

madrasah yā dair t^hā yā ka‘abah yā but-ḵhānah t^hā
 Whether it was a madrasa, a monastery, the ka‘abah, or an idol temple
ham sab^hī mēhmān t^he vān tū hī ṣāhib-i ḵhānah t^hā
 We were all guests there, it was you who was the Lord of the house

vāe nādānī kēh vaqt-i marg yēh sābit hūā
 Alas ignorance! At the time of death this was proven
ḵhwāb t^hā jo kuc^h kēh dek^hā jo sunā afsānah t^hā
 It was a dream, all that I saw; all that I heard was a story

ḥaif kēhte haiñ hūā gulzār tārāj-i ḵhizān
 Alas! They say, the rose garden was devastated by autumn
āšnā apnā b^hī vāñ ik sabzah-yi begānah t^hā
 Even my own lover was an “unknown” plant there

ho gayā mēhmān-sarāe kaśrat-i mauhūm āh
 It became a guest house for the exercise/play of (vain) fantasies, ah!
vōh dil-i ḵhālī kēh terā ḵhāṣ ḵhalvat-ḵhānah t^hā
 That empty heart, which was your special private room

b^hūl jā, ḵhwuš rēh ‘abas ve sābiqe mat yād kar
 Forget it, remain happy, do not remember those past things in vain
dard yēh mażkūr kyā hai āšnā t^hā, yā nah t^hā
 Dard! What is this mention? Was he a lover, or was he not?

Translated and transliterated by Till Luge

(page 14)



kab^hū ḵhwuš b^hī kiyā hai jī kisī rind-i šarābī kā
 For some time it made me happy, too, the life of a (heavy) drunk
b^hīrā de muñh se muñh sāqī hamārā aur gulābī kā
 Bring together, cup-bearer! mouth to mouth ours and the wine bottle's
 // Bring us face to face, cup-bearer! me and the rose colored one

c^hupe har giz nah mişl-i bū vōh pardoñ ke c^hupā'e se
 Not at all concealed - like a scent -, he is by the seclusion of veils
mazah paṛtā hai jis gul pairahan ko behijābī kā
 This delicate one who acquires the taste of immodesty/unveiledness

šarār o barq kī sī b^hī nahīn yān fursat-i hastī
 Not even like a spark or lightning is the time of (our) existence here
 falak ne ham ko saurpā kām jo kuc^h t^hā šitābī kā
 Whatever work the heavens have entrusted to us was one of haste

maiñ apnā dard-i dil cāhā kahūn jis pās ‘ālam meñ
 To whomever in the world I attempted to relate the pain of my own heart
 bayāñ karne lagā qīṣṣah vōh apnī hī kharābī kā
 Has begun proclaiming the story of his own ruin

kabūd-i carḳh dek^hā to savārī ke nahīn qābil
 When I saw the heavenly sphere, I was not able to ride/control
 mah-i nau se hai paidā ‘aib us kī bad-rikābī kā
 Apparent from the new moon is the difficulty of mounting it

zamāne kī nah dek^hī jur‘ah rezī dard! kuc^h tū ne
 Dard, have you not seen the flowing of time?
 milāyā miśl-e mīnā khāk meñ khūn har šarābī kā
 Mixed like a cup (of wine) into the dust is every drunkard's blood.

Translated and transliterated by Till Luge

(pages 14 and 15)



qatl-i ‘āšiq kisī ma‘šūq se kuc^h dūr nah t^hā
 The murder of the lover, was not far from any beloved
 par tire ‘ēhēd se āge to yēh dastūr nah t^hā
 But, before your time this was not (the usual) custom

rāt majlis meñ tire ḥusn ke šu‘le ke ḥuzūr
 At night in the majlis, the presence of the flame of your beauty
 šam‘ ke muñh pēh jo dek^hā to kahīn nūr nah t^hā
 In comparison, what/who was seen at the mouth of the candle, was not a light at all

zīkr merā hī vōh kartā t^hā šarīḥan lekin
 He remembered only me openly, but
 maiñ ne pūc^hā to kahā khair yēh mażkūr nah t^hā
 When I asked, he said, ok, [but] this was no mentioning

bāvujūde kēh par o bāl nah t^he ādam ke
 Although [that] man had no wings or feathers
vahān pahuñcā kēh farište kā b^hī maqdūr nah t^hā
 He reached a place where the angels, too, where powerless

parvariš ġam kī tire yān ta'īn to kī dek^hā
 I nourished the pain you gave me until the point where I saw
ko'ī b^hī dāġ t^hā sīne meñ kēh nāsūr nah t^hā
 There was no wound in my chest that was not a running sore

muḥtasib āj to mai khāne meñ tire hāt^hoñ
 Oh *muḥtasib* [moral supervisor]! today in the wine house [I am] in your hands
dil nah t^hā ko'ī kēh šīše kī ṭarah cūr nah t^hā
 There was no heart that was not intoxicated/broken like the bottle

dard ke milne se ae yār burā kyoñ mānā
 On meeting Dard, oh lover!, why take it badly?
us ko kuc^h aur sivā dīd ke manzūr na t^hā
 He did not accept/want anything but to see you

