

SELECTIONS
FROM
HÂFIZ



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HAF

WATKINS



India, Gandhi National
Centre for the Arts

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
RUBAIYÂT & ODES OF HÂFIZ
THE GREAT MYSTIC AND LYRIC POET
OF PERSIA

COLLECTED FROM MANY OLD PERSIAN MANUSCRIPTS
AND RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY
A MEMBER OF THE PERSIA SOCIETY OF LONDON

TOGETHER WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF SÛFI MYSTICISM

LONDON
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HAF



This Book is
DEDICATED
to
MY TWO DAUGHTERS
to whom I am greatly
indebted for most valuable
assistance

Z' 'ishki la'li tû Hâfiz nawisht sha'ri chand
Ba khwân tû nazmash wa dar gûsh kash chu marwarîd

Out of love for thy ruby lip Hâfiz wrote some verses ;
Read thou his verses, and set them in thine ear like pearls.

Ode 151.



Bismi'llâhi'r rahmâni'r rahîm.

In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.

Preface

N.B.—The Odes referred to are numbered according to their order in the Lucknow Bazaar edition.

KHWÂJAH SHAMSU-d-DÎN MAHOMMAD HÂFIZ, one of the greatest of Persia's mystical and lyrical Sûfi poets, was born at Shîrâz in the early part of the fourteenth century; the exact date of his birth is not known, and the date of his death is also doubtful, some authorities stating it to be A.D. 1388, and others A.D. 1391.

The word *Hâfiz* is the poet's *takhallus* or *nom de plume*, and means *guardian, protector*. The term is also applied to one who knows the Kurân by heart, which this poet is said to have done. The last couplet of each Ode introduces the word *Hâfiz* as a sort of guarantee that the Ode is by him, though there are Odes thus "signed," as it were, the authenticity of which is doubtful.

Hâfiz has been nicknamed by the Persian poet Jâmi, *Lisânu-l-Ghaib*, i.e. *the tongue of the hidden or invisible*; and also *Tarjûmânu-l-Isrâr*, i.e. *the interpreter of mysteries*. Arbuthnot, in his *Persian Portraits*, says: "Hâfiz has been called by some *The Anacreon of Persia*"; and refers to him as "This really great poet whose genius has been fully acknowledged and appreciated throughout the world . . . to whom the first and highest rank has been unanimously assigned."

Unfortunately, very little is known of the life of Hâfiz, but it is stated that he came of good family, was well educated, and was skilled in jurisprudence. Unlike his predecessor, the great poet



Sa'adi, he was not much of a traveller, and his life was chiefly spent in retirement at Shîrâz, amidst the rose-bowers of Musalla on the banks of the streamlet Ruknabâd. It is not known for certain if he was married or not, but it is thought probable that he was, and there is a very beautiful Ode which he is supposed to have composed on the death of his wife, and another on the death of his son.

The following story is related of his youth. There is a place near Shîrâz called the *Pîri Sabz*, i.e. *Green old man, or saint*, concerning which old legends declared that he who, for forty consecutive nights, kept vigil there, would as a reward become an eminent poet. Hâfiz registered a vow that he would keep vigil on that spot for the required number of nights. It so happened that at that time he was deeply in love with a maiden whom he calls, in some of his Odes, *Shâkhi Nabât*, i.e. *Branch of sugarcane*. He used to pass the house where Shâkhi Nabât lived, every morning, without seeing her, and every evening he kept his vigil at Pîri Sabz. On the fortieth morning the maiden appeared at her window and beckoned to him. Overjoyed, he entered her house, and she received him with marked affection and endeavoured to induce him to stay all night. But Hâfiz remembered his vow, resisted the temptation, and hurried off to keep his vigil at Pîri Sabz. The next morning an old man in a green mantle appeared to him and gave him a cup of water to drink, which turned out to be the water of immortality, and thus he became a poet who lives for ever in his famous works. The old man was supposed to be Khizar, famed in Oriental legends as the discoverer of the fountain of the Water of Life; it is said that he drank of the water and is still alive, and that wherever he treads green grass springs up. This legend about Hâfiz is clearly a parable, with an obvious meaning.

It is said that Hâfiz in his youth was given to conviviality and pleasure, but that in his later years he devoted himself to religion, and voluntarily embraced a life of austerity and poverty. He refused all invitations from reigning sovereigns to live at their courts, and spent much of his time lecturing in a college founded for him by his friend and patron Hâjji Kivvâmu-d-Dîn. Hâfiz

also devoted himself to the study of poetry, theology, and mystic philosophy under the tutorship of Sheikh Mahommed 'Attâr, the leader of a certain order of dervishes.

By religion he was a Shiah Mahommedan; the followers of this great branch of Moslems believe that the office of *Imâm*, or head of the Moslem Church, descends through the family of 'Ali, a cousin of the Prophet Mahomet, and they reject the *Hadîth* or traditional sayings of Mahomet which form the supplementary code of Mahommedan ceremonial law, and which are accepted by the Sunnis, the other great branch of Mahommedans.

But Hâfiz was not only a Shiah: he was also a member of a sub-sect called Sûfis. I give, further on, a short account of the tenets and mysticism of the Sûfis.

Hâfiz cared little for the outward observance of the teachings of the Kurân. He looked below the surface in religious matters; he read a divine and spiritual meaning into all Nature, seeing God everywhere revealed, and teaching that the worship of the heart was a truer form of adoration than the mere observance of ritual, or repetition of prayers. Constantly throughout his works he inveighs vehemently against the ritualism of the outwardly religious, and against the teachings of Zâhids and Sheikhs (ascetics, etc.) and Mahommedan divines, who merely followed and taught outward forms and ceremonies, and could see no deeper. Thus we find him saying:

The hypocrisy of the deceiving Zâhid (hermit, religious devotee) vexed my soul. Ode 318.

*Say to the hypocritical, double-faced, khirka-clad Zâhid,
"The hand of hypocrisy is long (i.e. overbearing, rapacious) and its sleeve is short (i.e. hypocrisy is without generosity).*

Thou wearest the khirka (religious garment) because thou desirest to lead from the Path, by fraud, the servants of Truth." Ode 504.

*Preachers who make a great display in the mosque and in the pulpit
Are very different when they retire into privacy.*



*Thou mayest well say they do not believe in the Day of
Judgment,
Since they perpetrate all this deceit and fraud (when
engaged) in God's work. Ode 260.*

*Last night they carried on their shoulders from the street
of the wineshop (i.e. in a state of drunkenness)
The Imâm (head priest) of the city, who himself was
carrying his prayer-carpet on his shoulder. Ode 326.*

Hâfiz believed in the one Eternal God whom the whole world reveres, or ought to, in one form or another, and regarded Him as the only Absolute Existence. His philosophy taught that every soul, before being incarnated in some human body, was an actual part or portion of God (see my Notes on Sûfism), and had, until incarnation, union with God; that, on being transplanted to and confined in a human body, it was in a lamentable state of separation from God, and that it could never again know true happiness until it had been released from the body and reunited with God; and that only those who were seekers after God, and who travelled along the allegorical Path heavenward, and delighted in and drank the allegorical Wine, and loved the True Beloved (see Notes on Sûfism), would ever enjoy that reunion.

*The bird of my heart is a holy bird ; its nest is the throne of God ;
It is weary of its cage, this body ; it is sated with the world.
When my bird flies from the door of this dust-heap (the body)
It will again take up its abode in that nest.
When it flies from this world it will take up its place on the
Sidrah tree (in Paradise).
Know that the nesting-place of my falcon is the battlements of
God's Throne.
The loftiest World is my bird's place of splendour ;
The spot where it drinks is the rose-garden of Paradise. Ode 468.*

It is clear from his writings that Hâfiz was a religious enthusiast of a very pronounced type ; also that he was a man of prayer, as may be gathered from the following lines :

*Hâfiz ! thy daily task is to pray, and only that ;
Do not worry as to whether He hears or not. Ode 143.*



*From all sides I have sped the arrows of prayer ;
Perchance one, from amongst them all, will be efficacious.*

Ode 147.

The midnight prayer will repel a hundred ills. Ode 166.

Hâfiz often uses the expression, *One of Messiah breath*, or *Jesus breath*. He had doubtless heard of Christ by both names, and of His power of healing and of raising the dead, and he uses these expressions in relation to such matters.

He evidently did not fear death, for he often expresses passionate longing for it as being the means whereby he would rejoin his *Beloved*, i.e. God, from Whom he was separated when he was incarnated in a human body. In fact, he appears to have regarded this life and death as merely incidents in an endless existence, which is surely precisely what they are ?

To some Persians the works of Hâfiz are almost what the Bible is to devout Christians : they consult them for guidance ; they will copy couplets and wear them as amulets ; they go to pray at the poet's tomb near Shîrâz, which is placed at the foot of a cypress tree which he himself planted, while round it the ground is (or was) laid out as a flower-garden with an avenue of very ancient cypresses. The great Nâdir Shah, conqueror of India, used to consult the works of Hâfiz before setting out on a warlike expedition.

Hâfiz was not only eminent for his piety and learning, but he is one of the most celebrated Persian mystical and lyrical poets ; indeed, he stands in the very front rank of Eastern poets. His works consist of about 600 *Ghazals*, or Odes (some of which have never been printed, and are only to be found in old manuscripts) ; a number of fragments ; some *Masnaviyât*, or poems with rhyming couplets ; two elegies or panegyrics ; a *Sâki Nâma*, or *Cupbearer Poem* ; a *Mughanni Nâma*, or *Minstrel Rhyme* ; a *Mukhammas*, or poem with five lines in each verse ; a *Tarjî'band*, or Ode with a refrain between its various sections ; and, in addition, over 200 *Rubaiyât*, or tetrastichs, are ascribed to him in various manuscripts, of which, however, only 69 are given in Captain Jarrett's printed



edition. In no single book or manuscript that I have examined do these 200 Rubaiyât occur as a whole collection. I have collated them with infinite labour, with their different readings, from 25 old manuscripts and other sources, and give in this book about 150 of them.

The poetry of Hâfiz is characterised by a great wealth of beautiful imagery; it is often extremely difficult to understand, and requires a considerable knowledge of Persian. He frequently indulges in what might be termed "impressionist word-painting," somewhat after the style of certain modern painters; and it is at times impossible to trace the connection between successive couplets, or to grasp the meaning of the word-picture. This can only be done by those who have studied his works in the original Persian, with the aid of Persian commentaries, and who thus gain an insight into the mind of the poet, and become familiar with his style and idiosyncrasies, and with the deep hidden meaning underlying his outward imagery. The subject of his works appears *on the surface* to be very largely love, wine, roses, and beautiful women; but Sûfi commentators and others maintain that underlying the lovely outward imagery lies a deep esoteric and religious meaning. To my mind there is no doubt whatever that this is so with the majority of his poems. In one of his Odes he himself says :

*The poetry of Hâfiz and all the couplets of his Odes are
Divine knowledge.*

Ode 335.

And again we find him saying :

*O friends! carp not at the love-glances of Hâfiz;
For I perceive that he is one of the lovers of God.*

Ode 395.

Charles Stewart, writing in 1809, says : "A few of the poems of Hâfiz may be understood in a literal sense, but in general they allude to the Sûfi mysteries. Had wealth or sensual enjoyment been the wish of Hâfiz, it might have been amply gratified, as most liberal offers from the princes both of Persia and of India were held out to him. But he preferred a life of poverty and of retirement."



Lieut.-Colonel Wilberforce Clarke, who translated most of the works of Hâfiz (but only 69 of his Rubaiyât) into extremely, not to say painfully, literal English prose, says : " To give a literal or perfect translation of Hâfiz in metre or in prose is rendered impossible—

- " (1) By the use of words similar in sound and in formation, but opposite in signification.
- (2) By the recondite and lively play of words.
- (3) By the many compound words, whole stanzas being crowded with compound epithets.
- (4) By the mysterious and sublime allusions in Sûfi poetry represented under objects of voluptuous gratification.
- (5) By the constant recurrence of the same rhyme without any collateral support of tones to answer in division."

Without some knowledge of Sûfism and its idioms and metaphors, the esoteric meaning of Hâfiz' poetry cannot readily be perceived ; but with old manuscript glossaries of these metaphors, and the notes of Persian commentators, the scholar is enabled to grasp the hidden, mystical meaning and to enjoy the gorgeous beauty of the poetry.

There are some who maintain there is no hidden, mystical, spiritual meaning at all in the works of Hâfiz, and denounce them as erotic love songs. I cannot understand any thoughtful Persian scholar, who has really studied Hâfiz (as I have, every couplet and every line), entertaining such a view. There are certainly verses, couplets, and perhaps an Ode or two, which would offend present-day European ideas of delicacy ; but we find the same objections in the Bible, in Shakespeare, and many old-world works. We do not on that account condemn them, or banish them from our bookshelves. Neither should Hâfiz be condemned when he errs in that direction. His works are too beautiful, and too evidently full of deep meaning and lofty thoughts and aspirations, for sweeping condemnation. From the specimens I give, the reader can judge for himself. Here is an instance—and many like it could be quoted—which occurs in one of his Odes, of the thoughts

which occupied the man's mind, and which incessantly crop up in his poems :

*God's pardon carries out its own work ;
Surûsh (the angel Gabriel) brought the glad tidings of His
mercy (when he brought the Kurân from heaven).
God's forgiveness is greater than our sin ;
This is a subtlety hard to understand ; what hast thou to
say (about it) ? Forbear to speak !* Ode 334.

Though frequently urged by his friends to collate his works, Hâfiz always put off doing so, till at last, as he would say, *Death seized his collar.*

After his death, Mahommed Gulandâm, one of his personal friends, with the assistance of others, collected all they could find, or remember by heart.

Lieut.-Colonel Wilberforce Clarke says : " Hâfiz breathes originality in all his works ; scorns to imitate any authority but Nature, or to use any art but Art to conceal art ; has defects, but only his own ; has beauties, but only his own. He may be condemned, he cannot be compared . . . his style is effulgent, dazzling, finished, concise . . . in music and eloquence the strains of Hâfiz are without equal in Persian literature. The Sheikhs and Sûfis all agree in considering the Diwân of Hâfiz (*i.e.* the collection of his Odes) as the very height of perfection."

When the poet died, some of his verses being considered impious by the Mahommedan divines, they refused to allow the funeral prayers to be read over his body. His admirers naturally resented this, and the dispute was finally settled by a haphazard choice of one of his own couplets. One version of the story is that a number of his couplets were written on slips of paper, and a child was directed to draw one out ; the verse drawn ran thus :

*Withdraw not thy foot from the bier of Hâfiz,
For, though immersed in sin, he goeth to Paradise.*

Permission was then given for the reading of the prayers, and the poet was buried at a spot some two miles north-east of Shîrâz.



THE RUBAIYÂT

As already stated, I have, by patient research, unearthed from a number of old Persian manuscripts over 200 Rubaiyât attributed to Hâfiz. I am by no means prepared to maintain that he is the author of them all ; it is well known that copyists are not infallible ; the Bible itself, Shakespere, and many old works have suffered at the hands of those who copied the more ancient manuscripts. It behoves one, then, to be careful before one asserts that the contents of a manuscript are wholly authentic ; one has to be largely led by internal evidence. I have therefore rendered into English verse only such tetrastichs as appeared to me to possess a family resemblance to passages in Hâfiz' undisputed Odes, etc., in spirit, imagery, or style ; and, though some are to be found also in MSS. of Omar Khayyâm, they are attributed to Hâfiz by Sûdi the Bosnian (d. 1598 A.D.), who is a recognised authority on the works of Hâfiz.

How many of the 540 Rubaiyât ascribed to Omar Khayyâm can be sworn to as his ? As a matter of fact, I found in a MS. containing these 540, some Rubaiyât that are undoubtedly by Hâfiz and not by Omar Khayyâm at all, and *vice versa*. I have done my best in trying to select what appeared to be authentic ; if I have erred, I am then in the same boat as the compilers of Shakespere's works ; but whether Shakespere wrote the disputed plays, or Bacon, or Marlow, does not seem to affect the general public as a whole. Are there not more than grave doubts, too, as to the authorship of the Iliad and the Odyssey ? and yet all ordinary people speak of them as "Homer's Iliad," "Homer's Odyssey." The oldest MS. at my disposal was one dated A.H. 855 (A.D. 1451), that is, about sixty years after the poet's death. The others I consulted are dated A.D. 1500 and so on up to A.D. 1821, a manuscript which had been carefully compared with that kept in the Hâfizîya at Shîrâz.

My English rendering of these Rubaiyât does not profess to be a literal, word-for-word translation ; such a thing is impossible in

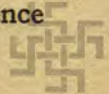


verse, and most unedifying in prose. As Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, remarks: "When the learner is able to understand the images and allusions in the Persian poems, he will see a reason in every line why they cannot be translated literally into any European language."

I have merely endeavoured to give as close a rendering as possible of the *meaning* of the beautiful lines of the Persian poet. To bring out the true esoteric meaning, in verse, of the Odes and Rubaiyât of Hâfiz, one of two things is necessary—either more copious notes than even I have given, and through which few general readers would care to wade; or it must be brought out in the verses themselves. My object has been to write for those who do not know Persian, and therefore cannot read the original; I have not written for Persian scholars or students. Consistently, then, with my object, I have endeavoured to incorporate the esoteric meaning in my versification, helped out with marginal notes.

Indeed, the translation of Hâfiz' poems even into prose is most difficult, for in a few words, in one line of a couplet, he incessantly condenses such an amount of allusion, symbolism, imagery, and references to Moslem legends, texts and teachings of the Kurân, etc., that masses of notes would be necessary for the ordinary reader. Those, therefore, who are thoroughly acquainted with Hâfiz will readily understand why I have been compelled to expand my renderings of some of the couplets in the Odes and Rubaiyât.

These Rubaiyât in the original are not a continuous poem, but are a collection of more or less isolated verses composed from time to time; each verse complete in itself, and generally concealing a deeper meaning than lies on its surface. In the numerous manuscripts and lithographed and printed editions I have studied, the order of the verses differs considerably; what is No. 12 in one edition may be No. 40 in another. Some MSS. place the Rubaiyât in alphabetical order, while others do not. The consequence is that in each edition one is confronted by a mass of tetrastichs without sequence, and without the cohesion of a continuous poem. I have therefore arranged the verses in such sections and sequence



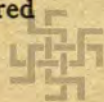
as would confuse the general reader as little as possible, just as FitzGerald had to do in his rendering of the Rubaiyât of Omar Khayyâm.

In the original Persian, each line of a Rubaiya (the plural is Rubaiyât) contains sometimes twelve syllables, sometimes more and sometimes less. I decided to employ a twelve-syllable line in my rendering, as I think this retains the stately dignity of the original better than a ten-syllable line.

As a rule, in the original the first, second, and fourth lines rhyme; very occasionally all four lines rhyme; often, again, as is also the case in the original of Omar Khayyâm's Rubaiyât, there is no real rhyme at all—merely a repetition of the same word; and wherever I thought this could be effectively introduced into the English rendering I have done so, but only where some such repetition occurs in the original Persian.

It will be observed that the Rubaiyât of Hâfiz are, as a whole, totally different in character from those of Omar Khayyâm, a poet who, in the opinion of Persians, is greatly inferior to their beloved and revered Hâfiz.

Some translators, with evidently little or no knowledge of Persian, have tried to render the Odes and Rubaiyât of Hâfiz into English verse from literal prose translations made by others. This is somewhat on a par with trying to paint a picture of a view from some other person's description of it, and without having seen it oneself; the results are not satisfactory to those who know the original. To render the works of so extremely difficult a poet as Hâfiz into prose or verse, it is imperative that the renderer should know Persian, and know it more than a little; it is essential that he should be acquainted with Sûfi tenets, and understand their pictorial language and metaphors, and that he should have studied the poet's works *in the original* and endeavoured to catch the spirit of them and of their author, and become familiar with his style and idiosyncrasies; and even then he can hardly hope to infuse into his work more than some faint traces of the great Persian poet's style, beauty, and grandeur. I have worked from the original Persian, and have carefully studied and compared



the various readings which occur in manuscripts and other editions, and I have endeavoured to keep as closely as possible to the meaning ; but I am only too conscious of the magnitude of the undertaking and of my own shortcomings.

SÛFIISM

The following article does not profess to be more than an outline of Sûfism. My object is to give the reader who knows nothing of Sûfism some sort of idea of the tenets, colloquialisms, and symbolism of this mystical sect of Mahommedans, for without some such information it is impossible to understand the poetry of Hâfiz.

The term Sûfi (Soofy) is derived by some from the word *Sâfi*, which means *wise, pious* ; others, again, say it is derived from the word *sâf*, which means *wool*, and was applied to a certain sect of Mahommedans because of the woollen garment they wore as their distinguishing dress. Some say the term *Sâfi* was first adopted by Abu Hashim, a Syrian devotee, who died A.D. 780. Others, again, maintain that the disciples of Abu Said bin Abi'l Khair (*circa* A.D. 822) were the first to be called Sûfis. It was in the seventh century that the first religious orders were started which practised severe austerities.

The tenets of the Sûfis are (I quote largely from Sir William Jones' works) briefly as follows :

They believe that the souls of men differ infinitely in degree, but not at all in kind, from the Divine Spirit, whereof they are particles, and wherein they will ultimately be absorbed.

That the Spirit of God pervades the universe, ever present ; that He alone is Perfect Benevolence, Perfect Truth, Perfect Beauty.

That love for Him is *True Love* ('ishki hakkîki), while love of all other objects is *Illusory Love* ('ishki majâzi) ; the word *majâzi* also means *allegorical, superficial, metaphorical, feigned*.



That all the beauties of Nature are faint resemblances, like images in a mirror, of the Divine charms.

That from Eternity-without-beginning to Eternity-without-end the Supreme Benevolence is occupied in bestowing happiness.

That men can only attain happiness by performing their part of the Primal Covenant between themselves and the Creator. (The *Primal Covenant* was this :—When God created the souls of men, before He gave them bodies, He demanded an acknowledgment that He was their God, and said to them, *Alastu berabbekum*, which means, *Am I not your God?* The souls which answered, *Yes; we do bear witness thereof*, acknowledged Him as their God, and were known thenceforth as *Muslimân* (Moslems); the others who did not reply became *Infidels*, i.e. non-Moslems. The day on which this Primal Covenant was made is frequently called *The Day of Alast*.)

That nothing has a pure, absolute existence except Mind and Spirit.

That material substances are no more than gay pictures presented continually to our minds by the Sempiternal Artist.

That we must beware of attachment to worldly pleasures, and attach ourselves exclusively to God, Who truly exists in us as we solely exist in Him.

That we retain, even in this forlorn state of separation from our *Beloved*, the idea of Heavenly Beauty, and the remembrance of our primeval vows.

