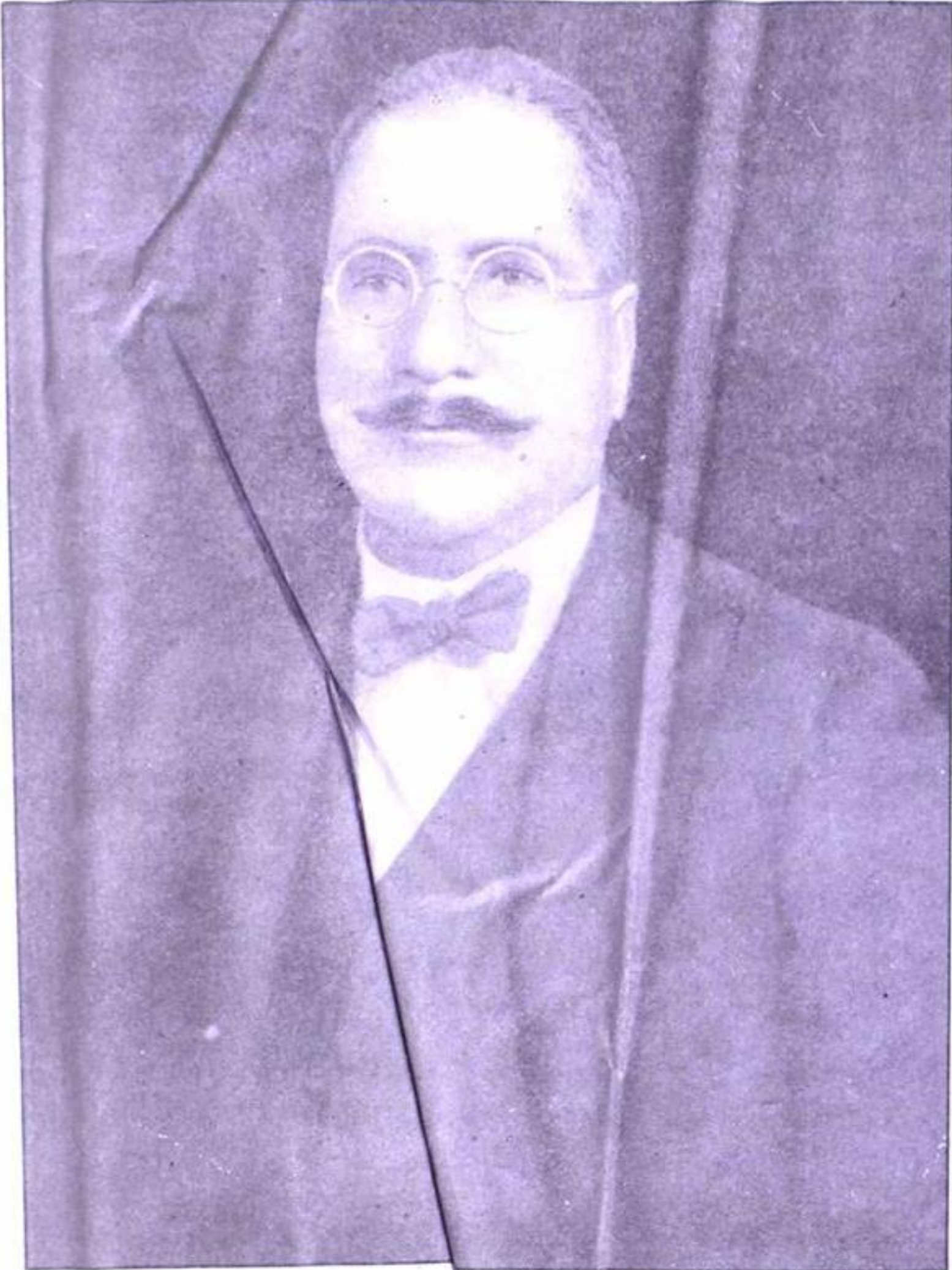




**DR. MUHAMMAD IQBAL:**  
**THE HUMANIST**

**A reassessment of the poetry and personality of  
the poet - philosopher of the East**

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**IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN**



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# Dr. Iqbal, The Poet of Humanity:

Husain Nasser

(I)

In the galaxy of the Urdu poetry, Sir Muhammad Iqbal who subsequently came to be known as Allama\* Iqbal or poet-philosopher of the East, stands out as one of the most luminous luminaries. Compared to many prominent poets of Urdu like Mir Taqi Mir, Mir Anis, Sauda, Dagh Dehlavi, Momin, Haali, Akbar Allahabadi and Josh Malihabadi, etc., Mirza Ghalib has continued to inspire and influence the succeeding generations. Though Allama Iqbal himself was profoundly influenced by the poetry of Ghalib, it is indeed an established fact that the impact of Iqbal's poetry has been equally tremendous upon the posterity. Whereas Ghalib and Iqbal are poles apart in their approach and appeal, both of them share a common destiny of being extremely popular in the Urdu-knowing world. Like William Shakespeare, Mirza Ghalib yet remains in the annals of Urdu poetry unrivalled and unsurpassed for the richness of his imagination and universality of his thought. That is why each of his couplet

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\* A man of imminent learning; an exceptionally learned person.





is so much so pregnant with deep thought and almost each couplet is so multi-faceted or multi-dimensional in its meaning that an interpreter is very likely to be lost in the maze of the poet's thought. The key-note of Allama Iqbal's poetry is the profundity of his philosophy which is inherent in each of his couplet or verse.

Beyond doubt, poetry is basically and essentially a divine gift to man. That's why everyone cannot be a good and great poet, although each human being is endowed with the faculty of appreciating poetry according to his or her power of comprehension and educational attainments. In the same way, a poet is not a prophet. But for his search for truth, for bold as well as prophetic utterances, he is very close to a prophet. Every poet does not enjoy as exalted a position so as to be close to the prophet as each type of versification is not great poetry. By a great poet, I mean poets of the stature of Dante, Virgil, Homer, Sophocles, Hafiz, Firdousi, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Kalidas, Mir Anis, Mirza Ghalib, Allama Iqbal and Rabindra Nath Tagore. The foremost quality of great poetry is that it moves the heart instantly and that its effect is lasting. Schiller, an eminent German poet, truly said:

**"Poetry ought to go straight to the heart, because it has come from the heart; and aims at the man in the citizen, and not the citizen in the man".**



As said earlier, poetry is a God-gifted talent and composition of first-rate poetry is but a rare quality among the poets too. Great poetry, as the criterion set by Schiller, "ought to go straight to the heart." Truly speaking, the poetry of Dr. Muhammad Iqbal touches the hearts' chords but it is a potent tonic for the mind as well. Although like the Romantic poets of England, Iqbal also composed poems on trivial topics such as "Mountain and Squirrel", he lent dignity to these topics which ordinary people regard less important. To such trite topics only a poet of his calibre, erudition and stature could pulsate with life.

Matthaw Arnold, a major Victorian poet of England, defined poetry as "the criticism of life". Thus, it is a serious avocation. But to further charge it with philosophical overtones and that too in such an appreciable manner that the composition becomes neither abstruse nor dry is indeed a singular characteristic of Iqbal's poetry. It is because of this reason that he is called the poet-philosopher of East. Another striking quality of his poetry is that it is not only penetrating to the heart of the reader or listener but it has a sublimating and ennobling effect. The degree of sublimating effect upon the readers or listeners of Iqbal's poetry is according to their power of comprehension. But one thing is certain. Almost every reader of Iqbal's poetry is in a state of perpetual awe and each reader is convinced that a poet of the stature of Iqbal is born after centuries. Beyond doubt, in the annals of the Urdu poetry, he occupies such a prominent place which is second to none's.



## (II)

Mohammad Iqbal was born at Sialkot, a border town in the Pakistani Punjab. This town is now known for high quality of its sports and surgical goods, exported to countries all over the world. According to the latest research, he was born on 9th November, 1877. His ancestors hailed from Kashmir. They were high-caste Brahmins. His grand-father, out of his own free will, had come to the fold of Islam.

Iqbal received his early education in his own home town. After passing the Matriculation Examination, the young man moved to Lahore in 1895 for furtherance of his studies. He passed his M.A. in 1899 from the University of Punjab. The same year, Iqbal joined the Oriental College, Lahore, as Professor of Arabic. Later on, he served the prestigious Government College, Lahore, as Professor. In 1905, he left for England for higher studies. In London, he received a law degree. In 1908, he was awarded a doctoral degree by the University of Munich, Germany, on his thesis entitled "Development of Metaphysics in Persia". The same year, he came back to India

Allama Iqbal is generally known as an eminent poet, but poetry was one of his many accomplishments. He was well versed in philosophy, both Oriental and Occidental. After having returned from England, he started his career as a barrister. As a barrister, he had no roaring practice, because he entertained only that case about whose legitimacy he was fully



convinced. For a term from 1926 till 1929, Sir Mohammad Iqbal remained a Member of Punjab Legislative Council. He was elected President of the Punjab Branch of All-India Muslim League and held that post till his death in 1938. In 1930, he presided over the historic meeting of All-India Muslim League at Allahabad, a major town of historical importance in India. In his presidential address, Dr. Iqbal said:

**"India is a continent of human groups belonging to different races, speaking different languages and believing in different religions. Their behaviour is not governed by a common race feeling. These groups are all separate nations. The principle of European democracy cannot be applied to India without recognising the fact of different groups. The Muslim demand to create a Muslim India within India is in no way without justice. For my part, I would like to go one step forward; I would like to see the Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, Sindh and Baluchistan united under a single Muslim State ....."**

Whereas Nature was extremely bountiful to Iqbal in certain other aspects of life, he was exceptionally fortunate too in the availability of teachers of very high calibre. At Sialkot's High School from where Iqbal had matriculated, he got a really learned and devoted teacher in the person of Syed Meer Hasan.



Besides being an acknowledged scholar of Arabic and Persian, Syed Meer Hasan was a great master of Prosody. The teacher not only laid the foundations of the Arabic and the Persian languages on solid ground, but he instilled into his pupil a passion for poetry. At the Government College, Lahore, Iqbal had the good fortune of coming into contact with Professor Arnold who was Professor of Philosophy at that College. Apart from being a man of profound learning, Professor Arnold had an innate love for Islam. He had been associated with Aligarh Muslim University for a number of years. There too, the influence of his radiating personality was significant not only upon the students but upon the almamater as a whole. Prof. Arnold was an exponent of Allama Shibli's School of Thought. In shaping out Iqbal's personality, the contribution of the Professor was remarkable. In Lahore too, Iqbal came in close contact with Allama Hirvi, a great Persian religious scholar. In London, Iqbal enjoyed the love and confidence of Dr. Mac Taggart, Prof. Brown and Dr. Nicholson. All the three were great scholars in their fields of learning. Whereas Prof. Brown had great expectations with his young student, Dr. Nicholson was so impressed by the poetic genius of his exceptionally talented pupil that he translated '**Asrar-e-Khudi**' into English known as '**The Secrets of Self**'.

### (III)

When Allama Iqbal dawned on the horizon of the Urdu poetry, Nawab Mirza known as Daagh Dehlavi as the poet



was at the peak of his fame throughout the Sub-continent. Iqbal was much impressed by Daagh's poetry and his way of recitation. The young poet therefore requested Daagh to accept him into his tutelage. Daagh gladly accepted to be Iqbal's guide. Iqbal therefore sent a few poems by post to his mentor after which Daagh wrote to his pupil that he needed no further guidance. Very like Daagh, Allama Iqbal was highly impressed by the poetry of Mirza Ghalib: the reason being that both possessed almost identical mental prowess, penetrating insight and high degree of intellect. Iqbal delved deep into the poetry of Ghalib so as to enrich the esoteric meaning of his poetry, his imagery and poetic vision. In London, Allama Iqbal went through extensively the works of some of the English poets. In the English poetry, apart from William Shakespeare, the Metaphysical poets such as John Donne and the Romantic poets such as Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Byron had fascinated him. Gray's 'Elegy' was an inspiring force for him. As Shakespeare is the poet of all ages, therefore none can afford to ignore him for the universality of his thought and richness of his imagination. Coleridge had an appeal for the super-natural element in his poetry; Shelley and Byron had great attraction for the young poet because of their revolutionary spirit and message. In Keats' Odes lay the charm of music and cadence. During his stay in Germany, Iqbal had studied the works of eminent German poets. He was much impressed by the poetry of Goethe. That is why in his poetry, he has oft quoted him and has paid glowing tributes to him. Similarly, among the major Persian poets such as Saadi, Rumi, Urfi



etc, Iqbal was inspired most by Hafiz Shirazi. As to Goethe, he also paid rich compliments to Hafiz of Shiraz.

Allama Iqbal devoted himself to the composition of Persian poetry for the primary reason that Persian language was deeply rooted into his nature. The credit goes to his teacher, Syed Meer Hasan and to Allama Hirvi who created in the poet such a passion for that language and its poetry. Secondly, as compared to Urdu, Persian is a much richer language. There exist in it idioms, phrases and expressions which could afford to bear the weight of his profound philosophy as well as metaphysics. Thirdly, the medium of Persian language helped his message spread over a wider area. In this context Ayatullah Syed Ali Khamnai, the spiritual leader and former President of the Islamic Republic of Iran, says:

"To me Iqbal's Persian works are also among the miracles of poetry. In our literature, there are many non-Iranian Persian poets but none of them can be pointed out to have the peculiarities of Iqbal in poetry. Iqbal was unacquainted with Persian conversation and usage and used to talk in Urdu or English in his home and with his friends. Iqbal was not familiar with Persian composition and prose, and his Persian prose has the same interpretations, which he has used in early parts of 'Asrar-e-Khudi' and 'Romooz-i-Bekhudi'. And you know that it is difficult even for



Persian-knowing people to understand them. Iqbal had not studied Persian in his school in his young days and spoke Urdu in his father's home. Therefore, he selected Persian because he felt that his thoughts and subject matter could not be moulded into Urdu. So he learnt Persian. He learnt Persian from the poetic collections of Saadi and Hafiz, the Mathnavi of Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi and the works of Indian poets like Urfi, Nazeeri and Ghalib of Delhi and others. Although he had neither lived in a Persian environment nor had studied in Persian institutions and was not in the company of Persian-speaking people, he presented the most ingenious, the most difficult the most rare and acute subjects in the mould of his long (and some very elegant) poems. In my opinion this is a very high poetic talent and competence .....<sup>1</sup>\*

#### (IV)

Though used symbolically, 'Khudi' (Self) and 'Shaheen' (Falcon) act as an edifice for a good deal of Iqbal's poetry. It was through 'Self' that he laid the foundations of a philosophy.

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\* Iqbal, the High Star of The East, Syed Ali Khamnal, Pages 6-7, Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, 1994.





By repeatedly using the word 'Self' and by stressing upon it, Iqbal not only wanted to create consciousness among his readers but he wanted the optimum realization or sublimation of 'Self' for the greater glory of the individual and the society. In his view, 'Self' meant understanding and realization of personality. i.e. self-recognition. But he projected that idea in a philosophical way. The poet first visualized the concept of 'Self' as a revolutionary thought and presented it as a philosophy later on. Though some people believe that Iqbal's concept of 'Self' is borrowed from the theory of 'Wahdat-ul-Wajood' or 'Wahadat-ul-Shahood' ('Unity in Plurality' or 'Plurality in Unity') the fact remains that so vivid and forceful was the presentation of that concept that it appeared as an original philosophy of the poet and not a borrowed concept. Further, not only the Muslims of India in those days but the whole Muslim world presented such a bleak and gloomy picture that Iqbal's concept of 'Self' was regarded as the remedy of all maladies.

According to Iqbal, 'Self' surmounts every thing. The recognition of 'Self' is the recognition of the entire universe. It is only after the realization of one's own 'Self' that the real meaning of existence may impinge upon consciousness. In fact, the recognition of 'Self' is the gate-way to the noble objectives of existence. An objective can only be translated into reality when there is a yearning. Thus, the realization of an objective and the stirrings of yearning are the by-products of the recognition of 'Self'. It is for this reason that Iqbal says:



"To yearn for something and to try to achieve it is itself an ideal, otherwise life will change into death".

Thus, to Iqbal recognition of 'Self' means a life fraught with meaning, purpose and ideal; without recognition of 'Self' life is dreariness, deceit, decay and finally death. Similarly, according to the poet-philosopher of East, the heart which cannot create a yearning or a burning desire, is sick and diseased. Yearning is therefore the soul of the world and the pearl inside the Nature's mother of pearl. In this way, yearning is the creator of every thing. It has given birth to knowledge, civilization, literature, poetry, arts and crafts, systems and customs: in fact to every thing which is shaped out by human endeavours.

In the philosophy of Iqbal, after the realization of 'Self' the streams of Love gush out. Truly speaking, Love is the very essence of life, it's that nectar of life which is sure to obliterate death. At one place, the poet says:

عشق دم جبرئیل، عشق دل مصطفیٰ

*"Love is Gabriel's pinion, Love is Mustafa's heart".*

Love is that lotion which heals all wounds. It is because of this reason that Iqbal considers love essential not only for each individual but for the entire human society. To the poet, 'Self' itself can never be stabilized without this elemental



passion. Love is therefore the sum total in the life of an individual or a nation. It is the very axis on which the whole world rotates. That is why the poet calls it as "*the Lord's expression*". When Love is the very utterance of Almighty God and it is the very purpose of 'the Genesis of Creation', of all the creatures, the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) is the most exalted being not as the seal of all the prophets but as the most perfect being, therefore he is the focal point of all Love. Only then God, the Glorious, and the Greatest lover of Mohammad (p.b.u.h) will bestow upon this world His infinite mercies and glories. For Iqbal, the very being of the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h.) is a perpetual beacon-light and his name is sufficient to illumine the dark corridors of the entire world provided Love is engendered in the breast of the whole of human race for the Messenger of God in its purest and sincerest form.

Another symbol which is repeatedly used in the poetry of Iqbal is that of a falcon. A falcon is a hunting bird of a rare quality. Besides swift in action, it possesses such a power of perception that its aim never goes amiss. Of all the winged creatures, it has got the highest and longest range of flight. Thus, in the world of fowls, it is perhaps the only bird which knows the secret of survival and by virtue of its faculties, it is the fittest one to survive. Iqbal believes that the falcon has been able to develop such faculties and talents because in the first place it has been aware of its own 'Self'. Therefore, the poet stresses upon that, for an individual or a nation, recognition of 'Self' is a matter of absolute necessity otherwise that individual or nation will not be able to retain freedom for a long time and will become a prey soon.



Secondly, the falcon, through concerted endeavours, has made itself capable of surviving in this cruel and callous world because, after the realization of 'Self' the meaning and purpose of life is fully manifested to it. It is for this reason that a falcon is reckoned as a force in the world of fowls.

## (V)

Such was the impact of Iqbal's poetry on the Muslim masses of the Sub-continent that they achieved Pakistan, a separate homeland for themselves, irrespective of sufferings and sacrifices, hardly a decade had elapsed after his death. Such was the magnetic effect of his poetry not upon the educated people but upon the illiterate masses too that many couplets of his poems became catch-words and axioms in the Urdu language. His diction and his style came to be established as the recognised norm of the Urdu poetry. There is no denying the fact that the hold of Mirza Ghalib's poetry upon the Urdu-knowing masses is tremendous but in his poetry's magnetic effect, Iqbal is second to none.

As a student, very like millions of young men of my days, I had a good deal of fascination for Iqbal's poetry, so much so that his poetry became an integral part of my whole being. Later on, when I started composing poems, much of my own poetry was an echo of his poetry. The critics of my poetry have very often raised this objection that my poetic compositions bear the stamp of Iqbal's poetry. In fact, I have been striving for long to cast off the spell of Iqbal so as to develop independently my own flair and diction, but since the Allama's



poetry has become an inseparable part of my life, I therefore find it difficult to free myself of my moorings as the impressions of early stage of life are lasting and cannot altogether be dispelled.

During the past decades, much has been written on the poetic genius of the poet-philosopher of East, and much more will be written in future. Iqbal is regarded as one of the architects of this country. In other words, it is said that translation of a long cherished dream of Pakistan into a living reality was the result of the spell of the poetry of Dr. Iqbal's realization of the dream of an ideal and welfare state. About 50 years of the existance of Pakistan have elapsed. How far Iqbal's dreams are realized in this country, it is a sad and sordid story. It is also said that the poetry of Iqbal was a clarion call for the Muslims of the Sub-continent. It awakened the slumbering Muslims who were despondently in the vortex of sloth and inertia. Therefore, Iqbal was regarded as a messiah of the Muslims and his poetry as a tonic for the greater glory of Islam. Like millions of my countrymen, I had this notion with regard to the great poet and his poetry but for Professor S.G. Abbas whose approach to the poetry of Allama Iqbal brought about a change in my outlook and vision and when I recited the poems of the Allama in the light of the perception of the learned Professor, I started feeling that I had subsequently a better understanding and interpretation of the works of the poet. In the considered opinion of Prof. Abbas, Allama Iqbal was basically and essentially the poet of humanity and through the medium of his poetry he upheld the cause of the Muslims not because of the fact that he himself was



a Muslim but because the Muslims all over the world were then the most exploited and oppressed people. The rebel in Iqbal was so moved by the plight of the Muslims that he could not restrain himself from championing their cause. It is an acknowledged fact that his addresses were mostly to Muslims whom he wanted to awaken and activate so as to set them free from the yoke of slavery and oppression. But in many of his revolutionary verses which are ahead of his time, the addresses are not to the Muslims but all those who stand exploited and oppressed.

Thus, Iqbal's poetry was not only a clarion-call against injustice, tyranny, oppression and sufferings of a class in his own days but it is a potential protest for all ages, irrespective of caste, creed, colour or clime. As a matter of fact, his poetry can still animate all those and it may prove a powerful tonic for them who are subjected to exploitation, tyranny and oppression.

Beyond doubt, it is a great weapon against aggression. As regards the themes of some of his poems which are Islamic in their character or the poems which concern with the Muslims, Iqbal is not the only poet in whose subject-matter his co-religionists have figured up. In fact, John Milton's most of the poetry depicts Christianity and Christian themes. The great play entitled 'Shakuntala' of Kalidas is written in the background of Hinduism and yet it is a great work of art. If William Shakespeare, the greatest literary monarch of England, has created an immortal character in the person of Shylock, it does not mean that he hated the Jews. The



truth is that just as an artist is a product of his time, similarly he is a representative of his culture. Iqbal was no exception.

This is in fact a new dimension of Iqbal's poetry which is manifested to me, though at a belated stage. But better now than never. It is for this reason that I have given an assurance to Prof. Abbas for the publication of this book in a befitting manner so that we may present it before the world community, thereby dispelling the doubts from the minds of such men and women who are prone to think that Allama Iqbal's poetry was meant for the Muslims alone and not for any other community. It is a matter of great delight for me that Muhammad, Suheyl Umar, Director of Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, who is a great authority on the works of Dr. Iqbal, is kind enough to have responded favourably for the publication of this book. The way Prof. Abbas has metrically rendered into English 22 poems of the poet-philosopher of the East and the way he has interpreted the philosophy and gospel of this great man in the light of his own perception, limelighting therein that Iqbal was never a fundamentalist in the modern phraseology, but he was a lover of mankind as a whole, especially a champion of the tormented ones, is indeed a commendable effort and as such it deserves to be published by no other forum but by Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore.

As an established author, Prof. Abbas has written a large number of books. Some of his rare books are: *Dr. Mahmood Husain: Aik Idara, Aik Tehreek; The Rubaiyat of Mir Anis; TOEFL; Higher English Grammar for Competitive*



*Examinations; The Immortal Poetry & Mir Anis.* Each of these books is highly-appreciated by readers. He has been associated with my organization known as Mustafain & Murtazain for several years. He edited the book entitled "Hamari Manzil" authored by Syed Hashim Raza, a renowned Civil Officer of a very high calibre, in such a beautiful way that it was awarded 1st prize by the Government of Pakistan and it stood 6th in merit for the award of the Commonwealth countries. Similarly, Prof. Abbas edited another book named "An Intellectual Approach To Islam" by late Allama Abbas Haider Abidi, a well known religious scholar and speaker. That book too earned a good deal of applause.

Prof. Abbas is presently working as Principal & Professor of English at a local college in Karachi. He has also taught in England, Turkey and Saudi Arabia. As a widely-travelled person, he has got an opportunity to study different cultures of the world. Since travel is an important source of education, therefore it has helped him a lot in increasing his knowledge and widening his vision. Although an accomplished author, Prof. Abbas never boasts about his single book, but from the point of view of craftsmanship of this book, especially the prosody of English, he feels that it is a great achievement to be proud of. In fact, such is the spell of Iqbal's poetry that it has kept on haunting our predecessors, it has continued to haunt us and it will continue to haunt the coming generations.





