

Classic Poetry Series

Kazi Nazrul Islam
- poems -

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Kazi Nazrul Islam(24 May 1899 - 29 August 1976)

Kazi Nazrul Islam was a Bengali poet, musician and revolutionary who pioneered poetic works espousing intense spiritual rebellion against fascism and oppression. His poetry and nationalist activism earned him the popular title of Bidrohi Kobi (Rebel Poet). Accomplishing a large body of acclaimed works through his life, Nazrul is officially recognised as the national poet of Bangladesh and commemorated in India.

Born into a Muslim quazi (justice) family in India, Nazrul received religious education and worked as a muezzin at a local mosque. He learned of poetry, drama, and literature while working with theatrical groups. After serving in the British Indian Army, Nazrul established himself as a journalist in Kolkata (then Calcutta). He assailed the British Raj in India and preached revolution through his poetic works, such as 'Bidrohi' ('The Rebel') and 'Bhangar Gaan' ('The Song of Destruction'), as well as his publication 'Dhumketu' ('The Comet'). His impassioned activism in the Indian independence movement often led to his imprisonment by British authorities. While in prison, Nazrul wrote the 'Rajbandir Jabanbandi' ('Deposition of a Political Prisoner'). Exploring the life and conditions of the downtrodden masses of India, Nazrul worked for their emancipation.

Nazrul's writings explore themes such as love, freedom, and revolution; he opposed all bigotry, including religious and gender. Throughout his career, Nazrul wrote short stories, novels, and essays but is best-known for his poems, in which he pioneered new forms such as Bengali ghazals. Nazrul wrote and composed music for his nearly 4,000 songs (including gramophone records), collectively known as Nazrul geeti (Nazrul songs), which are widely popular today. At the age of 43 (in 1942) he began suffering from an unknown disease, losing his voice and memory. It is often said, the reason was slow poisoning by British Government. It caused Nazrul's health to decline steadily and forced him to live in isolation for many years. Invited by the Government of Bangladesh, Nazrul and his family moved to Dhaka in 1972, where he died four years later.

 Early Life

Kazi Nazrul Islam was born in the village of Churulia near Asansol in the Burdwan District of Bengal (now located in the Indian state of Paschimbanga). He was born in a powerful Muslim Taluqdar family and was the second of three sons and a daughter, Nazrul's father Kazi Faqeer Ahmed was the imam and caretaker of the local mosque and mausoleum. Nazrul's mother was Zahida Khatun. Nazrul had two brothers, Kazi Saahibjaan and Kazi Ali Hussain, and a sister, Umme Kulsum.

Nicknamed Dukhu Mian (Sad Man), Nazrul began attending the maktab & madarsa ; the local religious school run by the mosque & dargah where he studied the Qur'an and other scriptures, Islamic philosophy and theology. His family was devastated with the death of his father in 1908. At the young age of ten, Nazrul began working in his father's place as a caretaker to support his family, as well as assisting teachers in school. He later became the muezzin at the mosque, delivering the Azaan and calling the people for prayer.

Attracted to folk theatre, Nazrul joined a leto (travelling theatrical group) run by his uncle Fazl e Karim. Working and travelling with them, learning acting, as well as writing songs and poems for the plays and musicals. Through his work and experiences, Nazrul began learning Bengali and Sanskrit literature, as well as Hindu scriptures such as the Puranas. The young poet composed a number of folk plays for his group, which included "Chashaar Shong" ("The drama of a peasant"), "Shakunibadh" ("The Killing of Shakuni a character from the epic Mahabharata"), "Raja Yudhisthirer Shong" ("The drama of King Yudhisthira again from the Mahabharata"), "Daata Karna" ("Philanthropic Karna from the Mahabharata"), "Akbar Badshah" ("Emperor Akbar"), "Kavi Kalidas" ("Poet Kalidas"), "Vidyan hutum" ("The Learned Owl"), and "Rajputrer Shong" ("The drama of a Prince").

In 1910, Nazrul left the troupe and enrolled at the Searsole Raj High School in Raniganj (where he came under influence of teacher, revolutionary and Jugantar activist Nibaran Chandra Ghatak, and initiated life-long friendship with fellow author Sailajananda Mukhopadhyay, who was his classmate), and later transferred to the Mathrun High English School, studying under the headmaster and poet Kumudranjan Mallik. Unable to continue paying his school fees, Nazrul left the school and joined a group of kaviyals. Later he took jobs as a cook at the house of a Christian railway guard and at the most famous bakery of the region Wahid's/Abdul Wahid and tea stall in the town of Asansol. In 1914, Nazrul studied in the Darirampur School (now Jatiya Kabi Kazi Nazrul Islam University) in Trishal, Mymensingh District. Amongst other subjects, Nazrul studied Bengali, Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian literature and classical music under teachers who were impressed by his dedication and skill.

Studying up to Class X, Nazrul did not appear for the matriculation pre-test examination, enlisting instead in the Indian Army in 1917 at the age of eighteen. He joined the British army mainly for two reasons: first, his youthful romantic inclination to respond to the unknown and, secondly, the call of politics. Attached to the 49th Bengal Regiment, he was posted to the cantonment in Karachi, where he wrote his first prose and poetry. Although he never saw active fighting, he rose in rank from corporal to havildar, and served as quartermaster for his

battalion. During this period, Nazrul read extensively, and was deeply influenced by Rabindranath Tagore and Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay, as well as the Persian poets Hafez, Rumi and Omar Khayyam. He learnt Persian poetry from the regiment's Punjabi moulvi, practiced music and pursued his literary interests. His first prose work, "Baunduler Atmakahini" ("Life of a Vagabond") was published in May, 1919. His poem "Mukti" ("Freedom") was published by the "Bangla Mussalman Sahitya Patrika" ("Bengali Muslim Literary Journal") in July 1919.

 Rebel Poet

Nazrul started a bi-weekly magazine, publishing the first "Dhumketu" (Comet) on August 12, 1922. Earning the moniker of the "rebel poet", Nazrul also aroused the suspicion of British authorities. A political poem published in "Dhumketu" in September 1922 led to a police raid on the magazine's office. Arrested, Nazrul entered a lengthy plea before the judge in the court.

"I have been accused of sedition. That is why I am now confined in the prison. On the one side is the crown, on the other the flames of the comet. One is the king, sceptre in hand; the other Truth worth the mace of justice. To plead for me, the king of all kings, the judge of all judges, the eternal truth the living God... His laws emerged out of the realization of a universal truth about mankind. They are for and by a sovereign God. The king is supported by an infinitesimal creature; I by its eternal and indivisible Creator. I am a poet; I have been sent by God to express the unexpressed, to portray the unportrayed. It is God who is heard through the voice of the poet... My voice is but a medium for Truth, the message of God... I am the instrument of that eternal self-evident truth, an instrument that voices forth the message of the ever-true. I am an instrument of God. The instrument is not unbreakable, but who is there to break God?"

On April 14, 1923 he was transferred from the jail in Alipore to Hooghly in Kolkata, he began a 40-day fast to protest mistreatment by the British jail superintendent. Nazrul broke his fast more than a month later and was eventually released from prison in December 1923. Nazrul composed a large number of poems and songs during the period of imprisonment and many his works were banned in the 1920s by the British authorities.

Kazi Nazrul Islam became a critic of the Khilafat struggle, condemning it as hollow, religious fundamentalism. Nazrul's rebellious expression extended to rigid orthodoxy in the name of religion and politics. Nazrul also criticised the Indian National Congress for not embracing outright political independence from the British Empire. He became active in encouraging people to agitate against British

rule, and joined the Bengal state unit of the Congress party. Nazrul also helped organise the Sramik Praja Swaraj Dal, a political party committed to national independence and the service of the peasant masses. On December 16, 1925 Nazrul started publishing the weekly "Langal", with himself as chief editor. The "Langal" was the mouthpiece of the Sramik Praja Swaraj Dal.

During his visit to Comilla in 1921, Nazrul met a young Hindu woman, Pramila Devi, with whom he fell in love and they married on April 25, 1924. Pramila belonged to the Brahmo Samaj, which criticised her marriage to a Muslim. Nazrul in turn was condemned by Muslim religious leaders and continued to face criticism for his personal life and professional works, which attacked social and religious dogma and intolerance. Despite controversy, Nazrul's popularity and reputation as the "rebel poet" rose significantly.

"Weary of struggles, I, the great rebel,
Shall rest in quiet only when I find
The sky and the air free of the piteous groans of the oppressed.
Only when the battle fields are cleared of jingling bloody sabres
Shall I, weary of struggles, rest in quiet,
I the great rebel."

 Mass Music

With his wife and young son Bulbul, Nazrul settled in Krishnanagar in 1926. His work began to transform as he wrote poetry and songs that articulated the aspirations of the downtrodden classes, a sphere of his work known as "mass music." Nazrul assailed the socio-economic norms and political system that had brought upon misery. From his poem 'Daridro' (poverty or pain):

"O poverty, thou hast made me great.
Thou hast made me honoured like Christ
With his crown of thorns. Thou hast given me
Courage to reveal all. To thee I owe
My insolent, naked eyes and sharp tongue.
Thy curse has turned my violin to a sword

...

O proud saint, thy terrible fire
Has rendered my heaven barren.
O my child, my darling one
I could not give thee even a drop of milk

No right have I to rejoice.
Poverty weeps within my doors forever
As my spouse and my child."

[Who will play the flute?]

In what his contemporaries regarded as one of his greatest flairs of creativity, Nazrul began composing the very first ghazals in Bengali, transforming a form of poetry written mainly in Persian and Urdu. Nazrul became the first person to introduce Islam into the larger mainstream tradition of Bengali music. The first record of Islamic songs by Nazrul Islam was a commercial success and many gramophone companies showed interest in producing these. A significant impact of Nazrul was that it drew made Muslims more comfortable in the Bengali Arts, which used to be dominated by Hindus. Nazrul also composed a number of notable Shamasangeet, Bhajan and Kirtan, combining Hindu devotional music. Arousing controversy and passions in his readers, Nazrul's ideas attained great popularity across India. In 1928, Nazrul began working as a lyricist, composer and music director for His Master's Voice Gramophone Company. The songs written and music composed by him were broadcast on radio stations across the country. He was also enlisted/attached with the Indian Broadcasting Company.

Nazrul professed faith in the belief in the equality of women — a view his contemporaries considered revolutionary. From his poet Nari (Woman):

"I don't see any difference
Between a man and woman
Whatever great or benevolent achievements
That are in this world
Half of that was by woman,
The other half by man." (Translated by Sajed Kamal)

His poetry retains long-standing notions of men and women in binary opposition to one another and does not affirm gender similarities and flexibility in the social structure:

"Man has brought the burning, scorching heat of the sunny day;
Woman has brought peaceful night, soothing breeze and cloud.
Man comes with desert-thirst; woman provides the drink of honey.
Man ploughs the fertile land; woman sows crops in it turning it green.
Man ploughs, woman waters; that earth and water mixed together,
brings about a harvest of golden paddy."

However, Nazrul's poems strongly emphasise the confluence of the roles of both sexes and their equal importance to life. He stunned society with his poem "Barangana" ("Prostitute"), in which he addresses a prostitute as "mother". Nazrul accepts the prostitute as a human being, reasoning that this person was breast-fed by a noble woman and belonging to the race of "mothers and sisters"; he assails society's negative notions of prostitutes.

Who calls you a prostitute, mother?
Who spits at you?
Perhaps you were suckled by someone
as chaste as Seeta.

...

And if the son of an unchaste mother is 'illegitimate',
so is the son of an unchaste father.

- "Barangana" ("Prostitute") Translated by Sajed Kamal)

Nazrul was an advocate of the emancipation of women; both traditional and non-traditional women were portrayed by him with utmost sincerity. Nazrul's songs are collectively called as Nazrul Sangeet Nazrul geeti.

 Exploring Religion

Nazrul's mother died in 1928, and his second son Bulbul died of smallpox the following year. His first son, Krishna Mohammad had died prematurely. His wife gave birth to two more sons — Savyasachi in 1928 and Aniruddha in 1931 — but Nazrul remained shaken and aggrieved for a long time.

"Come back my birdie! Come back again to my empty bosom! Shunno e bookey paakhi mor aaye! Phirey aaye phirey aaye!"

His works changed significantly from rebellious expositions of society to deeper examination of religious themes. His works in these years led Islamic devotional songs into the mainstream of Bengali folk music, exploring the Islamic practices of namaz (prayer), roza (fasting), hajj (pilgrimage) and zakat (charity). This was regarded by his contemporaries as a significant achievement as Bengali Muslims had been strongly averse to devotional music.

Nazrul's creativity diversified as he explored Hindu devotional music by composing Shama Sangeet, bhajans and kirtans, often merging Islamic and

Hindu values. Nazrul's poetry and songs explored the philosophy of Islam and Hinduism.

Let people of all countries and all times come together. At one great union of humanity. Let them listen to the flute music of one great unity. Should a single person be hurt, all hearts should feel it equally. If one person is insulted; it is a shame to all mankind, an insult to all! Today is the grand uprising of the agony of universal man.

The badnaa, a water jug typical in usage by Bengali Muslims for ablutions (wazu) and bath (ghusl) and the gaaru a water pot typical in usage by Bengali Hindus, meet and embrace each other under the peace of the new pact (between the rioting Hindus and Muslims in Bengal during the British Raj on certain politico-religious differences and disputes that had preceded the said pact). There is no knife in the hand of the Muslim and also the Hindu does not wield the bamboo any more! Bodna gaaru te kolakuli korey! Nobo pact er aashnaai! Musholmaaner haatey naai chhuri! Hindur haatey baansh naai!

Nazrul's poetry imbibed the passion and creativity of Shakti, which is identified as the Brahman, the personification of primordial energy. He wrote and composed many bhajans, shyamasangeet, agamanis and kirtans. He also composed large number of songs on invocation to Lord Shiva, Goddesses Lakshmi and Saraswati and on the theme of love of Radha and Krishna.

Nazrul assailed fanaticism in religion, denouncing it as evil and inherently irreligious. He devoted many works to expound upon the principle of human equality, exploring the Qur'an and the life of Islam's prophet Muhammad. Nazrul has been compared to William Butler Yeats for being the first Muslim poet to create imagery and symbolism of Muslim historical figures such as Qasim, Ali, Umar, Kamal Pasha, Anwar Pasha and Muhammad. His vigorous assault on extremism and mistreatment of women provoked condemnation from Muslim and Hindu fundamentalists.

In 1920, Nazrul expressed his vision of religious harmony in an editorial in Joog Bani,

“Come brother Hindu! Come Musalman! Come Buddhist! Come Christian! Let us transcend all barriers, let us foresake forever all smallness, all lies, all selfishness and let us call brothers as brothers. We shall quarrel no more”.

In another article entitled Hindu Mussalman published in Ganabani on September 2, 192 he wrote -

"I can tolerate Hinduism and Muslims but I cannot tolerate the Tikism (Tiki is a tuft of never cut hair kept on the head by certain Hindus to maintain personal Holiness) and beardism. Tiki is not Hinduism. It may be the sign of the pundit. Similarly beard is not Islam, it may be the sign of the mollah. All the hair-pulling have originated from those two tufts of hair. Today's fighting is also between the Pundit and the Mollah: It is not between the Hindus and the Muslims. No prophet has said, "I have come for Hindus I have come for Muslims I have come for Christians." They have said, "I have come for the humanity for everyone, like light". But the devotees of Krishna says, "Krishna is for Hindus". The followers of Muhammad (Sm) says, "Muhammad (Sm) is for the Muslims". The Disciple of Christ is for Christian". Krishna-Muhammad-Christ have become national property. This property is the root of all trouble. Men do not quarrel for light but they quarrel over cattle."

Nazrul was an exponent of humanism. Although a Muslim, he named his sons with both Hindu and Muslim names: Krishna Mohammad, Arindam Khaled(bulbul), Kazi Sabyasachi and Kazi Aniruddha.

 Later Life and Illness

In 1933, Nazrul published a collection of essays titled "Modern World Literature", in which he analyses different styles and themes of literature. Between 1928 and 1935 he published 10 volumes containing 800 songs of which more than 600 were based on classical ragas. Almost 100 were folk tunes after kirtans and some 30 were patriotic songs. From the time of his return to Kolkata until he fell ill in 1941, Nazrul composed more than 2,600 songs, many of which have been lost. His songs based on baul, jhumur, Santhali folksongs, jhanpan or the folk songs of snake charmers, bhatiali and bhaoaia consist of tunes of folk-songs on the one hand and a refined lyric with poetic beauty on the other. Nazrul also wrote and published poems for children.

Nazrul's success soon brought him into Indian theatre and the then-nascent film industry. The first picture for which he worked was based on Girish Chandra Ghosh's story "Bhakta Dhruva" in 1934. Nazrul acted in the role of Narada and directed the film. He also composed songs for it, directed the music and served as a playback singer.

The film "Vidyapati" ("Master of Knowledge") was produced based on his recorded play in 1936, and Nazrul served as the music director for the film adaptation of Tagore's novel Gora. Nazrul wrote songs and directed music for Sachin Sengupta's bioepic play "Siraj-ud-Daula". In 1939, Nazrul began working

for Calcutta Radio, supervising the production and broadcasting of the station's musical programmes. He produced critical and analytic documentaries on music, such as "Haramoni" and "Navaraga-malika". Nazrul also wrote a large variety of songs inspired by the raga Bhairav. Nazrul sought to preserve his artistic integrity by condemning the adaptation of his songs to music composed by others and insisting on the use of tunes he composed himself.

Nazrul's wife Pramila Devi fell seriously ill in 1939 and was paralysed from waist down. To provide for his wife's medical treatment, he resorted to mortgaging the royalties of his gramophone records and literary works for 400 rupees.

He returned to journalism in 1940 by working as chief editor for the daily newspaper "Nabayug" ("New Age"), founded by the eminent Bengali politician A. K. Fazlul Huq.

Nazrul also was shaken by the death of [Rabindranath Tagore](http://www.poemhunter.com/rabindranath-tagore/) on August 8, 1941. He spontaneously composed two poems in Tagore's memory, one of which, "Rabihara" (loss of Rabi or without Rabi) was broadcast on the All India Radio. Within months, Nazrul himself fell seriously ill and gradually began losing his power of speech. His behaviour became erratic, and spending recklessly, he fell into financial difficulties. In spite of her own illness, his wife constantly cared for her husband. However, Nazrul's health seriously deteriorated and he grew increasingly depressed. He underwent medical treatment under homeopathy as well as Ayurveda, but little progress was achieved before mental dysfunction intensified and he was admitted to a mental asylum in 1942. Spending four months there without making progress, Nazrul and his family began living a silent life in India. In 1952, he was transferred to a mental hospital in Ranchi. With the efforts of a large group of admirers who called themselves the "Nazrul Treatment Society" as well as prominent supporters such as the Indian politician Syama Prasad Mookerjee, the treatment society sent Nazrul and Pramila to London, then to Vienna for treatment.

Examining doctors said he had received poor care, and Dr. Hans Hoff, a leading neurosurgeon in Vienna, diagnosed that Nazrul was suffering from Pick's disease. His condition judged to be incurable, Nazrul returned to Calcutta on 15 December 1953.

On June 30, 1962 his wife Pramila died and Nazrul remained in intensive medical care. In 1972, the newly independent nation of Bangladesh obtained permission from the Government of India to bring Nazrul to live in Dhaka and accorded him

honorary citizenship.

Despite receiving treatment and attention, Nazrul's physical and mental health did not improve. In 1974, his youngest son, Kazi Aniruddha, an eminent guitarist died, and Nazrul soon succumbed to his long-standing ailments on August 29, 1976. In accordance with a wish he had expressed in one of his poems, he was buried beside a mosque on the campus of the University of Dhaka. Tens of thousands of people attended his funeral; Bangladesh observed two days of national mourning and the Indian Parliament observed a minute of silence in his honour.

** Criticism and Legacy **

Nazrul's poetry is characterised by an abundant use of rhetorical devices, which he employed to convey conviction and sensuousness. He often wrote without care for organisation or polish. His works have often been criticized for egotism, but his admirers counter that they carry more a sense of self-confidence than ego. They cite his ability to defy God yet maintain an inner, humble devotion to Him.

Nazrul's poetry is regarded as rugged but unique in comparison to [Tagore's](http://www.poemhunter.com/rabindranath-tagore/) sophisticated style. Nazrul's use of Persian vocabulary was controversial but it widened the scope of his work. Nazrul's works for children have won acclaim for his use of rich language, imagination, enthusiasm and an ability to fascinate young readers.

Nazrul is regarded for his secularism. He was the first person to cite of Christians of Bengal in his novel Mrityukhudha. He was also the first user of folk terms in Bengali literature. He first printed the Sickle and Hammer in any Indian magazine.

Nazrul pioneered new styles and expressed radical ideas and emotions in a large body of work. Scholars credit him for spearheading a cultural renaissance in Muslim-majority Bengal, "liberating" poetry and literature in Bengali from its medieval mould. Nazrul was awarded the Jagattarini Gold Medal in 1945 — the highest honour for work in Bengali literature by the University of Calcutta — and awarded the Padma Bhushan, one of India's highest civilian honours in 1960.

The Government of Bangladesh conferred upon him the status of being the "national poet". He was awarded the Ekushey Padak by the Government of Bangladesh. He was awarded Honorary . by the University of Dhaka . Many

centres of learning and culture in India and Bangladesh have been founded and dedicated to his memory. The Nazrul Endowment is one of several scholarly institutions established to preserve and expound upon his thoughts and philosophy, as well as the preservation and analysis of the large and diverse collection of his works. The Bangladesh Nazrul Sena is a large public organization working for the education of children throughout the country.

A Belated Call

Him whom I could not then love much
Why do I now remember thus at this late
hour, a Mother?

Today I remember every night he lulled
me to sleep by kissing my eyes,
Kisses followed kisses breaking my
early dawn sleep under their heavy load.

I felt then much distressed
And sought an early release.
The memory now fills my eyes with
. a flood of tears.

Me unfortunate! Under griefs
overwhelming weight vanity doors
now kiss the dust.

The over-flowing caress of the fullness
of his young breast

I trampled under foot, a Mother!
Why then this hankering today
These feet he pressed on his breast
And on them did print a thousand kisses,
While tears inundated his eyes,
With no response from me, so vain
was I, a Mother!

Thus awfully disgraced he had to go away.
Indeed I saw his breast with scars of neglect,
From pillar to post went he disgraced,
He thought of me a haven,
A protection from insult, an abode of peace.
A fool that I was I shut my door
upon my lord through ignorance.

In disguise of a beggar called at my door
my King of Kings.
He lost his way and came, he,
my welcome kingly beggar,

Me wretched! How could I recognize
him, O Mother?
So his offerings of worship,

His garland of pearls I refused,
My Lord himself worshipped me with
ample offerings,
Alas! I knew not the worshipper
amid the encircling dark smoke of
burnt incense.
Who knew he came to me last?
Nothing is left behind save farewell
message of the princely guest.
O my Love!
Where didst thou nestle,
When called at this door my King?
Earth now heaves a sigh: 'He is
not here, seek him in vain.'
He is an eternal traveller, free. of the
bonds of home.
From far afar comet the magic call
of the shady path
Beyond the heath, in the thick of the forest,
Hark, the amorous jingling of his
tinkling anklet?
He blossoms with the flower, wanders
over hills with the clouds,
Now here, now gone, I know not
whom he wants.
Mother, where should I get power
enough to hold this gypsy lover?
For him is not love, nor evening
lamp to call home.
So the doors of my heart
Responded not to his knockings,
I thought I then loved
some one else.
I pushed afar the homeless wanderer,
with his offended sentiment.
In loving embrace, he wanted to press
me closely to his bosom,
A wretch I was to run away in trembling fear.
The shade of kingly beggar's eyes
From a distance charmed me,
At his near approach the tearful depth of
his long hungry look,

Overwhelmed me with pain and the lyre
of my mind went out of tune,
Why then, Mother, do I hanger now
for him to come back,
And long for his touch of love and caress
I then disregarded?
Today, I feel I can bury my face
in his bosom in deep felicity,
And can easily weep out my soul
laden with sorrow.
Will my wails reach him across the dim
forest of his abode, O Mother?
Today, I understand, my whole wealth of
life's peace and happiness
My lover, the King of thieves, has stolen away.
O My King of Spring Season!
Come back and take my garland
as laurels on thy brow.
Today, my bosom bursts under the
load of grief and lamentation,
Come and see how heart-rending are
now the wails of that marble-hearted one.
Thy prophecy comes true, blood flows out of stone
The terrible conflagration of forest
burns today a mountain of stone
A stupendous flow-tide arises in my bosom,
Breaking barriers, breaking bulwarks,
In the breast of the dumb appears the
God of speech amid a tempestuous sea-
Now my bosom bursts, my mouth speaks
Whom can you stop, Mother?
My heaven was lost with his departure,
Now I toss on my sleepless pillow alone
with no companion on this sad night-
He ill not come by my side up
To wake me up before peep of dawn
Never will he come at deep of night in the,
amorous pursuit of stealthy kisses,
His companion is doomed to weep out.
a stormy night across a forest.
Had I but found him today. I would,
O Mother, have fallen flat at his feet

Holding his lotus like feet on my breast
bathed them in my lake of tears
Seated him on one-half of my skirt,
The flood of dears appearing unbidden
I would have wiped out the wet collyrium
from his eyes, face and lip's corner,
With my disheveled hair wiped his feet
imprisoning him within my embrace.
Thou couldst see then, Mother, this
Wayward girl, this cause of all ills
Leaning her face on his generous bosom
and saying, 'I love you'
While thus unbosoming herself, a
pleasing bashfulness
Would make her blush and swear,
Her face would unwillingly descend from
his breast and roll unawares on his lap
I would see, Mother, how could he then
restrain himself on ground of
injured sentiment!
Thus now arises in me many a hope
and thirst for love,
From offended vanity, anguish, passion'
and attachment rolled into one.
Leaving me as a debtor of tears,
Has he crossed high seas for an
unknown island?
Is it far beyond rivers, Mother?
Is it that tempest itself cannot
reach that far-off land. O Mother?
If he now learns that I do love him,
In wild ecstasy will his sepulcher burst open?
His shouts will make
The wide ocean of tears overflow,
His frantic thunder will make a
volcano burst forth
Mountain and ocean and sky and air
will encircle him in a cyclic dance,
for shame! Mother, why shouldst thou weep
plaintively like that?
Rather recite to me some lay heard
by thee from him.

And listening let me fall asleep on thy lap.
But who knocks at the door?
Is it the storm that strikes like him?
O West Wind' Wild West Wind!
Thy friend is on the other side of the sea.
He shall not come where I do exist.
Gone is he to that land where falleth not my shadow.
Why, still, from time to-time,
Do I feel inclined to call him?
To whom should I breathe what remains
still unsaid by me?
O Mother, my heart's anguish doth struggle
hard on the threshold of my boso
Adieu! Adieu! Speak to him of me
if thou dost meet him?
A King's offering can a beggar-maid.
ever refuse it?
I know. I know, Mother,
My offended lover, shall come again
In search of me at dead of night
to this door of our cottage,
Tell him then I am lost in darkness
in search of him alone!

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A Call From Behind

Dear! Wilt thou remember me in thy new home?
There dost thou begin the world under
 new auspices with new offerings
Deserted is now the leafy cottage; its
 shady neighborhood where we two
 first exchanged our looks, where
 every particle of dust, every
 creeper and leaf is redolent
 of the wealth of eternal acquaintance
 in the worship of hearts,
And a dismal void now cries in the wilderness.
As didst thou forget me, many a man could
 come to thee,
Then out of sympathy for me would that
 cottage weep out an offended heart,
Wherever dist thou turn thy eyes,
 my reminiscences there made thy heart ache,
Thou wilt drown that reproach here
 in the depths of new field;
I alone am lost in the woods' of oblivion.
The distance between thee and me was so
 long no real distance,
As that old mansion would bring my
 distance into nearness.
Now hast thou formed new ties,
Opened a new fountain of laughter and tears,
New performance and new revelry of song,
Under the impulse of new welcome!
To the cold storage my own tune is consigned.
Dear! Mine is today forlorn hope, as
 pre-ordained by the divinity,
Today on my grave will be built thy bridal
 sanctum sanatorium
In the air is echoed and re-echoed
The music of the Sylvan flute in the mouth
 of some cow-herd,
Lost, lost am I in the western horizon!
Farewell, Dear, our role comes to an end
 with the setting sun,

Now art thou a new one in a new home!

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A Hymn To The (Jail) Super

In your jail you care for us to the hilt,
blessed you are, blessed you are!
This song of mine is in your honor,
blessed you are, blessed you are! !

You have stationed guards at our doors,
in the dark rooms, chained us with such
affection as if we were your sons-in-law,
blessed you are, blessed you are! !

Grubs of salt and unrefined rice
bring water to my mouth,
some hotchpotch of throw-away veggies too,
blessed you are, blessed you are! !

Catch, Uncle, catch some slaps & blows-
certain to straight away send you to Goya, .
along with your entire clap,
take it: you skinned white-leprous body,
blessed you are, blessed you are! !

[Original: Super (jeler) Bondona; Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A Kon Modhur Shorab Dile Al-Arabi Saki

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A Mountain Song

We are wild as the storm
We are restless as the spring
We are fearless like god and generous like nature.

We are as free as the sky
We are Bedouin, the deserts wandering tribe.
We know no king
 nor any king's laws,
We submit to no rule or regulation,
We are born free with it mind'
 open as the blossoming lotus.
We are the murmuring flood tide of the sea
 and the warbling waters of the mountain spring

We are generous hearted wide open meadows...
We are mighty invincible hills
We are flying birds with outstretched wings
We are bubbling laughter and gay songs.

We eat wild fruits and drink rain water
We sleep under trees in the depth of green forests
We are the gushing river of life.
We are the flowing waters of mountain brooks
 warbling singing roaring
 always restless and ever on the move.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A Parting

It was no passing encounter on the street,
 dear friend.
It was no momentary conversation
 on the side-walk.
It was no casual handclasp
 at the sudden close of a trip.
You came close to our soul
 unfolding yourself moment by moment.
You came not as a conqueror
 but as a comrade.
With your smile you won
 our hearts.
You did not occupy the throne
 and become a king
You entrenched yourself in our hearts
 and became a sovereign there.
And so you suffered more than us
 when the time came
to say goodbye and depart,
 Through timeless acquaintance
you had become one of our own.
 Now in our million bleeding hearts
you will forever live as a
 tender grief.
I know I'll see you again,
 dear friend.
Ours was no casual meeting
 on the side-walk.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A Prisoner In Fort Blair

Is not the Urania of Bharata back?
What's the length of her Transportation?
 From the void of the sacred altar
 cometh a tearful answer
 - 'One hundred and fifty years! '
Across seven oceans and thirteen
 rivers lie ruthless Andamans!
Where a lovely lily looks pale at the
 rude touch of a silver stick,
Where a lotus with a hundred petals
 is cut into a hundred pieces by
 the stroke of a tyrant,
Where there are people paid to tear
 off the strings of the lyre:
Does from there come the message of
 liberation through the medium of
 wireless Setar?
Is the imprisoned Lyre set free, after all?
Is the prison house reduced to
 powder? Does in the silvery
Quagmire of the Palace of the
Jakshas bloom the fair, lovely
Lily? Does out of the Debris
 of the guns and gun-powder magazine
 rise the ivory tower of the
 divine Muse? Does a bloody
 spectacle give place to
 peace, serene and bright?
If not, why then this solemn, pathetic
 service, why this sacred sound
 of the Sankha?
There were across seven oceans
 and thirteen rivers lie the tar-off
Andamans the Muss is eternally
Yoked to the dismal squeezing
 machine, and the imprisoned
 Truth husks paddy!
Dost thou know the origin of the oil for
 service that thou hast brought from

the life-squeezing machine? The
sacrificial ghee is nothing but the
fat of the young heroes who
perpetually guard the Muse!
Alas, light-hearted worshipper, in
vain dost thou blow the Sankha of the goddess!
Across the void left by the sacred
deity there arise mere wails!
Worshipper, to whom dost thou
tender the offerings! Is the
Muse free in Bharata? Where
the Law punishes the just,
where, by telling the truth, one suffers
imprisonment, where the oppressed,
cannot speak about the oppression'
where the Muse like the Captive Sita
puts up with the fortune inflicted by
the Judges of the type of Ravana's
Cherhies, where the free, fair,
blooming lotus of the Muse is given
the name and local habitation of a rebel,
Worshipper! Dost thou come there
with thy offerings to the Muse?
The Lion is put in a cage, the
Tiger is fired at lest they should
harm men, but who knew that
time would come when the muse
would receive a bullet wound,
and the Muse's lotus would be
put within the prison walls!
Does the wireless mantra
of Eternal God strike today the
lyre of the Muse, and the Justice
of the New Order puts his
feet upon the lotus?
Then, be it so! Pour forth
offerings; blow, blow the
Panchajanya conch! The
agonizing wheel of the Andamans
is upset now by the whirlwind
of the New Order!

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A Tribute From The Poet

Allahu Akbar!
Allahu Akbar!
From Allah comes today
Rahmat, Kauthar.
Those of whom Allah is patron
This victory is of them,
It is the victory of God's Will,
Not for our vain fame.

It is a victory, but
Merely the stepping stone, no more;
From so much bondage-affliction
Toward above we have to soar.

So much division, schism
Jealousy, greed and arrogance,
All these will simply disappear
With His one merciful glance.

You are the new travelers
You are bound toward Him,
Following your footsteps
Here comes a heavenly beam.

Yes, coming are the travelers
Young warriors of new age,
Soon world's misery and suffering
Will be confined in their cage.

[Original: Kabir Proshosti (Bengali) ,
Translator: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Adorn Her

How can I adorn her,
With one basketful of flowers?
The sky is overcast
With her dishevelled
Cloudy hair,
Oh, how can I adorn her '?

Why have you, oh gardener,
Given me so few flowers,
That they should disappear
Before I could adorn her?

Ketaki the monsoon's bride
Putting the veil aside.
Behind thorny secret,
Woodland hides.

The unruly Kamini withers
Before I can touch her.
Drunk in her own fragrance
The tipsy chapa dances.

The shameless damsel Togor
Looks with her big eyes.
But before she could wither
The poor Bokul dies.

[Original in Bangla: Ek dali phule; Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Aji Eid Eid Eid Khushir Eid Elo Eid

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Aji Rokto Nishi-Vore

Kazi Nazrul Islam

All Midnight I Suddenly Wake Up

At midnight I suddenly wake up hearing someone's voice
is that you, is that you?

I feel the load of some memory in my breast -
is that you, is that you?

Some one's hungry love roams about seeking aIms
Some one's piteous eyes like the stars in the night-sky
look at the sought-after face - is that you, is that you?

The wind at night carries someone's lingering sigh
And stirs my heart; Oh my distant beloved
is that you, is that you?

Like the ocean-wave whose crying bruises my heart
The nightingale in the wood ceaselessly chirps on the champah tree
is that you, is that you ?

[Original: Gobhir nishithe ghum bhenge jay; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

All Praise To Allah, All Glory To Him

All praise to Allah, all glory to Him.
Let peace prevail and equality win,
let truth reign supreme,
let all unhappiness and misery,
 all oppression and tyranny,
 all cowardice and falsehood
 perish for good, for good!
All glory to Allah, all praise to Him.

Let all pain and sorrow,
 all disease and want
 disappear.
Let there be no fear
 of jealousy and hatred,
Let the timid, the weak and the old
 grow fearless and bold,
let them conquer death
 and glow with the fire of an undying faith.
All praise to Allah, all glory to Him.
No more will recklessness and disorder prevail.
The prison houses with their fetters broken
 will be of no avail.
Effortlessly will men sail
 over the barriers of hills, deserts and seas.
Let dishonesty, ignorance, greed and selfishness perish!
All glory to Allah, all praise to Him;

Let youth prevail and senility disappear,
let the faith in 'we shall succeed' prosper.

Those who cower and say 'We shall fail'
 are truly dead even if they breathe.
They are creatures of darkness.
they are like the children of stone,
haunted by fear they always keep barred their doors
Only those who have life's spark burning in them
 are worthy of the name of men.
let us only know such men as they,
let us befriend only them!

If the stirring of surging life
is not felt within one's own self
none from outside can awaken him
from his slumber.
The hero who dares conquer
the impossible,
walks with his head high
among the stars in the sky,
and yet his footsteps make
the earth quake,
With his tireless efforts
he makes the impossible happen.
The wild fury of the storm is his companion,
and millions of stars and planets
show him his path as he wends his way.
Let man rise up, confident in his strength,
vast and unseen.
All praise to Allah, all glory to Him.

