The
Qat’aat o Rubaiyat
of
Zia Fatehabadi
The Qat’aat o Rubaiyat of Zia Fatehabadi

Translated by
Ravinder Kumar Soni
Sushil Soni

Pigeon Books India
New Delhi, India.
Zia Fatehabadi is the takhallus or nom de plume of Mehr Lal Soni who was born at Kapurthala on 9 February 1913 as the eldest son of Munshi Ram Soni whose forefather had migrated to Fatehabad (Dist. Tarn Taran, Punjab) during the reign of the Mughal Emperor Shahjahan.

Encouraged by his mother, Shankari Devi, Zia Fatehabadi learnt the art of Urdu poetry composition from Moulvi Asghar Ali Haya Jaipuri. Zia Fatehabadi wrote his first ghazal in 1925 after which his poems began to appear regularly in various literary magazines. By 1929 he had become a familiar name in the Urdu literary circles. His school education began in Khalsa Middle School, Peshawar, but was completed from Maharaja High School, Jaipur. Later on, as a student of Forman Christian College, Lahore, he obtained his B.A. (Hons.) degree in Persian and his M.A. degree in English.

His stay in Lahore from 1930 to 1935 had a lasting effect on Zia Fatehabadi as a person and as a poet. In 1930 he became a disciple of Seemab Akbarabadi which brought him into a close contact with Seemab and his two sons, Manzar Siddiqui and Aijaz Siddiqui, and his two main disciples Raaz Chandpuri and Saghar Nizami. Krishan Chander
was also then studying in Forman Christian College but was more interested in English writings of his own. While Krishan Chander edited the English section of the college house magazine, Zia Fatehabadi was the editor of its Urdu section. The college literary activity and the literary activities of Lahore brought Zia Fatehabadi into close contact with Josh Malihabadi, Firaq Gorakhpuri, Meeraji, Mukand Lal Sharma and Sahir Hoshiarpuri and there soon developed a lifelong relationship with all these literary personalities. In 1932 Zia Fatehabadi published the first ever Urdu short story, Sadhu, written by Krishan Chander. Both Zia Fatehabadi and Meeraji were infatuated by Meera Sen who was studying in the same college; the romantic poems and sonnets of Zia Fatehabadi are all addressed to her and Meeraji had on his part adopted her name as his *nom de plume*. In 1933 Saghar Nizami published Tullu, the first collection of Urdu poems of Zia Fatehabadi, and later on Josh Malihabadi and Manzar Siddiqui seem to have selected and ensured the publication of Noor e Mashriq, the second collection of his poems that appeared in 1937 and Zia Fatehabadi was acknowledged as the more harmonious and renowned of the three bright stars of that era, the other two being Ahsan Danish and Saghar Nizami.

Zia Fatehabadi remained true to the classical style of writing but he did not ignore the changing

His Qa’ataat and Rubaiyat are included in *Tullu, Nai Subah, Gard e Raah and Meri Tasveer*. According to Malik Ram, *Tullu* was the first ever publication of qa’ataat in a book-form, it was only much later that *Abgiine* of Akhtar Ansari, *Qaashen* of Naresh Kumar Shad and *Rim Zhim* of Ahmed
Nadiim Qasmi were published.

Zia Fatehabadi was not a professional poet. He also did not hanker after public recognition or state awards. He preferred to maintain a low profile. He remained in the service of the Reserve Bank of India from 1936 to 1971 rising in ranks and after his retirement from service made Delhi his home. He had married Raj Kumari in 1942 and was blessed with six sons. He died in 1986 after a prolonged bout with illness.

I am grateful to Mr. Ravinder Kumar Soni & Mr. Sushil Soni for entrusting on me the responsibility of not only publishing this book of Fatehabadi ji, but also writing about the great personality.

We, at Pigeon Books, have already published “Meri Tasveer”, the collection of Zia Fatehabadi’s Urdu poems in Hindi language (Devnagari script), which is very well received by the lovers of Sher-o-Shairii.

We have tried our best to translate “Rubaiyat” into English and Hindi and then to transliterate Hindi in Roman script. If you find any mistake or have a better translation of any couplet, please let us know. We will try to change/include it in the next edition.

—Kaushal Goyal
Editor & Publisher
kaushalgoyal@yahoo.com
نظم کی تمکنت، غزل کا مزاج
واہ کیا بات بے رباعی کی
In this twilight hour there is a chill in the air;
The marching clouds have gathered to cover the sky.
And a lilting strain from a flute playing far away
Floats into calmness and soothes our minds.
جب جہان م حو خواب بُونا ہے
جہ کر عقل و بوش سوتا ہے
موت دنیا پ ۚ دیکھے کر طاری
میں بہی روٹا ہون، دل بہی روٹا ہے

जब جہاں महا ۚ و خواب होता है
बेच कर अकल ओ होश सोता है
मौत दुनिया पे देख कर तारी
मैं भी रोता हूँ، दिल भी रोता है

Jab jahaan mahav e khwaab hotaa hai
Bech kar aqal o hosh sotaa hai
Maut duniyaa pe dekh kar taarii
Main bhi roota huun, dil bhi roota hai

Alas, when the whole world, lost in dreams,
Without care, forgetfully sleeps;
Aware of the deathly silence spread far and wide,
I weep, my heart too weeps!
शब की तारीकियों में गुम है जहाँ
हुक्मरों हर तरफ है ख्वाब ए गिरायाँ
मेरी आँखें लगी हैं तारों से
ये भी मेरी तरह हैं सोजबााँ

Shab kii taarikiyon mein gum hai jahaan
Hukmaraan har taraf hai khwaab e giraan
Merii aankhen lagii hain taaron se
Ye bhi merii tarah hain sozbjaan

Lost in the darkness of the night is this world of mine
Enmeshed in dreams, lavish and sweet —
I gaze at the stars burning bright,
They too are in pain, like me.
Qat’aat o Rubaiyat

بي مخالف اگر جہان، پہر کیا
تیغ برسر پی اسما، پہر کیا
پاؤں میرے نے دھمگائیں گے
سخت مشکل پی امتحان، پہر کیا

ہے مухالیف اگر جہان، فیر کیا
لئے برسار ہے آسمان، فیر کیا
پاؤں میرے نہ دھمگاییں گے
سخت ممکل ہے ڈھیلاں، فیر کیا

Hai mukhaalif agar jahaan, phir kyaa
Tegh barsar hai aasman, phir kyaa
Paon mere naa dagmagaayenge
Sakht mushkil hai imtihaan, phir kyaa

The whole world has turned against me, so what?
The Heavens have drawn the knives, so what?
But I will never get distracted from my focus—
Life’s tests are hard and arduous, so what?
Dastaan e alam sunaa doongaa
Daagh haae jigar dikhaa doongaa
Waqt kaa intizaar hai mujhko
Pardaa e raaz khud uthaa doongaa

I will narrate my tale of woes;
I will show my bleeding wounds.
I wait for the moment when I will
Remove this curtain and reveal the secrets.
Apni dhun mein hii mast rahne do
Zahmat e iztiraab sahne do
Mere baare mein dosto! tum se
Koii kahtaa hai kuchh to kahne do

Let me remain lost in my own passion;
Let me suffer my own miserable plight.
Friends! If someone talks about me,
Allow them to say what they want to.
Shama ahsaas jaltii rahtii hai
Aag dil mein ubaltii rahtii hai
Lab par aataa nahiin magar shikwaan
Chupke chupke pighaltii rahatii hai

My emotions endlessly stoke the fire;
The fire in my heart endlessly burns;
And yet, not a word of protest reaches my lips;
And how silently that fire burns!
रात आफ कस कदर है जुल्मत कोश
हैवत अफजा, इरावनी, खामोश
दूर इस बक्त गा रहा है कोई
मैं सरापा बना हुआ हूँ गोश

