

VIOLENT PROTESTS AGAINST THE WEST IN IQBAL'S LYRICAL POETRY

PROF. DR. M. RIAZ

One of the most significant features of Iqbal's writings is his protests against certain attitudes of the West. Iqbal mostly criticizes and condemns the materialistic out-look, fake diplomacy and destructive modes of the sciences of the Westerners. Iqbal's remarks are spread over a span of 30 years. In his poetry he has been raising his forceful voice against the West in almost all the forms, yet his criticism in a few dozen couplets of the lyrics; sometimes of quatrain pattern; of both Persian and Urdu, is felt more coercive. The reason is obvious: lyric or 'Ghazal' is the most delightful and delicate form of poetry and its all themes become effective. Allama Iqbal was a poet with messages; he has conveyed his feelings to the readers in all the forms of his poetry, may it be a lyric or some else format, still some scholars of Iqbal Studies have abhorred this style of including cynic subjects in sweet and melodious ghazals. Iqbal's couplets would reply to such critics:

اے کہ نوشم خوردہ ای، از تیزی نیشم مرنج
نیش ہم باید کہ آدم را رگ خوابے زند⁴²

O thou who didst my sweet wine take,

Grieve not at my sharp sting;

It needs my sting, that I may wake

Man from his slumbering.⁴³

⁴² Zabur-e Ajam part-II Lyric 44. Kulliyat-e-Iqbal Farsi ed. 1973 Lahore page-503.

⁴³ Persian Psalms Eng.T. of (Zabur-e-Ajam) Prof. A.J. Arberry, Lahore, Sh. Muhammad Ashraf Publications, P. (3rd 1968 ed).

چمن میں تلخ نوائی مری گوارا کر
کہ زہر بھی کبھی کرتا ہے کار تریائی⁴⁴

My bitter notes with patience harke,
That I utter in this part:
Bear it in mind that Passion too
Oft can work like Elixir true.⁴⁵

Mercantile mentality

While in Europe, Iqbal had expressed his doubts about positive outcome of deep mercantile and business minded mentality of the Westerners though apparently by dint of this very quality they had gained imperialistic ground in many parts of the world. Iqbal thus addressed the Westerners in a Urdu lyric in March 1907⁴⁶:

“Western people! God’s world is not a shop” what you think pure gold, it will now be a base coin. Your civilization will commit suicide with its own dagger. The nest made on delicate bough shall remain undurable”⁴⁷

Iqbal was fully convinced that the Westerners were great hindrance in the ethical advancement of the mankind⁴⁸ and hence they couldn’t solve the

⁴⁴ Bal-e-Jibreel part-II Lyric-45 Kulliyat-e-Iqbal (Urdu) ed. 1973 Lahore P.358.

⁴⁵ Gabriel’s wings Eng. Tr. by S.Akbar Ali Shah Modern Book Depot, Islamabad (1979.) P.130

⁴⁶ Bang-e-Dara part-II, Kulliyat-e-Iqbal (Urdu), P.141.

⁴⁷ Eng. Tr. by the writer.

⁴⁸ The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam ed. by M. Saeed Sheikh, Institute of Islamic Culture Lahore 1986 P.142.

problems of the world. The point is explicitly clear in Iqbal's Masnavis;⁴⁹ but in his lyrics also he beautifully refers to the decaying culture of the Westerners emerging out from their limited world vision; a vision which is one-sided and based on selfish motives:

اگر درد دل جہانے تازہ داری، بروں آور
کہ افرنک از جر احتہائے پنہار بسمل افتاد است⁵⁰

If a New World thou hast
In thy bosom, declare thy faith
Wounded in heart and breast,
Europe is night to death.⁵¹

فرنگ اگرچہ ز افکار تو گرہ بکشاد
بجرعہ دگرے نشہ ترا افزود⁵²

Though Europe many knots united
That chained thy thought,
Intoxication magnified
Her next draught brought.⁵³

جسے کساد سمجھتے ہیں تاجران فرنگ

⁴⁹ Particularly in Javid Nama and Pas Chih Bayid Karl.

