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*This brochure is printed entirely on Hyderabad hand-made paper.*





*“ . . . Seek to find  
In all poor foolish things that live a day  
Eternal Beauty wandering on her way.”*

W. B. YEATS.



## Surrender

THE young pilgrim's eyes shone like a lamp in a lonely temple  
while he sat silent at the foot of the throne  
and picked up casual petals  
dropped from the rose in the Queen's hair.  
I sang to her songs that were like a shower of meteors,  
like a summer gale bursting in passionate rain,  
till she crowned me with the wreath of Victory.

The envious crowd dispersed at the day's end.

I spoke to the young pilgrim :

“Why linger by the throne

when the time for lighting of the lamp is at hand ?”

“My service to my Queen has no end,” he answered,

“for I have surrendered to her my wreath of Victory.”

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

# The Secret

THE dawn is lovely with white light,  
The sky is wide and fair,  
But then each sun that rises up  
Casts shadows everywhere.

The whole horizon laughs and glows  
And all the air is blithe,  
But then, for every field of rice  
Somewhere there is a scythe.

Time goes between two laughter-banks,  
The lane is nude and narrow,  
Somewhere for every bird that sings  
There is a secret arrow.

This heart itself is like a rose  
Which always trembles pale  
Blown here and there by changing time,  
A swift and naked gale.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

## Only A Madman's Song

|| SAW a madman flinging his cap into the air  
While he went gaily singing here, there and everywhere,  
And he sang a song defiant and he sang a song so fired  
O, a madman is a giant when his being is inspired.

His voice it was volcanic, and each note was like a pang,  
It set the world in panic, for this is what he sang :  
“ O the man with bourgeois culture ! with trembling fear be stricken  
For I've seen the ancient vulture being torn by a young chicken,

I have seen some future wizard a-weaving a grave-cloth  
For the sharp-eyed pinky lizard has been swallowed by a moth.  
The old triumphant slaughter has tripped into a bog,  
O the serpent in the water has been gobbled by a frog.

I have seen the future waiting for new processes and laws  
And the weak prey celebrating the falling-off of claws.  
I have seen the red earth treading towards the merry clamour  
Of the proletarian wedding of the sickle and the hammer.”

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

## Beautiful Things

WHAT beautiful things I've seen in Life :  
Roses and peacocks and deer,  
Sunsets resplendent with colour,  
Mornings serene and clear . . . .

Infants, naked and unshy  
Old age, wrinkled and free,  
Youth with its bursting vigour,  
Children tickled with glee.

The calm and the storm of the ocean,  
The quiet of lonely ravine,  
The rain pouring down in torrents,  
The rainbow clear and serene.

The first shower after the summer,  
The sunshine after the rain,  
The singing of larks in the morning,  
The nesting of doves at e'en.

Creator of stars and electrons,  
Designer of butterflies' wings,  
Whatever thou art I thank thee  
For the beautiful things I've seen.

HASHIM AMIR ALI.

# The Ballad of The Naughty Fish

(For Ann)

HAVE you ever been to the Aquarium ?  
Perhaps you will say you can,  
Whenever you like, but it doesn't count,  
*Unless one goes with Ann.*

For when Ann appears the turtle flaps  
With the news to the Naughty Fish,  
Who lives on a bank in a large green tank,  
But why does the turtle this ?

Perhaps you may say, " he does it to please ?"

No, No, you are wrong, my man,  
He does it to tease and *not* to please,  
For the Naughty Fish *hates Ann* !

" Impossible," then, perhaps you smile,  
" For since the world began,  
" There's none so pretty, so sweet, so witty  
" As the blue-eyed angel Ann."

