23. LYRE AND FLUTE

First Voice

No spur left now for endeavour; gone, ambition of soaring; we have done
With throwing a noose to catch the stars, with laying an ambush for the moon.
What new pledge now, what promise of fine tomorrows, should I hang before
These eyes, or with what cheating illusion comfort the foolish heart once more?
No sweetness of lip, no fragrant mouth, is any emblem of love today.

CLAMOUR OF LYRE AND FLUTE

First Voice

1 Now there is no more power of endeavour, the theme of soaring aloft has altogether ended.
   We have finished throwing nooses over stars, the night-attack on the moon is finished.
Now what pledge of some other tomorrow should be made to those eyes?
With what dream's false magic should the ignorant heart be consoled?
5 Sweetness of lips, perfume of mouth, are no longer emblems of love.

SHORISH-E-BARBAT-O-NAI

Pahlī āwāz

1 Ab saʿī kā imkān aur nahi, parwāz kā maqamān ho bhi chukā,
   Tāroṅ pē kamandeṅ phaink-chuke, mahtāb pē shabkhuṅ ho bhi chukā;
Ab aur kisi fardā ke liye in āṅkhoṅ se kyā paimān kije,
Kis khwāb ke jhūte afsūṅ se taskīn-e-dil-e-nūdān kije?
5 Shirinen-e-lab, khwushbū-e-dahan, ab shauq kā 'unwān ko'i nahiū;
No gladness of heart, no sparkling eye, is any balsam of life today.
Leave off those tales of a living world—what use to entangle us in their mesh?
Our only business is how to die, and that we may settle when we wish;
For here is my shroud, and there is yours, and there is your grave, and here is mine.

Second Voice
Existence with all its sumless wealth is no private estate of yours or mine:
What difference, in the hall of life, if one heart’s taper be quenched or bright,

Freshness of heart, delight of the eye, are no medicine for life now.
Leave those tales of living—entangled in them, what shall we gain now?
Only one business is left, that of death, and that we shall accomplish when we wish;
This is your shroud, that is my shroud, this is my grave, that is yours.

Second Voice

10 The boundless wealth of existence is neither your fief nor mine;
In this assembly if the torch of one’s own heart is extinguished, what of it? If shining, what of it?

Shādāb-e-dil, tafrīh-e-naẓar, ab zīst kā dārmān ko‘i nahīn.
Jīne ke fasāne rahne-do, ab un-meñ ulajhkar kyā lenge?
Ek, maut kā dhandā bāqi hai, jab chāheinge nipta-leinge;
Ye terā kafan, vo merā kafan, ye meri lahad, vo teri hai.

Dūrī awāz

10 Hasti kī mata‘-e-be-pāyān jāgīr tērī hai na merī hai.
Is baiz men āpni mash‘al-e-dil bismīl hai to kyā, rakhshān hai to kyā?
Or one niche lack its candle, when all the place besides is ablaze with light?
Though your hours languish, they shall not see the statute of night and day repealed,
The season of roses slacken its step, the glory of moon or sun concealed.
The dell of ringlet and lip still blooms, the charmed eye wanders among fresh flowers,
Fate grants us the cherished pain of love that blesses us with its tears' hot showers:
Be thankful for all those joys of sense, be thankful for all the tears that run,
Give thanks for the break of day and evening, thanks for the rays of moon and sun.

*This assembly remains illuminated: if one niche is desolate, what of it?*

*If your days are spiritless, unchanged the law of evening and morning,*

Unhalled the steps of the season of roses, form the beauty of sun and moon,

15 Populous the valley of ringlet and lip, fresh and lovely the eye's garden-wandering;
Destined is the pleasure of the pain of the liver, present is the blessing of the wet eye:
Give thanks for this wet eye, give thanks for this delight of sight,
Give thanks for this evening and morning, give thanks for this sun and moon.

Ye bazm charāghān rahti hai, ēk ṭaq agar virān hai to kyā?
Afsurda haiñ gar aiyām tere, badlā nahin maslak-e-shām-o-sāhar,
Thahre nahin mausim-e-gul ke qadam, qā'īm hai jamāl-e-shams-o-qamar.

