



**Baku 2015**  
1ST EUROPEAN GAMES

Poet, 1494-1556

# MUHAMMAD FUZULI

AZERBAIJANI LITERATURE



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Development and project management:  
**Ph.D of Philology, associate prof. Shamil Sadig**

Consulting:  
**Vagif Bahmanli**

Publishing:  
**Mushfig KHAN**

Translation:  
**Konul Nasibova**

Editor of Azerbaijani version:  
**Nargiz Jabbarli**

Editor of English version:  
**Jahid Huseynov**

Coordination:  
**Rovshan Yerfi, Jalala Aliyeva**

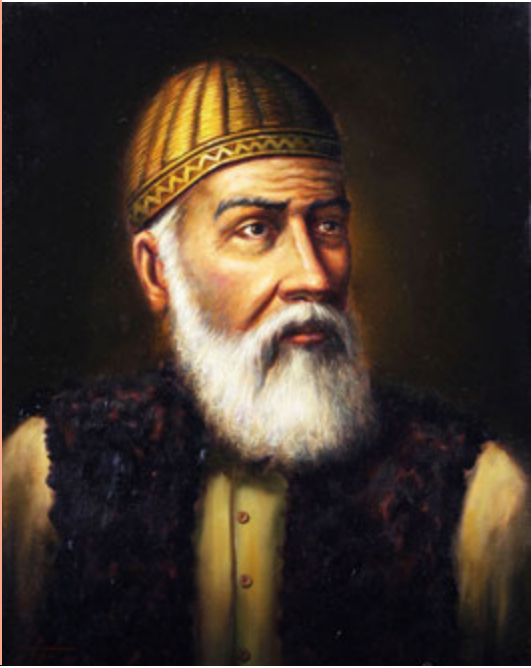
Design and graphics:  
**Teymur Farzi**

Art:  
**Vasif Saftarov**

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## Muhammad Fuzuli

Muhammad Fuzuli is an outstanding medieval Azerbaijani poet and thinker. He is considered one of the greatest contributors to the genre of *divan* (collection of poems) in the history of Azerbaijani-Turkish literature. He was born in 1494 in Karbala, Iraq.

Fuzuli was from Bayat tribe of Turkish origin, which is famous in Azerbaijan. According to some sources, Muhammad's father Suleyman moved to Iraq from Arash *mahal* (administrative unit) of Azerbaijan.

Fuzuli got his primary education in Karbala and then continued in Baghdad. He lived in the cities of Najaf and Hulla in Iraq. He was well-versed in medieval sciences – logic, medicine, astronomy, mathematics and social sciences, religious and philosophical trends, the Arabic translations of Greek philosophy, classical Turkish Arabic, Persian and Indian literature.

