from 1890s), it is no wonder that all their songs are coming out from various publications. As an example, in the temperance song book, there are also the hymns but as well the workers songs. Those first two groups are not having the different themes as they were having in Finland during those days but the workers songs and the workers related humoristic songs are telling a lot about the America.

About 1905 a Finn, Dtef, wrote in Iron Belt, Wisconsin, a next song, which was later published in "Amerikan Suomalaisten Kansanrunoja ja Lauluja" [The Finnish-American Folkpoems and Songs], Ashtabula, Ohio.

Rukkas runo	Turned down
Runo tää on rukkasista Tammikuulla saatu Poika tuumis vakavissa Vain tytön sydän paatu	This is a poem of turned down given on January A boy was in his thoughts so serious Only her heart was stone-cold
On ollut nuorten tapa tääll' Ett' tanssii pyhä illoin, Ken sattuu oleen lempipääll' Sielt katsoo armaans' silloin	Here it has been a habit of the youngs that having a Sunday night dances. Who has had the loving heart has seeked a sweet-heart then
Sinn' rientää pojat kauttaaltaan Mainareist ain halkojätkiin asti. Mainarit sikarit huulillaan Tanssivat hurmaavasti	All the boys from near and far will at- tend From the miners until the loggers. The miners are having the cigars Dancing well
Siin omi vara valita Sen sanon kerskumatta Ne ovat kyllin nuoria Osa ripillä kulkematta	There are so many [girls]to choose That I can say without boasting They are young enought Not even passed their confirmation <i>[The girls under 15 of age, JN remark]</i>
Se oli tyttö hempiä, Kuin keväinen tuuli Kuin aloin häntä lempiä Miks' itsen silloin luulin.	She was so pretty AS the wind of the spring As my heart beated for her What I thought of me
Kuin hänen yksin käyvän näin Mä iltasella myöhään. Mä hälle heti seuraa tein Ja leikkiä aloin lyömään	As I saw her walking alone So late at the evening I wanted to escort her And made a little game
Miksi yksin viitsit astella Näin liukkahia teitä? Kuin poikia oisi tarjolla Täällä kymmenittäin meitä	Why you are willing to walk alone on these slippery roads Even here are the boys to help so many hundreds of us.
Sä mitä olet mokoma Kuin rinnalleni tuppaat? No empä toden todella Ois' tuota uskonutkaan	[Her replay] What do you think that you are When you are trying to be with me My Good, I would no have believed this at all
Näethän tuolla perässä Tulee mainareita viisi Jollet nyt ala pyörtämään Niin sinun perii hiisi	You'll see there behind me Comes five miners If you won't turn around the devil will take you

En tohtinut nyt pidempään Hänen kanssaan seurustella. Lakkini painoin syvempään Aloin kotia tallustella	More I couldn't dare to talk with her I set my hat deep to my head and walked home
--	---

These simply lines are telling about the situation near the turn of the century among the miners and loggers when there were at first only very few women among the immigrants and even less in the far out mining and logging districts, where the most of the Finns were earning their daily bread. There was also a hard rivalry among the different professional groups [miners, trammers, loggers] which is coming out from this poem.

Then to the citylife:

Amerikan tytöt	The American Girls
Amerikan tytöt ne kauniita on, ne on niin hienossa tellingissä ja gissä. Kuin ne illalla kaduilla astelevat Silkkileningissä	The American girls are beautiful, they have so fine clothes on when they walk on the streets in the evening wearing their silkdress
Hivukset on parturi piipannut Ne on otsalla kähärässä ja rässä. Että ne kelpaisi poikain riijuksi Iltahämärässä	The barber has curled their hair on the front So that they would be a nice company for the boys in the dawn.
Hajuvesipullo on taskussa, Jolla ne luussia kasti ja kasti. Että ne tuoksuisi poikien nokkaan, Jo kilometrin päästä asti	The bottle of parfume is on the pocket of which they moister the blouse So that they would be noticed from the aro- ma by the boys Even as far as kilometre [2/3 mile]
Kasvot on floorilla peitetty Ja renkaat ne korvissa kiiltää. Kuin niitä kaduilla vastaan sattuu, Niin poikain sydäntä viiltää.	They have poudered their face And they are having the golden glittering ear-rings. When they are coming on the streets So that the hearts of the boys are beating.
Kello on tellätty kettinkiin, Joka ranteessa raksuttelee ja telee. Siitä saa katsoa tunnit ja vartit, Kun riijaamaan menee.	The watch is on the chain Which is on the wrist and cligs, From it one can see the hours and the quar- ters when she goes to courting.
Original source: The Broadside ballad "Hauskoja Kuplettilauluja I, sepittänyt K.L.nen, Mik- kelin 1909.	

