

Some of my friends think that my dream is referring to the *Qaṣīda Burdah*, which is why I firstly presented a few verses from the *Qaṣīda* regarding the *Mirāj*. Others think it is referring to one of the poems of Ḥujjat al-Islām Mawlānā Qāsim Nānawtwī (may Allāh have mercy on him). Hence, I thought it appropriate to relate a few verses from the *Qaṣā'id Qāsmiyya* and conclude the book.

The *qaṣīda* of Mawlānā Jāmī (may Allāh have mercy on him) is in Persian and the principal of our *madrasah* Mawlānā Al-Ḥāj As^qadullāh (may Allāh have mercy on him) is proficient in Persian, alongside his interest in poetry. He is also one of the prominent disciples of Shaykh Thānawī (may Allāh have mercy on him), making his love for the Noble Prophet ﷺ even more intense. For this reason, I requested the respected Mawlānā to translate these verses in the most befitting manner. He accepted the request. After these verses, the translation will be presented, followed by the *Qaṣā'id Qāsmiyyah*.

بگر در روضہ گشتیم گستاخ ۱۶ دلم چوں پنجرہ سوراخ سوراخ
 زدیم از اشک بر چشم بے خواب ۱۷ مریم آستانِ روضہ ات آب
 گہے رفتیم زان ساحتِ غمبائے ۱۸ گہے چیدیم زو خاشاکِ خاکے
 ازاں نورِ سوادِ دیدہ دادیم ۱۹ وزیں بر ریشِ دل مرہم نہادیم
 بسوئے منبرت رہ بر گرفتیم ۲۰ زچہرہ پایہ اش در زر گرفتیم
 ز محرابت بسجدہ کام جستیم ۲۱ قدم گاہت بخون دیدہ شستیم
 پپائے ہر ستوں قدر است کردیم ۲۲ مقامِ راستاں درخواست کردیم
 ز داغِ آرزویت بادلِ خوش ۲۳ زدیم از دل بہر قندیل آتش
 کنوں گرتن ز خاک آں حریم است ۲۴ بحمد اللہ کہ جاں آں مجاہدیم است
 بخود در ماندہ ام از نفس خود رانے ۲۵ بییں در ماندہ چندیں بجنشائے
 اگر نبود چو لطف دست یائے ۲۶ ز دست مانیاید هیچ کارے
 قضایِ افگند از راہ مارا ۲۷ خدا را از خدا در خواہ مارا
 کہ بخشد از یقین اول حیاتے ۲۸ دہد آنگہ بکار دیں شبائے
 چو ہولِ روزِ رستاخیز خیزد ۲۹ باتش آبروئے ما نریزد
 کند با این ہمہ گمراہی ما ۳۰ ترا اذنِ شفاعت خواہی ما
 چو چوگاں سر فلندہ آوری روئے ۳۱ بمیدانِ شفاعت امتی گوئے

بحسنِ اہتمامت کارِ جامی

طیفیلِ دیگران یا بدتمامی ۳۲

مثنوی مولانا جامی علیہ السلام

- زہجوری برآمد جانِ عالم ① ترسم یا نبی اللہ ترسم
 نہ آخرِ حمتہ للعلیٰ مینی ② ز محروماں پیرا غافل نشینی
 ز خاک لے لالہ سیراب برخیز ③ چونگس خواب چند از خوابے خیز
 بروں آور سراز بر دیمانی ④ کہ روتے تست صبح زندگانی
 شبِ اندوہ مارا روز گزراں ⑤ ز رویت روزِ ما فیروز گزراں
 بہ تن در پوشش عنبر بوجے جامہ ⑥ بسر بر بند کا فوری بعامہ
 فرود آویز از سر گیسواں را ④ فگن سایہ بیاسر و رواں را
 ادیم طائفے نعلین پاکن ⑧ شرک از رشتہ جانہائے ماکن
 جہانے دیدہ کردہ فرشِ اہ اند ⑨ چو فرش اقبال پا بوس تو خوں بند
 ز حجرہ پائے در صحنِ حرم نہ ⑩ بفرقِ خاک رہ بوساں قدم نہ
 بدہ دستی ز پافتادگاں را ⑪ بکن دلدا ایسے دلدادگاں را
 اگرچہ غرق دریائے گناہم ⑫ فتادہ خشک لبِ خاکِ راہم
 تو ابرِ رحمتی آں بہ کہ گاہے ⑬ کنی بر حال لبِ خشکان نگاہے
 خوشا کز گردِ رہ سویت رسیدیم ⑭ بدیدہ گرد از کویت کشیدیم
 بمسجد سجدہ شکرانہ کریم ⑮ چراغت را زجاں پروانہ کریم

