Design: Usman Latif

Allama Muhammad Iqbal's

Asrar-e-Khudi (Dua)

Secrets of the Self (Invocation)

English translation: *RA Nicholson, Cambridge, 1915* Musical composition: *SM Ali Abbas, Oxford, 2004*

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!

(1)

ال الله 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

(3)

کسی از طن خود شد یار من از درون من جہان یارب ندیم من کجاست نخل سینایم "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

(5)

1 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 (6)

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 (7)