

## AKHTAMAR

FROM the hamlet on the shores  
Of sprightly Lake Van,  
A youth enters the water  
Secretly every night.

Without a boat he enters,  
And with his virile arms  
Cleaves the water as he swims  
Towards the island opposite.

From the dark island a light,  
Bright and clear, beckons him,  
Like a gleaming lighthouse,  
That he may not lose his way.

The fair Tamar every night  
Lights a fire on the isle,  
And impatiently she waits  
In a hiding place near by.

The lake is astir with waves,  
And the youth's heart is astir;  
The waters roar terrifyingly,  
But the youth strives untamed.

Now Tamar, with palpitating heart,  
Can hear the splashing of the water  
Close by, and she is set ablaze  
All over with the intensity of her love.

In the silence, a black, shadowy figure  
Stands on the dark shore of the lake...  
It is he...they are reunited anew...  
Oh, the mystery of the peaceful night...

The waves of Lake Van alone  
Now gently caress its shores,  
Subsiding as they retreat  
With unintelligible murmurs.

They seem to be whispering softly...  
And the stars from the sky vault  
Glance down with slanderous eyes  
At the immodest, shameless Tamar...

Their gaze disturbs the maiden's heart...  
It is already time to part...and again  
One of them enters the turbulent lake,  
Whilst the other prays on its shore...

But once, some mischievous men  
Learnt of the lovers' secret,  
And they extinguished the fire  
On a black, diabolic night.

The swimming youth in love was lost  
In the darkness of the water;

