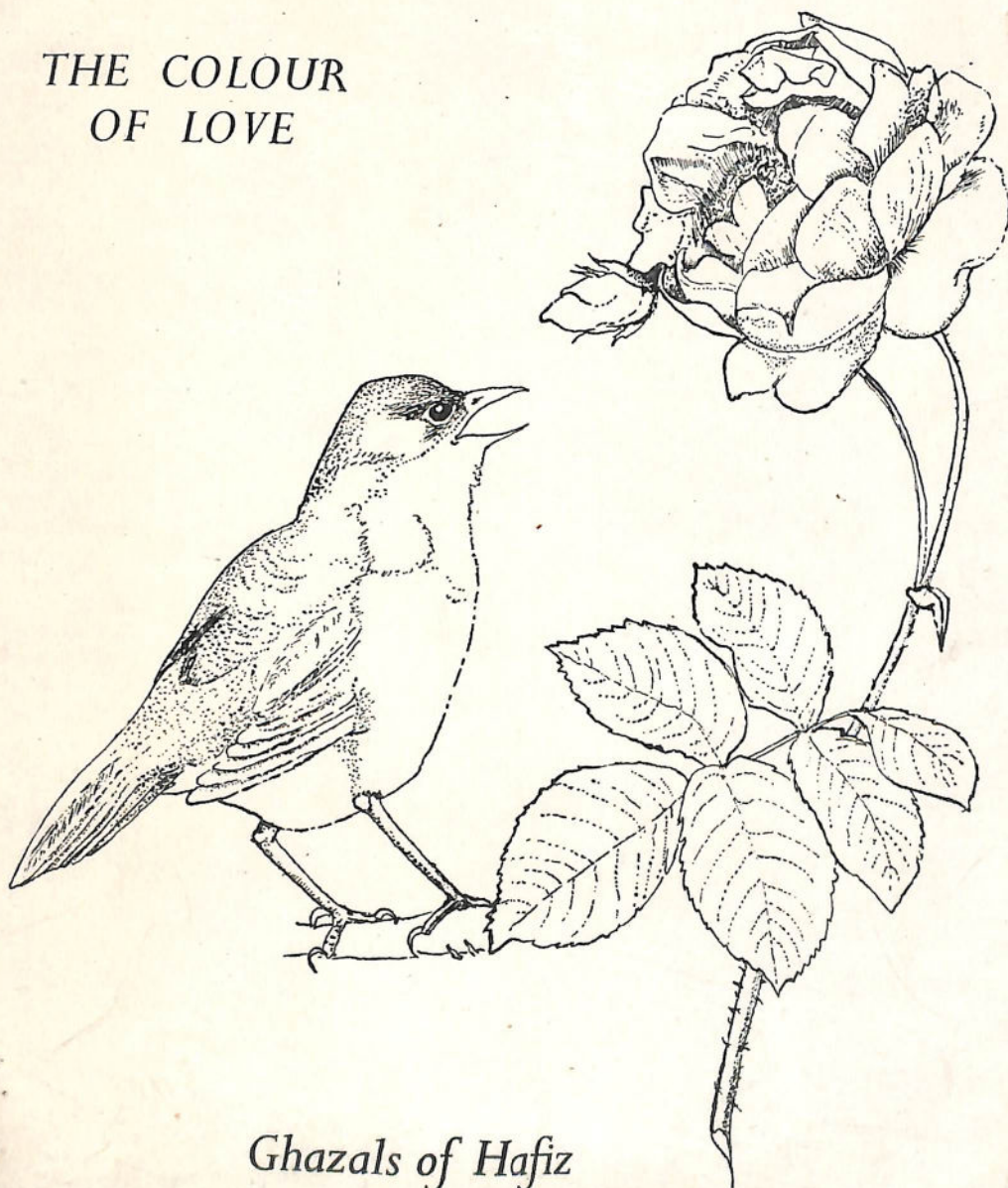


THE COLOUR
OF LOVE



Ghazals of Hafiz

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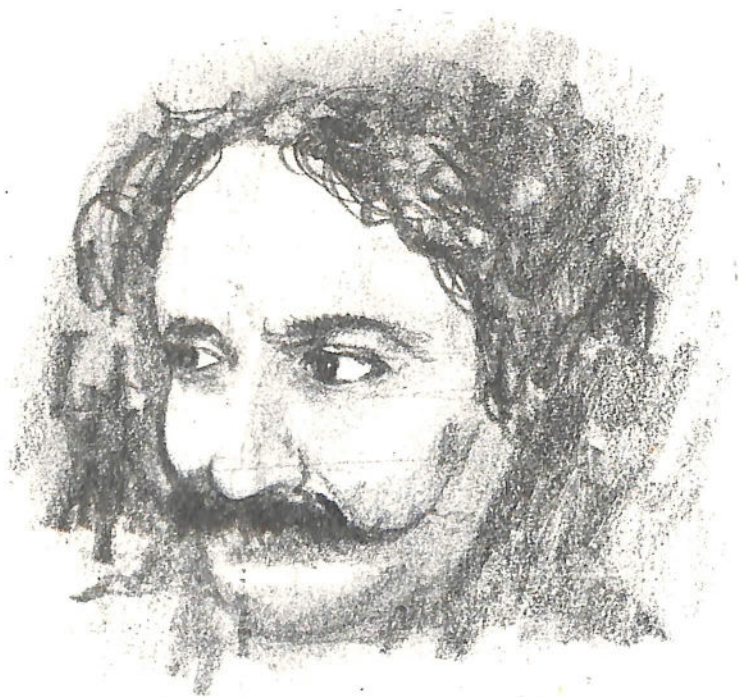
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To dear Adi

In His Love

from Harold

July 1974



T H E C O L O U R O F L O V E

from Ghazals of

Hafiz of Shiraz

re-written from translations of

John Payne

London 1901

transposed by Maud Kennedy

1973 - 74

Illustrated by Roger Twinn and Janet Kennedy

THE JOURNAL OF LOVE

FROM SPAIN

TO THE

THE JOURNAL OF LOVE

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THE JOURNAL OF LOVE

FROM SPAIN

THE JOURNAL OF LOVE

To the Fairest of the Fair,

Beloved God-Man

Meher BABA

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES

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INTRODUCTION

I do not know of any poetry similar to this in English literature, with the exception of Omar Khayyam by Edward Fitzgerald, since it is a flowering of the civilization of Islam and the unorthodox Sufi Path of Love. Strictly speaking the poems are neither sonnets nor odes. In Persia they are called ghazals or songs to God the Beloved. The nearest perhaps are The Hundred Songs of Kabir translated by Rabindranath Tagore. In India ghazals are often sung in a special style.

This work is not a translation but a free interpretation based on the intrinsic ideas found in Hafiz's poetry. An attempt to show the feeling and human and divine qualities hidden in it. Hafiz is one of Persia's greatest poets. Scholars tell us that his poetry has not been accurately preserved; but others have added to it and it is impossible to find a perfectly authentic copy even in Persian. This interpretation has been taken from the translation of John Payne, privately published in a three volume edition which came out in 1901. These poems are from the first volume only.

In recent times a number of excellent books have been written by scholars about The Sufis, Dervishes and Saints of Islam. There is great interest being taken by the younger generation in the medieval mystics of the near East. So many of them were poets and for a very long time we in the West have ignored them. Now we are realising how much we have missed. There are many fine reproductions of the exquisite art of the Persian and Mhogul school of miniature painting - these alone are visual poems.

Two great English scholars of Arabic literature are Professors Reynolds Nicholson and A.J. Arberry, both of Cambridge. A list of their books will be found at the end in the bibliography. There are also works of Idries Shah and Cyprian Rice and others. Some delightful books of teaching stories have been published such as "Tales from the Masnari", "Tales of the Dervishes" and Sufi Legends. Also, not to be ignored are the wonderful books of Hazrat Inayat Khan, who was a great sitarist and then became a Sufi teacher in the West.

Very little is known about the life of Hafiz. He was born about the year 1320, more than fifty years after the death of Jalal-al Din Rumi, another of Persia's great poets. His full name was Shams al-Din Mahommed Hafiz. He died about 1388. We know that he was able to recite the Koran by heart, for this is the meaning of his name - Hafiz.

