

Stop it! children Don't hurt me more and more  
I beg your pardon you are falling behind  
behind in the feelings of love and care  
rise, rise up and up  
still you have enough time

are you hearing to my cries?  
Oh! Son of mine  
help your brothers  
rivers, forests and nature  
save your brothers and sisters  
keep them away from your selfish manner

help trees to sway, rivers to flow  
and birds to sing their sweet, lovely songs  
help them to live their life with freedom.

Don't cut the trees for timber and wood  
treat everyone nicely and be good  
listen to me children  
make my dream true.

~Pragya Uprety



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Mama's Troubadour

