

## THE BOTHNIAN BAY

Translation Mats Huldén

Day by the sea is breaking,  
sunrise sets the horizon ablaze.  
The skerries and isles are awaking,  
still aswim in the cool morning haze.  
Far off in the misty distance  
you can hear a lone seagull cry,  
and the rumble of engine pistons  
as a tanker goes thundering by.

In a chapter of nature's own writing,  
see the script of the green on the grey:  
starkness and splendor uniting  
in the straits of the Bothnian Bay.

Here's where you'll be returning,  
where your heart can be put at ease.  
You'll be forever yearning  
for the rocks and the alder trees.  
Here is peace and beauty abiding:  
see the eagle soar out of reach,  
swans and cygnets gracefully gliding  
past the seals that bask on the beach.

In a chapter...

Wherever your travels may lead you  
this realm will be haunting your mind.  
The Bothnian Bay has freed you,  
yet your soul will not leave it behind.  
Let us cherish our shores and our waters,  
and the wildlife that breeds in this clime,  
to ensure that our sons and daughters  
may inherit a treasure in time.

In a chapter...