

their smell, the flowers, which grow in this month. He can smell the grass. The bushes and the wild fruit trees and the trees are flowering in spring with sweet scented blossoms (hawthorn). He can also smell the sweet smelling honeysuckle (eglantine) which has been sung in the poetry of the shepherds. He can also smell the sweet fragrance of the violets which are covered up in leaves and are withering away very fast. He can also smell the climbing rose giving smell of musk and which blossoms in the middle of the spring. The rose is full of dewdrops which are as sweet and intoxicating as wine. On summer evenings swarms of flies come and sit on this rose.

Lines 53-61

I have been halfbecome a sod.

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

In these lines, the poet says that he listens to the song in the darkness of the night. It is such a moment of rapture that he wishes to die. He has invoked death in his dreamily composed poetry. He has asked it to take away from breath into the air. With the song of nightingale in his ears and with the beauty of spring around him, he desires to die at that time. He wishes to cease existing at midnight painlessly. The nightingale would continue singing even after his death and her song will be a sort of religious service for the peace of his soul. He will be in his grave but she will continue singing her immortal song.

Lines 62-70

Thou wast not born....faery lands forlorn.

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey

چلا جاؤں، شراب کے دیوتا ٹیکس کے رتھ میں نہیں۔ بلکہ شاعری کے نظر نہ آنے والے پروں پر بیٹھ کر چلا جاؤں، حلاکت۔ ذہن کند ہو گیا ہے اور بچکا چاتا ہے۔ لیکن میں تیرے ساتھ جانا چاہتا ہوں۔ رات کتنی سہانی ہے۔ چاند کی شہزادی اپنے تخت پر بیٹھی ہوگی۔ اور ستاروں کی خادما میں اسے اپنے گھیرے میں لئے ہوئے ہوں گی لیکن یہاں کوئی روشنی نہیں۔ سوائے اس روشنی کے کہ جو ہواؤں کے ساتھ آسمان سے آتی ہے اور ہزاروں اور گھاس کے خطوں کی تاریکی میں سے گزرتی ہے،

Paraphrase:

I will definitely leave the world unseen, but I shall not be transported to your world by drinking wine. I shall not be conveyed to you by the god of wine whose carriage is driven by leopards. On the other hand I shall be conveyed to the world where you live on the invisible wings of poetry. The dull brain confuses and checks the progress of my imagination. I have already reached in the world where you live. The night is soft because as it happens the Queen Moon is seated on her throne and she is surrounded by stars which are like fairies. But in the plot where you sing and where I am seated there is no light except that which is blown by the breezes though green darkness and the paths which are covered with moss.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Not what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming must-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
Darkling I listen; and for many a time

میں نہیں دیکھ سکتا کہ کون سے پھول میرے قدموں میں یا کونسی خوشبو ٹہنیوں سے آرہی ہے
لیکن اندھیرے میں میں ہر اس خوشبو کو پہچانتا ہوں جو موسم کے اعتبار سے ہر مہینہ۔ گھاس
جھاڑیوں اور جنگلی پھلدار درختوں میں بسی رہتی ہے سفید پھول، قدیم پھول جلد مرجھانے والے
پھول جو پتوں میں ڈھکے رہتے ہیں اور مئی کے مہینہ کا بڑا بچہ یعنی خوشبودار پھول جو شبنم کی شراب
سے بھرا ہوتا ہے۔ اور مئی کے موسم بہار کی شام کو مکھیوں کی بھنبھناہٹ تاریکی میں (ان سب
چیزوں کو) سنتا ہوں اور محسوس کرتا ہوں

Paraphrase:

Due to the gloom, I cannot distinguish between the flowers at night. I do not know the scent of flowers which grow in the branches and the tree. In the sweet scent of

Paraphrase:

My heart pains. I feel loss of power, of feeling and sleepiness. It seems as if I had either drunk hemlock (poison) or had drunk some medicine relieving pain and causing sleepiness. I had drunk the extract of opium to the last drop a minute ago and had become forgetful of myself and my surroundings. It seemed I had been conveyed to the river in underworld whose water brought about forgetfulness. This pain and numbness is not due to jealousy of your happy mood. It is due to too much happiness caused by your song. You nymph of tree. You are singing in the branches of a large tree and numberless shadows produced by them. You sing of summer with rapture and as a result of that your throat seems to be swollen.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

