

PERSIAN SONGS.

Erotic poetry

From The Inmates Of The Harem Of
Feteh Aly Shah.

(Fat'h Ali Shah Qajar (راجاق هاش یلع حتف))

Translated, By

Aleksander Borejko Chodźko Esq.

POESY RENDERINGS

BY C L DEAN

VOL. I

Poems by c dean

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2013

¹ From "Specimens of the popular poetry of Persia, as found in the adventures and improvisations of Kurroglou, the bandit-minstrel of northern Persia and in the songs of the people inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea (1842)" Orally Collected And Translated, With Philological And Histoeical Notes by Alexander Chodzko, Esq

and sold by W. H. Allen and co., Leadenhall street; Duprat, Paris; and Buockhaus and co., Leipzig. MDCCCXLII.

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INTRODUCTION². By Alexander Chodzko³, Esq.

All the following songs, with few exceptions, came to me from the inmates of the harem of the late Feteḥ Aly Shah⁴. I was favoured with them, at different epochs, by Chalanchi Khan, the director of the shah's orchestra; by MoUa Karim, his first singer; and by Rejeb Aly Khan⁵, his first violin and dancing-master to the Bayaderes⁶ of the Teheran court; — names of high repute in the annals of the beau monde of Teheran. From* that source, as from a central point, these songs, with their indispensable accompaniment, — the dance, disseminate themselves all over the country. It would be too long, and too much out of place here, to enter upon the particulars of

² From “Specimens of the popular poetry of Persia, as found in the adventures and improvisations of Kurroglou, the bandit-minstrel of northern Persia and in the songs of the people inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea (1842)” Orally Collected And Translated, With Philological And Historical Notes by Alexander Chodzko, Esq
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³ **Aleksander Borejko Chodźko** (30 August 1804 – 27 December 1891) was a [Polish poet](#), [Slavist](#), and [Iranologist](#). He was born in [Krzywicze](#) in [Russia](#) (today's Kryvičy, [Belarus](#)), and attended the [University of Vilnius](#). He was a member of the [Filaret Association](#) and the [Institute of Oriental Studies](#) that was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the [Russian Empire](#) in [Saint Petersburg](#).

From 1830 until 1844, he worked as a Russian diplomat in [Iran](#). From 1852 until 1855, he worked for French Foreign Ministry in [Paris](#). From 1857 until 1883 he succeeded [Adam Mickiewicz](#) in the chair of [Slavic languages](#) and literatures in the [Collège de France](#).

He was a member of the [Royal Asiatic Society](#) of Great Britain and Ireland and the [Société de Linguistique de Paris](#)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aleksander_Chod%C5%BAko

⁴ **Fat'h Ali Shah Qajar** ([Persian](#): راجاق هاشم‌علی قاجار; var. Fathalishah, Fathali Shah, Fath Ali Shah; 5 September 1772 – 23 October 1834) was the second [Qajar Emperor/Shah](#) of [Persia](#). He reigned from 17 June 1797 until his death.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fath-Ali_Shah_Qajar

⁵ Could only find this Rajab 'Ali Khan, and *Chalanchi Khan* who were, as Azod al-Dowleh has noted, lower in rank than the aforementioned Jewish and Armenian masters
<http://www.jstor.org/discover/10.2307/4311741?uid=3737536&uid=2129&uid=2&uid=70&uid=4&sid=21102543718347>

⁶ Bayadere is a European term for [devadasi](#) — a female dancer in India, often clothed in loose Eastern costume
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bayadere>

Feteh Aly Shah's private life. Suffice it to say, that he was the model of a gentleman in his country; and in this respect, his taste for literature, the fine arts, the toilet, and pleasure, powerfully modified the national rudeness of his subjects. By these means he succeeded in keeping his people quiet, during the thirty-six years of his reign; a task which no other ruler would have been able to perform, except by using severe coercive measures. I hope, therefore, that the page from the history of the interior of his court, which the following songs unfold before us, will be perused with some interest. But the picture is not a flattering one. Many parts of these songs are so contrary to European manners, that I was obliged to paraphrase, rather than translate them. We cannot, however, blame the shah for taking pleasure in such productions. He was too much of a Persian to do otherwise. A Persian seeks in love only the ratification of sensuality; and his song, which expresses that love, and his dance, which is an illustration of his song, having but one tendency, — the exciting of sensual desires, are sometimes obscene and revolting. Music and wine, and a debauch", have in Persia the same meaning. The Koran strictly prohibits them. But the Mussulmans say, "If we are to suffer, let us empty the cup of pleasure to the bottom, that there be something to suffer for." Persons able to consult the text of these songs, will certainly admire the voluptuous elegance of the style in which they are written. In this respect the erotic poetry of modern Persia, has not, perhaps, its equal in the literature of any other country.

