بِهلادبیب اچه ساوی د بِنْوَاللهِ الرَّحَیْنُ الرَّحِیْمِهٔ جَاوِیْرا رَّمُصُّلِیْنًا

بنبل کی تمن بر مستولی از مقاری با براستولی برا مستولی شعب رقوانی جوشی برا مستولی برا مستولی به بیشتری در می که این چوشی به بیشتری در می که این بیشوری به بیشتری در می که این بیشتری برای کارا از به بیشتری در می که بیشتری برای بیشتری برای بیشتری برای بیشتری برای بیشتری برای بیشتری بی

## First Introduction (1879)

In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful, to whom we offer our praises and our prayers

I sing no longer with the nightingale,
From poets and recitals now I quail.
For ever since you left me, living heart,
No more do I recount your endless tale!

The time of my youth, which is indeed the time when the world lies at our feet, was spent in a delightful and spacious plain entirely free from the dust of distress, where there were neither hills of sand nor thickets of thorn, and which was untouched by tempestuous dust-storms or searing desert-winds.

When I merrily went my way beyond this plain, I beheld another tract of open country still more entrancing to the eyes. As soon as I saw it, untold emotions and uncounted desires sprang up unbidden within my heart. But this country was as alarming as it was lovely. In its verdant thickets terrifying beasts of prey lay hidden, while upon its lush plants snakes and scorpions lay coiled. As soon as I stepped within its boundary, tigers, leopards, snakes and scorpions emerged from every corner. Although the spring-garden of my youth was indeed a sight to behold, I was granted no respite from the most odious aspects of worldly existence. Unthinking of proud self-adornment and unsmitten by the passions of youthful love, I neither enjoyed the delights of union nor tasted the sweet pains of separation:

A cruel snare lay hidden near the nest, Which caught us ere we had the chance to fly.

It is true that through poetry I was briefly led to assume the false part of a lover. I raised such dust during my years of wandering across the plain of madness in my desire for an imaginary beloved as utterly to eclipse the fame of Qais or Farhad. Now I shook the inhabited quarter of the globe with my midnight lamentations, now drowned the entire world beneath the oceans of my tears. The ears of the angels were made deaf by the loudness of my complaints, and the heavens were perforated like a sieve by the endless repetition of my taunts. When buffeted by the waves of jealousy, I thought all mankind my rivals, even to the point of becoming suspicious of myself. When the river of my passion overflowed, my heart in its powers of attraction resembled magnets or pieces of amber. Falling martyr again and again to the eyebrows' sword, I was again and again revived by a kick, as if life were a garment which could be taken off and put on at will. I had frequently traversed the plain of the day of resurrection, and often made visits to heaven and to hell. When it came to wine-drinking, I would quaff flagon upon flagon, and yet remain unsated. Now

I would rub my forehead on the threshold of the tavern, now beg at the gate of the wine-seller. Attached to unbelief, I was permanently disgusted with faith. I swore allegiance to the Magian elder, became the Brahmin's disciple, worshipped idols, wore the sacred thread, and drew the caste-mark on my forehead. I mocked the ascetics, and jeered at the preachers. I honoured the temples and the houses of idols, and scoffed at the Kaaba and the mosques. I was insolent to God, and disrespectful to the Prophets, thinking the miraculous cures of the Messiah to be a game, and considering the beauty of Joseph to be a spectacle. If I wrote a ghazal, I would reproduce the oaths of the lowest scoundrels; if I composed a qasida, I would disgust the coarsest bards and hacks. I endowed every handful of dust with the qualities of the philosopher's stone, and imbued every dry stick with the miraculous power of the staff of Moses. I likened every Nimrod of the age to Abraham the Friend of God, and made the status of every impotent Pharaoh resemble that of the Almighty Creator. I went to such ridiculous extremes in praising those I was supposed to laud that even they themselves took no pleasure in listening to their praises. In short, I so blackened the record of my deeds that no white space was left:

> On Doomsday when my sins are asked and probed, The files on others' sins will be destroyed.

From the age of twenty until my fortieth year I went on blindly round and round in the same circle, like the proverbial oilman's bullock, but I imagined that I had traversed the entire world. When my eyes opened, I realized that I was still exactly where I had started from:

Though youth is gone, you keep your youthful airs, Still resting in the land where you were born.

