

Fragrance is a name for your flowing tresses

Colour is a dress; fragrance is a name for your flowing tresses.
Your appearance at the window gives the Spring its name.

Say something about this sight, my friends, without which
neither the garden would have colour, nor the tavern have a name.

Again the eye fills with the scent of flowers, again the heart is lit with
a leaping flame;
Imagination exults, and hesitating no longer, rejoins this happy
company again.

Romance is a trick to set the tongues of the world wagging,
now even those with angel faces must keep their tresses tamed.

No beloved will now declare her desire openly
for where is the lover who is not defamed?

Praise to the naysayers! for by their grace
the drunkard, bartender, wine, cask and shotglass have their fame.

Those with the gardens say to us, "You, out there,
why don't you give your wilderness a pretty name?"

Faiz, they demand faith from us now, who
would rather be outsiders than bear a lover's name.