PREFACE

From out of the times of long ago
Lost to man these songs sublime
Now cast out upon the winds of time
These luscious songs of rhyme
Hidden loves whose hearts did chime
Forgotten names in loves pleasureness games
To the world these lost songs do come
The singing of nightingales on the air
Perfumed with musk and hyacinth from the sylphs
tresses cascading hair
Here fairies sing their airs
Through lips radiant ruby-red –like their passions
in their pounding hearts lair
To up lift thy hearts to beat
Thy passions heat
They are still there of long ago
Singing their songs of love and woe
With their names on thy lips
They live again
On thy lips their lifes they regain

III. — GIRL IN LOVE WITH A EUROPEAN.

Hear Ferenghi⁷ Oh poor is me o'er thee
I rend my dress angry at thee

Longing for the heartless lover thee
Long is the night Oh Ferenghi
To my house come open will the door be
from the beginning of the night Oh Ferenghi

III. — Girl in love with a European.

" Ferenghi ! O poor me ! what shall I do ? Being
angry with you I will rend my dress.

" Long is the night for the heartless lover !
Come to my house; from the beginning of the night
my door will be open. Firenghi, &c."

IV. — A COMPLAINT.

To my complaints my little soul naught but hears
Tell me I beseech the street that thou lives in dear
To me he will not resist when he of me hears
Tell me I beseech the streets name thou lives in dear
O Agha Mizra⁸ tell me where I beseech of wine a cup full from thee give to
me Now when another sweetheart hast thee thee no more will want of me

⁷ "Ferengi" and similar terms are [Arabic](#) names for [European](#) traders, or for Westerners in general. The name is likely derived from the [Arabic](#) word *faranj* or *ifranj*, or [Persian](#) *farangi*, meaning "[Franks](#)". The word itself was once commonly used as a derogatory term for Crusaders, now considered archaic in most parts of the middle east with the notable exclusion of the Levant nations (Lebanon, Syria, Palestine and Jordan), where the term more closely translates to any perceived to be foreign Christian or non-Muslim. The term was once also used to refer to European traders who visited Syrian and Lebanese ports by ship, known for their perceived lack of honesty and strong desire to sell their wares, whatever or whoever those wares may have been. The word essentially means, in translation of meaning: a person who comes to my land to give me something I do not want

⁸ Male descendants of the sovereign in the male line were merely styled "Mirza [personal name]" or "[personal name] Mirza" <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shah#Shahzada>

"This person may be this **Mirza Aqa Khan-e Nuri** (Persian [میرزا آقا نوری](#)) was an Iranian politician and the chancellor of the [Qajar](#) court from 1851 to 1857. He has been accused as assisting the Queen Mother, Mahd-Oliya, to remove of Mirza Taqi Khan [Amir Kabir](#) from chancellorship in 1851. The diaries of a French count^[1] and the Crown Prince, however, refute this. Sources will be cited shortly.

Mirza Agha Khan was born Nasrollah Nuri, son of [Mirza Assadollah Khan Nuri](#), around 1807. His father was among the first people to join the armies of the conquering Agha Mohammad Khan, the founder of the [Qajar Dynasty](#). Mirza Assadollah was part of the

IV. — A Complaint.

" My little soul does not hear my complaints.
Tell me where is the street you live in ! When he
hears me he will not be able to resist me. Tell me
the name of the street where you live. O Agha !
Mirza ! tell me where. Give me a cup of wine.
Now when you have got another sweetheart, tell
me you want no more of me."

V.—THE FLIGHT

Come now now from this country let us fly now I and thou
To the garden come now
by my hand take me now
or to thy skirt let me cling now
O come now to the garden now upon the bosom of thy beloved throw
thou

Y.—The Flight.

" Come let us fly from this country, I and thou.
Come to the garden ; take me by the hand, or let
me cling to thy skirt. O come to the garden;
throw thyself upon the bosom of thy beloved."

VI. — THE GARDENER.

Cheh-cheh sings the nightingale he at the foot of the rose-tree
THOU O gardener THOU art the cause of the misfortune of me
On the fruits which produce the wine drunk art thee
O that God would cause the death of he
That we without witnesses might pluck the roses free
Alas the neckerchief of my sweetheart lost caught by some thorny branch of a rose-
tree

administrative hierarchy of the army and soon managed to become a member of the court of both [Agha Mohammad Khan](#) and his nephew and successor, [Fat'h-Ali Shah Qajar](#).

His early career was formed in service of [Allah-Yar Khan Asaf al-Daula](#), a maternal relative of Mahd Oliya, the wife of Mohammad Shah, the successor of Fathali Shah, and the mother of the future king [Naser al-Din Shah Qajar](#). He was an accomplished scholar and found himself raised through the ranks of the Civil Service to that of Premier or Grand Vazier (equivalent of the modern post of Prime Minister) and part of the king's privy council. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mirza_Aqa_Khan-e_Nuri

Gossip and rumour spread by those who tried to implicate him into the overthrow of Mirza Taqi Khan tried successfully to link him in the minds of Iranians to having contacts with the English colonial administration in India and Iran, leading to his Anglophile reputation.

