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Homenetmen Glendale Ararat Chapter
Cultural Division

Get to Know...

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An Old Time Blessing *by* Hovhanes Toumanian

Under a green giant tree
Our giant grandfathers and fathers alike,
Our village masters
Were sitting in a circle and playing alike.

While we, the three classmates,
Strong and energetic village children,
We were standing in front of them
Crying and screaming with all our might,
Supposedly singing.

When the happy melodies of our song ended
The serious ring leader twisted his moustache
And our elderly raised their glasses that were full , blessing us aloud,
"Long live lovely kids, but don't live like we did."

Time passed by and our parents passed away;
Our happy songs began to sound sad;
Then I remembered those very days
Why when blessing us, our parents had said,
"Long live lovely kids, but don't live like we did."
Peace be unto you, our most unfortunate fathers.
The pain that had tortured you, has struck us, too.
On happy occasions and during sad times
We too are repeating your very own words when blessing our children,
"Long live lovely kids, but don't live like we did."

Translated by: Daniel Janoyan

