

## Contents



Introduction	5
Says Bahu	9
Translation of ABYAT	13
Notes & References	219
ABYAT-E-BAHUPunjabi/Siraiki	286 to 235



## Introduction

### Hadrat Sultan Bahu The Sultan al-Faqr and Sultan al-Arifin

Hadrat Sultan Bahu is one of the most renowned Sufi saints of the later Mughal period in the history of Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. He is often called Sultan al-Arifin (the Sultan of gnostics) in the Sufi circles. His ancestors belonging to a tribe of Alvids called Awan and coming from Arabia via Hirat (Afghanistan) had settled in the Soon Sakesar Valley<sup>1</sup> of Khushab District in Punjab. His father, Sultan Bazid, had served in the army of the Emperor Shah Jahan as a high ranking officer and so in recognition to his services he had been awarded a *jagir* in the Shorkot area. The family migrated to the place and settled at Qalai Shorkot, a settlement at the bank of River Chenab (now in District Jhang, Punjab). Hadrat Sultan Bahu was born there, probably in 1628 A.D.

Even in the early childhood, it was perceived by all those around him that a strange light shone upon his face which compelled even the Hindus to utter *Kalima Tayyiba*<sup>2</sup> (There is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger) in his presence. His father died when he was just a child but his mother Bibi Rasti, remained alive till he was forty years old.

His mother supervised his education but it must have been irregular because he was often found under the influence of ecstatic states. It seems that his education remained informal to the end. Whatever he expressed or



يَا سَيِّدِي سُلْطَانُ بِالْهُوَاكَ وَتَحْقِيقَتِهَا كَامِلِي  
الْمَصَدِّقِ فِي كُلِّ نَظَرٍ وَتَنْفِيهِ وَحَدِّ بَطْنِي

wrote after-wards, it was in the light of his own spiritual vision and knowledge.

His mother taught him the essential Sufi exercises of *dhikr* (invocation of Allah and His Names) and he probably needed no more guidance after that. He was initiated to walk the path of Sufis intuitively. His spiritual experiences and vision enriched his mind and spirit with so much knowledge that he far excelled his contemporary Sufi masters and Sufi poets in *Tasawwuf* (Sufism) and *Suluk* (all about the Sufi Way and its stations and states). In a book he remarks:

Though we have little of formal learning, / Yet the spirit has been blessed with holiness by esoteric knowledge.

In fact he may be called a born saint.

He got married in his early youth and twice or thrice afterwards and had sons and daughters but all this did not deter him from his dervish wanderings, to visit the sacred places and look for the spiritual company of his fellow Sufis.

He may have met many Sufis and visited many tombs of the saints but he did not come across a Sufi teacher of his own calibre.

At the age of thirty he had an extraordinary vision in which he saw Prophet Muhammad (may peace be upon him) through the spiritual recommendations and support of Hadrat Ali and Hadrat Shaikh Abdul Qadir Jilani. The Prophet himself took his *bay'ah*<sup>3</sup> from him and allowed him to pass on the Sufi teachings. He often mentions in his books about his presence in the spiritual meetings presided by the Prophet himself. However, in the treatise "Of the Spirit" he called Hadrat Shaikh Abdul Qadir Jilani his *Murshid* (spiritual director). He is always lavish in the praise

of Hadrat Shaikh and calls himself *Qadiri*. In his eyes the teachings of the Qadiriya order were most effective for the spiritual development of the disciples. But at the same time it is evidently clear that by the Qadiriya order he means the one that he himself represented. He names it "Sarwari Qadiri".

During the same period when he was a young man of about thirty, the war of succession between Dara Shikoh and Aurangzeb was fought. His later writings are sufficient proof of his moral and spiritual support for Aurangzeb who won and became the Emperor. He himself, however, never cared to have any concern with the court or the courtiers.

All his life he kept travelling to the far-flung places initiating disciples and passing on the spiritual knowledge and wisdom to the seekers of truth. He might have written most of his books during such journeys. He never made a permanent *khaneqah* during his life-time.

In "*Manaqibi Sultani*"<sup>4</sup> a few of his journeys have been mentioned. His travellings in Saraiki region upto Sindh, his journey to Delhi where he met the Emperor Aurangzeb in the Jamia Mosque and his visits to the tombs at Multan and other cities have been indicated.

He died in 1691 A.D., at Shorkot where he was buried close to the bank of the river. His body had, however, to be transferred twice to other nearby places due to the floods. Now the place he lies buried under a beautiful tomb is called Darbar Hadrat Sultan Bahu (District Jhang, Punjab).

He wrote many books in Persian<sup>5</sup>. He also wrote *ghazals* and poems in Persian as well as *Abiyat* in Punjabi<sup>6</sup>. His Punjabi poetry contains spiritual fervour and passionate expression of the exalted state of Divine Love. One is

transported to the spiritual dominion while one listens to his *Dohas*<sup>7</sup> in a melodious voice of the singers. About thirty epistles, treatises and books are still available. Almost all of his works have been written under inspiration in a style peculiar to him. Most often he uses "scatter method" diffusing Sufi doctrine and the methods of spiritual realization in his writings.

He was the greatest teacher and propagator of *Faqr* (spiritual poverty) which is the shining guiding star in his teachings. He may be considered one of the great Revealers in the history of Sufism.

His *dargah* has always been supervised by the *Sajjadah Nashins* (the heads of the order) of his own family. The present *Sajjadah Nashin* also belongs to this line.

It is strange that his fame arose and spread world-wide after his death. Only recently the scholars have turned attention to present and interpret his doctrine in a systematic way. The scope to edit, translate, interpret and transmit his works is still very vast. It is hoped that the next generation of Sufi scholars and teachers will continue to perform this tremendous job more efficiently.

I quote the verse written on a wall of the mosque adjoining his tomb.

O noble Sultan Bahu! in a realm of reality, you  
are perfect;  
Help me in all the spiritual states \_\_\_ in interiority as  
well as in exteriority.



## Says Bahu

(Translation of the Abyat-e-Bahu)

A *bait* (plural *Abyat*) as a genre of the Punjabi Poetry is a four-lined poem different from the Urdu and Persian quatrains. Its form has a very vast scope for the expression of various subjects and topics ranging from the adoration of God, prophets and saints or the feelings of love \_\_\_ divine and human \_\_\_ to the moral, philosophical or mystical reflections and even the portrayal of some distinctive episodes of tales and legends. Basically the *Abyat* generally called *Dohras* are lyrical poems to be sung by the bards and singers in public or in private.

Whenever these are collected in a volume, they are arranged in a peculiar way. The poets themselves or the compilers take up the *Abyat* beginning with each letter of Arabic alphabet from *Alif* (a) to *ya* (last letter) and set them in order according to this sequence calling such collection *Si-harfi*.

Hadrat Sultan Bahu's *Abyat* called *Si-harfi*, as such, have been very popular among the people for their melodious quality as well as for their contents i.e. Sufi wisdom. Many editions of their collections have been published so far but the task has not been easy to make them presentable. At first even the matter of collection in itself has never been so smooth and simple. It was why the editions contained more or less numbers of *abyat*. At last it was in 1975 that Dr. Sultan Altaf Ali published his collection of *abyat*<sup>1</sup> considered to be complete. The next step was the editing and correcting the metre of the verses

which had become irregular with the passage of time. Unfortunately the singers paid their attention only to the sounds and tunes while they ignored the irregularity of metre. At first Dr. Nazir Ahmad assumed the responsibility to improve the versification and published a volume named "Kalam-e-Bahu" that consisted of 188 *abyat*.<sup>2</sup> But it goes to the credit of M. Sharif Sabir who based his work on the collection of Dr. Sultan Altaf Ali and edited and corrected the metrical errors of all the 206 *abyat* to make his edition presentable to the literary world.<sup>3</sup>

I have adopted the edition of M. Sharif Sabir \_\_\_\_\_ Mukammal *Abyat-e-Bahu* \_\_\_\_\_ for the translation. Any Translator of poetry has two choices before him. He may translate in prose or in verse. In prose the translated version might lose the grace of original and appear to be prosaic and plain. But in the translation of poetry into verse, there is another kind of danger. The translator may be inclined just to catch the mood and feel to be inspired to express his own poetic feelings more often quite different from the original in meaning as Fitzgared did while translating Umar Khayyam. So in both cases there are risks.

Before the present attempt two volumes of the translation of selected *Abyat* have been published: one by Maqbool Elahi<sup>4</sup> and another by the late Sheikh A. R. Luther.<sup>5</sup> Apart from the fact that the number of *Abyat* in their editions is less than that collected in the Mukammal (complete) *Abyat-e-Bahu*, both the translators are fond of metre and rhyme. In such instances as it has been pointed out, it often happens that the idea or feeling in the original poem appears to be rather remote than the one expressed by the poet. Dr. Nazir Ahmad suspected such drawback in Maqbool Elahi's translation.<sup>6</sup>

In the present case, I am more concerned with the accurate understanding of the meaning. Hadrat Sultan Bahu

was a master poet who used the genre of *Abyat* to express and transmit his teachings, because he was a murshid like all the Sufi poets, a teacher before all and then a poet. So, truly speaking, neither I have been endowed with the talents of a bard nor I can dare to risk the loss of meaning by translating the verse into verse. Now it is for others to judge how far I have been successful during the translation, keeping close to the text so as to enable the reader to understand the meaning and discern the sensibility of the Sufi poet.

It ought to be remembered that Hadrat Sultan Bahu's style is the most direct, unambiguous and seemingly the simplest. He speaks openly, boldly and obviously without reserve. But the finesse he brings into display in his poetry cannot find reflection in the translation. He creates effect by tone and tune and by the choice of words, similes and metaphors, ostensibly commonplace, which when translated appear to be just simple and artless. In the light of these facts one can perceive the difficulties that confront the translator.

I am, therefore, content and shall feel gratified if the translation provides an opportunity to a seeker of the truth to have a glimpse of the spiritual vision and perceive the thought pattern of the master.

Professor Syed Ahmad Saeed Hamadani  
Naushera (Soon Valley)  
Pakistan

5h February, 1999.



**SAYS BAHU**

TRANSLATION

OF THE

**ABYAT-E-BAHU**

(1)

They themselves have not been disciples of anybody  
but they initiate others \_\_\_ O Hu!

Labourers they are  
yet  
they take away the whole harvest.  
They fear not  
the wrath of God \_\_\_ O Hu!

The profane love  
is a game slippery.  
Such lovers stop clumsily \_\_\_ O Hu!

On the day of judgement,  
says Bahu,  
they'll feel  
ashamed \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(2)

Half the curse  
upon the world  
and the whole curse  
upon the worldly \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who did not spend  
in the cause of the Master  
would suffer "stern judgement" \_\_\_ O Hu!

Curse be upon the cunning world  
that instigates the fathers  
to kill their sons \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who shunned the world,  
says Bahu,  
will enjoy the bliss  
of evergreen gardens \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(3)

We understood the significance  
of the eternities  
and passed by  
all the joyful sights \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the fourteen plains  
are in the heart,  
so we set fire  
to the thoughts of retreats  
in the cells \_\_\_ O Hu!

Desolate were they  
in both the worlds  
who did not find out  
the truth \_\_\_ O Hu!

Look at the style of those,  
says Bahu,  
who immersed themselves  
in the Unity \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(4)

Eyes red,  
face pale  
and sighs  
from all sides \_\_\_ O Hu!

The fragrant love  
that we chose,  
has spread far and near \_\_\_ O Hu!

Love and musk  
cannot be concealed,  
they're evident there and then \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they who enjoy the blissful grandeur of Placeless,  
says Bahu,  
can be called Faqirs \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(5)

When the One  
showed Himself to me,  
my baser self  
was mortified \_\_\_ O Hu!

I reached  
where there was no nearness,  
no meeting, no goal  
and  
there was neither body  
nor spirit \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither there was love  
and affection  
nor the existence and universe \_\_\_ O Hu!

I was transformed,  
says Bahu,  
into the Absolute Reality,  
a secret of the pure Essence \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(6)

My spirit heard:  
 "Am I not your Lord?"  
 and  
 it still goes on crying  
 in response:  
 "We bear witness  
 that You are" \_\_\_ O Hu!

Love for my real place\*  
 over-powers me;  
 it lets me no rest  
 even for a moment \_\_\_ O Hu!

May you be doomed  
 O robbing world!  
 You plunder the way-farers  
 on the pathway to Truth \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers never accept her,  
 says Bahu,  
 though  
 she waits for the attention \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(7)

Alif\*:  
 Allah's Name is  
 a jessamine sapling  
 planted in the heart  
 by the Murshid\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

He teaches the tune  
 and the mode of dancing  
 of his own choice \_\_\_ O Hu!

The beloved teacher  
 remembers us  
 in every state  
 all the time \_\_\_ O Hu!

In fact,  
 it is He Himself  
 who grants the vision,  
 says Bahu,  
 He transforms the aspirant  
 in His own Image\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(8)

Alif:

Allah's Name is  
a jessamine sapling  
planted in my heart  
by the Murshid \_\_\_ O Hu!

Watered through *nafi Athbat*\*  
in every vein and every joint \_\_\_ O Hu!

It has blossomed  
into flowers.  
It emits sweet fragrance  
all within \_\_\_ O Hu!

Long live the Murshid,  
says Bahu,  
who planted  
the plant \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(9)

As soon as we came to know  
the significance of the Name\* \_\_\_ Allah \_\_\_  
the love shone more radiantly \_\_\_ O Hu!

It gave warmth  
day and night,  
made itself felt more and more \_\_\_ O Hu!

All that fire  
burns in our soul.  
The flames, the fuel, the smoke,  
all within \_\_\_ O Hu!

When the love became  
our guide,  
says Bahu,  
the Love was found  
"closer than even the jugular vein" \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(10)

Allah favoured you  
and you  
memorised the Quran  
but the veils were not removed \_\_\_ O Hu!

You  
became a scholar  
even then  
you seek gold coins? \_\_\_ O Hu!

You studied  
hundred and thousand books  
but the cruel baser self  
did not die \_\_\_ O Hu!

No body could kill  
this thief within,  
says Bahu,  
except the Faqirs \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(11)

Bahu is nowhere;  
Only He is there within  
and without \_\_\_ O Hu!

One practices austerities  
and  
goes through deep afflictions \_\_\_ O Hu!

One studies million of books  
and becomes a renowned scholar,  
a sage, \_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
the title of Faqir is granted only  
to him,  
says Bahu,  
whose grave becomes  
a living symbol\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(12)

One may mutter *kalima*\*  
 but  
 it is the love  
 that teaches  
 what *kalima* means \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the plains of existence,  
 all that the Quran and the Scriptures  
 teach  
 and the symbols imply  
 are contained within *kalima* \_\_\_ O Hu!

They cut up the reed  
 and carve out the pens  
 that cannot write \_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
 when the same *kalima*  
 was taught by the old man,  
 says Bahu,  
 nothing more was needed \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(13)

Our prayer  
 is always intended  
 to be offered only within \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is repeated in all positions \_\_\_  
 standing,  
 stooping,  
 and prostrating \_\_\_ O Hu!

Separation is the fire  
 that burnt out the heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is only the way of Muhammad\*,  
 says Bahu,  
 through which  
 one can find out  
 the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(14)

Hu within  
and Hu without,  
the spirit lives  
with Hu \_\_\_ O Hu!

Hu is the burning spot  
of love  
that consumes the lover  
all the time \_\_\_ O Hu!

Wherever Hu sheds light,  
the darkness vanishes \_\_\_ O Hu!

Both the worlds  
bow before him,  
says Bahu,  
who comes to see Hu \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(15)

The swamps,  
the virgin forest,  
full of reeds and beasts.  
Here we are ordained  
to live \_\_\_ O Hu!

Life  
is like a river bank  
that may collapse today or tomorrow \_\_\_ O Hu!

The travellers  
who stay  
at the river side,  
don't enjoy peaceful sleep \_\_\_ O Hu!

Where there is always water and sand,  
says Bahu,  
no dam can be built \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(16)

Everyone prays  
for faith  
Only a few seek love \_\_\_ O Hu!

Why do they pray for faith  
and  
hesitate to seek love? Yet  
I felt a zeal  
to look for it \_\_\_ O Hu!

Faith has no inkling  
of the goal \_\_\_  
the love \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only take care of your love,  
says Bahu,  
get rid of faith \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(17)

This body  
is the cell of true Lord.  
Faqir,  
have a peep into it \_\_\_ O Hu!

Don't beseech  
master *khadir*.  
The fount of life  
is within yourself \_\_\_ O Hu!

Light the lamp of yearning  
in the dark  
so that you may find out  
the lost abode \_\_\_ O Hu!

They die  
before death,  
says Bahu,  
who discern  
the secret of truth \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(18)

This body is the cell  
of true Lord.  
It is the garden  
where the spring  
blossoms and blooms \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the gugglets and prayer-rugs  
are within. There  
I prostate a thousand times \_\_\_ O Hu!

*Kaaba* and *qibla*\* are also within  
where I recite *illa-Allah*\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

I have found out  
the perfect Mushid,  
says Bahu,  
he himself will take care  
of us \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(19)

Let this body of mine  
turn into eyes.  
Even then  
I may not be satisfied  
to behold my Murshid \_\_\_ O Hu!

Let every hair of mine  
turn into millions of eyes.  
Let each open  
and close in turn \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even then  
my zeal wouldn't abate.  
Where should I go? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The sight of my Murshid is,  
says Bahu, like millions and crores of pilgrimages  
for me \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(20)

The world is  
a menstruous woman\*  
who cannot be pure at all \_\_\_ O Hu!

Curse be upon the life  
of the Faqir  
who keeps the *world*  
in his house \_\_\_ O Hu!

Love for the material world\*  
keeps away  
from the Lord.  
One should check up  
in time \_\_\_ O Hu!

To tell the truth,  
says Bahu,  
One should divorce the world  
thrice\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(21)

This world is  
a menstruous woman\*  
who is impure  
even if she may have a bath  
many times \_\_\_ O Hu!

The learned and the scholars  
secretly grieve  
for the material gains \_\_\_ O Hu!

They who are more wealthy  
can't enjoy  
sound sleep \_\_\_ O Hu!

They who've renounced the world,  
says Bahu,  
travel on  
light-heartedly \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(22)

It is the self  
that makes the ascetics and scholars  
bow thereon \_\_\_\_  
wherever  
they see the buttered loaf \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
it is the same self  
who is our companion  
and loyal to us \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

One who rides it,  
finds out the way  
to the Name of Allah \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The Path of Faqr\*  
is difficult,  
says Bahu,  
It is not straight sailing \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(23)

No gain  
while the presence  
has not been attained  
even if one offers  
so many prayers \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

No use of standing up to pray\*  
and  
keeping vigils at night \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

If the centre is not moved,  
one can't have the honour of audience  
in spite of a hundred acts  
of charities \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Without the annihilation  
of self  
none can get close to the Lord,  
says Bahu,  
and even the congregational prayers  
avail not \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(24)

Bahu's spirit is like a garden  
in spring.

The narcissus\*  
blooms therein,  
bashful and elegant \_\_\_ O Hu!

We saw the *kaabah*\* in our heart,  
pure and grand \_\_\_ O Hu!

The seeker aspires  
to move round his ambition,  
he loves mere attendance\*  
in the *haram* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Now as the veil has been removed,  
says Bahu,  
we are the pilgrims  
blessed  
with the vision of  
right direction \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(25)

At the sacred shrine  
of the Sheikh\*  
of Baghdad,  
we procured love \_\_\_ O Hu!

We gave away  
a particle of reason\*  
and  
bought (love).  
A load of sorrows it was \_\_\_ O Hu!

A heavy load  
and then a long distance to go  
but we reached the goal \_\_\_ O Hu!

We discerned the Essence  
and the attributes  
and then,  
says Bahu,  
we found out  
the Beauty of God \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(26)

It was preordained  
to come down to earth.\*  
It was a fall  
from the Throne  
to the floor \_\_\_ O Hu!

We\* were exiled  
from our home-place.  
We submitted to what had been  
decreed by the fate \_\_\_ O Hu!

Stay away O world!  
Quarrel not.  
We are already depressed \_\_\_ O Hu!

We are strangers here.  
Our country\* is far away,  
says Bahu,  
and then  
we are  
grief-stricken \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(27)

The rude,  
having nothing to do  
with respect,  
are one  
with those  
who oppose \_\_\_ O Hu!

The earthen pots  
can ne'er become  
the metal utensils \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who are disloyal  
by nature,  
can ne'er become  
true lovers \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who didn't strive  
to attain to the presence,  
says Bahu,  
passed away emptyhanded  
from the world \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(28)

Let us throw away  
the piety  
and assume  
all the blames \_\_\_ O Hu!

“There is no god!”  
is an ornament.  
We wore it  
like a necklace.  
What has this to do  
with the rites and rituals? \_\_\_ O Hu!

Then  
“except Allah”  
entered into my heart.  
It brought warmth  
and drove away the cold \_\_\_ O Hu!

It was like the water of life,  
says Bahu,  
that we drank  
from *khadir*\* himself \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(29)

They studied b c  
but learnt  
not A\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even if someone  
started with A,  
he couldn't find out  
the meaning \_\_\_ O Hu!

The whole universe  
is radiant with the Light  
but the blind  
can see nothing \_\_\_ O Hu!

Without meeting  
with Allah,  
says Bahu,  
all else are tales  
and fables \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(30)

"In the Name of Allah."<sup>\*</sup>  
 But even the Name  
 is a heavy ornament \_\_\_ O Hu!

Through the intercession of the Chief of the universe<sup>\*</sup>,  
 the whole creation  
 will be granted amnesty \_\_\_ O Hu!

May Allah bless  
 the Holy Prophet  
 who was authorised  
 to such an extent \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish the love  
 for those,  
 says Bahu,  
 who were blessed  
 with the guidance  
 of such a grand Prophet \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(31)

What are the signs of Baghdad?  
 There are  
 high and tall flags  
 over there \_\_\_ O Hu!

My soul and body  
 are torn to pieces  
 like the clippings  
 in the tailor's shop \_\_\_ O Hu!

I'll put on the shroud of these rags  
 and  
 join the company  
 of Faqirs \_\_\_ O Hu!

Roaming about in the streets  
 of Baghdad,  
 says Bahu,  
 I'll beg and cry out:  
 "O Amir, O Amir!"<sup>\*</sup> \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(32)

I am so sinful  
but now  
it is a matter of prestige  
for him \_\_\_ my Murshid \_\_\_  
to purify me \_\_\_ O Hu!

They study hard  
and they are pompous.  
They've lost the way  
at this point  
like Satan \_\_\_ O Hu!

Millions of people  
are fearful of hell.  
There are others  
who are indifferent  
to paradise \_\_\_ O Hu!

There is always a dagger  
at the throat of lovers,  
says Bahu,  
who get themselves willingly sacrificed  
in the presence of their beloveds \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(33)

The hem of garment  
being old  
was torn.  
How long the tailors  
would have mended it? \_\_\_ O Hu!

No confidant I found.  
All who met  
were self-centered \_\_\_ O Hu!

Without an instructor  
nobody could point out  
the inner disease \_\_\_ O Hu!

Let us take the path,  
says Bahu,  
that the people  
fear to walk upon \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(34)

The pure can never be impure,  
 eve if  
 they live  
 among the impure \_\_\_ O Hu!

The waves  
 rising from the oceans of Unity  
 are high  
 but  
 some see them not \_\_\_ O Hu!

Some arrived  
 at the idol temple  
 and  
 others studied  
 and dwelt at the mosques \_\_\_ O Hu!

They cast the grandeur aside,  
 says Bahu,  
 when the love inspired them  
 to offer prayer \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(35)

The rememberers  
 of the Word of God  
 recite  
 and  
 they are proud.

