In the path of death, crores of Muslims have again become alive pulling down the curtain of censure and blame and cutting a path through restrictions. The dream of the ages has realised today, a radiant voice I hear on all sides, Wake up, Muslims, move on fearlessly, the tiger of the victory of the world, take up arms which will shed blood and a campaign the sword. The drum of Jehad sounds with deep reverberating noise. With irresistible motion, free from fear, again in the world, in the blood-soaked path of death, in the cherished chariot of eternal triumph call, will have to move on unitedly, by virtue of the creed of God, stand up, O stand up ye all that are without fear, under the victorious standard. Listen there, the message of the victory of the world has come to-day, so go on celebrating the festival of the new year, we are not dependent on fate, we are conquerers of fate - O ye irresistible, free from bondage what is there to fear? The earth belongs to us, we shall not keep quiet. It is for us that the martyr's alter has been made in the world, (They) have awakened all and rushed forth there, all are terrible today, the blood-drinkers are all to-day intoxicated in the orgy of the game of war, the spirit of Islam is round in the heart, hence (they) are out in a new expedition in the world with songs of victory, with songs of rejoicing, to-day all will build up the world anew. From the path in which we have lost our thrones, through bad luck and for ages been filled with regret, grief and displeasure as heard with deep noise of the drum of war, O come ye, (you) will have to participate
in the festival of war (filled with) the spirit of Islam and with the joy of victory, put on the martyr's turban on your raised heads uttering Taqbir we cut off fate at the point of sword, with the pride of victory we have moved on trampling the world under foot, today the day has come back, we are irresistible, free from fear, swords rattle, crores of bayonets flash up in the bright light of the sun, we shall break open the closed door of the prison house of the subjected. We shall all together offer ourselves for sacrifices no fear (0 ye) no fear, move on with the love of Allah in your heart. There is no extinction (for you) here and hereafter. 0 ye, there is no fear, in the sky high up harsh thunder roars out, so deserts and stepples and solitary gardens are shaken, 0 ye, no fear, till Doom's day we shall be alive. In this India of ours a crore of evil minded ones sing the triumph of self interest in it, alas, those from whose back the brand of slavery has not been wiped off, that without saying, Be alive, write on the forehead of the master in ink, without fear, many words of blame by means of artifice, this sharp pain must be removed at the point of sword. The nation which for 700 years has kept the soil of this country by offering its heart's blood fertile and sweet-watered and kept it alive, which has fought civilisation, manners and established the centre of knowledge in the world which had followers all over the world - it is they that are destitute today. In the world they move about with beggar's alms bag on their shoulder - a fine sight is this; which unfortunate one in this Sub India is deeply searching for the lost treasure of your freedom a cherished thing? The sword being feared, can any good ever come to the country through the might of the pen? Today again, lives will
have to sacrifice in India, what belongs to the slave will always remain with the slave unimpaired. Because we were asleep those who were barbarians in the age of awakening sit tightly on the chest in pride, alas 0 ye shameless ones: Today here tomorrow in that country obstacles are put in the path of religion, everywhere nothing but embarrassment is caused, alas ungrateful people. (They) never thought that the night of our sleep had lawned.

This country belongs to us, we shall stay here, is there any end to us. It is those who are Bhils, Kols, Garos and Slaves that will loss all traces of them. If 700 men had come here and with smile and in the pride of victory had sung the song of monotheism, we 9 crores of us are today alive there 100 crores of us will pick up pearls diving into the sea. With the sword and the gun we shall again enkindle the light of glory on all sides, we are a nation of Muslims who have been resuscitated from the grave. Today we are not unconscious in sleep, (we have) awakened in the eclat of the awakening of the age. We shall bring back the past glory in the soil of Hind, so there is sword in hand to bring about a flow of blood of the oppressors. Probably some-one is coming having mistaken his path like Kasem, the flag of religion will be hoisted again in the Indian Coasts. (He) will triumph again in war with Dahir, the song of monotheism will be sung in the heart of Hind. By new expedition the lost treasure will be recovered, crores of Bukhteers today move about searching for the path of emancipation. Amongst us Sher Akbar, Sha Jehan and Aurangzeb have been resuscitated from the grave, clasping the sword. In the world will be built up again the Taj of Glory. Darbar-i-am, Darbar-i-Khas, wonders in the world. This is not merely a poet's fancy, the day
is not far off. With meteor speed one will have to rush forth
in the name of Allah, the past will revive in this subject India.
O ye, rush forth with one heart, listen to the song of Jinnah and
Huq the herald Akram, Sahid Hasan will all be leader of the commu-
nity. The festival of awakening has come today in the land of
Siraj. The Satanic spell have to be broken by means of hundreds
of crores of spells. Having enkindled the fire one will have to
rush forth in the desired path, today give a united response. O
ye, irresistible, free from bondage, like mad men intoxicated by
victory with maddening noise, stand up erect. O ye, without fear
under the flag of the League. Take all a firm resolve to win back
what we have lost, to build up a Peacock Throne in the Subject
India.