Fatima Zahra Imamia Centre
80 Downs Street, North Ipswich QLD 4305

NOHA & MARSIYA

Saz-e-Yak Zarra Nahin Faiz-e-Chaman Se Bekaar

سازِ یک ذرّہ نہیں فیضِ چمن سے بیکار

Manqabat by Mirza Ghalib

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1

Saz-e-yak zarra nahin faiz-e-chaman se bekaar
سازِ یک ذرّہ نہیں فیضِ چمن سے بیکار

Saaya-e-lala-e-bedagh suwaida-e-bahar
سایۂ لالۂ بےداغ سویدائے بہار

Through the bounty of the garden, not one speck's instrument lies idle;
The shadow of a tulip without its dark spot becomes the black core of spring's heart.

2

Masti-e-baad-e-saba se hai ba arz-e-sabza
مستیٔ بادِ صبا سے ہے بہ عرضِ سبزہ

Reza-e-shisha-e-mai jauhar-e-tegh-e-kohsar
ریزۂ شیشۂ مے جوہرِ تیغِ کہسار

From the intoxication of the morning breeze, in the guise of green grass,
The watered steel of the mountain's sword is shards of a wine flask.

3

Sabz hai jaam-e-zumurrad ki tarah daagh-e-palang
سبز ہے جامِ زمرّد کی طرح داغِ پلنگ

Taza hai resha-e-naranj sifat roo-e-sharar
تازہ ہے ریشۂ نارنج صفت روئے شرار

The leopard's spots are green as an emerald cup;
The face of the spark is fresh as the fibres of an orange.

4

Masti-e-abr se gulchin-e-tarab hai hasrat
مستیٔ ابر سے گلچینِ طرب ہے حسرت

Ke is aaghosh mein mumkin hai do aalam ka fishar
کہ اس آغوش میں ممکن ہے دو عالم کا فِشار

From the intoxication of the clouds, even longing gathers the flowers of delight,
For in this embrace both worlds can be held close.

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5

Koh-o-sehra hama mamoori-e-shauq-e-bulbul
Raah-e-khwabida hui khanda-e-gul se bedar

کوہ و صحرا ہمہ معموریٔ شوقِ بلبل
راہِ خوابیدہ ہوئی خندۂ گل سے بیدار

Mountain and desert are all thronged with the nightingale's longing;
The sleeping road has woken at the laughter of the rose.

6

Saunpe hai faiz-e-hawa surat-e-mizhgan-e-yateem
Sar navisht-e-do jahan abr ba yak satr-e-ghubar

سونپے ہے فیضِ ہوا صورتِ مژگانِ یتیم
سر نوشتِ دو جہاں ابر بہ یک سطرِ غبار

The bounty of the air makes the cloud entrust, as to an orphan's eyelashes,
The fate of both worlds to a single line of dust.

7

Kaat kar phenkiye nakhun jo ba andaz-e-hilal
Quwwat-e-namiya us ko bhi na chhore bekaar

کاٹ کر پھینکیے ناخن جو باندازِ ہلال
قوت نامیہ اس کو بھی نہ چھوڑے بیکار

If you clip a nail and throw it away, curved like the new moon,
The power of growth will not leave even that idle.

8

Kaf-e-har khaak ba gardoon shuda qumri parwaz
Daam-e-har kaghaz-e-atish zada taoos shikar

لفِ ہر خاک بہ گردون شدہ قمری پرواز
دامِ ہر کاغذِ آتش زدہ طاؤس شکار

Every handful of dust tossed to the sky flies off like a turtle-dove;
Every scorched sheet of paper is a net that snares peacocks.

9

Maikade mein ho agar aarzoo-e-gul chini
Bhool ja yak qadah-e-bada ba taaq-e-gulzar

مے کدے میں ہو اگر آرزوئے گل چینی
بھول جا یک قدحِ بادہ بہ طاقِ گلزار

If in the tavern you long to gather flowers,
Leave a single cup of wine forgotten in a niche of the garden.

