

Praise for God

Write pen first the praise of beneficent God,  
For it is He alone who is present in every place.  
This worshipped power is eternal  
Whatever else is, is transient  
There is no equal to him, no close companion  
All others are recent, none is ancient.

Praise of the Prophet

How can praise of Muhammad come on the tongue?  
How can the ocean be contained in a pitcher?  
How can anyone know about the real power of Muhammad?  
Either Ali knows or God knows.

Praise of People coming in next Rank

If one were to open one's month in praise of the lion (Ali)  
There is no place of speech further than that.  
Whoever understood the greatness (rank) of Ali?  
On the one hand very few men, and on the other hand only God.

Account of Love

From the time when the world (garden of invention) was made  
God bestowed every (appropriate) thing to every creature.  
He gave colour and beauty to the rose,  
Pain and lamentation to the nightingale,  
Radiance to the moon; beauty to its halo,  
The eye to the narcissus, the scar to the poppy.  
He bestowed uprightness to the pine  
Curls to the hyacinth, lustre to the pearl.  
He gave hardness (in) to the hearts of all idols  
He gave love to the water and clay (very nature) of man  
What human being is devoid of love?  
It (which) has made house upon house empty  
In it (love) people lie at death's door  
It raises blisters on the liver (heart)  
Those who were acquainted with all the proper ways  
of doing things  
It made those beautiful ones sift the dust  
(wander in the desert)  
To entertain any hope of it (love) is vain  
Look at the treatment it meted out to brother Majnun  
It did not allow anyone to utter complaint  
It singled out and struck down the finest of the young men  
He for whom it showed a little affection

2.

It struck him down first  
It burns one with the fire of separation  
It sets fire (even) to water  
It has killed lovers of beauty  
It has caused poison to be eaten by the beautiful  
May God not put (one) in its power  
There is not the slightest compassion in its heart.

### The beginning of the story

I write a strange story  
I write a wonderful story  
The story is so fresh  
That it brings astonishment to the hearers  
In the muhulla where our house was  
In the very same one lived a merchant  
A man of noble family, and a possessor of wealth  
He held perfect honour among traders  
Because of his freedom from trouble he knew no grief  
He was of a very exalted family  
He had a daughter whose brow was as clear as the moon  
She hadn't been married anywhere  
She didn't possess a peer in beauty (appearance)  
She was the envy of the houri, in very truth  
She was the green tree of the flower of youth  
(Compared with her) the beauty of Joseph was only a story  
Even at this age and year she was of perfect good disposition  
Her walk and bearing reached the limits of grace.  
May the evil eye be far; she had such beautiful eyes -  
Eyes which were the envy of the eye of the gazelle of China  
Since her mother and father feared the evil eye  
They did not look their fill at her (filling their eye)  
In her time she was unrivalled  
She had a nice voice, great beauty, and was well spoken  
In the city there was nobody to equal her  
Among hundreds of thousands her beauty was outstanding  
She had a liking for composing poetry  
She was keen on reading and writing  
The body of that rose was so garment-adorning  
Her dress was simple, but there were a hundred graces  
She was the light of (her parents') eyes, and the ease  
of their hearts.  
She was the joy of her parents' life  
One day when clouds came over the sky (and) a sort of darkness spread  
in all directions  
When the clouds, having rained, cleared up  
And then a rainbow appeared in the heaven  
I got tired of just sitting  
And went up on the roof to see the sights  
After my dejection, I began to be amused  
I began to stroll this way and that  
When having lifted my gaze I looked in one direction  
In front of me was that daughter of the merchant  
There were also two or three girl-companions with her  
They were looking at the pleasant sight of the sky

They were walking a little below the parapet  
 They laughed and joked amongst themselves  
 Then that rose-faced one remained alone  
 She looked in every direction to enjoy the view  
 When her and my glance met  
 A sigh escaped my mouth spontaneously  
 The state of my heart cannot be described  
 I exercised all my self-control: otherwise  
                   I'd have swooned

Although there was no conversation between the two of us  
 The spirit in my body became restless  
 The arrow of love hit its mark (effectively)  
 Tears flowed freely  
 She stood, a radiant moon, before me  
 I stood there silent as a picture  
 I could not muster the endurance to look upon  
                   her to this extent:

That I could not call her by even a gesture  
 I looked at her again and again  
 I was absorbed in the beauty of the loveliness of  
                   my beloved

Although I kept restraining (my heart)  
 I couldn't control my heart  
 In this way when evening came

A maid-servant brought a message to her  
 "You are sitting here to no good purpose;  
                   you have become miserable

Your dear mother sends for you  
 The wind moves the hair on your cheek  
 Come along now, twilight has come (is coming)"  
 Having heard this message from the mouth of the servant  
 The flower-like one went down from the roof  
 Now her radiance was no longer visible

I went down too weeping  
 I died many deaths from evening to morning  
 I passed that night with great difficulty  
 A running sore was opened up in my heart from grief  
 From that day this custom established itself:  
 During the day to go onto the roof a hundred times  
 To see, to watch, and to come back down  
 When I did not see that flower-faced one up there  
 Tears came from excessive grief and fell  
 However much I tried, my heart could not become hard  
 This coming and going became a means of comfort  
 When several days passed and on account  
 Of sorrow my cheeks became quite yellow  
 Then my condition became so miserable  
 As though I had been an invalid for years.  
 I was forgetful of myself with grief  
 The seal of silence was put on my lips  
 The strength of self control deserted my heart.  
 I dashed my head with a thump whenever I wished  
 I bore grief of a hundred (lit. 100,000) sorts  
 My lips were silent, the tears flowed  
 My condition became changed for the worse from separation  
 My appearance altogether changed from grief  
 (Everyone, whether) my own (relative) or (people)  
                   unrelated, became astonished (at my condition)

