

shikwah Jawab-i-shikwah

(REPRESENTATION AND REPLY)

English Rendering, Transliteration with Comparative Urdu Text

Sultan Zahur Akhtar

SHIKWAH, JAWAB-I-SHIKWAH (Representation and Reply)

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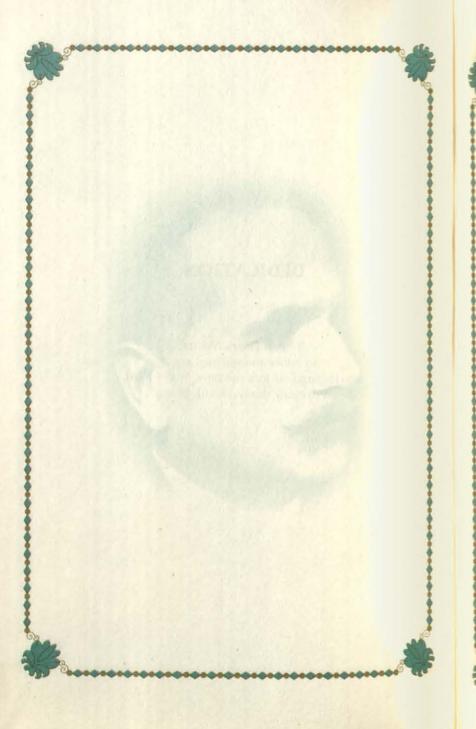
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DEDICATION

To Raja Hasan Akhtar,
my father and spiritual guide
who inspired me with the thoughts of Iqbal,
I dedicate this work with pride



PREFACE

I know Sultan Zahur Akhtar since his childhood. His father, late Raja Hasan Akhtar, was a close friend of Allama Iqbal. His relationship with the family allowed young Zahur Akhtar to become a part of the household and to imbibe the ideas and message of Iqbal's poetry at an early age. Later on, after the death of Iqbal, Zahur continued his studies under the able guidance of his father who inculcated in him a sense of the sacred, love for his religion and for his homeland. These qualities manifested in his services for the Pakistan movement, his unflinching and life long devotion to his religion and community and the interest he maintained in literary activities throughout his professional career. He has written in Urdu, Panjabi, Pothohari and English. Iqbal's poetry has always been the center of his interests. Lately, he has prepared this translation of Iqbal's Shikwa and Jawab-i-Shikwa. These poems of Iqbal have always captured the imagination of the men of letters and thus, over the years, have seen many translations. Zahur's attempt is unique in that it not only gives an English rendering of these poems but provides a transliteration of the Urdu text as well which caters to the needs of a large readership, living in the West, who are no longer able to read thé Urdu text. I hope it would be a welcome and useful addition to the growing literature on Iqbal and the translations of his works

(Javid Iqbal)



INTRODUCTION

Most of Iqbal's mature poetry defies translation. More it defies, the more it attracts the attention of men of letters interested in his poetry who cherish a desire to convey his message to a large prospective readership which is not able to read his poetry in its original Urdu or Persian version. It is particularly true of his famous poems Shikwah and Jawabi-Shikwah as well as of his master piece Masjid-i-Qurtubah. The former two poems, which together provide a unified vision of the predicament of the Muslim Ummah vis-a-vis its historical situation, have always been read as a single conceptual unit and have usually been translated together. Over the years there have been several attempts to render these poems into English verse and prose. As early as 1934 Altaf Husain published his versified English rendering of Shikwah and Jawab-i-Shikwah entitled Iqbal's Complaint and Answer (Orientalia, Lahore) which went into two subsequent editions of 1948, 1954 partly for its quality of translation and partly because there were no rivals on the scene. A.J. Arberry was the next to prepare a translation of the poems in English verse (Shaikh Ashraf, rept. 1987, Lhr.) He knew very little Urdu and had to rely on the prose rendering provided to him by Mazharud Din Siddiqi. This obvious drawback seriously impaired the quality of the translation making it much inferior to his other translations of Iqbal.

Nawab S. Mahmood Ali Khan Tyro translated the poems under the title "Remostrance" and "Response to Remostrance" (Iqbal Academy, Hyderabad) and published it along with the Urdu text. This attempt was not able to improve upon the earlier endeavors.

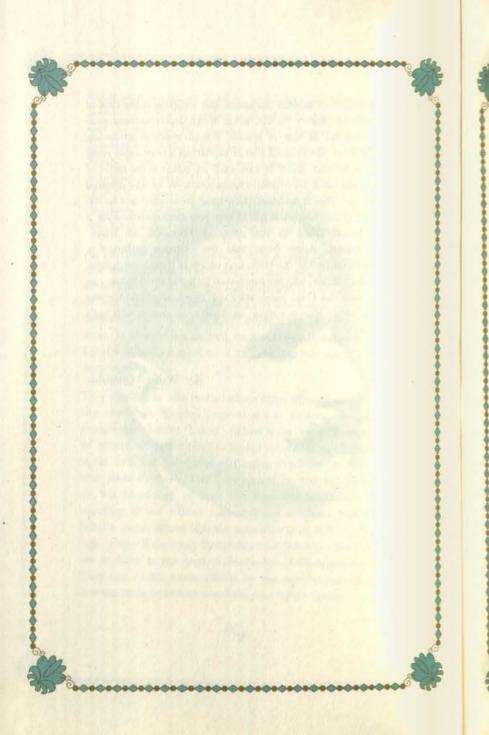
Khushwant Singh — novelist, journalist and historian — persuaded by the chancellor of Jamia Urdu, Aligarh, undertook to translate the poems in 1981. The publication was presented with the Urdu text in nasta'liq and Devanagri Script. It was a success and saw three more editions in the following ten years. In his Iqbal — A selection of the Urdu Verse (S.O.A.S, University of London, 1993) David Mathews translated Shikwah also. It was in English Prose and lacked the charm and accuracy of the earlier translations.

All of these translations have their relative points of merit and demerit. There is room for improvement in each of these attempts which has less to do with the qualifications of the translators than the difficulty inherent in the task of capturing the historical and spiritual overtones of Iqbal's verse in translation as well as in successfully reproducing Iqbal's idiom, steeped as it is in Islamic lore, in a foreign language.

This realization has invited many other scholars to take up the challenge. Several projects are at different stages of completion. Sultan Zahur Akhtar is the first of these men of letters who have tried to accept this daunting challenge again and has produced an English translation of Shikwah and Jawab-i-Shikwah. His long association with Iqbal's family, his knowledge of both the languages and his understanding of the salient historical and religious motifs of Iqbal's poetry afford him the possibility to do it from a vantage point. If the early birds have their privileges the scholars working at the end of the day have advantages as well. They can enrich their efforts by the experiences and endeavors made by others who had gone before them.

A translation seldom surpasses the original in the case of classics of poetry. At the most it can aspire to come near the original as best as it can. If it succeeds in remaining faithful to the original and in capturing a reasonably readable style and idiom it can find its place in the ranks of authentic and acceptable representations of the original message. The translation presented here may not be declared as the best but it has its own merits that secures for it a special place in the growing literature of Iqbal translations. Apart from this the volume includes a transliteration of the Urdu text which is particularly useful for the readers who are interested in Iqbal's poetry but can not read the Urdu script. We hope that it would be helpful for a wider dissemination and better awareness of Iqbal's message.

(Dr. Waheed Quraishi)



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Allama Dr. Sir Muhammad Iqbal is the Poet, thinker and philosopher of Islam. He is the thinker and originator of the Ideology of Pakistan. His poetry, in stages, turned from romance into Indian Nationalism and then, through study and immense love for the Prophet of Islam, was Islamacised. Finally, through his revolutionary and fantastic ideas, it turned, into Pan-Islamism.

He is not only regarded as a "symbol" in Pakistan but is also a mark in the World of Islam. In the first four decades of the 20th century, through his poetry in Urdu, Persian, and English prose, he has given constructive thinking to the youth of the sub continent and Islam. His verses and ideology (which has been translated in many languages) is ever lasting. He is thus living, and will always live in future. Accordingly, as "Zinda Rud", i.e. "ever living" or "ever lasting", in his poetry he thus is the poet, thinker and the philosopher of tomorrow, and of any devolution any where in the Muslim World.

My late father Raja Hasan Akhtar, in 1924 AD, met him in Lahore as a student. Later in his life, as a civil servant, he remained his associate till his demise on April 21, 1938. In fact he was on his bed side. That night at about 00-30 hr's he whined about pain in his chest. My father wanted, through a doctor present there, that he may have a pain killer or a tranqualizer. On that the Allama replied

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that he did not want to die in coma. In fact he wanted to face death boldly in his senses. He then recited his Persian verses to him.

Nishānē marde momin bā tu gōyam, chūņ marg āyed tabassum bar labē ūst.

To you I reveal, true and devoted Muslim's sign While death accosts, smilingly, wends to the Divine.

At about 3.30 AM he again complained about a terrific pain in his chest and requested my father to bring Hakim Qarashy who was his physician. Before my father left he recited him his Persian verse which is in the book complied after his demise, Armughān-e-Ḥijāz.

Sarūde rafta bāz āyed kē nāyed, Nasīme az Ḥijāz āyed kē nāyed. Sar āmad rūzgārē iņ faqirē, Digar dānā'ē rāz āyed kē nāyed.

The past tune of Lyre, may come or not. Nerving breeze of Hijaz may come or not. The time of this humble has consummated, That, intimate of the un known, may come or not.

At about 4.30 AM he recited the "Kalima" and with an eternal smile on his lips, expired. His head spontaneously turned towards holy Ka'bah.

During 1934-38 my father was posted at Lahore. After his demise he got himself posted out of Lahore. During these four years we lived near his house "Javid Manzil". In this period I became acquainted with his son Javid Iqbal, a handsome boy, few years older to me. This age difference never was or is a hindrance in mutual respect and understanding amongst us.

Myself and my two brothers were named by Allama Iqbal. He named me, Zahur Akhtar, younger to me Mahmud Akhtar and the last, Masud Akhtar. During our stay at Lahore I was a constant visitor to Javid at Javid Manzil. I remember Iqbal to be a very kind and considerate person full of love and feeling for the children and the youth of Islam. He called them Javid, Shaheen and Falcons in his works. He was kind and liked my association with Javid.

My tutelage has been from Hissar, Lahore, Sheikhupura and from Punjab University. Later I joined Mulsim University Aligarh where from I did my Bachelors degree in Science. Here the daily conversation was mostly done in Urdu. I was a sports man and a good student. There I took part in the Pakistan movement in 1945-46. I have been awarded Gold medal for the services then by the Government in 1990. Later I joined Engineering College Moghalpura and qualified in Civil Engineering in 1949. In early fifties I joined Punjab irrigation Department as Sub Divisional Officer. I did not like the civil life and went into the army where I served up to December 1964. In October

1964 my father died and I asked for the retirement which was granted.

