The Selected Poems of

Hafiz

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The Selected Poems of Hafiz

Translated into English verse, Annotated and introduced

> By Ali Salami

Persian text edited by Mehdi Sojoudi Moghaddam



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Introduction

Born in 1315, Shamseddin Mohammad, known as Hafiz, grew up in the city of Shiraz where he studied the Qur'anic sciences. In his youth he learned the Quran rigorously and assumed the epithet 'Hafiz' which means the one who knows the Quran by heart. Also known as the 'Tongue of the Hidden' and the 'Interpreter of Secrets', Hafiz utilizes grand religious ideas and mingles them with Sufistic teachings, thereby creating a kind of poetry which baffles interpretation.

An undisputed master of ghazal, Hafiz brought the poetic form to perfection in Persian literature. "Ghazal" in Arabic means talking to women, philandering, narrating about youth, love making and praising women. Idiomatically, ghazal is a poetic expression which consists of a number of rhythmic couplets (generally seven couplets), the closing lines of which rhyme with the opening lines Matla' or opening verse of the couplet. The last couplet of ghazal is called maqta' or final verse in which the poet generally gives his poetic and pen name, which is technically called takhallus or sobriquet (Tamimdari, 2002 p. 172). The ghazal revolves around the beauty, frivolity and cruelty of the beloved and the saga of separation and suffering of the lover. Hafiz employs ghazal because it is the best poetic form for expressing

mystical ideas in Persian literature.

An underlying force in the poetry of Hafiz is Sufism, a mystical movement which can be traced to Zoroastrianism, Nestorian Christianity, Greek Neoplatonism, and Indian Buddhism. From Sufism, Hafiz drew his charming images and profound ideas. This mystical system heavily relies on pantheism according to which each soul is part of the Divine Being and the Sufi seeks complete union with the Divine. This union is made possible in the knowledge that a human being is the ultimate reality which he seeks. In one of his poems, Hafiz indicates great admiration for Hallaj, a Persian mystic who was brutally tortured and executed on charges of heresy and whose ashes were thrown into the Tigris River. Hallaj professed pure pantheism when he said, "I am the Truth." This theophanic locution was literally interpreted as meaning "I am God" by the then ruling religious authorities who made him suffer a tragic destiny. In his poem, Hafiz openly sympathizes with Hallaj and states that his only sin was that he revealed the secret: "That friend, by whom the gibbet's head grew high,/"Did wrong when he to others told the secrets of the sky." It is narrated that a Sufi once asked God why He allowed such punishment and was answered: This is the way the revealers of secrets are punished.

The world, to Hafiz, is an enigma which is inconceivable to the wise and unwise alike: "Of minstrels and of wine discourse; care little how the skies revolve:/By wisdom no one has solved yet and shall not this enigma solve." No living being has the capacity to 'lift the veil' and say 'who is ugly or who is fair.' Hafiz believes that under the azure vault of the heaven, no one is allowed to despair of God's mercy and no one is allowed to steal another's hope for Divine

Clemency "Never of Eternal Mercy preach that I must yet despair;/Canst thou pierce the veil, and tell me who is ugly, who is fair?" Everywhere, no matter a tavern or the shrine, becomes a place of worship for those who solicit the company of the Beloved (God): "Everyone the Friend solicits, be he sober, quaff he wine;/Every place has love its tenant, be it or the mosque, or shrine."

A sworn enemy of the hypocritical ascetics, Hafiz satirizes their insincerity in his poetry. This antagonistic attitude was enough to provoke the ire of the religious authorities who accused him of having heretical beliefs. The hypocritical clerics who were exasperated by Hafiz's castigations of their insincerity refused to have him buried in a Muslim cemetery. Yet, Hafiz's fervid supporters argued with them and decided that they consult his Divan for a solution. A child was assigned to open at random his Divan (Book of Poems). The poem the child came across was ghazal 60 which ended thus: "And when the spirit of HAFIZ has fled,/Follow his bier with a tribute of sighs;/Though the ocean of sin has closed o'er his head,/He may find a place in God's Paradise". Consulting his divan as an oracle has become common practice since then. His body was then laid to rest in a garden of roses at the foot of a cypress tree in Shiraz which he had purportedly planted.

Love as the Ultimate Goal

love is the alchemy of eternal bliss. Love is generally taken to be a reference to God in his poetry. Therefore, he uses the male pronoun in speaking of love. Love is perfect and absolute. If there is any fault, it has to be traced to man. The Beloved does not need our love: "My Loved one's beauty has no need of an imperfect love like mine: By paint or powder, mole or streak, can a fair face more brightly shine?" He is full of grace and tyranny. The Beloved can be seen and in order to observe Him, one should be pure in heart. Love is a divine trust particular to man: "Heaven, from its heavy trust aspiring to be free,/The duty was allotted, mad as I am, to me." Love may seem easy at first but one has to persevere in the arduous path of love if one really seeks it: "O Cupbearer! Pass round and offer thou the bowl/For the love which at first seemed easy, has now brought trouble to my soul." One has to wash one's hands off the world once he has found true love (God): "As soon as thou hast found thy Loved one,/"Bid to the world a last farewell." By love, the soul of man is immortalized and flows into eternity: "He whose soul by love is quickened, never can to death be hurled:/Written is my life immortal in the records of the world." Hafiz takes delight in the fact that true love may not come his way easily but only in a dream. Even so, such a dream is so pleasurable: "In a dream, to the abode of the Beloved did I wend:/Oh happy the dream where I see the Darling Friend." In short, love is only to be found by placing trust in God.

The knowledge of God is the prerequisite to the attainment of love. Even prayer finds its true meaning when it

is accompanied by love. In the eyes of Hafiz, we are all the beggars of love and we should make every endeavor to gain the Grace of the Almighty who is the Absolute Beloved. We should never lose patience in our quest for the Beloved even though our please and cries are left unanswered by the Beloved (God) for He is endowed with immeasurable beauty and grace. Everything in nature is a manifestation of God's love. According to the Sufis, God created the world as a mirror to reflect His grandeur and glory. This idea is firmly rooted in a divine *hadith* or tradition which says: "I was a hidden Treasure and I desired to be known so I created a creation to which I made Myself known; then they knew Me." A divine *hadith*, by definition, is one which is narrated through the tongue of the Holy Prophet but is a direct revelation from God Himself.

Character Types in Hafiz's Poetry

A term which recurs in the poetry of Hafiz with philosophical overtones is the Persian word *rind* which means libertine or profligate. *Rind* is obviously one of his favorites. This word, variably translated as rake, profligate, libertine and debauchee, has come to bear mystical significations. He uses this term in reference to a person who has an apparently contradictory character while in reality he is a normal person. A *rind* has religious commitments, contemplates on divine salvation, broods on the Hereafter but he is not afraid of it because he believes that love is the only solution to all human predicaments. He believes that doubt is an antidote to intellectual passivity. A *rind* is not a teacher of morality but he believes that salvation lies in the captivity of love. A *rind* has achieved knowledge of the world beyond: "The

mystery beyond the Veil, ask of rapt revelers of the bowl/ Knowledge of this were vainly sought from the staid zealot's lofty soul." A rind mistrusts the world, and knows that her ways are fickle and her promises false: "Mistrust the World, her ways are fickle, her promises belied; /"Of thousand lovers has this beldam been till to-day the bride." A rind is in fact a toper who dwells in the tavern. For a *rind*, the tavern turns into a place of worship where he imbibes the wine of spiritual knowledge in the presence of the tavern keeper who is the Grand Teacher. It is in the tavern where a *rind* may be able to receive messages from God: 'Would'st thou be told how, in the tavern yest'r-eve, when soaked in wine,/I heard glad tidings from an envoy sped from the world divine?' For him, wine is a means to bring about spiritual intoxication with and proximity to God. Wine is also a symbol of perfection: "Come Saki, for that trancing wine I sue,/ The source of bounty, and perfection too."

The character of the zealot is juxtaposed with the *rind*. In the eyes of Hafiz, a zealot may cleanse himself of the impurities of the world by clinging to an ascetic life. But he is deluded by arrogance and vanity on account of his purity. This feeling of arrogance is *per se* a sin in the creed of Hafiz. The zealot eschews the pleasures of life and wallows in his hidebound beliefs. It is he who despairs Man of the Divine Grace and draws him into a vortex of blind prejudice: "Never of Eternal Mercy preach that I must yet despair;/Canst thou pierce the veil, and tell me who is ugly, who is fair?" At this point, Hafiz makes an indirect reference to the Holy Qur'an (39:53) which says, "Say: O my Servants who have transgressed against their souls! Despair not of the Mercy of Allah: for Allah forgives all sins: for He is All-For-

giving, Most Merciful." Therefore, Hafiz shuns the company of the Sheikhs, jurists and the zealots who keep people away from God by striking the fear of the Doomsday into their hearts. Hafiz is a great enemy of religious hypocrisy and keeps chastising the duplicity of the preachers: "On the pulpit, preachers, goodness display/Yet in private, they have a different way." Religious hypocrisy is odious to Hafiz. Yet he speaks highly of those who tread on the path of religion with purity of heart.

The spiritual enlightenment which Hafiz attained travelled beyond the borders of Iran and influenced a number of great minds in the West, among them, Goethe, Nietzsche, Platen, Pushkin, Emerson, and Dickenson to mention only a few.

Hafiz in the West

Interest in Hafiz in the West started in the eighteenth century when Sir William Jones translated a few poems in 1771. Sir William Jones (1746–1794) was a scholar and lawyer who reportedly knew twenty-eight languages. For Jones, the poetry of Hafiz is reminiscent of that of Petrarch. For both poets, the lover is resisting - cruel but beautiful. However, Jones does not rule out the possible mystical interpretation of Hafiz's poetry. To him, the poetry of Hafiz is a form of meditation on divine perfection. He translated and annotated the first ghazal of the Divan of Hafiz (Collection of Poems) entitled A Persian Song of Hafiz which appeared in Poems, Consisting Chiefly of Translations from the Asiatick Languages (Oxford 1772).

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,

And bid these arms thy neck infold; That rosy cheek, that lily hand, Would give thy poet more delight Than all Bocara's note 1 vaunted gold, Than all the gems of Samarcand. Boy, let you liquid ruby flow, And bid thy pensive heart be glad, Whate'er the frowning zealots say: Tell them, their Eden cannot show A stream so clear as Rocnabad, A bower so sweet as Mosellay. O! when these fair perfidious maids, Whose eyes our secret haunts infest, Their dear destructive charms display; Each glance my tender breast invades, And robs my wounded soul of rest, As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

On the translation of Jones, CC Barefoot and Theo d' Haen aptly say, "Jones communicates Hafiz's delicate mosaic of sounds and symbols through evocative stanzas. This refreshing hedonistic poem was soon a standard British poem, standing as an exemplar of the later Romanticism in terms of music, imagination, emotion exotic allusions, and simple diction."

Serious attempts to introduce the Persian poet to the West took place in 1812 in Germany. The influence of the German translation by the distinguished Austrian Orientalist Baron von Hammer-Purgstall (1774-1856) was not only discernible in German poets such as Goethe, Platen and Rückert but also in American poets including Emerson. An

influential literary figure in the nineteenth century, Hammer-Purgstall founded Oriental Studies as an academic field. Von Purgstall studied at Graz and Vienna, and entered the Oriental academy of Vienna in 1788, to devote himself to Oriental languages. He translated the entire Divan of Hafiz (Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1812-13). Although his translation was in prose, it was completely readable and soon received wide acclaim among German readers. Besides, this was the first time that the poems of the Persian poet Hafiz were made available to the European readers in their entirety. Hammer-Purgstall did not feel compelled to give a versified rendition of the ghazals and instead focused on a meticulous translation of the poems. Besides, he made comparative references to Latin and Greek literature in his explanatory notes. Hammer-Purgstall translated 576 ghazals, 6 mathnavis, 2 qasidas, 44 fragments, and 72 robais or quatrains. His version of the poems of Hafiz inspired Goethe to create a fine collection of poems entitled Westöstliche Divan or the West-Eastern Divan (1815-1819).

Although Goethe's West-Eastern Divan was not a translation of Hafiz, he utilized the themes he found in the poetry of Hafiz. He interposed Persian terms in his poetry in order to convey a just idea of what Hafiz intended in his divan. Indeed the work can be seen as the fusion of the Occident and the Orient. The West-Eastern Divan consists of twelve books all with Persian words: Moqqani-Nameh or Book of the Singer, Hafiz-Nameh or Book of Hafiz, Eshq-Nameh or Book of Lover, Tafakkor-Nameh or Book of Reflection, Rind-Nameh or Book of Ill Humor, Hikmat-Nameh or Book of Maxims, Timur-Nameh or Book of

Timur, Zuleika-Nameh or Book of Zuleika, Saki--Nameh or Book of the Cupbearer, Matal-Nameh or Book of Parables, Parsi Nameh or Book of the Parsees and Khuld-Nameh or Book of Paradise.

This masterpiece by the German poet placed the Persian bard on a pedestal in the international arena. Goethe believed that it was now high time to envisage a humane global philosophy with no regard for nationality and creed and that the East and the West were not separate from each other. In reference to Hafiz, Goethe used such terms as 'Saint Hafiz' and 'Celestial Friend'. In his praise for Hafiz, he says:

HAFIS, straight to equal thee, One would strive in vain; Though a ship with majesty Cleaves the foaming main, Feels its sails swell haughtily As it onward hies Crush'd by ocean's stern decree, Wrecked it straightway lies.

The poetry of Hafiz evoked such passion in Goethe that he kept addressing him in his Divan. It was as if the two great poets had united in spirit and had become blood brothers. The passion of Goethe for Persian poetry is well reverberated in the following poems:

"DO ADMIT IT! The oriental poets are greater than us western poets."
"May the whole world fade away,
Hafiz, with you, with you alone

I want to compete! Let us share Pleasure and pain like twins To love like you, to drink like you, This shall be my pride, my life."

Goethe believed that Persian poetic language culminated in the poetry of Hafiz in whom he found the very grandeur of thought and worldview he was seeking.

Thanks to the translation of Hammer-Purgstall and Goethe's Divan, Nietzsche became deeply interested in Hafiz and praised him as an ideal poet and spent many years studying him and Goethe. To Nietzsche, Hafiz and Goethe are the 'subtlest and brightest' whom he mentions in order to demonstrate the truth of his argument. In his book The Joyful Wisdom, Nietzsche praised Hafiz for 'mocking blissfully'. The name of Hafiz recurs ten times in his writings. For him, Hafiz is the Oriental free-spirit man who keeps celebrating the joys and sorrows of life. Nietzsche commends such an attitude as sign of a positive and courageous valuation of life (Ashouri 2003).

In his short poem entitled An Hafis: Frage eines Wassertrinkers (To Hafiz: Questions of a Water Drinker), Nietzsche finds in Hafiz a prime example of 'Dionysian' ecstatic wisdom, which he extols so extensively in his philosophy. The poem glorifies the insightfulness of Hafiz and his poetical achievements (Ashouri 2003). At the end, he asks Hafiz, as a 'water drinker', why he demands wine while having the power of making everybody intoxicated.

(The tavern you have built with your hand is far greater than any house

the wine you have made therein all the world fails to imbibe the bird which was once called the phoenix is now dwelling in your house the mouse which gave birth to a mountain is yourself you are everyone and no one, you are the tavern and the wine you are the phoenix, the mountain and the mouse you keep pouring in yourself and you keep filling with yourself the deepest valley you are the brightest light you are the intoxication of all intoxication you are what need do you have to ask for wine?

The influence of Hafiz stretched from Germany to America in 1838 when Ralph Waldo Emerson read Goethe's West-Eastern Divan. He became so interested in Hafiz that he soon obtained a copy of Von Hammer-Purgstall's German translation. For Emerson, Hafiz became an ideal poet whom he called a 'poet for poets'. He spent fourteen years reading the poetry of Hafiz and quoted him on many occasions including in his essays Fate, Power and Illusions.

Emerson praises in Hafiz "that hardihood and self-equality which, resulting from a consciousness that the spirit within him is as good as the spirit of the world, entitles him to speak with authority; and the intellectual liberty which enables him to communicate to others his complete emancipation — in short, self-reliance and self-expression" (Maulsby 1903, p. 145). To Emerson, Hafiz was a man

who derived pleasure from the very elements of life which seemed trivial to others.

On Hafiz, he wrote: "He fears nothing. He sees too far; he sees throughout; such is the only man I wish to see and be.' Elsewhere he wrote: 'Hafiz defies you to show him or put him in a condition inopportune or ignoble. Take all you will, and leave him but a corner of Nature, a lane, a den, a cowshed ... he promises to win to that scorned spot the light of the moon and stars, the love of man, the smile of beauty, and the homage of art.' 'Sunshine from cucumbers. Here was a man who has occupied himself in a nobler chemistry of extracting honor from scamps, temperance from sots, energy from beggars, justice from thieves, and benevolence from misers. He knew there was sunshine under those moping churlish brows, and he persevered until he drew it out (Emerson 1904, p. 249)."

From Von Hammer-Purgstall's translation, he translated about 700 lines. He initially translated the poems literally but later reworked them, and modified the meter, added rhyme, stanzaic pattern, or blended lines from two different ghazals. The poem Bacchus (1847) was an adaptation from Hafiz's Saki-nameh (The Book of Wine). In Sakih-nameh, the poet praises the power of wine: "Come Saki, for that trancing wine I sue,/The source of bounty, and perfection too." The intoxicating power of wine can help him solve the enigma of the unseen world, consume his sorrows and rend the net of time, the old wolf, purify his sullied heart which is now far from God, alleviate the melancholy thoughts that oppress his mind, view all existence in its round mirror, and open the unknown gates of the World. On the other hand, Emerson gives a different spiritual aspect

to wine. Bacchus, for Emerson, functions as a god of wine and the god of music and he creates a connection between inspiration and intoxication: "That I intoxicated,/And by the draught assimilated,/may float at pleasure through all natures/The bird-language rightly spell,/And which roses say so well" (lines 21-25). By drinking wine, the poet says, he will experience moments of pleasurable inebriation and in the inebriated state, he will be inspired to give wings to the bird of language, write poetry and give pleasure to those who read his poems.

In Sufistic view, wine is a symbol for divine ecstasy. Emerson rejected this notion and stated that he would not "strew sugar on bottled spiders," that is, "make mystical divinity out of . . . the erotic and bacchanalian songs of Hafiz" (Emerson 1904, p. 249). Though he adapted the poem which so deeply influenced him, he failed to grasp the very mystical overtones embodied in the poem. The reason may be traced to that fact that he read the poem in German of which he had an imperfect knowledge. However, he insisted that "the love of wine is not to be confounded with vulgar debauch (Emerson 1904, p. 249)." For Emerson, wine stands for a mind-expanding power that replaces despair with ecstasy.

We do not wish to strew sugar on bottled spiders, or try to make mystical divinity out of the Song of Solomon, much less out of the erotic and bacchanalian songs of Hafiz. Hafiz himself is determined to defy all such hypocritical interpretation, and tears off his turban and throws it at the head of the meddling dervish, and throws his glass after the turban. But the love or the wine of Hafiz is not to be confounded with vulgar debauch. It is the spirit in which the song is written that imports, and not the topics. Hafiz praises wine, roses, maidens, boys, birds, mornings, and music, to give vent to his immense hilarity and sympathy with every form of beauty and joy; and lays the emphasis on these to mark his scorn of sanctimony and base prudence. (Emerson 1904, p. 249)

In one of his essays, Harold Bloom proposes that Emerson's Bacchus (his finest poem to me) and Merlin set the terms for the dialectic of American poetry. He argues that Bacchus stands for absolute renovation and Merlin insists on subsuming the Reality Principle within itself, a chronic temptation for Emerson's successors too (Bloom 1971).

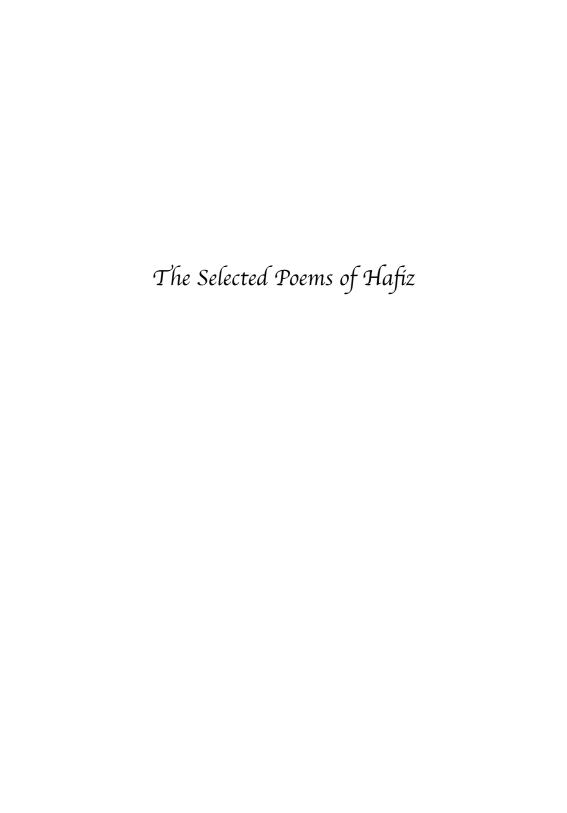
Bacchus left an impact on Emily Dickenson's poem I taste a liquor never brewed. In 1850, Dickenson received a beautiful copy of Emerson's 1847 poems. In 1857, Emerson lectured in Amherst where Emily may have entertained him. She told her friend that Emerson had come from where dreams are born. In Representative Men (1850), she paraphrases five of Emerson's poems notably his Bacchus in her poem I taste a liquor never brewed (Miller 1989, p. 149). In this poem, Dickenson describes a mystical experience she has had and compares it to some kind of intoxication brought about by alcohol: "I taste a liquor never brewed,/ From tankards scooped in pearl;/Not all the vats upon the Rhine/Yield such an alcohol!" Yet, this is purely a spiritual inebriation, a spiritual awareness. When she claims that she has drunk from 'tankards' or large mugs 'scooped in pearl', she actually puts them beyond physical reality. Thus she becomes intoxicated by a 'liquor never brewed'. In other words, the liquor she is speaking of is a metaphoric reality rather than a physical one. In a similar way, Emerson asks for a metaphorical wine 'which never grew in the belly of a

grape: "Bring me wine, but wine which never grew/In the belly of the grape,/Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through/Under the Andes to the Cape,/Suffer no savor of the earth to scape." Interestingly, the poem of Dickenson is very Hafizian in spirit. Dickenson's mixing of Christian and classical allusions is also reminiscent of Emerson's Bacchus. Leaning, unsinged against the sun and hailed by the seraphs, Dickenson tells Emerson that she is one of the few who has received the nectar (Porte and Maurice 1999, p. 177).

