

Gates of Wisdom: The Poems of Hafiz

A New Interpretation

by Swami Anand Nisarg

Table of Contents

The Life of Hafiz	3
How to Read Hafiz.....	4
Pass around the cup fair maiden.....	5
If the Shirazi Turk would only grant my heart's desire	6
Zephyr, reach my charming gazelle and say	7
My heart is going wild	8
Come, fair maiden.....	9
Good news, lovely nightingale.....	10
Brother believers.....	11
Fair maiden, make bright our cups with wine	12
The beauty of your face, my Beloved.....	13
The Friend's Love sets my heart afire.....	14
Morning Wind, take me to the Friend	15
Do not look at the Lovers and say	16
Beloved, I think of you always	17
Uncombed hair, smiling lips and drunkenness.....	18
I swear by all Hafiz's Truth.....	19
When I long for you, I don't want wine	20
The dark of my eye is your resting place.....	21
Come now, don't depend on the house of chance.....	22
Allah be praised, the tavern door is still open	23
The warm wind blows seeds through the air.....	24
The rose looks like dark wine	25
The book of poetry and the cup of wine	26
I have sworn to always love all beauty.....	27
I wish the priest good luck with his morning prayers	28
My poor heart is the sanctuary of Allah's Love	29
Warm wind, if you blow through the lands of my Beloved	30
Enjoy good company, in the garden in spring.....	31
Hey Nightingale.....	32
The pridefully religious do not know me.....	33
Love isn't safe, its a dangerous road.....	34
The nightingale held a rose in its beak	35
Now that the sweet-smelling breeze.....	36
Pious priests	37

Copyright (c) 2007 by Swami Anand Nisarg. All rights reserved. This copyright protects Swami Anand Nisarg's right to publication of this work. Nonprofit, activist, and educational groups may circulate this work (forward it, reprint it, translate it, post it, or reproduce it) for nonprofit uses. Please do not change any part of it without permission.

The Life of Hafiz

Hafiz was born some time around 1320, in Shiraz. At an early age, he demonstrated prodigious ability with poetry, both writing and with memorizing. It is said he had memorized the entire Koran, as well as the works of Sufi masters Farid and Rumi by the time he was in his teens.

At the age of 21, Hafiz was initiated into the Sufi school of Attar. After this, the quality of his poetry had become such that he went from being a poor baker to serving as the court poet of the Shah. However, his controversial writings and teachings led him to fall out of favour, earning the wrath of both the Shah and the orthodox Muslim clergy, and in his late forties Hafiz was forced to flee for his life to Isfahan. Eventually, however, the public demand for his return was such that the Shah pardoned him and he was allowed to return to the city of his birth. At the age of 60, determined to become Awakened, Hafiz drew a circle in the ground and remained within that circle for forty days. At the end of this time, and on the fortieth anniversary of his initiation, Hafiz attained Awakening. For the next nine years until his death, Hafiz wrote more than half of his total body of poetic work (these are the poems which are considered to be the true core of his teaching), and taught students of his own as a Sufi Master.

When Hafiz died, his enemies in the Muslim clergy refused to grant him a Muslim burial. But again, the public outcry from the people of Shiraz was so great that the Muslim clergy agreed to undertake a test to see if Allah deemed Hafiz worthy.

Hafiz's poems were divided into two-line couplets, and all of these couplets were put together in a bunch. A young boy was chosen who would draw a single couplet at random, and the Priests and Hafiz's followers agreed that if the couplet bore a clear message that demonstrated divine favour, Hafiz would be given a Muslim burial. If not, he would be buried as a heretic.

The couplet that was drawn said:

*"Neither Hafiz's body nor his life can deny,
For all his mischief, only heaven awaits him"*

Hafiz was buried in a shrine in Shiraz, where he is still venerated as a Sufi master to this day.

How to Read Hafiz

These poems of Hafiz are my reworking of the poems' literal translation. In translating literally, much would be lost, as is the case with so much holy writing. So I go back to Hafiz and write, in English, what his writing was meant to impart in Persian.

