CHAPTER -IV

NATIONALISM IN THE POETRY
OF BAHAR
CHAPTER -IV
NATIONALISM IN THE POETRY OF BAHAR

Poetry is that fine and elegant art which fills our souls with spiritual exultations, aesthetic sense, ecstatic feeling and creating within our bosoms the longing for the beautiful and the unattainable inspires of life. In other words, poetry is the language of love, beauty and music. According to Matthew Arnold, “Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea, the idea is the fact.”

The function of poetry is to make the life of man more full and real. It is to make him independent hunter of the facts by which men live. Real poetry is that which is of great occasions and moments remains. Such poetry has double birth having a utilitarian father and an aesthetic mother the muse of utility and the muse of inspiration. Poetry in almost every language has been the most powerful medium to communicate one’s feelings and ideas. Most of the ancient specimens of literature suggest that poetry started to come into being long before the prose literature. There was a time when poetry to the cultured man seemed to be the natural and proper vehicle for the expression of all manner of thoughts and

philosophies at greater length i.e. the love for woman and wine, the joys and sorrows of human heart, descriptions about flora and fauna etc.\textsuperscript{2}

The twentieth century literary awakening in Persian came with the struggle for reform in which the intelligentsia exercised an important influence. The poetic literature of this period shows certain marked tendencies distinguishing it from that which preceded it. It forms a new chapter in the history of Persian poetry.\textsuperscript{3}

The poetry has played an important role in order to bring about the social and political changes of Persia which has been shaped by the active factors of the national awakening and Western influences. The newly awakened sense has brought into being the concept of the common man by replacing the individualism. Rather it makes the common people more responsible for their socio-political rights. The poetical development had emerged by two diverging tendencies. Firstly it disclaimed the tradition of court poetry which was replaced by the poetic verse. Secondly, it had continued a large output of traditional poetry which replaced the religion by music and did active influences.

\textsuperscript{2} Hasan, Dr. S. Ainul, Studies in Persian Language & Literature, Issues & Themes. Nagri Printer, Delhi, 2003 p.101
\textsuperscript{3} Rahman Munibur, Post Revolution Persian Verses. Aligarh. 1955 p.24
Under these circumstances the poets were faced with fresh demands of national awareness with the emergencies of arts and sciences including the political revolutions which could not be satisfied by the traditional poetry.

"Briefly modern Persian poetry reflects the changing scenario of Persia, the pain of her nationhood, the hopes and doubts of her people and the awareness of her material and spiritual degradation, which is predominantly political. It also deals with the general condition in the country which is reflected in tyranny, injustice, corruption and poverty. Modern Persian poetry also reflects the pitiable condition of women, polygamous marriage, veil and educational backwardness."

The recent revival in Persian Poetry means the political change of Persia, which resulted in limiting the despotic authority of the Shah, and in creating a new concept of political right renouncing the tradition of court poetry, which was replaced by patriotic verse.

In this chapter some main characteristics of modern Persian literature has been discussed and also under what circumstances it underwent a revolutionary change has been pointed out. At last the poets descended from the cloud cuckoocities of idealism to

the religions of realism and began to grapple with the problems of
life. This naturally influenced their expression, and the stilted and
turgid style, which had been so intimately associated with Persian
literature as to appear inseparable, at last become simple, natural
and fluent; the crushing burden of Arabic words was now relieved;
the wearisome monotony in subject and vividly; artificiality and
exaggeration now yielded ground to naturalness and sanity; the
paucity of new thought was remedied by originality of ideas; poetry
released at last from the clutches of the erotic sentiment, was
brought into contact with practical life, forsaking romance for realism,
Sufism for secular matters, and even spirituality for occasional
excursion into the realm of materialism. Now thought were no longer
dominated by the tyranny of words: in fact thoughts no pursued
words, but rather words were made to correspond with thought which
were finally emancipated from the bondage to beautiful but frothy
and ineffective expression.

Iranian were always interested in nature, but now the
treatment of Nature was no longer in obedience to a tyrannical
convention but the product of genuine love for the Lord's creation.
Instead of conforming willy-nilly to some time honoured literary
practice, the poet now began to express his thoughts and feelings
in suitable language. It now drown on the Iranian mind that poetry was not a wine to lap the reader in the luxury of a rosy dream but rather a useful means of investigating the secrets of the life and suggesting solutions for its perplexing problems. The Iranian mind had grown feeble and fantastic by being nourished for centuries on erotic literature; but now the longing for the below was replaced by love of the motherland. The enrapturing wine, the curly haired cupbearer and rosy-cheeked damsel are however not completely dispensed with; but their tyranny is over, and these hackneyed imageries no longer hinder the novelty of subjects and originality of treatment. Modern Persian poetry is thus interested in the welfare of the country and society, and become a genuine critics of life.

