

# شورشِ بربط و نئے

پہلی آواز

اب سعی کا امکان اور نہیں پرواز کا مضمون ہو بھی چکا  
تاروں پر کمندیں پھینک چکے، مہتاب پہ شخوں ہو بھی چکا  
اب اور کسی فردا کے لئے ان آنکھوں سے کیا پیمانے کیجے  
کس خواب کے جھوٹے افسوں سے تشکینِ دلِ نادر کیجے  
شیرینی لبِ خوشبوئے دہن اب شوق کا عنوان کوئی نہیں

## 23. LYRE AND FLUTE

*First Voice*

No spur left now for endeavour; gone, ambition of soaring; we  
have done  
With throwing a noose to catch the stars, with laying an  
ambush for the moon.  
What new pledge now, what promise of fine tomorrows,  
should I hang before  
These eyes, or with what cheating illusion comfort the foolish  
heart once more?  
No sweetness of lip, no fragrant mouth, is any emblem of  
love today,

### CLAMOUR OF LYRE AND FLUTE

*First Voice*

- 1 Now there is no more power of endeavour, the theme of soaring  
aloft has altogether ended,  
We have finished throwing nooses over stars, the night-attack on  
the moon is finished.  
Now what pledge of some other tomorrow should be made to those  
eyes?  
With what dream's false magic should the ignorant heart be  
consoled?
- 5 Sweetness of lips, perfume of mouth, are no longer emblems of love;

### SHORISH-E-BARBAṬ-O-NAI

*Pahlī āwāz*

- 1 Ab sa'ī kā imkān aur nahīn, parwāz kā mazmūn ho bhī chukā,  
Tāron pē kamandēn phaiṅk-chuke, mahtāb pē shabkḥūn ho  
bhī chukā;  
Ab aur kiśī fardā ke liye in ānkhōn se kyā paimān kije,  
Kis kḥwāb ke jhūṭe afsūn se taskīn-e-dil-e-nādān kije?
- 5 Shīrīnī-e-lab, kḥwushbū-e-dahan, ab shauq kā 'unwān ko'ī  
nahīn;

شادابیِ دلِ تفریحِ نظر، اب زینتِ کا درماں کوئی نہیں  
 جینے کے فسانے رہنے دو اب ان میں اُلجھ کر گیا لیں گے  
 اک موت کا دھندا باقی ہے، جب چاہیں گے پٹا لیں گے  
 یہ تیرا کفن، وہ میرا کفن، یہ میری لحد، وہ تیری ہے

### دوسری آواز

ہستی کی متاع بے پایاں جاگیر تری ہے نہ میری ہے  
 اس بزم میں اپنی مشعلِ دلِ بسمیل ہے تو کیا رخشاش ہے تو کیا

No gladness of heart, no sparkling eye, is any balsam of life  
 today.  
 Leave off those tales of a living world—what use to entangle  
 us in their mesh?  
 Our only business is how to die, and that we may settle when  
 we wish;  
 For here is my shroud, and there is yours, and there is your  
 grave, and here is mine.

### Second Voice

Existence with all its sumless wealth is no private estate of  
 yours or mine:  
 What difference, in the hall of life, if one heart's taper be  
 quenched or bright,

*Freshness of heart, delight of the eye, are no medicine for life now.  
 Leave those tales of living—entangled in them, what shall we gain  
 now?  
 Only one business is left, that of death, and that we shall accomplish  
 when we wish;  
 This is your shroud, that is my shroud, this is my grave, that  
 is yours.*

### Second Voice

- 10 *The boundless wealth of existence is neither your fief nor mine;  
 In this assembly if the torch of one's own heart is extinguished,  
 what of it? if shining, what of it?*

Shādābī-e-dil, tafriḥ-e-naẓar, ab zīst kā darmān ko'ī nahīn.  
 Jīne ke fasāne rahne-do, ab un-meñ ulajhkar kyā leñge?  
 Ēk, maut kā dhandā bāqī hai, jab chāheñge niptā-leñge;  
 Ye terā kafan, vo merā kafan, ye merī laḥad, vo terī hai.