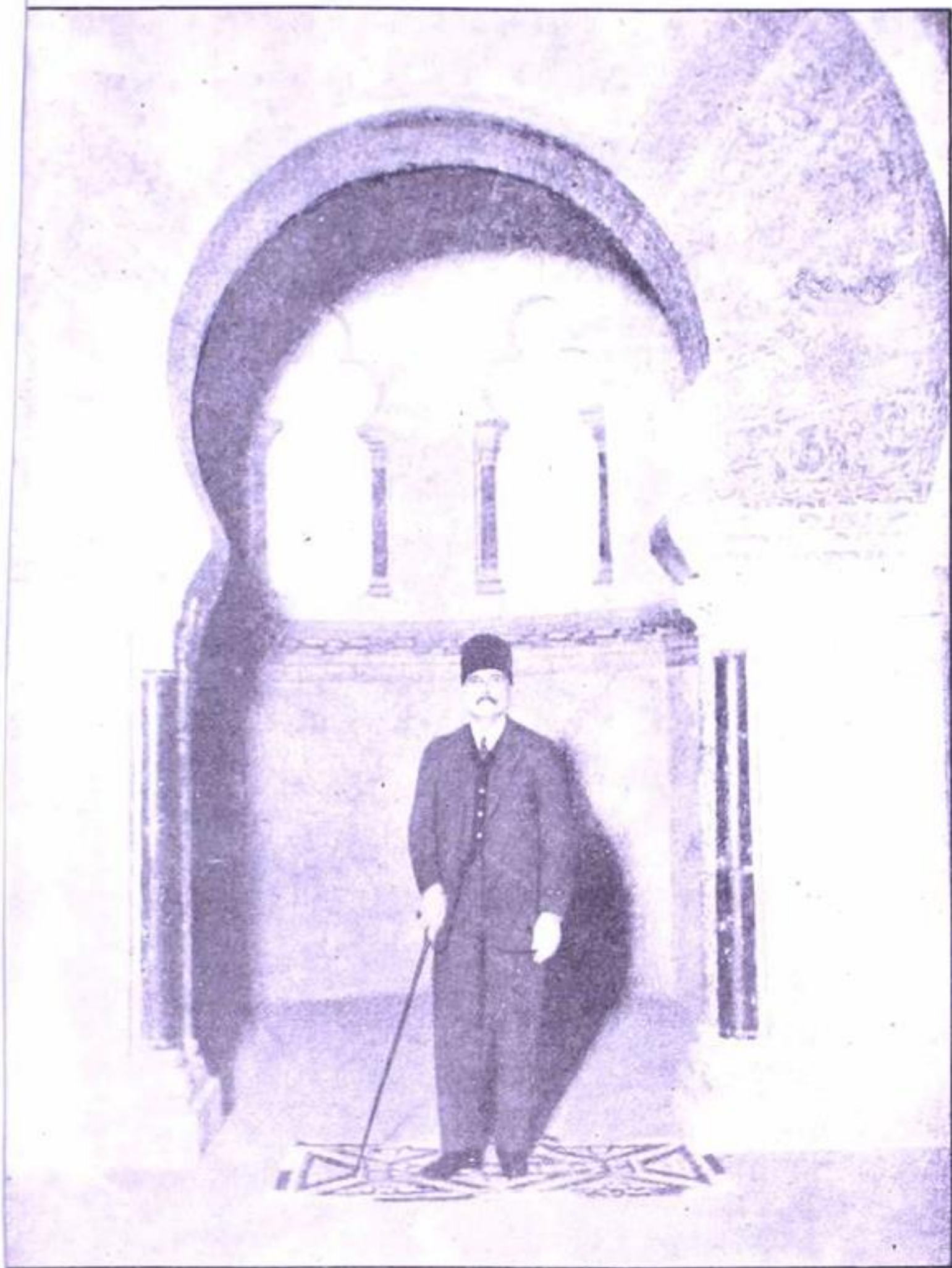
Dr. Iqbal's poetry is like an unfathomable sea and only a few divers have so far been able to reach the bottom. With the passage of time, there will be novel interpretations. Iqbal was not an individual; but in his own self, he was an institution, nay an epoch. To quote one of his couplets in his own context:

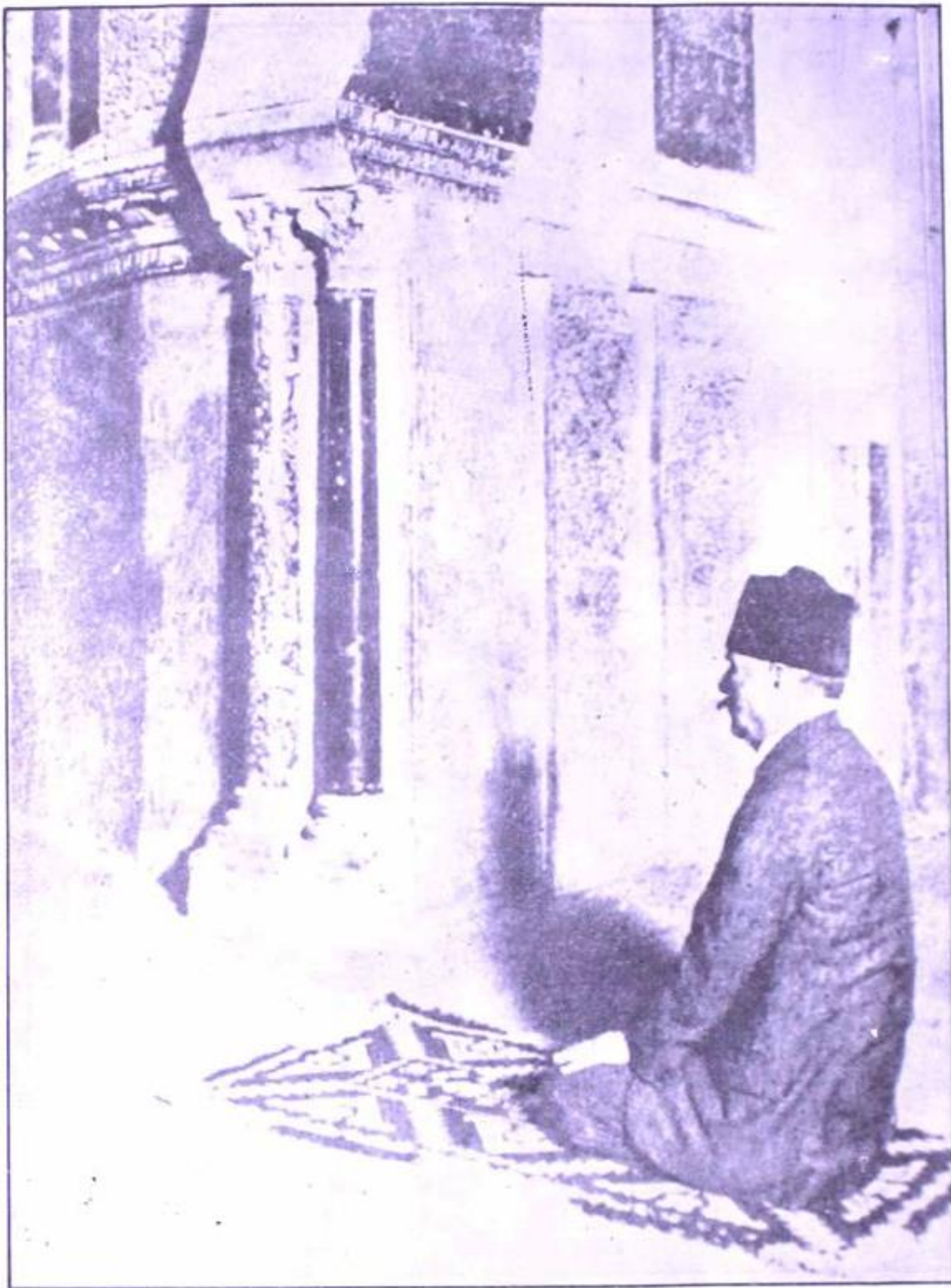
ہزاروں سال زکس اپنی بے نورمی پڑتی ہے

بڑی شکل سے ہوتا ہے حسن میں دیدہ ورسیدا

For centuries, narcissus sheds tears on its own blight,  
In an orchard is born rarely, a man of insight.

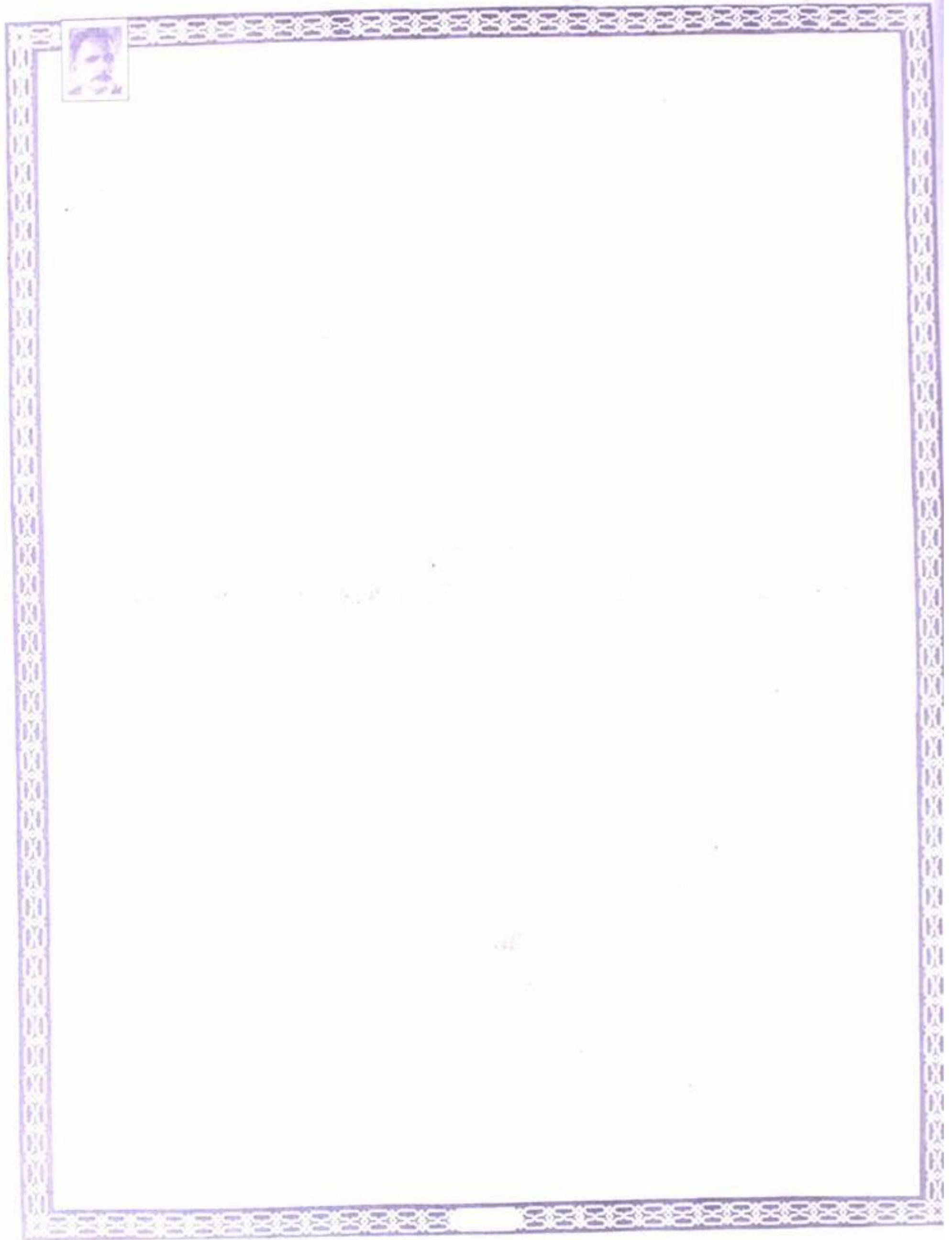
After this book dawns on the horizon, I hope that the poetry of Allama Iqbal will be viewed from a new angle and our learned scholars will try to understand and evaluate the poet from a different dimension. The need of the hour is to rediscover Iqbal in his true perspective and not to keep him confined to a narrow limit. In fact, Iqbal is a common heritage of the whole humanity and his message should be allowed to reach uninterrupted and unhindered to all the citizens of the world.







**Dedicated to  
the lovers ,the Promoters and the Servers of humanity  
all over the world .**





## PREMISE

Though much has been written on the poetry of Dr. Iqbal, in my opinion, his commentators and critics have so far not been able to do full justice or make a fair assessment of the poetry of this great poet. As most of these commentators and critics were Muslims, therefore while studying the works of Iqbal and analysing them subsequently, their Muslim instinct was at work. They thus drew the conclusion that the dominant theme in the Allama's poetry was Islam and he was basically and essentially the poet of the Muslims. When studied superficially, his work may give that impression. The true picture is altogether different. In the first place, great and lasting poetry transcends all barriers of caste, creed and colour. Secondly, a poet of the stature of Dr. Iqbal could never be so partisan in his outlook as to restrict his poetry to a particular group based on religion or ethnicity. Thirdly, Iqbal was born and brought up in India where men of different faiths had been living and co-existing with each other for centuries. Fourthly, the poet received his higher education in England



and Germany. His Christian Professors used to treat him most affectionately and, in building his personality, they had a definite role. Iqbal was, beyond doubt, a man of imminent learning and of broad vision and it is inconceivable of a man of such imminent learning and broad vision to ignore all others and plead the case of his co-religionists alone. Viewed superficially, Iqbal's poetry does give an impression that he has championed the cause of the Muslims at very many places in his poetry but a dispassionate study of his works reveals that the poet made Muslims the theme of his poetry not because that he professed the same faith but because the Muslims were the worst victims of exploitation and aggression in those days. Thus, by depicting the agony of the Muslims in his works, he did project the most exploited class.

Before 20 years of the birth of the poet, though the War of Independence in India was ruthlessly curbed by the British Imperialists, its traces were yet visible. The worst sufferers were indeed the Muslims. As the British had grabbed power from the Muslim rulers, therefore the Muslims were subjected to maltreatment in every sphere of life. They were politically ostracized, economically debilitated and socially frowned upon. As a young man, the poet must have felt about the shabby treatment meted out to the Muslims. That was the gloomy picture of the Indian Muslims. But in other Muslim-dominated areas of the world, their condition was not much different. Persia's past glories had faded and she had ceased to exercise



any kind of influence on the Muslim world. Egypt too had lost her pristine lustre. The Ottoman Empire, existing for centuries over a vast area of the Muslim world and wielding a great power, was inwardly eroded to such an extent that it was on the verge of total collapse. The Arabs had become deadly against the very institution of Caliphate. Turkey was called 'The sick man of Europe'. The Muslims were sunk in the abyss of squalid misery, ignorance, strife, despondence and deprivation. There was darkness all around them, and there appeared no ray of hope.

As a young man of exceptional talents, to Iqbal his future did not appear brilliant and promising because his father was a man of limited means. Though God-fearing, every inch an upright man and devoted to his avocation, he too was hard hit by the changed times. But despite the difficult days, the father had a conviction that his son would be an extra-ordinary man. His conviction, according to a narrative, was based on a dream. When Iqbal was about to be born, his father saw a beautiful, white-coloured pigeon perched on his shoulder. As in the East, a pigeon is a symbol of learning and piety, therefore the dream transpired a babe of exceptional talents.

The late 19th century was a period of epoch-making currents and cross-currents. No doubt that most of the global territory was still under the domination of the Britishers, so much so that it was said that the sun never set in the British Empire, but Britain's hold had started slackening. The





imperialist powers of Europe had grown fantastically rich partly as a result of boons of the industrial Revolution and partly because of enormous gains which they had gained from their colonies. But underneath the palpable glow of prosperity, many social problems had cropped up. Family ties were broken, the European woman had become unbridled. Promiscuity in sex came to be considered a relative term. As most of the 19th century scientists and social philosophers did not believe in the existence of God, therefore religion itself, established for centuries, was under attack and after the publication of "Origin of Species" a book written by Charles Darwin, millions of men in Europe had become atheists. God was replaced by Mammon and religion by "Dialectical Materialism". Whereas in the social field, the Victorian Age was the age of strife and turmoil, in the field of religion, it was the age of doubt, agnosticism and atheism. On the economic front, the long-existing theory of "Laissez faire" had ceased to function in a proper way on a account of rivalries and economic clashes among the then powers at command. It gave birth to nationalism which did not take a long time to transform into jingoism. Capitalism came to be established as an order of the day. To negate the baneful effects of Capitalism, dissenting voices started pleading for Socialism and Communism. Karl Marx provided sufficient material for the growth of Communism by writing "Das Capital". It ultimately paved way for the Bolshevik Revloution in Russia in 1917. The institution



of kingship, existing for ages, was regarded nothing short of a curse and to replace that mode, a new system called 'democracy' was eked out. Whether or not democracy was suited and beneficial to people, especially to the people of the Third World countries, but for at least psychological satisfaction, masses were regarded as the ultimate source of power and they were to be governed by their own elected representatives.

The conceptual changes of vital importance had taken place in almost all spheres of life but those changes had mostly occurred in Europe. As regards Afro-Asian countries, most of the peoples were in the chain of slavery. Since they were not the masters of their own fate, therefore they had no say in the matters, although they were greatly influenced by the course of events. Of all the forces newly unleashed, the orgy of nationalism proved the most potent force which loomed large all over the world. Iqbal had a comprehensive view of all the revolutionary changes and could not remain indifferent to the fast-changing scenario of the world. As a result of that, he was considerably influenced by nationalism but his nationalism was the innate love of a good-natured man for his mother-land. In fact, love for one's own country is a natural instinct and a heart bereft of patriotism is verily a dead heart. But soon Iqbal realised the way the frenzy of nationalism was whipped; it was crude ethnicity and linguistic prejudice. The claim of Nitchenze's 'Super-man' or 'Chosen creature of God' confirmed his doubts. Iqbal never approved such a nationalism



which would cause bloodshed and sufferings of humanity on such a colossal scale. The Ist World War was a big operation theatre in which millions of men were mercilessly massacred only to satisfy the false pride of a few so-called world leaders. As the War had brought in its wake uprecedented devastation of man and material, and nationalism was one of the major causes for the outbreak of the War, Iqbal was therefore thoroughly disenchanted with it. The poet who had composed once the 'Indian Anthem' in which the opening lines were:

سارے جہاں سے اچھا ہندوستان ہمارا  
ہم نبتدیں ہیں اس کی یہ ہستیاں ہمارا

Beloved India is, better than the whole world,  
We are its nightingales, it is our orchard.

was disillusioned as nationalism subsequently proved a negation of mankind as a whole.

Iqbal therefore ceased to be nationalist in his outlook, because he considered nationalism not a feeling worthy of cultivation as it ultimately gave birth to petty, narrow and selfish considerations, throttling the cosmopolitan outlook and proving detrimental to the interests of humanity as a whole.

Dr. Iqbal was, like thousands of conscientious Muslims all over the world, much pained at the way the Jews were



persecuted in Germany and other parts of Europe. It was in fact the genocide of Jewish community. In the name of nationalism, hundred thousands of the Jews were done to death for no fault of theirs except that they belonged to a community against which mass hatred was deliberately created. In Germany alone, more than half a million Jews were mercilessly killed through a special device of 'gas-killing'. It was a callous, cruel and indiscriminate murder of millions of innocent people, including women and children too; for which, except frenzy and sheer madness, no cogent explanation could be given.

Europe, the then hot-bed of nationalism, was passing through different phases of her evolution. In the opinion of Dr. Iqbal, nationalism of Europe was but a fleeting phase, and like other momentous events, that surge had to recede in the larger interest of peace, progress and prosperity of the entire human race. Citing the past epochs of Europe, Iqbal wrote:

دیکھ چکا المنی، شورش اصلاح دین

جس نے نہ چھوٹے کہیں شش کہن کے زشاں

Germany's Reformation, stirred big commotion,  
No traces it has left, for one to descry.



عرفِ غلط بن گئی عصمتِ پیر کینشت

اور نہوںی منکر کی کشتی نازک رواں

Of the holy priest, loose was sanctity's tie,  
Reason reigned supreme, other modes became wry.

چشمِ فراسیس بھی دیکھنے چلی نہ تلاب

بس سے دگرگوں نہوا منبر بیوک جہاں

Echoed reverberation. of French Revolution,  
Shaken was the Western world, vigourless to vie.

نبتِ رومی نژاد کھنس پرستی سے پیر

نبتِ تجدید سے وہ بھی نہوںی پھب جہاں

The Empire called Roman, steeped in corruption,  
With learning's revival, prospects were high.

Like the realization of 'Self', 'Love' is the dominant theme in Iqbal's poetry. 'Love' in fact transcends all barriers and, as a feeling, it's the noblest and the purest, creating an ever-lasting bondage not only between God and man but between man and man too. Love is not only a negation of



hatred but a mitigation of all man-made distinctions such as caste, creed and colour or geographical limits of a country known as boundaries. As a matter of fact, the caravan of human life has started from Adam and Eve and therefore all the human beings, irrespective of the land they live in, the faith they profess, the colour of their skin, customs and traditions, are the sons and daughters of Adam, and as such, they share a common heritage. In this vast and variegated world, love and love alone is the binding factor. It is a universal feeling which is reciprocated and understood in all parts of the world without any distinction of race or religion. Therefore, Iqbal said:

عشق کی تقویم میں عصروں کے سوا

اور زمانے بھی ہیں جن کا نہیں کوئی نام

In the Love's almanac, save the present age.  
Nameless other ages, for their recollection.

عشق دم حسبِ ریل، عشق دل مصطفیٰ

عشق خدا کا رسول، عشق خدا کا کلام

Love is Gabriel's Revelation, Mustafa's heart is Love,  
Love is God's Messenger, Love is Lord's Assertion.



عشق کی کستی ہے پیکرِ گل تابناک

عشق ہے صہبائے خام، عشق ہے کانسی اللہرام

With elixir of Love, clay's essence radiant,  
Love is pure wine, Love is fortune's flexion.

عشق فقیہِ رسم، عشق امیرِ جنود

عشق ہے ابنِ انسبیل، اس کے ہزاروں مقام

Love is pulpit's preacher, Love is legion's leader,  
Love is way-farer, with many a digression.

عشق کے مضراب نے نغمہ تارِ حیات

عشق سے نورِ حیات، عشق سے نارِ حیات

Love is heart's plectrum, its string life entire,  
Love is life's light, Love is life's fire.

As a poet of the exploited and oppressed class, Iqbal repeatedly used 'Self' as a symbol so as to infuse in the crest-fallen the spirit of courage and the feeling of hope. Further, the poet was a great advocate of the 'dignity of man' and 'dignity of labour'. The dignity of man, according to Iqbal,



could be preserved and enhanced by the realisation of one's 'Self', and the higher was promotion of 'Self' the greater in degree would grow the dignity of man, with all the more prospects of emancipation from the sordid chains of servitude of manifold kinds. Thus, Iqbal stressed:

خودمی کے نگہباز کو ہے زیرِ ناپ وہ نماں جس سے جاتی ہے اس کی آب

To guard of 'Self', Venom, is that bread,  
Which causes disgrace, and lowers head.

وہی نماں ہے اس کے لیے ارجمند رہے جس سے دنیا میں گردن بلند

If 'Self' preserved, blessed is that bread,  
That one which keeps, erect his head.

فرہنگِ محسوس سے درگزر خودمی کو نگہ رکھ، ایازمی نہ کر

Ignore majesty of the master,  
Sustain 'Self', shun slavery's way faster.





In the same poem entitled "To The Cup-bearer", Allama Iqbal has defined 'Self' in the following couplets:

یہ موجِ نفس کیسا ہے تلوار ہے  
خود می کیا ہے تلوار کی دھما ہے

What is life's current?, but a sword,  
What is 'Self?', the edge of a sword.

خود می کیا ہے رازِ درونِ حیات  
خود می کیا ہے بیداری کا سنات

What is 'Self?', life's heart secret,  
What is 'Self?', awakening's all fret.

خود می جلوہ بدست و خلوت پسند  
سمندر ہے اک بوندِ پانی میں بند

Sight - drunk, crazy for solitude,  
In a drop, ocean's plenitude.

ازل اس کے پیچھے ابد سمنے  
نہ حد اس کے پیچھے نہ حد سمنے

Its beginning precedes, follows end,  
Limitless it is, at each end.



زمانے کے دریا میں بہتی ہوئی      ستم اس کی موجوں کے سہتی ہوئی

Ever-flowing ,      in      Time's      river,  
For      waves'      buffets,      it      has      liver,

تجسس کی راہیں بدلتی ہوئی      دما دم نکا ہیں بدلتی ہوئی

Changing ,      paths      of      investigation,  
Varying      vision,      at      each      sensation.

سبک اس کے ہاتھوں میں سبک کرنا      پہاڑ اس کی ضربوں سے ریا کرنا

Easy      for      it,      each      uphill      task,  
Unravelled      is,      each      hurdle's      mask.

سفر اس کا انجام غتاز ہے      یہی اس کی تقویم کا راز ہے

Beginning      and      end,      journey's      nature,  
The      secret      of ,      its      nomenclature.



کرن چاند میں ہے شہر سنگ میں یہ بے رنگ ہے ڈوب کر رنگ میں

Moon-beam has glint, stone has flint,  
Colourless it is, yet daubed in tint.

اے واسطہ کیا کم و بیش سے نشیب و فراز و پس و پیش سے

It bothers not, for more or less,  
Ups and downs, digress, regress.

ازل سے ہے کشمکش میں اسیر ہوئی خاکِ آدم میں صورت پذیر

Since beginning, struggle's prisoner,  
Came in Adam's clay, as shape-setter:

خودی کا نشیمن تھے دل میں ہے فلک جس طرح آنکھ کے تل میں ہے

Seat of 'Self', rests in thy heart,  
As eye's pupil, sky's resort.

Whereas Iqbal believed that Islam was 'a complete code of life', he had never a dogmatic or narrow view of the religion.



He believed that God the Almighty, in His infinite mercy and wisdom sent one hundred and twenty four thousand messengers for the proper guidance and benefit of mankind. Whether it was Judaism, Christianity or Islam, the divine message was one and the same, except that with each succeeding prophet, the divine message became not only more definite and final but more expanding and sublimating in its degree. Therefore, Iqbal's poetry is replete with allusions to the prophets such as Abraham, David, Moses and Christ, etc. Some of these allusions are given as under:

دلِ طوہرِ سینا و فارانِ زہیم  
تجلی کا پھر منتظر ہے کلیم

Broken Sinai, and Faran's heart,  
Moses, waiting for light's start.

and,

ہاتھ بے نور ہیں اللہ سے دلِ خگر ہیں  
بت شکن اٹھ گئے باقی جو ہے بت گر ہیں  
امتی باعث رسوائی پیہ بہ ہیں  
تھا براہیم پدر اور پر آزر ہیں

بادہ اشام سے بادہ نیاسم بھی نئے  
حرمِ کعبہ نیابت بھی نئے تم بھی نئے



Powerless are the arms, breasts apostasy brace,  
Prophet's followers are, the cause of his disgrace,  
Idol-breakers gone, idol-makers crave grace,  
Righteous was Abraham, son unworthy of race,

New are cups, new cup-bearers, novel too is ale,  
You worship new idols, without any fail.

The real message of Islam is " لَا إِكْرَاهَ فِي الدِّينِ " (There is no compulsion in religion). and " لَكُمْ دِينُكُمْ وَلِيَ دِينِ " (For you is your religion, for me mine"). When this is the real gospel of Islam, how could Iqbal deviate from it? Not to speak of the prophets of the Semitic race whom Iqbal profusely quoted in his poetry, he was so liberal and generous that he paid glowing tributes to Gautam Buddha, Ram Chandra and Guru Nanak. The following couplets are revealing in this context:

قوم نے سپینا گوتم کی ذرا پڑا نہ کی      قدر پہچانی نہ اپنے گوہر ایک دانہ کی

The nation cared not the least, for Gautam's great gospel,  
Priceless was the gem indeed, but it did not excel.

For Ram Chandra, the most venerated deity of India whom the Hindus regard as an incarnation of God, Iqbal said:



ہے ام کے جو یہ ہندوستان کو نماز  
ایلیٹن سمجھتے ہیں اس کو امام ہند

For India, existence of Ram is great pride,  
India's leader he is reckoned, manly and divine.

And:

تلوار کا دھنی تھا شجاعت میں فرد تھا  
پاکیزگی میں جوشِ محبت میں فرد تھا

In swordsmanship unequalled, in bravery unsurpassed,  
All unique in piety, in love's passion high-classed.

To Guru Narak, the founder of Sikh religion and a spiritual luminary, who showed to his million followers the right path, Iqbal paid the homage in the following couplets:

بت لڈ پھر بعد بت کے مگر روشن ہوا  
نورِ ابراہیم سے آزر کا گھر روشن ہوا

It's after long, that idol-house was lit again,  
With light of Abraham, Aazar's house was lit again.



## پھر اٹھی آخر صد توحید کی پنجاب سے ہند کو ال مرد کامل نے جکایا خواب سے

It was from Punjab again, preaching of Monotheism began,  
From sleep awakened was India, by a perfect man.

As to other prophets and founders of religions, Iqbal paid most glowing tributes to the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h). If Michael H. Hart, the author of the book entitled "The 100" can place the Holy Prophet at number One, ranking Christ after Muhammad (p.b.u.h.), Iqbal was after all a Muslim whose heart throbbed and soul craved for the love of the Prophet. In the premise of the said book, Michael H. Hart, the learned author, writes:

"A striking example of this is my ranking Muhammad higher than Jesus, in large part because of my belief that Muhammad had a much greater influence on the formulation of the Moslem religion than Jesus had on the formulation of the Christian religion ....."\*

For Iqbal, as for millions of Muslims, the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) was the most exalted being and the centre of all love. According to the belief of the Muslims, the Holy Prophet

\* Premise of "The 100", Michael H. Hart, page 28, A. & W. Publishers Inc., New York.



was the cause of the creation of this universe, therefore his sweet name has such prowess and magnetic effect that all the formidable problems of the world can be solved and global darkness can be removed by the spell of his name provided the lover is earnest and sincere in his love. It was because of this reason that Iqbal said:

قوتِ عشق سے ہرست کو بالا کرو  
دیر میں ام محمد سے اُجالا کرو

With power of Love, raise lowly to great height,  
With Mohammad's name, illumine world with light.  
and;

کی محمد سے فنا تو نے تو ہمتیے ہیں  
یہ جہاں چیز ہے کیا لوح و قلم تیری ہے

To Mohammad's adherence, rests thy salvation,  
Mean is this world, far higher thy destination.

If Iqbal pleaded the Muslims' cause because they were the worst victims of tyranny and oppression, the poet castigated them most virulently for their perverse ways responsible for their decay. The following sixtains, full of chidings and strictures, are noteworthy in this context. Addressing the Muslims through the mouth-piece of God, he said:





جن کو آتما نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن تم ہو  
 نہیں بس قوم کو پروا کے شین تم ہو  
 بجلیاں بس میں جو اسنوہ و و ضرمن تم ہو  
 بیچ لھاتے ہیں اسلاف کے مدفن تم ہو  
 ہونو نام قجوبڑوں کی تجارت کے  
 کیا نہ بیچو گے جو لجا ہیں صنم تھکے

In no art and craft now, you're well grounded,  
 You are ah! the nation, rudderless, unfounded,  
 Stunned you're for long, yet feel not astounded,  
 To your own ancestors, an affront unbounded,  
 Profiteering from graves, you intend to let them,  
 Won't you sell idols, if perchance you get them?

In the same vein, Iqbal censured the modern Muslims  
 in the following sixtains:

کون ہے تارکِ آئینِ رسولِ مختار؟  
 مصلحتِ وقت کی ہے کس کے عمل کا معیار؟  
 کس کی آنکھوں میں مایہ ہے غبارِ غیا؟  
 ہو لہی کس کی نگاہ زلف سے سیراز؟  
 قلب میں سو زہیں روح میں احساس نہیں  
 کچھ بھی پیامِ محمد کا تمہیں ماہر نہیں



Abjured has who?, the traditions of the Prophet?,  
Whose expediency has, the standard unset?,  
Who is aping others?, without the least pet,  
Forefather's path who has left, without regret?