He died on 12 Shawwal 1281 AH = March 10, 1865.

VI. – The Gardener.

" The nightingale sings his cheh-cheh at the foot of a rose-tree. O gardener ! thou art the cause of my misfortune. Thou art drunk with the fruits which produce wine. Would to God that the gardener was dead, and that we might, without witnesses, pluck the roses. My sweetheart's neckerchief is lost ; it was caught by a thorny branch at the bottom of a rose-bush."

VII. — THE SHAHZADA'S⁹ BAYADERE.

Come now now come off with thy slippers come
Up the stairs now come Ay Ay illness hast taken I
O woe to me O woe loves fires hast scorched the heart of I
My Shahzada protecteth I against the khans and their sons he protecteth I
From the rainy clouds he my shelter be
From the ignorant vizier¹⁰ he my refuge be

VIT. – The ShahzadCs Bayadere.

" Now come, now ! Take off the slippers, and come up stairs. Ay, ay – I am taken ill. O woe to me ! O woe ! my heart is scorched with love-fire ! Shahzada (prince) is my protection against injustice; protection against the khans and their sons. He is my shelter against the rainy clouds – my refuge from the hands of an ignorant vizier."

⁹ *Shahzada* (Persian *شاهزاده* *Šāhzāde*). In the realm of a shah (or a more lofty derived ruler style), a *prince* of the blood was logically called *shahzada* as the term is derived from shah using the Persian patronymic suffix *-zāde* or *-zāda*, "son, descendant". However the precise full styles can differ in the court traditions of each shah's kingdom. Female descendants or princesses are called *Shahzadi*. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shah#Shahzada>

¹⁰ This could refer to any of these Visiers

- [Haji Ibrahim Khan Zand Kalantar Shirazi](#) (1779 - 14 April 1801)
 - [Mirza Muhammad Shafi Mazanderani](#) (1801 - 1819)
 - [Haji Muhammad Hussain Khan Nezam al-Daula](#) (Sadr Esfehani) (1819 - 1823)
 - [Amin al-Daula](#), [Addallah Khan Sadr Esfahani](#) (1823 - 1825) (1st time)
 - [Allah Yar Khan Qajar Devehlu Asaf al-Daula](#) (1825 - 1828)
 - [Amin al-Daula](#), [Addallah Khan Sadr Esfahani](#) (1828 - 1834) (2nd time)
 - [Mirza Abul Qasim Qa'im Maqam II](#) (1834 - 1835)
- http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Premiers_of_Iran_%281699%E2%80%931907%29

VIII. — COME TO-NIGHT.

Oh my darling to my house do come tonight
 Do stay my soul for my hearts delight tomorrow all the day
 As beautiful as the peacock did I not say
 Thy features each for the most beautiful each compete
 Upon thou like a sugar-cane I do look
 Thou art all sweetnesses from head to foot
 Oh my darling do come tonight
 Tomorrow do stay for my hearts delight

VIII. — Come to-night.

" Come to-night to my house, my darling. Stay, my soul, all the day to-morrow, for my heart's delight. I said, 'are you not as beautiful as a peacock? All your features vie in beauty with each other.' I look at you as upon a sugar-cane ; you are all sweetness from head to foot. Come to-night, my darling, and stay to-morrow for my heart's delight." "

IX. — A LOVER'S OATH.

For so beautifully bent brows not necessary the vasma¹¹
 Oh no no no
 Oh my dearest soul then what shall we do then I ask so
 For eyes with loves nectar so inebriated not necessary the surma¹²
 Then what shall I do then I ask so
 For a breast crystal- like delicate and smooth not necessary the shift
 Oh my dearest then what shall I do then I ask so

IX. — A Lover's Oath.

" For brows so beautifully bent, the vasma is not wanted ; oh no ! no ! What shall we do then, O my dearest soul? For eyes so inebriated with love's nectar the surma is not wanted. What shall I do then ? For a breast, delicate and smooth as crystal, the shift is unnecessary. What shall I do then, my dearest ?"

¹¹ Used to color hair a dark indigo color http://www.alibaba.com/product-tp/132003715/Vasma_Powder_Indigo_.html

¹² *n* a traditional preparation originating from India and Pakistan used for cosmetic purposes. Available in a black powder, it is applied to the inner surface of the eyelid. It is also used as a teething powder. Reports of lead poisoning and fatal encephalopathy from surma have been published. <http://medical-dictionary.thefreedictionary.com/surma>

X.—THE KURDISH GIRL.