One who has the spark of youth in him
knows no defeat.
He always fights with his heart and soul,
and when he fails to win
he never flees the battle field,
but fights on till the end.
Let inaction and weakness of man
vanish today for good,
let the invincible youth reign supreme.
All glory to Allah, all praise to Him.

All men have equal rights
over the gifts God has bestowed
on this earth.
The sun and the moon shed their light
equally' on all.
When rain rains it, too, falls for all.
That is the divine decree.
If someone acts contrary to this
and hoards everything in his coffer,
many are inevitably deprived and robbed.
Rise up, all the downtrodden and oppressed

of this earth,

Unite and wrest your right
from the tyrannous lords,
else you will violate God's own decree
and burn in eternal hellfire.
Let there prevail again on this earth
equality and comradeship.
All glory. to Allah, all praise to Him.

There will be no inequality or poverty any more.
City folks and villagers will get food equally.
There will be no kings, emperors, landlords
and moneylenders.

You will not find festivities in one household
and hungry moans in another,
You will not find some one
living in a big palace
and another in a dilapidated cottage.
All such inequalities will perish for good,
and the world will turn into a beautiful abode
of loving brotherhood,
Let there be complete equality and peace,
let truth reign supreme!
All praise to Allah, all glory to him.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Allah Amar Provu, Amar Nahi Nahi Voy

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Allah Is My Lord, I Fear No One

Allah is my Lord. I fear no one.
Muhammad is our prophet.
Throughout the world his praise is sung.

I have my Quran.
Why should I fear any one?
Islam is my religion.
The Kalima is my amulet,
The Tauhid my guide,
Iman is my shield and the crescent my reading fight.
Allah-u-Akbar is my battle cry,
And my final destination is Paradise
 where the Arsh of Allah lies.

The Muslims of the world, in China or in India,
 in Egypt or in Arabia,
 are my brothers dear.
Here all are equal,
There is no class distinction here.

Here we wake up and arise
 at the sound of the same takbir
Here we are one body one heart one soul
Here the prince and the pauper play the same
 noble role.

In this world of Islam
I know that the ultimate victory will be mine,
I know that through Islam alone
 can I achieve my final goal.

[Original in Bangla: Allah amar Prabhu; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Allah Ke Je Paite Chay Hazrat Ke Valobeshe

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Allah Namer Shirni Tora Ke Nibi Ke Ay

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Allaji Go Ami Bujhi Na Re Tomar Khela

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Allar Nam Jopio Vai Dibos O Rete

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Alone

My eyes don't go by forbidding;
so does my mind
neither by forbidding nor by weeping.

Over the ages I have been looking for you
staying at roadside,
tears rolled down overflowing my banks
not caring for eye wash.

I am alone in the midst of all
which is why I long to see you
death, too, reckons none barring you.

[Original: Noyon je mor; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Amar Desher Mati

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Amar Hridoy-Shamadane Jali Momer Bati

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Amar Jokhon Poth Furabe Ashbe Gohin Rati

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Amar Shyamla Boron Bangla Mayer Rup Dekhe Ja

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ami Bidhir Bidhan Bangiyasi, Ami Emni Shoktiman

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Anadi Kal Hote Anonto Lok

Kazi Nazrul Islam

A-Namika

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Anwar

[A dark prison-house guarded by sentries at Constantinople. The mid-night of a new moon with silence prevailing everywhere, except occasional footsteps of sentries walking with heavy boots. A young soldier belonging to the National Army under the command of Anwar is lying captive there. Although rebellious in appearance, he looks older than his age. Today he has faced a Court Martial. Tomorrow he will be shot dead. So this is the last night of the luckless warrior fastened by iron chains around his limbs'. Suddenly he wakes up, but finds nobody nearby. Only cold wind weeps for him, 'O the motherless!' 'The young rebel bites his left arm, losing temper as he remembers' the treachery of his countrymen. He remembers his commander, who gave him the weapons to free his motherland. He shouts loudly calling his commander, 'ANWAR'.]

Anwar. Anwar.

Valiant as you are,
Drive your sword hard,
Kill them all, and annihilate those beasts

Anwar, alas!
It's but an irony of fate that
the blood has no more that warmth and valour,
The shamsir is broken, its scabbard left-over.

Anwar! Anwar!
What makes you cry if everything goes undisturbed?
Look, muslims are pet animals in today's world.

No more, Anwar, no more!
Whose heart does not tremble?
The sword shines no more, Smarna is insignificant, as well.
Lool there tremble the gates of Madina.
No more Anwar, no more. Anwar! Anwar!
Tear the chest apart and bring out the liver,
Kill them all, kill all those coward beasts.

Anwar! are we pigs in chain?
The chain jingles on, and listen,
the fountain of flame is almost extinguished.
Our necks are in shackles, too.

Anwar! Anwar!

Why does the poor fox jump and brag?

Where is that mighty lion? - Anwar is full of wounds.

Anwar! it's really hard to wake up a narrow heart.

It is not least aware of the wild fire that comes all around.

My brother plays the part of a satan, he bribes me with his feast.

Anwar! we are, indeed, in a fix.

Anwar! Anwar!

We are all non-believers, having not even half the heart.

Where do you look for muslims? - they are all wild beasts.

Anwar! everything ends indeed,

Though the blood remains in the veins!

The occident has robbed you of your fake sword. I

t is now womanlike to surrender, weeping,

Anwar, although ends everything.

Anwar! Anwar!

It is useless to repent in this barren land.

Those, who are still living, are maddened animals.

Anwar! none is there. Weapon? - no, nowhere.

The sea is also dreadfully stagnant and dark, having no waves.

Even the beduin has put on shackles around his neck.

Anwar! none is left any more.

Anwar! Anwar!

He who calls him a muslim, drag him by his tongue.

The unfaithful knows only to save his own life.

Anwar, what a pity!

They have beggar's bags on their shoulders,

who learnt the lesson of liberty with the sword in hand.

The intrepid have turned disgusted today.

Anwar, what a pity!

Anwar! Anwar!

The world is now ruled by the killers,

Why then to abide by bloodred eyes! -

Devilry is today's tricks, indeed.

Anwar! hold your fists firm!
They persuade us in vain,
The suffering rebel heart dances in storms,
The blood-eater swords want the war,
Anwar, hold your fist firm.

Anwar! Anwar!
You are a Pasha, now turn a destroyer of muslim beasts,
The home is full of enemies, why do you hit the outsiders?
Come Anwar, O my brother,
I want today end of everything,
Islam, too, sets in; nowhere exists a liberated homeland!
So we have worn the guise of a beggar leaving aside the sword.
Come Anwar, a my brother.

(Suddenly a negro sentry shouted challengingly, 'Get alert, young man', The blood in young man's vein boiled in agitation, He, too, shouted like a young lion.)

a Khuda! a Ali! Take my sword,

(Then the image of the chained mother-Turkey flashed before his eyes. Beside it the image of his own mother appealed in the guise of a chained beggar-maid. Eye-corners of both of them held drops of tears. Shocked as he was, the son turned his face aside and cried out)

Who is it? Deprived and deceived'?
No, mother, no,
It's no use afflicting a dead heart with a scar.
Anwar! Anwar!

(The coward sentry again tortured the young captive, who groaned in pain. I firmly believe with my eyes full of tears, 'Days are near, good days'.)

[Original: Anwar; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Are You The Same Muslims

Are you the same Muslims
 who once conquered the whole world?
Are you the same people who once turned
 the godless into true believers?
Once your takbir loudly rang
 in Asia, Europe and Africa,
once your victorious flags proudly fluttered
 in their skies.
Once Persian, Rome and other empires
 crumbled into pieces before your naked swords.
Those were the days when your caliphs
 lived on dry bread and a few dates,
 and ruled over half the world
 with confident ease.

Your prophet, though the lord
of a mighty empire
lived then like a noble ascetic,
while today you lie in luxury's quagmire.

Forgetting lion-cubs you now live with foxes.
Who can say if you will rise again
and once more make the world quake
 with your ringing footsteps!

[Original: Bhubon-joyi tora ki hay; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ashirbad

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Asichhen Habibe Khoda

Kazi Nazrul Islam

At My Gaze No Longer Laughs The Rose

At my gaze no longer laughs the rose,
At the music of my words no longer blossoms forth the flowers

What is the use of going to the fair
With the garland of the withered smile?
Dose the dark night amaze her disheveled hair
Without looking at the moon for a while?

The southern wind brings the springs yet
But in the garden the nightingale sings no more.
No more does the wild flower in the forest
Dance at the sight of the moon

Something is lost, something is missing,
My heart feels so empty and old.
Ah me, at whose cruel touch
Has my heart grown so cold!

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

At Twilight, Who Brightens You Up?

At twilight, who brightens you up?

Red blush falls from your hand to your feet blazing the setting horizon!

With shy eyes and soft smile on your lips, why hide the garland
with your scarf?

Combing your hair in braids, beautiful, like the moon

Apprehension burning in your heart, flickering in ecstasy from time
to time!

[Original: Shondhya Godhuli Logone; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Avijan

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Azan

When I am preoccupied with nothing in particular, rather with misdeed;
I don't think much, what I was or what I am going to be in future, indeed.
Weaving the net of fascination in the blackboard of my vision,
the fatal desires keep sucking on the young blood with vampire's precision..
Quite knowingly I am moving, with every step I take,
toward the bottom pit that we must avoid for our own sake.
Right then I wake up at the commanding Azan from far,
God is the greatest! Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!
Whether I understand it or not, yet in my heart
a deep feeling of bewilderment keeps me restless and agitated in part.
This call, so special, makes this heart and mind wander,
A sense of loneliness and alienation keeps swirling as I ponder.
The heart only knows the kind of pain it is, I can't put it in word,
Yet a sense of loneliness and alienation that is so mysterious and demurred.
We have to leave this beautiful world to a destination who knows how far,
God is the greatest - listen to that call - Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar!

O this bewildering, soul-robbing call, so holy and pure,
mysteriously grabs my devotion, my knee bends unsure..
In my chest I feel the stream of a wild water-cascade,
during the awakening dawn and when the light at the sunset begins to fade.
During the blinding light of midday and the comforting easterly breeze of the
afternoon,
Or during the restful night the fragrance, O Azan, you emit - with or without
moon.
Just in case, we, the needy earthlings, neglect the work of our Master,
That's why you keep calling to awaken us five times a day, as our life moves
faster and faster..

Whenever I fail to respond to even one such call,
My heart agitates in regret and rushes like a waterfall.
You are there, O Azan, so Islam is still awake and alive,
Despite our wave of negligence, it continues to survive and revive..
O pure! O so deep! O so heart-robbing call!
O the Azan, may your trumpet keep us awake, me and all.
Until the trumpet of Israfeel plays the doomsday's tune,
O Azan, please continue your hearty call in this world of so much misfortune.

Baby Sparrow

From its nest behind the termite-eaten
wooden beams of the huge building
a baby sparrow cried out for its mother.
The mother, catching dragonflies
in the nearby field heard the cry.
'Must be that some mischievous child is trying to
take away my baby,' she thought
and, with her heart overcome with anxiety,
desperately headed back for the nest.
The fledgling saw its mother coming
and thought, 'Why don't I fly to her chest?'
and tried to do just that.
Alas, it hadn't learn to fly yet
and therefore fell all the way down to the floor. T
he mother, with tearful eyes saw this
and without any thoughts for her own life
flew down to her baby, trying
to protect her under her wings.
But soon some children came running,
chasing after them and finally catching the baby.
They showed no concern for
how precious the baby was to its mother.
They kept putting it inside an umbrella,
inside pockets, etc.
They all were laughing, except for one boy-
his eyes were overcome with tears.
His mother had passed away long ago,
he'd even forgotten what it was like
to be loved by his mother,
Yet, he felt a cry of pain deep within his heart.
With a ladder, he put the baby sparrow back in its
The tearful eyes of the baby sparrow
held heartfelt blessings for him.
The mother kept looking at the boy with great surprise,
her eyes too expressing her heartfelt gratitude for him.
These silent blessings that
the mother bird bestowed upon him,
the entire world cannot equal by a single speck.

[Original: Chorui Pakhir Chhana; Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Bangla Desh Momo

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Be Ever Stronger!

Inside and outside, equally -
always be stronger, ever!
The more bad times approach,
be firm and don't yield. Never!
The more you fear defeat,
just be that much more brave!
Let your sword-grip not loosen
at the thought of dark grave.

Continue your struggle against the monsters
for the truth's sake;
Death at the battle field? Your name
the world, forever, will take.

This is the command of God:
Be strong on this earth. Always!
It is the braves who have turned impossible
into possible in every age.

The unbelievers and the cowards -
to Allah, they are not lovable;
The 'Tiger of Allah' is he,
who attains faith unshakable.

Anyone who loses patience and faith
can't be a Muslim under the sun;
God Himself is whose Lord in this world,
he fears absolutely none!

The believer hears only the echo of Takbir
in all the hatred and prejudice;
rebukes and criticism do not distract him,
at adversity he throws kiss.

God is the ultimate truth;
fear belongs to the domain of falsehood;
All these noise and hulabaloo,
for believers, become nutrition-food.

Have you forgotten
those fearless valiants from Arabia,
who dethroned
the emperors of Rome and Persia?

How many were they in number?
What weapon did their hands hold?
With their complete faith in God,
were they not wonderfully bold?

Oblivious to win or defeat,
they fought valiantly without precedence;
Every corner of the world shook
and trembled at their exemplary confidence.

They ruled the world
while lived like a destitute;
Loss of a battle did not ruin their spirit,
this was their attitude.

They died with a laugh;
retreating was not their mood;
To them Islam was
a perennial struggle against falsehood.

They were the warriors of God in this world,
this is what they knew;
They fought for and achieved freedom;
begging for it was not their view.

Success greets him who desires
to engrave his own death stone;
He can't be a general,
at sighting adversaries, who tremble to his bone.

The more enemies he sees,
his battle-thirst does grow!
Like a blazing fire in veins and bones,
his spirit burns aglow.

His swords become even sharper
as he is hurt more;

As his supplies diminish,
he strikes harder at enemies' door.

Don't despair! All the fatalist
and victims of hopelessness in my sight!
You are already wounded or dead
even without any fight!

The head that you lowered
in God's worship,
do not lower that to anyone,
or to any hardship.

The head that bent before God,
who can further make it bend?
If a sword severs that head,
to pick it up, angels God does send.

He who turns a weak person
into a power house,
he is the Imam to me,
love on him this soul bestows.

Whose words and deeds give strength and courage
to those without determination,
I am decorating his crown;
for him is my mobilization.

He who fasts so that
Eid will knock at poor's door,
I believe he is a beloved of God,
and yes, he is even more.

Against the ambassadors of miseries
or enemies of people,
the braves who will fight them
and make them cripple.

At the command of Allah,
I invite them to the congregation,
those who were asleep,
even they are joining in jubilation.

My Takbir call is only for those
who live like a dead,
the soldiers of the Truth
will come forward, off their comfy bed.

I blow the trumpet
of the rising sun of the coming age,
I have no fear of death,
or of a prison's cage.

I cry and summon all,
standing alone at the new age's minaret,
If a duck does not come forward,
a bird will come with its wing spread.

In this path fear of roaming hawks
and cruel hunters unavoidably lies,
the light-seeking birds are still coming forward
with chirps of sunrise.

Death-scared now are
the men and women of Bengal, to me so dear!
I have taken up the sword
to remove their stubborn fear.

We have heard
the scared souls' sad supplication,
we must rescue and free them,
this is what Allah wants from us as a nation.

We are His servants,
and we have received the mandate;
To save life of those scared people,
we would never hesitate.

I play the trumpet and wave the flag,
as the cloud gathers up above;
our souls will be awoken
with the strike of thunder and rain of love.

Politics paves the way

for our forward march,
victory will visit us again
on this same noble path.

In whose heart there is desire
and effort to become strong again,
I am close to them,
and at their door I knock in pain.

They are being mobilized
in Bengal's motherly lap,
I have seen full moon
shining above like a victory-cap.

[Original: Nitto Prabal Hou! (bengali)
Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Behind The Song

My song, I have
Bequeathed to your voice
Will this only live
As a token of love,
And will the rest perish?
The heart-breaking anguish
That in the depth of my heart lies buried,
Have you ever
Discerned the song?

Perhaps, I had only sung
And seldom talked.
Were my songs mere dalliance?
And a vain bewilderment?

When my heart was swept
By the tide,
Its murmurs echoed far and wide.

Sitting on the shore,
you in vain only listened
To the strain.
And my words never pierced
Through you heart:
Merely as earrings they danced.

Oh, what a pity!
The moon that raises the tide
Never hears
That eternal murmur
On the sea side.
Alas, the Moon fails
To hear the cadences
That behind the tune wails.
The fragrance of the
Bouquet of my songs
Never touched your heart.
String of words that
Rang out of my bosom,

Became a noose in your throat.
Forget, oh dear,
Why adore the flowers
That in the morning wither.

I know of your sojourn
At early dawn,
Enticed by the fragrance
Of the roses new-born,
Why should she care
For the thorny creeper
That bled to blossom,
And the tear-drops on the branches
That bloomed into flower.
While the flowers of union
You sought,
You played with the agony
Of my heart.

Oh forget my songs.
Of what use are they in this
Fleeting intimacy?
I am only a garland
On your neck.
Your heart's contumacy.

Maybe some day
You will say,
Being near the neck
I was closer to the heart.

[Original: Ganer aral; Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Beware My Captain

You have to cross the darkness of the night
A desert vast and a hill of great height,
And an ocean, fathomless and dark.
Travellers, beware and look sharp.

The boat is trembling,
The water is swelling,
The sail is torn asunder,
And the boatman is losing his way,
Who will sit at the helm at this hour?
Who has the courage and the power?
The future calls your,
Come forward, all who are bold and true.

The night is dark, the storm is great,
You must look sharp, there is no time to hesitate.
You must make haste or it would be too late
To ferry the boat across the other side.
The night is dark, Be your own guard.
your, soldiers of the country,
Age old grievances have declared a fight,
The deprived heart is demanding its right.
You must take them along, the poor and the weak,
You must make them strong, no longer mild and meek

You must lead them to victory.
O Captain, my captain,
The helpless nation is going under water,
It does not know how to swim.
I shall watch tonight
Your determination, grim yet bright,
To free the country from slavery.
'Are they Hindus or Muslims? '
Who ask this question, I say.
Tell him, my Captain,
The children of the motherland are drowning today.

Doubts assail the mind of the travelers still,
There is thunder in the sky and danger over the hill.

Captain, will you lose the way
And leave us in the lurch?
You must not waver or sway,
You must carry on the march.

Those who sang the victory of life
With the nose of the gallows round their neck
Come and gather round quietly today.
What price do you pay for that, friends,
What sacrifice do you make?
It is a test, dear Captain,
Do you save the country or the cast at this hour?
The boat is trembling,
The water is swelling,
Beware, my Captain, beware.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Bibaho Chash

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Bless Us Oh Lord

Bless us Oh Lord, bless us all.

Let other love us and let us love others.

Let there be no hatred or malice or physical pain or mental agony.

Let the earth be another paradise Oh Lord.

Give us the light of knowledge, give us Herculean strength Oh Lord.

We will explore you in the light of knowledge you have
given, you strength will aid our work.

If righteousness by our companion, all fear and sorrow will end.

But if we fail in any danger save us from it Oh Lord.

[Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Bright As The Crimson Sun

Bright as the crimson sun in the lap of dawn
rocks a radiant full moon in mother Amina's bosom.
Come, one and all, look at that glorious sight and rejoice.
All through the entire creation
reverberates a single question;
 'Who has arrived?
With Kalima Shahadat on his lips,
 who has arrived?
Blessed with God's radiance, who has arrived'?
All the stars and plants bow down and ask;
 Who has arrived?
The angels gaily sing;
 Peace and God's blessings be upon him,
for him they fling wide open all the doors of Paradise.

The prophet who gave up to man
 the rights of man.
Who proclaimed. 'There is no lord but Allah'.
Who wore for humanity's sake
 the mantle of poverty.
Who wiped out all distinctions between
 the pauper and the prince
has arrived at last on this earth.
At last has appeared on the scene
the vision dreamt of by long suffering humanity.
And the whole world sings today
 of man's freedom and equality.

[Original in Bangla: Tora dekhe ja Amina mayer kole; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

By The Wood

Who walks by the woods,
methink, he is known to me.

Beating night's silence in rhythmic patterns
his jingles ring on-
midnight wakes up in curly hair
setting a fountain in my stony bosom.

[Original: Bono pothe ke jay; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Chader Konya Chad Sultana

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Come Hither

Come hither, the 'fallen', the 'impure', the 'outcastes'!
Let us all worship The Holy Mother together!

Only when all castes and all nations
Assemble at Her feet, side by side without fear;
Only where we are not bound by temple, priest or scriptures
Can we properly worship the Goddess

Only when brothers sit side by side, worshiping together
Will she embrace those who call Her by name
Descending from Her throne in the heavens,
Sitting amongst us on the dusty earthly ground.
The Goddess' altar will become sacred only when
Her holy water is blessed by the touch of us all.

Because we have ignored Her true message,
Brother has turned against brother
Today, upon seeing the Goddess in Her full splendor,
You will realize that we are all children of the same Mother

And heaven, earth and the entire universe will erupt in awe,
Awoken by our invocation to the Holy Mother
Fearlessly chanted by all in unison.

[Translated by: Udayan Chattopadhyay]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Come My Wayfarer Friend

Come my wayfarer friend,
 Come stepping over the petal-strewn path.
My mind has become a restless wanderer
 Waiting for your arrival.

All across the sky there is a frolic of light,
The earth is decked out in a festival of flowers,
And the rafts of colored clouds afloat
 Are all anticipating your arrival.

On that path of yours I wish I could
 Lay down my soul.
You would press it as you walk,
 Bless it with the touch of your sole.

In your contemplation, o my king of all kings,
I've given up my own grooming,
 I've neglected all my chores.
You will come, the joy of that hope
 Has overwhelmed my heart.

Come, come, my wayfarer friend,
 Stepping over the petal-strewn path.

[Translated from the Bangla 'Pathik Bandhu' by Farida Majid]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Come On Quick Go To Madina

Come on quick those who wish
To the city of Madina to go:
At the Landing-ghat is already in
The sacred boat with virtues filled!

Abu Bakr and Umar Khattab,
Usman and All Haider,
They are the sailers true of the golden boat
No fear for you, sinners! No fear any more!

The Captain of this Boat is Ahmad.
The sailors all are seasoned hands.
Hearken to the chorus they sing:
There is no god but God!
No nervousness please
In this sea of sins
Despite the tempest
That may hoot and hiss!

Those who have the Fare of Faith,
Let them come to this golden boat;
Anchoring at the kalima's Port,
Trailing the Rope of Dispensation!
From the Hurs and Fairies in Heaven
For you all this invitation!

[Original in Bangla: Jabi ke Madinay; Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Come Silently Like The Moon

O, my love
Come silently in the middle of the night
As gliding moonlight

With your tender touch
Bring sweet dreams to my eyes

O, my love, never again
I will need to open the door,
Come quietly through the door of my heart
Be there forever in my sweet memory

Come as the fragrance of un-blossomed flowers
Swaying in the evening breeze
Sing out my name over and over again
Like love-stricken evening bird in the wilderness

Come as tear drops in my eyes
Whisper in my ears like soothing tune of flute
Come as my lost love
O my ever lost love
Be there as eternal pain in my heart.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Come With Hari

Come back to my dreary heart, do come back;
Evening comes too, where are you my bird,
come back to my nest.

Since the North Star did not see you,
it lost its track shedding tears in a sea of suffering;
Come back to my empty temple,
accompanied with Hari,
who stole and seduced you.

[Original: Fire ay ore fire; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Come, O Guide Of The Age

Come, O guide of the age,
The fearless and the bold.
Come, O the eternally beautiful,
The serene and the confident;
I sing your victory.
Come, O hero.
The raised thunder.
Come, O the unconquerable,
The cruel and the arrogant,
I sing your victory.

O the healer of the sorrows
Of dumb millions,
Wake up.
O the leader of the age;
I sing your victory,
I welcome you.

Listen to the healirending cries over there
Come, O the severer of fetters.
The child is awakening,
The child is seeking light
Come, O the rising sun,
I sing your victory,
You I welcome.

[Original: Prarthona; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Coming Of Anondomoyee

How much longer will you
stay hidden behind a clay statue?
Heaven today is subjugated by merciless tyrants.
God's children are getting whipped, heroic youth-hanged.
India today is a butchery-when will you arrive, O Destroyer?
God's soldiers are serving terms of hard labor exiled to desolate islands.
Who will come to the battlefield
unless you come with your sword in your hand?

[Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Complaint

Thy forlorn child covered with the dust
 of this Earth doth cry for redress,..
Give him a reply, Lord, the Original Father!
With the sad light of my eyes I wander
 about Thy Creation.,
The little I see fills me with wonder
and my whole heart becomes full to the brim
So Good art Thou? So much dost
Thou love? So Sublime art Thou?
God, O god?
How beautiful is Thy Creation
How noble is it, Father'?'
Yet sitting at the head of the Creation
 dost Thou weep like an anxious
Mother! It seems as if Thou hast
 no rest, no happiness!
Now destroying and creating, now
 creating and destroying and
 anxious ever, ever and ever -
Thou hast covered the sky with a canopy
 of diamond - lest our eyes should be
 troubled by the heat of the sun
The breeze doth blow to cool our body
 tormented by the sun,
 Lord, O Lord!
The sun, moon and stars, at Dawn and
Dusk, proclaim Thy Ordinance ~
'This Day and Night, Sky and Air are
 meant for no particular individuals
 the wealth of this world -
Fragrant flowers, sweet ambrosial
 fruits, balmy earth, necter-like
 water, Birds' Songs, -
Each and all of them is and are
the common heritage of all mankind,
 and this is Divine 'Firman'-
God, O God! It was Thy Divine Will to create Men
 with white or yellow or black complexion,
We are black and Thou knowest

well that it is no disgrace
Thou hast not said that in the white
Island alone, the sun and moon will
shine and the white nation dominate
all the rest; it is indeed not Thy Decree!
Thy own Children today transgress Thy
Commandments!

Lord, O lord!

Thy gift of dust and earth went to
Earth, Thy Youngest daughter
With that she holds a cup of milk
to her children.

Spreading the wings like a Peacock
Her joy doth go round -
Her children are not happy, they are
greedy, they are Satanic!
Actuated by animosity they cut
one another, they plant barriers everyday.

God, O God!

Ousting Thee from Thy Seat there
doth sit the greedy,
His avarice hath converted the
fruitful luxuriant Earth into
a barren, dreary desert.

Seated on a throne of Sand, the King
of a day pursues a relentless,
repressive policy, which doth but
make his own throne give way
and prepare a grave yard!

By snatching away food from the
mouth of a brother, he becomes a hero.

O Lord, O Lord!

They call him 'Mohajan' who sucks
like the leech the blood of people,
They are not landholders who look
after the lands like their children,
Those who set not their foot on earth
become the owners of earth -
the more one is a hypocrite, the more
a cheat, the greater is one's influence!
Every day the butcher makes a new
knife and parades his scientific intention.

God, a God!

The greatness of a nation is measured by
the extent of its resources for unlawful war,
Seven great warriors killed a boy
and the shameless heroes brag of it!

O Shame! Thy divine disc is today
overpowered by the silver-wheel of
a commercial class!

O Thou Most Glorious! Why dost Thou
put up with such wrong! The suffering
humanity can bear no more, this
injustice shall not be tolerated'

Lord, a Lord!

Hark, the war-cry on all sides!
There's no fear! From the mouth of
the dying comet the cry
'Kill, Kill! '

Whatever blood was there has been
sucked; let the bloodless body
now fight with bones -

The bones that a hundred centuries
Could not smash now sing aloud
'Three cheers for suffering humanity,
Hip, Hip, Hurrah! ! !

Three cheers for New order,
Hip, Hip, Hurrah! ! !

Victory to Thee, a Lord!

This gift of Thine, this multitudinous
Earth we all will enjoy,
There's a flesh and blood relation between
this Earth and the day of Creation'
With fresh flowers and fruits in both hands
the Earth goes round every house,
Who is such a robber as will steal
the paddy of my granary?

In the food of my hunger I feel
the fragrance of my life -

After all, O God!

Who are they that fly airplanes and
hurl bombs from the sky from which
descends Thy gift in the shape of
light and rain?

Who do now convert the serene sky
and air into a wilderness of terror?
Whose cannons like sentinels surround
and guard Thy limitless space?
Will truth not be free of the demon?
Is there no remedy?

God, O God!

Whose fetters corrode the God-gifted
hands'? Whose tyrannical laws ban
my freedom of movement? Subject
to hunger and thirst, I own a life,
I too am a man, I too am sublime!
This tongue of mine is under my control,
this straight neck, too! I have
broken the fetters of my mind, I
am hurt by the fetters of my hands now,
After all, O God!

The ever-humbled now raise their heads
high into the sky, the-imprisoned
shatter their chains to pieces and
pull down the prison walls!

After long, today they like the sky,
air and light of Heaven,

The captive now understand that
liberty is sweeter than life. In spontaneous
notes one voice rises in the liberated
world - 'Victory to suffering humanity,
Victory to the New campaign,
Victory to the New order! '

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Coward

I know,
Why you do not look back
You have left your abode
For the temple of God
To while away the time
With the dolls.

And to flitter the self away
Oh dear,
Not knowing that playing with heart:
Leads up to endless tears.

So great is the debt
When the eyes meet, |
And the moments smack.
I know,
Why you do not look back.

I know,
Why you do not look back.
When the eyes get lost In the eyes.
And the word slowly dies..

When you are all alone.
In the sanctum of your home
There is collyrium In your bright eyes
And not the tears.
No deceit rings
In the anklets you wear.

As you walk,
I know,
Why you do not look back
I know,
Why you do not look back,
When no creepers
On your feet roll
As you stroll,
In the wilderness.

You plucked flowers
In sheer absent mindness,
Without hurting your fingers.

Not knowing the truth either
That, with the garlands
The heart also withers.
Not knowing that
Behind a scurrilous mouth,
A loneliness lurks.
I know,
Why you do not look back.

I am conscious
Of your deceitfulness and skill
But you never knew, indeed
That on your cheeks,
There is a hue
Of pomegranate seeds.

Never knew that,
The timid hearts of women,
Like a creeper laden with a bee,
For those untold words and the denials
Shiver in agony.

And as much as the eye wails
The modesty prevails;
I know you coward,
Why your own image
That you unwittingly fear.

Of man, you have known,
And he is a stone
To whom you never bowed.
You have desired
A pair of covetous hands
And bowed to touch the feet,
Not knowing though
A heart becomes a touch-stone
With another touch on it.
I know coward

Why you wander.

I know what is your fear
When the desires of the heart
In the two shores of body whisper.

The fragrance of
A blooming heart
The petals can never thwart.
However much you wish to hide,
It breaks far and wide.

All the secret words
Have gathered in you dear
I know what is your fear.

I know,
Why you cannot say openly:
The nightingale has carried
The message secretly.

The words you wanted to hear,
How did she know of it, oh dear?
The same words
The bride murmured
Gently raising her eyes:
Who knew that in her cruel fingers
Such magic lies.
I know,
Why you cannot say openly.

I know,
Why no ornaments you wear
The flame of agony
Has burnt your flesh Into gold oh dear!
To adorn a doll
Of clay with attire?
Why should gold
Mere gold desire?

Leaving the shores of the body
The mind seeks purity.

The agony of mine, oh dear.
Now adorns your beauty
I know,
Why no ornament you wear.

I know
They will not abide;
The maiden
Who slept in the night
Woke up as a bride.

She swims with the foam
Not really knowing
The oyster's home.
The pearl you have found

But the shell of the eyes
In the tears got drowned
When the burden
Is too heavy to bear,
The heart also sinks
In utter despair.
Oh unlucky woman!
How shall you make it clear?

[Original: Bhiru; Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Cruel Game

Dreams want wedding, but separation as you wake up.
I take it a cruel game, though indifferently.
Sometime light sometime shadow
what an illusion beyond reason!
A strange flute goes on playing in mystic wind.
Have I exchanged garland in darkness?
Now ram looking for an illusive stag at daylight.

The flower that blooms
and, drops down in silence
does leave its odour
in heart's secret chamber.

[Original: Shwapan milon chay; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Day-Labourer

Your luxury cars are plying through the streets
And your big ships are cruising Over the Oceans.
The fast steam engines are running on railways,
The country is filled with plants and machinery:
Can you tell me whose contributions are all these?
With whose blood are your buildings
Painted red? Dismantle them and you'll find
On each piece of brick vividly written the names.
You may not know; but each and
Every grain of dust is aware of it,
The meaning of those roads, vessels, trains,
And of those decorative palaces.
The good days are coming soon:
Day after day your debts are being inflated
You must pay back those heavy debts.
Those who with hard labour broke the rugged hills
With hammer, shovel and pick-axe,
Their bones today are strewn 'on either side
Of those very roads. Those who, in order to render
You service, became day-labourers.
Those who covered their cherished body with dust
Only to carry you and your belongings,
They are indeed the real human beings,
they are the saints.
I sing their 'inner voice' through my songs.
Marching over their painful suffering breasts
The New Revolution will raise its new head.
You are reclining at ease
On the top of the third floor,
While we are rotting at the bottom;
Still you love to be
Addressed as 'My Lord'?
Absurd! That cannot be! !
The helm of this world must remain under
Those, whose mind and soul are soaked with
Sweet love for the motherland;
Those who journeyed with others through
The tiresome roads and covered their
Feet with dust; I shall pick up

That very dust from their feet and put it
on my head as a holy sacred offering.
Smear with the blood of the pain stricken
Suffering humanity of the world
the new sun of the new Dawn is rising
above the horizon.
Break open today those ugly rusty doors
Of your narrow congested heart;
Take off those artificial garments of yours
Which look unnatural like coloured leather.
Look at the concentrated condensed air
Appearing deep blue in the sky,
Let them enter free in a frolicsome way
direct into your inner hearts -
Unlock all those obstructing clutches!
Let the entire blue Heaven fall down in our midst,
Let the moon, the sun and the stars shower on us.
Let all people of all times
and all climes come together
And stand up at the same confluence to listen to
The anthem of great unity under one flag-
If you torment here a single soul
The pain resounds in a crescendo
In the aggrieved hearts of all others.
Insult to a single person here means
Humiliating the whole of humanity
An insult to all of us.
Today is the day of upheaval
Against the heart-rending agony and pain
Of the great Human-beings of the world.

[Translation: Amir Hossain Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Day's End

The earth has cloaked the folds of the horizon
with its mud-dyed, faded grey anchal
of deep pathos.
Birds fly
out of some depth of the clouds, as though
towards some inviting home
lit by evening lamp.
Through the sunset-dim casement of the sky
which lovelorn bride of endless time
casts her fearful eyes
in the direction of sunrise
having lit her golden lamp
perhaps waiting for her love
who left
with a promise to return.
The sighs making the realm of sunset
heavy with cloud and vapour.
In the sad eyes of the
ever-waiting primordially tragic maiden
in the lamplight brought at the doorway
to light up her love's path
falls the shadow of Mother Earth.
The cry of pity condenses
in the downward looking still horizon.
Timeless pains of the eternally suffering Mother Earth
pours down through the ages perhaps
in this late autumn.
That load of accumulated pains
lies prostrate, its face buried
the fragrance of pain, as though,
weeps in muted sorrow
in such quiet serene evening.
Slowly descends Night
spreading around her dust-smear'd unkempt tresses
the evening star sinks
day's configuration melts away.
Amid this, for no reason, alas
the cloud of pain hovers in my two eyes.
In my heart echo

the cries of nought
and some pining lover wails
'Everything is empty, everything
the sky, earth, this evening
the compassion of the universe
can spare for you no tears.'
Hearing this I am reminded
how many times I visited the temple
and like the contemptible street beggar
made supplications for divine grace.
'Open the door O worshipper
at your door has arrived a suppliant.'
The door was opened
I saw the god in the shrine
I made an offering of blood and tears
The god spoke no words.
Oh, these are the eyes
that spared for me no tears,
I lament, what love-bereft
shrine of god it is,
bare of all compassion.

