It rained while you were away

It rained while you were away--
you are on my mind

Above there is a prayer rug
and those praying are few

their voices are like Egypt--the woman
and Baalbak--the men

Because of all the grass that grew up between us
it became large enough for gazelle to graze

I sent a message with a shepherd going to Hama
to check the weather north

and he told me a tempest is coming this year
that will dismount the horsemen

I wish I never saddled the horse
nor sent the messenger