The *Mullas* give themselves airs \_\_\_ O Hu!

Like the wayward rain-clouds  
 they carry along  
 the books \_\_\_ O Hu!

Where there is more  
 and better to eat,  
 they recite more \_\_\_ O Hu!

They are losers  
 in both the worlds,  
 says Bahu,  
 who wasted away  
 what they had earned \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(36)

They study hard  
and  
they are pleased  
to be called *Mashaikh*.  
They offer prayers  
more than others \_\_\_ O Hu!

They are quite unaware of  
the inner cell  
that is being robbed  
and they know it not \_\_\_ O Hu!

One protected by God  
is ever happy,  
so remove the soot  
from the heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

Lord is with those,  
says Bahu,  
who are open and true \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(37)

They seek knowledge  
and they learn  
only how to flatter the kings.  
What is the use of  
that scholarship? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The butter can't be acquired  
out of the milk  
turned sour \_\_\_ O Hu!

The silly lark  
picks up the seedlings  
before they grow up  
to be plants \_\_\_ O Hu!

Just keep your heart tender and gentle,  
says Bahu,  
it is equal  
to the worship  
for a hundreds of years \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(38)

Arrogance increased  
by the bookish knowledge.  
Even the intellect  
turned out dull \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither knowledge  
nor logic  
was profitable. The right way  
was lost \_\_\_ O Hu!

Don't hesitate  
in making the bargain  
if the secret of life can be attained  
by sacrificing  
your ego \_\_\_ O Hu!

When you enter  
the bazaar of love,  
says Bahu,  
take along some guide  
who is familiar  
with the ways \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(39)

They studied  
thousands of books  
and became  
renowned scholars \_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
they couldn't know  
even the L of Love.  
They roam about  
aimlessly \_\_\_ O Hu!

There is a great distance  
between love and intellect \_\_\_  
they lie apart \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who didn't obtain  
love,  
says Bahu,  
went away empty-handed  
through both the worlds \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(40)

Five palaces ,  
all the five already radiant  
with light.  
Where should I place  
the taper? \_\_\_ O Hu!

Each a squire  
and each a *patwari*  
to whom should I pay the tax? \_\_\_ O Hu!

Five *imams* and five *qiblahs*  
where should I prostrate \_\_\_ O Hu!

If the master asks  
to sacrifice  
the life,  
says Bahu,  
one should ne'er  
hesitate \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(41)

What is the use of *Pir*  
whom you meet  
and the pain  
doesn't subside? \_\_\_ O Hu!

You meet the Murshid  
and your heart is not guided,  
what is the use of such a Murshid? \_\_\_ O Hu!

What is the use of the guide  
who gives  
no guidance? \_\_\_ O Hu!

If you can find out  
the truth  
by sacrificing life,  
says Bahu,  
then be not afraid  
of such a death \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(42)

When we found out the Faqr special,  
 only then  
 we renounced the world  
 totally \_\_\_ O Hu!

When we held  
 the begging bowl  
 only then  
 we found out  
 the path of Faqr \_\_\_ O Hu!

We drank the oceans  
 of Unity  
 and  
 still feel thirsty \_\_\_ O Hu!

To tread upon  
 the path of Faqr  
 is to shed the tears of blood,  
 says Bahu,  
 but for the people  
 it is just a joke \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(43)

The love is roused  
 as soon as the life  
 is consumed  
 by passion \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lover is a mirror.  
 The soul just sustains  
 the body.  
 The lover most willingly sacrifices  
 the life \_\_\_ O Hu!

Give up the desire,  
 cast aside the life,  
 throw away the burdens  
 of problems \_\_\_ O Hu!

Nothing avails  
 without sacrifice,  
 says Bahu  
 even if you change  
 a hundred guises \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(44)

You moved  
the beads of rosary  
but  
the heart was not moved.  
So what was the use of it? \_\_\_ O Hu!

You studied a lot  
but did not learn  
how to live properly.  
So what was the use of knowledge? \_\_\_ O Hu!

You went into the retreat  
for forty days  
but  
all that availed you not.  
So what was the use of solitude? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The milk can't turn  
into butter  
without a little curd\*,  
says Bahu,  
eve if you boil it red \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(45)

You always hold rosary  
and  
claim to be  
one of the saints\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
you don't move  
even one bead in your heart,  
though you wear  
the rosary of hundred beads  
around the neck \_\_\_ O Hu!

Your breathing stops  
while giving away  
but you rush like a tiger  
to snatch away \_\_\_ O Hu!

Rain (of mercy) avails not,  
says Bahu,  
if the hearts are  
as hard as stones \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(46)

Having trust in God,  
 one should sail away  
 like a man  
 by a boat even if it  
 is made of straws \_\_\_ O Hu!

Ne'er be afraid of the hardship  
 that results  
 into ease \_\_\_ O Hu!

Learn this verse by heart:

"Every hardship is followed by ease", \* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Beware  
 of the Sovereign Lord,  
 says Bahu,  
 do as He commands \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(47)

My body is the city  
 of my friend.  
 The heart is a quarter  
 reserved for him therein \_\_\_ O Hu!

Alif\* came to live here.  
 It was a matter  
 of great rejoicing \_\_\_ O Hu!

So  
 I hear  
 the Name of Allah  
 all around \_\_\_ O Hu!

The afflicted lovers do know  
 what it means,  
 says Bahu,  
 may the hard-hearted  
 also be guided \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(48)

Even if the saddles are  
time-worn,  
the Arabian horses  
don't remain concealed \_\_\_ O Hu!

With the drum beat  
the heart entered  
the battle field  
and played his part  
boldly \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lover saw  
the modest eyes  
and surrendered.  
The love then yoked him  
into its service \_\_\_ O Hu!

What happened to them,  
says Bahu,  
whose friend  
was displeased with them? \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(49)

O Faqir, you  
wake up now or not  
but  
finally you will have  
to get up \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they find out the goal  
who are  
awake \_\_\_ O Hu!

As I acted upon the advice,  
I proclaimed it openly \_\_\_ O Hu!

I had missed  
the Path,  
says Bahu,  
only the Murshid  
guided me  
rightly \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(50)

Steadfast on the way  
to truth  
and the steps always  
forward.  
Only then  
you can find out  
the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

Let Allah be remembered  
in every pore of mine,  
chanted there  
all the time \_\_\_ O Hu!

Within and without  
every-where,  
*Hu Hu* is heard clearly \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they deserve  
the title of Faqir,  
says Bahu,  
who live  
even though they are in the graves \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(51)

Only they deserve to achieve  
the perfect love  
who have utterly ruined themselves \_\_\_ O Hu!

They are  
neither Sufis nor pious  
nor they prostrate  
in the mosques \_\_\_ O Hu!

The original blue  
cannot  
accept the red colour \_\_\_ O Hu!

Let the man of law come  
to the Path,  
says Bahu,  
where  
love is always in the state of prayer \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(52)

Living by the waterside  
and  
wandering through the jungles,  
we couldn't be steadfast  
even upon one point \_\_\_ O Hu!

The heart's race  
didn't come to an end  
even after the retreats  
and the pilgrimages \_\_\_ O Hu!

We got tired  
of five prayers a day  
and the thirty fasting days \_\_\_ O Hu!

The men got all  
what they desired,  
says Bahu,  
when the Murshid  
cast a look of love upon them \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(53)

Until the self  
doesn't become one  
with the Essence,  
it would remain  
lesser than the self  
as before \_\_\_ O Hu!

If your goal is the Essence  
not the attributes,  
only then  
you'll find out  
the truth \_\_\_ O Hu!

*Hu* within and *Hu* without;  
Bahu has vanished \_\_\_ O Hu!

He who loves  
the world,  
says Bahu,  
can ne'er become  
a Faqir \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(54)

So long that you are egocentered,  
you won't find out  
the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

The condition for that is effacement;  
you know it not  
and even then  
you call yourself a Faqir? \_\_\_ O Hu!

Without death  
the burial cloth  
is useless \_\_\_ O Hu!

The title of Faqir  
is nice,  
says Bahu,  
but only when  
one dies  
before death \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(55)

You ought to pay  
maunds of the dogmatic faith  
to buy  
a grain of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even the books, the scriptures and the prayers  
may be overpaid \_\_\_ O Hu!

No gain  
to keep vigils  
at night  
and to pray  
without a Murshid \_\_\_ O Hu!

Die before death,  
says Bahu,  
only then you'll attain  
to the presence  
of the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(56)

All the cares of life  
left me  
since the Mushid gave me  
the drinking cup \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even the vigils at night  
avail not  
if the Murshid  
doesn't bless with  
a little attention \_\_\_ O Hu!

You wake up and pray  
at night  
but  
indulge in backbiting  
in the day-time! \_\_\_ O Hu!

The glory of the worldly throne  
is false,  
says Bahu,  
Faqr  
is the only true kingship \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(57)

Love comes on storming  
to the heart  
in which the Name of Allah  
shines \_\_\_ O Hu!

The fragrance of musk  
can't be concealed  
though you may try to keep it  
hidden \_\_\_ O Hu!

The sunshine  
can't be concealed  
behind the fingers.  
The rivers  
can't be stopped \_\_\_ O Hu!

We are in Him,  
He in us,  
says Bahu,  
behold, the Friend is so nigh! \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(58)

Love is a man-eating tiger  
in the jungle.  
It is like a hawk  
hovering above  
to attack the pet fowls \_\_\_ O Hu!

Love is like a jeweller  
who ne'er leaves impurity  
in the gold \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
neither feel hunger nor sleep.  
In fact  
they never die \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
become immortal,  
says Bahu,  
when they put their heads  
on the scaffold  
before the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(59)

They  
who found out the Lord  
through Alif,\*  
don't open the Book  
to recite \_\_\_ O Hu!

They rightly claim love.  
The veils are removed  
from them \_\_\_ O Hu!

The hell and heaven  
bow before them.  
They are  
their attendants \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love  
for them,  
says Bahu,  
who dare  
to embrace the Unity \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(60)

They  
 who've found out the Divine Love,  
 keep quiet \_\_\_ O Hu!

They hold their breath  
 and meditate  
 and remember God \_\_\_ O Hu!

They concentrate upon  
 the centres:  
 self, heart, spirit and even beyond that,  
 deeper and deeper \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love  
 for those,  
 says Bahu,  
 who arouse  
 the heart  
 with one glance \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(61)

Know:  
 the purity that is not attained  
 through pure love  
 is, in fact, impurity \_\_\_ O Hu!

Some arrived  
 at the temple\*  
 and the others  
 dwelt in the mosque  
 with the hearts  
 empty \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who did not hesitate  
 to sacrifice their life,  
 won the game of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

They  
 who did not utterly ruine themselves,  
 says Bahu,  
 did ne'er meet  
 the friend \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(62)

How can one get  
 what the heart  
 longs for.  
 The object  
 becomes illusive \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither the friend cures  
 my heart  
 nor the love lets the wound  
 heal up \_\_\_ O Hu!

There's fire  
 all over the place where love is.  
 It'll burn you more and more \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish the love  
 for those,  
 says Bahu,  
 who travelled on  
 farther and farther \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(63)

A moment of negligence  
 is a moment of denial,  
 the Murshid told me that \_\_\_ O Hu!

I was enlightened  
 when I noted his saying.  
 I concentrate my whole attention  
 upon the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

Such was my passion  
 that I surrendered  
 my whole life  
 to the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

We died before death,  
 says Bahu, only then we discovered  
 the meaning  
 of reality \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(64)

Kiss the feet of your Murshid  
and serve him  
if you are there to seek the Unity  
of God \_\_\_ O Hu!

When the Murshid  
kindly blesses with his attention,  
all the buds  
bloom and blossom\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

The seeds grow up  
into plants  
and delicate flowers.  
One among the flowers  
may be tulip\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who sailed in two boats,  
says Bahu,  
are losers  
in both the worlds \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(65)

If one could attain  
to the Lord  
by washing and bathing,  
the frogs and fish  
would have found Him \_\_\_ O Hu!

If one could attain  
to the Lord  
by wearing longer locks,  
the goats and sheep  
would have found Him \_\_\_ O Hu!

If one could attain  
to the Lord  
by vigils,  
the birds  
would have found Him \_\_\_ O Hu!

One cannot attain to the Lord  
by all these,  
says Bahu,  
only they can attain to Him  
who are purehearted \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(66)

One who studies A\*  
doesn't read the chapter B \_\_\_ O Hu!

He leaves attributes  
and finds out  
the Divine Essence.  
He shuns away  
the commonality \_\_\_ O Hu!

His baser self,  
he knows,  
is a dog.  
He's not flattered  
by its wagging tail \_\_\_ O Hu!

They don't worry,  
says Bahu,  
who find the artisan  
within their own house \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(67)

Had there been knowledge  
in religion,  
why the heads  
would have been  
hanged high  
on spears \_\_\_ O Hu!

Thousands of scholars  
who lived there,  
would have laid down  
their lives  
for Hussain\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

They wouldn't have refused  
water  
to the prophet's family\*  
if they acknowledged  
their pledge  
with the Apostle of God \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they're true in their faith,  
says Bahu,  
who offer their heads,  
for sacrifice \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(68)

The heart  
that didn't procure love  
is unfortunate \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Eternal Teacher  
taught the lesson  
and handed me  
the tablet of heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

"When in power, don't boast.  
"Never be impatient in trouble." \_\_\_ O Hu!

After having learnt  
about Unity,  
says Bahu,  
we were immersed  
in Hu.

We, then,  
became aware  
of the present time \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(69)

The heart  
that didn't earn love,  
is devoid of tenderness \_\_\_ O Hu!

The stones are better  
than the heart  
lost in negligence \_\_\_ O Hu!

The heart  
that didn't aspire  
to attain the presence,  
was thrown out  
of the court \_\_\_ O Hu!

Until they didn't get themselves  
utterly ruined,  
says Bahu,  
they couldn't see  
the friend \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(70)

The heart  
that doesn't obtain love  
can't feel empathy \_\_\_ O Hu!

Nobody calls them men  
who are  
unmanly and impotent \_\_\_ O Hu!

They roam about in the streets  
like wild animals  
in the jungle \_\_\_ O Hu!

The reality of their nature  
would be evident to them,  
says Bahu,  
only when the lovers  
will be crowned  
at the end \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(71)

The day I arrived  
at your door  
I perceived the right direction  
for prostration \_\_\_ O Hu!

Since then  
I have devotedly abided there;  
I didn't think of any other place  
to go to \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
having drunk  
from the fount of love  
give their life  
but ne'er give away the secret \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
says Bahu,  
who were loyal  
in their love  
to the end \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(72)

The living can't know  
the state of those  
who are dead.  
Only they can know  
who have died \_\_\_ O Hu!

Nothing to eat  
nor to drink anything  
in the grave.  
Only that  
brought from home\*  
will be of some use \_\_\_ O Hu!

Ah the pangs of parting  
from the family  
and then the punishment  
in the grave! \_\_\_ O Hu!

They who died  
before death,  
says Bahu,  
are really fortunate \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(73)

Only then you are capable to keep  
the company of Faqirs  
when you are ready  
to die before death \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even if they throw dirt  
upon you,  
like a dunghill  
you should accept all that \_\_\_ O Hu!  
like a dunghill \_\_\_ O Hu!

Complaints, blames, discord  
and disgrace  
are to be suffered  
for the love of the beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

The string of our fate  
is in the Divine Hand,  
says Bahu,  
live, therefore,  
as He wants you  
to live \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(74)

O moon,  
make the world  
radiant!  
The stars talk talk of you  
and wait \_\_\_ O Hu!

There are so many moons  
like you  
that arise,  
but  
we remain in darkness  
separated from the friends \_\_\_ O Hu!

You stand nowhere  
where our moon rises up \_\_\_ O Hu!

We met the friend  
incomparable,  
says Bahu,  
for whom  
we put the whole existence  
at stake \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(75)

Rise O moon  
and illumine the world.  
The stars  
await your arrival \_\_\_ O Hu!

The jewellers are wandering about  
in the streets  
but  
nobody is there  
to buy the jewels\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

May there be no traveller  
in an alien land\*  
where even the straws  
carry more weight  
than the strangers \_\_\_ O Hu!

Don't clap hands  
to make us fly away,  
says Bahu,  
already we are about to take  
flight \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(76)

The rememberers of the Word of God  
 recite and  
 they are pompous;  
 the priests give themselves airs \_\_\_ O Hu!

Like the rain-clouds  
 they carry along  
 the books \_\_\_ O Hu!

Where there is more  
 and better to eat,  
 they recite more \_\_\_ O Hu!

They are losers  
 in both the worlds,  
 says Bahu,  
 who wasted away  
 what they had earned \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(77)

The raw and ignorant  
 know nothing.  
 They don't know  
 the heart's secrets \_\_\_ O Hu!

Created from the dust  
 and water,  
 they remain crude earthen pots \_\_\_ O Hu!

The traders of ordinary glass  
 don't know  
 the value of jewels  
 and diamonds \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who are sincere  
 and faithful,  
 says Bahu,  
 rush to accompany  
 the Faqirs \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(78)

The organ you call heart  
is the receptacle  
of thoughts and ideas \_\_\_ O Hu!

It can be called heart  
only when you take it away  
from diversity  
to singularity \_\_\_ O Hu!

The centre  
takes grandeur  
through body and beauty  
but it's blessed with majesty  
through spiritual dignity \_\_\_ O Hu!

The *qibla*, the *qalb*\*  
are all radiant,  
says Bahu,  
we are alone  
with our Friend \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(79)

If the pain remains inside,  
it burns the heart.  
If it comes out,  
it slashes \_\_\_ O Hu!

How can they understand  
our plight  
who are worldly-minded? \_\_\_ O Hu!

A vast sea flows  
incessantly  
between the love and the beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is not easy  
to attain  
to the Presence,  
says Bahu,  
we are just devoted  
to the Name\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(80)

The painful love  
is a hunting hawk  
that drinks the blood  
of afflicted lovers \_\_\_ O Hu!

It stays in our heart  
like a tiger  
which lives in the jungle \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is a sacred elephant.  
It tramples everything  
that comes in the way \_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
don't be afraid of the ravage,  
says Bahu,  
no funfare is there  
without the elephant's trampling  
gait\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(81)

The smoke rises  
from the huts of lovers  
but nobody comes for warmth  
due to fear \_\_\_ O Hu!

The heat of fire  
is so intense.  
Only those can enjoy  
who are used to it \_\_\_ O Hu!

Love like a warrior stands  
with a naked sword.  
Only pity can  
persuade it  
to put it into the scabbard \_\_\_ O Hu!

The maiden has after all to go  
to her inlaws,  
says Bahu,  
she can't stay  
with her parents for e'er \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(82)

When the lovers  
sigh and groan,  
the rocks sunder apart \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even the snakes rush to  
hide underground  
when they hear the sighs  
of afflicted lovers \_\_\_ O Hu!

The stars  
fall down the skies  
when the lovers sigh and groan \_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
there are some people  
so cruel,  
says Bahu,  
they are not at all moved  
by pity \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(83)

Your breast is the city,  
the heart is bazaar therein  
and the mouth is  
its gate \_\_\_ O Hu!

The spirit is the trader  
and  
the baser self  
is there to raid  
the way of truth \_\_\_ O Hu!

It will rob away  
your time,  
your wealth,  
if you don't kill it \_\_\_ O Hu!

All your efforts  
may go waste,  
says Bahu,  
as it's always lurking  
for the chance \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(84)

Always study the chapter  
of unity  
in the book of your heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the life  
was spent  
in reading books  
and  
all that time  
passed away in ignorance \_\_\_ O Hu!

Read only the Name of Allah  
This is the only lesson  
to be learnt \_\_\_ O Hu!

The whole existence  
bows before them,  
says Bahu,  
who have held up Allah  
safe  
in their hearts \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(85)

The heart is an ocean  
where the master stands  
and brings about  
waves and whirl-pools \_\_\_ O Hu!

The doubts float  
through thoughts,  
unnumbered and unlimited \_\_\_ O Hu!

Travelling in an alien Land  
we fell in love.  
'Tis just silliness \_\_\_ O Hu!

We forgot  
how to laugh and play,  
says Bahu,  
when the love  
made us sip  
its milk \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(86)

The heart is deeper  
than the rivers and seas.  
Dive like a diver  
to seek pearls \_\_\_ O Hu!

One who didn't drink deep,  
would e'er remain thirsty \_\_\_ O Hu!

The sincere Faqirs  
remember God  
and think of Him  
in every breath \_\_\_ O Hu!

A harlot is better  
than the Murshid,  
says Bahu,  
who is there  
only to deceive  
and entrap \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(87)

The hearts  
are deeper  
than the rivers and seas.  
Who can fathom  
the hearts? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The boatsmen  
and the boats,  
the oars  
and the struggle,  
all are there \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the fourteen spheres  
are in the heart  
where love has pitched  
its tent \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only he can know God,  
says Bahu,  
who knows the secrets  
of the heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(88)

Would that the people  
had known:  
the black face  
is better  
than the black heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Friend'll welcome  
the visitor  
whose heart is clean  
though his face  
may be black \_\_\_ O Hu!

The heart  
should always follow  
the friend;  
he may perchance  
take notice of it \_\_\_ O Hu!

When we ran away from the mosque,  
says Bahu,  
only then we found out  
the heart's desire \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(89)

Keep the doubts away  
from your self, O Faqir  
and be smart \_\_\_ O Hu!

Trust God like birds  
who go out flying at day break  
without even a grain  
to eat \_\_\_ O Hu!

They fly away daily  
and get food  
and ne'er hoard it \_\_\_ O Hu!

God  
provides  
even for the insect,  
says Bahu,  
that lives  
inside a stone \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(90)

Those who are  
always in search of riches,  
are like dogs  
who wander  
from door to door  
at random \_\_\_ O Hu!

The whole life is lost  
fighting just to win  
a bone \_\_\_ O Hu!

They are fools,  
senselessly they expect butter  
by churning water \_\_\_ O Hu!

Except the remembrance of  
the Lord,  
says Bahu,  
all else  
are fables \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(91)

The material wealth is  
like a harlot  
who lives with the hypocrite  
or beams in an infidel's house \_\_\_ O Hu!

She adorns herself,  
attracts the handsome men  
and robs them \_\_\_ O Hu!

She emits flashes of light  
dazzling like lightening \_\_\_ O Hu!

She is like the golden plate\*,  
says Bahu,  
which caused  
the death  
of wayfarers \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(92)

Milk and curd  
churn all  
but the lovers  
churn the fire \_\_\_ O Hu!

The body is a vessel,  
the heart is a churn.  
They move it with sighs \_\_\_ O Hu!

The churning lace  
sobs with grief,  
the tears pour water  
into it \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only those are honoured  
with the title of Faqir  
says Bahu,  
who get butter  
out of the bones \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(93)

Don't you understand?  
Faith and the world  
are two real sisters\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

The law tells you  
that both of them  
can't get married at a time  
to the same person \_\_\_ O Hu!

Fire and water  
can't stay  
at one place \_\_\_ O Hu!

They  
who claimed "I",  
says Bahu,  
were doomed  
in both the worlds \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(94)

As long as a person does not identify  
himself  
with the Essence,  
it stays at the lower level \_\_\_ O Hu!

The baser self  
is a dog  
that should be brought  
into control  
and killed \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the other ideas are blames.  
Only the love of God  
is the real \_\_\_ O Hu!

The title of Faqir  
is only for those,  
says Bahu,  
who are alive,  
in the graves \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(95)

The remembrance  
and  
contemplation are far hither;  
you have to sacrifice  
your life at the end \_\_\_ O Hu!

