

MUHAMMAD
IQBAL

Shikwa and Jawab-i-Shikwa
Complaint and Answer
Iqbal's Dialogue with Allah

Translated from the Urdu, with an introduction, by

KHUSHWANT SINGH

and a foreword by

RAFIQ ZAKARIA

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OXFORD
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YMCA Library Building, Jai Singh Road, New Delhi 110 001

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford. It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship, and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

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Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece
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Published in India by Oxford University Press, New Delhi

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Database right Oxford University Press (maker)

Editorial and textual matter in English
The Urdu text of *Complaint and Answer* is from
Bong-e-Dera (The Call of the Road)
published by the poet in Lahore, 1924

First published in 1981
Reprinted with corrections 1982
Oxford India Paperbacks 1990
Eleventh impression 2005

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ISBN 019 562560 9

Printed in India by Wadhwa International, New Delhi 110 020
Published by Manzar Khan, Oxford University Press
YMCA Library Building, Jai Singh Road, New Delhi 110 001

MUHAMMAD IQBAL

Shikwa and *Jawab-i-Shikwa* Complaint and Answer

Though much of Iqbal's best poetry is written in Persian, notably *Astrar-i-khudi* (1915) and *Javednama* (1932), he is a poet of colossal stature in Urdu, the language he chose to put across his ideas of a regenerated Islam as the hope of the world.

Iqbal especially does this in two of his most controversial poems, *Shikwa* (1909) and *Jawab-i-Shikwa* (1913). They extol the legacy of Islam and its civilizing role in history, bemoan the fate of Muslims everywhere, and squarely confront the dilemma of Islam in modern times. *Shikwa* is, thus, in the form of a complaint to Allah for having let down the Muslims, and *Jawab-i-Shikwa* is Allah's reply to the poet's complaint. The poems employ some of the traditional Sufi imagery, but the thrust of their arguments is strongly Western. They represent a poignant effort to reconcile Islam and the West. Though Iqbal's message is expressed in Islamic terms, Asians of all faiths have acknowledged his inspiration.

Earlier translations in English of these poems have largely been unsuccessful. The present translation by Khushwant Singh makes Iqbal come alive on the page. It includes an introduction and explanatory notes by him, and a foreword by Rafiq Zakaria, Chancellor, Jamia Urdu, Aligarh and a Member of Parliament.

Khushwant Singh, novelist, translator and historian, is the author of *Traiti to Pakistan* (1955), *The Mark of Vishnu and Other Stories* (1950), *Hymns of Nanak the Guru* (1969) and *A History of the Sikhs 1469-1964* (1963-66). Currently, he is editor of *The Hindustan Times*, and a nominated member of the Rajya Sabha.



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Foreword

Iqbal defies translation. His poems, whether in Urdu or Persian, have both historical and spiritual overtones. His expressions are steeped in Islamic lore. It is almost impossible to understand them without a proper knowledge of the Muslim heritage. That has been both the weakness and strength of his poetry; its weakness lies in its appeal being confined mainly to the followers of the Prophet Muhammad; its strength, on the other hand, consists in the hypnotic spell that it has cast on Muslims.

Many have tried to translate Iqbal's poetry into English; most of them have failed. Nicholson's translation of *Asrar-i-khuda'i* ('Secrets of the Self') is, no doubt, a commendable effort; but he could grapple with the meanings of Iqbal's verses because he was not only a Persian scholar but was also Iqbal's teacher. There have been others, notably Victor Kiernan and A.J. Arberry, whose English renderings of some of Iqbal's Persian poems are of a high order. While Kiernan managed to convey the beauty of some of Iqbal's earlier Urdu poems, Arberry's translation of the Urdu poems, *Shikwa* and *Jawab-i-Shikwa*, was a disaster. Arberry did not know a word of Urdu, and rendered these poems into English on the basis of their English translation by an Urdu-knowing friend. No greater injustice to these poems, full of Islamic history and religious fervour, could have been done by a scholar.

I was so unhappy with Arberry's translation of these poems, that I requested my friend, Sardar Khushwant Singh, to undo the wrong which Arberry, unknowingly and with the best intentions, had been made to do by some well-meaning admirers of Iqbal. The idea appealed to Mr Singh. He had read these poems many times, and was aware of the appeal they had for Muslims. Having become a champion of their cause by presenting the Muslim case boldly and frankly in the pages of *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, which he so admirably edited for almost

ten years, Mr Singh was familiar with their aspirations. Soon he realized that while Iqbal sounded musical to the ear, his expressions were often so complicated that they were not easy to understand. To translate them into English called for great courage, and Mr Singh has been equal to the task. Every lover of Iqbal will remain grateful to him for this feat.

Despite the fact that Iqbal's greatness both as a poet and philosopher is increasingly acknowledged, most of his poems are still unavailable in the West. This is unfortunate because Iqbal's poetry was as much influenced by the West as by Islam. As he himself admitted, 'Most of my life has been spent in the study of European philosophy, and that viewpoint has become my second nature. Consciously, or unconsciously I study the realities and truths of Islam from the same point of view. I have experienced this many a time, that while talking in Urdu, I cannot express all that I want to say in that language.' Like his great contemporary, Jawaharlal Nehru who, according to Maulana Azad, spoke in English even in his dreams, Iqbal too was more precise in expressing his philosophical ideas in English rather than Urdu. This is obvious from a reading of Iqbal's English lectures, published under the title, *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam*, which gives a much fuller account of his religious outlook than most of his poems. But despite this affinity with the West, Iqbal could never come nearer to it, unlike his other great contemporary Rabindranath Tagore, whose book of poems *Gitanjali*, translated into English, earned him the Nobel Prize for literature. Even today, the West's ignorance of Iqbal, as the eminent English novelist, E.M. Forster, has said, is 'extraordinary'. In a broadcast on the Home Service of the B.B.C. in 1946, Forster presented Iqbal as 'an orthodox Muslim' and 'anti-humanitarian in his outlook'. I wrote to Forster, explaining how wrong he was in his assessment of the poet on both these counts. Forster's reply is worth quoting:

Dear Zakaria,

Thank you for your most interesting letter. I am very glad indeed that you wrote, for I had of course no wish to be unfair to Iqbal, only to do him honour, and my best chance of correcting any of my mistakes about him is through the friendly criticism of people like yourself. My talk will be published in the *Listener* and it will there be fuller than

on the air. For instance, I wrote Iqbal was an 'orthodox Mohammedan but not a conventional one', which brings my point of view nearer to your own. I also wrote 'in a sense anti-humanitarian'. Here again we may agree more than you at first realized. Humanitarian has two senses: (i) development of human powers and (ii) compassion and responsibility felt by the strong for the weak's failures. Iqbal (as far as I can gather from Vahid's book and it is almost my only authority) was humanitarian in sense (i) but not in sense (ii). My talk was written for English people who know even less about Iqbal than I do myself, and I don't think it is very well suited for the better informed Indians...believe me.

With kindest regards.

Yours sincerely,
E.M. Forster

Iqbal, it is true, is essentially a poet of Islam, but his Islam is not the Islam of primitive punishments, the veil and bigoted mullas, but the Islam which provided a new light of thought and learning to the world, and of heroic action and glorious deeds. He was devoted to the Prophet and believed in his message. Iqbal regarded as 'nullification' the search for 'inner meanings' or 'hidden meanings', in either the code of Muhammad or in his way of life, which he found not only satisfying but convincing. He blamed the Persian poets for confusing the message of Islam. As he put it, 'The Persian poets tried to undermine the way of Islam by a very roundabout, though apparently heart-alluring, manner. They denounced every good thing of Islam; ... and made contemplation in a monastery the highest crusade in the way of God.'

Iqbal, on the other hand, preached action. He was a rebel against all the accretions that had gathered around Islam as a result of the Hellenic and Persian influences, and wanted to cleanse it so that the world could, once again, witness the glory of Islam in its pristine form. For the indolence and lethargy that had gripped the Islamic fold, Iqbal blamed the Sufis who, with their Iranian background and Greek ideas, had corrupted the religion of Muhammad. As Iqbal explains, '... it is surprising that the whole poetry of Sufism in Islam was produced in the period of political decline. The nation, which exhausts its fund of energy and power, as was the case with the Muslims after the Tartar

invasions, undergoes a change of outlook. Then weakness becomes for it an object of beauty and appreciation; and resignation from the world a source of satisfaction.

To Iqbal the Hellenic-Persian mysticism was 'nihilism'. He was bitter in his attacks against it. As he observed, "Having lost the vitality to grapple with the temporal, these prophets of decay apply themselves to the quest of a supposed eternal, and gradually complete the spiritual impoverishment and physical degeneration of their society by evolving a seemingly charming ideal of life which reduces the healthy and powerful to death." Iqbal refused to uphold the *status quo* in Islam; he attacked the closure of the doors of *ijtihad* ('power of independent interpretation of law') and demanded readjustment of Islamic principles to the needs of the present times. Even when Kemal Atatürk was being condemned as a heretic and enemy of Islam for his secular reforms, Iqbal defended him. His approach in these matters was enlightened.

Iqbal's two poems, *Shikwa* and *Jawab-i-Shikwa*, which Mr Singh has rendered so eloquently into English verse, are a reflection of the agony and pain which he felt at the degeneration of Muslims. This feeling is patent in every couplet. Muslims are repeatedly asked to go back to the early era of Islam, when the spirit of the message of Muhammad goaded his followers to conquer half the world and brought enlightenment to peoples of various regions and colours. Mr Singh has tried to recapture the force of Iqbal's *Shikwa* and *Jawab-i-Shikwa*, which were the outpourings of the poet's heart, and succeeded to a great extent in conveying the powerful impact that these poems created on the Muslim mind.

However, it would be wrong to infer from these poems that Iqbal was an 'orthodox' or, as Mr Forster has tried to explain in his letter to me, a 'conventional' Muslim. He was, in effect, a revolutionary. He glorified the early days of Islam because of its revolutionary role in human affairs, but he did not advocate a return to the primitive conditions of those days. That is why the mullah was anathema to him. No poet has poured more ridicule on the mullah than Iqbal. He describes the mullah in the presence of God thus:

Being present myself, my impetuous tongue
I could not to silence resign,

When the order from God of admission above
Was handed that revered divine.

I humbly addressed the Almighty: Oh Lord,

Excuse this presumption of mine;

But *he'll* never relish the virgins of Heaven,

The garden's green borders, the wine!
For Paradise isn't the place for dogmatics

To quarrel and argue and jangle;

And he, worthy man—second nature to him

Is the need to dispute and to wrangle.

His business in life was by fuddling their wits

To put nations and sects in a tangle:

In the sky there is neither a mosque nor a church

Nor a temple—poor man, he will strangle.

Translated by V.G. Kiernan

How can a poet, who has decried orthodoxy in such strong terms, be described as orthodox. Nor was he conventional, for he broke many a traditional idol in his poems. In a famous poem, recounting the dialogue between Gabriel and Satan, Iqbal extols the greatness of Satan over that of the archangel of Islam. He makes Satan proudly declare:

My rebel spirit has filled man's pinch of dust with fierce ambition.

The warp and woof of mind and reason are woven of my sedition.

The depths of good and evil you see but from land's far verge;

On which of us, on you or me, descends the tempest's scourge?

Khuzar and all your guardians are pale shades: the storms I team

Roll down ocean by ocean, river by river, stream by stream!

But ask of God this question, when His audience you shall find—

Whose blood is it has coloured bright the history of mankind?

In the heart of the Almighty like a pricking thorn I wait;

You only cry for ever *God is Great* and *God is Great*.

Translated by V.G. Kiernan

Iqbal was not anti-humanitarian. No doubt his emphasis was more on the development of human powers—*khudi* is the core of his philosophy—but he felt no less compassion and responsibility for the



weak, in fact his effort to mix socialism and Islam was an earnest of his dedication to the cause of the poor and weak. He opposed Western imperialism because of its exploitation; he denounced capitalism because of its heartlessness. Even the Western form of democracy was unacceptable to him.

Colossal oppression
Masquerades in the robes
Of democracy, and with iron
Feet it tramples down the
Weak without remorse.

Translated by Freeland Abbott

There are innumerable poems, in which Iqbal condemned exploitation of the weak by the strong and pleaded for a better life for the exploited. He wrote:

One nation pastures on the other,
One sows the grain which another harvests.
Philosophy teaches that bread is to be pilfered from the hands
of the weak,
And his soul sent from his body.
Extortion of one's fellowman is the law of the new civilization.
And it conceals itself behind the veil of commerce.

Translated by Allah Allah

My purpose in referring to the broad humanism of Iqbal was to explain that his attachment to Islam was, in no sense, sectarian. Iqbal was attracted to the teachings of the Prophet because of two fundamental beliefs: the oneness of God and the brotherhood of Man. He believed that no other religion or system advocated it so clearly and practised it so effectively. He denounced nationalism because of its territorial barriers; he saw the history of mankind as nothing but a 'conflict of nations' and an 'unending succession of deadly combats, blood feuds and internecine wars'. The question then naturally arises: Why did he advocate a separate homeland for the Muslims of north-west India? Was it not a reversal of his stand against territorial nationalism? In the first



place Iqbal asked for a Muslim homeland within India and not outside. Secondly, his picture of Pakistan was far different from what it ultimately turned out to be. It could never be confined to the narrow limits of Lahore or Karachi. Iqbal's was an expanding homeland, based on certain humanitarian ideals. Repeatedly he made this clear:

God-possessed dervish is neither of the East nor of the West,
My home is neither Delhi, nor Isfahan, nor Samarkand.

His was a restless soul, eager to embrace the whole of humanity.

You are on the highway. How can you be confined to any particular place?

Pass through Egypt and Hijaz. Leave behind Persia and Syria.

Iqbal's homeland was an utopia, where he wanted to give to the people a new life full of dignity and strength. As he said,

Men of vision raise new cities.
My sight is not confined to Kufa or Baghdad.

