درجي

گڑی ہیں کتنی جبلیبیں مرے درنیجے میں ہرا باب ا بینے سبجا کے نٹوں کا رنگ بلیے ہرا باب وشل خدا وزید کی اُمنگ بلیے

کسی بر کرنے ئیں ابر بہار کو قرُّباں کسی بہ فقش مہ تاب ناک کرتے ہیں کسی بہ ہوتی ہے بیرشٹ شانصار دونیم کسی بہ بادِ صبا کو ہلاک کرنے کہیں

## 36. THE WINDOW

In my barred window is hung many a cross, Each coloured with the blood of its own Christ, Each craving to hug tight a divine form.

On one the heaven's spring cloud is sacrificed, On one the radiant moon is crucified, On one is torn asunder the trance-filled grove, And on another the delicate breeze has died.

## THE WINDOW

- In my window how many crosses are fixed,
  Each with the colour of the blood of its Messiah,
  Each with the hope of union with its Lord.
  On one they make sacrifice of the spring cloud,
- 5 On one they murder the bright moon, On one the rapt park is cut in two, On one they put to death the morning breeze.

## DARĪCHA

- Gartī hain kitnī şaliben mēre darīche men, Harek apne masīḥā ke khūn kā rang liye, Harek vaşl-e-khudāwand kī umang liye. Kisī pē karte hain abr-e-bahār ko qurbān,
- 5 Kisī pĕ qatl mah-e-tābnāk karte hain, Kisī pĕ hotī hai sarmast shākhsār do nīm, Kisī pĕ bād-e-şabā ko halāk karte hain.

مرآئے دِن بین خداو بدگان بینر وُجال لئو بین عرق مرفع کرے بیں آنے ہیں اورآئے دِن مری نظروں کے سامنے اُن کے شہبہ بیشم سلامت اُٹھائے جانے ہیں Daily these kind and beautiful godlike things Come weltering in their blood to my bitter cell; And day by day before my watching eyes Their martyred bodies are raised up and made well.

Each day that comes these deities of kindness and beauty
Drowned in blood come into my house of grief,

10 And daily before my eyes their
Martyr-bodies are lifted up, healed.

Har ā'e din ye khudāwandgān-e-mehr-o-jamāl Lahū men gharq mĕre gham-kade men āte hain, 10 Aur ā'e din mĕrī nazron ke sāmne unke Shahīd jism salāmat uṭhā'e-jāte hain.