

Fairuz

"Khudni"

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Take me to its lovely hills
Take me to the land that has reared me
and forget me there among vineyards and fig trees
and let me lie upon the soil of our village.
Ancient windows are signalling to me, and sounds of
its
rivers are calling those who have travelled;
And eyes peeping from windows say to me,
We are friends.
And I walk in forgotten alleys, in late evenings,
when lights are about to go off,
waiting for a hand to shake mine and a voice
to salute me.
Take me and plant me in the land of Lebanon
take me to the house that is guarding the hill,
where I shall open the door and kiss the walls
and kneel under the loveliest sky, and pray, and pray...

Thanks to razvan

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