When I looked up, I saw a broad plain stretching all around me, with open roads leading in all directions, imposing no restrictions on the imagination. I wanted to go out and explore this plain, but it was difficult to use my feet for such a purpose when for twenty years they had been unaccustomed to moving forward and had remained confined within the same yard or two of space. My limbs were moreover exhausted by the twenty years of going round in circles to no point or profit, and I had lost the power of motion. Yet after having been on the move for so long, it was difficult for me to sit still. For a while I was overtaken by such irresolution that I took one step back for every step I took forward. Suddenly, I beheld a servant of the Lord, a hero in that plain, who was travelling along a difficult path. Many of those who had set out with him had fallen behind in exhaustion. Many were still stumbling along with him, but with their lips caked with scales, their feet covered in blisters, their breath coming in gasps, and their faces now pale with fatigue, now red with exertion. Yet that man of noble resolution who was guide to them all still strode along, fresh and careless of the exhaustion of the journey or the loss of his companions, and untroubled by the distance of his goal. So powerful was the magic in his glance

طرف آگانشاکو کیتناہ و و آتھیں بندگر کے اسکے ساتھ بولیں ہے اس کی ایک نگاہ ادھ بی پڑی اوا پنا کام ا گئی بیری سے تصلے المیت شدہ وقت ہی ڈیٹوار گزار رستھ پر پسکے تدیغ ہے کہاں جا تیم میں نے موثو ہے۔ کیوں جائے بیں منطلب صادق ہو تھ ہم راہ ہے نہوی ہے نہ استقلال نصدق ہے ناظام ہو گڑا کہ نے برات اقد ہے کھینچے لئے جانوا ہا ہے۔

that whoever he looked at would close his eyes and go along with him. One look of his was cast in my direction also, and this had its immediate effect. Wearied and exhausted as I was by the fatigue of twenty years, I embarked upon that harsh journey, unaware of where I was going, not knowing why I was moving, with no genuine motive or resolute step, lacking determination, perseverance, faith or purpose, simply dragged along in the grasp of a powerful hand:

That heart, which used to flee the young and fair, Was captured by the elder's single glance.

When I beheld the new pattern of the age, my heart became sick of the old poetry, and I began to feel ashamed of stringing together empty fabrications. The promptings of my friends gave me no encouragement, nor was I stimulated to rival my companions. Yet it was as if I was trying to close an open sore which would not rest without oozing in one way or another. And so I suffocated in the effort of suppressing the fevers raging within myself, racking my heart and brain, while seeking their outlet. Then I was approached by a true well-wisher of our people—regarded as such not only by his own people but by the entire country, who not only serves his brethren with his own mighty hand and powerful arm, but also wishes to involve every useless cripple in the same activity. He put me on my mettle and upbraided me, saying that it was a shameful thing to claim the status of a talking creature and not to make use of the tongue one had been given by God:

Go move your lips, and as a human speak.

If you're a stone, boast not, 'I am a man.'

The condition of our people is ruined. Its nobles have been abased, and its upper class reduced to dust. Learning is long since finished, and only the name of faith is left. Loud complaints of poverty are heard from every home, and the belly grumbles for food in every quarter. Morality has been completely ruined, and is being still further corrupted. The black cloud of bigotry overshadows the whole people. All have their feet shackled by tradition and convention, while their heads are weighed down by ignorance and slavish imitation of the past. Their political leaders, who are capable of greatly benefiting their people, are careless and oblivious, while their religious leaders, who have a great part to play in its reformation, are lacking in awareness of what is suited to the needs of the age. At such a time it is necessary that each man should do what he can, for we are all embarked upon the same ship, and our welfare depends upon that of the whole craft. It is true that much has been written, and continues to be written about this. But no one has yet written poetry, which makes a natural appeal to all, and has been bequeathed to the Muslims as a legacy from the Arabs, for the purpose of awakening the community. Although the likely result of this undertaking may be judged from the outcome of other schemes, yet the human heart is always overhwelmed in

مع سيندال گُرُت سبين ايك يكرم كي تبنين كست و وسديده م كي كرانها سب بيل خيال كانيت بهره الكوران المرديد و المرديدة و الدور المرديدة المرديدة و المرديدة المر

such difficult circumstances as these by two types of thoughts: one, that we can do nothing, secondly, that we ought to do something. The outcome of the first has been that nothing has happened, but from the second many great and wonderful things have come to pass in the world:

Despair not! Bounty's door will open here, For keys, like seeds, from every lock sprout here.

