45. LIKE FLOWING WINE

Night at this season comes on like flowing wine;
Dawn unfolds like a rose, all colour and scent.
If dust has filled the cup, pay honour to Spring—
With longing fill your heart, your eyes with fire.

FLOWS LIKE A WAVE OF WINE

1. Night flows these days like a wave of wine,
   Dawn opens like a rose full of colour and scent;
   If cups are desolate, have some respect for spring:
   Fill the heart with desire, the eyes with blood.

DHALTĪ HAI MAUJ-E-MAI

1. Dhalti hai mauj-e-mai ki taaraḥ rāṭ in dinoḵ,
   Khalti hai ṣubḥ gūl ki taaraḥ raṅg o bū se pur;
   Virāṅ hai jām, pās karo kuchh bahār kā:
   Dil ārzū se pur karo, āṅkheī lahū se pur.