My Personal Anthology of Urdu Ghazals

Contents
Kaise Chhupaauu.N Raaz-e-Gam................................................................. 2
Aawaargi" - Yeh Dil Ye Pagal Dil Mera ............................................................ 4
Kaise Chhupaauu.N Raaz-e-Gam
Poet: Hasrat Mohani
Mehdi Hassan: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7f2ITWab1ms

kaise chhupaauu.N raaz-e-Gam diidaa-e-tar ko kyaa karu.N
dil kii tapish ko kyaa karu.N soz-e-jigar ko kyaa karu.N

कैसे छुपाउँ राज़-ए-गम दीदा-ए-तर को क्या करूँ
dिल की तपिश को क्या करूँ सोज़-ए-जिगर को क्या करूँ

How can I hide the secret of my sorrow?
My wet eyes give it all away!
What do I do with the heat coming from my heart?
With the burning of my gut?

shorishe-aashiqii kahaa.N aur merii saadagii kahaa.N
husn ko tere kyaa kahuu.N apanii nazar ko kyaa karuu.N

शोरिश-ए-आशिकी कहां और मेरी सादगी कहां
husn को तेरे क्या कहूँ अपनी नज़र को क्या करूँ

There is (no comparison between) the excitement of love and my simplicity.
How do I describe your amazing beauty?
How do I control my eyes?

Gam kaa na dil me.n ho guzar vasil kii shab ho yuu.N basar
sab ye qubuul hai magar Khauf-e-sahar ko kyaa karuu.N

गम का न दिल में हो गुज़र, वस्त की शब हो यूँ बसर
sab ye kubool hai magar, khof-e-sahar ko kya karon

Sorrow should not enter my heart,
And the evening of our meeting will pass.
I accept all this.
But how do I deal with my fear of the coming dawn?

haal meraa thaa jab batar tab na hu_ii tumhe.n Khabar
baad mere hua asar ab mai.n asar ko kyaa kari.N

हाल मेरा था जब बतर, तब ना हुई तुम्हें खबर  
बाद मेरे हुआ असर, अब मैं असर को क्या करूँ  

When I was destitute, ruined in your love, you did not know my condition.  
When I passed away, now my love has an effect on you.  
What to do with this effect now?
"Aawaargi" - Yeh Dil Ye Pagal Dil Mera
Poet: Mohsin Naqvi
Ghulam Ali: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hf6OHUgVyKo

ये दिल ये पागल दिल मेरा, क्यू बुझ गया आवारगी
इस दस्त में इक शहर था वो क्या हुआ आवारगी

Ye dil ye paagal dil mera, kyun bujh gayaa aawaargi
Is dasht mein ek sheher tha, woh kya hua aawaargi..

The poet uses the metaphor of a city to describe how the state of his mind was some time ago. But now, he says, “It's all gone! My mind is like a quiet, barren landscape - the experience of ‘awaargi’”.

कल शब मुझे बेशकल की आवाज ने चौंका दिया
मैं ने कहा तू कौन है, उस ने कहा आवारगी

Kal shab mujhe beshakl ki awaaz ne chaunka diya,
Main ne kaha tu kaun hai, usne kaha aawaargi..

Yesterday night a faceless voice startled me.
When I asked "who are you?" it replied "awaargi"!
(This is the first realization of the presence of the spirit of "awaargi".)

इक तू की सदियों से मेरे, हमराह भी हमराझ भी
इक मैं की तेरे नाम से ना आशना आवारगी

Ik tuu ki sadiyon se mere, hamraah bhi hamraaz bhi,
Ik main ki tere naam se naa aashnaa aawaargi..

The poet realizes that "awaargi" - the joyful carefree self - had been there for years, as his co-traveller and friend, but he was not aware of its presence. (Isn't this the condition of all us: we are all so engrossed chasing new relationships and busy feeling lonely, we are completely unaware of this beautiful presence within us!)

ये दर्द की तनहाईयां, ये दस्त का दीवार सफर
हम लोग तो उक्ता गये, अपनी सुना आवारगी

Ye dard ki tanhiaaan, ye dasht kaa viraan safar
This never-ending pain of loneliness, this burden of solitary travel thru the barren land

We don't want to talk about this any more. Awaargi – tell us about the magic of your land.

A wayward zephyr (which is completely stranger to me) asked me why I was so sad. In reply, I wrote in the sand which is now wet with my own tears: "awaargi".

(In reality, the poet is not sad at all! He is so taken by this new acquaintance of "awaargi" and he is so much in love with it, that he is overcome with tears of joy - which the zephyr mistakes as evidence of sorrow!)

This world is so strange: it considers sitting alone a crime; it wants everyone to be among people. And worse, if you try to be aloof from others, it punishes you by outcasting you, by condemning you to loneliness. How can I live in such a crazy world!

This never-ending pain of loneliness, this burden of solitary travel thru the barren land

We don't want to talk about this any more. Awaargi – tell us about the magic of your land.

A wayward zephyr (which is completely stranger to me) asked me why I was so sad. In reply, I wrote in the sand which is now wet with my own tears: "awaargi".

(In reality, the poet is not sad at all! He is so taken by this new acquaintance of "awaargi" and he is so much in love with it, that he is overcome with tears of joy - which the zephyr mistakes as evidence of sorrow!)

This world is so strange: it considers sitting alone a crime; it wants everyone to be among people. And worse, if you try to be aloof from others, it punishes you by outcasting you, by condemning you to loneliness. How can I live in such a crazy world!
Kal raat tanha chaand ko dekha tha maine khwaab mein
Mohsin mujhe raas aayegii shaayad sada aawaargi..

Yesterday night I saw the solitary moon in my dreams. Having seen its beauty and grace, I think I am going to enjoy my awaargi forever. (This couplet puts a seal on the poet’s complete love for awaargi, the state of being joyful alone!)