اجاؤا بفريفا!

آجاؤ، مَیں نے شن کی ترسے ڈھول کی ترنگ آجاؤ، مشت بہوگئی مبرسے لہو کی ال آجاؤ، بیں نے ڈھول سے ماتھا اُٹھا رکیا آجاؤ، بیں نے جھیل دِی آنکھوں سے ممکی جیال آجاؤ، کیس نے دردسے بازو جھڑا لِیا آجاؤ، کیس نے وردسے بازو جھڑا لِیا آجاؤ، کیس نے نوج دِیا بے سی کا جال

37. 'AFRICA, COME BACK'

I have caught the madness of your drum, My wild blood beats and throbs with it—come, Africa, come!

Come, from the dust I have raised my head, Torn misery's bandage from my face, Wrenched my arm free from pain's grip, cut My way through the web of helplessness— Africa, come!

"COME, AFRICA!"

- I Come, I have heard the ecstasy of your drum— Come, the beating of my blood has become mad— 'Come, Africa!'
 - Come, I have lifted my forehead from the dust-
- 5 Come, I have scraped from my eyes the skin of grief— Come, I have released my arm from pain— Come, I have clawed through the snare of helplessness— 'Come, Africa!'

Ā-JĀO AIFRĪQĀ!

- Ā-jāo, maiń-ne sun-lī tere dhol kī tarang, Ā-jāo, mast ho-ga'ī mere lahū kī tāl— 'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'
- Ā-jāo, main-ne dhūl se māthā uṭhā-liyā,
 Ā-jāo, main-ne chhīl-dī ānkhon se gham kī chhāl,
- A-jāo, maiń-ne chhil-di ānkhon se gham ki chhal Ā-jāo, maiń-ne dard se bāzū chhurā-liyā, Ā-jāo, maiń-ne noch-diyā be-kasī kā jāl—-'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'

بنجے میں ہتھکڑی کی کڑی بن گئی سبے گرز دن کا طوق توڑکے ڈھالی سُے میں نے ڈھال

The shattered manacle is my mace,
From the broken fetter I forge my shield—
Africa, come!
Spears burn like gazelles' eyes through the reeds,
With enemy blood night's shades turn red—
Africa, come!

The earth's heart, Africa, beats with mine,
The river dances, the woods keep time;
I am Africa, I put on your mask,
I am you, my step is your lion tread,
Africa—come,
Come with your lion-tread,
Africa, come!

In my grasp a link of the manacle has become a mace,

10 I have broken the iron-collar on my neck and moulded it into a

shield—

'Come, Africa!'
On every riverside burn the deer-eyes of spears,
With enemy blood the blackness of night has turned red,
'Come, Africa!'

The earth is throbbing along with me, Africa, The river dances and the forest beats time; I am Africa, I have taken your figure, I am you, my walk is your lion walk: 'Come, Africa!'

20 Come with lion walk—
'Come, Africa!'

Panje men hathkarī kī karī ban-ga'ī hai gurz,
Gardan kā tauq torke dhālī hai main-ne dhāl—
'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'
Jalte hain har kachhār men bhālon ke mirg-nain,
Dushman lahū se rāt kī kālak hū'ī hai lāl—
'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'

Dhartī dharak-rahī hai mĕre sāth, Aifrīqā, Daryā thirak-rahā hai to ban de-rahā hai tāl; Main Aifrīqā hūn, dhār-liyā main-ne terā rūp, Main tū hūn, merī chāl hai terī babar kī chāl: 'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'

20 Ao babar kī chāl— 'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqā!'