That sweet music, gentle breezes, fragrant flowers, and such like, perpetually renew the primary idea, refresh our fading memory, and melt us with tender affections.

That we must cherish those affections, and, by abstracting our souls from vanity (i.e. from all but God) approximate to this essence in our final union with God.

That in such union we shall attain to the highest degree of beatitude.



The true Sûfi, therefore, reads into everything he sees and feels a spiritual meaning, and one can easily understand that by doing so his mind is helped to keep in a spiritual state. Thus, at the mention of *Wine* his thoughts fly to what he calls *wine*, i.e. Love of God (see p. 21). On seeing anyone overcome with actual wine and intoxicated, his own interpretation of *Intoxication* (see p. 21) instantly recurs to his mind, and he thinks of the exhilarating effects which Love for God, etc., cause in him. Similarly all objects around him speak to him of some spiritual idea. He conceives himself (like John Bunyan) to be travelling as a Pilgrim along a narrow Path heavenward. Along this Path are many Inns or Stages, which represent the degrees of progress he has made.

Maulâna Jalâlu-d-Dîn Rûmi (born A.D. 1207, died A.D. 1273) says :

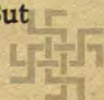
“ Sûfis profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection ; and circulate the cup, but no material goblet. Since in their orders all things are spiritual—all is mystery within mystery.”

The structure of Sûfiism is described as built up on six columns, viz. :

- (1) Faith in the existence of God.
- (2) „ „ Unity of God.
- (3) „ „ Angels.
- (4) „ „ Prophets.
- (5) „ „ Day of Resurrection.
- (6) „ „ Good and Evil through God's predestination.

There have been many eminent Sûfis, but the poetical works of Sheikh Sa'adi and Hâfiz may be called the Scriptures of the Persian Sûfis.

The Sûfi, if he be sincere, practises voluntary poverty, mortification, obedience, and renunciation of the world, and follows, though unwittingly, the precepts of the Christian Gospel as regards forsaking family, position, and wealth for religion's sake. But



all so-called Sûfis were not true Sûfis ; just as many so-called Christians are nothing of the sort, while others never get deeper than the mere outward ritual and observance of forms and ceremonies, whose religion is mere superstition. So, many professing Sûfis fail to understand the spiritual significance underlying their outward forms and ceremonies. Against such Hâfiz inveighs in no measured terms in his Odes, as also against all who imagine that mere outward observance of ritual, the repetition of prayers as a formality, and the self-infliction of austerities, is true religion.

Nöldeke says : " Amongst the Sûfis we find deep souls, magnificent enthusiasts, fantastic dreamers, sensual poets, many fools and many rogues."

Hâfiz himself remarks :

*The coin (i.e. piety or religious pretensions) of the Sûfi
is not all pure and without alloy ;
Alas ! many a khirka (Sûfi religious garment) is worthy
of being burnt.* Ode 258.

Before giving a Glossary of the Sûfistic meanings attaching to certain words and expressions employed by Hâfiz, it would be as well to explain at some length the Sûfi signification of certain apparently simple English words, as they are, in a way, the key to much of the rest.

FRIEND, BELOVED, OR MISTRESS

These words in Sûfi idiom mean *God, Who is the desire of all who truly seek Him*. Sometimes the word used is clearly *Mistress*, and the idea of using such a word as an idiom or metaphor for God is to Europeans something more than strange—and so it is, indeed, to Moslems who are not Sûfis. Christians speak of Christ's Church as the allegorical Bride, and Christ as their Bridegroom ; but the Sûfi poet of the East does exactly the reverse. We must remember that Orientals have many customs, ways, and modes of thought which are diametrically opposite to those of Europeans.



Take one simple instance : Arabic, Persian, and Turkish are written from right to left, not as English from left to right ; and this contrary motion seems carried into their thoughts and customs. Hence we should not be too greatly surprised if the Sûfi poets sometimes refer to the Deity, not as their Bridegroom, but as their Bride, their Mistress, and speak of Him as their True Beloved, their Adored One possessed of all beauty and perfection, and extol their " Beloved's " lovely cheek and perfumed tresses. This imagery is, with true Oriental extravagance and hyperbole, often carried to extremes such as a European can scarce follow or comprehend ; the *Mistress* is accused of being wayward, has complex moods, is cruel, disdainful, etc. etc. The simile of *The Beloved* is, according to Western notions, carried too far, and the imagery is overstrained. But we must remember that *these poems were not written for Europeans, but for Orientals, and we must not lose sight of that fact.* The more one reads in the original Persian the mystic poetry of Sûfi poets, the better is one able to become familiar with their style and modes of thought, until at last one ceases to be surprised overmuch at anything they say.

From the following couplets it will be obvious that Hâfiz is addressing no mortal man or woman, no earthly " friend " ; and there are vast numbers of lines of similar purport in his Odes, etc. :

*This borrowed life which the Friend entrusted to Hâfiz,
I shall one day deliver up to Him when I see His face.*

Ode 386.

*Not now only have I, distracted in heart, laid my face
On thy threshold, for in Eternity-without-beginning
I laid it there.*

Ode 296.

*He who has, like me, drunk in Eternity-without-
beginning a draught from the Friend's cup—
Through intoxication raiseth not his head till the morning
of the Resurrection.*

Ode 38.



LOVE

There are, say the Sûfis, two kinds of Love : the '*ishki majâzi*, i.e. outward, illusory, superficial, worldly love ; and '*ishki hakiki*, or true spiritual Love to God. The former, '*ishki majâzi*, which we may term *Love for the creature*, is called the *Bridge* by which we pass to '*ishki hakiki* or *Love for the Creator* ; whether we use this Bridge or not depends on ourselves, for we are given free will. When Hâfiz uses the word *Love*, he generally means '*ishki hakiki*. One of the stages the Sûfi must reach in the pursuit of '*ishki hakiki* is absolute self-effacement.

WINE AND INTOXICATION

In *Hymns Ancient and Modern* there is a hymn in which the following lines occur :

*May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate.*

They will be found in verse 3 of the hymn commencing, "In the Lord's atoning grief." The meaning of the word *inebriate* in this Christian hymn is exactly the meaning given by Sûfis to it and cognate expressions. The word and its equivalent are incessantly used by Hâfiz to express the exhilarating effect produced by the hearing of Divine truths, the sight of Divine manifestations in Nature, and by the fervent appreciation of the Love of God—not only His personal love to man and an individual's love to Him, but His love as expressed in His creations, whether they be the sun itself and the moon and the stars, or the infinitely little. As the Sûfi realises this Love, Wisdom, etc., his brain grows dizzy and he is filled with exhilaration, and becomes as helpless as one overcome with wine, and is oblivious to what is going on around him.

*Whoever, like Hâfiz, drinks pure wine from the cup of
Alast (i.e. the day of God's covenant with man :
see p. 17),*

*Becomes intoxicated with (the thought of) the Unity of
God.* Ode 247.



Drink wine ; for if eternal life is to be obtained in the world,

Its only source is the wine of Paradise. Ode 181.

They gave me wine from the cup of the splendour of His attributes. Ode 171.

The expression *Intoxicated ones*, therefore, in Sûfi idiom, means *True lovers of God*. That which causes this *Intoxication* is termed by Sûfis *Wine*. Wine, therefore, means anything which exhilarates and uplifts the heart of the true Sûfi, such as :—

- (i) The realisation of God's Love.
- (ii) Fervent Love to God.
- (iii) Prayer.
- (iv) The contemplation of God's creations.
- (v) The teachings of the Kurân which reveal God.
- (vi) The instruction given to the Sûfi in religious matters by his Murshid or Spiritual Guide.
- (vii) Divine knowledge and Divine truths.

It has been said : "Wine is the rapture that maketh the Sûfi beside himself at the manifestation of the emanation of the Beloved."

The Morning Bowl, or Morning Draught of Wine, sometimes mean :

- (i) The first prayer offered in the morning, which exhilarates the heart like wine, and refreshes the soul.
- (ii) The contemplation of the beauty and freshness of the morning, which, to the devout Sûfi, are eloquent of God, and exhilarate both mind and body with exalted and pure thoughts.

But there is another and perhaps a stranger meaning of the term *The Morning Cup*, and it is this :—The time of Youth is sometimes called figuratively *Night*, because it is a time when the intelligence has not fully awakened. When Youth draws to its close, and a man begins to enter on maturer age, the morning is said to begin to dawn ; the sun of maturer intellect and understanding begins

to rise. The delight experienced by the realisation of this *Dawning* is termed by Hâfiz *The Morning Cup*, or *The Morning Draught of Wine*.

This, again, has a deeper meaning, viz. the awakening of the soul to the realisation that it is part of the Infinite God, and, with this realisation, it begins to come in touch and tune with the Infinite; and as the intemperate of this world drink a morning draught of wine to expel the fumes of their overnight potations and dispel the headache and nausea caused thereby, so the symbolical *Morning Cup* of the Sûfi dispels the headache and sickness of the soul which it has brought on itself by its previous night of ignorance and sin. (For the meanings of *Wine-Jar*, *Tavern*, etc., see the Glossary given further on in the book.)

It should be borne in mind that Moslems are forbidden by the Kurân to drink intoxicating liquor, for *Wine is the source of more evil than profit* (Kurân, 2, 216).

It was because Sûfi poets, and Sûfis generally, were for ever writing and speaking of *Wine*, *Taverns*, and *Intoxication*, that their enemies persecuted them, and heaped abuse on them, not understanding that these words and expressions were purely symbolical. Moreover, many Sûfis, under the cloak of symbolism, indulged freely in actual wine, drunkenness, and every known vice; much in the same way as the Corinthian Christians did, and were severely rebuked by St Paul for so doing. So it is not to be wondered at if the sect of Sûfis was looked at askance by orthodox Mahommedans, and its followers termed *drunkards*, *profligates*, and so forth (see Glossary, "Profligate"). These terms of opprobrium, however, seem to have been adopted and gloried in by men like Hâfiz, just as St Paul and the early Christians gloried in their persecutions.

*Time gave not the diadem of profligacy except to him who
recognised that in the kullah (the Sûfi headdress)
there is world-wide grandeur.* Ode 78.

*There is no thought of self and self-conceit in the world
of profligacy;
In that religion arrogance and self-conceit are impious.* Ode 511.



*When thou passest by my sepulchre, ask for grace ;
For it shall be a place of pilgrimage for the profligates of
the world.* Ode 146.

(The above is one of the couplets inscribed on the tomb of Hâfiz.)

It will be remembered that the Apostles Peter and John were accused of being drunk, and it does not require any very deep knowledge of the Bible to recall passages which are fairly applicable to the case in point.

SEPARATION, SEVERANCE, ABSENCE

Hâfiz continually laments his *Separation, Severance, or Absence* from his *Beloved or Friend*, and craves for *Union*.

Now, to fully understand the true meaning of this, it is absolutely necessary that the following explanation should be carefully read :—

Before a soul is embodied in a human body, it is said to be in the '*âlamî itlâk*, or world where it is *loose* (from a body). This is also called the '*âlamî zarr*, i.e. the world in which only atoms exist. Very frequently it is termed *The World of Non-existence*, i.e. non-existence as a separate entity. In this state the soul is in God and forms part of Him, and is therefore in *union* with Him.

When, however, God places the soul in a human body, and it comes to dwell on earth in human form, it is said to be in the '*âlamî takayyud*, or *Binding World* ; that is, the world where it is bound to and confined in a body, or, as it is sometimes expressed, *in prison*. This state is also called *The World of Existence*. The soul is then in a state of *Separation* from God ; it is, in Sûfî parlance, severed or absent from the Beloved. A Sûfî commentator says : " In the '*âlamî itlâk* (world of non-existence) God was my Beloved ; in childhood, after I came into the '*âlamî takayyud* (binding world), I had faint glimpses of Him ; but the older I grew, the more my bodily senses were darkened, and I became further and further removed from God."

The reader will readily recall Wordsworth's fine Ode, *Intimations of Immortality from recollections of early childhood* (stanza 5).



We find in Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living* (p. 99) the following :
 "You have a noble soul, a particle of Divinity, the image of God Himself."

Origen also wrote : "The soul which, like iron resting in the fire, has ever reposed in the Word, ever in Wisdom, ever in God, is God in all that it does, feels, and understands. *Omne quod agit, quod sentit, quod intelligit Deus est.*" (*Doctrine of the Incarnation*, by R. L. Ottley, vol. i. pp. 249, 250.)

Like all other religions, Sûfism had its fanatics, and this belief that the soul emanated from and was originally a part of God readily lent itself to fanaticism. A Sûfi named Sheikh Husain Mansûr Hallâj (A.D. 919) was one such fanatic, and went about declaring "I am God," for which he was sentenced to death and was executed with horrible tortures.

As regards this belief that the soul was originally part of God, Hâfiz says in one of his Odes :

*Ever since I heard the words, "I breathed my soul into
 him,"*

*I have felt certain of this fact, that we are part of Him,
 and He of us.* Ode 108.

The soul, when incarnated, and thus absent from its true home, God and Heaven, is often referred to by Hâfiz as *A stranger*—i.e. a stranger here in this world ; in which connection one may remember the words of the Christian hymn : *I am a stranger here, Heaven is my home.*

Again, he sometimes speaks of Paradise as the place to which we return. This, the Sûfis say, is because Adam lived in Paradise, and was expelled from it ; and so we, his descendants, are merely returning to our original home when we die. The next world is also sometimes termed by Hâfiz *The heart's native land.*

Now, the Sûfis say it is not every soul which realises it is a stranger here ; not every soul that is able to realise the bitterness of exile, separation, and severance from *The Beloved*, and longs for reunion, as Hâfiz does ; not every human being who can love God or appreciate what his soul has lost by this severance. It



is only those on whom God bestows the desire to love Him who can realise and feel all this. The Sûfis hold that from Eternity-without-beginning God preordained that certain hearts should have the power to acquire love for Him, and such only are able to awake to the knowledge that they are in a state of separation from Him. When they are awakened and discover what they have lost by being incarnated, they, as Hâfiz incessantly does, lament and bewail their severance from their *Beloved*, and crave for reunion with Him.

*I lift up my hands at night and pray ;
And in this way relieve the sorrow of separation from Thee.*

Ode 425.

Hâfiz seeks union by the path of prayer.

O God ! accept the prayer of those sick at heart.

Ode 466.

And now comes the inevitable question, Why does God sever souls from Himself, and embody them in human forms ? The answer, as given by the Sûfis, is as follows :—God said by His prophets, *I am a hidden mystery ; I wished to become known ; therefore I created Creation for the purpose of being known.* God was appreciated intellectually by the Angels, but they have only *zât*, i.e. essence, spirit ; they have no capacity for ardent love tempered and purified by trials, temptations, and suffering, and thus transformed into a love worth having ; such love has triumphed over obstacles which the Angels have not had to face. Man, on the other hand, has not only *zât* (essence), but *sifât*, i.e. noble qualities, special qualifications, attributes attainable only by human experience, one of which is the capacity for loving. The glory of possessing such qualities is held to be greater than the glory of mere essence, which is all the Angels have ; and it is love alone which makes union with God possible, and enables man to see, realise, and grasp the absolute Existence of God. Souls were therefore, according to Sûfi ideas, incarnated that they might become enriched with the Love God craves for (so to speak), and endowed with other graces by sacrifice, suffering, death, and victory over the flesh. In fact, it would appear that the only way souls can reach a perfection exceeding that of the Angels



is to incarnate them and send them into the 'âlamî takayyud (binding world), that being the stage wherein they learn to love God from Whom they emanated, and by Whom they were and are beloved, for they are actually a part of Himself.

This making man a little lower than the Angels, temporarily, is worth considering, but it is of course a doctrine also found in the Bible (see Psalm viii. 4, 5, and elsewhere). The Sûfi seems to give us an answer to a question so incessantly asked during the War, *Why are our best and noblest killed in the War?* Because, by readiness to lay down life itself for the benefit of the whole world they attained the highest form of *sifât* (noble qualities) and thus perfected their original *zât* (essence), which God had incarnated for the express purpose of entrusting these grand souls with *higher work elsewhere*. Hâfiz, however, deprecates the asking of *Why and wherefore* :

*Do not discuss the why and wherefore, for the favoured
slave*

Accepteth every word which the Beloved hath uttered.

Ode 104.

*If some day grief should come upon you, be not cast down ;
Go and give (God) thanks. God forbid that out of bad,
utter ruin should ensue.*

Ode 147.

REABSORPTION

As already stated on page 16, Sir William Jones asserts that Sûfis believe that the souls of men will ultimately be absorbed in the Divine Spirit, whereof they are particles. I think this assertion requires a little consideration, and I am of opinion that the Sûfis do not mean that such *absorption*, or rather *reabsorption*, necessarily implies the loss of one's personal entity. If, as the Sûfis hold, God incarnates souls—part of Himself—in order that He may obtain a love which the Angels are incapable of giving Him, of what use would such souls be if, after the death of the body, they lose their individuality by reabsorption into the Divine essence? The whole object of incarnation would be



stultified. God would again be left with only the Angels, who cannot give Him the love He is said to crave.

From a careful study of Hâfiz, it is clear to me that he believed in a personal entity or individuality *before* incarnation ; and I think it is equally clear he did not contemplate any annihilation of his own personality when he obtained "union with the Beloved." The *reabsorption* of the soul, therefore, must be of some such nature as that of stones absorbed, built, into a building, each stone being an individual stone, but each absorbed in and forming part of some great structure ; each stone, also, having been cut, and hammered, and shaped for the place it is to occupy, just as the soul is during its period of incarnation.

I will now give some extracts from a Glossary I have compiled of the Sûfi meanings attaching to certain words which are used by Hâfiz in his Odes ; some of them also occur in the Rubaiyât.

For these meanings I am very largely indebted to Wilberforce Clarke's notes in his translation in prose of the Dîwan of Hâfiz, as well as to other sources.

The reader must bear in mind that the words and expressions in the Glossary do not necessarily always carry a hidden Sûfi meaning ; sometimes they can be taken literally ; it all depends on the context, and the reader must exercise his own judgment.



Glossary

OF SŪFI MEANINGS OF CERTAIN WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

ABSENCE.—See article on “Sûfism,” page 16.

AMOROUS GLANCE.—The act of devotion when the eye glances upward to God, the *True Beloved*.

AMOROUS WARBLING OF THE BULBUL OR NIGHTINGALE is an expression used sometimes to signify the melody of the utterance of Divine truths.

AUTUMN.—The close of one's life on earth ; also effacement.

BARQUE.—The stranded barque is the soul in the body bound by earthly ties.

BREEZE has various meanings according to the context ; it may mean :

- (i) The means whereby union with God is gained, such as prayer, which wafts our thoughts and desires heavenwards.
- (ii) That which brings sweet odours or messages from God.
- (iii) The Angel of Death, who brings us the message that we are to be reunited with Beloved.
- (iv) Divine inspiration.
- (v) That which causes an increase of love between the lover and the beloved object.
- (vi) The perturbations caused by Divine love in the heart of the holy pilgrim.
- (vii) The Murshid or Religious Guide who wafts to us Divine knowledge, and who helps to bring our frail barque to the shore of the ocean of Love.

BREEZE OF PARADISE signifies God's blessing.



BREEZE OF DAWN sometimes means the Angel of Death ; Death being the dawn or awakening to true Life. Thus in Ode 11, Hafiz says : *All night* (i.e. all my life) *I have been hoping that the Breeze of Dawn would caress me, the lover, with the Beloved's message.*

BREEZE'S MESSENGER sometimes means a learned and excellent man.

CAMEL DRIVER.—(i) Fate ; Destiny.

(ii) The holy Pilgrim, for he is the bearer of burdens, holds the reins of self-control, and can lead himself along the right road, as he has been given free will.

CANDLE.—(i) A burning candle is the symbol of the soul consuming and wasting in Love's fire.

(ii) *Candle* also sometimes means the True Beloved's face, round which the lover flutters like a moth.

(iii) Wealthy men, round whom sycophants flutter.

(iv) Every man's existence, which gradually burns away.

(v) The Murshid, round whom his disciples gather like moths, attracted by the light of his teaching.

CAP.—The Cap or *Kullah*, worn by Sûfis, is made with a certain number of gores, each of which is called a *tark* ; each *tark* signifies a sin abandoned—the last gore is called *tarki tark*, or *the abandonment of abandonment*, i.e. perfect sinlessness.

CAPITAL.—The Sûfi looks on this life as something borrowed, lent to him ; he calls it *Capital*, which he must lay out profitably for the benefit of his soul.

CASKET.—When the holy Pilgrim reaches the stage of "Perfection in Divine Qualities," he is called *durji 'abîr fishân*, i.e. *the casket diffusing ambergris* ; for he is then supposed to be filled with, and to diffuse, the Perfume of Grace.

CUP.—(i) That from which we drink the Wine of the Love of God or the Wine of Divine Knowledge (see "Wine"). Hence the Murshid or Religious Guide is often termed a Cup.

(ii) The allegorical Mistress or Beloved, who is full of this Wine.

(iii) The heart of a pure person fit to receive this Wine.

CUP OF WINE signifies truths of Divine knowledge. "Give a Cup of Wine" means : Reveal to us Divine things ; cause grace to reach us ; explain Divine knowledge, Divine truths, so that we may be refreshed and exhilarated as with wine.



CUPBEARER.—(i) The Sâki or Cupbearer is the true Murshid or Guide to God.

(ii) Mahommad and his companions are sometimes called Cupbearers.

(iii) The Cupbearer is he who pours out and gives to the Sûfi the allegorical Wine.

(iv) Cupbearer or Sâki also sometimes means Fate or Destiny, which brings us the Cup which we must all drink.

CURL.—This word is used as an image to express the beauty of God's manifestations of Himself ; the *Curl* in this sense is said to *plunder the caravan of Reason*.

Curl within curl means the intricacy of God's manifestations in His creations—wheels within wheels, as we should say.

DANCE.—The *Sama'* or Dance is a strictly religious dance. The word literally means *hearing* ; the Sûfis use it to express the hearing of a pleasant sound which vividly recalls to one's mind God, His Power, His Love, His Attributes ; this produces a state of ecstasy which causes the hearer to move or dance in response to it. When the motion is modulated it is called *raḥs*, i.e. dancing ; when not modulated it is termed *iztirâb*, i.e. agitation. The Sûfis call the motion itself *Sama'*, on the principle of naming the thing caused, by the name of the cause. If, on hearing a pleasant sound, a certain state of *Ecstasy* (which see) called *Wajd* is produced involuntarily, the *Sama'* is lawful ; otherwise it is unlawful.

