Analysis of Iqbal's "Masjid-e Qurtubah"

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Abstract

his essay presents a metrical analysis on Iqbal's *Masjid-e Qurtubah* (The Mosque of Cordoba), which is considered by many to be the greatest Urdu *nazm* (poem) ever written. The paper discusses the technicalities of the metrical *structure* of the poem, which Iqbal very carefully balances to establish his beautiful signature imagery in context of the poem subject, spanning a breadth of eight stanzas. It was written during Iqbal's trip to Europe in 1931-32 and was published in his second collection of Urdu poetry titled *Bāl-e Jibrīl* (The Wing of Gabriel). The metrical analysis is preceded by a thematic stanza-wise overview and is followed by a literal translation and a transliterated rendition, adapted from Pritchett's diacritic serial glossary (Pritchett, Mosque of Cordoba), of the poem in its entirety.

Thematic Overview

The primary emphasis and perhaps the most consummate expression present in Iqbal's Masjid-e Qurtubah, a masterpiece of poetic inspiration and artistic expression, is on love. In terms of beauty of diction and richness of emotion, it is unsurpassed. Its eight stanzas are thematically quite distinct, but are linked together in a naturalistic progression of vivid ideas, revolving around the theme of the potency and efficacy of love. Iqbal, radically moved by the visual sumptuousness of the mosque and under a spell of fervent emotions coursing through him as a consequence of this encounter, swooned upon entering it (Noorani, 1999, p. 237). The poem opens with a brief description of the destructive power of time which is responsible for ultimately laying low even the highest and the mightiest of beings. It proceeds by establishing that human life, happiness, and beauty, all must pass away. When one views human life on the grand scale of history, the futility of human ambition and endeavor seem emergent emergent and leap out; but even then, there are blessed moments in which one which one is able to witness a glimpse of immortality and eternity. For Iqbal, the Mosque of Cordoba is such a symbol, which had escaped destruction due to it being built with hands of love (Hassan, 2005, pp. 73-74). Reading the poem aloud grants a subliminal sense of revelation and ecstasy; it feels almost as if Iqbal had experienced a strong vision of the ideal in the Mosque. The poem ends with a striking note of prophecy, where the Muslim world is seen to be seeking a revolution that would grant it a new soul and in turn a high status in the society. In terms of individual stanzas, the theme of the poem is established as follows:

Stanza 1:

Iqbal describes the nature of time as being an unending and cyclical chain of days and nights which is nevertheless only an apparent reality; everything that man creates is thus transient or ephemeral, and the end result is annihilation. Iqbal also describes time as a two-colored silk

thread. This image is symbolic of the ambiguous character of time which seems to distribute rewards and punishments among humans, irrespective of their motives and efforts.

Stanza 2:

Here the main theme of the poem, Iqbal's notion of true and spiritual love – passion – is first introduced. He describes that the only indestructible quality in life that can transcend and escape the scythe of time is this passion. He further describes passion as a free-flowing tide which can counter, and from which stem, all other tides of time, and continues to present various descriptions of passion; all of which together frame prominent and beautiful imagery of the concept. Hereafter, the theme of passion is persistently articulated in the poem.

Stanza 3:

In this stanza, Iqbal connects the aforementioned concept of passion to the Mosque of Cordoba. He argues that it was this true love – love whose light shines undimmed while all the world is crumbling into dust – which created the Mosque. Because of this love, the Mosque had eternally conquered the destructive force of time. The Mosque bestows upon the prayer a unique verve and warmth of prostration, and this places man in a more privileged state, more superior than the forms of light. created the Mosque. Because of this love, the Mosque had eternally conquered the destructive force of time. The Mosque bestows upon the prayer a unique verve and warmth of prostration, and this places man in a more privileged state, more superior than the forms of light.

