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## PERSIAN

Persian Text Collected By P. Niloofan

# FOLK - SONGS







Dedicated to His Imperial Majesty Mohammad Reza Shah Aryamehr, the sovereign of Iran, on the occasion of the 25th Centennial Anniversary of the Foundation of the Iranian Empire





## PERSIAN FOLK - SONGS A Comprehensive Selection

Rendered into English Verse

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#### INTRODUCTION

Interest in folk \_ songs, particularly Western folk\_ songs, is more than three hundred years old. The pioneering works of such scholars as John Aubrey, Edward Taylor, and James Frazer have led to a vast body of research on the folklore and folk\_songs of many different peoples But, surprisingly enough, Persian folk-songs; beautiful, varied, and unusually numerous as they are, have so far received relatively little attention. Apart from a few been included in some Western poems which have anthologies, Persian songs have remained virtually unknown abroad. In Iran itself the situation has been much the same. Aside from the work of Sadegh Hedayat and Koohi Kermani, very little has been done in this field. Though every Persian, depending on his birth\_place, knows a number of folk - songs, there is yet to be a comprehensive collection of these songs printed in Persian.

And time may be short. The explosive expansion of mass media, the relative fluidity of the modern Persian society, and finally, the recent efforts toward universal education are dealing hard blows to the moribund body of oral tradition in Iran. Generally speaking, educated Persians who have settled in urban areas know fewer songs than the illiterate peasants whose imaginations have long been nourished by the words of mouth — words that have echoed through centuries transmitting the thoughts and emotions of fathers to sons. With Iran moving rapidly away from her ancient ways, there is the possibility that many of her old folksongs will disappear along with the other vestiges of her colorful and glorious past. This book, therefore, is a modest attempt at gathering the authentic translation of as many songs as possible in one volume. There are certainly many more genuine folk—songs still to be gathered, and it is hoped that before they are buried under the dust of oblivion which usually follows industrialization, they too can be recorded for the posterity.

The songs included in this book begin with a few selections from Avesta, the holy book of Zoroestrianism and one of the oldest extant texts in Persian. The rest of the book contains representative local songs from all over Iran. Whenever possible, an attempt has been made to arrive at the oldest and the most genuine version through a comparison of the different versions of the songs.

Like the folk \_ songs of other countrie;, those of Iran are vehicles for declamation or dancing\_or both. In Iran, the usual musical accompaniment for a song is the flute. The somber note of the flute adds pathos to the plaintive mood of many Persian poems. Indeed, if it is true that folklore is the product of a collective \_\_ psychological reaction to environment, the content and particularly the mood of these poems can be a valuable aid for the study and appreciation not only of Persian culture but of the Persian mind. Most of the songs, of course, have to do with love, and most are quite gloomy. But through a few of them shines a kind of wry humor which is reminiscent of such poets as Omar Khayyam and Baba Taher, and shows, incidentally, that these writers are not isolated phenomena. Almost all of the poems in this collection, as almost all Persian folk\_songs in general, are composed of four lines of usually eleven syllables each. The rhyme scheme is commonly" a a/b a" or" a a/a b"but in many of the poems this rhyming scheme ( a typically post\_Islamic innovation) seems to have been gradually superimposed on the older quantitative lines. Now, since the poetry of ancient Iran, like that of ancient Greece, was mostly quantitative, it is quite probable that many of the poems included here originate from pre-Islamic times.

The question of age, however, like the question of individual and collective authorship, is rather irrel. evant here. Ancient or not, and composed by a single auth\_ or or not, the important fact is that these poems are the expressions of the inner thoughts and feelings of a people with an exceptionally old and eventful background. Some of them may be very old and some very recent, but all of them bear the marks of the many decades or centuries through which they have been orally transmitted. Each generation of minstrels, one can suppose, has changed the poems slightly to suit the particular conditions of time and place. And folklore being a living popular art, this is as it should be. Each folk \_ song, it has been truly said, is like an old oak tree with many limbs, some many years old, some grown yesterday, and some dead.

In translating these poems into English, utmost care has been taken to convey the thought as well as the mood of each verse. To approximate the Persian stanzas, it was thought best to adopt the English couplet form. But in general, our primary concern has been to convey



not merely the stanzaic form, but all the spontaneity, beauty, and simplicity which is the hallmark of the Persian folk arts.

Persian folk\_songs are usually diffused over wide areas. Thus, in studying the songs of various localities one comes across many slightly different versions of the same person. In this collection, however, we have tried to include the most popular version of each song.

ABBAS. ARYANPUR (KASHANI)

MANOOCHEHR ARYANPUR (KASHANI) Tehran, January, 16, 1971

## **PERSIAN FOLK - SONGS**

Pre - Islamic Era

# PERSIAN FOLK - SONGS

### " and simalsi on't



## Ancient Iran's Folk-Songs

Zoroaster's religious songs or hymns, as recorded in the Gathas, are the oldest Persian folk-songs, most of which date back to prehistoric days, having been recorded in the memories of followers of Zoroaster for centuries before the invention of writing.

The contexts of most of these, dealing with nomadic days of the Aryan civilization, speaking about horses, mountains, and the forces of nature, are clearly indicative of their antiquity.

A few specimens of these ancient songs, as well as the song of the Karkoy Fire-Temple are translated here, in their Persian alphabetical order

Abbas Aryanpur (Kashani)

بأم حف اوند کهن ترین ترا نه مای متی ما حمان شرو د مای زر دشت بیا مبرایر <sup>ن</sup> باستان است که بنام در گاتها » از دوران خیلی سی شیسیند سینه باقلانه وباسدانيش خط مضبوط كرديده است . برای موند ترحمدً فارسی چند فتمت از سرود مای مزبورکه نایند که رق انديث ايران باست في است يا و ميشود . مباس ارمانيور كاشانى (( تران مرار ۱۳۹۹ ))

Mighty Venus with splendor will shine, Incarnated as a youthful divine. Full of charm her beauty She will display,

Her hip with charming belt she will array. Straight-figured, she is as noble bride, Freeborn, herself in puckered dress will hide. Her cloak is all decorated with gold, With precious dress Venus we shall behold. Aban Yasht

2

O' Sepitaman Zoroaster, for my sake, To the mighty Venus your worship make. To Him, Jamshid—owner of cattle and sheep His respect and his loyalty did keep. On the peak of the lofty Heker hill Hundred horses as sacrifice did kill, One thousand cows for Venus he did kill, Ten thousand sheep slayed on that high hill.

ار وويسور البيد بيشد فاحر ميشود ، بصورت مك دختر حوان بسار برومند خومش اندام ، كربند بميان بته راست بالا آزاده نژا د دشریف ، که کمک جتباقیتی پرچن ، از تین ور بردار و (آبان يشت - كردۇ . ٣) Who is equilie a straight of the از برای من ، ای زرتشت اسپنتان ، این ار دوبیور نابیدراب تای ، کسی که .... از برای او حب شید دارند ه گله در مه خوب د بالای کوه هکر صداسب مزارگاه دوهم زارگوسفند قربانی کرد .

May he who sings to me the auspicious song Of perfection, eternal right and wrong. Enjoy the sweet fruits of divine wisdom, That wisdom of the heavenly kingdom. May he with the rays of truth ever shine, And enjoy all the fine blessings divine. Ahnovad Gatha

#### 4

O' Ahuramazda ! Thee I implore, Tell me the truth as never said before: Who is creator of the useful light, Who created the darkness with his might ? Who is creator of the sweet sleep, Who enabled man vigilance to keep Who is the Creator of morning, you say ? Who created night and the shining day ? Who orders men to worship and to pray ? To Ahuramazda at night and day ?

> Yasna 44, Ashtovad Gatha

از بسرین بسره کشورایردی ، از حمان کشور مینوی مزدا ، که از بر تو باك منشى مرماست مرخور داربا دك يكه ، مرا از سرود فرخذ لخامل ، وجا، دا بني رئيستي آگا ، ساز و (اینوت کات سنه ۳۱) از تومیر سم ای اهورا، براستی مرااز آن آگاه فره ، کمیت آفزینند و روشنانی سودنجش و تاریکی ؟- کیت آفرینیده خواب خوشی خش وبیداری . کمیت آفز سیننده با مداد و نیمروز وشب که مردم را برای بجای آوردن نماز همی خواند . (بينا-عرم - المشتودكات)

O' Ahuramazda ! Thee I request, Which religion for mankind is the best ? Zoroaster's faith is the true faith indeed, Preaching good thought, good word and pious deed. O' Ahuramazda, people thus gain Forgiveness, and eternal they remain.

5

Ashtovad Gatha

6

O' Ahuramazda ! Please do explain : "How the Father of Truth this world does maintain? "Who on the first day created this dome? "Who taught the sun and all the stars to roam? "The moon, full-moon and crescent who designed? "O' Mazda, too many puzzles I find !"

Yasna 44, Ashtovad Gatha

از وجير معاى العورا براستى مراازان آكا، فرما ، دين كدازبرا بشر بهترین چراست ، و آن دین من که باراستی کمیان است ، اميدوارايينكه بركفة روكروار پارس ونيك پيروآند، بنجايش توخوا بهندر سيداى مزدا (الشتودكات بينا ٢٢) از تومیر مای اجورا براستی مرا از آن آگاه فرا - کیست آن کید در روز نخست از آفریش خویش پر رامستی کردید ؟ كيت آن كمسيكه تخرشيد ومستاره راه مسير تمود ج کمیت آن کسیکه ما ه از او کهی نیراست و کهی متنی ، ۱۰ می مزد این وبساچیز مای و کمررا می خواهم بدائم د آستودگات - یسا ۱۹۹)

O' Ahuramazda, please do explain : How does the earth below steady remain ? Who prevents lofty firmament from fall ? O' Ahuramazda, please tell me all . Who is the creator of water and tree ? Who made the winds and clouds move fast and free? O' Ahuramzda ! thou art my creed , The clean - natured Creator, you're indeed.

#### 8

He who on creation day by his might Made by His will this lofty dome so bright? Who created the Truth by His desire? The selfsame Ahura we must admire. His threshold is for all good men the home, All pious men will rest under His dome.

وز ترسیس می بهوران براستی مرااز آن آگا ، فرما کیست بمهدار زمين دريانين ومسبهر (دربالا) كدسوى شيب فرود نیاید ، کیت - آفریننده آب و گیاه ، کیت کم باد و ابر تندروی آموخت ، کیت ای مردا آفرمیند مش باک ، بنا - ۲۴ استرد کات آن کمید در در نخست بدخشیدن و مورا بی کشتن این بارگاه نغز اندیشید ، کسی است که از نیروی خرد خوش راستی بيافت بد ای مزدا اهورا ای کسیکه هاره یکسانی ، آن بارگاه مقام نیکمن بی است که تو آنان را برتری دهی راهنوو کات - بینا ۳۱)

O' Ahura Mazda, thy name we praise, For your worship all our voices we raise. In thy creation the sun is sublime, Revolving constantly to keep the time. In the celestial world it shines so high, Its mighty rays reflect throughout the sky.

**Yashts** 

#### 10

And so the woman worthily we praise, For human generation she did raise. We worship all the women who are thine, Whose lives with rays of truth will ever shine. Yashts, Part 4, Yasna 28

اى مدا امورا در ميان تركب ا زياترين تركب فردغ این جب ن را ، و در عالم زبرین ۲ ترکیسی راکه،در میان بلند تر فروخ که خورشید نامیده می شود از آن تو میشیریم . , يشتها ،كردة ٢ يسناى٣٤) ما سخواہیم اجورا مزد ارا کر مستور وراستی سافرید، آبها دلمایای خوب با فريد ، روشنائي وزمين وممه چراي نيك بيا فريد . يشتهاكروة م ديساى ٢٨ ) این چنین ما بازنان این زمین را که حامل ماست میسائیم و آن رنانیکه از آن توبهتند (زنانیکه) از پرتور بستی ممتازند امیتیکم يشتها (كرده م - يب الي ا

The Mazda's songs of praise appear below, Ahura, by whose will the truth will glow . He has sent his truth and it was His plan, To save the world and guide the upright man.

#### 12

We praise the golden ephedra so tall, That is sacred and sanctified by all. The refreshing ephedra-drink we adore, If one takes it, he will taste death no more. Running water and flying birds we admire, The sacred, florid water we desire. The herbs created by Mazda we praise, For His glory, all our poices we raise.

Aban Yasht

این سرود ای ستایش از مزد ۱، آمهورانی است که اراده ا باراستی کمیان است واز برای سیستگاری جس ن ومردم ورستهكر دارش فزو د آمده است ر ا هنودگات ، 17 بهوم زرمين رنگ وبلندرونئيده درود ميفرستيم بهوم جان افرا وآشامیدنی درود میفرستیم بهوم دور دارنده مرکت درو دمیفرستیم بر آب روان و بمرغ پران درو دمیفر سستیم

( یشتها - بهنتین نیشت بزرگ

Song of adoration thou hast to sing, To me—Ahuramazda—thy prayers bring! I want to see with my own eyes indeed, The land of good thought, good word and good deed. Then through the truth, of Mazda I shall know Ahura, and, before His throne I bow.

Yasna 44, Ashtovad Gatha

#### 14

Zoroaster says:, " Ahura, I implore,

"Grant your creation power and vigor.

"Build up such power from your truth and right,

"That peace and comfort are gained by its might.

"O' Ahuramazda, I'm sure you can,

" By your great wisdom enforce all this plan."

توبايد باسردوي في ستايش وتعظيم توجد اورا (مزدال) بسوى ما جلب من و ارى اكنون من ميخواهم آن كشورى كه (مقام) اند وكردار وكفت رنيك است با ديدكان بكرم ، بس ازان بتوسط راستی مزدا اهورا راست انتم ، درود دستا پشخود ور گرزمان تقدیم اوکسنیم در کرز مان تقدیم اوکسنیم د آشتود کات - بیسنه ۲۵) د زرتشت کوید) ای اُهورا، بروان آفرینیش تاب و توانا کی نخش ، ازراشی د پاک منشی اقت اری برانگیز ، که از نیروی آن صلح و آسایش بر قرار گردد ، آری ای مزدامن در یا فتم که خو د آنرا تو انی برانگیخت دد کانت ، (ابهنودگات - ب ا

Song of Karkoy Fire-temple (Dating back to about 2500 years ago)

May forever burn Karkoy temple's fire.

Garshasp's wisdom in the world may transpire. The whole universe is aglow with thrill ;

Enjoy victory-wine and no drop spill ! To my good advice hearken, O' my friend ;

Follow the true path, be in the right trend! Always be upright my beloved man;

For good will terminate evil's life span. Our earthly God,O' our beloved King!

Your glorious song, till eternity we sing!

مردد اتشکده کرکوی « ulu»> · خن د مرشب ، هوش فُرْخَتَ ما ذا ، رو ش ا يۇش كۈن مى ، ايۇش همی پُراست از، جوش دوست بذا ... . ساگوش به سرمن مذم ، گوش همیشه نیسکی ، کوش که دی گذشت و ، دوش شاہ خدایگا نا بہ آفر سناهی چانکه در بایخ آمدداست «دکرکوی»» سیستان بخت معبد گرشاسب بوده کوخیر و بواسط پدید شدن روشنانی در انجا آنگاه ساخته است . از متن این شرود با توجه یقیحات است د كك الشّعراي بهارمنى تقرسى زيرمستفادمي شود : -نورايزدى تشكده كركوى فروختهاد . بوسش دانش كرشاس بهان بنده وسنين فكن د. جمان يُراز خرمش است ، مى جاددان سب روزى نوش كن دوست من بسب كى و من و کارخوب گومش کن . تا میتوانی سنی کی که زمان مید بیم و بدیها گذشته است . شا؛ خدایگانا مهت بن شاهی

"He who fulfills my will," Zoroaster says, Who's prophet according to sacred ways. "He shall rest in the eternal domain, "And forever in bountiful grace remain." Yasna 45

Ashtovad Gatha

#### 17

Mithra—The Lord of vast plains—we do praise. To "First Celestial God" our voices raise, Before the sun shines from hill-tops, indeed, The everlasting sun—Mithra—will proceed. It's the first being with ornaments of gold, That from mountain-tops the earth does behold. And from there, the powerful Mithra will Watch the Aryan dwellings calm and still.

كسى كبيرين حاجب حراكه زردست مستم برطبق أئمين مقدش تجام آورد جنين کسي در زندگي آيذه

د *سرز*ین جا و دانی از نغمت فرا وان برخور دارگرد د

( يسبأ ١٩ المشتود كات )

فتروارنده وشتهای بین رامیستا نیم نخسین ایز دسینوی که پیش از خورشید خانا پذیر تنرسب دربالای کوهمرا برآیه - نختین کسی که بازمنیت ، می زرّین آراسته ، از فرازدکوه، زیباسه بدر آورد - و از آنجا د آن مهر، سب ارتوانی، تمام منزلکا مان آرمایی را نبکرو. د مرسبت کردهٔ عن

- sugar 1. C. Buch ترانه های ملّی ایران دورة بعداز اسلام WWWWWWWW Ter and the second au marine


# **PERSIAN FOLK - SONGS**

## Post - Islamic Era



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The mountain buttercup one week will live, The piolet lasts but one week, I believe, Will last a week the warbler and the rose, The songs of girls last a week I suppose.

#### 2

To your mansion I can have no access, I die, and yet you do not care, I guess. Your home is like a fragrant paradise, My tears make my house muddy, I surmise.

#### 3

The very death I would forget and scold, If your pomegranate breasts tight I hold. When your lips meet my lips, I'd die, I guess; And fall beside you like your charming tress.

#### 4

Darling, your shoes are noisy at the heel, My desperate state you can never feel. If I have done wrong come and tell me, please, Take me to a corner; kiss me at ease.

بَفْشِه جو کیاران مَفته می بی نَوای کُلُعُ داران مَفته ای بی الالد كوبساران بخشار ي بي كُ مُنْبَلُ باغان بمفته اي









ر می فرد و توبیا داری

اكَركارِ بَدى كَردُم حاليم كُنُ



Yonder I hear bicycle bells to clink, My friend comes from the regiment I think. O' teahouse man, get ready your tea-cup, For my tired boy-friend will soon come up.

## 6

Coming from up there in a worn-out state, Suddenly I came across a closed gate. "Open the gate for the lover," I cried, "For I wish to be at my darling's side."

#### 7

I hear the sound of flute played on the hill, But Shahrbanoo-my rose-hasn't come still. My rose, as the queen of girls will remain, When shall she come to pick flowers again?

#### 8

My Mongol girl from high hill will appear, Her lips so sweet, one can't believe, I fear. If the whole empire of India I give, The price of her brow's arc I won't receive.













اَراوُن بالاميا يا رِغْرِليوِش اكرشيدانك مندسون

My sweetheart comes up with her yellow dress, She'll upset my painful sleep, I guess. If you do not fill your garden with rose, Other people's gardens won't do, I suppose,

## 10

Your alabaster legs with shoes so small, Your rosy face my heart will soon enthrall. Your eyes as hawk's eyes are so fierce and wild. Quarrelsome day and night and never mild

## 11

Up there I see a host of ants on land, Singing and playing as a music band. They beat their drum and play their own guitar, Their songs and cries you can hear from afar.

## 12

As partridge and dove they come up from there-I mean the mother and her fine daughter. They are going to take a bath, they say, I die for both, their orders I obey.

بنیزاری بخوابم روی دردم متاثانی نداره باغ مُردُم ازاون بالاسار جامه زردم توكيه باغ كلى أزخود ندارى ازاؤن ساق سِفْدِدُقْشِكْ للله فَجْلِ مائم ازَاوُن رُضارُ وَكُرْت كه باما روز وُشو مى آيَدِيْجَبّ د حقیت شمچو جب ماز خونی اَزاوُن بالامياد بكَدَسته موچِر " كى تارمت نيكى كمونچ یکی چَه میزید یکی جُصارِه كى قارميندند كى تقاره به جموم مسيسرَدَد ما دَر و دختر أزاؤن بالاممايه كؤك وكفتر . غلام ما در ُ وسِتْ يدا مِي فَرْ**مَر** و محموم مت رود آبی سرتره

He comes way up for some barley to get, He aims Khosrow's daughter to see, I bet. If I knew that Khosrow is now away, To his daughter I'd take roses today.

## 14

The hill, is full of mosquitoes, woman ! Your brother wears a fine tasselled turban. Tassels are made by a tan-colored maid, To her all young men their homage have paid.

## 15

Tulips I strew along the Shiraz way, Apples in between tulips I would lay. Please do not take the apples on your way, My girl's name is labelled on them, I say.

#### 16

Darling your home is far away up-hill, I've been staying here against my will. Someone must inform my girl, I should think, That here salt-water is my only drink.







Passing forty fords to Zavareh you get, The fortieth one so beautiful, I bet. Anyone bringing good news of her indeed, I'll reward two oxen of highest breed.

## 18

You go your way and my words don't believe; My sincere love in your heart won't receive. The fire of love is going to burn my life; And yet you do not care for my strife.

#### 19

The Tehran route is all mountains, I fear, Its black stones the travellers' feet will tear. I'll take a sieve and clear the stones away, For my darling will tread thereon today.

## 20

I run through so many streets in haste, In search of new flower my life I waste. If I knew you are mine, I would traverse, Overnight all cities of the universe.





ازاین کوچه بدو دوسم دومن به بیشواز گل نو میروم من اكردوم كل تو مال مايد بسى سندل بكشوميرد من

19



She must be after some new prey today.

## 22

O' fresh flower, you're coming home so gay, The tailor made you to my size, they say. You are small and I am a kid yet, You're a rose bush, and I'm sweet, I bet.

#### 23

A flock of beauties are approaching close, They're sheriff's veiled relatives, I suppose; All relatives of sheriff, I can say, Excel in charm and beauty in every way.

## 24

I am running from that alley to this, So that my new flower's feet I may kiss. If I know, she's going to be mine, I say, Three days' journey I'll cover in a day.

اران تر مشوک نگته یا ره ۲۱ ما دیون کی و لبر سواره ما دیون کی اور ارم از مرکز میکاره ما دیون کی اور ارم ایمر و شیکاره

أزكوج وَراً مدى كُلُ ما زِمَنَ تَلْمَ خَيَاطُ سَرِيدِ تَرُا بِهِ أَمَدازِهُ مَن تُوكوجيك مِن كوچيك فَبَردونجي تُوشاخِةُ كُلُ مَتى وَيَن حَتِ بَبِ



ازى كوچە بدۇ دۇمىي رۇم ئو <sup>۲۴</sup> بېا بوس كل نۇمىي رۇم ئۇ ئاگردانى كۈچە بدۇ مال ماير

Don't pass this alley, it has a snake, Zahra's red skirt puts your life at stake. To everyone's bosom Zahra will go, Yet mincing air to her lover will show.

## 26

I adore the girl in the opposite room, To reach her I'm ready to meet my doom, With arm-strength I would break any chain, So that with her I can safely remain.

#### 27

If my luck would wake and water would flow, My head and soul to Masoumeh I bestow. If I know some favor my girl'll show, I would sure wait until she is a widow.

#### 28

If this worry would dwell in my heart, I am afraid my soul will soon depart. If my troubles to the mountain I say, The mountain bewildered will ever stay.

معن المرابع مروك خارداره ۲۵ كوز مراسب من للمارداره معنی منابع مرابع مارداره ۲۵ كوز مراسب من للمارداره مروسه منابع میرمین منازداره اُطاق روبرو قرُبون ُروَتِ <sup>۲۶</sup> كَمَرْتَجْير إِثْنَامُ ٱلْمُ سَبِّوِيَتِ كِمَرْتَجْسِير إِسْكَنْمُ بِازورِ بازو كِمَرْتَجْسِير إِسْكَنْمُ بازورِ بازو









If you're a mirror, you won't reflect my face, If you're a comb my hair won't be your place. If I become a deer, strong and tall,

Being a hunter, you won't hunt me at all.

#### 30

If my bad condition by chance you know, Your hard heart some pity to me will show. If the earth of two worlds you sift and grind, A more loval friend than me you won't find.

## 31

Without you my head won't on pillow lie, For as the flute my bones would moan and cry. Away from you I will shed tears and cry, Instead of tears I shed fire from my eye.

## 32

Though I am old, yet as a butterfly, Round many new buds I will whirl and fly. If in this world a century I abide, Still before beauties I keep my pride.

ا گرشانیه شوی موج بندسینی <u>اگرایندشوی دونم ز</u>سینی اً كَردمر كان بَسْوى رديم تيسين الرا يوسوم وركوه وكردون

دِلِيَختَ سِوَرِه بَرْمَنِ <mark>زار</mark> تر بسینی مثل مکن ما ر<mark>وفادار</mark>











If you're gem, I am amber, behola: If you're silver, then be sure, I am gold. If you're a modest girl please so state; Then I will come to you and get a date.

## 34

How mad with me tonight is my girl-friend, To apologise, tonight with her I'll spend. I sure will come and your two feet will kiss, Even under fetters this I won't miss.

## 35

If I had funds, I'd find a girl, I bet, A beautiful young darling I would get. On her soft, smooth and ivory chest, As a tired dove I would like to rest.

## 36

If no paper, my heart as paper take; Your pen out of pepper-wood you can make. If my darling by chance no ink could find, Poulad's heart-blood she can use, never mind.

والرواد من كمرائم الكرتونف رة منهم طلائم واكر تو كودكى روتيت تيشيه بلمن وعده بر معشت سالم











If you're a moon, behind the clouds don't stay, If you're a Moslem, your faith don't betray. If you believe that lovers you should kill, Then do not wait, and now my blood spill!

#### 38

If you're my girl at home you must remain, With spring water yourself entertain. The water that drips from your hair I lick, As a chicken that bread crumbs has to pick. 39

If you're a lover travelling you must forget, Don't be cameleer, another job you get. If your career is that, then, never mind, Go and another sweetheart you find.

#### 40

If you're my friend, be merciful and kind, Or else lots of cruel girls I can find. If you're my friend your behavior mind, Or else at Khonsar many bears you find.



مردم آبی *بب رُم* اَز دُبانِ







اگر سخی ششتر داری کمنی تو

اكربارتني هستعوار تبموار

أكربا رِتَنْي رَسِمٍ بُرُدُكُون

وكرنه بإر باحت مواريسيار وكرنه خرس درخودسار بسيار

Visit me at night, my friend, do not fear; Or meet me in the desert as a deer, If any one would bar your way to me, As two fish we'll meet each other at sea.

#### 42

If you ever happen my girl to meet, My best regards with this message repeat: " If you see me you won't commit a sin, "As a light straw I am pale and thin"

#### 43

When I die please bury me on the road, Let the good and bad march by my abode. Some may say: "I do not know him at all, Others my love "unsuccessful" will call

#### 44

It is your fault if I become mellow; I can't do a thing; it's all for you, fellow! If I'm Mussolman, a Guebr or Hindoo, Whatever I am; it's all because of you.

الرار مولى شبها على في تحويد المو دربيا بو تف بيا في الروشمن تمرداهت بكيره جوماهي وركب ديابالي اگرا بر مورد دیدی بجانی می بود البر فرستادت دُمانی اگر ارم از احوالم تر بست می بود ارمیت شده ما ندگاهی اکر مردم کرار نیم سَبِراه سنت سَنراو نامیسندا سَرموَرَيْنَ بِا یکی گوی که این مُرْدِه تفریب کی کویّد که کام اَز دِل نَدیدِ



O'dapple-grey horse with your colt, behold ! I'll make your rein silver and saddle gold . Move fast, for you have to go very far, You have to take me to my friend in Lar.

#### 46

Move on, O'my black horse, and no time waste, With golden shoes and leather saddle, haste. The moment that my darling I can meet, You taste barley, I have kisses sweet.

#### 47

O' dune-colored horse, sugar is your load, Move as fast as you can, over the road. Go fast, to my girl I desire to get, My heart is won by my slender brunctte.

#### 48

O' my black horse, your long mane I adore, What shall I do ? My darling's heart is sore! If for one night to my desire she'd yield, Your saddle and stirrup I would gild.

الا أسب تمن كثره بين ل لجامت فقره وزمنيت طلاكار بَرْن بُنار مَ سَيْسُوا بَ مرا با د لبَرِ لاری بیب نی

طَلائُعلَت بَحْمُ زِين قُو ُبِلْعَار نُوجُوبُ بَن مِن يُوسُ الَبِيارِ الا آسب سیاه بیغار ویکعار درون ساعت که بَرما رُم رِسِونی

بِزَن تُعلّج مَنزِل با ي بَنده دِلْمُ بالاي سَسْبَرَةِ قَدْ بُسُده



41





O' black horse, with round nipple like a grape Stirrups silvered, saddle in lovely shape. Take me to my darling tonight, I say, To the Eighth Imam, for you, I will pray.

## 50

O' beautiful and mellow partridge of mine, Amongst beauties as a star you shine. All the beauties from me have fled away, But I alone in my dark cage stay.

#### 51

My companion has a very sweet tongue, She is my comfort all my way along. But you have left me and have gone away, You shed my blood, still stay I pray !

#### 52

Hearken zephyr, blowing for night and day, This message to my old mother convey. Tell her "You kept many nights for me awake, "I sucked your milk; and just live for your sake'

بِكَابَتْ نُقْرِهُ وَرَمَيْتَ كُلُسِون الأكر سياي فور يستون الراسو برياريم ريسون مرا وت ميد بد شا وخراسون











الابا دست بای صبح وتشب کیر مجرو ما در سَلامَت میرسانم

You are the goddess of beauty, O' friend! Songs of birds and tongues of fish comprehend. To wealth and happiness you have access, You are a queen of beauty and success.

#### 54

Because of your love, my face is so pale, The worry of your love, has made me frail. Come to my house, O' my darling sweet, Welcome, on my two eyes may place your feet.

#### 55

O' girl, with a copper dish in your hand, With diamond collyrium your eyes look grand. As you climb the stairs to your grace you add, Your dignity is copied from your dad.

#### 56

O' sweetheart, your sweet voice I admire, Hearing your footsteps I'd desire. Your strides are long yet so full of charm, Sit near me and with your breath make me warm.

زَبونِ مُرْغ و ماهى را تو <mark>دارى</mark> بالأدفي ألافي را تو داري **رُبونِ مُر**جوماً هي تاج دولَت ينشون با دمش حى را تُودارى





بِحِبْمَت سُرِيةُ أَلمامُ سُنُ دارى





بِقَرْبُون صلامي کُوش ب**يت** سِاينېتِين کَهُجُونِيَن فَدَايت

الادختر بجث ربون صديب

بتريوني قدمهاي تبندكت

O' darling, your sweet voice I adore, Four things of you I love, and nothing more: Your black eyes and your tresses I desire, Your white hands and tender legs I admire.

#### 58

Darling, I love you, what you've got to say? Report my love to your parents today. If I tell them, their objection will rise, They will turn me down, what do you advise?

## 59

O' girl, many lovers near you abide, Your lovers are numerous on every side. Your two lips for pure ruby I would take; Your eyebrows are as tails of the Snake.

#### 60

My darling charming as the moon – I call, Your figure is so slender and tall. For the mole on your lip you may demand To have over all the women command.

م كِمَن عاشِق شَدَم بَرِجارِجاتِ

سَرِدِستِ سِفِيدُوسا تِ بِابَتِ

چرا بَرقوم وخوت نَت نِم مَلَى مَرا بَرتو نِمْ يَدَن نُوَ جِهِ مِمْ كَمَ

الا دُختر تراخواهمسَه چمنگی اگر بَرقوم دُخوت نم بگویم

لا<del>لاخت م بو</del>ليصابيت

ووجبون سيا، وزلفات

فَرًا وُون عاشِقَت أزهر كِنِارِه

سَرَت مَا زَم كَه أَبَروت دُمن ب

الاد فتر ترا عاشِق مسِنارِهِ كبت ي<mark>اقوتِ</mark> سُرْج آبدادِه

قدّت را لام العِن المي المُنْ ترائتهردار زنها میتوان گفت

اِلا دُختَر تُراما و مِتَوانُ كُفُت

بَرَاي خاطب بِخالِ كَبُوْنَت

I love you my darling; what do you say? Won't you tell your parents without delay? A message of love to you I will send, You must know on your answer I depend.

#### 62

"Though your father is so needy and poor,"
"Your narcissus eyes are precious, I'm sure."
"Forget poverty," she said "hear my word,"
"Narcissus eyes are the gift of the Lord."