There are quite a lot this kind of Finnish-American songs which are probably written in the New York like surroundings and which are either telling the well dressed Finnish

maidens of the house on their free time or either the American prostitutes of the streets. There is an implication but not a direct pin-pointing which is the case. In the Finnish folk songs one also has this kind of theme. Then there is generally an idea that points to the direction of the upper class situation and its fashion and it is mocking it (we = good - them = bad).

Here is the other example from "HUMORESKI" Kokoelma Humoristisia Runoja ja Kupletteja, Worcester Mass, 1911 Joel Björklund & Co Kustannuksella ["HUMORESKI" (humoresque) A Collection of Humoristic Poems and Songs, Worcester, Mass 1911, Published and paid by Joel Björklund & Co].

Käydästä pojat Mallasaunassa	Let's go boys to the hot barley-sauna
Käydästä pojat New Yorkissa ja mennään Mallasaunaan. Siellä saa halata memselli likkaa ja panna kakkulat kaulaan.	Let's go boys to New York and let's go to the Barley-sauna. There you can hug the fine maiden and put the eye-glasses on <i>[The Barley-sauna means here the saloon where were the girls [prostitutes] asking the customers coming in. The sauna in this occasion refers to the smoke and the humide air of the saloons, which was like in the old country's barley sauna during the hay-making season]</i>
Siellä on likat rakkaita ja lemmeistä letkahtelee. Silkkitantut kohisee ja vartalo hetkahtelee	There the girls are lovely and having a lot of love. The silk-dresses are hissing and the bodies are bending.
Viiniä siellä ryyppätään ja lasia kallistetaan. Soitetaan ja tanssitaan ja helluja rakastetaan.	There one drinks the wine and puts the bottoms up of the cups. There one plays the music and dances and has some love.
Eikä missään ole niin hyvä olla kuin Harlemin mallasaunass'. Se on kuin paratiisin elämää kun käsi on likkain kaulass.	There is no better place than the hot barley-sauna of the Harlem when one has the arms around the girls.
T.T.	

The Finnish servant girls were an important factor in the cities. One of the Elsa Arola, who was working in New Yorkissa wrote down a gypsy girls song "Mustalais tytön laulu", which reveals about her homesickness than anything else. She felt that she was among the strangers like a gypsy in the world:

Olen vieras muukaianen, lapsi köyhä, kulkevainen Koditonna kiertelen,	I am a stranger a poor child, wandering Without a home a go,
---	--

huolten lapsi, yksinäinen halveksittu kiertäväinen, Sorrettuna kuljen vaan	a child of sorrows, alone despised wanderer, Oppressed walker
Tumma väri on kasvoillani tummempi mun sydämeni Vaan en tuota pelkää, en valkolunta vaaleammaksi, Pesee mua puhtahaksi Vesi elon lähtehen.	There is a dark color on my face much darker than my heart But I am not afraid no whiter than a snow Washes me the water of the fountain of the life

Many of the songs were brought from home as I have mentioned. This is one of this and it was among the most popular waltzes for a long time; whenever the Finns were having a dances in the 1910-1930's it was sung and/or played by one performer or a band. The waltz is called "Wiaporin valssi" [The Waltz of Wiapori] and it is done as a remembering song for a revolutionary attempt in 1906 which was eliminated by the Russian military. The singer is taking to the death.

