

# لوح و قلم

ہم پرورشِ لوح و قلم کرتے رہیں گے  
جو دل پہ گزرتی ہے رقم کرتے رہیں گے  
اسبابِ نعمِ عشقِ بہم کرتے رہیں گے  
ویرانیِ دُوراں پہ کرم کرتے رہیں گے  
ہاں تلخیِ ایام ابھی اور بڑھے گی  
ہاں اہلِ ستمِ مشقِ ستم کرتے رہیں گے

## 20. TABLET AND PEN

I shall not cease to feed this pen, but still  
Keep record of what things pass through the soul,  
Still gather means for love to work its will,  
Keep green this age round which blank deserts roll.

Though these days' bitterness must grow sharper yet,  
And tyrants not renounce their tyranny,

### TABLET AND PEN

- 1 I will go on cherishing the tablet and pen,  
I will go on writing down what passes over the heart,  
I will go on collecting the attributes of the grief of love,  
I will go on pouring bounty on the desolation of the age.
- 5 Yes, the bitterness of the times will grow still greater;  
Yes, the tyrant people will go on practising tyranny;

### LAUH-O-QALAM

- 1 Ham parwarish-e-lauh-o-qalam karte-rahenge,  
Jo dil pe guzarti hai raqam karte-rahenge,  
Asbab-e-gham-e-'ishq baham karte-rahenge,  
Virani-e-dauran pe karam karte-rahenge.
- 5 Han talkhi-e-aiyam abhi aur barhegi,  
Han ahl-e-sitam mashq-e-sitam karte-rahenge:

منظور یہ تلخی ، یہ ستم ہم کو گوارا  
 دم ہے تو دواوائے الم کرتے رہیں گے  
 مے خانہ سلامت ہے تو ہم سُرخئی مے سے  
 تزیین درو بام حرم کرتے رہیں گے  
 باقی ہے لہو دل میں تو ہر اشک سے پیدا  
 رنگ لب و رخسار صنم کرتے رہیں گے  
 اک طرزِ تغافل ہے سو وہ اُن کو مبارک  
 اک عرضِ تمنا ہے سو ہم کرتے رہیں گے

I taste their bitter wrongs without regret,  
 But while breath lasts will nurse each malady—

While yet the tavern stands, with its red wine  
 Crimson the temple's high cold walls; and while  
 My heartblood feeds my tears and lets them shine,  
 Paint with each drop the loved one's rosy smile.

Let others live for calm indifferent peace;  
 I listen to earth's pangs, and will not cease.

*This bitterness is accepted, this tyranny is endurable to me,  
 While there is breath I will go on with the healing of pain.  
 While the wineshop is safe, with the red of wine  
 I will go on adorning the door and roof of the shrine;  
 While there is blood left in my heart, from each tear  
 I will go on creating colour for the lip and cheek of my idol.  
 There is a fashion of indifference: they are welcome to it—  
 There is an appeal of love's-demand, and this I will go on  
 presenting.*

Manzūr ye talkhī, ye sitam hamko gavārā,  
 Dam hai to mudāvā-e-alam karte-raheṅge.  
 Maikhāna salāmat hai to ham surkhī-e-mai se  
 Taz'in-e-dar-o-bām-e-ḥaram karte-raheṅge,  
 Bāqī hai lahū dil meñ to har ashk se paidā  
 Raṅg-e-lab-o-rukhsār-e-ṣanam karte-raheṅge;  
 Ēk tarz-e-taghāful hai so vo unko mubārak,  
 Ēk 'arḷ-e-tamannā hai so ham karte-raheṅge.