#### 63

You are the earth's sun, my darling sweet, But your lover so cunningly you treat? No girl such mincing air will exhibit, You're coquettish whether you stand or sit.

#### 64

O' darling you are the leading female, You chatter sweetly as a nightingale. You do not need collyrium I suppose, In the youth garden you're the new rose.

جرابا قوم وخوتشونت فيسكى بَوابٍ قاصدٍ مارا ج ملكى







جرابا عاشِقِ څُودا يخين ين مَت مَازة چواستى <del>خِ</del>شِينى



<u>ېمەخۇبون ندارىداين ئېمىزماز</u>

الادُ خَتَر تُوْسَبَ دارِزَنونى بَحْدِيْبِ سَكْنَى سَشِيرِينَ زَبونى تۇبى سەم مېتىشە مازىنى كېتىتى نوگۇ ماغ جۇدى

As a garden cypress my girl I find, But to her lover she is so unkind. As the heavenly moon you shine so bright; Through the dark night you are my shining light

#### 66

O' girl, amongst beauties you are the queen ! As Mazanderoon tree, flourishing and clean. Now that you are a bud five kisses give, When you marry, this I cannot receive.

#### 68

O darling, you are like the moon on high, The lofty moon of the pillarless sky ! No defect, whatsoever has my friend, Except that she kills her lover in the end.

#### 69

O' girl, among all girls you're the full moon, You're sweet pomegranate of Mazenderoon. Armor clad and with earrings you're sweet; The moon of the sky you will sure beat.

## 65
الادختر وسر مروق باغی تصحیح ابا م عسف زیر م بی دماغی المربع الميرونى ول تاريك مارات مي عنى

الا وُختَر توست و وُختَرونى مسلحة ورَختِ سيوةً ما رُندَر وُ بَي بَهْ وَكُونَ عَجْداى بَن بُوس بودِه كَم فَردا كُلُ شُوى أَز دَكْمَ دِن

توما والشمون في مستونى الاوخسترتو ما و آسمونی ندارى كميتر خوعيب وتفضى بَمَينِ أَزْ عَاشِقْتْ جَانِ سِيون

الادختر تو ما و دختستردنی

زره بركرد مت كوشوار ، بركوش

اَنَارِ مِنْحُوْمُتِسْ مَازَنْدَرِد فِي

بمون ما و ميون آسموني

With your blue eyes, you are sweet and bland ! To the garden you go, basket in hand. Come to my garden and stay at ease ; Pick your peaches and then caress me please.

# 71

Having tied tight round the calf's neck your rope, Your tulip eyes are fine beyond scope. As calves I am bound by your love - string, No other advantage your love will bring.

#### 72

O' darling, your complexion I admire, Your doublechin I strongly desire. All your heart troubles to your mother tell, Your marriage subject to her I'll spell.

### 73

My sweetheart was rosy, short and fat, In Mahabad near the brook had her flat. A flat facing towards Mecca she had, She was infatuated and I was mad.

الافترون في زاغ دارى ۲۰ سَبَدَ وَردَسَتَ مِيلِ مَاغُ دارى سَبَدَوَر وَسَبَ وَلِي اغ ماكُنُ بَحِين شَفْت لوُ ومارا يضاكُنُ

الا وختر و حبيب الدوارى الم طناب بركردن كوسالددارى طناب أركردن كوسالدوردار جوميت برمن بيجاره دارى

إلاد ختر فَداي رَبْكُ فُبُوبَتِ فَداي غَبْغَبِ زَير كَلُو يَت برُورازِ دِلَت باما دَرَت كو كَم فَردا شومياً يم كُفتكو يَت

الا د ختر فت جارشونه داری الم محفار جو بی ممه با د خونهٔ داری

بَهُوُن خونهٔ که رو دوشب دونم خودت مست مرا دیوونهٔ داری

Though your father's poor, you're sweet and fair, Your unleavened dough with all men you share. You are so generous to every one,

But when you come to me you give me none.

#### 75

With your pomegranate face you look so bright, Your languishing eyes win hearts day and night. Your two locks look like horns of fighting ram, Ready to spill blood of sons of Adam.

#### 76

O' my darling, with your perfumed, blond hair, Hurrying to bath, you have no time to spare. Come out of the bath in a great speed, For my heart burns as an oven indeed!

#### 77

If you believe in God, O' sweet girl, Do not display so your dishevelled curl ! You are a girl, only seven years old, And yet in capturing hearts you're so bold.

ما منظر ما من خسر و ۲۴ بزیر جا در تنم من فطر و مرا منظر ما من فقیر و ۲۴ بزیر جا در تنم من فطر و مرکز مرکز مرکز مکر منگر می مسکی خمیر و

وحشي و بر بر بر مروم دو شيمون تو رور و سو حمار ه بخون رميزي عاشق كرم كاره

اِلا دُخْتَرِكُهِ رُوَيَتِ كُلُ أَيارِه دورُلفونَت جُوتُاخٍ قَدْحٍ خَلَى





بحموم مسيئہ وی زُودی سائی

بَرَيشُون كَرَدةً زُلفٍ دومارا بِرْندون كَردة مُرْغ هَوَا را

الاد وختر بني شاسى خدارا

بَهنى دَنَدونِ مَهْت سالِدِ تَحَدْى

O' girl you have forgotten God, I say, You lack good faith and you will lead astray. A barking dog you have tied in the hall, Not knowing the friend and the foe at all.

#### 79

O'my black camel, sugar is your load, Move fast, for I hate my present abode. Move on at high speed, go very fast, For high hopes I have on this trip, at last.

## 80

O' my male, black camel, I love your mane, In your palanquin, happy I remain. On your back at the dawn homeward I dwell, When I reach home, I'll buy you a golden bell.

#### 81

O' white—crested bird, hearken what I say, To my sweetheart this message convey: "He who took from me my darling away, "Will be punished by God on Judgement day."

الادختر نيشاس خدارا جِراكُمْ كَردة راهِ وَفارا نِيتْ الْسَدَغَرِيبُ وَآشَارا تكى راسبتد والون خونه

بزن مشلب كه مُنرِل ايسده

سَرِه بالانكبند يبيش تو تبذه

الاكوكر الريو قنده

بِزَن قُلَّج هت چي ميتَوُوني

بردى شايدات تضرى بسأزم خودم زركرشوم زنكت بسارم



خبرازمن بربج ايمشو بديلبر

فداميده سنراتي روز محشر

إلا مُرْغ سِفْتٍ بِنَاج وَرِسَر

يكو حركست تجدامون كرده جم

O domestic, lovely white fowl, I say, Enjoy seeds and water, and me obey. May you enjoy a drink at every spring, If some joy to my sad heart you can bring.

#### 83

My queen of beauties is now fast asleep, Don't disturb her for her sleep is deep. Should I wake her or let her so remain? Would she my sad heart give some hope again?

#### 84

O' King I know you are a mighty king, O' king, thou art the righteousness spring. Permit me to go and visit my friend, And all my life in your worship spend.

#### 85

No collyrium use in your languishing eye, Or else your six brothers I pray to die. Don't use collyrium in your charming eye, As barbecue I ever roast and fry.

حَلالَت باداً ب دوندً مَن

بكن بأدأز ولِ ديودنيُ مِن

توكيه خوابيده اي شِرْرُكان دِل عَم دارِمُوشادَسَ كَمْمُ مَن

<u>الاشا، والاای شاو</u>خوبان

الأتم يعتقب فريخ متن

مبر مسر مشر ابن مبوشی

چلوراً زخواب بيدرَت تحم مَن

إلاشاه وإلاشاه عِد*اكت* دُعاكوي تُوبائشم ما قيامَت

الاشاه وُالات وأيالت مرتص کو برکم دوسان سنم مرتص کن برکم دوسان سنم

الاد ختر بحق شِش بَرَارَت ۲۵ تنمین سُرمه به این حِشْم خَارَت نکیش سُرَمه که بی سُرَمه بَنِّ یکی تکم کردی وسین خراری کی سُری ک

Najma ! thou art indeed my soul, I say ; All wonder why such manners you display. If you're a friend, a friend you should remain, And ne'er go to the carpenter again.

#### 87

O' My moon of the sky, do not pretend, On your friendship I can never depend. You've no charming eyes, lashes, nor eyebrows, You've no sweet tongue; your face no beauty shows

#### 88

I pray; to the almighty Lord I pray, A black serpent may appear on your way, First to bite me who have given you my heart, Then to bite you, who'd no faith from the start.

#### 89

Dressed in doublet, your lips I adore, Let me see your face; of your love I'am sore. Seeing your face, my troubles renew of course, I give body and soul for your discourse.

الانجامي ما با جُون برابر ہمکہ کومیٹ کہ اوباج بڑابر اکریاری وسیس یار داری چکار داری بر اوسامي دُرددگر الا ما و بلمت بر آسیمان من مرکن لاف که یا رِمَن نما بی مَرْضِقْ داری مَد آبروی وَمَدْشَرِینَ مَدْمِنُ مَدْمِقْ بِالْمِنْ سُسِيرِينَ رَبابی الهي يا الحى يا ألهى ممررا هت بياده ريسياهي اَول بَرِمن زَنه دِل وَرتو نَسِمُ دوم ورتوزنه که بی و فالیً اليحج يومب يقربون كبونيت م رخت بنا که مُردُم اَزغُمونِتِ

سَروحُون ميدهم مَركفتكُوبِتِ

الیحیہ نومس تفریون نبوت رختِ بناکہ داغم تا زہ کردی I admire your lips, and your blouse is swell! As the clove perfume your lips smell. I would ransom all my wealth and its bliss; If you can bestow me a midnight kiss.

## 91

I am love-sick of your beautiful face, I am devoted to your home of grace. In ambush is my rival so smart, Thy love will sure rend my poor heart apart.

#### 92

The pomegranate breasts open, I desire, Gay and laughing lips of girls I admire. The youth who have no worldly wealth to give, Better be dead than in misery to live.

#### 93

Lips like red pomegranates my darling had, Her eyes are sharp as a wolf that is mad. Even if your folks arm themselves with sword, I still extort my kisses by my word.

الجو مشرق نكبون كبونت كربوى منكت آيد أز دَمون محموم ول والموالى كه دارم فدای بوست نیمه شویت

اً مان اى صَداً ما ن از عشق تت كم مردم مكث من الموت رقب بيرتوت در كميسينه ولمُ أرَّهجرتو جانا دنومي

جَرونُ خوبِكَبِشُ بْرِخَندِهِ باشِه بيره بهتره تأزيده باشه

آمار خو<u>م</u> مَتَرَ<mark>شُ وَركندِه ب</mark>اشِه تجوُّونی که ندارِه مالِ دُنب

يترندون تبركخم كوس أزكنت

أنار سمين ما نذي كبانت المربوكي مت ما ند جراك ك اًگرَ قومانِ توسمُشيردٍ بَدْنَ First, second, and third I adore my moon, Fourth, to Hajiabad I will go soon. In order to comb well my darling's tress, A comb of boxwood I will make, I guess.

#### 95

O' girl with flowers on your skirt, I say, You did not keep your promise any way. I will grab your skirt on judgement day, God will punish you for your cunning way.

#### 96

You're a tall candle, and I'm your butterfly, I'm mad for you, I turn round you and die. Though folks of each other we don't know yet, Our love for each other is deep, I bet.

## 97

Footless if I be, I will come to thee, Faithless I am if I don't move on knee. Even if my hands are cut off with an ax, My languishing eyes towards you'll relax.

اَوْل ما دُو دُوم ما دُوسُوم ماد که چارم مَيروم وَرحاجي آباد ترامشم شونه أزجوب شمياد برای زلف یا رضیت کرد

تحق تو کمو بد که چدهشتی بائن

ای د لېرې د فاي گل بَردامَن ۲۵ عَصدي که تو کَردي سَرنَردي بَکن فرداي قيامتت كمبرم دائن

دَردِ دِل بَهَر دوراتُخدا مِي دوني



إشاره سيكنيه حبيشهان مسخ



Above my head a snake I behold– A snake with thousand heads, I am told. Bitten is all my flesh many scores, Come sweetheart, only you can heal my sores.

99

Take my handkerchief to my friend, O'breeze, Who so love-sick is now sitting at ease. My best regards by this message convey : -" To you from childhood my heart gave away"

# 100

A journey to the seaport, once I tried, My horse then to a tree thereat I tied. The horse being aware of its master's mind, Was neighing, "Where my darling I can find ?'

## 101

Listen, my darling the night is so late; I have no chance my worries to relate. The warbler tells love-story to rose, So hard to part true lovers, I suppose.

چطور مارى كدىمردارد بزارى بالای مشرم افاده ماری بتوم كوشت جوتم را كريده بیا دِلبَر که پازَ هرش تو داری

بېمپش دِلَبَرِتْ يداي مَتْمَ كه مُواز خوردكى دِل بَرتونَسِمُ

ببرّای با د دستمال دسم يكو ولبرسكامت ميرساند

سمندى *سبست*دائم باي **چارى** ، مَش شيه كمِثِ طوطي كُجا لَيُ

ببتدرا ومدم باری به باری مَه كَانَي ميخورِه مَه مزمه كا بي

سین ای وُل سین اَزشوچهِ زمته

كم ببن راز ول سيكير بَرِكْلُ

کم نبک مَت مشیدي <sub>ق</sub>رخته

دويارا زهم جُداكَردَن سِجْعِيْ

I'd survive if a piece of bread I take, No fuss for yester and today I'd make. Crying day and night, your love I express, The sun will be darkened of my distress,

## 103

O' flocks graze; for your shepherd is now sad, Pour down O' rain for this makes me so glad. O' singing bird stop tonight, I pray, She is melancholy and sad, today.

# 104

Brother, a visit from you I demand, My hands bound, under a burden I stand. Come and let me your company enjoy, For the whole world is too transient, my boy.

## 105

I was fast asleep, when my darling came, She sat beside me, so polite and tame. First passed her hands round my neck very tight. Lovingly asked " How do you do tonight ".

بترك و بن ب ثم من شورو بترك و بن ب ثم من شورو بنالم و دوشوا د مشقت المي د بميره تا ير سوز سينه الم روز

سِجِرِ لَكُم كَم چَوِيوِن دَر عَدَابٍ " ببار بارون كَه باريدَن تُوَابِهِ الا اى مُرغ دوْغ دوْغ دوْغ كُنْسِ. كَه حال دلبرمُ المِشوحَت ابِهِ

بیخیم اسطار است ای برادر دود کستم زیر بار آست ای برادر بیا تاسیر دیدارت سبیم که دنیا بیقرار است ای برادر

بخواب فأزيبيهم أومد نكارم فسيجتس وادب شد دركخازم آول دست مُحبّت كرد مم كرد دوم يرسيد حال رُوز كارم With blood a message I write to my friend, On a black-dove's wing this message I send I'll write, "Without you, soul-less I remain, " In your absence I will cry and complain"

### 107

O' God, I wish with my girl to remain, I long to see my darling once again. Put your lips on my lips and knee to knee, Pour out the dews of your tresses on me.

## 108

What do I care, if you've a ring in hand? Or if a hundred lovers you demand? If your two sweet pomegranates are rare, And you offer to others, I don't care ! 109

Give me your handkerchief as a keepsake; Tears mixed with blood from my eyes I make. Until you come I will constantly weep, Pity my heart; it is in sorrow deep.

106

من ول وستر من دُمانًا معنا مبردُم وَرَبَرِ مِرْغَ سِيا لَيُ مَنْ مُنْ وَرَبَرِ مِرْغَ سِيا لَيُ مُنْ وَمُنْ وَرَبَرِ مِرْغَ سِيا لَيُ مُنْ وَوَقَعْمَ وَرَبَرِ مِرْغَ سِيا لَيُ وَقُولُو مُنْ وَأَلَامان دا د ازَ جُدُا بَي

مِدْكَاهِ حَسْدا بيد آرزُويم ٢٠٧ كَدْكْجَار دَكْر آنَى بَسُويم زَنْ لَبَ بَرَلَبُمُ زَانُو بِزَانُو شَبِرَانُو سَبِرِيرُهُ سَبِرِيرُهُ سَبَهُ زُلُفْت بُرُويم

بدل صَدْمُشتری داری بوچ بِدست دگیری داری بِموچ



بده دَسال دَست یا دِگاری <sup>۱۰۹</sup> کُم مّا اَشک خون زَدید <sup>م</sup>جاری برزُم اَشک خون ما توبیایی کر رحمی بَر دیل زارُم یِا بی

I met a Zoroastrian girl on a tower, Charming and delicate as the morning flower. "Sweety" I said to her, give me a kiss, "There's my father", she added, with a "hiss!'

# 111

Go and tell my girl, so wise and sweet, "Your headdress I desire to be very neat, "The nights I go steady with you, I tell, "Your sweet mouth tobacco should not smell "

### 112

Come and let me milk you, O' my red goat, And make a porridge of it with some oat. Though the porridge I do not like to miss, I will sell it to my girl for a kiss!

#### 113

Play your flute, as my heart is really sad; Play it, for I'm really homesick and mad. Play your flute, but your sad melody change; Remove my sorrow, for I feel strange.









بِزَن بن راكه عُم داره ولي " بِزَن بن راكه دور مَنرِل مَن بِزَن بی را مقام بی بگرددن که تا بیرون کخی دو دازدِکِنَ

My heart is burning, while your flute you play; My tears have made the sea foamy today. When my destiny they decided to make, My luck was asleep and never did wake.

## 115

O' faithful flute-player your tune you play, For a friend comes to me from far away; O' flutist play and with sweet voice sing, O' harpist pour your heart through your string.

### 116

When you pass through the long alley, be quick, It's prayer time, no time flowers to pick. Don't pick flowers, five kisses give in haste, Coquetish love-kisses, lovely will taste.

# 117

Under her blouse her two teats I behold, Shining as fine jewels encased in gold. No one has ever witnessed such a thing, That a cypress the lemon fruit would bring.

بزن فی را که سوزه وِلِ من <sup>۱۱۴</sup> کَفی دریا و آبِ دید ُه مَن ہمون وقتی کہ طالع مینوِث تند کُجُا بید طالع خفت ید ہمن

بِزَن بِي زَنَ رِسْيِق بِا وَفَائِمُ ٢٠ كَمَ مِعِونَ عَسَنَهُ بِيزَاً بِهِ تَرَائِمُ بِحَوْانِ إِي نَازِنِينِ مَا رَحِيَةٍ بِنَهُمُ ٢٠ بِعَالَ اي حَجَّكَ إِمَشُواَ زَبَرَائِمُ

بزی کوچ مَروکوچ درا زِ ه علا بزی کوچ مَروکوچ درا زِ ه بلگ چیدن مَرودختِ نَمازِه بلک حیب دَن مَروبَن بوس ادِهِ که بوسا ی عاشقی از روی از ه

بزير بيريمنت مستونيه ولبر ورخان في المسر ورخة زر کسی نا دیدہ ونششیدہ اِ مروز وَرْحْتِ سَرو ليمو أورَد بر

Withered I became like a willow leaf; All my misfortunes rise from my heart-grief. The dews of your hair may fall on my face, I'd die last night, were you not at my place.

## 119

To relieve my headache, I tied my head, With a scarf having flowers white and red. I've no sleep at night, nor rest at day. O' messenger, tell her all these, I pray.

# 120

She wears black scarf with headdress of lace, Two lemons on chest, and blond hair full of grace. No use for me to repent any more, I'll cry for her until my eyes are sore.

# 121

I wish to put on fire the spinning wheel, Forget the wheel, and some comfort you feel. Come near me and put your lips on mine, For your lips as life-fountain I define.

زِيبكه غصِّبه وُل خُوردَه بيدُم بالمكالية المدوقة أكر ديشو ندبيدى مرده بيدم يروي مشبعة ولقت برويم

نَه شوخواب ونَدر وزاروم دارم مرای م<u>ار</u>خود پینوم دار<mark>م</mark>



بسينه جنت كموجوكونات بور بح كُريدكم ماچشمت بشه كور

بِسرَدَس<mark>الُ سُسَى چ</mark>ارقَد تور بَشیمانی دِکر سوُد می نُدارِه

وَخِرْ اَرْبِا يَحْبَ خَاسَ نُورِدْ ي كرجون نازنين بَرِلَبْ مِيهِ



Darling, give up your trip to Shiraz, please, I'm hit by love's arrow, but you're at ease. You part, my darling, and my thoughts you know, Before you go, some kindness to me show.

# 123

Throughout the lonesome night I weep and sigh, Sometimes because of my bad luck I cry. Sometimes like a wounded tiger I remain; Or like a mad lion in heavy chain.

## 124

I die for your dress with stripes of blue, The Lord knows I am not worthy of you. The Lord and all the holy saints well know, My liver burns and my heart is aglow.

#### 125

I die for your manners, sweet and warm,
You pick flowers with coquetry and charm.
Darling, as for picking violets you go,
You destroy your friend instead of your foe.

بشراز فقت دامن فبودم براكه ترعِشقَت خوردَه بودُم بشراز مى روى إى جاب بي بن شخنهای د کم را تو می دا تی





بِعَربوبَت شَوْم إِي ما رِجونى مستقول بِقَرْبِون مَنْعَثِ كَنَدَنِ تو كم دوست راجاي دشمن منشون

For your collyrium-painted eyes I die, My hands on your tender breasts wish to lie. If you care to give me a lovely kiss, I'd pray that your brother you never miss.

## 127

Ready to shed all my blood on your way, So do not turn away from me, I pray. I'll have you, whether you're near or far, Even if you go to heaven as a star.

### 128

For your pretty face I faint and swoon, I wonder whether you're a star or moon! With the help of God, I will get you by, E'en if you become a star of the sky.

## 129

Many times for your love I die, or swoon, Are you a star, or the heavenly moon ? If you're a moon, emerge from clouds, l pray, And to your lover always loyal stay.

بالم الم الم دو دستم روی پتو نای غزیز الركيف بوسه تدر ما يا بي شبيني داغ كاكاي عزيزت

بِقُرْبُونِ سَرَت كَردُم دوبارٍ مُحَمَّر مَسِيكُن أَز مو كِنارِه باميد خدا بَجْكَتْ مي آرُم آكَرُ دَرَ آسِمُو كُرُدى سِستاره

مِتْرَبُون سَرَبَت كُردُم دوبارِهِ ۲۰۰ نَدونِتِ تُمُ تَوْ مَا هَى يَاسِتْهَارُ اگر در آسمون کردی ستار<mark>ه</mark> بتوفيقِ خُدا تَجْلَت بيارُم

ينيدانم تو ماهي ياسيستاره مسلمونی بدین کمب ما کی



I die for you even though you are old, But darling, no one else, except me hold ! If another lover you care to take,

I wish from your sleep you never wake !

# 131

O' darling, I adore your hair and face, I die for you, for you are full of grace. I put my head as button on your chest, As braid around your nipples I will rest. 132

In the love-trap of Kazeroonies I fall, For Shirazi beauties are unkind all. If you want sweetness in girls to meet, Get a Kazerooni girl, she's sweet.

## 133

I'd die for you, if e'er you go away, Without you I cannot alive stay. Your fiery love many youth will slay, Your slant scarf has led many astray.

مترون مرتب مرحبد کد سری الله مرا دا ورسسترم باری بلیری الرخوا می شرم باری کمری سَرسو توكمی شوكير جبيری بقربون ستروسيات كَرُدُم " بَلاكَرَد ون سَرابًا بات كُرُدُم چو قطون دُور بي توات كردم چې د کمه سرتنم برروی سيت بقرتون ست بر بمر كا زِرُونی الله كيست ازى تدار ه مِرَدِن أكرخواهى يبسبني ميرئوني بروكك ولكبرأز كازروني يقرُبون عَف ريمي رفتَن يا رسم ميرم ما مَد سبسم داغت مي الم مَوم جابِلون أزغُضَه مُرَدَند أزاين كَج سَبَن دَسمات ما الم

Flowers I would pick and happy stay, And as warbler would be chattering all day.

## 135

Your tall willow figure, I truly adore, Your charming white girdle made my heart sore. If I knew you are truthful in your word, Waiting till eternity I'd afford.

# 136

I would die for my darling's charming curl, I'd plant wheat on the chest of my girl. I know on her chest may grow no grain, But thus her two pomegranates I will gain!

### 137

I admire you, lovely and tender Miss, Purse your lips and let me enjoy a kiss. Then your eyes use as a cup, I demand, Fill up that cup and let me kiss your hand.



بِقَرُبون مَتَدوبالامی بیدَت اکرَ دائم ک<u>و</u> حَرفَت حَرف باشِهِ بقرنون كمرَبَبْ سِفَيدَت ينشينم تا قيامَت درأمَية

بروي سيندأش كندم كجارم ، مَين بَسَ حاصِلِ أُون جُف<mark>بت الأُمُ</mark>

يبتريون ميروُم زلفِ نگارُم بردي بيناش کندُم نِيشه

لبونت غُنِي كُنُ مَا مَنَ سَبِيتَ بِعَرْبِوِن وُلُ و مُولِ مَلُوْسَم كبونت مخبجه كن حيثت بيا لِه پاله می <sup>و</sup>یجن دست بیوسم

My sweetheart, I admire your fine white shawl, So wisely you came, no one saw you at all. How cleverly you came from a distant way, To God who made you so, I will pray, 139

The cemetery I visited by chance, To tombs of poor and rich I cast a glance. With a winding-sheet was covered the poor, The rich had just the same and nothing more.

## 140

I die for your two eyes shining so bright, Away from you I will cry day and night. If I don't see you for a day, I cry, I ask about you from birds in the sky. 141

With ogling's arrow your lover you slay, Draw a bow's design on my grave, I pray. I want all passers-by to read that record, And know that I am slain by your sword.

# 138
بتركون عمون شال سيندت چطور خوب او مدی کی ندت بقريون خداكه آفس ريك چار و او مکازا وسا



شب وروز کر به کرد م آز فرغت زِمرغانِ بَواكَيرُم سُراغت



بكمشِ نَقَنْ وَكَان سَبَس برمَزارُم

شهید شیوهٔ اَبروی یا رُم



When on my home's mountains I cast a glance, My life again caught the fire of romance. Your separation is burning my chest, My teeth are falling out; I have no rest.

# 143

Roof to roof, I go to the roof of my friend, Till equinoxes thus my time I spend. Till my heart wakes, sitting I will remain, I'll put my lips to her lips once again.

#### 144

Through mountain and hill, journeys I will take, That my darling a shirt for me may make. Failing to do what of her I require, I will sure put the entire world on fire.

# 145

O' cameleer, disembark all your load, Without delay, at my darling's abode. Unload camels and let them be at ease, This is my sweetheart's home, remember please.

بجوساروطن شيوتم أفت د دوباره آتيش برخونم أفتاد قراق دوريت دارم بسيه یکا یک رَختہ بَرَ دندونُم اُفت د م برده مو**ک بر بوک تا بوکن د ل**بر يستيئم مآترازونا زَند مستر نشيم بآولم سبيدار كرده زَيْمُ لَبْ وَرَسِتْ لِيار وللمَرَ بمنتس تجميرُم سيب َربي بارُم بدوزه بكردم كوه بكوه بورة بوره أكراون يب رغم بارم بدوزه زنم آيتش تمه عالم يسوز مجمنم اربونا باريب داز ببرئيث قتلعه ولداريب بيذاز بارناى استتران المسترديك سراى يار بندا

My friend," I said ; " My life, " was her reply, "Kisses " I said. She said, " My lips do try ". I said, " Where will your lover, life receive ? " With smiling lips she said, " My tongue , I'll give".

#### 147

You are like a bud that will open soon, From behind the hills you peep as the moon. If I know that you'll finally be mine, On your lips I'll inscribe the word divine.

### 148

Come, O' my sweet heavenly beauty, Come, my slender, white and blond cuty! When my coffin will be taken away, Visit my grave, my sweetheart, I pray,

# 149

A pair of golden boots to have, I wish, My messengers will be the birds and fish. To my sweetheart this message I'd send: "When will you visit me, my dear friend?"

۱۴۶ بلفتم بوب گفتا این کبونم بخدیدارک وگفتا زیونم المتعقبة المناقبة الموتم بلغتم جان عاشِق دَر كَجُابِهِ

بِها، ما بن كَداز كُوُ فازَ بن سَر بېل، بې که باغنې زَن پَر ٱكْرَدا تُم كَم آجتَ مالٍ ما في نويسهُ مَركبَتْ التُدْكُبُ

ييفيدُنا زكتُ بورُم بياي م کموتین ولیت محور م سب میچ نگارُم برلَبِ گورُم بياي دَرا و وَقَتْي سَرَن تَا بُوُت مَارا

بكيرم قاصدي ازمرغ وماهى يميم جي كمة زر وطب لائي وُلِ بالا ببت م کی میا گی بكيرم قاصدى يبشت فرستم

# O' warbler on mountain top, do not cry . Come down and Karajrood water you try, "The mountain top causes headache " it's said. "But Karajrood is refreshing instead." 151

My tall beloved girl when shall I meet? You are worthier than gold, this I repeat. My tall darling, of your love I am mad; Since you went away I am always sad. I've stayed in mosques and God tried to see, But even there your love will torture me.

# 152

I was on the peak, O' tall girl, behold ; Take me to your bosom, for I' ve caught cold. Open your bosom and squeeze me tight, For in the desert I have spent the night. 153

My tall darling, I adore you on the whole, I have come to you just for your lip's mole. Your mole you desire to sell, I am told. I would purchase your mole with precious gold.

# 150

مبلک چندیالی تروک کو، بيا پائين تُخور آب كرَج رود سَرِيبيال دارُم بَرنوكِ كوه كرَج رود دَردِم تربسار دارِه

طَلای خوش سَیِسندُم کی میابی قُرْق كَرَدُم سَائِم خَانِيَةً تَوْ

تبندبالا بنبت محى ميآيي ببند بالاستوم ديواينه تو

بُنَن بالا بِكو ٤ مُند ، يم مرًو بعن بَعْل كُبُ كِم سَر ماخور دَه ميم مُو بَعْل كُبُ مُورٍ هُ مُنْفَج بَعْل كَير في في في في مَد بيا بو مُند ، يم مُو

مُنَد بالا سالات آمدُم من مَرامي خال لَبات آمدُم مَنَ شَندُم خال لَبات ميفروش تخريدا رُم مِبُودات آمدُم مَنَ

O tall girl, I will love you to the end, In this alley I have no other friend. Peevish you were as juice of sour grape, I made you sweet and put you in good shape.

154

## 155

My tall girl, your fruition I didn't get, For years and months your face I have not met. For years and months my time on you I spent, But you have never a love message sent!

# 156

O' tall perfumed, sweet-lipped girl, I say, For those kisses how much do I have to pay ? I would pay you whatever you demand, Rey town, Rome, Bukhara or Samarkand.

#### 157

My tall sweetheart, your lips are sweet; Your tall tresses reaching your waist and feet. E'en if you ascend to heavenly throne, God has destined your soul to be my own.

درى كوچ ت ندت كرده يم مو مثال نرميه قندت كرد و يم مو فريالانت وويم مو مرض بودى مثال آب غور م

بمبتدبالا نديدم كامى أزتو تستحيث يُم سال ومَه بَدَنا مي أرتو كيث يدم سال ومتها نشيسة م تديدم في وَفاسٍين مي اَرتو

بَرَای بوُسه نات قیمت کم جَدْ ری در دمُ دُنُجا را دستم قَبْد

تبند بالاي ريجا بي لبت قَند بَراي بُرُسه فات فَيْتَ مَدَامُ

فِآده مْ رِكْسِو مْ كَمْسَندا

تراقيمت من كرده خداؤم

مر بندبالاي ريحاني تبت قَند

أكراز ترمش بالأتريشيني

# 158

My tall Kermani's lips are sweet, I say; "For two kisses how much do I have to pay?" "Priceless they're," she said, "but I demand", "The whole of Bukhara and Samarkand".

# 159

The night before last my good friend I met; Riding the black horse of the ranch, I bet. He let the rein go, and then rode so fast, That the youths' applause for hours did last. 160

Unhappily misled by your charming call, Ignorant of the ditch into which I fall. I thought you'll be my friend to the end, But half-hearted you were, my dear friend.

## 161

Many new tricks the world has yet to play, To buy new coat, my shawl I give away. A black-eyed sweetheart I try to find; Though beauties proved to be very unkind.

