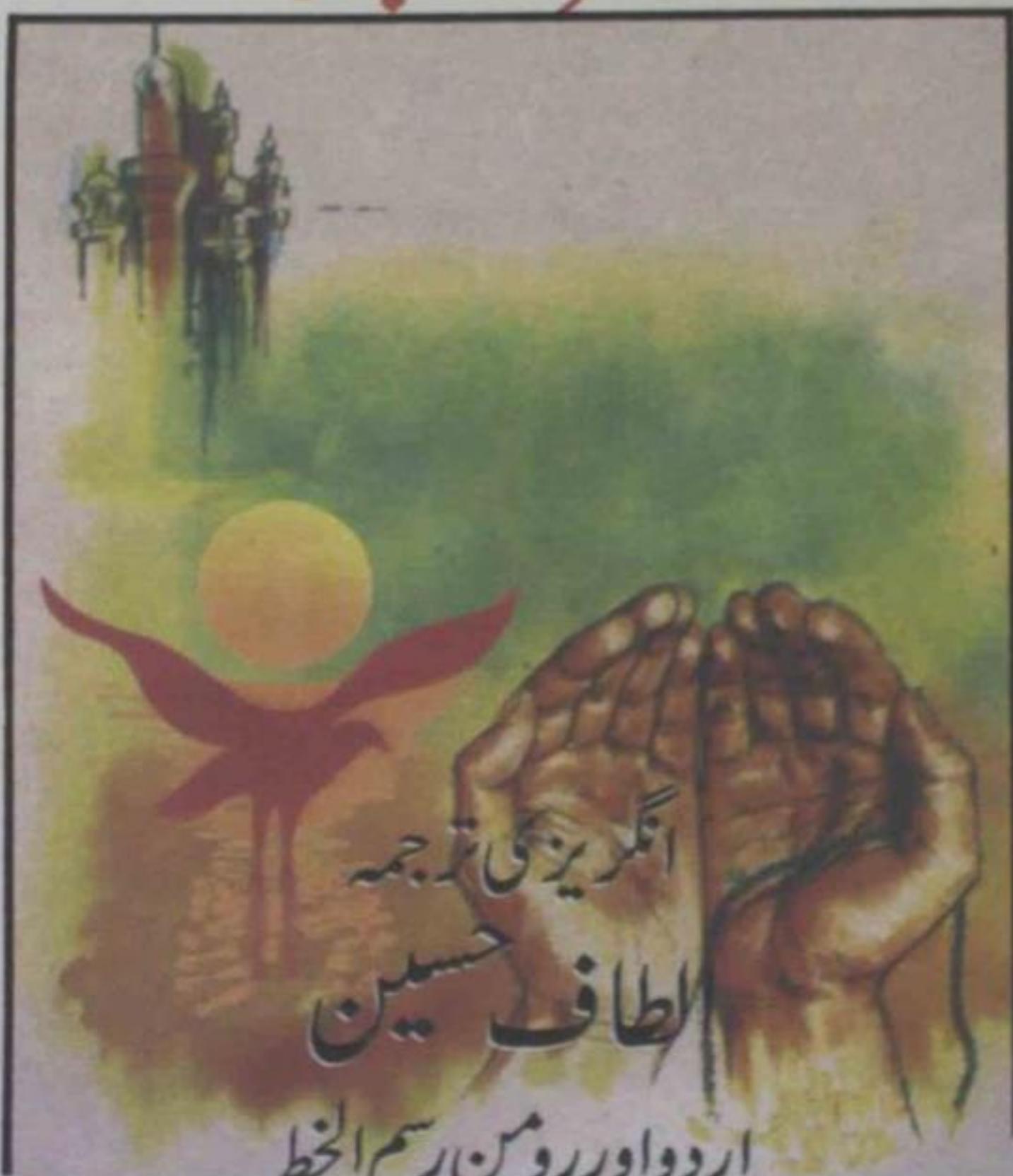


شکوہ جواب شکوہ

علامہ سر محمد اقبال



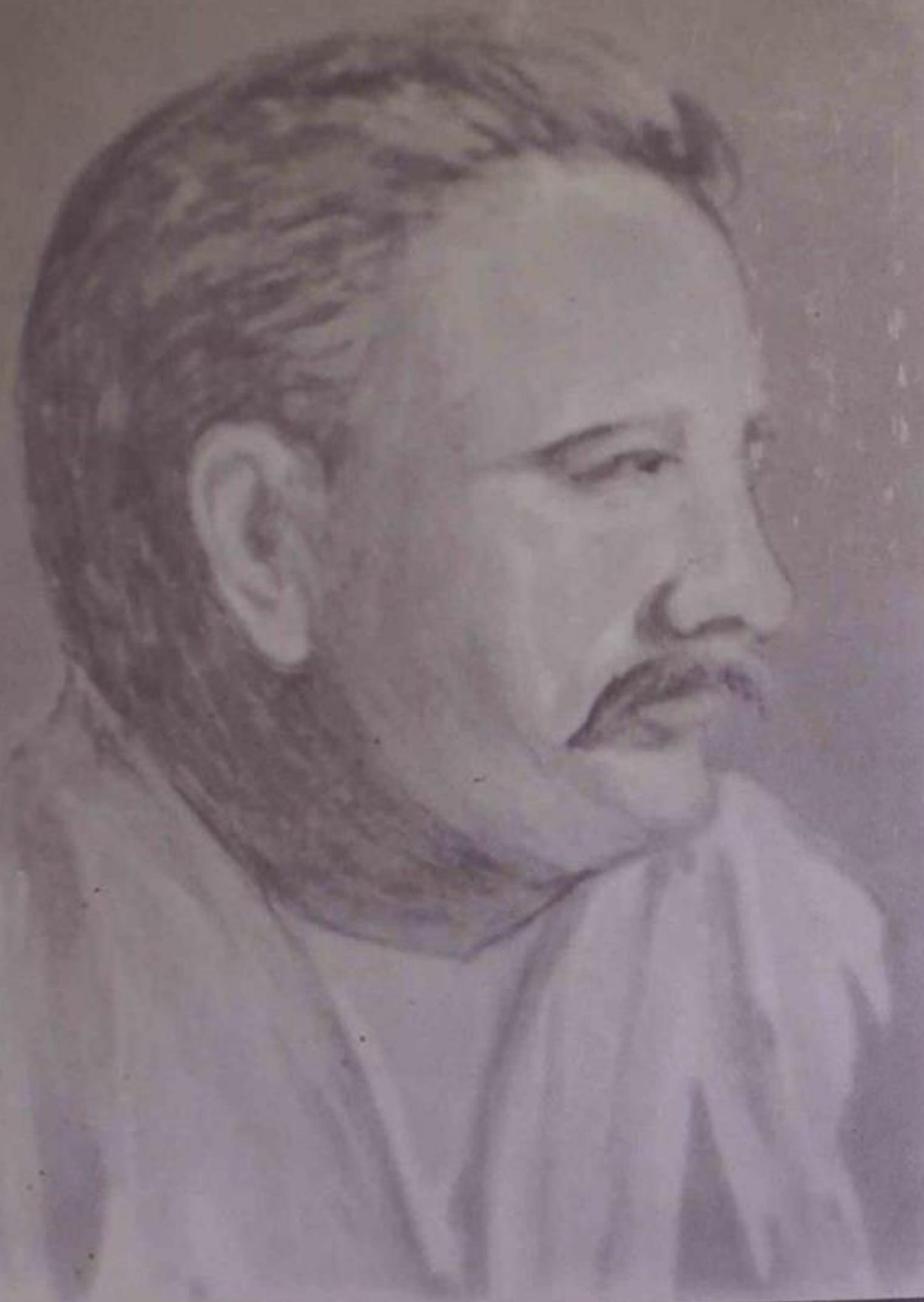
اعگر زندگی نہ جسمہ

اطافِ حسین

اردو اور رومان رسم الخط

پروفیسر مقبول احمد

ایف، آر، سی، الیس، (ایڈنبرگ) ایف، آر، سی، الیس، (انگلینڈ)



REFERENCES

- Page 2 : Riswan : The gardener of the paradise.
Page 8 : Azur : The father of Abraham who was an idolater.
Page 10 : Fast : The fast of the Holy month of Ramzan.
Page 14 : Ramad : The messenger of God, the Prophet Mohammad.
Page 16 : Azan : The Muslim call to prayer. Belal was reputed to have the most sonorous voice for reciting the call and for this reason, he was appointed by the Prophet the *Muazzin* (reciter of the Azan) at the prophet's mosque.
Page 16 : Ghazzali : The great muslim theologian and philosopher of the eleventh century.
Page 20 : Osman : The third Caliph who was said to be the richest among the companions of the Prophet. He gave away all his wealth for the cause of Islam.
Page 20 : Ali : The last Caliph, known for his austerity and simplicity.
Page 20 : Iman : Perfect faith in God according to the concepts of Islam.
Page 26 : Messenger, the last : The Prophet Mohammad.
Page 26 : Flowers will bloom : It is said that Nimrod the tyrant threw Abraham into a blazing pyre because he denounced idolatry and preached the worship of one God, but a miracle happened and the fire was transformed into a blooming garden.
Page 28 : Younus : Joseph who was an exile from his home in Canaan to Egypt.
Page 28 : Qafila : Caravan.
Page 30 : Tartar conquerors : The Tartars came as the greatest enemies of Islam but stayed to become staunch champions of Islam.
Page 30 : Bulgars : The reference is to the march of the Bulgars on Constantinople during the Balkan war, earlier in this century.
Page 36 : Al-Helal : The crescent, the modern emblem of Islam.



REFERENCES

- Page 6 : Azan* : The Muslim call to prayer.
- Kalima* : The Muslim article of faith : "there is no god but God and Mohammad is His Apostle."
- Page 8 : Tauheed* : The unity of God, which is the fundamental tenet of Islam.
- Page 10 : Yatdan* : The Spirit who was the principle of good, as opposed to Ahriman, the originator of evil, in the Zoroastrian religion.
- Takbeer* : The cry "ALLAHU-AKBAR" meaning "God is great", and proclaiming the glory of God, which is the Muslim watchword in peace and war.
- Page 12 : Hedjaz* : A province of Arabia containing the holy cities of Mecca and Madina.
- Kaaba* : The world famous sanctuary at Mecca where Muslims from all parts of the world congregate on the occasion of Haj or the annual pilgrimage.
- Mahmood* : The famous Sultan Mahmood.
- Aysaz* : The famous slave of Sultan Mahmood.
- Sajda* : The act of prostrating oneself in Muslim worship in which the forehead touches the ground.
- Book divine* : The Quran.
- Page 18 : Saqai* : The Cup-bearer.
- Page 20 : Laila & Majnun* : Two famous characters of Arabic romance and the oriental counterparts of Romeo and Juliet. The real name of the hero was Qais. He was called Majnun (which means mad) because he became crazy for love of Laila, used to roam about in the desert and had to be occasionally kept in fetters.
- Ahmad* : Another name of Prophet Mohammad (PBUH).
- Page 22 : Quran* : A place near ait, in Hedjaz.
- Oirats* : A saintly muslim of Quran who was so devoted to the Prophet that he is said to have pulled out one of his own teeth when news came to him that the Prophet had lost a tooth in the battle of Ohud.
- Salman* : A convert from Zoroastrianism to Islam : he became a close companion of the Prophet and was well known for his simplicity and humility.
- Belal* : An Abyssinian slave who became such a staunch Muslim that although he endured indescribable torture at the hands of his master he never faltered from his faith. The Muslims purchased his freedom whereafter he became a companion of Prophet.
- Page 24 : Faran* : A hill in Hedjaz where the Prophet preached Islam.
- Nejd* : In Central Arabia : the scene of the Laila-Majnu romance.
- Camel-Litter* : In which Laila used to ride.
- Page 26 : "HU"* : The sound 'hu' which is the signal for the Dervishes to start their devotional exercises.
- Page 31 : Ajami* : Anything non-Arabic : here signifying the Urdu language in which this poem has been written.

