

International Mother Language Day Song- Amar Bhaier Rokte Rangano

CAUTION: While this song is the official song of International Mother Language Day, because it remembers a time of bloodshed where people lost their lives, the subject matter includes bloodshed (the translated name of the song is "My Brothers' Blood Spattered") Due to the lyrical content, we recommend that this song may not be suitable for primary aged pupils, and that pupils should be warned about the graphic content.

The song was written as a poem originally, and was penned at the bedside of an injured language activist in Pakistan, who had been shot by the police. It was then put to music, and was sung by activists around the country.

The song is originally in Bengali, but we think the version below, which is sung in 12 different languages is the best version, and we think that it would make a great stimulus for a music lesson.

The official International Mother Language Day song video can be viewed on YouTube here - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=seaacRktjF0>

The lyrics in English are as follows:

1. My Brothers Blood Spattered 21 February

Can I forget the twenty-first of February

incarnadined by the love of my brother?

The twenty-first of February, built by the tears

of a hundred mothers robbed of their sons,

Can I ever forget it?

2. Wake up all serpents,

wake up all summer thunder-storms,

let the whole world rise up

in anger and protest against the massacre of innocent children.

They tried to crush the demand of the people

by murdering the golden sons of the land.

Can they get away with it

at this hour when the times are poised

for a radical change?

No, no, no, no,

In the history reddened by blood
the final verdict has been given already
by the twenty-first of February.

3. It was a smooth and pleasant night,
with the winter gone nearly
and the moon smiling in the blue sky
and lovely fragrant flowers blossoming on the roadside,
and all of a sudden rose a storm,

4. fierce like a wild horde of savage beasts.
Even in the darkness we know who those beasts were.

On them we shower the bitterest hatred
of all mothers brothers and sisters.

They fired at the soul of this land,
They tried to silence the demand of the people,
They kicked at the bosom of Bengal.

They did not belong to this country.
They wanted to sell away her good fortune.
They robbed the people of food, clothing and peace.

On them we shower our bitterest hatred.

5. Wake up today, the twenty-first of February.

do wake you, please.

Our heroic boys and girls still languish in the prisons of the tyrant.

The souls of my martyred brothers still cry.

But today everywhere the somnolent strength

of the people have begun to stir

and we shall set February ablaze

by the flame of our fierce anger.

How can I ever forget the twenty-first of February?