That we *all* know well, but the truth to tell  
Remains that the Naughty Fish,  
Who's dumpy and stout with a broad black snout,  
Gives his tail an ugly swish,

The moment he sees sweet face, fair curls  
Through the glass of his tank, and butts  
With his snout on the glass, but the glass is stout,  
Then his mouth he opens and shuts,

And makes such a face that it's quite a disgrace  
In a well-conducted aquarium,  
Though I'm bound to confess that Ann no less  
Makes a face at the Fish just to scare him :

Then she slips round the tank and in she peeps  
And the fish slips quickly too,  
And the staff and the crowd follow cheering loud  
And the battle begins anew.

Then the Manager comes and bows : ∴ We have  
    " Some beautiful butterfly perches,  
" Some electric eels give a shock one feels,  
    " Sting-rays and a snake that searches  
" In the sand for worms where the lobster squirms,  
    " Will you watch them barred and silvery ?  
" In a butterfly way they hover and sway  
    " O'er the purple and pink anemone."

Now when Ann arrives, just as in beehives,  
    When the queen comes in the bees  
Fly hither and thither, so the fish all quiver  
    With a deep-sea wish to please.

But in Ann's ears rattle the drums of battle,  
    Which the Naughty Fish began :  
Yes, he's waiting there and his great eyes glare,  
    For he's *longing to fight with Ann !*

Down goes Ann's head, then the fish butts dead  
    At the flash of a golden curl,  
Then she darts once more o'er the inlaid floor  
    And the fish makes the water swirl.

Have you ever been to the Aquarium ?  
    This time you will answer, " No "  
For upon your word—now you know—it's absurd  
    *Unless with Ann one go."*

GRANT DUFF.

*The true story of a little girl (Ann Gravely) at the Madras Aquarium.*

# Pòverty

“WE are all poor,” said one in far Cathay.  
’Tis true we are all poor, for what have we ?  
Bankrupt of dreams we live from day to day,  
Unknowing save of what the eye can see.

With so much wealth awaiting us we choose  
To live in rags and mire and poverty:  
Seeking to capture emptiness we lose  
All that we might have had of ecstasy.

We could have kinship with the sun and stars,  
And share the glory of the skies and earth  
Instead of lurking behind prison bars  
Bereft of all that is our right by birth.

If we would leave the streets and alleyways  
We could reach heights no feet have ever trod  
And fill the moments of the nights and days  
With rapture that would make each man a god.

Do we remember when we sell for bread  
The dreams that are our loveliest heritage,  
That there are deeper hungers to be fed  
And if these go unfed from age to age

The human race must perish and decay  
And man’s achievements crumble into dust ?.....  
’Tis true what one did say in far Cathay,  
We are all poor, but only through our lust

For garnering the things that we can see  
And touch and barter for dull gold or bread,  
Because we have lost all the mystery  
That separates the living from the dead.

PADMAJA NAIDU.

## Immutable .

**B**E calm, my soul ! Let not the body's pain,  
The travail and the anguish of the flesh,  
Disturb your peace. Let not its cries enmesh  
Your fortitude, nor cause your pride to wane.  
For there shall come again, and yet again,  
A myriad agonies to burn afresh  
This frightened, shrinking flesh, and Pain shall thresh  
It cell from quivering cell . . . Thus did ordain  
The Book of Fate long centuries ago.  
It matters not. The body's day is brief,  
A pinch of dust, the falling of a leaf,  
That will be quite forgotten when you go  
Alone, serene, untouched by aught that mars,  
On your long, homeward journey to the stars.

PADMAJA NAIDU.

# Silver Jubilee

1937

(An Acrostic)

Serene we stood when all around  
In every land was stir and strife ;  
Love ruled our hearts, and faith profound ;  
Vain conflicts did not mar our life ;  
Each hour its grateful tribute brought :  
Remembrance of our happy lot !  
  
Just in our claim of truth and right,  
Undaunted still, and undismayed ;  
Brave in our patience, calm despite  
Ill-boding fears 'midst hopes delayed,—  
Let us stand firm and face the light,  
Enduring all that God may send,  
Expecting triumph in the end !

NIZAMAT JUNG.