The sinner who is still bound by his lusts and sin is incapable of true *Sama'*, for he is in a state of sleep, and is not *Intoxicated* (which see) with the allegorical Wine ; nor is he selfless, but is still taken up with self.

Sama' is lawful to him to whom the sound of the harp or the sound of the footfall of an animal is all one, for all sounds recall God to his mind.

DAWN.—(i) The time of awakening to the understanding of Divine truth.

(ii) The dawn of the Judgment Day.

(iii) Death, i.e. when we wake to the new life.

DESERT.—In front of the holy Pilgrim, as he journeys on the Heavenward Path, stretches the Desert, wherein terror holds its sway ; thus it is said, "O Seeker of Divine knowledge, stand firm."



DEW, OR NIGHT DEW, sometimes means little sins ; but, since every small sin is a great one according to the teachings of the Sûfis, they say, "*The sincere* (seekers after God) *are in great danger of little sins.*"

DOWN (ON THE CHEEK OR LIP) signifies the attractions of Divine Love. The word is also used to express *verdant growth in the spirit world ; the well-spring of life ; the first plural emanation that veileth the face of Unity.* "Know His face and down—verily thou knowest plurality and unity."

ECSTASY.—Ecstasy, or *Wajd*, is one of the stages or states through which the holy Pilgrim passes on his Heavenward Path.

At first he is hindered by a Veil, viz. original sin, sensuality, and other sins inherent in the flesh ; he is, by his own human nature, veiled and barred from existence with God, from holiness, and so forth. Sometimes an opening appears in the Veil, as it were, through which rays of Divine light and glimpses of God shine through ; but when the Veil closes round him again, existence (what we call True Life) is lost. This existence is termed *maujûd*.

EXPANDING.—When the mind of the holy Pilgrim is unclouded by doubts, worries, or the results of sin, and he gets a clear view of God in everything, his journey on the Heavenward Path becomes easier, and this condition is called *bast*, or expansion. On the other hand, when difficulties occur and his spiritual vision is clouded, he is said to be in a state of *kabz*, or contraction.

EYE ; THE SICK EYE.—When the eye sees God and beholds His manifestations, it is said to become sick with Love for Him.

The sick eye also sometimes means that the sins we commit prevent us from seeing God clearly.

EYEBROW.—The eyebrow of the Beloved is often compared to the domed or arched recess in a mosque where prayers are offered with the face turned towards Mecca.

FLASK.—One who is a fit receptacle for the allegorical Wine.

FORELOCK.—One of the charms and attractions of the True Beloved.

FRIEND.—Generally means God. When, however, the word *damsâz* is used for Friend, it means one who is in accord with you and seeks the Heavenly Path and the instruction of the Murshid.



GABRIEL was Mahommad's Murshid or Spiritual Guide, but had no access to him when Mahommad was with God. Gabriel brought the Kurân down from Heaven.

GARDEN.—(i) This world.

(ii) One's outward existence, which, in the Spring of Youth, is full of flowers.

(iii) God's presence ; thus when Hâfiz says in one of his Odes, *Drive me not away from Thy garden door like the wind, it reminds one of the text, Cast me not away from Thy presence (Ps. li. 11).*

GARMENT.—The *Khirka* or woollen robe, from which the Sûfi gets his name, is a long robe with a collar, and with wide sleeves reaching below the knee. This garment symbolises—

(i) Faith, which is productive of that Charity or Love which covers the faults and weaknesses of others.

(ii) The Kibla, *i.e.* Mecca, towards which men turn their faces when praying.

(iii) Ablution, *i.e.* from sin.

(iv) Prayer.

(v) Obligation to forsake cupidity.

(vi) The duty of being satisfied with one's lot in life.

(vii) Soul, *i.e.* to give one's soul when one gives one's word and sacredly fulfils one's promise.

(viii) A key, *i.e.* repeating the words *Allahu akbar*, God is the Greatest, which are, as it were, the key to all true belief.

The border of the *Khirka* symbolises the condition or state of being a Dervish, *i.e.* a man seeking a holy life.

The edge of its sleeve symbolises the *Tarikat* or narrow Path heavenward.

The collar symbolises submission to God's will (putting the neck under the yoke).

The outside of the *Khirka* symbolises Light.

The inside symbolises Secrecy.

The patched garment, or "*dalk*," often signifies *hypocrisy* ; it is a robe worn by dervishes, and consists of patches of different-coloured cloth sewn together.

Garment also sometimes means the body, as being the garment in which the soul is enveloped.

GLASS sometimes signifies the heart of the holy Pilgrim, which, like glass, is in constant peril of injury.



GOBLET.—See *Cup*.

GOLDEN CUP.—The holy Pilgrim's heart.

INN OF TWO DOORS.—This world, which has two doors—one of Birth, by which we enter the world ; the other, Death, by which we depart.

LAMP.—Sometimes the holy Pilgrim's heart ; and sometimes the Murshid or Spiritual Guide of the Sûfi.

LAMP OF THE MORNING means the moment when one is drawing one's last breath and the light of the Hereafter is breaking in on one.

LIP.—The lip is said to be " the essence of being, the healing of the sick heart. By His lip souls are beside themselves, and compassion revealeth itself."

MAGIAN.—*The street of the Magian* is an epithet for the abode of Love and Divine Knowledge.

The Pîr (or saint, or old man) *of the Magians*. When the Moslems carried their religion into Persia they applied this term to—

- (a) The priests of the Fire-worshippers, or Guebres.
- (b) The masters of taverns, baths, and caravanserais.
- (c) The heads, deacons, or elders of Christian churches (as an expression of contempt).

Hâfiz sometimes applies the term to the perfect Murshid or Spiritual Guide of the Sûfi.

The young Magian is an epithet for the novice in Sûfi mysteries. Hâfiz also uses the term *Magian* thus :

I perceive the light of God in the Magian tavern (i.e. the Christian Church, or a heathen temple) ;

Behold this marvel ! what sort of light I see, and where.

Ode 395.

MASJID (OR MOSQUE).—This word is sometimes used by Hâfiz to mean the *Loose World* or *World of Non-existence*, where the soul has no body and is in such close touch with the Deity that it forms part of Him. Probably the idea is that, as in a mosque one comes into close communion with God by engaging in prayer, so the soul in the world of non-existence was in close touch with Him.



When the word *Masjid* is used in the above sense, it is often followed in the context by the word *Wineshop*, or *Tavern*, which is then an epithet for this world, the *Binding World*, the place in which the soul learns to love and drink the allegorical Wine.

Masjid is also sometimes used to express outward ceremonial worship, as opposed to *kharâbât*, i.e. *tavern*, an epithet for true worship.

MINSTREL.—Hâfiz sometimes terms the Murshid, or Spiritual Guide, *Minstrel*, because when he is in a state of holy joy he is, as it were, pouring forth sweet words like music, about the love of God and about Divine truths and knowledge.

MOLE.—A mole on a woman's cheek is considered an attractive beauty-spot in the East ; just as a patch used to be in Europe. In Sûfi parlance the word *Mole* is used to express an attraction of the Beloved.

MORNING.—The state of the holy Pilgrim's heart when the Sun of Truth is rising on it and is dispelling its darkness, purifying it from elemental impurity and adorning it with the glorious light of Truth.

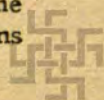
Morning also signifies one's last breath ; for the world is night, man is asleep, after death he will be awakened ; hence, *the end of the night or morning time* is the time of joy for all holy Pilgrims. Compare the Christian hymn :

*The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.*

MORNING CUP (OR BOWL).—The first prayer of the saint in the morning. (See article on "Sûfism.")

MOTH.—(i) Lovers of God fluttering round the *True Beloved* as moths round a candle.
(ii) Disciples thronging round their Murshid or Spiritual Guide.
(iii) The five senses which flutter round the soul.
(iv) One's surroundings of servants, sycophants, etc.

MURSHID.—An instructor or guide. By this word the Sûfis mean the teacher who instructs seekers after God, and leads them along the Heavenly Path, and teaches them Sûfi mysteries, beliefs, and forms and ceremonies.



MUSK (OR MUSK-POD).—The perfume of the Beloved. Also the fragrant message which the *True Beloved* sends to those who truly love Him, by the Angel of Death.

Musk-pod also sometimes is an epithet applied to the Kurân.

The Musk-pod Opener is one who engages in morning prayer.

NIGHT.—The world, or this life, is the dark night through which we must pass before we reach the light.

NIGHTINGALE (OR BULBUL).—Sometimes the holy Pilgrim singing as he travels on the allegorical Path. Sometimes it refers to the Murshid, and sometimes Hâfiz calls himself a Nightingale.

PATH.—Path, Street, Road, Highway, all mean the path which leads to the abode of the *True Beloved*.

PERFUME means *Hope, Love, the Sweetness of the Beloved*. It also sometimes means the message which the Angel of Death brings us from God.

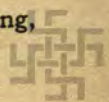
PILGRIM.—The Sûfi who is striving to reach heaven is called a Pilgrim or Traveller of the Path.

PROFLIGATE.—This was really a term of abuse hurled at Sûfis by their opponents ; but they apparently adopted it, and Hâfiz was evidently rather proud of it. In Sûfi parlance it has the following signification :—As the profligate cuts himself off from his friends and acquaintances by his actions and conduct, so the devout Sûfi, by his austerity and mode of life, cuts himself adrift from his worldly friends and acquaintances ; he feels he has nothing in common with them. When, therefore, Hâfiz calls himself a *profligate*, he means he is shunned by the world on account of his devotion to the *True Beloved* (God), and glories in the fact that the world looks on him as “a heathen man and a publican.” . . . The commentators (Sûfi) say that the Sûfi *profligate* is “*like the cotton-pod : outwardly hard and ugly ; inwardly soft and white.*”

REED.—The voice of the reed and the melody of the harp mean the instruction of the Murshid or Spiritual Guide of the Sûfi.

RINGLET.—That which attracts the heart to God and diffuses the perfume of His Love ; hence *Ringlet* may be some beautiful natural object which attracts the Sûfi's heart to God.

Twisted Ringlets is an idiom which has a peculiar meaning, which may be explained as follows :



The twisting up of the hair prevents the full diffusion of the perfume with which it is scented. So when the Pilgrim's heart is in a state of *contraction* (see "Expanding"), i.e. cannot get a clear view of God, and is worried with doubts, etc., it cannot send forth to God the whole perfume of love and prayer that it would otherwise do. He is then bound up in self, or in his trouble, and in Sûfi parlance is called a *twisted* or *bound-up Ringlet*.

ROSE has various meanings according to the context ; sometimes it means :

- (i) The True Beloved (God).
- (ii) One who has newly arrived in the garden of union with God.
- (iii) A seeker after God, or one who has begun to be a seeker after God, whose faith is beginning to blossom.
- (iv) The Murshid or teacher of the Sûfi in religious mysteries, whose heart has expanded like the rose and exhales the scent of true love to God.

ROSEWATER is used to mean :

- (i) Actual rosewater.
- (ii) Manifestations of God's glories.
- (iii) Prayer to God.
- (iv) Mahomet.
- (v) Desire for grace.

SÂKI.—See "Cupbearer." It is childish and ridiculous to suppose, as some do, that a Persian cupbearer or Sâki was necessarily a loose, immoral boy. Nehemiah was cupbearer, i.e. Sâki, to Artaxerxes, and no one can accuse him of immorality. One might as well assert that every barmaid and waitress in England is immoral.

SECLUSION.—*Khilvat*, i.e. seclusion, retirement, means the seclusion of the anchorite or religious devotee, either in the cell of a monastery or elsewhere. Hâfiz says :

May there ever be in my khilvat the brilliancy of the reflection of the wine-cup.

For the cell of the truly devout should be full of light.

Ode 191.

The mirror of solitude shows thee the light of God.

If thou be a seeker of everlasting love, enter by our (Sûfi) door.

Ode 577.

SEPARATION.—See article on "Sûfism."



SEVERANCE.—See *Separation*, in article on “Sûfism.”

SHADOW.—*The shadow of the Beloved* signifies the glory of God overshadowing the lover, or true seeker after Him, and protecting him with His friendship and love. (Cf. Psalm xci. 1.)

SPARKLE.—*The sparkle of Wine* means the glory of the love of God.

STAGE.—There are many stages, or allegorical halting-places, inns, etc., on the *Path* (which see), and they signify the degree of advance made by the holy Pilgrim.

STATE OR HÂL.—Amongst the Sûfis the word *hâl* (state) signifies a hidden or mystic condition that descends from Heaven upon the heart of the Pilgrim, and goes and comes until the attraction of the Divine draws him from the lowest to the loftiest stage.

STRANGER.—The soul, while embodied, being absent from its true home (God), is as a stranger here on earth.

STREET.—See “*Path*.”

TAVERN.—The place where the Sûfi goes to be instructed by his Murshid or Spiritual Guide, who there gives him to drink of the allegorical Wine. A church, for instance, would be the Christian's *Tavern* according to Sûfi parlance.

The word is also sometimes applied to the holy Pilgrim's heart, where love, exhilarating as wine, abounds.

Again, the word sometimes means Paradise, or the Divine world full of Divine knowledge and love.

Tavern, or *Wineshop*, is also applied to this world, in which the soul is bound to a human body.

*Each morning and evening prayer to Thee has ascended
in the Tavern, in the hope that a draught from Thy
cup may reach me.*

Ode 73.

TRAVELLER.—See “*Pilgrim*.” All human beings are *travellers* while on earth.

TRESS.—The attractiveness of God's grace. The heart that is bound captive by this *tress* knows absolute life.

Tress also means that which conceals the Divine essence, just as a tress of hair conceals perfume.

The tress which binds is an expression sometimes used to signify the world, which is a prison or chain to the devout seeker after union with God; for his body is forced to dwell in it while his soul longs to be free.



Again, *tress* sometimes means the world, which tempts and excites desire, just as the beautiful tresses of a woman attract and tempt.

TRESS-TIP.—*When I place my hand on her tress-tip* sometimes means, in Sûfî idiom, *When I engage in prayer*. So when Hâfiz says in one of his Odes, *Thy tress made me regard the world as naught*, he means: Prayer, which has brought me into personal communion with God, made the world seem as naught to me; or, the attractions of thy grace made me care nothing for the allurements of the world.

UNION.—See *Separation*, in article on "Sûfîism."

VEIL.—Anything which hinders the attainment of union with the Beloved (God), and stifles devout thoughts or desires.

Veil also means the body; thus, in one of his Odes, Hâfiz says: *My dust (body) is the veil over my Beloved's face; Happy will be that moment when I shall cast away the veil from that face—i.e. when I shall die and leave this body.*

VINTNER OR WINE MERCHANT means:

- (i) The perfect Murshid or Religious Guide, who keeps a store of the allegorical Wine.
- (ii) Mahomet, who is supposed to be the essence of God, and who gave to Islâm in the Kurân and in his teachings Divine Wine.

WAJD is the state when the ray of light is shining through the opening in the Veil, referred to under "Ecstasy"; thus *Wajd*, or *Ecstasy*, comes to mean:

- (i) An event occurring through God's goodness which awakens in the heart great joy, or great grief.
- (ii) A state when the *wâjid* (he who is filled with *wajd*) rises for the moment out of his mortal self, and realises God and higher things, and is then filled with ecstasy.

The end of *Wajd*, i.e. this ecstatic state, is *wujûd*, i.e. True spiritual existence.

The stages of the Path of Ecstasy are:

- (i) *Tawâjud*, i.e. the asking for, the earnest praying for, and the trying to attain *Wajd* by repeating incessantly the name of God. This is accompanied by *Tazakkur*,



i.e. keeping God in continual remembrance, and incessantly recalling Him to mind ; and *Tafakkur*, i.e. reflecting and pondering on God and His attributes.

(ii) Then comes *Wajd*, ecstasy, which is followed by

(iii) *Maujûd* or *Wujûd*, i.e. the actual attainment of spiritual existence.

WINE.—See article on “Sûfism.” Wine is sometimes termed *the melted ruby*.

WINE-DROPS.—In passages where the moon is compared to a cup, the wine-drops mean the Pleiades.

WINE-JAR signifies the holy Pilgrim whose heart is made the receptacle of the allegorical Wine ; and, as an ordinary wine-jar is honoured by being made the receptacle for actual wine, so the holy Pilgrim is honoured by being made a vessel for the reception of the allegorical Wine.

Seekers after God are termed *Wine-jars* in Sûfi parlance.

WINE-SHOP.—See “Tavern.”

WINE-STAINED GARMENTS may mean sometimes that the actions and life of the true Sûfi are coloured by, or bear traces of the effects of, the allegorical Wine ; thus, for instance, if his life is full of love to God and to his fellow-creatures.

The expression also sometimes means the human body stained with sin.



RUBAIYÂT OF HÂFIZ

The mystical meaning of these Rubaiyât cannot be grasped unless the Preface and the article on "Sûfism" have first been read. For the interpretation of mystical words and phrases see Glossary and Notes.

SECTION I

Hâfiz meditates in his Rose Garden.

Mughanni kujâ, i kih waḡti gul ast
Za bulbul chamanha pur az ghulghul ast.

*Minstrel, where art thou ? For it is the time of roses,
And the garden resounds with the warblings of the
nightingale !*

From the Mughanni-nâmah of Hâfiz.

I

The flutt'ring pinions of the bird of Joy I hear !
The rose-bed's perfum'd summons to her feast
I hear !

Or does the breeze waft from her lips the
old, old tale ?

It is indeed a wonderful discourse I hear.

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines in the original
end in the same word.

Old, old tale : i.e.
the loves of the rose
and the nightingale.

2

The Nightingale now trills his love-song to the
rose ;

And when she feigns disdain, his plaint the
louder grows.

Then he begins his pretty quips and pleasan-
tries,

Until her sugar-laden lips in smiles uncloze.



3

'Tis good on some fair streamlet's bank to quaff
 my wine,
 And seek some nook and there forget what
 griefs are mine ;
 Since precious life doth only last ten days or
 so,
 A laughing lip for me, and face with joy
 a-shine !

4

Bond slave : Hâfiz
 often refers to the
 rose as the Queen of
 the garden, the other
 flowers, etc., being in
 attendance on her.

See how that happy rose in this fair garden
 blows !
 Anon the clouds shed tears—anon there laughs
 the rose !
 Yon cypress is the bond-slave of the rose, e'en
 though
 She boasts she's free because in stately pride
 she grows.

5

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
 lines in the original
 end in *gul*, i.e. rose.

Tiring-maid : an epi-
 thet for Nature.

Tulip-cheek (*Lâlla
 Rukh*) and *Shadow-of-
 the-rose* (*Sâyahi gul*)
 are women's names,
 and are used in the
 same way as our old
 poets used *Chloe*,
Phyllis, etc. etc.

When o'er the garden sigh'd the breeze—Nurse
 of the rose—
 She gave the *Tiring-maid* that ornament—the
 rose.
 When thou hast found some bower shelter'd
 from the sun,
 Then summon *Tulip-cheek* and *Shadow-of-the-
 rose*.

6

O sweet the rose that blossometh on Friendship's
 tree !
 It ever fills my heart with joy and ecstasy.
 I seek the rose's company because her scent
 Recalls the fragrance sweet of ONE belov'd by
 me.



7

The new wine of the rose-tree of our Youth is
love !

The Capital of everlasting Life is Love !

Water of Life dost seek, like hoary Khizar ?

Know

The fountain of that sweet life-giving stream is
—LOVE !

Khizar was the vizier of a king of ancient Persia, and legends say he discovered the Water of Life, drank it, and is still alive.

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th lines in the original end in the words '*ishkasi*, i.e. "is Love."



SECTION II

*Hâfiz sings of wine, and goes on to discourse of the allegorical
Wine of Sûfi idiom.*

Mî damad subh killah basta sahab As-sabûh as-sabûh yâ asahâb !
Mî chakad zhâlah bar rukhi lâlah Al-mudâm al-mudâm yâ ahabâb !

*The morning dawns, all veiled with fleecy clouds ;
Ho, comrades ! bring the morning bowl, the morning bowl
(of wine) !*

*Dews on the tulip's cheeks distil ;
Ho ! friends of mine ! bring wine, bring wine ! Ode 17.*

I

*Draining flagons, etc. :
an allusion to the
Feast of Roses in
Persia. See notes on
this verse at the end
of the book.*

When men are draining flagons to the budding
rose,
And, craving wine, her cup the sweet Narcissus
shows,
He who within the Tavern, like a wine-jar,
stands,
Doth honour gain, the while he happy-hearted
grows.

2

*In the original, each
line of this verse
rhymes.*

*Bulbul : i.e. nightin-
gale.*

I said, " If all my friends in my resolve will
share,
When roses bloom, perchance from wine I will
forbear ! "
The bulbul sang in answer from the rose-
parterre :
" O fool ! when roses bloom how canst thou
wine forswear ? "

3

This is the time when revellers enjoy again
 Their *True Belovèd*, wine, the rebeck's dulcet
 strain ;

As compensation for this short and transient
 life

They shed the wine-jar's blood, and cup and
 goblet drain.

4

A lute, a reed, a merry mistress coy and shy,
 Leisure, a quiet nook, a flask of wine, say I !

And then, when wine hath warm'd my blood,
 I would not give

One barley-corn for all the gifts of Hâtim Tai !

Hâtim Tai was an
 Arab chief famous
 for his extraordinary
 liberality.

5

What need to writhe and toss with grief, like
 foaming wine ?

What use to strive against Grief's hostile,
 serried line ?

Youth's down is on thy lip, send not the wine
 away ;

'Tis sweet to drink, and on some verdant lawn
 recline.

6

'Tis best with wine the heart to gladden and
 beguile,

Forget the longings of the past, and jest and
 smile ;

And for a fleeting moment lay aside the
 ties

And cares of life, which is but lent to us
 awhile.



In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines all end in the
same word.

7

Drink, drink the Wine of Love ! 'tis everlasting
life !

It is the essence of this transitory life !

This is the time for roses, tulips, jovial
friends ;

One passing hour of bliss enjoy, for this is Life !

8

To drain the wine-cup in the time of Youth is
best ;

To drink their fill is good for all with grief
opprest ;

The world around us is a ruin desolate ;

Better amid such wrack to perish with the rest !

9

Embrace me, O my friends, for comrades true
are we !

Forget the whirling wheels of Time and Des-
tiny !

And when my turn shall come, and Death
shall call me hence,

Drink to my memory ! Relate sweet tales of
me !

10

Upon the goblet's lip cease not thy lips to press ;
So shalt thou find the world's desire in that
caress !

Bitter and sweet the world's cup holds ; from
the Friend's lip

Drink thou the sweet ; and from Earth's cup,
the bitterness.



11

How long through adverse fortune will thy
heart repine ?