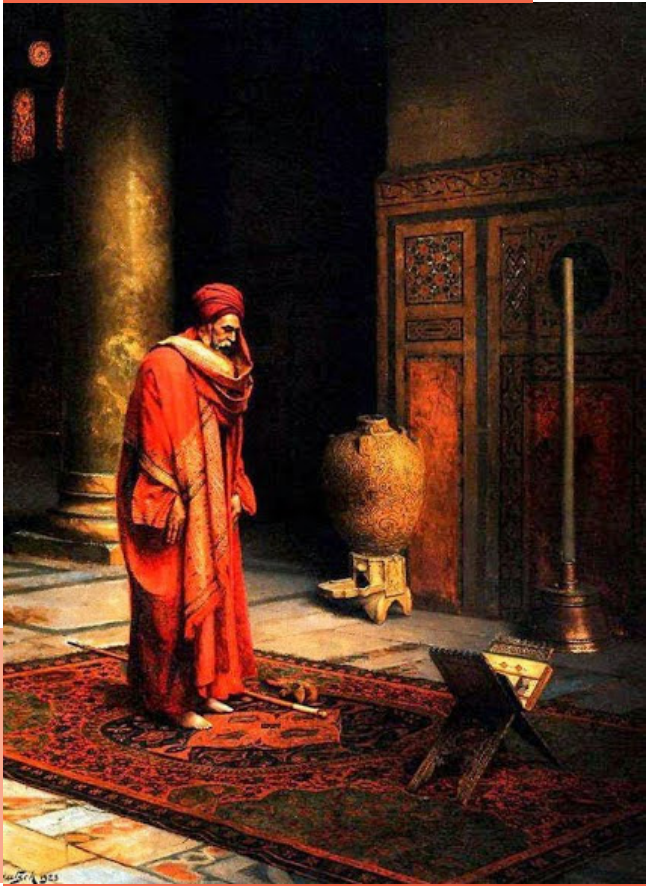


Muhammad Fuzuli  
Painted by: Mikayil Abdullayev



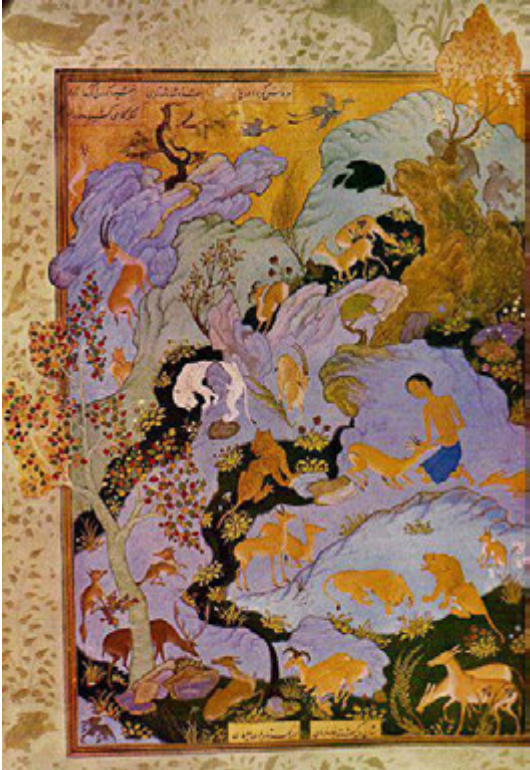
*"Muhammad Fuzuli" engraving on  
walnut tree of ellipse shape  
Engraved by: Seyfaddin Mansimoglu*

Although he dedicated a poem – *Bangu Bade* ("Hashish and Wine") to Shah Ismail Khatai, *gasidahs* (ode) to Tahmasib I and his commanders, as well as to several governors and khans, he was never eager of palace life.



*Fuzuli – the poet of love*

The poet presented some of his *gasidahs* to Sultan Suleyman and met with Turkish poets Khayali bey and Yahya bey who came to Baghdad with Sultan's army. He wrote "Leyli and Majnun" (1537) upon request of these poets whom he called "Masters of Rumelia".



*"Majnun in the Desert"*  
The miniature painted on "Leyli and Majnun"





The grave of Muhammad Fuzuli  
Iraq, Karbala

Fuzuli wrote *ghazal* (lyric poem), *gasidah*, *musaddas*, *tarkibband*, *tarjiband*, *rubai* (quatrain), *gatah*, *murabbe* and *etc.* in three languages – Azerbaijani Turkish, Arabic and Persian. He has lyric and epic works in Arud poetic metre written both in verse and prose. He also wrote philosophical treatise and was the founder of native language literary prose.





*The monument of Fuzuli in Baku*





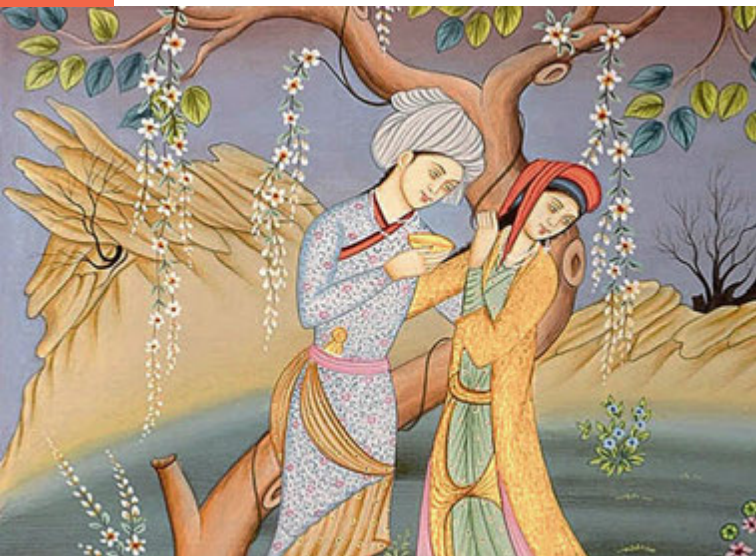
*Heydar Aliyev, the ex-president of Azerbaijan Republic making speech in the 500th anniversary of Fuzuli*

Fuzuli wrote nearly ninety *gasidahs*. He composed a *divan* of his *gasidahs*. Unlike his contemporaries, Fuzuli panegyricized *Allah* (God) rather than *shahs* (kings) in his *gasidahs*. In his *gitahs* he raised global social and philosophical problems and expressed his opinion in literary language. In this regard, his *gitahs* from Turkish *divan* are quite distinguished.