The poetry of Hafiz has intoxicated and continues to intoxicate many in the world. The exhilarating effect of his poetry was also known to the poet himself. In one of his poems, he says that the angels are memorizing his poems in heaven and that Venus is enraptured and that Christ rejoices in his songs: "What marvel that in heaven are sung/ The dulcet words by HAFIZ strung?/Or that, by Venus's air entranced,/Messiah in his sphere has danced?" As Friedrich Nietzsche has said of Hafiz: "Bist aller Trunkenen Trunkenheit/ wozu, wozu dir-Wein? (the intoxication of all intoxication you are/what need do you have to ask for wine?)"

This book is part of a larger project for the complete translation of Hafiz. I hope I can carry out my verse translation of the entire ghazals in English soon.

Ali Salami, Ph.D. University of Tehran April 2016



Ghazal 1, Magian Master

O Saki! Pass around and offer the wine cup, for;
Love which seemed easy at first is an uneasy lore.
The breeze made her tress waft the scent of a musk skin;
The musky curls of her black tress wore many hearts thin.
How can I feel safe and secure in the Beloved's abode?
For the bell cries: "Bind up your bundles! Take the road!"
In wine, dye your prayer mat if the Magian Master says;
For, the Traveler alone is privy to the secrets of the Ways.
The night dark, the waves dreadful, the whirlpools roar;
Do they know our state, the light-burdened on the shore?
I followed my fancy; ill fame was all my lot;
How can it be a secret when off my chest it's cut?
Hafiz! If you seek the beloved's presence, stay anear;
Relinquish worldly ways when you find one so dear.

غزل ۱، پیر مغان

<u>~~`@@;~</u>

اَلا يا اَيُّهاالسّاقي اَدِرْ كاساً و ناوِلْها ﴿

كه عشق آسان نمود اوّل، ولى افتاد مشكلها

به بویِ نافهای کاخِر صبا زان طُرّه ۲ بُگشاید

ز تابِ جَعدِ مُشكينش چه خون افتاد در دلها

مرا در منزلِ جانان چه اَمنِ عیش چون هر دَم

جَرَس فریاد میدارد که بربندید مَحمِلها؟

به می سجّاده رنگین کن گرت پیرِ مُغان گوید

كه سالك بىخبر نبْوَد ز راه و رسمِ منزلها

شبِ تاریك و بیم موج و گردابی چنین هایل ً

كجا دانند حال ما سبكباران ساحلها؟

همه کارم ز خودکامی به بدنامی کشید آخِر

نهان کی ماند آن رازی کز او سازند مَحفلها؟

حضوری گر همیخواهی از او غایب مشو حافظ

مَتَى ما تَلْقَ مَنْ تَهْوىٰ دَع الدُّنيا وَ اَهْمِلْهاْ ۗ

۳. جَرَس: زنگ، زنگ بزرگ



۴. هایل: ترسناک
 ۵. هر وقت با او دیدار کردی، آنچه از دنیا و اهلش

۱. ای ساقی، جامی بگردان و به من بده ۲. طرّه: زلف، موی پیشانی

Ghazal 2, Hankering for your Sight

<u>-~~~~~</u>

O you whose radiant face is reflected by the moon; The dimple in your chin is to loveliness a boon. Hankering for your sight, my spirit leaps to my throat; Shall it return or leave? What is the bid to be sought? The vision of your narcissus eyes left none but in blight: Better for you to veil the purity of your engaging sight! Our Fortune sunk in sleep may finally come to awaken; Poured over her eyes is water from your charm taken. Send with the breeze a posy from your face so fair: So I may pick a scent from your garden's dust to share! God give you longevity and success, Sakis of Jam's court, Even though, I was denied a wine-cup with you to sport. My heart is sorely troubled; let the lover know: O friends, beware lest my spirit may perish in woe. O Lord! I wonder when my love is fated to ensnare, That ruffled-haired maiden with my serene soul to pair. Pass by with your skirt uplifted to shun blood and dust: Oh, this path has witnessed a throng despaired and lost. Hafiz is praying. Hear! Say Amen! Say! Let your ruby lips on mine my food lay! O breeze! Convey to the people of Yazd what we say: May the head of every ingrate to a mall bat fall prey! Though distant I may seem to be from your seat: Your king I magnify and your soul I deify at your feet. O Lofty King! For God's sake, let my desire be met:

غزل ۲، عزم دیدار

<u>-~%%%;~-</u>

ای فروغِ ماهِ حُسن از رویِ رَخشانِ شما

آبِ رویِ خوبی از چاہِ زَنَخدانِ ا شما عزمِ دیدار تو دارد جان بر لب آمدہ

بازگردد یا برآید، چیست فرمان شما؟

کس به دورِ نرگست طَرْفی نبست از عافیت

بِهٔ که نفروشند مَستوری٬ به مستانِ شما

بختِ خوابآلودِ ما بيدار خواهد شد مگر

زان که زد بر دیده آبی ٔ رویِ رخشانِ شما

با صبا همراه بفرست از رُخَت گلدستهای

بوكه بويى بشنويم از خاكِ بُستانِ شما

عمرتان باد و مراد ای ساقیانِ بزمِ جم

گر چه جامِ ما نشد پُرمِی به دورانِ شما دار خوا در دارا دارگه کند د

دل خرابی میکند، دلدار را آگه کنید

زینهار ای دوستان، جانِ من و جانِ شما

کِی دهد دست این غرض یارب، که همدستان شوند

خاطرِ مجموعِ ما زلفِ پریشانِ شما؟

دور دار از خاك و خون دامن چو بر ما بگذري

كَانْدر اين ره كُشته بسيارند قربان شما

می کند حافظ دعایی، بشنو آمینی بگو

روزي ما باد لعلِ شكّرافشانِ شما

ای صبا با ساکنان شهر یزد از ما بگو

کِای سَر حقناشناسان ٔ گوی چوگان شما

گرچه دوریم از بساطِ قرب، همّت دور نیست

بندهٔ شاهِ شماییم و ثناخوان شما

ای شهنشاهِ بلنداختر، خدا را همّتی تا ببوسم همچو اَختر ٔ خاكِ ايوان شما

ن.

١. چاه زَنَخدان: اضافهٔ تشبيهي، گودي روي چانه

۲. مستوری: در حجاب بودن، پوشیده بودن، کنایه از پاکی و پاکدامنی

Ghazal 3, The Beloved's Beauty

=~%; -~%; -~**

Should that charming Turk of Shiraz win my soul, Samarkand and Bukhara, I will barter for her mole. Saki! Serve the remnant wine; in Eden, you cannot gaze Upon the barges of Ruknabad or Musalla balmy ways. Alas! The saucy sweet dames plunge the town in broil; Lo, they murdered patience as Turks had trays of spoil. The beloved is needless of an imperfect love like mine; By light, colors and mole, can a face more fairly shine? From the beauty of Josef increasing daily without fail, I knew love could lure Zuleika from behind the veil. Affront me or curse me, I will pray; it's meet; A bitter reply suits those ruby lips sugar-sweet. Love! Hear my advice! For the youths gay, Cherish – dearer than life – what wise men say: "Partake of music and wine! Care little how time flies Nay, no one has ever resolved the secret of the skies." Your lays versed; pearls pierced. Hafiz! Sing in bliss! Let the sky grace my poetry with clusters of Pleiades.

غزل ۳، جمال يار

<u>~~;@@;~</u>-

اگر آن تُركِ شيرازی به دست آرد دلِ ما را

به خالِ هندویش بخشم سمرقند و بخارا را

بِدِه ساقی می باقی که در جنّت نخواهی یافت

كنارِ آبِ ركن آباد و گُلگشتِ مصلًا را

فغان كاين لوليانِ شوخِ شيرينْ كارِ شهرآشوب

چنان بردند صبر از دل که تُرکان خوانِ يغما را

ز عشقِ ناتمامِ ما جمال يار مستغنىست

به آب و رنگ و خال و خط چه حاجت روی زیبا را؟

من از آن حُسن روزافزون که یوسف داشت، دانستم

که عشق از پردهٔ عصمت' برون آرد زلیخا را

اگر دُشنام فرمایی و گر نفرین، دعا گویم

جوابِ تلخ مىزيبد' لبِ لعلِ شكرخا را

نصیحت گوش کن جانا، که از جان دوستتر دارند

جوانان سعادتمند' پندِ پیر دانا را

حدیث از مطرب و مِی گو و رازِ دَهر کمتر جو

كه كس نگشود و نگشايد به حكمت اين معمّا را

غزل گفتی و دُرْ سُفتی ۱، بیا و خوش بخوان حافظ

كه بر نظمِ تو أفشانَد، فلك عِقدِ ٢ ثُريا ٣ را

صورت فلکی ثور ۳. عقد: گردنبند

دُر سفتن: به نخ کشیدن مروارید
 ثریا: پنج یا شش ستاره شبیه خوشهٔ انگور در

Ghazal 4, The Sign of Grace

Last night, from temple to tavern, our Elder went, Comrades of the Path! "What advice can be to us lent?" How can we, the disciples, to the qibla make our way, When the Master turned to where the tavern lay?" In the Magian's tavern, we too will our sojourn make: Our fate led us from primordiality to the path we take. Could the mind see what joy the heart in love did gain, Wise men would lose mind to be captivated in our chain. Your beaming face revealed to us from above a sign: Grace and goodness are now destined to combine. Deep in the night, will your stony heart to softness turn, For our fiery sighs? And can grief our breasts burn? Hafiz! Silent! Our sighs' arrows pierce the sphere,

غزل ۴، آيتِ لطف

<u>—~~~~~~</u>

دوش از مسجد سوي ميخانه آمد پيرِ ما

چیست یاران طریقت بعدازاین تدبیر ما؟

ما مريدان ٰ روى ٰ سوي قبله چوُن آريم، چوُن؟

روی' سویِ خانهٔ خمّار' دارد پیرِ ما

در خراباتِ طریقت ما به هم منزل شویم

کاین چنین رفتهست در عهدِ ازل تقدیر ما

عقل اگر دانَد که دل در بندِ زلفش چؤن خوش است

عاقلان دیوانه گردند از پی زنجیرِ ما

روی خوبت آیتی از لطف ٰ بر ما کشف کرد

زان زمان جز لطف و خوبی نیست در تفسیر ما

با دل سنگینت آیا هیچ درگیرد شبی

آهِ آتشناك و سوز سينهٔ شبگير ما؟

تيرِ آهِ ما ز گردون بگذرد، حافظ خموش

رحم کن بر جانِ خود، پرهیز کن از تیرِ ما

۱. خمّار: شرابخورده



Ghazal 5, The Face of the Beloved

<u>-~;@@;~</u>-

Saki! Come, rekindle my cup and let the wine glow! Minstrel! Sing how Time cleanses my heart of woe. Mirrored in the cup, I see the face of the beloved I favor; Alas, you are unaware of the joys of the wine I savor! He whose heart is quickened by love never ceases to be: Written is in the Book of Life a soul destined for eternity. Maidens of tall stature, in coyness and grace so outshine That my cypress darling emerges gracefully as a pine! O breeze, if you pass by the garden where friends abide Give the lore of love to the one I need by my side. Say, "Why do you willfully seek my memory to blot? A time will come when you let my name be forgot! Delightfully drunk is the eye of my darling dame; Hence, intoxication is now my legacy, rein and fame. On the Day of Doom, the Master will not reap, I dread, A share fairer than our banned drink for his halal bread! Hafiz! Baptize your eyes in pearls of tears and let, The fowl of fortune be captivated by my net.

The green sea of the sphere and the crescent, her ship, In the ocean of Haji Qavam's bounty, sail and dip.

غزل ۵، عکس رخ یار

<u>-~~~</u>

ساقى به نورِ باده برافروز جامِ ما

مطرب بگو که کارِ جهان شد به کامِ ما

ما در پیاله عکس رخ یار دیدهایم

ای بیخبر ز لذتِ شُربِ مدامِ ما

هرگز نمیرد آن که دلش زنده شد به عشق

ثبت است بر جریدهٔ عالَم دوامِ ما

چندان بُوَد کِرشمه و نازِ سَهیقدان

كايد به جلوه سرو صنوبرخرام ما

ای باد اگر به گُلشن اَحباب بُگُذری

زنهار عرضه دِه ٰ بَرِ جانان پيامِ ما

گو نامِ ما زیاد، بهعمد، چه میبری؟

خود آید آنکه یاد نیاری ز نامِ ما

مستى به چشمِ شاهدِ دلبندِ ما خوش است

زان رو سپردهاند به مستی زمام ما

ترسم که صرفهای نبرد روز بازخواست

نان حلال شيخ ز آب حرامِ ما

حافظ، ز دیده دانهٔ اشکی همی فشان

باشد كه مرغ وصل كُند قصد دام ما

درياي أَخْضَرِ ' فَلَك و كِشتي هِلال هستند غرق نعمت حاجي قوام ما

١. أخضر: سبز

٢. حاجي قوام الدين مظفر (وفات ٧٥٤ هـ.)، وزير شاه شيخ ابواسحاق

Ghazal 6: The Secret of the Holy Horizon

<u>-~;@@;~</u>-

O Sufi! Come and see how my cup mirrors light, Tempting you to glance at the ruby wine so bright. Of rapt revelers, ask the secret of the Holy Horizon; Knowledge of this lies beyond the high zealot's ken. The phoenix is the prey of none. Unleash your snare! Lay your net here and hunt down but empty air! Drink wine at life's banquet with wealth galore; Curb hope and desire to let union last evermore. O heart! Your prime is over, no rose for ecstasy; Gray-haired men seek virtue, name and gravity. Seek ready joys; for Adam, nothing did remain; "The Son of Man lost the Home of Peace in vain." My rights, which are the menial's due, I plead; Lord! Vouch to glance upon your slave and lead! Hafiz gives in to wine. O morning breeze! Blow! To master of Jam, let the salams of this servant flow!

غزل ٦، رازِ درونِ پرده

صوفی بیا که آینهٔ صافیست جام را راز درون پرده ز رندان مست پُرس عَنْقًا الشكار كس نشود، دام بازچين كانجاهميشه باد به دست است، دام را در بزمِ دُور ٰیک دو قَدَح درکش و برو یعنی طمع مدار وصال دوام را ای دل، شَباب رفت و نچیدی گُلی زعیش پیرانه سر مکن هُنری ۲، ننگ و نام را در عيش نقد كوش كه چون آبخور نمانْد " آدم بهشتِ روضهٔ دارالسّالام الله را ما را بر آستان توبس حقّ خدمت است ای خواجه بازبین به تَرَحّم غلام را حافظ مُريدِ جام مي است، اي صبا برو وز بنده بندگی برسان، شیخ جام را

تا بنگری صفای می لعلفام را کاین حال نیست زاهدِ عالیمقام را

پایان یافتن فرصت زندگی ۴. دارالسلام: بهشت

۵. شیخ جام: اشاره به احمدبن ابوالخیر جامی ملقب به ابونصر احمد ژنده پيل

١. عَنْقا: نام مرغى افسانهاي

۲. هُنري كردن ننگ و نام: ننگ و نام را از عيب و بدنامي یاک کردن

۳. آبخور نماندن: تمام شدن روزی و قسمت؛ کنایه از

Ghazal 7, Hunting the Hearts of Sages

<u>-~~~~~</u>

O breeze! Softly, gently tell that graceful gazelle:
"For you, straying in the mount and desert to us befell.
Wherefore the sugar sweet maiden – May she live long –
Deigns to care for her lover, having a sweet tongue?
O rose! Has your beauty made you disdain,
To inquire after the health of your bulbul insane?
Only by kindness, you can the hearts of sages win,
As you cannot catch the wise bird by snare or gin.
I wonder by my troth why fidelity never holds dye,
In those endowed with tall stature and black eye.
Cup in hand, as you with cohorts drink deep,
Keep in mind those who but hot airs reap.
In pretty damsels, a single flaw one can see:
Fidelity and beauty together cannot be."

In heaven, if the song of Hafiz Venus croons, No marvel if it sends Christ in dancing swoons.

غزل ٧، صيدِ اهلِ نظر

صبا به لطف بگو آن غزال رعنا را که سربه کوه وبیابان تو داده ای مارا شِكرفروش كه عمرش دراز باد، چرا تَفقُدي نكند طوطى شِكرخا را؟ غرور حُسنت اجازت مگر نداد ای گُل که پرسشی نکنی عندلیبِ شیدا را؟ به خُلق ولطف توان کرد صیدِ اَهل نظر به بند و دام نگیرند مرغ دانا را ندانم از چه سبب رنگِ آشنایی نیست سهی قدان ۲ سیه چشم ماهسیما را چو با حبیب نشینی و باده پیمایی به یاد دار محبّان بادهپیما را جز این قَدر نتوان گفت در جمال تو عیب که وضع مِهر و وفا نیست روی زیبا را

در آسمان نه عجب، گر به گفتهٔ حافظ سرودِ زُهره به رقص آوَرَد مسيحا را

٢. سَهي قدان: بلندقامتان، رعناقامتان



١. تَفَقُّد: دلجويي، حال و احوالپرسي

Ghazal 8, Musk-wafting Tress

<u>-~~~~~</u>

Again into orchards, the vernal glory arose; The tuneful bulbul received news of a coming rose. Breeze! If you blow again at the meads green of age, Greet for me the cypress, the rose and the sweet sage. If the tavern boy allows his charm and grace to shine, With my eyelashes, I will sweep the house of wine. With ambergris, you draw arched brows on your visage; Pray, hurl me not in perplexity, into throes of your siege. I fear a horde that scoffs the drinkers of wine residue; Lest they end up in a frail faith, a sorry sight to view. Befriend the men of God; for, in Noah's Ark lay, A little dust, an entire deluge of rain did outweigh. Abandon this abode and seek not your whims to sate, For, its mean Host shall send its guests to deathly fate. To him who will inherit a handful of dust wherein to lie, Say, "Why do you need a manor with pillars sky nigh?" My Canaanite beauty! The throne of Egypt is yours: Now is time to bid farewell to your prison sores.

Hafiz! quaff wine like a libertine! Quit where grief lies! Lo! Recite not - as others - the Qur'an to disguise!

غزل ۸، گیسوی مُشکافشان

—ে*৻*৻ৣ৻৻৻৻৻

رونقِ عهدِ شباب است دگر بُستان را

مىرسد مـژدهٔ گل بلبـلِ خوشالحـان را

ای صبا گر به جوانان چمن باز رَسی

خدمتِ ما برَسان سرو و گُل و ریحان را

گر چنین جلوه کند مُغبچهٔ ۱ باده فروش

خاکروبِ در میخانه کُنم مژگان را

ای که بر مَه کشی از عنبر سارا کوگان

مضطربْ حال مگردان من سرگردان را

ترسم این قوم که بر دردکشان میخندند

در سرِ کارِ خرابات کنند ایمان را

یارِ مردان خدا باش که در کشتی نوح

هست خاکی که به آبی نخرد طوفان را

برو از خانهٔ گردون به در و نان مَطَلب

کان سیه کاسه در آخِر بکُشد مهمان را

هر كه را خوابگه آخِر مشتى خاك است

گو چه حاجت که به افلاك کشي ايوان را؟

ماهِ كنعاني من، مَسندِ مصر آن تو شد

وقتِ آن است که بدرود کنی زندان را

حافظا، مِی خور و رندی کن و خوش باش، ولی دام تزویر مکن چون دگران قرآن را

٢. عنبرِ سارا: عنبر خالص و ناب



١. مُغبچه: پيرِ طريقتِ جوان، جانشين پير مغان

تصوير

تصوير

Ghazal 9, Sílvern Cypress Tree

<u>-~%%%</u>-

Up, Saki! Let us pay the wine's wage; And strew with dust the sorrow of our age; Give me the wine cup; that when filled with glee, From this blue-hued cloak, I may set myself free. Wise men may think me bare to shame; But I do not care for name or fame. Bring me wine! How many a man lost, With wind of pride the honor for dust? My heart fumes, my sighs so loud, Scorched you rough cruel crowd. The secret of my mad heart, none can know, Even the people of both high and low. Even by that sweetheart charmed am I, Who once from my heart magic sweetness fly. The one who once saw my Silvern tree, Can he see the cypress that in the turf can be? Hafiz! Be patient in adversity night and day, Till you will see a bed of roses on your way.

غزل ۹، سرو سیماندام

=~~*`*{?}\c\j\c\j\;\?

ساقیا برخیز و دردِه جام را خاك بر سر كُن غم اَیّام را ساغر مِی بر کفم نِه تا ز بَر برکشم این دلق ازرقفام ارا گرچه بدنامیست نزدِ عاقلان ما نمیخواهیم ننگ و نام را باده دردِه، چند از این بادِ غرور؟ خاك بر سر نَفْس نافرجام را دودِ آهِ سينهٔ نالان من سوخت اين افسردگان خام را مَحرمِ راز دل شیدای خود کس نمیبینم زخاص و عام را با دلارامی مرا خاطر خوش است کز دلم یکباره بُرد آرام را ننگرد دیگر به سرو اندر چمن هر که دید آن سرو سیماندام را

> صبر کن حافظ بهسختی روز و شب عاقبت روزی بیابی کام را

١. دَلْق: جامهٔ پشمينهٔ صوفيان ۲. ازرقفام: کبودرنگ

Ghazal 10, The Familiar Companion

<u>-~%%%</u>-

I pine away. Sages, plead with God for my woe; Alas, my secret pain, the world is soon to know. Our bark has stranded; O gentle breeze, arise; That we may visit the Friend we so dearly prize. The ten-day favor of the sphere is a tale untrue; Friend! Kindness to friends is a trait to pursue. Yester eve, in festivity, the bulbul tuned a song: "Saki! Bring wine! Come to life! O drunken throng!" Noble soul! God blessed you with rigor and grace; So, seek – at least – to cheer up this dervish's face. Peace in the two worlds, these remarks clearly show: "Love to every friend and civility to every foe." Upon the path of honor, denied was my range; Should you not approve it, seek my fate to change. That bitter wine known to the Sufi a sin to be: Tastes much sweeter than a maiden kiss to me. In times of distress, rejoice! Trouble not to learn; This alchemy of life can beggar to Croesus¹ turn. Be mild! Burn as a taper from jealousy overmuch; Adamant melts like wax under the beloved's touch. Alexander's mirror is the same wine bowl. Behold: Everything in Darab's kingdom reflected in its mold. Sweet speakers of Persian, the water of life dispense; Saki! Hasten and give this word to pious men of sense.

