



The nightingale's lament

I

At dawn I heard the nightingale lamenting
 Recounting the pain of all those who suffer
Those who heard him took pity and said
 Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love

I saw that his love-passion had overwhelmed his
 reason
 The rose's serene purity struck deep into his soul
So that he thought it was the remedy for his
 affliction
 Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

The fire of separation had taken over his soul
 He was warbling love-songs in a blaze of passion
Its scent drew him deep into the rose garden
 Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Under the weight of its perfume he lost his senses
 He lost all control of his body
So that he took on all the burdens of the world
 Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He searched every corner of the garden
 He could find no roses, neither red nor white
He had lost all hope of union, he knew not when it
 could be
 Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



The rose season passed in this state of anguish
His soul burnt this time with the flame of
separation
His drunkenness passed, his cries abated
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Listen well to the words of Üftāde the Nightingale
That you may trace out the tracks of the people
of gnosis
If you wish to see the face of the Friend
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

II

At dawn I saw where the nightingale had alighted
He had placed his lantern in the house (*tekke*)
of the rose
He had drawn his sword to gift his soul to the rose
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He lost his reason until he no longer recognised
himself
His reason in ruins until he recovers from his
rose anguish
Never will those who are lovers of God perish
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

The hue of the rose paled, it lost its bloom
Its scent no longer reached the nightingale
No-one came any more to the rose garden
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



Then reason returned to the nightingale's mind
Unable to see the rose, wherever he looked
Aflame with the fire of separation, he went forth
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Traversing land and sea in this anguish
Enduring such torment and pain
The thought of the rose's perfume gnawed away
at his heart
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

One man of God said: leave the ephemeral rose
Did you not know it was perishable since
pre-eternity?
No good can come out of a transient beauty
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Such is the supplication of poor Üftāde
May the gift of God reach his soul
May His light and His clarity fill the hearts
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

III

At dawn I heard the nightingale lament
The scent of the rose had intoxicated his soul
He had lost himself, he knew not where
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



Blood mixed with tears flowed from his eyes
His soul had foundered in the perfumed scent of
the rose
He had forgotten his exterior and his interior world
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Those who saw him pitied this poor sufferer
He flew in the sky vigilant, sleepless
The rose had reduced his soul to slavery
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Unless his soul is able to rejoin the beloved
And for his pain are found a thousand kinds of remedy
This separated soul will never reach that land
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Plunged in the perfume of the rose, his existence
disappeared
Renouncing the rose, he prostrated himself
before God
Such is the eternal contemplation of lovers
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Now the rose became the nightingale's lover
She cried: "Oh sincere nightingale mad with love
May God make you deserving of His beauty"
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

These words are the nightingale of Üftāde's soul
What he calls rose garden is the country of union
It is the hand of Divine Power which leads the lovers
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



IV

At dawn I saw the nightingale's bed
He had set up his tent in the shade of a rose
Wish for him to give up his soul and his possessions
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He collapses drunk from the perfume of the rose
The fire of separation fills his head through and
through
The ocean of the heart boils and overflows
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Sometimes he weeps, sometimes he makes up verses
Sometimes taken with madness he cracks his head
against stones
Sometimes he crosses mountains, and winters in the
wilderness¹¹
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Sometimes he rests in silence, staring at nothing
His heart, forever bound to the rose, does not
open towards another
He enters into retreat and never comes out
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

He plunges himself into the pangs of torment
He doesn't know what he is
His only desire is to see the face of the Friend
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



He imagines that with that picture in mind he can
reach union
Laying his heart in shreds and tatters
Obviously he has never met a person who reached
that spiritual state
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love

Listen to the words of Üftāde, the nightingale
Efface your intimate being in the scent of the rose
If you should really wish to see the face of the Friend
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

V

At dawn I heard the nightingale lamenting
Indulgently singing tender gazels
Branding the souls of the lovers who heard him
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

I said: "Oh nightingale mad with love and
wonderment
How many times will you cry and call?
To reach reunion is not possible in this state"
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Put aside these songs and verses
Listen to what has been said by the pure
elected one
From white and black withdraw your existence
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



Take the celestial Buraq¹² to the country of
annihilation
If you wish no separation to stay in your soul
Then you will reach the refuge of the people
of Unity
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

In that abode neither body nor spirit may be
discerned
There neither sea nor ocean to be contemplated
There is the remedy for the pain of lovers
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

There is there neither plaintiff nor plaint
There is found neither desire nor inclination
There no mention made of lowest or highest
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

Such is the word of poor Üftāde
No-one can see this station
So long as he has not reached the peace and blessing
of God
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

VI

At night I saw the nightingale of dawn
Flying high in the station of union
The meanings opened up and he spelt them out
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.



I said: "Oh nightingale mad with love
You deserve to reach that abode
You who were sincere in the way of your beloved"
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

There remained in him no strength to reply
He knew there neither separation nor union
Such is the final destination of lovers
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

It was from annihilation that nothingness struck the
 nightingale
He could see nothing other, be it white or black
None but the Creator knew his state
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

His existence sank in the ocean of reality
His prostration grew and grew in perfection
Thus is the eternal contemplation of lovers
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

When the nightingale is aloft, reality is his spirit
They are neither in the mountains nor in the nest
There is neither stone nor thorn in this sphere
Marvel at this poor nightingale mad with love.

These words do not apply to poor Üftāde
He does nothing but trace out the tracks of the
 gnostics
May God give him eyes to witness
Marvel at this nightingale, falcon in the land of
 the Friend!