Ever since the revolution, Persian poetry has become overwhelmingly absorbed in politics and patriotism. Now it was no longer the king and the court-circle but the entire nation that become interested in literature, and as in other countries the Iranian poets no longer turned no kings but to the people at large for patronage. After having followed the beaten track for centuries, the chariot of Persian literature now suddenly abandoned the root and started rolling at railway speed, as if to atone for the indolence of ages. Iranian literature was now infused with unprecedented vigour and
vivacity; the hearts of poets vibrated to aspirations rarely cherished in the past; Persian literature now thrilled with a novelty that it had never witnessed in preceding years. At times a foeman unconsciously proves as helpful as a friend, and even an evil appears to be productive of some good. Britain deprived India of her independence but gave the latter the benefit of Eastern culture, which led to an intellectual Renaissance in the various literatures of India. Iran also came into contact with, struggle against and was even ruined by Western nations, but this very contact brought about a prodigious intellectual awakening in the country. Iran now came to know the value of independence, and realized the importance of literature as one of the chief factors, inspiring a country to gain freedom. It is well known that poetry works greater miracles than prose in firing a nation with the passion for sacrifice and hope of independence, and doubtless the main glory of Iran lay and still lies in her poets.5

We shall now review how thoroughly modern Persian poetry is engrossed in politics and how it succeeds in stimulating the national enthusiasm of freedom. If the poet and journalists of Iran had not whole heartedly supported Reza Shah in his great work, the attempts of that illustrious king would not have been crowned

with the success which was actually attained. A tradition of Hazrat Muhammad (S) says:— "Hubb al watane min al iman (love of country is part of one's religion). In spite of this, as Prof. Browne observes, it is astonishing to find, with some were exceptions, the almost complete absence of patriotic poetry not only in Persia but in all Islamic literature. The one noteworthy exception is Firdousi's Shahnameh, which for centuries kept aflame the fire of patriotism at least in the hearts of Iranian Zarathushtrians. Prof. Browne dates the dawn of patriotic Persian poetry from the end of the 19th or the commencement of the 20th century. Just as the Gujrati literature of the Gandhian age, or the Russian literature preceding the fall of the Czarist dynasty, or the literature of the Irish School prior to the attainment of Irish independence, was saturated with genuine love for the country, so too was Persian poetry of the last century deeply tinged with the hues of patriotism and national fervour, as will be apparent former discussion. As we know the grief of the Iranians at the ruin of their country, caused by the worthlessness of the Qajar kings and the exploitation and undue intrusion of Britain and Russia, was unmistakably reflected in their literature. The Iranian poets now scorned the very idea of bondage of every sort, they were keen on ending their political and economic servitude to European
nations; they were anxious to terminate the religious thralldom to the arbitrary will of the Mullahs; and the womanhood of Iran was on the qui vive to emerge as rapidly as possible from the dismal and depressing captivity of the parda, to which they were unfairly consigned for centuries.6

Maliku’sh Shu’ara Bahar is considered to be one of the prominent poets who has contributed a lot in order to develop the new movement. He was born in 1886-7 A.D. in Mashhad, the Capital City of Khorasan. His father, Mirza Muhammad Kazim Saburi, held the title of Maliku’sh Shu’ara (King of Poets) and on his death, Bahar was given this title on the order of Muzaffaru’d Din Shah7 (the fifth shah of Qajar dynasty), but he resigned in 1906-07 as the poet laureate to join the movement for the establishment of a parliamentary system in the country. In addition to a poet he is a great politician, jounalist, historian and a renown professor of literature. Although he was 20th century poet, his poems were fairly traditional and strongly nationalistic in character. Bahar is considered by many scholars as the greatest Iranian poet in the past 200 years. These scholars are united in the belief that Bahar’s

6. Ibid. p-432
style of writing and the beauty of his poetry as well as his deep patriotic sentiments, place him among such giants of the Persian literature as Firdousi, Saadi and Hafiz.

His works provide a vivid expression of the growing social and political consciousness of the people. He also voiced the sentiment of nationalism employing the florid style of the earlier poets through his poetry. In A.D. 1906-07, he joined the Nationalist movement in Khurasan.

During the period known as the Istibdad-i-Saghir (Lesser Autocracy) Bahar with some of his comrades, secretly started the paper Khurasan which published his early nationalist verses.⁸ This included his famous Mustazad Kar-i-Iran ba Khudast (The affairs of Persia rest with God) which appeared in the issue of Jamada I, (May-June 1909), and opened with the following lines:⁹

*It is a mistake to talk about freedom with Shah of Persia. The affairs of Persia rest with God.*

*The religion of the Shah of Persia is different from all religions. The affairs of Persia rest with God.*

Bahar also began his career as a nationalist poet. His early poems generally take up topical themes and are notable for their

---

⁸. Ibid. P.2
vigour and freshness. They were written to arouse the people about the urgent social and political issues, and as such a vividly reflect the spirit of the period.

Bahar also participated in the political struggle for constitutionalism and democratic freedom and his poetry expresses new subjects, new feeling and new aspects keeping himself abreast with the speech and rhythm of his age.

