

Come, My Treasure

Jelaludin Rumi

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Translated Maryam Mafi

and Azima Melita Kolin

I've had e-nough of sleep-less nights, of my un-spok - en grief, — of
my un-spok - en grief. I've had e-nough of sleep-less nights, of my un-spok - en
grief, — of my un-spok - en grief. I've had e-nough of my tired —
wis - dom, — of wis - dom — born of grief. — I've
had e - nough of my tired — wis - dom, — of
wis - dom — born of grief. —
Come my trea - sure, my breath of life Come and dress my wounds.
Come my trea - sure, my breath of life Come and dress my wounds.

Ab Bb Gm Cm Fm Bb Eb
 Come my trea - sure, breath of life Come and — be my cure.

Ab Bb Gm Cm Fm Cm Bb
 Come my trea - sure, breath of life Come and be my cure.

Eb Fm7 Bb Eb Ab Bb Eb
 Come my trea - sure, my breath of life, Come and dress my wounds.

Eb Fm7 Bb Eb Ab Bb Eb
 Come my trea - sure, my breath of life, Come and be my cure. E - nough of

Cm Ab Bb7 Eb
 words, _____ Come to me with - out a sound. _____