THE SPIRITUAL WISDOM OF

HAFEZ

Teachings of the Philosopher of love

I.T. SCHOLARS GROUP LARAKANA
I dedicate this e-book (Poetry of Hafîz) to my close friend. For you cannot possibly know how much you mean to me, nor the influence that you have on my life. Thank you for standing together with me, for laughing with me, crying with me, hurting with me and enduring with me, and understanding me. Your never-ending strength will never be forgotten. I love each of you individually and artistically as the person you are and I do not strive to change you, only to show you, that you too can be a strong, independent and beautiful person which I believe you to be on both the inside and the outside. So take with you this e-book, it's meaning and by all means "Anytime you need a friend...I will be here!!" I love you!!........

Jhon Ahme Farooqui
05-01-06
فهرست

Biography

Ghazals

Rubaiyat

Wild Deer

Saqhi-Nameh
Biography

Very little credible information is known about Hafiz's life, particularly its early part. Immediately after his death, many stories, some of mythical proportions were woven around his life. The following is an attempt at encapsulating what we know with a fair amount of certainty about Hafiz's life.

Birth

Date:  
Sometime between the years 1310-1325 a.d. or 712-727 A.H.  
The most probable date is either 1320, or 1325 a.d.

Place:  
Shiraz, in South-central Iran

Name  
Shamseddin Mohammad

Family

Pen-Name  
Hafiz or Hafez (a title given to those who had memorized the Koran by heart. It is claimed that Hafiz had done this in fourteen different ways).

Full Title  
Khajeh Shamseddin Mohammad Hafiz-s Shirazi

Other variations of spelling are:  
Khwajeh Shams al-Din Muhammad Hafez-e Shirazi,  
Or Khwaje Shams ud-Din Mohammed Hafiz-e Shirazi
**Father:**
Baha-ud-Din

**Brothers:**
He had two older brothers

**Wife:**
Hafiz married in his twenties, even though he continued his love for Shakh-e Nabat, as the manifest symbol of her Creator's beauty.

**Children:**
Hafiz had one child.

**Important Events**

**Teens**
He had memorized the Koran by listening to his father's recitations of it. He also had memorized many of the works of his hero, Saadi, as well as Attar, Rumi and Nizami.

**Teens**
His father, who was a coal merchant, died, leaving him and his mother with much debt. Hafiz and his mother went to live with his uncle (also called Saadi). He left day school to work in a drapery shop and later in a bakery.

**Age 21**
**(1341 AD)**
While still working at the bakery, Hafiz delivered bread to a wealthy quarter of town and saw Shakh-e Nabat, a young woman of incredible beauty. Many of his poems are addressed to Shakh-e Nabat.
**Age 21**

In pursuit of reaching his beloved, Hafiz kept a forty day and night vigil at the tomb of Baba Kuhi. After successfully attaining this, he met Attar and became his disciple.

**Early twenties to early thirties**

Became a poet of the court of Abu Ishak. Gained much fame and influence in Shiraz. This was the phase of "Spiritual Romanticism" in his poetry.

**Age 33**

Mubariz Muzaffar captured Shiraz, and among his various deeds, he ousted Hafiz from his position of teacher of Koranic studies at the college. At this time he wrote protest poems.

**Age 38**

Shah Shuja took his tyrant father as prisoner, and re-instated Hafiz as a teacher at the college. He began his phase of subtle spirituality in his poetry.

**Early forties**

Falling out of favor with Shah Shuja.

**Age 48**

Hafiz fled Shiraz for his safety, and went into self-imposed exile in Isfahan. His poems mainly talk of his longing for Shiraz, for Shakh-e Nabat, and for his spiritual Master, Attar (not the famous Farid-uddin Attar of Neishabour - who predates Hafiz by a couple of centuries - but the lesser known Attar of Shiraz).
**Age 52**
By invitation of Shah Shuja, he ended his exile and returned to Shiraz. He was re-instated to his post at the College.

**Age 60**
Longing to be united with his Creator, he began a forty day and night vigil by sitting in a circle that he had drawn himself.

**Age 60**
On the morn of the fortieth day of his vigil, which was also on the fortieth anniversary of meeting his Master Attar, he went to his Master, and upon drinking a cup of wine that Attar gave him, he attained Cosmic Consciousness or God-Realization.

**Sixties**
In this phase, up to the age of 69 when he died, he composed more than half of his ghazals, and continued to teach his small circle of disciples. His poetry at this time, talk with the authority of a Master who is united with God.

**Poetry**

**Divan-e-Hafiz**
Some 500 ghazals, 42 Rubaiyees, and a few Ghaseedeh's, composed over a period of 50 years. Hafiz only composed when he was divinely inspired, and therefore he averaged only about 10 Ghazals per year. His focus was to write poetry worthy of the Beloved.

**Compiler of Divan**
Hafiz did not compile his poetry. Mohammad Golandaam, who also wrote a preface to his compilation, completed it in 813 A.H or 1410 a.d, some 21-22 years after Hafiz's death.
Also another person who compiled Hafiz's poetry was one of his young disciples Sayyid Kasim-e Anvar, who collected 569 Ghazals attributed to Hafiz. He died in 1431 a.d. some 42-43 years after Hafiz's death.

**Death**

**Date:**

Late 1388 or early 1389 a.d. or 791 A.H. at the age of 69.

**Place:**

Shiraz

**Tomb:**

in Musalla Gardens, along the banks of Ruknabad river in Shiraz, which is referred to as Hafezieh.

**Controversy:**

The orthodox clergy who always opposed Hafiz, refused to allow him to have a Muslim burial. Yet his grass-roots support among the people of Shiraz created an atmosphere of conflict.

**The Oracle:**

To resolve the controversy, they decided to use Hafiz's poetry, by dividing his ghazals into couplets, and asking a young boy to draw a couplet. It was agreed that however the couplet directed them; they would all consent to follow.

The couplet that was chosen was verse 7 of Ghazal #79, which was a tongue-in-cheek response from Hafiz to the orthodox clergy. It reads:

Neither Hafiz’s corps, nor his life negate, with all his misdeeds, heavens for him wait.
To this day, Hafiz's Divan (Poetry) is utilized as an Oracle to give guidance to our questions, and direction to realize our wishes.

**After His Death**

**What others say about Hafiz:**

**Goethe:** In his poetry Hafiz has inscribed undeniable truth indelibly ... Hafiz has no peer!

**Emerson:** Hafiz defies you to show him or put him in a condition inopportune or ignoble ... He fears nothing. He sees too far; he sees throughout; such is the only man I wish to see or be.

**Sir Arthur Conan Doyle:** ...You may remember the Old Persian saying, 'There is danger for him who taketh the tiger cub and danger also for whosoever snatches a delusion from a woman.' There is as much sense in Hafiz as in Horace, and as much knowledge of the world.

**Edward Fitzgerald:** The best musician of Words.

**Gertrude Bell:** It is as if his mental eye; endowed with wonderful acuteness of vision, had penetrated into those provinces of thought which we of a later age were destined to inhabit.

**A. J. Arberry:** ... Hafiz is as highly esteemed by his countrymen as Shakespeare by us, and deserves as serious consideration.
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Poetry of Hafiz

Ghazals
O beautiful wine-bearer, bring forth the cup and put it to my lips,
Path of love seemed easy at first, what came was many hardships.
With its perfume, the morning breeze unlocks those beautiful locks,
The curl of those dark ringlets, many hearts to shreds strips.
In the house of my Beloved, how can I enjoy the feast,
Since the church bells call the call that for pilgrimage equips.
With wine color your robe, one of the old Magi’s best tips
Trust in this traveler’s tips, who knows of many paths and trips.
The dark midnight, fearful waves, and the tempestuous whirlpool
How can he know of our state, while ports house his unladen ships.
I followed my own path of love, and now I am in bad repute

How can a secret remain veiled, if from every tongue it drips?

If His presence you seek, Hafiz, then why yourself eclipse?

Stick to the One you know, let go of imaginary trips.
Where is sensible action, & my insanity whence?

See the difference, it is from where to whence.

From the church & hypocritical vestments, I take offence

Where is the abode of the Magi, & sweet wine whence?

For dervishes, piety and sensibility make no sense

Where is sermon and hymn, & the violin's music whence.

Upon seeing our friend, our foes put up their defense

Where is a dead lantern, & the candle of the sun whence?

My eye-liner is the dust of your door and fence

Where shall I go, tell me, you command me whence?
مبين ب سيب زنخدان كم چاه در راه است

Take your focus from your chin to the trap on the path hence,

کجا همي روي اي دل بدين شتاب كجا

Where to O heart, in such hurry you go whence?

بشد كم ياد خوشنش باد روزگار وصال

May his memory of union be happy and intense

خود آن كرشم كجا رفت و آن عتاب كجا

Where are your amorous gestures, & your reproach whence?

قرار و خواب ز حافظ طمع مداراي دوست

Make not restlessness & insomnia, Hafiz's sentence

قرار چيست صبورى كدام و خواب كجا

What is rest, which is patience, and sleep whence?
That beautiful Shirazi Turk, took control and my heart stole,

I'll give Samarkand & Bukhara, for her Hindu beauty mole.

O wine-bearer bring me wine, such wine not found in Heavens

By running brooks, in flowery fields, spend your days and stroll.

Alas, these sweet gypsy clowns, these agitators of our town

Took the patience of my heart, like looting Turks take their toll.

For the Perfect Beauty, frills and adornments play no role.

I came to know Joseph's goodness, that daily would increase

Even the chaste Mistress succumbed to the love she would extol.
Whether profane or even cursed, I'll reply only in praise
Sweetness of tongue and the lips, even bitterness would enthrall.
Heed the advice of the wise, make your most endeared goal,
The fortunate blessed youth, listen to the old wise soul.
Tell tales of song and wine, seek not secrets of the world,
None has found and no-one will, knowledge leaves this riddle whole.
You composed poems and sang, Hafiz, you spent your days well
Venus wedded to your songs, in the firmaments' inverted bowl.
Kindly tell the tender deer, O morning breeze
I am wandering your desert and the wild countries.
Long live the sugar merchant, but why
Is he unkind to sweet lovers, the honey-bees?
Tender rose, pride in your goodness forbids
To ask the manic nightingale of his fantasies.
Only with gentle compassion can you trap the wise.
The wise bird from any snare simply flees.
I know not why there is no familiarity
With the tall, black eye, bright faced beauties.

Tender rose, pride in your goodness forbids
To ask the manic nightingale of his fantasies.
Only with gentle compassion can you trap the wise.
The wise bird from any snare simply flees.
I know not why there is no familiarity
With the tall, black eye, bright faced beauties.
چوبا حبيب نشيني و باده پيمايي
When in company of friends, glass of wine in hand
ب‌پ‌ ياد دار محبان باديما را
Remember old companions who travel upon the breeze.
جزاءين قدر نتوان گفت در جمال توعيب
The only criticism that I can have of you;
کم وضع مهر و وفا نيست روی زيبا را
For kindness, the beauties charge extortionate fees.
در آسمان نم عجب گر ب گفت حافظ
No wonder if in the heavens, as claims Hafiz;
سرود زهره ب رقص آورد مسيحا را
Venus’ song brings Christ to dancing sprees.
O pious of the heart, I am lost in a love, so great,
O pain the hidden secrets will become open debate.
Shipwrecked we just float, O favorable wind arise,
May we one more time gaze upon that familiar trait.
Passage of time and the stars, are but what we fantasize,
For compassion and kindness, it is never too late.
In the circle of wine and roses, nightingale’s song is prize,
With the aroma and the wine your senses satiate.
O Thou compassionate one, life giver and the wise,
One day bestow thy grace upon this mendicant’s state.
For peace of this world and the next, understand what I advise,

Magnanimity the lot of friends, and with foes try to relate.

In the land of repute, our passage they will dispute,

If this will not suit, don’t stay mute, and transmute dictates of fate.

When destitute and in need, let your love and passion breed,

Life’s alchemy, essence and seed, unimagined wealth shall create.

If unruly with pride, with a candle’s zeal your flame will rise,

Beloved turns stone to lava, and molten wax manipulate.

The Grail contains but wine, if only you realize,

Then the Kingdom of the world, at your feet prostrate.
آیین سکندر جام می است بنگر
The good and wise Magi, forgivers of lives and lies,

تا بر تو عرض دارد احوال ملک دارا
Bearer bring good news, drunkards’ wine consecrate.

ساقی بده بشارت رندان پارسا را
Bearer bring good news, drunkards’ wine consecrate.

خوان پارسی گو بخشندگان عمرند
Bearer bring good news, drunkards’ wine consecrate.

حافظ بخوشید این خرق می آلود
Bearer bring good news, drunkards’ wine consecrate.

آی شیخ یاکدام معاذور دار ما را
Bearer bring good news, drunkards’ wine consecrate.

O untainted pure Master, exempt us from this fate.
O wine-bearer brighten my cup with the wine,
O minstrel say good fortune is now mine.
The face of my Beloved is reflected in my cup,
Little you know why with wine, I always myself align.
Eternal is the one whose heart has awakened to Love,
This is how Eternal Records my life define.
So proud are the tall beauties of the world,
Outshines all the others this handsome spruce of mine.
From me to my Beloved, please give a sign;
Ask why you choose to forget my name?

Will come the one to whom an audience you decline.

Intoxication pleases my Beloved and my Lord,

To the wine, they would assign, my life's design.

What if on Judgment Day, no favor would be gained,

From eating bread and leaving a forbidden water so fine?

Hafiz, let a tear drop or two leave your eyes,

May we ensnare the Bird of Union, divine.

The sea of the skies and the gondola of the moon,

With the grace of the Master, radiantly shine.
The bright moon reflects your radiant face,
Your snowcapped cheekbones supply water of grace,
My heavy heart desires an audience with your face,
Come forward or must return, your command I will embrace.
Nobody for good measures girded your fields,
Such trades no one in their right mind would chase.
Our dormant fate will never awake, unless,
You wash its face and shout brace, brace!
Send a bouquet of your face with morning breeze,
Perhaps inhaling your scent, your fields we envision & trace.
May you live fulfilled and long, O wine-bearer of this feast,
Though our cup was never filled from your jug or your vase.

My heart is reckless, please, let Beloved know,
Beware my friend, my soul your soul replace.

O God, when will my fate and desires hand in hand
O breeze tell us about the inhabitants of city of Yazd

May the heads of unworthy roll as a ball in your polo race.
Though we are far from friends, kinship is near

We praise your goodness and majestic mace.
Bring me to my Beloved hair, in one place?
Step above the ground, when you decide to pass us by,
On this path lie bloody, the martyrs of human race.

O Majesty, may we be touched by your grace,
I kiss and touch the ground that is your base.

Hafiz says a prayer, listen, and say amen,
May your sweet wine daily pour upon my lips and my face.
When you hear the lovers’ words, think them not a mistake
You don’t recognize these words, the error must be your take.
The here and hereafter cannot tame my spirit and soul
Praise God for all the intrigue in my mind that is at stake.
I know not who resides within my heart
Though I am silent, he must shake and quake.
My heart went through the veil, play a song
Hark, my fate, this music I must make.
I paid no heed, worldly affairs I forsake
It is for your beauty, beauty of the world I partake.
My heart is on fire, I am restless and awake
To the tavern to cure my hundred day headache.
My bleeding heart has left its mark in the temple
You have every right to wash my body in a wine lake.
In the abode of the Magi, I am welcome because
The fire that never dies, in my heart is awake.
What was the song the minstrel played?
My life is gone, but breathing, I still fake!
Within me last night, the voice of your love did break
Hafiz’s breast still quivers and shakes for your sake.
Disheveled hair, sweaty, smiling, drunken, and
With a torn shirt, singing, the jug in hand
Narcissus loudly laments, on his lips, alas, alas!

Last night at midnight, came and sat right by my bed-stand
Brought his head next to my ears, with a sad song
Said, O my old lover, you are still in dreamland

The lover who drinks this nocturnal brew
Infidel, if not worships the wine's command
Go away O hermit, fault not the drunk

Our Divine gift from the day that God made sea and land
آن چه او ریخت به پیمان ما نوشیدم
Whatever He poured for us in our cup, we just drank
اگر از خمر بهشت است و گر باده مست
If it was a cheap wine or heavenly brand
خند چام می و زلف گره گیر نگار
The smile on the cup's face and Beloved's hair strand
ای بسا توم کم چون توم حافظ بشکست
Break many who may repent, just as Hafiz falsely planned.
When God designed your features and joined your brows
Paved my way, then trapped me with your gestures & bows
The spruce and I, both rooted to the ground
Fate, like a fine cloth belt, its bind endows.
United the knots of my doing and of the budding heart
The fragrant breeze, when to you it made its vows.
Fate convinced me to be enslaved to thee
Yet nothing moves unless your will allows.
Like an umbilical cord, don't wrap around my heart
It is your flowing lock of hair that I espouse.
تو خود وصال دگر بودی ای نسیم وصال
You were the desire of another, O breeze of union,

خطا نگر کم دل امید در وفای تو بست
Alas, my heart's hope and fire you douse.

