

Marketa Irglova

"Dokhtar Goochani"

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The sun's first light is shining from behind the top of
mountains,
"Samavar" is boiling
My love is walking carrying a golden vase on her
shoulder, so suggesting
And seductively,
One pomegranate seed, two pomegranit seed, three
hundred pearls,
The girl from ghoochan scatters flower petal confetti
all over, that girl
From Ghoochan
Her eye brows, her lips, her face, the girl from
Ghoochan
Her hair has a scent like sweetbay magnolias, the girl
from Ghoochan
Flowers are in bloom and she scatters flower petal all
over, that girl
From Ghoochan
My sweetheart came atop the roof, and left, what can I
do,
My breath was taken from me, what can I do,
Fill my lamp with flower oil, what can I do
My love came crying and left, what can I do?
One pomegranate seed, two pomegranit seed, three
hundred pearls,
The girl from Ghoochan scatters flower petal confetti
all over, that girl
From Ghoochan

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