To those unaccustomed to Sufi teaching, the poems might appear to be a "confusing" mixture. This is because they are utilizing the Sufi method of instruction, which is one that works specifically by breaking up usual patterns of thought in order to provoke contemplation, and affect both the conscious and subconscious awareness. These teachings have complex layers of thought where one symbol might connect to another in one way in the literal dimension, and connect in completely different ways at deeper levels.

In other words, Hafiz's words aren't like a painting, they're like a sculpture, they have multiple dimensions and depth.

The right way to study Hafiz or other Sufi writings is to first read the poem in its literal form, without trying to analyze it for metaphor. Then read it again, looking at each stanza separately, trying to see the message of each stanza. Then read the poem as a whole a third time, trying to tie together the various parts to get a holistic perspective.

In the latter two readings, a good mental framework to have while reading, for the sake of analysis, is to imagine you would later have to teach or explain these meanings and insights to someone else.

Pass around the cup fair maiden

Pass around the cup fair maiden,
Because Love seemed easy at first,
But now I see how difficult it is.

The hearts of Lovers bleed,
and will be doomed to break,
when the scent of the Beloved blows away in the wind.

How can the traveller stay safe
when the clarion calls its sound of parting?

The Master tells us:
"soak your prayer rug red with wine, my friend".

Those who are still on the shore
feel they have peace of mind,
they don't know our storms and dark nights.

But at last, I find the Secret,
hidden in street corners,
revealed before me.

Hafiz, enjoy her Love
And instruct her,
"suffer the darkness for the sake of the light".

If the Shirazi Turk would only grant my heart's desire

If the Shirazi Turk would only grant my heart's desire,
I'd give up Samarkand and Bukhara for the poorest part of her.

Fair maiden, serve all of the old Wine now,
if you wait for paradise
you won't find drinking partners such as these!

The heavenly musicians play well,
Like plundering Turks,
they have plundered all my patience.

For my poor love has been rejected by my Beloved,
Before my Beloved's beauty,
my talk of "love" is like an insult.

My Beloved is as beautiful as Joseph,
My Beloved's Love strong enough to enchant Zulaikha.

I long for you, even as your words of rejection
still sound in the air;
Anything sounds sweet, if your lips say it.

Enjoy Wine and Music in every moment,
O fortunate young people, heed the advice of Hafiz!

Zephyr, reach my charming gazelle and say

Zephyr, reach my charming gazelle and say:
because of you I've wandered through hill and desert,
look kindly on my excitement and awe,
favour me with your sweet divine lips!

You're so proud of your roselike charm,
that you will never think to ask of your nightingale.
Wise birds cannot be caught by tricks or cunning,
only by gentle good-tempered Love.

Anyone who harps on their beauty and charm
Hides a lack of loyalty, friendship, true devotion.
When you enjoy drinks with your caring friends,
Remember my love, consider my true feeling.

There's no loyalty found in mere appearances.
But Hafiz, your sweet sincere songs
can move the Angels themselves.

My heart is going wild

My heart is going wild!
Help me, o masters!
My secret love becomes revealed for all time!

We are broken boats,
you will not help us wind, move on,
perhaps you'll be more useful to a friend.

The love of this world lasts only a few days.
It is all fantasy and sentiment.
Be good to your friends,
while you still have the chance.

"how badly I want the morning's drink",
said the nightingale last evening,
while surrounded by sweet flowers.

Be grateful for the blessings you have,
fortunate man!
Help the poor mystic as much as you're able.

There is happiness in heaven and earth,
if only two creeds are followed:
"Be just to your friend,
make peace with your foe".

And if you have never reached the houses of fame and fortune,
Admit that you cannot change what is written.
When you feel miserable and self-pitying,
Drink wine, and take pleasure,
in this way the pauper can find the richest secret.

The cup of wine is like the mirror of Alexander,
through it he took the kingdom of Darius.

