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THE CARAVAN IS REACHING HOME

From the night sky the last star flees,
The first bird of the morning wakes;
O breeze, O early morning breeze,
May you bring to my waiting heart
Some news, my messenger; impart
Good news - say the caravan makes
All speed for home - and he whose mind
Is drilled to patience, and to strive
The harder to achieve, will find
Quicker solutions: hear the sounds
Of hope with which my heart rebounds,
Know, by these songs, I am alive.

ZHALEH