

Poems/ghazals of  
Hafiz, Translated  
by Austin Pearlman  
1995













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Yo! Hey! O Saqi---pour out a cup and pass it on  
As love at first seemed an easy thing but difficulties arose.

With the scent of the musk-bag that the last zephyr opened  
From the twist of that perfumed ringlet, what blood fell in our hearts!

Color the prayer mat with wine if the Master of the Magi tells you  
As this wayfarer lacks no news of the path and the customs of its stages.

For me in the house of the Beloved, what security of ease?  
As the bell is clamoring "Bind on your camel loads."

The dark night and the fear of the wave and the whirlpool so terrible--  
How do they know our state, those light burdened on the shores?

All my work from self love led finally to bad name--  
How would that secret remain concealed when they build assemblies on it?

If it's presence you are wanting, don't be absent from Him, Hafiz.  
When you reach the one of your yearning, abandon the world and don't worry about it.

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Good works, where? and I, the ruined one, where?  
See the distance of the way--from where to where?

My heart pulled me back from the monk's cell and the hypocrite's robe  
Where is the Magian temple and the pure wine--where?

What relation do goodness and piety bear to a drunkard?  
The hearing of the sermon--where? the melody of the rebeck--where?

What do enemies gain from the face of the friend?  
The dead lamp--where? the candle of the sun--where?

The dust of your threshold is like collyrium on the eye  
Where do we go? --order--from this entryway--where?

Don't look at the cleft of the chin as it is a snare on the path  
Where are you going--O heart--with this hurry--where?

May his happy memory be the pride of the day of union  
His love glances, where did they go? and that reproof--where?

Rest and sleep--don't covet them from Hafiz, O friend  
Rest--what is it? patience--what? and sleep--where?

If that Turk of Shiraz takes our heart in hand  
For that one's mole I would give Samarkand and Bokhara.

Bring, Saqi, the remaining wine as in paradise you can't obtain  
The banks of the waters of Ruknabad and the rose bowers of Musalla.

Alas, that these saucy gypsies, sweet of work, the terror of the city  
Carry off patience from the heart just as Turks taking tribute from the plunder spread.

The beauty of the Beloved can do without our incomplete love.  
Luster and coloring, down and mole--what need has the beautiful face?

From that beauty, daily increasing, that Joseph had, I knew  
Love would bring Zuleika outside the veil of chastity.

If you order an insult and if a curse, I say a blessing.  
Does a bitter answer suit your sugar eating lip?

Hear the advice, O soul, as the youths attained to fortune  
Love the counsel of the learned sage more than their soul.

Speak out the tale of the minstrel and wine, wish less for the secrets of the wineshop  
As by philosophy no one has opened and disclosed this enigma of the universe.

Come, ghazal singing and pearl piercing and sing--Hafiz  
As on your poetry the heavens scattered the necklace of the Pleiades.

Morning breeze--speak graciously to that graceful gazelle  
Saying "You have given us the desire for the mountain and the desert."

The sugar seller--long may he live!--why  
Doesn't he make remembrance of his sugar eating parrot?

The pride of your beauty perhaps gave no permission, O rose  
For you make no enquiry of the love mad nightingale.

By good humor and kindness one can make prey of the people of vision  
The wise bird is not taken by fetter and snare.

When you sit with friends, guzzling a measure of wine  
Bring to mind the dwelling of lovers measuring the wind.

Except this much, no one can say in your beauty is a fault  
That the foundation of mercy and faithfulness is not seen in your lovely face.

In heaven it is no wonder if, to the sayings of Hafiz  
The lute of Venus brings the Messiah to dancing,



The splendor of the season of the rose is in the garden again  
The good tidings of the rose reaches the nightingale of sweet notes.

O breeze if once more you reach the youths of the meadow  
Relate our service to the cypress and the rose and the white rose.

If the wine selling Magian youth makes such a display  
I will sweep out the winehouse with my eyelashes.

O you who draws the curved polo stick on the moon of pure ambergris  
Don't turn me, agitated of state, head spinning.

i fear this tribe that laughs at dreg drinkers  
Will confess their faith in the desire of the work of the tavern.

Be the friend of the men of God for in Noah's ship  
There is a bit of dust that won't buy the deluge for a drop of water.

Go out from the house of fortune and don't seek out bread  
For in the end this dark bowl slays the guest.

For everyone, the last resting place is a handful of dust  
Say--what need for the palace to stretch out to heaven?

My moon of Canaan--the throne of Egypt became yours  
The time is come that you bid farewell to prison.

