

Classic Poetry Series

Mirza Rafi Sauda
- poems -

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Mirza Rafi Sauda(1713 - 1781)

Mirza Muhammad Rafi 'Sauda' was one of the best known poets of Urdu language in Delhi, India. He is known for his Ghazals and Urdu Qasidas.

Early Life

His birth year has not been confirmed and in some publications, it is listed as A.H 1125 [1713-1714]. He was born and brought up in Delhi. Sauda, was a shia in personal life.

He inhabited Shahjahanabad (i.e. Old Delhi), during the reign of Muhammad Shah, 1150 A.H. i.e. 1739 A.D

Ustads and Shagrids

Sulaiman Kuli Khan (pen name: 'Wadad' / Vidad) was his first Ustad (teacher of Urdu poetry) and second time he chose Shah Hatim (pen name: 'Hatim'), who was a very famous Shayar (Urdu Poet) of his time.

King Shah Alam was Shagird (student of Urdu poetry) of 'Sauda', and gave him his poetry for correction.

He was a contemporary of Dard and Mir.

Movement from Delhi

At the age of sixty, he left Delhi and came to Farrukhabad and lived there from 1757 to about 1770. In A.H. 1185 [1771-72] he moved to court of Nawab of Awadh (then in Faizabad) and remained ther till his death. When Lucknow became state capital, he came there with Nawab Shujauddaula. He was also Ustad of Shujauddaulla. He got prize of Malkushshu'ara and prize money was Rupees Six Thousand.

Death

He died in at the age of almost 70 years, in A.H. 1195 [1780-81] in Lucknow.

Works

He is recognized as a great qasidah poet, perhaps the greatest in Urdu. He was a

major ghazal poet too. The soundest rock on which Sauda's reputation rests today are his satires.

Ghazal

O my poor heart, don't flow out from
My eyes like blood, beware,
You will never be picked up again
From the ground, like useless tear.

If Kaba (The sacred Muslim Masque in Makkah) has been broken down,
Don't feel sad, that's not a lover's heart,
Which can never be mend again,
If once broken apart.

In this world, we cannot achieve
That what our heart desire,
My wounds will never heal, not sewed
Like roses they're on fire.

O my poor heart don't turn your face,
If she has a sword for slaughter,
For if you cannot bear the pain,
How will you face the lovers?

O Shaikh (Saint) put off your turban when
You're saying your prayers,
Or else you won't be able to
Pickup your head from prostrate

O dear beloved don't be cruel,
And don't think of this slay,
For if you killed Sauda, with this
You will not get away.

Mirza Rafi Sauda