

A CENTURY OF GHAZELS,

OR,

A HUNDRED ODES,

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED FROM

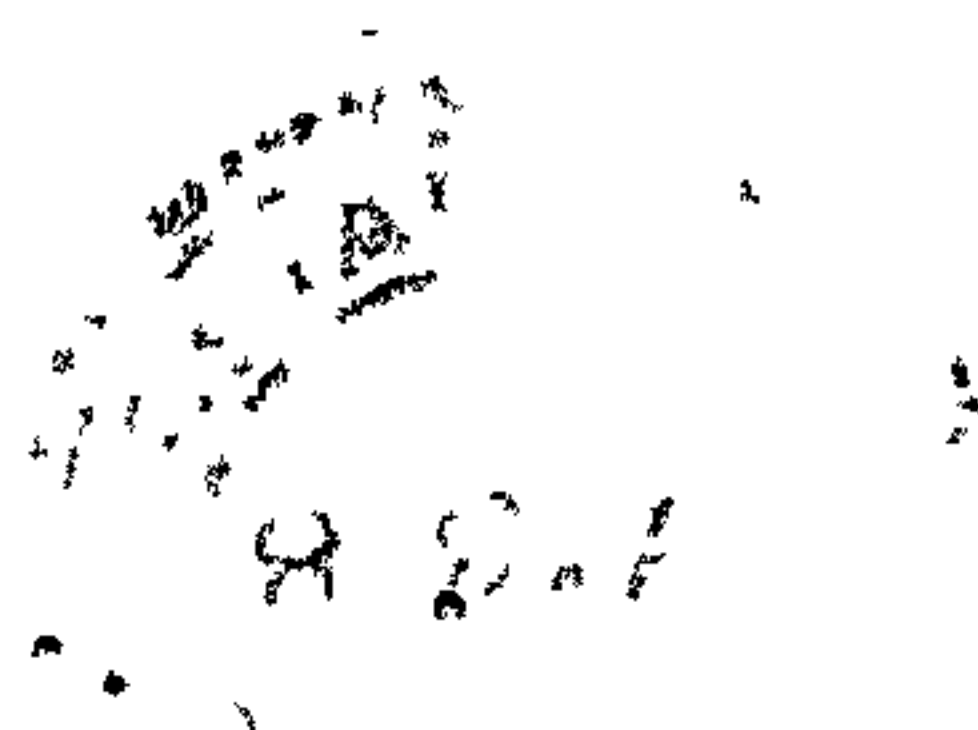
THE DIWAN OF HAFIZ,

A Persian Lyrical Poet, who flourished in the 14th Century.

*"THE BIRD OF THE MORNING ONLY KNOWETH THE WORTH
OF THE BOOK OF THE ROSE; FOR NOT EVERY ONE WHO
READETH THE PAGE UNDERSTANDETH THE MEANING.—*Hafiz.*"

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A CENTURY OF GHAZELS,

FROM

THE DIWAN OF HAFIZ.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE,

Of the poetical productions of Persian literature, none have a wider circulation or a greater celebrity than the lyrical poems of Hafiz. In the east his name is almost a household word, and wherever any collection of Persian books, however small, is found, we are told that a copy of Hafiz is sure to be amongst them. His popularity is spread far beyond the bounds of his own country, so far, indeed, as quite to justify him in exclaiming—

“O Hafiz, the fame of thine enchanting witchery
Hath reached the bounds of Egypt and China and the extremities
of Rai and Râm.”

In our western world his name and his writings are of course sufficiently familiar to Oriental scholars; but to the great majority of even well-informed English readers his name is little more than a name, and his works almost unknown.* Nor could this be well otherwise. There is not, so far as the translator of the following specimens knows, any translation of his entire works in the English language, nor even of any considerable portion of them in a collected form.

There is, indeed, no lack of versions of individual Odes, but they are spread through such a multitude and variety of literary journals and other publications, that it is in the highest degree improbable that of those which have been translated any single reader has seen a tenth part. Hafiz, too, has been somewhat unfortunate for his fame in another respect. His character has gone forth as a mere singer of Love and Wine—a kind of Oriental Anacreon; and too many of his poems selected for translation have been of this description, to the neglect of many of a more elevated nature. It must be admitted without doubt, that a vast number—perhaps a considerable majority—of his lyrics make these topics their main, if not their only theme, and it is very difficult to consider them as written in any other than a literal sense. On the other hand, there are others conceived in so different a spirit, that in spite of the terms employed and the manifold allusions to apparently sensuous and material objects, it is almost equally difficult not to regard them as inspired by a deeper and more spiritual signification. The Sufis claim Hafiz as a poet of their sect, and representing their opinions, and it must not be forgotten that the Persian Mystics perpetually and avowedly describe Divine

Love under the symbols of human love and wine.
So Jami, exclaims, addressing the Deity,—

“Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup we call thee;
Sometimes the lure, sometimes the net we call thee!
Except thy name, there is not a letter on the tablet of the universe:
Say by what name shall we call thee?”

And Nizami,

“Think not that when I praise wine I mean the juice of the grape;
I mean that wine which raiseth me above self.”

“My cup-bearer” is to perform my vow to God;

“My morning draught from the tavern” is the wine of self-oblivion.”

And he adds,—

“By heaven, so long as I have enjoyed existence,
Never hath the tip of my lip been stained with wine!”

It is very possible that Hafiz, as a young man, may have indulged in some youthful excesses, and become a Sufi and an abstainer in later life. But this question cannot be settled, because the peculiar arrangement of the Odes in his Diwân, which will be explained hereafter, does not allow us to ascertain the order of their production. Neither would Hafiz be the only man who has written Bacchanalian songs without living a Bacchanalian life.

Very little appears to be recorded of the events of the life of Hafiz, or of his habits and real character, and of that little, much rests on no very reliable authority. Oriental historians and biographers

possess very little of the critical faculty, and incorporate, in their narratives, without much discrimination, any legend which has associated itself with the subject of their story, and any popular anecdote or circumstance or saying which may render it attractive to the reader. As an instance, we have an amusing account given us of an interview between our poet and the celebrated Timour which it would be pleasant to believe. When that great conqueror had subjugated Fars and had occupied Shirâz, where Hafiz was living, we are told that he commanded him to appear before him, and said, "Art thou the man who hast been bold enough to offer my two great cities, Samarkand and Bokhara, for the black mole on the cheek of thy mistress?"—alluding to the first verse in the first Ode of the following translations. "Yes, sir," replied the undaunted poet, "and it is by such acts of generosity that I have been reduced to my present state of destitution, and compelled to solicit your assistance"—a rejoinder which so pleased the King that he dismissed him with a handsome present. Unfortunately for the authenticity of the story, Timour is said not to have taken Shirâz till A398, and the poet died at the latest date in 1391.

Hafiz was born at Shirâz, the capital of the province of Fars, when it was in the hands of the Muzaffer princes, and lived and died there. The year of his birth does not appear to have been accurately recorded, and about the year of his death there is some little discrepancy. The date inscribed on his tomb at Shirâz, which Sir Gore Ouseley says he had himself read, is A.H. 791, A.D. 1388. A *Tarikh* (that is an inscription in which the letters of a word in the inscription numerically reckoned forms the date) reads *Khak-i-Mosella*—meaning the earth of Mosella, in which he is buried—making it A.H. 791 also. Another *Tarikh* written by his friend and editor makes it A.H. 792. Four copies of *Darâlet Shah's Lives of the Poets* in Sir Gore Ouseley's possession agree in making it A.H. 794. *Luft Ali*, in his *Memoirs of the Poets*, gives A.H. 791, and *D'Herbelot* 797. He appears to have lived a quiet and retired life in his native city, to which he was fondly attached, and which he seldom quitted except for short periods and not distant places, and always with regret.

"Hail, Shirâz,"—he exclaims in one of his Odes,—“and its incomparable site!

O Lord, preserve it from every disaster!” (*See p. 87.*)

And in another Ode, p. 54,

The gentle breezes of the ground of Mosella and the waters of
Roknabad,

Have never allowed me the delights of travelling.

The painfulness of these enforced absences and his yearnings to return to his home are vividly alluded to in more than one of his poems.

Once indeed—and the story appears to rest on some authority, being mentioned by Ferishta, the historian of the Dek'han—he seems to have contemplated and actually to have commenced a long and distant journey. He had heard of the munificent encouragement which Sultan Mahmud Shah Bahmani, an accomplished prince then reigning in the Dek'han, afforded to poets and learned men, and became desirous of visiting his Court. Hearing of this wish, and desirous himself of forming an acquaintance with Hafiz, Sultan Mahmud sent him through the hands of his Vizier, Mir Fazlullah Anjû, an invitation and a handsome sum of money to defray the expenses of his journey. Thereupon he set out and advanced on his expedition as far as Lar. Sir Gore Ouseley says, "Lahore beyond the Indus;" but this is probably a mistake. To go by Lahore would suppose a very long, a very expensive, and very arduous land

journey through many countries, Persian and Indian. Lar is on the direct route from Shirâz to Hormuz, a port on the Persian Gulf, whence he could obtain a shorter and easier passage by sea to the Dek'han. There he encountered a friend who had been plundered by robbers, on whom he bestowed a part of his money, and not having left himself sufficient to prosecute his journey, was compelled himself to accept the assistance of two merchants whom he fortunately met with there, and who kindly took him with them to Hormuz. There he found a ship ready to sail to the Dek'han, and took his passage in her. But a storm having arisen, he was so terrified by it, that he abandoned his intention, and sending a letter of excuse to the Vizier with an Ode to the King, returned himself to Shirâz.

"The splendour of a Sultan's diadem," he says, "within which
like a casket enclosed are fears for one's life,
May be heart-attracting as a cap, but is not worth the loss of the
head it covers."

"The sufferings of the sea may appear easy to bear in the prospect
of its pearls ;
But I have cried, for its waves are not worth one hundred muns
of gold."

Hafiz is supposed to have been a married man, and
if the tender and beautiful poem, which will be found

at page 63 of the following translations, was written, as has been supposed, on the death of his wife, he can hardly have been the mere gay reveller and wine-babber which some of his Odes, taken literally, would represent him to be.

The truth is, very little that is trustworthy is to be found with regard to Hafiz, except occasional and not very frequent mention of his thoughts and feelings contained in his own poems. Some of these would lead us to suppose that he lead a quiet and retired life so far as circumstances allowed. But he lived in very troublous times for his country, when it was greatly distracted by the constant strifes between rival princes and contending parties, and the political convulsions and changes consequent upon such a condition of public affairs. To these Hafiz sometimes, though slightly, alludes in varied tone, as suits the occasion.

His volume acquired such reputation that it was resorted to, in the same manner as the *Sortes-Virgilianæ* in the middle ages, to gather from it "Fatwas," as they are called, judicial awards, and the decrees of fate. According to the story, when he died an opposition was raised by the priests to his interment with the usual funeral ceremonies, on the

ground of the levity of some of his poems, and his supposed want of Mohammedan orthodoxy. His friends, however, procured an appeal to his book, which of course opened at the right passage—

“Turn not away thy foot from the bier of Hafiz,
For though immersed in sin, he may yet be admitted in to
heaven.” (*See page 14.*)

He is buried in a small but pleasant garden not far from Shirâz, and when the Sultan Baber some time after the poet's death visited that city, his Primo Minister erected a handsome monument over his grave. Since that time it has been frequently repaired; and Sir Gore Ouseley says that when he was at Shirâz in 1810, he found it in excellent order. The Vakil, Kerim Khân Zend, had placed a slab of the finest alabaster over the tomb, with two Odes from the Diwân, sculptured in the most beautiful Nastaalik character. He also built a neat pavilion or hall, in which a superb copy of the poet's works is open for perusal, and apartments for the Mullahs and Dervishes who attend the tomb; and he beautified the little garden in such a manner as to render it the most delightful retreat in the vicinity of Shirâz, from which place it is about two miles distant N.E.

The translator of the following selections from the

works of Hafiz does not deem it necessary in these preliminary remarks to enter into a critical inquiry into the character of his genius, or the peculiar nature or value of the forms in which he has displayed it. He has presented to the mere English reader a greater number, as he believes, of his Ghazels than he could find in a collected shape, and in greater variety, or, indeed, than he could readily meet with at all, scattered as so many of those which have been translated are through an infinite number of publications. He must leave it to those who may have the curiosity to peruse this little book to form their own judgment of their intrinsic merit, or their interest in a literary point of view. Many, perhaps most, will find them repugnant to western taste; many to their own individual sympathies and feelings; many will think that they have too much sameness in their sentiments, figures, and ideas; but he cannot help believing that a few at least will recognise beneath their strange garb and mystic expressions many bold thoughts and fine images, and much of deep significance and elevating tendencies. At all events, productions which throw any light on the intellectual and moral condition of a portion of the great human family, and one so utterly different

in its nature from our own, cannot be unimportant, and ought not to be uninteresting, to those who think that the proper study of mankind is man.

A word, as to the dress in which the translator has thought it best to clothe his version. No one but must feel how much the language of poetry loses by being transmuted into that of prose; and this especially in the case of lyrical poetry, which depends so intimately for its effect on all the variety of modulation and the music of sound which the art and ear of the poet can give it. But he has wished above every thing else to preserve for his English reader the exact sense of the original, and not only the exact sense, but the peculiar and characteristic flavour—the aroma, so to say—of the Oriental style. This union, he thinks, is hardly possible in a metrical version; at least he has seen few examples of such in English which completely satisfy him in this respect. Perhaps the most beautiful rendering of a Persian Ode which has ever been made in our language is the exquisite one by Sir William Jones, of the first Ghazel in the following specimens. It is impregnated throughout with the Oriental spirit; but when we find that the twenty-one words of the first couplet of the original, literally

translated into English prose, are transmuted into thirty-eight in the version, we naturally wish to know how far the beauties we admire, and the thoughts and images which are presented to us, really exist in the original text, or are introduced by the copyist to render his imitation more conformable to the western style and the taste of the European reader. Would a versified translation of the prophetic and poetical books of the Bible be equally satisfactory to the English reader as our present literal but rhythmical prose version?

One word more as to the title *Diwân* which has been given to collections of lyrical poems by Hafiz and other writers, and the exact idea of the Persian Ghazel, into which form Hafiz has thrown all his productions. The Ghazel, then, is a kind of sonnet, subject, like the sonnet, to certain fixed rules, which it must not transgress. It ought not to exceed sixteen or seventeen *baits* or couplets. Of these baits or couplets, the two lines or verses of which it is composed must in the first bait of the Ghazel rhyme together; but in all the succeeding baits the first line is left without having any rhyme to answer to it, but the second line must rhyme with the two rhymed lines of the first bait of the Ghazel: so that, through-

out the Ode, after the first bait, the first or odd line of every succeeding bait must be left unrhymed, but the second, or even lines, must all rhyme together, and with the two rhymed lines of the first bait. Examples of this structure may be found in Ghazels at pp. 31, 35, 51, &c. in the following translations.

In another respect, however, the Persian Ghazel differs from the sonnet as widely as possible. The sonnet is, or ought to consist of one simple thought which it gradually develops, enlarges; and embellishes, till it culminates and closes in some natural application, or striking and emphatic termination. The Ghazel, on the contrary, is made up generally of many thoughts, not naturally arising out of one another, and often so little connected, that it is not without difficulty that the reader, even if there be a faintly visible connection at the bottom, can seize and determine it, and it seems almost immaterial in what order the baits are arranged. In point of fact, they are placed in very different order in some manuscripts and printed texts. They have been fitly described as "Pearls strung at random," "stringing pearls," or, more literally, "piercing them," that is for the purpose of stringing them," being in Persian phraseology the metaphorical expression for com-

posing poetry. So Hafiz, in the concluding bait of the first of the following Odes, exclaims,—

“Thou hast composed thy Ghazel : thou hast strung thy pearls :
Come, and sing it sweetly, O Hafiz !”

Or, as Sir William Jones has rendered it,—

“Go boldly forth my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like Orient pearls at random strung.”

And here it may be noted, as a curious fashion characteristic of the Ghazel, and amounting almost to an absolute rule, that the poet is expected to introduce his own name in the last bait ; generally, though not invariably, with a certain amount of self-glorification, not necessarily implying mere personal vanity. In the following Ode may be found numerous instances in which the poet glorifies himself in this way.

When a poet has composed one or more Ghazels every rhyme-bait of which terminates in the *same letter*, and one or more Ghazels for *every* letter of the alphabet, the whole Collection is arranged in the alphabetical order of the bait-letter, and is then termed a DIWAN ; and there is no greater object of ambition to the Persian lyrist than to leave a Diwân. This singular arrangement, however, has the great dis-

advantage, as observed above, at page v. of this preliminary notice, that it sadly interferes with any attempt to determine the order in which the poet produced his several poems, and almost prevents any light from being thrown on the growth and development of his moral and intellectual character.

The translator hopes that the Ghazels selected will be found amongst the best, and in sufficient variety to give to the English reader a fair idea of the subjects, manners, and characteristic features of his author, and that his renderings of them will be found close and faithful. The translator has spared no pains to make them as exact as such knowledge as he possesses of the Persian language has enabled him to do. He has compared them more than once, line by line, with the originals; but he cannot conclude this preliminary notice without acknowledging his obligations to Professor von Rosenzweig's excellent edition of the text published at Vienna, in 1858, in 3 vols., 8vo., accompanied by notes and a versified translation which he has had constantly under his eye, and without the aid of which he would not have ventured on his undertaking. Those who best know the difficulty of clothing Eastern ideas, imagery, and phrasology in a European garb, will most readily

excuse some errors, in his desire to give to English readers some, however faint, a notion of a poet so famed as HAFIZ.

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It may be proper to mention that fifteen of the following translations have appeared already in another little work by the same translator, published 1872, under the title of "Flowers Culled from Persian Gardens," and those who wish for some further information and specimens may consult

D'Herbelot—Bibliothèque Orientale, Hafiz.