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10

Mauj-e-gul dhoondh ba khalwat
kada-e-ghuncha-e-baagh

موجِ گل ڈھونڈھ بہ خلوت کدۂ غنچۂ باغ

Gum kare gosha-e-maikhana mein gar tu dastar

گم کرے گوشۂ مے خانہ میں گر تو دستار

Look for the wave of the rose in the secret chamber of a garden bud
If you lose your turban in a corner of the tavern.

11

Khenche gar Mani-e-andesha chaman ki tasveer

کھینچے گر مانیٔ اندیشہ چمن کی تصویر

Sabza misl-e-khatt-e-nau khez ho khatt-e-parkar

سبزہ مثلِ خطِ نو خیز ہو خطِّ پرکار

If the Mani of imagination should paint the garden,
The line of the compass would turn to green grass, like the first down on a young man's cheek.

12

Laal se ki hai pa-e-zamzama-e-midhat-e-shah

لعل سے کی ہے پۓ زمزمۂ مدحتِ شاہ

Tooti-e-sabza-e-kohsar ne paida minqar

طوطیٔ سبزۂ کہسار نے پیدا منقار

Out of ruby, to sing the praises of the King,
The parrot of the mountain's greenery has grown a beak.

13

Wo shahanshah ke jis ki pa-e-tameer-e-sara

وہ شہنشاہ کہ جس کی پۓ تعمیرِ سرا

Chashm-e-Jibreel hui qalib-e-khisht-e-deewar

چشمِ جبریل ہوئی قالبِ خشتِ دیوار

That King of kings, for the building of whose house
The eye of Gabriel became the mould for the bricks of the walls;

14

Falak-ul-arsh hujoom-e-kham-e-dosh-e-mazdoor

فلک العرش ہجومِ خمِ دوشِ مزدور

Rishta-e-faiz-e-azal saz-e-tanab-e-memar

رشتۂ فیضِ ازل سازِ طنابِ معمار

The heaven of the Throne is but the bent shoulders of its labourers;
The thread of eternal grace is the master builder's measuring cord.

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15

Sabza-e-nuh chaman-o-yak
khatt-e-pusht-e-lab-e-baam

سبزۂ نُہ چمن و یک خطِ پشتِ لبِ بام

Rifat-e-himmat-e-sad arif-o-yak auj-e-hisar

رفعتِ ہمّتِ صد عارف و یک اوجِ حصار

The green of the nine gardens of heaven is but one line of down above the lip of its roof;
The lofty resolve of a hundred mystics is but one height of its rampart.

16

Waan ki khashak se hasil ho jise yak par-e-kah

واں کی خاشاک سے حاصل ہو جسے یک پرِ کاہ

Wo rahe mirwaha-e-baal-e-pari se bezaar

وہ رہے مِروحۂ بالِ پری سے بیزار

Whoever gains from the straw of that place a single blade,
Will ever disdain a fan made of a fairy's wings.

17

Khaak-e-sehra-e-Najaf jauhar-e-sair-e-urafa

خاکِ صحرائے نجف جوہرِ سیرِ عُرفا

Chashm-e-naqsh-e-qadam aaina-e-bakht-e-bedar

چشمِ نقشِ قدم آئینۂ بختِ بیدار

The dust of the desert of Najaf is the essence of the mystics' journeying;
The eye of a footprint is the mirror of a waking fortune.

18

Zarra us gard ka khursheed ko aaina-e-naaz

ذرّہ اس گرد کا خورشید کو آئینہ ناز

Gard us dasht ki ummeed ko ehram-e-bahar

گرد اُس دشت کی اُمّید کو احرامِ بہار

A speck of that dust is a mirror of pride for the sun;
The dust of that desert is, for hope, the pilgrim's robe of spring.