The cover and pages of "Hadikatu's -Suada"  
(The Garden of Happiness) by Fuzuli





*Leyli and Majnun*  
The art painted on "Leyli and Majnun"  
by Fuzuli

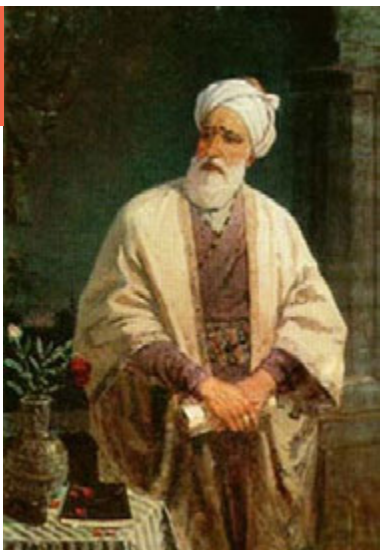
Fuzuli's *gasidahs* of philosophical essence – *Haft Jam* ("Seven Goblets"), *Enis-ul-Gelb* ("Friend of the Heart"), *Sahhat-ul-Maraz* ("Health and Disease") are the products of poet's old age. He collected his *gasidahs* in a separate book and composed *divan* in Turkish, Persian and Arabic.

Being the pinnacle of poet's creativity, "Leyli and Majnun" poem is one of the rare masterpieces of not only Azerbaijani poetry, but also of Eastern and world poetry. Although Nizami Ganjavi first time launched the theme of "Leyli and Majnun" in the literature and later on, a number of Turkish, Persian, Indian, Uzbek and Tajik poets wrote in this theme, Fuzuli's "Leyli and Majnun" written in native – Turkish language is quite distinguished among those ones.



*Muhammad Fuzuli – the manuscript of Divan in Azerbaijani, History Museum of Azerbaijan*





The poem written in compliance with all rules of classical *masnavi* (distich) was dedicated to Ottoman ruler Sultan Suleyman Ganuni. Unlike Nizami, Fuzuli's «Leyli and Majnun» has the content of *Sufi-Urfani*, leading literary trend of his time. The problem of human freedom is raised in the poem, which coincides with Nizami's "Leyli and Majnun". The prominent composer of Azerbaijan Uzeyir Hajibayli composed the first opera in the East – "Leyli and Majnun" in 1908 on the motives of poem written upon request of "masters of Rumelia". The feature films, named "Leyli and Majnun" and "Epos of Love" were shot on the motives of the poem.

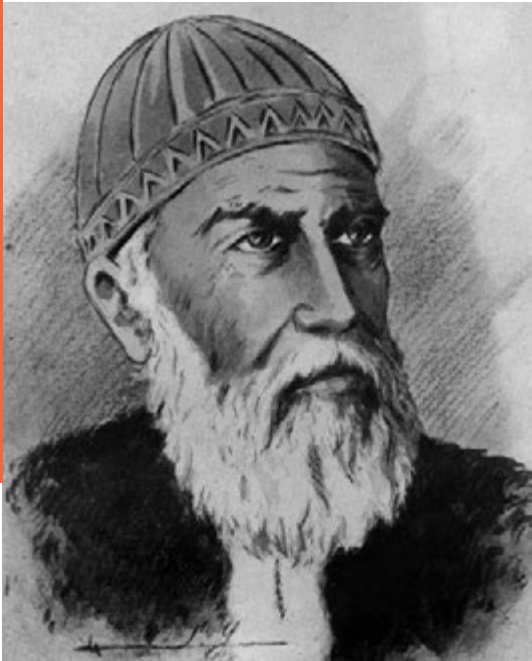
Fuzuli was well-versed in ancient Greek and Eastern philosophy. His philosophical visions were embodied in his prose *Matla-ul-etigad* ("Birth of Faith") written in Arabic. Fuzuli wrote this prose under the influence of Aristotle, Plato, Empedocles, Democritus and other Greek philosophers. A number of other literary works by Fuzuli are also rich with philosophical visions. Like Nizami, he also tried to have impact on socio-political processes with his writings, occasionally directed tips to rulers and governors.



