



PREM DHAWAN: TEN SONGS

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Ae mere pyaare watan
(Kabuliwala, 1961)

*Ae mere pyaare watan
Ae mere bichhde chaman
Tujhpe dil qurbaan
Tu hi meri aarzoo
Tu hi meri aabroo
Tu hi meri jaan
Ae mere pyaare watan...*

*Tere daaman se jo aayein
Un hawaan ko salaam
Choom loon main us zubaan ko
Jispe aaye tera naam
Sabse pyaari subah teri
Sabse rangeen teri shaam
Tujhpe dil qurbaan
Ae mere pyaare watan...*

*Maa ka dil banke kabhi
Seene se lag jaata hai tu
Aur kabhi nanhi si beti
Banke yaad aata hai tu
Jitna yaad aata hai mujhko
Utna tadpaata hai tu
Tujhpe dil qurbaan
Ae mere pyaare watan...*

*Chhodkar teri gali ko
Door aa pahunche hain hum
Phir bhi hai yehi tamanna
Tere zarron ki qasam
Hum jahaan paida hue
Us jagah hi nikle dam
Tujhpe dil qurbaan
Ae mere pyaare watan...*

O my beloved land
O the garden from which I am separated
My heart is all for you:
You are my hope
You are my honour
You are my life
O my beloved land...

From your veil which flow
I salute those breezes:
I would kiss the tongue
On which comes your name
Your morn is the loveliest
Your evening the most colourful.
My heart is all for you.
O my beloved land...

Sometimes, a mother's heart you become
And press me to your chest;
Then, sometimes, a little daughter
You become, and are remembered.
Each time I remember you,
Each time, then, I yearn for you.
My heart is all for you.
O my beloved land...

Having left your lanes,
We have come far away.
Yet there is this desire,
I swear by every particle of you:
Where we were born,
There too we must breathe our last.
My heart is all for you.
O my beloved land...

Chhodo kal ki baatein
(Hum Hindustani, 1961)

*Chhodo kal ki baatein
Kal ki baat puraani
Naye daur mein likhenge
Milkar nayi kahaani
Hum Hindustani, hum Hindustani*

*Aaj puraani zanjeeron ko tod chuke hain
Kya dekhein us manzil ko jo chhod chuke hain
Chaand ke dar pe jaa pahuncha hai
Aaj zamaana
Naye jagat se hum bhi naata jod chuke hain
Naya khoon hai nayi umangein
Ab hai nayi jawaani
Hum Hindustani, hum Hindustani*

*Humko kitne Taj Mahal hain aur banaane
Kitne hi Ajanta humko aur sajaane
Abhi palatna hai rukh kitne dariyaaon ka*

*Kitne parbat raahon se hain aaj hataane
Naya khoon hai nayi umangein
Ab hai nayi jawaani
Hum Hindustani, hum Hindustani*

*Aao mehnat ko apna eemaan banaayein
Apne haathon ko apna bhagwaan banaayein
Ram ki is dharti ko, Gautam ki bhoomi ko,
Sapnon se bhi pyaara Hindustan banaayein
Naya khoon hai nayi umangein
Ab hai nayi jawaani
Hum Hindustani, hum Hindustani*

*Har zarra hai moti aankh uthaakar dekho
Maati mein sona hai, haath badhaakar dekho
Sone ki yeh Ganga hai, chaandi ki Yamuna
Chaaho toh patthar se dhaan ugaakar dekho
Naya khoon hai nayi umangein
Ab hai nayi jawaani
Hum Hindustani, hum Hindustani*

Leave behind the matters of yesterday
Yesterday's matters are old
In this new age we will together write
A new story
We are Indians, we are Indians

Today, we have broken old shackles
Why look at a destination we have crossed?
The world has reached the gate
To the moon:
We too have joined hands with the new world
There's new blood, new fervour
Now is a new youth:
We are Indians, we are Indians

We have many more Taj Mahals to build
Many more Ajantas to decorate
We still have to change the courses of many
rivers
Move out of the way many mountains...
There's new blood, new fervour
Now is a new youth:
We are Indians, we are Indians