Forgive me o well-dressed Priest,
It is the will of Allah, if my cloth is smeared with wine.

Come, fair maiden

Come, fair maiden!
And bring us pure Wine
to help us forget the sufferings of time.

Help us throw off the cloak of falseness and its ways,
I don't care to be respected,
though it does no harm to those who are truly wise.

The flame of my burning heart
has burnt away all poorer hearts
with its bright rays of good.

My love-crazy heart cries out, saying:
"Who can I tell the divine secret to?"

I enjoy the divine company of my Beloved,
Even though my Beloved
has taken away all my peace of mind.

The cypress, the flowers, and all work of art,
They mean nothing to me,
now that my Beloved has given me this gift.

O Hafiz, suffer the challenge, and be wise.
You are destined to find your home.

Good news, lovely nightingale

Good news, lovely nightingale!
The garden is filled with life again!

Warm wind, when you fly along the pastures,
send word to the delicate flowers:

"I will stay forever at the door of the tavern,
because the serving-girl is too beautiful to miss,
Beloved! I have lost myself in lovesickness for you,
In your heart I sail as safely as in Noah's Ark"

Those who condemn the drinkers
will lose all their piousness and beliefs
in the tavern.

Why do people struggle to make goals out of greed,
when they know that someday we all end in the grave?

Hafiz, drink, and be a friend to bandits if you like,
but never dare to go near the criminal Priests!

Brother believers

Brother believers,
whatever shall we do?
The priest left the mosque
for the tavern yesterday!

How can the believers
turn to Mecca to pray?
When our Mullah
turns to the tavern instead?!

The joy of the Beloved is insane,
we are madmen
trapped in the curls of her hair.

It was written
that we would find this life
All is written,
and our lives prove this.

The face of the beloved is grace,
When I see it,
I can see nothing but beauty around me.

Does the fire of my sighs
And the flame of the beloved's shadow in me
Affect your stony hearts?
I had wondered if it might!

Hafiz, your sighs are darts that pierce
time and space!
How can anything stand against such power?

Fair maiden, make bright our cups with wine

Fair maiden, make bright our cups with wine,
call for the singers,
the world is on our side!

O you who are ignorant of the bliss of wine:
know I drink wine
because in the cup I see the Friend's reflection.

In the Book of Life, my name is eternal.
No one dies who's heart is on fire with Love.

warm wind, if you ever fly past the Friend say:
"Why should I try to forget my name?
There will come a time when you, too, will forget it!"

It is good to find peace in the eyes of the Friend,
for that reason I drink wine.

The "clean foods" of the Priest,
and my "Unclean drinks"
will make no difference in the final judgement;
I think they'll earn the same.

But Hafiz; wipe your tears,
for you will catch happiness right now!

The beauty of your face, my Beloved

The beauty of your face, my Beloved,
strikes my heart like a piercing arrow.

Before creation existed, there was Love.
Love is the greatest work of the Divine.

Narcissus found love only by happenstance,
and Helen's eyes caused wars by a mere gaze.

But when I wandered last night
through the garden,
The budding flowers reminded me of your lips.

The wind-blown violets, fresh and joyous
brought my memory back to the beauty of your curls.

Now I wash my cloak in clear wine,
no man can escape what is Written.

Hafiz: endure love, and you'll succeed,
if you admit that this is what is Written.

The whole world now turns to the desire of my heart,
because I have become sincere
in my devotion to the Beloved.

The Friend's Love sets my heart afire

The Friend's Love sets my heart afire,
and this fire burns my entire being.

My body wasted away from the separation from the Friend,
My soul wastes away!
What is the purpose of Love?

Even the candles feel sorry for my suffering,
I burn more than they do.

All my beliefs are tested by the wine of the tavern,
All of my notions are washed away by it!

When I tried to put aside the cup,
it was cause for regret,
My heart aches without wine!

Come close, Friend, and speak Truth,
I seek out your gaze,
painful as it is for me.