Wiaporin valssi	The Waltz of Wiapori
On synkkä mulle aina Tuo muisto Viaporin Kun surman suuhun syöksi Rakkahan Kaarloni Kuinka kylmä on sydämmesi Kuinka kylmä on sytä luontosii Kun hennoit nuorena riistää pois Rakkaimman ystävän	It is always so dark for me That remembering of Viapori When it brought the death to my beloved Charles How cold is your heart How cold is your nature When you took away , so young My dearest friend
Kuin hennoit orvoiksi heittää Näin nuoren neitosen Ja hennoit surmalla peittää Palavan rakkauden Miks elää ei saanut nuorukainen Maatansa lempivä Miks elää ei saanut veljeyden Wapauten puoltaja	How you could throw as an orphan child a girl as young as I How you could cover with death that love with fire Why he could not live, that young man Who loved his country Why could not live the one who was the defender of brotherhood and freedom
Surutar tumma ja synkä Ainoa minun ystäväni Oi tule ja huulella paina Jää kylmä sytätäni Tie mulle näytä kalmistoon Missä lepää mun Kaarloni Et voisit kukilla kaunistaa Sinun hauta kumpusi	You dark lady so bitter My only friend now Come and kiss my lips and frozen down my heart And lead me to the graveyard Where sleeps my Charles So that I could decorate with flowers his restingplace
Se sytän voi kaikkensa antaa Joka surua kärsinyt on Se lempi voi paljon kantaa	The heart can give its all Who has suffer from sorrows That love can carry a lot

Mikä kyynelillä koetetaan Oi jos nousis vielä se auringo Joka laskenut jo on Oi jos syttyis vielä se rakkaus Joka sammunut jo on	Which has cried out the tears O, if that sun could rise again Which has already set down O, if could reborn that love again Which is already burnt to ashes
--	---

But the Finns were not only in the cities. A wandering hobo had always been a hero in the Finnish folk songs, and it was not uncommon that this figure continued his journeys even in the American continent. In this re-written versions the Finnish folk song, a hobo, an IWW member, an acrobat and a singer Kaarle Krusberg has told about his staying in the State of Nebraska:

Kulkija poikana maailmalla Kävin minä kerran Nepraskalla syksyllä hiljaisella hei pienellä pakkasella	As I was a wandring man I went to Nebraska on the slowly Autumn during the little frost
Farmari ukolta kyselin mä työtä tallin vintillä lepäsin mä yötä Plängetti riepuni alla hei mielellä kaihoavalla	I asked the job to do from the farmer on the upper stable I slept my night Under my blanket with my wishful mind
Työt oli loppunut farmarilta ansio pojilta kulkurilta ja talvi se uhkasi jäinen hei pakkanen harmajapäinen	There was no job on the farm and no salary for the travling man and the winter was threatning hey how the frosty man grey
Talo oli suomen ruotsalainen jonneka matkalla poikkesin vaimen illalla hämärissä hei matkasta levähtämässä	The house was Swedes-Finnish of which I happened to got in on the dawn of the night to have some rest
Huoneesta kuulin tanssin ja luiskeen riemuisen naurun hirskeen Kartanolle asti hei ruotsin sointuisasti	From inside I heard the dance and the joyful laught Even to the yard with Swedish accent
Koputin ovehen sykkivin syämmin ototin saavani ehkäpä lyönnin vaan ei saa olla arka hei kulkijapoika parka	I knocked the door with bumping heart waiting for a knock but you can't be afraid you wandering boy
Ovi se auki sysättihin ja ruotsin kielellä kysyttihin vaskatu haa nyt poiggen ah ymmärsinpä sen oikkeen	Suddenly door opened and they asked in Swedish Vat wil juu ha pojke [What do you want my boy] And I understood it right
Wastasin siihen suomen kielen juomista hieman saata mielin	I answered in Finnish That I would like to have



vettä mä oisin vailla jano on niin helkkarin lailla	something to drink since I had thirst
Suomen kielinen vastaus multa kiihotti talossa riemun tuulta ja jokainen he pyysi komma inne hyysii	My Finnish replay woke a joyful laught everybody was asking me to come in
Isäntä riemuiten kädestäni kinnea Komma Komma Juffila Finnaa ja tarjoten kauhalla viinaa hei jano ei meitä piinaa	With a smile the farmer took my hand Come, come in you damn Finn and gave me the booze with a dipper we don't be troubled with the thirst
Tynnöri öölijä lattialla juki whiskiä pöytän alla ryyppää minkä jaksat hei tämä poika maksaa	There was a barrel of beer on the floor and the jug of whiskey under the table drink as you want I will pay all.
Talossa korjattu sato juuri siittäpä moinen riemu suuri oli valloillansa hei kaikki riemuissansa	They had had a fairly good harvest that was the reason for the great joy which was all around and in everyone
Talossa oli vaan jokunen henki isäntä emäntä piika ja renki ja kaikki humalassa hei tällissä parahassa	There were not too many living there the farmer, his wife, the maid and the hel- per and all drunk as hard as can be
Isäntä riemua tulvillansa veti mua tanssiin kanssansa iloiten ja naurain hei kehottain ja laulain	The farmer man was full of joy he dragged me to dance with a smile and with a laught
Elä sinä huoli jeflar namma ryyppää tanssa ja halata mun mamma meltä ei puutu mitään hei iloista olla pitää	You do not care my man you can drink, you can dance and you can hug my wife we are having everything hey you have to joy
Minä ryyppäsin olulta ja ryyppäsin viinaa tanssitin emäntää ja tanssitin piikaa riemuiten toisten lailla hei häpyä ja järkeä vailla	I was drinking the beer and the booze I dancing with the farmers wife and with the maid enjoying like the others and not having the troubles
Kello oli ehtinyt lyötä jo kaksi Kun uni ja väsymys vierahaksi saapui seurahamme hei lumoten intoamme	It was already two a clock in the morning When the sleep came in taking our company and putting down our speed
Emännän silmissä mailma hyllyi renki ja piika ne nurkassa hyllyi	All the world was going around and around in the eyes of the wife