O fatuous ones! Where are the gods!
From them one seeks love!
Like a volcano coming to the desert
and pleading for jets of water.
In the houses around me
there is so much worshipping.
Seeing this my love-sick heart weeps
and looks back again and again
and humiliated, it comes back
I am afraid someone may laugh
over my foolish earnestness.
The gods have laughter, not tears.
O my heart, neglected you are through the ages
come let us beat a retreat.
This evening I feel
there is beyond this emptiness
a greater emptiness
in this heart of mine,
the heart that was disdainfully ignored
by the gods.

That's why perhaps my tortured love
is as destructive as it is.
These arms shall never embrace
the lady-love.
The rejected love of mine is not a garland
but naked lance.

[Original: Bela sheshe, Translation: Zakeria Shirazi]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Dearest, Don'T Say You Have To Go!

Dearest, do not say you have to go!
Do not play games with me, no, no, no!
Today the flowers in the garden play the tune of untold feelings;
Which I could not utter from shyness and hurt feelings
Who knows from where this shyness engulfs me,
I cannot look into your eyes!
Like the first love of a young girl!
The more deeper I feel, the more shy I become;
Do not trample all my hopes under your feet, no, no, no!

[Original: Priyo Jai Jai Bolona; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Desh Priyo Nai

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Don'T Be Afraid, O Human Soul!

The power thrones of today represent devil's affair,
the power-hungry monsters are busy playing there.
Don't be afraid, O human soul! Don't break down in tear!
The drunkard of the underworld won't prevail much longer here.
With injustice and wrongs black-stained is his throne,
his sword is rusted with curse of those under oppression.
Painting the sky dark yellow approaches the monsoon storm in full power,
the greedy ones are beguiled thinking, this is beautiful twilight hour.
The fire they have spread around the world, now in its flame in turn,
like blazing fire, everywhere, these wretcheds will burn.

The traveler of the path of truth! Don't be afraid, don't fear!
Those who seek peace, defeat is not for them, my dear!
Sometimes the enemies of peace win in their disguise,
at the end only in humiliation and shame comes their inevitable demise.
Dusts of the road rise off the ground as wind blows strong,
if you think, they are on the rise, won't that be wrong?
Those who want to ascend above, these trash stand in their way;
they can make the road slippery, but the mud doesn't win the day.

In tranquility, win or defeat, we will treat the same,
if we win, we will dedicate it to His glory and name.
If we lose, we will be greeted by Him in the hereafter,
if we are battle-wounded, we will be His beloved, forever.
Sometimes they will win, but never shall we retreat!
Our Lord tests us - we will take it as His treat.
Does hatred ever bring back those who are lost?
To win their heart, with love first our heart must defrost.
Those who knowingly practice oppression and take away others' right,
it is against them, the sword of God is always ready and upright.

Don't be hard on those who, in ignorance, go astray!
They might return to the truth, if you show love, and pray!
In His one name, invite people of all nation;
Hold sword in hand, while offer your heart with love and affection.
The whole world would be in your favor, if at you His grace flashes;
all the enemies of the truth, you will see, will burn into ashes.
Those whose hearts among us are stained with temptation,
they also deserve discipline, before facing God's condemnation.

March forward, O the new warriors, indomitable!
Prevent our journey and progress? No one would be able!
Let faith and patience be the lasting friends - yours and mine.
On our path, the light of such and of moon will always shine.
Don't be afraid! Have no fear!
Falsehood will definitely disappear!
Truth will triumph, O my dear!
Those who treat the meek with bloody eyes, finished is their share!
This world belongs to people, not to any throne; declare!

Those who disgrace the blessed power from their power-bed,
at the command of the King of kings, they lose their head.
The rule of the ship-owners is ending; it won't be very long,
to the real king of the universe, all the countries will belong.
O blood-eyed vultures, monsters! Beware, beware!
To beguile others and make forget God's command, how do you dare?
We fear one God only; no one else do we fear!
Our guide is the Omnipotent, our Lord so dear!
Sky, earth, moon, planets, and stars are witnesses, I say,
as to who are the followers of truth, and who go astray.

Don't be afraid; have no fear!
Falsehood will surely disappear!
Truth will be triumphant, my dear!

[Original: Bhoy Koriyo Na, He Manobata; Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Don'T Judge Me, O Allah!

Don't judge me, O Allah, on the Day of Resurrection!
This sinner doesn't want a trial, wants your love and compassion! !
Quite knowingly throughout my life
sins have accumulated so rife,
I can't hope to survive your judgment and scrutiny;
Don't judge me, O Allah, don't judge me!
If you really wish to judge, why the name Rahman, the Most Kind?
Why did you give the knowledge that by that name salvation we will find!
On that Day, as a humble mendicant,
when I will beg of you, O Lord, the Dominant!
Will you be able to turn me away with hands empty?
Don't judge me, O Allah, don't judge me!

[Original: Bengali, Translator: Dr. Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Duhshashoner Rokto Pan

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ei Desh Kar

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Eid Mobarak

After the lapse of a year
you have come, Eid,
having crossed many a desert
of hundreds of miles,
having caused many a tear to
be shed on many a sand-field.
You have brought from one of the seven
heavens a present to the door of the hungry,
the bliss of the flower-garden
to the forest of thorns.
And have asked the cup-bearer
to hurry up with the cup of wine.
The hawk-cuckoo sings on all sides,
the bride keeps awake without a
wink in the bridal chamber of midnight!
Flowers weep but where's the
flower vase?
There's no sleep for lover
in the distant land away from home.
He remembers only the smell, akin
to the dry land wetted by rain,
of the loose coiffure of his beloved,
the distracted braid of her hair
being at sixes and sevens!!
Tidings of joy came last evening at
signal from the second day of the moon,
the budding mind is boiling up
with happiness!
The shanai sings unto tune Ashabari.
The stone-hard mind has softened
in the smell of perfume,
minds are mortgaged to each other
today in debt without any document,
without any debt to bother about
Yazid, Hasan and Hussain are
bosom friends today.
Hell and heaven, flowers and fire
all fall for one another,
Shirin and Farhad are in each

other's embrace!
Leili has snake-like embroiled
Qayes in herself.
The lover in the arms of his
beloved closes his eyes in pleasure,
kisses around on cheeks,
the hell of revelry is ablaze,
Satan distributes cups of wine in heaven,
friends and enemies from the same assembly.
The field of Arafat is spread out
Today from village to village,
emperors and fakirs embrace
one another like brothers.
The two figures Lat-Manat hold on to
the Kaaba and dance.
The trumpet of Islam resounds today
through out the world,
there are no high and low - all men are equal,
nobody is another's king or subject.
Who are you, Oh noble man, a
Nawab or Badsha in the upper mansion?
You are a blot on all time; you
have been responsible for raising
doubts about Islam.
Says Islam, we are all for one another,
we are all brothers and shall
share joy and sorrow equally,
none of us has the right to hold.
Is it ordained for some people
to shed tears and for others to
light up the chandeliers!
And just two people to have princely
luck, millions to suffer from bad luck?
That is not the prescription of Islam.
So has Idul-Fitr ushered in the new dispensation,
you who are hoarding up, you should
give away all surplus,
you must have food to satisfy your hunger!
The cup of enjoyment boils over in your hands,
but those who are thirsty have a
share in the cup,
you must, a my hero, give them

and then enjoy profusely.
You must empty your heart and
make a gift of yourself;
you who are very calculating,
do not sit down to calculate!
Rather let your calculation
go wrong for once.
Today the wayward play the
teasing games in their hearts,
today even the ascetic is
reddened by kiss from Sayel and Laila!
Jamshed lives and demands
wine to drink.
Today I shall go about on the
streets crying: Eid-Mobarak,
a my friends, Assalam!
Today I shall distribute from
lip to lip the message of
flowers as sweetmeat for the day.
This is Eid, an occasion
for giving oneself away.
The Eidgah is red with the ardour of my gift!
Not the body but the
heart will give of itself to
everybody and make a martyr of itself.

[(Original: Eid mobarak; Translation: Basudha Chakravarty)]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Eid Mobarak, Eid Mobarak

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Eid, At The End Of Fasting Of Ramadan

O heart, Ramadan has come to an end,
and the happy Eid knocks at the door for all,
Come, today give yourself away wholeheartedly,
heed the divine call.

Offer all your wealth and treasure
for the sake of your Benevolent Lord,
Pay zakat to awaken the dying Muslims,
from the slumber that they can't afford.

Come, O heart, offer your Eid prayer
in that sacred plain,
where valiant Muslims sacrificed their lives
and became martyrs, not in vain.

Let's forget today who is friend or foe,
and hold each other in caring embrace.
Let your love be the magnet
to bring the humanity to Allah's grace.

Remember those in perennial fast,
constantly in hunger and deprivation,
Share with the poor, orphans and the destitutes,
to make inclusive your celebration.

Pour into the bowl of your heart
the ambrosia of tawheed.
The Prophet himself might accept the invitation,
and come to join your feast, indeed.

O heart, with the very stones or bricks
that some people hurled at you all along,
build a wonderful mosque of love
with foundation, solid and strong.

[Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Elo Abar Eid

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Elo Eidl-Fetor Elo Eid

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Enamoured Of Self

I look for her
Who is closer to me than my own self.
I seem to hear her footsteps
In my burning desire.

Like the skylark, in unquenched thirst,
She pines for water in the parched
Sky of my mind
Like the chakor she steals into my dream
In soft, moon-lit night.

In the green foliage of my mind
I see her as the dark benevolent cloud..
In the sharp lightning-flash I find
Her as thunders roar aloud.

I sit in the bower I made
And garland my beloved;
But suddenly with a start I wake
And find it, alas, around my own neck.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Equality

I sing the song of equality.
I sing of the country
Where fresh joys blossom forth in, the hearts of men
And budding life shimmers in their faces.
Comrade, nobody is king- in this land and none a subject.
There is no man here poor and abject
Nor is there any, full of riches and money.
Here some do not. eat cast off rice-sweepings
And some all the cream and honey.
No one bows down here before the horses feet,
Or in front of the motor-cars wheels.
Hatred does not spring up here
In whitemen's breasts
Whenever they see blackmen close and near.
Comrade, this is a place where all are equal,
Where the black and the white have no separate
graveyards,
Where they have no separate rooms for offering
their prayers.

There are no sentries or peons here,
Nor is there any police-troops fear.

This is the Heaven where there are no distinctions,
Where leaving aside all 'quarrels
Men have clasped other's hands as brothers dear,
Religion does not create differences in this place
Nor do scriptures raise any futile clamour.
The priests and padres, the mollah and the
moulvis

Drink water here from the same container.
Here the house of prayer for the Creator
Lies in the body and the mind.
Here His throne of sorrows
Is amidst the miseries of mankind.
Here He responds to men's calls
By whatever name ,they may choose to appeal
Like the loving and fond mother

Ever ready and alert to respond
To the call of her child,
Whatever name he may call her by.

Here in this abode of equality
Different ways of apparel
Do not give rise to vicious quarrel.
Here clothed in dusty costume
Men are satisfied and happy,
Here in this land peace and equality.

[Original: Shammyo; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Eternal Child

O the nameless eternal child
you have come across unknown lands,
what ornament of name you have put on!
What a prison it is for the chainless!

Tell me, by what name I'll call you again
to my heart's content,
you lost your way from this home
where you lived, where you do come back
over and over again losing your own name.

O my sweet dear,
you are the radiant pearl of my dark home
filling the hungry home with little butter
your tiny hand has brought.

That today in intimate happiness
a sea of wailing swells up in my bosom
to call you by a new name,
who is there to stop my voice
my mind, too, utterly dejected.

You came from settling down, O traveller
stepping toward rising up.

[Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Evening Star

Oh, dear evening star
Whose bride art thou with veils,
In the glances of your eyes,
Whose forgotten face dwells?

Evening lamp, with a veil to hide,
And casting glances at this bride,
Though often her looks quiver,
This goes on for ever.

Whose lost bride is she?
At dusk, mute and beside me,
To arouse the yearning for a home,
In the heart of a homeless wanderer.

Perpetually you rise and sink,
With a tender pallid wink,
For whom, you heavenly bride?
Where does your beloved abide!

[Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ever Unafraid

I have received your help, O my Lord,
and so ! am unafraid.

Fear never comes near one
who has God for his friend.

No barriers stand on his path.

If he meets any obstacle in his forward march
a mighty torrent of strength

rushes into his breast from above,
and a brilliant sword sparkles in his hand,
ready to wipe out all obstacles standing
in his way.

All those who do not believe,
please listen to the story of my birth.

A furious storm raged when I was born;
the roof of our home was blown away
by a gusty wind,

and the doors were razed to the ground.

The bugle of Israfil made its deafening sound
again and again.

At the moment of my birth
the magic words 'Allahu Akbar'
greeted my ears.

At those words my cries ceased.

Those sacred words reverberate in my veins
to this day,

they still thrill me, every moment of my life,
whether I am asleep or awake.

The tempest raging during my birth
drove me later out of my home,
and has since been leading me on
to a million unknown destinations.

Hundreds of hills, forests, seas and deserts
have I traversed.

Always I have heard the clarion call
of the Azan,

the call that had greeted my ears
when I first saw the light of day.

Poverty, pain, sorrow and sufferings galore

have I met in my many sojourns,
Yet I have always felt God's blessings,
 though unmerited,
showered on me in measureless profusion.

I have struggled against multitudinous odds,
but I have never felt dismayed or frightened.
I know my role which is that of a born soldier.
Nothing could ever intimidate me
 and turn me back from my forward march.
All my life I have been hearing
 in my waking hours as well as in my dreams
a voice calling me and leading me on.
I never looked back and stopped in my forward march.
Responding to that inexorable call,
 drawn by a fathom!ess love,
I always went forward.
I always seemed to hear a loving voice
 murmur into my ears;
 'Not here, not here,
 go further on,
 move forward, my dear.'
All the rebels of this world were my friends,
they always threw their doors open to take me
 in an eternal fugitive.
But a strange sadness welled up in me.
I missed some one badly. Was it God?
Was that the fulfillment I always longed for?
Or was that me, my very own self?

A war raged between him and me;
the good and the evil sometimes dragged me
 into an abysmal darkness.
Sometimes, again, they ringed me
 in a halo brilliant light.
Like a comet thrown out of its orbit
 I rush on at a terrific speed,
and as I go along leave my track
strewn with the bouquets of a million mistakes.
How many sins did I commit in the past!
But all those memories have been wiped out now
 from my mind.

What is the good of worrying
 over what is dead and gone?
Never did the past stop me
 in my forward march.
My chariot has always moved ahead
 brushing aside all obstacles and barriers.
No tilth or impurity can pollute the waters of a river
whose current, thirsty for union with the sea,
is alive and flowing.

My son died,
and I found myself prostrated with grief.
The first shock of losing one's child
 was too much for me.
But strangely enough the radiance of the moon
brought for me at that very hour
an overpowering fragrance of the hasnuhena,
and I ceased to grieve for my dead son.
My mind became filled with that fragrance.
And this surprised my friends.
They exclaimed in wonder,
 'Is he a father, or a clod of stone ?'
Well, he who goes away from me
is lost to me forever.
Only he who rushes along with me,
keeping pace with my tempestuous speed,
remains my friend and companion.
My soul pines forever and bewails,

'It is getting late,
the time is almost come
 to meet my Fate
 face to face.'
Drawn by the current of great love
 I rush forward,
and, then, all on a sudden I feel
a mighty backward pull from behind.
Is that Satan?
Is that the monster of ignorance?
I do not know.
From where I know not
a horde of troubles, mischiefs and anguish

pours forth and engulfs me.

Fear of death does not unnerve me.

I am a born soldier, I know.

No barriers can stop my onward march.

No obstacles can make me surrender
and accept defeat.

My lord is the most coveted
and the most powerful.

Which ignoble devil from what murky
Hell dare stand before my path
and hinder my forward march?

Suddenly I seem to see a great bow of light
appearing in the wide blue sky before me;

I feel like an arrow attached to that bow.

The devil seems to pull the string tight,
bent on hurling me into some dark
abysmal cavern.

But the mighty strength of God moves in
from somewhere,

and a wild storm that had visited me
at the hour of my birth comes again
to keep me company.

Shouting the magic words 'Allahu Akbar.

I pull at the taut strings of the bow
with all my strength.

I kick at the devil's head and let go my arrow
which seems to touch the edges of my Lord's throne.
And what a miracle it is!

Where has the devil gone?

There is only my Lord
and unspeakable bliss!

None can describe the nature of that
unearthly joy,

Only, he who has tasted it knows what it is.

I am the soldier of God,

I know no barriers,

I know no decay.

With God's flaming sword in hand

I rush through all obstacles
and go my way.

The storm is my constant companion,
I am the tempestuous rebel wind,
the holy war of truth and fiery revolution
are the eternal burdens of my song.

I always obliterate with savage anger
age-old superstitions and prejudices.
With a mad fury I burn all dead debris.
Nothing can stop my onward march.
No stars or planets or sky,
no fetters or prison-houses can contain
or hold me back.

The Eternal, the All-complete, the All-Embracing oversoul
calls me all the time.

And so I am unconquerable,
I am deathless,
I am ever unafraid.

[Original: Chiro nirbhoy; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Faith And Hope

Don't look up to them-those
who have lost faith and hope.
They move-yet they're dead-the living dead,
the devil has finished them, robbed them
of their integrity.
Out of fear, their souls have escaped
to the land of Death.

If there are wants, poverty, debt, disease,
suffering, humiliation-don't just succumb
to hopelessness-fight them!
The real enemy is within-fear; and
only the ones who will accept defeat out of confusion,
lies and unnecessary fear will go on suffering every day.

'Oh, what is going to happen? '-those who just sit at home
trembling in fear, are the ones already defeated
in the battle of life.
They are the captives in the prison
of humiliation and subjugation.

They are repulsive-allowing the helpIess
to be treated with injustice.
They are afraid for no reason, weak and ignorant.
More than pity, I feel infuriated by them.
They lie dead with their tongues stuck out.
Flowers blossom in burial grounds, but
in these dead trees, blossoms nothing.

They are fatalists-sitting alone they think,
'This is my fate, you can't change that! '
They deny their own power,
accepting defeat without a fight.
They are senile, morbid-.don't mix with them.
They are the death's leftover garbage in this world.
They are diseased from the inside,
they see only darkness around them.
With eyes closed, even when they see light,
they say, 'This is not light.'

For those with intense, unshakeable confidence,
waves of youth and life flow melodiously.
They enliven the dead earth-bountiful
with crops, flowers and fruits.
Nothing can block their way.

Fearless-any defeat is their ladder to heaven.
The darker the days, the more they see the light of hope.
Go to them-they wear the amulets
of fearlessness and victory over death.

Those who can imagine loftily, dream nobly,
they are the ones who bring welfare to the earth.
They show the paths of exploring the impossible,
even angels abide by them.

Possessing soul, yet allowing themselves
to suffer bodily pain,
not vowing their lives against the oppressor-
they are like caged animals, not human beings,
their hopelessness leads all human hopes and faith
to dissolution.

Possessing hands and feet, yet sitting inert
hiding faces in a dark muddy hole out of fear-
they have disavowed their humanity.
They belong to burial and cremation grounds-
not amongst us.

I say, listen people, lead a life of fulfillment.
You'll see, the earth is shaken by its power!
This is the message of God: 'Human beings get
what they wish for.'
Their hands, feet, eyes become God's own.

If hopes are lofty, and so are the efforts to achieve them,
then victory awaits at the door.
Impatience never overtakes that soldier
even at times of great difficulties.
Determined, calm, engrossed is the pioneer hero.

He replaces gloom with divine joy.
Like the moon, his love moves the sea of humanity.
His heart is filled with courage.
March along with him on that path of victory!

Have faith- you will get what you hope for!
And don't touch him-he's dead-one
who has lost faith.

[Original: Bishshash o Asha; Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Falguni

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Fanaticism Is Not Religion!

Bullying, hypocrisy or fanaticism: that's not what religion is all about
According to all scriptures, fanatics are disciples of the devil: no doubt.
The one and only Creator of all: He is the loving Master ever;
That there is more than one Creator, no true religion can claim so; never.

Even then, partnership to God is attributed by Satan the smitten
Yet his judge is only God, no one else: in the Qur'an it is written.
Man can't be Satan's judge or try him; indeed, either to the Hell
or to Heaven, what human power can push him or propel?

'Guide only those who are lost' - this is a divine command,
Any wrongdoing even against the unbelievers: in the Qur'an it is patently
banned.
Why do people sin, or why some go astray as human being?
Why some people come to this world handicapped, or without the power of
seeing?

Why are some ever-destitutes, and some are ever-so-rich?
Why some always live in peace, while others are destined to trouble's ditch?
Which preacher or Mullah knows its mystery, please tell me
They have carried the load of scriptures - Qur'an, Vedas - like no more than a
donkey.

Even to that wretched who did not call Him, as to the provision for his hunger,
Why God did not Himself deprive him, who can communicate to a scripture-
monger?
His creation - like the open-wide sky - embraces all, none barred;
His air and wind flows everywhere: mosque, temple, or earth's every corner or
yard.

On the basis of faith, the light of His sun and moon does not ever discriminate,
it comes to every home or nation; where does it cause any division or foster
hate?
His rain comes in shower flowing in the field and yard of all the faithful,
His fire, water, air serve everyone - to the ingrate and the grateful.

His water brings the blessings of flower and fruit to the garden of every nation,
Who, yet, preaches hatred and division in His love's congregation?
No saint, dervish, yogi, a prophet or a messenger truly divine,

Ever reviled others' faith or religion - who isn't aware of this wisdom so fine?

Under the guise of religion, the bullies and the pretenders have a pact;
they stir up the ignorant mass as part of their vile selfish act.
They foster hatred and prejudice among different faith or nation;
these devils cherish power, while feeding themselves is their only preoccupation.

Under the guise of religious movements, these ugly faces
claim that, if in power, they will help their fellows, or that's how they make their
cases.
Fame and medals of aristocrats these Zaminders, loan sharks, and filthy rich get
In reality, they care about none; on their own welfare their eyes are set.

All the wealth they amass, have they ever given anyone anything?
Has ever a homeless found shelter in their fancy, luxurious building?
In the name of nationality or religion, poison is what they spread;
These are poisonous snakes; Finish them - don't you dread!

One is not a believer who doesn't have tolerance or patience - a virtue so
auspicious
They are gangs of demons, worse than titans or monsters - utterly vicious.
Those who are oppressors, they have no specific religion or affiliation,
They block people from the divine ray; these friends of darkness believe in no
reconciliation.

They bring agitation and hatred among people, and help break any relation,
They are monsters who snatch away others' food and water in disgraceful
jubilation.
We must know that these people in their death's pang,
suffer in this life, as shame over their head does hang.

The ultimate Judge who has no partner, He
punishes whom in just a while, you will, yes you will, see.
We are poor, destitute, oppressed and weak!
To lead us astray those who incessantly tweak;
They breed discord, disturbance, and pursue their selfish fortune,
In the Qur'an God addresses these wretcheds: 'Turn into apes' to play their tune.

[Original: Gorami Dharmo Noy
Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Farewell

Do not cast that look
Again and again
With those tearful eyes
Oh those eyes with pain!

In that plaintive tone
Do not sing those swan-songs.
If the agonies of your life
You could smile away,
Then smile and do not weep
On this parting day.
Those melancholy eyes,
And a weeping face
I look on
And 'my heart cries.

Oh traveller, do not fill
These fleeting hours
With a melancholy note
And flowing tears.

Oh piqued traveller,
Why do you think
No one shares your anguish?

In your agony
You alone perish.

The forlorn traveller,
Who has lost his way,
No dweller of home
Wants him to stay.
Are you still hurt
By these scars in your heart?

And those plaintive songs
From a Baul afar,
Agonies, in the barren field,
A lonely traveller?

It is meaningless sentiment
And vain bewilderment.

Would you ever hear
That your parting words
Have shattered many hearts?
And many a soul
Has broken into tears?

You have not been loved
So you must part.
Go you must,
But not with agony
In your heart.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Fateha-I-Doazdaham [the Passing Away]

What an amazing sight is this!
Tears well up even in Azrail's eyes!
His stony heart lies in a sea of grief
 trembling like a leaf.
His iron fist, ever alert to make the kill,
 is weak and palsied,
his mind dull and inert, his heart lacerated,
his blue headgear kissing the dust in despair!
Even Gabriel's fiery wings appear to be in pieces,
The debt of the world is all but paid,
and yet the heart is full of pain.
Mikail ceaselessly pours all the waters
of the salty seas on the bosom of the earth.
In the dark still night pine branches swing
 endlessly in the stormy wind.
Is this the same moon of the twelfth night?
Is this the same Rabiul Awwal?
In the northeastern sky a dark flag flies.
Even Israfil's bugle of annihilation cries weakly.
The heart-crushing thunder, too, weeps
 in inconsolable grief.
O Azrail Satan, why do you stand at the
 prophet's door?
But even in his eyes tears well up
and they flood the plains of Medina!
The mighty Borrak raises his head
and with his prancing feet spans the earth
 and the sky;
he looks at God's throne and neighs angrily
 and yet with pity!
All the angels and fairies weep today,
Even the flames of Hell die
leaving only a sea of weary waters.
Today even all the nargis lala of Firdous
 break down in a flood of tears.

Mother earth clasps to her bosom
 the corpse of her son,
her whole body shakes with deep sighs,

and in the caves of hell mourn the genii.
Well, did Solomon die a second death?
The doe does not care today for her young ones,
they go without their mother's milk'
The birds, too, have forgotten to sing.
All the leaves and flowers fall off from tile trees
and a chilly north wind blows heavily,
The world seems to have reached the end of her days,
all her veins and arteries appear to have snapped.
Mecca and Medina, overwhelmed with grief,
look desolate and dead.
It seems all have assembled in the plain
of Roz-Hashr
and are now crazily running about everywhere.
Even the Kaaba trembles violently every now and then.
The whole creation seems to be suffocating!

All happy tunes sound weak and subdued;
a sad strain pervades the whole atmosphere.
Whose sharp edged sword strikes at the distant moon?
Tears roll down Abu Bakr's cheeks in an endless stream,
and mother Ayesha's cry frightens even the stars
in the sky.
Maddened with grief, Omar brandishes his sword
and cries,
'I shall not spare even God,
Him I shall kill!'
Bereft of his senses the mighty hero rants,
'Who says that the prophet is dead?
Who wants to take his body to the grave?
Let him come near, and I'll sever
his head from his neck!'

Who cry with such broken hearts
in the mosques and over the domes and minarets.?
The muazzin, too, is upset.
Deep is his grief, his heart dull and heavy.
Even Belal's voice breaks in uncontrollable anguish
as he recites the azan! -
The call for janaza, as it tearfully trembles
in the air,
seems to pluck one's heart out!

grief-stricken Usman lies in a swoon,
and the heroic Ali sobs like a child,
sorrow and pain have blunted his double edged zulfiquar!
And, look, there the prophet's darling-daughter

Fatima sobs in heart-breaking grief.
'Where has father gone?', she cries,
and wildly runs about with her uncombed hair,
all dishevelled and awry.

Hassan and Hossain writhe on the ground
like two stricken doves,
'Where has grandpa gone?', they wail,
and look for him everywhere.
The day has lost its sun,
the night its moon and stars.
The world looks sombre and dark
and all eyes shed tears of blood.
The seven seas chum and foam
and appear to drown the heavens above,
they seem to be sweeping away the whole universe,
leaving nothing behind but a vast ocean
of salty tears.

Even God looks sad and restless,
He longs to clasp His friend to His breast,
and yet a strange pain sears His heart;
how can He snatch one away from the
bosom of the earth
for whom the whole creation laments
in this fashion!

There is a great rejoicing in Heaven today.
A mood of festivity prevails there.
All the angels and fairies heartily sing;
'SalIa Allahu-Alaihe-Salam!'
They stand row after row with folded hands
and sing the prophet's praise.

Tears well up only in mother earth's eyes!
Have Amina, Abdullah and the ever devoted
Khadija come?
Look! A gracious smile lights up the face
of even the Lord of the universe! .

Only the children of mother earth lament;
'What is this injustice of yours, O God?'
Today the bright lights of Heaven grow brighter still,
and a happier laughter rings out there,
while mother earth's light dies
 and an inky blackness engulfs her!

Today over the tears of the earth
Heaven's laughter rings out endlessly,
and like the roaring of the ocean
from every comer resound the words:
 'Salla Allahu-Alaihe-Salam!'

[Original: the same as above; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

For The Poets Of The Future

Bright and hibiscus-red, like the morning sun
you are rising, you the poets of days to come.
The glowing morning for which we awake
You are waking in flocks, O birds, for that sake.
I sing the hymn in the hope that you will come
And rise in the blue sky that I make.
I leave behind the memory of my salutation -
please play on my lute your new-day song.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Forgive Us, O Prophet!

We haven't embraced your message,
Please forgive us, O Prophet!
We have forgotten your ideals
And the path for us that you did set.
Please forgive us, O Prophet!

You trampled like dust
Luxury and wealth, O master!
You never dreamed that
We will be kings or lords of disaster!

In this world's resource and treasure
Everyone has right of due measure;
You proclaimed, on this earth,
Equal son's treatment all will get.
Please forgive us, O Prophet!

In your religion, toward the unbelievers
You did not direct any hate;
You served them as your fellows,
For all of them was open your hospitable gate.

To demolish temples of others anywhere on land,
O valiant, you did not ever command;
Now even difference in opinion from others
We can't bear or tolerate.
Please forgive us, O Prophet!

You did not seek in the name of faith
Meaningless and shameful killing or fight;
You did not place sword in our hand,
Rather gave us guidance, so noble and upright.

Ignoring your tolerance and magnanimity
We have elevated fanaticism to a new nobility;
Is that why, from the heavenly fountain,
Does not flow that mercy, so divine and great?
Please forgive us, O Prophet!

We haven't embraced your message
Please forgive us, O Prophet!
We have forgotten your ideals
And the path for us that you did set.
Please forgive us, O Prophet!

[Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ghazal

Striding down the road, if ever by any wild chance,
 We meet, my dear heart,
Please look at me with those eyes drunk with longing,
 Like you used to in the days past.

On that day, if tears well up in your eyes,
 Do not hide them by any pretense.
That endearing name you used for me,
 For one last time, please call me by that name.

And if the present lover be by your side,
 Do not fear; he would be dear to me too.
I'd tell him, 'Love my Beloved, please,
 More than I was ever able to.'

Perchance you are pained seeing me so lovelorn,
 I'd move myself away.
Lest I be a thorn in your way,
 I'd beg, and I'd pray
 For your alms of oblivion.

[Translated from the Bangla by Farida Majid]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ghor-Chhara Chhele Akasher Chad Ay Re

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Gloomy

The forlorn traveller muses
At the end of the day
He has to traverse
A long long way.

'Come home' the evening
Beckons to all.
No, not you
This is not your call.

The traveller makes the road
His own abode.
The forlorn traveller ponders,
Who has need for him,
He wonders.

The shadow of the forest
With love so deep,
Smears darkness
On the hair of the nymph.

To be lured into
The realm of clouds,
From the mountain
Descends the fountain.

With the light,
Comes the thought
Of the lovely night
And a mysterious fear of joy hides
In the heart of the bride.
The lonely singer
Will now sing
The song of solitude.

Suddenly he loses the way
In the dark dungeon
Of mysterious gloom,
His longing now wails

In the distant stars.

Will he find the path ever?
Ponders the forlorn traveller.

[Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

God

Who are you, my friend,
searching for God in heaven
and the underworld?
Who are you-searching
through the wilderness
and mountain peaks?
It's a pity-O Rishis and Dervishes,
you go on searching for Him
from country to country
while holding the Jewel of the Heart
in your own heart!
The whole creation looks at you
while your own eyes are shut.
You search for the creator
instead of searching for your self.
O self-inflicted Blind-open your eyes,
look at yourself in the mirror.
You'll see-His shadow falls on your body.
Don't shudder, Hero,
don't be intimidated
by the scholars of the scriptures-
they're not God's 'private secretaries'
We all are His manifestation,
He is present in us all.
Seeing myself, I see the unseen Creator..
The merchants at the seaport trade in gems.
But never ask them where the gems are mined.
They are merely traders of gems,
but they think that they know where the mine is too!
They have never taken a dive
into the fathomless depth of the gem-bearing ocean.
Instead of messing with the scriptures,
my friend, dive right into
the ocean of Truth!

[Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

God Is My Most Dearly Beloved!

God is my most dearly beloved.
He is never far from me,
always He holds me in His embrace.
He is the handsomest and the most beautiful,
my supreme Lord.
Sometimes I call him my master
and lie at His feet in deep humility.
At other times I lose myself in His love
and shower my tear-washed kisses on Him.
The kisses I bestow on Him
fly toward an unknown destination,
and then returning from the seven heavens
they gather again in my breast.
It is according to His wishes
that I speak of myself as His eternal slave,
and yet, though a slave, how I joke
and laugh with Him!
I know not the nature of His beauty,
I only feel His enchanting touch.
Oh, how can I dream of seeing Him
with these two eyes of mine!
But can't a blind wife feel
the loving touch of her husband
and be thrilled?
I know that I shall see my Master
when the veil of darkness will lift
from my eyes.
How can I say if I am frightened
of Him or not?
The limits of His creation are beyond
the reach of my knowledge.
I am afraid of Him during the day,
but at night all tear deserts me.
And then in those dark mysterious hours
what things we say to each other!
Some or that I understand,
some I don't,
only tears flood my eyes.
Forgetting all speech I long to hold Him

tight in my embrace.
I know not where one could find
such a love as this.
Why, does the skylark know
whence comes the rain water to quench
his thirst?

No loving couple has ever tasted
such a love as this!
Only the truly beloved of God knows it.
Sometimes I play with Him,
but sometimes I see Him going away
from me leaving me behind,
and then my sorrow knows no bounds.
Hurt and pained, I destroy the peasant bower
I built.

Tears well up in my eyes,
the pang of separation overwhelms me,
and my days and nights grow dull, lifelessness
and heavy.

And then I suddenly discover with a start
that the friend of my days
and the lover of my nights
lies, quietly smiling, deeply entrenched
in my tear-drenched breast.
With my eyes swimming in tears I cry;
'You are so noble, so great,
and yet you come to me!
What if the learned theologians
slander You?
You are ever holy and sacred,
You are my most dearly beloved.
Why should you Jove one so
and invite all these vile attacks? '

You quietly smile and say.
'One who is touched by the magic of my love
is changed in a moment
and turned into pure gold.
All his past is wiped out
and he becomes a new man.
And yet his detractors slander him
and grow green with envy! '

'Does he lament and pine away and weep? '
ask the learned theologians.

My love replies,

'I have seen tears in his eyes,
I have heard his tear-soaked message
in the darkness of the night
The sorrows of his beloved
have brought a storm in his sky,'

I wonder and say;

'You are so kind, so beautiful;
why, then, is there
such a barren desert
in the hearts of men? '

My Lord answers,

'They do not want to make friends
with me.

They avoid me.
they turn their backs on me.
and that brings on them all their sufferings.
Like a beggar I stand all the time
at their door.

I plead not to be shut out
but to be taken in,
and yet they turn a deaf ear
to my entreaties.

They think that I am cruel,
and thought I provide them with shelter
it is they who shut me out.
They look upon me as a stranger,
they fear me,
and in turn they themselves grow
timid and cowardly.
I gladly take him into my arms
whoever wants to befriend me.
Who is a better friend of man than me'?
All the sins, curses and black stains
dropp off from one who is touched by my love.
and then he is no longer judged by me.

All creatures can be my beloved
if they only want me,
and then they can find their fulfillment.'

I look about me and see His love
in the moonlight that falls on this earth.
I see His love wrapped about the length and breadth
of the sprawling blue sky.
It is His love that makes me so an anxious
to make Him my own.
It is His love that makes me love
this world of ours with such great affection.
Eternally beautiful. eternally full of grace,
He begs us all the time to make ourselves
as beautiful as He.
But on this beautiful creation of His
falls the shadow of the evil.
That raises all the problems and Shuts Him off
from our vision.
We strive and work for our own petty gains
and like fools, run away from tile task
allotted to us by Him in His infinite wisdom.
We are like ignorant children,
and so He wants us to act
according to His instructions.
All His directives He has clearly laid down
in His Holy Book,
but we pay no heed to them.
Drunk with pride we go our way
and blunder and languish and wither away.
Those who do not follow the path shown by Him
exchange nectar for poison
and then complain for ever.
No one who begged His kindness
ever came back with empty hands.
disappointed and rejected,

Only those who never sought His assistance
went on blaming Him as unkind and cruel.
Whose loving kindness is behind the blossoming
of all the smiling flowers, all the sprouting
corns and foodgrains of this earth?