Bahar basically reflects the heart rent of the very idea of bondage of every sort of Iran through his poetry and also the economic servitude to European nation. His poetry also agitated to terminate the religious thralldom to the arbitrary will of the Mullahs. He has also lamented the woes of Iran in his poem. The same poet Bahar has written a well known poem on Viscont Adward Gray of Fallodon, the British foreign secretary ending with the ironical lines:-

*What better “fame” could one wish than to hear it remoured in the world that India and Iran became desolate by (the policy of) Sir Edward Grey’!*

According to the great poet Bahar the main cause of the decline of Iran lay in the indolence, luxuries and indifference of the Qajar kings towards their subjects. He therefore welcomed the event fall
of the Qajar dynasty in 1925 A.D. in these words:

بدرود گفت دولت قاجاری
مرگ آن در آمد از پیس بیماری
فرجام زشت خویش پدید آورد
کندی و کاهلی و سبک‌سازاری
و ام‌دیجای کاهلی و کندی
جلدی و جیره دستی و هشیاری

Gone is the rule of the Qajar; after sickness come its death, Stupidity, indolence and frivolity have revealed their hideous end;
And in place of indolence and stupidity have come smartness, skill and vigilance.

In one of his poem Bahar blames Britain and Russia for the miseries of Iran as follows:--

Russia and England are tyrannizing over us,
we are attacked on all sides by disasters and griefs.

Modern Persian poetry bears the idea of social and political condition of Iran. The modern Persian poets express the conditions of common people and the characters of the ruling classes and about their hypocrisy. They also say about inheritance of foreign countries like Russia and Britain. So they tried to create a national awareness among the common people regarding that. Mohammad Taqi Bahar
is also considered to be one of them. His poetry bears the ideas of nationalism. Remembering the ancient glory of Iran, He says in his poem \textit{PAYAM-I-IRAN} (The massage of Iran) that:

\begin{quote}

Beware, because Iran is giving message to you,
You are given that with respect and proud.
The morning breeze which blows over the land of your country,
Conveys you \textit{Salam} from the sacred land of their forefathers
She becomes happy with the old heritage of her forefather,
Who invites the wises of the flowers.
You have put your steps in that place,
\end{quote}
The poem *Payam-i-Iran* written by Bahar is the best example, through which the poet has expressed the idea of nationalism. He tries to draw the attention of new generation of Iran about the present social condition by remembering their forefather's dedication towards their own motherland. He has appealed the new generation of Iran to carry on the glory of Iran which was in past, basically the old tradition and custom existed in ancient Iran. For that they should follow the way or customs of their forefathers. According to him it will be real homage to them. The new generation is the possessor of that quality through which they can change the whole society. But today they have lost their own confidence. They should be motivated so that they could realize their own strength.

His message goes to all the common people of Iran to respect the Iranian old culture and heritage which are tried to damage by the western culture.
Bahar in his poem *Dar Mulk-i- Iran* expresses the past glory of Iran and tried to realize the new generation of Iran that how powerful leaders, kings and soldiers were there in their own country.

He says as follows:

"در مملک ایران ویسن مهد شیران
داد جهان آل خدا آن که قدر خود نداشیم
که بچه‌سان بی‌چالا
ز معرفت دوری بچه‌م استوریم
ایرانی سیز اول جهان‌گیر
حسرف حسن‌آبادی‌زدِه
کچ‌آشان آن ندای عیش دیرون
فلتره داد جهان بست تقدير شما
بن‌بور دانش در بیج و رتیاب است
سنگین سی‌ن‌صوراب است

تادور غریب جهت و غفلت
بیدار بایند می شدن از خواب غفلت
تسرای بی‌چهاره ملت

ز جهان خود خیزید بهم بیامیزند
بادیت کنی عمر گران طی
نسل جم و کسی

چشیت خمشوی و فسردی خوینی
کسی کنسن‌چساره‌تیسگ

بدرغم چاه‌د برگ‌که رابود
There had been many ups and down in the kingdom of Iran and the cradle of the lions (that is the heroes of Iran)

Due to ignorance, O God! we do not know our value, why are we like the dead in our life time.
For with our sightful eyes we are rushing towards the fireplace.
We are away from knowledge and covered with ignorance, like gleans,
We are suffering in the assembly of the world.
The Iranian were the conqueror of the world from the very beginning, they never compromised with fate and hulk in times of troubles.
They (always) gave proper answer with the point of their sword.

Where that voice of yesterdays comfort, and that it has been silent today in you.
Because of poor learning and prudence and because of your sword and military power evil have prevailed in this world by your hand.
It is the time when the world is in revolute and with the light of wisdoms illuminated and highlighted.

In the cradle of Cyrus this kind of profound slumber is illegal (that is unsuitable)
You should get up from this slumber of negligence, so that adversity and dishonor be off from us.

O! You helpless nation down in ignorance and negligence.
Get up from your place and get mixed with one another, scatter down pearls and from your sleep instead of wet tears.
How long will you grief and lament and sigh, you are passing your precious life with meanness.

When will the off spring of Jam shed and Kaikhusraw was elegant, you are so silent and frozen blooded, outwardly white but inwardly dark, who will make the remedy of the sword of your lamentation, complain and regression seeing this sorrow of the devotee that who had the victorious hand and who has now the feeling legs.

