

# The Coming Day

by Tawfiq Zayyad

That day is coming  
It is coming soon  
I will carry my flute and sing  
On roads  
In my towns and villages full of blessings  
In the high mountains and forests  
I will sing  
To the man liberated from all oppressors  
From all invaders and occupiers  
To the people liberated from the fear of  
The past and the future  
From the worries of earth and the day  
After I will sing  
From place to every place...  
In the Arab Jerusalem  
In Gaza and Golan

"My homeland was once occupied  
my homeland became free  
the illegal occupation existed  
and today became a memory"

That day is coming  
It is coming soon  
I will pick my pen  
Dipped in my heart,  
On the flowers' leaves, I will write  
On the bird's wings, I will write  
On the steadfast tree branches  
In confrontation with the wind  
I will write  
On the doors of our factories, schools, farms,  
On the walls of workers' palaces  
On the palms of children's hands  
On the heroic martyrs' statues  
On the shoulders of our bold pilots,  
I will write... write... write  
On everyplace, everywhere  
In the Arab Jerusalem  
In Gaza and Golan

"My homeland was once occupied  
my homeland became free  
the illegal occupation existed once  
and today became a memory."

