

Khusrau & Shirin-Panel 1

شاه از دیدار آن بلور دلکش
شده خورشید یعنی دل پر آتش
فشاند از دیده باران سحابی
که طالع شد قمر در برج آبی
سمن بر غافل از نظاره شاه
که سنبل بسته بود بر نرگش راه
چو ماه آمد برون از ابر مشکین
به شاهنشاه در آمد چشم شیرین
همایی دید بر پشت تذروی
به بالای خدنگی رسته سروی
ز شرم چشم او در چشمه آب
همی لرزید چون در چشمه مهتاب
جز این چاره ندید آن چشمه قند
که گیسو را چو شب بر مه پراکند
عبیر افشاند بر ماه شبافروز
به شب خورشید می پوشید در روز

The king became the sun—his heart ablaze
When on her beauty he at first did gaze
From longing eyes soft tears of rain did flow
While in the sapphire sky the moon did glow
This jasmine did not know he was nearby
Locks of hyacinth hid her narcissae
But when from scented clouds the Moon broke free
Sweet Shirin's eyes beheld his majesty:
She saw a Huma on a partridge glide
A cypress as an arrow by its side
She was shy, and like water of the spring
In moonlight's shimmer, both were trembling.
She saw no way her modesty to shield
Her hair fell so the Moon not be revealed
Her musk she scattered on that Moon's fair light
By day she veiled the sun, outshone the night





Khusrau & Shirin-Panel 2

چنان از هم درید اندام آن بوم
که می‌شد زیر زخمش سنگ چون موم
به تیشه روی خارا می‌خراشید
چو بید از سنگ مجرا می‌تراشید
به هر تیشه که بر سنگ آزمودی
دو هم‌سنگش جواهر مزد بودی
به یک ماه از میان سنگ خارا
چو دریا کرد جویی آشکارا
ز جای گوسفندان تا درکاخ
دورویه سنگ‌ها زد شاخ در شاخ
چو کار آمد به آخر حوضه‌ای بست
که حوض کوثرش زد بوسه بر دست
چنان ترتیب کرد از سنگ جویی
که در درزش نمی‌گنجید مویی
در آن حوضه که کرد او سنگ‌بستش
روان شد آب گفتی زآبدستش
بنا چندان تواند بود دشوار
که بنا را نیامد تیشه در کار
اگر صد کوه باید کند پولاد
زیون باشد به دست آدمی‌زاد
چه چاره کان بنی‌آدم نداند
به جز مردن کهزان بیچاره ماند
خبر بردند شیرین را که فرهاد
به ماهی حوضه بست و جوی بگشاد
چنان کز گوسفندان شام و شب‌گیر
به حوض آید به پای خویشتن شیر
بهشتی‌پیکر آمد سوی آن دشت
رد جوی شیر و حوض برگشت

Tormented by love, he wielded his axe
So that under its wound, stone turned to wax.
He sculpted the mountain with willow's grace,
And carved a channel through its granite base.
With every blow that he struck on the stone,
He deserved twice its weight in jewels alone.
After one month of his hewing the rock,
A stream, like the sea, he did then unlock.
From sheep meadow down to the palace gate,
All the stones were arranged in tight estate.
At the end, there was a pool to entice,
It was kissed by the pond of Paradise.
He fitted the stones so closely there,
Between the gaps one could fit not a hair.
In that pool he created from the land,
Water flowed through as if from his hand.
A difficult task may tempt men to quit,
If there are no tools to accomplish it.
But mountains of steel cannot long resist,
The quest of men with a will to persist.
What else but their works can men leave behind,
Only their death, with nothing left to find?
Then news to Shirin of Farhad was brought:
He had in one month a pond and stream wrought.
As sheep at dusk on the shore do alight,
The lioness steps to the water at night:
That heavenly figure quiet came to the fold,
To see the new pond of which she was told.



Khusrau & Shirin-Panel 3/1

گران‌جانی که گفنی جان نبودش
به دندان‌ی که یک دندان نبودش
شه از مستی در آن ساعت چنان بود
که در چشم آسمانش ریسمان بود
ولیک آن مایه بودش هوشیاری
که خوشتر زین رود کبک بهاری
کمان ابروان را زه برافکند
بدان دل کاهوی فربه در افکند
چو صید افکنده شد کاهی نیززید
وزان صد گرگ روباهی نیززید
کلاغی دید بر جای همایی
شده در مهد ماهی ازدهایی
به دل گفت این چه ازدرها پرستیت
خیال خواب یا سودای مستیت
نه بس شیرین شد این تلخ دو تا پشت
چه شیرین کز ترش‌رویی مرا کشت
ولی چون غول مستی رهزنش بود
گمان افتاد کان مادر زنش بود
در آورد از سر مستی به دو دست
فتاد آن جام و شیشه هر دو بشکست
به صد جهد و بلا برداشت آواز
که مردم جان مادر چاره‌ای ساز
چو شیرین بانگ مادر خوانده بشنید
به فریادش رسیدن مصلحت دید
برون آمد ز طرف هفت پرده
بنامیزد رخی هر هفت کرده

Our heavy-hearted King—felt lifeless,
And with infirmity—also toothless.
This king was now so intoxicated,
That in the sky's eye, he seemed but a thread.
Yet this state did to him clarity bring,
Sweeter than the trill of a quail in Spring.
He relaxed the frown from across his brow,
And turned his heart to tender lettuce now
If a prey is caught and not be unlocked,
A hundred wolves can't match the cunning fox.
He saw a crow turn into a phoenix,
Become a dragon, cradled by a fish.
What kind of dragon sorcery is this?
Is this a dream or the madness of drink?
The sweetness of its stubborn airs surprised,
Sweet indeed, its sour countenance chastised
Robbed of reason by his drinking yet more,
He thought this must be his mother-in-law.
In his drunkenness, his hand he outlashed,
And thus his goblet and bottle were smashed.
With effort he raised his voice to ask for,
A remedy for his mother-in-law
Lest her mother's call should Shirin surprise,
He judged it wise to attend to her cries
Then she emerged from behind seven veils,
Her face mingling the beauty of them all.