The poet has mentioned about the ups and downs of the fate
of Iran throughout this poem. He said that once upon a time Iranians were on the top and ruling over the world. One who tried to challenge them, they used to give their answer with sword rather than idle talk. They also never compromised with their fate in the time of troubles. He said that during the days of Jamshid and Kaikhusraw none could dare to challenge them all over the world. But now a days the golden days of Iran have passed away. All the glories and the powerful kings are also passed away. Today Iran becomes the place of ignorant or cowards. So the poet requests them to get up from the slumber of negligence and ignorance and also requests to do something for the benefit or development of the country.

On the other hand poetry of Bahar has tried to create awareness among the people and asks them to bid farewell the foreign countries from Iran. He says: —

آشْفَت روز بِرْمَن اِزاَیْن رَنگ جاْنگِزازَری
بِخَشْاَی بِرْمَن ای شَبآ آرام دیِرِپَای
ای لِکْهْ، سپید ز مِغرب برو برو
وی کلْهْ، سپاه ز مشرق بر آ برآی
ای عصر زرد خیمه‌ه تزوری بر فکن
وی شب سیاه چادر انصاف برگشای
ای لیل مشترک در فرگانه و ومگرد
وی صبح کاذب از پیس البرز برمیای
ای تیبه شب بمزه غم خواب خوش بباف
وی خواب خوش بزلف امل مشک ک ترسای
من خود بشب پن‌ه برم زاردحاوم روز
دو گوش وچشم باسته ز غولان هرزه لای
شورن بر شود ز مشترق تیغ کبود شب
مغرب بخشون روز کش‌د دامن قبای
ز آشوب روز وارهم اندر سکوت شب
بافکرتش پریشان باقامتی دوتای
چون آفتای خواست کش‌د سر ز تیغ کوه
چونان بود که بر سر رمن تیغ سر گرا
گویم شبا! بصد گهر آبستنی ولیک
چندان دوصد زدیده فشانم ترمزمای
ای تیغ کوه راه نظر ساعتی ببند
وی پیک صبح در پیس که لحظه ای پیای
ای زرد چهره، صبح دخان وصل کم گریزش
وی لعیبت شب شبه گون هجر که فرزای
باززنده شم که شود چلوه گر برز
هر عجز ونمادادی، هر زشت وناسرأی
من برخی شیما که یکی پرده افکند
بر قصر پادشاه وپسر منزلفنادای
دهر هزار رنگ نماپان شود بروز
با جنوه همانی ناخوش ودیدار بد نماي
گوش مردرادر رازبیژشت گوشوار
چشم امید راهگه شوم سرمه سای
آن نشندگه مگر سخنی پست نابکار
ابن نشندگر مگر عمل لغونابیچای
لعنیت پرور باد بر این نامه های روز
وبن رسم رازخانی‌ها نمای قوم رازخانی
ناموس ملک در کف غولان شهر ری
تنظیم ری بعهده دیوان تیتر رای
قومی همه خسیس وبمعنی کم از خسیس
خلقی همه گذای وهم‌ست کم از گذای
یکسر عشق وبر شرف وعشق نشان دست
مطلق حسوب وبر زیر حق نهاده پای
هر بامداد از دل وچشم وربان رگوش
تشامگاه خوان خورم وگویم ای خدا
از دیده بی سر شک بگریم بهم بالار
وزینه به خروز بنام به هیای های
اشکی نه وگریست زدامان سر شک خون
بانگی نه وگریست زگیوان فغان و ای
پیتی به حس حال بیارم از آنچه گنت
مسعود سعد سلیمان در آن بلند چای
Oh you the night! I am saying that one hundred of pearls are conceded (under the silent night) but do not give birth such two hundred pearls which ever I scattered you from the sight.

Oh you the sword of the mountain keep close your sight of the path of the time; and oh you the messenger of the morning keep sight or watch on as the moment of time is watching you.

Oh you the pale morning make your choice less to unite the deceitful; oh you the puppet of the night, add it less the separation of bunch of gems from the night.

I have the enmity with the day which happens to be the disappear or shower of the day of each disability and undesired, ugliness and distribution.

I am like a pearl of the night which covers the veil upon the people of the king and upon the roof of the house of the beggars.

The time reveals or shows the thousands colours of the day with the appearance of the displeasure and the bad sight of the shower.

The desire of the ear is the message of the carrying of the jealousy, I cast my glance of the desire of the sight or eyes to the hillock.

It did not listen to me but the speech of the worthless person. It did not show me except the affairs of the idle talkers or the nonsense.

It may be the cursing of blasphemy on the day and also upon the message of the day and it may also be the cursing upon the custom of the idle talker and the tribe of dayside talker.

The principle of the king is in the palm of the giant of the city Ray, the church of the city Ray is placed in the unfortunate judgment of the high court.

All the people are miser and their attitude is lesser than that of misery, all the people are like the beggar and their ability is lesser than that of beggar.

It opened the hand entirely on the dignity and glory but it put its feet with the object of jealousy and also in the intension of justice.