Come, let us make hard work our religion
And turn our hands into our God
This land of Ram's, this land of Gautam's:
Let us make an India lovelier than our dreams
There's new blood, new fervour
Now is a new youth:
We are Indians, we are Indians

In each particle is a pearl, look up and see:
In the soil is gold, reach out your hand for it.
This Ganga is of gold, this Yamuna of silver;
If you wish, you can grow paddy on rocks.
There's new blood, new fervour
Now is a new youth:
We are Indians, we are Indians

Sab kuchh lutaake hosh mein aaye
(Ek Saal, 1957)

(Male version):

*Karte rahe khizaan se hum
Sauda bahaar ka
Badla diya toh kya yeh diya
Unke pyaar ka*

*Sab kuchh lutaake hosh mein aaye
Toh kya kiya
Din mein agar chiragh jalaaye
Toh kya kiya*

*Hum badnaseeb pyaar ke
Rusvaayi ban gaye
Khud hi lagaake aag
Tamaashaayi ban gaye
Daaman se ab yeh sholey
Bujhaaye toh kya kiya
Din mein agar chiragh jalaaye...*

*Le-le ke haar phoolon ke
Aayi toh thhi bahaar
Nazrein uthaake humne hi
Dekha na ek baar
Aankhon se ab yeh parde
Hataaye toh kya kiya
Din mein agar chiragh jalaaye...*

(Female version):

*Na poochho pyaar ki humne
Jo haqeeqat dekhi
Wafa ke naam pe bikte hue ulfat dekhi
Kisi ne loot liya
Aur humein khabar na hui
Khuli jo aankh toh
Barbaad mohabbat dekhi*

*Sab kuchh lutaake hosh mein aaye
Toh kya kiya
Din mein agar chiragh jalaaye
Toh kya kiya*

I kept trading the spring
For the autumn;
I returned her love, with what
A terrible return.

Having lost everything
What have I done?
If I lit lamps in the daytime:
What did I achieve?

Unfortunate in love,
My name became a byword;
Having ignited the fire in the first place,
I became the laughing stock.
Now, if I try to douse these flames
With the hem of my garment, what use is it?
If I lit lamps in the daytime...

Bearing garlands of flowers
The spring came to me
It was I who never lifted my gaze
To look at it:
Now if I draw these curtains before my eyes,
What use is it?
If I lit lamps in the daytime...

Don't ask what happened when I saw
The reality of love:
Saw love being sold by the name of fidelity.
Someone robbed me
And I never even knew it
When I opened my eyes
I saw my love in ruins

Having lost everything,
What have I done?
If I lit lamps in the daytime,
What did I achieve?

*Main woh kali hoon jo na
Bahaaron mein khil saki
Woh dil hoon jisko pyaar ki
Manzil na mil saki
Patthar pe humne phool
Chadhaaye toh kya kiya
Din mein agar chiragh jalaaye...*

*Jo mil na saka pyaar
Gham ki shaam toh mile
Ik bewafa se pyaar ka
Anjaam toh mile
Ae maut jald aa, zara
Aaraam toh mile
Do din khushi ke dekh
Na paaye toh kya kiya*

I am that bud
That could not bloom in spring:
That heart which could not find
Its destination of love.
What did I achieve by
Offering flowers before a stone?
If I lit lamps in the daytime...

If I could not obtain love,
At least let me have an evening of sorrow:
Let me get the result of my love
From one who was unfaithful.
O death, come soon:
At least let me find rest.
What did I get if I saw
Two days of happiness?