Whoever saw me did not recognise me  
 When my parents saw this state of affairs

Their spirit took flight from their body  
(My mother) asked me: "What is this state you're in?  
On which side have you fixed your thoughts?  
Tell me true, about whom are your thoughts?  
In your heart, my dear, is grief for whom?  
For which flame-faced one do you eat grief?  
That you melt like a candle  
Your face is sallow like the aryevan flower  
Your clothes are tattered like ketan  
On which moon-faced one do you die?  
Tell me true whom do you love?  
Tell me this, what moon-browed one has met you?  
What such beauty has met you?  
You neither eat, drink, nor sleep  
Daily you are constantly getting up and weeping at night  
I do not know who that hag (harlot) is  
Who has reduced my child to this state?  
She who would torment the life of my child  
I would sacrifice her seven times  
Bearing all difficulties we reared you  
You in this way put our (your) life in misery  
I did not regard (understand) day as day,  
nor night as night  
Because of you I made my days bitter  
With what care and trouble did we bring you up, my dear  
What vow was there which we did not make?  
I used to put a light in the mosques  
Having gone to the shrine, I used to make an offering  
Now that by God's grace you have become a mah  
You have become so independent my dear, (that) -  
Yes young sir the truth is this by God's glory -  
You are deliberately harassing us  
Thus we tread warily  
Whereas you now dedicate yourself to (fall  
in love with) everybody  
Here are we weeping in grief and sorrow  
You ruin (lose) your life for strangers  
We had no idea that the day would come when  
You would dash all our hopes like this.  
When I see your deplorable condition  
The blood in my body becomes dry  
Do not thus destroy the vigour of youth  
Do not reduce your parents to a sad plight  
Well say something to us of the condition of your heart  
Whose beauty has pleased you?  
By whom is your heart distracted?  
Tell us the truth, for whom is this infatuation?  
How distressed your heart has become within two days!  
What is this state of my little boy?  
Just pick up the mirror and look at yourself  
See how emaciated your face has become in two days!  
You have no concern for eating nor for drinking  
What hope then can there be that you will live?  
In love for whom have you made your condition like this?  
And not taken any thought for your parents.  
Tell us what grief has afflicted your heart?  
Tell us your condition, you good-for-nothing, have you  
lost your tongue?  
If in this way you become a madman  
The disgrace of it will reach far.

Who will give any care to such a mad one?  
Whoever will marry you (to his daughter)?  
Who has made you such a vagabond?  
So that now no remedy can be made  
This was not formerly your custom  
From whom have you acquired this (sort of behaviour)?  
Looking at you my senses have fled  
You have put Laila and Majnun to shame."  
I heard these words of my parents  
And another dagger struck at my heart  
I covered my face for shame  
I did not give my mother and father any excuses  
This was how my state of affairs passed up to now  
Now my account is of her condition  
I had been wounded by the arrow of love  
But on her heart too was an effect  
The two measures of her eyes overflowed  
Her heart began to feel uneasy of its own accord  
When smoke rose from the tears of love  
In no time at all her agitation increased  
Her ears began to listen to the complaint of her heart  
Her hands and feet began to move restlessly of their own accord  
When pain and grief became agreeable to her heart  
She couldn't sleep at night as though  
                    she had taken an oath not to  
The wave of love began to overwhelm her  
A sort of perplexity came into her heart  
As day by day her strength began to diminish  
The flame of separation began to burn in her heart  
As the scars on (of) her heart burned  
Warm tears welled from her eyes  
On her lips were passionate complaints and deep sighs  
In her heart was a sweet sweet pain  
Her heart fluttered in her breast  
As a bird with its throat cut might writhe  
When her condition became completely distressed  
She too began to get fever at night  
It is true; how should one's heart not be despondent?  
When you have not even a confidante with you?  
Her distressed heart was not restrained by her restraining  
No patience was left in her heart  
Since she was fond of reading and writing  
Having pondered in her heart, she wrote a love letter  
She boldly sent me that letter  
From fear she did not write an address\*  
An old nurse came and secretly  
Gave her letter into my hand  
When I opened it and looked at it  
This was written with marvellous (deep) feeling:  
Let this be known to you, after greetings to you  
My heart is without peace from the grief of separation  
You do not come up onto your flat roof  
My heart is greatly distressed  
Show your face, for God's sake  
Just come onto the roof, for God's sake  
May there be the blow of God on this love  
Which has made me helpless in its grip in this way.

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\* [i.e. the equivalent of "Dear So and So".]