Oh thou alert more than a Peri¹³ art thou
 Oh thee sweet one "I haveth salt¹⁴" to me did say thou
 Of the leaf of the rose more delicate art thou
 But Oh when a new lover hast thou
 Only patience in God and my fates complaint to me is left due to thou

X.—The Kurdish Girl.

"Thou art more alert than a Peri. O thou sweet one, thou saidst to me, ' I have salt' (I am witty*). Thou art more delicate than a leaf of rose. Now when thou hast another lover, nothing is left to me but patience in God, and complaints against fate."

* Salt, in Persian, is often employed for mental and physical endowments, just as are the French expressions, du sel, du piqtiant. It is the " attic salt."

XI. — THE BAYADERE-SERDAR.

Come do justice unto me Serdar¹⁵ back to my country let me come
 Master come come thy black hair let loose to me do come
 Like the snakes tail thy brows do vasma anoint black and subtle oh do
 come
 On beds of flowers together sitting to laugh to tumble to talk shall we
 Till doomsday faithful to thee shall I be

XI. — The Bayadere-Serdar.

" Come, Serdar, and do me justice. Let me go back to my country. Come, master, s'death ! come let thy black hair loose and come. Anoint with vasma thy brows, black and subtle, like the snake's tail; oh, come ! We shall sit together; talk, laugh, and tumble on the beds of flowers. I shall remain faithful to thee till doomsday."

¹³ In [Persian mythology](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Persian_mythology), the **Peri** ([Persian](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Persian): *پری* *pari*) are descended from [fallen angels](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/fallen_angels) who have been denied [paradise](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/paradise) until they have done [penance](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/penance). In earlier sources they are described as agents of evil; later, they are benevolent. They are exquisite, winged, [fairy](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/fairy)-like creatures ranking between angels and evil spirits. They sometimes visit the realm of mortals. <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peri>

¹⁴ (I am witty*) Salt, in Persian, is often employed for mental and physical endowments, just as are the French expressions, du sel, du piqtiant. It is the " attic salt."

¹⁵ **Serdar** is the Turkic spelling of the [Persian](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Persian) name [Sardar](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sardar) which means [Field Marshal](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Field_Marshal). <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Serdar>

XII — ZARINA.

To death Agha Jan thy lover tortured hast thou
 To thy wooer a letter written hast thou
 How beautiful Oh wanton Zarina art thou
 Without fault are the charms of the faithless Zarina I cry
 Interwoven are corals and Hyacinths in the necklace of thine
 Hangs a precious pearl under the bracelet of thine
 My love Zarina how charming is she
 Perfect is the beauty of she

XIII — Zarina.

" Thou hast tortured thy lover to death, Agha-
 Jan ! Thou hast written a letter to thy wooer.
 O my wanton Zarina, how beautifully art thou
 shaped ! The charms of the faithless Zarina are
 without a fault. Hyacinths and corals are inter-
 woven in thy necklace ; a precious pearl hangs
 under thy bracelet. O how charming is Zarina, my
 love. Her beauty is perfect."

XIII.— ^ LOVER'S GIFT

Vasma I bought for my darlings brows with gold
 The flowers chalice more delicate than is that sweet sweet girl

Surma I bought for my darlings eyes with gold
 Oh that sweet sweet girl

A comb I bought for my darlings hair with gold
 Oh that sweet sweet girl

XIII.— ^ Lover's Gift

" With my gold I bought some vasma, for the
 brows of my darling. O that sweet, sweet girl is
 more delicate than the flower's chalice.

"I bought some surma with my gold, for the
 eyes of my darling. O that sweet, sweet girl, &c.

" I bought with my gold a comb for the hair of
 my darling. O that sweet, sweet girl, &c."

XIV. — A LOVER'S HUMILITY

Oh my host in the Dallam¹⁶ only will I sleep send away not I I do say
 O my host full of grief and tired I will sleep fast send me away not I I do
 say

To my heart no solace anything brings whatever attempt I
 No mouahs¹⁷ child a stork¹⁸ in the air could be oh the host of I

Oh my host in thy poultry-yard on dirty sweepings only will I sleep send
 away not I I do say

Oh my host under thy mules packsaddle will I sleep send away not I I do
 say

The door I will shut

The hens turn out I'll thy cat call in into thy hut

Oh my host send me away not I I do say

XIV. — A Lover's Humility.

" I will sleep in the dallan*, only, O my host, do
 not send me away. Tired and full of grief, I will
 sleep fast ; only, O my host, do not send me away.

" Whatever I attempt nothing brings any solace
 to my heart. A storkf in the air will not be a
 moUah's child, O my host, &c.

"I will sleep in the dirty sweepings of thy
 poultry-yard; only, O my host, &c.