# The Persian Poet & The Nightingale

FROM starlit groves the nightingale her song  
Sends forth upon the night to greet his ear ;  
It wakes his brooding soul that fain would hear  
A voice that in his heart lay prisoned long.  
Some chord it touches at whose bidding throng  
Commingling joy and pain and hope and fear,  
And yearnings dumb that waited many a year  
The transcéd ecstasy her notes prolong.  
Her voice is as the voice of his own soul,  
The voice of rapture melting into pain.  
Both yearn for happier haunts, serener skies ;  
His heart-song pulsing 'neath the soft control  
Of hers that soars and sinks, and soars again  
Till 'mongst the fading stars it fails and dies.

NIZAMAT JUNG.

# Windows

*(In a vacated palace in South India)*

GRIEVE not for gentle eyes  
Dead centuries ago  
That, living, to the skies  
Gave back the twilight glow  
When, in the murmuring street  
Below these latticed panes,  
Shrinewards a myriad feet  
Followed the oboe's strains.

Grieve not for bright eyes closed  
On skill and vision grown  
So Godlike it imposed  
Godhood on wood and stone ;  
And, under spirit-stress,  
Through wielded brush and blade,  
To calling loveliness  
Lovely rejoinder made.

Grieve not for eyes bereft  
Of art's reminding look,  
Or what they, leaving, left.  
Rather be glad they took,  
From soul in substance wrought,  
Joy that, remembered well,  
Visible beauty brought  
To the invisible.

But, somewhat softly grieve  
That, out of stuff and tool,  
God's craft in man should leave  
A Being beautiful,  
Whose wonder should outlast  
Lovers whose dimming sight  
Unto their children passed  
A lessening delight.

Ah ! greatly grieve for these,  
The disinherited,  
Who, lacking will to seize  
Art's affluence round them spread  
(Heaven's cure for earth's distress),  
Even in the holy place  
Their own unloveliness  
Transcribed on Beauty's face.

Grieve not for what they are,  
But what they might have been :  
Windows wherethrough a star -  
Should scan the earthly scene ;  
Mirrors that, though they break,  
Should, holding memory well,  
Visible beauty take  
To the invisible.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

# The Flute Player

A PEACOCK feather in his hair,  
An anklet on his foot ;  
He comes, the little Flute Player,  
Himself a living flute.

*Kanhya ! • Kanhya !*

The children shout and run,  
Swarming around like golden bees  
In the fields of Brindaban.

Cross-legged beside the Jamuna  
He plays a joyous tune,  
The pale Kadamba blossoms fall  
About him in a swoon.

*Murari ! Murari !*

Calls the koel from the brake,  
*Mukunda ! Mukunda !*  
Whispers the hooded snake.

*Gopala ! Gopala !*

The milkmaids in a trance  
Cast down their pearly curds and fling  
Into a circling dance.

*Govinda ! Govinda !*

The herdsmen leave their dun,  
And brindled kine in Gokul  
And the glades of Goverdhan.

The tides pause in their pilgrimage,  
Blue clouds forsake their quest,  
The winds in the ashoka Grove  
Fold up their wings to rest,  
Lured by the little Flute Player  
Who is a secret King  
And hides within his sceptred flute  
The magic of the Spring.

SAROJINI NA

*These are some of the many lovely names of the baby Lord Sri Krishna, the flute player, beloved of all.*

# Little Kanhya

## I

### Farmers :

NANDA'S wife, Nanda's wife, Kanhya is a thief,  
He climbs our garden walls and strips our orchards  
' fruit and leaf.

### Milkmaids :

He eats our yellow butterballs and steals our silvery curds,

### Priests :

He scatters all the sacred rice to feed the temple birds.

*" Little Thief! Little Thief! "* Yashoda took a rope  
*And tied the errant hands of him who was the Yadu's hope.*

## II

### Village Girls :

Nanda's wife, Nanda's wife, Kanhya hides our clothes,  
And flings our altar offerings to peacocks and to crows.  
He trips us on the river-steps and breaks our jars in halves,

### Village Herdmen :

He runs with chattering monkey-folk to chase our fright-  
ened calves.