Every particle of the universe is bereaved upon your parting. Bestow us with your look of favour, O Messenger of Allah. Be merciful, O Seal of all messengers.

Indeed, you are a mercy to the worlds, so how can you neglect us misfortunate ones who are suffering from ill-fate?

O beautiful flower, grace the world with your vibrant fragrance and awake from your restful sleep to illuminate the hearts of those in need of guidance.

O ye who rests in his grave in Madina. Awake, for the whole Earth has become corrupt.)

Show us your blessed countenance from within your Yemeni shroud; your luminous face is the dawn of all life.

Bring daylight upon our long nights of grief, and make our days blossom with success and prosperity with your beauty.

Adorn your body with your fragrant amber-emanating garments, and crown your head with the turban, fragrant with the scent of camphor.

Let your fragrant locks of hair flow, shedding shade upon your blessed feet (an indication towards the fact that the Noble Prophet ﷺ did not have a shadow).

Wear the sandals of Ṭā'if as you once did wear and let their laces be made of our deep heartfelt conviction for you.

Each and everything has spread itself out before you, eagerly awaiting to kiss your blessed feet.

Come forth from your blessed chamber into the courtyard of the *ḥaram*. Place your feet on the heads of those who lie in your path, desirous of kissing the dust you tread on.

Take the helpless by the hand and assist them. Console the hearts of your sincere lovers.

Indeed, we are drowning in our ocean of our sins, but we wait on your path for our thirst to be quenched.

Verily, you are the cloud, which rains with mercy and it befits your compassion that you shower the thirsty with your generosity.

(Before proceeding with the translation of the remaining verses, it is important to note that most people are of the opinion that Mawlānā Jāmī (may Allāh have mercy on him) is describing a previous visit. Others are of the opinion that he is imagining a visit in the future. The honourable Shaykhul Ḥadīth is of the latter opinion and thus, this has been borne in mind in the translation.)

How wonderful will it be when we arrive in your presence and apply the dust of your blessed city in our eyes!

(May Allah grant us that day when we shall go to Madinah, and make collyrium out of the dust of the Prophet's ﷺ city)

And how beautiful will that time be when after performing two *rak'āt* in gratitude and prostrating thankfully, my grievous soul circles the blazing lamp of your blessed chamber like a butterfly!

Overwhelmed with love and restless for your communion, I shall walk to and fro to your blessed chamber, your burning love tearing my heart into pieces.

How glorious that day will be when the clouds of my sleepless eyes shall rain with tears and I shall sprinkle those tears over the threshold of your Ḥaram and your blessed grave!

At times, I shall gain the honour of sweeping the dust of the *ḥaram* and to remove the dust and litter from your blessed mosque.

Dust maybe harmful for our eyes, we know, yet the dust of your city is a light for our eyes. Although our wounds will be harmed by litter, it is the only cure for the wounds of our distressed hearts.

We would proceed towards your blessed pulpit thereupon rub our faces pale out of longing for you, painting our faces with its dust.

In your exalted *miḥrāb* and where you did perform ṣalāh would we stand in prayer, fulfilling the desires of our hearts and succeeding in all our goals. The place where your blessed feet stood would I bath with tears of blood, shed in yearning for you.

We would stand with humility before every pillar of your mosque, beseeching Allāh to elevate us to the ranks of the righteous.

Out of extreme pleasure, the great desires and yearning in our hearts will brightly light every candle on earth.

I may not be physically present in your sacred *ḥaram*, but all gratitude to Allāh, that my soul is most certainly there.