<p>syvässä unelmassa hei kilvan kuorsaamassa</p>	<p>the helping-hand and the maid were in the corner in a deep sleep, snoring together</p>
<p>Isäntä se haasteli yhä för panna finska ock svenska te allt i samma alla niinku hemma hei tanssittaa mun premmäa</p>	<p>The farmer was talkig still the Finns and the Swedes are all alike all like at home hey you must dance with my wife</p>
<p>Waan isäntäkin heilahti keinustuoliin uni löi leimansa silmien luomiin ja kuorsa huoneen täytti hei nukkui kuten näytti</p>	<p>Then he fell to the rocking-chair and the sleep was coming to his eyes and the big snoring was filling the room hey he was in the sleep as it looked like</p>
<p>Emäntä pyörevä pyllevä nuori ja nauravainen iloinen ja nuori nyt muuttui tuttavammaksi hei meitähän oli vaa kaksi</p>	<p>The wife was round, young and laughing happy and young and became even more as a friend hey there were only two of us rest</p>
<p>Yhä hän tarjosi ööliä mulle kun vieraalle parhaalle kutsutelle ilmaisten suosiotansa hei hymy huulillansa</p>	<p>Still she was pouring the beer for me as for the honored guest that way showing her kindness hey having a smile on her lips</p>
<p>Emännänkin ehkä jo yllätti uni kun hoippuen sylihini tuli isten kysymättä hei kaulaan suorien kättä</p>	<p>Then she suddely had a spell of sleep dropping to my arms and sitting on my laps hey putting her hand on my waist</p>
<p>Isäntä nukkui luurien unta sielussa kierryttä kirotunta hän hyppäsi seisomahan hei päästäen mölyn pahan</p>	<p>But the farmer man he was sleeping lightly in his soul having the bad thoughts he jumped to stand and cried out loud</p>
<p>Mitä sinä meinaat mitä förpanna junfala tulla ja halata mun mammaa ulos minun hyysistä sinä förpanna hei finska och fensk int alti samma</p>	<p>What do you mean you in hell you come and kiss my wife out from my house you damn man hey the Swedes and Finns are not at all alike</p>
<p>Plänketti nippuni nurkasta väänsin Kaihoten emännälle selkäni käänsin lähtien matkalle jälleen hei pitkälle ikävälle.</p>	<p>I took my blanket from the corner And with a grief I turned my back to the farmers wife going out again hey to my journey so long</p>

Common ideas were coming and the workers were starting to feel their power. So it was not uncommon to hear "The Internationale" in Finnish:

*Työn orjat, sorron yöstä nouskaa!  
 Maan ääriin kuuluu kutsumus;  
 Nyt ryskyin murtuu pakkovalta,  
 Tää on viime ponnistus,  
 Pohja vanhan järjestyksen horjuu,  
 Orjajoukko taistohon!  
 Alas lyökää koko vanha maailma  
 Ja valta teidän silloin on!  
 Tää on viimeinen taisto;  
 Rintamaamme yhtykää,  
 Niin huomispäivän kansat  
 On veljet keskenään.*

The Finnish working girls were as well in the movement. Hanna Lehtinen, a servant girl and a journalist wrote a next song "Siskoille" [To my sisters]:

