Secret of love

ek labze muhabbat, adanā ye fasānā simate toh dil-e-aashiq, failey toh zamānā one word – love; when it shrinks, it can fit in a lover's heart - if it expands it is the whole and this world just a part

yeh ishq nahee aasan, itana hee samajh lije ek aag ka dariya hai aur doob ke jana this love is not easy, do understand this well - it is an ocean of fire, and only way to cross it, is to drown in it

aansu toh bahut se hain aankho me jigar lekin bindh jäye toh motee hain rah jäye toh dänä

there are many tears in the eyes, what will become of them? either they'll be lost or, jigar, they'll become pearls and gems

Poet – Jigar Murãdãbãdi

Ali

dam dam ali ali kar, har dam ali ali kar naam-e-ali dã vird' pachãn le, rakhanã roz' hashr' dã dar remember the name of ali in each and every breath, in every moment - recognise the name of ali once again, or you will fear the doomsday daily

haiderium qalandaram mastam bandã-e-murtuzã ali hastam peshwã-e-tamãm rindãnam ke sag-e-koo-e-sher-e-yazadãnam

i am haideri (a follower of haider), i am qalandar and i am intoxicated with inspiration - i am a servant of ali murtaza i am a leader of all saints because i am a dog of the lane of 'allah's lion (referring to ali murtuza)

jap le jap le re manawã, yehi naam sachhã hai pyãre yehi naam tere sab dukhh tãre, isi naam ki barkat ne diyã rãz-e-haqeeqat khol oh heart, chant the name of ali - this is the only true name - only this name will take away all your sufferings - only the abundance of this name has revealed all the secrets of truth

tan par ali ali ho zubaan par ali ali mar jaoon to kafan pe bhi likhnã ali ali let the name of ali be on this body and this tongue - even when i die, write the name of ali on the shroud

maulă ali maulă, maulă ali maulă oh divine lord ali

The way of the Heart knows no Defeat

pyãr ki hãr se darnã kaisã, pyãr ki hãr bhi jeet hei pyãre toote dil ki teeson mei bhi, ek suhãnã geet hei pyãre oh dear one, why to be afraid of defeat in love, the defeat is also a victory - in the sighs of a broken heart, hides a beautiful song

pyãr ke tukde kadam kadam par, ek anoothi rãh' samajãye - varnã is' andhiy<mark>ãre jag</mark> mei, kaun kisi kã meet' hei pyãre

the broken pieces of love, on every step, shows a unique path - otherwise in this dark world, who really is one's beloved?

oojali sej pe sonewale, pyar ki sundarta kya jane premi ki palakon par moti, sanso mei, sangeet hei pyare the one who sleeps on a comfortable bed, does not know the beauty of love - because on the beloved's eyelashes, rests a gem and music in every breath

apani aashão ki kaliyãn, is' duniyã se ojhal kar lo phool par dhool udãkar hasnã, is duniyã ki reet hei pyãre oh dear one, vanish the buds of your desires from this world - because the world has a habit of throwing dust on a flower and laugh at it

raat ke gahare sannâte mei, shabnam ban kar rone wali ya chanda ki dhalati chhâya, ya panchee ki preet hei pyare in the deep silence of the night, one who becomes the dew and cries - is either the waning light of the moon, or is the love of the bird

Poet - Unknown

Saaki – the beloved

aankhon ka thã kasoor na dil kã kasoor thã aayã jo mere sãmne merã guroor thã it was the fault of the eyes, not of the heart what blocked my vision was my ego

wo the' na mujh se door main un se door tha aata na tha nazar to nazar ka kasoor tha beloved was not far away from me, i was far from the beloved - if i could not see, it was the fault of my vision/eye-sight

saaki ki chashm-e-mai kã kyã keejiye bayãn itnã suroor thã ki mujhe bhi suroor thã how to describe the intoxication of the eyes of the saaki (beloved) there was so much intoxication, that i too was intoxicated

koi to dard-e-mand dil-e-nã suboor thã mãnã ke tum na the koi tum sã zaroor thã there was some friend who was an impatient heart i agree it was not you, but was someone like you

Sadaa – E – Ishq Sadaa-e-ishq means the call of love. this song has no lyrics in particular. rather it uses the traditional syllables of indian classical music called 'tarãnã' which are simply random sounds, which resounds like a mantra, invented by one of the first sufi mystic musician called amir khusrau.

Shiva Shakti

a celebration of the merging of the male and female energies – shiva and shakti... where shiva represents the male, the 'purusha' and shakti represents the natrure, the feminine, the 'prakriti'.

this celebration starts with the mantra dedicated to the most divine sound of om... followed by the elements of indian classical music of 'sargam' and 'tarānā'

omkāram bindu-samyuktam nityam dhyāyanti yoginah | kāmadam mokshadam chaiva omkāraaya namo namaha ||1|| salutations to him who resides in the spiritual heart center as omkara, on whom the yogis constantly meditate, who grants all desires and also liberation to his devotees. salutations to that shiva, who is represented by syllable "om".

Guzãrish - the request

aaj jãne ki zid na karo yunhi pehloo mein baithe raho aaj jãne ki zid na karo haaye mar jãyenge, hum to lut jãyenge aisi baatein kiyã nã karo aaj jãne ki zid nã karo tonight, don't insist on leaving just sit here close to me tonight, don't insist on leaving oh i will die, i will be lost don't say such things tonight, don't insist on leaving tum hi socho zarã, kyun na roke tumhe jaan jäti hai jab uth ke jäte ho tum tumko apni gasam jaan-e-jaan baat itni meri maan lo aaj jãne ki zid nã karo just think for a moment, why shouldn't i stop vou

when my life leaves every time you go
i swear to you, my beloved
agree to this one request of mine
tonight, don't insist on leaving ..
waqt ki qaid mein zindagi hai magar
chand ghadiyan yehi hain jo aazad hain
inko khokar mere jaan-e-jaan, umr bhar na
taraste raho

aaj jaane ki zid na karo
life seems to be trapped in the prison of time
these are but the few moments that are free
by losing them, my beloved, let's not have a
life of regret
tonight, don't insist on leaving
oh i will die, i will be lost

kitnã maasoom rangeen hai yeh samã husn aur ishq ki aaj mein raaj hai kal ki kisko khabar jaan-e-jaan rok lo aaj ki raat ko aaj jaane ki zid nã karo what a virgin colour is the weather it is the reign of beauty and love who knows what will happen tomorrow let's stop this night, tonight tonight, don't insist on leaving

Poet - Faiyãz Hãshmi

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