Remorseless is your heart, your soul without lustre,  
How heedless are you, to message of Messenger?

جاکے ہوتے ہیں مساجد میں صفت آرا تو غریب      زحمت و زہ جو کرتے ہیں گوارا تو غریب  
نام یہی تہا ہے الرکوعی ہمارا، تو غریب      پردہ کھست ہے الرکوعی تمہارا، تو غریب  
اُمراۃ دولت میں ہیں غافل ہم سے  
زندہ ہے ملت بیضا غریبا کے دم سے

To mosques, regular visitors, are but the poor,  
Ramzan's rigorous fasters, are but he poor,  
Entrenched in faith, Our lovers, are but the poor,  
Of your lapses, the concealers, are but the poor,

Vain and wretched are the rich, wealth-drunk, all thriving,

For the down-trodden, religion's surviving.

Comparing the Muslims of the past with the Muslims



of the present time, the poet felt constrained to say:

تم ہو آپس میں غضب ناک وہ آپس میں حسیم      تم خطا کار و خطا بین وہ خطا پوش و کریم  
 چاہتے سب میں کچھ ہوں اور شریا یہ معتسم      پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرتے قاسم  
 تختِ فغفور بھی ان کا تھا، سریر کے بھی  
 یونہی باتیں ہیں کہ تم میں وہ حمیت ہے بھی؟

Fray-mongers as you are, peace-makers were they,  
 Wrong-doers as you are, forgivers were they,  
 To glory's pinnacle, all do wish their way,  
 Fully sated their hearts, of no lure a prey,  
 To them matched Chinese throne, nor Persia's crown.  
 You are bibble-babble, to conscience you frown.

خود کشی شہ تو تمھارا، وہ غیو و خود دا      تم اخوت کے لڑیاں وہ اخوت پہ نثار  
 تم چو کھفتا سر اپا، وہ سر اپا لڑا      تم ترستے ہو علی کو، وہ ہستاں بہ لٹا  
 اب تک یاد ہے قوموں کو حکایت ان کی  
 نقش ہے صفحہ ہستی پہ اقتان کی



Suicide your way, dignity they maintained,  
Brotherhood you bother not, they cherished and Sustained,  
Men of words but you are, action they never abstained,  
You tumble on ground, great heights they attained,  
Living yet are their deeds, achievements not faded,  
Shining their truth is, its lustre unshaded.

Dr. Iqbal was a lover of innovations. When kingship was regarded as something out-moded and democracy was introduced as a system of government, especially in the Third World countries, he welcomed it as he thought that the new system might be helpful in alleviating the sufferings of the exploited and oppressed people. Therefore he said:

سُطانی بسور کا آتا ہے زمانہ  
جو نقش کھن تم کو نظر آئے، مٹا دو

Democracy's order is, just round the corner,  
Blot out ugly traces, that look unsound.

But soon, as a man of profound vision, he felt that the greatest drawback of democracy was that it treated all men alike and made no distinction between the learned and the ignorant, and between a pious as well as a profane person.



As such, democracy was itself a farce where the majority of the ignorant counted and the common folks were generally befooled by their own elected representatives. Therefore he said:

جمہوریت اک طرز حکومت ہے کہ جس میں  
بندوں کو گنا کرتے ہیں، تو لانا نہیں کرتے!

Democracy, a system of government, is that,  
Where men just counted, without any weight.

Similarly, in the initial stages of the enforcement of Communism as the state power in Russia, Iqbal had a feeling that it might prove a potent shield for the poor and the down-trodden. As the philosophy of Communism was the brain-child of Karl Marl which he had expressed in details in 'Das Capital', therefore Iqbal paid him a tribute in the following line:

نہیست پیغمبروں کی مگر درجہ بے شمار کتاب

Not the prophet, but the possessor of a great book.

David's Psalms, Torah, the Holy Bible and the Holy Quran are four sacred books and each of them contains Divine message



for the welfare and betterment of mankind. Neither Marx was a prophet nor did 'Das Capital' contain Divine message, yet the poet paid tribute to the author of 'Das Capital' for the simple reason that Marx had passionately as well as sincerely advocated the cause of the exploited class and that the book itself was a great testament of the rights of the proleteriat.

As the poet of the exploited and the oppressed class, Iqbal is at his best in the poem entitled 'Lenin: In The Presence Of God'. In this poem, he is at the extreme height of his outbursts against the exploitative system of Capitalism and the mode of trade which is nothing short of a gamble. To Iqbal, the then Europeans were but blood-suckers with their boons of "joblessness, nudity, poverty and ale-drinking". Of course, those were Iqbal's own revolutionary thoughts expressed through the mouth-piece of Lenin, the then acclaimed as the greatest exponent of the oppressed class. Look! how thought-provoking, emotion-packed, bold and assertive are the last two couplets:

تو تاور و عادل ہے مگر تیرے جہاں میں

ہیں تلخ بہت بندہ مزدور کے اوقات

All Powerful and Just art Thou, but in Thy world,  
Labourer's life miserable, with no inspiration.



کب ڈوبے گا سرمایہ پرستی کا سفینہ؟

دنیا ہے تری منتظر، روزِ مکافات!

The curse of capital worship, how long will it persist?  
Thy world is waiting for, the Day of Reparation.

In fact, so evocative are Lenin's words and such is the logical force of his arguments that even the innocent and guileless angels find it difficult to restrain their feelings and they start singing a song in chorus, admitting that the world is yet incomplete, it is still in its embryonic stage and is being ruled irrationally by brute forces. To quote a few couplets from the poem entitled "Song Of The Angels":

عقل ہے بے زمام ابھی عشق ہے بے تمام ابھی  
نقش کر ازل! ترا نقش ہے تمام ابھی

Undirected is yet Intellect, Love yet unplaced,  
O Eternal Printer!, Thy print is yet untraced.

خلق خدا کی گھات میں رند و فقیہ و سیر  
تیرے جہاں میں ہے وہی گردشِ صبح و شام ابھی

Waylaying for noble men, each priest and reprobate,  
In Thy world, motion of morn and eve is, yet unlaced,



تیرے مال مست تیرے فقیر حال مست بندہ ہے کوچہ گروا بھی خواجہ بلند بام بھی

Contented Thy rich, to fate reconciled poor,  
Much exalted're masters, slaves yet ungraced.

So heart-moving and powerful is the speech of Lenin that whereas it stirs the angels, it has its effect upon God, the Almighty. He therefore commands the angels to set things right so that the deprived are no longer deprived and the oppressed are no longer oppressed. What a qualitative and revolutionary change the Providence orders for! Iqbal, as the champion and exponent of the suffering humanity, is at his best in the following couplets:

اٹھو امیری دنیا کے غریبوں کے جگادو کاخ امرا کے در و دیوار ہلا دو

Awaken the poor, in chains who are bound,  
Palaces of the rich, be razed to ground.

گرماتو غلاموں کا لہو سوز یقین سے کٹھنکشاہ فرمایا یہ لو شاہیں سے لڑادو

Heaten slaves' blood, with passion of certainty,  
Let falcon be a prey, let sparrow pound.





جس کھیت سے ہمتاں کو میسر نہیں روزی  
اس کھیت کے ہر خوشہ لندم کو جلا دو

Worthless is that field, which fails to feed farmer,  
Set to fire spike of wheat, all around.

کیوں خالق و مخلوق میں حائل رہیں پروے  
پیران کلیسا کو کلیسا سے اٹھا دو

Why a veil, between Creator and creature?,  
Permit not the priest, believers to hound.

حق را بسجودے صنماں را بطواف  
بہتر ہے چراغِ حرم و دیر بجھا دو

To God submission, to idols circumflexion,  
Worship places' candles, blow out if found.

Finally, Iqbal said for himself:

میں ناخوش و بیزار ہوں مرمر کی سلوں سے  
میرے لیے مٹی کا حرم اور بنا دو

Disgusting for me are, slabs of the marble,  
Erect for me an earthen mosque, simple but sound.



In support of my thesis, I have extensively quoted the verses of Iqbal, limelighting his revolutionary message and his concern for the exploited as well as oppressed class existing all over the globe, not the Muslims alone. I leave the judgement to the sweet will of the learned and valued readers of this book. In my considered opinion, despite producing Orientalists and men of letters, the West has so far not been able to fully grasp the real message inherent in the poetry of the poet - philosopher of the East.

The need of the hour is that Dr. Iqbal's poetry be reassessed in its true perspective and be presented to the world community in its real spirit. For this task, no other organization is more competent than Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, which is indeed a forum of distinguished scholars and presently is marching ahead under the able and lustre-radiating personality of its President, Mr. Mushahid Hussain, Advisor to the Hon'ble Prime Minister of Pakistan. Mr. Mushahid Hussain, besides being a seasoned and well-known journalist of this country, is a man of imminent learning and of consummate experience. The Academy, I am sure, will grow under his benign patronage.

My unbounded gratitude is for Muhammad Suheyl Umar, Acting Director of Iqbal Academy Pakistan, Lahore, whose personal interest in the book has made its publication possible. I am confident that the Academy will progress by leaps and bounds under his guidance.

Dr. Waheed Ishrat, Assistant Director and Mr. Ahmed Javed, Senior Research Scholar in the Academy are outstanding in their fields. Dr. Ishrat is an asset to this organization for his qualities as a scholar and as a man. So is Mr. Ahmed Javed, a



man steeped in Oriental learning and languages, besides being an accomplished poet.

My most fervent thanks are to Dr. Tahseen Firaqi, an eminent scholar and a man of profound learning. This book would have perhaps never seen the light of day but for the pains of this great scholar whose valuable and pertinent suggestions at places not only made it printable but me invulnerable too from the scathing criticism, I therefore don't hesitate in acknowledging the fact that Dr. Firaqi's contribution to this book is far more than my own humble effort.

In this book, my valued friend, Mr. Husain Nasser, an elite of the city, a poet of Urdu and a lover of literature has been a source of great encouragement and I owe him a good deal of gratitude. My trusted friend, Mr. Rashid Haider Rizvi, who has always been a ray of hope to me in moments of despondence, deserves to be mentioned in this book. Similarly, Mr. Sarfaraz Abad, an accomplished poet of Urdu and a man of sterling qualities, who has always been kind so as to shower his love on me, deserves a place in this book.

Dr. Naved Iqbal, a prominent Pakistani doctor in New York and a lover of Dr. Iqbal's poetry, was initially interested in getting this book published from America under the aegis of an association called "Friends of Pakistan" but for certain difficulties, it could not be published at this stage. However, if he gets inspired by going through this book, perhaps he may tackle the publication of the next edition.

Prof. Sardar Naqvi has been very kind to me in explaining to me the meanings of certain esoteric verses for which I am all grateful to him. I owe a lot to my colleagues, Prof. Karamat-Ullah Rajput, Dr. Prof. Abu Khalid Siddiqi, Prof. Aijaz Husain and Prof. Ashar Husain for their kind



in manifold ways. In materializing my visit from Karachi to Iqbal Academy, Lahore, regarding the agreement for publication, the way Mr. Mohammad Wasi Khan and Mr. Sajjad Haider rendered their valuable services, I am thankful to them.

I have the greatest regards for Mr. Saqib Ali Khan, proprietor of Ghazanfar Academy, Urdu Bazar, Karachi, who is patronising very many authors of this megapolis. I have all the appreciation for Mr. Aijaz Haider, my very dear and dependable student, whose cooperation and assistance helped me a lot in the fulfilment of this task.

May 25, 1997.

**Prof. S.G. Abbas,**  
Principal  
&  
Professor of English,  
Sirajuddullah Govt.  
College, Karachi.







## CHILD'S PRAYER

To a solemn prayer, my wish does prod,  
Like a candle be, my life O God!

Lifted Through my being, be the pall of gloom,  
Places I sparkle, with lustre in its bloom.

All over my land, such a grace I shower,  
As in an orchard, radiant is a flower.



# بچے کی دُعا

لب پہ آتی ہے دُعا بن کے تمنا میری  
زندگی شمع کی صورت ہو چننا میری

دُور دنیا کا مرے دم سے اندھیرا ہو جائے  
ہر جگہ میرے چمکنے سے اُجالا ہو جائے

ہو مرے دم سے یونہی میرے وطن کی زینت  
جس طرح پھول سے ہوتی ہے چمن کی زینت





Very like a moth, be my life O Lord!,  
All love for learning, no strife O Lord!.

Service my mission, to the down-trodden,  
Succour my passion, to the crest-fallen.

Save me O God!, from every form of evil,  
Lead me to right path, away from devil.



زندگی چو مری پروانے کی صورت یارب  
علم کی شمع سے ہو مجھ کو محبت یارب!

جو مرا کام عنبریوں کی حسیت کرنا  
درد مندوں سے، ضعیفوں سے محبت کرنا

مرے اللہ! بُرائی سے بچانا مجھ کو  
نیک جو راہ چو اُس رو پہ چلانا مجھ کو



## MIRZA GHALIB

From thy being, it dawned upon the human thought,  
For imagination's flight, there's limit naught,  
All spirit, with poetry thy body fraught,  
Concourse's grace, yet in assemblage distraught,

For beauty alone, thy eye has distinction,  
In each object hidden, as life's burning passion.



## مرزا غالب

فکرِ انساں پر تری ہستی سے یہ روشن ہوا  
چہ پر مرغِ تخیل کی رسائی تا کجا  
تھا سراپا روح تو، بزمِ سخن پیکر ترا  
زیبِ مجلس بھی رہا مجلس سے پنہاں بھی ہا

دید تیری آنکھ کو اس حسن کی منظوم ہے  
بن کے سوزِ زندگی ہر شے میں جو مستوم ہے



With thy harp exists, this world's precious treasure,  
As with the river-songs, there's mount's leisure,  
Heavenly thy fancy, source of Nature's pleasure,  
World's greenery grows, with thy thoughts of stature,

**Pert thy writings, pregnant with life's meaning deep,  
Mute picture's lips, as if ready to speak.**

For speech, great pride is thy oration,  
Pleiades startled, at thy imagination,  
Brisk thy style, a source of animation,  
For flower of Shiraz, Delhi's bud in elation.

**Ah! deserted is Delhi, thy resting-place,  
Thy fellow in Weimer, sleeping with grace.**

- 
1. By 'flower of Shiraz' the poet means Haafiz Shirazi, a great Persian poet.
  2. It is an allusion to Mirza Ghalib himself.
  3. It refers to Goethe, an eminent German poet. Sir Muhammad Iqbal was very much influenced by that great German poet.



مخمل ہستی تری بربط سے ہے سرمایہ دار جس طرح ندی کے نغموں سے کھوت کو ہمار  
تیرے فرد و جنس تیل سے ہے قدرت کی بہا تیری کشتِ فکر سے اگتے ہیں عالم سبز و ۱۰

زندگی مضمون ہے تیری شوخی تحریر میں  
تاب کو یانی بے جنبش ہے لب تصویر میں

نطق کو سونا نہیں تیرے لبِ عجب از پر  
محو حیرت ہے تری آفت پر از پر

شاہِ مضمون تصدق ہے تیرے انداز پر  
خندہ زن ہے غنچہ دلی گل شیراز پر

اے! تو اُجڑی ہوئی دلی میں آہیڈ ہے

گلشنِ دیر میں یہ رہنمِ انجواہیڈ ہے



In sweetness of speech, thou art unmatched,  
Till pure imagination, with sublime thought matched,  
Alas! from the Indian land, all glory snatched,  
O possessor of piercing eye!, O critic all detached!

**Urdu's lock still needs, a lot of embellishment,  
Ravished moth is mad for, candle's blandishment.**

4

O Jahanabad!, cradle of learning and skill,  
As sorrow's replica, thy abodes are still,  
From each atom of thee, sun and moon light refill,  
Hidden are million gems, in thy dust and sill,

**Buried in thee, such a pride of literature?  
Covert in thee, is a man of such a stature?**

---

4. Old name of Delhi.



لطفِ گویائی میں یہی ہر مہرِ مکن نہیں      چو تخیل کا نہ جب تک فکر کا مل ہم نہیں  
ہائے اب کیا ہو گئی ہندوستان کی سرزمین      آہائے لطفِ آرزو! موزِ نگاہِ مست ہیں

کیسے اردو ابھی مست پذیرِ شان ہے

شمعِ سودائی و سوزی پروا ہے

اے جہانِ آباد! گے گوارہِ علم و ہنر      ہیں سہرا پانالہ خاموش تیرے بامِ در  
قرنوں میں ترخے اب یہ شمس و قمر      یوں تو پوشیدہ تیرے خالک میں لاکھوں

دفنِ تجھ میں کوئی فخر نہ رکھتا کیا ہے؟

تجھ میں کیا موتی آئے اب کیا ہے؟





# SHAKESPEARE

For morn faint light, rivers' gentleness a mirror,  
For eve's lyrics, evening's stillness a mirror,

Flower leaves a mirror, as spring's precursor,  
For wine's surfeit, cup's refill-ness a mirror,

Beauty is Nature's mirror, heart beauty's reflector,  
For human heart, thy muse's shrillness a mirror,

Thy lofty thought is, being's sublimation,  
Was thy glaring self, being's reverberation?



# شکستہ

شفیق صبح کو دریا کا خرام آئیے نہ  
نغمہ شام کو خاموشی شام آئیے نہ  
برل گل آئینہ عارض زینبے بہا  
شاہدے کے لیے جملہ جام آئیے نہ  
حسن آئینہ حق اور دل آئینہ جن  
دل نساں کو ترا حسن کلام آئیے نہ

چہ تے فکر فلک سے کہاں ہستی  
کیا تری فطرت روشن تھی مال ہستی



When looked for, by searching eye of a searcher,  
Wrapped the sun appeared, in its very lustre,

From world's eye, thy being remained unperceived,  
Unfurled was the world, in thy eye's aperture,

This is Nature's way, for secret's preservation,  
No wizard as such shall come, for world's inspiration.



تجھ کو جب دیدار طلب نے ڈھونڈا  
تاخبر شید میں خبر شید کو پنہاں دیکھا  
چشم عالم سے تو ہستی رہی ستوری  
اور عالم کو ترمی آنکھ نے غریاں دیکھا  
حفظ اسرار کا فطرت کو ہے سووا ایسا  
رازواں بھرنہ لکے کی کوئی پیدا ایسا



## DAAGH

For many ages, buried has been Ghalib, within earth's bed,  
Mehdi-e-Majrooh<sup>5</sup> too, a dweller of the City of Dead.

Ameer's<sup>6</sup> cask, death has undone, that too, in an alien land,  
Yet lasts its torpor for wine-lovers, its taste all bland.

But this day O friend!, the whole orchard is in lamentation,  
Gone is that candle, melody is in its dissipation.

In this orchard, Delhi's nightingale, did build its roost,  
Existing there are, all nightingales, for music's boost.

Ah! passed away has Daagh,<sup>7</sup> his body lifted to be buried,

Mute is Jahanabad's last poet, what a tragedy indeed!

---

5. A famous Urdu poet.

6. Ameer Minal, an accomplished Urdu poet who died in Hyderabad Deccan. That's why the expression 'in an alien land' stands for his death.

7. An eminent poet, the guide of Dr. Iqbal in the field of poetry.



# داع

عظمتِ غالب ہے اک مدتِ پیوندِ زمیں  
مہدیِ مجروح ہے شہرِ خموشاں کا مکین  
توڑ ڈالی موت نے غربت میں سینا  
چشمِ محفل میں ہے اب تک کیفِ صہبائے امیر  
آج لیکن سمنو! سارا چمن با تم ہے  
شمعِ روشنِ شجہ لہنی بزمِ سخن با تم ہے  
بہلِ دلی نے باندھا اس چمن میں آشیانہ  
ہم نوا ہیں عینِ سبِ دلِ باغِ ہستی کے جہاں

چل بسا داع آہِ ہستی اس کی زیبِ پوش ہے

آخری شاعرِ جہانِ باد کا خاموش ہے



Where is that gaiety? that wantonness of style?  
In old age, youth's fire subsided, not for a while.

The wish that Daagh articulated, with it each heart sealed,  
There the meaning all overt, here it is all concealed;

Who'll ask nightingales now, why flowers are mute?  
For the nightingales' wailings, who will now impute?

**Never evaded was the fact, though soaring was his thought,  
Never was its nest amiss, bird's eye was not distraught.**



اب کہاں وہ بانگین، وہ شوخی طرزِ بیاں  
آگ تھی کانو پر پیری میں جوانی کی نہاں  
تھی زبانِ آغ پر جو آرزو ہر دل میں ہے  
لیلیٰ معنی ہاں بے پردہ یاں محسوس میں ہے  
اب سب سے کون نوحھے گا سکوتِ گل کارا  
کون سمجھے گا چمن میں نالہ بربلس کارا

تھی حقیقت سے ز غفلت فکر کی پروازیں

اسکھٹے سار کی نشین پر پھی پرواز میں





In others' works, there would be delicacies,  
At extreme height, their thoughts' intricacies.

By focusing harsh realities, he would make us weep,  
Or in a dreamy world of fancy, would lull us to sleep.

Shiraz's nightingales, shall be born in this orchard,  
Hundreds of sorcers, shall be, men of marvels, in this world.

In muse's magic casement, scores of Aazars<sup>8</sup> shall roll,  
New cup-bearers shall have new flasks, for ale as a whole.

Of heart's desires, many more, will be explanations,  
O Youth's Dream!, many more will be thy interpretations.

**Love's real portrait, who'll now draw so exactly?  
Gone is the archer, whose arrow'll pierce heart instantly?**

---

8. Historically speaking, Aazar was the uncle of Abraham. He was an idol-maker and a poet too.



اور دکھلائیں گے مضمون کی ہمیں بارکیاں  
تلخیصی دوراں کے نقشے کھینچ کر لو ایں گے  
اس چمن میں جس کے پیدا بسبل شیراز بھی  
انٹھیں گے آزر ہزاروں شعر کے بت خانے سے  
بکتھیں جائیں گی کتاب دل کی تفسیریں بہت  
اپنے فکرِ نکستہ آرا کی فلکِ سپائیاں  
یا تختیل کی نئی دنیا ہوں دکھلائیں گے  
سیکڑوں ساحر بھی ہوں گے صاحبِ عجاہز بھی  
مے پلا میں گے نئے ساقی نئے چمانے سے  
ہوں گی انے اب جانی! تیری تعبیریں بہت

ہو ہو کھینچے گا لیس کن عشق کی تصویر کو  
اٹھ لیا ناول و ننگن ما کے کا دل پر تیر کوں؟



With seeds of tears, I sow, poetry's land too deep,  
Ye too shed tears, O Dust of Delhi!, for Daagh I weep.

O Jahanabad! O Poetry's priceless treasure!,  
As this day is set autumn, thy orchard has no leisure.

Very like odour, parted is thy comely flower,  
With the death of Daagh, ah! deserted is Urdu's bower.

In native land, perhaps there lay no charm, no boon,  
In land of Deccan, buried was also that full moon.

**Departed all cup-bearers, ale-house not thriving,  
In Delhi's galaxy, only Haa'li is surviving.**

Death's cruel clutches, indeed, throttle all expectations,  
In darkness is Death's Angel, with his arrow's castigations.

But tongue-tied we remain, as complaint has no substance,  
Somewhat to the autumn hue, owes the world its existence,

**Universal law controls all, it's the real master,  
Whether it be flowers' odour, death of flower-plucker.**

---

9. A great Urdu poet, precursor and predecessor of Iqbal.



اشک کے دانے زمینِ شعر میں بوتا ہوں میں  
تو بھی روئے خالِ آبی داغ کو روتا ہوں میں  
اے جہانِ باد، اے سرمایہ بزمِ سخن!  
ہو گیا پھر آج پامالِ خزانِ تیرا چین  
وہ گلِ نکمیں ترا، نصیبِ مثالِ بوجہا  
او جہاں لی داغ سے کاشانہ اُڑو ہوا  
تھی نہ شاید کچھ ششِ اسی وطن کی خال میں  
وہ سہِ کامل ہوا، پیمانِ کن کی خال میں

اٹھ گئے ساقی جو تھے، مے خانہ خالی ہو گیا  
یا دکارِ بزمِ دہلی ایک حسالی ہو گیا

ارزو کو خونِ رلائی ہے بیدارِ اجل  
مارتا ہے تیرا ریکی میں صہیتا و اجل  
کھل نہیں سکتی شکایت کے لیے لکینِ باں  
بچے خزان کا رنگ بھی جو قیامِ گلستاں

ایک ہی قانونِ عالمِ صمیرے ہیں سب اثر  
بوتے گل کا باغ سے گلچیں کا دنیا سے سفر



## INDIAN ANTHEM

Beloved India is, better than the whole world,  
We are its nightingales, it is our orchard.

If in an alien land, our hearts are at home,  
We exist only there, our hearts are stirred.

That mount's peak, that neighbour of the sky,  
Our sentinel is that, our guard undeterred.

Playful are thousand rivers, in its very lap,  
By their being, Heavenly is our orchard.



## ترانہ ہندی

ہم ٹلبدیں ہیں اس کی نیہرستان ہمارا

سمجھو وہیں ہمیں بھی دل ہو جہاں ہمارا

وہ سنتری ہمارا، وہ پاسبان ہمارا

گلشنِ بہن کے دم سے رشکِ جناب ہمارا

سب سے جہاں سے اچھا ہندوستان ہمارا

غربت میں جوں اگر ہم رہتا ہے دل وطن میں

پریت وہ سب سے اونچا، سہا پہ آسمان کا

گودی میں کھلتی ہیں اس کی ہزاروں ندیاں



O water of the Ganges! are yet fresh those days?  
On thy bank halted, our fleet unspurred.

The essence of religion is, love not hatred,  
Indians are we, India our home unerred.

Extinct were all, whether Greece, Egypt or Rome,  
We continue to exist, our name unslurred.

It is for something, that we're yet existent,  
For ages with us enmity, Time has stirred.

None is there in this world, O Iqbal! who knows,  
Our pains and sufferings have, yet remained unheard.



اے آپ دنگنا! وہ دن ہیں یا تو تجھ کو؟

اُتر اتر کے کناے جب کارواں ہمارا

ذہب نہیں کھاتا آپس میں سر کھنا

ہندی ہیں ہم وطن ہے ہندوستان ہمارا

یونان مصر و ماسب مٹ گئے جہاں سے

اب تک مگر ہے باقی نام و نشان ہمارا

کچھ بات ہے کہ ہستی مٹی نہیں ہماری

صدیوں کا ہے دشمن دورِ زماں ہمارا

اقبال! کوئی محم اپنا نہیں جہاں میں

معلوم کیا کسی کو درِ بوساں ہمارا





## NATIONAL SONG OF THE INDIAN CHILDREN

10

The land wherefrom gospel of Truth, Chishti conveyed,

Hymns of Divinity there, Nanak<sup>11</sup> assayed,

The land to which, the Tartars<sup>12</sup> their country made,

Forsaking their homes, Hejazis<sup>13</sup> there stayed,

**That is my country that is my land**

To the Greeks, the land which amazed and astonished,

Knowledge and skill to whole world, the land which furnished,

To its soil, richness of wealth, Lord had lavished,

Lapels of the Turks, with diamonds which furnished,

**That is my country, that is my land.**

10. Khwaja Moinuddin Chishti, a great saint who is largely respected as yet by all communities in the entire Sub-continent of South Asia for his preachings. His tomb exists at Ajmer, India.

11. Guru Nanak was the founder of Sikh religion. He too was a preacher of Monotheism.

12. Originally of the Turkish origin, the Tartars were men of formidable, rough and unmanageable disposition but they were great warriors. An army of the Tartars attacked India, became her rulers and settled down permanently there.

13. People belonging to Hejaz. Hejaz consists of a large territory. It is presently a part of modern Saudi Arabia. The sacred towns of Mecca and Medina are in Hejaz. In other words, the cradle of Islamic culture and civilization.