بنديالاي كرمونى تبت قحذ دُد بُوس خواهَم نفَرِ القَمِيْسُ حَيْدِ رَ مِ مُلْكُ سِبُ نَجْحَا را وسَمَرَ قَنْد بتهاى بؤسه أم فيمبت نداره



تدوسيتم كم ميافق بجباهى تدونيتم رفسيق نيبرراهي







A friendly gathering you have, I bet; I'll sing so that your shyness you forget. I will sing in a gathering so warm, But I'm struck by faces full of charm.

# 163

O' poor nightingale, cry, I tell you, cry! A mouth, as tight as a bud, I like to try. Come and let us both unhappily bewail, You for the rose; I for my nightingale.

# 164

I will make noises like a rattlesnake, Sounds shrill, as mountain partridges, I make. No use to cry from a distance, I fear, Better cry where my sweetheart can hear.

# 165

Spring has come, but lonely I wander, As fish along the coast I move and ponder. Deer roam in desert; tigers in the hill, They have their friends, but I'm alone still.

بنام ملک کوم شا را ۱۶۲ بخونم بنگ شرم نشا را رس از خواندگی ترواندارم خبالت میکیشر وی نشا را

بِنَالُ بُبُل بِنَال بِيجَارِهُ بَبُل دَمونَتْ تَنَكَ وهَمجونُ عَنجة كُلُ بيا بكب ساليم تبردوتا مۇن توتجشٍ كلّ بِالمَرْبَحِيْنُ كُمْ

بِناكُم مَن مثالِ مُحْسَرةً مار علما بيناكم مَن مثالِ كُوُكِ كُوْسار بِرَم جا بَيُ بِنَا لَمُ بِشِهُوَدَ بِإِ مَن أز باليدَن دورُم جرعاص



Spring has appeared; flowers do not miss, It is now time the darling's lips to kiss. Your dear sweetheart you will have to greet, With perfumed lips of maidens so sweet. 167

Spring has come and I'm love-sick at home, At the seaside, as the sea-gull I roam. Deer of desert and tigers of the hill, All have their mates, but I'm alone, still.

# 168

I'm infatuated with a spring so mild, Leading the caravan as a camel wild. Camels carry six hundred kilos of load, Burdened with love, I move to her abode. 169

To Badamoo of Kerman I did get, Two beautiful girls on my way I met. One of the girls I tried to hug at last, When the other girl jumped on my back fast.

تبار **المركك جيدتى** شد <sup>١۶۶</sup> كبان دُختران بۇمسىيدنى شد كبان وختران حِلْ تصنيحَكْ بسوقات بُزركان بُردَي شد







The walls of my darling's house are so high, Seeing them, from my sore heart I drew a sigh. The mud and dust that are left by her shoes, As collyrium for my eyes I will use.

# 171

Near the garden, my new Moon I will see, I whip the horse and its rein I let free. My knee near her knee I will keep with joy. Her company with God's help I'll enjoy.

# 172

To Daroon I travel with limping pace, That I may see my darling's rosy face. I go to see my darling girl so fair, Who has disturbed all people—like her hair,

# 173

In a cool, mountainous region you live, My heart's sufferings you don't know, I believe. O' wind, take this message to her and say : "In a foreign land lonesome I stay".

مَنَ أَزْ دَرْدِ وِلُمُ آَهِی کَیْتُ دُم بِجا می سُورمَه دَر چَشْمِمُ کَشَدِم ومستعد ومراسية مَون خالى كِدِ أَزْكُوشَتْ مَكْبِدِ





بَراى دىدن وُن وى كُلُوُن كِرضَعْ شَدْجُو زُلْفُونَتْ سَرِيشُون

بر دار دن *مَيرُوُم كَنْكُونَ كَنْكُونَ* برامي ديرين الون روي كلكون

بريلاق ويكوهسا بروك متن

الاامی باد سپین می با وتر

نداره او *حنسبَرا*َزاین دلم<del>ِ</del>ن

مجوافياده غريت منبرلين

To Dehnow I go to see my sweetheart, God knows, of her love, restless is my heart. If she would only bestow me a kiss, I would sacrifice all my worldly bliss.

#### 175

Darling, enter my home as e'er before, With your love I will not part anymore. Your love, my darling, has very deep roots, As a tree, expanding branches and fruits. 176

O' wind, come and take my kerchief away, And to my frenzied darling it convey. Give her my best compliments with this thought; My hands under the foes' millstones are caught.

# 177

Carry my handkerchief away, O'breeze, To my lovely and haughty darling, please. Tell my girl, with all my greetings so warm, "From infancy, I was won by your charm".

خُدا دونيه زيحِشْقَتْ بي قُرارُم ي و ه الم الم الم الم الم الم الم الم بياييش ميكيم هَرچي كه دارم الركب بوس ندر ما كنه يا ر

بیاز در دَراً مِشْ تَمْتِ <sup>۱۷۵</sup> کِه مِبرِتِ اَز دیلمُ برِون یِنیشہ کِه مِبَرِت بِادیلم بِنِتُ دِرِختِ کَشِیدہ شاخ وبال اَنداختہ بِ





بيابا و سرّ دَسمال دَسمَ بِبِينَ وِلبَرِينَ مِداي مُستم بيابا و سرّ دَسمال دَسمَ بِبِينَ وِلبَرِينَ مَدَاي مُستم يكو دلبَرسَلامت ميرِسُوندِ كَمِنَ أَركُوُ دَكَى دِل وَرتوسَمُ

178 Zephyr, O' pexation-removing breeze, Take this message to my good mother, please. Convey my greetings with a tongue of silk : Forgive my sins, for you've given me milk. 179

O' wind ! this message to my friend convey, To my sweet-tongued girl this I wish to say : -" Heydar wishes you happily to live,

" Beware my sighs, and my troubles relieve. "

#### 180

Many fields tonight I passed in a trance, But of my flower could not enjoy a glance. I wish that blind were both my careless eyes, For she was near but I didn't recognize.

## 181

O' warbler stop, do let me cry and weep, The rose you love; my love for Najma's deep, Nine months and ten days for the rose you cry, All night and day for her I weep and sigh.

بيا با وحسباي وزول كير خَبَراَزمَن سِبِ دور مادَرِ سِرْ بكوف زندسلامت ميرسونه حلالم کمن که مشبها دا د هٔ شیر

بېتېش ولېرستېرىن زىرىم بېرس تېت رازاين اەرۇغۇنى



نُفْرَسَبِكِتْ كَلَّى اَنداخُتُمْ إِمْتُو وِل مَن اينجه بي تَسْهَاخُم المَتُوْ



توَنجش كُلْ بنال مَن يَخِشْ ما رم مَنْ بَخْنْ إربالْمُ مَرَشِبِ رُوز

ببكك تومنال بس مَن بناكم توتجش كم سبال سيرماه ودّه روز

I wish the felt—maker's hands were cut deep, For in his blanket two cannot sleep.

## 183

Come dear, and let us with our love comply-A love as that of candle and the fly. In meditation as Moses to be, But serve the tavern when you are carefree.

#### 184

Come, darling, you are my life, I confess; The key to my possessions, you possess. My soul and body are wounded and sore, You are my doctor, keep away no more!

# 185

My fourteen\_year\_old girl I like to meet, For she is short, strong and very sweet. If I sleep with her a hundred nights, I say, More reward she reaps, than if she'd fast and pray!

ماري الماري المركبي المركبي المركز كركش بيافة حارة منيت المريب المحاري المركبي المركز كركش بيافة حارة منيت الريب المحاري أركبي المركبي الم



أكرصد شوبهلوتيت بخوائم

قَدچار شونه چاروَه سالهِ دُختر بيا وختر با جا رس اله وتتر ثواتبش أزنما زوروزه بهتر

Come darling, thee tonight I'll tightly hold. I will adorn your nice girdle with gold. I'll ask the painter your girdle to paint, Though I don't know if you're Turk, Fars, or saint!

# 187

Tonight our time on watering we spend, With me will come a smart and witty friend. Give me a kiss that the dam I may close, At dawn we'll be fast asleep, I suppose.

## 188

Come darling, tonight the fields we'll irrigate, No sleep tonight when we should have a date. Sleep for me tonight is a nasty thing, For my darling comes from Dehnov Spring.

# 189

I wish to pick from your garden a rose, I die if you don't prescribe me this dose. If I see you two hundred times a day, Stil<u>l love</u> message by birds'll convey.

ما وخشر شرا بر محمی م اِمِشُو کَمَرَ بَبُ تُرُا زَرُ كَمْرِم اِمَتُو کَمَرَ بَعَدُو مِنْ مَنْ اِمَتُو کَمَرُ مُ با دُختركه إمتو آب مونهِ ١٨٧ رفيقٍ عاقِلى دُنب لمونه بد و بوسی که (وُلکا برا) بِمَبْدُم سحرنزد كيئ وقت خوابعوني بیا وختر که اِمشو اُومی یہ ۲۸۸ بِحِپْم دلبُرم کی خوْسی پ بِحِبْمِ دِلبُرُم ُنونیت اِمِثو کہ اواز چِثمۂ دینومی پ بيا وختر كلى حيث فرباغت محمد ميرم برك ميمونه داغت

أكرروزى دوصدمارت ينم كمازم بنج بمواكيرم شراغت

**Come sweetheart**, don't be unkind again. You won't always young and charming remain. My life on charming friends I did consume, I want no life without you, I presume.

#### 191

Display yourself on the top of the roof, Thus to our love-covenant give a proof. On the holy Qoran let's make an oath, For we're young and our covenants may loathe. 192

My white bird with slit breast, come to me, For I will die if you I cannot see. If until dawn vesper you don't appear, I will be dead by the sunrise, I fear.

# 193

If you sit with me, your beauty won't fade, I know, we were not for each other made. Our destinies are controled by the Lord, What is not God's will, we cannot afford

بالمختر مكن الحلب برمن المن المية نعيت بازارِ جَود بن جود نيم برفت ازدست يارُو<sup>ن</sup> تَخَوَاهُم بي جودُ ني زِند كوُ بن



بیا دَر بون بیا در کوست بُون ككام اتبد بيار تائم قتم شيم



تفيب يؤونو باحتسم نميثه ج سا زُم که حُت اراضی غیشہ

باينبشين جَلالَت كَمَ تِمِيسُهُ

بفیب مو<mark>و تو کا رِحْت ا</mark>یہ

Through the wilderness I wander and roam, No news I have from my darling at home. The Mulla no letter will read to me, And excited with joy I'll no more be. 195

My father's good and lovely is mother, But the best fruit of earth is my brother. You can search throughout the world, if you mind, But dearer than brother you will not find. 196

Pari, of your departure I am ill; They tell me you have the remedy still. I have a hundred wounds in my two feet, You're the remedy I travel to meet.

#### 197

O' my fairy, I miss you much indeed, As wood in the stove I burn with speed. The rose you gave me once, I'll ever keep, Though you are gone and I'm in worries deep.



پَدِر خوُبه وما دَر ما زِينب نِه الله مرا دَر ميدة روى زمي ينه الركردى تهمة عالم سترسر أنسب ميوه اي بر أزبرادر

تَرَك داغ حبُ الى دارُم أرتو صَدوسى وسينت خبر فورده بائم صَدوسى وسينت خبر خورده بائم

۱۹۷ بوزم همچو کسند و در جاری ېرى رفتى كەجايت ماند ، خالى خۇدت رفىتى ولۇك ماند بادگارى لل مُسرخى كمه تودادى ببستم

O Perizad, my love is hope forlorn, I wish from my mother I was not born! The milk I sucked was mixed with gall and pain And now, oppressed by rivals I remain.

# 199

Darling, you've dishevelled your locks too soon; Like dark clouds that obscure the shining moon. Your oglings, sweetheart, charming and gay, Make the angels in heaven go astray.

# 200

O' my cousin, God has ordained my fate. His plans are thoughtfully arranged and great ! For to some He destined partridge and dove, But the old raven he gave me to love.

# 201

My cousin out of flower gardens came; With a handful of flowers sent his claim. His two hands were well dyed with henna brown, Worthy to be the sheriff of our town.

#### 198





خدا تقدير بي تدسب كرده لفسيب ما كلاغ بيب كرد

يسَرعَمَوحُثُ اتْقَدْير كَرُده نصيب مَردمون كُوْكُ وكَبوتر

دوخيلس برگل درو وَرمنَ اوم

بِشِوِنَسْس مِي بَرًا زِه كَدَخُدًا بَيُّ



O darling cousin, as a bud you bloom! Take off your shoes and come into my room. On my carpet, my dear, barefooted rest, As token of love your kerchief is best.

#### 203

I bade farewell to my girl yesterday, Then travelled from home and went far away. No provisions I took, which was too bad, I trusted the Lord; He was all I had

# 204

Evenings I sit under captain's palmtree; I took an oath the port never to see. I'll avail myself of my Tooti's shade, I'll be a king, if I be with my maid.

#### 205

Last night when at last the cattle herd came, My black-eyed beauty went to milk the same. Her eyes to me but to the cattle her face, As a calf following his mother pace by pace.



تيسيني آلوداع كرّديمُ ورشيتهم ولاز دِلبَرُجُدا كَرديمُ وسَتِتِم تَسِيني آلوداع كرّديمُ ورشيتهم ولاز دِلبَرُجُدا كَرديمُ ورَسِتِم تَدامُشَتِم تُوسَتِبِه را وِغَرَيْبِ تَوَلَّلُ بِ حُنْدا كَرُديمُ ورَفْتِم





Today. yesterday and ever before, My girl everyone is used to adore. Four things are sweet and her fragrance show Crystal sugar, cardamom, cinnamon, clove.. 207

When I meet you my heart begins to burn, I sweat and get upset, my eyes I turn. If your parent's consent I can't obtain, I'll flee with you and somewhere else remain. 208

Amongst the girls I crave with you to pet, I want a rose — thorns in plenty I get. I want a rose in whose shadow to rest, For with wall—shade I've often been oppressed.

#### 209

In the Dashti land I had a good time; My youth I spent in enchantment sublime. What happened to your days of youth, my boy? You know, you can't bring back the bygone joy!

# 206

بر بنی و<del>ا</del>ب بنی واتسینی بشيري بارِمَن کتى يے نبات ومنجك وهل دارچيني بشيريني يارم چار چينز

عرَق ازبند دل سريزماي ول می می می می می موزم ای ول ترا وَر دارْم و مكبر بزُّم اى ول أكردونم ترا ورمن مني دن

كلى يخوام وكريذ خارب يار تُراميخوام وَكَرَنَه بِإربِهِي<mark>ار</mark> وكرندس يرديوارب المى مينوام كم وَرساكَيْسَ فِشْعَيْمُ

دَايَم جَودتن خُوش كُذُشِتى توم ملك دشتى ملك وشتى که دیگر سیش ما تو ورنگشتی کچ رفتی تو ای روز جو ونی

When you were asleep I was wide awake, Ready to serve you and orders to take, But you have ordered me to be deposed, Feeling unworthy, this I had supposed.

# 211

From high up you come, from below I appear You wear satin, brocaded silk I wear. The southern wind will wither both, I claim; On brocaded silk and satin just the same.

# 212

You're in the garden; I'm behind the wall; You are a queen; and in your trap I fall. I am sure in the whole world you won't see; A lover so true and faithful like me.

# 213

You're on a high roof, on ground I perish; Your golden oranges, I dearly cherish. Your golden oranges I like to squeeze; Let me press them very hard, darling, please!
تو خلیم کاری بدا شدم " کمراز بخب برخیت بسته بدیم و و و و و و المعرول كرد محرم من لايق خِدمت مَه سِدُم

توازبالاسب ، مُوزٍ بالى توطكس رابوش الموزرانى، حموبا دی کداز فیشب که بَراً پر چ ور أطلس خوره چ درزانی،

توسلطت ابي ومواباتهم كرفتار تُوَدّر باغى ومُودَرُ بَشِتِ ديفال تام خاكتِ عالم را بكردى نَه سبيني سِنْ مو يارٍ وَفا دار

114

تُوَدِّبالاى بُوم مَن دُبْرَسِيْمَ تَوْمَا رَجِ طَلَا مَن دَبْرَسِيْمَ تُر أَجْ طَسَلامي دَستَ أَفْتُ بِمِسْتَم كَى رَسى اى مَازَنْيَمْ

You are at Lar, but that city I hate, Your place is cool, but the tropic's my fate. The cool water of that city you drink, I've no access to such pleasures, I think.

### 215

You're a red apple; nay, an orange sweet! Wherever you are I want you to meet. You neither come, nor a message you send, As queen to your throne of pride you ascend.

### 216

My darling with the black scarf you wear, You've forgotten your promise, I swear. You have murdered me and yet do not care, Even from infidels such deed is rare!

### 217

I cannot eat since our friendship you broke, No more do I care the Kalyan to smoke. No more the Kalyan can I entertain, Nor with kinfolks happy can I remain.

فو و لارى و من از لارسيرم تو درسيدا ق من در كرميرم م مراز آب بیلاق نوش بج کومَن اَز آب بیلاق بی نَصِیم توسيب سُرخى و ما رَبْج دَستى بِقَرْبُ بَسَنُوم بَرَجا كِمْ بَسَنْ مَنْحُوداً بَنَّ نَهُ كَا خَدْ مِيفْرِسَى لَلْحُمُومَ بِإِ دِبْ هِي تَخْشِقُ وركيه دَسال شيكى بستة وُل تَن چرا اَز قول خود دَرُ**تُ تَدَوُل** مرتوكا فرستون شتذول مراكشتى جوى رحمت شيوم في سحب و،قليونم تما ي توكيرت وكه نوئم تمايي ني سحب و وقليو نَه جَبْدون دِكَه ديدار قومو تم تمايه

Peeping out through the window is my girl! Watching the street, I see her mole and curl. I wish that I could get hold of her mole, To lick her mole, to kiss it and cajole.

### 219

You have not yet witnessed my darling's face, Why then rebuke my heart, with such disgrace ? Jupiter, moon and stars in charm she'll beat, They are all moving, my darling to meet.

### 220

You're on the roof, but I am down below, You're the master, but I'm a mean fellow. You're a high cypress in the garden street, I'm the meagre brook flowing at your feet.

#### 221

You're far from me and I am far away, As Leily and Majnoon forlorn we stay. A high mountain lies between you and me, I am crystal, but as the glass art thee.

متوكر محلى كمنى أزاى دَروچ بسبخ ان مى كنى ميسيلان كوُج اكر فال كبت برخبك سيفيتي بينوست مش مش حلوا بر ككوج توكه نا ديدة روي و ل من جرا تمرد م في منع و ل من سی و مُشترى، ما و وستار باید برسه میشواز و ل من توبهت تي خواجه ويبكه وغلوتم تو وَرَقُونی وَمَن بِائْتِنِ بِوَتَمَ متن اون آبم که در پائت زونم تواوُن سروىكه درستون كرد توحم دورُومُوهَم دورُم چه فايده توكيسي ومُومَجنو تم چه فايده ميون بۇ و تواڭت دَە كُوْھى تۇسشىشە ئى مُو كَبَور چەنلا

Sitting so high up there, O' handsome man ! Search your pocket, and pay cash, if you can. My cash is in my purse in saddle-bag, On camel back took to Qazvin, my fag.

#### 223

You are with me, but to others you smile. Your friendly looks other lovers beguile. In my rival's bosom freely you stay, To me you're mad but to others so gay.

### 224

Come darling, I'm restless for you still, Your false promises you cannot fulfill. No more false promises from you, I need, To make false promises has been your creed.

#### 225

A girl on whose lips there's a charming smile, Sweets you will find in her lips on pile. But young men who have not got wealth at all Better stark-dead than living you may call.

تركيد بين نشت مرور عن ۲۲۲ دودست سرّجيب في فرّجي بفراه كريو لم توي جيب فروجين که خورجين روي لوك رفته يفرون

توبائن خَنده نابيّت ما لِ مَرْدُم تَنتَ بِحَلَّهُ أَسْسَنَايَتَ مَا لِ مَرْدُم ہوسایت درآ غوسِ َرقیبان غَمّت آزمن دخاتیت مالِ مَرْدُم



جودن خوب كبش ترخده باشيه ٢٢٥ شيكر كمج لتبتش أكذره باشير جَودتی که نَدارِه مالِ دُنیا بميرد بهتره تأزيده باشه

The spring of my youth was blown away soon, Too swiftly I lost this great fortune! Our friendship good results for us may bring, But it will soon pass as the new spring.

### 227

O' darling, don't put me off any more, Why do you attempt to make my heart sore? Darling, my life—crop, your love—fire will burn, Still your face from me cunningly you turn.

### 228

Why do you intend your lover to kill? What fun you get, if his blood you spill? Are you not afraid of the judgement day? Why then a young man like Najma you slay?

# 229

Why look so pale today ? Are you love—mad ? O' broken—heart friend, do not feel so sad. Through sadness you have been reduced to half, At Nowruz time your friend comes; cheer and laugh!

# 226

جرونی مرجب ری نود و بند بیون او تو بک المتی مود مسکر این از مرکز میکند سیون او تو بک المتی مود مسکر آنهم نو مجب ری بود و بکذ

چرا اِمروزُ وقت ردامیکنی مایر محجراعَم دَردِ کُم جامعیکنی مایر چرا اِمروزُ وقت ردامیکنی مایر مجراعَم دَردِ کُم جامعیکنی مایر آتیش دَرمت مِنْ عُمرُم گَرِفِیه مَنْ مِنْوِزاَز دورتَحاتا میکنی مایر

جِرا تو عاشِقِ خود می کُشی تو ۲۲۸ جِرِعَم داری بِرِکُ او خُوشی تو بِمُتَرَسی زِمْتَ دامی مِیْتُ جَمَانی مِثْلُ سَجَما می کُشی تو

چراز کمت تریده خونم اِمروز ۲۲۹ حرا، عَمْ مِتَوْرَی اِی مار دِلُورُ چراز کمت تریده خونم اِمروز عزیزت میرسه تا عید نوروز

How often on your girl—friends will you call? How deep in love's snare you wish to fall! From the beauties' mansions do keep away, For you will fall into trouble some day.

# 231

I graze the flocks with a heart full of pain, That some more milk from my ewes I may gain, My flocks always I drive on the high hill, So that the wolf none of my flock may kill.

# 232

Her eyes are like those of the nightingale, As hazelnut flower, her mouth is frail. So sweetly I describe my cuty, No parrot can explain her rare beauty. 233

What a nasty thing I have done this year ! My drowsy heart I have waken, I fear. For the sake of a tan—colored beauty, I have given up my dark eyed cuty.

جرا و مان وسركرداني اي دل تبعيشه مايل خوباني اي دِل مروتر خانيه خربان توب يار بي كواخر دربلامي ما بى اي دل رچروغ للمه را باسبينة رمين المستحسيسيراً يهمى سيتون اين مين زَمْمُ مَنَ كله را اَبْدر بكب ي كَدَازُكُرُكُمُ نباشِ بسيج تَشُونُ چینی داری میتال حیث منبس بیشی داری میتال حیث منبس سختهای که دروضف تو گفتم منبس منه مینا گفت مَد طوطی مند بنبل چطو کار یکه من ایسال کَردم و فُست درا بدار کَردم ساحب خودم إنكار كردم برای خاطر کم سنزه برونی

The water-pipe says "Hubble-bubbles I make, "As a nightingale singing on a lake." "This is a good pretense indeed for me, "That the ladies' curls clearly I can see." 235

As you move, O' my cypress, lithe and tall, Your veil by wind will freely rise and fall. Five kisses from your lips I do aspire, To see you unveiled is all men's desire.

### 236

As an anchorless ship you move along, To prophets and the saints you don't belong. When walking, look at me and relieve me, I die of love and you don't believe me.

### 237

You go like a ship that has no anchor, As if you do not love me any more. With your memory in this life I live, And die for you, but you do not believe.

ويتحال المح علين مو محمد ما اند عبش مكين مو قدم دجت مَن زَنعا كُذارُم بْلَكْ برحَت مَن كُلُس كُمُ مُو

چوكمي روى اي سروازا کارچادرت را میزند با د بده بَن بُوْسِ أَزْ كَمْجُ لَبَتْ بروروتيت نديده آدميزاد

چوکه میت دی کنگر مد اری ۲۳۶ خبراز سرسعت بر نداری

چوك ميت وى اى درنكان يوعشقت مرده مم با درندارى

چوكه مير روى كنكر مدارى محمر حيق موره برك رزارى مُوكِه عِشْقُ تَرِه بَرديده دارم في زِعِشْتَ مُرده ثم با وَردارى

Watch your steps and walk about with care, Your feet will be all sore with thorns, beware ! May your careless lover's eyes become blind, For leather shoes for you he does not find. 239

I wish that I could have a broken hand, And my darling's kerchief tied as a band. People mostly forget what they once see ! But to see her, I'd broken-handed be.

# 240

One day I met her as a flower gay, But looked as saddled\_cow another day. The girl who was unkind to me in May, I saw with barley bread in hand today.

# 241

After a long wait it is so sweet, One's dreams and hopes in the long run to meet. No moment can ever be so sweet, As the moment when two lovers can meet.

مجنو کم مسروی هموار هموار ۲۳۸ بنی ترسی که پای تو شخره خار اللی حرضه عاشق کور کرده منی کیره برایت کفش بلغار چُوْخُوش بيد دَست شِيكَت مِينَد مَحُودِ دَسال دِلبَرِبَ مَد مَيْد كَمَرَدُم دِيدِه رانا ديدِه سَيكَن كَمِكَاشُكَوا بِن طَلَيَت رَبِ تَعْشِد چوگل بررُدی اوی بینیم ایمروز ۲۴۰ چوزین بریت گوی بینم ایروز محمو دخست که برمن ما ز میکر و بیکتش نون جُومی بینیم ایروز چ خرسش ایندکه بعدازانیطاری ۲۳ بامیدی سیسد اُمیدواری اَرْا مُون ب<del>بِتَر</del>وَزا ون چُوْسَرْ بَاشِي دمی که میرسَد یاری بیاری

A broken hand would have been a relief, I could tie it with my darling's kerchief. I wish my sweetheart's scarf I were, To be tied round my darling's golden hair.

#### 243

On her back a knapsack had my sweetheart, And played a flute as we began to part. Of her separation my heart is sore, As a fish that will see the sea no more.

### 244

Hosseina, be careful, your darling came. A " fruit blossom " you may well call her name. Came from Shiraz smiling as a rose, Last year you were only a bud, I suppose.

### 245

My sweetheart packed up and went today, Youth and happiness from my heart flew away. My pride, my joy and my youth are all gone, Since my darling's folks have left me alone.

چ**نون بی دست م**واتیک معیند محمود سال و کبر تب ته میند چونوش بود میشدم دسال کلدار که نا زبند میشدم دور ٔ تبر یار

مُعينا را بديدُم كوله وَرئيت ٢٣٣ كمون وَردَست و في ميزَرد با حسينا را بديدُم كوله وَرئيت ٢٣٣ كمون وَردَست و في ميزرد با حسينا از فراقت مسينيه جاكم محموً اهى وَرلَبِ دَرما شُدُخْهُكُ

مُعينا يارَت الومَد يارَت الوم ورخت ميوفِ پُرُبارَت آمد مُسينا يارَت الومَد يارَت الوم مِسِيدِه نولاكُت آزرا وِشيراز للحُلِيَت كُمُومَنهُ بِإِرْسالَت أومَر

تحقَّم ما بار کرد و دِلبرُمَ فَنِت ۲۳۵ چَوَو مَن وَحَصِ لَی اَزْسُرِم فِنِ جَوَو مِن وَحِصَ لَی دُغروری تَهمَن هَمراه اِبلِ دِلب ُ مِوْنِ

O' balneator, your deeds you better mind, You're stone-hearted, ruthless and unkind. Handle my sweetheart's body with much care, For you are ignorant of love-affair.

### 247

My bath-keeper girl is an earthly moon, Sweet and tender, bringing me good fortune. I have no other girl; only this one, God knows I love my sweetheart alone.

### 248

O' warbler, for nine months you're dumb, I say, How bad; a man his health soon gives away. The flower soon will die and decompose, The warbler will keep crying for the rose.

#### 249

I got the news that she has a boy—friend, My best greetings to her I do extend. I am delighted if he excels me, But if he is like me, what a pity !

مرى الى مرفى الى حمومى على جود المستكين دِل مَا مِعرَ بُوبِي بكن اردم وست فرجون دير تو مازك جوني دِلبر يَدَو بي

حَومی وِلبَرِمَن نا زِنسینهِ همای شاهی و ما وِ رَمیسِهِ نَدَارُم خَيرِازَين مَن بإرِجُونِي كَه بإرِجُونِي بِينِهِ

حِين اَزْ نُبُلُ كُدِنَه ما ولال ميود ۲۴۸ حِيف از آدم كَمِرْدود بباير معيود حِين اَزْ نُبُلُ كُم ميريز وبَرَوباشْ مَسْبُلُ از داغ كُلُ اَبَدال معيود

خَبراً مد كما يرم يار كروه مبارك با و أكر اين كار كروه أكراز موبب تره أرزانيش ب أكرهمچ مويد إنكار كرده

### 250

Tall e chini is fresh as spring, they say; Riding panniers, Zeinab is on her way. Panniers are packed and ready for the trip; To the bridle Zolfaghar has his grip.

## 251

Tobacco is prohibited, they tell, Neighbors to neighbors don't lend it, nor sell. I wish the news were conveyed to my friend, A camel—load of tobacco she'd send.

# 252

Of your white beard you have to be ashamed, For your stupidity you must be blamed. You are at present one hundred years old, You stoop and yourself as a bow do fold.

### 253

God may bless you, O' my young shepherd boy! I pray to God that long life you enjoy. The flocks have not for two nights and two days, Tasted water, nor have they cared to graze.

مراومة المعني بمباره كجاوه بّسته وزِمِيْب سَوارِه كجا وه بسبت ومحمل كيشيده متراوسا رش برست دُولفقار

خبراً ومدکو ترضباکو وَرافتا و مسلم محمسا یہ بر همسا یہ نبخی داد نجبراً ومدکو ترضباکو وَرافتا و مسلم محمسا یہ برخی داد نجی بیدی تخسبر میدا دِبارِم

خِلَتَكُنِّ كَمَايِنَ سَنَّتَ سِفِيدٌ تَلْكَتَ سِرِي حُرِقُوماً دُون نَدَيدِ بِجالَتَكُنِّ كَمَانَ مُحَرَّتُ كُثْنَةٍ تَقَدَّتَ شِلْ حَمَوْنُ كُتْبِيهِ حَمِيدُ

فدا وتت د بدای مردحود و الما مخد عمرت بده ی طفل ادون دوروراست و دوشوا يكي سفندو من براب وعلمت بنها ده دندو

O Lord, three things at once have made me sad; Lame ass, ugly wife and creditors mad. God will rid me from ugly wife I hope; With lame ass and creditors I can cope!

#### 255

O'Lord, you equip with bridle the ass; To every mean fellow you give a lass. All the sweet fresh melons of the spring, For the unworthy hyenas you bring.

### 256

O' Lord, why have you created the bee, The elysian beauties and paradise tree? All your paradise and beauties divine, You have created from the wood of vine!

#### 257

O' Lord, I am a stranger at Kazeroon, In my sweet—tongued snare I fell too soon. All friends say, "This unhappy love forsake", O' God this hard task I can't undertake!

# 254

فلا وتالمد ويتحقي والمع المعمد وران وشت وللبكاز نوم دون خَرِلَنگ و طَلَبَكَار خدادن كيشم تووردار

بهرماکس که سب شنم مایه دا دی جارخوب وركفتار دادى

فلاكوندا بيجت اوساردادى خبار اي تَرو سَبْرِيبَ ارى

خدا ونداج زمنبور اف مي سي بشت وجنت وحوراً فريدى ز جوب خِشاك أنكور آ فريدى بهت وجنت وحور إلهى

خدا دَندا غَربيب كازِرو م المحم من محرفة رول سشيرين زَبوُم بَه ملحن برُوترك وُلَت كُنْ خداؤندا مسيكروه زبوم

O'Lord, this burden I can't carry more, If I do so, my girl's heart will be sore. Even infidels pity my state, I wit, But my darling does not mind it a bit!

### 259

O' Lord, my heart is split with pain and sore, With two enemies I have my fate to score. O' King ! Send my two fierce enemies away ; For my sweetheart is with me today.

### 260

O' my Lord my heart is really sad now, It is like a bath, sultry and bad now. I spent my time, for her to pray and fast, But was always turned down as in the past.