Hafiz declined to don this wine-stained cowl; O upright Master! Hold us innocent of this foul!

^{1.} Croesus ('kri:səs; 595 BC – c. 547 BC) was the king of Lydia from 560 to 547 BC until his defeat by the Persians. He was famous for his wealth.

غزل ۱۰، یار آشنا

<u>-C.XO</u>XCXX:30-

دل میرود ز دستم، صاحب دلان خدا را

دردا که راز پنهان خواهد شد آشکارا

کشتیشکستگانیم، ای بادِ شُرطه ا برخیز

باشد که بازبینیم دیدار آشنا را

دەروزە مِهـر گـردون افسـانه اسـت و افسـون

نیکی بهجای یاران فرصت شمار یارا

در حلقـهٔ گُل و مُـل خـوش خوانْـد دوش' بلبـل

هاتِ الصَّبُوحَ هُبُّوا يا اَيُّهاالسُّكارا٢

ای صاحب کرامت، شکرانهٔ سلامت

روزی تفقّدی کن درویشِ بینوا را

آسایش دو گیتی تفسیر این دو حرف است

با دوستان مروّت، با دشمنان مُدارا

در کوی نیكنامی ما را گذر ندادند

گر تو نمی پسندی، تغییر کُن قضا را

آن تلخوش كه صوفى أُمّالخَبائِثَش خوانْد

أشهىٰ لنا و أحلىٰ مِنْ قُبْلةِالْعُذارا"

هنگام تنگدستی در عیش کوش و مستی

کاین کیمیای هستی قارون کند گدا را

سرکش مشو که چون شمع از غیرتت بسوزد

دلبر که در کفِ او موم است سنگِ خارا

آیینه سِکَنْدر جامِ می است، بنگر

تا بر تو عرضه دارد' اَحوال مُلْكِ دارا

خوبان پارسیگو بخشندگان عمرند

ساقی بده بشارت رندان پارسا را

حافظ به خود نپوشید این خرقهٔ میآلود

ای شیخ پاکدامن، معذور دار ما را

۳. برای ما از بوسهٔ دختران باکره شیرین تر و دل انگیز تر

۲. ساقی شراب بده، بیدار شوید ای مستان



١. باد شرطه: باد موافق

Ghazal 11, Time of Union



Where is rectitude? Where is the wretched me? Where is decency? Can you not see a disparity? At me, the abbey and robe of duplicity sneer, Where is the cloister? Where is the wine clear? What is libertinage to integrity and dignity? Where is the preacher? Where is the harp's melody? How can a black heart in a beloved's face run? Where is a dead lamp? Where is the candle of the sun? Your threshold dust is eye kohl for us to apply, Where can we go? Why should we on others rely? Shun the dimple in her chin! In the path there lies a pit; O heart! Where are you headed? Why such a hasty fit? She is gone! How I long for memories to unite! Where are those eyes? Where is that blaming sight? Friend! From Hafiz, seek not patience or repose rare, Where is ease? Where is patience? Repose, where?

غزل ۱۱، روزگار وصل

<u>-~~~~~~</u>

صلاحِ کار کجا و منِ خراب کجا؟

ببین تفاوتِ رَه کز کجاست تا به کجا

دلم ز صومعه بگرفت و خرقهٔ سالوس

كجاست ديرِ مُغان و شرابِ ناب كجا؟

چه نسبت است به رندی صلاح و تقوا را؟

سَماعِ وَعظ كجا، نغمه رَباب كجا؟

ز روي دوست دل دشمنان چه دريابد؟

چراغ مرده کجا، شمع آفتاب کجا؟

چو كُحُل ٰ بينش ما خاكِ آستان شماست

كجا رويم بفرما از اين جناب كجا؟

مبین به سیب زَنَخدان که چاه در راه است

کجا همیرَوی ای دل، بدین شتاب کجا؟

بشُد۲، که یاد' خوشش باد' روزگار وصال

خود آن کرشمه کجارفت و آن عتاب محا؟

قرار و خواب ز حافظ طمع مدار ای دوست

قرار چیست، صبوری کدام و خواب کجا؟

٣. عِتاب: خشم، سرزنش

۱. كُحْل: سرمه

۲. بشُد: گذشت، سپری شد



Ghazal 12, The Message of the Friend's

<u>-~~~~~</u>

Who to the Sultan's men this plea will convey:

"King, in God's name turn not this beggar away?"

I seek refuge in God from my foe sinister,

Hoping the falling star may this star minister.

Should that black eyelash seek my blood to shed

Beware of its wile, darling, and let no ill will be fed.

The world is set ablaze by the rays you issue;

What benefit do you reap from cruelty but rue?

All night, this hope I cherish, that the morn breeze

May lovingly bring this friend, comfort and ease.

My soul, there arose tumult among your lovers galore;

All enchanted by your face and your cypress stature!

Give dawn-wake Hafiz a drop of wine to drink

So, from the morn prayer, your sense of sin will sink.

غزل ۱۲، پیام آشنایان

<u>-~~~~~</u>

به ملازمان سلطان که رَسانَد این دعا را؟

که به شُکرِ پادشاهی زنظر مَران گدارا؟ زرقیبِ دیوسیرت' به خدای خود پناهم

مگر آن شهابِ ثاقب مَددی دَهد خدا را مُژه سیاهت اَر کرد به خون ما اشارت

ز فریبِ او بیندیش و غلط مکُن نگارا دلِ عالَمی بسوزی، چو عِذار ٔ برفروزی

تو از این چه سود داری که نمی کنی مُدارا؟ همهشب در این اُمیدم که نسیم صبحگاهی

به پیامِ آشنایان بنوازَد آشنا را چه قیامت است جانا که به عاشقان نمودی

دلوجان فدای رویت، بِنَما عِذار ما را به خدا که جرعهای دِه توبه حافظِ سحرخیز که دعای صبحگاهی اثری کند شما را

۱. عِذار: رخسار، چهره

Ghazal 13, Pure Wine

The morning falls and the clouds refuse to sink;
Friends! Bring the morning wine! Let us drink!
The tulip's face is smitten by drops of hail;
Friends! Bring wine! Bring wine without fail!
Over the turf blows an Edenic breeze;
Drink pure wine every time you seize!
The rose reclines on a throne of emerald green;
Partake of the fiery ruby wine with a desire keen!
The gate of the tavern is shut once more;
O Opener of the Gates, pray open the door!
One can marvel for what a strange reason
The taverns are hastily shut in such a season.
So let us quaff pure wine like Hafiz
To the fairy-like splendid Sakis!

غزل ۱۳، بادهٔ ناب

<u>~~@@</u>@

مى دمد صبح و كِلّه بست سحاب الصَّبُوح الصَّبُوح يا أصْحاب م

مى چكد ژاله بر رخ لاله اَلمُدامُ المُدام يا اَحْبابً مى وزد از چمن نسيم بهشت هان، بنوشيد دَمبهدَم مى ناب تختِ زُمْرُد زده است گُل به چمن راح ٔ چون لعل آتشین دریاب 4 درِ میخانه بستهاند دگر اِفْتَتِحْ یا مُفَتِّحِ الَابْواب لب و دندانْت را حقوق نمك هست برجان و سينههاي كباب این چنین موسمی عجب باشد که ببندند میکده بهشتاب

> بر رخِ ساقیِ پریپیکر همچو حافظ بنــوش بادهٔ ناب

٣. شراب ناب بدهید، دوستان



۴. راح: وجد و سرور و شادماني ۵. در بسته را باز کن، ای گشایندهٔ درها

١. كِلُّه بستن: خيمه زدن

۲. وقت نوشیدن شراب صبحگاهی است

Ghazal 14, The Reflection of Wine

I said, "King of Grace! Pity this loner in the lane of dust." I heard, "He who follows his heart shall be finally lost." I said, "Stay but a while!" I heard, "No, oh let me repair!" "How can a green soul bear to see loners in despair?" A tender soul gently inured to lie in a royal bed of ermine; How can she bewail a loner who on a rock may recline? Fettered in your tress lie a throng of souls in thrall; How merrily, in your face, that musky mole does fall! Reflected in the wine do I see a face of moonlit shine, As if purple and white roses had come to combine. An ant-like hue strangely encircles the oval of your face, Musky shade is not new in a hall that paintings grace. I said, "Oh you whose pitch-black lock is a loner's night; Beware less the stranger grieve his sorrow at daylight!" "Hafiz, friends are hazed and dazed," said a voice.

"No wonder if a stranger fatigues and fails to rejoice."

غزل ۱۲، عکس می

<u>-6,100,67:-0-</u>

گفتم ای سلطانِ خوبان، رحم کن بر این غریب

گفت در دنبالِ دل ٰ ره گم کُند مسکین غریب

گفتمش مَكَّذر زماني، گفت معذورم بِدار

خانه پروردی چه تاب آرد غم چندین غریب؟

خفته برسنجاب شاهی نازنینی را چه غم؟

گر ز خار و خاره سازد بستر و بالین غریب؟

ای که در زنجیر زلفت جای چندین آشناست

خوش فِتاد آن خال مُشكين بر رخ رنگين غريب

مینماید عکسِ مِی در رنگِ رویِ مَهوشت

همچو برگِ اَرغوان بر صفحهٔ نسرین غریب

بس غریب افتاده است آن مور خط ٰ گِردِ رُخت

گر چه نبود در نگارستان خطِ مُشکین غریب

گفتم ای شامِ غریبان طُرّهٔ شبرنگِ تو

در سحرگاهان حذر کُن چون بنالد این غریب

گفت حافظ، آشنایان در مقامِ حیرتاند

دور نبْوَد گر نشیند خسته و مسکین غریب

۱. خانه پرورد: آنکه همیشه در خانه بوده، کسی که غم غریبی نچشیده

=5% Che Selected Poems of Hafiz 🖘

Ghazal 15, The Place of Meeting



O morn breeze! Do you know where the Friend stays? Where's my darling, that moonlit face of cruel ways? Deep in the dark, there lies a right path in the plain¹; Where is the Sinai fire²? Where shall we meet again? Whoever comes into this world is destined to depart; In the tavern, ask, "Where is that man of sober heart?" To hear glad tidings, one needs only a clue to perceive; Secrets are galore. Who can these secrets receive? The myriad fiber in my body calls for you to approach; Where are we? Who's he who is only wont to reproach? Ask the twisted strands of the Friend's hair: "How does this flustered and forlorn heart fare?" Reason is mad. Where is the musky lock to imprison me? The heart is sad. Where's that eyebrow to let me free? The Saki, the Muse and the wine together ready stand: Rest without her is remote. Where's the Friend's land? Hafiz! Do not be upset by the autumn gale that blows; Contemplate! Where can you find a thorn-free rose?

^{1.} An allusion to the Qur'an, "When Moses fulfilled his appointed time and was journeying with his family, he saw a fire on the side of the mountain and said to his people, "Stay here! I can see a fire. Maybe I can bring you news of it or a brand of fire to warm yourselves." When he approached it, a voice called him from the right side of the valley out of a tree in the hallowed ground, "Moses, I am God the Lord of the Worlds" (The Story 30-29).

^{2.} This can be a biblical allusion, "And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the LORD descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly (Exodus 19:18)."

غزل ۱۵، موعد دیدار

<u>-~%%%</u>

ای نسیم سحر، آرامگهِ یار کجاست؟

منزلِ آن مَهِ عاشـقكُشِ عيّـار كجاست؟

شبِ تار است و رهِ وادي اَيمن در پيش

آتش طور کجا، موعدِ دیدار کجاست؟

هر که آمد به جهان، نقش خرابی دارد

در خرابات بگویید که هشیار کجاست؟

آن کس است اَهل بشارت که اشارت داند

نکتهها هست بسی، مَحْرم اَسرار کجاست؟

هر سَرِ موي مرا با تو هزاران کار است

ما كجاييم و ملامتگر بي كار كجاست؟

بازپرسید ز گیسوی شکندرشکنش

کاین دل غمزده سرگشته گرفتار کجاست؟

عقل ديوانه شد آن سلسلهٔ مُشكين كو

دل ز ما گوشه گرفت، اُبروی دلدار کجاست؟

ساقى و مُطرب و مِي جمله مهيّاست، ولي

عیش ٰ بییار مهیّا نشود، یار کجاست؟

حافظ از بادِ خزان در چمنِ دهر مَرَنج

فكرِ معقول بفرما، گُلِ بيخار كجاست؟

۱. وادی اَیمن: صحرایی که ندای خداوند در آنجا به موسی (ع) رسید، کنایه از پاکسازی دل

Ghazal 20, Divine Grace



A drunkard I am; I see no virtue or fidelity in me cast; For I have been a toper since the Day of Alast.¹
As soon as I bathed my soul in the love's fountain, I washed my hands off this world; and all I now abstain. Give me wine to unravel to you the secret of fate, And say how I came to seek my ardent love to sate. The mount proved too whimsical to save the sky's face: O worshippers of wine! Despair not of divine grace. Apart from the drunk eye that I pray to God to shield, None will you find contented under the sky's blue field. May my life be sacrificed for her lips! The Cosmic Artisan, Never created in the Garden of Love a fairer bud to scan.

Thanks to you, I am on a par with Solomon in sway: All Hafiz has earned is the wind² that in his hands lay.

^{1.} This Qur'anic allusion suggests that when God created Adam, He made him testify by asking: Am I not your Lord? According to the Qur'an, "...when your Lord took from the Children of Adam – from their loins – their offspring, We made them testify touching them, [saying]: Am I not your Lord? They said: "Yes, indeed. We testify," lest you say on the Day of Decision, "Of this, we were not aware... (The Heights, Verse 172)"

^{2.} According to the Qur'an, God gave Solomon command over the winds. "And to Solomon, We subjected the raging gale to blow at his bidding to the land which We had blessed (The Prophets, Verse 81)." Also, the Bible reinforces this idea: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits (Solomon, Verse 16)." In this poem, however, Hafiz suggests that unlike Solomon who had sway over the gales, Hafiz is left with only air in his hand.

غزل ۲۰، در رحمت

<u>~~;@@;~</u>-

مَطَلَب طاعت و پیمان و صلاح از منِ مست

که به پیمانه کِشی شهره شدم روز الست

من همان دَم که وضو ساختم از چشمهٔ عشق

چارتکبیر زدم یکسره بر هر چه که هست

مِی بِده تا دَهمت آگهی از سِرِ قضا

كه به روي كه شدم عاشق و از بوي كه مست

کمر کوه کم است از کمر مور اینجا

ناامید از در رحمت مشو ای بادهپرست

بهجز آن نرگس مستانه که چشمش مَرَساد

زير اين طارَمِ فيروزه اكسى خوش نَنِشَست

جان فدای دهنش باد که در باغ نظر

چمن آرای جهان خوشتر از این غنچه نبست

حافظ از دولتِ عشقِ تو سُلیمانی شد

یعنی از وصلِ تواَش نیست بهجز باد' به دست

طارَم فیروزهرنگ: آسمان فیروزهرنگ
 پیمانه کشی: نوشیدن پیمانه و می



تصوير

تصوير

Ghazal 21, The Straight Lane

<u>-~~~~~</u>

Of my state, the hidebound zealot is bereft of sense; If he speaks ill of me, I shall take no offense. Whatever happens to the holy traveler is but to his gain; O heart, hark! On the path, none may stray from the lane. However the rook moves, to the front my pawn I bring: The libertine's chessboard is no battlefield for a king. What is this multihued towering vault of uniformity? Sages have striven to discern its secret but in futility. God, what is this serenity? What wisdom does there lie? Spiritual wounds, I sustain; yet I am not allowed to sigh. To Council's high vizier, reckoning is unknown, to wit, Nowhere in his scrolls can you see "Enough is God" writ. Let those who desire come and say what their hearts love; Neither courtier nor pride will this court approve. To the wine house, only those of one color proceed; The tavern is verboten to those who on their pride feed. Whatever the flaw, it lies in my body, uneven and unfair; Your attire of grace is never short for any man to wear. I serve the old vintner who keeps over me endless watch; The zealot and the Master's favor is now, often and such. If Hafiz avoids a high rank, his spur is his spirit, free;

A lees-imbibing lover has no desire for fame or degree.

غزل ۲۱، صراط مستقيم

زاهدِ ظاهرپرست از حالِ ما آگاه نیست

در حقِ ما هر چه گوید، جایِ هیچ اِکراه نیست

در طریقت هر چه پیش سالك آید، خیر اوست

در صراطِ مستقیم ای دل، کسی گمراه نیست

تا چه بازی رخ نماید، بیدقی خواهیم راندا

عرصهٔ شطرنج رندان را مجال شاه نیست

چيست اين سقفِ بلندِ سادهٔ بسيارنقش؟

زین معمّا هیچ دانا در جهان آگاه نیست

این چه اِستغناست یارب، وین چه قادر حکمت است

كاين همه زخمِ نهان هست و مجال آه نيست؟

صاحبِ دیوان ما گویی نمیداند حساب

كَاندر اين طُغرا نشانِ حِسْبَةً لِلَّه نيست

هر که خواهد گوبیا و هر چه خواهد گوبگو

کبر و ناز و حاجب و دربان بدین درگاه نیست

بر در میخانه رفتن کار یکرنگان بُوَد

خودفروشان را به کوی میفروشان راه نیست

هر چه هست از قامتِ ناساز بی اندامِ ماست

ور نه تشریفِ تو بر بالای کس کوتاه نیست

بندهٔ پیر خراباتم که لطفش دائم است

ور نه لطفِ شیخ و زاهد' گاه هست و گاه نیست

حافظ اَربر صدر نَنْشيند، زعالىمَشربي است

عاشق دُردي كِش اندر بندِ مال و جاه نيست

۱. رخ و بِیْدَق: اشارة ایمایی به دو مهرة شطرنج؛ قلعه و سرباز نقش می زدند.

طغرا: طغری، نشان مخصوص که بر احکام پادشاهان
 ۳. حِسْبَةً لِلَّه: برای رضا و خشنودی خدا؛ رایگان

Ghazal 27, Home of Rest



Good Soul, who unties the veil from your countenance? Bird of Paradise, who gives you drink and sustenance? Sleep left me as with this aching feeling, I began to fight: In whose arms do you now repose and respite? You deign to inquire after this dervish. In your vision; Do you not mull evading agony on the Day of Decision? Those drunken eyes have caused many hearts to stray; Lo, those eyes are made to intoxicate: that's their way. The arrow of coyness you shot, I did not receive; Let us see what other plans your mind may conceive. My wail and cry, you did not seem to hear; The walls of your mansion are tall, I fear. Far beyond this wasteland lies the cascade; Beware lest your hope for water by a mirage fade. O heart! In time of old age, what ways will you take? Your prime of youth was deplorably spent in mistake. You are a Home of Familiarity, O Palace of Delight! O Lord, let not Time wreak havoc on this site! Hafiz is not a slave to give up his master's company;

غزل ۲۷، منزل آسایش

<u>-~%%%;~</u>:

ای شاهد قُدسی، که کِشد بندِ نقابت؟

وِ ای مرغِ بهشتی، که دَهد دانه و آبت؟

خوابم بشُد از دیده ٔ در این فکرِ جگرسوز

كاغوش كه شد منزل آسايش و خوابت؟

درویش نمیپرسی و ترسم که نباشد

اندیشهٔ آمرزش و پروای ثوابت

راهِ دلِ عُشّاق زد آن چشمِ خُماری

پیداست از این شیوه که مست است شرابت

تیری که زدی بر دلم از غمزه، خطا رفت

تا باز چه اندیشه کند رأی صوابت؟

هر ناله و فریاد که کردم، نشنیدی

پیداست نگارا، که بلند است جَنابت

دور است سَرِ آب از این بادیه٬ هُش دار

تا غول بیابان نفریبد به سَرابت

تا در رهِ پیری به چه آیین رَوی اِی دل؟

بارى، بەغلىط صرف شد أيّامِ شبابت

ای قصر دل افروز که منزلگهِ اُنسی

يارب مكناد آفتِ اَيّام خرابت

حافظ نه غلامی است که از خواجه گُریزد

صلحی کُن و بازا که خرابم ز عِتابت



١. خوابم بشُد از ديده: خوابم پريد

۲. بادیه: صحرا

Ghazal 32, What the Bold Souls Dare

-C.JOGJ: N

O bulbul! Weep if you wish to nurse my heart; You and I are forlorn lovers and weeping is our art. Whenever a breeze blows from the Friend's hair. The Tartary musk-pods lose their aroma in the air. Bring us wine to dye the robe of deceit and duplicity; We're drunk with cup of pride; yet, sober we claim to be. It's not for every fool to touch your hair, To fall in love is what the bold souls dare. 'Tis a charisma which wakes the lover's flame; Neither ruby lip nor verdant down its name. Beauty is not the eye, lock, cheek and mole; A thousand subtle points does the heart control. The Kalandars of Truth¹ buy not for half a barleycorn², The silk garment of one who is of skills shorn. Arduous it is to reach the threshold of your Love: Arduous as ascending the rooftop of the heaven above. In a dream, to the abode of the Beloved did I wend: Oh happy the dream where I see the Darling Friend. Hafiz! Cut not her heart with your tears! Cease! Abstain from harming and find eternal peace!

^{1.} In the poetry of Hafiz, the Kalandars of Truth refer to those who have achieved a considerable degree of spirituality that they become oblivious of mundane things.

^{2.} According to Islamic tradition, Adam and Eve ate of corn or the Tree of Immortality. "But Satan whispered to him, saying: Adam, shall I guide you to the Tree of Immortality and a kingdom of no evil? And they ate of the tree and their shameful parts became manifest to them and they began to stitch upon themselves leaves of the garden. Thus did Adam disobey his Lord and go astray" (The Magnificent Qur'an 121-20:120).