Perturbed I am over the state of my selfish desires, so assist this helpless one in his despondency and turn towards him your benevolent gaze.

If your loving generosity does not come to our aid, we will remain no more than a paralysed limb, unable to continue our lives.

Our wretchedness is diverting us from the straight path, the way of Allāh. We earnestly plead you to supplicate on our behalf.

Pray that the Almighty makes our lives successful through strong faith and conviction, and that we always remain firm in implementing His divine commands.

And when the Day of Judgement arrives with its horrific terrors, the Owner of the Day of Retribution, the Most Merciful protects us from the Hellfire, saving us from disgrace.

Despite all our sins and wrongdoings, He should grant you permission to intercede on our behalf, for none can intercede except with His permission.

And pray that your head does not lower in shame due to our crimes, but that you arrive saying, “O my Lord, show mercy on my followers.”

Through your relentless effort and the intermediary of the chosen bondsmen of Allāh is the needy Jāmī hopeful of salvation.

(I have heard that on the Day of Judgement, Allah will forgive the sinners through the intercession of the righteous.)

All praise is due to Allah. Through the blessing of Haḍrat Shaykh, this defective translation has been completed on the morning of 26 Zil Qadah 1384 AH.

(Haḍrat Mawlānā Asadullāh Sahib)

From the *Qaṣā'id Qāsmiyyah* of Ḥujjat al-Islām Mawlānā Qāsim Nānawtwī (may Allāh have mercy on him) the founder of Darul Uloom Deoband, I present before you a few verses of the famous *Qaṣā'id Bihāriyah*. It consists of over one hundred and fifty verses and to write all of them is difficult. If you wish to read all of them, refer to the original book. I am relating just over sixty couplets, which clearly display Mawlānā Qāsim

Nānawtwī's (may Allāh have mercy on him) profound and ecstatic love for the Noble Prophet ﷺ.

نہوئے نغمہ سرا کس طرح سے بلبلی زار
ہر اک کو حسبِ لیاقت بہار دیتی ہے
خوشی سے مرغِ چمن ناچ ناچ گاتے ہیں
بجھاتی ہے دلِ آتش کی بھی تپش یارب

کہ آئی ہے نئے سر سے چمن چمن میں بہار
کسی کو برگ کسی کو گل اور کسی کو بار
کفِ ورق سے بجاتے ہیں تالیاں شجا
کرم میں آپ کو دشمن سے بھی نہیں انکار

یہ قدرِ خاک ہے ہیں باغِ باغ وہ عاشق
یہ سبزہ زار کا رتبہ ہے شجرۃ موسیٰ علیہ السلام
اسی لئے چمنستاں میں رنگِ مہندی نے
پہنچ سکے شجرِ طور کو کہیں طوبے
زمین چرخ میں ہو کیوں فرق چرخ و زمین
کسے ہے ذرّہ کوئے محمدی سے سحرِ جبل
فلکِ علیسی و ادریس ہیں تو خیر سہی
فلکِ پوسب سہی پر ہے نہ ثانی احمد
شنا کر اس کی فقط قاسم اور سب کو چھوڑ
ابھی کس سے بیاں ہو سکے ثنا اس کی
جو تو اسے نہ بناتا تو سارے عالم کو
کہاں وہ رتبہ کہاں عقلِ نارسا اپنی
چراغِ عقل ہے گل اُس کے نور کے آگے
جہاں کہ جلتے ہوں پر عقلِ گل کے بھی پھر کیا
مگر کرے مری روح القدس مذکاری
جو جبرئیل مدد پر ہو فکر کی میرے
تو فخر کون و مکار زبده زمین و زماں
تو بونے گل ہے اگر مثلِ گل ہیں اور نبی
حیاتِ جان ہے تو ہیں اگر وہ جانِ جہاں

