***Music***

Back in the country where I once belonged

I remember this woman playing a beautiful song

Her face in my mind, a clear image to me,

Her hands moving gracefully over the keys

She played the old family piano while it was night

As we sat and listened under the glowing light

In the cozy room where the family gathered

There was a feeling as if our troubles didn’t matter

It was sweet music to our ears

My mother, once or twice, in her eyes had tears

And now I think to myself how there’ll be no other

To replace the beautiful melodies of my dear grandmother