The story we have been told is that one day Hafiz was walking past the house of a beautiful lady. He caught a glimpse of her and fell deeply in love. Writing poems for her gave him no success in winning

her; in fact nothing he did would induce her to take any notice of him. He was a devout Muslim and he prayed incessantly to God. At last one night an angel appeared to him, whose beauty was so dazzling that he suddenly realised that if an angel was so beautiful, what could Allah Himself be like?

With this realisation he began to long for God and his ghazals are mostly addressed to the Beloved or the Friend and express his yearning for union with God.

A poet needed a patron in those days or he would have been penniless. Most of his life Hafiz had a patron and friend in the person of a Grand Vizier of one of the Sultans, called Khwajeh Kiwameddin Hassan. We know that Hafiz was more than a poet; he was a sincere seeker and lover of God. He sought a Perfect Master and we know that he found his Master, whose name was Sheikh Mohammed Attar. He was not the same Sheikh Fariduddin Attar who wrote 'The Conference of the Birds'. After forty years of striving with his own weaknesses and waiting and longing for God, his Master gave him liberation. This was God-realisation - which can only be gained through the grace of a Perfect Master. Hafiz gained the same state of perfection as his Master.

Sometimes Hafiz refers to the dangers and uncertainties of life which the Persians experienced; when from the far north, they were invaded by hordes of Mongols and Tartars under ruthless military leaders. These invaders often destroyed whole towns, killing every person. Sixty years before the birth of Hafiz the beautiful city of Baghdad had been captured and sacked in this way. It is all the more surprising that a poor poet could write so tenderly about the flowers, trees, birds and blue skies as did Hafiz.

It is only necessary here to explain briefly the true meaning of some words which keep appearing in the poems of Hafiz. In fact, there is a whole vocabulary of words and terms used by the Sufis which have precise spiritual meaning - but in this poetry the hidden meaning of such words as wine, tavern, nightingale, rose, Saki, the Beloved, cup-bearer, etc. is given for the sake of clarity.

In Hafiz's poetry the Beloved is always in the feminine tense but I have used the masculine He instead of She as being more appropriate for us. Wine means Divine Love, the tavern is where the Sufi goes to be instructed by his spiritual guide or Murshid. The nightingale is the lover singing to the rose who is the Beloved. The Loved One, the Friend or The Beloved is God (or it could be the Perfect Master who is one with God). Saki or cup-bearer is a spiritual guide. A few more words are given in a glossary at the end.

One reason for concealing the real meaning of this love-poetry, was the persecution of the free-thinking poets and Sufis by the orthodox priests, who occasionally gave them up to the authorities under a Sultan, where they could be cruelly put to death for blasphemy.

Most of the time wine was forbidden by the orthodox priests but small taverns existed and many (even officials) secretly drank wine.

Taverns became the favourite meeting places of the Sufis and Dervishes. These small taverns were very often concealed in old ruinous buildings. When Hafiz refers to the Magian convent he means a tavern which was located in an old Zoroastrian temple or convent. The Magian elder was probably an old Zoroastrian of the ancient religion of Persia.

A Dervish at that time wore a blue patched cloak called a kirkha. Occasionally in those unsettled times, when the Sultans ruled by sheer strength of arms and by conquering and killing his rivals, a more humane ruler would come to power.

Shah Shejaa, Sultan of Fars, A.D. 1359-1384, was a prince who favoured poets and singers and he was a bountiful patron of the Arts and learned men. He showed special favour to Hafiz and also repealed the ban on drinking wine. This caused much rejoicing amongst those who frequented taverns.

During his life-time the mass of the people hardly understood Hafiz though he was well known as a poet. His true friends and disciples must have loved him. Those who venerated his great poetry used to open his book at random in order to find words of advice; and this is still done in Persia today, so great is his fame. Very little is known about his private life except the information found in his poetry. There is one ode on the death of his only son and another in memory of his wife; so from this it is presumed he was married.

When Hafiz died the people were sharply divided in their opinions. Some believing him to have been a great sinner, others looking up to him as a saint. Therefore they could not agree as to whether he should be buried on holy ground or be given a pauper's burial. Some-one thought of opening his book to find a word of guidance. A child was chosen to pick on the words, and these lines were found:

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

This settled the matter and his tomb is now to be seen two miles

outside Shiraz in a Muslim cemetery. Here roses bloom and cypress trees are planted: the place is called Musella and a small river flows there called Rucknabad.

Hafiz was a unique personality, a deep thinker and a loveable, tender-hearted man. He undoubtedly loved Nature, music, beautiful women and drinking wine - in one sonnet he speaks of his incurable love of black-eyed maids. There are many groups of Sufis in the world to-day; although they may differ, they all follow the Path of Love. It seems Hafiz was not very pleased with the Sufis of his age although, as a young man, he belonged to that order. He remarked once, "Many a khirka (patch-coat) deserves to be burnt". He could not endure pious hypocrites. Also he had no faith in the learned theologians of his time - for scathing references to them are to be found in his poetry. In one place he said:

"O thou, who art trying to learn the marvel
of Love from the copy-book of reason -
I am very much afraid you will never see
the point."

I owe my appreciation and understanding of the poetry of Hafiz entirely to the teaching of our beloved Master, Avatar Meher Baba, who so often quoted him.

- - - - -

Welcome, messenger of gladness tell me tidings of the Friend,
So I may ransom my soul and pass on news of the Friend.

Like the caged bulbul, loved frenzied, the parrot of my soul pines
For the sugar and almond of the Friend.

Not until the judgement morning, shall he awake from drunkenness,
Who like me hath drunk a draught of the passion-spell of the Friend.

No more will I expose of my longing,
Lest my crazy aching should compel the Friend to move.

My inclination was to union but severance became my lot,
Wherefore I renounced my wishes and abide by the wish of the Friend.

The blessed gift of sight is to look upon His Face;
No salve for my eyes but the highways' dust embled by the feet of
the Friend.

Patience Hafiz! Burn and suffer for His sake, no solace seek,
For no salve can the restless pain of Love dispel - love for the Friend.

5. Give us Wine

Come saki and give me a bowl in my hand,
Cast scorn on the bowl of Fortune's dole.

A cup of wine in my palm is my only need.
This patchwork cloak of blue I pull over my head.

Though it be infamy in the opinion of the worldly wise -
Fair fame, aye and honour are none of my game.

Give us wine! By the wind of conceit
How many fools are laid low in the dust.

A smoke arises from the fire in my breast
which has totally burnt up the dull-witted dolts.

I have not found one man, gentle or simple
Worthy to share the secrets of my frenzied heart.

With a heart-soothing Charmer my soul is content,
Yet He stole rest and ease from me at one stroke.

None, none, who have seen our sweet slender Cypress
Would contemplate trees of the meadow and vale.

Be patient, O Hafiz, do not fear stress and strain -
For waiting, thou yet shall attain thy heart-desired goal.

7. A Corner of Quiet Content

The sheen of the season of youth glows again in the garden,
The nightingale sings, she has heard glad news of the rose.

O wind of the East, if you reach the younglings of meadow and lea,
We all pay homage at the feet of the basil, cypress and rose.

I am thankful to sweep with my eyelash the dust of His doorway.
In the tavern there is a girl who is gentle and courteous.

O thou fair One, make me not distraught with passion
And longing, when the moon is risen and full.

There are hypocritical railers, who scoff at the lovers of God-
They are likely to fall in the trap of worldly ambition.

Be the friend of the men of God, for when the water rose,
Noah himself had no fear of the flood.

Of what use is it to raise to the skies fine buildings and porticoes?
For when we die, we fall back in a handful of earth.

Leave the house of this world and seek not to eat from its hand -
That black-hearted niggard will only give you a few crumbs.

O my Canaanite moon, perfection of beauty,
Since you are the King's man - it is time for you to say Adieu to
this prison of woes.

Once more you have tangled your ringlets scented with musk,
What mischievous meaning in this, only God knows!

If your head is turned by ceaseless whirling of worldly illusion,
Then the secrets of Being are totally hidden from you.

A treasure is freedom's role, a corner of quiet content,
Heaven will not grant such peace to a Sultan who uses the sword.

Go Hafiz, drink wine without stint, make merry and be of good cheer,
But let not religion be a snare for imposture and fraud.

31.

Wind of the East, if by chance you pass by the country of my Love,
Bring a waft of the musk-scented hair of the Friend.

I will pour out my soul as an offering of thanks for the boon,
If you can carry me news of the Friend.

If by chance you are denied access to His presence,
Then bring a few grains of dust from the courtyard of the Friend.