### Dūsri āwāz

- 10 *Hastī kī matā'-e-be-pāyān jāgīr tērī hai na merī hai,  
 Is bazm meñ apnī mash'al-e-dil bismil hai to kyā, rakhshān  
 hai to kyā?*

یہ بزم چراغاں رہتی ہے، اک طاق اگر ویراں ہے تو کیا  
 افسردہ ہیں گرا یا م ترے، بدلا نہیں مسلکِ شام و سحر  
 ٹھہرنے نہیں موسم گل کے قدم قائم ہے جمالِ شمس و قمر  
 آباد ہے وادی کا گل و لب شاداب و حسین گلگشتِ نظر  
 مقسوم ہے لذتِ دردِ جگر، موجود ہے نعمتِ دیدہ تر  
 اس دیدہ تر کا شکر کرو، اس ذوقِ نظر کا شکر کرو  
 اس شام و سحر کا شکر کرو، ان شمس و قمر کا شکر کرو

Or one niche lack its candle, when all the place besides is  
 ablaze with light?

Though your hours languish, they shall not see the statute of  
 night and day repealed,

The season of roses slacken its step, the glory of moon or sun  
 concealed.

The dell of ringlet and lip still blooms, the charmed eye  
 wanders among fresh flowers,

Fate grants us the cherished pain of love that blesses us with  
 its tears' hot showers:

Be thankful for all those joys of sense, be thankful for all the  
 tears that run,

Give thanks for the break of day and evening, thanks for the  
 rays of moon and sun.

*This assembly remains illuminated: if one niche is desolate, what  
 of it?*

*If your days are spiritless, unchanged the law of evening and  
 morning,*

*Unhalted the steps of the season of roses, firm the beauty of sun-  
 and moon,*

15 *Populous the valley of ringlet and lip, fresh and lovely the eye's  
 garden-wandering;*

*Destined is the pleasure of the pain of the liver, present is the  
 blessing of the wet eye:*

*Give thanks for this wet eye, give thanks for this delight of sight,  
 Give thanks for this evening and morning, give thanks for this  
 sun and moon.*

Ye bazm charāghān rahtī hai, ěk ṭāq agar virān hai to kyā?  
 Afsurda haiñ gar aiyām tēre, badlā nahīn maslak-e-shām-o-  
 sahar,

Ṭahre nahīn mausim-e-gul ke qadam, qā'im hai jamāl-e-  
 shams-o-qamar,

15 *Ābād hai wādī-e-kākul-o-lab, shādāb o ḥasīn gulgasht-e-  
 nazar,*

*Maqsūm hai lazzat-e-dard-e-jigar, maujūd hai ni'mat-e-  
 dīda-e-tar:*

*Is dīda-e-tar kā shukr karo, is zauq-e-nazar kā shukr karo,*

*Is shām-o-saḥar kā shukr karo, in shams-o-qamar kā shukr  
 karo.*

## پہلی آواز

گر ہے یہی مسلکِ شمس و قمر ان شمس و قمر کا کیا ہوگا  
 رعنائیِ شب کا کیا ہوگا، اندازِ سحر کا کیا ہوگا  
 جب خونِ جگر برفاب بنا جب آنکھیں آہن پوش ہوئیں  
 اس دیدہ تر کا کیا ہوگا، اس ذوقِ نظر کا کیا ہوگا  
 جب شعر کے خمیے راکھ ہوئے، نغموں کی طنابیں ٹوٹ گئیں

## First Voice

Whatever statute may govern them, what profit are sun and  
 moon to us?  
 What is it to us, if night is lovely or day's first coming  
 luminous?  
 When all our lifeblood has turned to ice, when eyes are  
 shuttered up with steel,  
 What meaning have any tears, what meaning have any joys  
 that sense can feel?  
 Once poetry's high pavilion burned, its tent-rope strands of  
 music snapped,

## First Voice

If there is this law of sun and moon, what (good) can come of this  
 sun and moon?  
 20 What can come of the charm of night, what can come of the grace  
 of morning?  
 When the blood of the liver has turned to ice, when the eyes have  
 been coated with iron,  
 What can come of this wet eye, what can come of this delight of  
 sight?  
 When the tents of poetry have become ashes, when the tent-ropes of  
 melodies have broken,

## Pahlī āwāz

Gar hai yēhī maslak-e-shams-o-qamar, in shams-o-qamar kā  
 kyā hogā?  
 20 Ra'nā'ī-e-shab kā kyā hogā, andāz-e-saḥar kā kyā hogā?  
 Jab khūn-e-jigar barfāb banā, jab ānkheñ āhan-posh hū'īn,  
 Is dīda-e-tar kā kyā hogā, is zauq-e-naẓar kā kyā hogā?  
 Jab shē'r ke khaime rākh hū'e, naghmoñ kī ṭanābeñ ṭūṭ-ga'īn,