شراب کا ایک گھونٹ مل جائے اس انگور کی شراب جو کافی عرصہ گہری کھدی ہوئی زمین میں نم پڑی رہے اور نباتات کا ذائقہ لیتی رہے۔ پرنس کے نغمہ رقص اور تیز دھوپ میں خوشیوں سے لطف اندوز ہوتی رہی ہے۔ یا جنوبی یورپ کے گرم خطے کی شراب کا ایک گھونٹ مل جائے کہ جو بمقام بیو کریں جو شاعری کے لئے مخصوص ہے پیدا ہوتی ہے اس کے کناروں پر جھاگ اٹھتے رہتے ہیں اور رنگ ارغوانی ہوتا ہے ایک گھونٹ پی لوں اور دنیا کو خاموشی سے چھوڑ دوں اور تیرے ساتھ گھنے جنگل میں غائب ہو جاؤں۔

Paraphrase:

I long for a drink of wine which has been cooled for a long time in the deep dug earth. It has been stored and preserved in cool cellars. It would remind me of spring time and the village green on which people living in southern France dance in ecstasy. It should remind me of the revelry of the country life. I desire to drink the red wine which should be like the sacred spring of the Muses. This wine should inspire me to write great poetry. The tall cup of the wine from south of France should be full. Bubbles coming to the surface near the brim of the cup should break and form. The bubbles are in the shape of beads. I desire to drink this warm wine of the south so that with the intoxication of the wine I should

flowers I can differentiate by their smell, the flowers, which grow in this month. I can smell the grass. The bushes and the wild fruit trees and the trees which are flowering in spring with sweet scented blossoms (hawthorn). I can also smell the sweet smelling honeysuckle (eglantine) which has been sung in the poetry of the shepherds. I can also smell the sweet fragrance of the violets which are covered up in leaves and are withering away very fast. I also smell the climbing rose giving smell of musk and which blossoms in the middle of the spring. The rose is full of dewdrops which are as sweet and intoxicating as wine. On summer evenings swarms of flies come and sit on this rose.

I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain
To thy high requiem become a sod.

اور کئی مرتبہ میں نے سکون بخش موت چاہی ہے اور اسے

کئی مرتبہ اشعار میں عمدہ ناموں سے بلایا ہے کہ وہ میرا سانس خاموشی سے نکال لے کئی مرتبہ مر جانا بہت بھلا معلوم ہوا ہے۔ کہ آدھی رات کو بغیر تکلیف اٹھائے ختم ہو جاؤں۔ اس وقت جب کہ تو اپنی روح کا ساز بکھیر رہی ہے اس مستی میں میں چاہتا ہوں کہ تو اور گانا گائے۔ میرے کان تجھے ہی پرنگے ہوئے ہیں۔ اور میں چاہتا ہوں کہ موت کا مہلکین راگ سن کر میں خاک ہو جاؤں۔

Paraphrase:

I listen to the song in the darkness of the night. It is such a moment of rapture that I wish very much to die. I have invoked death in my dreamily composed poetry. I have asked him to take away my breath into the air. With your song in my ears and with the beauty of spring around me I desire to die at this time I wish to cease existing at midnight painlessly. You would continue singing even after my death and your song will be a sort of religious service for the peace of my soul. I shall be in my grave but you will continue singing your immortal song.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home

forgetful of everything else around him.

Lines 11-20

O, for a draughtthe forest dim

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

In these lines, Keats longs for a drink of wine. It would remind him of spring tide and the village green on which people living in southern France dance in ecstasy. It should remind him of the revelry of the country life. He desires to drink the red wine which should be like the sacred spring of the Muses. This wine should inspire him to write great poetry. The cup of wine from south of France should be full. The bubbles should be in a shape of beads. He desires to drink this warm wine of the south so that with the intoxication of the wine he should disappear into the dim forest where the nightingale is singing.