Love has caused me to lose all my senses,  
 Otherwise would I have written this? by God's Glory  
 And now in this what need is there for anyone to produce proof?  
 God humiliates whomsoever he pleases  
 Having read the letter, I wrote her this reply  
 "How shall I write to you of my miserable state?  
 In my case I am almost at death's door  
 You have well and truly punished me!  
 I have been dragging out my life dying in separation  
 Now that you're asked (after me) at last,  
     you have been kind to me [i.e. I appreciate your kindness (ironical)]  
 From when I first looked at you  
 Patience and steadfastness have vanished from my heart  
 I am feverish every day  
 A jinn remains mounted on my head  
 I swear by your feet  
 Consciousness does not come for two watches together  
     (= I lose consciousness for as long as two  
     watches at a time)  
 If someone comes and enquires about my condition  
 The distress of my heart is even more  
 To how many (lit. whom whom) can I tell this story?  
 May fire consume this youth!  
 My strength has so departed  
 (That) the burden of the grief of separation cannot rise  
     (be lifted) (by me)  
 I cannot move even to get myself a drink of water  
 Otherwise I would have carried out your order (to come up onto the roof)  
 If the desire of seeing you had obtained strength  
 I would have come onto the roof hundreds of times (in the day) every day  
 From the time when your letter arrived  
 Some way of life (means of keeping alive) has been established.  
 If grief be exchanged for sorrow  
 What wonder is it (would it be) if my heart should recover?  
 Your initiative which you took with me  
 What is there disgraceful in it?  
 Nothing in this is your fault  
 This is the effect of my love, madam  
 It is the effect of my love, by God!  
 Otherwise would you have written this?  
 May God pardon me! (for suggesting it)  
 You as everybody knows are executioners  
 You do not listen no matter if anyone does complain  
 You couldn't care less about anybody's wretched condition  
 If anyone dies, what do you care?  
 It is not possible that your pride goes  
 No matter if your lover's breath (life) expires  
 Now this is what I have to write to you, your Highness:  
 It is absolutely necessary that you think how a meeting in  
     private may be arranged  
 If you do not heed this, oh moon-faced one  
 My condition will be completely destroyed  
 My state is altered (perilous) for the worse by separation  
 Now I do not have the strength to bear grief  
 A strange calamity has come upon my heart  
 If my life is saved, that is evidence of God's power  
 At what moment did peace of mind come to my soul?  
 When unconsciousness gave me a respite (= departed), fever came

If the burning of my heart made me alert  
 Forebodings began to come in thousands  
 If distraction of the heart brought some turmoil  
 Even those senses that had come to me were lost (again)  
 If ever friends and acquaintances came  
 Their tears burst forth when they saw me  
 The pain in my side (i.e. of my heart) is such an enmity to me  
 (= so distresses me)  
 That even movement is in the hand of others (i.e. I cannot move  
 unless another moves me)  
 Do not think this a lie, your Highness  
 If my life should go, that would be nothing far (from what might  
 be expected)  
 If I die, it's from the grief of separation  
 But I have told you of my condition, haven't I?  
 Now when you sent this letter  
 It is incumbent on you that you contrive such a plan  
 Whereby the hardships of separation should be changed.  
 (And) all the yearnings of the heart be realised.  
 Having given the letter (to the nurse) I said to her (= the māma)  
 "Quickly bring the reply to this from her"  
 When my letter reached her  
 She laughed and said "Wonderful!  
 What a fine set-up!" (Ironical)  
 Then she wrote this in reply:  
 "Is some fate gripping you? (=driving you to behave like this?)  
 What mention of these things was there here (=on my part)?  
 I wrote this to tease you  
 When were such things acceptable to me?  
 Only your trial was acceptable  
 (=I only wanted to put you to the test)  
 All I wrote to you was in fact jest  
 Otherwise what had I to do with such things?  
 What such concern for you had I?  
 For all I care come onto the roof or not  
 This thing was completely far from my mind  
 From my writing lies you have become proud.  
 If I had been dying of love for you what a terrible thing  
 it would have been!  
 [Do you think that] [such a] terrible ill-fortune had befallen  
 my enemies?  
 Such an idea about me! What a good joke!  
 Lies have always been very pleasing to me  
 Didn't you understand what it was all about? [i.e. that it was a joke?]  
 Does anybody write to anyone just like that?  
 Just swallow a black grain  
 Lay a grain of salt on your understanding  
 Even if I had been ready to die for you  
 I would not ever have written like this, God forbid! (God pardon the  
 thought!)  
 My life might have expired for all I cared (lit. by my slipper =  
 meri belas e)  
 But my nature would not have so changed (as to behave as you imagined  
 I was)  
 The only possible outcome of such things is to become disgraced  
 Now (from now on) please don't write this sort of composition  
 Grief comes from just this sort of impropriety  
 Let not a man advance from sensible (proper) bounds.  
 What were you thinking of to write this subject (kind of thing)?  
 Such excess is not a good thing

Just tell me what you had planned to do in your heart  
 Did you think of me as some prostitute or kept-woman?  
 There is no prostitute here (I am no prostitute)  
 For you to have some affair with  
 Having seen my letter, you got all excited  
 You very quickly became joyful  
 The fact that you became desirous of union with me  
 Shows that you must always have been a simple soul.

This exchange of letters was kept up for some days  
 Then my fate became favourable  
 Promises of union came from that rose  
 Disharmony disappeared from between us  
 What she had written she fulfilled  
 One day she carried out her promise faithfully  
 The whole night she stayed in my house (lit. having stayed, went)  
 At the time of morning then saying this she want:  
 "Please remember everything about this moment  
 One day you will have to taste the relish (pay the penalty) of it too.  
 Everything will go to pieces and no solution will be found  
 Because of you my life will go (= my love for you will cost me my life.)"  
 Since that envy of the houris loved (me)  
 She kept up this routine of meeting me  
 Every Thursday she used to go to the shrine  
 From there that moon used to come to my house  
 There began to be enjoyment between us  
 My rivals began to be angry when they heard of this  
 And then suddenly something happened  
 For two months that moon did not come  
 All intercourse between us was finished  
 Means of tranquillity and peace did not remain  
 Anxiety came to the heart  
 Strange perplexity troubled the mind  
 Worry beyond all bounds was in the heart  
 As to what could have happened all of a sudden  
 There was not here enmity for me to anyone (no-one here harboured  
 any enmity towards me)  
 Who has stirred up this mischief?  
 Some such development (story) has taken place  
 That her coming was not possible  
 I do not know what has befallen  
 That she has forgotten my memory  
 Who is there who can go (may go) to her house?  
 Whom can I (may I) send to her house?  
 Why should I not be fed up of living?  
 I have not seen her for two months  
 My life has been dragged and come into my eyes  
 (I'm at death's door)  
 Now I no longer have the strength to bear separation  
 As far as possible I have endured (it)  
 Now tell me to what point is the heart to endure?  
 When it has not seen the rose for two months  
 How should peace come to the nightingale?  
 In what way should the night be passed?  
 In what way should the restlessness of the heart go  
 (be banished)?  
 In what way should one's spirit become interested (in life)?  
 When the spirit leaves the body  
 Meanwhile suddenly the new moon festival came  
 On this pretext she came to the shrine  
 She was greatly dying for my name (= deeply in love with me)