*Carpet portrait of Azerbaijani poet Fuzuli, made on the occasion of his 400th anniversary (1958)*



Fuzuli benefited by the creativity experience of best poets till 16<sup>th</sup> century and developed it bravely and skillfully. He created the most valuable samples of lyrics and laid the foundation of new and perfect literary school in the history of Azerbaijani and Turkish literature. Fuzuli's literary school can be considered the literary encyclopedia of humane feelings and thoughts with its rich idea, content and poetic aesthetics. He vividly demonstrated all beauties, power and possibilities of Azerbaijani Turkish by placing the artistic quality of Azerbaijani poem extremely high. This school has a great historical merit by breaking the old rule and standards of classical literature and stepping with brave, free and dexterous spirit against the classicism traditions deterrent to improvement.



Fuzuli had great contributions to literary Azerbaijani language by writing the best pieces in native language after Nasimi, had a strong impact on Azerbaijani, as well as on the poetry of other Turkic peoples. His writings were several times published in Tabriz, Baku, Ankara, Cairo, Tashkent, Bukhara, Ashgabat and were highly appreciated by world orientalists.

Muhammad Fuzuli died of plague in 963 by Hijri (Muslim) calendar, in 1556 by Christianity calendar in Karbala and was buried there.

A city and a district were named after Fuzuli in 1959; his monument was built up in Baku. The Institute of Manuscripts of ANAS was named in honor of him. Three documentaries were shot about him, "Fuzuli cantata" (by J.Jahangirov), "Fuzuli" symphonic poem (by A.Malikov) and music and romances of his *ghazals* were composed. Referring to the words of nationwide leader of Azerbaijani people Heydar Aliyev, "We are proud of possessing an outstanding poet, great scientist and philosopher like Muhammad Fuzuli."



*Carpet portrait of Azerbaijani poet Fuzuli, made on the occasion of his 400th anniversary (1958)*

*Appreciative statements  
about Muhammad Fuzuli:*

*“Being the great poet, scientist and philosopher of Azerbaijani people, Muhammad Fuzuli also belongs to all Turkish speaking and Turkic people, all Turkish people and Islamic world. Fuzuli reached the peak of Azerbaijani and Eastern poetry, his poetry, his ghazals, gasidahs and rubais morally nourished the people within 500 years”.*

*Heydar Aliyev  
Nationwide leader*



*Heydar Aliyev, the ex-president of Azerbaijan Republic  
makes speech in the 500th anniversary of Fuzuli*

*“The poets and writers strived not to surpass Fuzuli, but maybe, to reach him and imitate his writings.”*

*J.Jabbarly*

❧ **Leili Imparts Her Secret to a  
Butterfly and Lays Bare Her Heart** ❧

“O winged, fragile thing fore’er in flight  
That hearest lovers whispering at night,  
To live and die for love thou art content,  
Thou art love’s symbol, its embodiment.  
Thou givest all for one sweet moment’s bliss;  
For thee, the sages say, to perish is  
To know fulfilment and felicity.  
Throughout the ages all have honoured thee  
For that thou art to sacrifice resigned  
Both worlds for love... And yet I am inclined  
To think my torments greater than thy own,  
For in my chamber, numbed by grief, alone  
I sit and pine, and watch thee, dazed but free,  
Spin round and round in drunken ecstasy.  
Thy pain is brief, and mine can never end,  
For I would live and to the depths descend  
Of anguish and despair. ... O butterfly,  
To have a thousand souls is all that I  
Deep in my aching heart am praying for,  
In order that a thousand times and more  
My agony and pain be multiplied. . . .

And thou, a pain dost thou discreetly hide  
Within thy breast? . . I doubt it sorely... Nay,  
For were it so, thou'd weep, not dance and play.  
Where are thy chilly tears at morning's rise?  
Where findest thou the patience to devise  
A means of masking suffering, a way  
Of bearing torture such as might betray  
The stoutest heart?...” Leili in speaking thus,  
Sought no relief, no help: the frivolous  
And lovely butterfly knew of no balm  
To soothe her spirit and to bring it calm.  
It was to Heaven that the maid addressed  
Her plea...With clouded eye and heaving breast,  
When out her den the furtive moon did creep  
And float above the sands, and buried deep  
In slumber was the household, she would sigh  
And pray for strength. Alone the moon and sky  
Her secret heard. For she, so full of pride,  
In none but them dared openly confide.

