

# اُن طلبہ کے نام

جو امن اور آزادی کی جہد و جہد میں کام آئے

یہ کون سخی ہیں  
جن کے لٹو کی  
اشرفیاں، چھن چھن، چھن چھن  
دھرتی کے پیہم پیاسے  
کشکول میں ڈھلتی جاتی ہیں  
کشکول کو بھرتی جاتی ہیں  
یہ کون جواں ہیں ارضِ وطن  
یہ لکھ لٹ

## 30. TO SOME FOREIGN STUDENTS

*who gave their lives for peace and freedom*

Who are they, these  
Free givers whose blood-drops,  
Jingling coins, go pouring  
Into earth's ever-thirsty  
Begging-bowl, pour and run,  
Filling the bowl brim-full?  
What are they, land of their birth, these young  
Self-squanderers whose

### TO THOSE STUDENTS

*who perished in the struggle for peace and freedom*

- 1 Who are these generous ones,  
Of whose blood  
The gold coins, clink, clink,  
Into the earth's continually thirsty  
5 Begging-bowl are running,  
Are filling up the begging-bowl?  
Who are these young men, oh native land (of theirs),  
These spendthrifts

### UN ṬALABA KE NĀM

*jo aman aur āzādī kī jidd-o-jahd meñ kām ā'e*

- 1 Ye kaun saḵhī haiñ  
Jin-ke lahū kī  
Ashrafyāñ, chhan-chhan, chhan-chhan,  
Dhartī ke paiham pyāse  
5 Kashkol meñ ḍhaltī-jātī haiñ,  
Kashkol ko bhartī-jātī haiñ?  
Ye kaun jawāñ haiñ, arz-e-waṭan,  
Ye lakhlūṭ

جن کے جسموں کی  
 بھر پور جوانی کا کندن  
 یوں خاک میں ریزہ ریزہ ہے  
 یوں کوچہ کوچہ بکھرا ہے  
 اے ارض وطن اے ارض وطن  
 کیوں نوح کے ہنس ہنس پھینک دئے  
 ان آنکھوں نے اپنے نیلم  
 ان ہونٹوں نے اپنے مرجاں  
 ان ہاتھوں کی بے کل چاندی  
 کس کام آئی؟ کس ہاتھ لگی؟

اے پوچھنے والے پردیسی!  
 یہ طفل و جوان

Limbs' golden store  
 Of surging youth  
 Lies here in the dust, shattered—  
 Lies strewn about street and alley?  
 Oh land of their birth, oh land of their birth!  
 How could those eyes that laughed tear out  
 And toss their sapphire gems away,  
 Those lips their coral?  
 Who gained, who turned to profit,  
 Those hands' quivering silver?  
 Oh questioning stranger—  
 These striplings, these young lives,

*Of whose bodies*  
 10 The brimming youth's pure gold  
 Is thus in fragments in the dust,  
 Is thus scattered street by street,  
 Oh (their) native land, oh native land?  
 Why did they tear out, laughing, and throw away,  
 15 These eyes their sapphires,  
 These lips their coral?  
 The restless silver of these hands,  
 To what use did it come, into whose possession did it fall?  
 Oh questioning foreigner,  
 20 These boys and youths

Jin-ke jismon kī  
 10 Bharpūr jawānī kā kundān  
 Yūn khāk meñ reza reza hai,  
 Yūn kūcha kūcha bikhrā hai,  
 Ai arz-e-waṭān, ai arz-e-waṭān?  
 Kyūn nochke hañs-hañs phaink-dī'e  
 15 In āñkhoñ-ne apne nīlam,  
 In hoñṭoñ-ne apne marjāñ?  
 In hāṭon kī be-kal chāñdī  
 Kis kām ā'ī? kis hāt lagī?

Ai pūchhne-wāle pādesī!  
 20 Ye ṭifl o jawāñ

اُس نُور کے نورس موتی ہیں  
 اُس آگ کی کچی کلیاں ہیں  
 جس میںٹھے نُور اور کڑوی آگ  
 سے ظلم کی اندھی رات میں پھوٹا  
 صبحِ بغاوت کا گلشن  
 اور صبحِ ہُوئی من من، تن تن  
 ان جسموں کا چاندی سونا  
 ان چہروں کے نیلم مہجاں  
 جگ جگ مگ، رخشاں رخشاں  
 جو دیکھنا چاہے پردیسی  
 پاس آئے دیکھے جی بھر کر  
 یہ زینت کی رانی کا جھومر  
 یہ امن کی دیوی کا گلشن

Are fresh-grown pearls of that light,  
 New-budded shoots of that flame,  
 Soft light and devouring flame,  
 From which amid tyranny's dense night sprang  
 The rosebed dawn of revolt,  
 And dawn was in every nerve and soul.  
 Their argent and golden flesh,  
 Those coral and sapphire faces  
 That gleam and shine there and gleam—  
 Let the stranger who would see  
 Stand close, gaze long!  
 They are the jewelry of the queen of life,  
 They are the diadem of the goddess of peace.

*Are fresh pearls of that light,  
 Are new-grown buds of that fire,  
 From which sweet light and hot fire  
 In the dark night of tyranny there burst forth*  
 25 *The garden of the dawn of rebellion,  
 And there was dawn in every mind and body.  
 The silver and gold of these bodies,  
 The sapphire and coral of these faces,  
 Glittering, glittering, shining, shining—*  
 30 *The foreigner who wishes to see,  
 Let him come close and look his fill:  
 These are the ornament of the queen of life,  
 These are the bracelet of the goddess of peace.*

Us nūr ke nauras motī haiñ,  
 Us āg kī kachchī kalyāñ haiñ,  
 Jis mīthe nūr aur karvī āg  
 Se zulm kī āndhī rāt meñ phūṭā  
 25 *Ṣubḥ-e-baghāwat kā gulshan,  
 Aur ṣubḥ hū'ī man man, tan tan.  
 In jismon kā chāñdī sonā,  
 In chēhron ke nilam marjāñ,  
 Jag-mag jag-mag, rakhshāñ rakhshāñ,*  
 30 *Jo dekhñā chāhe pardesī  
 Pās ā'e dekhe jī bharkar:  
 Ye zīst kī rāñī kā jhūmar,  
 Ye amn kī devī kā kañgan.*