

نِشَارِ مَیں تیری گلیوں کے...

نِشَارِ مَیں تیری گلیوں کے اے وطن کہ جہاں
 چلی ہے رسم کہ کوئی نہ سر اٹھا کے چلے
 جو کوئی چاہنے والا طواف کو نکلے
 نظر چُرا کے چلے، جِسْمِ وِجَاں بچا کے چلے
 ہے اہل دِل کے لئے اب یہ نظْمِ بَسْت وِکْشَاد
 کہ سَنگ وِخِشْت مُتَقِیدِ مَیں اُور سَگ آزَاد

32. BURY ME UNDER YOUR PAVEMENTS

Bury me, oh my country, under your pavements,
 Where no man now dare walk with head held high,
 Where your true lovers bringing you their homage
 Must go in furtive fear of life or limb;
 For new-style law and order are in use,
 Good men learn,—'Stones locked up, and dogs turned loose'.

MAY I BE A SACRIFICE TO YOUR STREETS

- 1 *May I be a sacrifice to your streets, oh fatherland, where
 It has become custom that no-one shall go with head lifted,
 And that any lover who comes out on pilgrimage
 Must go with furtive looks, go in fear of body and life;*
- 5 *Applied to the people of heart now there is this method of
 administration,
 That stones and bricks are locked up, and dogs free.*

NIŠĀR MAIṆ TĒRĪ GALYON̄ KE

- 1 *Niṣār maiṉ tēri galyon̄ ke, ai waṭan, kē jahān
 Chali hai rasm kē ko'i na sar uṭhāke chale,
 Jo ko'i chāhne-wālā ṭawāf ko nikle
 Naṣar churāke chale, jism-o-jān bachāke chale;*
- 5 *Hai ahl-i-dil ke liye ab ye naẓm-e-bast-o-kushād,
 Kē saṅg o k̄hisht muqaiyad haiṉ aur sag āzād.*

بہت ہے ظلم کے دست بہانہ جو کے لئے
 جو چند اہل جنوں تیرے نام لیوا ہیں
 منے ہیں اہل ہوش مدعی بھی مُنصف بھی
 کسے وکیل کریں، کس سے مُنصفی چاہیں

مگر گزارنے والوں کے دن گذرتے ہیں
 ترے فراق میں یوں صبح و شام کرتے ہیں
 بوجھ جو روزن زنداں تو دل یہ سمجھا ہے
 کہ تیری مانگ ستاروں سے بھر گئی ہوگی
 چمک اٹھے ہیں سلاسل تو ہم نے جانا ہے
 کہ اب سحر ترے رخ پر بکھر گئی ہوگی
 عرض تصورِ شام و سحر میں جیتے ہیں
 گرفتِ سایہ دیوار و در میں جیتے ہیں

Your name still cried by a rash zealot few
 Inflames the itching hand of tyranny;
 Villains are judges and usurpers both—
 Who is our advocate, where shall we seek justice?
 But all hours man must spend are somehow spent;
 How do we pass these days of banishment?

When my cell's window-slit grows dim, I seem
 To see your hair spangled with starry tinsel;
 When chains grow once more visible, I think
 I see your face sprinkled with dawn's first rays;
 In fantasies of the changing hours we live,
 Held fast by shadowy gates and towers we live.

*It is enough for tyranny's pretext-seeking hand
 If a few enthusiasts call on your name;
 The men of ambition have become both prosecutor and judge:
 10 Whom are we to make our advocate, from whom are we to desire
 justice?
 But the days of those who are to pass them do pass;
 In separation from you they spend their mornings-and-evenings
 thus.
 When the prison grating has grown dark, my heart has believed
 That your hair-parting must have been filled with stars;
 15 When the chains have shone out, I have thought
 That now daybreak must have been scattered over your face.
 In short I live in fancies of evening and morning,
 I live in the grasp of the shadow of wall and gate.*