### 261

O' Lord, there is pain in my heart tonight, For my darling's fever will start tonight. May her fever her enemies afflict, New worries are now with me in conflict.

خداويدا مسبوغ المعظم الملحظ كميشم بارُو نَرْتَجُوعُمُ وَلِ يَارَ ول كافِت رَجال ما بِسُوزِهِ بِنِي سُوزه سَرِيكَ تُحْدِدِلِ مَارِ

نُحدُوَندا وِلَمُ ازَغَمْ لَکِسَتَهُ ۲۵۹ دومَا دُشْمَن يَضِ لُوَيَ سِسْتَهُ اِلاتْنائ دورُدَشْن رارَبا كُنْ كَمَ وَلِبَرَكُو حِكْم تَهَا نِسْتَتَه



خُدَا وَندا وِكُمْ دَوْفْ دارِه اِمِتُو تَنْتَ سِنْنَيْدُم وَلِسِبِرِم تَوُ دارة مِسْو تَو وِ دَلِب رَجوِنُ وَثَمْنِ افْتَه روي عَمْص عَمَى نُوُدارُم الْشُو

To stay love sick no more can l, O' Lord; Her separation how can I afford ! When will my darling's trip come to an end? How long in sorrow my youth shall I spend?

# 263

O' God so blessed is power and might, Good to' ve a male—camel convoy in sight. Colored bridles for the camels I'll buy, And then a charming woman I will try.

### 264

O' God, I'm in love; put me deeper in, Worse than Leily and Majnoon, deep in sin. I am far worse than Leily and Majnoon, For love will reduce me to cinders soon.

### 265

O' Lord, when will my shining moon appear? When my darling's footsteps will I hear? A bridge on my two eyes I plan to make, Perhaps her trip through that bridge she will take

مدایات مرکزی ندارم زیارُم طاقت دوری ندارم ندونم این سفر کی می رسه ستر که دیگرطاقت دوری ندارم خدایا زور خوب زور خوب ۲۵۳ خدایا زور خوب زور خوب قطارلوک ورا و دور خوب ظارلوک با اوسار زمکین که سودا با زن مقبول خوب خُدایا حاسیم حاشِق تَرَم مُنُ نَبِيلِی وَزِمِحَبِنُون بَدِتَرَم مُنُ نُحُدًا یا حاسیم حاسیم حکن نوای مُن نُحُد مُن مُن نُولی وزیر محسنون بَدِتَرَم مُنُ خُدا یکی بِبِ ماهم سَرَآیه ۲۶۵ مِدای کُفَش یا ی لِمِبَ رَآیِه بردی دید ِ گانم پر بِ تِبْدِین کَه شاید یا رِ آزردی پُل آیِه

O' cock I wish your feathers would not grow, I wish you dumb and unable to crow. Just as I began to hug my sweetheart, My enemies woke and I had to depart.

### 267

O' crowing cock, start your song of day, As hoopoe good news of Belghis convey. This to my dear and kind darling explain, That I want her to be kind to me again.

# 268

Whether I be at Varkas or Khenamoon, My only choice will be my blue—eyed moon. I will describe my darling in detail— She has blue eyes hidden under her veil.

#### 269

From head to foot you represent a rose, Nessagol ! a fine figure you expose. If I put up at your garden a night, As warbler I'd jump on twigs with delight.

ورا من وي بال كردى اِلیٰ اَز زَ بابَت لا لُ گُرَد<mark>ِی</mark> بمام دُشمنا ر*و* ببِدارگَردِی نكردم درنغل أن يا رِمِشْيرِن فخروسساتم بترمثوى فاليه زيتدكير د د د ونه باغد چو بد بر سو ریفتیم مسیر کر پر بیا تو مِترَبوبی را زِسَرگیز مجودراون عتب زير ميتربوكم رَحْمَا مُونَ وَلَكُمْ سالال وَرَارَكَاسَ مُعَلَمَ وَلَمُ الُونَ دُخْتَرَ وَحِينُ أَغِمَةً مَعَ الْحَدِينَ وَ مَتُوفَى مَيَدِهُم خوا هى تَخَوَاهى مَسْبَمُونَ حَيْنُ رَاغِ كِيشُوهَ وَرَسَرَا مَدارَ محودت كل قامت كل فن المل ٢٩٩ مبلخرارت بمائم هم و تلبس محودت كل قامت كل فن المربع الريك مو بباعنت حاسكترم

Your mother, sister and you, are roses all, To your garden, as warbler, I will call . I'll come to your garden, flowers to take, What fine fragrance the gilly-flowers make.

### 271

I'm clad in green, so is my sweetheart. I'm a flower ; she's a florist smart. Her eyes are stones, her brows as the scale, She sells them so dear as the saffron pale. 272

I'm green, my heart's green, my girl is green; The three of us deep green—that's what I mean. The world has fashioned me a funny shirt; Its collar white, the rest is green with dirt.

### 273

Being a pearl, in knowing gems I'm wise; Among thorns, a flower, I recognize. As a general trader I will not fail, To recognize beauties from under veil.

مور من در المربع ال مربع المربع ال مربع المربع ال

خود م سبزُم که مارُم سَبَر ویشِهِ ۲۷۱ خود م سبزُم که مارُم سَبَر ویشِهِ ده شن سبز م که مارُوم شِبَر ویشِهِ ده شن سبز م که مارُوم شِ مَرارُو

منود م سبزود مُ سبزو ولم سبز فقادیم سرسیتا مون سبز در سبز تفکک سیراهی ورمن شریده محرسونن سفید ودونس سبز

خودم مُرواريدُم دُرميشاسم ۲۷۳ ميون خار؛ گُلُ مى شناسم نودم سودا گرگُل جهونم زن مِقبول سجا درمى شيناسم

### 274

Myself, my girl, and my gun, are all drunk, Six shots are left for me— a hunter funk. To descend mountain slopes, is my plan, And then I will run as fast as I can.

### 275

Blessed is the night I spend with my love, Roaming round her roof like a love—sick dove. I am your guest, so be patient with me, For God knows where tomorrow I will be !

# 276

What a joyous night I have spent with thee ! When you and I were sitting knee to knee. When with my sweetheart I played this game:-"I remember, but you forget the same".

### 277

Blessed were days which together we spent, Pen in hand we had, and letters we sent. The pen broke, the paper was blown away, And thus did time our love-affair betray.

خرم مست وكم تفتك بنزار وشِش كلوله ورقد مسبت كمرم بالمش كو وللب رى أنم تيغ تائفس دَرقالِمُ

وشا اِ مشو که مِهمُونُ شایم محکبوتر وار بَر بونِ نُشایم مُوشا اِ مشو که مِهمُونُ شایم محمد داند که مُنه داشو کخبایم ور و مروبی مکن ترروی مهمو<sup>ن</sup>.

مح شا دوش خوشادوش موشق محمود ولنشَّسْتُم كوش دَر كوش خوشا دوش خوشادوش خور ولنشَّسْتُم كوش دَر كوش خود دلبرَجنِ غ اِشْكَتِ بَيْدٍم مَرَايا د وُ تَرَابا دا قَرَامَوْش





Blessed was the day when we were carefree, As two pomegranates on the branch of a tree. The wind caused us to stay so far apart, Does wind in our destiny have a part?

### 279

The world's blessings aren't worth to be sad; When there is death, Noah's long life is bad. This life is bestowed to us as a loan, Therefore, there is no time for any groan.

### 280

Your two charming tresses will murder me, The same is true with those black eyes of thee. You put me off today and tomorrow, You have given me nothing but sorrow.

### 281

I used to sit waiting at village gate, For the black-eyed beauties, there, I would wait. In great bevies they came, but I regret, Their ring-leader I only long to get.

خوت دوما المسلم ياربوديم ۲۷۸ دوما المارسَر كَكِ شاخ بوديم مراد اومد ميون ماحث داكرد محمر ما دست نِشاندهٔ با د بوديم

خومت دُنيا بِعُمْ نُوُردَ نَنْبِرُدُدُ دُوعَمُرِ نُوح کَكِ مُرُدَن نَبِرَرُد مَهْ سُمَنِ سُمْرِي كُذَرَدِ مَاسَخِي فَنْمَ الْمَلْعَارِ آمَدَن بُرُدُن نَبِرَزُدِ

سیاهی دوجیتها نَت مَرَا کُوشت <u>دِرازی دوزُلفابَت مَراکُوشت</u> هَمى *إ*مروزُ دفرُدايَت مَراكُوشت هَمی وَعدہ دَدهی اِمروز و فَرد ا

سا ه حیثمون در آین مَن بیشیم رَقَم دارُم جلو دارَش گُرُم

د دروازه (کَرچی) نیشت .

سا ہ حی<mark>ش</mark>ون درآین گله گله

In this past wilderness I feel so warm, All the world's worries around me swarm. It is said that world—worries will soon cease, But I feel that my worries will increase.

### 283

Forever downcast be the Juda's tree, A youth's lips of smiles should not be free. A sweetheart without smiles on her face, Better not live, for she is a disgrace.

### 284

Juda's tree has one hundred roots, O' man, The world suffers from tricks of the woman! May women from the globe's face disappear, And all the earth with female blood besmear! 285

I would like to become a cherry tree, Shahrbanoo's slave I would love to be. when out of bath her beauty she'll display, I'll spray water and sweep her way.
داين محت امراكر ماكرفة ۲۸۲ غَمِ عالم مَرَا تَخْتُ كَرِفْتُهُ غَمِ عنَ دَم بِدِم بالا كَرِفْتِهُ غَمِ عالم همهِ ميكن دوروزه





· فلکَ از مَکرِزَن آندیشہ ای

وَرِخت اَرغوان صَدرِثِ دَا

زَمِين اَرْخونِ زَن زَنْكَارُكُمْ فِ

الى زّن بېپيره زّن بيرم

۲۸۵ غلوم شخب را نو ميشوم دِرَختِ آلوبا لو مِيثوثم مَن همان وقشتىكه أزحموم دَرآيٍ جلو بإش آب مجار ومشوم من

The trees of your garden are evergreen, You broke my heart—fragile as glass—I mean. Friends! appreciate one another, alas ! Death is the stone, and life is fragile glass.

### 287

O' Lord, the willow is a fruitless tree, I'm deep in her love, but she is carefree. If a hundred years I live under willow shade, Willow will be willow, I am afraid.

### 288

Blossoming is Fatimeh's mulberry tree; Because of her I can feel no more free. Say a word to her mother if you can, She has been married to a foreign man.

## 289

Leily's mulberry reached high up the sky, Her finger tips are dipped in henna dye. Let all the people know of her disgrace, For this love I rest on God and His grace.

متخصب محمد منبر و تبعيثه ۲۸۴ خرامت يدى دِلْم رايش شينه رفيتون ت در مكد مكريد وند رفيتون ت در مكد مكريد وند ورخت بی تمر (بیدہ) تحف دایا محمد ایک و کم از بار نومب و خدایا أكرصدسال شيم ساية بيد محموب وتخدا د خت توت فاطمه دا نه کرده محمّ فاطمه موره دیوانه کرده برن برما در فاطمه رگبوین که فاطمه شوهب بگانه کرده وَرَخْتِ تُوْتِ لَيلى دَر بَهُوَابِةِ ٢٨٩ تَمَرَ أَكْنُتْ لِيلى دَرِحَتْ إِي حَلا مَردُم مِنْبِداتَنْ بِلِنَنْ كَمَكَارِمُوُ وليسي بَا تُحَدًّا بِهِ

The mulberry tree is now high above, My heart is deeply involved in Leily's love. My hand had not touched that of Leily yet, When her brother, dagger in hand, I met.

#### 291

In the forest I was a cypress tree, Was cut by ax when I was on a spree. Of my wood a slender kalyan was made, And on my head a burning fire was laid.

# 292

To pick two pomegranates from your tree, I would run any risk while I am free. I cannot wait long time, my sweet child, As I am young and my feelings are wild.

#### 293

Derakhtangoon is four farsangs away, My girl sent me hopeless reply today. What have I done to my intimate friend, That she broke off and no message did send?

وخت وت لیکی کمر شیده ۲۹۰ دیلم با لیکی ست در کشیده میزوم منام بدست نا رسیده ترارِ کا فَرِشِ خَخِبَ کِشِدِه

وَرَخت سَروبيدُم تُحْجِ تُوَشِي ٢٩١ وَرَخت سَروبيدُم تُحْجِ تُوَشِي تُمَا تَرَاشيدِن مَرا ازْضَرَبِ عَشْهُ تَرَامتْ يدن مَرا قِلْيونِ إِنَّنَ مَسَلَمَ التَّنْ بَرَسَتُهُم بَاشِهُ تَمَيْشُهُ



دِذَخْنَکُون بِجار و چار فَرَسْح ۲۹۳ جَوا بُمُرا نِوِمَتْتَه مار وَر يَخُ سَمَرَما رِازِمَن بِحِين حِهِ دِيدْ زَمَا مِبْرُو مُحَبِّت را بُرِيدِه

My beauty embarked at my castle's door, Spreading her big blanket eight by four. Her two alabaster fingers I kiss I am victim to her love, what a bliss.

#### 295

Alas! My darling I adore still, Instead of tears my eyes blood will spill. My black-eyed girl is an unfriendly friend, And yet I will adore her to the end.

## 296

Of my Shahdadi's love I will smote, What is her reply to my lovely note? She wrote her reply thus: "O' lover of mine, " Can't give you anything, but broom and twine

#### 297

My darling was sitting beside a brook, From the water a rose my darling took. But the rose had no fragrance in her hand. To smell my own rose is my sole demand.

م قت محرك بارا ماحت رسا، ۲۹۴ كليم تبشت وچها را نداخت زيبا، بقربون دوالمشت بكورش چەتازى دَرْكارانداختەزىپل



ولارومُمُ وِلارُوم خُسَبِيهِي، للمُجَوَابِ مَامِداتُم جي مي نويي جواب كاغذت جيرى مدارم دو ماجار دیکی رسیون سیشی،

دِلاردمُم نَيْسَتْبِهِ وَرِلْبَ جِ

للی که اَوْ بیارِه بو نُدَارِه

۲۹۷ گی ازاؤ گرفته سیکنه بو خردم والك شوّم ما رُم كُنْهِ بُو

#### 298 .

As my girl happened to pass through the mews The breeze from her tresses brought me the news Her perfumed tresses gave new life, I say, Her smiling lips has, indeed, led me astray.

## 299

I met a girl of genuine beauty, Though drunk, she was a sugar—lipped cuty. The whole realm of India if I bestow,, Would hardly pay for the cost of her brow. 300

I have a heart so obstinate and hard, I have a head, for which I've no regard. Many taunts from the friend and foe I hear, I can't bear them any longer, I fear.

#### 301

My beauty's love has bewildered my heart, She spilled my blood with her eyelashes' dart My head aches, and bloody tears I weep, Her heart is hard, and her coldness is deep.

ولاردتم فتين كوج كذر كرد ٢٩٨ شال كالكش مارا خبر كرد مشالِ **کالکسش** جرتی مِنَ دا<sup>د</sup> لَبِ خِندو تَنتش از دينم بَرَكَرد



وِلِتَّنَّکی کِمِودارُم کِمِدارِه <sup>۳۰۰</sup> تَتَرَّ تَتَرَ کِمِدَمو دارُم کِمِد دارِه شخها بِشْنَوْم ازدوست فُرْشَن ازَاین صَسَبری که مُودارُم که دارِ<sup>°</sup> منجها بيشت وم<mark>ازدوست و</mark>شمن

دِلُمَ اَرْعِشْقِ خُوبَان، يَحْج وَدِيجَ <sup>۳</sup>٬۱ دِلُمُ اَرْعِشْقِ خُوبَان، يَحْج وَدِيجَ مُنْتُمَ مُوْمَ زَنْمَ خُومًا بِرِ رَحِيهِ دِل عاشِق، بِسان چُوبِ مَربى

Whose heart as mine is bothered by an ail? Whose face as mine is withering and pale? I have neither fever nor any pain, And yet my face will always pale remain ! 303

I feel so unhappy in foreign land, There is no company here at hand. My heart is like a lock without a key, Only her company will comfort me!

## 304

My heart, the earth, and heaven are all tight, With me the world will always be at fight. Why fight with me, O' world, and break my bone? My heart is glass, but her heart is of stone. 305

I aspire to see my charming sweetheart –
With her cheerful winks and laughters smart.
" I like you in a moonlit night," I said,
" To relax yourself freely in my bed!"

ول در دی کرمن دارم که داره بر از می داره به از مردی کومن دارم که داره ته تو دارم نه جائم میکنید دَرد نمید و نم حیب را رَنگم شده دَرد دِلْمُ اَمْدَ عَنَ رِيمِ وَالِنِينَهُ اللَّهُ مَكْمِي هَمَدردِمِنَ بِ الْبِينَةُ كمي تَجَدرد مَن قُفَلا مِي رومى لَحِليد شُكْمُ شده پيدا نِينُهُ د المتنك وزمین تنگ آتهنگ ۲۲۴ د المتنگ وزمین تنگ آستون نواست مانجت مو خبک چه داری که مارم شعیشه و همضجتم شک دِلْمَنْكُمِ بَرَامى ديدَنت يار (۲۰۵ بَراى خُپُكَ وَخَدَيَنَ يار دِلْمَنْكُمِ بَرَامى ديدَنت يار (مرامی خُپُكَ وَخَدَيَنَ يار دِلْمَ نَنْكِهِ بَرَامى شَبِهاي مَتاب (بردى رَضْحُواب خوابيدَت يار

O'Lord, my heart is sore, my heart is sore ! To yellow-rose-garden open the door. Open the door and never close the gate, I'm a stranger, sad, with an evil fate.

## 307

My heart was mad, and more so it became, For all my misery you are to blame. Since my sweetheart has now gone far away, Liver-blood has been my food, I should say.

#### 308

My heart is locked and I am sadly bound, The proper key is lost and won't be found. I have tried all kinds of keys, I must say; My keys opened no heart until today.

#### 309

I cannot be happy in a strange land, No one can understand my heart's demand. No use exposing me to any one, For a lonely orphan is liked by none.

د مروع و مرود و دِمْ دَرد عبه برويم واكست د باغ لِنَ زَرد برويم واكست بد تركز نعبد يد عزي عزيب و بي كَسَمَ رَكُمُ شُدُه زَرد

دِلْمُ دَنوانَه بو دَنوانَه تَرَشُدُ ٢٠٧ لَا سُمُ لُهُه بونو سِيده تَرَشُد از انزوزی که پارم دَسَفَرَفِت خوراکمُ دَائماً خونِ سِگُرِنْد

د م تفنست و تفلیش و اغیشه ۲۰۰ کلیکرش کم شده پیدا نیمیشه کلید انہنی بادقفلِ رُومی سیر مبتردِل میز نُم دِل و اغیشہ كليد آتهنى بادقنل رأومى

ولِمِن دَرِعَتُ رِي وانِيشَهُ بِمَى هُمَ دَرِدِ مَن پِدِا نِينَهُ كَسَى مَدر دِمَن بَرُدَن بِبازا بَرا در في بِدَر بِبِدا نِيْنَهُ

My heart won't be happy in a strange land, No one my love—worries would understand. One fit for me lives in the balcony, But the door is locked and there is no key.

## 311

My darling comes; watch out, here comes my maid And at Kerman, brick of my corpse they made. At Kerman of my corpse kalyan will make, No infidel my heart's smoke'll take.

## 312

To drink water from that spring I wish, Roasted venison is my favorite dish. A moonlit night I welcome with a smile, And long to sleep with my friend for a while. 313

010

Her kalyan and her pipe I like to use, Her drinking cup, my cup I like to choose. As Moses, a flock I would like to raise, Beside her all my flocks I like to graze.

دل من دخت می واینیشه ۲۱۰ کی همدَردِمَن سپ دا نیشه یکی همدردمن در بالاخانه کلمیدسش کم شده پیدانیش

دِل مَه و دِل مَه و دِل مَه <sup>۳</sup> بَكرمو، مَى بَرَن خِشْتَ أَرْكُلِ مَه بِكرمو، مَ بَرَن قَلْيوبِ زَن كُدُوم كَا فِرَكِثِ دوداً زِدِلِ مَه

دِلْمُ مِنْحَاد اَزُون سَرَحِتْمِهِ اِللَّهُ اللَّهُ مِنْحَواد اَزُون آنهو کَبا بی دِلْمُ مِنْحَاد اَزُون سَبَرِحْتِمِهِ اِللَّهِ اللَّهِ مَنْ مِنْحَاد اَزُون آنهو کَبا بی دِلْمُ مِنْحَواد اَزُون سُبَهای تَتْبَا

دِلْمُ مِنْحُوا داَزون فَلْيُونَ زَون فِي اللَّهِ الرَّون جَوْمَ كَمْدِ لِلَبَرِ مَنْجُورَهِ مِي الرَّون جَوْمَ مِي دَدِلْبَر مَنْجُورَهِ مِي دَدِلْمَ مَنْحُوا دُمْ مِي دِلْمَ مِنْ المَنْمُ هِي دِلْمُ مِنْحُوا دُمْ مِي

When the glass-kalyan I smoke at ease, My lips would meet your lips, if so you please. My lips being used to your lips so sweet, No other lips would ever like to meet.

#### 315

I wish to ride on a very swift mare, A fast—moving colt, for my love affair. Thrashing it I will cover the universe. Will get a beauty with sweetness diverse,

#### 316

To marry Mahgaloo is my best wish, Her big and beautiful eyes I cherish. My darling has a very lovely mole, To possess her tall figure is my goal.

## 317

Badyooni cheese is a delicious dish, But a Gulpayegani woman I wish. A very good thing is Badyooni cheese, But a Gulpayegani will much more please.

ولم متواط أول فليون في الم الله الم كبيد بالب المحمة كردم المختر بالكب ولكر ينت

دِلْمُ مِنْجُواد مُكْبِيسُرُم ما ديوني "" سَمندي كُرّه بار مكيت ميدُين زَنْمُ سُنَّاق كَمُرُدُم دورِعالَم بحورم ولبر سشيرين زبوني

دِلْمُ مِيخوا دَكْبِمِي مُرَمَ هَظُوراً، ٢١٤ بَمَون حَتْجَان دُرِشْتِ خَوْشْطُورا همون دُختو که وار و حال خوبی ببندائدوم تركل وركلو را

دِلْمُ مِخْداد زَن كُلُبٍ بَكُو بْي زَنِ كُلْبٍ كَيُونى عُسَبْرِه داره

دِلمُ ميخوا ديمنسير با ديوُ بي مَبْير ماديونى مَزِه دارِه

In my youth and at night when dark is all, I'd use my belt and climb her lofty wall. I would caress her, and rest by her side, She, waking up, would let me there abide.

#### 319

A mare I intend for my journey to pick, A dapple-grey, swift, agile and quick. On it throughout the whole world I will ride, And get a brown-colored, slender bride.

#### 320

O' my darling, I long to hear you sing, And at intervals two hundred kisses bring. I want in moonlit nights with you to rest, And to have golden dreams on your soft breast.

#### 321

I wish to be in your bosom indeed, In your care as a pomegranate seed. As a nightingale appreciating the rose, Myself to your tender love will expose.

ور مراوعت ومتو نار ۲۱۸ کمر تبذم برزم بر دیدن یار زنم حب و به تپلوش شیم زنم حب و به تپلوش شیم زېم مېلو به تېلوني - مېم دِلْمُ مَحْوَاد دِلْمُ كَمِنَ مَا دَيوِ فَى مَسْمَنَدَى كُرَّهُ بَارِيكَ مِيوِ فَى مَسْمَدَى كُرَّهُ بَارِيكِ مِيوِ فَى مَسْوَارِشْ مَشْمَر مَكْرِدُم دورِ عالم مَسْمِرُ مُسْبَرْهُ بَارِيكِ مِيوِ فَى مَسَوَارِشْ مَشْمَر مُرْدُم دورِ عالم مُسْمِرُ مُسْبَرْهُ بارِيكِ مِيوِ فَى ہراً وا زی دوصَد مٰازُم کُنی یا<sup>ر</sup> بروی سینہ اَت خوا نِم کُنی یا<sup>ر</sup> دِلْم میخواد که آوازُم کُمّی پار دِ لمُ منحوا داراین شبهای مَتنا. ولم منحوا وكه با تويار بمشم ٢٢١ جو دونه ورميان نار بمشم چ دوني درميان ، يشيرين چونبل تحت م كل زاربشم

### 322

I'd do everything my darling to please, Your discontented heart I want to ease. But my own heart is dissatisfied too, My sore heart is but full of love for you.

## 323

I desire you my sweetheart to call, And let you grow as violet under my wall. O' my violet, only to you I'm bound, For all my girl-friends deserters I found.

## 324

O' girl, with your presence brighten my night, You are my light and my greatest delight. In a moonlit night, your delightful face, Will add so much to the moon and its grace.

#### 325

I aspire to be a very big shot; And herd the flocks with my girl on a spot. But I can't herd the flocks with her, I say, Neither can with her ruby lips I play.

دِمْ مِيْجُوا دِكَمَ دِلدارُم تُوباشَى مَنفَشَه پاي ديدارُم توباشى تبقشه پاي ديدارُم حُجاتي محکم تبرياري گِرفتم بي دفابي



دِلْمُ مِنْجُوا دِكَسُ لارى كَنْمُ نَصْحَقُو دِلْبَر كَلَمْ دارى كُمُ مَنْ خُودِ دِلْبَ رَكْلَةِ دارى نِيشَهُ مَلْمَ بِالْعَلْ لَبَضْ بازى نِمْيَتْهُ

I intend to plant on my farm some wheat, Watering it at night with darling sweet. If my sweetheart this would ever refrain, I'll shower her with tears like the spring rain.

## 327

Our hearts love messages together exchange, Mine is on fire, yours is ashes, how strange ! Like a burning oven will burn my heart, But you're cooked barbecue, my sweetheart.

### 328

I have a heart full of worry and grief, For my sorrow I have found no relief. Neither my hand will ever reach that rose, Nor my cypress'll ever bend, I suppose.

## 329

Brethren, I have a heart so wild and mad, The Abyaneh beauty I wish I had! If she puts up with me, it's a pleasure, Like finding in a ruin a rich treasure.

خۇد دېسب مشوا آيش برازم ولا سخواد كم تكت أم بحارم يُجوبارون بهارون أَسْكُ مارُم الرولب براوراري نيابير

ول مُوبا دِلت بَمسروهمسر ٣٢٧ دِل مواتِش واَزتو خاكِسَتر دِل توبا كَبابٍ بخت مات دِل موبا تَنور يَقْتُ ما مَه

وبي دارم ديلي دارم يرازغم من نه كي جواز دلم عَمْ ميشود كم مَداوُن سَبِر وِبْبِدْ مَرْكُنِدْهُم مذوسم ميرسدان كل تجيينم

» بهَواي دخترِ البوية ) د ارم وی دارم ولی دیو دنه دارم عَجب كَحَجى دَراين وِيْرانددارُم اگراتبویکی وامن بِ زِه

A mulla's daughter I would like to get, Having read books, love—making knows, I bet. When in my grave cold and lifeless I abide, I want her to stand by my tomb's side.

## 331

Slender and fine as a pen is your nose; Your torch—like face darkness will, sure, expose. Your locks are like fighting\_ram's horns, my girl; Quarrelsome to Fars and Turk they swirl.

## 332

At my door knuckle-bone I want to play, And thus help my brunette lass to be gay. But my darling's favor I cannot gain, All my strenuous efforts are in vain.

### 333

At the garden as gardener I remain, I'll be shepherd, with pomegranate cane; The leading yellow lamb I intend to make A sacrifice for my sweetheart's sake.

ولى مخوام كر مل زارة ما شير بي محتاب عاشقى را خوانده باشر مان وقتى كه در قرم سپارن ببالين سرم ايسادَه باشير

داغت چون قلم بَمَوا روبارك من مُرخت مشعل داين شباي مارك داغت چون قلم بَمَوا روبارك من مرحد منعل داين شباي مارك و دوزلفت همچوشاخ قوچ مبلكي كم دارد خباب با تررك توجك

بتمی دَردِ وِلمُ خالی مِنتِ ،

ومرجوبى، بحبل مازى كمم مو تتمى ستسبز ريخود راضى كمم مو

بتمى ستبزيه بوراضي نيث

ومون باغ باغبانی کُمْ مُو تَحْجِب مَارِحٍ بانی کُمْ مُو مجیر مَرِد زروجب و را بہت مار حربانی کُمْ مُو

She has decorated with rings her feet, She is perfectly charming and sweet. Her bracelets glitter with gold and topaz; On her left cheek a charming mole she has.

## 335

Your white breast mottled with many a mole, Don't hide from me, and my worries console. Cover them up and expose'em to none, And store 'em for my poor soul alone.

## 336

Ten days I haven't smelt my rose, so dear, Nor the warblers' melody I could hear. The gardener this secret has to disclose. Why didn't nightingale visit the rose ?

#### 337

For ten days l've been in agony and pain, Driving male camels, lonely I remain. Male camels have yellow oil in their load, I carry them to my darling's abode.





دوینج روزه که جبرًا سیشم ول قطار کوک تهاسیک ول مطار لوک بارسش و فن زرد برای سرد رعاسیشم ول

For ten days I haven't seen my girl, I cry, Now I am on the earth and then in the sky. Once at the bottom of the sea as fish, As ring around this gem to be, I wish.

## 339

Ten days have passed and her I do not see, Perhaps she did, as deer, to desert flee. I sought her in deserts and hills, O' me Has she turned fish and hidden in the sea ?

### 340

Two girls I saw, were crying at their will, Casting their shadows over me on the hill. "Come here," I said, "and rest under my shade," "Your presence, love memories refresh, my maid"

#### 341

Two girls I met in castles of the town, One slender-waisted, the other dark-brown. The dark-brown girl I sincerely adore, Though the slender-waisted girl I like more.

## 338

ور بخ رور ان از منبخ المعنی در آسیمون کَه در زمیس محکی در آسیمون کَه در زمیسیم محکی ماهی شوم در فعب بر در با دونیج روزه که بازم نمیت پیدا می می مونی کوه وسخت را را تدیم می می موجب مرا را تدیم می تقین ماهی شده رفته بِدَریا دونا دُختر ماین کوه ناله میکرد <sup>۳۳</sup> مرامیدید و چون کوه سایم کیرد بیاین شین بیاغ سایه اِفتو که بَمداغ داغ ِ مارا تا زه کیرد دوماً دُختَرَدَراین تسلعَه جُودنِهِ ۲۳۹ کمی سَسبز دیکی بار کمین میونِه بقریوُن سَسبِ سَبزه گَبُرُدم کم سودا با همان بار کمین میونِه

We lived together as two cypresses tall, When we parted, were not happy at all. Now my hand can never reach my flower, Nor will lower bend my lovely tower.

#### 343

Two apples, two pomegranates, I sent, With two buds to my darling as present. Two of your hairs I request to detach, That as souvenir to my guitar I attach.

### 344

Two doves we were fluttering in the hall, With seeds and water entertained by all. I wish them dead, who with their deadly net, My darling in the desert did beset.

## 345

As two doves we have lived singing and gay, Nested together at nights and flew in the day. But alas, the hunter took her away, To Shiraz and left me in such dismay.

دو می مرد و می مرجم می مجدالت می مرد و میخوریم عم مدین می مرد و می مرجم می مجدالت می مرد و میخوریم عم مدین می میرسد ان مل بخیم مدین می مدان سب دو با ند تسریکی دخم



دوماً گفتر نُدِيم دَرطاق دالو<sup>ن مو</sup>را کم دونير بيدو آب بارو<sup>ن</sup> الهي خير نه سب ند توردارو<sup>ن گ</sup>رفت ند شخفت من را دَر بايد بو<sup>ن</sup>



Two pomegranates, apples, quinces, I receive, All the six to my gay sweetheart I give. This message convey and her, warmly greet:— " Come and let once again our lips meet!"

#### 347

Starling-eyed is my lovely female, Her eyebrows'bend is like a snake tail. Five kisses of your lips' corner I demand-Tender as an angel's silvery band.

## 348

We were destined to live together best, To pick roses and under trees to rest. If you pick roses they give no shadow; For love—sickness no remedy I know.

#### 349

In days of youth two sweethearts I chose, Reshti and Mazenderani—each a rose. For the Reshti I die, she's so sweet, The Mazenderani, I long to meet.

