

9. Sirkkala feat. Jenni Hanikka and Eliza Boye Mouritsen

In the summer of 2019 I traveled to the village of Häkkilä in Haukivuori, central Finland with my grandmother Aune. We visited her childhood home which was in the middle of the bushes and millions of mosquitoes. I had heard from her so many stories about that little red house. She has millions of love-filled memories of her childhood when she lived there. After that trip I made this song for my childhood home. How would I see my childhood home when I'm old? I grew up there and experienced hundreds of adventures when time was passing slowly, as it does for a child.

To my home in Rääkkylä.

Sirkkalan koivukuja mieleeni maalautuu.

Haavat, juhannusruusut, heinät heiluneet.

Kuusi kurja ja kumara, aidassa katselee.

Noita peltöja lakoontuneita, ne on sateen saattueet.

En päästä sitä pois miun mielestään.

Hehehehee

En päästä sitä pois miun mielestään.

In English

Birch trees in Sirkkala are painted in my mind.

Aspen, midsummer roses, hay that swayed.

A spruce is miserable and stooped over, watching in the fence.

Those fields which are now flattened, the convoys of the rain.

I will not let it disappear from my mind.