Lines 21-30

Fade far away.....beyond to-morrow

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

In these lines, Keats says that he should vanish and melt and forget completely the weariness, distress and the anxieties of this world which the nightingale does not experience in the foliage of the tree. In this world people suffer from paralysis. They grow old and hear the groans of one another. In this world young people grow pale and thin like ghosts and die. The very thought of something troublesome brings sorrow. Due to sorrow the poet becomes heavy like lead. Beauty in this world is not permanent. It can

not retain the brightness of the eyes. Love is not constant. It is short lived.

Lines 31-40

Away! away! forwinding mossy ways

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

In these lines, Keats asserts that he will definitely leave the world unseen. But he will not be transported to the world of nightingale by drinking wine. He will not be conveyed to the nightingale's world by the god of wine whose carriage is driven by leopards. On the other hand he will be conveyed to the world where the nightingale lives on the invisible wings of poetry. The dull brain confuses and checks the progress of the imagination of the poet. He has already reached in the world where the nightingale lives. The night is soft because the Queen Moon is seated on her throne and she is surrounded by stars which are like fairies. But in the plot where the nightingale is singing and where the poet is seated, there is no light except that which is blown by the breezes though green darkness and the paths which are covered with moss.

Lines 41-52

I cannot see what.....for many a time

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

In these lines, the poet says that due to the gloom, he cannot distinguish between the flowers at night. He does not know the scent of flowers which grow in the branches and the tree. In the sweet scent of flowers he can differentiate by

poet. They have, therefore, a life of their own.

The poet breaks off on the word forlorn. The word forlorn breaks in like the tolling of a bell to signal the end of the poet's emotional exaltation. The fairylands were forlorn because they were remote and strange. In the final stanza the poet returns to the earth. The fading away is slow and regular. The song fades slowly. The bird flies past the near meadows, then over the hill stream, then up the hillside. Finally it is buried deep in the next valley glades. In the last two verses the poet comes to a smooth and quiet end. He asks himself whether what he had seen and heard was a vision or a reverie.

Keats does not moralize after the event. He does not utter lyric cries of pain. He has been writing about a full and rich experience and having described the experience he stops.

Explanations with Reference to the Context

Lines 1-10

My heart aches....in full-throated

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

In these lines, Keats says that his heart aches. He feels loss of power of feeling and sleepiness. It seems as if he has either drunk poison or some pain-relieving medicine. He has drunk the extract of opium to the last drop a minute ago and has become forgetful of his surroundings. It seems to him that he has been conveyed to the river in underworld whose water brings about forgetfulness. This pain and numbness is not due to the jealousy of the happy mood of nightingale. It is due to too much happiness caused by her song. She is singing in a place which is filled by her melody. She is singing in the branches of a large trees producing numberless shadows. She sing of summer with rapture and as a result of which her throat seems to be swollen. The lines clearly depicts the involvement of Keats in the song of nightingale. He has absorbed in the music and has become

deceive so well as she is supposed to trick people. Fancy is a fairy which has deceived me. The world of fancy is snapped and I bid farewell to it. O Nightingale! I bid you farewell. Your song has become distant. You have flown beyond the meadows and over the silent stream. Now you are flying upon the hillside. Your song is buried in the forest trees. Was it a vision, some spiritual experience, or was it a dream which I had while I was awake. The music of the Nightingale is gone. I wonder whether I am sleeping or awake.

Critical Appreciation

In the Ode to a Nightingale Keats portrays a state of intense aesthetic and imaginative feeling. It is so intense that it cannot last for a long time. This feeling arises with the song of a bird and vanishes when the song is done. The poet records his emotion and its passing without comment. No mood is simple and unalloyed by other feelings. Keats begins by saying that his heart aches. A drowsy numbness pains his sense, as though he had drunk of hemlock. This mood is not due to grief, or envy of the Nightingale, but the poet is too happy in the happiness of the bird. In his Ode to Melancholy, he declares that intense pleasure cannot be distinguished from pain which makes a person senseless.

