16. MY FELLOW-MAN, MY FRIEND

If I could know for certain, my fellow-man, my friend—
If I could know for certain that your heart-weariness,
That brooding in your eyes and those thoughts that sear you
might
Be healed by any caring or comforting of mine;
Or if my words of solace were medicine that could bring
Revival to your stricken and shadow-haunted brain,
Wipe from your brow the wrinkles that shame and failure
write

MY FELLOW-CREATURE, MY FRIEND

1 If I were certain of this, my companion, my friend,
   If I were certain of this, that the weariness of your heart,
The sadness of your eyes, the burning in your breast,
   Would be removed by my sympathy, my affection;
5 If my words of consolation were that medicine through which
   Your desolated, uniti brain would recover itself,
   These stains of humiliation be removed from your forehead,

MERE HAMDAM, MERE DOST

1 Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho, mère hamdam, mère dost—
   Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho kē tēre dil ki thakan,
Terī ānkhon ki udāsī, tēre sine ki jalan,
Merī dil-jāū, mēre pyār se mit-jā'ēgī;
5 Gar mērā ḥarf-e-tasallī vo dawā ho jis-se
   Ji uṭhe phir tērā ujrā hū'ā be-nūr dimāgh,
Terī pesānī se dhul-jā'ēh ye tašīl ke dāgh.
And mend the pale consumption that wastes away your youth;

If I knew this for certain, my fellow-man, my friend!
Day and night I would cheer you, morning and evening make
Songs and new songs to please you, honeyed, heart-quieting—
Songs of cascades and springtides and flowery meadowlands,
Of breaking dawns, of moonlight, or of the wandering stars;
Or tell you old romances of shining eyes and love,
Of beautiful proud women and bosoms cold as snow
Melting under the fervent touch of a lover’s hands;
Tell how familiar features, long known by heart, may while
We watch them be transfigured in one short moment’s space,
Or how the crystal whiteness of the beloved one’s cheek
Will suddenly be kindled into wine’s ruby glow,

Your sickly youth be cured;—
If I were certain of this, my companion, my friend,

Day and night, evening and daybreak, I would keep entertaining you,
I would keep singing you songs, gentle and sweet,
Songs of waterfalls, of springtimes, of meadows,
Songs of the advent of dawn, of moonlight, of planets;
I would tell you stories of beauty and love,
Of how the ice-like bodies of proud beauties
Melt in the ardour of warm hands;
How the well-known, familiar features of some face
While we are watching all at once become changed;
How the transparent crystal of the beloved’s cheek
Suddenly glows with red wine;

Teri bimār jawānī ko shifā ho-jā’ē—
Gar mujhe iskā yaqīn ho, mēre hamdam, mēre dost,
Roz o shab, shām o sahār, main tujhe bahātā raḥān,
Maṁ tujhe gīt suṇātā raḥūn, halke, shirīn,
Abshāroñ ke, bahāroñ ke, chamanzāroñ ke gīt,
Āmad-e-subh ke, maẖtāb ke, saiyāroñ ke gīt;
Tujh-se main īsun o mahabbat ki ḥikāyat kahūn,

Kaise maghrūr ḥasīnā’ōn ke barfāb-se jism
Garm hāthon ki ḥarārat mein pīghal-jāte hain;
Kaise ēk chahre ke thahre hu’e mānūs nuqūsh
Dekhte dekhte yak lākht badal-jāte hain;
Kis tarāl ‘Ariz-e-mahbūb kā shaffāf bilaur

Yak-ba-yak būda-e-ahmar se dahāk-jātā hain;
How the rose-spray bends of itself for the rose-plucker,
How the hall of night grows perfumed;
—So would I keep singing, keep singing, for your sake,
I would go on sitting and weaving songs for your sake.

But my songs are no remedy for your affliction,
Melody is no surgeon, even though consoling and sympathetic;
A song is no lancet, though it may be a lotion for sickness.
There is no cure for your sickness, except the lancet,
And this butcher-messiah is not in my power,

Is not in the power of any breathing thing in this world,
Except—yes! except yourself, except yourself.

Kaise gulchin ke liye jhuktı hai khwud shahkan-e-gulah,
Kis taraf rıt kä aiwán mahak-játa hai;
Yún-hi gáta-rahun, gáta-rahun, terí khätir,
Git bunta-rahun, baihá-rahun, terí khätir.

Par mère git tere dukh kà madhavá hi nahi,
Naghma jarráh nahi, múnis o gham-khawár sahí;
Git nishtar to nahi, marham-äzár sahí.
Tere àzár kà chhara nahi, nishtar ke siwá,
Aur ye saffák mashhá mère qabže mein nahi,

Is jahán ke kisi gí-rih kí qabže mein nahi.
Hán nágár tere siwá, tere siwá, tere siwá.