کبھی رہے تھا سدا جن کے دل کے بیچ غبار
بنا ہے خاص تحبلی کا مطلعِ انوار
کیا ظہور ورق ہائے سبزہ میں ناچا
مقامِ یار کو کب پہنچے مسکنِ اغیار
یہ سب کا بار اٹھائے وہ سب کے سر پر بار
فلک کے شمس و قمر کو زمین لیلِ نہار
زمین پہ جلوہ نما ہیں محمدِ مختار
زمین پہ کچھ نہ ہو پر ہے محمدی سرکار
کہاں کا سبزہ کہاں کا چمن کہاں کی بہا
کہ جس پہ ایسا تری ذاتِ خاص کا ہویا
نصیب ہوتی نہ دولت و جود کی زہار
کہاں وہ نورِ خدا اور کہاں یہ دیدہ زار
زباں کا منہ نہیں جو مدح میں کرے گفتار
لگی ہے جان جو پہنچیں وہاں مرے افکار
تو اس کی مدح میں میں بھی کروں رقمِ اشعار
تو آگے بڑھ کے کہوں اے جہان کے سردار
امیر لشکرِ پیغمبرِ ابراہیم
تو نورِ شمس گر اور انبیاء ہیں شمس و نہار
تو نورِ دیدہ ہے گر ہیں وہ دیدہ بیدار

ترے لحاظ سے اتنی تو ہو گئی تخفیف
 یہ ہے اجابتِ حق کو تری دُعا کا لحاظ
 بُرا ہوں، بد ہوں، گنہگار ہوں یہ تیرا ہوں
 لگے ہے تیرے سگ کو کو میرا نام سے عیب
 تو بہترین خلاق، میں بدترین جہاں
 بہت دنوں سے تمنا ہے کچھ عرضِ حال
 مگر جہاں ہو فلک آستاں سے بھی نیچا
 دیا ہے حق نے تجھے سب سے مرتبہ عالی
 جو تو ہی ہم کو نہ پوچھے تو کون پوچھے گا
 لیا ہے سگ نمطِ ابلیس نے مرا بیچھا
 رجاؤ خوف کی موجوں میں، امید کی ناؤ
 جیوں تو ساتھ سگانِ حرم کے تیرے پھوس
 اڑا کے بادِ مری مُشتِ خاک کو پسِ مرگ
 ولے یہ رتبہ کہاں مُشتِ خاکِ قاسم کا
 غرض نہیں مجھے اس سے بھی کچھ رہی لیکن
 لگے وہ تیرے غمِ عشق کا مرے دل میں
 لگے وہ آتشِ عشق اپنی جان میں جس کی
 تمہارے عشق میں رو رو کے ہوں نحیف اتنا
 رہے نہ منصبِ شیخ المشائخ کی طلب
 بشر گناہ کریں اور ملائک استغفار
 قضائے مبرم و مشروط کی سُنیں نہ پیکار
 ترا کہیں ہیں مجھے گو کہ ہوں میں ناہنجار
 یہ تیرے نام کا لگنا مجھے ہے عز و وقار
 تو سرورِ دو جہاں، میں کمینہ خدمتگار
 اگر ہو اپنا کسی طرح تیرے دُعا بار
 وہاں ہو قاسم بے بال و پر کا کیونکہ گزار
 کیا ہے سارے بڑے چھوٹوں کا تجھے سردار
 بنے گا کون ہمارا ترے سوا عم خوار
 ہوا ہے نفسِ مَوا سانپ سا گلے کا ہار
 کہ ہو سگانِ مدینہ میں میرا نام شمار
 مروں تو کھائیں مدینہ کے مجھ کو مور مار
 کرے حضورؐ کے روضہ کے آس پاس نشا
 کہ جائے کوچہ اطہر میں تیرے بن کے غبار
 خدا کی اور تری الفت سے میرا سینہ فگار
 ہزار پارہ ہو دل خونِ دل میں جو سشار
 جلانے چرخِ ستم گر کو ایک ہی جھونکا
 کہ آنکھیں چشمہٴ آبی سے ہوں درونِ غبار
 نہ جی کو بھائے یہ دنیا کا کچھ بناؤ سنگار

ہوا اشارہ میں دو ٹکڑے جوں قمر کا جگر
 کوئی اشارہ ہمکے بھی دل کے ہو جا پار
 تو تھام اپنے تئیں حد سے پانہ دھر باہر
 سنبھال اپنے تئیں اور سنبھل کے کر گفتار
 ادب کی جل ہے یہ چُپ ہو نو اور زبان بند کر
 وہ جانے چھوڑ اسے پر نہ کر تو کچھ اصرار
 بس اب دُر و دِڑھ اُس کی اور اُس کی آج تو
 جو خوش ہو تجھ سے وہ اور اُس کی عترتِ لطہا

Why should the nightingale of the garden not sing,
 When every garden blossoms with spring?