⁵⁰ Zabur-e-Ajam. Kulliyat Farsi P.495

⁵¹ Persian Psalms P.95

⁵² Zabur-e-Ajam Kulliyat (Farsi) P.510

⁵³ Persian Psalms P.107

What Frankish Dealers take For counterfeit and fake, Is true and real art
Not valued in their Mart.⁵⁵

After the First World War (1914-18), the Western Countries had become totally hollow though outwardly their grandeur was glittering on, Allama Iqbal, was perhaps one of a few sages in the world who had glanced the declining position of the Westerners. The post-world war-years not only reflected economic crisis but also led to Westerners' political downfall which resulted in retrenchment of their colonial imperialism. In a few years the dominated countries of the continents of Africa, Asia and elsewhere began to get their freedom one after the other. Still it was not easy to predict the decline of the West when it was on the zenith of its outward progress and power. Nevertheless Iqbal never satiated in proclaiming the approaching of a new war and lessening altogether imperialistic design of the West. I quote below a few prophetic couplets from Iqbal's Persian and Urdu works:

یہ حوریاں فرنگی، دل و نظر کا حجاب
بہشت مغربیاں، جلوہ ہائے پا برکاب⁵⁶

The Houris of West delude both heart and sight

Vanish too soon the visions of its Eden bright!⁵⁷

خیرہ نہ کرسکا مجھے جلوۂ دانش فرنگ

⁵⁴ Bal-i-Jibreel, Kulliyat (Urdu) P.339.

⁵⁵ Gabriel's' Wings P.88

⁵⁶ Bal-i-Jibreel. Kulliyat (Urdu) P.328.

⁵⁷ Gabriel's Wings P.88

سرہ ہے میری آنکھ کا خاک مدینہ و نجف⁵⁸

The Lore of West, spite glaring light,

Could not ever blight my sight:

For dust of Yathrab and Najaf

Is Surmeh (collyrium) for my eyes enough.⁵⁹

اعجاز ہے کسی کا یا گردش زمانہ

ٹوٹا ہے ایشیا میں سحر فرنگیانہ⁶⁰

This wonder by some elance is wrought, Or Fortune's Wheel has come full round: At last the Frankish charm has broke, The Fast by which was whilom bound.⁶¹

ڈھونڈ رہا ہے فرنگ عیش جہاں کا دوام

وائے تمنائے خام، وائے تمنائے خام⁶²

Some cure the West is seeking fast The wordly bliss may ever last: Woe betide this yearning raw! Woe betide this yearning raw!⁶³

خبر ملی ہے خدایان بحرور سے مجھے

⁵⁸ Bal-i-Jibreel. Kulliyat (Urdu) P.332

⁵⁹ Gabriel's Wings P.72

⁶⁰ Bal-i-Jibreel, Kulliyat (Urdu) P.346.

⁶¹ Gabriel's Wings P.103

⁶² Bal-i-Jibreel. Kulliyat (Urdu) P.354

⁶³ Gabriel's Wings P.121

فرنگ رہگذر سیل بے پناہ میں ہے⁶⁴

This news I have received from those Who rule the sea and land

That Europe lies on course of flood 'Gainst which no one can stand.⁶⁵

بیا کہ ساز فرنگ از نوابر افتاد است

درون پردہ او نغمہ نیست، فریاد است⁶⁶

Beware, The Frankish Harmonium is no more in tune; Behind its notes, wails emerges not melodies.⁶⁷

خود افزود مرا درس حکیمان فرنگ

سینہ افروخت مرا صحت صاحب نظراں⁶⁸

Bad Intentions

Iqbal raised his woes and cries against the West because he thought that these privileged and advanced people have bad intentions of keeping the weak and un-privileged people in their slavery and are not the well wishers of the progress and prosperity of the humanity at large. Westerners cause new problems of different type in the world and so the humanity is permanently in agony owing to their evil designs. He laments this attitude of the West in his works Payam-e-Mashriq Zabur-e- Ajam and Zarb-e-Kalim vividly:

⁶⁴ Bal-i-Jibreel, Kulliyat (Urdu) P.361

⁶⁵ Bal-i-Jibreel, Kulliyat (Urdu) P.362

⁶⁶ Masnavi Musafir, on the mausoleum of Babir Kulliyat Farsi P.86.

