

If I Sing

If I sing less than usual of my beloved
It is not for the slighting of him
It is for the love of my falcons
So good at hunting by the river
Let us go, gentle comrades
The birds are down there

If I sing less than usual of my true friends
It is not for the slighting of them
It is for the love of our others
Bombed to fire in their cities
Let us go, gentle comrades
What are we doing

If I sing less than usual of my island
It is not for the slighting of it
It is for the love of my planet
A stone in the universe
Let us go, now, but this time
Look from the sky

If I sing less than usual of my brothers
It is not for the slighting of them
It is to strengthen my sisters
And young ones growing
Let us go now, and this time
Give all a home

repeat first verse

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