Since then, from 1964 to date i.e. 1996, I am busy doing social work in my native place Kahuta. As a student of Iqbal and other masters, I have written several articles on Engineering, Social Welfare, Hobbies, History of the Sub Continent, Politic and Literature in English, Urdu, Potohari and Punjabi in different International, National and Regional magazines and daily papers. I am also an author of three Urdu prose works, one Urdu poetry, one Potohari and one Punjabi mystic poetry books. After 1965, during civil life I held several appointments and was member of many boards and committees in the subjects mentioned above. I have been a member of Markazia Majlis-i-Iqbal and Member of Markazi Majlis-i-Tehrik-i-Karkunan-i-Pakistan. Now I am President of Majlis-i-Karkunan-i-Tehrik-i-Pakistan, Islamabad and Rawalpindi Division.

I, as such, have attended several conferences and seminars abroad, due to association with Iqbal and Pakistan, at times I was asked to preside over Iqbal days, Pakistan Days and Quaid Azam's birth anniversaries. On all these occasions, a reference to Iqbal's poetry and recitation of his verses becomes essential. After these meetings, the younger generation of Pakistanis living abroad who have been born there and cannot read or write Urdu complained that they can understand Urdu poetry of the mas-

ters but cannot read it in Urdu Script. They desired that if some one could transliterate lqbal's and other master's poetry and works, so that it could be beneficial to them. Taking this in view I decided to translate the Urdu version of Shikwah, "Representations" and Jawab-i-Shikwah, "reply", both written by Iqbal, in about the first decade of this century, in Roman Urdu as first venture for them. This language "Roman Urdu" I had read in the army in early fifties. In those years, some of British Officers and Non Commissioned Officers were still present in my "Corps of Engineers" where I was an Officer. Therefore my style of transliteration into the Roman Urdu is that of the Army. I was, however, advised to adhere to the transliteration code developed by the IRI, Islamabad, which is included in the following pages. While turning with the melody of these verses, I being a meek poet, in the rhythm started rendering these into English poetry also.

During this period in a meeting of the Markazia Majlisi-Iqbal at Lahore, I had the occasion of meeting Dr. Waheed Qureshi, Director Iqbal Academy, Lahore. He very kindly applauded my efforts translating Iqbal's poetry. He advised me to read the English versions of three noted scholars: Mr. Altaf Hussain, the Editor of Dawn, a Prominent Journalist, who translated the works in remarkable English in 1943. It was published by Sh. Muhammad Ashraf from Lahore. This I had read while I was a student of Aligarh University. The second, was by

Prof. A. J. Arberry, in 1955. He was Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University. This also has been published by Sh. Muhammad Ashraf. The third, has been by Mr. Khushwant Singh. He is a famous scholar as well as a politician in India. This has been published by Oxford Press in 1981. He has given Hindi version in his book of the verses also.

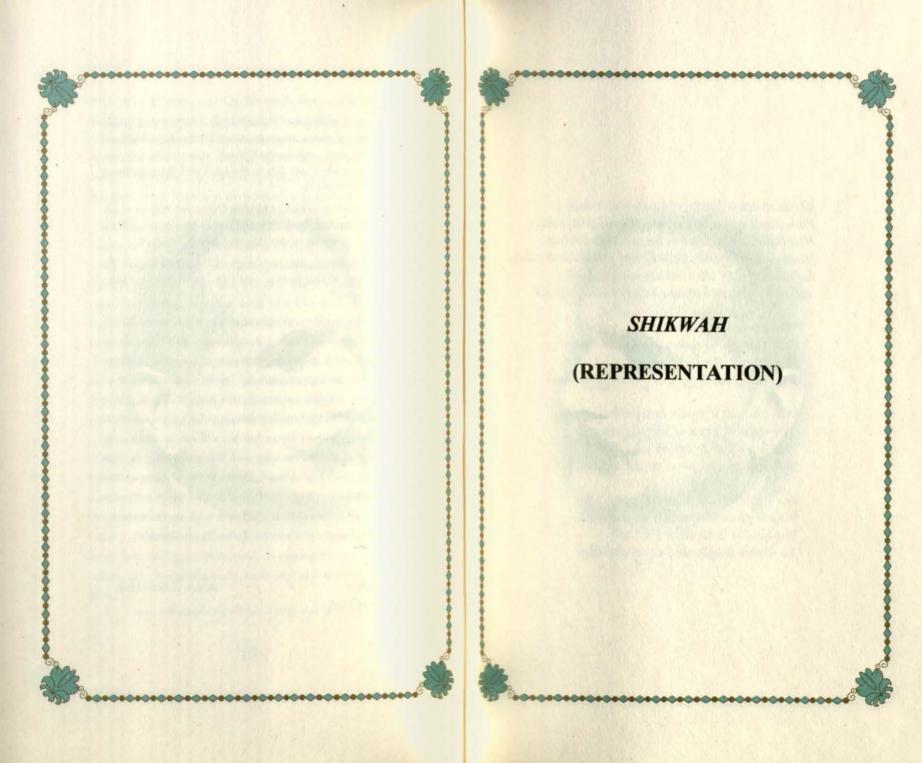
I read all the three versions with devotion. The style of poetry of the three gentlemen is different from one an other. These learned personalities with sentiments have done salient job. I do not consider myself qualified to comment on the excellent work they have done. My own poetry is "Chār Harfi" or "Rubā'i" therefore I have adopted that style which is more expository and is adopted by Mr. Altaf Hussain also. I can humbly point out about them that their idiom is not Urdu. Mr. Altaf Hussain is a Bengali, Mr. A.J. Arberry is a British, Mr. Khushwant Singh is a Hindi. All these noted souls might have read Urdu but have limited erudition in it. In fact during their noted work they must have taken help of some one who converted Iqbal's verses of Urdu into their dialect before they could translate it. Thus at many places the spirit and words of expressions of the verse in their noble thinking appears to be lacking. I would humbly yeild that I have an edge on all of these learned dignitaries because of, naming by Iqbal, education, age, consistent study, knowledge and the following facts.

a. I am a Pakistani, my national language is Urdu.

- b. As a youngster I heard verses of Iqbal, their necessity and meanings from my father. I also had read Shikwah, and Jawāb-i-Shikwah, many times at home. As such I am akin to the spirit and the emotion of these verses.
- c. I was educated at Muslim University Aligarh where Urdu has been the medium of conversation. Thus the message of this language is part of myself.
- e. I have an immense study of Urdu and English Poetry of the mavens and I also have written in both myself.

In this book, on a single page, I have presented Iqbal's original verse in Urdu, transliterated these and then rendered them into English Poetry. I hope my humble effort will be appreciated by those who desired the translation. In this venture I have been ably guided and advised by Dr. Waheed Quraishi, for which I am indebted. Mohammad Suheyl Umar has been kind to check and advise on the transliteration and English poetry of this work for which I am obliged. My son Mobeen Akhtar Advocate went through the draft and helped me in computer printing. My wife Yasmin discussed with me the meaning and the spirit of Iqbal's verses. To both I am thankful.

Kahuta 27-11-1996 Sultan Zahur Akhtar.



1. Kiyūṇ ziyāṇkār banūṇ sūd farāmōsh rahūṇ Fikr-i-fardā na karūṇ maḥw-i-gham-i-dōsh rahūṇ Nālē bulbul kē sunūṇ awr hamatan gōsh rahūṇ Hamnawā maēṇ bhi kō'i gul hūṇ keh khāmōsh rahūṇ Jur'at āmōz mēri tāb-i-sukhan hāe mujh kō Shikwah Allāh sē khākam badahan hāe mujh kō

> Why should I suffer loss, And abstain to quest what avail I may? Nor image of what tomorrow retains, And despond over sorrows of yesterday?

Why should my ears entrenched hear, The doleful cries of the nightingale? O fellow - bard! a posy am I, To loose me in sweet music's dilate?

For I too have the gift of note, Which gives me mettle to complain. But alas! it is Creator Himself. To whom in gloom I must explain! ر سون يا كار بنون مُود فراروش رسول فارسنداند کرون مؤنم دورش رسول فارند بل کے ننول در میزین وشوسی اندیبل کے ننول در میزین وشوسیوں میم فوائیں جو گئی گل بول خارش رسول میم فوائیں جو گئی گل بول خارش رسول میران ساموزمری سیخن ہے مجدلو میران سیخن ہے مجدلو میران ہے مجدلو Hē bajā Shēwa-i-taslīm mēņ mashūr haeņ ham Qiṣṣa-i-dard sunātē haeņ keh majbūr haeņ ham Sāz-i-khāmōsh haeņ faryād sē ma'mūr haen ham Nālā ātā hae agar lab pē, tō ma'dhūr haen ham Ae khudā Shikwa-i-arbāb-i-wafā bhī sun lē Khūgar-i-hamd sē thōrā sa gilā bhī sun lē

I grant that we have earned the name, As ever conforming to the fate. But to there still a tale of pain, I can no longer help relate.

We are like a silent lute, Whose cords have painful voice; While anguish, distends on the lips, We cry, have no choice.

O Lord! hear thou, these sad wails From those of established fidelity; From lips wonted but to hail Hear thou these words openly! ميرب شوة بسيم مين الموري مي مي المين المي

3. Thi tō mawjūd azal sē hi tirī dhāt-i-qadīm
Phūl thā zēb-i-chaman par na parēshāṇ thi shamīm
Sharṭ inṣāf hae 'ae ṣāḥib-i-alṭāf-i-'amīm
Bū'-i-gul phaeltī kis ṭarh jō hōtī na nasīm
Ham kō jam'iyyat-i-khāṭir yē parīshānī thī
Warna ummāt tirē maḥbūb ki diwānī thi

From when endless time began, Thy dateless Self had also been; But then no breeze its aroma stretch The blossom ruled as garden's queen.

Thyself being just, should concede, O Best! from whom all favours flow, Wether breeze had not moiled in love Thy aroma the people would not know?

The joyous labor we quested for Thee Rejoiced our spirits and was our vanity. Imagine Thou the disciples of Thy confidant Deftly spread, so wide the truth of Thee.

4. Ham sē pehlē thā 'ajab tērē jahāṇ kā manzar Kahīṇ masjūd thē paththar, kahīṇ ma'būd shajar Khūgar-i-paēkar-i-maḥsūs thi insāṇ kī nazar Māntā phīr kō'ī andhēkhē khudā kō kiyūṇkar Tujh kō ma'lūm hē lētā thā kō'ī nām tirā Quwwat-i-bāzū-i-muslim nēṇ kiyā kām tirā

Before we arrived, how strange was a view Was this most comely world of Thine! To the stones Idols, the humans bowed, And to the Trees they succumbed sometime!