ز دست جور تو گفتم ز شهر خواهم رفت
I said because of your infliction I shall leave my house

ب خنده گفت ک حافظ برو ک پای تو بست
Smilingly said go ahead Hafiz, with chained hooves and paws.
The hermit has no need to watch the stage

Since Beloved is at home, no need for pilgrimage.

O soul you have a pact with the Divine,

Then ask how should I my life manage?

O King of goodness, I swear that I’m on fire

Then ask how this beggar should I manage?

I am the master of demands, yet my tongue is still

In your compassion to ask is an outrage.

No need to plot, if our blood you demand,

Our body is yours to take at any age.
Essence of the Beloved is the Holy Grail,
In expressing our needs, we need not engage.
I put up with the hardships of the sea
No need for the sea, once I earned my pearly wage.
No need to deal with fake prophets because
When friends are here, false claims disparage.
O begging lover, when Beloved’s life giving lips
Give their dutiful gifts, begging discourage.
Hafiz desist, for art self-radiates
Needless debate with fake artist and false sage.
Keep to your own affairs, why do you fault me?

My heart has fallen in love, what has befallen thee?

In the center of he, whom God made from nothing

There is a subtle point that no creature can see.

Until His lips fulfill my lips like a reed

From all the worldly advice I must flee.

The beggar of your home, of the eight heavens has no need

The prisoner of your love, from both worlds is thus free.

Though my drunkenness has brought forth my ruin

My essence is flourished by paying that ruinous fee.
O heart for the pain and injustice of love do not plead
For this is your lot from the justice of eternity.

Hafiz don’t help magic and fantasy further breed
The world is filled with such, from sea to sea.
Though the wine is joyous, and the wind, flowers sorts

Harp music and scent of wine, the officer reports.

If you face an adversary and a jug of wine

Choose the wine because, fate cheats and extorts.

Up your ragged, patched sleeves, hide & keep your cup

Like this flask of wine, fate too bleeds and distorts.

With my teary eyes, I cleanse my robe with wine

Self-restraint and piety is what everyone exhorts.

Seek not your joy in the turn of the firmaments

Even my filtered clear red fluid, dregs sports.
This earth and sky is no more than a bleeding sieve
That sifts and sorts kingly crowns and courts.
Hafiz, your poems invaded Fars and Iraqi ports
It is now the turn of Baghdad and Tabrizi forts.
I long to open up my heart
For my heart do my part.
My story was yesterday’s news
From rivals cannot keep apart.
On this holy night stay with me
Till the morning, do not depart.
On a night so dark as this,
My course, how can I chart?
O breath of life, help me tonight
That in the morn I make a start.
In my love for you, I will

My self and ego thwart.

Like Hafiz, being love smart;

I long to master that art.
Amidst flowers, wine in hand, my lover I embrace

King of the world is my slave on such a day in such a place.

Bring no candles to this, our festive feast, tonight

Full moon is pale beside the light of my lover's face.

Drinking of wine, our creed has sanctified

Yet without you, drinking wine is disgrace.

My ears only hear the song of the harp and the reed

My eyes see your ruby lips, and the cup chase.

Keep perfumes away from our feast tonight

The fragrance of your hair, our feast will grace.
Speak not to me of sweetness of candy and sugar;

Since my lips, sweetness of your lips, did once trace.

Your treasures are hidden in the ruins of my heart

And my path to the tavern has now become sacred space.

Speak not of disgrace; that's my fame and my base,

And fame and high place, I despise and debase.

Drunk and disconcerted and demented and deceived,

Show me one who's not, within our town and our race.

Fault not the pious one, because he, also, like us,

Is seeking love and grace, in his own way, at his own pace.
Hafiz, wine in hand, always your lover embrace,
Cause flowers and joy fill this festive time and space.
Whoever had found his way to the tavern’s block
Would have to be insane if on another door knock
Fate never crowned any with drunkenness, except
The one who considered this the highest luck.
Whoever finds his way into the tavern
From the bounty of the wine, temple’s secrets unlock.
He who read the secrets of this wine,
Found the secrets in the dust upon which we walk.
Only seek the obedience of the insane
In our creed, logic and sanity we mock.
My heart asked not for longevity of beauty

Because sadly this is the way of the clock.

From the pain of the fading morning star at dawn

I cried so much that I saw the moon, though Venus my eyes struck.

Who talks about the story of Hafiz and his cup?

Why would the king know where the policemen flock?

Praise the King who considers the nine heavens

A mere crevice in His courtly block.
لعل سیراب بِ خون تشنم لب یار من است
My eyes drown in tears, yet thirst for but one chance
وزین دیدن او دادن جان کار من است
I'll give away my whole life, for Beloved, but one glance.
شرم از آن چشم سیم بادبیش و مرگان دراز
Be ashamed of Beloved's beautiful eyes and long lashes
هر کم دل بردن او دید و در انگار من است
If you have seen what I have, and still deny me my trance.
سراوان رخت بِ درواژه مبر کان سر کو
O traveler, leave these city gates behind and go back
شاهراهیست کم منزلی دلدار من است
Tread the same path, and towards my Beloved you'll advance.
بنده طالع خوشم کم در این قحط وفا
With such shortage of love, I submit to my fate
عشق آن لولی سرمست خریدار من است
That drunken gypsy's love is now my circumstance.
طبیع عطر گل و زلف عبير افسانه
The aromatic flowers, the perfume of that hair
فیض یک شم زبیت خوش عطر من است
Is only a sample from my Perfumer's fragrance.
O gardener, like the breeze, do not drive me away,
You water your flowers with my tears' assistance.
Ordered me to drink much from my lover's sweet lips
And healed my sickened heart by taking such joyous stance.
The one who taught Hafiz, how his ghazals enhance,
Is none but my silent friend, with a sweet parlance?
The corner of the tavern is my altar, where I pray
At dawn, the mantra of the Old Magi, I say.
Fear not if the harp plays not at sun's morning ascent
My morning cry of repentance is the music I play.
Thank God, free from beggars and kings, away, I stay;
Homage, to the beggar at the door of the Beloved, I pay.
For Thee, in the mosque and the tavern, my time, I spent;
By God, from this intent, I never ran nor walked astray.
Only, Angel of Death's blade can uproot my tent
Running from love and grace has never been my way.

The corner of the tavern is my altar, where I pray

At dawn, the mantra of the Old Magi, I say.

Fear not if the harp plays not at sun's morning ascent

My morning cry of repentance is the music I play.

Thank God, free from beggars and kings, away, I stay;

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By God, from this intent, I never ran nor walked astray.

Only, Angel of Death's blade can uproot my tent

Running from love and grace has never been my way.
From the time that I made my search for Thee my intent
I lean upon the throne on which the sun may lay.
Not your fault was the sins that were put into your clay,
Nonetheless accept them, Hafiz, and good taste display.
آن سیر چرده کر شیرینی عالم با اوست
What beauty, sweetness of the world with her lies
چش میگون لب خندان دل خرم با اوست
Soft eyes, smiling lips, and happy heart with her lies.
گر چه شیرین دهنان پادشاهاند ولی
Though sweetness of the tongue, kingship implies,
او سلیمان زمان است کر خاتم با اوست
She is Solomon of times, and prophecy with her lies.
روی خوب است و کمال هنر و دامن پاک
Beauty, artistry and innocence are her guise,
لاجرم هم اکان دو عالم با اوست
And hence, in both worlds, will of the Good, with her lies.
خال مشکین کر بدان عارض گندمگون است
Her beauty-mole is that fair face's prize,
سر آن دان کر شد رهزن آدم با اوست
The secrets that seek the wise, with her lies.
دلبرم عزم سفر کرد خدا را یاران
My lover is leaving, God be with her through my cries,
چه کنم با دل مجروح کر مرهوم با اوست
What to do with broken heart, since my cure with her lies.
With whom can I share that she brought me my demise

I am now crucified, resurrection with her lies.

Forgiveness of godly souls with her lies.
I long for a kind sentiment from the Friend
I’ve sinned and hope for Her pardon in the end.
I know She will overlook my crimes, though she is
Beautiful-faced, on her angelic nature I can depend.
I cried such that whomever passed me by
Was in awe of the stream of my tears descend.
Naught is that mouth there, of it I see no sign
And there is that fair hair, yet knowing transcends.
I see her image in my mind and can’t wash out
In spite of all the tears that my eyes spend.
بی گفت و گوی زلف تو دل را همی کشد

With no talk of your hair, my heart is just dead.

با زلف دلکش تو کر را روی گفت و گوست

With your enchanting hair, which talk can I defend?

عمرویست تا زلف تو بونی شنیدهام

A life time has passed since I smelled your hair

زان بونی در مشام دل من هنوز بونست

That aroma, in the nose of my heart has since remained.

حافظ بد است حال پرشان تو ولی

Hafiz your perturbed state is bad, yet

بر بونی زلف یار پرشانیت نکوست

Perturbation over Beloved’s hair is a good trend.
آن ییک نامور کم رسید از دیار دوست

The messenger who arrived from the land of my friend

آورد حرش جان زخط مشکبار دوست

Brought a charm, fragrant, and in the hand of my friend.

خوش می‌دهد نشان جلال و جمال یار

Wonderfully displayed her beauty and her glory

خوش می کند حکایت عز و وقار دوست

With the tales of noble and regal stand of my friend.

دل دادمش بی مزده و خجلت همی برم

My heart took in the good news, though coy and shy

زین نقد قلب خویش کم کردم نثار دوست

My heart readily will serve every command of my friend.

شکر خدا کم از مداد بخت کارساز

Thank heavens for the help of smiling fate

بر حسب آرزوست هم کار و بار دوست

Runs smooth every errand of my friend.

سیر سپهر و دور قمر را چم اختیار

The revolving orbs and the firmament have no say

در گردشند بر حسب اختیار دوست

They move at every wish and demand of my friend.
If the winds of calamity blow in both worlds
My eyes upon the composure, calm & bland of my friend.

Since you have blown over the very sand of my friend.

We stand in Love's land, while our needs grand

Sweet dreams never brought a hair strand of my friend.

Thank God, I am not ashamed of me and of my friend.
مرحبا ای پیک مشتاقان بده بیغام دوست
Well done O messenger, bring a message from my friend

تا کننم چان از سر رغبت فدای نام دوست
Willingly I'll give my own life for the sake of my friend.

وال و شیداست دایم همچون بلبل در قفس
Like a nightingale in cage, being love-sick is my trend

طوطی طبعم ز عشق شکر و بادام دوست
A singing parrot in love with nuts and sweets of my friend.

زلف او دام است و خالش دانم آن دام و من
My trap is her hair, her mole is the seed, and I

بر امید دانم ی افتادهام در دام دوست
In search of those seeds have been trapped by my friend.

سر ز مستی برفنکردنی تا پم صبح روز حشر
Will remain always drunk, until resurrection is nigh

هر ک چون من در ازل یک جرعم خورد از جام دوست
Whoever, like me, drank from the cup poured by my friend.

بس نگویم شما ی از شرح شوق خود از آنک
I will speak no more of my elation, I trust

دردسر باشد نمودن بیش از این ابرام دوست
Focusing on me diverts me from my friend.
گر دهد دستم کشم در دیده همچون توتیا

I'd use as eye-liner, if I could, the very dust

خاک راهی کان مشرف گردید از اقدام دوست

Upon which, once or twice walked my friend.

میل ممن سوی وصال و قصد او سوی فراق

I long for union, while my friend away will turn,

ترک کام خود گرفتم تا برآید کام دوست

I give up my desires to fulfill those of my friend.

حافظ اندر درد او میسوز و بی درمان بساز

In this your incurable fever, Hafiz, calmly burn

زان کم درمانی ندارد درد بی آرام دوست

None can heal the pain of longing, my friend.
From whose house this joyous light brightens my heart?

Whose lover has sent my soul this cupid's burning dart?

This state wrecks my house and my faith

Whose bosom enrolls her & whose fingers her hair part?

The nectar of her lips always remains upon my lips

Whose soul will comfort & for whom pour a wine quart?

That candle who radiates riches and joy

Ask God, whose moth flight tonight shall thwart?

To whose tale her gentle heart will wake and smart?
O God, that supremely gentle and graceful face

Whose rare jewel is tonight and whose irreplaceable art?

I sighed, O Hafiz, that I'm crazy when apart

Smilingly you said who is the mad one from the start?
Zahed Ozaheer est az hal ma aagahe niest

Falsely pious, of our state are unaware

Dar haq ma her ch eebad jai hejik akrakah niest

No offence if their words our hearts tear.

Dar waziat her ch peesh salk akid khera awast

On the path, whatever you meet is for your good

Dar kheel mastqem ay del kasi gmrarah niest

On the straight and the narrow, can't be lost there.

Ta ch bezi rax namaide bidqi hooheem raand

Whatever the rook may play, we'll knock it down

Ursc eetarijan randan ra majal shah niest

On the chessboard of lovers, Kings won't dare.

Chiisest ayn sqf belnd sadhe bisaranqesh

What is this multi-patterned, tall, simple dome?

Zen muuma hejik dana dr jehan aagahe niest

Who is wise to this riddle? Show me where?

Ayn ch estgeenest ya rup wijn ch qadar hukmat est

Is this your grace, O Lord, powerful, wise?

Kaain heman zhem nehan hest o majal ahe niest

Too many hidden wounds; no time to catch a breath of air.
It's as if the Judge of our Court is not fair.

This Royal Seal, sign of God does not bear

Whoever wishes may come, and whatever, may declare.

No guards, no grandeur, this hall is bare

Those who enter the tavern, openly share.

Those who sell themselves, meet the wine-seller's glare

Whatever befalls us is the doing of our own affair.

Your grace is not rare, and there's no one you'd spare

I serve the Tavern-Master, with his endless love and care.

Piety, sometimes is cold, sometimes will flare.
Hafiz gracefully declines from taking the head chair

Lovers are free from fortune and fame's snare.
Lit up by the light of your face, there is no soul that is not

Longing for the dust of your place, there is no eye that is not.

Those who have seen your face, are all-knowing and wise

Secrets of your beauty and grace, there is no head where is not.

No wonder if my telling tears, red and bloody, rise from my eyes

Ashamed and repentant of one's own case, there is no one who is not.

Till His breeze settles His dust upon my lap as my prize

All things, everyone I chase, there is none passing that is not.

Till the fragrance of your hair to every inhaler flies

Morning breeze confer, embrace, there is no dawn that is not.
من از این طالع شوری‌ده برنجم ورنی
Puzzling fate, in my fate, my agony and pain lies

بهره مند از سر کوت دگری نیست کرم نیست
Being showered by your grace, there is no one who is not.

از حیای لب شیرین توای چشم‌م نوش
From your sweet lips, life's spring will chastely rise

غرق آب و عرق اکنون شکری نیست کرم نیست
Bathing in such a place, there is no sweetness that is not.

مصلحت نیست کم از پرده برون افتند راز
Disclosing such secrets is uncalled for and unwise

ور نم در مجلس رندان خبری نیست کرم نیست
Else in the feast of the insane and base, there is no gossip that is not.

شیر در بادی عشق تو رویا شود
Brave lion in love's desert, just like a fox hides and lies

آه از این راه کر در وی خطری نیست کرم نیست
Alas, for on this path, at this pace, there is no hazard that is not.

آب چشم‌م کم بر او منت خاک در توسن
Dust of the door of your house, my teary eyes will chastise

زبر صد منت او خاک دری نیست کرم نیست
Obliged with such favors and such grace, there is no dust that is not.
My existence, some name, a little fame, identifies

Else, there, you can trace, there is no weakness that is not.

Hafiz is upset with you, with your harshness and your ties

Else in you, from toe to face, there is not a thing that is not.
The heavenly breeze comes to this estate,
I sit with the wine and a lovely mate.
Why can't the beggar play the king's role?
The sky is the dome, the earth is my state.
The green grass feels like Paradise;
Why would I trade this for the garden gate?
With bricks of wine build towers of love,
Being bricks of clay is our final fate.
Seek no kindness of those full of hate,
People of the mosque with the church debate.

Don’t badmouth me, don’t blacken my name;

Only God can, my story narrate.

Neither Hafiz’s corps, nor his life negate,

With all his misdeeds, heavens for him wait.
Let not the pious judge the meek;

Each for his own deeds will speak.

Whether I’m good or bad, you judge yourself;

You reap what you sow, find what you seek.

Everyone is seeking love, sober or drunk;

Everywhere a house of love, yet so unique.

I submit my head on the tavern’s bricks,

If you don’t understand, just take a peek.

