

# اُنْخَابِ فَرَض

نقشِ فرمادی و سنتِ صبا، زمان نامہ اور دستِ تریشگ  
کی  
مُنتخَب غزلوں اور شکوہ کا مجموعہ

وکْرِکْرَنَان  
آسٹا فِ جامِدَه آئی نبرَا  
منظوم انگریزی ترجمے کے ساتھ

باہتمام یونیسکو  
ایک ایڈ آن دن، لندن، انگلستان

۱۹۶۱

کتابخانہ ایڈ آن دن، لندن، انگلستان

# Poems by Faiz

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by  
V. G. KIERNAN

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بیکم ایں فیض کے نام

TO

ALYS FAIZ AHMED

## CONTENTS

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FOREWORD	9
PREFACE	13
INTRODUCTION	21

### POEMS FROM *REMONSTRANCE* (NAQSH-E-FARYĀDĪ) 1943

1 Last Night	49
2 God Never Send	51
3 Nocturne	55
4 Tonight	59
5 A Scene	63
6 Love, Do Not Ask	65
7 To The Rival	69
8 Solitude	77
9 A Few Days More	79
10 Dogs	83
11 Speak	87
12 Poetry's Theme	91
13 Our Kind	97
14 To A Political Leader	101
15 Oh Restless Heart	105
16 My Fellow-Man, My Friend	109

### POEMS FROM *FINGERS OF THE WIND* (DAST-E-ŞABĀ) 1952

17 If Ink And Pen	117
18 At Times	119
19 Freedom's Dawn (August 1947)	123
20 Tablet And Pen	129
21 Do Not Ask	133
22 Her Fingers	135
23 Lyre And Flute	137
24 Once More	149
25 This Hour Of Chain And Gibbet	151
26 At The Place Of Execution	155
27 Whilst We Breathe	159
28 Among Twilight Embers	161
29 Two Loves	163

30	To Some Foreign Students	173
31	August 1952	179
32	Bury Me Under Your Pavements	183
33	A Prison Nightsfall	189
34	A Prison Daybreak	193
POEMS FROM <i>PRISON THOUGHTS</i>		
(ZINDĀN-NĀMA) 1956		
35	Oh City Of Many Lights	201
36	The Window	205
37	'Africa, Come Back'	209
38	This Harvest Of Hopes	213
POEMS FROM <i>DURESS</i> (DAST-E-TAH-E-SĀNG)		
1965		
39	Sinkiang	219
40	Loneliness	225
41	Evening	227
42	Not Enough	231
43	Solitary Confinement	235
44	Hymn Of Praise	239
45	Like Flowing Wine	243
46	My Visitor	245
47	This Hail Of Stones	249
48	Before You Came	253
49	Be Near Me	257
50	An Idyll	261
UNCOLLECTED POEMS		
51	Song	267
52	'Black-Out'	269
53	Heart-Attack	273
54	Praycr	277
NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION		
NOTES ON THE POEMS		
INDEX OF FIRST LINES		
		287

## FOREWORD

This volume is an expansion of a set of verse translations from Faiz which were begun in a forest rest-house on the banks of Woolar Lake in Kashmir in the summer of 1945, continued at intervals over the next dozen years, and published in 1958 at Delhi (later reprinted at Lahore). These translations have now been revised throughout, and also brought into line with the latest editions of the originals: Faiz is a reviser and polisher, as careful literary craftsmen have often been, and has made various alterations over the years. Sixteen poems are added, from his last published collection and from some recent verses that have not yet appeared in book form. All these, like most of the former set, were chosen by Faiz himself, and all the translations have been discussed with him.

In addition, this volume contains the Urdu text of each poem, with a romanized transliteration and a literal prose rendering. This apparatus is designed to assist Western students of the language, who are beginning to be rather less few than they used to be; it is hoped that it may be of service also to some East Pakistanis and Indians desirous of acquainting themselves with the Urdu literature of West Pakistan. Even to readers not concerned with the language it may be hoped that the Urdu text will make an artistic appeal. It has been written by Syed Saqlain Zaidi, reputed by many to be one of the finest copyists now working in Pakistan of the *nasta'liq* form of the Arabic script, which developed in Persia by the fifteenth century and went through a further evolution in Indo-Pakistan.

An experiment at turning this script into roman letters may not be without interest for Urdu-speakers familiar with English, besides its practical value for learners of Urdu. It must I think be admitted that while the Persian-Arabic script can be exquisitely ornamental, it is far less well adapted to the requirements of a utilitarian age. Even as calligraphy it is already, according to many connoisseurs in Pakistan, a declining art in which a *kātib* such as Syed Saqlain Zaidi is likely to have few successors. Like the Chinese characters, it grew in a society where writing was confined to a few; both, possibly, may have a better chance of keeping their artistic quality if their more modern and mundane duties are handed over to the workaday alphabet that has already been adopted in Turkey and debated in China and India. Faiz's poems, it may be remarked, are circulating in India not only in Urdu script but also in the less decorative but far

more scientific Nagari script of Hindi, without losing much by the change except in the eyes of lovers of *nasta'līq* whose loyalty to it, aesthetic or sentimental, can only be respected.

I am grateful to the People's Publishing House of Delhi for readily acceding to the re-issue of the translations published by it; and to Mr Altaf Gauhar, a senior civil servant at Rawalpindi, for lending his good offices towards securing the approval of the Government of Pakistan for the preparation of this volume under the auspices of Unesco. I owe many thanks to Syed Saqlain Zaidi for the patience and skill with which he adapted himself to the exceptional demands made on him by the plan of this edition; also to Syed Babar Ali, once a pupil of mine in the Aitchison College at Lahore and now managing director of the firm of Packages Ltd there, for generously lending the services of this distinguished *kātib*, who has been in his firm's employment. With regard to the rest of the work, my own knowledge of the language and its literary complexities is very far from sufficient to have enabled me to get on without a great deal of aid and counsel. 'Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say a cobbler.' In an undertaking beset with so many linguistic and technical problems I cannot hope in the end to have avoided all errors, and for whatever errors may remain I must blame myself and not my counsellors. Among these Vazir ul-Hasan Abedi, Reader in Persian at the Oriental College of the University of the Panjab at Lahore, has been very helpful on nice points both of text and of translation. Mr R. Russell, Reader in Urdu at the London School of Oriental Studies, gave me the benefit of his knowledge of systems of transliteration from Urdu; and he was kind enough to read and point out lapses in the first draft of the Introduction, as was also Faiz's and my old friend of Lahore days, Mr Soni Nath Chib. Faiz himself, besides supplying many elucidations of meaning, and other information, likewise read this draft, and made a number of criticisms which I have been happy to avail myself of, even if I cannot feel sure that even now everything in it would meet with his agreement. His wife has been invaluable in expediting correspondence on all these matters.

I owe it to two others to say that without their help and encouragement, continued over a good many years, the work could not have been carried out at all. Sardar Malik Khayyam d'Ashkelon, of the Arts and Letters Division of Unesco at Paris, has been indefatigable in smoothing away the numerous obstacles that have cropped up, at the cost of having to write enough letters to fill another tome. With such representatives Unesco can worthily play its part as patron of letters, modern successor to Harun al-Rashid or Lorenzo

the Magnificent. In thanking once again one of my oldest friends, Dr Nazir Ahmad, lately Principal of Government College, Lahore, I have to repeat what I have written elsewhere, that my translations from both Faiz and Iqbal would have been impossible without the benefit of his literary knowledge and judgment and his unlimited generosity in bestowing them, and his time and labour, on others. For the present edition he took on himself the further and onerous duty of preparing the Urdu text. But I should exhaust myself in what to anyone unacquainted with him would appear hyperbole, if I tried to do justice to the qualities for which Dr Nazir Ahmad is known in his own country to a host of admirers in every walk of life.

V. G. KIERNAN

(‘and’), but only when the two words are so closely associated by meaning or convention as to form really a single compound, e.g. in no. 23, line 34, *lauh-o-qalam*, but *tabl o ‘alam*.

I have thought it helpful to put hyphens between some common prefixes and their nouns (*be-kas*, *be-tāb*, *nā-tawān*); and between one or two suffixes and their pronouns (*mujh-ko*, *jis-se*), though it may be noted that in modern Urdu writing the tendency is to write these as separate words instead of running them together as formerly.

Enclitics are joined to their nouns or pronouns with hyphens, e.g. *safaid-sā* (‘whitish’), *chhanaktī-hī* (no. 15, line 16); *main-ne*, *śabā-ne*.

In the romanized text punctuation is supplied; in the Urdu text no more could be done, without disfiguring the calligraphy, than to make a few tentative insertions. The refined Western art of punctuation has no counterpart in the East; in Urdu verse it must have been discouraged both by the prevalence of the end-stopped line and couplet, and by the habit of listening to poetry rather than reading it. At its present stage of development Urdu would seem to an onlooker to stand in urgent need of a system of punctuation. In the meantime the student of Urdu verse must learn to appreciate the differences between its flow, its natural intervals, its logic of imagination, and those of Western poetry.

## INTRODUCTION

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Poets in this century, like leaders of nations, have emerged from some unexpected nooks and corners. Faiz Ahmed's forbears were Muslim peasants of the Panjab, that green patch between mountain and desert, between middle India and inner Asia. His father, born with the instincts of a wanderer, set off in early life to Afghanistan, where he rose high in the service of the Amir 'Abd ul-Rahman,<sup>1</sup> and acquired some of the habits of a feudal grandee. Having fallen foul of his royal employer and escaped in disguise, he turned up in England, where his advent aroused curiosity in the highest circles: Afghanistan was always a sensitive spot in the perimeter of the empire. Cambridge and Lincoln's Inn, a bizarre exchange for Kabul and Kandahar, made a lawyer of him, and he returned at length to his birthplace to practise: not with great financial success, for lavish habits were hard to shake off, and an old man's tales of bygone splendour fell on less and less credulous ears.

If his son inherited an adventurous bent, his journeys of discovery were more of the mind, and it was not until long after he had grown up that he roamed far from home. It may have been a good thing for him that he did not go to Europe to study, as a young man of wealthier family would have done. Too many Indians of that day came back from the West full of enthusiasms that failed to survive transplantation, or that they could not spread to others. Faiz Ahmed imbibed the ideas of the nineteen-thirties, more gradually but tenaciously, from books or smuggled pamphlets, travellers' tales, and that impalpable genie known as the Spirit of the Age. They rooted themselves in his own soil, he saw them and their shadows by familiar sunlight; they took possession of his imagination, a strong-hold from which ideas are less easily dislodged, as well as of his mind.

He studied, chiefly philosophy and English literature, at Lahore, the provincial capital and centre of the network of affiliated colleges making up the University of the Panjab, where a number of gifted young men came by education in the fullest sense of the word. In due course he gained a junior lecturing post in a college at Amritsar, where I first had the good fortune to get to know him, thirty years ago. It was a Muslim college in the city sacred to the Sikhs, where the communal passions already fermenting were strong. But there was no hostile frontier then as now between Amritsar and Lahore, and the Panjab was still in many ways a Sleepy Hollow where life moved at the pace of the feeble cab-horses drawing their two-

wheeled *tongas*; where young men could indulge in old carefree idle ways, with long hours of debate in coffee-houses and moonlight picnics by the river Ravi. In this mode of living, verse-making played a part it has long since lost in the busy practical West. It was a polite accomplishment, a hobby cultivated by men, and a few women, in varied walks of life; often, to be sure, a racking of brains over elusive rhymes not much more elevating than a Londoner's crossword-puzzle. The *mushā'ira* or public recitation by a set of poets in turn, the novice first, the most admired writer last, was a popular social gathering, as it still remains; an audience would often guess a rhyme-word or phrase before it came, and join in like a chorus. Radio, then getting under way, was lending it a new medium, broadening into an entertainment for a whole province what had begun long ago as the recreation of a small Court circle. It might be highly artificial, as when participants were supplied beforehand with a rhyme to manipulate; and a scribbler well endowed with voice could make the most hackneyed phrase or threadbare sentiment sound portentous by delivering them in the half-singing or chanting (*tarannum*) fashion, or the declamatory style of recitation, that many affected. Still, the institution has helped to keep poetry before the public, and, along with floods of commonplace, to make known an occasional new talent.

Faiz Ahmed rhymed with the rest, and unlike some innovators complied with usage by adopting a pen-name or *takhallus*—that of *Faiz*, meaning 'bounty' or 'liberality':<sup>2</sup> looking back one may be tempted to read into it a meaning not yet in his mind, dedication to the service of his fellow-men. He emerged quickly from among the poetasters of whom every year engendered a fresh swarm, though not by dint of cultivating an aesthetic deportment, as some did. To outward appearance he was a good-natured, easy-going fellow, fond of cricket and dawdling, those favourite pastimes of Lahore, and readier to let others talk than to talk himself. It was characteristic of him that when reciting his verses, whether among a few friends or in a crowded college gathering, he spoke them quietly and unexcitedly.

Their quality was naturally mixed. The fine quatrain that stands at the beginning of his first book of verse published in 1941 (no. 1 in this anthology) was not the first to be written. He began with exercises, conventional enough, on well-worn topics, sighing over the cruelty of a non-existent mistress or extolling the charms of the grape. These also were invested with some fanciful attributes, for beer and whisky, not wine, were the liquors that the British presence had familiarized in India, and for literary purposes a beverage had

to be poured not from bottle into glass but from flask into goblet. (*Shisha*, a classical word, has come to be used for 'tumbler', but there is no term for 'bottle' except the impossible English word, spoken with a long 'o' and rhyming with Indian pronunciation of 'hotel'.)

But if Lahore was still on the surface an uneventful place, the tides of history were washing to and fro in India and the world outside, and their ripples reaching the Mall Road and the Kashmir Gate. Independence was only a decade away, and Faiz's lines were soon being coloured by patriotic feeling: almost as soon, by socialist feeling, for socialism was the new revelation that young idealists could invoke to exorcise communal rancours, by uniting the majority from all communities in a struggle against their common poverty, and to make independence a blessing to the poor as well as to the élite. History was to take a different turning; older forces and allegiances were to prove stronger, for a long time to come at least. But for young poets and story-writers national and social emancipation seemed to go together, and both to go with their own new-found freedom to try new subjects and methods. They were reading, and sometimes imitating (Faiz seldom if ever did this directly) Western writers like T. S. Eliot and Auden and Day Lewis. Their Progressive Writers' Association was a force in the land, and the Punjab had its own branch. Besides taking part in this Faiz, with the realistic sense he has always had that the poet is also a citizen, was getting in touch with groups of workingmen, and would spend evenings teaching them reading and writing and the ABC of politics.

Indian marriages were not made in heaven, but arranged, as they still often are, by careful parents, particularly in respectable Muslim families, whose women went out heavily veiled from head to foot. Faiz was once comically indignant at being invited to speak on Shakespeare in a girls' college, and made to address an unseen audience from the other side of a screen. In such an environment there was a double blessing for him in his marriage with an English-woman of remarkable character (whom I have the good fortune to have known even longer than I have known him); she has been ever since his best friend and guardian angel, and, with two daughters he is devoted to, has brought into his life a security that nothing else could have given it.

Before 1939 he had made a name for himself in literature; the war and its aftermath made room for him in political history too. This is not the place for a detailed review of his political or civic activities, but it is proper to emphasize that the ideals inspiring them have had a vital part in his literary development as well. They involved

him in dilemmas inescapable in an India verging on revolution or civil war, and then in a raw new Pakistan painfully collecting itself into a nation. No straight road through this chaos was to be found, and every individual had to make decisions of his own. In all that part of the world movements and loyalties have been apt, like its rivers, to come and go suddenly, one day in full spate, the next dried up. Faiz has remained all this time faithful to what might be called an enlightened, humanistic socialism; the kind of activity open to him has fluctuated with circumstances.

After the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941, Faiz like many Indians saw the war in a new light, as a contest in which the destinies of mankind were at stake, and with the approval of his associates joined the welfare department of the army; he was to be met with now on the Mall in the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, solemnly returning salutes from British soldiers. After independence came in 1947, accompanied by partition, he continued to hope, as he has always done, for good relations between the two countries. When Gandhi was murdered by a Hindu fanatic, for trying to protect the Muslim minority in India, Faiz was, as a London newspaper said, 'a brave enough man to fly from Lahore for Gandhi's funeral at the height of Indo-Pakistan hatred'.<sup>3</sup> This hatred had been inflamed by the massacres, most terrible in the Panjab, that raged during the process of partition. To Faiz these horrors could only be expunged by the building of his new nation on principles of social justice and progress. One of his best-known poems (no. 19 here) expressed the tragic disillusionment of finding the promised land a Canaan—or so it seemed to him—only flowing with milk and honey for feudal landowners and self-seeking politicians.

With the removal by death of Pakistan's first and most trusted leaders, and reform and development sluggish, this disillusion soon became widespread. Editor now of the *Pakistan Times* of Lahore, Faiz made use of prose as well as verse to denounce obstruction at home and to champion progressive causes abroad; he made his paper one whose opinions were known and quoted far and wide, with respect if not everywhere with approval. He served as vice-president of the Trade Union Congress, and secretary of the Pakistan Peace Committee. This period ended abruptly with his arrest, along with a number of other figures, civil and military, in March 1951. The Rawalpindi Conspiracy trial unfolded its slow and somewhat mysterious length, during which a death-sentence was a lingering possibility, down to 1953, when Faiz was condemned to four years' imprisonment.<sup>4</sup>

His health suffered, but he was able to read, and think his own

thoughts, and collect materials for a long-promised (but still, alas, unperformed) history of Urdu literature. To him as a poet his prison term might be called a well-disguised blessing. His wartime work had been heavy; he lamented that as soon as a new couplet began to stir in his mind he had to get up and go back to his office. After the war his editorial desk was even more enslaving. He might indeed point to the files of his newspaper, as Lamb did to the ledgers of the East India Company, as his real works. Worst of all has been a social environment prodigally wasteful, everywhere south of the Himalayas, of the time of men whose time is of any value. Far more than in the West a writer's admirers show their appreciation of him by thronging about him and making it impossible for him to write, or to keep to any rational plan of work; custom imposes on all alike the same monstrous proportion of talking to thinking as that of sack to bread in Falstaff's tavern bills. Even Faiz's wife has only been able to rescue him by half or quarter from this asphyxiation. Prison enabled him to write what for him was a considerable number of poems, in which his ideals took on fresh strength by being alloyed with harsh experience, and which were eagerly devoured by the public, in spite of the charges weighing over him.

Released in 1955, Faiz took up journalism again, but this quickly brought another, briefer spell in jail, one incident in a prevailing confusion that political affairs were falling into, and that led to the assumption of power by the army.<sup>5</sup> This did away with political confusion for the next decade, but also with nearly all political life, and it drastically curtailed the freedom of the press. Faiz's health moreover was no longer good, and a habit of perpetual cigarette-smoking, with a marked prejudice against physical exercise in any form, has not in these latter years improved it. He had to look for other kinds of work, cultural rather than political and in a way more congenial. He helped to make a film, which won international awards, about the lives of the fisherfolk, whom he visited and greatly liked, among the rivers of East Pakistan. He had plans for a national theatre, and with his wife sponsored a variety of local dramatic experiments. Drama is an art that found no entry into Islamic countries through the ages, and that Faiz believed might have a serious function in a new nation like Pakistan. In other elements of culture Indian Islam was rich, and it was his design to bring to light all that was capable of healthy growth among them, to help to form them into a modern national culture. He went back to his first vocation, teaching, and undertook the reorganization of a Karachi college founded by charitable endowment for poor students. When politics began to throw off, early in 1969, a long immobility, his

concern for the country's future showed itself as keen as ever. On March 1st he made a long statement, full of practical good sense, to a round-table conference of progressive groups at Rawalpindi.

He has been living of late years at Karachi, that odd medley of Victorian façades and modern industry and spreading suburban villas; always with a hankering for the picturesque dilapidation of the old city of Lahore, and even, in sentimental moments, for his paternal village, where it may be conjectured that he would quickly die of boredom. In these years he has travelled the world a good deal, as his literary fame spread; it was of course in socialist countries that he came to be known first. He has been in China and Sinkiang, and several times in the USSR, where a translation of all his poems in Russian verse was published in 1960; the Muslim areas of Soviet Asia had a special attraction for him, and he for them. He has been in the USA, and Cuba; and in England, though regrettably seldom, considering his English wife and friends and literary connections. Once he was tempted as far north as Edinburgh, where he found that he had miscalculated the temperature of a Scottish winter. Most remarkably, he has made frequent short visits to India. Urdu poetry has been one of the slender bridges left standing between the divided countries, and Faiz's poems are welcomed on both sides of the border. Some of his best poems have been in honour of peace.

Amid these gropings and wanderings Faiz has continued to write the short poems that made him famous. He has written, altogether, too little; a small collection of poems now and then, with gaps of years in between, and a number of essays, collected in 1964 into a volume of literary criticism. Not seldom his talent has been thought to be drying up, though it has always flowed again; not seldom he himself talks of giving up composition, which with him is not facile improvisation but demands long, arduous effort. It may be a related fact that any sort of communication with other minds has become for him, as he once said to me, more and more difficult. Through verse, when he is successful with it, he overcomes this difficulty; at a more modest level an evening's conviviality may transform him from a rather tongue-tied companion (a day with whom once reminded an intelligent young woman, a family friend of ours,<sup>6</sup> of the silences of Colonel Bramble) into a ready and entertaining talker, with a lively sense of humour that finds little or no outlet in his verses.

What he has written, however much less than what he might, has brought him to something like the position of an unofficial poet laureate in West Pakistan, a land where poetry still makes an appeal potent enough to disarm some political and even religious

prejudice. Criticism, even abuse, for his opinions have never ceased to come his way, and there are traces of this to be discerned in some of his poems. To be a nationalist writer is easy, to be a national writer hard. As a poet whom his countrymen are proud of, and at the same time a target of frequent attacks, Faiz's situation has been a contradictory one, reflecting the contradictory moods of a nation still—as Iqbal said of all the East—in search of its soul.

Some of Faiz's poetry is simple and direct, but often it is couched in a literary idiom some knowledge of which is needed for its appreciation, and one more artificial—or artful—than most. Urdu itself as a language might be called a bundle of anomalies, beginning with the fact that this language of many virtues has no true homeland. It originated, from the early stages of the 'Muslim', or rather Central-Asian, conquest of India, as the lingua franca of the 'camp' (its name derives from the same Turki root as the English word *horde*). It was a mixture of the Arabicized Persian used by the invaders, themselves a miscellany of Turks and others, with some of the still unformed Hindi dialects of the upper Gangetic valley, or 'Hindostan'. In verb structure it was native Indian, a fact which entitles it to be classed as an *Indian* language; in vocabulary largely foreign, much as a simplified Anglo-Saxon base was overlaid after the Norman conquest with French or low-Latin words. Urdu and English both began, therefore, about the same time, as pidgin dialects, or hybrids, and gradually evolved into self-sufficient languages, with special qualities derived from their mixed antecedents, qualities of contrast and modulation of great significance for poetry. Some of Shakespeare's effects could only have been achieved in such a medium, and Urdu can combine the harmony of Persian with the energy of Arabic and the simplicity of rustic Hindi.

During its centuries of growth, Persian served as the administrative and literary language of the Muslim ruling circles, Sanskrit continued to be the learned language of Hindus. But Indian vernaculars, including Hindi, hitherto a group of dialects rather than a language, were also taking shape; and when with the crumbling of Muslim political ascendancy in the 18th century Urdu emerged as successor to Persian, it was bound to have to compete, sooner or later, with some of these others, Hindi in particular. Its original function as a lingua franca now belonged to the colloquial mixture often called 'Hindostani', on the level at which modern Urdu and Hindi are virtually identical. Muslims and Hindus had lived side by side for ages (and most Muslims were descendants of Hindu converts), and in humdrum practical matters understood one another well

enough. For more complex ideas—which neither had in fact been cultivating with much freshness for a long time—they had acquired little of a shared vocabulary. Hence when modern conditions brought the necessity of thinking on new lines, an élite culture suffused on each side with religious influences drew them in opposite directions. Learned Urdu has a diction heavily Persian and Arabic, learned Hindi heavily Sanskritic; and their scripts, the Persianized form of Arabic on the one hand, the Nagari or Sanskrit on the other, complete their mutual unintelligibility. It would be like this in English if half its users formed their technical and philosophical terms from Hebrew instead of Greek, and used Hebrew letters instead of Roman. Thus Urdu, originally a channel between older and newer inhabitants of India, in the past century has come to be one of the stumbling-blocks to fellow-feeling.

Urdu had grown not where there were most Muslims, in modern West and East Pakistan, but where Muslim political and cultural ascendancy was firmest, which was always in and round the capital cities—Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Hyderabad. Muslim civilization everywhere in history has been an urban civilization. This means that today Urdu as a mother-tongue finds itself marooned in the heart of Hindu India, chiefly in the U.P., the old Hindostan, where some nationalists are disposed to question its title to exist, and some of its lovers—not all of them Muslims—regretfully feel it to be doomed to a slow decline; though on the other hand some new opportunities have come its way, notably in the cinema. In Pakistan it is being brought forward as a national language, as Hindi is in India. But East Pakistan has proved faithful to the Bengali that it shares with West Bengal in India. In the western Panjab, nucleus of West Pakistan, Urdu is the vehicle of literature, of the newspaper press, and of formal or ceremonial speech: it is employed for every-day purposes of writing, and is challenging English as the medium of higher education. But all familiar converse is carried on in Panjabi, a vernacular shared like Bengali with a province of India; a language, or as some would say a group of dialects, standing to Urdu in something like the relationship of the broadest of rural Scots to the most refined of Oxford English.

When the Mogul empire faded, and with it the old cultural links with Persia, it was chiefly the poetical part of the legacy of Persian that Urdu fell heir to. For public business, legal or administrative, and higher education, English was the successor. The Muslim community, socially an unbalanced one of feudal cast, with only an embryonic middle class, had few professional or commercial men with reason to write prose; and fallen from power, unable for long to

adapt itself to new times, it had stronger feelings than thoughts, an impulsion towards emotional verse more than towards rational prose. In Ghalib the language found the poet still regarded as its greatest. He belonged, until the Mutiny swept it away, to the shadowy Mogul court at Delhi, with its poignant contrast between present and past to kindle his imagination. Urdu prose on the contrary was virtually making its first start with Sir Sayyed Alimad,<sup>7</sup> who likewise began in Delhi but shook its ancient dust off his feet and entered English service before the Mutiny; his mental life was one of wrestling with the problem, for Muslim India, of its present and its future. Subsequent progress has been uneven, and since the birth of Pakistan it has been a disputed issue there whether, or how rapidly, Urdu can be made the medium of higher education, scientific included.<sup>8</sup> Faiz is one of those most firmly convinced that it is capable of meeting every modern requirement.

As a poetical medium, Urdu might almost be a language made up by poets for their own benefit; a one-sided benefit no doubt by comparison with Western languages like English whose foremost poets, from Shakespeare down, have so often been first-rate prose writers as well. But this double faculty may be a thing of the past. Modern English may be too far secularized, overloaded with utilitarian burdens, to be capable any longer of poetry. A language like Urdu, with a smaller prose content, has so to speak a lower boiling-point, and boils up into poetry—or vaporizes into verse—more readily. As one consequence of this freedom from dull workaday business, Urdu may have gone on being tied more closely than need be to the apron-strings of classical Persian. This continued to be studied and read after its fall from power in India, and in West Pakistan still is so quite widely. Almost any Persian noun or adjective might be brought into an Urdu verse, just as any Greek word can nowadays be incorporated into English prose. Persian syntax too, notably the use of the *izāfat* (-e-) to join a noun either with its adjective or with its possessive, is retained to a much greater extent than in prose. Until a generation ago a whole Persian line or couplet might be inserted in an Urdu poem.

Between Mutiny and Great War two shifts, not unrelated, were taking place in Urdu poetry. It was coming to be less a lament for a lost past, and more an expression of the sensations of a Muslim community struggling to find its place in a changed world. Secondly, its main inspiration was migrating, with the coming of Iqbal, from the old centres, Delhi and Lucknow, northward to the Panjab; from early in this century to the partition, the two regions disputed the palm warmly between themselves, the older one priding itself at

least on higher polish and technical proficiency. Some analogy may be drawn between them and their counterparts in Ireland. In Hindostan the leading Muslims were gentry of old family, descendants of conquerors from abroad, but becoming in course of time more 'Indian' than the solid mass of Muslims in the north-west; as the Anglo-Irish gentry in southern Ireland were in most ways except religion more Irish than the solid mass of Protestant settlers in Ulster. In Ireland's literary renaissance early in this century Anglo-Irish southern Protestants played a large part. Urdu poets in Hindostan had been playing some such part. The shift northward to the Panjab (which scarcely had a parallel in Ireland) meant in the long run a turning away from India, and presaged the birth of Pakistan—or so we may see it in retrospect—decades before anyone dreamed of such a thing.

On the surface the Panjab might have seemed too dull and torpid to be a nesting-place for poetry. There were only two big towns, and hardly any modern industry; big landlords loyal to the British power, the creator of many of them, held a preponderant influence. Geography has in some epochs isolated the land of the Five Rivers, at other times filled it with vibrations from round about, according to the condition in which neighbouring regions have been. When these have flourished, it has been a meeting-ground of ideas, as of trade-routes, instead of a backwater. It merges south-westward into the Indus valley, south-eastward into the Gangetic; north-east it has had historic links with Kashmir, north-west still closer ones with the frontier, Afghanistan, the roads into Persia and middle Asia. Hardly any other corner of Asia occupies such a focal position. Seldom since early Indo-Aryan times an intellectual leader, it has repeatedly been plunged by forces within and pressures from without into emotional and social turmoil. The coming of Islam, which in the end was to split the province in two, affected all of it in some degree, and helped to generate the ferment out of which came Sikhism, the one new religion that India with all its religiousness has given birth to since Buddhism. But this turned into a military domination, without much cultural vitality of its own; and in the 19th century Persia and central Asia, the old neighbours to the north, seemed to be at long last expiring, while British rule concentrated Indian energies in the seaboard provinces, and treated the Panjab mainly as a recruiting-ground for the army.

By the end of the century, however, Persia was rousing itself again, and Islam in Asia stirring in its sleep; while from southward the European ideas that had long been at home in Bombay and Calcutta were now filtering into the Panjab. As in other ages, these

new currents were to make for bigger upheavals here than elsewhere, among a folk even in their physical proportions larger than life, compared with most other Indians. Inevitably old communal jealousies would revive alongside of new things. Altogether it was a land riddled to an exceptional degree with contradictions old and new; one of sturdy peasants as well as landlords, one steeped in rustic humour and realism as well as possessing in Lahore a city which did not forget that it was once the Mogul imperial capital; a province that others seemed to have left far behind, but with lurking energies and untested capabilities waiting to break out, for good or evil, when the sleeping giant should awaken. It might even be said that Urdu poetry was taking wing to the Panjab because here it found most contraries and complexities to stimulate it. All three communities were writing Urdu verse, and in the same idiom; Muslims were easily in the lead, and have provided all the important names. Less at home in the new age than their Hindu neighbours they struck the visitor as having, by and large, less practical capacity, with far more imagination.

Tagore could address his Bengali compatriots in their own language, which besides a very long poetic tradition had also during the 19th century acquired a modern prose. Panjabi was rich in little but folk-poetry, and the chief other purpose it had served was as a vehicle for part of the Sikh scriptures, which invested it as a written language with associations distasteful to Muslims. They relegated it to colloquial purposes for which Urdu was too high-flown—somewhat as Beatrice told Don Pedro he was too fine a husband for her, she would need another for weekdays. For Urdu this was bound to involve a certain removal from actuality, such as Burns's verse underwent when he wrote in English instead of Scots. It brought the countervailing gift of an exotic, romantic vocabulary like a southern breeze laden with tropical scents. Words from far away make a more sensuously thrilling impression on the ear than familiar homespun ones, and through the ear on the fancy. Muslim habits of hearing or reciting Koranic passages in half-understood Arabic must have worked in the same manner. It may be guessed that the Urdu poet does not always have before his mind's eye so lively an image of the things he is speaking of as a European would; his mind is astir with words which are for him sounds, evocations, ancestral memories, less closely tied to tangible objects; of the 'two worlds' he so often sets against each other it is the invisible rather than the visible in which he is roaming.

All this harmonized with the situation of the Muslim class literate enough to have a full command of Urdu—though its poetical appeal

could be felt more widely. It was a narrow middle class oriented by circumstances more towards fantasy than towards reality, overshadowed economically by Hindu competitors with far more capital, and also far more willingness to scorn delights and live laborious days in the pursuit of money. It was chronically pulled opposite ways: it wanted to grow, learn, move with the times—or, impatiently, leave them behind; both from diffidence about its ability to compete, and an inborn distaste for competitive moneygrubbing, it was often apt to shrink into its shell, to retreat along the old caravan trail winding away into the heart of Asia and its luxurious dream-world of shining dome and legend and remote superb names. Ultimately the outcome of these contrary impulses, irreconcilable within Indian horizons, would be the demand for a separate State. In the meantime Urdu and Urdu poetry were, next to religion, the Muslims' lifeline, giving them a sense of identity, a collective vision.

So much of the spirit and tone of Urdu poetry derives from Persian tradition that this ancestry must often be kept in mind, even when a poet like Faiz is alluding to quite contemporary matters. Verse forms and metres, besides diction, have helped to preserve continuity; and, still more strikingly, a common stock of imagery, which can be varied and recomposed inexhaustibly in much the same way that Indian (and Pakistani) classical music is founded on a set of standard note-combinations (*rāgas*) on which the performer improvises variations. All this was part of a culture that, like Europe's later, came into India fully-fledged, acquiring there a fresh colouring, new accompaniments—such as the *mushā'ira*—, yet never becoming altogether Indian.

Persian poetic attitudes were social. Whereas the Chinese poet so often purports to be wandering lonely as a cloud over his mountain, the Persian is to be found reciting in a 'circle', or 'gathering', or 'assembly', or breaking away from it only in a fit of literary frenzy. Behind this fiction lay the reception-room or hall of royal court or feudal mansion, where men of letters competed for the patron's favour and rewards; a rivalry of which today's *mushā'ira* is an imitation. Its setting was nocturnal, lamplit; a reader may call up in his mind the scene that Faiz evokes in a line of poem no. 23, a Mogul chamber with walls honeycombed into small niches, each holding its lighted candle. By time-honoured custom another candle or lamp was placed before each poet in turn as he recited. When we are transported out of doors it is to a garden, the formal garden or rather park with its water-channels running in straight lines from pool to fountain between flowerbeds and avenues, still to be seen in its perfection at Lahore in the Shalimar garden and the precincts of

Jahangir's mausoleum, or at Agra in those of the Taj Mahal: an exquisite oasis in a thirsty land, a paradise shut off from the sorry scheme of things outside by a rectangle of high wall. Here is the Islamic urban civilization refined to the last degree, a haven within a haven. On the scorched plains of upper India, as in inner Asia, Nature itself is man-made, the marble cascade replaces the waterfall, all the vulgar reality of yokel, spade, manure-heap is forgotten. Readers brought up on English poetry have found it easy to enter into the spirit of Chinese poetry, simple and naturalistic, haunted by the sound of rock-perched trees and winds; no poet from the Islamic realm has captivated them so much, except Omar Khayyam, self-banished into the wilderness that came up as close to the gates of the old cities of middle Asia as night in those latitudes succeeds day.

Faiz observed, when asked about this absence of free Nature, that the poets of former days were courtiers, feudal retainers of uncertain rank, whose duty was to be at hand whenever their patron wanted to be refreshed with wit or fancy, not to disport themselves in the countryside. He himself has a love of gardens, fostered by early acquaintance with the classic shades of Lahore, and with a later, less formal park there, the Lawrence (now Jinnah) Bāgh, one of his youthful haunts, for which he has pined during his sojourn in Karachi.<sup>9</sup> He is no gardener, but in jail did make an attempt at growing flowers from packets of seed requisitioned from distant Scotland, while a fellow-prisoner of more mundane tastes devoted his garden plot to rearing chickens.