ووتان دودان بوب دوداب <sup>۳۴۶</sup> ببر تهر سشیت اره با دلبر مرده بود و ارس ار دودان بوب مرد با با بر در مشیت ار مارد با در ارم ده بود و ارس اس میر ساند





دوتا یاری گرفت شرخ درجوانی ۲۴۹۹ بقرُبون سَسر سِشتی بیکردم که دولت بَر سَسرِ ما زندرا نی

Your eyes are charming as eyes of the ewe. Like Torshiz crescent are those brows of you. A kiss of your mole if on me you'ld waste, Sweeter than Torshiz pastry it would taste.

## 351

Looking in your two eyes I should not miss, Your two eyes are indeed sweet to kiss. The two pomegranates lying on your chest, To rub the whole night, is indeed the best.

### 352

I have wept so much that my eyes are sore, This nostalgia I can bear no more. Your handkerchief I desire to smell, Its perfume may help me to become well.

## 353

My eyes are fixed forever on your place, My hands long to caress your tender face. The Haji likes in Mecca to stay. My Mecca is thy face, I boldly say.
دو جبانت محضم معنی مانیه تصحیح ابروت با دشیش مانیه أكربوسى دهى از خالِ روّي بِشْرَبَتِ خَنَهِ ي تُرْشِيش مارِدِ

ووشپائت بسیر کردن می آرزه دو کبکانت ببوسیدن میازِرُ دوسینکای، نوانارنا کرکت یا دونصف شو بالیدن میارزه

دوچشانم بدَرد آمد سک<sup>ن</sup> بار <sup>۲۵۲</sup> زیسکه ناله کردم از عمّت یار ب<u>د</u> دَسال مِبدُم سَرد وحِیْمُ ب<u>د</u> دَسال مِبدُم سَرد وحِیْمُ

دوجيها تم ستم كوي توباشيه سفل دودستم شانيرً روي توبا شه مرابا حاجب في مج چاره زِيارتگا وِ مُوُ روي تو باشِه

On the high mountain peak I like to stay; With my breath falling short, my flute I play. Playing the flute is not such a hard thing, My girl's infidelity distress will bring.

### 455

I had a headache, pain in my head arose, Lead me to the garden with the yellow rose. Open the door please and tell me no tale, For I'm homesick with a complexion pale.

#### 456

I'm worried from headache that will not fail, Everyday I get weaker and more pale. People tell me, "The weather is so warm"; I know that love has brought me all this harm.

### 457

My thoughts at Firoozabad I amuse, My burning heart O' Lord, do not abuse. I fear that in strange lands I will die, And no one a gravecloth for me will buy.

دوجيم ست داره در تبرمن في مشيده خنجردو مد ور سر من نِشُونَهُ وَرَحْسَبُ ايُمُ مَا وَرِ مِنَ كشيده خنجر وخوتم بريزه

دوچېمون سياښت کا فِرْمُ کَرد کَسَبِ پِخَده ات آز دين دَرم کرد دو پوسب وَعدهٔ دِلدار کَردی خَطَا گُفتی صِدقَت با وَرَم کَرُد

دو حِبْوتْم بِحِبْمونِ وِل أَقَاد تَسْحِجُومَتَا بِي كَهُ بَرِشَاخٍ كُلُ أَمْنَا د مُشْتَردارون مُشْتَركَنك مِكْبِرِين كَهُ راهُم دور وكارُمُ مُشْكِلُ فَنَا د

Because of my girl's love my eyes are sore. I've wept so much for her; can weep no more. Her kerchief to tie on my eyes I take, Its perfume my sore eyes better may make.

# 359

My eyes with anxiety watch the door, Mornings and evenings I keep her score It's now midnight and she doesn't appear, My life is soon going to end, I fear

### 360

Tonight her eyes are sore to my worry, Will boil marsh—mallow and morning glory. Sugar cane and almond kernels I bring, She'll drink rosewater and no other thing.

## 361

Her two eyes like two bright stars do blink Beautified with collyrium I think . If in my dream she would herself reveal, New life and new energy I would feel.

دوحِپْمُوُن مِلْمُ اِمتُوحَبْ ایمِ <sup>عقل</sup> گُلُنِيومُنَّهُ وَتَحْمَّى بِلَا بِهِ بارين بي شِڪَرما مَغْزِباددم نُحُوراکبِ دِلبرُم اِمتُو گُلُ ب

دوج شمون وِلْمُ جُفتی سِتاره ا<u>۳۶۱</u> دوج شمون وِلْمُ جُفتی سِتاره ا اگر کمیت شونچوا بِ مَن بیاید خُدا عُمری مِن میدِه دو با رِه

Of alabaster and agate is your face, Saltish-sweet are your lips, full of grace. From corners of your lips give me a kiss,

Worms<sup>•</sup> and ants tomorrow enjoy this bliss.

#### 463

My sweetheart is away, lonely I remain, O'Lord, when shall I my darling regain? If she doesn't come back by end of week. I will surrender life; my girl I seek.

### 464

Your trip was very long for me indeed, Come back quickly, do return in speed. As honey-comb swarmed with many bees, My heart is worried, and my life will cease.

#### 465

On a long journey you went far away, Leaving me in great worry and dismay. You went for wealth, for fun and for a thrill, But came back old, this has made me so ill.

دو شام بر د آمد خدایا <sup>عقل</sup> عم دلب ربیاد آمد خدایا عم دلبرگذاشت بار نوکم کم که لوکم در عداب آمد خدایا

دو حیثی نیت دَردارُم خُدایا <sup>۳۳۳</sup> غَرَیزی دَرَسَفَردارُم خُدایا بَمَه می گَنَ غَرَیزَت کی می آیپر به دِل شوقی دِکردارُم خُدایا

دوچېمونی کِه داری سَندار<sup>ه ۳۳۴</sup> بِغیرِاز آسمُونِ پُرِسِتماره میون شتی وچار مُوجِ دَریا مَنم کِه غَرُقیم خود دوُنم ویا<mark>ر</mark>



Sweetheart, tell me, what your locks aspire,? What from my heart, your black curls will desire? When my gloomy house you won't render bright, Why then come to my dream, every midnight?

# 367

Your two black curls, so attractive and gay, Decorate your cheeks in a wonderful way: One formed a twirl around your charming face, The other gave your mouth sweetness and grace.

# 368

Your black curls you dishevel and expose. Of this coquetry what is your purpose? Better than me I bet you will not find. A crow or a hawk in your love—snare you bind?

# 369

Your two curls like snakes on treasure rest; Your teats like two oranges on your breast. When you show up yourself like a full moon, Alexander becomes checkmate too soon.

دو <del>شابت محشم سطن</del> مانیه <del>۲۵۰</del> خم ابروت با دشیش مانیه أكريوسى ذهى ارخال رتيت يشربت خبري ترشيش مايد

دوشپانت بسیر کردن می آرزه دو کبکانت ببوسیدن میازِرُ دوسینکای، نوانارِ از کُنَت یا دوسین شو بالیدن میارزه

دوچشانم بدَرد آمد بيك بار <sup>۲۵۲</sup> زيبكه ناله كَردُم از عَمَّ يار بدِ دَسال بِبِدُم سَر د دَسِيْمُ کُمَ کَهُ بَلَمَ خُوب سَوْهِ أَزبوي سَال

دوجيها تم ست بركوي توباشيه <sup>۲۵۳</sup> دودستم شانيرً روي توباشه مرابا حاجب اي تج چکاره زيارتگاهِ مُوُ روي تو باشِه

On the high mountain peak I like to stay; With my breath falling short, my flute I play. Playing the flute is not such a hard thing, My girl's infidelity distress will bring.

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#### 457

My thoughts at Firoozabad I amuse, My burning heart O' Lord, do not abuse. I fear that in strange lands I will die, And no one a gravecloth for me will buy.

دو شم مست داره دلبرمن مسيد ، خبردو مد ور سريمن كشيده شخر وحوتم بريره يشونه درعت رايم مادرين







Because of my girl's love my eyes are sore. I've wept so much for her; can weep no more. Her kerchief to tie on my eyes I take, Its perfume my sore eyes better may make.

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My eyes with anxiety watch the door, Mornings and evenings I keep her score It's now midnight and she doesn't appear, My life is soon going to end, I fear

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## 361

Her two eyes like two bright stars do blink Beautified with collyrium I think . If in my dream she would herself reveal, New life and new energy I would feel.

دوجيمو م بيردا ومد سيجار تلقلت زِب كدكريد كَردَم أَرْعَنَم بار بار دسال كدما چِشم بِبَدُم كَم كَمِتْ بِدِيهِ شُوَدارُ بُوي ما





دوحِتْمون وِلْمُ جُفتی سِتَاره (<sup>۳۶۱</sup> دوحِتْمون وِلْمُ جُفتی سِتَاره (<sup>۳۶۱</sup> اگر کمیک شویخوا بِ مَن بیاید (شکر اعمری مِکن میدِه دوبارِه

Of alabaster and agate is your face, Saltish-sweet are your lips, full of grace. From corners of your lips give me a kiss, Worms' and ants tomorrow enjoy this bliss.

#### 463

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#### 465

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دوجيام برد الد فدايا <sup>٣٤٣</sup> عم ولب ربياد آرد فدايا غير ولبرگذاشت مار لوکم کم که لوکم در عداب آمد فدايا

دوحیتی نیت دَردارُم خُدایا <sup>۳۳۳</sup> عَزیزی دَرَسفَردارُم خُدایا ہمہ می گنَ عَزیزَت کی می آبیہ بعد کِل شوقی دِکردارُم خُدایا







Sweetheart, tell me, what your locks aspire,? What from my heart, your black curls will desire? When my gloomy house you won't render bright, Why then come to my dream, every midnight?

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# 369

Your two curls like snakes on treasure rest; Your teats like two oranges on your breast. When you show up yourself like a full moon, Alexander becomes checkmate too soon.

دوزلفان سیام روبانم عظم جمع جد میخواهی ازی حال خرابم وکه باماست باری نداری جرا تهر نمیه شو آیی بخوا بم

دوزلفان سیابت بردو<sup>ر سعت</sup> کمریخته با بر روی تو لوب یکی صفه زده برگرد کویت کمی او میخوره از حوض کو <mark>ثر</mark>

دوزُلغاي سيارِه بازكر دي بي كرا ديدي كه برمن ما زكردي كرا ديدي كه ازمن سبتري بو الخليخ ديدي كه بَرَبا ز ما زكردي



Haven't smelled the rose-perfume for some time; Nor heard the nightingales' delightful rhyme. We must enquire the gardener, I suppose, Why nightingale doesn't care for the rose

### 371

Two girls I have for my night and my day, One sympathetic, the other saucy and gay. One as warbler on rose—twigs will stay; The other singing sweet songs night and day.

# 372

Smooth and narrow as a pen, your nose, Your face shines as torch in the dark, my rose. You can't be trusted with your lips so thin, You know the best way how my heart to win.

#### 373

The night came and I am restless again, My girl comes, in my room I can't remain. In my room my girl will not be at ease, Her dissatisfied heart I cannot please.

ورسد وروا المروى الرشياد بسر صداي تجريح بكبل بنيد بر مداد باخبان كل برسيد چرا بُبُ سِبِيرِ گُ منيا د

دُوَ وِل دارُم کمچی ماه و کمچی رو<sup>ز ۲۷۲</sup> کچی یسلی کچی تحیون دِل سُوز یکی تَبِث خَ<sup>2</sup> گُلُ جا گُرِفته مَسِح کی میخوندِ معیاج تَشْبُ دُ<sup>ز</sup>



دِيمِ مُوَشَدكُه سِبِيتا بِى كُمْ مُو <sup>٣٧٣</sup> أطاق أز تجب دِد اخالى كُمْ مُوُ أطاق از تَجَب دِلْ خالى نَبِيشَهُ دِلْ خار اَضِيَت رَاضى كُمْ مُوُ

Robabeh's love made me sad and forlorn, A flower I was, she changed me to a thorn. I was a rose, king's garden my abode, She made me worthless as dust of the road.

# 375

When finally your corridor I found, To my surprise I heard your kalyan's sound, Your lips on the kalyan pipe did slip, I die for your sweet figure and lip.

## 376

Last night finally my darling I met, Her separation I can't bear, I bet. If my girl in my bosom I can hold, I will build a palace and porch of gold.

#### 377

Of my darling's tyranny I will weep, She disgraced me and hurt my feelings deep, If to mountains my troubles I explain, The mute mountains will sure cry and complain.

منابع عاشق زارم تو کَردی <sup>علیس</sup>یمند گُلُ بودم خارم توکری چمند کُلُ بودم درباغ شاهی بنجاک کوچ یک تم تو کردی

رسيدم بَردَرِ دالونَت تُحَلِّ شَنيدم كُركُر فَلَيونت مَ وُلُ المُسيدم بَردَرِ دالونَت تَحَلِّ شَنيدم كُركُر فَلَيونت مَ وُلُ

رفيق ديشوًى إمشو كجًا تي <u>۳۷۶</u> نهادی بردیم داغ مجدانی بسازم مصروا یودن طلانی أكردونم كرجت مال مائي

زِوَست وُل نَزْرون دُوفَر يَ<sup>٧٧٧</sup> که وُل دا د آبِرو کم پاک وَربا<sup>د</sup> اَگَردا دِ دِلْمُ با کُوُه لَمِ بُحُومیمُ کَم کوه بی زَبون آیه بِفَرِيا<sup>د</sup>

From Dashti to Lar a journey I had, Healthy I came but left unwell and sad. The khan of Dashti I must curse and blame, For alone I go, though with a girl I come.

# 379

Clad in armor my man comes down the hill, Dagger in hand, alone and full of thrill. Dagger on belt, he is jealous and fell, Poor Najma's doom he is ready to spell.

#### 380

Your love has taught me how the flute to blow, And how my hands around your neck to throw. I like to stay this way all night and day, My youth and life I like to spend this way.

# 381

On soft ground I travel, again and again, Of my love—sickness I sorely complain. All advise me my darling to forget, But how can I forget my violet?

زره بُوشی ازاًون بالا می آیه<sup>۳۷۹</sup> چرا<del>تخب</del> بدست تها می آیه کِ خَجَر بَرَقَد ودَسَتَنْ بِخَجْرِ بَرَا بِی کُشْتَن نَجَا می آیه

زَعِشْتَ باد دَر بني ميكُمْ مُو<sup>ست</sup> دودَس درگردنت كي ميكُمُ مُو دودَس دَرگردنت امروز دَفَردا کي کار عاشِقي رِ طي ميکُنُمُ مُو





If a widow - kinsman or not -- you take, She'll always bite you, deadly as a snake. If you buy her chicken 'n' delicious meal, She'll still praise her former husband with zeal.

# 383

Chattering I walk in your garden with zest, On my knees in your room I sit and rest. You're a noble girl to sit with and to gloze, I'd kiss the ring that hangs up on your nose.

### 384

I drive my flocks on the hills that are high, Thus from the harm of wolves I ever fly. A heavy stone with me I like to take, The wolf with lasso entrapped I will make.

#### 385

I suffer from fever since you went away; With much strife my night I bring to day. Often thinking of the good times we had, When we were both so much in love and glad.

زر المعروما كرف واكر فوین <sup>۲۸۲</sup> مِثال مار و عَقرَب میزَند نیش اگر فر مبش محقی مرغ و مُسما بَمَش دا د میزرند از شو بَرِبْ

زنم جَچ بر مَكْردَم دُورِ باغَت تلمع زَمَمُ زا نونِتِ سُمْ دَراطُات زنم زا نو بزا نومي بُزرگان بِيُوسِم حسَفةً دورِ دَمَاعَت

زنم مَن گُلّه را آندر بلبت دی <sup>۲۸۴</sup> که ماگر کم نگیره گوسفندی بیارم با خودم مَن سَنگ کَهنی کُمْ وَرگردَن کُرگون کمَندی

زِوَحَى رَفَتَهَ اى تُو كَرَدُهُ يُمُ<sup>وَ</sup> بِخُوَارِى رُوزِ مَا نُسُو كَرَدُه يُم مُو ہَوسُوما كہ باھم می نیشیتیم بنی ما د او نُسُوما كَرَدِه يُم مُوُ

When you're away my days are dark as night, You laugh with joy, but I'm a lonesome wight. If you would search Kerman from end to end, You will not find a more trustworthy friend.

#### 387

A charming girl I saw living next door, With all my heart her I love and adore. A nightingale she is, but I don't know, In whose garden she did flourish and grow.

### 388

Round Qibleh's home some wires I would lay, I would then gaze at her black eyes so gay. If I could have my black—eyed girl as wife, I would give up all possessions of life.

#### 389

Tonight I count heavenly stars, I say, I have fever tonight, so keep away. If you come, you'll put my life at stake, For all my enemies are now wide awake.

ز جرت وزین شیر شوپار مستر توخندونی ومَن دَرَعَمْ گِرِفِتار مَوْمُ مَلْكُ كَرِمَان رَالْجُرَدِي نَيْسَبِ بِي مَثْلِ مَن يارِ وَفَادِار

<u>سَرای روبرو مال ک</u>ه باشه ولم میسُوزه از داغ که باشِه مَرای روبرو مال که باشه ولم میسُوزه از داغ که باشِه ولم میسوزه آز داغِ **فسلانی س**ُخلانی نُکبُلِ باغِ که باشِه





ساره آسمون میشارم اِمتو ببالیم مَا بمی رُم اِمتو بیاره اِمتو بیاره اِمتو بیاره اِمتو بیاره این این می بیاره اِمتو بی

The stars appeared and then followed the moon, O' caravan leader, don't leave so soon ! O' caravan leader, don't be so wild, My girl is far behind, she's just a child.

# 391

On your way I sit and flowers I strew. If hit with sword, still I'll remain true. If swords be hurled down to me as the rain, To meet your face, all risks I entertain.

#### 392

My love and I arrived at a cross—road, She went away and left me with love's load. My girl went to a land so far away, I'm left alone, full of grief and dismay.

### 393

My black-eyed girl, milks the ewe with much grace, Her breast full of moles, adorned with necklace. Her alabaster breast is sure a bliss, Her slender necklaced neck I long to kiss.

منار می دود ماهم زدنبال ۲۹۰ خدایا قاطه کی سیکند بار خدایا قاطه کیک شو با نه منفرد سیش دارم دِلْ دُنبال سَغرد سبي دارم ولز دُنبال

سررا به نسبینم کل بریز م <sup>۳۹۱</sup> اکر شمشیر بباره بر بخسیزم اگر شمشیر بباره مثل باران جامت را نب ینم بر نخیزم

سَرِراهم دومات دوامی بن رفیق از من جُداشدوای برن رفیق از من جُداشد دفت نبخ بنی بنی بنی بنی بن مناشد دای برن

سياحيش كم ميدوشد نز حال

ككوببد كردن سينه بكورش

كلوبند كردنش سينداش يرخال خودم بوست كه ولبر فتم أزحل

A black-eyed girl at Abadeh I met, Who has not been touched by anyone yet. Her brave mother I sincerely adore,

For whom has her daughter she kept in store?

#### 395

I'll go to Demavand peak, there to talk, With God and the moon, with fairies to walk. May he who separated you from me, The death of his own wife and children see.

### 396

I saw you near a running brook today, With beautiful dress, attractive and gay. I'm eloquent but cannot speak, Before your sweet tongue I feel so weak.

# 397

Once I reached a crossroad at early dawn, There I saw a girl lovely as a fawn; And this young, pomegranate—breasted lass, Was necking with a Negro on the grass.

### 394





سُخُنُ کو یُم سَسِر کوه دَما وند سَبَحَقَ ماه پری بَحقِّ خدا وند



بديئم نازنسيسنم شل ماهى ستحركاهي رسيدم وردورهم زَده *زا*نو بزا نوي سيا<mark>هی</mark> بديدُم مازنين ماريپتون

I went to a garden at early dawn, There was a shining lamp right on the lawn. I met a nightingale singing and gay, Cooing and beaking all night with a jay.

### 399

Putting the bridle on a camel wild, I left Yezd at a dawn that was so mild. What a silly mistake, what a mistake ! My darling so easily to forsake !

# 400

The tulip opened; lo! Now it is dawn; Violets spread their foils on hills and lawn. The lily should now unhappy stay, For narcissus is crowned with beauties gay.

### 401

I asked her tresses at dawn of the day; --" Does musk compete with your perfume any way? Annoyingly my darling answered me: " How can the musk so aromatic be!"

#### 398

مدين سرامي مصلح جاغي ميون باغ مي سوز ، چراغي بديرم تعبي ست وغز لخوان زده زا نو برا نو ی کلاعی





سحرشد صبحدم شدلاله سترزد ستستشخيمه باكوه وتكركز

كُلُ سوسَن بروخانى يَبَرُن كَهُ زَكُس تاج سلطانى بسرَد



تحریب یدم از گمیوی دِبر کم توخو مشبوتری یا شک عنبر به از میرخسیم از تو مرا با شک می سازی براب

I'm told, a new friend arrived at the port, A handsome businessman full of disport; Pass the news to my darling with delight, For in her eyes will shine a new light.

#### 403

My sweet girl, your lover don't oppress, My life with your oppressions don't depress. Don't oppress me two hundred times a day, You will regret it when I pass away.

# 404

Now the stars in the sea \_of\_heaven dive, From Sakineh I must get kisses five. If I'm sure that mine will be Sakineh, I'd even build a palace in Madineh.

## 405

My star appeared again, as yesterday, "Give me five kisses, Golafrooz," I say. If I knew that to my love she would yield, Overnight a palace for her I'd build.

سترسدى كەلدازىندر اومَد جَوُدُن نُوْتُ خَلى سوداگرا رُمد خبروربارجونی میرسونید که روشنانی بخش دِلبَرْاد م

سِتم با مو مکن شاخ نبائم سیتم با مو مکن تا در حسّی تم سیتم با مو مکن روزی دوصد با بیشیو میشوی بعَداز وَ فا نُمّ

برم تين بومس مكبرُم ارتسكينه

برم تصرى ب زم در مدين

ساره *سرز<mark>د</mark>ده* ازجای دینه الردائم سكينه مال مايَه

ساره *سرز*ده ازجامی دیرد<sup>ز</sup>

اكردائم پل فروز ال الي

برُم ينج بو *سكبرُم*از يك افروز» برم فصرى مبازم دردًم رُوز

The stars appeared; I went out in the dark, For the caravan-leader will soon embark. O' leader stop and your caravan bind, My friend is a child and fallen behind

# 407

The stars are blinking and so does the moon; Lo' my caravan will pack up and go soon. Stay overnight, O' caravan ! Be kind, My trip is ahead, but my heart lags behind.

## 408

Tonight I see many stars in the sky; Feeling myself exalted on the high. But O'Lord, grant my death—ordeal outright, For I will not meet my darling tonight.

#### 409

Wild rue has seeds in the desert, they say, My darling at Chenaroon will stay. If Chenaroon is ruined, I would be glad, For she gets drunk there, and this makes me mad
سامیرود احم بد نبال برشیس قایند کی سیند بار رئيس فاقت دانتر جميره كه يا رُم كُودك مانده بدنبال

يتار مسرزَدوه ابن مرتبال ترتمي قافِله کمي مي كمه بار ر مُي قافِد دسَت نِتَجهدار كم يارَم كو دَكه مو ندَه بدُنبال

ساره در بَهُوا می سب نمامشو زمین درزیر با می سب نمامشو خدا با مرک بده تا جون سپارم که با را زخود جُدامی سب کم

سِيَندُم دربيا يون دانه كرده ك يارُم در چارون خانه كرده الى بكد برج تجارون» خود مش مست مرا ديواندكرد

The stars in the sky will twinkle and blaze, Your lover's heart is also put ablaze. I wonder how my girl her love'll transpire, But my heart of her love is set afire.

# 411

My heavenly star to earth I bring, She is my jewel and I am the ring. God protect my jewel—she is so rare, And this is my first and last love affair.

# 412

As a star in the firmament is she, To all my troubles she's the remedy. Tender as a flower and charmingly sweet, Her death her good mother may never meet.

#### 413

Living on earth, she's a heavenly emblem, I am a ring, and she is its precious gem. O' God, this precious gem always preserve. For till eternity, her I will serve.

ساره آسان مين رسوره ول عاش تراى بارسوزه دِل دلمب بسٍوزه يا نسوزه ول من ساعتى صد بارسوزه





سارة آسمون چَخ فلك بي دَواى در دِمن اون تَحَرَك بي سارة آسمون چَخ فلك بي دَواى در دِمن اون تَحَرَك بي الهي ما دَرِمش داغَش شِبينه كما واز برك كُلُ ما رَكَتَرك بي



يساره أسمون نَقَشْ زَمْتَ نِي تَعَقَّدُهُ مَا مُكْتَرُو بِارْمَ بَكِينِ خداوندانگھ ارتکین بس کہ یا رِ اَوَّلُواَ خَرِبَمَتِن

Tonight I count stars and keep still, Don't come to my bed, for I'm very ill. If you approach my bed, fever you'll take, This merciless fever your heart will break.

# 415

Tonight I am counting stars in the sky, Don't come to me for my fever is high; Don't come tonight or you will sure be killed, For wide awake are foes and rancor-filled.

# 416

Peep from the castle, for soon we will meet, I'll come, make your lips as nectar sweet, As mixed sugar, milk and almond they taste; I'll suck your tender lips and make no waste.

# 417

I like your head-shaking, darling sweet, You're as a new-born lamb starting to bleat. As a new-born lamb your mother you call; Your mother you do not forget at all.

منار آمون ميتارم إمشو بباليمُ ميا بمي ارُم إم<mark>ش</mark>و بباليم ميا «توكير» ميشى اسیراین تو و بی پیر می شی





لَبَت شَهدو شِيكَرُكْنِ أَمدُم بار

د ما د م مآزه ترک<sup>ن</sup> آمدم ما<mark>ر</mark>

سَرَت از قَلْعہ در کُن الدُم بار

لبت شيروشكر مامغز با دُوم

PIV



تترت كردم كه تسرسكني مار

مثْل بَرِهُ بَازِه رَكًا هي

Thank you for having the Lord in thy sight, My gloomy heart you made happy and bright. Don't ever break your promises to me, You bought me as slave, now set me free.

#### 419

When you shake your head you are so sweet, As a new-born lamb you lament and bleat. As lamb recently weaned you seem to act, Always thinking of your mother, in fact.

# 420

I found putrified water at the spring, Couldn't help laughing; I didn't taste the thing, My lips are used to water clear and sweet, How can such water and food drink and eat!

#### 421

I was thirsty, to the spring I was bound, Two white birds resting at the spring I found. When I saw those two birds I heaved a sigh, Were I at home, those two birds I would buy.

معتقر فلرايا وكرى دلِ ن شادِ مارا شاو کردی الرازعف وتيمون وزكردى خريدى بنده وآزاد كردى مثال بَرْه عَرْغَرُ سَكِنَى وِل سَرَت نازم كم سَرَسَلْنِي ال تهميشه با دِ ما دَرسيكنى وِل مثال تربة بأزه رًكاهى بَمُ از سِتْلَى آ مَدْ تَحْبُ و ترحثه بسيدم آب كنده این آب کند دراکی می پنده لې که آب جوهر دار خور د م سَرِحْتِه رسيدم تِشْنَه بدم وومَّا مرغ سِفيد خفتَه ديدم بِحِقْ دِيْمَ بِدِلْ أَهْيَ لِشِيْدُمُ الْكُرْشِرِخُوْدُم سِدُ حَيْمَ مُ

What a strange sight ! What a nasty thing ! To see Turkoman girls with pants at the spring. Unbuttoning their pants with childish delight; I can't bear it, what a wonderful sight !

## 423

My intimate friend at the spring I met, A white and red rose of Zanjan, I bet! Good news as hoopoe from desert he had :--With a Kermani girl came by my lad.

# 424

My girl at a spring will herself install; Does she still our old friendship recall? In old days we were intimate and close, But she's forgotten them all, I suppose!

### 425

A tasseled scarf has put on my friend, Her sweet ways I cannot comprehend. With fifty cents I bought her a jacket, And her mother isn't satisfied yet.









سَرِحِيْم سِعْبِ مَنْزَلْت بِي مُحْتَهَا مَ مُحْتَهَا مَ مُعْتِين بِرَدِكَ بِي





سَردسال ولبرريث ريشه

یلی کیخامین دادم حریدم

Powdered sugar on your way I'll spread, Tears, up to my knees, for you I will shed. He who had separated you from me, May in his life, death of his children see.

426

#### 427

On your way, tired and worn out, I sit, Picking up sweet basils bit by bit. Sweet basil has never your perfume, Away from you my life will soon consume.

# 428

On your way I would sit and auguries take, Of messengers enquiry for you make. If messengers perchance I cannot meet, My life no other thing can make sweet.

#### 429

On your way I sit and auguries take, If your messenger comes, enquiries make. If your messenger looks tired and glowers, I will greet him with bouquets of flowers.

شراهت برزم تزمير فند تستريزم أشك خونين بالكرئيذ برانكس وراازموجدارد بيجثم خود برسب بدداغ فزرند







Flower bouquets on your way I will throw; Even if daggers are hurled I will not go. I would like you always to entertain, As seed inside pomegranate to remain.

# 431

A sweet girl stopped me on my way, "We must marry", she then began to say. Please this message to her mother carry: "Don't worry, for shortly we will marry".

### 432

My girl with myself came to a crossway; Alas, for my girl will soon go away. She went far from me to a foreign land, She is used to be in strangers' hand.

#### 433

Split your hair, for I come once again; Look at the road, for I come once again. Your handkerchief you should give as reward, And thank Heavens, for I'm moving forward.

مراحظ بر بر بر الرخبر بباره ورنخب بر م دلم میخواد که با تو بار بکشم چودونه در میان نار بکشم سرام موره دخستر کرفته مگرمبذ موره مخت کم گرفته برکن بَره در منستر کمونی که عت ما و دختر سَرگرفته سرایان دوماشددای برین رفیق آزمن جُداشدوای برین رفيق ازمن خداشدرفت بنبرت بغريب أست فاشدوا ي برك نگاه وَرخطِراه کُن او مُدُم کَن بروسش کرخداکن او مدُم تن سَرِزُلُفَتْ جُداكن او مُدم مَن بده دسمال دست مشلقوني

Pink-colored is the kalyan-top of my girl, Her lips and teeth are precious gems and pearl. From evening to dawn her charm I admire, To sleep with her and not wake I desire.

### 435

My lamb on the higher peak will stay, I have a lover's cap on to greet my fay. Lover's cap has no glory any more, For my sweetheart's veil is what I adore.

### 436

On the mountain peak a star shines, behold ! There rests a young man twenty-two years old. Go to him and dress his wounds that are sore, Though the love-sickness can be cured no more.

### 437

On the mountain peak I'm crying alone, I have no friend, though I am worse than none. The pickaxe with my teeth I'm going to take, And out of the hard stone a sweetheart make.







که دَردِ عاشِقی دَرمون نَدارِه







On high mountains searching has been my aim, I have lost my camel and search for same. Searching for the camel, tired I grow, I have lost a flower, may be it's you!

#### 439

I will roll down on the high mountain rock; The door of my uncle I'll boldly knock. If he'd let me her daughter's hand to hold, My uncle's hat sure I will fill with gold.

# 440

On high mountains I weep like a willow, Without you how my head rests on pillow. With you gone, if on soft silk I sleep, I'll do nothing but moan all night and weep.

# 441

On the high hill I'm going to raise a hell, To the stone hill all my secrets will tell. Since I know that I have no other choice, I will tell my secrets in a loud voice.









چلور بی توگذارم سربالِش بمشِيم سيكم مستسرما و ومالِش

تركوه تمبذ نايش باليش

أكربى تو درابرسيتُ تجوائجُ



On the lofty peak my flute I will play; The knotted reed is in harmony today.

The seven-knotted reed is my company smart, The world is nothing compared to my sweetheart

# 443

On the high hill I'd like to plant a tree; A tree as tall as my Banoo can see. If I know my friend she's going to be, I would sit her constantly on my knee.

### 444

On a high mountain peak I have a plan, To take my girl from wherever I can. A girl of my relatives I will hold, Her belt decorated with silver and gold.

### 445

My stomach is sore and I feel so ill; A girl will heal me on this lofty hill. Every day my heart is growingly sore, O'Lord, this bad luck I'll suffer no more.

