چندروز اور مری جان ا

يتندروز أوريرى جإن إفقط حبندسى روز نظلم کی جیاؤں میں دم لینے بیر مجبور کہیں ہم اُور کچھ د برستم سہ لیں ترب لین رولیں زندگی کیا کِسی مقلس کی قبائے جِس میں ہرگھڑی درُد کے بیوند لگے جاتے ہیں

9. A FEW DAYS MORE

Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.

Here in oppression's shadows condemned to breathe,
Still for a while we must suffer, and weep, and endure
What our forefathers, not our own faults, bequeath—
Fettered limbs, our feelings held on a chain,
Minds in bondage, and words each watched and set down;
Courage still nerves us, or how should we still live on,
Now when existence is only a beggar's gown
Tattered and patched every hour with new rags of pain?
Yes, but to tyranny not many hours are left now;
Patience, few hours of complaint are left us to bear.

A FEW DAYS MORE, MY DEAR!

- I A few days more, my dear, only a few days.

 We are compelled to draw breath in the shadows of tyranny;

 For a while longer let us bear oppression, and quiver, and weep:

 It is our ancestors' legacy, we are blameless;
- On our body is the fetter, on our feelings are chains,
 Our thoughts are captive, on our speech are censorings;
 It is our courage that even then we go on living.
 Is life some beggar's gown, on which
 Every hour patches of pain are fixed?
- But now the days of the span of tyranny are few;
 Patience one moment, for the days of complaining are few.

CHAND ROZ AUR, MĚRĪ JĀN!

- Chand roz aur, mĕrī jān! faqat chand-hī roz.
 Zulm kī chhā'on men dam lene pĕ majbūr hain ham;
 Aur kuchh der sitam sah-len, tarap-len, ro-len.
 Apne ajdād kī mīrās hai, ma'zūr hain ham,
- Jism par qaid hai, jazbāt pĕ zanjīren hain, Fikr mahbūs hai, guftār pĕ ta'zīren hain— Apnī himmat hai kĕ ham phir bhi jiye-jāte hain. Zindagī kyā kisī muflis kī qabā hai jis-men Har gharī dard ke paiwand lage-jāte hain?
- 10. Lekin ab zulm kī mī'ād ke din thore hain, Ĕk zarā şabr, kĕ faryād ke din thore hain.

عُرصۂ دہری جُفکسی ہُوئی وِبرانی بین ہمکورشہاہے بہ بی بورسہا ہے بہ بین نونہ بین رہناہے اثبی ہا تصوں کا بے نام گراں بارستم اجسشہ نونہ بین شہر نی گرد بین زرے ششن سے لیکٹی ہُوئی آلام کی گرد اثبی دو روزہ جوانی کی مِشکستوں کا شاد چاندنی رانوں کا بے کار دم تم نا ہوا درد دل کی بے سُوذ نرث جشم کی مالی س بیکار جندروز اور مری جان افتط جید ہی روز In these close bounds of an age that desert sands choke
We must stay now—not for ever and ever stay!
Under this load beyond words of a foreign yoke
We must bow down for a time—not for ever bow!
Dust of affliction that clings to your beauty today,
Crosses unnumbered that mar youth's few mornings, soon
gone,

Torment of silver nights that can find no cure, Heartache unanswered, the body's long cry of despair— Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.

In the scorched desert of the space of this age
We must stay, but not stay like this;
The nameless, heavy oppression of foreign hands
Today must be borne, but not always borne.
The dust of tribulations enfolding your beauty,
Counting of the frustrations of our youth of two days,
Futile burning pain of moonlit nights,
The heart's profitless throbbing, the body's despairing cry—
A few days more, my dear, only a few days.

'arṣa-e-dahr kī jhulsī hū'ī vīrānī men Hamko rahnā hai pĕ yūn-hī to nahīn rahnā hai; Ajnabī hāthon kā be-nām girānbār sitam

I5 Āj sahnā hai, hamesha to nahīn sahnā hai. Ye tĕre husn se lipṭī hū'ī ālām kī gard, Apnī do roza jawānī kī shikaston kā shumār, Chāndnī rāton kā be-kār dahaktā hū'ā dard, Dil kī be-sūd tarap, jism kī māyūs pukār—

20 Chand roz aur, mĕrī jān! faqaṭ chand-hī roz.