

# Hamcho Farhad

## Sussan Deyhim

Like Farhad was, you were a mountain, our calling  
Our mountain, our breast, our fingernails, our adze,  
For each sip of wine, we didn't praise the cupbearer  
Our tears, our wind, our eyes, the winecups

Our tears, our winds - our eyes, the winecups  
Our tears, our winds - our eyes, the winecups  
My moon, my sovereign  
Come my rough breath/spirit  
Come crown my head  
Give heart to your unbelieving companion  
I gave and saw your worthiness  
The wound was both Farhad's and my own  
He walked me to the foot of the mountain himself

Whoever doesn't sit quietly by himself  
Fails to see my beloved  
Fails to see my beloved  
If you lose heart  
If you lose heart  
It is permissible to be mad  
It is permissible to be mad  
Among the beloved  
You have a deserving heart

Where were you last night?  
Where were you last night?  
You were in my beloved's quarter  
You were in my beloved's quarter

Divine bloodshed, oh heart  
Divine bloodshed, oh heart  
Your turn will come, my rival  
Your turn will come, my rival  
Your turn will come, my rival  
Your turn will come, my rival

(Important background: this song concerns Farhad, a hero from the story of Khosrow and Shirin. Farhad fell in love with the princess Shirin and wanted to marry her but was ordered to dig a tunnel under Mount Behistun on

the border of Armenia, to win her. He did it all by himself; but then was told Shirin had died (she hadn't). In  
despair, he killed himself, using his pickax  
that was the tool of his trade, a skilled engineer and stone-cutter)

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