44. HYMN OF PRAISE

Sovereign lady of life’s city,
How can our thanks to you be told?
Wealth the heart owns past all counting:
How then complain of penury?
Why should pensioners on your beauty
Take anxious thought for daily bread?
Making songs and selling sorrows—
Where should they find a merrier trade?

PRAISE

1 Queen of the city of life,
In what way could thanks to you be performed?
There is no counting up the wealth of the heart;
What complaint of poverty could be made?
5 Those who have become devotees of your beauty,
Where for them is anxiety about livelihood?
We shall sell pain, we shall sing songs—
Where a happier occupation than this?

HAMD

1 Malka-e-shahr-e-ziindagi, tera
Shukr kis taur se adha kije?
Daulat-e-dil ka kuchh shumr nahin;
Taangdasti ka ya la gilah kije?
5 Jo tera hush ke faqir hui,
Unko tashish-e-razgar kahan?
Dard becheinge, gita gaenge—
Is-se khushwaqt karo bar kahan?
When cups spill and guests are gathered,
Who feels his debt to the comforter?
When tears fall the garden blossoms:
Who bears a grudge at niggard Springs?
We are blest—no shrine, no temple,
Shuts up from us our heart’s desire;
Where should we go seeking fortune,
When all we care for shares our roof?
Who is rich enough to chaffer
About the moon and sun with us?
He who thirsts to give us battle
May conquer first the universe.

When the cup has overflowed the gathering has collected:
10 Who feels obligation to the graciousness of the consoled?
When the tear has spilled the flower-garden has bloomed:
15 Who feels grief at the inadequacy of spring?
We are fortunate that the desire of (our) eye and heart
Is neither in (Hindu) temple nor in (Muslim) shrine.
Every idol (attraction) is in our own mansion.
Where are we to go to test our fortune?
Who is rich enough to
Negotiate with us the price of the sun and moon?
Whoever has a wish for battle with us,
Let him go and make conquest of the universe.

Jām chhalkā to jām-ga’i maḥfil:
10 Minnat-e-lutf-e-ghamgusār kise?
Ashk ṭapkā to khil-gayā gulsan:
15 Ham kahān qismat āzmāne jā’ēn?
Har sanam apnī bārgāh meṁ hai.
Kauk ainsā ḡanī hai jis-se ko’l
Naqī-e-shams-o-qamar kī bāt kare?
Jīs-ke shauq-e-nabard ko ham-se,
Jā’ē, tāshīr-e-kā’ināt kare.