Stanza 4:

The glory and beauty of the Mosque causes Iqbal to ponder over the nature and qualities of a true believer, the Momin, whose refuge in times of trouble is in the declaration of faith and in the existence of the Almighty. In the totality of the Mosque's appearance and effectiveness, is a material manifestation of the Momin for Iqbal. In its beauty and

elegance, height and width, gracefulness and solidity, fineness and strength, it is his exact replica. Its imposing pillars remind Iqbal of the oases of Arabia. In its balconies and latticed windows, he sees the gleams of heavenly effulgence. He considers its towering minarets to be the descending points of divine mercy and the halting places of the angels. Iqbal depicts astonishing visuals of the Mosque, and the overall articulation of the imagery is truly exemplary.

Stanza 5:

Here Iqbal outlines numerous characteristics of a true believer. He argues that God's hand is the same as a believing man's hand, and that the man possesses numerous qualities of the Creator. He is dominant, creative, resourceful, consummate, and in the cosmic communion, is the warmth of the gathering. Iqbal saw the Mosque as a cultural landmark of Islam. In its architecture and engravings, he saw a moving portrait of the believer's moral excellence, aesthetic refinement, high-mindedness, sincerity, piety, and devotion.

Stanza 6:

Iqbal draws parallels between the Mosque of Cordoba and the Ka'bah based on their respective centralities to Islamic Spain and Islam in general. Iqbal also eulogizes the positive impact of Islam on Spain and Europe, asserting that the Mosque is a true symbol of the beliefs, thoughts, and aspirations of the Muslim milieu. Just like the Ka'bah is free from the narrow bounds of race and nationality, the Mosque of Cordoba too signifies universal fraternity.

Stanza 7:

Here, Iqbal expresses discontent over the waning of Islam in Europe, and outlines the great upheavals that swept Europe from the 16th to 18th centuries. It is worthy to point out that even in this discontent lies a subtle yet strong sense of hope. Iqbal inherently expresses a desire of bringing about a change to the situation, observing that a similar turmoil currently existed in the Muslim world.

Stanza 8:

This stanza is Iqbal's prophecy of revolution and reform, as well as a summary of the poem's message. For Iqbal, the Mosque's visual splendor is a conduit for the vision of a new world; it is an instrument for translating the *mard-e-khudā*'s (believer's) creative conduct into a language of splendorous visual forms (Latif, 2011, p. 129). The believer is above territorial limitations, his world is boundless, and the beauty and warmth of his message is, in the hopes of Iqbal, all-pervading.

Metrical Analysis

The factor which sets Iqbal's *Masjid-e Qurtubah* apart from presumably all other Urdu poems is the choice of meter. The poem is filled with rhythmic repetitions, internal rhymes, as well as resonant phrases. Iqbal uses a broken meter, the *munsariḥ musamman matvī maksūf* (Pritchett & Khaliq, Urdu Metre: A Practical Handbook, 1987), which grants the poem extremely unique sonic qualities in terms of rhythm and sound patterns. Formally speaking, the poem packs eight stanzas (*band*), each of which is made up of a seven-verse *ghazal*, followed by an internally-rhymed verse with different rhyming elements (technically, a *matla*) which is presented almost as if it is a punch-line to the preceding *ghazal*.

The rhyme scheme of each stanza is exclusive of one another, meaning that no two stanzas follow the same scheme; however, their rhythmic arrangement is kept consistent. For example, the ghazal-esque $ash'\bar{a}r$ (couplets) from the first stanza follow the rhyme scheme a,a,b,a,c,a,d,a,e,a,f,a,g,a, followed by the punch-line $sh\check{e}'r$ (couplet) with rhyme scheme h,h. Similarly, the second stanza follows the rhyme scheme i,i,j,i,k,i,l,i,m,i,n,i,o,i,p,p; here again each even-numbered $misr\bar{a}$ (single couplet line) terminates at the rhyme set forth by the first $sh\check{e}'r$, with the exception of the last $sh\check{e}'r$, which breaks not only the rhyme

scheme but also indicates a shift in the thematic subject of the poem, as already discussed. This exact same alliteration pattern is replicated throughout the poem, and these rhythmic repetitions lend the poem a unique prosodic posture – one which demands to be read aloud, with feeling.

