Song

On the dancing-floor as evening
Approaches, from a hundred
Horizons east and westward
Your full-moon friendship shining—

The wine of your radiant kindness
Runs over, and every look
Is a cup brim-full, your gracious
Words clasp their arms round my neck—

Somewhere deep in my mind
The hour of departure lurks.

15

Song

On the dance-floor, as evening comes on, from a hundred easts and
wests
The full moon of your friendship is glowing,
The wine of your gracious beauty is overflowing,
The cup of every glance is filled to the brim,
The arms of your winning words are fast round my neck;
Somewhere at the back of my thoughts is the message of the hour of
the journey.

Ghazal

Beiāt-e-raqṣ pē šad sharq-o-gharb se sar-e-shām
Damak-rahā hai tērī dostī kā māh-e-tamām,
Chhalak-rahū hai tere ḥusn-e-mēhrbān ki sharāb,
Bharā ḥūā hai labālab harēk nigāh kā jām,
Gale mēn tāng tērē ḥarf-e-luṭf kī bāheh;
Pas-e-khayāl kahān sāʿat-e-safar kā payām.
Abhī se yādīn ḥalīn-lagī hai suhbat-e-shab,
Harek rū-e-ḥusnī ho-chalā hai besh ḥasīn.
20 Mile kuchh aise, judā yūn hū' e kē, Faiz, abke
Jo dil pē naqsh banegā vo gul hai dāgh nahūn.

Already the evening’s company has begun to melt into memory,
Every lovely face is becoming more lovely.
20 We met in such a way, we separated so, Faiz, that now
The mark that will be made on the heart will be a flower, not a scar.

Into memory this night’s glowing
Fellowship starts to melt, still lovelier
All these lovely faces grow.

Such a meeting, such a parting,
Faiz, will leave no scar imprinted,
But a blossom, on the heart.