Far be it for beggars like me to ask more enjoyment
Than a glimpse in my sleep of the fair Face of the Friend.

The thought of the Friend causes my heart to tremble and shake
like the aspen
And longing to see Him pass by or standing alone as the cypress.

Even though the Loved One sets no store by us -
If the whole world were the price, we would not have a hair of
His head harmed.

What profiteth if his heart from the bondage of sorrow be free,
Since Hafiz, poor wretch, is the slave for ever of Love.

32.

Come, for Hope's fortress is as unstable as the sea,
Bring wine, for rooted upon the wind is Life's tree.

Slave of His spirit am I,
Who am free from every taint of dependence beneath this azure sky.

How can I tell you what glad news I heard last night?
Drunken with wine, in the wine shop, the unseen angel came to me.

Saying "O royal falcon, looking to the Highest, Lotus-sitting,
This corner full of woes is no resting place for Thee."

From heaven's ramparts they are singing to thee,
"I know not how Thy lot has fallen in this snare."

This message I give thee: look thou practise it,
An adept pilgrim it was that gave it me.

Seek not honour from that hair-brained hag the world,
For lo! the bride of a thousand bridegrooms is she.

Eat not the world's praise and do not forget my words:
For this Love-message comes to me from a wayfarer.

Submit to fate and smoothe the wrinkles from thy brow,
The door of free-will is shut indeed to such as we.

There is no sign of constancy found in the rose's smile
Weep nightingale-lover, weep! for there is cause for weeping.

Why envy Hafiz, you feeble versifiers?
Acceptance of Nature and sweet speech are the gifts of God.

39. The Wind in My Ear

Go thy ways preacher! In vain is all thy clamour and preaching,
Does it irk thee if my ways have fallen from the straight pathway?

The beauty of my Fair ONE is a subtlety
Which God created by a miracle Fairest of the Fair is He.

Free of this world or of heaven or hell is Thy slave,
A beggar of Thy street. Surely Love gives us freedom.

What if the liquor of Love hath rendered me drunk and ruined?
Indeed upon that ruin Existence's fair estate is based.

Rail not O heart, at the Friend's injustice and barbarous dealing;
All that He doth with thee is fore appointed by Fate.

Unless He Himself admonish me, the world's censure is nothing but
the wind in my ear.

Go Hafiz, stop inventing charms and muttering spells said the
Loved One;
My memory early and late is full of such lovers vows and spells.

42. King and Beggar

A nook in the tavern is a hermitage for me;
It is a stirring exercise at dawn to greet my Love -

In the morning, if no instrument is played for me, what matter,
My own contrite heart laments - that is my music.

Of King and beggar I am quit, thanks be to God
I need no King, I am the beggar in the dust of my Beloved's
threshold.

I have no other aim or thought than this, God be my gauge.
To seek re-union with my Beloved.

Better Thy beggar be, than king, true honour and true glory -
Patient endurance of Thy yoke is glory enough for me.

Yes since the time I laid my head at your feet,
I feel so high, it is a throne and a harbour for me.

Unless the sword of Death uproot the tent of my existence,
I will never make a pilgrimage from Thy door.

Good breeding Hafiz, makes me say "Mine is the fault" when things
go wrong,
Although I have no choice whether to carry on or quit.

47. Fare Thee Alone

Since in this age there is no companion or comrade who is fault-free
Except the unmingled wine-cup of Love and the book of Songs.

Fare thee alone, for narrow's the pathway of salvation -
Drink wine, for there is no returning of this precious life for thee.

Not only for lack of works in this world am I troubled,
Heartsick is the devotee for knowledge without practice.

With the eye of reason, the world with all its business is a high
road of trouble and unstable vanity.

My heart much hoped for union with Thee
But death is the highway robber of hope in Life's pathway.

No scouring nor scrubbing whitens the face of those predestined
to evil,
This is a proverb.

Each edifice thou seest is subject to mutation,
Save only that of Love, which is free from alteration.

Whatever happens they will never find our Hafiz sober,
For eternally He is intoxicated with wine.

48. Reed, Lute and Guitar

Since we have Thy divine image what need is there of liquor?
Stop pouring out wine, there is an end to this life in the tavern.

Though the heaven's own nectar it be, throw it away, spill it,
For lacking the LOVED ONE, each draught that you give me is
tasteless.

Alas, for the Charmer has left us and tears are falling inside me;
Though we try to describe His beauty, it is only writing on water.

Be watchful, eye of the soul, in the place where dreams are
a-making -
You may weep but there is assurance for none without taking heed.

Face to face and unveiled you saw Him -
But when strangers approach He is hidden by the screen of the
world.

In the corners and nooks of my brain, do not seek any counsel,
My mind is humming with sounds of reed, lute and guitar.

The way of Thy Love, what a way it is, for compared with its
vastness,
The circling sphere of thy sky is but a bubble and bead.

See how verdant and green are the valleys and hills -
Come let us be merry and carefree indeed the world is all mirage.

Hundreds of candles are lit by the Light of Thy Face -
And still Thou art hidden from many and veiled by the world.

Without Thy soul-lifting face, O candle that shines on my head,
My own heart would be mourning and lie bleeding.

If Hafiz is called a wine-bibber, a lover and wench, what matter?
There are many strange habits of youth not yet understood.

49. Drink What He Offers

The red rose is blooming as a hand with a glassful of wine,
With a hundred thousand tongues the birds are singing of Spring.

Call for a book of songs and walk out in the open country;
Is it a time for school, or the chewing of school-men's phrases?

Keep away from the crowd and copy the mythical bird, the Anca,
The names of the lonely wanderers are known from pole to pole.

Last night the Sheikh of the mosque gave this pronouncement,
"Better be drunk on wine, than live on the charity of pious
hypocrites."

Thou canst not choose if Thy life be serene or troubled,
He Himself is the Cupbearer, we can but drink what He offers.

Like the goldsmith's workshop and the weaver's art,
There are those who think to rival and copy my lays.

Peace Hafiz, watch over these thy words, like thrice refined gold;
The deceiver and forger of coin has become the critic of today.

51. Our Needs

To him who has chosen solitude, what need of pleasure or gain,
If you live in the street of the LOVED ONE, what need of meadow
or plain?

O soul, by the need that thou feelest of God the most High,
Think for a moment, for us the Love-slain, what need is there?

Sore is our need, but for asking of favours we dare not,
Indeed in the presence of the Bountiful One, no need to be asking.

No need of talk or pretention, all our chattels are gifts from the
Friend,
So plunder them all if you need them.

The luminous heart of the Friend is the world-showing cup of a
legend;
He knows all our needs, so no need of explaining.

Once I put up with the rough talk of sailors,
But now that the pearls have been got, no need to sail on the sea.

A sea-voyage in quest of pearls is Love's longing,
But the Monarch of Beauty He knows, there is no need of asking.

What is better than mirth in the garden of Spring,
Where is the cup-bearer and why does he not come?

Reckon it gain each moment of gladness that Fate has allowed Thee,
For it is given to none to know the end of the tale.

The thread of our life is so fine, it is bound with a hair,
And time is on the wing; be concerned for Thyself then, take
care.

What is the meaning of the Water of Life and Garden of Paradise?
Wine is easier to digest at the beginning of Spring.*

Since sober or drunk of one tribe are alike and alluring -
To which shall we render our hearts or which shall we imitate?

What knowledge is there in heaven which is but doorkeeper to the
Unseen?
Hard words to fling at the porter of the secret behind the screen.

God makes allowance for the errors and faults of the slave,
Or what meaning would be in the Pardon and Grace of our Merciful
King?

The pious desire nectar of Paradise and Hafiz the wine-cup -
I wonder indeed, what is the will of our Maker between this and
that thing.

* i.e. That is when you are young

Weep nightingale, if thy heart is longing for friendship as mine is.
We are afflicted lovers and our business is to complain.

The fragrant breeze brings perfume of musk
From the brow of the Friend and His soft curling hair.

Bring wine, that we may dye hypocrisy's patched garment,
Although we pretend to be sober, our minds are secretly drunk
with conceit.

They have not closed the door of penitence,
Up! It is insane for lovers to weep in the time of roses.

To bear His light yoke is the lover's business, not the fools;
Delicate thought and keen wit is needed.

A hidden charm it is, from whence true Love ariseth,
Whose beauty cannot be named by any physical forms.