A few months before his death, he declared, 'Only one unity is dependable and that unity is the brotherhood of man, which is above race, nationality, colour or language.' It will, therefore, be unfair to Iqbal to confine his poetry to Muslims—an error which not only his critics but also his admirers are fond of committing. Iqbal himself has replied to this charge when Dickinson, in his review of *Asrar-i-khudi* ('Secrets of the Self') in the *Nation*, wrote that while Iqbal's philosophy was 'universal', his application of it was 'particular and exclusive', adding, 'Only Muslims are worthy of the kingdom. The rest of the world is either to be absorbed or excluded.' Iqbal replied to Dickinson, explaining that the 'humanitarian ideal' to be fulfilled must have a 'society exclusive in the sense of having a creed and well-defined outline, but ever enlarging its limits by example and persuasion. Such a society, according to my belief, is Islam. This society has so far proved itself a more successful opponent of the race-idea which is probably the hardest barrier in the way of the humanitarian ideal.' But he was at pains





Preface

I have no pretensions to being a scholar of Urdu or of Iqbal. In fact, I had almost forgotten the little Urdu I knew till I began to re-learn it when I took over the editorship of *The Illustrated Weekly of India* in 1969. Amongst the many innovations I introduced in the journal was to provide Indian Muslims a forum to express their point of view on national problems. Since their complaints included discrimination against Urdu, I decided to return to the language. The chief reason why I chose to re-start with Iqbal was that he not only handled the language with exquisite skill but also made it a medium for expressing the hopes and aspirations of Indian Muslims of my generation. And of his voluminous writings I chose two of the most controversial poems to render into English. I must also admit that when I set out on my voyage of rediscovery of Urdu it was the fiery music of some of the lines of these two poems that rekindled my almost dead love for the language and kept the flame of my interest alive. I have translated these two poems as part-payment of the debt of gratitude I felt I owed to Iqbal for once again offering me the priceless gems of the Urdu language. Reading and re-reading Iqbal has been the most exhilarating experience of the later years of my life.

I subscribe to the view that it is impossible to translate good poetry of one language into another. This is even more true when it comes to translating Oriental verse into a European language. While every language has words and concepts which have no counterparts in others, the Oriental poets often go further in investing words with meanings not recorded in dictionaries. Two examples will suffice. Amongst the commonest currency in Hindi-Urdu love poetry are *joban* (*yashwan* in Hindi) and *angdaee*. The closest that English offers for *joban* is youthfulness. The Hindi-Urdu *joban* is not only youthfulness but specifically the youthfulness of a young girl with burgeoning bosoms. So also *angdaee*.



to explain that not Muslims alone, but all men 'are meant for the kingdom of God on earth, provided they say goodbye to their idols of race and nationality and treat one another as personalities.' Far from making out a case for Islam, and holding a brief for it, Iqbal was all for 'universal social reconstruction'; but he could not, in this endeavour, ignore a 'social system' which exists with the express object of doing away with all the distinctions of caste, rank and race.

Iqbal was neither narrow nor bigoted in his approach to life. He had complete faith in the individual and in his capacity to rise to the highest level of development. He was an enemy of discrimination between one human being and another. In his Islam the 'acceptance of social democracy in some suitable form is not a revolution but a return to the original purity of Islam'. As he elaborated, 'That which really matters is a man's faith, his culture, his historical tradition. These are the things which, in my eyes, are worth living for and dying for, and not the piece of earth with which the spirit of man happens to be temporarily associated.'

RARIQ ZAKARIA

Bombay
13 May 1980



It means no more than the stretching of limbs as is done by a tired person. But in Hindi-Urdu poetry that stretching of limbs becomes a distinctly amorous gesture.

Besides finding exact English equivalents, when it comes to Urdu, a translator has to content with the institutionalized concepts which the language has borrowed from Persian and Arabic and are liberally used by poets. Thus we have *zabid* (from *zabid*, pure, for a religious mentor), *vaiz* (from *vaz*, admonishment, for a preacher), *naseh* (adviser) and *qasid* (message bearer, for one who acts as a go-between between lovers). Although dictionaries assign distinct functions to them, in actual usage they often extend their roles. Another character who plays a very prominent part in Urdu poetry is the *sagf* (wine-server). A *sagf*, who can be either male or female, is often also the sweetheart in both the heterosexual and homosexual sense. The *buibul* which in real life only emits an unmusical chirp and shows no preference in its choice of flowers is made into a nightingale (which incidentally sings away all hours of the day as well as night) in order to endow it with a melodious voice and also assumed to address its love-lorn lament to the unresponsive rose. The moth (*parwana*) becomes the exemplar of the ultimate in love because in its passion for the flame (*sharq'a*) it happily immolates itself in the fire. Iqbal employed these concepts with abandon. And much more. Since Islam was the dominant theme of much of his poetry there are many allusions to events in the life of the Prophet Muhammad, his companions, the Caliphs and Islamic history. These compel the translator to append explanations in footnotes. The two poems translated here are entirely devoted to contrasting Islam's glorious past with the disintegration of the Islamic empires and the sorry state of Muslim society of later days. I have done my best to avoid footnotes and, where this has not been possible, to make them as brief as possible.

My interest in *Shikwa* was roused when I heard my friend Rafiq Zakaria and his wife Fatma recite passages from the poem to their children. The more the recitations moved me the more inadequate I felt in my capacity to render them in English. It was only after reading the translations of A. J. Arberry and Altaf Hussain that I picked up enough courage to try my hand at the poems. I felt that Arberry's translation had failed to capture the musical resonance of Iqbal's words. And Altaf Hussain had taken more liberties with the original than is legitimate for a

translator. I tried to overcome my shortcomings with Urdu vocabulary by consulting dictionaries and badgering anyone I met who knew Urdu with torrents of questions. So it was at dinner and cocktail parties, casual meetings and even on the tennis court as much as in the seclusion of my study that I worked on this translation. It took me over a year to get it in readable shape.

If I were to put down the names of all the people I consulted, it would make a formidable list. I am constrained to name a few whom I troubled with my problems more than others: Satindra Singh of *The Tribune*, Hafeez Noorani and Nasira Sharma for checking the exact meaning of the words; Mujahid Husain of the Embassy of Pakistan for going over every line of my *Shikwa* translation, K. N. Sud, Dr Masud Husain of the Aligarh Muslim University and Dr Aley Ahmed Suroor, Iqbal Professor at the University of Kashmir, for the final revision. For the translation of *Jawab-i-Shikwa* I consulted the poet Ali Sardar Jafri and had it examined for accuracy by Begum Sajida Zaidi of the Aligarh Muslim University before submitting it to Dr Suroor for a second scrutiny. Dr Asad Ali provided the Hindi transliteration. To all these friends I record my gratitude. But it is to Fatma and Rafiq Zakaria that I am most beholden for constantly nagging and prodding me to get on with the job till it was completed.

KH. S.

Preface to the Second Impression

It has been very gratifying to learn that the first impression of my translation of *Shikwa* and *Jawab-i-Shikwa* was sold out within six months of its publication. This is no doubt more due to a revival of interest in the poetry of Iqbal than to the quality of my translation, but that I should have in some small measure been instrumental in re-kindling the Allamic flame which had been almost snuffed out in India gives me enormous satisfaction. This reprint also provides me with the opportunity of correcting a few minor errors in the introduction in which I had got some of the names of the members of Iqbal's family and the date of his death wrong. I acknowledge my gratitude to the many critics, notably Abdul Majid of ESCAP, who were kind enough to draw my attention to these errors. By and large Indian critics have been very kind to me. I await with trepidation the reception of my translation in Pakistan.

New Delhi

15 September 1981

KHUSHWANT SINGH

Introduction

Iqbal wrote on a variety of subjects and his views changed with the times. It is not therefore wise to try to attach labels to him. To the Indian nationalist he appears a fervent nationalist who wrote, 'Of all the countries in the world, the best is our Hindustan' (*Sarey jahan se accha Hindustan banhara*), exhorted Hindus and Muslims to come together, build new shrines where they could worship together and who regarded every speck of dust of his country as divine. At the same time he considered Indian Muslims to be a people apart from other Indians. And while proclaiming that Islam did not recognize national boundaries, he supported the demand for a separate state for Indian Muslims. At one time Iqbal exhorted the peasantry to rise against its oppressors, uproot the mansions of the rich and set fire to crops which did not provide sustenance for them. At another time he wrote *gaseedat* (eulogies) in praise of kings and princes from whom he received patronage. It could be said that Iqbal sang in many voices: he was a nationalist as well as an internationalist, a Marxist revolutionary as well as a supporter of traditional Muslim values and a pan-Islamist. Iqbal was oblivious of these contradictions. If he was consistent in anything, it was in the quality of his compositions. Whatever he wrote was born of passion and executed with the skill of a master craftsman. Few poets of the world have been able to cram so much erudition and philosophy in verse; and fewer still use words both as colours on an artist's palette to paint pictures as well as deploy them as notes of a lute to create music. He was fired by a creative zeal which could only be explained as divinely inspired. It is no wonder that although a devout Muslim, Iqbal could not resist the temptation to bandy words with God. The poems here translated are only two examples of man the creator questioning the ordinances of the Creator of mankind and the universe.

It would not be correct to explain the various facets of Iqbal's writing

and his inconsistencies as the process of development of his personality. It is best to take what comes as it comes and if it appears to be at variance with something he had said before to shrug one's shoulders, relax and enjoy the poetry. Scholars talk of Iqbal's philosophy as if it were logically developed scheme of values. It is not. His earlier poems breathe a sense of disbelief in the world; like the Hindus he regarded it as an illusion (*maya*) and like them he spoke of the futility of striving. Three years in Europe (1905-1908) brought about a complete reversal in his beliefs. The world became real; life had a purpose to serve; latent in every man was a superman who could be roused to his full height by ceaseless striving to create a better world. This post-European phase has been designed as Iqbal's philosophy of *khudi*. It is yet another word that eludes exact translation. *Khud*, is self; *khudi* could be selfhood. *Khud* could be the ego; *khudi*, the super-ego. As used by Iqbal what comes closest to *khudi* is assertive will-power imbued with moral values. This is apparent from these oft-quoted lines:

*Khudi ko kar baland ima
Keh har taqdeer sey pehley
Khuda bandeey sey khud poochhey
Bata, 'Teri raza kya hai?'*

Endow your will with such power
That at every turn of fate it so be
That God Himself asks of His slave
'What is it that pleases thee?'

What exactly did Iqbal want human beings to strive for? Obviously towards some kind of perfection. But he does not care to spell it out in any detail, it would appear that for man ceaseless striving was not to be for material gains in this world or with an eye on rewards in life hereafter. It was to be utterly selfless and motivated by love for mankind. The word Iqbal uses for this kind of striving is *faqr* from which the word *faqir* is derived. For Iqbal it does not mean beggary but quite the opposite: it means pride in the little that comes from righteous endeavour (*kash-i-halat*). Thus to Iqbal a man who inherits wealth without

having striven for it is worse than a beggar, while a poor man who works for the good of humanity is truly rich. Iqbal's combination of *khudi* and *faqr* comes close to the Hindu concept of *nishkama karma* (action without expectation of reward) lauded in the Gita. Iqbal writes:

*Yaqaen muhkam, amal paitam,
Mohabbat fateh-i-alam;
Jehad-i-zindagani men
Hain yeh mardon kee shamsheeren*

In man's crusade of life these weapons has he:
Conviction that his cause is just;
Resolution to strive till eternity;
Compassion that embraces all humanity.

However, Iqbal did not accept the Hindu belief in predestination and assured man that he could be the master of his fate and make the world what he wanted it to be:

*Amal sey zindagi barai hai
Jannat bhi jahannum bhi;
Yeh khaki, apni fitrat men
Na noori hai na nari hai.*

'Tis how we act that makes our lives;
We can make it heaven, we can make it hell.
In the clay of which we are made
Neither light nor darkness (of evil) dwells.

Iqbal exhorted people to exploit their latent powers by carefully nurturing them:

*Agar khudi ki hijzat karen to ain hayati;
Na karen to sarapa afsana.*

If we nurture our will, life will have purpose;
If we fail to do so, it will be a tale of frustration

from the beginning to the end.

Iqbal would have had little patience with the current obsession with meditation (transcendental or otherwise) to induce peace of mind, because he believed that anything worthwhile only came out of a ceaselessly agitated mind:

*Khuda tuhey kisee toofan se ashna kar dey
Keh terey bahar ki maujori me iztirab nahin.*

May God bring a storm in your life;
The sea of your life is placid, its waves devoid of tumult.

In the introduction to his Persian work, *Asrar-i-khudi* ("Secrets of the Self"), Iqbal writes: 'Personality is a state of tension and can continue only if the state is maintained. If the state of tension is not maintained relaxation will ensue. Since personality or the state of tension is the most valuable achievement of man, he should see that he does not revert to a state of relaxation. That which tends to maintain the state of tension, tends to make us immortal.'

What was true of the individual Iqbal believed to be equally true of races and communities. According to him the real sign of vitality in races is that their fortunes change everyday:

*Nishan yahee hai zamaney men zinda Qaamon ka
Keh subah-o-sham badaltee hain inki taqdeeran.*

In every age this alone marks a vibrant race
That every morn and eve its fortunes change.

It is strange that while Iqbal wrote so passionately of the need to struggle he gave the heart more importance than the head, and love a greater role in creativity than reason. In a poem the heart thus addresses the head:

*Im nejh sey to marfat mujh sey;
Too khuda joo, khuda humma main.*

*Too maikan-o-zaman sey rishta bapu
Tairay sidrah aashna hoon main.*

From you comes knowledge, from me ecstasy,
You search for God, I show the way.
You are attached to time and place;
I am the bird that ascends to the seventh heaven.

It was in the temple of love (*dayar-i-ishq*) that Iqbal wanted man to make his place, to create a new world with new dawns and sunsets because there were worlds beyond the stars that we see. Iqbal's concept of the perfect man was thus one who was truthful, compassionate and fearless and one who could face death with equanimity:

*Nishan-i-mard-i-momin: ba too goyami?
Choon mang ayad, tabassum bar-lab-i-ooat*

You ask me of the marks of a man of faith?
When death comes to him, he has a smile on his lips.

Iqbal's poetry is largely didactic and exhortative. He hardly if ever bothered to write on the love of a man for a woman, and totally avoided romantic amorosness. He is said to have indulged in pornographic poetry; if he did, it was restricted to private readings to a close circle of friends and has never been published.

