2. GOD NEVER SEND

God never send a time when you too mourn—
When you too find life-easing sleep forsworn,
When joy has spent with you its long bright hour
And left the cup of your existence sour;

When, its bright mirror tarnished with hot tears,
Your mind is filled with swarms of anxious fears,
And thronging misery comes with gnawing tooth,
Till only an old dream is left of youth;

MAY GOD NOT BRING THAT TIME

1 May God not bring that time when you are sorrowful,
When the sleep of tranquillity becomes forbidden to you too,
Your uninterrupted happiness is concluded,
Your life becomes for you a bitter cup.

5 The mirror of your heart is melted with grief,
You become disquieted by a throng of despairs,
You become restless (like quicksilver) from a crowd of distresses,
Your youth becomes only a dream,
Your pride of beauty is altogether humbled,

KHUDĀ VO WAQT NA LĀ'E

1 Khudā vo waqt na lā'e kē sogwār ho tū,
Sukūn kī nūd tujhe bhi ārām ho-jā'e,
Tērī masarrat-e-paiham tamām ho-jā'e,
Tērī ḥayāt tujhe tallē jām ho-jā'e,

5 Ghāmo'n se ā'īna-e-dil gudāz ho terā,
Hujūm-e-yās se be-tāb hoke rah-jā'e,
Wufūr-e-dard se sīmāb hoke rah-jā'e,
Tērā shābāb faqāt khwāb hoke rah-jā'e,
Ghurūr-e-ḥusn sarāpā nayāz ho terā,

50

51
When beauty’s proud thoughts turn to abjectness,
And you too long through the long night for peace,
While parched eyes strain for comfort no-one brings
And autumn’s sad desire thirsts for new springs;

When no more foreheads bowed on your doorstep find you
Have cheated with some sweet tomorrow-vow
As thanks for love’s humility’s display;

God never send that time that must remind you
Of the poor heart in torment for you now,
These eyes that wait and watch for you today.

10 In long nights you too pant for peace,
Your glance’s pant for some comforter,
Autumnal longing pants for spring,
No forehead bends over your doorstep
To make you happy with its wares of submission and devotion,
To put faith in the deceit of a promise of tomorrow;
May God not bring that time when recollection comes to you
Of that heart which is restless for you even now,
That eye which is waiting for you even now.

10 Šawl rātoñ meñ ū bhī qarār ko tarse,
Tērī nigāh kisī ġham-gusār ko tarse,
Khazān-rasīda tamānnā bahār ko tarse,
Ko’ī jābū na tērī saṅg-e-āstān pē jhuke
Kē āins-e-‘ajaz-o-‘aqīdat se tujh-ko shād kare,
15 Fareb-e-va’da-e-fardā pē ītimād kare;
Khudā vo waqt nā lā’ē kē tujh-ko yād ā’ē
Vo dil kē tere liye be-qarār ab bhī hai,
Vo ānkh jis-ko tērā intīgār ab bhī hai.