Forsake the worthless world, and all in it
resign,

And seek the FRIEND, the streamlet's
marge, the rose-tree's foot,

Now, while thy hand doth grasp the goblet
fill'd with WINE.

Hâfiz here addresses
him who has not
found the *True*
Beloved.

12

Thou who dost ever hold the cup, if Thou
shouldst think

On us Thy friends, what harm ? Why from
our friendship shrink ?

No ruby wine have I, save in my weeping
eyes ;

But in *Thy* cup is Wine, at any rate—so drink !

Weeping eyes : i.e.
weeping tears of
blood.

13

O Thou, the shadow of whose hyacinthine tress
The jasmine of Thy face doth cherish and caress ;

The ruby of whose lip doth fend and guard
those teeth

That vie with 'Adan's fairest pearls in loveliness ;

'Adan = the garden o
Eden, or Paradise.

14

Just as that lip itself is nourishèd by WINE,
So WINE doth nourish and refresh this soul of
mine ;

And by that WINE my body is renewed and
fed,

That spiritual WINE, mysterious and divine !



15

Peasant : i.e. the
Murshid or Spiritual
Guide of the Sûfi;
the *Wine* is his
teaching and dis-
course.

Give me the Wine the *peasant* brew'd, that
vintage old ;
For I the carpet of my life desire to fold ;
Yea, make me "drunk," oblivious of this
world ; then I
The secrets of *that* World, O wise one, will
unfold.



SECTION III

Hâfiz ponders on the shortness and unsatisfactoriness of this life.

Jahân wa kâri jahân jumlah heech dar heech ast,
Hazâr bâr man în nuktaḥ karda am taḥaqqiq.

*The world and all the works of the world are nothing in Nothing ;
A thousand times have I proved the truth of this subtlety. Ode 352.*

I

To-day, when *lovers* sever'd from the *Friend* *To-day = this life.*
repine,
Is not a time when friends to mirth and joy
incline.

I am not abstinent because good wine I lack ;
Here's wine ! but boon-companions, none, to
share my wine.

2

That ruby wine in unadornèd glasses bring !
That Friend, the intimate of every free'd one,
bring !

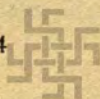
Since thou dost know that this brief world of
dust doth fade
And vanish like the passing wind—the wine-cup
bring !

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines of this verse in
the original end in
biyâr, i.e. bring.

Unadorned : because
the wine is of itself
sufficient ornament.

3

While Time rolls on I cannot live one moment
free
From grief ; e'en wine, perchance, no joys will
offer me ;



When morning dawns, arise, drink while
thou hast the chance,
For many dawns shall break when we have
ceas'd to be.

4

Since man gets nothing from this world's salt,
arid plain
But sorrow, and at length sobs out his life in
pain,
Happy is he who ne'er was born into the
world,
And happy he who quickly leaveth it again.

5

*Droops my head in
shame : i.e. when I
die.*

O wind of Death ! when droops my head in
shame and pain,
My tree of Life uprooted, oh ! I pray thee deign
To knead a wine-jar only of my clay ; the
scent
Of wine, which moistens it, shall make me live
again !

6

Time crush'd me 'neath oppression's foot—my
life destroyed ;
A moment's happiness with none have I enjoy'd ;
From this world's cup I've drunk nor purest
wine, nor dregs,
And none could spend a life more profitless
and void.

7

*That is, in my youth
I mounted the steed
of life careless of
where it would bear
me ; I let go the
reins, and now in my*

Oh ! would that Fortune had behav'd propi-
tiously !
Or that the wheel of Fate had turn'd auspici-
ously !



Would that Old Age could in the stirrup
 place its foot,
 Since, from Youth's hands, Time snatch'd the
 reins capriciously !

old age I have not
 even a foot in the
 stirrup, and have lost
 control.

8

Now friends are foes, whose vaunt of friendship
 was but vain ;
 And sin the skirt of every holy man doth
 stain ;
 'Tis said, " The Night with hidden things is
 pregnant." Strange !
 Since Night doth know no spouse ! How dost
 thou this explain ?

9

Around the ruins of my life Death's billows play,
 And cause my cup of life to overflow ; so pray,
 Kwâjah, awake ! for joyfully the porter,
 Time,
 Will bear the chattels of thy house of Life
 away !

Khwâjah has a
 variety of meanings ;
 amongst others, *Lord*,
Master.



SECTION IV

Hâfiz speaks of the life to come.

Dar ân chaman kih nasîmi wazad za turrahi doost
Che jâ, i dam zadani nâfahâ, i Tâtâr ist.

*In that garden where the breeze wafts the fragrance of the True
Beloved's tress,
What room is there for extolling the musk-pods of Tartary ?*
Ode 62.

I

In Paradise the Blest we'll find, so some
declare,
No lack of luscious wine, and dark-eyed houris
fair.
If I prefer to have my Wine and Loved One
here,
Why not ? since all, hereafter, in such joys
will share ?

2

For the Sûfi meaning
of *Love* and *Wine*, see
"Sûfism"; also see
a note on this verse at
the end of the book.

Some say that those who in this life from wine
abstain
Shall, as they die, so in like manner rise
again ;
But I am steadfast to my *Love* and *Wine* in
hopes
That, when I rise, my dust their perfume will
retain.



3

Until my wounded heart's desire fulfill'd shall
be ;
Until that bird — my soul — shall flutt'ring
heavenward flee ;
My hope is this, that when I reach the Courts
of God,
Their gates of happiness will open wide for me.



SECTION V

Hâfiz addresses the allegorical Mistress, and dilates on her beauty.

Ahâdiyan bi jimâli ḥabîbin kif wa'nzil,
Kih neest sabari jameelam dar ishtiyâki jamâl.

*Halt and alight ! O camel-driver of the Beloved's camels,
For in desire for the Beloved's beauty all patience have I lost !*

Ode 367.

I

Violet : the eye-brows, soft down on the cheek, and shading of the face generally, are often compared to the violet by Persian poets.

When Heaven Thy features pencill'd, O my
Mistress fair,
And limn'd each heart-enchancing line of
beauty there,
She chose the purple violet for her pen, and
trac'd
Her work upon a rose's petals unaware !

2

Moon : a mistress's face is often termed a moon, or is compared to the moon—referring, of course, to the brightness, splendour, and calm dignity of the moon. The lines and shading on the face are sometimes compared to the markings on the moon.

The glorious sun, a captive to Thy dazzling
grace,
Gave Thee a written bond Thy service to embrace ;
Perchance he had no paper for his bond, and
so
He wrote the compact on the moon's effulgent
face !

3

The face of my Beloved is a Moon which glows
With all the splendour that the Sun on Her
bestows !

Her lip's soft down on Kausar's marge doth
grow, because
Her mouth the fountain is whence living water
flows !

Kausar : the river
of Paradise. The
word is pronounced
Cowser, or in Arabic
Cowther.

Whence living water,
etc. : i.e. the words
that proceed out of
the mouth of the Be-
loved are life-giving
and refresh the soul.

4

The dimple nestling in Her chin the peace hath
marred
Of every heart; 'tis as a prison locked and
barred

On every captive heart that She hath cast
therein ;
And o'er that prison door sweet ambergris
keeps guard !

Dimple : epithet for
the attraction of
Grace.

5

Love's camping-ground is that fair, radiant
cheek of Thine !
And tiny chains Thy curls which round each
other twine !

One moment spent with Thee gives rest for
countless lives ;
Happy the heart that doth with grief for Thee
repine !

Rest for, etc. : i.e.
the bliss of one
moment spent with
Thee would suffice
even if one lived
through countless
existences.

6

As wayside dust I shall become through love
of Thee !
Thy cheek's bewitching mole will surely ruin
me !

Thy twisting curl and tress will cast me to the
winds !
Thine eye will plunge me into black despondency !

A mole, like our
old-fashioned patch,
is considered a mark
of beauty in the
East.



7

Bâbil is Babylon,
said to be the home
of magic and sorcery.

Slave-ring : the ring
in the ear of a slave
was the badge of
slavery.

'Twas Bâbil taught Thine eye the arts of sorcery;
O God ! I vow it ne'er forgets its witchery !

Thy tress's beauty plac'd the slave-ring in
mine ear ;
May Hâfiz' jewell'd verse its pearly pendant be !

8

O Mistress mine ! while life as off'ring I can
make

To Thy dear cheek's soft down, I cannot Thee
forsake !

For the red ruby of Thy lip—my soul's
sweet food—

Two hundred thousand precious gems I would
not take !

9

Tulip : i.e. the
cheek. Compare
Lâlla Rukh, which
means *Tulip-
cheeked one*.

On that sweet lip of Thine the violet down will
grow ;

On tulips pillow'd, then, the violet will blow ;
Smoke which shall plunge in deepest gloom
a thousand hearts

Shall from that flame arise which sets Thy cheek
aglow !

10

Narcissus-eyed is a
Persian epithet for a
beautiful woman.

When I of satin's soft and glossy sheen would
speak,

I learn its texture from Thy lovely damask
cheek ;

And when the story of Narcissus I would
know,

From Thy sweet, lustrous eyes I information
seek !

11

If for a hundred days Thou never seest me,
Thou dost not ask of anyone where *I* may be ;
 I ask a hundred folk to tell me where *Thou*
 art
If but one day should pass without my seeing
Thee.

12

What made Thy locks to curl in such a twisting
 maze ?
Thine eyes so languishing, whence came their
 dreamy gaze ?
 Since no one pelted Thee with roses, how is it
Thou art so wholly perfum'd with their scented
 sprays ?

13

The twisting tresses of my Friend my soul had
 caught ;
Escape from their enmeshing snares it vainly
 sought ;
 As tribute to Her eyebrow dear my life I
 gave,
For, like a chamberlain, with bribes She must
 be bought !

14

Oh, black as shadows sun-cast is Thy tress's
 shade !
By Thy bright face eclipsed, the full Moon's
 light doth fade !
 Evening is standard-bearer to Thy cheek's
 dark mole !
Equerry to Thy moon-like face is Dawn
 arrayed !



Chain : the allusion is to the Eastern custom of chaining the hands and feet of mad persons.

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th lines in the original end in the words *dar dastam nih*, i.e. put it in my hand.

15

Go, catch Joy's falcon—wine—and place it in
mine hand ;
That goblet, like some beauty fair, place in
mine hand ;
And chain me with that tress which coils
around itself,
For I am mad ; go, bring, and bind it on mine
hand !

16

What complex, subtle moods doth my Ador'd
employ !
Now petulant—now scornful—then enchanting,
coy !
My helpless heart with my Belovèd craves to
dwell
In union blest, and Her society enjoy.

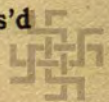
17

Silver thigh : compare Homer's
"silver-footed
Thetis."

With the pistachio nut Her tiny mouth doth
vie !
The tulip, with its crimson hue, Her cheek doth
dye !
She sweetly doth discourse with pleasing
grace and wit !
Her form like silver gleams, with silver limb
and thigh !

18

My days I've spent in thinking of Thy beauty
bright ;
In yearnings sore for union sweet I've pass'd
each night ;



For Thy soft down and mole my heart with
love o'erflows ;
And visions fair of Thee have been life's chief
delight.

19

Thy soul is mirror'd in the beauty of Thy face !
And I Thy picture, when I drink morn's cup,
would trace
Upon mine eyes ; but fear mine eyelash, like
a thorn,
Might wound Thine image, and my picture fair
deface.

20

I have no eyes for aught except Thine image
sweet ;
I journey on no other road except Thy *Street* ;
Refreshing sleep hath clos'd the eyes of
other men,
But sleep, I vow, my wakeful eyes doth never
greet.

21

O Thou from Whom the rose-bud veil'd her face
in shame !
Narcissus drunk, surpris'd, abash'd, through
Thee became !
How can the rose e'er claim equality with
Thee ?
The Moon lights *her*, and Thou the Moon's
pale, lambent flame !

22

A lovely moon art Thou ! the Sun a slave of
Thine !
And since he is Thy slave, his glorious light doth
shine ;



Because Thy radiant face all things illumina-
 nates,
 Both Sun and Moon are blazing with that light
 divine !

23

My tale to Her, O Breeze, in secret whisper low,
 And with thy hundred tongues tell Her my
 heart doth glow
 With love ; yet not so as to grieve or vex
 Her soul,
 But deftly weave into thy speech, " He loves
 Thee so ! "

24

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
 lines in the original
 end in the word *biya*,
 i.e. come.

Watchman answers to
 our policeman, who
 keeps an eye on night
 wanderers.

The meaning is,
 Heed not the Powers
 of Evil which would
 bar Thy way to my
 soul.

The joy-inspiring wine-cup take, and hither
 come !
 Contend not with the Watchman base ; in
 secret come !
 Heed not the Enemy who seeks to bar thy
 way ;
 Heed only, O Ador'd One, my " Arise, and
 come ! "



SECTION VI

Hâfiz sings of the grief in which he is plunged through love for the absent Beloved.

Hâfiz bâz numâ kıssa, e khûnâbahi chashm
Kih dar in chashmah hâman âbi rawân ast kih bood.

*Hâfiz ! relate again the story of how thine eye wept tears of blood,
For from that fount streams of tears are flowing as of yore.*

Ode 235.

I

Should I the anguish of my wounded heart relate,
A hundred hearts with grief like mine I'd
lacerate ;
A lifetime it would need, and patient sym-
pathy,
Whilst I the story of my heart to you narrate.

2

Not on the theme of Chigil's Lamp, nor on the
state
Of Love-consumèd ones, can I expatiate.
My heart is in sore straits because I have no
friend,
Not one to whom I can my grief communicate.

*Chigil is a place in
Turkestan famous for
its lovely women.
Chigil's Lamp is an
epithet for a beauti-
ful woman, and here
means the True
Beloved.*

3

What use are friends untried by Fortune's blows
unkind ?
What joy is there for hearts on which no joy
hath shin'd ?



My Lov'd One gone Who was the pupil of my
eye !
What further use have I for eyes thus stricken
blind ?

4

In thought my Love is ever with me night and
day ;
In spirit She is here, and I in truth might say
That in the very grief caus'd by the love I feel
For Her dear face, I do exist and live, always.

5

If She should smite me with oppression's
wingèd dart,
Yet will I not forsake Her, no, nor heed its smart,
But freely sacrifice myself to Her, because
My creed is, " Faithfulness to Her who owns my
heart ! "

6

Belovèd, be not heedless of my heavy sighs,
Lest fiery flames assail Thee from such burning
sighs ;
Nor deem 'tis easy thus to wander in Thy
Street,
And weep the livelong night, and greet the dawn
with sighs.

7

None wander homeless, wretched, in Thy Street,
save I !
None near Thy dwelling linger, strange, un-
known, save I !
I only am imprison'd by Thy tress's chain,
Since no one is distraught with love for Thee,
save I !

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines all end in the
word *ah*, i.e. sigh.

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines in the original
all end in the same
word.

8

Last night, through grief for Thee, I did not
sleep till morn ;
I threaded rubies on my eyelashes till dawn ;
My pain and grief are such as I to none can
tell ;
Till daybreak I but told it to my heart forlorn.

Threaded rubies :
i.e. I wept tears of
blood.

9

My message waft to Her, O Breeze, in kindli-
ness,
And say : " Grieve not too sore because of his
distress ;
Cradled in joy and ease, sleeping the long
night through,
Oh, didst Thou never think upon his wakeful-
ness ? "

10

To-night, through grief for Thee, in tears of
blood I'll sleep ;
And tossing, restless, on no couch of ease I'll
sleep !
An Thou believest not—in spirit visit me,
So shalt Thou see how, in Thine absence, I
shall sleep !

11

I have made room within my heart for grief for
Thee ;
I make the pain itself my poor heart's remedy !
The more Thou dost afflict me with Thy
tyranny,
The firmer my resolve—I will more faithful
be !



12

Grieving for love of Thee, my heart with blood
doth fill ;
To grasp Thy beauty is beyond my wisdom's
skill ;
A stranger to Thy tress is my poor helpless
heart ;
O God ! why at that feast is it a stranger still ?

13

Fierce flames consume my heart, but Thou
canst shelter me ;
My soul is burden'd and oppress'd immeasurably ;
O blame me not if all I say seems frenzied,
wild,
Thou knowest I am sore distraught through love
of Thee.

14

Beheaded : this is the
expression in the
original ; I have
retained it as being
quaint.

Would that my pen had but a tongue, and could
explain
My heart's deep, endless woe, its bitter grief, its
pain !
Would that the arms of Friendship round my
neck were clasp'd,
Or that, beheaded, I at least might death
obtain !

15

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the
words *juz gham*, i.e.
except grief.

What is the outcome of my lonely life, save
grief ?
Through love of Thee I have no other friend,
save grief !
Nor, for one moment, comrade true or
confidant ;
No sympathiser, and no intimate—save grief !

16

Through unfulfill'd desire I count my life as vain ;
 From Fortune's whirling wheel what profit do
 I gain ?

All whom I told I was Thy friend, my foes
 became !

Alas ! what baleful star doth o'er my fortunes
 reign ?

17

That bird—my heart—fell in the snare of
 Grief-for-Thee !

Then lighted on its neck the sword of *Grief-*
 for-Thee !

I loathe the sherbet of the cup of Destiny
 Since I have drunk the bitter cup of *Grief-for-*
 Thee !

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
 lines in the original
 end in the words
gham at, i.e. grief
 for thee.

18

Deep in the ocean of my heart rare pearls are
 stored ;

Alas ! if they should thus remain, unstrung,
 unbor'd !

The grief which can be told—who talks about
 its pain ?

Alas ! the pain of woes which cannot be out-
 pour'd !

19

Ah ! can I e'er forget Thee, Lamp of Chigil,
 though

That which I have to bear doth ever harder
 grow ?

The anguish which my heart doth feel
 through love for Thee,

I and my heart do know ; my heart and I do
 know !

SECTION VII

Hâfiz complains of the harsh treatment of the Beloved, which, in Sûfi idiom, means the seasons when the Deity seemed to hide His face and visited the poet with trials and afflictions.

'Itâbi yâri parîchihrah 'âshikânah ba kash
Kih yak krishmah talâfî, e sad jafâ ba kunad
Ai dil sabûr bâsh makhûr gham kih 'âkibat
Az shâm subh gardad wa az shab sahar shawad.

*Endure like a lover the chidings of the Peri-faced Beloved,
For one loving glance from her will compensate thee for a hundred
acts of tyranny.*

*Be patient, O heart ! and grieve not ; for in the end
After evening cometh the morn, and after night the dawn.*

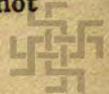
Odes 166 and 147.

I

I said, " Perhaps to be my Friend She will not
scorn ;
And I shall win at last those rubies that adorn
Her lips." I knew not that the garden of Her
face
Would roses yield for some ; for me, alas ! a
thorn !

2

At first fidelity She show'd, and made me
share
The cup of Union, and that cup I did not
spare ;



But when I quaff'd its wine and was in-
toxicate,
She bound me in oppression's net, and left me
there !

3

With torrents of hot, scalding tears mine eyes
grew blind ;
My heart was all aflame from treatment so
unkind ;
And when She found me on Her path
consum'd to dust,
She gather'd up my dust and flung it to the
wind !

4

Behold what Thou didst do when Thou didst
banish me !
Sever'd—cut off—are we, since Thou didst
banish me !
And if once more to my allegiance I return,
I will demand of Thee, " Why didst Thou
banish me ? "

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the word
firdâk, i.e. absence,
separation, etc.

5

How long wilt Thou afflict me so oppressively ?
To vex Thy creatures thus Thou dealest
foolishly.
Brave hearts can wield the blood-stain'd
sword of Prayer, and if
Their prayers prevail, Thy blood on Thine own
head will be !

6

Take heed lest, when Thine eyes with wrath and
malice lower,
Their glances smite me, like a sword, with
murd'rous power ;



Too hastily art Thou displeasèd with Thy
friends ;
Alack ! that Thy dear heart such rocks on us
should shower !

7

Inconstant One ! who thus hast left me cause-
lessly ;
Thou hast Thy promise broken and dealt faith-
lessly ;
At least explain, since Thou hast thus
become estrang'd,
Why be at first my Friend, then leave me ruth-
lessly ?

8

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines all end in the
same word.

Who saw the Friend keep faith ? I fain would
see it too !
Who from Her tyranny hath rest ? I would
rest too !
Thou art my life ; how can I ever faithless
be ?
A life of loyalty ? I fain would see that too !

9

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines all end in the
same word.

Alas ! there is not one to plead my cause
for me !
No one in either world to stand as friend for
me !
If I were someone, then someone would be
my friend ;
But since I'm nobody, no one will plead
for me.

10

Proofs of its love for Thy dear face my heart can
show,

For, like one scarr'd by fire, my heart Love's
scars can show.

My life I offer to Thy face—not to Thy heart ;
That rests on whether tenderness Thy heart can
show.

The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines in the original
all end in the same
word.

11

If that bright Moon, with whom in beauty none
compare,

That musky beauty-spot, should strip Her body
bare,

One would perceive Her heart through Her
transparent breast ;

Like rock through crystal water seen, it lieth
there !

Musky or *musk-*
scented is a frequent
epithet in Persian
for a lovely woman.

12

Fair as the Moon, and cypress-like in symmetry,
Tiring Her face, a mirror in Her hand had She ;

When in a kerchief I my off'ring laid, She
said :

" Union with *Me* dost seek ? What thought
obsesses thee ? "

Mirror : see Moore's
note to his " Fire-
worshippers," where
he says, " The
women of the East
are never without
their looking-
glasses."

Kerchief : in the
East, offerings of
money to superiors
are often tendered
in a handkerchief.

13

Tears, rosy as my Lov'd One's cheek, bedew'd
mine eyes ;

Blood rose from out my bleeding heart, and
fill'd mine eyes ;

And yet my Well-Belovèd, mocking, said to
me :

" O dearest friend ! what are these tears that
dim thine eyes ? "

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines all end in the
same word.



14

That beauteous fairy-fac'd One who my life
hath sought
Conceal'd Herself, as fairies do ; I was dis-
traught,
And said, " Have Thy clos'd lips no kindly
word for *me* ? "

She said, " Except thy worthless life, I crave for
naught ! "

15

The *rose* here is the
True Beloved ; the
nightingale is Hâfiz
himself.

O Rose! the nightingale's sweet song Thou
heedest not ;
Thou hast the *Wine*, but those with none Thou
hast forgot !
Alack ! Thou carest naught for exiles, for
to taste
Of exile's bitterness hath never been Thy lot.

16

Who else, save I, O Friend, as friend doth
reckon Thee ?
And who, save I, would bear Thy harshness
patiently ?
Where'er I go I will proclaim Thy tyranny,
Thus none shall ever want to steal my Friend
from me.