**Kaanton ke saaye mein phoolon ka ghar hai
(Vallah Kya Baat Hai, 1961)**

*Kaanton ke saaye mein phoolon ka ghar hai
Phoolon ke ghar pe jo teri nazar hai
Kaante hataake phool chun le
O raja sun, sun, sun le*

*Daali-daali jhoome jaise titli
Khel tu bhi jag ki hawaaon se
Kaanton ko bhi hansna sikhaaye jaa
Bholi-bhaali apni adaan se
Jiski yaari bahaaron ki raahon se
Use bhala kisi ka kya darr hai?
Kaanton ke saaye mein...*

*Pyare, yahaan asha ke chiraghon ki
Dukh ki pawan humjoli hai
Duniya mein neki se buraayi ki
Sada yehi aankh-micholi hai
Aankh jisne bhalaayi pe kholi hai
Use bhala kisi ka kya darr hai?*

*Gori-gori hansi teri jo kabhi
Dab jaaye gham kaale-kaale se
Ban jaa himmat ka sitaara tu
Apne hi mann ke ujaale se
Dhoonde rasta jo mann ke ujaale se
Use bhala kisi ka kya darr hai?*

In the shadow of thorns, the flowers dwell:
You, who have your eye on the flowers:
Remove the thorns and pick the flower.
O my friend, listen, listen, listen, please.

As the butterfly flits from branch to branch:
You too, play thus with the breezes.
Teach the thorns to play,
From your sweet, good-natured ways.
He who is friends with the paths of the spring:
Why should he fear anything?
In the shadow of thorns...

Dear, here the lamps of hope
Are old friends with the winds of sorrow;
In this world, goodness and evil
Have always played hide-and-seek.
He who has opened his eyes on goodness:
Why should he fear anything?

If ever this fair, sparkling laughter of yours,
Is covered by dark, looming sorrow:
Become, then, the star of courage.
Shine on, by the light of your own mind.
He who finds a path by the light of his mind:
Why should he fear anything?

Jiska joota usika sar
(Guest House, 1959)

*Jiska joota usi ka sar
Dil hai chhota, bada shahar
Arre wah re wah re teri Bambai*

*Khaaya dhokha gaye jidhar
Dekho kismet phanse kidhar
Arre wah re...*

*Aake yahaan kya mil gaya
Jeb kati aur dil gaya
Rang tere is shahar ke
Dekh kaleja hil gaya
Maal na sahi, jaan toh bachi
Bhaag, bhaag, Mister
Jiska joota...*

*Mem phire kis aan se
Saath hai kutta shaan se
Jaanwar se toh pyaar hai,
Pyaar nahin insaan se
Dekh naazneen hum bhi hain haseen
Itna naaz na kar
Jiska joota...*

*Paas mein motor car ho
Bank mein tees hazaar ho
Pyaar yahaan tab kijiye
Maal yeh jab sarkaar ho
Na toh suit hai na toh boot hai
Dekh, pyaar se darr
Jiska joota...*

He whose shoe it is, it's also his head:
The heart is small, the city's big
Oh wow, oh wow, your Bombay!

Wherever I went, I was betrayed;
Look at my fate, where I'm tangled:
Oh wow, oh wow...

What did I get by coming here?
My pocket was picked, my heart flew away.
The temperament of this city:
I beheld and it shook me to the core
Even if my valuables are gone, my life is safe;
Run away, run away, Mister:
He whose shoe it is...

Madame walks about with such airs
Along with a dog, also in such pomp.
So much affection for an animal
But none for a human being.
Look, coquette, I too am handsome:
Less of your coquetry, please.
He whose shoe it is...

One should have a car on hand
And thirty thousand in the bank
Only then should you romance anyone:
When you have all those goods, sir—
If you have neither fancy suits nor boots,
See, it's best to steer clear of love.
He whose shoe it is...

**O mister O mister suno ek baat
(Agra Road, 1957)**

*O mister O mister suno ek baat
Badi bewafa hai yeh mardon ki zaat
Badalte hain yeh rang pal mein hazaar*

*Karein inke waadon pe kya aitbaar
Yeh karne ko kar lenge haathi shikaar
Par ek hi nazar mein hain chit sarkar*

*O madam O madam suno ek baat
Badi betuki hai yeh aurat ki zaat
Yeh haan bhi kahein toh yeh samjho ke naa
Aur naa jo kahein toh yeh samjho ke haan
Har ek baat mein yeh adhuri toh hain
Magar kya karein ke zaroori toh hain*