The human mind was unenlightened And to believe in God, one couldn't see. It's known that, no one uttered Thy name And also knew, nor worshiped Thee!

And you know that even once No one did Thy name recite? It was the strength of Muslim arms That met Thy task and gave them light.

5. Bas rahē thē yahiņ saljūq bhi, tūrāni bhi Ehl-i-chiņ chin mēņ, īrān mēņ sāsāni bhi Isi ma'mūrē mēņ, ābād thē yūnāni bhi Isi dunyā mēņ yahūdī bhi thē naṣrāni bhi Par tirē nām pe talwār uthā'i kis nēņ Bāt jō bigrī hu'i thi wo banā'i kis nēņ

On this earth, once lived, The Saljuks and Turanians. In China dwelt the Chinese, And in Iran the Sassanians.

And in Thy peopled world anywhere The Greeks of Greece held their sway, While Jews were along with them The Christians also held their day.

Which amongst these people raised The cutting sword in holy cause. And who strove to fight the wrong, And set the world with Thy laws? 6. The hamin ek tire ma'rakā ārā'on meņ Khushkiyon men kabhi larte kabhi daryā'on meņ Din adhānen kabhi yorap ke kalisā'on meņ Kabhi afriqa ke tapte hu'e şehrā'on meņ Shān ānkhon men na jachti thi jahāndāron ki Kalimah parhte the ham chā'on men talwāron ki

> It was we alone who marched As warriers, none else but, we. And upon the land we also fought, And battled upon the sea.

Our Azan's call rang out In Churches of European lands. And made this magic tune, Over Africa's blazing sands.

The glamour of our conquerors Regal glories were disdained. Under the shade of flashing swords The "Kalima" was proclaimed. تصهر المات مع المراؤس المراؤس

7. Ham jō jitē the to jaṇgōṇ kī muṣībat kē liyē
Awr martē thē tirē nām ki 'aẓmat kē liyē
Thī na kuch tēgh zanī apnī hukōmat kē liyē
Sar bakaf phirte thē kiya dahr mēṇ dawlat kē liyē
Qawm apnī jō zar-o-māl-i-jahān par martī
But farōshī ke 'iwaḍ but shikanī kiyōṇ Kartī

We lived then, only to face, The distress of Thy wars; To eulogize Thy name we perished, Decorated with battle scars.

Not to win an empire for ourselves, We drew our swords and inspired. We roamed hand in glove with death, Not for earthly riches, we desired.

Our plebeians, if had striven, For worldly riches and gold. The Idols could never be smashed Instead they could be sold. ہم جینے تھے توجنگوں کی صیبے لیے اور مرتے تھے تریام کی ظریت کے لیے تھی کچھ بینے زنی اپنی عکومت کے لیے سر کھنگھرتے تھے کیا دہر ہورہ والے کھیے؟ قوم اپنی جوزرو مال جب اس برمرتی مت فروشی کے عوض کی شکنانی کموں کو 8. Tal na saktē thē agar jang mēņ ar jātē thē Pā'ōṇ shērōṇ ke bhi maydāṇ se ukhar jātē thī Tujh sē sarkash kō'i to bigar jātē thē Tēgh kiyā chīz hu'ā, ham tōp se lar jātē thē Naqsh tawḥīd kā har dil pe bithāyā ham nēṇ Zēr-i-khanjar bhi yeh payghām sunāyā ham nēṇ

In the fray we stood our ground And did not yield nor dread; The lion hearted enemies were, Uprooted in the battle and fled.

And those who rose against, Our swift, grim anger faced. What cared we, for their sabers, Their canons we debased.

On human heart we set Thy seal, Thy oneness "Tawhid" we impress. And beneath the daggers point, Proclaimed your message with stress. ئرن سنتے تھے الرجنگ مرائ طاتے تھے پاؤں شروں کے جی بدائ طرحاتے تھے تجھ سے کرٹ فٹو الوئی تو بکڑ جاتے تھے تین کیا چینے ہم توپ سے الاجاتے تھے نقش تو حید کا ہر دل بیٹھا ایم نے زیرجب رہی بیٹ مائیا ہم نے 9. Tū hī kaeh dē ke ukhārā dar-i-khaybar kis nēņ Shehr qayṣar ka jo thā us kō kiyā sar kis nēņ Tōrē makhlūq khudāwandoņ ke paekar kis nēņ Kāt kar rakh di'ē kuftār kē lashkar kis nēņ Kis nēņ thandā kiyā ātashkada-i-īrāņ kō Kis ne phir zindā kiyā tadhkira-i-yazdāņ kō

> Tell, whose fierce valor once Uprooted the gates of Khyber? Who were they who reduced to nothing The proudest capital of Caesar?

Who razed to dust the fake gods, The things of straw, and clay? And who cut to pieces the infidels And destroyed their armies to slay?

And who quenched and cooled The sacred flame in Iran? And in that land told again The story of "Yazdan"? تُوسِي لدف لدَّ الحارَّا وْجِيرِس نَّ الْهُولِي الْمُرْسِ فَى الْمُرْسِ فَالْمُرْسِ فَالْمُرْسِ فَى الْمُرْسِ فَى الْمُرْسِ فَى الْمُرْسِ فَى الْمُرْسِلِ الْمُرْسِلِ

10. Kawn sī qawm faqat tērī ṭalabgār hu'ī Awr tērē liyē zaḥmat kasha-i-paekār hu'ī Kis kī shamshir jahāngīr, jahāndār hu'ī Kis ki takbīr sē dunyā tiri baedār hu'ī Kis ki haebat sē ṣamam sehmē hu'ē rehtē thē Munh kē bal gir kē hu Allahu aḥad kehtē thē

> Which was the nation, there Who needed Thee, as we sought? Or fought the battles and the wars That Thy super will be brought?

Whose conquering sword spread The might of one and all? And who stirred the mankind With "Takbeer" clarion call?

Whose fear made stone Idols Into fearful submission? They fell on face submitting, Admitting, God is one, only one! 11. Ā giyā 'aen laṭā'i mēṇ agar waqt-i-namāz Qibla rū hō kē zamīṇ bōs hu'i qawm-i-ḥijāz Ēk hi ṣaf mēṇ khaṭē hō ga'ē maḥmūd-o-ayāz Na ko'i banda rahā awr na ko'i banda nawāz Banda-o-ṣāhib-o-muḥtāj-o-ghanī ēk hu'ē Tēri sarkār mēṇ pohnchē to sabhī ēk hu'ē

> In the midst of battle, hour came, The time, every one went for pray. Men of "Hijaz", turned to Ka'aba, Kissed the earth, and quit from fray.

The king Mahmood and slave Ayaz, In file, as equals they stood arrayed. The ruler was no more a master When both, to one Lord they prayed.

Slave or master, the poor or rich, No intent of dissent was felt. Unified in adoration was to each, O Lord! before Thee when they knelt. آگیاعین لڑائی میں اگروقت نب ا قبارُ و بیو کے میں ہوئی قوم حجاز ایک بیچ ف میں کھڑے جوکئے محمود وایاز ندلوئی بندہ رہا اور ندلوئی بندہ نواز بندہ وصاحب محتاج وغنی ایک بیوئے نیزی مکارمیں بہنچے توسیحی ایک ہوئے 12. Meḥfil-i-kawn-o-makāṇ mēṇ saḥar-o-shām phirē Mae-i-tawḥīd ko lē kar ṣifat-i-jām phirē Koh mēṇ dasht mēṇ lē kar tirā paeghām phirē Awr ma'lūm hae tujh kō kabhi nākām phirē Dasht tō dasht haeṇ, daryā bhi na chōrē ham nēṇ Beḥr-i-zulmāt mēṇ dawṛā di'ē ghorē ham nēṇ

In the corridor of spell and stretch, From morning to evening we spent. Filled with the wine of Tauhid, Like glasses around we went!

In planes and mountains we traversed To spread Thy message, was our task. On no occasion we failed Thee That's the matter we ask.

Planes and deserts spanning, We conquered rivers and seas And on our steeds, we galloped On oceans and their boundaries.

13. Safḥa-i-dahr sē bāṭil kō miṭāyā ham nēṇ Naw-i-insāṇ ko ghulāmi sē churāyā ham nēṇ Tēre qur'ān ko sīnōṇ se basāyā ham nēṇ Tēre qur'ān ko sīnōṇ se lagāyā ham nēṇ Phir bhī ham sē ye gilā hae ke wafādār nahiṇ Ham wafādār nahiṇ, tū bhī to dildār nahiṇ

> We were who, doffed from this earth, The pages, of falsehood stained. We were who, from despot drudgery, Got the human race unchained.

We were who, bowed our brows To Thy Holy Ka'aba's shrine. We were thorax held, Qur'an Thy Book Divine.

Even so, Thou have accused We have lurked, the ardent's part, If unfaithful, we have been, Did Thou have won our heart? صفحة وبرس بلسل درشاينم نے مورخ اسالی غلامی سے محیر المالی غلامی سے محیر المالیم نے مرحل المحید اللہ میں اللہ م

14. Umatēņ awr bhi haeņ, un mēņ gunāhgār bhi haeņ
'Ijz wālē bhi haeņ, mast-i-ma'ē pindār bhi haeṇ
In mēṇ kāhil bhi haeṇ, ghāfil bhi haeṇ, hushyār bhi haeṇ
Saekṛōn haeṇ ke tirē nām sē bēzār bhi haeṇ
Reḥmatēṇ haeṇ tiri aghyār ke kāshanōn par
Barq girti hae to bēchārē musalmānoṇ par

There are people of other faiths, In them some are the transgressors. There are numble, lowly amongst them, And drunk with pride are others.

In them are slugs, and neglectful, And some are endowed with brain. Many and hundred are the people, Those who, despond Thy name.

Yet Thy bounties are being showered On unbelievers and strangers all. Only on the abodes of poor Muslims Your fury, like lightning fall! اسی اور بھی ہوئان میں گار بھی ہیں عجزوا ہے بھی ہوئے سب نے بندار بھی ہیں ان وال بھی ہوئے افل بھی ہوئے ارجبی ہیں سکڑوں ہوگہ تے نام سے سزار بھی ہیں رحمتیں ہوئی کی غیار کے داش نور پر برق لرتی ہے تو بیچار ہے۔ مانوں پر 15. But şanam khānōṇ mēṇ kehtē haeṇ musalmān ga'ē Hae khushī un ko ke ka'bē ke nigehbān ga'ē Manzal-i-dahr sē ūṇṭōṇ ke ḥudī khān ga'ē Apnī baghlōṇ mēṇ dabā'ē huē qur'ān ga'ē Khandazan kuſr hae, iḥsās tujhē hae ke nahiṇ Apnī tawḥīd ka kuch pās tujhē hae keh nahin

Yell the idols in the temples
The Muslims are, for ever gone.
Triumphant, they are on their attainment
Guardians of Ka'aba are withdrawn.