The facts of Iqbal's life can be briefly stated. He was born in Sialkot on 9 November 1877 the youngest child of a man in the tailoring business, Shaikh Noor Muhammad and his wife, Inam Bibi. The family had been Kashmiri Brahmins and had converted to Islam some generations earlier. Young Muhammad Iqbal was brought up as an orthodox Muslim and early in life taught the Koran and commentaries on the sacred text. He also learnt Persian and later English. As a boy he was keener on sport than on studies and had a passionate love for birds. Nevertheless he finished his school in 1892 winning a scholarship to the Scottish Mission College. He was only fifteen years old when he was married to Karim Bibi. Though the marriage was a *mésalliance*, Karim Bibi bore Iqbal three children. In 1895 (at the age of eighteen) having taken his intermediate

examination, Iqbal joined Government College, Lahore, to study Arabic, English and philosophy. He took his degree two years later in 1899, winning the coveted Gold Medal for outstanding scholastic achievement.

Iqbal had begun to compose verses while still at school. But it was in college at Lahore that he first recited his compositions at various symposia (*mushairas*) in the old city. He was an instant success. After much persuasion by his friend Shaikh (later Sir) Abdul Qadir he agreed to let his poems be published in the literary magazine *Makhzan*. His fame spread to the Urdu-speaking world. He had already attracted the attention of Professor (later Sir) Thomas Arnold, under whose guidance he took his Master's degree. For three years (1901-1904) he was Reader in Arabic at the Islamia and Government College and also studied law. He took the Provincial Civil Service examination, but was fortunately disqualified on medical grounds.

In 1905 Iqbal proceeded to Europe. He took a degree in philosophy from Cambridge University as well as a doctorate from Munich. Within a few months he had picked up enough German to be able to read, write and converse in the language. For a time he switched to writing in Persian and was avidly read by classical scholars.

Three years' sojourn in Europe brought about many changes in Iqbal's way of life and thinking. He had an affair with Atiya Faizee, a young uninhibited girl from a well-to-do Muslim family of Bombay. Whatever else this involvement did to Iqbal (a married man and father of three children), he recoiled from what might be described as the beginnings of the women's liberation movement: his views of woman's place in society remained those of an orthodox Muslim. A similar contradiction appeared in his view of life. While he retained his admiration for the other-worldiness of Sufi mystics, he rejected their belief in the transitoriness of the world and the unreality of life. While he was nauseated by Western commercialism and acquisitiveness, he lamented the loss of the Muslims' empire and was saddened by the decadence of Islam. It was in these years in Europe that he evolved his belief in the necessity of reinforcing one's will-power (*khudi*). It was to be at once passionate and compassionate, assertive but non-acquisitive. Power and wealth, he believed, were good only if acquired by effort but not if it came through inheritance or effortless windfall of chance. Although he

was undoubtedly influenced by European philosophers like Nietzsche and Bergson and there were aspects of the Nietzschean vision of a world dominated by supermen, Iqbal's *khudi* remained closer to the Hindu concept of *nishkama karma*—doing one's duty without expectation of reward—than to the European concept which later found expression in the Nazi theory of the supremacy of the Aryan race. In Europe Iqbal became so convinced that a life of action was far superior to intellectual or poetic pursuit that he toyed with the idea of giving up writing. He was dissuaded from doing so and returned to Lahore to write some of his most powerful poetry, including *Shikwa* ('Complaint') followed a few years later by *Jawab-i-Shikwa* ('Answer to the Complaint').

Domestic happiness continued to elude Iqbal. In 1909 he contracted a second marriage to Sardar Begum, and without consummating the relationship took a third wife Mukhtar Begum. On Mukhtar Begum's death in 1924, he remarried Sardar Begum who bore him a son Javed (b. 1924) and a daughter Munira (b. 1930). Five years after the daughter's birth, Sardar Begum died leaving Iqbal with the burden of two families including two grieving children.

Iqbal did not make much of a mark as a lawyer, but his fame as a poet reached its pinnacle during World War I and was given official accolade in 1924 by the conferment of a knighthood on him. Two years later Sir Muhammad Iqbal was elected to the Punjab Legislative Council, and in 1931 he was a member of the Muslim delegation to the first Round Table Conference in London. Thereafter politics began to take more and more of his time, and he became involved in a movement for a separate Muslim state. His health also began to deteriorate. Malfunctioning of the kidneys was followed by cataract in the eyes and then a septic throat that made him speechless. He knew his time was limited. A few days before the end he composed a verse in Persian lamenting his own departure. He died during the night of 20 April 1938. The next day he was buried beside the northern wall of the Badshahi Mosque. Since then his grave has become a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of the Urdu language.

Shikwa

'The Complaint' was first recited by Iqbal in 1909 at a gathering of the Anjuman-i-Himayat-i-Islam in Lahore. It created a sensation. It has ever since remained one of his most controversial compositions: as passionately lauded by its many admirers as it has been criticized by others. Though only a few have expressed reservations about its poetic qualities there are many who question its message. While lauding the achievements of Muslim warriors and the civilizing role of Islam, the poet also reveals a not-too-veiled contempt for non-Muslims, particularly Hindus. *Shikwa* may be regarded as the first manifesto of the two-nation theory which was later elaborated in detail by Chaudhri Rahmat Ali and accepted as the basis of the foundation of a separate state for the Muslims (Pakistan) by Mohammad Ali Jinnah. At the time the poem was published, orthodox Muslims also objected to some of the vocabulary used by Iqbal, particularly the use of the word *harjate* (unfaithful) for God. Iqbal was obviously conscious of this charge against him when four years later he composed *Jawab-i-Shikwa*, supposedly a reply by Allah to his complaint.

The theme of *Shikwa* is the poet's complaint against Allah for having been unfair to the Muslim community. After tendering an apology (stanzas 1 and 2) for the audacity of addressing Allah, the poet goes on to protest that if it had not been for the Muslims the message of the unity of Godhead would not have spread in the world (3) and worshippers of idols and trees would have continued to flourish and different races and religions remained indifferent (4 and 5). It was the Muslims who carried the all-conquering sword of Islam across the African deserts into Europe (6). They did not do so to acquire wealth or domain but only to glorify the name of God (7). They fought against heavy odds (8), but carried everything from Iran to Rome before them (9). Were there any other people in the world save the Muslims who had



thus sold their lives for no cause other than restoring the greatness of God (10)? What greater proof of their dedication to the cause could there be than the fact that even in the midst of a battle Muslims laid aside their arms to turn to Mecca when it was the time to pray! And irrespective of their status in life kings and commoners stood shoulder to shoulder in one line to pray (11)! It was because of this single-minded devotion to God that they were able to extend their conquests to the furthest extremities of the world known to them (12).

The poet asserts that it was the Muslims who liberated mankind from slavery, maintained the sanctity of the Kaaba and adhered to the injunctions of the Koran. If they could be accused of breach of faith, hadn't Allah also been untrue to them (13)?

The poet laments the decline of Muslim power and the taunts that Muslim-haters fling at them (14 and 15). He is not so much bothered by the fact that infidels enjoy the good things of life; but is piqued by the fact that while infidels get everything here and now, Muslims are promised reward after they are dead (16). He wonders why when Allah's bounty is limitless, Muslims should remain poor (17). Or, why Allah bestows favour on people who do not believe in Him (18). Although Muslims are no longer seen in the mehfils of the Lord (19), they remain as faithful as ever and are surprised that Allah should be angry with them (20). Can it be said that Muslims have forgotten the teachings of the Prophet or abandoned the traditions started by Him and relapsed into worshipping idols (21)?

The Muslim's love for Allah may not be as it was in the days gone by but that is not reason enough for Him to abandon them and turn to strangers (22). They are still made of the stuff that could be ignited by the Eternal Flame (23), and if only God turned His gracious eyes on them, the old passion would be rekindled (24). As it is strangers have the world's garden to themselves while poor Muslims sit forlornly and await His coming (25); they are like withered flowers but could come into bloom again; they are like Moses awaiting the light on Mount Sinai (26).

The poet beseeches the Lord to lighten the burden on Muslims, once again raise them to supreme heights and liberate them from the taint of idolatry (27). The garden of Islam is in a shambles. Only one bulbul (the poet) sings away lost in its own song's rapture (28). While all other birds



have flown away and the trees have shed their leaves, the poet remains immune to changes of the seasons. Alas! if there were someone to listen to his song (29). There is no joy of living except chewing the cud of past memories. Maybe someone will hearken to the poet's melody (30). The poem ends with a note of hope promising a new pact of faith with Allah (31):



کیوں زیاں کار نبوں سود فراموش رہوں؟
 فانیف نہ نہ کردوں جو غم و دشمن رہوں
 نہ لے بل کے غنوں اور ہمہ تن گوش ہوں
 ہمنوا میں بھی کوئی گل ہوں کہ خاموش ہوں؟
 جرات آموزری تاب نہن ہے مجھ کو
 شکوہ اللہ سے ظالم ہو کہ ہے مجھ کو

Why must I forever lose, forever forgo profit that is my due,
 Sunk in the gloom of evenings past, no plans for the morrow pursue.
 Why must I all attentive be to the nightingale's lament,
 Friend, am I as dumb as a flower? Must I remain silent?
 My theme makes me bold, makes my tongue more eloquent.
 Dust be in my mouth, against Allah I make complaint.

کیوں چیریا-کار بنوں، سود-فراموشی رہوں؟
 فانیف نہ نہ کرے، مہوے-مہوے-دوہا رہوں
 نالے بولبول کے سونے، اور ہما تل گویا رہوں
 ہم نہوا ! مہ بھی کوئی گل ہے کہ خاموش رہوں؟
 جرات-آموزی میری تاب نہن ہے مجھ کو
 شکوہ اللہ سے، ظالم-بہتہن، ہے مجھ کو

ہے بجا شہادتیں ہمیں شہر میں
 قصہ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں
 نالہ آتے آگے پر، تو سزا دیاں
 لے خدا کا کہ اب تاب نہن لے
 تو کس سے تھوڑا سا گل بھی سن لے

We won renown for submitting to Your will—and it is so;
 We speak out now, we are compelled to repeat our tale of woe.
 We are like the silent lute whose chords are full of voice;
 When grief wells up to our lips, we speak; we have no choice.
 Lord God! We are Your faithful servants, for a while with us bear,
 It is in our nature to always praise You, a small plaint also hear.

ہے بجا شہادتیں ہمیں شہر میں
 قصہ درد سناتے ہیں کہ مجبور ہیں
 نالہ آتے آگے پر، تو سزا دیاں
 لے خدا کا کہ اب تاب نہن لے
 تو کس سے تھوڑا سا گل بھی سن لے

عقی تو جو روز ازل سے ہی تری ذاتِ قدیم
 شہزادانِ صاف ہے لے لے صاحبِ الطائفِ عظیم
 پھول تھاریبِ چمن پر نہ پریشان تھی شمیم
 بوئے گل پھینکی کس طرح جو ہوتی نہ شمیم
 مہم کہ جو بیتِ خاطر یہ پریشان تھی
 دوزخ آتے تھے جب وہ بیتِ گویائی تھی

That Your Presence was primal from the beginning of time is true;
 The rose also adorned the garden but of its fragrance no one knew.
 Justice is all we ask for: You are perfect, You are benevolent.
 If there were no breeze, how could the rose have spread its scent?
 We Your people were dispersed, no solace could we find,
 Or, would Your Beloved's¹ following have gone out of its mind?

थी तो मौजूद अबल से ही तिरि जाते कदीम
 फूल था जेबे चमन, पर न परीशां थी शमीम
 शतं इंसाफ़ है ऐ साहिबे अल्ताफ़े अमीम
 बूए गुल फैलती किस तरह जो होती न नसीम?
 हमको जमीयत खातिर ये परीशानी थी
 बरना सम्मत तेरे महबूब की दीवानी थी

¹The Beloved refers to Prophet Muhammad.

ہم سے پہلے تعالیم تیرے جہاں کا نظر
 تو کسی کی خبروں تھی انساں کی نظر
 کہیں جو خود تھے حقرا کہیں جس پر
 تجھ کو معلوم ہے لیتا تھا کوئی نام تیرا؟
 تو بت بازوئے مسلم نے کیا نام تیرا!

Before our time, a strange sight was the world You had made:
 Some worshipped stone idols, others bowed to trees and prayed.
 Accustomed to believing what they saw, the people's vision wasn't free,
 How then could anyone believe in a God he couldn't see?
 Do you know of anyone, Lord, who then took Your Name? I ask.
 It was the muscle in the Muslim's arms that did Your task.

हमसे पहले था अबत तेरे जहाँ का मंत्र
 कहीं मस्तूद थे पत्थर, कहीं माबूद शजर
 खूगरे-पंकरे-महसूस थी इंसां की नजर
 मानता फिर कोई अनदेखे खुदा को क्यों कर?
 तुमको मालूम है लेता था कुई नाम तिरा?
 कुवते-बाबु-ए-मुस्लिम ने किया काम तिरा

ابلیس چین میں ایران میں ساسانی بھی
 کی سمور سے میں آباد تھے یونانی بھی
 پرتر سے نام تو رار اٹھائی گئے
 ات جو کبھی ہوتی تھی وہ بنائی گئے

Here on this earth were settled the Seijugs and the Turanians,
 The Chinese lived in China, in Iran lived the Sassanians.
 The Greeks flourished in their allotted regions,
 In this very world lived the Jews and Christians.
 But who did draw their swords in Your Name and fight?
 When things had gone wrong, who put them right?

بس رہے تھے ہیں سلجوق بھی تورانی بھی
 اہل چین چین میں ایران میں ساسانی بھی
 اسی دنیا میں یہودی بھی تھے نصرانی بھی
 پرتر سے نام تو رار اٹھائی گئے
 ات جو کبھی ہوتی تھی وہ بنائی گئے

تھے ہیں ایک ترسے محرو آرزوں میں !
 خشکیوں میں کبھی ٹپتے۔ کبھی دریاؤں میں
 دس ادائیں کبھی یورپ کے کلیساؤں میں
 کبھی افریقہ کے پتے ہوئے محرواؤں میں
 شان آنکھوں میں نہ چھٹی تھی جہانداروں کی
 گلہ پڑتے تھے ہر چھانڈوں میں تو ماروں کی

Of all the brave warriors, there were none but only we,
 Who fought Your battles on land and often on the sea.
 Our calls to prayer rang out from the churches of European lands
 And floated across Africa's scorching desert sands.
 We ruled the world, but regal glories our eyes disdained.
 Under the shades of glittering sabres Your creed we proclaimed.