The approval  
of such an act  
is granted only to them  
who come to live  
in the Placeless \_\_\_ O Hu!

Martyred and annihilated  
are those  
whose heart  
is pierced  
by the arrow of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

The memory tortures me  
like a burning fire. I'd suffer,  
says Bahu,  
until I meet my beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(96)

Invoke God's Name  
but contemplate more.  
Behold!  
The word  
is sharper than the sword\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers sigh  
and blaze within.  
They contemplate  
upon the mysteries \_\_\_ O Hu!

The contemplation  
moves away the soul  
like the rocks removed  
from the roots \_\_\_ O Hu!

Utter the truth,  
says Bahu,  
and be  
carefree \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(97)

The pitch dark night.  
But  
the candle of love illuminates  
all around \_\_\_ O Hu!

He whose desire melts the heart,  
does not call aloud \_\_\_ O Hu!

In the love's way lie  
the wild forests  
and dangerous dense woods  
where the fear of tigers  
reigns \_\_\_ O Hu!

Wading through seas  
and crossing over deserts  
the lovers went on,  
says Bahu,  
as they were perfect  
in their love \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(98)

Sleepless at night  
and amazed during the day,  
such is the plight of lovers \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only the sage can understand  
the sage.  
How can a self-centered person  
can comprehend him? \_\_\_ O Hu!

Get up to pray and worship, otherwise you would repent;  
you've already wasted away  
the youth \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they attained to the Presence,  
says Bahu,  
who found out  
the Murshid  
like the Shah of Jilan\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(99)

Weep and shed the tears of blood  
day and night.  
This is the Grief's command  
with a wink \_\_\_ O Hu!

With the perception of Unity  
the arrow has entered within  
and allows no rest \_\_\_ O Hu!

Let your head be hanged  
upon the gallows,  
this is the secret  
to win love \_\_\_ O Hu!

Doubt not and  
let yourself be killed  
says Bahu,  
when you are called  
upon to offer sacrifice \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(100)

The path of Faqr  
is far thither,  
the goal  
not visible \_\_\_ O Hu!

Teaching as well as learning  
and  
Knowledge as well as logic  
and even legends and stories  
nothing is of use there \_\_\_ O Hu!

This world  
is an idol-temple.  
Nobody should trust it \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only that Faqir  
knows this,  
says Bahu,  
who dies before death  
in the way of Faqr \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(101)

We discovered  
the path of Faqr  
when we held up  
the drinking cup in our hands \_\_\_ O Hu!

We renounced the world  
only when we found out  
the Faqr special \_\_\_ O Hu!

We drank out of the oceans of unity.  
The heart  
still feels thirsty \_\_\_ O Hu!

One sheds the tears of blood  
on the path of Faqr,  
says Bahu,  
though the people  
scoff at him \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(102)

The ritual prayers  
and fasting  
and abstinence,  
all these are confusing \_\_\_ O Hu!

One can't reach the Lord  
through these acts \_\_\_  
resulting in self-praise  
and self consciousness \_\_\_ O Hu!

Such a person  
can't find out  
the Friend  
who is Eternal and Immortal \_\_\_ O Hu!

When he is immersed in love,  
says Bahu,  
only then he would leave the litanies  
and chants \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(103)

The Grace  
comes to reside  
in the house  
where there are candles  
of love to illuminate \_\_\_ O Hu!

The stormy sea of love  
rose high up  
and touched the spheres.  
How can a ship  
sail there? \_\_\_ O Hu!

One has to throw away  
the load of intellect and reason  
even at the first turn of  
unloading the ship  
caught in storm \_\_\_ O Hu!

At the end  
when one looks around,  
says Bahu,  
he sees the beloved everywhere \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(104)

The ascetics  
go through severities  
but  
the lovers are sick of ritual prayers  
and fastings \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers are immersed  
in Unity. They  
know the mysteries of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

How can the fly,  
sunk in honey,  
take flight with the eagles? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
are blessed with the audience in the meeting of the Prophet,  
says Bahu,  
favoured and received honourably in the Court \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(105)

Every body recites *kalima*<sup>\*</sup>  
but nobody recites in the heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

If you repeat it  
only with tongue,  
you can't reach the level  
where the heart recites \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is the lovers  
who recite the *kalima*  
in their hearts;  
how can the tonguesters  
attain to that level? \_\_\_ O Hu!

We are fortunate  
to meet the Friend,  
says Bahu,  
He Himself taught us  
the *Kalima* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(106)

Those who learnt and knew  
the Attributes only,  
fell short  
of the Essence \_\_\_ O Hu!

The deep knowledge  
is the share of those  
who sincerely affirm  
the Real \_\_\_ O Hu!

They loved God  
and they slaughtered their baser self  
with the sword  
as He willed it \_\_\_ O Hu!

The special share is for those,  
says Bahu,  
who found out  
the water of life \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(107)

O Master of masters\*,  
listen to my cries for help.  
There is none else except you  
who can assist me \_\_\_ O Hu!

I admit that  
there are many others  
like me here  
while to me  
none else is there like you \_\_\_ O Hu!

Please, don't read the reports  
of my evil deeds  
and don't push me away  
from your gate \_\_\_ O Hu!

Your are the Forgiver, I believe,  
but how would you have exercised your power  
says Bahu,  
had I not been so sinful? \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(108)

O Master of masters\*,  
I beg your attention.  
Listen to my cries for help \_\_\_ O Hu!

My raft whirls in the vortex  
where even the crocodiles  
fear to stay \_\_\_ O Hu!

Come swiftly  
with the speed of an eagle  
to relieve me  
of my affliction \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who have the guide  
like Meeran\*,  
says Bahu,  
sail safely  
and reach the shore \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(109)

Separated from the friend,  
I am burnt all over  
as if the sorrows have pitched tents  
within my soul \_\_\_ O Hu!

I sing like the cuckoo  
so that the days  
may not go waste \_\_\_ O Hu!

Sing on my little cuckoo  
as the season of monsoon has arrived.  
May God bless us with rain \_\_\_ O Hu!

Step forward  
with all sincerity,  
says Bahu,  
only this act  
pleases the Friend \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(110)

I cherish love hundred thousand times  
for them  
who never speak bitterly \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love thousand million times  
for those who are firm  
over what they say \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love million billion times  
for those who keep the ego-self  
in place \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love billion trillion times  
for those who are gold in fact  
but they are content,  
says Bahu,  
to be treated as lead \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(111)

Tired of fasting  
for hundreds of days,  
and  
hundreds of prostrations \_\_\_ O Hu!

Pilgrimage to Makkah  
for hundred of times,  
but  
there was no end  
to the wishful journey \_\_\_ O Hu!

Nobody achieves perfection  
either after wanderings  
in the jungles  
or the retreats for forty days \_\_\_ O Hu!

One achieves all, says Bahu,  
when the old teacher  
casts a glance at you  
for once \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(112)

Who lives within the breast?  
It was the Murshid  
who pointed it to me \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is the breath that counts  
while it comes and goes.  
Nothing else there is \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Great Name it is called.  
It is the Divine mystery, too \_\_\_ O Hu!

The life and death  
it is,  
says Bahu,  
and the secret of God \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(113)

The gates of religion are high.  
The Path of Faqr  
is narrow \_\_\_ O Hu!

The learned scholars don't allow  
to pass through the gates  
except those  
who just sneak away \_\_\_ O Hu!

They are the enemies  
of the afflicted lovers.  
They throw bricks upon them \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
know the secret,  
says Bahu,  
how can the pervert  
know that? \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(114)

May God shower mercy  
over the *Shor Town*<sup>\*</sup>  
where Bahu  
passes the time \_\_\_ O Hu!

He takes care of his pupils<sup>\*</sup>  
like the gardener  
taking care of his plants \_\_\_ O Hu!

He nourishes them  
in his presence  
and casts a glance of love  
and mercy upon them \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they deserve  
the title of Faqir,  
says Bahu,  
who can show you  
the Friend  
within your own house \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(115)

They  
who have attained the unity  
with the Essence,  
ne'er chant the hymns  
and psalms \_\_\_ O Hu!

The erudition and action  
are imbibed in those  
who are sincere  
and affirm the real \_\_\_ O Hu!

They loved God  
and they slaughtered their baser self  
with the sword  
as He willed it \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the fourteen spheres  
are within the heart,  
says Bahu,  
only if you have a peep  
within \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(116)

The baser self,  
if you see it,  
is like a black cur \_\_\_ O Hu!

It seizes and snatches away  
whatever you have, with its teeth and claws.  
It drinks blood  
and eats the buttered loaf \_\_\_ O Hu!

By the left side  
it has entered in  
and sits leaning  
against the heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

Be it damned,  
it is voracious and hungry,  
says Bahu,  
may God avert  
its assaults from us \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(117)

Do consider the ego-self a dog  
and kill it,  
mincing it to pieces \_\_\_ O Hu!

At the same time  
remember God  
with love  
in every breath \_\_\_ O Hu!

You can find out the Lord  
by meditation.  
Only then you'll have  
the vision of the Essence \_\_\_ O Hu!

Both the worlds  
are slave to those,  
says Bahu,  
who come to discern  
the Real \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(118)

Being a seeker,  
become a seeker  
and  
sing on  
the songs  
in the praise of your Murshid \_\_\_ O Hu!

Be he himself  
as you hold  
the hem of your Murshid's garment.  
\_\_\_ O Hu!

Go on  
reciting *kalima*<sup>\*</sup>  
until you are bathed  
in its light and warmth \_\_\_ O Hu!

Allah would purify your soul,  
says Bahu,  
if you only carry on  
the remembrance  
of Allah \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(119)

The followers  
of Ghawth al-Azam<sup>\*</sup>  
never linger behind \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who have even an iota of love,  
are always crying  
to meet the beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who yearn to meet,  
are blessed with the approval  
every moment \_\_\_ O Hu!

The whole existence  
belongs to them  
says Bahu,  
who carry on the remembrance of Allah \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(120)

I see my Sweetheart without  
and see Him within my heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

Separated from Him  
I loiter around.  
Those  
who are blind  
laugh at me \_\_\_ O Hu!

While the other people  
travel to Medina,  
I've found my Master  
within my own heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Faqir,  
a disciple of Meeran \*,  
tells you,  
says Bahu,  
that all the treasures  
lie buried in the hearts \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(121)

The lovers' hearts  
melt away like the wax.  
They remain restless  
to meet the sweethearts \_\_\_ O Hu!

The hawk looks  
at the piece of meat  
from afar  
but can't fly out  
to get at it \_\_\_ O Hu!

Its legs are tied  
with a string. How can  
the poor fellow take flight? \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who didn't acquire love,  
says Bahu,  
departed from the world  
empty-handed \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(122)

The lovers offer  
the prayer of love  
that can't be expressed  
by any sound or letter \_\_\_ O Hu!

No commoner and vulgar  
can do that.  
Only the afflicted lovers  
may be granted  
the permission \_\_\_ O Hu!

There are tears in their eyes.  
It is their blood, indeed. They  
purify themselves  
with it \_\_\_ O Hu!

Devout is he,  
says Bahu,  
whose tongue and lips  
move not in prayer \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(123)

The lovers  
made themselves pure  
and clean  
by one ablution\*. They would remain so  
until the Day of Judgement \_\_\_ O Hu!

Day and night,  
bowing and bending,  
they are in prayer \_\_\_ O Hu!

Here and there,  
this and that,  
both the worlds belong  
to Faqr \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they have done something,  
says Bahu,  
who have gone  
a hundred days journey ahead,  
farther than the Throne \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(124)

The lovers are ne'er free.  
They're always in search  
of the Divine mysteries \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who meditate  
upon the personal Name\*,  
ne'er sleep \_\_\_ O Hu!

They're always restless. They go on  
crying day and night \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who read Alif\*  
Says Bahu  
are fortunate  
indeed \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(125)

The real lover is he  
who never turns aside  
while the sweetheart  
intends to kill him \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither he renounces love  
nor he turns back  
even if he finds  
hundreds of swords  
drawn  
upon his head \_\_\_ O Hu!

He is at ease only there  
where he finds some sign  
of his beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

Hail to the highest standard of love  
achieved by Hussain bin Ali\*.  
He gave his life,  
says Bahu,  
but didn't disclose his secret  
mission \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(126)

The poor lover lost his heart  
and  
lost himself therewith \_\_\_ O Hu!

He was lost.  
Never returned. But  
he had found out  
the company of those  
who are lovable \_\_\_ O Hu!

When he embraced love,  
all the reasoning  
went out of his head \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
says Bahu,  
who took the love along  
upto the climax \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(127)

The lovers  
pass their days  
drunk with the love  
of their beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

They who died even before death,  
live to the end  
in both the worlds \_\_\_ O Hu!

They whose heart is illumined  
by love,  
need not the light of candles \_\_\_ O Hu!

Reasoning has no approach  
to the plane (of love),  
says Bahu,  
so throw away  
the prudence \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(128)

Had the lovers listened  
to the advice  
of their wellwishers,  
they would not have destroyed  
their own abodes \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They would'nt have let  
their hearts and souls  
consume by the fire  
of separation \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They didn't care for their  
life and the world.  
They lost patience  
and consciousness \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
says Bahu,  
who forgave their beloved \_\_\_\_ the cause  
of their death \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(129)

If you are a lover  
and claim love,  
then keep the heart firm  
like mountains \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Let thousands of evils and blames  
be pleasant to you  
like the season of spring \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They hanged the men  
like Mansoor  
who knew all  
about mysteries \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Don't raise your head  
while in prostration,  
says Bahu,  
even if they call you  
an infidel \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(130)

Love thought us weak  
and now  
occupies our dwelling place \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

It committed burglary  
in our soul, an evil deed,  
of course \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

As I had a peep within  
I saw the Friend  
sitting alone \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

There is no comfort,  
says Bahu,  
without  
a perfect Murshid \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(131)

The passion of love,  
finding us weak,  
charged again and again \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I find love  
wherever I look,  
no place is left vacant \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I met  
such a perfect Murshid  
who opened  
the window of my heart \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love  
for the Murshid,  
says Bahu,  
who disclosed  
the divine secret  
to me \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(132)

Love found us weak  
and encamped  
at the foothill  
to maraud again \* \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Or it is a crying baby.  
Neither it sleeps  
nor it lets others sleep \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

He cries for useasonal muskmelons  
nowhere to be found \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

When the disgrace  
came with love,  
says Bahu,  
the reasoning and prudence  
left \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(133)

They keep quiet  
whose spirit has embraced love \_\_ O Hu!

Though thousands of tongues  
in every pore,  
yet they wander about dumb, or  
just stuttering \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They have bathed  
in the ocean of Unity.  
They have cleaned themselves  
with the Great Name\* \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The prayers were approved,  
says Bahu,  
only when  
the Friend  
came to know and acknowledge  
the friends \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(134)

Love took us high  
to the heavens,  
from the floor  
upto the Throne \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Don't come near us  
O world!  
we are already  
sorrowful \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Allured to stay  
as strangers  
in the alien land.  
Our country  
is far away \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they found out  
the Lord,  
Says Bahu,  
who died  
before death \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(135)

Those who found out the Divine Love  
ne'er open their lips \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They control their breath  
and remember the Lord  
every moment \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They follow the way  
of *Sarwari Qadiri Faqirs*  
and remember God  
secretly  
in their hearts \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
says Bahu,  
who rush to help their followers  
the moment they call them \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(136)

One should swim  
in the ocean of love  
like a man \_\_\_ O Hu!

One shouldn't hesitate  
to set his foot  
into the stormy waters  
where the angry waves  
and currents course furiously \_\_\_ O Hu!

One shouldn't be fearful  
of the forests, ferns and thickets,  
full of snakes  
and scorpions\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

They who died  
during the search for love,  
says Bahu,  
deserve the title of Faqir \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(137)

All of them \_\_\_  
kings, sultans, even beggars \_\_\_  
played the game of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

The learned scholars  
and the sages  
were confounded  
when they fell in love \_\_\_ O Hu!

The love pitches tents  
in the heart  
and lives  
in seclusion therein \_\_\_ O Hu!

How can Bahu remain ignorant,  
says Bahu,  
when all the Faqirs  
are governed  
by Love? \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(138)

Love is fire;  
the bones are fuel.  
The lovers  
warm themselves by its side \_\_\_ O Hu!

Slashing their heart  
they get the meat  
and make *kababs* \_\_\_ O Hu!

They wander about  
in wonder.  
Their drink: their own life blood \_\_\_ O Hu!

Thousands claimed love,  
says Bahu,  
but only a few  
could find it \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(139)

The ways of love  
are strange.  
One is likely to go astray  
from the main road \_\_\_ O Hu!

When it strikes the *qadis*,  
they renounce their positions and leave away their chairs  
\_\_\_ O Hu!

The people  
offer advice  
but the lovers have no liking  
for their counsels \_\_\_ O Hu!

They  
who are invited  
by the beloved,  
says Bahu,  
never turn back \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(140)

The stormy sea of love  
 rose high up to the skies.  
 No way for the ship  
 to sail on \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Let the raft of reason  
 be left to sink  
 with the first unloading \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

It is so dangerous  
 to enter the sea of Unity  
 where the shores sink  
 in the rush of waves \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The people dread the death,  
 says Bahu,  
 but the lover finds out life  
 only when he dies \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(141)

The love of the beloved  
 has kindled fire,  
 nobody can put it out \_\_ O Hu!

I don't know  
 what love is.  
 It forces the lover  
 to go out begging from door to door \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither it sleeps  
 nor lets others sleep.  
 It awakens all  
 who lie asleep \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
 says Bahu,  
 who help  
 to meet the friends  
 separated \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(142)

The *muazzin*\* of love called.  
The sound came in low tones  
in our ears \_\_\_ O Hu!

We purified ourselves  
by making ablution  
with our hearts' blood \_\_\_ O Hu!

It was impossible  
to turn back  
as we heard  
the *takbir* of *fana*\* \_\_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Even at the start  
we were united,  
says Bahu,  
and  
we're thankful  
to God \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(143)

Unity is the secret  
of Divine Glory.  
No place for intellect  
and thought there \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither *Mullah*  
nor priest.  
No astromer. No knowledge of scriptures. \_\_\_\_\_ O Hu!

We were annihilated fully  
when Ahmed came to be seen  
as *Ahad*\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

We achieved perfection  
in knowledge,  
says Bahu,  
when we had closed  
the books  
and the scriptures \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(144)

If one strives for Faqr  
without knowledge,  
he will turn heretic  
and  
may die as a mad man \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even if he prays  
for a hundred years,  
he'll remain ignorant of God \_\_\_ O Hu!

The veil will not be lifted  
because of his negligence.  
His heart  
will become an idol-temple \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
says Bahu,  
who have attained  
to the union  
with the Friend unique \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(145)

*Ghawth* and *Qutub*\* linger behind  
while the lovers  
travel onward \_\_\_ O Hu!

*Ghawth* cannot even pay a visit  
to the stage  
where the lovers reach (and stay) \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
always enjoy union.  
They have place  
in the Placeless \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those  
says Bahu,  
whose self  
abides  
in the Self Absolute \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(146)

Early in the morning  
they come out  
for labour \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Crows and kites  
do the same;  
thirdly, the lark joins them \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They set their homes right,  
work hard, pick up the seedlings \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They spend the life time  
in digging the ground,  
says Bahu,  
but they are never content \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(147)

Meditation is always better  
than mere remembrance.  
It is sharper  
than the sword \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they meditate  
who don't forget  
the beloved  
even for a moment \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

He  
whom the love ruins,  
is like a hill  
shaken from its foundation \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

It is the lovers  
who have learnt the true *kalima*<sup>\*</sup>  
says Bahu,  
with the blessings of Faqr \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(148)

No use of mere repetition.  
Nothing came out of  
even if the heart quivered \_\_\_ O Hu!

Mere repetition  
by heart or spirit,  
private and secret,  
all resulted in wonderment \_\_\_ O Hu!

They ne'r  
met the beloved Friend  
though He was nearer  
than the jugular vein \* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they  
who live in the Placeless,  
says Bahu,  
deserve  
the title of Faqir \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(149)

The perfect Murshid  
should be like a washerman  
who cleanses  
the clothes \_\_\_ O Hu!

He just looks and cleans.  
He does not use  
any soap \_\_\_ O Hu!

He turns the grimy  
into white. He  
does not leave  
any impurity \_\_\_ O Hu!

The murshid  
may be such  
that he lives,  
says Bahu,  
in every pore of mine \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(150)

Work hard  
to earn something.  
The life is very short  
say just four days \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Hurry up,  
make the bargain  
before the shop-store  
is closed \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Ne'er think  
the heart would e'er like  
the taste of love  
instantly.  
See, the death  
lies in ambush \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The thieves as well as the noble ones  
are sailing in the same boat,  
says Bahu,  
may it reach the bank  
safely \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(151)

All the poets and bards  
sing songs of the seas and the pearls therein \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Songs of six planes of earth,  
six spheres in the void  
and six continents upon the waters \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

From the six letters  
eighteen discourses may be delivered \_\_\_\_  
taking all the letters as  
symbols \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

But  
they don't realize  
the truth,  
says Bahu,  
contained  
even in the first letter  
of the first line \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(152)

We came to know  
the meaning of *Kalima*\*  
when it entered  
into our hearts \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
wore its amulets  
around the neck  
but  
the pitiless knew it not \_\_\_ O Hu!

We came to know  
the meaning of *denial*\*  
only when its purport was felt  
deep in our soul \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those  
Says Bahu,  
who used the *Kalima*  
correctly \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(153)

We came to know  
the meaning of *kalima*  
when  
the *Kalima*\* opened  
the heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers  
recite *Kalima*  
where the Prophet's light  
illuminates  
like Holi Festival\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

All the fourteen spheres  
lie within the *Kalima*.  
How can the simple commoners  
know it? \_\_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I can lay down my life  
for my *Pir*\*  
says Bahu,  
who taught us  
the *Kalima* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(154)

We came to know  
the meaning of *Kalima*  
only when  
the Murshid taught it to us \_\_\_ O Hu!

Before we came to live  
with the Murshid,  
the whole period had been spent  
in infidelity \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Murshid's power was  
like that of Shah Ali,  
the brave lion,  
who broke through the gates of a strong fort  
and rushed forth \_\_\_ O Hu!

The heart is purified  
only when,  
says Bahu,  
the *Kalima* runs  
through every pore \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(155)

It is the *Kalima*<sup>\*</sup>  
that carried a million billion people  
through the seas  
and directed  
hundreds of saints  
on the path \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is the *Kalima*  
that put out the fire of hell  
that burnt deep down \_\_\_ O Hu!

It is the *Kalima*  
that takes along to Paradise.  
It blesses with grace  
every morning and evening \_\_\_ O Hu!

There's nothing else that can bless  
with grace  
like *Kalima*,  
says Bahu,  
in both the worlds \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(156)

I was bathed and cleaned  
by *Kalima* .  
I was wholly absorbed in *Kalima* \_\_\_ O Hu!

*Kalima*  
led the funeral prayer on death  
and the grave  
turned out pleasant for me \_\_\_ O Hu!

*Kalima*  
purifies and accompanies  
to heaven \_\_\_ O Hu!

No turning back  
for them,  
says Bahu,  
who have been specially invited \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(157)

On the way  
to the Fountain\*  
there are dreadful dangers  
and mists  
and darkness \_\_\_ O Hu!

The radiant face  
of our beloved  
is the water of life.  
Even the shade of trees  
smells like amber-gris \_\_\_ O Hu!

Like *Sikandar*,  
the lovers go on seeking  
the water of life.\* They  
never relax \_\_\_ O Hu!