O Hafiz--drink wine and swing and be happy, but  
Like others, don't make the Koran the snare of hypocrisy.

Come as the palace of hope is of utterly weak foundation  
Bring wine as the foundation of life is on the wind.

I am the slave of the lofty purpose of that one under the azure wheel  
Who is free from whatever color attachment accepts.

*How should I reveal to you that last night in the tavern intoxicated and  
unsteady as I was,  
Great good tidings were brought to me by the angel of the hidden world.*

"O royal falcon of exalted vision, sitter on the angelic tree,  
Your nest is not this abode of the corner of affliction.

"They blow the whistle for you from the turrets of the empyrean  
I don't know what has befallen you in this snare place.

"I give you a reprimand--bear it in mind and put it to use  
As this tradition is the recollection of the Master of the path.

"Don't suffer the world's grief and don't forget my counsel  
As I learned this precept from a true wayfarer.

"Accept what is given and open the knot from your forehead  
As for me and you the door of choice is not open.

"Seek no soundness of faith from the world, weak of structure  
As this crone is the bride of a thousand husbands.

"The sign of faith and loyalty is not in the smile of the rose  
Lament, nightingale, heart bereft, as it is a place of clamoring.

Why bear envy toward Hafiz--O one of weak verse  
Acceptance of heart and grace of speech are God given.



Tress disheveled, sweat pouring and lip laughing and drunk  
Gown ripped and singing ghazals and goblet in hand.

Her narcissus eye brawl seeking and her lip curled in scorn  
Last night midnight she came and sat at my bedside.

She lowered her head near my ear and with a sad voice  
She said " O lover of old you are asleep."

For a lover given such a night seizing wine  
An infidel to love is the one who does not become a wine worshipper.

Go, O pious one and don't take issue with dreg drinkers  
As we were given nothing but this rare gift on the day of creation.

That which he poured in our bowl, we drank  
Whether it was from heaven's blend or from the drunkard's wine.

The wine cup's laughter and the curly tresses of the idol  
Oh--it shattered many a repentance like the repentance of Hafiz.

The red rose came into bloom and the nightingale became drunk  
A proclamation of exhilaration--O wine worshipping Sufis.

The foundation of repentance in firmness seemed like rock  
See--what a novelty!--the crystal cup shattered it.

Bring wine, as in the court of independence  
Whether watchman or sultan, what matter? whether sober or drunk.

From this inn of two doors, since a journey is necessary  
The porch and the arch of the dwelling, what matter whether high or low?

The state of ease is impossible to attain without toil  
Yes--the treaty of creation is sealed with the decree of calamity.

Don't bother reflecting on existence and non-existence--be happy  
As non-existence is the conclusion of every excellence that exists.

The pomp of Asaf, his wind-horse and his bird-speech  
They went down the wind and that notable gained no profit from them.

Don't go from the path with wing and feather as the arrow once shot  
Takes to the air for a time but comes to rest in the dust.

The tongue of your pen, Hafiz, what thanks does it utter  
As the sayings of your words are passed from hand to hand?



The rose in my breast and wine on my palm and the Beloved to my desire  
The sultan of the world on such a day is a slave to me.

Say--don't bring the candle to the assembly as tonight  
In our meeting the moon of the cheek of the friend is full.

In our religion wine is legal, but  
Without your face, O rose-limbed cypress, it is unlawful.

Don't say a thing of the taste of sugar and sugar candy  
For that reason--that for us the longing is for that sweet lip.

Since the treasure of your grief resides in our ruined heart  
Our abode is ever a corner of the tavern.

What do you say of shame? as, for me fame is from shame.  
And of fame what do you ask? as, for me shame is from fame.

Wine drinker head spinning and profligate I am and glance player  
And in this city who is there who is not like us?

Don't tell our faults to the sheriff as he also  
Is joined like us to the perpetual search for pleasure.

Hafiz--don't sit without wine and the Beloved for a moment  
These are the days of the rose and the jasmine and the feast breaking the fast.

Zephyr if a passage befalls you to the country of the Beloved  
Bring a breath from the ambergris ringlet of the Beloved.

By his soul in thanks I will scatter my soul  
If you bring me a message from the bosom of the Beloved.

And if it be such that you may not be in audience of that presence  
For my eye, bring some dust from the door of the Beloved.

I, the beggar, with a wish for union with him--alas!  
Perhaps in sleep I might see the phantom of the appearance of the Beloved.

My pinecone heart is trembling like the willow  
Sighing in grief of the stature and elevation of the Beloved.

