

English translation of the songs from the CD 'Echo' from Shandiz Ensemble. The songs are based on poems of the Iranian poet M. Sereshk. The lyrics were translated from Persian by Poeda and John O'Kane.

track 11

Before you,
And just like you,
There were many
Who wrote upon the wind
With the spider's gossamer threads:
"Long live the eternal auspicious regime!"

track 12

My silent country, where is your vital springtime spirit?
Where the love-struck passion of your nightingales in chorus?

Everywhere your sky is the ceiling of a prison.
And where the dawn glimmerings after your dark night?

track 13

"Where are you heading in such haste?",
The thorn bush asked the breeze.

"I feel saddened in this place.
Wouldn't you like to leave the dust of this desert?"

"That's my one wish. But what can I do?
My foot is tied fast."

"Where are you heading in such haste?"
"Anywhere, except this place, will suit me as a home."

"Then fare well! But by God, for friendship's sake,
When you've safely crossed this fearsome desert,
Give our greetings to the blossoms and the rain."

track 14

At times I have seen the sky
With clouds darker than these.
But tell me oh leaf,
This early morning cloud on the horizon
That looks so sad and heavy with rain --
Which imprisoned friend's portion of grief
Does it contain?

track 15

All the Caspian's waves wear black in mourning.
The woods and plants have all fallen silent.
By God, what kind of springtime is this
That in dismal country fields
Red tulips are a mirror of the blood of martyrs?
Let the intoxicated whisper their names at midnight
So they cannot say they've been forgotten.

track 16

Due to this suffocating night I cannot breathe.
Shatter the door of this fortified castle!
Shatter the door of this castle of Destiny's black magic!
The present night has no intention of letting a sun arise.
Be your own sun and shatter this magic spell!
Sing as long as you exist! Singing is existing.
By singing songs shatter this country's terrifying fortress.

track 17

I do not envy the sleep of this swamp
That sleeps at peace within nocturnal plains.

I am the Ocean. I have no fear of storms.

All its life the Ocean knows an agitated sleep.

track 18

Those fierce Lovers who would not put up with night
Have gone and the sleeping country ignored who they are. T
hose birds defying the storm with outstretched wings—
On their death day, sea, wave, and rocks wept for them.

Dear friend, you used to say: "The soil's turned barren."
But behold! Who are these before your eyes?
Every morning and night the storm carries them off and yet...

They are not the last poppies to appear in this garden.

track 19

On the final page of the Rain's travel diary
The following is written:
"The earth is a filthy place."