مركى بشر وازكردم في بهفت تبدرا همراز كردم يغيراًزنو بدُنب نازكُردُم ني تهفت تبدر سبق ميرتوم

اَزاين زا نوش اِوْنِ انْدِنْسُوْ<mark>ن</mark>

سَرِكُوى عُبَبَ ٱلويشُونُمُ وَرَحْقَ هُمُ عَتَدِ بِانُو يَشُونُهُ أكردونم كيربابو ماير ماير

للمبرئم دخترى أزهركه باشير

لكوبندش طمست و فقره باش

تسرِکوی کبت پُر خَلا شِه للمرم دخترى أزقوم وخونتيان



تَركوى مُبَدْ بُرُ خَلامَتِ وِلَمُ وَرُوْسَ ساير بايد بايد

On the lofty mountain I like to cry, A new scarlet coat I like to try.

> The scarlet coat won't ever change to blue, My lonely heart thinks of nothing but you.

### 447

To high mountain I'll run and there abide, My silver rifle I'll throw at my side. O' Lord, turn my silver rifle into gold, Make my younger brother a sheriff bold.

### 448

A promenade on the peak I will take, Everybody is asleep, but I'm wide awake. I am fed up with the feminine sex, Oh, I'm a pauper and she is a rex!

#### 449

Crying in the mountains I rise and fall, Days of Shirin and Farhad I recall. Weeping aloud, my sweetheart I call, What a nuisance love is to us all.







سَرِكوى مُبْد دودو كُمْ مَن تَفْلَكِ نقره داب كن طَلاكن





شرکوی تبند صددا د و سدا د

صدا برهم زئم هوهو كمبريم

On mountain peaks I want but you and me, As glass and crystal—I will rest with thee. Even when at rest in my grave I lay, In my gravecloth with you I like to stay.

#### 451

I will play my flute on the mountain top, I lost my camel, thus I chase it up. The camel that I lost was with its young, I lost my flower, to me you belong.

### 452

On the mountain peak covered with snow, Shedding blood-tears, after my "love" did go. Separation has made me old with pain, Helpless and melancholy I remain.

# 453

Chasing the lambs and ewes on the high hill, Heard the bad news that my girlfriend is ill. Pomegranates, apples and roses I'll take, These presents to her tomorrow I'll make.











On the high mountain peak I like to stay; With my breath falling short, my flute I play. Playing the flute is not such a hard thing, My girl's infidelity distress will bring.

### 455

I had a headache, pain in my head arose, Lead me to the garden with the yellow rose. Open the door please and tell me no tale, For I'm homesick with a complexion pale.

### 456

I'm worried from headache that will not fail, Everyday I get weaker and more pale. People tell me, "The weather is so warm"; I know that love has brought me all this harm.

### 457

My thoughts at Firoozabad I amuse, My burning heart O' Lord, do not abuse. I fear that in strange lands I will die, And no one a gravecloth for me will buy.

زِمسينه با د توي بي كنم مَن دِرْختِ بِي وفارا بِي كُمْ مَن

سَرِكُو ى بليندهى هي كُمْ مَن يسينه با د توي بي نه چېدون









دِلمُ وربا<u>ر می سوزِه</u> خُدا یا كَفَن وَرَمَن كَهِ ميدوزه خُدايا



O'God, in Sistan I can stay no more, O'God, for my darling, my heart is sore. If I die in this foreign land, O'Lord, Who will the expense of my shroud afford?

458

#### 459

My head is in the ironsmiths' mews, But my heart with two sisters I amuse I asked my heart, "Shall I marry the small "? It said, "The other is sweet-tongued and tall".

### 460

The general's wife stole my heart away, Winged ants carry my corpse without delay. Let people know, if they do not know yet, A married woman did my heart beset.

# 461

My head lies on stone the ground is my cot, God has destined that this should be my lot. God has arranged my destiny this way, With bleeding heart away from her I stay.



مَرْم در كوچة أبهت كراني ولم بالاى بردوخوا براز بدل كفتم كه خور دى المبيرم مربزكي خوست قد وشيرين بان

ترم را سرستر داربر و سنم را مورجه بردار برده الا مردم منیدائن برائن ولم را زَن سو مردار بُرده

مَرْمِ سَلْمَهِ كَمَ بِالسَّحْ رَضِينَهُ خُدَاكَرُد وكُمَ تَقَدَيُرُ مَهِ بَعِيدَ خدا تقدیر من این طور کرده که دل خون از فراق نازمینه

Of alabaster and agate is your face, Saltish-sweet are your lips, full of grace. From corners of your lips give me a kiss, Worms and ants tomorrow enjoy this bliss.

# 463

My sweetheart is away, lonely I remain, O'Lord, when shall I my darling regain? If she doesn't come back by end of week. I will surrender life; my girl I seek.

### 464

Your trip was very long for me indeed, Come back quickly, do return in speed. As honey-comb swarmed with many bees, My heart is worried, and my life will cease.

#### 465

On a long journey you went far away, Leaving me in great worry and dismay. You went for wealth, for fun and for a thrill, But came back old, this has made me so ill.



سَفر رَفته وِل دِمَن سِقْرِارِم خدا و ندائِكارُم كُوُ نِكَارُم

اگر ، بَصْتَ وَكَمَرَ نايد مَنَ أَزدُورى ولرجن مُنَام

سَفَركَردى سَفَردا دوركردى ولمراخونة زنبور كر د

دِلْمُ راخونة أزنبور ندجَيدون كرزنده زنده أم دركوركردى

تفركروى فرره دوركرد ولمراخانية زنبور كروى

سَفْرِكَر د براى ال نا خُودَت بيرومورة تر وكردى

A white bird I was on pistachio tree; The world broke my wing and I am not free. O' world pity me and don't break my wing, I already suffer from men's sting.

#### 467

As white birds on pistachio twigs I sing, But destiny with stones broke my wing. Without my girl I feel lonely and sad, Misery and exile have both made me mad.

### 468

A white bird on pistachio trees wandering, When a black hand ruthlessly broke my wing. I'm old, pity my wing, O' world, regret, The dust of loneliness on me is set.

#### 469

O' lover your disease has got no cure, The past won't be renewed, of this be sure. Give up this love, and set on God your eyes, Love is futile, ruined is he who denies.

مسيعنى ودم بَرشان سبة الكُسُسُكُم زَده بالمُ شِكَتِ فلك سنكم نزن بالى ندارم ز دست مرد مان حالى ندارم سِفَدِمَعْ بودُم درشان بِتَهُ تَعْلَبُ بَكُوْدَه بَالْمَكِمِ سِفَدِمَعْ بودُم درشان بِتَهُ تَعْلَبُ بَكُوْ نُوْمَعْ بِتَهُ عَالِهِ بَكَسَى بَرَمُو نُشِبَ بِتَهِ سِفيد مُرغى بيُدم وَرشاخ بسته سياه وَستى زَده بالمُ شِكَسِة مُلَكَ بِيرُم مَرَن بالْمُ يُوضَحُنُ خَبَّرِ بِي كَسى وَرِمَن نَشِيَسِة سِكَندر دَردِي تَو دَرمون ندارِه كُذُستَه كارِ وَركْرَدون ندارِ بُرُو رُو را بِدِرگا ہ خُدا کُنُ کَه حَدِّ عَاشِقَی سا مُون ندارِ

As pomegranate seed, you're tender and sweet, I'd die for you and desire you to meet. Among a hundred girls I've chosen you, Don't be unkind to me; be fair and true.

# 471

You're the light of my eyes, you are my goal, I greet you with all my heart and my soul. At the hour my letter to you I wrote, Many thousand tears have dropped on my note,

### 472

Your salutation was pleasing and warm, I like to kiss your lips so full of charm When fourteen years old, I gave you my heart, Now at fifteen, as your slave I will start.

### 473

Many love messages to my partridge I send, Snapping my handkerchief, you're my friend. Keep it as love token, for from first day, In your love\_mansion I decide to stay.

سکا**ت میرسونم وونی** مار بِقرُبونِ تو گردُم مازنین مار میون صَدحوُن لِ وَرَنَسِتُمُ مَكْنَ مَامر دى وَخونُم مِكْصَدْر









On my way to Kashan I met three girls, Well-dressed in green and red, with golden curls. Three kisses from them I had demanded soon, One for morning, two for evening and noon.

474

# 475

Three apples, pomegranates and quinces take, These to my sweetheart as present make. If my darling happens to be away, Take them to her mother without delay.

### 476

You went for three days but six days it took, You went in spring; it is now Nowrooz, look ! You said your journey in three days you'd make, See for yourself, how many days it did take !

#### 477

For three days you went, but thirty days it took, In winter you went, it's spring time, look ! You said you will be back by the week-end. On your promises no more I depend.




بيا بش<mark>ار سين جيدروز</mark>ه امروز

سه رُوزه رَفته ای شیش دزام<sup>وز</sup> بهارا رَفته ای نُوروزِه ا<u>مروز</u> ور مربع خود ت گفتی *سرسیر ر*وز میانم

زِ<mark>مستون رَفته ً نُوُروزِه حا لا</mark>

سرروزه فرشت سيروزه حالا

خَرَتَ كُفَتَى سَرِمَهْتْهِ بِمَالِمُ شَكَرِهِ كُنُ بِبِينَ خَبِدَروزِ مَالا

For three years and three months you were away, And I have been seeking you night and day. If you did not want my friend to remain, This on the first day you had to explain.

## 479

My three girls wear blouses tender as rose, Two partridges, one nightingale I suppose. For capturing one of them I arose, Partridge complained of hill, warbler of rose.

### 480

Your lips are sweet, I would like you to say, For two kisses how much have I to pay? For your kisses I pay what you demand, Bukhara, Isfahan and Samarkand.

#### 481

My darling's eyes are as black as the tar, Her face is bright as a shining star. He who keeps me separate from my friend, As burning oil his life will shortly end.

سرام وسعيده وسرفوروز بِمُنبال توميكَتُ شُورروز توكير با ماست بايرى نُداشتى حرابا ما نُكُفتى تو همو رُوز سە ۇل دارم كە بېرسە يېنىڭ كى كۈك وىكى تىپۇ و بىبل يت كردُم كير تيبور الجب شرم كمكوك أزكوه وبالمُنُل بكُلُ ساح شم ربز تجوین ، کبت و دو بوس مخوام تفر اقیقش خبد میاح پشم ربز تجوین ، کبت و دو بوس مخوام تفر اقیقش خبد مبای بوسه آت راشتم ای کل بخارا و صفا ہون و سمر قند

نيخ يارُم مِثْنِ اه روزِه

ساچشر متل چوب غور بَرانكُس ما واو أزهَم خُذكرد مِشْ روغَن مَدُو بِسُوزه O'my black-eyed darling, serve me a drink, Even in my death-bed of thee I think. Please come to my bed when I pass away; So that with peace in my grave I may lay.

#### 483

A black-eyed girl at Abadeh I met, To no one she her hand has given yet. Brother, with her always be in accord, Though she promised candy but broke her word.

#### 484

At Dorybid a sweet beauty I met, A sweet female, and a real nymph, I bet. Her radiant beauty out-shone the moonlight; Eyes as Canopus and Jupiter bright.

## 485

The black-eyed girl who won me with a wink, From childhood put me in trouble, I think. When I was simply an ignorant boy, Fetters she laid on me and took my joy.

سامیتون بده کم آخر کن سامیتون بده کم آخر کن بیالی م بیا سیرت کینم بیالی م بیا سیرت کینم

ساحیث که دیدُم درآباده می وست کس ندادِه ساحیت که دیدُم درآباده می وست کس ندادِه سرا در ما تو دنی خِدست کن محب شاخ سابتی وَعدِه داد

دوح پتموسش شهيل ومشتري

ساچینی که دیدی درآری بید تبلی اوزن نه بید حرور کری بید

جَالَش طعنه بَرَ مَها دُوسِ بَرِ



Like the black-eyed girl that at Lar I met, I never can in town or bazaars get. In town or bazaar I ne'er met such a thing, Except only at the Khonsar spring.

#### 487

My black-eyed girl was winnowing some wheat, She tore her collar when me she did meet. Sweat drops on her eyelashes were seen, With her lover's handkerchief wiped them clean.

#### 488

My black-eyed girl gave lemon for pleasure, While I thought she would give me a treasure. Taking me into the hall she said, "Hiss!" "A Kiss from my lips'corner do not miss!"

#### 489

Like black marble is my colored mistress, Lovely and shining as her black satin dress. It is no defect to be black, I think, For the Qoran is written with black ink.

#### 486



مراميديد كرسون چاك ميكرد

ساچشی که کندم باک میکرد مرامیدید کریبون چاک میکرد عرق زئیشتِ شِپاش بُرمه نبس عرق زئیشتِ شِپاش بُرمه نبس

ساحیتی که ناریخی مین دا د بدل گفتم خدا گنجی مین دا د میاجیتی که ناریخی مین دا د آزادن شخخ کبش توسی رداد محرفت دشم فبرسیم وی داکون آزادن شخخ کبش توسی زناد اَزادن تُحْجَ لَبْس بُوسى مَ<sup>داد</sup>







The black-eyed girl who killed me with her wink, From childhood brought me to destruction's brink. I was only an inexperienced boy, When she cunningly plundered all my joy.

#### 491

A black-eyed darling at Khollar I met, Like whom, Afshar or Turk, I could not get. A black-eyed beauty that my heart had bound, At the carpenter's home-corner I found.

#### 492

The black-eyed girl in your parish is fine, No one should kiss that girl, as she is mine. She shouldn't kiss a man, nor to any laugh, From childhood I chose her as my better-half.

## 493

My black-eyed girl, when cleaning wheat, I saw; When she saw me, her fingers she did gnaw. Tears rolled down her rosy cheeks as she wept, But dried her tears with a handkerchief she kept.

سام شرک شکر از مرا سام شرکی که شکر از مرا مَرا ازكو دكى توي عُمَ أَبْدا که بیدم کودنی وطفل ما دون چنین شک برجون مَن اندا



سِیَحِتِ کَم دَرَ مَلْدِی مُثْمَایَم کَم سَلِم سِی نَدَه کَه مال مایَه سِیَحِتِ کُسی کَه دَرَ مَلْدِی مُثْمَایَم کُم اواً زُخور دِکِی کُم اواً بُرُومایَه سوی





My black-eyed beauty passed along the street, I knew it by her perfume so sweet.

I said, "I'll buy you a bonnet, my rose," She smiled and to all people did disclose.

#### 495

As a fairy with black eyes and much grace, In beauty's field you are the charming ace. I gave you my heart and will not rescind; Though my life-crop you exposed to the wind.

## 496

A moonlit evening as "my darling "pale, May God protect "her "for she is so frail. I have knelt down to God, that she some day, May decide by some chance to change her way.

## 497

I want no clouds on a moonlit night of May! Turn Moslem, how long infidel you stay! Since you know that your lover you can kill, Wait not, O' infidel, my blood spill.

شكال كالكمشش مارا خبر كرد

لَبَتْ خَديد و عالم را خبر كَرد

بدل كفتم عرق جينين بدورم

190

توره ما در زقصد جون بمو دار شرده حت من عمر موره باد

سِیَہ موی سَمَنَ بوی بَرِی را از آنروزی که مودِل کمزیتم

خدائمداره دفمش بردامن

ارًاين آ زاربرخيره ولمن

شب مهتاب كم تم تكريُ كن

دوپا ۲م م<mark>ا بزانو نَزد ا تله</mark>

مشوِقها ب برروی اَبر تاکی

اکر دونی که حاش کششن

مسلمون سُو بدین گمبر ما کی مُسلمون سُو بدین گمبر ما کی کِبُش ای نامسلون صَبر ماکی One can shate at midnight on the ice, Or go to hell for a friend that is nice. One can with tight shoes and with tender feet, Move a hundred miles a sweetheart to meet.

## 499

In a night with thick clouds covering the sky A pair of earrings for her I did buy. What if to her ears they do not fit well ! Immense worries would then in my heart dwell.

#### 500

Durk is the night, and wolves the ewes will rend, Unclasp your tresses and come by, my friend ! The blanket maker's hand I will cut deep, For the blanket's small, she can't sleep.

## 501

On Saturday from Kerman I did part, How bad, to turn away from my sweetheart! At Isfahan river bank I sat sad, I wept for my darling, I was so mad.





دورُلفونت بَرِيشُون كُرُبيانيش تحديثك است وجاي دلبرم "

ش مار مك وكركون رمن

برنبتم وسَت اوساً و نَد مال



شبيشن زكرمون باركردم

رسيدُم برآب أب صفانان

Saturday eve from Yezd away I rode, Sugar I added to my flower load. For my Zoroastrian or Jewish beauty, For three years I performed fatigue-duty.

## 503

With patches of clouds was the moonlit night, And Khollar wine in goblet was so bright. Friends, one another with kindness receive, For a second life, God will never give.

## 504

Under moonlight tonight I'll keep awake, Of pomegranate wood a stick I'll make. But the flocks I can not lead with the stick, For a sad heart thus to action won't prick.

## 505

The moonlit night was as my heart so pale, So hard to answer things to my female. To answer her questions is sure a bore, People's gossips I can't bear any more.

# 502

م مستبر او يرد باركردم مشكر وربار كل سَربار كردم برای دختر کمب بر یکودی سال است بی مواجب کردم







شَبِوَتَهَا بِ بَمَرْكُ دِلْمُ بود جواب بار دا دن مُسْطِحُ بود جواب یار دادن خرف مردم می کم حرف مردمان بار دکم بود In a moonlit night — pale as my lonely heart, I couldn't answer the call of my sweetheart. People's gossips, coupled with what they ask, Make all the more unbearable my task.

## 507

I want nothing but a bright moonlit night, Nothing but to have my sweetheart in sight. Nothing but to lie on her well-shaped chest, And lie there all night, that's all I request.

# 508

I left Meshed at night with paces slow, Leading bridled male camels in a row; Stop! O' caravan, for great is my dole, I've turned my back on the girl with a mole.

## 509

Darling the night that at Yakhoo I spent, My heart to my darling's mansion I sent. A message to my love it did convey, "How are you my charming sweetheart today?"

مشجعة جنان أنك ولم بيد عنظ جواب مار دادَن مُشْكِل بيد جماب يد وادن ترف مَردُم كم حَرف مَردُمان بارِ دِلمُ بيد



بروى سيند بخوش خطوخاش بك شوخواب مخوابم دكينا

شبی که آز خراسون بار کردم قطار لوک زَر د آخیا ر کردم يكن سارون كه خو بَرِمُوْحَرُدُم للله في قَدْ دِلبَر خالدار كُردم

شى كە تىنرلم كوه بىخۇ بى

بريد وربيش مارا راكسيد

سَرُم درّ بيش اوُن دلبركروبي

وُلِ مَن حال وأحوالت حطوبي

Camels of their burden, I of my heart complain, We whimper both and plod behind the train. "Our load is heavy " complain camels all,

"And where are you, my love?" I loudly call.

#### 511

Camels must carry sandalwood, my love, Also sugar beneath, and rose above. To kill my poor Najma, I understand, A husky Negro has a whip in hand.

## 512

Near Roudbar town a camel I have found, With colored blanket, to nowhere was bound. Fully loaded with many presents fine, Probably intended for a girl divine.

## 513

The camels for cargo pistachio had, With them my lover went, I feel so sad. My lover'll go to many places, I suppose, Secrets of my sad heart I won't disclose.

شرار بارمينال من أزول بالله بناليم مردومان مُنزِل منزِل شتر بالدكمن بارم كردنه مَنَمَ مَالَم كَهُ دُورا فَقَادَم أَزِي ل شِكرتَه بار ُوگُل *سَر*مارداره مشرخوبه که <del>مستدل باردار</del>ه براي كُوستُ شَتَن بيچار ه نَجَا غُلام زُنگی بدَست اوُسارداره شرديدم كمبرود بارميرفت بُل رَبِحِينُ وبي اوسًا ر مَدِرِب جُل زَكْمِين وبابارِ هل وكُلُ برًاى ما زنين ولدار مَدِبْت شترع باركرون سيتددان وِلْمُ <sup>را</sup>ميَّبَرِن مَن غُصَّبِهِ دارُم ولمراميترن متزل مبندل ول ترغصته دا سرب دارم

I became old and didn't see my friend, I went to rose garden at my life's end. Weakness, old age coupled with love affair, Have totally put me in great despair.

## 515

The news of Shahrbanu's betrothal they bring, To her fiancé she gave a torquoise ring. The startling news my heart will bruise, And I'll spoil my celebration of Nowrooz.

## 516

It is cloudy and rains will shortly fall, A vanguard from Isfahan will soon call, From Isfahan or Shiraz comes the news, That like the moon tonight will shine my muse.

## 517

Every midnight my sweetheart I see, Climbing walls when the door is closed on me. If my legs be cut off, I'll creep on knee, Unfaithful to her I can never be.

<u>816</u> شدم سید و دید مروی دلدا به سری یا نهادُم سوی گلزار فَنَانَ از عاشمی و نا توانی که آرّد رنگ زَردی عاقب ا شعيدم محم ما نورنوز مكرده سمردست وكش فيروز مكرده سروست ولم مسيروزه آبي مرابي عيد وبي نوروز كرده شو اَبراست بارُون خوابداً قد جلو دار صفاهون خوابد اوُمد جلودار صفاهوُن یا که شیراز که اِمشو ما و تا بون خوا بداؤم شوائم نيم شوائم مرشو أيم اكريندن دم ازبون درايم زاره كريبرن حسردو پائم بزانو كرنب ايم بيوفانم

In dark night when the wolves the ewes will kill, Come with dishevelled hair and keep still. If your neighbors wake and ask, boldly say: "I gave some alms to a dervish on the way.

518

#### 519

Dark is the night and she is far away, After her departure restless I stay. If I only see once my darling's face, I swear to her, happily death I'll embrace.

#### 520

Dark is the night, way long, and donkey lame, With a load of glass fearful of stones I became. You who worried for your own load will grow, Why then at others' loads stones you throw?

## 521

There is no moonlight and dark is the night, I have been awake and no sleep in sight. Even if I wait till resurrection, I fear, Resurrection will come—she won't appear!

متوارات مركون ميدن دورلفونت بريتيان كن اييش اكر تمبالكان بيداركردن كموخب يرخدا دادم مرروش

زدوری نکا دم بی سے ازم بجون ول كم مَن جون مسارم

شوتاراست ومن دوراز كازم اكرروى دلاروتم ببين

نشو تارو رَدِ دورُ وخَرانك محمارُم شيشه وسير مناك

توكه از بارخودانديشه داي چراور بارمردم ميزني ننگ ١٢٨

نِشْسُتْم أَسْحَر خوائِم نَبْدِه

فيومت أومدو بارم شومد

شوقار كميت وجهائم شيو مد

تشتيتم أدم صبح قيومت

She visits tombs on Friday eves, and no one knows, The sweat under her hair is dew on rose. I pray to God to send the clouds and rain, For my darling, this heat, can't entertain.

## 523

A note came from her on Saturday eve, Messengers on Monday I did receive. On Tuesday my eyes were searching the road, My rose on Wednesday entered my abode.

## 524

My sixth night at Mahoon I will spend, The seventh night at Kerman with a friend. I heard that at Narmashir they gather the crop, And my body's grease burned from bottom to top. I've been suffering Baluchistan heat, My bad luck brought defeat after defeat.

## 525

There is moonlight tonight, and it's so bright, My heart is so restless, missing her sight. She is neither aware of my sad state, Nor messengers my pain to her relate.

عَرق درزير زُلفت للم زارِ فترجعه كم ارم ورافرايه که پارُم طاقت گر ما ندارِم خدا آبری بده بارون باره









خبراوُ روجَغوت آبا د)دروشد مگرامی بکوچپتان دُ*چارم* 

نی کیرہِ دلم بی با<mark>ر اردم</mark> نه قاصد آ فِرِسْتُمْ مَعْتِي مَعْوِمُ

شومهاب متهاب ولاروم

يَد دلبراز دِلْم ب ت مُخبردار

I want a party in a moonlit night; So good to sit beside your heart's delight. To sit with a bosom friend that's so warm; And to exchange love free of any harm.

## 527

One moonlit night I'll come to her roof at last, To her rocking bed I will stick fast. If a hundred lions guard my darling's soul, With my own teeth I will pluck out her mole.

#### 528

In a midnight I will sneak to your place, Your black curls I will hide behind your face. If your neighbors were not soundly asleep, Darling, myself you must in hiding keep.

#### 529

My moon in moonlight her promise didn'f keep, I stayed awake till dawn, how could I sleep ! I kept awake from evening till cock's crow, But my girl-friend herself never did show.



همون بار تغل خوائم سوّمد



# A night of Robar of Kerman I'll spend, My tears along with the river I'll send. I'll weep so much that wild beasts too will weep, Away from my darling, how can I sleep!

# 531

To my father-in-law one night I went; Millet-bread and wine he had in his tent. Before I took a mouthpiece of his bread, "You are, sure, a worthless husband", he said.

## 532

I wish you'd call me with your tender voice, I'd bring you flowers, if I had the choice. If you were absent, flowers I would throw On your foot-prints and then happily go.

#### 533

Partridges' laughter I hear from far away, I guess my Chowgoon girl is on her way. The neighing of her horse I hear, I say, My Chowgoon girl is indeed on her way.

# 530

بوى مروادى و دوار بیای رو دخونهٔ،اشکې رم کړمن دوراز کچا رگلعذارم بكرثيم بالكريد ومستصصحرا شوی رفتم جمعون مدر زن شراب کمنیه و با یون آرزن مهنی *مکینه از نونش نخور دم* كموتم دا د وكفت بيبه ورزن صاكردى بقريون صابت بحيم كلُ سائم دَرسَرا يت يشائم دستة كلُ جاي يَتِ بحيم كل مب يم تو نباس مگرمار من از چو کون می بر صدای قهق*به گوگوُن م*یا به م بر میا یو میا یو میا یو صداى شيد آسب دلاروم

Isfahan is a city full of charm and grace, In Meshed princes find a kingly place. But for the sake of Imam Reza's dome, Meshed could well be called "infidels' home"

# 535

Her brow, tresses, and hair are full of grace; Charming are her neck, her breast and her face. My sweetheart is so modest and coy, Her fragrance as fresh flowers I enjoy.

#### 536

Shiraz has got a fine weather, my boy,
Its delightful evenings you will enjoy.
Its evenings pleasant, but its mornings sad,
Its Shah-Cheragh is glorious, my lad.

#### 537

A fierce north-wind swept all things away, A new sapling in the garden grew today. The black-eyed girl with all her mincing air, I saw was driving a wild jackal there.

صفالان اصفا بوان يتواكف مَتْدراً جاي شاہون ميتوا ڪُھنت بمتحد كمن بدآقا نباشه مَشْدراكا فرمستون معتوا كهُتُ تحت أيرد هخب كمسو هخت مو عجب كردن عجب سينه عجب و مثالٍ وسَتَدَكُلُ ميديد بو تحجب صاحب جاست دلبرًمن عجب آب ومهوا انی دار مشيراز بَسِين دِلْكُتْ بْيُ دارٍ مِشْيراز پسین ولکش و صبح د و لکیر عَجبَ شاوِچراغی دارِه شیراز تجبَ با دِش<mark>الی دیدُم امروز</mark> بباغستون تهالى ديدم امروز سی چنی که با ما نا ز میگر د بدمنبال شغالى ويدم المروز

What strange quality has this mankind ! For those distant no one will ever mind. "One who's distant, is counted dead ", they say, The dead's clay the wind will not take away.

## 539

In the midst of the sky is the shining moon; My cousin, riding a mare, is coming soon. Covered with velvet is my cousin's mare, Decked with silken girths and ornaments rare.

### 540

Dehnow is surrounded by lofty hills, Its coquettish dames are all full of thrills. Dehnow has a weather pleasant and fine; And there lives that tall and proud moon of mine.

#### 541

Her folded bonnet is lovely and warm, Her forelock has twelve tresses full of charm; Her twelve curls, like twelve coils of a snake, Her lovely features lovelier will make.

محب سی ست رسم آدمیراد ۲۵ که دورافاد و را کی میکند یا د که دورافا ده منظر مرده داره که خاکت کردهٔ را کی می ترِه یا د

تحجبَ اهی سیونی آسمُونی <sup>۵۳۹</sup> بسرعمه اُم سَوارِ ما دَیوی بردی مادیون تخل کشتیدن طناب ابرشی تنگش کیشیدن

<u>بعجبَ مو</u>نک داره (وید بون) تحجب بر کوند داره دید نو محب مرغب داره (وید بون) تحجب بر کوند داره دید نو بقریون تروا، آب دید نو چه ماه ست مدیندی داره دید نو

تر في جب چين داير مارم وروازده تبذير كاكل دركن رم دوازدَه تبذكالكُ حت مقاصلة

عَجَبَ صَبَروَتُحَلَّ دارِه با رُم

Your lovely bonnet has added to your charm, But you go away, heeding to no alarm. Away you go, and for me you don't care; Of judgement day, O' sweetheart, beware!

#### 543

You wear a lovely multicolored cap, Am I ensnared in a Turk or Fars's trap? If you're a Turk, Turkistan is your nest, If you are a Fars, you are my welcome guest.

## 544

Your skull-cap as a souvenir I keep, I'm worried that in the castle you sleep. How many nights you intend there to stay? Don't go alone, take me with you today.

#### 545

Send me your skull cap, even though old, Your decisive answer do not withhold. If you're afraid of your mother, you may, A kind message through your cousin convey.

سرو کارَت بفرَدای قیامت

عرفي ترجب محبت محموره أنداختي ورفتي بفرست مورِه آنداختی تشرمت نیا مَد



<u> عرقتحن بترت دا دی بنقا ش</u> اگر نتر کی بر ترکیت این خودرو

مُورِه باخود سببَ تنها نَمَا في



بقلعَه ميروى حَين شب با تى

جواب تبده رايجب روبفر

ترقيين *تمرت دا با ي*ه يفرست

اگراز ما درت اندایشه داری خود سینشین برا درزاده بفر

A guilded bonnet has my sweetheart, I made her a sign ; she's so smart. She got my sign, but she ignored it soon, My rival I wish dead, O' "charming moon ".

#### 547

With your red cap and with your curly hair Why from the castle wall on me you stare? I will bring you down from the wall, I bet, For sandals and bracelets for you I'll get.

## 548

Your love has brought me high fever and grief, For nights and days I have not had relief. Never forget your sweet veranda-kiss, A kiss that in my vigils I ever miss.

#### 549

One's sweetheart one can forsake, I bet, But a true friend one can never forget. I travel while my heart with her does stay, Without my friend how can it go away?

#### 546
عرفين ولبرطت يه إشاره ميكنم ولب بياي إشاره مي محمم ولب ربيايي فتخدا باعث مروشمن كي سرآيي تَحَرِقِحِينِ مِرْى موما يُ توحلقه حَرَا سَرَم کِشْ ازْبُرِ حَسَلَه بدل دارم که پائینت بیارم کم پکوسش تجسة و دستد نفره تخزیزااز تخمت تتب سکیم مکن <u>۱۳۸</u> بخواری روز ماشب سکیم مکن ېټون بوسې که دا دې کېخ ايوون تېميشه يا د اوُن سَب کمنې سَن بنيتوان تركت يار ميريون كرد عَزيزا تركت حابان ميوان كرّد

ول اینجا دسبه اینجا متن شافر سقربی د ابرم کی میتوًون کرد

O' friends I my love has come, my love has come, My slender, velvet-wearing dove has come ! I'd hoped to see her shadow in my sleep, But now she's on my lap, with joy I weep.

#### 551

O' my darling, from you I'm far away! Beside a salty brook I now stay. In willow-shade and on a salty slope, I weep amidst the gasps of dying hope.

#### 552

O' darling, my heart is gloomy and sad, This sorrow all the time my heart has had. I have no desire for any pleasure, Since my misery is beyond measure.

### 553

O' sweetheart, you have made my heart so sore, Instead of balm the salt apply no more. In place of balm the burning salt don't try, Kill me but the news through the town don't cry.