Raat, uf kis qadar hai zulmat kosh
Haibat afzaa, daraawani, khaamosh
Duur is waqt gaa raha hai koii
Main sarapaa banaa huaa huun gosh

O Night, how intensely dark and densely black!
Awesome, dreadful and exceedingly quiet;
But far away I now hear someone singing a song—
To that lone voice I listen attentively.
Why not, I say, should you not try and know
About that which a fettered heart easily cannot?
What is separation, what does it mean? Why ask me now?
Try spending a day in wait for the one you love.
Life, like a cup of wine, is a gift, filled with love.
If you have got it, you are fortunate!
Think of it as a delight, closer to your heart!
Else there is no world, just misery!
Zia Fatehabadi

Sar mein saudaa e justaju bhii hai
Dil mein mitne kii aarzu bhii hai
Mauride marg zindagii hai Zia!
Zauq e gham bhii, mazaaq e huu bhii hai

There is this ever exciting urge to search;
But the heart also wants to merge with Him.
Remember Zia, it is Life from Death descends
As though to mock at its own being.
कतल करना है अगर, कर भी दे
हदफ ए तेग ए नजर कर भी दे
लाविक ए गमजा ए दिलदोज की खैर!
टुकड़े दिल और जिगर कर भी दे

Qatal karnaa hai agar, kar bhi de
Hadaf e tegh e nazar kar bhi de
Naavik e ghamzaa e dildoz kii khair!
Tukade dil aur jigar kar bhi de

Kill me, if you must, kill me indeed
Kill me with your amorous steady gaze;
It matters not where its sharpness will
Pierce through my navel and slice my heart
Ruu e rangin zaraa dikhaaen to
Mere dil kii khalish mitaaen to
Saath ghairon ke hii sahii, lekin
Woh Zia! ek baar aayen to

Let my Beloved show that beautiful, glowing face
And remove all doubts that plague my heart.
Even if it be with strangers, my Beloved must come
To sit beside me once, O Zia!
Daastaan e alam sunaauun kise
Daagh haae jigar dikhaauun kise
Koi apnaa nahiin hai duniya mein
Raazdaan apnaa main banaauun kise

To whom should I narrate my woeful tales?
To whom should I show my wounds and scars?
With whom must I share my painful plights?
And whom should I trust, I know not?
"Ishq aur husn ko judaa samjhe
Aah, samjhe bhii ye to kya samjhe
Merii diiwaangii pe khandaan hain
"Hosh" aur “Aqal” se khudaa samjhe

Love and Beauty are inseparable, but those
Who think it otherwise, they are at fault.
They gleefully tease me calling me disorderly and mad
May good sense prevail upon them always.
Dard ko humkanaar kartaa huun
Raat din intizaar kartaa huun
Saadaalohii meri koi dekhe
Husn ka aitbaar kartaa huun

Embracing pain I hopefully sit in wait
For the Days to rise and the Nights to fall
Look at my simple faith and likings —
I trust my love wholeheartedly.
Zia Fatehabadi

Mufassîsî ka gîla kârûn tobâ
Bèsîsî ka gîla kârûn tobâ
Bèsî wâtan bûn wâtan sî kûsûn dûr
Fîr kûsîsî ka gîla kârûn tobâ

Muflasii kaa gila karuun tobaa
Bebasii kaa gila karuun tobaa
Bewatan huun watan se koson duur
Phir kisii kaa gila karuun tobaa

I suffer in want, why should I complain?
Hopeless and helpless, why should I complain?
Far away from Home now I am,
About whom and to whom should I complain?
Aasmaan se mujhe shikaayat hai
Baaghbaan se mujhe shikaayat hai
Pur hai shikwon se daastaan merii
Ik jahaan se mujhe shikaayat hai

I have a complaint against the heavens;
I have a complaint against the gardener;
My life story is full of complains
I have a complaint against everyone!
ık taraf khaarzaar, isiyaan kaa
ık taraf baagh, diin o iimaaan kaa
kaargaaah e jahaan mein shaam o sahar
imtihaan ho rahaa hai insaan kaa

On one side there lies the hated desert of Sin,
And on the other is the blooming spread of Faith.
Time moves on at its own pace,
Life keeps testing Man at every place.
Sarsabz hai gulzaar e jahaan abr e karam se
Har phuul yahaa ka hai hasiin baagh e iram se
Bejism bhi baajism bhi hai terii tajallii
Ye raaz khula sair e kaliisaa o haram se

Owing to His grace, this world is a blooming garden;
Each flower is more beautiful than the one in Paradise;
Your splendour is both manifest and unmanifest here—
This secret was revealed by the church and the mosque.
Of what use is living in fear?
Of what use is sighing and whining?
Remember, by not doing anything
Nothing will happen now or ever.
Qa’taat o Rubaiyat

نا امیدی به، بی قراری بی
دن پهناو رات بھاری بی
لیکن اس پر بھی لطف ی بی بی ضیاء!
زندگی جان سے بھی بہاری بی

नामम्मीती हैं, बेकरारी हैं
दिल पहाड़ और रात भारी हैं
लेकिन इस पर भी खुलफ़ ये हैं ज़िया।
ज़िन्दगी जान से भी प्यारी हैं

Naaummidii hai, beqaraarii hai
Din pahaad aur raat bhaarii hai
Lekin is par bhii lutf ye hai Zia!
Zindagii jaan se bhi pyaarii hai

Having lost all hopes I am now depressed;
Intolerable is even the passage of time.
Paradoxically though I have been made to realize
More precious than life is the will to live.
राज इस ज़िन्दगी का क्या मालूम
क्या तिलिस्मात है ख़ुदा मालूम
काम इनसँग का ख़ुदपरस्ती है
इस से बढ़ कर न कुछ हुआ मालूम

Raaz is zindagii kaa kyaa maaluum
Kyaa tilisaat hai khudaa maaluum
Kaam insaan kaa khudparastii hai
Is se badh kar na kuchh huaa maaluum

How do I know what secrets this life hides?
What mystery it is, God alone knows.
But having known about the selfish nature of man
What else need I know about this wretched life?
ديکھ कर बेनकाब जलवा ए नूर
हो गया था सियाह दामन ए तूर
इस से साबित हुआ कि दुलिया में
ज़ुल्मते भी हैं नूर में मस्तूर

Dekh kar benaqaab jalwaa e nuur
Ho gayaa thaa siyaaah daaman e tuur
Is se saabit huwa ki duniya mein
Zulmaten bhii hain nuur mein mastuur

The very sight of the bright unveiled face
Has shaded the areas that skirt a mount
Thus proving once more that in this very world
Darkness lies hidden within the Light.
Vaham hai hastii e baatil apnii
Chaman apnaa hai na mehfil apnii
Dam pahunch kar vahiin hum lenge Zia!
Qabr hai aakhirii manzil apnii

Illusory is this false and futile life of mine;
Even my garden and this assembly are no longer mine;
The peace and the rest that I seek I shall find
Finally in my grave to where I am destined.
कहीं मातम है, कहीं शादी है
कोई नाला, कोई फ़रयादी है
अब हकीकत ये खुली मुझ पे जिया!
नाम विराने का आबादी है

Kahiin maatam hai, kahiin shaadii hai
Koii naalaan, koii faryaadii hai
Ab haqiqat ye khulii mujh pe jiyaa!
Naam viiraane kaa aabaddii hai

Some mourn here, some celebrate there;
There are also those who only weep or plead.
The truth that was not known is that, O Zia!
This crowded world is after all so lonely!
Naashaad na ho dhaar se jaanewaale
Paate hain khushi ranj uthanewaale
Kar dete hain zindagii jo apnii barbaad
Rakhte hain unhen yaad zamaanewaale