My soul, eyes, tongue and ears all are crying as oh, you the god from every morning till I take my bloody dinner
The great nationalist poet Bahar describes the social condition of Iran throughout this poem. He says that the silent night brings peace for him. He feels tired to see disturbances of Iran at the light of days that how they are cheated by the ruling classes. The western countries like Russia and England were interfering in Iran. He makes them responsible for Iran's present condition. So he asks Iranian people to leave western culture from Iran and adopts their own old culture and heritage. His anger burst out against ruling classes like flame of fire and said that they ruled as they wished. But we are also living like beggars and begging justice and our own rights to them. He said sadly that his heart became full of grief by looking their conditions. He also surprised to see how the people were bearing such type of hypocrisy. If they don't try to realize their own rights and the poor condition of the country and their own problems then how it is possible to change their fate. At last he says that dark night will never end for Iranian people, it will also hag the new generation of Iran like Octopus.

And Bahar Stuck a note of protest against foreign oppression in the following verse of a ghazal.

I wonder what the foreigners want from us. What do the rulers of our time want from a handful of beggars?
If someone commits a crime in Moscow or Baku, What do they want from Basra, Najaf and Karbala?

From India and Basra to Egypt and Hijaz they have seized the land.
May God fulfil their wish! what else do they want from Him?

His poetry although written in essentially classical Persian style, was unique in his expression of modern social and criticism of his country and government often in biting satire. His acceptance of tradition, however doesn't interfere with his responsiveness to the contemporary thought and problems. Indeed the secret of his greatness lies in the fact that he combines to assimilate new ideas. As he says in his poem IRAN IRAN PAYANDEHBAD (Iran, Iran long live..) as follows:--------

Iran long live and be graceful among the Arean races, May the lightening of Kayans (ancient dynasty of Iran) be luminous while the flag of the kingdom of Jamshed is flying.
The territories are green and pleasant with the greenness of the (Iranian) flag, and its whiteness indicates the white (holy) square of king Jamshed, The redcolour is the symbol of our holy blood.
The back (that is the past) of the kingdom and the nations are firm and warm by the tigers (heroes) and the Sun (powerful persons like king).
This old resting place (inn) is our ancient motherland, it is the ground of love and revenge, an arena a for wrestling, the grave of the Kayani princes are now the places of Nausirwan. This motherland is an eternal and everlasting place for us.
The sky of Kayani was clean and bright. All the streets and reign are bright with tulip flower.
But man and woman are proceeding towards one goal, sometimes endeavoring, sometimes working and their friend and companions, under the shelter of the rule of the country, sometimes they are in pomp and pleasure and (they are) free and successful.

The wearing of veil is not our concern and do not have any veil upon our grace.

The light of learning and civilization has removed the screen from the world and this is not a matter of disgrace for us.

He who is active recognizes himself and he performs his duty alone, An Iranian sings nicely this melody of revolution in the ear of the world.

Bahar has mentioned the ancient glory of Iran throughout the said poem i.e. *IRAN IRAN PAYANDEHBAD*. He said that the kingdom of Jamshed was shining like the sun all over the world in those days. His flag was flying gloriously dedicating his power and fame. Its red colour was indicating the holy blood of the soldiers of Jamshed, who fought till their last drop of blood for the sake of the country.

Bahar has given another example of king Noushirwan and says that Iran has produced such type of kings whose greatness and fame spread all over the world. But on the other hand, he feels that every Iranians have become so coward that even they can't fight for their own rights. He encourages the new generation of Iran and requests them to realise their own capacity or power. He also
requests Iranian women not to remain under veil as it hinders them from progress.

In one of his poems Bahar blames and makes Iranian people responsible for the miseries of their own country. He says in his great poem *Nemanod* that:

(Translated)

requests Iranian women not to remain under veil as it hinders them from progress.

In one of his poems Bahar blames and makes Iranian people responsible for the miseries of their own country. He says in his great poem *Nemanod* that:

(Translated)
تازه دولت‌تان دنی خواجه ای نخواست
وزبان‌واده‌های کهن مهتری نماند
زیان ناکسان که مرتبه تازه یافتند
دیگر به‌پایه مرتبه جاه وفری نمانند
آلوده گشته چشم‌های بی‌پایید سک
ای شیر تشنه میر که آبشخوری نماند
زین جنگلهای داخلی واین نظام زور
پی درد وداغ خانه وبرم وبری نمانند
پی فرقت برادر خود خواه‌پی نزیست
نادیده داغ مارگ پسر مادری نمانند
جُز گونه‌های زرد وبان سپید، گنج
دیگر بشهر ودهدیده، سهم وزری نمانند
شد مملکت خراب، زیبی نظمی نظام
ورزظم وجو، لشکریان کشوری نمانند
یاران قسم پس از مری، کان درین بساط
پر ناشده زخون جگر ساغری نمانند
نه بخشی از تمدن ونه بهره ای زدن
کان خود بکار ناماد واین دیگری نمانند

In the city of bondage, the affection and the believe of the beloved is not remain. It does not remain the mystery under the cap of love and the reality.
As you are not the possessor of heart, what will be the benefit of the existence of soul, till the mirrors do not be, as Alexander is also not remaining?
Love consumed my body in such a way that it had not left ashes upon the resting place after death.