تھے ہیں ایک ترسے محرو آرزوں میں !
 خشکیوں میں کبھی ٹپتے۔ کبھی دریاؤں میں
 دس ادائیں کبھی یورپ کے کلیساؤں میں
 کبھی افریقہ کے پتے ہوئے محرواؤں میں
 شان آنکھوں میں نہ چھٹی تھی جہانداروں کی
 گلہ پڑتے تھے ہر چھانڈوں میں تو ماروں کی

تھے ہیں ایک ترسے محرو آرزوں میں !
 خشکیوں میں کبھی ٹپتے۔ کبھی دریاؤں میں
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تھے ہیں ایک ترسے محرو آرزوں میں !
 خشکیوں میں کبھی ٹپتے۔ کبھی دریاؤں میں
 دس ادائیں کبھی یورپ کے کلیساؤں میں
 کبھی افریقہ کے پتے ہوئے محرواؤں میں
 شان آنکھوں میں نہ چھٹی تھی جہانداروں کی
 گلہ پڑتے تھے ہر چھانڈوں میں تو ماروں کی

ہم جو جیتے تھے انجمنوں کی نصیب کیلئے
 اور تھے تھے ترسے نام کی عظمت کیلئے
 سرفہر پھرتے تھے کیا وہ ہر حال کیلئے
 قوم اپنی جو روز و مال جہاں پر مہر تھی
 بت فروشی کے عوض نسبت کی کیوں کرتی!

All we lived for was to battle; we bore the troubles that came,
 And laid down our lives for the glory of Your Name.
 We never used our strength to conquer or extend domain,
 Would we have played with our lives for nothing but worldly gain?
 If our people had run after earth's goods and gold,
 Need they have smashed idols, and not idols sold?

ہم جو جیتے تھے، تو جنگوں کی موسیبات کے लिए
 और मरते थे तिरि नाम की अबमत के लिए
 श्री न कुछ तेगजनी अपनी हुकमत के लिए
 सर-बकफ फिरते थे क्या इहर में दौलत के लिए?
 क्रौम अपनी जो जरोमाले-जहाँ पे मरती
 बुत-फरोशी के इवज बुत-शिकनी क्यों करती

دل نہ کہتے تھے اگر جنگ میں اڑ جاتے تھے
 جس سے کس ہوا کوئی تو کڑ جاتے تھے
 پاؤں شیروں کے کبھی میل کر کے اڑ جاتے تھے
 تیغ یہ پیر ہوا ہم تو یہ اڑ جاتے تھے
 نصق توجید کا ہر دل پر بٹھا یا مہر تھے
 ریز بے بھی یہ سپینا مہر تھے

Once in the fray, firm we stood our ground, never did we yield,
 The most lion-hearted of our foes reeled back and fled the field.
 Those who rose against You, against them we turned our ire,
 What cared we for their sabres? We fought against cannon fire.
 On every human heart the image of Your oneness we drew,
 Beneath the dagger's point, we proclaimed Your message true.

टल न सकते थे, अगर जंग में अड़ जाते थे
 पांव शेरों के भी मैदान से उखड़ जाते थे
 तुम से सरकश हुआ कोई, तो बिगड़ जाते थे
 तेंग क्या चीख है हम तोप से लड़ जाते थे
 नशा तोहीद का हर दिल पे बिठाया हमने
 जरे-खंजर भी यह पैगाम सुनाया हमने

توہی کہہ دے گا کھانا اور خیر کس نے؟
 شہرِ قصہ کا جو تھا اس کو کیا سر کس نے؟
 توڑے مخلوق خداؤں کے پیکر کس نے؟
 کاٹ کر رکھ دیئے کفار کے لشکر کس نے؟
 کس نے غنڈا کیا آتش کہہ ابریاں کو؟
 کس نے پھر زندہ کیا تکرہ نیرداں کو؟

You tell us who were they who pulled down the gates of Khyber!
 Who were they that reduced the city that was the pride of Caesar?
 Fake gods that men had made, who did break and shatter?
 Who routed infidel armies and destroyed them with bloody slaughter?
 Who put out and made cold the 'sacred' flame¹ in Iran?
 Who retold the story of the one God, Yazdan?

तू ही कह दे कि उबाड़ा दरे-खंबर किसने?
 शहर कैसर का जो था उसको किया सर किसने?
 तोड़े मखलूके-खुदाबंद के पैकर किसने?
 काट कर रख दिये, कुफ़रार के लश्कर किसने?
 किसने ठंडा किया, आतशकद-ए-ईरॉ को?
 किसने फिर बिदा किया तस्किर-ए-यज्दाँ को?

¹Khyber was a stronghold of Jewish tribes near Medina and was captured by Hazrat Ali, the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law.

²This refers to the sacred flame worshipped by the Zoroastrians of Persia.

کون ہی تو فقط تیری طلب گار ہوئی؟
 اور تیرے لیے رحمت کس بیکار ہوئی؟
 کس کی تشریح جہاں خیرِ بندگان ہوئی؟
 کس کی تکبیر سے دنیا تری بیار ہوئی؟
 کس کی ہیبت صنم سے بنے بہتے تھے
 منہ کے بل کر کے خدا اللہ احد کہتے تھے

Who were the people who asked only for You and no other?
 And for You did fight battles and travails suffer?
 Whose world-conquering swords spread the might over one and all?
 Who stirred mankind with Allah-o-Akbar's clarion call?
 Whose dread bent stone idols into fearful submission?
 They fell on their faces confessing, 'God is One, the Only One!'

कौनसी कौम फ़क़त तेरी तलबगार हुई?
 और तेरे लिए ज़हमत-कशे-मैकार हुई?
 किसकी शम्शीरे-जहाँगीर जहाँदार हुई?
 किसकी तकबीर से दुनिया तیری बैदार हुई?
 किसकी हैबत से सनम सहमे हुए रहते थे
 मुंह के बल गिरके हुवला-हो-अहद कहते थे

آیا صین لڑائی میں اگر وقت سب از
 ایک ہی صفت میں کھڑے ہو گئے تو دیوار
 قلعہ روم کے زینس بوس ہوئی تو روم حجاز
 مذکور بندہ رما اور نہ کوئی بنت فرار
 بندہ صاحب محتاج دشمنی ایک ہوتے
 تیری سرکاریاں پیچھے تو سبھی ایک ہوتے

In the midst of raging battle if the time came to pray,
 Hejazis turned to Mecca, kissed the earth and ceased from fray.
 Sultan and slave in single file stood side by side,
 Then no servant was nor master, nothing did them divide.
 Between serf and lord, needy and rich, difference there was none.
 When they appeared in Your court, they came as equals and one.

आ गया ऐन लड़ाई में अगर वक्ते-नमाज
 किब्लार होके जमी-बोस हुई क़ौमे-हिजाज
 एक ही सक्र में खड़े हो गये महमूद-ओ-अयाज
 न कोई बंदा रहा और न कोई बंदा-नवाज
 बंदा-ओ-साहिबो-महताजो-गनी एक हुए
 तेरी सरकार में पहुँचें तो सभी एक हुए

مجلس کون مکان میں کس وقت نام پھرے
 کوہ میں ادرت میں کے ترا پیغام پھرے
 ادرت اور ادرت میں دریا بھی رچھوڑے ہم نے
 بحر خطرات میں ڈرادیئے کھوڑے ہم نے

In this banquet hall of time and space, from dawn to dusk we spent,
 Filled with the wine of faith, like goblets round we went.
 Over hills and plains we took Your message; this was our task.
 Do you know of an occasion we failed You? is all we ask.
 Over wastics and wildernesses of land and sea,
 Into the Atlantic Ocean we galloped on our steed.

महफिले-कौनोसकॉ में सहरोशाम फिरे
 मै-ए-तौहीद को लेकर सिल्ले-जाम फिरे
 कोह में, दशत में, लेकर तिरा पैगाम फिरे
 और माबूम है तुझको, कभी नाकाम फिरे?
 दशत तो दशत है, दरिया भी न छोड़े हमने
 बहरे-जुल्मात में दौड़ा दिये बोड़े हमने

¹ *Behr-i-Zulfurat*: When Arab conquerors came to the westernmost shores of Africa which they considered the end of the earth, they are said to have exclaimed, 'Great God! Had there been land further we would have conquered it in Your name.'

مصحفِ دہر سے باطل کو مٹایا ہے ہم
 نوح انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑایا ہے ہم
 تیرے کبے کو جنیوں سے بچایا ہے ہم
 تیرے قرآن کو سینوں سے نکالیا ہے ہم
 پھر بھی کہہ گئے کہ تیرے وفادار نہیں
 ہم وفادار نہیں تو کبھی تو دلدار نہیں!

We blotted out the smear of falsehood from the pages of history.
 We freed mankind from the chains of slavery.
 The floors of Your Kaaba with our foreheads we swept.
 The Koran you sent us we clasped to our breast.
 Even so you accuse us of lack of faith on our part.
 If we lacked faith, you did little to win our heart.

سچھ-دھر سے वातिल को मिटाया हमने
 नौ-ए-इंसाँ को गुलामी से छुड़ाया हमने
 तेरे काबे को जबीनों से बसाया हमने
 तेरे कुरआन को सीनों से लगाया हमने
 फिर भी हम से यह गिला है कि वफ़ादार नहीं
 हम वफ़ादार नहीं, तू भी तो दिलदार नहीं

ہم نے دہر سے باطل کو مٹا دیا ہے
 نوح انساں کو غلامی سے چھڑا دیا ہے
 تیرے کعبے کو جنیوں سے بچا دیا ہے
 تیرے قرآن کو سینوں سے نکال دیا ہے
 پھر بھی کہتے ہو کہ تم وفادار نہیں
 ہم وفادار نہیں تو کبھی تو دلدار نہیں!

There are people of other faiths, some of them transgressors.
 Some are humble; drunk with the spirit of arrogance are others.
 Some are indolent, some ignorant, some endowed with brain,
 Hundreds of others there are who even despair of Your Name.
 Your blessings are showered on homes of unbelievers, strangers all.
 Only on the poor Muslim, Your wrath like lightning falls.

उम्मतों और भी हैं, उनमें गुनाहगार भी हैं
 इज्जत वाले भी हैं, मस्ते-मै-ए-विदार भी हैं
 उनमें काहिल भी हैं, शाफ़िल भी हैं, हुआियार भी हैं
 सैकड़ों हैं कि तिरें नाम से बेचार भी हैं
 रहमतें हैं तिसी अग़ियार के काशानों पर
 बरक़ गिरती है तो बेचारे मुसलमानों पर

نیکیا بیت نہیں ہیں ان کے خزانے سمور
 نہیں محض میں نہیں بات کرتے کا شعور
 قہر تو یہ ہے کہ کلافت کے عریس حور و قصور
 اور بے چارے کسماں کو فقط وعدہ حور!
 اب ہاں اظاف نہیں ہم پر غیاریا ت نہیں
 بات یہ کیا ہے کہ یہی کی سلا ت نہیں؟

Our complaint is not that they are rich, that their coffers overflow;
 They who have no manners and of polite speech nothing know.
 What injustice! Here and now are hours and palaces to infidels given;
 While the poor Muslim is promised hours only after he goes to heaven.
 Neither favour nor kindness is shown towards us anymore;
 Where is the affection You showed us in the days of yore?

یہ شیکاہ ت نہیں، ہے ان کے خزانے مامور
 نہیں مہفیل میں جینے بات بھی کرنے کا شکر
 کدھ تو یہ ہے کہ کلافت کو مینے ہور کوسور
 اور بے چارے موملمان کو کلافت واداع ہور
 اب وہ اظاف نہیں، ہم سے ہنا یا ت نہیں
 بات یہ بھا ہے کہ پہلی سی موارا ت نہیں

بت خمر خانوں میں کتنے میں کمان گئے
 ہے خوشی ان کو کہ کعبے کے گمان گئے
 منزل ہر سے انوں کے صدی خزان گئے
 اپنی انہوں میں دے بے بے قرآن گئے
 خندہ زان کفر بنے اس تجھے کر کہ نہیں؟
 اپنی توجہ کا کچھ کس تجھے کر کہ نہیں؟

In the temples of idolatry, the idols say, 'The Muslims are gone!
 They rejoice that the guardians of the Kaaba have withdrawn.
 From the world's caravanserais singing camel-drivers have vanished;
 The Koran tucked under their arms they have departed.
 These infidels smirk and snigger at us, are You aware?
 For the message of Your oneness, do You anymore care?

دوت سنام بانوں میں کہتے ہیں موملمان گئے
 ہے خوشی انکی کہ کعبے کے نمان گئے
 منجیلے دھر سے انوں کے ہدی خزان گئے
 اپنی انہوں میں دے بے بے قرآن گئے
 خندہ: جن کفر ہے، اہساس توجہ ہے کہ نہیں؟
 اپنی توجہ کا کچھ پاس توجہ ہے کہ نہیں؟

بنی خیار کی اب چاہنے والی دنیا
 ہم تو نصرت کرتے ہیں کہ دنیا میں تیرا نام ہے
 کہہ گئی اپنے لیے ایک خیر الی دنیا!
 پھر کہنا ہوئی تو خیر سے خالی دنیا!
 ہم تو جیتے ہیں کہ دنیا میں تیرا نام ہے
 کہیں مگن ہے کہ ساتی نہ بنے جام ہے

Now on strangers does the world bestow its favours and esteem,
 All we have been left with is a phantom world and a dream.
 Others have taken over the world, our days are done;
 Say not then, 'None in the world believed God there is but one.
 All we live for is to hear the world resound with Your name;
 How can it be that the *sagī* goes but the goblets remain?

वनी अय्यार की अब चाहने वाली दुनिया
 रह गयी अपने लिए एक ख्याली दुनिया
 हम तो ख़ुस्त हुए औरों ने संभाली दुनिया
 फिर न कहना हुई तौहीद से खाली दुनिया
 हम तो जीते हैं कि दुनिया में तिरा नाम रहे
 कहीं मुमकिन है कि साक़ी न रहे जाम रहे?