If they are fortunate enough  
to find a guide like *Khadir*,\*  
says Bahu,  
they go straight  
and take a draught therein \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(158)

When He decreed "Be"  
and all came to being,  
we, too were there. \_\_\_ O Hu!

We contemplated a lot  
and found only God  
with all his attributes there.  
We  
lived in the same world thereof \_\_\_ O Hu!

There was a time  
when we existed  
in the Placeless;  
and now it is the time  
that we are entrapped  
among the idols \_\_\_ O Hu!

The baser self  
has defiled us,  
says Bahu,  
otherwise  
in our essence  
we were pure \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(159)

Cry aloud O heart,  
may be that God listens to  
the sighs  
of afflicted lovers \_\_\_ O Hu!

My heart is filled  
with pain,  
the fire burns out  
in flames \_\_\_ O Hu!

The flambeaux  
can't kindle without wax.  
Sighs don't come out  
without grief \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who keep company  
with the flames,  
says Bahu,  
are certain  
to catch fire  
sooner or later \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(160)

So what,  
if we are physically apart?  
The heart is never afar \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Murshid\* may be  
a thousand miles away  
but  
I always perceive his presence \_\_\_ O Hu!

One is drunk  
without wine  
even if he has  
only an iota of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

The title of Faqir  
is only for those,  
says Bahu  
who are alive  
in their graves \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(161)

The shadows of the Divine  
are invisible.  
One knows nothing  
of the light \_\_\_ O Hu!

Had we picked up there  
so many grains  
of wheat\*  
that we have been ensnared here  
eternally? \_\_\_ O Hu!

I suffer and flutter  
in the snare  
like a nightingale  
of the garden \_\_\_ O Hu!

Throw the other  
out of your heart,  
says Bahu,  
only  
then expect  
His grace \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(162)

Wearing the patched robe,\*  
they stay awake at mid-night \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The desire  
gives them no rest.  
The blind  
blame the lovers \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The truth  
made me hot within. I  
kept my vigil at night  
standing awake \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

When the flesh  
falls apart,  
says Bahu,  
the dry bones then  
just swing about \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(163)

The faith has vanished  
because of love.  
Go and stay  
a pagan \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Having hung the Brahmins's thread\*  
round the neck  
we ought to live  
in the idol-temple \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

One should never prostrate  
where the friend is not seen around \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

One should not recite  
*Kalima*\*,  
says Bahu,  
if he perceives not  
the Beloved \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(164)

The lovers live  
"for Him."

They can't live for the other  
even for a moment \_\_\_ O Hu!

Love has shaken the trees  
from the roots.  
Now  
they can't bear  
even a slight stroke \_\_\_ O Hu!

(The way of love is not easy.)  
The stones of mountains  
melt away like salt  
in the water \_\_\_ O Hu!

Had the love been easy,  
says Bahu,  
all would have turned out  
to be the lovers \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(165)

Only their Faqr is perfect  
who are not in need of anything \_\_\_ O Hu!

They don't indulge in alchemy  
who just look and turn everything  
into gold \_\_\_ O Hu!

The enemies  
cannot overpower them  
whose friend is Omnipresent \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love  
for those,  
says Bahu,  
who have been blessed with belief  
in such a grand Prophet \* \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(166)

You learned to write  
but you didn't know  
how to write.  
You wasted away  
the papers \_\_\_ O Hu!

You didn't know  
how to make the tip of the pen  
though you call yourself a scribe? \_\_\_ O Hu!

You will find  
all your attempts useless  
when you meet  
the real scribe \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they who learnt  
*Alif* and *Meem* \* by heart,  
says Bahu,  
can write correctly \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(167)

At death  
the people  
would think of digging up  
the grave. Therein  
they would make the niche  
your home \_\_\_ O Hu!

They'll throw dust upon it  
making the heap taller \_\_\_ O Hu!

They'll say prayer  
and go home lamenting  
and crying, " Oh the lion!  
what a lion he was!" \_\_\_ O Hu!

There is no salvation,  
says Bahu,  
without the Grace  
of Eternal God \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(168)

If you are steel,  
they'll beat and crush you,  
only then  
you'll be shaped  
into the form of a sword \_\_\_ O Hu!

You'll be sawed to make  
a comb of you  
to dress the hair of the beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

You'll be ground  
like *mehindi*\*  
to colour the palms  
of the beloved \_\_\_ O Hu!

Be a lover,  
says Bahu,  
and drink  
the wine of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(169)

Let us give away  
the life and riches \_\_\_ all of them \_\_\_  
to buy Faqr \_\_\_ O Hu!

No more worry,  
where there's Faqr  
there's the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who lose  
their faith\* for worldly gain  
are false in their claim  
to be the murshids\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Shah Miran\* renounced  
the world,  
says Bahu,  
so he was proclaimed to be  
the king of kings \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(170)

The gates of religions  
are high\*  
but the way to the Lord  
is narrow \_\_\_ O Hu!

Walk stealthily  
concealing yourself  
from the *Mullas* and *Pundits*\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

They are malicious  
to the afflicted lovers.  
They tease them,  
they play tricks with them \_\_\_ O Hu!

Let us go  
and dwell,  
says Bahu,  
where there is  
no claimant \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(171)

One should chose such a Murshid  
who may bless  
with the happiness  
of both the worlds \_\_\_ O Hu!

First of all,  
he should take away  
the fear of poverty  
and after that  
guide to the Path  
of the Lord \_\_\_ O Hu!

He should transform  
the barren land  
into pure silver \_\_\_ O Hu!

One who did nothing here,  
says Bahu,  
false are his  
promises \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(172)

One who walks upon  
the path of Faqr  
without a Murshid  
is sunk into infidelity\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

They claim  
to be murshids\*  
secluded in the prayer cells.  
They give airs  
by the claims  
for being saint of saints\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

The night is dark,  
the journey difficult,  
and one totters  
at every step \_\_\_ O Hu!

Rosaries in their hands  
they may be seen lurking  
says Bahu,  
like a mouse  
in the hole \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(173)

The Murshid is like *Makkah*,\*  
the seeker  
is a pilgrim,  
and love is *kaabah*\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

We are in presence  
every moment  
and offer *hajj*\*  
many times \_\_\_ O Hu!

I always think of him.  
He is never apart  
from me. I long  
to see him \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Murshid is my life  
says Bahu,  
his love has penetrated  
into every pore of mine \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(174)

My Murshid is  
 an Eagle of God.  
 He is in the meeting  
 with the friends of God \_\_\_ O Hu!

I would now see him  
 when the good luck allows.  
 All that's in the  
 hands of Fate Divine \_\_\_ O Hu!

He drives away  
 the maladies of lepers,  
 cures the helpless \_\_\_ O Hu!

While the remedy  
 lies with you,  
 says Bahu,  
 then why do you send me  
 to the physicians? \_\_\_ O Hu!

(175)

For me  
 to visit the Murshid  
 is to offer *hajj*\* at Makkah.  
 He is a door for God's Grace \_\_\_ O Hu!

I should always rotate  
 round him  
 to offer *Hajj* afresh \_\_\_ O Hu!

I came to know  
 the meaning of "Be"\* \_\_\_  
 only when my Murshid proclaimed the same  
 before me \_\_\_ O Hu!

My Murshid is alive for ever,  
 says Bahu,  
 for me  
 he is the guide  
 like master Khadir\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

(176)

Murshid should be  
like a goldsmith  
who melts the gold  
in the furnace \_\_\_ O Hu!

Taking the gold out of furnace  
he makes earrings, large and small \_\_\_ O Hu!

He cleans them with acid;  
he polishes them.  
Then they adorn  
the ears of sweethearts \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only they deserve  
the title of Faqir,  
says Bahu,  
who serve  
the friends \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(177)

Although the Murshid lives  
hundred of miles afar  
yet I see him  
so close to me \_\_\_ O Hu!

It doesn't matter  
if he is physically away,  
he, in fact, resides within  
my heart \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those who came to know  
the self  
put the steps forward \_\_\_ O Hu!

As we found out  
the meaning of "we are"\*  
says Bahu,  
all the conflicts  
came to an end \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(178)

The Murshid, my mentor,  
taught me the lesson.  
One learns it  
without reading \_\_\_ O Hu!

Let us put our fingers  
into the ears. We can  
listen without hearing \_\_\_ O Hu!

We look with our eyes  
but in fact we can see  
without seeing \_\_\_ O Hu!

He lives in every heart,  
says Bahu,  
one has only to be  
aware \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(179)

In love lies  
the secret of life.  
You don't die  
if you die  
before death \_\_\_ O Hu!

As we learnt  
the Personal Name\*,  
the death  
and meeting with the beloved  
became one \_\_\_ O Hu!

No talk of nearness;  
We came from the Real  
and were united  
with the Real \_\_\_ O Hu!

The *dhikr*\* always  
consumes me,  
says Bahu,  
day and night  
there is no rest \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(180)

I am the great falcon,  
I fly in the spheres  
of Divine generosity \_\_\_ O Hu!

Whatever I utter,  
is like "*kum*"(Be)\*  
I can change  
the movement  
of destiny \_\_\_ O Hu!

Plato and Aristotle  
are nothing to me \_\_\_ O Hu!

Thousands and millions of  
the wealthy and generous nobles  
like Hatim ,  
says Bahu,  
stand just like beggars  
at Bahu's gate \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(181)

I am ugly  
but my sweetheart is beautiful.  
How then can he like me? \_\_\_ O Hu!

I've made every effort. He  
doesn't step  
into our courtyard \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither I've beauty  
nor wealth;  
how can I seek  
reconciliation  
with the friend? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The sorrow  
would remain with me  
every moment,  
says Bahu,  
is it then my fate  
just to end my life  
weeping and crying? \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(182)

One shouldn't accompany  
the evilminded.  
We shouldn't thus disgrace  
the Spirit \_\_\_ O Hu!

The bitter *tummas*\* can't grow  
into water-melon  
though you take them  
to Makkah \_\_\_ O Hu!

The crows ne'er grow  
into swans  
though you feed them  
on pearls \_\_\_ O Hu!

The wells  
can ne'er become sweet,  
says Bahu,  
even if you put  
loads of sugar into them \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(183)

We condemn  
the ugly world  
daily \_\_\_ O Hu!

To obtain the worldly gain  
the mystics and thinkers  
sit grieving \_\_\_ O Hu!

Those  
who'll retain love for the world,  
will find their ship  
sunk deep down \_\_\_ O Hu!

Renouncement  
of the world,  
says Bahu,  
is the unique way  
leading to Paradise \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(184)

*Nafal namaz* is for women  
and fasting saves  
the cost of bread \_\_\_ O Hu!

They go to Makkah  
who aren't at good terms  
with their families \_\_\_ O Hu!

They  
whose intentions are false  
call others to prayer loudly \_\_\_ O Hu!

They who live  
in peace and are not vain,  
says Bahu,  
don't think  
of such tricks \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(185)

Neither they are Muslims  
nor Hindus;  
they don't rush  
to mosques  
to offer prayer \_\_\_ O Hu!

They  
who ne'er waste their time  
in wishes and prayers,  
see their Lord  
all the time \_\_\_ O Hu!

They were wise  
but became  
mad \_\_\_  
only when they discovered  
the Self \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love  
for those,  
says Bahu,  
who have chosen  
to play the game of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(186)

The Lord is neither on the Highest  
Throne  
nor in the Kaabah \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The Lord  
is neither in the knowledge of books  
nor He is at the pulpit  
nor  
in the prayer arch \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I travelled a lot  
but  
He was neither in and around the Ganges  
nor he was there in Benaris \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

But as I joined  
the Murshid,  
says Bahu,  
I got rid of the whole toil \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(187)

No sincerity  
I find among the disciples  
and the masters.  
All the consolations  
are false \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

The path of Faqr  
is far beyond.  
Here  
everyone falls a prey  
to greed \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Love for the Lord  
has over-powered us.  
We find our spirit  
leaving the body \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They  
who burn in the fire  
of separation,  
says Bahu,  
end their life in some corner \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(188)

Neither I am a *jogi*  
 nor a *sadhu*, nor  
 I've spent a time in retreat \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither I e'er rushed  
 into the mosque,  
 nor I took up a rosary  
 to show off \_\_\_ O Hu!

The moment of negligence  
 is the moment of denial,  
 my Murshid told me that \_\_\_ O Hu!

The Murshid  
 has been kind to me,  
 says Bahu,  
 he took us  
 to the goal  
 in a moment \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(189)

Neither I have the weight of a pound nor its quarter;  
 Neither its sixteenth part  
 nor even a scruple\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither I am an ounce nor a dram.  
 I may be just a grain \_\_\_ O Hu!

In fact not a grain,  
 I may be weighed even less  
 than that \_\_\_ O Hu!

The balance'll be equal,  
 says Bahu,  
 only when we're blessed  
 with God's Grace \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(190)

I am neither a *Sunni*  
nor a *shia*,  
I am fed up with both \_\_\_ O Hu!

As I entered  
the ocean of Mercy,  
all the journeys  
came to an end \_\_\_ O Hu!

Many of the swimmer  
were exhausted.  
Hardly one of them reached  
the bank \_\_\_ O Hu!

All those who sought help  
of Murshid,  
says Bahu,  
reached the destination \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(191)

Neither I am a scholar  
nor a scholiast,  
neither a *mufti* nor a *qadi*\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither I've set my heart  
on Paradise  
nor I am afraid  
of Hell \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither I keep fast  
for thirty days  
nor I am a devotee  
pure and clean \_\_\_ O Hu!

The world  
is a false game,  
says Bahu,  
without the unity  
with Allah \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(192)

It is not Faqr  
that one goes shouting at night  
and disturbs  
the others' sleep \_\_\_\_ O hu!

It is not Faqr  
that one crosses the streams  
wading  
through the water  
and to come out dry \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

It is not Faqr  
to spread prayer-rug in the air  
and stand for prayer \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

No,  
Faqr is a reward for those,  
says Bahu,  
who take the beloved into their hearts \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(193)

Though He lives so close  
but seems to be far away.  
He doesn't enter  
the courtyard \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They don't know  
how to look for him  
within themselves.  
They intend to look for him  
without \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Nothing is gained  
by going away farther.  
The master can be spotted  
just  
within the house \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Purify the heart  
like a mirror,  
says Bahu,  
then  
all the veils  
will be removed \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(194)

The oceans of uniy  
are overflowing,  
flooding all the jungles  
and deserts \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

As they didn't believe  
in the force of love,  
so  
they were brought into the circle  
driven by the spears \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Hundreds of young men  
were seen rubbing ash and dust  
over their bodies.  
All in vain \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
says Bahu,  
who, though brave,  
are humble \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(195)

The oceans of unity  
are overflowing.  
Only the heart  
doesn't tend  
to see that \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

Some reached the idol- temple\*  
and some after studies  
stayed in the mosque \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

When the love  
came out to play the game,  
the scholars renounced  
the scholarship \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

They wouldn't have met  
the Lord,  
says Bahu,  
had they not utterly ruined  
themselves \_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(196)

Unity is the Divine Ocean  
the lovers have a swim in it \_\_\_ O Hu!

They come there  
turn by turn  
to dive and bring out the pearls \_\_\_ O Hu!

The unique pearl  
shines among them  
like the radiant moon \_\_\_ O Hu!

Why don't they pay the tax  
says Bahu,  
when they are the servants  
of the king? \_\_\_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(197)

To be dutiful  
I've to go back.  
I've already said, "yes"\* \_\_\_ O Hu!

The people think  
I'm worried  
to enter the ocean of  
unity \_\_\_ O Hu!

Risking my life,  
sailing in the raft of *ishq*,\*  
tossed by the waves  
I'll reach the Master \_\_\_ O Hu!

None found the Lord,  
says Bahu,  
they found him  
only after death (before the death of course) \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*



(198)

The flow dug deep the streams.  
 One cannot cross without swimming.  
 The rushes have put forth  
 shoots \_\_\_ O Hu!

Our friend makes merry in the palace  
 while we still wait  
 at the gate \_\_\_ O Hu!

Neither somebody goes in nor comes out.  
 How to write and send  
 a message? \_\_\_ O Hu!

May be that we receive  
 some news of the friend,  
 says Bahu,  
 like the news of spring  
 when the blossoms  
 bloom into flowers \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(199)

In the whirlwind of love,  
 the thread of chastity is broken  
 every moment \_\_\_ O Hu!

The wind of separation blows.  
 How long can I kindle  
 the candle of intellect? \_\_\_ O Hu!

Who knows the secret of those  
 ruined in love?  
 The pearls and jewels  
 lie trampled in the dust \_\_\_ O Hu!

Even if you wash  
 the spots of red colour,  
 says bahu,  
 they remain still \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(200)

You gave away lament and bought laughter.  
Who advised you? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The age of man  
melts like a *patasha*\*  
in the water \_\_\_ O Hu!

After death  
they'll bury you  
in a narrow hole  
where you won't be able  
even to turn the side \_\_\_ O Hu!

the master there  
will check up the account,  
says Bahu,  
complete \_\_\_  
not more nor less \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(201)

Some are awake,  
some don't know  
how to keep awake.  
And there're others  
who're asleep  
even though they are awake \_\_\_ O Hu!

Others were robbed  
though they were awake \_\_\_ O Hu!

What if the owl is awake,  
it still breathes uneasily \_\_\_ O Hu!

I cherish love for those,  
says Bahu,  
who keep the wells  
of love working \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(202)

The beloved is one  
but there're thousands of enemies.  
I give life  
for the One \_\_\_ O Hu!

I risked my life  
for the One.  
All came to think me  
a thief for loving  
stealthily \_\_\_ O Hu!

They who know not the secret,  
can't know the value of love \_\_\_ O Hu!

Why are they pushed away,  
says Bahu,  
who stand as seekers  
at the right door? \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(203)

Just a little pain  
and the whole world cries out  
while the lovers  
have risked thousands of torments \_\_\_ O Hu!

Who in the right senses  
sails in the boat  
that can break up on the way  
or goes astray? \_\_\_ O Hu!

The lovers sail on  
with trust and confidence  
even through the whirlpools \_\_\_ O Hu!

Love is weighed  
against the blood of lovers,  
says Bahu,  
the lovers don't need  
the shield \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(204)

No other effective medicine  
for the heart  
except the *Kalima*<sup>\*</sup>  
that is useful \_\_\_ O Hu!

*Kalima* cleans the rust,  
*kalima* takes away  
the impurity.  
*Kalima* contains  
diamonds, pearls and jewels \_\_\_ O Hu!

Kalima has all  
that is found in the chemists' store \_\_\_ O Hu!

*kalima* contains  
all the wealth,  
says Bahu,  
here and there  
in both the worlds \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(205)

Let us remember  
God's name wearing the garments of *Hu*<sup>\*</sup> \_\_\_ O Hu!

There's neither *Kufr* nor *Islam*<sup>\*</sup>,  
neither life and death  
nor a final goal is there \_\_\_ O Hu!

There is neither East nor West.  
Not even day and night \_\_\_ O Hu!

He is in us;  
we are in Him,  
says Bahu,  
"nearness" is irrelevant \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

(206)

Come to play the game of life  
and  
you'll meet  
the Friend unique \_\_\_ O Hu!

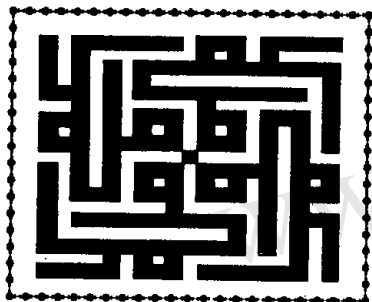
Drunk with the love of Allah,  
always call aloud  
*Hu! Hu!* \_\_\_ O Hu!

Adjust your breath  
with the reflection  
of Allah's Name \_\_\_ O Hu!

Only then you deserve  
the name Bahu,  
says Bahu,  
if the self  
is united  
with the Self \_\_\_ O Hu!

\*\*\*\*\*

NOTES  
&  
REFERENCES



## Hadrat Sultan Bahu

1. See Ahmad Ghazali, Wadi-e-Sakesar, Feroze Sons, Lahore, 1993.

2. i) (born saint)

“And We gave him wisdom when a Child.” (Quran 19:20)

ii) Kalima Tayyiba: The basic and most distinguished formula in Islamic esoteric tradition for *dhikr* (Invocation).

3. Al-bay’ah: “The pact, in the spiritual order means the rite of initiation; in the temporal order, the investiture of a sovereign.” (Titus Burckhardt, An Introduction to Sufi Doctrine: “Glossary of Arabic terms in the text”, Lahore 1959).

See also Shah Waliullah, Anfas al-Arifeen, Lahore. His uncle Abur Reza described the details of his vision and told that Hadrat Ali becomes a medium in the Spiritual realm of bay’ah between the aspirant and the Prophet (peace be upon him). P. 195

4. Manaqib-i-Sultani by Sultan Hamid, the fifth in the line of the saint’s descendants. The only reliable book, originally written in Persian and its Urdu translation published by a publisher of Lahore, contains information about his life, that of his Sajjada Nashins and his Khulafa.

5. It seems that Hadrat Sultan Bahu wrote books, treatises and epistles which were copied by his *murids*. These books still require editing and correct translations.

6. Like other Sufi poets of Punjab, he wrote his famous “Abiyat” (verses) in Punjabi language. His language has sometimes been called Saraiki dialect.

7. Doha is a well-known form in Hindi, Urdu and Punjabi languages for expression of love, its longings and aspirations in poetry. This form was especially popular among the people of Soon Valley and Saraiki areas.

## Introduction

1. Dr. Sultan Altaf Ali, H.G. Dastgir "Academy, Darbar Jhang, third edition 1988, First Published in 1975."
2. Dr. Nazir Ahmad. Kalam-e-Bahu. Packages Ltd. Lahore, 1981.
3. Muhammad Sharif Sabir, Mukammal Abyat-e-Bahu, Syed Ajmal Hussain Memorial Society, Lahore, 1996.
4. Maqbool Elahi, The Abyat of Sultan Bahu. Sh. Ashraf, Lahore, 1967. Number of Abyat: 179.
5. A. R. Luther. Sultan Bahu A Study. Sh. Mubarak Ali, Lahore.
6. Dr. Nazir Ahmad. op. cit., p.n. (introduction)

## Says Bahu (Abyat)

1. O Hu! : "Hu is the pronoun of divine presence". The Sufis repeat it as a form of *dhikr* (invocation). Hadrat Sultan Bahu ends each line of his *dohas* (odes) generally called *abiyat* with the exclamation of "O Hu!"

It gives an enchanting sound when sung by the sufi singers.

"Profane love" (*ishqi majazi*): Sometimes the Sufi Murshids encourage their disciples to love the beautiful forms e.g., a handsome lad or a lovable young woman. At a certain point they convert their passion into the love for Divine. Sultan Bahu considers it a risky game.

2. "..... that instigates the fathers to kill their sons":

So many historical facts must have been evident to Sultan Bahu and all the people around him that the fathers and sons never hesitated to kill each other during the battles to win the throne or to prove their right for succession of kingship by the show of military force.

"evergreen gardens": Quran 3:15. "Say: 'shall I tell of better things than these, with which the righteous shall be rewarded by their Lord? Theirs shall be gardens watered by running stream, where they shall dwell for ever.....'"

4. The perfect dervish is called Faqir. Even after that the Faqirs pass through so many stages and continue their endless spiritual voyage.

6. Quran, 7:172. "when your Lord brought forth descendants from the loins of Adam's children, and made them testify against themselves. (He said): 'Am I not your Lord?' They replied: 'We bear witness that you are.' (This He did) lest you should say on the Day of Resurrection: 'We had no knowledge of that.'"

"real place": Dwelling "with the prophets and saints, the martyrs and righteous men whom Allah has favoured." Quran, 4:69.