Oh you the bondage nightingale build your cage the corner because it is not remained for you the wing and feather.

Oh you the gardeners burned it (garden) as in this pleasant garden. The leafs don't get wet (fresh) under this day season.

In the light of oppression the rose is deposited in the garden of reality the virtue of generosity is not example in branch of oppression.

The hunter closed the road in such a way that it would not (possible) to get relise, except the way of net it did not remain the another path.

That fire which made the soil of motherland not that wind had left from the mountain Senai as because there was not remained a spark of fire.

Whenever it open the door it looked that the sky was fasten with the oppression but a single poor person was left for the seek of shelter.

You have to keep the civility of the country and also the law of moderate but it had moved away with destruction and nothing was remained except bad administration.

Make boil with the meanness as because the generosity gets freshened do adjust with the foolish as because learned person is not remained.

The rich man can't live with the imprisonment of the beggars. The lordship is not remaining in the assistance of the poor.

Oh you the lord of (meanness) it doesn't arise the meanness from this fresh states. And the greatness isn't remain from the old noble families From this meanness they have got the new status, no other rank of glory has been remained.

The eyes get mingled with the dirty chin of dog. Oh the thirsty lion of Mir, it happens that the watering though isn't remained.

With this eternal battles and with this oppressed universe, it is not remained the house and the roof without the trouble and spot or pain

Without your separation of her own brother and sister cannot live. The mother also can't stay without looking the death of her child.

Except the colours of yellow and the white colours of lips, nothing has...
been left except the silver and gold to the city and the villages.
The kingdom is gone damage just like the universe without having the shining star and the nation can't survived with the oppression of thee armies.

Oh my friends do stand with this wine cup and wine, no wine cup is remained without the fulfillment of heart with blood.
You don't forgive me with the culture and religion because it didn't come to his own affairs and it is not left the others.

In one of his poem entitled *AI SURKH* (Oh the sky), which is regarded as one of the greatest revolutionary poetry of Bahar, he says as follows:-

(164)

دردآکه نديديم وصال رخ دلدراد
هجر آمد وآورد غم ومحت برسيار
خون كريه كتم تابهايم گره از كار
دردآکه مراخون دل وديده قريين شد
آن دشت كه بودست پراز لالم وريحان
وان باع كه بودست پراز مرغ خوش الحان
ابروز چراگشت نشيمگه زاغان
افسوس زمانى كه چنان بود وچنين شد
چچه بده فتحمارري اي چرخ
چچه كچر فتحمارري اي چرخ
سسكت كش ناري اي چرخ
سسكت كش ناري اي چرخ
آن آهوا خوش خط ونگو خالکه درشت
که راندسوی جوی وگهی تا‌خت بت‌گوخت
با‌خاطر آسوده هم‌فوت وهمی گشتم
امروز چرا طعم‌ه‌ه شیران غریب‌دش
آن تخت که بدهجای کیومرث وفريدون
وان ملك‌که به‌وسعت‌ش از‌حوصله‌بیرون
وان تاج که به‌برسر کیخسرو، اکنون
مطمعع عدوبی‌نشت وخواب از‌ره‌کین‌شد
چسدن بدهرفت‌تاره‌ای چرخ
چسدن کچن رفت‌تاره‌ای چرخ
سَرِکی‌م‌ن‌ن دار او چرخ
نه دین داری نه آتین داری او چرخ
پُرْبن زحمی‌ت باسوی مرگ دویدند
در راه‌شرف ازسر وپرِان دست‌کشیدند
درخون خود اندش‌شب‌فخار طهیدند
گُلن‌نگ زخون همه‌سیماه‌زمين‌شد
چسدن بدهرفت‌تاره‌ای چرخ
چسدن کچن رفت‌تاره‌ای چرخ
سَرِکی‌م‌ن‌ن دار او چرخ
نه دین داری نه آتین داری او چرخ
امروز‌بی‌حسی‌ماستر کراپس‌بست
بن‌یاد که‌من سال وطن‌بر‌سر‌آبست
Alas! I could not see the appearance of the union of beloved, there came the moment of separation and brought many sorrows and sufferings. I shed blood while crying so as to open the knot of work. Alas! the blood of my heart and eye have been mixed.

What an ill treating you are, O' sky! What a crooked you are O' Sky! You possess an eye of hatred, O' sky! You posses neither a religion nor a custom O' sky.

That desert, once, which was full of lily and sweet vasil and that garden, once, which was full of sweet singing birds. Why has it today been turned into a wandering and resting place of the crows. Alas! a place which was like that, has now become this like.

What an ill treating you are, O' sky! What a crooked you are O' Sky! You possess an eye of hatred, O' sky! You posses neither a religion nor a custom O' sky.