غزل ۳۲، طریقِ عیاری

<u>~~~~~~~</u>

بِنال بلبل اگر با مَنت سَرِ یاریست

که ما دو عاشقِ زاریم و کارِ ما زاریست

در آن زمین که نسیمی وزد ز طُرّهٔ دوست

چه جایِ دَم زدنِ نافههایِ تاتاری ست؟

بیار بادہ که رنگین کنیم جامهٔ زَرْق ً

که مستِ جامِ غروریم و نام' هشیاریست

خيال زلفِ تو پختن نه کارِ هر خاميست

كه زيرِ سلسله رفتن طريقِ عيّاريست

لطیفهایست نهانی که عشق از او خیرد

كه نامِ آن نه لب لعل و خطِّ زنگاريست

جمال شخص نه چشم است و زلف و عارض و خال

هزار نکته در این کاروبار دلداریست

قلندران حقیقت به نیمجو نخرند

قبای اطلس آنکس که از هنر عاریست

بر آستان تو مشکل توان رسید، آری

عُروج ٰ بر فلكِ سروري بهدشواريست

سَحر كِرشمهٔ چشمت به خواب مىديدم

زهی مراتب خوابی که به ز بیداریست

دلش به ناله میازار و ختم کن حافظ

که رستگاری جاوید در کم آزاری ست

۱. نافههای تاتاری: نافهای که از آهوهای تاتاری به دست نافه: کیسهای حاوی مادهای بسیار خوشبو به نام مُشک می آمده.
 ۲. زرق: ریاکاری، دورویی

Ghazal 34, Garden of No Rue



As the hand of breeze grasped you by the tress, My mad heart fell apart in grief and distress. Your magic eye is the very replica of black divination; Yet, this version has been out of sight in careless fashion. The black mole in the curl of your hair, what is it? That like a dot of ink in the heart of jim¹ does sit. In the paradise of your face, what does your tress do? 'Tis a peacock left to ramble in the garden of no rue. O soul mate! For your scent, my heart conceived a lust; Alas, it came to fall and disperse like a pall of dust. This dusty body sitting at your door cannot fly high; Like a pall of dust from your lane into the sky. O you having Jesus' breath, the shadow of your cypress; Weighs upon my body which only rotten bones oppress. He who only at the House of God did recline, Now sojourns at the tavern to recall your lips of wine. My darling soul! Hafiz has longed to resume a bond, He had, on Alast Day, formed with the Beloved fond.

 $^{1.\} Jim$ is a Persian letter ξ . The poet compares the mole on the beloved's face to the black dot in this letter.

غزل ٣٤، باغ نعيم

<u>~~;@@;~</u>-

تا سَرِ زلفِ تو در دستِ نسیم افتادهست

دلِ سودازده از غصّه دونیم افتادهست چشم جادوی تو خود عین سوادِ سِحر است

لیکن این هست که این نسخه ٔ سَقیم ٔ افتادهست

در خَمِ زلفِ تو آن خال سیه دانی چیست؟

نقطهٔ دوده که در حلقهٔ جیم افتادهست زلفِ مُشکین تو در گلشنِ فردوسِ عِذار

چیست؟ طاووس که در باغ نعیم افتادهست

دل من در هوس روي تو ای مونسِ جان

خاكِ راهيست كه در دستِ نسيم افتادهست

همچو گرد این تن خاکی نتواند برخاست

از سَر کوی تو زان رو که عظیم افتادهست

سایه قدِّ تو بر قالبم ای عیسیٰدَم

عكس روحىست كه برعَظْمِ رَميم افتادهست

آن که جز کعبه مَقامش نَبُد از یادِ لبت

بر درِ میکده دیدم که مُقیم افتادهست حافظِ گمشده را با غمت ای یارِ عزیز اتحادی ست که در عهد قدیم افتاده ست

٢. عظم رميم: استخوان پوسيده



۱. سَقیم: بیمار، نادرست

🗫 Che Selected Poems of Hafiz 🖘

Ghazal 36, In the Path of Love



In its beak, a bulbul held a fine-hued roseleaf, Despite that wealth, it heaved a sigh of sweet grief. I asked, "Why do you lament despite this union fair?" It said, "In this, the beauty of the Beloved do I share." "If Love declines to have me, no need for offence, I see; A great King is He; and with the poor, He deigns to be." "My pleas and coyness affect not the Friend's lofty stance; Blessed be the one favored by the Beloved in his chance!" Arise! For the Painter's brush, let us enjoy what we prize; What a myriad of panoramic pictures in his compass lies! Should you persevere in the path of love, fear no shame! His robe San'an¹ pawned to quaff wine despite his fame. Blessed be that gentle Kalandar² who fervently felt; To pray to God though he donned a Christian belt³! In the palatial presence of that dame with Houri⁴ looks, Hafiz's eyes were like 'the gardens of flowing brooks5'.

^{1.} In Persian literature, Sheikh San'an was a religious person whose pride stood in the way of his love of God. He falls in love with a Christian princess, renounces his faith, and becomes her swineherd, experiences humiliation and an earthly love that corresponds to the Sufi's true love of God

^{2.} In the poetry of Hafiz, the Kalandars refer to those who have achieved a considerable degree of spirituality that they become oblivious of mundane things.

^{3.} Christian belt or Zunnar was a belt that Christians in Jerusalem had to wear in order to differentiate themselves from Muslims

 $^{4. \} According to Islam, a Houri is a well-matched, large-eyed maiden accompanying those who enter paradise.\\$

^{5.} A Qur'anic allusion: "God has inscribed in their hearts faith and He has confirmed them with a Spirit from Him and will admit them into gardens under which rivers flow where they will dwell forever (58:22)." Here Hafiz compares his eyes to the gardens in heaven beneath which the rivers of his tears flow.

غزل ۳٦، مرید راه عشق

بلبلی برگِ گُلی خوشرنگ در منقار داشت

وَاندر آن برگ و نوا خوش نالههای زار داشت

گفتمش در عین وصل این ناله و فریاد چیست؟

گفت ما را جلوهٔ معشوق در این کار داشت

يار اگر نَنشست با ما، نيست جاي اِعتراض

پادشاهی کامران بود، از گدایی عار داشت

درنمی گیرد نیاز و نازِ ما با حُسنِ دوست

خرّم آن کز نازنینان بختِ برخوردار داشت

خيزتا بركِلْكِ النقاش جان افشان كنيم

کاین همه نقش عَجَب در گردش پرگار داشت

گر مریدِ راهِ عشقی، فکر بدنامی مکن

شيخ صنعان ٢ خرقه 'رهن خانه خَمّار داشت

وقتِ آن شیرین قلندر تخوش که در اَطوار سِیر

ذكر تسبيح مَلَك در حلقة زُنّار داشت

چشمِ حافظ زیر بامِ قصرِ آن حوریسرشت شیوهٔ جَنّاتُ تَجری تَحْتِهَا الْاَنْهار داشت ً

ترسا دل می بندد و دین و شریعت را به کنار می گذارد و ۳ شمه تا به می شمه تا به کنار می گذارد و

۳. شیرین قلندر: درویش و قلندر لاابالی و خودسر
 ۴. باغهایی که در زیر آنها نهرها روان است

۱. کِلْک: نی، قلم ۲. شیخ صنعان: پیری صاح

شیخ صنعان: پیری صاحب کمال و وارسته که قریب پنجاه سال در نزدیکی کعبه اعتکاف فرموده بود. مریدان داشت و من جمله عطار که از مریدان او بود. به دختری

Ghazal 37, Black Nights

<u>-~;@@</u>;~

Sans your cheek's Sun, daylight deprives me of its rays; Alas, black nights have replaced my crowning days. I bid farewell; how I wept when I was denied your sight! Oh my eyes are dim and dull and bereft of light. Your image departed from my eyes, and said: "Alack, this corner has been left deserted." From me, your proximity kept the Angel of Death away: Aloofness from you shall now keep Death with me alway. Not a moment too late your rival will sigh in agony; "Evil be far from you! The outsider has ceased to be!" Patience is my mere mate to lull your separation's sore; How can I be patient when I reserve no power in store? In separation from you, should the font of my eyes dry, Say: "Shed the liver's blood, for no excuses apply."

Tearful grief prevents Hafiz from engaging in hilarity, The sad soul has forsaken all desire for all festivity.

غزل ۳۷، شب دیجور

<u>-0.10,01,01</u>

بىمِهِرِ رُخت روزِ مرا نور نماندست

وز عمر' مرا جز شبِ دیجور' نماندست

هنگامِ وداع تو ز بس گریه که کردم

دور از رخِ تو چشمِ مرا نور نماندست

ميرفت خيال تو ز چشمِ من و ميگفت

هیهات، از این گوشه که مَعمور ٔ نماندست

وصلِ تو اَجل را ز سَرم دُور همیداشت

از دولتِ هجرِ تو كنون دۇر نماندست

نزدیك شد آن دُم كه رقیب تو بگوید

دور از رُخت این خستهٔ رنجور نماندست

صبر است مرا چارهٔ هِجران تو، لیکن

چؤن صبر توان کرد که مقدور نماندست؟

در هجرِ تو گر چشمِ مرا آبِ روان است

گو خون جگر ریز که معذور نماندست

حافظ زغم از گریه نیرداخت به خنده

ماتمزده را داعیهٔ سور۳ نماندست

۳. سور: جشن و سرور و مهماني

دیجور: تاریک
 معمور: آباد



Ghazal 38, The Captive of your Love

=C.160/C31:50=

Peace, preacher! What is this frenzy you pursue?
I have lost my heart. What has befallen you?
Her waist which God seems to have created of naught¹
Is a riddle whose answer no mortal has ever sought.
Of her lips, I was deprived to satiate my desire
The counsel of the entire world is like oil on fire.
The beggar of your lane has no need of the heaven above;
Free of this and the next world is the captive of your love.
The intoxication of love has ruined me;
But I have found myself a man of infinity.
O heart! Bewail not the cruelty of the one so dear
Thus has she decreed and justice this should appear
Hafiz! Utter no tale! Compose no verses of joy or woe!
Many of such wondrous conceits and verses do I know.

^{1.} Her waist is so thin that you would feel it is made of nothing.

غزل ۳۸، اسیر عشق تو

<u>~~;@@;</u>~

بروبه کارِ خود ای واعظ، این چه فریادست؟

مرا فِتاد دل از ره، تو را چه افتادست؟

میان او که خدا آفریده است از هیچ

دقیقهایست که هیچ آفریده نگشادست

به کام تا نرسانَد مرا لبش چون نای

نصيحتِ همه عالَم به گوش من بادست

گدای کوی تو از هشت خُلد مستغنیست

أسيرِ عشقِ تو از هر دوعالَم آزادست

اگرچه مستی عشقم خراب کرد، ولی

اساسِ هستيِ من زان خراب' آبادست

دِلا، مَنال ز بیداد و جور یار، که یار

تورا نصیب همین کرد و این از آن دادَست

برو فِسانه مخوان و فُسون مَدَم، حافظ

كز اين فِسانه و اَفسون ٰ مرا بسي يادست

Ghazal 43, From Qaf to Qaf

<u>-6.70)(07;30-</u>

Now in the rose's hand the cup of wine is beaming,
With a myriad tongues, the bird her charms is singing.
Take a song-book and seek sanctuary in a barren terrain;
Relinquish school and refrain from knowing the arcane!
Yesterday our intoxicated cleric pronounced a decree:
"Wine's a sin; worse still is to waste an endowed equity."
Clear or turbid, quaff your cup of wine in submission;
Whatever comes from our Saki is a grace of no remission.
Shun the company of men! Follow the phoenix's creed!
"For the fame of hermits from qaf to qaf¹ does proceed."
He who claims to surpass me in verse and tone,
Is like a mat-weaver to one who cuts a precious stone.
Silent Hafiz! Reserve as crimson gold your ditty;
For the con artists masquerade as coiners in the city.

^{1.} i.e. from one end of Caucasus Mountains to the other end. According to mythology, the phoenix immolates itself every five hundred years and rises again from the ashes. The phoenix is a symbol of eternal rebirth. The mystics consider the Caucasus Mountains as the land of the phoenix.

غزل ٤٣، از قاف تا قاف

<u>~~;@@;~</u>

كنون كه بركفِ گُل جامِ بادهٔ صافست

به صدهزار زبان البلش در اوصافست

بخواه دفترِ اَشعار و راهِ صحرا گیر

چه وقتِ مدرسه و بحثِ کشفِ کَشّافست' ؟

فقیه مدرسه ٔ دِی مست بود و فتویٰ داد

که مِی حرام، ولی بِه، ز مال اوقافست٬

به دُرد و صاف "۳ تو را حکم نیست، خوش در کِش

که هر چه ساقی ما کرد، عین الطافست

بِبُر ز خلق و چو عَنقا قیاس کار بگیر

كه صيتِ ً گوشهنشينان ٰ زِ قاف تا قافست

حدیثِ مدّعیان و خیال همکاران

همان حكايتِ زردوز و بوريابافست

خموش حافظ و این نکتههای چون زرِ سرخ

نگاه دار که قَلاَبِ^۵ شهر صرّافست

٣. صيت: آوازه، ذكر خير



 ^{4.} دُرد و صاف: بادهٔ كلِر و ناخالص؛ بادهٔ صاف و خالص
 ۵. قلّاب: كسى كه سكه تقلبي مى زند

۱. کشّاف: کتابی است به عربی در تفسیر قرآن

مالِ اوقاف: مالِ وقفى

تصوير

تصوير

Ghazal 49, Home to Love



Blame not the libertine, O zealot of pure spirit, For, the sins of others upon you will not be writ. Be my works good or evil, beware Satan, your foe; All men will eventually reap in life what they sow. Everyone seeks the Friend, sober or drunk with wine, Everywhere is home to love, be it mosque or shrine. In submission, I lay head at the tavern gate and lie, If my enemy cannot discern this, better he die! Of the Divine Mercy, seek not to make me despair! Can you see through the veil who's evil or fair? I am not the first to stray from the pious road, For, my father too lost his sweet Edenic abode. Hafiz, should you seize a cup when the Hour is nigh,

From the tavern gate, they'll bear you right to the Sky.

غزل ٤٩، خانهٔ عشق

عیبِ رندان مکن ای زاهدِ پاکیزهسرشت

که گناهِ دگران بر تو نخواهند نوشت من اگر نیکم و گربد، تو برو خود را باش

هرکسی آن دِرَوَد عاقبتِ کار که کِشت همه کس طالب یارند، چه هشیار و چه مست

همه جا خانهٔ عشق است، چه مسجد چه کِنشت

سَرِ تسليمِ من و خشتِ دَرِ ميكدهها

مدّعی گر نکند فهمِ سخن، گو سَر و خشت

ناأميدم مكن از سابقة لطفِ ازل

تو پسِ پرده چه دانی که که خوب است و که زشت؟

نه من از پردهٔ تقوا به در افتادم و بس

پدرم نیز بهشتِ اَبَد از دست بهشت حافظا، روزِ اَجَل گربه کف آری جامی یکسر از کوی خرابات بَرندَت به بهشت



۱. بهشت: رها کرد، ترک کرد

Ghazal 55, Black Eyes

<u>-~~~~~~~</u>

The brittle bow of your brow is bent; To get my poor heart with arrows rent. Before the worlds rose high, love was the word; The design of love had long been made by the Lord. In jest, the narcissus cast her glance askew; Your playful eye flung the world in a plight to view. When did you creep up to the turf, sunk in sweat; And drunk that your rosy face set fire to the violet? Yester eve, as I happened to pass by the sod, I became drunk as I took your lip for a bud. As the violet was busy tying up her twisted hair, The breeze wafted the news of your tress to share. Out of shame as I likened to a lily your pulchritude, The dust of wind sealed her lips with promptitude. In my retreat, I fell for wine and with the vintner I sat, My zeal grew for them and I fell into this state and that. Now with the ruby wine, I cleanse my robe of piety; You cannot flee the fate decreed by the Almighty. Was Hafiz to find felicity in this gloomy state, Which an invisible hand flung him into this fate? The Wheel of Fortune will spin to my heart's content, For me to serve the Master to whom I was thus sent.

غزل ۵۵، چشم سیه

<u>~~`{``</u>\``\`\`\

خَمى كه اُبروي شوخ تو در كمان انداخت

به قصدِ جانِ منِ زارِ ناتوان انداخت نبود نقش دو عالَم که رنگِ اُلفت بود

زمانه طرحِ محبّت نه این زمان انداخت به یك كرشمه كه نرگس به خودفروشی كرد

فریبِ چشمِ تو صد فتنه در جهان انداخت شرابخورده و خوی کرده ۱، می روی به چمن

که آبِ رویِ تو آتش در اَرغوان انداخت به بزمگاهِ چمن دوش مست بگْذشتم

چـو از دهـانِ تـوام غنچـه در گمـان انداخـت

بنفشه طُرّهٔ مفتولِ خود گِره میزد

صبا حکایتِ زلفِ تو در میان انداخت ز شرم آنکه به روی تو نسبتش کردم

سَمَن به دستِ صبا خاك در دهان انداخت

من از وَرَع ٔ می و مطرب ندیدمی زین پیش

هوایِ مُغبچگانم در این و آن انداخت کنون به آبِ می لعل خرقه میشویم

نصیبهٔ اَزل از خود نمی توان انداخت مگر گشایش حافظ در این خرابی بود

که بخشش اَزلش در می مُغان انداخت

جهان به کامِ من اکنون شود که دورِ زمان مرا به بندگی خواجهٔ جهان انداخت

٣. مي مُغان: شراب زرتشتيان



۱. خوى: عرق

۲. وَرَع: تقوا، پرهیزکاری

Ghazal 59, The Tavern's Fire



Fire scorches my heart. Agony neighs in my breast,
A flame there was in this home which burned the nest.
In her separation, my body burned and roused my sighs;
My soul hungered for the love reflected within her eyes.
My heart's burning! The candle melted as I wept fire;
Yester eve, she burnt like a moth for my frenzied desire;
A friend, not a stranger, cast me into this pitiful plight;
No wonder, the strangers grieved for my sorry sight.
The tavern wine robbed me of my patched attire;
My house of mind was burned down by the tavern's fire.
The beaker of my heart was broken at my repentance;
Wine and tavern burned tulip-like my liver in absence.
Speak no more! Return, for I dried the font of my eyes;
And divested myself of my robe of duplicity and lies.

Hafiz! Cease! And quaff wine awhile for your soul! We did not sleep and the candle melted for your dole.

غزل ۵۹، آتش میخانه

<u>~~~~~~</u>

سينه از آتشِ دل در غمِ جانانه بسوخت

آتشی بود در این خانه که کاشانه بسوخت تنم از واسطهٔ دوری دلبر بگداخت

جانم از آتشِ مِهرِ رخِ جانانه بسوخت

سوزِ دل بين كه زبس آتشِ اشكم دلِ شمع

دوش بر من ز سَرِ مِهر' چو پروانه بسوخت

آشنایی نه غریب است که دلسوز من است

چون من از خویش برفتم، دلِ بیگانه بسوخت

خرقهٔ ازهدِ مرا آبِ خرابات بِبُرد

خانهٔ عقلِ مرا آتشِ میخانه بسوخت

چون پیاله دلم از توبه که کردم، بشِکست

همچو لاله جگرم بی مِی و خُمخانه بسوخت

ماجرا کم کن و باز آکه مرا مردم چشم

خِرقه از سَر به درآورد و به شُکرانه بسوخت

تركِ افسانه بگو حافظ و مِی نوش دَمی

که نخفتیم شب و شمع به افسانه بسوخت

۲. مردم چشم: مردمکِ چشم



١. خرقه: جامهٔ درويشان

Ghazal 61, Time for the Libertine

-C.JOGJ: 50-

The month of fasting is gone; the eve is drawing near; The wine is ready; one must drain the goblet dear. The season of the deceitful zealots has passed; An idyllic time for the libertine, the Fortune has cast. Wherefore do you scold the toping libertine? Ascribe to the merry lover neither fault nor sin. Better the toper who betrays no smidgen of duplicity, Than a religious zealot who brags of sincerity. I am no crafty libertine, having no store of lies; My state is known to God who hears and espies. I abide by what God decrees and harm none, Nor preach as good what I am taught to shun. What harm would there be in quaffing a cup if I could? Wine flows in the veins of grapes; it is not your blood. What harm would there be when it harmed none? Or reckon it a fault, for no one's innocent in the sun.

غزل ۶۱، وقتِ رندی

روزه یكسو شد و عید آمد و دل ها برخاست

مِی ز خُمخانه به جوش آمد و مِی باید خواست

نوبهٔ زهدفروشان گرانجان بگذشت

وقتِ رندیّ و طَرَب کردنِ رندان پیداست

چه ملامت بُوَد آن را که چنین باده خورَد؟

این چه عیب است بدین بی خِردی، وین چه خطاست؟

بادهنوشی که در او روی و ریایی نبُوَد

بهتر از زهدفروشی که در او روی و ریاست

ما نه رندان ریاییم و حریفان نفاق

آن که او عالم سِرّ است، بدین حال گواست

فرض ایزد بگُذاریم و به کس بد نکنیم

ور بگویند روا نیست، نگوییم رواست

چه شود گرمن و تو چند قَدَح باده خوریم؟

باده از خون رَزان است، نه از خون شماست

این چه عیب است کز آن عیب خلل خواهد بود؟

ور بُــوَد، نیز چه شــد، مــردم بیعیب کجاسـت؟

Ghazal 63, The State of Solace



The red rose is in bloom; the bulbul drunk and merry; O bacchanalian Sufis! It is time to drink and be free. The pillar of penance which seemed solid and concrete; Behold how the cup made it crumble upon its seat! Give me wine to imbibe, for in God's Promised Land, Beggars, kings, the sober and drunk on one level stand. From this two-doored serai1, you are bound to go; Be your ceiling or veranda of life high or low. The state of solace is an onerous goal to achieve; On the Alast Day, man was apportioned woe to receive. Fret not because of life or death! Cherish your heart! For all that is perfect and pleasant is doomed to depart. The sovereign and Solomon of gales and birds did perish; And Hafiz was denied them all and none did he cherish. Should Fortune gift you with a pair of wings to ascend, Wax not proud, for an arrow will in the dust descend.

Hafiz! How can your reed's tongue this gift praise; As from hand to hand, people pass your lays?