Specimen Poesiæ Persicæ, Sive Haphyzi Odæ Sexdecim, Vindobonæ, 1771. (*Baron Revidzki.*)

Sir William Ouseley's Oriental Collection. 8 vols., 4to. London, 1797-98. (*Pasani.*)

Hindley's Persian Lyrics from the Diwân-i.-Hafiz. London, 1800.

Specimen of Persian Poetry, or Odes of Hafiz. By John Richardson. London, 1802.

Scott Waring's Tour to Sheeraz. London, 1817.

Sir Gore Ouseley's Biographical Notices of Persian Poets. London, Oriental Translation Fund, 1846. (*Hafiz.*)

And an Article on Hafiz, with Translations of Twelve Odes, by Professor Cowell, in No. 177 of *Macmillan's Magazine*, July, 1874.

S. R.

Jan., 1875.

S. Robinson

GHAZELS OR ODËS, FROM THE
DIWAN OF HAFIZ.

If that beauty of Shiraz would take my heart in hand, I would give for her dark mole Samarkand and Bokhara.

Boy, bring me the wine that remaineth, for in Paradise thou wilt not see the banks of the water of Roknabad, nor the rose-bower of our Mosella.

Alas! those saucy lovely ones—those charming disturbers of our city—bear away patience from my heart as Turkomans their repast of plunder!

Yet, the beauty of our maidens is independent of our imperfect love!—To a lovely face what need is there of paint or dyes, of mole or down?

Speak to me of the musician and of wine, and search less into the secrets of futurity; for no one in his wisdom ever hath discovered, or ever will discover, that mystery.

I can understand how the beauty of Joseph, which added new lustre to the day, withdrew Zulaikha from the veil of her modesty. (Note 1.)

Thou hast spoken evil of me, and I am contented.—God forgive thee!—Thou hast spoken well; for even a bitter word is beseeching, when it cometh from a ruby sugar-dropping lip.

Give ear, O my soul, to good counsel; for better than their own souls love youths of a happy disposition the admonition of the aged wise.

Thou hast composed thy ghazel, thou hast strung thy pearls: come and sing it sweetly, O Hafiz! for heaven hath shed upon thy poetry the harmony of the Pleiades.

Rosenzweig-Schwannau I, 24-5. Calcutta Ed, 5, 2.



دل سر پرده حبیب
P. 21.

The heart is the veil behind which is hidden His love; His eye is the mirror-holder which reflecteth His countenance.

I, who would not bow my head to both worlds, submit my neck to the burthen of His mercies.

Thou enjoyest the Tuba-tree, I the image of my beloved one? every one's thoughts are fashioned to the measure of his aims. (Note 2.)

What should I be within that Holy place, in which the morning-breeze is the veil-holder who guardeth the sanctuary of His honour!

If I have soiled the skirts of my raiment what is the damage which I can do; the universe is the pledge for His purity!

Mejnun is long departed; now it is our turn: to each one is allowed a five days' sojourning! (Note 3.)

The kingdom of love and the wealth of enjoyment—all that I possess is bestowed by the hand of His destination.

If we have offered for a ransom ourselves and our hearts, why need we fear? The goal towards which we strive is the purpose of His salvation.

Never cease to make His image the object of thine eye, for its cell is the peculiar chamber of His privacy.

Every new rose which adorneth the meadow is a mark of the colour and perfume of His benevolence.

Look not on his external poverty, for the bosom of Hafiz is a rich treasury in the exuberance of His benevolence!

Rasul I., 56-7. *Calcutta Ed.*, 12, 2.



آن بیک با مودت و محبت ز دیار
 P. 24

This illustrious messenger, who has arrived from the country of my Friend, has brought an amulet for my soul in the perfumed letter of my Friend.

He giveth me a sweet token of the excellence and dignity of my Friend: he telleth me a delightful history of the majesty and glory of my Friend.

I have yielded-up my heart to him for his glad tidings, but I am ashamed on account of my own base counters, which I scatter as festival-monoy over the head of my Friend. (Note 4.)

Thanks be to God! that, propitious fate assisting, I have brought all my desires into accord with the acts and injunctions of my Friend.

Why need I chuse the march of the spheres and the mutations of the moon, since their revolutions are all computed at the free choice of my Friend.

Though the blast of convulsion should strike both worlds, we will fix our eye on the lamp which guideth us on the road in anxious anticipation of our Friend.

Prepare me, O morning breeze, a precious collyrium made of that fortune-favoured earth, which lay in the pathway trodden by my Friend.

We will remain prostrate at the threshold of our Friend, our heads bowed down in prayer, nor raise

them till we fall into slumber on the bosom of the Friend.

If an enemy should draw a breath with the purpose of injury to Hafiz, why should I fear; since, thanks be to God! I have no need to be ashamed of my Friend?

Rosen. I., 74-5. Calcutta Ed., 17, 2



بیا که در این کجاست بنیاد است
P. 17

Come, for Hope's strong castle is built on weak foundations; bring wine, for the fabric of life is unstable as is the wind.

I am the slave of His wishes, who under the azure vault is free from the shadow of dependence.

Shall I say, when yesternight I was utterly intoxicated in the wine-house, what glad message was brought to me by an angel from the unknown world?

"O lofty-sighted royal-falcon, whose seat is on the tree of Paradise, not in this nook of misery should be thy nest."

For thee are sounding the melodious voices from the Ninth Heaven! How thou art fallen into this place of snares, I cannot conceive!"

I will give thee a piece of counsel: keep it in mind and reduce it to practice; for it is a precept which I have preserved in my memory from my aged guide.

"Seek not for the fulfilment of its promise from this perfidious world, for this old hag has been the bride of a thousand wooers."

Let not the cares of the world consume thee, and let not my advice depart from thee, for I received it in affection from one who had been a pilgrim in many lands.

“Be content with what hath been given, and smooth thy ruffled brow; for the door of choice will not be opened either to thee or me.”

In the smile of the rose is no sign of promise, or of performance: lament, thou loving nightingale, for there is room for lamentation.

Why, feeble poetizers, be envious of Hafiz, because God hath given him the power to pour out sweet words, and to win all hearts!

Rosen. I., 80-81. Calcutta Ed., 26, 1.



روضه خضر درویش نیت و ابرو

There is a garden everlastingly green, the lovely retreat of the pious Derwish : a grand capital is the service of the pious Derwish !

The treasure hidden and guarded by the wondrous talisman is revealed to the sight by the grace of the pious Derwish.

That before which the sun veileth its proud diadem is a grandeur exceeded by the pious Derwish.

The citadel of Paradise, of which Rizwân is the porter, may be seen from the cheerful meadow of the pious Derwish. (Note 5.)

That which turneth by its ray the dark heart into gold is an alchymy learnt in the companionship of the pious Derwish.

From shore to shore stretch the armies of tyranny, but from eternity to eternity the victory is with the pious Derwish ;

And the fortune, to which is attached no sorrow from the vexation of failure, is the fortune—hear ye it!—which favoureth the pious Derwish.

Monarchs are the shrine to which are directed all necessities, all prayers; but they all stand as servants in the presence of the pious Derwish.

O man of might display not all this haughtiness ;

thy gold and thine head are in the keeping of the grace of the pious Derwish.

The treasure of Karûn, which vengeance hath buried until now, was due—thou mayest have read,—to the zeal of the pious Derwish. *(Note 6.)*

The image of that which kings by their vows seek to obtain is to be seen in the face-reflecting mirror of the pious Derwish.

Art thou searching, O Hafiz, to find the waters of eternal life?—their source is in the earth which lieth at the cell door of the pious Derwish.

Hafiz, be thou in this modest and respectful; for the sovereignty of kings is all derived from service in the presence of the pious Derwish.

Rosen. L, 94-5. Calcutta Ed., 25, 2.



36 خوشتر از عیش و صحبت و باغ و بهار چیست

Is there aught sweeter than the delights of the garden and companionship of the spring? But where is the cup-bearer? Say, what is the cause of his lingering.

Every pleasant moment that cometh to your hand score up as an invaluable prize! Let no one hesitate, for who knoweth the conclusion of the matter?

The tie of life is but a hair! use thine intelligence; be thyself thine own comrade in sorrow, and what then is the sorrow which fate can deal thee?

The meaning of the FOUNTAIN of Life and the GARDENS OF IRIM—what is it but the enjoyment of a running stream and a delicious wine?

The temperate man and the intemperate are both of one tribe; what choice is there between them, that we should surrender our souls to dubious reasonings?

What reveal the silent heavens of that which is behind the veil! O litigant, why dispute with the keeper of the veil?

If to him who is bound up in error or sin there is no room for warning or amendment, what meaning is there in the words—"CANCELLING, and the MERCY OF THE FORGIVING ONE?"

The devotee longs for draughts from the river
Kuther, and Hafiz from a goblet of wine. Between
these, the will of the Creator—what would *that* be?

Rosen. I., 188-9. Calcutta Ed. wanting. (Note 7.)



Censure not, thou pious man, in the purity of thy soul, the lover of wine, for in thy book of account will not be written the sins of others.

Whether I be good or bad, go thou thine own way: every one will reap finally the seed that he hath sown.

Make me not hopeless, on account of the past, of the benignity of the Eternal One; what knowest thou, who, beyond the veil, will be judged to be good or evil?

Every one, whether he is abstemious or self-indulgent, is searching after the Friend: every place may be an abode of love, whether it be a mosque or a synagogue.

Not even I am an outcast from the cell of piety, and that is enough: even our Ancestor let Eden escape from his hand.

The garden of Paradise is beautiful; but take heed that thou account as gain the shade of the willow and the borders of the corn-field.

Place no reliance on thy works, for on that day of the Eternal how knowest thou what the pen of the Creator may have written against thy name?

On thy last day, though the cup be in thine hand, thou mayest be borne away to Paradise even from the corner of the tavern. *Rosen. I., 148-9. Calcutta Ed. 29, 1.*



کنون که عید از لعل و شکر نسیم لعل 75

Now is a breeze of Paradise blowing from the garden, and here am I with my joy-bestowing draught, and my beloved-one beautiful as a Houri!

Why should not the beggar to-day boast himself a king; his canopy the shadow of a cloud, his banqueting hall the borders of the corn-field!

The meadow may tell him the story of Paradise: wise he is not who expendeth on a future Paradise the ready money of the present!

Build up thine heart with wine, for the world is a ruin, and the end of it will be, that they will make bricks of my clay!

Ask not for faith from an enemy, for it will not yield thee a spark; it will be but to kindle the taper of the monastery at the lamp of the fire-temple.

Write not my name in the black book reproachfully as "drunkard;" for who is informed what Fate hath written on his brow.

Turn not away thy foot from the bier of Hafiz, for, though immersed in sin, he may yet be admitted into heaven. (*Note 8.*) *Rosen. I., 152-3. Calcutta Ed., 29, 1.*



بے ہوشی روز مرہ الخیر کا نہایت 72

Without the sun of thy cheek, the day hath no light for me; and life is to me only one long night!

At the time of my bidding thee adieu, at a distance from thy countenance, no light was any longer left to mine eye from its much weeping.

Thine image vanished from mine eye, as I exclaimed—"Ah! this waste; not a nook of it now remaineth in cultivation!"

Thy presence held aloof Fate from my head; now in thine absence it is not far distant.

The moment is now near when my rival may exclaim—"That broken down abandoned one is not far from his departure."

What now would it avail me, were my beloved one to wound her foot henceforth in trying to visit me, when scarcely a spark of life remaineth in my sick body.

Absent from thee, if mine eye no longer supply any water, say—"Pour out thine heart's-blood, for what else is left thee to do?"

Patience ought to be my remedy in separation; yet how be patient when even the possibility no longer remaineth!

• O Hafiz, with sorrow and weeping thou hast done
with smiles: for him who is arrayed for the funeral
obsequies, what place can there be at the nuptial
banquet?

Rosen I, 180-1. Calcutta Ed., 13, 2.



58. *مگر یہ درد چشم نشتر در خون است*
 My weeping eye is stained with tears of blood. see to what a state are reduced those who search after thee!

When the sun of thy countenance riseth on the east of thy village, it dawneth on a day auspicious to my happiness.

The words of Ferâd are the story of Shirin's life; the plaits of Laila's tresses are the dwelling-place of Mejnun. (Note 9.)

Be friendly to my heart, for it is captive to that graceful cypress-resembling form; speak words to me, for thy speech is gracious, and melodious are thine accents!

Cup-bearer, with the circling wine bring comfort to my soul; for the sorrows of the heart are linked with the sorrows of the revolving sphere.

From the time that that precious maiden escaped from my hand, the skirt of my garment hath resembled the wild stream of the Jihûn. (Note 10.)

How can my troubled soul be changed to inward gladness, when the power of choice is denied me from without?

Hafiz is roaming about like a phrenzied man to seek his friend; like the poor bankrupt who is yearning to discover the treasures of Karûn. (Note 6.)

Rosen. I., 182 8. Calcutta Ed., 21, 2.



The road of Love is a road to which there is no end ; and in which there is no remedy save to resign our souls.

Frighten us not with the prohibitions of Wisdom, for that bailiff hath no authority in our jurisdiction.

For thee, whoever thou art, that givest up thine heart to love, thou hast a sweet moment ! In a good thing what need of praying for something better ?

Ask thine own eye, who wishes to slay thee ? O my soul, it is the fault of thy star, not the sin of the constellations !

To him who hath a clear eye it is possible to discover the first streak of the new moon ; to every eye it is not given to perceive that moonlet. (Note 11.)

Count it an opportunity to enter on the path of intoxication ; for the signs of it, like those which lie in the way to a treasure, are not perceptible to every one.

The lamentation of Hafiz on Thee maketh not the slightest impression ; I am amazed to find that thine heart is not less hard than marble.

Rosen I., 186-7. Calcutta Ed., 18, 1.



ساقی! جامی که در دست داری
 ۴۹

Cup-bearer, the day of the Festival is come; may it be to thee a happy one! and the promise thou madest me, let it not escape thy memory!

Let the daughter of the vine be in attendance; for the breathing of my desire to see thee hath freed my heart from its sorrow.

I am astonished, that for so long a period of the days of separation thou hast severed thine heart from thy companions! that thou hadst the heart to do it!

Thanks be to God, that from the blast of winter thy garden hath received no injury! neither jessamine, nor rose, nor marjoram, nor cypress!

Far be from thee the evil eye! From that sad scattering thy glorious star and thine inborn good-fortune have given thee a glad salvation!

The joyfulness of the assemblies will follow the footsteps of thine arrival; may every heart which doth not wish thee joy be a place of sorrow!

Hafiz, let not the fellowship of this ark of Noah go from thine hand, or the deluge of events may carry away the foundations of thy dwelling:

Rosen. I., 188-9. Calcutta Ed., 13, 2.



I have heard a sweet word which was spoken by the old man of Canaan—"No tongue can express what meaneth the separation of friends!" (Note 12.)

The description which the preacher proclaimeth to the city of the dread day of the resurrection is but a significant name for the day of separation.

From whom shall I ask for a token of my departed friend? for, whatever he said, the breeze has cut it off; and it has perished.

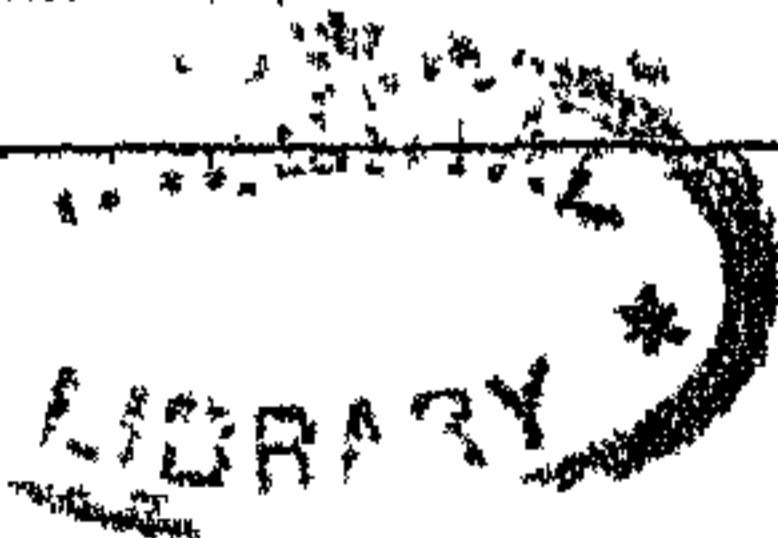
Warm the old sorrow with mellow wine; for, so sayeth the aged peasant—"This is the seed to produce a crop of cheerfulness."

Alas! that to that unkind moon—the friend of my enemy—it hath been so easy to abandon the society of her own loving ones!

Henceforward I resign my place contentedly to the gratitude of my rival; for my heart hath accustomed itself to grief, nor will try any longer to medicine it.

Hope not to tie the wind, though it blow in the direction of thy wishes; for the wind itself once gave this similitude to Solomon.

Though Fate give thee a respite, leave not thou the right way; who hath told thee that the old hag hath bid adieu to her wonted tricks?



Utter not a word about "the How and the Wherefore," for the faithful slave accepteth with his whole soul the commands of his sovereign.

Who hath told thee that Hâfiz hath recalled one thought from thee?—I have never said so; and if anyone hath so said, it is a calumny!"

Rosen. I, 190-1 Calcutta Ed., 27, 1.

سنیدہ ام سنجہ خوش خوشم کہیں گے
P. 70



In the hour of dawn the bird of the garden thus spoke to a freshly blown rose :—" Be less disdainful, for in this garden hath bloomed many a one like thee."

The rose smiled and said :—" We have never grieved at hearing the truth, but no lover would speak so harshly to his beloved !"

To all eternity the odour of love will never reach the brain of that man who hath never swept with his brow the dust from the sill of the wine-house.