⁶⁷ Eng. Tr. by the writer.

⁶⁸ Piyam-e-Mashriq, Kulliyat Farsi P.315.

The teaching of the West' philosophers

Increased my wisdom's fund

The company of seers lit up

My being's very core.⁶⁹

فرنگ گرچه سخن با ستاره می گوید

حذر که شیوه او رنگ جوزنی دارد⁷⁰

Although the West converses with the stars, Beware,

There is in all it does

A taint of sorcery⁷¹

فرنگ شیشه گری کرد و جام و مینار یخت

بجیر تم که ہمیں شیشه را پری داند⁷²

The West makes glass.

And fashions jars and cups.

I am surprised it thinks the glass itself

To be "the fairy in the glass".⁷³

⁶⁹ A Message From the East, Eng. Tr. of Piyam-e-Mashriq by M. Hadi Husain, Lahore, Iqbal Academy (2nd 191 ed), P .106

⁷⁰ Piyam-e-Mashriq Kulliyat P.333

⁷¹ A Message From the East P.128

⁷² Piyam-e-Mashriq, Kulliyat P.345

⁷³ A Message From the East P.143

فتنه را کہ دو صد فتنہ باغوش بود
دخترے ہست کہ در مہد فرنگ است ہنوز⁷⁴

A tumult in whose swelling breast Two hundred tumults wait
That maiden is, who dwells caressed In Europe's cradle yet.⁷⁵

Fool Is there then such hope in thee
Of winning Europe's sympathy?
the falcon grieves not overmuch
About the bird that's in his clutch.⁷⁶

اہل نظر ہیں یورپ سے نوید
ان امتوں کے باطن نہیں پاک⁷⁷

Men with vision bright!

For West have hope so slight: The hearts of West aren't chaste For
actions good haven't taste.⁷⁸

Secular and Godless Education

⁷⁴ Zabur-e-Ajam. Kulliyat P.462

⁷⁵ Persian Psalms P.61

⁷⁶ Zabur-e-Ajam. Kulliyat P.521 Persian Psalms P.116

⁷⁷ Zarb-e-Kalim, Kulliyat-i-Urdu P.576

⁷⁸ The Rod of Moses, Eng. Tr, of Zarb-e-Kalim by S. Akbar Ali Shah, Iqbal Academy, Lahore 1983, P.69.

The secular, Godless and ill-based Western Education and knowledge have been the main target of Iqbal's criticism. He was deadly opposed to destructive motives of sciences which have been causing destruction and spreading terror in the world. His violent protest in the Masnvi form can be seen in his Piyam-e-Mashriq and Pas Cheh Bayid Kard Aye Aqwam-e Sharq. In Persian and Urdu lyrics also he has deep condemnation for such education and knowledge which does not open the world vision and explore no sympathy in the hearts for the humanity. Only that knowledge is worthwhile which brings the hearts of the people together. The destructive weapons created and applied by the Westerners by dint of their advancement in knowledge and technology cannot be appreciative. However, advancement in technology and education can bring solace to the hearts of the people only if these are applied for peaceful purposes. Iqbal appreciates the advancement of the Western policy in various domains of human activities; the honest researchers and historians of the West also accept that the Muslims in the by gone centuries of their advancement had positive effects on the world particularly on the Western people who have been paving the new methods of marching ahead for the last four centuries. Iqbal thus ascribes the positive elements of Western culture to Islam i.e. the faith of the humanity.⁷⁹ But still his criticism of secular Western knowledge and culture as reflected in his lyrics is of permanent importance and the East and West may get good lessons from the inferences of the poet philosopher of Islam. Here under are a few citations from Iqbal's lyrics:

