عرل

بساطِ رقص بیصد شرق و غرب سے سرشام د کمک رہائے تری دوستی کا ماہِ تمام چھلک رہی ہے ترسے شن بھراب کی شراب بھرا بٹوا سبے بیالب ہراک زنگاہ کا جام گلے بین ننگ ترسے مرف بلطف کی با بیں بس ِ خیال کہیں ساعت سفر کا بیام

Song

On the dancing-floor as evening Approaches, from a hundred Horizons east and westward Your full-moon friendship shining—

The wine of your radiant kindness Runs over, and every look Is a cup brim-full, your gracious Words clasp their arms round my neck—

Somewhere deep in my mind The hour of departure lurks.

Song

On the dance-floor, as evening comes on, from a hundred easts and wests

The full moon of your friendship is glowing, The wine of your gracious beauty is overflowing,

The cup of every glance is filled to the brim,

The arms of your winning words are fast round my neck;

Somewhere at the back of my thoughts is the message of the hour of the journey.

Ghazal

Bisāṭ-e-raqṣ pĕ ṣad sharq-o-gharb se sar-e-shām Damak-rahā hai tĕrī dostī kā māh-e-tamām, Chhalak-rahī hai tĕre ḥusn-e-mĕhrbāṅ kī sharāb, Bharā hū'ā hai labālab harĕk nigāh kā jām, Gale meṅ taṅg tĕre ḥarf-e-luṭf kī bāheṅ; Pas-e-khayāl kahīṅ sā'at-e-safar kā payām.

ابھی سے باد میں ڈھٹنے لگی سئے نجب نزنب ہرایک ڈوئے حسیس ہو جالا سئے بیش حسیس سلے کچھاکسیے، ٹھلا ڈوں مُوٹے کہ فیض اب کے جودِل بینفشش سینے گا ڈو گل کیے داغ نہیں Into memory this night's glowing Fellowship starts to melt, still lovelier All these lovely faces grow.

Such a meeting, such a parting, Faiz, will leave no scar imprinted, But a blossom, on the heart.

Already the evening's company has begun to melt into memory, Every lovely face is becoming more lovely.

We met in such a way, we separated so, Faiz, that now The mark that will be made on the heart will be a flower, not a scar.

Abhī se yād men ḍhalne-lagī hai ṣuḥbat-e-shab, Harek rū-e-ḥusīn ho-chalā hai besh ḥasīn.

20 Mile kuchh aise, judā yūn hū'e kĕ, Faiz, abke Jo dil pĕ naqsh banegā vo gul hai dāgh nahīn.