The $matv\bar{\imath}$ meter consists of four feet, two of which are repeated in metrically identical halves. These are mufta'ilun and $f\bar{a}'ilun$, and they appear in succession twice with an optional caesura, allowing a cheat syllable, at the break and at the terminating point of each $miṣr\bar{a}$. For purposes of explication, consider the scansion of the following $sh\check{e}'r$:

As can be seen, the $miṣr\bar{a}$ in example [i] scans in the meter without any cheat syllables. This allows a soft and relaxed vocalization of the line, whereas in comparison, the $miṣr\bar{a}$ in example [ii] does make use of one cheat syllable towards the end. This forces the scansion to consider an extra short syllable at the end foot, turning the $f\bar{a}$ ilun (= - =) to a $f\bar{a}$ il $\bar{a}t$ (= - = -). The effect that this has on the recitation of the $sh\check{e}$ is that the reader is forced to adjust pace gradually, starting from a slow tempo with long pauses but ending at a fast tempo with short pauses. This in turn induces a deep echoic feeling into the poem reinforcing its message which is also being gradually built up. The broken meter makes this cheat valid, but one must still be careful of not elongating syllables beyond their scan length, as doing so would simply break the meter. For

instance, in example [ii], the reader is forced to vocalize بهى as a single short syllable; not doing so would lead to abrupt pauses and would hurt the sonic poetic feel of the intended articulation. Furthermore, in example [i], the meter forces the vocalization of an *izāfat* in عصر, and this occurs naturally to the reader even if it is missing, granted that the reader possesses a sense of meter.

Similar rhythmic patterns can be observed in almost every $sh\check{e}'r$ in the poem. All $ash'\bar{a}r$ start slower than they end, and Iqbal's careful use of the intermediate caesura grant them a hymn-like authoritative tone, with the middle break signaling an inherent "interruption by silence" (Haq, 2015). Consider the following $sh\check{e}'r$:

[iii] مفتَ عِلن فا علاتُ مفتَ عِلن فاع لاتُ مفتَعِلن فاعلاتُ مفتَعِلن فاعلاتُ

[iv] مفتعلن فا علاتُ مفتعلن فا علاتُ مفتعلن فاعلاتُ مفتعلن فاعلاتُ

Again, if one possesses a sense and feel of the meter, one will be naturally inclined to develop a rise in intonation when proceeding to read the second $miṣr\bar{a}$ after the first, and a similar rhythmic effect is present in all the $ash'\bar{a}r$. Consequently, the poem is filled with unique sonic qualities and sound patterns. In both the $miṣr\bar{a}s$ in example [iii] and [iv], short cheat syllables have been employed at the middle break as well as at the end, as indicated by the complete absence of $f\bar{a}'ilun$ in the scansion. As was the case in the previous example, the meter forces the reader to rush through the second $miṣr\bar{a}$ in example [iv], but this time with a mild and peaceful change in pace with soft and easy pauses.

Iqbal seizes the opportunity to play around with the meter fully; he continually shifts between different combinations of syllable placement. He uses different sound patterns that emerge from these combinations to introduce rhythmic connections, coherence, and resonance with the ongoing theme being narrated in the poem. These combinations, easily exhaustive yet responsible for the infinitely complex play of sonic manipulation, are listed below:

| [1] | muftaʻilun | fāʻilun | muftaʻilun | fāʻilun |
|-----|-------------------------|---------|-------------------------|---------|
| [2] | mufta ^c ilun | fāʻilāt | mufta ^c ilun | fāʻilun |
| [3] | mufta [‹] ilun | fāʻilun | muftaʻilun | fāʻilāt |
| [4] | mufta ^c ilun | fāʻilāt | mufta ^c ilun | fāʻilāt |

