

# ***I Dream A World Translations***

## **‘Ōiwi E**

Native sisters  
Native sisters, the ancestors are calling  
To know  
To know the sands of my birth  
Here we are  
The Natives and allies of Hawai‘i  
Lending support  
Standing together in unity

Look to the distant future  
To the future generation, look far!  
There is boundless allyship and support  
For humanity stands rooted  
We stand glorious and proud  
We stand  
We stand glorious and proud

## **From Behind the Caravan: Songs of Hâfez**

### we have come

We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory... we have come.  
For shelter from ill-fortune, here... we have come.

Traveling along love’s journey, from the borders of nothingness,  
Now into states of being, all this way... we have come.

O ship of grace, where is thy anchor of forbearance?  
For in this ocean of generosity, immersed in sin... we have come.

Hâfez, throw off your woolen kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we, from  
behind the caravan, with the fire of sighing “ah!”...we have come.

### suffer no grief

Joseph, forsaken, shall return to Canaan. Suffer no grief.  
From the thorny stalks of family grief, one day, a rose garden. Suffer no grief...  
If you desire the Way and plant your pilgrim foot in the desert,  
then if the mighty Arabian thorn makes reproofs, Suffer no grief...  
Suffer no grief, suffer no grief, O heart.  
Back to reason, comes this distraught head. Suffer no grief...  
O heart, despairing heart, O! O! Suffer no grief...  
There is no road that has no end.

closer to the fire

Last night I saw the angels beating at the door of the tavern,  
The clay of Adam they shaped, and into the mould they cast it.

The churches war among themselves, forgive them;  
When they cannot see the truth, the door of fable they beat.  
Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!

Thanks be to God, for between me and Him, peace chanced,  
Sufis, dancing, cast their cups of thankfulness!  
Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!

we have come (reprise)

We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory... we have come.  
For shelter from ill-fortune, here... we have come.

Hâfez, throw off your woolen kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we, from  
behind the caravan, with the fire of sighing "ah!"...we have come!