

Don't Sing Nightingale

Don't sing nightingale, don't sing, for there's no joy in my garden
I'm burning, my friend, from the pain you caused me
My wick was burnt out and no oil was left in my lamp
I'm burning, my friend, from the pain you caused me

I became like rivers separated from the sea
I became like ashes of an extinguished fire
I became like roses that bloomed before their time
I'm burning, my friend, from the pain you caused me

You'll hear news about me through messengers
Let them dress my wound together with the martyrs
I've wandered with the wild deer's in the mountains for forty years
I'm burning, my friend, from the pain you caused me

I, Abdal Pir Sultan, waxed and waned
I was put off eating and drinking
I was put in your ear-locks and hanged
I'm burning, my friend, from the pain you caused me

Translation by Ilkin