While departing from this world there is no need to grieve
For they alone find happiness who have suffered grief;
Those who have sacrificed their lives in the quest of life
They alone are remembered by those who live.
Qat’aat o Rubaiyat

Kaam Shām o sahar hai mastī se
Main huun aazaad ranj e hastī se
Kyuun main, ae fikr e baatil e fardaa
Baaz aajaauun maiparastī se

Each day and night I am in my intoxicated state;
I no longer suffer the torments of life.
When the notion of the Doomsday is itself false
Why should I abstain from drinking wine?
آرزو کا نہ خون کر ساقی
دل دکھانے سے کچھ تو در ساقی
دیکھ گھنگھور وہ گھتا اتی
لا صراحی، پیالے بھر ساقی

آرزو کا ن ہکت کر ساقی
دل دھانے سے کچھ تو دار ساقی
دیکھ گھنگھور وہ گھتا آئے
لہ سیرہ، پیالا بھر ساقی

Aarzuu kaa na khuun kar saaqii
Dil dukhaane se kuchh to dar saaqii
Dekh ghanghor vo ghataa aaii
Laa suraahii, pyaalaa bhar saqii

Do not kill my desires, O Saqi!
Do not hurt my heart, O Saqi!
See the sky is overcast with dense, dark clouds;
Bring the flask, and fill this cup, O Saqi!
चमन में शोर है अब ए बहार आया है
जहाँ ए गुँँचा ओ गुँल पर निखार आया है
प्याला तू भी मय ए अरगांव से भर साकी
कि पुरुषमीद तेरा मयगुसार आया है

Chaman mein shor hai abr e bahaar aayaa hai
Jahaan e gunchaa o gul par nikhaar aayaa hai
Pyaalaa tuh bhi mai e argwaan se bhar saaqii
Ki purummiid teraa maigusaar aayaa hai

Spring has arrived in the garden, I am told;
The world is embloomed and buds are blushing;
So fill up my cup with your purple-hued wine;
I have come to you harbouring many desires.
दौर में जाम ए अरगवानी है
सुहबत ए ऐश जाविदानी है
क्या डराता है मुझ को ऐ बाइज
मैं जरो हूँ, मेरी जवानी है

Daur mein jaam e argwaanii hai
Suhbat e aish jaavidaanii hai
Kyaa daraataa hai mujh ko ae vaalz
Main jawaan huun, meri jawaanii hai

The purple-hued wine is being served everywhere.
Surrounded by friends I sip that wine to swing;
Why are you scaring me for, O Preacher?
I am young and in the prime of my life!
O Zia! We are often told by those who know,
Better than slavery is to remain confined in jail;
Better than being wealthy is to lead a pauper’s life;
And more preferable than youth is the mature old age.
Soz e mutalaq hai daastaan merii
Kah sahegi na kuch zabaan merii
Abhii aatishkade mein dil ke Zia!
Band hai aatish e nihaan merii

The story of my life is full of grief;
It is neither tellable nor to be spoken about.
Within the furnace that is my forlorn heart, O Zia!
Is hidden a fire, hungry and quiet!
What if the entire world opposes your good intents?
What if time and again you are made to suffer pain?
O Zia! Be patient for that would help unlock
Those doors that were once shut upon you.
حسن کو بدگمان بونا ہے
عشق کا امتحان بونا ہے
صرح کر ای ضیاء! ابھی نہیں
حسرات کو جواب ہے

بیس ہم کہ بدغماں ہوئیا ہے
یشک کا ہمتیہ ہوئیا ہے
سب کا ء جزیا! ابھی ہے
حسرات کو جواب ہوئیا ہے

Husn ko badgumaan honaa hai
Ishq kaa imtihaan honaa hai
Sabr kar ae Zia! abhii terii
Hasraten ko jawaan honaa hai

It is so that your beloved is demanding;
As yet your affections remain untested.
But, O Zia! Be firm and patiently keep waiting
For all your desires will bloom one day.
Hai insaan mujassim kamaal e illaahii
Amiin e sifaat o jalaal e illaahii
Nigaah e basiirat se kar ghaair ghaafil
Tujhii mein chhupaa hai jamaal e illaahii

Man is a wonderful part of God’s own creation.
God’s majesty and glory is trustworthy and pure.
O Unmindful one! With the help of insight you can find
Hidden within you His benevolent magnificence.
Ye maanaa khmoshii se sab kuchh saheega
Na apnii zabaan se kabhii kuchh kaheega
Magar terii ghammaaz nazaron se ae diil!
Ayaan raaz ulfat kaa ho kar raheega

Accepted that you will silently bear your pain;
You will neither accuse anyone nor express your grief.
But my friend, your tell tale eyes are bound to reveal
All those secrets you have long sought to hide.
Do not ask about my futile efforts any more.
Do not ask about my desires that are still alive.
My lips are coloured owing to my prayers;
Do not ask about my hopes and thirsts again.
रात भर आसमाँ डराता है
और दिन आग में जलाता है
मेरी नाकामियाँ कोई देखे
जिन्दगी से भी खौफ आता है

Raat bhar aasmaan daraataa hai
Aur din aag mein jalaataa hai
Meri naakaamiyaan koii dekhe
Zindagii se bhi khauf aataa hai

During the night the sky scares me
And the blazing fire burns me during the day.
My hopelessness has reduced me to such a state
That even my life is scaring me.
حق و باطل میں امتیاز بہی ہے
نیاز بھی میں بہی ہے، نیاز بھی بہی ہے
خود بھی بستی کی سجھدہ گاہ بہی ہے
اور پہر حسانت نمار بہی ہے

ہک اُو واقع میں اسکلیف کے ہے
لیا دی میرا میں ہے، نیا دی ہے
خود هر حضور کی سجھدہ گاہ ہے
اور فیر حسانت اُتے نمازی ہے

Haq o baatil mein imtiyaaz bhi hai
Naaz bhi mujh mein hai, niyaaz bhi hai
Khud hii hastii kii sajdaahaah huun main
Aur phir hasrat e nanaaz bhi hai

There is discrimination between right and wrong;
Though whimful I am in life but equally humble too.
I am at that stage when one worships with faith;
Therefore, there is in me the strong urge to pray.
काम देते नहीं है कुछ तड़दीर
साथ जब तक न उस के हो तदबीर
है मेरा तजरबा कि दोनों में
एक पर है तो एक नोक ए तीर

Kaam detii nahin hai kuchh taqdeer
Saath jab tak na us ke ho tadbeer
Hai meraa tajarbaa ke donon mein
Ek par hai to ek nok e teer

Fortune serves no needful purpose in life
If it is not accompanied with sincere efforts.
Through experience I have come to
know between these two:
If one is a pair of wings, the other a pointed arrow.
The Wise men of this world do not concern me,
Nor those rivals who often compel me to retort.
Bound to Nature’s beauty and charms I am as of now
Nothing else concerns me other than that, any more.
موت کو زندگی سمجھتا بون
پھر خودی کو خودی سمجھتا بون
حسن کو دیکھتا بون بر شپے مین
رنج کو بھی خوشی سمجھتا بون

मौत को जिंदगी समझता हूँ
बेखुदी को खुदी समझता हूँ
हृदय को देखता हूँ हर शय में
रंज को भी खुशी समझता हूँ

Maut ko zindagii samajhtaa huun
Bekhudii ko khudii samajhtaa huun
Husn ko dekhtaa huun har shay mein
Ranj ko bhii khushii samajhtaa huun

I consider Death as Life itself!
And Selflessness as the Only Self.
Beauty I see in everything there is,
I even treat grief as happiness.
Qa'id e Mazhab se Jo Rahe Aazaad
Nahin mumkin woh mulk ho barbaad
Tukade hoti hai is se jamiat
Qaumiat is se hoti hai naashaad

