Prelude in memorial D.Schostakovich

(for Guitar solo)

Ehsan Saboohi

2009

They wrote your name on the soil And the soli was wounded

Every night, when the horse passes From the wilderness of wounds With inverted saddle, The masses of chorus sing: "You the river, the river of the autumnal forest In you, many times we have reached the ultimate"

Poem : Dr.Ziyä Movahhed

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