10. DOGS

With fiery zeal endowed—to beg,
They roam the street on idle leg,
And earn and own the general curse,
The abuse of all the universe;
At night no comfort, at dawn no banquet,
Gutter for lodging, mud for blanket.
Whenever you find them any bother,
Show them a crust—they'll fight each other,
Those curs that all and sundry kick,
Destined to die of hunger's prick.

DOGS

1 These wandering unemployed dogs of the streets,
On whom has been bestowed ardour for begging,
The curses of the age their property,
The abuse of the whole world their earnings,—
5 Neither rest at night nor comfort in the morning,
Dwellings in the dirt, night-lodgings in the drains;—
If they rebel, make one fight another,
Just show them a piece of bread—
They who suffer the kicks of everyone,
10 Who will die worn out with starvation.

KUTTE

1 Ye galyon ke awara be-kar kotte,
Kë bakhshë-gayë jinko zuq-e-gadë'i,
Zamâne ki phîkîr sarmâya unkâ,
Jahân bhar ki dhatkâr unki kamâ'i,
5 Na ârâm shab ko na râhat sawere,
Ghilagat men ghar, nâlyon men basere;
Jo bigreh tu ek dusre se larâ-do,
Zarâ ek roûtî kë tuktâ dikhâ-do—
Ye harek ki thokareh khanewâle,
10 Ye faqoon se uktâke mar-janewâle.
—If those whipped creatures raised their heads,
Man's insolence would be pulled to shreds:
Once roused, they'd make this earth their own,
And gnaw their betters to the bone—
If someone made their misery itch,
Just gave their sluggish tails a twitch!

—If those oppressed creatures lifted their heads,
Mankind would forget all its insolence;
If they wished they would make the earth their own,
They would chew even the bones of the masters—
If only someone showed them consciousness of degradation,
If only someone shook their sleeping tails!

Ye mağlûm makhlûq gar sar uthâ'ê,e,
To insan sab sarkashî bhûl-jâ'e;
Ye châîên to dunyâ ko apnâ bana-leîñ,
Ye âqâ'oñ ki haççiyân tak chaba-leîñ—
15 Ko'i inko ihsâs-e-zillat dilâ-de,
Ko'i inki so'i hû'i dum hilâ-de.