That which is free from the bonds of religion,
Such a nation does not get itself destroyed.
It is religion that breaks all social and cultural ties
And causes everyone to feel distressed.
The effusive clouds emulate her long sprayed hair;
Her youth arouses and stokes desires;
Her eyes, as though brimming with wine;
Her cheeks aglow as if brightly embloomed.
QAT’AAT O RUBAIYAT

Sangam pe tulluu e subah mastii ka samaan
Athkheliyaan kartii hui amvaaz e rawaan
Aakaash pe bujhte hue taaron ke chiraagh
Suraj kii badhaataa huua lau husn e jawaan

At the confluence of rivers is the morning madness.
River-waters in lively waves ripple along.
Up in the sky the stars are gradually fading away;
And a beautiful Dawn rises, glorifying the Sun.
Suraj kii kiran se aab e sangam roshan
Chapuu kii sadaa se taal aur sam roshan
Jo nuur e shabaab phuut padne ko hai
Bhiigii huii saree se hai kam kam roshan

At the confluence, the sunlight lights up the water
Keeping its beat with them are the swinging oars —
That brilliance, the light of life now about to burst —
Diffused it stays covered by her wet clinging attire.
Qat’aat o Rubaiyat

Bikhri hui zulfon mein gul e tar kii mahak
Behkii huii aankhon mein sitaron kii chamak
Ahsaas e shabaab se dhadktaa huuaa dil
Bheegii huii saree mein sharaaron kii lapak

The fragarance of flowers from her unkempt locks;
The starry twinkle on her wayward eyes;
Her heart beats faster when greatly aroused
Her moistened saree throws sparkles around.
Mehndi rache haath surkh chuude kii khanak
Maathe pe hayaa ke khilte phoolon kii damak
Gath joda kiye khadii hai gaurii jal mein
Kahtii hai rahe suhaag huun main jab tak

Henna on her palms, red bangles jingling;
Nature’s flowers shine on her forehead;
She stands in the waters with her hair knotted;
Says she will remain married forever.
The pleasant, clean air; soft sounds of waves;
Lotus stems stretching out to the sun;
In her unique shyness, a doll of passion
Steps in to bathe in the pure confluence of waters.
पलकों के तवील और बोझल साए
नैनों के दियों से नूर हस्ती पाए
वो नर्म बदन का लमस वो हुस्न ए शबाब
संगम की रवानियों को नीद आ जाए

Palkon ke taviil aur bojhal saae
Nainon ke diyon se nuur hastii paae
Woh naram badan kaa lamas woh husn e shabaab
Sangam kii rawaaniyon ko neend aa jaae

Dusk-laden eyes burdened by tall shadows;
From their light is lit-up the entire world and life —
And the sight of her sensual and youthful beauty,
Lulls the choppy waters of the confluence.
Baarish hai ki hotii hii chalii jaatii hai
Hasrat diidaar kii rahii jaatii hai
Ae saqii e mast merii jaanii bhi badhaa
Woh aag pyaalon mein jo pii jaatii hai

The rain keeps falling, without any respite.
Now, I hold no more hopes of seeing her.
O Saqi inebritous! Serve unto me also
That fire which is sipped from your cups.
مستی سی فضا میں چہا گنی بو جیسے
لو شمع کی تھورتیا گنی بو جیسے
تک کہ بونی راستہ کسی میں رو کا
دیوانے کو نند اگنی گنی بو جیسے

मस्ती सी फजा में छा गई हो जैसे
लौ शम्मा की धर्धरा गई हो जैसे
तकते हुए रास्ता किसी महरू का
दीवाने को नींद आ गई हो जैसे

Mastii sii fazaa mein chhaa gaii ho jaise
Lau shammaa kii thar.thraa gaii ho jaise
Takte hue raastaa kisii maah ruu kaa
Diwaane ko neend aa gaii ho jaise

A strange kind of madness has charmed my world.
My hopes aflame they now shiver and shake;
I have waited too long for my love to return —
That I have gone to sleep in a foolish way.
गर्दन पे गहना तनी बौनी बे एब तक
नशे में फ़ाज़ा गहनी बौनी बे एब तक
शब हठम हुई हृदरूप के शानों पे मगर
ज़ुलफ़ों की गिरहा खली हुई है अब तक

Garduun pe ghataa tulii hui hai ab tak
Nashshe mein fazaa ghalii huii hai ab tak
Shab khatam huii husn ke shaanon pe magar
Zulfon kii girah khulii huii hai ab tak

The sky is covered by dense clouds;
The atmosphere is intoxicated even now,
Although the evening has turned into night, I find
Her hair remain unknotted as before.
हर समत हैं मौत अपने पर फैलाए
बढ़ते चले जाते हैं डराने साए
क्या आँख से जोड़ की कद्र, वो समय आ पहुँचा
जब आँख में फितरत की भी आँसू आए

Har samat hai maut apne par phailaae
Badhte chale jaate hain daraane saae
Kyaa ziist kii qadr, woh samay aa pahunchaa
Jab aankh mein fitrat kii bhii aansuu aae

Death has spread its wings in all directions
Moving ahead are the frightening shadows;
If this be the kind of life one desires to live,
Then it is time for Nature to weep and shed tears.
Phailaa ke tere hazuur baahen yaa rab
Letaa hai muqqadar kii panaahen yaa rab
Insaan abhii tak hai jahaalat kaa shikaar
De usko basirat kii nigaahen yaa rab

With arms spread out, he longingly pleads;
There being no other alternative he relies on fate;
Ignorance and delusion continue to afflict man,
Grant him the insight he badly needs.
एब मजहब ओ मिल्लत का खुदा ख़त्म हुआ
वेचारा ज़रूरत का खुदा ख़त्म हुआ
देता था जो ईसान को जल्लत का फ़ैरेब
यो दौर ए जहालत का खुदा ख़त्म हुआ

Ab mazhab o millat kaa khudaa khatam hua
Bechaaraa zaruurat kaa khudaa khatam huaa
Detaa thaa jo insaan ko jannat kaa fareb
Woh daur e jahaalat kaa khudaa khatam huaa

God created by religion and its followers no longer exists;
That miserable God born out of necessity does not exist;
He who had for long befooled man
with promises of Paradise,
That God created by the ignorants does not exist.
Dhoka hai, fareb hai, ye hastii kyaa hai
Begaangii hosh hai, to mastii kyaa hai
Hai aur nahi kii kashmakash hai abadii
Insaan kii ye vahamparastii kyaa hai

What else is life if it is not deception and fraud?
What else is intoxication if not indiscretion?
The issue of “is” and “is not” has remained long unresolved
Adding to man’s apprehensions and many doubts.
अपने हैं पराए, दोस्ती धोका है
हर सर में यही जुनून, यही सौंदर्य है
मज़हब ही वो क्या जिस की हो ऐसी तालीम
ईसान को ईसान से डर लगता है

Apne hain paraae, dostii dhokaa hai
Har saar mein yahii junuun, yahii saudaa hai
Mazhab hii woh kyaa jis kii ho aissi taalim
Insaan ko insaan se dar lagtaa hai

Those who were once ours, are strangers now;
This disturbing thought agitates the mind.
What kind of faith is that which teaches
All men to fear their fellow-beings?
مرجھینे को गुलशन में कली कहलती है
कहिये फू समुद्र से नदी मिलती है
रोता बूं तो होती है शानस्त्र खातिर
बँसता बूं तो कायनात ए दिल हिलती है

Murjhaane ko gulshan mein kalii khiltii hai
Khone ko samundar se nadii miltii hai
Rotaa huun to hotii hai shaguftaa khaatir
Hanstaa huun to kaaynaat e dil hiltii hai