Jätetään siskot pimeä pirtti Käykäämme valoa etsimään. Kaikki ne kahleet katkomme irti, Mi riisti onnen ja elämän.	Sisters, let's leave behind us this dark room and let's us search the light All those iron-chains we shall brake loose Which are preventing us from happiness and life
Me etsimme onnea elämästä Sielumme rauhaa ja autuutta, Emmekä haudan taakse säästä - Täällä me vaadimme totuutta.	We are looking the happiness from the life Our peace and mind We shall not spare behind the grave Here we want the truth
Me emme pelkää tuomioita Kurjain raukkain huuilta. Tutkimme elämän ongelmaita, Väistymme erheen poluilta.	We are no afraid the judgement Of those weak lips We are looking the problems and stepping away from the wrong tracks
Vaadimme samaa veljiltämme, Jos ihmisyyttä tunnetaan. - Jos tahtovat olla ystävämme, Niin puhtautta me seurataan.	We are demanding the same from our brother If we are talking about humanity If they want to be our friends We are following the pure line
Me vaadimme leipää lapsillemme, Elämän onnea päälle maan. Tasa-arvoisuutta itsellemme Uusien lakien laadintaan.	We are demanding the bread to our child- ren The happines on the earth Equal rights to us to set the laws
Lähdetään taistoon tarmokkaasti! Lastemme onni vaatii niin. Työhön kaikki arvokkaasti, Niin saisimme jotain näkyviin.	We have to be join to the fight with streght! The happiness of our children is demand- ing this To the work all of us So that we could get something to be seen
Aseilla puhtailla taistelkaamme, Järjen mieltä noudattain.	We are fighting with the pure weapons With the mind of reason

Totuus vahva valtikkamme, Tunnon rauhan saavuttain.	The truth is our baton With that we get our peace in mind
Suuri on, siskot, tehtävämme, Ennenkuin elämä uudistuu; Ennenkuin toivomme näkevämme Kuinka yhteiskunta puhdistuu.	Great is our task, my sisters Before the life renew Before we shall see How the society will be clean.

Hanna Lehtinen was looking after the responsibility and moral strength, which should be the same for both sexes. The ask for the bread for children was very much known question. In 1860s and 1890s there had had a famine in Finland, which had been very hard to pass by. Even in the USA the Finns wanted to be sure about lifes this side.

Kaarle Krusberg wrote in the year 1914 next "Tukkityöläisten laulun" [The Loggers Song] which is telling of the conditions in the logging camp in generally, as it can be told by IWW member:

Tukkityöläisten laulu	The Loggers Song
Me tukki souva ritarit Ja kuusten kukistajat Me aherramme ain Kuin nakertajat vain Me tiedämme töistämme Niitä miljoonia kootaan Joista emme riemuita voi Se ensi askel ois Ken laskea vois Mi riistänyt meiltä on miljoonat pois.	We the logger knights And defeaters of the huge pines We are working all the time As the worms We know that from our works They will gather the billions Of which we can't rejoy That would be the first step Who could count all that Who had taken away Our billions
Waikk uhkaavi jo ankarasti Talven tuiskut riehuu Lumi pyryää ja peitot lymyää Sittenkin nuo repaleiset Ryysy jätkät riehuu Luonnon voimia vastustaen Se ihmettä ois Jos uskoa vois Et kummemmissa kääpiöissä Ihmisverta ois	Even there is a threat already of the winter so hard The snow falls down and covers all the ground Even then these ragged Men are in fury Against the forces of the nature That would be a wonder If one could believe That in these goblins so strange Is running the human blood
Kun päivän työt on päättyny Ja voimat väsyneinä Käymme suojihin Kuin mäyrät luolihin Kotimme on kostea Ei päivä sinne paista Musta ompi kotimme siel Se ensi askel ois Ken laskea vois	When the days work is done And the strength is gone We are looking the shelter Like the moles in their nests Our home is humide, There is no sunshine Dark is our home there That would be the first step Who could count all that

Mi riistänyt meiltä on kodinkin pois.	Who had taken away Our home
--	--------------------------------

The workers pushed the negative thoughts to the higher class and against "Misters" [in Finnish "Herrat"]. This group was already in Finland a topic of many songs. Especially from the beginning of the workers movement in 1906. The other group of discontent had been as well the church people, the priests, who had had a great authority and governing power in Finland during centuries. For the workers they were the opposite force. This continued in the USA among the Finns, which were often divided to the good church Finns and the bad Russian Finns. Henry Jokinen a journalist in a Työmies [The Worker] paper in the USA wrote a next satiric song: "Paimen ja lampaat" [The Shephard and the Sheeps]:

