

Sarah Brightman, Alhambra (English)

Your memories of ebony
and perfume are sleeping
in your rooms,
full of tenderness,
my beloved Alhambra.

You saw a thousand loves
be born within you,
lights which caress
from your windows,
despaired Alhambra.

Your dreams shine
in a sea of stars
and the moon sings
your silence, Alhambra.

Tears of ivy
weep for the vanquished,
between sword and rose
your olives grow,
my beloved Alhambra.

Saved in my memory
you savour of moon,
shining over the village
like the sun, Alhambra.

I dream of Alhambra,
my beloved Alhambra.