*Oh Motherland*

By

Abdul Ghani Khan

Land beloved above all the others,

Treasure trove of priceless gems!

Every valley, gorge of yours,

Witness to my feat of arms!

Glory to your modest dwellings,

Made of native clay, adobe;

I shall reason turn to cinders,

Seeking answers to your pains.

Glory to your mountains high!

To all the rivers and your rills!

All your valleys, gorges steep,

Bear the scars of unsheathed swords,

As we fought invading hordes.

Land beloved above all others,

Treasure trove of priceless gems!

I’ve been fashioned from your clay,

You have by my love been shaped;

All your soil has watered been,

By the blood of my forebears-

Father and grandfather, both.

In your bosom, resting, lie,

All my bygone ages great.

Land beloved above all others,

Treasure trove of priceless gems!

When you have no honor, pride,

Of what value then to me?

Are my standing and my state?

When you’re weak and trampled on,

Of what value then to me,

Is my comfort and my ease?

When your head is bowed and shamed,

Of what value then to me,

Is my might and majesty?

Rapturous I shall make your mud,

With my own ecstatic blood;

Land beloved above all others,

Treasure trove of priceless gems!

Either equal of world,

I shall make you, Motherland!

Or in trying so to do,

At your feet, the dust become!

I will death, destruction, brave

But shall make you prosperous, strong!

I am proud, brave *Pukhtoon,*

You remember well my feats!

Land beloved above all others,

Treasure trove of priceless gems!