Khusrau & Shirin-Panel 3/2

چه‌گویم چون شکر؟ شکر کدامست؟
طبرزد نه که او نیزش غلام است
چو سروی گر بوَد در دامنش نوش
چو ماهی گر بوَد ماهی قصب‌پوش
مهی خورشید با خوبیش درویش
گلی از صد بهارش مملکت بیش
بتی کامد پرستیدن حلالش
بهشتی نقد بازار جمالش
بهشتی شربتی از جان سرشته
ولی نام طمع بر یخ نوشته
جهان‌افروز دلبنی، چه دلبند!
به خرمن‌ها گل و خروارها قند
بهاری تازه چون گل بر درختان
سزاوار کنار نیک‌بختان
خجل‌رویی ز رویش مشتری را
چنان کز رفتنش کبک دری را
عقیق می‌مشکلش سنگ درمشت
که تا بر حرف‌او کس ننهد انگشت
نسیمش در بها هم‌سنگ جان بود
ترازوداری زلفش بدان بود
ز خالش چشم بد در خواب رفته
چو دیده نقش او از تاب رفته
ز کرسی‌داری آن مشک‌جوسنگ
ترازوگاه جو می‌زد گهی سنگ
لب و دندان از عشق آفریده
لش دندان و دندان لب ندیده
رخ از باغ سبک‌رویی نسیمی
دهان از نقطه موهوم میمی
کشیده گردِ مه مشکین کمندی

If this is sugar, what kind can it be?
Tabar zad would be a servant to she
Is she a cypress, with nectar to milk?
Or is she is a fish, dressed in finest silk?
Is she moonlight or, does she sunlight bring?
Is she a flower from a hundred springs?
A phantom has come for to be adored,
Paradise is where her beauty is scored.
A heavenly drink the essence of life,
This name of desire is written on ice.
O dazzling beauty, beloved you are!
Your granaries hold flowers and sugar.
Your fresh spring-like air of blossom on tree,
Fortunate are those who can with you be.
Jupiter himself would blush at her sight
And—like a bird startled by waves—take flight.
Her breasts, shaped like M, are as clasped stones,
No hand dares trace the letter she has shown.
Her breeze it was worth the same as a soul,
The scale of her curls in measure to all.
The mole on her cheek, puts evil awry,
Her radiant beauty dazzled the eye.
Her fragrant breasts, so prominent and firm,
Were too fine, yet great, for scale to affirm
Her lips and her teeth—their nectar to sip,
Her lips saw no teeth, and teeth saw no lip.
Her face—like a breeze from gardens of rest,
Her mouth—like the tip of a sumptuous breast.
Her dark hair—a belt drawn around the Moon,



Khusrau & Shirin-Panel 3/3

چراغی بسته بر دود سپندی
به نازی قلب ترکستان دریده
به بوسی دخل خوزستان خریده
رخی چون تازمگل‌های دلاویز
گلاب از شرم آن گلها عرق‌ریز
سپید و نرم چون قاقم بر و پشت
کشیده چون دُم قاقم ده انگشت
تنی چون شیر با شکر سرشته
تباشیرش به جای شیر هشته
ز تری خواست اندامش چکیدن
ز بازی زلفش از دستش پریدن
گشاده طاق ابرو تا بناگوش
کشیده طوق غیغ تا سر دوش
کرشمه‌کردنی بر دل عنان‌زن
خمار آلوده چشمی کاروان‌زن
ز خاطرها چو باده گرد می‌برد
ز دل‌ها چون مفرح درد می‌برد
گل و شکر کدامین گل؟ چه شکر؟
به او او ماند و بس الله اکبر

A radiant lamp midst smoke of the rue.
Her charm could win the heart of Turkistan,
Her kiss secure the wealth of Khuzestan.
An aura of fresh flowers she does present,
Whose bashful allure gives rosewater scent.
White and soft all around, like ermine fur,
And like its long tail, as tall and slender.
Her body—a lion with sugar enstored,
With treacle expressed from where milk is poured.
Her moist body drips with love's morning dew
The play of her curls does madness imbue.
The arch of her brow beckons the bolder,
Her neck stretched from her chin to her shoulder.
With just a coy glance, she reins in each heart,
Intoxicating all who behold her.
Like wine, which sweeps away all memory,
And relieves from pain like a remedy.
Which flower and which sugar? What sweetness?
Only she remains ! God is the greatest !

Khusrau & Shirin-Panel 4

سحرگه چون به عادت گشت بیدار
فتادش چشم بر خرماي بيخار
عروسي ديد زيبا جان درو بست
تنوري گرم حالي نان درو بست
نيبيذ تلخ گشته سازگار
شکسته بوسه‌ي شيرين خمارش
نهاده بر دهانش ساغر مل
شکفته در کنارش خرمن گل

At dawn he woke as on any other morn,
His eyes fell upon a palm with no thorn.
Beside him his bride, with his soul was bound,
Her warmth and scent were like freshly baked bread.
What he could not have was now at last his,
His sadness ended by her sweetest kiss.
He placed a goblet of wine on her lip,
A sheaf of flowers blossomed with her sip



Khusrau & Shirin-Panel 5

بدین طالع کز او پیروز شد بخت
ملک بنشست بر پیروزمگون تخت

Fortune did prevail by this destiny,
The king sat on his throne of victory