# ہندوستانی بچوں کا قومی گیت

چشتی نے جزیرے میں پیغامِ حق سنایا      ناناک نے جس چمن میں وحدت کا گیت گایا  
تاتاریوں نے جس کو اپنا وطن بنایا      جس نے حجازیوں سے شہتِ عرب چھڑایا

میرا وطن وہی ہے میرا وطن وہی ہے

یونانیوں کو جس نے حیران کر دیا تھا      سائے جہاں کو جس نے علم و نیر دیا تھا  
مٹھی کو جس کی حق نے زر کا اثر دیا تھا      ترکوں کا جس نے امن بیڑے سے بھڑکایا تھا

میرا وطن وہی ہے میرا وطن وہی ہے



From Persia's heaven, shooting stars released,  
With milky-way's light, their lustre it increased,  
Monotheism's tune to the world, from this place breezed,  
With gush of cool gale, the Holy <sup>14</sup> Prophet was pleased,

**That is my country, that is my land.**

15

16

Its people as Moses, its mounts as Sinai,  
There it was, that Noah's Arc ceased to ply,  
Exalted its land, as stairs to sky,  
In its very expanse, Heaven's glories lie,

**That is my country, that is my land.**

---

14 Hazrat Muhammad (p.b.u.h.), the Prophet of Islam.

15. Moses, the Friend of God, was one of the major prophets.

16. It was at Mt. Sinai that Moses saw the light of God. Sinai was burnt and Moses fainted.



ٹوٹے تھے جوتارے فارس کے آسمان سے  
پھر تابوے کے جس نے چمکائے لکشاں سے  
وہ تہ کی لے سنی تھی دنیا نے جس مکان سے  
میر عرب نے آئی ٹھنڈی ہو جاہماں سے

میرا وطن وہی ہے، میرا وطن وہی ہے

بندے کلیم جس کے پر بت جہاں کھینا  
نوح نبی کا اگر ٹھہرا جہاں سفینا  
رقت ہے جس زمیں کی مابم فلک کا زینا  
جنت کی زندگی ہے جس کی فضا میں جینا

میرا وطن وہی ہے، میرا وطن وہی ہے



## RAM

Brimmed is India's flask, but with Truth's toxicant wine,  
For the Western philosophers, charm of Ram,<sup>17</sup> a sure sign.

Of the Indians, such is the effect of thoughts' loftiness,  
India's place higher than canopy, which we assign.

In this country are sprung, thousands angel-like men,  
It's but for them, India retains her glory and shine.

For India, existence of Ram, is a great pride,  
India's leader he is reckoned, manly and divine.

Of significant marvel is, indeed this beacon - light,  
Brighter than morn is, India's eve, all gay and fine.

In swordsmanship unequalled, in bravery unsurpassed,  
All unique in piety, in love's passion high - classed.

---

17. According to a legend of Hinduism, Ram Chandra was an incarnation of God. He was the son of King Dashrath. For the sake of truth and piety, he had to go through an ordeal of relegation for fourteen years.



رام

لہریزے شہرِ حقیقت سے جاہل ہند  
سب سنی پختہ مغرب کے امام ہند  
یہ ہندیوں کے فخرِ فلک رس کا ہے اثر  
رفعت میں سماں سے بھی اونچا ہے امام ہند  
اس دس میں ہوتے ہیں نزاروں ملک شہرت  
مشہور جن کے م سے ہے دنیا میں نام ہند  
چے ام کے وجود پہ ہندوستان کو نماز  
اہلِ ظن سمجھتے ہیں اس کو امام ہند  
اعجاز اس چراغِ ہدایت کا ہے یہی  
روشن تر از سحر ہے زمانے میں شام ہند  
تلوار کا دھنی تھا شجاعت میں فرد تھا  
پاکیزگی میں جوشِ محبت میں فرد تھا



## NANAK

The nation cared not the least, for Gautam's<sup>18</sup> great gospel,  
Priceless was the gem indeed, but it did not excel.

With Reality's Voice<sup>19</sup> ah!, the wretched were all free,  
To its own fruit's sweetness, as if heedless is a tree.

Unravelled he all that, which in fact was, life's mystery,  
India prided in, but fanciful philosophy.

---

18. Siddharta or better known as Gautam Buddha is still reckoned as a spiritual force. Born and brought up as a prince in Kapilvastu, he married a lady named Yashodhra and begot a child named Rahul. But he was soon disgusted with this world. As a result of it, he renounced the world. He wandered far and wide in search of truth, subjected himself to severe trials and tribulations. Finally, he achieved "Nirvan" (salvation) at Patliputra, Gaya, India. Ashoka, one of the greatest rulers of India, adopted Buddhism as state religion. With the passage of time, the teachings of Buddha were eclipsed in India, but spread in the Far Eastern countries, such as Thailand, Japan and Cambodia. In Japan, Sri Lanka and some other countries of the world, Buddism is still a spiritual force.

19. The Voice of God.



# مانا

قوم نے زمین کو تم کی ذرا پرانہ کی

قدر پہچانی نہ اپنے کو ہر ایک کی

اب قسمت ہے آواز حق سے خبر

غافل اپنے بھل کی شیرینی سے ہوتے شجر

اشکار اُس نے لیا جو زندگی کا راز تھا

ہندہ لو لکین خیر الی فلسفے پر ناز تھا





With Divine <sup>20</sup> Candle, lit was not the assemblage  
Blessings did rain, but unworthy was, the land for tillage

For the low - caste alas!, India is a woeful place,  
Of the milk of human kindness, there's but no trace.

<sup>21</sup>  
For Brahmin, ego is yet, a source of intoxication,  
Gautam's candle is meant, for other men, of dedication.

It's after long, that idol - house was lit again,  
With light of Abraham, Aazar's house was lit again.

<sup>22</sup>  
It is from Punjab again, preaching of Monotheism began,  
India from sleep awakened, by a perfect man.

---

20. The flash of God.

21. A high-caste Hindu.

22. Guru Nanak hailed from Punjab.



شمع حق سے جو منور ہو یہ وہ محفل نہ تھی

بارشِ حمیرا ہوتی لیکن زمین قابل نہ تھی

اودا شہور کے لیے ہندوستان غم خاں ہے

دردِ انسانی سے اس بستی کا دل کیسا ہے

برہمن سرشار ہے اب تک سے پند امیں

شمع کو تم جل رہی ہے محفلِ غمیاں میں

بت کدو پھر بعد بت کے مگر روشن ہوا

نورِ ابراہیم سے انر کا گھر روشن ہوا

پھر اٹھی آخر صد اوحید کی پنجاب سے

ہند کو ال مردِ کامل نے جکایا خواہے



## HIMALAYA

23

O Himalaya!, India's rampart, source of great bliss,  
Upon thy forehead, sky imprints a kiss.  
Of decrepitude in thee, each trace but amiss.  
Thou art young, until the earth on its axis,

**At Sinai for Moses, was a spectacle,**

**For keen eye thou art, glamour's receptacle.**

Mount terrain though, in outward appearance,  
Our guard thou art, to access a hindrance,  
Sky's first couplet, all sweet in utterance,  
A balm for heart's solitude, cause of forbearance,

**The hood, upon thy head, snow has placed,  
To the luminating sun, it has thus graced.**

---

23. A terrain of mountains, with its highest peak known as the Everest.

## ہمالہ

اے ہمالہ! فیصل کشور ہندوستان  
چومتا ہے تیری پیشانی کو جھک کر اسماں  
تجھ میں کچھ پیدا نہیں دیرینہ روزی کے ثل  
تو جواں ہے کرہ شام و سحر کے درمیاں

ایک جلوہ تھا کلیم طور سینا کے لیے  
تو تجلی ہے سراپا چشم بیا کے لیے

آستان دیدہ ظاہر میں کوہستان ہے تو  
پاسباں اپنا ہے تو دیوار ہندوستان ہے تو  
مطلع اول فلک جس کا ہو وہ دیواں ہے تو  
سوتے خلوت کا وہ دل دہن شرف انساں ہے تو

برف کے بانڈھی ہے ستا فضیلت تیرے سر

خندہ ن ہے جو کلاؤں سے عالم تاب پر



Old age is a trice, the age thee spent,  
In valleys, dark clouds have but pitched their tent,  
To converse with pleiades, thy peaks all intent,  
Grounded art thou, with abode in firmament,

From thy lapel, chaste water's rivulets flowing,  
Acting as handkerchief, the air gently blowing.

Cloud -specks driven, as if fear - stricken,  
With flog of lightning, it seems they're beaten,  
O Himalaya! thou art, a play - ground silken,  
For elements thee made, as God's Hands striven,  
With joy unrestrained, the cloud does fly,  
As an elephant unchained, the cloud does fly.

Rustle of morn breeze, acted as cradle to sleep,  
Swinging with joy, each bud sunk so deep,  
With tongue of leaf, its stillness to speak.  
Never saw I, flower - plucker's jerk at freak,

My hushed silence is, relating my tale,  
My abode, Nature's calm bower, I regale.



تیری عمر فرست کی اک آن ہے عمداً  
واویوں میں ہیں تیری کالی گھٹائیں خمیر  
چوٹیاں تیری شریا سے ہیں سرگرم سخن  
تو زمیں پر او پہناتے فلک تیرا وطن

چشمہ دامن ترا آئینہ تیا ہے

دامن موج ہو جس کے لیے و مال ہے

ابر کے ہاتھوں میں سوار ہوا کے واسطے  
تاریا نہ دے دیا برق کسار نے  
اے ہمالہ کوئی بازی کا ہے تو بھی جسے  
دست قدرت بنایا ہے عناصر کے لیے

ہائے کیا فطرطرب میں جھومتا جاتا ہے ابر

فیل بے زنجیر کی صورت اڑا جاتا ہے ابر

جھبشس موج نسیم صبح کھوار رہی  
جھبھوتی ہے نشہ ہستی میں ہر گل کی کلی  
یوں بان برک سے گویا ہے اس کی خاموشی  
دست گلچیں کی جھبک میں نے زمین مٹھی کبھی

کہہ رہی ہے میری خاموشی ہی افسانہ مرا

گنج خلوت خانہ قدرت ہے کاشانہ مرا



Humming, the rivulet falls from an altitude,  
Surpassing Heavenly streams, in their beautitude,  
To onlookers, there's glory in multitude,  
Avoiding rocks, then bracing with magnitude,

Sensate me by elating, with thy cadence,

Way-farer!, my heart oft throbs with resonance.

The murky night, disentangling its long plait,  
Bracing to heart is sound, that waterfalls grate,  
That evening solitude, where speech insensate,  
Thought-packed trees look serene, blissful is the state,

Thrives on the mount, reddish twilight,

Red powder on thy cheeks, lovely and bright.

O Himala! relate to us, that time's tale,  
When human habitation, began at thy dale,  
Narrate that simple life, without any fail,  
Formality's scourge, which did not least entail,

O fancy!, recast morn and eve scenes, all discreet,

O fleeting time!, run backward so as to retreat.



آتی ہے مئی سراز کوہ سے کاتی ہوئی      کوثر و سنیم کی موجوں کو شہرتی ہوئی  
آئینہ سا شاہدِ قدرت کو دکھلاتی ہوئی      سب سے گاہِ بچستی گاہِ مکراتی ہوئی

چھیڑتی جا اس عراقِ دل نشیں کے ساز کو

اے سناں دل سمجھتا ہے تری آواز کو

یسی شب کھولتی ہے آکے جب لُفِ سا      وہ رن دکھنچتی ہے ایشاؤں کی صدا  
وہ خموشی شام کی بس پر تعظم ہو فدا      وہ درختوں تھنکر کا سماں چپ یا پھوٹا

کانپتا پھرتا ہے کیا رنگِ شفق لہسا پر

خوشما لگتا ہے عین زہرے خسار پر

اے ہمالہ! داستانِ اس وقت کی کوئی سنا      مسکنِ آبلے انساں جب بنا دہن ترا

کچھ بتا اس سیدھی سادی زندگی کا ماہرا      داغ جس پر غازہ رنگِ تکلف کا زہرا

ہاں لھاوے اے تصور پھر وہ صبحِ شام تو

وہ پچھے کی طرف سے گردشِ ایام تو





## ON RECEIVING A FLOWER PRESENT:

That accomplished beauty, when meadow she visits,  
Animated each bud is, prayer it transmits.

She may select me O God!, from among flowers,  
Brighter than the sun, soak with all praise showers.

From a twig she plucked thee, what a good fortune!  
Restless all rivals, for the act opportune.

After separation's chagrin, came consummation,  
Thy life's essence, reached its sublimation.

My lotus, blissful for men of insight,  
Pride of my youth's mead, source of delight.

For union, unfulfilled was its aspiration,  
With none's colourful lapel, it made transpiration.

Never shall a spring, make it happy and gay,  
Flower - plucker's wait, keeps it gloomy all day.



# پُھول کا تحفہ عطا ہونے پر

دوستِ ناز گلشن میں جا سکتی ہے      کلی کلی کی زباں سے دعا نکلتی ہے

”الہی پُھولوں میں وہ انتخاب مجھ کو کرے

کلی سے رشک گلِ آفتاب مجھ کو کرے“

تجھے وہ شاخ سے توڑیں ازبے نصیب تھے      تڑپتے رہ گئے گلزار میں رقیب تھے

اٹھائے صدرِ وقتِ رِصال تک پہنچا      ترمی حیات کا جو ہر کمال تک پہنچا

مرا کنول کہ تصدق میں حسنِ چہ اہل نظر      مے شباب کے گلشن کو ناز ہے حسنِ بچہ

کبھی یہ پُھول ہم آغوشِ معنائے ہوا      کسی کے دہن رنگیں سے آشنا نہ ہوا

شگفتہ لڑنے سے لی کبھی ہراسے

فسرہ لکھتے گلچیں کا ہنٹ راسے



## TO THE CUP-BEARER

Spring's gaiety, when arrived,  
Foothill, into Eden thrived.

Lily, narcissus, rose rosy,  
The first martyr's shroud gory.

World enveloped, in colour's haze,  
In stone's vein, moved blood for days.

Bluish is space, nip is air,  
Birds in nests, stay no longer.

Mount's rivulet, bouncing,  
Bending, halting, oft - pouncing.

Leaping, slipping, and yet supporting,  
Meandering way, all sporting.



# ساقی نامہ

نہو خمیر زن کاروان بہار      ازم بن کیسا دامن کو بہار  
گل و زرس و سوسن و سترن      شہید ازل لاله خونیں کفن

جہاں چھپ گیا پڑوہ رنگ میں  
لہو کی ہے گردش رگِ سند میں

فضا نسلی نسلی، نہوا میں سرور      ٹھہرتے نہیں اشیاں میں طیور  
وہ جوئے کہتاں اچھلتی ہوئی      اُٹھتی بھکتی، سرکتی ہوئی

اُچھلتی، بھکتی، سرکتی ہوئی  
بڑے پیچ کھاکر نکلتی ہوئی



When halting, a stone it tears,  
Mount - piercing, it never spares.

Spring! bearer of red wine!,  
For its message, I yet pine.

Give me that wine, to lift all veils,  
As floescence, but rarely hails.

That ale, fusing life's urges,  
Brightened is world, as passion surges.

That ale, soothing heart's vexation,  
That makes, Nature's secrets revelation.

Mysteries' mantle, be undone,  
And pit <sup>24</sup>wagtail, against <sup>25</sup>falcon.

---

24. A small bird with a wagging tail.

25. A bird of prey of a kind trained to hunt small game. The poet has very often used 'falcon' as a symbol.



رُکے جب تو سہل چیر دیتی ہے یہ پہاڑوں کے دل چیر دیتی ہے یہ  
ذرا دیکھ اے ساتی لالہ فام! سناتی ہے یہ زندگی کا پیام

پلا دے مجھے وہے پردہ سوز  
کہ اتنی نہیں فصل گل روز روز

وہے جس سے روشن ضمیر حیات وہے جس سے ہے مستی کائنات  
وہے جس میں ہے سوز و سازِ ازل وہے جس سے کھلتے ہے رازِ ازل

اٹھا سا قیام پر وہ اس راز سے  
لڑا کے ممو لے کو شہباز سے



The ways of life, all but changed,  
A new tune is, old rhythm deranged.

Europe's secret, ferreted out,  
The juggler<sup>26</sup> feels a pinch of rout.

Wretched is, old politics' game,  
Kings and nobles<sup>27</sup>, are but shame.

Capitalism's<sup>28</sup> age, gone asunder,  
Show being over, no more juggler.

Awakened, drowsy Chinese<sup>29</sup> rushed,  
Streams of, Himalaya gushed.

---

26. The European Imperialist.

27. Kings and nobles became outmoded because of the democratic order.

28. As Communism was gaining ground in those days, therefore Capitalism was threatened.

29. As the Chinese were opium-eaters, therefore they felt drowsy.



زمانے کے انداز بدلے گئے      نیاراگ ہے، سہماز بدلے گئے  
ہوا اس طرح فاش راز فرنگ      کہ حیرت میں ہے شیشہ باز فرنگ

پُرانی سیاست گرمی خوار ہے  
زمین میر و سلطان سے بیزار ہے

کیا دور سرمایہ ارمی لہیہ      تماشا دکھا کر مدارمی لہیہ  
گراں خواب چینی سنبھلنے لگے      ہمالہ کے چشمے اُبلنے لگے





Broken Sinai, and Faran's<sup>30</sup> heart,  
Moses, waiting for Light's<sup>31</sup> start.

A Muslim, astir with Monotheism,  
Soft corner has, for Polytheism.<sup>32</sup>

Mysticism, culture and equity,  
Among non-Arabs, each a deity.

Fact paled into, degeneration,  
In traditions,<sup>33</sup> was lost the nation.

Preacher's oracle, source of joy,  
It's dispirited, it's coy.

His speech has, logical force,  
But all verbose, in his discourse.

---

30. The name of a mount near Macca.

31. Heavenly light.

32. It means worship of many gods.

33. Rites and rituals, not the real spirit of the religion.



دلِ طورِ سینا و ساراں دُنیم  
تجلی کا پھر منتظر ہے کلیم  
مسلمان ہے توحید میں کرم جوش  
مگر دل ابھی تک ہے زُتار پوش

تمدن، تصوف، شریعت، کلام  
بیانِ عجم کے پُجاری تمام!

حقیقتِ خرافات میں گھولتی  
یہ اُمتِ روایات میں گھولتی  
لُجھاتا ہے دل کو کلامِ خطیب  
مگر لذتِ شوق سے بے نصیب!

بیاں اس کا منطق سے سلجھا ہوا  
نُغت کے بکھیڑوں میں الجھا ہوا



Mystic's zest, for religious weal,  
Unrivalled in love, and in zeal.

In non - Arab notions, lost devotee,  
In search of gradations, dazed is he.

**Love's fire faded, what a wrong!,  
Not Muslim, ashes' heap all along.**

Regale cup - bearer, with old ale,  
Let thy cask, now prevail.

Make me fly, with love's wing,  
Into a glow - worm, my dust sling,

Free intellect, that's servile,  
Young men be, teachers of senile.

Moist of nation, with rhythm's glee,  
All life's sensation, but with thee.



وہ صوفی کہتا تھا دستِ حق میں مرد  
محبت میں کیتا، جمیت میں فرد  
عجم کے خیالات میں لکھویا  
یہ سالک مقامات میں لکھویا  
بُجھی عشق کی آگ، اندھیر ہے  
مسلمان نہیں، راکھ کا ڈھیر ہے

شراب کُنن پھر پلا ساقیا  
وہی جامِ کروشس میں لاساقیا!  
مجھے عشق کے پر لگا کر اڑا  
مری حالِ بگنوبنا کر اڑا  
حسرد کو غلامی سے آزاد کر  
جو انوں کو پیروں کا استاد کر

ہری شاخِ ملت تڑے نم سے ہے  
نفس اس بدن میں تڑے نم سے ہے



Give vexation, incitement,  
<sup>34</sup> Murtaza's heart, <sup>35</sup> Siddiq's excitement.

56

Prick with arrow, my heart entire,  
Breasts be lit, with a new desire.

May stars last, in firmament,  
And night - wakers', temperament.

Give to youths, a burning passion,  
My vision, and vexation.

From whirl, set my boat free,  
To the static, give a spree.

Teach me secrets, of life and death,  
From Thee in universe, nothing stealth.

---

34. Murtaza was the appellation of Hazrat Ali Ibne Abi Talib, the son-in-law of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) and the fourth Caliph of the Muslims.

35. Siddiq was the title of Hazrat Abu Bakr, the first Caliph of the Muslims.



تڑپنے پھڑکنے کی تو نسیتوں دے دل مر تضحیٰ، سوزِ صبرِ شوق دے

جلد سے وہی تیر پھر پار کر  
تمنا کو سینوں میں بیدار کر

ترے آسمانوں کے تاروں کی خیر زمینوں کے شبِ زندہ داروں کی خیر

جو انوں کو سوزِ جگر بخش دے مرا عشقِ مہرِ مری نظرِ بخش دے

مری ناؤ لروا بسے پار کر

یہ ثابت ہے تو اس کو ستار کر

بتا مجھ کو اسرارِ مرگ و حیات کہ تیری نگاہوں میں ہے کائنات



Eyes, heavy with, sleeplessness,  
My heart reeky, with restlessness.

My mid - night, supplication,  
At all places, lamentation.

My longings, and aspirations,  
My hopes, and investigations.

Each moment, prone to reflection,  
Gazelle's thoughts, meadow of expression.

My heart, my life's battle - field,  
Sheet of certitudes, doubts' shield.

Dervish's assets are, cup - bearer,  
With this indigence, I am richer.

To my fleet, squander it whole,  
Dispose it all, pander it whole.



مرے دیدہ ترکی بے خوابیاں      مرے دل کی پوشیدہ بے تابیاں

مرے نالہ نیم شب کانگاز  
مری خلوت و انجمن کالداز

”مسنگیں مری، آرزوئیں مری      ”میں دین مری، جستجوئیں مری  
مری فطرت آئینہ روزگار      غزالان افکار کا مرغزار

مرا دل، مری رزم کا حسیات  
گمانوں کے لشکر، یقین کا ثبوت

یہی کچھ ہے ساقی مستیِ فقیر      اسی سے فقیر می میں ہوں میں امیر  
مرے قافلے میں لٹاؤں اسے      لٹاؤں، ٹھکانے لگاؤں اسے!





Ever flowing, ocean of life,  
Each object shows, motion of life.

It has caused, growth of body's frame,  
Smoke - wave hidden, in its flame.

Hard task, clay and water's mingling,  
In struggle lay, its tingling.

Static and moving, all moments,  
Fed up with, folds of elements.

Unity, locked in <sup>36</sup>Plurality,  
Distinct, unique, in Reality.

Six - <sup>37</sup>dimensional, idol - place,  
It alone has shaped, <sup>38</sup>Somnath's face.

\* 36. The controversy of 'Wahdat-ul-Wajood' and 'Wahdat-ul-Shahood' existing for a long time.

37. All-pervading, existing everywhere.

38. A famous temple which has become a symbol of idolatry. Mahmood of Ghazna conquered it.



و مادوم رواں ہے یہم زندگی  
ہر اک شے سے پیدا رہم زندگی

اسی سے ہوتی ہے بدن کی نمود کہ شعلے میں پوشیدہ ہے موج و دود  
گراں کرچے صحبت آب و گل خوش آتی اسے محنت آب و گل

یہ ثابت بھی ہے اور ستیا بھی  
عناصر کے پھندوں سے بیزار بھی

یہ وحدت ہے کثرت میں ہر دم امیر مگر ہر کسی بے جلوں بے نظیر  
یہ عالم، یہ بت خانہ شش جہات اسی نے تراشا ہے یہ سومات



From repetition, its nature free,  
That thee not me, and me not thee.

Me and thee bring forth multitude,  
In society, yet solitude.

Star, lightning, have its glimmer,  
In gold, mercury and in silver.

Forests and acacia, that grow,  
Thorns it has, all flowers' glow.

Mountains, broken with its power,  
<sup>39</sup>Gabriel is trapped, <sup>40</sup>houris cower.

At places, silver - hued falcon,  
Daubed in blood, <sup>41</sup>of pheasant's tendon.

---

39 The arch-angel of God.

40 Celestial female beings.

41. This couplet, as a matter of fact, reveals different dimensions and aspects of life.

However, there are some interpreters of Iqbal's poetry who treat this couplet pregnant with symbolic meaning: the ascendancy of strong nations over weak ones.



پسند اس کو تکرار کی خوشنہیں  
کہ تو میں نہیں اور میں تو نہیں

من و تو سے ہے انجمن فہمیں  
چمکاس کی بجلی میں تارے ہیں  
مگر محسن نسل میں خلوت نشین  
یہ چاندی میں سونے میں پارے ہیں

اسی کے بیابان اسی کے ببول  
اسی کے ہیں کانٹے، اسی ہیں پھول

کہیں اس کی طاقت کے گہرا چور  
کہیں اس کے بھندے ہیں بیل و خور  
کہیں بستر شاہین سیاب نگ  
لہو سے چکوروں کے آلودہ چنگ



A pigeon, away from its nest,  
Fluttering in net, with no rest.

Illusive are, peace and permanence,  
Each atom agitates, in essence.

Being's caravan, not stand - still,  
Fresh is each moment, with Being's thrill.

Life's secret, ye know aright,  
Life is, but an urge for flight.

Ups and downs, it has witnessed,  
Journey, not destination, stressed.

For life, journey but provision,  
Journey Real, False station.

Ravelling, unravelling, its mirth,  
In writhing, wriggling, ease on earth.



کہو تو کہیں اشیائے دور  
پھڑکتا ہوا حال میں ماصوبو

فریبتیں رہے سکون و ثبات      تڑپتا ہے ہر ذرۃ کائنات  
ٹھہرتا نہیں کاروانِ وجود      کہ ہر لحظہ ہے تازہ شانِ وجود

سمجھتا ہے تو راز ہے زندگی  
فقط ذوق پرواز ہے زندگی

بہت اس نے دیکھے ہیں پست و بلند      سفر اس کو منزل سے بڑھ کر پسند  
سفر زندگی کے لیے برک و سانس      سفر ہے حقیقت، حضر ہے محبان

الجبہ کر سنبھلنے میں لذت اسے  
تڑپنے پھڑکنے میں احتاسے



When it confronted, death's defiance,  
Hard for life was, self - reliance.

In world requital, it descended,  
Stalking death, life contended.

Multiples of Two, from Dual felled,  
From desert and mount, army swelled.

Faded few flowers, from this twig,  
Surfaced new flowers, from this twig.

Fleeting regard it, but peurile,  
Revives the print, for a while.

Fast - moving, swift in action,  
Till eternity, a ceaseless run.

Time, though fleeting, is day - chained,  
The name of breath, released and detained.



ہوا جب اسے سامنا موت کا کٹھن تھا بڑا تھا مناموت کا

اُتر کر جہانِ مکافات میں رہی زندگی موت کی لگات میں

مذاقِ دوئی سے بنی زوج زوج  
اٹھی دشتِ کُھسار سے فوج فوج

گل اس شاخ سے ٹوٹے بھی رہے اسی شاخ سے چھوٹے بھی رہے

سمجھتے ہیں نادران اسے بے ثبات اُبھرتا ہے ہٹ ہٹ کے نقشِ حیات

بڑھی تھی یہ زجولان بڑھی زو ورس  
ازل سے ابد تک ہم یک نفس

زمانہ کہ زنجیرِ ایام ہے بوموں کے الٹ پھیر کا نام ہے





What's life current?, but a sword?

What is 'Self'<sup>42</sup> the edge of a sword?

What is 'Self' life's heart secret,

What is 'Self?', awakening's all fret.

Sight - drunk, crazy for solitude,  
In a drop, ocean's plenitude.

In darkness - light, shining with glee,  
Springs from I - You, and yet free.

Its beginning precedes, follows end,  
Limitless it is, at each end.

Ever - flowing, in Time's river,  
For waves' buffets, it has liver.

Changing, paths of investigation,  
Varying vision, at each sensation.

---

42. In the poetry of Iqbal, the word 'self' is frequently used as a symbol.



یہ موجِ نفس کیسا ہے تلوار ہے خودی کیسا ہے، تلوار کی دھماکا ہے

خودی کیسا ہے رازِ ذرّوں حیات

خودی کیسا ہے، بیداری کائنات

خودی جلوہ بدست و خاوت پسند سمندر ہے اک بوندِ پانی میں بند

اندھیرے اُجالے میں ہے تابناک من و تو میں پیدا، من و تو سے پاک

اُزل اس کے پیچھے، ابدِ منے

نہ حد اس کے پیچھے، نہ حدِ منے

زمانے کے دریا میں بہتی ہوئی ستم اس کی موجوں کے سہتی ہوئی

تجسس کی راہیں بدلتی ہوئی دما دم نکا ہیں بدلتی ہوئی



Easy for it, each uphill task,  
Unravelled is, each hurdle's mask.