*Yeh baahar se leader-pleader bhi hain
Magar ghar mein aake yeh geedad bhi hain
Ishaaron pe inko nachaate hain hum
Dilon pe hukumat chalaate hain hum*

*Hai duniya badi bewafa dekhiye
Zara husn ki yeh ada dekhiye
Hum hi naaz sehte hain humse hi daao
Hamaari hi billi aur humko hi meow*

*Tum roop din ka ho toh hum raat hain
Bana hai jahaan jab se hum saath hain
Hamaare bina duniya sajti nahin
Ki ik haath se taali bajti nahin*

O mister O mister, listen to us:
This class, of men, is very unfaithful.
They change colour a thousand times a second
How can one rely on their promises?
They are capable of hunting an elephant,
But all it takes is one glance to lay them low.

O madam O madam, listen to us:
This class, of women, is very illogical.
If they say yes, you should take it as a no:
And if they say no, understand it to be a yes.
In each thing, they are abrupt,
But what is one to do, they are so necessary!

On the outside, they are leaders and pleaders:
But once home, they are cowardly jackals.
We make them dance to our tune,
On their hearts, we rule.

This world is terribly unfaithful, see,
Look at the airs and graces of beauty:
We pamper these airs, and are shot down.
Ours is the hand that feeds, and is bitten!

If you are the day, we are the night,
Since the world was made, we are together
Without us, the world lacks colour and beauty
Because, you see, one hand can't clap by itself.

**Ainvein duniya deve duhaayi
(Jaagte Raho, 1956)**

*Ainvein duniya deve duhaayi
Jootha paundi shor
Te apne dil ton punchhke vekho
Kaun nai yeh chor
Te ki main jooth boleya
Koi na
Ki main kufur toleya
Koi na
Ki main zahar gholeya
Koi na, bhai koi na*

*Oye, haqq dooje da maar-maarke
Bande lok ameer
Main ainu kaenda chori
Duniya kaendi taqdeer
Te ki main jooth boleya...
Hatthke, praaji bachke*

*Oye vekhe pandit gyaani-tyaani
Daya-daram de bande
Ram-naam japde te khaande
Gaushaala te chande
Te ki main jooth boleya...*

*Oye sachche phaansi chadhde vekhe
Jootha mauj udaave
O loki kaende rabb di maaya
Main kaenda anyay
Te ki main jooth boleya...*

Without reason, the world cries for justice:
The liars make a noise, just like that.
Look into your heart: ask who is
Not a thief?
Do I lie?
No, never!
Am I being heretical?
No, never!
Am I spreading poison?
No, never, brother, never!

By taking away the rights of others
People become wealthy:
I call this plain old thievery,
The world calls it destiny.
Do I lie?
Move over, brother; take care...

We have seen many pandits, gurus, sages:
Devoted to faith and good deeds,
They speak the name of Ram and get fat on
The charities that are meant for cow-shelters:
Do I lie?...

We have seen many honest men being hanged
While the dishonest, the liars make merry;
People say it's all the mercy of God
I say it's injustice
Do I lie?...

**Ae watan ae watan humko teri qasam
(Shaheed, 1965)**

*Jalte bhi gaye kehte bhi gaye
Aazaadi ke parwaane
Jeena toh usi ka jeena hai
Jo marna watan pe jaane*

*Ae watan ae watan humko teri qasam
Teri raahon mein jaan tak lutaa jaayenge
Phool kya cheez hai tere qadmon pe hum
Bhent apne saron ki chadhaa jaayenge
Ae watan ae watan...*

*Seh chuke hain sitam hum bahut ghair ke
Ab karenge har ik vaar ka saamna
Jhuk sakega na ab sarfaroshon ka sar
Chaahe ho khooni talwaar ka saamna
Sar pe baandhe kafan hum toh hanste hue
Maut ko bhi gale se laga jaayenge
Ae watan ae watan...*

*Koi Punjab se koi Maharashtra se

Koi UP se koi Bangaal se
Teri pooja ki thaali mein laaye hain hum
Phool har rang ke, aaj har daal se
Naam kuchh bhi sahi par lagan ek hai
Jot se jot dil ki jaga jaayenge
Ae watan ae watan...*

*Hanske rukhsat karo humko, ae saathiyon
Poori karne hum apni qasam chal diye
Raakhi baandhi thhi behna ne jis haath mein
Pehenkar hathkadi usmein hum chal diye
Hum na dekhenge kal ki bahaarein toh kya
Tumko toh woh bahaarein dikha jaayenge
Ae watan ae watan...*

They kept burning, they kept saying:
Thus said the moths of freedom...
Only he lives who lives thus:
By knowing how to die for his land.