Paimen ja lampaat	The Shephard and the Sheeps
Maailmas' on pappia paljonkin, mutt' lampaista on viljemmin. Vaikk' ei villoja teidän selässä näy, mutt' teiltä ne pappien aittoihin käy. Villat teiltä leikataan - ett' ette huomaa laisinkaan, kun pappi on tehtäväns' toiminut ja villat selästänne leikannut. Hän hengellään vaan käypi kiinn', villatukkoja jääden hyppösiin!	There are surely many priests in the world but more there are the sheeps. Even there is no hair in your backs, but still those are taken to the locker- rooms of the priests. They cut your wool, so that you won't notice at all, before the priest has done his work, and cut off the wool of yours. He will attack with his spirit, and the wool stays in his hands.
Kun Ullavan Kaija maailmaan on synnyttänyt tenavan, joll' ei ainakaan villoja selässä oo, - sieltäkin pappi vaan omans' kokoo. Hän rientää lapsen isän luo: "Sä mulle kaksi taalaa tuo! Niin kastan lapses' pyhään veteen - taaten sielunsa autuuten!" Hän hengellään kävi fiksusti kiinn', - kaksi taalaa jäi hänelle hyppösiin!	When Kathy of Ullava has given a birth to a child, who surely has no hair on his back even there the priest will have his own. He will rush to the father: "You will give me two dollars And I shall baptise him with the Holy water to give his soul the eternity He attacked with his spirit and has two dollars in his hands.
Jos syömisensä lopettaa, - ja kuolemataan odottaa. Pappi hykertää silloin kynsiäns', - tuolta tekasee taaloja hengelläns'. Hautaan kun kuollut kannetaan, niin pappi alkaa veisaamaan: "Kaikk' kaataa tempaa kuolema pois" - vaan minä tempaan taalat pois! Hän hengellään käy fiksusti kiinn', - aina taaloja jääpi hyppösiin!	If you won't eat anymore and the death is waiting The priest is there too- and makes some dollars with his spirit. When they will carry the dead to his grave then he started the hymn: "All the death will take away" -but I will take the dollars. He attacks with his spirit with clever way- always dollars in his hands to stay.
Kun Pekkalan Samppa meinailee ja kullallensa tuumailee:	When Sam of Pekkala has a thought and tells to his sweet-heart:

<p>"Oi Kreeta! mä tykkään sinusta niin, eiks' ruveta yksiin leipihin?" Pappi lentää siihen kolmanneks', "Liittonne siunaan onnelliseksi', jos annatte mulle taaloja viis', niin eläkää yhdessä aina siis!" Hengellä käy fiksusti kiinn', - viisi taalaa jäi hänelle hyppösiin!</p>	<p>"Oh, Gretha! I like you so much, should we not to have a common bread?" The priest rushes there as third man "I will make your marriage happy, If you will give me five dollars, so live together forever!" He attacks with his spirit with clever way and five dollars he will have in his hands.</p>
<p>Tästä näette ilman veikata, että selästänne leikata saa papit tukuttain villoja, - - kaikkivoipia - taaloja. Jos joskus sanot sille: sä kunnoton, sun säkkishän on pohjaton, ja laitoja ei näy missäkään, viel' vaadit mua sellaista täyttämään! Silloin vihaisesti käy hän kiinn', ja paiskaa sinut - helvettiin.</p>	<p>From here you see without difficulty that your backs are cutted the priests are having the wools -all mighty dollars If you will say to him: You are no good, you have the bottomless sack, and there are no sides either, and even still you ask me to fill it! Then he will angry take you in and throw you to the hell.</p>

In the twenties, after the bolshevist revolution, on the air there were born many new songs which were admiring the workers state. One very known Finnish one in the USA, was "Free Russia" with the lyrics of E. Rautiainen, the melody by Kostakovski. This was heard in numerous workers meetings and the hall entertainment evenings.