Feudal patronage was capricious, and the rhymer often, like Shakespeare, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. It went with this, and with things deeper in the fibre of Indo-Muslim society, that though habitually addressing a company, he did so as an individual alone in the group: he assumed frequently a tone of repining, lamenting a hard lot in a bad world, the demeanour of a martyr, despised and rejected by men and mistress. This posture too has descended on much Urdu poetry of our time, producing on occasion a disparity almost ludicrous between a writer's heartbroken accents and his jolly countenance off duty. But the poet composing under the eye of an autocratic patron and of an inflexible religion could not give vent to his gloomier feelings in any open manner, or seem to be finding fault with the order of things as by God and the Sultan established. True, in the fiction of these symposia the patron was not supposed to be present in his own person: art requires some, if only fictitious, equality among its devotees, and the patron might be a poetaster himself, and take his turn to recite his own productions under his own pen-name. The last Mogul emperor, who had few cares of State

to oppress him, was no mean performer. It was, then, the 'Saqi' who was supposed to preside, and be the centre of attraction: the wine-pourer, elevated into a mysteriously fascinating woman with whom all present were supposed to be hopelessly in love—an idealized, rarified version of the educated courtesan whose reception-room was the nearest that Muslim India could come to a European salon. It was under colour of bewailing the hard-heartedness of this demigoddess that the poet could most easily give voice to his grievances against life at large. A true poet would be expressing something deeper than his own private disappointments. Ghalib we may think of as lamenting, in effect, the passing of an empire and a civilization, and generations of Muslim readers must have felt their own nostalgia echoed in his lines.

The oblique allusion, the conventional symbol, could be understood by each hearer in his own fashion, and applied to his own condition; for in that society all, from highest to lowest, were haunted by the same sense of mutability and insecurity, of the need for a protector. Hence evolved a kind of 'metaphysical' style, an elaborate play of fancy and ingenuity; once established, within a pattern of society only very sluggishly changing, this could keep a remarkably tenacious hold. It has kept it even in our changing times: abstracted and generalized in this manner, the perplexities and distresses of man's social being have from age to age a common complexion.

Love might stand for defiance, self-assertion, as well as resigned self-pity. It has played this part in many times and places, under a multitude of guises, always somewhere between life and art; where women went veiled it was bound to stand closer to art and fancy. The poet's world is an imaginary city, like that of Faiz's poem no. 47; Islam had no nations, any more than it had, culturally speaking, villages: as in old Italy a man's native town was his *patria*. In this city there is always a *Kū-e-malāmat*, or 'Street of Reproach': again a poetical depiction of the entertainers' quarter where courtesans and ordinary prostitutes and dancing-girls lived. Here a reckless lover will be carrying on a clandestine affair, heedless of the frowns of dull elders or precisians, the *rumores senum severiorum*. Or he may rush out from the town into the wilderness, and roam to and fro endeavouring to cool his distemper in its blank emptiness.<sup>10</sup>

All this lover's fever might represent, or the hearer was free to think of it as representing, the spiritual seeker's thirst for divine truth; and in this signification in turn, literal melted into metaphorical, and God himself might be either reality or symbol. In a society saturated with religious forms and phrases (though, like

aristocratic Europe, seldom religious in its conduct) poetic imagery was bound to flow very often into their mould. In Islamic orthodoxy, there was small room for anything artistic, except the sublime simplicity of its best architecture. But side by side with it was the mystical cult of the Sufis, who sought through prayer and spiritual exercises, sometimes music and dance—eschewed by the orthodox—, even by means of 'drugs, to soar from the dull earth into contact with, or absorption into, the divine essence.<sup>11</sup> This cult came from Persia, but helped to make Islam in India more Indian, by its affinity with the *bhakti* stream in Hinduism. In the Panjab more than elsewhere the two escaped from the cloister and joined and fermented among common people, helping to create a body of folk-poetry where the religious brotherhood of man blended with thoughts of social equality, deliverance from feudal bonds.<sup>12</sup> Much of the mood and phraseology of Sufism, its catalogue of the 'states and stages' (*hal-o-maqām*) of the pilgrim soul, its vital relationship between the spiritual guide and his disciples, was taken over into poetry, and had a further existence there as part of the counterpoint of mask and symbol. When a poet did not picture himself seated in a court circle, it would often be the circle of disciples round their master that he conjured up. Nor were the two so far apart as might seem; mystics had often clothed their thoughts in verse, courtiers and even rulers might also be disciples; a divine Beloved could melt imperceptibly into an earthly one, an ideal feminine, an unattainable mistress who was also the wine-pourer at the never-ending feast, as uncertain, coy, and hard to please as Fortune, dispenser of life's never-ending deceptions.

Love and religion shared besides a common emblem in wine, another refinement of gross fact into ideal essence. If in the feudal courts liquor forbidden to the faithful ran freely, and a Ghalib might be a serious drinker, poetically wine stood for exaltation, inspiration, and the tavern was the abode of truly heart-felt spiritual experience as opposed to the formal creed of the mosque. Drunkenness and madness are near allied, and the later—*junūn*, 'rapture' in the literal sense of possession by a spirit (*jinn*)—retained some of the aura that surrounds it among primitive people; it might be either the passion of the worshipper of beauty throwing the world away for love or the ecstasy of the acolyte despising material success in his heavenly quest.

All this vogue of 'madness' was a recoil from the hard fixity of life, the rigid framework within which man as a social animal imprisons himself, the sordid egotism forced on men who, whether poets or politicians, could only rise at one another's expense. It gave relief

to the vague craving that every society generates, if only in its younger or more idealistic members, for something better, higher, freer. Against the omnipotence of Church and State there could be no rebellion; but veiled protest was allowable, under the form of praise of the individual prepared to defy convention, which as a harmless safety-valve became itself a tolerated part of the convention. Wine, love, mystic flights, were all momentary refuges from the bondage of reality. They fostered some poetry, as well as much literary posturing and affectation; the time would come when a poet like Faiz, standing at a new point in history, would be able to give them a fresh meaning, as symbols of a revolutionary challenge to the social order instead of a merely token defiance of it or a withdrawal from it into fantasy.

Ambiguity belonged to the essence of this style; in its visionary landscape things melted into one another like dreams, and everything had a diversity of meanings, or rather, any precisely definable 'meaning' was lost in a diffused glow. A poet might really have in mystic moods, or might really be in love—with a woman, or, as in Greece or Rome, with a man; but for his poetry, for his hearers, that was not the real point, any more than for us when we listen to a piece of music whose composer may have felt religious, or been in love.<sup>13</sup> The most characteristic verse form was the *ghazal*, a string of any number of couplets in any one metre, rhyming AA BA CA DA . . .<sup>14</sup> These should not aim at any obvious logical sequence, but owe their coherence to the recurrent rhyme and to a stream of association eddying beneath the surface. Its standard topic is love, its tone one of graceful trifling, and in ordinary hands it is not much more than a metrical exercise; so much so that in modern Urdu it constitutes a poetic hemisphere by itself, and a writer may be classed either as a serious poet or, with a touch of disparagement, as a *ghazal*-writer. The form has nevertheless been used by the foremost poets for the weightiest purposes; and it too has helped to provide a rainbow bridge between the impressionism of the past and the realism of the present.

One who notably turned the *ghazal* to new purposes was Mohamed Iqbal (1873–1938), the greatest Urdu poet to arise since Ghalib.<sup>15</sup> Born like Faiz at Sialkot, close to the mountains and close to the religious and cultural frontier that now divides India from Pakistan, he was a Panjabi of the professional middle class who wrote English prose and Urdu and Persian verse; a Panjabi, that is, whose mental horizons were far more expansive than those of his own province, and who as a result in some ways soared above its realities, in other

ways fell short of them. In Urdu he wrote chiefly short poems, lyrical, religious, or satirical; in classical Persian long didactic poems addressed to the whole of Muslim Asia. He went through an early phase of addiction to English models, including description of Nature, and at the same time of attachment to the ideal, of equally Western source, of a free Indian nation with Hindu and Muslim as fellow-citizens. He studied in England and Germany, and was impressed especially by Nietzsche. Later his antipathy to Western imperialism in India and Asia deepened, but there came also disenchantment with the Indian national movement. He found an alternative in the vision, conjured up out of the hopes and doubts of his community, the Muslim middle class of the Panjab, of a grand Islamic revival and renewal, in which all the Muslim peoples should arise from their slumber, at once firm in their ancient faith and strong in modern knowledge. The glorious daybreak he was looking forward to did not dawn; most of the Muslim peoples were not yet finding their way either back to a renewed faith or forward to a modern organization. Even to him it grew clear that Pan-Islamic hopes would not be realized soon, and he turned his attention more to the predicament of his own community, and came to be identified with the programme of a separate Muslim state. He is therefore, though he died a decade before the partition, venerated—often uncritically, as in all such cases—as the moral founder of Pakistan.

Religious enthusiasm led Iqbal regrettably far towards seeing everything as an antithesis between Eastern faith and Western reason, identified with Western materialism and imperialism. Nietzsche too encouraged him to uphold the instinctive against the rational, feeling against thought. It was an antithesis that reflected the historical contradiction of his whole position; the inspiration of Faiz's life has been the hope of overcoming it with the aid of a new synthesis, that of socialism, seen as the reconciler of old culture and modern science in a refashioned society. He too doubtless has found history caught in unexpected crosscurrents, and not always moving as he hoped to see it. And despite the vast distance separating the two men, the prophet and the humanist, Faiz stands recognizably in the same line of succession. Iqbal left no true inheritor either of his philosophy or of his manner. But Faiz, who appeared on the literary scene just when Iqbal was departing from it, is not only the most gifted poetically of those who have come after: he has had all his life the same fundamental sense that poetry ought to be the servant of a cause, a beacon to 'poor humanity's afflicted will', not a mere display of ornamental skill.

Between the two a curious medley of contrasts and resemblances

can be noted. In point of diction they are not very far apart, though Faiz has written verse only in Urdu, being no more drawn to Persian as a medium than, at the other extreme, to Panjabi. At certain moments he has achieved a striking simplification of expression (as in no. 11, a landmark of its period); more often his pen is dipped as deep as Iqbal's in Persian and Arabic. Even while he, along with most of the Muslim progressive writers of his generation, adhered as Iqbal had done in youth to the ideal of a united India, he was repelled by the prospect held up by Gandhi of a united 'Hindostani' language, a nondescript neither Hindi nor Urdu. There were many different roads by which a Muslim might travel to Pakistan. All the same, a fondness for allusion to things Hindu, even religious, has not left him; and it is worth while to observe that whereas Iqbal's great model and master was Rumi, the Persian mystical poet of mediaeval Asia Minor, Faiz has looked up above all to Ghalib, the arch-poet of modern Muslim India.

In the colouring of their work there is the strongest contrast between Iqbal and Faiz. At his most natural Iqbal is ardent, impetuous, direct; Faiz more delicately suggestive, and even less easily translated. One paints a picture that seems bathed in sunlight, the other in moonlight. Iqbal's daylight, on the other hand, owes little to our diurnal sun. As Faiz once pointed out in a lecture in London, Iqbal employs surprisingly little imagery of his own, and shows only the scantiest awareness of the physical world about him, no recognition of Nature except in some early poems. To the Western reader, brought up on naturalism, Faiz's own external world may appear stylized enough, like the landscape of a Persian miniature. But his imagery has grown increasingly free and profuse, until some of his later poems almost seem to dissolve in it.

Of his human environment each was keenly aware, each in his own way a 'committed' poet. Both combined older modes, elegiac, romantic, introspective, with a fresh note of criticism of society, and desire to alter it. Because they were animated by faith in something fresh and great, some cause above themselves for which to enlist public support, both were able to make use of the symbols their readers knew by heart, but to lend them fresh significance. Some contemporaries of Faiz, more negative and individualistic in outlook, were inclined to abandon them, in favour of a more direct and 'modern' handling of their subjects. For the poet appealing to collective emotions the symbols could still prove their value, clothing in familiar garb ideas too new and raw to be transformed immediately into poetry; though both Iqbal and Faiz might resort to them more sparingly as time went on.

Both frequently call up the traditional company of listeners, Iqbal—whose public recitations were confined as a rule to religious or political gatherings—assuming at times the figure of the spiritual leader seated among his disciples: Faiz haunted, in spite of republicanism, by whispers of long-crumbled palace halls. Iqbal was fond of the standard image of moth and candle, though his moth might now be a labouring class foolishly bowing before the idols of the rich.<sup>16</sup> Faiz has been loyal to that of garden and rosebed, a rosebed now as likely as not to typify the masses, the poor, buffeted by the rude winds of tyranny. In these literary parks the flowers are always crimson, and their colour carries overtones of passion, suffering, wounds. A comparison would be worth making with the swain and shepherdess and pipe of Europe's pastoral convention. A closer one would be with the use of peacock, deer, red flower, to symbolize longing for the lover in the Panjab Hill paintings of the eighteenth century.<sup>17</sup> In poetry the Western reader may be in danger of visualizing symbols too literally, and may do well to make an effort to see them from an indistinct distance, as things transmuted into thoughts, half-way towards the condition of the fossil imagery that all languages are strewn with.

Iqbal moved towards a Love that was a disembodied force, that meant also idealism, or enthusiasm, or *élan vital*. Faiz began with the stereotype of the cruel beauty, but a stable marriage, and domestic life of more modern pattern than Iqbal's, carried him towards an image more human and companionable, though still only elusively suggested by comparison with Western love-poetry, and, like the ghostly Saqi, interchangeable with other things, not now divine, but Cause, or Country, or People. It has been noted that Faiz has far more than Iqbal of a sort of 'masochism' habitual in Urdu poetry, which seeks the pangs of love rather than its fulfilment.<sup>18</sup> Iqbal's pan-Islamic thinking brought to his mind memories of the Muslim as world-conqueror; Faiz was concerned with the Muslim of his own times, as an underdog, and in some manner was able to fuse sympathy for hard-pressed labourer or peasant with the traditional griefs of the lover. In a society long accustomed to frown on free choice both in love and in political allegiance, each of these represented risk and adventure; and in Faiz's prison poems especially, separation from a woman and from a movement, or homeland, merge into one another. A Western reader may feel that this variant of the old symbolism succeeds better in a short piece like no. 25 than when elaborated as in no. 29; though this may be found interesting as an illustration, and perhaps as a further warning against figures of speech being taken too concretely. In like fashion wine may stand

now for political truth or insight instead of spiritual, madness for the enthusiast's self-sacrifice in a progressive cause. Amid this readjustment or reshuffling, readers the best qualified may disagree about precise shades of intended meaning, as happened with some lines in no. 19 when it came out; or they may discover esoteric messages not intended at all by the author, whose poems are sometimes meant to mean no more than they say. No. 49, for instance, is a pure lyric.

Iqbal and Faiz both looked abroad for ideas as well as at home. Their Panjab has for ages been receiving from outside, from Persian, Greek, Turk, Briton, and yet has remained itself. Iqbal was only going to one more source when he brought Nietzsche into the Panjab, and Faiz when he helped to introduce Marx. Iqbal wrote of the tribulations of the poor majestically, as if looking down on them from heaven; he preached revolt of downtrodden peoples, relief of downtrodden classes by wealthier men infused with Islamic fraternalism. Faiz belonged to a generation that examined poverty at close range, with its dirt and its sores, and he learned its problems in social, economic detail. Still, Iqbal too had known of Marx, and paid tribute to him in more than one poem, and Faiz on his side has written verses religious in complexion.<sup>18</sup> It was not unfitting that in 1968 he helped to design a documentary film about the life-work of Iqbal, even if this aroused some conservative criticism by its emphasis on the radical notes in the elder poet's writings. Iqbal was an Islamic thinker with a strong dash of what has been coming to be known as 'Islamic socialism'; Faiz might be called a socialist with a groundwork of Muslim culture and feeling. He is indeed one of those many 'cultural Muslims' in many lands today who think of themselves not as religious in a specific sense but as heirs to a long experiment in civilization, and to a great ethical tradition which always did homage to truth and justice and to the upright man prepared to uphold them at all hazards. Pakistan's chance of growing into a nation both truly modern and genuinely founded on an Islamic past will depend, it may appear at least to an observer outside, more on the contribution of such 'cultural Muslims' than on anything else.

Iqbal and Faiz both belong very deeply to the Panjab, and when Faiz goes abroad it does not take long for him to begin to wish himself back in his own country. But both needed a world-vision to sustain them, a hope wider than their native limits, those of a province richer hitherto in promise than in fulfilment. Iqbal after his early travels shut himself up most of the time in a small room whence his thoughts could range abroad unchecked, and draw

nourishment from an Orient that he half saw, half imagined. Faiz has had for a second or spiritual home the socialist lands, the socialist world movement, the peace movement. Disappointments with progress abroad as well as at home were bound to befall both. And though both achieved fame in their own country early, each often had occasion to feel misunderstood or isolated. Significantly, more than one poem by each of them has the title 'Solitude', and one of those by Iqbal<sup>19</sup> and one by Faiz (no. 8) are among their very finest. Between these two the contrast also is revealing. Iqbal's is in Persian. He is alone in a universe that still contains a God, though a distant and silent one; Faiz's knows only human beings, and they too are distant and silent. Iqbal as in many short and some long poems pictures himself as a traveller voyaging across immensities of space; Faiz is shut up in a deserted banqueting-hall, and it is night.

It may be remarked that in all this realm of poetry *death* is a far less prominent theme than it has always been in Europe. Exile, separation, loneliness, take its place, in a society more closely knit, in spite of wealth and poverty, than any known to the morbidly individualistic Europe of Horace, or Shakespeare, or our own day; a society of which the literary group gathered round patron or Saqi was the microcosm. Not the disappearance from life, but the banishment of the member from the group, has had, here as in Chinese poetry, the deepest poignancy. In other poems Faiz calls up imaginary companions to converse with in solitude, even (in no. 40) a personified loneliness. Two late poems (nos. 52 and 53) are concerned with illness, but what is uppermost in them is still not the thought of death in itself, but that of separation. Illness, like prison, divides and isolates. Social bonds so close-knit have made for social inertia, but there may be discerned in them now the possibility of transition to a new social order, of socialist character, and with this a survival of many values, human and cultural, likely to wither in a long interval of competitive industrialism, as the common man's feeling for poetry has withered in the West.

What relation there should be between artists and public movements has been the most crucial art-problem of our century. In Iqbal's case it may be open to conjecture that the short poems where he was able to fuse intense personal feeling with public themes will outlive his long didactic works. Faiz too at his best, as in poem no. 19, has succeeded in fusing them. But he has been taxed with trying at times too deliberately to be progressive, and writing verse more political than poetical. Some of this criticism may have been captious, but the risk is a real one. Even in some poems of high

quality may be felt a certain faltering at the close, when he seems to try to resolve his discords without quite finding the right key.

He has been saved from becoming merely, or too facilely, a political writer, like so many others, or as Iqbal was too frequently preacher more than poet, by a strong inner resistance, a matter of both temperament and conviction. All imaginative writers are conscious of divided minds, opposing intuitions, and Faiz more than most. Readers have noticed how often in his earlier and middle work his poems turn—like no. 12, or no. 23, originally entitled 'Two Voices'—on a kind of duality, as if he were struggling to reconcile two contradictory visions of life. He is himself an odd mixture, an Oriental mixture, one is tempted to say, of indolence and energy, an inclination to contemplate existence through a cloud of cigarette-smoke and a compulsion to act. To get him to answer a missive is as nearly vain as any human endeavour can be; the 'violent hatred of letter-writing' that Coleridge found in Wordsworth is at least as strong in Faiz. Yet the spirit of the age has drawn him along a path necessarily toilsome, at times perilous.

Artists everywhere in our age, and the age itself in a vaster, more chaotic way, have faced conflicting claims of old and new, present and future, each right in its way; of Utopia and possibility, emotion and reason, worker and intellectual, individual and society. Perhaps by now we have seen enough to conclude that the artist's true function is not to identify himself too closely with one demand or the other, but to mediate or hold the balance between them. And perhaps it is in this direction that instinct and experience have guided Faiz. Some of his fellow-writers, in India and Pakistan as elsewhere, have withdrawn into ivory towers, some have made themselves mouthpieces of political leaders, some have stopped writing. Faiz's inner divisions, painful as they may have been, were a symptom rather of health than of weakness, of civic spirit combined with an artistic sense too strong to let him be swamped by the tidal force of a movement. Like all great and heroic movements the revolution of the twentieth century has been apt, to its own cost as well as theirs, to reduce individual men and women to units in its army, ciphers in its great account. The individual is nothing, the cause everything, proclaimed the Jacobins of 1793, and all world-overturners since then have echoed them. Accident has helped to save Faiz from being submerged; the absence in his own country of any strong organization with aims akin to his, which has thrown him most of the time on his own resources.

Two other magnets, literary conservatism and innovation, have

exerted their rival pulls on him. His style has been altering in recent years, and becoming in some features more experimental. He has resorted fairly frequently, as he never did in earlier days, to what in Urdu is called 'free verse', which means not prose chopped up into odd lengths, as in English, but lines of varying length in one regular metre, an escape from the end-stopped couplet that has so often shackled invention. This more open manner has been accompanied by a wider choice of subjects, and a more flexible imagery. In other ways—whether or not belief in a planned pattern of society is related to respect for organized patterns of verse—he has remained more conservative, and his influence has been against neglect of the technical side of his art. 'Faiz has brought respectability back to grammatical writing', a friend wrote lately, and has rescued some of his juniors from a morass of incomprehensibility.<sup>20</sup> He himself told me some years ago that he thought the rhyme-schemes in his first volume had been too free and easy, and made young imitators careless; for this reason, and in order to give each poem a more sharply defined form, he had set himself to adhere more closely to fixed sequences. Innovation for its own sake has not attracted him; he has not translated foreign verse into Urdu, as some have done, and has shown no curiosity about possible new metres.

All this may give his mode of writing something of an old-fashioned look, by comparison with the more westernized idiom of so many writers up and down the world who have so obviously read T. S. Eliot and his successors. But such writers are apt to be intellectuals without roots in their native soil, whereas a style like that of Faiz, even though in origin feudal and aristocratic, can awaken a responsive thrill in the common man. No doubt it will be called on to make further changes, in his and other hands, as time goes on. The old symbolism may be approaching the end of its useful life, having performed a final service by helping to launch modern ideas that can now take their own poetic course. Some other time-honoured conventions have more obviously had their day. Complaints have been heard of too much antiquated phraseology, of poets shutting their eyes to the life around them, the changing seasons, the sun and wind and rain of the Panjab. Formerly the old dream-pictures of Persia and Turkestan could serve to express for Indo-Muslims their sense of being a community in, but not of, India. Now most of these Muslims have their own sub-Himalayan homeland, they may well want to hear from their poets about their own skies, flowers, lives, instead of those of the half-mythical native land of their half-mythical ancestors. To go on harping on too many old strings will be as fatal to Urdu poetry as to plunge into unintelligible modernism,

and leave it to linger as a mere ghost of the past, haunting the hall of Faiz's poem where no-one will ever come any more.

Urdu and its poetry have had a strange history; what the future holds for them must be uncertain. It is not out of the question that Faiz may prove to have been the last important figure. Over the language itself a question-mark hangs, though the same is true in one sense or another of every language, including the one most used and most misused, English. Urdu began as the speech of the camp, and became that of the city, but it has still to show that it can become that of a nation, or with what functions—for Pakistan like India is and must remain a multilingual country. In the western Punjab, today its literary stronghold, there are some who are turning their minds to Panjabi as the proper medium for poetry. To hold its ground Urdu will need to show itself able to produce more, and more varied, prose, as well as poetry still able to thrill. So far, in the two decades since independence, its progress has been halting, and poetry—it seems generally agreed among those competent to judge—has not on the whole maintained the standard achieved before 1947. Some gifted writers have flagged, new talents of distinction have been few.

Of the older group, Faiz has gone on writing, and gone on developing, and now links his generation with the younger one where his most responsive hearers are to be found, captivated partly by his romantic note, partly by his idealism. Much remains for him to do; he has done enough to be looked upon as the most significant Urdu poet, in Pakistan or India, of the time since Iqbal, and he and his poems will keep their place as a strand in the history that our epoch has been weaving.

نقش فرمادی

REMONSTRANCE

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*'COMPLAINING IMAGE'*

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NAQSH-E-FARYĀDĪ

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# الشعار

رات یوں دل میں تری کھوئی ہوئی یاد آئی  
 جیسے ویرانے میں چپکے سے بھار آجائے  
 جیسے صحراؤں میں ہولے سے چھلے باہنسیم  
 جیسے بیمار کو بے وجہ قرار آجائے

## I. LAST NIGHT

Last night your faded memory filled my heart  
 Like spring's calm advent in the wilderness,  
 Like the soft desert footfalls of the breeze,  
 Like peace somehow coming to one in sickness.

## VERSES

- I *Last night your lost memory so came into the heart  
 As spring comes in the wilderness quietly,  
 As the zephyr moves slowly in deserts,  
 As rest comes without cause to a sick man.*

## ASH'ĀR

- I *Rāt yūn dil men tērī kho'ī hū'ī yād ā'i  
 Jaise vīrāne men chupke-se bahār ā-jā'e,  
 Jaise sahṛāon men haule-se chale bād-e-nasīn,  
 Jaise bīmār ko be-vajh qarār ā-jā'e.*

# خُداوہ وقت نہ لائے.....

خُداوہ وقت نہ لائے کہ سوگ وار ہو تو  
 سکوں کی نیند تجھے بھی حرام ہو جائے  
 تیری مسرت پیغم تمام ہو جائے  
 تیری حیات تجھے تلخ جام ہو جائے  
 غموں سے آئندہ دل گداز ہوتیرا  
 ہجوم یاس سے بے تاب ہو کے رہ جائے  
 وفورِ درد سے سیما ب ہو کے رہ جائے  
 ترا شباب فقط خواب ہو کے رہ جائے  
 غرورِ حُسن سراپا نیاز ہوتیرا

## 2. GOD NEVER SEND

God never send a time when you too mourn—  
 When you too find life-easing sleep forsworn,  
 When joy has spent with you its long bright hour  
 And left the cup of your existence sour;

When, its bright mirror tarnished with hot tears,  
 Your mind is filled with swarms of anxious fears,  
 And thronging misery comes with gnawing tooth,  
 Till only an old dream is left of youth;

## MAY GOD NOT BRING THAT TIME

- 1 *May God not bring that time when you are sorrowful,  
 When the sleep of tranquillity becomes forbidden to you too,  
 Your uninterrupted happiness is concluded,  
 Your life becomes for you a bitter cup,*
- 5 *The mirror of your heart is melted with grief,  
 You become disquieted by a throng of despairs,  
 You become restless (like quicksilver) from a crowd of distresses,  
 Your youth becomes only a dream,  
 Your pride of beauty is altogether humbled,*

## KHUDĀ VO WAQT NA LĀ'E

- 1 Khudā vo waqt na lā'e kē sogwār ho tū,  
Sukūn kī nīnd tujhe bhī ḥarām ho-jā'e,  
Tērī masarrat-e-paiham tamām ho-jā'e,  
Tērī ḥayāt tujhe talkh jām ho-jā'e,
- 5 Ghamoṇ se ā'ina-e-dil gudāz ho terā,  
Hujūm-e-yās se be-tāb hoke rah-jā'e,  
Wufūr-e-dard se sīmāb hoke rah-jā'e,  
Tērā shabāb faqat khwāb hoke rah-jā'e,  
Ghurūr-e-ḥusn sarāpā nayāz ho terā,

طویل راتوں میں تو بھی قرار کو تنز سے  
 تری نیگاہ کسی غم گسار کو تنز سے  
 خزان رسیدہ تمباں بہار کو تنز سے  
 کوئی جیساں تنز سے سنگ آستان پہ جھکے  
 کہ جنسِ عجز و عقیدت سے بچھ کو شاد کرے  
 فریب و عده فردا پہ اعتماد کرے  
 خدا وہ وقت نہ لائے کہ بچھ کو یاد آئے  
 وہ دل کہ تیرے لئے بے قرار اب بھی ہے  
 وہ آنکھ جس کو ترا انتظار اب بھی ہے

When beauty's proud thoughts turn to abjectness,  
 And you too long through the long night for peace,  
 While parched eyes strain for comfort no-one brings  
 And autumn's sad desire thirsts for new springs;

When no more foreheads bowed on your doorstep find you  
 Have cheated with some sweet tomorrow-vow  
 As thanks for love's humility's display;

God never send that time that must remind you  
 Of the poor heart in torment for you now,  
 These eyes that wait and watch for you today.

- 10 *In long nights you too pant for peace,  
 Your glances pant for some comforter,  
 Autumnal longing pants for spring,  
 No forehead bends over your doorstep  
 To make you happy with its wares of submission and devotion,*
- 15 *To put faith in the deceit of a promise of tomorrow;  
 May God not bring that time when recollection comes to you  
 Of that heart which is restless for you even now,  
 That eye which is waiting for you even now.*

- 10 *Tawīl rāton meñ tū bhī qarār ko tarse,  
 Tērī nigāh kisī gham-gusār ko tarse,  
 Khazāñ-rasīda tamannā bahār ko tarse,  
 Koī jabīn na tēre sañg-e-āstān pē jhuke  
 Kē jins-e-'ajaz-o-'aqīdat se tujh-ko shād kare,*
- 15 *Fareb-e-va'da-e-fardā pē i'timād kare;  
 Khudā vo waqt na lā'e kē tujh-ko yād ā'e  
 Vo dil kē tere liye be-qarār ab bhī hai,  
 Vo ānkh jis-ko tērā intīzār ab bhī hai.*

# سُرُودِ شبَّانَة

نیم شب، چاند، خود فراموشی مخالف ہشت و بود ویراں ہے  
پیکرِ انتباہ ہے خاموشی بزمِ انجوم فسردہ سامان ہے  
آبشارِ سکوت جاری ہے  
چار سو بے خودی سی طاری ہے  
زندگی بخوبی خواب ہے گویا ساری دنیا سراب ہے گویا  
سور ہی ہے گھنے درختوں پر چاندنی کی تھکنی ہوئی آواز  
کملشان نیم و انگاہوں سے کہہ رہی ہے حدیثِ شوقِ نیاز  
سازِ دل کے خموش تاروں سے چھن رہا ہے خمارِ گیفت آگیں  
آرزو، خواب، تبراؤ، عجیبیں

## 3. NOCTURNE

Midnight, moon, oblivion—  
The sum of things an emptiness,  
Desire hushed into stillness,  
Listless the fellowship of the stars,  
A cataract of silence streaming;  
Everywhere self-forgetting reigns:

## MUSIC BY NIGHT

- 1 *Midnight, moon, self-forgetfulness;*  
*The assemblage of existence is desolate,*  
*Silence is the embodiment of longing,*  
*The gathering of stars is a melancholy thing,*  
5 *The waterfall of silence is flowing,*  
*On the four sides a sort of unconsciousness is prevailing.*

## SARŪD-E-SHABĀNA

- 1 *Nīm-shab, chānd, khwud-farāmoshī;*  
*Mahfil-e-hast-o-būd virān hai,*  
*Paikar-e-iltijā hai khāmoshī,*  
*Bazm-e-anjum fasurda sāmān hai,*  
5 *Ābshār-e-sukūt jārī hai,*  
*Chār sū be-khwudī-sī ṭārī hai.*

Life, fragment of a dream—  
Earth, all a shadow-play.  
Slumbering in the dense woods,  
Moonlight's exhausted murmur—  
Eyes half-closed the Milky Way  
Breathes legends of self-surrendering love;  
From the heart's unplucked strings  
Echoes of blissful raptures drift—  
Longings, dreams, and your charmed face.

- Life is like a part of a dream,  
All the world is like a mirage;  
On the dense trees is sleeping*  
10 *The tired voice of moonlight;  
The Milky Way with half-open glances  
Is telling stories of the passion of self-abasement (love);  
From the silent strings of the lyre of the heart  
Is being diffused a blissful intoxication—*  
15 *Longing, dream, your beautiful face.*

Zindagī juzv-e-khwāb hai goyā,  
Sārī dunyā sarāb hai goyā;  
So-rahī hai ghane darakhtoñ par  
10 Chāndnī kī thakī hū'ī āwāz;  
Kahkashānī nīm wā nigāhoñ se  
Kah-rahī hai hadīṣ-e-shauq-e-nayāz;  
Sāz-e-dil ke khāmosh tāroñ se  
Chhan-rahā hai khumār-e-kaif-āgīn—  
15 Ārzū, khwāb, terā rū-e-hasīn.

# آج کی رات

آج کی رات سازِ درد نہ چھیر  
 دُکھ سے بھر پور دن تمام ہوئے اور کل کی خبر کسے معلوم؟  
 دوش و فردا کی مٹچکی ہیں خدوں ہونہ ہواب سحر کسے معلوم؟  
 زندگی ہیچجے! لیکن آج کی رات  
 یہ زدیت ہے ممکن آج کی رات  
 آج کی رات سازِ درد نہ چھیر  
 اب نہ دھرا فسانہ ہائے الٰم لپنی قسمت پسوگ وار نہ ہو  
 فکر فردا اُتار دے دل سے غمِ رفتہ پر اشک بار نہ ہو  
 عنده غم کی حکایتیں مت پوچھ  
 ہو چکیں سب تر کایتیں مت پوچھ  
 آج کی رات سازِ درد نہ چھیر

## 4. TONIGHT

Touch tonight no chord of sorrow,  
 Misery-laden days have ended—  
 Who can tell us of tomorrow?  
 Its and yesterday's dim frontier  
 Blotted out—yet who knows whether  
 We and dawn are close together?  
 Life, a nothing; but this night—  
 What the gods are, we can be!

## TONIGHT

- 1 Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain;  
 The grief-filled days have been accomplished,  
 And to whom is known the news of tomorrow?  
 The frontiers of last night and tomorrow have been wiped out:  
 5 To whom is known whether or not there will be dawn?  
 Life is nothing—but tonight!  
 Godhood is possible tonight!

## ĀJ KĪ RĀT

- 1 Āj kī rāt sāz-e-dard na chheṛ;  
 Dukh se bhar-pūr din tamām hū'e,  
 Aur kal kī khabr kise ma'lūm?  
 Dosh o fardā kī miṭ-chukī haiñ hudūd,  
 5 Ho na ho ab saḥar, kise ma'lūm?  
 Zindagī hech! lekin āj kī rāt—  
 Izadiyat hai mumkin āj kī rāt.

Touch tonight no mournful strings,  
Tell no tidings of affliction,  
Do not pine at what fate brings:  
Care of days to come all banished,  
Shed no tears for seasons vanished,  
Ask no tales of hours of weeping  
Or of griefs in Time's safe-keeping—  
Touch no mournful notes tonight!

- Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain;  
Do not repeat now stories of anguish—*  
10 *Do not be mournful over your fate—  
Lift from the heart cares of tomorrow,  
Do not be tearful over the age gone by;  
Do not ask for tales of the time of sorrow;  
All lamentations are finished—ask no more;*  
15 *Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain!*

- Āj kī rāt sāz-e-dard na chheṛ;  
Ab na duhrā fasānahā-e-alam,  
10 Apnī qismat pě sogwār na ho,  
Fikr-e-fardā utār-de dil se,  
'umr-e-rafta pě ashkbār na ho;  
'ahd-e-gham kī hikāyaten mat pūchh;  
Ho-chukīn sab shikāyaten, mat pūchh;  
15 Āj kī rāt sāz-e-dard na chheṛ.

# اک منظر

بام و درخاشی کے بوجھ سے چور آسمانوں سے بُوئے دُر رواں  
 چاند کا دُکھ بھرا فسانہ نور شاہر ہوں کی خاک میں غلطان  
 خواب گاہوں میں نیم تاریکی  
 مُضھل کے رباب ہستی کی  
 ہلکے ہلکے سروں میں نوحہ کنائ

## 5. A SCENE

On gate and roof a crushing load of silence—  
 From heaven a flowing tide of desolation—  
 The moon's pale beams, whispered regrets, lying  
 In pools ebbing away on dusty highroads—  
 In the abodes of sleep a half-formed darkness—  
 From Nature's harp a dying strain of music  
 On muted strings faintly, faintly lamenting.

## A SCENE

- 1 Roof and door crushed by a weight of silence,  
 From the skies a river of pain flowing,  
 The moon's grief-filled story of light  
 Wallowing in the dust of highways;
- 5 In bedrooms a half-darkness,  
 Exhausted melody of the rebeck of existence  
 Sounding a lament on faint, faint notes.