*" Vagabond! Vagabond! "* Yashoda took a cord  
*And bound the truant feet of him who was the Yadu's Lord.*

Village Boys :

Nanda's wife, Nanda's wife, Kanhya brawls and boasts)  
 He is stronger than the fire and storm and all the demon  
 hosts.

He says a mountain he can hold in one hand and uproot  
 The forest trees of Mathura by playing on his flute.

" *Evil one ! Evil one !* " Yashoda took a rod,  
 And hushed the peccant lips of him who was a laughing god.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

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*Incidents from the childhood of Lord Sri Krishna who was brought up by Yashoda, wife of Nanda the Cowherd, at Gokul.*

## Quest

IF I could find that blessing-haunted hill  
The moon is rising over, O, I would fill  
The world with praise of every rock and stone,  
Of every tree and every herb alone  
That great moon glorified with heavenly air,  
As though in answer to my bitter prayer.  
Full to the brim is life with loveliness  
To charm all care away ; a sweet caress  
In every swaying flower, a benediction  
Hovering over every heart's affliction  
Tears make known, the benison of words  
Hastening heartwards like dear evening birds  
Out of the glooming. If I could but find  
That blessing-haunted hill within the mind  
Of God, in his own world, my song should rise  
In ceaseless adoration angel-wise.

E. F. SPEIGHT.

# Seven Wonders

A POEM like sunrise on the sea,  
Yet made of words,—how can it be ?

One line of verse compriseth well  
The unveiling of a miracle.

The singing-robe transforms the street  
To heights where the archangels meet.

One holds the pencil, wonder-stirred,  
But Who is it that writes the word ?

Out of the darkness comes a light  
That flashes through long years of night.

Out of the silence comes a sound  
And banded heroes rise around.

Out of the ages cometh youth  
Crowned with an aureole of truth.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

# Sunt Lachrymae Rerum

*Zohair the poet sang of loveliness  
Which is the flight of things.*

*Abu'l-ala el Ma'ari.*

ALL things I loved I have let them go,  
Sorrowing go, like broken lines  
Of song upon the tremulous air  
Of hearts in adoration. So  
Mourning silently everywhere  
I listen between my falling tears  
For memories of them, murmuring signs  
Of the lovely things of long ago  
That sorrowing went and never were sung  
When the world and I were both so young.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

# Remembrance

KEEP me the starry memories that throng about my heart  
Bind them with strands of evergreen and hide them  
wave on wave,  
That my still spirit hovering, may cherish them apart  
And know the love, that watches them is strong to shape  
and save.

Keep me the little happiness that I have called my own ;  
Keep me the sound of laughter and a friend's upholding arm ;  
Keep me the silent watches when with senses cold as stone  
I made of all my patient dreams a sacrificial charm.

Keep me the faith that shelters and the sorrow that is true,  
That will not turn to bitterness nor let the vision pass ;  
Where the Master-Lovers lingered, their feet went lonely too  
But they crushed no life in treading, nor the flowers in the  
grass..

Blind is the dark beyond me, but I dare to lift my head  
To the infinite outpouring whence the golden hopes shall rain  
And beneath the skies star-studded where all wounded life  
has bled  
I shall find the Light I reckoned lost in splendour once again.

ELIZABETH DOUGLAS-PULLEYNE.

# Some Quatrains.

(With apologies to Fitzgerald)

THE dead are ever quicker than the live;  
More vital, yes, than those who fight and strive,  
Not prone to change are they, nor to decay,  
For they in undying memory survive !

\* \* \*

Swift-marching Time, with his space-hungry feet  
Will from this earthen Tablet soon delete  
My form ; long ere Youth's fiery joy be cold  
Or advancing Age's outstretched Hand can meet.

\* \* \*

Once dreaming ere the sun had rent the skies,  
I saw Truth's form upon the darkness rise,  
And then an uncouth Hand swept sudden down,  
And laid Its blinding Fingers on my eyes !