مکدر کرد مغرب چشمه ہائے علم و عرفان را
 جہاں را تیرہ تر ساز دچہ مشائے چہ اشراقی⁸⁰

Alas, the Western mind hath soiled The springs of knowledge undefiled;
 Stoic alike and Platonist

⁷⁹ The Reconstruction... P.6

⁸⁰ Zabur-e-Ajam. Kulliyat P.420

Have shrouded all the world in mist.⁸¹

زمینائے کہ خوردم در فرنگ اندیشه تاریک است
سفر ور زیدہ خود را نگاہ را بینے دہ⁸²

I drank the West's enamelled bowl, And darkness settled over my soul;
O give me sight to see the way And where I went so sore astray.⁸³

قدح خرد فروزمے کہ فرنگ داد ما را
ہمہ آفتاب لیکن اثر سحر ندارد⁸⁴

Lo, the goblet mind-illuming That the West hath given me, All the sun's
aglow within it; Of the dawn no sign I see.⁸⁵

ز علم و دانش مغرب ہیمن قدر گویم
خوش است آہ و فغان تا نگاہ ناکام است⁸⁶

Of the science of the West

This much I will speak:

Sweet are sighs and tears experts While the gaze is weak.⁸⁷

⁸¹ Persian Psalms P.21

⁸² Zabur-e-A jam, Kulliyat P.422

⁸³ Persian Psalms P. 23

⁸⁴ Zabur-e-Ajam Kulliyat P.449

⁸⁵ Persian Psalms P.49

⁸⁶ Zabur-e-A jam. Kulliyat P.458

⁸⁷ Persian Psalms P.58

از کلیمے، سبق آموز کہ دانائے فرنگ
جگر بحر شگافید و بہ سینا نرسید⁸⁸

To Moses' lesson list;

For Europe's scientist

Though ocean's depth he plumb, Could ne'er to Sinai come.⁸⁹

دل بیدار ندادند بد انائے فرنگ
این قدر ہست کہ چشم نگرانے دارد⁹⁰

Wakeful heart was never given Europe's scientist by heaven; All that
God has marked him by Is the speculative eye.⁹¹

عذاب دانش حاضر سے باخبر ہوں میں
کہ میں اس آگ میں ڈالا گیا ہوں مثل خلیل⁹²

The Scourge of present Science and Thought,

To me, no doubt, is fully known, Like Abraham, the Friend of God, In
its flame I have been thrown.⁹³

مجھے وہ درس فرنگ آج یاد آتے

⁸⁸ Zabur-e-Ajam Kulliyat P.482

⁸⁹ Persian Psalms P.83

⁹⁰ Zabur-e-A jam. Kulliyat P.483

⁹¹ Persian Psalms P.83

⁹² Bal-e-Jibreel, Kulliyat P.355

⁹³ Gabriel's Wings, Kulliyat P.123

ہیں

کہاں حضور کی لذت، کہاں

دلیل⁹⁴

حجاب

Still to mind I can recall,

In Europe what I learnt by heart:

But can the Veil of Reason match

With joy that Presence can impart?⁹⁵

سرور و سوز میں ناپائدار ہے، ورنہ

مے فرنگ کا تہ جرعه بھی نہیں ناصاف⁹⁶

The joy that Frankish wine does give Lasts not for long nor always live,
Though scum at bottom of its bowl Is always pure and never foul.⁹⁷

وہ آنکھ کہ ہے سرمہ افرنگ سے

روشن

پرکار و سخن ساز ہے، نمناک

ہے⁹⁸

نہیں

⁹⁴ Reference 51 above.

⁹⁵ Reference 52 above.

