19. FREEDOM'S DAWN (August 1947)

This leprous daybreak, dawn night’s fangs have mangled—
This is not that long-looked-for break of day,
Not that clear dawn in quest of which those comrades
Set out, believing that in heaven's wide void

DAWN OF FREEDOM (August 1947)

I This stain-covered daybreak, this night-bitten dawn,
This is not that dawn of which there was expectation;
This is not that dawn with longing for which
The friends set out, (convinced) that somewhere there would be
miế viên,

ŞUBH-E-ĀZĀDĪ (August 1947)

I Ye dāgh dāgh ujalā, ye shab-gazīda sahar,
Vo inizār thā jis-kā, ye vo sahar to nahnā,
Ye vo sahar to nahnā jis-kī ārzū lekar
Chale the yār kē mil-jā’egī kahnā nā kahnā
Somewhere must be the stars' last halting-place,
Somewhere the verge of night's slow-washing tide,
Somewhere an anchorage for the ship of heartache.

When we set out, we friends, taking youth's secret Pathways, how many hands plucked at our sleeves!
From beauty's dwellings and their panting casements Soft arms invoked us, flesh cried out to us;
But dearer was the lure of dawn's bright cheek,
Closer her shimmering robe of fairy rays;
Light-winged that longing, feather-light that toil.

But now, word goes, the birth of day from darkness
Is finished, wandering feet stand at their goal;

5

In the desert of the sky, the final destination of the stars,
Somewhere there would be the shore of the sluggish wave of night,
Somewhere would go and halt the boat of the grief of pain.

By the mysterious highroads of youthful blood
When (we) friends set out, how many hands were laid on our skirts;
From impatient sleeping-chambers of the dwellings of beauty
Arms kept crying out, bodies kept calling;
But very dear was the passion for the face of dawn,
Very close the robe of the sylphs of light:
The longing was very buoyant, the weariness was very slight.

—It is heard that the separation of darkness and light has been fully completed,
It is heard that the union of goal and step has been fully completed;

5

Falak ke dasht men tāron ki ākhirī manzil,
Kahlīn to hogā shab-e sust mauj kā sāhil,
Kahlīn to jāke rukegā safina-e-gham-e-dīl.

Jawān lahū kī pur-asrār shāhrahōn se
Chale jo yār to dāman pē kitne hāth pāre;

10

Diyār-e-husn kī be-šabr khwābgāhon se
Pukārti-rahān bāhēn, badan bulāte-rahe;
Bahut 'azīz thi lekin rukh-e-sahar kī lagan,
Bahut qariṅ thi ḥaṣīnān-e-nūr kā dāman,
Subūk subūk thi tamannā, dā担忧 dā担忧 thākan.

15

Sunā hai ho hī chukā hai firāq-e-zulmat-e-nūr,
Sunā hai ho hī chukā hai viṣāl-e-manzil-o-gām;
Our leaders' ways are altering, festive looks
Are all the fashion, discontent reproved;—
And yet this physic still on unslaked eye
Or heart fevered by severance works no cure.
Where did that fine breeze, that the wayside lamp
Has not once felt, blow from—where has it fled?
Night's heaviness is unlessered still, the hour
Of mind and spirit's ransom has not struck;
Let us go on, our goal is not reached yet.

The manners of the people of suffering (leaders) have changed
very much,
Joy of union is lawful, anguish for separation forbidden.

The fire of the liver, the tumult of the eye, burning of the heart,—
There is no effect on any of them of (this) cure for separation.
Whence came that darling of a morning breeze, whither has it gone?
The lamp beside the road has still no knowledge of it;
In the heaviness of night there has still come no lessening.
The hour of the deliverance of eye and heart has not arrived.
Come, come on, for that goal has still not arrived.

Badal-chukā hai bahut ahl-e-dard kā dastūr,
Nishāt-e-vaśl ḥalāl o 'azāb-e-hijr ḥārām.

Jīgar kī āīg, naṣar kī umaṅg, dil kī jalan,
Kīsī pē chāra-e-hijrān kā kuchh aṣār hī nahīn.
Kāhān kī āīa'i nīgar-e-sabā, kidhar ko ga'tī?
Abhī charāh-e-sar-e-rah ko kuchh kharāb hī nahīn;
Abhī girān-e-shāb mēn kāmī nāḥīn ā'īn,
Najāt-e-diḍā-o-dil kī gharī nahīn ā'īn;
Chale-chalo kē vo manzil abhī nahīn ā'īn.