19

Aafrinish ko hai waan se talab-e-masti-e-naaz

آفرینش کو ہے واں سے طلبِ مستیٔ ناز

Arz-e-khamyaza-e-ijad hai har mauj-e-ghubar

عرضِ خمیازۂ ایجاد ہے ہر موجِ غبار

From there creation seeks the intoxication of grace;
Every wave of dust displays the yawning craving of creation.

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SECOND OPENING

مطلعِ ثانی

20

Faiz se tere hai ae shama-e-shabistan-e-bahar
Dil-e-parwana charaghan, par-e-bulbul gulnar

فیض سے تیرے ہے اے شمعِ شبستانِ بہار
دلِ پروانہ چراغاں، پرِ بلبل گلنار

By your bounty, O candle of the chamber of spring,
The moth's heart is lit with festive lamps, and the nightingale's wing is red as the pomegranate flower.

21

Shakl-e-taoos kare aaina khana parwaz
Zauq mein jalwe ke tere ba hawa-e-deedar

شکلِ طاؤس کرے آئینہ خانہ پرواز
ذوق میں جلوے کے تیرے بہ ہوائے دیدار

The hall of mirrors would take wing like a peacock
In its delight in your splendour, longing to behold you.

22

Teri aulad ke gham se hai ba roo-e-gardoon
Silk-e-akhtar mein mah-e-nau mizha-e-gauhar baar

تیری اولاد کے غم سے ہے بروئے گردوں
سِلکِ اختر میں مہِ نو مژۂ گوہر بار

From grief for your children, upon the face of the sky
The new moon among the strings of stars is an eyelash shedding pearls.

23

Hum ibadat ko, tera naqsh-e-qadam muhr-e-namaz
Hum riyazat ko, tere hausle se istizhar

ہم عبادت کو، ترا نقشِ قدم مُہرِ نماز
ہم ریاضت کو، ترے حوصلے سے استظہار

For our worship, your footprint is the tablet on which we bow in prayer;
For our discipline, we draw our strength from your fortitude.

24

Madh mein teri nihan zamzama-e-naat-e-nabi
Jaam se tere ayan bada-e-josh-e-asrar

مدح میں تیری نہاں زمزمۂ نعتِ نبی
جام سے تیرے عیاں بادۂ جوشِ اسرار

Hidden in your praise is the song in praise of the Prophet;
From your cup the wine of seething mysteries shows plain.

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25

Jauhar-e-dast-e-dua aaina yani taseer
جوہرِ دستِ دعا آئینہ یعنی تاثیر

Yak taraf nazish-e-mizhgan-o-digar soo gham-e-khaar
یک طرف نازشِ مژگان و دگر سو غمِ خار

The grain of the hand raised in prayer is a mirror, that is, of its effect:
On one side the pride of eyelashes, on the other the grief of the thorn.

26

Mardumak se ho aza khana-e-iqbal-e-nigah
مَردُمک سے ہو عزا خانۂ اقبالِ نگاہ

Khaak-e-dar ki tere jo chashm na ho aaina dar
خاکِ در کی ترے جو چشم نہ ہو آئینہ دار

Let its pupil make a house of mourning for the fortune of its sight,
That eye which does not hold up a mirror to the dust of your door.

27

Dushman-e-aal-e-nabi ko ba tarab khana-e-dahr
دشمنِ آلِ نبی کو بہ طرب خانۂ دہر

Arz-e-khamyaza-e-sailab ho taaq-e-deewar
عرضِ خمیازۂ سیلاب ہو طاقِ دیوار

For the enemy of the Prophet's family, in the pleasure-house of the world,
May the niche in the wall gape like the jaws of a flood.

28

Deeda ta dil Asad aaina-e-yak partau-e-shauq
دیدہ تا دل اسد آئینۂ یک پرتوِ شوق

Faiz-e-mani se khatt-e-saghar-e-raqim sarshar
فیضِ معنی سے خطِ ساغرِ راقم سرشار

Asad, from eye to heart I am a mirror of a single ray of longing;
By the bounty of meaning, the writer's cup is brimming to its line.

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