SECTION VIII

Hâfiz and the Beloved converse together.

Miyâni 'âshîk wa ma'shûk heech hâ,il neest
Tû khud hijâbi khudi Hâfiz az miyân bar khêz.

*Between the lover and the Beloved there is no veil ;
Thou thyself, O Hâfiz ! art thine own veil ; arise (and approach
the Beloved). Ode 302.*

I

I grasp'd my True Belovèd's hyacinth tress in
prayer,
And cried, " For me, distraught, some remedy
prepare."
She answer'd, " Take my lips, and let my
tresses go ;
Crave not for length of days ; my joy's true
sweetness share ! "

2

" Thy lips ? " I ask'd ; quoth She, " Water of
Life is there ! "
" Thy mouth ? " I ask'd ; " 'Tis sugar sweet
beyond compare ! "
" Thy speech ? " I ask'd ; " Hâfiz," quoth
She, " hath said it is
The joy of those who use the mystic speech of
prayer ! "



3

I said, "What is this sweet, dark mole that I
espy?"

She said, "Thou poor and simple one! no mole
have I;

Reflected in the lovely mirror of My face
Thou seest naught except the pupil of thine
eye!"

4

I said, "If Thou wilt never deal unfaithfully
I will not leave Thee, no, nor ever part from
Thee.

I therefore do not know why Thou art thus
estrang'd;
Ah! would that Thou hadst ne'er endear'd
Thyself to me!"

5

I said, "A mistress, cypress-like, art Thou to me,
And to my stricken heart, perchance, a friend
wilt be.

Methought in Thee I'd found a friend who
would be true;
I knew not that Thou wast my deadly enemy!"

6

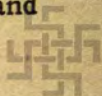
She said, "Lo, thine am I! fret not thy heart
with cares;

Be happy, and in patience calm forget thy cares."

Patience, and heart, forsooth! What Thou
dost call a heart

Is but a drop of blood fraught with a thousand
cares!

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the word
andeeshā, i.e. care,
anxiety.



SECTION IX

Hâfiz mourns his Separation from the Beloved, and craves for re-union. This, in Sûfi idiom, refers to the doctrine that the soul, before incarnation, was a part of the Deity, but is severed, separated, from Him by being placed in a human body. See "Sûfism."

Mî zanam har nafas az dasti firâkat faryâd
 Âh agar nâlahi zâram na rasânad ba tû bâd
 Rûz o shab ghussah wa khûn mî khuram wa chûn na khuram
 Chûn za didâri tû dûram ba che bâsham dil shâd.

*Every moment I bewail my separation from Thee !
 Alas ! if the breeze bears not to Thee the moaning of my lamentation !
 Day and night I suffer grief and anguish ; how could I not suffer ?
 Since I am far from Thy sight, how can my heart be joyful ?*

Ode 251.

I

'Twas Union yesterday with Thee—soul-kind-
 ling bliss !

To-day—'tis Separation's fiery abyss !

Alas ! that in the volume of my Book of Life

'Twas writ—"One day for *That*—and for
 another, *This* " !

*Yesterday : i.e.
 before the soul was
 incarnated.*

*To-day : now, when
 the soul is bound to
 a body.*

2

Since that sad day when Heaven parted me
 from Thee,

No one hath ever seen my lips smile joyously ;
 Such sorrow doth this separation cause my
 heart !

I know it, and Thou know'st it Who created me.



3

The day of separation drove me far from
Thee ;
Thus sever'd from Thy face, I fret impatiently.
If on another's face I gaz'd, then loyalty
To Thy fair loveliness would blind me instantly.

4

When my poor soul from Thee was parted, one
might say
That salt upon my wounded heart Thou then
didst lay ;
I fear'd that day when I should be cut off
from Thee ;
Now Thou hast seen it come to pass, that evil
day !

5

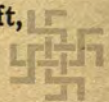
Thine absence rends my heart with pain ; for
Thee I yearn !
One sight of Thee !—I die !—no hope can I
discern
Of Union blest. Longing, I perish and am
gone !—
And through desire for Thee to dust I now
return !

6

My candle weeps ! still more, cut off from
Thee, weep I !
As from a flagon, rosy tears well from mine
eye ;
And I am like a wine-cup, for, in my distress,
'Tis blood I weep when sounds the harp's soft,
plaintive sigh.

Candle weeps : a guttering candle is a common metaphor with Persian poets.

Harp, etc. : the allusion is to feasts where, when music strikes up, the wine circulates more freely. Compare Isaiah v. 12.



7

O lips like sugar pure, refin'd! lost to my
sight!

Parted from *ye*, I know no rest by day or night!

O Love! my heart, through sev'rance, is like
blood outpour'd;

O come!—just once—and see; behold my
sorry plight!

8

Return! mine eye to see Thy beauty longeth
sore!

Return! my grieving heart Thine absence
doth deplore!

Return, Belovèd! for, thus parted from Thy
face,

From my distracted eyes tears, floods of tears,
do pour!

9

Sore longing for Thy kiss and Thine embrace, I
die!

Craving the lustrous ruby of Thy lip, I die!

But why prolong my plaint? Thus will I
shorten it:

Return! Return! Awaiting Thee I die!—
I die!

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the word
murdam, i.e. I died.



SECTION X

*The clouds have rolled away, and the Beloved has revealed
Herself once more.*

Yâr bâ mâ ast che hâjat kih ziyâdat talabîm
Daulati suhbatî ân mû,nisi jân mârâ bas.

*The Friend is with us ; what need is there for us to ask for more
than that ?*

*The happiness of the society of that dear companion of the soul is
sufficient for us.*

Ode 312.

I

Belovèd ! since till dawn I passed the night with
Thee,
To draw one breath apart from Thee were base
of me.
Henceforth I fear not death, for from Thy
ruby lip's
Sweet fountain I have drunk of Immortality !

2

The night hath passed, and yet I told but half
my tale ;
I gave Thee thanks, though still my woes I did
bewail ;
I know I was presuming—overbold ; and
yet,
Thanks be to Thee that Thy compassions never
fail.

3

As on a lute my fingers o'er Thy tresses stray ;
My heart—Thy lips—in tune harmoniously all
day !

That sweet pistachio nut—Thy mouth—my
daily feast !

O God ! my wounded heart is hungry still,
always !

4

She whisper'd softly to my heart, " Thy speech
is sweet !

Whence came thy gentle heart ? Whence came
thy nature sweet ?

If in the fire of Love thy heart, like incense,
burns,

Shall not my brain be perfum'd with its frag-
rance sweet ? "

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the
same word.

5

Thy soul hath rapt me in an ecstasy profound !
I long'd for Thee—with bitter grief my heart
was bound !

If I have failed to see Thee in Thy house of
prayer,

Now, in Love's *Tavern* blest, Thy lips, Thy lips
I've found !



SECTION XI

Hâfiz addresses his fellow-Sûfis.

Nakdi Sûfî na hamah sâfî wa bî ghash bâshad
Ai basâ khirka kih mastaujibi âtish bâshad.

*The coin (piety) of the Sûfî is not all pure and without alloy ;
Alas ! many a khirka (Sûfî religious robe) is worthy of being burnt.*
Ode 258.

I

Hâfiz here begs his fellow-Sûfis not to be drawn away by the jeers of those who did not understand their tenets and idioms.

Because I love the FRIEND'S dear face, do not
complain ;
Nor censure those whose hearts by Love are
rent in twain ;
O Sûfî ! since the ways of *Pilgrims* thou
dost know,
Carp not at those the world calls profligate and
vain !

2

Sit with the *Friend*, and call for goblets fill'd
with *Wine* ;
Kiss on Her lips that Cypress, rosy-limbed,
divine !
And bid the wounded one who craves relief
from pain
Go seek this fair Physician, and Her probe
benign !

3

He only may embrace the *Friend* who, for Her
sake,
Doth gold and silver, heart and sense, yea all,
forsake ;
A scornful beauty once disdain'd to hear my
speech—
I had no gold, though words like jewels rare I
spake.

4

If thou, by falling in Love's snare, become like
me,
Then oft with *Wine* thou wilt *intoxicated* be.
Men call me "world-destroyer, drunkard,
profligate !"
My presence shun, lest ill-repute should cling
to thee !

5

Although thou art not drunk, yet *drunk* thou
must appear ;
Nor mad, yet as a hypocrite thou must appear ;
Until the world doth grasp the secret of thy
Faith,
As profligate, false devotee, thou must appear.



SECTION XII

Hâfiz exhorts and upbraids himself.

Sazâ,e kadri tû shâhâ ba dasti Hâfiz cheest
Ba juz nîyâzi shabi yâ du'â,e subhdami.

*What doth Hâfiz possess that is worthy of Thy high rank, O King,
Except his nightly supplications and morning orisons ?*

Ode 552.

I

Him who Khaibar's gates, etc. : Khaibar was a Jewish fort near Madina ; Mahomet captured it in A.D. 630, the gates being torn down by Ali Murtaza, who was afterwards the 4th Khalifa (Caliph).

Kumbar was Ali's slave ; the line refers to the bounteousness of Ali, who is also called the Sâkî (cup-bearer) of Kausar, a river in Paradise.

Of manfulness ask him who Khaibar's gates
up-tore ;

Of Kumbar's lord the key to bounteousness
implore ;

And if thou thirstest, Hâfiz, for the Grace of
God,

Then ask the Sâkî who doth stand on Kausar's
shore.

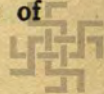
2

Till thou art less than nothing—humble, free
from pride,

Thou canst not tread the Heavenward Path, nor
others guide ;

In truth, till thou hast drunk the poison of
this world

Thou may'st not taste the sherbet sweet of
Kausar's tide.



3

To Him Who is supreme thy soul gave not a
thought ;

And for the quest of things Divine thou caredst
naught ;

Alas ! thou in the picture wert so much
absorb'd

Thou didst forget the PAINTER Who the
picture wrought.

Hâfiz here refers to
his earlier days, when
he is said to have
lived a fast life.

4

To be His slave Who loves me, I myself resign,
That He around my neck the chains of Love
may twine.

What knowest thou of Love's delights and
lovers' joys ?

He only drinks this cup who loves the taste of
Wine.

SECTION XIII

Hâfiz drops allegory and metaphor, and addresses God direct.

Fakîr o khastah ba dargâhat âmadam rahamî
Kih juz wilâ,e tû am heech dastâweez.

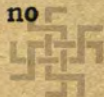
*Poor and forlorn I approach Thy Court ; have pity on me !
For except Thine aid, I have no other help.* Ode 302.

I

O Thou, towards Whose dwelling-place men
turn to pray,
The hearts of all whom Fortune blesses own
Thy sway !
He who to-day from Thee doth turn his
face aside,
How shall he dare to face Thee on the
Judgment Day ?

2

O King, so learnèd, generous, wise ! who can
compare
With Thee ? To sit where Thou dost sit,
how could I dare ?
What lying tales have those who wished me
ill devis'd
That now, to-day, Thou hast for me no
thought to spare ?



3

Oh, should'st Thou ever leave Thy dwelling-
 place on high,
 I pray Thee, heed Thine own estranged one's
 earnest cry ;
 If in my mean abode Thou deign'st to rest
 awhile,
 Ah ! never, e'en in thought, take wing and
 homeward fly !

4

Each morn I tell to Thee the secrets of my
 breast,
 And at Thy Court each morn I urge this same
 request :
 " Slave-cherisher ! Thy true, devoted slave
 am I !
 Oh, prosper Thou the work of one forlorn,
 opprest ! "

*Slave-cherisher,
 banda nawâz : a
 common mode
 of addressing a
 superior in the East.*

5

O Thou Who Sun and Moon with glory dost
 array,
 Upon Thy dust they, day and night, their
 foreheads lay !
 Command me not, nor force me cruelly to sit
 In expectation's fire, nor turn Thy face away !

*To lay the forehead
 in the dust : i.e. to
 worship.*

6

Since I am gentle, helpless, and in poverty,
 I'll patient be if in Thy fire Thou triest me.
 But Thou, so self-contained, in pride and
 majesty,
 Dost turn away if I but raise mine eyes to
 Thee.



7

King of the world ! to me, so poor, Thy mercy
show !
Salve of all wounded hearts ! Thy balm on
mine bestow !
Leave not Thy foes alive ; hear not what
they would urge ;
But pity *me*, Thine own ; and pity not Thy
foe !

8

Oh, may Thy heart look on my bitter grief and
smile ;
For, see ! the sun doth shine on heaps of rubbish
vile !
Though I am but Thy pathway's dust, yet
chide me not ;
To waste Thy words on dust is scarcely worth
Thy while !

9

'Twas Thine Almighty power that created
me ;
I have been nourish'd by Thy Love and Bounty
free ;
If for a hundred years I should be tried—and
sin,
Thy mercy, or my sin—which will the greater
be ?

10

I grant all countries shall to Thee allegiance
swear,
And all things bow before the signet Thou dost
wear ;

Content Thee ! when hereafter Thou and
I divide,
Ten yards of shroud and three of earth will be
my share !

II

If Thou would'st favour me, the world I should
disdain ;
Should'st Thou stern justice mete, I would at
once be slain !
A hundred times a day I've cried,
" Creator pure !
From me, a handful of vile dust, what canst
Thou gain ? "

12

He who would tread Thy Path the thorn of
Grief will find ;
What Pilgrim hath, in fear of this, his quest
resign'd ?
Thou knowest well he who attains true,
perfect Love
Is he upon whose soul Grief, as a lamp, hath
shin'd !

13

New burdens day by day my heart bears
patiently ;
Thorns wound mine eyes afresh while Thou
dost hide from me ;
I strive and strive anew, but Fate, relentless,
cries,
" Dost think thy work sufficient ? more
awaiteth thee ! "



To grasp the girdle
is an epithet for
seeking assistance.
The girdle is some-
times used as a
purse.

14

I grasp'd Thy girdle, longing, hoping, to obtain
Thy help, or whatsoe'er that girdle might
contain ;

'Tis plain Thy waist doth profit by the
girdle's aid ;
Now let me see what from that girdle I shall
gain.

15

Grant me the joy of Union, if it be Thy Will ;
Or anguish sore, through sev'rance, if it be
Thy Will.

I do not say to Thee, " What wilt Thou
give to me ? "
For grant whatever is according to Thy Will.

16

O God ! since for our every want Thou dost
provide,
And art our Judge, our all-sufficient Helper,
Guide ;

Why should I tell the secrets of my heart to
Thee
Who art Omniscient, and from Whom no
secrets hide ?

17

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the word
tûiyê, i.e. thou art.

The express image of the word " Divine " art
Thou !

The mirror of all regal loveliness art Thou !
Without Thee in this world naught of
itself exists ;
Search where we will, we surely find all, all is—
Thou !



18

Sole object of my heart's desire and love art
Thou !

Sole source of all the passionate love I feel art
Thou !

Whene'er I look upon the world and Time, I
see

All, all is Thou to-day—to-morrow all is
Thou !

To-day means this
life ; *to-morrow*, the
next life.

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the word
tû, i.e. thou.



SECTION XIV

Hâfiz gives advice to his friends.

Âsâyashi dû gîti tafsîri in dû harf ast
 Bâ doostân talattuf bâ dushmanân mudârâ.

*In both worlds (true) rest lies in the interpretation of these two words :
 " Kindness to friends—courtesy to enemies."* Ode 3.

I

*To unloose the collar
 is an idiom meaning
 to associate with as
 a friend.*

*To withdraw the
 skirt is a Persian
 idiom meaning to
 avoid or shun.*

From foes who would oppress thee, friend, avert
 thy face ;
 Drink *Wine* with *Her* Whom perfect loveliness
 doth grace ;
 Unloose the collar of thy coat to men of
 worth ;
 Withdraw thy skirt and shun the ignorant and
 base !

2

*Time's Mother, etc. :
 see footnote.*

Love for *Time's Mother*¹ tear, O son, from out
 thine heart ;
 Cling ever closely to her *Husband's better part* ;

¹ *Time's Mother* is an epithet for the world. The *husband of the Mother of Time* is an epithet for Religion. This *husband* consists of two parts :—

(a) *zâhir shar'*, i.e. external religion, such as outwardly observing the ordinances of the Kurân.

(b) *bâtin shar'*, i.e. the inward religion of the heart inculcated by Sûfism ; this is what Hâfiz means by the *better part*.

The meaning of the verse, therefore, is :—Tear out of thy heart, O man, love of the world, and choose real piety of heart ; and thou shalt learn true Religion from counterfeit when thou findest that Religion founded on true Faith alone, is all-satisfying.

True coin from counterfeit thou'lt know, like
 Hâfiz, when
 Thou with the beauty of His face contented art.

His face : i.e. the husband's. See footnote on previous page.

3

The world's enchantresses thou mayest buy—
 with gold !
 And happy, happy canst thou be with them—
 with gold !
 See the Narcissus, worldly queen ! she too
 uprears
 Her head, because her chalice is inlaid with
 gold !

In the original the 1st, 2nd, and 4th lines end in the words *ba zar*, i.e. with gold.

4

Worthless is worldly power if with oppression
 bought ;
 If marr'd by pain, the joy of living counts as
 naught !
 A world's seven thousand years of joy would
 not repay
 Our seven-day span of life with pain and labour
 fraught !

From Adam to the destruction of the world is 7000 years, according to Moslem traditions.

Seven days or *five days* is a Persian epithet to express the shortness of life.

5

When Death strikes with his sword, a shield
 availeth naught ;
 And goods, and pomp, and stores of gold—all,
 all are naught.
 Although both good and evil in the world
 I see,
 'Tis well some good survives, for all beside is
 naught.

In the original the 1st, 2nd, and 4th lines end in the words *heech ast*, i.e. is nothing.



6

*To smear the sun
with clay : i.e. to be
over ambitious ; to
attempt the im-
possible.*

*Lion's mouth, etc. :
i.e. to undertake rash
enterprises.*

O thou who in ambition's boundless plain
would'st stray,
How long wilt thou attempt to smear the sun
with clay ?
If in a lion's mouth, through greed, thy head
is thrust,
Will not the grave were long demand thee as its
prey ?

7

*Readest through the
volume : i.e. livest
out thy full term of
life.*

*The 1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in âkhir che,
i.e. at last what ?*

If thou could'st force the world to do thy will,
what then ?
Or readest through the volume of thy life,
what then ?
Granted thou liv'st, as thou dost wish, a
hundred years,
And still a hundred more—yet, at the last, what
then ?

8

If thou would'st win the hearts of those of low
degree,
And by the prudent of thy day commended be,
Speak not against the Christian, Mussalmân,
or Jew,
And all the world will bless thee, and speak
well of thee.

9

Although against mankind 'tis well to take
good heed,
'Tis surely best to injure none by word or deed ;
Though in this life Fidelity thou wilt not find,
'Tis best to sow but little of oppression's seed.

10

We deal, O heart, with the All-Kind; so
question not!

With mercy endless, like Himself; so question
not!

By what we do, or leave undone—deeds good
or bad—

We neither gain nor lose; fear not, and
question not!

In the original the
1st, 2nd, and 4th
lines end in the word
mapurs, i.e. do not
ask; or, question
not.

11

Hope on! Hope on! Whatever Fortune's
turns may be,

While trembling, willow-like, at shifting Time's
decree!

Thou sayest, "After black no colour comes!"
Why then

Did my black hair turn white? Thy darkness
light shall be.

*After black no
colour is a Persian
proverb; the appli-
cation here is
obvious.*

12

So long as Fate decrees the heavens shall
remain,

So long may thou success in all thy work
attain!

If thou dost drink the cup the *Friend* doth
offer thee,

The source of everlasting Life thou shalt obtain.

13

Treasure and jewels rare within my words are
stor'd;

Therein thou'lt find a casket full of pearls
unbor'd;



Each subtle, quaint conceit which in thy
heart takes root
Was first from my disturbed, distracted heart
outpour'd !

14

Hâfiz, fold up the leaves of this discourse of
thine !
The pen of ornamented sophistry resign !
The time for silence hath arrived ; keep
silence, then ;
Hold thou thy peace, and fill thy goblet full of
Wine !

Al hamdu li'llâh tamâm shud.



SELECTIONS FROM THE ODES OF HÂFIZ

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE

In the prose translations explanatory passages have been embodied,
where necessary, in italics.

Ai bî khabar ba kûsh kih sâhibi khabar shavî
Tâ râhbîn nâ bashî kei râhbar shavî. Ode 510.

1. O ignorant one ! strive to become a master of knowledge ;
Until thou hast *thyself* traversed the road, how canst thou
become a guide of the road ?
2. Yea, O son ! strive to learn from the instructor of Love in
the school of divine truths, so that one day thou mayest
become one of the fathers *of knowledge in that school*.
3. Sleeping and eating, *self-indulgence*, hath kept thee far from
attaining the high ranks of Love ;
Thou wilt reach the Friend when thou becomest sleepless,
vigilant, and foodless, *selfless*.
4. If the light of the love of God falls on thy heart and
soul,
I swear by Allah thou wilt become more beautiful than the
sun in the sky.
5. Like the men of the *heavenward* Path, wash thine hands of
the copper, *alloy*, of thine own existence, *value not thy*
worthless self,
So that thou mayest acquire, *learn*, the alchemy of Love and
become gold.



6. God's light shall shine on thee from head to foot *

When thou becomest without feet and head in the Path of the
Glorious One, *when thou abandonest worldly things, and dis-*
cardest the rest which the world offers.

Note.—The words underlined are the explanation given by a Persian commentator in the margin of my copy.

7. Be immersed for a moment in the ocean of God, and think not
That a single hair of thy head will be wetted by the waters of
the seven seas.

Couplet 7 of course means that if one lives in God and in contemplation of Him, the world cannot harm one.

8. If the face of God be the object of thy gaze, *i.e. if thine eyes are*
fixed on God's face as manifested in His works,
There is no doubt that from thenceforth thou wilt be a pos-
sessor of wisdom.9. When the foundations of thine existence are destroyed, *when*
thou hast lost all in this world,
Think not in thine heart that thou thyself art destroyed (*lit.*
that thou wilt become topsy-turvy).10. O Hâfiz! if in thine head there is desire for union *with the*
Beloved,
Thou must become as the dust of the Court of those who
discern spiritual things.

Âlâ yâ ayyuha-s-Sâkî âdir kâsan wa nâwilhâ.
Kih 'ishk âsan namûd awwal walî uftâd mushkilhâ.

Ode 1.

11. Ho there, O Sâkî! *O perfect Murshid!* pass round and offer
the bowl of mystic wine.
For at first, *on the Day of the Primal Covenant, Love of God*
seemed easy, but now difficulties have arisen.