## EK MANZAR

- 1 Bām-o-dar khāmushi ke bojh se chūr,  
 Āsmānoñ se jū-e-dard rawāñ,  
 Chānd kā dukh-bharā fasāna-e-nūr  
 Shāhrāhoñ kī khāk meñ ghaltāñ,
- 5 Khwābgāhoñ meñ nīm tārikī,  
 Mużmaħil lai rabāb-e-hastī kī  
 Halke halke suroñ meñ nauħa-kunāñ!

# مُجھ سے پہلی سی محبت میری محبوب نہ مانگ

مُجھ سے پہلی سی محبت میری محبوب نہ مانگ

میں نے سمجھا تھا کہ تو ہے تو درخشاں ہے جیا۔

تیرا غم ہے تو غم دہر کا جھگڑا کیا ہے

تیری صورت سے ہے عالم میں بہاروں کو شہادت

تیری انکھوں کے سوا دنیا میں رکھا کیا ہے

پُجھو بیل جائے تو تقدیر ہنگوں ہو جائے

یوں نہ تھا میں نے فقط چاہا تھا یوں ہو جائے

اور بھی دکھ بیں زمانے میں محبت کے سوا

راحتیں اور بھی بیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا

ان گفت صدیوں کے تاریک بہمانہ طلسم

## 6. LOVE, DO NOT ASK

Love, do not ask me for that love again.  
Once I thought life, because you lived, a prize—  
The time's pain nothing, you alone were pain;  
Your beauty kept earth's springtimes from decay,  
My universe held only your bright eyes—  
If I won you, fate would be at my feet.

It was not true, all this, but only wishing;  
Our world knows other torments than of love,  
And other happiness than a fond embrace.  
Dark curse of countless ages, savagery

### DO NOT ASK FROM ME, MY BELOVED, LOVE LIKE THAT FORMER ONE

- 1 Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.  
I had believed that you are, therefore life is shining;  
There is anguish over you, so what wrangle is there over the  
sorrow of the age?  
From your aspect springtimes on earth have permanence;
- 5 What does the world hold except your eyes?  
If you were to become mine, fate would be humbled.  
—It was not so, I had only wished that it should be so.  
There are other sufferings of the time (world)besides love,  
There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union.
- 10 The dark beastly spell of countless centuries,

### MUJH-SE PAHLI-SI MAHABBAT, MERI MAHBUB, NA MANG

- 1 Mujh-se pahli-si mahabbat, meri mahbub, na māng.  
Maiñ-ne samajhā thā kē tū hai, to darakhshān hai ḥayāt;  
Terā gham hai to gham-e-dahr kā jhagrā kyā hai?  
Teri śūrat se hai 'ālam meñ bahāron ko šabāt,
- 5 Teri āñkhoñ ke siwā dunyā meñ rakkhā kyā hai?  
Tū jo mil-jā'e to taqdīr nigūn ho-jā'e.  
Yūn na thā, maiñ-ne faqāt chāhā thā yūn ho-jā'e;  
Aur bhī dukh haiñ zamāne meñ maḥabbat ke siwā,  
Rāhateñ aur bhī hain vaṣl ki rāhat ke siwā.
- 10 An-ginat şadyoñ ke tārik bahemāna ṭilism

ریشم و اطلس و کنخاب میں بُنواۓ ہوئے  
جان بجانے لکتے ہوئے گوچہ و بازار میں جسم  
خاک میں لکھڑے ہوئے خون میں نہلاۓ ہوئے

جسم نکلے ہوئے امراض کے نتھروں سے  
پیپ بہتی ہوئی گلنے ہوئے ناسوروں سے  
کوٹ جاتی ہے ادھر کو بھی نظر کیا کبھی  
اب بھی دل کش ہے ترا حُشْن، مگر کیا کبھی

اور بھی دکھ بیں زمانے میں محبت کے سوا  
راحتیں اور بھی بیں وصل کی راحت کے سوا  
مujh سے پہلی سی محبت مری محبوب نہ مانگ

Inwoven with silk and satin and gold lace,  
Men's bodies sold in street and marketplace,  
Bodies that caked grime fouls and thick blood smears,  
Flesh issuing from the cauldrons of disease  
With festered sores dripping corruption—these  
Sights haunt me too, and will not be shut out;  
Not be shut out, though your looks ravish still.

This world knows other torments than of love,  
And other happiness than a fond embrace;  
Love, do not ask for my old love again.

*Woven into silk and satin and brocade,—  
Bodies sold everywhere in alley and market,  
Smeared with dust, washed in blood,  
Bodies that have emerged from the ovens of diseases,*

- 15 *Pus flowing from rotten ulcers—  
My glance comes back that way too: what is to be done?  
Your beauty is still charming, but what is to be done?  
There are other sufferings of the time (world) besides love,  
There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union;*
- 20 *Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.*

Resham o atlas o kamkhāb meñ bunwā'e hū'e,  
Jā-ba-jā bikte hū'e kūcha o bāzār meñ jism,  
Khāk meñ lithaṛe hū'e, khūn meñ nahlā'e hū'e,  
Jism nikale hū'e amrāz ke tannūron se,

- 15 *Pip bahtī hū'i galte hū'e nāsūron se—  
Lauṭ-jātī hai udhar ko bhī nażar, kyā kīje?  
Ab bhī dilkash hai tērā ḥusn, magar kyā kīje?  
Aur bhī dukh hain zamāne meñ maḥabbat ke siwā;  
Rāḥateñ aur bhī hain vaṣl kī rāḥat ke siwā;*
- 20 *Mujh-se pahlī-sī maḥabbat, mērī maḥbūb, na māṅg.*

# رقب سے

آکہ والستہ میں اُس حُشُن کی یادیں تجھ سے  
 جس نے اس دل کو پری خانہ بنار کھا تھا  
 جس کی اُلفت میں بُھلار کھی تھی دُنیا ہم نے  
 دُنہر کو دُنہر کا افسانہ بنار کھا تھا

آشنا میں ترے قدموں سے وہ لایں جن پر  
 اُس کی مذہب ش جوانی نے عنایت کی ہے  
 کارواں گزرے ہیں جن سے اُسی رُغناٹ کے  
 رُحُس کی ان آنکھوں نے بے سُود عبادت کی ہے

تجھ سے کھلی ہیں وہ مُحُب ہوائیں جن میں  
 اُس کے ملبوس کی افسرودہ مہک باقی ہے  
 تجھ پر بھی بُرسا ہے اُس بام سے مہتاب کا نور

## 7. TO THE RIVAL

Round you my memories of that fair one twine  
 Who made my heart a fairies' nursery,  
 Caught in whose toils I called this busy age  
 An old wives' tale, and let the world go by.

Familiar with your feet too are those paths  
 Her youthtime deigned to tread, drunk with youth's pride,  
 While as her beauty's pageant passed, these eyes  
 Gazed on it worshipping, unsatisfied.

With you too have those darling breezes played  
 Where fading perfume of her dress still hangs,  
 On you too from her roof has rained that moonlight

## TO THE RIVAL

- 1 Come, for memories are linked with you of that beauty  
 Who turned this heart into a fairy-house,  
 In attachment to whom I had forgotten the world,  
 I had turned the age into a fable of an age.
- 5 Familiar with your steps are those paths on which  
 Her intoxicated youth bestowed itself,  
 By which the caravans of her charms have passed  
 That these eyes profitlessly adored.
- 10 The faded scent of her dress remains;  
 On you too has rained from that roof the light of the moon

## RAQIB SE

- 1 Ā kē vābasta hain us husn kī yādeñ tujh-se  
 Jis-ne is dil ko parī-khāna banā-rakhā thā,  
 Jiskī ulfat meñ bhulā-rakkhi thī dunyā ham-ne,  
 Dahr ko dahr kā afsāna banā-rakhā thā.
- 5 Āshnā hain tere qadmoñ se vo rāheñ jin-par  
 Uski madhosh jawāni-ne 'ināyat kī hai,  
 Kārawāñ guzare hain jin-se usi ra'nā'i ke  
 Jiskī in ānkhoñ-ne be-sūd 'ibādat kī hai.  
 Tujh-se kheli hain vo maḥbūb hawā'en jin-meñ  
 10 Uske malbūs kī afsurda mahak bāqī hai;  
 Tujh-pē bhī barsā hai us bām se mahtāb kā nūr

جس میں بیتی ہوئی راتوں کی کسک باقی ہے  
 تو نے دیکھی ہے وہ پیشانی، وہ رخسار، وہ ہونٹ  
 زندگی جن کے تصور میں لٹا دی ہم نے  
 تجھ پر آمی ہیں وہ کھوئی ہوئی ساحر انکھیں  
 تجھ کو معلوم ہے کیوں عمر گنوادی ہم نے  
 ہم پر مُشترکہ ہیں احسان غم اُفت کے  
 اتنے احسان کہ گنواؤں تو گنوانہ سکون  
 ہم نے اس عشق میں کیا کھویا ہے کیا سیکھا ہے

Haunted by long-done nights and bygone pangs.

You who have known that cheek, those lips, that brow  
 Under whose spell I fleeted life away,  
 You whom the dreamy magic of those eyes  
 Has touched, can tell where my years ran astray.

Such gifts as love and love's keen anguish bring,  
 Gifts beyond counting, side by side we earned:  
 To whom else could I speak of what that passion  
 Cost me, or through that passion what I learned?

In which the pain of bygone nights remains.  
 You have seen that forehead, that cheek, that lip,  
 In contemplation of which I squandered existence;  
 15 On you have been raised those lost-in-thought magical eyes;  
 To you is known why I wasted life.  
 Ours in partnership are the favours of the pain of devotion,  
 So many favours that if I were to count I would not be able to  
 count;  
 What I lost in this love, what I learned.

Jis-meñ biti hū'i rāton kī kasak bāqī hai;  
 Tū-ne dekhī hai vo peshānī, vo ruksār, vo honī  
 Zindagi jinke tašawwur meñ lutā-di ham-ne,  
 15 Tujh-pē utthi hain vo khō'i hū'i sāhir āñkheñ,  
 Tujhko ma'lūm hai kyūñ 'umr gañwā-di ham-ne.  
 Ham-pē mushtaraka hain ihsān gham-e-ulfat ke,  
 Itne ihsān ke ginwā'ūn to ginwā na sakūn;  
 Ham-ne is 'ishq meñ kyā khoyā hai, kyā sikhā hai,

بُرُز ترے اُور کو سمجھاؤں تو سمجھانہ سکوں  
 عاپنے سکھی غریبوں کی حمایت سکھی  
 یاس و حرمان کے دُکھ دزد کے معنی سکھے  
 زیر دشتوں کے مصائب کو سمجھنا سیکھا  
 نشو آہوں کے رُخ زد کے معنی سکھے

جب کہیں بکھر کے روتے ہیں وہ بے کس جن کے  
 اشک آنکھوں میں بلکتے ہوئے سو جاتے ہیں  
 ناتوانوں کے نواووں پر جھکتے ہیں عقاب  
 بازو تو لے ہوئے منڈلاتے ہوئے آتے ہیں

I learned of misery, helplessness, despair,  
 I learned to be the friend of suffering creatures,  
 I came to know the torment of the oppressed,  
 The truth of sobbing breath and livid features.

Wherever now the friendless crouch and wail  
 Till in their eyes the trickling tears grow cold,  
 Or where the vulture hovering on broad pinions  
 Snatches the morsel from their feeble hold—

20 If I were to explain to anyone except you I would not be able to explain.

I learned helplessness, I learned protection of the poor;  
 I learned the meaning of despair and frustration, of suffering and pain,

I learned to understand the afflictions of the downtrodden,  
 I learned the meaning of chill sighs, of livid faces.

25 Wherever sitting weep those helpless ones whose  
 Tears, flowing in their eyes, fall asleep—  
 Or eagles pounce on the morsels of the feeble ones,  
 As they come spreading their wings, hovering,—

20 Juz tere aur ko samjhā'ūn to samjhā na sakūn.  
 'ājizi sikhī, gharibon kī himāyat sikhī,  
 Yās o hirmān ke, dukh dard ke ma'nī sikhē,  
 Zerdastoñ ke maşa'ib ko samajhnā sikhā,  
 Sard āhoñ ke, rukh-e-zard ke ma'nī sikhē.

25 Jab kahīn baiṭhke rote hain vo be-kas jinke  
 Ashk ānkhon meñ bilakte hū'e so-jāte hain,  
 Nā-tawānoñ ke nivāloñ pē jhapaṭte hain 'uqāb  
 Bāzū tole hū'e, mandlāte hū'e āte hain,

جب کبھی بکتا ہے بازار میں مزدُور کا گوشت  
 شاہراہوں پر غریبوں کا لہو بہتا ہے  
 آگ سی سینے میں رہ رہ کے ابنتی ہے نہ پوچھ  
 اپنے دل پر مجھے قابو ہی نہیں رہتا ہے

When labourers' flesh is sold in chaffering streets,  
 Or pavements run with poor men's blood, a flame  
 That lurks inside me blazes up beyond  
 All power of quenching; do not ask its name.

- 30 *Wherever the workman's flesh is sold in the market,  
 The blood of the poor flows on the highroads,—  
 Something like a fire that is always in my breast mounts up, do  
 not ask!  
 No control over my heart is left to me.*

- 30 Jab kabhī biktā hai bāzār meṁ mazdūr kā gosht,  
 Shāhrāhoṁ pě gharīboṁ kā lahū bahtā hai,  
 Āg-sī sine meṁ rah-rahke ubalti hai, na pūchhh!  
 Apne dil par mujhe qābū hī nahīn rahtā hai.

# تہمایہ

پھر کوئی آیا دل زار! نہیں کوئی نہیں  
 راہ رو ہو گا، کہیں اور چلا جائے گا  
 ڈھل چکی رات بکھرنے لگا تاروں کا غبار  
 لڑکھرانے لگے ایوانوں میں خوابیدہ چراغ  
 سو گئی راستہ تک تک کے ہر اک راہ گزار  
 اجنبی خاک نے ڈھنڈلادی سے قدموں کے سوراخ  
 گل کرو شمعیں بڑھادو مے زمینا و ایاغ  
 اپنے بے خواب کواڑوں کو مُقفل کرلو  
 اب یہاں کوئی نہیں کوئی نہیں آئے گا!

## 8. SOLITUDE

Someone has come at last, sad heart!—No, no-one is there;  
 A traveller must be going by, bound some other way.  
 The starry maze is wavering, night sinks to its decline,  
 About the halls the nodding lamps gutter and go out;  
 Each highroad slumbers, tired with long listening for steps,  
 An alien dust has buried deep every trace of feet.  
 Put out those candles, take away wine and flask and cup,  
 Close your high doors that know no sleep, fasten bolt and bar;  
 No-one, no-one will come here now, no-one any more.

## SOLITUDE

- 1 Again someone has come, sad heart! No, nobody;  
 It will be a traveller, he will be going somewhere else.  
 Night has declined, the cloud of stars has begun to scatter;  
 In the halls the sleepy lamps have begun to waver.  
 5 Every road after long expectancy has gone to sleep;  
 Alien dust has made indistinct the traces of footsteps.  
 Put out the candles, remove wine and flagon and cup,  
 Lock up your sleepless portals.  
 Now no-one, no-one will come here!

## TANHĀ' I

- 1 Phir ko'i āyā, dil-e-zār! nahīn, ko'i nahiñ;  
 Rāh-rau hogā, kahiñ aur chalā-jā'egā.  
 Dhāl-chukī rāt, bikharne-lagā tāron kā ghubār,  
 Larkharāne-lage aiwānoñ meñ khwābīda charāgh,  
 5 So-ga'i rāsta tak-takke har-ēk rāh-guzār;  
 Ajnabī khāk-ne dhundlā-diyē qadmoni ke surāgh.  
 Gul karo sham'in, bājhā-do mai o mīnā o ayāgh,  
 Apne be-khwāb kivāron ko muqaffal kar-lo;  
 Ab yahān ko'i nahiñ, ko'i nahiñ ā'egā!

# چند روز اور مری جان!

چند روز اور مری جان! فقط چند ہی روز  
 ظلم کی چھاؤں میں دم لینے پر مجبور ہیں ہم  
 اور کچھ دیر ستم سوہنے میں تڑپ لینے روئیں  
 اپنے اجداد کی میراث ہے مخذد و ریں ہم  
 جسم پر قید ہے، جذبات پر زنجیر میں ہیں  
 فکر مجبوس ہے، گفتار پر تغیر میرے میں  
 اپنی ہممت ہے کہ ہم پھر بھی جھٹے جاتے ہیں  
 زندگی کیا کسی مُفلس کی قبایلے جس میں  
 ہر گھری درد کے پیوند لگے جاتے ہیں  
 لیکن اب ظلم کی میعاد کے دن تھوڑے میں  
 اک ذرا صبر، کہ فریاد کے دن تھوڑے میں

## 9. A FEW DAYS MORE

Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.  
 Here in oppression's shadows condemned to breathe,  
 Still for a while we must suffer, and weep, and endure  
 What our forefathers, not our own faults, bequeath—  
 Fettered limbs, our feelings held on a chain,  
 Minds in bondage, and words each watched and set down;  
 Courage still nerves us, or how should we still live on,  
 Now when existence is only a beggar's gown  
 Tattered and patched every hour with new rags of pain?  
 Yes, but to tyranny not many hours are left now;  
 Patience, few hours of complaint are left us to bear.

## A FEW DAYS MORE, MY DEAR!

- 1 A few days more, my dear, only a few days.  
 We are compelled to draw breath in the shadows of tyranny;  
 For a while longer let us bear oppression, and quiver, and weep:  
 It is our ancestors' legacy, we are blameless;  
 5 On our body is the fetter, on our feelings are chains,  
 Our thoughts are captive, on our speech are censorings;  
 It is our courage that even then we go on living.  
 Is life some beggar's gown, on which  
 Every hour patches of pain are fixed?  
 10 But now the days of the span of tyranny are few;  
 Patience one moment, for the days of complaining are few.

## CHAND ROZ AUR, MERI JAN!

- 1 Chaṇd roz aur, méri jān! faqat chaṇd-hī roz.  
 Zulm ki chhā'on meñ dam lena pē majbūr hain ham;  
 Aur kuchh der sitam sah-leñ, taṣap-leñ, ro-leñ.  
 Apne ajdād kī mīrāṣ hain, ma'zūr hain ham,  
 5 Jism par qaid hai, jazbāt pē zanjireñ hain,  
 Fikr maḥbūs hai, guftār pē ta'zireñ hain—  
 Apni himmat hai kē ham phir bhi jiye-jāte hain.  
 Zindagi kyā kisī muflis kī qabā hai jis-meñ  
 Har ghaṛī dard ke paiwand lage-jāte hain?  
 10 Lekin ab zulm kī mī'ād ke din thoṛe hain,  
 Ek zara sabr, kē faryād ke din thoṛe hain.

غرصہ دہر کی جھلسی ہوئی ویرانی میں  
 ہم کو رہنا ہے پہلوں ہی تو نہیں رہنا ہے  
 اخوبی را تھوں کا بے نام گراں بارستم  
 آج سہنا ہے، ہمیشہ تو نہیں سہنا ہے  
 یہ ترے ہشنس سے پلٹی ہوئی آلام کی گزد  
 اپنی دو روزہ جوانی کی شکستوں کا شمار  
 چاندنی راتوں کا بے کار دھمکا ہوا دزو  
 دل کی بے سود تڑپ جسم کی مایوس پکار  
 چند روز اور مری جان افقط چند ہی روز

In these close bounds of an age that desert sands choke  
 We must stay now—not for ever and ever stay!  
 Under this load beyond words of a foreign yoke  
 We must bow down for a time—not for ever bow!  
 Dust of affliction that clings to your beauty today,  
 Crosses unnumbered that mar youth's few mornings, soon  
 gone,  
 Torment of silver nights that can find no cure,  
 Heartache unanswered, the body's long cry of despair—  
 Only a few days, dear one, a few days more.

In the scorched desert of the space of this age  
 We must stay, but not stay like this;  
 The nameless, heavy oppression of foreign hands  
 15 Today must be borne, but not always borne.  
 The dust of tribulations enfolding your beauty,  
 Counting of the frustrations of our youth of two days,  
 Futile burning pain of moonlit nights,  
 The heart's profitless throbbing, the body's despairing cry—  
 20 A few days more, my dear, only a few days.

'arşa-e-dahr kī jhulsī hū'i virānī meñ  
 Hamko rahnā hai pē yūn-hī to nahīn rahnā hai;  
 Ajnabī hāthoñ kā be-nām girānbār sitam  
 15 Āj sahnā hai, hamesha to nahīn sahnā hai.  
 Ye tere hūsn se liptī hū'i ālām kī gard,  
 Apnī do roza jawānī kī shikastorī kā shumār,  
 Chāndnī rāton kā be-kār dahaktā hū'ā dard,  
 Dil kī be-sūd tarap, jism kī māyūs pukār—  
 20 Chānd roz aur, mērī jān! faqañ chañd-hī roz.

# گھنیوں

یہ گھنیوں کے آوارہ بے کار گھنیتے کہ خشنا گیا جن کو ذوق گدایا  
 زمانے کی پھٹکار سرمایہ ان کا جہاں بھر کی دھنکار ان کی کمائی  
 نہ آرام شب کو نہ راحت سویرے غلاظت میں گھننالیوں میں بسیرے  
 بخوبی ٹریں تو اک دوسرے سے لڑادو ذرا ایک روٹی کا ٹکڑا دکھادو  
 یہ سر ایک کی ٹھوکریں کھانے والے یہ فاقوں سے ملتا کے مرجانے والے  
 یہ مظلوم مخلوق گر سر اٹھائے تو انسان سب سکشی بھوول جائے  
 بیچاہیں تو دنیا کو اپنا بنالیں یہ آفاؤں کی ٹیکاں تک چیالیں  
 کوئی ان کو احساسِ ذلت دلادے  
 کوئی ان کی سوئی ہوئی دم دلادے

## 10. DOGS

With fiery zeal endowed—to beg,  
 They roam the street on idle leg,  
 And earn and own the general curse,  
 The abuse of all the universe;  
 At night no comfort, at dawn no banquet,  
 Gutter for lodging, mud for blanket.  
 Whenever you find them any bother,  
 Show them a crust—they'll fight each other,  
 Those curs that all and sundry kick,  
 Destined to die of hunger's prick.

## DOGS

- 1 These wandering unemployed dogs of the streets,  
 On whom has been bestowed ardour for beggary,  
 The curses of the age their property,  
 The abuse of the whole world their earnings.—
- 5 Neither rest at night nor comfort in the morning,  
 Dwellings in the dirt, night-lodgings in the drains,—  
 If they rebel, make one fight another,  
 Just show them a piece of bread—  
 They who suffer the kicks of everyone,
- 10 Who will die worn out with starvation.

## KUTTE

- 1 Ye galyoñ ke āwāra be-kār kutte,  
 Kē bakhshā-gayā jinko zauq-e-gadā'ī,  
 Zamāne kī phitkār sarmāya unkā,  
 Jahān bhar kī dhatkār unkī kamā'ī,
- 5 Na ārām shab ko na rāhat sawere,  
 Ghilāzat meñ ghar, nālyoñ meñ basere;  
 Jo bigreñ to ēk dūsre se laṛā-do,  
 Zarā ek roṭi kā ṭukṛā dikhā-do—  
 Ye harek kī ٹhokareñ khānewāle,
- 10 Ye fāqoñ se uktake mar-jānewāle.

—If those whipped creatures raised their heads,  
Man's insolence would be pulled to shreds:  
Once roused, they'd make this earth their own,  
And gnaw their betters to the bone—  
If someone made their misery itch,  
Just gave their sluggish tails a twitch!

- If these oppressed creatures lifted their heads,  
Mankind would forget all its insolence;  
If they wished they would make the earth their own,  
They would chew even the bones of the masters—*
- 15 *If only someone showed them consciousness of degradation,  
If only someone shook their sleeping tails!*

Ye mazlūm makhlūq gar sar uṭhā'e,  
To insān sab sarkashī bhūl-jā'e;  
Ye chāheñ to dunyā ko apnā banā-leñ,  
Ye āqā'ōn kī hadḍiyāñ tak chabā-leñ—  
15 Ko'i inko ihsās-e-zillat dilā-de,  
Ko'i inkī so'i hū'i dum hilā-de.

## II. SPEAK

Speak, for your two lips are free;  
 Speak, your tongue is still your own;  
 This straight body still is yours—  
 Speak, your life is still your own.

See how in the blacksmith's forge  
 Flames leap high and steel glows red,  
 Padlocks opening wide their jaws,  
 Every chain's embrace outspread!

## SPEAK

- 1 Speak, for your lips are free;  
 Speak, your tongue is still yours,  
 Your upright body is yours—  
 Speak, your life is still yours.
- 5 See how in the blacksmith's shop  
 The flames are hot, the iron is red,  
 Mouths of locks have begun to open,  
 Each chain's skirt has spread wide.

## BOL

- 1 Bol, kē lab āzād hain tere:  
 Bol, zabān ab tak terī hai,  
 Terā sutwān jism hai terā—  
 Bol, kē jān ab tak terī hai.
- 5 Dekh kē āhangar kī dukān meñ  
 Tuñd hain shu'le, surkh̄ hai āhan,  
 Khulne-lage qusloñ ke dahāne,  
 Phailā harēk zanjir kā dāman.

بول، یہ تھوڑا وقت بہت ہے  
 جسم و زبان کی موت سے پہلے  
 بول کہ سچ زندہ ہے اب تک  
 بول، جو کچھ کہنا ہے کہاے!

Time enough is this brief hour  
 Until body and tongue lie dead;  
 Speak, for truth is living yet—  
 Speak whatever must be said.

10 *Speak, this little time is plenty*  
*Before the death of body and tongue:*  
*Speak, for truth is still alive—*  
*Speak, say whatever is to be said.*

Bol, ye thoṛā waqt bahut hai,  
 10 Jism o zabān kī maut se pahle:  
 Bol, kě sach ziñda hai ab tak—  
 Bol, jo kuchh kahnā hai kah-le!

# مَوْضُوعِ سُخْنٍ

گل ہوئی جاتی ہے افسردوہ سلگتی ہوئی شام  
 دُصل کے ننگے گی ابھی چشمہ مہتاب سے رات  
 اور—مشتاقِ نگاہوں کی سُنی جائے گی  
 اور—اُن ہاتھوں سُمسم ہوں گے یہ تُزف سے ہوئے ہاں  
 اُن کا آنچل ہے، کہ رُخسار، کہ پیراہن ہے  
 کچھ تو ہے جس سے ہوئی جاتی ہے چلنِ ننگیں  
 جانے اُس زُلف کی مَوْہوم گھنی چھاؤں میں  
 تیکھاتا ہے وہ آویزہ ابھی تک کہ نہیں  
 آج پھر حُشِنِ دل آرَا کی دُہی دھج ہو گی  
 دُہی خوارنیدہ سی آنکھیں دُہی کاجل کی لکیر

## 12. POETRY'S THEME

Twilight is burning out and turning chill,  
 Night comes fresh-bathed from where the moon's spring  
 flows;

And now—these eager eyes shall have their will,  
 These avid fingers feel the touch of those!

Is that her fringed veil, is it her face, her dress,  
 Behind the hanging gauze, that makes it glow—  
 And in the vague mist of that rippling tress  
 Does the bright earring twinkle still, or no?

Subtly once more her loveliness will speak,  
 Those pencilled lids, those languorous eyes, again;

## POETRY'S THEME

- 1 Evening, numb and smouldering, is being extinguished,  
 Soon night will emerge, bathed, from the fountain of the moon,  
 And the eyes' desire will be fulfilled,  
 And these thirsting hands will touch those hands!
- 5 Is it the border of her veil, or cheek, or is it her mantle?  
 Something there is by which the curtain is being tinged with colour.  
 There is no knowing whether in the hazy thick shade of that tress  
 That earring is still twinkling or not.  
 Today again there will be the same style of captivating beauty,  
 10 Those same as-if-sleeping eyes, that line of lampblack,

## MAUZŪ'-E-SUKHAN

- 1 Gul hū'i-jātī hai afsurda sulagtī hū'i shām,  
 Dhulke niklegī abhī chashma-e-mahtāb se rāt,  
 Aur—mushtāq nigāhoṇ kī sunī-jā'egī,  
 Aur—un hāthon se mas hōngē ye tarše hū'e hāt!
- 5 Kuchh. to hai jis-se hū'i-jātī hai chilman rāngīn.  
 Jāne us zulf kī mauhūm ghani chhā'oṇ mei  
 Timtimātā hai vo āweza abhī tak kē nahiṇ.  
 Aj phir hūsn-e-dilārā kī vuhi dhaj hogī,  
 10 Vuhi khwābīda-si ānkheṇ, vuhi kājal kī lakīr,

رنگ روختار پہ ہلکا سا وہ غازے کا غبار  
 صندلی ہاتھ پہ دھنڈلی سی ہنا کی تحریر  
 اپنے افکار کی، اشعار کی دنیا ہے یہی  
 جانِ مضموم ہے یہی، شایدِ معنی ہے یہی  
 آج تک سورخ و سیہ صدیوں کے سائے کے تلے  
 آدم و حوا کی اولاد پہ کیا گذری ہے  
 موت اور زیست کی روزانہ صفت آرائی میں  
 ہم پہ کیا گذرے گی، اجداد پہ کیا گذری ہے  
 ان دمکتے ہوئے شہروں کی فراواں مخلوق  
 کیوں فقط مرنے کی حشرت میں جیا کرئی ہے  
 یہ جیسیں کھیت پھٹا پڑتا ہے جوبنِ جن کا  
 کس لئے ان میں فقط بھوک اگا کرئی ہے

Dusted with that faint powder, her pink cheek,  
 On her pale hand the henna's delicate stain.  
 Here is the chosen world of rhyme and dream  
 My muse inhabits, here her darling theme!

—Under the black and blood-red murk of ages  
 How has it fared with Eve's sons all these years?  
 How shall *we* fare, where daily combat rages  
 Of death with life? how fared our forefathers?

Why must those gay streets' swarming progeny  
 So draw breath that to die is all they crave?  
 In those rich fields bursting with bounty, why  
 Must no ripe harvest except hunger wave?

On the colour of the cheek that faint cloud of powder,  
 On the sandalwood-coloured hand the misty tracery of henna.  
 This only is the world of my thoughts, my verses,  
 This only is the soul of my meaning, this only is the darling of  
 my intent.

15 Down to today, under the shadow of red and black centuries,  
 What has befallen the offspring of Adam and Eve?  
 In the daily battle-array of death and life,  
 What will befall us, what has befallen our ancestors?

20 Why do they keep living only in desire of death?  
 These lovely fields, whose bloom is bursting out,  
 Why does only hunger keep growing in them?

Rāng-e-rukhsār pē halkā-sā vo ghāze kā ghubār,  
 Saīdalī hāth pē dhuṇḍlī-sī hīnā kī tāhrīr.  
 Apne afkār kī, ashār kī dunyā hai yēhī,  
 Jān-e-mazmūn hai yēhī, shāhid-e-mā'nā hai yēhī.

15 Aj tak surkh o siya sadyoñ ke sā'e ke tale,  
 Ādam o ḥāvvā kī aulād pē kyā guzrī hai?  
 Maut aur zīst kī rozāna ṣafārā'i meñ,  
 Ham pē kyā guzregī, ajdād pē kyā guzrī hai?

20 Kyūñ faqāt marne kī hasrat meñ jiyā-kartī hai?  
 Ye ḥasīn khet, phaṭā-partā hai joban jinkā,  
 Kis-liye un-meñ faqāt bhūk ugā-kartī hai?

یہ ہر اک سمت پُر اسرار کڑی دیواریں  
 جل بُجھے جن میں ہزاروں کی جوانی کے چراغ  
 یہ ہر اک گام پہ ان خوابوں کی مشفقیں گا ہیں  
 جن کے پرتو سے چراغاں ہیں ہزاروں کے دیاغ  
 یہ بھی ہیں، ایسے کئی اور بھی مضموم ہوں گے  
 لیکن اس شوخ کے آہنستہ سے کھلتے ہوئے ہوئے  
 ہائے اس جسم کے کنجخت دل آؤز خطوط  
 آپ ہی کہیے کہیں ایسے بھی افسوں ہوں گے  
 اپنا مَصْوُر سُخن ان کے سوا اور نہیں  
 طبع شاعر کا وطن ان کے سوا اور نہیں

Walls dark with secrets frown on every side,  
 That countless lamps of youth have sunk behind;  
 Everywhere scaffolds on which dreams have died  
 That lit unnumbered candles in man's mind.

—These too are subjects; more there are;—but oh,  
 Those limbs that curve so fatally ravishingly!  
 Oh that sweet wretch, those lips parting so slow—  
 Tell me where else such witchery could be!  
 No other theme will ever fit my rhyme;  
 Nowhere but here is poetry's native clime.

These harsh walls on every side, full of mysteries,  
 In which the lamps of the youth of thousands have burned away,  
 25 These execution-grounds, at every step, of those dreams  
 By whose radiance the minds of thousands are lamps:  
 These also are themes, others also like them there may be.  
 But the slowly opening lips of that saucy one!  
 Ah, the cursed alluring lines of that body!  
 30 You yourself say, will there be such sorceries anywhere else?  
 My theme of poetry is nothing else except these,  
 The native land of the poet's nature is nothing else except these.

Ye harēk simt pur-asrār kaṛi diwāreh,  
 Jal-bujhe jin-mein hazāroں kī jawānī ke charāghī,  
 25 Ye harēk gām pē un khwāboں kī maqtal-gāhein,  
 Jinke partau se charāghān hain hazāroں ke dimāgh:  
 Ye bhi hain, aise kaī aur bhī mazmūn honge;  
 Lekin us shokh ke āhista-se khulte-hū'e hoṇt,  
 Hā'e us jism ke kambakht dil-āwez khuṭūṭ—  
 30 Āp-hī kahiye, kahiں aise bhī afsūn honge?  
 Apnā maužū'-e-sukhan inke siwā aur nahiں,  
 Tab'-e-shā'ir kā waṭan inke siwā aur nahiں.

# ہم لوگ

دل کے ایواں میں لئے گل شدہ شمعوں کی قطار  
 نور خور شید سے سہمے ہوئے اکٹائے ہوئے  
 حُسنِ محبوب کے سیالِ تصور کی طرح  
 اپنی تاریکی کو بھینچے ہوئے، لپٹائے ہوئے

غایتِ سُود و زیاب، صورتِ آغاز و مآل  
 وہی بے سُود تجسس، وہی بے کار سوال

In the mind's hall, holding each his dead lamp,  
 Turning with trembling nausea from the sun's light,  
 Huddled in our own darkness, hugging it tight  
 As if in an endless dream of a sweet face;  
 —Riddle of good and ill and beginning and end,  
 The old futile inquisition, profitless chase;

## WE

- 1 *In the hall of the heart, bearing a row of extinguished candles,  
 Timorous of the sun's light, desponding,—  
 As if it were the flowing fantasy of a beloved beauty  
 Hugging, clinging to our own darkness;*
- 5 *Purpose of profit and loss, appearance of beginning and end,  
 The same profitless enquiry, the same useless question;*

## HAM LOG

- 1 Dil ke aiwān meñ liye gul-shuda sham'oñ kī qatār,  
 Nûr-e-khwurshid se sahme hū'e, uktā'e hū'e,  
 Husn-e-mahbûb ke saiyāl tašawwur kī ḫarāh,  
 Apnī tārikī ko bhīnchē hū'e, lipṭā'e hū'e;
- 5 Ghāyat-e-sūd-o-ziyāñ, śūrat-e-āghāz-o-m'āl,  
 Vuhī be-sūd tajassus, vuhī be-kār sawāl,

مُضْجِلِ ساعتِ امروز کی بے رنگی سے  
 یادِ ماضی سے نغمیں، دیشِ فردا سے نیڑھاں  
 تشنہ افکار جو تشكیں نہیں پاتے ہیں  
 سوختہ اشک جو آنکھوں میں نہیں آتے ہیں  
 اک کڑا دُرد کہ جو گیت میں ڈھلتا ہی نہیں  
 دل کے تاریک شیگافوں سے نکلتا ہی نہیں  
 اور اک اُجھی ہوئی مَوہوم سی دُرمائ کی تلاش  
 دشتِ زندان کی ہوشن چاک گیریاں کی تلاش

Tedium of today's colourless minutes,  
 Goad of remembrance, chill of tomorrow's fears;  
 Starved thoughts that come to no comfort, blistering tears  
 That find no way to the eye, a numb misery  
 Not melting into any song or escaping  
 From the heart's shadowed crevices;—and a quest,  
 Visionary, bemused, for remedy;  
 A thirst for desert and dungeon, for the rent garment.