Let me keep my hope of eternal grace,
Not only I fell out of virtuous path,
My father too, treaded that path oblique.
Hafiz, on your deathbed, bring the cup to your cheek.
You go from the tavern straight to the heaven’s peak.
حسن تو همیشم در فزون باد
May your goodness always increase
رویت هم سالم لاله گون باد
And your smiling face never cease
اندر سرما خیال عشقت
In our head the thought of your love
هر روز کم باد در فزون باد
Every day is on the increase.
هر سرو ک در چمن درآید
Every cedar and every spruce
در خدمت قامتت نگون باد
From your height may you hear their pleas
چشمتی کی نم فتنم تو باشد
The eye not intrigued by thee
چون گوهر اشک غرق خون باد
Its tear drops a bloody disease.
چشم تو ز بهر دلربایی
Your eye for mesmerizing hearts
در کردن سحر ذوفنون باد
Is a magician and master-tease.
Wherever a heart is longing for thee

Impatiently shears its own fleece.

The beauty of all the lovers

Beside your swan is ugly geese.

The heart that is out of love’s lease

From the circle of union release.

Hafiz’s soul, your ruby lips ease

Away from base lips, if you please.

O Lord, this orb is no more than your bat and ball

The expanse of universe, your arena and your hall
The victorious queen is in awe of your lock

Your playing the course, victorious eyes enthrall.

Mercury’s composition speaks of your grandeur

Even the Universal Mind is at your beacon call.

The splendor of the trees of Paradise beside yours pale

Based on your majesty, Paradise you install.

Not only animate and inanimate are at your call

Whatever is in this world, at your command are they all.
For a long time my Beloved no message sent
Didn’t write a greeting, and no word sent
I sent a hundred letters, yet that mounted King
Dispatched no messages, no greeting sent.
Towards the wild and mind-ridden me
No tame deer and no fine grouse sent
Knew that I, my hearts bind, would fly away
Yet from his vast stores, no trap sent.
Alas that sweet & joyful cup bearer
Knew that I was drunk, yet no cup sent.
 Often I faked my standing in life.

No news of a place for me was sent.

If the King no message to his subjects sent.
Whoever, to your face, such cheerful colors gave
patience and serenity for poor me can also save
Whoever trained your hair so arrogantly to behave
his grace, such injustice for poor me can also waive.
I gave up my desires on the first day when
Beloved took my heart's rein and made me her slave.
If there's no golden treasure, at least satisfied I remain
He who gave that to the king, made this the lot of the knave.
This world, just like a bride, in appearance is glorified
He who gave his life to this, has only dug his own grave.
بعد از این دست من و دامن سرو و لب جوی
From now on, I spend my time in nature with rivers & trees

خاصه اکنون کر صبا مزده فروردین داد
While the breeze, of time of spring, would rant and rave.

در کف غصه دوران دل حافظ خون شد
Hafiz's heart was brave, rode hardships wave after wave

از فراق رخت ای خواج، قوام الدين داد
Though separations deprave, the King as our healer gave.
Last night, pansy addressed flowers and itself displayed

My swinging in this world, so and so's hair would braid.

My heart was a treasure chest of secrets, the hands of fate

Closed and locked and its key, to my Beloved bade.

Physician sent the broken me to my Beloved and said

My panacea and cure, only by Your hands are made.

May he be healthy, and happy, and in bliss

That his healing hands upon the needy laid.

Take your own advice, O incessant counselor

Sweet lover and wine, whosoever forbade?
Passed by poor me, and towards my rivals strayed

Said, "my poor Hafiz has given his life, I am afraid."
Whoever holds a cup in hand
Forever will rule over the land.
The Water of Life that Elias found
Seek in the tavern where cups stand.
The essence of soul submit to the cup
Rules of the cup are in command.
We and the wine, pious and virtue
Let’s see which ones He will demand.
It is but a word from His lips
For he who has wished and planned.
Narcissus’s ways of drunkenness

Were borrowed from His eye’s gland.

My heart pictures Your face and hair

This prayer my day and night spanned.

It is the painful in the heart

Who Your sweet lips understand.

Your features, Your goodness, O soul,

Like Hafiz, two hundred slaves command.
He, who always keeps his trust in the One
The One keeps all evils from him apart and gone.
I will not tell the tale of a friend, save to a friend
For it is a friend who keeps a friend’s word anon.
O heart make your living so that if you slip
The Angels will hold your upraised hands to the sun.
And if you want the Beloved not to break His oath
Keep your oath such that the chain won’t come undone.
Ask for His mercy, to keep my place, give to none.
چو گفتتمش کر دلم را نگاه دارم گفت
When I asked him to keep my heart, replied

ز دست بنده چه خیزد خدا نگه دارد
Ask the Father in Heaven, I am a helpless son.

سر و زر و دل و جانم فدا آن یاری
My health and wealth, heart and soul, I give for Thee

کم حق صحبت مهر و وفا نگه دارد
May god keep compassion in my heart, always won.

غبار راه راهگذریت کجاست تا حافظ
Where is the dust of thy path, so Hafiz keep

بم یادگار نسیم صبا نگه دارد
In memory of the morning breeze’s gentle run.
With clear wine, a wise one washed his behind

Early morning in tavern, who had homage on his mind.

When the golden cup of sun, descended from the skies

Curve of the new moon, of the curved cup would remind.

Happy is the one whose prayers and needs stem from his pain

With tears of his eyes and blood of his veins, cleans his behind.

The head priest leading prayers should be the one

Whose shrinking gown, blood of the daughter of vine defined.

My heart bought upheavals for the locks of that flowing hair

I know not that in this trade, what profit it could ever find.
If the head priest asks for me and my kind
Tell him Hafiz, with wine, is baptizing his behind.
Dervish laid a trap with slight of hands and trick of the eyes

With the help of this trickster merry-go-round mystifies.

Tricks of his fate will keep the rabbit in his hat

How can you trick those whom to secrets are wise?

Come hither wine-bearer, the Sufi's beautiful lover

Came with full grace, and evaded their many, many tries.

O minstrel, with what tune was inspired to head for Iraq

Longingly sang to return to the Arabian Hejaz?

Come O heart, let's commend ourselves unto the Lord

Keep from rolled up sleeve that outstretched arm belies.
Undeceived, whoever lost himself in compassion

In the Spirit of Love, his soul upward flies.

In the court of the Truth, at the time of our demise

Shame on he, who permissible never defies.

Where to now, O proud partridge, halt and pause

Your delusions, prayers of the pious cat, never ever identifies.

Freedom from false piety for eternity is our prize.
O heart, the pain of love burned once again
Beloved departed and drove the lover insane.
Alas that the drunk the sober shall reign.
My tears were my friends, since Beloved stayed away
My unkind fate from helping would refrain.
At dawn Beloved's house's bright glow
The lover's wounded heart would strain and pain.
O bearer give me a cup, since the hidden hand that writes
Has plans, access to which nobody can gain.
The artist of firmaments, earth and spheres

Nobody knows what plans it would feign.

Burning love, Hafiz's heart would entertain

Beloved from old times this poor lover has slain.
دوستان دختر رز تومز مستوری کرد
O friends, repented from drunkenness, daughter of vine
شاد سوی محتمس و کار ب دستوری کرد
Began enforcing the law, became a preacher of divine.
آمد از پرده به مجلس عرقش پاک کنید
From beyond entered our midst, let her now rest
تا نگوئند حريفان کم چرا دوری کرد
And protests of others for separation decline.
مزدگانی بهد ای دل کم دگر مطبع عشق
Bring good news O heart, for the musician of love
راه مستانه زد و چاره مخموری کرد
Played in drunkenness, and found a cure for this wine.
نرم هفت آب کر رنگش به صد آتش نرود
Neither wash away its color, nor with a hundred fires burn
آن چم با خرچ زاهد می انگوری کرد
The stain of that wine which is the mystic’s gown’s design.
غنچه گلبم وصلم ز نسمه بشکفت
The flower of union with the breath of life bloomed
مرغ خوشخوان طرب از برگ گل سوری کرد
And the singing bird of joy, to the petal sang a joyous line.
حافظ افتادگی از دست مده زان کم حسود

In the face of jealousy, with humbleness yourself refine

عرض و مال و دل و دین در سر مغروری کرد

Honor and wealth, desire, creed, with pride your head align.
For years my heart was in search of the Grail
What was inside me, it searched for, on the trail

That pearl that transcends time and place
Sought of divers whom oceans sail

My quest to the Magi my path trace
One glance solved the riddles that I Braille

Found him wine in hand and happy face
In the mirror of his cup would watch a hundred detail

I asked, "when did God give you this Holy Grail?"
Said, "on the day He hammered the world’s first nail!"
بي دلی در هم احوال خدا با او بود
او نمی دیده و از دور خدا را می کرد

Even the unbeliever had the support of God
Though he could not see, God’s name would always hail.

این هم شعیبه خویش کم می کرد این جا
سامری پیش عصا و ید بیضا می کرد

All the tricks of the mind would make God seem like fraud
Yet the Golden Calf beside Moses’ rod would just pale.

گفته آن یار کزا گشت سر دار بلند
جرمش این بود کم اسرار هویدا می کرد
And the one put on the cross by his race
His crime, secrets of God would unveil

فیض روح القدس ار باز مدد فرمالید
دیگران هم بکنند آن چ مسیحا می کرد
Anyone who is touched by God’s grace
Can do what Christ did, without fail.

گفتتمش سلسل زلف بتان از پی چیست
گفت حافظ گلم ای از دل شیدا می کرد
And what of this curly lock that’s my jail
Said this is for Hafiz to tell his tale.
The radiance of your goodness manifested in eternity

Love appeared and set fire to the mountain, earth and sea

Your face radiated, and still saw angels were loveless

Setting this fire on man, was then your zealous decree

Mind wanted to turn this fire to its own guiding light

You set the world in chaos with your ardent, radiant glee

False seeker sought to witness the secrets of the world

Hidden hand came and kept away his undeserving plea

To others fate brought a lot, filled with pleasure and joy

My sad heart's lot was to be saddened on its knee
My sublime soul was longing for a glimpse of your face
My hand running through the locks of your hair lovingly
Hafiz wrote his love poems only on the day that he
Let the pen write from the heart that is joyous and free.
نفس باد صبا مشک فشان خواهد شد
Morning breeze, its fragrance will exhale

عالم پیر دگرباره جوان خواهد شد
The old world will once again youthfully sail.

ارغوان جام عقیقی بـ سمن خواهد داد
Tulip will bring a red cup to the meadows

چشم نرگس بـ شفیق نگران خواهد شد
Narcissus' eyes from poppy will grow pale.

این تطاول کر کشید از غم هجران بلبل
When would nightingale put up with such abuse

تا سراپرده گل نعره زنان خواهد شد
In the chamber of the rose cry and wail.

گر ز مسجد بـ خرابات شدم خرده مگیر
I traded the temple for the tavern, fault me not

مجلس وعظ دراز است و زمان خواهد شد
Prayer is long and stale, time is frail.

ای دل ار عشت امروز بـ فردا فکنی
Leave not joy of the now till the morrow

ماه نقد بقا را کر ضمان خواهد شد
Who can vouch that the morrow, the now shall trail?
Month of Sha'aban put not down the jug of wine
Till the end of Ramadan you'll miss this Holy Grail.

Hold dear all the flowers and commune
Came to be and will whither with a breeze or a gale.

This feast is for friends, O minstrel, play and sing
Sing again, it came thus and went thus, to what avail?

Hafiz, for your sake, entered this tale
Walk with him, say farewell, he'll tear the veil.
I see no friends around, whatever happened to every friend?

I see no-one I love, when did come to an end?

Water of life has turned dark, where is glorious Elias?

Flowers are all bleeding, whence the breeze which branches bend?

Nobody says that a friend has got the right to befriend

What has come of loyalty? Whatever happened to every friend?

For years no gem has been dug from the mine of loyalty

What happened to sunshine? And what about wind and rain’s trend?

This was the home of the Kings, and the land of the Kind-hearted

When did kindness end, and since when Kings pretend?
The ball of compassion and joy is now inside the field

Why is it that in this game still no players will attend?

Thousands of flowers are in full bloom, yet not a song

What happened to nightingales? Where did those thousands descend?

Venus is not making music any more, did all her instruments burn?

Nobody is in the mood, to whom do the wine-sellers tend?

Hafiz, secrets divine nobody knows, stay silent

Whom do you ask, why isn’t our turning fate now on the mend?
Not every painted face has charm

Not every mirror maker, Alexander can disarm

Not everyone upon a throne who puts on a crown

Knows the ways of ruling over farm and town.

Like beggars serve not for the alms

Master keeps his servants in good form.

I submit to the will of the weal maker,

Alchemist beggar, lead into gold can transform.

Faith and loyalty are good, if you can learn

Else you must weather tyranny’s storm.
I was brokenhearted and still unaware;
For children of men, angel is the norm.
A point much finer than a strand of hair,
The unshaven hair is not a Dervish’s uniform.
All the world revolves around your mole
It takes a gem to know a gem, a worm, a worm.
Whoever charismatically becomes the king
Will rule the world if with fairness keep away harm.

The poetry of Hafiz can only inform
He whose heart and speech is kind and warm.
Whoever was intimate with his heart, his love defined

And he who was not, in his doubt was left behind.

If my heart went through the veil, then fault me not

I thank God that it did not remain within the veil of mind.

The Sufis took back their gown from the wine

It was our gown, forever to the tavern was assigned.

Drunken Dervishes passed by, and it passed by

Our drunken tales the hands of time defied.

Each cup that was filled by that lovely hand

Transmuted into tears, our jealous eyes mystified.
My heart from the first, unto this last, is in love

I know of none, who in this love, forever remained blind.

I was lovesick. Though your eyes bloomed as flowers,

Your loveliness remains veiled, this is unkind.

Found nothing more joyful than the sound of words of love

In this turning Merry-Go-Round that You rewind.

My robe covered at least hundred faults that I could find

I pawned my robe to wine, and what remained, my bare hind.

Master painter was helpless in awe of your beauty

Everywhere upon the walls is what in awe he had designed.
بـِ تماشاگـِم زلفـش دل حافظ روزی

To view His face, Hafiz, his heart refined

شـد کـِم بازآید و جاوید گرفتار بـِماند

For this to come to pass, always will remain in bind.
بعد از این دست من و دامن آن سرو بلند

From now on, that tall spruce has my command

کم بپر قلم آراچ از بن و پیشم برکند

Whose graceful stature uprooted me from the land.

حاجت مطلب و می نیست تو برقع بگشا

I wish not for song and wine, unveil your face

کم بپر رقص آوردم آتش روبت چو سپند

Cause your beauty my passion's fire has fanned.

هیچ روبی نشود آینه حجمل بخت

No face can be the mirror of bridal chamber of Fate

مگر آن روی کم مالند در آن سم سمند

Except one upon which stallion hooves stand.

گفتتم اسرار غمت هر چ بود گومی باش

I spoke of my secrets, said just be with your sorrows

صبر از این بیش ندارم چم کن تا کی و چند

My patience has run out, do you hear what I demand?

مکش آن اهوی مشکین مرا ای صیاد

O hunter, leave my deer and let it live

شرم از آن چشم سیم دار و مبندش بپ کمند

Be ashamed of its eyes, with that rope in your hand.
My earthly life is feeble, weak, impotent

How can I kiss those lips, majestic, grand?

Hafiz, let your heart be tied by a hair strand

Madmen better remain in chain and band.
Saw the Old Magi’s goodness, with us, the drunks,

See whatever we did, in everyone beauty had found.

Wash away all our knowledge with red wine,

Firmaments, themselves, the knowing minds hound.

Seek that from idols, O knowing heart,

Said the one whose insights, his knowledge crowned.

My heart, like a compass, goes round and round,

I'm lost in that circle, with foot firmly on the ground.
Minstrel did what he did from pain of Love,
Lashes of wise-of-the-world in their bloody tears have drowned.

With joy my heart bloomed, like that flower by the stream
Under the shade of that tall spruce, myself, I found.

My colorful wise Master, in my dealings with the black robes,
My meanness checked and bound, else my stories would astound.

Hafiz's cloudy heart in this trade was not spent,
This merchant saw and heard every hidden sight and sound.
Happy days were when your hand was by my side,  
Signs of your love, my features beautified.  
Happy days were when your words crucified,  
Then my soul resurrected, upward glide.  
Happy days were when the wine, we glorified,  
God was with me while by my side was my bride.  
Happy days were when your candle was my guide,  
And my heart, like a moth, your flames would ride.  
Happy days were when amidst knowledge and pride  
The drunken laughter was dignified.
Happy days were when we drank from the cup in our stride,
And told tales of the things that we tried.
Happy days were when Beloved would decide,
On the sun and moon, in service, relied.
Happy days in the tavern I would abide
Saw the things that from the temple would hide.
Happy days were when your signal verified;
Made the crooked straight, Hafiz, narrow, wide.
As long as wine and tavern are around,
Before the Master, I bow to the ground.
To the old Master, eternally I am bound,
Have always been, will always be, on this merry-go-round.
When you pass by my tomb, ask for grace,
It’s a shrine where the drunkards abound.
The self-serving pious can’t see this
That is veiled and with eyes can’t be found.
My lovely beloved left our midst on this day,
My tears ceaselessly flow, ceaselessly my chest I pound.
شمشم آن دم کر زشوق تو نهد سر به لهد

And when I go to sleep in my grave,

تا دم صبح قیامت نگران خواهد بود

Until awakening, my concerns soul will hound.