She came secretly from there to my house  
 Since there was not rest from weeping  
 She wept as she alighted from her conveyance  
 Then having immediately put her arms around my neck  
 She began to explain the state of affairs thus:  
 My relatives have become aware  
 Now there isn't any way of meeting you  
 There are consultations going on between them  
 They are going to send me to Benares  
 That he whom I love (lit. we) should be lost to me.  
 How can I adopt such compulsion?

(accept such cruelty)?

Although my senses are not in their proper place  
 Still I come to say this to you:  
 The (this) transient inn (= the world) is a place of warning  
 It is the bringer of the death of youth  
 Those people who lived in fine lofty buildings  
 Are today laid in the narrow grave  
 Where the bud and the rose were yesterday  
 Today when I saw them they were entirely thorn  
 In the garden where there was a throng of nightingales  
 Today there is the nest of an owl in that place  
 It is a matter of yesterday (it seems only yesterday that we  
 observed that) those who were young,  
 And possessors of high rank and fame  
 Today neither they nor their house remains  
 No trace remains by which their name might be remembered  
 Women with foreheads like the moon do not remain the envy of the  
 houris

If there are houses then the residents do not remain  
 Those who were the kings of the seven climes  
 One by one they died and became resident under the ground  
 No-one ever mentions their name now  
 Into what grave went Bahrām?  
 Now neither Rustam nor Sām remain  
 There is only their name (= fame) that remains  
 Those who yesterday had crowns on their head  
 Today they are in need of prayers for the dead  
 Those who in the world were famous as mighty (= xwdsər) men  
 All their pride has mingled with the dust  
 Those who would not rub themselves even with the attar of  
 earth (av. costly scent)  
 And who never went out in the heat of the sun  
 By the relvolving of the sky (passing of time) they were  
 destroyed

Even their bones have become dust  
 Those who were known as Caesar and the Emperor of China  
 The trace of their tombs does not remain  
 Those in whose crowns jewels were set  
 Those (i.e. their) skulls are kicked about  
 Those fair ones who were the envy of Joseph in the world  
 The sky and the earth have consumed them  
 (i.e. time has destroyed all trace of them)

Every moment there are drastic changes in the world  
 This is the way the world works.  
 There is no trace of Shirin and Kohkan  
 There is not anywhere Nala and Damayanti  
 The fragrance of love is spread everywhere  
 Now Majnun and Laila do not remain

In the morning sweet-voiced birds  
 Recite: All things are mortal  
 To whom is there escape from death?  
 Today it is he; tomorrow it is our turn  
 Life in this world is transient  
 The essence of life in this world is death  
 If I too give up my life having eaten poison  
 Do not weep, I adjure you by my head!  
 Amuse yourself how among your close companions  
 Or come to my tomb  
 Do not go to live far from this house  
 If I die far away from you  
 My spirit will wander about if it does not find you  
 Which way will it go to search for you?  
 Keep great restraint on your own feelings  
 Remember my behest  
 If grief haunts you, suppress it  
 Mind you do not disgrace me  
 When you hear the news of my death  
 Do not come running thoughtlessly  
 At that moment when my relatives gather together  
 Then (i.e. and not before) you just come  
 Mark my words, do not lose your life  
 Do not weep (as you go along) with the bier  
 If you become mad  
 My disgrace will spread far  
 You may say a hundred thousand things, but people will not  
   believe you, and people will know who my lover was  
 Everybody, rich and poor will scoff  
 Do not become a devotee and sit at my tomb  
 Even if 1,000 difficulties confront you  
 Have regard for my honour  
 When my relatives take up my bier  
 Do not shed tears seated there  
 Please have regard to my earnest supplication  
 Keep your tongue closed (- silent)  
 Do not make any mention of me  
 Do not mention my name with your mouth  
 Don't shed tears from your eyes.  
 Go along as though you were a stranger  
 You are not to give your shoulder to me  
   (i.e. not to help carry my coffin)  
 Do not disgrace me before everyone  
 Do not let your face change colour  
 Do not let lamentation escape from your mouth at all  
 Do not go along with your hair dishevelled  
 In order that the state of affairs is not revealed to somebody.  
 These clever people are terrible  
 People accustomed to divining the truth manage to do so.  
 If my state is described in some place  
 Don't you pay any attention in that direction  
 Having heard mention of me do not cry  
 Do not cause my honour to sink thus  
 Bear the grief of separation from me  
 And begin to set your heart somewhere else (- find a new love)  
 Nothing is obtained by remembering me.  
 Occupy your heart with someone else  
 Do not grieve for me; may I be a sacrifice.