Vapaa Venäjä	Free Russia
<p>Nytpä noussut on aamun koi, ilolaulut ne ilmoille soi, kansa noussut jo kahleistaan on maa vapaa, työtämme seuratkaa.</p>	<p>The dawn has risen joyful songs are in the air, the people has got rid off their chains the land is free, follow our work.</p>
<p>Ei voima sorron yön kestä eessä joukkotyön, kun nousee raatajat, niin murtuu valheen perustat.</p>	<p>No strenght of the night of oppression, can hold in front of the unided work when the workers stand up, the basements of the lies will be broken.</p>
<p>Suurta kaunist' on tervehtää Työn vapaata Venäjää, orjajoukko miss' eloa uutta luo onnen kansalle se silloin tuo.</p>	<p>It is great to give the salutation To the Free Russia of the Work, where the salves [ of Tzar] create the new life which brings the happiness to the people.</p>
<p>On vapaa Venäjä, oi, kallis olet sä Sun urhos puoltain käy huoles huoltaen, Oi, pyhä, kallis Venäjä!</p>	<p>There is a Free Russia, oh, you are so dear, Your braves will defend you so go without worries Oh, holy, dear Russia</p>

This kind of songs were guiding the workers to the new kind of identity. When the earlier talked strongly about freedom and liberty, now the key words were work, cooperation and workers liberty.

The American life seemed not to be so full of promises. Probably the uncertain times, temporarily work and some other factors made the thoughts towards pessimism as in the song of Fredrick Helander's "Tulevaisuutemme" [Our Future], which is from the 1920s:

Tulevaisuutemme	Our Future
Me työläisjoukot täällä ain aherramme vaan, risaiset vaatteet päällä ja puutteet seurana.	We, the workingforce we are working hard only the raggs covering us and the need as our company
Ei loistoautot meille ne huviansa suo, vain myrskyt, kesän helle, ne vaihtelua tuo.	The luxury cars won't offer us the pleasures, only the storms, the heath of summer are making the difference
Jo hymy huuliltamme aikoja kuollut on, on uurteet otsallamme ja varjo loputon.	Already the smile from our lips has died away thre are the lines in our forehead and the endless shadow
Känsäiset kädet saamme me mitaliksi vaan, kun päättyy raadantamme ja vanhuus saavuttaa. Työst' ainaisesta meillä jäsenet kangistuu, ja askelemme teillä jo hiljaa hidastuu.	We have the rough hands which are our medals when the work in done and the old age reaches us. From the endless work our limbs are stiffed and the steps on the road are slowing down
Kai kuuluu ääni kohta, kun voimat loppuun käy: en työhön voi sua otta, et jaksavan sä näy.	Will there be soon the voice when there are no strength left I can't take you to work you can't do it

In the 1920s and 1930s some 12,000 Finns and Finnish-Americans from the USA and Canada went to the Soviet-Carelia to built up the workers own state. Their fate was really hard as nearly every minoritry national groups in the Soviet-Russia. Naturally at first, they were well accepted and choosen because Lenin's and Stalin's state was needing the workforce and the knowledge of which every foreigner group was able to offer, for forming the economic and the industry. Later from the end of the 1930's until the beginnig of the second world war and even after, these Finns and Finnish-Americans were accused from several crimes (which did not had any base) and transported to the Gulags [the Camps of the Forced Labor] were they died in unhuman conditions or simply shot by the

execution groups of the prisons. Only very few of these persons and their family members survived.

Jukka Ahti, well known Finnish-American singer, who also was among those who left (shot dead in 1938) made a song "The Dawn of Freedom" - "Vapauden aamu" when this Carelian fever was at its high point:

Vapauden aamu	The Dawn of Freedom
<p>Rusko aamun sarastaa, uusi päivä kajastaa, aika uusi kutsuu, rientäkää, nyt veljet rynnistäin, eespäin. Kumma kaiho rinnassaan, vapauslaulut huulillaan, joukko sankka käy jo rintamaan he rientää rynnistäin, eespäin. Viha, vaino, pois, rauhan tuoda voi, sopusointuun, yhteistyöhön liittykää. Yhteistoimintaan, orjat kautta maan, vapautta vaatimaan nyt astukaan.</p>	<p>The dawn is at the rose, the new day is shining, the new time is calling, rush my brothers, rush ahead. Forget the hate, the purge; the peace shall bring the harmony, join to the co-operations. co-operation, you all the slaves around the country, step ahead to ask you freedom</p>
<p>Uusi aika valoaan kun nuo öiset varjot ka- toaa veljet nouskaa, katsokaa, kuinka selvästi se leimuaa, kautta ilmojen nyt soi, katso, vapauden aa- munkoi, nyt jo soi, toverit oi, on noussut vapauden aamunkoi. Rusko aamun sarastaa, uusi päivä kajastaa, aika uusi kutsuu, rientäkää, nyt veljet rynnistäin, eespäin. Kumma kaiho rinnassaan, vapauslaulut huulillaan, joukko sankka käy jo rintamaan he rientää rynnistäin, eespäin. Viha, vaino, pois, rauhan tuoda voi, sopusointuun, yhteistyöhön liittykää. Yhteistoimintaan, orjat kautta maan, vapautta vaatimaan nyt astukaan.</p>	<p>The new time is bringing the light which vanishes away those nightly shadows, my brother rise up, look how clearly it is glittering, it is echoing all around us, look, it has rosen the dawn of freedom. The purple of morning is there, the new day is shining the new time is calling, rush my brothers, rush ahead. Forget the hate, the purge; the peace shall bring the harmony, join to the co-operations. co-operation, you all the slaves around the country, step ahead to ask you freedom</p>