بخت حافظ گرا از این گونم مدد خواهد کرد

Hafiz please help, or else fate will astound,

زلف معشوقم به دست دگران خواهد بود

Beloved’s locks around arms of others may be wound.
خستگان را چو طلب باشد وقت نبود

Those who are tired may seek your aid

گر تو بیداد کنی شرط مروت نبود

It is unfair if your aid is stayed.

ما جفا از تو ندیدیم و تو خود پیشندی

You never mistreated us. It’s not your way.

آن چه در مذهب ارباب طریقت نبود

Any such mischief, you would degrade.

خیره آن دیده کم آبی نبرد گرم عشق

Unfortunate the eyes that can’t shed tears of love,

تیره آن دل کر در او شمع محبت نبود

Unhappy the hearts that candle of love barricade.

دولت از مرغ همایون طلب و ساپای او

With the auspicious fly towards the light,

زان کم با زاغ و زغن شهر دولت نبود

Leave behind bats and birds who seek the shade.

گر مدد خواستم از پیر مغان عیب مکن

Wonder not if I sought help in the tavern,

شیخ ما گفت کم در صومعه هم مدت نبود

My Master said in the temple they trade.
Without virtue, worship is idolatry,
Goodness won’t come, when virtue delayed.
Hafiz, through virtue and wisdom wade,
Else hold your tongue and remain afraid.
گفتتم غم تو دارم گفتا غمت سر آید
گفتتم کم ماه من شو گفتا اگر برآید

said I long for thee
You said your sorrows will end.
Be my moon, rise up for me
Only if it will ascend.

گفتتم ز مهرورزان رسم وفا بیاموز
گفتا ز خوروبان این کار کمتر آید

I said, from lovers learn
How with compassion burn
Beauties, you said in return
Such common tricks transcend.

گفتتم کم بر خیالت راه نظر ببندم
گفتا کم شب رو است او از راه دیگر آید

Your visions, I will oppose
My mind's paths, I will close
You said, this night-farer knows
Another way will descend.
With the fragrance of your hair
I'm lost in my world's affair
You said, if you care, you dare
On its guidance can depend.

I said hail to that fresh air
That the morning breeze may share
Cool is that breeze, you declare
With beloved's air may blend.

I said, your sweet and red wine
Granted no wishes of mine
You said, in service define
Your life, and your time spend.
گفتم، دل رحیمت کی عزم صلح دارد
گفتنامگوی با کس تا وقت آن درآید

I said, when will your kind heart
Thoughts of friendship start?
Said, speak not of this art
Until it's time for that trend.

گفتم، زمان عشت دیدی که چون سرآمد
گفتنام خموش حافظ کاین غشم هم سرآید

I said, happiness and joy
Passing time will destroy.
Said, Hafiz, silence employ
Sorrows too will end my friend.
Till you grant my wish, I won't give up my demand

I will reach the Soul of Souls, or be buried in this land.

When I am dead and buried, open my grave and see

Smoke rising from my corps, by my inner fire fanned.

Show Thy face to the people, awe-struck and radiant

Man and woman will cry out, at Thy smallest command.

I am tired of this life, jealousy eats away my heart

Without a kiss from your lips, I end my worldly errand.

In search of those sweet lips, I have spent my whole life

Desires of the deprived, those lips will reprimand.
In the circles of the Lovers, his goodness they understand,
With reverence, Hafiz's name, they pass from hand to hand.
When the golden orb ascends from the east of the cup

A thousand tulips upon the beloved's cheeks open up

The morning breeze breaks upon the head of the bouquet

The bouquet of the bouquet will flow amidst the grass and crop.

The story of the night of separation is not that story

Of which a small account many, many books would fill up.

This poor and impoverished house of Fate can't satiate

Cry out a hundred sorrows and upon a morsel sup.

With brain and brawn cannot search for the essence

A mere fantasy, this endeavor too will flop.
گریت چو نوح نبی صبر هست در چم طوفان

If like Noah, you can patiently await the end of storm

بلا بگردد و کام هزار ساله برآید

The tides of fortune turn, and your life-long desires prop.

نسمی زلف تو چون بگذرد بپریت حافظ

If the breeze of Your hair at Hafiz's tomb makes a stop

ز خاک کالبفش صد هزار لاله برآید

A hundred thousand tulips will adorn his grave-top.
نفس برآمد و کام از تو بر نمی آید

One more breath, my fate is at stake

فغان کم بخت من از خواب در نمی آید

Alas, my good fortune does not wake.

صبا بپ‌چشم من انداخت خاکی از کویش

Morning breeze blew Her dust in my eye

کم آب زندگیم در نظر نمی آید

I cannot see from the tears and the ache.

قد بلند تو را تا ببر نمی گیرم

I cannot embrace and hug your body, why?

درخت کام و مرادم ببر نمی آید

My most ardent wishes I must break.

مگر بروی دلارای پیار ما ورنی

Only with the Beloved, I can be & can try

ب‌هیچ وجه دگر کار بر نمی آید

No other labor can I undertake.

مقيم زلف تو‌شد دل کم خوش سواری دید

Only from your hair some good news I can pry

وز آن غربی بلایکش خبر نمی آید

Else, from strangers, there's no news I can take.
Ardently, sincerely, a thousand prayers I let fly

What use, not even one in my world I can make.

Enough sharing my heart with the morning breeze's sigh

With my luck tonight, not even the dawn will break.

I spend my whole life in pursuit till I die

Yet misfortunes of your hair I cannot shake.

Hafiz & his heart, everyone must forsake

Has hidden himself within your wave & wake.
Good news, spring is neigh and grass is green

Leave the trees and treat flowers like a queen.

Birds whistle, singing where is loon of the wine?

The nightingale cries, who painted this flowery scene?

Fruits of Paradise are tasteless for the one

Whom the face of a lover has never seen.

Complain not of the hardships on the path

Comfort comes from enduring the obscene.

Pick a flower from the face of the bearer

Violets encircle the face of the grassy green.
The bearer has stolen my heart in a way
That even conversations I now demean.
I will burn my colorful flowery robe, which
The Tavern Master with wine could not clean.

O Fair one, spring is gone, take note I mean
This wine, Hafiz, has not had a chance to glean.
ابرهذری برامد باد نوروزی وزید
Spring winds the March rain clouds feed

وجّه می می خواهم و مطرب کر می گوید رسید
Excuse for drinking wine, playing the reed.

شاهدان در چلوه و من شرمی گیری کسی ام
Lovers are in full glory, poor me ashamed

بار عشق و مفسی صعب است می یا ید کشید
Burdened with indigent love, yet I accede.

قحت جوود است آبروی خود نمی یا ید فروخت
Shortage of generosity, yet I keep my integrity

باده و گل از بهای خرقه می یابد یخید
Pay with my gown for the wine that I need.

گوییا خواهد گشود از دولتم کاری کم دوش
Please say you open up the knot that is in my affairs

من همی کردم دعا و صبح صادق می دمید
Last night till time of dawn, I prayed and plead.

با لبی و چند هزاران خنده آمد گل ب پ باگ
The smiling flower, with a thousand laughs bloomed

از کریمی گویا در گوشای بوبی شنید
As though grace itself had blessed its very seed.
If I rend my shirt in my madness, so what?

Even our good name demands that we be freed.

Who speaks these tales that I tell from your lips?

Who sees your beauty's deceit and misdeed?

If the King seeks not to know of lover's state

Take heed lovers and give up your rest and greed.

Cupid's arrow, Hafiz's heart tore and cleaved

I see his verses, with their wet ink, bleed.
In the morning breeze, your scent, whoever inhaled
A close friend these familiar words, in his ear hailed;

O King of Goodness, glance at this beggar’s state
Of beggars and kings this ear heard many tales, quite detailed.

With this aromatic wine, I satisfy my soul’s appetite
I’ve seen robe wearing priests that many deceptions trailed.

God’s secrets that the godly man silently kept
How in the world the wine-seller so clearly unveiled?
ғزَل

یا رب گزاست محروم رازی کم یک زمان
دل شرح آن دهد کم چه گفت و چه‌ها شنید

O God where is the one who knows and sees
To open up the secrets that in my heart are jailed.

اينش سرا نبود دل حق گزار من
کر غم‌گسارت خود سخن ناسزا شنید

It was not fair to punish my godly heart
With abuse, my heart bitterly cried and wailed.

محروم اگر شدم زسر کي او چه شد
از گلشن زمان كم چه وفا شنید

If I was deprived in my longing, say naught
Kindness of fate from this hardship, none bailed.

ساقي بيا كم عشق ندا مي كند بلند
كان كس كم گفت قسم ما هم زما شنید

Come bring me wine, my love cries out loud
Heard it from ourselves, whoever our tale detailed.
This is not the first time we covertly drink the wine
Master of the tavern caught us in the act each time we exhaled.

This is not a first for drinking to the song of the harp
Many turns the Wheel of Fate this familiar turn scaled.

Advice of the wise comes from a deep goodness within
Beside the one who understood, even heavenly bliss paled.

Hafiz in duty the ocean of prayer sailed
Regardless of if his prayer was granted or failed.
Friends, unlock the locks of the Beloved’s head
On this joyous night, let the story spread.

In familiar solitude friends have tread
Close the door after a prayer is read.

Violin and harp loudly sang and said
Listen and let your sense by the Knower be led.

I swear all sadness will have fled
Once you trust in God to give your daily bread.
The lover and beloved differ as white and red
Need your hunger, when beloved wants to be fed.

The first words of the wine-master simply said
The unworthy companion strongly dread.

Whoever in this world with love is not wed
Hold his funeral as another living dead.

And if Hafiz for alms towards you has sped
Redirect him towards the Beloved’s bed.
غزل

الا ای طوطی گویای اسرار
مبادا خالیت شکر ز منقار

O bird of Paradise, your secrets disclose
Cease not the sweetness your tongue outward throws.

سرت سبز و دلت خوش باد جاويد
کم خوش نقشی نمودی از خط یار

May you remain vital, your heart content
From the Great Artisan, the beauty you chose.

سخن سربست گفتی با حريفان
خدا را زين معا پرده بردار

You spoke in riddles with all thy foes
Unveiling of the secrets, God only knows.

بِ روى ما زن از ساغر گلابي
کم خواب آلودهایم ای بخت بیدار

From the rosy cup splash and bring me scent
We only went to sleep when fate arose.
How the minstrel played this playful tune
Drunken and sober dance on feet and toes.

From intoxication, who is immune?
Both friend and foe lost their repose.

No water in sight for Alexander’s thirst
Neither power nor gold, can impose.

Listen to the pain of the heart at first
Few words that much meaning enclose.
Clay idols, the heart and soul oppose
To all idols my heart and soul may God close.

To the drunken say not secrets of the wine
Nor to lifeless the tale of soul disclose.

By the royal decree wrote line after line
To such poetic heights Hafiz ever rose;

It is not ours but God’s will that goes
May God keep him from all harmful blows.
The patient nightingale on a branch atop the tree

For the well being of the rose made its plea.

Praise your goodness O rose, and your beauty,

Let not your pride make the nightingale flee.

I complain not of being apart from thee,

In hope of union, I’ll be apart for eternity.

Others delight in pleasure and luxury,

Pain of separation is what delights me.

For nymphs and Paradise, some find the rosary,

Beloved is my nymph, and tavern my garden’s entry.
می خورم به بانگ چنگ و مخور غصر ور کسی

Drink wine to the music of the harp, be worry free

گوید تو را کم باده مخور گوهولغفور

From he who forbids you joy for God’s mercy.

حافظ شکایت از غم هجران چم می کنی

Hafiz, separation is not at tragedy,

در هجر وصل باشد و در ظلمت است نور

Union in separation, and light in the darkness you see.
Ask not what sorrows for love I endure
Ask not of parting poisons that make me impure.

I have traveled the world and in the end
Ask not what lover I willingly allure.

Longing for a vision, at her door
Ask not of the tears that I pour.

With my own ears I heard her last night
Ask not of her words, harsh yet demure.
Bite not your upper lip and speak not
Ask not what sweet lips I may secure.

In my mendicant state without you
Ask not of my pain and need for a cure.

On the path of Love, Hafiz, lost & unsure
Ask not of his standing, high and pure.
دارم از زلف سیاهش گلم چندان کم میرس
کم چنان زاو شده ام بی سر و سامان کم میرس
Of her black hair I complain, O ask me not
Cause of her, lost I remain, O ask me not.

کس بی‌امید وفا ترک دل و دین مکناد
کم چنانم من از یاپ ارده پشیمان کم میرس
In the hope of loyalty, nobody leaves his heart & faith
I repent, my deeds disdain, O ask me not.

بی‌یکی جرعم کم آزار کش در پی نیست
زحمتی می کشتم از مدرم نادان کم میرس
A sip of wine never cause misdeed or grief
Ignorant put me through so much pain, O ask me not.

زاهد از ما بسلامت بگذر کاین می لعل
دل و دین می برد از دست بدان سان کم میرس
O pious one, pass me by, 'cause this red wine
Makes your faith vain, drives you insane, ask me not.
On the path of life and soul, stories abound
One will strain & one will feign, O ask me not.

I longed for health and bliss, but alas
That seductress holds my rein, O ask me not.

I asked the ball of heavens, what is my role on this plane?
In the polo game of life I entertain, O ask me not.

I asked, with your hair whose blood you drain?
By God, this story is a long chain, O ask me not.
How beautiful is Shiraz’s unparalleled state  
God save it from harm and the hands of fate.

May God keep its flowing Roknabad river  
Its waters with freshness, always equate.

Between Jafarabad and Mossalla gardens  
Northern breeze's scent, forever accelerate.

In Shiraz the bounty of heavenly spirit  
Amidst its wise people is an inner trait.
Nobody talks of the Egyptian sugar
It surpasses all, in sweetness is great.

O breeze what news of the happy minstrel?
How is his state? How does he relate?

If that sweet boy kills, and sheds my blood
O heart forgive him for his innocent hate.

O God let me stay with, this, my dream
I am happy with the vision of my mate.
 Brave separation Hafiz, patiently wait
Thank God for union, time to consummate.
بَرَد اَزْمِن قَرَار و طاقَت و هُوُش
بَت سنگین دل سِمِن بنَگوش

Took away my serenity, patience and sense
My heavy hearted, fair faced, divine essence.

نُگاری چابَکی شنگی کلهدار
ظرِفی مَ وشی ترکی قبِباَش

How lovely, nimble, handsome and majestic
Delicate, beautiful, and gowned with elegance.

زَتاب آتش سوداَی عِشقُش
بُ سان دیَگ دایم مَی زنَم جَوش

From the heat of the fire of that love,
Like a boiling pot, express my effervescence.

چوپُرِهَهْن شوم آسوده خاطر
گَرِش همچون قبا گیرم در آغوُش

Like a shirt in comfort, hanging loose,
If worn by beloved, and embraced tight and dense.
Even when my bones decompose and rot
My soul will hold that love in reverence.

My heart and soul put my heart and soul in suspense
Your beauty, your beauty, my only reference.

Your cure is your cure, Hafiz, your defense
Those sweet lips, those sweet lips, my sentence.
In the morn from the privacy of the Palace of Creation
The Eastern Candle emanates in every direction;

Produces a clear mirror from the horizon’s pocket
In a thousand ways showing the world its own reflection.

In the corners of the grand cosmic music hall
The organ plays a tune, and Venus listens with elation.

The exalted harp cries, now where is the doubter?
The laughing cup cries, what happened to prohibition?
Look closely at the world, and choose gaiety and joy
Whichever way you look, this is the world’s situation.

The locks of the sweetheart and Master lock up and deceive
The mystics over this chain seek no confrontation.

Ask for a majestic life, if this world is what you seek
For He is benevolent and bountiful with compassion.

Light of the hopeful eye, eternal symbol of adoration;
Omniscient, Omnipotent, Soul of the World, King of the Nation.
Faithful in your love, my fame has spread, candle-like
At the home of the homeless, I make my bed, candle-like.

Day and night, from sorrows, sleep escapes from my eyes
Sick of being apart, my eyes are teary, red, candle-like.

Scissors of sorrows have cut my patience' string
Flame of your love burns upon my weary head, candle-like.

If my bloody tears fail to bring color to my cheeks
How else can my secret tales ever be said, candle-like?
در میان آب و آتش همچنان سرگرم توست
این دل زار نزار اشک بارانم چو شمع

Amidst water & fire, my head is busy with your thoughts
While my heart flooded with tears it needs to shed, candle-like.