Dost thou desire to drink the ruby-tinted wine from that gold-begemmed goblet, how many a pearl must thou first pierce with the point of thine eyelashes !

Yesterday, when in the rose-garden of Irim, the morning breeze with its gentle breath began to disturb the hair of the spikenard,

I exclaimed,—“ O throne of Jemshid, where is thy magic world-reflecting mirror ?”—and it replied,—“ Alas ! that that watchful fortune should be slumbering !”

(Note 13.)

The words of love are not those that come to the tongue ; O, cup-bearer, cut short this asking and answering.

The tears of Hañiz have cast patience and wisdom
into the sea : how could it be otherwise ? The
burning pangs of love how could he conceal ?

Rosen. I., 1915. Calcutta Ed., 27, 1.

مجموعہ حسن باجکل نوخوار سنگو! 5



Gone were heart and faith, and the heart-stealer stood-up in anger and said :—" Sit no longer beside me, for salvation hath deserted thee!"

Hast thou heard of anyone who hath sat down at the banquet to enjoy a pleasant moment, who in the end did not rise up and retire from its company repentant?

If the tongue of the taper boasted of that smiling countenance, did it not depart at night chastised in the presence of thine admirers? (Note 14.)

The vernal breeze in the garden had to sever itself from the embrace of the rose and the cypress; in vain transported with passion in admiration of their faces and stature.

Thou didst but pass-by in thine intoxicating beauty, and angels from their retreats came forth to look at thee with such tumult as shall be on the day of resurrection.

In the presence of thy bearing the proud cypress stayed its foot for very shame, as it gazed on the eloquence of thy tallness and figure.

O Hafiz, cast away thy fanatical garb of shreds and patches, for there cometh out fire from the garb of hypocrisy. (Note 15.) *Rosen. I., 196-7. Calcutta Ed., 17, 1.*



No one has yet seen thy face, and already thou hast a thousand who watch thee: thou art still in the bud, and yet even now a hundred nightingales are fluttering about thee.

When I come to thy village, it seemeth nothing strange; for, stranger as myself, cometh many a one to thy country.

Though I am so far from thee—ah, me! that any-one should be far from thee!—I still nourish the hope that I may soon enjoy thy presence.

In love the monastery and the wine-house are not so far asunder; for wherever dwelleth love, a ray beameth from the face of a lover.

The work of the cloister sheds a splendour, whether it be by the gong of the devotees' convent, or in the name of the cross.

Where is the lover, who has not some beloved-one who regardeth his condition! O, sir, where there is suffering, there, too, will be found the physician.

The complaint of Hafiz is not without foundation; his tale is a strange one, and his story full of marvels.

Rosen I., 198-9. Calcutta Ed., 22, 2.

نوحی و کس ندید و هزارت اقبیت 48

O Hoopoo, I send thee eastward to the land of Saba!—Take heed, whence and whither I send thee!

It is unjust that a bird like thee should be confined in this dust-pit of sorrow: therefore I send thee hence to the nest of faithfulness.

In the road of affection there is no “far or near” as a halting-place: I behold thee as in my presence, and offer thee my congratulations.

Every morning and every evening I send thee whole caravans of good wishes, under the convoy of the east and north winds.

O, banished from my sight, dear companion of my heart, I send thee my benediction and salutations.

That the army of sorrow may not lay waste thy kingdom, mine own precious life I send thee to buy off its redemption from plunder

That the minstrels may inform thee of my yearnings towards thee, I send thee my words and my ghazels with notes and instruments.

Cup-bearer, come! for a heavenly herald has announced to me this glad message:—“Bear thine afflictions with patience, for I will send the remedies also.”

In thine own face thou mayest enjoy the creative

power of God, but I have sent thee a mirror in which thou mayest contemplate God himself.

Hafiz, the song of our assemblies is a kind memorial of thee. Make haste! to bring thee to me, I have sent thee a horse and a festive garment.

Rosen. I., 204-5. Calcutta Ed., 28, 2.

ایں شعر میں میر تقی میر کی
P. 33



Q vanished from my sight, God watch over thee!
Thou hast consumed my soul; But I still hold thee
dear to my heart!

So long as the skirt of my shroud is not trod under
the foot of my clay, believe not that I will withdraw
my hand from thy garment.

Let me still look towards the shrine of thine eye-
brows, that at the morning hour I may still lift up
the hand of supplication, and lay it on thy neck.

Should I have to travel to the Babylonian Harût I
would use a hundred juggling arts to take thee with
me. (Note 16.)

Give me of thy grace unlimited permission that in
this heart-burning I may rain down pearl-drops from
mine eyes every moment at thy feet.

A hundred rivers of water from mine eyes have I
poured into thy lap, in the hope that I might sow the
seed of love in thy bosom.

I weep in the desire that by this torrent of tears
I may cultivate in thine heart the germs of affection.

She hath shed my blood, but the sharpness of her
dagger-pointed eye—and for this I thank her,—hath
set my heart free from the pangs of separation.

One thing I could wish for before I die, thou faith-

Q vanished from my sight, God watch over thee!
Thou hast consumed my soul; But I still hold thee
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She hath shed my blood, but the sharpness of her
dagger-pointed eye—and for this I thank her,—hath
set my heart free from the pangs of separation.

One thing I could wish for before I die, thou faith-

less physician; that thou shouldest make a single inquiry about the sick one who is yearning to see thee.

O Hafiz, wine, and pleasure, and revelry are not what becometh thee! Thou must totally renounce them, or I leave thee to perish!

Rosen. I., 208-9. Calcutt. Ed., 28, 1.

ایہی سب چیزیں خیر اندیشی سے چھوڑ
P. 34



O my Lord, contrive the means that my friend may return in safety, and may deliver me from the claws of censure!

Bring me the dust of the road trod by my travelled friend, that I may make my world-seeing eye her abiding dwelling-place.

Alas! that on six sides my outlet is barred by that mole and down, those cheeks and ringlets, that face and figure.

To-day whilst I am in thine hands show thy mercy; to-morrow when I am clay what will avail tears of contrition!

O thou who spendest thy breath in talk and interpretations of love, to thee we have not a word to say!—Depart in peace, and good be with thee!

Thou poor man, make no lamentation under the sword of friends; for that tribe receiveth the price of blood from those whom they have slain!

God forbid, that I should complain of thy cruelty and tyranny! the injustice of the lovely is all gentleness and goodness!

Hafiz could not make a short discourse about thy tresses; the chain would extend itself to the day of resurrection.

Rosen I., 212-13. Calcutta Ed., 27, 2.



ما حاصل کار ما در این دنیاست
در این دنیاست

The profit of this our workshop, the world, is all nothing!—set wine before me, for the things of this world are all nothing.

With heart and soul we eagerly seek the glorious society of our beloved ones, and, were it not for heart and soul, it were all nothing!

That which cometh to our bosoms without the heart-pang, that is happiness; and are they not to be won except by labour and trouble, the gardens of Paradise are nothing!

Be not beholden to the Sirdah tree and the Tuba for shade; for if thou, waving Cypress, but look upon us sweetly, they are all nothing! (Note 17.)

The five days that thou art permitted to tarry in this hostel, rest for a time in tranquility, for our time itself is nothing!

O, cup-bearer, we are waiting in anxious expectation on the brink of this ocean of mortality; seize the opportunity, for, like the distance from lip to mouth, it is all nothing!

Spend not a thought on its withering, but be gay like the rose whilst it bloometh; for the glory of the world as it passeth is all nothing!

Devotee, feel not secure from the guiles of over-

zeal, for the road from the cloister to the convent of the infidel is as nothing !

What have not I, the grief-wasted man, borne of suffering ! but of necessity for confession or explanation there seemeth to be nothing !

The name of Hafiz hath received a good report ; but in the presence of those who frequent the tavern, good report, or bad report, is nothing.

Rosen. I., 222-3. Calcutta Ed. 19, 1.



خیال روی تو در هر گشت 47

The image of thy face is my companion in every path; the fragrant breeze of thine hair is the tie of my conscious soul.

I am disgusted with the adversary who would interdict love; the beauty of thy countenance is an all-sufficient argument.

See only what sayeth the apple of thy chin,—“A thousand Egyptian Josephs have fallen into my well.”

(Note 18.)

If my hand cannot reach thy long tresses, it is my short arm that is in fault, and my unfortunate destiny.

Say to the chamberlain, who guardeth the door of the private apartments in the royal palace,—“There is one who sitteth in the dust in a corner of my court,

Whose image, muffled-up and hidden from sight, is ever before the view of my quiet mind.

If Hafiz knocketh, a petitioner at my door, open it to him, for through long years he hath been yearning to gaze upon his moon.”

Rosen. I., 248-9. Calcutta Ed., 14, 2.



If the hand of thy musky tresses hath committed a fault against me, and if the dark mole of thy cheek hath been cruel towards me, it is gone! gone!

If the lightning of love hath consumed the harvest of the poor wool-clothed Derwish, or if the violence of a powerful king hath injured the beggar, it is gone! gone!

If a heart hath been burthened by the glance of her who had it in her keeping, or if aught hath broken the harmony between lover and beloved, it is gone! gone!

If reproaches have been scattered abroad by the prating of tale-bearers, or if amongst companions hath been said aught that was unseemly, it is gone! gone!

On the path-way of affection should be no heart-sorrows: bring me wine! when aught that was turbid hath again become clear, it is gone! gone!

In the game of love there is need of patience: be firm, O my heart! If there was suffering, it hath passed away; if there was cruelty, it is gone! gone!

O Preacher, declaim not on the faults of Hafiz! he has escaped from the convent: who shall bind again the free-foot?—He is gone! gone!

Rosen. I., 250-1. Calcutta Ed., 30, 1.



شیریں لب لعل
P. 60

One sip from his ruby lip we tasted not,—and he is gone; his love-beaming face we saw not fully, and he is gone.

Our friendly converse from pleasure is changed to sorrow; he bound-up his package, we could not turn him about, and he is gone.

Many a time have we repeated the "Supplication" and "the Benediction," and breathed forth "the Chapter of Faithfulness,"—and he is gone. (*Note 19.*)

With fond caresses he would repeat,—“Never will I depart from the utterance of your desires:” thou sawest thyself at last, how we won his fond caresses,—and he is gone.

He would say,—“He who seeks the enjoyment of my presence must cut-off himself from self,” we, in the hope of this enjoyment, cut ourselves off from self, and he is gone.

He would walk proudly in the meadows of beauty and gracefulness, but in the rose-garden we plucked not the rose-bud of his company,—and he is gone.

Every night, like Hafiz, we pass in weeping and lamentings, for alas! alas! we never were permitted to say to him,—“ADIEU.”

Rosen. I., 254-5. Calcutta Ed., 15, 1.



The Fast is over, the Festival is come, and hearts are lifted up, and the wine is sparkling in the wine-house, and wine we must drink ! (Note 20.)

The turn of the heavy dealer in abstinence is past, the season of joy is arrived, and of joyous revellers !

Why should reproach be heaped upon him, who like me quaffeth wine ? this is neither sin, nor fault, in the jovial lover !

The drinker of wine, in whom is no false show and no dissimulation, is better than he who is a trader in semblances.

We are neither dissembling revellers, nor the comrades of hypocrites ; he who is the knower of all secrets knoweth this.

We discharge all our divine obligations and do evil to no man ; and whatever we are told is not right, we say not that it is right.

What mattereth it, that thou and I should quaff a few goblets of wine ! wine is the blood of the vine ; it is not thy blood !

This is not a fault which throweth all into confusion ; and were it a fault, where is the man to be found who is free from faults ?

Hafiz, leave thou "the How and the Wherefore,"
and drink for a moment thy wine : His wisdom hath
withholden from us what is the force of the words—
"How and Wherefore."

Rosen. I., 270-71. Calcutta Ed. wanting.

روزه نگین و عید و دما ۱۸



P. 108

My heart-robber departed and gave to her adorer no notice, and called not to mind companion of the city, or partner for the journey.

Either my destiny misled me in the path of friendship, or it was she who travelled not by the broad royal-road.

Whilst I stood there like the taper, and offered my life the ransom for hers, she came not to cheer me on my way, like the breeze of the morning.

I said—"Perchance I may render her heart more lenient by my weeping; but no drop of rain left a mark upon that hard marble;

And though in my grief I stripped off my feathers and broke my wings, even this could not drive from my head this rough passion of love.

Every one, who looked upon thy face, kissed mine eyes, for what mine eyes did, it did not without insight.

(Note 21.)

The tongue of Hafiz will never publish thy secret to one of the crowd, so long as, like the reed cut for his pen, he loseth not his head.

(Note 22)

Rosen. I., 838-9. Calcutta Ed. 40, 1.



127

I laid my face in her path, but she passed not near me; mine had a hundred kind glances for her, but she gave not one look at me.

O Lord, watch over that young heart-stealer, who suspecteth not the arrow of the sighing anchorite.

The torrent of my tears hath not borne away malice from her heart; not a drop of rain hath left a mark upon that hard marble!

Would that like a taper I might expire under her feet, but she would not blow over me like the morning breeze. (Note 28.)

O my soul, what heart of stone is so devoid of sense, that it would not make itself a shield against the wounds of thine arrow!

My groanings last night suffered not bird or fish to sleep; but see! that saucy one never once unclosed her eyes from slumber.

Thy sweet lay, O Hafiz, is so heart-captivating, that every one who heareth it, longeth that it may never be lost to his bosom.

Rosen, I., 340-1. Calcutta Ed., 38, 1.



These preachers who in the pulpit and at the altar make so much display, when they retire to their privacy act far otherwise.

My heart is struck with amazement at those bold-faced preachers, who of what they say in the pulpit practice so little.

I have a difficulty, and would ask the wise men of the Assembly,—“Wherefore do those who enjoin penance perform no penance themselves?

Surely these talkers who are so arrogant and deceitful in the matters of their judge, have no belief in a day of judgment.

O Lord, set this whole band of upstarts on the backs of asses, for all this pride they have caught from a Turkish slave.

Prostrate thyself in adoration, O Angel, at the door of the wine-house of Love, for there is tempered the particle of clay of which man hath been fashioned.

When boundless beauty hath destroyed a host of Lovers, a fresh host riseth-up to love from the invisible world.

I am the slave of the ancient keeper of the wine-house, whose poor beggars feel themselves in their

independence, rich enough to scatter dust on the head of riches.

Leap-up, beggar of the monastery! for in the temple of the Magi they give a water, which strengtheneth (*or perfecteth*) all hearts. (Note 24.)

Empty the house of idols, that it may become a station of souls! for these aspiring ones seek hearts and souls in another place.

In the morning hour there is a tumult round the Throne, and Wisdom exclaimeth, "It is the Holy Choir which is chanting the verses of Hafiz."

Rosen. I., 342-3. Calcutta Ed. 32, 2.

P. 171.



What hath brought on this' intoxication, I know not! Who was the cup-bearer? Whence came the wine?

What kind of lay hath the master of melody struck-up, that he hath introduced into his song the voice of a friend?

The breeze with its sweet message is like the Hoo-poo of Solomon, which brought news of delight from the rose-bowers of Sheba. (Note 25.)

Thou also bring wine to the harp, and take the path of the fields, for the bird of sweet notes is come back with its soft-voiced thrilling harmonies.

Welcome and good cheer to the arrival of the rose and the wild-rose! The joy-scattering violet is come, and the jasmine hath brought its gladness!

O my heart, make no complaint, that, like the rose-bud, thou art bound up in thine acts; for with the morning-breeze are come soft airs to untie all knots!

The smile of the cup bearer hath brought healing to my sick heart; lift up thine head, the physician hath arrived, and hath brought the remedy!

I am a disciple of the old magian: be not angry

with me, O Shaikh! for thou gavest me a promise only; he hath brought me the reality.

Fate seemeth now disposed to serve Hafiz as a slave; since fleeing for refuge it hath brought me to the door of good fortune!

Rosen. I., 368-9. Calcutta Ed., 45, 2.

P. 102



She is not the beauty who hath only waist and hair to boast of ; be the obedient slave of her commands only who is all perfection !

The blandishments of Hourî and Perî are pleasant ; but one whom I could name is the lovely and delightful one.

O rose, approach smilingly the fountain of mine eye, which, in the hope of beholding thee, wellet forth in sweet waters.

The curving of thine eyebrows with an archer's skill taketh the arrow out of the hand of all who hold the bow.

My words must touch the heart, since thou deignest to receive them , indeed and indeed the words of love do leave their tokens !

In the way of love no one hath been fully initiated into the mystery ; every one hath a judgment about it according to the measure of his intelligence.

Amongst the sitters in the tavern vaunt not thy miracles ; every word hath its time, and every subtlety its place.

The sagacious bird will not pour out in the mead the full music of its song ; it will remember that on the heels of the Spring followeth the Autumn.

Beareth any one from thee the ball of beauty here
below, bethink thee that even the sun is a rider who
sometimes letteth fall the bridle from his hand!

(Note²⁶.)

Say to the rival,—“Try not thy pithy speeches
and thine ambiguous words on Hafiz, for my writing-
reed also hath its tongue and its meaning!”

Rosen. I., 388-9. Calcutta Ed 4A, 1.



Musselmans, I once possessed a hearty friend, to whom I could speak about every difficulty.

A heart which could sympathize with any calamity, and a friend who could counsel me in every perplexity.

To me when disturbed by any misfortune a companion at once experienced and capable.

When my tearful eye plunged me into a whirlpool of sorrow, my hope of the shore was under his management.

When I went wandering astray in the region of love, whose was the skirt like his to cling to?

In my search to find him, my tears trickled like pearls, but to regain his presence my efforts were fruitless.

No skill existeth without the drawback of disappointment, but never was beggar so disappointed as I!

In this distracted bewilderment have pity upon me, who once was an intelligent and thorough man!

