ر رنگ ہے دِل کا مِرے

ثم نه آئے تھے تو ہر پہنر وہی تھی کہ بو ہے: اسماں حتر نظر راہ گذر راہ گذر شیشہ عے شیشہ عے۔ اور اب شیشہ عے راہ گذر کر نگ فلک ' رنگ ہے دِل کا مِرے ، خون چگر ہونے تک: چمنی رنگ بھی راحت دِیدار کا رنگ، شمر نی رنگ کہ ہے ساعت بیزار کا رنگ، نشرخ بچھولوں کا مخص و خار کا رنگ، نشرخ بچھولوں کا مخت مجو کے گذرار کا رنگ،

48. BEFORE YOU CAME

Before you came, all things were what they are—The sky sight's boundary, the road a road, The glass of wine a glass of wine; since then, Road, wineglass, colour of heaven, all have taken The hues of this heart ready to melt into blood—Now golden, as the solace of meeting is, Now grey, the livery of despondent hours, Or tint of yellowed leaves, of garden trash, Or scarlet petal, a flowerbed all ablaze:

IT IS THE COLOUR OF MY HEART

You had not come, then each thing was the same that it is:
The sky the frontier of sight, a road a road, a glass of wine a glass of wine;
And now a glass of wine, a road, the colour of heaven,
Are the colour of my heart, 'about to turn into blood of the liver':
A golden colour sometimes, the colour of the joy of meeting,
A greyish colour that is the colour of an insipid span-of-time,
The colour of yellow leaves, of sticks and straw,
The colour of red flowers, of a flaming flower-bed,

RANG HAI DIL KĀ MĚŘE

Tum nā a'e the to har chīz vuhī thī kĕ jo hai: Āsmān ḥadd-e-nazar, rāhguzar rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai shīshae-mai;

Aur ab shîsha-e-mai, rāhguzar, raṅg-e-falak, Raṅg hai dil kā mĕre, khūn-e-jigar hone tak:

5 Champa'ī raṅg kabhī, rāḥat-e-dīdār kā raṅg, Surma'ī raṅg kĕ hai sā'at-e-bezār kā raṅg, Zard pattoṅ kā, khas-o-khār kā raṅg, Surkh phūloṅ kā, dahakte hū'e gulzār kā raṅg, رَبِرُكَا زُنگ، لَهُوزُنگ، شب ِ اَدِكَا رُنگ.
اَسُمَالُ رَاهُ گُذِر، شِيشَة مِنَّهِ:
کوئی بِحِيگا بُهُوا دامن، کوئی دُکھتی بُهُوئی رگ کوئی دُکھتی بُهوئی رگ کوئی برگنظہ بدلتا بُهوا آئینہ ہے۔
اب جو آئے ہوتو ٹھٹر و کیکوئی زُنگ کوئی رُنت کوئی شک ایک جگہ پر ٹھٹرے؛
ایک جگہ پر ٹھٹرے؛
بیمرسے اِگ بار ہراک چیز و ہی ہوکہ ہو ہے:
ایک جگہ پر ٹھٹر کا گذر راہ گذر راہ گذر اُشیشنڈ کے شیشنڈ کے

Colour of poison, colour of blood, or shade
Of sable night. Sky, highroad, glass of wine—
The first a tear-stained robe, the next a nerve
Aching, the last a mirror momently altering. . . .
Now you have come, stay here, and let some colour,
Some month, some anything, keep its own place,
And all things once again be their own selves,
The sky sight's bound, the road a road, wine wine.

The colour of poison, blood-colour, the colour of dark night.

10 Sky, road, glass of wine-

One a (tear-) wetted skirt, one an aching vein,

One is a mirror every moment changing.

Now that you have come, stay, so that some colour, some season, some thing,

May stay in one place,

15 So that again each object may be the same that it is, The sky the frontier of sight, a road a road, a glass of wine a glass of wine.

Zahr kā raṅg, lahū raṅg, shab-e-tār kā raṅg.

10 Āsmāṅ, rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai:

Ko'ī bhīgā hū'ā dāman, ko'ī dukhtī hū'ī rag,

Ko'ī har laḥza badaltā hū'ā ā'īna hai.

Ab jo ā'e ho to thahro, kĕ ko'ī raṅg, ko'ī rut, ko'ī shai, Ek jaga par thahre,

Phir se ĕk bār harĕk chīz vuhī ho kĕ jo hai— Āsmān ḥadd-e-nazar, rāhguzar rāhguzar, shīsha-e-mai shīsha-

e-mai.