Although the Beloved won't buy me at any price  
For the world we won't sell a single hair from the head of the Beloved.

What would it be if his heart became free of the bond of grief?  
When Hafiz is a poor slave and servant of the Beloved.



At dawn break the bird of the meadow spoke to the newly blossomed rose  
"Feign less disdain, as in this garden many like you have blossomed."

The rose laughed "We don't take offense at the truth, but  
No lover spoke harsh words to the beloved."

If you covet that gemmed cup of ruby wine,  
O many a pearl you must pierce with the tip of your eyelash.

Until endless eternity the scent of love will not reach his senses.  
Whoever didn't sweep the dust of the winehouse door with his cheek.

Last night in the garden of heaven on earth when by grace of the air  
The zephyr breeze of dawn was disturbing the tress of the hyacinth,

I said "O throne of Jamshid, where is your world seeing cup?  
He said "Alas -- that waking treasure slept."

That speech of love is not that which comes to the tongue  
O Saqi--give wine and cut short this chit-chat.

The tears of Hafiz cast wisdom and patience into the sea.  
What can he do who hasn't the power to hide love's burning grief.

O plover of the dawn breeze I send you to Yemen  
See from where to where I send you.

It's a shame, a bird like you in the dust bin of griief  
I send you from here to the nest of fidelity.

In love's path there is no stage of near or far  
I see you clearly and I send you my prayers.

Every morning and evening a convoy of prayers for your welfare  
I send you by the kindness of the northwind and the eastwind.

So that the army of your grief doesn't ruin the kingdom of the heart  
As ransom I send you my own dear life.

O hidden one from sight--you became the companion of the heart  
I say a prayer to you and I send you praise.

Take pleasure in God's creative power in your own face  
As I send you this mirror, God-displaying.

So that minstrels in desire of praise might be advised  
Words and ghazal building I send you and tunes.

Saqi come as the voice of the hidden uttered good news  
"In pain practice patience for I send you the cure."

Hafiz, the anthem of our assembly is the mention of your welfare  
Hasten--O behold--a horse and a cloak I send you.

Hidden wine and pleasure--what is it?--a work without foundation  
We join in the ranks of drunkards and what may be, let it be!

Loosen the knot from the heart and let go the memory of the world  
As no geometer's thought has ever loosened such a knot.

Have no wonder at the turning of the times as the wheel  
Has many thousands of memories beyond this tale.

Take up the bowl with the condition of respect as its composition  
Is from the skulls of Jamshid and Bahman and Kubad.

Ka'us and Kai, who is aware of where they went  
When is it that Jamshid's throne went with the wind?

From regret of the eye of Shirin still I see  
That the tulip arises from the blood of the eye of Farhad.

Perhaps it is that the tulip knows the fickleness of fortune  
For in birth and as she went her way, she never let the winecup out of her hand.

Come! Come! that for a while we may become ruined from wine,  
Perhaps we'll arrive at a treasure in this cultivated ruin.

They do not give me permission for a sight seeing journey,  
The zephyr wind of Musalla and the waters of Rukhnabad.

Like Hafiz don't take the bowl except to the harp's moan  
As the joy of the glad heart has been bound by a silk thread.



The days of union with loving friends----- recall!  
Recall those passed occasions----- recall!

My palate became like poison from the bitterness of grief  
The clamor of the drinking of those cheerful imbibers-----recall!

Although friends are free from memories of me  
From me thousands of memories of them----- recall!

I became sorely tried in these fetters and calamities  
The efforts of those righteous ones----- recall!

Although a hundred rivers are in my eye continually  
Zindarud and the unceasing workers of the garden----- recall!

Hafiz's secret after this remains unspoken  
O alas--the keepers of secrets----- recall!

For years my heart would seek from us the cup of Jamsid  
And that which it had itself it would request from strangers.

A pearl that lies outside the shell of space and time  
It would seek from the lost ones on the ocean shore.

I took my difficulties to the Magian Master last night  
That by the grace of his vision he would solve the riddle.

I saw him cheerful and laughing, the wine bowl in hand  
And within that mirror he would make a hundred kinds of shows.

I said-"When did the sage give you this world-seeing cup?"  
He said-"That day that he was making this azure dome."

A man bereft, though in all states God was with him  
He didn't see this and as from afar he would call "O god!"

He said-"That friend by whom the gibbet became exalted  
"His crime was this that he was revealing secrets.

"If the blessing of the holy spirit again orders aid  
Others might do those things that the Messiah woul do."

