Excerpts from "Shikwa Jawaab-e-Shikwa" by Allama Muhammad Iqbal

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Before us your world had become an anomaly, Stones were worshiped, the trees Godly.

Understanding was a reflection of only the senses, Then how could man believe in an Almighty beyond mortal lenses?

Name us those who took your name...? Had it not been for us who would have spread your flame?

یتھے ہمیں ایک ترے معرکہ آراؤں میں سنخشکیوں میں بھی لڑتے ، بھی دریاؤں میں دیں اذانیں بھی یورپ کے کلیساؤں میں سنم مجھی افریقہ کے بیتے ہوئے صحراؤں میں شان آتکھوں میں نہ جیتی تھی جہاں داروں کی کلمہ پڑھتے تھے ہم چھاؤں میں تلواروں کی

We fought to save your name when they we could have sat at ease, Sometimes in barren lands, sometimes in raging seas.

We raised your name in the cathedrals of Cordoba, And in the infinite expanse of the desert Sahara.

The ostentation of the royals would not attract us, For we had pledged allegiance to you, and were inured to living in the shadow of swords

"We" closed the chapter of paganism in the turning pages of time, From the onerous shackles of slavery "we" freed your mankind.

Our foreheads marked by prostration, lent the Ka'aba pious inhabitation And "we" committed to heart your Holy Revelation.

Yet, you complain that "we" are disloyal, Even if we are, where is "your" love for us?



ہم تو مائل بہ کرم ہیں' کوئی سائل ہی نہیں 💿 راہ دکھلا تی سے رہر و منزل ہی نہیں تربیت عام تو بے جوہر قابل ہی نہیں سمبس سے تعمیر ہوآ دم کی میہ وہ گل ہی نہیں کوئی قابل ہو تو ہم شان کی دیتے ہیں ڈ طویڈ نے والوں کو دنیا بھی نٹ دیتے ہیں

I am poised to give, but there is no willing recipient, I am eager to guide, but there is none seeking guidance.

Your bane is your inability and not a lack of instruction, Yours is not the clay that could make the crown of creation.

Upon the deserving, I bestow the glory of the Chosroes, For the navigator, I even unveil new continents.

سفحة دبرت سے باطل كو مثايا س ف؟ ور انسال كو غلامى سے چرايا س ف؟ میرے کیسے کوجبینوں سے بسایا <sup>س</sup> نے؟ میرے قرآن کوسینوں سے لگایا <sup>س</sup> نے؟ تھے تو آبا وہ تھارے ہی گرتم کیا ہو باتحد ير باتحد دهرب منتظر فردا جوا Tell me who closed the chapter of paganism in the

turning pages of time? Tell me who discarded the onerous shackles of slavery and freed mankind?

Tell me who has their foreheads marked by prostration and lent the Ka'aba pious inhabitation? And committed to heart the Holy Revelation?

Pride in the actions of your forefathers does not lend you commendation, Because all you do is fold your hands just waiting for salvation.

So you are a Muslim? But just what is "Muslim" about you?

Neither have you the contentment of Ali, nor the wealth of Uthman, What spiritual connection can you boast with your ascendants?

They, as staunch believers earned themselves their place, You, gave up the book and earned yourselves disgrace.

عشق کی خیر وہ پہلی سی ادا تھی نہ سہی 🚽 جادہ پیائی تشایم و رضا تھی نہ سہی مصطرب دل صفت قبله نما نبھی نہ سہی اور پابندی آئین وفا نبھی نہ سہی تبھی ہم ہے ، تبھی غیروں سے شاسائی ہے بات کینے کی نہیں ، تو بھی تو ہرجائی ہے !

We admit, our love for you is not as strong as it was, We walk a different path from submission unto you.

Our hearts no longer quiver like a trembling compass-needle, Nor are we steadfast in our loyalty unto you.

But does "your" favour not, swing from us to our foes? Let me dare to say that your commitment also wavers.



We are not alone in error, other peoples have sinned as well. Some amongst them modest and shy, some self obsessed.

Others lazy, callous, cunning, And scores disdain your name.

Why must always your good grace seek out these other nations? And why must lightning always strike upon our feeble stations?



The world no longer wants us now, new actors hold the stage, Our world reduced to an illusion and within it we are caged.

