

طوق و دار کا موسم

روشِ روش ہے وہی انتظار کا موسم
 نہیں ہے کوئی بھی موسم بہار کا موسم
 گراں ہے دل پہ نعم روزگار کا موسم
 ہے آزمائشِ حُسنِ نگار کا موسم
 خوشانظرہ رُخسارِ یار کی ساعت
 خوشا قرارِ دلِ بے قرار کا موسم
 حدیثِ بادہ و ساقی نہیں تو کس مصرف
 خرامِ ابرِ سر کو ہسار کا موسم
 نصیبِ صُحبتِ یاراں نہیں تو کیا کیجے
 یہ رقصِ سایہ سرو و چنار کا موسم

25. THIS HOUR OF CHAIN AND GIBBET

On every pathway broods this hour of waiting,
 No hour that strikes is the longed hour of spring;
 And daily cares lie heavy on our souls—
 This is the touchstone hour to try love's spells.

Blest minute that brings a dear face back to sight,
 Blest hour that brings rest to a restless heart!
 Wine-cup and cup-filler denied, in vain
 That hour when cool clouds walk across the mountain,
 Or cypress or chenar leaf, when no comrades
 Share with us its green hour of dancing shades.

THE SEASON OF MANACLE AND STAKE

- 1 Pathway by pathway there is that same season of waiting,
 No season at all is the season of spring.
 Heavy on the heart is the season of distress for daily bread,
 It is the season of the testing of the beauty of the beloved.
- 5 Happy the moment of the sight of the face of a dear friend,
 Happy the season of tranquillity in the intranquil heart!
 When there is no question of wine and cup-bearer, of what use
 The season of the movement of the cloud over the mountain?
 If the company of friends is not our lot, what good
- 10 This season of the dance of the shadow of cypress and chenar-tree?

TAUQ-O-DĀR KĀ MAUSIM

- 1 Ravish-ravish hai vuhī intizār kā mausim,
 Nahīn hai ko'ī bhī mausim bahār kā mausim.
 Girān hai dil pe ḡham-e-rozgār kā mausim,
 Hai āzmā'ish-e-ḡusn-e-nigār kā mausim.
- 5 Khwushā nazāra-e-rukhsār-e-yār kī sā'at,
 Khwushā qarār-e-dil-e-be-qarār kā mausim.
 Ḥadiṡ-e-bāda-o-sāqī nahīn, to kis maṡraf
 Khirām-e-abr-e-sar-e-kohsār kā mausim?
 Naṡīb ṡuhbat-e-yārān nahīn, to kyā kije
- 10 Ye raqṡ-e-sāya-e-sarv-o-chanār kā mausim?

یہ دل کے داغ تو دکھتے تھے یوں بھی پر کم
 کچھ اب کے اور ہے ہجرانِ یار کا موسم
 یہی جنوں کا، یہی طوق و دار کا موسم
 یہی ہے جبر، یہی اختیار کا موسم
 قفس بس میں تمہارے تمہارے بس میں نہیں
 چمن میں آتشِ گل کے نکھار کا موسم
 صبا کی مستِ خرامی تہ کمنہ نہیں
 اسیرِ دام نہیں ہے بہار کا موسم
 بلا سے ہم نے نہ دیکھا تو اور دیکھیں گے
 فروغِ گلشن و صوتِ ہزار کا موسم

These scars ached long ago, a little—not
 As this hour does that keeps all friends apart,
 This hour of chain and gibbet and rejoicing,
 Hour of necessity and hour of choice.

At your command the cage, but not the garden's
 Red rose-fire, when its radiant hour begins;
 No noose can catch the dawn-wind's whirling feet,
 The spring's bright hour falls prisoner to no net.

Others will see, if I do not, that hour
 Of singing nightingale and splendid flower.

*These scars of the heart ached indeed just like this, but only a little;
 Something different now is the season of the separation from the
 friend.*

*This is the season of ecstasy, of manacle and stake,
 This is the season of coercion and of choice.*

- 15 *The cage is in your power, but not in your power is
 The season in the garden of the brightening of the fire of the rose.
 The wild motion of the morning-breeze is not under a noose,
 The season of spring is not prisoner of a snare.
 No matter; if I have not seen, others will see*
- 20 *The season of the brightness of the rose-garden and of the sound
 of the nightingale.*

Ye dil ke dāgh to dukhte the yūn bhī, par kam kam,
 Kuchh abke aur hai hijrān-e-yār kā mausim.
 Yēhī junūn kā, yēhī ṭauq-o-dār kā mausim,
 Yēhī hai jabr, yēhī ikhtiyār kā mausim.

- 15 *Qafas hai bas meñ tumhāre, tumhāre bas meñ nahīn
 Chaman meñ ātash-e-gul ke nikhār kā mausim.
 Ṣabā kī mast khirāmī tah-e-kamañd nahīn,
 Asīr-e-dām nahīn hai bahār kā mausim.
 Balā se, ham-ne na dekhā to aur dekheñge*
- 20 *Furogh-e-gulshan o ṣaut-e-hazār kā mausim.*