Also notable in the poem is the frequently occurring presence of internal rhyme, and Iqbal's magnificence must be appreciated here as it overlaps with the aforementioned combinations of the meter, resulting in a truly beautiful dancing rhythm. The $misr\bar{a}$ in example [iii] consists of a single changing internal rhyme (firoz/soz). Even more beautiful is the following $sh\check{e}'r$, example [v], consisting of a double internal rhyme – one of which is unchanging ($fan\bar{a}$), and the other is changing ($\bar{a}khir/z\bar{a}hir$).

Translation & Transliteration

Stanza 1

silsilah-e roz-o-shab, naqsh-gar-e ḥādisāt silsilah-e roz-o-shab, asl-e hayāt-o-mamāt

day and night succession, forger of events day and night succession, origin of life and death

silsilah-e roz-o-shab, tār-e ḥarīr-e do-rang jis se banātī hai żāt apnī qabā-e ṣifāt

day and night succession, two-colored silk strand from which Being makes its robe of qualities

silsilah-e roz-o-shab, sāz-e azal kī fiġhāñ jis se dikhātī hai żāt zer-o-bam-e mumkināt

day and night succession, wail of the tone of eternity through which Being shows the treble and bass of possibilities

تجھ کو پر کھتا ہے یہ ، مجھ کو پر کھتا ہے یہ سلسلۂ مروز و شب ، صیرافی کائنات

tujh ko parakhtā hai yih, mujh ko parakhtā hai yih silsilah-e roz-o-shab, ṣerāfī-e kā'ināt

this tests you, that tests you day and night succession, the Jeweler of creation

tū ho agar kam-'ayār, maiñ hoñ agar kam-'ayār maut hai terī barāt, maut hai merī barāt

if you would be of low quality, if I would be of low quality
death is your fate, death is my fate

tere shab-o-roz kī aur ḥaqīqat hai kyā ek zamāne kī rau, jis meñ nah din hai nah rāt!

of your day and night, what other reality
the movement of one age, in which is neither day nor
night

آنی و فانی نمام معجزہائے ہنں کامرِ جہاں بے ثبات! کامرِ جہاں بے ثبات!

ānī-o-fānī tamām mu'jizah'hā-e hunar kār-e jahāñ be-sabāt! kār-e jahāñ be-sabāt!

momentary and frail, all the miracles of ingenuity the work of the world - without stability! the work of the world - without stability!

avval-o-ākhir fanā, bātin-o-zāhir fanā naqsh-e kuhan ho kih nau, manzil-e akhir fanā

first and last - oblivion, inside and outside - oblivion be it an old form or new, the final destination - oblivion

Stanza 2

hai magar us naqsh meñ rang-e sabāt-e davām jis ko kiyā ho kisī mard-e- khudā ne tamām

but in that print is an aspect of eternal stability which some man of the Lord would have made complete

مردِ خدا کا عمل عشق سے صاحب فروغ عشق ہے اصل حیات ، موت ہے اس پر حرام

mard-e-khudā kā 'amal 'ishq se ṣāḥib-furoġh 'ishq hai aṣl-e ḥayāt, maut hai us par ḥarām

the action of the man of the Lord - through passion, the possessor of radiance passion is the source of life, death is forbidden for it

tund-o-subuk-sair hai garchih zamāne kī rau 'ishq khvud ik sail hai, sail ko letā hai thām

quick and light-travelling is although the movement of the age passion itself is a flood, it also stops the flood

'ishq kī taqvīm meñ 'aṣr-e ravāñ ke sivā aur zamāne bhī haiñ jin kā nahīñ ko'ī nām!

in the calendar of passion, besides the current age there are other ages too, which have no name!