Hear me; if you have your life you have everything.  
 May God never send it (or him) any pain  
 The heart of a man is extremely delicate  
 Do not be anguished having parted with me.  
 Do not suffocate to death  
 Having come to my tomb weep  
 That the pent-up emotion of your heart may be released  
 Shed a few tears silently  
 Throw your arms round my tomb  
 If something comes over you (i.e. if you begin to feel that  
     your grief can't be restrained)  
 Read the Koran over my grave  
 Cause the bud of my heart to bloom  
 Place two or three flowers on my tomb  
 Having wept do not let your condition be distressed  
 Lest thus you (lit. your enemies) may go mad  
 See how you can bring about relief  
 The first stage is difficult  
 Come daily to my tomb  
 Do not neglect to perform my fātiha  
 The gist of all these words is this:  
 Throw earth upon me with your own hands  
 Who weeps for anyone all his life?  
 Who, sir, becomes anybody's?  
 If ever you think of me  
 Reflect: "She became a sacrifice for me"  
 Do not allow any grief to come to your heart  
 Imagine to yourself that you had seen a dream  
 Grief and pleasure are twin in the world  
 Sometimes there is pleasure and sometimes grief  
 There is in one place celebration evening and morning  
 And in another place there is the cry of lamentation and sighing  
 Who is there who does not await death?  
 There is no certainty of life  
 Then let's see whether we shall meet again or not  
 Today embrace me to your heart's content  
 Today take a good look at me  
 Realise all the longings of your heart  
 Come and kiss me well and truly  
 That to some extent the fever of your heart may pass  
 Let no longing remain in your heart  
 Embracing me well, may I be a sacrifice!  
 Until doomsday where will this thing be?  
 Where will I be, where will you be, where will this night be?  
 Speak and listen (i.e. talk about) whatever comes into your heart  
 After this God knows what fate may bring us.  
 Do not grieve your heart  
 There is nothing gained by weeping and wailing  
 If you shed tears you will be lamenting over me.  
 If you torture your heart you will be burying me  
 You still have your life to live (lit. to row).  
 You have plenty of days left for weeping  
 Today use both your arms in an embrace  
 Whatever yearnings you have, fulfill them today  
 After this God knows what is the will of God.  
 Even so short a time is something to be grateful for  
 Having settled down, tomorrow whom will you kiss (make love to)?

Whom will you be kissing again and again?  
 Tomorrow with whom will you unite in an embrace?  
 Whom will you sit in your lap like this?  
 Having come whose condition will she (i.e. a nāmā) talk of?  
 Whose nurse will come and summon you?  
 Tomorrow I am leaving this house  
 Tomorrow I depart this world  
 Let me remind you of me to this extent as I go:  
 As I go let me put a pān (betel leaf) ready for you to have  
 tomorrow

Today what was to be is over  
 Tomorrow I shall inhabit a corner of a tomb  
 This kind of enjoyment has been reduced to ashes  
 After this where will we be, and where this pleasant companionship?  
 Look on me to your heart's content  
 Nobody once having died comes back again  
 Today my life comes to an end.  
 Today my youth is reduced to dust  
 Keep silent! why are you weeping in vain?  
 Why are you losing your life for nothing?  
 Think of this night as *ṣeb y berat* (cf. Platts - it is a night of  
 rejoicing and festivity)

I am your guest all night  
 Comfort will not come to the heart without you  
 When we part this time we shall not meet again till Judgement Day  
 Now say just this much prayer for me, my dear  
 That God may smooth tomorrow's path  
 I never tasted the fruits of life  
 I never experienced any of the pleasures of youth  
 I go with memories of you fixed in my heart  
 I go from the garden of the world never having achieved my desire  
 Again and again the courage of love declared:  
 This is what the honour of love demands  
 Who would die lying on a bed?  
 Who would die of useless repining?  
 Why should one go submerging the name of love in disgrace?  
 Why should I not lose my life this very day?  
 As long as the unreliable sky (=treacherous fate) remains  
 This story will remain as a monument (i.e. people will remember  
 our story)

Then in alarm she said: "Just wait my dear  
 Did you hear what (hour) struck this moment?  
 The accursed longing of my heart remains unfulfilled  
 And only a little of the night remains to us  
 Sit me in your lap again, dear  
 Embrace me again, dear  
 Put your arms about my neck again  
 Once more chew pān and put it in my mouth  
 After this where shall we be, where this companionship?  
 Once more hold me tightly and kiss me  
 Lay your head on mine again  
 Place your cheek on mine again  
 Then rub your mouth against my mouth like that (i.e. as you did before)  
 Say those words of love once more  
 Again my waves of black hair are climbing  
 Make me smell the fragrance of your hair again  
 Once more when I rise up, do you make me sit down  
 Once more when I get cross do you coax me  
 Once more having bitten your lips, speak (=bite your lips as you speak)

Once more smile a little as you speak  
 Once more let me take your misfortunes upon myself, my love  
 Come, let me again take your head to mine  
 Do not weep unrestrainedly like this  
 Lest your enemies (=you) get fever  
 Lest you depart (=die) in your prime  
 Lest calamity befall from which you cannot recover  
 Let someone cut my head from my body  
 But let not a single hair of yours be disturbed  
 I am devoted to you heart and soul  
 Having taken your misfortunes upon me, let me die  
 Now why do you sigh deeply?  
 Why do you break my heart?  
 I have not died yet  
 Why have you made your eyes swell by much weeping?  
 Why are you becoming full of grief to such an extent?  
 Why do you destroy your grieving soul?  
 By weeping continually do not make your condition hopeless  
 O cruel one, I am still alive!  
 Your tears are displeasing to me  
 Don't weep! I have become a sacrifice for you  
 There are thousands of stories like ours  
 Do men weep like this anywhere?  
 Then don't you shed your tears like this  
 Just keep your heart strong  
 Do not be at all grieved at my sorrow.  
 By God! do not be despondent like this  
 You have become sad already  
 You have become tired and the destination is still far.  
 It is this grief that has killed me  
 It is the heavy blow to you which is unbearable to me  
 I have no sorrow for my own death  
 In my heart is only grief for you  
 I have thrown away my life like this  
 And (after me) who will comfort your heart  
 Who will come to calm you down?  
 Who will embrace you like this?  
 Who will restrain this temper of yours?  
 To whom am I to make this last behest before I go?  
 (i.e. Who is there on whom I can lay as I go the duty of consoling  
 you for my death?)  
 Tho' your distress is not unwarranted  
 There is not even a consoler for you  
 Where shall I be to help you?  
 Into whose hand can I put your hand?  
 Thus who will console you?  
 I ask you, who will die (make any sacrifice on your account) like me?  
 And who will make your heart glad like this?  
 My heart is weak with this grief  
  