I said to him-"Those linked idol's tresses--what is there purpose?"  
He said that Hafiz was making a complaint of his own frenzied heart.

When my companion takes the bowl in hand  
He takes the market of idols to defeat.

In the sea I have fallen like a fish  
That the companion might take me with the hook of his thumb.

At his foot I have fallen in lamentation  
Whether it is that he might take my hand.

Everyone who saw his eye said  
"Where is a sheriff to take this drunk?"

Happy of heart is the one who like Hafiz  
Takes a cup of wine of the day of creation.

The world is totally not worth a moment of bearing the head in grief  
Sell our cassock for wine as it is not worth more than this.

In the quarter of the wine sellers they wouldn't carry it off for a cup  
O excellent prayer mat of piety that isn't worth a goblet!

The antagonist reproached me that I should turn my face from this gate  
What befell this head of ours that it isn't worth the dust of that door?

The splendor of the crown of a sultan whose harvest of rank is fear for your life  
The head cover is handsome but it is not worth abandoning the head.

How easy it seemed at first, the trouble of the sea for the sake of gain  
I made a mistake as this deluge is not worth one hundred jewels.

It is best for you to conceal your face from those who long for you  
As the joy of seizing the world is not worth the army of griefs.

So Hafiz strive in contentment and pass from the base world  
As one grain of obligation to base ones is not worth one hundred bushels of gold.



The crown holders are slaves to your drunken narcissus eye  
The sober ones are ruined by the wine of your ruby lip.

For you, the breeze, and for me, the drops from the eye became tale bearers  
And, if not, the lover and the beloved would hold their secrets.

From under your bent tresses as you pass by give a look  
From right and left how your mournful ones are.

Pass like the dawn breeze across the tulip bed and see  
From the domination of your tress, how your disturbed ones are.

Our destiny is paradise--O God-knower--go!  
As the ones who commit sins are worthy of generosity.

For that rose, not I alone am a petitioner and ghazal singer and more  
As on every side there are thousands of your nightingales.

Seize my hand, O Khizr of the sanctified feet as I  
Go on foot and my comrades are horsemen.

Come to the winehouse and make your cheeks glow red  
Don't go to the monastery as in that place are doers of dark deeds.

Hafiz don't be released from that twist-bearing tress  
As your bound ones, they are the saved ones.

Last night I saw the angels knocked on the winehouse door  
They worked Adam's clay and cast a wine bowl.

Dwellers in the celestial sanctuary of modesty and chastity  
With me, road sitter, they swigged the drunkard's wine.

The sky couldn't bear the load of the trust  
The lot of the work was cast to the name of me, the madman.

Excuse the warring of all the seventy two creeds  
When they saw the truth, they followed the path of fancy.

Thanks be to God that between me and Him such peace descended  
That the Sufi's, dancing, tossed down a grateful cup.

The fire is not that whose flame sets the candle laughing  
The fire is that in whose harvest the moth is cast.

No one like Hafiz has opened the veil from the face of thought  
Since the tip of the tress of speech was combed by the pen.

I said "When will your mouth and lip make me satisfied?"  
He said "My pleasure. Whatever you say so it will be done."

I said "Your lip seeks the tribute of Egypt."  
He said "In this transaction rarely is loss incurred."

I said "Who travels to the point of your mouth?"  
He said "This is a story that is made with subtlety knowers."

I said "Don't be an idol worshipper--sit with the Lord."  
He said "In the lane of love, this is done and that."

I said "Some winehouse air strikes grief from the heart."  
He said "Happy are those who gladden a heart."

I said "Wine and the robe is not the custom of religion."  
He said "This work is done in the order of the Magian Master."

I said "What profits for an old man from the ruby drink of your sweet lips?"  
He said "By a sweet kiss, he is made young."

I said "When shall the man of distinction go to the chamber entrance?"  
He said "That time when Jupiter and the moon make conjunction."

I said that a prayer for his good fortune is Hafiz's rosary.  
He said that the angels of the seventh heaven make this prayer.

Saqi, the tradition of the cypress and the rose and the tulip goes out  
And this debate goes out with three washings of wine.

Give wine as the new bride of the meadow reaches the limit of beauty  
The work of this age goes out from the craft of the matchmaker.

The parrots of India all became sugar devourers  
From the Persian sweet that goes out to Bengal.

See the traveling space and time of the poem's proceeding  
As this child of one night goes out a year's journey.

See that entrancing eye, deceiver of the pious,  
Drawing the caravan of magic behind it as it goes out.