در شب هجران مرا پرورانم وصلی فرمست
ورن از دردت جهانی را بسوزانم چو شمع

In the night of separation, send butterfly of union
Else from your pain the world I'll burn & shred, candle-like.

بی جمال عالم آرامی تو روزم چون شب است
با کمال عشق تو در عین نقائصم چو شمع

Without your beautiful vision, my day is night
With the love I have bred, my flaws I dread, candle-like.

کوه صبرم نرم شد چون موم در دست غم‌ت
تا در آب و آتش عشقت گدازانم چو شمع

My patience is eroding, like a mountain from sorrows' rains
In the ocean of your love, path of fire I tread, candle-like.
Like dawn, I blow one breath to see your face
Show yourself O Beloved, else I'll be dead, candle-like.

Honor me one night with your union, my friend
Let your light, light up my house & spread, candle-like.

Fire of your love caught on Hafiz's head
When will my heart's fire, my tears wed, candle-like?
At dawn, to the garden, to inhale the perfume of the rose
Like the nightingale loudly exhale the cure of my head and nose.

I was watching the beautiful unfolding of the rose
Like a light, the secrets of the night disclose.

Proudly its own youth and beauty would transpose
Its songs, the nightingale to the peaceful rose owes.

Jealous tear of the narcissus ceaselessly flows
The tulip submits itself to the heart’s throws.
زبان کشیده چوئیی به سرزنش سوئن دهان گشاده شقايق چو مردم ایغاغ
The lily’s sharp and reproachful tongue grows,  
The rebellious poppy would loudly oppose.

یکی چو باده پرستان صراحی اندر دست یکی چو ساقی مستان بـ کف گرفتم ایغ
One, in worship of the wine, to the jug, goes on tip-toes  
One, the drunk bearer, cup in hand, knows with repose.

نشاط و عيش و جوانی چو گل غنیمت دان کـ حافظا نبود بر رسول غیر بلاغ
The one who knows joy, youthfully glows  
Hafiz’s is the message the prophets propose.
Secure place and sweet wine and tender friend
If only we could keep these three until the end.

The world and its affairs are all nothing for naught
A thousand times I have inquired of this trend.

Alas that until now I was so unaware
That alchemy of life is to befriend a friend.

Find a refuge and make the best of times
From the thieves of life, that our time waste and spend.
Repenting from the lips of the friend and the smiling cup
Is but a fantasy, a notion reason can’t defend.

Though I cannot ever touch your beautiful hair
On this vivid hope I can gladly depend.

The sweet dimple that adorns your chin, in depth,
A million deep thoughts can’t possibly transcend.

If my tears turn ruby color, say naught
For the seal of your lips, with ruby blend.
Mockingly said, Hafiz, to your every whim I tend
To what depths of mockery must I stoop and descend?
If you drink wine, let a drop or two spill
A sin that helps another, courageously fulfill.

Worry not, drink to the music of the harp
Fate worries not when it is time to kill.

It is for your sake, my darling beloved
That on my last day I take the bitter pill.

Whether heading for heaven or hell, angel or man,
Self-denial, in any creed, is ill.
مهدئس فلکی راه دیر شش جهتی
چنان بیست کم ره نیست زیر دیر مگاک
Designer of the world designed our path
With no way out of the grave, save being still.

فریب دختر رز طرف می زند ره عقل
میاد تا بـم قیامت خراب طارم تاک
Daughter of the vine makes the mind creative, divine
May the vine forever adorn every hill and rill.

بـم راه میکده حافظ خوش از جهان رفتی
دعای اهل دلت باد مونس دل چاک
Towards the tavern, Hafiz went forth with thrill
Prayers of the godly heart, may your heart fill.
If a thousand enemies are intent on my demise
With you as my friend, fear won't arise.

I'm alive with the hope of union with thee
Every moment I fear death, otherwise.

Breath by breath, your scented breeze I must inhale
Moment by moment, from sorrows exhale my cries.

Only dreaming of you, go to sleep my two eyes
Patiently longing for thee, my heart to itself lies.
Don't pull away your rein when you cut me with your sword
My head is my shield, while my hand your saddle-strap ties.
Where can we see your face just as you are, true and pure?

بِ قِدر دانش خود هر کسی کند ادراک
بِ چشم خلق عزیز جهان شود حافظ
کم بر در تو نهد روی مسکنت بر خاک

Each based on his own grasp can realize.
Indigent Hafiz is the apple of people's eyes
At your door, prostrated, your vision espies.
All my knowledge and piety I detest
What have I gained from your love in my breast?

Though the wind of separation blew away my zest
I kept my vows to Thee, sincere, honest.

As a spec of dust, I may be small at best
But through love, the sun itself is my nest.

Bring forth the wine, let me joyously ingest
For safety and security, in joy I didn’t invest.
If you are sober, save your advice and protest
Waste not your words on me, the drunken pest.

From shame, can’t keep my head above my chest
I was not of worthy service, in my quest.

Beloved didn’t say, though life Hafiz molest
Let me send him a cure to put him to rest.
Don’t let your hair with the wind blow,
    Else to the wind, caution I’ll throw.
Don’t let foundations elegantly grow,
    Else my foundation will dissolve and go.

Choose where you bestow thy grace,
    Else I’ll wallow in disgrace.
When you are present in every place,
    Every place, my protests will face.

The locks of your hair are curled like a chain,
    Enslaved to those locks, in chain I remain.
When with your curls you entertain,
    Your curls will only drive me insane.
Strangers do not befriend,  
Else I might be lost in the trend.  
Let not my rivals on you depend,  
This makes me sad, and will offend.

Let your face color, your cheeks blush,  
Your beauty, the rose bud, aside brush;  
Let your stature rise up tall and lush,  
And the tallest cedars simply crush.

Don’t become every room’s candle flame,  
Else my flames of jealousy can’t tame.  
Don’t treat every people the same,  
So that you may not forget my name.
Don’t become known to all in this town, 
Else I’ll find the ocean, myself drown.
Don’t keep me distant with your frown, 
Else I’ll tear to threads my shirt and gown.

Have mercy upon me and compassion, 
Else hear the infamy of my passion.

Hafiz will embrace your oppression, 
Was freed since enslaved in this fashion.
Enslaved to your love, from both worlds I am free.

As a bird of Paradise, to parting I did agree

Fell in the trap of life and worldly tragedy.

I was an angel, I resided in the heavens;

Renovation of the world - the mission given to me.

The nymphs of paradise, the cool ponds and the tree

In the hope of union, swiftly left my memory.

On the tablet of my heart, inscribed from a to z

It is all about you, I can’t see other than thee.
Koob bekt mara hejig 'mennjan nushanakh
No soothsayer foretold of my exit or entry
Ya 'rab az madar gityi bi-7e' malal zadam
O Lord, this journey, why did you for me decree?
Tashedm halqem bi-7osh 'dr missagan ushq
I am but a slave of the Tavern of Love
 hver dam 'ayid gmy az noum 'mabarak badam
Each moment, a new pain becomes my new remedy.
Mi xourd xon dlem mardmik dideh sasast
If my bleeding heart pours out of my tearful eyes
kem-7ra da bi-7argoshem mardm damam
It's just, I deserve; why to others I make my plea?
Yak kem-7eh hefat bi 'sur zulv zasak
Wipe away Hafiz's tears with your hands so he can see
Wamn 'ayin syl damadm bi-'bdr bniadm
Or else, this flood, brings all of us to our knee.
You see my state, and still increase my pain
I see your face, the need for union regain.

For my welfare, you have no care, I complain
Why do you heal me not from the sickness I disdain?

You bring me down and leave me on the earthly plane;
Return me to my home, by your side let me remain.

Only when I’m dust, your mercy can entertain;
Your flowing spirit stirs up dust of the slain.
Heartbroken of your love, from breathing I abstain
My life you destroy, yet my breathing you sustain.

In the dark night of the soul, I was growing insane,
Drinking from the cups that your features contain.

Suddenly in my arms, you appeared, clear, plain;
With my lips on your lips, my life and soul gain and drain.

Be joyful with Hafiz, with love enemies detain,
With such potent love, impotent foes self-restrain.
For years I followed the drunken trail
Until my wisdom put greed in jail.

From my ashes, like Phoenix I rose
With Solomon’s bird ended this tale.

Aid my wounded heart, infinite treasure
It is in your love, destitute, I wail.

Made a vow, never to kiss the cup again;
Fool’s advice has no option but to fail.
My own old habits all turned stale,
I got what I asked, His wind in my sail.

In my state, my own will was of no avail
I followed my guidance to the detail.

I seek eternal bliss in Paradise
Though I am a mere servant of the Grail.

The wisdom of my gray head will testify
To years of patience with life’s hailstorm and gale.
Like Hafiz, I gained all my good habits
From the commandments, holy books entail.

If I am Master of poetic verse and scale
Wonder not, for years I served the Master of the veil.
With a flood of tears, to sleep, I found my way
Thinking of you, in vain, I'd long and pray

To the vision of your brow I lost my cloak
I'd drink to the corner of the altar, old and gray.

Each thought that like a bird flies out as words
The strings of your hair would pluck and play.

Your face, like a vision, in my mind would form and fade
I kiss the face of the moon from far away.

HE SPIRITUAL WISDOM OF HARZ

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My eyes follow the wine-bearer, ears the harp
Perhaps my eyes and ears my fortune would say and sway.

Till the morn, I paint the picture of your face
On the canvass of the eyes, while sleepless I lay.

With every song, the bearer would give me a cup
I'd sing a song, then drink without delay.

Happy was the time, Hafiz, and good fortune
In the name of long life and lovers every day.
Though I am old and decrepit and weak
My youth returns to me every time your name I speak.

Thank God that whatever my heart ever desired
God gave me that, and more than I ever could seek.

O young flower, benefit from this bounty
In this garden I sing through a canary’s beak.

In my ignorance I roamed the world at first
In thy longing, I have become wise and meek.
Fate directs my path to the tavern, in life
Though many times I stepped from peak to peak.

I was blessed and inspired on the day
That at the abode of the Magi spent a week.

In the bounty of the world, await not your fate
I found the Beloved, when of wine began to reek.

From the time I was entrapped by thy eyes
I was saved from all traps and paths oblique.
The old me, befriended the unreliable moon
Passage of time is what makes me aged and weak.

Last night came good news that said, O Hafiz
I forgive all your errs, even though may be bleak.
My fantasy of thy vision, my inner sight takes a peek
None like thee could anyone ever draw or speak.

Although in thy pursuit I ride the Northern wind
Left behind in your dust, however I try and seek.

Gave up hope of union, at least in this lifetime
Let go of heart’s desires, wanting to kiss thy cheek.

For thy life-giving spring, many tears I shed
And to thy wine-bearer, I paid the price at its peak.
In thy love, cupid’s arrows pierced my heart
Somber, laden on the path, I was the only freak.

O morning breeze, bring the aroma of His house
For in that aroma, my bleeding heart will reek.

Your sin was to enchant the heart of every man
Now I am the wild doe, from men heading for the creek.

That aromatic breeze coming from His house
My heart rent, and then left a bloody streak.
Upon whatever you touch and Hafiz’s sight, he swears
Without Thy face, all sights remain dark and bleak.
ز دست کوتم خود زیر بارم
Laden with my ignorant ties

کم از بالابلندان شرمسارم
Ashamed of the courageous and wise

مگر زنجیر مویی گیردم دست
May a hidden hand help me rise

و گر نم سربند شیاایی برآرم
Or else madness becomes my prize.

ز چشم من بپرس اوضاع گردون
Of stars and fate ask of my eyes

کم شب تا روز اختر می شمارم
That watch the havens until sunrise.

بدین شکرانم می بومم لب جام
I kiss the cup that me apprise

کم کرده آگه ز راز روزگارم
Of the world’s turnings and its disguise.

اگر گفتتم دعای می فروشان
Praise of wine-sellers’ reprise

چب باشد حق نعمت می گزارم
Praise of God’s bounty, why despise.
من از بازوی خود دارم بسی شکر
Grateful for my power and size

کم‌زور مردم آزاری ندارم
Unable to deal in deceit and lies.

سری دارم چو حافظ مست لیکن
Drunk like Hafiz, till my demise,

بـِ لطف آن سری امیدوارم
Hopeful of that angel’s enterprise.
Like her hair, in my affairs there is a knot

Like my eyes, her grace will open my lot.

My redness is not from joy of the wine

Like a cup, my cheeks my bleeding heart blot.

The musicians, all play and sing in tune

If my song is out of tune, I lose my spot.

I am the night watchman of heart every night

Other than of the Beloved, I think not.

I am the magical poet whose magic words

From the reed draw sugar and fill a pot.
Her vision puts the eyes of Fate to sleep

O breeze, gracefully save me from dreamy rot.

I cannot find my friend upon the path that I trot

Whom can I speak a word to, and say what?

They used to say, Hafiz is false and fake, but

Her doorway is my only spot and plot.
If I find the dust under Beloved's feet
Use as eye-liners, draw a line, neat & discreet.

In your scent I have drowned, yet I have hope
Waves of my tears shall float my fleet.

Butterfly of my soul, Beloved seeks
Once finds that candle, joyously burns by its heat.

Think of me today, turn not away
Else tonight in pain, my prayers I repeat.
زلفین سیاه توب دلداری عشق
دادند قراری و ببردند قرارم

Beauty of your hair consoles every lover
Yet with their calmness, my calm defeat.

اً باد از آن باده نسمی بـ مـن آور
کان بوى شفابخش بود دفع خـمارم

O breeze, bring me a scent of that wine
One whiff, my drunken state will treat.

گرقلب دلم را نتهد دوست عیاری
من نقد روان در دمـش از دیده شمارم

If my friend's deceptions don't break my heart
Her every breath my spirit will replete.

دامن مفشـان از من خاکی ک پس از من
زین دـر نتواند کـ برد باد غـبارم

Don't try to shed my dust from your clothes
From now on, even the wind, it shall cheat.
Hafiz, her sweet lips are my soul's seat
I live for the moment when soul and lips meet.
در نهانخانه عشرت صنمي خوش دارم
In the secret house of joy I idolize my desire
کز سر زلف و رخش نعل در آتش دارم
From your hair and face, my feet are on fire.
عاشق و رندم و ميخواره ب آواز بلند
I am a dervish, a lover, I drink & sing out aloud
وين هم منصب از آن حور پریوش دارم
Angelic Beauty, my name and fame inspire.
گر تو زين دست مرا بي سر و سامان داري
If for this you throw me out on the street
من ب آه سحرت زلف مشوش دارم
With the sigh of morning breeze I rise higher.
گر چنين چهره گشاید خط زنگاري دوست
With a glimpse at Beloved's colorful face
من رخ زرد ب خواب منقش دارم
My melancholic face with a red blush I retire.
گر ب كاشانى رندان قدمى خواهي زد
If you walk towards the house of the lovers
نقل شعر شكرى و مى بيغش دارم
I greet you with candy, wine and music of lyre.
ناوک غمزه بیار و رسن زلف کم من
With your eyes' darts & your hair's rope you come

جنگها با دل مجروح بلاکش دارم
From my wounded heart, battles, I require.

حافظا چون غم و شادی جهان در گذر است
O Hafiz, happiness & pain both expire

بهتر آن است کم من خاطر خوش خوش دارم
I'd better for peace of mind, inquire.
I have made a sacred oath
For as long as I have a soul
His supporters and I both
As my own soul, I extol

The joy of peace of the mind
In that radiant flower find
Light of eyes and heart combined
The moon, so radiant and whole

Tending to desires of the heart
Privately I make a start
Let the liar's venom part
And let friends play their role
There is a spruce in my yard
Casts a shadow that goes onward
In its shadow it's so hard
To miss tress of meadow & knoll

If armies of the good and fair
My heart trap and ensnare
Thank God my idol is there
From armies take their toll

Because of his ruby seal
Solomon’s stories I steal
When with such greatness I deal
I put Satan on parole
O my Master, old and wise
My tavern habits don't criticize
To tell the cup my good byes
I break promise, not the bowl

O my rivals, go to sleep
For some time make it deep
With my friend silence I keep
And let my secrets out roll

In the meadows of his fate
I walk in a graceful state
Tulip and rose can just wait
And the petals seem so droll
بِ رنُقِي شَهَرِه شَدّ حَافِظَ مِيَانِ هَمِدٍمانِ ليُكِن
چَ غم دَارِم چَ در عَالِم قُوَام الدِِين حِسن دَارِم

Amidst friends, Hafiz's fame
Is to be out of control
There's no sorrow and no shame
When the King is his guiding pole
ب‌ه‌ی‌نگ‌ت‌ی‌م گ‌ر ک‌ش‌د د‌س‌ت‌ش نگ‌ی‌ر‌م
I won’t hold his hands, if they cut me with a sword
و‌گ‌ر تی‌ر‌م ز‌ن‌د م‌ن‌س‌ت پژّر‌م
Gladly accept the arrows that towards me have soared.
ک‌م‌ن اب‌ر‌ویت را گ‌و بِژن تیر
The bows of your brows let their arrows fly
ک‌م پّش د‌س‌ت و ب‌اژویت بّمیر‌م
Dying in your bosom I can gladly afford.
غم گیتی گر از پّایم درآرد
The hardships of life may bring me to my knees
بّجّز ساغر کم باشّد دست‌گیرم
The hands of the wine-bearer are the hands of the Lord.
برآی ای آفت‌ت‌اب صبّح امید
Please, please rise up, O sunshine of hope
ک‌م در دست شب هجران اسیرم
I am trapped in the hands of separation and discord.
بّه فریادم رس ای پّیر خرابات
O wise Tavern Master, help me in my hour of need
بّه یک چرّع جوانم کن کم پیر‌م
Let the youthful life, in my old age be restored.
Upon your locks of hair, last night, I made my vows

The floor is my bed, and your lap is my head-board.