My words, so long as they were dictated by love, were admired for their subtlety in every assembly;

But never speak again of the subtle sayings of Hafiz, for we have seen ourselves that he was a confirmed fool.

Rosen. I., 898-9. Calcutta Ed. 64, 1.



*Ode on the return of Shah Manssur, after driving out
the Turkomans from Shiraz.*

Glad tidings, O my heart! for the gentle breeze is
come again, and Hoopoo, the messenger of good news,
is returned from the bounds of Sheba. (Note 27).

Prolong, bird of the morning, thy David-sweet
melodies; for the rose glorious as Solomon, is come
back on the wings of the zephyr.

The tulip hath found the perfume of the grape-juice
in the breath of the morning: she sheweth the wounds
on her heart (*her streaks*), but is hopeful of a remedy.

Where is the learned one who can interpret the lan-
guage of the lily; that he may inquire of her, "whither
she went, and wherefore she is come back again!"

My eyes were filled with tears as they followed the
departed caravan, till to the ear of my heart came
again the voice of the returning camel-bell.

Kindness and a gracious lot hath God granted me;
for it was the grace of God which restored to me that
flinty-hearted idol.

Though Hafiz knocked at the door of injustice and
broke his faith, behold His benignity, who came to
my door with a message of peace!

Rosen. I., 408-9. Calcutta Ed. 64, 1.



P. 154

The rose would not be sweet without the face of my beloved; the spring would not be sweet without the juice of the grape.

The borders of the lawn and the breezes of the pleasure-ground would not be sweet without the tulip-check of my maiden.

The sugar-lip and the roseate image of my beloved would not be sweet without her kiss and her embraces.

The dancing of the cypress and the ecstasy of the rose would not be sweet without the notes of the thousand-voiced nightingale.

No picture which the hand of genius could design would be sweet as the potrait of my idol.

Sweet are the garden, the rose, and wine, but they would not be sweet without the company of my darling.

Thy life, O Hafiz! is but a debased coinage; it is not of value enough to throw amidst the crowd at a festive celebration.

*(Note 28)**Rosen. I., 410-11. Calcutta Ed 51, 1.*

May thy beauty be perpetually on the increase;
may thy tulip-cheek every year preserve its bloom!

May the vision of thy love, which is fixed in my
brain, be, every day that I live, stronger and stronger!

May the forms of all the charmers in the world bow
themselves down for ever, as now, in the service of
thine image!

May every cypress, which groweth in our meadows,
be ungraceful for ever, as now, beside thy tall and
slender stature! (Note 29)

May the eye, which is not bewitched in looking at
thee, instead of pearly tears shed an ocean of blood!

May its glance, that it may steal every heart, be
endowed with every trick to work its enchantments!

Is there a soul anywhere which would sorrow thine,
may it be deprived of patience, and constancy, and
quietude!

May thy ruby-lip, dear as his life to Hafiz, be ever
far from that of the base and the ignoble!

Rosen. I., 424-5. Calcutta Ed. 49, 1.

P. 104



—He who gave to thy cheek the bloom of the rose and the whiteness of the wild rose, can also give to me the unhappy one—patience and repose.

And he who taught thy ringlets the way to conquer is also able in his kindness to bestow upon me all that is my due.

I cut off all my hopes about Ferhad the day that he resigned the reins of his frenzied heart to the lips of Shirin. (Note 80.)

If I possess not a treasure of gold, the treasure of contentment is still left me: He who gave that to kings, hath given this to beggars also.

The world is a fair bride as respecteth her beauty, but he who has betrothed her hath pledged his life for her dowry.

Henceforth I will seek my pleasure in the borders of the cypress and the margin of the rivulet, especially now that the morning breeze bringeth to me the glad tidings of the return of February.

In the mournful hand of vicissitude the heart of Hafiz is charged with anguish: in the severance from thy person, I throw myself, great sir, on thee—THE SUPPORT OF THE FAITH (*the title of his patron the Vizier*).

Rosen I., 438-9. Calcutta Ed. 50, 1.



The glad news is arrived that the days of grief are not for ever; that staid not, nor will this continue for ever.

What though I was as dust in the eyes of my beloved, my rival will not remain so honoured for ever.

The guardian of the veil will strike with his scimeter, and no one will remain a dweller in the sanctuary of the haram for ever.

Count as gain, O taper, the affection of the moth, for before the dawn this attachment will cease for ever.

An angel from the invisible world hath brought me a sweet message :—"No one on earth will remain afflicted for ever."

What room is there for rejoicing or complaint in the embroidered web of good and evil, since not a character on the page of existence will remain for ever.

It is said that this was the song in the assemblies of Jemshid :—"Jemshid himself will not remain for ever."

O rich man, be ready to relieve the wants of the poor man, for thy treasure of gold and thy store of silver will not be thine for ever.

On the emerald vault of heaven is written in letters of gold : — “ Nothing, save the good deed of the generous man, will remain for ever.”

The morning, with a kindly salutation, brought me a sweet message, that no one will remain the captive of sorrow for ever.

O Hafiz, never renounce thy benevolence, for the image of violence and the form of injustice will not be seen for ever.

Rosen. I., 458-9. Calcutta Ed 61, 1



Wine and sweet pleasure! what are they?—Things without a foundation! We dashed into the ranks of the inebriated: let be what may be!

Untie the knots of thine heart, and think not too much of Destiny; for the science of no geometer hath ever untied that knot.

Be not astonished at the mutations of Fortune, for its wheel hath counted thousands and thousands of such stories.

Take the cup in thine hand with reverence, for it hath been fashioned out of the skulls of Jemshid, and Kobad, and Bahman.

What information can be given, whither are gone Kai and Kaus? Who is knowing enough to say, whither the wind hath transported the throne of Jem.

(Note 31.)

Now I see how, from eagerness for the lip of Shirin, the tulip sprang up from the tears of blood shed by Ferhad.

Come, O come, for, for the moment, I am desolate from the effects of wine; perhaps amidst these desolate ruins we may discover a treasure.

Perchance the tulip knew the faithlessness of futurity; for ever since she was born and hath loved, she never putteth down the wine-cup from her hand.

The gentle breezes of the ground of Mosella and the waters of Roknabad have never allowed me to enjoy the delights of travelling.

From the sorrows of affection hath come to my soul what hath come; may the evil-eye of destiny never inflict a wound on his soul!

Like Hafiz, never take the cup into thy hand save to the wailings of the lute; for the mirth of the glad heart is tied to it only by a silken thread.

Rosen. I., 520. Calcutta Ed., 49, 1.



P. 130

The good news is arrived, that Spring is returned in its verdure: if the gratuity is arrived spend it in wine and roses!

The chant of the bird is heard once more, but where is the wine-flask? The nightingale is lamenting—"Who will withdraw the veil from the rose?"

I will cast into the fire my rags, stained like the rose with wine, for the old wine-seller will not give for them the dregs of his goblet.

From the cheek of a cup-bearer, beaming as the moon, pluck a rose; for round the face of the garden is blooming the dawn of the violet.

In the domain of love plant not a foot without one to direct thee; for he is lost who travelleth this road without a guide.

What relish can he have for the fruits of Paradise, who hath never tasted the apple of a fair one's cheek?

The smiling glances of the cupbearer have so snatched my heart from my hand, that I have no power any longer to talk of or listen to any other.

The wonders on the road of love, O comrade, are many; in this desert the lion trembleth before the fawn!

Complain not of suffering; for, exploring this track, he will not come to his rest who hath not achieved it through trouble.

By heaven, my guide, assist me on this holy journey, for to this desert of love no bounds are visible!

Hafiz hath not gathered a rose in this garden of beauty; perhaps the breeze of humanity hath not blown over this meadow.

The Spring hath passed by; find out the just one: for the season is gone, and Hafiz hath not yet tasted the wine!

Rosen. I., 542. Calcutta Ed. 60, 2.



The breath of the eastern breeze is scattering its musky odours; the old world hath once more renewed its youth!

The arghavân is presenting its onyx-cup to the jessamine; the eye of the narcissus is darting its glances towards the anemone.

The tyranny of the grief of separation from the nightingale is extending its clamour to the pavilion of the rose.

If I leave the mosque to repair to the wine-house censure me not; the preaching to the congregation was long, and time was running away.

O my heart, if the delights of the day thou castest away till the morrow, who will be thy surety for the ready capital of life which still is left thee?

This month of Shabân let not the cup be set down from thine hand, for this sun will go out of sight till the night of the fast of Ramazân. (Note 32.)

The rose is precious! count its society as a rich plunder; for it came to the garden this way and departeth by that.

O minstrel, this is an assembly of familiar friends; recite thy lay and sing thy song: how long wilt thou repeat,—“So it hath been, and so it will ever be?”

Hafiz for thy sake came into the realms of existence:
prepare to bid him adieu, for he will soon be going!

Rosen. V, 560-1. Calcutta Ed. 52, 2.



In no one find I amity: what hath happened to those who are so loving?—How hath friendship come to an end!—What is become of those who were so friendly?

The Fountain of Life is troubled: whither is Khisar gone who knew its blessedness?—The Rose hath lost its bloom: what is become of the vernal breezes?

No one sayeth that he hath a friend who hath the sincerity of friendship: what hath happened to those who believed in sincerity?—What hath become of their friends?

The ball of good augury and of fair fortune hath been thrown into the midst of the field; but no one appeareth upon the ground: what is become of the horsemen (*the champions*)?

Hundreds of thousands of roses have blossomed, but no note of a bird hath arisen: whither are gone the nightingales?—What is become of the thousand-voiced songsters?

Zohrah (*Venus*) playeth not her sweet melodies: hath she, perchance, burst her lute?—No one enjoyeth the delight of the grape-juice: what hath happened to the quaffers of wine?

This land was once called—"the Friends of the City;"—"the Land of Friends:" how hath friendship come to an end?—What hath become of the friends of the city?

No ruby hath been brought-up from the mine of humanity for many a year: the warmth of the sun, the force of the wind, and the rain, whither are they departed?

No one knoweth the divine secrets; therefore, be silent, O Hafiz: for of whom wilt thou ask, what will be revealed by the revolutions of futurity?

Rosen. L., 586-7, Calcutta Ed. wanting.



Again for a second time^hath the wine deprived me of self-possession; again^h seduced me by its caresses and destroyed my self-control.

A thousand praises on that ruddy wine^h which hath taken from my face its sallow complexion!

Blessings on the hand which gathered the grape; may the foot never slip which crushed it together!

Love was written on my brow by the hand of Fate; the fate which is written it is impossible to cancel.

Breathe not a word about wisdom; for in the hour of death Aristotlé must yield up his soul like the wretched Kurd.

Go, pious man, and reproach me not! for what God hath created is not a trifling thing.

Spend not thy life in such wise in the world that when thou art dead, they shall say only—"Dead!"

Intoxicated with "Unity" from the cup of "the old original contract" will be every one who quaffeth the pure wine like Hafiz!

(Note 33.)

Rosen. I., 592. Calcutta Ed. 65, 1.



154

How should a tender vessel proceed from a sorrowing heart? A delicate utterance from the book of my sayings would be all in the same strain!

Could I find in thy ruby-lip a ring of manumission, I would subject like Solomon a hundred kingdoms to my seal! (Note 84.)

It is not well, O my heart, to be overcome with grief through the wounds of envy: it may be that when thou lookest at it again it may be for good.

For him who hath no capacity for comprehending my imaginative reed, his pictures I would not purchase though he were a painter from China!

Every one hath his gift—one a cup of wine—another heart's-blood; such are the obligations of the cycle of destiny!

In the market of rose and rosewater this is the condition, that this should be exposed in the public market, and that should remain sitting behind the veil.

It cannot be that the love of revelling should quit the heart of Hafiz, for the old custom of the former days will last to the after-ones.

Rosen. I., 594-5. Calcutta Ed. 50, 1.



That friend who made my dwelling the abode of a Peri; who from head to foot was like a Peri free from blemish;

That moon who was the gaze of mine own intelligence,—who was endowed with beauty, urbanity, winning manners, and clear-sightedness;

Of whom my heart said—"I will subdue that city to my desires,"—but knew not, unhappy one! that it's friend was bound on another journey; (Note 35.)

That friend hath a malignant star torn from my grasp!—Ah, no!—What shall I do? The moon in its circling hath wrought me this calamity!

Nor hath the veil fallen from the secret of my heart alone, since by the decree of Heaven the veil of her blandishments hath been torn in twain also.

(Note 36.)

Sweet is the rose, and the margin of the streamlet, and its verdure; alas, that that fleeting treasure should be so fugitive!

Sweet were the moments I passed with my friend; what time is still left me must be spent ignorantly and unprofitably!

The nightingale destroyed himself through jealousy, because the rose caressed the eastern breeze in the hours of the morning.

Excuse him, O my heart, for thou art poor, and she was a crowned head in the kingdom of beauty!

Every treasure of happiness which God hath given to Hafiz hath been the blessing of the nightly prayer, and the morning supplication.

Rosen. I., 596-7. Calcutta Ed. wanting.



In the midst of the prayers the remembrance of thine arched eyebrows came into my mind; and it went so far, that the very shrine broke out in exclamations.

Expect no longer from me patience of heart or reason; for that composure thou sawest in me came but on the wind.

The wine is bright, the birds of the mead are intoxicated; it is the season of love, and all is on a good foundation.

The rose hath brought its gladness, and the soft breeze its joyousness, and everything breatheth an odour of wholesomeness.

O bride of virtue make no complaint of Fortune; prepare the bridal chamber of beauty, for the bridegroom is coming.

The heart-alluring plants are arrayed in all their jewels, but our charmer cometh in the beauty of her Lord.

Every tree that beareth fruit is bending beneath its load: ah, happy cypress which art free from the burthen of sorrow!

Minstrel, sing a sweet strain from the lays of
Hafiz, that I may say,—“It ^{it}recalleth to my remem-
brance the days of gladness.”

Rosen. I., 604. Calcutta Ed. 59, 1.



152

If from thy garden I plucked a mouthful of fruit,
what mattereth it? If in the splendour of thy lamp
I abased my looks to my feet, what mattereth it?

O my Lord, if I—a sun-scorched man—reclined a
moment under the shade of that tall cypress, what
mattereth it?

O signet of Jemshid, of auspicious memories, if a
reflection from thee should fall upon my ruby-ring,
what mattereth it? (Note 37.)

Wisdom hath gone out of the door of its dwelling,
and if this wine be the cause, I foresaw what would
happen in the house of faith: what mattereth it?

The pious man of the city seeketh the favour of
the King and the Governor; if I prefer the favour of
a fair picture, what mattereth it?

My precious life hath alternated between wine and
my beloved, and if aught hath befallen me, from this
or from that, what mattereth it?

The master knew that I was a lover; and if Hafiz
knoweth that I am in like case, what mattereth it?

Rosen. I., 612-13. Calcutta Ed. 63, 2.



If my heart attract me to the musky wine, be it so! From over-sanctity and hypocrisy cometh no good odour.

Were every one in the world to forbid to love, I would still do what the Lord commandeth.

Let not avarice withdraw thee from the overflowings of generosity, for generous people perceive the faults, but forgive the lover.

My heart remaineth steady within the circle of supplication, and hopeth thereby to win a ringlet from the tresses of its beloved one!

To thee on whom Heaven hath bestowed beauty and the bridal-chamber of fortune, what need is there of the tire-woman to array thee?

The mead is sweet, and the air heart-ravishing, and the wine genuine; what now is there wanting save a satisfied heart?

The world is a bride which is very beautiful; but bethink thee, that this veiled maiden is not completely bound to any one.

The field is never entirely emptied of cypress and tulip; one departeth, but another still cometh in its place.

No need to ask the heart about our beggarly condition, for that mirror showeth in its face every thing that is.

I said to her sportively—"Ah! face mild as the moon, where were the harm wert thou to give to me—a broken-hearted man—one bit of sugar for my rest?"

Laughing, she replied,—“Heaven forbid, Hafiz, that a kiss of thine should sully my moon-mild face!!”

Rosen I., 634-5. Calcutta Ed. wanting.



80

Whosoever departeth from thy village in weariness, his affairs will never succeed; and he himself will go away at last in shame.

The traveller who is seeking the way to his friend will need the light of direction; for if he take the wrong path he will never arrive at the goal.

Take a pledge for the residue of life from wine and the beloved one: woe for the time of which one moment is wasted in idleness!

O guide of my lost heart, let me appeal to God for assistance; for the stranger to the road needeth direction from a guide!

In the seal of destiny lieth the power of intoxication and sobriety; no one knoweth what at the last will be his condition!

The caravan which travelleth under the shield of God's protection will sit down to rest well-provided, and set forth again on its march in grandeur.

Hafiz, take into thine hand a cup from the fountain of wisdom: take heed, and rub out from the tablet of thine heart every image of folly.

Rosen. I., 638-9 Calcutta Ed. 54, 2.



ساقی سیرابی زلف یاری آورد ۱۴۵

The east-wind at the morning-dawn brought a perfume from the locks of my beloved, which at once threw anew into commotion my foolish heart.

I thought, that I had rooted up that fir-sapling from the garden of my heart, for every germ which sprouted from its grief bore only the fruit of sorrow.

From dread of the assaults of her love, I set my heart free with bloody struggles; my heart shed on my pathway drops of blood, which tracked my foot-steps.

I beheld from the terrace of her castle, how the radiant splendour of the moon hid itself in shame behind the wall in the face of that glorious sun.

At the voice of the minstrel and the cup-bearer I go to the door in season and out of season; for the message-carrier escapeth with difficulty from a heavy road.

The gift of my beloved I accept altogether in the way of courtesy and kindness, whether she command a Mohammedan rosary, or a Christian or Jewish girdle.

(Note 88.)

Heaven ward off evil from such eyebrows; for though they have reduced me to weakness, with a kind salutation they have brought comfort also to the sick man's head.