15 Ābād hai wādi-e-kākul-o-lab, shādāb o ḫasūn gulgasht-e-nazar,
Maqsūm hai lazzat-e-dard-e-jigar, maujūd hai nī'mat-e-dida-e-tar:
Is dida-e-tar kā shukr karo, is gauq-e-nazār kā shukr karo,
Is shām-o-sāhar kā shukr karo, in shams-o-qamar kā shukr karo.
First Voice

Whatever statute may govern them, what profit are sun and moon to us?
What is it to us if night is lovely or day’s first coming luminous?
When all our lifeblood has turned to ice, when eyes are shuttered up with steel,
What meaning have any tears, what meaning have any joys that sense can feel?
Once poetry’s high pavilion burned, its tent-robe strands of music snapped,

First Voice

If there is this law of sun and moon, what (good) can come of this sun and moon?

20 What can come of the charm of night, what can come of the grace of morning?
When the blood of the liver has turned to ice, when the eyes have been coated with iron,
What can come of this wet eye, what can come of this delight of sight?
When the tents of poetry have become ashes, when the tent-ropes of melodies have broken,

Pahī ãwāz

Gar hai yēhī maslak-e-shams-o-qamar, in shams-o-qamar kā kyā hogā?

20 Ra’na’ī-e-shab kā kyā hogā, andāz-e-sahār kā kyā hogā?
Jab khūn-e-jigar barfāb banā, jab ānkhēn āhan-posh hū’īn,
Is dīda-e-tar kā kyā hogā, is zaqq-e-nagar kā kyā hogā?
Jab shēr ke khāime rākh hū’ī, naghmo’n kī ṭānābe‘n ūṯ-ga‘īn,
What good is the pen that scatters pearls, or where shall the sounding harp grow rapt?
If a cage's corner must be our home, iron collar and rope our scarf and sleeve—
Whether rose-harvest comes or no, what use for a lover's heart to grieve?

Second Voice
While these hands keep their virtue, and while warm blood is still pulsing through these veins,
While honour holds her place in our souls and reason is sovereign in our brains,

Where shall these lyres rhapsodize, what can come of this pen of pearls?
25 When a corner of a cage has been left as dwelling, and coat-collar and robe are iron collar and rope,
Whether the season of roses come or not, what can come of this pain of the liver?

Second Voice
So long as these hands are alive, so long as there is warmth in this blood,
So long as there is sincerity in this heart, so long as there is strength in this mind,

Ye säz kahān sar phoreinge, is kilk-e-guhar kā kyā hogā?
25 Jab kunj-e-qafas maskan ūhairā, aur jaib-o-garbfān ūauq-o-rasan,
A'e kē na ëe mausim-e-gul, is dard-e-jigar kā kyā hogā?

Dāsrī āvāz
Ye hāth salāmat haiṁ jab tak, is khūn men ḥarārat hai jab tak,
Is dil men šadāqat hai jab tak, is nuṭq men ūaqat hai jab tak,
Let us two teach all locks and fetters the swelling music of
lyre and flute,
Music to strike the imperial drum of Caesar or Kai-khosru
mute!
Our treasure-house of courage is full, in thought and action
both we are free,
All our tomorrows with us today, each moment of ours a
century—
That dawn, that twilight belong to us, that planet and star,
that sun and moon,
That tablet and pen and banner and drum and state and
glory are all are own.

I and you will teach to these iron collars and chains the clamour
of lyre and flute,

30 That clamour before which the tumult of the drum of Caesar and
Kai is feeble.
Free are our thought and deed, full our treasury of courage,
Each minute of ours is a lifetime, each tomorrow of ours is today;
This evening and morning, this sun and moon, this star and
constellation are our own,
This tablet and pen, this drum and standard, this wealth and
pomp, are all our own.

In țauq-o-salāsīl ko ham tum sikhlā’enge shorish-e-barbat-o-
nai,
30 Vo shorish jis-ke āge zabūn haṅgāma-e-ṭabl-e-Qaṣar-o-Kai.
Āzād haiḥ apache fikr-o-amal, bharpur ḥaẓīna himmat kā,
Ek ‘umr hai apnā har saʾat, imruz hai apnā har fardā;
Ye shām-o-saḥar, ye shams-o-qamar, ye akhtar o kaukab apne
haiḥ,
Ye lauḥ-o-qalam, ye ṯabi o ‘alam, ye māl o ḥasham, sab apne
haiḥ.