مردم پشم زمیں، یعنی وہ کالی دنیا

Mardum-e-chashm-e-zameen yaani woh kaali duniya

وہ تمہارے شہدا پانے والی دنیا

Woh tumhare shahada paan ne wali duniya

گرمی مہر کی پروردہ، ہلائی دنیا

Garmiye mehr ki parwardab, hilali duniya

عشق والے جسے کہتے ہیں بلاں دنیا

Isbq wale jise kabte hain Bilali duniya

پیش اندوز ہے اس نام سے پارے کی طرح

Tapash anddoz bai is naam se paare ki tarab

غوطہ زن نور میں ہے آنکھ کے تارے کی طرح

Ghotazan uoor men bai aankh ke taare ki tarab

عقل ہے تیری پر، عشق ہے شمشیر تیری

Aql bai teri sipar, isbq bai shamsbeer teri

میرے درویش! خلافت ہے جہانگیر تیری

Mere darwesh! khilfat bai jabangeer teri

ماسوی اللہ کے لئے آگ ہے تکبیر تیری

Maasewallab ke liye aag bai takbeer teri

تو، مسلمان ہو تو تقدیر ہے تدبیر تیری

Tu musalman ho to tagdeer bai tadbeer teri

کی محمد سے وفا تو نے تو ہم تیرے ہیں

Ki Mubammad se wafa tu ne to hum tere bain

یہ جہاں چیز ہے کیا؟ لوح و قلم تیرے ہیں

Yeh jabau cheez bai kya? laub-o-qalam tere bain

*If this fair flower blossom not,
The Bulbul will not sing,
Nor rose-buds make the garden smile
Welcoming in the spring;*

37

*If he is not the saqui, then
Nor jar nor wine will be,
Nor in this world will Taubid shine,
Nor thy heart beat in thee;*

*Yonder ethereal skyey tent,
This great Name still sustains,
And dancing to its music, flows
The blood in Life's own veins.*



*'Tis in the forests and the hills,
And on the tranquil plains,
On the seas, in the arms of waves,
In roar of burricanes;*

38

*A music heard in China's towns,
Morocco's desert-song,
And bid within each Muslim's heart
It makes his faith grow strong.*

*Let all the peoples of the world
See till the end of time,
How I have made this glorious Name
Beyond all thought sublime!*

ہو نہ یہ پھول، تو بلبل کا ترنم بھی نہ ہو

Ho na yeh phool, to bulbul ka tarannum bhi na bo

چمنِ دہر میں کلیوں کا تبسم بھی نہ ہو

Chaman-e-dahr men kaliyoон ka tabassum bhi na bo

یہ نہ ساقی ہو تو پھر مے بھی نہ ہو، خم بھی نہ ہو

Yeh na saqi bo to phir mai bhi no bo, khum bhi na bo

بزمِ توحید بھی دنیا میں نہ ہو، تم بھی نہ ہو

Bazm-e-taubeed bhi duniya mea na bo, tum bhi na bo

خیمه افلاک کا استادہ اسی نام سے ہے

Khima aflaak ka istaadaa isee naam se bai

نبضِ ہستیٰ تپش آمادہ اسی نام سے ہے

Nabz-e-hasti tapashbaamadab isee naam se bai

دشت میں، دامنِ کھسار میں، میدان میں ہے

Dasht men, daaman-e-kobsaar men, maidaan men bai

بحر میں، موج کی آغوش میں، طوفان میں ہے

Babr men, mauj ki aagosh men, toofan men bai

چین کے شہر، مراقبش کے بیباں میں ہے

Cheen ke sbabr, Maraqash ke bayabaan men bai

اور پوشیدہ مسلمان کے ایمان میں ہے

Aur posbeeda musalman ke iman men bai

چشمِ اقوام یہ نظارہ ابد تک دیکھے

Chashm-e-aqwaam yeh nazzara abad tak dekbe

رفعتِ شانِ رَفَعَ لَاكَ ذِكْرَكُ دیکھے

Rifat-e-sbaan-e-RAFANA LAKA ZIKRAK dekbe

*Not yet have other nations seen
What thou art truly worth,
The realm of Being has need of thee
For perfecting this earth.*

*If aught yet keeps this world alive,
'Tis thine impetuous zeal,
And thou shalt rise its ruling star,
And thou shalt shape its weal.*

*This is no time for idle rest,
Much yet remains undone;
The lamp of Taubid needs thy touch
To make it shame the Sun!*

*Thou art like fragrance in the bud,
Diffuse thyself be free.
Perfume the garden breeze, and fill
The earth with scent of thee.*

*From dusty speck, do thou increase
To trackless desert main.
From a faint breeze, a tempest grow,
Become a hurricane!*

*Raise thou, through Love, all bumble things
To greatness and to fame;
Enlighten thou the groping world
With dear Muhammad's Name.*

بُشِّمِ اقوام سے مخنی ہے حقیقت تیری

Chhasbm-e-aqwam se makhsfi bai baqeeqt teri

ہے ابھی مغلی ہستی کو ضرورت تیری

Hai abhi mebfil-e-basti ko zaroorat teri

زندہ رکھتی ہے زمانے کو حرارت تیری

Zinda rakhti bai zamane ko bararat teri

کو کپ قسمت انساں ہے خلافت تیری

Kankab-e-qismat-e-insaan bai kbilaafat teri

وقت فرستہ ہے کہاں؟ کام ابھی باقی ہے

Waqt-e-fursat bai kaban? kaam abhi baqi bai

نورِ توحید کا اتمام ابھی باقی ہے

Noor-e-tauheed ka itmaam abhi baqi bai

31

مھلِ بو، قید ہے غنچے میں پریشاں ہو جا

Misl-e-boo qaid bai ghumche men pareesban bo jaa

رخت بر دوش ہوائے چمنستان ہو جا

Rakht-e-bardosh bawa-e-chmanistaan bo jaa

ہے تنک مایا، تو ذرے سے بیباان ہو جا

Hai tunak maya to zarre se bayabaan bo jaa

نغمہِ موج سے ہنگامہ طوفان ہو جا

Naghma-e-mauj se hangama-e-toofan bo jaa

قوتِ عشق سے ہر پست کو بالا کر دے

Quwat-e-ishq se bar past ko bala kar de

دہر میں اسمِ محمد سے اجلا کر دے

Dahr men ism-e-Mohammad se ujala kar de

32

*And thou shalt suffer no surcease
Should Iran's star decline.*

*'Tis not the vessel which decides
The potency of wine;*

*'Tis proved to all the world, from tales
Of Tartar conquerors¹,
The Kaaba brave defenders found
In temple-worshippers.*

*On thee relies the bark of God,
Adrift beyond the bar,
The new-born age is dark as night,
And thou its dim pole-star.*

*The Bulgars² march! the fiend of war
In fearful fury breathes;
The message comes: "Sleepers, awake!
The Balkan cauldron seethes."*

*Thou deemest this a cause of grief,
Thy heart is mortified;
But nay, thy pride, thy sacrifice,
Thus, once again, are tried.*

*Beneath thy foes if chargers neigh,
Why tremblest thou in fright?
For never, never, shall their breath
Extinguish Heaven's light.*

تو نہ مٹ جائے گا ایران کے مٹ جانے سے
Tu na mit jayega Iran ke mit jaune se
 نشہ میں کو تعلق نہیں پکانے سے
Nashbsba-e-mai ko ta'alluq nabeem paimane se
 ہے عیاں یورشِ تاتار کے افسانے سے
Hai ayaan yurish-e-tatar ke afsane se
 پاسباں مل گئے کعبے کو صنم خانے سے
Paasbaan mil gaye Kaabe ko sanamkbane se
 کشتی حق کا زمانے میں سہارا تو، ہے
Kashtiye baq ka zamane men sabara tu bai
 عصرِ نو رات ہے، دھنڈلا سا ستارا تو، ہے
Asr-e-nau raat bai, dbundbla sa sitara tu bai

ہے جو ہنگامہ بپا یورشِ بلغاری کا
Hai jo bangama bapa yurish-e-balghari ka
 غافلُوں کے لئے پیغام ہے بیداری کا
Gbaafilon ke liye paigbam bai bedaari ka
 تو، سمجھتا ہے، یہ سامان ہے دل آزاری کا
Tu samajhta bai yeb saaman bai dilaazari ka
 امتحان ہے تیرے ایشار کا، خودداری کا
Imtibaan bai tere eesar ka, khuddari ka
 کیوں ہراساں ہے صہیلِ فرسِ اعداء سے
Kiyon barasan bai sabeel-e-furus-e-aada se
 نورِ حق بجھ نہ سکے گا نفسِ اعداء سے
Noor-e-haq bujh na sake ga nafas-e-aada se

*In Life's old garden nations lived
Who all its fruits enjoyed,
'While others longed in vain, while some
The winter blasts destroyed;*

27

*Its trees are legion; some decay,
While others flush with bloom,
And thousands still their birth await,
Hid in the garden's womb;*

*A symbol of luxuriance,
The Tree of Islam reigns,
Its fruits achieved with centuries
Of garden-tending pains.*

*Thy robe is free from dust of home,
Not thine such-narrow ties,
That Yousuf¹ thou, whose Canaan sweet,
In every Egypt lies;*

28

*Thy Qafila² can ne'er disperse;
Thou boldst the starting bells;
Nought else is needed, if thy will
Thy onward march impels.*

*Thou candle-tree! thy wick-like root,
Its top with flame illumines.
Thy thought is fire, its very breath
All future care consumes.*

امیں گلشنِ ہستی میں شر چیدہ بھی ہیں

Ummaten gulshan-e-basti men samarcheedah bhi bain

اور محروم شر بھی ہیں، خزان دیدہ بھی ہیں

Aur malroom-e-samarbbi bain, khizaandeedab bbi bain

سکڑوں نخل ہیں، کاہیدہ بھی، بالیدہ بھی ہیں

Saikrbon nakhl bain, kaabeedah bbi, baleeda bbi bain

سکڑوں بطن چمن میں ابھی پوشیدہ بھی ہیں

Saikrbon batu-e-chaman men abbi posbeedab bbi bain

نخلِ اسلام نمونہ ہے برومندی کا

Nakhl-e-Islam namoona bai barumandi ka

پھل ہے یہ سکڑوں صدیوں کی چمن بندی کا

Pbal bai yeh saikrbon sadiyon ki chbaman bandi ka

27

پاک ہے گرد وطن سے سرِ داماں تیرا

Paak bai gard-watan se sar-e-daaman tera

تو وہ یوسف ہے کہ ہر مصر ہے کنعاں تیرا

Tu wob Ynsuf bai ki bar misr bai kanaan tera

قافلہ ہو نہ سکے گا کبھی دیراں تیرا

Qafla bo na sake ga kabhi weeran tera

غیر یک بانگ درا کچھ نہیں ساماں تیرا

Ghair yek baang-e-dara kuch naheen saman tera

نخلِ شمع اسٹی و در شعلہ دود ریشہ تو

Nakhl-e-Shamma astiyo dar sholae dood reesbae tu

عاقبت سوز بود سایہ اندریشہ تو

Aaqbat sooz buwad saayae andesbae tu

28

*Each stack and barn it sets on fire,
This lightning-like New Age.
Nor bowling wild nor garden gay
Escapes its flaming rage;*

*This new fire feeds on fuel old,
The nations of the past,
And they too burn to whom was sent
God's Messenger¹, the last.*

*But if the faith of Abraham
There, once again, is born,
Where leaps this flame, flowers will bloom²,
And laugh its blaze to scorn.*

*Yet, let the gardener not be sad
To see the garden's plight,
For soon its branches will be gay
With buds, like stars of light;*

*The withered leaves and weeds will pass,
And all its sweepings old;
For there, again, will martyr-blood
In roses red unfold.*

*But look! a hint of russet hue,
Brightening the eastern skies,
The glow on yon horizon's brow,
Heralds a new sunrise.*

25

عبد نو برق ہے، آش زن ہر خمن ہے
Abd-e-nau barq bai, aatish zan-e-bar khirman bai
ایمن اس سے کوئی صحراء، نہ کوئی گلشن ہے
Aiman is se koi sebra, na koi gulshan bai
اس نئی آگ کا اقوام کہن ایندھن ہے
Is nai aag ka aquam-e-koban eendban bai
ملت ختم رسول شعلہ بہ پیراہن ہے
Millat-e-khatm-e-rusul shola ba pairaabani bai
آج بھی ہو جو برابعہم کا ایمان پیدا
Aaj bbi ho jo Braheem ka eeman paida
آگ کر سکتی ہے انداز گلستان پیدا
Aag kar sakti hai andaaz-e-gulistan paida

26

دیکھ کر رنگ چمن ہو نہ پریشاں مالی
Dekh kar rang-e-chaman bo na pareeshan maali
کوکب غنچہ سے شاخیں ہیں چمکنے والی
Kaukab-e-ghuncha se shabkben bain chbamakne wali
خس و خاشاک سے ہوتا ہے گلستان خالی
Khas-o-kbasbaak se bota bai gulistaan kbali
گل بر انداز ہے خون شہدا کی لالی
Gul bar andaaz bai khoon-e-sbabada ki lali
رنگ گردوں کا ذرا دیکھ تو عنابی ہے
Rang gardoон ka zara dekb to unnabi bai
یہ نکلتے ہوئے سورج کی افق تابی ہے !
Yeh nikalte huwe Suraj ki ufaqtaabi bai !

Upon your nation's sky you rose
 Like stars of brilliant hue,
 The lure of India's idols made
 Even Brabmans out of you;

23
 Drawn by the wander-lust, you went
 A-roving from your nests:
 Slotful in good, your youth next learnt
 To doubt their Faith's behests;

'Enlightenment' ensnared you all,
 And all your 'fetters' fell,
 The land of Kaaba you forsook,
 In idol-land to dwell!

If longing Qais roams no more,
 But seeks the town again,
 Leaving the lonely desert wastes
 To share the life of men.

24
 Qais is mad: what if he dwells
 In town or wilderness?
 Yet from him Laila must not veil
 Her face in bashfulness!

Complain ye not of heart unkind!
 Nor speak of tyranny!
 When Love no bondage knows, then why
 Should Beauty not be free?

میں انجم فقِ قوم پر روش بھی ہوئے
Misle anjum ufaq-e-qauim pe rausban bbi buwe
 بتِ ہندی کی محبت میں برہمن بھی ہوئے
But-e-bindi ki mohabbat men barabman bbi buwe
 شوقِ پرواز میں مجبورِ نشیمن بھی ہوئے
Shanq-e-parwaaz men mabfoor-e-nasbeman bbi buwe
 بے عمل تھے ہی جواں، دین سے بد ظن بھی ہوئے
Be amal the bi jawaan, deen se badzan bbi buwe
 ان کو تہذیب نے ہر بند سے آزاد کیا
Unko tabzeeb ne bar band se aazad kiya
 لا کے کعبے سے صنم خانے میں آباد کیا
Laa ke Kaabe se sanamkhane men aabad kiya

قیس زحمت کش تہائی صرا نہ رہے
Qais zabmatkash-e-taubani-e-sebra na rabe
 شہر کی کھائے ہوا، بادیہ پکایا نہ رہے
Shahr ki kbae bawa, badiyapaima ne rabe
 وہ تو دیوانہ ہے، بستی میں رہے یا نہ رہے
Wob to deewana bai, basti men rabe ya na rabe
 یہ ضروری ہے، حجابِ رخ لیلا نہ رہے
Yeb zarsori bai, hijab-e-rukh-elaila na rabe
 گلہ جور نہ ہو، شکوہ بیداد نہ ہو
Gila-e-jor na bo, shikwa-e-bedad na bo
 عشق آزاد ہے، کیوں حسن بھی آزاد نہ ہو
Ishq uazad bai, kiyon busn bbi uazad na bo

*You roll the eye of mutual wrath,
Their eye was ever kind;
You err, for errors look, while they
Were generously blind.*

*Aspiring for the Pleiades,
How simple it all seem!
But let their first be hearts like theirs,
To justify such dreams.*

*They reigned upon the Chinese throne,
They wore the Persian crown:
Where is that honour that they know —
Words are your whole renown.*

*They fought for Honour, Self-respect,
Yours the self-slayer's knife,
You shun the ties of brotherhood
They cherished more than life.*

*You can but weave the web of words:
They did their deeds of might:
You pine after a bud — they basked
In gardens flower-bright.*

*The world remembers still the tales
Which hymn their bravery,
And in the storied book of Life
Shines their sincerity.*

تم ہو آپس میں غضناک، وہ آپس میں رحیم

Tum ho aapas men ghazabnaak, woh aapas men kareem

تم خطاکار و خطابیں، وہ خطاپوش و کریم

Tum khataakaar o khataabeen, woh khataposh o kareem

چاہتے سب ہیں کہ ہوں اوج شریا پے مقیم

Cbabte sab bain ki hon auj-e-suraiyya pe muqeem

پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرے قلب سلیم !

