

Googoosh

"Gahvareh Cradle"

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I Long to weep , where is, mother, where is my cradle?
The same cradle that I don't remember, the same real and true safety
The same place where the prince of the tales always chose the poor girl
The same city that was just as big as me, but much large than this world
Neither was there any fear of shadows nor the horror of winds
Neither would I get lost and nor a dove
I long to weep , where is, mother, where is my cradle
Don't say I have grown up, don't say it since it sounds bitter
Don't say crying suits me no longer
Come and take me and caress me, I wish to be in peaceful arms
In this autumn-ish , sad bedding , where every green breath has been determined
No one knows how hard it is to hang on like a single leaf on a dying branch.
I long to cry , where is mother, where is my cuddle
Look how easy the blossom of my lovings dies out in the mind of wind
Where is that holy and healing hand? tell it come and take my hand
Where is the holy Maria, the Pure Maria, why is she not thinking of this broken soul?
In this anguish, this shelterless ness , why isn't her green skirt my cover?
I long to weep.., where is , mother, where is my cradle

Submitter's comments:Â

A healing to the golden age of Iran

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