کیوں سکمانوں میں نے ولتِ دنیا یاب
 تیرا نام ہے تو اٹھے تیرے صحرا سے جاب
 تیرا قدرت تیرے ہو سکی نہ صعبے حساب
 ہم دروشت ہو سکی زرد کو رخِ سراب
 طینِ غبار ہے سرواتی ہے ناداری ہے
 کیا تر سے نام پر مرے کا عرضِ آری ہے

Why amongst Muslims is worldly wealth rarely found?
 Great is Your power beyond measure, without bound,
 If it were Your will, water would bubble forth from the bosom of
 arid land,
 And the traveller lashed by waves of mirages in the sand.
 Our lot is strangers' taunts, ill-repute and penury;
 Must disgrace be our lot who gave their lives for You?

क्यों मुसलमानों में है दौलते-दुनिया नायाब
 तेरी कुदरत तो है वह जिसकी न हद है न हिसाब
 तू जो चाहे तो उठे सीन-ए-सहरा से हबाब
 रह-ओ-दशत हो सेली-जदा-ए-मोजे-सराब
 तअने अय्यार है, रस्वाई है, नाबारी है
 क्या तेरे नाम पे मरने का एवज ख़वारी है?

در دلی بھی وہی، قیس کا پس کو بھی وہی
 عشق کا دل بھی وہی، سخن کا جاو بھی وہی
 پھر یہ آرزو کی غیر سب کیا سننی
 اپنے شیداؤں پر یہ سچ غصب کیا سننی

Leila's love is as intense, Qais desires her evermore,
 On Nejd's hills and dikes, the deer swift-footed as before.
 The same love beats in the heart, beauty is as bewitching and magical,
 Your messenger Ahmed's following still abides, Your presence is
 eternal.

Neither rhyme nor reason has Your displeasure, what does it mean?
 On the faithful is Your angry eye of censure! What does it mean?.

दर्द-लैला भी वही, कैस का पहलू भी वही
 नज्द के दक्षी-जबल में रसे आहू भी वही
 इश्क का दिल भी वही, हुस्न का जादू भी वही
 उम्मत-अहमदे-मुसल भी वही, तू भी वही
 फिर यह आखुंदगी-ए-अरे सब क्या मानी?
 अपने शैदाओं पे यह चश्मे ग़बब क्या मानी?

¹This refers to the famous love classic of Leila and Majnun (also known as Qais).

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تیری محفل بھی گئی، چاہنے والے بھی گئے  
 دل تجھے دے بھی گئے، اپنا صلے بھی گئے  
 آئے عثمان، گئے وعدہ منہ دے گئے  
 اب انھیں حضورؐ پر نازیں زیب گئے

Your mehfil is dissolved, those who loved you are also gone:  
 No sighs through the nights of longing, no lamenting at dawn.  
 We gave our hearts to You, took the wages You did bestow;  
 But hardly had we taken our seats, You ordered us to go.  
 As lovers we came, as lovers departed with promise for tomorrow.  
 Now search for us with the light that on Your radiant face does glow.