یہ ساز کہاں سر بھوڑیں گے اس کلک گہر کا کیا ہوگا  
 جب کنج قفس مشکن ٹھہرا اور جیب و گریباں طوق و رن  
 آئے کہ نہ آئے موسم گل، اس دزدِ جگر کا کیا ہوگا

### دوسری آواز

یہ ہاتھ سلامت ہیں جب تک اس نغوں میں حرارت ہے جب تک  
 اس دل میں صداقت ہے جب تک اس نطق میں طاقت ہے جب تک

What good is the pen that scatters pearls, or where shall the  
 sounding harp grow rapt?  
 If a cage's corner must be our home, iron collar and rope our  
 scarf and sleeve—  
 Whether rose-harvest comes or no, what use for a lover's  
 heart to grieve?

### Second Voice

While these hands keep their virtue, and while warm blood is  
 still pulsing through these veins,  
 While honour holds her place in our souls and reason is  
 sovereign in our brains,

*Where shall these lyres rhapsodize, what can come of this pen of  
 pearls?*

25. *When a corner of a cage has been left as dwelling, and coat-collar  
 and robe are iron collar and rope,  
 Whether the season of roses come or not, what can come of this pain  
 of the liver?*

### Second Voice

*So long as these hands are alive, so long as there is warmth in this  
 blood,  
 So long as there is sincerity in this heart, so long as there is  
 strength in this mind,*

- Ye s̄az kahān sar phoṛeṅge, is kilk-e-guhar kā kyā hogā?  
 25 Jab kunj-e-qafas maskan ṭhahrā, aur jaib-o-garībān ṭauq-o-  
 rasan,  
 Ā'e kē na ā'e mausim-e-gul, is dard-e-jigar kā kyā hogā?*

### Dūsri āwāz

Ye hāth salāmat haiñ jab tak, is khūn meñ ḥarārat hai jab  
 tak,  
 Is dil meñ ṣadāqat hai jab tak, is nuṭq meñ ṭāqat hai jab tak,

ان طوق و سلاسل کو ہم تم سکھلائیں گے شورِشِ بربط و نئے  
 وہ شورِشِ جس کے آگے زبوں ہنگامہءِ طبلِ قیصر و کے  
 آزاد ہیں اپنے فکر و عمل، بھرپور خزینہ ہمت کا  
 اک عمر ہے اپنی ہر ساعت، امر و زہے اپنا ہر فردا  
 یہ شام و سحر، یہ شمس و قمر، یہ اختر و کوکب اپنے ہیں  
 یہ لوح و قلم، یہ طبل و علم، یہ مال و حشم، سب اپنے ہیں

Let us two teach all locks and fetters the swelling music of  
 lyre and flute,  
 Music to strike the imperial drum of Caesar or Kai-khosru  
 mute!  
 Our treasure-house of courage is full, in thought and action  
 both we are free,  
 All our tomorrows with us today, each moment of ours a  
 century—  
 That dawn, that twilight belong to us, that planet and star,  
 that sun and moon,  
 That tablet and pen and banner and drum and state and  
 glory are all are own.

*I and you will teach to these iron collars and chains the clamour  
 of lyre and flute,  
 30 That clamour before which the tumult of the drum of Caesar and  
 Kai is feeble.  
 Free are our thought and deed, full our treasury of courage,  
 Each minute of ours is a lifetime, each tomorrow of ours is today;  
 This evening and morning, this sun and moon, this star and  
 constellation are our own,  
 This tablet and pen, this drum and standard, this wealth and  
 pomp, are all our own.*

In ṭauq-o-salāsīl ko ham tum sikhā'ēnge shorish-e-barbaṭ-o-  
 nai,  
 30 Vo shorish jis-ke āge zabūn haṅgāma-e-ṭabl-e-Qaiṣar-o-Kai.  
 Āzād haiṅ apne fikr-o-'amal, bharpūr khazīna himmat kā,  
 Ēk 'umr hai apnī har sā'at, imrūz hai apnā har fardā;  
 Ye shām-o-saḥar, ye shams-o-qamar, ye akhtar o kaukab apne  
 haiṅ,  
 Ye lauḥ-o-qalam, ye ṭabl o 'alam, ye māl o ḥasham, sab apne  
 haiṅ.