Allama Muhammad Iqbal’s

Asrar-e-Khudi (Dua)

Secrets of the Self (Invocation)

O You Who Are the soul in the body of the universe
You Are our soul but You Are ever Fleeing from us
You Breath music into Life's lute
Life envies death when death is for Your sake
Hide not Your Fair Face from the empty-handed!
Sell cheap the love of Salman and Bilal!
We are travelers: Grant us submission (unto You) as our destination!
Give us the strength of Abraham's faith!
When the people of God let the thread of unity go from their hands
They fell into a hundred mazes

(Today) We are dispersed like stars in the world
Of the same family, but strangers to each another

Bind again these scattered leaves!
Revive (Refresh) the law of everlasting love!

Free this love from the yoke of false deities
Unravel the mysteries of your Oneness (Tauheed) (2)
I who burn like a candle for the sake of others
O God! Teach myself to weep like that candle
To shed a tear that is heart-enkindling
   Passionful, wrung forth by pain, peace consuming
If I sow it in the garden, it should grow into a fire..
   And wash away the fire-brand from the tulip's robe!
My heart is with yesterday, my eye is on To-morrow
   In the midst of this assembly I am all alone
"Every one fancies he is my friend
But none ever sought the secrets within my soul"

Oh, where in the wide world is my comrade?
I am the Bush of Sinai: where is my Moses?
My eye fell to weeping, like dew
Since I was entrusted with that hidden fire
I taught the candle to burn openly
While I myself burnt unseen by the world's eye
(But) It is not easy for the candle to throb alone
Ah! Is there not a single moth worthy of my flame?
Alas! The breast of this age is without a heart
Majnun quivers with pain because Layla's howdah is empty
I beg of Your Grace (O Lord) a sympathising comrade!
A comrade who is adept in the mysteries of my nature
A comrade endowed with madness and wisdom
Unaware of the cares and worries of everyday life
That I may confide my lament to his soul
And see again my face in his heart
His image I will mould of mine own clay
I will be to him both idol and worshipper
I am waiting for the votaries that rise at dawn
Blessed are they who shall worship my fire!
I have no need of the ear of To-day
(For) I am the voice of the poet of To-morrow