^{1.} caravansary

غزل ۶۳، مقام عیش

<u>—~@@</u>;;~-

شكفته شد گُل حَمرا و گشت بلبل مست

صلایِ سرخوشی ای صوفیانِ بادهپرست اساس توبه که در مُحکمی چو سنگ نمود

ببین که جامِ زُجاجی که طُرفهاش بِشِکست

بیار باده که در بارگاهِ اِستِغنا

چه پاسبان و چه سلطان، چه هوشیار و چه مست

از این رِباطِ " دودَر ' چون ضرورت است رَحیل ا

رواق و طاقِ معیشت ٔ چه سربلند و چه پست

مقامِ عيش ميسّر نميشود بيرنج

بَلى به حُكم بَلا بسته اند عهدِ الست

به هست و نیست مرنجان ضمیر و خوش میباش

كه نيستىست سرانجامِ هر كمال كه هست

شکوهِ آصَفی ^۵ و اَسب باد و منطق طیر

به باد رفت و از او خواجه هیچ طَرْف نبست

به بالوپر مرو از ره که تیرِ پرتابی

هـوا گرفت زمانی، ولی به خاك نشست

زبان كِلْكِ تو حافظ، چه شُكرِ آن گويد

كه گفتهٔ سخنت مىبَرند دستبهدست

۱. گل حمرا: گل سرخ

[.] ۴. رحيل: رحلت، كوچ

۲. جام زجاجی: جام شیشهای (شراب)

٥. آصَف: وزير حضرت سليمان

٣. رباط: كاروانسرا، محل استراحت كاروانيان، كنايه

Ghazal 64, Infidel in Love

<u>-~;@@;~</u>:

With hair tousled, face in sweat, lips sprightly;
Robe rent, and a cup in hand held lightly.
With eyes that did glow and lips that did chide;
Yester eve, he skulked to my pillow and sat by my side.
Approaching, he murmured in my ear in a soft tone:
"O my mad lover! Are you sleeping here alone?"
The mystic who so receives wine to quaff to its lees,
Will prove an infidel if the shrine of wine he flees.
Zealot! Shun taking the drinkers of wine dregs to task;
On Alast Day, I was given this gift which I did not ask.
What He poured out in my cup, I downed in docility;
Be it inebriating grape or wine from Garden of Felicity.
The beaming cup and the curly hair of a sweet dame;

Caused many a Hafiz to break his penitence and fame.

غزل ۶۴، كافرِ عشق

زلفْ آشفته و خوی کرده و خندان لب و مست

پیرهنچاك و غزلخوان و صُراحى در دست

نرگسش عَربده جـوی و لبـش افسـوس کنان

نيمشب دوش به بالينِ من آمد، بِنِشست

سر فرا گوشِ من آورْد و به آوازِ حزین

گفت ای عاشقِ دیرینهٔ من، خوابت هست؟

عاشقی را که چنین بادهٔ شبگیرا دهند

كافرِ عشق بُوَد گر نشود بادهپرست

برو ای زاهد و بَر دُردکَشان ّ خُرده مگیر

که ندادند جز این تحفه به ما روز اَلست

آنچه او ریخت به پیمانهٔ ما نوشیدیم

اگر از خَمرِ بهشت است وگَر بادهٔ مست

خندہ جامِ می و زلفِ گِرہگیر نگار

اىبسا توبه كه چون توبهٔ حافظ بشكست

۱. بادهٔ شبگیر: بادهای که به وقت سحر می نوشند

۲. دُردکشان: کسانی که تهمانده شراب (دُرد) را سر می کشند، شب زنده داران

Ghazal 66, Craving for You

When sweet eyes were painted by God on your face, He put the key to my knots in your myriad grace. Time tied round your waist the sash of your gilded attire, Reducing me and the cypress to the dust of a lone desire. To answer your call, the morning breeze began to blow, Bringing the bud to bloom and elating my heart of woe. The Wheel of Fortune decreed in your bond my delight; Alas, the bird of my happy lot your hand holds tight. Cast not for my miserable heart a knot or a snare; My heart's musk has formed a vow with your hair. O breeze of union! You sought another heart to exult; I cherished futile fidelity to you; that was my fault. "I shall go," I said, "In you, cruelty was all I found."

غزل ۶۶، هوای تو

<u>-~;;;;;;;;;</u>

خدا چو صورت اَبروي دلگشاي تو بست

گُشادِ کارِ من اندر کرشمههایِ تو بست مرا و سروِ چمن را به خاكِ راه نشانْد

زمانه تا قَصَبِ ٔ نرگسِ قبایِ تو بست

ز کارِ ما و دلِ غنچه صد گِره بگشود

نسيمِ گُل' چو دل اندر پي هواي تو بست

مرا به بندِ تو دَوَرانِ چرخ راضی کرد

ولی چه سود که سررشته در رضای تو بست

چو نافه بر دل مسکینِ من گِره مَفکن

که عهد ٰ با سَرِ زلفِ گِرهگشایِ تو بست

تو خود وصالِ دگر بودی ای نسیمِ وصال

خطا نگر که دل اُمید در وفای تو بست

ز دستِ جورِ تو گفتم ز شهر خواهم رفت

به خنده گفت که حافظ برو، که پای توبست؟



⁻⁻⁻⁻۱. گشادِ کار: گشایش کار

٢. قَصَب: پيراهن، ني

Ghazal 67, Threshold's Dust

=~%; -~%; -~**

The colonnade of my eye is for you a home of rest; I pray you come in. This is a place for your nest. Sweet are your grace and mole; a mystic's heart they steal, Beneath your grains and net are a myriad charms to feel. Oh bulbul, may your heart be blithe to see the rose glow! For, the vale is filled with your amorous song of woe. Would that I could kiss those ruby lips and restore; My feeble heart with the medicine they hold in store! Far is my body; so I cannot attend to you personally; Yet, my mind, like threshold's dust, serves you eternally. Mine is not a ready heart to roam to every wretch; To my heart's trove, you have the sign and seal to fetch. Oh sweet dame, you display equestrian skills that belie A wild sky, a steed tamed by the whips you ply. Wherefore do they marvel if I falter at your charms When heaven, that artful juggler, sustains due harms? To the music of your feast, the sky will come to dance; For, the songs of Hafiz will fling them in trance.

غزل ٦٧، خاک آستانهٔ تو

<u>~~~@~~</u>

رواقِ ا منظرِ چشمِ من آشيانهٔ توست

کَرَم نما و فرود آکه خانه خانهٔ توست به لطفِ خال و خط از عارفان رُبودی دل

لطیفههایِ عجب زیرِ دام و دانهٔ توست دلت به وصلِ گُل ای بلبلِ صبا خوش باد

كه در چمن همه گلبانگِ عاشقانهٔ توست علاجِ ضعفِ دلِ ما به لب حوالت كُن

که این مُفرَّحِ ٔ یاقوت ٔ در خزانهٔ توست به تن مقصِّرم از دولتِ مُلازمتت ٔ

ولى خلاصة جان خاكِ آستانة توست من آن نيم كه دَهم نقدِ دل به هر شوخي ً

دَرِ خزانه به مُهرِ تو و نشانهٔ توست تو خود چه لُعبتی ای شهسوارِ شیرینکار

که تَوسنی چو فلك' رامِ تازیانهٔ توست چه جای من که بلغزد سپهر شعبدهباز

از این حِیَل که در انبانهٔ بهانهٔ توست سرود مجلست اکنون فلك به رقص اَرَد که شعر حافظِ شیرین سخن ترانهٔ توست

۴. شوخ: گستاخ، بیادب، وقیح، کنایه از هرکس و ناکس

۱. رَواق: ايوان، پيشگاه

٢. مُفَرَّح: فَرَحبخُش، شاديآور

ملازمت: همراهی، کنایه از نوکری و خدمتکاری

تصوير

تصوير

Ghazal 70, His Eyebrows



Drunk, my Friend came into the cloister, cup in hand; With his eyes, he intoxicated the reveling band.

The hood of his horse reflected a moon newly born; Of its grandeur, the tall pine tree was at once shorn.

How can I say "I know myself" when my senses reel?

How can I say "I love him not" when he is all I feel?

The taper in the Friend's heart died as he rose to his feet; A rasp racket arose among the oglers as he took his seat.

The civet wafts the scent that its hair does drift;

Indigo takes the arrow and the bow, his eyebrow's gift.

Return and restore to Hafiz the life that's fled:

Return and restore to Hafiz the life that's fled; Though an arrow will never return once it's sped.

غزل ۷۰، ابروی او

<u>~~;@@;~</u>-

در دیرِ مُغان آمد یارم قَدَحی در دست

مست از می و میخواران، از نرگسِ مستش مست

در نعل سمندِ او شكل مَهِ نو پيدا

وز قدِّ بلندِ او' بالايِ صنوبر پست

آخِر به چه گویم هست از خود خبرم، چون نیست ؟

وز بهرِ چه گویم نیست ٰ با وی نظرم، چون هست ؟

شمع دل دَمسازم، بِنشست چو او برخاست

وَافْغان ز نظربازان ابرخاست چو او بِنشست

گر غالیه ٔ خوشبو شد، در گیسوی او پیچید

ور وَسْمه ٔ کمان کش گشت، در ابرویِ او پیوست

بازآی که بازآید، عمرِ شدهٔ حافظ

هرچند که ناید باز، تیری که بشد از شَست

۲. وَسُمه: گیاهی است با برگهایی شبیه برگ مو که پس از رسیدن سیاه میشود و از آن برای رنگ کردن ابرو استفاده

۱. غالیه: مرکبی است از مشک و عنبر و جز آن به رنگ سیاه که موی را بدان خضاب کنند. (فرهنگ فارسی معین)

Ghazal 76, The Gift of Contented Serenity



For long, I have hankered after idols in my creed; This tender toil has planted in my heart a jovial seed. To see your ruby lips, one needs an eye to view the soul; Yet my eye which sees the world deserves not this role. Be my company, for the decked world and Time's grace; Spring from my Pleiades-like tears and your moonlit face. As soon as your love lent me a sweet tongue to speak, Admiration and praise for me, everyone came to seek. O God! Grant me the gift of contented serenity; For this grace shall bring me power and dignity. O Lord! What has that desired Ka'ba deigned to see Whose thorny path is now but rose and jonquil to me? O preacher! Of your ties to the constables, never sing, For my poor heart is bound to accommodate the King. Hafiz, cease to celebrate Parviz's pomp and virtues; From my sweet Khosrow's cup, his lips sip residues.

غزل ٧٦، دولت فقر

<u>-~~~~~</u>

روزگاریست که سودایِ بُتان دینِ من است

غمِ این کار نشاطِ دل غمگینِ من است

دیدنِ رویِ تو را دیدهٔ جانبین باید

وين كجا مرتبة چشمِ جهانبينِ من است؟

يارِ من باش كه زيبِ الله و زينتِ دهر

از مَهِ روي تو و اشكِ چو پروينِ من است

تا مرا عشق تو تعليم سخن گفتن كرد

خَلْق را وِردِ زبان مِدحت و تحسين من است

دولتِ فقر خدایا به من ارزانی دار

کاین کرامت سببِ حشمت و تمکین من است

واعظِ شحنه شناس این عظمت گو مفروش

زان که منزلگهِ سلطان دل مسکین من است

يارب اين كعبة مقصود تماشاگه كيست

كه مُغيلان طريقش گُل و نسرين من است؟

حافظ از حشمت یرویز دگر قصّه مخوان

كه لبش جرعه كش خسرو شيرين من است

۲. مدحت: ستایش، مدح



زیب: آرایش، زیبایی

Ghazal 77,The Friend's Features Beam

<u>-~;@@;~</u>

Your face, none has seen; many a lover for you vies, Behind the veil you are; many a bulbul for you dies. No wonder if to your lane I wended my way; This land is inhabited by many strangers like me today. One, to Love's eyes, the cloister and tavern seem; Whatever the place, the Friend's features beam. In the convent where righteous deeds abound, The Cross and the monk's cloister name are found. What lover has been by the Friend uncared for? Master! There's medicine, though there's no sore. All this lament of Hafiz is not without avail:

All this lament of Hafiz is not without avail: It is both a strange story and a wonderful tale.

غزل ۷۷، پرتو روی حبیب

<u>—~%%%;~</u>

رویِ تو کس ندید و هزارت رقیب هست

در غنچهای هنوز و صدت عندلیب هست گر آمدم به کوی تو، چندان غریب نیست

چون من در آن دیار' هزاران غریب هست در عشق' خانقاه و خرابات فرق نیست

هـر جـا کـه هسـت، پرتـوِ رویِ حبیـب هسـت آنجـا کـه کار صومعـه ٔ را جلـوه میدهنـد

ناقوسِ ديرِ راهب و نامِ صليب هست عاشق كه شد كه يار به حالش نظر نكرد؟

ای خواجه، درد نیست، وگرنه طبیب هست فریادِ حافظ این همه آخِر به هرزه نیست هم قصّهٔ غریب و حدیثی عجیب هست

۲. صومعه: عبادتگاه راهب در بالای کوه



۳. دیر راهب: محل عبات و زندگی راهبان مسیحی

۱. رقیب: نگهبان، مراقب

Ghazal 80, Your footsteps



O Saki! May the Eve be felicitous to you!

Let those vows you made not make me rue!

While we were away, I reel in bafflement and haze:

Did you ever swap hearts with others on such days?

Carry my love to the vine's daughter¹ and let her know:

My sincere fidelity saved her from her bond and woe.

Wherever you amble, you carry an aura of relief,

May the hearts that wish you no joy come to grief!

Praise the lord, for the ravages of autumn failed to blot,

The cypresses, roses and box-trees gracing your plot.

No evil eye could work, for the smiling chance,

Delivered you from the agony of severance.

Hafiz! Beware lest you be denied a seat on Noah's Ark² Or you will depart this life in the deluge of the dark.

^{1.} The poet may refer to wine here.

^{2.} This is an allusion to the Magnificent Qur'an: Noah said: My Lord, my people rejected me as a liar. So judge between me and them rightly and deliver me and those of my believing followers. So We delivered him and his companions in the laden Ark, then We drowned the rest (The Poets, Verses 120-117).

غزل ۸۰، مَقدم تو

$\mathcal{C}_{\mathcal{X}}$

ساقیا آمدن عید مبارك بادت وان مَواعید که کردی، نرود ازیادت در شگفتم که در این مدّتِ ایّامِ فِراق برگرفتی زحریفان دل و دل می دادت برسان بندگی دختر رَزا، گو به در آی که دَم و همّتِ ما کرد زبند آزادت شادى مجلسيان در قَدم ومَقدمِ توست جاى غم بادهر آن دل كه نخواهد شادت شُکر ایزد که زتاراج خزان رخنه نیافت بوستان سمن و سرو و گُل و شمشادت چشم بد دور كز آن تفرقه خوش بازآورد طالع نامور و دولتِ مادرزادت حافظ از دست مده دولتِ این کشتی نوح

ور نــه طوفــان حــوادث ببَــرد بنيــادت

١. مواعيد: وعدهها

۲. دختر رَز: کنایه از شراب

Ghazal 81, The Path of Libertinage

<u>-6.10001;0</u>

The sea of love is a sea which has no shore;
Surrender your soul, for such is love's lore.
When you give heart to love, that's a blessed day;
You need not pray for guidance on the Right Way.
Bring me the cup! Speak not of reason to frighten me!
For in our land, no one's feared by the constable's decree.
Ask your eye: "Who catches my soul with its bait?"
O darling, the fortune and the stars are not to recriminate.
You can see Him like the crescent with eyes of purity;
Not every eye can imbibe the glory of that Rare Beauty.
Reckon the path of libertinage as a precious prize;
For this sign is not visible – like treasure path- to all eyes.
The tears of Hafiz could not move you at any moment;
I am baffled by that heart which is hard as adamant.

غزل ۸۱، طریقهٔ رندی

راهی ست راهِ عشق که هیچش کناره انیست

آنجا جز آنکه جان بِسِپارند، چاره نیست هر گَه که دل به عشق دهی، خوش دَمی بُوَد

در کارِ خیر' حاجتِ هیچ استخاره نیست

ما را ز منع عقل مترسان و مِی بیار

کان شحنه ٔ در ولایتِ ما هیچ کاره نیست

از چشمِ خود بپرس که ما را که میکشد

جانا گناهِ طالع و جرمِ ستاره نیست

او را به چشمِ پاك توان ديد' چون هلال

هر دیده جایِ جلوهٔ آن ماهپاره نیست

فرصت شِمُر طریقهٔ رِندی که این نشان

چون راهِ گنج ٰ بر همه کس آشکاره نیست

نگُرفت در تو گریهٔ حافظ به هیچ رو

حیران آن دلم که کم از سنگِ خاره نیست



۱. کناره: کنار هر چیز، محدودیت و حد و مرز

۲. شحنه: نگهبان شهر

Ghazal 84,Cup of Woe

=~%%%% =~%%%%

From weeping, my eyes are filled with blood. See, What kind of fate for those seeking you would be! To remember your ruby drunk eyes, I would, Quaff from a cup containing wine red as blood. If the Sun of your face rises from the east, I shall partake of this splendid feast. Shirin's sweet lips shape Farhad's talks; Majnun¹ dwells in the curls of Layla's locks. O maiden of cypress stature, soothe my mind! Speak to me! Your voice is measured, kind! O Saki, bring me wine and my soul elate, For my heart is saddened by the tyrannous Fate. Ever since the day I lost sight of my beloved son, My tears have engulfed me like the River of Jeyhun². How can I fill my wretched soul with glee, When I have no part to play in my destiny? Hafiz pines for the Friend in a woe untold, As a beggar covets Croesus's wealth and gold.

^{1.} According to a well-known Persian tale composed by Persian poet Nizami of Ganja, Qays and Layla fall in love when they are young, but when they grow up, Layla's father refuses to allow them to be together. Qays loses sanity and comes to be known as Majnun (possessed).

^{2.} Also known as Amu River or Oxus River, it is a major river formed by the junction of the Vakhsh and Panj rivers and flows into the Aral Sea. In ancient times, the river was considered as the borderline between Greater Iran and Turan.

غزل ٨٤، جام غم

<u>—~~~~~~</u>

ز گریه مَردمِ چشمم نشسته در خونست

ببین که در طلبت حالِ مردمان چؤنست

به یادِ لعلِ تو و چشمِ مستِ مِیگونت

ز جامِ غم' مِی لعلی که میخورم، خونست

ز مشرقِ سَرِ كوي آفتابِ طلعتِ تو

اگر طلوع كند طالعم، همايونست

حكايتِ لبِ شيرين كلامِ فرهادست

شكنج طُرّة ليلى مقامِ مجنونست

دلم بجو که قَدت همچو سرو دلجوی ست

سخن بگو که کلامت لطیف و موزونست

ز دورِ باده به جان راحتی رَسان ساقی

که رنج خاطرم از جورِ دورِ گردونست

از آن دَمی که ز چشمم برفت یار عزیز

كنار دامن من، همچو رودِ جيحونست

چگونه شاد شود اندرونِ غمگینم

به اختيار، كه از اختيار بيرون است؟

ز بی خودی اطلب یار می کند حافظ

چو مُفلسى كه طلبكار گنج قارون است

Ghazal 85, A Fire that Never Dies

Friend, when you hear the people of the Path¹ speak; They're not to blame if you cannot grasp what you seek. Neither to this world nor to that, I bow down in shiver; Glory to God!² In the back of my mind, seditions simmer; Who is lurking in my broken heart? I do not know: Quiet and still I am, but he raises such a rowdy row. Where are you, Muse? My heart is out of tune, strident. Play a gloomy note and let joy to my heart be sent! To me, the world was never an object of care; It was your face which made it a beauty to share. The craving I have cherished in my heart denies me sleep; For nights, I abstained wine. Where can I drink deep? Thus, the blood of my heart did stain this shrine; God would fain see you bathe my being in wine. In the fire temple, I am held dear by the Magi, For a fire burns in my heart which will never die. Beyond the veil, the Muse tuned a song to confound; A lifetime passed; my mind overflows with the sound. Yester eve, my name the voice of your love trilled; The heart of Hafiz is still with zeal and zest filled.

^{1.} There are three phases in Sufis: Tariqah (path), Shariah (law, seen as deriving from the Qur'an, hadith, ijma', and qiyas) and Haqiqat (truth). Shariah applies to physical practices such as praying but tariqah refers to spiritual practices and purifying the soul through achievement of commendable traits and enlightening the heart and attaining proximity with God. Haqiqat is the ultimate goal .i.e. attaining the Truth.

^{2.} In the Qur'an, God praises Himself for being the Best Creator, ".. then of the clot, We created blood; then of the blood, We created a lump; then of the lump, We created bones; and then with flesh, We clothed the bone; then We created him as [yet] another creature. Glory be to God, the Best Creator! (The Believers, 14)." Here, Hafiz is being jocular in praising God for creating a moratl who bows his head neither to this world nor to the world to come.

غزل ۸۵، آتشی که نمیرد

<u>~~~~~~</u>

چوبِشْنوی سخنِ اَهـلِدل، مگو که خطاست

سخن شناس نِهای، جانِ من، خطا اینجاست

سَرَم به دُنييٰ و عقبيٰ فرونميآيد

تَبارَكَ اللَّه از این فتنهها که در سَرِ ماست

در اندرونِ من خستهدل ندانم کیست

که من خموشم و او در فغان و در غوغاست؟

دلم ز پرده برون شد، کجایی ای مُطرب؟

بنال هان، که از این پرده کارِ ما به نواست

مرا به کارِ جهان هرگز التفات نبود

رُخِ تو در نظرِ من چنین خوشش آراست

نخفتهام ز خیالی که میپَزد دل من

خُمارِ صدشبه دارم، شرابخانه كجاست؟

چنین که صومعه آلوده شد ز خون دلم

گَرَم به باده بشویید، حق به دستِ شماست

از آن به دیر مُغانم عزیز میدارند

که آتشی که نمیرد، همیشه در دل ماست

چه ساز بؤد که در پرده میزد آن مطرب

که رفت عمر و هنوزم دِماغ ٰ پُر ز هواست؟

ندای عشق تو دیشب در اندرون دادند

فضاي سينهٔ حافظ هنوز پُر ز صداست

Ghazal 86, The Day of Doom



I lost my heart, faith; at me, my darling looked askance, "Get you hence! You pawned away your grasp of sense." Have you heard of one who partook of such feast in glee, Without reaping but a spate of regret and ignominy? If the candle boasts of equality with the face that glows, It shall stand nightlong before your lovers on its toes. The vernal breeze surged from the rose and cypress to see, That charming shape, those beaming features in the lea. Drunk, you strutted by; the host of angels let out sighs, As if the Day of Doom had loomed before their very eyes. The conceited cypress, bragging of her height and weight, Was made to feel light and low before your graceful gait.