Translated and transliterated by Till Luge

(pages 18 and 19)



ghar to donoñ pās hain par vōh mulāqāteñ kahāñ
 The homes are close enough, but whither the encounters?
āmad o raft ādmī kī hai pēh vōh bāteñ kahāñ
 Men come and go; but where are those conversations?

hum faqīroñ kī ṭaraf b^hī to nigheñ dam bēh dam
 Towards us *faqīrs*, too, those glances, every breath
p^haiñkte jāte t^he āp āge vōh khairāteñ kahāñ
 You need to grant, but where are those charities now?

ba'd marne ke mire hogī mire rone ki qadr
 My tears will be valued after I die
tab kahā kījegā logoñ meñ vōh barsāteñ kahāñ
 And then you'll go around saying to people: where are those rains?

yūñ to hai din rāt mere dil meñ us kā hī khayāl
 His thoughts still fill my heart, day and night
jin dinoñ apnī baḡal meñ t^hā so vōh rāteñ kahāñ
 But the days when he lay next to me, where are those nights?

jis tarah se k^heltā hai vōh diloñ ka yāñ shikār
 The mastery with which he hunts the hearts
dard ātī haiñ kisī dilbar ko yēh ghāteñ kahāñ
 Oh Dard! Does any beloved know such traps/ambushes?

Translated and transliterated by Ananya Dasgupta and Maria Khan

(page 60)



terī galī meñ maiñ nah calūñ aur ṣabā cale
 That I should not pass through your lane and the zephyr should
yūñ hī khudā jo cāhe to bande kī kyā cale
 If God desires it so, then what can this slave do?

kis kī yēh mauj-i ḡusn hūñ jalwah-gar kēh yūñ
 Whose was this wave of beauty that appeared so
daryā meñ jo ḡabāb t^he ānk^heñ c^hupā cale
 When bubbles appeared in the water, they averted their eyes

ham b^hī jaras kī tarḡ to is qāfile ke sāt^h
 I, too, like the bell, with this procession
nāle jo kuc^h bisāt meñ t^he so sunā cale
 Whatever complaints were within my power, I cried them out and left

kēh baiṡ^hiyo nah dard kēh ahl-i wafā hūñ maiñ
 Oh Dard, don't go and say that I am one of the faithful
us be-wafā ke āge jo zikr-i wafā cale
 If faithfulness is mentioned in front of that faithless one

Translated and transliterated by Catherine Warner

(page 110)



āyā hai abr zor caman meñ bahār hai
 Clouds have entered the garden forcefully, it is spring
sāqī shitāb ā kēh tirā intizār hai
 Oh wine-bearer! Come quickly, you are awaited.

zālim samaj^h ke apnī nazar p^heñkiyo kahīñ
 Oh tyrant! Think carefully before you cast your glance somewhere!
guzarā jid^har yēh tīr to p^hir wār pār hai
 For wherever this arrow passed, it went right through.

rotā nahīñ hai shāhid-i mīnā yēh be-sabab
 This goblet witness does not cry without reason
gardan pēh us kī kḥūn kisī kā sawār hai
 On its neck it bears the guilt of someone's blood.

nādān! nazar se apnī girā de nah dard ko
 Fool! Do not cast Dard down from your glance(s)
jo kuc^h kēh hai so hai pēh tirā dost-dār hai
 Whatever he is, he is, but he is still your friend.

Translated and transliterated by Katy Hardy and Walt Hakala

(page 112)



garchēh be-zār tū hai par use kuc^h piyār b^hī hai
 Although you are tired, but on his side there is love, also.
sāt^h inkār ke parde meñ p^hir iqrār b^hī hai
 Along with refusal, secretly there is consent, also.

zāhidā! shirk-i kḥafī kī b^hī kḥabar tuk lenā
 Oh zealot! become aware of you secret polytheism, too:
sāt^h har dānah-yi tasbīḥ ke zunnār b^hī hai
 For along with every bead of your rosary, there is the sacred thread, also.

nazar-i raḥmat id^har ko b^hī guzar kījīyegā
 Oh glance of mercy! Pass this way, too:
isī ummīd pēh āyā yēh gunah-gār b^hī hai
 This sinful one has come here with this very expectation, also

dil b^halā aise ko ai dard nah dije kyūñ kar
Oh Dard, why not give your heart to such a one?
ek to yār hai aur tis pēh tarah-dār b^hī hai
First he is beloved, and second, he is colorful/sexy, too?

Translated and transliterated by Katy Hardy and Walt Hakala

(page 113)