 But what can I do now about it, unlucky one that I am?  
 The heavens are far, the earth is hard  
 Even if I left in disgrace in the end  
 Still I have been true to my Love  
 (fulfilled all the obligations of love)  
 I have sacrificed my heart for you.  
 I have fulfilled the demands of fidelity"  
 Then she said striking her hands on her knees (= sign of helplessness  
 and despair):  
 "I do not know how much of the night is left now

As he strikes the gong  
 My heart becomes more and more numb  
 Let nobody suffer pain and grief like this!  
 My hands and feet are progressively flowering (= going out of my control)  
 The state of my soul is becoming something strange  
 I go to say something, and something else comes out  
 Tears are welling up in my eyes  
 All my hands and feet are trembling.  
 I remonstrate with my heart very much  
 But my heart does not gain control of itself  
 Although you are sitting by my side  
 Still my senses are not in their proper state  
 Even such senses as have come to me are going  
 All manner of thoughts come into my heart  
 May separation from one's friend never confront (anyone) like this  
 Let it not fall to the fate even of an enemy  
 There is now another grief, (namely) this:  
 The roles we yet have to play are many; the night is too short  
 It is out of the question to give rest to the lamenting soul  
 Now shall we make our last will or shall we make love?"  
 When I heard this I gave her this answer  
 Enough! do not torture my heart now  
 You are to give away your life thus, my dear  
 And I am to hear your last wishes, Great God!  
 Just keep this intention far from your heart  
 What wretch plans to bring about these things?  
 May God not bring the day upon me  
 When you are to die and I live - God forbid it!  
 If you will lose your life by taking poison  
 I too shall die, (I swear) by God  
 Whoever shall see this shall weep greatly  
 Our biers will be borne along one behind the other  
 Just tell me what this is all about  
 What thought is this that came into your heart of hearts?  
 You undergo grief in your heart of hearts (= without telling me)  
 You give up your life; you swallow poison  
 If grief has come (to you) from your parents  
 You ought not to grieve over it  
 Those who are the gentlement of our community  
 Forgive faults with no trouble at all  
     (= and you should be like them and forgive your parents for  
     the grief they have caused you)  
 A fate like this is not on you alone  
 Everybody's parents are executioners.  
 This sort of misfortune happens to everyone  
 Does anyone (for that reason) die (commit suicide) by eating poison?  
 To complain against one's parents is impermissible  
 Their right(s) over their children is great  
 If they (= yyh) become angry, it is Judgement Day (= terrible)  
 Beneath their feet is Paradise.  
 You are wise, by God's grace  
 And yet you do (lit. did) not recognize their rank (= rights over you)  
 What certainty is there of their life?  
 Do not take their words ill  
 The senses do not remain at (lit. of) this age  
 (i.e. When people get as old as your parents are they no longer realise  
     quite what they're doing)  
 They are the guests of a day or two  
     (i.e. in a day or so they will be departing this life)

What resentment can there be over a little thing like this?  
 What importance can be attached to what they say?  
 If you think it out carefully in your heart  
 (You will realise that) their anger (against you) is no ground for  
 grief (on your part).

Beloved's Answer

Having heard this, she answered me thus:

"I can't bear anyone to be angry with me

(or)

I've never experienced (my parents') anger  
 I want nothing more to do with such a shameless life  
 These words never passed my lips  
 I have been hearing these taunts for two months now  
 Death is better than this sort of life  
 How long can anyone drink the blood of her heart?

(= undergo sorrow and not show it)

How can anybody live after becoming (or, being represented as) shameless  
 God forbid that man should be without a sense of honour!

What sort of a man is it who has no sense of honour?

How can anybody endure that thing

Which he has not heard with his ears

(= How can one endure insults such as one's ears have never heard?)

Let him listen who is accustomed to it.

No harm in that - everyone has his own sense of honour

But for God's sake as long as I live

Do not speak of your dying

What so great grief and toil has happened (to you)?

Why will you throw away your life?

As for the fact that you plan to take your life

I will call you to account on the day of resurrection

Stay safe and sound in the world my dear

May the dearest wishes of your parents come true

For my sake do not torment your heart

Having married bring your bride, beautiful like the moon, into  
 your house

This is the pleasure of life

Look to the enjoyment of your youth

This lamentation and complaint is only for four days

Who remembers anyone for a whole life-time?