True beauty is not in eye or cheek or ringlet,
But is perfumed by a great store of subtleties.

Unto the devotee of Truth, there is no value in satin raiment,
Worn by those who are void of worth.

To reach Thy threshold is an inward striving,
And the heaven of lordship over self means hardship and pain.

At dawn, in sleep, I saw a glimpse of His enjoyment;
O noble dream; it was better far than waking.

Oppression and suffering has come in the extreme,
But whatever befall, oppress none, especially the Beloved.

Hafiz, be careful not to oppress His heart with Thy complaining -
Eternal peace is given to those who accept what He gives us.

60. The Edge of a Field

Now breathe in the air from the garden, a breeze of Paradise,
My portion is joy-giving wine and my Friend has an angel's eyes.

Why does not the beggar boast of kingship, when his banqueting hall
is the edge of a field -
And the shade of the clouds are his tent.

The meadows are telling aloud the story of April and Spring,
The man who believes in the future and scorns present bliss is
unwise.

Come then build up thy heart with wine
For the course of this ruinous world means nothing.

Do not put any faith in the enemy, he is fickle;
For never a twinkle of light comes through to brighten the cloister
of sincerity.

If my reputation is black, do not blame me, poor sot that I am;
Who knows the lines of destiny written upon my skull?

Do not absent yourself from the funeral train of Hafiz -
For though he is steeped in sin, he is on his way to heaven.

62. The Friend's Embrace

Breeze of the dawn, where's the Friend's abiding place?
Where dwells that roguish lover, that moon of Grace?

Dark is the night and far in front the vale of safety lies,
Where's the Light of God where the vision of Allah's face?

Whoever comes into the world, the impress of suffering bears,
Ask in the tavern, where's the man of sober case?

He brings glad news, who knows the sign, such mysteries there be;
But where's the adept who can trace their meaning, where?

Each hair of mine is bound to Thee by a thousand ties,
But what affinity is there between us and dull revilers base?

The wit's distraught: where is the chain that binds us?
The heart is hiding in a corner, where is that withdrawing place?

Roses and wine and minstrels, all are ready to our hand,
But where's Life's pleasure without the Friend's embrace?

I am sick of mosque and dervish cell, where is the vintner's
house?
Where is the Friend, the ONE companion of my heart?

Hafiz do not fret if Autumn's wind ravage the pleasant meadows,
Where is the rose without a thorn upon the Earth's face?

65. The Love Chain

My heart is burning in my breast for love of the FAIR ONE,
Such a fire of love is there within, it is consuming everything.

My body is melting because of separation from that dear Friend,
For in despair I look upon His glowing Face.

Whoever has seen and felt the love-chain bind him,
Knows of my despair and has understanding of my case.

See my heart's burning and these hot tears which fall
Are like the moth's consumed by the candle's flame.

Indeed, it is not strange that friends should catch the fire from
me;
For since I've grown distraught - they also start to burn with love.

I have destroyed my garment of piety I live only for wine -
Even my mind and learning is swamped by Love.

My heart is broken like a bottle containing wine because I have
detached myself.
Without wine and the tavern my body will certainly die.

Forget all the past and return; for see the patchwork cloak is
thrown off
And destroyed in humble thanks, since now my prayers are granted.

Hafiz, leave off this idle talk and drink awhile the wine -
For when the candle burns at night, you do not sleep but simply
pine.

66. The Lesson of Love

The hidden secret of things the wise know by the ray of the wine-cup,
The jewel of each man's soul they know by this ruby ray.

The worth of the book of the rose, none knows save the nightingale,
Not all men who look on a leaf understand its meaning.

To the world-knowing hearts, I explained the truth of that inner life,
And all understood it except for my deep love of Thee.

By the power of their glance, those who know the perfume of God the
Compassionate,
Can make the ruby to glow or apport a Cornelian from clay.

Long past is the time when I listened to the prating of
profane and vulgar people.

O thou who wouldst learn from the record of reason,
I fear this rare subtlety cannot be known by taking thought.

Bring wine and drink to the roses of this world's garden,*
And know them, in spite of the Autumn wind and ravager of death.

Our Beloved gives us no respite yet,
Though surely He knows our sickness of longing.

These fair ordered pearls and verses of Hafiz
Have been wrought for the Asef and Sage of the day.

* The roses are saints and spiritual people.

68. Cast out fear and despair

Come, cupbearer, for the Friend has removed the veil from His face,
The Light was failing, the lamp of the recluse fading;

The believer's candle had grown dim but now his face is radiant,
This one, stricken in years, has grown strong and youthful.

Such compassion practised the Friend, that piety swerved from its path;
Such favours He showed that rivals who rail took affright.

Our hearts were weary with burdens of care and affliction,
Then God sent a Jesus-breathed One to remove the cause of our ills.

Beauty's stars, who like the fair cypress trees, grace our world -
Now are eclipsed, since Thou hast entered the scene.

The seven cupolas of heaven are echoing the sound of Love's story,
And shame on the short-sighted man who ignores this fair tale.

O Hafiz, where did you learn to make spells out of golden verses?
Why the Friend is the amulet I wear to cast out fear and despair.

69. The Great Painter's Pencil

Once a nightingale held a rose leaf, sweetly scented,
In his beak and sang a sad lament over that treasure.

In the midst of union why all this complaining? he sang,
Does my Love's beauty hold me in this languishment?

There is no cause for cavil if the Friend stays not with us,
For the sovereign King holds such beggars in scorn.

Happy is he who has the Fair One's favour,
Our prayers and praise cannot take hold of the Loved One's beauty.

For the great painter's pencil, who all these wonders wrought
Around the firmament, we offer our praise.

If you follow Love, heed not ill repute or harsh words;
In the wine-house, Sheikh Senaan pledged his patch-coat for a drink of
wine.

Blessings on that sweet Sufi who, in the stress of exile,
Never failed to call the ninety-nine names of God.

The inner eye of Hafiz, standing beneath Beauty's terrace,
Remembers the source of enlightenment, the underground Water of Life.

70. No Strength Left

No day has light for me without Thy sunbright Face -
No Joy in life but only darkening night.

When we parted, my eyes rained tears
But You were smiling. Far be it for Thee to mourn!

Departed, Thine image remains in my eye.
Pity that such a nook as this is ruined outright!

I failed to reach You, I long for Thy sacred touch before I die.
Now You are far from my sight.

The hour is near when those who watch shall say,
Nothing remains of that forlorn creature.

What good is it, if now the Friend should turn His steps towards me?
When in my worn out body no life or spirit remains.

If my eyes lack tears for Thy loss,
Then bid my heart's blood weep.

Patience is my medicine, for severance from Thee, I know it,
But can one be patient who has no strength left?

Hafiz has no dealing with mirth but only grief and tears -
Those that mourn have no appetite for laughter.

Always regardful of Thy face, for You are the apple of my eye
My frenzied heart is mindful of nothing else but Thy graces.

My eye has donned the pilgrim robe, encircling Thy sanctuary,
Though it is never pure, there are traces of my heart's blood.

Blame not the bankrupt lover, who possesses no current coin -
If what he streweth at Thy feet is merely heart's base metal.

His hand and his alone shall reach to Thy lofty cypress -
For such magnanimity as Thine is sufficient to bless us.

Of the Life-giving power of Jesus I'll not say a word,
Since his soul-augmenting skill was less than Thine embrace.

I try not to show my sighs, though my heart is impatient.
Reaching for Thee; it is on fire with passionate longing.

Prisoned in a cage, like a wild-fowl;
From heaven's high places, why does not the angel Gabriel fly down
in quest of Thee?

When I first saw Thy serene brow and soft curling tresses
There was no end to my heart's entanglement, I was bound by invisible
chains.

It is not only Hafiz who is longing for Thy bonds -
Where is the heart of man alive who is not in the like case?

The sea of true Love is an Ocean where there is no shore,
There is no harbour, but only soul-surrender.

Do not affright us with Reason's theories, but bring wine:
We have not an angel Gabriel to instruct us.

77. Deeds not Words

To the newblown rose, the nightingale spoke at break of day,
"Leave disdain, for like thee, many here have bloomed and passed away."

Laughingly the Rose replied, "We are not vexed by the Truth,
But never should the lover say hard words to the Beloved."

"For never will he taste the delicate flavour of Love
Whose cheek has not lain in the dust of the threshold of the wine
house.

