A. Brudno


I wander through the ghetto, From alley to alley, Useless, no solice I find. Gone my beloved. Oh, how can I bear it? Won't someone say something kind.
My house is aglow now, The sky is much bluer. What does that mean in my life?
I stand like a beggar, I huddle at gateways, And beg for a handful of light.
Springtime dispel my sorrow, Bring my beloved, My dear one to me.
Springtime, blue wings for me you'll borrow. Oh take my poor heart, And return my joy to me, And return my joy to me.
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