We have retired to seclusion, others command authority, Now sit and watch Your Oneness shatter, 'O' all knowing Deity.

We live to ensure your name will endure, Would wine remain when the Saaqi is no more?



ہاتھ بے زور میں الحاد سے دل خوگر میں امتی باعث رسوائی پنج بر میں بت شکن اٹھ گئے باتی جورہے بت گر میں تھا ہراہیم پدر اور پسر آزر میں بادہ آشام نے ، بادہ نیا خم بھی نے حرم کعبہ نیا' بت بھی نے' تم بھی نے

Muslims today are impotent with inaction, Blemishing the Prophet's example with wonton sanction.

Ascendants demolished idols, descendants worship them with abandon, Role reversal with Abraham the father and A'zar the son.

The wine-seekers have changed, the wine has changed, the goblet has changed, The Sanctuary (Ka'ba) has changed, the idols have changed and you have changed.

س قدرتم په گران صبح کی بیداری ہے جم سے کب بیار ب ابان نیند شخص بیاری ہے طبع آزاد په قید رمضاں بھاری ہے تمھی کہہ دو یہی آئین و فاداری ہے؟ قوم مذہب سے بے مذہب جونہیں ، تم بھی نہیں جذب بابهم جو نہیں محفل الجم بھی نہیں

How hard you find upon yourselves waking for the morning prayer, Who says you have any love for me? Your sleep it is, you endear.

The burden of fasting in Ramadhan bears heavily upon your carefreeness, You be the honest judge yourselves: Is this a sign of faithfulness?

Nations are defined by their religions; in religion lies their sanctuary, Take your cue from what binds the stars, No gravity, no galaxy!

منفعت ایک ہے اس قوم کی نفصان بھی ایک ایک ایک ایک بھی ایمان بھی ایک حرم پاک بھی اللہ بھی قرآن بھی ایک کچھ بڑی بات تھی ہوتے جو سلمان بھی ایک فرقہ بندی ہے کہیں اور کہیں ذاتیں ہیں کیا زمانے میں پنینے کی یہی باتیں ہیں

You the nation of Islam are together as one, One Prophet, one religion, one belief.

One Book, one God, "one" for all, What a tragedy then that divided you stand and united you fall.

A nation rife with classes and sects that amply show, In such conditions can any nation ever grow?

توم آدارہ عنال تاب ہے پھر سوئے تجاز کے اڑا بلبل بے پر کو مذاق پرواز صطرب باغ کے ہر غنچ میں ہے ہوئے نیاز تو ذراح چیڑتو دے، تشنہ مصراب ہے ساز نغے بے تاب میں تاروں سے نکلنے کے لیے طور مضطر ہے اس آگ میں جلنے کے لیے

O Lord! The aimlessly wandering nation of Islam faces the Ka'ba once again, After all, the wingless nightingale cannot resist its innate urge to fly.

The scent of love simmers in each and every bud in the garden, The instrument awaits the pluck of the plectrum; so Lord! Please pluck its' strings!

The waves of music are anxious to escape the stringed prison, The mount of Sinai longs to burn in the same effulgence that had incinerated it once.

O Lord! Let the voice of this solitary nightingale pierce hearts, Let hearts awaken to the music of the marching bell,

Let hearts be revived by a new pledge of loyalty, And let these hearts crave for the same timeless sip of wine.

Pay no attention to whether the cup I drink from is Indian or Arabic. What matters is the wine it contains, Pay no attention to whether I render my poetry in Hindi or Arabic. What matters is the spirit that lies behind it.

The loss of Iran does not signal your end, Wine does not lend its intoxication to the goblet in which it is served,

The invasion of the Mongols reveals clearly the lesson, That sometimes the Ka'ba may derive its protectors even from the temple.

In this time of tempest, the fate of the floundering sail of Truth rests with you, The new world is like the darkest hour of night, and you its lone, albeit, dimly-lit star

Intellect is your armour, love, your sword, My pious friend, your vice-regency could embrace the whole world,

Your call for prayer can set minds aflame, If you are a true Muslim, then your intent will become your Lord's Intent.

If you remain loyal to Muhammad, then I belong to none but you. What to speak of this universe, what lies beyond would also be at your feet.