⁹⁶ Bal-e-Jabreel Kulliyat P.370

⁹⁷ Gabriel's Wings P.159

⁹⁸ Bal-i-Jibreel, Kulliyat P.325

The eye whose light and lustre rest On Collyrium brought Grown West:
Is full of art, conceit and show, It gets not wet at others woe.⁹⁹

In a lyric of Zabur-e-Ajam Iqbal condemns the bad elements of the culture of the East and West alike; the East' devoid of vigour and West led astray:

خادر که آسمان به کمند خیال اوست
از خویشتن گسسته و بی سوز آرز دست
در تیره خاک او تب و تاب حیات نیست
جولان موج را نگران از کنار جوست
بت خانه و حرم همه افسرده آتشی
پیر مغان شراب هوا خورده در سبوست
فکر فرنگ پیش مجاز آورده سجود
بینای کور و مست تماشای رنگ و بوست
گردنده تر ز چرخ و رباینده تر زمرگ
از دست او بدامن ما چاک بے رفوست
خاکی نهاد و خوز سپهر کهن گرفت
عیار و بی مدار و کلان کار و تو بتوست
مشرق خراب و مغرب از آن بیشتر خراب
عالم تمام مرده و بی ذوق جستجوست

⁹⁹ Gabriel's Wings P.59

ساقی بیار باده و بزم شبانه ساز
مارا خراب یک نگه محرمانه ساز¹⁰⁰

The East, that holds the heavens fast within the noose its fancy cast, its
spirit's bonds are all united, the flames of its desire have died.

The burning glow of living birth
Pulses no more in its dark earth;
It stands upon the river side
And gazes at the surging tide.

Faint, faint the fires of worship be
In temple and in sanctuary;
The Magian still his cup would pass,
But stale the wine is in his glass.

The vision of the West is blind,
Illusion fills the Western mind;
Drunken with magic scent and hue,

¹⁰⁰ Zabur-e-A jam Kulliyat P.P.441-442

It bows before the great untrue.

Swifter it spins than heaven's sphere;

Death is a gentler ravisher;

Its fingers have so torn my soul,

Never again can it be whole.

Of the earth earthy, it would try

To emulate the ancient sky;

A rogue, a cheat, of works immense,

With pivot none, and little sense.

The East is waste and desolate,

The West is more bewildered yet;

The ardent quest inspires no more,

Death reigns supreme the whole world o'er.

Bring me the wine of heart's delight,

And spread the banquet of the night;

Give me the bold, adventurous eye,

And in love's transport let me die.¹⁰¹

Similarly in a Ghazal of Bal-e-Jibril the poet speaks of the Westerners tactics in a few successive couplets. The sum total of these couplets is that the Westerners are causing economic disparity in the world and they are unjust in their general attitude:

یا رب یہ جہان گذراں خوب ہے لیکن
کیوں خوار ہیں مروان صفاکیش و ہنر مند؟
گو اس کی خدائی میں مہاجن کا بھی ہے ہاتھ
دنیا تو سمجھتی ہے فرنگی کو خداوند
تو برگ گیا ہے ندھی اہل خرد را
او کشت گل و لالہ بخشد بہ خرے چند
حاضر ہیں کلیسا میں کباب دمے گلگوں
مسجد میں دھرا کیا ہے بجز موعظہ و پند¹⁰²

O God, this fleeting world of
Thine Is, no doubt, superb and fine:
But why the people do despise
The true, the honest and the wise?

¹⁰¹ Persian Psalms P.P.104-105

¹⁰² Bal-i-Jibreel, Kulliyat P.312

Though the rich and bankers' band
In his godhead have a hand,
Yet the men with one accord
Hold the Man of West as Lord.

Thou dost not grant a blade of grass
To men with talents high, alas!

The man of West with generous hand
Bestows on fools Squares of
Land.