Exhausted by the colourlessness of today's moment,  
 Saddened by remembrance of the past, paralysed by fear of  
 tomorrow;  
 Thirsty thoughts that find no relief,  
 10 Burning tears that do not come into the eyes,  
 One hard pain that does not take the mould of song,  
 Does not issue from the dark crannies of the heart;  
 And a tangled, confused search for a remedy,  
 A longing for desert and prison, a search for the rent garment.

Mužmahil sā'at-e-imroz kī be-raṅgī se,  
 Yād-e-māzī se ghamīn, dāhshat-e-fardā se niḍhāl;  
 Tishna asfār jo taskīn nahīn pāte hain,  
 10 Sokh̄ta ashk̄ jo āñkhoñ meñ nahīn āte hain,  
 Ěk kařā dārd kē jo gīt meñ ڏhaltā hī nahīn,  
 Dil ke tārik shigāfōn se nikaltā hī nahīn;  
 Aur ēk uljhī hū'i mauhūm-sī darmān kī talāsh,  
 Dasht o zindān kī havas, chāk-e-girībān kī talāsh.

# سیاسی لیڈر کے نام

سالہا سال پہ بے آسرا، جگڑے ہوئے ہات  
 رات کے سخت و سیہ سینے میں پیوست رہے  
 جس طرح تینکا سمندر سے ہو سرگرم سیتیز  
 جس طرح تیتی کھسار پہ یلغار کرے  
 اور اب رات کے سنگین و سیہ سینے میں  
 اشٹے گھاؤ بیں، کہ جس سمت نظر جاتی ہے  
 جا بجا نور نے اک جال سا بُن رکھا ہے  
 دُور سے صبح کی دھڑکن کی صدا آتی ہے

## 14. TO A POLITICAL LEADER

Long years those hands, unfriended and unfree,  
 Have clawed into night's dark unyielding breast  
 As straws might dash themselves against a sea,  
 Or butterflies assail a mountain-crest:

Till now that dark and flint-hard breast of night  
 Has felt so many gashes that all round,  
 Look where you will, is woven a web of light,  
 And from far off the morning's heartbeats sound.

## TO A POLITICAL LEADER

- 1 Year by year these unprotected, bound hands  
 Have remained fixed in the hard, black bosom of night,  
 As a straw may be ardent in strife with the sea,  
 As a butterfly may make an attack on a mountain;  
 5 And now in the stony and black bosom of night  
 There are so many wounds, that whichever way the eye goes  
 Everywhere light has woven a sort of web,  
 From afar the sound of the throbbing of dawn comes.

## SIYĀSĪ LEADER KE NĀM

- 1 Sāl-hā-sāl ye be-āsrā, jakre hū'e hāt  
 Rāt ke sakht o siya sine men̄ paiwast rahe,  
 Jis ṭaraḥ tinkā samundar se ho sargarm-e-satez,  
 Jis ṭaraḥ titri kuhsār pe yalghār kare;  
 5 Aur ab rāt ke saṅgīn o siya sine men̄  
 Itne ghā'o hain̄, kē jis simt nāz̄ar jātī hai  
 Jā-ba-jā nūr-ne ēk jāl-sā bun-rakhā hai,  
 Dūr se subh̄ kī dharkan kī śadā ātī hai.

تیرا سرمایہ، تری آس یہی ہات تو پیں!  
 اور کچھ ہے بھی ترے پاس یہی ہات تو پیں  
 تجھ کو منظور نہیں غلبہ ظلمت لیکن  
 تجھ کو منظور ہے یہ ہاتھ قلم ہو جائیں  
 اور مشرق کی کمیں گہ میں دھرکت اسوا دن  
 رات کی آہنی میت کے تلے دب جائے!

The people's hands have been your coat of mail,  
 Your wealth: what else has lent you strength, but they?  
 You do not wish this darkness to prevail,  
 Yet wish those hands lopped off, and the new day,

Now throbbing in its eastern ambush, doomed  
 Under night's iron corpse to lie entombed.

- 10 *Your wealth, your hope, are these same hands—  
 Have you anything else?—it is these same hands.  
 You do not desire the victory of darkness, but  
 You desire that these hands be cut off,  
 And that day, throbbing in the ambuscade of the east,  
 Sink under the iron corpse of night!*

Terā sarmāya, tērī ās yēhī hāt to hain!

- 10 Aur kuchh hai bhī tere pās? Yēhī hāt to hain.  
 Tujhko manzūr nahiñ ghalba-e-zulmat, lekin  
 Tujhko manzūr hai ye hāth qalam ho-jā'en,  
 Aur mashriq kī kamīn-gah meñ dhaṛaktā hū'ā din  
 Rāt kī āhanī maiyat ke tale dab-jā'e!

# اے دل بے تاب مٹھر

تیرگی ہے کہ اُمَنڈتی ہی چلی جانی تھے  
 شب کی رگ رگ سے اُو چوٹ رہا ہو جیسے  
 چل ہی ہے کچھ اس انداز سے بُض بُستی  
 دونوں عالم کا نشہ ٹوٹ رہا ہو جیسے  
 رات کا گرم اُو اور بھی بہ جانے دو  
 یہی تاریکی تو ہے فازہ رُخسار سحر  
 صبح ہونے ہی کو ہے اے دل بے تاب مٹھر

## 15. OH RESTLESS HEART

Darkness an ever-deepening flood,  
 Night's blood gushing from every vein;  
 Creation's pulse flutters as though  
 An ecstasy of the two worlds were waning.

Let night's warm blood stream on: its shade  
 Is powder for the cheeks of dawn.  
 Daybreak is near; oh restless heart, be still.

## OH RESTLESS HEART, WAIT

- 1 *It is a darkness that goes on swelling,  
 As if blood were spouting from night's every vein;  
 The pulse of existence is going somewhat in this fashion  
 As if an intoxication of both worlds were failing.*
- 5 *Let night's warm blood go on flowing;  
 This darkness is the powder of the face of dawn:  
 It is just about to be morning—oh restless heart, wait.*

## AI DIL-E-BE-TĀB, THAHAR

- 1 *Tiragi hai kē umandati-hī chali-jātī hai  
 Shab kī rag rag se lahū phūṭ-rahā ho jaise;  
 Chal-rahī hai kuchh is andāz se nabz-e-hasti  
 Donor 'ālam kā nasha ṭūṭ-rahā ho jaise.*
- 5 *Rāt kā garm lahū aur bhī bah-jāne-do;  
 Yehī tārīkī to hai ghāza-e-rukhsār-e-sahar:  
 Subh hone hī ko hai; ai dil-e-be-tāb, thahar.*

ابھی زنجیر چھنکتی ہے پس پرداہ ساز  
 مُطْلَقُ الْحُكْمُ ہے شیرازہ اشباب ابھی  
 ساغر نا ب میں آنسو بھی دھلک جاتے ہیں  
 لغڑش پا میں ہے پابندی آداب ابھی  
 اپنے دیوانوں کو دیوانہ تو بن لینے دو  
 اپنے میخانوں کو میخانہ تو بن لینے دو  
 جلد یہ سطوت اشباب بھی اٹھ جائے گی  
 یہ گرال باری آداب بھی اٹھ جائے گی  
 خواہ زنجیر چھنکتی ہی چھنکتی ہی رہے

Through music's veil the clanking chain,  
 Omnipotent yet fate's web close-drawn,  
 Tears into life's pure winecup running,  
 Feet drunk with ardour clogged by custom's bane.

But let true heaven-born madness fill  
 Our madmen, wine our wineshops—soon  
 Fate's empire shall be overthrown  
 And tyranny of custom fade,  
 Let the linked chain clank now, clank as it will.

Still a chain clangs behind the curtain of music,  
 Of absolute power still is the scheme of cause-and-effect,  
 10 Into the unmixed goblet tears too go rolling,  
 On the unsteadiness of the foot there is still the tether of custom.  
 Let your madmen become truly mad,  
 Let your wineshops become truly wineshops,  
 Quickly this domination of things-as-they-are shall be removed,  
 15 This oppressiveness of custom shall be removed—  
 Though the chain go on rattling and rattling!

Abhī zanjir chhanaktī hai pas-e-parda-e-sāz,  
 Muṭlaq ul-ḥukm hai shīrāza-e-asbāb abhī,  
 10 Sāghar-e-nāb meñ ānsū bhī ḏhalak-jāte hain,  
 Laghzish-e-pā merī hai pābandi-e-ādāb abhī.  
 Apne dīwānoñ ko dīwāna to ban-lene-do,  
 Apne maikhānoñ ko maikhāna to ban-lene-do,  
 Jald ye saṭwat-e-asbāb bhī uṭh-jā'egī,  
 15 Ye girānbāri-e-ādāb bhī uṭh-jā'egī,  
 Khwāh zanjir chhanaktī-hī, chhanaktī-hī rahe.

# میرے ہندم میرے دوست

گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو میرے ہندم میرے دوست  
 گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو کہ ترے دل کی تھکن  
 تیری آنکھوں کی اُداسی ترے سینے کی جلن  
 میری دل جوئی میرے پیار سے مرٹ جائے گی  
 گر مرا حرفِ تسلی وہ دوا ہو جس سے  
 جی اُٹھے پھر ترا اُجڑا ہوا بے نور دماغ  
 تیری پیشانی سے دھل جائیں یہ تذلیل کے داغ

## 16. MY FELLOW-MAN, MY FRIEND

If I could know for certain, my fellow-man, my friend—  
 If I could know for certain that your heart-weariness,  
 That brooding in your eyes and those thoughts that sear you  
 might

Be healed by any caring or comforting of mine;  
 Or if my words of solace were medicine that could bring  
 Revival to your stricken and shadow-haunted brain,  
 Wipe from your brow the wrinkles that shame and failure  
 write,

## MY FELLOW-CREATURE, MY FRIEND

- 1 If I were certain of this, my companion, my friend,  
 If I were certain of this, that the weariness of your heart,  
 The sadness of your eyes, the burning in your breast,  
 Would be removed by my sympathy, my affection;  
 5 If my words of consolation were that medicine through which  
 Your desolated, unlit brain would recover itself,  
 These stains of humiliation be removed from your forehead,

## MĒRE HAMDAM, MĒRE DOST

- 1 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho, mēre hamdam, mēre dost—  
 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho kē tere dil kī thakan,  
 Teri ānkhon kī udāsī, tere sīne kī jalan,  
 Meri dil-jū'ī, mēre pyār se miṭ-jā'egi;  
 5 Gar mērā ḥarf-e-tasallī vo dawā ho jis-se  
 Ji uthe phir tērā ujrā hū'ā be-nūr dimāgh,  
 Teri peshānī se dhul-jā'en ye tazlil ke dāgh,

تیری بیمار جوانی کو شفا ہو جائے  
 گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو مرے ہمدرم ہمہ مرے دوست  
 روز و شب شام و سحر میں مجھے بہلاتا رہوں  
 میں مجھے گیت سناتا رہوں ہلکے شیریں  
 اپشاروں کے بہاروں کے چمن زاروں کے گیت  
 آمدِ صبح کے، هنتاب کے سیاروں کے گیت  
 مجھ سے میں حشون و محبت کی حکایات کروں  
 کیسے منغروف حسیناں اول کے برفاب سے جسم  
 گزرم ہاتھوں کی حرارت میں پھل جاتے ہیں  
 کیسے اک پھرے کے ٹھرے ہوئے ماوس نقوش  
 دیکھتے دیکھتے یک لخت بدل جاتے ہیں  
 کس طرح عارضِ محبوب کا شفاف بلور  
 یک بیک بادہ اخمر سے دیک جاتا ہے

And mend the pale consumption that wastes away your youth;—

If I knew this for certain, my fellow-man, my friend!  
 Day and night I would cheer you, morning and evening make  
 Songs and new songs to please you, honeyed, heart-quieting—  
 Songs of cascades and springtides and flowery meadowlands,  
 Of breaking dawns, of moonlight, or of the wandering stars;  
 Or tell you old romances of shining eyes and love,  
 Of beautiful proud women and bosoms cold as snow  
 Melting under the fervent touch of a lover's hands;  
 Tell how familiar features, long known by heart, may while  
 We watch them be transfigured in one short moment's space,  
 Or how the crystal whiteness of the beloved one's cheek  
 Will suddenly be kindled into wine's ruby glow,

*Your sickly youth be cured;—*

If I were certain of this, my companion, my friend,  
 10 Day and night, evening and daybreak, I would keep entertaining  
 you,  
 I would keep singing you songs, gentle and sweet,  
 Songs of waterfalls, of springtimes, of meadows,  
 Songs of the advent of dawn, of moonlight, of planets;  
 I would tell you stories of beauty and love,  
 15 Of how the ice-like bodies of proud beauties  
 Melt in the ardour of warm hands;  
 How the well-known, familiar features of some face  
 While we are watching all at once become changed;  
 How the transparent crystal of the beloved's cheek  
 20 Suddenly glows with red wine;

Teri bimār jawānī ko shifā ho-jā'e—  
 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho, mère hamdam, mère dost,  
 10 Roz o shab, shām o sahār, maiñ tujhe bahlātā rahūn,  
 Maiñ tujhe git sunātā rahūn, halke, shīrīn,  
 Ābhārōn ke, bahārōn ke, chamanzārōn ke git,  
 Āmad-e-şubh ke, mahtāb ke, saiyārōn ke git;  
 Tujh-se maiñ ḥusn o maḥabbat kī ḥikāyāt kahūn,  
 15 Kaise maghrūr ḥasīnā'on ke barfāb-se jism  
 Garm hāthōn kī hārārat meri pighal-jātē hain;  
 Kaise ēk chahre ke ṭahare hū'e mānūs nuqūsh  
 Dekhate dekhte yak lakht badal-jātē hain;  
 Kis tarah 'āriz-e-mahbūb kā shaffāf bilaur  
 20 Yak-ba-yak bāda-e-ahmar se dahak-jātā hai;

کیسے گلچین کے لئے جھکتی ہے خود شاخ گلاب  
 کس طرح رات کا ایوانِ مہک جاتا ہے  
 یوں ہی گاتا رہوں، گاتار ہوں، تیری خاطر  
 گیت بنتا رہوں، بیٹھا رہوں، تیری خاطر  
 پر مزے گیت ترے دکھ کا مداوا ہی نہیں  
 نغمہ جملہ نہیں، مونس و غم خوار سہی  
 گیت نیشتر تو نہیں، مرہم آزار سہی  
 تیرے آزار کا چارہ نہیں، نیشتر کے سوا  
 اور یہ سفاک مسیح امرے قبضے میں نہیں  
 اس جہاں کے کسی ذی روح کے قبضے میں نہیں  
 ہاں مگر تیرے سوا، تیرے سوا، تیرے سوا

—How of herself the rose-spray leans to be plucked, and send  
 A breath of perfume stealing through the dark hall of night;

Such songs I would keep making, to sing you hour by hour,  
 Weaving new notes to charm you, sitting here by your side.  
 But for your rooted trouble what is my rhyming worth?  
 Verse is soft balm for sorrow, no surgeon to save life:  
 Music a salve for sickness, no lancet; and there is  
 No remedy for sickness like yours, except the knife—  
 The murderer, the redeemer, that is not in my power  
 Nor in the power of any that draw breath on this earth:  
 Any, excepting only—youself, yourself, yourself!

*How the rose-spray bends of itself for the rose-plucker,  
 How the hall of night grows perfumed;*

*—So would I keep singing, keep singing, for your sake,  
 I would go on sitting and weaving songs for your sake.*

25 *But my songs are no remedy for your affliction,  
 Melody is no surgeon, even though consoling and sympathetic;  
 A song is no lancet, though it may be a lotion for sickness.  
 There is no cure for your sickness, except the lancet,  
 And this butcher-messiah is not in my power,*

30 *Is not in the power of any breathing thing in this world,  
 Except—yes! except yourself, except yourself, except yourself.*

Kaise gulchiں ke liye jhuktī hai khwud shākh-e-gulāb,  
 Kis tarah rāt kā aiwān mahak-jātā hai;  
 Yūn-hī gātā-rahūn, gātā-rahūn, terī khāṭir,  
 Gīt buntā-rahūn, baithā-rahūn, terī khāṭir.

25 Par mère gīt tere dukh kā mudāvā hī nahiں,  
 Naghma jarrāh nahiں, mūnis o gham-khwār sahi;  
 Gīt nishtar to nahiں, marham-e-āzār sahi.

Tere āzār kā chāra nahiں, nishtar ke siwā,  
 Aur ye saffāk masīhā mère qabze meñ nahiں,  
 30 Is jahān ke kisī zī-rūh ke qabze meñ nahiں,  
 Hān magar tere siwā, tere siwā, tere siwā.

دستِ سبَا

FINGERS OF THE WIND

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THE ZEPHYR'S HAND

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DAST-E-ŞABĀ

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17. IF INK AND PEN

If ink and pen are snatched from me, shall I  
 Who have dipped my finger in my heart's blood complain—  
 Or if they seal my tongue, when I have made  
 A mouth of every round link of my chain?

STANZA

- I If my property of tablet and pen is taken away, what grief is it,  
 When I have dipped my fingers in the blood of the heart?  
 A seal has been set on my tongue: what of it, when I have put  
 A tongue into every ring of my chain?

QITA'

- I Matā'-e-lauh-o-qalam chhin-ga'i to kyā gham hai,  
 Kē khūn-e-dil men dabo-lī hain ungliyān maiñ-ne.  
 Zabān pē muhr lagī hai to kyā, kē rakh-dī hai  
 Harek halqa-e-zanjir men zabān maiñ-ne.

متأع کوہ و قلم چھن گئی تو گیا غم ہے  
 کہ خون دل میں ڈبو لی بیں ان گلیاں میں نے  
 زبان پہ مہر لگی ہے تو گیا، کہ رکھ دی ہے  
 ہر ایک حلقة زنجیر میں زبان میں نے

18. AT TIMES

کبھی کبھی یاد میں ابھرتے میں نقشِ ہنی مٹے مٹے سے  
وہ آزمائشِ دل و نظر کی، وہ قربتیں سی وہ فاصلے سے  
کبھی کبھی آرزو کے صحراء میں آکے رکھتے ہیں فاصلے سے  
وہ ساری باتیں لگاؤ کی سی وہ سارے گنوں و صال کے سے  
نگاہِ دل کو قرار کیسا، نشاط و غم میں کمی کہاں کی

At times, at times, in remembrance faintly old scenes reviving,  
Things once so near and so far—heart-vision, eye-vision  
striving.

At times, at times, in desire's parched sands, caravans come  
halting,  
With tokens laden to seal all bargains of lovers' driving.

For eye or heart what repose, what slaking of joy and anguish?

GHAZAL

- 1 *Sometimes, sometimes, images of the past swell up again, very faintly, in memory,  
Those contests of heart and sight, those as it were nearnesses and  
farnesses;  
Sometimes, sometimes, in the wilderness of longing, things like  
caravans come and stop,  
All those things as it were of affection, all those symbols as it  
were of union.*
- 5 *How can there be rest to eye and heart, where any lessening of  
joy and grief?*

GHAZAL

- 1 *Kabhi kabhi yad mein ubharte hain naqsh-e-mazil mité  
mité-se,  
Vo azmā'ish dil-o-nazar ki, vo qurbatēn-si, vo fāsile-se;  
Kabhi kabhi ārzū ke şahrā mein āke rukte hain qāfile-se,  
Vo sārī bāten lagā'o kī sī, vo sāre 'unwān vişāl ke se.*
- 5 *Nigāh o dil ko qarār kaisā, nishāt o gham men kamī  
kahān ki?*

— وہ جب ملے میں تو ان سے ہر بار کی ہے الفتنے سر کے  
 بہت گرائے ہے علیش تہما کہیں وہ بک تر کہیں گوارا  
 وہ دز دینہاں کے ساری دنیا واقعیتی جوں کے واسطے سے  
 تمہیں کہو رند و مختسب میں ہے آج شب کون فرق آیا  
 یہ کہ بیٹھے میں میکیدے میں فہاد کے آئے میں میکیدے سے

Each time I see her love springs anew by some fresh contriving.

This lonely pleasure is hard to bear; that was kinder torment  
 When inward grief kept a bond of kinship with all men  
 thriving.

Between stern censor and rake what gulf can be found this  
 evening?

One left the tavern just now, the second is just arriving.

*When she meets one, every time love of her has a new beginning.  
 Very heavy is this solitary pleasure; much lighter, much more  
 agreeable,*

*That hidden pain thanks to which the whole world was a comrade.  
 You yourself say, is there any so great difference this night  
 between profligate and censor of morals?*

10 *This one has come and sat down in the wineshop, that one has got  
 up and come from the wineshop.*

Vo jab mile hain to un-se harbār kī hai ulfat na'e sire se.  
 Bahut girān̄ hai ye 'aish-e-tanhā, kahīn̄ subuktar, kahīn̄  
 gavārā

Vo dard-e-pinhān̄ kē sārī dunyā rafiq thī jis-ke wāste se.  
 Tumhīn̄ kaho rind o muhtasib men̄ hai āj shab kaun farq  
 aisā,

10 Ye āke baiṭhe hain̄ maikade men̄, vo uthke ā'e hain̄ maikade  
 se.

# صُبْحُ آزادی

اگست ۱۹۴۷

یہ داغ داغِ اُجالا، یہ شب گزیدہ سحر  
 وہ انتظار تھا جس کا، یہ وہ سحر تو نہیں  
 یہ وہ سحر تو نہیں جس کی آرزو لے کر  
 چلے تھے یار کہ مل جائے گی کہیں نہ کہیں

## ۱۹. FREEDOM'S DAWN (August 1947)

This leprous daybreak, dawn night's fangs have mangled—  
 This is not that long-looked-for break of day,  
 Not that clear dawn in quest of which those comrades  
 Set out, believing that in heaven's wide void

## DAWN OF FREEDOM (August 1947)

- ۱ *This stain-covered daybreak, this night-bitten dawn,  
 This is not that dawn of which there was expectation;  
 This is not that dawn with longing for which  
 The friends set out, (convinced) that somewhere there would be  
 met with,*

## ŞUBH-E-ĀZĀDĪ (August 1947)

- ۱ *Ye dāgh dāgh ujālā, ye shab-gazīda sahār,  
 Vo intiżār thā jis-kā, ye vo sahār to nahīn,  
 Ye vo sahār to nahīn jis-kī ārzū lekar  
 Chale the yār kě mil-jā'egī kahīn na kahīn*

فلک کے دشت میں تاروں کی آخری منزل  
کہیں تو ہو گا شبِ سست موج کا ساحل  
کہیں تو جا کے رکے گا سفینہ غم دل

جوں لہو کی پُر اسرار شاہ را ہوں سے  
چلے جو یار تو دامن پے کتنے ہاتھ پڑے  
دیارِ حُسن کی بے صبرِ خواب گاہوں سے  
پُکارتی رہیں باہیں بدن بُلاتے رہے  
بُہت عزیز تھی لیکن رُخ سحر کی لگن  
بُہت قریب تھا حسینان نُور کا دامن  
شبک بُنگک تھی تمنا، دبی دبی تھی تھکن  
سُنا ہے ہو بھی چُکا ہے فراقِ ٹلہت و نُور  
سُنا ہے ہو بھی چُکا ہے وصالِ مُنزیل و گام

Somewhere must be the stars' last halting-place,  
Somewhere the verge of night's slow-washing tide,  
Somewhere an anchorage for the ship of heartache.

When we set out, we friends, taking youth's secret  
Pathways, how many hands plucked at our sleeves!  
From beauty's dwellings and their panting casements  
Soft arms invoked us, flesh cried out to us;  
But dearer was the lure of dawn's bright cheek,  
Closer her shimmering robe of fairy rays;  
Light-winged that longing, feather-light that toil.

But now, word goes, the birth of day from darkness  
Is finished, wandering feet stand at their goal;

- 5 In the desert of the sky, the final destination of the stars,  
Somewhere there would be the shore of the sluggish wave of night,  
Somewhere would go and halt the boat of the grief of pain.  
By the mysterious highroads of youthful blood  
When (we) friends set out, how many hands were laid on our skirts;  
10 From impatient sleeping-chambers of the dwellings of beauty  
Arms kept crying out, bodies kept calling;  
But very dear was the passion for the face of dawn,  
Very close the robe of the sylphs of light:  
The longing was very buoyant, the weariness was very slight.  
15 —It is heard that the separation of darkness and light has been  
fully completed,  
It is heard that the union of goal and step has been fully completed;
- 5 Falak ke dasht men tāroñ kī ākhirī manzil,  
Kahīn to hogā shab-e sust mauj kā sāhil,  
Kahīn to jāke rukegā safina-e-gham-e-dil.  
Jawān lahū ki pur-asrār shāhrāhōn se  
Chale jo yār to dāman pē kitne hāth pare;  
10 Diyār-e-ḥusn kī be-ṣabr khwābgāhōn se  
Pukārtī-rahīn bāheñ, badan bulātē-rahe;  
Bahut 'aziz thī lekin rukh-e-sahar kī lagan,  
Bahut qarīn thā ḥasīnān-e-nūr kā dāman,  
Subuk subuk thī tamannā, dabī dabī thī thakan.  
15 Sunā hai ho bhī chukā hai firāq-e-żulmat-o-nūr,  
Sunā hai ho bhī chukā hai viṣāl-e-manzil-o-gām;

بدل چکا ہے بہت اہلِ درد کا دستور  
نشاطِ وصل حلال و عذاب بھر حرام

چکر کی آگِ نظر کی امنگ دل کی جلن  
کسی پہ چارہ ہجراں کا کچھ اثر ہی نہیں  
کہاں سے آئی نگارِ صبا کہ حسر کو گئی  
ابھی چرانغِ سررہ کو کچھ خبر ہی نہیں  
ابھی گرانیِ شب میں کمی نہیں آئی  
نجاتِ دیدہ و دل کی گھٹری نہیں آئی  
چلے چلو کہ وہ منزیل ابھی نہیں آئی

Our leaders' ways are altering, festive looks  
Are all the fashion, discontent reproved;—  
And yet this physic still on unslaked eye  
Or heart fevered by severance works no cure.  
Where did that fine breeze, that the wayside lamp  
Has not once felt, blow from—where has it fled?  
Night's heaviness is unlesioned still, the hour  
Of mind and spirit's ransom has not struck;  
Let us go on, our goal is not reached yet.

*The manners of the people of suffering (leaders) have changed very much,  
Joy of union is lawful, anguish for separation forbidden.*

*The fire of the liver, the tumult of the eye, burning of the heart,—  
20 There is no effect on any of them of (this) cure for separation.  
Whence came that darling of a morning breeze, whither has it gone?  
The lamp beside the road has still no knowledge of it;  
In the heaviness of night there has still come no lessening,  
The hour of the deliverance of eye and heart has not arrived.  
25 Come, come on, for that goal has still not arrived.*

Badal-chukā hai bahut ahl-e-dard kā dastūr,  
Nishāt-e-vaṣl ḥalāl o 'azāb-e-hijr ḥarām.

Jigar kī āg, naṣar kī umāṅg, dil kī jalan,  
20 Kisī pē chāra-e-hijrān kā kuchh aşar hī nahīn.  
Kahān se ā'i nigār-e-şa'bā, kidhar ko ga'i?  
Abhī charāgh-e-sar-e-rah ko kuchh khābar hī nahīn;  
Abhī girānī-e-shab meiñ kamī nahīn ā'i,  
Najāt-e-dida-o-dil ki ghaṛī nahīn ā'i;  
25 Chale-chalo kē vo manzil abhī nahīn ā'i.

# کوہ و قلم

ہم پرورش کوہ و قلم کرتے رہیں گے  
 جو دل پر گذرتی ہے رقم کرتے رہیں گے  
 اسباب غمِ عشق بہم کرتے رہیں گے  
 ویرانی دُوراں پر کرم کرتے رہیں گے  
 ہاں تلخی ایام ابھی اور بڑھے گی  
 ہاں اہلِ ستم مشقِ ستم کرتے رہیں گے

## 20. TABLET AND PEN

I shall not cease to feed this pen, but still  
 Keep record of what things pass through the soul,  
 Still gather means for love to work its will,  
 Keep green this age round which blank deserts roll.

Though these days' bitterness must grow sharper yet,  
 And tyrants not renounce their tyranny,

## TABLET AND PEN

- 1 I will go on cherishing the tablet and pen,  
*I will go on writing down what passes over the heart,*  
*I will go on collecting the attributes of the grief of love,*  
*I will go on pouring bounty on the desolation of the age.*
- 5 Yes, the bitterness of the times will grow still greater;  
 Yes, the tyrant people will go on practising tyranny;

## LAUH-O-QALAM

- 1 Ham parwarish-e-lauh-o-qalam karte-raheinge,  
 Jo dil pē guzartī hai raqam karte-raheinge,  
 Asbāb-e-gham-e-'ishq baham karte-raheinge,  
 Virānī-e-daurān pē karam karte-raheinge.
- 5 Hān talkhī-e-aiyām abhī aur baṛhēgī,  
 Hān ahl-e-sitam mashq-e-sitam karte-raheinge:

منظور یہ تلخی، یہ ستم ہم کو گوارا  
 دم ہے تو مداوائے الہ کرتے رہیں گے  
 مے خانہ سلامت ہے تو ہم سُرخی مے سے  
 تزئین در و بام حرم کرتے رہیں گے  
 باقی ہے لودل میں تو ہر اشک سے پیدا  
 رنگ لب و رخسار صنم کرتے رہیں گے  
 اک طرزِ تغافل ہے سوہہ ان کو مبارک  
 اک عرضِ تمنا ہے سوہم کرتے رہیں گے

I taste their bitter wrongs without regret,  
 But while breath lasts will nurse each malady—

While yet the tavern stands, with its red wine  
 Crimson the temple's high cold walls; and while  
 My heartblood feeds my tears and lets them shine,  
 Paint with each drop the loved one's rosy smile.

Let others live for calm indifferent peace;  
 I listen to earth's pangs, and will not cease.

This bitterness is accepted, this tyranny is endurable to me,  
 While there is breath I will go on with the healing of pain.  
 While the wineshop is safe, with the red of wine

10 I will go on adorning the door and roof of the shrine;  
 While there is blood left in my heart, from each tear  
 I will go on creating colour for the lip and cheek of my idol.  
 There is a fashion of indifference: they are welcome to it—  
 There is an appeal of love's-demand, and this I will go on  
 presenting.

Manzūr ye talkhī, ye sitam hamko gavārā,  
 Dam hai to mudāvā-e-alam karte-raheṇge.  
 Maikhāna salāmat hai to ham surkhī-e-mai se  
 10 Taz'in-e-dar-o-bām-e-haram karte-raheṇge,  
 Bāqī hai lahū dil meṇ to har ashk se paidā  
 Rang-e-lab-o-rukhsār-e-ṣanam karte-raheṇge;  
 Ěk ṭarz-e-taghāful hai so vo unko mubārak,  
 Ěk 'arz-e-tamannā hai so ham karte-raheṇge.



نہ پوچھ جب سے ترا انتظار کیتنا ہے  
 کہ جن دنوں سے مجھے تیرا انتظار نہیں  
 ترا ہی عکس ہے اُن اجنبی بھاروں میں  
 جو تیرے لب ترے بازو، ترا کنار نہیں

## 21. DO NOT ASK

Do not ask how much I have longed for you  
 Since those lost days of longing expectation;  
 Your image fills these unfamiliar springs  
 That are not your embrace, your arms, your lips.

### STANZA

- I *Do not ask how great my waiting (longing) for you has been since  
 Those days since when there has been for me no waiting for  
 (expectation of) you.  
 Your image alone is in those alien springs  
 That are not your lips, your arms, your embrace.*

### QITA'

- I Na pūchh jab se tērā intīzār kitnā hai,  
 Kē jin dinoñ se mujhe terā intīzār nahīñ;  
 Tērā-hī 'aks hai un ajnabī bahāroñ meñ  
 Jo tere lab, tere bāzū, tērā kinār nahīñ.

22. HER FINGERS

صبا کے ہاتھ میں نرمی ہے اُن کے ہاتھوں کی  
ٹھہر ٹھہر کے یہ ہوتا ہے آج دل کو گماں  
وہ ہاتھ ڈھونڈ رہے ہیں بساطِ محفل میں  
کہ دل کے داغ کہاں میں نیشست دزد کہاں

The softness of her fingers is in this dawn-wind's hand;  
And as it stirs, the fancy comes today to my mind  
That her soft hands are searching through the ranks of our  
friends,  
To find what are their heartaches, to feel where are their  
wounds.

STANZA

1 *In the hand of the morning breeze is the softness of her hands;  
While it lingers, this idea comes to my mind today—  
Those hands are seeking in the place of the gathering  
For where the scars of the heart are, where the seat of pain.*

QITA'

1 Šabā ke hāth meñ narmī hai unke hāthoñ kī;  
Thahar-ṭhaharke ye hotā hai āj dil ko gumāñ  
Vo hāth dhūnd-rahe hain bisāt-e-mahfil meñ  
Kē dil ke dāgh kahāñ hain, nishast-e-dard kahāñ.

# شوریش برباطوں نے

پہلی آواز

اب سعی کا امکان اور نہیں پرواز کا مضمون ہو جی چکا  
 تاروں پر کمندیں پھینک چکے، مہتاب پیش گھوں ہو جی چکا  
 اب اور کسی فرد کے لئے ان آنکھوں سے کیا پیمان پکجے  
 کس خواب کے جھوٹے افسوں سے تسلیمیں دل ناداں کچھے  
 شیرینی لب خوشبوئے دہن، اب شوق کاغذوں کوئی نہیں

## 23. LYRE AND FLUTE

### First Voice

No spur left now for endeavour; gone, ambition of soaring; we have done  
 With throwing a noose to catch the stars, with laying an ambush for the moon.  
 What new pledge now, what promise of fine tomorrows, should I hang before  
 These eyes, or with what cheating illusion comfort the foolish heart once more?  
 No sweetness of lip, no fragrant mouth, is any emblem of love today,

## CLAMOUR OF LYRE AND FLUTE

### First Voice

- Now there is no more power of endeavour, the theme of soaring aloft has altogether ended,  
 We have finished throwing nooses over stars, the night-attack on the moon is finished.  
 Now what pledge of some other tomorrow should be made to those eyes?  
 With what dream's false magic should the ignorant heart be consoled?
- Sweetness of lips, perfume of mouth, are no longer emblems of love;

## SHORISH-E-BARBAT-O-NAI

### Pahlī āwāz

- Ab sa'i kā imkān aur nahīn, parwāz kā mazmūn ho bhi chukā,  
 Tāroñ pē kamandeñ phaink-chuke, mahtāb pē shabkhūn ho bhi chukā;  
 Ab aur kisi fardā ke liye in ānkhoñ se kyā paimān kije,  
 Kis khwāb ke jhūte afsūn se taskīn-e-dil-e-nādān kije?
- Shirīnī-e-lab, khwushhbū-e-dahan, ab shauq kā 'unwān' ko'ī  
 nahīn;

شادابی دل تفریح نظر، اب زیست کا دارماں کوئی نہیں  
 جیلنے کے فسانے رہنے دو، اب اُن تین اُجھر کر گیاں گے  
 اک موت کا دھندا باقی ہے جب چاہیں گے نیپالیں گے  
 یتیرا کفن، وہ میرا کفن، یہ میری لحد، وہ نیری ہے

### دوسرا آواز

ہشتی کی متاع بے پایاں جا گیر تیری ہے نہ میری ہے  
 اس بزم میں اپنی مشعل دل بسحل ہے تو کیا رخشاں ہے تو کیا

No gladness of heart, no sparkling eye, is any balsam of life today.

Leave off those tales of a living world—what use to entangle us in their mesh?

