

Dream Prayer

My memories and your memories, each of them, put together,
And those of all of them who went away for a little while,
With each of them, if with great care, a book we gather,
Bucharest will have the chance to be reborn in its refined style.

With it we'll go neatly dressed to pay God a visit
And tell Him that we are determined with our human hand
To revive Bucharest, the one lost in memories of tears
And ask His godlike hand to help with all the things we can't.

Out of its past, to design once again, Little Paris,
There is a chance this will bring winds of change for us, too,
With its streets with courtly gestures and ladies of dreams,
Sure, we'll postpone our other problems for another afternoon.