Joy to the season and the hour, when I escaped from the bondage of her knotted tresses, and achieved a victory which even my enemy confessed!

From envy of the black locks of my beloved the eastern breeze scattered every grain of musk which she had brought from Tatar.

I was astonished, when yesternight I found beside Hafiz cup and flagon; but I raised no argument, for he brought them in safe fashion. (Note 39.)

Rosen I., 640-1. *Calcutta Ed.*, 45, 1.



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Never shall thine image be washed-out from the tablet of my heart and soul : never, never shall the form of that gracefully waving cypress be blotted-out from my remembrance : never !

Never shall the vision of thy cheek be effaced from my distracted brain by the severity of the skies, nor by the cruelty of destiny : never !

From eternity without beginning my heart made a compact with thy ringlets ; to eternity without end it shall not be dissolved, nor my promise be broken : never !

All that is in my miserable heart will pass away from my heart, except the burthen of sorrow which thou hast laid upon me ; but that will never pass away from my heart : no, never !

So great is the love of thee, which hath possessed itself of my heart and soul, that, though I should lose my head, my heart will never lose its love : never !

If my heart should wander in the pursuit of beauty, it is excusable : what can it do ? It is in pain, and can never cease from seeking the remedy : never !

Whoever desireth not to become distracted like Hafiz, let him never give-up his heart to a fair one, nor follow her footsteps : never !

Rosen I., 676-7., Calcutta Ed. 66, 2



Were God to punish every one for his sins, the earth would be filled with sighs, and time with groanings.

In the presence of the Lord alike are mountains and grass; one while he pardoneth the mountain, and one while he calleth the grass to judgment.

Great are thy sins as the surface of the earth; knowest thou not that it is sin which darkeneth the moon in heaven?

Thou seemeth to be clothed in white garments, O heart! but thy sins will appear to-morrow, when the accuser shall ask for justice before the judgment-seat.

The night through, in shame for my sins I will weep so abundantly, that the spot of my supplication shall that night be clothed with grass.

The night of my farewell rivers of tears shall well forth from mine eyes, till my friends shall exclaim,—
“They will stay his departure.”

When the King, O Hafiz, hath decreed that the man shall die, who will have the boldness or strength to go before the king, and rebuke him?

Rosen I., 704-5. Calcutta Ed. 53, 2.



Every breath I complain of the hand of separation! Ah, that the wind would carry to thee the groans of my wailings!

How should I not utter sighs, and groans, and lamentations, when through absence from thee I am in such condition, as I would wish every one to be who is thine enemy?

Night and day my grief is choking; and how should it not be so! so far from thine eye how should I be joyous?

Since thou hast been so far from my sight, a heart-consumed man,—how many fountains of blood hath not mine heart opened through mine eyes!

From every eyelash trickle forth more than a hundred drops, when my heart uplifteth its wailings under the tyranny of separation.

The heart of Hafiz is drowned in memories of the day and night, but thou,—thou hast thoroughly set thyself free from thine heart-desponding slave.

Rosen. I., 708-9. Calcutta Ed. 46, 2.



Had I once more the power of enjoying thy society,
what more could I desire from the star of my nativity!

If the clamour of adorers be around thy threshold
what wonder is it; for round the sugar-refinery must
needs be found the fly!

What necessity for a sword to slay the lover, when
a glance can deprive him of half his life!

If in both worlds I could breathe a moment with
my beloved, that moment would be the gain of both
worlds.

Fortune hath so shortened the arm of my passion,
how shall I be able to reach the height of thy lofty
cypress!

How shall the drowning wretch find a way of
deliverance, when the torrent of love overwhelmeth
him impetuously before and behind!

If a thousand times I meet my friend, the next
time that she see'th me she will exclaim,—“Who is
that man?”

Rosen L., 710. Calcutta Ed. 65.



The affection thou hast experienced will give thee happiness, for this is the way in which Jupiter administereth his affairs.

The object of Time in thus testing thee is to impress on thine heart the sign of abstinence and purity.

And this is the reason why the Holy Volume is exalted above all else, because time hath tested it in every letter.

The brave in wisdom is the man who in every condition first considereth the course he should pursue.

The taste of his soul will be free from the bitterness of grief, who taketh into his mouth the sugar of gratitude.

Whoever will eat of the fruits of life will ponder within himself the path which he shall chuse.

When he see'th not the occasion for the battle he will take the cup into his hand; and when he see'th the time for action, he will grasp the life-destroying sword.

In the time of hardship turn not away thy face from the hidden mercy, for the good marrow hath its place in the hard bone.

The sugar findeth in long abstinence the perfection of sweetness, and therefore is its first dwelling in a narrow cell.

In the same place in which the torrent of accidents leaveth no hope of escape to the shore, what anxiety hath the firm mountain; however proudly swell the ocean-bulwarks!

However arrogantly thine enemy may bear himself just now, rejoice that his very arrogance will seize his bridle!

Although he hath spoken untruthful words against this favoured princely house retribution will be his in wife, and child, and kindred!

The years of thy life be permanent for thy fortunes are a gift bestowed on the souls of men and spirits!

Hafiz, thou art a monarch in the realms of words; every moment thou winnest victories, like Zu'l-Fikar—the sword of Ali—in the field of eloquence!

Rosen. I., 728 9. Calcutta Ed. wanting



Grieve not: the lost Joseph will yet come back to Canaan: the cell of misery will become one day a garden of roses.

Grieve not, sorrow-stricken heart: thy condition will change to good; ponder not the evil: this distracted head will recover its reason.

Grieve not: if the spring-tide of life should again be enthroned in the garden, thou wilt soon, O chantress of the night, see spread over thy head a bower of roses.

Grieve not: be not hopeless because thou understandest not the strange mystery, behind the veil is hidden many an illusion.

Grieve not: for two or three days the circling sphere may not revolve according to our wishes; the round of time moveth not perpetually in one orbit.

Grieve not: when, through love of the Caaba (*the temple at Mecca*), thou plantest thy foot in the desert, and when thou art lacerated by the pricks of the wild thorn.

Grieve not, my soul, if the torrent of mortality upheave the very foundations of existence, since in the midst of the deluge thou hast Noah for thy pilot.

Grieve not : though the journey of life be rugged, and the end of it is not to be seen, there is no road which does not lead to the goal.

Grieve not : in the separation of our beloved ones, and in the pressure of rivals, all is known to God, who ordereth our condition.

Grieve not, O Hafiz, in the corner of poverty, and in the solitude of dark nights, whilst to solace thy pain there remaineth to thee prayer and the reading of the Koran.

Rosen. II., 9-10. Calcutta Ed. 71, 2.



156

A thousand thanks, that I have once more beholden thee according to my desire; that with thy true and bright countenance thou art again become the partner of my soul!

Travellers must sometimes encounter paths of toilsomeness; the companions of the road must not think about ascents and descents.

The sorrow of a concealed passion is better than the seeking and searching of a rival; for the breasts of the malevolent are not to be entrusted with such secrets.

Be thankful, that the Assembly is lighted up by the presence of the beloved; if thou art misused, imitate the taper: be consumed, but burn-on!

With a half-kiss buy thyself a blessing from one who hath a heart, for this will preserve thee, body and soul, from the machinations of thine enemy.

The sadness which hath overspread my face from the sorrow thou hast caused me, would take me, O Assa, a long year to explain. (Note 40.)

The chant of love hath made known in Irâk and Hejâz the melodious voice of the gazels of Hafiz of Shirâz. (Note 41) Rosen II., 52-3. Calcutta Ed. 74, 2.



Who told thee, my soul, not to inquire about my condition; to make thyself a stranger, and to ask no news about thy friend?

Because thou art universally kind and merciful to every one of thy creatures, cancel my past sin, and ask not why I committed it.

Do'st thou desire, that the fire of love should burn brilliantly; hear its tale from the taper, ask it not from the east-wind.

No knowledge hath that man of the world of devotees, who says to thee:—"Ask not devotees about it."

The Dervish-clad recluse ask not for ready money; ask not the poor bankrupt, if he can tell thee, how to make gold.

We have never read the history of Iskander and Dara (*Alexander and Darius*;) ask of us no tale, but that of love and of faithfulness.

In the book of the most skilful physician is to be found no chapter on love: O my heart, accustom thyself to suffering, and inquire not about the remedy.

O Hafiz! the season of the rose is come; talk not
about science: understand the value of opportunity,
and ask nothing about the HOW AND THE WHEREFORE.

Rosen. II., 78. Calcutta Ed., 75, 1.



O my heart, ask good Fortune to be the companion of thy journey, and it is enough! a gentle breeze from the garden of Shirâz for thy running-footman is enough!

O Dervish, travel not again away from the resting-place of souls; for a spiritual walk, and a corner in thy monastery is enough!

The air of the familiar dwelling, and thine obligations towards thine old friend will excuse thee with the experienced way-farer, and enough!

Seat thyself on the bench in the place of honour, and quaff a goblet of wine; for this portion of worldly wealth and dignity is enough!

And if a sorrow be lurking in a corner of thine heart the sanctuary of the old Magian's court (*the tavern*,) shall be thy refuge, and enough!

Seek not for more than sufficeth thee, and take thy burthen easily; for a glass of ruby-wine and an idol radiant as the moon are enough!

Heaven giveth to the fool into his own hands the reins of passion; thou who countest thyself amongst the wise ones and virtuous art also faulty, and enough!

For no other task is there a necessity for thee, O Hafiz, save the midnight-prayer and the morning-devotions; and it is enough!

Accustom not thyself to depend on the bounty of others, for in both worlds the grace of God and the favours of thy King are enough!

Rosen. II., 84-5. Calcutta Ed. 75, 2.



خوش شهر از وضع بهمانس ۲۱۱

Hail, Shirâz! incomparable site! O Lord preserve it from every disaster!

God forbid a hundred times that our Roknabad be dimmed, to which the life of Khizzar hath given its brightness! (Note 42.)

For between Jafferabâd and Mosella cometh his north-wind perfumed with amber. (Note 43.)

O come to Shirâz, and the overflow of the Holy Spirit implore, for it from the man who is the possessor of all perfection!

Let no one boast here the sugar-candy of Egypt, for our sweet ones have no reason for the blush of shame.

O morning breeze, what news bringest thou of that tipsy lovely one? What information canst thou give me of her condition?

Oh! awaken me not from my dream, O God, that I may sweeten my solitude with that fair vision!

Yea, if that sweet one should desire me to pour out my blood, yield it up, my heart, as freely as mother's milk!

Wherefore, O Hafiz, if thou wouldst be terrified
by the thought of separation, wast thou not grateful
for the days of her presence!

Rosen. II, 104. Calcutta Ed. 77, 2.



Last night spake to me a quick-witted and experienced man and said,—“The wine-seller's secret must no longer be concealed from thee.”

Then he continued,—“Take matters easily upon thyself, for, from its very nature, the world layeth hard burthens on him who is willing to do hard work.”

Then he gave into my hand a cup which flashed back the splendour of heaven so gloriously, that Zahrah (*Venus*,) broke out into dancing, and the lute-player exclaimed,—“Drink!”

“Give ear to my counsel, O my son, and grieve not thyself about the things of the world, I will give thee advice precious as pearls, if thou art able to lend an ear to it.”

“Take, like this cup, with a smiling lip, even though with a bleeding heart, whatever betide thee; nor, even if it be left wounded, lament like a wailing lute.”

“Till thou hast made acquaintance behind the veil thou wilt hear no mystery; the ear of the uninitiated is no place for an angel's message.”

"In the sanctuary of Love draw not a breath of question and answer; for there every member must be all eye and ear."

"On the carpet of the acute and discerning there is no room for self-laudation; either speak words of wisdom, man of intelligence, or be silent!"

Cup-bearer, give me wine; for the follies of the inebriated Hafiz have been known by the Assaf of the mighty hefo—the lord of felicity, the pardoner of sins, and overlooker of errors. (Note 44.)

Rosen. II., 110-11. Calcutta Ed. 78, 2.



O Lord, that smiling rose, which thou gavest me in charge, I return to thy charge to preserve her from the envious eye of her meadow.

Although she be removed a hundred stages from the village of faithfulness, far be the mischiefs of the revolutions of the moon from her soul and body!

Whithersoever she goeth the heart of her friend shall be the companion of her journey; the kindness of the benevolent the shield of her soul and body!

If, morning-wind thou passest by the bounds of Sulima's station, I shall look that thou carry a salutation from me to Sulima.

Scatter thy musky fragrance gently upon those black tresses; they are the abode of dear hearts: do not disturb them!

Say to her,—“My heart preserveth its vow of fidelity to the mole and down of thy cheek:” therefore hold sacred those amber-plaited ringlets.

In the place where they drink to the memory of her lip, base would be the intoxicated one who should remain conscious of himself!

Merchandize and money expect not to gain at the door of the wine-house. Whoever partaketh of this beverage, will cast his pack into the sea.

Whoever is in dread of the restlessness of anxiety,
not genuine is his love: either be her foot upon my
head, or be my lip upon her mouth!

The poetry of Hafiz is the primary couplet of
wisdom: praise be on her soul-attracting and grace-
inspiring breath!

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Rosen II., 128-9. Calcutta Ed 80, 2.

In the dawn of the morning, when from the secret chambers of the palace of wonders the torch of the east casteth its beams on every side ;

When the sky draweth forth its mirror from the bosom of the horizon, and displayeth the countenance of the universe with its thousand varieties ;

When from the recesses of the mansion of delights, wherein dwelleth the Jemshid of heaven (*the sun*), Zahrah (*Venus*) tuneth her organ in sympathy with the dance of the spheres ;

Then is the lute excited to ecstasy and seemeth to exclaim,—“Who is he who denieth?” and the cup laughingly to reply,—“Who is bold enough to refuse?”

Contemplate the operations of the revolving sphere, and seize the goblet of enjoyment, for in every circumstance this is the best resource !

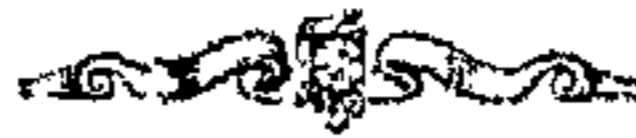
The waving ringlets of the tresses of the world are a delusion and a snare ; the wisest beyond dispute will not seek the end of that thread.

Pray for the life of the King, if thou seek the profit of the world, for a being generous, magnificent, beneficent,

An object of eternal grace, bright as the eye of hope, a union of all knowledge and activity, the soul of the world, is *Shah Shajâa*!

© Hafiz, like a slave in waiting, be thou a dweller at his door; for he is a sovereign obedient himself, and a king who deserveth to be obeyed.

Rosen. II., 152-3. Calcutta Ed wanting.



In the morning I went to the garden, attracted by the perfume of the roses, that like the disheartened nightingale I might still the disturbance of my brain.

I gazed on the face of a red, red rose, which like a lamp illumined the darkness of the night.

So arrogant was she in admiration of her own youth and beauty, that she had chased from the heart of the poor nightingale all repose.

The eye of the lovely Narcissus was filled with water from sympathy; the Tulip in her sadness showed a hundred wounds in her heart and soul.

The Lily extended her tongue like a sword in reproof; the Anemone opened her mouth like a telltale;

Now with flask in hand like worshippers of wine, now like cup-bearers ministering to the revellers with glass in hand.

Cheerfulness and pleasure, and youth, like the rose, count thou as spoil; for, Hafiz, the messenger hath nothing to do but deliver his message. (Note 45.)

Rosen. II., 158-9. Calcutta Ed., 82, 2.



Let no one be sorely tried, like me the stricken one, by separation; for all my life hath been passed in the pangs of separation.

A stranger, a lover, desponding, poor, and bewildered, I drag on my days in sorrow and the wounds of separation.

If he fall into my hands I will slay Separation; I will pay back with tears the blood price of Separation.

Whither shall I go?—what shall I do?—to whom tell the condition of my heart? Who will do me justice?—who will repay me what I deserve for the pain of separation?

I will sorely try Separation by separation from thee; I will make the blood trickle from the eyes of Separation.

Whence am I?—whence cometh separation?—and wherefore is sorrow? Perhaps my mother bore me, in order to suffer separation!

For this reason with the wounds of love, night and day, like the heart-broken Hafiz, I answer the morning nightingale with the wailings of separation.

Rosen. II, 172-3. Calcutta Ed. 83, 2.



Heart-wounded as I am, I have the claims of salt upon thy lip: ah! guard thou its faith, for I am departing; God preserve thee!

Thou art that pure Pearl the celebration of whose excellence might in the Holy World be the befitting hymn of angels.

If thou hast a doubt of the sincerity of mine affection, submit it to the proof; nothing can test the genuineness of fine gold like the touchstone!

Thou hadst said to me,—“I am intoxicated; I will give thee two kisses.” Thou hast made promises without end, but thou givest me neither two nor one.

Open thy smiling pistachio (*mouth*), and scatter sugar around; leave not the people in doubt of thy mouth itself (*its beauty*).

The spheres I will shatter to pieces if they revolve not according to my desires: I am not the man to let myself be crushed under the wheels of Fate!

If thou permittest not herself at times to have access to Hafiz, be pleased, O my rival, to remove thyself one or two paces from her person!

Rosen. II., 174-5. Calcutta Ed., t. 4, 1.



By the witchery of thine eye, thou puppet of happy qualities; by the mystery of thy down, thou miracle of blessed omens;

By the draught of thy ruby-lip; by thy tints and fragrance, O spring of beauty and loveliness,

By the dust of thy path, which is the pavilion of Hope, by the ground of thy foot, which is the envy of limpid water,

By thy steps, like the coquettish gait of the mountain partridge; by thy glances, like the gentle eyes of the gazelle,

By the delicacy of thy nature, and by thy breath—the perfume of the morning; by the fragrance of thy locks, and thy respirations grateful as the northern breeze;

By that onyx-eye, which is to me the signet-seal of mine own; by those gems (*thy teeth*), which are the pearls of the casket of eloquence;

By that leaf of thy cheek, which is a rosebud of intelligence; by that garden of looks, which is the dwelling-place of my fancies;

Hafiz sweareth that, if thou wilt turn thy regards to him, for thy contentment he will sacrifice, not only wealth and all that he hath, but life itself.