Pable waisa koi paida to kare qalb-e-saleem !

تحنیت فغفور بھی ان کا تھا، سریرے گے بھی

Takht-e-Faghfoor bhi unka tha, sareer-e-kai bhi

یوں ہی باتیں ہیں، کہ تم میں وہ حمیت ہے بھی ؟

Yun bi baaten bain, ki tum men woh hamiyat bai bhi ?

خود کشی شیوه تمہارا، وہ غیور و خوددار

Khudkushi shewa tumbara, woh ghayur-o-khuddar

تم اخوت سے گریزاں، وہ اخوت پے نثار

Tum ukhuwat se gurezan, woh ukhuwat pe nisar

تم ہو گفتار سراپا، وہ سراپا کردار

Tum bo guftar sarapa, woh sarapa kirdaar

تم ترستے ہو کلی کو، وہ گلستان بکنار

Tum taraste bo kali ko, woh gulistaan bakinaar

اب تلک یاد ہے قوموں کو حکایت ان کی

Ab talak yaad hai qaumon ko bikaayat unki

نقش ہے صفحہ ہستی پے صداقت ان کی !

Naqsh bai safba-e-basti pe sadaqat unki !

*What the knife is to cankerous growths,
To all untruth was he,
His actions, in life's mirror shone
Like light, vibrantly.*

19

*If he was confident of aught,
It was his right arm's might,
He feared but God, while thoughts of death
Your craven souls affright.*

*When sons, lacking their fathers' worth,
Are neither skilled nor sage,
With what deserving can they claim'
Their fathers' heritage*

*The love of ease, like fumes of wine,
Makes sots of you today,
How dare you pass as Mussalmans?
That is not Islam's way*

20

*Nor Osman's¹ treasure-chest you own,
Nor Ali's² empty bowl,
With spirits of such great forbears,
What kinship has your soul*

*The honoured of their times, they lived,
For theirs was true Iman³,
You live disgraced, as having left
The paths of Al-Quran.*

ہر مسلمان رگ باطل کے لئے نشتر تھا

Har musalman rag-e-baatal ke liye nashtar tha

اس کے آئینہ ہستی میں عمل جوہر تھا

Us ke aaeena-e-basti men amal janbar tha

جو بھروسہ تھا اسے قوت بازو پر تھا

Jo bharosa tha use quwat-e-baazoo par tha

ہے تمہیں موت کا ڈر، اس کو خدا کا ڈر تھا

Hai tumben maut ka dar, us ko Khuda ka dar tha

باپ کا علم نہ بیٹے کو اگر ازبر ہو

Baap ka ilm na bete ko agar azbar ho

پھر پسر قابلِ میراث پدر کیونکر ہو !

Phir pisar qabil-e-meeras-e-pidar kiyonkar bo !

ہر کوئی مست میے ذوق تن آسانی ہے

Har koi mast-e-maye zaaq-e-tan aasani bai

تم مسلمان ہو؟ یہ اندازِ مسلمانی ہے؟

Tum musalman bo? yeh andaaz-e-musalmani bai?

حیدریٰ فقر ہے، نے دولتِ عثمانی ہے

Haidari faqr bai, nai daulat-e-Usmaani bai

تم کو اسلاف سے کیا نسبتِ روحاںی ہے؟

Tum ko aslaaf se kiya nisbat-e-roobani bai?

وہ زمانے میں معزز تھے مسلمان ہو کر

Woh zamane men moazzaz the musalman bo kar

اور تم خوار ہوئے تارکِ قرآن ہو کر

Aur tum khwar huwe taarik-e-Quran bo kar

*'Tis said: "The Muslims quit this world,
Their days are on the wane",
The Muslims died out long ago;
Such a lament is vain.*

17

*From Christians you have learnt your style,
Your culture from Hindoos;
How can a race as Muslims pass
Who shame even the Jews?*

*You are known as Syed, and Mughal,
You call yourselves Patban;
But can you truly claim as well
The name of Mussalman?*

*The Muslim was sincere of speech,
Of fear his voice was free;
Just, staunch, he scorned the slightest breath
Of partiality.*

18

*In nature, like a tree, kept fresh
By modesty most rare,
Yet braver than the bravest be,
Intrepid past compare.*

*Like wine, upon the drinker's lips,
His joy, in losing, lay:
As the cup pours its liquor out,
He poured his 'self away.*

شور ہے ہو گئے دنیا سے مسلمان نابود
Shor bai bo gaye duniyan se musalman nabood
 ہم یہ کہتے ہیں کہ تھے بھی کہیں مسلم موجود؟
Hum yeh kabte hain ki the bhi kabeen muslim manjood?
 وضع میں تم ہو نصاری، تو تمدن میں ہندو
Waza men tum bo nasara, to tamaddun men bunood
 یہ مسلم ہیں؟ جنمیں دیکھ کے شرماں یہود!
Yeh Musalman bain jinben dekh ke sharmaen yahood
 یوں تو سید بھی ہو، مرزا بھی ہو، افغان بھی ہو
Yoon to saiyyad bbi bo, mirza bbi bo, afgan bbi bo
 تم کبھی کچھ ہو، بتاؤ تو مسلمان بھی ہو؟
Tum sabhi kuch bo, batao to musalman bbi bo?

17

دم تقریر تھی مسلم کی صداقت بیباک
Dam-e-taqreer thi muslim ki sadaqat bebaak
 عدل اس کا تھا قوی، لوثِ مراعات سے پاک
Adl uska tha qawi, laus-e-mara'at se paak
 شجرِ فطرتِ مسلم تھا حیا سے ننناک
Shajar-e-fitrat-e-muslim tha bayaa se namnaak
 تھا شجاعت میں وہ ایک ہستی فوق الادراک
Tba shuja'at men woh ek basti-e-fauqul idraak
 خود گدازی نم کیفیتِ صہبائش بود
Khud gudaazi nem-e-kaifiyat-e-sabbayash bood
 خالی از خویش شدن صورتِ مینايش بود
Khaali az kbiwesh shudan surat-e-meenaysb bood

18

If any fasting's hardship bear,
 It is the poor, today;
 If worship's echoes ring in mosques,
 It is the poor who pray;

15

It is the bumble and the poor
 Who still my name esteem,
 Theirs is the word, theirs is the deed,
 Yours the shame they redeem.

The rich are drunk with wine of wealth,
 Their God they hardly know.
 It is because the poor yet live
 That wells of Faith still flow.

That judgment ripe is no more theirs
 Who play your preachers' role,
 Nor kindling accents from their lips,
 Reveal the flaming soul.

16

Azan¹ yet sounds, but never now
 Like Belal's, soulfully;
 Philosophy, convictionless,
 Now mourns its Gbazzali².

Untrod by praying feet, the mosques
 Lament their emptiness,
 For gone are those exemplars great
 Of Arab godliness.

15

جَا کے ہو تے ہیں مساجد میں صف آرَا، تو غریب
Ja ke bote bain masjid men safara, to gbareeb
 زحمت روزہ جو کرتے ہیں گوارا، تو غریب
Zahmat-e-roza jo karte bain gawara, to gbareeb
 نام لیتا ہے اگر کوئی ہمارا، تو غریب
Naam leta bai agar koi hamara, to gbareeb
 پردہ رکھتا ہے اگر کوئی تمہارا، تو غریب
Parda rakhta agar koi tumbara, to gbareeb
 امرا نشہ دولت میں ہیں عافل ہم سے
Umara nashsha-e-daulat mea bain gafil hum se
 زندہ ہے ملت بیضا غربا کے دم سے
Zinda bai millat-e-baiza gburaba ke dam se

16

واعظِ قوم کی وہ پختہ خیالی نہ رہی
Waaiz-e-qauim ki woh pukhta khayali na rabi
 برق طبعی نہ رہی، شعلہ مقالي نہ رہی
Barq tabee na rabi, shola meqali na rabi
 رہ گئی رسم اذان، روح بلالی نہ رہی
Rab gayee rasm-e-azan, rooh-e-bilali na rabi
 فلسفہ رہ گیا، تلقینِ غزالی نہ رہی
Falsafa rab gaya, talqueen-e-Ghazali na rabi
 مسجدیں مریشہ خواں ہیں کہ نمازی نہ رہے
Masjiden marsiyabkhwan hain ki namazi na rabe
 یعنی وہ صاحبِ اوصافِ حجازی نہ رہے
Ia'ani woh sabib-e-ausaf-e-Hijazi na rabe

Your nation's weal, your nation's woe,
 In common you all share,
 Your Prophet and your creed the same,
 The same Truth you declare;

13 And one your Kaaba, One your God,
 And one your great Quran;
 Yet, still, divided each from each,
 Lives every Mussalman.

You split yourselves in countless sects,
 In classes high and low;
 Think you the world its gifts will still
 On such as you bestow?

Who now forgetfully neglect
 My Rasool's¹ Law sublime?
 And whose lives write them clearly down
 As servers of the time?

14 To whom now other customs seem
 Far nobler than their own?
 By whom your great forefathers' ways
 Once followed, are forsworn?

Your hearts are now of longing void.
 Your souls now know no zeal,
 You heed no more than Message great
 Which Ahmad did reveal.

منفعت ایک ہے اس قوم کی، نقصان بھی ایک
Manfa'at aek hoi is qaum ki, nuqsan bhi aek
 ایک ہی سب کا نبی، دین بھی، ایمان بھی ایک
Aek hi sab ka nabi, Deen bhi, imaan bhi aek
 حرم پاک بھی، اللہ بھی، قرآن بھی ایک
Haram-e-pak bhi, Allah bhi, Quran bhi aek
 کچھ بڑی بات تھی ہوتے جو مسلمان بھی ایک
Kuch barbi baat thi hote jo musalman bhi aek
 فرقہ بندی ہے کہیں اور کہیں ذاتیں ہیں !
Firqa bandi hai kabeen aur kabeen zaten bain !
 کیا زمانے میں پہنچنے کی یہی باتیں ہیں ؟
Kya zamaane men panapne ki yahi baaten bain ?

13

کون ہے تارک آئین رسول مختار ؟
Kaun hai taarik-e-aaeen-e-rasool-e-mukhtar ?
 مصلحت وقت کی ہے کس کے عمل کا معیار ؟
Maslebat waqt ki hai kis ke amal ka meyaar ?
 کس کی آنکھوں میں سمایا ہے شعارِ اغیار ؟
Kis ki aankhon men samaya hai shhaar-e-aghyar ?
 ہو گئی کس کی نگہ طرزِ سلف سے بیزار ؟
Ho gayee kis ki nigah tarz-e-salaf se bezaar ?
 قلب میں سوز نہیں، روح میں احساس نہیں
Qalb men soz nabeen, roob men ebsas nabeen
 کچھ بھی پیغامِ محمد کا تھیں پاس نہیں !
Kuch bhi paigham-e-Mobammad ka tumhen pas nabeen!

14

*Whose striving, from this world of mine,
Its falsehoods did efface?*

*Whose toil, from age-old Ignorance
Set free the human race?*

*And whose the brows whose worship filled
My Kaaba's hallowed shrine?
Or whose the breasts which fondly held
My 'glorious Book Divine'?*

*These were your great progenitors;
You lack their brain and brawn;
You sit and wait in slothful ease
For every morrow's dawn.*

*And did you say, for Muslims I
Mere promises dispense?
Unjust laments at least should show
Some spark of commonsense.*

*Eternal is the Law of God
And Justice is its name,
Should infidels like Muslims live
The meed shall be the same.*

*Not one among You seeks in truth
To come at bliss through me;
Still the Light Sinai's mount illumines
No Moses there to see.*

صفحہ دھر کو باطل سے مٹایا کس نے ؟

Safha-e-dabir se baatil ko mitaaya kis ne ?

نوع انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا کس نے ؟

Nau-e-insaan ko ghulami se chhurbaya kis ne ?

میرے کعبے کو جینوں سے بسا�ا کس نے ؟

Mere Kaabe ko jabeenon se basaya kis ne ?

میرے قرآن کو سینے سے لگایا کس نے ؟

Mere Quran ko seene se lagaya kis ne ?

تھے تو آبا وہ تمہارے ہی، مگر تم کیا ہو ؟

Thay to aaba wob tumhare bi magar tum kya ho ?

ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرے منتظر فردا ہو !

Hath par bath dbarey muntazir-e-farda bo !

کیا کہا؟ ببر مسلمان ہے فقط وعدہ حور

Kya kaba? babr-e-musalman bai faqat wada-e-boor

شکوہ بجا بھی کرے کوئی تو لازم ہے شعور !

Shikwa beja bbi karey koi to laazim bai shaoor !

عدل ہے فاطرِ ہستی کا ازل سے دستور

Adl bai fatir-e-basti ka azal se dastoor

مسلم آئیں ہوا کافر تو ملے حور و قصور

Muslim aaeen buwa kaafir to mile boor-o-qusoor

تم میں حوروں کا کوئی چانے والا ہی نہیں

Tum men booron ka koi chhabne wala bi nabeen

جلوہ طور تو موجود ہے موسم ہی نہیں

Jalwa-e-toor to manjood bai Moosa bi nabeen

To pray to me at break of day
 You now an ordeal deem,
 Your morning slumber sweeter far
 Yet you would faithful seem!