"I'll sleep under the packsaddle of thy mules,
 I'll shut the door, I'll turn out the hens and call in
 thy cat ; but oh ! my host, do not send me away."

¹⁶ Dalian is the outward part of Persian houses, where the
 dogs commonly sleep.

¹⁷ A doctor

¹⁸ The stork is in great veneration among the Persians. Ac-
 cording to their creed, he, every vyinter, makes a pilgrimage
 from Persia to Mecca. For this reason they call him Haji lalak
 (pilgrim stork), sometimes, Mollah lalak; and they suppose that
 the sound of his voice contains some mysterious prayer to
 heaven.

XVI. — MANUSHAH .

Around thy neck my arms will throw I
 Thy buckled hair will raise I
 Under thy tresses that hidden mole will kiss I
 Manushah branded me hast thee
 With a loving beauty oh how sweet 'tis to talk with thee

XVI . — Manushah .

" I will throw my arms round thy neck, I will raise thy buckled hair. I will kiss that mole on thy face, hidden under thy tresses. Thou hast branded me. Manushah ! Oh ! how sweet it is to talk with a loving beauty."

XVII. — THE INVITATION

Of those silvery breasts fond art I
 From the opening of thy shift peeping out at I
 From my friends and relations thou hast torn I
 Oh thou flower bed of I
 Oh the solace of me
 Come and of thee let me kiss thee
 Come so we can each caress me and thee
 Come Oh thee the delight and tormentor of the heart of me
 There who is walking a tall cypress or thee
 Or but in human shape an angel I do see¹⁹

¹⁹ The last lines are from Sadi **Abū-Muhammad Muslih al-Dīn bin Abdallāh Shīrāzī**, **Saadi Shirazi**^[3] (**Persian**: دم‌حویب) better known by his pen-name as **Saādī** (**Persian**: سعدی) or simply **Saadi**, was one of the major **Persian poets** of the medieval period. He is not only famous in **Persian-speaking** countries, but has also been quoted in western sources. He is recognized for the quality of his writings and for the depth of his **social** and **moral** thoughts. Saadi is widely recognized as one of the greatest masters of the classical literary tradition^[4]
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saadi_Shirazi

XVII. — The Invitation.

" I am fond of those silvery breasts, peeping out from the opening in thy shift. O thou flower-bed of mine, thou hast torn me from my friends and relations ; my beauty, my flower garden. Come ! let me kiss thee, O my solace ! Let us caress each other; come, O thou torment and delight of my heart. Who is walking there, thou or a tall cypress ? Or is it an angel in human shape*?"

XVIII.— THE DIFFICULT CHOICE

Oh Jauni ! Jauni the most beautiful part of she what then shall it be
 The delightful gait of she
 Or the mole upon the neck of she
 What shall it be
 The gracefully curled plaits behind the ear of she
 Or the white shoulders of she
 Tell what shall it be
 The brow nicely circled of she
 The auburn tresses the mellow eyes or ruby arms of she
 Which of them shall it be

XVIII.— r^e Difficult Choice.

" Which is then the most beautiful part of her?
 Oh Jauni ! Jauni ! The mole upon her neck or her delightful gait; which? Her white shoulders, or the plaits of hair curled gracefully from behind her ear ; tell me which ? Her nicely circled brow ; the tresses of her auburn hair ; her mellow eyes or her ruby arms ; which of them ?"

XIX.— YELLALI²⁰

Blooming upon one cheek of he a rose
 And another upon the other of he
 A plait of hair my love dost wear
 Yar yellali
 That cup of pleasure the lips of he
 Round those lips springs forth down like hyacinths be
 To madness I go Yar yellali
 From the shawl shoots the graceful form of he
 O my beloved Yellali
 The moon in splendor full his head dost be
 Peace of my soul Oh Jehanghir Khan,
 O my beloved Yellali

^IK.— YelMi.

" A rose is blooming upon one of his cheeks and a rose upon the other. My lover wears a plait of hair. Yar yellali ! Round his lips, that cup of pleasure, a delicate down springs forth like hyacinths. I go mad, Yellali ! How gracefully his form shoots out from the shawl. O my beloved Yellali ! His head is the moon in full splendour. Oh Jehanghir-Khan, peace of my soul, O my beloved Yellali !"

XXI. — A PERSIAN BEAUTY.

Oh beloved
 Like a sword is the brow of thee
 Like a chain the hair of thee
 Like arrows the eyes of thee
 Like the vale of Cashmire is the bosoms garden of thee
 The conqueror of the world is the beauty of thee

XXI. — A Persian Beauty.

" O, my beloved ! Thy brow is like a sword ; thy hair like a chain; thy eyelashes like arrows; thy bosom's garden is like the vale of Cashmire; thy beauty is the conqueror of the world !"

²⁰ Yar yellali, is an exclamation of joy, "hail, friend!"

