

# Suliko

from the Georgian

Akaki Tsereteli (tr. Mark Lama)

Mark Lama

♩ = 120

I searched for my love's rest - ing place, but  
A - - mong the thorns, I spied a rose. An  
The blos - som shook, and bowed its head, as  
Next, from be - hind its leaf - y veil, ap -  
With care, the fea - thered po - - et pressed its

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it was lost; I found no trace. I  
or - - phaned bloom, a - - lone it grows. With  
if to seal the yes night - - in - gale. and  
peared a si - lent night - - er's breast, "Sweet  
beak a - gainst the flow - - er's breast, and,

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cried and cried, with heart - - felt woe: "Where  
pound - - ing heart, I had to know: "Could  
pearls of pre - cious heaven - - ly dew dropped  
lit - - tle bird, please let me know: could  
chirp - - ing cheer - i - ly it flew, as

are you, O my Su - - - li - ko?"  
that be you, my Su - - - li - ko?"  
down like tears to prove it true.  
that be you, my Su - - - li - ko?"  
if to say, "Yes, yes, it's true!"