

# 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 تزلزل 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 tēre dil kī thakan,  
 Terī ānkhoṅ kī udāsī, tēre sīne kī jalan,  
 Merī dil-jū'ī, mēre pyār se miṭ-jā'egī;*
- 5 *Gar mērā ḥarf-e-tasallī vo dawā ho jis-se  
 Jī uṭhe phir tērā ujṛā hū'ā be-nūr dimāgh,  
 Terī peshānī se dhul-jā'en ye tazlīl ke dāgh,*

تیری بیمار جوانی کو شفا ہو جائے  
 گر مجھے اس کا یقین ہو مرے ہمدم، مرے دوست  
 روز و شب، شام و سحر، میں تجھے بہلاتا رہوں  
 میں تجھے گیت سناتا رہوں، ہلکے شیریں  
 آبتناروں کے بہاروں کے، چمن زاروں کے گیت  
 آمدِ صبح کے، مہتاب کے سیاروں کے گیت  
 تجھ سے میں حُسن و محبت کی حکایات کہوں  
 کیسے منغرور حسیناؤں کے برفاب سے جسم  
 گرم ہاتھوں کی حرارت میں پگھل جاتے ہیں  
 کیسے اک چہرے کے ٹھہرے ہوئے مانوس نقوش  
 دیکھتے دیکھتے یک لخت بدل جاتے ہیں  
 کس طرح عارضِ محبوب کا شفاف بلور  
 یک بیک بادۂِ اُحمر سے دہک 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;

Terī bimār jawānī ko shifā ho-jā'e—  
 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho, mēre hamdam, mēre dost,  
 10 Roz o shab, shām o saḥar, main tujhe bahlātā rahūn,  
 Main tujhe gīt sunātā rahūn, halke, shīrīn,  
 Ābshāron ke, bahāron ke, chamanzāron ke gīt,  
 Āmad-e-ṣubḥ ke, mahtāb ke, saiyāron ke gīt;  
 Tujh-se main ḥusn o maḥabbat kī ḥikāyāt kahūn,  
 15 Kaise maghrūr ḥasīnā'on ke barfāb-se jism  
 Garm hāthoñ kī ḥarārat meñ pighal-jāte haiñ;  
 Kaise ěk chahre ke ḥahre hū'e mānūs nuqūsh  
 Dekhte dekhte yak lakht badal-jāte haiñ;  
 Kis ḥarāḥ 'āriz-e-maḥbūb kā shaffāf bilaur  
 20 Yak-ba-yak bāda-e-aḥmar se dahak-jātā hai;

کیسے گلچین کے لئے جھکتی ہے خود شاخِ گلاب  
 کس طرح رات کا ایوان مہک جاتا ہے  
 یوں ہی گاتا رہوں، گاتا رہوں، تیری خاطر  
 گیت بنتا رہوں، بیٹھا رہوں، تیری خاطر  
 پر مرے گیت ترے دکھ کا مداوا ہی نہیں  
 نغمہ جراح نہیں، مونس و غم خوار سہی  
 گیت نشتر تو نہیں، مرہم آزار سہی  
 تیرے آزار کا چارہ نہیں، نشتر کے سوا  
 اور یہ سفاک مسیحا مرے قبضے میں نہیں  
 اس جہاں کے کسی ذی رُوح کے قبضے میں نہیں  
 ماں 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—yourself, 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 gulchīn ke liye jhuktī hai khwud shākh-e-gulāb,  
 Kis ṭarah rāt kā aiwān mahak-jātā hai;  
 Yūn-hī gātā-rahūn, gātā-rahūn, terī khāṭir,  
 Gīt buntā-rahūn, baiṭhā-rahūn, terī khāṭir.  
 25 *Par mere gīt tere dukh kā mudāvā hī nahīn,  
 Nagma jarrāḥ nahīn, mūnis o ḡham-khwār sahī;  
 Gīt nishtar to nahīn, marham-e-āzār sahī.  
 Tere āzār kā chāra nahīn, nishtar ke siwā,  
 Aur ye saffāk masihā mere qabze meñ nahīn,*  
 30 *Is jahān ke kisī zī-rūḥ ke qabze meñ nahīn,  
 Hāñ magar tere siwā, tere siwā, tere siwā.*