9. A FEW DAYS MORE.

Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.
Here in oppression’s shadows condemned to breathe,
Still for a while we must suffer, and weep, and endure
What our forefathers, not our own faults, bequeath—
Fettered limbs, our feelings held on a chain,
Minds in bondage, and words each watched and set down;
Courage still nerves us, or how should we still live on,
Now when existence is only a beggar’s gown
Tattered and patched every hour with new rags of pain?
Yes, but to tyranny not many hours are left now;
Patience, few hours of complaint are left us to bear.

A FEW DAYS MORE, MY DEAR!

1. A few days more, my dear, only a few days.
   We are compelled to draw breath in the shadows of tyranny;
   For a while longer let us bear oppression, and quiver, and weep:
   It is our ancestors’ legacy, we are blameless;

5. On our body is the fetter, on our feelings are chains,
   Our thoughts are captive, on our speech are censorings;
   It is our courage that even then we go on living.
   Is life some beggar’s gown, on which
   Every hour patches of pain are fixed?

10. But now the days of the span of tyranny are few;
    Patience one moment, for the days of complaining are few.

CHAHAND ROZ AUR, MÉRI JÁN!

1. Chaand roz aur, méri jání faqat chaand-hí roz.
   Zhulm ki cha'á’oni men dene pë majbúr hain ham;
   Aur kuchh der sitam sah-lehn, tarap-lehn, ro-lehn.
   Apane ajdád ki mís hain, mátzür hain ham,

5. Jism par qaid hai, jazbët pë zanjéré hain,
   Fikr mahbùs hain, guftar pë ta’zirén hain—
   Aphi himmat hai kë ham phir bhí jiye-jâte hain.
   Zindagi kya kisi mufíls kë qabá hain jís-méñ
   Har gharí dard ke pëiand lage-jâte hain?

10. Lekin ab zhulm ki më’àd ke din thóre hain,
    Ëk zará sábr, kë faryád ke din thóre hain.
In these close bounds of an age that desert sands choke  
We must stay now—not for ever and ever stay!  
Under this load beyond words of a foreign yoke  
We must bow down for a time—not for ever bow!  
Dust of affliction that clings to your beauty today,  
Crosses unnumbered that mar youth's few mornings, soon gone,  
Torment of silver nights that can find no cure,  
Heartache unanswered, the body's long cry of despair—  
Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.

In the scorched desert of the space of this age  
We must stay, but not stay like this;  
The nameless, heavy oppression of foreign hands

Today must be borne, but not always borne.  
The dust of tribulations enfold ing your beauty,  
Counting of the frustrations of our youth of two days,  
Futile burning pain of moonlit nights,  
The heart's profileless throbbing, the body's despairing cry—

A few days more, my dear, only a few days.

‘arṣa-e-dahr kī jhulsī hu’ī virānī meīn  
Hamko rahnā hai pē yūn-hī to nahi rahnā hai;  
Ajnābī háthoī kā be-nām girānbār sitam

Āj sahnā hai, hamesha to nahi sahnā hai.  
Ye tere lūn se leśṭī hu’ī ālam kī gard,  
Aprī do roza jawānī kī shikastīn kā shumār,  
Chāndnī rāton kā be-kār dāhakā hū’ā dard,  
Dīl kī be-sūd tārāp, jism kī māyūs pūkār—

Chaṇḍ roz aur, mērī jān! faqāt chaṇḍ-hī roz.