It gives everything its due share;
 To some a leaf, to some a flower and to others it bears fruit.

In happiness do the birds dance and sing.
 The trees are applauding with their leaves.

You have put out the blazing heat of the fire, O Lord!
 Your benevolence you do not even deny your enemy.

This is nothing, for the true joy is that of the lovers now rejoicing,
 Whose hearts were once always filled with the pain of separation!

This is the status of the meadow, the tree of Mūsā عليه السلام,
 Where the light of Your splendour shines with brilliance.

Thus, the colour of henna is evident in the garden,
 Even though the leaves are green.

Can *Ṭūbā* (tree of Paradise) ever reach the status of the tree of *Ṭūr*?
 Can the abode of a stranger ever equal the abode of the beloved?

Why should there not be a difference between the earth and the sky,
 When the earth bears the weight of everything and the sky is a weight upon everyone?

Indeed, a mere particle of dust from the path of Muḥammad ﷺ has belittled
 The sun and stars of the sky, putting the night and day to shame.

Indeed, 'Īsā ﷺ and Idrīs ﷺ are present in the heavens.
But the majesty of Muḥammad ﷺ the Chosen One does shine upon the Earth.

The heavens may contain everything, but none can compare to Aḥmad .
The Earth may have nothing, but our Muḥammad ﷺ is present therein.

O Qāsim, praise him alone and leave the praise of all others.
Why look towards the greenery, the garden and the spring?

O Lord, Who can possibly praise him adequately,
He who is showered with your special affection?

Had you not created him,
Never would this universe have been brought into existence.

How can our limited minds possibly comprehend his status?
How is it possible for our eyes to truly perceive the light from Allāh?

The light of our intellect is extinguished before the light of his splendour.
Our tongues are unable to duly express words in his praise.

If even the wings of Jibrīl ﷺ begin to burn at such heights,
How possibly can my thoughts reach such loftiness?

But if the Holy Spirit ﷺ assists me,
I shall also pen down a few couplets in his praise.

If Jibrīl ﷺ comes to my aid, I shall step forward,
Saying "O Leader of the Universe!"
You are the Pride of everything, the Essence of this world and for all time,
Leader of the Caravan of Messengers, King of the Righteous.

You are the scent of the flower, if all other Prophets are likened to flowers.
If they are compared to the sun, indeed you are then the very light of the sun.

The very spirit of life you are, if they are the life of all the creation.
Indeed, you are the pupil if they are likened to the eye.

Through your blessing was the universe created.
Wrong we are not in calling you the beginning of all life.

Everything was granted life from non-existence due to you.
Indeed your rank and spiritual progress were unparalleled.

All perfection has been placed in your being.
Your noble qualities are but a few in others.

No prophet has ever reached your status.
Even the great Prophets who worked miracles were unable to achieve your rank.

O Prophet of Allāh, all the Prophets take pride in calling themselves your follower.

The Hand of the Lord would not have touched the form of Adam
If your coming was not destined at the end.

Sayyidunā Mūsā requested the vision of Allāh
But Allāh Himself called you to His presence.

Can the pinnacle of *Ṭūr* possibly compare with the heights of your Nightly Ascension?
Has the Earth ever been comparable with the heavens?

How can the beauty of Yūsuf عليه السلام reach your beauty?
Zulaykhā was entranced by his beauty whilst Allāh Himself called you to His presence.

Your true beauty was concealed in your human form.
Allāh alone knows your reality.

No angel or prophet could possibly infringe your seclusion with Allāh, nor would Allāh
allow it. Indeed, you are his beloved and others are outsiders.

The moon never attained your beauty even for one night,
Even though it makes its appearance on countless occasions.