That deer with beautiful trick line, sometimes it approaches towards
the stream of the jungle and sometimes towards the rose garden with its immense pleasure and cheerfulness. Why has it become the prey of tigers of the forest today?

What an ill treating you are, O’sky!

What a crooked you are O’ Sky!

Yoy possess an eye of hatred, O’ sky!

You possess neither a religion nor a custom O’ sky.

The throne which was the seat to Timurs and Faridun, and the kingdom which had all the .............. with in itself and the crown which had been at the head of Kaikhusraw now have become ....... of desire of the enemies and have been destroyed of revenge.

What an ill treating you are, O’sky!

What a crooked you are O’ Sky!

You possess an eye of hatred, O’ sky!

You possess neither a religion nor a custom O’ sky.

My friends rust towards death with honour and they were leading or marching heart and soul along the path of nobility, they were instigation in their own blood in the search of pride and glory. The ground of the silvery world all turned rarely with their blood.

What an ill treating you are, O’ sky!

What a crooked you are O’ Sky!

Yoy possess an eye of hatred, O’ sky!

You posses neither a religion nor a custom O’ sky.

Today due to our feelinglessness our affairs are getting destroyed and the ancient foundation of our motherland in on the surface of the water

Today my eyes are full of tears for this grief and for this my content heart has been lamenting and has become sad.

What an ill treating you are, O’ sky!

What a crooked you are O’ Sky!

You possess an eye of hatred, O’ sky!

You possess neither a religion nor a custom O’ sky.

Oneday my motherland is enlightened by the flower garden of paradise,
and my fortune was refreshed with youth due to the constitution, that
day the condition of my wounded was such and today it has been
such.

What an ill treating you are, O' sky!
What a crooked you are O' Sky!
You possess an eye of hatred, O' sky!
You possess neither a religion nor a custom O' sky.

Our enemies are rushing at us on horse back from both directions the
wicked are reciting Fateha on the death of our motherland shating shirp
arrows, why is the Sky contracting against our desire.

* What an ill treating you are, O' sky!
What a crooked you are O' Sky!
You possess an eye of hatred, O' sky!
You possess neither a religion nor a custom O' sky.

Helpless motherland is now tired and a ......vageland and she has
become alone and for the sorrow of this event our cheeks have turned
pale, Oh the people of democracy it is the time of war because of our
idleness our motherland is sitting in the corner.

The poet Malikus Shuara Bahar depicts the picture of sad
and sorrowful condition of the downtrodden Iranian people
throughout this poem. Today their condition doesn't bear any
resemblance with that of the past. According to him once upon a
time the motherland was looked like the rose garden of heaven
with sweet scented flowers and chirping birds within it. But now
those beautiful rose garden have become the prey of tigers and
dwelling place of owls. In the golden days of the past the Iranian
soldiers sacrificed their lives for the sake of the honour of the country. But now due to their feelings the once feared by all, strong Iranian military base is slowly getting destroyed. Iran now a days, is mere a relic of an opulent past. She has become lonely in the assembly of the world. This deplorable stage of the motherland smites the heart of the poet. At last the poet makes the sky responsible for this ill-treatment. According to him the sky is a crooked one, with a hateful eye, having no religion or custom.

Addressing the new generations, the nationalist poet Malikus Sh'uwara Bahar says in one of his poem that they should aware of the condition and customs of their own country. They should also try to preserve that old customs, culture and heritage. He says as follows: —

Every evil which the people suffer comes from the elite: I seek justice against the elite
Which is the person who is free from the tyranny of the elite! I seek justice against the elite!
The Istibdad-i-Saghir lasted from the Coup d'Etat of June 23, 1908 and the destruction of the first Majlish until July 16, 1909. During this period the Constitution was suspended and despotism was re-established by Muhammad Ali Shah. Finally the Nationalist forces trimmed the Shah took refuge in the commemorated by Bahar in an impassions poem whose opening stanza may be quoted here:

Pass the wine for the life- consuming period is over. Tranquil
country, it is the kingdom of God.
Prosperity is the companion of the new Shah. The royal drum has been sounded despite the evil-wisher;
The morning has dawned; the night has ended. Praise is to God! Praise is to God!
For a time sorrow was our guide; our soul became the companion of grief and our hearts were drowned in blood;
Blue was the face of our country's honors; but today our enemy has been debased and humbled;
By this strong agitation and sudden victory. Praise is to God! Praise is to God!

A year after the destruction of the Majlish Persia was still in the grip of reaction. Finally the nationalist triumphed, and on July 13, 1909, Tehran was captured by the troops of Sipaddar and Sardar-i-As'ad. Muhammad Ali Shah took refuge in the Russian Legation and then abdicated. On this occasion Bahar wrote:-

For a time we were worn out kunder tyranny; We became smeared with dust and blood;
Then we started in pursuit of the enemy, and now again we are relieved from the tyranny of the tyrant and the stratagem of the malicious.
Praise be to God! Praise be to God!
Those who killed and fettered us, wounded the heart of the country out of vengeance,
And broke pledges out of baseness-from His Holiness the Shaykh to His Majesty the Shah-
Did not in the end, escape from the grip of the nation. Praise be
to God! Praise be to God!
Those who were associated with tyranny, became as microbes in the belly of the country.
And finally the object of the nation's wrath. From the expanse of the country were swept away
Ignorant old men and deprived Shaykhs. Praise be to God!
Praise be to God!

