32. BURY ME UNDER YOUR PAVEMENTS

Bury me, oh my country, under your pavements,
Where no man now dare walk with head held high,
Where your true lovers bringing you their homage
Must go in furtive fear of life or limb;
For new-style law and order are in use,
Good men learn,—‘Stones locked up, and dogs turned loose’.

MAY I BE A SACRIFICE TO YOUR STREETS

1 May I be a sacrifice to your streets, oh fatherland, where
   It has become custom that no-one shall go with head lifted,
   And that any lover who comes out on pilgrimage
   Must go with furtive looks, go in fear of body and life;
5 Applied to the people of heart now there is this method of administration,
   That stones and bricks are locked up, and dogs free.

NIŞÂR MAİN TÉRÎ GALYOÎN KE

1 Nişâr main térî galyoîn ke, ai wâtan, kî jahân
   Châlî hai rasm kî ko‘i na sâr uhtâke chale,
   Jo ko‘i châhne-wâlâ tawâf ko nikle
   Nazâr churâke chale, jîsm-o-jân bachâke chale;
5 Hai ahl-i-dîl ke liye ab ye naźm-e-bast-o-kushâd,
   Kê saṅg o khisht muqaiyad hai‘n aur sag âzâd.
Your name still cried by a path zealot few
Informs the itching hand of tyranny...

...and the days of those who are to pass them do pass.

When your hair-cutting must have been scattered over your face.

In short, I live in fear of evening and morning.

The men of ambition call on your name.

I see your face sprinkled with dawn's first ray.

But all hours man must spend are somehow spent.

When my cell's window-slit grows dim, I seem...

Who is our advocate, where shall we seek justice?

Villains are judges and uspers both—

But all hours man must spend are somehow spent.

15

In separation from you they spent their mornings and evenings.

That now the chains have been cast off, I have thought.

In short, I live in fear of evening and morning.

The men of ambition call on your name.

I see your face sprinkled with dawn's first ray.

But all hours man must spend are somehow spent.
This war is old of tyrants and mankind: 
Their ways not new, nor ours; the fires they kindle 
To scorch us, age by age we turn to flowers; 
Not new our triumph, not new their defeat. 
Against fate therefore we make no complaint, 
Our hearts though exiled from you do not faint.

Parted today, tomorrow we shall meet—
And what is one short night of separation?
Today our enemies’ star is at its zenith—
But what is their brief week of playing God?
Those who keep firm their vows to you are proof 
Against the whirling hours, time’s warp and woof. 

In this same way tyranny and mankind have always been at odds:
20 Their (the tyrants’) ways are not new, nor is our fashion new; 
In this same way we have always made flowers blossom in the fire; 
Their defeat is not new, nor is our victory new. 
For this reason I do not make complaint against my fate, 
In separation from you I do not let my heart sink.

25 If today I am separated from you, tomorrow we shall be together, 
This separation of one night is nothing: 
If today the rival’s fortune is at the summit, what of it? 
This godhood of four days is nothing. 
Those who keep firm their vow of fidelity to you 
Possess the remedy against the revolutions of night and day.

Yūn-hī hamesha ulajhtī-rahī hai zulm se khalq, 
20 Na unki rasm na’ī hai, na apnī rīt na’ī; 
Yūn-hī hamesha khilā’e haiñ ham-ne āg men phūl, 
Na unkī hār na’ī hai, na apnī jīt na’ī. 
Isī sabāb se fālak kā gīlā nahiñ kartē, 
Tēre fīrāq meñ ham dīl baru nahiñ kartē.

25 Gar āj tujh-se judā haiñ to kal baham hōinge, 
Ye rāt bhar kī judā’ī to ko’ī bāt nahiñ; 
Gar āj aūj pē hai tālī’e-raqīb to kyañ, 
Ye chār din kī khudā’ī to ko’ī bāt nahiñ. 
Jo tujh-se ‘ahd-e-wafā ustūwār rakhte haiñ 