9
 The hardships of the Fast¹ opress
 Your nature now grown free;
 Such are your ways and you still would
 Protest your love for me!

Unto a nation Faith is Life.
 You lost your Faith and fell,
 When gravitation fails, must cease
 Concourse celestial.



10
 You love your homes the least among
 The nations of the earth,
 You are the most incompetent
 In knowledge and in worth;

You are a barn where Lightning stays,
 Where Ruin idle lies,
 Ancestral coffins long entombed
 Your only merchandise;

In turning graves to profit, you
 Have proved yourselves adept;
 Should idol-trading offer gain
 Of course you would accept.

کس قدر تم پے گرائ صبح کی بیداری ہے !

Kis qadar tum pe geran subb ki bedaari bai

ہم سے کب پیار ہے ؟ ہاں نیند تھبیس پیاری ہے

Hum se kab pyar bai? baan neend tumben pyari bai

طبع آزاد پے قیدِ رمضان بھاری ہے

Tab-e-azad pe qaid-e-ramazan bbari bai

تھبیس کہہ دو یہی آئین وقاداری ہے

Tum bi kab do yabi aain-e-wafadaari bai

قوم مذہب سے ہے، مذہب جو نہیں تم بھی نہیں

Qaum mazbab se bai, mazbab jo nabeen tum bbi nabeen

جذب باہم جو نہیں، محفلِ انجمن بھی نہیں

Jazb-e-baabam jo nabeen, mahfil-e-abjum bbi nabeen

جن کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو

Jin ko aata nabeen duniya men koi fun, tum bo

نہیں جس قوم کو پروائے نشمن، تم ہو

Nabeen jis qaum ko parwa-e-nasheman, tum bo

بجلیاں جس میں ہوں آسودہ وہ خرمن، تم ہو

Bijliyan jis men bon aasooda woh kbirman, tum bo

بچ کھاتے ہیں جو اسلاف کے مدفن، تم ہو

Bech khate bain jo aslaaf ke madfan, tum bo

ہو نکو نام جو قبروں کی تجارت کر کے

Ho neko naam jo qabroon ki tijaarat kar ke

کیا نہ بچو گے جو مل جائیں صنم پتھر کے ؟

Kya na bechoge jo mil jaen sanam patthar ke?

*Apostate hearts and palsied bands
Your earthly lives debase,
You all, to your great Prophet, are
Bringers of deep disgrace;*

7

*Tthose idol-breakers all have gone,
You idolaters are,
Abraham was the father, you
His sons, are but Azar¹;*

*Now stranger bands carousal bold,
Strange are both cup and wine,
A strange new Kaaba you have reared,
Strange idols on its shrine!*



*The Tulip of the wilds once reigned
The Queen of blossom-time:
In this once lay the quintessence
Of Loveliness sublime.*

8

*Once every true-born Mussalman
By u'llah set his store,
This fickle-hearted courtesan
Even you did once adore!*

*Go, seek some constant mistress now,
To be a new bond sign,
Muhammed's universal creed
To narrow bounds confine!*

ہاتھ بے زور ہیں، الحاد سے دل خوگر ہیں

Haath bezor bain, ilhaad se dil khoogar bain

امتی باعثِ رسوائی پیغمبر ہیں

Ummati baais-e-ruswai-e-Paighambar bain

بت شکن اٹھ گئے، باقی جو رہے بت گر ہیں

Butshikan utb gaye, baqi jo rabe butgar bain

تحا برائیم پدر، اور پسر آزر ہیں

Tba Braheem pidar, aur pisar aazar bain

بادہ آشام نئے، بادہ نیا، خم بھی نئے

Bada aasham naye, bada naya, khum bhi naye

حرم کعبہ نیا، بت بھی نئے، تم بھی نئے

Haram-e-Kaaba naya, but bbi naye, tum bbi naye

وہ بھی دن تھے کہ یہی مایہ رعنائی تھا !

Woh bbi din they ki yahi maya-e-raanayee tha !

نازشِ موسمِ گلِ لالہ صحرائی تھا !

Naazish-e-mansam-e-gul lala-e-sebrayee tha !

جو مسلمان تھا، اللہ کا سودائی تھا !

Jo musalman tba, Allah ka saudayee tha !

کبھی محبوب تمہارا یہی ہرجائی تھا

Kabhi mabhoob tumbara yabi harjayee tha

کسی یکجایی سے اب عبدِ غلامی کرلو

Kisi yakjayee se ab abd-e-ghulami kar lo

ملتِ احمد مرسل کو مقامی کر لو !

Millat-e-Ahmad-e-mursal ko nuqami kar lo !

*Then spake a Voice Compassionate:
 "Thy tale enkindles pain,
 The cup is brimming full with tears
 Which thou couldst not contain;*

*Even High Heaven itself is moved
 By these impassioned cries;
 How wild the heart which taught thy lips
 Such savage melodies!*

*Its grace yet makes this song of thine
 A song of eulogy;
 A bridge of converse thou hast formed
 Twixt mortal man and me!*

*Bebold, my bands are full of gifts,
 But who comes seeking here?
 And how shall I the right road shew
 When there's no traveller?*

*My loving care is there for all,
 If deserved but by few!
 Not this the clay from which I can
 An Adam's shape renew!*

*On him who merits well, I set
 The brightest diadem,
 And those who truly questing come,
 A new world waits for them.*

آئی آواز غم انگیز ہے افسانہ ترا
Aai aawaz gham angez bai afsana tera
اہک بے تاب سے لب ریز ہے پیمانہ ترا
Ashk-e-betaab se labrez bai paimana tera
آسمان گیر ہوا نعرہ مستانہ ترا
Aasmangeer huwa naara-e-mastana tera
کس قدر شوخ زبان ہے دل دیوانہ ترا !
Kis qadar shokhzaban bai dil-e-deewana tera !
شکر شکوے کو کیا حسن ادا سے تو نے
Shukr shikwe ko kiya busn-e-ada se tu ne
ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خدا سے تو نے
Hum sukhban kar diya bandou ko Khuda se tu ne

6

ہم تو مائل ہے کرم ہیں، کوئی سائل ہی نہیں
Hum to maael ba karam bain koi saael bi nabeen
راہ دکھلائیں کے؟ رہرو منزل ہی نہیں
Raab dikblayen kise? rabraw-e-manzil bi nabeen
تربيت عام تو ہے، جو بحر قابل ہی نہیں
Tarbiyat aam to bai, janbar-e-qabil bi nabeen
جس سے تعمیر ہو آدم کی یہ ڈگل ہی نہیں
Jis se tameer ho aadam ki yeh wob gil bi nabeen
کوئی قابل ہو تو ہم شان کی دیتے ہیں
Koi qabil ho to hum shaan-e-kayi dete bain
ڈھونڈنے والوں کو دنیا بھی نئی دیتے ہیں!
Dboondne walon ko duniya bhi nayee dete bain

*And even the Angels could not tell
What was that voice so strange,
Whose secret seemed to lie beyond
Celestial wisdom's range.*

3

*They said, "Can Man now roring come
And reach these regions high?
That tiny speck of mortal clay,
Has it now learnt to fly?*

*How little do these beings of earth
The laws of conduct know;
How coarse and insolent they are,
These men who live below.*



*So great their insolence indeed,
They dare even God upbraid!
Is this the Man to whom their bow
The Angels once had made?*

4

*Of Quality and Quantity
He knows the secrets, true
The way of Humbleness as well
If he a little knew!*

*That they alone are blest with speech
How proud these humans be,
Yet, ignorant, they lack the art
To use it gracefully."*

تحمی فرشتوں کو بھی حرمت کہ یہ آواز ہے کیا !

Thi farishton ko bbi hairat ki yeb aawaz bai kya !

عرش والوں پر بھی کھلنا نہیں یہ راز ہے کیا !

Arsh walon pe bbi khulta naheen yeb raaz bai kya !

تار سر عرش بھی انسان کی تگ و تاز ہے کیا ؟

Ta sar-e-arsh bbi insaan ki tag-o-taaz bai kya ?

آگئی خاک کی چٹکی کو بھی پرواز ہے کیا ؟

An gayee kbak ki cbutki ko bbi parivaaz bai kya ?

غافل آداب سے سکان زمیں کیسے ہیں ؟

Gbafil aadab se sukkhan-e-zameen kaise bain ?

شوخ و گتاخ یہ پستی کے مکین کیسے ہیں ؟

Shokh-o-gustakh yeb pasti ke makeen kaise bain ?

اس قدر شوخ کہ اللہ سے بھی برہم ہے

Is qadar shokh ki Allah se bbi barbam bai

تحا جو مسجود ملائک یہ وہی آدم ہے ؟

Tha jo masjood-e-malayek yeb wabi aadam bai ?

عالم کیف ہے، دانائے رموز کم ہے

Aalim-e-kaif bai, daana-e-rumooz-e-kam bai

ہاں، مگر عجز کے اسرار سے نامحروم ہے

Haan, magar ijz ke asrar se bbi na mabram bai

ناز ہے طاقت گفتار پر انسانوں کو

Naaz bai taqat-e-gustaar pe insaanon ko

بات کرنے کا سلیقہ نہیں نادانوں کو !

Baat karne ka saliqqa naheen nadaanon ko !

*When Passion streaming from the heart
Turns human lips to lyres,
Some magic wings man's music then,
His song with soul inspires;*

*Man's words are sacred then, they soar,
The ears of Heaven they seek,
From dust those mortal accents rise,
Immortals bear them speak;*

*So wild and wayward was my Love,
Such tumult raised its sighs,
Before its daring swiftly fell
The ramparts of the skies.*

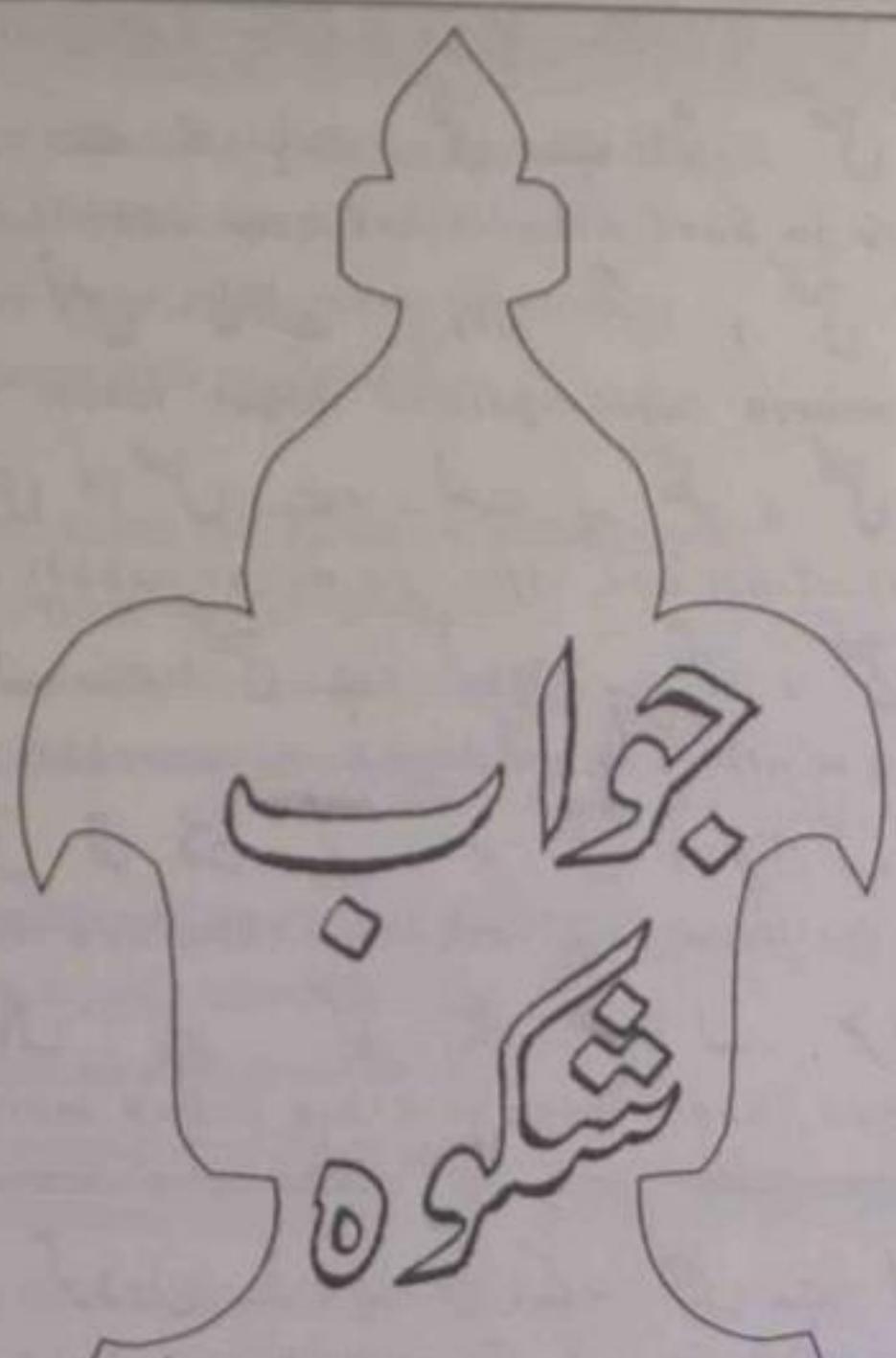
*The Skies exclaimed in wonderment,
"Some one is biding here",
The wheeling Planets paused to say,
"Seek on the highest Sphere."*

*The Silver Moon said, "You are wrong,
Some Mortal it must be",
The Milky Way too joined converse,
"Here in our midst is he."*

*Rizwan¹ alone, my plaintive voice
Began to recognise,
He knew me for a human who
Had lost his Paradise.*

دل سے جو بات نکلتی ہے اثر رکھتی ہے
Dil se jo baat nikalti bai asar rakhti bai
 پر نہیں طاقت پرواز مگر رکھتی ہے
Par nabeen taqat-e-parwaz magar rakhti bai
 قدسی الاصل ہے، رفتہ پر نظر رکھتی ہے
Quds-i-ul-asl bai, rifat pe nazar rakhti bai
 خاک سے اٹھتی ہے، گردوں پر گزر رکھتی ہے
Khaak se uthti bai, gardoон pe gazar rakhti bai
 عشق تھا فتنہ گر و سرکش و چالاک مرا
Ishq tha fitnagar-o-sarkash-o-chhalaak mera
 آسمان چھر گیا نالہ بیباک مرا !
Aasman chheer gaya naala-e-bebak mera !