2. How suffused with blood¹ have the hearts of the lovers of God become through hoping for the perfume of that musk-pod which, at the close of the night of this life, the morning breeze lets loose from those locks, from those twisting musk-scented ringlets !
3. Stain thy prayer-carpet with Wine, if the Magian Saint, the perfect *Murshid*, bids thee ;
For the Pilgrim should not be ignorant of the ways and customs of the Stages on the *Heavenly Path*.
4. In the Stages of the journey to the True Beloved, what ease and pleasure can I find when every moment
The bell of death² tolls out, "Pack up the chattels of thine earthly existence" ?
5. The dark night of this world, the fear of the boisterous billows of sorrow and the terrors of death's whirlpool !
What do the light-burdened ones³ on the other shore know of our condition ?
6. Through self-centredness all my efforts have only resulted in my acquiring an evil name.
How is it that the mystery of Love, which they speak of in our *Sûfi* assemblies, remains a secret ?
7. Hâfiz ! if thou desirest to be admitted to the Presence of God, hide not thyself from Him ;
When thou would'st visit the Beloved, forsake the world and let it go.

¹ *Suffused with blood* : a Persian idiom for being full of anguish, sorrow, anxiety.

² *Bell* : a reference to the bell which is rung as a warning to a caravan to get ready for the march.

³ *Light-burdened ones* may mean those who have passed over before us, and have been eased of the burdens of life on earth ; or it may mean the angels, who have never borne the "burden of Love," or known what we have to bear on earth. It is said that in "the beginning" the burden of Love was offered by God to the angels, who refused it ; then it was offered to the beasts, then to the mountains, but they all refused it, for they had not the capacity to bear it. Then God offered it to man, and man took it up, and he alone has the capacity to bear it. The "burden" being the difficulties and trials entailed by being a true lover of God while the soul is in the body.



Hijâbi chihrae jân mî shavad ghubâri tanam
Khushâ damî kih az in chihra pardah bar fakanam.

Ode 388.

1. The dust of my body is the veil over the Beloved's face ; *it is my body, formed of dust, which is the veil which prevents my seeing the Beloved's face ;*

Happy will be the moment when I shall cast away the veil from that face, *when I shall lay aside my body, and so remove the veil from that face.*

2. Such a cage as *this body* is not befitting a sweet singer like me ;

I go to the rose-beds of Risvân, *the Garden of Paradise*, for I am a bird of that garden.

3. It is not clear why I came *to this earth*, or where I used to be formerly ;

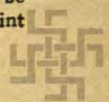
Alas and alas ! that I am careless, ignorant of my own affairs in not knowing *why and whence I came.*

4. How may I wander through the expanse of the Holy World
When my body is bound to a plank in this mixed-up mansion,
this world which is a mixture of earth, air, fire, and water ?

5. I, whose true abode and dwelling-place is the theatre of the houris, *where the houris of Paradise disport themselves,*
Why was my birth-land the street of the frequenters of Taverns,
the people of this earth ?

6. If from my heart's blood there ariseth the perfume of musk,
Be not surprised, for I am a fellow-sufferer with the musk-pod of Cathay.

Note.—*I.e.* as the musk-pod is attached to the body of the musk-deer, so I am attached to a body ; and as the full scent and value of the musk can only be obtained by the death of the musk-deer, so until my death only faint breaths of the musk of Love are discernible, rising from my heart.



7. Gaze not *in admiration of* my embroidered tunic embellished
with gold thread like a candle *with its golden flame*,
For beneath that tunic hidden fires of Love and desire for Union
with God are burning.
8. Come, *Beloved* ! and take from Hâfiz his existence ;
For with Thee in existence, *while Thou dost exist*, no one hears
from me that I exist *at all*.

Sabâ agar guzarî uftadat ba kishwari dûst
Biyâr nafahae az gîsawî mu'ambari dûst. Ode 74.

*After the first verse, each couplet ends with the word dûst (doost),
i.e. Friend.*

O Zephyrs of the morning !
O Breezes night-dispelling !
If ye by chance should wander
O'er the land where lies the dwelling
Of my Friend ;

Waft, waft to me, so lonely,
Whom Her absence sore distresses,
A breath of the sweet fragrance
Of the amber-scented tresses
Of my Friend.

By Her soul I swear that gladly
I would life itself surrender
If ye would bring a message
From the heart so true and tender
Of my Friend.

And if ye gain no access
To Her presence, and no hearing
For the words of love ye bear,
For my message so endearing
To my Friend,



Bring grains of dust as eye-salve
From the threshold of Her portal,
For mine eyes are dazed and blinded
By the loveliness immortal
Of my Friend.

A suppliant am I, indeed,
Who craves with Her reunion ;
Perchance Her beauteous face I'll see
In dreams, and hold communion
With my Friend.

My heart with sighs and murmurs
The deodar resembles,
When winds blow softly o'er it ;
Or like the willow trembles
For my Friend.

It trembles, filled with envy
Of Her stature tall and slender ;
For majestic as the cedar
Is the grace so proud, so tender,
Of my Friend.

Although I am so worthless
That my Friend would never offer
One groat for me, and nothing
But love have I to proffer
To my Friend ;

Yet for earthly pomp and riches,
For the world's vain, soft caresses,
One hair I would not barter
Of the silken raven tresses
Of my Friend.

What boots it though poor Hâfiz
His heart hath liberated



From grief's sore bonds ? for surely
His life is consecrated

To his Friend.

And he is still the captive
Of his gracious Mistress royal ;
And he is still the bondsman,
The faithful slave and loyal

Of his Friend.

Rûi ba numâ wa mara gû kih dil az jân bar gîr
Pîshi shama' âtîshi parwâna ba jân gû dar gîr. Ode 282.

Reveal thy face, beloved one, to me,
And bid me sacrifice my life to thee,
And kindle with my life that candle bright—
Thy face—which shines with moth-alluring light.¹

Behold, my thirsty lips are parched and dry ;
Life-giving water do not, then, deny ;
Come to the victim whom thyself hast slain,
And raise me gently from the dust again.

Abandon not this poor and lowly one,
Although of gold and silver he hath none ;
When he doth grieve, his bitter tears so meek
As silver deem, and gold his tear-stained cheek.

Seek not, O friend, to leave me and depart,
But stay with me a while, nor from me part ;
Find happiness upon the streamlet's brink,²
And take the goblet in thine hand, and drink.

¹ *Moth-alluring light* : i.e. the flame of love ; see "Moth" in my *Sûfiistic Glossary*.

² *Streamlet's brink* : Persian commentators explain this as meaning the stream of tears which flows from his weeping eyes ; and they state, in explanation of the words "take the goblet," that it is customary for those who indulge in wine to drink it on the banks of a stream ! But it is, I think, more probable that Hâfiz, writing his Odes, as he did, on the banks of the streamlet Ruknabâd, meant :—Let me hold communion with Thee, O God, here in the seclusion of the garden (of Musalla) and by the rivulet's banks (the Ruknabâd), and let me be refreshed with the wine of Thy love to me, and mine to Thee.

And with my harp's sweet music be content ;
 If aloe wood¹ be lacking, why lament ?
 Here's love for fire—my heart for incense take,
 And of my body, pray, thy censer make.

Quench, ere thou go, this fire within my breast,
 And dry my tears, and soothe my heart distress ;
 Mine eyes are wet, my colour pale through grief,
 My lips are parched ; grant me, I pray, relief.

Hâfiz now addresses the outwardly religious :

Tear off the woollen robe,² mere outward sign
 Of holiness ; and drink Love's purest wine ;
 Embrace the silver-bosomed One and find
 In Him true riches, silver, pure, refined.

Either let holy *Sama*'³ thee entrance,
 And cast away the *Khirkha*⁴ in the dance ;
 Or else in some secluded corner sit,
 And don the garment of the hypocrite.

Though both worlds enmity to me prehend,
 What matter, if my loved One is my Friend ?
 If all the world display hostility,
 What matter, if kind Fortune smile on me ?

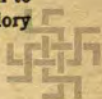
¹ *Aloe wood* : used for incense. Incense means prayer, holy aspirations, self-sacrifice ; see "Incense" in Glossary.

² *Woollen robe* : i.e. the garment worn by Sûfis ; see "Garment" in my Glossary. Hâfiz continually inveighs against the outward show of pseudo-religious persons, and urges that outward show goes for nothing and should be stripped off. Compare Christ's diatribes against the Scribes and Pharisees.

³ *Sama*' : see "Dance" in Glossary of Sûfistic meanings.

⁴ *Khirkha* : the long woollen robe worn by Sûfis. See "Garment" in my Glossary, which gives a long list of all that the *khirkha* symbolises.

To cast away the *khirkha* means, primarily, to make oneself naked and shameless ; but Hâfiz here uses the expression as meaning "flinging away all outward show, even though to the eyes of men thou appearest to be shameless, for thou wilt really be dancing to the glory of God." Compare David dancing before the Lord.



Hâfiz ! prepare¹ Love's banquet, and adorn
 The feast ; and say to those who scoff and scorn,
 " Behold the guests who banquet with my Friend,
 And from the pulpit of mere cant descend ! "

Ai sabâ nukhati az khâki dari yâr biyâr
 Ba dar andûhi dil wa muzhdahê dildâr biyâr.

Ode 279.

*The last two lines are a repetition of the two opening lines
 of this Ode.*

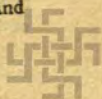
Bring, Morning Breeze, the fragrance of that dust
 Which lies before the portal of my Friend ;
 Bring tidings glad of Her who holds my heart,
 Its load of grief remove, its anguish end.

Repeat the soul-expanding, subtle words
 That from the lips of my Belovèd fall ;
 Bring me a letter fill'd with tidings sweet,
 From that great world of secrets mystical.

Waft me aromas of Her fragrant breath,
 That perfumed balm which Her red lips exhale ;
 That I may be refreshed with the sweet scents
 Which thou shalt bear to me, O favouring gale.

And from that path whereon my Friend doth tread,
 Bring dust as eye-salve, for my sad eyes grow
 Blinded with watching for Her long, and now
 With scalding tears of blood their founts o'erflow.

¹ *Hâfiz ! prepare, etc.* : Up to the time of his death, Hâfiz was accused of unorthodoxy by Pharisaical Moslems, and was preached against by those who were unable to see below the outward imagery of his Odes, or understand that of Sûfism. Hâfiz in this couplet encourages himself to continue to set forth as a banquet his mystical teachings in verse ; and calls on those who scoffed and preached at him to come and see those who understood and partook of his allegorical feast, and who, as it were, sat down to banquet with God.



I charge thee by thy faithfulness to bring
 Only that dust my dear One's steps have bless'd ;
 And with it mingle not one single grain
 Of dust which hath by strangers' feet been press'd.

Thanks be to thee, O warbler of the glade,
 That thou, in freedom sweet, glad songs dost sing !
 To me, poor caged and captive prisoner,
 Glad tidings of the fragrant rosebed bring.

Through my long, patient waiting for my Friend,
 The palate of my soul with bitterness
 Is filled. From Her sweet sugar-laden lips
 Bring me one kiss, one fond and soft caress.

A foolish heart, experience immature,
 Befit not those who life would risk ; go, bring
 For such the wisdom treasured in the breast
 Of that fair sorceress heart-ravishing.

The heart with love distraught breaks not its chain ;
 So, as another fetter, prithee bring
 One twisting ringlet from those lovely curls
 Which on Her brow in mazy clusters cling.

For long my aching heart hath not beheld
 The face it loves ; that deeply longed-for face.
 O Sâkî, bring that bowl wherein one sees,
 As in a glass, one's actions good or base.

What value hath the ragged dervish cloak ¹
 Of Hâfiz now ? Dye it with ruddy wine,²
 Then bring him forth unto the market-place
 Disgraced, intoxicate—with Love divine.

¹ *Ragged dervish cloak* : the outward sign of a devotee ; see " Garment " in Glossary.

² *Dye it with ruddy wine* : colour and stimulate with the wine of True Love to God this colourless existence (patched or ragged beggar's cloak) of Hâfiz, which is but a garment which must be cast aside some day. The Sûfis say our existence, life, is as a garment lent to us, and without the love of God it is colourless.

Last night the veil was lifted from my heart
 While Hâfiz sang this song unto its end :
 "Bring, morning Breeze, the fragrance of that dust
 Which lies before the portal of my Friend."

Dar â kih dar dili khasta tawân dar âyad bâz
 Biyâ kih dar tani murda rawân dar âyad bâz. Ode 305.

Every second line in the original ends in the word bâz, i.e. again.

Belovèd, come ! so that my stricken heart fresh strength may gain ;
 Come ! that my soul to my dead body may return again.

Come ! for Thine absence hath so closed mine eyes with grief and
 pain

That naught, save union with Thee, can open them again.

Whate'er I show the mirror of my heart is all in vain ;
 Naught else but Thy beloved image doth it reflect again.

Grief, like the hordes of Zang,¹ my heart with blood doth drench
 and stain ;

Thy face, like troops of Room, my heart with joy shall cleanse
 again.

Dread not the desert ;² don the pilgrim's³ garb ;⁴ all fears disdain !
 The pilgrim recks not though there be no turning back again.

¹ Zang is Ethiopia ; Room, which is generally the name for Turkey, here means Europe. The explanation given of this couplet is that, as hordes of black Ethiopians sweep over a country, pillaging and drenching it with blood, so does grief for thine absence devastate my heart and drench it with blood. But as troops of white European horsemen chase away and scatter the black Ethiopian hordes, and cleanse the land from the blood which has been shed, so will thy fair face scatter the black clouds of grief, and cleanse and heal my heart.

² Desert : the Heavenward Path passes through the desert of this life, where the holy Pilgrim is beset with all manner of dangers and terrors.

³ Pilgrim : the true Sûfi who is journeying along the Heavenward Path, and refuses to be turned back by any dangers.

⁴ Pilgrim's garb : the mean garment in which Moslem pilgrims enter Mecca to celebrate the festival of the tenth day of the last month but one of the Mahommedan year.

The old saw saith, "The night with day is pregnant"; as they
wane,

I count the stars and say, "What will the night bring forth
again?"

Come! for the bulbul,¹ Hâfiz, singeth with heart-pleasing strain,
Sensing that rose-bed's perfume sweet: "Union with Thee
again."

A MUKHAMMAS OF HÂFIZ, OR ODE IN WHICH EACH VERSE CONSISTS OF FIVE LINES

*In the original Persian all five lines in the first verse rhyme with each other ;
in each subsequent verse the first four lines rhyme with each other, while
the fifth rhymes with the first verse. I have tried to reproduce this.*

Dar 'ishki tû ai sanam chunânâam
K'az hastîe khwîsh dar gumânâam ;
Har chand kih zâr o nâ tawânâam
Gar dast dihad hazâr jânâam
Dar pâe mubâarakat fishânâam.

Adored! so deep in love with Thee am I
That whether I still live grave doubts have I;
And though all weak and powerless am I,
If, by some chance, a thousand lives had I,
At Thy blest feet I'd lay them down, and die.

Where is kind Fate, to grant that I in prayer
To one like Thee, heart-cherisher so fair,
Might the deep secrets of my heart declare?
Oh! that a falcon, such as Thou, would share
My humble nest, and honour it thereby!

Though 'tis Thy nature to show tyranny,
'Tis hard to bear; use less severity!

¹ *Bulbul*: nightingale. Hâfiz frequently refers to himself as a bulbul.



Or if thy heart of brass or iron be,
At least, O Friend ! pass by, ignoring me,
And deem that but Thy threshold's dust am I.

I cried, " Since Thou didst smite me with Thine ire,
Henceforth to mercy's path Thou canst aspire.
With the word *Faithfulness* Thy heart attire."
Union, alas ! is not Thy heart's desire ;
In this my evil fortune I descry.

Fidelity is all I ask of Thee ;
The scent I prize—the rose of loyalty ;
No path tread I, save that of fealty ;
To none tell I Thy secret's mystery ;
To none descant upon Thy virtues high.

Faith's door I never opened, I admit ;
Nor love with love requited, as was fit ;
Whate'er I did, of no account was it ;
For still no friendship Thee with me could knit ;
Thy vows were broken—yet the same am I.

Oh ! Thou whose loins are girt for world-wide war,¹
And who would'st shed both Turks'² and Persians' gore,
I, Thy most faithful slave for evermore,
Though dwelling in obscurity, deplore
That I am marked by Thy resplendent eye.

Though Thou, with falchion keen, my life dost take,
The path of *Faith-in-Thee* I'll ne'er forsake ;
And though for this men me in fragments break,
Love's amulet I'll break not, for Thy sake,
Until in death my bones all scattered lie.

¹ *World-wide war* : i.e. when the Beloved (God) girds His loins to take vengeance on the inhabitants of the world, nothing will escape His eye, not even so humble and mean an individual as Hâfiz ; His eye marks all, and none will escape His notice. Hâfiz fears this, but (in this and the two following verses) says, like Job : " Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him " (Job xiii. 5).

² *Turks and Persians* : an epithet for the whole world.



And if Thy glances smite me like a brand,
If, captive in the Heavenly Warrior's¹ hand,
Without Thy constant aid I could not stand,
Union with Thee I'll cease not to demand
Until my body bids my soul " Good-bye."

Those who the signs of love would comprehend
Should to my sepulchre their footsteps bend ;
And then if they should breathe Thy name, dear Friend,
While odours from my worthless dust ascend,
My very soul itself aloud will cry.

Though troops of beauties pass before my sight,
Each lovelier than Canôpus, star of light,
Yet none save Thou could please my heart aright.
No Majnûn I, to barter Laila bright,²
And Araby and Persia gain thereby.

Craving for Thee am I, adored One fair !
Mad and heart-darkened, dark as Thy dark hair ;
Though to Thine honoured street³ arrive I ne'er,
Through absence from Thy face no night is there
That my complaints rise not to Heaven on high.

Ah ! bliss indeed would union be with Thee !
Ever may Thy desires accomplished be !
Why shedd'st Thou on Thy Hâfiz misery ?
Obedience is an easy task for me,
But, prithee, bid me not Thy presence fly.

¹ *Heavenly Warrior* : *turki falak*, the heavenly warrior, i.e. the planet Mars.

² *Majnûn and Laila* : two lovers celebrated in Eastern poems and stories.

³ *Street* : i.e. the place where Thou dwellest.



Ai rûi mâh manzari tû nû bahâri husn
Khâl o khatti tû markazi lutf o madâri husn.

Ode 451.

The word "beauty" (husn) occurs also in every single couplet at the end of the second line.

O Thou whose face, bright as the moon,
Excels the Spring in beauty ;
Thy mole and down ¹ the centres are
Of grace and dainty beauty !

In Thy shy glances languishing
Enchantment ever hideth ;
While in Thy restless curling tress ²
Calm loveliness abideth.

In lofty skies of excellence
No moon like Thee is glowing ;
With grace like Thine no cypress waves
Where Beauty's streams are flowing.

Thy beauty fills with joy the age ³
When hearts by Love are captured ;
The age of Beauty lovelier grew
With Thy sweet grace enraptured.

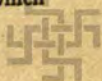
Thy grain-like mole, ⁴ Thy tresses' lure,
No hearts on earth are sparing ;
Like little birds they're prison'd by
Thy beauty's wiles ensnaring.

¹ See Glossary.

² *Restless tress* : note the antithesis ; the tress blown about by the wind is called *restless* by the poet, while he speaks of the beauty of it as fixed, permanent, calm.

³ *The age when hearts, etc.* : i.e. the time of Youth.

⁴ *Grain-like mole* : a mole on the cheek is often compared to the grain with which bird traps are baited ; and thus a mole is figurative of a bait to lure lovers.



Dame Nature's nurse doth never cease
Through life, with grace unending,
To cherish Thee in Beauty's breast,
To all Thy wants attending.

Fresh, ever fresh upon Thy lips
The down like violets¹ groweth,
Because it drinks at Beauty's streams²
Whence living water floweth.

The world hath naught that vieth with
Thy cheek where roses cluster ;
In Time's fair garden Thou dost reign
With Springtime's beauteous lustre.

To find another friend like Thee,
Hâfiz hath no desire ;
Save Thou, in Beauty's land to dwell
No others may aspire.³

PART OF A TARJI'-BAND OF HÂFIZ, OR ODE WITH A REFRAIN AT THE END OF EACH SECTION

PART 5

Ai sarvi samanbari gulandâm
Az 'ârizi tû khajal mahi shâm.

O Cypress, jasmine-bosomed !
O form so like the rose !
The moon, when she beholds Thy face,
Ashamed and bashful grows.

¹ *Down like violets* : soft down on the cheek and upper lip is considered a mark of beauty, and it is often compared to violets.

² *Beauty's streams* : i.e. beautiful lips or mouth whence issue, as a stream, divine life-giving and refreshing discourses, etc.

³ *Aspire* : giving to this poem its hidden Sûfi meaning, this verse implies that no one is equal to God, the True Beloved, in beauty, and none can aspire to dwell where He dwelleth.

Return ! Thine absence melts my soul,
And makes me sore distress,
And robs my stricken heart of ease,
Of patience and of rest.

Lured by Thy cheek's bewitching mole,
Bound by Thy tresses fair,
The bird of my poor heart doth fall
A captive in Thy snare.

Since my desires, howe'er I strive,
Still unattained must be,
Unsatisfied I fain must live
Content, apart from Thee.

Thus are we severed, Thou and I ;
It grieves me sore, my Friend ;
How long must we thus parted be ?
When will this severance end ?

Well may one say there's naught for me
But toil and grief and pain,
Since Fate decrees that far from Thee
Long years I must remain.

What is Life's object, Hâfiz, say ?
Its chiefest charm define.
Is it not converse with thy Friend,
Cheering the heart like wine ?

Then since my heart's desire, alas !
I cannot yet obtain,
And I from Thee, Ease-of-my-heart,
Thus severed must remain,

Refrain

'Tis best from patient waiting not to turn my face away ;¹
For still, perchance, my heart's desire I shall obtain some day.

¹ *Turn my face away* : " To turn the face away " is a Persian idiom meaning *to give up, to cease from*. *Rukh az sabr tâftan*, literally " to turn the face away from patience," i.e. to give up hope.



PART 6

Ai râhati jân bî karâram
Ummêdi dil ummêdwâram.

Rest of my soul ! apart from Thee
My soul no rest doth know.
Hope of my heart ! I cling to hope
And will not let it go.

Ah ! passing glad I'd be could I
But taste Thy favours soon ;
Yet, after all, my grief for Thee
Doth keep my heart in tune.

When Thou didst leave me, O my Friend,
And from my side depart,
I sat in solitude alone,
From all the world apart,

In ardent longing for that time
When we shall meet once more ;
Severed from Thee I pass my life
Grieving Thine absence sore.