Rosen. II., 200-1. Calcutta Ed. 86, 1.



Through thy black eyelashes thou hast made a thousand breaches in my Faith ; come, that from thy languishing^d eye I may pluck a thousand sorrows.

Oh ! companion of my heart, from whom hath departed all memory of thy friends, may there never be a day in which I shall sit a moment without remembrance of thee !

The world is old and hath lost its foundation ; it uttereth a cry of distress for the slaying of Ferhad, its sorceries and deceptions have disturbed the soul of Shirin. (Note 46.)

The world which perisheth, and the world which endureth, I will offer as a ransom for my beloved one and the cup-bearer ; for I see in the sovereignty of the world only the child of love.

If my friend chuse a stranger in my place, let him be the judge, but let it never be lawful to me to chuse life in preference to a friend !

From the hotness of the fire of separation I have been bathed like a rose in dew ; bring me, O night-wind, a breeze to cool my burning.

The recital of the yearnings which this letter attesteth is surely without error, for Hafiz himself hath given me the information it containeth.

Rosen. II, 224-5. Calcutta Ed. 86, 2.



Wherefore should I not be steadfast in following the track to my own country? Why should I not desire to prostrate myself on the earth in the village of my friend? (Note 47.)

No longer able to endure the sorrow of estrangement and trouble, I will return to mine own city, and become mine own monarch.

I will be one of those who are admitted behind the veil of the Presence; I will become one of the slaves of my own lord (*his mistress*).

Since the events of life are hidden from our view, would that in the day of Fate I might be found in the presence of the beloved!

Continually hath my employment been love and revelry; henceforward I will work, and apply myself to mine own proper business.

Hitherto I have been led by the hand of Fortune to be a sleeper and a sluggard; profuse of words, I will henceforth be the keeper of my own secret.

Perchance, O Hafiz, the Mercy Eternal without beginning will be the guide of thy ways; if not, to Eternity without end will be thy shame.

Rosen. II., 250-1. Calcutta Ed. wanting.



We are not come to this portal in pursuit of wealth or grandeur; we are come to a refuge from evil accidents.

Pilgrims in the stages on the journey of Love, we are come a long way from the brink of annihilation to reach the climes of existence.

We beheld the fresh down of thy cheek, and we come from the garden of Paradise in search of the green pastures of affection.

With such treasure as is his—the faithful spirit who is its treasurer—we come as come beggars to the door of the King's palace. (Note 48.)

O vessel of the divine grace, where is thine anchor of clemency; for in this ocean of mercy we are overwhelmed with our sins!

Our glory is departing! O cloud, wash out our offences to the root; for black are the letters in which our names are inscribed in the book of actions!

Hafiz, fling off thy woolly garment of rags (*hypocrisy*), for we follow the track of the caravan with the fire of our exclamations! (Note 49.)

Rosen. II., 380-1. Calcutta Ed. 100, 2.



We will not speak evil nor incline towards injustice, we will blacken no man's face, nor dye blue our own garment. (Note 50.)

We will not dwell more or less on the faults of rich or poor, it is better that we commit no bad deed at all,

We will pursue our journey through the world quietly in the sight of other wayfarers, nor bestow a thought on black steed or high saddle;

We will not trace a line of impropriety on the records of knowledge; we will not append to the mysteries of the Truth the pages of jugglers!

If the abstemious man forbiddeth us wine, we will not pay him respect with wine pure and refined;

And if the King giveth us to drink without consideration the leavings of the revellers, on no account will we offer it to him in its genuineness and brightness.

Heaven favoureth in shipwreck the bark of the virtuous; but better not pillow ourselves on that pendulous ocean!

And if the envious speak ill of thee, and the friend was angry, say to him—"Be calm! we lend no ear to fools!"

Hafiz, if 'an enemy hath spoken of thy faults, go thy way! if it be true what he said, let us not quarrel with the words of truth!

Rosen II, 382-3. *Calcutta Ed* 100, 2.



I have made a compact with the mistress of my soul, that so long as I have a soul within my body I will hold as mine own soul the well-wishers of her village.

In the privacy of my breast I see light from that taper of Chigil; splendour to mine eye and brightness to mine heart from that moon of Khoten.

(Note 51.)

Since, in accordance with my wishes and yearnings, I have gained the privacy of my breast, why need I care for the slander of evil-speakers in the midst of the crowd !

If a hundred armies of lovely ones should be lying in ambush to assault mine heart, I have, by the mercy and to the praise of Heaven, an idol which will shatter armies to pieces.

Would to Heaven, my rival, that this night thou wouldest close thine eye for awhile, that I might whisper a hundred words to her silent ruby-lips !

No inclination have I for tulip, or white rose, or the leaf of the narcissus, so long as by Heaven's grace I walk proudly in the rose garden of her favour.

Oh, mine ancient wise one, lay not thy prohibition on the wine-house; for abandoning the wine-cup I should break a pledge to mine own heart.

My beverage is easy of digestion, and my mistress is beautiful as a picture; no one hath a mistress—such a mistress—as I have!

I have a cypress in my dwelling, under the shade of whose tall stature I can dispense with the cypress of the grove, and the box-tree of the meadow.

I can boast that the seal of her ruby-lip is potent as was that of Solomon's; in possession of the Great Name, why should I dread the evil one!

After long abstinence, Hafiz is become a notorious reveller; but why grieve, so long as there is in the world an Emin-ud-dîn Hassan!

Note 52.)

Rosen II., 384-7. Calcutta Ed. 101, 1.



Who am I, that I should pass oyer that fragrant heart; that thou shouldst bestow on me such favours;—on me, on whose brow the dust of thy door-way would be a *liadem*!

Tell me, thou robber of hearts, who hath taught thee this courtesy; for I will never reveal thine opinion to those who watch thee.

O sacred bird, be my guide in the way of my desires, for the journey I propose is a long one, and I am new to travelling!

O morning breeze, bear with thee my service, and say,—“Forget me not at the time of the morning-prayer!”

Joyful the day when I shall bind up my pack for that journey!—when my companions shall inquire of me—“How far are we from thy village?”

Show me the way to thy private retreat, that I may drink wine with thee, and rid myself of wordly sorrow.

Exalted and world-entrancing is the dignity of Poetry! bid, therefore, the ruler of the sea omit not to fill thy mouth with pearls.

O Hafiz, it may well be, that in thy search after the jewel of fruition thine eye may become an ocean of tears, and thyself be overwhelmed in its depths!

Rosen, II, 388-9. Calcutta Ed. 101, 2.



Thou lookest at me, and every moment thou augmentest my pain; I look upon thee, and every moment my affection for thee becometh greater!

Thou inquirest not about my condition; I know not what are thy secret thoughts; thou preparest me no medicine; thou knowest not, perchance, even that I am ill!

This is not the way!—that thou shouldest cast me to the ground, and pass me by! Ah, come back, and inquire once more, how it is with me; for I would become to thee the dust of thy path!

I will not keep my hand off thy skirt, even when I turn to clay; for when thou passest my grave, my hand shall seize hold of thy garment.

The sorrows of thy love have deprived me of breath; restore it me again! How long wilt thou take away my breath, and not say to me—"Take it back!"

One night in the 'darkness I demanded back my heart from thy ringlets! I beheld thy cheek, and quaffed the cup of thy ruby-lip!

I drew thee quickly to my bosom, and thy ringlets burst into flame; I pressed lip to lip, and gave for thy ransom my heart and soul.

When without me thou wander'st for thy pleasure
through the green field, a red tear starteth and
courseth down my pale cheek.

Be kind to Hafiz! go, say to my enemy, resign thy
life! If I but find warmth in thee, what sorrow can
I feel from the cold breath of mine enemy!

Rosen., 990-1. Calcutta Ed., 101, 1.



Although I am old, and feeble, and broken-hearted, whenever I call to remembrance thy face, I become once more young.

Thanks be to God, that, whatever I have sought of God, when undertaken with a will, it hath had a successful issue!

On the royal road of eternal Destiny I have ascended the throne of Fortune, and, as was the desire of my friends, with a goblet of wine in my hand.

O young rosebud, pluck, whilst thou canst, the fruit of happiness, for I, beneath thy shade, became the nightingale of the garden of the universe!

Once no voice or letter had given note, of me to the world, it was in thy school of sorrow, that I learned these subtle graces.

From the moment that the seduction of thine eye fell upon me, I was freed for all after-time from every other seduction.

That day the door of reality was opened to my heart, on which I became one of those who sought the court of the old Magian.

My fate was decreed to me to be a frequenter of the tavern; into such road I struck, and such did I become!

It is not years and months that hath made me old; it was my faithless friend! That it was, which, like passing life, made me an old man.

Last night the Divine Mercy sent me a sweet message:—"Return, Hafiz: I will be thy surety that thy sin shall be forgiven thee."

Rosen., 402-3. Calcutta Ed. 102, 2.



Spring is come again, and the joy-exciting and vow-breaking rose; in the delight of gazing on the cheek of the rose tear-up the root of sorrow from thine heart!

The soft, east-wind is arrived; the rosebud in its passion hath burst forth and torn its own garment.

Learn, O my heart, the way of sincerity from the clear water; in uprightness seek freedom from the cypress of the meadow.

The bride of the rosebud with her jewels and sweet smile hath stolen away with her black eye my heart and my religion.

The warbling of the enamoured nightingale, and the piping of the bird of the thousand notes, come to enjoy the meeting with the rose from her house of mourning (*her pod*).

See how the gentle breeze hath entwined with his hand the ringlets of the rose! Look how the plaited locks of the hyacinth bend over the face of the jessamine!

(*Note 53.*)

The story of the revolving sphere seek to learn from the cup, O Hafiz! as the voice of the minstrel and the judgment of the wise advise thee.

Rosen. II., 422-3. Calcutta Ed. 107, 2.



The bird of my heart is a sacred bird, whose nest is the throne of God; sick of its cage of the body, it is satiated with the things of the world.

If once the bird of the spirit wingeth its flight from this pit of mire, it findeth its resting place once more only at the door of that palace,

And when the bird of my heart flyeth upward, its place is the sidrah tree: for know that our falcon repositeth only on the pinnacle of the Throne.

(Note 54.)

The shadow of good fortune falleth upon the world, whenever our bird spreadeth its pinions and feathers over the earth.

In both worlds its station is only in the loftiest sphere; its body is from the quarry, but its soul is confined to no dwelling.

Only the highest heaven is the secret bower of our bird; its drinking place is in the rose arbours of the garden of Paradise.

O Hafiz—thou perplexed one—when thou breathest a word about unity, inscribe unity with thy reed on the page of man and spirit!

Rosen. II., 458-9. Calcutta Ed. 101, 2



The violet is angered in envy of thy musky, waving ringlets; at thy heart-expanding smile the rose-bud teareth its leaves to pieces.

O my perfume-breathing Rose, destroy not thine own Nightingale, who with sincere affection prayeth for thee night after night.

Behold the power of Love! how, in his majesty and glory, he dareth, beggar as he is, to break off a tip from the diadem of royalty.

I, whom the breath of angels made melancholy, can for thy sake endure the talk and the opinions of the world.

Thee to love is the fate written on my brow; the dust of thy doorway is my Paradise—thy sunny cheek my element—to pleasure thee, my rest.

The rags of the saint and the goblet of wine—although they are not well paired—I have melted into one because of my passion for thee.

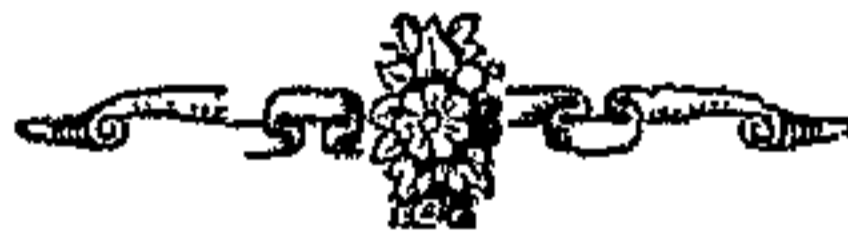
Love, like the beggarly Derwish, still hideth a treasure in his sleeve; and soon he who was thy beggar mounteth the throne of sovereignty.

The resting-place of thy form is my royal balcony,
my oratory: O my Queen, let not thy place be
deserted by thee.

This confusion of wine and this tumult of love will
not depart from my head, till I prostrate it, full of
passion, in the dust at the portal of thy dwelling.

Thy cheek is a pleasant flower-bed, especially
when, in the lovely spring, Hafiz of the sweet speech
is thy melodious Nightingale.

Rosen. II., 476-7. Calcutta 109, 1.



I looked at the heavens spread out like a fresh cornfield, and at the sickle of the moon, and I thought of my own farm and the time of harvest.

And I said: "O Fate, the sun hath dawned, and thou hast laid thyself down to sleep." And it replied, "For all that hath happened, do not despair!"

"If thou wilt raise thyself pure and naked as the Messiah to heaven, from thy lamp will yet ascend towards the sun a hundred rays."

Place no reliance on those midnight thieves, the stars, for they have stolen away the diadem of Kaus and the girdle of Kai-Khosru.

O heavens, ask not so high a price for your magnificence, for in love the harvest of the Moon is valued only at one, and the cluster of the Pleiades at two barley-corns.

Though a heavy ear-ring of gold or ruby hang upon thine ear, the duration of beauty is fleeting: attend to my counsel!

Far be the evil eye from the mole on thy cheek! for on the chessboard of beauty a pawn pushed forward hath often won the stakes from sun and moon.

The fire of hypocrisy and deceit will burn the harvest of faith ; O Hafiz, cast away thy saintly woollen garment, and go thy way. •

Rosen. II., 490-1. Calcutta 120, 1.



She said,—Thou wentest forth to gaze upon the new moon; be ashamed of the moon of mine eyebrow, and go!

Life-long thine heart hath been the captive of my tresses; be not so neglectful of keeping at the side of thy friends!

Sell not for the dark tresses of a loved one the perfume of thine understanding, for in that a thousand pods of musk are to be had for half a barley-corn.

In this old cornfield look not that the seed of love and faithfulness will become visible to the eye till the season of harvest

Cupbearer, bring me wine, and I will tell thee a riddle; about the mystery of the ancient constellations and the journeyings of the new-moon.

The shape of the waning moon at the conclusion of every month giveth thee a sign, what hath been the end of the crown of Zhû, and of the diadem of Siâmek.

O Hafiz, a fortress of trust is the threshold of the keeper of the wine-house, where thou mayest hear and read the story of love.

Rosen. II, 492-3. Calcutta Ed., 110, 2.



At early dawn after a night of revelry I seized the lute, the goblet, and the wine ;

I gave to wisdom provision for its journey, and set it forward towards the city of intoxication.

The vendor of wine regarded me with caressing looks, so that I felt freed from the tricks of Destiny.

Then from the arch-browed cupbearer I heard,
“ O thou who art a butt for the arrow of reproach,

Never wilt thou embrace that waist like a girdle,
so long as thou see'st within it nothing but thyself.

Go, spread thy net before some other bird ; the Anka buildeth his nest in a lofty place !

The boon-companion, the musician, the cupbearer—
all are but a phantom of clay and water ; all nothing save empty evasions !”

Give me then a vessel of wine, that I may steer safely out of this shoreless sea !

Who girdeth his loins in a royal service, and looketh for a gracious recompense, who is eternally playing at love with himself !

O Hafiz, our existence is a dark problem ! the pretence to solve it is a delusion and a fable !

Rosen II., 516-7. Calcutta Ed 111, 1.



Better than eternal life is union with her : Lord, give me that, for that is the best.

Oh, smite me with a sword, but to no one I told it ; to hide the secret of a friend from his enemy is the best.

Abide, O my heart a beggar in her village, according to the proverb,—“an abiding fortune is the best.”

O pious man, bid me not accept thine invitation to Paradise, for this apple-like chin, rather than that garden, is the best.

To die at this door with the mark of servitude, I swear by her soul, compared with the sovereignty of the world, is the best.

The rose which my Cypress hath trodden under foot, rather than the blood-dyed Arghavân is best.

For heaven's sake, ask my physician how shall this prostration be in the end for the best !

O young man, turn not away thine head from the counsel of the aged ; for the old man's wisdom compared with the young man's fortune is the best.

One night she said to me,—“No eye hath seen a brighter gem than the pearl which hangeth in mine ear; 'tis the best.”

Words from the mouth of a friend are jewels; but those which are spoken by Hafiz are the best.

Rosen. II., 534-5. Calcutta 112, 2.



O thou who art without knowledge, work till thou art a master in knowledge; so long as thou art not a wayfarer, how shouldest thou be able to shew the way !

In the school of verities, in the presence of the Professors of Love, labour continually, my son, that thou mayest one day become a father !

Sleep and over-feeding have kept thee far from the exaltation of love; wouldest thou attain Love, thou must withhold thyself from food and slumber.

When the light of the love of God shall have fallen on thine heart and soul, then, by Heaven ! thou wilt have become more beautiful than is the sun in the sky.

Wash thyself clean from the copper of the body, like men of the road, that thou mayest discover the alchemy of Love, and become gold. *(Note 55.)*

From head to foot all the light of God will surround thee, when like the headless and footless, thou shalt be borne along the path of the glorified.

Plunge for one moment into God's ocean, and think not, that the water of the seven seas will wet a single feather. *(Note 56.)*

If the countenance of God shall be the object of thy gaze, not a doubt will remain, that thou art one of the clear-sighted.

Though the foundation of thy life shall have been turned upside-down, have not thou a thought in thine heart, that thou thyself art become a ruin!