عشق دمِ جبرئيل، عشق دلِ مصطفى عشق خدا كا مرسول، عشق خدا كالمرا

'ishq dam-e jibra'īl, 'ishq dil-e mustafa 'ishq khudā kā rasūl, 'ishq khudā kā kalām!

passion the breath of Gabriel, passion the heart of Mustafa passion the Prophet of God, passion the word of God

'ishq kī mastī se hai paikar-e gul tāb-nāk 'ishq hai ṣahbā-e khām, 'ishq hai kās ul-karām

from the intoxication of passion is the rose's form radiant passion is new wine, passion is the generous cup

'ishq faqīh-e ḥaram, 'ishq amīr-e junūd 'ishq hai ibn us-sabīl, us ke hazāroñ muqām!

passion the jurist of the Ka'bah, passion the leader of the troops passion is a son of the road; it has thousands of stages!

'ishq ke miẓrāb se naġhmah-e tār-e ḥayāt\ 'ishq se nūr-e ḥayāt, 'ishq se nār-e ḥayāt

from the plectrum of love, the tune of the string of life! from passion the light of life, from passion the fire of life

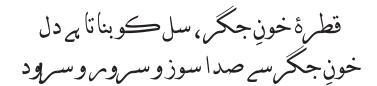
Stanza 3

ay ḥaram-e qurtubah! 'ishq se terā vujūd 'ishq sarāpā davām jis meñ nahīñ raft-o-būd

Oh holy Cordoba! from passion is your existence passion wholly eternal in which there's no passage in and out

rang ho yā khisht-o-sang, chung ho yā ḥarf-o-ṣaut muʿjizah-e fan kī hai khūn-e jigar se namūd!

whether it be color or brick and stone, whether it be the lute or word and voice the manifestation of miracles of art is from liver blood



qatrah-e khūn-e jigar, sil ko banātā hai dil khūn-e jigar se ṣadā soz-o-surūr-o-sarod!

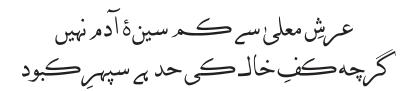
a drop of liver blood turns a stone into a heart from the liver blood, voice, burning and joy, and the song!

تیری فضا دل فروز ، میری نوا سینه سوز تجھ سے دلوں کا حضوس ، مجھ سے دلوں کی کشود

terī fazā dil-firoz, merī navā sīnah-soz tujh se diloñ kā ḥuzūr, mujh se diloñ kī kushūd

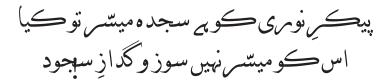
your aura heart-illumining, my plaint a breast-burning song

from you, the royal-presence of hearts, from me, the opening of hearts



'arsh-e mu'allâ se kam sīnah-e ādam nahīñ garchih kaf-e-khāk kī ḥad hai sipihr-e kubūd

not less than the lofty empyrean is the breast of Adam although the limit of the handful of dust is the azure sphere



paikar-e nūrī ko hai sijdah muyassar to kyā us ko muyassar nahīñ soz-o-gudāz-e sujūd

the Form of Light is granted prostration, so what? he does not obtain the burning and melting of the act of prostration!

کافر ہندی ہوں میں ، دیکھ مرا ذوق و شوق دل میں صلت و دمرود ، لب په صلت و دمرود

kāfir-e hindī hūñ maiñ, dekh mirā żauq-o-shauq dil meñ şalât-o-durūd, lab pah şalât-o-durūd

I am an Indian infidel, look at my relish and ardor in my heart is prayer and blessings upon the Prophet, on my lips is prayer and blessings upon the Prophet

shauq mirī lay meñ hai, shauq mirī nay meñ hai naġhmah-e allâh hū mere rag-o-pai meñ ha

ardor is in my tune, ardor is in my reed-flute the melody of Allah-hu is in my veins and sinews

