

**Jaanewaalon zara mudke dekho mujhe
(Dosti, 1964)**

*Jaanewaalon zara mudke dekho mujhe
Ek insaan hoon
Main tumhaari tarah
Jisne sabko racha
Apne hi roop se
Uski pehchaan hoon
Main tumhaari tarah, jaanewaalon zara*

*Is anokhe jagat ki
Main taqdeer hoon
Main vidhaata ke haathon ki tasveer hoon
Ek tasveer hoon
Is jahaan ke liye
Dharti maa ke liye
Shiv ka vardaana hoon
Main tumhaari tarah, jaanewaalon zara*

*Mann ke andar chhipaaye
Milan ki lagan
Apne sooraj se hoon ek bichhdi kiran
Ek bichhdi kiran
Phir raha hoon bhataкта
Main yahaan se wahaan
Aur pareshaan hoon
Main tumhaari tarah, jaanewaalon zara*

*Mere paas aao
Chhodo yeh saara bharam
Jo mera dukh wohi hai tumhaara bhi gham
Hai tumhaara bhi gham
Dekhta hoon tumhe
Jaanta hoon tumhe
Laakh anjaan hoon
Main tumhaari tarah, jaanewaalon zara*

Passerby, for a moment, turn and look at me
I am a human being
Just like you.
He who made everything
In his own image:
I am a reflection of him.
Like you, passerby...

Of this unique world,
I am the destiny.
I am a picture wrought by the Maker's hand:
I am a picture.
For this world,
For Mother Earth
I am a blessing from the god Shiv
Like you, passerby...

Hiding deep within oneself
A hope of meeting,
I am a ray separated from its sun.
A ray separated.
I wander, aimless and without direction
From here to there,
And am distressed.
Like you, passerby...

Draw near to me
Let go of this illusion
That which is my sorrow is your misery too
It is your misery too.
I see you
I know you
Even if I may appear a stranger
Like you, passerby...

Chhupa lo yoon dil mein pyaar mera
(Mamta, 1966)

Chhupa lo yoon dil mein pyaar mera
Ke jaise mandir mein lau diye ki

Tum apne charnon mein rakhlo mujhko
Tumhaare charnon ka phool hoon main
Main sar jhukaaye khadi hoon pritam
Ke jaise mandir mein lau diye ki
Chhupa lo yoon dil mein pyaar mera...

Yeh sach hai jeena thha paap tum bin
Yeh paap maine kiya hai ab tak
Magar hai mann mein chhavi tumhaari
Ke jaise mandir mein lau diye ki
Chhupa lo yoon dil mein pyaar mera...

Phir aag birah ki mat lagaana
Ke jalke main raakh ho chuki hoon
Yeh raakh maathe pe maine rakhli

Ke jaise mandir mein lau diye ki
Chhupa lo yoon dil mein pyaar mera...

Hide my love within your heart
Like the sacred flame burning inside a temple.

Keep me in the shelter of your footsteps
For I am a flower laid at your feet.
I stand here, my beloved, with bowed head:
Like the sacred flame burning inside a temple.
Hide my love within your heart...

It is true that to live without you was a sin:
This sin I have committed thus far.
But in my mind is your image,
Like the sacred flame burning inside a temple.
Hide my love within your heart...

Do not again ignite the flame of separation,
For I have burned and turned to ash;
I have applied this ash to my forehead [as a
symbol of reverence]
Like the sacred flame burning inside a temple.
Hide my love within your heart...