\* \* \*

He laughs at all your efforts to be wise,  
With bitter jests He mocks your questioning cries,  
Why seek you knowledge when knowledge is naught,  
And all your wisdom is based upon lies ?

\* \* \*

My love's form once with Truth did me inspire,  
And once I sought it in uprising fire,  
But never did I get so close to it  
As when I looked for it in dirt and mire !

\* \* \*

Come Saki, fill the bowl that gives me dreams,  
The bowl, deep in whose golden depths there gleams  
A shadow of the truth that I desire :  
The difference between what Is, and Seems.

MIRZA NAJAF ALI KHAN.

# Where Nature Reigns

**F**RAGRANT flowers, waving wild  
As nymphs in Queen Titania's bower,  
Prancing like a buoyant child  
Dancing 'neath a rippling shower,

How sweet you are, what tales you tell  
Thro' speechless lips and blushes gay !  
Each one a Cupid's sentinel  
To guard some fairy fay.

How much through you doth God display  
His most romantic soul today !

SULAIMAN MOIZUDDIN.

# Saudade

(Dedicated to Madame De Mello)

I AM weary of the glaring, of the steely sheen of day ;  
When the bee droops drowsing heavy in the jasmine's  
sweet array.

My heart calls for the cool forests, for the deep Canadian tone  
Of the pines and e'ergreen fir trees, all that makes or breathes  
of home.

Oh fair homeland of great rivers, waving prairies, golden corn !  
My heart cries out in solitude for the land where I was born.

Not the grace of the tall palm tree nor the half-closed lotus  
flower  
Can dull my fond remembrance of the early primrose hour.

When the noontide's breath is laden with the jasmine and  
the rose,  
In my mind there is a picture of the mayflower 'mid the snows.

While the busy hum of insects breaks my evening's peaceful  
dream,  
I can hear the downward rushing of Niagara's mighty stream.

Land of birch-bark and of maple, stately oak and scented pine !  
Give me back my joyous childhood when thy treasures were  
all mine !

ETHEL A. M. POPE.

# The Turn of The Wheel

HOW strange is the turn of the wheel, my friend,  
Both sorrow and joy it's bound to send ;  
To the peasant, who sits in his field at dawn,  
To the king, who orders his foe to be sawn.

No one can say what the day will bring,  
Joy to the peasant, death to the king ;  
But whether Joy or Death doth come,  
The wheel turns round with its constant hum.

Enjoy the present, make use of the day,  
Both Poet and Philosopher sing this lay ;  
Only to Thyself be just and true,  
The Life you've lived, you'll never rue.

KENNETH CLEMENT-JONES.

# Holland

(Wind)

SEE there! A row of white billowy shapes  
All blown to various sizes  
And filled by a vigorous wind.

The wind claps through the white linen  
And smooths them into full-blown curves,  
Like the forms of their respective owners.

A moment before they swirled in the suds  
And were thrashed on a plank by robust arms  
And pitilessly wrung by kneading fingers.

A full-striped skirt, hiding many-coloured skirts  
A luxurious bosom with apron cover,  
A rounded form bending over a bucket.

Then the twisted wrung linen was set aside  
And rinsed under cold pump water  
While bucket was tipped and soap-suds spread far.

Some fed the gutter and some splashed over  
And formed small pools of soapy blue water  
Among the dark brown of the mud.

And through the mud, with wagging gait  
She came, and each wooden clog sank deep,  
Slosh, slosh, slosh sucked the mud.

And her fat form with arms stretched up  
She unravelled the corkscrews of linen  
And hung her laboured washing on the line.

There they swelled again to their normal size  
Filled by a blowing wind over the green,  
While the tightened rope hung in graceful curve.

See there! A row of white billows  
Balloon-like and bloated of shape,  
Suspended, there over the dirt and mud  
And helplessly wrenched by the wind.

PAULA BALFOUR-CLARKE.