Hafiz! Remove the patched frock and save your skin; The robe of perfidy and pseudo-piety is with fire thin.

غزل ۸۶، آشوب قيامت

<u>—~~~~~~</u>

دل و دینم شدا و دلبر به ملامت برخاست

گفت با ما مَنِشین کز تو سلامت برخاست

که شنیدی که در این بزم در کمی خوش بِنْشست

که نه در آخرِ صحبت به ندامت برخاست؟

شمع اگر زان لبِ خندان به زبان لافی زد

پیشِ عُشّاقِ تو شبها به غِرامت برخاست

در چمن بادِ بهاری ز کنارِ گُل و سرو

به هواداری آن عارض و قامت برخاست

مست بگذشتی و از خلوتیان ملکوت

به تماشای تو آشوب قیامت برخاست

پیش رفتار تو پا برنگرفت از خِجْلت

سرو سرکش که به ناز از قد و قامت برخاست

حافظ این خرقه بینداز، مگر جان ببری

کاتش از خرقهٔ سالوس ٔ و کَرامت برخاست

۱. دل و دینم شد: دل و دینم از دست رفت ۲. سالوس: ریا، تظاهر، دورنگی

تصوير

تصوير

Ghazal 88, The Image of your Face



Everywhere I turn, the image of your face emerges;
My alert being absorbs your musky hair; a soul surges.
Benighted souls decree that love is a thing to obviate;
I summon your winsome face to prove what I state.
Hearken what the pit in your chin does tell:
"Many a Joseph of Egypt has fallen into this well."
I might fail to have your tress to touch,
For I am ill-fated, hapless overmuch
To the one who watches over your harem, say:
"Of those nigh to us, Hafiz has long known this way."
"Though I may think His face hard to find
He is serenely nestled in the regions of my mind.
Should Hafiz knock on the door and make a plea;
Open the door, for he has longed your face to see."

غزل ۸۸، خیال روی تو

=C. ((O)C)(; (O):

خيالِ رويِ تو در هـر طريـق همـرهِ ماسـت

نسيمِ مويِ تو پيوندِ جانِ آگهِ ماست

بهرغم مدّعیانی که منع عشق کنند

جمالِ چهرهٔ تو حجّتِ موجّهِ ماست

ببین که سیبِ زَنَخْدانِ تو چه می گوید

هزار یوسفِ مصری فتاده در چَهِ ماست

اگر به زلفِ درازِ تو دستِ ما نرسد

گناهِ بختِ پریشان و دستِ کوتهِ ماست

به حاجب در خلوت سرای خاص بگو

فلان ز گوشهنشینان خاكِ درگهِ ماست

به صورت از نظر ما اگرچه محجوب است

همیشه در نظرِ خاطرِ مُرَفّهِ ماست اگر به سالی حافظ دری زند، بگشای

كه سال هاست كه مشتاق روي چون مَهِ ماست

۱. حاجب: پردهدار، دربان



🖘 Che Selected Poems of Hafiz 🖘

Ghazal 90, The Alter Ego



Praise the Lord! The tavern is open to me, For I need the wine-house open to be. Intoxicated, the jars bellow and cry; The wine contains truth rather than lie. The beloved is all but drunk: conceit is her law; Our lot is cast in weakness, plea, and flaw. From people, I withhold the secret of my heart; Yet, to the Good Friend, my secret shall I impart The curl in the Beloved's hair is a merry sport; It is a long tale which you cannot cut short. To Majnun's heart, Leili's locks brought love and dole; And mighty Mahmud¹ knelt to kiss Ayyaz's sole. Hawk-like, I closed my eyes to every mundane hue, As my sight alighted on your rosy cheeks to view. Should anyone step into the Ka'ba of your way, To the qibla of your eyebrow, they can pray. People, ask the candle, burning and giving its light, And learn how poor Hafiz's heart is bereft of delight!

^{1.} Malik Ayyaz was a slave who hailed from Georgia. He rose to the rank of general in the army of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni as a reward for his unrelenting devotion to his master.

غزل ۹۰،محرم راز

=~%; -~%; -~*

ٱلْمِنَّتُ لِلَّه كه دَرِ ميكده بازست

زان رو که مرا بر دَرِ او رویِ نیازست

خُمها همه در جوشوخروشاند ز مستی

وآن مِی که در آنجاست، حقیقت نه مجازست

از وی همه مستیّ و غرور است و تکبّر

وز ما همه بیچارگی و عجز و نیازست

رازی که بَرِ غیر نگفتیم و نگوییم

با دوست بگوییم که او مَحرمِ رازست

شرح شكن زلفِ خماندرخمِ جانان

کوته نتوان کرد که این قصّه درازست

بار دل مجنون و خَمِ طُرّهٔ لیلی

رُخسارهٔ محمود و کفِ پای ایازست

بردوختهام دیده چو باز از همه عالَم

تا دیدهٔ من بر رُخ زیبای تو بازست

در کعبهٔ کوی تو هر آن کس که بیاید

از قبلهٔ اَبرویِ تو در عینِ نمازست ای مجلسیان، سوزِ دلِ حافظِ مسکین

از شمع بپرسید که در سوزوگدازست

۱. آیاز: نام غلام سلطان محمود؛ ابوالنجم ایازبن محمود غزنوی بود و به مقامات بالایی در دربار او رسید.
 اویماق، غلام ترک تبار، که محبوب مقرب سلطان

Ghazal 92, The Music of Harp and Rebec

Why shall I yearn for wine when it's your face I seek? To the wine jar, say, "Lo! The tavern is bare and bleak." Let the paradisal wine flow, for without our mate, Each draught of wine you give is the vilest fate. Alas! The heartbreaker is gone and to visualize, Her face in my tearful eyes only my reason belies. O eyes! Wake up, for you cannot safely take flight, From the tears that invade me in the dead of night. Before your sight, the Beloved sidles by with ease; Yet she dons a veil of shyness as strangers she sees. As the rose saw your face with sweat dank, It fell into jealous rage and into rosewater, it sank. Green are the vales and mounts. Oh, let us not cease, To stroll, for this life is but a short-termed lease. Explore not my mind for any lesson to learn; The music of harp and rebec is filling this turn. Hafiz may be a roving-eye amorous libertine;

غزل ۹۲، زمزمهٔ چَنگ و رَباب

<u>—~~@@</u>;~

ما را ز خیالِ تو چه پروایِ شرابست

خُـم گـو سَـرِ خـود گيـر کـه خُمخانه خرابست

گر خَمْرِ بهشت است، بریزید، که بی دوست

هر شربتِ عَذْبَم م كه دهي، عينِ عذابست

افسوس که شد دلبر و در دیدهٔ گریان

تحريرِ خيالِ خطِ او نقشِ بر آبست

بیدار شو ای دیده که ایمن نتوان بود

زین سیل دَمادَم که در این منزل خوابست

معشوق، عیان میگذرد بر تو، ولیکن

اَغيار هميبيند از آن بستهْنقابست

گُل بر رُخ رنگین تو تا لطفِ عَرق دید

در آتش شوق از غمِ دل عرقِ گُلابست

سبز است در و دشت، بیا تا نگذاریم

دست از سر آبی که جهان جمله سرابست

در كُنجِ دِماغم مَطَلب جاي نصيحت

کاین گوشه پُر از زمزمهٔ چَنگ و رَبابست

حافظ چه شد ار عاشق و رند است و نظرباز بس طور عجب لازم ایّام شبابست

خَمر بهشت: شراب بهشت
 عَذْب: شیرین، خوشگوار



۳. بسته نقاب: کسی که روبند دارد، روی بربسته

🖘 The Selected Poems of Hafiz 🖘

Ghazal 93, Endless Grace



I swear by my master's life, old faith and good promise, That my early morn's word will be prayer for your bliss. My tears proved a more fearful flood than Noah's, but; Failed to rinse from my heart the image your love cut. Come! Bargain with me: I offer my broken heart for sale; In its ailing form, it's worth a myriad ones which are hale. The ant took Solomon's vizier to task and it was fit; For the master¹ lost Jam's ring², and did not seek it. O heart, cease not to seek the Friend's endless grace; You boast of love; so be ready to risk your head apace. Turn to the truth, for the sun of your fortune will rise, As the primal morning grew blackened by its own lies. Enamored by you, I roamed the mount and the plain; Yet, you refuse to give in to pity and loosen my chain. Hafiz, fret not! Expect no fidelity from the fickle fair;

Hafiz, fret not! Expect no fidelity from the fickle fair; The garden is not at fault if this tree grows not there.

^{1.} The master refers to King Solomon who was believed to be in possession of a ring by which he commanded demons, genies or spoke with animals.

^{2.} Solomon's ring was reportedly engraved by the name of God and was given to the king directly from heaven.

غزل ٩٣، لطفِ بينهايت

<u>—~~~~~~</u>

به جانِ خواجه و حقِّ قديم و عهدِ دُرست

كه مونسِ دَمِ صبحـم دعـايِ دولـتِ توسـت

سرشكِ من كه زطوفان نوح دست بِبُرد

ز لوح سينه نيارَست نقشِ مِهـرِ تو شُست

بكُن معاملهاي، وين دل شكسته بخر

که با شکستگی اُرزد به صد هزار دُرُست

زبانِ مور به آصف دراز گشت و رواست

که خواجه اخاتم جم یاوه کرد و بازنجست

دلا، طمع مَبُر از لطفِ بينهايتِ دوست

چو لافِ عشق زدی، سر بِباز چابُك و چُست

به صِدق کوش که خورشید زاید از نَفَست

که از دروغ سیهروی گشت صبح نَخُست

شدم ز دستِ تو شیدای کوه و دشت و هنوز

نمیکنی به ترحّم ٰ نِطاق ٰ سلسله سُست

مَرنج حافظ و از دلبران حفاظ مجوى

گناهِ باغ چه باشد، چو این گیاه نَرُست

١. نِطاق: ميانبند، قفل



Ghazal 94, The Divine Firmament

=~~*```*@~%;~>=

Come! The palace of hope is ever frail, a false fable; Bring wine, for life is built on a filament, unstable. Beneath the azure vault, I will remain that mortal's slave: Who from all mundane colors will himself seek to lave. Shall I tell you what good news I, lost in wine, did receive; In the tavern from an envoy sent from heaven last eve? Saying, "Falcon of keen vision, the tree of life your seat, "This vale of sorrow will make a low place for your feet. "From the divine firmament, they keep calling your name I know not what has befallen you in this snare of shame." Let me give you advice: recall and let your deeds reveal, For all that the Master taught me, I in my mind do seal: "Shun Fortune and her fickle ways; her vows are vain "To date, this bride has had a myriad lovers to entertain." Grieve not if the world treats you with scorn. Hear; What the Pilgrim of Love once whispered in my ear: "Let not Time furrow your brow! Abide by the decree: "The gate of free will is open neither to you nor to me." Fickle is the rose; fleeting and brief are her smiles; O amorous bulbul! Sing your sorrows! Eschew her lies! O rhymester, why do you envy Hafiz, sweet of sense? Lo, God has gifted him with nonpareil eloquence.

غزل ٩٤، كنگرهٔ عرش

<u>~~%%%;~~</u>

بيا كه قصرِ اَمَل سخت سستبنيادست

بیار بادہ که بنیادِ عمر بربادست غلامِ هِمّتِ آنم که زیر چرخ کبود

زِ هر چه رنگِ تعلّق پذیرد، آزادست

چـه گویمت، که به میخانه دوش مسـت و خراب

سروشِ عالَمِ غيبم چه مژدهها دادَست؟

که ای بلندنظر' شاهبازِ سِدرهنشین

نشيمنِ تو نه اين كُنجِ مِحنتآبادست

تو را ز کنگرهٔ عرش میزنند صفیر

ندانمت که در این دامگَه چه اُفتادَست

نصیحتی کُنمت، یاد گیر و در عمل آر

که این حدیث ز پیرِ طریقتم یادست

غمِ جهان مخور و پندِ من مَبَر از یاد

که این لطیفهٔ عشقم ز رهروی یادست

رضا به داده بِدِه، وز جَبين گِرِه بُگْشای

که بر من و تو در اختیار نگشادست

مجو درستی عَهد از جهان سُستنهاد

که این عَجوزه' عروسِ هزاردامادست

نشان عهد و وفا نیست در تبسّمِ گل

بِنال بلبلِ بىدل كه جاي فريادست

حَسد چه می بَری ای سستنظم بر حافظ

قبول خاطر و لطفِ سخن خدادادست

Ghazal 125, From Lips Ruby Wild

<u>-~;@@;@</u>-

I asked, "Of your lips, when will I have my share?" She replied, "Of them, you can have your hearty fare." I said, "Of me, your lips ask tribute of Egypt¹, I feel." She said, "No loss can my mind conceive in this deal." I asked, "The secret of your lips, who fathomed first?" She replied, "That is a tale to be told to those who thirst." I said, "Shun the idols and turn to the Lord your eyes!" She said, "In love's lane, this and that, we authorize." I said, "The idea of the tavern rids your heart of grief." She said, "Happy be those who bring to others relief!" I said, "Wine and frock cancel out religious vows." She replied, "This and that, the Magian Pir2 allows." I said, "How can an old man gain from lips ruby wild?" "Ah, he can be rejuvenated by a sugary kiss," she smiled. I asked, "When will the groom to his chamber go?" She replied, "When Jupiter and the moon meet in a row." I said, "Hafiz will pray each morn for his sake." She replied, "The angels this prayer in heavens make."

^{1.} i.e. sugar. In the past, as Egypt was quite a flourishing land and essentially traded in sugar, it therefore paid tribute in the form of sugar.

^{2.} A spiritual guide

غزل ١٢٥، لعلِ نوشلبان'

<u>~~~@@;~</u>

گفتم کِیام دهان و لبت کامران کُنند؟

گفتا به چشم، هر چه تو گویی، چنان کنند

گفتم خراج ٔ مصر طلب می کند لبت

گفتا در این معامله کمتر زیان کنند

گفتم به نقطهٔ دَهنت خود کِه بُرد راه؟

گفت این حکایتی ست که با نکته دان کنند

گفتم صَنَميرست مشو، با صَمَد نشين

گفتا به کوی عشق می این و هم آن کنند

گفتم هوای میکده عمم میبرد ز دِل

گفتا خوش آن کسان که دلی شادمان کنند

گفتم شراب و خرقه نه آیین مذهب است

گفت این عمل ٰ به مذهب پیر مُغان کنند

گفتم زلعل نوشلبان پیر را چه سود؟

گفتا به بوسهٔ شِکرینش جوان کنند

گفتم که خواجه کِی به سَرِ حجله می رود؟

گفت آن زمان که مُشتری و مَه' قِران کننـد۳

گفتم دعایِ دولتِ او وِردِ حافظ است گفت این دعا' مَلائك هفت آسمان كنند

 قران کردن ماه و مشتری: ناموافق بودن روزگار و نحوست ایام

کنایه از لبِ شیریندهنان
 خراج: مالیات



Ghazal 129, The Moth's Union



The good news has come: there'll be no more pain; It has not yet remained; and so it shall not remain. Though in my Beloved's eye, I look but less than dust, My rival shall not remain in his place of respect and trust. At the door, as the guard slays everyone with his sword; The Divine Sanctuary will be dwelled in but by the Lord. Be good or evil our plan, there is no room for plea; The traces we seek on Life's Book will no longer be. From the assembly of Jam, this song was heard one day: "Bring us the wine bowl, for Jam too shall not here stay." Yours is the moth, O taper, rejoice and delight; As this dialogue will not last until the broad daylight. O rich man, ease the hearts of the poor and the bereft; For your treasure of gold and silver will not be left. These words are written in gold on this dome of sapphire: "Except for good deeds, all else will into oblivion retire." Hafiz, of love's requital, put not your hope aside; The cruel looks will not last nor will these airs of pride.

غزل ۱۲۹، وصل پروانه

<u>~~;@~</u>@

رسید مژدہ که اَیّامِ غم نخواهد مانْد

چنان نمائد و چنین نیز هم نخواهد مائد

من اَر چه در نظرِ یار ٔ خاکسار ٔ شدم

رقیب نیز چنین محترم نخواهد ماند

چو پردهدار به شمشیر می زند همه را

كسى مُقيمِ حريمِ حَرَم نخواهد ماند

چه جای شُکر و شکایت زنقش نیك و بد است

چو بر صحیفهٔ هستی رقم نخواهد ماند

سرودِ مجلسِ جمشيد گفتهاند اين بود

که جام باده بیاور که جَم نخواهد ماند

غنیمتی شُمر ای شمع، وصل پروانه

که این معامله تا صبحدم نخواهد ماند

توانگرا، دل درویشِ خود به دست آور

که مخزن زر و گنج دِرَم نخواهد ماند

بديـن رواقِ زَبَرجـد ٌ نوشـتهاند بـه زَر

که جز نکویی اَهل کَرَم نخواهد ماند

ز مهرباني جانان طمع مَبُر حافظ

که نقش جور و نشان ستم نخواهد ماند

۲. رواق زبرجد: كنايه از آسمان



۱. خاکسار: کنایه از فروتن و افتاده

Ghazal 134, Hefty Trust

-C.JOGJ: N

Angels I saw yester eve knocking at the tavern gate, Kneading Adam's clay, molding in wine its weight. Dwellers of the Sacred Sanctuary of Purity divine With me, an earthly being, shared their bewildering wine. Heaven, seeking from its hefty trust to be free; The lot for this was finally cast onto the mad me. Excuse the squabbling sects, numbering seventy-two:¹ They knock at Fable's gate, for Truth evades their view. Thank God, for peace prevails amidst my Friend and me! The Sufis drain their cups of gratitude, dancing in glee. Fire's not that whose flame the taper laughs to scorn: Fire's fire whose flames burn the moth's ungleaned corn.

As Hafiz, none has yet unveiled the thought's visage; For the tress-tips of speech were combed by a sage.

^{1.} The Prophet (peace be upon him) said: "My ummah will split into seventy-three sects, all of whom will be in Hell except one group." They said: Who are they, O Messenger of God? He replied: "(Those who follow) what I and my companions follow."

غزل ۱۳٤، بارِ امانت

=C.KOKY; ~>:

دوش دیدم که مَلائك در میخانه زدند

گِلِ آدم بسرشتند و به پیمانه زدند

ساكنان حرم سِتر و عِفافِ المكوت

با من راهنشین بادهٔ مستانه زدند

آسمان بار اَمانت نتوانست کشید

قرعهٔ کار به نامِ من دیوانه زدند

جنگِ هفتادودو ملّت همه را عُذر بِنِهُ

چون ندیدند حقیقت، رهِ افسانه زدند

شُکر ایزد که میان من و او صلح افتاد

صوفيان رقص كنان ساغرِ شُكرانه زدند

آتش آن نیست که از شعلهٔ او خندد شمع

آتش آن است که در خِرمن پروانه زدند

کس چو حافظ نگُشاد از رخ اندیشه نقاب

تا سَر زلفِ سخن را به قلم شانه زدند

عِفاف: پاکدامنی

تصوير

تصوير

🖘 Che Selected Poems of Hafiz 🖼

Ghazal 160, Godsend



My mind engaged in prayer espied your eyebrow's bow; And in that beatitude, the pulpit came to whine in woe. In me, neither reason nor a patient heart, hope to find; For to the wind has flown away my very peace of mind. Wine's clear, the meadow's fowls are drunk with delight; The season of love and life has given birth to a new light. The scent that tokens to better the world, I exhale: The rose brings bliss; and elated is the Eastern gale. Bride of art, with fortune's blow, no sad thoughts allow: Gild the hall of your charms; the groom is here now. One by one, fine plants put on their jewels for all to see; My heart's thief - Godsend - came in the light of beauty. With burdens are the trees weighed down by Fate; Happy the cypress which knows no woe's weight! Minstrel, sing a fond song from those Hafiz said,

غزل ١٦٠، حُسنِ خداداد

در نمازم خمِ اَبروي تو با ياد آمد

حالتی رفت که محراب به فریاد آمد

از من اکنون طمع صبر و دل و هوش مدار

کان تحمّل که تو دیدی، همه بر باد آمد

باده اصافی شد و مرغان چمن مست شدند

موسمِ عاشقی و کار' به بنیاد آمد

بوی بهبود ز اوضاع جهان می شنوم

شادی آورد گُل و بادِ صبا شاد آمد

ای عروس هنر از بخت شکایت منِما

حِجلهٔ حُسن بیارای که داماد آمد

دلفریبان نباتی همه زیور بستند

دلبر ماست که با حُسن خداداد آمد

زیر بارند درختان که تعلّق دارند

ای خوشا سرو که از بار غم آزاد آمد

مُطرب از گفتهٔ حافظ غزلی نغز بخوان

تا بگویم که زعهدِ طَرَبم یاد آمد

🖘 The Selected Poems of Hafiz 🖘

Ghazal 186, Alast Wine



As my Love takes the cup,
Bazaars of idols soon shut up.
All say who see those eyes:
"Police, secure your prize!"
Fish-like, to the sea I took,
Longing for my Beloved's hook.
At those feet, I pine in grief,
Waiting for those hands' relief.
Blessed be he whose grasp can twine,
Like Hafiz round Alast wine!

غزل ۱۸٦، مي الست

یارم چو قَدَح به دست گیرد بازارِ بُتان شکست گیرد هر کس که بدید چشم او، گفت کو مُحتسِبی که مست گیرد در بحر فتادهام چو ماهی تایار، مرا به شست گیرد؟ در پاش فتادهام به زاری آیا بوَد آنکه دست گیرد؟ خرّم، دلِ آنکه همچو حافظ جامی ز میِ آلست گیرد

١. مَحتسِب: دارغه، مأمور حكومت



Ghazal 190, My Heart's Fiery Ecstasy



Never will I cease from desire till I fulfill my desire;
Oh let my soul with yours combine or let it expire!
When I am dead, unearth my grave and see
The smoke rising out of my heart's fiery ecstasy.
Unveil your face! Daze the world by your loveliness;
Open your lips! Comfort men and women in distress.
Restless is my soul and does my yearning heart repine;
I dread I might die without her lips gratifying mine.
Her mouth has my life straitened with desire;
When will those lips quench my poor mind's fire?
The melancholy throng of lovers his name eulogize,
Whenever Hafiz is mentioned in their companies.