The bud blooms in the garden to wither away.
The river flows into the sea to lose itself.
When I weep I am received by each one and all
And when I laugh the world shudders in fear.
ازاد بونے تھے کہ جنون نے گھبرا
دالا غم و اندوه نے بر سوژیارا
تذیب کو قربان کیا مذنب بر
کچھ اس میں مرا قصور ہے کچھ تیرا

آزاد हुए थे कि जुनुन ने घेरा
डाला गम औं अंदोह ने हर सूंडेरा
तहजीब को कुरबान किया मजहब पर
कुछ इस में मेरा कसूर है कुछ तेरा

Aazaad hue the ki junun ne gheraa
Daalaa gham o andoh ne har suu deraa
Tahziib ko qurbaan kiyaa mazhab par
Kuchh is mein mera qasuur hai kuchh teraa

In freedom we were engulfed by madness.
Then sorrow and grief began to extend their sway.
Morality was sacrificed on the altar of faith.
Both you and I must share the blame.
Aafaat se ham nahiin hain darnewaale
Zulmaat se ham nahiin hain darnewaale
Gardish mein zamiin o aasmaan hai paiham
Din raat se ham nahiin hain darnewaale

We will not fear calamities when they come;
We will not be afraid of darkness when it comes;
The earth and cosmos continue to remain there
And we are not scared by days and nights.
Zindagii kyaa hai, koi kyaa samjhe
Aagahii kyaa hai, koi kyaa samjhe
Aadamii jab nazar nahiin aataa
Aadamii kyaa hai, koi kyaa samjhe

Who can understand the meaning of Life?
Who can understand what awareness is?
If man is not to be seen anywhere any more,
Then how can one understand what he is?
साकिया मुझ को सागर मे दे
जस की कीमत नहीं है वो शाय दे
बदलियाँ घिर कर आई हैं सर ए कोह
तेरी आँखो मे जो भरी है, वो दे

Saaqiiaa mujh ko saaghar e mai de
Jis kii qiimat nahiin hai woh shai de
Badliiyaan ghir kar aa ii hain sar e koh
Terii aankhon mein jo bharii hai, who de

Give me your cup that is filled with wine,
Fill it with that which cannot be priced;
Dark clouds have gathered atop the hills
Give me the thing which fills your eyes.
चांदली रात दामन ए दरिया
दूध कर फिर उभार किश्ती का
और किश्ती में वो हैं मेरे साथ
सोचता हूँ कि आज क्या होगा

Chaandani raat daaman e dariyaa
Duub kar phir ubhaar kishtii kaa
Aur kishtii mein woh hain mere saath
Sochtaa huun ki aaj kyaa hogaa

The moonlit night, the river’s depth;
The rise and the fall of the boat adrift;
And there beside me you are in this boat —
I do not know what will happen today!
Shab e gham pur ummiid hotii hai
Dil tadaptaa hai aankh rotii hai
Taare mujh se kalaam karte hain
Chaandani mere saath sotii hai

My night of sorrow is full of hope;
Though tormented I am, my eyes do weep.
But then the stars are there to converse with me;
And with me the moonlight goes to sleep.
बेख़बूदी में असीर रहता हूँ
गम को शादी समझ के सहता हूँ
लोग जिस को फिराक कहते हैं
मैं उसी को विसाल कहता हूँ।

Bekhudii mein asiir rahtaa huun
Gham ko shaadii samajh ke sahtaa huun
Log jis ko firaaq kahte hain
Main usii ko visaal kahtaa huun

I am a prisoner of my own ecstasy,
I bear my grief very cheerfully.
That state which people call separation
I call it the state of unity.
انجم و ماه کہاں تک دیکھوں
اثر اہ کہاں تک دیکھوں
کب تک او گے یہ معلوم تو بو
اس طرح راه کہاں تک دیکھوں

انجم او میاہ کہاں تک دیکھوں
اسار آہ کہاں تک دیکھوں
kab tak aaoge ye maalum to ho
یس تاراہ کہاں تک دیکھوں

Anjum o maah kahaan tak dekhuun
Ashar e aah kahaan tak dekhuun
Kab tak aaoge ye maalum to ho
Is tarah kahaan tak dekhuun

How long should I gaze at the Moon and the stars?
How long should I bear with the laments?
When would you return this I must be told?
How long should I wait for you to pass by?
Meri aankhon ka nur chhiin liyaa
Mere dil ka saruur chhiin liyaa
Bahut achhaa kiyaa farishta e maut
Aadamii ka gharuur chhiin liyaa

You have stolen from my eyes their power of sight
And erased all pleasant feelings that eased my heart.
I am grateful to you, O Messenger of Death!
You have snatched from man his sense of pride.
QAT’AT O RUBAIYAT

Chaand ab bhii tulluu hota hai
Dil mein ruumaan e gham samotaa hai
Tuu nahiin to baghair tere yahaan
Chain kii niind kaun sotaa hai

The Moon even now continues to rise
Reviving in my heart many old and pleasant pains;
You are not here and in your absence
Who can enjoy a peaceful sleep?
Phuul banane se peshtar jo kalii
Tab e hastii na laa ke murjhaaie
Woh bhii gulshan kii khaak e rangii par
Apnaa nhaar nishaan chhod gaiii

That tiny bud before blossoming to flower
Has withered unable to cope with life;
But upon the garden’s dusty floor it has left
Its tiny imprint for everyone to see.
Suraj kii kiran se bazm e imkaan roshan
Partaun se bahar ke gulistaan roshan
Bilkul aise hi ae asil e daanish
Hai shammaa junuun se aqal e insaan roshan

The whole world is lit by the rays of the Sun.
And spring has made the rose-garden bright with blooms;
Likewise the one who is perceptive and discerning,
He will find all conscious minds fully awake, aglow.
Naa mahram e harmaan rahen tobaa tobaa
Aankhon se na aansu bahen tobaa tobaa
Dam roaz e azal se dil kaa bharnewaale
Ulfat ko himmaaqat kahen tobaa tobaa

Unaffected by despondency, how can one ever be?
The eyes, they do not shed tears, how can that be?
Those who from the very beginning
have relied on their hearts,
To them love appears foolish, how can this be?
Munh ashkon se dhonaa bhii na aayaa mujhko
Daaman ko bhigonaa bhii na aayaa mujhko
Bedaad e jahaan sah gayaa hanste hanste
Rotaa huun ki ronaa bhii na aayaa mujhko

I have not learnt how to wash my face with tears,
I have not learnt how to wet my shirt,
I have willingly borne all kinds of torments with a smile;
But I weep for I do not know how to shed my tears.
The end is in its sequence, I have been told;
And the ancient rite of losing and gaining is still in vogue.
Being is Not-being and Nothingness is my Self,
And my arrival indicates that depart I will.
آواز جنون فتہ فریاد سبی
اخلاق و وفا کی داد بدیاد سبی
رکھتا ہوں نگاہ اپنی مستقبل پر
ماضی مزے امور ز کی بنیاد سبی

Aawaaz e junuun fitnaa e faryaad sahii
Akhaas o wafaa kii daad bedaad sahii
Rakhtaa huun nigaah apne mustqabil par
Maazii mere imroz kii buniyaad sahii

The frenzied cry could be the mischievous part of a plea;
Love and affection could have attracted iniquity in praise;
But concerned I ask- what will become of me
When I know upon the past is my future based?
Tadbiir kaa har rang nikhaaraa maine
Taqdir kii zulfon ko sanwaaraa maine
Dair aur haram se bachke ae maabad e husn
Khush huun ki liyaa teraa sahaaraa maine