Whose warm affection flows down
from the rainy clouds and along the swelling
streams of rivers and seas'?
From whom does this life spring
and gain its power, fame and prestige?
This knowledge still eludes those fools
and malcontents,

In His name I say.

Please listen to me, all of you who
as yet do not believe.

Take Him to your bosom as your friend
and you will see that all your wants
have vanished.

It is through His infinite mercy
that I love Him.

I would like to say only this and leave;
'One who has got Him through His love
has nothing else to seek for him
in this wide wide universe.

But I have said enough.

Go now and love Him,
and come back to me again.
and tell me what you have lost
and what you have gained.

[Original: Allah porom prioytomo mor; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Gokul Nag

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Gorbini Muslim Bala

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Grief-Laden Mid-Night

In this still solitude of deep mid-night
Tears unbidden appear in my eyes
What recollection doth enrapture
Whose disregard doth agonize the breast?
What wail of disappointment doth in
the bottom of her heart arise and start
a flood of tears?

The agony of my unfulfilled life
I cannot conceal this mid-night,
Thus in the privacy of my solitary,
bed I do but burst into overflowing tears.

On such a night arose once a hundred
desires in my bosom and now their
despondency is writ large in that
drooping Shefalika and in the
pathos of the Purabi strains.

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Hamd: Allahu, Allahu!

I asked the flower, 'tell me, O flower, tell me! '
Whence did you get such fragrance, such beauty?
'His whose beauty has brightened this world,' said the floret,
'It is He who blessed me with all this! ' Get the clue?
Allahu, Allahu.

'O Nightingale, who endowed you with such tune,
Whence did you get, O Canary, voice so sweet? '
Nightingale and Canary say: 'Allah the Gafoor,
We remember Him singing, 'peu peu, kuhu kuhu'
Allahu, Allahu.

'O sun, O moon, O stars and planets,
Whence did you get this beaming brilliance? '
They reply: 'We are the Signs of His inimitable beauty -
Casting merely a glance at which Musa was through.'
Allahu, Allahu.

Who remains beyond the meditations of Awliya and Ambiya,
Whose hymns are sung by the entire universe,
In Whose name we came to this world,
May we die while remembering His name - that's the supplication I do.
Allahu, Allahu.

[Translator: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

He Partho-Sarothi

Kazi Nazrul Islam

He Who Has Seen My Mother

He who has seen my Mother
can he hate his brother?
She loves everyone in the three worlds;
her heart cries for all.
With her there's no difference of caste,
no distinction between high and low;
all are the same.
If she sees a Candala
like Rama with Guhak
she clasps him to her breast.
Ma is our Great Illusion, highest Nature, and
Father our highest Self;
 that's why one feels love for all
 we feel love for all.
If you worship the Mother
hating her children
she won't accept your puja;
the Ten-Armed One will not.
The day we forget the knowledge of difference
 on that day only
 will Ma come home to us.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Help Me Do The Crossing

Help me do the crossing,
Oh Lord of the Universe.

The boat is rocking on the waves of pity; endless is the crossing.

My boat is battered and there is no oarsman and the hope is
remote to get to the shore.

If you spurn me because I am helpless, whom shall I rely on.
In this unfeeling world those who were my companions

Have one after the other left me as this night of darkness approached.
You be my pole star and lit up the immense darkness.

Without your kindness, you universal friend,
I can't make the crossing.

[Original: Jagoter nath, karo par; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Hey, Lovers Of Medinities

Hey! Lovers of medinities, hold my hands!
In the Jalwad canal, my heart was slain and my friend betrayed me
Family life laughs at me and calls me a wanderer
Hey! Lovers of medinities, hold my hands!
Lonely night becomes dawn, crying,
No peace in my heart, cries my mind
Hey! Lovers of medinities, hold my hands!
No mate to soothe my sorrows
Forgetting you, floating along the shore
Help me cross over to the land
Hey! Lovers of medinities, hold my hands!

[Original: Hey Modinabashi; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Hindu-Muslim Duti Vai

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Hindu-Muslim Juddho

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Hope

Perhaps we shall meet,
Where the bending sky kisses
The green wilderness.

Yonder, in the village field
On the ridges or the desolate quay
Perhaps you shall come smiling;
And clasp my arms.

Your unveiled glances,
In that impervious blue
Bring the secret message
From the southern breeze.

In the chinks of wilderness;
Oh dear;
Your gentle kisses on my eyes
Remain enshrined.
In the horizon's golden hue.

[Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Hridoy Joto Nishedh Hane Noyon Totoi Kade

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Human Being

I sing of equality.
There's nothing greater than a human being,
nothing nobler!
Caste, creed, religion-there's no difference.
Throughout all ages, all places,
we're all a manifestation
of our common humanity.

'O Priest, please open the door!
A hungry god is at your doorstep
it's time for worship.'
Awakened by this dream
the priest rushes to open the temple door
with eager anticipation: His day might have
finally arrive! ! to get rich as a king
from the blessings that this god may bestow upon him.
Instead, there's this traveler-clad in rags, thin,
with a feeble voice, saying: 'Please,
open the door, Father-1 haven't eaten anything
for seven days! '

The priest slams the door on his face!
Turning around to continue on his journey
through the dark night
the hungry traveler says: 'This temple
belongs to the priest, O God, not to you! '
At the mosque, the mollah is overjoyed,
by the huge amount of leftovers of,meat and bread
from yesterday's offerings.

Just then a sickly traveler arrives at the door,
saying: 'Father, I have been hungry
for the last seven days! '
The mollah reacts: 'What a botheration!
You're starving? -Just go and dropp dead
in some cattle graveyard!
Besides-do you say your prayers? '
'No, Father,' replied the hungry man.
'That does it-out! ' shouts the mollah

shutting the door on his face,
holding on to the meat and bread.

The hungry man continues on his journey,
saying: 'I have lived for eighty years
without saying a prayer, yet you've never
deprived me of my food. But the mosques
and temples, O Lord-human beings have
no claim on them. Mollahs and priests
have locked all their doors! '

Where are you Chengis, Ghazni Mahmood, Kalapahar?
Smash the locked doors of these houses of worship!
Who dares shutting\the doors of the house of God,
who dares to put locks on them?
Open those doors-strike with your hammers & crowbars!
Oh, the house of worship-selfish, hypocrites
occupy their towers! -

Who are they-hating human beings
yet kissing the Quran, the Vedas, the Bible?
Snatch away those books from them.
The hypocrites pretend worshipping those books
by killing the human beings who have, in fact,
brought those books into existence.

Listen, you ignorants: Human beings
have brought the books,
the books never brought human beings!
Adam, David, Isiah, Moses, Abraham, Mohammad,
Krishna, Buddha, Nanak, Kabir-the treasures
of the world-they are our ancestors.
It's their blood that runs through our veins.
We're their children, kin-we're of the same body.
Who can tell? -Someone among us
may turn out to be like one of them.

Don't laugh, my friend-the self within us
is fathomless and infinite.
Do I-does anyone-know what greatness
may lie within that self?
Perhaps in me lies the Kalki,

and in you, Mehdi or Isiah.
Who knows what is one's limit or the origin!
Who finds what path to follow?
Whom do you hate, brother, whom do you kick?
Perhaps within his heart
resides the ever-awakened God!
Or perhaps he's nobody that important,
great, or of high esteem-but just someone
who's covered with filth, badly wounded and battered,
and burning with sorrow.

Yet, all the holy scriptures and houses of worship
are not as sacred as that one tiny human body!
Perhaps he'll father-in his house will be born
someone yet unmatched in the history of the world,
who'll deliver a message never heard before,
whose great power the world has yet to witness!

Who's he? An untouchable?
Why do you startle? He's not to be despised!
He may turn out to be Harishchandra or Lord Shiva.
Today an untouchable-tomorrow he may become
a supremely revered yogi-emperor.
You'll come to him with offerings, sing his eulogy.
Why do you look down upon a shepherd?
Perhaps he's Krishna in shepherd's disguise!
Don't hate him for being a peasant
he maybe Lord Balaram!
They're all bearers of eternal messages.
Everyday begging men and women
are turned away from the door.
How would I recognize
if Lord Bholanath and Girijaya were among them?

Just to avoid sharing a little of your sumptuous meal
with a beggar, you resort to your doorman-beating up
and chasing away a god!
But all that gets recorded-who knows if you're
ever forgiven by the humiliated goddess.
Friend, you're full of greed
with a blinder of selfishness over your eyes.
Otherwise you'd recognize the god

serving you as a coolie.

You, beast! To appease your hunger, do you want
to go on plundering the god within the human heart,
the nectar churned out of human pain?

Your evil gorge knows what appeases your hunger,
where in your palace is concealed your death-arrow.
Through the ages, your own desires
have dragged you into your death-holes.

[Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Hymn To Life

I sing of those-
Who deliver to Mother Earth
The message of fruitfulness and bounty,
Whose rough, cruel, worn-out palms
Are filled by the admiring Earth
With the richest offerings of fruits and flowers,
Under whose superb workmanship
This Earth full of wild beasts,
 death and decrepitude
Becomes as beautiful and as lovely as a paradise.
These barbarians with awful fearlessness
Build their huts here in company with
The tigers of the forest, lions of the desert
 and serpents of the cave!
Those who come as Gipsy boys
With irresistible speed and stupendous force
- They alone sing of a new philosophy of love
Like Jesus, son of Mary the Mother-Earth -
The momentum of whose speed
Makes Earth move like a meteor
With tremendous force
Across endless space!
Those who of their own accord
Under the impulse of a creative nature
Demolish dense forests, root and branch,
And build an Eden thereon:
And again destroy that fair habitation
In sheer indiscretion:
Those who unable to resist
The overwhelming urge of youthful exuberance
Stand erect and embark
Upon the adventure of conquering the Himalayas,
Or are out 'to tempt the dangerous Deep'
Those who launch a campaign
To discover New Worlds beyond the poles.
Those who in search of unknown regions
Fly by the Airships up into the clouds :
Yet their adventurous spirit does not stop:
In an ecstasy of adventure

They fade far away and dissolve
To discover the guarded secrets
Of the Moon, the planets, and the
 other Heavenly Bodies.
And the endless etherial sky
Those who call at each door of Death
With their lives as merchandise for sale.
And those who on a perilous field of battle
Stake their life and forfeit it.
I an ephemeral Poet--
Sing of those barbarian Beduins,
Who for naught unfurl
In every age the flag of rebellion,
Who out of the abundance of life
And in an ecstasy of poignant pleasure
Cheerfully drink the Cup of Hemlock
Or plunge a spear into the bosom
Those who like the impetuous
 mountain streams of Asarh
Defy and sweep everything before them,
Those who are branded by the mean-minded
As barbarian boors.
Those who are called 'reckless' by men
 of narrow outlook
Are indeed the theme of my minstrelsy,
and I do worship them.

[Original: Jibon Bondona; Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I Am A Proud Muslim Woman

I am a proud muslim woman,
I'm the scent of a flower in the household-desert.

The dark Ka'aba I've illuminated with a light,
and on Eid-day brought a plate of gifts.
I was the first to be converted,
I was the first to garland the prophet.
I have sacrificed my son, my husband,
my relations in the battles of karbala and badar
That is known to all the planets,
and to Allah.

[Ami gorobini muslim bala; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I Have Been Caught In Your Love's Snare

I have been caught in your love's snare, my eternal husband
Peace eludes me everywhere because of you.

If I want to hide inside me, my heart gets burnt-

How can I hide in this fire, my lord

You can't utter your dumb heart's thoughts, at your tongue's
edge

Can't express nor hide such is the pain inflicted by you.

One who has seen you even once can't find words to
describe your beauty

And mindlessly cries all day long, love-torn and helpless.

[Original: E kon mayay felile; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I Know Your Compassion Mother

I know your compassion Mother and hence await better days.
I may meanwhile be battered with losses, want and debt.
You cause me pain only to take me to your Bosom.
Can any mother remain indifferent after inflicting pain on her child.
I know that you are more kind than hard-hearted
So the more you frighten me the closer I get to your Bosom.
There might be good reason for your chiding me.
Just because you make me weep and wince
I cannot say I have no mother.

[Original: Koruna tor jani mago; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I Shall Become

Darling,
I shall become a flower
in the flower vase of your heart.
I shall dry my essence, if I have to,
stopping for a moment there.

I shall become, light of that eye,
a birth-blotch on your cheek,
a necklace of pearls
I shall roll day and night
around your neck.

I shall be beauty of your limbs
and incense in wedding night,
dreams in deep slumber,
and water on eyelids.

I shall be queen
on your love's throne, O my king ,
and dust under your feet,
O my life's lord.

The flower that blooms
and, drops down in silence
does leave its odour
in heart's secret chamber.

[Original: Tomar buker fuldanite; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I Sing Of Heroes

I sing of Heroes -

The youth, the revolutionary,
Who armed with a sharp Excalibur
Today go forth in all directions
With valiant steps and steady
Upon a campaign for the impossible,
The Egyptian Pyramids of Antiquity,
Stand as a chronicle of such campaign,
Heroes whose mere breath
doth drive away into oblivion
The dead leaves of moth-eaten scriptures
Who hew down the haunts and

temples of false gods. .

And the time-honoured ale-house
Of the grand hypocrite
In the person of a reputed Moralist;
Whose mighty streams of ideal reform
Swept away the long-standing nuisance
The awful and heavy stocks and stones of customs,
The old fossils of dead scriptures.
Those who came fearlessly
To the temple of the unreal
Armed with the stout relentless club,
To break the bondage of 'Maya'
And did with undaunted courage
Strike, by means of mighty hammer
The Chinese walls of superstition.
Those who ploughed the Burial Ground
And pushed away the dead bones
To layout a garden of blooming flowers,
Who now crowd the sea shore of life,
As 'Cynosure of neighbouring eyes'

I sing of Heroes.

Who today march forward
Upon the path of life in tune, with the world

- At dead of night the other day

A passenger who, all alone,
launched his boat
On the dangerous Deep,

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I Tame My Eyes

Don't welcome me,
rather plunder;
conquer me, the timid,
by the might of your heart.

My heart is anxious for you,
but my feet disagree;
I hide myself under colourful clothes
waiting for you.

Bashfulness is my sister-in-law, almost a creeper,
Whenever I approach Shyam, it stands motionless.

I can't cast straight looks
lest someone looks it, too;
so I tame my eyes
full of tears.

[Original: Boron kore niyo na go; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

If I Was Daddy, And Daddy Was Me

If I was Daddy and Daddy was Khoka (that's me),
if he didn't finish memorizing the multiplication tables I'd tap him on the head!

If everyday was Sunday,
Oh, what fun that would be-

no more multiplication tables, writing, drawing-measuring,
if I was Daddy and Daddy was Khoka (that's me)!

[Original: Ami jodi baba hotam; Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I'LI Go Away For Good

I'll go away for good, yet won't let you forget me.
I'll turn into wind and caress your hair when you begin loosening it.
When under the spell of your tune the sky gets drowsy and
the wind cries,
Weeping shall I come and be a pendant on your breast,
Your great festivity will be there and all manner of guests.
Suddenly you'll think of the beggar bereft of your alms.
White moving toward your bower you'll suddenly be struck
with pity and pause
And see someone dead mingled with the dust in your path.

[Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

I'LI Hide In Song After Song

To-day my pensive mood
I'll hide in song after song
I'll expose my soul turning
the thorny wound into a flower,

To forget your neglect
I will sing all the while
The greater the shocks
the more tuneful my violin.

If absent-mindedly the flower is torn
I'll make a garland of it
And give it to you as a
gift when you arrive

By the fountain of my tunes
I'll compose divine music
You'll bathe in the stream
of those tunes and arise

I'll strike a rhyme out of word after word,
oh poet are you content now.
Your mind is desolate, your empty,
your soul without joy.

[Original: Aji gane gane dhakbo; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

In My Breast, The Picture Of Kaaba

In my breast, the picture of Kaaba.
In my eyes, Muhammad the Prophet.
O'er my head, the Arsh of God,
Whose song I sing on the path truly trod!
Majnun was mad for Laili's sake.
I am mad for the sake of 'La-Ilah'!
The Lovers and Saints know me well
But the unenlightened call me deranged!
In my heart lies the garden of bliss
Where the nightingale always sings,

It's the Mercy of God they want to have,
But the Love of God I crave!

In the Mosque of my mind,
A thousand Muazzins cry Azan.
In my mind's tablet is writ the Quran
Which my soul reads day and night.

The Lady of Paradise my Mother dear,
Hasan and Huseyn my tear.
No terror to me is the Day of Judgment
Or the difficult Pul-sirat!

[Original in Bangla: Bokhkhe amar kaabar chhobi; Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

In Salutation Of One God

Let them spread jealousy, prejudice and defamation,
We will offer justice, peace and one God's proclamation.
Let them seek narrowness, pigeon-hole and mud from pond,
We will seek open space, shining light and love's bond.

Let them seek slave's life, we seek martyr's honor,
They fear death; while we search - it's hiding in which corner?
They won't die; if battle starts, they will hide behind a bush,
Nail-less, toothless - still boisterous, busy in giving each other a push.

They are lifeless, yet move by vile selfishness and greed,
They are jinns, ghosts, or mummies, from base desires can't be freed.
We are the new youth of Bengal; to wrestle with death we enjoy,
Due to grace we spare them, thinking them as ant or toy.

They are ever-skeptical about everything, also about human progress in future,
These disbelievers are disciples of Satan; pessimism and wrong vision they
nurture.

They say, people will all be atheist, and anarchy is what they will bring,
We say, they will be believers, so that the song of heavenly bond they will sing.

Let them seek unhappiness, we will seek His forgiveness and love,
Let the ghosts seek graveyards, we will cherish the Garden from above.
People can see west's world wars, as punishment inflicted from Him,
And then turn away from more selfishness, singing peace and justice's hymn.

Let the owls stay in their hole, expecting no more sunrise,
Crows won't attack them again, let it be their claw-and-beak's demise.
Believers never say such things, they seek ray of hope and light,
Standing up against oppression and suffering, the believers delight.

The believers say, if we all turned toward Him in unison,
Shower of His mercy will bring on this earth like daily Eid celebration.
From seven heavens these believers want to bring colorful rainbow,
God never withholds His bounties; When does He ever say 'No? '

Those who seek mischief and unhappiness, exactly that they will get,
Let them choose as they wish; on the path of our choice our foot will set.
They seek the kingdom of monsters, we want God's kingdom,

This world then would experience peace, joy and freedom.

Our Lord's treasure is ever full, we won't lack anything anymore,
They want to fight over corpses like vultures or wild boar.
May God save us all, so that we don't tread that path of doom,
One God is our Lord, His everlasting beauty you always see bloom.

All the vices in this world, let it disappear, let it go away,
This world's darkness and hatred, may the ray of His love keep at bay.
From all the narrowness and prejudice may mankind's heart be free,
Let His light shine from every home under every blooming tree.

Those foster riot to loot, they are greedy monsters or gangsters,
Path of goodness and virtue they won't see, they will bring only disasters.
They are ever after vice, they are ever after conflict,
Their life is devoid of rhythm, they are spoiled, corpse-addict.

By God's soldiers, they will surely be overcome, in future that is near
These pirates - plunderer of crops and harvests - are ever so familiar.
They are spiders, creatures of darkness; stay away from their home and den,
In abandoned corners lie their web, they haven't seen life's vibrant garden.

Believe in God, in one and only God, in day as well as night
Heavenly ride will be with you, with God's sword in hand to fight.
Those who want to pass their life in sleep and laziness' fashion,
They don't want moon or sun, they are living dead, bound for humiliation.

Whose dream is everlasting youth, come, come that new generation,
Your sacrifice and work brought progress that are worthy of celebration.
Let them enjoy mud-slinging, their weapons are malice and vilification,
We will throw bouquet at them, and trumpet to one God our salutation.

[Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

In The Assembly Of Flowers

Why art thou silent O poet, in the assembly of
flowers?

Why is the face sad and taar-streaked in the
morning breeze?

Let the lyre lying awake at thy feet'
With tunes full to the brim in her bosom
Scatter forth joy at thy tender touch.
Let the air and the sky fill with the
fragrance of its music.

Thy beloved bade thee farewell in the night
in wounded pride

And in the gray morning her passion
cries out like a rose!

Forget her who will not return
And look at the one who waits at thy doors.
The sun has risen in glorious love
To make thee forget thy longing for the
setting moon.

[Original: Fuler jalshay nirob keno kabi; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

In The Desert's Sandy Vastness

In the desert's sandy vastness blossomed a bright flower
whose fragrance enamoured the universe.

The moon and the sun,
the planets and the stars,
all wanted to possess it
The limitless sky bent low
in order to kiss it.

The brightness of that flower
Lit up God's throne.

Wrapping around her its many splendoured hue
the earth grew radiant.

Into the garden of that flower
flew a million birds a
and to clasp it in their breasts
yearned the leaves and the branches
of a thousand trees.

Men, angels, fairies - all craved it.
Saints, emperors and the penniless poor
all wanted to weave a garland
and wear it around their neck.

The nightingale and the bee knew
where to find that flower.

Some called it Hazrat Mohammad,
some simply 'Kamliwallah'!

[Original: Saharate Futlo Re; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Will not the mighty fire burn lest
It destroys healths and homes?

Will the sight of gaping, tattered roofs
Make the rains cease its heavy downpour?
Will the summer storms fail to come
Lest the trees in the woods tumble arid break?
Will there be no eagle because the timid
Baby-Lamb might take fright at his sight ?
O uncalculating youth,
Thou dost never waste thy time making out
The balance sheet of loss and gain !

O tempestuous youth, wake up!
Come like a tornado, trampling everything that falls
In front of thee, in causeless glee.

Bring generous life, wide as the horizons,
And a mighty current of motion strong enough
To wash tile debris off the banks
In a wild rush.
Embrace sorrow with a stout heart
And laugh loudly with frankness and joy.
Freedom will come later, but sing now
Of the fresh and the young. Untimely and
Ugly sickness has attacked the kingdom of youth.
This nation is inert as the dead
Long before its real decease. Open the iron door
And let joy unbounded flow
Like the smooth easy flight of the pigeons
In the blue firmament. Rush into the ocean
For no reason and climb the peak
Of that distant hill! If thou meetest
Death round the corner, embrace him as thy comrade.
Get rid of all the prejudices that reside
Inside thy heart and outside of thee, All the swords
Of Ali are rusted today and gone to seed!

[Original: Durbar joubon; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Islamer Oi Bagichate Futlo Duti Ful

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Jagite Je Eshesi Rati

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Jagoroni

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Jhoro Gan

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Jononi Mor Jonmovumi, Tomar Paye Noyai Matha

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Jorin Horfe Lekha

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Kemal Pasha

Brother Kemal, the desperate son of a frenzied mother
Has gone furious; so the devils' dens are full of hue and cry
Looking for self-protection everywhere;
Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!
Ho Ho Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!

[Then the Havilder-Major orders a quick March}

Left Right Left: Left Right Left.
Left Right Left: Left Right Left.

[The soldiers again sing in chorus]

Brother KemaI, the desperate son of a frenzied mother
Has gone furious: so the devils' dens are full of hue and cry
Looking for self-protection everywhere;
Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!
Ho Ho KemaI, what a wonder you've worked!

[Havilder-Major.. Left! Right!]

Bravo brother!
Bravo to your sharpened sword.
You have sent all your enemies to Hades
in one clean sweep.
Tell me now, who is there on earth
not afraid of Turkish sword?

[Left! Right! Left!]

Well done, brother, well done!
The coward foes are completely done!
Well done, brother, well done!
Hurrah Ho!
Hurrah Ho!

To sail over the invading aggressor |
We need, indeed, a dashing Kemal; a terror.
Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!

Ho Ho Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!

[Havilder-Major says Bravo to soldiers. Left! Right! Left!]

Besmearing red-crimson blood from head to toe
Who listens to peace-message of war-shy cowards, - who?
Reddened with Pindarees' blood
This blue bayonet, sharp and hard,
Born ready to pierce the heart of a foe.

O the envious ones! You are avenged upon, quickly hit.
Bravo soldiers! Bravo!
Trample all those mortal creatures under your feet.
With such a course
With such a force
Trample all those mortal creatures under your feet.
Look, there signals in the sky a blood-red sun, with rays and heat.
Bravo soldiers! Bravo!

[Left! Right! Left!]

The envious ones have drowned the goodwill of soldiers
Hence they are completely crushed, victory being ours.
Those who loot other's land are plunderers.
Hence they are destined to receive blows and scars.
What do you say, comrades of ours?
Hurrah Ho!
Hurrah Ho'
We need such a mighty Kemal to crush the devilish foe.
Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!
Ho Ho Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!

[Havilder-Major: Right wheel! Left! Right! Left!
Soldiers turn right]

Capturing a tree people, subjugating a free land,
Not caring for the world, you have shown, for a time,
might and strength,
But at the end. you too danced a Turkish dance at our hand.
Hurrah Ho! Hurrah Ho!
The ill-starred have lost their luck; Allah so decreed their lot.
With such a frenzied band they fought.

Hurrah Ho! Hurrah Ho!
Even Allah is frightened, looking at your uncouth mouths, who shout!
They shout, and shout,
Not a hen's strength in their body, yet they bet with Turkish horses,
Ah!
Men conqueror Mollah.
Ha Ha Ha!

Laughter seems to tear my veins, Ha!
Ha Ha Ha! Ha:! Ha:!

[Havilder-Major says Bravo to soldiers! Left! Right!
Left! Bravo Soldiers! Say again, Bravo!]

Brother Kemal, the desperate son of a frenzied mother
Has gone furious; so the devils' dens are full of hue and cry.
Looking for self-protection everywhere;
Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!
Ho Ho! Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!

[Havilder-Major.. Left wheel. As you were! .. Right wheel!
Left! Right! Left!]

[Fantastic colour play of setting sun flashed before the eyes of soldiers.]

Why you look with rapt attention, comrades! Ho Ho Ho!
That's right brother! The evening looks like soldier's bride, a doe!
A martyr's bride clad in crimson attire
Besmeared with fresh blood of her husband dear! -
No no no, - as if livers are sliced into pieces, the livers,
Of thousands of fallen heroes - the body shivers!
Who is that butcher, who hangs the pieces on the grand gate of sky?
I would stab him at his chest, the butcher! fie!
I would chop his head!
I don't know what to do next, I'm so enraged!

[Havilder-Major - Bravo soldiers! Left! Right! Left!]

[The mountain.-pass 3ith slopes appear. Soldiers go ahead carrying the
dead soldiers and helping the wounded ones]

O my young brothers!

Who is that butcher who slices out the tender young hearts'?
O my young brothers!

[A valley ahead. Havilder-Major.. Left form! Suddenly the soldiers
turn their faces towards left.
Havilder-Major.. Forward! Left! Right! Left!]

The dress of sky at our sight
Coloured brilliantly with the blood of fight!
So beautiful so great Beat loud and deep the trumpet
Whatever it may be, brother, a Karbala maidan!
We sing of truth, its anthem
Hurrah Ho
Hurrah -

[The mountain-pass ahead. They seem to have lost directions. Havilder-Major
tried' to trace out right direction. Then he orders: 'Man Time'.
Soldiers stand firm and start striking at the ground with their feet.].

Drum! Drum! Drum!
Left! Right! Left!
Drum! Drum! Drum!

In the sky two big balls of colours floated
One is deep blue, the other deep red.
Borther, the deep blue one belongs to enemy
Who never wishes well of any,
And black blood flows through their veins only
They are fierce, they are beastly.

They are greedy, malicious, they, the band of devils
The ferocious, the band of beasts and devils!
They are tyrant and oppressive
Killing the truth is their only motive
They are tyrant and oppressive!
They defamed the calling of soldiers I
nsulting themselves, not others.
So they are black-faced demons, their blood resembling blue water!
Ferocious band of beasts they are!

[Havilder-Major discovers directions. He then orders.. Forward! Left wheel-
soldiers again start moving - Left! Right! Left!]

True fighters have sacrificed their lives, and the fake
And the coward have shown their back -
True fighters are, indeed, martyrs!

Conceding heavy blows the coward's back are full of scars
Such warriors they are
that their backs are pierced with spears.
Dead-in-life come to fight? Go to hell!
Haven't you seen a hero's blood? It's warm and red.
You dead-in-life, go to hell!

[So saying, they take out blood by their daggers and show the same]

And they say, they shall become king
Go to hell conceding the beating
Given by Kemal, a martial king.
[Havilder-Major.. Bravo soldiers.]

This is all we want, nothing more!
Living means to live free, nothing more!
All we want is this much, nothing more!

[Some people are seen approaching them running.
Their eyes are full of tears looking at the scene.
This made the soldiers further excited.]

We have done it, brother, done it.
The enemies have fled away on their feet
And the fort is freed. Why repent?
Gone is, what is gone. The fort is freed.
Hurrah Ho!
Hurrah Ho!

[Havilder-Major: Bravo fighters! Left! Right!]

Step steadily, move apace
Inclining all your bodies
And waving all your hands!
Moving in quick martial tune, making steps one two three
Let us walk like waves of a sea.
We no more want a paradise even, now that the land is free.

Heaven we don't want, we're free.

[Havilder-Major: Bravo soldiers! Say again. O brothers!]

Brother Kemal, the desperate son of a frenzied mother
Has gone furious: so the devils' dens are full of hue and cry
Looking for self-protection everywhere;
Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!
Ho Ho Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!

[The squad passes by a city. Women are casting looks through their veils; their eyes
full of tears of joy. Even the newly wedded brides' shower flowers
welcoming the victorious soldiers.]

Don't you hear them., the band of brides under veils, enquiring
About him, on a wooden chair, riding'?

Don't you know him? So foolish sisters all you are! He is Kemal,
Kemal, he is
The intrepid son of a frenzied mother!
Your brother he is.
Kemal, yes. Kemal he is...
Who else could have so majestic mien? - Kemal he is.

Homes and abodes might be blown and burnt, take care
Of your habitats, take care.
Our blood is boiling, we are bereft of consciousness,
We are excited and furious! Get away from us!
It's our gala night! Kindle flames in every house, everywhere.
Get away from us.
Kindle flames in every house, far and near.

[Havilder-Major: Left form! Left! Right! Left! Forward

Look around! make steps with caution
Lest you trample the dead in your motion!
We shiver seeing the dead
Ha Ha ha!
Those who have died are, indeed, dead.
The survivors live well and fed.
That's the simple equation we know; why sorry?

They fear seeing the dead. Don't get lost, don't worry.
Ha Ha Ha.

[A narrow and broken bridge ahead. Havilder-Major orders: 'Form into a single line'. The soldiers start crossing the bridge marching slow! ; They held the dead and wounded friends with care fostering them with their backs and breasts.]

True, indeed, O my brother!
As we look at the dead comrades, fastened who are
With our breasts, our souls weep for the derailed.
A thunder-hand tortures our souls, makes them sad.
Forgetting all our wounds, we break into tears,
Our souls hard-pressed, souls with scars!

Sleep on, brothers, sleep on our backs and breasts.
Alas! Our souls are full of sighs, though we praise you thus,
Though we say, well done!
My good brothers, well done!
Sleep on, do sleep, in hades,
O my brothers on the other side of setting sun.

Far-off is your destination, across the land of setting sun
Sleep on, my brothers dear and never turn.
O the red bridegroom of death-bride, sleep on.
Alas, your shining moonface nobody kissed on.

O the wretched!
Even on death you have left behind an endless void
In some soul, longing to bloom from human-bud!
Your youth passed in vain, not hugging for a night your beloved.
O the young martyrs of sunny blood! O the wretched!
Even on death you have left behind an endless void.
So the writers take pens in praise of pleasure of death.
In one line they tell about one million dead, so I smile, in fact.
When their dogs die, they justify their martyrdom,
News flash out in headlines;
But in one line they mourn the soldiers,
ten thousand have given their lives'.

None of one million youths knew if some black eye-lid
Got wet with tears, if somebody paid them heed.

They die and rot in ditches, their mothers and sisters praise them, 'Great'!

Alas! Who on earth sympathises with them in the truest?

Comrade! Your bride who comes along, an evening girl,
in blood-red attire,

Wears the sari of darkness to enter the grave, her bridal chamber.

I can't think of your face turning dust by the dust of grave

O my brothers golden, nothing I can save.

Before final going, kiss us once again,

O my neglected brother Then have slumber on the lap of eternal mother.

[They cross the bridge deposing the bodies of their dead comrades on the
ground of motherland. Their blood boil in agitation, they marched on]

Rightly spoken, O my friend

The truth! Let me kiss your hand.

Death they have conquered, why then weep on'?

Ab-Jam-Jam they brought, drinking from the pitcher of poison.

Who died'? Why you weep and fuss'?

Well they have done.

To save the country they gave their lives precious.

So they are true martyrs!

The true heroes have sacrificed themselves in blood-attires.

They are true martyrs!

[They see the camp. The great hero Anwar Pasha advances with his army to
recieve the conqueror: Seeing this the soldiers are overwhelmed with joy and
start 'Double March'.]

Hurrah Ho!

Hurrah Ho!

Brothers and friends- keep aloof.

Hurrah Ho!

Hurrah Ho!

[The soldier' also start dancing with Kemal Pasha on their shoulders.]

Hou Hou Hou! Long live Kemal, live long!

Kemal, live long!

Who comes near'? Brother Anwar'?
Anwar O brother! Demons are all crushed,
Dance fiercely now! Jump here and there,
Now all the beasts are clear crushed.
Hurrah Ho!
Hurrah Ho!

Things are still far-off! - Hurrah Ho! Hurrah Ho!
Winning the war our souls are expanded much, Salam to you all.
Stop, O stop your dance!
Softly place the wounded ones on ground. Hence,
Stop your dance.

[While placing the wounded]

Brothers there? Yea, Salam to all. Salam!
Lend your ears to Commander Kemal, Kalam!
[The Commander gives his order]
Bravo! Stop! Ho! Ho!
Bravo! Halt! One! Two!

[In no time all the commotion comes to an end. But the refrain of
victory keeps vibrating far into the horizon before melting down
into an endless azure space]

Brother Kemal, the desperate son of a frenzied mother
Has gone furious: so the devils' dens are full of hue and cry
Looking for self-protection everywhere;
Kemal, what a wonder you've worked!
Ho Ho Kemal, what a wonder you've worked.

[Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Khoda Ei Goriber Shono Shono Monajat

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Khoybor-Joyi Ali Haidar, Jago Jago Arbar

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Kings And Subjects

I am the bard of equality.
At the crossroads I sing,
Where pity and sympathy
Have made us all comrades and brother

It is a simple question,
We are all children of this earth,
But can you tell me
Why are some kings, rolling in luxury
And some subjects, starving in gutters?

But it is a queer philosophy,
If I state this simple truth
I am charged with sedition.
The subject can turn a traitor as simply as that.
But whom shall I ask
Why a king should not be condemned
As a traitor to the people
For his thousand crimes and follies
It is the people who create kings
And not the kings the people
Is that the reason
Why the king tortures the people?
Is that the way
They express their gratitude?

How can you smile, friend?
We are only coolies and servants
In our own home and land.
We have given up our manliness,
Our strength, and power.
And what have we got?
Rendered eunuchs we are guarding today
The lascivious harem of the tyrant king.
Whom shall I relate to
This sad and tragic tale?
In our Own land we are the ruled and the oppressed.
Those who make up the very country
Have no right in it

While the rulers enjoy,
The people remain starved and hungry.

Whom shall I complain to
Of this grievous injustice?
All around we hear the sycophants crying
'God save the king, Glory to him',
We the people are always judged.
Is there no Hall of Justice for the kings and the
monarchs?

The war-drums sound deafeningly
And the country's youth rush
To the battle-field to die with smiles on their lips.
But the tender and loving hearts, losing their dear
ones,

Weep bitter tears at home.
And the ravens fly over their roofs.
The royal road is ready..
The victorious chariot will soon pass by
Rejoice, O Citizens!

Have not your sons come back?
Did not your brothers return? Are your husbands dead?
Why weep for them? They sleep in the lap
Of the Goddess of victory.

A dark shadow of gloom and grief
Envelopes the country today,
God save the King, glory to him?
Rejoice, O Citizens,

For the king has come out of his fort today
After so many days.
The King's chariot is flying fast,
Trampling under the wheels
The returned heroes,
Trampling underneath
The brave crippled soldiers and the glorious dead.
O the one-armed and the one-legged
Soldiers of the King,
Keep off the roads and move away

If you want to save your lives today.