Stanza 4

تيرا جمال و جلال ، مردِ خدا ڪي دليل وه بهي جليل و جميل ، تو بهي جليل و جميل

terā jamāl-o-jalāl, mard-e khudā kī dalīl vuh bhī jalīl-o-jamīl, tū bhī jalīl-o-jamīl

your beauty and grandeur, proof of the man of the Lord he too, grand and beautiful, you too, grand and beautiful

terī binā pā'edār, tere sutūñ be-shumār shām ke şaḥrā meñ ho jaise hujūm-e nakhīl!

your foundation firm, your pillars innumerable as would be, in the desert of Syria, a grove of date-palms

tire dar-o-bām par vādī-e aiman kā nūr terā minār-e buland jalvah-gah-e jibra'ī

on your door and roof the light of the Auspicious your lofty minaret the place of manifestation of Gabriel

miṭ nahīñ saktā kabhī mard-e musalmāñ, kih hai us kī ażānoñ se fāsh sirr-e kalīm-o-khalīl

the Muslim man can never be erased, for from his calls to prayer is revealed the mystery of Moses and Abraham

us kī zamīñ be-ḥudūd, us kā afaq be-sughūr us ke samundar kī mauj, dajlah-o-danyūb-o-nīl!

his land without boundaries, his horizon without borders the waves of his ocean, the Tigris and the Danube and the Nile

us ke zamāne 'ajīb, us ke fasāne ģharīb 'ahd-e kuhan ko diyā us ne payām-e raḥīl!

his times extraordinary, his stories strange to the old era he gave the message of departure

sāqī-e arbāb-e żauq, fāris-e maidān-e shauq bādah hai us kā rahīq, teģh hai us kī asīl!

cupbearer of those with taste, horseman of the field of ardor
his wine is pure, his sword is well-made

mard-e sipāhī hai vuh, us kī zarah lā-ilâh sāyah-e shamshīr meñ us kī panah lā-ilâh

he is a soldier, his every heart-beat is 'la-ilah' in the shadow of the sword his refuge is 'la-ilah'

Stanza 5

tujh se hu'ā āshkār bandah-e momin kā rāz us ke dinoñ kī tapish, us kī shaboñ kā gudā

through you revealed the believing man's mystery the burning of his days, the melting of his nights

us kā maqām-e buland, us kā hiyāl-e 'az īm us kā surūr, us kā shauq, us kā niyāz, us kā nāz

his lofty station, his noble thought his joy, his ardor, his humility, his coquetry

ہاتھ ہے الٰہ کا ، بند ۂ مومن کا ہاتھ غالب و کا ہر آفریں ، کا ہر کشا ، کا ہر ساز

hāth hai allâh kā, bandah-e momin kā hāth ġhālib-o-kār-āfirīñ, kār-kushā, kār-sāz

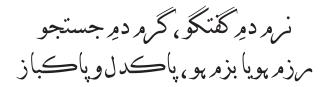
God's hand is the believing man's hand dominant, creative, resourceful and consummate

hākī-o-nūrī nihād, bandah-e maulā-ṣifāt har do-jahāñ se ġhanī, us kā dil-e be-niyāz

terrestrial with celestial aspect; a being with the qualities of the Creator wealthy with all the worlds, his non-needy heart

us kī ummīdeñ qalīl, us ke maqāṣid jalīl us kī adā dil-fareb, us kī nigah dil-navāz

his hopes small, his goals glorious his manner heart-stealing, his glance heart-cherishing

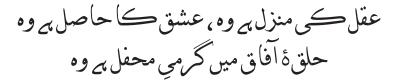


narm dam-e guftagū, garm dam-e justajū razm ho yā bazm ho, pākdil-o-pākbāz

gentle at conversing, fervent at searching be it a battle or a social gathering, pure of heart and pure of action

nuqtah-e parkār-e ḥaq, mard-e-khudā kā yaqīñ aur yih ʿālam tamām vahm-o-tilism-o-majāz

the point of the compass of Truth, the belief of the man of the Lord the rest of the world - illusion and enchantment and supposition



