رقبب سے

آکہ وابشتہ بین اُسٹشن کی یادیں تجھسے جس نے اِس دِل کو بیری خانہ بنار کھاتھا جس کی اُلفت بیں مجلار کھی خفی دُنیا ہم نے دئیر کو دہر کا افسانہ بنا رکھا تھا

آشنا ہیں زرے فدموں سے وہ راہیں جن بر اُس کی مذہون جوانی نے عنایت کی ہے کارواں گذرہے ہیں جن سے اُسی رغنا ئی کے بحس کی إن انکھوں نے بے سود عبادت کی ہے

نجھے سیے صبلی ئیں وہ مخبوب ہوائیں جن میں انس کے ملبوس کی افسٹر دہ مہاک باقی ہے نجھے رہے بھی برساہے اُس مام سے نتا اب کا آوڑ

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

- I 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.
 With you have played those beloved breezes in which
- The faded scent of her dress remains;
 On you too has rained from that roof the light of the moon

RAQĪB SE

- I Ā kĕ vābasta hain us husn kī yāden tujh-se Jis-ne is dil ko parī-khāna banā-rakhā thā, Jiskī ulfat men bhulā-rakkhī thī dunyā ham-ne, Dahr ko dahr kā afsāna banā-rakhā thā.
- 5 Āshnā hain tĕre qadmon se vo rāhen jin-par Uskī madhosh jawānī-ne 'ināyat kī hai, Kārawān guzare hain jin-se usī ra'nā'ī ke Jiskī in ānkhon-ne be-sūd 'ibādat kī hai. Tujh-se khelī hain vo maḥbūb hawā'en jin-men
- 10 Uske malbūs kī afsurda mahak bāqī hai; Tujh-pĕ bhī barsā hai us bām se mahtāb kā nūr

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;

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-men bītī hū'ī rāton kī kasak bāqī hai;
Tū-ne dekhī hai vo peshānī, vo rukhsār, vo honṭ
Zindagī jinke taṣawwur men luṭā-dī ham-ne,
Tujh-pē uṭṭhī hain vo khō'ī hū'ī sāḥir ānkhen,
Tujhko ma'lūm hai kyūn 'umr ganwā-dī ham-ne.
Ham-pĕ mushtaraka hain iḥsān gham-e-ulfat ke,
Itne iḥsān ke ginwā'ūn to ginwā na sakūn;

Ham-ne is 'ishq men kyā khoyā hai, kyā sīkhā hai,

بھُز تِرے اُورکوسمجھاؤں توسمجھانسکوں عابِحزی سیکھی عربیوں کی جمابیت سیکھی باس وجھان کے ، ڈکھد دُرد کے مفنی سیکھا نربر دشتوں کے مصائب کوسمجھنا سیکھا سمرد انہوں کے دُرخ ِ زرد کے مفنی سیکھے جب کہیں بکھے کے دونے بہن وہ بکس جن کے انٹک انکھوں بین بلکتے بہوئے سوجانے بین نا توانوں کے نوالوں بیہ جھیٹتے بہن عقاب باڈو تو نے بہوئے شاکلاتے بہوئے اسے بین 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.

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,—

Juz těre aur ko samjhā'ūṅ to samjhā na sakūṅ.
'ājizī sīkhī, gharīboṅ kī ḥimāyat sīkhī,
Yās o ḥirmān ke, dukh dard ke ma'nī sīkhe,
Zerdastoṅ ke maṣā'ib ko samajhnā sīkhā,
Sard āhoṅ ke, rukh-e-zard ke ma'nī sīkhe.

Jab kahīn baithke rote hain vo be-kas jinke Ashk ānkhon men bilakte hū'e so-jāte hain, Nā-tawānon ke nivālon pĕ jhapaṭte hain 'uqāb Bāzū tole hū'e, mandlāte hū'e āte hain, جىكى بى بنائى بازارىي مزدُوركا گوشت شاہراموں بېغرىبوں كالهوُ بهتا ہے اگسى سىنىيى رەرەكە المئنى ئے نردُج الْبِينے دِل بِرِجْھُے قالُو ہى نہيں رہتائے 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.

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.

Jab kabhī biktā hai bāzār men mazdūr kā gosht, 30 Shāhrāhon pě gharībon kā lahū bahtā hai, Āg-sī sīne men rah-rahke ubalti hai, na pūchh! Apne dil par mujhe qābū hī nahīn rahtā hai.