7. Alif: The first letter of Arabia alphabet like A in Roman. In Sufi poetry and terminology Alif stands for Allah.

Murshid: the spiritual director, instructor, teacher. Literally it mean "the guide one"

"his own image": God created man after His own image.

8. *Nafi, athbat*: Literally *nafi* means negative and *athbat* means positive. In the formula of *dhikr* (invocation) "There is no god" is *nafi* and "Except God" is *athbat*. This is the most popular and effective form of *dhikr* practised under the guidance of Murshid.

9. Name: By repeating the Name one attains to the named \_\_\_ The Essence, Allah. \_\_\_ "Intrinsic worth of the name of Allah" means *marifa* (the superior knowledge).

"closer ..... vein": Quran, 50:16. "We created man, we know the prompting of his soul, and are closer to him than (his) jugular vein".

11. "..... grave becomes a living symbol": The Sufis believe that the Faqirs live in their grave and in Sultan Bahu's words "their grave is alive". They listen and respond. Their tombs are epitomes of their spiritual faculties as realized during their lives.

12. *Kalima*: The basic and most distinguished formula in Islamic asoteic tradition for *dhikr* (invocation) La ilaha ill al-Ahhaho Muhammad al-Rasool al-Allah (there is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger.)

13. .... the way of Muhammad: All that was taught by Muhammad d. 632 (peace be upon him), last of the prophets.

14. Hu: see note 1.

16. faith: dogmatic faith or just the regularity in rites and rituals.

17. *khadir*: In Sufi love *khadir* is renowned for leading Sikandar who wished to become immortal, to the Fountain of water of life. *Khadir* is the name given to the person who was found by Moses at "the point where the two seas" met to teach him a particular type of spiritual wisdom. See Quran 18:57-80.

18. *kaaba*: The square House at Makka. The place of pilgrimage for the Muslims all over the world.

*qibla*: the direction towards *kaabah* during the prayers five times a day.

*ill-Allah*: The second part of the formula of *dhikr*: There is no god except God.

20. "The world is a menstruous woman". The Muslims have been prohibited to have sexual intercourse with the menstruous women.

Hadrat Sultan Bahu takes up the simile to express the detachment from the worldly things.

"divore the world thrice": In Islam the third announcement of divorce is considered to be final.

21. "a inenstruous woman": see note above.

22. The path of Faqr: the path that the Faqirs teach and follow under the guidance of murshid \_\_\_ the spiritual director.

23. *Nafal Namaz*: Supercoragatory prayers.

24. Narcissus: The symbol of effect of *dhikr* (invocation) or spiritual act and exercises in Sufi terminology.

*kaaba*: see note: 18.

"presence withinthc harem": The physical presence in the kaabah (harem) is not enough. The Faqirs and Sufis emphasise full spiritual concentration during the presence.

25. "Shrine of the Sheikh: The shrina of Hadrat sheikh Abd al Qadir Julani at Baghdad (Iraq) d. 1166. Hadrat Sultan call him "Qur Sheikh" elsewhere. We don't find any historical evidance of Hadrat Sultan's sojourn to Baghdad. The Sufis can, however, effectively and equally derive the same spiritual benefit even in their absence through their creative imagination \_\_\_ the highest intnitional faculty.

"a particle of reason": In comparison with the great intuitive force that is awakened by *Ishq* (Love) the reasoning is just a particle.

26. "preordained to come down to earth": "Go hence," we said, "and be enemies to each other. The earth will for a while provide your dwelling-place and sustenance." (Quran 2:36)

"we were exiled": exiled from "Paradise" (the spiritual world). See note above.

"Our country": The highest goal of Faqr. The spiritual world.

27. "No god except God": *nafi athbat*: see note 8.

*khadir*: see note 17.

29. "none learnt a": They did not start their spiritual journey under the guidance of a qualified spiritual teacher. They did not even have the elementary knowledge of Faqr.



30. "In the Name ....": The Quran opens with the verse: "In the Name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful". The Sufis include this verse among the practices of *dhikr* (invocation).

"Chief of the universe": The title of Hadrat Muhaminad (peace be upon him) the Perfect Man.

31. "O Amir": Amir, the leader of a caravan or an army.

Hadrat Sultan Bahu calls his sheikh Abd al-Qadir Jilani for help and exclaims: "O Amir!"

32. Satan: Quran 2:34. "And when we said to the angels: 'prostrate yourselves before Adam,' they all prostrated themselves except Satan, who in his pride refused and became an unbeliever."

34. "idol-temple" (*butkhana*) "Temple" is the Sufi term used to denote many shades of meaning like the Dwelling of sheikh, the Spirit of a sage, or any place or station that works as a mean to the spiritual experience. (Sirri Dilbaram by S. M. Zauqi. P. 84, 89)

35. *Mullah*: One who interprets the religious law literally and ignores their real meaning or spirit.

36. *Mashaikh*: Sufi teachers or elders.

40. "Five palaces": "Five *qiblas*": Five inner spiritual centres in the human body for esoteric knowledge indicated as *qalb* (mind or heart) *Ruh* (spirit) *Sir* (Secret) *khafi* (the hidden) and *akhfa* (the most hidden). The yogis call these and many others *chakras* ("etheric whirling centres") considered to be the power stations.

"*patwari*": The lowest but the most important official of Revenue Deptt. in the Indo-Pak subcontinent.

*imam*: One who leads ritual prayer.

41. *Pir*: the old man, the murshid, the *sheikh*.

42. "begging bowl": a symbol of humility to acquire the divine knowledge and spiritual wisdom.

44. "a little curd": The people need a little curd to be put into the milk to prepare butter. Hadrat Sultan Bahu uses it as a metaphor for the spiritual attention of the murshid.

45. *walis*: Muslim saints.

46. "*tullah*": The farmers living near the banks of the river use a boat-like support to cross the river. It is made of twigs and straws.  
*twakkul*: trust in God. "Verse" 94:6 Quran.

47. *Alif*: Note 7.

50. Hu Hu: See note 1.

51. "*Qadi*": the judge or magistrate in the Muslim Judicial system.

53. Hu. See note 7.

"Bahu has vanished": The stage such as like this may be called the final one in the spiritual development. Cf. "He lives, and yet he lives not: for it is God, his Divine Self, the eternal reality living in him" (Franz Hartman, Magic white and Black, Newcastle Publishing company, p. 84)

54. *fana*: annihilation, immersion, absorption.

"burial cloth": Some dervishes put on two white shrouds used to wrap the dead. They seem to proclaim "death" before death.

55. "maunds": a weight measuring about 40 kilograms.

59. *Alif*: See note 7.

60. *khafi* and *akhfa*: See note 40.

61. temple: See note 34.

64. "..... bloom and blossom": Sufis use the metaphor for the inner development and self-realization.

"tulip": Again a Sufi metaphor for the divine knowledge (*maarif*) that is acquired and experienced by the gnostics. (Sirri-i-Dilbaran by S. M. Zauqi p. 297)

66. A (*Alif*): The first letter of Arabic alphabet. Here it stands for *Dhat*, the Divine Essence.

67. Hussain (d. 680): The martyred grandson of the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him). For Sufis he is the symbol of faith and truth.

"the prophet's family": Hussain took his whole family, ladies and children with him. The enemies refused their access to water and most of them were put to death mercilessly.

72. "brought from home": The record of good deeds during the life.

73. Qadir: God's attribute, the Able.

75. "Wisdom crieth without:  
She uttereth her voice in the streets:  
She crieth in the chief place of concourse,  
In the opening of the gates:  
In the city she uttereth her words. ...."

(The Proverbs)

"alien land": This world may be called an alien land for the human spirit.

76. *Mullas*: See note 35.

78. "heart": Here it may mean "mind".  
*qibla*: See note 18.  
*qalb*: the heart.

79. Name: See note 9.

80. "elephants trampling gait." In the public fairs sometimes the elephant is let loose and the people run away wildly in the streets. It is dangerous but it provides fun as well.

84. "Read only the Name": The invocation of the Name opens the gate for the attainment of Divine Presence.

85. *khwaja khadir* who met Moses on the sea shore. See note 17.  
alien Land: See note 75.

91. "golden plate": It may be the allusion to a tale told by the Sufis.

Three travelling companions found a golden plate. They stopped somewhere for rest and food. Two stayed with the plate and one went to bring food. While coming back with food he put poison in it to kill his friends. They too, on their part conspired to murder him. So they killed him and they died in turn after eating the poisoned food. None could get the golden plate.

93. "real sister": Two real sisters cannot be the wives of the same person. It is prohibited in Islam.

96. God's word is two edge sword.

98. "Shah of Jilan": Hadrat Sheikh Abd al-Qadir Jilani (d. 1166). Hadrat Sultan Bahu claims spiritual assistance and guidance even though he had passed away many centuries ago. (d. 1166)

105. *kalima*: See note 12.

107. "Pir of Pirs": The grand murshid, Sheikh Abd-al-Qadir Jilani.

108. "Pir of Pirs": See note above.

"Meeran": In vernacular, the title of Sheikh Abd al-Qadir Jilani.

109. "Sawan": Name of the month when the monsoon bring rains in India and Pakistan.

113. "Sharia": Islamic religious system.

"The path of Faqr is narrow": One can humbly pass through them.

114. Shore Town: The name of the town where Hadrat Sultan Bahu lived. (Now-a-day in District Jhang, Punjab, Pakistan)  
talibs: seekers of truth.

118. *kalima*: See note 12.

119. "*Ghawth al-Azami*": The rank of Hadrat Sheikh Abd al-Qadir Jilani among the saints.  
Meern: See note 108.

123. "by one ablution": with sincere intention at the start.

124. "the Personal Name": Allah  
Alif: See note 7.

125. Hussain bin Ali: See note 67.

129. Mansoor: Hussain bin Mansoor Hallaj (d. 922), the martyred Sufi saint during the Abbaside caliphate, he was killed because of a conspiracy of malignant officers of the Caliph against him.

132. "encamped at the foothill": In Sultan Bahu's times the tribesmen came down the hills to maraud the people living in plains and then after robbery hurried back to their dens in the mountains. But when they did not expect the chase, they encamped at the foot hill to go for robbery again and again.

133. "Great Name" (*Ism-i-Azam*): There are different views about the great name. Most of the Sufis believe it is "Hu".

134. "alien land": See note 75.

"Our country": See note 26. It may also mean the Hereafter.

135. "Sarwari Qadri Faqirs": Hadrat Sultan Bahu calls his Order "Sarwari Qadiri": Hence the Faqirs belonging to this order.

136. "the forests ....": The difficulties on the way to Truth.

138. "kababs": roasted meat.

139. qadis: See note 51.

142. *muazzin*: A caller for the prayer in the mosque.

143. *Mullas, Pundits*: See note 35, on Mulla Pundit: Brahmin priest.

*Takbir*: The ritual prayer begins with takbir (Allah Akbar). Here it denotes the beginning of the Sufi journey.

*fana*: immersion in the unity of God.

143. "Ahmad ..... Ahad": The Sufi thinkers who believe in the theory of "Unity in Existence" (*wahdat al-wujud*) often remark the mystical significance of both the Names. Ahmad is a name of the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) and Ahad means One. Many quotations of Sufis and poets can be cited here but at present a line from Rumi's *Mathnawi* may suffice: "The only difference between Ahmad and Ahad is a single *meem* (letter m) i.e. the Perfect man, though eternal and Divine in his essence is not God absolutely, but as manifested in a phenomenal form". (R. A. Nicholson, *The Mathnawi*, Book I v. 228)

145. "Ghawth and Qutub": A type of saints who help the people in mundane as well as spiritual matters.

147. *kalima*: See note 12.

148. *Sirri, khafi*: Sufi practices of dhikr (remembrance) done secretly (Sirri) and inwardly (khafi).

149. "nearer than the jugular vein": See note 9.

151. "Six letter": According to a Faqir these are the six words: *Allah, Lillaha, Lahu, Hu, Muhammad, Faqr*. Numerically they are totalled 4+2+2+3+4+3=18. It means, according to him, God created 18000 species of animal life. But I think 18000/- means just limitless number of creatures.

152. *kufi*: Rejection of faith.

153. *kalima*: See note 12.

Holi Festival: The Hindus celebrate the night of Rama's return from exile by lighting candles in their houses.

154. *kalima*: See note above 12.

*kufi*: Here kufr means ignorance

Shah Ali: Hadrat Ali bi Abu Talib (d. 661), the cousin of Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) who broke through the gate of Khyber Castle and defeated the Jews. His swordsmanship as well as his learning is proverbially known among the Muslims of Past and Present.

155. *kalima*: See note above.

156. *Ibid*.

*jenaza prayer*: Prayer offered at burial.

157. *khadir*: See note 17. *Sikandar*: *ibid* "the fountain": "water of life". *Ibid*.

158. "we were also there": The spark of human spirit has the Divine origin, so it existed even in the pre-eternity, cf. Rumi:

I was on that day when the Names were not.

Nor any sign of existence endowed with name.

.....  
On the day when there were not (I) and 'we'.

(Divan, Tr. R. A. Nicholson)

Idols: all other than God.

160. *murshid*: The spiritual director.

161. according to most of the Muslim Commentators, Adam and Eve ate wheat not the apple.

162. "patched robe": The Sufis often wear patched robe as a symbol of humility and spiritual poverty.

163. "kafir": Literally it means "infidel" but in Sufi terminology it indicates different meanings according to the developmental stages of spiritual journey. Here "kafir" means a dervish who can discern reality through appearance.

idol-temple: See note 34.

kalima: See note 12.

164. "Such a grand Prophet": Hadrat Muhammad (peace be upon him)

"Alif", "meem": Alif for Allah and "Meem" for Muhammad, the Prophet (peace be upon him).

168. *Alehindi*: the dyeing or colouring shrub (Lawsonia inermis).

169. *din*: faith, religion.

"Shah Meeran": See note 108.

Sheikh, pir: spiritual guide.

170. "The gates of religion are high": So the humble and low are not allowed to enter.

*Mullas, Pundits*: For Mullas see note 35. The Brahmin priests among Hindus are called Pundits.

172. *kufir*: ignorance.

*ghawth* and *qatub*: See note 145.

*mashaikh*: The Sufi guides.

173. *kaaba*: See note 18.

174. "cures the helpless": an allusion to the *baraka* (the spiritual force and curative powers) of Jesus Christ. See Quran 3:49: "By Allah's leave I shall give sight to the blind man, heal the leper, and raise the dead to life."

175. *Haji*: pilgrimage.

"Be": See note 158.

177. We "are close to him ....." See note 9.

179. "the Personal Name": Allah.  
*dhihr*: remembrance, invocation.

180. "Be": like Divine Order. See Quran.

*Hatim*: the name of Arabian Tribal Chief of pre-Islamic period whose generosity and cherity is proverbially known in history and literature.

182. "Tummas": Very bitter fruit of a shrub most commonly found in the plains and deserts of Punjab.

184. *nafl namaz*: See note 23.

*azan*: call for prayer.

186. *kaabah*: See note 18.

187. *murids*: The spiritual aspirants who need guidance.

188. *Jogi*: yogis.

*sadhu*: a type of wandering yogis.

189. *ser*: a smaller weight.

*tola*: Ibid.

*ratti*: the smallest weight.

190. *Sunni*: The Muslims who follow the Islamic legal system as preached by Imam Azam, Imam Malik, Imam Shafi and Imam Ahmad bin Hanbal.

*Shia*: Another sect for Muslims who follow Imam Jaffar Sadiq.

191. *Mufti*: The religious scholar considered to be an authority in religious matters.

192. *namaz*: ritual prayer.

194. "rubbing ash and dust over their bodies": A practice common among most of the yogis and Sadhus.

195. idol-temple: See note 34.

197. "yes": See note.

*ishq*: passionate love.

200. *patasha*: The puffed sugar drops that instantly melt away when put into the water.

204. *kalima*: See note 12.

205. *Hu*: See note 1.

*kufi. Islam*: Here it means the highest spiritual stage where one looks at the differences of religions with detachment.

206. *Hu Hu*: See note 1. (as a practice of invocation).

( 205 )

هو وا جامہ پہن کرہاں اسم گمان ذاتی هو  
کفر اسلام مقام نہ منزل نہ اتھے موت حیاتی هو  
نہ اتھے مشرق نہ اتھے مغرب نہ اتھے زمین نہ ذاتی هو  
اوہ آساں وچ آسیں انہاں وچ دور باہو! قرباتی هو

( 206 )

یار یگانہ مجلس تہوں سر دی بازی لائیں هو  
عشق اللہ وچ ہو مستانہ هو سدا آلائیں هو  
نال تصور اسم اللہ دے دم ٹوں قنید لگائیں هو  
ذاتے نال جاں ذاتی زلیا باہو! نام سدا لیں هو



( 201 )

ہک جاگن ہک جاگ نہ جان ' جاگدیاں ہک نتے خو  
 ہک ستیاں جا داہل ہوئے ' جاگدیاں ہک نتے خو  
 کے ہویا ہے گھٹو جاگے ' لہندا ساہ آپتے خو  
 قربان جہاں توں ہاتھوا جہاں گھوہ پدیم دے پتے خو

( 202 )

ہک دم بجن لگھ دم دہری ' دم دے مارے مردے خو  
 ہک دم پتھے پتھے گویا ' چور بنے گھر گھر دے خو  
 لائیاں دا اودہ قدر کینہ جانن عمرم ناہیں عز دے خو  
 سو کیوں دھلے کھاون ہاتھوا طالب نچے زر دے خو

( 203 )

آئی پیز گل عالم ٹو کے ' عاشقاں لگھ سہیڑی خو  
 رتھے دھمن زڑھن دا خطرہ ' کون چڑھے اس پیزی خو  
 عاشق نیک صلاحیں چڑھدے ' تار کتر وق بھیری خو  
 جھن پیا ٹلدا رتھیں ہاتھوا عاشقاں لات نہ کھیری خو

( 204 )

ہور دوا نہ دل دی کاری ' گھہ دل دی کاری خو  
 گھہ دور زنگار کھندا ' گھہ میل اتاری خو  
 گھہ بیرنے لعل جواہر ' گھہ ہمت پٹاری خو  
 اتھ اتھ دوہیں جہاں ہاتھوا گھہ دولت ساری خو



( 197 )

ونجن سر پر فرض ہے مٹیوں قول بلی دا کر کے خو  
 لوک جانے سھلر ہویاں وچ وحدت دے ڈڑ کے خو  
 شوہ دیاں ماراں شوہ وچ لئیاں عشق تھہا ہر دھر کے خو  
 چوندیاں شوہ کسے نہ پایا ہاتھوا لڈھا مر کے خو

( 198 )

دیبہ دیبہ ندیاں تازو ہویاں بھل چھوڑے کاہاں خو  
 یار اساڈا رنگ نھلیں در تے گھلے سکاہاں خو  
 نہ کوئی آدے نہ کوئی جاوے کیں ہتھ لکھ منھاہاں خو  
 خیر جانی دی آوے ہاتھوا گلہوں بھل تھوہاں خو

( 199 )

ہر دم شرم دی بند ترورے جاں ایہہ چھوڈک پتے خو  
 پچرک بالاں عقل دا دیوا بدہوں انھیری ٹھلے خو  
 اجڑ مکیاں دے بھیت نیارے لعل جواہر زکے خو  
 دھوتیاں داغ نہ لہندے ہاتھوا رنگ بھینی زکے خو

( 200 )

میں دے کے روون لیوئی وتا سوں ولاسا خو  
 عمر بندے دی اوں وھانی پانی چوہیں پتاسا خو  
 سوڑی ساری سٹ گھٹیں پٹک نہ سٹکسیں پاسا خو  
 صاحب لیکھا مٹکسی ہاتھوا رتھی گھٹ نہ ماسا خو



( 193 )

نیڑے وِسن دُور دِسیوں دِپیرے ناہیں دُڑدے ھو  
اندر دُھونڈن دِل نہ آیا باہر دُھونڈن چوحدے ھو  
دُور گیاں کُجھ حاصل ناہیں ھوہ لیتھے وِچ گم دے ھو  
دِل کر ھیسے دانگلوں باھو! دُور تھمیں کُل پردے ھو

( 194 )

وحدت دے دَریا اُچھلے جِل فصل جنگل رینے ھو  
عشق دی ذات مَنیندے ناہیں سانگاں جمل پینے ھو  
انگ بھموت ملیندے ڈٹھے سَے جوان لکھینے ھو  
قربان جہاں توں باھو! جیہڑے ہوئی ہمتا پنے ھو

( 195 )

وحدت دے دَریا اُچھلے ہک دِل سہی نہ کیتی ھو  
ہک بُت خانے داخل تھئے ہک پڑھ پڑھ رہے مسیتی ھو  
فاضل محمد فضیلت بیٹھے عشق بازی جاں لیتی ھو  
دَلت نہ ملدا باھو! جہاں تَرئی چوڑ نہ کیتی ھو

( 196 )

وحدت دا دَریا الہی ' عاشق لئیندے تاری ھو  
مارن ٹہیاں کدھن موتی ' آپو اپنی داری ھو  
دُر تقیم چ لے لٹکارے جیوں جن لاناں ماری ھو  
کیوں نہیں حاصل تھردے باھو! نوکر نیں سرکاری ھو



( 189 )

نہ میں سیر نہ پاء بھماکی نہ پوری سرسای ھو  
نہ میں تولہ نہ میں ماشہ گل رتیاں تے آئی ھو  
رتی ہوداں وِچ رتیاں نکلاں ادہ بھی پوری ناہی ھو  
تول پورا وِچ ہوئی باھو! جداں فصل الہی ھو

( 190 )

نہ میں سٹی نہ میں ھیدے دوہاں توں دل سویا ھو  
نک مگے سب خشکی پیندے دَریا رحمت وڑیا ھو  
کئی من تارے تَر تے ہارے کوئی کتارے چوھیا ھو  
صح سلامت چوہ مگے باھو! مُرشد دا لو بھویا ھو

( 191 )

نہ میں عالم نہ میں فاضل نہ مفتی نہ قاضی ھو  
نہ دل میرا دوزخ مٹکے نہ بیٹھیں راضی ھو  
نہ میں تَر پے روزے رکھے نہ میں پاک نمازی ھو  
باہج وصال اللہ دے باھو! دُنیا کوزی بازی ھو

( 192 )

نہیں فقیری جلیاں مارن سٹیاں لوک بنگاون ھو  
نہیں فقیری دہندیاں ندیاں سٹیاں پار لٹھاون ھو  
نہیں فقیری پا مُصلے وِچ ہوا تھراون ھو  
نام فقیر جہاں دا باھو! دِل وِچ دوست بنگاون ھو



( 185 )

نہ اوہ ہنزد نہ مومن نہ سجدہ دین مسکتی ہو  
 دم دم دے وچ دیکھن بولا جہاں تھا نہ کیتی ہو  
 آجے دانے بنے دیوانے ذات سہی وچ کیتی ہو  
 قربان جہاں توں باہوا جہاں عشق بازی چن لیتی ہو

( 186 )

نہ دتہ عرش مغلے اٹے نہ دتہ خانے کبے ہو  
 نہ دتہ علم کتابیں لکھا نہ دتہ وچ مہرابے ہو  
 سڑکا تیرتھیں مول نہ جلیا پتندے بے حسابے ہو  
 جد دا مرشد بھویا باہوا جھٹے سب عذابے ہو

( 187 )

نہ کوئی جالب نہ کوئی مرشد سب دلائے تھئے ہو  
 راہ فقر دا پدے پدیرے جس دُنیا دت تھئے ہو  
 شوق الہی غالب ہویا بند مرنے تے اٹھے ہو  
 جین تن بھاء برہوں دی باہوا بند نہ تے تھئے ہو

( 188 )