غزيزا ومشت ومدومتهم أومد تبند بالاى مخل يوششه أدمد نیت کردم که در خوابش سینم به بیداری بروی کوشتم اومد <u> عزیز جان از تو دورا فتا دیوم مو</u> يجاراً ب شورا فيا ديوم مو كِناراً ب سُور دمسايةً بيد بهوزاز نازشيستم دارماميد تحزيرتم بردكم از عسسه غباره ہمیشہ این دکم باغسسم دُچارہ خرابی میل آبادی نداره دِل من میل در<u>س</u>ش دمی نَدار ه تخزيزم بردكم حسسه ميكذارى ممك ورجاى مرهم ميكذارى نك ورجاى مرهم نيت دم مراکشی میشخمیک آوا ز مَنداز

554

How did I neglect serving you, my love? Even when your arrow pierced I didn't move. Your departure was "the deadly-arrow", That pierced my bone right through to my marrow.

## 555

Your charming gait has much enslaved my heart, I love the chin and mole of my sweetheart. With great dexterity God made her chin, The sound of her footsteps my heart did win.

## 556

O' darling, my eyes are your welcome nest; Between my two eyebrows your feet can rest. But I am afraid that your foot may slip And be badly hurt by my lashes' tip.

### 557

My darling ran, and after her I go, When exhausted she sat, I too, did so. Two moles on the corner of her lips dwell, I'd buy them for whatever she'd sell.

00P زّدى تېرى كەشونىتىت ئىردم غريرم خدمت داكم تكردم جُدا بی را تو کردی من نکر<sup>د</sup>م زدى تېرى توازىجىت چُدا يى عَزِيرَم را درَفارت مركمت محترج وغَبغَ وخالت كمت م تریخ د فغبت کارِ حسنداید صدای کفش کمبغارت کرات غريرم شخب ربا بورفته درمون الهى من كمب اورا بقركون بایی ناز نینٹ خار ق**بت درآ**ژم خار پا**یٹ را** بزگان ۱۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲۹۹۰ - ۲ حزيرم مىنشستىن مىرىيەم عَزيرُم سيدوَيد مَن ميدَويدُم دوما خال المخبخ لكبش بد اكرا وميفروخت من ميزم

O'my darling, O' my darling sweet, My two weeping eyes for a moment meet. If to my sick-bed you don't pay a call, From sicknese bed I won't get up at all.

### 559

O'my darling, O'my devoted friend, Your sweet tongue I can not comprehend. A piece of bread, your love, and a sweet kiss, I'd, sure prefer to all the worldly bliss.

### 560

You're a willow-leaf, my darling, I say, Near your black eyes I hope ever to stay. I'm black, if you favor me with a kiss, Though you are white, I bet nothing you'll miss.

### 561

In Mecca's direction my moon I met, I saw the moon on the stairways, I bet. When I met my sweetheart, I heaved a sigh, By week-end I had her, my luck was high.

588 C غريبى تنج مرا وللمب دار الله كلك بَركردتم زُنجيرداره نلک آزگردَنم زنجیر سَردار که غُرُبت خاکِ دامَن کیردارہ خز نمانی کیه دَرایل بلونچه دوزُلفونسش شاخ قوچ ینونی گریدُم می شیناسی ورا مجمل نیله سَوار مستر دار کوچ <u>۱۹۹۸ می شی</u>ناسی در م<u>۹۶۸</u> غای دلبَر بيضبای شب مي آ گزيده عَقرب ركي خواب مي آ سَرراه تورِه دکاره، نِتْ تَمْ كَمَ آَمُو بَرّه در مَهتو مى آيه فَداي پريَنَ آبيت بَكْرَدُم فَداي حَبْسُم بِي خوابَت بَكْرُدُم شيدُم بي مَتَت خوابَت بَكْرُدُم فَداي حِبْم بي خوابَت بِكُرُدُم

A European has come to take the port, Moored his ship and leased a room in the fort; To Shah Abbas convey my congratulations, For the Christian sends to Allah his adulations.

### 571

Fasa, Jahrom and Kolvar I can spare, For they are not worth a braid of "her" hair. Even if great riches Kolvar would bring, I still want my friend and no other thing.

#### 572

O'firmament, forgive me; I am young; To a noble family I belong. The world encourages the weak and old; I am no less than any one, behold!

#### 573

Destiny forced me at Ravar to stay; I don't deserve from "her" to stay away; What have I done to undergo this shame? Before friend and foe downcast I became.

فزمى اوبد وسبت وكرفته أول کشتی دوم تست گرگیرفته كالإدين يمتسبر كرفة سَلام ازمَن بشاه َ عَب<mark>اس رُسُون</mark> نیپیشه فتی شیش مک موی دِلدار فها وجَرَم ومُثِّس بند كُلُوار اگر دیو ون بخت تبد ککوار قبولم نسبت خیراز دیدن یا ر نكك مي مي مي والممك جوًو كم فلك بيرون كلب بيرو كطلب كن جَودنِ نُوخط نُوْخا عَوْ تُمُ به کمتراز فن و تبهدوتم فاکک دیدی بر اور با در مند چ ئېدگردم که دورا زمارم اندا تچ بر کردم میون دوست منتن کد کوم ناکت گر و در کارم آندا

So deadly did I find fortune's arrow, In vigilance or asleep did she throw ? This poisoned arrow I know will not fail, For "she" threw it from behind her red veil.

## 575

With the world's difficulties I have fought; Great misfortunes the world on me has wrought. Worries plentiful as the desert sands, Fortune piled on me and tied up my hands !

## 576

Your blue cloak is with me, you are so deft, You've gone, but your love in my heart is left. You went away, another girl to try, May you get sick and in the morning die !

### 577

You have gone far away, I must confess, To your mansion I cannot have access. You have gone to pick flowers, I can see, But whatever you pick won't do for me.

بْكا وكن وَرد وجَشْم اشْكُ رُنْدٍم عرزم والحصر برم واعزر نا في كرّبالين مَن اى وُل وَكَرَازَ سَبَتر عَمْ وَرَخْيَرُم الحريرَم يارِجُونى يارِجُونى تديدُم جون تو درستيرين زَبونى ز دنیا بی منبر آز عشقت او کل قاعت کردانم با پَرک ون تحزیز م بَرْك بیدی بَرْك بیدی از اون خِپای سیات ارم ایک اكركيت بوساي وستمكرى چ میشد من سیاتھم توسیفیدی عَجبَ مد دختری تو پله ديدُم عجب ماحى سبمت قبله ديدم بحثم ديدم بدل آهي كشيدم سربفته بدلدازم رسيم

As a stranger in Sabzevar I stay; With blind eyes I look for her on the way. Someone my message to my girl should take:-"In Kazeroon my life will be at stake".

### 563

I'll renounce you and I will move away, My tearful eyes I will shut with dismay. My heart that thought of your love night and day, Patient I made, and sad I went away.

# 564

I have migrated to a strange land, Don't leave me alone; this is what I demand. I depend on no one, my lovely dove, Except on you below and Lord above.

## 565

I'm a stranger; there is no place like home, Sad as me none, in strange land, will roam. No pleasure to drink sweet milk abroad, I would rather bed in my own abode.

خریم من فریب سبنروازم مسلف دو شیم کورودِل شتاق بازم یکی میبود تخسب میدا د بدلبر کرمَن دَرکازر <sup>و</sup>ن دَربای<sup>داز</sup>م





غَرِي رَفَيم وسب كُر بَهُوا را باميد كمّى تُكذار ما را







غزيب رفتم وخبت وطرنبت

Broken hearted in foreign lands I remain, Around my neck the world has tied a chain. Take this chain off, or I will have no joy, Strange lands cause strange miseries, my boy.

#### 567

I know a singer in the Baluch clan, With two tresses as ram's horns is my man. A sign I will give so that you will know: Riding a black horse, my lover will go.

#### 568

Sweetheart, at nights my sorrow is deep, Stung by scorpions one cannot sleep. A trap on your path I'm going to lay, And catch my reindeer on the moonlit way.

### 569

I admire the navy-blue shirt that you wore, Your sleepless eyes I ever will adore. They say, without me, no sleep you take, I'll die for your eyes that were wide awake.

فک دیدی چیر کاری ندا نه درخواب نه در بداری آندا ببريد دست استاد كخانكر ززير جادر ككن ري آندا

عَمْم عاكم نُصَب جون ما كَرد فلكت ورجيد ووردامون ماكرد

فکک دیدی که با جونم چپا کرد عَمِ عالَم ہمہ رمکین بیا بون

خوُدت رفتی بَواي**ت درسَرُن** 

مَرْشِبَ تَبَ كَنْي صُبِحْنْ مِبْرِي



قدت از دور می شینم نیس

بجانى رفته كه دَس رَسَم نيت بجانى رفتة كم كل بچيسنى كم بَرچ كل محيى مَن سَمِنيت

Your fine figure is like a cypress tall; When you smile, your lips "two buds" I call. Whether you laugh or not, my sweetheart, Never from you will I ever depart.

#### 579

Like a tall tree you appear on the street, Your lips as cane-sugar, are honey-sweet. From your lips-corners I want kisses five, For these will help me keep happily alive.

### 580

Thy figure I worship with such a thrill, With many kisses your lips plunder I will. I'm a pilgrim, my Mecca is "your lips", That is where I can make a myriad trips.

#### 581

May God your cypress-figure never bend, May you enjoy happiness to the end. What I have suffered for my charming friend, No son of man can ever comprehend.

فتست اسروانه ومكت فى كبت باغني الله كر تجت بى بِخَدى ما يَحْدَى ما يُسْتِيرُنِ خَرَدٍ ارَتَ مَنْمُ كُرَمَ بَسِندى كدّت برچ بترميانه ولبر بسبت بني شكر ميانه ولبر ېده ټن بۇمب از گېخ لېن<sup>ت</sup> كە داغت برحب گرميا ن<u>و</u> دلېتر د ه م لَبِتَ ازْ بُوسَه خارت مى كُمْمُ مُو قدّت چون گل عبا دَت سکیم مُو لب تونکه ومومَردِ حاجی شب عيده زيارت منكم تمو قدسرةت المحى حمسه مكرده دِل شادَت الِهي عَسْبُهُ مُكْرِده سِتْهَا بْيُ كَهُ بَرْبَاتٍ كَشِيدُم بد ورسش در جون آ دَم مُكْرده

I wish your tall figure never to bend, And your heart no moment in sorrow spend. I pray for one thing and no more, that's all, That your shadow always on my head may fall!

## 583

You killed me with your figure, tall and gay, Your two sweet lemons myself will slay. Sweet lemons are fatal enough, I say, Yet my death-trap your perfumed tresses lay.

## 584

Like the cypress you have a figure tall; Your eyes "sharp as the eyes of hawks", I call. Your teeth and lips my lips would like to meet, For as pantry rooms of Shiraz they are sweet.

#### 585

My charming girl is neither short nor tall, She's like rose-bush, but not thorny at all. I die for her, whether big or small, For wherever my girl goes she's praised by all.

ور المروت المي تحسب مكرد و الم المادة مرور محسب مكرد د ماى مودى ماكم بمين كرمايت از سرمو كم نكرد

بسية محبت ليمونيت مركمت جوعنبرزلف خوش بويت مرا

قد<u>م</u>شیدای شکولت کرا

بسيَنْهُ خَفِت ليموتي نه چَدون





لَب وُدَدان شيرين تو دار<sup>ي</sup>

قَدِيارُم مَهُ كُومًا ه وَمُعْبَبُ قَدِيارُم بِاندازَة جِهَنَده

يتركون مت ارم بكردم بترمكر مكرم مكرن مكس بيده

I took an oath tomorrow fasting to try, And for my girl's hands torquoises to buy. To the holy Imam I made an oath, If she won't come another girl to betroth.

## 587

Bring me the inkstand and the sharp pen, So that a love-letter I may write then. My heart I will use instead of a page, And to my darling send a love message.

### 588

With my four bones I will devise a pen, By shedding my blood, ink I will make then. And then a foil from my heart I will bite, On that a note to my girl I will write.

#### 589

In this village no girl for wife I'll take, Of this cloth no shirt I will ever make. To the sacred Imam an oath I took, The foe as my friend I will never brook.

فت خدد مد در دوز کمیم متروست ولم فیروز ، کمی م فَتَمَ خوردُم سَرِشا و دِلايَت الرَيارُم سَبِ يدُنوزِه كَيرُم فَكْمَدُونُ فَلَمَدُون جوب فَيْفِنُ فَيُوسِسُمُ مَا مَةً بَرَبِرِ د ةً دِل نواسم نامةً اَزْبَرَدةً ول بَرَام ولبرسشيرين تَثَابِل تقمَّ سا زُم ازَين چار مُستخواُنم مُركّب سا رُم ازخون رد<sup>ُوم ز</sup> بكميرُم كاغذى أزيرَده دِل في مِسْم ما مِدَبَر مازنين وِل

ازاين بي لوار وكر سرين ككرم

شراغ دوست أز دستمن تكمرُم

قسم خور دم دراین دِه زَن نگیرم قتم خوردُم بسِلط ان وَلاَتِ

Tonight 1 see that doves are all on flight, The earth 1 feel under my feet tonight. A horrid dream I had the night before: I am afraid I will see her no more.

## 591

I was a child when Mother passed away; And my nurse with me long did not stay. Cow's milk was then the only food I had, But the calf died, for my luck is so bad.

## 592

Where do you sleep ? I'll come to you tonight, And will squeeze your tender breasts so tight That you will wake, but if that won't wake you, Of your cherry-lips I'll take kisses two.

## 593

When a person makes love to a sweetheart, He cannot from her so easily depart. On every path you may resign to go, But in the path of love you can't do so.

كبوتر برايوا مي ميم احشب زَین در زیر یا می مینم اِسْب که پاراز خود جُدامی میم اِسْب هَمون خوابی که مَن دیدُم برشیب كَبِوتَرَبِحَجِ بِودُم مأدرُم مُورِد مَرابِ داير دادَن دايرَ بَم مُودِ مَرابِ شَيرِكُو الْمُحَة كَرَدِن زِيَجْت بَدِهَموكوس له بَم مُورِد کې خوابې که بيدارَت کېم مو دودَس برَسِينه کاي ارت کېم دودَس سبب تنه کای ک<sub>ار</sub>ت نیشه مجمیرُم بوسس و بیدارَت گخم مُو کمی که بالحکی دل دا دو دِلسَبْ بأسونى رغيثونيه كيشه دست ممون را ومحبّت کی توان . الكرآ مديندن رارَه برسَبْ

With new henna you have dyed your hand, Your cheek's beauty the rose will reprimand. Five kisses from your lips' corner I wish, Such tender kisses all lovers cherish.

## 595

Lovers have no faith in the heart or face, Just as in ants no blood one can trace. I'm as a hungry wolf in desert gray, Who, having no teeth, has captured his prey!

### 596

Let my sweetheart search for a new prey, Let her change her castle from day to day. On my part I steadfast will remain, Let her wander about and move in vain.

#### 597

Clad in a fine seven-colored blouse, As if armored for war, is Golafrouz. Maybe she has planned her lover to kill, And at Sarvistan his blood to spill

كلف وَست حتامي ما زوداره بَرِروبَتِ بَطُلُ أَندازه دارِه بده بَن بوس أزاو کونج لبانت که بوُسای عاشِقی کوازِه دارِه که تهرکه عاشِقة ایمون نَداره مِثْلِ مُورچه ای که خوُن نَداره مثال کرکی گشنه در بیا بو گرفته گوزک و دندون کداره که پاژم گزمه میگرده بگرده برور مت معه میگرده بگرده موكه مردانه بمستم در وفايش اوكه بهيوده سيكرده مكرده م افروز بَيرِن مَبْفت رَبْكُ داره زره پوشيده ک خک داره بَرَاى كُسْتَنِ سِيجَارِهُ بَنْجَا يَسْرُوسُتَان بَهِي آبْنُكُ دَارِه

598

Are you a buttercup or a graceful deer? Away from you I have to cry, I fear. As a wolf I howl, and after you I cry, As Majnoon, desert and hill I will try.

#### 599

Don't go to sea, for the storm arose, Don't worry for wealth and glory, my rose. Don't feel sorry for people's wealth and gain, For wealth and gain will not for long remain.

#### 600

Gilly flowers I will plant on your way, With my own hands water on them spray. Myself a gardener, nourishment I'll bring, And make you the leading flower of Spring.

### 601

My rose, why have you become weak and frail? Maybe autumn wind has made you so pale. O' autumn wind, swiftly pass away, Since my rose you have made so pale today.

المي الالاسي وحا تحسنه الم زِدوري كُلُ رُويَت بِنَاكُم بنائم مَجُولُوكِ مُسَت دردَشت مُحْمَدُ مُجُودُ مُ بَكُوه ودَشت حاكم كُلُ خُرُمُ شُبُو مَزَن طُوفان بَدِرِيا مَخُور خُصَّه بَرا مى ما لِ دُنبا مخور خصه كمردم مآل دارند كه مال دركسس نيمونير بدمنيا كُلُّ خيرى خيابونت بكارُم خُددُم باغبون شُوم آبش بارم خودم باغبون شوم تا موسم کل که تاست کل شوی در نوبهام كُلُ سُرج چرازنكت شده زَر محمَّر با وِحَن بُدُون خود را بِتوزَد برُوبا دِخْت زوكيه وَر نُكْردى مَكْلُ سُرخ مرا توكرد واى زَرد

My rose, my red butter - cup, I love thee,

I sigh and cry but you don't care for me. If with me for one night you can put up, I'll be Saki, my eyes will serve as cup.

#### 603

Like a rose-bouquet is my sweetheart, Among hundred girls to her gave my heart. Among hundred youth, only I am sad: Not even with a note she made me glad.

## 604

Annoyed at me is my red-and-white rose, I haven't said anything annoying, I suppose! Why then should she from me stay away? Nothing annoying I did ever say!

## 605

May God bless you, O' my red-and-white rose; You are the only violet I chose. Among girls I have given you my heart, God bless you, please, from me do not depart,

من شرح الم من آلاله بِدُنبالت كِتْ مَحداً و داله الركي شوبيا بي دركي رم خود م <sup>ف</sup> في شوم خشم بياله میون صَدجوون شادم نگرد دو آنگشت کاغذی باد م کرد الُ سُرِج وسفيدازَمن رَميدي تَكْرَحرَف بَدى أَزِمَن شنيد<mark>ي</mark> مُوكد حرف بَدى با وِل كَمْقُم جَرام مِص دِنْحَتِ را سُرِي كُلُسُين وسِنْدُم بارك الله تبغشِهُ بكك بيدم بارك الله ميون وخترا ديل در توسبتم مجمردمى ما اميدم بارك الله

"O' my flower, you're purple, white and red" "Take me with you wherever you go", I said. "My sweetheart, take me with you, I pray", "Because at home one night you may stay".

# 607

When will you appear my red and white rose, And yourself as violet or willow-leaf expose? You said you will come when the flowers grow, Flowers have come and gone, why don't you show?

### 608

You look like a white, yellow and pink bloom, For you I must sigh and weep in my gloom. If I knew they'll give her to me, I'd try, To serve her wine in the cup of my eye.

## 609

Beautiful rose, yellow, orange and pink, From your bath you should soon return, I think. Your bath is far away, but soon return, Or else my heart as an oven will burn.

مۇرە تحمرات بىر گرمىت وانى المحمد مارغواني موره حمرات بيتر مار غزيزم كمث يد در دطن كمك شوياني الأكرين وسيغث م في سياني تستغيثه ترك بديم كي ميا في توكنتى كلُ دَرَابٍ مَن ما يمُ لَكُلُ عالم مَوْمَ فَ كَلُ عالم مَوْمَ فَ كَلَ ما يُ الأسمج وسينب وزردولا ببرنبالت كيثم متدآه وناليه ٱلْرُدُوم تُرابَر من غيب ك خودم ساقى تۇم خېشىم سالە الأستسبخ والخ زردخانى و محموم میسیتروی زو دی سائی دِلْم مُ سَنْدِ آيْنُ وَرَشُورِه بجموم سيسة وى را و تودور

The jasmine, the red and the yellow rose, Can not from beauty's throne my love depose. Since they'll not give her for love or money, I'm content nightly to steal her honey.

### 611

Tulip can't cope with the fragrance of the rose, Nor a widow copes with virgins I suppose. If trampled a hundred years under feet, Wheat won't turn to barley; the wheat is wheat.

## 612

My rose I saw on top of a rock at last, With her teeth she had gripped her veil so fast. All her lovers reviled and were so mad, I wonder what has made my girl so bad.

### 613

As pomegranate flowers, rosy and gay, Kiss me darling, I am packing away. Kiss me darling, this is my sole demand, My feet in stirrups, horse-reins in hand.

فر من ول در و و الم اس عَجاب دختری بما ایس رَّبَرَمَاش ميدَمِند نَهُ مفررَشند فَخَيمت بَهت كَم<sup>سا</sup>ئين وَرَسْرِه من لاله لمو بحل الو، نبيشه زّن ب<u>و</u> و عرد س نو بنيشه أكرصَدسال كمندم خواركرد يحميكم كمندم كندم وجو منتشب الم من بَرَسَرِيسَنَّكَى نَيْسَتَه مَنْ بَدِندوش جا دِيِتَ كَى كُرفة ہمی را بَرْ مَکْفُت سِچارہ عاش کَرَ رَبُک بالای رَبُک رَبُک گُون *لُنُ ارُ ولُلُ ارُولُ ارُ* 

بده بوسی که با رسبت دارم

یده نوسی که میخواهم محم بار دو پایم در کاب دستم اوسا

My darling wears a necklace of pure gold; Her two pomegranates on her chest behold. As unsheathed swords, I find her eyebrows, Her eyes piercing my heart as two arrows.

# 615

i'd a rose that was shining as the moon, Was good companion, but went off soon. As gardener, I had my rose for a day, But as I came to know her she flew away.

# 616

Take a flower from my hand and smell, Stick it between your two tresses well. If you go somewhere and I'm not with you, Your discourse with the flower continue.

### 617

Take this flower from my hand and smell, And let it between your two locks dwell. So that while on the green fields you walk, With this flower as a friend you may talk.

الرجد ولم طوف طتلايه وونارش وي سينه وركلاي دوحيت اوُن بردارون کميد دوآبرویش دوشمشرکی د کی ہمدرد ما بیدائشد ورفت لی کلی از باغ بالا وا شد وَ**فِت** یکی حمدرد ما ای باعبو بو للحى كمشدة بيدا شدورفت كلى از دَست مَن يستون ديني ميوُن ميوُن مرَدوزُلفونَت فردكُ بِبَرَجانَى كَهُ رَمْسَتَى مَن نُهُ بِدُم همونجا باخود كل كفيكو كن للی از دست مکن مستو<mark>ن و</mark>یکن ميون بردوزكفونت فردكن بيا يون ميرَدى يتحف نباشى حرمى بيشينُ د بالخُلُ كُفْتُكُونُ

The rose I picked, no one has ever seen ; In that rose-garden no warbler has been. From the highest branch I have picked my rose, No stranger's touch has disturbed her repose.

### 619

Now at Herat then at Meshed I stay, And at Dowlatabad I spend a day. Now on the gate-tower my flute I play, Then I'm with my darling sweet and gay.

#### 620

I go to sea, for some water to drink; The boatman's voice just then is heard, I think. "O'boatman, what good news have you?" I say, "For my little girl has gone far away".

#### 621

By running brooks, under the willow shade, My eyes met her eyes and smiled my maid. Send my regards to my darling and say, "Annoyed hearts for ever annoyed stay".
۲۹ می می مرکز کس تحدید الملک مرکز منب الم کر کس تحدید الم کر الراری کو تعبیس کم بَریده کرفتم الم الم محرکز کس محرکم المدیده

لَحْي دَشِم دُولَهُ دَرَ بَهَرائُمٌ لَحَى دَردولت آبادٍ هَرائَم كمى در برج دست در ميزم في محكى بم صحبت شاخرى نبائم

تب دَيا شُرُم آبى يَبْوُسُم مِعَدَى كَرَجى بان آر يَجُو شَمَ الاَرى كَرجى بان تُوخوشْ خَرْبِ كَدِيارُم جَاهِ وُ مَازِه سِغْرِي

تب آب آب آدوان وسایڈ بید جبتم ترحب مارا فتید وخذید دهاآزمن بد لبر میرسو نین دیلی که از دلی رنجید رنجید

With your fine veil you appear on the roof-side, "Are you a woman, a girl, or a bride?" "Do not ask such questions, only know this: "You will find me sweet wherever you kiss".

### 623

Near the roof you come and at me you stare, Your fine figure with my figure compare. You have clad yourself as a bride today, With your shaded eye keep out of my way.

#### 624

On the edge of the roof you smiled as a rose I lose my wits when your waist you expose. Because of your narrow waist and figure tall, I wander in exile—no rest at all.

### 625

Cradle in hand, on the roof I saw you wild, I'm in love with you though you've a child. I pray to the sun, the stars, the moon, That you will come back from your journey soon.

زنی یا د خستری یا نوغروسی تب وم آ مری جادر مکوسی چار داری که آموالم میرپی زِقَد مشيري تَرِه مرج موى قدت رابا قدم أنداز وكردى تب بوم آمدى رُخ تاز مكرد توکه پوت بده ای زمین و کسی شرمه که داغم مازه کرد لت بوم آردى كى خدەكرد كرمار كميت مرا ديوا نەكردى كراركي خودى قديمبنت مرااز شهرخود آواره كردى لَب بوم آيدي كَهواره دارى بَهنونمُو حاشِقَمْ تُو بَجَهِ دارى اُسپدوارم تو برگردی دوبار بَحَقِّ ماه و **خورسشیدُ و سا<u>ر</u>ه** 

You came on the roof with a smile so rare, Casting a glance at my curly, blond hair; May God all my curly blond hair destroy, For your enthralling glance has ruined my joy.

### 627

When you come on the roof, cover your face; Put my hands around your neck like a necklace. If a gold necklace is too cheap, then take my tip, As a torquoise let me adorn your lip.

### 628

Your perfumed lips and mouth I like to kiss, You are the darling I can never miss; Away from you miserable I will be, Misery is fit for your foes, not for me.

### 629

My mouth has no fragrance to kiss your lips, Your curly tresses fall down to your hips. I wish your whimsical mother would die, For your betrothal to others she did try.

تب بوم آمدی مجنده کردی مۇرە تېرىن ركفت ئېدە كردى الهی صن زُلفت در بنیره موُره از شهرخود آواره کُردی لَبِ بُوُن أُومَدى جِا درسَرانداز مَراطوق طسَلاكُنْ كَرد لأَيداز الركووت طست قربي تداره مَرا فيروزِه مَن كُنْج لَبِ أَيْدَاز مَتَ بَوْسَم وَكَانَت بِوَكُلُ آي مَجْدِي أَزِمَن وُتُومُسْطِل آيد جُدائي ازمن وتوكام وناكام كما كامي بحجرن دُشمن آيد كەزگىغت تاكمرز تىخبىسىر دارە لَبَت بُوسَم وَمَن بُو بَيْ مَدَارِه بيره ما در مت روم خيالت که تراز کوچکې در نُزه داره

My mouth was perfumed when you gave a kiss; Your companionship how can I miss. People tell me, "Keep away, keep away", "If I do so, my heart'll bleed ", I say.

# 631

My lips desire so much your lips to kiss, As a lamb that the ewes' milk will not miss. In your lips happiness and bliss I met, How can I ever this blessing forget !

### 632

Your crystal teeth and sweet lips I kiss; The nectar of your mouth I will not miss. Why should any lovers heart-ache endure? This trouble a sweet-lip-darling will cure.

#### 633

Between my darling and me lies a wall, Gossips spread false rumours for us all. No need a messenger for me to send, I'll wear my peil and come, be sure, my friend.



مت مصر ومن موی کی می مود و ما توجب ای مشیط آید تمی میکن جدانی کن جدانی مجدانی کر کخم خونِ آز دیل آید تب يَن بالب يو بوم داره بچُوبَره ميل شير خوم داره لبم را بالبت امخة كردم لب الحُته كمي آردم داره لبم رابا لبت أمخمة كردم لبونت قندو دندونت سابير دَبْوَنْت كُورْ أَبِ حَيابَة چراز درد در سیمیره عاشق ذوای دَردِ دل آبِ نَبَا يَد میاینی ما و وُل بَدگوی سِبار میونخی ما و وک دیوا<mark>ر دی</mark>وا خودم جا در سب آئم بديدار ميونجى ما وُ وُل قاصد ينيخواد

We were as two wheats on a bunch, one day, As two drops the river took us away.

A covenant together we had made,

Who changed your mind, and our wedding delayed?

### 635

The new moon peeped through windows of my hall, I thought my darling made on me a call. My night's companion I wish to receive, And with kisses my lips' burden relieve.

### 636

O' Moslem brethren, my heart is so sad ! My darling is stone-hearted and mad. I tried to glance at her beautiful eyes, Though to hide them under her veil she tries.

#### 637

The fire of love in my whole being will stay, And will burn me till resurrection day. My tender heart, I think, is like a fish, Outside the sea of love it will perish.

من فتوكيد مي في خوشه لوديم من فتواب كي وُدخونه لو ديم من توكرده بوديم تحصدو يمون كروم نا مَردُ ترا كرده بوي ميون ۲۳۹ ما و نو دو بَدِدَی شَعَلَدُ مِسْمَدِ مِرْسِمِ دوسکه خُومِ دَن رَضِيَدَ بارلانا، بَرَسو دوسکه شوم مار لوم مُسْلُون دِلْمُ تَسْلَى كِرِفَةً وَلَمُ رَفَتَهُ مَسِلُون دِلْمُ تَسْلَى كِرِفَةً ووجيمش راميون روشي تبعيم بمددون جاديت كي كرفة محبت آتشى برَجو تُم المَروخت كر قاروزِ قيامَت بايدُم سُخِت نِيَّ مِنْ كَرَ مِرُون آرى بِمِيرِه مُجتت را زِماهی با ید آموجت

Water with gypsum you should never drink. Of a girl with two lovers you should not think. Sleeping long with her won't make her kind, She will leave you at last; my warning mind.

#### 639

Don't worry, if you get so pale and gay, A fragrant rose will rest near you today. Don't worry, and don't you complain so much, She'll come and cure us with her magic touch.

### 640

Don't worry; for your darling will soon appear, Once more you will be full of joy and cheer. Go and in a quiet corner have rest, For soon you will find your girl on your chest.

#### 641

My heart is full of sadness, I should say, Sorrow is my companion, night and day. Her love, I fear, my life will bring to end, Misfortunes as dew on my head descend.

مخرابی که از روی کچ آیر محکمر ماری کد ملیش قرر در عابی اگر صدسال ببالیغش تنه سر تکش زخمت که آخر بی وفایی مور تحصر كمرتكت صابير ميشي محل خوم شبوبتو بمسابر ميش مَخور عصب منال ايقذر شو ورُوز مراد مبر دوماً مي ما دا د ميش مخوشفته كمه بارَت خوابدا ومد بدل صبر و قرارَت خوابد أدم بُرُو دَركُوتُ ٱسُود مِبْشِين كَمَاحَتْ دَركارت خواً بداؤه دِلْمُ راروزُوْتَثْب ماتُم كِرِفْتِة مرا در دی بدل آز عم کر فت زِعش دِلبُرم جن بَراب أوم بقلاروى سَرُم جون شبنم اوم

Sorrow is in ambush for me night and day, My heart is aching, all the world is gray; "It's due to summer heat", all the people say, But it's because away from "her" I stay.

### 643

Don't chase a deer who is already scared; Don't chase a partridge who's been once snared. Go and chase a witty warbler, my chap That has never before fallen in a trap.

# 644

Brethren, poverty is really a shame. The wealthy men enjoy respect and fame. They're always offered the prominent seat, Noble men before them fall on their feet.

### 645

Brethren, please inform me of the night's time, For the nightingale sings its delightful rhyme. The bird's jumping lightly from tree to tree, How hard it is "her" separation to see.

ما م روز وشو آندر کم بند مما م روز وشو آندر کم بند م فحودكم دوئم فراق نازِنيني ہمہ سیکن کہ کرما می زمینے مرود نبال آبهوي رَسيده مرد دُنبال كوكِ دوم ديده برویک مکبل شوخی برست ار که ترکز دوم صت بادی مد مسلمانان جو ناداری بلاید کرتبرکه مال داره کد شا يكبيرن دستيشه بالايشان في في ترس كم أصلت أركج مُسْلا مون يبين شب ج وقتير كم مُبْلُ مَتِ شيداي دِرخَتْه كرمبك مى رَودست خِدِبْ خِير الله الله المرازيار جُداكرَدَن جِهتم

Brethren, see, my lonely heart is so sore; My friend's departure can't bear any more. Her departure I can't stand for a day, From my darling I cannot keep away.