But, if Hafiz there be in thine head a desire of fruition, thou wilt have to become as dust at the threshold of the gifted with discernment.

Rosen. III., 46-7. Calcutta Ed. 127, 2



If at the voice of the turtle-dove and the nightingale, thou wilt not quaff wine, how can I cure thee save by the last remedy—"Burning!" (Note 57.)

When the Rose hath cast her veil, and the bird is reciting his "Hu, Hu," put not the cup from thine hand! what meaneth thine "Oh! Oh!"

Whilst the water of life is in thine hand, die not of thirst! "WATER GIVETH LIFE TO ALL THINGS." (Note 58.)

Lay-up for thyself treasures from the hues and odours of Spring-tide, for follow quickly on its heels the Autumn and the Winter.

Fate bestoweth no gift which it taketh not back: ask not aught of sordid humanity; the trifle it bestoweth is a nothing.

The grandeur of sovereignty and power, how should it be stable! Of the throne of Jem, and the diadem of Kai, what is left save a fable!

Whoso heapeth-up riches to be the heritage of the mean is an infidel: so say the minstrel and the cup-bearer; such is the decree of the cymbal and the fife!

It is written on the portico of the mansion of Paradise,—“WOE TO HIM WHO HATH PURCHASED THE SMILES OF THE WORLD!”

Generosity is departed! I fold up my words.
Where is the wine?—that I may give: “May the
soul of Hatim Tai dwell in bliss for ever!” (Note 59.)

The miser will never breathe the fragrance of
Heaven! Come Hafiz! take the cup, and practice
liberality, and I will be thy surety!

Rosen. III., 56-7. Calcutta Ed. 181, 2.



To gaze for a time in tranquillity of soul on that mild radiance of the moon is better than to wear one's whole life a kingly crown.

By Heaven, mine own eye is jealous of that cheek, that its look with such benignity of countenance should yet be so repellant.

Mine heart is departed, and I know not what is become of my stranger, for my life hath passed away, and no news cometh to me from any quarter.

My breath is come to an end, and, mine eye is still unsatisfied; beyond this there remaineth to me neither desire, nor ambition.

Disturb not, O breeze, one ringlet of that Peri-countenance; for Hafiz would give a thousand lives to ransom the tip of a single hair!

Rosen. III., 60-1. Calcutta Ed. 127, 1.



Thy beauty, like my love, hath reached perfection!
— Lord, may neither one, nor the other, suffer
diminution!

To my imagination it cometh not, that within the
portrayings of intelligence any degree of loveliness
should exceed this!

Every moment that I am with thee a year seemeth
to me but a day, and every moment that I am with-
out thee the twinkling of an eye appeareth to me a
year.

Every line of life is gain, if expended with thee;
were life but a day, that day would be all that I
could desire.

How should I behold, O my soul, the image of thy
face in my dreams, when in my dreams I have never
yet seen aught but an image!

Have mercy on my poor heart, for the love of thy
beautiful face hath reduced me, like a vanishing
moon, to a grain of sand!

O Hafiz, make no complaint, if thou desirest to win
thy beloved; for thou wilt yet have to bear a heavier
burthen of separation!

Rosen. III., 62-3. Calcutta Ed. 125, 2.



The nightingale from the bough of the cypress
chanted last night in her ancient strain to the as-
sembled audience a significant lecture.

Come for the rosebush is on fire like the bush of
Moses, that thou mayest learn from a plant the
subtle meaning of Unity. (Note 60.)

The birds of the garden are measuring out their
melodies and gay cadences, that the master may quaff
his wine to the old ditties.

Sweet to the beggar is the hour when he spreadeth-
out his mat, and enjoyeth untroubled sleep; for such
enjoyment is not allowed on the kingly throne.

Jomshid took nothing out of the world save the
story of his magic glass; take heed that thou bind
not thine heart to the things of the world!

Well said the time-worn peasant to his son,—“O
light of mine eyes, what thou hast sown, that only
wilt thou reap.”

Thine eye with a glance hath darkened a man's
dwelling; let not thine intoxication wholly overcome
thee, lest thou treat him rudely.

Perhaps the cupbearer hath given to Hafiz more
than his allowance, for the t^gs. of the Maufavi's
turban hang disordered. (Note 61.)

Rosen. III., 64-5. Calcutta Ed., 119, 2.



Heaven hath wonderfully granted its assistance on this day of Judgment! how wilt thou shew thy thankfulness? what will be thy tribute of gratitude?
(Note 62.)

In the village of love royal magnificence hath no value; perform the conditions of slavery and fulfil thy contract of servitude.

Over him that hath fallen, and whom God hath taken by the hand, say to thyself,—“Be it thy part to feel the sorrows of the fallen.”

O cupbearer, enter my door with glad tidings of joy, that for one moment thou mayest banish from my heart the troubles of the world.

In the royal-road of dignity and greatness there is much hazard; over this rough way it is well to travel heedfully!

The Sultan's thought is about enemies, his ambition is crowns and treasure; the Derwish's thought is the garb of the heart and the nook of the Kalandar (*a religious order.*)

The attainment of our desires must go to the account of reflexion and resolution; with the aid of the king's good gift and the grace of God.

I will repeat to thee—if thou wilt permit me—one word of the wise man,—“Peace is better than war and dominion!”

O Hafiz, wash not from thy face this dust of poverty; for better is this dust than all the works of alchemy.

Rosen, III., 80-1. Calcutta Ed. 129, 2.



A twain of clever friends, a flagon of old wine,
quiet and a book, and a corner of the lawn;

I would not exchange this condition, either for this
world, or that which is to come, although the crowd
every moment should pursue me with its censures.

Whoever hath given-up the treasure of content-
ment for the treasure of the world hath sold for a
very trifling sum an Egyptian Joseph.

Come, for the capacity of this workshop is not
small; it will admit a pious man like thee, or a rebel
like myself.

On the day of death we may have to tell our
sorrows to wine; for in such a conjuncture we can
put confidence in no one.

Seat thyself cheerfully in thy nook, and take thy
pleasure, for no man can call to mind so strange, a
calamity. (Note 63)

I behold my picture in the hand of mean people:
is it thus that Heaven recognizeth the service of such
a one as me?

But work on in patience, my heart! for God will
not suffer so precious a ring to remain in the hands of
the evil one!

From the rough wind of events it is not possible to perceive that on this lawn was once rose or jessamine.

The hot blast of the simoon which hath passed over this garden maketh it wonderful, that hue of rose should remain, or smell of narcissus.

The temper of the times is sick! in this calamity, O Hafiz, where is the thoughtfulness of the physician, or the counsel of the Brahmin.

. *Rosen, III, 82-85. Calcutta Ed, 123, 1.*



I went out into the garden to pluck a morning rose, when suddenly came to my ear the voice of a nightingale.

Miserable as myself—afflicted with his passion for the rose—he filled the whole glade with the clamour of his lamentation.

Again and again I paced the terrace of the garden, musing on this matter of the rose and the nightingale;

The rose become the friend of the thorn, and the nightingale still the faithful lover: the one remaining ever unchanged—the other discovering signs of mutability.

The voice of the nightingale penetrated my heart, till I was so moved, that I lost all power of endurance.

How many a rose hath blossomed in this garden, yet no one hath plucked a rose without feeling the prick of its thorn:

Oh, Hafiz! nourish no hope of gladness in this sublunary world; for amidst its thousand defects it can show no perfect excellence.

Rosen. III., 98-9. Calcutta Ed. 128, 1.



From the village of my friend cometh a gentle breeze of the new year, by whose aid, if thou desirest it, thou mayest kindle the lamp of thine own heart.

If like the rose thou hast a particle of gold about thee, for Heaven's sake expend it on enjoyment! for the cause of the error of Karun was his passion for amassing gold.

I have wine pure as the soul, yet the Sufi findeth fault with it: O Heavens, may no evil fortune one day befall the man of understanding!

How search out the way which leadeth us to our desires?—By renouncing our desires! The crown of pre-eminence is to make this renouncement.

I know not wherefore cometh the wail of the turtle-dove from the margin of the streamlet: perchance like me she hath a daily and nightly sorrow!

Thy sweet friend hath left thee; now sit alone, O taper! for whether thou workest or art consumed is equally the disposal of Heaven.

I will say to thee a word behind the veil:—"Like the rosebud come out of thyself; for not more than five days tarrieth the Empress of the Spring."

In the pride of knowledge forbid not thyself the
objects of enjoyment: come cupbearer; for to the
idiot cometh the greatest good fortune! (Note 64)

Go thy ways and indulge in wine and revelry, and
abandon hypocrisy! I shall be astonished, if thou
canst teach me a better way than this!

Go to the garden, and there learn from the night-
ingale the mystery of love; come to the assembly
and learn from Hafiz how thou shouldst sing a lay!

Rosen. III., 106-7. Calcutta Ed. 132-1.



One morning, on the bounds of his land thus spake
his proverb a wanderer to his neighbour :

“O Sufi, only will the wine become clear, when
thou shalt have kept it fourteen days in the bottle.”

If it were not for the finger of Solomon, what
special value would have his seal-ring ?

Hundreds of times doth God regard with aversion
the garb of the devotee which concealeth in its sleeve
a hundred idolatries.

The inward parts were darkened, but it may be
that the anchorite may bring from another world a
lamp to enlighten them.

Though humanity be a name without a mark, still
offer thou thy petition to the benign.

A recompense may be awarded thee, lord of the
harvest, if thou art pitiful to the poor gleaner !

I behold not in any one pleasure or enjoyment ; nor
medicine for the heart, nor sympathy with the faith.

My spirit is no longer hopeful of exultation ; nor is
there a picture of Love on the tablet of my brow.

Nor hath Hafiz any rest in study or retirement ;
nor hath the learned man to offer any science of
certainty.

Show me the door of the wine-house, that I may
inquire of the sear the worth of my condition.

Though the manners of the Beauty may be proud
and ungentle, what may be thy fate, if thou-dealest
with the pitying!

Rosen. III., 112-13. Calcutta Ed. 126, 2.



In the dawn of the morning I told to the breeze the tale of my yearnings; and it returned me an answer—"Have confidence in the mercies of the Lord."

Words have no tongue which can fully express the secrets of love; and beyond the bounds of recital is the interpretation of yearnings.

Bind thine heart to the locks of Laila, and let thy deeds be done after the example of Mejnûn, for all the words of wisdom are accounted a fraud by the lover.

O thou, my Joseph of Egypt, occupied with thy sovereignty, ask the father,—“What were the limits to the affection of the child?”

Cast on us the witchery of one of thy glances, at once bringing the medicine and creating the pain; let us pluck those musk-scattering ringlets, at once heart-soothing and heart-enslaving.

The world, at once aged and beautiful, never yet had in her nature a touch of sympathy; what dost thou seek from her affection? where dost thou see in her the fulfilment of thy desires?

In this market, if there be any gain, it resteth with the prudent, poor devotee; O God, make me satisfied with poverty and prudence!

The morning petition and the nightly sigh are the key of the treasure-house of thy proper object; in this road and this direction persist in travelling, if thou wouldest be united with the one who hath thine heart in keeping.

How long will a nobly-endowed Humai like thee nourish its cupidity for bones and garbage; alas, that thou shouldest cast away that shadowing of fortune on the unworthy!

(Note 65.)

Give not thine heart, O Hafiz, to the fair-ones; see what were the faithless acts which were wrought by those Turks of Samarkand on the poor Kharasmians.

(Note 66.)

When they hear the lays of Hafiz of Shirâz there is dancing and jubilation amidst the black-eyed maidens of Kashmir and the damsels of Samarkand.

Rosen. III., 120-1. Calcutta Ed. 129, 2.



Salutations fragrant as the perfume of friendship
to the man whose eye is beaming with light!

Benedictions like the brightness of the pure in
heart to the taper which illumineth the lonely cell of
the pious!

I see no longer in this place one who breatheth the
same breath that I do; my heart is bleeding with
choking sorrow! The cup-bearer, where is he?

Where do they sell the wine, which mastereth the
Sufi? for I burn with rage at this hypocrisy of the
devotee!

My companions have so broken the contract of
friendship, that thou wouldst say, that friendship
itself had never been!

Turn not away thy face from the village of the
Magian, for there they sell keys which unlock all
difficulties.

The bride of the world, though of surpassing
loveliness, surpasseth too all bounds of faithless
coquetry.

My broken heart, could it have its desires, would
not draw its balsam from those marble hearts.

Wouldest thou learn the alchemy of happiness,
keep thyself separate from all that incline to evil.

If thou wilt spare me, O greedy soul, I shall
become many times a monarch in my beggary!

O Hafiz, make no complaint of the violence of the
spheres; what knowest thou, O slave, of the acts of
the Master?

Rosen. III., 130-1. Calcutta Ed. wanting.



One morning an unseen voice in friendly tone called to me from the wine-house,—“Come back thou who so long hast served at this threshold.”

“Like Jemshid quaff a draught of wine, for a ray from his world-displaying cup may give thee a glimpse of the world of spirits.”

“At the door of the winehouse there are inebriated Kalandars, who give and take back princely diadems.”

“A brick under their heads, their feet rest on the seven stars: look at them, and thou mayest see the value of power and the worth of dignity.”

I will place my head on the threshold of the wine-house; for though its walls be lowly, its roof reacheth to the heavens.

O wayfarer, be courteous to the beggar at the door of the tavern, if thou wouldest have some knowledge of the mysteries of God.

If they make thee a sultan in the kingdom of poverty, thy smallest territory will be from the moon to the fishes.

But enter not on the journey, unless thou have Khizar for thy companion; for the road is dark, and dread thou the danger of losing thy way! (Note 67.)

© Hafiz—the prey of crude avarice—be ashamed of thy deeds!—what are thy deeds that thou shouldst claim the rewards of both worlds?

Thou knowest not how to knock at the door of poverty; therefore let not go from thine hand the cushion of luxury and the royal assemblies of Turân!

Rosen. III, 134-5. Calcutta Ed. 117, 1



My heart is brimful of pain : alas, who will bring me a remedy? My heart in its loneliness is well-nigh dead! O God, who will give me a companion?

Who looketh for an eye of repose from the sour-faced world? Cup-bearer, bring me a cup, that I may enjoy a moment's rest!

Rise, that we may give our hearts to those lovely damsels of Samarkand; for the breeze wafteth us fragrance from the river of Muliân. (Note 68.)

I exclaimed to a quick-witted man, "Behold this our condition!". He laughed, and replied, "Yes, our condition is hard, our state is full of marvels, the world is a ruin!"

I am burning in the pit of patience on account of that taper of Ohighil! The King of Turkistân careth not for our welfare! Where is there a Rustam? (Note 69.)

In the path of love, suffering is security and pleasure; may the heart that would medicine thy wound be itself wounded!

To the village of the inebriated there is no road for the soft and indulgent; there are conflagrations for the wayfarer, and sorrows for the inexperienced!

In this world of clay there is no real man! We must make another world, and create a new Adam!

O Hafiz, what is weeping weighed in the balance of love!—in this deluge the seven-seas seem but as the night-dew!

Rosen III, 138-9. Calcutta Ed. 128, 2.



Come, cupbearer, for the cup of the tulip is already full of wine; how many doubtful words! and how long these fooleries!

Let go thy pomps and thy daintiness, for Time hath seen the robe of the Emperor wrinkled, and the end of the diadem of Kai.

Be sober; for the bird of the garden is continually intoxicated. Awake! for the sleep of inexistence is close behind thee.

Gently and gracefully wave, thou branch of the fresh spring; never may calamity overtake thee from the shock of the winter's wind!

Rely not upon the affection of the spheres, or their caresses; woe unto him who feeleth himself secure from their machinations!

To-morrow our draught may be from the river of Paradise, and amidst the Houris; but to-day enjoy the radiant looks of the cupbearer and a goblet of wine!

The morning-breeze calleth to my remembrance the promises of childhood; oh, that childhood could bring a medicine to my soul to chase away sorrow!

Regard not the pomp and royalty of the rose, for the wind will scatter every leaf beneath its feet.

Give a full goblet to the memory of Hatim Tai,
that we may close the black-book of the volaries of
avarice. (Note 70.)

Carry the cushions to the garden; for the cypress
is standing like a slave in waiting, and the reed hath
girded its waist for service.

List, how the musicians of the meadow join in con-
cord:—the harmony of harp and lute; the voice of
the flute and the lyre!

O Hafiz, the fame of thine enchanting witchery
hath reached the boundaries of Egypt and China,
and the extremities of Rai and Rûm!

Rosen. III, 140-141. Calcutta Ed, 118, 2.



A city it is, full of graceful forms, a picture on every side! My friends, it is the proclamation of Love, if ye are desirous of trafficking.

The eye of the world will never behold younglings fresher than these; a fairer prey hath never yet fallen into the hands of the hunter!

Who hath ever seen created material forms so resembling spirit? Oh, may no dust of earth-made beings sully their garments!

Wherefore do'st thou drive from thy presence one so broken down as I am? Lost entirely is every expectation of a kiss or an embrace.

The wine is genuine, drink it speedily; the time is propitious, know how to seize it! Another year, who may hope for another spring tide?

The guests are assembled in the garden, like tulips and roses; each with a cup in his hand, and a remembrance to the face of his beloved-one.

How shall I untie this knot? How resolve this problem? Painful—very painful—it is! a problem difficult—very difficult!

Every tip of the hair of Hafiz is in the hand of a
saucy one's ringlets, very dangerous it is to dwell in
a city like this !

Rosen. III, 144-145. Calcutta 122, 2.



O Breeze, whence hast thou the fragrance of my beloved? Thou hast stolen it from her odoriferous breath.

Have a care how thou committest a theft on her? What hast thou to do with her wavy ringlets?

O Rose, what art thou in the presence of her lovely face? Sweet as musk is she, and thou,—thy fruit is a thorn.

