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Father of Persian Verse

Tabatabai, Sassan

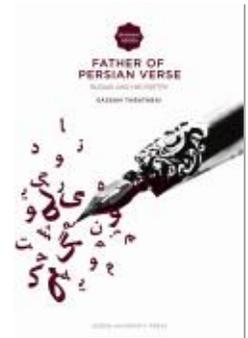
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Elegies

On the death of the Amir's father

You who are sad, who suffer,
 Who hide your eyes that flow with tears
 For him, whose name I don't mention
 For fear of more sorrow and hardship:
 Went what went and came what came,
 Was what was, why grieve in vain?
 You want to give harmony to the world?
 The world will not accept harmony from you.
 Don't complain, it doesn't heed complaints.
 Stop wailing, it doesn't hear you wail.
 Even if you wail until the day of reckoning,
 How can wailing bring back the one who is gone?
 You will see more torment from this wheel
 If you are tormented at every turn.
 It's as if disasters have been assigned
 To whomever you give your heart.
 There are no clouds, there's no eclipse,
 But the moon is covered, the earth is dark.
 Accept it or not, I am sorry to say
 You will not be able to conquer yourself.
 To break the siege of sorrow on your heart
 It is better to fetch the wine, and drink.
 Out of great disasters, there will appear
 Virtue and grace and nobility.¹

¹ This poem was written for the Sāmānid Amir Ahmad ibn Ismā'il (r. 907-914) on the death of his father, Amir Ismā'il-ibn Ahmad (d. 907).

ای آن که غمگنی و سزاواری
 و ندر نهان سرشك همی باری
 از بهر آن کجا ببرم نامش
 ترسم ز سخت انده و دشواری
 رفت آن که رفت و آمد آنک آمد
 بود آن که بود، خیره چه غم داری
 هموار کرد خواهی گیتی را
 گیتی است، کی پذیرد همواری
 مستی مکن، که نشنود او مستی
 زاری مکن، که نشنود او زاری
 شو، تا قیامت آید زاری کن
 کی رفته را به زاری باز آری؟
 آزار بیش زین گردون بینی
 گر تو بهر بهانه بیازاری
 گویی: گماشتست بلایی او
 بر هر که تو دل برو بگماری
 ابری پدید نی و کسوفی نی
 بگرفت ماه و گشت جهان تاری
 فرمان کنی و یا نکنی ترسم
 بر خویشتن ظفر ندهی باری
 تا بشکنی سپاه غمان بر دل
 آن به که می بیاری و بگساری
 اندر بلای سخت پدید آرند
 فضل و بزرگ مردی و سالاری