**Ae dil hai mushkil jeena yahaan
(CID, 1956)**

*Ae dil hai mushkil jeena yahaan
Zara hatke zara bachke
Yeh hai Bombay meri jaan*

*Kahin building kahin traamein
Kahin motor kahin mill
Milta hai yahaan sab kuchh
Ik milta nahin dil
Insaan ka nahin
Kahin naam-o-nishaan
Ae dil hai mushkil...*

*Kahin satta kahin patta
Kahin chori kahin race
Kahin daaka kahin faaka
Kahin thokar kahin thes
Bekaaron ke hain kai kaam yahaan
Ae dil hai mushkil...*

*Beghar ko awaara yahaan
Kehte hans-hans
Khud kaatein gale sabke
Kahein isko 'biznuss'
Ik cheez ke hain kai naam yahaan
Ae dil hai mushkil...*

*Bura duniya ko hai kehta
Aisa bhola toh na ban
Jo hai karta woh hai bharta
Hai yahaan ka yeh chalan
Dadagiri nahin chalne ki yahaan
Ae dil hai mushkil...
Ae dil hai aasaan...*

O my heart, living here is difficult:
Step aside, watch out:
This is Bombay, my dear!

Here are buildings, there are trams
Here are vehicles, there are factories
You get everything here,
What you don't get is a heart.
No sign around here
Of humanity, of man.
O my heart, living here is difficult...

Here is gambling, there are cards
Here is theft, there are the races
Here is robbery, there is poverty
Here is a shove, there is a push
For the unemployed, there's lots to do here.
O my heart, living here is difficult...

The homeless here
Are laughingly called 'vagrants'
People here cut the throats of all around
And call it business.
One thing is known by many names here
O my heart, living here is difficult...

You call the world bad:
Don't be so naïve.
As you sow, so shall you reap:
That is how this world lives.
Bossing others is not the way to go.
O my heart, living here is difficult...
O my heart, living here is easy...

Bade miyaan deewaana aise na bano
(Shagird, 1967)

Bade miyaan deewaane aise na bano
Haseena kya chaahe humse suno
Bade miyaan deewaane aise na bano
Haseena kya chaahe—
Yehi toh maaloom nahin hai!
—Humse suno.

Sabse pehle suno miyaan
Karke varjish bano jawaan
Chehra polish kiya karo
Thodi maalish kiya karo
Istyle se uthe qadam
Seena zyada toh pet kam
Ae qibla, ujle baalon ko rang daalo
Ban jaao gulfaam
Bade miyaan deewaane...

Seekho kartab naye-naye
Fashion ke dhab naye-naye
Dheela-dhaala libaas kyon?
Resham pehno, kapaas kyon?
Fann yeh jaadugari ka hai,
Armaan tumko pari ka hai
O qibla maaro mantar
Teti bankar, niklo waqt-e-shaam
Bade miyaan deewaane...

Tanhaai mein agar kahin
Aa jaaye woh nazar kahin
Kahiye haathon mein haath daal
Ae gul chehra pari jamaal
Muddat se dil udaas hai
Tere hothon ki pyaas hai
Ae dilbar mere labh par
Kabh chhalkega tere labh ka jaam?
Bade miyaan deewaane...

Is tanhaai mein ae haseen
Itni doori bhali nahin
Aaya mausam bahaar ka
Rakh le dil beqaraar ka
Mere haathon mein haath daal

Old man, don't go nuts like this:
What a beauty wants, hear from me.
Old man, don't go nuts like this:
What a beauty wants—
That's what I don't know!
—Hear from me.

The first thing you have to hear, old man:
Exercise and become fit and young:
Polish that face of yours,
Get some massages done.
Lift those feet with some style,
A broad chest and a flat stomach:
Oh sir, colour these bright white hair,
Turn into a rosy-cheeked hero!
Old man, don't go nuts...

Learn new tricks,
New trends in fashion:
Why wear such loose, fluttery clothes?
Wear silk, why wear cotton?
The deftness required here is of magic:
You dream of charming a fairy,
So sir, weave a spell:
Turn into a fop and step out in the evening.
Old man, don't go nuts...

If, when you're alone
You should see her somewhere
Say, "Put your hand in mine,
O fairy with a face like a flower.
Since an eternity, my heart has been sad:
I thirst for your lips.
My beloved, on my lips
When will the liquor of your lips splash?"
Old man, don't go nuts...

In this solitude, o beauty:
So much distance isn't good.
It's the season of spring,
Be kind to the heart of this restless soul
Put your hand in mine,

*Ae gul chehra pari jamaal
Muddat se dil udaas hai
Tere hothon ki pyaas hai
Ae dilbar mere labh par
Kab chhalkega tere labh ka jaam?*

O fairy with a face like a flower!
Since an eternity, my heart has been sad,
I thirst for your lips.
O my beloved, on my lips
When will the liquor of your lips splash?