XXIII.—HELLAJI²¹

Hellaji there my neck be draw the sword of thine
 Hellaji there my hair be bring the comb of thine
 Hellaji of the slender form there my brow be fetch the lance of thine Hellaji
 Hellaji there be my breast for thy daggers blade ready Hellaji

XXIII.—Heaaji*.

" There is my neck, Hellaji ! Draw thy sword,
 Hellaji. There is my hair, Hellaji! bring thy
 comb, Hellaji. There is my brow, Hellaji ! fetch
 thy lance, Hellaji, with a slender form, Hellaji !
 There is my head lying at thy feet; trample upon it
 Hellaji! There is my breast, Hellaji; ready for
 the blade of thy dagger, Hellaji!"

* Hellaji, which properly signifies a cotton-cleaner, is here
 the name of a dancing girl, once famous in the fashionable world
 of Teheran.

XXIV—LEYLAH.

The victim of thee Leylah Oh my soul am I
 Whenever thee dost look upon I
 With the arched brows of thine
 My tall one Oh Leylah come nearer come nearer to I
 Come nearer come thou walking cypress Oh peace of my soul to I
 Upon the name of the God of thine
 Oh shah of the world of beauty my beloved do swear do I
 On the golden scarf of thine do swear do I
 Upon the silvery dress of thine
 On thy hairs two tresses do swear do I
 Oh Leylah upon thy black eyes do swear do I

²¹ Hellaji, which properly signifies a cotton-cleaner, is here
 the name of a dancing girl, once famous in the fashionable world

XKIY—Leylah.

" O my soul, Leylah ! I am your victim whenever you look upon me, O Leylah! Come nearer, my tall one, come nearer, .with thy arched brows. Come, O peace of my soul, come nearer, thou walking cypress. O shah of the world of beauty ; my beloved ! I swear upon the name of thy God, on that silvery dress of thine, on thy golden scarf. I swear upon the two tresses of thy hair, upon those black eyes of thine, O Leylah !"

XXV. — TURKANNA.

Turkanna Turkanna here in my dreams last night thee did see did I
Thy scented hair kissing did I
In thy breast pillowed was I
Turkanna the dreams meaning please do tell to I

XXV. — Turkanna.

" Hear Turkanna ! Turkanna ! I saw thee last night in my dream; I was kissing thy scented hair.

I was pillowed on thy breast. Tell me the meaning of that dream, Turkanna ?"

XXVI.— TALIRI. -(A Mazenderanian poet.)

Oh Allah with misfortune will meet the heart of I
Oh rosy-bodied zephyr
Suffers dost my heart the eyes of I do sin when looking at the beauty of thine
Oh promise-breaking sweetheart
Woe woe the beloved oh never will be recovered the heart of I
O rosy-bodied zephyr
The heart I warn oh faithless never heeds the warnings of I

XXVI.— i?«*a Taliri.

(A Mazenderanian poet.)

" Oh, God ! my heart will meet with a misfortune. O rosy-bodied zephyr. When looking on thy beauty, the eyes sin, the heart suffers. O promise-breaking sweetheart. Woe! woe! my beloved. My heart will never recover. I warn it, but it never heeds my warnings. O faithless ! O rosy-bodied zephyr!"

For completeness I give the omitted verses By Alexander Chodzko, Esq.

I. — The Traitor of Lutf Aly Khan.

[The history of the bloody struggles between the Kurdish dynasty of Zend, and that now reigning in Persia, are well known. In 1208 (a.d. 1794), Lutf Aly Khan attacked and took the city of Kerman; but the next year, Agha Mohammed Khan recon- quered it. The horrors of the merciless eunuch are described in Malcolm's History of Persia, vol. ii. c. 19. This historian says, "The numbers that were deprived of sight are said to have amounted to seven thousand. Some, who subsist on charity, wan- der over Persia, and recount to all who will listen to them the tale of horrors of this day of calamity." The following song is just such a one as these unfor- tunate blind men sang in the streets of Persian towns while begging alms.]

" At every moment the sound of the flute is heard, as if asking, ' When will our Lutf Aly Khan come?' Slender-waisted Lutf Aly Khan fell one dark night* on the Kajjar's tents. O ! incomparable rider of the steed Karran ! thou art like a lion in

* Verbatim, " he struck a bloody night." The fact alluded to happened a.d. 1792, at the village of Mdyen, thirty-one miles from Persepolis. The hero, deserving a better lot, Lutf Aly Khan, with a band of only a few hundred men, attacked upwards of thirty thousand Kajjar troops ; and the victory would have been complete if he had not permitted- his followers to plunder the enemy's camp instead of securing the foe. the day of battle ! After having tied up his tail, thou hast given him to drink on the field of Mer- desht*; and having arrived the same day at Kerman, thou hast given him barley there. Thou hast given to the wind thy soul.