Well, friend,
That is exactly what happens,

The people fight and win the battles
And sing the King's praises,
The people provide their rulers
With food and apparel.
The people serve the king with devotion and humility
Only to be rewarded like this.
Isn't that a queer justice, friend?
We have to bow down and make obeisance
To the servants who are paid from our money.
Come, O you all, and have a look
At those glorious Public Servants of our land.
The wheels of Time revolve,
And yet here in our country
Over millions of men
Rule a hundred thieves.
It is no wishful thinking,
Nor is the day very far
When all the kings of the world
Will, in unison, sing
The People's Victory.

[Original: Raja-Proja; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Korbani

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Labendish Bahinir Bijatiyo Songit

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Leaning Against The Sky

There the hill sleeps leaning against the sky.
Never homebound, I am the spring on that hill,
and keep flowing at my will
The leopard is my comrade,
the cobra my playmate;
I cuddle happily the snake's basket
and pass the night on.
Catching the flight of the whirling wind
I hop and dance along.

[Original: Akashe helan diye; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Let's Meet Hereafter!

We will meet again in the life Hereafter;
Here, please, forget me with a simple laughter.
Anything that remained unsaid,
I won't say; Let you also keep silence;
If I offer my love, turn me away;
If I persist, hurt me, in pretense.

Dream is broken abruptly here,
The evening's bud sheds in the dawn;
The heart dries up before love is savored;
The ambrosia here has the taste of poison.

In separation here, heart longs in agony;
When together, quickly we go apart;
Where the fountain of love is never dry,
In that everlasting Garden, remember to seek my heart.

[Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Lichu Chor

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Life

An awakening pervades
The meadows and wilderness
Let not your slumber
Make it go in vain.
The lightning is beckoning
With thunder and rain.

The heaven is awake
The earth is awake
Oh, wake up for heaven's sake.

Beneath the earth
And under the feet
Those who lay dead
They shall now sprout
Like the green grass
With new blades.

A verdant earth is awaiting
The advent of a spring-shower.
The bud that the thunder
Failed to burst into new blossom
Out of joy, it will now bloom.

[Original: Jibon; Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Life (Keu Bhole Na Keu Bhole)

Some remember
Others forget.
The memories
That past begets.

Some weep
Struck with grief
Some sing
For relief.

Some feel,
In the clouds
The horror of
Thunder abounds.

Some usher
Into blossom
The dried up bower.

In the tender
Stalk of a lotus,
Some find
The thorn,
Others, the flower.

Some trample
Over the flowers.
Some wreath
The garlands.

Some do not
Light the candles
In their nights
Of perpetual sorrow.

Some keep awake
With doors open
For the new
Moon of tomorrow.

[Original in Bangla: Keu bhole na keu bhole; Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Like A Lost Bird

At the end of the rolling road, my dearest, I await alone;
Rolling in the dust of the path you have traveled.
The way you have walked on the bright ground of the mountains
I wish you could rub your feet on my breast making me forget my pain
I do not desire anything, no slumber in my eyes;
Wandering aimlessly in the street, the neighborhood laughs at me.
I cannot go to the pond, how have you enchanted me!
In the black water of the pond, I see your black beauty
You have scandalized me and left me alone!

[Original: Pothhara Pakhi; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Lokhmi Ma Tui Ay Go Uthe Sagor-Jole Sinan Kori

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Lonely In My Floral Chariot

O my friend,
you walked on your thorny path smiling,
seeing me lonely in my floral chariot, crying.

O the friend passer-by,
if you took me to your path,
I would have covered all the thorns under my breast.
Now I cry in my gay chariot
longing to become your friend in distress.

[Original: Tumi heshe chole gele; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Madinate Esehhe Soi Nobin Soudagor

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Make Islam Strong, O God!

Make Islam strong, O God,
let the Muslim world again prosper.
Give it back its sultanate of old,
its ancient prowess and generous soul.

Once again bless Islam
with heroic Ali's sharp-edged Zulfiquar,
give it back its old Caliphs and hashmat,
its glorious Medina and Baghdad.

Bless it with Hamza and the mighty Walid,
give it back its Omar and its Harun-a!-Rashid,
bless it again with a noble Salahuddin,
let once more a holy war be waged
against this sinful world.

Give Islam again its Roomi and Saadi and Hafiz,
once more bless it with Khayyam and Tabriz,
give it again its Akbar and its Shahjehan,
bless it again with that dream in white marble,
the Tajmahal!

Give it a sense of fellow-feeling and unity,
its spirit of self-sacrifice and heroic mind,
let the Muslims of the world form a single community,
let its crescent-bedecked flag fly once again
in the sky.

[Original: Taufiq dao khoda islame; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Marching Song (Chal Chal Chal)

By a drum beat to a heavenly height
from earth beneath and soil's blight
Youth rise in the dawn's light,
Left, now, now, right!

Through dawn's door, a shattering blow
we will bring daybreak, scarlet in glow;
We will destroy the gloom of the night
and hindering mountain height,
The youngest of young, a song will sing;
from buried bones we raise the living;
We are the ones, new life will bring
with a new arm of might.
Soldier, take your stand,
a heartening ear now bend;
doors that lead to death's portal,
a call to life extend!
Break all doors tight
and march you, left and right.

On high the ery to charge is made,
the martyr's captain for battle's arrayed;
In every direction, a marching parade
rousing the drowsy from night.
When did that ancient kingdom vanish away?
We want that ancient age today.
The troubadours song, we will sing and play.
weep with all your might!

Shed now, the pompous throne Awaken,
O you heedless drone!
See how the Persian rule sank down,
and Russia and Greece and Rome.
They all awoke to fight;
You feeble, now ignite!
From the dust, we will build anew
the Tai Mahal! Unite!
Left. right, Left, right!

[Original: Chal Chal Chal; Translation: John Thorpe]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Masjider E Pashe Amar Kabor Diyo Vai

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Memories Of Liking

Memories of liking can not be forgotten,
so I visit your compound again and again,

The curved moon still rises in the sky,
the purple flower blooms in my garden;
and the bird sings 'piya, piya' on riyal branches.
The light that plays on its flute at radiant dawn,
now overflows my heart with endless joy.

O my sweet darling,
desert's desire still lingers in my heart.
and the body- Yamuna swells
in utmost affection.

[Original: Bhalo lagar smriti; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Milon Gan

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Mohammad Is The Apple Of My Eye

Mohammad is the apple of my eye,
Mohammad is my rosary.
My thirst with that name quench I,
It is my divine cup of honey.
That name I wear on my heart like a light.
Round my neck I carry it making darkness bright,
In the Medina of my heart
I hear that name night and day.
It plays a glorious part.
It keeps me ever happy and gay.
In it lie the tears of my eyes,
In it I find the solace of my sighs,
of that name I can always sing
No Heaven shall I seek nor any other thing.

[Original: Mohammad mor noyon moni; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Mohanter Moho-Enter Gan

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Moharrom

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Mora Eki Brinte Duti Kusum Hindu-Musalman

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Mother, I May Have Been A Naughty Child

Mother, I may have been a naughty child,
But I am your child nevertheless!
You own the world, mother, you are the queen of the world,
And look at me, I go about in the habit of a beggar.

You are bent on neglecting me,
But I love you anyway, it is you, only you that I call upon.
Just as a child runs to his mother even after she has scolded him,
So do I run to you.

How could you push me away from you, mother,
You are my mother, are you not?
Oh, why did you cast me away, mother,
Leave me to play in the dust?
I would have been a better child,
Had only you been a little more kind to me.

I am sad and angry, mother,
I shall go away anywhere my eyes and my feet take me to.
I do not care now whether i live or die now, mother,
I am going away.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

My Beauty

Dressed as a bridegroom, I know
my beauty shall come from afar,
across distant lands of separation,
after ages together.

There he comes in silence
attired as my dear death,
who would never leave my home.

[Original: Borer beshe ashbe jani; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

My Boat

I take no passenger in my boat
My boat is a damaged one.
I alone move from one bank to another
In this tattered canoe of mine.
The water of this river made a bankrupt of me
And now I want to go down to its bottom
And see how deep it is.
I seek not to make money
By ferrying passengers across;

I saw her
In the mirror of these waters,
But now the mirror alone is left
While the person in the mirror is gone,
And, in tears, I wander now,
Looking for her in this river.

Patiently I wait in the ban
Hoping to meet her,
Her name is my rosary.

And with tears in my eyes I call her.
But the star of my eyes
Has lured my sight away
Into the bottom of these waters
Even the river dries up, my friend.
And fills again with water
When the time is ripe.
Can it be that she alone
That went away would return no more?
Alas, my friend,
I loved and lost all.
Homeless and an exile
I now wander from door to door.

[Original in Bangla: Amar shampan; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

My Dearest Nightingale

Please come back, come back to my empty bosom
The morning flowers wither away untimely
Mourning your loss
Won't you return to my empty bosom!

O, my dearest silly one,
Without your presence the moon turned pale
The river cries out in pain
Pleading you to return

O, the beautiful one
The trees search for you spreading out their branches
Up in the sky
The storm churns through the woods
Looking for you
Branches lay on the dirt in deep pain

O my restless one
When you return
Lotus will re-bloom
Your glance will make the gray sky
Turn azure again

O, my dear one, please return to my empty bosom!
Please return!

[Translation: Gulshan Ara]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

My Distant Friend

To which lonesome abode do you beckon me
plaintively
again and again, my friend!
My roadside home, full of sorrows,
is blown up by the storm every now and then
and so, made homeless, I roam around.
The haunting tune of your flute
loosens all ties.
That's how I am a wayfarer
searching round and round
farther and farther afield
for the roadside bride.

Beloved mine,
you get jealous for the slightest cause,
that's why you never stop by the wayside.
your pains wring my heart.
To make a home by the wayside
your eyes become tearful.

The scarf sweeps the wet grass.
Your doleful tune, friend,
draws up sighs
and moistens the eyes.

[Translation: Zakeria Shirazi]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

My Explanation

I am a poet of today, not a prophet of a future day,
Poet or worthless, call me whatever, I put up with anything you say.
Some say, to the future you belong,
Your place, as a poet, tomorrow will come along.
How come you lack message enduring like that emanates from Rabi's hand?
I am blamed, but I won't quit playing rising sun's music band.

My fellow poets are disappointed, they read my works and sigh,
Saying: the good one is becoming no good, as he can't say to politics good-bye.
Does not read a book - finished is this chap!
Some say: His wife has brought, indeed, all this mishap!
Some say: The fat one is spoiled, playing cards - non-stop - in the jail,
Others say: You were better there; toward jail again you should sail!

Mentor says: You're no good, except shaving using a sword!
Every Saturday my lover's letter conveys me, 'Nothing useful in you is stored.'
I say: Honey, shall I reveal the secret?
Letters stop in a hurry; not one more I get.
Sacrificing everything, I got married: Hindus say, 'Get lost'!
Am I Muslim or a heathen? Where is my pigtail or beard, or the hem of loin-cloth?

All the goody-searching priests or Mollahs wave their hands and pronounce:
This one invokes names of deities; this rogue one we must denounce!
Hear the Fatwa: Kafir is this Kazi; nothing else,
Even though he wants martyrdom, or so he tells!
Some scripture we know, and we still earn our livelihood!
Hindus detest my use of Persian words saying: from us, this guy deserves no good!

No one is happy with me; the disciples of non-violence? of course, not!
I am blamed I play the violin of violence; I get the revolutionaries' hot heads even more hot.
The revolutionaries say: This one is non-violent,
My songs deal with spinning wheels: they resent.
Top Brahmins find me atheist, lesser ones regard me as one of the Confucians;
Independence lovers don't accept me; their opponents prefer me to be with those Europeans!

Men think I am a feminist; women, however, think otherwise,
I never went to England; I am worthless in my expatriate friends' eyes!
My admirers see me as Rabi of new age,
If not of new age, at least a poet of these trendy days!
I hear all these, bemused; exercise for a stronger heart,
Lie down with eyeglasses on; sleeping through the day is my life's part.

I don't know what I write; Do I even understand anything of my own?
I couldn't raise my hand in protest, so I write with my head down.
Dear friends, I did not find appreciation in you,
but my name shines in government's list in lieu.
Honoring my works as invaluable, without value people take it.
Have you heard anything else? Be careful, may not be far a government spy's
pit!

Friends, you have seen me engrossed in my own mind's temple,
I rebuke and admonish my mind, but bringing it under control I wish were so
simple!
Every time I chain itself, somehow it escapes free
I beat it, and the same I repeat, to complete my victory,
I wish this mad mind would listen to me, but even to Rabi or Gandhi, it did not
listen,
Abruptly it wakes up and then wanders in the jungle's darkness in search of
roaring tigers that glisten.

I say, O this insane one, you are doing so great in the community,
You are already a half-leader; but if you lose this opportunity,
would you ever be a full leader,
and weep with the crowd as a speaker?
Pick up the fish in the net now, O fool, before it slips away, I bet!
Take this break to get your leaky house fixed, otherwise soon you will regret.

Who understands that this minstrel's mind roams around singing and reciting!
This name hardly rings any bell; Days are passed chewing Betel leaves, ah, a
taste so inviting!
May be some day there won't be any more of epidemic of malaria,
Especially, since the autonomy is coming in its full pomp and euphoria.
Yes, we want moon, but those hapless ones cherish a meal, as teardrops of their
little ones dribble,
The agonized mother shouts: Hush, you miserables! See, independence is
coming - no more quibble!

But those hungry kids can't care less about autonomy; their desire: a little salt
and some rice,
Ah! the hour is late; nothing they have nibbled yet; the flame of hunger seeks no
advice.

When I hear that cry, my insane mind charges in a rush,
My intoxication for autonomy seeks shelter merely in my dream's brush!
I say, bemoaning: O God, are you still there? Why are they not, then,
Humiliated or destroyed, those who suck the blood of these children?

We all know, to bring independence, those lofty slogans we have devised,
And, at the same time, how burning hunger of so many million children, we have
compromised!
So much money was raised, but independence still remained a dream,
as the hungry people can't pay enough, they are so weak even to scream!
When a baby is snatched away from the mother's bosom, we plead, O royal tiger,
please eat grass!
The mother keeps begging from door to door, while in her shack hiding the
baby's carcass.

My friends, I can't say any more; my mind feels so much agony and pain,
I have gone mad; now, I utter whatever my mouth throws out in disdain.
My own blood won't make much difference,
With blood-ink I keep writing, hence,
My head can't forbear robust ideas or big thought any more; so agonized is this
mortal,
All those who are in peace and happiness, it's your privilege to write epics
immortal.

I don't care any more, if I live or don't, when gone is this trendy sensation,
Rabi is shining above our head, and then there are you, the golden generation.
Those who usurp the morsel of three hundred thirty million people: let our prayer
keep brewin',
In my blood-ink writing, may it be engraved and sealed their utter ruin.

[Original: Bengali, Translator: Dr. Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

My Prophet Mohammad

Syed Makki Madani,
 he is my prophet Mohammad.
The friend of God, full of kindness,
 he is the dearly beloved of all.

Adam, Noah, Abraham, David,
 Solomon, Moses and Jesus
all bear witness to his glory.
Over all their message
 prevails the message revealed
 to my prophet.

In him the world glimpsed
 the hint of God's flaming light
It was he who brought to this sinful world
 a foretaste of Heaven's delight.

In vain did Alexander seek
to find on this earth the nectar of Paradise.
My prophet freely distributed the same
 in the assembly of mankind.
For nothing did Zuleikha lose her head
 when she met the beautiful Yusuf.
Had she seen my prophet
 gladly would she have renounced the world!
If David could hear
 the honeyed words of my prophet
surely he would have prayed for his advice.

Noah's ark did not sink
 only because it had my prophet's blessings.
Jonah, swallowed by the whale at sea,
 continued to live,
and Nimrod's fire failed to kill Abraham,
 only because my prophet showered on them both
 his gracious blessings.

I for one have drunk deep the Quran's nectar
Hell I have made for ever harman for me!

[Original: Syed Makki Madni; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

My Song-Bird Is Tired

My song-bird is tired and deep in slumber
The evening's fallen flowers have a piteous look.
The morning flowers sprang while it sang until silenced by a
 hunter's arrow,
The evening-queen loosens her hair and wails in the forest's lap.
Alas the shrub will carry no promise of flowering from tomorrow,
Someone's sigh heaves among leaves.
The song-bird has flown, empty is the cage
My voice is no longer so fluent of speech
No one will approach this mirage-light even after getting lost.

[Original: Ghumiye geche shrantō hoye; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Never Forget Me

You told me you'll never forget me,
how did you then manage to forget?

Someone says in the night's dream: earthly love does not last
Like a flower it blooms and then it is gone.

The craving helpless mind does not understand and gets entangled while
rebuffed.
However far-away you may be, the memory of your songs still haunts the mind.

My eyes can see only when they are not filled with tears.

[Original: Bolechile bhulibe no more; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

O Destitutes!

With the curved smile on your tender lips, O crescent, is it a crooked suggestion?

Are you looking for companions to join you to loot every home in desperation?

As if at the command of Allah you are proclaiming from the sky,
O martyrs, why the rich do not pay zakat any more - ask, ask them why?

In surplus of these wealthy and rich, there is definitely a right
of all those hungry and deprived: this is Allah's message, so clear and trite.

Take away their surplus and their undeserving wealth; yes, take away!
You will be fulfilling a divine command, who stands in the way?

Why are you like living dead, imprisoned by powerlessness or decrepitude,
The plate of food rests close to you, yet why embracing death in hunger is your
attitude?

Have you no courage to extend your hand! Is your hand disabled or feeble?
I am, the bandit, here to collect the poor-due; get up and join me, don't quibble!

I have brought the message of Allah through the Eid's crescent that shines
above,
We will break our fast with all those treasured surplus during this Ramadan - a
month we all love.

Everyone will eat and satisfy their hunger during this Eid celebration,
Don't despair and resign; rather loot your share of the blessings of God in rightful
jubilation.

[Original: Sharbohara (eid) by Kazi Nazrul Islam; Translation: Mohammad
Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

O Nightingale!

In Garden Plot, O Nightingale, do not
Rock upon this flower stem today;
For these buds swinging in deep sleep,
Unbroken dozing slumber lay.

Oh how north winds blow now!
Empty branches bow, day and night!
Absent is the southern breeze,
Singing melodies, honey bees are in dismay!

When will that virgin flower
Sunder sleeps power, opening wide in blossom?
By morning cheeks in red, breaking slumber's stay.

Springtime wakes the bud wide,
Breaking each side, bringing a flowering flood.
Flowering bud's, parting lips pursed
Into laughter burst, dimpled cheeks display.

Oh poet! you forgot the scent, so
Sinking down low, fail to find that shore.
The flower in past, that had filled your breast,
Now, o'erflowed it lies, 'neath a flood of watering eyes.

[Translation: Rezaul Karim Talukdar]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

O Thou Nightingale Of Madina

O thou Nightingale of Madina?
What's that ghazal from the lips of thine
Which has made the rose of love
Bloom in the bower desert wild?

The song-birds started singing
In regions far and wide!
Thro 'the heights of. the etherial sky,
Rang thc Muazzine's melodious cry!

In the Sahara desert, parched cou1d dry,
Thou had created a garden of flowers
Where the Companions came like bees
And hummed the hymn of 'La Shareek'!

[Original in Bangla: Ay moru-parer hawa; Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

The myriads of song-birds came apace
And sang the song of Allah and the Prophet!
Under the leaves of Al-Quran
Swelled the flood of Love Divine!

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Offering

O Ever-forgetful!
Instead of bringing back nectar
from the Himalayas
you came back drinking
Shiva's deadly poison!
Why did you
love this earth so deeply?
Gods, therefore, play their trumpets
welcoming you into Heaven!

[Original: Arghyo; Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ogo Ma Fatema Chhute Ay

Kazi Nazrul Islam

One Who Meditates On The Prophet

One who meditates on the prophet,
Has met God in a secret encounter.
One who is immersed in that name knows no sorrow
All the world to him is a living presence..
The fortunate one who is borne by that flame's tide
Has known the Koran and the Hadith in the twinkling of an eye.
One whose mind is illuminated by my prophet,
He does not think of paradise, nor is frightened by hell.

[Amar Mohammader naame!; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ore O Chad! Udoy Holi Kon Jochhna Dite!

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ore O Doriyar Majhi! More Niye Ja Re Modina

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Pain Of The Poor

These children-suffering
from a lack of mother's care,
in rags, their bodies covered with dirt,
faces dried up from starving all day, scornful,
their bodies feverish, skin chapped all over.
They can't even get a meager meal
from laboring all day.
Ignoring them-O Rich, O Ruler,
how can you stand the taste of monda, mithai, khaja?
Starving, when they see you-eating,
they beg silently with their pathetic eyes.
Shame on you!-How do you still go on gorging?
All that rice you store in your bins-
just a portion of it could save them.
You have such a wide variety of clothing;
these children do not have even as much
as the rag you polish your shoes with.
You've trunk loads of clothing,
while these children freeze to death all night long
with their mothers lying in corridors and lanes.

You feel so happy from hugs and kisses
from your children,
their mothers weep holding them in their bosoms.
Your children have no dearth of toys,
their toys are what's been thrown out-
an embarrassment for their mothers.
Their unkempt hair, turning brownish and matted,
their skin blackened from roaming about in the sun,
for no reason they get beaten and scolded by people.
Your children cry 'bloody murder' for minor incidents,
whereas they have at most a sombre face
even when their hearts break from sadness.
The mothers of these unfortunate children-
standing aloof-who understands how much pain there is
in their tearful eyes?
If there's a slight touch of fever
in your children, ten doctors come rushing to check them.
But for these children-even when they have a high temperature,

there's none to offer them even a sip of water;
reduced to skeletons, they die in their mothers' arms.
They don't eat pomegranates or grapes when they are sick;
they think they have the world
by getting just a piece of sugar candy.
Your children go to sleep in rocking cradles,
these children sleep under the tamarind tree;
even the most stone-hearted ought to be moved to see this.

Nobody understands their misery,
everybody despises them
and thinks, 'Why do they litter the streets?'
So take heed, a burning stomach needs to complain;
I don't wish that even on my enemies. .
Even in such misery,
God will supposedly grant them welfare-that's
the only consolation for the poor.

[Original: Goriber baytha; Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Peasant's Eid (Celebration) !

Belal! O Belal! The crescent (helal) shines in the western horizon!
Seeing what is going on, are you hiding in shame in some desert-grave's prison?
Look at those Peasants, bound for the prayer-venue, like the skeleton of a mummy,
Have you seen going toward the slaughter-house the little-fed cattle with sunken tummy?
They broke their fast with the sherbet made of tears,
Is your voice choking, Belal, giving the call for prayers?
Mortgaging the plates, bowls and water-jars, these wretcheds are marching toward the prayer-venue,
with heart broken and head with bandana of indebtedness, offering God's due is still on their life's menu.

Those whose lives are continuous fasting, and can't sleep due to hunger's pain
To visit these moribund Peasants today, has the auspicious Eid come again?
Crying for another droplet of milk, the baby that died in life's cruel descent,
Has the rib-bone of that baby appeared now as the beautiful crescent?
Piercing through screen of black shroud that is spread sky-wide,
The slice of the moon shines like that baby's tender lips' divide.
Peasant's Eid! He marches to the prayer venue for his baby's funeral,
The more he hears Takbir-chanting, his heart tears asunder with the rush from the adrenal.
The boy has died, the daughter is dying; at his door the flood of death keeps knocking,
while around Makkah and the mosques the band of Yazid keeps flocking.

Where is the Imam? Today, which sermon will he recite?
All around lie corpses; but even worse is in sight!
The wealthy people have gathered here with attires of golden laces
You are the Imam here? Are you then the leader of those privileged faces?
You have imbibed from the Koran, hadith, and fiqah, but ever in the mouth of these dead,
have you offered ambrosia, can you swear to that? At least, try - go ahead!
You have prayed, recited the Koran, you also fasted I know these good deeds are on the list,
Alas, just a parrot! Have you ever given them any hope, courage or strength in the least?
You have carried fruits, but never tasted the nectar - the wretched fruit-basket!
Pebbles never imbibe anything, while remaining a thousand years in the

fountain-bed's casket..

Divine knowledge - what do you know about the Omnipotent Lord?
How can one be a believer who is never attached to life's power-cord?
Iman! Faith! You repeat day and night, but is Iman so easy?
In carrying the load of Satan, does ever a believer remain busy?
Listen liars! Those who are real believers in this world,
the power of their simple wish can shake and get the canvas of sky furled.
You simply chant the name of Allah, but never knew or understood Him,
those who themselves are blind, how can they show others the heavenly beam?
Those who themselves are chained, how can they bring to others liberation?
How can they deliver honey to others, when their own soul-hive is empty of life's
vibration? .

Where is that true Imam, at the strike of whose feeble feet,
the power-fountain of Zamzam starts flowing forever to flood life's dry and
barren street?
Those who are wimps themselves, having no strength or power,
it is sad that we have to listen to them giving sermons from the prayer-tower.
Those who would enliven and wake up these hapless destitutes in every nest,
where is that noble and inspiring leader who again will restore true Eid in its full
zest?
He will bring back from the depth of space the smile of Eid's crescent - like a
delightful regale,
the smile and joy that will never end, and it never would go pale or stale.
At the graveyard, full of corpse, I am waiting when will he arrive at this
congregation?
Fast and breakfast, we will do together, then it will be Eid - really a celebration.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Pioneers, O Pioneers

O you who look so soiled and weary,
Collect your armour for the struggle,
Your rusty shovels, heavy hammers,
To save the earth from dire disaster.

We have no time for sport or revels,
No leisure for procrastinating.
The war's begun in deadly earnest;
We've deeds to plant and crops to harvest.

I see the young on fire and marching
Onward past mountains, vales and rivers,
Unbent and proud man's heritage,
Freedom and honour, in their keeping.

The ancient East, inert, feeble,
A waits a voice to end its slumber.
We will once more awaken, rouse it,
And set it stirring, breathing, moving.

The murky past is dead and buried.
We must emerge from sunless caverns
Into broad uplands bright and shining,
Create a world of newer splendour.

We'll scale the peaks and cross the gorges,
And overcome what risks lie hidden.
We'll fell old trees to build our bridges
And go down in the mines for treasure.

We are awake, no longer sleeping;
We have descended from the plateaus,
Reckless of hungry wounded tigers
And we must move and look not backwards.

We are beholden to those countries,
Egypt and China, Spain and Norway,
Russia, Korea, who have broken
Their age-old chains and savoured freedom.

O Fortune's darlings, I, the poet,
Have nought to offer but my anguish,
My hopes, My dreams, the red blood dripping
From Within my heart beating wildly.

Invoke the gods of ruthless terror,
Shrink not from blood, as green and daring
You must unfurl your country's banner
Armed to the teeth and marching forward.

Listen! beloved fearless children;
Wild beasts and vultures squeak behind you,
And rotting corpses leer, or, frowning,
Earn praise from those who're scared of movement.

Let not these horrors daunt Or frighten;
But torch in hand advance, resistless;
The battlefield is strewn with martyrs
Who died in hundreds faces shining.

The earth is pulsing with a new life,
A tremor coursing through its arteries.
Ours is the strength of many armies;
Our comrades wait in every hamlet.

Sailors and ploughmen, slaves and masters,
Workers and lovers, waifs and prisoners,
Unhappy men who know no laughter-
They too are actors in Our drama.

The day that wanes, the night that follows,
The planets which you see revolving,
Children not born yet, our future soldiers,
They too are bound on this quest endless.

Sisters, awake, your brothers need you
They'll lag behind if you are missing;
Arise and join them, Jet the vanguard
Move forward, rank on rank in order.

I hear the sound of bells announcing

The coming age, when dreams and reveries
Will be fulfilled, and hopes turn rosy,
And we will reach our destination.

We have no use for lifeless knowledge
Stored in thick tomes; We want no false dreams
Or short-lived joys, bejewelled footwear,
Or cushioned thrones, no wealth that's rotten.

We shall survive on bread and water.
And sleep on hard floors, learn to hate those
Who are enslaved by greed, those gluttons;
We will go forward, we the fighters.

Do wipe away your tears, my comrades,
And rest a while if are weary,
Do not lose heart if night is falling,
Our will is firm, our aim is steady.

[Translation: Syed Sajjad Husain]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Pother Disha

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Poverty

O poverty, thou hast made me great.
Thou hast made me honoured like Christ
With his crown of thorns. Thou hast given me
Courage to reveal all. To thee I owe
My insolent, naked eyes and sharp tongue.
Thy curse has turned my violin to a sword.

O proud saint, thy terrible fire
Has rendered my heaven barren.
It has prematurely dried beauty.
My feelings and my life.
Time and again I stretched my lean, cupped hands
To accept the gift of the beautiful.
But those hungry ones always came before me.
And did snatch it away ruthlessly,
Now my word of imagination is
Dry as a vast desert.
And my own beautiful!

My yellow-stalked pensive desire
Wants to blossom like the fragrant shefali.
But thou cruel one
Dost ruthlessly break the soft stalk
As the woodcutter chopsthe branches
Off the trees. My heart grows tender
Like the autumn morning
It fills with love
Like the dew-laden earth.
But thou art the blazing sun
And thy fiery heart dries up the tiny dropp of the earth
I grow listless in the shadowy skirt of the earth
And my dreams of beauty and goodness vanish!
With a bitter tongue thou askest,
'What's the use of nectar?
It has no sting, no intoxication, no madness it.
The search for heaven's secreed drink
Is not for the in this sorrow-filled earth.

Thou art the serpent, born in pai.

Thou will sit in the bower of thorns
And weave the garland of flowers.
I put on thy forehead the sing
Of suffering and woe.'

So I sing, I weave a garland,
While my throat is on fire,
And my serpent daughter bites me all over!

O unforgiving Durbasha! thou wanderest
From door to door with thy beggar's bowl.
Thou goes to the peaceful abode of
Some sleeping happy couple
And sternly callest, 'O fool,
Knowest thou, that this earth is not anybody's
Pleasure bower for luxury adn ease.
Here is sorrow and separation
And a hundred wants and disease.
Under the arms of the beloved
There are thorns in the bed,
And now must thou prepare
To savour these.' The unhappy home
Is shattered in a moment,
And woeful laments rend
The air. The light of joy is extinguished
And endless nights descends.

Thou walkest the road alone
Lean, hungry and starved.
Suddenly some sight makes thy eyebrows
Arch in annoyance and thine eyes
Blazeforth-fires of anger!
And lo! famine, pestilence and tornado
Visit the country, pleasuregarden burn,
Palaces tumble, thy law
Knows nothing but death and destruction.
Nor for thee the license of courtesy.
Thou seekest the unashamed revelation of stark nakedness.
Thou knowest no timid hesitation or polite embarrassment
Thou dost raise high the lowly head.
At thy signal the travellers on the road to death
Put round their neck the fatal noose

With cheerful smile on their faces!
Nursing the fire of perennial want in their bosom
They worship the god of death in fiendish glee!
Thou tramplest the crown of Lakshmi
Under thy feet. What tune
Dost thou want to wiring
Out of her violin? At thy touch
the music turns into cries of anguish!
Waking up in the morning I heard yesterday
The plaintive Sanai mourning those
Who had not returned yet, At home
The singer cried for them and wept bitter tears
And floating with that music the soul of the beloved
Wandered far to the distant spot
Where the love anxiously waited.
This morning I got up
And heard the Sanai again
Crying as mournfully as ever.
And the pensive Shefalika,
 sad as a widow's smile,
Falls in clusters, spreading
A mild fragrance in the air.
Today the butterfly dances in restless joy
Numbing the flowers with its kisses.
And the wings of the bee
Carry the yellow of the petals,
It's body covered with honey.

Life seems to have sprung up suddenly
On all sides. A song of welcome
Comes unconsciously to my lips
And unbidden tears spring to my eyes
Some one seems to have entwined my soul
With that of mother-earth. She comes forward
And with her dust-adorned hands
Offers me her presents.
It seems to me that she is the youngest daughter of mine,
My darling child!
But suddenly wake up with a start. O cruel saint, being my child,
Thou weepst in my home, hungry and stoned!

O my child, my darling one

I could not give thee even a dropp of milk
No right have I to rejoice.
Poverty weeps within my doors forever
As my spouse and my child.
Who will play the flute?
Where shall I get the happy smile
Of the beautiful? Where the honeyed drink
I have drunk deep the hemlock
Of bitter tears!

And still even today
I hear the mournful tune of the Sanai.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Proclamation

Come forward, holding hands with each other,
doesn't matter that you carry no weapons.

Unite - automatically you'll amass
the strength of Zulfiquar.

Bring Ali's courage, Hossain's sacrifice,
Omar's diligence to work.
Like Khalid, shatter into pieces
all inequalities.

In Islam there's no 'great' and 'insignificant,'
rich and poor.
Mercilessly, wipe out all such discriminations.

Islam didn't come into this world
to produce servants and servitude;
some starve to death in hunger
while others have an abundance of food.
Islam has not tolerated such injustices -
will not tolerate it today!

[Original: Ghoshona; Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Prostitute

Who calls you a prostitute, Mother?
Who spits at you?
Perhaps you were suckled by someone
as chaste as Seeta.
You may not be chaste,
yet you are one of the family
of all our mothers and sisters.
Your sons are like any of us sons,
as capable of achieving fame and honor
as any of us,
as capable of entering heaven.

The great hero Drona
was the son of Ghritachi,
a prostitute in heaven.
Krishna-Daipayana,
who was universally respected,
was the son of an unmarried girl.
Karna the Benevolent
Was born of a maiden.
Ganga, expelled from heaven,
was married to Shiva.
King Shantanu, too,
offered her his love.
Their son was the immortal Bheeshma,
to whom Krishna paid homage!
The Sage Satyakama
was the illegitimate son of Jabala.
The conception of the great lover of humanity, Jesus,
remains a mystery.

None is, stained with sin here,
none is an object of hatred.
Millions of beautiful lilies
blossom in the lake of lust!
Listen to this message of humanity:
After birth, all human beings
are free of all impurities.
Because I have once committed a sin,

have I no right to return to virtue?
Hundreds of sinful acts
did not take away the divineness of the gods.
If Ahalya was freed of sin,
if Mary was canonized,
truthfully, why shouldn't you, too,
be worthy of worship?

Who are the bigots
who condescendingly label your son
as an 'illegitimate' child?
To them I simply ask these questions.
How many of the 1,500 million children
of this world were born
purely out of the purpose of procreation,
and not out of lust?
How many are pure and chaste?
For whose sin do millions of sucklings
die in the cradle?

Purely from carnal urge
do men and women unite.
We are children born of that lust.
Yet how proud we are!

So, listen, religious leaders:
There's no difference between 'illegitimate'
and 'legitimate' children!
And if the son of an unchaste mother is 'illegitimate,'
so is the son of an unchaste father.

[Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Purer Than Pure Gold

O brother, purer than pure gold
Is the soil of my land.
Her soil and water
Her fruits and flowers
Quench our thirst and hunger.
As we drink from her milk-pot

To have the blessings of this Mother
Taking leftovers from her temples
Pilgrims are gratified, coming from various castes.
O brother prostrating on the dust of this land
Jewels fall down and welter,
O brother lumber of all in the world
Is broken by the touch of her magic stick.

Combating this soil and this mud
Learning from this land's good conduct
The whole world became civilized all the way

O brother this ascetic in every land
Put on the light out of love,

Mother wakes up alone through the dark night
Watching from the post of crematorium.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Purno Ovinondon

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Rabi-Hara

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Resurrection

Wake up
You captives of hunger, arise.
You harassed, down-trodden masses,
Spell thunder at the oppressors -
The stirred voices of the sufferers cry.

A new world reborn is soon to dawn.
These fetters of ancient scriptures
Wrought this utter ruin;
Come, let us break in,
Shattering the devil's dungeon.

Wake up,
Ye, hapless masses, arise,
So that no 'one beneath
The feet of others lies.

On a new foundation
A young world shall dawn.
Listen, you tyrant!
Listen, you rich!
Though destitute,
Through the war,

Our rights
We shall recover
With the unity of sufferers
All the world over.

[Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Rider

Diving in the eastern sea there rises the golden sun;
nightly tears rolled down and bloomed into flowers, too.

You are a ride you must go
and stand deepest pains-
so the sand-garland of wedding night
you tore 'as you woke up.

[Original: Pub shagore dub diye; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Rise Up, O Farmer!

O farmer, where is the smile of your face?
Where is your shepherd's bamboo flute!
Where is your jute?
Who plunders it from your stock on riverside?
Who robs you of huge golden paddy grown in your fields?
The empty corn-bin in your courtyard resembles a husband-less daughter
lamenting in her father's home.
Your rural fields present winter-crops as though painted, -
why does your son ask for salt and green chilies while eating?
It seems that the government has taxed on your curry too.
Have your sugar-canes been sweetened by the juice of your tears?
Who have drunk milk exploiting your cow?
Alas, your milk pot does not hold even the starch of boiled rice.