Don't go from the path to the temptation of the world, as this crone  
Sits a deceiver and goes out a procuress.

The wind of spring goes out from the rose garden of the king,  
And from the dew, the wine goes out to the bowl of the tulip.

Hafiz--of your fervor for the assembly of Sultan Ghiyasudin  
Don't become neglectful as your work goes out from moaning.



Now as the rose in the meadow has come from non-existence to existence  
The violet placed his head in prostration at her foot.

Drink the morning cup to the moan of the tamborine and harp  
Kiss the Saqi's chin to the melody of the reed and lute.

In the season of the rose, don't sit without wine and the sweetheart and the harp  
As it is limited like the days to a week's abiding.

From the brightness of the sweet basil. like the shining sky  
The earth became, with an auspicious star and a rising star.

From the hand of the sweetheart, delicate of cheek, Jesus of breath  
Drink wine and let loose the tale of the errant tribes 'Ad and Samud.

The world became like highest paradise in the season of the lily and the rose  
But what benefit as in it is no possibility of permanence.

When did the rose come aloft on the wind, Solomon-like?  
The morning that the bird came up with the melody of David.

Bring the cup of the hyacinth to the memory of the Asaf of the age  
Vazir of the kingdom of Solomon, the pillar of religion, Mahmoud.

It was that in the assembly of Hafiz by the blessing of guidance  
Whatever he seeks, all may be available.

When the sun of wine comes on the cup's eastern brim,  
From the garden of the cheek of the Saqi, a thousand tulips come up.

In desire for the rose, the dawn breeze strikes down the blossoming hyacinth  
When the scent of those locks comes up in the meadow's midst.

The story of the night of separation is not that story of a state  
Where a short account of its description comes up with a hundred treatises.

From the turning round of the sky's inverted tray, no one can expect  
That one morsel comes up without the vexation of a hundred reproaches.

No one can transport himself, by his own effort, to the precious pearl  
It is a fantasy that this accomplishment comes up without an intercessor.

If you, like Noah, are not without patience in the grief of the flood,  
You may turn calamity aside and the aim of a thousand years will come up.

When the breeze of your tress passes by Hafiz's tomb  
One hundred thousand tulips will come up from the dust of his body.

I won't take my hand from the request until my goal comes up  
Either my body makes it to my sweetsoul or my soul comes up from my body.

Open my grave after death and observe  
That from my heart's fire smoke comes up from my winding sheet..

Soul is on my lip and rue in my heart that from his lips  
Not a single desire was taken and the soul comes up from my body.

From rue of his mouth my soul came to straits  
When does the longing of the narrowed ones come forth from that mouth.

In the company of love players they speak the invocation for his well being  
Whenever the name of Hafiz comes up in the assembly.

Once again from the branch of the straight cypress the patient nightingale  
Makes his cry, "May the evil eye be far from the face of the rose."

O rose, in thanks for what you are--the great king of beauty  
Don't act proud with heart bereft frenzied nightingales.

In the face of your absence I don't make complaints  
Until there is absence there is no enjoyment of presence.

If others are fresh and happy by pleasure and mirth  
For us the grief of the idol is the starter of joy.

If the hope of the pious is the houri and the palace of heaven  
For us the winehouse is the palace and the friend, the houri.

Take in wine with the clamor of the harp and don't take in grief--and if anyone  
Tells you--'Don't drink wine!' say--'God is the forgiver'.

Hafiz, why do you complain of the grief of separation?  
In separation there is union and in darkness there is light.



The pain of love I have suffered that -----don't ask  
The poison of separation I have tasted that -----don't ask.

I have wandered in the world and at last  
A sweetheart I have chosen that -----don't ask.

In the desire for the dust of his door, so much  
Water goes from my eye that -----don't ask.

I, with my own ears, from your mouth last night  
Have heard some speeches that -----don't ask.

Without you in my own hut of beggary  
I have borne such sufferings that -----don't ask.

Like Hafiz the stranger in the path of love  
To what a state I have arrived--that -----don't ask.

Ah sweet Shiraz--its manner without equal  
O Lord! preserve it from decline.

Due to our Ruknabad--one hundred times, God's blessing.  
As it would give life to Khizr from its pure water.

Between Jufarabad and Musalla  
Its northwind comes, mixing ambergris.

Come to Shiraz with its abundance of holy spirit  
Seek the Perfect Master from its people.

Has anyone boasted of the name of Egyptian sweets  
Who was not brought to shame by the sweet ones of Shiraz.

Zephyr--of that sportful gypsy, head reeling  
What news have you? How's his situation?

