

آج بازار میں پابہ جولاں چلو

چشمِ نم، جانِ شوریدہ کافی نہیں
تہمتِ عشقِ پوشیدہ کافی نہیں

آج بازار میں پابہ جولاں چلو

دستِ افشاں چاؤست و رقصاں چلو

خاکِ برسِ چلو، خوںِ بدِ داماں چلو

راہِ تکتا ہے سب شہرِ جاناں چلو

حاکمِ شہر بھی، مجمعِ عام بھی

تیرِ الزام بھی، سنگِ دشنام بھی

صبحِ ناشاد بھی، روزِ ناکام بھی

42. NOT ENOUGH

Not enough the tear-stained eye, the storm-tossed life,
Not enough the secret love, suspicion's brand;
Come today in fetters to the marketplace,
Walk with waving hands, run in a drunkard's dance,
Clothes besmeared with blood and head begrimed with dust!
All the loved one's city is watching by the road:
There the governor waits, and there the populace,
Calumny's keen arrow, insult's hurtling stone,
Morning of ill omen, day of evil chance—

TODAY COME IN FETTERS TO THE MARKETPLACE

- 1 The wet eye, the stormy spirit, are not enough,
The accusation of secret love is not enough:
Today come in fetters to the marketplace,
Come waving hands, come exulting, dancing,
- 5 Come with dust on the head, come with blood on the dress.
All the city of the beloved is gazing, come;
There too is the governor of the city, the public gathering too,
The arrow of calumny too, the stone of abuse too,
The unhappy daybreak too, the wretched day too.

ĀJ BĀZĀR MEN PĀ-BAJĀULĀN CHALO

- 1 Chashm-e-nam, jān-e-shorīda kāfi nahīn,
Tuhmat-e-'ishq-e-poshīda kāfi nahīn:
Āj bāzār men pā-bajaulān chalo,
Dast-afshān chalo, mast o raqṣān chalo,
- 5 Khāk bar sar chalo, khūn ba-dāmān chalo.
Rāh-taktā hai sab shahr-e-jānān, chalo;
Hākīm-e-shahr bhī, majma'-e-'ām bhī,
Tīr-e-ilzām bhī, saṅg-e-dushnām bhī,
Ṣubḥ-e-nāshād bhī, roz-e-nākām bhī.

ان کا دم ساز اپنے سوا کون ہے
شہرِ جاناں میں اب باصفا کون ہے
دستِ قاتل کے شایاں رک کون ہے

رختِ دل باندھ لو دل فگارو چلو

پھر ہمیں قتل ہو آئیں یارو چلو

Who has been their bosom friend, but we alone?
In the loved one's city who is left to trust?
Who is worthy now of the executioner's hand?
You that know affliction, lift the heart's sad load;
We it is, my friends, must once more taste the knife.

10 *Who is their intimate, besides us?
In the city of the beloved who now is pure,
Who is left worthy of the executioner's hand?
Fasten-on the burden of the heart, heart-afflicted ones, come;
Let us once again go to be murdered—friends, come.*

10 Inkā dam-sāz apne siwā kaun hai?
Shahr-e-jānān meñ ab bā-ṣafā kaun hai,
Dast-e-qātil ke shāyān rahā kaun hai?
Rakht-e-dil bāndh-lo, dil-fagāro, chalo;
Phir hamīn qatl ho-ā'eñ, yāro, chalo.