پیر گردوں نے کہاں کے، کہیں ہے کوئی !
Peer-e-gardoон ne kaba sun ke kabeen bai koi !
 بولے سیارے، سر عرش بریں ہے کوئی !
Bole saiyyare sar-e-arsb-e-bareen bai koi !
 چاند کہتا تھا نہیں، ابل زمیں ہے کوئی !
Chand kabta tba nabeen, able zameen bai koi !
 کہکشاں کہتی تھی، پوشیدہ یہیں ہے کوئی !
Kabkasban kabte thi, posbeeda yabeen bai koi !
 کچھ جو سمجھا مرے شکوے کو تو رضواں سمجھا
Kuch jo samjha mere shikwe ko to Rizwan samjha
 مجھ کو جنت سے نکالا ہوا انساں سمجھا !
Mujb ko Jannat se nikala buwa insaan samjha !



THE
ANSWER

چاک اس بلبل تہا کی نوا سے دل ہوں
Chak is Bulbul-e-tanha ki nawa se dil bon
 جانگے والے اسی بانگ درا سے دل ہوں
Jagne wale isi bang-e-dara se dil bon
 یعنی پھر زندہ نئے عہد وفا سے دل ہوں
Yani phir zinda naye abde wafa se dil bon
 پھر اسی بادہ دیرینہ کے پیاسے دل ہوں
Phir isi bada-e-daireena ke pyase dil bon
 بجھی خم ہے تو کیا، مے تو جازی ہے مری
Ajami khum bai to kya mai to Hejazi bai meri
 نغہ ہندی ہے تو کیا، لے تو جازی ہے مری
Naghma bindi bai to kya lai to Hejazi bai meri

*May this sad Bulbul's lonely song
 To grieve each listening soul awake ;
 The clangour of these rousing bells
 Make drowsy hearts their sleep forsake !*

*Let faithful hearts re-plight their troth,
 And forge afresh their bond Divine ;
 Let in the long-parched breast of each
 The old thirst wake for sweet old wine !*

*The blood of sweet Arabian vine
 O'erflows this wine-jar Ajamy¹.
 Although the singer sings in Ind,
 Of Hedjaz is his melody.*

*The darkening cypress sways no more ;
From shadowy nests its doves have fled :
The withered blossoms droop and die,
And all around their petals shed ;*

29

*Those memoried, old garden walks
Of all their former pride lie shorn,
Despoiled of raiment green, each branch
In nakedness now stands forlorn ;*

*Unmoved by passing seasons' change,
The songster sits and sings alone :
Would there were in this garden some
Could feel the burden of its moan !*

*This life no more its joy retains,
Nor even death can bring relief :
'Tis sweet to sit alone and sigh
And eat a sad heart out in grief.*

30

*Out from the mirror of my soul
What gems of thought now strive to shine ;
What visions splendid, dreams sublime,
Arise within this breast of mine !*

*But in this garden lives not one
To see and bear, to feel and know :
No tulip with its streak of pain,
To sense my heart-blood's smarting flow.*

قریاں شاخ صنوبر سے گریزاں بھی ہوئیں
Qurnriyan shakbe sanoobar se gurezan bbi buween
 پتیاں پھول کی جھر جھڑ کے پریشان بھی ہوئیں
Pattiyan pbool ki jbarb jbarb ke pareesban bbi buween
 وہ پرانی روشنیں باغ کی دیریاں بھی ہوئیں
Woh purani ravisben bagh ki weeran bbi buween
 ڈالیاں پیرہن برگ سے عریاں بھی ہوئیں
Daliyan pairaban-e-barg se uriyan bhi huween
 قیدِ موسم سے طبیعت رہی آزاد اس کی
Qaid-e-mausam se tabeeyat rabi aazad us ki
 کاش گلشن میں سمجھتا کوئی فریاد اس کی!
Kash gulshan men samajhta koi faryad us ki

لف مرنے میں ہے باقی نہ مزا جینے میں
Lutf marne men bai baqi na maza jeene men
 کچھ مزا ہے تو یہی خون جگر پینے میں!
Kuch maza bai to yabi khoone jigar peene men
 کتنے بیتاب ہیں جوہر مرے آئینے میں
Kitne betab bain jaubar mere aaeene men
 کس قدر جلوے تڑپتے ہیں مرے سینے میں!
Kis qadar jalwe trbapte bain mere seeune men
 اس گلستان میں مگر دیکھنے والے ہی نہیں
Is gulistan men magar deekbne wale bi nabeen
 داغ جو سینے میں رکھتے ہوں وہ لالے ہی نہیں
Daangb jo seeene men rakhtete bon wo lale bi nabeen

*Resolve, O Lord ! the travail sore
Which this Thy chosen people tries,
Make Thou the ant of little worth
To Solomon's proud stature rise !*

*Bring Thou, O Lord, within our grasp
That most rare love for which we pray :
To India's temple-squatters teach
The truth of the Islamic way.*

*Our hearts' desires, long unfulfilled,
Unceasingly our life-blood drain ;
Our breasts, with thousand daggers pierced,
Still struggle with their cry of pain !*



*The fragrance of the rose has borne
The garden's secret far away _____
How sad it is, the traitor's role
The garden's sweetest buds should play !*

*The bloom time of the rose is done :
The garden-harp now shattered lies ;
And from its perch upon the twig,
Away each feathered songster flies _____*

*But yet there uncompanioned sits
A lonely Bulbul, all day long ;
Its throat a troub with music still
And pouring out its heart in song.*

مشکلیں امت مرحوم کی آسان کر دے
Musbkilen ummat-e-marboom ki aasan kar de

مود بے پایہ کو ہمدوش سلیمان کر دے
Mur-e-bepayab ko hamdosh-e-Sulaiman kar de

جنس نایاب محبت کو پھر ارزان کر دے
Jins-e-nayab-e-mobabbat ko phir arzaan kar de

ہند کے دیر نشینوں کو مسلمان کر دے
Hind ke dair nasheenon ko musalman kar de

جوئے خون می چکد از حرست دیرینہ ما !
Joo-e-khoon mi chakad az basrat-e-derina-e-ma

می تپد نالہ بہ نشر کداہ سینہ ما
Mi tapad nala ba nashtar kada-e-seenae ma

بوئے گل لے گئی بیرون چمن ، راز چمن
Boo-e-gul le gayi bairoon-e-chaman, raaz-e-chaman

کیا قیامت ہے کہ خود پھول ہیں غماز چمن
Kiya qayamat bai ki khud phool hain ghammaz chaman

عبد گل ختم ہوا، ٹوٹ گیا ساز چمن
Abd-e-gul kbatm bua, toot gaya saaz-e-chaman

اڑ گئے ڈالیوں سے زمزمه پردائز چمن
Urb gaye daaliyon se zamzama pardaz-e-chaman

ایک بلبل ہے کہ ہے محو ترنم اب تک
Aek Bulbul bai ki bai mabu-e-tarannum ab tak

اس کے سینے میں ہے نغموں کا تلاطم اب تک
Us ke seene men hai naghmon ka talatum ab tak

*Beside the garden fountain now,
Quaffing wine, strangers sit, alas !
The cockoo's note their ear regales
And their bands hold the sparkling glass !*

*From all this garden's riot far,
Calm in a corner seated too,
Love-longing lunatics await
Thy frenzy-kindling breath "HU!"*

*The passion for the flame's embrace _____
Thy moths - ab, let them once more know ;
And bid Thy ancient lightning strike
And set these ash-cold hearts aglow!*

*Towards the Hedjaz turn again
The straying tribe their bridle-strings !
Lo, wingless soars the nightingale
Aloft, upon its yearning's wings !*

*The fragrance in each blossom bid
Within the garden palpitates ;
But with Thy plectrum wake its strings _____
The lute that livening touch awaits !*

*Yea, longs to break its prison's bounds
The string-imprisoned melody ;
And yearning Sinai¹ waits again
To burn itself to dust in Thee !*

بادہ کش غیر ہیں گلشن میں لپ ہو بیٹھے
Bidakash ghair bain gulshan men lab-e-joo baithe

سنتے ہیں جام بکف نغمہ کو کو بیٹھے
Sunte bain jaam bakaf naghma-e-koo koo baithe

دور ہنگامہ گزار سے یکسو بیٹھے
Door bangama-e-gulzar se yaksoo baithe

تیرے دیوانے بھی ہیں منظرِ ہُب و بیٹھے!
Tere deewane bbi hain muntazir-e-hoo baithe

اپنے پردانوں کو پھر ذوق خود افروزی دے
Apne parwanon ko phir zanq-e-khud afrozi de

برق دیرینہ کو فرمان جگر سوزی دے
Barq-e-daireena ko farman-e-jigar sozi de

قوم آوارہ عناء تاب ہے پھر سوئے حجاز
Qaume awara inaan taab bai phir soo-e-Hejaz

لے اڑا بلبل بے پر کو مذاق پروااز
Le urba Bulbul-e-bepar ko mazaq-e-parvaaz

مضطرب باغ کے ہر غنچے میں ہے بوئے نیاز
Muztarib bagh ke bar ghamche men bai boo-e-neyaz

تو ذرا چھیر تو دے تئنے مضراب ہے ساز
Too zara cbberb to de tisbn-e-mizraab bai saaz

لغے بیتاب ہیں تاروں سے نکلنے کے لئے!
Naghme betab bain tauron se nikalne ke liye

طور مضطرب ہے اسی آگ میں جلنے کے لئے!
Toor muztar bai isi aag men jalne ke liye

*Upon the peak of Mount Faran¹
Thy glorious Faith Thou didst perfect
With one Divinest gesture drew
A host of fervid first-elect ;*

*Thy flaming Beauty filled the world
And set a myraid hearts on fire ;
Then blew the quintessence of Love
In Man of Passion's wild desire.*

*Ab, why within our deadened hearts
That holy flame today leaps not ?
Though still those burnt-out victims we
Which once we were, hast Thou forgot ?*

*Upon the dale of Nejd² is stilled
The clanging of the captive's chains ;
To glimpse the camel-litter³, Qais
No longer with his madness strains ;*

*The yearnings of the heart are dead
The heart itself is cold, so we ;
And desolation fills our bouse
For shines not there the Light of Thee.*

*O blessed day when Thou shalt come.
A thousand graces in Thy train !
When Thy unbashful glad feet turn
Towards our meeting place again !*

سے فاراں پے کیا دین کو کامل تو نے

Sare Faaran pe kiya deen ko kaamil tu ne

اک اشارے میں ہزاروں کے لئے دل تو نے

Ek isbaree main bazaaron ke liye dil too ne

آتش اندوز کیا عشق کا حاصل تو نے

Aatish andoz kiya ishq ka baasil too ne

پھونک دی گرمی رخسار سے محفل تو نے

Phoonk di garmiye rukbsaar se mabfil too ne

آج کیوں سینے ہمارے شر آباد نہیں؟

Aaj kiyoон seenے bamare sbarar aabaad nabeen

ہم وہی سوختہ ساماں ہیں، تجھے یاد نہیں؟

Hum wabi sokhta saman hain, tujbe yaad nabeen

وادی نجد میں وہ شور سلاسل نہ رہا

Wadiye Nejd men woh shoor-e-salasil na raba

قیس دیوانہ نظارة محمل نہ رہا

Qais deewana-e-nazzara-e-mabmil na raba

حوالے وہ نہ رہے، ہم نہ رہے، دل نہ رہا

Hausle woh na rabe, hum na rabe, dil na raba

گھر یہ اجڑا ہے کہ تو رونق محفل نہ رہا

Ghar yeh ujrba bai ki tu raunaq-e-mabfil na raba

اے خوش آں روز کہ آئی و بصد ناز آئی

Ae kbusb aan roz ki aayi wa basad naaz aayi

بے جباہانہ سوئے محفل ماباز آئی!

Be bejaabana soo-e-mabfil-e-maa baaz aayi

*Did we forswear our faith to Thee ?
 To Thy dear Propbet cease to cling ?
 Of idol-breaking did we tire ?
 Or take to idol-worshipping ?*

21

*Or did we weary of Thy Love,
 Or Thy Love's rapture ever shun ?
 Or turned we from the path which trod
 Qaran's¹ Owais² and Salman³ ?*

*Thy Takbeer's unextinguished flame
 Within our hearts we cherish yet :
 Aethiop Belal's⁴ life, the star
 By which our own lives' course we set !*



*But even if a change hath been,
 And we in Love are less adept,
 Or our of resignation's path
 Our erring wayward feet have stept ;*

22

*If, unlike trusted compasses,
 Our souls respond not now to you,
 And if to laws of faithfulness
 Our roving hearts are now less true ;*

*Must Thou too play the fickle flirt
 With us, with others, day by day,
 We cannot help the sinful thought
 Which shame forbids our lips to say !*

21

تجھ کو چھوڑا کہ رسول عربی کو چھوڑا؟
Tujh ko chhorba ki rason-e-arabi ko chhorba?
 بت گری پیشہ کیا؟ بت شکنی کو چھوڑا؟
Batgari pesha kiyu? Bat sbikani ko chhorba?
 عشق کو عشق کی آشنا سری کو چھوڑا؟
Ishq ko ishq ki asbuftasari ko chhorba?
 رسم سلمان و اولیس قرقی کو چھوڑا؟
Rasm-e-Salman-o-Owais-e-Qarani ko chhorba?
 آگ تکبیر کی سینوں میں دبی رکھتے ہیں!
Aag takbeer ki seenon men dabi rakhte bain!
 زندگی میل بلا جبشی رکھتے ہیں!
Zindagi misle Bila-e-habashi rakhte bain!