Hafiz: be Still,
and drink deep from the wine,
the candle has burnt through the night,
and you did not fall asleep.

Morning Wind, take me to the Friend

Morning Wind, take me to the Friend
Where is that killer of lusts to be found?

Though it is a dark night,
we are on the path to refuge,
Divine light, take me to the meeting-place!

All who have entered this world will leave it.
If so, why take things so seriously in the tavern?

Look to my Beloved's curls and gaze,
if you want to know where my heart is kept.

The musicians, the serving maid, and the wine
are all ready for me.
But none of these are any good without the Beloved.
Where is the Beloved to be found?

Hafiz! Do not lament the autumn winds.
Be reasonable! There are no roses without thorns.

Do not look at the Lovers and say

Do not look at the Lovers and say
"those are mistaken",
You are not qualified to judge them, child.

What is there, when I'm with myself?
The more still I become, the louder it sounds.

All the joy of life doesn't matter at all to me,
Except when my Beloved's beauty shines in it,
like the Sun.

The monks and nuns are soaked in the blood of hearts
they've murdered,
I pray that one day they cleanse themselves with wine.

I'm respected at the fire-altars of heathens,
because the fire that burns forever is within me.

I can remember, though long past, with what mastery
the musician played his instrument
This has stayed in my heart.

Last night, your love-note came to me,
and now my heart brims with Bliss.

Beloved, I think of you always

Beloved, I think of you always!
Your sweet-smelling curls wake up my lonesome soul.

My love, I see your beauty even in your imperfections,
The only sin is to claim not to care about loving you.

The pucker of your lips transmits a secret truth:
Thousands of Lovers have fallen deep in this abyss.

Misfortune and and smallness have kept me from you,
I could not reach your embrace soon enough.

Tell the gatekeeper of the heart
to let in the honest Lover.

Hafiz does not bother often, nor will he leave your side.
Just answer him but once a year, that's all he asks.

My heart cherishes your Love and wise ways,
However often I have missed you.

Uncombed hair, smiling lips and drunkenness

Uncombed hair, smiling lips and drunkenness
Clothing bared, singing lips and glass in hand;
With mischievous eyes my Beloved gives the teaching,
sitting beside me at midnight.

With sadness of voice my Beloved says to me:
"You seek sleep, my Lover? Shame on you!
To drink at midnight takes great discipline,
or in Love's eyes you will be a sinner!"

O arrogant Priests! Drinkers are not the evil ones,
their place was Written since the beginning of time!

Whatever Allah has poured into our cup is ours,
Do not claim "this is from heaven, but that is from hell!"

My Beloved's beauty and the wineglass
Have taken away all of Hafiz's false guilt
in an instant.

I swear by all Hafiz's Truth

I swear by all Hafiz's Truth,
that my morning prayers are devoted to you.

My tears fall like Noah's storm,
but they do not wash away your Love.

Purchase my wounded heart!
I will sell it at a bargain;
and you will see it is the purest
of any you could find.

My heart:
don't demand that the Beloved's penetrating Grace come cheap,
For there to be Love, selfishness cannot exist.

Just be True, because Truth makes your words shine.
Insincerity will darken the most beautiful of faces.

I've wandered seeking through deserts and barren places,
but pity not my haunted heart.

Hafiz, pretty lies are not your friend!
A garden with no life gives the gardener no work.

When I long for you, I don't want wine

When I long for you, I don't want wine,
may the barrels rot and the tavern age.

Even if its the wine of heaven,
throw it away!
Wine has no purpose if the Beloved is not there.

Alas!
The Friend is gone and cannot speak with me of the Beloved,
now nothing interests my tear-filled eyes.

Beware my eyes,
I am a danger to others,
with the same flood of tears and sentiment that drown
me.

The Friend spends his time freely with others,
But with a stranger like me he keeps hidden.

The fields are green,
So let us not grieve,
Drink wine,
Time and Space are only illusions.

Hafiz is a libertine,
but a faithful lover.
Love is not limited by outside circumstances.

