مجھے سے پہلی سی محبّت مری مخبُوب نہ مانگ میں نے سمھاتھا کہ نوسے نو درخشاں ہے حیا نبراغم بنے تو عم دیثر کا جھکٹا کہ ا تنری آنکھوں کے سواڈ نیامیں رکھاکیا کیے نو بخویل جائے نو نقد پرنگوں ہوجائے يُون نه تفا مين نے فقط جا ہا تفایوں ہوجا اور بھی ڈکھے ہیں زمانے میں محبّت کے سوا راختیں ٔ وربھی ئیں وصل کی راحت کے پیوا اُن گِنت صدُ ہوں کے تاریک بہیما نہ طلِشم

6. LOVE, DO NOT ASK

Love, do not ask me for that love again.

Once I thought life, because you lived, a prize—
The time's pain nothing, you alone were pain;
Your beauty kept earth's springtimes from decay,
My universe held only your bright eyes—
If I won you, fate would be at my feet.

It was not true, all this, but only wishing; Our world knows other torments than of love, And other happiness than a fond embrace. Dark curse of countless ages, savagery

DO NOT ASK FROM ME, MY BELOVED, LOVE LIKE THAT FORMER ONE

I Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.

I had believed that you are, therefore life is shining;

There is anguish over you, so what wrangle is there over the sorrow of the age?

From your aspect springtimes on earth have permanence;

5 What does the world hold except your eyes?
If you were to become mine, fate would be humbled.
—It was not so, I had only wished that it should be so.
There are other sufferings of the time (world)besides love,
There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union.

10 The dark beastly spell of countless centuries,

MUJH-SE PAHLĪ-SĪ MAḤABBAT, MĚRĪ MAḤBŪB, NA MĀNG

- Mujh-se pahlī-sī maḥabbat, mērī maḥbūb, na māng. Main-ne samajhā thā kĕ tū hai, to darakhshān hai ḥayāt; Terā gham hai to gham-e-dahr kā jhagrā kyā hai? Terī ṣūrat se hai 'ālam men bahāron ko ṣabāt,
- Terī ānkhon ke siwā dunyā men rakkhā kyā hai? Tū jo mil-jā'e to taqdīr nigūn ho-jā'e. Yūn na thā, main-ne faqat chāhā thā yūn ho-jā'e; Aur bhī dukh hain zamāne men maḥabbat ke siwā, Rāhaten aur bhī hain vaṣl ki rāḥat ke siwā.
- 10 An-ginat şadyon ke tārīk bahemāna tilism

Inwoven with silk and satin and gold lace, Men's bodies sold in street and marketplace, Bodies that caked grime fouls and thick blood smears, Flesh issuing from the cauldrons of disease With festered sores dripping corruption—these Sights haunt me too, and will not be shut out; Not be shut out, though your looks ravish still.

This world knows other torments than of love, And other happiness than a fond embrace; Love, do not ask for my old love again.

Woven into silk and satin and brocade,— Bodies sold everywhere in alley and market, Smeared with dust, washed in blood, Bodies that have emerged from the ovens of diseases,

- Pus flowing from rotten ulcers—
 My glance comes back that way too: what is to be done?
 Your beauty is still charming, but what is to be done?
 There are other sufferings of the time (world) besides love,
 There are other pleasures besides the pleasures of union;
- 20 Do not ask from me, my beloved, love like that former one.

Resham o atlas o kamkhāb men bunwā'e hū'e, Jā-ba-jā bikte hū'e kūcha o bāzār men jism, Khāk men lithare hū'e, khūn men nahlā'e hū'e, Jism nikale hū'e amrāz ke tannūron se,

- Píp bahtī hū'ī galte hū'e nāsūron se— Lauṭ-jātī hai udhar ko bhī nazar, kyā kīje? Ab bhī dilkash hai tĕrā ḥusn, magar kyā kīje? Aur bhī dukh hain zamāne men maḥabbat ke siwā, Rāḥaten aur bhī hain vaṣl kī rāḥat ke siwā;
- 20 Mujh-se pahlī-sī maḥabbat, měrī maḥbūb, na māng.