By attempting and having glorified all kinds of works,
Succeeded I have in shaping the course of life.
Instead of visiting a monastery or a hallowed site
I am glad that in the Temple of Love I have found refuge.
Taqdiir se tadbir kaa saudaa kar luun
Insaan kii quwatoo ko yakja kar luun
Ae nuur e sahar, badhte hue siil e hayaat
Chhupte hue taaron kaa tamaasha kar luun

Let me barter my fate in exchange of works to be done,
Let me regroup my strength and the zeal.
O Morning Light! O Advancing flow of life!
Let me watch the stars slowly dim and hide.
When you move even the storm feels threatened;
When you stop, the whole universe calms down.
It is your intense determination, O heart of mine!
That incites the confrontation between action and fate.
Hangaam e sahar raat ke saae simte
Nuur aur zia ke chashme phuute, phaile
Raqasaa e ziist le ke angdaaii uthii
Naghmon ne machaaii dhuum, gunche chatke

At daybreak the night refolds its darkness;
And the light with its brightness begins to spread.
Life, having awakened gracefully stretches itself;
Sweet melodies float in and the flowers smile.
Yuu n aqade hayaat ke kahiin khulte hain?
Be saii o amal kabhi nahiin khulte hain
Uhtti hai jahaan husn ke chehre se naqaab
Asraar shabaab ke vahiin khulte hain

Can the knots of Life be untied?
One may try through willful efforts;
Only when the veil covering the face is finally lifted
That Beauty reveals the secrets of its prime.
Qa'at o Rubaiyat

Baada mein mantaa boosh kholi ye kehe
Ashkon se jabin shoaq dholi ye kehe
Ab Diya mein sad mazar suraj roshan
Ae talib dide aankh kholi ye kehe?

Baada mein maaee hosh gholi hai kabhi
Ashkon se jabin e shoaq dholi hai kabhi
Har zerre mein sad hazaar suraj roshan
Ae talib e diid aankh kholi hai kabhi

Have you ever mixed the essence of sobriety in wine?
Or wiped your forehead with tears you had shed?
Each spark of a burning fire represents one thousand suns.
O, who wants to see! Have you ever opened your eyes?
I wonder as to why man is what he is seen to be.
A weak and a helpless being struggling with fate;
Caught in the viciousness of hopes and wants —
Why is death to him the end of life?
Manzilen hain abhii to aur bahut
Ek manzil ko paa liyaa bhii to kya
Dil mein hai dard kii kasak baaqii
Tujhe apna banaa liyaa bhii to kya

A great deal is yet to be achieved;
One single gain does not suffice;
There is a pain still lurking somewhere in my heart
Even though I love you and you have always been mine.
Ae dost bataaen kyaa, kahaan hum pahunche
Pahunchaan na koi vahaan, jahaan hum pahunche
Sote mein kabhi jahaan pahunchtata tha khayaal
Bedaar hue jab to vahaan hum pahunche

How can I tell you where I have reached?
I have reached there where no one can reach;
There where thoughts reach when we sleep,
When fully wake, there I have reached.
بر روز نیا گناه کرتا بون مین
بر جاہد عصیان سے گزرتا بون مین
مرنے کا مجھے خوف نہیں بیے
اعمال کی انجام سے ذرتا بون مین

हर روز नया गुनाह करता हूँ मैं
हर जादाह ए इसियाँ से गुजरता हूँ मैं
मरने का मुझे ख़ौफ नहीं है लेकिन
ऐमाल के अन्जाम से डरता हूँ मैं

Har roz nayaa gunaah kartaa huun main
Har jaadaah e isiyaaan se guzartaah huun main
Marne kaa mujhe khauf nahi hai lekin
A’maal ke anjaam se dartaa huun main

Every day I commit a new sin;
Every day I retrace many sinful paths.
I fear not death but even then I am
Afraid of the outcome of my own misdeeds.
The shroud that covers my world I must remove;
The darkness and the light they are here to roost.
O Tavern-keeper! I swear by the wine you serve
I shall surely return to your folds one day.
भमसाया जिसे अपना समझते थे हम
gिलते थे शब ओ रोजा गुहब्त से हम
dुश्मन है वही आज हमारा तो भी
क़ायल नहीं जजबात ए अदावत के हम

Humsayaa jise apna samajhte thae hum
Milte thae shab o roz muhabbat se hum
Dushman hai vahii aaj humaaraa tohii
Qayyal nahi jazbaat e adaavat ke hum

He who we thought was our faithful friend,
And whom we had always met affectionately;
He has this day become our foe but then
Our conviction does not permit us to act similarly.
الفت की حقيقة سے فساتہ بہتر

یہ بوش پی تو بوش گنوانا بہتر

جس سے نا شگفتہ بو مرے دل کی کلی

اس بہنسے سے تو اشک بھانے بہتر

उलفत की حقيقة سے فساتा بہتر

یہ هوش ہے تو هوش گنوانا بہتر

جیسے نا شغفستا ہو میرے دل کی کلی

وسے بھانے سے تو اشک بھاننا بہتر

Ulfat kii haqiqt se fasaanaa behtar
Ye hosh hai to hosh ganwaanaa behtar
Jis se na shguftaa ho mere dil kii kali
Us hansne se to ashk baahaanaa behtar

Better to listen to the tale than talk of love;
If this be awareness, then I must lose it;
If that cannot make my heart rejoice freely
Better than such a laughter is to shed silent tears.
Pour me the wine, for the prime of life is brief;
Pour me the wine for the world is affected by rise and fall;
Pour me the wine for in each spark is the solar brilliance;
Pour me the wine so as to inebriate this world.
مين حال كي زلفون کے فسائے بن لون
فردا کی پواون کے ترانے س ن لون
ار وقت ذرا تهم ک دئ
بهولے بونے رنگیں زمانے چن لون

मैं हाल की ज़ुलफ़ों के फ़साने बुन लूँ
फरदा की हवाओं के तराने सुन लूँ
ऐ वक्त ज़रा थम कि किनारे दिल से
भूले हुए रंगीन ज़माने चुन लूँ

Main haal ki zulfon ke fasaane bun luun
Fardaa kii hawaan ke taraane sun luun
Ae waqt zaraa tham ki kinaare dil se
Bhuule hue rangin zamaane chun luun

I have yet to tie sprayed strands of Present’s tale;
I have yet to hear the sound of the nearing Future;
O Time! Do halt a while allowing me to pick up
The colorful lost memories from a corner of my heart.
Get up, O Saqi, pour out your wine;
I am struck by madness; do give me your wine;
Having broken the barriers of abstinence and piety,
There remains no place where I can worship.
Saqi tere qurbaan, mujhe jaam pilaa
Mujh par teraa ahsaan, mujhe jaam pilaa
Insaan kii taraqqi mein rahe khaam, haail
Ye kufr, ye imaan, mujhe jaam pilaa

I’ll die for you, O Saqi, give me the wine;
I’m obliged to you, give me the wine;
Why should man’s progress be hindered
By infidelity and faith? Pour me your wine.
सांचे में खला के हम ने गेंदे ढालीं
मेहर ओ माह ओ अंजुम पे कमलदें ढालीं
धरती ने, फ़लक ने, नूर ने, जुलमत ने
इन्सान के इर्तिका की कसमें खा लीं

Sanche mein khalaa ke hum ne genden dhaaliin
Mehr o ma o anjum pe kamanden daaliin
Dhartii ne, falak ne, nuur ne, zulumat ne
Insaan ke irtiqa ke kasmee xha lii

We have hurled many satellites in Space;
We have bridged the gap between heavenly objects;
The Earth, the Sky, the Light and the Darkness —
All of them have witnessed the evolution of Man.
مل جاे اگر خدا مجبھے تو پچھوں
رندوں کے خلاف یہ ترا ریاح کیوں
دووزخ بھی ترا یہ اور جب تھا بھی تری
چابوں میں کسے اور نہ کسکو چابوں