तेरी महफ़िल भी गयी, चाहने वाले भी गये  
 शव की आहें भी गयीं, सुब्ह के नाले भी गये  
 दिल तुझे दे भी गये, अपना सिला ले भी गये  
 आके बंठे भी न थे और निकाले भी गये  
 आये, उश्शाक़, गये वादाए-फ़र्दा लेकर  
 अब उन्हें हूँ चिरागे-रुखे-जेवा लेकर

~~~~~

تجھ کو چھوڑ کر رسولؐ کو چھوڑا؟
 عشق کو، عشق کی آتش فشاں کو چھوڑا؟
 جنت کمریٰ پریشیا؟ جنت شکر کی کو چھوڑا؟
 رسم سلطانِ داؤدؑ کو چھوڑا؟
 آگِ کعبیرہ کی سینوں میں دہلی رکتے ہیں
 زندگیاں شہلِ بلالؓ جاشی رکتے ہیں!

Did we abandon You or Your Arab messenger forsake?

Did we trade in making idols? Did we not idols break?

Did we forsake love because of the anguish with which it's fraught?

Give up the traditions of Salman,¹ forget what Ovais Qarani² taught?

The flame of Allah's greatness still in our hearts we nourish.

The life of Bilal³ the Ethiop remains the model that we cherish.

تुझको छोड़ा कि रसूले अरबी को छोड़ा?

बुतगरी पैशा किया ? बुतशिकनी को छोड़ा?

इश्क को, इश्क की आशुफ्त: सरी को छोड़ा?

रस्मे सलमानो अबसे करती को छोड़ा?

आग तकबीर की सीनों में दबी रखते हैं

जिदगी मिस्ले बिलाले हबशी रखते हैं

¹ Salman Farsi was an Iranian fire-worshipper who was converted to Islam by the Prophet and became a close companion.

² Ovais Qarani of Yemen who migrated after the death of the Prophet and is rated amongst his *Tajiyah*-followers.

³ Bilal, an Abyssinian slave who became a close companion of the Prophet and earned renown for his loud and melodious calls to prayer, *azan*.

عشق کی خیرا دہ پہلی ہی ادا بھی نہ سہی
 جادو پیسے کی تسلیم و رضا بھی نہ سہی
 مضطرب! لہ صفتِ قبلہ نا بھی نہ سہی
 اور ایسٹ کی آئین و نا بھی نہ سہی
 کبھی حکمت کبھی غیر مل کے ساتھی ہے
 بات کہنے کی نہیں تو بھی تو سرِ عالمی ہے!

Our love may not be what it was, nor told with the same

blandishments;

We may not tread the same path of submission, nor the same way

give consent.

Our hearts are troubled, their compass needles from Mecca may

have swerved,

Perhaps the old laws of faithfulness we may not have fully observed.

But sometimes towards us, at times to others You have affection

shown,

It's not something one should say, You too have not been true to

Your own.

इश्क की खैर, वो पहली सी अदा भी न सही

जादुपैसाइ-ए-तस्लीमो-रजा भी न सही

मुस्तखिब दिल सफते क़िब्लानुमा भी न सही

और पाबंदि-ए-आईने-वफ़ा भी न सही

कभी हमसे, कभी गैरों से शनासाई है

वात कहने की नहीं तू भी तो हरजाई है

سرخاراں پیکار دین کو کامل تو نے اک تاشے میں ہزاروں کے لیے مل گئے
 آتش اندوز کیا عشق کا حاصل تو نے چمک دی گری ہزاروں سے محفل تو نے
 آج کیوں بیٹھے ہمارے شرابا دہیں
 ہم ہی سوختہ سالماں ہیں تجھے یاد نہیں

On Faran's summit You gave religion its final shape and form;
 With a single gesture You carried a thousand hearts by storm.
 You fired with zeal the pursuit of love which was our aim;
 The beauty of Your burning cheeks set the entire mehfil aflame.
 Why today no sparks smoulder in our bosoms at all?
 We are the same inflammable stuff, don't You recall?

سرخاراں پہ کیا دین کو کامل تو نے
 اک ہزاروں میں ہزاروں کے لیے دل تو نے
 آتش اندوز کیا عشق کا حاصل تو نے
 آج کیوں بیٹھے ہمارے شرابا دہیں؟
 ہم بھی سوختہ سالماں ہیں، تو نے یاد نہیں؟

1] Mountain near Mecca associated with the Prophet Muhammad.

واہی نجیب میں دُور رسد اسل نہ رہا قیس دیوارِ زلف آہ محفل نہ رہا
 حوصلے وہ نہ رہے ہم نہ رہے دل نہ رہا گھریہ اجڑا ہے کہ تو رونقِ محفل نہ رہا
 لئے خوش آس روزگار آئی و بصد ناز آئی
 بے حجب ابا نہ سوئے محفلِ ماباز آئی!

The valley of Nejd no longer rings with the sound of Qais' chains:
 No more is he crazed to glimpse Leila's litter, no more his eyes
 he strains.

We have lost the daring of former days, we are not the same,
 Our hearts are cold.

You are no longer the spirit of the mehfil, ruin is on our household.
 O happy day, return a hundred times with all Your grace!
 Drop Your veil and let us gaze upon your lovely face.

واہی-نجد میں وہ شہرے سلاسل نہ رہا
 کس دہانہ-انجیرا-انجیرا-انجیرا-انجیرا نہ رہا
 ہوسلے وہ نہ رہے، ہم نہ رہے دل نہ رہا
 گھریہ اجڑا ہے کہ تو رونق-مہفل نہ رہا
 اے خوش آس روزگار آئی و بصد ناز آئی
 بے حجب ابا نہ سوئے ماباز آئی

بادکش غریب گلشن میں لب جو بیٹھے
 سنے تین جام کھٹکھٹ کو کو بیٹھے
 درد نہ گناہ گزار سے ایک سو بیٹھے
 تیرے گوانے بھی میں تھک بیٹھے
 اپنے پروانوں کو چیر دیتی تو دار فزوری نے
 برق دیرینہ کو فرماج سکر سوزی نے

Strangers revel in the garden, beside a stream they are sitting:
 Wine goblets in their hands, hearing the cuckoo singing.
 Far from the garden, far away from its notes of revelry,
 Your lovers sit by themselves awaiting the moment to praise You.
 Rekindle in Your moths passion to burn themselves on the flame;
 Bid the old lightning strike, brand our breasts with Your name.

वाद:कश शंर हैं गुलशन में लबजू बंटे
 सुन्ते हैं जामे वकफ नरमए कू बंटे
 दौरे हंगामए गुलजार से इकसू बंटे
 तेरे दीवाने भी तेरे मुतखिरे 'हू' बंटे
 अपने परवानों को फिर जोके-खुद-आफोजी दे
 बकू-दैरीना को फरमाने-जिगर-सोजी दे

توم آوارہ عثمان تا جب پھر سوسے عباد
 لے آوا بس برس بے پرو کو مذاق پرواز
 مضطرب یاغ کے ہر چیخے میں گرد تے نیاز
 تورا ہیتر توڑتے شہ نضر اچھے ساز
 نغمے تباب ہیں تامل سے نکلنے کے لیے
 مروضہ سہا اسی آگ میں جلنے کے لیے

A lost and wandering people towards Hejaz turn their longing eyes,
 As a wingless bulbul takes to wing for the love of open skies.
 Every bud in the garden longs to bloom to release the fragrance in
 its body,
 So awaits the lute the plectrum, touch its chords, listen to its melody
 Impatient and agitated are notes to burst forth from the strings;
 The mountain of Moses trembles eagerly to be ignited by
 Your lightning.

کایم آوارا ہنال-تاہ ہے فیر سؤ ہیزاچ
 تے اڈا بول بولے بے پر کو مچاکے پر واچ
 مسخریج باگاں کے ہر گونچے میں ہے بول-نواچ
 تے بڑا اچھے تو دے، لیکن-میسراہ ہے ساچ
 نغمے بے تاب ہیں تاروں سے نیکلنے کے لیے
 تورا مسخر ہے اسی آگ میں جلنے کے لیے

بوئے گل نے کئی سب کچھ کھینچ لیا زین
 کیا قیامت ہے کہ خود کھینچ لیں غلام زین
 عہد گل تم ہوا، ٹوٹ گیا زین
 ارٹکے ڈالیوں سے زمر مر پر دا زین
 ایک بلب ہے کہ ہے جو ترناب تک
 اس کے سینے میں جو نغموں کا آئینہ تک

The scent of the rose stole out, and the garden's secret is betrayed:
 What calamity! a flower itself should the traitor's role have played.
 The lute of the garden is broken, the season of flowers gone,
 'Trees' branches are bare, the garden's songsters have flown.
 Remains the one bulb, in its song's raptures lost.
 Its breast is full of melodies that are still tempest-tossed.

بُو-غُل لے گئی بے رُہے-چمن راجے-چمن
 کیا کُیامت ہے کہ خود فُل ہے گُمتاچے-چمن
 اُھدے-گُل بُل ہے بُل گیا ساچے-چمن
 اڑ گئے ڈالیوں سے چمن-چمن-چمن
 ایک بُل بُل ہے کہ ہے مہرے-تربُوم اب تک
 اُس کے سینے میں ہے نغموں کا آئینہ اب تک

شکلیں امتِ اہم کی آسماں کر دے
 موی بے پایہ کو کھو دشمن سلماں کر دے
 جنسِ نایابِ محبت کو پھر ازل کر دے
 ہند کے ڈیریشینوں کو مسلمان کر دے
 جو گئے نغوں ہی کی پند از سرت پرینا
 حق پند نا لہر شکر کہہ جیتنا!

A people You had blessed, lighten the burdens they bear,
 Raise the poor down-trodden and make it Solomon's peer.
 Make abundant that rare commodity love, so that all may buy and sell
 Convert to Islam India's millions who still in temples dwell.
 Long have we suffered, see how grief's blood flows down the drain,
 From a heart pierced by the scalpel, hear this cry of pain.

مَشکِلےں اُمتِ اہم کی آسماں کر دے
 موی بے پایہ کو کھو دشمن سلماں کر دے
 جنسِ نایابِ محبت کو پھر ازل کر دے
 ہند کے ڈیر-نشیوں کو مسلمان کر دے
 جو گئے نغوں ہی کی پند از سرت پرینا
 حق پند نا لہر شکر کہہ جیتنا!

قریاں تناخ صنوبر سے گریاں بھی ہوئیں
 قریاں کھول کر ہجر چھڑکے اپڑیاں بھی ہوئیں
 ڈالیاں بیڑکن برگ سے عزالیں بھی ہوئیں
 قید و ستم سے طبیعت ہی آزاد اس کی
 کاش گلشن میں سمجھتا کوئی فریاد اس کی

The ring-doves have left the cypress and from its garden flower,
 Flowers have shed their petals which are at random strewn.
 The beaten paths of the garden lie desolate and forlorn;
 Branches are stripped of leaves that they once had worn.
 He alone from the chains of changing seasons remained unbent;
 Alas! not one there was in the garden to hear his lament.

کوماریاں شاخے-سنوہار سے گریزوں بھی हुई
 पत्तियाँ फूल की झड़-झड़ के परीशाँ भी हुई
 वो पुरानी रविशों बाग की वीराँ भी हुई
 डालियाँ पैरुहने-बर्गों से उरियाँ भी हुई
 कैदे मौसम से तबीयत रही आजाद उसकी
 काश गुलशन में समझता कोई फरयाद उसकी

لطف مرے لیے ہے جاتی زمزم جیسے میں
 کچھ زمزم ہے تو یہی خون کب کپے میں
 کہنے بیاباں ہیں جو ہر سر سے آئینے میں
 کس قدر حلو سے تپتے ہیں کسے سینے میں
 اس گلستاں میں گرد کھینے والے ہی نہیں
 دماغ بوئیں گے، رکتے ہوں لالے ہی نہیں

In giving up our lives there is no gladness, nor is there joy in living;
 The only pleasure is in writing verse and in our own heart's
 blood drinking.
 My mind's mirror is studded with many gems sparkling bright;
 In my breast are locked visions aching to burst into light.
 But there are none in the garden with eyes to attest;
 Not one bleeding tulip bearing a scar within its breast.

लुप्त मरने में है बाकी, न मखा जीने में
 कुछ मखा है तो यही खूने-जिगर पीने में
 कितने बंताब हैं ज़हीर मारे आइने में
 किस क़दर जल्वे तड़पते हैं मेरे सीने में
 इस गुलिस्तान में मगर देखने वाले ही नहीं
 दाग जो सीने में रखते हों वो बाले ही नहीं

Jawab-i-Shikwa

'The Answer to the Plaint' was first recited by Iqbal in 1913 at a mushaira in Mochi Gate, Lahore. The meeting was organized to raise funds to help the Turks fighting against the Bulgarians. Thousands of copies of the poem were sold and the money forwarded to Constantinople.

It is evident that in composing the reply Iqbal also meant to answer some of the criticism levelled by the orthodox ulama against *Shikwa*, published four years earlier. In the first stanza the poet explains that since his plaint came from the anguish in his heart it was able to rise to the heavens. The next three stanzas embellish the theme of the first stanza in the form of a dialogue between the astral phenomenon ending with Rizwan, the sentinel of paradise, realizing that the voice belonged to a descendant of Adam who had been expelled from Eden. The rest of the poem is devoted to God's reply to Iqbal's plaint.

Allah's reply points out the degradation that has taken place amongst the Muslims who are now divided into different nations, tribes and castes. They have departed from the teachings of the holy Prophet and abandoned the traditions of their ancestors by reverting to idolatry and the worship of tombs. Instead of sticking to the Muslim way of life they have been infected by Western values and the ways of Brahmans. The rich are drunk with power; it is only the poor who gather at the mosques to pray and suffer pangs of hunger during the holy month of Ramadan. Along with the criticism there is an exhortation to the Muslims to return to the ways of their ancestors who had made the name of Islam great by their selflessness, sacrifices, sense of justice and valour. The younger generation of Muslims are singled out for having succumbed to the Western way of life and the charms of urban life. The concluding stanzas exhort Muslims not to lose heart but to look upon adversities (such as the Bulgarian attack on Turkey) as a challenge and

چاکس میں تنہا کی نوا سے دل ہوں
جائے لے اسی باگ واد سے دل ہوں
یعنی پھر زندہ سے نمودارتا سے دل ہوں
پھر اسی بادہ دیرینہ کے پیلے دل ہوں
عجبی شک تو کیا کہے تو عجازی ہے سہری
تو عجز ہی سے تو کیا کہے تو عجازی ہے سہری

Let the lament of this lonely bulbul pierce the hearts of all,
Arouse the hearts of the sleeping, with this my clarion call.
Transfused with fresh blood, a new compact of faith we'll sign.
Let our hearts thirst again for a sip of the vintage wine.
What if the pitcher be Persian, from Hejaz is the wine I serve.
What if the song be Indian, it is Hejazi in its verve.

चाक इस बुलबुले-तन्हा की नवा से दिल हों
जागने वाले इसी बाँगे-दरा से दिल हों
यानी फिर जिवा नये अहदे-वफा से दिल हों
फिर इसी बाद-ए-देरीना के प्यासे दिल हों
अजमी खुम है तो क्या, मय तो हिजाबी है मिरी
नरमा हिंदी है तो क्या, लय तो हिजाबी है मिरी

an opportunity to prove their mettle. It ends with the promise that if the Muslims stay faithful to Muhammad, God will once again place the destiny of the world in their hands.

پر نہیں طاقت پرواز منگر کھتی ہے
دل سے جو بات نکلتی ہے اثر کھتی ہے
خاک سے اٹھتے بنے لڑوں پر لڑ کھتی ہے
قدس اکمل بنے رفعت نظر رکھتی ہے
عشق تھا فتنہ کرو کس کوشش چالاک مرا
آسمان چسب گیا نالہ سب مالک مرا

Words spoken from the heart never fail to have effect,
Sacred and pure their origin, on lofty heights their sights are set.
They have no wings and yet they have power to fly;
They rise from the dust and pierce through the sky.
So headstrong and insolent was my love, so much on mischief bent,
So outspoken my plaint, it tore through the firmament.

दिल से जो बात निकलती है असर रखती है
पर नहीं, ताकते-परवाह मगर रखती है
कुदसिउल अस्व है, रिफ्त पे नखर रखती है
खाक से उठती है, गटूँ पे गुजर रखती है
इशक था फ़िल्ल: गरो सरकशी चालाक मिरा
आसमाँ चीर गया नाल: ए बेवाक मिरा

حقی منتقل کو بھی حیرت کہ یہ وار ہے کیا
 آسرخش بھی آسرخش کی تگت آرتے کیا
 غافل آداب سے نکلان نہیں کیسے ہیں
 شوخ کو گستاخ یہ سستی کے سبب کیسے ہیں

Even to the angels the voice came as a complete surprise;
 Nor was the mystery unveiled to other dwellers of the skies.
 (They wondered): Could celestial heights have become the aim of
 man's striving?
 Could this pinch of dust have learnt the art of flying?
 These earth-dwellers, how little of manners do they know!
 How cheeky and insolent are these habitants of regions down below!

श्री फ़रिश्तों को भी हैरत कि यह आवाज़ है क्या
 अर्शाबालों पे भी खुलता नहीं यह राज है क्या
 ता सरे बर्षों भी इसाँ की तगोताख है क्या?
 आगई झाक की चुटकी को भी परदाख है क्या?
 गाफ़िल आदाब से सुककाने ज़मीं कैसे है