22

عشق کی خیر، وہ پہلی سی ادا بھی نہ سکی
Ishq ki khair, woh pabli si adaa bbi na sabi
 جادہ پیمائی تسلیم و رضا بھی نہ سکی
Jada paimaiye tasleem-o-raza bbi na sabi
 مضریب دل صفت قبلہ نما بھی نہ سکی
Muztarib dil sifat-e-qibla numa bbi na sabi
 اور پابندی آئین وفا بھی نہ سکی
Aur pabandiye aaine wasfa bhi na sabi
 کبھی ہم سے، بھی غیروں سے شناسائی ہے
Kabhi hum se kabhi ghairon se shanasai bai
 بات کہنے کی نہیں تو بھی تو ہرجائی ہے!
Baat kabne ki nabeen tu bbi to barjaai bai

*Thy court-yard empties, They depart
Who came to worship and adore ;
The midnight's sighs, the dawn's lament,
Now Thou wilt miss for evermore !*

*They came, they gave their hearts to Thee,
They had their recompense, and went,
But hardly they had seated been
When from Thy Presence they were sent !*

*They came glad lovers, begging love ;
With future promise turned away :
Go, shine Thy Beauty's lamp about
And seek and win them if Thou may !*

*The love of Laila¹ burneth still,
And Majnun¹ Passion's yearning knows;
In hill and valley of the Nejd
The fleet gazelle still leaping goes;*

*The soul of Love is still the same,
Still, Beauty's magic charms enthrall,
Thy Ahmad's² feemen still abide;
And Thou art there, the soul of all*

*Then Stranger ! why estranged today
The bond of love 'twixt Thee and Thine ?
Upon the Faithful, O Unkind,
Why frowns Thy eye of wrath Divine ?*

تیری مخالف بھی گئی، چاہنے والے بھی گئے

Teri mabfil bbi gae, chahne wale bbi gaye

شب کی آہیں بھی گئیں، صح کے نالے بھی گئے!

Shab ki aaben bbi gaeen, subh ke nale bbi gaye

دل تجھے دے بھی گئے اپنا سلے لے بھی گئے

Dil tujbe de bbi gaye, apna sila le bbi gaye

آکے بیٹھے بھی نہ تھے اور نکالے بھی گئے

Aake baithe bbi na the aur nikale bbi gaye

آئے عشاق، گئے وعدہ فردا لے کر

Aaye ushsbaque gaye wadae farda le kar

اب انہیں ڈھونڈ چراغ رخ زیبا کے کر!

Ab unben dboond charagh-e-rukhs-e-zeba le kar

درو لیلی بھی وہی، قیس کا پہلو بھی وہی

Dard-e-Laila bbi wabi, Qais ka pablu bbi wabi

نجد کے دشت و جبل میں رم آہو بھی وہی

Najd ke Dasht o jabal men ram-e-aabu bbi wabi

عشق کا دل بھی وہی، حسن کا جادو بھی وہی

Ishq ka dil bbi wabi, busn ka jaadu bbi wabi

امت احمد مرسل بھی وہی، تو بھی وہی

Ummat-e-Ahmad-e-mursal bbi wabi, tu bbi wabi

پھر یہ آزردگی غیر سب کیا معنی؟

Phir yeh aazurdagiye ghair sbab kya maani?

اپنے شیداؤں پر یہ چشم غضب کیا معنی؟

Apne shaidaaon pe yeh chashm-e-ghazab kiya maani?

*Wby from the bounties of this life
The Faithful now no profit gain
Thou still Almighty Thou remainest,
And limitless Thy means remain ?*

17

*If Thou but will, fountains can flow
From barren desert and parched sands,
And mirage-bound a traveller be
While walking through green forest lands:*

*Yet foemen-taunted, grace-deprived,
And poorest of the poor are we !
Is this Thy recompense to those
Who sacrifice their lives for Thee ?*

*Thy world, how eagerly, today
On strangers, all its grace bestows :
For those who walk Thy chosen way
A world of dreams its glamour throws !*

18

*So be it then, so let us pass,
Let other nations hold the sway
When we are gone, reproach us not
That Taubid too has passed away !*

*We live here only that Thy name
May live here in men's minds enshrined ;
Can Saqui¹ bid his last adieu
And leave Love's cup and wine behind ?*

کیوں مسلمانوں میں ہے دولت دنیا نایاب

Kiyoon musalmanon men bai danlat-e-duniya nayaab

تیری قدرت تو ہے وہ جس کی نہ حد ہے نہ حساب

Teri qudrat to bai woh jis ki na bad bai na bisaab

تو جو چاہے تو اٹھے سینہ صحراء سے جباب

Tu jo chabe to uthe seena-e-sebra se bubaab

رہرو دشت ہو سیلی زدہ موچ سراب

Rabrawe-e-dasbt ho sailizada-e-mauj-e-saraab

طعن اغیار ہے، رسواںی ہے، ناداری ہے

Tan-e-aghyaar bai, ruswaai hai, nadaari bai

کپا ترے نام پر مرنے کا عوض خواری ہے؟

Kya tere naam pe marne ka ewaz kbwari bai?

بنی اغیار کی اب چاہئے والی دنیا

Bani aghyaar ki ab chabne wali duniya

رہ گئی اپنے لئے ایک خیالی دنیا!

Rab gayee apne liye aik khayaali duniya!

ہم تو رخصت ہوئے اوروں نے سنبھالی دنیا

Hum to rukhsat huwe auron ne sanbbali duniya

پھر نہ کہنا ہوئی توحید سے خالی دنیا!

Phir na kabna huwi tauheed se khali duniya!

ہم تو جیتے ہیں کہ دنیا میں ترا نام رہے

Hum to jeete bain ki duniya men tera naam rabe

کہیں ممکن ہے کہ ساقی نہ رہے، جام رہے؟

Kabeen mumkin bai ki saqi ne rabe jaam rabe?

*In idol-houses, bark ! they say,
"Behold, the Muslim star sinks low !"
How glad they are that now at last
Thy Kaaba's brave protectors go !*

*They say, "The world is well rid now
Of hymn-reciting camel-men,
Their Quran folded in their arms
At last they bie them from our ken !"*

*Thus they rejoice who own Thee not ;
Yet still unmindful seemest Thou !
Of Thine own One-ness, Thy Taubid
Art Thou so unregarding now ?*

*That ignorant men who lack the grace
To ope their lips in conclave big
Should have their coffers treasure-filled,
Is not the burden of our sigh ;*

*But O, that this world's best should fall
To unbelievers from Thy hand
While we on promises are fed
Of pleasures in a shadowy land !*

*Where are those favours which Thou once
Upon our grateful hearts didst pour ?
Why cherishest Thou not, O Lord,
The Faithful as in days of yore ?*

بٰتِ صُنْمٍ خانوں میں کہتے ہیں مسلمان گئے

But sanam kbanon men kabte hain musalman gaye

ہے خوشی ان کو کہ کعبے کے نگہبان گئے

Hai khushi unko ki Kaabe ke nigabaan gaye

منزلِ دبر سے اوشوں کے حدی خوان گئے

Manzil-e-dabr se oonton ke budikhan gaye

اپنی بغلوں میں دبائے ہوئے قرآن گئے

Apni bagblon men dabaa-e-huwe quran gaye

خندہ زن کفر ہے احس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں؟

Kbandazan kufr bai, ebsas tujbe bai ki nabeen

اپنی توحید کا کچھ پاس تجھے ہے کہ نہیں؟

Apni tauheed ka kuchh pas tujbe bai ki nabeen

یہ شکایت نہیں، ہیں ان کے خزانے معمور

Yeb shikaayat nabeen bain unke khazane mamoor

نہیں محفل میں جنہیں بات بھی کرنے کا شعور

Nabeen mehfil men jinhen baat bhi karne ka sbaoor

قبر تو یہ ہے کہ کافر کو ملیں حور و قصور

Qabr to yeb bai ki kaufir ko mile boor-o-qusoor

اور بے چارے مسلمان کو فقط وعدہ حور

Aur bechaare musalman ko faqat wada-e-boor

اب وہ الطاف نہیں، ہم چے عنایات نہیں

Ab wob altaaf nabeen hum pe enaayaat nabeen

بات یہ کیا ہے کہ پبلی سے مدارات نہیں؟

Baat yeh kya bai ki publi si madaraat nabeen ?

We who removed from this world's book
 The leaves which were with falsehood stained,
 We who, from tyrant Ignorance,
 The Prisoned human race unchained,

We who with myriad *sajdas*¹ filled
 The holy Kaaba's hallowed shrine,
 Whose bosoms reverently held
 Thy great and glorious Book Divine²

If our meed still the obloquy
 That we have shirked the Faithful's part,
 How then canst Thou make claim to be
 The kindly faith-compelling heart?

For there are those of other faiths
 Among whom many sinners be,
 Some bumble, other puffed with pride.
 Drunken in their effrontery;

If some have vision, thousands are
 Of little worth, neglectful, worse;
 And millions upon millions live
 From Thy dear, glorious Name averse.

Yet see how still Thy bounties rain
 On roofs of unbelieving clans,
 While strikes Thy thunder-bolt the homes
 Of all-forbearing Mussalmans!

صفحہ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا ہم نے
Safha-e-dahr se baatil ko mitaya hum ne
 نوع انسان کو غلامی سے چھڑایا ہم نے
Nau-e-insaan ko ghulami se churbaya hum ne
 تیرے کعبے کو جبینوں سے بسایا ہم نے
Tere Kaabe ko jabeenon se basaya hum ne
 تیرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگایا ہم نے
Tere Quran ko seenoon se lagaya hum ne
 پھر بھی ہم سے یہ گلہ ہے کہ وفادار نہیں
Phir bhi hum se yeh gila hai ki wafadaar nabeen
 ہم وفادار نہیں تو بھی تو ولدار نہیں!
Hum wafadaar nabeen tu bhi to dildar nabeen

امتیں اور بھی ہیں ، ان میں گنہگار بھی ہیں
Ummaten aur bhi bain, un men gunabgaar bhi bain
 عجز والے بھی ہیں ، مست مئے پندار بھی ہیں
Ijz wale bhi bain, mast-e-mae pindaar bhi bain
 ان میں کاہل بھی ہیں ، غافل بھی ہیں ، ہشیار بھی ہیں
Un men kaabil bhi bain, gafil bhi bain, bushyar bhi bain

سکڑوں ہیں کہ ترے نام سے بیزار بھی ہیں
Saikrbon bain ki tere naam se bezaar bhi bain
 رحمتیں ہیں تیری اغیار کے کاشانوں پر
Rabmaten bain teri agbyaar ke kasbaanon par
 برق گرتی ہے تو بے چارے مسلمانوں پر!
Barq girti bai to bechhaare musalmanon par

*When worship's ordained hour was come,
And furious raged the battle's fray,
Those men of Hedjaz¹, staunch in Thee,
Facing Thy Kaaba², bowed to pray.*

11

*Mahmood³ the king and slave Ayyaz⁴,
In line, as equals, stood arrayed.
The lord was no more lord to slave:
While both to the One Master prayed.*

*Slave and slave's master, rich or poor,
No sense of difference then felt,
For each a brother was to each
When in Thy Presence, Lord, they knelt.*

*And Thou dost know we went about
At sunrise or when stars did shine,
In banquet-halls of Time and Space,
Like goblets, filled with Taubid's wine!*

12

*Both high and low lands we traversed
To spread Thy message ; O glad pain!
Not even once, Thou knowest well,
We stroved against the world in vain.*

*Not only land _____ we bore Thy Word
Glorious across the bearing seas,
Upon our steed of zeal, we rode
Unto their darkest boundaries !*

آ گیا عین لڑائی میں اگر وقت نماز

Aa gaya ain larbai men agar waqt-e-namaz b

قبلہ رو ہو کے زمیں بوس ہوئی قوم حجاز

Qibla roo bo ke zameen bos huwi qaum-e-bejaz

ایک ہی صف میں کھڑے ہو گئے محمود و ایاز

Aik bi saf men kharbe ho gaye mabmood-o-Ayaz

نہ کوئی بندہ رہا اور نہ کوئی بندہ نواز

Na koi banda raba aur na koi banda nawaz

بندہ و صاحب و محاج و غنی ایک ہوئے !

Banda-o-saheb-o-mohaj-o-ghani aik huwe

تری سرکار میں پہنچ تو سبھی ایک ہوئے !

Teri sarkar men pahunche to sabhi aik huwe.

11

محفل کون و مکاں میں سحر و شام پھرے

Mahfil-e-kaun-o-makan men sebar-o-shaam phire

مئے توحید کو لے کر صفتِ جام پھرے

Mae tauheed ko le kar sifat-e-jaam phire

کوہ میں دشت میں لے کر ترا پیغام پھرے

Koh men, dasbt men le kar tera paigam phire

اور معلوم ہے تجھ کو کبھی ناکام پھرے ؟

Aur maaloom ہے i tujh ko kabbi naakam phire ?

دشت تو دشت ہے دریا بھی نہ چھوڑے ہم نے !

Dasbt to dasbt hai dariyaa bhi na chborhe hum ne !

بحیر ظلمات میں دوڑا دیئے گھوڑے ہم نے !

Bahr-e-zulmat men dauraa diye ghorbe hum ne !

12

*Declare Thou whose fierce valour once
Did Khyber's barriers overthrow?
Or whose resistless might once laid
Famed Caesar's proudest cities low?*

*Who smashed to dust man's hand-wrought gods,
Those things of straw and earth and clay?
And who did unbelieving hosts
To spread Thy name and glory slay?*

*And who was it that quenched and cooled
The fiery urns of fair Iran?
And in that land did once again
Revive the worship of Yazdan¹?*

*Among those nations, was there one
Who craved Thee as we craved and sought?
Or risked the perils of fell war
That Thy divinest will be wrought?*

*Whose was that conquest-thirsty sword
Which won and held the world in fee?
And whose the Takbeer²-sounding call,
Which wakened all the world to Thee?*

*Whose was the fateful wrath which made
All idols shrink and terror just?
"There is no god but God" they cried,
As crumbling down they kissed the dust.*

تو ہی کہہ دے کہ اکھاڑا در خبر کس نے؟

Tu bi kab de ke ukbarba Dar-e-Kabiber kis ne?

