

Iran ! Iran !

Great forever in valour, wealth and station.

With Jamshed, Bahram, Rustam and Sohrab

As the wonder of wonders of the world at large.

The birthplace of Khayyam, Saadi, Firdousi,

Rumi and Jami

And Hafiz the Saint, in the shape of whose

Wine and Saqi

Streamed down on earth Love Divine and handsome
mind and soul and above all,

It's Iran where Man is the most majestic of all.

Here lies Nishapur, the land of dream and bliss and

charm,

Whose thought makes the eye adoze and the heart warm.

For the moment to come for a pilgrimage

To make the mind and soul and eyes satiate,

We hear of the poets and artists and saints of Iran

And feel the indomitable urge to go and see

The dust of that blessed place and the immortal Saqi.

Moves on Time in its terrible gait,

With its tale of creation and destruction without break.

But Iran? Thy cup of glory is full to the brim again

After shaking off the old and wornout stain.

Thou hast created anew, time and again,

Shamsher in hand,

Setting at naught all Iets and hindrance and stake,

The blood in thy vein dancing out of delight

unbounded.

From thy sacred soil rise millions undaunted,

Singing the song of love and salvation to their

heart's content.

United they stand and fight mother and son, daughter and
dad,

Led by their Leader and Friend, moving ahead—

The Shahanshah of Iran, the man of steel,

knowing no dread,

With his head ever held high, Hero of the Motherland—High
as hill, liberal like the sea, a great noble soul indeed,

Feeling happy in mind after gifting away his

wealth and yield.

For the have-nots, turning foes into friends,

forgiving all.

It's thus that the world singeth peans of his praise,

It's thus that Lala and Nargis bloom and fade

As he treadeth along and myriads of nightingales sing

His song and the land and light and air of

Iran smile and pray

For his long life and prosperity out of hearts

glad and gay.

Iran yet unseen, but we have seen this Iranian Royal face

Lit with light and lore with towering

forehead, glowing ablaze

Moving with unfaltering step, bowing to none but self,

His voice thundering the message of unity,

strength and peace

For the world at large every day of his dedicated life to give
up strife.

The awe-struck timids look at him and find solace

And regain strength and courage new from day to day.

A Brave Hero and Sipah-Salar and not mere

King is he:

Above all a MAN, a feeling man responding to the needs and
woes of all.

Hence my tribute to him from the depths

of my heart again and again.

Iran the land by Nausherwan's justice blest

Hath been thrice blessed by Thee, O

Shahanshah great!

Translate by Mizanur Rahman