

THE GUIDE OF THE AGE*

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(1)

خضرِ وقت از خلوتِ دشتِ حجاز آید برون
کاروانِ زین وادئِ دور و دراز آید برون

Oh, Hark ! the Guide of Age is up and risen
From cloistered waste of Desert Araby!
And now from that far-off lonely wild Vale,
The Caravan starts and hastens, marches on !

(2)

من بسیمائے غلامانِ فرّ سلطان دیده ام
شعلۀ محمود از خاکِ ایاز آید برون

So radiant in the brows of his bondsmen
The Sultan's regal refulgence I've seen,
As leaps from dust of lowly humble Ayaz,
The many-splendoured flame of great Mahmūd!

* *Zabūr-i `Ajam*, p. 103.

(3)

عمربا در کعبه و بت خانه می نالد حیات
تا زبزمِ عشقِ یک دانائے راز آید بروں!

For ages long in Ka'bah and idol-house
Life sighs and yearns to grow and find own self,
Till comes the Sage — from hallowed Hall of Love
Of God's secrets and His Purpose fully wise!

(4)

طرحِ نو می افکند اندر ضمیرِ کائنات
نالہ ہا کز سینئہ اہلِ نیاز آید بروں!

For inmost chord of God's own high Heavens
A melody fresh, a strain all new is vouched.
By soulful sighs when they in harmony rise
From hearts in tune with God, in submission couched.

(5)

چنگ را گیرید از دستم کہ کار از دست رفت
نغمہ ام خون گشت و از رگہائے ساز آید بروں

Ah, take this lyre, my friend, from palsied hand!

No music-maker now ! Nor music in refrain !

To flowing stream of blood is turned my strain,

And now bursting gushes forth from lyre's stringed veins.