The dark of my eye is your resting place

The dark of my eye is your resting place:
Enter, and reside there, it belongs to you.

Nightingale!
Enjoy the rosiness of the Beloved's cheeks,
Your song is celebrated by all.

The Beloved's tender lips cure all ills,
The Beloved's treasure-house is filled with rubies.

My body may not always have you near,
But my heart is always the gateway to your resting
place.

My heart would never permit a cheaper love to enter it,
The treasure-house of my heart is sealed with your
magic name.

Since the world loves the Beloved,
I must Love the world.
If Heaven too is in Love,
then how can Hafiz be a sinner?

Hafiz, your poetry makes Heaven shine,
your sweet words make well-earned your fame.

Come now, don't depend on the house of chance

Come now, don't depend on the house of chance,
Serve wine to all you see, your life will soon be done.

I'm the slave of Him, under one sky,
who is entirely free of all attachment.

Last night I was in the tavern,
Drunk and making merry,
I heard the Djinn bring good news:

"Ambitious falcon,
don't think yourself grand for flying high,
Your nest is a home to sorrow and grief.
The minaret of heaven cries out:
"This material trap is too small to be worthy of you!"

Remember my son; don't fret over sorrows,
over the passing concerns of what is and may come.

"enough with your moping!" says the inner voice,
"Find happiness in the moment,
for there is nothing else."

Don't chase after the future or cling to the present,
Too many have taken this false hag for their bride.

There's no percentage in wanting a rose to bloom forever,
The heartless nightingale's call lasts only an eve.

And do not envy Hafiz's poetry,
it is only borrowed from the Creator of all things!

Allah be praised, the tavern door is still open

Allah be praised, the tavern door is still open!
And I can visit it whenever I need to.

Inside we drink barrels-full of wine,
Wine is the Truth, that kills all lies.

The "beloved" you see is a being full of vanity and intrigue,
But in me you'll find simplicity and sincerity.

I can tell my Beloved the secrets
that I would never dare to tell anyone else.

Since I gazed in the beloved's face,
I can find no greater bliss or happiness.

The beloved is Mecca,
and whoever turns to the Beloved and sees,
will fall to their knees in awe.

Hafiz is a brief candle, he will soon be gone,
but even after he is out, his Love will still consume
and give warmth.

The warm wind blows seeds through the air

The warm wind blows seeds through the air,
Wine brings joy.
The lyre calls you to come and drink,
beware the authorities my boy!

Enjoy wine, lovely maidens, poetry,
This is wise, because Time is a traitor.

Hide your cup under your woolen cloak,
Soon treasonous Time will murder you.

Cry false tears and beg forgiveness for your drunkenness,
when the hypocritical priests are around, make like
you're fasting.

There is no Joy in this spinning world
that does not have the dregs of Loss at the bottom of
its barrel.

But the One Sky still remains,
long after tyrants are dead,
and only their bones lie in the mud.

Hafiz your verses conquered Arak and Fars,
Now its time to march on Baghdad and Tabriz.

The rose looks like dark wine

The rose looks like dark wine,
The nightingale sings its praises.

Wander through the fields with the book of Love,
This isn't the time for giving lectures!

The drunken judge proclaimed last night:
"Drinking is wickedness and embezzlement is wrong!"

The wine is Written for you, but not for long.
Enjoy the wine and the musicians while you can.

Or worry about looking pious and of good reputation,
hide from people and the world.
Being a Priest is good business after all;
Pretending to be pious earns priests more money
than a goldsmith or a weaver.

Hafiz, these words are secrets for wise men.
They are gold to the mystic that knows true gold.

The book of poetry and the cup of wine

The book of poetry and the cup of wine
are your dearest friends.

Watch the road, it twists and turns.
Enjoy the wine, because you live only once.

If you're wise, it will show.
Speaking wise words without showing wise actions
is a sign of falsehood.

In the eye of wisdom, all the goals of this world
are but dreams, though they might be pretty.

