4. **TONIGHT**

Touch tonight no chord of sorrow,
Misery-laden days have ended—
Who can tell us of tomorrow?
Its and yesterday's dim frontier
Blotted out—yet who knows whether
We and dawn are close together?
Life, a nothing; but this night—
What the gods are, we can be!

**TONIGHT**

1. *Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain;*
   *The grief-filled days have been accomplished,*
   *And to whom is known the news of tomorrow?*
   *The frontiers of last night and tomorrow have been wiped out:*

5. *To whom is known whether or not there will be dawn?*
   *Life is nothing—but tonight!*
   *Godhood is possible tonight!*

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**AJ KI RÁT**

1. *Aj kí rát sáz-e-dard na chher;*
   *Dukh se bhar-púr din tamám hů’e,*
   *Aur kál kí kháb kísé ma’lūm?*
   *Dosh o fardá kí miít-chuki hái há hudúd,*

5. *Ho na ho sañár, kísé ma’lúm?*
   *Zindagi hech! lekin āj kí rát—*
   *Ízadiyat hái múmkin āj kí rát.*
Touch tonight no mournful strings,
Tell no tidings of affliction,
Do not pine at what fate brings:
Care of days to come all banished,
Shed no tears for seasons vanished,
Ask no tales of hours of weeping
Or of griefs in Time's safe-keeping—
Touch no mournful notes tonight!

Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain;
Do not repeat now stories of anguish—
Do not be mournful over your fate—
Lift from the heart cares of tomorrow,
Do not be tearful over the age gone by;
Do not ask for tales of the time of sorrow;
All lamentations are finished—ask no more:

Tonight do not pluck the lyre of pain!

Aj ki rat saz-e-dard na chher;
Ab na duhra fasannah-e-alam,
Apni qismat pe sognar na ho,
Fikr-e-fard utar-de dil se,
'umr-e-rafta pe ashkbar na ho;
'ahd-e-gham ki hikayaten mat puchh;
Ho-chukin sab shikayaten, mat puchh;

Aj ki rat saz-e-dard na chher.