

Bangali's Debt to March

Nasir Ahmed

The Bangalis first heard the victory-song of freedom in March
That clarion call on the Seventh of March
First woke up this sleeping nation in Seventy-one
Apostle of freedom Bangabandhu! Your face still rises in heart.

That subjugated nation across a thousand-year first came to know
The meaning of liberty by breaking the shackles of subjection!
This land of yours, father, was boiling at your call
Because of misrule, torture, and cruel abuses.

That March of non-cooperation is still alive in the spirit –
O' the great man! That glory writes history which flow on forever.
How can I forget, that thunderous voice of Seventh March –
unfading, undying – which erased the shame of subjection!

Those who forget, are they Bangali? They are enemies forever
Bangabandhu – you are immortal, still the great awakening for Bangalis.
The sky is filled with stars in millions, but the sun is one
You shine like a sun; you are beyond any comparison.

Therefore, you are echoed in all breaths the Bangalis take
That war-cry, father, that voice still resonates in sky and air.
Could this subjugated nation ever win freedom at all?
You liberated this nation, gave it a debt of blood.

You are the source of all accomplishment, the great son of March
The contributions you made, that debt shall never be repaid.
Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth March are unforgettable in joy and pain.
The source of it all is Seventeenth March, luminous in the glory of birth!

Your birth meant the birth of a nation
Freedom arrived only because you came
Let it be known father, this land shall never forget you
Let us repay with blood the blood-debt we owe you.

Your Bangla of Gold is now real, a miracle on earth!
Your brave capable daughter has brought back again
The saga of Bangla' triumph.

Translation: Dr Helal Uddin Ahmed