Hafiz, burn all the masks that you have worn & stored

Fire of heart then can freely come out as your word.
Nawaz Shama Gheeban Jo Ghiyeb, Agaazam
Mourning the night of the dead, when I begin to wail

Ba- Moi-Haye Gheeban-e Qasam, Parazam
With my tearful lamentations, weave many a tale.

Ba- Yaad Yar-o-Diwar-an Jeen-an B-Ghirim Zar
Remembering my home and friends, I cry so much

Kam Az Jeeman, Ro-o-Rasm Seefan Barandazam
That the way of travelling, everyone will assail.

Man Az Diwar Habeem, Nam Az Bahad Gheeb
My home is with my friends, not in a strange land

Mehimana-B-Rafeeqan, Xood Rasan Barazm
O God, back to my friends, show and pave my trail.

Khuda Ra Madidi, Ai-Rafeeq, Reh Ta Man
Only with God's grace, my companion on the path

Ba-Koi Miekhe Dyeer, Ulum, Barfrazm
I shall raise my flag at the Tavern of the Grail.

Khord Z Pieri, Man Kii-Hassab Bergerd
When will ever the youth take advice of the old?

Kam Bazer Ba-Senni, Sfeel, Ushq-e-Mi-Barazm
Once again, young idols, ardently I love and hail.
My sole companion is the breeze & Northern Wind

Save the breeze, everyone, in befriending me shall fail.

The hope of my friend's home is my water of life

Let the scent of Shiraz upon the breeze set sail.

My tears rolled & displayed my faults upon my face

My slanderer is at home, I complain to what avail?

I heard Venus at dawn, while drawing open the veil

Enslaved to Hafiz's voice and sweet songs in detail.
Once again, if I find my way to the tavern of the Magi

The goodness of robe and rug I'll gladly myself deny.

The keeper of the tavern will keep my cup far and dry.

And if moth-like, I spread my wings with ease

Into the heart of the flame, I’ll gladly fly.

Tell me not of Paradise, as long as I have your thought

With you in my heart, with nothing else identify.

The secret of my love is well kept within my heart

Is only given away with heart’s cry and tearful eye.
Like a bird I took flight from my cage of dust and clay

In the hope of becoming prey to eagles flying high.

Embrace me like a harp in your bosom, pluck my strings

Else a reed upon your lips, put music to your sigh.

I will not tell another the tale of my broken heart;

My love and longing for you, my broken heart will dignify.

No matter how much beauty in Hafiz multiply

For your beauty, everything I will decry, and will die.
In the hope of union, my very life, I’ll give up

As a bird of Paradise, this worldly trap I will hop.

In the hope of one day, being your worthy servant

Mastery of both worlds I’ll gladly drop.

May the cloud of guidance unload its rain

Before I am back to dust, into the air I rise up.

Beside my tomb bring minstrels and wine

My spirit will then dance to music and scent of the cup.

Show me your beauty, O graceful beloved of mine

To my life and the world, with ovation I put a stop.
Though I am old, tonight, hold me in your arms

In the morn, a youthful one, I’ll rise up.

On my deathbed give me a glimpse of your face

So like Hafiz, I too, will reach the top.
دوش سودای رخش گفتم زسر یرون کنم
گفت کو زنجیر تا تدبر این مجنون کنم

Last night I said, "put longing out of your brain."
Replied insane lovers are always put in chain.

قامتتش را سرو گفتم سر کشید از من ب خشم
دوستان از راست می رنجد نگارم چون کنم

His stature I compared with cypress and cedar
My sweetheart was upset with this image, must refrain.

نکتم ناسنجیده گفتم دلبرا معذور دار
عشوهای فرمای تا من طبع را موزون کنم

Thoughtlessly opened my mouth, forgive me O Beloved,
Give me a sign dearest, so I know how thee entertain.

زردرویی می کشش زان طبع نازک بی گناء
ساقیا جامی بده تا چهره را گلگون کنم

Yellow with shame, upsetting my Beloved’s tender spirit
Bring forth red wine, and restore the flow in my facial vein.
O breeze of Beloved’s land, how much more?  
I’ll break up the houses, into the ruins, rivers drain.

I have now found the endless treasures of the Beloved  
A hundred beggars like myself, on this path I can train.

O fortunate moon, remember me, Hafiz  
While I pray that thy ever increasing bounty remain.
Hafta k-e man bah mossem gil terk mi knm

Next spring, giving up wine, I deny

Mn lâf 'ałqul mi zmnm eyn kar k-e knm

Why fool myself? This I’ll never try.

Mtnbr k-jâst tâ hâm mhcsolu zhd w 'ulm

Where is the minstrel, that all piety and mind

Dr kâr jîng w bîpt w âwâz nî knm

With the song of the harp and reed I defy.

Az-qîl w qâl mdrsâm hâli-dlm gfrftt

In the noisy school, O heavy heart, O heavy heart

Yk jînd nîz xdmstm mwsqo w mî knm

In the service of wine and love let sometime go by

Kî bdwr dr zmnm wفا جم mî bîbr

Where is the fairness of life, bring me wine

Tâ mân xkâyt jm w kawwsm kî knm

I’ll tell the tale of many kings who now peacefully lie.

Az-nâm, sîyah ntrstsem k-rz-hshr

On Judgment Day, openly I show how I erred

Bâ fîps l'tf ov cîd az-ây nâm tî knm

Honest mistakes fear not, His mercy shall multiply.
Bring the messenger of dawn, distant midnight cry

With that majestic morning light will dissolve and fly.

This borrowed life, given to Hafiz to live and die

Will return to its owner, when His face identify.
Love of the Beloved and this wine, I will not leave behind
Repented a hundred times, but no more myself will bind.

Garden of Eden, Tree of Knowledge, and nymphs of Paradise
Will not compare to the clay of the abode of the undefined.

The lessons and affirmations of the wise are but one sign
I understood the sign, and need not repeat in my mind.

I am never aware of the secrets and state of my soul
Until myself in the midst of the tavern I find.
The worldly wise advised me to leave love behind
I need not fight myself, why make my soul misaligned?

Though appraised and judged by the citizens of my town,
I will not sing and dance upon the pulpit to the blind.

Hafiz the old Masters, the old Magi are wise and kind
Prostrated, with this dust I find myself entwined.
بیا کر چشم بیمارت هزاران درد برچینم

With your long curled eyelashes
You brought me a thousand doubts
When your sleepy eye flashes
A thousand pains in me come out.

بیا روی مباد آن دم کر بی یاد تو بنشینم

O thou, companion of my heart
Memories of friends my mind depart
There is not a day that from the start
Your memory I do not tout.

کر کرد افسون و نیرنگش ملول از جان شیرینم

The world is baseless and old
Lovers shout out and scold
Magic spells take their hold,
This is love's sorrowful route.
ز تاب آتش دوری شدم غرق عرق چون گل
بیارای باد شبگیری نسیمی زان عرق چینم

Separation puts me on fire
My circumstances are dire
May the nightly breeze inspire
With a whiff of what it's all about.

جَهان فانی و باقی فداي شاهد و ساقی
کَ سلطانی عالم را طفیل عشق می‌بینم

This world of space and time
For Beloved ain't worth a dime
Ruling the world is a crime
If Beloved is without.

اگر بر جای من غیری گزینند دوست حاکم اوست
حرامم باد اگر من جان پر جای دوست بگذینم

If in my place, Beloved choose
Another, then I greatly lose
My life and soul I’ll refuse
Curses upon myself I spout.
At dawn sings the nightingale
O Beloved, yourself unveil
In my head I cry and wail
Of yester night's dreamy bout.

On my deathbed, when I rise
I'll head straight for Paradise
If only I can keep my eyes
Upon the flame your candle sprouts.

The tale of my desires
That I cry out and shout
Unmistakably inspires
What Hafiz said without doubt.
In the tavern of the Magi I see the bright light of Divine

O what a light, such a delight, how can it so brightly shine?

Stop showing off to me, O pilgrim of the House of God

In that place you see the house, while I see God’s grand design.

Secrets of the divine, for myself I wish to define

This is a mindless design, myself I further misalign.

Painful heart, tearful eyes, sigh of the morn, cry of the night

These are the lot of mine, and are favors that Thou assign.

How could I share my visions? With whom open this heart of mine?
Fragrance of oriental perfumes do not begin to approach

That aromatic breeze, that life-giving morning sign.

Hafiz’s poetic and playful words do not malign

Because I consider him an ardent lover of Thine.
Hardships and sorrows, for sometime are mine

There is no cure, other than red wine.

Service of the Old Magi I won't leave,
My own benefit, in this I define.

With light of the jug, ascend joyous heights

Fate and time may have another design.

Sign of godliness, is only Love

Amidst the pious, I see no such sign.

Two mirrors can't show that face, divine.
You, tall spruce and pine, by my streaming eyes,
I see the waters, but not spruce and pine.

In my drunken state, no-one gives me wine,
No-one with the heart, himself would align.

Of the thing I loved, do not ask of me,
I have become naught, speck of dust so fine.

Hafiz's boat and I, only in this sea
Have pearls of words, that brightly shine.
If from this ruined house, homeward bound

And if I arrive there sane and sound

And from this journey, safely return

I promise to enter the first tavern on my round.

I will tell on this path what I found

To the temple I’ll dance, cup in hand, to harp’s sound.

If those upon the path speak of their heartache
Strangers to the path will not see my face frowned.

From now on my hands will only brush Beloved’s locks

My insane heart’s desires, my senses hound.

If I see the brow of my Beloved’s face

I will prostrate, and constantly kiss the ground.

Happy is the moment that like Hafiz with His help

We too are happily with Beloved homeward bound.
From the Old Magi I have a sacred oath and decree

Forbidden drinking wine, where Beloved will not be

I want to rend my shirt, what else to do with being fake?

Mean words are a torture that souls flee.

Unless Beloved's lips grant my wish and nurture mine

At the gate of the tavern I'll remain a refugee.

Has He forgotten my years of serving Him?

O morning breeze, remind Him, I plea.

Hundred years hence, if by chance you pass my grave

My decayed skeleton will dance with joy and much glee.
Beloved steals my heart with hundred hopes

Usually the great deliver on what they agree.

O bud, don't be upset with your fate and open up

Breath of morning breeze will refresh & set you free.

O heart, seek your healing some other way

For pain of Love, doctors have no remedy.

Seek the wisdom that you keep for ever more

Let others go for riches, fame and degree.

The path is tough, unless are touched by grace
ورنی آدم نبرد صرف ز شیطان رجیم
From cursed Satan springs no gain for me.

حافظ ار سیم و زرئت نیست چه شد شاکر باش
Hafiz, thankfully face your poverty

چین باد از دولت لطف سخن و طبع سلیم
Humble heart and sweet tongue is best for thee.
I expected friendship from my friends
How mistaken were my notions of these trends.

When will the tree of friendship bear fruit?
I have planted seeds of many strains & blends.

Dervishes keep away from discourses & discussions
Else my arguments, my talk, only offends.

I detected aggression in your piercing eyes
Forgive me and let me make peaceful amends.
The bud of your goodness remained closed
I became the gardener whom flowers tends.

Many wrongs were done, yet no-one complained
My silence, deference and respect extends.

Said, this friendship is what Hafiz intends
Not by our order his time, this way he spends.
Rose petals let us scatter
And fill the cup with red wine
The firmaments let us shatter
And come with a new design

If sorrow's soldiers incite
To shed lovers' blood tonight
With beloved I will unite
And his foundations malign

Pour the red wine with control
Like rose-water into the bowl
While fragrant breeze will roll
And sweet incense refine
With a harp on display
We ask the players to play
While clapping we sing and say
And dancing, our heads decline

Blow our dust O gentle breeze
And throw at the Master's knees
The Good King has the keys
While we glance at the sign

One boasts & brags with his mind
One weaves talks of idle kind
All the judgment that we find
Let the Judge weigh and define
به‌هشت عدن اگر خواهی بیا با ما بپی‌میخانم
کم از پای خمیت روزی بحوض کوثر اندازیم

If Eden is what you need
To the tavern let us speed
The jug of wine let us heed
And Paradise will be thine

سخندانی و خوشخوانی نمی ورزند در شیراز
بیا حافظ کم تا خود را بملکی دیگر اندازیم

Merry songs and fair speech
In Shiraz they do not teach
Another land let us reach
Hafiz, and then we shine

بازها گفتام و بار دگر می‌گویم
کم من دلشده این ره نم بخود می‌پویم

I have said many a time, and I’ll say it once again
Though I move upon this path, another my path maintain.
Behind the veil parrot-like, I am trained and entertain
I repeat what the Master has taught me and had me retain.

If I am a thorn or rose, adorn the grass, it is vain
To think I can grow without the nurturing hand and rain.

O friends, do not think I am heartless and insane
In search of a connoisseur, I am a gem of unique grain.

Though wine with my colorful robe causes many pain
I will not fault the elixir that washes every stain.
خنده و گریه عاشق زجایی دگر است
می سراهم ب شب و وقت سحر می مویم

The lovers’ laughter and cry many layers do contain
At night I compose, and in the morn cry out my gain.

حافظم گفت کم خاک در میخانه مبایی
گو مکن عیب کم من مشک ختن می بویم

Hafiz said, from breathing in dust of the tavern do refrain
Fault me not, this is the way that this aroma I regain.
افسر سلطان گل بیدا شد از طرف چمن
مقدمش یا رب مبارك باد بر سرو و سمن

Officers of King of the flowers the grass adorn
The meadows welcome O God, the newly born.

خوش به جای خویشتن بود این نشست خسروی
تا نشینند هر کسی اگون ب جای خویشتن

What a pleasant gathering was this royal feast
Each one is seated upon his own throne.

خاتم جم را بشارت ده به حسن خاتمت
کاسم اعظم کرد از او کوتاه دست اهرمن

Let your Seal, seal the fate of the Royal Seal
With your name, Satan's hands are cut and torn.

تا ابد معمور باد این خانم کز خاک درش
هر نفس با بوی رحمن می ورد باد یمن

This house is eternally the gateway through which
The winds of compassion are fragrantly blown.
شوکت پور پشنگ و تیغ عالمگیر او
در هم‌شنهام‌ها شد داستان انجمن

Glory of the Mighty King, his mythic sword
Book of Kings, and its readers have all sworn.

خنگ چوگانی چرخت رام شد در زیر زین
شهمسوارا چون ب میدان آمدی گویی بزن

Tamed the stallion of fate, put under saddle
Mighty Rider played polo, the ball is thrown.

جوبار ملک را آب روان شمشیر توست
تو درخت عدل بنشان ببخ بدخواهان بکن

In this land flowing waters became your sword
Planted seeds of Justice, and evil intent forlorn.

بعد از این نشکفت اگر با نکهت خلق خوشت
خیزد از صحرای ایزج ناف مشک خشتن

No wonder, with your goodness, if from now on
From deserts, upon the breeze musk is flown.
Hermits patiently await your good vision
Raise your hat, throw aside the mask you've worn.

Sought counsel of my mind, said, Hafiz, drink!
Listen to my trusted friend; pour me wine until the morn.

Gentle breeze bestow this feast with plentiful horn
The bearer, with a cup or two, those like me may scorn.
I am the infamous lover in this town
My eyes, evil seeds have never sown.

Be kind and work hard and live happily
Disbelievers in our creed are hurt and down.

I asked the Master of the tavern to show me salvation
Asked for a cup, said keeping secrets alone.

Why should my heart watch the gardens of this world?
With my pupils picking the flowers that are shown.
Revering wine, I washed away my own image
Selfishness cannot be when the self-image is unknown.

It’s Your lock of hair that keeps me firm on the ground
Without the pull of love, everything would drown.

Let us turn away towards the tavern, from hence
Upon the deedless words of preachers one must frown.

From the Beloved learn to love what is good
Good company happens to be the ultimate crown.
Hafiz kisses only the bearer and the cup
Keep away from the hypocrite wolf in sheepish gown.

I have something to say my dear, hear my word
While your jug is full, offer a drink and be a lord

On the path of Love, Devil tempts you a lot
Come, let your heart and soul be in accord.