From the canvas of the cosmos
The singing camel men have faded.
In the bosoms and their armpits
Clasping "Quran" have vacated.

Infidels smirk and snicker Are Thou art even aware. For the message of Thy "Tawhitl" Do Thou self even care.

16. Yē shikāyat nahīņ, haeņ un kē khazāne ma'mūr Nahiņ meḥfil mēņ jinhēņ bāt bhi kamēņ kā shu'ūr Qehr tō yē hae ke kāfir ko milēņ ḥūr-o-quṣūr Awr bēchārē musalmāņ kō faqat wa'da-i-ḥūr Ab woh altaf nahīņ, ham pe 'ināyāt nahīņ Bāt ye kiyā hae ke pehli si madārāt nahīņ

Not that we brood and complain Their riches and treasures overflow. They, who have no modes or manners Nor of prudish speech they know.

Infinite injustice, here and now are Beauties and bounties, to infidels given. And to poor Muslim are the promises Of the houris when he goes to Heaven.

No favours and Thy kindness
Is shown and given any more.
What has happened, where is affection
Thouself showed, in past and yore.

شیکایت نه مین برای ن کے خوالے معمور نه مین ن رحضی بات بی کرنے واٹ و قرتویہ ہے کہ کافٹ راوبلیں مُحرر قوصور اوبیجی النے ماں کو فقط وعدہ مور ام والطاف نہائیم ریانایات نہیں بات یہ کیا ہے کہ بہی سی الات نہیں بات یہ کیا ہے کہ بہی سی مالات نہیں 17. Kiyūn musalmāṇōṇ meṇ hae dewlat-i-dunyā nāyāb
Tēri qudrat to he woh jiski na ḥad hae na ḥisāb
Tū jo chāhē to uthē sina-i-ṣaḥrā se ḥubāb
Rahraw-i-desht hō saeli zada-i-mawj-i-sarāb
Ṭa'n-i-aghyār hae, ruswā'i hae, nādārī hae
Kiyā tirē nām pe mamēṇ wālōṇ kā 'iwaḍ khārī hae

Why no more are worldly riches And wealth amongst Muslims found. Great is Thy might, beyond any limit Has no measure or bound.

If Thouself willed foaming fountains Could bubble from dusty land, And Mirage-bound a traveler be When walking through the sand.

All we own is taunts of aliens, Public shame and poverty! Is disgrace be our reparation, For waiving life for Thee? كون لمانون بإدات نياية ترقيرت توج وجس لفطيخ حاب تروج بالخصية كالمحسية مواسحاب رمرو وشت يوسيان وموجس اب طعرافيار بالإرسواتي مخاواري ع كياتريام برمن كاعوض خواري الم 18. Banī aghyār ki ab chāhnē wālī dunyā
Reh ga'ī apne li'ē ēk khayālī dunyā
Ham to rukhṣat hu'ē awrōṇ nē sambhālī dunyā
Phir na kehnā hu'ī tawḥīd se khālī dunyā
Ham to jītē haeṇ ke dunyā mēṇ tira nām rahē
Kahīṇ mumkin hae ke sāqī na rahē jām rahē

For strangers now the world stows, The benevolence and esteem: For those who move on Thy path, Is a spectrum world and dream!

Others have taken over the World, And our days are by gone and done. Say not then, there is no "Tawhid," Or no one believed, God is one.

All we live for in the world,
To hear the recall of Thy name,
Can this ever be possible,
The "saqi" departs and cups remain.

19. Tēri meḥfil bhi ga'i chāhnē walē phi ga'ē Shab ki āhēn bhi ga'īn, şubḥ kē nālē bhī ga'ē Dil tujhe dē bh'i ga'ē, apnā şilā lē bhi ga'ē Ā ke bēthē bhi na thē keh nikālē bhi ga'ē Ā 'ē 'ushshāq, ga'ē wa'da-i-faradā lēkar Ab inhēn dhūnd charāgh-i-rukh-i-zēbā lēkar

Thy alive crowd is defused, Thy livers too have gone. Gone are mid night sighs, And no moaning at dawn!

The hearts we offered and went Took the wages Thee bestow. But hardly had we been seated Thouself ordered to go!

As devotees we had arrived And went with promise of tomorrow. Now search for us with the light That Thy beaming face does glow!

20. Dard-i-laelā bhi wohī, qaes ka pehlū bhi wohī
Najd kē dasht-o-jabal mēņ ram-i-āhū bhi wohī
'Ishq kā dil bhi wohī, ḥusn kā jādū bhi wohī
Ummat Aḥmad-i-mursal bhi wohī, tū bhi wohī
Phir yeh āzurdagī ghayr-i-sabab kiyā ma'nī
Apnē shaedā'ōn peh yē chashm-i-gaḍab kiyā ma'nī

The love if "Laila" is violent still, And "Qais" desires her ever more. On the "Najd" and the dales, The swift footed deer is ever before.

The passion of heart is still unfold, The Beauty is alluring and is magical. The followers of "Ahmad" still abide, That Thy presence is eternal.

Then why is Thy high dislike
Neither rhyme nor reason is known.
What spells this, Thy eye is turned
From followers of Thy own?

روب الروم وقرب كابهاو مي والمرابي والم

21. Tujh ko chōrā keh rasūl-i-'arabī ko chōrā
But garī pēsha kiyā, but shikanī ko chōrā
'Ishq kō 'ishq kī āshufta sarī kō chōrā
Rasm-i-sulemān-o-awaes-i-qaranī kō chōrā
Āg takbīr ki sinōn mēn dabī rakhtē haen
Zindagi mithl-i-bilāl-i-ḥabashī rakhtē haen

Did we abandon our faith to Thee? Or to Thy "Messenger" cease to cling? From idol-breaking did we tire? And took to Idol-worshipping?

Did we forsake love and passion Cause of grief which it is fought? Or give up feelings of "Salman" Or omitted what "Uways Qarani" taught?

The flame of "Takbir" is hidden Within our bossoms we nourish: The life of "Bilal" the black Is a model that we cherish!

22. 'Ishq ki khaer wo pehli si adā bhi na sahī Jāda paemā'i-i-taslīm-o-raḍā bhi na sahī Muḍṭarib dil ṣifat-i-qibla numa bhi na sahī Awr pābandi-i-ā'īn-i-wafā bhī na sahī Kabhī ham sē kabhī ghaerōṇ se shanāsā'ī hae Bāt kehnē ki nahīṇ tū bhi to harjā'i hae

Our affection may not be which was, Nor has the same blandishment. Nor on same path of surrender, Nor same way give assent.

If, unlike charged compasses, The souls return now not to you And if to laws of attachment Our hearts are now less true;

Some time to us, at time to others Thou hath affection shown. It is not that one should say Thyself is untrue to Thy own.

23. Sarē fārāṇ pe kiyā din ko kāmil tū nē Ik ishārē mēṇ hazārōṇ ke li'ē dil tū nē Ātash andōz kiyā 'ishq kā ḥāṣil tū nē Phūnk dī garmi-i-rukhsār sē meḥfil tū nē Āj kiyūṇ sinē hamārē sharar ābād nahīṇ Ham wohī sōkhta sāmaṇ haeṇ, tujhē yād nahīṇ

On peak of mount "Faran"
Thou didst the "Faith" a form.
With single Divine gesture drew,
Trillions souls by storm.

Thou set ablaze the quest of love, Which had been our aim; The flaming beauty of Thy cheeks, Set the entire world aflame.

Ah, why today in our numbed hearts, The sparks doesn't glow at all? Still are we, that inflammable stuff, Have Thou slighted all? رون دان بدلیا دین کو کال تونے اک اثارے مین اوس کے لیے ال تونے انش ندوز کیا عشق کا کاس تونے میخونک می کرم نے خدار محصے ل تونے میخونک می کرم نے خدار محصے ل تونے انج کیوں سینے بھار بے شرا اونہیں ہم وہی سوختہ مال ویل تجھا و نہیں؟ 24. Wādī-i-najd mēṇ wō shōr-i-salāsil na rahā
Qaes dīwāna-i-nazzāra-i-maḥmil na rahā
Ḥawṣalē who na rahē, ham na rahē, dil na rahā
Ghar ye ujṛā he ke tū rownaq-i-meḥfil na rahā
Ē khushā rōz ke ā'i-o-baṣad nāz ā'i
Bē ḥijābāna sū'ē meḥfil-i-mā bāz ā'i

The vale of "Najd" no longer tolls The sound of "Qais's" chains; No more he glimpse "Laila's" sedan No more his eyes he strains;

The cravings of the heart are dead, Our heart is cold, and so are we. The ruination fills our home As shines not, the light of Thee.

Blessed day! return, hundred times With all Thy beauty and grace! Past Thy veil and thrive my bunch, So, we view Thy comely face! وادری برین شورسلال ندر با قسیب در باز نظارهٔ محسل ندر با محسل نار با محسل وزارای بوجس زارای محسل نار ای بوجس زارای محسل نار ای بوجس زارای محسل بازای محسل بازای محسل بازای محسل بازای محسل بازای

25. Bāda kash ghayr haen gulshan mēn labe jū baethē Suntē haen jām bakaf naghma-i-kū kū baethē Dūr hangāma-i-gulzār sē yak sū baethē Tēre diwāne bhī haen mutazir-i-hū baethē Apnē parwānon ko phir dhawq-i-khud afrozī dē Barq-i-dērma ko phir larmān-i-jigar sōzi dē

Drunken aliens in the garden, By the fountain are sitting. Sparkling glasses in their hands They listen the "Cuckoo" singing!

Away from disorder in the garden Quiet in a corner seated too, Love aching loonies await Thy furor igniting spice of "Hoo"!

Ignite in Thy moths the urge To burn themselves on the flare. Kindle again the ancient lightning, Mark our souls with Thy name! بادوت نعروی شن مدانئ بعط بادوت نعروی شن مدانئ بعط منت ویت مارگازارسی که شویمنط دوری دانوی دین میشاره و بعط این پردانوں کو مجرز وق خودا فروزی د برق دین که کوفروا جسکے میں موزی د 26. Qawm-i-āwāra 'ināṇ tāb hae phir sū'ē ḥijāz
Lē urā bulbul-i-bē par ko madhāq-i-parwāz
Mudṭarib bāgh ke har ghunche me hae bū'ē niyāz
Tu dharā chaer to dē tishna-i-miḍrāb hae sāz
Nahgmē bētāb haen tārōṇ se nikalneṇ ke li'ē
Ṭūr muḍṭar hae isi āg mēṇ jalnēṇ ke li'ē

The wandering nation towards "Hijaz" Turn their yenning eyes! As wingless nightingale takes to wings For love of the open skies!