One can remember that there were the matters which were making the life much more easier, and the workers, such as Antti Syrjäniemi, Hiski Salomaa and Arthur Kylander were telling the facts about this more joyful side of the Finnish-American life. Just look the text of Hiski Salomaa "Dahlmännin paartit" - "The Party's of Dahlmann".

The Finnish-Americans were able to be happy about many matters. Frederick Helander tells a good story in a song "Vanha auto" - "My Old Car":

Vanha auto	My Old Car



Minun vanha autoni aina vain säilyvi ennallaan, eikä pitkät vuodet paina sitä vielä kumaraan.	My old car is always as it was before the time won't pressure it it will not bend down
Vaikka kulku jo hidasta on, niin ryhti on ennallaan, ja sen ääni on voittamaton, vaan ei ylpeile voimallaan.	Even it is a bit slowly runner it is still sharp and it has the voice unconquered even it does not boast with its strength
Me yhdessä kuljemme aina pätkän matkaa kerrallaan ja autamme jos matka painaa, tasan vaivat me jaetaan.	We are travelling together one part at the time and helping if it is heavy we share the troubles
Jos mäessä vedän tai pukkaan, alle kyytiä aina mä saan. Työni ei mene hukkaan, auto maksaa sen aikanaan.	If I draw or push, I will always have the lift. My work will not be waste, the car will pay me back
Ja jos sattuu, että me jäädään joskus matkalla lepäämään, niin silti me ajoissa määrään kera autoni keritään.	And if it happens that we have sometimes a rest on a journey still we can reach the destiny at the time with my car
En vaihtaisi sitä mä uuteen, se on palvellut minua niin, on jakanut vaivat ja puutteen, mit' on satanut kulloinkin.	I would not change it to the newer it has servered me so it has shared the needs and the troubles which has arrived by the time
Toiset sanovat:"Sydänt' ei sillä, miksi huolehdit siitä sä niin? Mut tunteilla lämpimillä mä vaalin vain autoani.	They say:It does no have a heart, why you worry so But with warm feelings I will take care of it.

The truth was that owning a car in 1920s was a big thing for a Finnish-American. The car was a mark about prosperity and getting ahead, to the next step of the social ladder.

The great Depression brought change to the life, as you can read from the songs of Hiski Salomaa [Värssyjä sieltä ja täältä] and Arthur Kylander [Come around again], but the most of the Finns and Finnish-Americans were able to pass these hard times. There was always somebody in the family or among the friends, who could turn the tide from bad to better, if no good yet. That was the fact which made the difference.

The hit song of 1930's was Viola Turpeinen Syrjälä's singing the folksong "Meillä ei täällä" - "We do not have here", which was presenting the shared idea of the Finns in the USA, in the light of nostalgia of the Old Country :

Meillä ei täällä	We do not have here
Meillä ei kotia täällä olemme joukko vieraat vaan Vie kohtalo meitä outoja teitä kotiin ei milloinkaan Vie kohtalo meitä outoja teitä kotiin ei milloinkaan	We do not have here the home we are just the strangers The destiny is taking us to the roads of unknown but never to the home
Rauhassa rakkaiden rantain pidäimme maata armaanpaa Me läksimme kerta ympäri merta aavahan maailmaan Me läksimme kerta ympäri merta aavahan maailmaan	Those beloved coasts of our dearest country Once we left over the oceans to the wide open world Once we left over the oceans to the wide open world.

Here were a few songs for you. Compiled by Juha Niemelä