Your younger child with high fever is healed up,
since he is sleeping in the graveyard.
And he seems to drag her elder sister towards the grave, too.
The girl is calling him deliriously.
Mother replaces milk with oyster,
father weeps on his way to field burying his son;
around him the fields are full of paddy and the sky is full of delight.
It seems that today's horizon is red by sucking a farmer's blood.
Fields overflow with paddy, markets with goods,
the wharves with jute-loaded boats.

Who eats away the crops of your field,-
who are those swarm of locusts?
Why are you so destitute in this realm of merrymaking?
Why does the son of your home go to the grave?
Your cattle grazes in the vast pastures, but you get no milk,
O farmer, your hopes of living have gone away long before,
how do you stand lamentations beside a tomb?
Can't you wake up the burning of thunder in your arid bones?
How long shall you see with eyes wide open the theft by burglars?
Don't you possess a bamboo-stick even?
You may have no blood in your body, yet we want all your bones.
The plunderer robbing you of your boiled rice day
and night has ascended to affluency sucking your blood.

Your bone shall cause the bones of those plunderers decay,
and your rib-bones will turn into war swords.
Allah, the Benevolent, gives water to your fields,
energy to your wind to bloom flowers,
sun and moon rise up to grow your crops, -
would those gifts of Allah again be plundered by that demon?
Though the sky is all clear, there is no hope.
Though Khuda's mercy comes in torrents,
you don't reach it. So raise up your hands straight,
that would give you instant strength.
Your crops shall fill your granary, and God shall bless you.

[Original: Otth re chashi; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Rise Up, Women - Rise Up Like The Flaming Fire

Rise up Women, rise up like the flaming fire!
Rise up, O wife of the Sun-god,
with the mark of blood on your forehead! ! !
Dangling your tongues all around
dance on, you mad, naked women!
Rise up, you wretched, raped serpents,
awaken your power to burn the world! ! !
Like the fire blazing out of a smoke heap,
rise up all you mothers, daughters, wives, sisters!
Redeemers of the sinners, the fallen
like the flowing Ganges rise up,
all you downtrodden;
fill the clouds with blazing thunder,
O Women the ever-victorious
awaken in you the goddess Durga!

[Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Robbers And Dacoits

Who calls you a dacoit, friend,
Who calls you a robber?
All around dacoits reign today,
And thieves prosper.

Who is judging the robbers and the dacoits?
Who is the lord of justice?
Ask him, friend, who is not a dacoit today,
Who is not a robber chief.

My lord, raise your mace of justice and punish
Those wealthy and the rich who thrived
Robbing the humble poor and the deprive.
Today the greater the robber, the bigger the thief
and the cleverer the cheat
The more honourable, the more distinguished
and the more dignified his seat
In the assembly of nations.
All around
Bricks red with the blood of the subjects
Go to raise the king's palaces
And the factories of the gangster-rich flourish
Rendering thousands homeless.
The cunning devils start mills
Where men are ground to pieces,
Where from hungry millions emerge,
Sucked dry like sugarcane,
Bereft of their juices.

Squeezing out the life blood of millions of men
The mill owners amass vast wealth in their hidden den.
The money lenders grow rich
Robbing the helpless,
And the Zamindars on joy rides go
Rendering the weak homeless.
The greedy merchants in this earth
Have built a house of prostitution of wealth
There the vice Saki dances and drinks
The gold demon's health.

Losing health, food, life, hope, language and all
Bankrupt man is heading to a terrible fall.
There is no way of escape
The gold-hungry monsters have dug
Deep invincible moats all around,
The world today is a prison sound
With cruel gangsters working as sentinel.
Thieves are friends here
Cheats are comrades dear.

Who calls you a dacoit, dear friend?
Who calls you a robber?
You may have stolen money or goods,
But you have not dug a dagger
In some one's tender-heart.
You may be thieves all right
But not inhuman like the so-called great
You can turn Valmiki yet
When true men you meet
You who are the Ratnakars.

[Original: Chor-Dakaat; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Saheb O Mosaheb

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Satyendro-Pronoy-Giti

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Satyo-Kobi

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Save Me From All Pettiness

Save me from all smallness

O my Lord, the Graciousness!

Teach me, O Lord, no sin is worse
than the sin of pettiness.

Even if I am a sinner over hundred births,
even if for eons I sojourn in hell,

Even then, I know Lord, there is forgiveness from you.

But is there forgiveness for pettiness? My Lord, Pray tell!

Please, my Lord, in my heart
don't constrict the space.

Friends, foes or strangers alike
Let my heart be able to embrace.

Let me not speak ill of others, nor harbor envy;

At others' joy, let be lustrous my soul,

Let me weep for that wretched-hapless
whose heart is like a wormhole!

[Original: Bengali, Translator: Dr. Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Secret Lover

Though lost, yet I love thee
O dear,
Between the two shores of the sea
A whisper I hear.

Me on this shore,
You on the other,
In between weeps
A formidable tether.

The shadow of a tree
Beckons me from the shore,
I am a desert,
The gentle touch of shade
I do abhor.

We have never known,
Nor have we met each other.
I have hopes in my heart,
In you, there is fear.

When the wind beats
The waves break on your feet;
But never shall my waves
Harm your shore -

They erode only my bank,
Not yours any more.

Dear love,
I have never been near you.
A song-bird,
I sat on the branch
For a day or two.

After the songs
When I shall part
Shall my songs dwell
In your heart?

The bird will be gone
But cadences will remain;
I shall fly high,
You will cry in vain.

That once my waves
On your shore did ring.
No one shall know,
No one shall sing.

When I fly so high
If a feather comes night
Wear it in your tresses
In sheer forgetfulness.

But, do not fear,
For some day
it will also disappear.

Like me in one of those
Rain-soaked morns,
Will you drip
Oh my pine, alone?
And kiss me in imagination,
In your midnight fascination.
And wake up from a trance
With random thoughts
To weep with the clouds
Oh my Swallow?

My lone,
I weep, for I shall not
Find you any more.
The waves rumble,
For they never get off the shore.

To possess you is to
Banish the flute,
And to invite the death
Total and absolute:

My bosom is full
For I have been denied,
The flute is melodious
For it is empty inside.

[Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Send From Heaven Again

Send again, Hazrat! from Heaven
The message of justice and toleration!
I can no longer see this hateful hitting
between man and man!

Tell, them Hazrat! tell them all
Who pretend to follow thy divine call,
To love all men as the creatures of God!
And to regard all as the creation of God!

The virtue of Justice and Toleration,
Which was yours and which has made
Half the world to believe in you -
That virtue we have not learnt to value!

The slaves and dupes that we are,
The Queen and Hadith we merely hear!
Despised in the world we are
By disrespecting your commands clear!

The suffering humanity we hate,
But we say: We submit to God Compassionate!

[Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Shat-II-Arab

For ever glorious, for ever holy,
Your sacred beaches, Shat-el-Arab,
Are bathed in gore, the blood of fighters
Of many races, and diverse colours.
Strewn on these sands lie the bones of Arab,
Egyptian and Turk and Greek and Bedouin,
Also of women, bold and daring,
Who sobbed as they battled, reckless of danger.
The surging waters of the roaring Tigris
Bring you the blood they shed at Amara;
And the Euphrates thunders daily
Warnings to those whose hearts are evil.
You the nurse of the brave and the fearless
Who'd rather die than bow to a master,
These beaches ring with the voice of Ali
From a distant past, now dim and shrouded.
The crimson flame-like roses of Basra
Are radiant emblems of war and glory;
They flourish on soil where heads have tumbled
Like fruit from the date-palm in arid deserts.
We met by chance, but here are my greetings -
Homage sincere from a fellow bondsman -
To the sacred beaches of Shat-el-Arab,
For ever glorious, for every holy.

[Translation: Syed Sajjad Husain]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Shikol Porar Gan

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Sin

I sing of Equality -

Sinners of all grades are all my sisters
and brothers.

In this valley of sin, who is there among
men and women that hath not committed a sin?

I am but an abominable person; - the
pilot of sinners sunk in the quagmire of sin.

Heaven itself is tottering under the weight
of the sin of 330 million gods.

The demons enter Heaven through
the sinful path of the gods,
from Adam down to this Nazrul
all haven, more or less, butchered virtue
with the knife of sin.

The world is a domain of sin -
Half of it is God, the other half is satan!

Listen, a fanatics! Before counting
another's sins, count thy own!

Out of the quagmire of sin growth virtue
like a lotus; in every flower there's sin.

This beautiful world is full of mere deceit and curse.

Unable to get rid of them sage after
Sage pledged their heart and soul
e, and their body to vice.

Friend, I have said no untruth,
Begin with Brahma, Bishnu, Siva and
come downward gradually-

Leave aside Men, be they devotees, saints,
Sages or hermits -

Their souls are self-denying ascetics,
their bodies are self-indulgent hedonists!

This world is a caravanserai of vice,
Here on the back of Religion's Ass the
bag of virtue is empty

Here all are equally sinful.

By the measure of our sin we measure another's sin.

If thou dost really run a godly race,
why such ample ceremony of outward show?

Putting on a cap and keeping a tuft of

hair on head thou dost seem to proclaim
 that thou art not a sinner
 If not a sinner, why such extravagant
 parade of trade Mark'?
 The culprit has concealed himself in the
 official costume of a Police officer!
 Friend, let me tell thee a funny story,
 Once Angels sinless assembled at a certain
 meeting of Heaven were finding fault
 with the dispensation of God as follows:
 'Day and Night and Night and Day, we
 Worship Him and attend his pleasure,
 Yet He does not seem well-pleased -
 all His boundless love and mercy flows
 for mankind who are made of clay
 and earth and are sunk in sin!
 All-knowing God knew it and addressed
 them smiling -'Children of humble dust
 they are with very frail minds,
 In every flower on earth there's pain
 in the eyes, on the lips, there's curse,
 in the sandal wood there's a burning
 desire, in the moon a thirst for kisses!
 There in the eyes of a maiden is collyrium,
 On the waist a silver chain, on the
 margin of the feet a red juice of a
 particular tree, on the lips a red
 hue of chewed betel, cupid himself
 is a captive of these charms! A
 beautiful Satan with vigilant eyes
 guards the door, in every breast
 there's a quiver of flowers,
 and everywhere the eyes send arrows
 of flowers! '
 Angels all said, ' lord, Let us see the
 Earth and see how flowers blossom
 there at whose head lies decrepitude and death.'
 Said God, - ' Let two among you
 decidedly superior to the rest go to
 the earth and know the awful
 nature of its temptation.'
 Haroot and Maroot - the glory

of the Angels as the Sun and the Moon
in the sky -came down into human
habitation, and became partners of the
dust-be-decked Earth! Here some
spell nestles round every human shape
and everywhere is spread a snare,
in the water of the Lotus-Lake, one
moon of the sky has become seven hundred
Moons! Sound, Smell, colour have
Set up a magic noose; here on
every bank laughter overflows the
pitchers of water, and in fields
and meadows are heard the
sweetest saddest songs
Soon was softened the heart of
the Angecls of fire with the juice of Earth,
the amorous looks of carp-like eyes
leave their mark on the bosom
Waving her Ghaghri
with a small pitcher of water on
her waist goes the artful, amorous Zohora -
The Ambassadors of Heaven were
captivated by that beauty., and
surrendered themselves at her rosy feet.
drowned in the nectar of her lips like Anar-juice
The earthen pot of water was intoxicated
with the blood-red juice of grapes.
Away, away was swept the four
walls of self-restraint, the citadel
was bathered, to their heart's content
They drank the wine of Earth with
their flowery lips.
In Heaven God addressed all the
Angels smilingly as follows:
'See what has been done to Haroot
and Maroot by the wily Earth!
A damsel has a fatal gift of
smell there, one speechless
message of her eyes, friends, is
enough to set at naught the
merits of the great penance
of a million ages!

Nymph Earth is possessed of eternal
Youth, Her Lord is Cupid - not Siva!

[Translation: Sajed Kamal]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Sindhu

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Sodeshi

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Song (Ajo Dhoroni)

Half of the world is dark.
The other half has light -
It heralds the dawn of
Someone's sorrowful night.

Half is hard earth,
The other half is water;
Half is full of thorn,
The other half is flower.

Half is melody,
The other half is wine,
Half abounds in hope -
Lonely hearts pine.

Half remains hidden,
The other half is known;
Half is full of love,
The other half disown.

Half of it is dawn,
The other half is twilight-
Half of it is dew,
And a moiety sunlight.

[Translation: Syed Mujibul Huq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Song Of Dawn

It's dawn, -
Open the door,
Wake up, Khukumoni!
The jasmine flowers
From their vines
Are calling you to come running,
Wake up, Khukumoni!
Uncle Sun
Is crawling out
All dressed in a crimson shirt,
Listen - the gatekeeper
Is singing
His song, 'Rama hoi.'
The birds
Are leaving their nests
To fly in the sky,
Listen to them
Singing continuously,
Filling the morning air!
The restless
Bulbul birds
Whistle from flower to flower,
This time,
This time,
Khukumoni will open her eyes!
Setting the rudder,
Hoisting the sail,
The boat begins its journey,
This time,
This time,
Khukumoni has opened her eyes!
Lazy
She's not-
She's an early-riser,
That's why
Brother Moon
Gives a teep everyday for her!
Up
And running-

All the little boys and girls,
Listen to them
Babbling
About who woke up first!
Night's
Wash up
Wake up, Khukumoni!
With a hymn
Let's begin
Asking for a blessing from God!

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Song Of The Do-Nothing

My mind as the Bee today runs a-field
amid the blossoms of the grass in
the field of mator-shuti -

On this winter morn enamored of the
sun-light.

I like to accompany the restless butterfly
From bud to bud

In the field of flowery Maw plants.

And at night I hear the farewell wails
of Amman paddy in the meadow

Who's today taking a round amid
Kusha grasses along the bank of the dead river?

Lo! her yellow skirt gets entangled
among aroher flowers

She wears t hat Babla flower as her
nose-top.

And around her body is her cloth
of green Aparajita.

I am keen for a touch of that fair unknown!

She send me while walking
speechless message of her eyes.

And so my mind as the Bee runs
in wild ecstasy amid the blossoms
of the grass in the field of Mator-Shuti.

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Song Of The Peasant

Arise, O tiller of the soil,
Hold the plough in your iron grip.
Since we are all going to die
Let us die a glorious death.

We had our fields green with paddy
Our country, once upon a time, was full of laughter
But the robbers from the shopkeepers' nation
 have plundered us bare
Today our misery is endless indeed.
They are plucking out the golden hairs from my
 mother's head

In a million hands, the brutes.
My mother's tears today are mingling
With the salty waters of the seven seas,
And are making it saltier still.

Comrade we were very happy then,
We were the heart and soul of the country.
There was then song in our lips and paddy in our granary
But where has the song fled today and where
 the peasant?

Comrade, our blood has gone today
To fill the bottles of their drink.

Today the rich, the greedy merchant and the
 profiteer have surrounded us,
And are sucking our blood like leeches.

They are robbing us of the food from our plates,
They are playing with the clothes snatched off
From the body of our chaste maidens.
Our babies are dying in our arms, today, Comrade,
And we are powerless to resist.
We are the true children of the soil,
 green as the young grass,
Rama, the enemy of Ravana, is lying hidden in

Our beauty,
And Sita is none other than the harvest we reap
at the point of our plough.
Yet today Ravana is robbing us of Sita,
the paddy of our fields.
Comrade, we are martyrs sacrificing our lives
In the Mecca of our fields.
The harvest reaped of our blood
Is being robbed by the Satan.
Where can we go, Comrade?
Fire awaits us at home
And a raging storm outside.
Today the gang of Yazid has surrounded us
Killing us mercilessly.

Arise today, O tiller of the soil,
When we have lost all, what else is there to fear?
By the strength of hunger
We shall conquer the world of joy.
Today, Comrade, we shall make the robber-king
bow down and yield.
Let the civilized world watch in wonder
The power of us, we, the tillers of the soil.

[Original: Krishaner Gaan; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Song Of The Student

We are the power, we are the strength,
We the band of students.
The stormy wind makes obeisance tonus
And clouds and airships bow
Before us, the students class.

We can move in the darkness of the night
Needing no guiding light.
We walk with bare feet
Ever ready to dangers meet.
We move like a terrific flood
Making the stony earth scarlet with our blood.
Throughout the ages
Our blood has wet this soil.
We are not afraid of work or toil,
We the student class.

We hold the reins of the horse
Of the great King Deat.
Our lifeless corpse
Will write the history of our fights.
In the country of laughter, whenever needed,
We bring tears, bitter and cold.
We the students, mighty bold.

When everybody gives wise counsel
We are the people who err.
When the cautious one builds embankments
We sit still and do not stir.
We are the dare-devil youth
Who care for none,
We make our path slippery with blood,
We the student class.

The light of knowledge shines in our eyes,
And in our hearts burn boble ideas.
On our lips dwell no lies,
Which only proclaim
Effortlessly and with ease

The call of all times,
That has survived through war and peace,
And we have made the white lilies
Purple with our blood,
We the students; who move like a mighty flood.

In these terrible days of revolution
We are eager to march ahead and fight,
So that light may burst out
Ending the eternal darkness of the night.
In us seeks the twentieth century
Her emancipation.
With our tears of glory
The mother-earth clothes herself
In resignation.
There is no fear of death for us,
The mighty student class.

We dream of a joyous future, gay and bright,
Built on hope and love,
The milky-way in the sky
Shows us our path, straight and wide.
Let the dream of millions come true and right,
Let them see the splendid sight
Through the eyes of us.
The student class.

Translation: Kabir Chowdhury

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Song Of The Worker

O travellers on the road of destruction,
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

We created in the joy of your arms.
We shall now destroy at the pleasure of our feet.
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

Comrade, our strength melts the rocks
 into soft snows,
It makes the desert blossom forth
 into golden crops.

We fist out honey from the ocean's womb,
And yet do not get a dropp for ourselves to drink.
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

We are mere coolies working at the machines
In these terrible times.

We are rnerre dupes and fools
To discover the diamond and to make a gift of it
To the king, to adorn his crown.

Today we are only black coolies,
Mere scum, who blacken ourselves with the disgrace
Of the whole mankind.
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

We dig into the bowels of the earth,
We are the miners who snatch and bring out
The jewel from the head of the snake,
Only the rich, richer still to make.

Today let the robbed snake
Rear its angry head in mighty vengeance and strike.
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

In the lap of luxury lie kings and ministers
Drinking in the life-blood of peasants and workers
And yet we work ourselves to death
To support these tyrants.
Come, you workers of the world,
Let us trample our these useless lords
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel
Sing in unison and advance.

Gathering strength from us
Row after row of ships glide across the seven seas,
And yet we all our life struggle in knee-deep water
Trying to swim across our sea of worries.
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

Thanks to us that today
The king's soldiers and his armoured cars
Travel six months distance in six days.

Thanks to us
That the gluttonous rich fly in the sky today in
aeroplanes.
Comrade, we build palaces for others
And spend our lives on the dusty roads.
They ride on our shoulders
Roaming about merrily for diverse pleasures.
We are like cows carrying call-loads of sugar
Our job is to transport, not to taste or clamour.
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.
We are the dirty children of our mother earth,
We work in the mines,
And make it possible for the world to sparkle.

Today the same fire from the dirty miners
Will make the world burn to cinders.
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

When the work is over
We are but coolies and sailors.

And yet when the boat is sink
We alone come to pull it out of the mine.
We give everything like the sacrificial cow
Only to find ourselves neglected now.

Whatever we had we gave
Let us now make a stand
And face the tyrant in a mighty band.
Let the fighting arena resound again
With the battle call

Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.
Switch off the machine-light, the Satan's eye.
Come along, O Comrade, and keep your weapon high.
The light of anarchy is in front
Come along, O you who want to bathe in the
 sea of light
We shall board the ship of darkness tonight,
 Comrade,
Hold fast your hammer, pick up your shovel,
Sing in unison and advance.

[Original: Sramiker Gaan; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Struggle

You lived for so long,
Now once put your life on the line;
The same hands you use for only prayers,
With weapons let once those shine.

Tearing off the crescent from sky,
Decorate your flag that is crimson red;
Let the seniles live longer
You offer your precious life, go ahead.

[Original: Shadhona (Bengali) ,
Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Syama Wakes On The Cremation Grounds

Syama wakes on the cremation grounds
To take Her child
At the final hour
To Her lap.
The peaceful Mother sits on the pyre
In fire hidden by Her sari of love.
 To hold him on Her lap
 She left the Kailasa of Her joy, and
 With blessings and fearlessness in Her hands
 Made the cremation grounds Her home.
Why fear this place
When you'll sleep peacefully at the Mother's feet?
 Who dies ignited by the flames of this world,
To him the Mother calls:
 'Come to My lap, come to My lap.'
 To lull you to sleep, Oh Wearied by Life,
 Ma takes you to Her lap
 Disguised as death.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Talk To Me, Javab, Talk To Me

Talk to me, javas, talk to me --
What austerities did you do to get Syama Ma's feet?
Torn from your stems on illusion's plants,
Falling scattered to the ground at Her feet,
 You got liberation
 Bursting open
 Beside yourselves with joy.
If only I could learn from your example
My life might bear fruit.
Thousands of sweet-smelling flowers bloom in the woods,
And they're all such beauties! So how come
 You got Ma's feet?
 You're just ignoran't javas!

Crimson like you at the Mother's feet,
When will they be flowers
 Offered to Her, blessed by Her?
When will they turn red
 At the touch of Her feet?
When will they, just like you, blush scarlet --
 These dull petals of my mind?

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Bird Pierced By An Arrow

O bird! deprived of nest, and pierced
by an arrow in thy tender bosom!
How and where should I keep thee
from harm?
Where, tell me where dost thou feel pain?
Blinded by tears I fail to see anything.....
O my treasure! Thou shouldst not
misunderstand me
It is not within my powers to allay the pain
a my Bird pierced in the tender bosom
by an arrow!
How and where may I keep thee under protection?
With a poisoned arrow in thy bosom
dost thou now fall and flutter?
Who led thee, alas, to the door of this
unhappy woman?
Dost thou think that relief of thy pain
lies concealed in my abode?
O my Bird with an arrow imbedded
in the tender bosom!
How and where may I give thee protection?
Alas! This is no fit place for thy relief!
Clouds thunder, winds howl, my cottage trembles
My lamp is extinguished and doors are broken by storms,
The endless wails of the night of sorrow roar
from time to time in the bosom
O my Bird with an arrow embedded,
in the tender bosom,
Amid such inclement weather where
may I keep thee concealed?
My child, death embraces him who
comes to this powerless woman's
door calling her 'mother'!
I lose my 'treasure as many times
as I get it
So my heart trembles in fear lest
thou shouldst forsake me
O my lost treasure! O my Bird!
How and where may protect thee?

O my Paradise regained!
I do at once recognize thee, let me hold
 thee on my breast for some time
Others may not take thee on their
Lap seeing thy bosom pierced by an arrow,
But how can thy ever-loving Mother
 forsake thee lest she lose thee?
O my Bird with an arrow embedded in the tender
 bosom!

How and where may I harbour thee?
This is indeed thy ever known love!
Thou art no guest of old to me.
Thou hast adorned this house from
 time to time under different names.
Let thy remaining days, my Child.
 repose in this mother's breast
Can one who was thy mother at thy
 creation keep thee away from her heart?
To lose thee? O my fond Child!
That is but an illusion! .

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Bird-Hunter's Song

Who is that who looks askance at me?
Is it a look of fear, diffidence or tenderness?

She smiles at me holding the aerial roots of the banyan,
Or floating her water vessel in the pond.

As she watches me bird-hunting
Her eyes fill with tears like a pair
 of mussel-shells brimmed
 with water from a kohl-dark lake.
The water lilies tremble in the clasp of her palm.
She knits her brows and chides me --
Is it fear, diffidence or tenderness?

Reclining her relaxed body, she arranges her tress,
Tucks at the waist the end of her dress;
She cracks her fingers and drags her feet,
 oh, how she drags her feet!

At times she dives in the water,
 at times she swims about,
For dallying at the ghat, she finds all the excuse.
She wants me to believe that
 she is waiting for someone else.
Is it in fear, diffidence or tenderness?

[Translated from the Bangla by Farida Majid]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Comet

I come in every age,
I come again and again.
Now I have come for the great revolution.
I am the creator's deadly foe,
 the devastating comet of all times,
On my forehead shines the burning fire
 of seven hundred hells.
I am the piteous sighs in the heart of the creator
 repentant for his sinful creation.
On this earth I am the shadow of the Gobi
 and the Sahara,
I am the godless, unholy, bitter curse!

Flaying the banner of ruination
 I whirl madly through vast empty space,
I fight alone and strike at God
 with my sharp poisoned arrow
Entwining the entire creation around my tail
 I shower everywhere the flaming rains,
 of a million meteors.
I have already devoured a universe
 but I can devour thirty more
I am a calamity, a terrible accident,
 an evil curse of the universe!

The mighty fate had stretched his hands
 to catch and curb me.
But look, the flames of my fire
 have burnt his hands and turned him
 into a helpless cripple.

I know that trick of creation,
I know where the creation,
And so I kick at all rules and regulations,
 and hit hard with my hammer
 on God's stony breast.
I know that what the hollow stuffed God
 could not achieve
 would still be achieved!

Therefore I rebel and welcome Revolution, I
Therefore I dance and sing merrily!
I spit at the face of death
 and blow out the burning fires
 of a thousand hells.

The more people fume and rage
 the more I laugh and make fun of them,
I move like a hurricane
 and my poisoned breath drives a mortal terror
 into the heart of all tyrannous kings,
I burn the whole creation
 with the flames of my fire
I crunch God into tiny pieces and swallow at a gulp
 a million hells.

Filled with a bitter happiness
 I dance and sing like one gone mad.
 I build a burning fire in my bosom
 that I can roast God in its flames.
I come in every age.
It is time I have come for the great revolution.
I am the creator's deadly foe,
 the devastating comet of all times! A

I burn a flaming ladder of fire,
I effortlessly sail over God's head
The god of the universe sitting in his throne
 trembles in fear lest I brand on his
 pale forehead the sign of my terrible curse.

Oh, how he makes me laugh
 and how the sound of my ringing laughter
 merges with the song of thunder and raging cyclone

Clapping my hands in ecstasy
 I go whirling through empty space
 like some crazy kite,
At the faintest touch of my breath
 volcanoes erupt with a roar
 and a million baby-snakes, coiled around my tail,
hiss and lay bare their poisonous fangs!

As the fierce tigress refrains from killing its prey
with a single blow
and keeping it steadily in sight
plays with it with a gleaming cruel joy
while the poor prey pants and whines
So do I keep God within the range
of my sight and play with him,
laughing all the time my blood-curling
demoniac laughter.

I am that fiery tigress,
the greatest calamity of all time!
Drunk with blood I celebrate and rejoice today,
From my tail emanates a dazzling radiance,
filling the earth with a fierce, butal joy,

God?
There lies he, a poor captive,
foaming at the lips in fear and frustration.
He trembles and cowers
afraid of the moment when I shall rush
and jump on his wounded breast
Or, like an angry black cobra
whirling round a helpless frightened child

I, a fierce Comet-cobra, the bitterest curse of all time,
whirl round God as he sits there
trembling in fear like that snake-encircled helpless child.

Today sitting in the midst of a sad and
suffering creation
God trembles in fear
lest the created, growing bigger than the
creator, swallows him at last.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Curse

When I shall be no more
You will suffer, I promise,
Cursed, friendless and alone.
Then you will ask the evening star about me,
And with my picture engrave, in your heart
Will roam through forests and seas
And around hills and dales,
Weeping many a desolate tear.
Then you will realise, my dear,
Then you will search for me desperately
Far and near.
When your soul will tremble
At some one's familiar touch,
And your heart will gladden
Imagining my presence by your bed,
You will suddenly wake up with a start
From your sleep,
And discover with a freezing heart
That it was nothing but an empty dream.

With eager arms spread
You will advance to embrace,
But there will be no trace of me.
Instead, you will meet
An emptiness, dull and dreary.
In anguish you will close your eyes,
Then my darling will you realise.
Trying to sing
You will find your voice choked with tears.
And, all around, people will whisper
About the song, taught by that stranger,
And then you will remember me,
And the fond caresses I bestowed on you.
Thinking of those nights
Your hard and glittering eyes
Will overflow with brimming tears
Then will you regret your past deceptions,
Then will you realise the pang of separation.
When your garden will grow fragrant

With daisies, jasmine and ivy bowers
You will suddenly think of my grave
Covered with snow-white flowers,
And your fingers, busy in making a garland
Will suddenly grow hesitant and numb.
Your smiling face will turn pale and wan,
And tears will swim in your eyes,
Then, my dear, will you realise.

Autumn wind will come again,
And the lovely dewy nights will reappear
All, all will remain
Save this traveller, bound for the eternal night.
Friends will gather by your side.
And the love will take you in his arms,
But suddenly his touch
Will bring to your mind
The touch of another one.
Turning the joyous moment poisonous and bitter.
That is my curse for you, sweetheart dear.

Winter nights will come again
But I will return no more.
Yet you will remember the time
When resting your head on my loving arm
You quietly slept, with only contempt in your heart.
The memory of those days
Will make your bed one of singing thorns,
I forecast.

The tide will come in the river again.
Again the boat will float on a pleasure cruise
With gay and loving company.
And yet, the memory of other voyages,
Of a boat speeding by the dark coast,
And of me sitting close beside

Will haunt you like a ghost relentlessly.
Then will Your tears mingle with your sighs,
Then you will realise..

When Your friend will be imprisoned like me

You will shed bitter tears,
When he will treat You negligently
Your happiness will lie in ruins
Then will You find Your days
Cheerless, dreary and lying.
Then will you realise, how very wrong
You were about me.

The rises will blossom again
Again the stars will shine,
And the pale moon reign in the sky:
Season will follow season in regular order,
But for you
There will be no pleasure.
You will only cry and bewail your lost treasure.

The storm will come,
All tornado will appear,
All ties will break asunder.
And your tiny cottage will tremble in fear.
Then you will remember him
Who will not be by your side.

And you will hanker for his caresses, my dear.
At that hour will you realise.
At that hour will you regret your profuse lies.

The wound in my bosom
That once hurt you so..
Would perhaps appear sweet to. you now.

Tired and weary and forlorn at last
You might now seek it yourself,
And then shall I reappear.
And who knows
You will probably throw yourself
In my arms in a pleasant swoon
And worship me in humility.
Then will you know, my dear,
Then will the final truth be simple and clear.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Destitute (Moru Bhashkar) / The Hapless

The one who was sent for everyone, in his own case
He was deprived of parental affection, a shelter or a place.

So that he will be in tune with all the souls' pain,
The Ever Mysterious sent to this world this hapless chieftain.

For anyone who is an orphan, miserable, or destitute
He would be on his side with the most loving attitude.

Striking him with pain and suffering, again and again
God sent him to the world arena like a needy: simple and plain.

With the divine vision, to be the guide to light
He came to remove the veil of darkness and plight.

In empathy with the world's countless deprived or orphans
He would soothe and wipe tears - according to the Lord's plans.

God sent His beloved depriving all the love,
The friend of the poor, an orphan himself, appeared from above.

The fatherless child then lost his mother - now more pains to learn,
Ah, the beloved of the Divine! The river of his sorrow turned only into an ocean.

[Original: Sharbohara (Bengali)]

Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Destitutes

Encircled by the water-waves of suffering -
the shoal of quicksand,
O insane! Who built a shack there
with your precious hand?
Lightening reveals a new attitude,
Leave this neighborhood, O destitute!
The flowing tear of motherly cloud
is raining over your head; and
The land over there is calling you,
waving its plants and trees' band.
Your daughters are flood-slaughtered -
weeping bitterly,
They are being invited today
by the ocean, motherly.
O boatman! O boatman!
Lift your sail - delay? - no more you can,
Your ride is like a stormy fan,
swinging on the waves of sea.
O boatman! Why more delay?
Lift your anchor, let it be free.
Here in the broken life's span,
your time is almost gone!
Look, your gazelle, O boatman,
eyes at the shore for a new dawn.
Your friends have already begun the voyage,
as the night sets its dark stage,
mat-bound your shoulder's edge,
Don't, any more, live in yawn!
To give up the tie of this bondage,
how much more you need to be overdrawn?
Diamond or jewels, you didn't seek;
Millionaire's rich you didn't cherish;
Your want is of a miserable meek -
That's as small as a potter's dish.
You sought to sleep in peace,
And, a small mat, even if torn, apiece,
A lamp offering light's kiss,
A small shack with a door, is what you wish!
Enough of death's hanging shadow, or illness' hiss,

No more burglars stealing your fish.
O boatman, sail your boat now
toward land, ashore.
From the hard soil
let your soft feet be bloodied, like never before!
You will roam around as a storm;
You will traverse through places of soft or rugged form;
Approaching rains, like dance they perform,
as they swirl from the Indus river's floor.
Come on, the riders of water now
to the land that invites you to its door.

[Original: Sharbohara (Bengali) , Translation by: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Ecstasy Of Creation

In the ecstasy of creation today
Laughs my face, smile my eyes
Glow my boiling blood
In the brook of my shuttered soul
The roaring tide brings the flood.
Streams laughter, tears together
Freedom comes, unity nearer.
Opens my mouth, heart cries
From bitter sorrows bliss arise
There comes the forlorn breast's cry of woe
In the ecstasy of creation today ho!
Comes desolation, breaths dejection
Heart rending sigh beyond creation.
Swelling the sea, blowing the wind, shaking the firmament
Exploding in the space,
God Vishnu's wheel is flying
Sparks in the air,
God Shivas landing - trident.
Behold! the Comet with the meteors
Out to over turn the creation-doors
Watching which today
Flowers of a million garden
Dance in my heart with gay
In the ecstasy of new order today.

Translation: Rezaul Karim Talukdar

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Ecstasy Of Destruction

Come, make merry and rejoice.
There rages the summer storm
 flying the flag of the New and the Young,

There comes he who had not come so long;
 Dancing merrily
 drink we will the joy of destruction.

There comes the Terrible
 like the fierce executioner of eternal time
 across the dark well of death
 through smouldering smoke
 lighting the torch of thunder.

There, listen to his ringing laughter.
Come, make merry and rejoice!

The wavy locks of his hair
 make the sky rock and swing.
Even the ominous comet is at his service.
His blood, like an unsheathed sword,
 rocks the bosom of the father of the universe.
Look, this wild tumultuous tunnoil
 has made the sky and the earth still and numb
Come, make merry and rejoice.

A dozen suns glitter and shine in his burning eyes
And the sorrows of the world cluster in his
 tangled and disheveled hair.

A single dropp of his tear
 makes the seven seas roll and swell.
In his giant arms he crakles the mother-earth
 and cries out, 'Welcome, Destruction! '
Come, comrades, make merry and rejoice, '

Oh, have no fear!
The deluge will soon overtake the universe.
The final hour is fast drawing near.
The rotting old and the dying decrepit
 will now be wiped out for good.
Now at last at the end of the long night of darkness

The glorious dawn will come with a smile
in her soft and tender dress.
Look, there the young moon shines in his unkempt hair.

Its light will fill your room
and make it glow with a strange radiance,
Come, make merry and rejoice!
There he comes flashing his whip of blood and lightning,
directing the passage of eternity.
The neighing of his horse reverberates in the stormy wind
and in the song of thunder.
The blast of his hoofs hits the stars
and scatters them shooting
through the columns of the blue-domed sky.
The gods are all lying in the dead well
of a dark dungeon.

They are tied to the cold stony pillar
of the sacrificial altar.
Indeed this is the time for him
to come triumphantly riding his gorgeous chariot.
O comrades, come, make merry and rejoice!
Why should the sight of destruction frighten you?
All this upheaval is but the birth pain
of a new creation.
There comes the bold new youth
eager to wipe out all that is ugly and decayed.
He comes with' his unkempt hair and careless dress
on the wings of the Deluge
with a smile on his lips.
He is the eternal beauty
who knows how to destroy and build again,

Come, make merry and rejoice!
What fear has he
for whom all this destruction and rebuilding
is but a game?
Come, make merry and rejoice,
and welcome the Beautiful
who comes today in the garb of the Terrible.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Egalitarian

I sing the song
Of equality,
Where all status and class
Become triviality.
The Rendezvous of Hindu, Buddhist,
Muslim or those of Christianity,
I sing the song
Of equality!