نہ میں جوگی نہ میں کھنڈ نہ میں بھج کھایا ہو  
 نہ میں بھج مسکتیں دتہ نہ میں کھنڈ کھایا ہو  
 جو دم غافل نہ میں مرشد الہی نہ میں کھایا ہو  
 مرشد سوئی کیتی باہوا پل وچ جا پہنچایا ہو



( 181 )

میں کوچھی میرا ویر سوہنا کیونگر اس توں بھاداں ہو  
 دیہڑے ساڈے وڑدا ناہیں لکھ وسیلے پاواں ہو  
 نہ سوئی نہ دولت پئے کیونگر یار مناداں ہو  
 ایہ دکھ ہر دم رہسی باہوا روڈڑی ہی مر جاداں ہو

( 182 )

نال کشتی سنگ نہ کریئے گل توں لاج نہ لایئے ہو  
 تھے تریو مول نہ ہوندے توڑ تیکے لے جایئے ہو  
 کانو دے بچے ہنس نہ تھندے موتی چوک پکھایئے ہو  
 گھوہ نہ بٹھے ہوندے باہوا تے مناں گھنڈ پایئے ہو

( 183 )

بت اساڈے گھلے کھادی ایہا دُنیا رشتی ہو  
 جین دے کارن مہ مہ روون شیخ مشائخ وحشی ہو  
 جہاں اندر حُب دُنیا دی بڑی ادنہاں دی کشتی ہو  
 ترک دُنیا تھیں کیتی باہوا خاصہ راہ ہمیشی ہو

( 184 )

نفل نمازاں گم زمانہ روزہ صرفہ روٹی ہو  
 تیکے دے دل سوئی جائدے جہاں گھروں تروٹی ہو  
 اچیاں بانگاں سوئی دیون نیت جہاں دی کھوٹی ہو  
 کینہ پردا جہاں توں باہوا جہاں گھر وچ بوہی ہو





(177)

مُرشد قَتے تے کوہاں تے ، مینوں دتے نیرے ہو  
 کینہ ہويا بُت ادھے ہويا ، قَتے ادھ وچ میرے ہو  
 جہاں ذات سکی چا کیتی ، رکھدے قَدَم اگیرے ہو  
 عُقْن اَثْرِب لَسْمِیوے باہو! تھکولے کُل نیرے ہو

(178)

مُرشد ہادی سَنَق پڑھایا ، پڑھیوں پتا پڑھیوںے ہو  
 اَنگِیَاں وچ کتاں دتیاں ، سُنئیوں پتا سُنئیوںے ہو  
 عُیْن نِیَاں دَل خُرُ تلدے ، دُٹھیوں پتا دُٹھیوںے ہو  
 ہر خانے وچ دَسدا باہو! کن سُر ادھ رکھیوںے ہو

(179)

مُوٹو والی مَوْت نہ مَلّی ، عینیں وچ عِشَق حِیَاتِی ہو  
 مَوْت وصال تھیوے ، پتو اِس پڑھیوںے ذاتی ہو  
 عُیْن دے وچوں عُیْن تھیوے ، دُور رہے قَرَبَاتِی ہو  
 ذِکْر ہمیش سُویندا باہو! دہنجاں سکھ نہ راتی ہو

(180)

میں شہباز کراں پَرِوازاں وچ اَفلاک کرم دے ہو  
 زباں تاں میری کُنن تراز موزاں کم قلم دے ہو  
 اَفلاطون اَرَسطو جیسے میں آئے کس گم دے ہو  
 حاتم جیسے لکھ گرواں دَر باہو! تے تھمدے ہو



(173)

مُرشد مَلّے ، طَالِب حَاجِی ، کعبہ عِشَق بنایا ہو  
 وچ خُصُور سدا ہر ویلے کرینے ج سوايا ہو  
 ہک دَم مینوں جدا نہ ہودے ول ملنے تے آیا ہو  
 مُرشد عُیْن حِیَاتِی باہو! لوں لوں وچ سَمایا ہو

(174)

مُرشد میرا شہباز الہی ، زلیا سنگ خچیاں ہو  
 تَقْدِیرِ اَلہی پھکیاں ڈوراں ، مِلّی نال نصیباں ہو  
 کوہڑیاں دے دُکھ دُور کسندا ، کرے شِفا غریباں ہو  
 مَرَض دا دَاڑو تُوں ہیں باہو! کھتائیں دَس طہیباں ہو

(175)

مُرشد مینوں ج مَلّے دا رحمت دا دروازہ ہو  
 گراں طواف دوالے قبلے بت ہودے ج تازہ ہو  
 کُنن فِکِیوں جدوکا سُنیا ، مُرشد دا آوازہ ہو  
 مُرشد سدا حِیَاتِی باہو! ادھو خضر خَوازہ ہو

(176)

مُرشد وانگ سُنارے ہودے گھت گھٹالی گالے ہو  
 یا گھٹالی باہر کڈھے بڈھے گھڑے یا والے ہو  
 کُنن خُوباں تَدوں سہاون کھتے پا اُجالے ہو  
 نام فقیر جہاں دا باہو! جیہڑا دوست سمالے ہو



( 165 )

لا بختاج جہاں ٹوں ہویا ، فقر جہاں ٹوں سارا ھو  
 نظر جہاں دی کیمیا ہووے ، ادہ کیوں مارن پارا ھو  
 دوست جہاں دا حاضر ہووے ، دشمن لین نہ وارا ھو  
 قربان جہاں ٹوں باھو! جہاں ملیا تھی سہارا ھو

( 166 )

لکھن سیکھیوں لکھ نہ جاتا ، کاغذ کیتو ضائع ھو  
 قلم ٹوں مار نہ جانیں ، کاتب نام ڈھرایا ھو  
 اصلاح تیری ہوی کھوٹی ، جاں کاتب ہتھ آیا ھو  
 صحیح جہاں دی باھو! جہاں اَلْف تے جم پکایا ھو

( 167 )

لوک قبر دا گرسن چارہ ، لحد بنان ڈیرا ھو  
 چنگی بھر مٹی دی پاسن ، کرسن ڈھیر اچرا ھو  
 دے ڈرؤد گھراں ٹوں دنجن ، لوکن شیرا شیرا ھو  
 بے پردا ڈرگاہ باھو! نہیں فصلوں باجھ نیڑا ھو

( 168 )

لوہا ہوویں پیا کٹیویں تاں تلوار سڈیویں ھو  
 کنکھی وانگنوں پیا چڑیویں زلف خوب بھر ویں ھو  
 مہندی وانگنوں پیا گھونٹیویں تنگی خوب رنگیویں ھو  
 عاشق صادق ہوویں باھو! رس پریم دی پیویں ھو



( 169 )

مال جان سب خرچ کراہاں کریئے خرید فقیری ھو  
 فقر کٹوں رتب حاصل ہووے کیوں کچے وگیری ھو  
 دنیا کارن دین ونبادن ، کوڑی شعی پیری ھو  
 خرک دنیا تھیں کیتی باھو! شاہ میراں دی میری ھو

( 170 )

مذہباں دے دروازے اُچے ، راہ رتانی موری ھو  
 پنڈتاں تے ملوانیاں گولوں چُھپ چُھپ لکھینے چوری ھو  
 اڈیاں مارن کرن بکھیرے ، دردمنداں دے کھوری ھو  
 باھو! خیل اٹھائیں دے دعوئی کسے نہ ہوری ھو

( 171 )

مرشد ادہ سبزیئے جیہڑا دو جگ خوشی وکھادے ھو  
 پہلے غم لکھوے دا مینے ، رتب دا راہ بھادے ھو  
 گلر والی کندھی ٹوں چا چاندی خاص بنادے ھو  
 جس اتھ گجھ نہ کیتا باھو! کوڑے لارے لاوے ھو

( 172 )

مرشد باجھوں فقر کماون ، وچ گلر دے پڈے ھو  
 ہو مشائخ بہدے جُڑے ، غوث قطب بن اڈے ھو  
 رات اندھاری مشکل پنڈا ، سئے سئے آون ٹھڈے ھو  
 تسبیحاں نپ بہن مستہیں موش باھو! جیوں ٹھڈے ھو



( 157 )

لنڈ ظلمات اندھیر غباراں راہ ہن خوف خطر دے ھو  
آب حیات منور مکھووا سائے زلف عنبر دے ھو  
بیل سکندر ڈھونڈن عاشق پلک آرام نہ کردے ھو  
بصر نصیب جہاں دے باھو! گھٹ اوتھے جا بھردے ھو

( 158 )

لن ٹیکون جدوں فرماؤں ' اسماں بھی کولے عاصے ھو  
پتے ذات صفات رتے دی ' پتے جگ ڈھنڈیاے ھو  
لانکان مکان آساڈا ' آن بجاں وچ بھاسے ھو  
نفس پکیت پکیتے باھو! اصل پکیت تاں نئسے ھو

( 159 )

لوک دلا! نتاں دتے نئے چا دردنداں دیاں آئیں ھو  
سینہ میرا دردیں بھریا ' اندر بھوکن بھائیں ھو  
تھیاں باجھ نہ بکن مٹالاں ' درداں باجھ نہ آئیں ھو  
آتش تال یرانہ باھو! بھر ادھ سون کہ تالیں ھو

( 160 )

کیا ہويا بت اوڈھر ہويا ' دل ہرگو ڈور نہ تھنویے ھو  
سئیاں کوہاں تے مرشد دسدا ' وچ ھور دسیوے ھو  
جیں دے اندر عشق دی رتی ' ہن شراہوں کھویے ھو  
نام فقیر جہاں دا باھو! قبر جہاں دی جیوے ھو



( 161 )

گچھے سائے صاحب والے ' گچھ نہیں قبر اصل دی ھو  
گنڈم دانہ بیٹا چکيا ؟ گل پی ڈور آزل دی ھو  
بھائی دے وچ میں مکی توپاں ' بلبل باغ بیل دی ھو  
غیر ولے تھیں سٹ کے باھو! رکھ امید فضل دی ھو

( 162 )

گودزیاں وچ جال جہاں دی راتیں جاگن اڈھیاں ھو  
بک ماہی دی بگن نہ دھندی ' اندھے دھندے بدیاں ھو  
اندر میرا حق تپایا ' گھلیاں راتیں کڈھیاں ھو  
نن تھیں ماس جدا ہو باھو! سوکھ ٹھلارے بدیاں ھو

( 163 )

گیا ایمان عیشے دے پاروں ہو کر کالر رہیے ھو  
گھٹ ژنار لفر دا گل وچ ' بت خانے وچ بیسے ھو  
جس جا جانی نظر نہ آدے ' سجدہ نول نہ دیے ھو  
جانی نظر نہ آدے باھو! گلہ نول نہ کھینے ھو

( 164 )

ل : نہ ہو غیري دھندے پک پل نول نہ رھندے ھو  
عشق نے پٹے رکھ جوحاں تھیں ' اک دم ہول نہ سہندے ھو  
جیہڑے پتھر وانگ پہاڑاں ' لون وانگوں گل دھندے ھو  
عشق سوکھالا ہوٹدا باھو! سہ عاشق بن بہندے ھو



(153)

گھمے دی گل تہ پیوسے ، گل گھمے ورنج کھولی ھو  
عاشق گھمے پڑھدے تجھے نور تھی دی ہولی ھو  
گھمے اندر چوداں طہن ، کیا جانے خلقت بھولی ھو  
گھمے پیر پڑھایا باھو! جان اوسے ٹوں گھولی ھو

(154)

گھمے دی گل تداں پیوسے مرشد گھمے وسیا ھو  
ساری عمر وچ گلر دے جالی ، بن مرشد دے وسیا ھو  
شاہ علی شیر بہادر وانگن وڈھ گلر ٹوں دھیا ھو  
دل صانی تاں ہووے باھو! گھمے ٹوں ٹوں رسیا ھو

(155)

گھمے گھمے کردواں تارے ولی کہنے سئے راہیں ھو  
گھمے نال نبھائے دوزخ آگ بلے ازگائیں ھو  
گھمے نال پھشیں جانا نعمت سچھ صباہیں ھو  
گھمے جیہی نہ کوئی نعمت باھو! دوہیں سرائیں ھو

(156)

گھمے نال نہیں نہاتی دھوتی ، گھمے نال ویاہی ھو  
گھمے میرا پڑھیا جنازہ ، گھمے گور سہائی ھو  
گھمے نال پھشیں جانا ، گھمے کرے صفائی ھو  
مزن محال تہہاں ٹوں باھو! جہاں آپ نکائی ھو



(149)

گاہل مرشد ہووے جیہڑا دھوبی وانگوں جھنڈے ھو  
نال نگاہ دے پاک کرے ، سخی صلوان نہ گھنڈے ھو  
میلیاں ٹوں کر دیوے پٹا ، ڈرہ میل نہ رکھتے ھو  
مرشد ہووے باھو! جیہڑا ٹوں ٹوں دے وچ وئے ھو

(150)

گر بھت گھمے حاصل ہووی ، عمران چار دیہاڑے ھو  
تھی سوداگر کر لے سودا ، جاں جاں ہٹ نہ تاڑے ھو  
مٹ جانیں دل ذوق منیسی ، موت مریدی دھاڑے ھو  
چوداں سادھاں پور بھریا باھو! رب سلامت چاڑھے ھو

(151)

گل قبیل کویشر کہندے ، کارن ڈر بحر دے ھو  
غش زہیں تے ، غش فلک تے ، غش پانی تے خردے ھو  
بھیاں حرفاں وچ سخن اٹھاراں ، دو دو معنی دھردے ھو  
باھو! حق بچھانن ناہیں ، پہلے حرف سطر دے ھو

(152)

گھمے دی گل تداں پیوسے ، گھمے دل جد بھریا ھو  
بے درداں ٹوں خیر نہ کوئی ، درومنداں گل مڑھیا ھو  
گلر اسلام دی گل پیوسے ، سخن چکر جد وڑیا ھو  
قربان جہاں ٹوں باھو! جہاں گھمے صھی کر پڑھیا ھو



( 145 )

غوث قطب بن اُرے اُرے ' عاشق جان اُگیرے ہو  
 جیہڑی منزل عاشق پہنچن ' غوث نہ پاون پھیرے ہو  
 عاشق وچ وصال دے رہندے ' لامکانی ڈیرے ہو  
 قربان جہاں توں باہو! جہاں ذات بسیرے ہو

( 146 )

فجری دلیے دقت سویلے آن کرن مزدوری ہو  
 کانواں ہڈاں ہکے گلّاں ' خرتیجی زلی چڈری ہو  
 گھر سوارن کرن مُشَقّت ' پُٹ پُٹ سٹن اٹھوری ہو  
 عمر پھیندیاں گوری باہو! کدی نہ ہئی آ پوری ہو

( 147 )

کِر کتوں کر ذکر ہمیشہ ' ایہہ بیکھا تلواروں ہو  
 ذاکر سوئی ذکر کماون ' پلک نہ فارغ یاروں ہو  
 عشق دا پُٹیا ' کوئی نہ چھٹیا ' پُٹیا مڈھ پہاڑوں ہو  
 حق دا کلمہ عاشق پڑھدے باہو! فقر دے پاروں ہو

( 148 )

قلب تاں ہلپا کیا ہویا ' کیا ہویا ذکر زبانی ہو  
 قلبی ' زوجی ' ٹھی ' بری ' ستھے راہ حیرانی ہو  
 غے رگ توں نزدیک جلیندا ' یار نہ ملیوس جانی ہو  
 نام فقیر جہاں توں باہو! دسدے لامکاشیں ہو



( 141 )

عشق ماہی دے لایاں اگھیں ' لگیاں کون بھجداے ہو  
 میں کینہ جاناں ذات عشق دی ' در در جا بھجداے ہو  
 نہ سوویں نہ سوون دیوے ' ستیاں آن جگاڈے ہو  
 میں قربان جہاں دے باہو! وچڑے یار بھلاڈے ہو

( 142 )

عشق مُوڈن دیتاں بانگاں ' کتیں تکلیں پیوے ہو  
 خون چگر دا کڈھ کراہاں دھو پاک سزیوے ہو  
 سن تکبیر فٹائے والی مُون مجال تھیوے ہو  
 پڑھ تکبیر تھیوے واصل باہو! ہر کیتوے ہو

( 143 )

عقل کِر دی جاہ نہ کائی ' وحدت سز سُبّانی ہو  
 نہ اتھ مٹاں پندت جوشی ' نہ اتھ علم قرآنی ہو  
 احمد احد دکھالی ڈتا تاں کُل ہوئے فانی ہو  
 علم تمام کیتوے باہو! ٹھپ کتاب آسمانی ہو

( 144 )

ع : علموں کوئی فقر کماڈے ' کافر مرے دیوانہ ہو  
 سنے ورھیاں دی کرے عبادت ' اللہ کون بیگانہ ہو  
 غفلت کتوں نہ گھلنیں پڑدے ' دل جلال بت خانہ ہو  
 قربان جہاں توں باہو! جہاں ہلپا یار بیگانہ ہو



( 137 )

عشق دی بازی ہر جا کھیڑی شاہ گدا سلطاناں ہو  
 عالم فاضل عاقل دانا گردا چا حیرانا ہو  
 تنبو کھوڑ لتھا وچ دل دے جوڑیس خلوت خانہ ہو  
 عشق ، امیر فقیر منیندے باہو! کون بیگانہ ہو

( 138 )

عشق دی بھاہ ، ہڈاں دا بالکن ، عاشق بیٹھ سکیندے ہو  
 گھٹ کے جان جگر وچ آرا ، دیکھ کباب تلیندے ہو  
 سرگردان بھرن ہر ویلے ، خون چکر دا پیندے ہو  
 ہوئے ہزاراں عاشق باہو! عشق نصیب گھیں دے ہو

( 139 )

ع : عشق دیاں گھاں آڈلویاں ، شرع تھیں دور بھاوے ہو  
 قاضی چھوڑ تھائیں جاوے ، جد طمانچہ لاوے ہو  
 لوک آبانے تھیں دیون ، عاشقاں مت نہ بھاوے ہو  
 مرن حال جیہاں توں باہو! جیہاں آپ بھاوے ہو

( 140 )

عشق سمندر چوہ گیا فلکیں رکت ول جہاز کچھوے ہو  
 عقل فکر دی ڈونڈی توں چا پہلے پور بوڑیوے ہو  
 گروکن گپہ ہون لہراں جد وحدت وچ ڈڑیوے ہو  
 مرنے تھیں خلقت ڈردی باہو! عاشق مرنے تاں جیوے ہو



( 133 )

عشق جہاندے ہڈیں رچیا رہندے چپ پچاتے ہو  
 لوں لوں دے وچ لگھ زباناں بھردے گنگے باتے ہو  
 کردے وضو اسم اعظم دا ، دریا وحدت نہاتے ہو  
 تدوں قبول نمازاں باہو! یاراں یار چکھاتے ہو

( 134 )

عشق چلایا طرف آسناں ، فرشوں عرش دکھایا ہو  
 رہ نی دنیا ٹھک نہ ساووں ، اتے جی گھیرایا ہو  
 آسین پردیسی وطن ڈوراڈا ، کھوڑا لالچ لایا ہو  
 مر گئے مرن تھیں پہلے باہو! جیہاں رت توں پایا ہو

( 135 )

عشق حقیقی جیہاں پایا ، مونہوں نہ گھہ آلاون ہو  
 دم دم دے وچ آکھن مولا ، دم توں قید لگاوان ہو  
 سروری قادری ، تھی ، بھائی ، برزی ، ذکر گماون ہو  
 قربان جیہاں توں باہو! جیہوے ہک بگہ وچ آون ہو

( 136 )

عشق محبت دے دریا وچ ، تھی مردانہ ترے ہو  
 جتھے لہر غضب دیاں ٹھاٹھاں ، قدم اتھائیں دھریے ہو  
 اوجھڑ جھنگ بلائیں بیلے ، وکتھو دیکھ نہ ڈریے ہو  
 نام فقیر متھ تھیندا باہو! وچ طلب جد مرے ہو



( 125 )

عاشق سوئی ہفتی جیہڑا قتل معشوق دے مئے ہو  
 عشق نہ چھوڑے نکلھ نہ موڑے سے تلواراں کھتے ہو  
 جت دل دیکھے راز ماہی دے لکے اوسے بے ہو  
 عشق حسین علی دا باہو! بر دیوے راز نہ بھتے ہو

( 126 )

عاشق فہدے دل گھوایا ، آپ دی نالے کھڑیا ہو  
 کھڑیا کھڑیا دلایا نالیں سنگ جھوباں زلیا ہو  
 عقل فکر دیاں سب نکل سکیاں عسے نال جاں ملھیا ہو  
 قربان جہاں توں باہو! جہاں عشق جروانی چوھیا ہو

( 127 )

عاشق عشق ماہی دے کولوں پھرن ہمیشہ کھوے ہو  
 جیندیاں جان ماہی توں ڈتی ، دوہیں جہانیں جوے ہو  
 فصیح پیراغ جھماں دل روشن اوہ کیوں بالن ڈیوے ہو  
 عقل فکر دی پہنچ نہ باہو! فانی فہم کھوے ہو

( 128 )

اشق نیک صلاحیں لگدے ، کیوں اجاڑدے مگر توں ہو  
 بال مواتا برھوں والا ، لاندے جان چکر توں ہو؟  
 جان جہان سب نکل کتب ، مکی لوئی ہوش صبر توں ہو  
 قربان جہاں توں باہو! بکھیا خون جہاں دلبر توں ہو

( 129 )

عاشق ہوویں عشق گمادیں ، دل رکھ وانگ پہاڑاں ہو  
 لکھ بدیاں تے ہزار اُلاہے ، جانیں باغ بہاراں ہو  
 منصور بیچے چک سولی دتے ، واقف گل آسراں ہو  
 سجدیوں بر نہ چاہئے باہو! کافر کہن ہزاراں ہو

( 130 )

عشق اسانوں لیاں جاتا ، بیٹھا مار پھلا ہو  
 وچ چکر دے ستھ چا لائیں کھٹس گم اولّا ہو  
 جاں وڑ اندر جھاتی پائی ڈٹھا یار اکلا ہو  
 بائھوں مرشد کابل باہو! ہندی نہیں تسلا ہو

( 131 )

عشق اسانوں لیاں جاتا کر کر آوے دھائی ہو  
 جت دل دیکھاں عشق دہنپوے خالی جگہ نہ کائی ہو  
 مرشد کابل ایسا بلیا دل دی تاکی لای ہو  
 میں قربان اس مرشد باہو! دسیا بمیت الہی ہو

( 132 )

عشق اسانوں لیاں جاتا ، لٹھا مل نہاڑی ہو  
 نہ سوویں نہ سون دیوے جیویں بال ریاہڑی ہو  
 پوہ مانگھیں خرؤزے مٹھے کتھوں لیاں واڑی ہو  
 عقل فکر نکل سکیاں باہو! عشق دجائی تازی ہو



( 121 )

عاشق دی دل موم برابر معشوقاں دل کالھی ھو  
 طعمہ دیکھے ٹر ٹر ننگے ، جیوں بازاں دی چالی ھو  
 باز بے چارہ کیوں کر اڈے ، پیریں پیوس دوالی ھو  
 عشق خرید نہ کیا باھو! گئے جہانوں خالی ھو

( 122 )

عاشق پڑھن نماز پدم دی جیں وچ حرف نہ کوئی ھو  
 جیہا کہا نیت نہ سکے ، درو منداں دل ڈھوئی ھو  
 اکھیں نیر اے خون چکر دا ، وضو پاک سزدی ھو  
 جیہہ نہ پلے ہوٹھ نہ مھرکن باھو! نمازی سوئی ھو

( 123 )