Beginning and end, journey's nature,  
The secret of, its nomenclature.

Moon - beam has glint, stone has flint,  
Colourless it is, yet daubed in tint.

It bothers not, for more or less,  
Ups and downs, digress, regress.

Since beginning, struggle's prisoner,  
Came in Adam's clay, as shape - setter.

Seat of 'Self', rests in thy heart,  
As eye's pupil, sky's resort.



سبک اس کے ہاتھوں میں سنب لگا کر  
پہاڑ اس کی ضربوں سے ریاب رو ل

سفر اس کا انجام آغا ہے  
یہی اس کی تقویم کا راز ہے  
کرن چاند میں ہے شرر سنب میں  
یہ بے رنگ ہے ٹوب لگ رنگ میں

اسے واسط کیا کم و بیش سے  
نشیب فرار و پس و پیش سے

ازل سے ہے کشمکش میں اسیر  
نہوئی خال آوم میں صورت پذیر  
خومی کاشیمن ترے دل میں ہے  
فداک جس طرح آنکھ کے تل میں ہے



To guard of 'Self', venom is that bread,  
Which causes disgrace, and lowers head.<sup>43</sup>

If 'Self' preserved, blessed is that bread,  
That one, which keeps, erect his head.

Ignore majesty of the master,<sup>44</sup>  
Sustain "Self," shun slavery's ways faster.<sup>45</sup>

Of great worth, is that prostration,<sup>46</sup>  
Other submission, but damnation.

This world, blend of, sound and sight,  
This world, subjected to, death's blight.

---

43. The whole line reveals how the poet was a champion of the dignity of man.

44. Reference is here to the pomp and show of Mahmood's court.

45. Allama Iqbal was opposed to all forms of slavery.

46. The poet approved only submission to Almighty God, and to nobody else.



خودی کے نگہباز کو ہے زیرِ ناپ  
وہ ناں جس سے جاتی رہے اس کی آب

وہی ناں ہے اس کے لیے ارجمند  
فرہنگِ محسوس سے درگزر  
رہے جس سے دنیا میں گردن بلند  
خودی کو نگہ رکھ، ایازمی نہ کر

وہی سجدہ ہے لائقِ اہتمام

کہ ہو جس سے ہر سجدہ تجھ پر حرام

یہ عالم، یہ منگامہ رنگ و صوت  
یہ عالم کہ ہے زیرِ فرمانِ موت



Its eyes, ears idol - place,  
Sheer Hedonism<sup>47</sup> is, life's grace.

Of 'Self', it's the first station,  
Vagrant! it's not the destination,

From this mantle, not thy fire,  
This world for thee, not thee for mire.

Advance, reduce mounts, to the base,  
Undo magic of time, space.

"Self" is Lord's lion, its prey world whole,  
Land too its hunt, its prey heaven's pole.

Many realms and worlds, unborn as yet,  
From prick, being's conscience, unshorn as yet.

For thy attack, each a waiter,  
For thy thought, gay in nature.

---

47. The Epicurean philosophy "Eat, Drink and be Merry".



یہ عالم، یہ بت خانہ چشم و گوش  
جہاں زندگی ہے فقط خورد و نوش

خود می کی یہ ہے نازل اولیں  
مسافت با یہ تیرا شیمین نہیں

ترمی آگ اس خاک و اداں سے نہیں  
جہاں تجھ سے ہے تُو جہاں سے نہیں  
بڑھے جسا یہ لوہہ لہراں توڑ کر  
ظالم زمان و مسکاں توڑ کر

خود می شیر مولا، جہاں اس کا صید  
زمین اس کی صید آسماں اس کا صید

جہاں اور بھی ہیں ابھی بے نمود  
کہ خالی نہیں ہے شیر مولا  
ہر اک منتظر تیرے ملینار کا  
ترمی شوخی منکر و کردار کا





From Time's wheel, purpose revealed,  
Thy 'Self' from thee, be not concealed.

48

Late or soon, thou art world victor,  
To tell what?, thy lot astir.

Words can't express, impending lot,  
Blurred is mirror, image distinct not.

Lit a candle, in my breaths' fore,  
No power in me, to write more.

**'A hair's breadth, if I roll,  
God's light shall burn me, as a whole.'**

---

48. It's the firm belief of the poet that the ultimate victory would be of the suppressed class.



یہ ہے مقصدِ کربوشِ روزگار  
کہ تیری خودی تجھ پہ چہ آشکار

تو ہے فاتحِ عالمِ خوبِ وزشت  
تجھے کیسا بتاؤں تری سرنوشت  
حقیقت پہ ہے جامہٴ حرفِ تنگ  
حقیقت سے آئینہ، کُفتارِ زندگ  
فروزاں ہے سینے میں شمعِ نفس  
مگر تابِ کُفتار کہتی ہے بس!

اگر یک سِرْمُوے برتر پریم  
منروغِ تجھ بتی بسوزد پریم



## PRAYER

To the Muslim's heart, give O Lord that inspiration,  
That warms up heart, to soul it gives enervation.

To Faran Vale's each atom, brighten once more,  
Give fire to the faith, to desire animation.

To one in fun lacking, give eyes all piercing,  
Whatever I beheld, to others make revelation.

Expanse of a desert, be for a city-inured,  
To the deer deviated, take to destination.

To desolate heart give, Resurrection's stirring,  
To vacant camel-saddle, give Leila's collocation.



# دعا

یارب! دلِ مسلم کو وہ زندہ تماشائے  
جو قلبِ گولرمانے جو روح کو تڑپا دے  
پھر ادبیِ فاراں کے ہر تے کو چمکا دے  
پھر شوقِ تماشائے پھر فوقِ تقاضا دے  
محرومِ تماشا کو پھر دیدہ پسینا دے  
دیکھا ہے جو کچھ میں اوروں کو بھی دکھلا دے  
بھٹکے ہوئے آنسو کو پھر نئے حرم لے چل  
اس شہر کے خول کو پھر وسعتِ صحرا دے  
پیدا دلِ بیاں میں پھر شورشِ محشر کر  
اس محسوسِ خالی کو پھر شہا پدید دے



In darkness of this age, to every aching heart,  
To love give that spot, eclipsing moon's lumination.

Give self - respect of shore, freedom of the river,  
Like pleiades be the objects, in their exaltation.

Let Love be undefiled, daring be the Truth,  
Breast be lit with light, flask - like hearts' saturation.

Give a heart full of feeling, for those who are suffering,  
For tumult of this day', give future's deliberation.

Of this deserted <sup>49</sup> mead, I'm nightingale moaning,  
For effectiveness O God!, this is supplication.

---

49. To Allama Iqbal, the whole Muslim world appeared like a deserted meadow because it was subjugated by the Imperialists. As such, he regarded himself a wailing nightingale.



اس دور کی عظمت میں ہر قلب پریشاں کو

وہ دماغ محبت ہے جو چاند کو شرمادے

رفت میں مقاصد کو ہمدوش شریا کر

خود واری ساحل کے آزادی دریائے

بے لوث محبت ہو بے باک صداقت ہو

سینوں میں اجالا کز دل صورت مینا کے

احساس عنایت کرا شمار مصیبت کا

امروز کی شورش میں اندیشہ فردا کے

میں بے مل نالان جوں اک اُٹھے قلمستان کا

تاثیر کا سائل ہوں محبت کج نوداتا کے!



## CORDOVA MOSQUE

(Composed in the land of Spain, especially Cordova)

Chain of day and night, causes events manifold,

Chain of day and night, causes life-death untold.

Chain of day and night, two silken chords twined,

Reflects one's attributes, in apparel all extolled.

Chain of day and night, Eternity's lamentation,

Manifests one's ups and downs, all within its fold.

It puts thee to a trial, it puts me to a test,

Chain of day and night, a tester big and bold.

If ye below the level, if I fall short,

Death for thee an edict, me too within its hold.



# مسجدِ قرطبہ

(ہسپانیہ کی سرزمین، بالخصوص قرطبہ میں لکھی گئی)

سلسلہ روز و شب، نقشِ کبرِ حادثات  
سلسلہ روز و شب، اصلِ حیات و ممات  
سلسلہ روز و شب، تارِ سرِ درونک  
جس سے بنائی ہے ذاتِ اپنی قبائے صفات  
سلسلہ روز و شب، سازِ ازل کی فعناں  
جس سے دکھائی ہے ذاتِ زیرِ وہم و ممکنات  
تجھ کو پکھتا ہے یہ مجھ کو پکھتا ہے یہ  
سلسلہ روز و شب، صہیرِ فی کائنات  
تُو ہو الر کم عیار، میں ہوں الر کم عیار  
موتے تیرے برات، موتے میرے برات





What else reality, of thy day and night?,  
In tide of Time, day and night rolled.

Fleeting is, but skill's grandeur and perfection,  
Each feat is short-lived, evasive is world in mould.

Decay for the first and last, decay for each creature,  
Decay for old and new, decay a general feature.

Yet in this print, indelible is complexion,  
A Godly man's deeds, have brought it to perfection,

Each act of the righteous, a fulfilment of love,  
Love is life's essence, death is mere deception.

So swift is time's pace, transcending all space,  
Love is a tide itself, it restrains regression.

In the Love's almanac, save the present age,  
Nameless other ages, for their recollection.



تیرے شب و روز کی اور حقیقت ہے کیا  
ایک زمانے کی رُوح جس میں نہ دن ہے نہ رات  
انہی و فانی تمام معجزہ ہائے سُہنر  
کار جہاں بے ثبات، کار جہاں بے ثبات!  
اول و آخر فنا، باطن و ظاہر فنا  
نقشِ کُنن ہو کہ نو، منزلِ آخر فنا  
ہے مگر اس نقش میں زمانہ ثباتِ دوام  
جس کو لیا ہو کسی مردِ خندانے تمام  
مردِ خندا کا عمل عشق سے صاحبِ بے رُغ  
عشق ہے اصلِ حیات، ہوت ہے اس پر حرام  
شد و سبب سیر ہے لہر چہ زلزلے کی رُو  
عشق خوالِ سبیل ہے سبیل کو لیتا ہے تمام  
عشق کی تقویم میں عصا رُواں کے سوا  
اور زمانے بھی ہیں جن کا نہیں کوئی نام



Love is Gabriel's Revelation, Mustafa's heart is Love,

Love is God's Messenger, Love is Lord's Assertion.

With elixir of Love, clay's essence radiant,

Love is pure wine, Love is fortune's flexion.

Love is pulpit's preacher, love is legion's leader,

Love is way-farer, with many a digression.

Love is harp's plectrum, its string life entire,

Love is life's light, Love is life's fire.

O Cordova Mosque!, Love is thy consummation,

Love is ever-flowing, it has no stagnation.

---

50. The appellation of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.).

51. Cordova or Cordoba is presently one of the principal cities of Spain. The Arabs had named it "Qurtuba", building there a beautiful city of Madina-tul-Zahra. Many important buildings, including the grand mosque of Cordova, still exist there. It was inaugurated by Abdul Rahman I, the then ruler of Spain, in 785 A.D. The mosque is now not in its original form. Allama Iqbal visited the site in 1933 and this poem was an outcome of his visit.



عشق دمِ حبِ سبیل، عشق دلِ مصطفیٰ

عشق خدا کا رسول، عشق خدا کا کلام

عشق کی مستی سے پیکرِ گلِ تابناک

عشق ہے صہبائے خام، عشق ہے کائناتِ کرام

عشقِ فقیرِ حرم، عشقِ امیرِ جنوں ۸۵

عشق ہے ابنِ اسبیل، اس کے ہزاروں مقام

عشق کے مضراب سے نغمہٴ نازِ حیات

عشق سے نورِ حیات، عشق سے نازِ حیات

اے حرمِ قرطبہ! عشق سے تیرا وجود

عشق سے رپا دوامِ جس میں نہیں رفت و بود



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عشق دمِ حبسِ ریل، عشق دلِ مصطفیٰ  
عشق خدا کا رسول، عشق خدا کا کلام  
عشق کیستی سے پیکرِ گلِ تابناک  
عشق ہے صہباتِ عام، عشق ہے کائناتِ کرام  
عشق فقیرِ حرم، عشق امیرِ جنود ۸۵  
عشق ہے ابنِ اسبیل، اس کے ہزاروں مقام  
عشق کے مضراب سے نغمہٴ نازِ حیات  
عشق سے نورِ حیات، عشق سے نازِ حیات  
اے حرمِ قرطبہ! عشق سے تیرا وجود  
عشق سے راپا دوامِ جس میں نہیں رفت و بود



Whether it be harp or lute, whether word or sound,  
Art attains perfection, with labour's application.

Endeavour makes one skilled, with heart stone chiselled,  
Hard labour heart's joy, all music's vibration.

Thy expanse all-bracing, my tune breast-rending,  
Heart's elixir thou art, I all animation.

Lofty is man's bosom, as much as empyrean,  
A handful of dust, such indeed man's limitation.

Angels emitting rays, enjoy submission's grace,  
But they are bereft of, passion of prostration.

I'm Indian heathen, look my zeal's fervour,  
On lips adulation, and many a salutation.

My tune has a thrill, my song is all shrill,  
Suffused is my being, with God's adoration.



رنگ ہو یا خشت و سنگ چنگ ہو یا عرف و صفت  
محبزہ فن کی ہے خونِ جگر سے نمود  
قطرہ خونِ جگرِ سل کو بناتا ہے دل  
خونِ جگر سے صد سوز و سُور و سرود  
تیری فضا دل فرزند میری نوا سینہ سوز  
تجھ سے دلوں کا حضور مجھ سے دلوں کی شہود  
عرشِ معالیٰ سے کم سینتہ آدم نہیں  
گرچہ کفِ خال کی حد ہے پہر کعبہ  
پیکرِ نور می کو ہے سجدہ پیتر تو لب  
اس کو پیتر نہیں سوز و کد از سجود  
کافر ہندی ہوں میں، دیکھ مرا ذوق و شوق  
دل میں صلوٰۃ و درود، لب پہ صلوٰۃ و درود  
شوق مری لے میں ہے، شوق مری نے میں ہے  
نعنمہ اللہ ہو میرے دل و پے میں ہے





Thy glory and grace, like a man upright,  
Glory and grace he is, thou art gay and bright.

Thy base stable, columns innumerable,  
As palms throng, in Syrian desert's twilight.

Radiant thy arches, with Aiman<sup>53</sup> Vale's lustre,  
Thy raised minaret, aglow with Gabriel's light.

Never shall a Muslim be effaced, as it is,  
Distinct from his prayer calls, Moses-Braham's secret might.

His land far exceeds, his horizon all recedes,  
Tigris, Danube and Nile,<sup>55</sup> just billows all trite.

---

52. It is indeed a beautiful simile.

53. A valley of Mt. Sinai where Moses, one of the major prophets, witnessed the spectacle of the 'Light of God'.

54. Abraham was also one of the major prophets of Almighty God.

55. Tigris is an important river of Syria and Iraq; Danube is the main river of France and Nile is one of the major rivers whose water Sudan and Egypt share.



تیرا جلال و جمال، مرد خدا کی دلیل  
وہ بھی حسین و حسین، تو بھی حسین و حسین  
تیری بنا پاندار، تیرے سنتوں بے شمار  
شام کے صبر میں ہو جیسے ہجومِ خیال  
تیرے در و بام پر واہیِ امین کا نور  
تیرا منہ بند جب کہ جب سبیل  
مٹ نہیں سکتا کبھی مردِ مسلمان کہ ہے  
اس کی اذانوں سے فاش ہے کلیمِ خلیل  
اس کی زمیں بے حدود، اس کا اُفق بے شعور  
اس کے سمندر کی موج، دجلہ و دنیوب و نیل



His ages do not trail, so queer is his tale,  
To life's perverse ways, he jolted with delight.

Good taste has cup-bearer, well-trained is cavalier,  
His wine pure and sound, his sword a great fright.

56

Manly as a soldier, his armour faith confession,  
Under sword's shadow, his shelter faith confession.

Of faithful's secret, thou art a revelation,  
His fervent day's fire, night's edification.

His station all lofty, his thought soars so high,  
His rapture, his ardour, his yearning, his elation.

Divine prowess, the faithful's hand possesses,  
Dominant, determined, deserving admiration.

56. In Islam, the confession of faith is made through 'Kalma' 'La ilaha il-lallah' which means 'There is no god but Allah (God)'. The other part of 'Kalma' is 'Muhammad-un-Rasool Allah' which means that 'Muhammad (p.b.u.h) is the Messenger of God.



اس کے زمانے عجیب، اس کے فسانے غریب  
عہدِ کہن کو دیا اس نے پیامِ حسیل  
ساقیِ اربابِ فوق، فارسِ میدانِ شوق  
بادہ ہے اس کا رقیق، تیغ ہے اس کی اسیل  
مردِ سپاہی ہے وہ، اس کی زرہ 'لا الہ'  
سایہ شمشیر میں اس کی پینہ 'لا الہ'  
تجھ سے ہوا آشکار بندہ مومن کا راز  
اس کے دنوں کی پیش، اس کی شبوں کا کداز  
اس کا مستامِ بلند، اس کا خیالِ عظیم  
اس کا سرور اس کا شوق، اس کا نیاز اس کا ناز  
ہاتھ سے اللہ کا بندہ مومن کا ہاتھ  
غالب و کارِ انیسرین، کارِ شاہکار ساز



Light with clay blended, Lord-like <sup>57</sup> attributes,

His soul <sup>58</sup> satiated with, heart's gratification.

His hopes are fewer, but his aims are nobler,

His manners all charming, his looks fascination.

Soft in conversation, warm in <sup>59</sup> persuasion,

Chaste at heart in war or peace, man of dedication.

This Godly man's faith, centre of Celestial <sup>60</sup> Compass,

The whole world is fancy, fantasy, fascination.

Wisdom's sublimation he is, Love's incarnation,

Within globe's orbit he is, warmth's inspiration.

---

57. Although composed of soul and clay, a person may cultivate in him Divine qualities if he submits himself to the Will of God with all sincerity and earnestness.

58. This man possesses such a satisfied heart that he craves for no material thing.

59. The poet sums up the qualities of a man of unflinching faith in this couplet and the couplet preceding to it.

60. As the centre of a compass is of prime value in almost all the geometrical problems without which no solution can be correct, similarly this Divine man's faith is the very axis on which rotate all the activities of his life.



خاکِ و نوری نہاد، بندۂ مولا صفات  
پر وہ جہاں سے غمغنی اس کا دل بے نیاز  
اس کی نہیں دینِ قلیل، اس کے مقاصدِ حلیل  
اس کی ادا دل فریب، اس کی نلکہ دل نواز  
نرم دمِ کُفست کو، کرم دمِ مستجو  
رزم جو یا بزم ہو، پاک دل و پاک با  
نقطہ پر کارِ حق، مردِ حسد کا یقین

اور یہ عالم تمام وہم و طلسم و مجاز  
عقل کی منزل ہے وہ، عشق کا حاصل ہے وہ  
حلفتہ اسباق میں کرمی محسن ہے وہ



61

As sacrosanct as Kaaba, religion's splendour,  
Resplendent in thee is, Spaniards' land's grandeur.  
If under the heaven, there's a thing of beauty,  
It is in Muslim's heart, exists not elsewhere.

Ah! those men of truth, those Arab warriors,  
Good-natured were they, of truth a true picture.

Manifest from their reign, axiom all strange,  
Poverty not royalty, pious man's treasure.

62

To the East, to the West, with each look they trained,

Europe's gloom they dispelled, with intellect's glamour.

---

61. The holiest of all places of the Muslims, Kaaba, is in Macca around which the Muslims Circumambulate each year. "Kaaba" also means the "most exalted" or "the most venerated". The poet pays glowing tribute to the labour and workmanship of the workers of Cardova Mosque.

62. The Arabs were not only the masters of battle-fields but they were great inventors, discoverers and explorers. Thus, in all the fields of life they exercised their influence on the East as well as the West.

63. The Arabs were at the highest peak of progress in many branches of learning when Europe was sunk into the darkness of ignorance called the Dark Ages.



کعبۃ ارباب فن! سطوت دین نہیں  
تجھے جسے ہم مرتبت اندھیوں کی زمیں  
ہے تہ لکڑوں الرحمن میں تیری نظیر  
قلبِ سماں میں ہے اور نہیں ہے کہیں  
آہ وہ مردانِ حق! وہ عربی شہسوار  
حاملِ حُلقِ عظیم، صاحبِ صدق و یقین  
جن کی حکومت ہے فاشس یہ رمزِ غریب  
سلطنتِ اہلِ دل فتر ہے، شاہی نہیں  
جن کی نگاہوں نے کی تربیتِ شرق و غرب  
ظلمتِ یورپ میں تھی جن کی حسرتِ راہ ہیں





64

What Spaniards this day are, but for their blood,  
Genial, social, simple, and with foreheads lustre.

To this day hazel eye<sup>65</sup>, is a common sight,  
Pierced each heart, with lustful eye's gesture.

66

Fragrant with Yemen's odour, gales of this land,  
Resonant with the Hejaz tune, vales of this land.

In star's eye rest, thy land as sky,  
For centuries prayer-calls, thy lands belie.

In which vale's station?, at whither destination?,  
To which way lover's caravan, ready to ply?

64. According to the poet, the blood of the Arabs is still flowing into the veins of the Spaniards. That's why the Spaniards are even this day men of very many qualities.

65. Hazel eye adds enormously to the beauty of its possessor. Because of the mixture of Arab blood, many a Spaniard woman is of captivating beauty.

66. Yemen of the past was known for its exceptional flavour. As the Yemenites became great champions of Islam, there is a narrative that the Holy Prophet prayed for them. As a result of that prayer, Yemen enjoyed a singular fragrance. It was the fragrance of Islam too.



جن کے لہو کی طغیانی آج بھی ہیں اندھی  
خوشن دل و گرم اختلاط، سادو و روشن جبیں  
آج بھی اس دیس میں عام ہے چشمِ غمِ زلال  
اور نگاہوں کے تیر آج بھی ہیں دل نشین

بوتے مین آج بھی اس کی ہواؤں میں ہے  
رنگِ حجاز آج بھی اس کی نواؤں میں ہے  
ویدہ انجسم میں ہے تیری زمیں، آسماں  
او کہ صدیوں سے ہے تیری فضا بے اذراں  
کون سی وادی میں ہے کون سی منزل میں ہے  
عشقِ بلاخیز کا متاخذِ سخت جان!



67

Germany's Reformation, stirred big commotion,  
No traces it has left, for one to descry.

68

Of the holy priest, loose was sanctity's tie,  
Reason reigned supreme, other modes became wry.

69

Echoed reverberation, of French Revolution,  
Shaken was the Western world, vigourless to vie.

70

The Empire called Roman, steeped in corruption,  
With learning's revival, prospects were high.

The Muslim's soul this day, is restive same way,  
Such is Divine secret, better tongue to tie.

67. The Reformation was an epoch-making religious event. Its leader was Martin Luther who had revolted against the Catholic Papal authority. As a result of that, Protestantism was born and subsequently it came to be established as a majority sect in the world of Christianity.

68. Almost the entire Papal hierarchy of the Roman Church had become corrupt and degenerated.

69. The French Revolution is still reckoned as the mother of all the revolutions. Its stirrings were witnessed in 1779 but the writings of philosophers like Voltaire and Rousseau had provided food for the revolution for a long time. In the famous book of Jean Jacques Rousseau, entitled 'Social Contract' the very first sentence "Man is born free, yet everywhere he is in chains" was so catchy and touching that it inspired the minds of men. Similarly, the slogan of "Liberty equality and fraternity" was also significant.

70. The Roman Church wielded absolute authority over all temporal and spiritual matters. But after some time whereas it degenerated in spiritual matters, it also started frowning upon new discoveries and inventions.



دیکھ چکا المنی، شورشیں اصلاح دین  
جس نے نہ چھوٹے کہیں شش لہن کے نشان  
حرف غلط بن گئی عصمت پر کُنشت  
اور ہوتی منکر کی شتی نازک رواں  
چشم فرار پس بھی دیکھ چکی نہتلاب  
جس سے دل لہروں ہوا منہ بیوقا جہاں  
ملت رومی تراو کہنہ پرستی سے پیر  
لذت تجدید سے وہ بھی نہوتی چہ جہاں  
روح سلما نہیں ہے آج وہی اضطراب  
راز ندائی ہے یہ، کہہ نہیں سکتی زباں



Lo! what spurts out, of recess of this sea?  
To which hue azure sky changes, with no cogent plea.

In mount vale's twilight, sunk are clouds deep,  
Badakhsahan's <sup>71</sup> rubies, the sun has piled a heap.

Of peasant's daughter, simple but sad is the song,  
For heart's desires, youth is nothing but neap.

O Kabir's flowing waters!, someone on thy bank,  
Dreaming of other age, while he isn't asleep.

Behind fate's curtain, a novel world is certain,  
In my furtive eyes, its morning scenes creep.

---

71. An Afghan province, known for its precious rubies, which are matchless in their colour and brilliance.

72. It's the name of a river which flows through Cordova. This river has its Arabic name as 'Vad-al Kabeer' while the Spanish call it 'Guadalquivir'. The Cordova Mosque is built on its north-western bank.



دیکھیے اس بحر کی تہ سے اچھلتا ہے کیا  
گنبدِ نیلوفرِ منبری رنگ بدلتا ہے کیا

وادِی کہسار میں غمِ شوق ہے سحاب

لعلِ بدخشاں کے ڈھیر چھوڑ لیا شباب

سادہ و پُر سوز ہے دخترِ دہشتاں کا کیت

کشتیِ دل کے لیے سبیل ہے عہدِ شباب

آبِ بواہنِ کبیرِ تیرے کنارے کوئی

دیکھ رہا ہے کسی اور زلمے کے خواب

عالمِ نو ہے ابھی پروہِ تقدیر میں

میری نگاہوں میں ہے اس کی سحر بے حجاب



Visage of thought shall pale, if I lift the veil,  
For my novelty, thwarted 'll be Europe's<sup>73</sup> leap.

Bereft of strife, all death is that life,  
Nation's soul thrives, when a crisis is<sup>74</sup> deep.

At point of sword, close to death is that nation,  
Into each age's acts, if courage it has to<sup>75</sup> peep.

Unaccomplished all print, without strife,  
Unfinished is song's lilt, without strife.

73. The poet says that he has such novel thoughts that in case he unfolds them all Europe's thoughts shall pale into insignificance.

74. In the opinion of Dr. Iqbal, that life is all death which has no struggle. Similarly, the poet is of firm belief that the flowering of a nation entirely depends upon its passing through a grave crisis.

75. That nation which doesn't account for her lapses, can never progress and prosper.



پر وہ اُٹھتا دوں اگر چہ پُرسرۂ افکار سے  
لانہ کے کافر نام میری نواؤں کی تاب  
جس میں نہ ہو تلاب موت کے وہ زندگی  
رُوح اُمم کی حیات کشمکش انقلاب  
صورتِ شیریں سے قضا میں وہ قوم  
کرتی ہے جو ہر زمان اپنے عمل کا حساب  
نقش ہیں سب نام تمام خونِ جگر کے بغیر  
نغمہ ہے سوائے خام خونِ جگر کے بغیر





## NATIONAL ANTHEM

China and Arabia ours, India our <sup>76</sup> land,  
Muslims are we indeed, citizens of the whole of land.

With Monotheism's lustre lit are our bosoms,  
To wipe us out not so easy, if at all planned.

And in <sup>77</sup> idol-house, that first Abode of God,  
Its sentinels are we indeed, by us it shall stand.  
Nurtured 're we to the youth, under sword's shadow,  
Our national emblem <sup>78</sup> crescent's dagger, a sign so grand.

With our prayer-calls, the Western vales reverberated,  
To our incursions, none had mettle to withstand.

---

76. The poet does n't believe in the boundaries of countries. He has a cosmopolitan attitude and regards every one as a citizen of the world.

77. The Holy Kaaba, situated in Macca.

78. The dagger-shaped crescent which is the emblem of the Muslims.



# ترانہ ملی

چین عرب ہمارا، ہندوستان ہمارا  
مسلم ہیں ہم، وطن ہے سارا جہان ہمارا  
توحید کی امانت سینوں میں ہے ہمارا  
اساں نہیں مٹانا نام و نشان ہمارا  
دنیا کے بُت لڑوں میں پہلا وہ گھر خدا کا  
ہم اس کے پاسباں ہیں، وہ پاسباں ہمارا  
تینوں کسے میں ہم مل کر جو اے جوتے ہیں  
خنجرِ ملال کا ہے قومی نشان ہمارا  
مغرب کی اادیوں میں گونجی اذان ہماری  
تھمتانہ تھا کسی سے سیل رواں ہمارا



Never, never to the wrong, have we yielded Lord of Lords!,  
Tested are we hundred times, at Thy Mighty hand.