Each flower in the garden longs to glow To free the aroma in its body; So awaits the lute the plectrum, Touch its cords, listen to its melody!

Anxious and restless are notes To flare out of the strings. "Toor" is twittering keenly To be ignited by Thy lightning! قرم اواره عنا تا ہے بھر فرقے مجاز المار المب ب کے براو مذاق بڑار مضطرب المجے کے برخیے میں اُلکے نیا مضطرب المجے کے بیٹے میں اُلکے نیا ودراچھیڑ تو کئے تشنہ مضراہے بہاز نغیر بنیاب ویں وس سنگلنے کیے گؤر ضطربے اُسی کی میں بے لئے کیے گؤر ضطربے اُسی کی میں بے لئے کیے 27. Mushkilēņ ummat-i-marḥūm ki āsāṇ kar dē Mūr-i-bē māyā ko hamdōsh-i-sulaemān kar dē Jins-i-nāyāb-i-muḥabbat ko phir arzāṇ kar dē Hind ke daer nashinoṇ ko muslmaṇ kar dē Jū'ē khūṇ mī chakad az hasrat-i-dērīna-i-mā Mī tapad nālā ba nashtar kada-i-sina-i-mā

> Resolve the troubles of the plabes Ease the burden they bear, Raise the scant under foot ant And make it "Sulayman's" peer!

Give ample that dainty love Cheapen its lofted fees; Turn the India's temple sitters Into Loyal Muslims of Thee.

My Heart's cravings are unfulfilled Constantly the life blood drain; My bosom is dagger gashed, Strive hard with the cry of pain! مشکلیرائی مرقع می کی سال کرنے موسی کی میں کو ہے کہ اور کے منہ نا می میں میں کو بھرازاں کرنے منہ کے ذریت نیوں ہوسیاں کرنے مجائے خوں می جداز حسرت دریا وہ میں نالہ زیث ترکدہ سے دریا وہ میں نالہ زیث ترکدہ سے دریا وہ 28. Bū'ē gul lē gā'ī bērūn-i-chaman rāz-i-chaman Kiya qayāmat hae ke khud phūl haeṇ ghammaz-i-chaman 'Ehd-gul khatm hu'ā tut gayā sāz-i-chaman Uṛ ga'ē dāliyon sē zamzama pardaz-i-chaman Ēk bulbul hae ke hae maḥw-i-tarannum ab tak Us ke sīne mēṇ hae naghmōṇ ka talāṭum ab tak

The scent of the blossoms stole The secrets of the garden away What calamity! 'the traitor's role The gardens buds ought play!

The garden's lyric is done; The season of flowers is gone; And from its perch upon the twig, Each hiss songster has flown.

A lonely nightingale sings on In garden all day long; Its throat beats with jungle still And pours out its soul in song.

29. Qumriyān shākh-i-şanōbar sē gurēzān bhi hu'in Pattiyān phūl ki jhar jhar ke parēshān bhi hu'in Wo purāni rawashēn bāgh ki wiran bhi hu'in Dāliyān paerahan-i-barg sē 'uryān bhi hu'in Qaed-i-mawsim se tabi'at rahī āzād us kī Kāsh gulshan mēn samajhta kō'i faryād us kī

The ring doves averse from the cypress; Have from the garden flown; The petals dismayed left the flower, Letting boughs naked, have random strewn.

Those ancient garden walks Lie desolate and are shorn, Ravished of their leafy robes, Are stripped of, they had worn;

Unmoved by passing season's turn, The songster sings alone: Alas! if in this garden some Could feel the clog of its moan!

30. Luṭf marnē me hē bāqī na mazā jīnē mēņ
Kuch mazā hae to yehī khūn-i-jigar pine mēņ
Kitnē bētāb haen jawhar mirē ā'īnē mēņ
Kis qadr jalwē taṭaptē haen mirē sīnē mēņ
Is gulistān mēn magar dēkhne wālē hi nahīn
Dāgh sīne mēn jo rakhte hōn wo lālē hi nahīn

No gusto now is left in death, Nor life can bring relief; It's nice to sit alone and sigh And take a sad souls grief.

Out from mirror of my mind What gems of thought shine. What visions' dreams superb, Aspire in heart of mine!

No one is in the garden To see, hear and attest: No Tulip lies bleeding Carrying scars on its chest. الكف من يهي الله المن المعني من المعني من المحيد المربعة عن من المعني من المحيد المربعة عن المربعة

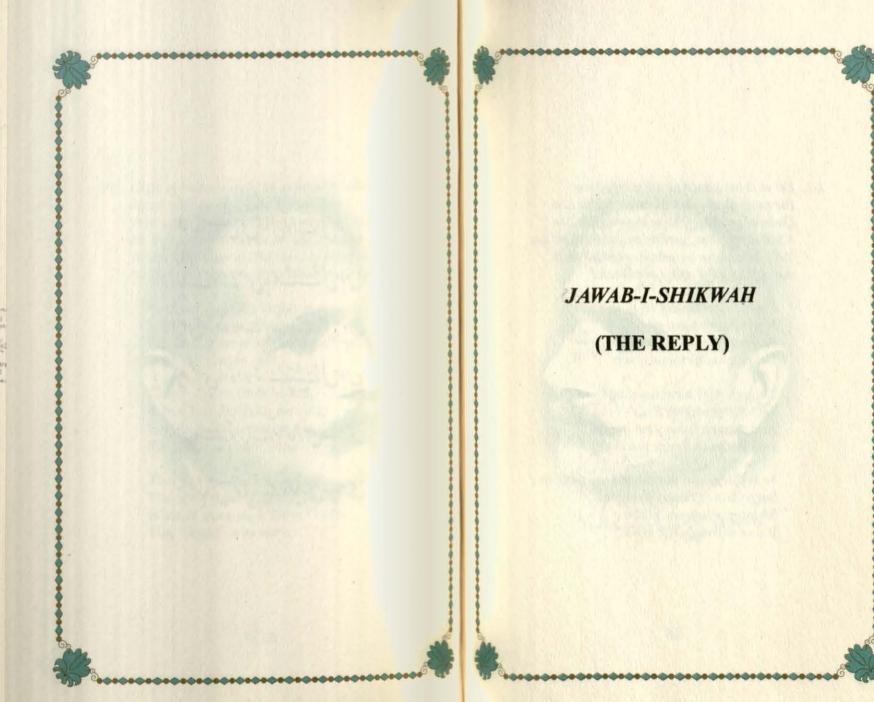
31. Chāk is bulbul-i-tanhā ki nawā sē dil-hōṇ
Jāgnē wālē isī bāng-i-darā sē dil hōṇ
ya'nī phir zinda na'ē 'ehd-i-wafā sē dil hōṇ
Phir isī bāda-i-dērīna ke piyāsē dil hōṇ
'Ajami khum hae to kiyā, mae to ḥijāzī hae mirī
Naghma hindi hae to kiyā, lae to ḥijāzī hae mirī

Let Nightingale's lonely song Slice the hearts of all; Let awake the hearts of the sleeping With my clarion call!

Charged with fresh blood, A new bond of faith we sing; Let our hearts crave again For thirst of classic wine!

The jar I possess be "Ajami"
The wine from "Hijaz" I serve
What, if the song is from "India
The "Hijazi" is its verve.

بال المرائي المنال نواس المروال المول الم



J-1. Dil se jö bāt nikaltī he athar rakhtī hae
Par nahīṇ ṭāqat-i-parvāz magar rakhtī hae
Qudsi ul aṣl hae, rifat pe naẓar rakhtī hae
Khāk sē uthti hae, gardūṇ pe guzar rakhti hae
'Ishq tha fitnagar-o-sarkash-o-chālak mirā
Āsmāṇ chīr gayā nāla-i-bēbāk mirā

Passion, streaming from the heart Never fail to have effect. But no! Blessed is its origin, On heights its locus is set;

Though they have no wings, Yet have power to fly, And though from dust it rises, Yet pierces through the sky;

So reckless and erratic was my passion, Such clamor raised its sighs, So intense was my plaint It tore through the skies.

J-2. Pīr-i-gardūņ ne kaha sun ke, kahiņ hae kō'ī
Bōlē sayyārē, sarē 'arsh-i-barīņ hae kō'ī
Chānd kehta thā nahiņ, ehl-i-zamiņ hae kō'ī
Kehkashāņ kehti thi, pōshīda yahiņ hae kō'ī
Kuch jo samjhā mire shikwē ko to ridwāņ samjhā
Mujhē janat se nikāla hu'ā insāņ samjhā

The aged sphere heard in amazement, Some one is some where, said he. The planets paused and chimed in, On paradise some one must be.

Bright moon said "You are wrong, Some mortal from earth below". The Milky way too joined parlays, Some one is hiding here we don't know.

Guardian of heavens "Rizwan" alone, Could understand and recognize, He made out for a human who Had lost his paradise.

J-3. Thi farishtön ko bhi hayrat ke ye āwāz hae kiyā 'Arsh wālön pe bhi khulta nahin yē rāz hae kiyā Tā sarē 'arsh bhi insān ki tag-o-taz hae kiyā Ā ga'i khāk ki chutki ko bhi parvāz hae kiyā Ghāfil ādāb sē sukkān-i-zamīn kaesē haen Shōkh-o-gustākh ye pasti ke makin kaesē haen

The angels, even could not tell What was the vent so strange, Whose covert sounded to exist above The empyrean sense's range.

To heavens can ever a man attain And reach these regions high? Could tiny speck of mortal clay, Has learnt such art to fly?

These beings of earth, how little The manners do they know; How rude and arrogant are they, These mortals of tracts below. ر سر المراب الم

J-4. Is qadr shōkh keh Allāh se bhi barham hae Thā jo masjūd-i-malā'ik ye wohi ādam hae 'Ālim-i-kaef hae, dānā'ē rumūz-i-kam hae Hān magar 'ijz ke asrār se nā maḥram hae Nāz hae ṭāqat-i-guftār pe insānōn kō Bāt karnē ka saliqah nahin nādānōn kō

> So lofty in his arrogance is he, He dares even God berate! Is this the "Adam" to whom, the bow The angels once had made?

The virtues and quantum He knew the secrets, true The ways of lowliness as well If he could little knew!

They are insolent in their speech How arrogant these humans be, They have no sense of conveying And to use this art gracefully. است رشوخ لائد ہے بی رہے کا تعامیر و ملائک نیہ و بہانی م کے تعامیر و ملائک نیہ و بہانی م کے عب البندیئے دانک موال ہے بال مرعج نے اسار سلے محسم ہے نانہ طقت گفت رایا نو کو بالسین کا کسانہ نادانوں کو بالسین کا کسانہ کا دانوں کو J-5. Ā'ī āwāz gham angaez hae afsāna tirā
Ashk-i-bētāb se labrēz hae paemāna tirā
Asmān gīr hu'ā na'ra-i-mastāna tirā
Kis qadr shōkh zubān hae dil-i-dīwāna tirā
Shukr shikwē ko kiyā husn-i-adā sē tū nē
Ham sukhan kar diyā bandōn ko khudā sē tū nē

Then came a Voice sympathetic: Thy yarn is full of sorrow, Thy tears twitter at the brim And are ready to flow;

The Heaven itself has been roused By thy flaming cries; How wild tongued is thy heart Which utters vicious melodies!