When you enjoy the pleasures of the world

You will forget me in two days

While she was speaking thus a gong was struck

As soon as she heard it she became agitated

From excess of grief her face became drawn (lit. pale, yellow)

Her hands and feet trembled and went cold

A deathly pallor spread over her cheek

Agitation filled her heart

When suspicion of morning entered her heart

She went and stood under the sky

When the cool breeze of early morning blew

Her condition became even worse

Meanwhile the gong sounded for the putting on of uniform

The pallor of her face became twice as bad

When the signs of morning became evident

Her condition became even more lamentable

Her body trembled like the willow

She sweated from her head to her feet  
 She quickly forgot what she was saying  
 She began to pant and be out of breath  
 She spoke agitatedly: You must remain witness of this  
 And said: There is no god but God  
 Now this only is my blood money, namely  
 Forgive anything out of place which I may have said  
 Having said this, she clung to me once more  
 And hugging me very lovingly, kissed me  
 Having taken my misfortunes on her from head to foot  
 She said "I sacrifice myself for you"  
 May fire consume that wretched moment!  
 At what (fateful) time did I come up onto the roof?  
 Then having wiped away her tears she said this:  
 I beg you by my head, do not grieve  
 I was putting you to the test; I was trying you  
 I was joking in order to tease you  
 Having said this she "became mounted". (= got into her conveyance)  
 On my part a continuous stream of tears flowed from my eyes  
 A redoubled flame of grief flared up  
 The burning of my heart increased  
 When I remembered the last wishes of my friend  
 Thousands of forebodings came to my heart  
 When this misfortune stirred up calamity  
 What various stirring thoughts rose up!  
 Since the grief at what she had said was in my heart  
 Strange thoughts came into my mind  
 Who will go and stop her? One (I) must stay in the house  
 I hope she won't go and do what she said she would  
 When every moment this restlessness went on increasing  
 I sat there weeping quietly in grief  
 When suddenly from one direction came such an uproar  
 As a result of which my senses fled completely  
 A flame of fire began to flare up  
 Just like the nightingale's, my heart began to quiver  
 As it was six hours had passed in weeping  
 And I sat completely helpless  
 Such a dread came into my heart  
 That a hundred sorts of forebodings came  
 I told a friend: "You go and  
 Quickly bring me news of this tumult and uproar  
 Perhaps unfortunate people like me are weeping?  
 Has a friend of theirs died, perhaps?  
 They who are pouring out their hearts like this,  
 Who are they? and why are they weeping?  
 What fatal shock has befallen them?  
 That they make lamentation and sighing like this?"  
 In the end my friends ran there  
 And came (back) quickly from there bringing news  
 Having come they told me like this  
 "Near here is a dwelling  
 The house which is built near the garden  
 Staying there is a merchant  
 It is of course the case that noise fills the whole street  
 But this calamity is in his house  
 This secret is not clearly revealed  
 Whether someone is ill or whether someone has died  
 But it can be perceived by the intelligence  
 That people are not throwing dust in the air without any reason  
 There is some such happening.



To cause this sound of grief and lamentation  
 This lamentation was not set up without cause  
 The breath of some youth is expiring  
 Every man is becoming mad  
 (Perhaps) the master of the house is dying  
 No-one's heart is in his control  
 The householders are beating their heads  
 Not a sound can be heard at all  
 There is only the cry of the Hae! Hae!  
 The noise there does not cease even for a moment  
 Whom should we ask? No-one is in his right senses  
 The pain with which they are weeping at this moment  
 (Is such that) one cannot bear to see it! by God"  
 She had said "I will take poison"  
 And I realised that just that terrible thing had happened  
 Tho' from a sense of shame I did not speak her name  
 I pressed my heart with both my hands  
 When my friends saw this state of affairs  
 They spoke to me thus to show their love (for me)  
 How is it that the condition of your heart is altered thus?  
 But what is there now (to cause it)?  
 Is everything alright?  
 Why are you depressed without reason?  
 Why have your sense and reason fled?  
 What disaster has befallen (you) at this moment?  
 A deathly pallor has spread over your face at this moment  
 What is it, that you are so agitated now  
 What concern is it of yours that someone has died?  
 The fact that there is such a condition of extreme agitation -  
 What reason have you to be distressed?  
 Every day people die in the city  
 Does anyone ever worry about it?  
 To worry like this is bad  
 It is thus that a man becomes mad  
 Tell us - what will your parents say  
 When they hear about this?  
 Pull yourself together; just come to your senses  
 What's the matter with you that you are losing your life?  
 (extravagantly grieving)  
 And that you weep entirely spontaneously without good cause.  
 From what sorrow are you grieved?  
 Tell us something of the condition of your heart"  
 These statements of my friends mingled with taunts  
 Seemed a dagger at the vein of life  
 I did not answer them on account of grief  
 Having covered my face I made the pretext of sleep  
 (= pretended I wanted to go to sleep or, that I was asleep)  
 The moment that people got up and left me  
 Uncovering my face I sat down quietly  
 When the condition of my heart was destroyed in my breast  
 I sat having come into a room which overlooked the street  
 I witnessed a tumult set up as of Judgement Day  
 The road was completely blocked by the crowd  
 The people who came from that way  
 Were saying this among themselves.  
 "Their (= parents') state is an occasion for compassion  
 The scar (caused by the death) of (one's) children is a great calamity  
 They have plucked out all the hair from their heads  
 How distressed is the state of the parents.