If that sweet boy may spill my blood  
O heart! like mother's milk, make it lawful.

Don't wake me from sleep--for God's sake  
For happily I have a private encounter with his phantom.

Why is it, Hafiz, when you feared separation  
You did not give thanks for the time of union?

A voice of the hidden world from the corner of the winehouse  
Last night said "Sins are forgiven--drink the wine."

Divine grace does its own work  
Gabriel brings the arrival of the gospel of mercy.

Carry off this crude wisdom to the winehouse  
So the ruby wine might bring its blood to boil.

Although union with him is not given by effort  
Every moment, O heart, that you can--try!

God's mercy is greater than our crime  
What can you say of a hidden mystery?--be silent.

My ear and the ring of the friend's tress  
My face and the dust of the wineseller's door.

Hafiz's drunkenness is not a hard sin  
With the generosity of the great king, fault concealing.

At dawn for the scent of the rosebud I went awhile in the garden  
So I might, like the heart bereft bulbul, make a remedy for my spirit.

I was watching the display of the red rose  
That was bright as a lamp in the gloom of night.

Such pride was in her own beauty and youth  
That she had a thousand kinds of abandonment of the nightingale's heart.

From regret the tender narcissus opened the flow of water from the eye  
In fury the tulip put a hundred marks on its heart and soul.

In reproach the lily drew its tongue like a sword  
And the mouth of the peony opened like the town gossip.

Some like wine worshippers--the decanter in hand  
Some like the wine bearer--drunks, palming the flask.

Like the rose know as booty gaily and festivity and youth  
As O Hafiz there is nothing for the messenger but the delivery.

Though a thousand enemies attempt my destruction  
If you are my friend I do not dread enemies.

For me hope of union with you preserves life  
And if not, in your separation every moment is the fear of destruction.

Moment by moment if I don't catch his scent  
Time after time I rip my collar from grief .

My two eyes go to sleep before your image--far be it!  
My heart be patient within your separation--God forbid!

If you strike me a wound--better than another's ointment  
And if you give me poison--better than another's antidote.

Slaughter by the blow of your sabre is the water of life  
'For my soul nothing is more heavenly than being sacrificed for you!'

Don't turn the reins for if you strike me with a sword  
I'll make my head the shield and I won't take my hand from your pommel.

How can every vision see you as you are?  
Everyone perceives to the extent of his own knowledge.

In the eyes of mankind Hafiz became the sweetheart of the world  
When he placed the face of lowliness on the dust at your door.



Love play and youth and ruby colored wine  
The sociable assembly and the boon companion and endless drinking

The sweet mouthed Saqi and the minstrel, sweet of speech  
Some comrades of good accomplishments and some companions of good fame

A beloved one with mercy and purity, the envy of the water of life  
A charmer of such beauty and goodness to make the full moon jealous

A feast hall agreeable as the palace of highest heaven  
A rose bower with borders like the meadow of the abode of God's peace

Benevolent the array of the seated and the stewards all courtesy  
Lovers endowed with mysteries and companions like love's ideal

Rose colored wine--strong and sharp, wholesome and lively  
Sugar plums from the sweetheart's ruby lip and its tale of jewelled wine

Subtly knowers, witty talkers like Hafiz, sweet of speech  
Generosity teachers world blazing like a pilgrim of truth

Whoever doesn't wish these pleasures let his happy heartedness be ruined  
And that one who doesn't seek this assembly, let his life be unlawful.

Where are the tidings of union with you that from desire of life I arise?  
A holy bird I am and from the snare of the world I will arise.

By your affection if you call me to be your slave  
From the aim of lordship of heaven and earth I will arise.

O God! send some rain from the the cloud of guidance  
Before from the midst like some dust I arise.

Sit with wine and minstrel at the head of my tomb  
So that to your scent from the tomb, dancing I rise.

Rise and display your stature O idol sweet of motion  
That from desire of life and the world--scattering all-- I rise.

Although I am old draw me tight in embrace for a night  
So that at morning time from your side, young I rise.

On the day of my death in a moment of reprieve give me sight  
So that like Hafiz from desire of life and the world I rise.

In the Magian tavern I see the light of God  
See this wonder--what a light from where do I see?

Don't boast to me O king of pilgrims--as you  
See God's house and I see God in the house.

I wish to open the musk from the tresses of idols  
Still the far off thought is that I hope for Cathay.

The burning heart, flowing tears, sigh of the morning, moan of night  
All these I see from the glance of your mercy.