'aql kī manzil hai vuh, 'ishq kā ḥāṣil hai vuh ḥalqah-e āfāq meñ garmī-e maḥfil hai vuh

he is the wisdom's destiny, he is passion's harvest in the cosmic communion, he is the warmth of the gathering

Stanza 6

Ka'bah of those with skill! majesty of faith made visible! through you, of the rank of a holy place is the Andalusians' land

Ka'bah of those with skill! majesty of faith made visible! through you, of the rank of a holy place is the Andalusians' land

hai tah-e girdūñ agar ḥusn meñ terī nazīr qalb-e musalmāñ meñ hai aur nahīñ hai kahīñ\

if beneath the celestial sphere there is your equal in beauty it is in the heart of a Muslim and is nowhere else

āh vuh mardān-e ḥaq! vuh 'arabī shah-savār! ḥāmil-e " khulq-e 'azīm ", ṣāḥib-e ṣidq-o-yaqīñ

Ah, those men of truth, Those proud Arab cavaliers bearers of "the noble nature," possessors of righteousness and faith

جن کی حکومت سے ہے فاش یہ مرمزِ غریب سلطنتِ اہل دل فقر ہے ، شاہی نہیں!

jin kī ḥukūmat se hai fāsh yih ramz-e ġharīb sultanat-e ahl-e dil faqr hai, shāhī nahīñ!

from whose governance is revealed this strange mystery the kingship of the people of the heart is abstemiousness, it is not royal

جن کی نگاہوں نے کی تربیتِ شرق و غرب ظلمتِ یوس پہ میں تھی جن کی خرد سراہ بیں

jin kī nigāhoñ ne kī tarbiyat-e sharq-o-ģharb zulmat-e yūrup meñ thī jin kī khirad rāh-bīñ

whose glances trained the East and the West in the darkness of Europe, whose wisdom was trail-blazing

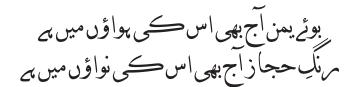
jin kī lahū kī tufail āj bhī haiñ añdlusī khvush-dil-o-garm-ikhtilāt, sādah-o-raushan-jabīñ

by means of whose blood still today the Andalusians are effable and warm-hearted, Ingenuous and bright of countenance

آج بھی اس دیس میں عام ہے چشمِ غزال اور نگاہوں کے تیر آج بھی ہیں دل نشیں

āj bhī us des meñ 'ām hai chashm-e ġhazāl aur nigāhoñ ke tīr āj bhī haiñ dil-nashīñ

still today, in that country, gazelle-eyes are common and arrows of glances still today are heart piercing



bū-e yaman āj bhī us ki havā'oñ meñ hai! rang-e ḥijāz āj bhī us kī navā'oñ meñ hai!

the scent of Yemen, still today, is in its breezes the color of Hijaz, still today, is in its tunes

Stanza 7

دیدهٔ انجم میں ہے نیس ی زمیں ، آسماں آہ! که صدیوں سے ہے نیس ی فضا بے اذاں

dīdah-e anjum meñ hai terī zamīñ, āsmāñ āh! kih şadyoñ se hai terī fazā be-ażāñ

in the eyes of the stars, your earth is the sky ah! for centuries your atmosphere has been missing the call to prayer

کونسی وادی میں ہے ، کونسی منزل میں ہے عشق بلاخیز کا قافل ہ سخت جاں!