The song was spoiled, and the string was no more
Tambourine shout out aloud, O harp, cry with your cord.
The rosary and gown will not bring you joy
Only the wine-seller, such bargains can afford.

The wise speak from experience, as I said
You too, my son, by age will be floored.

Love did not put its chains upon the mind
Those who sought lovers, intelligence abhorred

Share with your friends your worldly goods and time
Mark my word, for friends put your life at the sword.
O wine-bearer, may your cup always be full
With your grace, bring drunken me aboard.

Joyous, in golden garments, pass us by
Cast a glance at Hafiz in rags, a kiss, a word.
The green fields of fate were fully grown
While the new moon’s sickle hung in the west.
I remembered the crops I had sown
It was now time for my harvest.

I said O fate, when will you awake?
The sun is up, it is now dawn-break.
Said, you have made many a mistake,
Yet keep hope and faith within your breast.

If like the Christ, this world you depart
With integrity and with a pure heart,
Your brightness will give a new start
To the sun, even shining at its crest.
Don’t seek your guidance in the skies
It is deceitful, though it seems wise.
It helped many kings majestically rise
Then brought them down at its own behest.

Though many jewels and rings of gold,
Necks and ears of many elegantly hold;
All the good times will one day fold.
With a clear mind listen, and a beating chest.

Don’t sell the harvest that you reap
In the market of love, for so cheap;
For the moon, a nickel you keep,
And for the stars a dime at best.
From evil eyes may you be freed;
Fate rode the sun and moon’s steed.

Hypocrites ruin their own creed and nest
Hafiz leaves without his dervish’s vest.
Tell me of my friend, my messenger of the Right

Tell the nightingale of the flower's condition & plight.

In the gathering of lovers, we are trusted, fear not

With trusted friends, speak of friendship's delight.

My head was agitated such with her fragrant hair

For God's sake, why the fire in my head thus ignite?

To those who say the dust of friend's home is vile

Say, speak of this while examining my eye-sight.

And to the ones who forbid the tavern and wine

Say, in my Master's presence speak not of your spite
And if anyone else, in your presence speaks
Tell them to pause for your prayerful respite.
Though I am a sinner, judge me not by my sins
You be the King & I, the mendicant, contrite.
To this poor man tell the tale of generous ones
With this beggar speak only of kingly might.
I sacrifice my life in the trap of your hair
O morning breeze speak of the stranger in the night.
The tale of the Knower, the Wise, nourishes the soul
Ask secrets of Him, and with your stories excite.
If to His feast, Hafiz, they would invite

می نوش و ترک زبر خدا بگو

Drink wine & throw away every deceitful rite.
غزل

عیشم مدام است از لعل دلخواه
کارم ب– کام است الحمدلله

Forever joy is my prize
With the wine of desire
Thankfully God gratifies
What I wish or require

ای بخت سرکش تنگش ب– بر کش
گ– جام زر کش گ– لعل دلخواه

O unpredictable fate
Embrace me like your mate
Sometimes golden cup and plate
Sometimes wine acquire

ما را ب– رندى افسانه– کردند
پیران جاهل شیخان گمره

Drunk and insane is my game
It is my name and my fame
Unwise Elders will blame
And the Leaders for hire
From the recluse and devout
Loudly I repent and shout
The works of the pious doubt
"God forbid!" is my choir

O soul what can I say
Of pain of being away?
My eyes tearfully play
And my soul is on fire

To doubters it will not show
Such pain, who'll ever know?
The spruce will long to grow
Your face the moon inspire
Longing for your lips
Has Hafiz in its grips
Forget the night-school's tips
And prayers of morning crier
غر تيغ بارد در كوي آن ماه
غردن نحداث الحكم للـ

If arrows fly
Down from the sky
We submit and lie
Looking up, on high

آيين نقوا ما نيز دانيم
ليكن چي چاره با بخت گمراه

Virtue, goodness, piety
We know in variety
Yet it's impropriety
To ask our fate why

ما شيخ و واعظ كمتر شناسيم
يا جام باده يا قصر كوتاه

The elders we knew
Are only a few
Wine is overdue
Else silently sigh
I am the mad lover
In flower fields I hover
Repent & my sins uncover
God forbid I lie

Your kindness and care
With me did not share
Mirror hid its glare
Now I sigh & cry

Patiently forbear
The life that is there
I wish to declare
For union I die
حافظ چم نالی گر وصل خواهی
خون بایدت خورد در گاه و بی گاه

Hafiz don't complain
For union try
Put up with the pain
Whenever it comes by
Wozal au zu'am cha'adun b-
Khawa'unda mara 'an de kum 'an b-

Than eternal life, union is better
O God, give me that, which is better.

B'emshirmazd wa baks taghtum
Kem raz dost et doshman nahan b-

Cut me with a sword, and I said no word,
From foe keeping friend's secret is better.

B'em dag bandagi murden b'ain d'er
B'em jahan au kem az Malk d'ehan b-

In this path to die enslaved to the Lord
Than all the world, that Soul is better.

Ask healer of my painful discord
Will this invalid ever get better?
In shade of the spruce, the rose that was floored
Than ruby red blood, its dust is better.
O pious ones, with heavens I'm bored
Than paradise, this garden is better.

O heart, always, in His alley beg and hoard
He, who commands eternity is better.

O youth, with the advice of the old be in accord
Than youthful luck, old wisdom is better.

No eye has seen a gem that soared
That of the pearl of my ear is better.
Though from "Zendeh Rood" elixir of life poured
Than Isfahan, Our Shiraz is better.

Though friend's words sweetness stored
Than those words, Hafiz's is better.
Suddenly you rent the veil, what does it mean?
Left home, drunk with ale, what does it mean?

Locks in hand, the morning breeze, rivals obey
Serving all others to such detail, what does it mean?

King of the Good, mendicants to you pray,
Made your throne into a jail, what does it mean?

At first, in my hands, your locks you lay,
Later on, you make me frail, what does it mean?
Your loins talk in riddles and your words secrets say;  
Cut me in the middle, to what avail? What does it mean?

You lure us with Love, and like pawns, you play  
Each piece you play, you fail, what does it mean?

O Hafiz, if your lover into your heart finds her way  
Familiar is your trail, and your tale, what does it mean?
Don’t separate from me, thou dearer than my eyes
Solace to my soul, calmer of my heart’s cries.
Lovers cannot reach the hem of His shirt
Their shirt of patience, with shreds dignifies.
Let not your fate and lot, mishaps for you devise
In ravishing the hearts, you win the highest prize.
O preacher of creed, you forbid me this love
I forgive your errs, you have not seen the Wise.
Why would the Beloved, Hafiz criticize
Exceeding the bound, ardently denies.
سحرگاهان که مخمور شبان
Early morning, drunk from the night before
گرفتم باده با چنگ و چغاین
Wine in hand, asked the harpist to play more.
نهادم عاقل را به توشم از می
For my mind's journey, sent forth supplies of wine
ز شهر هستیش کردم روآن
From Existence City, sent him to explore.
نگار می فروشی عشواي داد
Beautiful wine-seller gave me a sip of wine
که ایمن گشتم از مکر زمان
I was safe from trickster Fate's horror and gore.
ز ساقی کمان ابرو شنیدم
The wine-bearer to me said, with arched brows,
که ای تیر ملامت را نشانی
O target, arrows of reproach on you pour
نبدوئی زان میان طرفی کمروار
You won't gird your waist with such binding belt
اگر خود را ببینی در میان
If you see that it is yourself who becomes sore.
Go and lay this trap of yours for another bird

Phoenix, at great heights will fly and soar.

Yet bind, belt, and trap are from Kingly grace

To adore itself and show endless amour.

Friend and player and bearer are all He

Water and clay to this path are but the door.

Give wine and let our ship happily sail

Upon this endless ocean without a shore.

Hafiz, our existence is a metaphor

This dreamy tale we tour and implore.
مخموم جام عشقم ساقى بده شرابی
I am drunk with Love, bearer, bring me some wine

بر کن قدح کم بی می مجلس ندارد آبی
This feast without a full jug, will run down and decline.

وصف رخ چو ماهش در برده راست ناید
Describing that beauty, neither seems right and nor fair,

مطرب بزن نواى ساقى بده شرابی
Musicians play on, and wine-bearer bring me wine.

شد حلقم قامت من تا بعد از ایان رقیبت
My stature is now curved, and your rivals from now on

زین در دگر نراند ما را بـ هیچ بابی
Won't tempt me through this door, with no other will align.

در انتظار رویت ما و امیدواری
In my longings for Thy face, I, and hopeful desires,
In hope of union, I, fancy, and dream combine.

Intoxicated with those eyes, where do I find my cup?

Lovesick with vision of those lips, of answers there's no sign.

Hafiz, in search of the good, why put your heart on the line?

How can you quench one's thirst, through a mirage that may shine?
O thou, who considers separation of lovers fair

Keep lovers away from your side with your glare

I am thirsty in my desert, lead me to clear waters

With the hope of God's mercy, this path of yours you forbear.

You stole my heart, dissolved my soul, but

Better than you have treated me, of the others take care.

When my foes drink their wine from my cup
ما تحمل نکنیم از تو روا می داری
I cannot accept it, if fair you declare.

ای مگس حضرت سیمرگ نزولانگ توست
Listen fly; Phoenix's flight-path is not your air

عرض خود می بری و زحمت ما می داری
You ruin your own name, and us you tire and wear.

تو ب تقصیر خود افتادی از این در محروم
Through your own deeds, you are now poor & bare

از کم می نالی و فرباد چرا می داری
From complaints & your cries, I beg you, us spare.

حافظ از پادشاهان یایم به خدمت طلبند
Even kings, through their service fill their chair

سعی نابرده چم امید عطا می داری
Hope for nothing, if you will not do your share.
For a long time, has left me with concerns
Embraces strangers, yet lovers he spurns.

Not even upon my state had a glance
In this way, praise of the wise ones he earns.

Better to keep his arm in his sleeve
Hearts of the gifted artists, his hand churns.

Neither rose nor nightingale are spared the pain of love
One rends its garment, other crying, yearns.
He who seeks obedience in colorful & patched robes
His graceful eye, upon the ignorant turns.

He is the apple of my eyes, light of my soul
When tired me approaches him, he returns.

Jewels of the Holy Grail come from an unworldly mine
Why then beg for the potters' clay to make these urns?

O heart, O wise Master, experienced in love
Why then seek love from apprentices & interns?
You must pay for this your last pot of gold
Why beg this thief that gold & silver returns?

Insanity & madness, admittedly are my sins
Lover is enslaved to love, for love burns.

Spend your days free from blame & concerns
Expect naught from temporal world, Hafiz learns.
You, who are so proud of your name
If you are not in love, then shame!
Befriend not lovers, who are insane,
If sane sobriety is your fame.
Your head is sober from the wine of Love
Drinking grape juice is your game.
Melancholic face and painful cries,
Make lovers' pain, somewhat tame.
Seek more wine, your drunkenness inflame.
In the spring, open your heart to joyous infusions

Like flowers open up, or stay in muddy collusions.

I cannot tell you to befriend this, or drink that

Wit and wisdom display your own solutions.

Strings of the harp sing out the same advice

When worthy, you will reach your conclusions.

Each blade of grass speaks of its life's tale

Alas if self-absorbed you're free from inclusions.

Worry not, else you will lose your precious now

If stuck in day's and night's revolutions.
Though fears are strewn upon the path of Love
Pass easy if free from destination's confusions.
Become prey to that Witness of illusions.
The fame of your virtuous deeds
Like my love have reached a peak
Joy is what everyone needs
Neither can fade, nor are weak

Wine, imagination will find
Is outside the realm of mind
No metaphor of any kind
Can transcend wine-speak

My purpose will come about
On the day that I find out
You granted without a doubt
The union that I seek
When with you, I stay
A year is just like a day
And the times you are away
A moment, a year-long streak

A vision of your face
In my dreams I trace
In my wakefulness I chase
My dreams to have a peek

Your grace on my heart bestow
As your love & kindness grow
My weakness will clearly show
Like a crescent, lean & meek
Hafiz, don't groan & blame
If for union you aim
Not for a day or a week;
Of separation you must reek.
O heart, the street of Love is no more your promenade
You've packed your belongings and just sit in the shade.
Polo stick in your hands, yet you don't play the ball
The Royal hawk on your arm, yet will not hunt or raid.
Your boiling blood flows through your veins and heart
Yet you let the vision and image of your Beloved fade.
In spite of the fragrant breeze, you let your temperament freeze
The wind goes to your friend's house, yet behind you've stayed.
From this garden you don't pick any roses for yourself
Because of the thorns that now you avoid and degrade.
A hundred perfumes, you've kept stored up your sleeves
Yet not one upon the Beloved's hair you've sprayed.
You've thrown the gentle cup and tender wine away
And not think when drunk, what will come to your aid.
If slaves of everyone the Wise King has made
Hafiz, you won't yield and succumb to this trade.
A traveler in a strange land

Took a stranger by the hand,

You will only see clarity of the wine

If for forty days you let it stand.

God keep us from the dervish’s cloak

That conceals an idol in every strand.

Though virtue needs no recognition
نیازی عرض کن بر نازنینی
Let helping the needy be your errand.

ثوابت باشد ای دارای خرمنن
O you, the owner of the harvest

آغر رحمی کنی بر خوشم چینی
Keep your harvesters from reprimand.

نمی بینم نشاط عیش در کس
Where has all the joy gone?

ن درمان دلی نم درد دینی
Why is the pain of love so bland?

درونها تیره شد باشد کم از غیب
Every chest is gloomy, dark and sad;

چراغی بركند خلوت نشینین
Let love’s flame in hearts be fanned.
Without the finger of lovers

For golden rings there’s no demand.

Though Beloved seems to be so harsh

The lover accepts every command.

Walk to the tavern and I will ask,

Have you seen the end you have planned?

Neither Hafiz’s heart is in lessons so grand

Nor the teacher can fully understand.
In the land of the Magi, none like me, can be lost

Pawned my gown in a place, in another, my books, I must.

My heart, mirror of the King, is all covered with dust,

I pray for a clear word, light up the path that I must.

I repent, no more wine, from the beautiful seller;

Drinking wine, without that face, is but lust.

Narcissus may mock your ways, you keep calm,
Insight, blind-in-the-heart, will not trust.

None but candle can speak of this tale,

Why, the moth, in this tale, only goes bust.

My tears run from my eyes, streaming down,

To grow beauty by my side, this is my cost.

Bring me a vessel of wine; without my friend,

My eyes, flood like the sea, with heart's disgust.
I praise my Beloved, speak to me of no other,

For wine and Beloved, I fear none I distrust.

Infidel played the reed beside the gates of the Tavern.

What a lovely song, played, in my heart, the morning gust.

If Godliness comes from what Hafiz has

Alas, if after today, morrow ain't lost.
Salutations to the day of friendship’s delight

To the pupils that have seen the light.

Greeting the heart of the righteous, bright,

To the candle of the sanctuary of the right.

From among my friends, I see none remain

Bring wine for my heart, bleeding, contrite.

From the abode of the Magi don’t turn away
There, you will find the key to your plight.

Bride of the World, in goodness, extreme
Has taken infidelity to extreme height.

If my tired heart has no more resolve,
From heavy hearted will seek no respite.

Where do they sell that intoxicating wine
So false piety I can leave, and take flight.

Unfaithful friends broke their promises
As though it was in their own spite.

If you let me, O spirit of avarice

I’ll rule with kingly might.

I’ll teach you the alchemy that causes bliss

From bad friends take flight, take flight.

Hafiz be content with the hardships of fate

In your night, divine light is out of your sight.
Drink wine and spread flowers
Of Fate what do you seek?
The rose said in early hours
Nightingale, what do you speak?

In the garden take your seat
Both Beloved & bearer greet
Breath in flowers and wine replete
Lip to lip and cheek to cheek

Let flowers strut their stuff
In the garden sing and laugh
And call the spruce's bluff
Let your stature rise and peak
The Rose bud's smiling face
Whose attention will it grace
Whom do you wish to embrace
O Rose bud, tender & meek?

In the marketplace today
Your buyers willingly pay
Be alert and stash away
Riches in your lucky streak

The candle flame of Goodness
The wind of Fate will caress
Commit and your art bless
With goodness shine and reek
آن طری که گردش صد ناف، چین ارزد
خوش بودی اگر بودی بپیش ز خوش خویی

Each curl of your hair
Is priceless and so rare
Seek joy and joy spare
And gently take a peek

هر مرج به دستانی در گلشن شاه آمد
بلبل به نواسانی حافظ به گزل گویی

In the garden of the King
Birds use their feather & beak
Nightingales gaily sing
Hafiz, the poetic geek
Poetry of Hafiz

Rubaiyat
The only vision I have is your sight
The only thing I follow is your light.
Everyone finds his repose in sleep,
Sleep from my eyes has taken flight.

