

# صُبْحِ آزادی

اگست ۱۹۴۷

یہ داغ داغ اُجالا، یہ شب گزیدہ سحر  
وہ انتظار تھا جس کا، یہ وہ سحر تو نہیں  
یہ وہ سحر تو نہیں جس کی آرزو لے کر  
چلے تھے یار کہ مل جائے گی کہیں نہ کہیں

## 19. FREEDOM'S DAWN (August 1947)

This leprous daybreak, dawn night's fangs have mangled—  
This is not that long-looked-for break of day,  
Not that clear dawn in quest of which those comrades  
Set out, believing that in heaven's wide void

### DAWN OF FREEDOM (August 1947)

- 1 This stain-covered daybreak, this night-bitten dawn,  
This is not that dawn of which there was expectation;  
This is not that dawn with longing for which  
The friends set out, (convinced) that somewhere there would be  
met with,

### ṢUBḤ-E-ĀZĀDĪ (August 1947)

- 1 Ye dāgh dāgh ujālā, ye shab-gazīda saḥar,  
Vo intizār thā jis-kā, ye vo saḥar to nahīn,  
Ye vo saḥar to nahīn jis-kī ārzū lekar  
Chale the yār kē mil-jā'egī kahīn na kahīn

فلک کے دشت میں تاروں کی آخری منزل  
کہیں تو ہوگا شبِ سُست موج کا ساحل  
کہیں تو جا کے رُکے گا سفینہٴ غمِ دل

حوالہ لو کی پُر اسرار شاہ راہوں سے  
چلے جو یار تو دامن پہ کتنے ہاتھ پڑے  
دیباہِ حُسن کی بے صبر خواب گاہوں سے  
پُکارتی رہیں باہیں، بدنِ بلا تے رہے  
بہت عزیز بنتی لیکن رُخِ سحر کی لگن  
بہت قریب تھا حسینانِ نور کا دامن  
سُبک سُبک تھی تمنا، دبی دبی تھی تھکن  
سُننا ہے ہو بھی چُکا ہے فراقِ ظلمت و نور  
سُننا ہے ہو بھی چُکا ہے وصالِ منزل و گام

Somewhere must be the stars' last halting-place,  
Somewhere the verge of night's slow-washing tide,  
Somewhere an anchorage for the ship of heartache.

When we set out, we friends, taking youth's secret  
Pathways, how many hands plucked at our sleeves!  
From beauty's dwellings and their panting casements  
Soft arms invoked us, flesh cried out to us;  
But dearer was the lure of dawn's bright cheek,  
Closer her shimmering robe of fairy rays;  
Light-winged that longing, feather-light that toil.

But now, word goes, the birth of day from darkness  
Is finished, wandering feet stand at their goal;

- 5 *In the desert of the sky, the final destination of the stars,  
Somewhere there would be the shore of the sluggish wave of night,  
Somewhere would go and halt the boat of the grief of pain.*
- By the mysterious highroads of youthful blood  
When (we) friends set out, how many hands were laid on our skirts;*
- 10 *From impatient sleeping-chambers of the dwellings of beauty  
Arms kept crying out, bodies kept calling;  
But very dear was the passion for the face of dawn,  
Very close the robe of the sylphs of light:  
The longing was very buoyant, the weariness was very slight.*
- 15 *—It is heard that the separation of darkness and light has been  
fully completed,  
It is heard that the union of goal and step has been fully completed;*

- 5 Falak ke dasht meñ tāron kī ākhirī manzil,  
Kahīñ to hogā shab-e sust mauj kā sāhil,  
Kahīñ to jāke rukegā safīna-e-gham-e-dīl.

- Jawāñ lahū kī pur-asrār shāhrāhoñ se  
Chale jo yār to dāman pē kitne hāth pāre;
- 10 Diyār-e-ḥusn kī be-ṣabr khwābgāhoñ se  
Pukārtī-rahīñ bāheñ, badan bulāte-rahe;  
Bahut 'azīz thī lekin rukh-e-saḥar kī lagan,  
Bahut qarīñ thā ḥasīnān-e-nūr kā dāman,  
Ṣubuk subuk thī tamannā, dabī dabī thī thakan.
- 15 Sunā hai ho bhī chukā hai firāq-e-zulmat-o-nūr,  
Sunā hai ho bhī chukā hai viṣāl-e-manzil-o-gām;

بدل چکا ہے بہت اہل دزد کا دستور  
نشاطِ وصلِ حلال و عذابِ ہجرِ حرام

جگر کی آگِ نظر کی اُمٹنگِ دل کی جلن  
کسی پہ چارہ ہجران کا کچھ اثر ہی نہیں  
کہاں سے آئی نگارِ صبا کدھر کو گئی  
ابھی چراغِ سرِ رہ کو کچھ خبر ہی نہیں  
ابھی گرانیِ شب میں کمی نہیں آئی  
نجاتِ دیدہ و دل کی گھڑی نہیں آئی  
چلے چلو کہ وہ منزل ابھی نہیں آئی

Our leaders' ways are altering, festive looks  
Are all the fashion, discontent reprov'd;—  
And yet this physic still on unslaked eye  
Or heart fevered by severance works no cure.  
Where did that fine breeze, that the wayside lamp  
Has not once felt, blow from—where has it fled?  
Night's heaviness is unlesened still, the hour  
Of mind and spirit's ransom has not struck;  
Let us go on, our goal is not reached yet.

*The manners of the people of suffering (leaders) have changed  
very much,  
Joy of union is lawful, anguish for separation forbidden.*

*The fire of the liver, the tumult of the eye, burning of the heart,—  
20 There is no effect on any of them of (this) cure for separation.  
Whence came that darling of a morning breeze, whither has it gone?  
The lamp beside the road has still no knowledge of it;  
In the heaviness of night there has still come no lessening,  
The hour of the deliverance of eye and heart has not arrived.  
25 Come, come on, for that goal has still not arrived.*

Badal-chukā hai bahut ahl-e-dard kā dastūr,  
Nishāṭ-e-vaṣl ḥalāl o 'azāb-e-hijr ḥarām.

Jigar kī āg, naẓar kī umaṅg, dil kī jalan,  
20 Kisī pē chāra-e-hijrān kā kuchh aṣar hī nahīn.  
Kahān se ā'ī nigār-e-ṣabā, kidhar ko ga'ī?  
Abhī charāgh-e-sar-e-rah ko kuchh khabar hī nahīn;  
Abhī girānī-e-shab meñ kamī nahīn ā'ī,  
Najāt-e-dīda-o-dil kī gharī nahīn ā'ī;  
25 Chale-chalo kē vo manzil abhī nahīn ā'ī.