Our only business is how to die, and that we may settle when we wish;

For here is my shroud, and there is yours, and there is your grave, and here is mine.

### Second Voice

Existence with all its sumless wealth is no private estate of yours or mine:

What difference, in the hall of life, if one heart's taper be quenched or bright,

Freshness of heart, delight of the eye, are no medicine for life now. Leave those tales of living—entangled in them, what shall we gain now?

Only one business is left, that of death, and that we shall accomplish when we wish;

This is your shroud, that is my shroud, this is my grave, that is yours.

### Second Voice

10 The boundless wealth of existence is neither your sief nor mine; In this assembly if the torch of one's own heart is extinguished, what of it? if shining, what of it?

Shādābī-e-dil, tafrīh-e-nażār, ab zīst kā darmāñ ko'ī nahīñ. Jīne ke fasāne rahne-do, ab un-meñ ulajhkar kyā leñge? Ěk, maut kā dhandā bāqī hai, jab chāheñge niptā-leñge; Ye terā kafan, vo merā kafan, ye merī laḥad, vo terī hai.

### Dūsri āwāz

10 Hastī kī matā'-e-be-pāyāñ jāgīr tērī hai na merī hai, Is bazm meñ apnī mash'al-e-dil bismil hai to kyā, rakhsāñ hai to kyā?

یہ بزم چراغاں رہتی ہے اک طاق اگر ویراں ہے تو کیا  
 افسردوں میں گرایا میرے، بدلا نہیں مسلک شام و سحر  
 ٹھہر نہیں موسمر گل کے قدم فائم ہے جمال شمس و قمر  
 آباد ہے وادی کا گل ولب شاداب و حسین گلشن نظر  
 مقسوم ہے لذت درد جگر موجود ہے نعمت دیدہ تر  
 اس دیدہ تر کا شکر کرو، اس ذوق نظر کا شکر کرو  
 اس شام و سحر کا شکر کرو، ان شمس و قمر کا شکر کرو

Or one niche lack its candle, when all the place besides is  
 ablaze with light?

Though your hours languish, they shall not see the statute of  
 night and day repealed,  
 The season of roses slacken its step, the glory of moon or sun  
 concealed.

The dell of ringlet and lip still blooms, the charmed eye  
 wanders among fresh flowers,

Fate grants us the cherished pain of love that blesses us with  
 its tears' hot showers:

Be thankful for all those joys of sense, be thankful for all the  
 tears that run,

Give thanks for the break of day and evening, thanks for the  
 rays of moon and sun.

*This assembly remains illuminated: if one niche is desolate, what  
 of it?*

*If your days are spiritless, unchanged the law of evening and  
 morning,*

*Unhalted the steps of the season of roses, firm the beauty of sun  
 and moon,*

15 *Populous the valley of ringlet and lip, fresh and lovely the eye's  
 garden-wandering;*

*Destined is the pleasure of the pain of the liver, present is the  
 blessing of the wet eye:*

*Give thanks for this wet eye, give thanks for this delight of sight,  
 Give thanks for this evening and morning, give thanks for this  
 sun and moon.*

Ye bazm charāghān rahtī hai, ek ṭāq agar vīrān hai to kyā?  
 Afsurda hain gar aiyām tere, badlā nahīn maslak-e-shām-o-  
 sahār,

Thahre nahīn mausim-e-gul ke qadam, qā'im hai jamāl-e-  
 shams-o-qamar,

15 Ābād hai wādī-e-kākul-o-lab, shādāb o ḥasīn gulgasht-e-  
 nażar,

Maqsūm hai lazzat-e-dard-e-jigar, maujūd hai nīmat-e-  
 dīda-e-tar:

Is dīda-e-tar kā shukr karo, is zauq-e-nażar kā shukr karo,  
 Is shām-o-sahār kā shukr karo, in shams-o-qamar kā shukr  
 karo.

## پہلی آواز

گرہے یہی مسئلک شمس و قمر ان شمس و قمر کا کیا ہو گا  
 رغائی شب کا کیا ہو گا، اندازِ سحر کا کیا ہو گا  
 جب خون چکر برفاب بننا جب آنکھیں آہن پوش ہوئیں  
 اس دیدہ تر کا کیا ہو گا، اس ذوقِ نظر کا کیا ہو گا  
 جب شتر کے خیمے را کھہ ہوئے نغموں کی طنابیں ٹوٹ گئیں

### First Voice

Whatever statute may govern them, what profit are sun and moon to us?

What is it to us if night is lovely or day's first coming luminous?

When all our lifeblood has turned to ice, when eyes are shuttered up with steel,

What meaning have any tears, what meaning have any joys that sense can feel?

Once poetry's high pavilion burned, its tent-rope strands of music snapped,

### First Voice

*If there is this law of sun and moon, what (good) can come of this sun and moon?*

20 *What can come of the charm of night, what can come of the grace of morning?*

*When the blood of the liver has turned to ice, when the eyes have been coated with iron,*

*What can come of this wet eye, what can come of this delight of sight?*

*When the tents of poetry have become ashes, when the tent-ropes of melodies have broken,*

### Pahlī āwāz

Gar hai yehi maslak-e-shams-o-qamar, in shams-o-qamar kā kyā hogā?

20 Ra'nā'i-e-shab kā kyā hogā, andāz-e-sahar kā kyā hogā?  
 Jab khūn-e-jigar barfāb banā, jab āñkheñ āhan-posh hū'īñ,  
 Is dīda-e-tar kā kyā hogā, is zauq-e-nażar kā kyā hogā?  
 Jab shē'r ke khaime rākh hū'e, naghmoñ kī ḫanābeñ tūt-ga'īñ,

بیساز کہاں سرچھوڑیں گے اس کلکب گھر کا کیا ہو گا  
جب کنج قفس مشکن ٹھہرًا اور جیب و گیر بیان طوق و سر  
آئے کہ ز آئے موسم گلی، اس دزد جگر کا کیا ہو گا

## دُوسری آواز

یہ ہاتھ سلامت ہیں جب تک اس خون میں حرارت ہے جب تک  
اس دل میں صدقافت ہے جب تک اس نطق میں طاقت ہے جب تک

What good is the pen that scatters pearls, or where shall the sounding harp grow rapt?  
If a cage's corner must be our home, iron collar and rope our scarf and sleeve—  
Whether rose-harvest comes or no, what use for a lover's heart to grieve?

### Second Voice

While these hands keep their virtue, and while warm blood is still pulsing through these veins,  
While honour holds her place in our souls and reason is sovereign in our brains,

*Where shall these lyres rhapsodize, what can come of this pen of pearls?*

25. *When a corner of a cage has been left as dwelling, and coat-collar and robe are iron collar and rope,  
Whether the season of roses come or not, what can come of this pain of the liver?*

### Second Voice

So long as these hands are alive, so long as there is warmth in this blood,  
So long as there is sincerity in this heart, so long as there is strength in this mind,

- Ye sāz kahān sar phoṛēṅge, is kilk-e-guhar kā kyā hogā?  
25. Jab kunj-e-qafas maskan ṭahrā, aur jaib-o-garībān tauq-o-rasan,  
Ā'e kē na ā'e mausim-e-gul, is dard-e-jigar kā kyā hogā?

### Dūsri āwāz

Ye hāth salāmat haiñ jab tak, is khūn meñ harārat hai jab tak,  
Is dil meñ şadāqat hai jab tak, is nuṭq meñ tāqat hai jab tak,

ان طوق و سلاسل کو ہم تم سکھلائیں گے شورش بربطوں نے  
وہ شورش جس کے آگے زبوں ہنگامہ طبل قیصر کے  
آزادیں اپنے فکر و عمل، بھرپور خزینہ ہمت کا  
اک عمر ہے اپنی ہر ساعت، امروز ہے اپنا ہر فردا  
یہ شام و سحر، یہ شمس و قمر، یہ اختر و کوکب اپنے ہیں  
یہ کوہ و قلم، یہ طبل و علم، یہ مال و حشم، سب اپنے ہیں

Let us two teach all locks and fetters the swelling music of  
lyre and flute,  
Music to strike the imperial drum of Caesar or Kai-khosru  
mute!  
Our treasure-house of courage is full, in thought and action  
both we are free,  
All our tomorrows with us today, each moment of ours a  
century—  
That dawn, that twilight belong to us, that planet and star,  
that sun and moon,  
That tablet and pen and banner and drum and state and  
glory are all are own.

*I and you will teach to these iron collars and chains the clamour  
of lyre and flute,*

30 *That clamour before which the tumult of the drum of Caesar and  
Kai is feeble.  
Free are our thought and deed, full our treasury of courage,  
Each minute of ours is a lifetime, each tomorrow of ours is today;  
This evening and morning, this sun and moon, this star and  
constellation are our own,  
This tablet and pen, this drum and standard, this wealth and  
pomp, are all our own.*

In țauq-o-salāsil ko ham tum sikhla'enge shorish-e-barbat-o-  
nai,

30 Vo shorish jis-ke āge zabūn haṅgāma-e-tabl-e-Qaiṣar-o-Kai.  
Āzād hain apne fikr-o-'amal, bharpūr khazina himmat kā,  
Ek 'umr hai apnī har sā'at, imrūz hai apnā har fardā;  
Ye shām-o-sahār, ye shams-o-qamar, ye akhtar o kaukab apne  
haiñ,  
Ye lauh-o-qalam, ye tabl o 'alam, ye māl o ḥasham, sab apne  
haiñ.

## O

پھر ہشر کے سامان ہوئے ایوان ہوش میں  
 بیٹھے ہیں ذوی العدل، گنہ گار کھڑے ہیں  
 ہاں جرم و فا دیکھیے کس کس پر ہے ثابت  
 وہ سارے خطا گار سردار کھڑے ہیں

## 24. ONCE MORE

Once more a Day of Wrath's loud din  
 Fills old Ambition's hall:  
 The doomsmen seated on this hand,  
 The accused there in the dock.

Now see on whose heads the heinous sin  
 Of honesty must fall!  
 There its vile perpetrators stand,  
 And near them stands the gibbet.

## STANZA

- I Again there have been preparations of a doomsday in the hall of ambition;  
 The justiciars are seated, the sinners are standing.  
 Yes, see against whom the crime of loyalty is proved:  
 All those miscreants are standing beside the gibbet.

## QITA'

- I Phir ہشر ke sāmān hu'e aiwān-e-havas meñ;  
 Baiñhe hain zavī-al-'adl, gunagār khañe hain.  
 Hāñ, jurm-e-wafā dekhiye kis kis-pē hai sābit:  
 Vo sāre khañākār sar-e-dār khañe hain.

# ٹوق و دار کا موسیم

روش روشن ہے وہی انتظار کا موسیم  
 نہیں ہے کوئی بھی موسیم بہار کا موسیم  
 گرائے ہے دل پہ نغمہ روزگار کا موسیم  
 ہے آزمائش حسن نگار کا موسیم  
 خوشان نظارہ رُخسار یار کی ساعت  
 خوشہ قرار دل بے قرار کا موسیم  
 حدیث بادہ و ساقی نہیں توکس مضرف  
 خرام ابیر سر کوہ سار کا موسیم  
 نصیب صحبت یاران نہیں تو گیا کیجے  
 یہ رقص سایہ سر و چنار کا موسیم

## 25. THIS HOUR OF CHAIN AND GIBBET

On every pathway broods this hour of waiting,  
 No hour that strikes is the longed hour of spring;  
 And daily cares lie heavy on our souls—  
 This is the touchstone hour to try love's spells.

Blest minute that brings a dear face back to sight,  
 Blest hour that brings rest to a restless heart!  
 Wine-cup and cup-filler denied, in vain  
 That hour when cool clouds walk across the mountain,  
 Or cypress or chenar leaf, when no comrades  
 Share with us its green hour of dancing shades.

## THE SEASON OF MANACLE AND STAKE

- 1 Pathway by pathway there is that same season of waiting,  
 No season at all is the season of spring.  
 Heavy on the heart is the season of distress for daily bread,  
 It is the season of the testing of the beauty of the beloved.
- 5 Happy the moment of the sight of the face of a dear friend,  
 Happy the season of tranquillity in the tranquil heart!  
 When there is no question of wine and cup-bearer, of what use?  
 The season of the movement of the cloud over the mountain?  
 If the company of friends is not our lot, what good
- 10 This season of the dance of the shadow of cypress and chenar-tree?

## TAUQ-O-DĀR KĀ MAUSIM

- 1 Ravish-ravish hai vuhi intiżār kā mausim,  
 Nahiñ hai ko'i bhi mausim bahār kā mausim.  
 Girān hai dil pē gham-e-rozgār kā mausim,  
 Hai āzmā'ish-e-husn-e-nigār kā mausim.
- 5 Khwushā nażāra-e-rukhsār-e-yār kī sā'at,  
 Khwushā qarār-e-dil-e-be-qarār kā mausim.  
 Ḥadīs-e-bāda-o-sāqi nahiñ, to kis maṣraf  
 Khirām-e-abr-e-sar-e-kohsār kā mausim?  
 Naṣib şuhbat-e-yārāñ nahiñ, to kyā kije
- 10 Ye raqs-e-sāya-e-sarv-o-chanār kā mausim?

یہ دل کے داغ تو دُکھتے تھے یوں بھی پک کم  
 پچھا ب کے اور ہے ہجراں یار کا موسیم  
 یہی جنوں کا، یہی طوق و دار کا موسیم  
 یہی ہے جبراں یہی اختیار کا موسیم  
 قفس ہے بس میں تھا رے تھا رے بس میں نہیں  
 چمن میں آتشِ گل کے نکھار کا موسیم  
 صبا کی مشتِ خرامی تر کمند نہیں  
 اسیرِ دام نہیں ہے بھار کا موسیم  
 بلا سے ہم نے نہ دیکھا تو اور دیکھیں گے  
 فروغِ گلشن و صوتِ بزار کا موسیم

These scars ached long ago, a little—not  
 As this hour does that keeps all friends apart,  
 This hour of chain and gibbet and rejoicing,  
 Hour of necessity and hour of choice.

At your command the cage, but not the garden's  
 Red rose-fire, when its radiant hour begins;  
 No noose can catch the dawn-wind's whirling feet,  
 The spring's bright hour falls prisoner to no net.

Others will see, if I do not, that hour  
 Of singing nightingale and splendid flower.

*These scars of the heart ached indeed just like this, but only a little;  
 Something different now is the season of the separation from the  
 friend.*

*This is the season of ecstasy, of manacle and stake,  
 This is the season of coercion and of choice.*

- 15 *The cage is in your power, but not in your power is  
 The season in the garden of the brightening of the fire of the rose.  
 The wild motion of the morning-breeze is not under a noose,  
 The season of spring is not prisoner of a snare.  
 No matter; if I have not seen, others will see*
- 20 *The season of the brightness of the rose-garden and of the sound  
 of the nightingale.*

Ye dil ke dāgh to dukhte the yūn bhī, par kam kam,  
 Kuchh abke aur hai hijrān-e-yār kā mausim.  
 Yehī junūn kā, yehī ūq-o-dār kā mausim,  
 Yehī hai jabr, yehī ikhtiyār kā mausim.

- 15 *Qafas hai bas meñ tumhāre, tumhāre bas meñ nahīn  
 Chaman meñ ātash-e-gul ke nikhār kā mausim.  
 Šabā kī mast khirāmi tah-e-kamaṇd nahīn,  
 Asir-e-dām nahīn hai bahār kā mausim.  
 Balā se, ham-ne na dekhā to aur dekhēnge*
- 20 *Furogh-e-gulshan o saut-e-hazār kā mausim.*

# سرمشقش

(قوالی)

کہاں ہے منزلِ راہِ تمنا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
یہ شہب ہم پر بھی گذے گی، یہ فردہ ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
ٹھہر کے دلِ جمالِ روئے زیبا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
ذرا سیقیل تو ہوئے تشنگی بادہ گساروں کی  
دبار کھیں گے کب تک جوشِ صہبائی ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
انٹھار کھیں گے کب تک جامِ مینا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے

## 26. AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION

We too shall see the goal of hope's long race;  
Patience, my heart: night's length will pass, and we  
Shall see tomorrow rise with shining face.

The drinkers' thirst once sharpened, we shall see  
How long the fiery grape can be denied,  
Or flask and cup kept under lock and key.

## AT THE EXECUTION-GROUND (Song)

- 1 We too shall see where is the destination of the road of longing,  
This night will pass over us too, we too shall see this tomorrow:  
Be still, oh heart, we too shall see the beauty of its charming face.  
Just let the thirst of the wine-drinkers become really sharp,
- 5 We too shall see how long they will suppress the fervour of the  
grape-wine,  
We too shall see how long they will keep away cup and flagon.

## SAR-E-MAQTAL (Qawwali)

- 1 Kahān hai manzil-e-rāh-e-tan, unnā ham bhī dekheinge,  
Ye shab ham-par bhī guzregī, ye fardā ham bhī dekheinge:  
Thahr, ai dil, jamāl-e-rū-e-zebā ham bhī dekheinge.  
Zarā ūqāt to ho-le tishnagī bāda-gusāroñ ki,
- 5 Dabā rakkheinge kab tak josh-e-sahbā ham bhī dekheinge,  
Uṭhā-rakkheinge kab tak jām-o-mīnā ham bhī dekheinge.

صلاا تو پچے مخفل میں اس گوئے ملامت سے  
 کسے روکے گا شور پندرہ بے جائیں ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
 کسے ہے جا کے کوٹ آنے کا یا لائیں ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
 چلے یہیں جان و ایمان آزمانے آج دل والے  
 وہ لائیں لشکرِ اغیار و اخدا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
 وہ ائیں تو سرمشتل، تماشا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
 یہ شب کی آخری ساعت گر ان کسی بھی ہو چشم  
 جو اس ساعت میں ہمپاں ہے اجلا ہم بھی دیکھیں گے  
 جو فرقِ نسخ پرچمکے گاتارا، ہم بھی دیکھیں گے

One challenge from that street where love must hide—  
 And we shall see who stops for idle saws,  
 Or ventured once can bear to turn aside!

Today true men go out to try their cause;  
 Let the adversary come with legions, meet us  
 At the place of death—we shall see then whose the applause.

Companion, night's last hour cannot defeat us;  
 We shall see yet the flame it has choked down,  
 The star that is to flash from morning's crown.

Let a summons have come into the assembly from that Street of  
 Reproach,  
 We too shall see whom the babble of futile counsel will halt,  
 We too shall see who will have strength, having gone, to return.

- 10 Today men of heart go to test their spirit and faith;  
 Let them bring an army of rivals and enemies, we too shall see  
 them—  
 Let them come then to the execution-ground, we too shall see the  
 spectacle.  
 However heavy be this last hour of night, companion,  
 We too shall see the light that is hidden in this hour,  
 15 We too shall see the star that will shine on the summit of morning.

Salā ā to chuke mahfil men us kū-e-malāmat se,  
 Kise rokegā shor-e-pānd-e-be-jā ham bhī dekhenge,  
 Kise hai jāke laut-āne kā yārā ham bhī dekhenge.

- 10 Chale hain jān-o-īmān āzmāne āj dil-wāle;  
 Vo lā'en lashkar-e-aghyār-o-a'dā ham bhī dekhenge,  
 Vo ā'en to sar-e-maqtal, tamāsha ham bhī dekhenge.  
 Ye shab kī ākhirī sā'at girān kaisī bhī ho, hamdam,  
 Jo is sā'at men pinhān hai ujālā ham bhī dekhenge,  
 15 Jo farq-e-şubh par chamkegā tārā, ham bhī dekhenge.

ہمارے دم سے ہے کوئے جھوٹیں اب بھی خجل  
 عبائے شیخ و قبائے امیر و تاجِ ششی  
 ہمیں سے سنت منشور و قبیس زندہ ہے  
 ہمیں سے باقی ہے گل دامنی و کچھ گلھی

### 27. WHILST WE BREATHE

Whilst we breathe, still in the Street of Rapture robed  
 Grandee, gowned preacher, crowned king, stand abashed;  
 Through us God-crazed Mansur, love-crazed Majnun,  
 And tilted cap and gay flowered coat, live on.

### STANZA

- 1 *Through our living, in the street of ecstasy are still abashed  
 The holy man's cloak and the nobleman's robe and the royal crown;  
 Through us the tradition of Mansur and Qais is still alive,  
 Through us survive flowered-dress-wearing and cap-tilting.*

### QITA'

- 1 Hamāre dam se hai kū-e-junūn mein ab bhī khajil  
 'abā-e-shaikh o qabā-e-amir o tāj-e-shahī;  
 Hamīn-se sunnat-e-Manṣūr-o-Qais zinda hai,  
 Hamīn-se bāqī hai gul-dāmanī o kaj-kulahī.

28. AMONG TWILIGHT EMBERS

شفق کی راکھیں جل بجھ گیا ستارہ شام  
 شبِ فراق کے گیسو فضا میں اہرائے  
 کوئی پکارو کہ اک عمر ہونے آئی ہے  
 فالک کو قافلہ روز و شام ٹھہرائے  
 یہ خندتے یادِ حریفانِ بادہ پیما کی  
 کہ شب کو چاند نہ نکلنے نہ دن کو ابر آئے  
 صبا نے پھر در زندگی پر آکے دی دشک  
 سحر قریب ہے، دل سے کہونہ گھنڑائے

In the sky, while evening's star burns out among twilight  
 embers,  
 Long tresses float of the night of lovers kept apart.

Will no-one sound the march!—an age almost has passed  
 Since heaven allowed the caravan of day-and-night to start.

No moon come now by night, cool cloud by day, to make  
 Old memories of friends and boon-companions smart!

Once more the breeze comes tapping at my prison door,  
 Whispering—Dawn is near; teach patience to your heart.

GHAZAL

- 1 In the ashes of twilight the star of evening has burned away,  
 The tresses of the night of separation have waved in the sky.  
 Cry out, someone, for a lifetime has nearly passed  
 That heaven has kept the caravan of day and night standing still.
- 5 This is the preventative of memories of wine-measuring intimates,  
 That the moon should not come out at night nor the cloud by day.  
 The morning-breeze has come again and knocked on the prison  
 door:  
 'Daybreak is near, tell your heart not to be agitated.'

GHAZAL

- 1 Shafaq kī rākh meñ jal-bujh-gayā sitāra-e-shām,  
 Shab-e-firāq ke gesū fażā meñ lahrā'e.  
 Ko'i pukāro kē ek 'umr hone ā'i hai  
 Falak ko qāfila-e-roz-o-shām ṭhahrā'e.
- 5 Ye ȝid hai yād-e-harifān-e-bāda-paimā kī  
 Kē shab ko chānd na nikale, na din ko abr ā'e.  
 Shabā-ne phir dar-e-zīndān pē āke dī dastak:  
 Saḥar qarīb hai, dil se kaho na ghabrā'e.

# دو عشق

(1)

تازہ ہیں ابھی یاد میں اے ساقی گل فام  
 وہ فکس رُخ بار سے لانکے ہوئے ایام  
 وہ پھول سی کھلتی ہوئی دیدار کی ساعت  
 وہ دل سادھ رکتا ہوا اُمید کا ہنگام  
 اُمید کہ لو جاگا غم دل کا نصیبیہ  
 لشوق کی ترسی ہوئی شب ہو گئی آخر  
 لو ڈوب گئے دزد کے بے خواب سیتاے  
 اب چمکے گابے صبر نگاہوں کا مُقدار

## 29. TWO LOVES

Fresh yet in memory,  
 Saqi, rose-sister,  
 Those days whose bright mirror  
 Reflects her face still;  
 Those moments like opening  
 Blossoms, of sight of her,  
 Moments like fluttering  
 Heartbeats, of hope for her—

Hope of fulfilment  
 Come to end heartache,  
 Hope of love's night of thirst  
 Ending at last;  
 Sinking, those sleepless  
 Stars that rained sorrow,  
 Dawning, that destined  
 Joy so long waited—

## TWO LOVES

- 1 Fresh are still in memory, oh rose-like Saqi,  
 Those days shining by the reflection of the face of the beloved,  
 That moment of meeting, like a flower opening,  
 That time of hope, like a heart palpitating—
- 5 Hope that, lo! the good-fortune of the sad heart has awakened,  
 Lo, love's night of longing is over at last,  
 Lo, the sleepless stars of pain have sunk,  
 Now the destined-prize of impatient looks will shine:

## DO 'ISHQ

- 1 Tāza hain abhī yād meñ, ai sāqī-e-gul-fām,  
 Vo 'aks-e-rukh-e-yār se lahke hū'e aiyām,  
 Vo phūl-sī khilti hū'i didār kī sā'at,  
 Vo dil-sā dhaṛaktā hū'ā ummed kā haṅgām—
- 5 Ummed kē lo jāgā gham-e-dil kā naṣiba,  
 Lo shauq kī tarsī hū'i shab ho-ga'i ākhir,  
 Lo ḍūb-ga'e dard ke be-khwāb sitāre,  
 Ab chamkegā be-ṣabr nigāhōn kā muqaddar:

اس بام سے نکلے گا ترے ہوشن کا خورشید  
 اُس کنج سے پھوٹے گی کرن زنگ جنما کی  
 اس در سے نہے گا تری رفتار کا سیما ب  
 اُس راہ پے پھوٹے گی شفق تیری قما کی

پھر دیکھے یہیں ہجر کے تپتے ہوئے دن بھی  
 جب فکر دل و جان میں فغاں بھول گئی ہے  
 ہر شب وہ سیاہ بوجھ کے دل بیٹھ گیا ہے  
 ہر شبح کی لو تیر سی سینے میں لگی ہے

Oh, this rooftop the sun  
 Of your beauty will gild,  
 From that corner its rays  
 Red as henna will break,  
 From this doorway your steps  
 Like quicksilver gliding,  
 By that pathway your skirt,  
 A twilit sky, flowing!

Fevered days too  
 I have known, separation's  
 Pangs, when lament was  
 Smothered in anguish,  
 Each night's dark burden  
 Crushing the breast,  
 Each daybreak's arrow  
 Piercing the soul.

10 From this roof the sun of your beauty will emerge,  
 From that corner will break the henna-coloured ray,  
 From this door will flow the quicksilver of your walk,  
 On that path will flower the twilight of your dress.

Again, I have seen also those feverish days of separation  
 When lament was forgotten in anxiety of heart and soul,  
 15 Every night such a black load that the heart sank,  
 Every morning's flame entered my breast like an arrow.

10 Is bām se niklegā tere hūsn kā khwurshīd,  
 Us kunj se phūtegī kirn rāng-e-hinā kī,  
 Is dar se bahegā tērī raftār kā sīmāb,  
 Us rāh pē phūlegī shafaq teri qabā kī.

Phir dekhe haiñ vo hijr ke tapte hū'e din bhī  
 Jab fikr-e-dil-o-jāñ meñ fughāñ bhūl-ga'i hai,  
 15 Har shab vo siya bojh ke dil baiñh-gayā hai,  
 Har subh kī lau tīr-sī sīne meñ lagī hai.

تہائی میں کیا گیا نہ بُجھے یاد کیا ہے  
کیا گیا نہ دل زار نے ڈھونڈی ہیں نپاہیں  
آنکھوں سے لگا یا ہے کبھی دستِ صبا کو  
ڈالی ہیں کبھی گزدنِ مہتاب میں باہیں

(۲)

چاہا ہے اسی رنگ میں لیلا کے وطن کو  
تُرپا ہے اسی طور سے دل اُس کی لگن میں  
ڈھونڈی ہے یونہی شوق نے آسائشِ منزل  
روخسار کے خم میں کبھی کاٹکی شکن میں

Lonely, how many  
Ways I remembered you—  
Wretched, how many  
Refuges caught at,  
Pressing the wind's cool  
Hand on hot eyclids,  
Round the moon's cold neck  
Throwing these arms!

So I have loved that  
Mistress, my country,  
Heart no less ardent  
Beating for her:  
This love too a pilgrim,  
Seeking its haven  
Now in a curving cheek,  
Now a curled lock.

*In solitude what remembrances of you did I not have,  
What refuges did the sad heart not search for;  
Sometimes I laid on my eyes the hand of the morning-breeze,  
20 Sometimes I put my arms round the neck of the moon.*

*In the same fashion I have loved my darling country,  
In the same manner my heart has throbbed with devotion to her,  
In the same way my passion has sought for the easement of a  
resting-place  
In the curve of her cheek, sometimes in the curl of her ringlet;*

Tanhā'ī meñ kyā kyā na tujhe yād kiyā hai,  
Kyā kyā na dil-e-zār-ne dhūndī hain panāhen;  
Āñkhoñ se lagayā hai kabhī dast-e-şabā ko,  
20 Dālī hain kabhī gardan-e-mahtāb meñ bāhen.

Chāhā hai isī rañg meñ lailā-e-waṭān ko,  
Taṛpā hai isī ṭaur se dil uskī lagan meñ,  
Dhūndī hai yūn-hī shauq-ne āsā'ish-e-manzil  
Rukhsār ke kham meñ, kabhī kākul kī shikan meñ;

اُس جانِ جہاں کو بھی یوں ہی قلبِ نظر نے  
 ہنس ہنس کے صدای کبھی رو رو کے پکارا  
 پورے کے عسبِ حرفِ تمثیل کے تقاضے  
 ہر دزد کو اجیالا، ہر اک غم کو ستوارا  
 والپس نہیں پھیرا کوئی فرمان جنگوں کا  
 تہماں نہیں لوئی کبھی آواز جرس کی  
 خیریتِ جانِ راحتِ تینِ صحتِ دام  
 سب بھول گئیں مصلحتیں اہلِ ہوس کی

To that sweetheart too  
 Soul and flesh, every fibre,  
 Have called out with laughter,  
 Cried out with tears;  
 No longing of hers,  
 No summons unanswered,  
 Her griefs all transmuted,  
 Her sufferings made light;

Never devotion's  
 Prompting unheeded,  
 Never the trumpet  
 Left to ring hollowly—  
 Ease and indulgence,  
 Worldly distinction,  
 All the shrewd huckster's  
 Counsels forgotten.

- 25 *In the same way to that sweetheart of the world my heart and eyes  
 Laughingly called, sometimes weepingly cried out.  
 All the demands of her words of longing I fulfilled,  
 I made bright each pain, assuaged every grief;  
 No bidding of ecstasy was ever rejected.*
- 30 *Never did the sound of the bell return alone;  
 Welfare in life, comfort of body, correctness of costume (respectability),  
 All the advice of the people of ambition, were forgotten.*

- 25 Us jān-e-jahān ko bhī yūn-hī qalb-o-naṣar-ne  
 Hañs-hañske śadā dī, kabhī ro-roke pukārā.  
 Pūre ki'e sab ḥarf-e-tamannā ke taqāze,  
 Har dard ko ujyālā, har ek gham ko sañwārā;  
 Wāpas nahīn pherā ko'i farmān junūn kā,  
 30 Tanhā nahīn lauṭī kabhī āwāz jaras kī;  
 Khairiyat-e-jān, rāhat-e-tan, şehlat-e-dāmān,  
 Sab bhūl-ga'in maşlahatēn ahl-e-havas kī.

اس راہ میں جو سب پہ گذرتی ہے وہ گذرتی  
 تنہا پس زندان، کبھی رُشوا سر بازار  
 گز جے ہیں بہت شیخ سرگوشہ مینبر  
 کڑکے ہیں بہت اہل حکم بر سر دیوار  
 چھوڑا نہیں غیروں نے کوئی ناک دشام  
 چھوٹی نہیں اپنوں سے کوئی طرز ملامت  
 اس عشق نہ اس عشق پر نادم ہے گر دل  
 ہر داغ ہے اس دل میں بہ جز دار غذامت

What others on that road  
 Meet, I have met with:  
 Prison-cell solitude,  
 Marketplace calumny,  
 Priestly anathemas  
 Thundered from pulpits,  
 Threats and revilings  
 From places of power,

No barbed dart of insult  
 By strangers omitted,  
 No mode of upbraiding  
 By near and dear spared.  
 —My heart neither this love  
 Nor that love repents;  
 My heart that bears every  
 Scar, but of shame.

What befalls everyone on that road befell me,  
 Solitary within the prison, sometimes dishonoured in the market-  
 place;

- 35 The divines thundered a great deal from the pulpit corner,  
 The men of authority roared a great deal in the audience-chamber,  
 Strangers spared no arrow of calumny,  
 No manner of reproach was left out by my own folk.  
 But my heart feels shame neither for this love nor for that love;
- 40 There is every scar on this heart except the scar of shame.

- Is rāh meī jo sab pē guzartī hai vo guzrī,  
 Tanhā pas-e-zindān, kabhī ruswā sar-e-bāzār;
- 35 Garje hain bahut shaikh sar-e-gosha-e-minbar,  
 Kaṛke hain bahut ahl-e-hukm bar sar-e-darbār.  
 Chhoṭā nahīn ghairon-ne ko'i nāvak-e-dushnām,  
 Chhūṭī nahīn apnōn se ko'i ḥarz-e-malāmat.  
 Is 'ishq na us 'ishq pē nādīm hai magar dil;
- 40 Har dāgh̄ hai is dil meī bajuz dāgh-e-nadāmat.

# اُن طلبہ کے نام

## جو امن اور آزادی کی جدوجہد میں کام آئے

پیکوں سخنی بیں  
جن کے لہوکی  
اشرفتیاں، چھن چھن، چھن چھن  
دھرتی کے پیغم پیا سے  
کشکوں میں ڈھلتی جاتی بیں  
کشکوں کو بھرتی جاتی بیں  
پیکوں جواں بیں ارض وطن  
پیلکھلڑ

### 30. TO SOME FOREIGN STUDENTS

*who gave their lives for peace and freedom*

Who are they, these  
Free givers whose blood-drops,  
Jingling coins, go pouring  
Into earth's ever-thirsty  
Begging-bowl, pour and run,  
Filling the bowl brim-full?  
What are they, land of their birth, these young  
Self-squanderers whose

### TO THOSE STUDENTS

*who perished in the struggle for peace and freedom*

- 1 Who are these generous ones,  
Of whose blood  
The gold coins, clink, clink,  
Into the earth's continually thirsty  
5 Begging-bowl are running,  
Are filling up the begging-bowl?  
Who are these young men, oh native land (of theirs),  
These spendthrifts

### UN TALABA KE NĀM

jo aman aur āzādī kī jidd-o-jahd meñ kām ā'e

- 1 Ye kaun sak̄hī hain  
Jin-ke lahū kī  
Ashrafyān, chhan-chhan, chhan-chhan,  
Dharti ke paigham pyāse  
5 Kashkol meñ ڈھaltī-jātī hain,  
Kashkol ko bhartī-jātī hain?  
Ye kaun jawān hain, arz-e-waṭan,  
Ye lakhlūṭ

جن کے جسموں کی  
 بھرپور جوانی کا گندن  
 یوں خاک میں ریزہ ریزہ ہے  
 یوں کوچ کوچ بکھرا ہے  
 آئے ارض وطن آئے ارض وطن  
 کیوں نوج کے ہنس سنس پھینک دئے  
 ان آنکھوں نے اپنے نیلیم  
 ان ہوٹوں نے اپنے مرجاں  
 ان ہاتوں کی بے کل چاندی  
 کس کام آئی؟ کس ہات لگی؟

آئے پوچھنے والے پر دلیسی!  
 یہ طفیل و جوان

Limbs' golden store  
 Of surging youth  
 Lies here in the dust, shattered—  
 Lies strewn about street and alley?  
 Oh land of their birth, oh land of their birth!  
 How could those eyes that laughed tear out  
 And toss their sapphire gems away,  
 Those lips their coral?  
 Who gained, who turned to profit,  
 Those hands' quivering silver?  
 Oh questioning stranger—  
 These striplings, these young lives,

- Of whose bodies*
- 10 *The brimming youth's pure gold  
 Is thus in fragments in the dust,  
 Is thus scattered street by street,  
 Oh (their) native land, oh native land?  
 Why did they tear out, laughing, and throw away,*  
 15 *These eyes their sapphires,  
 These lips their coral?  
 The restless silver of these hands,  
 To what use did it come, into whose possession did it fall?*  
 Oh questioning foreigner,  
 20 *These boys and youths*

- Jin-ke jismoi kī*
- 10 *Bharpur jawānī kā kundan  
 Yūn khāk meiñ reza reza hai,  
 Yūn kūcha kūcha bikhrā hai,  
 Ai arz-e-waṭan, ai arz-e-waṭan?*  
 15 *Kyūn nochke hains-hais phaink-di'e  
 In ānkhōn-ne apne nilam,  
 In hoñton-ne apne marjān?  
 In hāton kī be-kal chāndī  
 Kis kām ā'i? kis hāt lagī?*  
 Ai pūchhne-wāle pardesi!  
 20 *Ye ḥisf o jawān*

اُس نور کے نور س موقی بیں  
 اُس آگ کی کچھی کھلیاں بیں  
 جس میٹھے نور اور کڑوی آگ  
 سے ظلم کی اندھی رات میں پھوٹا  
 صبح بغاوت کا گلشن  
 اور صبح ہوئی من من، تن تن  
 ان چشموں کا چاندی سونا  
 ان چہروں کے نیلم مرجان  
 جگ گا جگ گا، رخشاں رخشاں  
 جو دیکھنا چاہے پڑ دیسی  
 پاس آئے دیکھے جی بھر کر  
 یہ زیست کی رانی کا جھومر  
 یہ امن کی دیوبی کا کنگن

Are fresh-grown pearls of that light,  
 New-budded shoots of that flame,  
 Soft light and devouring flame,  
 From which amid tyranny's dense night sprang  
 The rosebed dawn of revolt,  
 And dawn was in every nerve and soul.  
 Their argent and golden flesh,  
 Those coral and sapphire faces  
 That gleam and shine there and gleam—  
 Let the stranger who would see  
 Stand close, gaze long!  
 They are the jewelry of the queen of life,  
 They are the diadem of the goddess of peace.

