Father of Persian Verse

Tabatabai, Sassan

Published by Leiden University Press

Tabatabai, Sassan.
Father of Persian Verse: Rudaki and his Poetry.
Project MUSE. muse.jhu.edu/book/46350.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/46350
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-nāme to Kasrā.28
His ways have filled the Pand-nāme with guidance.29
The essence of this king is the real Pand-nāme,
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-nāme 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-nāme is the “Letter of Guidance.” There is a Pand-nāme attributed to Anushirvān, a copy of which is in the British Museum.
در زیاد آن بزرگوار خداوند
جان گرامی به جانش اندر پیوند
دایم بر جان او بلرز، زیراک
مادر آزادگان کم ارد فرزند
از ملکان کس چنبو نبود جوانی
راد و سخندان و شیرمرد و خردمند
کس نشناسد همی که کوتشش او چون
خلق نداند همی که بخشش او چند
دست و زبان زر و در پراگند او را
نام به گیتی نه از گزار پراگند
در دل ما شاخ مهربانی بنشاست
دل نه به پازی ز مهر خواسته برکند
همچو معماست فخر و همت او شرح
همچو ابستاست فضل و سیرت اوزند
گر چه بکوشند شاعران زمانه
مدج کسی را کسی نگویید مانند
سیرت او تخم کشت و نعمت او آب
خطر مداح او زمین برومند
سیرت او بود و هری نامه به کسری
چون که به آبیش پندنامه باگند
سیرت آن شاه پندنامه اصلي است
ز اندهی همی روزگار گیرد از پند
هر که سر از پند شهریار بپچید
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 مایه ادبی
آن که به اقبال او نباشد خرسند
هر که نخواهد همی گشايش کارش
گو بشو و دست روزگار فروند
ای ملك، از حال دوستانش همی ناز
ای فلك، از حال دشمنانش همی خند
آخر شعر ان کنن که اول گفتتم
دیر زیاد آن پرزگوار خداوند