Those who covet the ruby wine of Love
Must thread many pearls of tears on their eyelashes.

Yesternight in the soft air of the rose-garden of Irem,
When the spikenard trees were ruffled by the breeze of coming day,

I asked the greensward, "Queen of flowers, where's the world revealing
cup?"

"Alas, fortune slept," it answered, "and the rose-time could not wait."

Deeds, not words are the fitting speech of Love -
A truce from speaking, pray answer Cup-bearer in this way.

Hafiz' tears have cast discretion and patience to the winds,
What is he to do, who cannot hide the fire of Love's dismay?

79. No Man Hath Seen Thy Face

No man hath seen Thy Face*
Though many a one is longing.

It is no wonder if I travel far to Thy land,
There are many such as I seeking Thee there.

Though I feel far from Thee, yet Thou art near;
Ever near to my thought is this hope to reach Thee.

In Love there is no difference between cloister-cell and tavern,
In all places high and low is the Light of the Friend's face.

* strive to see me as I really am.

Where there is quiet devotion and inward practice of it,
Reverence for glory of the cross, there sounds the monk's gong.

Was ever the pain of Love, unnoticed by the Loved ONE?
O sit, for all such pain, the great Physician knows it.

All this Love complaining and lamentation of Hafiz
Is not for nought - it is a rare complaint.

80. Self Surrender

My bleeding heart has cast itself into Thy snare of its own accord.
Come, slay it with a glance, that is the need of self.

If Thy hand will grant our soul's wish, - come give it quickly;
For in the right place, kindness is done swiftly.

Nay, by Thy Soul, sweet idol of mine I long for sheer effacement -
As the lighted taper on a dark night is soon extinguished.

When first you began to love, I bade you not to do it, O bulbul,
For such a Rose has grown up from out of its own seed.

The Rose's fragrance needs not the scent of India or China,
For every fold of petal holds perfume of itself.

Do not go for succour to the ungenerous of this age,
For it is decreed that in this nook lies Thy soul's salvation.

Though Hafiz burn, in the Law of Love and self-surrender -
His soul is still faithful to the pact he made with his own self.

82. I Send Thee Odes

O hoopoe of the East I send thee to the abode of the Beloved;
Consider and look well from whence thou goest and to where.

Pity a bird like thee should roost on sorrow's dust heap,
Hence to Faith's nesting place and to honour's lair I send thee.

There is no nearness or farness in the pathway of Love,
I see Thee face to face and a warm greeting I send THEE!

By the North wind and East wind morning and evening,
My wishes are speeding towards Thee.

O absent from my sight, that in my heart abidest,
I greet Thee from afar and I send Thee praise and prayer.

So that the musicians may make known to Thee my longing,
I send thee odes and verses, set to many an air.

A voice from heaven gave me glad tidings - telling me
"Be patient under pain, for I send thee solace rare.

Consider God's handiwork in thine own countenance."
A God-revealing mirror my heart laid bare.

(Spoken by a patron)
"Hafiz, the praise of thee is the talk of our assembly,
Hasten, for we send thee a horse to ride and garments to wear."

To the heart-soothing FRIEND, I combine my thanks and complaints
In this long tale I tell of sorrow and Love.

Lost, lost is the Way in this night of blackness;
Arise, O thou Star of guidance and shine from Thy secret cell.

Wherever I turn there is nothing which increases to me save fear,
O this unending unsearchable desert!

No end can be conceived of Love's highway, for on the way
There are a hundred thousand stages.

O my heart which is bursting and longing and hoping,
Allow me to dwell in the shadow of Thy protection for a time.

Although my honour is disgraced, I'll not forsake Your door -
Friend's harshness is more acceptable than an enemy's favour.

Though you may know the Koran by heart like Hafiz,
You will only get an answer to your crying through Love.

Now praise be to God that the tavern door is left open,
For that is where we wish to go at any time.

The wine-jars are full with blissful strong wine.
No longer are we fed with dry metaphor but we find Reality therein.

All glory honour and strength is seen in our Beloved,
While in us is only weakness, imploring and long suffering patience.

The cheek of Mehmoud* is linked with the slave Ayaz' foot,
And the soft tresses of Leila are part of poor Majnun's broken heart.

I have closed my eyes to the sights of this world, like the falcon,
Since my gaze is directed solely towards the One I adore.

Whoever may wish to worship in village temple or mosque,
Has only to kneel beneath the arched eyebrows of his Beloved.

Companions, if you wish to enquire why the heart of Hafiz is burning,
Just ask the Candle whose Light is melting and remaking this world.

* Mehmoud was the Muslim conqueror of India; Leila and Majnun famous Persian lovers.

88. All This Is Nothing

The sum and produce of this workshop of a world amounts to nothing.
Come bring wine, for the world's business, goods and gear is nothing.

My heart and soul crave the honour of the Loved One's company;
That is everything; without it, life and cheer is nothing.

What comes to your hand from good fortune but without Love,
Even though 'tis won with toil and striving is too dear.

Do not be beholden to any, great or small, for the world's profusion,
But look well and notice that all this show is but illusion.

Take and use this five days respite at the inn of life;
'Tis but a day, so rest in peace for the precious time and season.

Cup-bearer, we wait on the edge of the sea of transience;
Seize the occasion, drink the wine, while it is here - all else is
nothing.

Think nothing of discredit and be glad as the rose,
For the fleeting powers of this world, its joys and fears are nothing.

Do not get deluded by the false security of zeal. Beware!
From hermit's cell to Magian convent all is nothing, far or near.

There is no need of proving or expounding what I, the sorrow stricken
man have suffered -
No 'tis clear - all this is nothing.

Hafiz' name has received the seal of honour;
But loss and gain, blame or fame in the toper's ear, is all nothing.

89. The Use of the Pen

O what kindness He taught me through the use of the pen.
We remember our dues of service unto Thy gracious will.

Thou sendest me greetings with the pen's point -
God grant that I may be diligent to fulfill this workshop of
vicissitudes.

I do not say it was in error, Thou remembrest heart-sick me,
For it is not reasonable there could be error in Thy quill.

Scorn me not Beloved, if in thanks for this special grace,
Fortune smiles upon me and holds out honour and fame.

Come, I will a compact make, that never will I lift my head from off
Thy feet,
I will hold fast to the hem of Thy garment still.

Only then will Thy heart become aware of this our case,
When tulips blossom from their dust, who grief for Thee did kill.

To every rose the East wind tells the story of Thy Love.
How each prisoner was freed by Thee, despite the warder's skill.

O send a draught to quench Thy lovers' thirsting souls -
O fill our empty cups with Water of Life from Khizr's rill.

My heart is waiting at Thy door - I beg Thee hold it dear.
God keep Thee secure from every pain and ill.

The world's a place of snares and traps, if you move fast, take heed,
Lest in the road of nothingness, the Fates destroy you.

Happiness speed thee, O Jesus-breathed East wind, for with new life
You give poor Hafiz' sorrow smitten soul a constant thrill.

92. The Present Calamity

There is no place for me beneath the firmament
As shelter for my head, except Thy doorway.

If the enemy draws the sword on us, we might as well throw away the
shield,
Since we have no weapon in our hands except sighs and laments.

Why should I turn away my face from the tavern?
There is no better place or path for me in all the world than this.

What if Time casts fire into the harvest of my life?
"Burn! for in my sight, it is not worth a straw."

Since snares and worries spread on every side, I see
There is no rest or peace except under the shade of Thy tree.

Go with drawn bridle rein, O queen of beauty's realm -
Every street end and corner is thronged with suffering people.

Do no harm to any one and do what else you will -
Other than this, there is no sin within the canon of our Law.

The eagle of oppression has spread his wings over all the land -
There are not enough prayers and laments to avert the present
calamity.

The treasure of poor Hafiz heart he will not give away -
For there are few to trust and few competent to understand.

93. Music and Fair Minstrels

Saki bring wine, for the month of fasting and prayer is over.
Give me the bowl that I may drink.

The precious time was wasted: come quick, let us pay the arrears
Of an age that ignored flagon and cup, music and fair minstrels.

How long shall we burn like aloes-wood, on fire with repentance?
Give wine, for too long our life has passed in idle despair.

Come, make me drunk in such a way, that from sheer ecstasy,
I may ignore who is playing at logical thought, or who goes here
of there.

The time is past when we kneel and pray on the cold stone each morn
and eve of our life -
In the hope that a drop from Thy cup may fall to our share.