While thus this weary night drags on,
In bitter grief last night
A storm of tears coursed down my cheeks,
Hot tears that blinded sight.

Till Death my collar seizes fast
In his relentless grasp,
My hand will ne'er leave go Thy skirt,
Nor its firm grip unclasp.

Though my desires, howe'er I strive,
Still unattained must be,
And my poor stricken, wounded heart
Still longs and longs for Thee.



Refrain

'Tis best from patient waiting not to turn my face away ;
For still, perchance, my heart's desire I shall obtain some day.

PART 7

Ai zakhmi ghami tû marhami dil
'Ishki tû anis o marhami dil.

*In the original the first two lines of this Part, and then each
alternate line, end in dil, i.e. heart.*

O Thou who art a healing salve
To my grief-stricken heart,
Thou art my love, Companion true,
And comfort of my heart.

Thy tresses' noose around my neck
Is cast with skilful art ;
Thy ruby lips like gems adorn
The signet of my heart.

Thy regal brow as Viceroy of
My soul doth play its part ;
And, like Thine eyes, hath now become
Sole sovereign of my heart.

She is my heart ! I, in Love's fire !
Its flames around me dart ;
But though I grieve at losing Her,
No grief is in Her heart.

It thus befalls that since I am
From Her so far apart,
I think but lightly of myself ;
She, less of my poor heart.



Say, Hâfiz, what would happen if
She would to thee impart
The radiance of Her presence in
The world of thy sad heart ?

Though in that land of meetings I
May have nor lot nor part,
With mind at ease I'll trust to Her
The keeping of my heart.

Refrain

'Tis best from patient waiting not to turn my face away ;
For still, perchance, my heart's desire I shall obtain some day.

PART OF A LONG KASEEDA (POEM OR ELEGY)
OF HÂFIZ

Some editions give this as one long poem ; others break it up into sections ; while the order of the couplets differs in different editions.

Sapeeda dam kih sabâ bûi bûstân gîrad
Chaman z' lutfi hawâ nukta bar jinân gîrad.

In the first eight verses Hâfiz describes the dawn of day from its first faint indications to the time when the sun has risen in all his splendour.

At dawn's white breath¹ when zephyrs
Woo perfume from the flowers,
The soft airs² waft their message
To Heaven's celestial bowers.

¹ *Dawn's white breath* : sapeeda dam = white breath : i.e. the first faint whiteness in the sky before the actual dawn appears ; a whiteness resembling the breath of a person on a frosty morning.

² *Soft airs waft their message* : this idea of the breeze carrying to Heaven the messages of the flowers as expressed by their perfume, is sometimes used to symbolise the bearing to God of the sweet perfume of the prayers and adoration of pious men.

The breeze spreads o'er the garden
 A veil—the breath of posies ;
 Morn's twilight¹ dyes th' horizon
 Red as the garden's roses.

The harp² with notes melodious
 So sweetly fills the air,
 So bids us quaff *morn's goblet*
 (The morn's first draught of prayer),

That straightway from his cloister
 The saint his way now wendeth
 Towards the Tavern's door—that shrine
 Where low in prayer he bendeth.

The monarch of the heavens³
 His golden shield uprears,
 Captures the world : Dawn is his sword,
 And shafts of light his spears.

The day, that gold-wing'd falcon,⁴
 Doth black-crow night detest ;
 To lofty azure mansions
 He soars to build his nest.

Go to the garden's pleasaunce,
 Behold the beauteous sight
 Where tulips catch the red gold
 Of the argh'vân's⁵ chalice bright.

Then while the heavenly horseman⁶
 On morning's goblet⁷ gazes,

¹ *Morn's twilight* : the word *shafak* means *crepuscule, twilight*—i.e. a dim light.

² *Harp* often (and probably here) means the voice of the Sûfi's *Murshid* or Spiritual Guide, or the voice of the Muezzin inviting, calling, men to prayer.

³ *Monarch of the heavens* : i.e. the Sun.

⁴ *Gold-winged falcon*, etc., etc. : i.e. the day detests night ; light hates darkness.

⁵ *Arghavân* : the Judas tree, which has red flowers.

⁶ *Horseman* : i.e. the Sûfi's *Murshid* (Spiritual Guide), who carries his disciples heavenwards in thought by his divine discourses on the Love and Knowledge of God.

⁷ *Morning's goblet* : i.e. the beauties of Nature at sunrise ; in them the true *Murshid* discerns God's Love, Power, and Majesty, and is thereby refreshed as with wine. He finds " Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

The glorious splendour of the sun,
The East's great seal, now blazes.

See how that fickle wanton,
The breeze, one moment presses
The rose's lips, then turns to toy
With the sweet basil's tresses.

What is the rose's state when in
The morn her face she showeth ?
What is that fire which burneth bright,
And in morn's warbler¹ gloweth ?

What beam of light is that which now
Morn's candle pale igniteth ?
What is that ray of splendour which
Heaven's lamp of glory lighteth ?

I muse and think, " Whose breath is it,
This blessed breath which lightens
Our darkness in the morning hour,
And Earth's vile dust-heap brightens ? "

In protoplasmic² unity,³
In forms of varied grace,
In every rose, the wise perceive
A picture of Thy face.

Why does the vault of Heaven,
Which circle-like He fashions,
Set me, a compass point,⁴ amidst
A hundred griefs and passions ?

¹ *Morn's warbler* : i.e. What makes the little bird burst into song ?

² *Protoplasmic* : the word in the original is *hayûlâ*, which means *matter, the first principle of everything material* (see Johnson's Persian-Arabic Dictionary).

³ *Unity* : the word in the original is *ittihâd*, which means *being single, one-ness*.

⁴ *Compass point* : Hâfiz compares himself to the point of a pair of compasses, an insignificant little pin-prick, with sorrows surging round him. In Ode 67, couplet 6, he says :

" I used to be at rest apart (from the world) like a pair of compasses (folded up) ;
At last the revolution of Time (or Fortune) put me in the middle like a central point."



Where is my moon-like Sâkî who,
By kindly thoughts dictated,
A full cup brings his friend who is
With love intoxicated ?

He brings the *Friend's* sweet messages,
And then the cup doth tender,
Enraptured with His beauteous face,
Calm in its moon-like splendour.

And when the minstrel draweth forth
The reed's melodious treasures,
Anon the modes of Isfahân¹
He plays, then 'Irâk's measures.

(I omit the next 24 verses, which are addressed to Sheikh Abu Ishak,
one of the patrons of Hâfiz.)

If in the head of Hâfiz thoughts
Of kingship find no place,
Why doth he capture, with the sword
Of speech,² Time's widest space ?

For Hâfiz is the child of Speech,
The offspring of its Lord ;
He uses it as Zu'l Fakâr,³
Great Ali's supple sword.

With eloquence for sword he gives
A shrewd interpretation ;
He conquers with this Zu'l Fakâr
The field of explanation !

*The whole of the above poem has, in the original Persian, a fine
swing in its metre.*

¹ *Modes of Isfahân* : many of the modes or measures in Persian music are named after cities or provinces ; two of them are referred to here, those of Isfahân and 'Irâk.

² *The sword of speech* : Hâfiz here, and in the two following verses, indulges in a little self-praise.

³ *Zu'l Fakâr* : the name of Ali's famous two-edged sword, which Mahomet declared had been given him by the Angel Gabriel.

Ân kih rukhsâri tura rangi gul o nasrîn dâd
Sabr o ârâm rawânad ba man miskîn dâd.

Ode 168 in Jarrett's edition.

After the first verse the second line in each couplet in this Ode ends in the word dâd, which primarily means he gave, but it also means gift, liberality, justice; and the poet plays on these various meanings throughout the Ode. It is impossible to reproduce this play on the word, and one can only give the varied meaning as it comes.

He who hath given Thy lovely cheek
The radiance bright with which it glows,
Blending the rich red damask with
The pallor of the wild white rose,

Can also gifts on me bestow
Who am so poor, so sore distress;
Can give me patience, ease of mind,
And grant tranquillity and rest.

And He who taught Thy tresses dark
To bind me captive at Thy feet,
Can me, grief-stricken, justice grant,
And bless me with His mercy sweet.

When Farhâd,¹ mad with love, resigned
The reins of his poor heart forlorn
To Sheereen's¹ hands, for him, I ween,
Poor love-sick swain, all hope was gone.

What though I have no store of gold,
And worldly wealth can ne'er obtain,

¹ Sheereen (Mary Irene) was the daughter of the Emperor Maurice, and wife of Khusrau Parveez (died 628 A.D.). The son of Khusrau Parveez fell in love with Sheereen, and killed his father. She asked for permission for a last look at her husband's body, and then stabbed herself. Farhâd was said to have been the most beautiful youth of his time in the East, and all the sculptures of Bisitûn are believed to have been his work. He also was enamoured of Sheereen, and when he heard she was dead he threw himself down from a lofty rock and so killed himself.

Contentment's corner still is left
Where I can peace and shelter gain.

The fleeting riches of this world,
Honour and rank, He gives to kings ;
The darwish¹ owns the lasting wealth
And riches that contentment brings.

The world doth outwardly appear
A charming bride, a winsome wife ;
But he who woos and weds her finds
She asks as dower his very life.

So, after all, content am I
To grasp Thy skirt and give Thee thanks ;
Happy I sing of cypress tall,
And of the babbling streamlet's banks ;

For Farwardeen² is now at hand,
And joyful news the zephyrs bring,
Each whispering softly, as they pass,
Glad tidings of the coming Spring.

O Hâfiz ! Time's oppressive hand
Draws streams of blood from thy sad heart,
Because Her face is hid from thee
And ye are forced to dwell apart.

O Thou who art my Faith's³ support,
My patron and my heavenly guide !
Grant me thy justice now, I pray,
And amply for my wants provide.

¹ *Darwish* or *dervish* : religious devotee who adopts a life of poverty.

² *Farwardeen* : the month of March.

³ In the last line of this Ode Hâfiz introduces the name of one of his patrons, Kivvâmu-d-din, who is said to have been also his *Murshid* or Spiritual Guide, such as Sûfis were wont to have. He plays on the name, which, being translated, means *Supporter of the Faith*, and thus skilfully addresses his Ode simultaneously to his patron and also to the Deity.



Mârâ az khiyâli tû che parwai sharâb ast ?
Khum gû sari khûd gîr kih khumkhâna kharâb ast.
Ode 58.

What care I for rosy wine
When Thine image fills my heart ?
Since the *tavern* ruined lies,
Bid the wine-jar, " Haste ; depart ! "

Though the wine of Heaven itself
Sparkling in my goblet lies,
Spill it, for without my Friend
Wine no longer satisfies.

E'en if draughts of water sweet
Thou dost offer, they but lend
Keener torture to my soul :
I am thirsting for my Friend.

Gone is that heart-ravisher ;
And although my weeping eyes
Fancy that a letter sweet
From my Love before them lies,

Yet I'd know it was not true,
And the vision would but be
Pictures fair on water limned,
Just a dream, a phantasy.

Wake, mine eyes ! for in this world
Changes come like torrents deep,
Ever whirling, rushing on ;
'Tis not safe to dream and sleep.

My Belovèd openly
Passeth by in every place ;
But from those who know Her not
She doth ever veil Her face.



Roses saw Thy damask cheek
Dewed with grace ; then envy's flame
Scorched them, so in rosewater
Drowned they then their grief and shame.

At the banquet of my heart
From Thy face a light doth shine ;
Light as of a hundred lamps,
Pure, resplendent, and divine.

This is strange, for o'er Thy face,
Hiding it from mortal eye,
Veils a hundred Thou hast drawn,
So that none Thy face descry.

Valleys, plains, are clad in green ;
Let us to yon pool repair,
From its mirrored pictures learn
That this world's a mirage fair.

Seek not counsel¹ in *my* brain ;
In that chamber naught is found
Save the music of the lyre,
And the harp's soft, dulcet sound.

What a path² that is whereon
Thou so stedfastly dost tread !
Though before thee Heaven's vault
Like an ocean vast is spread,

Naught doth fright thee from thy road,
While with courage thou dost say,
" But a bubble is this sea,
It shall ne'er my footsteps stay ! "

¹ *Seek not counsel, etc., etc.* : i.e. do not ask me to instruct you in divine mysteries, for my mind is still too full of the world and its joys and attractions.

² *What a path, etc., etc.* : the poet here addresses the true Sûfi or persistent seeker after God, who is travelling along the *Path* (see Glossary).



O Belovèd !¹ Thou who dost
 Like a lamp my soul illumine,
 When Thy face is hid from me
 My sad heart is plunged in gloom !

A SONG OF HÂFIZ

Agar ân turki Shîrâzi ba dast ârad dili mârâ
 Ba khâli hindûi ash bakhsham Samarkand o Bukhârâ râ.

Ode 6.

In this song each couplet ends in the word râ ; I have tried to reproduce this effect by ending each verse with the word there.

If that Shîrâzi maid would take
 My heart, I'd give Bukhârâ² fair,
 And Samarkand, for her sweet cheek,
 And dusky mole that nestles there.

Ho, Sâkî ! bring what wine remains,
 For e'en in Paradise thou'lt ne'er
 Find streamlet's banks like Ruknabâd's ;³
 No rose-bowers of Musalla'⁴ there.

Alas ! those lovely wanton ones,⁵
 Our city's peace-disturbers fair,
 Once stole my heart, like plund'ring Turks,
 And left nor peace nor patience there.

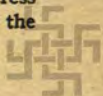
¹ O Belovèd, etc., etc. : he here addresses the Friend, the True Beloved, God.

² Bukhârâ and Samarkand : two Persian provinces.

³ Ruknabâd : the name of a tiny rivulet which Hâfiz loved. Johnson, in his Persian and Arabic Dictionary, says : "It is equally celebrated by the poets of Persia as the waters of Helicon are by those of Greece."

⁴ Musalla' : the rose-gardens of Musalla', near Shîrâz, are said to be the place where Hâfiz composed his Odes.

⁵ Wanton ones : an allusion to the loose company the poet kept in his youth, which he now deplores, and compares them unfavourably with the True Beloved (God, whom he had learnt to love) of his old age, and to whom he refers in Sûfi imagery as a beautiful Mistress (see explanation in article on Sûfism). Some commentators say the Shîrâzi maid of the first verse is an epithet for God, in accordance with the usual Sûfi imagery.



My poor, imperfect love adds naught
 To my Belovèd's beauty rare ;
 Of patches, paint, or perfumed curls,
 For *Her* sweet face what need is there ?

Of wine and minstrels sing to me ;
 To read the future do not dare ;
 No skill hath solved, nor ever will
 Unfold the riddle hidden there.

When Joseph's beauty fairer grew
 Each day, I ween 'twas love did tear
 Zulaikha's¹ veil of modesty,
 And left her lying shameless there.

Belovèd ! list to sound advice,
 For happy Youth should hold more rare
 Than life itself a Sage's words,
 And counsel wise enshrined there.

Thou mockedst me ; content was I !
 God pardon thee ! thy speech was fair ;
 Those ruby lips with sweetness fill'd,
 E'en bitter words are sweetened there.

Come, Hâfiz, sweetly sing thine Ode ;
 Its pearls are strung with dainty care,
 And Heaven diffuses o'er thy verse
 The Pleiad's light which shineth there.

A SONG OF HÂFIZ

Mî damad subh killa basta nikâb
 As-sabûh as-sabûh yâ asahâb. Ode 17.

Lo, in the East the first glimmer of dawn !
 Veiled in a fleecy veil blushes the morn !

¹ *Zulaikha* was the name of Potiphar's wife. There is a very long and beautiful poem, by the Persian poet Jâmi, called "Joseph and Zulaikha," which purports to give their history both before and after they met. After the death of Potiphar, Joseph marries Zulaikha.

Bring to me, bring to me, Comrades of mine,
Morn's brimming bumper of rosy red wine.

Dews on the lips of the tulips distil ;
Wine, comrades, wine ! let us drink to our fill.

Now o'er the garden a heaven-born breeze,
Zephyr from Paradise, breathes through the trees.

Joyously then let us quaff the pure wine ;
Drain without ceasing the goblet divine.

See how the rose, fair Queen of the flowers,
Setteth her emerald throne 'midst the bowers.

Drink, when the roses are blooming, pure wine ;
Drink to this Peri-like Sâkî of mine !

What ! have they locked up the Tavern once more ?
Rouse thee, O doorkeeper, open thy door !

Strange thou dost hasten the Tavern to close
Just when all Nature awakes from repose !

Bring me that wine which the heart doth inspire,
Ruby-red vintage which sparkles like fire.

Boldly, O lover, drink wine, banish care !
Offer, O wise one, to Heaven thy prayer !

Water of Life if thy soul doth desire,
Seek it in wine to the sound of the lyre.

Seekest thou Life like Sikandar¹ of old ?
Know that Life's secret sweet ruby lips hold.

¹ *Sikandar* or *Secunder* : the Eastern name for Alexander. The reference here is not to Alexander the Great, but to an Alexander who was one of the most ancient kings of Persia. Tradition says that his Vizier and General, by name Kkizar, discovered and drank the Water of Life, and that in consequence he is still alive, and will continue so until the last trumpet sounds. Wherever he treads, green grass is said to spring up.

Surely her ruby lips faithfulness claim
From hearts that are burning in Love's fierce flame.

Fret not, O Hâfiz ! for Fortune, fair bride,
Her face will display—her veil lay aside.

AN ECHO SONG

in which the first lines of each couplet are inverted and repeated.

Dilbari jânâni man burda dil o jâni man,
Burda dil o jâni man dilbari jânâni man.

Ode 474.

My belovèd sweetheart stole
All my heart and all my soul ;
All my heart and all my soul
My belovèd sweetheart stole.

From my darling's ruby lip
Draughts of life my soul doth sip ;
Draughts of life my soul doth sip
From my darling's ruby lip.

Dust on my belovèd's street
Seems like Heaven's garden sweet ;
Seems like Heaven's garden sweet
Dust on my belovèd's street.

My poor heart's confusion see !
Wailing, mad with love for thee ;
Wailing, mad with love for thee,
My poor heart's confusion see !

Cypress of my rosy bowers !
Thine enchanting stature towers ;
Thine enchanting stature towers,
Cypress of my rosy bowers !



When from Canaan Joseph¹ came,
 Egypt beauty gained, and fame;
 Egypt beauty gained, and fame,
 When from Canaan Joseph came.

Hâfiz our sweet warbler sings
 Words that help²—good coin that rings;
 Words that help—good coin that rings,
 Hâfiz our sweet warbler sings.

¹ *Joseph* : literally "My Joseph of Canaan"; this expression sometimes means the soul of Hâfiz; here it more probably means that, as Joseph's comeliness was to Egypt, so is the Beloved's beauty to this dark world.

² *Words that help* : the original Persian is "perfect coin of assistance"; i.e. the verses of Hâfiz are a help, and ring true like good coins.



The following are translations of a few Odes :—

Sari irâdati mâ wa âstâni hazrat dûst
Kih harche bar sari mâ mî ravad irâdati ûst.

Ode 29.

1. *I lay* the head of desire upon the threshold of the Holy Friend,
For whatever befalls me is His Will.
2. I have seen none equal to the Friend, although moon and sun
I have placed as mirrors before His face, *but they imperfectly reflect His glory,*
3. What explanation does the breeze give *Thee* of my straitened heart,
Which is wrapped round Thee like the folds of a rosebud's petals ?
4. Not I alone am a drinker of the *mystical* Wine in this cloister ;¹
not I alone am burning with the fires of austerities ;
Many other heads are bowed on Thy threshold in servitude to *Thee*.
5. Perchance Thou hast been combing out Thy ambergris-scattering locks,
Since the breeze is perfumed with civet, and the dust is redolent of ambergris.
6. Every rose in the garden exhibits Thy face ;
Every cypress by the streamlet's marge is a model of Thy form.

¹ *Cloister* : i.e. this world.



7. The tongue of speech grows dumb when describing Thy beauty ;
What chance then has my pen cut *from a reed, and which is but*
an utterer of folly ?
8. A vision of Thy face has appeared to me, and *I know* I shall
obtain my desire *of union with Thee*,
For a happy realisation follows an auspicious omen.
9. Not at this time *only* is the heart of Hâfiz in the fire of search
for *union with Thee*,
For from Eternity-without-beginning it has been scarred *and*
stained with the marks *of Love* like the wild tulip of Shîrâz.¹

Dar azal partavi husnat z' tajallî dam zad
'Ishk paida shud wa âtish ba hama 'âlam zad.

Ode 178.

1. In Eternity-without-beginning the radiancy of Thy beauty
gloried in its own splendour ;
Love was revealed, and its fire set the world aflame.
2. Thy face manifested its splendour, and saw that the angels had
no love ;
Because of this the jealousy *of Thy love* became a fountain of
fire, and *this love* descended upon Adam.
3. Reason desired to kindle its lamp from that flame *of Thy love* ;
The lightning of jealousy flashed, and the world was thrown
into confusion.
4. The enemy, *Satan*, wished to come to the place where the
mystery *of Love* was displayed, *in Adam's heart* ;
The invisible hand *of God* came forth and smote the breast
of *Satan*, the One-Forbidden-to-Enter.

¹ The wild tulip of Shîrâz has white petals streaked with pink and puce at the base.



5. Desire for the *mystery of the* dimple of Thy chin took possession of lofty souls,
And they laid their hands on the ringlets of Thy tress, curl within curl.
6. Others staked their fortune on ease, *and would not take up the burden of Love ;*
We, *Thy lovers*, were the ones whose hearts, experienced in grief, staked all on grief, *and took up the burden of Love.*
7. He, *God*, looked forth and beheld His own form in the world, *in the person of Adam ;*
He pitched his tent in the field of Adam's *body, which he had formed* of water and clay.
8. Hâfiz wrote his joy-book of Love-for-Thee on The day when his pen denounced all desire for the goods *of this world*, and renounced happiness *in what the world can offer.*

Tu hamchû subhi wa man shama' i khilvati sahar am
Tabassumi kun wa jân bîn kih chûn hami siparam.

Ode 383.

1. Thou art like the morn, and I the candle *still burning* in the chamber at morn.
Smile *on me and extinguish me*, and see how I surrender my life to Thee.
2. Thy heart-alluring tress has produced such stains *of love* in my heart,
That when I pass away my tomb will become a bed of violets.
3. I have opened the door of my eyes on the threshold of Hope-for-Thee ;
Since Thou didst cast me out of Thy sight *I have hoped that* Thou wouldst bestow one glance on me.