Those days thou rememberest, O Orchard of Spain!,  
Inhabited was thy nook and corner, with our band.

O Wave of Tigris! knowest us, thou too very well,  
To thy river our's tale, is still fresh and bland.

For thee O Sacred Land!, our lives we laid down,  
Yet flowing into thy veins, the blood of our gland.

Hejaz's Chief is verily, leader of our legion,  
So sweet is his name, for those who understand.

How moving is Iqbal's song!, as if an outcry,  
With same spirit suffused, our caravan well manned.

---

79. The poet is speaking here of the Muslim Spain.

80. One of the main rivers of Iraq which originates from Syria.

81. The land of Hejaz where Macca and Medina are situated.

82. The Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h.).



باطل سے دُبنے والے اے آسمان نہیں ہم  
سو بار لر چکا ہے تُو اٹھساں ہمارا  
اے گلستانِ اندلس! وہ دن میں یا تجھ کو  
تھا تیری ڈالیوں پر جب اشیاں ہمارا  
اے موجِ دل! تُو بھی پہچانتی ہے ہم کو  
اب تک ہے یہ دریا افسانہ خواں ہمارا  
اے ارضِ پاک! تیری حرمت پہ کٹ کے ہم  
ہے خونِ تری لگوں میں اب تک واں ہمارا  
سالارِ کارواں ہے میرِ حجاز اپنا  
اس نام سے ہے باقی آرامِ جاں ہمارا  
اقبال کا ترانہ بانگِ درا ہے گویا  
ہوتا ہے جہادِ پیما پھیلے گا ہواں ہمارا



## PROTEST

Should I be a loser, uncaring for gain?,  
Surfeiting sorrow is, despondent I remain,  
Nightingales' wistful song, be not a cause of pain,  
Am I a flower?, friend!, so as to be inane,

Surging passions permit me, no longer for sway,  
Plaint against God I have, I'm <sup>83</sup> sorry to say.

Known our submission, it's a fact aright,  
Sufferings' tale we relate, not with much delight,  
Symphonies are silent, such is our plight,  
Wailings know no outlet, our lips so tight,

Protest of Thy faithful, listen but intently.  
Thy lover's remonstrance, bear O God! gently.

---

83 As a creature of God, the poet was fully justified in protesting to Him for all the sufferings and privations that his entire community was subjected to. Thus, Allama Iqbal was pleading the case of the Muslims who as a whole were then an oppressed class.



# شکوہ

کیوں یاں کربنوں سو دفراموشی ہوں      فکرت نہ اندہ کروں مجو غم و دوشی ہوں  
نالے مہیل کے سنوں اور ہمتی گوشی ہوں      ہم نوا میں بھی گئی گل ہوں خاموشی ہوں

جرات آنو زمری تائب سخن ہے مجھ کو

شکوہ اللہ سے خالم بدین ہے مجھ کو

ہے جب شیوہ تسلیم میں شہور ہیں ہم      قصہ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں ہم  
ساز خاموشی ہیں فریاد سے شور ہیں ہم      نالہ آتا ہے اگر لب پہ تو معذور ہیں ہم

اے خدا! شکوہ اربابِ فنا بھی سنے

خو کر حمد سے تھوڑا سا بھلا بھی سنے



Thy being had existed, since the eternity,  
Never for flowers' bloom, breeze in perplexity,  
Justice I invoke, Just of Just, O Majesty!,  
With no morn wind, can fragrance spread in entirety?

**For furthering Monothism, we suffered all pain,  
Followers of Thy Prophet, were not insane.**

Before our existence, strange was Thy world,  
Stones were worshipped, trees as idols revered,  
To the man's vision, each such object stirred,  
Belief in unseen 'God, was all but unheard,

**Thou knowest it well, none had uttered Thy name,  
The might of Muslims, was the cause of Thy fame.**



تھی تو موجود ازل سے ہی تمہی اسے قدیم  
مُحسول تھا زینہ پر نہ پریشان تھی شمیم  
شرط انصاف کے اے صہاب الطافِ عمیم  
بُوئے گلِ بھدتی کس طرح جو ہوتی نہ شمیم

ہم کو جمعیتِ خاطر یہ پریشانی تھی  
ورنہ امت تے محسوس کی دیوانی تھی؟

ہم سے پہلے تھا عجیبیے سر جہاں کا منظر  
خو لہ پیکر محسوس تھی انساں کی نظر  
کہیں مسجود تھے تھے کھڑے کہیں مسجود شجر  
مانتا پھر کوئی ان دیکھے خدا کو لہو نگر

تجھ کو مسوم ہے لیتا تھا کوئی نام ترا؟  
قوتِ بازوئے مسلم نے کیا کام ترا





So long had we lived, we lived for battles' rigour,  
Nothing had we craved, excepting Thy splendour,  
The sword we wielded, was never for self-power,  
Our clash with this world, not for worldly glamour,

Had we passion for pelf, were we money-seekers?  
We had been idol-sellers, not idol-breakers.

In all the battle-fields, we remained steadfast,  
Men as brave as lion, could never dare last,  
To each rebel against Thee, we made much aghast,  
Sword was a vile thing, even cannon failed to blast,

Oneness of Providence, each heart we consummated,  
Beneath slayer's dagger,<sup>88</sup> this message we stated.

---

88. Whereas many Muslims laid down their lives for the greater glory of Islam. Hazrat Hamza was one of them but the way Hazrat Imam Husain sacrificed everything that he possessed, that is a singular example in the annals of the Islamic history.



ہم جو جیتے تھے تو جنگوں کی مصیبت کے لیے اور تے تھے ترے نام کی عظمت کے لیے  
تھی کچھ تیغ زنی اپنی حکومت کے لیے سر بھرتے تھے کیا وہ ہر میں دولت کے لیے؟

قوم اپنی جو زر و مال جہاں پر مرتی  
بت فروشی کے عوض بت شکنی کیوں کرتی

ٹل نہ سکتے تھے اگر جنگ میں اڑ جاتے تھے پاؤں شیروں کے بھی میدان سے اٹھ جاتے تھے  
تجھ سے کس شہنشاہ کوئی تو بگڑ جاتے تھے تیغ کیا چھینے ہم تو پے سے لڑ جاتے تھے

نقش توحید کا ہر دل پہ بٹھایا ہم نے  
زیرِ خیمہ بھی یہ پیام سنایا ہم نے



Speak!, who had tugged, iron-gate of Khyber?<sup>89</sup>  
Say!, who overpowered, estate of Caesar?<sup>90</sup>  
Of might of men, who was the smasher?,  
Of armies of infidels, who was the slasher?,  
Iran's sacred fire,<sup>91</sup> who else had extinguished?,  
To God as the Sire, who else had distinguished?,

Was there a race, which cared much for Thee?,  
For Thee suffered pains, with greatest possible glee?;  
Whose sword did bring, infidels to their knee?,  
Whose war-cries stirred, Thy world to such degree?,  
Whose terror was it, that tremor idols felt?,  
'God is One' they uttered, and instantly they knelt.

- 
89. Hazrat Ali was the person who attained victory for the Muslims at the Battle of Khyber.  
90. During the Caliphate of Hazrat Omar, many battles were successfully fought and a large area was brought under the Muslim domination.  
91. Old Persia, now called Iran, was conquered by the army of the Muslims during the Caliphate of Hazrat Omar. That battle is called Qadsia.



تو سپی کھڑے کہ اٹھاڑا و خیمبر کس نے  
شہر قصیر کا جو تھا اس کو کیا سر کس نے  
توٹے مخلوق خداوندوں کے پیکر کس نے  
کاٹ کر رکھ دیے لفافے کے لشکر کس نے

کس نے ٹھنڈا لیا آتش کدہ ایران کو؟

کس نے پھر زندہ کیا تذکرہ یزداں کو؟

کون سی قوم فقط تیری طلب گار ہوئی  
اور میرے لیے زحمت کشں پہکار ہوئی  
کس کی تشہیر جہاں گئیر جہاں دار ہوئی  
کس کی تکبیر سے دنیا ترمی بیدار ہوئی

کس کی سبیت سے صنم سے ہوئے رہتے تھے

منہ کے بل کر کے ہوا اللہ احد کہتے تھے



If prayer - time came, when battle was raging,  
Prayed Muslims of Hejaz, to Kaaba they facing,  
Lowly and lords arrayed, a sight so amazing,  
Between prince-plebeian,<sup>92</sup> all distance mitigating,

The rich and the poor, the master and the slave,  
Before Thee O God!, equal were lord and knave.

In each land we wandered, with utmost solemnity,  
Flask-like we sauntered, with ale of Divinity,  
Mount,<sup>93</sup> desert meandered, in Thy name's dignity,  
Never we surrendered, to our own vanity,

Not desert to speak, river was n't free,  
Ruffled by horses' hooves,<sup>94</sup> was the Black Sea.

---

92. While offering prayers, all the Muslims get together and there is no distinction between lord and lowly at that time.

93. The reference is for most of the African countries.

94. Metaphorically, it may mean the land of heathens.



آلیا عین لڑائی میں الر وقت نماز  
 قبلہ ہو کے نہیں بوسجائی قوم حجاز  
 ایک ہی صف میں کھڑے ہوئے محمود ایاز  
 نہ کوئی بندہ رہا اور نہ کوئی بندہ نواز

بندہ و صاحب محتاج و غنی ایک ہوتے  
 تیری سرکار میں پہنچے تو سبھی ایک ہوتے

مخفل کو نون مکان میں سحر شام بھرے  
 مے توحید کو لے کر صفت جام پھرے  
 کوہ میں دشت میں لے کر ترا پیغام بھرے  
 اور سلام ہے تجھ کو، کبھی ناکام پھرے

دشت تو دشت ہیں دریا بھی نہ چھوٹے ہم نے  
 بحرِ ظلمات میں ڈرا دیے لھوٹے ہم نے



The wrong from existence, we obliterated,  
From curse of slavery,<sup>95</sup> we got man liberated,  
We bowed to Thy House, there we prostrated,  
With Thy Book O Lord!,<sup>96</sup> our hearts saturated,

**Reprehensible we are, yet of being unfaithful?,  
Loyal are n't we?, Thou art not Graceful.<sup>97</sup>**

Among men of other faiths, there 're transgressors,  
Humble folks exist too, haughty and merry-makers,  
Mentally-sharp, dull-witted, many non-believers,  
Hundreds are misguided, those abominators,

**Blessed are all others, sundry house-dwellers,  
Poor Muslims are alone, but the worst sufferers.<sup>98</sup>**

95 On the eve of Hajjat ul-Wida in the 11th Hira, the Holy Prophet (p b u h) made an address to a large number of pilgrims. That address is yet regarded as the Magna Carta of Islam. The Messenger of God wiped out the distinctions of colour, creed and caste in that address. He also abolished slavery.

96 The Holy Quran.

97 No longer considerate to the Muslims.

98 The Muslims were the worst sufferers all over the world. They were the most oppressed people, under the yoke of imperialism.



صفحہ دہر سے بائس کو بٹایا ہم نے      نوع انسان کو غلامی سے چھڑایا ہم نے  
تیرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بٹایا ہم نے      تیرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگایا ہم نے  
پھر بھی ہم سے یہ کلمہ ہے کہ وفادار نہیں  
ہم فوادار نہیں تو بھی تو دلدار نہیں!

آمتیں اور بھی ہیں ان میں کلمہ بھی ہیں      عجز والے بھی ہیں مست مے پندار بھی ہیں  
ان میں قابل بھی ہیں غافل بھی ہیں ہشیار بھی ہیں      سیکڑوں ہیں کترے نام سے سزار بھی ہیں  
رحمتیں ہیں ہی اغیار کے کاشانوں پر  
برق لرتی ہے تو بیچارے مسلمانوں پر





'Off the scene are Muslims', idols do merrily say,  
Jubilant are they, Kaaba's vanguards gone away,  
Benighted camel-drivers, too have lost way,  
With Quran are gone, in broad light of day,

How gay Paganism! dost Thou realise?,  
For Monotheism O God!, has n't Thou prize?.

It's not the plant, that over-brimmed their treasure,  
Uncouth are they indeed, in grace of demeanour,  
What a pity! pagans enjoy worldly pleasure,  
And Muslims are evaded, to promise of future,<sup>99</sup>

Thy grace gone, shorn are we of Munificence,  
What has gone wrong? why not past Beneficence?

---

99. All the reward for the Muslims is in life Hereafter.



بت صنم خانوں میں کہتے ہیں مسلمان گئے  
ہے خوشی ان لوگوں کے سب کے گھبران گئے  
منزل پر سے اونٹوں کے حُدی خوان گئے  
اپنی بعلوں میں دباے ہوئے آن گئے

خندہ زن لفر ہے احساس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں  
اپنی توحید کا کچھ پاس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں

یہ شکایت نہیں ہیں ان کے خزانے معمور  
نہیں محسنل میں جنس بات بھی کرنے کا شہور  
قہر تو یہ ہے کہ کافر لو بلیں خور و قصور  
اور یہ چاہے سداں کو فقط وعدہ حور

اب وہ الطاف نہیں ہم یہ عنایات نہیں  
بات یہ کیا ہے کہ پہلی سہی ارات نہیں



Deprived are Muslims, of worldly wealth and dower,  
When at Thy Command, there's limitless power,  
If Thou wishest, desert may change into bower,  
And mirage of sand, gush into a surge of shower,

**Foe's chiding, disgrace, all-grinding poverty,  
Is abject misery, reward for <sup>100</sup>loyalty?.**

How charming for others, is this temporal world?,  
But alas! for us, it's a conjectural world,  
With our departing, it's an infernal world,  
Sans a Unified God, it's a banal world,

**Except Thy own Being, nothing to us dearer,  
Can a cup of ale be?, if there's no bearer?.**

---

100. The whole couplet reveals the pathetic state of the Muslims.



کیوں مسلمانوں میں ہے دولتِ دنیا نایاب  
تیری قدرت تو ہے جس کی نہ حد ہے نہ حساب  
تو جو چاہے تو اٹھے سینہ صحرا سے حساب  
رہ پرویشست ہو سیلی زوہ موجِ سراب

طعنِ انبیاء ہے رسوائی ہے ناوارمی ہے  
کیا تے نام پہ مرنے کا عوض خواری ہے؟

بنی اعراب کی اب چاہئے والی دنیا  
رہ گئی اپنے لیے ایک خیالی دنیا  
ہم تو رخصت ہوئے اوروں نے سنبھالی دنیا  
پھرنہ کہنا ہوئی توحید کے حرفِ دنیا

ہم تو جیتے ہیں کہ دنیا میں انام ہے  
کہیں ممکن ہے کہ ساقی نہ ہے جام ہے!



No more Thy assemblage, adorers are shorn,  
No more nocturnal sighs, neither moans of morn,  
Unflagging in love, Thy lovers do still yearn,  
Driven out were they, those who were love-lorn,

Departed are lovers, with promise for future,<sup>101</sup>  
Find them out, with fair-faced lustre.

Same is the look of Qais, same is Leila's,<sup>102</sup> pang,  
In the land of Najd,<sup>103</sup> same frisking deers' gang,  
Same is the throb of love, same is beauty's bang,  
Same art Thou, same we, Thy Prophet lovers's clang,

Then what's the motive of, aimless indignation?,  
For Thy lovers alone, why tormentation?.

---

101. While the temporal life of the Muslims is hopelessly miserable, the only hope of retribution lies in life Hereafter.

102. In Arabia of olden times, Qais known as Majnoon, was the lover of a girl named Leila. This love story is like that of Romeo and Juliet.

103. The land to the east of Hajaz, now a province of Saudi Arabia.



تیری محض بھی کہتی چاہئے والے بھی گئے  
شب کی آہیں بھی نہیں صبح کے نالے بھی گئے  
دل تجھے بے بھی گئے اپنا صلا بھی گئے  
اے بیٹھے بھی نہ تھے اور کالے بھی گئے  
سہرے عشاق گئے وعدہ نہ ادا کرے  
اب انھیں سو نہ چہرے رخ زیبائے کرے

دوسری بھی وہی ہے بس کا پہلو بھی وہی  
نجد کے درخت و جبل میں مآہو بھی وہی  
عشق کا دل بھی وہی ہے بس کا جادو بھی وہی  
امت احمد مرسل بھی وہی، تو بھی وہی  
پھر یہ آزر دلی غم سب کیا معنی  
اپنے شیداؤں پر یہ چشم غضب کیا معنی



Was Thee ever abandoned?, Prophet we went astray?  
Idol-breaking given up?, its worship life's way?,  
Was all love lost?, passions in distracted mind lay?,  
Mode of Salman & Qarani,<sup>104</sup> sequestered at a bay?,

Within our hearts, Thy glory's fire concealed,  
As Ethiopia's Bilal,<sup>105</sup> Islam is life's shield.

Admitted, that love has lost, its past blandishment,  
Confession, submission, reduced to ravishment,  
Restless heart undirected, there's no furnishment,  
Loyalty's chain loose, fickleness embellishment,

Oft with us, oft with others, closeness persistent,  
Not apt the remark, Thou too art Inconsistent.<sup>106</sup>

---

104 Hazrat Salman Farsi was one of the closest companions of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.); Hazrat Ovais Qarani too was his ardent lover and follower. He broke all his teeth out of sheer love for the Messenger of Islam when he heard that one of the teeth of the Prophet had given way

105 Hazrat Bilal of Ethiopia was one of the closest companions of the Holy Prophet. He possessed such a magnetic and rich voice that he acted as the caller of daily prayer-calls

106 It was on this remark that certain Muslim clergies branded the poet as an apostate.



تجھ کو چھوڑا کہ رسولِ عربی کو چھوڑا؛      بت گری پیشہ کیا، بت شکنی کو چھوڑا؛  
عشق کو، عشق کی اشفتہ سر می چھوڑا؟      رسمِ سلمان و اویس قرنیٰ کو چھوڑا؛

آلِ تجسیر کی سینوں میں بی رکتے ہیں  
زندگی مثلِ بلالِ حبشی رکتے ہیں

عشق کی خیر وہ پسلی سی اور ابھی نہ سی      جاو پیمانی تسلیم و قرب ابھی نہ سی  
مضطربِ دل صفتِ قبلہ نہ ابھی نہ سی      اور پابندیِ آئین و من ابھی نہ سی

کبھی ہم سے کبھی غیروں سے شناسائی ہے  
بات کہنے کی نہیں تو بھی تو ہر جانی ہے!





On Faran's high summits, faith ye accomplished,  
Within flick of eye, many hearts ye ravished,  
Barren were all hearts, then love's flame ye furbished,  
To each soul with glow, most certainly ye lavished,

**Why unlit today are breasts, by fire's flame?,  
Can't Thou rememberest, wretched are we the same?.**

In the land of Naid, why no commotion exists?,  
Not for Leila's saddle, Qais' emotion exists,  
Passion dissipated, no more devotion exists,  
Forlorn is heart, for Thee no notion exists,

**What a happy day! when Thy glamour revived,  
What a blessed day! the day all fervour thrived.**



سہاراں پہ کیا دین کو کمال تو نے      اک اشک سین چاروں کے لیے دل تو نے  
آتش اندوز کیا عشق کا حاصل تو نے      پھونک دی گرمی خسار سے محفل تو نے  
آج کیوں سینے پہلے شہر آباد نہیں  
ہم وہی سوختہ سماں ہیں تجھے یاد نہیں؟

واوہی نجد میں شورِ سلاسل نہ رہا      قیس دیوانہ نظارہ مجھ سے نہ رہا  
جو صلے وہ نہ رہے ہم نہ رہے دل نہ رہا      گھر یہ اُجڑا ہے کہ تو رونق محفل نہ رہا

اے خوش آن روز کہ آنی بوجہ ناز آئی  
بے حجابانہ نوحے محفلِ ماباز آئی



On river banks seated, others 'toxicated,  
Wine-flasks nigh, with coo-melody elated,  
Far from life's bustle, with peace of mind sated,  
Eager for ecstasy, Thy lovers abated,

Infuse in Thy fans, an urge to be sparkling,  
Kindle in hearts old fire, in no way startling.

All vagrants to Hejaz, are wending way again,  
Ambition goads to action, no gain without pain,  
Fragrance from flowers, earger for freedom to attain,  
Give a touch, instrument ready for symphony's rain,

Melodies are restive, to be released from lyre,  
Mount Sinai restless, to be lit with fire.



بادہ شش عمر ہیں گلشن میں لب جو بیٹھے      سُنتے ہیں حبابِ ملبِ نغمہ کو جو بیٹھے

دور ہنگامہ گلزار سے یک سو بیٹھے      تیرے دیوانے بھی ہیں منتظرِ ھو بیٹھے

اپنے پروانوں کو پھر ذوقِ خود افروری دے

برقِ دیرینہ کو فرمانِ جگر سوزی دے

قوم آوارہ عنان تاج سے پھر سوئے حجاز      لے اڑا بلسلِ بے پر کو مذاقِ پرواز

مضطرب مانع کے سرِ غنچے میں ہوتے نیا      تو ذرا چھیر تو دے تیش نہ مضر اب ہے ساز

نغمے بیتاب ہیں تاروں سے نکلنے کے لیے

طوٰرِ مضطر ہے اسی آگ میں جلنے کے لیے



Hardships of forgiven nation, may come to an end,  
To Solomon's <sup>107</sup> grandeur, may tiny ant ascend,  
With untainted love's aroma, may human heart blend,  
To Islam's fold again, may all deviators <sup>108</sup> tend,  
**Bleeding for ages, hearts with burning desire,**  
**With' lancet are rent breasts, hence this surging fire.**

Meadow's secret tarnished, flowers' fragrance belied,  
What a pity! orchard's secrets, flowers spied,  
Florescence time gone, orchards' gaiety died,  
Singing birds parted, their love for meadow dried,  
**A <sup>109</sup> nightingale is busy, in lamentation,**  
**In its bosom is, melody's fermentation.**

---

107. A prophet and a king known for his wisdom.

108. Those whose fire of faith has subsided.

109. The poet regards himself a nightingale.



مشکلین اُمتِ مرحوم کی آساں کر دے      مؤبے ریا کیہ کو ہم دشمنِ سیماں کر دے  
جنسِ مایہِ محبت کو پھر ازراں کر دے      ہند کے دیر شینوں کو مسلمان کر دے

جوتے خوں می چکد از حسرتِ دیرینہ ما  
متی پد نالہ زبشتہ کہہ سینہ ما

بوتے گل لے لئی بیرونِ چمن از چمن!      کیا قیامت ہے کہ خود مچھول ہیں غمازِ چمن!  
عہدِ گل ختم ہوا ٹوٹے میاں سازِ چمن      اڑ گئے ڈالیوں سے زمرہ پر از چمن

ایا بسبل ہے کہ ہے مجھ کو رقم آتک  
اس کے سینے میں ہے نغموں کا قلاطم آتک



110

A lonely bird's note it is, many hearts it may rend,  
To this cry, vigilant their ears may lend,  
Makers of a new pledge, to heights may ascend,  
To the same old vintage, wine-lovers may tend,

**If non-Arab is flask, Hejazi, ale's thrill,  
Indian though song, Arab my tune all shrill.**

---

110. The poet uses this expression again for himself.



چال اسن تنمال نواسے دل ہوں جاگنے والے اسی بانگِ دل ہوں  
یعنی پھر زندہ نئے ہمہ وفا سے دل ہوں پھر اسی باوہ دیرینہ کے پیسے دل ہوں

عجیبی سے تم کو کیا ہے تو مجازی ہے مری  
نغمہ ہندی سے تم کو کیا ہے تو مجازی ہے مری!





The angels all amazed, what outcry it was!,  
Heavenly beings did n't know, how sly it was!,  
A man at Em<sup>114</sup>pyrean, thought not wry it was!,  
This vile, shabby dust, but so high it was!,

**How ignorant the humans?, lowly in manner,  
How daring!, impudent, gruff in demeanour.**

So blunt, arrogant he is, defying Being's <sup>115</sup> might,  
To one whom angels oft prayed, is he the same wight?<sup>116</sup>  
All sentiments he is, with no wisdom, insight,  
To submission unknown, what pitiable plight!,

**Vainful are human beings, of power of oration,  
Unskilled are they, in art of conversation.**

---

114. The highest point of Heaven.

115. God, the Almighty.

116. In old English, wight means 'man'.



تھی شتروں کو بھی یہ تیر لہ آواز سے لیا      عشر والوں پہ کھنکھاتا نہیں یہ آواز سے کیا  
تا عشر بھی اس کی تگ و تاز سے کیا      آگئی خال کی چٹکی کو بھی پڑ سے کیا!

خافل آواز سے سگان نہیں کیسے ہیں  
شوخ و ستاخ یہ پستی کے ملبے کیسے ہیں!

اس تدرشوخ کہ اللہ سے بھی برسیم      تھا جو سجد ملا تاک یہ وہی آدم ہے!  
عالم لہیفے دانے مولم ہے      ہاں مگر عجب کے سرارے نامحرم ہے  
نہیے طقت گفستار پہ فوں کو  
باتے کڑے کا سلیقہ نہیں ناوانوں کو



The voice spake, 'How doleful is thy tale!,  
'With tears all restless', now brimmed thy scale,  
'Enveloped all sky is', the plaint ye did rail,  
'How flippant thy tongue!', how saucy is wail!,

Thanks that ye lodged protest, with grace and sobriety,  
But to worldly creatures, ye pitted with Almighty.

Magnanimous we are, but there's no partaker,  
Whom to guide to path, there is no way-farer,  
None deprived of training, but there's no gainer,  
It's not the clay, that used to be Adam's shaper,

To one endeavoring, We bestow all majesty,  
To truth-searching soul, a new world of novelty.



انہی آواز عن انہی سے افسانہ ترا      اشکِ تاب سے لب سے پیمانہ ترا  
اسماں کی ہوا نعرہ فرستانہ ترا      کس در شمع زباں ہے دل دیوانہ ترا  
شکر شکر کوئی حسنِ اول سے تونے  
ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خاک تونے

ہم تو مال بہ کرم ہیں کوئی سائل ہی نہیں      راہ دکھلا میں کسے رہ منزل ہی نہیں  
تربیت عام تو ہے جو ہر سائل ہی نہیں      حس سے تعمیر ہو آدم کی یہ گل ہی نہیں  
کوئی قابل ہو تو ہم شان کئی دیتے ہیں  
ڈھونڈنے والوں کو دنیا بھی نسی دیتے ہیں



Powerless 're the arms, breasts apostasy brace,  
Prophet's followers are, the cause of his disgrace,  
Idol-breakers gone, idol-makers crave grace,  
Righteous was Abraham, sons unworthy of race,

**New are cups, new cup-bearers, novel too is ale,  
You worship new idols, without any fail.**

Those were the days, We were all adoration,  
Source of joy were We, cause of exultation,  
Each Muslim did love Us, with utmost veneration,  
This Inconsistent, once a means of inspiration,

**Be servile to a God, who is focalised,  
Let Mohammad's nation be, but localised.**

---

117. Islam came as a panacea for the entire mankind and not for any particular tribe or region.



ہاتھ بے زور ہیں الحاسد سے دل خاگر ہیں      اُمتی باعثِ رسوائی پیہ بے ہیں  
 بست شکن اٹھ گئے باقی جو ہے بت کر ہیں      تھا برائے سیم پدراور پسر آزر ہیں

بادہ اشام نئے بادہ نیا ہضم بھی نئے  
 حرمِ کعب نیا بت بھی نئے تم بھی نئے

وہ بھی ن تھے کہ یہی مایہ عرسائی تھا      نازشیں موسمِ گل لالہ صحرائی تھا  
 جو سلمان تھا اللہ کا سوائی تھا      کبھی محبوب تمہارا یہی مہربانی تھا

کسی کج بانی سے اب عہدِ غلامی کر لو  
 ملتِ احمدِ مرسل کو امتِ امی کر لو!



Rising early in morn, so heavy do you feel?,  
A sweet thing sleep is, Our love has no weal,  
For men of free nature, Ramzan's rigour a reel,  
Without demur tell us, is it a fair deal?,

Religion is nation's sap, nothing save it you are,  
Galaxy is stars' group, not a single star.