Look, new life has been given to a soul in despair that was dead,
Since a fragrant scent of Thy hair hath passed his way.

The bigots, misled by conceit, have missed the road of salvation.
But the fool has passed on his way to Paradise by the pathway of
prayer.

In the market of Love, what hearts ready money I had has been spent
on wine;
It was base coin I know and unfit but it was all I possessed to give.

Stop admonishing Hafiz, for never lostling yet found the way of
salvation
Without pouring wine down his throat.

97. Energy and Vision

Thy image and Thy love we see reflected in many faces -
When the inner eye is awakened to the perfume of Thy presence.

In answer to those who cavil and bring reason to forbid our Loving -
Thy fair face is the answer to their dry argument.

Your supreme beauty speaks aloud and attracts many a Joseph* of Egypt,
You carry us along with You by your divine bait.

If our sorry fate is never to reach Thy Buddha feet,
The fault lies entirely with us, we are lacking in energy and vision.

Say to him who keeps the door of Thy private room -
Look, there is an old poet haunting the gate of Thy house.

Though he is excluded from one glimpse of the Beloved,
He is always present here in the eye of the mind.

If Hafiz is ever knocking as a beggar at Thy door,
Please open, for many a year he has been waiting to see Thy moon
face.

* Joseph of Egypt is used as an expression of manly beauty in Persia.

107. By Hairsbreadth Doing

My heart is weary of the world and all that is therein,
There is nothing in my mind but the Loved ONE, of all the things that
have been.

If a breeze of the rose of Union comes my way from Thee,
My heart would burst for joy, like the rose-bud unfolding.

It is near to the part of an idiot to exhort me,
The madman, distraught in the way of Love.

Go, say to the bigot, sitting in solitude "Blame us not
If we have taken for our prayer mat the curve of that dark eye-brow."

Between the Kaaba* and the Idol in a temple there is no difference,
The Friend is present in every quarter wherever you may look.

Sanctity is not in shaving of eye-brows, head and chin,
It is by hairsbreadth doing of duty and avoidance of sin.

Like Hafiz, the true seeker is he who renounceth his self;
A trifle it is to part with the hair of the head and chin.

* The Kaaba - the central enclosure at Mecca held to be sacred.

109. Singing Love Songs

When you hear the words of sages, do not say they are wrong
The fault lies with you my fair, you have yet to rise to those
 heights.

My head does not bow down to this world, not yet to the other,
No, thanks be to heaven, for all that tumult and struggle that's in
 it.

I do not know what is within this wounded heart of mine.
There is an infinite clamour and cry but I am silent.

My heart has emerged from the veil of patience; ho! where is the
 singer?
Come, sing to me soon, for my case is lightened by thy tune.

I never paid heed to the glamour of this weariful world
For its semblance and face is all borrowed beauty.

Little sleep I've had these hundred nights, for an image haunts
my fancy.
Love sick I am; where is the house, where the remedy, wine is
my need?

I need not the cell or the cloister, since with my heart's blood
I am washed:
Yes wine indeed has washed me.

In the Magian's convent they hold me in honour
Because a fire is alight in my heart that never dies.

Last night, what instrument was it the musicians played?
My brain lapsed and got confused, yet still I hear that sweet sound.

Last night I heard them singing love-songs to Thee,
The sound is still in my mind and has not left me.

Once there came to Hafiz the sound of the LOVED ONE'S voice -
My heart is yearning ever, for it is full of echoing.

113. My Fuddled Head

Behold the new moon of Muhérrem!* Quick, call for a goblet of wine.
'Tis the month of assurance and safety, the first day of the year.

Let not the beggar strive against this base world and its fortunes,
Resign the ball of success to the Sultan, O Light of my eyes.

Cherish the time of enjoyment for it is swift of flight.
It is like the Day of Handsel⁺ and the night of Divine Appointment.

* Muhérrem = name of the first month of the year (Islam)

+ Handsel = day of surrender of Mecca to Mohammed

120. The Colour of Love

I will make my way to the LOVED ONE'S abode
With dust of the road on my feet, I will carry a song to His door.

All honour and fame that by learning and faith I have won,
I will strew at His feet, for Him to walk upon.

Life lapses fast and goes to waste without wine and the Beloved -
So from now on, away with sluggish idle ways.

Where's the East wind, who brings tidings of His scented locks?
My soul is steeped in the colour of Love therefore I will strew
 rose-petals for Him.

Just as our way is lighted each morn by the sun's eye,
So it is clear to me, that for the sake of His Love, I will live
 or die.

Each day I will lay myself waste for Thy sake,
Since all that I am and have is a pure gift of Thine.

Dissembling and fraud give Hafiz no shade of content,
Only the pathway of Love is the road I will take.

Now that the rose of the garden is returned from the dead,
The violet grows at her feet, hanging her head.

Drink a cup of wine to the clamour of lute and guitar -
Yes and kiss the cup-bearer's chin to the sound of rebeck and reed.

In rose-time, do not sit without the Beloved and music and wine.
Forget sorrow, be thankful for all this beauty and glad grace.

In the happy auspice of Spring the earth has grown bright as the sky.
Since on the awakening green a fresh zodiac is born.

Now in the garden, the tulip bed is aglow with fire-red blossoms -
Arise! renew the Magian creed, remember Zoroaster and His Holy Fire.

Drink wine from the hand of a pure lovely maid.
Forget sad histories, of these let nevermore a word be said.

As this world is a garden, in the season of lily and rose,
Eternity is now, and now we must sieze the time to work or repose.

As it sways to and fro in the breeze, the rose becomes a rider
of the wind;
At dawn from the throat of a bird, praises are thrilling the air.

Bring wine, for Hafiz' trust is still on the mercy of God,
The most High, forgiver of sins - He is sure and most near.

Under the vault of the sky, do not sit without wine-cup and song,
Listen to the minstrel's notes, forget griefs and think of the Friend.

Then the rose of your longing will stop hiding its face and bloom
And you like the zephyr of dawn will attend on her service with joy.

Be ever alert in the way of Love - press forward step by step;
Whatever happens, great gain shall be yours at the journey's end.

Now come, for you are possessed of delight and ease - a well ordered
life,
And the blessings and bounties distilled from the folk of vision.

There is no veil or screen which hides the face of the Friend
If your tears fall, then your eyes will be blessed with sight of
His loveliness.

You who never attempt to step outside the house of the flesh
Or start walking along the Way, how do you think you can ever find
the Truth?

He who becomes a beggar at the tavern door finds a marvellous
alchemy there;
If you practise this craft, even the dust of its window sill can
turn into gold.

O heart, if you once arrive at the knowledge and beauty of Life,
You will go laughing along your way, having renounced uneasy cares.

Listen Hafiz - a royal secret let me whisper in your ear -
If you take this Path, it is the King's high road to the way of Love.

128.

Patience and Waiting

He bore away my heart and hid His face from me;
Was ever such a game made in any time or place?

When loneliness at dawn threatened my life,
His image made me whole again with kindness and grace.

Fire-red like the tulip, my torn heart is bleeding.
But His cool narcissus-eye is smoothing the pain.

If you have a remedy cool East wind - now is the season
To resolve love and pain and bring me the peace of God.

In this fashion like a taper, my life is burned away,
The reed and lute has played a sweet lament for my sad case.

What shall I say? With this anguish and longing my life is
consuming.

The doctor of my soul has His own ways of dealing.

How shall I tell my friends that the Beloved was cruel?
Ah! He is teaching me the lesson of patience and waiting.

No enemy could make such havoc of the life-stream of Hafiz
As that dear face has made by its curved eye-brow and bright smiling
eye.

130.

A Broken Wing

He went - but His distraught lovers were not aware of His going
He made no sign to His close companions, that it was time of departing.

It was either my sorry Fortune that swerved from the Path of Love,
Or He, the Beloved, changed His usual road.

I was standing waiting, to pour out my soul at His feet,
But the wind changed and our Loved One passed another way.

Forget it and drink the pure wine that is offered to you --
Only trust in the Light of the Loved One; what He offers to you
is free.

Music and songs and dancing are the gifts we offer to Thee --
And humble thanks for the blessing of life beneath Thy Tree.

138. Love's Pain

When jasmine-breathed ones lay down to rest, they cease from grieving;
When the proud and hard-hearted wage war they cause confusion.