With meat and wine like ruby red
The Faithful Fold at church is fed:
There is nothing in the Mosque,
But sermons dry and painful task.¹⁰³

The Climax

Iqbal's two lyrics or quatrains in the Mustazad form in Zabur-e-Ajam may be termed as the climax of his protest against the West. Whereas the poet touches other relevant issues being faced by the Muslims and the humanity at large, he strongly cries against the polluted policies of the West which were directed against the dominated and weak countries of the world. These verses should be studied in the context of 1927, when this book was first published. By that time the First World War had ended a few years before. The Ottoman Empire had scattered in the form of many Eastern and Western states. The sub-Continent of India was in the grip of destructive

¹⁰³ Gabriel's Wings P.31

riots of the Hindus and Muslims and there was no accord among political parties of this vast territory. There was a general chaos in the world and the West could not claim that it had no hand in the disorder of the affairs prevailing everywhere in the world. Thus Iqbal's violent and forceful protests echoed and mused in the new forms of Persian poetry, in the domains of all Persian knowing spheres. The English rendition by late Prof. Dr. A.J. Arberry is also forceful and alarming and our short article ends with this clamour:

خواجه از خون رگ مزدور ازد لعل ناب
از جفای ده خدایان کشت دهبانان خراب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

شیخ شهر از رشته تسبیح صد مومن بدام

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

واعظ اندر مسجد و فرزند او در مدرسه
آن به پیری کو دکی این پیر در عهد شباب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

میر و سلطان نرد باز و کعبتین شان دغل
جان محکومان زتن بردند و محکومان نجواب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

ای مسلمانان فغان از فتنه های علم و فن
اهرمن اندر جهان ارزان ویزدان دیرباب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

شوخی باطل نگر! اندر کمین حق نشست
شیر از کوری شیخونی زند بر آفتاب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

در کلیسا ابن مریم را بدار آویختند
مصطفی از کعبه هجرت کرده با امّ الکتاب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

من درون شیشه های عصر حاضر دیده ام
آنچنان زهری که از وی مار ها در پیچ و تاب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

باضعیفان گاه نیروی پلنگان می دهند
شعله شاید بروی آیدز فانوس حباب

انقلاب

انقلاب ای انقلاب

Of the hireling's blood outpoured

Lustrous rubies makes the lord;

Tyrant squire to swell his wealth

Revolt, I cry! Revolt, defy! Revolt, or die!¹⁰⁴

City Sheikh with string of beads Many a faithful heart misleads,
Brahman baffles with his thread Many a simple Hindu head.

Revolt, I cry!

Revolt, defy!

Revolt, or die!¹⁰⁵

ای غنچه خوابیده، چو نرگس نگران خیز
کاشانه مارفت بتاراج غمان خیز
از ناله مرغ چمن، از بانگ اذان خیز
از گرمی هنگامه آتش نفسان خیز
از خواب گران، خواب گران خواب گران خیز
از خواب گران خیز

¹⁰⁴ Zabur-e-A jam. Kulliyat P.P.486-488

¹⁰⁵ Persian Psalms P.P. 86-88

خورشید که پیرا یه بسیماب سحر بست
آویزه بگوش سحر از خون جگر بست
از دشت و جبل قافله با رخت سفر بست
ای چشم جهان بین بتماشای جهان خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خواب گران خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خیز
خاور همه مانند غبار سر راهی است
یک ناله خاموش و اثر باخته آپی است
هر ذره این خاک گره خورده نگاهی است
از هند و سمرقند و عراق و همدان خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خواب گران خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خیز
دریای تو دریاست که آسوده چو صحراست
دریای تو دریاست که افزون نشد و کاست
بیگانه آشوب و نهنگ است چه دریاست
از سینه چاکش صفت موج روان خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خواب گران خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خیز
این نکته گشاینده اسرار نهان است

ملک است تن خاکی و دین روح روان است
تن زنده و جان زنده ز ربط تن و جان است
با خرقة و سجاده و شمشیر و سنان خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خواب گران خیز
از خواب گران خیز
ناموس ازل را تو امینی تو امینی
دارای جهان را تو یساری تو یمینی
ای بنده خاکے تو زمانی تو زمینی
صهباى یقین در کش و از دیر گمان خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خواب گران خیز
از خواب گران خیز
فریاد از افرنگ و دلاویزی افرنگ
فریاد ز شیرینی و پرویزی افرنگ
عالم همه ویرانه ز چنگیزی افرنگ
معمار حرم باز به تعمیر جهان خیز
از خواب گران خواب گران خواب گران خیز
از خواب گران خیز

Prince and Sultan gambling go, loaded are the dice they throw. Subject
soul from body strip while their subjects are asleep,

Revolt, I cry! Revolt, defy! Revolt or die!