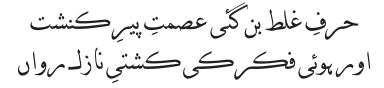
kaun sī vādī meñ hai, kaun sī manzil meñ hai 'ishq-e balā-khez kā qāfilah-e sakht-jāñ!

in which valley is it, at which stage is it disastrous passion's tough-lived caravan?

dekh chukā almanī shorish-e işlāḥ-e dīñ jis ne nah chhore kahīñ naqsh-e kuhan ke nishāñ

Germany has already seen the turmoil of the reform of faith

which did not leave anywhere traces of the old form



ḥarf-e ġhalat ban ga'ī 'iṣmat-e pīr-e kunisht aur hu'ī fikr kī kishtī-e nāzuk ravāñ

infallibility of the church sage began to ring false the ship of reason, once more, sails unfurled

چشمِ فرانسیس بھی دیکھ چکی انقلاب جس سے دگر گوں ہوا مغربیوں کا جہاں

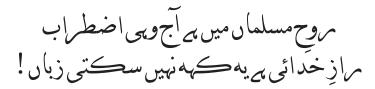
chashm-e firāñsīs bhī dekh chukī inqilāb jis se digr-gūñ hu'ā maġhribiyoñ kā jahā

the eye of the French too has seen revolution which changed the colors of Western living

millat-e rūmī-nizhād kuhnah-parastī se pīr lazzat-e tajdīd se vuh bhī hu'ī phir javāñ

followers of Rome, feeling antiquated worshipping the ancientry,

also rejuvenated themselves with the relish of novelty



rūḥ-e musalmāñ meñ hai āj vuhī iztirāb rāz-e-khudā'ī hai yih kah nahīñ saktī zabāñ!

in the spirit of the Muslim is today that same restlessness

this is a divine mystery, the tongue cannot utter of it

دیکھیے اس بحرکی ته سے اچھلتا ہے کیا گنبدِ نیلوفری مرنگ بدلتا ہے کیا!

dekhiye us baḥr kī tah se uchhaltā hai kyā gunbad-e nīlofarī rang badaltā hai kyā!

see, from the depth of that ocean, what leaps out how the azure dome changes its color

Stanza 8

vādī-e kuhsār meñ ġharq-e shafaq hai saḥāb la'l-e badakhshāñ ke ḍher chhor gayā āftāb

in the yonder valley, clouds are drenched in roseate twilight heaps of rubies of Badakhshan, the sun has left behind

sādah-o-pur-soz hai dukhtar-e dihqāñ kā gīt kishtī-e dil ke liye sail hai 'ahd-e shabāb!

simple and doleful is the song of the peasant's daughter for the boat of the heart, tender feelings adrift

آبِ روانِ ڪبير! تير بے ڪنام بے ڪوئي ديڪھ مها ہے ڪسي اور زمانے ڪا خواب

āb-e ravān-e kabīr! tere kināre ko'ī dekh rahā hai kisī aur zamāne kā hvāb

great moving river! on your shore someone is seeing a dream of some other age

'ālam-e nau hai abhī pardah-e taqdīr meñ merī nigāhoñ meñ hai us kī saḥar be-ḥijāb

the new world is as yet behind the veil of destiny in my sight its dawn is unveiled

pardah uṭhā dūñ agar chahrah-e afkār se lā nah sakegā farang merī navā'oñ kī tāb

if I would lift the veil from the face of my thoughts the West would be dazzled by its brilliance

جس میں نہ ہو انقلاب، موت ہے وہ زندگی روح امم کی حیات کشمکشِ انقلاب!

jis meñ nah ho inqilāb, maut hai vuh zindagī rūḥ-e umum kī ḥayāt kashmakash-e inqilab!

one without revolution, that life is dead the spirit of the peoples - the struggle of revolutio

ṣūrat-e shamshīr hai dast-e qazā meñ vuh qaum kartī hai jo har zamāñ apne 'amal kā ḥisāb!

keen as a sword in the hands of destiny - that nation which in every age keeps an account of its deeds

naqsh haiñ sab na-tamām, khūn-e jigar ke baghair naqsh haiñ sab na-tamām, khūn-e jigar ke baghair!

all forms are incomplete without the liver blood soulless is the melody without the liver blood

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