عاشقاں ہلو وضو جو کیا روز قیامت تائیں ھو  
 وچ نماز رکوع بخودے رہندے سنجھ صباہیں ھو  
 اتھے اتھے دوہیں جہانیں ، سبھ فقر دیاں جائیں ھو  
 عرش کولوں سئے منزل اتے باھو! کم جہانیں ھو

( 124 )

عاشق راز ماہی دے کولوں کدی نہ تھیوں وانڈے ھو  
 بندر حرام جہاں تے جیہوے ذاتی اسم گمانڈے ھو  
 پک پل مول آرام نہیں ، دینہ رات وتن گرلانڈے ھو  
 اَلف صحی کر پڑھیا باھو! واہ نصیب جہاں دے ھو



( 117 )

ض : ضروری نفس مٹتے ٹوں قیماقم کچھوے ھو  
 نال محبت ذکر اللہ وا دم دم پیا پڑھوے ھو  
 ذکر کنوں دینے حاصل تھیدا ذاتوں ذات دسیوے ھو  
 جہان غلام جہاں دے باھو! جہاں ذات لہیوے ھو

( 118 )

طالب بن کے طالب ہوویں اوے ٹوں پیا گاؤیں ھو  
 سچا لو ہادی دا مھو کے اوہو ٹوں ہو جادوں ھو  
 کلمے دا ٹوں ذکر گمادیں گلے نال نہادوں ھو  
 اللہ پاک کرسی باھو! ذاتی اسم کماویں ھو

( 119 )

طالب غوث الاظم والے ، کدے نہ ہوں ماندے ھو  
 جیں دے اندر عشق دی رتی رہن سدا گرلانڈے ھو  
 جیں ٹوں شوق ملن دا ہووے لے خوشیاں بت آندے ھو  
 جہان جہاں دے باھو! جیہوے ذاتی اسم کمانڈے ھو

( 120 )

ظاہر دیکھاں جانی تائیں ، نالے اندر سینے ھو  
 پربوں ماری میں بت پہراں ، ہتسن لوک ناپنے ھو  
 میں دل وپٹوں ہے شوہ پایا ، جادوں لوک مدینے ھو  
 کہے فقیر میراں دا باھو! اندر ولاں خزینے ھو





( 113 )

شریعت دے دروازے اُچے ' راہ فقر دا موری ھو  
عالم فاضل لکھ نہ دیندے جو لکھدا سو چوری ھو  
پٹ پٹ اناں وٹے مارن ' درد منداں دے کھوری ھو  
عاشق جانن راز باھو! کئیہ جانن لوک اتھوری ھو

( 114 )

شور شہر تے رحمت وٹے دتھے باھو جالے ھو  
باغبان دے بوٹے وانگوں طالب بیت سلیمالے ھو  
نال نظارے رحمت والے کھڑا ھوروں پالے ھو  
نام فقیر تہیاں دا باھو! گھر وچ یار دکھالے ھو

( 115 )

صفت ثنائیں مول نہ پڑھدے جو جا پہلے ذاتی ھو  
علموں عمل انہاں وچ جیہڑے اصلی تے اُشبائی ھو  
نال محبت نفس گتھونیں گھن رضا دی کاتی ھو  
پوداں طہیتی ولے دے اندر باھو! پا وچ تھاتی ھو

( 116 )

صورت نفس اتارہ دی کوئی عمتا گھر کالا ھو  
کھوے نوکے لوہو پیوے مگے پرب نوالا ھو  
گھتے پاسیوں اندر بیٹھا دل دے نال سنھالا ھو  
ایہہ بدبخت ہے بھکھا باھو! اللہ گری نالا ھو



( 109 )

سوز کنوں تن سزویا سارا ' دکھاں ڈیرے لائے ھو  
کوئل وانگ لوکیندی وٹاں وچن دن اضاٹے ھو  
بول پھیا! رت ساون آئی ' مولا مینہ ورسائے ھو  
صدق تے قدم اگوہاں باھو! ایہ گل یار ولانے ھو

( 110 )

سو ہزار تہیاں توں صدقے ' منہ نہ بولن پکھا ھو  
لکھ ہزار تہیاں توں جیہڑے گل کریدے پکا ھو  
لکھ کروڑ تہیاں توں جیہڑے نفس رکھیندے جھکا ھو  
بیل پدم تہیاں توں باھو! سون سداون سکا ھو

( 111 )

سے روزے سے نفل نمازاں ' سے سجدے کر تھکے ھو  
سے واری تے حج گزارن ' دل دی دوز نہ تے ھو  
چلے چلنے جنگل بھوتا ' گل نہ اس تھیں پے ھو  
تھے مطلب حاصل باھو! پر نظر اک تے ھو

( 112 )

سینے وچ مقام ہے کس دا ' مرشد گل بھائی ھو  
ایہو ساہ جو آدے جاوے ' ہور نہیں تے کائی ھو  
اس توں ہم الاعظم آکھن ' ایہو برز الہی ھو  
ایہو موت حیاتی باھو! ایہو بھیت الہی ھو



( 105 )

زبانی کلمہ ہر کوئی پڑھدا ، دل دا پڑھدا کوئی ھو  
 جتھے کلمہ دل دا پڑھینے ، جتھے ملے نہ ڈھوئی ھو  
 دل دا کلمہ عاشق پڑھدے ، جانن یار گلوئی ھو؟  
 کلمہ یار پڑھایا باھو! سدا سہاگن ہوئی ھو

( 106 )

سَنِّقِ صَفَاتِی سَوِّی پڑھدے جو وَت پنے ذاتی ھو  
 علم اَنصَاں نوں جیہڑے اصلی تے اثباتی ھو  
 نال محبت نفس گتھو نہیں کڈھ قضا دی کاتی ھو  
 بہرہ خاص اَنصَاں نوں باھو! لڈھا آب حیاتی ھو

( 107 )

سُن فریاد پیراں دیا پیرا! آکھ سناواں کیں ٹوں ھو  
 تیرے جیہا مینوں ہور نہ کوئی ، میں جیہاں لکھ میں ٹوں ھو  
 پھول نہ کاغذ بدیاں والے ڈر ٹوں دھک نہ میں نوں ھو  
 ایڈ گناہ نہ ہوتدے باھو! ٹوں بخشیندوں کیں ٹوں ھو

( 108 )

سُن فریاد پیراں دیا پیرا! غرض سنیں گن دھر کے ھو  
 بیڑا اڑیا وچ گتھراں ، جتھے مجھ نہ بیہدے ڈر کے ھو  
 پنچیں میراں! وڈیاں بھیراں ، جتھ شہباز دا کر کے ھو  
 پیر جہاں دا میراں باھو! کڈھی لگدے تر کے ھو



( 101 )

زاہ فقر دا تہ لڈھیوے ہتھ بھوڑیوے کاسا ھو  
 تارک دُنیا سداں تھیوے فقر ملیوے خاصہ ھو  
 دریا وحدت نوش کیتوے اجاں بھی جی پیاسا ھو  
 زاہ فقر رت روون باھو! لوکاں بھانے ہاسا ھو

( 102 )

روزے نفل نمازاں تقویٰ سمو کم حیرانی ھو  
 اُٹھیں ٹکھیں رت حاصل ناہیں خود خوانی خود دانی ھو  
 نال ہمیش قدیم جلدیا ملیوس بار نہ جانی ھو  
 ورد وظیفے تھیں چھٹ باھو! جد ہو رسی فانی ھو

( 103 )

ر : رحمت اُس گھر وچ وتے جتھے بلدے دیوے ھو  
 عشق ہوا میں چڑھ گیا فلکیں کتھے جہاز کتھیوے ھو  
 عقل فکر دی بیڑی اتھے پہلے پور بُوڑیوے ھو  
 ہر جا جانی دتے باھو! جت دل نظر کچیوے ھو

( 104 )

زاہد زہد کاندے تھکے روزے نفل نمازاں ھو  
 عاشق غرق ہوئے وچ وحدت نال محبت رازاں ھو  
 مکھی قید شہد وچ ہوئی اڈی نال شہبازاں ھو؟  
 مجلس نال تھی دے باھو! صاحب ناز نوازاں ھو



( 97 )

رات اندھیری کالی دے دج ، عشق پُراغ جلاندا ھو  
 چیندی سبک کنوں دل بنیوں ، نہیں آواز سناندا ھو  
 اوچھڑ تھل تے نازو بیلے ، دم دم خوف شینہاں دا ھو  
 تھل جل گئے تھکیندے باھو! کابل بیٹہ جہاں دا ھو

( 98 )

راتیں رتی بیٹہ نہ آوے ، ڈینہاں رہے حیرانی ھو  
 عارف دی گل عارف جانے ، کیا جانے نفسانی ھو  
 گر عبادت ، چھو تاسیں ، ضائع گئی جوانی ھو  
 حضور تمہاں ٹوں باھو! جہاں ملیا شاہ جملانی ھو

( 99 )

راتیں نین پنچو رت روون ڈینہاں عمرہ غم دا ھو  
 پڑھ توجید شن اندر ڈڑیا سکھ آرام نہ سدا ھو  
 بر سولی تے چا ٹٹکے ایہو راز پریم دا ھو  
 سدھا ہو کوہیئے باھو! قطرہ رہنے نہ غم دا ھو

( 100 )

راہ فقر دا پدے پدیرے اوڑک کوئی نہ وتے ھو  
 نہ اتھ علم نہ پڑھن پڑھادان نہ اتھ مسلے قسے ھو  
 ایہہ دنیا ہے بت پدستی مت کوئی اس تے وتے ھو  
 موت فقیری جیں بر باھو! معلم تھوے تے ھو



( 93 )

دین تے دنیا سکیاں بھیناں ، عقل نہیں سمجھندا ھو  
 دوویں اکس نکاح وچ آون ، شرع نہیں فرمندا ھو  
 آگ تے پانی تھماں آگے وچ واسا نہیں کردندا ھو  
 دوہیں جہاں تھے باھو! جہاں دعویٰ میں دا ھو

( 94 )

ذاتی نال نہ ذاتی زلیا سو کم ذات سڈیوے ھو  
 نفس گئے ٹوں نتھ کراہاں قیما قیما کچھے ھو  
 ذات صفاتوں مینا آوے ذاتی شوق پیوے ھو  
 نام فقیر تمہاں دا باھو! قمر جہاں دی جیوے ھو

( 95 )

ذکر فکر سب ارے ارے جان فدا نہ فانی ھو  
 فانی فدا جہاں حاصل جیوے وسدے لاسکائی ھو  
 فانی فدا ہوئے اوہ جہاں چکھتی عشق دی کانی ھو  
 باھو! ذکر سڈیندا ہر دم یار نہ ملیا جانی ھو

( 96 )

ذکر کنوں کر فکر ہمیشہ لفظ تکھا تلواریں ھو  
 کدھن آئیں جان جلاون فکر کرن اسراوں ھو  
 فکر دا مھلیا کوئی نہ جیوے ، پئے منڈھ پہاڑوں ھو  
 حق دا کلمہ آکھیں باھو! رکھے فکر دی ماروں ھو



( 89 )

د : دلیلاں چھوڑ دوووں ہو ہنخیاں فقیرا ہو  
 بٹھ توکل چھٹی اڈدے پئے خرچ نہ زیرہ ہو  
 روزی روز اڈ کھان ہمیشہ کردے نہیں ذخیرہ ہو  
 مولا خرچ بچا دے باہو! جو پتھر وچ کیرا ہو

( 90 )

دُنیا دُھونڈن والے کتے در در پھرن حیرانی ہو  
 ہڈی اُتے ہوڈ تہیاں دے لودیاں عمر وہانی ہو  
 عقل دے کوتاہ سمجھ نہ جان پئے ولوڑن پانی ہو  
 باجھوں ذکر رہے دے باہو! گوڑی رام کہانی ہو

( 91 )

د : دُنیا زن گھر منافق یا گھر کافر سوہندی ہو  
 نقش نگار کرے بہیرے زن ٹوہاں سب موہندی ہو  
 بھلی وانگوں کر لشکارے سروے اتوں جھونڈی ہو  
 عیسیٰ وی بیل وانگوں باہو! زاہ ویندیاں ٹوں کوہندی ہو

( 92 )

دُڈھ دہی تے ہر کوئی رڑکے ' عاشق بھاء رڑکیندے ہو  
 تن پچورا من منڈھانی ' آہیں نال ہلیندے ہو  
 دکھاں دا نیرا کڈھے سہکارے ' ہنچ پانی پویندے ہو  
 نام فقیر تہیاں دا باہو! ہڈاں ٹوں مکھن کڈھیندے ہو



( 85 )

دل دریا خواجہ دیاں لہراں ' شگھمن گھیر ہزاراں ہو  
 وسن دلیلاں وچ فکر دے بے حد بے شماراں ہو  
 پک پردیسیں نیہہ لگا ' دوجا بے سمجھی دیاں ہاراں ہو  
 ہسن کھین مھلیا باہو! عشق پکھایاں دھاراں ہو

( 86 )

دل دریا سمندروں ڈونگھا ' غوطہ مار غواسی ہو  
 جین دریا وچ نوش نہ کیتا رسی جان پیاسی ہو  
 ہر دم نال اللہ دے رکھن ذکر فکر کھای ہو  
 مُرشد تھیں زن بہتر باہو! بھند فریب لباسی ہو

( 87 )

دل دریا سمندروں ڈونگھے کون ولاں دیاں جانے ہو  
 وچے بیڑے وچے جھیرے وچے وچھے مہانے ہو  
 چوداں طہن دلے دے اندر تہو وانگوں تانے ہو  
 دل دا حرم ہووے باہو! سوئی دتہ پچھانے ہو

( 88 )

دل کالیوں منہ کالا چٹکا ' جے کوئی اس ٹوں جانے ہو  
 منہ کالا دل ایتھا ہووے تاں دل یار پچھانے ہو  
 ایہ دل یار دے چھتے ہووے متاں یار پچھ آنے ہو  
 چھوڑ مسیحاں نٹھے باہو! لگے نین لگانے ہو



( 81 )

درد منداں دے ڈھونیں ڈھکھدے ، ڈردا کوئی نہ سیکے ھو  
 اینہاں ڈھونیاں دے تاں تکھیرے محرم ہووے تاں سیک اے ھو  
 چھک شمشیر کھڑا ہے سر تے ، ٹرس پوس تاں تھیکے ھو  
 سر پر ساہورے ونجنا باھو! سدا نہ رہنا پیکے ھو

( 82 )

درد منداں دیاں آہیں کولوں ، مہتر پہاڑ دے تھو دے ھو  
 درد منداں دیاں آہیں کولوں ، نانگ زہیں وچ ڈردے ھو  
 درد منداں دیاں آہیں کولوں ، آسٹوں تارے تھو دے ھو  
 درد منداں دیاں آہیں کولوں ، باھو! مول نہ ڈردے ھو

( 83 )

دل بازار تے منہ دروازہ ، سینہ شہر ڈسیندا ھو  
 روح سوداگر نفس ہے راہزن حق دا راہ مریندا ھو  
 جاں توڑی ایہہ نفس نہ ماریں ، تاں ایہہ وقت کھڑیندا ھو  
 کردا ضائع ویدا باھو! جاں جاں تاک مریندا ھو

( 84 )

دل تے دفتر وحدت والا ، دائم کریں مطالعہ ھو  
 ساری عمر پڑھدیاں گوری ، جہلاں دے وچ جالیا ھو  
 اکو اسم اللہ دا دیکھیں ، ایہو سبق کمالیا ھو  
 جہان غلام تہاں دے باھو! جین دل اللہ سٹھالیا ھو



( 77 )

خام کینہ جانن سار فقر دی ، محرم ہائیں دل دے ھو  
 آب مٹی تھیں پیدا ہوئے خالی بھانڈے گل دے ھو  
 قدر کینہ جانن لعل جواہراں جو سوداگر بیل دے ھو  
 ایمان سلامت باھو! جیہوے بھج فقیراں ملدے ھو

( 78 )

دل دے وچ دل جو آکھیں سو ولداریلیوں ھو  
 دل دا دور اگوہاں کچے کثرت کٹوں قلیلیوں ھو  
 قلب کمال جمالوں جسموں جوہر جاہ جلیلیوں ھو  
 قبلہ قلب منور باھو! خلوت خاص خللیوں ھو

( 79 )

درد اندر دا اندر ساڑے ، باہر کراں تاں گھابل ھو  
 حال اسازا کویں اوہ جانن جو دنیا تے مال ھو  
 بحر سمندر عٹھے والا ، ہر دم قہیندا حال ھو  
 پہنچ حضور آسان نہ باھو! نام تیرے دے ساں ھو

( 80 )

درد منداں دا خون جو پیندا ، پڑھوں باز مریدا ھو  
 جھاتی دے وچ کیش ڈیرا ، شیر بیضا مل پیلا ھو  
 ہاتھی مست سندھورے داغوں کردا پیلا پیلا ھو  
 پیلے دا وسواس نہ باھو! پیلے باجھ نہ میلا ھو



(73)

چونڈیاں مَر رہنا ہووے دیس فقیراں بہتے ھو  
 جے کوئی نئے گودڑ گوزا ، وانگ اڑوڑی سپتے ھو  
 گلہ اُلٹھا بھنڈی خواری یار دے پاروں سپتے ھو  
 قادر دے ہتھ ڈور اساڈی باھو! رکھے تیوں رپتے ھو

(74)

پتا ! گر زشائی ، تارے ذکر کسندے تیرا ھو  
 تیرے جیے چن کئی عے چڑھدے ، جتاں باجھ اٹھیرا ھو  
 جتھے چن اساڈا چڑھدا ، قدر نہیں گجھ تیرا ھو  
 بتم گویا جس کارن باھو! یار ملے اک دیرا ھو

(75)

چوہ پتا! تے کر زشائی ، ذکر کسندے تارے ھو  
 گلیاں دے وچ پھرن نمانے نعلان دے وٹجارے ھو  
 شالا مسافر کوئی نہ تھیوے ککھ جہاں ٹوں بھارے ھو  
 تازی مار اڈاود نہ باھو! آپے اڈن ہارے ھو

(76)

حافظ پڑھ پڑھ گرن تکیر ، نلاں گرن وڈیائی ھو  
 ساڈن مانہہ دے بدلاں وانگوں پھرن کتاباں چائی ھو  
 جتھے دیکھن پچکا چوکھا ، پڑھن کلام سوائی ھو  
 دوہیں جہانیں منٹھے باھو! کھادی وچ کمائی ھو



(69)

جیں دل عشق خرید نہ کیتا سو دل درد نہ بھتتی ھو  
 اس دل تھیں سنگ پتھر چنگے جو دل غفلت اتی ھو  
 جیں دل عشق ھُور نہ منگیا سو درگا ہوں ستی ھو  
 ملیا دوست نہ باھو! جہاں پوڑ نہ کیتی خرتی ھو

(70)

جیں دل عشق خرید نہ کیتا ، سو دل درد نادانے ھو  
 خٹے خسرے ہر کوئی آکھے کون آکھے مردانے ھو  
 گلیاں دے وچ پھرن ہر دیلے جنگل دھور دیوانے ھو  
 مرداں دی گل پوسی باھو! عاشق بخشن گانے ھو

(71)

جیں دینہ دا میں در تینڈے تے سجدہ صھی وچ کیتا ھو  
 اُس دینہ دا سر ندا اتھائیں ، میں پیا در نہ لیتا ھو  
 سر دیون سر آکھن ناہیں ، شوق پیالہ پیتا ھو  
 قربان جہاں ٹوں باھو! جہاں عشق سلامت کیتا ھو

(72)

چونڈے کینہ جان سار مویاں دی سو جانے جو مردا ھو  
 قمران دے وچ ان نہ پانی ، خرچ لوڑیندا گھر دا ھو  
 اک وچھوڑا ماں پیو—بھائیاں ، بیا عذاب قبر دا ھو  
 واہ نصیبہ باھو! جیہڑا وچ حیاتی مردا ھو



( 65 )

جے رت نہایتاں دھوتیاں ملدا ، ملدا ڈڈواں تمھیاں ھو  
 جے رت ملدا مون منایاں ، ملدا بھیداں سیاں ھو  
 جے رت جھپیاں ستیاں ملدا ، ملدا ڈانداں تھیاں ھو  
 رت اونہاں نوں ملدا باھو! تھیاں جہاں اچھیاں ھو

( 66 )

ج : جس اُلف مطالعہ کیتا ، ب دا باب نہ پڑھدا ھو  
 چھوڑ صفاتی لڑھس ذاتی ، عامی دُور چا کردا ھو  
 نفس امارہ کترا جانے ناز نیاز نہ دھردا ھو  
 کیا پڑدا تہماں باھو! جتھ گھاڑو لڈھا گھر دا ھو

( 67 )

ج : جے دینِ علم وچ ہوندا ، بر نیزے کیوں چوہدے ھو  
 اٹھاراں ہزار جو عالم آہا ، آٹھے حسین دے مر دے ھو  
 جے کر بیعت رسولی مندے ، پانی کیوں بند کردے ھو  
 صادق دین تہماں باھو! جو بر قربانی کردے ھو

( 68 )

جیں یں عشق خرید نہ کیتا ، سو دل بخت پنہی ھو  
 استاد ازل دے سبق پڑھایا ، ہتھ تیس دل پنہی ھو  
 تر سر آیاں دم نہ ماریں ، جاں سر آدے پنہی ھو  
 پڑھ توجید تھیوے باھو! سبق پڑھیوے وتی ھو



( 61 )

جو پاکی دن پاک ماہی دے ، پاکی جان پلپتی ھو  
 ہک بت خانے واصل ہوئے ، ہک خالی رہے مسیتی ھو  
 عشق دی بازی لئی جہاں بر دمندیاں ڈھل نہ کیتی ھو  
 دوست نہ ملدا باھو! جہاں تڑٹی چوڑ نہ کیتی ھو

( 62 )

جو دل منگے تھیوے تھیوں ، تھیوں رہیا پڑیے ھو  
 دوست نہ دیوے دل دا ڈاڑو ، عشق نہ واگاں پھیرے ھو  
 اس میدان محبت دے وچ بلسن تاں تکھیرے ھو  
 قربان تہماں نوں باھو! جہاں رکھیا قدم اگیرے ھو

( 63 )

جو دم غافل سو دم کافر ، مُرشد ایہہ پڑھایا ھو  
 سنیا سخن سکھیاں گھٹھ اکھیں چت مولا دل لایا ھو  
 کیتی جان حوالے رت دے ، ایسا عشق کمایا ھو  
 مرن تھیں آٹھے مر گئے باھو! تاں مطلب نوں پایا ھو

( 64 )

جے نوں چاہیں وحدت رت دی نل مُرشد دیاں تلیاں ھو  
 مُرشد لطفوں کرے نظارہ ، گل تھیوں سب گھلیاں ھو  
 گھلاں وچوں ہک لالہ ہوسی گل نازک گل مھلیاں ھو  
 دوہیں جہانیں مٹھے باھو! جہاں سنگ دو ڈلیاں ھو



( 53 )

ج : جاں ذات نہ تھیوے باہو! تاں گم ذات سدویے ہو  
 ذاتی تاں صفائی تاں تاں تاں خن لہیوے ہو  
 اندر بھی ہو ' باہر بھی ہو ' باہو! کتھ لہیوے ہو  
 عین اندر حب دنیا باہو! مول فقیر نہ تھیوے ہو

( 54 )

جب لگ خودی کریں خود نفسوں ' تب لگ رب نہ پادیں ہو  
 شرط فنا نوں جانیں تاہیں ' نام فقیر رکھاویں ہو  
 سوئے باجہ نہ سوہندی اٹی ایویں گل وچ پادیں ہو  
 نام فقیر نہ سوہندا باہو! جیوندیاں مر جاویں ہو