Preacher's at the mosque, his son

To the kindergarten gone'

Grey bird is a child, in truth,

Child a grey bird, spite his youth.

Revolt, I cry!

Revolt, defy!

Revolt, or die!

Brother Moslems! woe to us

For the havoc science does;

Ahriman is cheap enough,

God is rare, scarce-offered stuff.

Revolt, I cry! Revolt, defy! Revolt, or die!

See how Falsehood's blandishment

Shadows Truth, with ill intent,

How the Bat, with blinded eyes,

Plots against the Sun to rise

Revolt, I cry! Revolt, defy! Revolt, or die!

In the Churches, Jesus Christ
On the Cross is sacrificed,
With God's Book Muhammad too
Revolt, I cry! • Revolt, defy! Revolt, or die!

I have seen into the bowls
Furnished by this age for souls;
Such the venom they contain,
Serpents twist and writhe in pain.

Revolt, I cry! Revolt, defy! Revolt, or die!

Yet the weak are given at length
Lion's heart and tiger's strength;
In this bubbling lantern, lo!
Haply yet a flame will glow.

Revolt, I cry! Revolt, defy! Revolt, or die!¹⁰⁶

¹⁰⁶ Zabur-e-A jam, Kulliyat P.P.473-475

Little flower fast asleep,

Rise narcissus-like'm and peep; Lo, the bower droops and dies
Waster by cold grief's; arise! Now that birdsong fills the air
And muezzins call to prayer, Listen to the burning sighs

Of the passionate hearts, and rise!

Out of leaden sleep,

Out of slumber deep

Arise!

Out of slumber deep

Arise!

Now the sun, that doth adorn with his rays the brow of morn, Doth
suffuse the cheeks thereof With the crimson blush of love. Over mountain,
over plain Caravans take route again;

Bright and world-beholding eyes, Gaze upon the world, and rise!

Out of leaden sleep,

Out of slumber deep

Arise!

Out of slumber deep

Arise!

All the Orient doth lie

Like strewn dust, the roadway by, or a still and hushed lament
And a wasted sigh and spent: Yet each atom of this earth is a gaze of tortured birth.
Under Ind's and Persia's skies, Through Arabia's plains, O rise!

Out of leaden sleep,

Out of slumber deep

Arise!

Out of slumber deep Arise!

See, thy ocean is at rest, Slumberous as a desert waste; Yea, no waxing or
increase E'er disturbs thy ocean's peace. Ne'er thy ocean knoweth storm Or
Leviathan's dread swarm: Rend its breast and, billow-wise Swelling into
tumult, rise!

Out of leaden sleep,

Out of slumber deep

Arise!

Out of slumber deep Arise!

Listen to this subtlety

That reveals all mystery: Empire is the body's dust; Spirit, true Religion's
trust' Body lives and spirit lives By the life their union gives.

Lance in hand, and sword at thighs,

Cloaked, and with thy prayer mat, rise!

Out of leaden sleep, Out of slumber deep Arise

Out of slumber deep Arise!

Thou art true and worshipful Guardian of eternal Rule,

Thou the left hand and the right Of the World-possessor's might.
Shackled slave of earthy race, Thou art Time, and thou art Space: Wine of
faith that fear defies

Drink, and from doubt's prison rise!

Out of leaden sleep, Out of slumber deep Arise!

Out of slumber deep Arise!

Against Europe I protest,

And the attraction of the West: Woe for Europe and her charm, Swift to
capture and disarm! Europe's hordes with flame and fire Desolate the world
entire; Architect of Sanctuaries, Earth awaits rebuilding; rise!

Out of leaden sleep,

Out of slumber deep

Arise!

Out of slumber deep Arise!¹⁰⁷

Notes

¹⁰⁷ Persian Psalms P.P.73-76