7. TO THE RIVAL
Round you my memories of that fair one twine
Who made my heart a fairies’ nursery,
Caught in whose toils I called this busy age
An old wives’ tale, and let the world go by.
Familiar with your feet too are those paths
Her youthtime deigned to tread, drunk with youth’s pride,
While as her beauty’s pageant passed, these eyes
Gazed on it worshipping, unsatisfied.
With you too have those darling breezes played
Where fading perfume of her dress still hangs,
On you too from her roof has rained that moonlight

TO THE RIVAL
1. Come, for memories are linked with you of that beauty
Who turned this heart into a fairy-house,
In attachment to whom I had forgotten the world,
I had turned the age into a fable of an age.
5. Familiar with your steps are those paths on which
Her intoxicated youth bestowed itself,
By which the caravans of her charms have passed
That these eyes profusely adored.
With you have played those beloved breezes in which
10. The faded scent of her dress remains;
On you too has rained from that roof the light of the moon

RAQIB SE
1. A kē vābasta haiṁ us ḫusn ki yādeṁ tujh-se
Jis-ne is dīl ko parī-khānā banā-rakhā thā,
Jiski ulfat mēn bhulā-rakhthē thi ḫunyā ham-ne,
Dahr kē dahr kā afsānā banā-rakhā thā.
5. Āshnā haiṁ tēre qادmēn se vo rāhēn jin-par
Uski madhosh jawānī-ne ‘māyat ki hai,
Kārāwānī guzar haiṁ jin-se ust ra’nāī kē
Jiski in āṅkhoṁ-ne be-sud ‘ībādat ki hai,
Tujh-se khēlī haiṁ vo mahīb hawā’īn jin-mēn
10. Uske mahīb kī afsurda mahak baqi hai;
Tujh-pē bhī barsā hai us bāṁ se maḥtāb kā nur
Haunted by long-done nights and bygone pangs.

You who have known that cheek, those lips, that brow
Under whose spell I fled life away,
You whom the dreamy magic of those eyes
Has touched, can tell where my years ran astray.

Such gifts as love and love's keen anguish bring,
Gifts beyond counting, side by side we earned:
To whom else could I speak of what that passion
Cost me, or through that passion what I learned?

_in which the pain of bygone nights remains._
You have seen that forehead, that cheek, that lip,
In contemplation of which I squandered existence;
On you have been raised those lost-in-thought magical eyes;
To you is known why I wasted life.
Ours in partnership are the favours of the pain of devotion,
So many favours that if I were to count I would not be able to count;
What I lost in this love, what I learned,

_Jis-meñ bõti hãï råtoñ ki kasak bãqi hai;
Tü-ne dekhî hai vo pesõñi, vo ruñhâr, vo hoñt
Zindagi jinke tasawwur men ûlu-di ham-ne,
Tujh-pë utthi haiñ vo khoñt hûl sûhir ãñkheñ,
Tujhko ma'îlum hai kyûñ 'umr gânwâ-di ham-ne.
Ham-pë mushtaraka haiñ ihsán gham-çulût ke,
Itne ihsân ke gîwâ'ûû to gîwâ na sakûñ;
Ham-ne is 'ishq meñ kÿ khoyâ hai, kÿô sikhâ hai._
I learned of misery, helplessness, despair,
I learned to be the friend of suffering creatures,
I came to know the torment of the oppressed,
The truth of sobbing breath and vivid features.

Wherever now the friendless crouch and wait
Till in their eyes the trickling tears grow cold,
Or where the vulture hovering on broad pinions
Snatches the morsel from their feeble hold—

20 If I were to explain to anyone except you I would not be able to explain.
I learned helplessness, I learned protection of the poor;
I learned the meaning of despair and frustration, of suffering and pain,
I learned to understand the afflictions of the downtrodden,
I learned the meaning of chill sighs, of vivid faces.

25 Wherever sitting weep those helpless ones whose
Tears, flowing in their eyes, fall asleep—
Or eagles pounce on the morsels of the feeble ones,
As they come spreading their wings, hovering,—

20 Juz tere aur ko samājhā'ūn to samājhā na sakūn.
'Ājīzī sikhī, gharībōn kī hīmāyat sikhī,
Yās o īrman ke, dukh dard ke ma'nī sikhī,
Zerdastōn ke maśā'īb ko samājhnā sikhī,
Sard āhon ke, rukh-e-zard ke ma'nī sikhī.

25 Jab kāhī baithīke rote haiṁ vo be-kas jinke
Ashk ānkhoṁ men bilakte hū'ē so-jāte haiṁ,
Nā-tawānōn ke nivāloṁ pē jhapatte haiṁ 'uqāb
Bāzū tole hū'ē, maṇḍlāte hū'ē āte haiṁ,
When labourers’ flesh is sold in chaffering streets,
Or pavements run with poor men’s blood, a flame
That lurks inside me blazes up beyond
All power of quenching; do not ask its name.

Wherever the workman’s flesh is sold in the market,
The blood of the poor flows on the highroads,—
Something like a fire that is always in my breast mounts up, do not ask!
No control over my heart is left to me.

Jab kabhi biktā hai bāzār mehnazdūr kā goṣht,
Shāhrāhoī pē ghariboni kā lahū bahtā hai,
Āg-si sīne mehn rāh-rāhke ubalti hai, na pūchh!
Apne dil par mujhe qābū hi nāhīn rahtā hai.