



THE SECRETS OF THE SELF

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THE SECRETS OF THE SELF

(ASRÁR-I KHUDÍ)

**A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM
BY
MUHAMMAD IQBAL**

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AN INVOCATION

O Thou that art as the soul in the body of the universe,
Thou art our soul and thou art ever fleeing from us.

Thou breathest music into Life's lute;
Life envies Death when death is for thy sake.

Once more bring comfort to our sad hearts,
Once more dwell in our breasts!

Once more let us hear thy call to honour,
Strengthen our weak love.

We are oft complaining of destiny,

Thou art of great price and we have naught.

Hide not thy fair face from the empty-handed!

Sell cheap the love of Salmán and Bilál!¹

Give us the sleepless eye and the passionate heart,

Give us again the nature of quicksilver!

Show unto us one of thy manifest signs,

That the necks of our enemies may be bowed!

Make this chaff a mountain crested with fire,

Burn with our fire all that is not God!

When the people let the clue of Unity go from their hands,

They fell into a hundred mazes.

We are dispersed like stars in the world;

Though of the same family, we are strange to one another.

Bind again these scattered leaves,

Revive the law of love!

Take us back to serve thee as of old,

Commit thy cause to them that love thee!

We are travellers: give us devotion as our goal!

¹ Salmán was a Persian, Bilál an Abyssinian. Both had been slaves and were devoted henchmen of the Prophet.