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Whenever he put his horse in full speed, he defied three hundred men !

" O Haji (Ibrahim) ! Thou hast treacherously given him into slavery ! He vi'as thy pupil – thou wert his master. O Haji ! he called thee his father. Thou hast delivered the king into the hands of Kajjars ! Thou hast sent us to beg through the world, but thy end was worse than ours ; and, moreover, the justice of God will avenge us upon thee. O Haji ! Haji ! thou art like a cakef with two faces. O Haji ! I called thee father, and thou hast sent us a-begging, and obliged us to roam in strange countries. Thou wentest and sat with the Kajjars. The king, vagrant, and beggar have fallen in your town.

" O do not call him Haji ! call him the scourge ! call him the stone of the sewer ! call him the misfortune of our souls ! call him a man without honour and faith ! Thou hast sent me to Bender Busheir thou hast given my family to the winds ! 'God deliver us from the hands of his villainy.' That cry arose from earth to heaven*."

* From Mcerdesht to Kerman the distance is about ninety" five miles. Lutf Aly Khan is said to have gone over it in thirteen hours, on his favourite horse Karran.

t Ndni-sauji is a kind of cake baked on hot ashes, according to the Hebrew custom often alluded to in the Bible. As both sides of such a loaf are quite similar, the Persians compare it to

a false and hypocritical man, " a double-faced man."

II. - An Ispahan Lampoon.

[This is a satire against the mollahs. A hen belonging to a poor widow at Ispahan once laid two eggs. One of the neighbouring mollahs hearing of it, collected some of his colleagues, and, under the pretence that it was a bad omen, they broke into the house, during the absence of the widow, plundered it, and killed and ate the hen. The next day the dancers and lutis sang all over Ispahan the following song.]

" That little hen of mine deserved to be the food of mollahs. I was not at home. I looked for her, thinking a fox might have caught her. Alas ! I was not at home.

" Those little eyes of my hen were the mirror for newly-married people. I looked for her, &c.

" That breast of my hen was a dainty bit for the akhunds. I was not at home, &c.

* More than once we find in the history of Persia that the treachery of ministers caused the fall of their monarchs. This very last line brings to memory " The curse of God on him who curses not Ibn Alkami ;" an inscription which the inhabitants of Bagdad wrote on every wall, and over the gates, caravanserais, and schools, after the capture of that city by Holagu, in the 656th year of the Hegira.

" That crop of my hen was a gourd (cachkul) of dervishes. I was not at home, &c.

" Those feathers of my hen deserved to be a pillow for the heads of mirzas. I was not at home, &c.

" Those wings of my hen were like the brooms of Ferrashes. I was not at home, &c.

" That tail of my hen deserved to be the plume of the Serbazes. I was not at home, &c.

"Those little eggs of my hen are the dainties for the artillerymen. I was not at home, &c.

" Those legs of my hen were fit for the walking-sticks of the mollahs. I was not at home, &c.

" O might the guts of my hen be the turban of the mollahs. I was not at home, &c."

XV. — An Armenian Girl.

[The late prince of Shiraz, the well known Fermanfermah, having fallen in love with an Armenian girl, this song was composed and sung through- out all Persia.]

" Joy and bustle resound in Shiraz ; a sugar-

mouthed girl came there. Faith ! Reyhana, come
and embrace the Mussulman creed,

"Truly! I will not turn to the Mussulman
faith. I wo'nt be a Mussulman. If I do so, I
shall be killed. O Shahzade ! restore Reyhana to
liberty.

" I'll give thee a turban and a calotte ; I'll give
thee a cashmere shawl and a satin petticoat; I'll
give thee a dagger richly set with diamonds. I'll
bestow on thee riches and plenty. Come, Reyhana,
and embrace the Mussulman faith.

" I do not want either a shawl or a petticoat.
I want neither a turban or a calotte. I entreat
you in the name of Allah, Shahzade ! restore me to
liberty."

XX. – The Happy Hmband's Recollections.

[In order to understand this song, in which a husband calls to his
wife's remembrance the early days of their love, it is necessary to
know the order of a Persian wedding. There are many descriptions
of it given by diiferent travellers ; but the most com- plete one is
Fraser's, in his Persia, as it is nearly a verbatim translation of a
description given to him by a Persian friend. First, the Dellahla*
frequently visits the families of the young man and the maiden,
praising them severally. When the two families agree, their friends
and relations come with congratulations; and, on those occasions,
they are regaled with sweet- meats, sugar, dainties, &c. It is
called Shirini- khuran. Then the bridegroom sends his presents to
the bride, which consist of shawls, jewels, and various sorts of

