

Wrapped in Gold and Silver

Mohammad Nurul Huda

Wrapped in gold and silver,
This golden land of green and red,
Celebrates the golden jubilee of independence,
sowing golden seeds; the land of hopes and
Language, the land called Bagabandhu's Bangladesh.

We won freedom at the cost of blood-sacrifice of three million martyrs,
We wrestled freedom following self-sacrifice of numberless mothers and sisters;
We planted seeds of progress across the land liberated in a war of liberation;
The golden land of prosperity marking Bangabandhu's birth centenary;
The land of hopes and language,
The land called Bagabandhu's Bangladesh.

Let us visit our mother's home; Come, all our sons and daughters;
Let us go flying on the wings of Betbunia, onto the world at large.

Marking the roadmap to development we've constructed flyovers;
We've hoisted the sail of progress in this land of boats, rivers and waters;
We've sown the seeds of techniques in this land of culture and agriculture,
The land of unending possibilities, - on inspiration from country's Premier;
This is the moment of sowing seeds of golden jubilee of independence,
In this land of hopes and language, the land called Bagabandhu's Bangladesh.

Translated by the poet.