Who are you? Persian? Jain?
Shaotal, Til, Garo? Jew?
Confucian? Charvaka-disciple?
Anything else; something new?

My friend!
Be whatever you are,
Or, whatever book or scroll you carry
in your head or on your shoulder.

Vedas, Tripitak,
Or Quran - Puran,
Avesta or another,
read as much as you like or can.

But why this foolhardiness
Whacking your head with all your power,
Why so much haggling in the market,
When at your roadside blooms fresh beautiful flower?

Right in you resides
The essence of all books, of all time,
In every scripture you will find this,
My friend, if you just open your heart sublime.

Your heart hosts faith's essence
And of all that you deem holy,
Your heart is the world-altar
representing all the divine, wholly.

Why do you seek the holy or divine
in the skeletons of scrolls dead?
He smiles behind the curtain
right in your soul-bed.

My friend, believe me
I am not lying,
To bow in your adoration,
All the crowns are dying.

This heart is Kaashi, Mathura,
Brindaban or holy Nile flowing,
It is Buddha's Goya, Jerusalem
Madina, or where Kaba is glowing.

Real mosque, temple, church -
are not distant from this heart,
Sitting here Jesus and Moses
found their awakening to the truth start.

In world's arena Bhagavad-Gita,
Played eternal youth's tune,
In this same field the sheep-grazing prophets'
chord with God was hewn.

Meditating in this cave of the heart
Great Buddha the saint,
Gave up the kingdom
Hearing humanity's pangs go faint.

At this altar the desert's prince
Used to hear the divine call,
From this throne, he also sang
Quran's message of equality of all.

My brother, yes, O my brother,
Wrong I haven't heard,
There isn't any temple or mosque
greater than this heart.

[Original: Shammyobadi (bengali)
Translation by: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Eons In Waiting

Eons go by awaiting in hope's path
Like a desert traveler with no oasis in sight
Years Come and go quenching my thirst with tear drops
Burning the elusive lamp with hopeless mirages
The desert cactus beckons in million melodies.
This desert was a tumultuous sea one time
In my dreams I can still envision, but alas a wandering traveler.
On that sea shore the ship that drowned
Still searching in vain the shipmate rowing along the desert path.

[Original: Jonom Jonom Gelo; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Epic Hero Sabyasachi

Behold, we are saved! There moves
the sky that had so long been obstructed
by a Himalayan Peak!

From underneath the snow on the
highest peak of the Himalayas awaketh
Sabyasachi,

Across the gloom of the Dwaper age
awaketh the great eremite,
Awaketh the great herb of the Mahabharata,
Sayeth: 'I am come! '

Lo! The ethereal firmament of old
doth dance in the jocund streams
of New Life!

Awaketh across the undiscovered
Exile of awful time, Partha the Epic Hero:
His Gandiva Bow is bathed in
dazzling red hue!

The Panchajanya trumpet doth blow,
The chariot and horses are ready,
The fighters give the war-cry,
The forests are tempest-tossed.
The Pandemonium itself is agitated,
In the cradle doth smile life enamoured
of Death!

In every age get a new lease of life
the vanquished forces of Evil,
They are bondsmen of Duryodhana,
hired hell-hounds of Dushashana!

On the bloody fields of Lanka
and Kurukshetra,
In the greedy eyes of the demon
of avarice,

On the scaffold, in the
whipping Prison house,
These emissaries of Satan are
well-known!

Is it the idea that no body shall
have to pay the penalty for it?
Nemesis turns full circle!

Today the highest, tomorrow the lowest:
Today a victor, tomorrow a victim:
In a cottage is born the King's antagonist;
Within the prison walls of a Tyrant Kansa
 is born his future Killer:
Nrisingha the Redeemer bursts
 out of the breast which is
 kicked by the Tyrant:.
Today they humiliate a man,
Tomorrow they call him Father:
One who is held in perpetual
 duress suddenly becomes worthy
 of praise by all countries:
Hark the trumpet sound!
Sankar awakes, apprehensions are gone!
There wails Sita the fortune of
Bharata in her captivity within
 the walls of Lanka!
And before her eyes shall burn
 tomorrow the funeral pyre
 of Ravana!
In every age doth come under an
 ever-new flag the great warrior,
And Eternal god acts as his Charioteer!
In every age is revealed the Gita
 to redeem from tyranny the just
 cause of a Pandava army!
Whenever a Sate, symbolical of
 freedom, gives away her
 life on the great Sacrifice of Daksha,
 where there is no Siva, the
 result is that the 'head of a
 Prajapati falls under the mighty
 stroke of a Siva's scimitar!
Behold, Falgooni doth come to
 initiate all into new mantras!
Wake! Arise! Ye Youths,
Sleep no more under the
Spell of a false message of Peace!
Many a Dadhichi gave his bones,
Yet the creation is not empty of
 the demons!

By weaving yam we want to achieve
 freedom, and bide our time!
Gird up your loins, Ye Youths,
We are getting paralyzed under
 the fakse promise of a handloom!
By thy right hand tear off the
 fettters and by thy left let go
 the arrow, O warrior of the age,
 and appear in thy own splendour
 in this land of unarmed Prisoners!
We worshipped and got a plantain:
So, we invoke thee, O great hero!
Have the holder of the chakra in
 the seat of the charioteer:
We, votaries of Truth, can no longer
 stand the massacre of Truth!
After having killed a mosquito,
 the gun thunders - 'I have Killed revolution.'
Our right hands are hand-cuffed,
 our left hands kill flies.
We obey a multiplicity of superstitions
 and thus survive with a tuft of hair
 on our head and an ancient heard!
Thus surviving we are about to die,
O Sabyasachi! Give us something
 so that we may die and live!

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Eternal Child

O the nameless eternal child
you have come across unknown lands,
what ornament of name you have put on!
What a prison it is for the chainless!

Tell me, by what name I'll call you again
to my heart's content,
you lost your way from this home
where you lived, where you do come back
over and over again losing your own name.

O my sweet dear,
you are the radiant pearl of my dark home
filling the hungry home with little butter
your tiny hand has brought.

That today in intimate happiness
a sea of wailing swells up in my bosom
to call you by a new name,
who is there to stop my voice
my mind, too, utterly dejected.

You came from settling down, O traveller
stepping toward rising up.

[Original: Chiro Shishu; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Ferry Boat

Behold! Pilgrims come at night
To board the ferry boat,
What's it that roars like thunder bolt?
Or is it the trumpet of universal doom?
And the storms and tempests deepen in the horizon!

See in the sea of sin dance high waves!
The terrible Night of death awful naked!
The demon swallows the universe outright
In fear tremble the helpless sinners of the boat.

Enveloped in darkness pitch dark 'Qiyamat' night,
Hopeless to cross the sea are drowned the passengers,
With sudden violence the rolling clouds roar,
And terrible lightnings appear,
And the Night trembles with trumpet sound!

Across such tempestuous sea
In cataclysmic dance,
Whose boat is it that fearlessly
 plugs the waves-
In defiance of the thundering noise of the sea,
And the threatening trumpet sound of Doom.

Lo! Innocent are these pilgrims
Of the path of virtue.
Pure is their heart, well-protected
With the armor of truth
They are not frightened
Even by the fall of a thunderbolt;
Ahmad (Peace be upon him) is the Boatman,
And the Boat is replete with all requirements.
Abu Bakr, Usman, Umar, Ali Haider,
Are the crew of this Boat.
So, the passengers need not fear!
The Boatman and his companions
Are all expert hands,
And 'Allah has no partner'
Is the burden of their songs!

On the admiral-staff is unfurled
The sail of salvation,
From Paradise strew heaps
of flowers the flowery Huries.
O pilgrims for the other shore!
Sing loudly your 'Sari'- songs
With your heads down with humility,
And eyes full of a soft and serene expression
Of love and benignity.
Vain and futile are the threats
Of the sea-in-anger,
And howling tempests,
Behold the Pilgrims of Truth
Are safe on the other shore!

[Original: Kheya Parer Toroni; Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The First Bud Of Love

The first bud of love withers away at the first moment of meeting;
He did not heed her pleas, but flew into the deep woods.
The spring air blooms all flowers,
Alas! my flower wilts away;
Every home lights up, but my lamp flickers away at twilight
Garland of wild flowers cry out around my neck,
I sob in solace rolling in the dusty road like torn ivy.
With intolerable thirst at the mouth of the sea
Fall down on the sandy breast of the shore
Taking me for a smoky cloud, the bird ignores me
I scathe from the fire of your absence.

[Original: Prothom Moner Koli; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Martyr's Eid

The martyr's Eid has come today.
On the martyr's head rests his blood-stained cap.
In the name of God he begs of us all;
 Make your offerings of God
 who is more dear to you than your most
 precious jewellery.
I want no false pearls,
no cheap trickery

I want no cow, no lamb, no camel.
What, after all, do such gifts mean?
They are petty and false.
 I want true Korbani,
 I do not want any hypocritical offerings.
What is needed to uphold Islam's prestige
 is your life and the life of your son.
Can you offer these?
Is there anywhere a true Muslim?

You cheat, you swindler,
do not shame yourself any more.
Do you want to acquire virtue
 by offering cows as bribes?
Even if you somehow manage
to cross the Pulserat with your cows
what answer will you give
to your prophet Mohammad?

When he will ask you, O unfaithful,
 what have you done for Islam?
Letting Islam go to hell
 you have come to heaven yourself!
O demon, greedy for false sanctity,
 utterly selfish to the core!
Don't let me ever see your face.
I blush at your shameless conduct.

You help cows to cross the bridge to Heaven
while your own children you lead to Hellfire.

Through false affection you send your sons
to Hell.

Your sacrifice goats and cows
and make them blessed.

They go to Heaven
while you bemoan your cursed fate!

One who saves only his own skin
is not a true Muslim.

He is a cheat, a terrible hypocrite.

Islam says, Let us all be saved,.

Live and let live!

Sacrifice for God your life and soul
and all your riches,
earn truly and honestly the blessing of heaven!
Heaven has no room for selfishness.

Allowing Islam to go to the dogs

You boast that you are a Muslim!

Truly you are Godless, a hypocrite.

You lick the boots of those

who butcher-Islam,

You are nothing but their vile slaves.

Your fasts and your prayers are all soulless shows.

With not an ounce of sacrifice

You only masquerade as Godfearing men.

Money and wealth you can amass

with great diligence,

but when you are asked to make a sacrifice

you cringe and look pale

What price your prayers then?

You have gorged your food like pigs,

You have grown fat, ugly and stupid.

Now, please, offer yourselves as sacrifice,

only thus can Islam and you be saved.

Only through your sacrifice

can Islam break the shackles of its bondage

and rise up glorious and free.

This is the song that Kemal Pasha sings!

Carefully shielding your children
You look longingly at Paradise.
You think you will smoothly cross the bridge to Heaven,
because you have sacrificed
 one full cow for seven men.
You think that that is enough.
You think that that will take care
 of all your sins!

You treacherous rogue!
Don't you know that God is all-powerful,
that He sees through all your machinations?
You fool, do you want to trick God
 with your false trappings?

On the Day of Judgement will you meet
 your final humiliation!

Islam is about to sink.
A dark cloud engulfs it today.
Come, like Ifice again
what you hold dearest to your heart.
Let your sons be zabihullah,
let everything go overboard,
 only hold fast to truth.
Let all mothers be like mother Hajera of old!

It was only in his dream
that Ibrahim heard God's command
 to offer a sacrifice to Him;
while you are now witnessing
 in broad daylight
Islam's pitiable plight.
God is testing you today.
He has laid a wager with His friend.

As long as you are a flock of stupid sheep,
as long as you remain a slave nation,
 timid and weak,
please offer no animal to God as sacrifice.
That will go in vain,
and you will remain viler

than the beasts you kill.

Rather put to death the beasts
that lurk in your heart.

It will give a respite to the animals,
and will be a noble deed on your part.
How can a butcher talk of holy sacrifice?
The Eid is not for the likes of us,
It is for those valiant sons
who are themselves valiant martyrs.

Please offer animals as sacrifice
only when you are again free and independent,
only when Islam will be once more free
of all tyranny and oppression.

Let all the blood spilled at the time of Korbani
rise like a flame
and burn all tyrants to cinders,
leaving not the slightest trace!

Ameen, Rabbul Alameen!
Ameen, Rabbul Alameen! !

[Original: Shohidi Eid; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Month Of Poush

Lo! Winter comes!
She comes across an ocean of sorrow and tears.
Beware! Beware!
She comes from behind the horizon enveloped
 in thick mist.
With her advent, alas! in the leafy forest
A farewell dirge seems to go round
The parting Day (Ah me!) casts a sad look
Losing as she does-the Evening Star that
 lights her path.
See! Winter sets in -
She represents the sadness of the year's
 journey, a loss of Eternity,
The farewell season of ripe paddy,
 the dread of new arrival-
Beware! Beware! She is come! -
Dry breath, and Oh! the choked voice
 of a farewell deeply laden with tears -
Arise, wayfarer! Thou hast to cover
 a long distance casting a sad look
 from thy black eyes.

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Moon Descended

The moon descended from your sky'
to play in sea-water,
the embankment is erected
lest it does not flee, far and near,

No more to sleep, no more;
the thief moved around and broke the doors;
now take the thief captive under your arms,
shedding tears to your heart's content.

[Original: Shagor jole khelte elo; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The More I Take Muhammad's Name

The more I take Muhammad's name
The sweeter it seems to me.
Who knew before that in this name
So much of honey could be!

For the honey of this very name,
The bee of my mind doth hum and flirt
And for the love of this very name,
I have lost my hunger and thirst!

Dearest to me is this name,
Which, like Majnun, I take:
And the nightingale sings
In the rose-bower of my soul
For this name's sake!

For this very name I roam
And wend my way in life:
For this very name I do discard
Even the kingly throne!
May this name, a God! This blessed name
My mind perpetually pervade!

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The More You Elude Me

The more you elude me, oh my lord, the more intense in my
craving for you.

Whenever you hide from me I look for you frantically.

You conceal yourself in variety of colourful guises

Still my restless mind, I don't know why, pursues you
tirelessly.

Why did you give me so much capacity for love if you
decreed me tears

When will this exhausting game of hide and seek come to an end?

I can no longer endure thee vain comings and goings, such long waiting.

I weep so much that, I have no tears left.

[Original: Joto nahi pai devta; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Muslims No Longer Rise

The Muslims no longer rise
With the same old fervour of faith,
With which they conquered the world apace

Burnt and bleak is the bower of birds
whose chirpings changed the fate of worlds,
And during the days of revolt
The Obedience to Allah brought!

No more is Siddiq's Sincerity!
No more is Umar's Sacrifice!
No more is Bilal's Faith!
No more is Ali's Zulfiqar! N
No more are Martyrs now
For Allah's Cause, to fight with vow

Our arms no longer strong!
Khalid, Musa and Tarik are gone!
Gone is the peacock's Throne!
To-day the beggars play the ruling role !

Islam only in the books,
And the Muslims in the graves.

[Original in Bangla: Jage na she loye ar; Kazi Nazrul Islam
Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Necklace

On your wedding my two hands
will deck you with a necklace;
if my eyes are filled with tears,
I will wipe them with the same hands;
darling, yet the necklace I will deck you with.

[Original: Tomar bibahe; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Nightingale Is Silent

The bulbul bird is silent in the nargis garden
Listening to the laments of the fallen flower
In spring next to the lovers tomb young poet sobs in solace
Pensive sky is still with clouds burdened with water
Next to the barmaids glass of wine, tears of sorrow roll like buds
The heart broken moon stares with melancholy eyes.

[Original: Bulbuli nirrob; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Poet's Queen

You love me and so I am a poet.
My present form - that's the image of your loving.
The sky, the wind, the morning light
the evening star of the parting day
the scarlet sun of the east -
they all caress me with the warmth of intimacy
and love me because you love me.
My own self lay enwrapped in your love
your sudden advent heralded a new hope for me.
You steal into my presence
and play a melody upon my lance
transmuted into a flute,
all the ceremony of my worship
is the oblation for your soul.
My verses of triumph
are the garlands, all for you.
My present form -
that's the image of your loving.

[Translation: Zakeria Shirazi]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Rebel

Say, Valiant,
Say: High is my head!

Looking at my head
Is cast down the great Himalayan peak!
Say, Valiant,
Say: Ripping apart the wide sky of the universe,
Leaving behind the moon, the sun, the planets
and the stars
Piercing the earth and the heavens,
Pushing through Almighty's sacred seat
Have I risen,
I, the perennial wonder of mother-earth!
The angry God shines on my forehead
Like some royal victory's gorgeous emblem.
Say, Valiant,
Ever high is my head!

I am irresponsible, cruel and arrogant,
I am the king of the great upheaval,
I am cyclone, I am destruction,
I am the great fear, the curse of the universe.
I have no mercy,
I grind all to pieces.
I am disorderly and lawless,
I trample under my feet all rules and discipline!
I am Durjati, I am the sudden tempest of ultimate summer,
I am the rebel, the rebel-son of mother-earth!
Say, Valiant,
Ever high is my head!

I am the hurricane, I am the cyclone
I destroy all that I found in the path!
I am the dance-intoxicated rhythm,
I dance at my own pleasure,
I am the unfettered joy of life!
I am Hambeer, I am Chhayanata, I am Hindole,
I am ever restless,
I caper and dance as I move!

I do whatever appeals to me, whenever I like,
I embrace the enemy and wrestle with death,
I am mad. I am the tornado!
I am pestilence, the great fear,
I am the death of all reigns of terror,
I am full of a warm restlessness for ever!
Say, Valiant,
Ever high is my head!

I am creation, I am destruction,
I am habitation, I am the grave-yard,
I am the end, the end of night!
I am the son of Indrani
With the moon in my head
And the sun on my temple
In one hand of mine is the tender flute
While in the other I hold the war bugle!
I am the Bedouin, I am the Chengis,
I salute none but me!
I am thunder,
I am Brahma's sound in the sky and on the earth,
I am the mighty roar of Israfil's bugle,
I am the great trident of Pinakpani,
I am the staff of the king of truth,
I am the Chakra and the great Shanka,
I am the mighty primordial shout!
I am Bishyamitra's pupil, Durbasha the furious,
I am the fury of the wild fire,
I burn to ashes this universe!
I am the gay laughter of the generous heart,
I am the enemy of creation, the mighty terror!
I am the eclipse of the twelve suns,
I herald the final destruction!
Sometimes I am quiet and serene,
I am in a frenzy at other times,
I am the new youth of dawn,
I crush under my feet the vain glory of the Almighty!

I am the fury of typhoon,
I am the tumultuous roar of the ocean,
I am ever effluent and bright,
I trippingly flow like the gaily warbling brook.

I am the maiden's dark glassy hair,
I am the spark of fire in her blazing eyes.
I am the tender love that lies
In the sixteen year old's heart,
I am the happy beyond measure!
I am the pining soul of the lovesick,
I am the bitter tears in the widow's heart,
i am the piteous sighs of the unlucky!
I am the pain and sorrow of all homeless sufferers,
i am the anguish of the insulted heart,
I am the burning pain and the madness of the jilted lover!

I am the unutterable grief,
I am the trembling first touch of the virgin,
I am the throbbing tenderness of her first stolen kiss.
I am the fleeting glance of the veiled beloved,
I am her constant surreptitious gaze.
I am the gay gripping young girl's love,
I am the jingling music of her bangles!
I am the eternal-child, the adolescent of all times,
I am the shy village maiden frightened by her own budding youth.
I am the soothing breeze of the south,
I am the pensive gale of the east.
I am the deep solemn song sung by the wondering bard,
I am the soft music played on his lyre!
I am the harsh unquenched mid-day thirst,
I am the fierce blazing sun,
I am the softly trilling desert spring,
I am the cool shadowy greenery!
Maddened with an intense joy I rush onward,
I am insane! I am insane!
Suddenly I have come to know myself,
All the false barriers have crumbled today!
I am the rising, I am the fall,
I am consciousness in the unconscious soul,
I am the flag of triumph at the gate of the world,
I am the glorious sign of man's victory,
Clapping my hands in exultation I rush like the hurricane,
Traversing the earth and the sky.
The mighty Borrak is the horse I ride.
It neighs impatiently, drunk with delight!
I am the burning volcano in the bosom of the earth,

I am the wild fire of the woods,
I am Hell's mad terrific sea of wrath!
I ride on the wings of the lightning with joy and profound,
I scatter misery and fear all around,
I bring earth-quakes on this world!

I am Orpheus's flute,
I bring sleep to the fevered world,
I make the heaving hells temple in fear and die.
I carry the message of revolt to the earth and the sky!
I am the mighty flood,
Sometimes I make the earth rich and fertile,
At another times I cause colossal damage.
I snatch from Bishnu's bosom the two girls!
I am injustice, I am the shooting star,
I am Saturn, I am the fire of the comet,
I am the poisonous asp!
I am Chandi the headless, I am ruinous Warlord,
Sitting in the burning pit of Hell
I smile as the innocent flower!
I am the cruel axe of Parsurama,
I shall kill warriors
And bring peace and harmony in the universe!
I am the plough on the shoulders of Balarama,
I shall uproot this miserable earth effortlessly and with ease,
And create a new universe of joy and peace.
Weary of struggles, I, the great rebel,
Shall rest in quiet only when I find
The sky and the air free of the piteous groans of the oppressed.
Only when the battle fields are cleared of jingling bloody sabres
Shall I, weary of struggles, rest in quiet,
I the great rebel.

I am the rebel eternal,
I raise my head beyond this world,
High, ever erect and alone!

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Red Torch Of Islam

Lit around, far and near,
The crimson Torch of Islami light
Once again!
O Thou heedless ! Thou too rise
And light thy lamp of soul
Once again!

Under the guidance great
Of Mustafa Kamal; the Brave
Fighter of Freedom for the land,
Turkey has risen again.
With the crimson crown of glory
On its head replaced!

Stepping in tune
With Reza Pahlavi's step
Even the barren Iran has risen
From its sleep prostrate!

Forgetting slavery,
Up is Egypt from sleep
Under Zughlul's lead,
Mad with life's zest!
Forgetting the shame and pain
Of the unpleasant recollection,
Awake in Hijaz,
Ibn-i-Saud, the Nejd Arab!

Under Amanullah's touch, in Kabul,
Has appeared a new AI-Mahmood!
Having saved from death
decadent Morocco.

Karim, the Kamal of the Riffs,
Has chosen to embrace
The rigours of prison, once again! [end of page 513]

In Greater Iraq, up from sleep,
Is Faisal, the new Harunur-Rasheed !

Awake is Bait-ul-Muqaddas, and see
How Syria discards its sleep!

Only the heedless Muslims of Hind.
Hundred millions indeed.
Refuse to give up their sleep!

Like Companions of the Cave.
We have been sleeping for centuries.
Bragging and dreaming
How in the dim distant past
Some one amongst us
Had the privilege of ruling!

If we rise, the world must shake
And tremble at our feet.
In terror dazed!

[Original in Bangla: Dike dike puno joliya utthiche; Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Resurgence (Islamic Lyric)

There sounds the drum!
There on the ruined tower, dark and blank,
Flutters the once-mighty flag.
Raise your head, mussalmans,
Gird your loins and advance
The call of the New Age has come.

With the Kalma on your lips
And the sabre swinging against your hips,
With the fiery enthusiasm of Islam ill your
Shake off your lethargy and start.
With the love of Allah in your soul
Answer the call and take up your role.

There is nothing for you to dread.
You have that glorious amulet,
The Holy Quran, tied round your neck.
A pity that you overslept
And missed the Fazr prayer.
Neither did you awaken
When the Zohr did beckon.
And the Asr prayer you whiled away
In idleness and play.
The call for the Mughrib has also sounded.
You must hurry now to the Esha prayer.

Some room is still available there,
We are not really
Creatures of pomp and luxury.
Our Calipha once over half the universe
Dressed in clothes no better than beggars.
Once we only desired death
In the cause of our faith,

But now such a people as our's
Are numbed in a drunken stupor
While outside there rages a violent storm.

We had nothing but a dry piece of bread,

But we had a mighty faith and none did we dread,
A noble spirit of sacrifice we possessed.
And we moved from place to place without sleep or rest,
Always as victors great.

Let us bring back to our life
That faith and spirit of sacrifice:
Let the cry of Allah-o-Akbar
Resound in the lips of all.
Let the world tremble again
At the sound of that clarion call.

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The River Is Anjana

The name of the river is Anjana, on its bank dances Khanjana!
Not a bird but his black eyes dance -
I will not go to Anajna to fetch water anymore
Those dark eyes will not leave me alone
The other day I went to pick some ripe greens, my friend
But could not finish picking as I remembered those attracting eyes
Pain filled up down to the bottom of my heart
On my way home, I saw the dark greens on the river bank
I remembered again his dark eyes;
Tears mingled with the river water.

[Original: Nodir naam shoi Anjana; Translation: Kashfia Billah]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Run-Away

O Chakravaki! What distant melodious
call of a known flute hast thou heard?

O my fugitive Bird!

What lost abode dost thou remember?

What paradise of thy dream?

O my Fugitive!

Tears flood thy unsteady eyes,

Tell, O tell me hat long-lost mother
calleth thee?

There under the shades of dusk from
the distant horizon some deep magic
spell beckoneth thee

Dost thou know who it is? O my wayward one!

Out of the fullness of heart and from the
depths of love it seems to call, Come,

Come, O Come,

Be in my lap, O my tyrant child,

O my fugitive Bird!

The south wind blowing over the forest,

Dose thy mother call thee now by raising
her hand, O Dear?

Dost thou, after all, distinguish thy kin
from one who isn't thy kin?

So, at the very peep of dawn descends
dusk on my low-roofed house!

The sheaves of paddy, or the secret call of Shyama
Dear! prey, tell me

What startled thee and made thee break thy bonds?

The eyes are overflowed with tears,

Who hath made thee drink Hemlock

. of evergreen tender love?

It seems of a sudden some young hare
startles and cries

'O Come, come, come

Come, O my dear Child,'

To the forest come back, O thou

Chakrabaki of the wood!

O Fickle Fugitive! . ,

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Summer Air

Thou art lost in darkness, and I do not find thee,
Between thee and me today is the difference
of seven seas

Today is thy birthday
On the sea-shore of Memory sleepless
grope for the endless darkness That
envelops thee,

It is here that thou art lost whom I found
as a garland lying unclaimed on the path,

Empty was the cool, black water of the bottomless lake,
Why didst thou blossom there like a lotus of pain?
Thou didst radiate the face of the
dark lake,

Agitate the breast of the unruffled wave,
Who is the worshipper that tore off?
What stony floor of what deity is
now covered with thy petals?

The boat laden with the lost treasure
Of the sunset ferry cometh every
morn to return it to the hamlet
of sunrise

I stay on the place,
Where's my treasure, Oh?
The waves of the river mercilessly strike
on my breast,
Amid the rowd, I look for thy ever known
lotus like feet.

Again bloweth the summer breeze
and my mind is in tumult,
Such air once wafted thee to me
Again the black bride of the bees
Sucks the Mahua-honey and gets
intoxicated and the whole forest
of Mahua-trees seems to dance
in ecstasy.

The south wind enamoured of
flowers sends a thrill through the
entire woodland.

I remember Tagar, Chapa, Bel, Chameli, Jui,
Flowers whose branches willingly yielded
to the honey-making Bee
And thou didst smile while bending the branch,
And blush as red as the rose
The land-lily felt proud of a touch of
thy warm cheeks,
The Bakul branch became anxious
and the earth underfoot seemed to tremble

The Nightingale sang the Gaze of Mid-summer night,
At mid-day was heard the wail of the pigeon
The dew-drops lovely as stars
Falling from the cluster of Sajney flowers
Seemed to scatter lumps of
paddy over swinging braided locks.
In the hot air was heard the lone voice
of the king-fisher.

Beneath the peyal tree, a full cup
of honey collected from the Palash flowers,
The wild Santal girl drank while clinging
to the neck of her lover
From behind the scene thou didst see it,
And say, 'I like it'
In thy braided hair I did then put a
Champa flower and on thy lip, honey
And from the branch of a Hizal tree
came the call of a bird;
'O my bride! Speak out! '

The gallinule shouted and the water-pigeon
danced in the marshy land full of water,
In the sky the sea-gull looking
like two joint eyebrows,
Suddenly to put feet in the water,
The lake of dark-blue water trembled
And the lotus opened her eyes
The vast dark-blue lake seemed

to touch thy large eyes

The languid noon was long
 past, now afternoon too is over,
Sleep renders sluggish the feet of the
Ghumti river wearing a string of small bells
The conch is blown in the temple,
Evening descends on the forest,
O, who hath pasted wet darkness
 on the branches of the Jhaw tree?
The lyre of the meadow singeth a
 fascinating melancholy note

The blossoms themselves become
 wild, where are we?
Dost thou put mango-blossom
 in thy braided look?
Or dost thou, Dear, wash thy face
 again with the cool water of green coconut?
Or dost thou join the separated
 eyebrows with the golden fragment
 of the butterfly's wings to make them
 radiantly beautiful. .

In place of blossoms there appear today
 mangoes in many a cluster,.
Rose-berries bursting with rich juice
 fall down,
Kamranga fruits take a red hue for
 a stout sweet bite of thine
Remembering thy cheeks, the gratefulness
 of thy breast
Zamrul fruits full of juice to the brim
cry 'alas' who will appreciate them

From thy eyes I collected looks,
Intending to weave a garland - but
 now I miss the thread.
Those looks in the shape of blue lotuses
Fill today the lake of my heart,
The lotus thorn cuts me to the quick,
And my breast is be-decked with

the Sat-nari garland made of tears

I am groping in darkness for the harbour
Where lies my bark,
From across the sea of memory cometh
 fragrance from the orange blossoms
In the Shal woods on the outskirts of the hill
Poison-like blue color deepens,
There appears at dusk the moon
 looking like Yahudi earring.

Alas! I roam benighted now in another village
Where art thou? Where am I? We met
 last in Chaitra last,
The same month again goes way wailing
 for thee - Where art thou?
In my throat one voice and one alone goes wailing
Where dost thou build thy hut?
Dost thou as before keep wakeful
 night in expectation of me?
I seek for the lost thread where I first found it,
At the ferry, Dear, I do moor my boat,

Perchance in this boat thou wilt place
 thy rosy feet,
Again thy happy, magic touch
Will give the boat a trilling start,
The self-same boat will carry both
 to-a-village never-to-be-lost,
At the ferry, Dear, I do keep my boat.

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The War Drum

O come, come along!
There sounds the war-drum
from beyond the vast deep.

O come, come along!
Islam is about to die.
The devils have taken over,
they brag and rejoice,
they crush under their feet
the skulls of martyrs.

O come, come along! Die if you must,
but let not your manhood be disgraced!
Grab the crest of the gale
in the iron fist of a Muslim,
sound the horn and unfurl the flag.
The heroes are eager to fight,
listen not to the soft words of the cowards!
Your honour and life are at stake today!

O come, come along!
There sounds the war-drum
from beyond the vast deep.

O come, come along!
There you can hear the ringing of the weapons!
Alas, how can one stay away
and tolerate this disgrace?
O come, come along!

Your brothers look at you
with pensive eyes.
Oh, how ashamed it makes me feel!
Won't the sword flash out yet
in your hands?

Won't the flood in your veins
dance with joy
as you hear the war-drums beat?

O come, come along!

We are vigorous and full of life,
In our hands alone does the sword
find a fitting place!
Ignoble are they who fall in a faint
and kiss the ground with chains
around their neck. How dare a cur kick at a lion?
Will an elephant be moulded by a jackal?
There you can hear the ringing of the weapons
O come, come along!

There sound the war-drums, t
here sound the battle-cries!
There the lion-hearted heroes roar!
O come, come along!
Give up all sadness of the mind,
abandon your chest of wealth,
take up arms, and let your heart beat
with a noble rage!

O come, come along,
dance with joy, and fight for justice and truth!
come, brother, give up your life today
in the name of Allah!
See how the battle-cry of Faith
resound throughout the earth and the sky!
Hear the roars go up:
'No giving up today
Only taking over! '
Be ready now for the supreme sacrifice! .

Oh, all glory is about to disappear!
O come, come along!
There you can hear the ringing of the arms,
there you can hear the war-drums beat!
O come, come along!

Don your battle dress!
Will you hide your face in shame?
How far is the land
where everyday heroes celebrate

the festival of death
and spill gaily the blood of the foe?
Put on the attire of the brave
and rush to the land of those heroic people.
Today men of a captive land
go to secure the freedom of a free country!

O come, come along!
Say: Long live truth!
Long live the heroic and the noble!
Let the timids die!

As women hear the war-drums beat
they too laugh happily and clap their hands,
they too rush to the battle-field!
We want to fight!
We want to fight!

So beat the drum,
put your helmet on,
hold aloft the sword in your hand
For justice and truth we fight,
clad in crimson clothes are we!

O come, come along!
There sound the war-drums,
there they don the battle-dress!
O come, come along
There the bugler sounds the call for war
at the door of the seige,
there the canons break out in a song!
O come, come along!
There sound the war-drums,
there sound the battle-cries!
Come, raise your voice now
like the great Hazrat Ali's,
there is nothing to fear!

You will surely slay the false giant,
you will surely make truth prevail!
Have no fear as you march along
to kill your foe!

We are bold and fearless,
there is no timidity in our blood.
Holding high the standard of truth and justice
we shall destroy tile tyrants.
We are invincible,
we are full of love;
yet we can bear at ease our chest
before the sword!

The fighters are we,
we he long to the breed of real martyrs,
we gladly embrace death
fighting the tyrants.
Smilingly we receive the thrust
of the sword
On our breast.

We sing the victory of Freedom!
O come, come along!
There sound the war-drums
from beyond the vast deep! !

[Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Wine Of God's Love

Drunk with tile wine of divine love
I am oblivious of all.
Abandoning the mosque my leader comes this way
I hear him call.
At the end of worldlines,
For my prayers and fasting
I seek not of God
Heaven's blessings.
As Qais loved Laili
And the world forgot,
As Farhad loved Shirin
And the world remembered not,
So do I love my God
With whom I have merged my lot.
The moth is not afraid of being burnt to death
It rushes to the fire.
The sea cannot quench the skylark's thirst
The rain water does the bird desire.
The chakor pines for the moon
Though she is up in the sky.
The sunflower hungers for the sun
Though far far away does it lie.
In the same way do I seek my God,
No calculations make I.

[Original in Bangla: Khodar premer sharab piye; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

The Worshipper

After all, at this late hour,
Beloved!

Like a whirlwind blind with dust
Day and Night
When I

Dance about in a blood-red Death-game
At long last, at this eleventh hour
It is revealed to me that! know thee through
all Eternity.

Worshipper!

Thy voice, thy tune shaming the dove,
Thy eye, thy face,
Thy eye-brow, forehead, cheek,
Thy beauty that knows no equal,
Thy wanton ear-ring swinging to and fro
in dance surpassing a swan
I know, I know all!
Hence, after all, I

Standing on the one, weary, hopeless
and dreary beach of life
From the depths of my fainting heart
Cry for thee and thee alone,
Beloved!

Calling by the sweetest name which is constantly
on my lips as a sacred name on the rosary.
I weep with it -

In my broken voice do I cry, I know thee,
I do, do, do know,

Thou art not one with laurels of victory - nor
art thou a beggar-maid,

Thou art virgin nymph, daughter of an
hermit, thou art my eternal worshipper!

Through ages, thou hast loved this hard-hearted one,
Burning thy own self, thou hast kindled light
in my breast,

Many a time thou hast made me a debtor
to thy worship.

I know thee, Beloved, I do, do, do know through
Eternity.

I oft recognize thee in the sun-set
of life, at the hour of death,
Then after recognition
Thou dost go elsewhere.
Leaving me on the lone, deserted
Farewell-raft.
Sitting at the end of the day, bathed in tears,
I recall her far-off, distant memory
I remember the sad, silent welcome night
of mine that came at the close of spring
When my eyes feasted upon thine and were blessed,

Till then a simple, happy boy - my
youth did not put forth blossoms,
Like approaching, aching, eager Dawn
Half-asleep, half-awake was my boyhood,
My rosy nights went blooming
Free of all barriers, ,
Like a whirlwind spontaneously moving
Or the speed of fiery lyrics, or
laughter that knows no end
A wandering traveller from far afar,
I took thee
And along with thee
Came tearful eyes and pangs of homeless forlorn
heart-
Thou didst come at night, at peep of Dawn,
I sang 'Awake, Beloved, Awake! '
Thou didst rise from sleep, thou didst come to me,
And looking at my face didst smile a
melancholy smile -
At thy smile I wept - whose tame bird distressed
art thou, now deprived of thy forest
home?