Every moment from your face I catch an image in the path of fancy  
With whom do I speak of what things I see in this veil?

No one sees out of the musk of Khutan and the musk bags of China  
What I see every morning from the wind of the dawn.

Friends--don't blame Hafiz for playing at glances  
As I see him to be among your loving friends.

Let us pass along the highway of the winehouse  
As for a portion of a draught we are all in need of this door.

On the first day when we spoke of drunkenness and love  
The condition was--we would travel no road but the one of that love play.

A place where throne and seat of Jamshid goes with the wind  
It is not well if we take on grief--better that we take on wine.

Until it may be when one can put the hand in his girdle  
We are seated in the heart's blood like the ruby.

Preacher--give no advice to the frenzied--as we.  
With the dust of the beloved's lane, don't look at paradise

When the Sufis in their state and following dancing  
We too with sleight of hand lift up our hands.

From your draught the earth's dust found the pearl and the ruby  
We are the helpless who in your presence are less than dust.

Hafiz, since there is no way to the turrets of the palace of union  
We put our head with the dust of the threshold of this door,

Friends in the time of the rose it is best that we strive for ease  
This is the word of the one possessed of heart--let us hear it with our soul.

There is no generosity in anyone and the time of joy is passing  
The cure for that is that we sell the prayer mat for wine.

There is a happy air, joy giving. O Lord send  
A precious one to whose face we may drink rosy wine.

The organ player of the spheres is a skilled highway robber  
How can we not moan from this grief and why not roar?

The rose came to a boil and we didn't cool it with wine  
So we need boil from the fire of disappointment and ambition.

We serve some wine of illusion from the tulip's cup  
Far be the evil eye as without wine and the minstrel we are senseless.

Hafiz with whom can we speak of this tale of wonder, as we  
Are nightingales who are silent in the season of the rose.

The king of those of boxtree stature, Caesar of those sweet of mouth  
Who with his eyelash shatters the heart of all rank shatterers

Drunken he passed and on me, the dervish, he cast a glance  
He said "O lamp and eye of all those sweet of speech

"Til when will your purse be empty of silver and gold?  
"Become my slave and enjoy all those silver of body.

"Don't be so lowly, less than a mote. Cultivate love  
"So that you may reach those whirling in the sun's abode.

"Don't depend on the world and if you have a bowl of wine  
"Enjoy those Venus of brow and those delicate of form."

The Master served me a pitcher--joy be to his soul!  
He said "Abstain from affection for covenant-breakers

"Hold fast to the Beloved's damaan and tear away from enemies  
"Become a man of God and pass free from the devil."

In the tulip meadow in the morning I asked the dawn breeze  
"Whose martyrs are these, their winding sheets all bloody?"

He replied "Hafiz, you and me, we are not confidants of this secret  
"Let your tale be of ruby wine and those sweet of mouth."



Do you know what wealth is? Seeing the sight of the Beloved  
Choosing beggary in his street over kingship.

Cutting off desire for life was easy, but  
Cutting off friends, dear to the soul----hard.

I will be with the bound ones like a rosebud with straitened heart  
And there tearing up my garment of good name.

At times, like the dawn breeze speaking concealed secrets with the rose  
At times, hearing secrets of love play from the nightingales

Don't let the kissing of the Beloved's lip go offhand  
As at the last you may turn wearied from your hand and bite your lip.

Reckon affection as opportunity as in this two pathed dwelling.  
When we pass we cannot arrive again at the same spot.

You say Hafiz went from the memory of Shah Jehan  
O Lord! to him bring the memory of preserving the dervish.

It's morning--O Saqi--make up a bowl full of wine  
The turning of heaven's wheel has no delay--make it quick!

Before the vanishing world becomes ruined  
Make us ruined by the cup of rose colored wine.

The sun of wine rose from the east of the cup  
If you seek a leaf from the book of ease----abandon sleep!

Some day when the wheel makes pitchers out of our clay  
Beware! make the bowl of our skull full of wine.

Men of piety and repentance and idle talk----we are not.  
Make your addresses to us with the cup of pure wine.

Wine worshipping is the work of right action, O Hafiz  
Rise up and make the resolve of resolution for the work of right action.

I saw the green farm of the sky and the sickle of the new moon  
My own sowing came to mind and the time of reaping.

I said "O fortune--you slept and the sun appeared"  
He said "Even with all this, don't be hopeless of your record."

"If you go pure and naked like the Messiah to the sky  
"From your lamp a hundred rays might reach to the sun."

"Don't rely on the stars, the thieves of the night  
"As these imposters carried off the crown of Ka'us and the girdle of Kai Khusrau.

