25. THIS HOUR OF CHAIN AND GIBBET

On every pathway broods this hour of waiting,
No hour that strikes is the longed hour of spring;
And daily cares lie heavy on our souls—
This is the touchstone hour to try love’s spells.

Blest minute that brings a dear face back to sight,
Blest hour that brings rest to a restless heart!
Wine-cup and cup-filler denied, in vain
That hour when cool clouds walk across the mountain,
Or cypress or chenar leaf, when no comrades
Share with us its green hour of dancing shades.

THE SEASON OF MANACLE AND STAKE

1. Pathway by pathway there is that same season of waiting,
   No season at all is the season of spring.
   Heavy on the heart is the season of distress for daily bread,
   It is the season of the testing of the beauty of the beloved.

5. Happy the moment of the sight of the face of a dear friend,
   Happy the season of tranquillity in the intransigent heart!
   When there is no question of wine and cup-bearer, of what use
   The season of the movement of the cloud over the mountain?
   If the company of friends is not our lot, what good

10. This season of the dance of the shadow of cypress and chenar-tree?

TAUQ-O-DĀR KĀ MAUSIM

1. Ravish-ravish hai vuhī intizār kā mausim,
   Nahīn hai koī bhi mausim bahār kā mausim.
   Girāu hai dil pē ghām-e-rozagār kā mausim,
   Hai āzma’ish-e-husn-e-nigār kā mausim.

5. Khvushā naqāra-e-rughsār-e-yār kī sā’at,
   Khvushā qarār-e-dil-e-be-qarār kā mausim.
   Ħadīs-e-bāda-o-sāqī nahiin, to kis maṣra‘f
   Khirām-e-abr-e-sar-e-kohsār kā mausim?
   Naṣīb suhbat-e-yārān nahiin, to kyā kiṭe

10. Ye raqs-e-sāya-e-sarv-o-chanār kā mausim?
These scars ached long ago, a little—not
As this hour does that keeps all friends apart,
This hour of chain and gibbet and rejoicing,
Hour of necessity and hour of choice.

At your command the cage, but not the garden's
Red rose-fire, when its radiant hour begins;
No noose can catch the dawn-wind's whirling feet,
The spring's bright hour falls prisoner to no net.

Others will see, if I do not, that hour
Of singing nightingale and splendid flower.

*These scars of the heart ached indeed just like this, but only a little;*
Something different now is the season of the separation from the
friend.
This is the season of ecstatic, of manacle and stake,
This is the season of coercion and of choice.

15 The cage is in your power, but not in your power is
The season in the garden of the brightening of the fire of the rose.
The wild motion of the morning-breeze is not under a noose.
The season of spring is not prisoner of a snare.
No matter; if I have not seen, others will see
The season of the brightness of the rose-garden and of the sound of the nightingale.

Ye dīl ke dāgh to dukhte the yūn bhi, par kam kam,
Kuchh abke aur hai hijrān-e-yār kā mausim.
Yēhī jumānū kā, yēhī ūṣq-o-dār kā mausim,
Yēhī hai jabr, yēhī ikhtiyyār kā mausim.

15 Qafas hai bas meh tumhāre, tumhāre bas meh nahi ān
Chaman meh ātash-e-gul ke nikhrā kā mausim.
Sha’ba kī mast kīrāmi tah-e-kāmanh nahi ān,
Asr-e-dām nahi ān hai bahār kā mausim.
Balā se, ham-ne na dekhī to aur dekheī āng

20 Furogh-e-gulshan o šaut-e-hazār kā mausim.