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Come my love and rouse the garden from its sleep.

Gloom pervades the prison say something to the breeze.

Someone for God's sake should talk about my love.

Sometime at least the sun should rise from the corner of your lips.

Sometime at least the night should flow from your scented locks.

Strong is the link of grief no matter if the heart is poor.

Sorrowing hearts will flocking come, once they hear your name.

How I fared matters not but O lonesome night

My tears have ensured your peace here and beyond.

My heart Faiz could not approve any place en route.

Forced out of my love's street, I made for the gallows straight.