

or a garden whose beauties dilate and expand the heart, and that even—

"Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocknabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay."

We are naturally led to expect something at least equal, if not superior, to what we have been accustomed to behold in our native land. He, however, who expects to find in modern Persia, scenery that can bear to be compared with the commonest picturesque views of England, will be miserably disappointed. The "heart-expanding" garden has not in reality, at the present day, the smallest claim to the high-sounding title they have conferred upon it. The days of chivalry are past, and those of avarice, pride, and tyranny, have succeeded. The once rosy bowers of Mosellay are no more,—a little insignificant ruin is all that now remains of that spot which Hafiz has immortalized; and the classic stream of Rocknabad is now but an insignificant little rill that would be stepped over an hundred times in Europe, without being regarded.

The building which at present stands near the tomb of this poet, was built by Kurream Khan, one of the late Kings of Persia, and is one among the many specimens yet remaining of the care that monarch bestowed to preserve and do honour to whatever he thought was an ornament to the nation. Within this enclosure, which is formed of yellow bricks, there is a small garden and several lofty cypress trees: the one at whose foot the remains of Hafiz are laid, is a particularly fine tree, proud, as it were, of overshadowing his rest. Four years ago, there were three or four of these old and stately cypress trees, but a late minister of Shirauz cut one of them down, as he wanted a little timber!

Within the enclosure is a building where the people of the city retire to drink coffee and smoke calliaces; and those who are less rigid Mahomedans, to drink wine and make merry. A Derbeesh always resides here, and subsists on the donations of those who visit the place, either for the purposes above mentioned, or to consult the "Dewan," or book of his odes, which is kept here, and deemed oracular.

The tomb of Hafiz is placed at the foot of the large cypress before mentioned, about the centre of the square enclosure. It is covered with a large slab of white marble, which they say was brought from Tabreez, upon which two of his odes are very beautifully cut, in relief, with some Arabic sentences, of which the following are a translation:—"Thou alone art permanent, while everything else is perishable." Beneath this is one of his odes, as follows:—

Oh tell me love, in words divine,
That fate ordains thee to be mine;
Haste, breathe it quick, in strains that glow,
And let me quit this life of woe.

A Bird of Paradise am I,
My home, the mansions of the sky;
I sigh to quit this nether sphere,
For nought but snares and toils are here.

By the true faith in thee I have.
Would'st thou but deign to call me slave,
I would not hope nor wish to be
Reserved for greater dignity.

When the cold earth shall shroud this breast,
Do thou but pass above my rest,
And from the grave, with ardour sweet,
My soul shall bound to kiss thy feet.

Oh God! from clouds of mercy pour
The life-renewing rain, before
I from this mortal pathway spring,
Like dust upon the breeze's wing.

Sit on my grave, dear friend, rejoice,
Call for the wine and minstrel's voice;
'Twill cheer me in the sacred gloom,
And bring me dancing from the tomb!

If age has quelled my warm desire;
If time hath dimmed my youthful fire;
Press me one night to thy warm breast,
And morn, with youth shall see me blest!

Fair idol of my soul, arise,—
Display thy graces to our eyes;
That Hafiz-like,* with heartfelt glee
I may resign the world for thee.

Written round the preceding ode is another from his own works, of which the following is an imitation:—

Be thou the slave of Ilm, my soul,
Who formed this wondrous, mighty whole;
And be thyself a little king,
Protected by his favoring wing.

How insignificant, how vain,
A thousand of the Kharij† train:
Proclaim it far in every land,
How low in servile ranks they stand.

Allah, to-day thy mercies shed
Life's fragrant incense o'er my head;
Oh say that thou when time shall end
Wilt be my advocate and friend.

Those who confess not Allah pure,
Nor in his goodness rest secure;
Tho' in the garb of virtue drest,
Are infidels within the breast.

The sacred tomb where Reza lies
Chief of religion, good and wise,
Kiss with a fervent, pious breath,
And on his threshold rest till death.

* In writing an ode, it is customary amongst the Persians to introduce the name of the author, into the last couplet or stanza. I have endeavoured to accomplish this in the English renderings I have given.—EZZO.

† A sect of Soffees. The Kharijah are a sect of Soffees, who are accused of being gross sensualists.