On the 21st of Rabi I A.H. 1340 (November 22, 1921) the Majlish approved a concession to the standard Oil Company authorising the latter to exploit the oil resources of Northern Persia. The provinces to be affected by this Concession were Azabayjan, Astarabad Mazandaran, Gilan and Khurasan. Bahar commemorated the occasion in these verses:—

He who Places the crown of ambition on his head does not entrust anyone with the control of his country.
Tell the base soul that he who eats the bread of his father never gives his mother's hand to a foreigner.
The benefits of the oil in the North and South are our property; tell the enemy to be consumed in the fat of his own body.
Oh Bahar, tell my jealous brothers on my behalf that no one sells his brother for nothing.

In A.H. 1312 solar (A.D. 1933-4) Bahar, while in prison, wrote a poem entitled Shabahang (The Morning Star) which, for its sincerity
and intensity of feeling, may be regarded as one of the finest examples of contemporary verse. Here the poet’s sentiment for his country was expressed thus:-

_Alas, I spent my youth for the prosperity of this desolated country._

_Just like the peasant who brings water from the plains to raise flowers and grass in the mirage._

When Bahar elected to the third Majlish and he moved to Tehran. His present stay in the capital occasioned the writing of a mustazad in which he condemned the privileged classes and their dishonest treatment of the common people. It began thus:-

_Every evil which the people suffer come the elite: I seek justice against the elite!_

_Which is the person who is free the tyranny of the elite! I seek justice against the elite!_
Bahar in his poem *Shabahang* (The Morning Star) which, is for the excellence of its sincerity and strength, may be regarded as one of the finest masterpieces of contemporary poetry. It opens with the stanza: —

**O banner of the day, rise from the gate of the East: O blossom of the morning, opens on the hilltop**

*And place the golden crown upon the head of time, for I am tired of this dark night.*

Bahar’s position as a tasnif-writer is also unassailable. His tasnif *Murgh-i-Sahar* (The Bird of the Dawn) is likely to rank amongst the finest contemporary poems. It has a revolutionary fervors, is simply and forceful in diction and rich in symbols; the name itself perhaps signify the poet of a new age. It opens thus: —

مرغ سحْر ناله سرک‌کین
داغ مَهْرَا ازه تَسْرَکْکین
زاه شَهر بِبَار ایِسن قفْس‌س را
بَر شَکْکین ویِیر وزَرْک‌کین

بلبل پر بسته زکنک قفْس درا
نْگَمَسْه، آزادی نوع پَشْرَسْرا
وُزْنَی عَرْضَه، ایِسن خَاک توده را
O Bird of the Dawn, utter a plaint and open my wounds afresh,
With the fire of thy sighs break this cage and overthrow it.
O wing-tied nightingale, steps forth from your cage, and sing the song of
the freedom of man.
With thy breath, fire the clay of this vast multitude.
The tyranny of the tyrant and the cruelty of the huntsman have desolated
my nest:
O God, O Heaven, O Nature, turns our dark night into dawn.

Bahar chooses a qasida of Minučihri as a model for his poem on
peace. It begins by exclaiming:
Woe to the owl of war and its inauspicious hooting. May its windpipe be
broken forever!

The qasida enjoys an impotent position in post-Revolution
Persian poetry, and some of the finest verse written during the last
fifty years is found in this medium. Amongst the contemporary poets
Bahar displays special skill in this genre.

In his hatred of war Bahar was most outspoken. Already in a
poem entitled Amal-i-Sha‘ir (The Desire of the Poet), Which was
published in the early thirties, he voiced the sentiment.

I would like to leave no trace of war and slaughter and to
obliterate this shame from the family of mankind.

And he expressed his resentment against war in the poem
Jughd-i-Jang wherein he said:

Why do the world-eater of the West and its guardians tread
upon the soil of the east?
I agree that the cooking pot is wide open, but where is the
shame and modesty of the cat?
Beware, do not expect welfare and safety from the country which is afflicted by those in whose hearts their god has not created any desire expect the lust for gold.
He who entertains in his heart a love for them brings dishonour and debasement upon himself.
They expect gratitude for favours undone: and if they do some favour, what is its condition?
Put up with your bread and millet, and avoid their wheat and barely copper and gold.

After the abdication of Riza Shah the Naw Bahar reappeared as a daily newspaper and continued for a year. Bahar was elected to the fifteenth Majlis, but his parliamentary activities were seriously curtailed by ill health. In 1945 he visited the Republic of Soviet Azarbaijan to take part in the twenty fifth anniversary of its independence. His impressions of the journey were later expressed in a long poem entitled Bahar dar Baku (Bahar in Baku) which opened with the verses:

On Friday we started on our journey from Ray and travelled by way of Daylam and the Caspian Sea.

*****************************