Yeh hai reshmi zulfon ka andhera
(Mere Sanam, 1965)

Yeh hai reshmi zulfon ka andhera
Na ghabraaiye
Jahaan tak mehak hai mere gesuon ki
Chale aaiye

Suniye toh zara jo haqeeqat hai
Kehte hain hum
Jal uthenge diye jugnuon ki tarah
Ji tabassum toh farmaaiye
Yeh hai reshmi zulfon ka andhera...

Pyaaasi hai nazar yeh bhi kehne ki
Hai baat kya
Tum ho mehmaan toh na thahregi
Yeh raat kya
Raat jaaye rahein aap dil mein mere
Armaan banke reh jaaiye
Yeh hai reshmi zulfon ka andhera...

This darkness is that of silken tresses:
Do not be fearful.
Till where the perfume of my locks spreads...
Come, come to me.

Listen: what I say is nothing more
Than reality.
The lamps will flare up like fireflies:
Please, bestow on me a smile.
This darkness is that of silken tresses...

This gaze thirsts; is that anything
I need even tell you?
If you are the guest, will the night pause?
What is this night, after all?
The night may pass, but you stay in my heart
Like a deep desire, stay.
This darkness is that of silken tresses...

**Hum hain raahi pyaar ke
(Nau Do Gyaarah, 1957)**

*Hum hain raahi pyaar ke
Humse kuchh na boliye
Jo bhi pyaar se mila
Hum usi ke ho liye*

*Dard bhi humein qubool
Chain bhi humein qubool
Humne har tarah ke phool
Haar mein piro liye
Jo bhi pyaar se mila...*

*Dhoop thhi naseeb mein
Dhoop mein liya hai dum
Chaandni mili toh hum
Chaandni mein so liye
Jo bhi pyaar se mila...*

*Dil pe aasra kiye
Humne toh bas yoon hi jiye
Ek kadam pe hans liye
Ek kadam pe ro liye
Jo bhi pyaar se mila...*

*Raah mein pade hain hum
Kab se aap ki kasam
Dekhiye toh kam se kam
Boliye na boliye
Jo bhi pyaar se mila...*

I am a wayfarer of love,
Say nothing to me.
Whoever met me with love,
I became theirs.

I accept pain
And I accept ease.
I gathered flowers of every kind
To thread onto this garland of mine.
Whoever met me with love...

If sunshine was my destiny,
I breathed in that sunshine.
If moonlight came my way,
I slept in that moonlight.
Whoever met me with love...

Depending upon this heart of mine,
This is how I have lived:
At one step, I have laughed,
At one step, I have wept.
Whoever met me with love...

I have been waiting since forever
I promise you, for you:
At least glance my way,
Whether you speak or not.
Whoever met me with love...

Nanhi kali sone chali
(Sujata, 1959)

Nanhi kali sone chali
Hawa dheere aana
Neend-bhare pankh liye
Jhoola jhula jaana

Chaand kiran si gudiya
Naazon ki hai pali
Aaj agar chaandaniya
Aana meri gali
Gun-gun-gun-gun geet koi
Haule-haule gaana
Neend-bhare pankh liye...

Resham ki dor agar
Pairon ko uljhaaye
Ghoonghar ka daana koi
Shor machaa jaaye
Rani meri jaagi toh phir
Nindiya ko behlaana
Neend-bhare pankh liye...

The little bud is off to sleep:
Breeze, please blow softly.
With wings filled with sleep,
Rock my darling.

A doll like a ray of moonlight,
She is pampered and well-loved.
If today, o moonlight,
You come to this quarter
And sing a tune, hum-humming along:
Please, sing it softly.
With wings filled with sleep...

If a silken cord
Should get entangled in her foot:
Or if a tiny bell in her anklet
Should tinkle and make a noise
If my little queen should wake,
Soothe her back to sleep.
With wings filled with sleep...

