

BIRD OF PASSAGE

Spread your wings, bird - bird of passage,
 You enamoured of the Sun's fire,
 You ardent, restless soul,
 You not deceived by waves of a mirrage.
 You thirsty for the warmth of torrid regions,
 You hating hearts of ice,
 You fiery and anxious,
 Spread your wings, you bird of passage!

Time has come again for nomadic encampments and searches;
 The garden is in fire and flooded with blood,
 There is not a single joyfull heart in it,
 Nor rest in souls of those who are away from their own country
 And you who dream to meet your beloved ones
 Are always doomed to bitterness
 Of never seeing Spring in your nest.

How many times you turned away your face from Autumn,
 How many destroyed nests have you seen,
 How many times you spent your nights with caravans.
 How many calamities you stood alone,
 How many sufferings you have alleviated,
 And became a blasing torch on sombre roads...

Spread your wings, bird, - bird of passage!
 Set off to the remote valley of horizon,
 Throw yourself in the arms of the Sea.
 Perch (alight) on the waves and float freely everywhere.
 Release your soul and heart of sorrows.
 God forbid you start to moan, you
 Must be the hymn, the song,
 The melody of dawn and thunder of clouds,
 The hope, the forerunner, the dream, the urge.
 Give all these as presents to everyone to remember...