Pick up the joy giving wine and come hither.
Temptations of mean foes decline and come hither.
Don’t listen to the one who says sit down and stay;
Listen to me, pick up the line and come hither.
I said, your lips said, your lips we revive;
I said, your mouth said, sweetness we derive;
I said your words, he said, Hafiz said;
May all sweet lips be joyous and alive.

One, beautiful and full of grace
Mirror in hand, grooming her face
My handkerchief I offered, she smiled,
Is this gift also part of the chase?
من باکمر تو در میان کردم دست
پنداشتمش کر در میان چیزی هست
پیداست از آن میان چو برست کمر
تا من ز کمر چ طرف خواهم بریست

I put my arms around your waist,
A lover’s embrace to taste.
From your resolve it’s obvious
All my efforts will go to waste.

تو بدری و خورشید تو را بنده شدهست
تا بنده تو شدهست تابنده شدهست
زان روی ک از شعاع نور رخ تو
خورشید منیر و ماه تابنده شدهست

You are the moon and the sun is your slave;
As your slave, it like you must behave.
It is only your luminosity and light
That light of sun and moon can save.
۷

هر روز دلم بَـم زیب باری دَگر است
در دیده من زهجر خاری دَگر است
من جهد همی کنم قضا مى گوید
پیرون ز کفايت تو کاری دَگر است

A new challenge everyday
You keep away and delay;
When I act to close the gap
Fate says there is a bigger play.

۸

ماهَم کَم رخش روشنی خور بِگرفت
گردد خط او چشم کُثر بِگرفت
دلها هم در چاه زنخدان انداخت
وآنگ مِ سر چاه را ب عنبر بِگرفت

My beloved is brighter than the sun,
Put in the heavens, my only one.
Placed the hearts upon the earth
To watch the sun’s daily run.
My broken heart’s sorrows are deep.
Painful, disturbed, broken my sleep.
If you don’t believe, send me your thoughts
And you will see how in sleep I weep.

Candle’s story how can I tell?
Of the broken heart’s living hell?
My sorrow is in how I can find
Another who knows these sorrows well.
۱۱

اول بھ وفا می وصالم درداد
چون مست شدم جام جفا را سرداد
پر آب دو دیده و پر از آتش دل
خاک رہ او شدم بھ بادم برداد

First enticed me to take the cup,
When I got drunk, told me to stop.
My eyes watery, my heart on fire,
I became dust and your wind picked me up.

۱۲

نی دوبل دنیا بھ ستم می ارزد
نی لمب مستیاکلم می ارزد
نم هفت هزار سالم شادی جھان
این محتقہ روزگ حم می ارزد

All treasures ain’t worth this oppression.
All pleasures ain’t worth one transgression.
Not even seven thousand years of joy
Is worth seven days of depression.
Every friend who talked of love, became a foe.
Every eagle shifted its shape to a crow.
They say the night is pregnant, and I say,
Who is the father? And how do you know?

Since the flower withers in the dark,
The bud blooms to leave its mark,
Happy is the heart, light as a bubble,
At the tavern is naked, stark.
Spent time with wine by a stream,
    And let sorrows away stream.
My life, like a rose, is but few days;
    Youthful and joyous live this dream.

This rose is from the dust of one like me.
    His joy within the rose, thus I can see.
My companion and confidant it is, because
    The colorful rose brings the sweet scent of he.
With fate you still hope to trade;  
Passage of time should make you afraid.  
You said no color comes after black,  
I said my black hair to white degrade.

In times of youth, drinking is better.  
With the joyful, linking is better.  
The world is a mere temporal inn;  
With the shipwrecked, sinking is better.
19
خوابان جهان صید توان کرد به زر
خوش خوش بر از ایشان بتوان خورد به زر
نرگس کم کلم دار جهان است بیین
کاو نیز چگونه سر در آورد به زر

You can buy everyone with gold;
Either in one shot, or slowly are sold.
Even the narcissus, pride of the world,
Sold itself, why, its crown of gold behold.

20
سیلاب گرفت گرد ویرانه عمر
و آغاز پری نهاد پیمانه عمر
بیدار شواي خواج کر خوش خوش بكشد
حمل زمان رخت از خانه عمر

This tired life is the flood of age,
With a full cup began this outrage.
Wake up, and see the carrier of time
Slowly carries you along life’s passage.
21

Don’t make me fall in love with that face
Don’t let the drunk the wine seller embrace.
Sufi, you know the pace of this path,
The lovers and drunks don’t disgrace.

22

I needed to hang on to her curly ring,
Help me please, let my affairs take wing.
Said, release my hair, instead take my lips,
Let go of long life, with good times swing.
From warriors learn courage,
   And wisdom from the sage.
If you truly seek God’s grace,
   Ride with the heavenly carriage.

At dawn your eyes from Jupiter learn
   O God, may fantasies of my mind burn.
The ear adorned with that elegant ring
   Gems of Hafiz’s poems may earn.
۲۵

ای دوست دل از جفای دشمن درکش
با رؤی نگو شراب روشن درکش
با اهل هنر گوی گربان بگشای
وز ناهالان تمام دامن درکش

O friend, from your foes your heart release,
In pleasant company drink the good wine with ease.
Confer with those who know, open your heart
And from the ignorant fleas flee like the breeze.

۲۶

ماهی کم نظر خود ندارد ب جمال
چون جام زن به زن برقصد آن مشکین خال
در سینم و در نازکی به‌های دید
مانند سینگ خاره در آب زلال

One with such beauty none will make.
When her garments off we take
You can see her heart in her fragile breast,
Like a hard rock in a clear lake.
27

The morning breeze tended to the rose,
A maid-in-waiting, as the flower grows.
If in the sun you have a shady refuge,
Seek the shade of a rose, and one who glows.

28

Don’t let go of the cup’s lips
Till you receive your worldly tips.
Bittersweet is the world’s cup
From lover’s lips and the cup sips.
I long for your hug and kiss,
I want the wine that will bliss.
Let me cut the story short,
Please return, cause you I miss.

I spent my life chasing my wishes
What benefits fate furnishes?
Whomever to I said I loved you,
Turned to my foe, why my luck ravishes?
My life has only brought me sorrow;
Love’s good and bad only taught me sorrow.
My constant companion is only pain,
My lover has only bought me sorrow.

When there is wine, no need to cry;
Army of sorrows, no need to defy.
Your lips are green, bring forth the wine.
Drinking at the green, everyone must try.
ای شرمزده گنچ مـستور از تو
حیران و خجل نرگـس مخمور از تو
گـل با تو برابری کـجا یارد کرـد
کاو نور زمـه دارد و مـه نور از تو

Beauty of the rose you eclipse,
Every bud quietly away slips.
How can the rose compete with you?
Rose shines in moonlight, moon in your grips.

چشمت کم فـسون و رنگ می بـازد ازاو
افسوس کم تیـر چنـگ مـی بارـد ازاو
بـس زود مـلـول گـشـتی از هـمنفـسان
آه از دل تو کـرنـگ مـی بارـد ازاو

Your eyes enrapture, and colors pour,
Alas, your love’s arrows score.
Too soon you gave up on the lovers,
Alas, your heart has rocks in store.
ای باد حديث من نهانش می گو
سر دل من به صد زبانش می گو
می گون بد انسان کم ملالش گیرد
می گو سخنی و در میانش می گو

O breeze, my story quietly share,
My heart’s secrets, to whoever you care.
Tell not to upset or bring sorrow,
Share them with a heart that’s aware.

ای سای سبالت سمن پرورده
یاقوت لبت در عدن پرورده
همچون لب خود مدام چان می برور
زان راح کر روحیست به تن پرورده

Every flower its beauty bestows,
Your lips the dearest gems dispose.
May your lips nurture our souls
With the wine that every spirit knows.
Let not your thoughts constantly be fought,
Let thoughts in patience and joy be caught.
What patience? Cause what they call the heart
Is a drop of blood, and a thousand thought.

Bring me the cup that preys on joy;
Bring me a lover who is shy and coy.
The wine that twists and turns like a chain
Bring me to enslave and destroy.
With good company and harp and reed
In a corner, jug of wine and time to heed,
The warmth of wine runs through my veins,
Why should I succumb to my greed?

O divider of heaven and hell bring relief,
Don’t let us give in to our grief.
How long upon our lives you prey?
Why don’t you hunt our lives’ thief?
I wish that fate would cease this carnage,
And to the lovers give their due wage.
In times of youth the rein in my hands,
Now on the saddle, I ride in old age.

If like me, you too fall in this trap,
Hold the wine and cup upon your lap.
We are the lovers, burning our tracks,
Join us, if you can put up with the crap.
ديوان حافظ

Poetry of Hafiz

ساقی نامه

Saghi-Nameh
Saghi-Nameh

O Bearer, bring the wine that brings joy

To increase generosity, & let perfection buoy

Give me some, for I have lost my heart

Both traits from me have kept apart

Bring the wine whose reflection in the cup

Signals to all the kings whose times are up

Give me wine, and with the reed-flute I will sing

When was Jamshid, and when Kavoos was king

Bring me the elixir whose grace and alchemy
کم با گنج قارون دهد عصر نوح
Bestows treasures, from bonds of time sets free

بده تا بروح گشايند باز
Give me so they'll open the doors once again

در كامراني و عصر دراز
Of long life and the bliss that will remain

بده ساقی آن مني کزاو جام چم
Bearer give the wine that the Holy Grail

زند لاف بينايي اندر عدم
Will make claims of sight in the Void and thus fail

بمن ده کم گردم بتايبد جام
Give me so that I, with the help of the Grail

چوجم آگم از سر عالم تمام
All secrets, like Jamshid, themselves avail

دم از مسر اين دير ديرينم زن
Speak of the tale of the wheel of fate

صلايي بمن شاهان پيشينم زن
proclaim to the kings and heroes of late

همان منزل است اين جهان خراب
This broken world is in the same state
As seen by Afrasiab, the mighty, the great

Whence his mobilizing army generals

Whence cunning heroes' war cries and calls

Not only his palace has gone to the dust

Even his tomb is destroyed and long lost

This barren desert is in the same stage

As the armies of Salm & Toor were lost in its rage

Bring the wine whose reflection in the cup

Signals to all the kings whose times are up

Well said Jamshid, the old majestic king
Worthless is this transient stage and ring

Come Bearer, that fire, radiant, bright

Zarathushtra, beneath the earth, seeks so right

Give me wine, in the creed of the drunk

Whether fire-worshipper or worldly monk

Come Bearer, that wholesome drunk

Who is forever in the tavern sunk

Give me, ill repute bring to my name

The cup and the wine I shall only blame

Bring Bearer, the water that burns the mind
If lion drinks, forest will burn and grind
Courageous, I’ll go hunting lions of fate
Mess up this old wolf’s trap and bait
Bring Bearer, that high heavenly wine
That angels with their scent would entwine
Give me wine, I’ll burn it like sweet incense
Its wise aroma I will sense now and hence
Bearer, give me the wine that makes kings
Witnessing its virtues, my heart sings
Give me wine to wash away all my flaws
Joyous rise above this rut's deadly claws

When the spiritual garden is my abode

Why have me bound to a board on this road

Give me wine and then see the Ruler's face

Ruin me & see treasures of wisdom and grace

And when I hold the cup in my hand

In the mirror everything I understand

In my drunken state, kingship proclaim

Drunken, pearls of wisdom unveil
کم در بیخودی راز نتوان نهفت
In hiding secrets, the selfless fail

کم حافظ چو مستان سازد سرود
Hafiz, drunken, songs will compose

ز چرخش دهد زهره آواز رود
From its melody Venus' song flows

مغنی کچایی بـ گلبانگ رود
O singer, with the sound of the stream

بـ یاد آور آن خسروانی سرود
Of that majestic song muse and dream

کم تا وجد را کارسازی کنم
Till I make my work joy and ecstasy

بـ رقص آیم و خرچپازی کنم
I will dance and play with robe of piety

بـ اقبال دارا دیهیم و تخت
Given a crown and throne by his fate

بـهبن میوه خسروانی درخت
The fruit of the kingly tree of this estate

خدو زمین بادشاه زمان
Ruler of the land, and Lord of the time
The grand and fortunate King of the clime
He is the greatness vested in the Throne
comfort of bird and fish from Him alone
For the blessed, he is light of the eyes
Yet he is the gift of the soul of the wise
Behold, O, auspicious bird
The happy inspiration to be heard
The world has no pearls in its shells like Thee
Fereydoon and Jamshid had no heirs like Thee
Instead of Alexander, be here many a year
Know thy heart and discover joy is near
But seditious fate many plans may devise
Me and my drunkenness troubled by Beloved's eyes
One, for his work, may pick up the sword
Another's business only deals with the word
O Player, play the song of the new creed
To music of the stream tell to my rival breed
Finally with my enemy I have a chance
At victory, in the skies I can glance
O Player, play something pleasing to the ear
بـه قول وغزل قصـم آغاز کن

With a song and a Gahzal begin a story, dear

کـم بار غمـم بر زمـین دوخت پـای

My sorrows have tied me to the ground

بـه ضرب اصولـم برآور ز جـای

Raise me with my principles that are sound

مـغـنـی نوایی بـه گلبانگ رود

O singer, with the sound of the stream

بـگـو و بزن خـسروانی سرود

Play and sing that majestic song I dream

روان بزرگان ز خود شاد کن

Make the great souls happy with you

ز پروریز و از باربید یاد کن

Parviz and Barbad remember too

مـغـنی از آن پرده نقـشی بیار

O Player, paint a picture of the veil

بـبین تا چم گفت از درون پردهدار

Listen, inside, they tell a tale

چـنان بركش آواز خنیاگری

Sing a minstrel's song, such
That Venus' harp dances with her touch
Play so the Sufi goes into a trance
Drunken, in Union, leaves his stance

O Player, tambourine and harp play
With a lovely tune, sing and sway

Deceptions of the world make a vivid tale
The night is pregnant, what will it entail

O Player, I'm sad, play one or two
In his Oneness, as long as you can, play too

I am astounded by the revolving fate
I don't know who will next degenerate
don't know whose light will then expire

And if the Magi set one on fire
In this bloody resurrection field

Let the cup and jug their blood yield
To the drunk, of a good song, give a sign

To friends bygone, a salutation divine
Poetry of Hafiz

Wild Deer
Wild Deer

اَلَا اَيْ اَهْوَى وَحْشَى كَجَانِ
Where are you O Wild Deer?

آَشْنَايَيْ مَرَا بَا تُوْسَتِ چَنْدِنَ
I have known you for a while, here.

دَوْ نُهَا وَ دَوْ سَرْگَرْدَانِ دَوْ بَیْکَس
Both loners, both lost, both forsaken

پَسِّ دَدَ وَ دَامَتِ كَمِنِ اَزْ بِيْشَ وَ اَز
The wild beast, for ambush, have all waken

بِئَا تَا حَالٍ يَكْدِیْگَرْ بَدَائِنِ
Let us inquire of each other's state

مِرَادُ هْمَ بَجُوْبِیْمِ اَرْ تُوْنِیْمِ
If we can, each other's wishes consummate

ایْنِ دَشْتِ مُشْوِشَ كَرْ مَیْ بِیْنِمَ كَر
I can see this chaotic field

چَرَاغاهی نَدَارَدِ خَرَم وَ خَوْش
Joy and peace sometimes won't yield

کَمِ خَواهَدِ شَدَ بَگوییدِ اَيْ رَفیْقَانِ
O friends, tell me who braves the danger
To befriend the forsaken, behold the stranger

Unless blessed Elias may come one day

And with his good office open the way

It is time to cultivate love

Individually decreed from above

Thus I remember the wise old man

Forgetting such a one, I never can

That one day, a seeker in a land

A wise one helped him understand

Seeker, what do you keep in your bag
Set up a trap, if bait you drag
In reply said I keep a snare
But for the phoenix I shall dare
We can't help you with your design
Like the spruce become so wise
Rise to the heights, open your eyes
Don't lose sight of the rose and wine
But beware of your fate's design
At the fountainhead, by the riverside
Shed some tears, in your heart confide
This instrument won't tune to my needs
The generous sun, our wants exceeds
In memory of friends bygone
With spring showers hide the golden sun
With such cruelty cleaved with a sword
As if with friendship was in full discord
When flows forth the crying river
With your own tears help it deliver
My old companion was so unkind
O Pious Men, keep God in mind

Unless blessed Elias may come one day

Help one loner to another make way

Look at the gem and let go of the stone

Do it in a way that keeps you unknown

As my hand moves the pen to write

Ask the main writer to shed His light

I entwined mind and soul indeed

Then planted the resulting seed

In this marriage the outcome is joy
Beauty and soulfulness employ
With hope's fragrant perfume
Let eternal soul rapture assume
This perfume comes from angel's sides
Not from the doe whom men derides
Friends, to friends' worth be smart
When obvious, don't read it by heart
This is the end of tales of advice
Lie in ambush, fate's cunning and vice.