

A Present to the Martyrs

By: Ahmad Barari

O the men of honor, you died for your country,

May your name remain alive like the pure name of Iran.

Welcome to your motherland, O the brave son!

Your faith served as a stronghold for our land.

True, the motherland needs pious soldiers,

Your rosy blood has beautified the whole land.

I never believe you to be 'unknown', though you died such.

All will ever regard you the honoured much,

Believe me, just the coward are dead,

For you who desired God, life is lasting, you are never dead.

Your glorious name is shining upon the head of our land like a crown of jewels,
our country's flag bears the red colors of your blood; as an honor it deserves.

The whiteness of your flag recalls your purity,

You deserve Paradise, peace and felicity.

The greatness of our plants radiates fertility,

Owing to your manly works, lasting till eternity.

Everywhere in our land, a bone of yours is buried, O noble,

That serves as a flag of our country, the noble.

Like you and every other patriot, I desire to taste love,

Love for honour, glory, freedom like a dove.

Whatever name we call you by; we are honored by you,

We owe our freedom, glory and power to you.

The history of our homeland is protected by your name,

Your memory recalls Iran, everywhere, with honor and fame.