Hearts with oppression's saddle-girth they bind and create suffering --
Souls from their amber-scented locks they destroy in the undoing.

When once in a lifetime they sit with us, they must be going --
Yes they rise up and go; the mood of joy and peace soon leaving.

Their cold laughter causes tears to flow from my eyes,
By this the hidden secret of my life and pale face perceiving.

Awake at nights or dreaming, they never remember Love's origin --
Nor think to visit hermits, the saints of God; their simple needs
relieving.

It is an easy matter to show kindness towards true lovers, who live
In a heaven of their own, to an ignoramus it is past conceiving.

They get their wish who die for God like AL Hallaj,* crying "I am He!"
But those who expect an easy healing of Love's pain, fall short of
its achieving.

They beg for Love but will never suffer for it or pay the price;
When they call Hafiz to their door -- they drive him forth to die
of grieving.

* AL Hallaj was martyred for walking in the streets, calling out
"I am God".

Purest wine and the saki are twin attractions of the Way -
And the wise of the world are soon enchanted by Love's sway.

Though my name is in the black-book as a drunkard and a lover,
Our friends of the city are not free from one sin or another.

Do not set foot in the tavern unless you are sincere in your need,
For the folk in its doorway obey and confide in the matchless
Lord of Love.

No fashion fit for a wayfarer or a dervish is oppression;
Bring wine for the sons of the Path who are ever free to roam.

Do not look upon the beggars of Love with scorn,
For know that these are the uncrowned kings, on their way home.

I am the slave of high intent and lovers of one colour -
And not of the crew who make a show and publicly do good.

Rise up Hafiz! In His street is the majesty of Love;
Only the pure in heart can lie prostrate at His feet.

What is this strange ecstatic life for I am mad with joy?
Who was the guide who offered me this wine of the tavern?

What musician, skilled in music brought to my listening ear,
Suddenly in the midst of song - that Voice of Thine as clear?

Take the wine-cup in your hands and seek the open fields,
To hear the small birds dulcet notes, a boon that summer yields.

Welcome the coming of the rose and sweet jasmine flowers, let's see,
First appears the violet, then gladly climbs the eglantine around a
tree.

Heart like a rose-bud opening, do not complain any more
When the refreshing breeze of morning lightens our adversity.

The Saki's glance is the remedy of every heartfelt pain;
Lift up your head, the great Physician comes as a surety.

The Magian Elder's slave am I, O Sheikh you promise Paradise to come,
But the Beloved Friend is here and now He opens wide the door.

I am ready to sacrifice my goods, my time, my mind for Him,
Not half a mind or half a heart, not cold consent; He asks for more!

Now obedient to His will, all works for good; it's Hafiz' fate
To gather all these flowers into His doorway, early or late.

141. Strongest Wine

How many days are past with no news of Thee,
Where's the trusty one will carry messages from friend to Friend?

Never can we hope to reach the lofty goal we aim at -
Unless Thy gracious arm lifts us many paces on the way.

Now the wine is in the flagon and the rose is quite unveiled,
Sieve the moment of enjoyment, drain the wine-cup while you may.

Sugar candy mixed with roses is not the cure for our complaint,
Give us kisses mixed with chiding, strongest wine, bitter-sweet.

O beggars of the tavern, have a care you rest no hope
In the worldly minded strangers - God's your only friend and stay.

How well the Magian elder spoke one day to the young,
"Never betray the heart consuming passion to the raw ones - hold thy
tongue."

For Thy sun-bright cheek Hafiz burns with longing -
O Beloved, cast a glance in my direction; I live but for that day.

144. The Pearl of the Goal

A rose I have and round it grows a screen of hyacinths,
The wine-red colour of the rose tells of a promise fulfilled.

Wet with morning dew my rose rises out of the dust of the ground -
Lord grant her eternal life, as she spreads such loveliness around.

Wherever I may look, I cannot escape from Love's eye,
He has his bow in his hand to shoot and his arrows fly.

O ruler of the feast give wine to every person -
For I have drunk so much of beauty my head is spinning.

When first I became a lover, I thought I had gained the pearl of the
goal;
Foolish, I did not know - the pearl lies on the bed of an Ocean and
great waves are to be encountered.

O assure me against the fear of separation from my Rose of heaven.
Help me against the world's power to work our woe and ruin our
garden.

O let me always see Thy form like to a garden cypress;
If my eye could see Thee always, planted by this running fountain.

O bind me with Thy girdle, and for God's sake let it happen soon -
For I know of many dangers, traps to fall in, before we reach Thee.

Dear nightingale beware, when the rose is smiling in your face,
There's no relying on the rose to lift you out of danger.

Hundreds of lovers are taken by her sunbeam tresses -
The East Wind whispered "keep it secret from friend and foe alike".

Every man of wit and insight has bowed low for Beauty's story,
Here in this doorway he has bowed his head before Thy glory.

On my own account, no hope at all - Hafiz is slain;
I cannot raise my head to look upon His face, until He lifts me.

148. The Innermost Cell

Our heart's blood courses into every corner of our body's house,
Behold how good or ill thoughts appear in the window of the soul.

A wish or a longing we have concealed in the innermost cell of our
house;
Because of this longing we may pass away into space.

But if we lay our face in the dust of the Friend's path,
Then a radiance shines from our cheeks and eyes are aglow.

What man, seeing the torrent of tears and true feeling aroused in
another;
He may be hard-hearted, yet his pity awakes and his heart is carried
away.

Out of jealousy, the King of the Orient himself tears his clothes,
When he sees the beloved Friend in graceful garments passing.

Hafiz remains in the street of the wine-house in candour and oneness
of mind.
His blissful state is real, not invoked - as the state of the
dancing dervish.

154. Sound of Camel-bells

Good news, O beloved, once more the zephyr of Spring has returned
And the hoopoe is come from Sheba's domain with glad tidings.

Rise up, bird of the dawn with sweet songs, like David of old;
For the rose of the meadow, carried on the breeze has returned.

The tulip is here, scented with a breath of wine this morning,
She was scarred with black markings and now hopes to be cured.

O where is a sage who can hear the soft talk of the lily,
That he may ask it, why it went away and now is returned?

In the track of the caravan my eyes shed tears -
Until I heard the sweet sound of its camel-bells quietly returning.

Yes, it is a God-given fortune, bounteously dealt to us,
That the stony-hearted fair one, for love of the Merciful King, has
returned.

Though Hafiz first opened the door of offence and broke his promise -
See her goodness, she has now returned to our door with a peace
offering.

159. The Eternal Quest

I have a purpose in my time, to spend it usefully;
Depending on how it goes, the thing I design, will bring an end to
misery.

The house of the heart is no meeting place for clashing opposites;
When selfishness departs, then the sun-bright angel comes easily.

The occupation of the kings of commerce is the gloom of long winter
nights,
Only ask light from the sun. He understands what Light is.

Never leave the eternal quest till you find the perfect treasure
Of a Wayfarer's grace - perhaps he is quite close at hand and you
may miss him.

The true and the untrue Guru, each shows what he has to offer -
None knows yet but God, who will come to shame or who will be
honoured by HIM.

O nightingale-lover, do not despair of life and its meaning;
For the garden is getting green and roses again will be blooming.

In this shallow-minded world, small wonder if Hafiz becomes heedless -
It is only an inn where travellers temporarily become bemused by
their senses.

The loving soul has no inclination towards life without the
Loved One's grace;
Who has not this joy is lacking in any time or place.

I am ever searching for signs of Him in every human face - either I have no insight or He has not left a trace.

There is a discontentment - a longing for all to know Him;
 A light down O camel-driver, for there is no end to this chase.

There are a hundred seas of fire for each dew-drop to pass,
Alas, the enigma of Love's pathway is a hard one to face.

But without the Beloved, life has little flavour and no bliss,
There is no reality equal to the Loved One's embrace.

Though the mind's candle throws light on all around,
Keep control of the tongue when the Truth is found.

Music, songs and poetry invite you, come listen to each rare voice;
This is the God-given language always of the suffering human race.

Music flowing through the mind is a tale of hidden treasure;
And the wind tells me, hidden in the rosebud-lover is a hoard of
rare gold.

No one in this world has such a Master and Friend as Hafiz;
I am the servant of a divine King always serene and fair of face.

Hear the glad news that the evil days will not be here for ever,
That neither glad times or times of woe and hardship can last for
ever.

