

On Murshida's Birthday

In spring the sun in its northward flight
Terminates the gloom of wintry night,
The flowers all open their eyes and say
Come, love, and dance in this comforting light.

In spring the sun clears the web of day,
The earth then is garbed in finest array,
Heaven looks down and the angels all sing
If God is on earth, then on earth we must stay.

The mountains beseech: Oh, sun, stand thou still,
The vale to the moon: You too, if God's will.
Where is heaven on earth, tell me in thy pride,
What matters? With God there is no sort of ill.

I looked and say naught but God on His throne,
Paradise, heaven and earth all were gone,
Hell burnt in hell-fire, nothing remained
But infinite glory of the Eternal One.