How fitly put has been thy plaint Which sounded like a praise. To speak on equal terms with us Thou caused the humans a raise! سرس الماداري المحيث المادر المادر المادر المحيث ال

J-6. Ham tō mā'il ba karam haeņ, kō'i sā'il hi nahiņ Rāh dikhlā'ēņ kisē, rahraw-i- manzil hi nahiņ Tarbiyat 'ām tu hae, jawhar-i-qābil hi nahiņ Jis sē ta'mīr ho ādam ki ye wo gil hi nahiņ Ko'i qābil ho to ham shān-i-ka'i dētē haeņ Dhūndanē wālōņ ko dunyā bhi na'i dētē haeņ

> Ready are we, for endless treasures But none is there, to pray? None is on seekers trail To whom, we point the way?

Tutelage is of course there Worthy is none, for they were raised! That clay in not available With which another "Adam" be made!

There is, if some one of grading We would raise him to splendor, And if some one, rating comes, We give, new world of wonder. ہم تو مال رارم وزکوئی سائل ہے نہیں اور ولیانیو کئے دیرو منزل ہی نہیں

J-7. Hāt bē zōr haeṇ ilḥad se dil khūgar haeṇ Ummati bā'ith-i-ruswā'i-i-paeghambar haeṇ But shikan uth ga'ē, bāqī jō rahē butgar haeṇ Thā brāhīm pidar, awr pisar āzar haeṇ Bādā āshām na'ē, bādā niyā, khum bhī na'ē Ḥaram-i-ka'bah niyā, but bhī na'ē, tum bhī na'ē

> No strength is in your hands In your hearts we have no place; To the name of the "Prophet" The disciples bring disgrace;

The idol breakers are gone Idol makers thrive. The father was Ibraham The sons, "Azars", survive.

New are glasses, and the drinkers And new wine you brew. A new Ka'aba has been built, Thyself and idols are new!

J-8. Wō bhī din thē keh yehī māyā-i-ra'nā'ī thā
Nāzish mawsim-i-gul lālā-i-ṣaḥrā'i thā
Jō muslmān thā Allah kā sawdā'i thā
Kabhī maḥbūb tumhārā yehī harjā'ī thā
Kisi yakjā'i se ab 'ehd-i-ghulāmī kar lō
Millat-i-Aḥmad-i-mursal kō maqāmī kar lō

Those were times when This very One was taken as sublime. The "Tulip" of Muslims was pride of desert, in burgeon time.

Once every born Muslim Loved the only "Allah" he knew Some time "This" was thy Beloved The same, thyself now call untrue.

Be gone! and with some local deity, A new bond of indulgence sign And the "Millat" of the Prophet To some local space confine! وه به في تصاديبي ما يَرْوسنا أي تعا ابن بوسم الاصحار أي تعا بوسلمان تعا التد كاسوا أي تعا كه مي موب بمعارايهي جب أي تعا كه مي موب بمعارايهي جب أي تعا كسي محب أي ساب عهد غلامي لو منت الحروب لم يساب عهد غلامي لو J-9. Kis qadr tum pe girāṇ ṣubḥ kī bēdārī hae
Ham se kab piyar hae, hāṇ nīṇd tumhēṇ piyārī hae
Tab'-i-āzād pe qaed-i-ramaḍaṇ bhārī hae
Tumhīṇ keh do yehī ā'īn-i-wafādārī hae
Qawm madhhab se hae, madhhab jo nahīṇ tum bhi nahīṇ
Jadhb-i-bāham jo nahī, mehfīl-i-anjum bhi nahīn

How heavy is to rise at dawn How loathe are thou to rise Never, thou are faithful to us Slumbering is thy prize!

Care free is now thy nature "Ramadan" fasting heavily press; Say it, and answer thyself Is this the way of faithfulness!

Nations are born by faith, With out the faith they die, When there is no gravitation The stars here and there fly.

J-10. Jin kö ātā nahiņ dunyā mēņ ko'ī fun, tum hō Nahīṇ jis qawm ko parwā-i-nashēman tum hō Bijliyān jis mēṇ hoṇ āsūdah wo khirman tum hō Bēch khātē haeṇ jo aslāf ke madfan tum hō Hō nikō nām jō qabrōn kī tijārat kar kē Kiyā na bēcho ge jo mil jā'ēṇ ṣanam paṭhṭhar kē

> Those deprived of any skill, In this world, are you. The only people who cares not For their dwellings, are you.

The haystacks that conceals Lightning fires, are you. The creatures who sell The tombs of elders, are you

Drawing profit out of graves Has secured thou renown; Thyself would not hesitate In trading Gods made of stone.

*\[\V-11.\Safha-i-dahr se bāṭil ko miṭāyā kis nēṇ? Naw'-i-insāṇ ko ghulāmī sē churāyā kis nēṇ? Mērē ka'bē kō jabīnōṇ se basāyā kis nēṇ? Mērē Qur'ān ko sinōṇ se lagāya kis nēṇ? Thē to ābā wo tumhārā hī magar tum kiyā hō? Hāth par hāth dharē, muntazir-e-fardā hō!

Who erased the dab of falsehood From the pages of history? Who liberated the human beings From the chains of slavery?

On to the floors of my "Ka'aba" Whose foreheads swept? Who were those who clasped The "Quran" on to their breasts?

Indeed, they were thy fore fathers; Tell us what are thyself, we say; With idle hands thou sit and wait For the dawn of a better day!.

J-12.Kiyā kahā? behr-i-musalmān hae faqat wa'da-i-ḥūr Shikwā bējā bhi karē kō'i to lāzim hae sha'ūr 'Adl hae fāṭir-i-hasti ka azal se dastūr Muslim ā'īṇ hu'ā kāfir to milē ḥur-o-quṣūr Tum mēṇ ḥūrōṇ ka ko'i chahne wālā hi nahīṇ Jalwā-i-ṭūr to mawjūd hae mūsā hi nahīṇ

Did thou say, we promised Muslims, "Hoors" only in paradise? One should have manners Even if there is reason to criticize.

Justice, is from time eternal our sovereign rule. When infidels become Muslims We, offer Heavens gifts in pool.

There is none amongst you Who could, Heavens gift aspire; No "Moses" is left now To see "Toor" at fire.

J-13.Manfa'at ēk hae is qawm ki nuqṣān bhi ēk Ēk hi sab ka nabi, din bhi, imān bhi ēk Ḥaram-i-pāk bhi, Allah bhi Qur'ān bhi ēk Kuch barī bāt thi hōtē jō musalmān bhi ēk Firqa bandi hae kahin awr kahin dhātēn haen Kiyā zamānē mēn panapnē ki yehi bātēn haen

> One are thou people, Profit and loss thou share. Your Prophet and creed is one, The same truth thou declare;

Thy Ka'aba is one, God is one, And one is the blessed Quran; Still, divided each from each, Lives every Mussalman.

There are sects all over, And castes are some where. In these times, are these ways, To progress and to prosper?

J-14.Kawn hae tārik-i-ā'in-i-rasūl-i-mukhtār?
Maşlaḥat waqt ki hae kis kē 'amal kā mi'yār
Kis kī āṇkhōṇ mēṇ samāya he shi'ār-i-aghyār
Ho ga'ī kis ki negeh ṭarz-i-salaf sē bēzār
Qalb mēṇ sōz nahiṇ, rūḥ mēṇ iḥsās nahiṇ
Kuch þaegām-i-Muhammad ka tumhēṇ pās nahiṇ

Who deserted the code and ethics, Of our messenger and His sanctions? Whose temporal advantage are The materialistic actions?

Whose eyes have been dazed By stranger's ways and customs? Who have turned their eyes away From their ancestral tradition?

Thy hearts, have no passion Thy souls have no zeal, Thyself have no feelings for message Which "Muhammad" did reveal.

J-15. Jā kē hōtē haeņ masājid mēņ şafārā to gharīb
Zaḥmat-i-rōzā jo kartē haeņ gawāra to gharīb
Nām lētā hae agar ko'i hamārā to gharīb
Parda rakhta hae agar kō'i tumhārā to gharīb
Umarā nashsha-i-dawlat mēņ haeņ ghafīl ham se
Zinda hae millat-i-baeḍā ghurabā kē dam sē

If any one, is in line for prayers In mosques, it is the poor; If any one suffers hunger, During ramadan, it is the poor;

If any one ever bethinks, About Us, it is the poor. If any one covers, Thy shoddy deeds, it is the poor.

Drunk with liquor of means, The opulent neglect Our due. The zest of faith is alive As the poor to Us are true. عاکے ہوتے ہیں ماجد میصفال توغیب زمت وزہ جولرتے ہیں کوالا توغرب نام سے اگر لوئی ہمارا، توغرب پرہ وہوت ہے اگر لوئی تمعارا، توغرب برہ وہوت ہے اگر لوئی تمعارا، توغرب ائر اُت دولت ہیں مین غافل ہم سے اُئر اُت دولت ہیں مین غافل ہم سے زندہ ہے ہتب بینا غزیا کے وم سے J-16. Wā'iz-i-qawm ki wo pukhta khiyāli na rahī
Barq ṭab'ī na rahī sho'la maqālī na rahī
Reh ga'ī rasm-i-adhān, rūḥ-i-bilālī na rahī
Falsafā reh gayā. talqiṇ-i-ghazālī na rahī
Masjidēn marthiya khān haen keh nimāzī na rahē
Ya'nī wō ṣāhib awṣsaāf hijāzī na rahē

The reverends are immature No substance in what they preach, No lightning is in their minds, No fire is in their speech.

Call to prayers is routine The spirit of "Bilal" is lacking. Philosophy is, of course there Unheard is Ghazali's preaching!

The mosques yell and cry No worshipers fill them for prayer. The type of noble gentlemen The "Hijazis" are not there. واعظِ قوم کی و مُخیت خیال ندرسی برق طبعی ندریئی شعار مت ال رسی ره لئی رسیم از ان روح بلال ندرسی فلسفه ره کیا بلعت برغزالی ندرسی مسجدین شریخ این برخی نمازی ندرسی مسجدین شریخ این برخی نمازی ندرسی بعنی وه صاحب وصافی ازی شریخ I-17. Shōr hạc hō ga'ē dunyā se musalmāṇ nābūd
Ham ye kehtē hacṇ ke thē bhi kabhi muslim mawjūd
Waḍ'a meṇ tum hō naṣārā to tamaddun mēṇ hunūd
Yeh musalman hacṇ! jinhēṇ dēkh ke sharmā'ēṇ yahūd
Yūṇ to sayyid bhi ho mirzā bhi ho, afghān bhi hō
Tum sabhi kuch ho batā'ō to musalmān bhi hō

Loud are the utterances that, Muslims, have faded from global face. We say, that the true Muslims, Ever existed at any place?