Our land, our land: we swear by you
In your paths, we will lay down our lives
Flowers are too meagre; at your feet
We will offer the gift of our heads.
Our land, our land...

We have borne the torments of outsiders
Now we will stand up to each blow.
The heads of patriots will not bow any more,
No matter how bloody the sword in front.
Carrying our shrouds on our heads, we laugh
As we step forward to embrace our deaths:
Our land, our land...

Someone from Punjab, someone from
Maharashtra
Someone from UP, someone from Bengal
In the platter for worship that we bring to you,
Flowers of each colour, from each branch:
Whatever our names, our motives are alike:
To light the lamps of our hearts as we go.
Our land, our land...

My friends, smile as you bid us farewell;
We go to fulfil our promise.
The hand on which Sister tied a raakhi
On it are handcuffs, as we go:
Even if we don't see tomorrow's spring
At least we will show you that spring.
Our land, our land...

**Chanda mama door ke
(Vachan, 1954)**

*Chanda mama door ke
Pue pakaayein boor ke
Aap khaayein thali mein
Munne ko dein pyaali mein*

*Pyaali gayi toot
Munna gaya rooth
Laayenge nayi pyaaliyaan
Baja-bajaake taaliyaan
Munne ko manaayenge
Hum doodh-malai khaayenge*

*Udankhatole baithke Munna
Chanda ke ghar jaayega
Taaron ke sang
Aankh-micholi khelke
Dil behlaayega
Khel-kood se jab
Mere Munne ka dil bhar jaayega
Thumak-thumak mera Munna
Waapis ghar ko aayega
Chanda mama door ke...*

Uncle Moon, far away:
Cooks sugared malpuas.
Eats his in a dinner plate,
Serves them to Munna on a saucer.

The saucer broke;
Munna got upset.
We'll get new saucers,
We'll clap a lot,
And make Munna happy again.
We'll stuff ourselves on milk and cream.

Munna'll sit in an aeroplane
And go to the moon's home.
With the stars,
He'll play hide-and-peek
And be very happy.
When, with all that play,
My Munna's had his fill,
He'll toddle back home,
My Munna.
Uncle Moon, far away...

Teri duniya se hoke majboor chala
(Pavitra Paapi, 1970)

Teri duniya se hoke majboor chala
Main bahut door, bahut door,
Bahut door chala
Teri duniya se...

Is qadar door ke phir
Lautke bhi aa na sakoon
Aisi manzil pe jahaan
Khud ko bhi main paa na sakoon
Aur majboori hai kya
Itna bhi batlaa na sakoon
Teri duniya se...

Aankh bhar aayi agar
Ashqon ko main pee loongi
Aah nikli jo kabhi
Honthon ko main see loonga
Tujhse vaada hai kiya
Isliye main jee loonga
Teri duniya se...

Khush rahe tu hai jahaan
Le jaa duaain meri
Teri raahon se judaa
Ho gayeen raahein meri
Kuchh nahin saath mere
Bas hain khataayein meri
Teri duniya se...

Your world I leave, forced by circumstances...
Very far, very far:
Very far I go.
Your world I leave...

So far that I can never
Come back again;
To a destination where
I cannot even find myself anymore
And what it is that forces me,
I may not even be able to tell:
Your world I leave...

If tears fill my eyes,
I will swallow them.
If a sigh escapes me,
I will sew my lips shut.
I have promised you,
So I will live.
Your world I leave...

Wherever you go, be happy:
Take with you my prayers.
From your paths,
My paths are now separate;
Nothing is with me,
Except for my sins:
Your world I leave...