Bahut hai zulm ke dast-e-bahāna-jū ke liye
 Jo chand ahl-e-junūn tere nām-levā haiñ;
 Bane haiñ ahl-e-havas mudda'ī bhī, munṣif bhī:
 10 Kise vakīl karen, kis-se munṣifi chāhen?
 Magar guzārne-wālon ke din guzarte haiñ,
 Tere firāq meñ yūn ṣubḥ-o-shām karte haiñ.
 Bujhā jo rauzan-e-zindān to dil ye samjhā hai
 Kē terī māng sitāron se bhar-ga'ī hogī;
 15 Chamak-uṭhe haiñ salāsil to ham-ne jānā hai
 Kē ab sahar tere rukh par bikhar-ga'ī hogī.
 Gharāḥ ṭaṣawwur-e-shām-o-saḥar meñ jīte haiñ,
 Girift-e-sāya-e-dīwār-o-dar meñ jīte haiñ.

یونہی ہمیشہ اُلجھتی رہی ہے ظلم سے خلق
 نہ اُن کی رسم نئی ہے، نہ اپنی ریت نئی
 یونہی ہمیشہ کھلائے ہیں ہم نے آگ میں پھول
 نہ اُن کی ہار نئی ہے نہ اپنی جیت نئی

اسی سبب سے فلک کا گلا نہیں کرتے
 ترے فراق میں ہم دل بُرا نہیں کرتے
 گر آج تجھ سے جدا ہیں توکل بہم ہوں گے
 یہ رات بھر کی خدائی تو کوئی بات نہیں
 گر آج اوج پہ ہے طالعِ رقیب تو کیا
 یہ چار دن کی خدائی تو کوئی بات نہیں
 جو تجھ سے عہدِ وفا اُستوار رکھتے ہیں
 علاجِ گردِش لیل و نہار رکھتے ہیں

This war is old of tyrants and mankind:
 Their ways not new, nor ours; the fires they kindle
 To scorch us, age by age we turn to flowers;
 Not new our triumph, not new their defeat.
 Against fate therefore we make no complaint,
 Our hearts though exiled from you do not faint.

Parted today, tomorrow we shall meet—
 And what is one short night of separation?
 Today our enemies' star is at its zenith—
 But what is their brief week of playing God?
 Those who keep firm their vows to you are proof
 Against the whirling hours, time's warp and woof.

In this same way tyranny and mankind have always been at odds:
 20 *Their (the tyrants') ways are not new, nor is our fashion new;*
In this same way we have always made flowers blossom in the fire;
Their defeat is not new, nor is our victory new.
For this reason I do not make complaint against my fate,
In separation from you I do not let my heart sink.
 25 *If today I am separated from you, tomorrow we shall be together,*
This separation of one night is nothing;
If today the rival's fortune is at the summit, what of it?
This godhood of four days is nothing.
Those who keep firm their vow of fidelity to you
 30 *Possess the remedy against the revolutions of night and day.*

Yūn-hī hamesha ulajhtī-rahī hai zulm se khalq,
 20 Na unkī rasm na'ī hai, na apnī rīt na'ī;
 Yūn-hī hamesha khilā'e haiñ ham-ne āg meñ pbūl,
 Na unkī hār na'ī hai, na apnī jīt na'ī.
 Isī sabab se falak kā gilā nahīñ karte,
 Tēre firāq meñ ham dil burā nahīñ karte.
 25 Gar āj tujh-se judā haiñ to kal baham hoñge,
 Ye rāt bhar kī judā'ī to ko'ī bāt nahīñ;
 Gar āj auj pē hai ṭālī'-e-raqīb to kyā,
 Ye chār din kī khudā'ī to ko'ī bāt nahīñ.
 Jo tujh-se 'ahd-e-wafā ustuwār rakhte haiñ
 30 'ilāj-e-gardish-e-lail-o-nahār rakhte haiñ.