Thy style is that of Christians, Thy culture, is of Hindoos; A Jew would be ashamed To see the Muslims as you!

Thou art the Syeds and Mirzas, And also are Afghans; Of course thou art all these, But are thyself a true Musalman? شورم بيرو كئے دنيا ہے المالود بهم مدیسے بین کہ تھے جولیس موجود! وضع مدتم برونصاری توتمدن میں خود میسلاں ہراج خصد کھے کے شمائد یہود یوں توسیر بھی ہوا مزامجی ہوا افغان بھی چو مستحق تھے ہوا مزامجی ہوا افغان بھی چوا J-18.Dam-i-taqrīr thī muslim ki şadāqat bēbāk
'Adl us kā tha qawī, lawth-i-marā'āt se pāk
Shajar-i-fitrat-i-muslim tha haya sē namnāk
Thā shujā'at mēņ wō ik hasti-i-fawqul idrāk
Khud gudāzi namē kayfiyyat-i-şahbāyash būd
Khāli az khēsh shudan şūrat-i-mināyash būd

When the Muslim spoke, He was truthful and forth right; Wieldy was his sense of justice And was honorable and up right.

The tree of his conscience Was fresh with modesty most rare. In courage he was subtle, His valor was beyond compare.

His self annulment was the entity, As liquid is for liquor As the vessel empties the liquior out, Emptying itself for others, his pleasure.

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J-17.Shōr hae hō ga'ē dunyā se musalmāṇ nābūd
Ham ye kehtē haen ke thē bhi kabhi muslim mawjūd
Wad'a men tum hō naṣārā to tamaddun mēn hunūd
Yeh musalman haen! jinhēn dēkh ke sharmā'ēn yahūd
Yūn to sayyid bhi ho mirzā bhi ho, afghān bhi hō
Tum sabhi kuch ho batā'ō to musalmān bhi hō

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Thou art the Syeds and Mirzas, And also are Afghans; Of course thou art all these, But are thyself a true Musalman? شور سے ہوگئے دنیا ہے۔ ہمانا دو ہم سرائے ہیں کہ تھے جہلی کم موجود! وضع مدتم ہونصاری تو تمدّن میں خود مسلماں دراج ضدن کھے کے شرائیں ہود یوں توسید بھی ہو' مزا تھی ہو' افغان بھی ہو J-18.Dam-i-taqrīr thi muslim ki şadāqat bēbāk
'Adl us kā tha qawī, lawth-i-marā'āt se pāk
Shajar-i-fiṭrat-i-muslim tha ḥaya sē namnāk
Thā shujā'at mēņ wō ik hasti-i-fawqul idrāk
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When the Muslim spoke, He was truthful and forth right; Wieldy was his sense of justice And was honorable and up right.

The tree of his conscience Was fresh with modesty most rare. In courage he was subtle, His valor was beyond compare.

His self annulment was the entity, As liquid is for liquor As the vessel empties the liquior out, Emptying itself for others, his pleasure. توست رقمی می صداقت را ال مدل فران التی التی التی الت عدل من مقافی التی التی الت شرفرطرت میرم مقاحی بین الدراک مقاشجاعت میروه الت فی ق الادراک خود لدازی رسفتیت صدیت بود فال زون شریم صوت میزایش بود J-19. Har musalmāṇ rag-i-bāṭil ke liye nashtar thā
Us ke ā'ina-i-hastī mēṇ 'amal jawhar thā
Jo bhrōsa tha usē quwwat-i-bāzō par thā
Hae tumhēṇ nawt ka dar, usē khudā kā dar thā
Bap ka 'ilm na bētē ko agar azbar hō
Phir pisar qābil-i-mirāth-i-pidar kiyūṇ kar hō!

To every vein of fallacy Every Muslim was a knife. In the Mirror of his being The model was constant strife

On the muscles of his own arm, Every Muslim used to rely All he feared was his "God" 'Thou fear and fear to die.

From, his fathers learning, A son, secures no light Then, on his fathers heritage How will he, claim his right?

J-20.Har ko'i mast-i-ma'ë dhawq-i-tanāsānī hae
Tum musalmān ho? yeh andāz-i-musalmāni hae'
Haedarī faqr hae, nae dawlat-i-uthmānī hae
Tum ko aslāf se kiyā nisbat-i-rūḥānī hae?
Woh zamanē meņ mu'azzaz the musalmān hō kar
Awr tum khār hu'ë tārik-i-qur'ān hō kar

Each one is intoxicated, with Joy of comfort beyond any strife. Are thyself the Muslims Is this, the Muslims way of life?

Thou don't own "Hayder's" contentment, Nor "Uthman's" riches thou grew, What spiritual relationship exists, Between the progenitors and you?

For the fact, they were Muslims, They were sublimed in their day, Thou, have abandoned "Qur'an" Are spurned and cast away. بر کوئی سے اوق تن آمانی ہے ا تم سلماں جوابیا نداز مسلمانی ہے ا حید فی ہے نے ولت عثمانی ہے ا تم کو اسلاف کیا اسب محمانی ہے ا وہ ذکانے میں نزر تص سلماں ہولر اور تم خوار ہوئے اراب و سراں ہولر J-21. Tum ho āpas mēņ ghaḍabnāk, wo āpas mēņ raḥīm
Tum khaṭa kāro-khaṭā biṇ wo khaṭāpōsh-o-karīm
Chāhte sab haeṇ ke hōṇ awj-i-thurayya pe muqim
Pehlē vaesā ko'i paedā to karē qalb-i-salīm
Takht-i-faghfūr bhi unka tha, sarīr-i-kae bhī
Yūṇ hi bātēṇ haeṇ ke tum mēṇ wo ḥamiyyat hae bhi

Thou are cross with one another, They were kind and understanding; Thou, tort thyself, see wrong in others, They shielded others and were remitting.

To be at the top is the, Hearts desire, of each one amid you! First, produce such a soul, Who can make the dream come true.

They held the realm of Cathy, And scaled the Persian throne: Where is the manly honor they had Thou art great in words alone. مر البن عضائل والبن مي مرام مر والبن عضائل والبن ويرسم مخطاه روطابين وه خطاويث وريم جائية سبيري بول وج ثريا ميت م جلا سباري بيرا تولية فلاسبيم ميك وسالوري المرابي الولية فلاسبيم من البن مركم ترمير وجمة يريك مي يونهي بالبن مركم ترمير وجمة يريم عربي J-22. Khud kushi shēwa tumhāra, wo ghuyūr-o-khud dār
Tum ukhwwat se gurēzāņ, wo ukhuwwaāt pe nithār
Tum ho guftār sarāpa, wo sarāpa kirdār
Tum tarastē ho kali kō wo gulustāņ bakinār
Ab talak yād hae qawmōn ko ḥikāyat unki
Naqsh hae safḥa-i-hasti pe ṣadāqat unkī

Self ruination is thy practice, For honour and self respect were they known. Thyself are hesitant of fraternity, They gave lives for their own.

Thou are oral and articulate, They were of acts, deeds and power, Thou crave for buds only, Theirs was garden with every flower.

Nations to this day recall, The legends of their bravery Their truth is still inscribed Upon the scrolls of history. کورکشی شیم تا مهادا، و توسی و خوددا تم اخوت پرنار تم اخوت پرنار تم کیفنت رسالی، و پسرایا کودار تم ترسیم و کلی کورو گاهستان بدار اب لک یا پیچوبوں کو حکایت ان کی اب لک یا پیچوبوں کو حکایت ان کی استان سے معلق کی میدافت ان کی I-23. Mithl-i-anjum ufuq-i-qawn pe rawshan bhi hu'ë
But-i-hindi ki muḥabbat mën brahman bhi hu'ë
Shawq-i-parwāz mën mahjur-i-nashëman bhi hu'ë
Bë 'amal thë hi jawān, din se badzan bhi hu'ë
Un ko tahdhib ne har band se azād kiyā
Lā ke ka'be se ṣanam khāne mēn abād kiyā

On the horizon of their nation Were shown like stars of heaven. Till, by Indian Garnish Idols Furned thou into Brahmans;

In lust of flying, thou left, The nest and took to open sky. Void of actions were thy youth; And to them their faith deny;

New culture removed all ties
And set them madly free,
And brought them out from "Ka'aba"
To settle in house of Idolatry!.

شرائحب أفي قوم ريرث ريبي مي المنافع ا

J-24. Qaes zaḥmat kash-i-tanhā'i-i-ṣaḥrā na rahē Shehr ki khā'ē hawā, bādiya pēma na rahē Wo to diwāna he bastī mēṇ rahē yā na rahē Ye ḍarūrī hae ke ḥijāb-i-rukh-i-laylā na rahē Gila-i-jawr na hō, shikwa-i-bēdād na hō 'Ishq āzād hae, kiyūṇ ḥusn bhī azād no hō

"Qais" now can no longer, Bear, the lonely deserts waste. They now breathe, the city airs; For desert wastes, they have no taste.

He is crazy, may not choose, The city as his abiding place? Vital is, that "Laila", should raise, Her veil and show her lovely face!

End the demurs of inequity! Nor speak of any tyranny! When love has no yoke, than why Should beauty be not free?.

J-25. 'Ehd-i-naw barq hae, ātash zan-i-har khirman hae
Aeman is se kō'i şeḥrā na kō'i gulshan hae
Is na'i āg ka aqwām-i-kuhan iṇdhan hae
Millat-i-khatm-i-rusul shu'la be perāhan hae
Āj bhi hō jō brāhim kā imāṇ paedā
Āg karsakti he andāz-i-gulistāṇ paedā

The new age is lightning, Inflamed, is every haystack. Neither barren nor a garden Is secure, from its attack.

To this new fire, are the fuel, Old nations like faggots on a pyre Disciples of the last "Messenger" Are swilled in its fire.

Even if today the faith Of "Ibraham" is made to glow. Out of the Infidels fire, A garden of blossoms will grow. عهدورق المستحدد المراب المراب

J-26. Dēkh kar rang-i-chaman hō na prēshān mālī
Kawkab-i-ghuncha se shākhēn haen chamaknē wālī
Khas-o-khāshāk sē hōtā hae gulistān khālī
Gul bar andaz hae khūn-i-shuhadā ki lālī
Rang gardūn ka dhrā dekh to 'unnābī hae
Ye nikaltē huē sūraj ki ufaq tābī hae

Let the owner not be mournful To see his garden's plight, As soon the branches will be gay With buds, with and beaming bright;

Leaves and weeds will be swept, Out of the garden with broom; Where the martyrs shed their blood Crimson roses will bloom.