An unheard of calamity has come upon their heads.  
 They are talking incoherently like madmen  
 When your thoughts go in their direction  
 Your heart comes into your mouth from grief"  
 Those who were possessors of children in the crowd  
 Their condition was miserable beyond limit  
 Beating their heads and breasts, they were saying:  
 "It is very understandable that life is hard for them  
 The death of one's children is such a great sorrow  
 That whatever pain and grief they indulge in is very little."  
 Someone was saying: "What a disaster it is!  
 It is a terrible thing to die young  
 Of course it's true that everyone has to die  
 But no-one should die young"  
 Somebody said "Everyone is grieved  
 But one cannot bear to see the condition of the father  
 The flame of love has burned his heart  
 He is writhing (in anguish) like a fish out of water  
 The spring of his lamenting eyes is flowing  
 He is no longer conscious of his body and soul"  
 Nobody possesses either power to endure or peace of mind  
 The onlookers were all weeping  
 All have beaten their heads  
 They are not aware of their head and feet  
 The moneylenders are grieving extravagantly  
 All the shop-keepers are weeping  
 When having risen up I saw this state  
 It was a great blow to the distressed heart in my breast  
 Restraint did not remain on account of grief  
 All my hands and feet began to tremble  
 The ocean of love raged in my heart  
 I fell senseless on the ground  
 Since the sickness of love was in my heart  
 A sort of state of swooning became overspreading  
 After some 48 minutes, when my senses returned  
 I saw a strange agitation going on  
 In front was some procession moving  
 Behind were bare-headed old men and youths  
 With them were some old women  
 They were beating their hands on their heads and bosoms  
 Some were old servants, some midwives  
 Some were nurses, and some nannies  
 When they sighed deeply with grief  
 Pain came into the hearts of the hearers  
 (Even) outsiders felt grief for them  
 Their condition could not be looked at.  
 Such affecting statements were being made  
 (That) even the people in the streets were weeping  
 After that my eyes fell upon that  
 Which I pray no man may see, God forbid!  
 There was a new canopy of cloth of gold  
 Under (it) was the coffin of that fairy  
 A garland of gold thread was fastened upon her  
 It was like the last spring of a rose-garden  
 On that was laid a sheet of roses  
 From which the road was completely fragrance  
 Lighted incense burners went before  
 She was dead, but still there were a hundred thousand attractions  
 There was such a crowd with the coffin

As if the marriage procession of some bride was coming  
 All the rich and high born were walking with it.  
 The crowd was so big that the road was blocked  
 All the members of her family were there (with it)  
 All these unfortunate poor people were weeping  
 Behind everybody was the merchant  
 His hair dishevelled, downcast, with dust on his head  
 Before him went the bier  
 He swooned at every step  
 All his family were holding his hands  
 Lest he dash his head against something  
 His condition was becoming to this degree deplorable  
 That blood flowed from a wound in his head  
 Everyone, rich and poor, was weeping  
 Having seen this the wayfarers wept  
 Behind all was the mother in a sedan chair  
 Weeping, she said thus, as she went along:  
 "I sacrifice myself to your corpse  
 Alas my proud one, who said so little!  
 Now you are unconscious of your mother's plight  
 Whose was this evil eye which has devoured you?  
 You never told me what passed in your heart  
 You did not even give me any last instructions my dear  
 You have gone, breaking my heart in my old age  
 My daughter, to whom have you forsaken me?  
 A fresh scar has been made in my heart  
 Today my house has become without a lamp  
 Someone is crushing my heart between their hands.  
 However much I try I cannot rally  
 If someone gave me poison I would swallow it  
 Or if the earth should open up,  
 I would let myself be swallowed up  
 The scar of separation from you burns in my heart  
 I miss your moonlike face  
 The pleasure of life has been blotted out  
 The grief of your youth is in my heart  
 I was not allowed to celebrate your marriage  
 I was not permitted to fulfill any of my vows.  
 I sacrificed myself to your beauty  
 You went away from the world how full of longings  
 Tell me what you were angry at  
 May your mother be a sacrifice, just give an answer  
 You do not reply from being called  
 Now what support shall I live with?  
 What a scar fate has given my liver  
 Today it has put out the light of my house  
 None of the hope of your parents was realised  
 Alas daughter! you were not reared to maturity  
 You so lost interest in this mother  
 That you did not even fall ill and receive my service (i.e. so that I  
     could wait on you and care for you before you died)  
 I will not live in separation from you  
 My heart flutters, my eyes seek (you)  
 What trouble have I fallen into my daughter?  
 My womb has been laid waste, my daughter  
 My days were (fated) to be passed in sorrow from such a blow  
 In old age stumblings were fated (for me)"  
 Having thus heard her mother's lamentation  
 My heart in my breast became agitated  
 When I remembered the last wishes of that fairy



Since that flowerlike one had died for me  
 Life for me too became forbidden  
 Because I had seen such terrible sights with my eyes  
 Having come into my house I too swallowed poison  
 Vomiting lasted till noon.  
 And then after that swooning overcame me  
 That state of helplessness lasted three days  
 From which forgetfulness of myself came about (means simply that  
   he was completely unconscious)  
 Precisely in this heedlessness (= state of unconsciousness) I then  
   saw a dream  
 That she said this with an eye of wrath  
 Just listen to me - why did you take poison?  
 You did not have any regard for my last wishes  
 You have been extremely forgetful of yourself  
 You forgot me in the space of two days  
 You forgot (= banished) my sayings (= command) from your heart  
 Indeed it was to be expected!  
 Words cannot do justice!  
 When, having said this, she vanished  
 My eyes opened and my senses came back to me.  
 Then I could find no trace of poison  
 A sort of wonderment came to me  
 The assertion of all my friends and acquaintances was this  
 "You were a corpse and you came to life again. Behold the power of  
   God!"  
 My parents were delighted at this  
 The peace of their hearts and the light of their eyes grew  
 All my relatives heard it and became happy  
 They came and began to offer their congratulations  
 The outcome of this story was this  
 I remained alive because of my stamina  
 I have earned this in love:  
 I gave my heart and became acquainted with grief.