Are fresh pearls of that light,  
 Are new-grown buds of that fire,  
 From which sweet light and hot fire  
 In the dark night of tyranny there burst forth  
 25 The garden of the dawn of rebellion,  
 And there was dawn in every mind and body.  
 The silver and gold of these bodies,  
 The sapphire and coral of these faces,  
 Glittering, glittering, shining, shining—.

30 The foreigner who wishes to see,  
 Let him come close and look his fill:  
 These are the ornament of the queen of life,  
 These are the bracelet of the goddess of peace.

Us nūr ke nauaras motī hain,  
 Us āg kī kachchī kalyān hain,  
 Jis mītھe nūr aur kārvī āg  
 Se zulm kī āndhī rāt meñ phūtā  
 25 Subh-e-baghāwat kā gulshan,  
 Aur subh hū'i man man, tan tan.  
 In jismōn kā chāndī sonā,  
 In chēhron ke nilam marjān,  
 Jag-mag jag-mag, rakhsān rakhsān,  
 30 Jo dekhnā chāhe pardesi  
 Pās ā'e dekhe ji bharkar:  
 Ye zīst kī rānī kā jhūmar,  
 Ye amn kī devī kā kañgan.

اگست ۱۹۵۲

روشن کہیں بہار کے امکاں ہوئے توہیں  
گلشن میں چاک چند گریباں ہوئے توہیں  
اب بھی خزان کا راج ہے لیکن کہیں کہیں  
گوشے روپھر میں غزل خواں ہوئے توہیں  
ٹھہری ہوئی ہے شب کی سیاہی وہیں مگر  
کچھ کچھ سحر کے رنگ پر افشاں ہوئے توہیں

31. AUGUST 1952

At last half-promise of a spring has come—  
Some flowers tear open their green cloaks and bloom,

And here and there some garden nooks begin  
Their warblings, and defy the wintry gloom.

Night's shadows hold their ground, but some faint streaks  
Of day show, spreading each a rosy plume;

AUGUST 1952

- 1 Evident at last have become possibilities of spring,  
In the flower-garden a few mantles have been torn;  
It is still the reign of autumn, but here and there  
Corners in the garden path have become song-uttering.
- 5 Night's darkness has remained in the same place, but  
A few colours of morning have become feather-scattering.

AUGUST 1952

- 1 Raushan kahīn bahār ke imkān hū'e to hain,  
Gulshan meñ chāk chañd giribāñ hū'e to hain;  
Ab bñi khazāñ kā rāj hai, lekin kahīn kahīn  
Goshe rah-e-chaman meñ ghazal-khwāñ hū'e to hain.
- 5 Thahrī hū'i hai shab kī siyāhī wahīn, magar  
Kuchh kuchh sahār ke rang par-afshāñ hū'e to hain.

ان میں اہو جلا ہو ہمارا، کہ جان و دل  
 مخیل میں کچھ چراغ فروزان ہوئے توہیں  
 ہاں کچ کروکلاہ کہ سب کچھ لٹا کے ہم  
 اب بے نیاز گردش دو راں ہوئے توہیں  
 اہل قفس کی چشمیں میں کھلے گی آنکھ  
 باو صبا سے وعدہ و پیمان ہوئے توہیں  
 ہے دشت اب بھی دشت، مگر ٹون پا سے قیض  
 سیراب چند خارِ مُغیلان ہوئے توہیں

And in the gathering, even if our own blood  
 Or breath must feed them, a few lamps light the room.

Tilt your proud cap! for we, the world well lost,  
 Never need fear what comes from Heaven's grand loom.

Caged eyes will open when dawn fills the garden:  
 Dawn's breeze they have had pledge and promise from.

Desert still desert, Faiz—but bleeding feet  
 Have saved some thorns at least from its dry tomb.

Though in them our blood be burned, or our life and heart,  
 In the assembly some lamps have been lighted.  
 Yes, tilt your cap, for we, having thrown away everything,  
 10 Now have become independent of the time's revolutions.  
 The caged race's eye will open in the garden morning,  
 With the morning breeze there have been promise and pledge.  
 Desert is even now desert, but with the blood of the feet, Faiz,  
 Some mimosa-thorns have been watered.

Mahfil meñ kuchh charāgh furozāñ hū'e to haiñ.  
 Hāñ kaj karو kulāh kē sab kuchh luṭāke ham  
 10 Ab be-nayāz-e-gardish-e-daurāñ hū'e to haiñ.  
 Ahl-e-qafas kī subh-e-chaman meñ khulegī āñkh,  
 Bād-e-şabā se va'da-o-paimāñ hū'e to haiñ.  
 Hai dasht ab bhī dasht, magar khūn-e-pā se, Faiz,  
 Serāb chañd khār-e-mughilāñ hū'e to haiñ.

# نیار میں تری گلیوں کے....

نیار میں تری گلیوں کے آے وطن کہ جہاں  
 چلی ہے رسم کہ کوئی نہ سراٹھا کے چلے  
 جو کوئی چاہنے والا طواف کو نکلے  
 نظر چراکے چلے جسم و جاں بچا کے چلے  
 ہے اہل دل کے لئے اب یہ نظم بست و گشاد  
 کہ سنگ و خشت مُقید ہیں اور سگ آزاد

## 32. BURY ME UNDER YOUR PAVEMENTS

Bury me, oh my country, under your pavements,  
 Where no man now dare walk with head held high,  
 Where your true lovers bringing you their homage  
 Must go in furtive fear of life or limb;  
 For new-style law and order are in use,  
 Good men learn,—‘Stones locked up, and dogs turned loose’.

## MAY I BE A SACRIFICE TO YOUR STREETS

- 1 *May I be a sacrifice to your streets, oh fatherland, where  
 It has become custom that no-one shall go with head lifted,  
 And that any lover who comes out on pilgrimage  
 Must go with furtive looks, go in fear of body and life;*
- 5 *Applied to the people of heart now there is this method of  
 administration,  
 That stones and bricks are locked up, and dogs free.*

## NIŞĀR MAIN TĒRİ GALYOŃ KE

- 1 Nişār main tērī galyoń ke, ai waṭan, kē jahāń  
 Chali hai rasm kē ko'ī na sar uṭhāke chale,  
 Jo ko'ī chāhne-wālā ṭawāf ko nikle  
 Nazar churāke chale, jism-o-jāń bachāke chale;  
 5 Hai ahl-i-dil ke liye ab ye nażm-e-bast-o-kushād,  
 Kē saṅg o khisht muqaiyad hain aur sag āzād.

بہت ہے ظلم کے دست بہانہ جو کے لئے  
جو چند اہل جنوں تیرے نام لیوا میں  
منے پہن اہل ہوش مددی بھی مُنصف بھی  
کسے دکیل کریں، کس سے مُنصفی چاہیں

مگر گذارنے والوں کے دن گذرتے ہیں  
تیرے فراق میں یوں صبح و شام کرتے ہیں  
بُجھا جو روزنِ زندگی تو دل پہ سمجھا ہے  
کہ تیری مانگ ستاروں سے بھر گئی ہوگی  
چمک اُٹھے پہن سلاسل تو ہم نے جانا ہے  
کہ اب سحر تیرے رُخ پر بھر گئی ہوگی  
غرضِ تصورِ شام و سحر میں بھیتے ہیں  
گرفتِ سائیہ دیوار و در میں بھیتے ہیں

Your name still cried by a rash zealot few  
Inflames the itching hand of tyranny;  
Villains are judges and usurpers both—  
Who is our advocate, where shall we seek justice?  
But all hours man must spend are somehow spent;  
How do we pass these days of banishment?

When my cell's window-slit grows dim, I seem  
To see your hair spangled with starry tinsel;  
When chains grow once more visible, I think  
I see your face sprinkled with dawn's first rays;  
In fantasies of the changing hours we live,  
Held fast by shadowy gates and towers we live.

*It is enough for tyranny's pretext-seeking hand  
If a few enthusiasts call on your name;  
The men of ambition have become both prosecutor and judge;  
10 Whom are we to make our advocate, from whom are we to desire  
justice?*  
*But the days of those who are to pass them do pass;  
In separation from you they spend their mornings-and-evenings  
thus.*  
*When the prison grating has grown dark, my heart has believed .  
That your hair-parting must have been filled with stars;  
15 When the chains have shone out, I have thought  
That now daybreak must have been scattered over your face.  
In short I live in fancies of evening and morning,  
I live in the grasp of the shadow of wall and gate.*

Bahut hai ژلم کے dast-e-bahāna-jū ke liye  
Jo chand ahl-e-junūn tere nām-levā hain;  
Bane hain ahl-e-havas muddā'i bhi, munṣif bhi:  
10 Kise vakil karen, kis-se munsifi chāhe?—  
Magar guzārne-waloں ke din guzarte hain,  
Tere firāq mei yūn subh-o-shām karte hain.  
Bujhā jo rauzan-e-zindān to dil ye samjhā hai  
Kē terī māng sitāroں se bhar-ga'i hogī;  
15 Chamak-uṭhe hain salāsil to ham-ne jānā hai  
Kē ab sahār tere rukh par bikhar-ga'i hogī.  
Gharaz taṣawwur-e-shām-o-sahār mei jite hain,  
Girift-e-sāya-e-dīwār-o-dar mei jite hain.

یوں ہی ہمیشہ بھجتی رہی ہے خلک سے خلقت  
 نہ ان کی رسم نئی ہے، نہ اپنی ریت نئی  
 یوں ہمیشہ کھلاجے ہیں ہم نے آگ میں ہپول  
 نہ ان کی ہار نئی ہے نہ اپنی جیت نئی

اسی سبب سے فلک کا گلائیں کرتے  
 ترے فراق میں ہم دل براہیں کرتے  
 گر آج بھج سے جُدایں توکل بھم ہوں گے  
 یہ رات بھر کی جُدایی توکوئی بات نہیں  
 گر آج اوج پہ سے طالعِ رقیب توکیا  
 یہ چار دن کی خُدایی توکوئی بات نہیں  
 جو بھج سے عندرِ وفا اُستووار رکھتے ہیں  
 علاجِ گزدش لیل و نہار رکھتے ہیں

This war is old of tyrants and mankind;  
 Their ways not new, nor ours; the fires they kindle  
 To scorch us, age by age we turn to flowers;  
 Not new our triumph, not new their defeat.  
 Against fate therefore we make no complaint,  
 Our hearts though exiled from you do not faint.

Parted today, tomorrow we shall meet—  
 And what is one short night of separation?  
 Today our enemies' star is at its zenith—  
 But what is their brief week of playing God?  
 Those who keep firm their vows to you are proof  
 Against the whirling hours, time's warp and woof.

*In this same way tyranny and mankind have always been at odds:*

- 20 *Their (the tyrants') ways are not new, nor is our fashion new;  
 In this same way we have always made flowers blossom in the fire;  
 Their defeat is not new, nor is our victory new.  
 For this reason I do not make complaint against my fate,  
 In separation from you I do not let my heart sink.*
- 25 *If today I am separated from you, tomorrow we shall be together,  
 This separation of one night is nothing;  
 If today the rival's fortune is at the summit, what of it?  
 This godhood of four days is nothing.  
 Those who keep firm their vow of fidelity to you*
- 30 *Possess the remedy against the revolutions of night and day.*

Yūn-hī hamesha ulajhtī-rahī hai zulm se khalq,

- 20 Na unkī rasm na'ī hai, na apnī rit na'ī;  
 Yūn-hī hamesha khilā'e hain ham-ne āg men phūl,  
 Na unkī hār na'ī hai, na apnī jīt na'ī.  
 Isī sabab se falak kā gilā nahīn karte,  
 Tere firāq men ham dil burā nahīn karte.
- 25 Gar āj tujh-se judā hain to kal baham honge,  
 Ye rāt bhar kī judā'ī to ko'ī bāt nahīn;  
 Gar āj auj pē hai tālī'-e-raqib to kyā,  
 Ye chār din kī khudā'ī to ko'ī bāt nahīn.  
 Jo tujh-se 'ahd-e-wafā ustuwār rakhte hain  
 'ilāj-e-gardish-e-lail-o-nahār rakhte hain.

# زندان کی ایک شام

شام کے پیچ و خم ستاروں سے  
 زینہ زینہ اُتر رہی ہے رات  
 یوں صبا پاس سے گذرتی ہے  
 جیسے کہہ دی کسی نے پیار کی بات  
 صحنِ زندان کے بے وطن اشجار  
 سرگنوں، محو ہیں بنانے میں  
 دامنِ آسمان پہ نقش و نگار  
 شانہ بام پر دمکتا ہے  
 ہر باب چاندنی کا دستِ جمیل

## 33. A PRISON NIGHTFALL

Step by step by its twisted stairway  
 Of constellations, night descends;  
 Close, as close as a voice that whispers  
 Tendernesses, a breeze drifts by;  
 Trees of the prison courtyard, exiles  
 With drooping head, are lost in brodering  
 Arabesques on the skirt of heaven.

Graciously on that roof's high crest  
 The moonlight's exquisite fingers gleam;

## A PRISON EVENING

- 1 By evening's devious stars  
*Rung by rung night is coming down;  
 A breeze passes close by,  
 As if someone has spoken a word of love;*
- 5 In the prison yard trees, with no native land,  
*Head drooping, are absorbed in making  
 On the skirt of heaven images and pictures;  
 On the crest of the roof is glittering  
 The beautiful hand of the gracious moonlight;*

## ZINDĀN KĪ EK SHĀM

- 1 Shām ke pech-o-kham sitāroں se  
 Zīna zīna utar-rahī hai rāt;  
 Yūn šabā pās se guzartī hai  
 Jaise kah-dī kisi-ne pyār kī bāt;
- 5 Šahn-e-zindān ke be-waṭān ashjār  
 Sar-nigūn mahv hain banāne men  
 Dāman-e-āsmān pě naqsh-o-nigār;  
 Shāna-e-bām par damaktā hai  
 Mēhrbān chāndnī kā dast-e-jamīl;

خاک میں گھل گئی ہے آب بجوم  
 نور میں گھل گیا ہے عرش کا نیل  
 سبز گوشوں میں نیلگوں سائے  
 نہ لہاتے ہیں جس طرح دل میں  
 موجِ ذرہ فراقِ یار آئے

دل سے پیغم خیال کہتا ہے  
 اتنی شیرین ہے زندگی اس پل  
 ظلم کا زہر گھونٹے والے  
 کامران ہو سکیں گے آج نہ کل  
 جلوہ گامِ وصال کی شمعیں  
 وہ بُجھا بھی چلکے اگر تو گیا  
 چاند کو گل کریں تو ہم جانیں

Star-lustre swallowed into the dust,  
 Sky-azure blanched into one white glow,  
 Green nooks filling with deep-blue shadows,  
 Waveringly, like separation's  
 Bitterness eddying into the mind.

One thought keeps running in my heart—  
 Such nectar life is at this instant,  
 Those who mix the tyrants' poisons  
 Can never, now or tomorrow, win.  
 What if they put the candles out  
 That light love's throneroom? let them put out  
 The moon, then we shall know their power.

- 10 *The sheen of the stars has dissolved into the dust,  
 The blue of the sky has dissolved into light,  
 In green corners dark-blue shadows  
 Waver, as if into the heart  
 A ripple of pain for separation from the loved one were coming.*
- 15 *A thought continually says to my heart:  
 Life is so sweet this moment,  
 The mixers of tyranny's poison  
 Will not be able to be successful today nor tomorrow.  
 The lamps of the bridal-chamber of union,*
- 20 *Even if they have put them out, what then?  
 Were they to extinguish the moon, then we should acknowledge them.*
- 10 *Khāk men̄ ghul-gaī hai āb-e-najūm,  
 Nūr men̄ ghul-gayā hai 'arsh kā nil,  
 Sabz goshōn men̄ nilgūn sā'e  
 Lahlahātē haiñ, jis ṭarāh dil men̄  
 Mauj-e-dard-e-sirāq-e-yār ā'e.*
- 15 *Dil se paīham khayāl kahtā hai  
 Itnī shīrīn hai zindagī is pal  
 Zulm kā zahr gholne-wāle  
 Kāmrān ho-sakeñge āj na kal.  
 Jalwagāh-e-viśāl kī sham'ēn*
- 20 *Vo bujhā bhī chuke agar, to kyā?  
 Chānd ko gul kareñ to ham jāneñ.*

# زندگی کی ایک صفحہ

رات باقی تھی ابھی جب سر بالیں آکر  
 چاند نے مجھ سے کہا "جگ! ابھر آئی ہے  
 جگ! اس شب جوئے خواب ترا جھسے تھی  
 جام کے لب سے تہ جام اُتر آئی ہے"  
 عکس جانان کو ویدع کر کے اٹھی میری نظر  
 شب کے ٹھہرے ہوئے پانی کی سیسیہ چادر پر  
 جام بخار قص میں آنے لگے چاندی کے بھنزو  
 چاند کے ہاتھ سے تاروں کے کنول گر گر  
 ڈوبتے ہیرتے، مرجھاتے رہے، کھلتے رہے  
 رات اور صفحہ بہت دیر گئے ملتے رہے

## 34. A PRISON DAYBREAK

It was still dark, when standing by my pillow  
 The moon said to me 'Waken, dawn is here:  
 The share poured for you of this night's wine of sleep  
 Has sunk from brim to bottom of the cup.'

—I took farewell of my love's image, and gazed  
 Out over the dim coverlet of the night's  
 Slow-ebbing flood, where here and there a dance  
 Of argent ripples flickered, while the stars,  
 Like lotus-petals fallen from the moon's hand,  
 Canie sinking, floating, fading, opening out;  
 Daybreak and night lay long in each other's arms.

## A PRISON DAYBREAK

- 1 There was night still remaining when coming beside my pillow  
 The moon said to me 'Waken, morning has come;  
 Waken! the wine of sleep that was your portion this night  
 Has sunk from the lip of the cup to the bottom of the cup.'
- 5 Taking leave of the image of my sweetheart I lifted my glance  
 To the black coverlet of the night's lingering flood:  
 Here and there whirlpools of silver began to come in a dance;  
 From the moon's hand lotuses of stars falling, falling,  
 Sinking, swimming, kept fading, kept opening;
- 10 Night and dawn for a long time were embracing.

## ZINDĀN KI EK ŞUBH

- 1 Rāt bāqī thi abhī jab sar-e-bālīn ākar  
 Chānd-ne mujh-se kahā 'Jāg! sahār ā'i hai;  
 Jāg! is shab jo mai-e-khwāb tērā hiṣṣa thi  
 Jām ke lab se tah-e-jām utar-ā'i hai.'
- 5 'aks-e-jānān ko vida' karke uṭhī merī naṣar  
 Shab ke ṭhahre hū'e pānī kī siya chādar par:  
 Jā-ba-jā raqṣ meñ āne-lage chāndī ke bhañwar;  
 Chānd ke hāth se tāroñ ke kanval gir-girkar  
 Dūbte, tairte, murjhāte-rahe, khilte-rahe,
- 10 Rāt aur şubh bahut der gale milte-rahe.

صحنِ زندان میں رفیقوں کے سُنہرے چہرے  
 سطحِ ظلمت سے دمکتے ہوئے ابھرے کم کم  
 نیند کی اوس نے ان چہروں سے دھوڈا لاتھا  
 دیس کا دزو، فراقِ رُخِ محبوب کاغم  
 دُور نوبت ہوئی، پھر نے لگے بیزار قدم  
 ززو، فاقوں کے ستائے ہوئے پہرے والے  
 اہلِ زندان کے غضب ناک، خروشان نالے  
 جن کی باہوں میں پھر کرتے ہیں باہیں ڈالے  
 لذتِ خواب سے مجبور ہو ایں جا گیں  
 جیل کی زہر بھری چور، صدائیں جا گیں

Golden in the jail yard my comrades' features  
 Slowly emerging, a glow against the darkness,  
 Washed clean by oblivion's dews of brooding grief  
 For loved face lost, or care for native land;—  
 A far-off drum sounding, a shuffle of feet  
 Of pallid famished guards starting their rounds,  
 And arm in arm and on and on with them  
 The angry din of prisoner and complaint.  
 Light winds still drunk with dream-delights are stirring;  
 With them, ghostly, a prison's bodeful noises:

In the prison yard the golden faces of comrades,  
 Shining out from the surface of darkness, grew little by little;  
 The dew of sleep had washed away from those faces  
 Grief for country, pain of separation from the face of the beloved.  
 15 Far off there has been a drum, feeble steps have begun to move  
     about;  
 Yellow, oppressed with hunger, the sentinels—  
 With whom the frightful, resounding laments of the people of the  
     prison  
 Arm in arm keep moving about.  
 Breezes drunk with the pleasure of sleep have awakened,  
 20 The jail's poison-filled, broken sounds have awakened:

Sah̄n-e-zindān meñ rafiqoñ ke sunahre chēhre  
 Saç'h-e-zulmat se damakte hū'e ubhre kam kam  
 Nīnd kī os-ne un chēhron se dho-dālā thā  
 Des kā dard, firāq-e-rukh-e-mahbūb kā gham.  
 15 Dūr naubat hū'i, phirne-lage bezār qadam,  
     Zard, fāqoñ ke satā'e hū'e pahre-wāle:  
     Ahl-e-zindān ke ghażabnāk, kharoshān nāle  
     Jin-kī bāhoñ meñ phirā-karte hain bāheñ dāle.  
     Lazzat-e-khwāb se makhmūr hawā'en jāgīn,  
 20 Jel ki zahr-bhārī, chūr, şadā'en jāgīn.

دُور دروازہ کھلا کوئی، کوئی بند ہوا  
 دُور مخلی کوئی زنجیر، مچل کے روئی  
 دُور اُترا کسی تالے کے چلکر میں خیبر  
 سر پشکنے لگا رہ رہ کے دریچپ کوئی  
 گویا پھر خواب سے بیدار ہوئے وشم جاں  
 سنگ و فولاد سے ڈھالے ہوئے جناتِ گرماں  
 جن کے چنگل میں شب و روز میں فرماد گناں  
 میرے بے کار شب و روز کی نازک پریاں  
 اپنے شہ پور کی راہ دیکھ رہی ہیں یہ اسیر  
 جس کے ترکش میں میں امید کے جلتے ہوئے تیر

A distant door opens, another shuts,  
 A distant chain scrapes sullenly, scrapes and sobs,  
 Far off a dagger plunges in some lock's vitals,  
 A shatter rattles, rattles, beating its head.

My mortal foes have risen again from sleep,  
 Grim monsters welded out of stone and steel,  
 Fast in whose talons daylong and nightlong wail  
 Those gossamer spirits, my empty nights and days,  
 Captives watching and waiting for their prince  
 Whose quiver holds the burning arrows of hope.

Far away some door has opened, some other has closed,  
 Far away some chain has grumbled, and after grumbling w  
 Far away a dagger has sunk into some lock's liver,  
 Some window has begun to bang its head again and again;—  
 25 As if the enemies of life have roused again from sleep,  
 Heavy demons cast from stone and steel,  
 In whose grasp are making lament night and day  
 The delicate fairies of my useless nights and days;  
 These prisoners are watching for their prince,  
 30 In whose quiver are hope's burning arrows.

Dūr darwāza khulā ko'ī, ko'ī bañd hū'ā,  
 Dūr machlī ko'ī zanjīr, machalke ro'ī,  
 Dūr utarā kisī tāle ke jigar meñ khanjar,  
 Sar pañakne-lagā rah-rahke darīcha ko'ī;—  
 25 Goyā phir khwāb se bedār hū'e dushman-e-jān,  
 Sang o faulād se dīhale hū'e jinnāt-e-girān,  
 Jinke chungal meñ shab-o-roz hain faryād-kunān  
 Mere be-kār shab-o-roz kī nāzuk paryān;  
 Apne shahpūr kī rāh dekh-rahī hain ye asīr  
 30 Jiske tarkash meñ hain ummed ke jalte hū'e tīr.

# زندان نامه

PRISON THOUGHTS

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PRISON THOUGHTS

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ZINDĀN-NĀMA

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# آے روشنیوں کے شہر

بیتہ بیتہ سو کھرہ ہی ہے پھیکی زرد دوپہر  
 دیواروں کو چاٹ رہا ہے تہماں کا زہر  
 دُور افق تک گھٹتی، بھٹتی، اٹھتی گزتی شہتی ہے  
 کھڑکی صورت بے رونق دزدؤں کی گذلی لہر  
 بشاہے اس کھڑک پیچھے روشنیوں کا شہر

آے روشنیوں کے شہر  
 کون کے کس سمت ہے تیری روشنیوں کی راہ  
 ہر جانب بے نور کھڑی ہے ہجھر کی شہر پناہ  
 نمک کر ہر شو بیٹھرہی ہے شوق کی ماند سپاہ

## 35. OH CITY OF MANY LIGHTS

Listless and wan, green patch by patch, noonday dries up;  
 Pale solitude with venomed tongue licks at these walls;  
 Far as the skyline, like a fog, an oozy tide  
 Of blockish misery swells and shrinks, heaves up and falls.

Beyond that fog the lights of my thronged city lie.

Oh city of many lights!—  
 Who could make out what way from here your lights  
 are? Dark  
 As a town's ramparts isolation hems me in,  
 And war-worn hope's faint soldiery droops on every side.

## OH CITY OF LIGHTS

- 1 Greenery by greenery, the pallid yellow noon is withering,  
 The poison of solitude is licking the walls;  
 Far away to the horizon keeps dwindling, swelling, rising, sinking,  
 Like a mist, the turbid wave of unlovely pains.
- 5 Behind this mist the city of lights is situated;  
 Oh city of lights,  
 Who could say in what direction is the road to your lights?  
 On every side stand the unlit city-walls of banishment:  
 Weary, in every direction, the exhausted army of ardour is sitting.

## AI RAUSHNIYON KE SHAHR

- 1 Sabza sabza sūkh-rāhī hai phīkī zard do-pahr,  
 Dīwārōn ko chāt-rāhā hai tanhā'ī kā zahr;  
 Dūr ufaq tak ghaṭtī, baṛtī, uṭhtī, girtī-rahti hai  
 Kuhr kī śūrat be-raunaq dardoṇ kī gadli lahr.
- 5 Bastā hai is kuhr ke pīchhe raushniyon kā shahr;  
 Ai raushniyon ke shahr,  
 Kaun kahe kis simt hai teri raushniyon kī rāh?  
 Har jānib be-nūr khaṛi hai hijr kī shahr-panāh:  
 Thakkar har sū baīṭh-rāhī hai shauq kī mānd sipāh.

آج مرادِ دل فکر میں ہے  
 آے روشنیوں کے شہر  
 شب خون سے مُشہ پھیرنہ جائے ازانوں کی رو  
 خیر ہو تیری لیلاوں کی، ان سب سے کہ دو  
 آج کی شب جب دیئے جلاویں اُپنچی کھینیں لو

Today doubt fills my soul.  
 Oh city of many lights,  
 Let hope's armed ranks not turn from their night-marching  
 yet!  
 Fortune befriend your loving hearts; say to them all—  
 This evening, when the lamps are lit, turn the wick high.

- 10 *Today my heart is in anxiety;  
 Oh city of lights,  
 May the torrent of aspirations not turn its face away from the  
 night-attack!  
 May it be well with your sweethearts; say to them all,  
 This evening when they light the lamps let them turn the flame high.*

- 10 *Aj mērā dil fikr meñ hai;  
 Ai raushniyon ke shahr,  
 Shabkhūn se munh pher na jā'e armānoñ kī rau.  
 Khair ho terī lailāqñ kī, in sab se kah-do  
 Āj kī shab jab diye jalā'en üñchī rakkheñ lau.*

# دریچے

گلی میں کشی صلیبیں ہرے دریچے میں  
ہر ایک اپنے مسیح کے خون کا رنگ لیے  
ہر ایک وصلِ خداوند کی امنگ لیے

کسی پر کرتے ہیں ابرِ بھار کو قربان  
کسی پر قتلِ مہتاب ناک کرتے ہیں  
کسی پر ہوتی ہے سرست شاخسارِ دونیم  
کسی پر بادِ صبا کو ہلاک کرتے ہیں

## 36. THE WINDOW

In my barred window is hung many a cross,  
Each coloured with the blood of its own Christ,  
Each craving to hug tight a divine form.

On one the heaven's spring cloud is sacrificed,  
On one the radiant moon is crucified,  
On one is torn asunder the trance-filled grove,  
And on another the delicate breeze has died.

## THE WINDOW

- 1 In my window how many crosses are fixed,  
Each with the colour of the blood of its Messiah,  
Each with the hope of union with its Lord.  
On one they make sacrifice of the spring cloud,
- 5 On one they murder the bright moon,  
On one the rapt park is cut in two,  
On one they put to death the morning breeze.

## DARĪCHA

- 1 Gaṛtī hain kitnī ṣalibēn mère darīche mein,  
Harek apne masīhā ke khūn kā rāng liye,  
Harek vaṣl-e-khudāwānd kī umāṅg liye.  
Kisī pē karte hain abr-e-bahār ko qurbān,
- 5 Kisī pē qatl mah-e-tābnāk karte hain,  
Kisī pē hotī hai sarmast shākhsār do nīm,  
Kisī pē bād-e-ṣabā ko halāk karte hain.

ہر آئے دن یہ خُداؤندگانِ مہر و جمال  
 لہو میں غرق مرے غم کدے میں آتے ہیں  
 اور آئے دن میری ناظروں کے سامنے اُن کے  
 شہید ہے جسم سلامت اُنھائے جاتے ہیں

Daily these kind and beautiful godlike things  
 Come weltering in their blood to my bitter cell;  
 And day by day before my watching eyes  
 Their martyred bodies are raised up and made well.

*Each day that comes these deities of kindness and beauty  
 Drowned in blood come into my house of grief,  
 10 And daily before my eyes their  
 Martyr-bodies are lifted up, healed.*

Har ā'e din ye khudāwāndgān-e-mehr-o-jamāl  
 Lahū mei gharq mère gham-kade men āte hain,  
 10 Aur ā'e din mērī nażroñ ke sāmne unke  
 Shahid jism salāmat uṭhā'e-jāte hain.

# آ جاؤ ای فریقا!

آ جاؤ، میں نے سُن لی ترے ڈھول کی ترنگ  
 آ جاؤ، مشت ہو گئی میرے لہو کی تال  
 آ جاؤ ای فریقا!

آ جاؤ، میں نے ڈھول سے ماتھا اٹھا لیا  
 آ جاؤ، میں نے چھیل دی آنکھوں سے غم کی چھال  
 آ جاؤ، میں نے دزد سے بازو چھڑا لیا  
 آ جاؤ، میں نے نوچ دیا بے کسی کا جال  
 آ جاؤ ای فریقا!

## 37. 'AFRICA, COME BACK'

I have caught the madness of your drum,  
 My wild blood beats and throbs with it—come,  
 Africa, come!

Come, from the dust I have raised my head,  
 Torn misery's bandage from my face,  
 Wrenched my arm free from pain's grip, cut  
 My way through the web of helplessness—  
 Africa, come!

## 'COME, AFRICA!'

- 1 Come, I have heard the ecstasy of your drum—  
 Come, the beating of my blood has become mad—  
 'Come, Africa!'  
 Come, I have lifted my forehead from the dust—  
 5 Come, I have scraped from my eyes the skin of grief—  
 Come, I have released my arm from pain—  
 Come, I have clawed through the snare of helplessness—  
 'Come, Africa!'

## Ā-JĀO AIFRĪQĀ!

- 1 Ā-jāo, maiñ-ne sun-lī tere dhol kī tarañg,  
 Ā-jāo, mast ho-ga'i mere lahū kī tāl—  
 'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqāl'  
 Ā-jāo, maiñ-ne dhūl se māthā uṭhā-liyā,  
 5 Ā-jāo, maiñ-ne chhīl-dī āñkhoñ se gham ki chhāl,  
 Ā-jāo, maiñ-ne dard se bāzū chhuñā-liyā,  
 Ā-jāo, maiñ-ne noch-diyā be-kasī kā jāl—  
 'Ā-jāo, Aifrīqāl'

پنجے میں ہتھکھڑی کی کڑی بن گئی ہے گزز  
گزدن کا طوق توڑ کے ڈھالی ہے میں نے ڈھال  
آجاو آیفریقا“

جلتے ہیں ہر کچھار میں بھالوں کے مرگ بین  
دشمن لہو سے رات کی کالاک ہوئی ہے لال  
آجاو آیفریقا“

دھرتی دھڑک رہی ہے مرے ساتھ آیفریقا  
دزیا تھرک رہا ہے تو بن دے رہا ہے تال  
میں آیفریقا ہوں، دھار بیا میں نے تیرا روپ  
میں تو ہوں، میری چال ہے تیری ببر کی چال  
آجاو آیفریقا“

او ببر کی چال  
آجاو آیفریقا“

The shattered manacle is my mace,  
From the broken fetter I forge my shield—  
Africa, come!  
Spears burn like gazelles' eyes through the reeds,  
With enemy blood night's shades turn red—  
Africa, come!

The earth's heart, Africa, beats with mine,  
The river dances, the woods keep time;  
I am Africa, I put on your mask,  
I am you, my step is your lion tread,  
Africa—come,  
Come with your lion-tread,  
Africa, come!

*In my grasp a link of the manacle has become a mace,*  
10 *I have broken the iron-collar on my neck and moulded it into a shield—*

*'Come, Africa!'*

*On every riverside burn the deer-eyes of spears,  
With enemy blood the blackness of night has turned red,  
'Come, Africa!'*

15 *The earth is throbbing along with me, Africa,  
The river dances and the forest beats time;  
I am Africa, I have taken your figure,  
I am you, my walk is your lion walk:  
'Come, Africa!'*

20 *Come with lion walk—  
'Come, Africa!'*

Panje men hathkaṛī kī karī ban-gaī hai gurz,  
10 Gardan kā ūq̄ toṛke ḫālī hai maiñ-ne ḫāl—  
'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'

Jalte hain har kachhār men bhāloñ ke mirg-nain,  
Dushman lahū se rāt kī kālak hū'ī hai lāl—  
'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'

15 Dhartī dhaṛak-rahī hai mère sāth, Aifriqā,  
Daryā thirak-rahā hai to ban de-rahā hai tāl;  
Maiñ Aifriqā hūñ, dhār-liyā maiñ-ne terā rūp,  
Maiñ tū hūñ, merī chāl hai terī babar kī chāl:  
'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'

20 Ao babar kī chāl—  
'Ā-jāo, Aifriqā!'

# فیصل امیدوں کی ہندم

سب کاٹ دو  
بیشکل پاؤ دوں کو  
بے آب سسکتے مت چھوڑو  
سب نوچ لو  
بے کل چھوڑوں کو  
شاخوں پہ ملکتے مت چھوڑو  
فیصل امیدوں کی ہندم  
اس بار بھی فارت جائے گی  
سب مختنٹ ٹھجوں شاموں کی  
اب کے بھی اکارت جائے گی

## 38. THIS HARVEST OF HOPES

Cut them all down, these crippled plants,  
Not leave them to their last parched distress!  
Tear off from the spray these twisted blooms,  
Not leave them to hang in wretchedness!