In the opening lines of the Ode we find the mood of the poet. He rejects the draught of vintage by whose magic power he would escape the weariness, the fever and the fret of life. Keats describes his own sufferings in stanza III but that suffering is sublimated. The true beginning comes in stanza IV. Keats flies to the Nightingale on the viewless wings of poesy. The poem reaches its full intensity in this stanza and the three following. The imaginative exaltation contrasts with the melancholy of stanza III. Only by being aware of sorrow can the poet devote himself whole hearted to joy. The ode is full of wonderful imagery. There is the soft light of the moon and the stars. The air is loaded with sweet smells. Though he cannot differentiate between various flowers and fruits he can tell them apart from their smells. Then he comes to death. Death itself may offer the fullest sense of life. Death is the culmination of health.

The spell of the poem is deepest in stanza VII. The lines about magic casements are pure magic. The song of the bird is immortal though the bird is mortal. Just as the song of the bird is immortal so is his sad heart of Ruth. The temporal Ruth died a long ago the eternal Ruth lives on in poetry. So is the case with magic casement. They are immortal because they have long vanished or they never in fact existed. The magic casements are the result of the imagination of the

the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

In these lines, the poet addresses the nightingale and says, 'O immortal bird you cannot be crushed by cruel and hungry people who would follow after the present generation is dead. Your specie will continue to live and your song is immortal. Your melodious voice which I am hearing this night was heard by Emperor and his jester in days of old. It is possible that this very song entered in the sad heart of Ruth who stood in a foreign country and had to gather leaving of corn for food. She was weeping for the place of her birth and your song comforted her. This song was heard in remote and distant fairylands. It was heard through the romantic and fairy windows which opened towards the stormy seas of the fairyland'.

Lines 71-80

Forlorn! the very word.....wake or sleep?

Reference:

These lines have been taken from the poem, 'Ode to a nightingale' written by John Keats.

Context:

In this ode Keats compares his inner conditions with the pleasant atmosphere around him. He hears to the song of a nightingale and tries to seek a world, full of happiness, in his imagination. He describes the experiences he gets from his journey into the realm of imagination and tries to convey the aesthetic pleasure he gets from it.

Explanation:

These lines tell us that the word 'forlorn' strikes like a bell and brings the poet back to his lonely self again. He says farewell to the nightingale and the realm created by his imagination. He says that his imagination cannot deceive so well. Imagination is a fairy which deceived the poet. When the world of fancy snaps, the poet bids farewell to it. He says to nightingale, 'O Nightingale! I bid you farewell. Your song has become thinner. You have flown beyond the meadows and over the silent stream. Now you are flying upon the hillside. Your song is buried in the forest trees. Was it a vision, some spiritual experience or was it a dream which I had while I was awake. The music of the Nightingale is gone.' The poet wonders whether he was sleeping or waking.

disappear into the dim forest where you are singing.
 Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

کہیں دور جا کر غائب ہو جاؤں اور وہ تمام باتیں بھول جاؤں
 جن کا تجھے علم نہیں ہوا درختوں پر بسیرا کرنے کے درمیان تھکن، بخار، خلش اس جگہ سے
 یہاں آدمی بیٹھے ہیں اور ایک دوسرے سے اپنی تکلیفیں بیان کرتے ہیں بوڑھے آدمی ریشہ
 زدہ ہیں اور اپنے مختصر خضاب آلودہ بادل جھٹکتے رہتے ہیں۔ یہاں جوان زرد پڑتے ہی جاتے
 ہیں اور سایہ کی طرح دھیسے ہو جاتے ہیں اور مر جاتے ہیں یہاں اگر سوچیں بھی تو غمگین فکریں سامنے
 آتی ہیں۔ اور ناکامیوں کے سخت چہرے دکھائی دیتے ہیں۔ یہاں خوبصورتی اپنے سحر کن آنکھیں
 نہیں جماسکتی یا تنی محبت دوسرے دن تک قائم نہیں رہتی۔

Paraphrase:

I should vanish and melt and forget completely the weariness, distress and the anxieties of this world which you do not experience in the foliage of the tree. In this world people suffer from paralysis. They grow old and hear the groans of one another. In this world young people grow pale and thin like ghosts and die. The very thought of something troublesome brings sorrow. Due to sorrow I become heavy like lead. Beauty in this world is not permanent. It can not retain the brightness of the eyes. Love is not constant. It is short lived.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards;
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Though verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways

میں چاہتا ہوں کہ تیرے ساتھ اڑ کر دور

Ode to a Nightingale

Introduction

The account of Charles Brown as the source and evolution of the Ode to a Nightingale is authentic evidence to this point.

