DURESS

'THE HAND UNDER THE ROCK

DAST-E-TAH-E-SANG
39. SINKIANG
No more now shall the drum sound, and no more
The horseman ride at dawn towards death’s ravine;
War never any more, no need of tears
At dead of night to quench the burning pain,
No heart to shudder through the dark, no courtyard
For terror like a ravening beast to enter,
Or boding, like a bird of evil omen.
War never any more—bring wine, bring goblet—
No more the squandered blood or the rushing tear;
Saqīl a dance, like the dancing breeze of dawn—
Minstrel! a song, like the scarlet stain of henna.

SINKIANG
1  Now no drum shall play, nor shall any cavalier
   Set off at daybreak to the valley of death;
   Now there shall be no war, nor ever late at night
   Will fire in the blood have to be quenched with tears.

5  No heart shall quiver all night, nor in any courtyard
   Shall causeless-anxiety come like an ill-omened bird,
   Shall fear come like a bloodthirsty beast of prey.
   Now there shall be no war,—bring wine and wine-cup!
   There will never have to be spilling blood nor shedding tear.

10 Cupbearer! some dance, like the dance of the morning breeze;
    Minstrel! some song, like the colour of henna.

SINKYANG
1  Ab koʻi ṭabl bajega na koʻi shahsawar
    Šubh-dam maut kī wādi ko rawāna hoga;
    Ab koʻi jaang na hogi, na kabhi rāt gaʻe
    Kūn kī āg ko ashkoʻn se bujhanā hoga.

5  Koʻi dil dharkegā shab bhar na kisi āngan meń
    Vahm manhūs parinde kī ōraḥ ā'egā,
    Sahm kūnīnkhwār darinde kī ōraḥ ā'egā.
    Ab koʻi jaang na hogi, mai o sāghir lao!
    Kūn lujānā na kabhi ashk bahānā hoga.

10 Sāqīyāl raqs koʻi raqs-e-sabā kī ūrāt;
    Muṭribāl koʻi guzal raṅg-e-biḥnā kī ūrāt.