37. 'AFRICA, COME BACK'

I have caught the madness of your drum,
My wild blood beats and throbs with it—come,
Africa, come!

Come, from the dust I have raised my head,
Torn misery's bandage from my face,
Wrenched my arm free from pain's grip, cut
My way through the web of helplessness—
Africa, come!

'COME, AFRICA!'

1 Come, I have heard the ecstasy of your drum—
Come, the beating of my blood has become mad—
'Come, Africa!'
2 Come, I have lifted my forehead from the dust—
3 Come, I have scraped from my eyes the skin of grief—
Come, I have released my arm from pain—
Come, I have clawed through the snare of helplessness—
'Come, Africa!'

Ā-JĀO AIFRIQĀ!

1 Ā-jāo, main-ne sun-lī tēre ḍhol kī tarāṅg,
Ā-jāo, mast ho-ga'ī mere lahū kī tāl—
'Ā-jāo, Aifriqāl'
2 Ā-jāo, main-ne dhūl se māthā uthā-lyā,
(transcription)
3 Ā-jāo, main-ne chhil-di āṅkhoṁ se ṛham kī chhāl,
Ā-jāo, main-ne dard se bāzū chhurā-lyā,
Ā-jāo, main-ne noch-diẏā be-kās kā jāl—
'Ā-jāo, Aifriqāl'

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The shattered manacle is my mace,
From the broken letter I forge my shield—
          Africa, come!
Spears burn like gazelles' eyes through the reeds,
With enemy blood night's shades turn red—
          Africa, come!

The earth's heart, Africa, beats with mine,
The river dances, the woods keep time;
I am Africa, I put on your mask,
I am you, my step is your lion tread,
          Africa—come,
          Come with your lion-tread,
          Africa, come!

In my grasp a link of the manacle has become a mace,
I have broken the iron-collar on my neck and moulded it into a shield—
          Come, Africa!
On every riverside burn the deer-eyes of spears,
With enemy blood the blackness of night has turned red,
          Come, Africa!

The earth is throbbing along with me, Africa,
The river dances and the forest beats time;
I am Africa, I have taken your figure,
I am you, my walk is your lion walk:
          Come, Africa!

Come with lion walk—
          Come, Africa!

Panje men hathkarī kī karī ban-ga’ī hai gurz,
Gardan kā ṭauq toqke ḍhālī hai main-ne ḍhāl—
          ‘Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!’
Jalīte haiñ har kachhār men bhāloñ ke mirg-nain,
Dushman lahū se rāt kī kālak hū’ī hai lāl—
          ‘Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!’

Dharti dhaṛak-rahī hai mēre sāth, Aifrīqā,
Daryā thirak-rahī hai to ban de-rahī hai tāl;
Main Aifrīqā hūn, dhar-liyā main-ne terā ṭāp,
Main tū hūn, merī chāl hai terī babar kī chāl:
          ‘Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!’

A桃園 kī chāl—
          ‘Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!’