38. THIS HARVEST OF HOPES

Cut them all down, these crippled plants,
Not leave them to their last parched distress!
Tear off from the spray these twisted blooms,
Not leave them to hang in wretchedness!

This harvest of smiling hopes, my friend,
Is doomed to be blighted once again:
Those labours that fill your days and nights
Are doomed to be this time too in vain.

SECOND REPLY

1 Cut down all
The wounded plants,
Do not leave them without water, at their last gasp;
Tear away all
5 The writhing flowers,
Do not leave them pining on the boughs.
This harvest of hopes, companion,
This time too will go to ruin,
All the toil of mornings and evenings
10 Now too will prove worthless.

YE FAŚL UMEĐOŃ KĪ, HAMDAM

1 Sab kāt-do
Bismil paudōn ko,
Be-āb sisakte mat chhore;
Sab noch-lo
5 Be-kal phūlōn ko,
Shākhoń pē bilakte mat chhoro.
Ye faśl umedoń kī, hamdam,
Is bāṛ bih gharat jā'egi,
Sab mēnmat ūbhōn shāmoń kī
10 Abke bih akārat jā'egi.
But once more feed with your blood dry clods
In crannies and corners about the field,
Moisten them with your tears afresh,
Then think of the coming season's yield—

Yes, think of the coming season's yield,
When ruin will once more strike these lands...
Some day a ripe harvest shall be ours;
Till that day, we must plough the sands.

In holes and corners of the ploughland
Once more pour the fertiliser of your blood,
Once more water the earth with tears;
Once more take thought for the next season,

Once more take thought for the next season,
When once more it must come to ruin.
One harvest ripened, we shall have satisfaction,
Until which time we must go on doing the same thing.

Kheti ke konon-khudro ka
Phir apne lahu k khadh bharo,
Phir mijhti sincho ashkon se;
Phir agli rut ki fikr karo,
15 Phir agli rut ki fikr karo,
Jab phir ek bar ujaana hai.
Ek faal pakhi to bhar-paya,
Jab tak to ye hi kuchh karna hai.