غزل ۱۹۰، حسرت دل

<u>~~~@@</u>;~~=

دست از طلب ندارم تا کامِ من برآید

یا تن رسد به جانان یا جان ز تن برآید

بگشای تُربتم را بعد از وفات و بنگر

كز آتشِ درونم دود از كفن برآيد

بنمای رخ که خَلقی واله شوند و حیران

بگشای لب که فریاد از مرد و زن برآید

جان بر لب است و حسرت در دل که از لبانش

نگُرفته هیچ کامی جان از بدن برآید

از حسرتِ دهانش آمد به تنگ ٰ جانم

خود کامِ تنگدستان کِی زان دهن برآید؟

گویند ذکرِ خیرش در خیلِ عشق بازان

هر جا که نامِ حافظ در انجمن برآید

Ghazal 196, Thy Secret Sacred

<u>-~;@@;~</u>

As Thy glory shone on Creation's daylight,
Love emerged and set the entire world alight.
Bright was Thy cheek; yet angels were to love cold;
Thus it flared up and infused it into Adam's mold.
Reason had burned like a lamp from this fire;
But the world was upturned by jealous desire.
The foe strove to delve into Thy secret Sacred;
Yet an invisible hand fended off the fiend wicked.
Fate had cast for other its lot for felicity;
Doleful is my heart, for my lot is but agony.
Sublime souls seek Thy chin's pit to caress;
Their hands stretch out for Thy entwined tress.
Hafiz composed his Book of Love to Thee,
When he defaced from his heart all his glee.

غزل ۱۹۲، تماشاگه راز

<u>-0.1001.01</u>

در اَزل پرتو حُسنت ز تجلّی دَم زد

عشق پیدا شد و آتش به همه عالم زد

جلوهای کرد رُخَت، دید مَلَك عشق نداشت

عین آتش شد از این غیرت و بر آدم زد

عقل میخواست کز آن شعله چراغ افروزد

برقِ غيرت بِدرخشيد و جهان برهم زد

مدّعی خواست که آید به تماشاگهِ راز

دستِ غیب آمد و بر سینهٔ نامَحرم زد

دیگران قرعهٔ قسمت همه بر عیش زدند

دلِ غمدیدهٔ ما بود که هم بر غم زد

جانِ عِلْوي الهوسِ چاهِ زَنَخدانِ تو داشت

دست در حلقهٔ آن زلفِ خماندرخم زد

حافظ آن روز طربنامهٔ عشق توِ نوشت

که قلم بر سرِ اُسبابِ دلِ خرّم زد

١. جان عِلْوي: روح عالم بالا



Ghazal 202, Year-long Trip



Saki! The cypress rose, and tulip our converse excite: With cups emptied thrice, the theme shall not be trite. Quaff wine! Our bride, the mead, shines in full allure; The Dallalah's job is no issue as such days endure. These Indian parrots will blithely peck at sugar all; They will feast on the Persian sweet taken to Bengal! Observe! Time and space are traversed in this song's flight, For my poem's child takes a year-long trip in one night. Behold how that magic eye misleads men of pious hearts; As it gazes, it's convoyed by a caravan of deceitful arts. Fall not for the world's coy ways, for this whore, Holds many a mysterious mischief in store. From the king's lush garden, the vernal breeze blows, And wine in the tulip's cup from dewdrops flows.

Hafiz! For your love of Ghiyas ad-Din in your heart, Rest assured that your sorrow will soon depart.

غزل ۲۰۲، ره صدساله

ساقی حدیثِ سرو و گل و لاله میرود

وين بحث' با ثَلاثهٔ غَسّاله ميرود

مِي دِه که نوعروس چمن حدِّ حُسن يافت

کار' این زمان ز صنعتِ دَلَّاله ٔ میرود

شكّرشكن شوند" همه طوطيان هند

زین قندِ پارسی که به بَنگاله ٔ میرود

طيّ مكان ببين و زمان در سلوكِ شعر

كاين طفل ٰ يكشبه رهِ صدساله ميرود

آن چشم جادُوانـهٔ عابدفریـب بیـن

كِش كاروانِ سِحر ز دنباله مىرود

از ره مرو به عشوهٔ دنیا که این عجوز

مَكّاره مىنشيند و مُحْتاله مىرود

بادِ بهار می وزد از گُلسِتان شاه

وز ژاله اباده در قَدح لاله میرود

حافظ، ز شـوقِ مجلسِ سلطان غياثِ دين ً

غافل مشو که کارِ تو از ناله میرود

ىنگالە

بعدها به دو بخش تقسيم شد.

۵. مُحتاله: زن حیلهگر و مکاره

غياث الدين بن اسكندر معروف به اعظم شاه از ملوك

١. ثلاثهٔ غسّاله: آن سه پياله شراب كه به وقت صبح نوشند

و جمله فضولات بدن را مىزدايد. ٢. دَلَاله: مؤنث دلال، وإسطه زنان بدكاره

۳. کنایه از آنکه شعر و سخن را بفهمند و از آن لذت ببرند.

۴. بنگاله: ناهید و ایالتی از هند در دوران استعمار که

Ghazal 210, Thousand-year-old Glee

~~*@*@%~

When the sun of wine the cup's East illumes,
The garden of my Saki's face with tulips blooms.
The breeze unties the hyacinth's curls next to a rose,
When your curly hair wafts its scent on the meadows.
No trivial tale is the night of separation and absence;
A hundred books fail to relate an iota of its sense.
From the Sky's upturned tray, seek naught to gain,
Except by blame and a myriad pangs, one jot of grain.
By no efforts can we win the pearl for which we strive
Crude is the idea that here with no guide, we can survive.
If you bear as patiently as Noah the Flood and its agony,
Grief will end; and thousand-year-old glee you will see.

If Hafiz's tomb is caressed by the breeze of your face, Tulips will bloom from the dust of his resting-place.

غزل ۲۱۰، کام هزارساله

<u>~~~~~~~</u>

چو آفتابِ مِی از مشرقِ پیاله برآید

ز باغِ عارضِ ساقی هزار لاله برآید

نسیم در سرِ گُل بشکند کُلالهٔ سنبل

چو از میانِ چمن بویِ آن کُلاله برآید

حكايتِ شبِ هجران نه آن حكايتِ حالىست

که شَمِّهای زِ بیانش به صد رساله برآید

ز گِرد خوانِ نگونِ فلك' طمع نَتْوان داشت

كه بي ملامتِ صد غصّه ' يك نَواله ' برآيد

به سعی خود نَتَوان بُرد پی به گوهر مقصود

خیال بُود که این کار' بیحواله برآید

گرت چو نوح نبی صبر هست در غم طوفان

بلا بگردد و کامِ هزارساله برآید

نسيم وصل تو چون بُگذرد به تربتِ حافظ

ز خاكِ كالبُدش صدهزار لاله برآيد

نسيمِ وصلِ تو چون بگُذرد به تربتِ حافظ

ز خاكِ كالبُدش صدهـزار لالـه برآيـد

ا. كلاله: پرچم گل و رشتههاى بالاى مادگى گل كه كار جذب دانههاى گرده را بهعهده دارند.
 ۲. نواله: لقمه

Ghazal 226, Where are the Lovers Fair?



Love is now a mere myth, where are the lovers fair?¹ When did love end? what befell the friends that were? Why is Khizr faltering? The water of life is no longer clear. Where is the vernal breeze? The red rose is pale with fear. None says, "A loyal love was mine to dispel my care." None recalls love's right divine, What befell the lovers fair? Years have elapsed since a ruby from manhood was won; What befell the wind and the rain and the light of the sun? A land where kings are lovers crowned and love springs; When did kindness end? what befell the city of kings? The ball of grace and mercy came to the players' feet; None shall renew the game, where's the horsemen fleet? Myriad roses have bloomed; yet no bird has trilled a tale; What hushed the Philomel? where's the nightingale? The planets spin in silence, has Venus broken her lute? Where's the toping band? no one asks for the vine's fruit. Hafiz, God's secrets, no one knows in youth or prime, Of whom, will you ask: What befell the Wheels of Time?

^{1.} In translating this poem, I have benefited from Gertrude Bell's translation.

غزل ۲۲٦، ياران را چه شد؟

یاری اندر کس نمیبینیم، یاران را چه شد؟

دوستی کِی آخِر آمد، دوستداران را چه شد؟

آبِ حيوان تيره گون شد، خِضْرِ فرّخ پي کجاست؟

خون چکید از شاخ گُل، بادِ بهاران را چه شد؟

کس نمی گوید که یاری داشت حقِّ دوستی

حقشناسان را چه حال افتاد، یاران را چه شد؟

لعلى از كانِ مروّت برنيامد سالهاست

تابش خورشید و سعی باد و باران را چه شد

شهر ياران بود و خاكِ مهربانان اين ديار

مهربانی کِی سَر آمد، شهریاران را چه شد؟

گوی توفیق و کرامت در میان افکندهاند

کس به میدان درنمی آید، سواران را چه شد؟

صده زاران گُل شکفت و بانگِ مرغی برنخاست

عندلیبان را چه پیش آمد، هَزاران ٔ را چه شد؟

زُهره سازی 7 خوش نمیسازد، مگر عودش 7 بسوخت $^{?}$

کس ندارد ذوقِ مستی، میگساران را چه شد؟ حافظ، اَسرارِ الهی کس نمی داند، خموش از که می پرسی که دور روزگاران را چه شد؟

 عود: بربط یا رود، سازی ایرانی از ردهٔ سازهای زهی زخمهای

۱. فرخ پی: خوشقدم

٢. هَزَار: بلبل

٣. زهره: ستارهٔ زهره

Ghazal 247, The Ease of Today



Breeze! Bring a whiff of scent from the lane of so-and-so; I'm wrecked with remorse; divest me of my robe of woe! Apply to my shattered heart the much-coveted alchemy; Lo, bring me a handful of dust from the Beloved's alley. In the harbor of love, I am with my heart in fray; Make me a bow from her brow and many a coy way. In prime of youth, I withered for want of love and care, Let me quaff wine from a dame's hand, young and fair. Give those who abstain wine a cup or two to taste; Should they abstain again, bring them to me in haste. Saki! Postpone not the ease of today for tomorrow, Does the Book of Fate assure freedom from sorrow? Yester eve Hafiz wrote this line; my heart sank in woe:

"Breeze! Bring a scent from the lane of so-and-so."

غزل ۲۴۷، عشرت امروز

<u>~~~~~~</u>

ای صبا نکهَتی از کویِ فلانی به من آر

زار و بیمارِ غمم، راحتِ جانی به من آر

قلبِ بیحاصلِ ما را بِزَن اکسیرِ مراد

يعنى از خاكِ دَرِ دوست' نشانى بـه مـن آر

در کمینگاهِ نظر با دل خویشم جنگ است

زَ ابْرو و غمزهٔ او تیر و کمانی به من آر

در غریبیّ و فِراق و غمِ دل' پیر شدم

ساغرِ مِی زکفِ تازهجوانی به من آر

منکران را هم از این مِی دو سه ساغر بچشان

وگر ایشان نَسِتانند، روانی به من آر

ساقيا، عشرتِ امروز به فردا مفِكن

یا ز دیوان قضا خطِّ اَمانی به من آر

دلم از دست بشد دوش چو حافظ می گفت

کِای صبا، نکهتی از کوی فلانی به من آر

۱. نَکهت: بوی خوش

تصوير

تصوير

Ghazal 253, The Two Worlds

=~%\%\%\%\%\

I'll give you a bit of advice. Listen and no excuses make Accept what the kind advisor offers you for your sake! With young darling dames, associate and converse: For in ambush of life lies the treacherous aged Universe. To the Lovers, the two worlds are worth a barleycorn: For, that of little chattel and this of little value are born. A goodly friend and a fine instrument I desire, To wail my sorrows through the tune of the lyre. I am intent to abstain from wine and avoid sin, If fate with my desire together may be akin. Without us, they determined everyone's fate, Bewail not if what is decreed jars with your state. O Saki! Pour pure wine into my tulip-like bowl, So I can retain the image of the Darling's mole. Bring the ruby bowl of bounty, a pearl lustrous and high: Tell the jealous one, "The grace of the Vizier see and die!" Many a time, intent to repent, the cup I put down in vain: The Saki's coyness tempted me into quaffing wine again. The two-year-old wine and the fourteen-year-old lass Render me needless of the small or great class. Who can deter our affrighted heart? Of Majnun unbound, news you impart. Hafiz! Speak no words of repentance in this repast, For, the bow of the Saki's brow will hit you at last.

غزل ۲۵۳، نعیم هر دو جهان

<u>-~%%%</u>

نصیحتی کُنَمت، بشنو و بهانه مگیر

هر آنچه ناصح مُشفِق بگویدت، بپذیر ز وصلِ روی جوانان تمتُّعی بردار

که در کمینگهِ عمر است مَکر عالَم پیر نعیم هر دوجهان پیش عاشقان بجوی

که این متاع قلیل است و آن عطای کثیر

معاشری خوش و رودی بساز میخواهم

که دردِ خویش بگویم به نالهٔ بَم و زیر

بر آن سَرَم که ننوشم مِی و گنه نکنم

اگر موافق تدبیر من شود تقدیر

چو قسمتِ اُزلی بی حضورِ ما کردند

گر اندکی نه به وفق رضاست، خُرده مگیر

چو لاله در قَدحم ريز ساقيا مِي و مُشك

که نقش خال نگارم نمیرود ز ضمیر

بیار ساغر دُرّ خوشاب٬ ای ساقی

حسود گو کَرَمِ آصفی ببین و بمیر

به عزم توبه نهادم قَدَح ز کف صدبار

ولی کرشمهٔ ساقی نمیکند تقصیر

مِی دوساله و محبوب چارده ساله

همین بس است مرا صحبتِ صغیر و کبیر

دل رمیدهٔ ما را که پیش می گیرد؟

خبر دهید به مجنون خسته از زنجیر

حدیثِ توبه در این بزمگه مگو، حافظ

که ساقیان کمان ابرویت زنند به تیر

۲. خوشاب: آبدار، تروتازه، آبی که در آن انگور پخته میشود.



١. مُشْفِق: خيرخواه

Ghazal 256, Lost Joseph



Lost Joseph will return to Canaan; grief is vain, Oh weep not! Joy will fill your House of Pain. Dejected darling! Grieve not! Peace will return again; Think not ill! This distrait mind shall be free from strain. Life's Spring will seat her in the mead's green evermore, Sweet bird, you'll be crowned with roses, grieve no more! This Wheel may cease tow spin to your will for a few days; Grieve no more, for Time will change her wicked ways. Despair not! You are not privy to the Divine lore, Beyond the veil lie many games; Oh grieve no more! O heart, the death's flood shall bring life to mortal rest; Noah shall pilot your ship; be not upset by the tempest! So far is the goal and so hazardous is the road; Grieve not, for all the paths lead to the same abode. Oh pilgrim traversing the desert to reach the Kaaba's door, Weep not, if you're smitten by the prickly acacia so sore. My rivals persecute me and my Love evades my eyes; Oh grieve not! God counts your tears and sighs. Plunged in solitude and poverty in the deep night, Repine not! Pray and take your Qur'an to recite.

غزل ۲۵٦، يوسف گمگشته

يوسفِ گمگشته بازآيد به كنعان، غم مخور

کلبهٔ اَحزان شود روزی گلستان، غم مخور

ای دلِ غمدیده، حالت بِهٔ شود، دل بد مکُن

وین سَر شوریده بازآید به سامان، غم مخور

گر بهار عمر باشد، باز بر تختِ چمن

چترِ گُل در سَر کِشی، ای مرغِ خوشخوان، غم مخور

دَورِ گردون گر دو روزی بر مرادِ ما نرفت

دائماً یکسان نباشد حال دوران، غم مخور

هان مشو نومید' چون واقف نِه ای از سِرّ غیب

باشد اندر پرده ٰ بازیهای پنهان، غم مخور

ای دل ار سیل فنا بنیادِ هستی برکند

چون تورا نوح است کشتیبان، زطوفان غم مخور

در بیابان گر به شوق کعبه خواهی زد قدم

سرزنشها گر کُند خار مغیلان'، غم مخور

گر چه منزل بس خطرناك است و مقصد بس بعید

هیچ راهی نیست کان را نیست پایان، غم مخور

حال ما در فُرْقَتِ٬ جانان و اِبْرامِ رقيب

جمله میداند خدای حال گردان، غم مخور

حافظا، در كنج فقر و خلوتِ شبهاي تار

تا بُوَد وِردَت دعا و درس قران، غم مخور

۱. خار مُغیلان: خارِ درختچهای با خارهای بسیار زیاد ۳. اِبْرام: پافشاری، اصرار

٢. فُرْقَت: جدایی، مفارقت

Ghazal 257, The Sorrow of Absence

Again the patient bulbul yelled from the tall cypress: "May the evil eye never my budding rose oppress!" O rose, you are a king to reign in the land of charm; To mad and loving bulbuls, exhibit no harm! You are far from me; yet, I shall not lament; When there is no absence, presence gives no content. Others may have their share of rejoicing and festivity; Yet my passion for my darling is a wealth of bliss for me. Whereas zealots pine for Houris and palaces beyond, The tavern I make my castle; with Houris I form a bond. To the harp, drink your bowl! And crush every dole; If they say: drink not! Respond: God forgives every soul. O Hafiz, why should absence sadden your sight?

غزل ۲۵۷، غم هجران

=~~*@*@%>>:

دیگر ز شاخ سروِ سَهی ٰ بلبلِ صبور

گُلبانگ زد که چشـم بَـد از روی گُل به دور

ای گُل، به شُکرِ آنکه تویی پادشاهِ حُسن

با بلبلان بيدل شيدا مكن غرور

از دستِ غیبتِ تو شکایت نمی کنم

تا نيست غيبتي، نبُوَد لذتِ حضور

گر دیگران به عیش و طَرب خُرّماند و شاد

ما را غم نگار بُوَد مایهٔ سُرور

زاهد اگر به حور و قصور است امیدوار

ما را شرابخانه' قصور ٔ است و یار ٔ حور

مِی خُور به بانگِ چنگ و مخور غصه، ور کسی

گوید تو را که باده مخور، گوهُوَالْغَفُور "

حافظ، شكايت از غم هِجران چه مى كنى؟ در هِجْر ا وصل باشد و در ظُلمت است نور

٣. هُوَالْغَفُور: خداوند بخشنده است.



۱. شرابخانه: آنجا که شراب را نگه می دارند

٢. قصور: جمع قصر

Ghazal 278, My Futile Deeds



My heart ran wild and I, a dervish, marvel
What to that wandering bird of prey befell!
Like a willow, I quiver lest I lose my divine vow:
I am enrapt by a godless beloved's bowlike brow.
My mind seeks the size of the sea's spirit, but alas,
This drop¹ entertains thoughts, absurd and crass.
Oh how I love that eyelash, mortal and merry;
Whose sting tastes like the Water of Life to me.
From the hands of physicians, profuse blood will depart;
Should they ever try to examine my wounded heart.
In ignominy and tears, I to the tavern turn my face,
For my futile deeds bring me but shame and disgrace.
Khizr's life did not endure nor did Alexander's reign;
Dervish, never wrangle over this world, vile and vain.

Hafiz! Not every vagrant can the darling's girdle attain, A wealth greater than that of Croesus², one must gain.

^{1.} This mind

^{2.} Croesus ('kri:səs; 595~BC-c. 547~BC) was the king of Lydia from 560~to 547~BC until his defeat by the Persians. He was famous for his wealth.

غزل ۲۷۸، حاصل خویش

=~%; -~%;

دلم رمیده شد و غافلم من درویش

که آن شکاریِ سرگشته را چه آمد پیش

چو بید بر سَرِ ایمانِ خویش می لرزم

که دل به دستِ کمان ابرویی ست کافرکیش

خيالِ حوصلة بحر مي پزد، هَيهات

چه هاست در سر این قطرهٔ محال اندیش

بنازم آن مژهٔ شوخ عافیتکُش را

که موج میزندش آبِ نوش بر سَرِ نیش

ز آستین طبیبان هزار خون بچکد

گَرَم به تجربه دستی نهند بر دل ریش

به کویِ میکده گریان و سرفکنده روم

چراکه شرم همیآیدم ز حاصل خویش

نه عمر خِضْر بمانَد نه مُلکِ اسکندر

نزاع بر سر دنیای دون مکن درویش

بدان کمر نرسد دست هر گدا حافظ

خزانه ای به کف آور زگنج قارون بیش

١. شوخ: گستاخ

Ghazal 288: The Lot of Love

The bulbul's care is naught but the rose is his mate dear; The rose's care is naught but to bring grace to her cheer. Not all lure is what brings the lover's heart to its fall; Master is he who bears compassion to his thrall. Now is the time when blood gushes into the ruby's heart; For the shard has broken its value and worth in the mart. The bulbul's speech came from the rose's boon, Or his beak would be devoid of all this song and tune. O you who in the street of our Love tread, Be careful; or his wall may shatter your head. The traveler is accompanied by a hundredfold soul, Wherever he is, health and well-being be his dole. O heart! Though the dice of health to you was cast, Sweet is the lot of Love. Cling to it hard and fast. Intoxicated, the Sufi wore his hat askew, Two more cups, aslant his turban flew.

To the sight of you, Hafiz's heart had been inclined, It's now cherished with union. Put this agony behind.

غزل ۲۸۸، جانب عشق

=~%@@%~

فكرِ بلبل همه آن است كه گُل شديارش

گُل در اندیشه که چون عشوه کند در کارش

دلربایی همه آن نیست که عاشق بکُشند

خواجه آن است که باشد غم خدمتکارش

جای آن است که خون موج زند در دل لعل

زین تَغابُن که خَزَف میشکند بازارش

بلبل از فيض گُل آموخت سخن، ورنه نبود

اینهمه قول و غزل تَعبیه در مِنقارش

ای که در کوچهٔ معشوقه ما می گذری

برحذر باش که سر می شکند دیوار ش

آن سفرکرده که صد قافله دل همرهِ اوست

هركجا هست، خدايا بهسلامت دارش

صحبتِ عافیتت گرچه خوش افتاد، ای دل

جانبِ عشق عزیز است، فرومگذارش

صوفی سرخوش از این دست که کج کرد کلاه

به دو جام دگر آشفته شود دستارش

دلِ حافظ که به دیدارِ تو خوگر شده بود

نازپروردِ وصال است، مجو آزارش

١. تَغابُن: خسران، زيانمندي

خَزَف: سفال و هر چيز گلی که در آتش پخته شود.