This harvest of smiling hopes, my friend,  
Is doomed to be blighted once again:  
Those labours that fill your days and nights  
Are doomed to be this time too in vain.

## THIS HARVEST OF HOPES, COMPANION

- 1 Cut down all  
The wounded plants,  
Do not leave them without water, at their last gasp;  
Tear away all
- 5 The writhing flowers,  
Do not leave them pining on the boughs.  
This harvest of hopes, companion,  
This time too will go to ruin,  
All the toil of mornings and evenings
- 10 Now too will prove worthless.

## YE FAŞL UMEDOŃ Kİ, HAMDAM

- 1 Sab kāt-do  
Bismil paudoń ko,  
Be-āb sisakte mat chhoro;  
Sab noch-lo
- 5 Be-kal phūloń ko,  
Shākhoń pě bilakte mat chhoro.  
Ye faşl umedoń ki, hamdam,  
Is bār bhī ghārat jā'egī,  
Sab mēhnat şubhoń shāmoń ki
- 10 Abke bhī akārat jā'egī.

کھلتی کے کونوں کھدروں میں  
 پھر اپنے لہو کی کھاد بھرو  
 پھر میٹی سینچو اشکوں سے  
 پھر اگلی رُت کی فکر کرو  
 پھر اگلی رُت کی فکر کرو  
 جب پھر اک بار اجڑنا ہے  
 اک فصل پکی تو بھر پایا  
 جب تک تو یہی کچھ کرنا ہے

But once more feed with your blood dry clods  
 In crannies and corners about the field,  
 Moisten them with your tears afresh,  
 Then think of the coming season's yield—

Yes, think of the coming season's yield,  
 When ruin will once more strike these lands. . .  
 Some day a ripe harvest shall be ours;  
 Till that day, we must plough the sands.

In holes and corners of the ploughland  
 Once more pour the fertiliser of your blood,  
 Once more water the earth with tears;  
 Once more take thought for the next season,  
 Once more take thought for the next season,  
 When once more it must come to ruin.  
 One harvest ripened, we shall have satisfaction,  
 Until which time we must go on doing the same thing.

15  
 Kheti ke konoñ-khudroñ meñ  
 Phir apne lahū ki khād bharo,  
 Phir miñtī sîncho ashkoñ se;  
 Phir aglī rut kī fikr karo,  
 Phir aglī rut kī fikr karo,  
 Jab phir ēk bâr ujañnā hai.  
 Ēk fañl paki to bhar-pâyā,  
 Jab tak to yēhī kuchh karnā hai.

دست تاہ سانگ

DURESS

---

'THE HAND UNDER THE ROCK

---

DAST-E-TAH-E-SANG

---

# سینکیانگ

اب کوئی طبل بجے گا نہ کوئی شاہ سوار  
 صبح دم موت کی وادی کو روانہ ہو گا;  
 اب کوئی جنگ نہ ہو گی نہ کبھی رات گئے  
 خون کی آگ کو اشکوں سے بجھانا ہو گا  
 کوئی دل دھڑکے گا شب بھر سی انگن میں  
 وہم مخوس پرندے کی طرح آئے گا  
 ستم خون خوار درندے کی طرح آئے گا۔  
 اب کوئی جنگ نہ ہو گی، مے و سانغرا لو  
 خون لٹانا نہ کبھی اشک بہانا ہو گا۔  
 ساقیا! رقص کوئی رقص صباکی صورت  
 مُطربا! کوئی غزل زنگِ حنا کی صورت

## 39. SINKIANG

No more now shall the drum sound, and no more  
 The horseman ride at dawn towards death's ravine;  
 War never any more, no need of tears  
 At dead of night to quench the burning pain,  
 No heart to shudder through the dark, no courtyard  
 For terror like a ravening beast to enter,  
 Or boding, like a bird of evil omen.  
 War never any more!—bring wine, bring goblet—  
 No more the squandered blood or the rushing tear;  
 Saqī! a dance, like the dancing breeze of dawn—  
 Minstrel! a song, like the scarlet stain of henna.

## SINKIANG

- 1 Now no drum shall play, nor shall any cavalier  
Set off at daybreak to the valley of death;  
Now there shall be no war, nor ever late at night  
Will fire in the blood have to be quenched with tears.
- 5 No heart shall quiver all night, nor in any courtyard  
Shall causeless-anxiety come like an ill-omened bird,  
Shall fear come like a bloodthirsty beast of prey.  
Now there shall be no war,—bring wine and wine-cup!
- 10 There will never have to be spilling blood nor shedding tear.  
Cupbearer! some dance, like the dance of the morning breeze;  
Minstrel! some song, like the colour of henna.

## SINKYĀNG

- 1 Ab ko'i ṭabl bajegā na ko'i shāhsawār  
Şuh-dam maut kī wādi ko rawāna hogā;  
Ab ko'i jaṅg na hogī, na kabhī rāt ga'e  
Khūn kī āg ko ashkoṇ se bujhānā hogā.
- 5 Ko'i dil dharkegā shab bhar na kisī āṅgan meñ  
Vahm manhūs parinde kī ṭarah ā'egā,  
Sahm khūnkhwār darinde kī ṭarah ā'egā.  
Ab ko'i jaṅg na hogī, mai o sāghir lāo!
- 10 Khūn luṭānā na kabhī ashk bahānā hogā.  
Sāqiyā! raqṣ ko'i raqṣ-e-ṣabā kī śūrat;  
Muṭribā! ko'i ghazal raṅg-e-hinā kī śūrat.

# غزل

بساڑ قص پر صد شرق و غرب سے سر شام  
 دمک رہا ہے تری دوستی کا ماہ تمام  
 چھلک رہی ہے ترے حُسنِ ہمرباں کی شراب  
 بھرا ہوا ہے بالب ہر اک نیگاہ کا جام  
 گلے میں تنگ ترے حرفِ لطف کی بائیں  
 پسِ خیال کہیں ساعتِ سفر کا پیام

## Song

On the dancing-floor as evening  
 Approaches, from a hundred  
 Horizons east and westward  
 Your full-moon friendship shining—

The wine of your radiant kindness  
 Runs over, and every look  
 Is a cup brim-full, your gracious  
 Words clasp their arms round my neck—

Somewhere deep in my mind  
 The hour of departure lurks.

## Song

On the dance-floor, as evening comes on, from a hundred easts and  
 wests

The full moon of your friendship is glowing,  
 The wine of your gracious beauty is overflowing,  
 15 The cup of every glance is filled to the brim,  
 The arms of your winning words are fast round my neck;  
 Somewhere at the back of my thoughts is the message of the hour of  
 the journey.

## Ghazal

Bisāt-e-raqṣ pē śad sharq-o-gharb se sar-e-shām  
 Damak-rahā hai tērī dostī kā māh-e-tamām,  
 Chhalak-rahī hai tere ḥusn-e-mēhrbān kī sharāb,  
 15 Bharā hū'ā hai labālab harēk nigāh kā jām,  
 Gale meiñ tañg tere ḥarf-e-luqf kī bāheñ;  
 Pas-e-khayāl kahīn sā'at-e-safar kā payām.

ابھی سے یاد میں ڈھلنے لگی ہے صحبت شب  
 ہر ایک رُوئے ہسپیں ہو چلا ہے بیش ہسپیں  
 ملے کچھ آیسے، جو دیوں ہوئے کفیض اب کے  
 جو دل پر نقش بننے گا وہ گل ہے دل غنیمیں

Into memory this night's glowing  
 Fellowship starts to melt, still lovelier  
 All these lovely faces grow.

Such a meeting, such a parting,  
 Faiz, will leave no scar imprinted,  
 But a blossom, on the heart.

*Already the evening's company has begun to melt into memory,  
 Every lovely face is becoming more lovely.*

20 *We met in such a way, we separated so, Faiz, that now  
 The mark that will be made on the heart will be a flower, not a scar.*

Abhī se yād meni ڈھalne-lagī hai śuhbat-e-shab,  
 Harek rū-e-ḥusīn ho-chalā hai besh ḥasīn.  
 20 Mile kuchh aise, judā yūn hū'e kě, Faiz, abke  
 Jo dil pě naqsh banegā vo gul hai dāgh nahiñ.

# تہائی

آج تہائی کسی ہمدم دیریں کی طرح  
 کرنے آئی ہے میری ساقی گری شام ڈھلے  
 مُنتظر بیٹھے ہیں ہم دونوں کہ مہتاب ابھرے  
 اور ترا حکس جھلکنے لگے ہر سارے تلے

## 40. LONELINESS

Today loneliness like a well-tried friend  
 Has come to be my evening wine-pourer.  
 We sit together waiting for the moon to rise  
 And set your image gleaming in every shadow.

## LONELINESS

- 1 *Today loneliness like some old friend  
 Has come to do my wine-pouring as evening declines;  
 We two are seated waiting for the moon to rise,  
 And for your reflection to begin shining under every shadow.*

## TANHĀ'Ī

- 1 Āj tanhā'ī kisi hamdam-e-derīn kī tarah  
 Karne ā'i hai měri sāqigarī shām ڈhale;  
 Muntazir bai'the hain ham donoi kě mahtāb ubhare,  
 Aur tērā 'aks jhalakne-lage har sā'e tale.

# شام

اس طرح ہے کہ ہر اک پیر کوئی مٹدیر ہے،  
 کوئی انجڑا ہوا، بے نور پُرانا مٹدیر،  
 دھونڈتا ہے جو خرابی کے بھانے کب سے  
 چاک ہر بام، ہر اک در کا دم آخر ہے۔  
 آسمان کوئی پُروہیت ہے جو ہر بام تک  
 جسم پر رکھ لے، ماتھے پہ سیندُور لے  
 سرگوں بیٹھا ہے چپ چاپ نہ جانے کب سے

اس طرح ہے کہ پس پر وہ کوئی ساحر ہے  
 جس نے آفاق پہ پھیلایا ہے یوں سحر کا دام

## 41. EVENING

It is as if each tree  
 Were an old deserted shrine,  
 Unlighted, long since pining  
 To be free to crumble away—  
 Each rooftop gaping, every  
 Portal at the last gasp;  
 And heaven a sort of priest,  
 Squatting since god knows when  
 Under the eaves, brow daubed  
 With scarlet, body with ashes,  
 Speechless, head hanging down;  
 —As if behind the curtain  
 There were some conjuror  
 Drawing such webs of magic  
 Over the universe,

## EVENING

- 1 *It is as if every tree is some temple,  
 Some ruined, unlit old temple,  
 Which since long is seeking excuses for crumbling,  
 Each roof torn, every door is at its last breath.*
- 5 *The sky is some priest who at the foot of each roof-wall,  
 On his body ashes smeared, on his forehead vermillion smeared,  
 Head drooping, is seated silent, there is no knowing since when.*

*It is as if behind the curtain there is some magician  
 Who has so spread over the heavens a net of magic,*

## SHĀM

- 1 *Is ḥarāḥ hai kē harēk peṭ ko'i mandir hai,  
 Ko'i ujṛā hū'ā, be-nūr purānā mandir,  
 Dhūnḍtā hai jo kharābī ke bahāne kab se;  
 Chāk har bām, harēk dar kā dām-e-ākhir hai.*
- 5 *Āsmān ko'i purohit hai jo har bām tale,  
 Jism par rākh male, māthe pē sīndūr male,  
 Sar nigūn baiṭhā hai chup-chāp na jāne kab se.*

*Is ḥarāḥ hai kē pas-e-parda ko'i sāhīr hai  
 Jis-ne āfāq pē phailāyā hai yūn sihr kā dām,*

دامنِ وقت سے پیوست ہے یوں دامنِ شام،  
 اب کبھی شام بجھے گی نہ اندھیرا ہو گا  
 اب کبھی رات ڈھلے گی نہ سویرا ہو گا

آسمان آس لیے ہے کہ یہ جادو ٹوٹے  
 چُپ کی زنجیر کٹے، وقت کا دامن چھوٹے  
 دے کوئی سنکھ دھائی، کوئی پاپل بولے  
 کوئی بُت جاگے، کوئی سانوی گھونگٹ کھوے

And time's skirt and this evening's  
 Were stitched together so close,  
 That twilight will never end,  
 Darkness will never come,  
 Night never decline, or morning  
 Ever return. . . . Heaven's prayer  
 Is that the spell may break,  
 The chain of silence snap,  
 Time's skirt be disentangled—  
 Some wailing conch-shell blare,  
 Some jingling anklet speak,  
 Some idol waken, or some  
 Swart votaress lift her veil.

10 The evening's skirt is so joined with the skirt of time,  
 Now evening will never be extinguished and darkness never come,  
 Now night will never decline nor morning come.

Heaven has the hope that this spell may be broken,  
 That the chain of silence may be snapped, the skirt of time be freed,  
 15 That some conch-shell may make outcry, some anklet speak,  
 Some idol awaken, some swarthy-beauty open her veil.

10 Dāman-e-waqt se paiwast hai yūn dāman-e-shām,  
 Ab kabhī shām bujhē na aīndherā hogā,  
 Ab kabhī rāt dhalegī na sawerā hogā.

Āsmān ās liye hai kē ye jādū tūṭe,  
 Chup kī zañjir kāṭe, waqt kā dāman chhūṭe,  
 15 Dē ko'i sañkh duhā'i, ko'i pāyal bole,  
 Ko'i but jāge, ko'i sāñwali ghūṅgāt khole.

# آج بازار میں پاپہ جو لاں چلو

چشم نہم، جان شوریدہ کافی نہیں  
تہمتِ عشق پوشیدہ کافی نہیں

آج بازار میں پاپہ جو لاں چلو

دشتِ افسان چلؤست ورقصان چلو  
خاک بر سر چلو، خون بدمام چلو  
راہ تکتا ہے سب شہر جان، چلو

حاکم شہر بھی، مجمعِ عام بھی  
تیرِ ایلزام بھی، شنگ دشناام بھی  
ضیغ ناشاد بھی، روز ناکام بھی

## 42. NOT ENOUGH

Not enough the tear-stained eye, the storm-tossed life,  
Not enough the secret love, suspicion's brand;  
Come today in fetters to the marketplace,  
Walk with waving hands, run in a drunkard's dance,  
Clothes besmeared with blood and head begrimed with dust!  
All the loved one's city is watching by the road:  
There the governor waits, and there the populace,  
Calumny's keen arrow, insult's hurtling stone,  
Morning of ill omen, day of evil chance—

### TODAY COME IN FETTERS TO THE MARKETPLACE

- 1 *The wet eye, the stormy spirit, are not enough,  
The accusation of secret love is not enough:  
Today come in fetters to the marketplace,  
Come waving hands, come exulting, dancing.*
- 5 *Come with dust on the head, come with blood on the dress.  
All the city of the beloved is gazing, come;  
There too is the governor of the city, the public gathering too,  
The arrow of calumny too, the stone of abuse too,  
The unhappy daybreak too, the wretched day too.*

### ĀJ BĀZĀR MEŃ PĀ-BAJĀULĀN CHALO

- 1 *Chashm-e-nam, jān-e-shorīda kāfī nahīn,  
Tuhmat-e-'ishq-e-poshīda kāfī nahīn:  
Āj bāzār meń pā-bajāulān chalo,  
Dast-afshān chalo, mast o raqshān chalo.*
- 5 *Khāk bar sar chalo, khūn ba-dāmān chalo.  
Rāh-taktā hai sab shahr-e-jānān, chalo;  
Hākim-e-shahr bhī, majma'-e-'ām bhī,  
Tir-e-ilzām bhī, saṅg-e-dushnām bhī,  
Şubh-e-nāshād bhī, roz-e-nākām bhī.*

ان کا دم ساز اپنے سواؤ کون ہے  
 شہر جانان میں اب باصفا کون ہے  
 دست قاتل کے شایاں را کون ہے  
 رخت دل باندھ لو دل فگارو چلو  
 پھر ہمیں قتل ہو آئیں یارو چلو

Who has been their bosom friend, but we alone?  
 In the loved one's city who is left to trust?  
 Who is worthy now of the executioner's hand?  
 You that know affliction, lift the heart's sad load;  
 We it is, my friends, must once more taste the knife.

- 10 Who is their intimate, besides us?  
 In the city of the beloved who now is pure,  
 Who is left worthy of the executioner's hand?  
 Fasten-on the burden of the heart, heart-afflicted ones, come;  
 Let us once again go to be murdered—friends, come.
- 10 Inkā dam-sāz apne siwā kaun hai?  
 Shahr-e-jānān men ab bā-ṣafā kaun hai,  
 Dast-e-qātil ke shāyān rahā kaun hai?  
 Rakht-e-dil bāndh-lo, dil-fagāro, chalo;  
 Phir hamīn qatl ho-ā'en, yāro, chalo.

# قیدِ تہائی

دُور آفاق پہ لہرائی کوئی نور کی لہر  
 خواب ہی خواب میں بیدار ہوا دن کا شتر  
 خواب ہی خواب میں بے تاب نظر ہونے لگی  
 عدم آباد جہاں میں سحر ہونے لگی؛  
 کاسہ دل میں بھری اپنی شبھی میں نے  
 گھول کر تلخی دیروز میں امروز کا زیر

دُور آفاق پہ لہرائی کوئی نور کی لہر  
 آنکھ سے دُور کسی صبح کی تمہید لیئے

## 43. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Far on the horizon a tremor of light flickered.  
 Still plunged in sleep pain's citadel grew conscious,  
 Still plunged in sleep eyes grew once more restless;  
 Over the ghostly house of exile, dawn.  
 In my heart's cup I poured the morning draught,  
 Stirring in yesterday's gall today's poison.

Far on the horizon a tremor of light flickered,  
 Harbinger of a still invisible daybreak;

## SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

- 1 Far away on the horizon some ripple of light rippled;  
 Still in sleep the city of pain came awake,  
 Still in sleep the eye began to be restless,  
 In separation's abode of non-existence it began to be morning;  
 5 In the cup of the heart I poured my morning-draught,  
 Mixing in the bitterness of yesterday the poison of today.

Far away on the horizon some ripple of light rippled,  
 Bringing a presage of some dawn far out of sight;

## QAID-E-TANHĀ'Ī

- 1 Dür āfāq pě lahrā'ī ko'ī nūr kī lahr;  
 Khwāb hī khwāb men bedār hū'ā dard kā shahr,  
 Khwāb hī khwāb men be-tāb naṣar hone-lagī,  
 'adam-ābād-e-judā'ī men sahār hone-lagī;  
 5 Kāsa-e-dil men bharī apnī shabūhī maiñ-ne,  
 Ghokar talkhī-e-dīroz men imroz kā zahr.

Dür āfāq pě lahrā'ī ko'ī nūr kī lahr,  
 Ānkh se dūr kisī subhī kī tamhīd liye;

کوئی نغمہ کوئی خوشبو، کوئی کافر صورت  
 عدم آبادِ جدائی میں مسافر صورت  
 بے خبر گذری، پریشانیِ اُمید لیے۔  
 گھول کرتخی ویروز میں امروز کا زہر  
 حشرتِ روزِ ملاقات رقم کی میں نے  
 دلیں پڑویں کے یارانِ قدح خوار کے نام  
 ہشتن آفاق، جمالِ لب و رخسار کے نام

Some melody, some perfume, some siren face  
 Strayed like a careless passer-by through the ghostly  
 House of exile, bringing all hope's torment.

Stirring in yesterday's gall today's poison  
 I made an offering of my homesickness  
 To friends in this and all lands who have drunk with me,  
 To earth's beauty, to the charm of cheek and lip.

Some song, some scent, some sinfully-beguiling face,  
 10 In separation's abode of non-existence a roving face  
 Carelessly passed, bringing the anguish of hope.  
 Mixing in the bitterness of yesterday the poison of today,  
 I dedicated my aching for the day of meeting  
 15 To cup-drinking friends in this country and abroad,  
 To the beauty of the world, to the fairness of lip and cheek.

Ko'i naghma, ko'i khwushbū, ko'i kāfir śūrat,  
 'adam-ābād-e-judā'i meñ musāfir śūrat  
 Be-khabar guzrī, pareshānī-e-ummed liye.  
 Gholkar talkhī-e-diroz meñ imroz kā zahr,  
 Hasrat-e-roz-e-mulāqāt raqam kī maiñ-ne  
 Des pardes ke yārān-e-qadaḥkhwār ke nām,  
 15 Husn-e-āfāq, jamāl-e-lab-o-rukhsār ke nām.

# حمد

ملکہ شہرِ زندگی تیرا  
 شنکر کس طور سے ادا کیجئے  
 دولتِ دل کا کچھ شمار نہیں  
 تیگ وستی کا گیا گلکا کیجے  
 جو ترے ہنسن کے فقیر ہوئے  
 ان کو تشویشِ روزگار کہاں  
 درد بیچنے کے گیت کا میں گے  
 اس سے خوش وقت کا روبار کہاں

## 44. HYMN OF PRAISE

Sovereign lady of life's city,  
 How can our thanks to you be told?  
 Wealth the heart owns past all counting:  
 How then complain of penury?  
 Why should pensioners on your beauty  
 Take anxious thought for daily bread?  
 Making songs and selling sorrows—  
 Where should they find a merrier trade?

## PRAISE

- 1 Queen of the city of life,  
 In what way could thanks to you be performed?  
 There is no counting up the wealth of the heart;  
 What complaint of poverty could be made?
- 5 Those who have become devotees of your beauty,  
 Where for them is anxiety about livelihood?  
 We shall sell pain, we shall sing songs—  
 Where a happier occupation than this?

## HAMD

- 1 Malka-e-shahr-e-zindagi, terā  
 Shukr kis taur se adā kijē?  
 Daulat-e-dil kā kuchh shumār nahiñ;  
 Taingdasti kā kyā gilā kijē?
- 5 Jo tere hūsn ke faqir hū'e,  
 Unko tashwîsh-e-rozgār kahāñ?  
 Dard becheñge, git gā'ēñge—  
 Is-se khwushwaqt kār-o-bār kahāñ?

جام چھلکا تو جم گئی مخالف  
 منت لطف غم گسار کے  
 اشک ٹپکا تو کھل گی گلشن  
 رنج کم ظرفی بہار کے

خوش نشین میں کھشم و دل کی مراد  
 دیر میں ہے نہ خانقاہ میں ہے  
 ہم کہاں قسمت آزمانے جائیں  
 ہر صنم اپنی بارگاہ میں ہے

کوں ایسا غنی ہے جس سے کوئی  
 نقد شمس و قمر کی بات کرے  
 جس کوشوق نبزد ہو ہم سے  
 جائے تنسیخ کا بہنات کرے

When cups spill and guests are gathered,  
 Who feels his debt to the comforter?  
 When tears fall the garden blossoms:  
 Who bears a grudge at niggard Springs?  
 We are blest—no shrine, no temple,  
 Shuts up from us our heart's desire;  
 Where should we go seeking fortune,  
 When all we care for shares our roof?  
 Who is rich enough to chaffer  
 About the moon and sun with us?  
 He who thirsts to give us battle  
 May conquer first the universe.

- When the cup has overflowed the gathering has collected:  
 10 Who feels obligation to the graciousness of the consoler?  
 When the tear has spilled the flower-garden has bloomed:  
 Who feels grief at the inadequacy of spring?  
 We are fortunate that the desire of (our) eye and heart  
 Is neither in (Hindu) temple nor in (Muslim) shrine.  
 15 Where are we to go to test our fortune?  
 Every idol (attraction) is in our own mansion.  
 Who is rich enough to  
 Negotiate with us the price of the sun and moon?  
 Whoever has a wish for battle with us,  
 20 Let him go and make conquest of the universe.

- Jām chhalkā to jam-gā'ī maḥfil:  
 10 Minnat-e-luṭf-e-ghamgusār kise?  
 Ashk ṭapkā to khil-gayā gulshan:  
 Ranj-e-kamzārī-e-bahār kise?  
 Khwush-nashīn hain kē chashm o dil kī murād  
 Dair men̄ hai na khānqāh men̄ hai.  
 15 Ham kahān qismat āzmāne jā'ēn?  
 Har ṣanam apnī bārgāh men̄ hai.  
 Kaun aisā ghanī hai jis-se ko'ī  
 Naqd-e-shams-o-qamar kī bāt kare?  
 Jis-ko shauq-e-nabard ko ham-se,  
 20 Ja'e, taskhīr-e-kā'ināt kare.

# ڈھلتی ہے موچنے

ڈھلتی ہے موچنے کی طرح رات ان دنوں  
 کھلتی ہے صبح گل کی طرح زنگ بُو سے پُر  
 ویراں پیں جام پاس کرو کچھ بہار کا  
 دل آرزو سے پُر کرو، آنکھیں لہو سے پُر

## 45. LIKE FLOWING WINE

Night at this season comes on like flowing wine;  
 Dawn unfolds like a rose, all colour and scent.  
 If dust has filled the cup, pay honour to Spring—  
 With longing fill your heart, your eyes with fire.

### FLOWS LIKE A WAVE OF WINE

I Night flows these days like a wave of wine,  
 Dawn opens like a rose full of colour and scent;  
 If cups are desolate, have some respect for spring:  
 Fill the heart with desire, the eyes with blood.

### DHALTI HAI MAUJ-E-MAI

I Dhaltī hai mauj-e-mai kī taraḥ rāt in dinoñ,  
 Khiltī hai šubh̄ gul kī taraḥ raṅg o bū se pur;  
 Virān hain jām, pās karo kuchh bahār kā:  
 Dil ārzū se pur karo, ānkhēñ lahū se pur.

# ملاقات مری

ساری دیوار سیاہ ہو گئی تا حلقة بام  
 راستے بُجھ گئے مخصوصت ہوئے رہ گیر تمام  
 اپنی تہائی سے گویا ہوئی پھر رات مری  
 ہونہ ہو آج پھر آئی ہے ملاقات مری  
 اک ہتھیلی پہ جنا، ایک ہتھیلی پہ لہو  
 اک نظر زہر لیئے، ایک نظر میں دارو

## 46. MY VISITOR

The whole wall has grown dim, to the circling roof;  
 All roads are blotted out, each wayfarer  
 Has taken his departure. Once again  
 My night and its own loneliness converse;  
 Once more my visitor I think has come,  
 This palm with henna stained, that palm with blood,  
 One glance all bane, the next all healing balm.

## MY 'INTERVIEW'

- 1 All the wall has become black, up to the circle of the roof,  
 Roads have been extinguished, all travellers have taken leave;  
 My night has again begun talking with its solitude;  
 It seems that today my 'interview' has come again,
- 5 On one palm henna, on one palm blood,  
 One eye full of poison, in one eye medicine.

## MULĀQĀT MĒRĪ

- 1 Sāri dīwār siya ho-ga'ī tā ḥalqa-e-bām,  
 Rāste bujh-ga'e, rukhsat hū'e rah-gīr tamām;  
 Apnī tanhā'ī se goyā hū'i phir rāt mērī;  
 Ho na ho āj phir ā'i hai mulāqāt mērī,
- 5 Ěk hatheli pē hinā, ek hatheli pē lahū,  
 Ěk nażar zahr liye, ek nażar men dārū.

دیر سے منزیلِ دل میں کوئی آیا نہ گیا  
 فُرْقَتِ درد میں بے آب ہوا تختہ داغ  
 کس سے کہیے کہ بھر کے رنگ سے زخموں کے ایمانع؛  
 اور پھر خود ہی چلی آئی ملاقاتِ مری،  
 آشنا موت جو دشمن بھی ہے غم خوار بھی ہے  
 وہ جو ہم لوگوں کی قاتل بھی ہے دلدار بھی ہے

In my heart's lodging no-one now for long  
 Has come or gone; grey solitude has left  
 The garden of pain unwatered; who is there  
 To fill its chalices of wounds with crimson?

Once more indeed my visitor has come,  
 Of her own will, my old acquaintance Death,  
 She who is adversary and comforter both,  
 To such as us the murderer and the sweetheart.

*Since long no-one has come or gone in the halting-place of the heart;  
 In the isolation of pain the flowerbed of the scar has been unwatered—*

*Whom to tell that he should fill the cups of its wounds with colour?*  
 10 *And again of her own accord my 'interview' has come,  
 Familiar death, who is both enemy and grief-soother,  
 Who for us people is both murderer and sweetheart.*

Der se manzil-e-dil men̄ ko'ī āyā na gayā,  
 Furqat-e-dard men̄ be-āb hū'ā talk̄ta-e-dāgh:  
 Kis-se kahiye kē bhare raṅg se zak̄hmoñ ke ayāgh?  
 10 Aur phir khwud-hī chali ā'i mulāqāt mērī,  
 Āshnā maut jo dushman bhī hai, ghamkhwār bhī hai,  
 Vo jo ham logoñ kī qātil bhī hai, dildār bhī hai.

# خشم ہوئی بارش سانگ

نگاہ آج مرے تارِ نظر سے کٹ کر  
ٹکڑے ٹکڑے ہوئے آفاق پر ٹھوڑشید و قمر  
اب کسی سمت اندھیرا نہ اجالا ہو گا  
بُجھ گئی دل کی طرح راہ و فا میرے بعد  
دوستو! قافلہ دزو کا اب کیا ہو گا

## 47. THE HAIL OF STONES

Suddenly pierced today by the sharp lance of my gaze  
Moon and sun broke at once into fragments in the sky.

Now there will be no light nor darkness anywhere;  
Now I am gone the pilgrim way lies hushed as my heart:  
What will become of that band vowed to love's martyrdom?

## THE RAIN OF STONES HAS ENDED

- 1 Suddenly today cut by the string of my glance  
Sun and moon broke into pieces in the firmament.  
Now there will not be darkness or brightness in any direction;  
After me the way of fidelity has been extinguished like a heart;
- 5 Friends! what will become now of the caravan of pain (anguished  
love)?

## KHATM HŪ' I BARISH-E-SĀNG

- 1 Nāgahān āj mère tār-e-nażar se katkar  
Tukre tukre hū'e āfāq pē khwurshid o qamar.  
Ab kisī simt aندھرā na ujālā hogā;  
Bujh-ga'i dil ki tarah rāh-e-wafā mere ba'd;
- 5 Dosto! qāfila-e-dard kā ab kyā hogā?

اب کوئی اور کرے پرورش گلشن غم  
 دوستو ختم ہوئی دیدہ تر کی شب نم  
 تم گیا شور جنون ختم ہوئی بارش شنگ  
 خاک رہ آج لئے ہے لب دلدار کا رنگ  
 کوئے جانان میں گھلامیرے اہو کا پرچم  
 دیکھئے دینے ہیں کس کس کو صداییرے بعد  
 کون ہوتا ہے حربیف دمئے مرد ٹکن عشق  
 ہے مکر لب ساقی پہ صداییرے بعد

Some other now must tend the garden of sacrifice;  
 The dew these eyes of mine have shed, friends, is used up,  
 The passionate faith is stilled, the hail of stones is over.

Dust underfoot today is the hue of the loved one's lips,  
 In her dear street is unfurled the pennant of my blood.  
 To whom, whom will the summons come, now I am gone—  
 Who dares the challenge now of the deadly wine of love?  
 Again and again, now I am gone, this cry on the lips of her  
 who pours.

Now let someone else do the nourishing of the garden of suffering.  
 Friends! the dew of the wet eye is finished;  
 The tumult of rapture (madness) has ceased, the rain of stones has  
 ended.  
 The dust of the road today bears the colour of the darling's lip,  
 10 In the sweetheart's street the pennant of my blood has spread out.  
 See to whom, to whom, they give the call after me—  
 'Who is the challenger of the man-overthrowing wine of love?  
 Repeatedly the cry is on the lips of the Saqi after me.'

Ab ko'i aur kare parwarish-e-gulshan-e-gham.  
 Dosto! khatm hū'i dīda-e-tar kī shabnam;  
 Tham-gayā shor-e-junūn, khatm hū'i bārisli-e-saṅg.  
 Khāk-e-rah āj liye hai lab-e-dildār kā raṅg.  
 10 Kū-e-jānān men khulā mere lahū kā parcham:  
 Dekhiye dete haiñ kis kis-ko ṣadā mere ba'd—  
 'Kaun hotā hai ḥarif-e-mai-e-mard-afgan-e-'ishq?  
 Hai mukarrar lab-e-sāqī pē ṣalā mere ba'd.'

# رنگ ہے دل کا مرے

تم نہ آئے تھے تو ہر چیز وہی تھی کہ ہو ہے:  
آسمانِ حد نظر راہِ گذر راہِ گذر، شیشہ عَمَّے شیشہ عَمَّے۔  
اور اب شیشہ عَمَّے راہِ گذر رنگِ فالک،  
رنگ ہے دل کا مرے، خون جگر ہونے تک:  
چمنیٰ رنگ کبھی راحتِ دیدار کا رنگ،  
سرماٰی رنگ کہ ہے ساعتِ بیزار کا رنگ،  
زرد پتوں کا، خس و خار کا رنگ،  
سرخ پھولوں کا، دکھتے ہوئے گلزار کا رنگ،

## 48. BEFORE YOU CAME

Before you came, all things were what they are—  
The sky sight's boundary, the road a road,  
The glass of wine a glass of wine; since then,  
Road, wineglass, colour of heaven, all have taken  
The hues of this heart ready to melt into blood—  
Now golden, as the solace of meeting is,  
Now grey, the livery of despondent hours,  
Or tint of yellowed leaves, of garden trash,  
Or scarlet petal, a flowerbed all ablaze:

## IT IS THE COLOUR OF MY HEART

- 1 You had not come, then each thing was the same that it is:  
*The sky the frontier of sight, a road a road, a glass of wine a glass of wine;*  
*And now a glass of wine, a road, the colour of heaven,*  
*Are the colour of my heart, 'about to turn into blood of the liver':*
- 5 A golden colour sometimes, the colour of the joy of meeting,  
*A greyish colour that is the colour of an insipid span-of-time,*  
*The colour of yellow leaves, of sticks and straw,*  
*The colour of red flowers, of a flaming flower-bed,*

## RAÑG HAI DIL KĀ MĒRE

- 1 Tum nā a'e the to har chīz vuhī thī kě jo hai:  
*Āsmānِ hadd-e-nażar, rāhguzar rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai shīsha-e-mai;*  
*Aur ab shīsha-e-mai, rāhguzar, rañg-e-falak,*  
*Rañg hai dil kā mère, khūn-e-jigar hone tak:*
- 5 Champa'i rañg kabhi, rāhat-e-didār kā rañg,  
*Surma'i rañg kě hai sā'at-e-bezār kā rañg,*  
*Zard patton kā, khas-o-khār kā rañg,*  
*Surkh phūlon kā, dahakte hū'e gulzār kā rañg,*

زہر کا رنگ، اہو رنگ، شب تار کا رنگ۔  
 آسمان راہ گذر، شیشہ مے:  
 کوئی بھیگا ہوا دامن، کوئی دھنی ہوئی رگ،  
 کوئی ہر خطرہ بدلتا ہوا آپنے ہے۔  
 اب جو آئے ہو تو ٹھہر و کوئی رنگ کوئی روت کوئی شے،  
 ایک جگہ پر ٹھہرے:  
 پھر سے اک بارہر اک چیزو ہی ہو کہ جو ہے:  
 آسمان حذر نظر راہ گذر راہ گذر، شیشہ مے شیشہ مے

Colour of poison, colour of blood, or shade  
 Of sable night. Sky, highroad, glass of wine—  
 The first a tear-stained robe, the next a nerve  
 Aching, the last a mirror momently altering....  
 Now you have come, stay here, and let some colour,  
 Some month, some anything, keep its own place,  
 And all things once again be their own selves,  
 The sky sight's bound, the road a road, wine wine.

*The colour of poison, blood-colour, the colour of dark night.*

- 10 *Sky, road, glass of wine—*  
*One a (tear-) wetted skirt, one an aching vein,*  
*One is a mirror every moment changing.*  
*Now that you have come, stay, so that some colour, some season,*  
*some thing,*  
*May stay in one place,*
- 15 *So that again each object may be the same that it is,*  
*The sky the frontier of sight, a road a road, a glass of wine a glass*  
*of wine.*

Zahr kā raṅg, lahū raṅg, shab-e-tār kā raṅg.