Without you my heart aches.
Only death separates me from the Friend.

Take refuge in the Beloved and speak no words,
our fate is Written in the stars.

Drink the wine eternal, Hafiz, and do not hold back;
Do not let yourself be sober for even a moment.

I have sworn to always love all beauty

I have sworn to always love all beauty,
This Loving suffering is my shelter.

Only the eyes of the Aware
can see the whole of the Beloved,
The eyes of common men aren't up to it.

Stay a while, my Friend
for I need your Friendship,
I long to see your face,
my tears are numerous as stars.

Your Love is central to my verse,
If people read my poems,
it is because of you.

Grant me the wealth of Poverty, O Lord!
This is the source of wisdom and glory.

I can't be small enough
to make friends with politicians.
My Heart is a Palace for a King,
even if it is full of worry.

Hafiz, speak not of the Beloved,
The Friend's sweet lips know your Love
better than you.

I wish the priest good luck with his morning prayers

I wish the priest good luck with his morning prayers,
I'll be as always, resting in a corner of the tavern.

If music and Wine can't fill me then its no use anyways,
Only sighing will console me then, not prayers.

I don't want either richness or poorness, Lord.
The only thing of value are those who love the Beloved.

I seek Allah, whether he be found in mosque or Tavern.
By Allah, there is nothing else I seek.

Until the sword of death cuts and breaks this vessel,
I will not turn away from the Gate of life.

I bowed toward that Gate this morning,
and it raised me up to the Sun.

Hafiz, you say that your imperfections were given to you.
Then as a gift, it is only polite to show them.

My poor heart is the sanctuary of Allah's Love

My poor heart is the sanctuary of Allah's Love.
My eyes only reflect the beauty of the Beloved.

I cannot hope to grasp the secrets
of this world or the other,
Only Allah can provide refuge,
only Allah gives grace.

The priests seek the gardens of paradise.
I only want the Friend.
People can only understand in accordance to their merits.

O priest, so what if my robe is full of dirt?
We both know the Friend's robe is clean.

All the flowers in the valley
only grow by Allah's Love.

Now is our turn, the great lovers of the past are gone.
Everyone only has a few brief days,
and these days run out.

The kingdom of Love, and the treasures of Bliss,
I have received only by the will of Allah.

Don't be worried that your poverty is extreme, Hafiz.
Allah's Love has transformed your heart
into the greatest jewel.

Warm wind, if you blow through the lands of my Beloved

Warm wind, if you blow through the lands of my Beloved,
Bring me the Beloved's scents.

I would give my life to the Beloved,
for but one sound brought as message by the warm wind.

If by misfortune I've missed the Beloved's presence,
then bless me with the dust
from somewhere the Beloved walked.

What a sorry sight, a Sufi in distress.
I can only see the Beloved, others think me mad.

My firm heart trembles like a reed,
wishing only the kiss of the Beloved.

The Beloved has bought my heart for free,
And I will not sell the Beloved
for all the world's fortune.

Hafiz, if your heart is ever truly freed from sorrow,
it will miss such a faithful servant.

Enjoy good company, in the garden in spring

Enjoy good company, in the garden in spring.
Where is the serving girl, why is she waiting?

Make the most of your time, wherever you are,
no one knows what comes tomorrow.

Your life hangs by a thread;
enjoy yourself, be free of worries.

The "water of life" and "garden of paradise"
are only the wine at river's edge, with my Beloved.

The hidden and the plain beauties are both from one source.
So there is no question of which need be followed.

If even heaven doesn't know the Secret,
then why argue with the junior mullah?

If you say Allah wouldn't forgive all of my sins,
then what hope would the unbelievers have
of Allah's mercy?

The "religious" desire paradise,
Hafiz only desires wine.
But the only desire that counts is Allah's wish for us.

Hey Nightingale

Hey Nightingale!
Feel sorry and cry for me,
there's nothing else to do.

Pour the wine!
I'm not proud of my wine-stained cloak;
but the Priests aren't sober, they're drunk on pride.

