

# فیصل اُمیدوں کی ہمدم

سب کاٹ دو  
 بسمیل پودوں کو  
 بے آب سسکتے مت چھوڑو  
 سب نوچ لو  
 بے کل پھولوں کو  
 شاخوں پہ بیلکتے مت چھوڑو  
 یہ فیصل اُمیدوں کی ہمدم  
 اس بار بھی غارت جائے گی  
 سب محنت سبھوں شاموں کی  
 اب کے بھی اکارت جائے گی

## 38. THIS HARVEST OF HOPES

Cut them all down, these crippled plants,  
 Not leave them to their last parched distress!  
 Tear off from the spray these twisted blooms,  
 Not leave them to hang in wretchedness!

This harvest of smiling hopes, my friend,  
 Is doomed to be blighted once again:  
 Those labours that fill your days and nights  
 Are doomed to be this time too in vain.

### THIS HARVEST OF HOPES, COMPANION

- 1 Cut down all  
 The wounded plants,  
 Do not leave them without water, at their last gasp;  
 Tear away all
- 5 The writhing flowers,  
 Do not leave them pining on the boughs.  
 This harvest of hopes, companion,  
 This time too will go to ruin,  
 All the toil of mornings and evenings
- 10 Now too will prove worthless.

### YE FAṢL UMEDON KĪ, HAMDAM

- 1 Sab kāṭ-do  
 Bismil paudoṅ ko,  
 Be-āb sisakte mat chhoṛo;  
 Sab noch-lo
- 5 Be-kal phūloṅ ko,  
 Shākhon pē bilakte mat chhoṛo.  
 Ye faṣl umedoṅ kī, hamdam,  
 Is bār bhī ghārat jā'egī,  
 Sab mēḥnat ṣubhoṅ shāmoṅ kī
- 10 Abke bhī akārat jā'egī.

کھیتی کے کونوں کھدروں میں  
 پھر اپنے لہو کی کھاد بھرو  
 پھر مٹی سینچو اشکوں سے  
 پھر اگلی رت کی فکر کرو  
 پھر اگلی رت کی فکر کرو  
 جب پھر اک بار اُجڑنا ہے  
 اک فصل پکی تو بھر پایا  
 جب تک تو یہی کچھ کرنا ہے

But once more feed with your blood dry clods  
 In crannies and corners about the field,  
 Moisten them with your tears afresh,  
 Then think of the coming season's yield—

Yes, think of the coming season's yield,  
 When ruin will once more strike these lands. . . .  
 Some day a ripe harvest shall be ours;  
 Till that day, we must plough the sands.

*In holes and corners of the ploughland  
 Once more pour the fertiliser of your blood,  
 Once more water the earth with tears;  
 Once more take thought for the next season,  
 15 Once more take thought for the next season,  
 When once more it must come to ruin.  
 One harvest ripened, we shall have satisfaction,  
 Until which time we must go on doing the same thing.*

Kheti ke konoñ-khudroñ meñ  
 Phir apne lahū kī khād bhāro,  
 Phir miṭṭī siñcho ashkoñ se;  
 Phir aglī rut kī fikr karo,  
 15 Phir aglī rut kī fikr karo,  
 Jab phir ěk bār ujaṛnā hai.  
 Ēk faṣl pakī to bhar-pāyā,  
 Jab tak to yēhī kuchh karnā hai.