#### 647

Brethren, I wish to drink the juice of grape, My eyes desire a woman of fine shape. I have not yet touched my sweetheart's hand For her brother much money will demand.

### 648

Brethren, from Ravar I have come, alas! A mountainous road I had to surpass. My secret to the people I'll expose:-I came as warbler to visit my rose.

#### 649

Brethren, ensnared in love, I live and sigh, My heart's in the-house-with-verandas-high. I give you a sign by which her house to know: At her garden's door a tall elm does grow.

شمايان ول تكم يبسب جُرائيً بامَن ديارُم بببينيد جُدا بَى أَزَمن ويارُم بب**سينيد** ندارم طاقت كمين وزجدان مسما نون دِلْمُ أَنْكُورُ ما ي دوحشائم زَنِ مَقْبُول ماي بَرَارَشْ أَمَدِه مِي بِدِل مِي بَهنود بمشتم بَبِسَشْ فَرِسَدٍه مسلما نون مَن ازرًا دَرَميا يمُ مُحكَى بارا و كَلَى دَا دَرَمِي يَمُ كرَمَردُمُ نِيدونين بِدونين حَجُو بَبِل مَن بِسِيل كُلُ مَا يُمُ سگما نون دِکْم <del>سَخْت جای مَبْ</del>دُ دَرا وُنْ تُحْدَنْهُ كَه إيوونسَتْ مُبْدِهِ بونش ميدهم كرميشناس در ، خُسْش دخت ناروند

O'Moslems, my heart longs for my country, Do home-folks think of me? Will I be free? I know not if my father is alive,

May he who brings me news forever survive.

### 651

Brethren, tonight I feel upset and sad; My girl is away and I feel so mad. Spread some wheat under my eyes, I pray, My tears, as sea, water on them spray.

#### 652

Brethren, the world has made me poor and old, I'm now copper, though once I had been gold. I've no garment to wear — large or small, That's why I look like a pauper to all.

#### 653

O' My sweetheart ! Are you a sea-whale ? Are you a lion, or a leopard female ? Plunge your sharp dagger right into my chest, And see my heart's red color in my breast.

مسی مرت دیم باد آزوطن کرد بند و ثم وطن کی با دیمن کرد محرشتش باشيه بمرونكه باديمن كرد فيدونم بدَر سب يا تراد مُسلا يون وُلم شيدست المشو وكم رفته است ونا پيداست مِشْو بِزِرِحِبْ مَن كَندُم بِكَارِيدِ كَي آبِحِبْ مَن كَندُم بِكَارِيدِ كَي آبِحِبْ مَن درمايت المُتَو مسلونون زمونه مفلسم كرد طلابيدم بانند مستسم كرد قبای کہنہ خوارِ تحلیم کرد قبای نوئدارم تا سوچشم مرردیا نهنگیه این د ل <sup>مت</sup>ن مح كمر شيرو تكنيكيواين ول مَن بزّن خُجَر توا نَدر سينة من سِبِن آخَرچ رَنك اين دِلِمَن

Paper is dear in your city, I think, Or as saffron costly are pen and ink? Pepper-wood you can use instead of pen. If no paper, write it on my heart then.

### 655

I wish I was a ring on your finger, So that between your fingers could linger. The death-angel at my mansion did bray, To take my life; my life you took away!

### 656

Since I went away from my fatherland, With foreigners I made friendships so grand; But strangers are no good, I can say, For first they love, but soon they go away.

#### 657

O' my" high-sitting moon", look below you ! Say a kind word to the strangers too. For I am a stranger in your Dashti land, Strangers more kindness from you demand.

### 654

مرتشب في كافذ كرويه فركبَ ورت لم چن زعفروني عَمَّكُر مُسِت باشِه جِوُبِ فِيفَلُ ٱلْرَكَاغَدُ نَبَا شِهِ تَرِده دِل مِن أَزْأَكْمُ شَتْرَدَست تُوبيدُم ميونِ تَبْجِهِ وشَتَت تُوبيدُم ندادم حون كه پائيت توبيدم أجل أومدكه جوئم را فيجميره من زُمَلَك بَدِركَردُم جُدائى مَرْانِي مَرْمَعُ بِغَرَبِيوِن آَتُسَائَى غَرِيدِن حَالَتِ خُوبِي مَدارِنَدَ آول مِراسَتِ و آخر بيوِفائى مّد بالانيشين بائين نُظر كُنُ كلامى ورغربيون مختصركن كِهِ مَنْ مُسْمَعْمِ مُعْمَد مُعْمَد مُ غَربيون را نَوارِش مِشْتَر كُنْ

O' high sitting beauty, give me relief, To a stranger tell words precise and brief. If your lover is a stranger in your land, Of course, strangers more kindness demand.

### 659

Orange and citron trees have cast their shade, I fell deep in love with the neighbor's maid. Give me some good advice, O' my mistress, I like to make a fine belt of your tress. My darling's waist is narrow as a hair, My heart is sad, unless a kiss you spare.

### 660

I wonder who made me so nude and sad, I'm a killer, but I am killed; too bad ! Give me a dagger to open my chest And find out what is wrong with that love-nest.

### 661

My blood is up, I cannot sing at all, I will not sing lest neighbors hear my call. I won't sing lest my worries people know, Nor my love for the neighbor's daughter show.

ميوالا مشيين مأنين نظركن كلامي ورغر سون مخضر كن اگرعاشق غرب این دماره غربيون را نوازش مشيركن عِشْقٌ برسَرِوْحَرْبَهُمَا ده زُده ناينج وُتربخ بر*نسه م*ايد زَد<sup>ه</sup> ازموى شرّت مرّاكم تبديده ای دخستر همها به مرا ببد بر صّدبوُسِه بده تُنجُ ولم اركيرًا آزموى تمرت قراكم بركيت مرونم زار وعب رونم کرکرد مذرخم زار وحب رونم کرکرد و خودم حبّ لا دُوبيحونم كم كَردا بد و خب ، كه تأسينة زنم ي برمينيم، عِشْق ما حُرُبْم جِهْرَدِه ينى خونم كه تَمسايه كُنْدُكُوسُ بنى توتم كِ خوتم ميزَندِ جُسْ ينيخونم كه كو بي وابي داره طَمَعَ تَرِ وْخَتْرِ هَمَتَ بِهِ وَارِه

Was it God or destiny, I can't say, That I happened to meet you on my way. No foreign land ever to exist, I pray, For heartbroken lovers are doomed there to stay.

#### 663

Full of sweetness is my sweetheart, Though most lacerated she is at heart. I caress her almost from night to morn, Instead of her thanks, I get her scorn.

#### 664

If I don't eat, epicure I'm just the same; Though I do nothing, yet I get the blame. No fruit from her garden I picked, nor used, Yet on all street corners I am accused.

### 665

Is this fresh apple or your lovely chin ? Almond-comfits are these or your lips thin ? Curls beautifully decorate your face, Scorpion-locks give your moon-face a grace.

بنی در من خداکر دیا قضا کرد بهبره آنکه عزمت را تبا کرد و ترا آورد وُبامَن آمشها کَرَد مَوَمٍ عايفتون را مُبلًا كَرد دِلی آ زُردِه دارِه دِلبَ مِیَن بَهن هَم لِحُله دارِه دِلبَ مِیَن تبات ريزه داره ولبسمين سَرِشُو مَاسْحَتَ دَوَرَشْ كَمُرْدُم تخرروم نار بَرجائم بلَت سبمردم کا رترمن افترائش. که بَد مامی مَن دکوچه نا شدُ نچید مم میوهٔ باغ کسی را ندونم سيب ترياغب تبسين . شکر با دوم مشیرین ایب ست بن بدويفوتت صف تبسير كم مُرد د بر فرد مقرب آست اين

Nessai had put on her satin dress ; Her dress had three hundred laces, I guess. Her quarters with Aghai Sovlat she made, A moon she was and a star was her maid.

666

#### 667

Nessaï had a beautiful red skirt, At each street\_corner with men would flirt; My best regards to Gulghorban convey, I love her still as in her maiden day.

#### 668

I want to look at your peak, O' my rose ! Better to remove your veil, I suppose. But your veil you never remove, my grace, I can only smell the perfume of your face.

# 669

O'girl, your love has made my heart so sad, Pouring salt on my wounded heart is bad. The salt will burn my wound and cause much pain, Why will you not sometime with me remain.

ينان يون المس يرض بو يشتر در براة ي حولت صَدد مسيصد تراق دور قدش بو خود ش ا دستار ، نوکرش بو يناليَّ پَرِنِ بَل دامَني رَشْت سَرِبَر مَنْرِلى مك د برَي شت سَلامِ مَن بر کُلَ قر<mark>ْبُون رِسُون</mark>ین بَهنوزَم اعتباردُختری دشت يفةب أزرومكيت بالالحم كحل نَفَر به كوى (ب بَرَث ) كُمْ كُلُ يقاب أزروكيت بالانميث تور أزبوي كل بيدا كم كل نِگارا بردِ کم عسب میکداری نکک بالای زخم سوز ناکی نْمُكْ بالاي زَحْمٌ مَيْدَارِي قَدْمَ درخانه يُم كم سيكذاري

You're a faithless friend and away you go, Dogs are faithful, but you have not been so. Dogs recognize the right of bread and salt, But you've no faith, this is your gorgeous fault.

# 671

My darling has worn a black dress tonight, Her lips are as buds and her mouth is tight. She must intend to kill her lover tonight, For clad in armor, she seems ready to fight.

### 672

My darling has wet musk in place of hair; To shed blood, she's sharpened her lashes fair. The sore-hearted Shamsa's love is her aim; Trampled under horses' hoofs I remain.

### 673

My Luchi girl on a donkey does ride, Habib Zolfaghar is guide at her side. O' love cast a glance at your lover again, Good luck won't always on your side remain.

تارا بى دىمان ار توشك ينيت تكوره صددفابت أزنوكن كمردددست تن تق تكنيت تكوخي تمك ره مى شاسه

لُوِ غَنِي دَمَا نَ تُنْكُ دارى زِره پوسشيد. ميل خبك دارى

نِگارا پیرَهن سِنَبِرْبُک داری بَرَاي كُوْمُتْشَنْ بِحَارِه عَاشَ

9YY

بجوتم خارِ مُژگان تېپېز کردى

ككدكو بسيم يتبديز كردى

بطرا المشك ترا ويز كردى

بقصدجان تشمسای دِل اَفْكار

بِلْحَا رِدبوچی م وَرِحْتُ مَوَ ارِه

يُكارا يك نيكا، ور عاشِقت كُن

SYT.

جلو دارش خبب دوالققاره نَهُ كاروُ بارِ دُنيا بك<u>ت قَرَارِ ،</u>

Barefooted girl | tonight I'm ill again; Tonight till dawn love-sick I will remain. If I do not see you tonight, my rose, I will surrender my life, I suppose.

# 675

Night before last, my love in dream 1 met, Sucking her lips lots of joy did beget. So finally in dream 1 met my aim, Reality and dream are just the same.

# 676

I have met my sweetheart at the gate, Commensurate with me in size and fate. Her two pomegranates were swell, I'd buy them dearly if she would sell.

# 677

My darling grazes ewes and lambs still, After her I go through valley and hill. As proud partridges she will strut and prance, My heart aches, but she gives me no chance.



تكارياتي سام إمثو زيفيقت أسخت بارم ايمثو اگرایمشو کل رومیت نب بو مجون تو که جون میسپارَ م اِمسُو

FYD



قدش را باقت م آندازه ديدم

أكمرا وميفروخت ئن ميخريد م

يكرم را دم دروازه ديدم دوما نارشف درسينداش بد

لگارم م<u>حب ودنه میش<sup>و</sup> و بَر</u>ه مجردم روز وشو دره بدره چې کوکن متت ميره سوی صحرا وِلَمُ از دوركَتِش شد ذَرِّه ذَرِّه

On the roof she appeared and went away, "New life" came to me but did not stay. O'God, may all her kinfolks die, I say, She came weeping and soon swept away.

#### 679

My sweetheart is by the brook now at rest Sombing her curly tresses with some zest. Knee to knee with my girl I like to sit, But a beau cloud covers the moon, I admit.

# - 680

She appeared on the roof, but soon went away; New life same to my blood, but didn't stay. Jacob heard that joseph to Canaan came,

But Joseph has soon returned, what a shame!

# YV681

My Turkish girl is so tender and fine, For my Afghan beauty, I week and pine a Shall I tell my Afghan beauty or not, That lovers through entreaties lay, their blog?

FYA الكارين المب ويناور ورفت دوبارٍه برتم جُون اوَمد ورَفت نیگارم حبیث گریوُن او مَدور خدا دَندا جِبِرَند قَوْم وَخَوْشِشْ يُكارِمَن نُشِبَةٍ بَر لَبِ الوُ بَمَى شونه زَرَ بَرُدُكُف بُرُ تَو دِ لَمُ مَنْحُوا دِ زَكْمُ زَا يَوْ بِزِا يُوسُ عَجَبَ أَبِرِي كَرِفِتْهِ روي مَهتو

نِگارْم وَركَب ِثَو<mark>ن وَمَدَ وَرَفْت</mark> دوباره وَرَثْتُم حَوْنِ اوْمَدُوَرْت یکی بیدی خبردادی بر تعقوب که پوسف سومي کمنون اُور وز

بطارِ نا زنين تركي خاصِه (با و غانى) بكويم ول تركيم بادغانی کجو ثم یا مجمو شیم که کارِ عاشِقا با اِتها ب

Sweetheart, relieve me from my remorse, Toward the port you have to change my course. Don't fool me round, O' charming sweetheart, I'm just a baby, and not so smart.

### 683

O' sweetheart, tiny-toothed and so frail, Your love has caused me to go to the jail. "This, my ignorant child, you should not mind, "By sale of earrings your freedom I'll find".

### 684

Youthful sweetheart is worth a fortune, You left me alone, now do come back soon. You deserted me and to Pareez went, And no message of love to me you sent.

#### 685

My sweet, jujube-colored, beautiful thing, Your tresses I use as rifle string. If I'm not worthy of love, if I'm wild, Why did you choose me when you were a child?

### 682
FAT مراآزرا<u>ه</u> تندر ور ممردون فكار ما ينين في رفو مكر دون سَرم حُوِن تَجَةٍ دَر كاهم المح مراآزراه متب رخواهي نخوابهي زِعشق تو مَرا بُرده بِزِيدان <u>ب</u>گار نازنین ریز<u>ه</u> د ندان دو با گوشوار ه دارم مال بوا چراغم میخوری<mark>ای طِفِلْ م</mark>ادان مَرا آندا ختی رَفْتُ مِنْتَى مَحَا كَل بي أي نين ستستقدريا لى مرا آندا حسنت<mark>ی ر</mark>فتی <sup>د</sup> ساریز ، نِگارِ مَارْنِين<u>َ مَ</u>نَّابُ رَبْمُمُ دورُلفون سيات بند يفنكم چرا دَركُودَ كَى كَرُدى تِبْدُم الكرمن لايق خدمت ترسيدم

O' tender girl, I'm in your love too deep, Even if I'm killed my promise I will keep. Even if you kill me with Damascene sword, Immersed in my blood, I won't say a word.

#### 687

O' tender darling, in your love I burn, Even if I'm killed, from you I'll never turn. Even if I am slain with a sharp sword, Wallowing in my blood, I won't say a word.

## 688

My sweetheart is now so far away, My eyes are fixed for her to the doorway. My eyes are dimmed but she will not appear, Neither mail nor message from her I hear.

## 689

O'my darling, you will never hold fast, Now your covenant you have broken at last. From my childhood my heart to you I gave, But this gift you were not able to save.

919 عار از از الم الم دردم الركشته سوم از تو نكردم بخون جُولون زَمْ دور توكردم أكركشته تثوم أزيت أكمان يُكارِ ما زنسيتُم آهل دَردَم الكُرُشْتَه سَوْمَ أَز تو تَكْرد م الركشية سَوْم از خُتَبَ تِبْرِ بِحُوْن جُولو كَن زِمْ دُورِ تَوكَرَدُم يكارى درستفردارم خدايا دو حیب گونیت در دارم خدایا دو جشتم شدسف دوول سوم ته كاغذ نه حسب دارم نخدا یا شيكت شيشة عقب ووقارا نگاریا ن<u>گ</u>ارین ، نیکا را

ئتويستى نيجف ارى تومارا

کی مَن از کو دکی دِل دَر تُوَسَّتْ مُ

With her tender lips the kalyan she'll smoke, Her hands touching the pipe with a soft stroke. Some warm water, to wash her hands, I need, Her sweet hands smell of tobacco, indeed.

## 691

At vesper time I came begging at your wall, My beautiful Turk, with supplication I call. But to this beggar, bread you didn't give, Nor with kindness, your lover you receive.

#### 692

At night a room in an inn I tried to get, There, a girl as sweet as bonbon I met. I said, "Five kisses I desire of you", She said "Give me receipt, for I.O.U".

#### 693

To a river I came by eventide, I saw a girl grazing goats at my side. I said" Will you grant five kisses to me? "Go away, for my mother will know", said she.



مَازِسْوم سب يمُ باكدانً بإي تقرت اي تُرك خَتانً بدادی گفته با بن بب سن کن تیر سیدی کوسانل از کخانی

نَّا زِيتُوم *بِيس*يُدُم بارباطي بديدم وخترى حَتِ تَبَا تَى مېلونىم د خترك <u>تېن بۇس مو د</u>ە 



I cannot take worries out of my heart, I cannot live far from my sweetheart. Nor can a minute away from her be, In her love quagmire I am deep to knee.

# 695

I won't sing, for my blood with love will boil, People will know of my inner turmoil. People of my wailings will be aware That with neighbor's girl I've a love affair.

## 696

You are tonight upset and sad, my love ! Do you miss your boy-friend so bad, my love ? Now you know what wrong you've done to me, The fruit of bitter seeds bitter will be.

#### 697

I know not who has made me such a fool,
I butchered not, why die by butcher's tool;
I who once was a jailor to the king,
Should I in jail like forlorn warblers sing?



بنيخونم كه مَردُم سيكن كوش ينجرنم كم خوتم ميز ند مجوسش ينجونم که کویک وايد داره نظر تر د منتر بتمسايد داره پنجونم که کویک وايد داره



<u>991</u>

سَبُودم قَصّاب قُرْبوم كم كرده يندون كه نا دون كم كروه ينيدونم بزيدونم كه كرده خودم زيدو<u>ن بون پادشايم</u>

The seven-knotted flute announces to all, That all forlorn lovers on God may call; Yet all beauties their lovers want to kill; But poor lovers trust on the Lord still.

# 703

The seven-knotted flute has a charming sound. O'heart, for all troubles, remedies are found. All beauties agree the lover to kill, The lover has his God, to turn to still.

# 704

Fidelity is the sign of a nobleman, It is the symbol of man and his clan. It is the ornament man wears with pride, By it manliness and meanness decide.

#### 705

My sweetheart from Negar is so tall; She rides a colt that is young and small. She is riding, but on her left and right, Thousands of lovers will duel and fight.

V.Y في مفت بد صلائي داره آخر كه بمرماري خدائي داره آخر بَهْ سِيكَن كَدِ عَاشَ كُشْتَنى في كَمَ عَاشَقَ هُمْ خَدَا فَي دَارِهُ آخر يني بمفت بندصدا في داره الحول بمر در دی دوانی داره ای وا كه عاشق هم خدًا بي دارٍ اي كُل ہَمہ وَرکمشتن حاشق رِصَایید وَفَاكَارِ مُزْرَكُونِ جَمُونِ وَفَامِي مُوْنَهُ جَابَا وَرَزَمُونِيهُ وَفَا بر مَرد و نَا مَردى نِشُونَه وَفَا بَرَآ دمى زا وَسَتْ زَمَيْتُ شنيدم كُرّه توزين سَواره ول بالانبن أحل دنطارها زِبَرسو عاشِقَش سب أربرار سوار کُرہ مؤرین تحید است

The tall girl with a mole has a mouth so tight; She is slender and her weight is light. All the people her mole do highly praise, But to win her no money can I raise.

#### 707

My girl is tall herself, long is her tress, Standing at the gate, adds my distress. Don't stand before me as a lady of fame; For lovers cannot have modesty or shame.

# 708

My tall sweetheart is tender and nice, She is heavenly but I am full of vice. At my deathbed she'd just for one night call, The death-wolf is in ambush for us all.

#### 709

Jealous is Cheshmehkezi girl, I say; Don't go to Kohnow, for it's far away. If you go to Kohnow, please be slow; For as oven you put my heart aglow.

ول بالأمبند حال خالي مَن دَبَنَ يَنْكُمُ عَبَدَ نَ مِثْقًا لِي مَن خلايق *ميكنند تقريف خالت* دِل بی صَبرودسَتِ خالیِ<mark>مَن</mark> دْلِ بِالا بْبِنْدَ قَدْ قَامْتِ كَمِيسَ بْرَابِروا نَا يَسْتَ بْنَ طَاقَتْمُ بِتَ ميان عاشِقونَ شرمُ وتخاسب بَرَا بَرَوا بَا يَسِتَ رَسِمُ بَرْرُكُون دُلِ بلا نُبَت ، نُرْسَيْسُم الكَرتُو أَسمونَى مَن زَسِيمُ دُم مَرَكُمُ بيا يكيتُو بِب لين يَسِينُ كُرُكُتِ أَجَل أَمْد كُمُهُمُ ول دچشه کزی چپ توشوره در بکهنو سروی راه تو دوره

د بکهنوی سب وی هموار هموار که است سر دِکم مِثْلِ تَنُورِه

My girl 1 met, flower in hand, by chance; With languishing eyes and an amorous glonce. For killing me she has got a command, Moslem brothers, please come and hold her hand

# 711

My sweetheart has entered bowl in hand, Her languishing eyes I can not stand. If I see her two hundred times a day, Still I will miss my girl, I can say

# 712

God will reward you; my heart you stole; Countless worries, the Lord may give your soul. May you become ill in a foreign land; Ignominy you may have always at hand.

# 713

When my man comes, my laughter will then end, No more myself will I engage to a friend. So long as my man is away, I swear, Collyrium I won't use, scarf I won't wear.

وكمازة ورايد المريسيش كمرشمه سيكند جينمون سيش برات آورده ما خونم بریزه مسلما نون بمبر بد بردو دسیش ولم از دَر دَرا وُمَد كاسب دارِه ووحبيشم فيمد متت خاصه دار بمنورم این دیم دلکوا سیم داره اكرردزى وصدبا يتش يتديم دِلْم بَرُدی مِنْرایت با خُدا برُ خُدا دردی بِدَت که بی دَوا برُ دُردی بِدَت شَهَرِ غَرَبیون کَ بَرَجا میرَدی رومیت سیا بُوُ دِكْرَ عَصرودَ فَأَبِاكُسَ نَهُ تَبْدُم وكم، تومنت في من تخدم

تَرْجِشْ سُورتَه كَنَّمْ نَهُ سَرِينِدُم

وكر عمد وقابا بار جونى

She has come as the shining moon, I think, Or as a lamb hastening mother's milk to drink. Like horn of a fighting ram was her hair; But why did she a sword in her hand bear?

# 715

Her steps she takes with coquetry and air; Lithe in figure with black ebony hair. I really wish to get your kisses free, One thousand three hundred and sixty three.

## 716

You're the flower and the plucking is mine, Kisses I'll take from ruby lips of thine. Surrender me your nipples, if you please, I will squeeze them when you are at ease.

#### 717

My sweetheart Shahrebanoo is grand, Holding an almond twig in her soft hand. An almond twig holds in her hand indeed, A carnage verdict in her eyes I read.

د مرود د لم چُون ماه مَا بُون از دراومکر چُوبَرَه روبشيرٍ ما در او مَد دوزلفش شمچوست في قوچ خبكى نَدُوتُمُ اَزْجِ رُوبا خَنْجِر ا وَمَد قدتش بار کمیه فجرامش آ مبوسیه ۇكم را <sub>ق</sub>ۇتىنىش خىلى ملو<sup>ئ</sup>سيە براتي برسير زكف تودارم **ہزاروک چیدوشفت سے بو** لَبِ بَعَل از تو وُبُرُسْمِة <sup>أَ</sup>بْنَ وُلْم كل أز تو وك<del>ليجب ا</mark> بَنَ</del> تحل أزتو ومالب كذن أزمن بِبْسَتَسْ تَرْكِ بُا دام دارٍه وُلِيَن شَهر بابنو نام دارِه بَهِتِشْ تَرَكَ<sup>ء</sup>ُ با دام باغی زِحِبْمُو<sup>ن</sup> خُسَمَ قَتْل عام <sup>دا دِه</sup>

O' sweetheart, O' sweetheart, I say, My clay to Kerman they will soon convey. There, a kalyan with my clay they will make, And she, the smoke out of my heart will take.

# 719

My sweetheart lives in the house nearby, With her blond curls and eyes lovely and shy I wish with her from eve to dawn I sleep, And this sleep till eternity keep.

# 720

My tall, slender girl I met today; Her ivory white neck was shining and gay. In this spring I had a good fortune: I picked my rose and visited my moon.

## 721

All troubles have remedies in some way, Every night will end in a sunny day. All people agree on Najma's return, For God also for Najma has concern.

VIA د ایمن د ول من و د ل مَن بكرتون متيرندا ب وكل من بكر مون ميترك قليون يسارك كيما ولركيش ودداز ول من وی دارم دراین خونه کیا ره عَجَبَ مُولا ي بورش حَلقِه دار سَرِيْتُو مَاسْحَتْ بَهْلِوِسْ بِجْوَا بَمْ چلور خوابی کی سب اری آلا بياص كردنش حون شغله روز ول بالانب م ديد مايروز للى تبركز نتجدم، چدم إمرز دَاين <del>صْل كعب رُ</del>وعيدنور ز بَمه دَردی دَوا بی دا<u>ر</u>ه خُر همه شامی صباحی داره ا

بَهْ بَرُسْتَنْ تَجَارِضَا بِند كُمْ تَجَاهُم خُدًا بْنُ دَارِه أَخَرَ

I can recognize lovers from a mile, Their eyes are cheerful, their lips full of smile. Lovers' lips are like that of a young snake, They bite but no advantage from it they take.

## 723

You are not like lovers in any way, Punishing lovers is no good, I say. With your stick you want my feet to beat, Your eyes are guilty indeed and not my feet.

## 724

O'girl with those turquoise blue eyes you came, Jug-in-hand, the garden being your aim. Welcome to my garden with jug in hand; Break my head but respond to my demand.

## 725

O'girl, your face charming as moon I hold, You've studio with a portico of gold. Yourself and your hair are studios fine, Every dawn I'll visit this girl of mine.

كَبَّشْ خَدا ضَمَّتْ شُوْجَ <mark>وَسِبْ</mark> تبردنك عاشقه أز ووربيدات بهرجا ميزند زخمش نكيد الت **آب** عاشِق مثالِ تج<u>و</u> ا رِ که (چو تور) آ دَم عاش رَوانی بَردُبكه عاشِقةِ مثلِ شا، في كما حِبِش كرد ب تتحصير ما في بُريدى تركي<sup>و</sup> وَحَرِمَن مِوْدى سبو در دَست ویل اغ داری لا دختر کی حیث مناغ داری سَمَرم را<u>ب</u> کُنُ و دَر دَم دَدانُ

سَبو دَردَست وميل باع مَكْنُ

د ايوان طسلاكرگاه دارى

بالين بائم مرحك

بَلا دُخت کر کر وی ما ه داری

خودت كركاه وموت بدكركا

O'sweet girl with double tresses, I say: Daddy said, "Give five kisses", you must obey. Five kisses of your lips if I receive, Hundred kisses from other girls I'll give.

## 727

O'princess, of girls you are a beauty ! You're narrow-hipped fourteen-year-old cuty. If five kisses of your moon-face give away, Its reward'll be more than you fast and pray.

#### 728

Your torch-bearer is the crescent of the sky, To kiss your face, all troubles I will buy. All my worldly wealth I would give away, For your beautiful eyes, without delay.

#### 729

Out of palm leaves I will devise a rope, Send to my girl at Chenaran, I hope. Chenaran weather makes one pleasant to feel, Its fresh water all one's troubles will heal.

بلا وخترک مو بابی تو تجفیه بره بن بوس که بابای تو گفته بره بن بوس که داری عاشقی صَد ماش مفتر بره بن بوس از ولعل کبانت که بوسای عاشقی صَد ماش مفتر بَلا وُختر بَلَا شَحَبُ إده دختر كَرَبارك وجاردَه ساله دختر أكرين بؤسس خور م أزروى من قو البش أز نا زوروزه ببتر بَلا دوراز جالٍ فَهُوشت باد بلال آسمون مشعل كشِّت با د متام مال دائروالي كه دارم بقريون دوجث ويخش فِرْسَمٌ بِيشْ دلدار محيب اردا بَكان رسيون سيس بتو<mark>ر ب جارو</mark> كه آئبش در د بارا بسَت دارد دچاروب که خوش ب برواي

In a very small raw-bricked villa, Lives my darling, and her name is Leila. Tender as blossoms of the almond tree, Florid, sweet, fragrant and nice is she.

## 731

My sweetheart Leila is really grand; With a sweet-almond twig in her hand. She is in love herself, that I can see; And doesn't want me her lover to be.

## 732

My girl sitting quietly in her room, Is planning with her tresses me to doom. Every drop that falls from her lovely hair, Becomes precious rubies and jewels rare.

## 733

Teyjoon inhabitants are fine, I say, The weather has made them sweet and gay. A home at Vanshoon I intend to install, For its people are warm and cheerful all.

جموعا زكر فتت فوم داره که بارم تسیسی خاتم موم دار يشابَت باكلُ با دوم داره مُرْغَت مَدَيْم كَرْمَيْسْنَا سى بَدِّسَتَشْ تَرَكَّهُ بادام دارِه همودخت که لین مام داره . نود مش عایش مرا بد نا م<sup>دار</sup> يَبِتِقْ تَرَكَرُ بِ دام شيري

بمويار مند در كمنج خان

هموا بی که از زلفش بریزه

ہمَہ تبحو بنون <del>ہ</del>و س<mark>َدو سَقبو ل</mark>

برَم دردوا يَشون بَنْرِل عَبْرِم

كم تمرر الشششدو تموكرده شانه

بكرديه كعل وكوهت دانددانه

أزاين بوبهوا بستدو للول

که داره مردمون خوب مقبول

All have their girls, but I have none, I say; Like a worn-out suit, I am cast away. All are clad in dresses so rich and fine, But as a beggar is the attire of mine.

#### 735

My rose, I always remember your face, You're rose-water and full of charm and grace. In love a hundred girls if I enthrall, For a hair of you I would give them all.

## 736

The mountains and hills your beauty disclose, Like your fragrance and shape, I've seen no rose. As crescent moon in full display will show From behind hills, the arch of your eyebrow.

#### 737

I don't mind the wind, weather, sea or land. When round her tender neck I have my hand. To have my hands round her neck is sweet, When under shadow of a wall we meet.

بمُسْكَرُدارُنُ وبي مار ما تُم لباس كهنه دَر بازار ما تُم ہم وارن لباس كد خُدائى نَدْ بِمِسْ قَلْدَر دارْ ما يَم







دودس در گرون نزاد خوب

جوا گرمه شال وبا د خو ب<u>ر</u>

دو دَس دَركَردَنِ نزادِ شیر ن بزیر ایه کای دیدار خوج

There is a lovely tall girl in the fort, Behind whose tresses the eyes make sport, My hand has not touched her slender hand yet, But she has already started to fret.

مَرابرسايه زُلْفَشْ كِشِيدِه ين قلعه 1 مّرا بَردالِ قَصّابِي كِشِيدِهِ متم بكر يستش أرتسي







بمناسبت جشن دوهزاروپانصدمین سال بنیانــکداری شاهنشاهی ایران از طرف مدرسه عالی ترجمه منتشر کردید .

این کتاب طی شمار. ۵۰۶ مودخ ۴/۵/۵ در دفتر کتابخانهٔ ملی بثبت رسید

چاپ جلالی

and horas and the marsh holding bally helessing being that god they's calls a ant all show



ترانه های ملی ایران



فهرست تستقشره مدسب عالى ترجمه

فتت ريال

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