"Although the earring of ruby and gold weighs dearly on the ear  
"The duration of beauty is passing, listen to this advice."

The evil eye be far from your mole, as on the square of beauty  
It advanced a pawn which carried off the stakes from the sun and moon.

Tell the sky don't boast of your greatness, as in the field of love  
The harvest of the moon goes for a grain of corn---the Pleides, two grains.

The fire of piety and hypocrisy will burn up the harvest of religion  
Hafiz, cast off this woolen cassock--and go!

My pleasure ever is from the ruby of my heart's desire  
My work is to my taste, praise be to God!

O stubborn fortune draw him tight to my embrace  
Now draw the golden cup, now the ruby lip of heart's desire.

Of us in drunkenness they made a tale  
The ignorant masters and road lost sheiks.

Of the hand of the pious --we repented  
And from the deeds of the devout--may God forgive!

O soul--what can I say of the state of severence  
An eye and a hundred drops, a soul and a hundred death sighs.

May the infidel not see the grief that is seen  
By the cypress from your stature, by the moon from your cheek.

Yearning for your lip took from Hafiz's memory  
The lessons of the night, the prayers of the morning.

Mornings when half drunk by the nightly cup  
I took up the wine with the harp and the chimes.

I placed on reason the road provisions of wine  
I dispatched it from the city of beings.

My wine selling sweetheart gave me such a love glance  
That I became secure from the tricks of the times.

From the Saqi, bow of eyebrow, I heard  
"O butt for the arrows of rebuke

"You gain nothing from girding those loins like a belt  
"So long as within the middle, you see yourself.

"Go and place this snare for another bird  
"As the nest of the phoenix is exalted.

"Who will ever gain union from the beauty of a king  
"When he is forever playing at self love?"

The companion and the minstrel and the Saqi—all are he.  
In the way of pretence are the phantoms of water and clay.

Give a ship shaped wine cup so we may sail happily  
From this, an ocean of invisible shores.

Our existence is a riddle, Hafiz  
Researching it is incantation and fable.

Come don't cultivate this spite you have with us  
As the affection of old friends maintains its rights.

Hear my counsel as this pearl is much better  
Than those jewels that you have in the treasury.

But how may you display your face to drunkards?  
You who holds the mirror to the sun and moon.

Don't speak harshly of drunkards, O sheik--be prudent  
For you would be holding spite with the divine command.

Have you no fear of my fiery sigh?  
You know the cassock you have is made of wool.

Attend to the wine-sick cries of the impoverished  
For God's sake--if you have the wine of last night.

I saw nothing more delightful than your poem, Hafiz  
I swear it by the Koran you have in your heart.

O you who are perpetually in the delusion of self pride  
If for you, love is not there, you are excused.

Don't wander around those love mad types  
As you are celebrated for your excellent wisdom.

The drunkenness of love is not in your hand  
Go! as you are drunken by the juice of the grape.

A yellow face and a sigh stained with suffering is,  
For lovers, a medecine for affliction.

Pass on from your fame and honor, Hafiz  
Seek a bowl of wine that you might be intoxicated!



I went to the garden early in the morning that I might pluck a rose  
Suddenly the voice of the nightingale came to my ear.

Like me he turned beggar by suffering for the love of a rose  
And within the meadow he threw a tumult with his cries.

I walked inside that meadow and garden--every moment  
I would reflect upon that rose and nightingale.

The rose had become the friend of beauty and the bulbul  
the companion of love.  
From that one, not a favor; from this one, not a change.

When the call of the nightingale made its mark on my heart  
It affected me so much that not a bit of my patience remained.

Many a rose has blossomed in this garden, but  
No one has plucked a rose from it without the calamity of the thorn.

Hafiz, have no hope of ease from the circling of the sphere  
It has a thousand faults and not a single beneficence.

Breeze of the morning blessed with that sign that you know  
Pass by the lane of a certain one at the time that you know.

You are the messenger of mystery's private chamber and  
the eye of the head of the path  
By your humanity not by my order, sail away in such way that you know.

For God's sake say "The soul of your sweetheart has slipped away  
"With the soul sustaining ruby, bestow that, that you know."

The intention of your sword with us is the tradition of thirst and water  
You took us captive; slay us in such a way that you know.

What way do I maintain hope in that gold-woven girdle?  
It remains a minute, O sweetheart, on that waist that you know.

Turkish and Arabic are one in these transactions, Hafiz  
Relate the revelations of love in that language that you know.







