

in a musing mood I wonder thought he if Ghete Afroz has ever compassionated the situation she reduced me to the more he mused the more he got perplexed till at last he called for wine to drive ^{the} out of his head He tossed off a couple of goblets but instead of driving the idea out of his head it drove it into his heart till he became quite impatient to see her again Make an ass or a dog of me said he I will not desert the lovely or charmer He kicked down his bottle and glass on the ground quite for got his uncles advice and up he got to set out for the place of Ghete Afroz The people of the house when they perceived his intention ran with doleful hubbubs to hinder him all in vain -

Fearless of harm without delay
Where love and beauty led the way
He took the path intent to gain
His hearts dear solace ah in vain;
When he came to the door of ^{the} Palace he called aloud open to the faithful Melech Mahammes" The door was opened in he went and saw Ghete Afroz dressed in robes of incomparable beauty and her lovely face flushed with the juice of the grape setting without in such a delicious posture that he was enraptured