'He is the One that sends down rain even after men have given up all hope, and scatters His mercy far and wide' (Quran 42:28).

Although it was hard to carry out this command, and difficult to take up the burden of service required of me, yet the words of magical force uttered by my counsellor stayed in my heart. Having issued from one heart, they went and settled in another. Extinct for years, my inspiration was roused by a fresh outburst of energy, like the proverbial stale dish of lentils suddenly coming to the boil. I began to set my long-chilled heart and worn-out brain to work, after they had been rendered useless by uninterrupted attacks of illness, and I laid the foundations of a Musaddas. In spite of rarely being free from the disagreeable demands of worldly existence and never being granted respite from attacks of ill health, I continued throughout to be inspired by this passionate enthusiasm. At last, thanks be to God, and after many troubles, a rough-and-ready poem was prepared in accordance with the abilities of this feeble creature, and there was no need to feel ashamed of facing my kindly counsellor. I have travelled on my lengthy journey sustained by hope alone, since I have yet to discern any sign of the final goal, and have no expectation of discovering one in the future:

I know not where my destined goal will lie, But simply hear the tinkle of a bell.

After a prologue of half a dozen stanzas at the beginning of this Musaddas, I have given a sketch of miserable condition of Arabia before the appearance of Islam, in the period known in the language of Islam as the Jahiliyya. I have then described the rising of the star of Islam, how the desert was suddenly made green and fertile by the teaching of the Unlettered Prophet, how that cloud of mercy at his departure left the fields of the community luxuriantly flourishing, and how the Muslims excelled the whole world in their religious development and worldly progress. After this, I have written of the state of decay into which they have fallen, and how with inexpert hands they have fashioned a house of mirrors for the nation, which they may enter to study their features and realize who they were and what they have become. The difficulties involved in composing this heartbreaking poem are properly known only to the heart and mind of its author. Although I have not done full justice to my theme, and am indeed unable to do so, yet I am grateful for what I have managed to achieve. since I had not hoped for even this much. Our country's gentlemen of taste will obviously have no liking for this dry, insipid, plain and simple poem, for it contains only historical material or translations of Quranic verses or of Hadith,

ے، ذرگیس بانی میں بالغربی جائے۔ بڑکھف کی جائٹنی ہو فرض کوئی بات اپریٹیں ہے ہیں۔ اہل وہل ہے کا افور اور فرق آشا ہوں اور کوئی گڑھ ایسا نہیں ہے کہ لائٹنی گڑھ نے کا کہ ڈوٹھ کا کھائے بہتر در کرہ ہگرے دکھا میں کان سے سازی بھرے اس کھائی گوا او بی کھنٹو کی دوست بی ایک کیا سازہ نے اگیا ہے جس میں اہل کھڑ گئے میم جس بان کے مواکم تعمیں میر اس فلم کی ترتیب مزے لیضا ور وادواہ سننے کیسیسے تعمیں کی تھی مبلکہ عزوز در اور دوس کوفیزت اور شرح دلانے کمیسیسے کی کئی ہے ۔ اگر دھمیں اور ٹرجیس کو توجیس توان کا احسان سے فرد کھی تھا ہے تھوں معلقل فلسسے بنتہ تو دھائھتن است و میں ورنیدا کی مجیسات کی کشتن است و میں or an exactly accurate picture of the present state of the community. Flights of fancy or elegance of style are nowhere to be found in it, and it lacks both seasoning of exaggeration and the flavouring of artifice. In other words, it contains none of the things with which the ears of my fellow-countrymen are familiar and to which their taste is accustomed. It lacks any wondrous power of the kind 'unseen by any eye, unheard by any ear, unfelt by the heart of any man.' It is as if the people of Delhi and Lucknow had been invited to a meal in which nothing was laid before them but boiled rice and dal and curry without peppers. This poem has not, however, been composed in order to be enjoyed or with the aim of eliciting applause, but in order to make my friends and fellows feel a sense of outrage and shame. It will be a sufficient kindness on their part if they will look at it, read it, and understand it. I shall then be left with no occasion for complaint:

Hafiz, your task is just to offer prayers.

So worry not if they are heard or not!