30. TO SOME FOREIGN STUDENTS

who gave their lives for peace and freedom

Who are they, these
Free givers whose blood-drops,
Jingling coins, go pouring
Into earth's ever-thirsty
Begging-bowl, pour and run,
Filling the bowl brim-full?
What are they, land of their birth, these young
Self-squanderers whose

TO THOSE STUDENTS
who perished in the struggle for peace and freedom

1 Who are these generous ones,
   Of whose blood
   The gold coins, clink, clink,
   Into the earth's continually thirsty
5 Begging-bowl are running,
   Are filling up the begging-bowl?
   Who are these young men, oh native land (of theirs),
   These spendthrifts

UN ṬALABA KE NĀM
   jo aman aur āzādī ki jidd-o-jahd mein kām ā'ē

1 Ye kaun sakhī haiń
   Jin-ke lahū ā ki
   Ashrafyān, chhan-chhan, chhan-chhan,
   Dharti ke pańham pyāse
5 Kashkol meń ḍhalt-i-jātī haiń,
   Kashkol ko bharti-jātī haiń?
   Ye kaun jawnī haiń, arz-e-wātan,
   Ye laklūṭ
Limbs’ golden store
Of surging youth
Lies here in the dust, shattered—
Lies strewn about street and alley?
Oh land of their birth, oh land of their birth!
How could those eyes that laughed tear out
And toss their sapphire gems away.
Those lips their coral?
Who gained, who turned to profit,
Those hands’ quivering silver?

Oh questioning stranger—
These striplings, these young lives,

Of whose bodies
10 The brimming youth’s pure gold
Is thus in fragments in the dust,
Is thus scattered street by street,
Oh (their) native land, oh native land?
Why did they tear out, laughing, and throw away,

15 These eyes their sapphires,
These lips their coral?
The restless silver of these hands,
To what use did it come, into whose possession did it fall?

Oh questioning foreigner,
20 These boys and youths:

Jin-ke jismoī ki
10 Bharpūr jawānī kā kundan
Yūn khāk mēn reza reza hai,
Yūn kūcha kūcha bikhrā hai,
Ai arz-e-waṭan, ai arz-e-waṭan?
Kyūn nocha haṁs-haṁs phaink-dī’

15 In ànkhoyn-ne apne nilam,
In honṭoyn-ne apne marjān?
In hāṭon kl be-kal chāndī
Kis kām ā’? kis hāt lagī?

Ai pūchhne-wāle pardesi!
20 Ye tīff o jawān

174 175
Are fresh-grown pearls of that light,
New-budded shoots of that flame,
Soft light and devouring flame,
From which amid tyranny’s dense night sprang
The rosebed dawn of revolt,
And dawn was in every nerve and soul.
Their argent and golden flesh,
Those coral and sapphire faces
That gleam and shine there and gleam—
Let the stranger who would see
Stand close, gaze long!
They are the jewelry of the queen of life,
They are the diadem of the goddess of peace.

Us nūr kē nauras motī hain,
Us āg kē kachchhī kalyān hain,
Jis mīthē nūr aur karvī āg
Se zulm kē āndhi rāt men phūṭā

25 Subh-e-baghawat kā gulshan,
Aur subh hū’ī man man, tan tan.
In jismoī kā chāndī sonā,
In chēhron ke nilam marjān,
Jag-mag jag-mag, rakhsān rakhsān,

30 Jo dekhnā chāhte pardeśī
Pās ā’e dekhe āt bharkar:
Ye zīśt kī rāñī kā jhūmar,
Ye ann ki devī kā kañgan.