

*I seek one who is loyal out of compassion
Covering my evil deeds with the good he would do
Melodiously he would convey to my heart the message of My Lord
Remaining true to me over a chalice of wine
My beloved that I, left unsatisfied, long to see
I cannot lose hope in Him, for He may return the favor
Never did I succeed in undoing that lock of hair
But the deception he said, had been His command
The austere ascetic who knows not love
Show me the secret to his drunkenness so that he would forego awareness
It is hard to attain Him as companion, the nameless beggar that I am
Why would a King engage in secret revelry with a libertine from the bazaar
One can easily get hurt by His twisting tresses
But what bother would such pain be to a vagabond like me
Too numerous became the warriors of despair, therefore I seek the help of chance
For he who is the pride of faith may sympathize with me
Seek not Hafez, those cunning eyes of the beloved
For those raven locks of hair do great mischief*