"In the Spring of 1819, a nightingale had built her nest near my house in Hampstead. Keats felt a tranquil and continued joy in the song; and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast table to the grass plot under a tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On enquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feeling on the song of our nightingale. The writing was not well legible; it was difficult to arrange the stanzas on so many scraps. With his assistance I succeeded, and this was his Ode to a Nightingale."

Keats listened to the Nightingale's song. He was oppressed by its beauty and joy. He longed for the aid of a cup of wine to escape to the world of the forest far from the cares and sorrows of the daily life.

Text

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

(تیری آواز سن کر) میرے دل میں درد اٹھتا ہے اور میرے ہوش و حواس سن ہو جاتے ہیں
گویا کہ میں نے زہر پی لیا ہو۔ یا خواب آور دوا کافی پی او ہو جس سے چند لمحوں بعد ہی مد ہوشی
طاری ہو جاتی ہے۔ اے لیل میں تیری اچھی تقدیر پر رشک نہیں کرتا۔ میں بھی تیری خوشی
میں خوش ہوں اس لئے کہ تو درختوں کی نازک پروں والی پری ہے۔ اور سرسبز گھاس کے میدان
میں جس میں سایہ دار درخت موجود ہیں۔ تو اپنی پوری آواز سے موسم بہار کے گیت گاتی ہے۔

Sultan Khan

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-time hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

اے! فانی پرندے تو مرنے کے لئے پیدا نہیں ہوا کوئی نسل تجھے بچا نہیں رکھا سکتی وہ آواز
جو میں نے گزشتہ رات سنی تھی۔ وہی آواز قدیم زمانے میں بادشاہوں نے اور چرواہوں نے
سنی ہے شاید وہی گیت ہے۔ جس نے رتھ کے نمکین دل کو بہلایا جب کہ اس کو وطن کی یاد آ رہی تھی۔
اور وہ اجنبی کشتیوں میں کھڑی رہ رہی تھی۔ یہ وہی گیت ہے جس نے اکثر جادو کے دروازے کھول
دئے ہیں۔ اور خطرناک سمندروں میں اور دور پرپوں کی سرزمین میں پہنچنے کے راستے بتا دیئے۔

Paraphrase:

O immortal bird you cannot be crushed by cruel and hungry people who would follow after the present generation is dead. Your specie will continue to live and your song is immortal. Your melodious voice which I am hearing this night was heard by Emperor and his jester in days of old. It is possible that this very song entered in the sad heart of Ruth who stood in a foreign country and had to gather leaving of corn for food. She was weeping for the place of her birth and your song comforted her. This song was heard in remote and distant fairylands. It was heard through the romantic and fairy windows which opened towards the stormy seas of the fairyland.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades;
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

آہ تباہی اور بیکسی یہ لفظ ایک گھڑیاں کی طرح تجھے یاد دلاتا ہے۔ خدا حافظ! تیری وجہ سے جو دھوکا
کھاتا ہوں وہ زیادہ دیر تک نہیں چل سکتا۔ آہستہ آہستہ مدہم پڑ جاتی ہے چراگاہوں اور خاموش
نہریوں پر پہنچ

کر اور پہاڑیوں پر پہنچ کر اور پھر وادیوں میں دفن ہو جاتی ہے۔ کیا یہ دھوکا تھا یا جاگتے میں میں خواب
دیکھ رہا تھا۔ وہ موسیقی چلی گئی۔ کیا میں جاگتا ہوں یا سوتا ہوں۔

Paraphrase:

The word forlorn is like a bell which has brought me back to my lonely self again. Farewell! Imagination cannot