( 55 )

تھیے رتی عشق وکاوے ' سناں ایمان دولاے ہو  
 کتب کتاباں ورد ووظیفے اوتر جا کھیوے ہو  
 باجھوں مرشد کجھ نہ حاصل ' راتیں جاگ پڑھیوے ہو  
 مرے مرن تھیں آگے باہو! تاں دلتہ حاصل تھیوے ہو

( 56 )

جد دا مرشد کاسہ ورتا ' مد دی بے پردائی ہو  
 کتھ ہویا بے دانتیں جاگے ' مرشد جاگ نہ لائی ہو  
 راتیں جاگیں کریں عبادت بندیا ڈینہ پردائی ہو  
 کوڑا سخت دنیا دا باہو! فقر تھی بادشاہی ہو



( 57 )

جس دل اسم اللہ دا چمکے ' عشق بھی کردا پلے ہو  
 بھر گسٹوری چھپدے تاہیں ' دے رکھیے سے پلے ہو  
 انگلیں چپتھے وینہ نہیں چھپدے دریا نہ رہندے ٹھلے ہو  
 آسیں اوے وچ ' اوہ اسماں وچ باہو! یار سولے ہو

( 58 )

جنگل دے وچ شیر مریلا ' باز پوے وچ گھر دے ہو  
 عشق جیہا صراف نہ کوئی ' گج نہ چھوڑے زر دے ہو  
 عاشقان بندر بھکھ نہ کائی ' عاشق مول نہ مردے ہو  
 عاشق جیندے تداں باہو! جد صاحب آگے ہر دھردے ہو

( 59 )

جہاں شوہ الف تھیں پایا ' پھول قرآن نہ پڑھدے ہو  
 مارن دم محبت والا ' دور ہو پونیں پردے ہو  
 دوزخ بہشت غلام تہاں دے چا کیتونے بردے ہو  
 قربان تہاں دے باہو! جیہوے وحدت دے وچ ڈردے ہو

( 60 )

جہاں عشق حقیقی پایا ' مونہوں نہ کجھ اولاد ہو  
 ذکر فکر وچ رہن ہمیشہ ' دم نوں قید لگاد ہو  
 نفسی، قلبی، روحی، برزی، انہی، تھی کمان ہو  
 قربان تہاں نوں باہو! جیہوے اکس نگاہ جگاد ہو





(49)

ٹوں تاں جاگ نہ جاگ فقیرا ! انت ٹوں لوڑ جگایا ھو  
 اکھیں بیٹیاں نہ دل جاگے ، جاگے مطلب پایا ھو  
 ایہہ نکتہ جداں کیتا مخنہ ظاہر آکھ سنایا ھو  
 میں تاں بھلی قیندی باھو! مرشد راہ دکھایا ھو

(50)

ثابت صدق تے قدم اگیرے ، تاں ای ذہب لہجھے ھو  
 ٹوں ٹوں دے وچ ذکر الہ دا ہر دم پیا پڑھنوی ھو  
 ظاہر باطن عین عیانی ، ھو ھو پیا سنپوے ھو  
 نام فقیر بیہاں دا باھو! قمر جہاں دی چہوے ھو

(51)

ثابت عشق بیہاں لڈھا جہاں کڑی چوڑ چا کیتی ھو  
 نہ اوہ سوئی نہ صافی نہ سجدہ کرن مسیتی ھو  
 خالص نیل پُرانے تے نہیں پڑھدا رنگ بھجھیتی ھو  
 قاضی آن شرع دل باھو! عشق نماز نہ بیٹی ھو

(52)

جال جلیندیان جنگل بھویدیان ہکا گل نہ سہی ھو  
 چلے چلیجے سچ گڑاریاں ، دل دی دور نہ ڈکی ھو  
 تریبے روزے پنج نمازاں ایہہ بھی پڑھ پڑھ تھکی ھو  
 سچے مراداں حاصل باھو! نظر بہر دی تکی ھو



(45)

تسی دا ٹوں تسی ہوویں ، ناریں دم ولایاں ھو  
 من دا مٹکا پک نہ پھیریں ، کالج پائیں پنج وینہاں ھو  
 دین لگے گل گھوٹو آدی ، لین لگے جھٹ ہینہاں ھو  
 پتھر پت جہاں دے باھو! ضائع و سنا مینہاں ھو

(46)

تہا تہہ توکل والا ، ہو مردانہ تریے ھو  
 جیں دکھ تھیں سکھ حاصل ہووے ، اُس تھیں مول نہ ڈریے ھو  
 ان مع الخسرینزا آیا ، پت اوے دل ڈھریے ھو  
 بے پردا ڈرگا ہے باھو! رو رو حاصل نھریے ھو

(47)

تن میں یار دا شہر بنایا ، دل وچ خاص محلہ ھو  
 آن اُلف دل ورسوں کیتی ، ہوئی ٹوب سٹلا ھو  
 سب کجھ مینوں پیا سنپوے جو بولے سو اللہ ھو  
 قدم منداں ایہہ رزم بچھاتی باھو! بے درداں بھلا ھو

(48)

توڑے شگ پُرانے ہودن ، کجھے نہ رہندے تازی ھو  
 مار نقارہ دل وچ وڑیا ، کھیڈ گیا اک بازی ھو  
 مار ولاں ٹوں بول وٹونیں تیکے تین نیازی ھو  
 اوہناں نال کینہ تھیا باھو! جہاں یار نہ راضی ھو



(41)

پہر ملے جے پیر نہ جادے ، اُس ٹوں پیر اکتھ دھرتا ہو  
 مُرشد ہلیاں ارشاد نہ من ٹوں ، ادہ مُرشد کینہ گرتا ہو  
 ہادی کٹوں ہدایت تاہیں ، ادہ ہادی کینہ بھونتا ہو  
 بر دیتاں حق حاصل باہو! اُس موتوں کینہ ڈرتا ہو

(42)

تاوک دُنیا بند تھیوے ، فقر بلیوے خاصہ ہو  
 راہ فقر دا بند لدھیوے ، ہتھ بکڑیوے کارہ ہو  
 ذریا وحدت نوش کیتوے ، آقاں بھی جی پیاسا ہو  
 راہ فقر رت روون باہو! لوکاں بھانے ہاسا ہو

(43)

تندوں فقیر شیبانی بن دا ، جان عشق وچ ہارے ہو  
 عاشق شیشہ ، نفس مُرَبی ، جان جاناں ٹوں وارے ہو  
 خود نفسی ، بھڈ ہستی تھیوے ، لاه برودں سب بھارے ہو  
 مویاں باجھ نہیں حاصل باہو! سنے سنے ساگ اتارے ہو

(44)

تسہی پھری تے دل نہ پھریا ، لینا تسہی بھرو کے ہو؟  
 علم پڑھیا تے آدب نہ سیکھیا ، لینا علم نوں پڑھ کے ہو؟  
 چلے گئے گجھ نہ گھلیا ، لینا چلیاں وڑ کے ہو؟  
 جاگ بنا ددہ بندے نہ باہو! لال ہوں بھانویں گڑھ کے ہو



(37)

پڑھ پڑھ علم ملوک رتجھاون ، کیا ہویا اس پڑھیاں ہو  
 ہرگز مکھن مول نہ آدے ، بھٹے ددہ دے گڑھیاں ہو  
 آکھ چڈورا ہتھ کی آئیو ، ایس اکتوری بھڑیاں ہو  
 ہک دل تختہ رکھیں باہو! نہیں عبادت ڈرھیاں ہو

(38)

پڑھیا علم ودھی مغزوری ، عقل بھی گیا تلوہاں ہو  
 بھلا راہ ہدایت والا ، نفع نہ کیتا دوہاں ہو  
 بر دیتاں جے سز ہتھ آدے ، سودا ہار نہ ٹوٹھاں ہو  
 وڑیں بازار محبت باہو! رہبر لے کوئی سونھاں ہو

(39)

پڑھ پڑھ علم ہزار کتاباں ، عالم ہونے بھارے ہو  
 حرف عشق دا پڑھ نہ جائن بھلے پھرن بچارے ہو  
 عشق عقل وچ منزل بھاری ، سبیاں کوہاں دے پاڑے ہو  
 جہاں عشق خرید نہ باہو! دوہیں جہانیں مارے ہو

(40)

بٹے بھیل بھجاں وچ چائن ، ڈیوا رکت دل ڈھریے ہو  
 بٹے مہر ، بٹے بھواری ، حاصل رکت دل بھریے ہو  
 بٹے ایام تے بٹے قبلے ، سجدہ رکت دل کریے ہو  
 صاحب جے بر منگے باہو! ہرگز ڈھل نہ کریے ہو



( 29 )

ب ت پڑھ کے فاضل ہوئے ، اےف نہ پڑھیا کئے ہو  
 جیں پڑھیا تیں شوہ نہ لداھا ، جاں پڑھیا کجھ تے ہو  
 چوداں طبق گرن رُشنائی ، آتھیاں کجھ نہ دتے ہو  
 باجھ وصال اللہ دے باہو! سب کہانیاں قے ہو

( 30 )

ب : بسم اللہ اسم اللہ دا ، ایہہ بھی گہنا بھارا ہو  
 نال شفاعت سرورِ عالم ، نچھلی عالم سارا ہو  
 حدوں بے حد درود کئی ٹوں ، جیں دا ایہ پَسارا ہو  
 قربان جہاں ٹوں باہو! جہاں ملیا کئی سہارا ہو

( 31 )

ب : بغداد دی کیا بھائی ، اچیاں لہیاں چیراں ہو  
 تن تن میرا پڑے پڑے ، جیوں ڈرزی دیاں لیراں ہو  
 لیراں دی گل گفنی پا کے زلساں سنگ فقیراں ہو  
 بغدادے ٹلوے منکساں باہو! گرساں میراں! میراں! ہو

( 32 )

ب : بہتی میں اوگن ہاری ، لاج پی گل اُس دے ہو  
 پڑھ پڑھ علم کریں تکبر ، شیطان جیہے اتھ سدے ہو  
 لگھاں ٹوں بھو دوزخ دالا ، پک بہشتوں زسدے ہو  
 عاشقاں دے گل بھری ہمیشہ باہو! اتے محبوباں سدے ہو

( 33 )

پانا دامن ہویا پڑانا ، پکڑک سیوے ڈرزی ہو  
 حال دا محرم کوئی نہ ملیا ، جو ملیا سو غرضی ہو  
 باجھ مڑی کسے نہ لہی ، کجھی مرض اندر دی ہو  
 اوسے راہ ول جائے باہو! جس تھیں خلقت ڈردی ہو

( 34 )

پاک پکیت نہ ہوندے توڑے رہندے وچ پکیتی ہو  
 وحدت دے دریا اچھلے پک دل سہی نہ کیتی ہو  
 پک بُت خانے واصل ہوئے پک پڑھ پڑھ رہے مستی ہو  
 سٹ فضیلت بیٹھے باہو! عشق نماز جاں نیتی ہو

( 35 )

پڑھ پڑھ عالم گرن تکبر ، مٹاں گرن دویائی ہو  
 گلیاں دے وچ بھرن بنانے ، نخل کتاباں چائی ہو  
 جھے دیکھن چنگا چوکھا ، پڑھن کلام سوائی ہو  
 دوہیں جہانیں مٹھے باہو! کھادی وچ کمائی ہو

( 36 )

پڑھ پڑھ علم مشائخ سداون ، گرن عبادت دوہری ہو  
 اندر ٹھکی پی لٹپوے ، تن من عمر نہ موہری ہو  
 مولا والی ، سدا سکھالی ، دل ٹوں لاه نکوری ہو  
 باہو! رت جہاں ٹوں حاصل جہاں جگ نہ کیتی چوری ہو



( 25 )

بغداد شریفے وِج کراہاں ، سودا بیٹے کیتوسے ھو  
 رتی عقل دے کراہاں ، بھار غماں دا گھدوسے ھو  
 بھار بھریا منزل چو کھیری اوڑک وِج پھنٹوسے ھو  
 ذات صفات سہی کیتوسے باھو! جمال لدھوسے ھو

( 26 )

بجھ چلایا طرف زمیں دے ، عرشوں فرس نکایا ھو  
 گھر تھیں بلیا دیں نکالا ، لکھیا جموں پایا ھو  
 رہ نی دنیا! نہ کر تھیرا ، آئے دل گھبرایا ھو  
 آس پردیسی وطن دوراڈا ، باھو! آلم سویا ھو

( 27 )

بے آدباں نہ سا، آڈب دی ، نال غیراں دے سانجھے ھو  
 جیڑے ہانہہ ہٹی دے بھانڈے ، کدی نہ ہوندے کانجھے ھو  
 جیڑے مڈھ قدیم دے کھیزے ، ہون کدی نہ رانجھے ھو  
 جیں خُور نہ منگیا باھو! گئے جہانیں وانجھے ھو

( 28 )

ب : یوگی وسین لوڑھایے ، تلنے رَج نکالا ھو  
 لا : الہ گل گہنا مڑھیا ، مذہب کئیہ لگدا سالا ھو  
 لا : اللہ گھر میرے آیا ، آن لہایا پالا ھو  
 پیالا خُوروں چھا باھو! آب حیاتی والا ھو



( 21 )

ایہہ دُنیا رَن خِیض پلیتی ، کیتی نل نل دھون ھو  
 دُنیا کارن عالم فاضل ، گوشے بہ بہ ردون ھو  
 عین دے گھر وِج نیستی دُنیا ، اوکھے گھوکر سوون ھو  
 ٹرک دُنیا جہاں کیتی باھو! واہندے نکل کھلون ھو

( 22 )

ایہو نفس آساڈا بلی جو نال اساڈے سِدھا ھو  
 زاہد عالم آن نوائے ، ٹکڑا وِکھے تھدھا ھو  
 جو کوئی اس دی کرے سواری نام اللہ اس لڈھا ھو  
 راہ فقر دا مشکل باھو! ماں نہ سیرا رڈھا ھو

( 23 )

باجھ خُوری نہیں منظوری ، توڑے پوہن صلاحتاں ھو  
 روزے نفل نماز گوران ، جاگن ساریاں راتاں ھو  
 باجھوں قلب خُور نہ ہودے ، کدھن سئے زکاتاں ھو  
 باجھ فنا وِتہ حاصل باھو! نہ تاہر جاتاں ھو

( 24 )

باھو! باغ بہاراں کھویا رُگس ناز شرم دا ھو  
 دل وِج کعبہ سہی کیتوسے ، پاکوں پاک ہدم دا ھو  
 طالب طلب طواف تمای ، خُب خُور حرم دا ھو  
 کیا حجاب تھیوسے حاجی ، پٹھیس راہ کرم دا ھو



( 17 )

ایہہ تن دلتہ نچے دا نجرہ ، پا فقیرا جھاتی ھو  
 نہ کر وقت خواجِ خضر دی ، اندر آبِ حیاتی ھو  
 شوق دا دیوا بالِ انھیرے لہمی وشت گھواتی ھو  
 مزن تھیں اتے مر رہے باھوا! جہاں زمر مچھاتی ھو

( 18 )

ایہہ تن دلتہ نچے دا نجرہ ، کھویا باغ بہاراں ھو  
 وپتے کوزے وچ مُصلے ، سجدے دیاں ہزاراں ھو  
 وپتے کعبہ وپتے قبلہ ، اَللّٰہ پکاراں ھو  
 کابل مرہد ملیا باھوا! آپے لیس ساراں ھو

( 19 )

ایہہ تن میرا پشماں ہودے ، مرہد دیکھ نہ رجاں ھو  
 لوں لوں دے نڈھ لکھ لکھ پشماں ہک کھولاں ہک گجاں ھو  
 اتتیاں ڈتھیاں صبر نہ آدے ، ہور کتے دل بھچاں ھو  
 مرہد دا دیدار ہے باھوا! لکھ گروڑاں ججاں ھو

( 20 )

ایہہ دنیا زنِ کھیس کھیتی ، ہر گر پاک نہ تھیوے ھو  
 جین فقر گھر دنیا ہودے ، لعنت تیس دے جیوے ھو  
 حُب دنیا دی دلتہ تھیں موڑے ، ویلے فکر کچھوے ھو  
 سدہ طلاق دنیا نوں باھوا! جے کر سچ مچھوے ھو



( 13 )

اندر وچ نمازِ اساڈی ہکے جا تھیوے ھو  
 نال قیام رکوع سجدے کر تکرار پڑھوے ھو  
 ایہہ دل بچو فراتوں سزیا ایہہ دم مرے نہ جیوے ھو  
 راہِ محمد والا باھوا! عین وچ دلتہ لکھوے ھو

( 14 )

اندر ھوتے باہر ھو ، دم ھو دے نال جلیندا ھو  
 ھو دا داغِ محبت والا ، ہر دم پیا سڑیندا ھو  
 دتھے ھو کرے روشنائی ، چھوڑ اندھیرا دیندا ھو  
 دوہیں جہاں غلام اُس باھوا! جو ھو سہی کھندا ھو

( 15 )

اوتھو جھل تے نازو بیلا دتھے جان آئی ھو  
 جس کدھی نوں ڈھا ہمیشہ آج ڈھلھی گل ڈھائی ھو  
 عین جہاں دے وپے سرھاندی ، سٹکھ نہیں سوڈے راہی ھو  
 ریت تے پانی دتھے باھوا! بھئی نہیں بھجیدی کائی ھو

( 16 )

ایمان سلامت ہر کوئی تنگے ، عشق سلامت کوئی ھو  
 ایمان متکن شرمادان عشقوں ، دل نوں غیرت ہوئی ھو  
 عشق پچاڈے جس منزل ، ایمانے خیر نہ کوئی ھو  
 عشق سلامت رکھیں باھوا! ایمانوں دیاں دھروہی ھو



(5)

اَلف : اَحَدٌ جَدِ دَتِي وَكُهَالِي ' از خود ہويا فانی ھُو  
قُرْبُ وصالِ مقامِ نہ منزل ' نہ اَتھ جسمِ نہ جانی ھُو  
نہ اَتھ عِشْقِ حُبِّ کَالِي ' نہ اَتھ کون مَکَانِي ھُو  
عُيُوسِ عَيْنِ تَهْمُو سے باھُو! بَرِّ وحدتِ سُمَانِي ھُو

(6)

اَلف : اَلتُّ سُنْيَا وِل مِيرِي قَالُو لَکِي لَو کِينَدِي ھُو  
حُبِ وَطْنِ دِي غَالِبِ ھُوکِي ' پَکِ پَیْلِ سُونِ نہ دِينَدِي ھُو  
قَهْرِ پُو سے تِيوں رِزْنِ دُنْيَا ' حَقِّ دَا رَاهِ مَرِينَدِي ھُو  
عَاشِقَانِ مَوْلِ قَبُولِ نہ باھُو! تَوڑے زَارِ رُوِينَدِي ھُو

(7)

اَلف : اَللّٰهُ چَلِي دِي بُوکِي ' مَن وَجِ مُرْشِدِ لَانْدَا ھُو  
جِس گِت اَتے سُوہنَا رَاضِي ' اِدھو گِت سِکھَانْدَا ھُو  
ہر دَمِ يَادِ رَکھے ہر دِيلِي ' سُوہنَا اُتھْدَا بِيھْدَا ھُو  
آپ سَچھ کَچھيُنْدَا باھُو! "آپ" آپے بَنِ جَانْدَا ھُو

(8)

اَلف : اَللّٰهُ چَلِي دِي بُوکِي ' مَن وَجِ مُرْشِدِ لَانِي ھُو  
فَقِي اِثْبَاتِ دَا پَانِي چَلِيں ہر رَگے ہر جَانِي ھُو  
اَنْدَرِ بُوکِي مُشْکِ چَپَايَا ' جَانِ مَھَلَاں پَرِ آئی ھُو  
چَرِ جَگِ جِيوے مُرْشِدِ باھُو! جِيں بُوکِي مَن لَانِي ھُو



(9)

اَلف : اَللّٰهُ جَانِ سَبِي کِيئو سے ' چَمکِيَا عِشْقِ اَکُوہَاں ھُو  
رَاتِيں دِي نہَاں تَا تَکھِي رے ' کرے اَکُوہَاں سُونہَاں ھُو  
اَنْدَرِ بھَلِيں ' اَنْدَرِ بَالِنِ ' اَنْدَرِ دے وَجِ دُھُوہَاں ھُو  
شَاہِ رَگِ تَهْمِيں دَنبِ نِيڑے باھُو! عِشْقِ کِيئو سے سُونہَاں ھُو

(10)

اَللّٰهُ پڑھَاپُوں حَافِظِ ھُوپُوں ' نہ گِيَا مَچَاپُوں پَرِ دَا ھُو  
پڑھِ پڑھِ عَالِمِ فَاضِلِ ھُوپُوں بھِي طَالِبِ ھُوپُوں زَرِ دَا ھُو  
سَے ہزارِ کِتابَاں پڑھِيَاں ' عَالِمِ نَفْسِ نہ نَرِ دَا ھُو  
بَاجھِ فَقِيْرَاں کَسے نہ مَارِيَا باھُو! چورِ اَنْدَرِ دَا ھُو

(11)

اَنْدَرِ بھِي ھُو ' باہرِ بھِي ھُو ' باھُو کِتھاں لَھْمُو سے ھُو  
سَے رِياضَتَاں کرِ کَرَاہَاں ' خُونِ چَکَرِ دَا پُو سے ھُو  
لَکھِ ہزارِ کِتابَاں پڑھِ کے دَانَشْمَنْدِ سِيْدُو سے ھُو  
نَامِ فَقِيْرِ تِيہَاں دَا باھُو! قَبْرِ جِيہَاں دِي جِيوے ھُو

(12)

اَنْدَرِ گَلمے قَلِ قَلِ کَرِ دَا عِشْقِ سَکھَايَا کَلْمے ھُو  
چودَاں طَبَقِ گَلمے دے اَنْدَرِ قُرْآنِ کِتابَاں عِلْمَاں ھُو  
کانے کَپِ کے قَلَمِ بِنَاوَنِ لَکھِ نہ سَکَنِ قَلْمَاں ھُو  
گَلمے پَرِ پڑھَايَا باھُو! ذَرَا نہ رِيہَاں اَلْمَاں ھُو



(1)

آپ نہ طالب ہیں کہیں دے ، لوکاں طالب کردے ہو  
چادن کھپیاں ، کردے سپاں قہر توں تاہیں ڈردے ہو  
عشق مجازی بتلکن بازی پیر آزلے دھردے ہو  
اوہ شرمندے ہوں باہو! اندر روز کھر دے ہو

(2)

ادھی لعت دنیا تائیں ، سلمی دنیا داراں ہو  
راہ صاحب دے خرچ نہ کیتی ، لین غضب دیاں ماراں ہو  
پیواں کولوں پُتر کوحاوی ، پھٹ دنیا نکاراں ہو  
دنیا ترک کیتی جھ باہو! لین باغ بہاراں ہو

(3)

آزل ابد توں سہی کیتوے دیکھ تماشے گورے ہو  
چوداں طہن دلیں دے اندر ، آتش لائے جُڑے ہو  
جہاں حق نہ حاصل کیتا ، دوہیں جہاں اُجرے ہو  
غرق ہوئے وچ وحدت باہو! دیکھ جہاں دے جُڑے ہو

(4)

اکھیں سرخ ، منجے تے زردی ، ہر دتوں دل ہائیں ہو  
منہا مبار خوشیوی والا پہنٹا وچ کدائیں ہو  
عشق مشک نہ چھپے رہندے ظاہر تھیں اتھائیں ہو  
نام فقیر جہاں دا باہو! جھ لائکانی جائیں ہو