 शीखोगुस्ताख़ ये परस्ती के मकीं कैसे है

پیرانوں نے کہا میں کسکے ہے کوئی! بوسے تیار سے سرخش نہیں ہے کوئی!
 چاند کتنا تھا نہیں! مل زمین ہے کوئی! کنگشاں کو حق پوشت میڈیمیں ہے کوئی!
 کچھ جو مجھار شکر سے کو تو ضواں سمجھا
 بچے جنت سے نکال ہوا انسان سمجھا

The aged vault of heaven heard. 'There is someone somewhere,' said he.
 The planets spoke, 'Here on these ancient heights someone must be.'
 'Not here,' said the moon, 'it must be someone from the earth below.'
 Spoke the Milky Way, 'It must be someone hidden here we do not know.'
 Only the gatekeeper of Eden did some of my plaint recognize
 And understood that I was the man thrown out of paradise.

پیرا گردوں نے کھا سونکے، کھیں ہیں کوئی
 بولے سٹھارے، سارے ابروں باری ہے کوئی
 چاند کھتا تھا، نہیں، اہلے جڑمیں ہے کوئی
 کھکھاں کھتی شہی، پوشی دا یہی ہے کوئی
 کھو جو سمجھا میرے شکر سے کو تو رخصاں سمجھا
 مہو جنت سے نکالا ہوا اسیں سمجھا

اس قدر شوق کرنا کہ اللہ سے بھی براہم ہے
 تھا جو سجود ملائک یہ وہی آدم ہے؟
 عالم کیف بنے دانائے روزگم ہے
 ہاں، گو مجھ کے اسرار سے ناگرم ہے
 ناز ہے طاقتِ گفتِ پیرانسانوں کو
 بات کرنے کا سبقتیں تیروں کو!

He even rails against Allah, he has become so proud;
 Is he the same Adam before whom the angels bowed?
 He knows about things, their quantity and quality;
 Yes, these he knows; but nothing of the secret of humility.
 Their power of speech men always proudly flaunt,
 But of the way of speaking they are quite ignorant.

اس کی آواز غم انگیز ہے افغانہ ترا
 اشکِ بیاب سے لبریز ہے پیمانہ ترا
 آسمان کیسے ہوا لغزہ ستانہ ترا
 کس قدر شوقِ زباں ہے دل دیوانہ ترا!
 شکر کوئے کر کیا سخنِ ادا سے تو نے
 ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خدا سے تو نے

Spoke the Voice: 'Your tale is indeed full of sorrow;
 Your tears tremble at the brim and are ready to flow.
 Your cry of lament the sky has rung;
 What cunning your impassioned heart has lent your tongue!
 So eloquently did you word your plaint, you made it sound like praise.
 To talk on equal terms with Us, man to celestial heights did raise.'

آئی آوازِ گم‌انگیز ہے افغانہ ترا
 اشکِ بیاب سے لبریز ہے پیمانہ ترا
 آسمان کیسے ہوا لغزہ ستانہ ترا
 کس قدر شوقِ زباں ہے دل دیوانہ ترا!
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 ہم سخن کر دیا بندوں کو خدا سے تو نے

ہم تو مائل بر کرم ہیں کوئی مائل ہی نہیں
 رہہ دکھلائیں گے، درہم زوال ہی نہیں
 ربیت عام تہ ہے جو ہر قابل ہی نہیں
 جس سے پھر بر آدم کی یہ وہ گل ہی نہیں
 کوئی قابل ہو تو ہم شان کی دیتے ہیں
 ڈھونڈنے والوں کو دنیا بھی کی دیتے ہیں

'Limitless is Our bounty, but none for it will pray.
 There's no one on the seeker's path; to whom do We point the way?
 Not one proved worthy of the care with which they were raised;
 You are not the clay of which another Adam could be made.
 If there were one deserving, We'd raise him to regal splendour,
 To those who seek, We would unveil a new world of wonder.'

ہم تو ماڈل ب کرسم ہے، کوئی ساڈل ہی نہیں
 راہ دیکھلائے کسے؟ رھرہ مچیل ہی نہیں
 تر بیلت آم تو ہے، جہرہ کراویل ہی نہیں
 جس سے تاملر ہو آادم کی یہ وہ گیل ہی نہیں
 کوئی کراویل ہو تو ہم شانہ کڈ دتے ہے
 ڈھونڈنے والوں کو دُنیا بھی تھی دتے ہے

ہم نے زمین کا خدا سے مال خرگ ہیں
 اسکی باعث رسوائی سے بھگتے ہیں
 بت شکن اٹھ گئے تائی جو بے بت نہیں
 تھا ہمیشہ ہم پر اور پست آرزیں
 بادہ آشام نئے بادہ نیا خرگ بھی نئے
 حرم بشارت بھی نئے تم بھی نئے

'You have no strength in your hands, in your hearts God has no place;
 On the name of My messenger, you people have brought disgrace.
 Destroyers of false gods are gone; only the idol-maker thrives;
 The sons of Abraham have departed, Azar's idolatrous breed survives.
 Strange the company you keep; from new vats a new vintage wine
 you brew;

You have built yourselves a new Kaaba with new idols because you
 yourselves are new.'

ہاٹ بے چور ہے، ڈلہاد سے دیل بھور ہے
 اٹمٹی باڈ سے رستا ڈے-پاگنر ہے
 بولشکنن اٹ گئے، بالئی جو رھے، بولگار ہے
 یا براہیم پیدر، اور پستر آچار ہے
 واڈ: آشام نئے، واڈ: نیا، بھوم بھی نئے
 ہرم-اے-کاوا نیا، بول بھی نئے، بوم بھی نئے

'Azar, the father of Abraham, was a notorious trader in idols.

کس قدر تم پر گراں کج کی بیداری ہے
 ہم کب پیار ہے ان میں تمہیں پیاری ہے
 طبع آزاد پر قید رمضان بھاری ہے
 تمہیں کس ڈبئی این فناداری ہے
 قوم نہ رہے نہ مذہب نہیں تمہیں نہیں
 جناب یوم جنس، ان کا کبھی نہیں

'Heavy weights the light of dawn, how loth you are to rise?
 Why protest you love us? It is your slumber that you prize.
 On your carefree spirit Ramadan's fast does heavily press;
 Ask yourselves and answer: 'Is this the way of faithfulness?
 A people are bound by faith; without faith they cease to be;
 If nothing binds you, you are like meteors, not stars in a galaxy.'

کिस कदर तुम पे रातों सुबह की बेदारी है
 हमसे कब प्यार है? हाँ नींद तुम्हें प्यारी है
 तबूँ आचाद पे, कंदे रमज़ाँ भारी है
 तुम्हीं कह दो यही आइते बक्रादारी है
 कौम मजूहब से है, मजूहब जो नहीं, तुम भी नहीं
 जखे बाहम जो नहीं, महुँकिले अंजुम भी नहीं

ده بھی دن تھے کہ یہ مایہ عزت الی تھا!
 ہوا جس پر کس گل لاله حسرت الی تھا!
 جو سلمان تھا اللہ کا سودا الی تھا
 کبھی محبوب تھا راہی حسرت الی تھا
 کسی تکب الی سے اب عند غلامی کر لیا
 ملت احمد حسن کو حسرت الی کر لیا

'There were days when this very Allah you regarded as sublime;
 The tulip of Islam was the pride of the desert in blossom time.
 There were days when every Muslim loved the only Allah he knew;
 Once upon a time He was your Beloved; the same Beloved you now
 call untrue.
 Now go and pledge your faith to serve some local deity
 And confine Muhammad's following to some one locality.'

वह भी दिन थे कि यही मायाएँ रानाई था
 नाजिशे मौसमे गुल लालएँ सहराई था
 जो मुसलमान था अल्लाह का सौदाई था
 कभी महबूब तुम्हारा यही हरजाई था
 किसी यकजाई से अब अह्दें गुलामी कर लो
 मिल्लते अहमदे मुरसिल को मुकामी कर लो

ہیں تو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو
 جہاں کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو
 بھیاں جس میں ہیں جہاں آسودہ وہ خرمین تم ہو
 بھیاں جس میں ہیں جہاں آسودہ وہ خرمین تم ہو
 ہو تو نام جو قبروں کی تجارت کر کے
 کیا نہ بچو گے جو مل جائیں صنم پتھر کے؟

'The only people in the world of every skill bereft are you.
 The only race which cares not how it fouls its nest are you.
 Haystacks that within them conceal the lightning's fires are you.
 Who live by selling tombs of their sires are you.
 If as traders of tombstones you have earned such renown,
 What is there to stop you in trading in gods made of stone?'

جین کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو
 نہیں جس کو آتا نہیں دنیا میں کوئی فن، تم ہو
 بیجاں جس میں ہیں جہاں آسودہ وہ خرمین تم ہو
 بیجاں جس میں ہیں جہاں آسودہ وہ خرمین تم ہو
 ہو تو نام جو قبروں کی تجارت کر کے
 کیا نہ بچو گے جو مل جائیں صنم پتھر کے؟

صفحہ دوسرے اہل کوٹھیا کس نے؟
 کبے کبے کوٹھیا کس نے؟
 میرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگا کس نے؟
 میرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگا کس نے؟
 ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرے منتظر رہا ہوں!

Who blotted out the smear of falsehood from the pages of history?
 Who freed mankind from the chains of slavery?
 The floors of my Kaaba with whose foreheads swept?
 Who were they who clasped my Koran to their breasts?
 Your forefathers indeed they were: tell us who are you, we pray?
 With idle hands you sit awaiting the dawn of a better day.'

سفر-دھار سے باقیل کو مٹا دیا کس نے؟
 ناپے انہوں کو گولامی سے چھڑا دیا کس نے؟
 میرے کعبے کو جہاں سے لگا دیا کس نے؟
 میرے کعبے کو جہاں سے لگا دیا کس نے؟
 میرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگا دیا کس نے؟
 میرے قرآن کو سینوں سے لگا دیا کس نے؟
 ہاتھ پر ہاتھ دھرے منتظر رہا ہوں!

کیا کہا ہے بہر مسلمان ہے فقط وعدہ حور
شکوہ بیجا بھی کر کے کوئی تو لازم ہے شہوا
عدل سے ناظر ہستی کا ازل سے دستور
سلم آئیں ہوا کا فر تو ملے حور و قصور
تمہیں حوروں کا کوئی چاہئے الابی نہیں
جب کوہ نکور تو موجود ہے کوئی ہی نہیں

'Did you say to Muslims we promise houris only in paradise?
One's speech should be polite even if one has reason to criticize.
From time eternal we the Creator made justice our sovereign rule;
To infidels who behaved as Muslims we gave heaven's gifts as prize.
There is not one amongst you who does to heaven's gift aspire;
There is no Moses to see Tor's celestial fire.'

ک्या کہا؟ وہرے مسلمانان ہے فرکت وارد-ع-حور
شکوا بےجا بھی کرے کوئی تو لازم ہے شکور
ابدل ہے فراتیرے-ہستی کا ازل سے دستور
مستلیم آئی ہوا کا فر تو ملے حور و کسور
تو میں ہرے کا کوئی چاہنے والا ہی نہیں
جنت-ع-حور تو موجد ہے، مولا ہی نہیں

منفعت ایک ہے اس کی نصیحت بھی ایک
حرم پاک بھی اللہ ہی، قرآن بھی ایک
کچھ ٹوٹی بات تھی جو مسلمان بھی ایک
فرق بندی سے کہیں لڑکھیں لڑتیں ہیں
کیا زمانے میں بننے کی یہی باتیں ہیں؟

'You are one people, you share in common your weal and woe.
You have one faith, one creed and to one Prophet allegiance owe.
You have one sacred Kaaba, one God and one holy book, the Koran.
Was it so difficult to unite in one community every single Mussalman?
It is factions at one place; divisions into castes at another.
In these times are these the ways to progress and to prosper?'

مونا فرات ایک ہے اس کویم کی، نورا سان بھی ایک
اک ہی سب کا نابی، دین بھی، ایمان بھی ایک
ہر مہ پاک بھی، ازل سے بھی، کورآن بھی ایک
کچھ بڑی بات تھی جو مسلمان بھی ایک
فرق کا بندی ہے کہیں اور کھیں جاتے ہیں
کیا زمانے میں بننے کی یہی باتیں ہیں؟

کون ہے تارکِ ایمین رسولِ حضرت ابراہیمؑ
 مصلحتِ وقت کی جسکے عمل کا وسیع
 کس کی آنکھوں میں سایہ ہے شمشادِ اغیار؟
 ہوئی کس کی نگہ طرزِ سلف سے بیزار؟
 قلب میں سوز نہیں درخ میں صاف نہیں
 کبھی پیغامِ محمدؐ کا تھیں پاس نہیں

'Who abandoned Our Chosen Messenger's code and its sanctions?
 Who made time-serving the measure of your actions?
 Whose eyes have been blinded by alien ways and civilizations?
 Who have turned their gaze away from their forefathers' traditions?
 Your hearts have no passion, your souls are of spirit bereft,
 Of Muhammad's message nothing with you is left.'

کون ہے تارکِ آئینے رسولِ حضرت ابراہیمؑ
 مصلحتِ وقت کی ہے جسکے اعمال کا مہیار؟
 کس کی آنکھوں میں سایہ ہے شمشادِ اغیار؟
 ہوئی گئی کس کی نگاہ توجہ سلف سے بیزار
 کلب میں سوچ نہیں، رُخ میں اہساس نہیں
 کبھی بھی پیغامِ محمدؐ کا تو مجھے پاس نہیں

جسکے بھرتے ہیں صبحِ صاف آرا، تو غریب
 رحمتِ شانہ جو جرتے ہیں گوارا، تو غریب
 نامِ قیامت ہے اگر کوئی تمہارا، تو غریب
 پردہ رکھتا ہے اگر کوئی تمہارا، تو غریب
 امرائے دولت ہیں میں ناخالص ہم سے
 زندہ ہے قسمتِ ضیاءِ باکے دم سے

'If any there be to crowd the mosques at prayer, it is the poor.
 If any observe Ramadan's fast and pangs of hunger suffer, it is the poor.
 If any at all there be who still take our name, it is the poor.
 If any there are today who cover up your shame, it is the poor.
 The rich know us not; they're drunk with the wine of wealth;
 The enlightened community survives because of the poor man's breath.'

جاکے ہوتے ہیں مساجد میں سحر-آرا، تو غریب
 جھمکتے-روجا جو کرتے ہیں گوارا، تو غریب
 نام لیتا ہے اگر کوئی تمہارا، تو غریب
 پردہ رکھتا اگر کوئی تمہارا، تو غریب
 امرا نیشنل ہیں میں ناخالص ہم سے
 جیوا ہے مصلحت-بہا گوربا کے دم سے

عمل اس کا تھا قوی ہوش برامات پاک
 دہم تیرتی سلم کی صداقت بیباک
 شجر فطرت سلم تھا حیا سے غمت کن
 خاشا عت میں ذاک ہستی فوق الادراک
 خود داری نہ کیفیت صبا پیش بود
 خالی از خویش شدن صورت پیش بود

'When a Muslim spoke, he spoke the truth; his speech was forthright;
 Strong was his sense of justice, no bias did his judgement blight.
 As sap is in a tree, so was modesty in the Muslim nature;
 Rare was his courage, his valour was beyond compare.
 His self-effacement was the essence as liquid contents are of liquor,
 As a goblet empties out, emptying himself for others was his pleasure.'

دہم تکریر ہی مسلم کی صداقت بیباک
 ابدل اس کا تھا قوی ہوش برامات سے پاک
 شجر فطرت سلم تھا حیا سے غمت کن
 خاشا عت میں ذاک ہستی فوق الادراک
 خود داری نہ کیفیت صبا پیش بود
 خالی از خویش شدن صورت پیش بود

ہر سبب اس بل کے لیے نشتر تھا
 جو جہز سائنات سے قوتِ بازو پر تھا
 اس کے آئینہ بستنی میں عمل جو ہر تھا
 بے تحشیں موت کا ڈر اس کو خدا کا ڈر تھا
 باپ کا حکم نہ بیٹے کو آرازا رہا
 پھر پیراست بل میراث پر کیونکر رہا

'To every vein of falsehood, every Muslim was a knife;
 In his life's mirror, the jewel was ceaseless strife.
 On the strength of his own arms a Muslim used to rely,
 All he feared was his God; all you fear is to die.
 If from his father's learning, a son takes no light,
 Over his sire's legacy, how can he stake his right!'

ہر مسلمان رخنہ-بالتیل کے لیے نشتار تھا
 اس کے آئینہ-ہستی میں امانل جواہر تھا
 جو ہر سبب اس بل کے لیے نشتر تھا
 بے تحشیں موت کا ڈر اس کو خدا کا ڈر تھا
 باپ کا حکم نہ بیٹے کو آرازا رہا
 پھر پیراست بل میراث پر کیونکر رہا

ہر کوئی مست نے زوق حق آسانی ہے تم مسلمان ہو؟ یہ انداز مسلمان ہے؟
 جیدوں فقر ہے لئے دولت ثنائی ہے تم کو اسلاف کے نسبت وصال ہے
 وہ زمانے میں معزز تھے مسلمان ہو کہ
 اور تم آرزوئے آراکب دست آں ہو کہ

'All of you drink the wine of bodily indulgence, lead lives of ease without strife.
 You dare to call yourselves Muslims? Is this the Mussalman's way of life?

You take neither Ali's pledge of poverty, nor Osman's² path of wealth pursue;

What kinship of the soul can there be between your ancestors and you? As Muslims your forefathers were respected,
 You gave up the Koran and are by the world rejected.'

ہر کوئی مست ہے چائے-تین آسانی ہے
 تم مسلمان ہو؟ یہ انداز مسلمان ہے؟
 ہمدردی فقر ہے لئے دولت ثنائی ہے
 تم کو اسلاف سے کیا منہ تھے عثمانی ہے؟
 وہ زمانے میں معزز تھے مسلمان ہو کہ
 اور تم آرزوئے آراکب دست آں ہو کہ

¹ Ali, cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, was the fourth caliph and was renowned for his Spartan way of living.

² Osman, or Othman, the third caliph during whose caliphate Muslim armies conquered vast domains and filled the treasures of Islam.