# Hope

YOU promised love  
And breathed hushed, honeyed words  
Of life that's young but once,  
And of two birds  
That both can fly away abreast  
To other parts and look for worms  
And build a nest.

You buried love  
Beneath exotic flowers whose spell  
Was death as well as pleasure  
And love did quell.  
Now lies among their sickly scent  
A victim, drugged by passion's flowers,  
Whose wings are spent.

\* \* \*

Bird of Hope  
Is it, your youth's played out alack,  
Your feathers lead and ruffled  
And your wings slack ?

O Bird, take breath and fly abreast  
The broad wind yet and traverse worlds,  
And build a nest.

PAULA BALFOUR-CLARKE.

## شاعر

مشرق کے نینستاں میں ہے محتاجِ نفسِ نئے  
شاعر! ترے سینہ میں نفس ہے کہ نہیں ہے؟

تاثیرِ غلامی سے خودی جس کی ہوئی نرم  
اچھی نہیں اُس قوم کے حق میں عجبی نئے

شیشور کی صراحی ہو کہ مٹی کا سبو ہو  
شمشیرگی مانند ہو تیزی میں تری مئے

ایسی کوئی دنیا نہیں افلاک کے نیچو  
بے معرکہ ہاتھ آئے جہاں تختِ جم و کئے

ہر لحظہ نیا طور نئی برقِ تجلی  
اللہ کرے مرحلہ شوق نہ ہو طے!

MOHAMED IQBAL.

پیام سر محمد اقبال مدظلہم کہ از لاہور بہ مجلس شعرا (پوٹری سوسائٹی)  
حیدرآباد دکن فرستادہ و بتاریخ ۲۶ - نومبر سنہ ۱۹۳۵ ع در مجلس خواندہ شد



## غزل

اس عشق نے ہر قید سے بیگانہ بنایا : کیا خوب کیا اپنا ہی دیوانہ بنایا  
 وہ برق نہ تھی طور پہ جلوۂ تھا کسی کا : خود شوق نے موسیٰ تمہیں دیوانہ بنایا  
 آتی ہے صدا مجھ کو انا الحق کی سر بزم : کس خاک سے ساقی نے یہ پیمانہ بنایا  
 انکار کی آئی تھی صدا طور سے موسیٰ : تھی بات ذرا اسی اُسے افسانہ بنایا  
 قربان تری مست نگاہی کے مری جاں : کیا خوب کیا مجھ کو کہ مستانہ بنایا  
 خالی نہ رہیگا کوئی اس فیض سے ساقی : اچھا ہوا عالم کو جو میخانہ بنایا  
 اب سوز محبت کے مزے آئینگر پیسم : خود شمع بنا اور مجھے پروانہ بنایا  
 ہر وقت تصور ہے بتوں کا مرے دل میں : کعبہ تھا یہ گھر کس نے صنم خانہ بنایا

تقدیر کی خوبی ہے تری شاد تو خوش ہو

بے غم ز رہِ لطفِ کریما نہ بنایا

“SHAD” : MAHARAJA SIR KISHEN PERSHAD BAHADUR.

# ۱۔ غزل

یہ بات نئی میرے فسانے کے لئے ہے . سننے کے لئے ہے نہ سنانے کیلئے ہے  
ہے عشق کا ارشاد کہ خواہش ہو ستم کی جب اُنکا کرم سارے زمانے کیلئے ہے  
اے دل کہیں اس چشم عنایت پہ نہ جانا یہ چشم عنایت بھی مٹانے کیلئے ہے  
انداز ہو شوخی ہو کرم ہو کہ ستم ہو جو بات ہے دیوانہ بنانے کیلئے ہے  
دنیا کو تری سادگی حسن مبارک شوخی کی ادا میرے ستانے کیلئے ہے  
لینر نہیں دیتے وہ ہمیں دل کا سہارا کیا دامن دل آگ لگانے کیلئے ہے

دل ہم کو مناتا ہے شجیع اس سے جو روٹھیں

وہ روٹھے ہوئے دل کو منانے کیلئے ہے

“SHEJI” : PRINCE MOAZAM JAH BAHADUR.

