

# دُعا

آئیے ہاتھ اٹھائیں ہم بھی،  
 ہم جنہیں رشمِ دُعا یاد نہیں،  
 ہم جنہیں سوزِ محبت کے سوا  
 کوئی بُت کوئی خدا یاد نہیں۔  
 آئیے غرض گزاریں کہ نگارِ ہستی  
 زہرِ امروز میں شیرینیِ فردا بھر دے؛  
 وہ جنہیں تابِ گراں باریِ ایام نہیں  
 ان کی پلکوں پر شب و روز کو ہلکا کر دے؛  
 جن کی آنکھوں کو رخِ صبح کا یارا بھی نہیں  
 ان کی راتوں میں کوئی شمعِ ممتور کر دے؛

## 54. PRAYER

We for whom prayer is a custom forgotten,  
 We who except for love's flame  
 Know neither idol nor god—  
 Come, let us too lift our hands,  
 Make our petition that Life, our loved mistress,  
 Smooth today's venom with sweets of tomorrow—  
 Lighten on them that lack strength for its burden  
 Time, and the nights and the days—  
 Brighten with lamps in their darkness those eyes  
 Dawn's rosy face cannot touch!

### PRAYER

- 1 Come, let us also lift our hands,  
 We who do not remember the custom of prayer,  
 We who, except for the burning fire of love,  
 Do not remember any idol, any god.
- 5 Come, let us present a petition that Life, our beloved,  
 Will pour tomorrow's sweetness into today's poison;  
 That for those who have not strength for the burden of the days,  
 May it make night and day (weigh) light on their eyelashes;  
 For those whose eyes have not strength for (seeing) the face of  
 dawn,
- 10 May it light some candle in their nights;

### DU'Ā

- 1 Ā'īye hāth uṭhā'en ham bhī,  
 Ham jinheñ rasm-e-du'ā yād nahīñ,  
 Ham jinheñ soz-e-maḥabbat ke siwā  
 Ko'ī but, ko'ī khudā yād nahīñ.
- 5 Ā'īye 'arz guzāreñ kē nigār-e-hastī  
 Zahr-e-imroz meñ shīrīnī-e-fardā bhar-de;  
 Vo jinheñ tāb-e-girāñbārī-e-aiyām nahīñ  
 Unkī palkoñ pē shab o roz ko halkā kar-de;  
 Jin-kī āñkhoñ ko rukh-e-ṣubḥ kā yārā bhī nahīñ
- 10 Unkī rātoñ meñ ko'ī sham' munavvar kar-de;

جن کے قدموں کو کسی رہ کا سہارا بھی نہیں  
 اُن کی نظروں پہ کوئی راہ اُجاگر کر دے؛  
 جن کا دین پیروی کذب و ریا ہے، اُن کو  
 ہمتِ کفر ملے، جراتِ تحقیق ملے؛  
 جن کے سر مُنتظر تیغِ جفا ہیں، اُن کو  
 دستِ قاتل کو جھٹک دینے کی توفیق ملے۔  
 عشق کا رستہ نہاں جانِ تپاں ہے جس سے  
 آج اقرار کریں اور تپشِ مٹ جائے؛  
 حرفِ حقِ دل میں کھٹکتا ہے جو کانٹے کی طرح  
 آج اقرار کریں اور خلیشِ مٹ جائے۔

May there be shown to those feet that no  
 Pathways have aided, some road—  
 May there be given to deceit's slavish votaries  
 Will to deny and to seek—  
 Courage, to men whose heads tyranny's  
 Sword hovers over, to fend off the murderous hand!

Love's hidden mystery—man's fevered soul: today let us  
 Make a new covenant with it, its fever be slaked;  
 Truth's potent word, that keeps pricking the heart like a  
 thorn,  
 Make it our own, and the throbbing pain bring to an end.

- For those for whose steps there is no assistance of any road,  
 May it make some road luminous to their sight;  
 To those whose religion is pursuit of lying and hypocrisy,  
 May there come courage for denial, resolution for truth;*  
 15 *To those whose heads are awaiting the sword of oppression,  
 May there come capacity to shake off the murderer's hand.  
 The hidden secret of love is the fevered soul, with which  
 Let us today make a covenant, and let its fever be slaked;  
 The word of Truth, which throbs in the heart like a thorn,*  
 20 *Let us today accept, and the anguish be wiped out.*

- Jin-ke qadmon ko kisi rah kā saharā bhī nahīn  
 Unki nazron pē ko'ī rāh ujāgar kar-de;  
 Jin-kā dīn pairavī-e-kizb-o-riyā hai, unko  
 Himmat-e-kufr mile, jur'at-e-tahqīq mile;  
 15 Jin-ke sar muntazir-e-tegh-e-jafā hai, unko  
 Dast-e-qātil ko jhaṭak-dene kī taufiq mile.  
 'ishq kā sirr-e-nihān jān-e-tapān hai jis-se  
 Āj iqrār karen aur tapish miṭ-jā'e;  
 Harf-e-ḥaq, dil meṅ khaṭaktā hai jo kāṅṭe kī tarah,  
 20 Āj iqrār karen, aur khalish miṭ-jā'e.