شہر قیصر کا جو تھا اس کو کیا سر کس نے؟

Shahr Qaiser ka jo tha us ko kiya sar kis ne?

توڑے مخلوق خداوندوں کے پیکر کس نے؟

Torbe makhloque khudawandou ke paiker kis ne?

کاٹ کر رکھ دئے کفار کے لشکر کس نے؟

Kaat kar rakh diye kuffar ke lashkar kis ne?

کس نے شہنڈا کی آتشکدہ ایران کو؟

Kis ne thanda kiya aatishkada-e-Iran ko?

کس نے پھر زندہ کیا تذکرہ یزداد کو؟

Kis ne phir zinda kiya tazkira-e-Yazdaan ko?

کون سی قوم فقط تیری طلب گار ہوئی؟

Kaun si qaum fagat teri talabgaar huwi?

اور تیرے لئے زحمت کش پیکار ہوئی؟

Aur tere liye zabmat kash-e-paikaar huwi?

کس کی شمشیر جہانگیر جہاندار ہوئی؟

Kis ki sbamsbeer-e-jabangeer jabandaar huwi?

کس کی تکبیر سے دنیا تیری بیدار ہوئی؟

Kis ki takbeer se duniya teri bedaar huwi?

کس کی ہبّت سے صنم سبھے ہوئے رہتے تھے؟

Kis ki baibat se sanam sabme buwe rahte they?

منہ کے بل گر کے ھو۔ اللہ آخوند کہتے تھے

Munb ke bal gir ke "Huwallaho abad" kabte they

*Our only life was then to face
The perils of Thy holy wars;
To glorify Thy name we died,
Adorned with hallowed battle scars.*

*Not lust for power for our own sakes
Our drawn-sword's playfulness inspired,
Nor roared we hand-in-glove with Death
For worldly riches we desired.*

*Our people, had they set their hearts
On this world's riches or its gold,
Not idol-breaking would have gone
But idols would have bought and sold.*

*We stood our ground like rocks when once
The foe had met our phalanx dread;
Before our might the bravest quailed
And, vanquished, from the battle fled.*

*And Those who offered Thee affront
Our swift, relentless fury faced.
Their mightiest arms we set at nought,
Their insolence and pride abased.*

*On men's minds we set Thy seal,
Thy Taubid's¹ firm and sure impress
The Selfsame message preached our lips
When sourds danced high in battle's stress.*

ہم جو جیتے تھے تو جنگوں میں مصیبت کے لئے

Hum jo jeete the to jangon men musibat ke liye

اور مرتے تھے ترے نام کی عظمت کے لئے

Aur marte the tere naam ki azmat ke liye

تھی نہ کچھ تغ زنی اپنی حکومت کے لئے

Thi na kuchh tegh zani apni bukoomat ke liye

سر بکف پھرتے تھے کیا دہر میں دولت کے لئے؟

Sar bakaf phirte the kiya dabr men daulat ke liye?

قوم اپنی جو زر و مال جہاں پر مرتی

Qaum apni jo zar-o-mal-e-jahan par marti

بت فروشی کے عوض بت شکنی کیوں کرتی!

But farooshi ke ewaz but shikani kiyoon karti ?

مل نہ سکتے تھے، اگر جنگ میں اڑ جاتے تھے

Tal na sakte they agar jang men arb jaate they

پاؤں شیروں کے بھی میداں سے اکھڑ جاتے تھے

Paon sheron ke bhi maidaan se ukhar jate they

تجھ سے سر کش ہوا کوئی، تو بگڑ جاتے تھے

Tujh se sarkash buwa koi to bigarb jate they

تغ کیا چیز ہے؟ ہم توپ سے لڑ جاتے تھے

Taigh kya chheez bai? hum toup se larb jaate they

نقشِ توحید کا ہر دل پے بٹھایا ہم نے

Naqsh tanbeed ka bar dil pe bitbayaa bum ne

زیر خنجر بھی یہ پیغام سنایا ہم نے

Zer-e-khanjar bhi yeh paigham sunaya bum ne

*Yet once there lived the Saljoukes here,
Turanians too, and wise Chinese,
Sasanians drew there breath and thrived
In rose-perfumed Iranian breeze;*

*And elsewhere in Thy peopled world
The Greeks of Yunan held their sway,
While sons of Israel side by side
With Christian nations had their day.*

*But which among these nations raised
The sacred sword in holy fight
Self-consecrated to Thy cause
To set their crazy world aright?*

*'Tis we and we alone who thronged
As warriors on Thy feilds of fray,
And now upon the land we fought
And now upon the salt sea spray.*

*We made our Azau's¹ call resound
Beneath proud spires in Western lands,
And made that magic melody
Thrill over Africa's burning sands.*

*The pageantries of mighty kings
To us were shows that mattered not,
Beneath the shade of blades unsheathed
In Kalima² we glory sought.*

بس رہے تھے یہیں سلوق بھی ، تو رانی بھی

Bus rabe the yabin Saljooque bbi, tooranī bbi

اہل چین چین میں ، ایران میں ساسانی بھی

Able Cheen Cbeen men, Iran men sasani bbi

ای معمورے میں آباد تھے یونانی بھی

Isi Mamoore men aabad the Younnani bbi

ای دنیا میں یہودی بھی تھے نصرانی بھی

Isi duniya men yahoodi bbi the nasraani bbi

پر تیرے نام پر تکوار اٹھائی کس نے ؟

Par tere naam pe talwaar utbai kis ne ?

بات جو گزری ہوئی تھی وہ بنائی کس نے ؟

Baat jo bigdi bne thi wob banai kis ne ?

5

تھے ہمیں ایک تیرے معرکہ آراؤں میں !

They hameen ek tere marka aaraon men !

خُشکیوں میں کبھی لڑتے ، کبھی دریاؤں میں

Khushkiyoon men kabbi larbte, kabbi dariyaon men

دیں اذانیں کبھی یورپ کے کلیساوں میں

Deen azaanen kabbi yurop ke kaleesaon men

کبھی افریقہ کے پتے ہوئے صحراؤں میں

Kabbi Afriqa ke tapre bure sebraaon men

شان آنکھوں میں نہ چھتی تھی جہاں داروں کی

Sbaan aankhon men na jachti thi jabaandaaron ki

6

کلمہ پڑھتے تھے ہم چھاؤں میں تکواروں کی

Kalma parbte thay bum chhaon men talwaaron ki

*From when eternal Time began,
Thy Timeless Self had also been;
But then no breeze its sweetness spread
Through the Rose reigned the garden's queen.*

3

*Canst Thou, in justice, but confess,
O Lord! from whom all favours flow,
Had not the south wind toiled in love
The world Thy fragrance would not know?*

*The glad travail we sought for Thee
Rejoice our souls and was our pride _____
Thinkst Thou the flowers of Thy friend
Insanely spread Thy Truth so wide?*



*Before we came, how strange a sight
Was this most beauteous world of Thine!
For here to stones men bowed their heads,
And there in trees did 'gods' enshrine!*

4

*Their unenlightened minds could seize
Nought else but what their eyes could see,
Thou knowest, Lord, Thy writ ran not _____
Man neither knew nor worshipped Thee!*

*And canst Thou say that even once
'One of these did Thy name recite?
It was the might of Muslim arms
Fulfilled Thy task and gave them Light.*

تھی تو موجود ازل سے بی تیری ذات قدیم

Thi to manjood azal se bi teri zat-e-qadeem

پھول تھا زب چمن، پر نہ پریشان تھی شیسم

Phool tba zebe chaman, par na pareesban thi shameem

شرط انصاف ہے، اے صاحب الطافِ عَمِيم

Shart insaf bai aie sabib-e-altaf-e-ameem

بوئے گل پھیلتی کس طرح جو ہوتی نہ نیم

Boo-e-gul phailti kis tarha jo boti na naseem

ہم کو جمیعت خاطر یہ پریشانی تھی

Ham ko jamiyat-e-khatir ye paresbani thi

ورنہ امت تیرے محبوب کی دیوانی تھی؟

Warna ummat tere mabboob ki deewani thi?

3

ہم سے پہلے تھا عجب تیرے جہاں کا منظر

Hum se pable tha ajab tere jaban ka manzar

کہیں مسجد تھے پتھر، کہیں معبد شجر

Kabeen masjood the patthar, kabeen mabood sbajar

خوگر پتکر محسوس تھی انسان کی نظر

Khoogar-e-paikar-e-mabsaos tbi insan ki nazar

ماانتا پتھر کوئی آن دیکھے خدا کو کیوں کر؟

Maanta pbir koi andekbe kbuda ko kyon kar?

تجھ کو معلوم ہے لیتا تھا کوئی نام تیرا؟

Tujh ko maloom bai leta tba koi naam tera

قوت بازوئے مسلم نے کیا کام تیرا؟

Quwwat-e-bazoo-e-muslim ne kiya kaam tera?

4

*Why should I choose the looser's role?
 Forbear to seek what gain I may?
 Nor think of what the morrow holds,
 But brood o'er woes of yesterday?*

1

*Why should my ears enraptured bear
 The plaintive notes of Philomel?
 O fellow-bard! a rose am I
 To loose me in sweet music's swell?*

*For I too have the gift of song
 Which gives me courage to complain,
 But ah! 'tis none but God himself
 Whom I, in sorrow, must arraign!*



*I grant that we have earned repute
 As ever to reconciled to Fate,
 But to Thee still a tale of pain
 I can no longer help narrate.*

2

*Though we may seem like voiceless lyres,
 Within, imprisoned anguish cries;
 Its urge compels, and I obey,
 Framing these plaintive melodies.*

*Hear Thou, O God! these sad complaints
 From those of proven fealty;
 From lips accustomed but to praise
 Hear Thou these words in blame of Thee!*

کیوں زیاں کار بنوں سود فراموش رہوں؟

Kiyon ziyankar banoon sood faramosh raboon?

فکر فردا نہ کروں، محو غم دوش رہوں

Fikre farda na karoон mabwe gham-e-dosh raboon

نالے بلبل کے سنوں، اور ہمہ تن گوش رہوں

Nale bulbul ke sunoon aur hama tan gosb raboon

ہم نوا! میں بھی کوئی گل ہوں کہ خاموش رہوں؟

Ham nawa main bbi koi gul hun ke khamosh raboon?

جرأت آموز میری تابخن ہے مجھ کو

Jurrat amoz meri tab-e-sokban bai mujb ko

شکوه اللہ سے خاکم بدہن ہے مجھ کو

Shikwa Allah Se Khakam Badaban bai mujb ko

ہے بجا شیوه تسلیم میں مشہور ہیں ہم

Hai baja sbewae tasleem men masbboor bain bum

قصہ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں ہم

Qissa-e-dard sunate bain ke majboor bain bum

ساز خاموش ہیں، فریاد سے معمور ہیں ہم

Saaz khamosh bain, faryad se mamoor bain bum

نالہ آتا ہے اگر لب پے تو معدور ہیں ہم

Nala aata bai agar lab pe to mazoor bain bum

اے خدا! شکوہ ارباب وفا بھی سن لے

Aai KHUDA! shikwa-e-arbab-e-wafa bbi sun le

خوگر جم سے تھوڑا سا گلا بھی سن لے

Khoogar-e-hamd se tboda sa gila bbi sun le

Accession No. 28963
Class No. 454
Book No. 454

28962
153/1525
80132 BX 0



THE COMPLAINT

is mere self-deception, a screen where with to hide their own short-comings. He reminds them that if they will only be true to their great heritage, the Quran, "their effort is their fate".

There are many, even among the warmest admirers of Iqbal, who go into ecstasies over the "*Shikwa*" but appear to attach less importance to the "*Jawab*". They are unjust to the poet, even in their praise, because they miss both his purpose and his message. To single out the "*Shikwa*" for praise is in effect to accept the theory of the poet's self-identification with Muslim escapism and blame of fate. It is to stress the negative aspect of his whole poem and to throw emphasis on the question which troubled his thought, not on the answer by which he brought light into the darkness of others. It may be profitable to recall to Iqbal's imperfect sympathisers, the mournful quatrain, composed shortly before his death :

*Even as I depart from this world,
Every one will say "I knew him".
But the truth is, alas! that none knew
Who the stranger was, or what he said,
or whence he came!*

essentially for all humanity, although he made his direct appeal to the Muslims. The reason for this is apparent. The Muslims were the custodian of the great Quran. To them had been entrusted the task of carrying its light to the rest of the world. But they themselves had fallen from the right path, and in consequence, from that earthly glory which once was theirs. His first task was to reform their decrepit ideology and suicidal way of life, by making them conscious of the causes of their downfall and by recalling them to the only path that would lead to their regeneration and the regeneration of all humanity, the path of the Quran that is the *raison d'être* of Iqbal's poetry.

It is beyond the scope of this brief introduction to enter into any detailed appreciation of the works of Iqbal. All that is intended is to provide the reader with that essential background which will enable him to understand in their true perspective the two poems here translated. The first of these the "Shikwa", is shaped as a complaint against God, accusing Him of having ceased to bestow His grace on the Muslims, who had propagated the faith of the Quran and spread God's name on Earth. When this poem was first published, it produced two different reactions. While thousands of Muslims felt that the poet had expressed their inner most thoughts, in stirring verse, and thousands of tongues took up its refrains, the more orthodox were scandalised that God should be "accused of injustice". Both were wrong. Iqbal did not share the "complaint" nor did he accuse God. He merely put into language the feelings of his generation, feelings which he knew were based on that perversity of human nature which blinds self-analysis and rationalises its own misfortunes by blaming the injustice of others. For the particular object the poet had in view, his method was most effective. The "Shikwa" summed up the accumulated bitterness in the minds of Muslims, who subconsciously shrank from uncomfortable introspection and blamed "Fate" for the ills which they had become heirs to. When he had thus effectively focussed attention on the degradation of the Muslims, for which they were holding the caprice of Providence responsible, the poet produced his "Jawab-e-Shikwa", pricking their bubble of complacent self-delusion.