تم پر اس میں غضبناک دو اس میں کہیم
 چاہتے سب ہیں کہ ہمیں اوج نریا پیہیم
 تم خدا کار و ظالمین و دظلم پوشش دیکریم
 پیسے دیا کوئی پیدا تو کر سے قلب سلیم
 تحت نفور نبی ان کا تھا کسی کے بھی
 یوں ہی باتیں ہیں کہ تم میں وہ جیت ہے جی

'You always quarrel among yourselves; they were kind and understanding.

You do evil deeds, find faults in others; they covered others' sins and were forgiving.

To live atop the Pleiades is the heart's wish of everyone of you;

First produce a discerning soul who can make the dream come true.

Theirs was the throne of Persia, theirs the kingdom of Cathay

Are you made of that honest stuff or of empty words? You say.'

تم ہو آپس میں جھجھکاؤ، تو آپس میں رہیہ
 تم خدا کارو ختاہی، وہ ختاہیہ کریم
 چاہتے سب ہے کہ ہوں اوج نریا پیہیم
 پہلے ویسا کوئی پیدا تو کرے کریم
 تھتے نفور بھی ان کا تھا، ساریہ کے بھی
 یوں ہی باتیں ہے کہ تم میں وہ جیت ہے جی

خودکشی کی شہرہ تھا، وہ غمور و غمور دار
 تم انوت سے گیزاں وہ انوت پر نثار
 تم ہو گفت اسرا پرا، وہ سپا پاکلاو
 تم آرتے ہو کھلی کو، وہ گلک تال بخار
 اب تک یاد ہے تموں کی حکایت ان کی
 نقش ہے صفحہ ہستی پر صداقت ان کی!

'You are bent on self-destruction; for honour and self-respect they were known.

Brotherly feelings are alien to you; for brothers' lives they gave their own.

All you do is talk and talk; they were men of action, deeds and power: You hanker after little buds; theirs was the garden and every flower.

To this day the peoples of the world remember tales of their glory: Their righteous deeds are written on the scrolls of history.'

خودکشی شہا تمھارا، وہ گھٹرو خوددار
 تم اخبوت سے گورجاں، وہ اخبوت پہ نثار
 تم ہو گفت اسراپا، وہ سراپا کیردار
 تم ترستے ہو کھلی کو، وہ گلستاں و-کینار
 اب تک یاد ہے کھلیوں کو ہیکایات انکی
 نقش ہے سکر ہستی پہ صداقت انکی

میں اس وقت پرورش ہوئے
 شوق پرواز میں مجھ میں بھی ہوئے
 ان کو بندگی نے ہر بند سے آزاد کیا
 لاکے کعبے سے نغمہ خانے میں آباد کیا

'What if you rose above the horizon and shone like stars in the heavens! You fell in love with India's idols and were converted into Brahmins. Your spirit of adventure made you leave your nest and take to the open sky;

Your youth which had no scruples went further and their faith did deny.

The new civilization removed all restraints and set them wildly free; It brought them out of the Kaaba to settle in the house of idolatry.'

میں نے اقبوسم افراتے کھیم پہ روشن بھی ہو
 بوئے ہندی کی مہلبت میں بے ہمت بھی ہو
 شوق پرواز میں مجھ میں بھی ہوئے
 لاکے کعبے سے نغمہ خانے میں آباد کیا

قیس رحمت کس تنہائی صحرانہ ہے
 شہر کی کھائے ہوا باد پیسہ لڑنے ہے
 وہ تو دیوانہ ہے ہستی میں بسے لڑنے ہے
 یہ ضروری ہے مجھاب پرغ کیلئے لڑنے ہے
 گلہ جو نہ ہو کوشش کو بس لڑنے ہے
 عشق آزاد ہے کیوں حسن کی آرزو ہے

'Today's lovers are not like Qais; they cannot bear the loneliness of desert wastes;

They have breathed the city's airs; for desert wines they have no taste. Qais is crazed with love; he may or may not choose the city as his dwelling place.

But there is no reason why Leila should not raise her veil and show her lovely face.

Enough of protesting against the cruelty, enough of complaining against tyranny,

If love can wander freely, why should beauty be not set free?'

کس بھرمات کسے تنہائی-ع-صحرانہ نہ رہے
 شہر کی کھائے ہوا، باد پیسہ لڑنے نہ رہے
 وہ تو دیوانہ ہے، مستی میں رہے یا نہ رہے
 یہ ضروری ہے، ہجرت کو لے لانا نہ رہے
 قیل: ع-زور نہ ہو، شکر-ع-بے-بے-بے نہ ہو
 شکر آباد ہے، کسے ہنس میں آباد نہ ہو

'Qais, more popularly known as Majnun, spent his lifetime seeking his beloved Leila.

عہد بربق جسے آتش زین ہرگز نہ ہے
 یمن اس کے کوئی صحرانہ کوئی گلشن ہے
 اس نئی آگ کا اقوام کمن ایندھن ہے
 ملت ختم کوشش شعلہ ہو ہرگز نہ ہے
 آج بھی ہر جو برا شمسیم کا ایساں پیدا
 آگ کی کسکتی ہے اندازہ کس تلس پیدا

'The new age is like lightning; inflammatory is every haystack, Neither wilderness nor garden is immune from its attack.

To this new flame old nations are like faggots on a pyre; Followers of the last Messenger are consumed in its fire.

Even today if Abraham's faith could be made to glow, Out of Nimrod's fire a garden of flowers would grow.'

اگہدے نئی بگڑ ہے، آتشیاجن ہر خیرمن ہے
 یمین اسے کوئی صحرانہ نہ کوئی گلشن ہے
 اس نئی آگ کا اگہدے کمن ایندھن ہے
 ملت ختم کوشش شعلہ ہو ہرگز نہ ہے
 آج بھی ہو جو برا شمسیم کا ایساں پیدا
 آگ کر سکتی ہے اندازہ کس تلس پیدا

دیکھ کر رنگ چین بونہ پریشاں مانی
 کوب خنجر سے شائیں ہیں چمکنے والی
 خس و فاشا تک سے تو آئے گئے گلستاں خال
 گل برانداز سے خورشید کی لالی
 رنگ گروں کا ذرا دیکھ تو عقاباںی ہے
 یہ نکلنے ہے سورج کی آفت آباںی ہے!

'Let not the sorry plight of the garden upset the gardener;
 Soon buds will sprout on the branches and like stars glitter.
 Weeds and brambles will be swept out of the garden with a broom.
 And where martyrs' blood was shed red roses shall bloom.
 Look, how russet hues have tinged the eastern skies!
 The horizon heralds the birth of a new sun about to rise.'

دیکھ کر رنگ-ع-چمن ہو ن پریشاں مانی
 کوبے گنچ: سے شاخےں ہیں چمکنے والی
 خسو خواشاک سے ہوتا گولستاں خالی
 گلبر اُنداخ ہے خوں شہدا کی لالی
 رنگ گروں کا جرا دیکھ تو اُلباںی ہے
 یہ نکلنے لے اُچھ سورج کی اُچھتاوی ہے

تین گشتی میں شرجیہ بھی ہیں
 اور حرم شرجی میں خزاں دیہہ بھی ہیں
 سیکڑوں نخل کا بیہوشی، بالید بھی ہیں
 سیکڑوں نخل میں لہجی پوشیدہ بھی ہیں
 نخل اس کا نام نونہ سے برودندی کا
 پھل سے سیکڑوں صدیوں کی حرم بھی کا

'In life's garden are nations which gathered fruits for which they toiled;
 Others which reaped nothing or whose harvest an early autumn
 spoiled.

Countless plants wither; countless such as remain forever green;
 Countless more that are hid in the earth's womb and are yet to be seen.
 Islam is an example of a tree cultivated with great care,
 Centuries of careful gardening have yielded the fruit it bears.'

اُمتوں گولشہ ہستی میں سمر-چید: بھی ہیں
 اور مھرہ سے سمر بھی ہیں، خلیاں-دید: بھی ہیں
 سیکڑوں نخل ہے، کاہید: بھی ہے بالید: بھی ہے
 سیکڑوں نخل میں آجی پوشیدہ: بھی ہے
 نخل اِس کا نام نونہ ہے بورد مندی کا
 پھل ہے یہ سیکڑوں صدیوں کی چمن بندی کا

پاک ہے گردِ وطن سے سروِ داماں تیرا
 تو دیوِ یوسف ہے کہ ہر مصر ہے کنعان تیرا
 قافلہ ہرزہ کے گامی دیراں تیرا
 غیر یک باغک در کچھ نہیں مالاں تیرا
 نخلِ شمعِ استی دورِ شمس دورِ شیشیہ تو
 عاقبت سوزِ بوسد یہ اندیشیہ تو

Your garments are not soiled by the dust of any single native land,
 You are the Joseph who sees his Canaan in every Egyptian sand.
 Never will your caravan be plundered or laid waste,
 You have no baggage save the starting bell. Make haste!
 A tree of candles are you, your wick-like roots pierce the light;
 Your thoughts are flames that dispel tomorrow's shades and make
 them bright.'

پاک ہے گدےتتن سے سرےداماں تیرا
 تُو وہ یوسف ہے کہ ہر مصر ہے کنعان تیرا
 کافلا ہو نہ سکےگا کچی ویراں تیرا
 ہر یک باغی دیرا کٹھ نہیں ساماں تیرا
 نخلے شاما استی ب دیر شویلا دودھ ریشاہ تُو
 آکےبوت سوج بودد سای: ع اندیشا-ع تُو

تُو نہ مٹ جائے گا ایران کھٹ جانے سے
 نذر ہے تو ستن نہیں پجانے سے
 ہے عیال پوشش تا آکر کے فنا نے سے
 پساں لگے کعبہ کو صخرہ فنا نے سے
 کشتی حق کا زمانے میں ہمارا تو ہے
 صخرہ زرات ہے دھندلا سا تارا تو ہے

'You will not be destroyed even if Iran went into decline;
 The shape of a goblet bears not on the headiness of the wine.
 From the tales of the Tartar hordes' we can clearly see
 That Kaaba got its caretakers from the temples of idolatry.
 The bark of truth is launched on the sea of time; its helmsman are you;
 In the darkness of the new age, the faint glimmer of your star
 comes through.'

تُو نہ مٹ جائیگا ایران کے مٹ جانے سے
 نہااے مے کو تالکڑک نہیں پمانے سے
 ہے اچھاں یوریشو تاتار کے افسانے سے
 پاسواں بیلل گئے کابے کو ستمخانے سے
 کشتیاے ہک کا زمانے مے سھارا تُو ہے
 اکتے نوا رات ہے، دھندلا سا سیتارا تُو ہے

'The Tartars who after ravaging Muslim lands accepted conversion to Islam and became zealous guardians of Mecca.

ہے جو سنگسار پاپوش بناری کا ناپوں کے لیے پیغام ہے بیداری کا
 تو جھٹکا ہے یہ سماں جسے لڑائی کا آجکل ہے ترسے ایشاد کا انورداری کا
 کیوں ہر اسان ہے پھیلے اسے کیوں ہر اسان ہے پھیلے اسے
 فوجی ججہ نہ کے کاخسار اسے فوجی ججہ نہ کے کاخسار اسے

'The tumult caused by the Bulgar' onslaught and aggression
 Is to rouse you out of complacency and gird your loins for action.
 Presume not that to hurt your feelings, it is a sinister device;
 It is a challenge to your self-respect, it is a call to sacrifice.
 Why tremble at the snorting of the chargers of your foes?
 The flame of truth is not snuffed out by the breath the enemy blows.'

ہے جو ہنگامہ بپا بپا یساری کا
 گافکیوں کے لیے پیغام ہے بیداری کا
 تو سمجھتا ہے یہ سماں ہے لڑائی کا
 ہنسی ہے یہ ترسے ایشاد کا انورداری کا
 کیوں ہر اسان ہے پھیلے اسے
 فوجی ججہ نہ کے کاخسار اسے

'This refers to the Bulgarian invasion of Turkey in the autumn of 1912.

ہے ابھی گلہ ہستی اور ضرورت تیری چشم اوقام سے غلٹی ہے یقینت تیری
 کرب قسمت اکمال ہے خلافت تیری زندہ کھتی ہے زمانے کو عارت تیری
 وقت فرصت برکماں کا ہم بھی جاتی ہے نور تو حسیہ کا اتب ہم بھی جاتی ہے

'Your real worth is hid, other people are yet to see what's true;
 The Lord of the world's assembly has yet much need of you.
 By your breath lives the world and is kept animate;
 You are its destined leader, you the star of fate.
 There is no time to relax, much still remains to be done;
 You have yet to fully spread the light of God, the only one.'

چشم اوقام سے غلٹی ہے یقینت تیری
 کرب قسمت اکمال ہے خلافت تیری
 وقت فرصت برکماں کا ہم بھی جاتی ہے
 نور تو حسیہ کا اتب ہم بھی جاتی ہے

دلت بردوش ہوتے چمنستان ہو جا
 مثل بوقید ہے چمنے میں پریشاں ہو جا
 نغمہ سوز سے بس گانہ گلوں غاناں ہو جا
 ہے تک نہ توڑتے سے بیاباں ہو جا
 وقت عشق سے ہر پرت کو بالاکرے
 دہر اس مٹھلے سے بالاکرے

'You are the bud's captive fragrance; burst forth and gain release;
 Hoist your pack on your shoulder; scatter incense like the garden breeze.
 You are but a tiny speck; to infinite vastness let it increase;
 You are only the wave's murmur; turn it to the roar of the raging sea.
 With the power of love raise the lowest to triumphant heights
 With the name of Muhammad turn the world's darkness to light.'

میتھے بھ کھد ہے، گنہے مے، پریشاں ہوجا
 رخت بردوش ہوا چمنیتساں ہوجا
 ہے تونک مای: تُو جڑے سے بیاہا ہوجا
 نغمہ: ع مای سے ہنگام: ع تُو کراں ہوجا
 کھوتے رشک سے ہر پست کو بالا کرے
 دہر مے رشکے محمد سے بالاکرا کرے

یہ نہ سناں تُو پوچھتے بھی نہ ہو، تم بھی نہ ہو
 چمن دہریں کلیں کا بستہ بھی نہ ہو
 بزم توجیبی، بنائیں نہ ہو، تم بھی نہ ہو
 خیمہ افلاک کا ستارہ اسی نام سے ہے
 جنس ہستی تیرا مادہ اسی نام سے ہے

'If he were not the flower, no bird song would you hear;
 The gardens of the world, no smiling buds would bear.
 If he were not the *sagi*, neither wine nor pitcher would there be,
 Neither gatherings of true believers of the world nor will you have
 identity.'

His name is the tent-pole that the canopy of heaven sustains,
 His name makes the pulse of life beat warmly in our veins.'

ہو نہ یہ فूल، تو بولبول کا ترلنم بھی نہ ہو
 چمن-پ-دہر مے، کلیوں کا تبسوم بھی نہ ہو
 یہ نہ ساکی ہو تو فیر مے بھی نہ ہو، خوم بھی نہ ہو
 بزمے توجیبی بھی دُنیا مے نہ ہو، توم بھی نہ ہو
 خیمہ افلاک کا ستارہ اسی نام سے ہے
 نغمہ-ہستی تیرا مادہ اسی نام سے ہے



وہ تھا کہ شمس پانے والی دنیا
 آدم چہ نہیں یعنی وہ کالی دنیا
 عشق واسے جسے کہتے ہیں بالی دنیا
 تپش اندر بیخبر نام سے ایسے کالی
 غوطہ زن نور میں بنے گھوکے کی طرح

'In the land of the Blacks—pupil in the eye of the earth—
 The land which nurtured martyrs, the land of their birth.
 Land of the fertile crescent made fruitful by the heat of the sun.
 The land known to lovers of the faith as the land of Bilal,
 the Abyssinian.

It shimmers like quicksilver at the sound of His name,
 As the sparkle in a dark eye; in pitch black it is a flame.'

مردمِ چشمِ جرمی، یانی وہ کالی دنیا
 وہ توںہارے شوہدا پالنے والی دنیا
 گرمیِ مہر کی پروردہ، حسی کالی دنیا
 رشک والو جسے کہتے ہن بیلالی دنیا
 تپشِ ابدوہ ہے اس نام سے پارے کی तरह
 گوٹ: جن نور میں ہے آئب کے تارے کی तरह



دشت میں درکن کسائیں سیلان میں ہے
 ہر جس کی آفتاب میں طوفان میں ہے
 چین کے شہزادوں کے میان میں ہے
 اور پوشیدہ سلمان کے میان میں ہے
 ہر قسم اقوامِ نسیب لہرہ اب تک دیکھے
 رفتِ شانِ رفعتِ الٰہی دیکھے

'He is on arid wastes and on mountain sides and on endless steppes;
 He dwells by the ocean's swell that's tossed by the stormy seas.
 He is in the cities of Cathay and in wildernesses Moroccan
 And he lies hidden in the faith of every Muslim man.
 May every eye see this spectacle to the very end of time
 And testify to our saying, "We have made your name sublime."'

دشت میں، دامانے کوہسار میں، مہدوں میں ہے
 بھر میں، موج کی آراغ میں، توفان میں ہے
 چین کے شہر، مراکش کے بربابوں میں ہے
 اور پوشیدہ مسلمان کے ایمان میں ہے
 چشمے اکروام یہ تھارا ابد تک دیکھے
 رشک اوتے شانے رشک اوتے لکا بیکرک دیکھے





غفل ہے تیری پیرونی ہے عشق ہے شمشیر تری
 مے درویشی اخلافت ہو جاگیر تری
 ما سوالہ اللہ کے لیے آگ ہے تنگبیر تری
 تو مسلمان ہو تو الفت دیر ہے تیر تری
 کی محنت سے وفا تو نے تو ہم تیر سے ہیں
 جہاں چیز ہے کی اور تو ہم تیر سے ہیں

'With reason as your shield and the sword of love in your hand,
 Servant of God! the leadership of the world is at your command.
 The cry, "Allah-o-Akbar", destroys all except God; it is a fire.
 If you are true Muslims, your destiny is to grasp what you aspire.
 If you break not faith with Muhammad, we shall always be with you;
 What is this miserable world? To write the world's history, pen and
 tablet we offer you.'

अबल है तेरी सिपर, इस्क है शमशीर तिरी
 मिरे दरवेश! खिलाफत है जहाँगीर तिरी
 मा सिवा अल्बमह के लिए आग है तकबीर तिरी
 तू मुसलमाँ हो तो तकदीर है तदबीर तिरी
 की मुहम्मद से बफा तूने तो हम तेरे हैं
 यह जहाँ चीज है क्या, लौह-ओ-कलम तेरे हैं