Sweet-basil, where art thou, compared with the tender down of her cheek? She is all freshness, and thou art soiled with dust.

Where art thou, Narcissus, in view of her sportive eyes? Her's are but merry, but thine are tipsy ones

O Cypress, where art thou beside her graceful stature? How wilt thou be valued any longer in the garden?

O Wisdom, what is there to chuse between thee and the reality of her affection?

One day, O Hafiz, thou wilt come to the joy of fruition, if thou pine not away, meanwhile, in the anxiety of expectation.

Rosen. III., 162. Calcutta Ed 121, 1



Everywhere appear vestiges of unfaithfulness;
no one showeth signs of friendship any longer!

Excellent men, reduced to poverty, now stretch out
to the mean the hand of poverty;

And in the mutations of the revolving sphere the
virtuous man enjoyeth not a moment's respite from
sorrow,

Whilst fools live in the enjoyment of every
comfort: for this is the merchandise which hath its
value at present.

And doth a poet pour out a lay pellucid as water,
which sheddeth over the heart an increase of
brightness,

Avarice and parsimony will not give him a barley-
corn, even were he to sing as melodiously as Sinayi.

(Note 71.)

Wisdom whispered yesterday in the ear of mine
understanding,—“Go, in thy weakness still keep thy
patience!

Still make contentment thy capital stock and suffer;
and in pain and sorrow and indigence bear it!”

Come, Hafiz! lay this counsel to thy soul; and if
thou stumble on thy feet, raise up thine head and
stand again erect!

Rosen, III, 164-5 Calcutta Ed. 115, 2.



Cup-bearer, hast thou a passion for wine, bring not before me aught but wine!

Come with suffering, if through suffering cometh the remedy: see, in Love both worlds are as nothing!

The secrets of the heart in the path of love are the voice of the guitar and the wailing of the lute.

A poor sincere bankrupt in the path of love is of more worth than a thousand Hatim Täis. (Note 72.)

A Peri-faced idol but steppeth forth Sultana-like, and a crowd from the city followeth her from the city.

Men stand agaze at that lovely countenance; and her cheek is crimsoned with the blush of modesty.

How long will Hafiz have to bear the sorrow thou causest him! how long still endure his broken heart!

Rosen. III. 180-1. Calcutta Ed. 118, 1.



It is the fresh spring! Labour to be of a cheerful heart, for it will behold yet many a rose when thou shalt be under the sod.

The harp, too, behind the veil, might give counsel to thine heart, but its warning can only profit thee when thou shalt be capable of listening to it.

I tell thee not now with whom to sit down or what to drink, for thou thyself knowest, if thou be wise and subtle, what thou shouldest do.

Every leaf in the meadow is a volume of a different kind; it were an injustice to thee to suppose that thou canst be neglectful of them all.

Although the path which leadeth from us to our friend's be full of terrors, yet the journey will be easy, if thou be acquainted with the stations.

The choking grasp of the world hath carried off with impunity the ready money of thy life; if day and night thou art occupied with this perplexing problem.

O Hafiz, if high-fortune shall favour thee with assistance, thou wilt yet become the prey of that richly-gifted fair one.

Rosen., 204-5. Calcutta Ed. 117, 2.



The mirror of abnegation reflecteth the light of God; if thou art a searcher after the Eternal Love, enter thou in at my door.

Give me wings! If in hell is inscribed the name of my sin, Mohammed's miracle bath cast water upon its fire.

Thou art every moment playing the juggler with thyself, and this is not right, for the Prophet hath said—"O Lord, I have never gamed!"

If thou wouldest walk over the lawn in all thy beauty and splendour, the lily, the cypress, and the rose would with one consent become thine imitators.

O Hafiz, the bird of thine heart is entangled in the net of appetite; dependant as thou art on what should be thy shame, breathe not thou a word about abnegation!

Rosen. III., 228-9. Calcutta Ed. 129, 2.



NOTES TO THE
CENTURY OF TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
DIWAN OF HAFIZ.

NOTE 1. PAGE 2.—Joseph is universally regarded in the East as the very perfection of manly beauty, and so described by all their poets. His story, according to Mohammedan accounts; taken partly from the Hebrew Bible, is found in the 12th Surah of the Koran, Sale's translation, and is the theme of the beautiful poem of Joseph and Zulaikha, by Jami, translated into English by the present author.

NOTE 2. PAGE 3.—The name of a tree in Paradise bearing a delicious fruit.

NOTE 3. PAGE 3.—The story of the Loves of Mejnûn and Laila is very famous in the East, and has been the theme of several poets; amongst others, of Nizami and Jami. The last has been made known to European readers by Hartmann's German, and by Chezy's elegant French translation.

NOTE 4. PAGE 5.—An allusion to the custom of throwing small money over the heads of the crowd at marriages, and on other festive occasions.

NOTE 5. PAGE 9.—Rizwân means Paradise, and is also the name of its porter or gardner.

NOTE 6. PAGE 10.—The story of Karûn or Corah, according to the Mohammedan account, and his fearful end, and the cause of it, may be read in the 28th Surah of the Koran.

NOTE 7. PAGE 12.—Kuthex is the name of a river in Paradise, from which all the other rivers are said to derive their source.

NOTE 8. PAGE 14.—This is the verse which is said to have decided the question which was raised by the priests against his interment with the usual religious ceremonies, as noted in the Preliminary Notice. Sir W. Jones has rendered it.

“Turn not away from Hafiz’ bier,
Nor mournful check the pitying tear;
For though immersed in sin he lies,
His soul forgiven to heaven shall rise.”

NOTE 9. PAGE 17.—(See Note 3 above for the allusion to *Laila and Mejnûn*.) The story of Ferhad and Shirin is told in a celebrated poetical romance, written by Nizami, on the Loves of Khosra-Parviz and Shirin. We love to dwell on the subject which most engrosses our affections, as Ferhad on the charms of Shirin, and Mejnûn on the tresses of Laila.

NOTE 10. PAGE 17.—The Oxus of our maps.

NOTE 11. PAGE 18.—As it needs bright and clear eyes to perceive the first glimpse of the new moon, which marks the beginning and ending of Ramasân, the month of fasting: for only when witnesses have sworn in court that they have really seen it, does the obligation of fasting commence. (*Rosen. in loco.*)

NOTE 12. PAGE 20.—The patriarch Jacob, when he had to part for so long a time from his dearly beloved son Joseph.

NOTE 13. PAGE 22.—The marvellous cup of Jemshid, one of the ancient kings of Persia, which, according to Eastern fabulists, represented the whole world and mirrored all its events and circumstances.

NOTE 14. PAGE 24.—The allusion is a little obscure; possibly it means, did not the taper expiate its fault by its being itself consumed and extinguished?

NOTE 15. PAGE 24.—According to Sudi's commentary, because those who hypocritically pretend to virtues which they have not, awaken the fire of disgrace and shaming of themselves.

NOTE 16. PAGE 28.—Harût and Marût are the names of two angels who, having severely censured mankind before the throne of God, were sent down to earth in human shapes to judge of the temptations to which man was subject, and not being able to withstand them, and having committed every species of iniquity, were suspended by the feet in a well at Babylon, where they are to remain in great torment to the day of Judgment. (See Johnson's *Persian Dict.* in voce.)

NOTE 17. PAGE 31.—The names of trees in Paradise.

NOTE 18. PAGE 33.—An allusion to the unrivalled beauty of Joseph (see Note 1), and his being cast into the well by his brethren (See also Jami's "*Joseph and Zalaikha*," p. 70.)

NOTE 19. PAGE 35.—The first Surah of the Koran, which is regarded by Mohammedans as we regard the Pater Noster. The chapter of Faithfulness, perhaps more correctly rendered "Sincerity" or "Purity" is the 112th Surah of the Koran, which has the same superscription in the original as here in the text.

NOTE 20. PAGE 36.—The Bairam Festival, which follows the Fast of Ramasân.

NOTE 21. PAGE 38.—As a sign of his approval

NOTE 22. SAME PAGE.—As the reed does not make known its secret till it has lost its head, that is, is prepared for writing, so Hafiz will never communicate the secret of his love till he dies.

NOTE 23. PAGE 39.—But she will not deign to destroy me, as the wind extinguishes the tabor.

NOTE 24. PAGE 41.—"The Temple of the Magian" is a frequent designation of the winehouse or tavern. But here it may have a spiritual meaning more in accordance with what follows, and with its frequent use.

NOTE 25. PAGE 42.—The Hoopoo and the East-wind, or morning breeze, were, according to the eastern legends, the love-messengers between Solomon and the beautiful Balkis the Queen of Saba or Sheba.

NOTE 26. PAGE 45.—The sun is here thought of as a horseman who lets his bridle fall from his hand at the sight of the lovely one. In the language of the ascetics that mystic is called a sun-rider who has already advanced into the higher spiritual world.

NOTE 27. PAGE 47.—(See Note 25 above.) This ghazel is one of those written on the return of Shah Manssur after driving away the Turkomans from Shirâz.

NOTE 28. PAGE 48.—(See Note 4, page 5.)

NOTE 29. PAGE 49.—This translated *literally* would hardly be intelligible; it would be—"Alay every Alif-like stature be like a Nûn." Alif, the first letter of the Persian alphabet, is a tall, slender, and graceful character; the Nûn (our N), in comparison, broad and ungraceful.

NOTE 30. PAGE 50.—Alluding to the story of Ferhad, the celebrated sculptor, and the lovely Shîrin, the wife of the Persian monarch Khozru Parviz, which has been the favourite theme of many romantic Persian love-poems.

NOTE 31. PAGE 53.—All the names mentioned in these two couplets are names of ancient Persian kings of the first, or Kaianian dynasty, whose history, mixed up of course with all kinds of fabulous legends and poetic embellishment, is told in detail in the celebrated heroic poem of Firdusi, entitled Shah Nameh, or Book of Kings.

NOTE 32. PAGE 57.—Shabân is the eighth month of the Mohammedan year, which immediately precedes the Fast of Ramasân.

NOTE 33. PAGE 61.—He who, like Hafiz, hath drunk the wine of Love, will with the thought of His Unity and His Aloneness, feel himself intoxicated with the eternal existence—an intoxication to which he was destined already from the first day of his creation. (*Rosen. Note in loco.*)

NOTE 34. PAGE 62.—“A ring of manumission.” The name of the ring, which the master in former times gave to a slave when he gave him his freedom, as he now gives him a letter of freedom.

NOTE 35. PAGE 63.—That is, was doomed to die. This ode seems to have been written on the death of a beloved friend; possibly, as some commentator supposes, his wife.

NOTE 36. PAGE 63.—The allusion is a little obscure. Rosenzweig says—“Through the death of my friend, Fate hath unveiled to him the secret of my love, as, generally, it leaves nothing unveiled then. (*Note in loco.*)”

NOTE 37. PAGE 67.—By the seal-ring of Jemshid, which, like that of Solomon, commanded men and spirits, the poet understands the ruby lip of his beloved, which he wishes to exercise the same power over his.

NOTE 38. PAGE 71.—Every present of my beloved I accept with gratitude. The Mohammedan Rosary consists of ninety-nine beads, which correspond to

the ninety-nine qualities of God. The girdle named Sormas was introduced in the year H. 235 A.D. by the Abbasside Khalif Mutawakkil as a mark of distinction of Mohammédans from Jews and Christians. (See Rosen, Notes, Vol. I., p. 770 and 825.)

NOTE 39. PAGE 72.—In Sufi-fashion, that is under his cloak, hypocritically, like a sufi. § Correct "sâfe" in text, a typographical error, overlooked in the proof.

NOTE 40. PAGE 82.—Assaf, the wise Vizier of the wise Solomon.

NOTE 41. SAME PAGE.—The names Irâk, the ancient Hyrcania, and Hejâz, stony Arabia, are also the names of the famous tunes. (Rosen. in loco.)

NOTE 42. PAGE 87.—The little stream near Shirâz, immortalized in the songs of Hafiz. Khizar, whom the Sagas represent as still amongst the living, is the discoverer and guardian of the Waters of Life, and the protector of rivers and brooks.

NOTE 43—SAME PAGE—A suburb of Shirâz, which contains within itself many gardens and villas. Moseïla, a pleasure garden near Shirâz, in which Hafiz lies buried.

NOTE 44. PAGE 90.—Assaf was the wise Vizier of Solomon. (*See Note 40.*) Here "the Assaf of the mighty hero" is the Vizier of King Shah-Shejâa, namely, Kawâm-ud-din, the especial patron of Hafiz.

NOTE 45. PAGE 95.—I gave thee counsel to enjoy thyself; if thou wilt not do so, I am no longer responsible. "We have only to deliver our message." (*See Johnson's Persian Dict.*—"Belagh.")

NOTE 46. PAGE 100.—(*See former Note 30, page 50.*) The story of Ferhad and Shirin is told in Nizami's poem, for some account of which work the reader may consult "Life and Works of Nizami," by Dr. Bacher, translated by the writer of this little work, p. 23 *et seq.* Ferhad, who was a famous sculptor, is said to have cut through an immense mountain to please his beloved Shirin.

NOTE 47. PAGE 102.—This ghazel was composed, it is said, whilst staying at Yesd, from which place he was yearning to return to his beloved Shirâz.

NOTE 48. PAGE 103.—“The faithful spirit is the Archangel Gabriel. It was through him that the Koran was revealed to Mohammed.” (*See Koran, Surah 2.*)

NOTE 49. SAME PAGE.—That is, we follow the Caravan of Hypocrites with the firebrand of our hot execrations in order to consume them.

NOTE 50. PAGE 104.—“Blue” is the colour of the garments of the Sufis, who by this colour pretend to symbolize their aspirations towards heaven, and whom Hafiz dislikes.

NOTE 51. PAGE 106.—As the district of Khoten, so is Chighil, in Turkistan, the native land of handsome youths and lovely maidens.

NOTE 52. PAGE 107.—Emin-ud-din—a patron of Hafiz—was the secretary and keeper of the seals to the Sultan Uweiz.

NOTE 53. PAGE 114.—The rose and the jessamine symbolize the cheeks of the beloved, and the hyacinth perpetually represents the hair.

NOTE 54. PAGE 115.—Name of a tree in the seventh heaven of Paradise, the abode of the angel Gâ'riel.

NOTE 55. PAGE 124.—Free thyself from all entanglement with baser matters of the world, like those who are journeying on the heavenly road, that thine affections may become like pure gold in the hands of the alchemist.

NOTE 56. SAME PAGE.—That is not all the water of all the oceans of the world of which the Orientals reckon seven.

NOTE 57. PAGE 126.—The extreme cautery—the last remedy of the surgeon. A proverb taken from the Traditions of the Prophet. (*Rosen. Note in loco.*)

NOTE 58ⁿ. SAME PAGE.—An Arabic^r proverb, frequently inscribed over fountains.

NOTE 59. PAGE 127.—The name of the celebrated Emir, and chief of an Arab tribe, who is regarded in the East as the model of perfect generosity. For an interesting anecdote of him, see *Sadi's Gulistan*, ch. 3, 15, or the present translator's *Flowers from Persian Gardens*, page 18.

NOTE 60. PAGE 130.—The rosebush is compared by the nightingale to the burning bush, in which the Lord God appeared to Moses and said,—“I am the only God.” (See *Rosenzweig's Note in loco*.)

NOTE 61. PAGE 131.—The Maulavis are the well known Dervishes whose founder was the far-famed Jelâl-ud-din Rûmi. There seems to be here a satirical hint of their hypocrisy.

NOTE 62. PAGE 132.—This Ghazel is supposed to have been composed at the time that King Manssar drove away the Turkomans out of his territory.

NOTE 63. PAGE 134.—This Ghazel was written when the Turkomans had occupied Shirâz, and had committed terrible devastations there. "I behold my picture, &c.," perhaps refers to the seizure of the house, or some valued object by the enemy.

NOTE 64. PAGE 137-8.—A translation of the Arabic proverb :—"The idiot is the fortunate one."

NOTE 65. PAGE 142.—The Humai, the fabulous bird, which according to the legend portends good fortune to all whom it overshadows with its wings, refuses, like common fowls, to prey on garbage.

NOTE 66. SAME PAGE.—An allusion to an event which happened in Hulugu's time. The princes of Samarkand and Kharasm made war on one another, when the first sued for peace. But hardly was it agreed upon, when he treacherously fell upon the unsuspecting Prince of Kharasm, caused him to be slain, and plundered his country. Samarkand is celebrated for the beauty of its young men and maidens, and Kashmir for its delicious climate and scenery.

NOTE 67. PAGE 145.—Khizar was Vizier and General to an ancient King of Persia, called Alexander or Kaikobâd, (not of Macedon,) who is said to have discovered the Fountain of Life, drank of it, and will not die till the last trumpet. He is therefore not unaptly alluded to as the protector of life.

NOTE 68. PAGE 147.—One of the names of the river Oxus. Samarkand is noted, as before remarked, for the beauty of its inhabitants.

NOTE 69. SAME PAGE.—The Taper of Chighil is the beloved one. Rustam is the name of the famous hero—the Hercules of the East—whose exploits form a very large portion of the narratives in the Shah-Nameh, a Book of Kings, the great heroic poem of Firdusi. The allusion is to his liberating his nephew, the prince Pishen, the son of the Persian King Kai Khosru, from a well in which the King of Turkistân, Afrasiab, had thrown him, because he had secretly married his daughter.

NOTE 70. PAGE 150.—Hatim Tai, the chief of an Arabian tribe, who is esteemed in the East the model and perfection of liberality and every generous virtue. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in Sadi's Gulistân, "book of roses, chapter 3, 15," or in the present translator's "Flowers from Persian Gardens," page 18.

NOTE 71. PAGE 154.—Sanayi—the name of one of the great mystic poets. He lived under Sultan Mahmud, the Cheznave, and died A.H. 576, A.D. 1180.

NOTE 72. PAGE 156.—See preceding Note 70.

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