In no art and craft now, you 're well grounded,<sup>118</sup>  
You are ah! the nation, rudderless, unfounded,  
Stunned you 're for long, yet feel not astounded,  
To your own ancestors, an affront unbounded,

Profiteering from graves, you intend to let them,  
Won't you sell idols, if perchance you get them?

---

118 This a realistic but horrid picture of the majority of present Muslims



کس قدر تم پہ کراں صبح کی بیداری ہے  
ہم سے کب سارے ہاں نیند تمہیں ساری ہے  
طبع آزاد قیہ درمضان کھباری ہے  
تمھی کہہ ویسی آئین و سازاری ہے؟

قوم مذہب کے مذہب جنہیں تم بھی نہیں  
جذب باہم جو ہیں محفلِ اہم بھی نہیں

جن کو اتنا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن تم ہو  
نہیں قوم کو پروا کے شہین تم ہو  
بجلیاں بس میں جوں آسُوہ وہ ضرمن تم ہو  
بیچ لھاتے ہیں اسلاف کے مدفن تم ہو

ہو نہ لو نام جو بسوں کی تجارت کے  
کیا نہ سوچے جو مل جائیں صنم تھکے





The wrong from its very being, who obliterated?,  
From the curse of slavery, who got men liberated?,  
Who bowed to Our House, who else prostrated?,  
And with Our Book, who made hearts saturated?,

**Your ancestors were they, what 're you but bane?,  
Idly sitting and awaiting, future in vain.**

Said what?, phrase of 'future promise' that ye uttered,  
Even madness has a method, this remark ye heard?  
Justice is the axis, on which rotates this world,  
For luxury, an apostate's claim is but absurd,

**None of you houri-lover, for stated causes,  
Exists Sinai's splendour, there's no Moses.**



صفحہ پر پہلے کوٹیا کس نے؟ نوع انسان کو عنف کی چھڑا کیا کس نے؟  
میرے کو بے جبینوں بسایا کس نے؟ میرے شران جو بے بینوں کو کیا کس نے؟

تھے تو ابا وہ تمہارے ہی ملزم لیا ہوا

ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرتے منتظر فرما ہوا!

کیا کہا بہرے کہاں ہے فقط وعدہ جو؟ شکوہ بے جا بھی کرے کوئی تو لازم ہے شعور  
عدل ہے فاطمہ سب سے ازل سے دستور؟ مسلم آئین جو اکافیتوں کے حور و قصور

تم میں خوروں کا کوئی چنے والا نہیں ہے

جلوہ طور تو موجود ہے مویسیٰ ہی نہیں ہے



The whole nation shares, whether it be loss or gain,  
When same is the Prophet, same faith-binding chain,  
God, Kaaba and Quran, three pillars are the main,  
United would be Muslims, if the least sane,

**Sect clash a big evil, a curse is caste divide,  
How can you prosper, till these ills cast aside?.**

Abjured has who?, the traditions of the Prophet?,  
Whose expediency has, the standards unset?,  
Who is aping others?, without the least pet,  
Forefather's path who has left, without regret?,

**Remorseless is your heart, your soul without lustre,  
How heedless are you, to message of Messenger?<sup>119</sup>**

---

119. The Holy Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h).



منفعت ایک ہے اس قوم کی نقصان بھی ایک  
ایک ہی سلف نبی، دین بھی ایمان بھی ایک  
حرم مال بھی اللہ بھی و شران بھی ایک  
کچھ بڑی بات تھی ہوتے جو مسلمان بھی ایک  
فرقہ بندی ہے کہیں اور کسین ذاتیں ہیں  
کیا زمانے میں چننے کی یہی باتیں ہیں

کون ہے تارکِ ائینِ رسولِ مختار؟  
مصلحتِ وقت کی ہے کس کے عمل کا معیار؟  
کس کی آنکھوں میں سما یا ہے شعراِ اغیار؟  
ہولنی کس کی نگہ زہرِ سلف سے بیزار؟

قلب میں سو زہنیں، رُوح میں احساس نہیں  
کچھ بھی پیامِ محمدؐ کا تمہیں ماس نہیں



To mosques, regular visitors are, but the poor,  
Ramzan's rigorous fasters are, but the poor,  
Entrenched in faith, Our lovers are, but the poor,  
Of your lapses, the concealers are, but the poor,

**Wretched are but the rich, wealth-drunk, all-thriving,  
For the down-trodden, religion's surviving.**

Preachers' firmness of faith, all but dissipated,  
Fire of self, tongue's fluency much mitigated,  
Prayer-call a rite, Bilal's way relegated,  
<sup>120</sup>Ghazali's teachings, to <sup>121</sup>Stoicism degenerated,

**Off the scene're worshipers, mosques are so complainant,  
Extinct are pious men, there exists no savant.**

120 Abu Hamid Muhammad Ibne Muhammad, known as Imam Ghazali (1058- 1111) A.D., was revivalist of Islam. He hailed from Toos, a town of Iran.

121 The philosophy of the Stoics. The stoics were the disciples of the philosopher Zern



جاگے ہوتے ہیں مساجد میں صفا آرا تو غریب      زحمت و زہ جو کرتے ہیں گوارا تو غریب  
نام یہ سنا ہے اگر کوئی ہمارا تو غریب      پردہ کھستے ہے اگر کوئی تمہارا تو غریب

اُمراۃٔ دولت میں ہیں غافل ہم سے

زندہ ہے ہلت بیضا عراب کے دم سے

واعظ قوم کی وہ چنپتہ خیالی نہ رہی      برقِ طبعی نہ رہی شعلہٴ معتالی نہ رہی  
رہ گئی رسمِ اذانِ رُوحِ بلالی نہ رہی      فلسفہ رہ گیا، تلعتینِ غزالی نہ رہی

مسجد میں مثنیٰ خاں ہیں کچھ نمازی نہ رہے

یعنی وہ صاحبِ اوصافِ حجازی نہ رہے



Extinct are the Muslims, there is a clamour,  
We ask where existed, the Muslims of glamour?,  
Hirdus in culture, Christians in flavour,  
Far worse than the Jews, in spirit and savour,

**Syed you are, Mirza too, high-brow <sup>122</sup> Afghan,  
Everything you boast to be, excepting Musalman.**

In assertion of truth, a Muslim was so bold,  
He knew no favour, on justice firm was his hold,  
Modesty was his jewel, conscience he never sold,  
Proverbial was his valour, his prowess untold,

**Like the wine warmth, he was all effervescent,  
In service a decanter, selfless and fervent.**

---

122. The division of Muslims into different tribes, sects and nationalities, as opposed to the teachings of Islam.



شوئے ہو گئے دنیا سے مسلمان نا بود  
ہم یہ کہتے ہیں کہ تم بھئی مسلمان موجود!  
وضع میں تم ہو نصاریٰ تو تمدن میں ہنود  
یہ مسلمان ہیں جنہیں دیکھ کے شرمانیں ہنود

یوں تو سید بھی ہو، مرزا بھی ہو، افغان بھی ہو  
تم سبھی کچھ ہو، بساؤ تو مسلمان بھی ہو!

تعمیر تھی مسلم کی صداقت بے باک  
عدل اس کا تھا قومی لوٹ مراعات کے پاک  
شجرِ فطرتِ مسلم تھا حیا سے نم ناک  
تھا شجاعت میں وہ اک سستی فوق الادراک

خود لدازمی ہم لہفتیتِ صہبائش بود  
خالی از خویشش شن صوتِ مینائش بود





A lancet each Muslim was, for every shabby ill,  
Action was his life's way, malady's instant pill,  
His heart's courage in him, arm's strength did instil,  
Afraid of death you are, he banked on Divine Will,

**If a son can't retrace, footsteps of his father,  
Can he be successor, when unbecoming rather?.**

Easy-going you are, wine-bibber, gay,  
Are you sure a Muslim?, is this Muslim's way?,  
<sup>123</sup>Haider's content missing, <sup>124</sup>Usman's wealth by no way,  
From your ancestors, spiritually gone away,

**As the first-rate Muslims, they were venerated,  
By rejecting Quran, you 're degenerated.**

---

123. Another name of Hazrat Ali, one of the greatest personages in the Islamic history. He is known for his wisdom, bravery and contentment.

124. One of the closest companions of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) and the Third Caliph of the Muslims.



ہر مسلمان کب طہا لے لیں شتر تھا اس کے آئینہ ہستی میں عمل جو ہر تھا  
جو ہر ساتھ اسے قوت بازو پر تھا بچے تمھیں موت کا ڈر اس کو خدا کا ڈر تھا

باپ کا علم نہ بیٹے کو الگ از بر ہو  
پھر پھر قابل میراث پدر کیونکر ہو!

ہر کوئی مستی سے ذوق تن آسانی ہے تم مسلمان ہو! یہ انداز مسلمان ہے!  
حیدر مہدی سے زولت عثمانی ہے تم کو اسلاف سے کیا نسبت حانی ہے؟

وہ زمانے میں معترف تھے مسلمان ہو کر  
اور تم خوار ہوئے تارک شران ہو کر



Fray-mongers as you are, peace-makers were they,  
Wrong-doers as you are, forgivers were they,  
To glory's pinnacle, all do wish their way,  
Fully sated their hearts, of no lure a prey,

To them matched Chinese throne, nor Persia's crown,  
You are bibble-babble, to conscience you frown.

Suicide your way, dignity they maintained,  
Brotherhood you bother not, they cherished and Sustained,  
Men of words but you are, action they never abstained,  
You tumble on ground, great heights they attained,

Living yet are their deeds, achievements not faded,  
Shining their truth is, its lustre unshaded.



تم ہو آپس میں غضب ناک وہ آپس میں کریم  
تم خطا کار و خطا بین، وہ خطا پوش و کریم  
چاہتے سب میں کہ ہوں اور ج شریا یہ معتمد  
پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرتے فلسفیم  
تختِ فغفور بھی ان کا تھا، سریر کے بھی  
یونہی باتیں ہیں کہ تم میں وہ حمیت ہے بھی؟

خود کشی شیو تمہارا، وہ غیو و خود ا  
تم اخت سے گریزان، وہ اخت پہ نثار  
تم پوئنتا پر اپا، وہ سراپا کردا  
تم ترستے ہو کھلی لو، وہ ہستیاں بدلنا  
اب تک یاد ہے قوموں کو حکایت ان کی  
نقش ہے صفحہ ہستی یہ صد اقت ان کی



On horizon they dawned, with starry glimmer,  
For charm of idols, they too felt love's tremor,  
Forsaking their hearths, they tasted parting's rigour,  
For slackness in action, they lost religious fervour,  
**From their moorings, cut off, emancipated,**  
**From Kaaba expelled, in temple habilitated.**

Desert's solitude to Qais, no longer appealing,  
City-bred he became, strange to desert-dealing,  
Habitation or not, for his mind is reeling,  
Stripped be Leila's veil, of its very sealing,

**Recorded be no protest, no reproach arraigned,**  
**If love is untrammelled, why beauty be restrained?**



مثلِ نخبِ اُفقِ قومِ پُوشن بھی ہوئے      بُتِ ہندمی کی محبت میں بُہمن بھی ہوئے  
شوقِ پرواز میں مہجورِ شمسین بھی ہوئے      بے عمل تھے ہر جہاں دین سے بدظن بھی ہوئے  
ان کو ہند نے ہر بند کے آزاد کیا  
لاکے کعبے سے صنم خانے میں آباد کیا

قیسِ رحمتِ کشتِ تنہائیِ صحرا نہ رہے      شہر کی لکھائے ہو اباد یہ پیمانے رہے  
وہ تو دیوانہ ہے ہستی میں رہے یا نہ رہے      یہ ضروری ہے حجابِ بُرخِ لیلانہ رہے  
گلہ جو رنہ ہو، شکوہ بیاد نہ ہو  
عشقِ آزاوئے کیوں حسن بھی آزاو نہ ہو!



Lightning is new <sup>125</sup> age, each dwelling on fire's flame,  
Be it meadow or desert, its effect is the same,  
Old nations 're new fire's fuel, what indeed a shame!,  
Worst victims ah! the Muslims are, what a sordid game!,

**Abraham faith's semblance, if today manifested,  
Pageant of the same sort, fire could have presented.**

Gardener! be not upset, at the garden's <sup>126</sup> plight,  
Twigs are but to glitter, with rose-buds' light,  
Meadow-sweepings shall see, no other day light,  
<sup>127</sup> Martyr's blood has made, flowers' <sup>128</sup> bloom all bright,

**Look for a while, auburn is the whole sky,  
Rising sun's radiance, is dazzling each eye.**

---

125. The age of new urges and challenges.

126. The pitiable condition of the Muslim world.

127. Those who fight in the way of God and lay down their lives for Him, their sacrifices are never wasted. The Holy Quran says that such men are alive and get their sustenance from God.

128. It's because of the blood of martyrs that the poet is perceiving novel promises in the Muslim world.



عہدِ نوبت ہے آتشِ نین بر خرم سے      امین اس کوئی صحرا نہ کوئی کاشی ہے  
اس نئی آگ کا اقوامِ کُمن ایندھن ہے      ملتِ جنتِ مرسِل شعلہ بے پیر ہے

آج بھی ہو جو براہِ تسم کا ایمان پیدا  
آگ لڑ سکتی ہے اندازِ گلستاں پیدا

دیکھ لڑنا ہے چن نہ پریشاں مالی      کو کعبہ بچے سے شاخیں ہیں چکنے والی  
خس و خاشاک سے ہوتا ہے گلستاں خالی      گل بر انداز ہے چرخِ شہدائی لالی

رنگِ گرزوں کا ذرا دیکھ تو غمتِ بلی ہے  
یہ نکلتے ہوئے سوج کی انسِ تابی ہے





There are the nations, having labour's fruit attained,  
Deprived are many, for nothing they have gained,  
Hundred palms are there, some growing, some deranged,  
In the womb of Nature, hundreds yet detained,

**Islam's fruit is, a symbol of good fortune,  
It's reward of toil, of time all opportune.**

Sanctified art thou, with <sup>129</sup>dust of thy land,  
That <sup>130</sup>Joseph art thou, each Egypt to withstand,  
Never shall halt, thy <sup>131</sup>caravan, thy band,  
Save an <sup>132</sup>outcry, no possession in thy hand,

**A lamp's flick thou art, within smoking flames,  
More concerned for Hereafter, with no present claims.**

- 
129. As long as the land remains, there is a fervent hope that the lot of its inhabitants will change for the better.  
130. A prophet and a king of Egypt, but all chaste and virtuous.  
131. Even though the Muslims were depressed all over the world, the poet had a robust hope that they would not be retarded in future.  
132. The outcry of 'Allah-O-Akbar' (God is Great).



انتیں گلشن ہستی میں ثمر چید بھی ہیں اور مٹم ثمر بھی ہیں خزانہ مید بھی ہیں  
سیکڑوں نخل ہیں کاہید بھی بالید بھی ہیں سیکڑوں لطن چمن میں ابھی لوشید بھی ہیں  
نخل اسلام نمونہ ہے بروست مدی کا  
پھل ہے یہ سیکڑوں صدیوں کی چمن بند می کا

پاکے کرد وطن سے سزا ماں تیرا تو وہ یوسف کے کہ ہر مصر ہے کنعاں تیرا  
قافلہ ہونہ کے کا کبھی ویراں تیرا غیر یک بانگِ درالچھ نہیں ساماں تیرا  
نخل شمع استی در شعلہ دو دریشہ تو  
عاقبت سو ز بود سایہ اندیشہ تو



Thou shalt not cease, if Iran exterminated,  
To intoxication, wine-flask not related,  
From Tatar's <sup>133</sup>horrendous <sup>134</sup>tale, it's indicated,  
Idolaters became Kaaba's guard, first-rated,

**Of Divine Cause, thou art main support,  
New age night, thou star, foggy in purport.**

Assault on Bulgaria, <sup>135</sup>tumult all-rounded,  
For heedless alarm it is, be not confounded,  
No cause for sorrow, nothing to be astounded,  
Self-respect's trial it's, of esteem unbounded,

**Why art thou afraid?, foe's <sup>136</sup>charger can't deal a blow,  
Potent is not the foe, Truth-light won't cease its glow.**

---

133. The Mongol tribesmen who were great warriors. They swept over many parts of Asia and Europe. Chingez Khan and Halagu Khan belonged to that tribe.

134. Chingez Khan attacked and ravaged parts of the Muslim world but subsequently the Mongols became Muslims and became the custodians of Kaaba.

135. Germany attacked Bulgaria and thus the 1st World War started.

136. Charger originally means a warrior horse, here it stands for a tank.



تُوڑے مٹ جائے گا ایران کے مٹ جانے سے  
نشہ مے کو تعلق نہیں سما نے سے  
ہے عیاں پوششِ تار کے افسانے  
پاسبانِ گل لے لے کعبے کو صنم خانے سے  
کشتیِ حق کا زمانے میں سہارا تو ہے  
عصرِ نورات ہے دُھندلا سا ستارا تو ہے

ہے جو سنگام بہ پاپوشِ بلغاری کا  
خافلوں کے لیے پیغام ہے بیداری کا  
تو سمجھتا ہے یہ سماں ہے دلِ آزاری کا  
اتھاں ہے ترے ایشاکا، خود واری کا  
کیوں ہر اسماں ہے ضمیرِ فرسِ اعدا سے  
نورِ حق بھجوزے کے کا نفسِ اعدا سے



To thy merit, nations' eyes are yet blind,  
Thy need a must, for existence of mankind,  
Pulsated is world, with thy warmth undefined,  
World leadership<sup>137</sup> thy lot, unique in its kind,

**Unfinished is the task, no room for much leisure,  
Of the Divine Light, brimmed is the measure.**

Odour-like caged, be free from captivity,  
Fly with winds, be not in passivity,  
Dust particle art thou, burst into activity,  
Into tornado's tumult, from song's festivity,

**With power of love, raise lowly to great height,  
With Mohammad's name, illumine world with light.**<sup>138</sup>

---

137. The oppressed people can't remain oppressed for ever. The poet is confident that a rosy future awaits them for world leadership.

138. So propitious and efficacious is the name of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.) that all darkness can be dispelled.



چشمِ اقوام سے مخفی ہے حقیقت تیری      ہے انجمنِ سبلی سستی کو ضرورت تیری  
زندہ رکھتی ہے زمانے کو حرارت تیری      گو لبِ قسمت امکان ہے خلاف تیری

وقتِ فرصت ہے کہاں کا م بھی باقی ہے  
نورِ توحید کا نام بھی باقی ہے

مثلِ بوقت سے نغمے میں پریشان ہو جا      زخمتِ بردوشن ہوائے چمنستان ہو جا  
ہے تنک مایہ تو ذرے ہے سیا بان ہو جا      نغمہٴ مہموج سے ہنسکا مرطوفان ہو جا

نہتِ عشق سے ہر سبت کو بالا کروے  
دیر میں ہم مستند سے اُجالا کروے



Nightingale's melody, for flowers' beatitude,  
This orchard called world, buds' smile in plenitude.  
Cask and ale's soundness, for bearer's rectitude,  
With no Monotheism, world will lose its certitude,

**For his very being, pitched is tent of the sky,  
Nature's pulse pulsates, life's wheels do ply.**

<sup>139</sup>  
It's in vale, desert and field, places all mundane,  
In tempo of tide, in fury of hurricane,  
In China's town. Morocco's desert and plain,  
Concealed in Muslim's faith, which is its main domain,

**Majesty of this faith, to last till eternity,  
Prophet's exaltation, at acme of dignity.**



چونکہ یہ مچھول تو بلبل کا ترنم بھی نہ ہو  
چشمین و ہر میں کھلیوں کا تبسم بھی نہ ہو

یہ نہ ساقی ہو تو پھر مے بھی نہ ہو ختم بھی نہ ہو  
بزم توحید بھی دنیا میں نہ ہو ختم بھی نہ ہو

خمیہ افلاک کا استادہ اسی نام سے ہے

نبض ہستی میں انا وہ اسی نام سے ہے

دشت میں امن کنسار میں میدان میں ہے  
بحر میں موج کی آنکھوں میں طوفان میں ہے

چین کے شہر مراکش کے بیابان میں ہے  
اور پوشیدہ مسلمان کے ایمان میں ہے

چشم اقوام نیت راہ تک دیکھئے

رفت شانِ رفعت اک ذکر لک دیکھئے





Ethiopia, the land of blacks, the floral world,  
Undying are martyrs, theirs' eternal world,  
Sun-beam nurtured, within this crescent, coral world,  
The lovers often call it, Bilal's tonal world,  
**Mercury-like tempered, universe with this name,**  
**As immersed into an eye, is star's flame.**

Love is thy sword, intellect is thy shield,  
My seer! limitless power shalt thou wield,  
<sup>140</sup>  
Save God, with thy slogan's fire, each one has reeled.  
In essence if a Muslim, vast is thy field,  
<sup>141</sup>  
**To Mohammad's adherence, rests thy salvation,**  
**Mean is this world, far higher thy destination.**

---

140. The slogan used in Jihad.

141. In the considered opinion of the poet, the Muslims who were then an oppressed class, could regain their past glory provided they were faithful to the mission of Muhammad (p.b.u.h.).



مردمِ چشمِ زمیں یعنی وہ کالی دنیا      وہ تمھارے شہسوار اپنے لئے والی دنیا  
گرمی مہر کی پروردہ ہلالی دنیا      عشق والے جسے کہتے ہیں ہلالی دنیا  
پیش اندوز سے اس نام سے پارے کی طرح  
غوطہ زن نور میں سے آنکھ کے تاکے کی طرح

عقل سے تیری بے پر عشق ہے شمشیر تری      مرے درویشوں! خلافت سے جہاں گئی تری  
ماریوی اللہ کے لیے آگ ہے تجیر تری      تو مسلمان ہو تو تفتد سے تدبیر تری  
کی محمد سے فائو نے تو ہم سے ہیں  
یہ جہاں چیز سے کیا لوح و قلم تری ہیں

# LENIN

(In Presence of God)

142

From all souls, from whole world, manifests Thy Revelation,  
Eternal is Thy being, it is fact's affirmation.

How could I know, whether or not Thou existed?,  
Each moment Intellect's axioms, underwent mutation.

With Nature's over-flowing rhythm, unacquainted is,  
Be it discreening stars, or knowing vegetation

Truth dawned upon me, when my eyes beheld today,  
Ere I had regarded it, Church's desecration.

143

---

142. The Communists donot believe in the existence of God, yet the poet has drawn such a picture of none else but Lenin that, after his death, he is in the presence of Almighty God and is asking certain intricate questions. Notice the tempo, the verve and grandiloquence in his address.

143. The manipulations made by priests.



# لینن (خدا کے حضور میں)

اے نفس و آفاق میں پیدا تھے آیات  
حق یہ ہے کہ ہے زندہ و پائندہ ترمیقات  
میں کیسے سمجھتا کہ تو ہے یا کہ نہیں ہے  
ہر دم متغییر تھے حسد و کے نظریات  
محرم نہیں فطرت کے سر و ازلی سے  
بنیائے کو الگ ہو کہ دانائے نباتات  
آج انکھ نے دیکھا تو وہ عالم ہوا ثابت  
میں جس کو سمجھتا تھا کلیسا کے خرافات



Within morn and eve's orbit, we're shackled creatures,  
Time-Shaper art Thou, moment's manifestation.  
Premitted if I am, I ask Thee a question,  
Existent is its answer, in no philosopher's dissertation.  
So long I existed, under sky's canopy,  
It pricked me like a thorn, without confirmation.  
Unrestrained my speech, though I'm circumspect,  
When soul is astir, with thought's reverberation.  
Which is that Adam, whose Master Thou art?,  
That Adam made of clay,<sup>145</sup> under canopy's elevation.  
Rulers of the East are, the White Europeans,  
Rulers of the West, for them money fulmination.

---

144. Helpless beings.

145. The negation of such a belief is in the Communistic ideology.

146. Such was the attitude of the European masters in Afro-Asian countries with their subjects as if they were not human beings but demi-gods while they cared a lot for the welfare of their own masses.



ہم بندِ شب و روز میں جکڑے ہوئے بندے  
تو حنا بق اعصار و نگارندہ آفات!  
اک بات اگر مجھ کو اجازت ہو تو پوچھوں  
حل کرنے کے جس کو حلیموں کے مقالات  
جب تک میں جیانیہ افلاک کے نیچے  
کھٹے کی طرح دل میں کھٹکتی رہی یہ بات  
گفتار کے اسلوب پہ قابو نہیں رہتا  
جب رُوح کے اندر مستلاطم ہوں خیالات  
وہ کون سا آدم ہے کہ تو جس کا معنی ہے  
وہ آدم حنا کی کہ جو ہے زیرِ سماوات؟  
مشرق کے حناوند سفیدان و سنہلی  
مغرب کے حناوند خورشندہ فلزات



With knowledge and skill's flash, the whole Europe is lit,  
Yet darkness persists, as if animals' habitation,

In architecture's beauty, in cleanliness, in elegance,  
Better than chapel's building is, bank's foundation.<sup>147</sup>

In appearance it is trade, in reality a gamble,<sup>148</sup>  
For one interest,<sup>149</sup> for millions sudden death, ruination.

This knowledge, this wisdom, this insight, this government,  
Blood-suckers they are, with equality's education.

Joblessness, nudity, poverty and ale-drinking,  
Big boons these are indeed, of Europe's subjugation.

That nation which is bereft of, Celestial Blessings,  
Its excellence limit, electric power generation.

---

147 Because of commercial gains and profiteering. God is dethroned by Mammon.

148. A scathing criticism on the European trade and business.

149. The interest in the form of usury which is forbidden in Islam.



یورپ میں بہت روشنی علم و ہنر ہے  
حق یہ ہے کہ بے چشمہ حیواں ہے یہ ظلمات  
عمنائی تعمیر میں رونق میں، صفائیں  
کہ جوں سے کہیں بڑھ کے ہیں بنکوں کی عمارات  
ظاہر میں تجارت ہے حقیقت میں جو ہے  
سو و ایک کا لالھوں کے لیے مرل مفاجات  
یہ علم، یہ حکمت، یہ تدبیر، یہ حکومت  
پیتے ہیں لہو، دیتے ہیں تسلیم مساوات  
بے کاری و عریانی و مے خواری و افلاس  
کیا کم ہیں منگنی مذہبیت کے منتوحات  
وہ قوم کہ فیضان سماوی سے چومجسروم  
حد اس کے کمالات کی ہے برق و بخارت





When machines become masters, it's death for human heart,  
They throttle fellow feelings, creating desperation.

Traces somewhat exist, that here and there after all,  
Fate has brow-beaten, endeavour and deliberation.

Shaken is the very foundation, of the ale-house,  
Anxious are the revellers, feeling exasperation.

In eve's twilight, face's crimson is in sight,  
Powder's glow it is, wine's fleeting sensation.

All-Powerful and Just art Thou, but in Thy world,  
Labourer's life <sup>151</sup> miserable, with no inspiration.

The curse of capital worship, <sup>152</sup> how long will it persist?  
Thy world is waiting for, the Day of Reparation.

150. Machines dehumanize human beings.

151. As the poet was a great champion of the down-trodden, irrespective of their caste, creed, or colour, he championed too the cause of the labourers who were yet the worst exploited classes. So the poet put his own feelings into the mouth of Lenin, although Communism had come to be established as a protector of the labourers. It was something different that the labour class remained the worst sufferer in Russia before the collapse of Communism.

152. Capitalism too, as opposed to Communism, is a great curse. That is why many states in the West have become social welfare states.



ہے دل کے لیے موت شینوں کی حکومت  
احساسِ مروت کو نچل دیتے ہیں آلات  
اتار تو کچھ کچھ نطن آتے ہیں کہ آخر  
تدبیر کو تقدیر کے شاطرنے کیا مات  
محنانے کی بنیاد میں آیا ہے تزلزل  
بیٹھے ہیں اسی منکر میں پیرانِ خرابات  
چہروں پہ جو نطن راتی ہے شرم  
یا عنازہ ہے یا ساعن روینا کی کرامات  
تو فت اور وعادل ہے مگر تیرے جہاں میں  
ہیں تلخ بہت بندہ مزدور کے اوقات  
کب ڈوبے گا یہ پرستی کا سفینہ؟  
دنیا ہے تری منتظن روزِ مکافات!



## SONG OF ANGELS

Undirected is yet Intellect, Love yet unplaced,  
O Eternal <sup>153</sup>Printer!, Thy print is yet untraced.

Waylaying for noble men; priest, prince and reprobate,  
In Thy world, motion of morn and eve, is yet unlaced.