4. O Load of Grief ! how shall I requite thee ? God pardon thee !
For on the day when I have no other *companion*, thou at
least, O Grief, wilt not depart from my breast.
5. I am the slave of men of vision, *who see below the surface of
religious forms*, and who, notwithstanding the blackness
of my heart,
Weep a thousand tears when I recount the sufferings of my
heart.
6. My idol displays her splendours to all eyes,]but
No one notices the glances I cast *at Him*.
7. If o'er the dust of Hâfiz the Friend passes like a breeze,
I shall rend my shroud like a rosebud, in that narrow]place.

Dil sarâpardahi muhabbati ûst
Dîdah âinadâri talati ûst.

Ode 30.

1. My heart is the curtained abode, *the secret dwelling-place*, of
His love.
Mine eyes are the mirror-holder of His face, *for they behold the
reflection of His face in His glorious creations*.
2. I, who incline not my head to either world, *looking for no reward
in earth or heaven*,
Bow my neck beneath the weight of His favours.
3. Thou and the Tûba tree—I and His form; *thou the outward
worshipper who lookest forward to the enjoyment of the delicious
fruits of the Tûba tree of Paradise ; I, looking forward to
beholding the form of the Beloved, God.*
The thought of each one is according to his mind.
4. I, who would be in those sacred precincts where the breeze,
the Angel of Death,
Is the curtain-holder of the sanctuary of His dignity ;



5. What wonder *if I desire to be in those sacred precincts* even
though my skirt is stained with sin ?
All the world is witness of His purity.
6. Majnûn, the *distraught lover of Laila*, had his turn ; it is now
my turn *to be distraught with love for my Beloved* ;
Each one has the *five days' span of life* allotted to him.
7. The realm of the lover, the little corner where joy is,
All I possess, I owe to the favour of His grace.
8. If I and my heart are annihilated, what fear have I ?
The object I have in view is His welfare.
9. May the sight of mine eyes be never without a vision of Him !
For this corner, *even my eye*, is the special place of His
empire, *and in my eyes He reigns supreme*.
10. Every rose which adorns the garden
Bears the traces of His colouring and perfume.
11. Look not on the outward poverty of Hâfiz,
For his heart is full of the riches of His love.

Nasîbi man chu kharâbât karda ast Allâh
Dar in miyâna bagû Zahidâ mara che gunâh.

Ode 504.

1. Since Allâh made the Tavern my portion,
Say, O Zâhid,¹ in what way am I to blame in this matter ?
2. He to whom the wine-cup fell as his appointed lot in Eternity-
without-beginning,
Why should he be charged with the sin of *wine-bibbing* on the
Day of Resurrection ?

¹ Zâhid : an ascetic or religious devotee.

3. Say to the hypocritical, double-faced, *khirka*-clad¹ Zâhid :
 "The hand of hypocrisy is long and *rapacious* ; and its
 sleeve short, *mean and ungenerous*."
4. Thou wearest the *khirka*, *thy religious garment*, because thou
 desirest
 To lead from the Path, by fraud, the servants of Truth.
5. I am the slave of the spirit of poor and needy profligates,
 Compared with whom both worlds are not worth a straw.
6. Since I have attained my desire in the Tavern,
 I have become black of heart, and *weary and disgusted with*
 the College of divinity and the cloister where all is *hypocrisy*
 and outward show.
7. Go, Hâfiz ! be a beggar at every beggar's door, *who are God's*
suppliants ;
 Thou wilt not obtain thy desire except by uttering the mendicant's
 cry, "Ba shay u'llah."²

Yûsuf gum gashtah bâz âyad ba Kina'ân gham ma khûr
 Kulbahi ahzân shavad rûzi gulistân gham ma khûr.

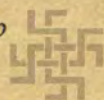
Ode 291.

1. Lost Joseph returns again to Canaan ; grieve not.
 The cell of sorrowfulness becomes one day a rose-garden ;
 grieve not.
2. O grief-stricken heart ! thy condition will improve, let not
 thine heart become evil,
 And this distracted head of *thine* will return to a state of
 rest ; grieve not.

¹ *Khirka* : the religious garment worn by Sûfis and dervishes.

² *Ba shay' u'llah* : i.e. It is God's will ; these words are used by beggars when begging, and are also a salutation used by one dervish to another.

3. If the Springtime of life should once more be enthroned in the garden,
Thou, O *Hâfiz*, melodious warbler, wilt draw over thy head
the canopy of the rose ; *so* grieve not.
4. Yea, be not hopeless when thou canst not fathom the secrets
of the hidden *world* ;
Perhaps within the veil there are joys hid *from thy ken* ; *so*
grieve not.
5. He who has become sorely distressed in this world, and has
found no sympathiser,
At length reaches one who comforts him ; *yea, it is so* ;
grieve not.
6. If for the space of two days, *if for a season*, the revolutions of
this sphere do not turn in accordance with thy desires,
They do not revolve for ever in one direction ; *so* grieve not.
7. If, desiring to *reach* the Ka'aba at *Mecca*, thou dost set foot
in the desert,
And the Arabian thorns annoy thee—grieve not.
8. O my heart ! if the torrent of annihilation tears up the founda-
tion of thine existence,
Since Noah is thy pilot, grieve not at the tempest.
9. Although the stage *thou art travelling in this world* is perilous,
and the purpose is not apparent,
There is no road which hath no ending ; *so* grieve not.
10. Our state of separation from the Beloved, and the wearying
opposition and enmity of those who watch us *with malevolent*
intent—
God knows of it all, and *He knows* of our vicissitudes ; *so*
grieve not.



11. Hâfiz ! in thy corner of poverty, and in the solitude of thy dark nights,
So long as thou dost continue in prayer, and in the reading of the Kûran, grieve not.

Ai hamah shakli tû matbû' wa hamah jâi tû khush
Dilam az 'ishwahi shîrîni shakarkhâi tû khush.

Ode 336.

1. O *Beloved* ! thy form is altogether comely, and pleasant is every place where thou art.
My heart is happy because of the grace of thy sweet sugar-eating lip.
2. Graceful as a fresh rose-leaf is thy body ;
Thou art altogether delectable like the garden cypress.
3. Sweet are thine endearing ways ; lovely are thy down and mole ;
Beautiful are thine eyes and eyebrow, pleasing is thy lofty stature.
4. Both the rose-garden of my thoughts is full of pictures and images of thee,
And also the palate of my heart is delighted with *the fragrance* of thy jasmine-like tresses.
5. Before thine eyes I *lay me down* and die, for with this love-sickness
Pain on account of thy lovely face renders me happy.
6. Since in Love's path there is no escaping the torrent of annihilation,
I make my heart happy with longing for thee.
7. In the desert of self-effacement, although there is danger on every side,
Heart-bereft Hâfiz journeys on, happy in his love for thee.

Ai bâd nasîmi yâr dâri
Zân nafahi mushkbâr dâri.
Ode 509.

1. O Breeze ! thou hast the fragrance of the Friend ;
Thou bearest musk-laden perfume from her.
2. Beware ! stretch not forth thine hand to *grasp her tress* ;
What business hast thou with her tresses ?
3. O Rose ! what art thou in comparison with her lovely face ?
She is fresh musk, and thou hast thorns.
4. O sweet Basil ! what art thou in comparison with her fresh
down ?
She is fresh, and thou art dusty.
5. Narcissus ! how canst thou compare with her intoxicating
eye ?
She is merry, and thou languishing.
6. O Cypress ! compared with her lofty stature,
What honour hast thou in the garden ?
7. O Reason ! notwithstanding thy love for her,
What power of choice hast thou ? *for thou, O Reason, art her
captive.*
8. Hâfiz ! some day thou wilt obtain union with her
If thou hast the strength to wait *patiently*.

'Aibi rindân ma kun ai Zâhidi pâkizah sirisht
Kih gunâhi digari bar tû na khwâhand nawisht.
Ode 64.

1. O Zâhid, *outwardly religious one, outwardly of pure nature !*
blame us not as profligates, for the recording angels will
not write down against thee the sins of others.



2. Whether I be good or bad, go thy way and attend to thine own affairs.
Everyone will reap in the future what he has sown.
3. Do not make me hopeless of the ancient promise of the day of Eternity-without-beginning ;
How knowest thou who, behind the veil, is deemed good, and who bad ?
4. All are seeking the Friend, whether they be sober *like thee*,
or drunk *as we Sûfis with our mystical wine* ;
Every place is the dwelling of Love, whether it be the mosque or the temple of unbelievers.
5. I am not the only one who has fallen out of the house of piety ;
My father, *Adam*, also threw away the Paradise of Eternity-without-end.
6. My head bowed in reverence, and the dust of the Tavern door,
are inseparable.
If my opponent *cavils and* understandeth not these words,
tell him to hit his head with a brick !
7. Pleasant is the Garden of Paradise, but take heed !
And prize the shade of the willow tree, and the border of the field.
8. O Sir ! rely not on thine own deeds, for how knowest thou
what the pen of the Creator wrote against thy name on
the day of Eternity-without-beginning ?
9. O thou of pure disposition ! if thy disposition be all this, *all*
that it should be, bravo !
And O thou of pure nature ! if thy nature be all this, *all that*
it should be, well done !
10. Hâfiz ! if on the day of thy death thou bringest in thine hand
the cup of love *to God*,
They will forthwith bear thee to Paradise from the street of the
Tavern.



Rûi tû kas na dîd wa hazârat rakîb hast
Dar hunchahi hanûz wa sadat 'andalîb hast.

Ode 71.

1. No one hath beheld Thy face, and yet there are thousands watching for Thee ;
Thou art still folded up in the rosebud, *hidden from our sight,*
and hundreds of Thy nightingales are *waiting to see Thee,*
their rose, unfold and display Thy face.
2. If I came to Thy street, it is not surprising ;
There are thousands like me who are strangers in this land,
this world, who come to Thy street.
3. Although I am far from Thee, may no one else be far from Thee;
But the hope of union with Thee is ever present with me.
4. In Love there is no stipulation as regards monasteries or
taverns, no provisos as regards orthodox Moslems or men of
other creeds ;
Everywhere there is the light of the Beloved's face for all.
5. Wherever Love of God adorns the work of a place of worship,
There *you will find* the bell which calls to prayer, or a
monastery, or a Christian monk, or the Name of the Cross.
6. Who is there who became a lover of God on whose condition
the Friend hath not cast a glance ?
O Sir ! there is no pain ; and if there should be, is there not a
Physician ?
7. All this lament of Hâfiz is not absurd or in vain ;
It is both a strange story and a wonderful speech.



Tâb binafshah mî dihad turrahi mushksâi tû
Pardahi ghunchah mî darad khandahi dilkushâi tû.

Ode 482.

1. Thy musky tresses vex the violet, *and fill it with envy,*
Thy heart-expanding smile rends the sheath of the rosebud,
and causes the flower to unfold.
2. O my Beloved, my sweet fragrant rose ! consume not me thy
nightingale !
For, with the utmost sincerity, he prays for thee night after
night.
3. Tell thine enemies and friends that, as far as possible, with the
jewel of good intention
I endure for thy sake the tyranny of all worldly persons.
4. I, who used to shrink if angels breathed on me,
Endure for thy sake the chatterings and disputations of the
world.
5. Love for thy face is my nature ; the dust of thy door is my
Paradise ;
Love for thee is my destiny ; my rest is to do thy will.
6. Although the devotee's khirka of austerity and the wine-cup
are incongruous for me,
Yet I present this picture to the world, of mingled religion and
profligacy, in my endeavour to be faithful to thee.
7. The confusion wrought in my head by wine and the burning
of Love will depart from my memory at that moment
when
This head, full of desire for thee, becomes dust¹ at the door of
thine abode.

¹ Becomes dust : that is, when I die.



8. The ragged patchwork garment of the beggar of Love hath
riches *concealed* in its sleeve ;
Everyone who is a beggar of thine speedily arrives at kingship.
9. The palace of my eye¹ is the resting-place of thine image ;
It is a place of prayer. O my King ! may thy place never
be vacated by thee !
10. A pleasant garden is thy cheek, especially when, in the beauty
of Springtime,
Hâfiz, sweet of speech, became the warbling songster of thine
abode.

În che shôrist kih dar dauri kamar mî bînam
Hamah âfâk pur az fitnah o sharr mî bînam.

Ode 443.

1. What is this confusion that I see as Time goes on ?
In all quarters I behold disturbance and wickedness.
2. Everyone seeks a day of betterment *for himself* ;
The difficulty is, I perceive, that every day *things grow worse*.
3. Fools get all the rosewater sherbet and the sugar-candy,
While I see wise men fed on sorrow.
4. I see the *high-bred* Arab steed galled beneath a pack-saddle,
While round the neck of the ass is a golden collar.
5. Daughters are fighting and quarrelling with their mothers,
And I see sons wishing ill to their fathers.
6. Brother has no pity on brother,
And I see fathers have no compassion on their sons.
7. Sir ! listen to the advice of Hâfiz :—" Go and do good !"
For I perceive this advice is better than pearls and jewels.

¹ *Palace of my eye* : the word is literally a balcony or gallery where a monarch shows himself to the public.



Ba sihri chasmi tû ai lu'abati khujastah khisâl
Ba ramzi khatti tû ai âyati humâyûn fâl.

Ode 366.

1. By the magic of thine eye, O sweet one of blessed disposition !
By the mystery of thy tress, O thou of august augury !
2. By the sweetness of thy ruby lip, O thou my Water of Life !
By thy colouring and perfume, O thou early Spring of beauty
and loveliness !
3. By the surface of thy cheek, which became *for me* the rosebud
of Hope !
By that enclosed garden of vision, *thine eyes*, which became the
dwelling-place of my fancy !
4. By that carnelian *lip*, which is to me the seal of the signet-
ring of Hope !
By that jewel, *thy mouth*, which is for thee the door of eloquent
speech !
5. By thy delicious nature, which is a breath of the rose's perfume !
By the sweet odour of thy tresses, and the scents *brought by* the
north wind !
6. By thy splendour, and the play of thine eyes !
By thy tender looks, and the glances of thy gazelle-like eye !
7. By the dust of thy pathway, which is as the canopy of Hope !
By the dust of thy feet, which is the envy of pure water !
8. By thy cypress-like *stature*, in appearance *serene* as the Moon,
lofty as the Sun !
By thine exalted threshold, by thy majestic sky !
9. *I swear* that if, without thy permission, Hâfiz inclines *his heart*
to anyone else,
He will not live. What use then would riches and poverty be
to him ?



Makhmûri jâmi 'ishk am Sâkî ba dih sharâbi
Pur kun kadah kih bî majlis na dârad âbi.

Ode 573.

Of Love's sweet chalice have I deeply drunk ;
Ho ! Cupbearer, arise, and bring me wine.
Fill up the goblet, for no banquet can
Have grace and honour if it lacks good wine.

My love for her fair cheek, which like the moon
Hides 'neath a fleecy veil, prevaieth not ;
So, minstrel, lift thy tuneful voice and sing ;
And Sâkî haste, and give to us more wine.

I stand, Belov'd, before thy door ; and like
Its very knocker do I cling to it,
So that the porter may not bid me go
Elsewhere, and knock at any other door.

Since, O my heart, no human eye has power
To see and grasp the splendour of that Sun,—
The True Beloved's face,—why should thine eyes
Be so perturbed, and uselessly distressed ?

Withhold thy hand, all stained with ruby wine,
From the intoxicating cup : for well
Thou know'st no hope of honour lies therein,
Nor will it give to thee thy heart's desire.

I live in hope, and steadfastly expect,
Belovèd one, to see thy face some day,
And ever in my thoughts and midnight dreams
I feel the soft caresses of thy lips.

O Hâfiz ! wherefore is thy heart thus set
On union with thy True Belovèd One ?
When did a thirsty traveller e'er quench
His thirst by trusting to a false mirage ?



And again in another Ode :

God forbid that I should give up wine in the rose-season !

How should I, who boast of my good sense, do such a thing ? Ode 386.

Verse 6. *Which is but lent to us awhile.*

In one of his Odes Hâfiz says :

*This borrowed life which the Friend entrusted to Hâfiz,
I shall render up to Him on the day when I shall see
His face.* Ode 386.

Verse 12. *Thou who dost ever hold the cup.*

This, in Sûfî idiom, would mean either the allegorical Beloved or the Murshid (Spiritual Guide of the Sûfî), who holds the cup of allegorical *Wine*, for the meaning of which see article on Sûfism.

SECTION III

Verse 5. *To knead a wine-jar only of my clay.*

Elsewhere Hâfiz says :

*On that day when the (potter's) wheel makes pitchers
from my clay,*

See to it that my skull is filled with wine. Ode 463.

Verse 8. *The Night with hidden things is pregnant.*

This is a Persian proverb which sometimes also runs, *Night is pregnant with Day*. The application here is, that though in our present darkness (ignorance) we cannot understand the why and wherefore of the existence of evil, we shall do so when the darkness is past and the true Day is born.

SECTION IV

Verse 1. *If I prefer to have my Wine and Loved One here.*

In one of his Odes Hâfiz says :

*I, who to-day obtain Paradise in hard cash (as it were),
Why should I place reliance on the promises for to-morrow
which Zâhids (religious preachers) make us ?* Ode 439.



Verse 2. *My dust their perfume will retain.*

This verse means, in Sûfi parlance, that Hâfiz hoped that if he was steadfast in his love to God (the Beloved), the perfume of a holy life would rise with him from the grave.

*God grant that in the Day of Resurrection I may not be
afraid of rendering up my account.* Ode 405.

SECTION V

Verse 15. *Go, catch Joy's falcon.*

A Persian commentator gives *Wine* as the meaning of *Joy's falcon*; I have therefore inserted this word in my rendering.

And chain me . . . for I am mad.

I have explained the meaning of this in the margin, and will merely quote an instance of a similar thought from one of Hâfiz' Odes, where he says :

*When I became mad, and let go Thy tress, nothing would
have been more suitable for me than a chain.*

Ode 225.

Verse 19. *And I Thy picture, . . . would trace upon mine eyes.*

So in one of his Odes Hâfiz says :

*I drew a picture of Thy face upon the workshop (retina)
of my eye.* Ode 390.

Verse 20. *I have no eyes for aught except Thy picture.*

Elsewhere Hâfiz sings :

*Nothing groweth in the sward (this world) which hath a
more graceful stature than Thine ;
No picture in this world of pictures is lovelier than Thine.*

Ode 225.

Verse 24. *Contend not with the Watchman, etc.*

There is much in Hâfiz which recalls that beautiful Oriental poem known as *The Song of Solomon*. As regards this particular quatrain, it is interesting to compare Canticles v. 7 : *The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me ; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.*



SECTION VI

Verse 17. *That bird—my heart—fell in the snare, etc.*

In one of his Odes Hâfiz writes :

*How shall I wing my flight in desire for Union,
Since the bird of my heart hath shed its feathers in the
nest of Separation ?* Ode 350.

SECTION VII

Verse 11. *One would perceive Her heart through Her transparent breast ;
Like rock through crystal water seen, it lieth there !*

Compare what Hâfiz says in one of his Odes :

*Thy body within Thy garment is like wine in a cup ;
Thy heart in Thy bosom is like iron in silver.* Ode 455.

And again :

*My floods of tears do not wash the malice from Her
heart ;
The raindrop has no effect on the hard stone.* Ode 193.

SECTION IX

Verse 4. *Salt upon my wounded heart Thou then didst lay.*

There is a couplet in one of Hâfiz' Odes which runs :

*O Sovereign of the realm of Beauty ! if Thy ruby lip
sprinkles salt on my wounded heart, what dost Thou
gain in the end (by so doing) ?* Ode 320.

Verse 9. *Return ! return ! awaiting Thee I die !—I die !*

So in Ode 55, couplet 7, we read :

*Return, that the spent life of Hâfiz may return,
Although the arrow which hath missed its mark returneth
not.*



SECTION X

Verse 3. *O God ! my wounded heart is hungry still, alway !*

Compare this line from one of the Odes :

*O Bestower of bounties ! how long shall I be portionless
at Thy table ?* Ode 454.

SECTION XI

Verse 2. *Kiss on Her lips that Cypress, etc.*

There is a beautiful line in one of the Odes of Hâfiz which runs :

*Thy remedy, thy remedy is, O Hâfiz, her sweet lip, her
sweet lip, her sweet lip !* Ode 317.

Verse 3. *I had no gold, though words like jewels rare I spake.*

There is a couplet in one of the Odes in which Hâfiz, addressing himself, says :

*Hâfiz ! though thou hast no silver or gold, go thy way
and be thankful ;
What better riches couldst thou have than thy graceful
speech and gentle nature ?* Ode 417.

Verse 4. *Men call me " world-destroyer, drunkard, profligate."*

Hâfiz constantly refers to the way in which those who did not understand the tenets and idioms of the Sûfis heaped abuse on them, and reviled them with many hard names ; in one of his Odes there occurs a couplet which runs thus :

*That meddlesome fool who criticises the mysteries of the
hidden world blames me for profligacy and love !*
Ode 240.

Verse 5. *Although thou art not drunk, yet drunk thou must appear.*

Drunken, profligate, etc., were amongst the terms of abuse hurled at Sûfis by those who did not understand their tenets and idioms. It is interesting to compare with this Acts ii. 13, which tells how the apostles Peter and John were accused of being drunk by those who could not understand their tenets and teaching.

SECTION XIII

Verse 7. *Leave not Thy foes alive . . . pity not Thy foe.*

In one of his Odes Hâfiz says :

*Be Thou pleased with Hâfiz ; (but) go to Thy foe and
say, "Give up thy life."* Ode 382.

Such words as these remind one of certain Psalms in the Bible.

Verse 8. *To waste Thy words on dust is scarcely worth Thy while !*

In one of his Odes Hâfiz says :

*O my friends ! the Friend (God) purposes to make
a prey of Hâfiz' heart ;
(It is as though) a great falcon were to hunt a fly !*

Ode 241.

Verse 14. *I grasp'd Thy girdle, etc.*

There is a line in one of the Odes which runs :

*Not every beggar's hand reaches that girdle (of the
Beloved).* Ode 325.

Verse 15. *Grant whatever is according to Thy Will.*

So in one of his Odes Hâfiz says :

*If sorrow comes to thee, or ease, O Sage !
Impute it not to others, for it is God who causes it.*

Ode 226.

SECTION XIV

Verse 9. *Though in this life Fidelity thou wilt not find.*

In connection with this there is a couplet in one of the Odes which may be thus translated :

*Seek not uprightness and fidelity in this unstable world ;
For this old woman (the world) is the bride of a thousand
husbands.*

Ode 23.



Verse 11. *After black no colour comes, etc.*

Compare the following two couplets which occur in two of the Odes :

*Hâfiz ! why dost thou complain about the grief of
separation ?*

In separation there is Union—and in darkness, Light.

Ode 281.

*Be patient, O my heart ! grieve not ; for in the end
Evening becometh morning ; and after Night, Dawn
cometh !*

Ode 147.