O the message of thine eyes! methought
That voice, that tune of mine
Laden with sadness of separation,
And reverberating in the forest,
Which invites the south wind, causes
the flower to blossom and charms the wild doe,
Thou hast known all of myself since the dawn of
creation!

Then, that midnight I did sing
 plaintive notes choked with tears of that
 unhonoured send-off and wounded feelings.
I did not know whom by the incantation of a song
I wanted then to imprison in my
 ever-desolate forlorn heart
Only this I do know that the shade of
 thy love-enkindled eyes untimely roused from sleep
 Fell upon my eyes.

I saw, too, in the expression of those eyes,
A flood of light mixed with surprise and delight,
A flow of fascination born of profound pain,
With silent sympathy was trembling the love-lorn heart

 In the likeness of the dark night
To my thirsty eyes was expectantly welcome,
Worshipper! that sweet, tender light
 kindled in the lamp of thy eyes!

Then, at the close of singing .
With a smile I think I called thee near, by the
 name

Suddenly didst thou storm with a pent up
 feeling of self-respect offended
 (Who knoweth why) .

Like a canoe trembled thy serene eyes
 Secured with eye brows,
The swelling water through the mouth
 of the fount of agony
 Fell in torrents!

Such flood of tears gushing out of thy
 depths on a little caress

Where didst thou get, O Neglected!
 my wandering Beloved?

 Tell me, O tell!

 On this broken bosom,
Pillow thy bright face bathed in tears
 With a thrill of bashful joy
 And tell me, a tell!

Why seeing me art thou overwhelmed with
 an undefined feeling?

Why at my call such abundance of tears
 overflows thy eyes?

An unknown vagrant wayfarer am I,
 Seeing me why tears start to thy
 virgin eyes serene?
 Others laugh at me;
 A happy, secure nest is burnt at
 the very touch of my accursed hot breath,
 Taking it to be a jewel some people
 wear it as a garland,
 But when it turns to be a venomous serpent
 And bites them in the breast,
 Forthwith they trample it under foot!
 With one who is disliked, hated and
 disregarded by the world,
 Forlorn Beloved! Why dost thou
 play this sad game
 For one why this secret sensibility?
 On what right
 The mere calling by name doth cause pain to thee?
 Art thou loved by nobody? Art thou
 tenderly taken by nobody? Art thou
 tenderly taken by none?
 From birth art thou neglected as
 a Beggar maid? And for that
 Such abundant flow of tears and
 Such offended spirit exciting compassion?
 No, not even that
 In a forlorn voice while resting on the breast
 Who doth in forlorn sensitiveness Say
 'No, not even that'!
 I saw hundreds come to this house,
 Many of their own accord take thee on their breast,
 Still yet in thy eyes and face is writ
 large a deep discontent and a profound
 Pining for love!
 Why at my sight doth so much nectar
 of love overflow thy breast?
 O Mystry! My Queen!
 Nobody doth know
 Thou knowest not
 Nor do I know.
 Love alone knoweth, heart alone doth feel
 From whence cometh such poignancy of

Spontaneous attraction of heart to heart.
 Even without understanding it, I understood
 That day, O unknown! that thou
 art eternally known to me, thou my
 neglected Sita in every successive birth!
 Thou hermit's daughter deserting thy forest home,
 Eternal virginity; thy tray of offerings to Gods
 I broke in every age, thy garland I tore
 In mere sport; ever-silent, ever languishing
 under a curse, O heavenly damsel!
 In silence didst thou suffer
 O thou Simple! Simply hast thou
 Known thou art my-Queen of
 Victory, myself thy Poet.
 Then, towards the end of night
 Sitting by thy side
 I heard thy melodious song,
 Half-interrupted by bashfulness,
 tremblingly pathetic
 Oft the voice reminded me
 Of some dim, half-remembered,
 half-forgotten, long-lost thing,
 Singing in choked voice 'O thou'!
 When Krishna went to Mathura and forgot
 his beloved Radhika,
 Methink, she wept out her forlorn
 heart singing such sweetest saddest song.
 With a breast afflicted by neglect,
 it was much like Lalita's lamentation
 in secret hour!
 Perhaps in lonely forest, alone, wandering,
 Damayanti sang in such tired voice
 Calling her husband who was left behind!
 Perhaps sad Sakuntala remembering her husband
 Wept with the forest creepers singing
 in such tune, in secret leafy nook!
 Perhaps on the peak of the Hem-giri mountain
 The long-lost Sati in the person of Uma
 Addressed Bholanath in such ever known voice!
 Wept she, ever-faithful, beloved of her
 husband, to get again her eternal lover!
 I see and understand everything,

My youth did not awake, so thy fair face
 made no deep impress on my inward eye;
 Yet in thy familiar voice my own
 I left and went afar in some unremembered
 moment along a nameless village path
 Scarcely a day or two passed when
 on the bank of the same holy Gomati
 My heart ached for the first time and a
 Strange, fragrant pain I felt in
 the lotus of my navel region.
 I wandered to-and fro in search of
 the source of this pain-laden smell of wine
 At the mere touch of my hot, heavy
 sighs, trembled the sky, air and earth,
 Bewailed leaves and creepers,
 Flowers and birds and rivers,.
 Bewailed clouds and winds and all,
 And bewailed in the breast in fierce
 pleasure the insatiate divinity awakened
 by youth's tyranny: .
 Wretched as I was, I knew not whom I wanted,
 So I cried hoarse, 'Where should .
 I go, where may I find my Beloved? '
 My heart feels a burning passion,
 my mind runs riot,
 Methink, it is the sad lamentation
 of a lover under the load of eternal youth!
 Visions float in quick success on
 before the eyes of many a color,
 red, blue, pink
 From whose breast
 To my heart of hearts
 Doth come and why this painful ecstasy
 redolent of musk?
 My mind like the musk deer runs a-field.
 the air trembles with fear engendered by
 my frantic wailings! .
 Like the musk of deer
 My mind blind with scent roams in
 Search of the odour of my own navel!
 Mine own love
 By drinking itself wants to appease

its own thirst!
 My youth under an eternal thirst for
 the whole world of love
 After emptying an ocean like a drop
 longs for another!
 Good Heaven! What thirst eternal,
 illimitable is this!
 Where is contentment? O where?
 Where is the Eternal Ocean of Love that
 can appease my thirst?
 More self-willed, tyrannical, and irresistible than I
 Where might I find her
 In absence of whom I know no peace
 in this wide world!
 Thinking like this I go abroad, I only
 walk my way,
 And meet many a girl on the path,
 After them, alas! runs with blind impetuosity
 My mind hungering for Love,
 If one of them looks back, my
 offended sentiment brings a flood
 of tears to my eyes!
 They laugh at my predicament,
 Some one ignores me, some one
 approaches with an offer of favour!
 It doth aggravate my grief,
 With the deep naked agony of a wretched one,
 Like the loud roar of the ocean of
 universal cataclysm
 Under pain and wounded self-respect
 doth swell in fierce volume
 The flame of my heart agitated with distress!
 A street girl doth offer favour!
 Under my foot I smash her vanity
 with her presumptuous offer!
 In tears she goes back, afraid of coming near;
 Like Anath Pindada, disciple of Buddha,
 My mendicant heart
 Hags from door to door no common alms
 For my love-Buddha,
 Give me alms, O citizens!
 I beg for Buddha, see my master

Thou, too, knowest me!
 I knew not, it was a she-devil,
 It was but an illusion,
 No water, but a snare, it was a
 deceptive image of a lake in the desert! '
 'I am at thy mercy', so saying I
 called at her door,
 Alas, where was she? Verily it was a witch
 Alluring me to my doom!
 It was a cruel Fowler's net,
 It was a device to win the grace
 of a Beggar's bowel,
 No, the trap did defeat itself,
 Entangled in her own snare was
 finished the witch
 To thy door came I with my heart
 bleeding from thorns,
 Knew not, even then, thou didst feel
 a keen sympathy for my afflictions.
 Yet from time to time it struck me
 that thy sweet, balmy touch could efface
 All my bums and pangs,
 That to my heart spoke thy heart ever in tears

 O way-farer! Give me those thorns;
 Where do they prick thee,
 Tell me, pray!
 Thou art a silent eremite, keeping in
 thy lone privacy,
 Hence thy speechless message
 I seldom minded, and little understood
 that and thy little reserved bosom
 There was so much room for love and hope.
 Meanwhile I knew not from where
 came my mother floating as it were
 like a free stream,
 In that stormy night.
 She took me in her lap, printed a
 thousand kisses on my eyes bathed in tears.
 The thoroughfare vanished
 The chariot disappeared
 Drowned was all sorrow and pain,

A mother's love illumined my dilapidate
temple like the festival of Dewali!
My past history like the previous birth
I seemed to forget on getting back
my lost Mother!

A homeless one was restored to his
home, in tranquil happiness and felicity.

After many an age as it were, I slept a
deep sleep pillowed on my Mother's breast.
There was an end of vagrant minstrelsy,
Disappeared in a piteous
lone my companion the tempestuous wind.

0 0 0

Again, again was I benighted
Perhaps at the door of some all-conquering
nymph, Arjun's chariot came to a stand-still.
I forgot the object of my peregrination,
I forgot. my heart had been eternally wandering
and longing for my Beloved, Beloved and Beloved
alone.

I forgot every bit of pain and grief,
The flood of new felicity melted my heart,
And over-flowed my tearless eyes.
It seemed as it were in some lotus of
beauty were imprisoned my eyes,
Its fragrance enraptured my bosom,
And a thrill danced through
some sweetest, saddest sensation.
Life regained and forfeited again
The greedy bird pierced by an arrow
Besmeared with blood the altar of my temple
It could not wake up the stone-image,
Being thus disgraced, I leapt up like a
forest conflagration.

My poignant, blood-red griefs raised their heads,
With a thundering voice I rushed forth
on the blood-horse of Rebellion,
Against the Original Cause of my
Sorrow the Creator - across the clouds of the sky
Holding aloft the meteor flag of Destruction,

Kindling the sacrificial fire of animosity
and creating terror in a barren dreary desert!
What illusion is this! At intervals
Methought I heard a distant melody
of thy flute singing my name, Dear!
Peering into that far-off privacy
My eyes red with enmity became
Softened with tears of silent Sympathy.
Remembering that melody, remembering that call
discarded all my grief

I threw my grief into oblivion,
I do realize, thou art real-thou dost exist,
Neglected by me, thou dost still desire me,
heart and soul,
Alone, wood-nymph,
Thou art wreathing a garland for me
All by thyself,

In bashful privacy.
Thou art my wandering maid, my Queen,
Whom I wood in all my previous births!
The ocean of fire in me becomes a flower
in bloom and says with a smile
'I know, I know'.

Let life return to my dead soul.
From a-far am I summoned by her,
Without whom I know no peace and joy
in the wide world.

But hearken!
Who wails and laments like that?
Some body must have cried from behind
'Friend, thou art behind time' Poor fellow,
it is too late!
I didn't listen, I didn't mind obstruction,
To me alone came floating as it were
across the barriers of the previous
Birth the sad wailings of a forsaken Lalita.
I came running to thee
Breathlessly,
Martyrdom, the chariot of fire, all went
a-begging, the blood-red flag cried'
in the wilderness,
I indulged in a world of luxury and felicity

in secretly worshipping thee in my bosom.
To narrate the sequel I lack language today,
Today I have no heart, no tears, no strength,
no hope.

What I say today is no song, it is but
a blood-red message of a bleeding
heart embalmed in tears.

Yet keep this little bit in mind, Dear,
that from door to door
Baffled I returned
And came to thee for thyself as the Summumbonum.
of my life,
In return for the whole world of my hope and
love and affection.

I worshipped thee, O my unkind Beloved.
thou worshipper!

Methought thou wouldst smilingly take
charge of one who was too wild for the world.

Thou wouldst tame the rebel of the universe
Quite easily by dint of love alone.

Methought for the glory of conquering the
unruly and unconquerable

the heart would be illumined with an
uncommon lustre, and then one day

Thou wouldst infuse celestial fire
into my arms

And become the embodied victory of this Rebel.

I harboured a hope, I had power, too,
to tear asunder the universe

And place the same under thy rosy feet
as a culled red lotus for an offering

But alas! Where art that 'thou'? Where
is that heart?

Where's that inalienable bond of attachment
between two hearts?

This 'thou' of today art not that 'thou' to be sure;
Today I find thou too art deceitful,

Thou too clammiest to be victorious by
means of falsehood!

Thou dost want to give me something,
retaining the remainder for another,

Unfortunate woman! I laugh out my soul!
 Whom dost thou want to deceive?
 In my bosom is ever awake the true Divinity,
 His eyes are penetrating, they can see
 into the heart of things,
 And most minutely search its inmost recesses.
 Infidelity fouls thy offering today, Dear,
 Today thou dost try to deceive him
 Whom one day didst thou give all thy heart and soul.
 Thus I ponder, whose fault it was
 That in thy spotless heart
 Was kindled this death-provoking light
 Yet I wonder is it true?
 Thou too, a deceiving self?
 If it were so, then O witch!
 Let it be true, O wicked one!
 Let full light show thy false world in bold relief.
 Myself, thyself, the sun, moon, stars,
 Let all be false,
 Then, then, O alluring Phantom,
 Give to thy contrived world a false gleam
 As I look at thy face today,
 Shame strikes me like a thunderbolt
 As I remember how didst thou disregard
 and neglect me, I do remember my shameless ness, too
 Today I die before my death,
 I feel, I must cry aloud, 'Open thy womb, Mother
 Earth!
 And take into darkness thy neglected.
 and dust-covered son from the light
 of the day that throws his shame into
 prominence
 Yet many a time I came with hope
 But alas! whenever I look at that face
 Ah me! where's that worshipping damsel,

 Where's that forlorn anchorite?
 The same accustomed disregard I see,
 And the same face devoid of expression.
 There's no love lost, but a game
 . to ride rough-shod over a heart
 My bosom bursts under the load of disgrace!

There Smiles The Eid-UI-Azha Moon

There smiles the Eid-ul-Azha moon,
there comes again the second Eid.
Make your sacrifice in the name of God,
come, comply with His wish.

On such a day as this
Hazrat Ibrahim offered his son as a sacrifice to God.
Offer today your own life in the same way,
be again for the sake of God a blessed martyr.

Kill the beast that lurks in your heart.
That is the way
to cross the bridge to heaven from earth.

Forget your sectarian quarrels today,
welcome all as your dear guests.
Let kind words and sincere love
be your most precious offerings to your guests.

Let a sense of fellow-feeling and unity
turn all village and townships
into the great plain of Arafat.
Let all the Muslims of the world combine again
and form a mighty community

It will be an act more virtuous
than going on holy pilgrimage.
That will make Islam's glory resound afresh
throughout the whole universe.

[Original in Bangla: Eiduzzohar chand hashe oi; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Those Iron Gates Of Prison

Destroy those iron gates of prison,
demolish the blood-stained stony altars
of chain worshipping!
O youthful Shiva,
blow your horn of universal cataclysm!
Let the flag of destruction
rise amidst the rubble of prison walls
of the East! !
Play the music of the festival of Shiva!
Who's the master? Who's the king?
Who is it
that punishes the truth of freedom?
Ha! Ha! Ha! It's a laugh-
God is to be hanged?
Rumor-monger-
who teaches this pitiful 'trugh'?
O you forgetful Madman -
shake - shake the prisons
with your forceful cataclysmic pulls!
Send your Haidari call,
play your war-drums-
call Death
towards Life!
There, the Baishakhi storm is dancing-
are you just going to sit through your days?
Let's see
you shake up the foundation
of that terrible prison.
Kick - break the locks!
All those prisons-
set them on fire,
burn them down, uproot them forever!

Translation: Sajed Kamal

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Thou Came For The Sake Of The Poor

Thou came to the world, Hazrat!
For the sake of the poor,
And chose the role of fasting
Despite your royal rola!

Thou ne'er desired some to be Ameers,
And some to be wandering Faqeers :
Some to be without huts and shelters
Wherein to hide their heads,
And some to be in palace with golden terrace
Some to be without food for hunger,
And some to revel in slaves and maids!

There's none alas! now
To think of human needs and pains!
The Muslim rich are steeped this day
In perpetual pleasures gay!

It's Thee that. the Muslim poor call:
The kisans and mazdoors all!
Deprived we are these days
Of the mercy and guidance great!
Lost is our Sahibi, or the ruling role
We are now Musahibs instead
Humble camp-followers of others -
Wandering about in the world's way!

God alone knows when, thro' Love of Men,
We can hope to be real man once again!

[Original in Bangla: Din-doridro kangaler tore; Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Ting-A-Ling, Ting-A-Ling, Ting-A-Ling,

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,
Who goes there stepping over the date leaves
Raising a melodious jingling?
Her scarf flutters in the dancing wind,
Her steps scatter flowers on the rocky road.
As she trips gaily on
Her arched eyebrows sparkle like a sword,
And her feet kick tiny stones
Scattering them like a jewelled necklace.

She is pretty as the peach blossoms,
And even the young Eid-moon is in love with her.
It pines for her rosy cheeks.
She is a, mirage and a vision rare
Many a prince riding an Arab mare
Sought her in vain in Sahara's desert sands.
For her many a young traveller
Lost their lives in strange, far-off lands.
And, lured by her haunting charm,
Died, many a forest deer.

[Original: Rum jhum jhum jhum; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

To A Mother

Ever-patient, bereft of all, Mother Mine!
Never didst thou take anybody to task,
Nor find fault with any. Sitting on the
Shore of an ocean of grief dost thou
 weep alone a silent daughter of Earth,
It seems as if thou, a timid girl of
 a different village, hast lost thy way,
 and art questioning thyself, ' Where am
I now? ' From far afar the stars
 call thee, as if thou art their run-away
 girl come here through mistake along
 the Milky way. Thou dost seem oppressed
 by the two-fold tyranny of social custom
 and its violation. Yet in thy eyes and
 face sparkles one sad question:
'Why do they tyrannize? Who are they?
Whence is this sorrow and grief and pain?
They are not known to thee, O Mother,
O Daughter of Paradise! So thou
 dost put up with everything, without
 murmur and revolt - Incense
 is burnt by fire - but incense doth not know it.
From remote places come many boys
 and girls, they forget their games as they
 look at thy face, and say, ' Wilt thou
 be my mother? ' I know not what
 arises in thy mind and thou dost press
 each on thy bosom, thy eyes become filled
 with the tears of a mother. It
 seems thou dost know all of them and
 they all know thee. They seem to be
 vagrant travellers from thy own homeland

 on a visit as sojourners to this earth.
 They will depart after clasping thy neck
 with their hands and saying simply, '
 My Mother! '
Perhaps thou hast forgotten, Mother!
that once came to thee travelling like

this a Beduin Child of the desert
In a tired voice, clasping thy neck
 he said, 'Wilt thou be my mother? '
Perhaps he came if thou dost remember
so, Perhaps he came not if thy memory
 fails thee.
 The rebel who left
 will not return. Perhaps in thy breast
 is his sepulchre, solemn and silent,
 or he is not there. Many such things we
 get, many we lose! Ever-patient Daughter!
Mother, bereft of all! Never is mother or
God bereft of anything. Perhaps this
Memorial, 'bereft of all', is of those
Who have returned to the lone breast!

(Original:'Ma' a dedication to Birojashundori Devi)

[Translation: Abdul Hakim]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Tora Ke Jabi Chol Dur Arobe

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Traveler To A New Destination

Travellers to a new destination, March ahead,
Cry out loud, 'man is heroic.'
Everywhere the cowards crowd, come and play a new game.
Take your boat into the tidal waves and ride triumphantly
Penetrate the nether world toward heaven.
There is no time to put on war armour, come out all,
Feel the touch of danger on your naked shoulders.
Don't nurse the hope that you will first get ready for the battle.
Night shall end dawn emerge and the birds sing.
Come out those intending to play a proper tune to dawn.
Those intent on self-destruction get engulfed in darkness
One striking at the other amid confusion.
Brave soldiers of the march! Light the torches, march ahead.
Frenziedly sing the Marching song, sing the tune of dawn!
You will surely arrive at the door of dawn! Victorious be
your march.

[Original: Abhijan; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Tribhuboner Priyo Mohammad Elo Re Duniyay

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Tumi Aghat Diye Mon Ferabe Ei Ki Tomar Asha

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Tumi Ki Dokkhina Pabon

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Tumi Onek Dile Khoda, Dile Niyamot

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Uthuk Tufan Pap-Doriyay

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Vangar Gan

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Victoress

O my queen
Today at last I accept defeat
My battle-flag lies at your feet
My immortal sword of victory
Is tired now and heavy.
I cosign to you the weight of it now,
I make my surrender a wreath round your brow.
O goddess of my life,
When you look at me with tears in your eyes,
Great world-conquering waves seem to roll and rise.
Today in my rebel's chariot of blood, you are the rider;
Your fluttering sari has become Heaven's border;
All my arrows are yours, your garland their quiver
Only by floating in your tears can I now be a conquerer.

[Translation: William Radice]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Vojon (Mand-Karfa)

Kazi Nazrul Islam

We Are The People Who Once Sacrificed Their Lives

We are the people who once sacrificed their lives
for truth and righteousness.

We brought to this earth equality and fraternity,
We bound her in a bond of friendliness and unity.

From underneath the fiery desert sand
we brought forth cool soothing waters
and quenched the thirst of the sin-ridden universe

We are the people who broke down the walls
that had put the poor below
and the rich above.

We preached the doctrine of equality and love.

Not for the Muslims alone had Islam come.
One who owed allegiance to Allah
and sought truth above all things
was indeed a true Muslim.

We belong to the same people
who once wiped out the difference
between the prince and the pauper.

To us all men are free and equal.

We were the first to liberate the female,
we gave her equal rights with the male.

We demolished the false barriers
that men had built to keep men apart.

We removed the veil
from the face of the night,
and brought to the world the light
of hope and happiness.

[Original: Dharmar pathe shahid jahara; Translation: Kabir Chowdhury]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Wedded Desire

Don't forbid confidante,
since I have welcomed him;
death I have surrendered to him
to take the pains of death.

Secretly I have given my mind away,
secretly, with care,
the heart cries for him,
the wedded desire.

[Original: Boron korechi tare; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

What A Fire

What a fire burns on, O confidante,
What a fire it is!
My eyes are filled with tears, O confidante
What a fire burns in my heart!

I went callous crazy, not forsaking the body,
on this moonface fell the shadow of my eclipsed love.
my heart swells up with waves of seven seas
What a fire burns on, what a fire it is!

[Original: Ki Anol jole go shoi; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

What Sweet Wine Is This

Oh Arabian wine-girl what sweet wine is this!
I am fully intoxicated and my eyes get red.
With the wine of faith everyone cries, 'Go on drinking.'
All the world rushes hither with no exception.
Your conference is held in remote Mecca and Medina.
All the world rushes hither with no exception.
Your conference is held in remote Mecca and Medina.
On the night of shab-e-qadr is sung the 'ghazal' of Koran.

Men women kings and beggars behold your beauty and get restless.
Whatever they carried they lay at your holy feet.
Your messenger ran to all corners of the world.
Your triumphant message got written every where.
So all came to join the meeting of the faithful.
A thousand 'Belals' gave the melodious call of 'Azan.'

[Original: E kon modhur sharab dile; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Where Is The Peacock's Throne

'Where is the Peacock's Throne,
And where the Ruling Role? '
Question the Muslims, with tears in eyes,
And complain to Thee, O Lord of Paradise

Where is Khalid, the Hero of Hundred Fights,
And Tarik and Musa, Commanders bright?
No more is Hazrat Ali, with his Zulfiqar!
No more is Umar Khattab, with his Islami fervour!
No more are the soldiers brave and bold
Who had once conquered the entire world!

Where is Hasan, and where is Huseyn?
Where are the heroic Martyrs who gave
Their precious lives for Thy sake?
Where is that fervor of Faith?
And that might and main?
Gone from the orbit of Fate
Is the glorious Crescent!

Only darkness deep and down:
Pervades the horizon!

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Where Was I

O Mother,
Can you tell me mother, where was I?
From which unknown land did I come to your lap?
Before I became yours, did you stare at the moon and ask
Is that my child who left home?
Did you tell the evening star
Come down to me,
You will look even prettier on my lap?

When you went bathing in the Lotus pond
Did you see my reflection on the flower?
Did you burst into tears?
When tide came and filled the river
Did I jump to your bosom without anyone knowing?
Did I come as splashing wave bringing love?
During the storm, did you think there goes my restless boy?
But he sure will be a good boy when he becomes mine.

As you would carry the lamp to the 'Tulshi' alter
It would be flickering to blow off
You would try to protect the flame with your sari
Would the goddess tell you by playing flute
The smile of your boy will light up your life?
Would the god tell you that in return to your devotion
I will come to you as your baby boy
And will be yours forever?

I don't understand, mother
Why do I feel so restless!
As if the sky, the wind, the world around
They all call upon me and tell me
Just the other day you were mine, you were on my lap
The cloud, the lightning and thunder, they all call my name

The sky says, I bow down just to touch you
Just the other day you were a bird
Flying high in the blue sky
The wind gently caresses my cheek and tells me
You are mine, come to my bosom

I search for you in scattered flower
As I turn off the lamp and see you
I wonder, is this my restless boy?
The flame tells me I look for you from room to room, becoming a lantern
Wherever I see a little boy, I think that is my boy

As the river calls me I jump into the river
The waves cuddle me with gentle caresses and talks to me
The sky, the open field, the entire world
Call upon me to jump into their bosom from beyond the sky
As if the entire world is my mother's lap
The entire world sways me on its lap with love

O mother, as the bird flies high into the blue sky
The next moment it wants to return to its nest
Just like that I wonder around the world in my dream
Then I realize, mother, I love you the most
Your love surrounds the entire world
You make me dance, you make me play on your lap

Tell me mother; tell me that my dream is true
O mother, why are you then crying?

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Who Walked Out

O friend passer-by
I wake up forlorn,
longing to meet my friend from other land.

On flower-bed
I go out of my hearts
longing to meet him who walked out.

[Original: Pathik-bodhu; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Why Did You Wake My Dear

Why did you wake me my dear if you'll abandon me.

The blossoming flower will unnecessarily dry up,

I was asleep alone in the wood, the wood flower

My girlish mind was content folded up,

Why did you stir it with a woman's desires.

Oh my darling;

Why did you allow the wind and sky to bruise my heart.

[Original: Keno ghum bhangale priyo; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Why?

Why must a thorn
The flower adorn?
Why is a lotus born
With the prick of a thorn?

Why in these eyes
Must sorrowful tears lie?
Why must we have hearts When love departs?
Why instead of rain

The lightning's hound.
The swallows beckoned
Into the shadow of the cloud?
If the buds-appear,

Why must flowers wither;
Why the tinsel of calumny
The brow of moon must wear?

Thy the yearning for beauty must
Weep, entrapped in lust?
Would the cheek
Sans black mole
Look bleak?

In this thorny bower,
Oh poet paint your rosy picture.

Your abode lies
In the tears of your eyes.

Kazi Nazrul Islam

With Islam As The Merchandise

With Islam as the merchandize
Has come the Merchant new!
O Ye ill-starred and sinners!
Come, And make your marketings anew!

All your life you have merely lpt
Now is the time for you to take the stock
He gives away Heavenly gifts
For a mere song. No profit he seeks!

The Quran's Ship is full of diamonds
Pearls, emeralds and precious stones!
Take these away, as you will,
And all your abodes you fill.

For kalima's trifle, this merchant gives
Shafaat's precious gifts
Worth the stocks of seven kings!
Take them quick, whosoever wills!

On the Market of Resurrection, those of you
Who would a gainful bargain make;
Should be this merchant's Customers,
And his seal of Shafaat take!

From Allah's Arsh he surely strayed
Into the city of Madina on earth.
Muhammad is his blessed name,
And his stock-in-trade: Allah the Great!

[Original in Bangla: Islamer-i sauda loye; Translation: Mizanur Rahman]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

With The Late Monsoon's Light Clouds

With the late Monsoon's light clouds wander my mind,
Toward Malabika's home along the Reva's lonely shore.
My mind is propelled by the lazy wind like a light-winged bird.

My pining darling cries alone her hair loosened,
Looking now at the cloud now at the river
Where the dark village-girl wipes her tears unseen,
Where alone my beloved sits by the window thither goes my mind.

[Original: Aj sra boner loghu meg her; Translation: Abu Rus hd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Woman

I sing the song
of equality;
In my view gender difference
is essentially a triviality.
Everything that is great in the world,
all the works, beneficial and good,
half must be credited to woman,
and to man half only we should.

All the vice or bad in the world,
and the pain or flowing tear,
for half, man should be blamed,
the other half only woman should bear.

Who belittles you as woman,
connecting you to Hell's flame?
Tell him that for the first ever sin
not woman, but man must carry the blame.

Or, it may be that sin or Satan
is in reality neither man or woman;
Satan is gender-neutral, so
it flows equally in woman or man.

All the flowers blossomed in the world,
and all the fruits grown,
isn't in beauty, nectar and fragrance of those
woman's contribution?

Have you seen Taj Mahal's marble?
It's spirit, have you seen?
At the heart of it Momtaj, woman;
outside is Shahjahan, the King and lover so keen.

The fortune of knowledge, or of music,
or, the fortune of all harvest,
woman's grace has made it so worthwhile,
flowing from every home and nest.

In the hardship of day and its scorching heat,
you can see reflection of man;
in the soothing breeze
and in peace of night, who shines but woman?

During the day she is source of strength.
She glows in affection at night;
when man needs comfort and love,
her grace and sweetness flow to make his life bright.

With man behind the plough,
the crop field became bountiful, indeed;
the greenery was only more beautiful,
as woman sowed the seed.

Man carries the plough, woman carries the water;
from soil and water mixed together,
the crop grows in abundance,
ears of paddy - like blooming heather.

Of course, the metals -
gold and silver: ordinary otherwise;
those become fancy jewelry
with woman's touch that underlies.

In longing for woman, or in her communion,
man found where the poets' hearts belong,
as his words became poetry
and sounds turned into song.

Man's present - the passion; woman's is affection -
with the communion that hungry loves entail,
comes the children - all magnificent
from man the great that even angels hail.

All the great victory of the world
and all the grand voyages,
gained grandeur and nobility from sacrifice of
mothers, sisters, and wives, throughout the ages.

How much blood man has offered
is recorded in annals of history;

how many women became widow -
No record of that - Is it a mystery?

How many mothers poured their hearts,
and how many sisters did serve?
the memorials of heroes - great or small
do not show that - do you not observe?

Victory hasn't kissed man's sword,
because of the valor of man alone;
the inspiration and pride woman brought
to men, that should also be known.

While king rules the kingdom
and queen rules the king,
the misery and sadness go away,
joy and happiness her grace does bring.

Man!
heartless, like a stone;
to make human out of him,
woman gave half of her heart as loan.

All the great celebrities, immortal -
whose fame knows no bound;
we celebrate in their memory
regularly, every year around.

They came to this world,
as at moment's passion they were fathered;
but Raam found shelter in jungle,
while all the care and nurture Sita gathered.

Wasn't it the woman who taught baby-'men'
love mercy and compassion?
Didn't she touch their eyes with kohl
as a shadow of her sad affection?

Man paid that debt off
in a very strange way;
holding on lap she who kissed him,
behind curtain and wall, she was put away.

Man the great;
Is he so, really?
who cuts open his mother's throat
at the command of his Muni father, bending his knee?

In the world's bed, half the deity: woman
just turned the side;
so far woman has taken enough,
now man will be confined.

Gone
is that age,
when man was the master
to enslave woman in his wish's cage.

This age is of empathy, of being human,
of equality is this new time;
no one would be the other's prisoner -
don't you hear that chime?

If man imprisons woman,
then the turn will come sure;
in the same prison he built,
he will rot and die without a cure.

Take this lesson -
a wisdom always right and true,
if you make suffer someone,
suffering will catch up with you.

Listen!
you the creature of this earth!
the more you oppress others,
your humanness? gradually, there will be dearth.

In the dungeon of treasure
with jewelry of silver and gold,
who confined you, O woman,
who is that animal with heart so cold?

No more agitation or bewilderment

to express yourself any more;
now you are timid, vulnerable, and
speak only from behind the wall or door.

You can't look eye to eye, and still wear
bracelet and anklets - the prisoner's symbol;
tear off the veil of yours,
unchain yourself, it has taken enough toll.

The veil that made you timid,
let that go away;
all those ornaments and symbols of servitude,
throw away, throw away.

Woman!
To this world precious you really are!
Don't roam in jungle or
to sing to trees you wander afar.

When did the Regent of Death come
flying on the wing of night's shade,
snatched you to captivity
in its dungeon where nobody can raid.

In that bondage of old time,
you are still living dead;
from that time world's light is stolen
and our vision is obscure in dread.

Come like a lightening, O mother,
breaking away from that pit;
your broken grass bracelets
will keep your path lit.

The animal, that is man's hunger -
at the fling of your leg,
will dropp dead at your feet, and
together, with smashed undertaker, will earnestly beg.

Your ambrosia all of us enjoyed,
now different is the need,
the hand that offered ambrosia before

to the monsters must now offer hemlock, indeed.

Not very far
is that cherished day,
when with homage to man,
to woman also homage, the world will pay.

[Original: Nari (Bengali) ,
Translation: Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

You Are Always In My Thoughts

You are always in my thoughts, oh my Lord.
I vainly look for you outside my heart.
You dwell inside me like life like the soul
You laugh while I erect a temple and install an Idol there
Like the wind, like light you permeate the world
Like the perfume of a flower you encompass one's Being.
You are mercurial you are formless
I constantly see the miracle you unveil.
I am a partner day and night in your hide and seek Game.

[Original: Antore tumi acho chirodin; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

You Are My Half Moon

That you are my half-moon, in my that half-sky.
When you smile staying in my bosom,
the moonbeam smiles in gushes, as well.

In endless anguish
my heart-bed is condensed like lakewater,
you are a pure lotus there,
swinging in southern breeze.

You are a doll in the playhouse I have built,
I shall row my canoe there,
since you are my watery expanse.

I have come back to the estuary,
where all my paths have met;
and my heart overflows
with the fragrance of your love.

[Original: Tumi je amar andhkhani chand; Translation: Mohammad Nurul Huda]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

You Are So Handsome

You are so handsome that I can't take my eye off you,
is that my crime?

The bird that cries beholding the moon doesn't bother the moon.
I watch the flower's gradual unfolding, but the flower
doesn't mind

Nor does the cloud when the admiring bird circles round it.
The sun-flower knows it will never get the sun, and yet
undismay'd

It watches its sovereign, it is content just watching
I've got the gift of vision so that I may see you,
you beautiful being

Let this wish of mine be realized, my dearest one.

[Original: Tumi shundor tai cheye thaki; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

You Blessed Child Are Playing

You Blessed Child are playing with this universe
absent-mindedly.

Creation and destruction are the objects of your solitary sport.

In empty space you are absorbed in a miracle-play

Now you are creating, now destroying.

Oh you indifferent one, stars, sun and moon are you toys

They lie scattered at your luminous feet in profusion.

You are always, oh liberal one, unruffled by pain or joy.

You laugh and play intent on your own design.

[Original: Khelicho e bishwa loye; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

You Burn Me In The Sorrow's Fire

However intensely you burn me in sorrow's fire.
If I am constantly burnt my heart will get purified and I will get closer to you.
After the drought shall I come the rain and
my heart will get touched by your kindness.

The drought will not remain and the dry tree
will again smile with flowers.
Once I've got your forehead's fire,
you beautiful one

I am sure to get the caressing Ganges' touch
the cool moon's feel.

Oh beneficent one! You remind me time and again
with the shock of a blow
You have thought of me again after all these days.

[Original: Tumi jotoi doho na; Translation: Abu Rushd]

Kazi Nazrul Islam

Young Lover

O young lover! Present
Your pain of love to your beloved's heart,
O triumphant! Now conquer the world
With your mind's winning art.
Not equal to loving soul
A thousand Ka'ba or thousand mosque,
Why do you even seek Ka'ba
In lieu of your heart's kiosk.

To the heart that glows in rays of love -
Equal are all the divine places in vogue,
God's mosque, statued-temple
Christian church, or Jewish synagogue.

His name is immortal on the scroll of love;
It is written there with divine ray,
From his mind Hell's fear is gone,
In longing for Paradise, he doesn't spend the day.

[Original: Bengali, Translated by: Dr. Mohammad Omar Farooq]

Kazi Nazrul Islam