To the brutish-lovers, you give no pain;
only us free-thinkers would want to be bound like
that.

Pure Love comes from a divine source;
not from ruby-lips and pretty figures.

Beauty isn't in the eyes, the hair, the skin, the face;
There's many secrets there, but Baraka isn't one of them.

The fine silk robes of the ignorant
aren't worth a penny in the Kingdom of Truth.

Its nearly impossible to reach you;
its hard to climb that high in the sky.

Hafiz: don't pester the Beloved with moaning,
Limitless Bliss comes to those who do not bother.

The pridefully religious do not know me

The pridefully religious do not know me,
so why would I care what they say about me?

If you are walking a straight road,
you cannot get lost.
Take whatever comes and accept it as Written.

Sacrifice the pawn to escape checkmate,
Never expose the King, even if you are losing the
game.

The great dome is simple, yet complex in form.
No mystic knows the secrets behind the gate.

What's the secret, O Lord, the Mighty, the Powerful?
There are so many pains, and no cure.

The Master is neither ignorant nor blind,
but he keeps no records of our Love or our hates.

Allah is not proud, he has no doorkeepers.
Come as you are; He will welcome us all!

I'm true to the Master, for his Love is pure.
Whereas the priest's morality rises and falls.

Hafiz has reserved no seats in the front row,
Lovers of Freedom do not worry
about what their lot will be.

Love isn't safe, its a dangerous road

Love isn't safe, its a dangerous road,
There's no choice, but to leave life to chance.

Love must always be welcome in your heart.
Goodness must be welcome at home and away.

Wisdom leads me to the place of Wine,
Though wisdom is unwelcome in this land.

My martyrdom is the fault of the Beloved,
I rode to my fate on a chariot of Love.

The moon of my Love is not visible to the naked eye,
Only eyes that can see will spot my natural Moon.

Drink, and make the most of your moment,
Few people know what this chance is worth.

You do not listen to Hafiz's cries,
Won't your hardened hearts be touched by my story?

The nightingale held a rose in its beak

The nightingale held a rose in its beak,
Sighs mingled with its beautiful song.

"you have a rose", I said, "so why are you sighing?"
It said: "Because Romance has teased me into this
state"

Its no surprise she does not sit with me,
She has so many who seek her, what interest one more?

Her teasing won't buy my attention,
Blessed is he whose cup Love will fill.

The painter makes works of wondrous beauty,
With his masterful pen and compass.

If you serve Love, then you must fear no shame.
The wise priest sold his robes to pay for the tavern.

The bubbling streams of the garden of paradise
Are the tears of Hafiz at the house of the Beloved.

Now that the sweet-smelling breeze

Now that the sweet-smelling breeze
has come to the garden,
I enjoy the cool wine and the beautiful maidens.

Now any beggar could seize the Kingdom of riches,
my garden is full of green valleys,
my bliss is like a summer rain.

My son, the green grass tells the story of spring Love.
Don't miss the bliss of the present
for promises of the future.

Enjoy Love and fulfill your soul.
The world will make bricks and break bricks
out of the clay of our selves.

Your societies are not faithful,
The monastery candle is not bright enough
to light the altar.

Don't blame me for being shameless,
who knows what is Written?

Neither Hafiz's body nor his life can deny,
For all his mischief, only heaven awaits him.

Pious priests

Pious priests!
Don't worry about lovers of freedom like me,
No one wants you to account for the sins of others.

Mind your own sins,
why are you so concerned about the rest?
What you sow, so shall you reap.

The sober and the drunk both want to be Lovers.
But in the Mosque you see the love of power.

I will bow before the door of the tavern,
its more pure.
My enemies are free to hang me if they choose.

Don't question the grace of Allah,
you don't know who before Allah is good or evil.

And I'm not alone among the sinners,
my father was Adam, who gave up paradise.

Hafiz: after the tavern, paradise will be your home,
so long as when you die, you get a cup of wine.