Ghazal 310, Night of Separation

<u>-~%%%</u>-

Should she stab me to death, I will not stop her hand, Joyfully will I admit her arrows into my heart's land. Say, "Let your brow's bow their arrows fly, "That I may fall down before your feet and die." Should the world plunge me into misery and pain, What relief but the Saki's hand can I obtain? Rise! O Sun of the dawn of aspiration:
I am trapped by the dark night of separation.
O Pir of the tavern! Come! From tyranny of Time, I cry: By a draught, rejuvenate me! for old and decrepit am I. Last night, I made a vow by Thy hair, That the robe of Thy servitude, I will wear.
Hafiz! Your robe of piety and virtue, burn in fire:

غزل ۳۱۰، شب هجران

<u>~~~~~~</u>

به تیغم گر کُشد، دستش نگیرم وگر تیرم زند، مِنّت پذیرم کمان ابرویت را گو بزن تیر که پیش دست و بازویت بمیرم غم گیتی گر از پایم درآرد بهجز ساغر که باشد دستگیرم؟ برآی ای آفتابِ صبح اُمّید که در دستِ شب هجران اَسیرم به فریادم رس ای پیر خرابات به یك جرعه جوانم كن كه پیرم به گیسوی تو خوردم دوش سوگند که من از پای تو سر برنگیرم

> بسوز این خرقهٔ تقوا تو حافظ که گر آتش شوم، در وی نگیـرم

Ghazal 328, Veiled are my Soul's Features



Veiled are my soul's features by my body's dust; Happy the time when the veil from me be tossed! This corporeal cage ill befits a melodious bird like me; To the Garden of Bliss will I fly, for I'm a bird in yon lea. Wherefore I came and where I was is to me unknown; Alas, I am utterly unaware of what I have here sown. How can I encircle in the expanse of the Holy Domain When I, chained to this mortal frame, should remain? If love's scent, as from musk, rises from my heart's blood, Marvel not, for I share my pain with the deer pod. Look not at my shirt - as a taper - made of gold; Know that under my shirt, a flaming fire I hold. Oh let Hafiz bid farewell to this life of his;

غزل ٣٢٨، حجاب چهرهٔ جان

<u>—~~~~~</u>

حجابِ چهره جان می شود غبار تَنم

خوشا دَمی که از آن چهره پرده برفکنم

چنین قفس نه سزای چو من خوش اَلحانی ست

روم به گلشن رضوان که مرغ آن چمنم

عیان نشد که چرا آمدم، کجا رفتم

دریغ و درد که غافل ز کار خویشتنم

چگونه طَوف٬ کنم در فضای عالَم قُدس؟

که در سراچهٔ ترکیب تخته بندِ تنم

اگر ز خون دلم بوی شوق می آید

عجب مدار که همدردِ نافهٔ خُتَنهٔ

طراز پیرهن زرکَشم منین چون شمع

که سوزهاست نهانی درون پیرهنم

بیا و هستی حافظ ز پیش او بردار

که با وجودِ تو'کس نشْنَود زمن که منم

روح و تركيب عناصر مختلف ساخته شده است. ۴. نافهٔ ختن: نافهٔ آهوی ختن ۵. طراز ييرهن زركش: چين ييراهن زردوزي شده

١. گلشن رضوان: باغ بهشت ٢. طَوفَ كردن: طواف كردن

٣. سراچهٔ تركيب: كنايه از وجود انسان كه از جسم و

Ghazal 469, In the Potter's Hands



Listen to this succinct remark to free yourself from rue: "You will regret if you seek what's not destined for you." In the potter's hands, you will finally wind up as clay; Contemplate the wine and fill the cup to brim today! If you are amongst those men who paradise pursue, Many a large-eyed stunning maid, here you can woo. Futile is the effort to occupy the seat of the mighty one; Unless you do what's meet to merit the glory of the sun. May God bless you score on score, Oh sweet Khosrow! If you deign to look at Farhad who is wrecked with woe. Never will your soul receive Divine grace, never! Unless from your soul, all life's dross you sever. Hafiz, if you refer to God as the source of your boon, Your life will be abounding with God-given grace soon. Oh breeze blow for the love of Khwaja Jalal ad-din, That you might fill the world with lily and jasmine.

غزل ٤٦٩، گِل كوزهگران

بِشْنو این نکته که خود را زغم آزاده کنی

خون خوری گر طلبِ روزیِ نَنهادہ کنی

آخِرُالامر' گِلِ كوزهگران خواهى شد

حالیا فکر سبو کن که پر از باده کنی

گر از آن آدمیانی که بهشتت هوس است

عیش با آدمیای چند پریزاده کنی

تکیه بر جای بزرگان نتَوان زد به گزاف

مگر اسبابِ بزرگی همه آماده کنی

اجرها باشدَت ای خسرو شیریندهنان

گر نگاهی سویِ فرهادِ دلاُفتاده کنی

خاطرت کِی رقمِ فیض پذیرد، هیهات

مگر از نقش پراکنده ٔ ورق ٔ ساده کنی

کارِ خود گر به کرم بازگذاری، حافظ

ایبسا عیش که با بختِ خداداده کنی

ای صبا، بندگیِ خواجه جلال الدّین کُن

که جهان پُرسمن و سوسن آزاده کنی

تصوير

تصوير

🗫 The Selected Poems of Hafiz 🖘

Ghazal 480, Oppressed Song



Her lips, I kiss; and the wine I drain:

The water of life, I have come to gain.

To utter her secret is to err;

None can I see close to her.

The cup drinks blood and kisses her lips;

The rose, seeing her face, blushes to her petals' tips.

Give me the goblet and into oblivion Jamshid lay:

Who knows when he was? Or when Kay?

O moon-minstrel! Extend your hand on the harp;

Pluck its strings, so that in agony I may carp.

From solitude, the rose enthroned her seat in the bower;

Divest yourself of your cloak of bias like the red flower!

Let not the drunk remain intoxicated like her eye;

O Saki! Give me wine in memory of her lips of ruby!

From that body, the soul is sloth to escape;

For, in its veins runs the blood of grape.

Hafiz! Peace! For a while, hold your tongue;

Listen to the reed tuning an oppressed song.

غزل ٤٨٠، حديث بيزبانان

=C.XOXX

لبش میبوسم و دَرمیکشم مِی

به آبِ زندگانی بردهام پی

نه رازش میتوانم گفت با کس

نه کس را میتوانم دید با وی

لبش میبوسد و خون میخورَد جام

رخش میبیند و گُل میکند خِوی

بده جامِ مِی و از جم مکن یاد

که می داند که جم کِی بود و کِی کِی '؟

بزن در پرده، چنگ ای ماهِ مُطرب

رگش بِخْراش تا بخْروشم از وی

گُل از خلوت به باغ آورْد مَسند

بساطِ زهد همچون غنچه کُن طی

چو چشمش مست را مخمور مگذار

به یادِ لعلش ای ساقی بده می

نجوید جان از آن قالب جدایی

که باشد خون جامش در رگ و پی

زبانت درکَش ای حافظ زمانی حدیثِ بیزبانان بشنو از نی

۱. کی کاووس: (کیکاووس) دومین شاه کیانی و بزرگترین پادشاه این سلسله

Ghazal 483, Hopeful Yearnings

<u>-~;@@;@-</u>

Intoxicated with Love, I am, O Saki give a little wine Fill the cup, for this assembly sans wine I will decline. Describing her moon-like face is not a task of mine, Minstrel! Play a note! Saki! Give a little wine. For the ring of my stature, rivals shall be galore, From this door, it will not drive us to another door. In my desire for your face, hopeful yearnings I redeem, In deceit of union, we foster a fancy and a vain dream. Drunk with those eyes, I am: where's wine for my mind? I am languid with your ruby lips; what reply can I find?

Hafiz, why do you hope to find the good? Shall a sated soul by a mirage be satisfied?

غزل ٤٨٣، ما و اميدواري

<u>-~%%%</u>

مخمورٍ اجامِ عشقم، ساقى بِده شرابي

پُر کُن قَدح که بی مِی مجلس ندارد آبی

وصفِ رخِ چو ماهش در پرده راست ناید

مطرب بزن نوایی، ساقی بده شرابی

شد حلقه قامتِ من تا بعدازاین رقیبت

زین دُر دگر نراند ما را به هیچ بابی

در انتظار رویت ما و امیدواری

در عشوهٔ وصالت ما و خیال و خوابی

مخمور آن دو چشمم، آیا کجاست جامی؟

بيمار آن دو لَعلم، آخِر كم از جوابي ؟

حافظ، چه مینهی دل، تو در خیالِ خوبان کی تشنه سیر گردد از لَمْعهٔ سرایی؟

٧. لَمْعهُ: روشني، يرتو، تابش، درخشش



۱. مخمور: مست، خمار آلود

Ghazal 485, School of Truth

O you who are unschooled, the path of love pursue: As you are not a traveler, he who leads shall not be you. In the School of Truth, while you study the Love's way, Seek to earn a father's status, though you're a son today. Wash the life's lees off your hands, as the holy men of old, And winning Love's alchemy, transmute yourself to gold. Sleep and food keep you away from the idyllic trait: Shun these two, if you wish to attain your true state. If your heart and soul obtain the light of the love of truth, By God! Your loveliness shall outshine the sun in sooth. Plunge into God's sea for an instant and never forget That the tide of the Seven Seas, no hair of yours will wet. The light of the Lord will fill you from top to toe, If on the Lord's Path, pelf and power you forego. If your perceiving eye may alight on the Face of the Lord, You shall surely be among those allied with Divine cord. Upturned will be all that which makes up your frame; Dread not that this lot will forever your being inflame.

Hafiz, if you are striving to gain the mystic light You must kiss the doorway's dust of people of insight.

غزل ٤٨٥، مكتب حقايق

<u>~~;@~</u>@

ای بی خبر، بکوش که صاحب خبر شوی

تا راهرو نباشی، کِی راهبر شوی؟

در مكتبِ حقايق' پيشِ اديبِ عشق

هان ای پسر، بکوش که روزی پدر شوی

دست از مسِ وجود چو مردانِ ره بشوی

تا کیمیای عشق بیابی و زر شوی

خواب و خورت ز مرتبهٔ خویش دور کرد

آنگه رسی به خویش که بی خواب و خور شوی

گر نورِ عشقِ حق به دلوجانت اُوفتد

بِاللَّه كز آفتابِ فَلَك خوبتر شوى

یک دَم غریقِ بحرِ خدا شو، گمان مبَر

كز آبِ هفت بحر 'به يك موى 'تر شوى

از پای تا سَرت همه نور خدا شود

درراهِ ذوالجلال' چو بی پا و سر شوی

وجهِ خدا اگر شودَت مَنظرِ نظر

زین پس شکی نمانْد که صاحبنظر شوی

بنیادِ هستی تو چو زیروزبر شود

در دل مدار هیچ که زیروزبر شوی

گر در سَرت هوای وصال است، حافظا

باید که خاكِ درگهِ اَهل هنر شوی

Ghazal 487, The Sweet Smell of Union

<u>-~~~~~</u>

King of the lovely! Aid I seek for grief of solitude! Sans you, my heart's weak. Return for rectitude! Perpetual will not remain the roses in this land; In time of bliss, give the weak a helping hand! To the breeze, of her tress, I yester eve did complain: It said: "A mistake! This is your sad mind! Restrain!" Here a myriad of breezes joyously dance in a chain; O heart! This is what you vie for. Avoid all that is vain! The agony of yearning plunges me into a state untold; The image of patience seems to vanish on every fold. O Lord! To whom can I confide this mysterious tale? This ubiquitous darling declined her face to unveil. Saki! The rose bed is as dark as night without you; Strut out your box-tree body! Build a better view! Pining for you restores me from my bed of illness; The memory of you is a comrade in my loneliness. In the compass of fate, we the point of submission see; Grace is your word! And decree is what you decree. For a libertine, banned are egoism and vanity; In this creed, these two traits reek of infidelity. I am weary of this azure dome. Give me wine to revel! So that in the enameled cup, this plight I may unravel. Hafiz! Night of agony's gone! Union wafts in the air; O unhappy lover! May your day be joyous and fair!

غزل ٤٨٧، بوي خوش وصل

<u>~~~@@</u>%~

ای پادشهِ خوبان، داد از غمِ تنهایی

دل بی تو به جان آمد، وقت است که بازآیی

دائم گُل این بُستان شاداب نمیماند

دریاب ضعیفان را در وقتِ توانایی

دیشب گِلهٔ زلفش با باد همیکردم

گفتا غلطی، بگُذر' زین فکرتِ سودایی

صد بادِ صبا اینجا با سلسله می رقصند

این است حریف ای دل ٔ تا باد نپیمایی

مُشتاقی و مَهجوری' دور از تو چنانم کرد

كز دست بخواهد شد' پايابِ شكيبايي

یارب به که شاید گفت' این نکته که در عالَم

رُخساره به كس نَنْمود آن شاهدِ هرجايي؟

ساقی، چمن گُل را بی روی تو رنگی نیست

شمشاد' خرامان كن، تا باغ بيارايي

ای دردِ توام درمان ٔ در بستر بیماری

وی یادِ توام مونس ٔ در گوشهٔ تنهایی

در دايرهٔ قسمت ما نقطهٔ تسليميم

لُطف آنچه تو اندیشی، حکم آنچه تو فرمایی

فكر خود و رأي خود در عالم رندى نيست

کفر است در این مذهب خودبینی و خودرایی

زين دايرهٔ مينا خونين جگرم، مِي دِه

تا حل کنم این مشکل در ساغر مینایی

حافظ، شبِ هجران شد، بوي خوشِ وصل آمد

شادیت مبارك باد، ای عاشق شیدایی

Ghazal 490, Spinning Sphere



I went to the garden to pluck a rose in the morning, When a bulbul's song abruptly drifted within my hearing. Enamored as I, it was charmed by the love of a flower; The bulbul bleakly chanted its song in the bower. Oftentimes to the mead of the garden, I went; With my thoughts on the rose and the bulbul bent. The rose had its own mate and the bulbul its woe; This one would last and that one would remain so. The bulbul's note touched my heart with such weight That passion overtook me and no more could I tolerate. In this garden of grief, many a flower is born; But none has yet plucked a rose without a thorn.

Hafiz, seek to find no hope in the Spinning Sphere; For it has no virtues and gives you many a sad tear.

غزل ٤٩٠، مدارِ چرخ

<u>-0:1007:00</u>

رفتم به باغ صبحدمی تا چِنَم گُلی

آمد به گوش ٰ ناگهم آوازِ بلبلی مسکین چومن به عشق گُلی گشته مبتلا

وَانْدر چمن فكنده ز فرياد' غُلغلى

میگشتم اندر آن چمن و باغ دَمبهدَم

مىكردم اندر آن گلوبلبل تأمّلي

گُل' يـارِ حُسْـن گشـته و بلبـل قرينِ عشـق

آن را تفضّلی نه و این را تبدّلی

چـون کـرد در دلـم اَثَر ٰ آوازِ عندليـب

گشتم چنانکه هیچ نماندم تحمّلی

بس گُل شکفته میشود این باغ را، ولی

کس بی بلای خار نچیدهست از او گُلی

حافظ، مدار امیدِ فَرَج از مدارِ چرخ دارد هزار عیب و ندارد تفضّلی

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Praise for Hafiz

Goethe

In his poetry Hafiz has inscribed undeniable truth indelibly. Hafiz has no peer!
Should the whole world to ruin sink,
Hafiz, with you, with you alone
I'd vie! Desire and painful moan
We'll share them both, We twins have grown!
To be like you in love, In drinkMy pride, my life in this be shown!

Emerson

Hafiz defies you to show him, or put him in a condition inopportune and ignoble. Take all you will and leave him but a corner of Nature, a lane, a den, a cow-shed, out of cities, far from letters and taste and culture, he promises to win to that scorned spot, the light of moon and stars, the love of men, the smile of beauty, the homage of art. It shall be painted and carved and sung and celebrated and visited by pilgrimage in all time to come. ... He fears nothing. He sees too far; he sees throughout; such is the only man I wish to see or be.

Nietzsche

You keep pouring in yourself
And you keep filling with yourself
The deepest valley you are
The brightest light you are
The intoxication of all intoxication you are
What need do you have to ask for wine?

Edward Fitzgerald

The best musician of Words.

Gertrude Bell

It is as if his mental eye, endowed with wonderful acuteness of vision, had penetrated into those provinces of thought which we of a later age were destined to inhabit. انتشارات مهراندیش در نظر دارد آثار شاعران کهن و معاصر ایران و همچنین برخی متون فاخر ادبی را با تصحیح و ویراستاری جدید و حتی المقدور بهصورت دوزبانه منتشر کند.

مشکلات چنین کاری کم نیستند و بخصوص در بخش ترجمه به زبان دوم این مشکلات و محدودیتها چند برابر می شوند. از این میان دیوان دوزبانهٔ کامل حافظ (فارسی - عربی) را در گذشته منتشر کردیم. رباعیات کامل خیام با ترجمهٔ انگلیسی جدید، دیوان پروین اعتصامی با ترجمهٔ انگلیسی، مجموعهٔ دوزبانهٔ با ترجمهٔ انگلیسی، مجموعهٔ دوزبانهٔ نمایشنامههای شکسپیرو... سایر کتابهایی هستند که به تدریج منتشر می شوند.

بدون تردید نظرات راهگشای صاحبان فن و استقبال علاقهمندان ٔ بزرگ ترین مشوق ما در اجرا و بیشبر داین برنامهٔ ارزشمند است.

ناشر

صبا به لطف بگو آن غزالِ رعنا را	
صلاح كار كجاو من خراب كجا؟	
صوفي بياكه آينهٔ صافي ست جام را	
عیبِ رندان مکن ای زاهدِ پاکیزهسرشت	
فكر بلبل همه آن است كه گُل شد يارش	
كنون كه بر كفِ گُل ٰ جامِ بادهٔ صافست٧٧	
گفتم ای سلطانِ خوبان، رحم کن بر این غریب ٥٥	
گفتم كِيام دهان و لبت كامران كُنند؟	
لبش مى بوسم و دَر مى كشم مِي	
ماراز خيالِ تو چه پرواې شرابست	
مخمورِ جامِ عشقم، ساقي بده شرابي	
مَطَلَب طاعت و پیمان و صلاح از من مست ۹۵	
مى دمد صبح و كِلّه بست سَحّاب	
نصيحتى كُنَمت، بِشْنو و بهانه مگير	
يارم چو قَدَح به دست گيرد	
یاری اندر کس نمی بینیم، یاران را چه شد؟	
يوسفِ گمگشته باز آيد به كنعان، غم مخور	

چو آفتابِ مِي از مشرقِ پياله برآيد
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حجابِ چهره جاًن مي شود غبارِ تَنم
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در دير مُغان آمد يارم قَدَحي در دست ٩٩
در نماًزم خم اَبروي ٰتو با ياد آمد
دست از طلُّب ندارَم تا كامِ من برآيد
دل مي رود ز دستم، صاحب دلان خدا را
دل و دینم شد' و دلبر به ملامت برخاست
دلم رميده شد و غافلم من درويش
دوشٰ از مسجد سوی میخَانه آمد پیر ما
دوشٰ از مسجد سوی میخانه آمد پیرِ ما دوش دیدم که مَلائك درِ میخانه زدند
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دوش از مسجد سوي میخانه آمد پیرِ ما دوش دیدم که مَلائك درِ میخانه زدند
دوش از مسجد سوي میخانه آمد پیرِ ما دوش دیدم که مَلائك درِ میخانه زدند
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دوش از مسجد سوي میخانه آمد پیرِ ما دوش دیدم که مَلائك درِ میخانه زدند

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در این کتاب از «نشانهی درنگ» که با علامت «ای مشخص می شود، استفاده شده است. «نشانهی درنگ» نویسهی مناسبی است که به جای ویرگول نابجا می نشیند و بسیاری از دشواری های خواندن درستِ متن فارسی را نیز برطرف می کند.

بركزيدة اشعار حافظ

•ترجمه به شعرانگلیسی: دکترعلی سلامی

•تصحیح غزلیات فارسی و اعرابگذاری: مهدی سجودی مقدم •

•جلد: •خوشنویسی: اسرافیل شیرچی • صفحه آرایی: مهراندیش •

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هرگونه تکثیر و یا تولید مجدد این کتاب، به صورت کامل و یا بخشی از آن، اعم از چاپ، کپی، فایل صوتی یا الکترونیکی بدون اجازه ی کتبیِ ناشـر ممنـوع و موجب پیگرد قانونی اسـت.



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تصحیح غزلیات فارسی و اعرابگذاری بااستفاده از نسخههای خانلری و سیدعبدالرحیم خلخالی (بر اساس دستور نوین خط فارسی)

مهدىسجودىمقدم



دربارةمترجم

دکتر علی سلامی (زاده، ۱۳۴۶، تهران) استادیار ادبیات انگلیسی و مطالعات ترجمه در دانشگاه تهران است. او نویسنده کتاب «شکسپیر و خواننده» (شیکاگو ۲۰۱۳) و ویراستار دو کتاب «شکسپیر بنیادگرا» (نیوکاسل ۲۰۱۶) و «شکسپیر و فرهنگ» (نیوکاسل ۲۰۱۶) است. منتخبی از اشعار فروغ فرخزاد، فریدون مشیری، سیمین بهبهانی و سهراب سپهری به زبان انگلیسی در چهار مجلد از سلامی منتشر شده است. ترجمه سلامی از قران کریم به زبان انگلیسی در سال ۲۰۱۶ در امریکا منتشر شد. از او مقالات متعددی درزمینه،گفتمان و جنسیت، شکسپیر، و ادبیات پسااستعماری در مجلات معتبر جهان به چاپ رسیده است. نوشتههای علی سلامی به بیش از پیست زبان ترجمه شده است.

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