



Daronee

Love is like a field that has worn
away
There is a little breath that is a
breath
In the place of my lover

May God curse...

I love a little one, I am told to
leave that one too

Ah, Lashghert, death, tears
Once happy and sweet-smelling

My beautiful fair-haired lover
Go ahead and take my lover!
Oh, sweet-smelling...

I know of a lover who misses you terribly

(chorus:) Gorani, Gorani, my beloved Gorani...

ARMENIA