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Father of Persian Verse

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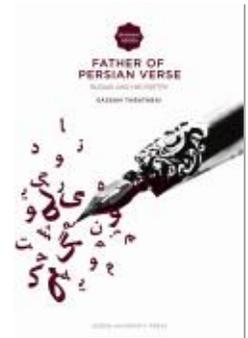
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May the Amir live long

May he live long, our glorious lord.
 May my precious life be added to his.
 I always worry about his life, since
 The mother of the free bears few like him.
 Of all kings there has never been a youth like him,
 Forgiving, literate, brave and wise.
 Can anyone know how much he tries?
 Can anyone know how generous he is?
 With hand and tongue he spreads gold and pearls.
 Not in vain, has his name spread through the world.
 He planted the branch of kindness in our hearts.
 It's no joke that he has turned his back on wealth.
 It's a puzzle, describing his grace and will:
 He is the *Avestā* in wisdom, the *Zand* in essence.²⁷
 No matter how much the poets try,
 They cannot praise him the way they should.
 His essence is the seed, his grace is water.
 The poet's talent is his fertile ground.
 His essence is the *Vahi-nāmeḥ* to Kasrā.²⁸
 His ways have filled the *Pand-nāmeḥ* with guidance.²⁹
 The essence of this king is the real *Pand-nāmeḥ*,
 So that fortune itself can take counsel from him.
 Whoever turns his back on the king's advice
 Sets the foot of happiness into sorrow's trap.

²⁷ The *Avestā*, written in Avestan (an ancient Eastern Iranian language) is the sacred writings of Zoroastrianism and the chief source for the teachings of Zoroaster. The *Zand* is the interpretation of the *Avestā*.

²⁸ *Vahi-nāmeḥ* is a "Letter (book/document) of Revelation." Kasrā is the title of Khosrow Anushirvān (531-579), the twenty-first Sāsānian king. The prophet Mohammad was born during his reign.

²⁹ *Pand-nāmeḥ* is the "Letter of Guidance." There is a *Pand-nāmeḥ* attributed to Anushirvān, a copy of which is in the British Museum.

دیر زیاد آن بزرگوار خداوند
 جان گرامی به جانش اندر پیوند
 دایم بر جان او بلرزم، زیراك
 مادر آزادگان کم آرد فرزندان
 از ملکان کس چنو نبود جوانی
 راد و سخندان و شیرمرد و خردمند
 کس نشناسد همی که کوشش او چون
 خلق نداند همی که بخشش او چند
 دست و زبان زر و در پراگند او را
 نام به گیتی نه از گزاف پراگند
 در دل ما شاخ مهربانی بنشاست
 دل نه به بازی ز مهر خواسته برکند
 همچو معماست فخر و همت او شرح
 همچو ابستاست فضل و سیرت او زند
 گر چه بکوشند شاعران زمانه
 مدح کسی را کسی نگوید مانند
 سیرت او تخم کشت و نعمت او آب
 خاطر مداح او زمین برومند
 سیرت او بود وحی نامه به کسری
 چون که به آیینش پندنامه بیآگند
 سیرت آن شاه پندنامه اصلی است
 ز آنکه همی روزگار گیرد ازو پند
 هر که سر از پند شهریار بیچید
 پای طرب را به دام کرم درافگند

Who in this world is the raw dough of defeat?
Anyone who is not pleased at his prosperity.
To anyone who does not wish splendor for him,
Say: You just try to tie fortune's hands.
Dear angels, be proud of the glory of his friends.
Dear heavens, laugh at the misery of his foes.
At the poem's end, back to what I said at first:
May he live long, our glorious lord.

کیست به گیتی خمیر مایهٔ ادبار
 آن که به اقبال او نباشد خرسند
 هر که نخواهد همی گشایش کارش
 گو بشو و دست روزگار فروبند
 ای ملك، از حال دوستانش همی ناز
 ای فلك، از حال دشمنانش همی خند
 آخر شعر آن کنم که اول گفتم
 دیر زیاد آن بزرگوار خداوند