Aaja piya tohe pyaar doon
(Bahaaron ke Sapne, 1967)

Aaja piya tohe pyaar doon
Gori baiyaan to pe vaar doon

Kisliye tu itna udaas
Sookhe-sookhe honth
Akhiyon mein pyaas
Kisliye, kisliye?

Jal chuke hain badan kai
Piya isi raat mein
Thake hue in haathon ko
De de mere haath mein
O sukh mera lele
Main dukh tere le loon
Main bhi jeeoon, tu bhi jiye
Aaja piya...

Hone de re jo yeh julmi hain
Path tere gaon ke
Palkon se chun daaloongi main
Kaante tere paaon ke
O lat bikhraaye chunariya bichhaaye
Baithi hoon main tere liye
Aaja piya...

Apni toh jab akhiyon se
Beh chali dhaar si
Khil padi wahin ek hansi
Piya tere pyaar ki
Main jo nahin haari
Sajan zara socho:
Kisliye, kisliye?

Come, my beloved, let me give you my love
Let these fair arms be yours.

Why are you so sad?
Dry lips,
Eyes filled with thirst:
Why, why?

Many bodies have burnt
My love, in this night:
These tired hands,
Give them into my hands.
Take my joys
And let me take your sorrows.
Let me live, and you live too.
Come, my beloved...

Let them be as torturous as they are,
The paths of these village of yours.
With my eyelashes I will sift away
The thorns from your feet.
With my tresses spread and my veil laid out
I am waiting, my love, for you.
Come, my beloved...

When from my eyes
A stream began to flow,
There blossomed a laugh,
My darling, of your love.
If I have not accepted defeat,
Think, my beloved:
Why, why?

Tumne mujhe dekha
(Teesri Manzil, 1966)

*Tumne mujhe dekha
Hokar meherbaan
Ruk gayi yeh zameen
Thham gaya aasmaan
Jaan-e-mann jaan-e-jaan
Tumne mujhe dekha...*

*Kahin dard ke sehra mein
Rukte-chalte hote
In honthon ki hasrat mein
Tapte-jalte hote
Meherbaan ho gayeen
Zulf ki badliyaan
Jaan-e-mann jaan-e-jaan...*

*Lekar yeh haseen jalwe
Tum bhi na kahaan pahunche
Aakhir toh mere dil tak
Kadmon ke nishaan pahunche
Khatm se ho gaye raaste sab yahaan
Jaan-e-mann jaan-e-jaan...*

You looked at me
With benevolence:
This Earth stopped,
The sky came to a halt.
My love, my life:
You looked at me.

In a desert of pain
Stopping, and moving on again:
Driven by the yearning for your lips,
Burning up, thirsting.
How benevolent have they been,
The dark clouds of your tresses!
My love, my life...

With your beauty and your charms,
Where would you have reached,
After all, it is to my heart
That the trail of your footprints has led
All roads have, after all, ended here.
My love, my life...

**Hum hain mata-e-kucha-o-bazaar ki tarah
(Dastak, 1970)**

Hum hain mata-e-kucha-o-bazaar ki tarah

*Utthi hai har nigaah khareedaar ki tarah
Hum hain mata-e-kucha...*

*Woh toh kahin hai aur magar dil ke aas-paas
Phirti hai koi shai nigaah-e-yaar ki tarah*

Hum hain mata-e-kucha...

*‘Majrooh’ likh rahe hain woh ahl-e-wafa ka
naam*

*Hum bhi khade hue hain gunehgaar ki tarah
Utthi hai har nigaah khareedaar ki tarah
Hum hain mata-e-kucha...*

I am like the merchandise of markets and
bazaars

Each gaze resting on me is like that of a buyer
I am like the merchandise...

He is elsewhere, but always around my heart.
On all around me, there falls something like
the lover’s gaze.

I am like the merchandise...

‘Majrooh’ writes this in the name of the
faithful lovers:

I, too, stand there, like the sinners.

Each gaze resting on me is like that of a buyer
I am like the merchandise...