

# The Lost Lamb

Abigail Washburn

Zai na yaoyuan de guxiang  
In that far distant land I call home

Wo shiluo liao yi ge gulao de meng  
I lost the ancient dream

Yi ge youshang de meng  
A sorrowful dream

Zai na yangyu wo de difang  
In that place that raised me

Wo fenbian buliao muse he chenguang  
I cannot discern the growing shadows of dusk and (first light) the first faint rays of the morning sun

Wo yanjuanliao chenmo he sixiang  
I've wearied in the silence and searching

Feng nanchui you zhuanxiang beifang  
Wind blows south and turns again north

Jianghe ben hai, hai que bu zhang  
River flows to the sea, yet the sea does not rise

Wo xin manliao choucheng  
My heart is filled with melancholy

Yu lai you shi qing bu jiuchang  
The rains come, clear skies will follow soon

Fuzu tianbuman linghun de kewang  
Even fortune and good blessings cannot quench the soul's thirst

Zhihui dangbukai yongsheng de shuangjiang  
Wisdom cannot relieve us our eternal lot

Wo,  
Wo shi  
Yi zhi  
Mitu de gaoyang  
I am a lost lamb

Shei neng ying wo zouchu mimang  
Who will lead me from this haze?

Nar you wo chongsheng de xiwang  
What will bring me hope again?

O, muyangren ah.  
Oh, shepherd

Ni zai hefang?  
Where are you?