Indeed in the sight of the BELOVED like dust we are and powerless;
Though foolish men gain power - they cannot last for ever.

Death is knocking at the door of those with bad intention -
No mortal man, who seems secure can remain here for ever.

Enjoy the present union of the moth with the candle; for this
experience
You hold till morning breaks upon the skies, cannot last for ever.

The angel of the unseen world gave me this message -
One afflicted in this world of show, his suffering will not last
for ever.

What room for complaints or self-satisfaction in this fleeting
shadow play,
Since on life's pilgrimage is writ, a yea or nay, 'twill not abide
for ever.

O man of might, bestir yourself to win the heart of your own dervish,
For stores of silver and of gold will not last for ever.

On the sapphire dome of heaven, in words of gold are written -
"Nothing, save kindly deeds which flow from loving hearts will abide
for ever."

Despair not Hafiz of the Friend's protection from oppression and
Violence of angry Fate, the foe will not stay for ever.

Soon my spirit will be leaving this form and my chance of seeing my
Loved One lost.
My body longs for rest, but for my soul, this is no time for resting.

Wind of the East brought a lover carrying a stone from Thy hill
Thus awakening in me a thirst for the pure Water of Life.

To put my arms around Thy human frame* is my great longing;
To kiss Thy feet and lay my head upon them is where I wish to be.

At Thy feet, my heart made its home, and found there many lovers kneeling.
But how can I reach Thee and feel Thy touch on my head?

Perhaps to gaze at that heart-comforting face and divine image
Will bring me nearer to Thee, for nothing else do I find appealing.

Sincerely I pray, like a bow bending, to shoot my arrows of prayer
by the thousand.
What is the good? Only one is needed to reach the mark, Thy golden
heart touching.

O Hafiz, true Love's obligation is total surrender of longing -
Expecting nothing to such a degree, that He, the all-knowing gives
everything.

* human frame = God in human form is the Avatar or Perfect Master

182.

How Long Will It Take?

I have begun to lose heart of ever reaching my dream - I cannot make it.

This is all my conceit and delusion and the span of my life is

A great number of stories I have to tell to the breeze of the morning,
But the Moon of my darkness does not shine on me yet, let us face it.

Each morning at dawn, I used to complain to the Loved One;
How is it, not one of my sighs reached His ear, how long will it take?

We have only ourselves to blame, for we have not given our utmost;
If Love and devotion are there, yet what do we know of obedience?

Feeling aversion for worldly affairs and its cruel violent people,
The heart of Hafiz clings tight to the tress of His Loved One -
none can shake it.

183.

Merciful Friend

O happy is he who does not go after the lusts of his eyes,
Who does not open every door, not knowing why he does so.

For me, it were better that I should not hanker for that sweet ruby
lip of here
But after sugar every fly goes running, a pity he does so!

I am smitten with grief for Thy loss, even tears
Cannot wash away Thy image from my eye - they do not!

O You who belong to the angels, God grant that You will not forget
The promise You made in years gone by; may it be so.

I see no one who is blacker than I - a sinner; it were strange
If my heart's sigh does not alter its course and all my thoughts
purify.

Heart, do not be like this babbler - a vagrant and tramp of no good -
For no profit can come by this craft, unless God uses your hand,
why not?

O never lure me away from the Path with the crest of the hoopoe*;
The proud falcon whirling above does not swoop down to catch every
sparrow - he let's it go.

O lavish on me Thy essence like a fragrant breath of the East
Without the scent of Thy tresses - nothing goes right; it is so!

The fault of my drunkenness hide, I cling to the hem of Thy garment.
O merciful Friend, for my faults, Thy honour Most High cannot go.

Bring wine and first give it to Hafiz on condition though,
That the talk shall be secret to our circle of lovers and goes no
further - let it be so.

* The crest of the hoopoe is like pride and vanity of the world.

184. Without a Guide

O how my soul longed for my heart's need to be fulfilled, but 'twas not.
My life was being consumed by this yearning, for that was all I wished.

In searching for the key that would unlock this precious treasure -
I turned my world upside down and threw out half - but it was in vain.

Sometimes I sought the generous life of easy living and good company,
And often joined my friends and asked their help - but nothing gained.

He sent me news that He would sit in the tavern with lovers and
drinkers;
I threw discretion to the winds, drinking at night with the
free-thinkers.

Well may the dove's heart in my breast flutter, for the fair words
He gave me
Caused my heart to fly out of the window as if to break away - but
not yet!

Of my desire to be intoxicated and drowned by His strong wine I can
scarcely speak;
It is so steep and high a goal to reach and my wings are weak.

Without a guide, do not attempt to put Thy foot in Love's direction -
For many times I've tried and failed and only reaped dejection.

Hafiz tried by every means, with thought and concentration,
To make that wild heart tame and fly to God, but lacking skill -
he failed.

189. In Thy Presence

Sweet is seclusion if the Friend is my sole companion,
But if not, I droop with loneliness even at a royal banquet.

Like the signet ring of Solomon, I will not allow
An evil eye or unclean tongue to speak of Thy Holy image.

Never permit, O Lord, that in the sanctuary of union
A spy may live as confident, while I am a castaway from Thee.

Say to the Loved One, "Never cast Thy shadow of peerless honour
Upon that land where base pretenders are valued higher than God's
poets."

There never departs from their heads the longing for Thy home and
lovely dwelling;
Within their hearts they see their native land, though exiled in a
foreign field.

In the ardour of sweet speech, it is clear to see
The fires that are burning within a lover's heart - no need of
explaining.

Though Hafiz had ten tongues and ten minds to use,
In Thy presence, as a rosebud his mouth would be sealed.

199. The Water of Ruknabad

Drinking or mirth in secret are things without sense or meaning,
So cast your lot with the lovers, come of it what may.

Undo your tangle of troubles and lose them, forgetting the world,
The astrologers science could never untie a knot such as this.

Do not marvel at fortunes changes for tales such as these by the
million
Are hidden away in history or in heaven, if it chose to say.

Handle the wine-pot with reverence since from the dust of skulls
Like Jemshid, Kobád or Behman they fashioned its clay.

Sorrowing for the lip of Shirin, I see it, out of the blood of Ferhád
The tulip is blooming today.

Come let us drink wine and forget it; what has to come, has come -
Perhaps in this place of ruins, a treasure may come our way.

I will never leave the breeze of Musélla or the Water of Ruknabad -
This earth is my earth for ever, why should I go far away?

The sorrow I nurse in my heart, befell for love of the fair,
So never let harm come to her whom I honoured: peace be hers I pray!

Unless music gladdens your heart, do not drink wine like Hafiz;
All joy comes with sound of singing or the flute at close of day.

The day of parting and separation from the Friend at last is ended,
And my need and lonely longing for the Loved One, since the lot I
cast, is ended.

All the weariful vexation of loss and gain in dark uncertainty of
Now in bright footsteps of Spring at last the pain is ended. Winter,

Behind the curtain of the future is Hope's morning, self-secluded;
Say "Come, look forward, the darkest part of the world's night is
ended."

God be thanked, that underground, all the while the sap is forming
Stronger than the thorns of trouble and blasts of storm from dark
December.

All the heart's grief and amazement of Winter's power to enslave us
Departs, when we see walking close beside us in the shade, our
Lighted Loved One.

Though at first my struggle and confusion with self-inflicted
wounds He caused me,
Yet the tangle of my troubles by surest healing He has ended.

Kindness you have shown us O Saki - may your cup be always brimming;
The darkest clouds have dispersed and new joys, green shoots are
springing.

With His face before me, lighting my way, to each tavern door
I'll go, carrying songs to sing Him, now that the pain of grief is
mended.

Though no-one holds Hafiz in esteem or consideration,
God be thanked that his affliction is for ever ended.

GLOSSARY
KEY WORDS

The Rose	-	the Beloved (but not always)
The Loved ONE	-	God or the Beloved or the God-man
The nightingale or bulbul	-	the lover of God
Wine	-	Love (Divine)
The tavern	-	where Love is found and taught or house of Love
The tavern-keeper	-	a spiritual guide; a guide to God
{ Saki	-	one who carries wine
{ Cup-bearer	-	one who brings love or sings of love
The Friend	-	the God-man or God
Lover	-	Lover of God
Cup-bearer	-	with a capital C could mean The Perfect Master for He brings
Camel-driver	-	Divine Love
Magian	-	wise men of Persia - those with knowledge of spiritual truth

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