Look upon the deep vermilion Brightening the eastern skies, The glow on yonder horizon's brow, Heralds a new sunrise.

J-27. Ummatēn gulshan-i-hastī mēn thamar chida bhi haen Awr maḥrūm-i-thamar bhi haen, khazān dida bhi haen Saenkrōn nakhl haen, kahīda-o-balīda bhi haen Saenkrōn baṭn-i-chaman mēn abhi pōshide bhi haen Nakhl-i-Islām namūna hae barūmandi kā Phal hae yē saekrōn ṣadyōn ki chaman bandi kā

> In life's garden the people lived Which collected fruits they toiled. Others were who reaped nothing Their harvest autumn destroyed;

Hundreds of plants whither, Countless remain evergreen, Hundreds are hid in earth's womb, And yet are to be seen;

Islam, is an example of tree Nursed with great care. Centuries of its gardening Have produced the fruits it bears. J-28. Pak hae gard-i-waṭan sē sarē dāman tērā
Tū wo yūsuf hae ke har miṣr hae kin'ān tērā
Qāfila hō na sakē gā kabhī wirān tērā
Ghaer yak bāng-i-darā kuch bhi nahīn saman tera
Nakhl-i-sham'a asti-o-dar shu'la dawad rēsha-i-tū
'Āqibat sōz bawad sāyā-i-andēsha-i-tū

Thy robes are not tainted, By the dust of native land. Thou art that "Yousaf" who has, His "Canaan" in every Egyptian sand

Never will, thy Caravan be, Made to wander and to waste; For the journey all thou have, A starting bell, make haste.

Yea a candle-tree thou art, In the glows, thy deep roots thrust. By the umbra of thy thought, To morrow's cares are baked to dust. پاکت کردولمن سے برامان ترا تو دو دیسف کے کریز صربے کنعان ترا قافلہ ہونہ کے کا کبھی و بران ترا غیر کی بانک درا کچھنہ میں مان ترا نخر شمع استی درشعلہ دو دریث ترو ماقب سے زیورس نازرش تو J-29. Tū na mit jā'ē gā irān ke mit jānē sē
Nashsha-i-mac kō ta'alluq nahin paemānē sē
Hae ayan yōrish-i-tātār ke afsāne sē
Pāsbān mil ga'ē ka'bē ko şanam khānē sē
Kishti-i-ḥaq kā zamāne mēn sahāra tū hae
'Aṣr-i-naw rāt hae, dhundalā sa sitāra tū hae

Thou will not be decimated Should Iran's star decline, Its not the vessel which rules The sinew of wine;

From the tales of "Tartar" hordes It stands out, we can see. The Ka'aba got its care takers From the droves of idolatry.

On Time's Ocean thou preserve The fragile vessel of True. Modern age is rapt in shadows, But thy star glints faintly through. تُوندِ مِنْ جَائِے گااران کیر شعافے نقرے توب تن نہیں جانے سے جوہ ارکاف کے پاسبان کی کعیے دوستم خانے پاسبان کی کعیے دوستم خانے کشتی تی گاز طافے میں سہارا توہے عصر نورات ہے دُھنلا ساسارا توہے

Hae jo hangama bapa yorish-i-Bulgharī kā

Ghātilōṇ ke li'e paeghām hae bēdāri kā Tu samajhta hae, ye sāmāṇ hae dilāzāri kā Imtiḥāṇ hae tire īthār kā, khuddāri kā Kiyūṇ harāsāṇ hae ṣahīl-i-furus-i-a'dā sē Nūr-i-ḥaq bujh na sakē gā nafas-i-a'dā sē

The clamor bread by "Bulgarians" The offensive and aggression; Is to rouse thou out of vanity And gird thy self for action.

Suppose not that to harm thy senses, It is a baleful device. Is a claim to thy self respect, And is call to sacrifice.

Why then twitter at the snorting,
Of the war steads of thy foes?
The light Truth could not be quenched,
With breaths which the enemy blows.

مے جب نگامہ بیا ویر شربا فاری کا فافلوں کے لیے بینی ہے بہ بیاری کا توسمجمتا ہے بیسامال ہے کی ازاری کا استحق ہے ترسامال ہے کی ازاری کا استحال ہے ترسامال ہے کی ازاری کا کیوں ہراساں ہے ہیں فرس اعدا سے فرقی نجھ نہ سے کا نفش اعدا سے J-31. Chasm-i-aqwām sē makhfi hae ḥaqiqat tērī
Hae abhī meḥfil-i-hastī ko ḍarūrat tērī
Zinda rakhti hae zamāne ko ḥarārat tērī
Kawkab-i-qismat-i-imkān hae khilāfat tērī
Waqt-i-furṣat hae kahān kām abhī bāqī hae
Nūr-i-tawḥīd ka itmām abhī bāqi hae

Yet other nation, have not seen What is thy true worth, The realm of Being has thy need For perfecting, this earth.

By thy breath lives the world, And is kept animate, And thou shalt its, fated leader And thou shalt its star of fate.

There's no spell for idle rest, Much still remains to be done; Thou have yet to strew "Tawhid,' The shout that, "God is one"!

J-32.Mithl-i-bū qaed hae ghunchē mēņ, parēshāņ hō jā
Rakht bar dōsh-i-hawā-i-chamanistāņ hō jā
Hae tunak māyā, to dharrē sē bayābān hō jā
Naghma-i-mawj se hangāma-i-tūfāņ hō jā
Quwwat-i-'ishq se har past ko bālā kar dē
Dehr mēņ ism-i-muḥammad sē ujāla kar dē

Thou art like scent in the bud, Disperse thyself: get release. Load thy pack upon thy shoulder Fan the meadow with thy breeze.

From dusty speck, to infinite Vastness let it increase. From gentle wave, a tempest grow The roaring of the seas!

With the power of love Raise the lowest to fame; Enlighten thou the groping world With Muhammad's beaming name. مش وقت من عنج من راث الجا المحتادة وقت رووث المحتادة وقت المحتادة والمستحرب المحتادة والمحتادة والمحتادة

J-33.Hō na yē phūl to bulbul kā trannum bhi na hō
Chaman-i-dahr mēņ kalyōņ ka tabassum bhi na hō
Ye na sāqī ho to phir mae bhi na hō, khum bhi na hō
Bazm-i-tawhīd bhi dunyā mēņ na hō, tum bhi na hō
Khaema aflāk ka istāda isī nām se hae
Nabḍ-i-hastī ṭapash āmāda isī nām se hae

If this flower blossoms not, The nightingale will not sing, Nor buds make the garden smile Welcoming in the spring;

If he is not the "Saqi" then Nor vessel nor wine will be, Nor in the world "Tawhid" shine, Nor thy heart wags in thee;

Beneath the giant sky's tent, This name like pole sustains, And treading to its music, streams The blood in life's veins سونه به محول تولیب کارنم محبی به و چئن ده برمی طبول قاست محبی نه به پیمن ده برمی طبول قاست محبی نه به به زمانی به تو بهرے بعی نه به فرخم محبی نه به بزم توحید هجی نیامیں نه به واسی محبی نه به خیدا فلال کارست ادواسی مست J-34. Dasht mēņ, dāman-i-kohsār mēņ, maedān mēņ hae Baḥr mēņ, mawj ki āghōsh mēņ, ţūfān mēņ hae Chin kē sher, marāqash ke bayābān mēņ hae Awr pōshīda musalmān kē īmān mēņ hae Chasm-i-aqwām ye nazzara abad tak dēkhē Rifat-i-shān-i-rafa'nā laka dhikrak dēkhē

He is in the dales and hills, And on the poised plains. On the seas, in the lap of waves, In bellows of hurricanes:

His music is heard in China, In Morocco's desert - His song. He is hidden in Muslim's heart, Which makes his faith grow strong.

Let all the people on the earth, See till the eternal time. And testify Our saying, We have made thy name sublime!. وشت مئن امن گسار مین سیان مین و الحرمین موج کی اغوش مین طوفان مین و مین کے شہر مراشت کے بیابان میں م اور دپیشد کا میان کیا بیان میں م چشم اقوام نیط نسارہ اید تک و میصے رفت ثبان رفع نسال کا کا کا ک و میصے رفت ثبان رفع نسال کا کا ک و میصے J-35.Mardum-i-chasm-i-zamīņ ya'nī wo kālī dunyā
Wo tumhāre shuhadā pālne wālī dunyā
Garmiyē mehr ki parwardah, hilālī dunyā
'Ishq wālē jise kehtē haeņ bilālī dunyā
Ţapash andōz hae is nām se pārē ki ṭaraḥ
Ghōṭah zan nūr mēṇ hae ānkh ke tāre ki ṭaraḥ

The black regions of the globe, That pupil of the eye of earth. That land which nursed the martyrs The land of their birth.

The land of fervid love, That land of the - Hilal Which lovers faith fondly calls That land of their "Bilal".

It glitters like mercury
At the echo of His name
Like a sparkle in the eye
Dunked in "Noor", divine flame!

مُروح ثِ بِهِ زمین بینی و کالی دنس و ترص رشی کالیا نے والی دنسی گرمی سرکی رؤوه و الالی دنسی عشق والے جسے جستے دیں بلالی دنسی میش اندوز ہے اس ام سے بارے لی طرح غوط زن ورمین کی آئی ہے کا رے لی طرح غوط زن ورمین کی آئی ہے کے اسے کے طرح J-36.'Aql hae tëri sipar, 'ishq hae shamshīr tiri Mire darwēsh khilafat hae jahangīr tiri Mā siwa Allāh ke li'ē āg hae takbīr tiri Tu musalmān hō to taqdīr hae tadbīr tiri Kī muḥammad se wafa tū ne to ham tērē haen Yeh jahān chīz he kae kiyā, lawḥ-o-qalam tērē haen

> Wisdom is thy shield and sword The flaring Love Divine, So accoutered, my "Dervish" Seize the world, it is thine?

God is great, is sparkling flame The sounds of thy "Takbeer" great; If thou art a true Muslim, Thy elbow greeze, thy fate.

If thou break not faith with "Muhammad", We shell always remain, for thee; What alone is this universe, The Tablet and our Pen, "THY" PRIZE SHALL BE" عقل ہے تیری برعث ہے شمشرتری مے روٹ افاقت ہے جہالے تری مابوئی اللہ کے لیے ال ہے جبیرتری تومسلال ہو تقت رہے تدبیرتری کی محد سے فاتو نے توہم سے میں ریجال جیزے لیا لوج والم سے ہیں