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As if I breathe the breath of spring or hear the tidings of my love.

He stands by me in actual from whose desire I thought was but a dream.

My heart looks forward to the morrow I feel convinced of yesterdays.

Is it a would that burst, a flower bloomed a tear welled or a cloud surged?

The cups are brimming with the lovers blood.

Hearts simmer scars burn.

The session of pain bustles again the night of desire is all aglow.

Martyrdom acquires a novel style at the call of death to the site of gallows.

Some have arrived carrying the cross some with halters round their necks.

I know not Faiz why to-day I expect to hear the news.

The vendor softens to the drinkers the assassin loves the broken hearts.