

University Tarana (Anthem)

*Ye mera chaman hai mera chaman, main apne chaman ka Bulbul hu
Sarshaar-e-nigaah-e-nargis hu , paabasta-e-gesoo-e Sumbul hu
Ye mera chaman, ye mera chaman,
Ye mera chaman hai mera chaman, main apne chaman ka bulbul hu !
Jo taaq-e-haram mein roshan hai woh shama yahan bhi jalti hai,
Iss dasht ke goshey goshey se ik jooy-e-hayat ubalti hai
Ye dasht-e-junu deewano ka, ye bazm-e-wafaa parwano ki
Ye shehr-e-tarab roomano ka, ye khuld-e-baree armaano ki
Fitrat ne sikhayee hai humko uftaad yaha parwaaz yaha
Gaaye hai wafaa ke geet yaha , chheda hai junu ka saaz yaha
Ye mera chaman hai mera chaman, main apne chaman ka Bulbul hu !
Iss bazm mein teghei khi chi hain, is bazm mein saa ar todey hai
Iss bazm mein aankh bichhaayee hai, iss bazm mein dil tak jodey hai
Har sham hai shaam-e-Misr yaha , har shab hai shab-e Shiraz yaha
Hai saarey jaha ka soz yaha aur saarey jaha ka saaz yaha
Zarraat ka bosa lene ko sau baar jhuka aakaash yaha
Khud aa kh se hamne dekhi hai baatil ki shikast-e-faash yaha
Ye mera chaman hai mera chaman, main apne chaman ka bulbul hu !
Jo abr yaha se utthega, wo sarey jaha par barsega
Har jooy-e-rawaa par barsega, har koh-e-garaa par barsega
Har sarw-o-saman par barsega, har dasht-o-daman par barsega
Khud apne chaman par barsega, gairo ke chaman par barsega
Har shahr-e-tarab par garjega, har qasr-e-tarab par kadkega
Ye abr hamesha barsa hai, ye abr hamesha barsega
Ye abr hamesha barsa hai, ye abr hamesha barsega
Ye abr hamesha barsa hai, ye abr hamesha barsega
Barsega, barsega, barsega!*

(Asrar-ul-Haq Majaz Lakhnavi)

English Translation

This is my garden, Mine own garden
And I am its 'Bulbul'¹, Drunk am I on the look Of the narcissus
Bound by the tresses
Of the 'sumbul'².
This is my garden
Mine own garden
Indeed, my very own garden And I am its 'bulbul'.
The light on the arch
Of the sanctum
Is lit here as well.

In every corner of the desert
The spring of life wells up
This is the wilderness of passion
The area of faith of the covenanted
The city of serenades by romantics
Sublime heaven of desires.
Nature has taught us flight and descent
Here.
We have sung the songs of the faith, struck the lute of
passion Here.
This is my garden
Mine own garden
And I am its 'bulbul'.
We have drawn the swords here
Smashed the goblets
Laid out our waiting
Effected union of hearts
Every evening is 'Sham-I-Misr'³ here
Every night 'Shab-I-Shiraz'⁴
The music of whole world is here
As is its entire musicality.
A hundred times has the sky

Bowed down to kiss the ground here.
With our own eyes have we witnessed
The defeat and unmasking of falsehood
Here.

This is my garden
Mine own garden
And I am its 'bulbul'.

This is my garden
Mine own garden
Indeed, my very own garden
And I am its 'bulbul'
The cloud rising up from here
Will rain down on the whole world
It will rain on every rivulet and stream
And on every mountain heavysset
It will rain down on every cypress

And jasmine
And on every wilderness
It will rain down on its own garden
And on the garden of others
It will strike its own note
Of thunder, on every city of musical notes. It will write its own script
Of lightning, on every deficient score. This cloud has always rained down.
This cloud will always rain down.
This cloud has always rained down.
This cloud will always rain down.
This cloud has always rained down.
This cloud will always rain down.
Rain down, rain down, rain down.

(1) Nightingale (2) Spikenard, Hyacinth (3) The evening of Egypt, figuratively, the most beautiful evening. (4) The night of Shiraz, figuratively, the most beautiful night.