## عزل

جز غم در این زمانه ز اخوان نمی رسد . . . آزار صد هزار و یک اجسان نمی رسد  
 امید کام داشتن از لعل تو خطا است . دست کسی به مهر سلیمان نمی رسد  
 بایک نگاه مهر تو در راه قانعم . دائم گدا به مجلس سلطان نمی رسد  
 سر مشق ما است شیوه مجنون و کوهکن . در عشق کس به رتبه ایشان نمی رسد  
 گر از دراز دستی زلفت بیان کنم . تا روز حشر قصه پایان نمی رسد  
 جور و جفاے عاشق خود میکشید - کس . در دلبری به یوسف کنعان نمی رسد  
 فرهاد عاقل است به مجنون خبر دهید . بے تیشہ این سر تو به سامان نمی رسد  
 بیسود گیت سعی ما و ایم اے پدر . درد دل از طبیب به درمان نمی رسد  
 عشق است نور ایزد و زاهد نبرد پے . این ابر من پرست به یزدان نمی رسد  
 گوی شده است باد صبا ہم رقیب من . بوے تو ہم به کلبہ احزان نمی رسد  
 پڑ مرده شد گل چمن از شرم عارضت . بارنگ و بوے موے تو ریحان نمی رسد  
 دامان یار خویش زلیخا چه خوش درید . بد بخت ماکہ دست به دامان نمی رسد  
 بہر ہزار تیر تو در دل ہنوز جا است . دیری است از تو ناوک مرثجان نمی رسد

شیرین سخن چو داعی بسیار دیدہ ایم  
 اما کسی بہ شاد سخندان نمی رسد

“DAI” : AGHA MOHAMED ALI.





اے دہر اُس کے کواٹھے خود کو سدھار لے  
 کہ سن ہے اصلیت سے تیری ہے وہ بے خبر  
 جو ظلم تجھ میں ہو سکتا ہے جو جو مصیبتیں  
 سہتے ہیں تیرے دور میں دن رات یاں بشر  
 تو جانتی نہیں کہ کسے ہو اگر خبر  
 ٹوٹے گارج و شرم سے اس ناز نہیں کا دل؟  
 اے دہر اُس کے کواٹھے خود کو سدھار لے

THE ABOVE IS SUGHRA AMIR ALI'S RENDERING OF  
 Lawrence Binyon's

*Original.*

Oh world, be nobler for her sake !  
 If she but knew thee, what thou art  
 What wrongs are borne, what deeds are done  
 In thee beneath thy daily sun,  
 Knowest thou not that her tender heart  
 For pain and very shame would break ?  
 Oh world, be nobler for her sake !

# Thy Tears Are Not in Vain

اس خالق منطق کی مخلوق ہے یہ ساری  
مہر و مہر و ذرہ میں ہے اسکی صنع کاری  
ہر پتہ کے پھلتر میں نچرے لہلہت باری  
ہر ذون کے قطرہ میں فیض اسکا سدا جاری  
بیوجہ نہیں ہاشم تیرے سے یہ بے مہری  
آنسو ہی تیرے شاید درکار ہیں قدرت کو

( TRANSLATION )

All cosmos but reflects the great and guiding mind  
Of Him Who makes the myriad little stars to shine  
And urges flowers to grow from rotted soil ;

He Who creates distant planets with their suns  
And keeps the atom moving in its destined line—  
The Artist Who designs the mottled wing.

Here every leaf that moves obeys the Master's thought  
And every drop of blood but manifests the Lord.

It cannot be that in this ordered universe  
Where pain and pleasure weave life's variegated skein  
Where nerves, co-ordinating, produce sight and sound  
Where every proton serves some purpose great or small,

It cannot be that thou alone art here forgot  
Thy distilled tears, Ali, are perhaps what He wants :

HASHIM AMIR ALI.