میل ہے اگر خدا بڈے بھی پائیے
رندوں کے خلاف ہے ترا جہاں ہے کیوں
دیوکھ بھی ترا ہے جاننے بھی تری
چاہے میں کسے اور نہ کسکو چاہے

Mil jaee agar khudaa mujhe to puuchhun
Rindon ke khilaaf hai teraa zaahid kyun
Dozakh bhi terii hai jannat bhi terii
Chaahun main kise aur na kisko chaahun

If ever I happen to meet God I will ask
Why is the mystic against all drinkers of wine?
When Hell is God's and the Heaven as well,
Then what is there for me to choose and not to choose?
Maana ke hai chaalaak luteraa dushman
Maanaa ki hai bebaak luteraa dushman
Kum hum bhi nahiin hain, jab utthaenge qadam
Ho jaaegaa khaashaak luteraa dushman

We accept our looter is a cunning enemy.
We accept he is daring and without remorse.
But do not for a moment underestimate our strength
because
That enemy of ours cannot survive our retorts.
محروم سرور جام بونا تها تجهیز
اک بستی نا تمام بونا تها تجهیز
فطرت بهی ستم ظریف یی ای زاید
حورون کا مگر غلام بونا تها تجهیز

 вод

محروم ا سعیر ا یام هونا یا یود
یک یستی ا ناتمام هونا یا یود
فیترارت بھی سیتامزاریف ها ا یا یاد
ہور کا مگار یولاام هونا یا یود

Mahrroom e saruur e jaam honaa thaa tujhe
Ik hasti e naatamaam honaa thaa tujhe
Fitrat bhi sitamzariif hai ae zaahid
Huuron kaa magar ghulaam honaa thaa tujhe

You were to remain for ever unebriated, this I knew.
And thus lead your life that cannot be called life.
Nature has been most unkind to you, O Zaahid!
Enslaved by celestial beings you are destined to live.
بے صبح، نہیں رات، ذرا انکھ اتھا
انہیں بین حجابات، ذرا انکھ اتھا
انسان کی خدائی کا زمانہ، آیا
کیا بات پے، کیا بات، ذرا انکھ اتھا

है सुबह, नहीं रात, जरा ऑँख उठा
उठते हैं हिजाबात, जरा ऑँख उठा
इन्सान की खुदाई का जमाना आया
क्या बात है क्या बात, जरा ऑँख उठा

Hai subah, nahiin raat, zaraa ankh uthaa
Uthate hain hijaabaat, zaraa aankh uthaa
Insaan kii khudaii kaa zamaanaa aayaa
Kyaa baat hai kyaa baat, zaraa aankh uthaa

Wake up for it is no longer dark, a new day has dawed;
Lifted are the covers that hide things from your view.
Time is now ripe for divinity of man to take control,
So open your eyes to behold a wonderous sight!
Zia Fatehabadi

Without Darkness where will you find the all-revealing Light?
How long will you continue to build castles in your dreams?
In breaking free from Earth’s grip you have succeeded —
But can you ever escape from your blind devotion to Faith?
Qa'at o Rubaiyat

Pazmurdah gulon se apnaa daaman bhar luun
Bulbul kii hasiin maat kaa maatam kar luun
Main daur e bahaar ko to kar luun ruksat
Phir daur e khizaan ko sar aankhon par luun

Let me gather in my folds the withered blooms;
And mourn the nightingale’s wonderous demise.
I have to bid farewell to spring that gave delight;
Only then can I welcome the arrival of fall.
कन्ह खलवत में नर्म पत्तों से
जांदनी यूं निखर कर आती है
जैसे सिमटी हुई अरुस ए नो
सर से पातक सन्वार कर आती है

Kunj e khalvat mein narm patton se
Chaandaniii yuun nikhr kar aatii hai
Jaise simtii huii aruus e nau
Sar se paa tak sanwar ke aatii hai

In the privacy of a grove from behind tender leaves;
The moonlight in its prime filters down to us
As if dressed up from head to toe it is
The shy bride waiting for her nuptial.
Qa‘at o Rubaiyat

चाँदनी रात कितनी दिलकश है
गुंगुनाते हैं आसमान पे नजूम
जैसे आंचल से हुसन छलनता हो
जैसे खवाबों का किस्सा ए मंजुम

Chaandani raat kitanii dilkash hai
Gungunaate hain aasmaan pe najuum
Jaise aanchal se husn chhantaa ho
Jaise khawaabon kaa qissa e manzuum

The moonlit night, pleasant and gentle;
The stars in the sky are humming a tune.
Like the glimpse of my love hiding behind a thin veil;
Like the poetic presentation of my dreams come true,
پر سکون و خموش لمحات میں
یاد اب بهی کسی کی آتی ہے
حیسے پر بول تیرھ راتوں میں
سننی دل میں تیر جاتی ہے

پور سکوناں اُو خاموش لمحات میں
یاد اب بھی کسی کی آتی ہے
جِسے پورہاں تیرہ راتوں میں
سننی دیل میں تیر جاتی ہے

Pur sukuun o khmosh lamhon mein
Yaad ab bhii kisii kii aatii hai
Jaise purhol tiirah raaton mein
Sansanii dil mein tair jaatii hai

Often during the quiet and peaceful moments
Whenever I happen to remember someone;
Then during those very dark and fearsome nights
A strange numbness affects my heart and soul.
Awash with moonlight the entire world appears
As though it is a strange contraption;
As though in one corner of a poet’s mind
An unseen face begins to form.
भूख जहाद ओ अमल का इक पैगाम
भूख नैमत है आदमी के लिए
मिट गई ये तो मिट गई दुनिया
भूख जिंदा है आदमी के लिए

Bhuuk jahad o amal kaa ik paighaam
Bhuuk naimat hai aadami ke liye
Mit gaii ye to mit gaii duniyaa
Bhuuk zinda hai aadami ke liye

All efforts and actions are dictated by hunger.
It is a divine blessing for us humans to treasure;
If it is erased then the world is doomed to rot;
Hunger stays alive for the sake of man.
Aankhon mein ask e garm kahaan tak bhaaaiye
Takmiil e zaq ho chuki bas baaz aaiye
Duniyaa mein raah ke dekhiye duniyaa ki mhefilen
Jangal mein jaa ke khaak na har suu udaiye

How long do you intend to shed tears from your eyes?
You have relished doing that but now desist you must;
While living in this world be a part of its activity;
Do not wander about in places desolate.
صبح مشرق سے آفتاب آیا
دور بیدار بمرتب ایا
خواب غفلت سے انہوں کیجے ضیاء!
دیکھ دنیا میں انقلاب آیا

سَعَبُ مَشْرِیقَ سَے ً آفْتَابُ آَیَا
دُورُ ٞ بِيِدَارُ ٞ بِمَرْتَبٞ ٞ أَیَا
خَوَابُ ٞ غَفْلَتُ ٞ سَے أَنَہُ ٞ كِيِجُّ ضِیَاءُ!
دِیِکْھ ٞ دُنِیَّاُ مِیْن ً انْقِلَابُ أَیَا

Subah mashriq se aaftauab aayaa
Daur e bedaar hamrakaab aayaa
Khwaab e ghaflat se aankh khool Zia!
Dekh duniya mein inqilaab aayaa

Each morning the Sun rises in the East.
Reawakening the activities that make up the world;
Cast aside your foolish dreams and carefully watch
The great upheaval that is yet to happen.
उआसियों की सज़ा यक़ीनी है
हर मरज़ की दवा यक़ीनी है
है ख़ुदा के यहाँ अगर इन्साफ
जुल्म की इन्तेहा यक़ीनी है

Aasiyon kii sazaa yaeenii hai
Har maraz kii davaa yaeenii hai
Hai khudaa ke yahaan agar insaaf
Zulm kii intezaa yaeenii hai