<sup>154</sup>  
Contented Thy rich, to fate reconciled poor,  
Much exalted 're masters, slaves yet ungraced.

Knowledge, skill and religion, man's sheer ambition,  
Of love's mystery-reveller, bounty yet unsoled.

Love is life's essence, self is Love's quintessence,  
Sheathed is this sword, alas! it's yet cased.

---

153. The Almighty God.

154. Resigned to their fate.

# فرشتوں کا لیت

عقل ہے بے نام ابھی عشق ہے بے مقام ابھی  
نقشِ کبر ازل! ترا نقش ہے نام ابھی  
خلقِ خدائی لحات میں رند و فقیہ و مہرِ پیر  
تیرے جہاں میں ہے وہی گردشِ صبح و شام ابھی  
تیرے مہرِ مال مست تیرے فقرِ یہ حال مست  
بندہ ہے کوچہ گرو ابھی خواجہ بے بند بام ابھی  
دشمنِ دین و مسلم و فنِ بندگی ہو ستم  
عشق کرہ کُشاے کا فیض نہیں ہے عام ابھی  
جو ہر زندگی ہے عشق جو ہر عشق ہے خودی  
اے کہ ہے یہ تیغ تیز پرو کی نیام ابھی!



## GOD'S COMMAND TO ANGELS

Awaken the poor, in chains who are bound,  
Palaces of the rich, be razed to ground.<sup>155</sup>

Heaten slaves' blood, with passion of certainty,  
Let falcon be a prey, let sparrow pound.

Democracy's order, is just round the corner,  
Blot out ugly traces, that look unsound.<sup>156</sup>

Worthless is that field, which fails to feed farmer,  
Set to fire, spike of wheat all around.<sup>157</sup>

---

155. Notice the revolutionary or rebel Iqbal at his acme of protestation against the cruel and unjust order prevailing in the world. The Conscience of God is pricked and he is commanding His angels to undo the unjust order.

156. In the opinion of the poet, democratic order might usher a new era and bring a happy change in the condition of life of the poor and the exploited.

157. What a revolutionary idea! The poet says that a field of corn incapable of feeding its farmer, deserves to be consigned to fire.



## فرمانِ خدا ( فرشتوں سے )

اٹھو! مری دنیا کے غریبوں کو جلا دو  
کانخ امرا کے در و دیوار پلا دو  
گرماء و غلاموں کا لہو سوزی تھیں سے  
کنکشاب فرومایہ کو شاہیں سے لڑا دو  
سلطانی بسمور کا آتہ ہے زمانہ  
جو نقش کنن تم کو نظر آئے، مٹا دو  
جس کھیت سے ہفتاں کو میسر نہیں روزی  
اس کھیت کے ہر خوشہ کندم کو جلا دو



158

Why a veil, between Creator and creature?

Permit not the priest, believers to hound.

To God submission, to idols circumflexion,

Worship places' candles, <sup>159</sup> blow out, if found.

Disgusting for me are, slabs of the marble,

Erect for me an earthen mosque, simple but sound. <sup>160</sup>

Brittle as a glass, is new civilization, <sup>161</sup>

Teach the poet methods of madness, which do astound.

---

158. There should be no intermediary between God and man.

159. If worship places have become dens of exploitation and superstitions, they should be razed to ground.

160. The poet is deadly against pomp and show of worship places.

161. The new civilization, in the opinion of the poet, does not rest on solid grounds and is likely to be wiped out soon.



کیوں خالق و مخلوق میں حائل رہیں پروے

پیرانِ کلیسا کو کلیسا سے اٹھا دو

حق را بسجودے صنماں را بطوائف

بہتر ہے چراغِ حرم و دیر بچھا دو

میں ناخوش و بیزار ہوں مہر کی سلوں سے

میرے لیے مٹی کا حرم اور بنا دو

تہذیبِ نومی کا رگہ شیشہ کراں ہے

آدابِ جنوں شاعرِ شرق کو سلھا دو!





## TO JAVED

(On the eve of his first hand-written letter from London)

In this land of love, create a place of celebrity,

Live with new morn and eve, in an age of activity,

If restless is thy heart, to unravel Nature's secrets,

With flowers' numb stillness, create oration's dignity.

Thy eyes not be dazzled, by Europe's false glamour,<sup>162</sup>

From India's earthen clay, carve flask of speciality.

A vine-twig<sup>163</sup> I am, my lyrics my grapes,

Extract red ale from these grapes,<sup>164</sup> with utmost dexterity.

Not richness but modesty,<sup>165</sup> is my way of life,

With no bargain of 'Self, earn a name in austerity.

162 As young men very often went to European countries for furtherance of higher studies, it was the apprehension of almost each Indian parent lest his son was affected by the artificialities and libertine ways of life in Europe.

163 A vine-twig laden with sweet grapes.

164 The poet advises his son to draw the maximum lesson from his poetry.

165 That poverty is far better in which self-respect is not injured.



# جاوید کے نام

(لندن میں اُس کے ہاتھ کا لکھا ہوا پہلا خط آنے پر)

و یا عشق میں اپنا ستم پیدا کر  
خدا کروں فطرت شناس کے تجھ کو  
انٹھارے شیشہ لہرانِ فرنگ کے احساں  
میں شاخِ تال ہوں مہرِ غزل ہے میرا ثمر  
نیا زمانہ نئے صبح و شام پیدا کر  
سکوتِ لالہ و گل سے کلام پیدا کر  
سفالِ ہند سے میسے بنا و جام پیدا کر  
مرے ثمر سے لالہ و نام پیدا کر

مرا طریق مہرِ مہرین فقیرِ مہر ہے

خودی نہ بیچ عہدِ سیرِ مہر میں نام پیدا کر!



## IN MEMORIUM OF LATE MOTHER

For world's each atom, no escape from fate's determination,<sup>166</sup>  
Helplessness and wretchedness are, in veil of deliberation.

Helpless is the sky, the sun and the moon, under constraint,  
For velocity, the shooting stars come, under all restraint.

Defeatism is the end of bud, blossoming into flower.  
For growth, even the fauna and flora, seem to have no power.

**Whether it be conscience's voice, nightingale's song of pain,**  
**Imprisoned is every thing, in the same universal chain.**<sup>167</sup>

When secret of helplessness, is revealed unto the eye,  
Perennial flow of tears ceases, in heart it gets dry.

---

166. In the English language, there is a saying "what is lothed, cannot be blotted". The doctrine of fatalism that all events are subjected to fate, and happen by unavoidable necessity.

167. Each and every object in the entire universe moves within its orbit and in accordance with the prescribed course for which it is designed. Thus, everything is subservient to the Will of the Designer. Therefore, there arises no question of volition.

# والد مرحومہ کی یاد میں

ذرہ ذرہ دہر کا زندانی تقدیر ہے  
پردہ مجبوری و بے چارگی تدبیر ہے  
اسماں مجبور ہے، شمس و ستارے مجبور ہیں  
انجم سیلابِ پافتار پر مجبور ہیں  
ہے شکستِ انجامِ غنچے کا سبُو گلزار میں  
سبزہ و گل بھی ہیں مجبورِ نو گلزار میں  
نغمہ بلبیل ہو یا آوازِ خاموشیِ ضمیر  
سے اسی زنجیرِ عالمِ لیر میں ہر شے اسیر  
آنکھ پر ہوتا ہے جب یہ سترِ مجبوری عیاں  
خشک ہو جاتا ہے دل میں اشک کا سیلِ رواں



In human heart, joy and sorrow's ember, never lasts long,  
Only melody lingers, ebb and flow's pleasure, never lasts long.

Instruments are lore and wisdom, for sorrow and sigh,  
A piece of diamond, the intuitive heart to lie.

Though in my orchard, exists no moisture of dew,  
Red is not the substance of tears, my eyes brew.

Alas! known very well to me are, secrets of human pains,  
My nature is so gentle, that never it complains.

My lips can't relate, the present tale, all benighted,  
My heart not bewild'ered, afflicted or delighted.

Thy portrait, O messenger!, that of constant wailing,  
Ah! this assertion based, on my intellect unfailing.



قلب انسانی میں رقصِ عیش و نعم رہتا نہیں  
نغمہ رہ جاتا ہے، لطفِ زیر و بم رہتا نہیں  
علم و حکمت رہزنِ سامانِ اشک و آہ ہے  
یعنی اک الماس کا ٹکڑا دل آگاہ ہے  
گرچہ میرے باغ میں شبنم کی شادابی نہیں  
آنکھ میری مایہ دارِ اشکِ عُبابی نہیں  
جانستاپوں آہ، میں آلامِ انسانی کا راز  
ہے نوائے شکوہ سے خالی مری فطرت کا ساز  
میرے لب پر قصۂ نسیبِ زلی و وراں نہیں  
دلِ مراحیراں نہیں، خنداں نہیں، گریاں نہیں  
پر تری تصویرِ قاصدِ گریہِ پہیم کی ہے  
آہ! یہ تردیدِ میری حکمتِ محکم کی ہے



168

From wailing's surfeit, existing is life's foundation,  
Ashamed is callous intellect, for pain's intonation.

With sighs of smoke's curls, my heart's mirror is bright,  
With tears' gushes, apron's lapel knows no respite.

Wonder-struck I am, at thy alluring image,  
Undimensional flight of time, with its visage.

169

To the past probably, she did temper with the present,  
And made me conversant, with childhood's urges latent.

Nurtured was the puking infant, when in thy bracing lap,  
Unused was his prattling tongue, to letters' vigorating sap.

Now resounding is this world, with his brisk speech,  
Priceless are the pearls, scattered on his eye's beach.

---

168. Khalil Gibran, a famous man of letters, said that the strength to face the odds of life lies far more in tear than in laughter. Iqbal goes a step farther when he says that wailings lay life's foundations.

169. The mother of the poet.



گریہ سہارا سے بنیادِ جاں پائندہ ہے  
درد کے عرفاں سے عقلِ سنگدل شرمندہ ہے  
موجِ دُودِ آہ سے آئینہ ہے روشن مرا  
گنجِ آبِ اور دے معسور ہے دامن مرا  
حیرتی ہوں میں تری تصویر کے اعجاز کا  
سُخِ بدل ڈالا ہے جس نے وقت کی پرواز کا  
رفیقہ و حاضر کو گویا پاپا اس نے کیا  
عہدِ طفلی سے مجھے پھر آشنا اس نے کیا  
جب ترے دامن میں پکتی تھی وہ جانِ ناتواں  
بات سے اچھی طرح محرم نہ تھی جس کی زباں  
اور اب چہرے ہیں جس کی شوخیِ گفتار کے  
بے بہا موتی ہیں جس کی چشمِ گوہر بار کے





Erudition's sober talks, maturity of ripe age,  
Majesty of worldly glory, false pride of youth's stage.

From life's high pedestal, we descend for a while,  
In mother's graceful company, we are but peurile.

170

With much informal laughter, free from all worldly cares,  
Heaven is again the abode, away from sundry snares.

In the country ah!, who will now await my letter,  
For want of my missive, whose heart will now smother.

I shall come with a plaint, when I visit thy grave,  
In all mid-night prayers, who'll wish for me to crave?

171

172

Thy training raised me, star-like in exaltation,  
Became my ancestor's house, seat of veneration.

---

170. Almost each mother is an incarnation of all virtues.

171. It is commonly believed that maternal prayers get Divine favour soon.

172. The poet is paying a glowing tribute to his bereaved mother.



علم کی سنجیدہ گفتاری، بڑھاپے کا شعور  
دنیوی اعزاز کی شوکت، جوانی کا غرور  
زندگی کی آوج گاہوں سے اتر آتے ہیں ہم  
صُحبتِ مادر میں طُغیٰ نسلِ سادہ رہ جاتے ہیں ہم  
بے تکلف خندہ زن ہیں، فکر سے آزاد ہیں  
پھر اُسی کھوئے ہوئے فردوس میں آباد ہیں  
کس کو اب جو کا وطن میں آہ امیرِ اُتظنار  
کون میرا خط نہ آنے سے رہے گا بے قرار  
خاکِ مرقد پر تری لے کر یہ منیر یاد آؤں گا  
اب دُعا ئے نیم شب میں کس کو میں یاد آؤں گا  
تربیت سے تیرمی میں انجسم کا ہم قسمت ہوا  
گھر مرے اجداد کا سرمایہ عزت ہوا



In being's book, how precious was thy life's <sup>173</sup> page,  
For this world and Hereafter, thy teachings of a sage.

Services of thy love, for my life as a whole,  
When serviceable I was, snapped was thy life's role.

That <sup>174</sup> youth, stately in stature, as a cypress tree,  
As compared to me, he served thee in greater degree.

In life's all affairs, for me like a fort he is,  
Thy true love's replica, my main support he is.

Like a hapless, helpless child, he is for thee wailing,  
With impatience grief piled, he is for thee wailing.

In fields of our lives, implanted thee a seed,  
With sorrow's pinch far more, <sup>175</sup> grew love's intensity indeed.

---

173. What a delightful image!

174. An allusion to the poet's brother.

175. Love of the poet for his mother became more intensified after her death.



دفتر ہستی میں تھی زرتیں ورق تیری حیات  
تھی سراپا دین و دنیا کا سبق تیری حیات  
عمر بھر تیری محبت میری خدمت کر رہی  
میں تری خدمت کے قابل جب ہوا تو چل بسی  
وہ جواں، قامت میں ہے جو صورت سر بلند  
تیری خدمت سے ہوا جو مجھ سے بڑھ کر بہر مند  
کار و بار زندگانی میں وہ ہم پہلو مرا  
وہ محبت میں تری تصویر، وہ بازو مرا  
تجھ کو مثل طفلان بے دست و پا روتا ہے وہ  
صبر سے نا آشنا صبح و ساروتا ہے وہ  
تختم جس کا تو ہماری کشتی جاں میں بولتی  
شرکتِ عنم سے وہ الفت اور محکم ہو گئی



176

A mourning place this world is ah!, for the young and the old,  
How caged is man!, within yester and morrow's fold.

How difficult is life?, how easy is death?,  
As rife is breeze in orchard, how creazy is death?.

177

There are quakes, lightnings, droughts, stern sufferings,  
How cruel<sup>178</sup> natural calamities!, how grave such occurings.

179

Death dances in poverty's hut, palace of prosperity,  
No orchard, dwelling, town free, from death's malignity.

Even within the Dead Sea, fury of death existing,  
Ships succumb to surging waves, to lap of death subsisting.

Permissible is not the plaint, powerless all oration,  
What is life?, a collar<sup>180</sup> heavy for neck's subjugation.

---

176. This world is full of sorrows and problems. Thomas Hardy, an eminent English novelist said, "Happiness is an occasional episode in the general drama of pain" Therefore, life for him was nothing but a general drama of pain.

177. The causes of pains for mankind.

178. The occurrence of natural disasters.

179. Whether rich or poor, each one is subjected to death.

180. A beautiful figure of speech.



آہ! یہ دُنیا، یہ ماتم حسانہ برنا و پیر  
ادھی ہے کس طلسمِ دوشس و فردا میں اسیر!  
کتنی مشکل زندگی ہے، کس قدر آساں ہے موت  
گلشنِ ہستی میں مانندِ نسیمِ ارزاں ہے موت  
زلزلے ہیں، بجلیاں ہیں، قحط ہیں، آلام ہیں  
کیسی کیسی دُخستراںِ مادرِ ایام ہیں!  
کُلبہِ افلاس میں، دولت کے کاشانے میں موت  
دشت و در میں شہر میں، گلشن میں، ویرانے میں موت  
موت ہے ہنگامہ آراشِ لُزمِ خاموشی میں  
ڈوب جاتے ہیں سفینے موج کی اغوشی میں  
نئے مجالِ شکوہ ہے، نئے طاقتِ نفستار ہے  
زندگانی کیا ہے، اک طوقِ کلو افسار ہے!



Nothing is in the caravan, except an outcry,  
Nothing is life's price, except a tear-soaked eye.

The testing time shall not last long, although it stares,  
Many ages yet to dawn, behind heaven's nine layers,

What if orchard's tulips and flowers, are bare-breasted?,  
What, if nightingales are, lamentation-arrested?.

Autumnal sigh in thickets cage, is in captivity,  
Spring zephyr will make them verdant, till eternity.

What if our beings' fire, is hidden within the dust?,  
No matter if the frame ephemeral, for the dust's crust.

Reduced to ashes is not, the end of life's fire,  
The pearl is fated not, to give way in its entire.

---

181. The real life is to start after the death.



قافلے میں غیر ناپا دور اچھ بھی نہیں  
اک مستاع دیدہ تر کے سوا کچھ بھی نہیں

ختم ہو جانے کا لیکن امتحاں کا دور بھی

ہیں پس نہ پردہ لہڑوں ابھی دور اور بھی

سینہ چال اس گلستاں میں لال و گل ہیں تو کیا

نال و فنر یاد پر مجبور نعلیں ہیں تو کیا

جھاڑیاں جن کے قفس میں قید ہے آہ خزاں

سبز کر دے کی انھیں باد بہار جاو دل

خفتہ خال پے سپر میں ہے شرار اپنا تو کیا

عارضی محمل ہے یہ مُشتِ غبار اپنا تو کیا

زندگی کی آگ کا انجم خام خاکستر نہیں

ٹوٹنا جس کا معترف ہو یہ وہ لوہر نہیں





To Nature's bosom, love for life is so much vital,  
Each living being is gifted, with urge for survival.

Prints of life, if icy death could obliterate,  
Universe's <sup>182</sup> Controller, would never let it oscillate.

If so commonly cheap, death then has no significance,  
As for life's regular flow, sleep causes no hindrance.

O Unmindful! death's mystery is something else,  
From temporariness of print, distinct is something else.

Mark of air on water's surface, is Heavenly sight,  
It creates a bubble, overpowering waves' might.

In the recess of a wave, to bubble the air conceals,  
To its own print, how cruelly then a blow it deals.

To the bubble, had the air, no power to regenerate,  
So reckless would not have been, the air to disintegrate.

---

182. The Almighty God.



زندگی محبوب ایسی دیدہ و شدت میں ہے  
ذوقِ حفظِ زندگی ہر چیز کی فطرت میں ہے  
موت کے ہاتھوں سے مٹ سکتا اگر نقشِ حیات  
عام یوں اس کو نہ کر دیتا لطفِ نامِ کائنات  
ہے اگر ارزاں تو یہ سب جو اصل کچھ بھی نہیں  
جس طرح سونے سے جینے میں خلل کچھ بھی نہیں  
آہِ غافل! موت کا راز نہاں کچھ اور ہے  
نقش کی ناپائنداری سے عیاں کچھ اور ہے  
جستِ نظارہ ہے نقشِ ہوا بالائے آب  
موجِ مضطر توڑ کر تعمیر کرتی ہے جناب  
موج کے دامن میں پھر اُس کو چھپا دیتی ہے یہ  
کتنی بیداری سے نقشِ اپنا مٹا دیتی ہے یہ  
پھر نہ کر سکتی جناب اپنا اگر پیدا ہوا  
توڑنے میں اُس کے یوں ہوتی نہ بے پروا ہوا



Of this practice what's the effect, on manner of creation?,  
A proof this is, that air has the power of generation.

Immolation, each object of Nature, ever aspires,  
For a better shape and order, an urge it inspires.

Ah! restive is mercury, stars higher than sky,  
These sprightly sparks, night's gratitude their sigh.

Intellect seems overpowered, such is their duration,  
In man's tale of evolution, a trice their mutation.

Towards sky is man ascendant, whose very sight,  
More sacrosanct in purpose, than angels all bright.

Who is like a lit candle, for Nature's exposition?,  
Thy sky but a dot, in expanse of disposition.

Restive is his silliness, for truthful, bold assertion,  
A plectrum is his nail, for living symphony's expression.



اس روش کا کیا اثر ہے سمیت تعمیر پر  
یہ تو حجت ہے ہوا کی قوت تعمیر پر  
فطرت ہستی شہیدِ آرزو رہتی نہ ہو  
خوب تر پیکر کی اس کو جستجو رہتی نہ ہو  
اہ سیاب پریشاں، انجسم لردوں فرور  
شوخ یہ چنکاریاں، ممنون شب ہے جن کا سوز  
عقل جس سے سر بہ زانو ہے وہ ہدایت ان کی ہے  
سرگزشتِ نوعِ انسان ایک ساعت ان کی ہے  
پھر یہ انسان اس سوتے افلاک ہے جس کی نظر  
قدسیوں سے بھی صدمہ میں ہے جو پاکیزہ تر  
جو مثالِ شمع روشن محسنِ ثلِ قدرت میں ہے  
اسماں ال نقطہ جس کی وسعتِ فطرت میں ہے  
جس کی نادرانی صداقت کے لیے بیتا ہے  
جس کا ناخن سازِ ہستی کے لیے مضراب ہے



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Is the flame inferior to, sparks of the sky?,  
To the sun's supreme position, do the stars defy?.

Under the dust, how sleepless is flower-seed's eye?,  
For growth how restless, how zealous does it lie?.

Flame of life which lies hidden, within the seed's breast,  
It's bound for sprouting, for self-display all unrest!.

Grave's chilling coldness all useless, it can cause no sorrow,  
Buried within the dust, its vexation lies thorough.

It comes out of grave, in shape of a lovely flower,  
As if garment for life, death prepares with its power.

Enclosure is a grave in fact, of this hidden power,  
Around the sky's neck, its nooses oft hover.

A revival is death indeed, of the fun of life,  
An awakening from sleep it is, for ages all rife.

185. Here "flame" stands for a human being or human life.



سُعدِ یہ کس ترے لردوں کے شراروں سے بھی کیا  
کم بہا سے آفتاب اپنا ستاروں سے بھی کیا  
شخمِ گل کی آنکھ زیرِ خاک بھی بے خواہی ہے  
کس قدر نشوونما کے واسطے بے تاب ہے  
زندگی کا سُعدِ اس دانے میں جو ستور ہے  
خونِ سائی، خوفِ زانی کے لیے مجبور ہے  
سردیِ مرتد سے بھی افسردہ ہو سکتا نہیں  
خاک میں دب کر بھی اپنا سوز کھوسکتا نہیں  
پھول بن کر اپنی تربت سے نکل آتا ہے یہ  
موت سے گویا قبائے زندگی پاتا ہے یہ  
ہے لحد اُس قوتِ اشفتہ کی شیرازہ بند  
ڈالتی ہے لردین لردوں میں جو اپنی کسند  
موت، تجہدید مذاقِ زندگی کا نام ہے  
خواب کے پردے میں بیداری کا ال پیغام ہے



To a flight-lover, there's no fear of flight,  
Save a poised wing in the world, death causes no fright.

Men generally do say, for death's pang there is no cure,  
With passage of time, separation wounds one can endure.

Heart knows not time's sway, with sorrow tho' it throbs,  
Unfettered is Chain's circle, the morn with eve hobnobs.

Such is time's sorcery, wailings are never-ending,  
When Time's dagger forces parting, no balm for rending.

With a sudden calamity, when someone is beset,  
Tears flow from human eyes, without any let.

With heart, wailings and outcries have their relation,  
Heart's blood flows in form of tears, with no exaggeration.

Of power of forbearance, man is though deprived,  
In his nature unknowingly, such a feeling has thrived.



خوگر پرواز کو پرواز میں ڈر کچھ نہیں  
موت اس گلشن میں جگر سنجیدن پر کچھ نہیں

کہتے ہیں اہل جہاں دردِ اجل ہے لاوا  
زخمِ فرقت وقت کے مرہم سے پاتا ہے شفا  
دل مگر، غم مرنے والوں کا جہاں آباد ہے  
حلقہ زنجیرِ صبح و شام سے آزاد ہے  
وقت کے افسوں سے تھمتا نالہ ماتم نہیں  
وقت زخمِ تیغِ فرقت کا کوئی مرہم نہیں  
سر پہ آجاتی ہے جب کوئی مصیبت ناکہاں  
اشکِ پیہم دیدۂ انساں سے ہوتے ہیں رواں  
ربط ہو جاتا ہے دل کو نالہ و سرباد سے  
خونِ دل بہتا ہے آنکھوں کی سرشکِ باد سے  
ادمی تاپِ شکیبائی سے کو محروم ہے  
اس کی فطرت میں یہ ال احساں نامعلوم ہے





In no way man's essence, conversant with non-existence,  
Though away from perception, indestructible this essence.

A speck of dust life is, with sorrow's flame rather,  
Extinguished is this fire, with gay feeling's water.

Ah! this moan's restraint, is not negligence of stillness,  
Consolation is this consciousness, not forgetfulness.

From the veil of East, when the lovely morning brightens,  
From world's apron, smudges of night it whitens.

To tulips sorrow-faced, it sets them with a fire,  
To tongueless winged creatures, it warms with a desire.

Free is music's cadence, from nightingale's cage of breast,  
With hundreds of songs, the morning zephyr is all set.

The night - sleepers in orchard, in rivulet, in the hill,  
With life animated, no longer standstill.



جو ہر انسانِ عدم سے آشنا ہوتا نہیں  
انکھ سے غائب تو ہوتا ہے فنا ہوتا نہیں  
رخت ہستی خال، غم کی شعلہ افشانی سے ہے  
سر و یہ آگ اس لطیف احساس کے پانی سے ہے  
اے، یہ ضبطِ فغانِ غفلت کی خاموشی نہیں  
آگہی ہے یہ دل آسانی، فنا ہوشی نہیں  
پر وہ مشرق سے جس دم جلوہ گر ہوتی ہے صبح  
دوغ شب کا دامنِ آفاق سے دھوتی ہے صبح  
لالہ افسردہ کو آتشِ قبک کرتی ہے یہ  
بے زباں طائر کو سرستِ نوا کرتی ہے یہ  
سینہ بیل کے زنداں سے سرودِ آزاد ہے  
سیکڑوں نغموں سے باوجودِ آدمِ آباد ہے  
خفتگانِ لالہ زار و کوہسار و رُودبار  
ہوتے ہیں آخرِ عروسِ زندگی سے ہملند



As Nature's Law, comes after each eve, rays of morn,  
Why not night of man's grave, be lit with glaze of morn?

My rich imagination, the whole universe may clamber,  
Imprisoned is thy memory, in my heart's chamber.

My aching heart, with thy remembrance, is brimmed,  
With prayers, as if Kaaba's atmosphere is rimmed.

Life is but a continuous, performance of duty,  
Million mortal worlds it has, of brightness and beauty.

Of being's each stage, different are rites and conventions,  
A test is life Hereafter, full of distentions.

Powerless are in fact, cruel and icy hands of death,  
For the seeds of action, fairly conducive is its breath.

With Nature's light, frame of darkness not verily fraught,  
Not so unauspicious is, the halo of human thought.



یہ المرآتین ہستی ہے کہ ہو ہر شام صبح  
مرقدِ انساں کی شب کا کیوں نہ ہو پنج صبح  
وامِ سینِ تختِ یل ہے مرا آفتابِ لیر  
کر لیا ہے جس سے تیری یاد کو میں نے اسیر  
یاد سے تیری دلِ درد آشنا معمور ہے  
جیسے کعبے میں دعائوں سے فضا معمور ہے  
وہ فرائض کا تسلسل نام ہے جس کا حیات  
جلوہ کا ہیں اُس کی ہیں لاکھوں جہانِ بے ثبات  
مختلف پیرِ نزلِ ہستی کی رسم و راہ ہے  
آخرت بھی زندگی کی ایک جولاں گاہ ہے  
ہے وہاں بے حاصلی کشتِ اجل کے واسطے  
سازگار آب و ہوا تخنیمِ عمل کے واسطے  
نورِ فطرتِ ظلمتِ پیکر کا زندانی نہیں  
تنگ ایسا حلفتِ افکارِ انسانی نہیں



Far more resplendent than the moon, was indeed thy lustre,  
Matched not, the morning star, thy errand far better.

May lightsome be thy grave, as the dawn all bright,  
May thine earthy resting-place, be filled with all light.

May dew drops fall upon thy grave, with great jubilation,  
May newly-grown vegetation, guard this habitation.



زندگانی تھی تری مہتاب سے تابندہ تر  
خوب تر تھا صبح کے تارے سے بھی تیرا سفر  
مثل ایوانِ حرمِ مرقدِ شروزاں ہو ترا  
نور سے مسوریہ خالی شبستاں ہو ترا  
اسماں تیری لحد پر شبِ بنم افشانی کرے  
بسزۂ نور ستہ اس گھرنی نہ ہبانی کرے



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