*Translated by Irina Zheleznova*

❧ **Leili Speaks with a Lamp but  
Hesitates to Impart to  
It All of Her Sad History** ❧

O thou whose eyes are closed and heart is worn,  
Whose feet are bound, whose spirit is forlorn,  
Let us together sigh, together weep:

Disclose to me the secret that so deep

Within thy heart thou keepest hid from all.

Why moanest thou, why dost thou softly call

As if thou wert a wounded nightingale?

Why is thy flame screened by a smoky veil?

Why burnest thou with such intensity?

What spark hath set thee blazing?— Answer me!

What maketh thee one moment flush and glow,

And then, the next, be drowned in tears? What

blow

Hath fortune dealt thee? Why dost thou intone

An invocation? Come, thou'rt not alone In thy

adversity...

For stricken by A grief as great am I or greater.

My Defiant heart is heavy, weighted down

With anguish such as thou hast never known.

Thou burnest only in the dead of night

While I burn night and day. O lamp, my plight

Is not to be compared with thine—it is

By far the more lamentable; of this Rest thou

assured.

Thou art in pain, and yet Thy misery thou dost at

times forget

Or freely speak it. This I may not do

But must refrain from even breathing to

The world that my poor heart is rent in twain. . . .

But. O, for ever loyal 'twill remain

To him I love... O lamp, they'll never wrest

My secret from me. Always in my breast

I'll keep it locked...Until the day I die  
Their threats and their abuse will I defy!  
And e'en to thee my tale I'll not impart  
Lest that it break thy simple, aching heart.  
Nor would my own the telling of it bear,  
Succumbing, well I know it, to despair.  
With one dear friend my grief I shared, and so  
Perturbed was she and dazed and full of woe  
That she did fly from me. To tell the whole  
Of my sad tale to one without a soul  
Is all that's left to me, a candle, say,  
Or else a butterfly that fast away  
Will fly, unscathed, and carefree as the wind...

*Translated by Irina Zheleznova*



## ☞ Medjnun Converses with a Mountain and Compares Its Fate with His Own ☞

A mountain suddenly before him rose.  
It was majestic in its calm repose  
And awe-inspiring, for above it soared  
Swift-winged falcons, and within were stored,  
Deep in its bowels, such precious stones and rare  
As can but be imagined. 'Twas not bare  
Of greenery, far from it; full 'twas grown  
With trees and luscious grasses, while its cone  
Like brightest silver gleamed. The fowls it fed,  
And nurtured many springs, and oft the dead  
And barren desert stretching nigh, a plea  
Might send to it and humbly, wordlessly  
Ask to be given life, for was it not  
Life's very source and had it not begot  
By Heaven been and granted strength and might  
And rich and gorgeous beauty to delight  
All who approached it? ... In the Holy Book '  
Twas named the Chosen Mountain. Medjnun's look  
Held sadness in't as he came near; a sigh  
Escaped his lips. Distracted, in reply  
He heard the mountain echo it. "Thou art  
My friend!" he cried in joy. "For in thy heart  
I find at last the sympathy that I  
Have sought but never found. O mountain, my  
Torn heart cries out to thine...  
An anchorite Art thou that knows the pangs of  
love. Thy plight  
Is to mine own akin, thy suffering,  
I feel it, equals mine. Did love not fling  
A stone at thee that pierced thy stony breast?..  
Hills are like lovers—nay, I do not jest,  
For tears pour from thine eyes. O speak to me,  
Confide thy sorrows, mountain. Willingly

I'll hear them out. Why is't that blood doth flow  
From out thy side? Thou'rt wounded? Ah, if so,  
Who is the one that raised the bow and let  
The fatal arrow fly? . . . Forget, forget  
That thou'rt a hill and I a man, that we  
Together may our lot bewail and be  
Joined in our grief! . . ." And to the firmament  
Their plaints, their moans, their anguished cries  
they sent...

■ After a time, Medjnun calmed down at last  
And turned his steps, his face still overcast,  
To where the house of his beloved stood.

