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THE MEMORY OF YOU

When moonlight has covered the gardens of spring,
I will weave me a garland of rose-scented bloom,
Weave me a throne for my magic to ring,
Weave me a crown for my blossoming loom;
 Star-crowned on the throne,
 My memory of you,
Sits a beautiful goddess, alone.

In the spring gardens when moonlight is crowned,
To your memory so many love-songs I'll sing
That the birds will awake and echo my sound
From their nests, and the fawns, excited, will spring
 In the deserts at night
 When the moon is high
And the earth dreams of peaceful delight.

How soon it has passed, the delight of our meeting,
How soon it has passed - will it ever return?
I am so far from you, far from your greeting,
Hopelessly far: now I must learn
 Only the moonlight in spring
 And the memory of ~~me~~ you
Will ride on eternity's wing.

ZHALEH