



A Rendition of “Land of My Birth” (Amar Jonmo Bhumi)

Zakariya Mohyuddin

*Fields of golden grains, meadows of
fragrant flowers*

*Two delights from earth of her many
natural treasures*

*Nestled within is a place divine, set far
above all measures*

*Created from dreams, anchored by
memories*

*Nowhere else a place of such luminous
glories*

This the Queen of all lands on earth

*This the land of my birth, the hallowed
land of my birth*

*This place a beacon, bright as sun,
moon and stars of heaven*

*A glowing inviting vessel under the
churns of darkening skies*

*A magical land whose crooning birds
awaken me to the morning light*

*And the same melodious sounds bid me
into the night*

*Whose birds suckle nectar from
blossoming flowers*

*Then nest underneath for their nightly
shelter*

*The soothing serenity of its rivers that
glisten*

*And the distant hazes of its mountains
jut the horizon*

*Its land bursting with the glow of blooms
ablaze*

*And fusing with the sky into an
enchanted place*

*Its fields of grains stir as ripples of
waves*

*Played upon by the gentle winds in their
seasonal embrace*

*This bond that tugs, rivals love for a
brother or mother*

*I yearn we not separate but forever stay
together*

*This land that nourished and nurtured
me from birth*

*How I wish this be the place of my final
breath on earth.*

NOTE: The thoughts and imagery in this English rendition are from Bengali lyrics by D.L. Roy “Amar Jonmo Bhumi”. I have merely provided the English words. The richness and subtleties of an original language do not transfer in translation. My attempt at translation from Bengali was to magnify the universality of stirrings shared by humanity for their individual homelands, and to convey that no one people or nation has a monopoly on those longings. That recognition perhaps can help foster better understanding among feuding nations.