But how can I ever deserve this good fortune,
For I am sinful as much as you are most perfect.

But even my sins though they may be great in number,
Cannot reach the number of your perfect qualities, O Leader of Both Worlds, King of the
Righteous.

It is not inconceivable that due to your proximity to Allāh,
The sins of your followers will be counted as virtues on the Day of Judgement.

The wrongdoings of your followers will be such
That forgiveness unlimited shall rain upon even the smallest of sins.

Relying upon you do I tread the path of obedience,
For the sins of Qāsim are most heinous, and he is surely one of evil ways.

If sins are apprehensive of the wrath of the Almighty,
Then upon your intercession are the lovers hopeful of pardon.

I have committed sins greater than mountains,
But I have heard you will intercede for the sinners.
So greatly esteemed you are by the Almighty,
That whilst mankind commit sins, the angels seek forgiveness on their behalf.

Allāh holds your supplication in such esteem,
That for your prayers does He change the affairs decreed by fate.

Sinful and bad though I am, I am still yours.
Yes, I am insignificant, but despite this, I am still your servant.

Indeed it is an insult that my name be attached to the dogs of your city,
But honour for me lies in my being attributed to your noble being.

You are the best of all the creation, and indeed I am the worst.
Whilst you are the leader of both worlds, I am nothing but a worthless servant.

For many days have I yearned to express my feelings to you,
If I could possibly find a way to your blessed presence.

But where the sky is even lower than the doorstep
How can the destitute Qāsim even pass by there?

Allāh has bestowed you with the most exalted status.
Leader of all has He crowned you.

Who is there to care for us if even you do not give us your attention?
Who else can we turn to, to listen to our grief?

The dog of Satan pursues me,
My lowly desires hang around my neck like a snake.

Amidst the waves of hope and fear do I cling to the ship of hope,
That I also be considered amongst the dogs of Madīna.

I pray my life passes with the dogs of Madīna,
And that the insects of your blessed city decompose my body after I die.

May the wind blow my ashes after I die,
And scatter them around the Blessed Grave of the Prophet ﷺ.

But how can even the remains of Qāsim attain this rank,
That they reach your holy city even in the form of dust?

No hope does there remain for this either,
I solely desire that my heart burns with the love of Allāh and in your love.

May the arrow of your love pierce my heart,
Shedding it into countless pieces, filling my blood with the intoxication of your desire.

May such a burning fire of your love strike my soul,
That were its one spark to touch the sky, it would turn it to ashes.

May I cry profusely in yearning for you, making me weak.
Let my eyes shed fountains of tears until my eyes remain no more.

Let not the desire of being the greatest of all shaykhs remain,
Nor should my heart long for the adornment of this life.

The moon was split into two by the gesture of your finger.
May my heart also be cleft asunder in such a way.

Stay within your bounds and compose yourself.
Control yourself and think carefully before you speak.

This is the place where utmost respect is to be upheld, so remain quiet. Leave it to him
and don't persist in your request.

Leave everything else and just confer ṣalāṭ upon him and his family,
Pleasing him thereby and his pure household.

My Lord, confer upon him and all his family
Blessings that cannot be counted.

As mentioned in the beginning, I began writing this book on 25th Ramaḍān. Due to my commitments during the holy month, I was unable to pen down more than the first few lines. Even after this, I had very little time to write due to the great number of guests and the commitments of the new madrasah term. Despite this, the work carried on slowly.

When the leader of the *tablīghī jamā'ah* at Al-Ḥāǧ Mawlānā Muḥammad Yūsuf Kandahlawī (may Allāh have mercy on him) passed away last Friday, it crossed my mind that if this humble servant was also to pass away suddenly, the few pages I have written until now will remain unfinished and go to waste. Thus, I have decided to suffice upon whatever little I have written and I finish this book on the morning of Friday 6th Zil Ḥijjah 1384 AH. May Allāh forgive any shortcomings therein through His infinite grace and through the intermediary of His Prophet ﷺ.

Muḥammad Zakariyyā Kandhalawī
Madrasah Mazāhire □ Ulūm