**دورشق** (ا)

تازه بین ابھی باد میں ائے ساقی گُل فام وُه مُجُول سی کھنتی ہوئی دِیدار کی ساعت وُه مُجُول سی کھنتی ہوئی دِیدار کی ساعت وُه دِل سا دھ طِکتا ہُوا اُتم ید کا مِنگام اُتم ید کِد و جاگا غم دِل کا نصیب اُتم ید کِد و جاگا غم دِل کا نصیب لونڈون کی نزسی ہُوئی شب ہوگئی آ ہِر لوڈوب گئے دُد دکے بے نواب بنتا ہے اب جیکے گا بے صنبر لِگا ہوں کا محقد د 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

I 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

Tāza hain abhī yād men, ai sāqī-e-gul-fām, Vo 'aks-e-rukh-e-yār se lahke hū'e aiyām, Vo phūl-sī khiltī hū'ī dīdār kī sā'at, Vo dil-sā dharaktā hū'ā ummed kā hangām—

5 Ummed kë lo jägā gham-e-dil kā naṣība, Lo shauq kī tarsī hū'ī shab ho-ga'ī ākhir, Lo dūb-ga'e dard ke be-khwāb sitāre, Ab chamkegā be-ṣabr nigāhon kā muqaddar: اِس بام سے نگلے گا تربے شن کانوُر شیر اُس کُنج سے بھیوٹے گی کرن زنگ جِنا کی اِس درسے بھے گا تری رفتار کا سِیاب اُس راہ یہ بھیو نے گی شفق نیری قبا کی

پھردسکھے ہیں جُرکے بینتے ہوئے دِن بھی جعب فِکردِل وَجاں میں فِنغاں مُبولگئی ہے ہرشب وُہ سِیہ بوجھ کِہ دِل بَیٹِھ کیا ہے ہرشہے کی کو تیرسی سیننے 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.

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, Every night such a black load that the heart sank, Every morning's flame entered my breast like an arrow.

Is bām se niklegā těre husn kā khwurshīd,

Us kunj se phūtegī kirn raṅg-e-hinā kī,

Is dar se bahegā těrī raftār kā sīmāb,

Us rāh pě phūlegī shafaq terī qabā kī.

Phir dekhe hain vo hijr ke tapte hū'e din bhī Jab fikr-e-dil-o-jān men fughān bhūl-ga'ī hai, Har shab vo siya bojh ke dil baiṭh-gayā hai, Har şubḥ kī lau tīr-sī sīne men lagī hai. Lonely, how many
Ways I remembered you—
Wretched, how many
Refuges caught at,
Pressing the wind's cool
Hand on hot eyelids,
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,
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 men kyā kyā na tujhe yād kiyā hai, Kyā kyā na dil-e-zār-ne ḍhūnḍī hain panāhen; Āṅkhon se lagāyā hai kabhī dast-e-ṣabā ko, Dālī hain kabhī gardan-e-mahtāb men bāhen.

Chāhā hai isī rang men lailā-e-waṭan ko, Taṛpā hai isī ṭaur se dil uskī lagan men, Phūndī hai yūṅ-hī shauq-ne āsā'ish-e-manzil Rukhsār ke kham men, kabhī kākul kī shikan men; ائس جان جهان کو بھی ٹو بنتی قلب وَنظر نے
ہاں کو بھی ٹو بنتی قلب وَنظر نے
ہیں دورو کے لِکارا
پورے کے سب جڑف مِنا کے نقاضے
ہردرد کو اُجیالا، ہراک عم کو سنوارا
والبین بہیں بھیرا کو ئی فزمان جُنوْں کا
ہنتہانی ہوتی فرمان جُنوْں کا
جُریرِت جان راحت بن مِتحت دا ماں
سب جھوا گئیں صلحت دا ماں
سب جھوا گئیں صلحت برا مال

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.

- 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.
- Us jān-e-jahān ko bhī yūn-hī qalb-o-nazar-ne Hans-hanske ṣadā dī, kabhī ro-roke pukārā. Pūre ki'e sab harf-e-tamannā ke taqāze, Har dard ko ujyālā, harēk gham ko sanwārā; Wāpas nahīn pherā ko'ī farmān junūn kā,
- 30 Tanhā nahīn lauṭī kabhī āwāz jaras kī; <u>Kh</u>airīyat-e-jān, rāḥat-e-tan, ṣĕḥḥat-e-dāmān, Sab bhūl-ga'īn maṣlaḥaten ahl-e-havas kī.

اس راه بین جوسب بیگذرتی ہے وُه گذری منظوا سربازار منظم بین نبہ البین نوندان ، مجھی میشوا سربازار مخرص بین بیٹ سرگوشہ منظم برسرد زبار محصور انہیں عیروں نے کوئی ناوک دِشنام جھٹوٹی نہیں انبوں سے کوئی طرز ملامت اسی میشق بیزنادم ہے گرول میں بین اوم ہے گرول میں برداغ ہے اس دِل بین برداغ ندامت ہرداغ میں اسی اسی میں برداغ ہے اس دِل بین برخرداغ ندامت

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 marketplace;

- 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;
  There is every scar on this heart except the scar of shame.
- Is rāh men jo sab pĕ guzartī hai vo guzrī,
  Tanhā pas-e-zindān, kabhī ruswā sar-e-bāzār;
  35 Garje hain bahut shaikh sar-e-gosha-e-minbar,
  Karke hain bahut ahl-e-ḥukm bar sar-e-darbār.
  Chhorā nahīn ghairon-ne ko'ī nāvak-e-dushnām,
  Chhūţī nahīn apnon se ko'ī tarz-e-malāmat.
  Is 'ishq na us 'ishq pĕ nādim hai magar dil;
  40 Har dāgh hai is dil men bajuz dāgh-e-nadāmat.