In the *Jawab* Iqbal strikes his unerring finger on the ailing place. He tells Muslims that God is not unjust to them but that they are unjust to themselves. He shows them that their fatalism

You see, this teaching never fails; with all our systems, we cannot go and generally speaking no man can go, farther than that.

The Quran is unlike any other revealed book in existence. For fourteen hundred years it has remained untouched and unaltered. It contains nothing mythological, nor does it merely relate stories of the past. It contains nothing out of harmony with the progress of scientific thought. The smallest particle in this universe, as well as the highly complicated system of the stars, are governed by definite Law. Nor is man left out of its governance. But man alone has been endowed by his Creator with will. His submission to Law must therefore be conscious, not mechanical. Hence the Revelations and the Prophets; the last of these were the Quran and Muhammad.

After describing the creation of the Earth and Heavens, the Quran says :

We revealed in every Heaven its affairs.

And of the animal world :

Thy Lord revealed to the bee, saying : choose thou habitations in the hills and in the trees and in that which they thatch.

And of mankind :

Verily there cometh unto you from Me a guidance, and those who follow my guidance, there shall be no fear come upon them, neither shall they grieve.

Iqbal devoted his life to the study of this guidance. He reviewed, in the light of this study, the fate of nations, past and present. In particular, he applied its test to the Muslims of his day, and he found the answer to the question 'Why have Muslims, who own the most perfect divine guidance ever vouchsafed to mankind, fallen upon 'evil days'?' He learnt what message he must deliver to mankind and to what end his Maker had endowed him with the 'gift of poesy'.

Iqbal's call came like the message of the Quran, is

INTRODUCTION

by

M. ALTAF HUSSAIN

Iqbal was very much more than a poet or a philosopher. He was an interpreter of those immutable Laws, which, in their operation, bring about the rise and fall of nations. His poetry is born of a life time of serious thinking and study of those laws. In this his teacher was the glorious Quran. In his *Mathnavi*, he laid down the test by which his poetry was to be judged and also stated his poetic mission in these lines:

*If my heart should be like a glass
That unreflecting sheds no ray,
And if my verses onward pass
Aught but the Quran's noble lay,*

*Then tear the bardic robe to shreds,
With which I thus adorn my thought,
And tear out from the flower-beds
Myself, a thorny weed worth naught.*

*But if I wove a garland, strung
With purest pearls of Al-Quran;
If my verse only truth harbouring
To every hearkening Mussalman;*

*Then my life also be blyst.
My works confirm the truth I see,
A pearl, the purest and the best
Grow from the raindrop that is me.*

It follows that no true understanding of Iqbal's poetry is possible without an understanding of the Quran, of which Goethe said:

from where it is still being published.

Mr. Khushwant Singh Ex editor of Illustrated weekly of India also translated "Shikwa and Jawab-e-Shikwa" into English in 1981 under the title of "Complaint and Answer" and a forward by Mr. Rafiq Zakaria and published by Oxford University Press, 1981. This has the original Urdu script, English translation by Mr. Khushwant Singh with original Urdu in Devanagri Script. His translation is inside. The spirit and soul of "Shikwa" and "Jawab-e-Shikwa" is no more. It also was out of print.

After Independence, large number of Muslims migrated to "Western Countries" where English is the lingua franca. The next generation has been educated in English. Their knowledge of Urdu is very poor but they like to read English translation of the famous Urdu poem. In this book together with the Urdu script, Roman script for Urdu and English translation by Mr. Altaf Hussain. Original Urdu poems in Roman script have been inserted. Thus it may serve the Urdu and the English knowing people as well. At the same time it can serve those who can't read Urdu script but can understand Urdu through Roman script.

"Dedication" as by Mr. Altaf Hussain has been retained and also his "Introduction" except the first paragraph and the first line of the second paragraph as in his first edition.

This book in its new form is dedicated to my maternal uncle (Late) Mr. Ghulam Rasool, B.A., who introduced me to Allama Iqbal's poetry and gave me "The Complaint & The Answer" by Mr. Altaf Hussain as a present in 1945, to read it, preserve it for future. I have kept this book well preserved.

I am extremely thankful to Maulana Hafiz Umair-al-Siddiq of Shibli Academy for his great help in compiling this book and writing the Urdu verses in Roman script.

27.12.1998

9, Ripon Street
Calcutta

M. Ahmad
27.12.98

Prof. Maqbool Ahmad

Darwaza in Lahore.

The other collections of his poems in Urdu are "Bal-e-Jibrail", "Zarb-e-Kaieem" and "Ar maghan-e-Hejaz".

For better expression of his thoughts and philosophy and besides Persian being widely read not only in India, but in other Muslim countries, he wrote many persian poems. Several books in Persian have been published i.e. 'Asrar-e-Khudi', 'Ramooz-e-Bekhud', 'Payam-e-Mashriq'. His thoughtful penetrating and brilliant mind, his deep in-sight and his habit of getting very early at dawn, gave him ample time, to study Islam, Islamic philosophy and History very deeply and contemplate on it thoroughly. He had total "Faith in Islam". Profound love for Muslims, a true nationalist and one of the greatest poets in Urdu.

Sheikh Mohammad Iqbal colossal stature as a philosopher-poet and his great popularity made British Government confer Knighthood on him. However Muslims call him by the name of Allama Iqbal, thus recognising his talents, greatness, profound scholarship and poetic genius.

Allama Iqbal died on 21.4.1938 in his own constructed house named "Jeved Manzil" at Muir Road, Lahore after a protracted illness. During his illness he often recited -

شانِ مردِ مومنِ با تو گویم

چوں مرگ آید، تم بزم برباد اوت

Let me describe to you the sign of a true 'Momin'

When death approaches, there is smile on his lips.

* "Shikwa and Jawab-e-Shikwa" were translated into English by Arberry long ago which is out of print since very long. It has been described as an unsatisfactory translation.

Mr. Altaf Hussain's translation titled "The Compliant and the Answer" was published in 1943 by Sheikh Mohammad Ashraf of Lahore. It went into several editions, 2nd edition in 1948, 3rd edition in 1954 and 4th in 1966. They were published by Mr. Altaf Hussain himself and the 1966 edition was printed by Pakistan Herald Press, Karachi.

In the introduction to the 1st edition he had written "No true understanding of Iqbal's poetry is possible without understanding Quran" about which Goethe had said "You see this teaching never fails".

Mr. Altaf Hussain was the first editor of 'Dawn' the daily English Newspaper from Delhi which was later transferred to Karachi.

PREFACE

by

PROFESSOR MAQBOOL AHMAD

F.R.C.S. (Edin. & Eng.)

Sheikh Mohammad Iqbal was a descendant of a Kashmiri Hindu Brahmin family, which migrated to Punjab more than two and half centuries ago. He was born in Sialkot on 1873.

His early education was in a madrasa and thence in the Mission School and College at Sialkot. He later graduated from Government College, Lahore with flying colours in 1899, winning coveted two Gold Medals for outstanding scholastic achievements.

He proceeded to England in 1905 and did his Post-graduation in Philosophy from Cambridge University. Thence he went to Germany and was awarded Doctorate by Munich University. He went back to London and became Bar-at-Law, returned to India in 1908.

Dr. Iqbal started his career as a Barrister in 1908 and also taught law at Government College, Lahore, later gave up after a few years.

Iqbal started composing poems, even when he was in his teens. Soon he became famous for his appealing poems. As the years rolled on, he became a very popular and respected Urdu poet. Some of his poems were excellent and some couplets were marvellous. Soon he was recognised as a top most Urdu poet of the Indian sub-continent.

His "Sare Jahan se Achha Hindustan Hamara" made him a national poet. This beautiful poem, even today is being read and recited in numerous functions all over India. "Shikwa and Jawab-e-Shikwa" made him a house-hold name in almost all educated Muslim families. Both of these were published in his book "Bang-e-Dara". "Shikwa" was first recited by the poet himself in a loud and sonorous voice in the Annual Meeting of Anjuman-e-Himayat-e-Islam at Lahore in 1909. The audience was so deeply moved that tears welled out and many even cried aloud.

These soul stirring verses have been read by millions of Muslims and it produces the same profound effect. I am not an exception. "Jawab-e-Shikwa" was composed, recited and published in 1913. This was recited by Iqbal himself in a meeting outside Mochi

I dedicate
this translation
to
The Youth of Islam

*on whom relies the bark of God
Adrift beyond the bar ——*

Altaf Hussain

All Rights reserved. No part of this book can be published by any means of publishing including electronic publishing without prior permission of the author.

Name of the book : SHIKWA & JAWAB-E-SHIKWA

English Translation

With Urdu and Roman Script

Translated by : ALTAF HUSAIN

Roman Script by : Professor Maqbool Ahmad

F.R.C.S. (Edin.), F.R.C.S. (Eng.)

Printer/Publisher :

Laser Type Setting :

CREATIVE COMPUTER

62, Jalandhari -

Azamgarh - 276 001 (INDIA)

Phone : 05462-20380

First Edition :

1999

Copies :

1000

Pages :

81 (Excluding Cover)

Cover Photo :

Allama Sir Mohammad Iqbal

Price :

To obtain contact :

PROF. MAQBOOL AHMAD

9, Ripon Street

Calcutta (INDIA)

© PROF. MAQBOOL AHMAD

THE COMPLAINT AND THE ANSWER

Accession No. 289632
Class No. 1121
Book No. 451

Being

**ALLAMA SIR MUHAMMAD IQBAL'S
SHIKWA & JAWAB-E-SHIKWA**

Done into English Verse

28962
153153
5013297



By

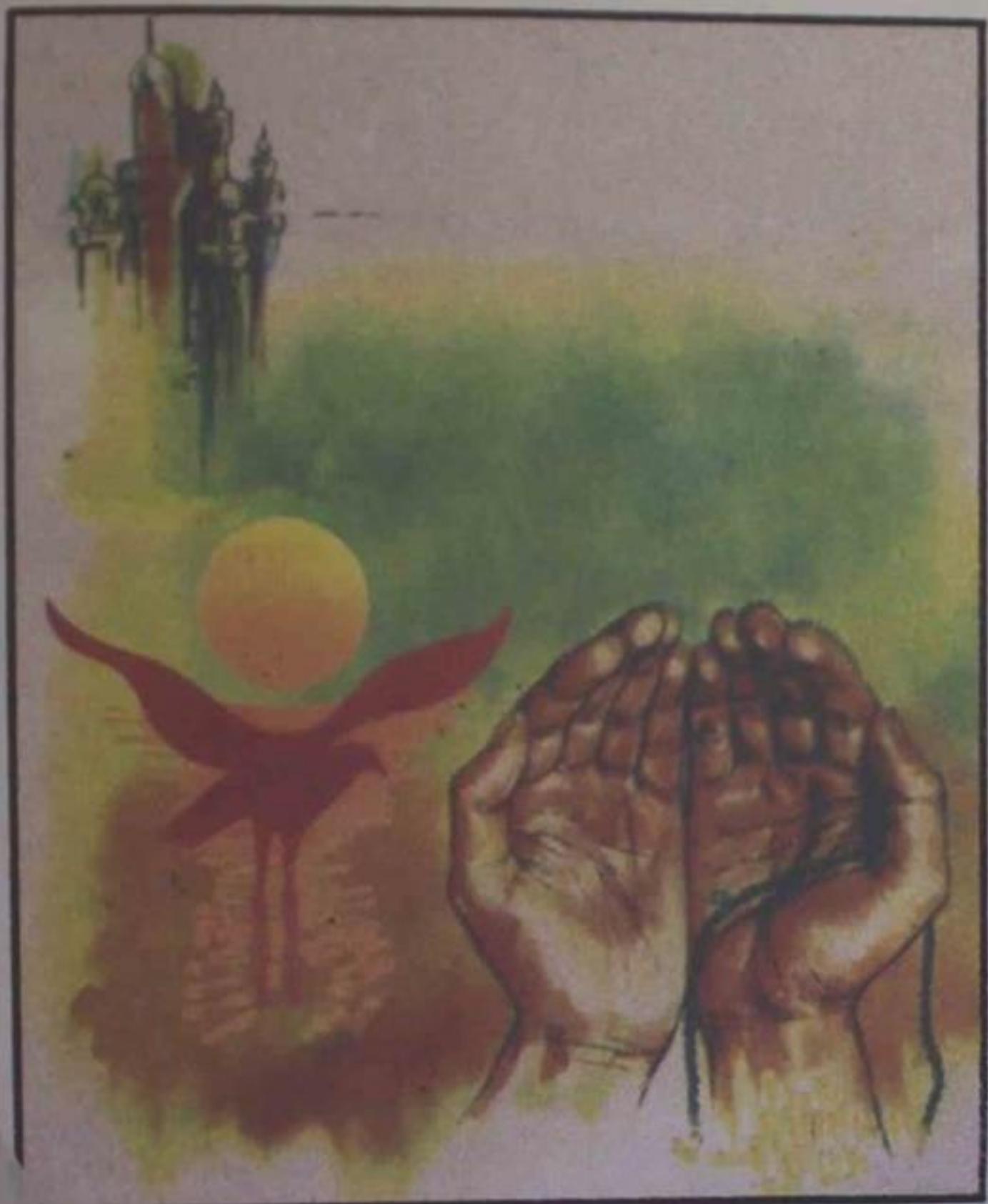
ALTAF HUSSAIN

*Addition of
URDU & ROMAN SCRIPT*

By

PROFESSOR MAQBOOL AHMAD
F.R.C.S. (Edin.), F.R.C.S. (England)

THE COMPLAINT AND THE ANSWER



Addition of

URDU AND ROMAN SCRIPT

by

PROFESSOR MAQBOOL AHMAD
F.R.C.S. (Edin.) F.R.C.S. (Eng.)