

اگست ۱۹۵۲

روشن کہیں بہار کے امکان ہوئے تو ہیں
گلشن میں چاک چند گریباں ہوئے تو ہیں
اب بھی خزاں کا راج ہے لیکن کہیں کہیں
گوشے رہ چمن میں نغزل خواں ہوئے تو ہیں
ٹھہری ہوئی ہے شب کی سیاہی وہیں مگر
کچھ کچھ سحر کے رنگ پر افشاں ہوئے تو ہیں

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 haiñ,
Gulshan meñ chāk chañd giribāñ hū'e to haiñ;
Ab bhī khazāñ kā rāj hai, lekin kahīn kahīñ
Goshe rah-e-chaman meñ ghazal-khwāñ hū'e to haiñ.
- 5 Thahrī hū'ī hai shab kī siyāhī wahiñ, magar
Kuchh kuchh sahar ke rang par-afshāñ hū'e to haiñ.

ان میں لو جلا ہو ہمارا، کہ جان و دل
 مخفل میں کچھ چراغِ فروزاں ہوئے تو ہیں
 ہاں کج کروگلاہ کہ سب کچھ لٹا کے ہم
 اب بے نیاز گردشِ دوراں ہوئے تو ہیں
 اہلِ قفس کی صبحِ چمن میں کھلے گی آنکھ
 بادِ صبا سے وعدہ و پیمان ہوئے تو ہیں
 ہے دشت اب بھی دشت، مگر خونِ پاپ سے فیض
 سیراب چند خارِ مُغیلاں ہوئے تو ہیں

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.

Maḥfil meñ kuchh charāgh furozān hū'e to haiñ.
 Hāñ kaj karo kulāh kē sab kuchh luṭāke ham
 10 Ab be-nayāz-e-gardish-e-daurān hū'e to haiñ.
 Ahl-e-qafas kī ṣubḥ-e-chaman meñ khulegī āñkh,
 Bād-e-ṣabā se va'da-o-paimān hū'e to haiñ.
 Hai dasht ab bhī dasht, magar khūn-e-pā se, Faiz,
 Serāb chañd khār-e-mughilān hū'e to haiñ.