There is the punishment for all those who sin;
And there is a specified cure for every ill.
If at all in the house of God justice prevails
Then all injust acts must have an end.
The sky is entirely covered with thick dark clouds;
The fragrance of the spring breeze intoxicates;
Ecstatic too are my awakened desires I treasure;
But unable I am to speak about what I need.
waqif e aish o gam shanaasaa hai
noor o zulmat ka aaina saa hai
hamil o vuusat o nisheb o faraaz
dil ki duniya ajeeb duniya hai

Acquainted with both the pleasant and the unpleasant
And also reflecting the intricacy of darkness and light;
As the bearer of the vast expanse existing between extremes,
The heart presents itself as a strange world indeed.
Basti se taaluq na rakho, kyaa ma’anii
Hasti se taaluq na rakho, kyaa ma’anii
Baade kii talaash mein raho sar girdaan
Masti se taaluq na rakho, kyaa ma’anii

You do not want to connect with the populated world;
You have also nothing to do with life;
While engaged in the search of wine to say,
You have nothing to do with intoxication, what does it mean?
پھولوں کو ڈبکے بونے پاہا میں نے
بلبل کو جھککے بونے پاہا میں نے
جب انہا کہچھ کو سو سوزا الفت سے ضیاء
سینون کو ڈبکے بونے پاہا میں نے

فُلؤں کو مِهکتے ہुए پاہا میں نے
بُلُبُل کو چھاکتے ہुए پاہا میں نے
جب آئکھ ہُلی تی سوژر ا رَفْلَسَت سَے زِیا
سِنیون کو دِئاکتے ہُ لع پاہا میں نے

Phoolon ko mahakte hue paayaa main ne
Bulbul ko chahakte hue paayaa main ne
Jab aankh khulii to soz e ulfat se Zia
Siinon ko dahakte hue paayaa main ne

I have found the flowers exuding their heady fragrance;
I have noticed the nightingales’ chirping aloud;
But when I awoke I found many a heaving bosoms ablaze
With the heart-burning fire of uncontrolable grief!
پستی کو بلندی سے ملايا بھی نے
دوزون کو جھل تاب بنایا بھی نے
اک جرعة صبادہ بغاوت کی قسم
تازہ سے حجاب نور اثریا بھی نے

پرستی کی بیچنڈی سے میل ایاہ هم نے
جزری کی جھاٹگاہ بناياه هم نے
یک جرایع سهابو کے واجبات کی کسی
تازه سے حجاب این نورِ اثریا هم نے

Pastii ko bulandii se milaayaa hum ne
Zarron ko jahaantaab banaayaa hum ne
Ik jurrain sahbaage baghaawat kii qasam
Taaron se hijab e noor uthaayaa hum ne

We have merged the low with the high;
We made tiny sparks light up the world;
We have dared to oppose all traditional bonds;
And lifted the veil of light to expose the stars.
Taabindaa o roshan hai jabiin e Urdu
Khurshiid e adab, maah e mubiiin e Urdu
Gahwaaraa e irtsqaa e tahziib o adab
Andaaz o adaa e dilsanshaaii e Urdu

Brightly lit up in its appearance is Urdu language. It is the Sun of literature and the Moon of clarity. It represents the evolution of etiquette and behavior, And of the delightful expression, style and grace.
Jidhar bhii mod de rukh waqt kii raftaar barhaq hai
Yahaan bhiihde hii bihihde hain, lakiiri kii faqiriiri hai
Merii aawaraqii darasal hai paighaam e aazaadii
Ki paabandii usuulii kii baa andaaz e asiiri hai

In whichever direction it moves, Time maintains its pace.
And here in this much crowded place the traditional reigns;
My vagrancy in fact is an extension of my free-will;
In spite of the binding constraints that follow a rule.
Qat’aat o Rubaiyat

Chamaktaa reshamii malboos yaa khaddar kaa pairaahan
Bahaanaa chaahiyaa koii mujhe tan dhaapanaa to hai
Uthaanaa hii padegaa, dhuup ho tufaan e baaraan ho
Ye baar e ziist merii tabeh naazuk par giraan go hai

Whether my dress is made of silken or
course cotton threads,
I need it to cover myself adequately.
Whether in blazing sunshine or in stormy
weather it matters not
Bear I must all effects of life tenderly.
Phoolon kaa nikhaar hai jawaanii merii
Gulshan kii bahaar hai jawaanii merii
Ae baad e sabaa terii lataafat kii qasam
Mastii bakanaar hai jawaanii merii

Like a flower in full bloom are my youthful days;
Like the bright garden in spring is my current young age;
O Breeze of Spring it is your pleasantness that has fanned
My youth into a full blown wild ecstasy!
Like the song resonating in the garden is my youth,
Upon the hilltop it is found dancing with joy;
Neither a shore nor a coast can withstand its fury —
My youth is like a storm enraged and wild.
Freedom is like being in a tavern drunk;
But it is a magnificent aspect of human wisdom.
Only after gaining freedom that I have learnt, Zia!
It is the antithesis of human slavish nature.
Qat'aat o Rubaiyat

Hazraaron saal se insaan asir e hastii hai
Main aaj kyun na talism e jahaan ko tod hii duun
Ajal ko taabah e farmaan mujhe banaanaa hai
Sarhii galii huii laashoo ko ab zhinzhod hii duun

For past several years man has remained imprisoned by life.
Why should I not today break that spell cast by this world?
I have to make death obedient to given commands;
Why should I not shake up the rotting
corpse strewn everywhere?
ज़िया ने अपनी शायरी के जरिए अच्छी कदरों की इशारत की है, उस में इज़हार—ए—क़ब्त भी है और ललातपत भी, उनके यहाँ बयान—ए—शोक की बुबाकी के साथ इत्तानियत की हिनाबन्दी का नरम नरम अहसास भी है, उनके यहाँ जज्बा की घनगरज नहीं है नफासत और नज़ाकत है इसीलिए उन के लब—ओ—लहजे में दिलआसाई और मिटास है, और उनकी शायरी में पुरकारी और सरसारी है।

-डॉक्टर ख़ाजा अहमद फारुकी
In India, the earliest literature is the Vedic literature, which is Sanskrit literature, whose earliest specimens reveal a very advanced state of development and which has greatly, influenced the world and all civilizations of the Old World. Sanskrit is the language of culture, it is very much a living language whose vocabulary and grammar, approach and construction, remains unsurpassed.

The Vedic literature comprises of the four Vedas and their auxiliary texts, which include the Upavedas, the Aranyakas, the Brahmanas, the Upanishads and the Vedangas. The Upanishads, which are the philosophical part of the Brahmanas which are the commentaries on the Vedas, contain the essence of the knowledge of the Atman or Brahman. The existence of Brahman is revealed by the Rig Veda and it is Agni who shows the way leading to Brahman, the sole source and refuge of all.

This book takes its readers into the mystical world of the Rig Veda so as to acquaint them with the mind of the people of those times in whom the Intellect had most splendidly awakened.

The traditional Hindu Astrology or Jyotisa is primarily based on nakshatras or constellations that form the Zodiac circle; though generally traced to the Vedanga Jyotisa of Lagadha, its origin is far more ancient. Parasara, a prominent poet of the Rig Veda, who re-oriented this science, lived before the beginning of the current Kali Yuga that started on 18th February 3102 BCE.

The role played by the already categorised yogas (planetary combinations) in the matter of prognostication as also the use of different Dasa systems in vogue indicate the indigenous origin of Hindu Astrology. This book dealing with select yogas in the context of the twelve signs rising in the lagnas and in the light of various Parasari principles, examines as to why these yogas do and why they do not confer the good or the bad results assigned to them.
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