- 10 Āsmān, rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai:  
*Ko'i bhīgā hū'ā dāman, ko'i dukhtī hū'i rag,*  
*Ko'i har laīza badaltā hū'ā ā'īna hai.*  
*Ab jo ā'e ho to ṭhahro, kē ko'i raṅg, ko'i rut, ko'i shai,*  
*Ek jaga par ṭhahre,*
- 15 *Phir se ēk bār harēk chīz vuhi ho kē jo hai—*  
*Āsmān ḥadd-e-naẓar, rāhguzar rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai shīsha-*  
*e-mai.*

# پاس رہو

تم مرے پاس رہو  
 میرے قاتل، مرے دلدار، مرے پاس رہو۔  
 جس گھری رات چلے  
 آسمانوں کا اُپی کے سیئے رات چلے  
 مزہم مُشک لیے، نیشتر الہامس لیے  
 بین کرتی ہوئی، ہنستی ہوئی، گاتی ننگکے  
 درد کے کاسنی پازیب بجائی ننگکے؛  
 جس گھری سینوں میں دُوبے ہوئے دل  
 آستینوں میں نہاں ہاتھوں کی رہ تکنے لگیں  
 آس لیے؛

## 49. BE NEAR ME

Be near me—

My torment, my darling, be near me  
 That hour when the night comes,  
 Black night that has drunk heaven's blood comes  
 With salve of musk-perfume, with diamond-tipped lancet,  
 With wailing, with jesting, with music,  
 With grief like a clash of blue anklets—  
 When, hoping once more, hearts deep-sunk in men's bosoms  
 Wait, watch for the hands whose wide sleeves still  
 Enfold them,

## BE NEAR ME

1 You be near me,

My destroyer, my sweetheart, be near me—  
 At the hour when night comes,  
 When dark night having drunk the blood of the heavens comes  
 5 Bearing the salve of musk, bearing the lancet of diamond,  
 Comes out making lamentation, laughing, singing,  
 Comes out sounding blue-grey anklets of pain;  
 At the hour when hearts sunk in breasts  
 Have begun to watch out for hands hidden in sleeves,  
 10 With hope,

## PĀS RAHO

1 Tum mère pās raho,  
 Mere qātil, mère dildār, mère pās raho—  
 Jis ghaṛī rāt chale,  
 Āsmānoں kā lahū pīke siya rāt chale  
 5 Marham-e-mushk liye, nishtar-e-almās liye,  
 Bain kartī hū'ī, haṁstī hū'ī, gātī nikle,  
 Dard ke kāsnī pāzeb bajātī nikle;  
 Jis ghaṛī sīnoں meñ dūbe hū'e dil  
 10 Āstinoں meñ nihān hāthoں kī rah-takne lagen,  
 Ās liye;

اوز بچوں کے بیکنے کی طرح قلقل می  
 بہر ناسوڈگی مخلے تو منائے نہ منے،  
 جب کوئی بات بنائے نہ بنے  
 جب نہ کوئی بات چلے۔  
 جس گھری رات چلے،  
 جس گھری ماتمی، سُنسان، سیئہ رات چلے،  
 پاس رہو،  
 میرے قاتل، مرے دلدار مرے پاس رہو

Till wine's gurgling sound is a sobbing of infants  
 Unsatisfied, fretful, no soothing will silence,—  
 No taking thought prospers,  
 No thought serves;  
 —That hour when the night comes,  
 That hour when black night, drear, forlorn, comes,  
 Be near me,  
 My torment, my darling, be near me!

And gurgling of wine, like a sobbing of children,  
 Because of frustration is fractious, and though you may soothe it  
 will not be soothed;  
 When whatever thing you try to bring about will not be brought  
 about,  
 When nothing succeeds:  
 15 At the hour when night comes,  
 At the hour when mournful, dreary, black night comes,  
 Be near,  
 My destroyer, my sweetheart, be near me.

Aur bachchoں ke bilakne kī tarah qulqul-e-mai  
 Bahr-e-nāsūdgī machle to manā'e na mane;  
 Jab ko'i bāt banā'e na bane,  
 Jab na ko'i bāt chale:  
 15 Jis gharī rāt chale,  
 Jis gharī mātamī, sunsān, siya rāt chale,  
 Pās raho,  
 Mere qātil, mère dildār, nière pās raho.

# منظر

رہ گزر، سائے، شجر، منزل و در، حلقة بام،  
 بام پر سینہ مہتاب کھلا آہستہ  
 جس طرح کھولے کوئی بند قبا آہستہ۔  
 حلقة بام تک، سایوں کا ٹھہرہ ہوا نیل،  
 نیل کی جھیل؛  
 جھیل میں ٹھپکے سے تیرا کسی پتے کا حباب  
 ایک پل تیرا، چلا، پھوٹ گیا آہستہ

## 50. AN IDYLL

Shadows and road—trees, dwellings, doors—rim of the roof;  
 High on the roof softly the moon baring her breast,  
 Like a clasped gown softly unloosed;  
 Under the eaves motionless blue  
 Shades, a blue pool:  
 Noiseless, a leaf, soft as a brief bubble that bursts,  
 Drifting across.

## A SCENE

- 1 Road, shadows, trees, houses and doors, edge of the roof—  
 Over the roof the bosom of the moon was opened softly  
 As if someone were undoing the fastening of a dress softly;  
 Below the edge of the roof, a stagnant blue of shadows,  
 5 A lake of blue;  
 In the lake silently floated some leaf, like a bubble,  
 One moment floated, moved, burst (vanished) softly.

## MANZAR

- 1 Rahguzar, sā'e, shajar, manzil-o-dar, ḥalqa-e-bām—  
 Bām par sina-e-mahtāb khulā āhista,  
 Jis ṭarah khole ko'i band-e-qabā āhista;  
 ḥalqa-e-bām tale sāyon kā ṭhahrā hū'a nil,  
 5 Nil ki jhil;  
 Jhil meñ chupke-se tairā kisī patte kā habāb,  
 Ek pal tairā, chalā, phūṭ-gayā āhista.

بہت آہستہ، بہت ہلکا، خنک رنگ شراب  
 میرے شیشے میں ڈھلا آہستہ!  
 شیشہ و جام، صراحی، ترے ہاتھوں کے گلاب  
 جس طرح دور کسی خواب کا نقش  
 آپ ہی آپ بن، اور مٹا آہستہ

دل نے دہرایا کوئی حرف، وفا آہستہ  
 تم نے کہا آہستہ!  
 چاند نے جھک کے کہا:  
 ”اور فرا آہستہ!”

Pale, very pale, slow, very slow, cool-coloured wine  
 Softly was poured into my glass;  
 Flagon and glass, rose of your hands,  
 Formed like a dream image far off,  
 Formed of themselves, softly dissolved.  
 Softly my heart once and again murmured some pledge;  
 'Softly', you said—  
 'Softer!' the moon, leaning down, breathed.

Very softly, very pale, a cool colour that was wine  
 Was poured out into my glass softly;  
 10 Glass and bowl, flagon, the rose of your hands,  
 Like the image of some distant dream,  
 Took shape of itself, and faded softly.

My heart repeated some word of fidelity, softly—  
 You said 'Softly'  
 15 The moon, bending, said:  
 'A little more softly even!'

Bahut āhista, bahut halkā, khunak raing-e-sharāb  
 Mere shīshe meñ ḍhalā āhista;  
 10 Shīsha o jām, surāhī, tere hāthoñ ke gulāb  
 Jis ḥarāb dūr kisi khwāb kā naqsh  
 Āp hī āp banā, aur miṭā āhista.

Dil-ne duhrāyā ko'i ḥarf-e-wafā āhista—  
 Tum-ne kahā 'Āhista!'  
 15 Chānd-ne jhukke kahā:  
 'Aur zarā āhista!'

# گیت

دُر دُر تھم جائے گا، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر  
 یا رُوٹ آئیں گے دل ٹھہر جائے گا، غم نہ کر غم نہ کر  
 زخم بھر جائے گا، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر  
 دن نکل آئے گا، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر  
 ابر کھل جائے گا، رات دھل جائے گی، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر  
 رُت بدال جائے گی، غم نہ کر، غم نہ کر

## 51. SONG

The pain will end—do not wail,  
 Do not weep or wail!  
 Friends will come back, the heart be at rest,  
 Do not wail—  
 The wound will mend,  
 The day will dawn—do not wail!  
 Clouds will scatter and darkness fail,  
 The season will change—do not weep or wail!

## SONG

- 1 *Pain will cease, do not grieve, do not grieve—  
 Friends will return, the heart will rest, do not grieve, do not grieve—  
 The wound will be made whole, do not grieve, do not grieve—  
 Day will come forth; do not grieve, do not grieve—*
- 5 *The cloud will open, night will decline, do not grieve, do not grieve—  
 The season will change, do not grieve, do not grieve.*

## GIT

- 1 Dard tham-jā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—  
 Yār lauṭ-ā'enge, dil thahar-jā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—  
 Zakhm bhar-jā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—  
 Din nikal-ā'egā, gham na kar, gham na kar—  
 Abr khul-jā'egā, rāt dhal-jā'egi, gham na kar, gham na kar—  
 Rut badal-jā'egi, gham na kar, gham na kar.

# بلک آؤٹ

جب سے بے نور ہوئی ہیں شمعیں  
 خاک میں ڈھونڈتا پھرتا ہوں، نہ جانے کس جا  
 کھو گئی ہیں مری دنوں آنکھیں،  
 تم جو واقف ہو بتاؤ کوئی پہچان مری۔  
 اس طرح ہے کہ ہر کگ میں اتر آیا ہے  
 موج درموج کسی زہر کا قانل دزیا،  
 تیرا ازمان تری یاد لیے، جان مری،  
 جانے کس موج میں غلطان ہے کہاں دل میرا؟  
 ایک پل بھر و کہ اس پار کسی دنیا سے  
 برق آئے مری جانب بیدبیضا لے کر

## 52. 'BLACK-OUT'

Since all the lamps went out  
 I have been groping in the dust, not knowing  
 Where are my eyes.  
 You that know, tell me what I am!  
 It feels as though some deadly flood of poison  
 Has poured, surge upon surge, through every vein,  
 Sweeping with it my memories of you, love, my longings;  
 How can I tell in what wave my heart is engulfed?  
 Be patient awhile, until from some world beyond  
 A lightning-flash approaches with dazzling hand

## 'BLACK-OUT'

- 1 Since the lamps have been without light,  
 I am seeking, moving about, in the dust: I do not know where  
 Both my eyes have been lost;  
 You who are familiar with me, tell me some identification of  
 myself.
- 5 It is as if into every vein has descended,  
 Wave on wave, the murderous river of some poison,  
 Carrying longing for you, memory of you, my love;  
 How to know where, in what wave, my heart is swallowed?  
 Wait one moment, till from some world beyond
- 10 Lightning comes towards me with bright hand.

## BLACK-OUT

- 1 Jab se be-nür hū'i haīn sham'en  
 Khāk meñ qhūñdā phirtā hūn, na jāne kis jā,  
 Kho-ga'i haīn mērī donoñ āñkheñ;  
 Tum jo wāqif ho batāo koñ pahchān mērī.
- 5 Is ṭarañ hai kē harēk rag meñ utar-āyā hai  
 Mauj dar mauj kisī zahr kā qātil daryā,  
 Terā armān tēri yād liye, jān mērī;  
 Jāne kis mauj meñ qhalqān hai kahān dil merā?
- 10 Barq ā'e mērī jānib yad-e-bezā lekar,

اور مری آنکھوں کے گم گشته گھر  
جامِ ظلمت سے سیہہ منست نئی آنکھوں کے شبتاب گھر  
لواٹاے۔

ایک پل ٹھیرو کہ دریا کا کوئیں پاٹ لگے  
اور نیا دل میرا  
زہر میں دھل کے فنا ہو کے کسی گھاٹ لگے؛  
پھر پئے ندر نئے دیدہ دوں لے کے چلوں  
حسن کی مسح کروں، شوق کا مضمون لکھوں

And for the lost gems of my eyes  
Brings new ones, shining, drunk  
With shadows from the cup of night.  
Be patient awhile till the torrent finds its banks,  
And my heart renewed after knowing annihilation,  
Washed pure with poison, finds some landing-place;  
Then let me come with tribute of new heart-vision,  
Speak beauty's praise, and write the meaning of love.

And the lost pearls of my eyes,  
As luminous pearls of new eyes drunk with the cup of darkness,  
Restores.  
Wait one moment till somewhere the breadth of the river is found,  
15 And, renewed, my heart,  
Having been washed in poison, having been annihilated, finds  
some landing-place;  
Then let me come bringing, by way of offering, new sight and heart,  
Let me make the praise of beauty, let me write of the theme of love.

Aur méri ānkhon kē gum-gashta guhar,  
Jām-e-żulmat se siyamast na'ī ānkhon ke shabtāb guhar,  
Lauṭa-de.  
Ek pal ṭhairo kē daryā kā kahiñ pāṭ lage,  
15 Aur nayā dil mera  
Zahr meñ ḍhulke, fanā hoke, kisi ghāṭ lage;  
Phir pa'e nazr na'e dīda o dil leke chalūñ,  
Husn kī madh̄ karūñ, shauq kā mazmūn likkhūñ.

# ہارت اٹک

دُر دُر اتنا تھا کہ اس رات دل وحشی نے  
 ہر رگ رجاں سے انجھنا چاہا،  
 ہر جن مُو سے ٹپکنا چاہا؛  
 اور کہیں دُور ترے صحن چمن میں گویا  
 پتّا پتّا مِرے افسردوہ لہو میں ڈھل کر  
 حُسْنِ مُهْتَاب سے آزدہ نظر آنے لگا؛  
 میرے ویرانہ تن میں گویا  
 سارے دُکھتے ہوئے ریشوں کی طنابیں گھل کر  
 سلسلہ وار پتا دینے لگیں  
 وُحْشتِ قافلہ شوق کی تیاری کا؛

## 53. HEART-ATTACK

There was such pain that night my maddened spirit  
 Was on fire to wrestle with every living fibre,  
 Gush out through every pore.  
 It seemed as if far off in your green bower  
 The leaves all dripping with my agonized blood  
 Were sickening of the moon's beauty—  
 As if this body were a desert,  
 All these racked nerves its tent-ropes,  
 One after one slackening, warning  
 Of life's caravan making ready for departure.

### 'HEART-ATTACK'

- 1 The pain was such that that night my wild heart  
Wanted to wrestle with every vein of life,  
Wanted to drip away through every hair's root;  
And somewhere far off (it was) as if in your garden courtyard
- 5 Every leaf, washed in my miserable blood,  
Began to look weary of the moon's beauty;  
As if in the desert of my body  
The tent-ropes of all my aching nerves had loosened  
And begun one after the other to give notice
- 10 Of preparation for the departure of the caravan of zest-of-living;

### HEART-ATTACK

- 1 Dard itnā thā kē us rāt dil-e-vahshī-ne  
Har rag-e-jān se ulajhnā chāhā,  
Har bun-e-mū se ṭapaknā chāhā;  
Aur kahīn dūr, tere sahn-e-chaman meñ goyā
- 5 Pattā pattā mère afsurda lahū meñ dhulkar  
Husn-e-mahtāb se āzurda nazar āne-lagā;  
Mere vīrāna-e-tan meñ goyā  
Sāre dukhte hū'e reshoñ kī ṭanāben khulkar  
Silsila-wār patā dene-lagīn
- 10 Rukhsat-e-qāfila-e-shauq kī taiyārī kā;

او جب یاد کی بُجھتی ہوئی شمعوں میں نظر آیا کہیں  
 ایک پل، آخری لمحہ تری دلداری کا،  
 دُرداً تنا تھا کہ اُس سے بھی گُزرنَا چاہا  
 ہم نے چاہا بھی، مگر دل نہ ٹھہرنا چاہا

Somewhere in memory's dying candle-light  
 A momentary vision, last glimpse of your tenderness;  
 But even that, there was so much pain, I wanted to be done  
 with  
 --Or I wanted to stay, but my spirit would not.

*And when in memory's expiring candles came in view somewhere  
 For one instant the final moment of your loving-kindness,  
 The pain was such that one wanted to pass by even it—  
 I indeed wished, but my heart did not wish, to stay.*

Aur jab yād kī bujhtī hū'i sham'on meiñ nazar āyā kahīñ  
 Ek pal, ākhiri lamha tēri dildāri kā,  
 Dard itnā thā kē us-se bhī guzarnā chāhā—  
 Ham-ne chāhā bhī, magar dil na thahrnā chāhā.

# دعا

آئیے ہاتھ انھائیں ہم بھی،  
 ہم جنھیں رشم دعا یاد نہیں،  
 ہم جنھیں سوزِ محبت کے سوا  
 کوئی بُت کوئی خدا یاد نہیں۔  
 آئیے عرض گذاریں کہ زگارِ ہشتی  
 زہرِ امروز میں شیرینی فردا بھر دے؛  
 وہ جنھیں تابِ گراں باری آیا م نہیں  
 ان کی پلکوں پر شب و روز کو ہلکا کر دے؛  
 جن کی آنکھوں کو رخِ صبح کایا راجھی نہیں  
 ان کی راتوں میں کوئی شمعِ مُشکور کر دے؟

## 54. PRAYER

We for whom prayer is a custom forgotten,  
 We who except for love's flame  
 Know neither idol nor god—  
 Come, let us too lift our hands,  
 Make our petition that Life, our loved mistress,  
 Smooth today's venom with sweets of tomorrow—  
 Lighten on them that lack strength for its burden  
 Time, and the nights and the days—  
 Brighten with lamps in their darkness those eyes  
 Dawn's rosy face cannot touch!

## PRAYER

- 1 Come, let us also lift our hands,  
 We who do not remember the custom of prayer,  
 We who, except for the burning fire of love,  
 Do not remember any idol, any god.
- 5 Come, let us present a petition that Life, our beloved,  
 Will pour tomorrow's sweetness into today's poison;  
 That for those who have not strength for the burden of the days,  
 May it make night and day (weigh) light on their eyelashes;  
 For those whose eyes have not strength for (seeing) the face of  
 dawn,
- 10 May it light some candle in their nights;

## DU'Ā

- 1 Ā'iye hāth uṭhā'en ham bhī,  
 Ham jinheñ rasm-e-du'ā yād nahīñ,  
 Ham jinheñ soz-e-mahabbat ke siwā  
 Ko'i but, ko'i khudā yād nahīñ.
- 5 Ā'iye 'arz guzareñ kē nigār-e-hasti  
 Zahr-e-imroz meñ shirinī-e-fardā bhar-de;  
 Vo jinheñ tāb-e-girānbārī-e-aiyām nahīñ  
 Unkī palkon pē shab o roz ko halkā kar-de;  
 Jin-kī ānkhon ko rukh-e-subh kā yārā bhī nahīñ  
 10 Unkī rāton meñ ko'i sham' munavvar kar-de;

جس کے قدموں کو کسی رہ کا سہارا بھی نہیں  
 ان کی نظروں پر کوئی راہ اجگر کر دے؛  
 جس کا دین پیروی کذب و ریا ہے، ان کو  
 ہممت و گفرنے ملے، بُجزاتِ تحقیق ملے؛  
 جس کے سرمنظرِ تبغِ جفا ہیں، ان کو  
 دستِ قاتل کو جھٹک دینے کی توفیق ملے  
 عشق کا سر نہ مان جانِ تپاں ہے جس سے  
 آج افرار کریں اور پیشِ مٹ جائے؛  
 حرفِ حقِ دل میں کھلتا ہے جو کاشتے کی طرح  
 آج افرار کریں اور خلشِ مٹ جائے۔

May there be shown to those feet that no  
 Pathways have aided, some road—  
 May there be given to deceit's slavish votaries  
 Will to deny and to seek—  
 Courage, to men whose heads tyranny's  
 Sword hovers over, to fend off the murderous hand!

Love's hidden mystery—man's fevered soul: today let us  
 Make a new covenant with it, its fever be slaked;  
 Truth's potent word, that keeps pricking the heart like a  
 thorn,  
 Make it our own, and the throbbing pain bring to an end.

For those for whose steps there is no assistance of any road,  
 May it make some road luminous to their sight;  
 To those whose religion is pursuit of lying and hypocrisy,  
 May there come courage for denial, resolution for truth;  
 15 To those whose heads are awaiting the sword of oppression,  
 May there come capacity to shake off the murderer's hand.  
 The hidden secret of love is the fevered soul, with which  
 Let us today make a covenant, and let its fever be slaked;  
 The word of Truth, which throbs in the heart like a thorn,  
 20 Let us today accept, and the anguish be wiped out.

Jin-ke qadmoں ko kisi rah kā sahārā bhī nahiں  
 Unkī nazroں pě ko'ī rāh ujāgar kar-de;  
 Jin-kā dīn pairavī-e-kizb-o-riyā hai, unkо  
 Himmat-e-kufr mile, jur'at-e-taḥqīq mile;  
 15 Jin-ke sar mutaṣṣir-e-tegh-e-jafā haiں, unkо  
 Dast-e-qātil ko jhaṭak-dene kī tauṣiq mile.  
 'ishq kā sīrr-e-nihān jān-e-tapān hai jis-se  
 Āj iqrār kareñ aur tapish miṭ-jā'e;  
 Harf-e-haq, dil meñ khataktā hai jo kāñṭe kī ḥarāh,  
 20 Āj iqrār kareñ, aur khalish miṭ-jā'e.

#### NOTES ON THE INTRODUCTION

1. A Scotswoman who knew him in Afghanistan wrote in fictional form an admiring account of his efforts to establish order: see Lillias Hamilton, *A Vizier's Daughter* (London, 1900).
2. He is therefore, in full, Faiz Ahmad 'Faiz'. His own name, religious like nearly all Muslim names, would mean 'Bounty of the Highly Praised One'—the 'Prophet'. (He writes himself 'Ahmed', not 'Ahmad').
3. *The Observer* (London), March 11, 1951, in an article at the time of Faiz's first arrest.
4. In an article on 'Faiz and his Poetry' (in *New Age*, Delhi, April 1956) Sajjad Zaheer wrote: 'The writer of these lines was a co-accused with Faiz in this case . . . and he can testify to the high morale, the patriotic fervour, the serenity and the undaunted courage and faith in the high destiny of his beloved people which Faiz exemplified during this whole period.'
5. It is due to the late administration of President Ayyub Khan to state that Faiz's *Zindān-Nāma* ('Prison Thoughts') was written before its term of office; and that although he was known to be not in sympathy with this administration, the sponsoring of the present volume by Unesco was authorized by it, in recognition of his position as one of the country's most eminent writers.
6. Miss Achla Chib (now Mrs Eccles).
7. This is the view of Mr M. Usman, lecturer in Urdu at Government College, Lahore, who gave me much light on this and many other subjects when I was living in the College in 1965.
8. R. K. Yadav, *The Indian Language Problem* (Delhi, ? 1967), discusses the position of Urdu in Pakistan as well as in India.
9. Faiz expresses a degree of scepticism about the generalizations in this paragraph.
10. Faiz points out that the *kū-e-malāmat* might connote the worldling or the Pharisee, as well as the seeker of illicit pleasure.
11. See e.g. A. J. Arberry, *Sufism* (London, 1956); Khaliq Ahmad Nizami, *Some Aspects of Religion and Politics in India during the 13th Century* (Aligarh University, 1961).
12. My friend and former colleague Mr Kishan Singh, of the Panjabi College at Delhi, has given me valuable information about this folk-poetry, of which he has been a lifelong student.
13. Much Elizabethan sonneteering has a similar character. Cf. Professor Arberry's remark in his English edition of Iqbal's long poem *Javid-Nama* (p. 13) that 'Persian is a language almost ideally suited to deliberate vagueness'.
14. Mr R. Russell of the University of London has written a most illuminating essay, 'The Pursuit of the Urdu Ghazal' (in the American *Journal of Asian Studies*, November 1969). See also, by him and Khurshidul Islam, *Three Mughal Poets* (London, 1969), and *Ghalib*: Vol. 1, *Life and Letters* (London, 1969).
15. A number of Iqbal's ghazals will be found in my *Poems from Iqbal*.

16. See the poem 'Capital and Labour', in *Poems from Iqbal*, pp. 21-3.
17. See W. G. Archer, *Indian Painting in the Punjab Hills* (London, 1952), pp. 5, 39.
18. This point of contrast was stressed during a discussion by Mr S. N. Chib.
19. No. 113 in *Poems from Iqbal*.
20. Dr Nazir Ahmad, in a letter of August 20, 1967. The same critic however has found occasional phrases of Faiz to be in very unorthodox Urdu. (Examples, for the student: no. 38, line 17; no. 52, line 14.)

#### NOTES ON THE POEMS

(The numbers below are those of poems in this collection; numbers in brackets refer to lines, in the original text and transliteration.)

- Naqsh-e-Faryādī*. This untranslatable title comes from the opening of Ghalib's Urdu poems, where instead of the conventional expression of gratitude to God the poet says that all created things are protesting against their creator. The 'alien dust' is an oblique allusion to the withering touch of imperialism; cf. the recurrence of the word *ajnābī* (alien), with a more overtly political reference, in line 14 of the next poem.
- 8 (6) This was a favourite poem at college *mushā'irahs*; to student audiences its blend of patriotic and romantic had a special appeal. The verse translation is in approximately the metre of the original.
- 9 The opening couplet parodies that of a poem of Iqbal, 'The Prayer of Tariq'—the Muslim conqueror of Spain. Iqbal's warriors of the faith are endowed with zeal for religion (*zaaq-e-khudā'i*), Faiz's mongrels with zeal for cadging (*zaaq-e-gadā'i*).
- 10 This poem made a great impression by its extreme simplicity and directness, though its style has seldom been reproduced since, either by imitators or by Faiz himself. The metre and rhyme-scheme of the verse translation are close to those of the original.
- 11 The situation referred to is that of the August rising of 1942 in India, though more than one interpretation is possible. The sonnet-form used in the translation seems not inappropriate. I once pointed out to Faiz that several of his poems were in fourteen lines, and asked whether they had been influenced by the sonnet; he said this might have happened without his being conscious of it, but fourteen lines happened to suit several of his rhyme-patterns.
- 14 The two worlds are that of sense, and the other, invisible one. *Parda-e-sāz* is a musical term, for note or key, so that there is a kind of double meaning here.
- 15 (4) *Dast-e-Şabā*. *Şabā* is any light breeze, particularly of early morning; it recurs frequently in these poems, and may be said to symbolize both a prisoner's tenuous contact with the free world outside, and mankind's hopes of liberation.
- 15 (8) One of several poems that Faiz composed in solitary confinement, when deprived of writing materials, and was only able to write down several months later.
- 17 *Lauh-o-qalam* is an instance of a religious memory woven into a new context, as not infrequently with Faiz. Traditionally the phrase relates to the Book of Destiny where all that was to happen was written down before the creation of the world. For Faiz, who uses it several times in poems of this

- 18 period (it forms the title of no. 20), it seems to symbolize the artist's endowment and his responsibility to his fellow-men.
- 18 The verse translation follows the *ghazal* form of the original, and its metre, except that its four feet (of five syllables each) are reduced to three.
- 18 (2) Faiz says that this line relates to recollections of youthful hope, with frustration and fulfilment alternating. But the whole poem is enigmatic and elusive.
- 18 (9-10) The antithesis of *rind* and *muktasib*, rake and official censor of morals, is traditional, with a frequent insinuation that the latter is a hypocrite, no better in reality than the former. Possibly this couplet is linked to the previous ones by an implied suggestion that sinner and puritan are equally fascinated by the lady with whom the poet is in love.
- 20 (3-4) Conventionally what lends the world vitality is love, or—virtually identical with it—the *pain* of love. The poet will keep inspiring men with the things (*asbāb*) that cause or constitute love and prevent the world from withering into a desert.
- 20 (9-10) An example of old symbols adapted to new meanings. The tavern and its wine stand for genuine religious feeling, the *haram* or shrine for formal, perfunctory belief; here they suggest political idealism in contrast with soulless bureaucracy, and the *sanam* of line 12—idol, or mistress—is the People.
- 23 The poem was originally entitled 'Two Voices'. The metre of the verse translation is close to that of the Urdu, which except in the third stanza is in rhymed couplets like the translation.
- 23 (28) *Nūq*, 'mind', might also be rendered as 'the faculty of speech'.
- 23 (30) Kai: Khosrau, the ancient Persian king.
- 25 Written in solitary confinement in the spring of 1951, when Faiz was awaiting trial and there was reason to fear the worst.
- 25 (14) *Jabr* and *ikhtiyār* have the theological sense of necessity and free will; in this context they imply the alternative of slavish submission or revolt.
- 28 (5-6) Cool cloudy days and moonlit nights are the two times poetically regarded as appropriate to convivial parties, and therefore must awaken painful memories of friends one is cut off from.
- 30 Some revision of this poem has been made by Faiz for the present edition. It should be taken in a general sense, not as referring to any particular place or time.
- 31 The verse translation follows the *ghazal* form of the original.

- 31 (2) The opening of the buds is compared with the *chāk-e-giribān*, the tearing of the garment from collar or breast downward, the traditional expression of unbearable emotion; cf. 13 (14). That is, signs of political progress could be observed here and there in the world. Asked about these signs, Faiz mentioned events in Persia, Egypt, Africa, and East Pakistan.
- 31 (3-4) 'May I be a sacrifice to—': a familiar expression of devotion, here ironical. Throughout this poem, as in various others, the poet uses the first person plural which may, as in Latin or Greek, denote either 'we' or 'I'. In this case he recommended that both words should figure in the translation, the idea being that one man is saying what many men are feeling.
- 32 'Bāst-o-kushād', or 'administration', means literally 'closing and opening', and there is a punning allusion to a line of Sa'di where the same words refer to stones being kept shut up while dogs are turned loose. The point is that citizens are allowed no means of defending themselves against persecution.
- 32 (5-6) There are echoes here of Iqbal's poem *Maiñ aur Tū* ('I and You'), in *Bāng-e-Darā*, with its allusion to the Quranic story, a favourite with Iqbal, of how Nimrod the tyrant, who pretended to be a god, tried to burn Abraham at the stake, and how the flames turned miraculously into flowers.
- 34 At the end of this poem Faiz writes, in the 1967 edition, *Nā-tamām*—'Unfinished'.
- 35 The city for whose familiar sights, so close to him yet invisible, the poet felt homesick, was old Lahore. He was brought here from Montgomery jail for a short time in the spring of 1954. The poem was begun at Lahore on March 28 and finished at Montgomery on April 15.
- 35 (14) *Lailas*, or 'sweethearts': Laila was the legendary lover of Majnun, and romantic love and political idealism are, as so often, equated.
- 36 Written in Montgomery jail in December 1954. The crosses or crucifixes of the poem are those formed by the grating of bars over the cell window. For Muslims, Jesus is a prophet and miracle-worker, but is not believed to have suffered the shameful humiliation of crucifixion. Faiz is the first Urdu poet to make an imaginative use of the idea of death on the cross.
- 37 Written in Montgomery jail on March 30, 1955. The original title was 'Africa Come Back'—a phrase that Faiz had heard of as the watchword of rebels in some part of Africa. A number of his poems have circulated in East Africa in Swahili versions.
- Dast-e-tah-e-Sāng*—a forced promise; one makes a pledge by

- 39 putting one's hand in another's, but if the hand is trapped under a rock instead, no choice is left.  
 Impressions of a night at Urumchi in Sinkiang. The poem has a companion-piece called 'Peking'.  
 40 Written in April 1957.  
 41 A prison poem of 1956.  
 41 (5) I give the meaning as explained by Faiz, but the image, taken straightforwardly, is a curious one.  
 41 (6) The sacred marks on the forehead, and the smearing with ashes, belong to a Hindu holy man; and the closing lines evoke the morning ritual of a Hindu temple, with conch-shells blown to summon worshippers.  
 42 A poem in defence of patriots subjected to slander and misrepresentation.  
 44 (17-18) The wording is unusual; I give the meaning as explained by Faiz.  
 46 This and the next poem are coupled as 'Two Elegies' (*Do Marşıye*); they were written in memory of a young progressive who perished in prison. He is imagined to be speaking in his own person. *Mulāqāt*—meeting, interview, visit—became a prisoners' term for a visitor allowed to see them.  
 47 (8) The madman pelted with stones by street urchins is a common poetical image.  
 47 (12-13) A quotation from Ghalib.  
 48 Written at Moscow, August 1963.  
 48 (4) *Khün-e-jigar hone tak* is a phrase from Ghalib. The liver is associated with a more tender, affectionate kind of love than the heart.  
 49 Written at Moscow in 1963.  
 49 (12-13) There is an echo here, as so often, of Ghalib.  
 50 Written at Moscow in 1964. The recurrent word *āhista* usually means 'slowly', but may also mean 'softly': here, as Faiz pointed out to me, the two senses run into each other.  
 52 (10) *Yad-e-bezā*: a phrase used of the miraculous shining of Moses's hand in the presence of Pharaoh.  
 52 (14) The wording is obscure; Faiz says it means: 'till the river finds its banks'—that is, I suppose, when the floodwater subsides and the banks re-emerge.  
 52 (16) *Fanā*, 'death' or 'destruction', was a term of the Sufi mystics for the total submergence of the conscious self in the infinite.  
 54 *Hamd*, 'praise', often signifies a hymn, or praise of God.  
 54 (19) There is an echo here of the last line but one of Iqbal's poem *Jabril o Iblis* ('Gabriel and Satan'), in *Bāl-e-Jabril*, but with a transposition of meaning.

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

- At last half-promise of a spring has come— page 179  
 At times, at times, in remembrance faintly old scenes reviving, 119  
 Before you came, all things were what they are— 253  
 Be near me— 257  
 Bury me, oh my country, under your pavements, 183  
 Cut them all down, these crippled plants, 213  
 Darkness an ever-deepening flood, 105  
 Do not ask how much I have longed for you 133  
 Far on the horizon a tremor of light flickered. 235  
 Fresh yet in memory, 163  
 God never send a time when you too mourn— 51  
 If I could know for certain, my fellow-man, my friend— 109  
 If ink and pen are snatched from me, shall I 117  
 I have caught the madness of your drum, 209  
 In my barred window is hung many a cross, 205  
 In the mind's hall, holding each his dead lamp, 97  
 In the sky, while evening's star burns out among twilight  
 embers, 161  
 I shall not cease to feed this pen, but still 129  
 It is as if each tree 227  
 It was still dark, when standing by my pillow 193  
 Last night your faded memory filled my heart 49  
 Listless and wan, green patch by patch, noonday dries up; 201  
 Long years those hands, unfriended and unfree, 101  
 Love, do not ask me for that love again. 65  
 Midnight, moon, oblivion— 55  
 Night at this season comes on like flowing wine; 243  
 No more now shall the drum sound, and no more 219  
 No spur left now for endeavour; gone, ambition of soaring; we  
 have done 137  
 Not enough the tear-stained eye, the storm-tossed life, 231  
 Once more a Day of Wrath's loud din 149  
 On every pathway broods this hour of waiting, 151  
 On gate and roof a crushing load of silence— 63  
 Only a few days, dear one, a few days more. 79  
 Round you my memories of that fair one twine 69

Shadows and road--trees, dwellings, doors—rim of the roof;	261
Since all the lamps went out	269
Someone has come at last, sad heart!—No, no-one is there;	77
Sovereign lady of life's city,	239
Speak, for your two lips are free;	87
Step by step by its twisted stairway	189
Suddenly pierced today by the sharp lance of my gaze	249
The pain will end—do not wail,	267
There was such pain that night my maddened spirit	273
The softness of her fingers is in this dawn-wind's hand;	135
The whole wall has grown dim, to the circling roof;	245
This leprous daybreak, dawn night's fangs have mangled—	123
Today loneliness like a well-tried friend	225
Touch tonight no chord of sorrow,	59
Twilight is burning out and turning chill,	91
We for whom prayer is a custom forgotten,	277
We too shall see the goal of hope's long race;	155
Whilst we breathe, still in the Street of Rapture robed	159
Who are they, these	173
With fiery zeal endowed—to beg,	83