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stuff for dresses, and which the servants carry through the streets in trays, on their heads, accompanied by music. Then the astrologer appoints the lucky hour, and the bride's female friends come to her house, and cut out the dresses ; the making of which is usually enlivened by music, dances, &c. Next follows akd besten, "to tie the knot," viz., the wedding. Neither the bridegroom nor the bride are present there, but each of them appoint a male friend to be a proxy, wakil, who go to the moUah, say the wedding sigha, and write the contract. From that time the young couple are united; but they do not then live together, and they are not allowed to speak to or see each other. Ill the evening, when the parents of the bride are to give her up finally to her husband, women take her to the bath, paint her heels and palms with hanah, anoint her eyebrows, bespread her forehead with golden dust, dress her, and take her back to her parents' house. Men perform a similar service to the bridegroom, assist him in dressing, and accompany him to his house, where supper is immediately served. After which, they leave him, and go, with lighted candles and torches, to the bride's house. Her relations do not at once give her up, but keep up a kind of contest for a long time, which sometimes comes to serious blows. At last, the bridegroom's friends carry her away, and transport her in triumph through the streets to her husband's dwelling. The highest magistrates, and the nobility, do not refuse to assist in such processions. When the bride is richer, or of higher birth than the bridegroom, the latter is obliged to meet her on the threshold of his house ; otherwise, he waits for her in the boudoir, where they are to spend the night. That night is called chebi zeffaf, as the Romans used to say, now sohendi zon(B.'\

" Nana, my soul ! my heart throbbed that night
when I saw that a Dellahla was sent for. O thou,
my cup full of pleasure ! my heart was undone that

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night when I saw that they began eating the sweet-meats of the betrothed, Nana, my soul ! O my shining moon ! That night when I saw them cutting out thy dresses, my heart melted. Nana, my soul ! O thou star of night ! That evening when I saw them serving thy shalvars, my heart drooped. Nana, my soul ! O rose of my love's flower-garden ! That evening when I saw that they would marry us, my heart overflowed with blood. Thou hast been so faithful to me ! And when I saw them take thee to the bath, my heart burst. Nana, my soul ! O thou balmy zira* of Kerman. When I heard that they began beating on the timbrels, my heart sunk. Nana Jan, my little apple of Ispahan ! That night when I saw that they bespread the golden dust upon thy forehead, my heart could not withstand it. Nana, my soul ! O fruit of my love's orchard ! That night when I saw the nuptial banquet, it was all over with my poor heart. Oh my walking cypress ! That night when I saw them bringing thee to my house, my heart was lost in rapture. Nana, my soul ! My bright moon! Ah! but in that happy night of our union» when T felt thee at my side, my own for ever, ah ! then, at last, my heart got cool and quiet, Nana, my soul !"

* Zira, an aromatic plant, growing in the environs of Ker- man and on the mountain of Ahleniut. Its fragrant seeds are used in making pillaw, and are esteemed a great dainty by Persian epicures.

* Dellalila is a professional (usually an old wench) charge (Vaffaires of lovers and persons wishing to get married.in such processions.

XXII. — An Accident in the Garden.

[This song, which enjoyed great reputation at the court of Teheran, in the last years of the reign of Fetch Aly Shah, was composed on the occasion of some act of infidelity detected in the harem of his eldest son, Aly Shah, better known under the name of Zilli Sultan.]

"My little beloved maiden, tell me the truth.
I'll lavish caresses and kisses on thee. I'll give
thee many new dresses; tell me, who has combed thy hair? Who?"

" Upon my word ; upon Aly Shah's soul ! I went
into the shah's garden, and there a friend has plaited
my hair ; a female friend, indeed."

" My tiny little girl confess, and I will caress
and kiss thee. Who has anointed thy eyes with
surma ? Who ? Tell me the plain truth, Who has
scented thy hair? I will not persecute thee; I will
share thy anguish, only tell me who did it ?"

"Faith! I swear. Oh master of my soul! a
friend has anointed my brows, and scented the tresses
of my hair; a female friend, indeed, has done it."

"My little girl, my soul! tell me the truth.
I'll give thee money ; I'll be thy servant, — thy slave.
Who bit thy face? Who?"

" Upon my word, I do not tell a story. Upon the soul of Aly Shah ! it was a friend who bit my face ; a female friend, indeed !"

" My darling, my sweet, my dear ! I'll bestow a thousand favours on thee; only confess who has kissed thy lips ?"

" Faith ! upon thy children's soul, it was a friend that kissed my lips ; a female friend, indeed !"

" Then, tell me, good-for-nothing jade ; I'll force thee to tell me the truth. I will flog thee with rods ; I'll brand thee with hot iron. Tell me, who has torn thy shalvars ?"

" Upon my word ; upon the soul of Aly Shah ! I went to the shah's garden, to take a walk, and to see people. I was passing by the garden-keepers, when, lo, a thorn did tear my shalvars !"

ISBN 9781876347651