*Translated by Irina Zheleznova*



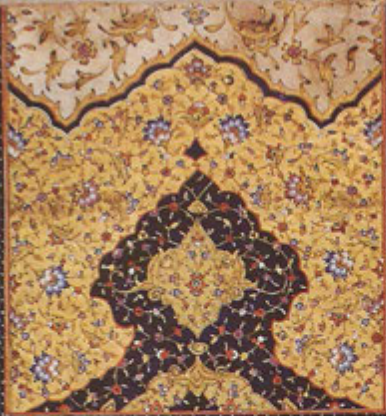


*The literary works by Muhammad Fuzuli in six volumes, I-VI volumes. 2005*



*The art painted on "Leyli and Majnun" by Fuzuli*





و ساغر و روان فوس  
عند الریح

حدیچہ اول مکالم نظق افرنیکه سفینه امید سکان بکار بحر و نظمی مجموع استغراق  
مستغرق کہ اب حرمان انش ایکن سلسلہ استار  
بر اوقب شہزاد اسلام صحیح و سالم ساحل خجاستہ حکیمش و ساسپس  
اول ناظم آسمان ہزمینہ سبکدیز نظمین افسر فرق فرقان ایدوب مرز عدا  
قدوب اصل عرفان نبال سعادت کلام موزونہ حکیمش زہی صانع کربوح  
خاندان گلک حسن مویشی از لیلہ ایتقانہ نظم جان پرور رقم قلمش کمال  
شکر کسی ممکن اول اولدیر انہدین استخافت کہ طبع نظم لطف آتشش کہ غمش

The page of Divan by Fuzuli







What joy would be theirs and mine, how  
hot would my passion flame!  
Leili had her poor Mejnun, Shirin had her  
brave Farhad,  
While you, o my love, have me, whose life  
you can freely claim.  
Compare me not, my blushing rose, to a  
nightingale, I beg,  
For he utters a thousand moans while in  
silence I bear my pain.  
Only he, who has suffered much, finds  
relief in the woeful sight  
Of an anguish as fierce as mine, of a spirit by  
love made tame.

\* \* \*

Do not soar, o my winged heart, to the  
menacing skies of love,  
Lest by arrow with poisoned tips you be  
wounded and cruelly slain.  
Scorn the fleshless, unearthly love that your  
mentors preach, Fizuli,  
Born of reason, 'this cold and starved, and is  
not of true love's domain.

\* \* \*

With delight in my heart on your dark,  
curling tresses I gaze;  
Numb of tongue, on your lips that are  
sweeter than roses I gaze.



When I see you before me the tears cloud  
my eyes, and I weep;  
When your face haunts my dreams, sorrow  
gnaws at my heart, and I weep.  
With a great, secret joy do I think of your  
beauty and grace;  
Free of shame, full of rapture, I gaze on  
your beauty and grace.  
When they see me in anguish, the heart-  
broken victim of love,  
Many passionate lovers refuse to pay  
homage to love.  
To be parted from you is to burn in the fires  
of Hell;  
Tested thus, e'en giaours would no more  
scoff at Heaven or Hell.  
To a rose-bud his love's tender lips will a  
lover compare;  
To a ruby your lips e'en a stranger,  
enthralled, will compare.  
If I humbly forbear of the torments I suffer  
to speak,  
They who see me in pain of my love with  
compassion will apeak.  
Like the plaint of a flute sounds the  
sorrowful voice of my love;  
Flay the skin from my back, yet would I  
weeping, call for my love.  
She whose captive I am spurns my love, and

I yield to despair;  
Help me. Fate, kindly fate, lest, forsaken, I  
yield to despair.  
Love's unquenchable flames burn, untamed,  
in my pain-weary heart,  
And its wounds never heal, leaving  
permanent scars on my heart.  
At the sight of my tears she I worship will  
suddenly smile,  
And I find wondrous bliss in this fleeting  
but radiant smile.  
E'en if Fortune to keep us apart should  
revengefully



*A fragment from "Leyli and Majnun" opera*



*Fragments from "Leyli and Majnun" opera*





*The monument of Fuzuli in the National Literature Museum of Azerbaijan*



*The monument of Fuzuli in the city of Baku*





*The Bronze Medal of U.S.S.R, Azerbaijan, 1960 dedicated to the 400th anniversary of Muhammad Fuzuli*



*The memorial coin minted by National Bank of Azerbaijan on the occasion of the 500th anniversary (1494-1556) of Muhammad Fuzuli's life and creativity*





*The miniature painted on  
"Leyli and Majnun"*



*The carpet  
"Majnun in the Desert"*





FÜZULİ -  
DAHİ  
AZƏRBAYCAN  
ŞAİRİ

AZƏRBAYCAN



MƏHƏMMƏD  
(1494-1556) FÜZULİ

*The post stamp dedicated to the 500th anniversary of Muhammad Fuzuli*



*"Nofal's battle" from "Leyli and Majnun" by Fuzuli. The miniature of 13th century*

