Sa`dí, Ghazal Twenty Four (When This My Melancholy Heart)

Translation by Joshua Hall

When this my melancholy heart unto the gardens did repair, The perfumes of the rose and verdure took away my every care.	وقتی دل سودایی می‌رفت به بستان‌ها بی خویشتنم کردی بوی گل و ریحان‌ها
Sometime the nightingale would sing; the rose, her garment tear away. And yet when in the thought of thee I fell, no thought of these could stay.	گه نعره زدی بلبل گه جامه دریدی گل با یاد تو افتادم از یاد برفت آن‌ها
O thou whose seal is on men's lips, whose love within their hearts abideth, Ardor for whom doth rule their minds, whose secret in their souls resideth!	ای مهر تو در دل‌ها وی مهر تو بر لب‌ها وی شور تو در سرها وی سر تو در جان‌ها
All other bonds I broke, when I with thee had made my covenant; For after thee, 'tis right that one of any other pact repent.	تا عهد تو دربستم عهد همه بشکستم بعد از تو روا باشد نقض همه پیمان‌ها
And since this thorn of love for thee hath clung unto this robe of mine, 'Tis narrow-minded that I should in any garden go recline.	تا خار غم عشقت آویخته در دامن کوته نظری باشد رفتن به گلستان‌ها
For him who hath been so beset and compassed with such pain, That he should wash his hands of every hope for any balm is plain.	آن را که چنین دردی از پای دراندازد باید که فروشوید دست از همه درمان‌ها
If, in our search for thee, travail beleaguer us, then this is right; For when there is the love for pilgrimage, the distance seemeth slight.	گر در طلبت رنجی ما را برسد شاید چون عشق حرم باشد سهل است بیابان‌ها
If, at the wounded heart, each arrow in the quiver should be aimed, We are but one among those souls whose lives thou hitherto hast claimed.	هر تیر که در کیش است گر بر دل ریش آید ما نیز یکی باشیم از جمله قربان‌ها
The one who fain would cast his gaze upon that bow-like brow thou hast	هر کاو نظری دارد با یار کمان ابرو باید که سپر باشد پیش همه پیکان‌ها

Must needs possess a shield for all the arrows thou hast therewith cast. They say, “do thou speak not, Sa`dí these many words that speak of love.” Yet still I speak, and after me, forever will they speak thereof.	گویند مگو سعدی چندین سخن از عشقش می گویم و بعد از من گویند به دوران‌ها