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STUDIES  
IN  
ISLAMIC POETRY

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

C. F. CLAY, MANAGER

LONDON : FETTER LANE, E.C. 4



NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN CO.

BOMBAY

CALCUTTA } MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

MADRAS

TORONTO : THE MACMILLAN CO. OF  
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STUDIES  
IN  
ISLAMIC POETRY

BY

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164704.  
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CAMBRIDGE  
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
1921



TO

EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE

WHOSE TEACHING AND EXAMPLE FIRST  
INSPIRED ME TO PURSUE THE STUDY OF  
ORIENTAL LITERATURE

## PREFACE

WRITTEN during the war, these Studies grew out of the wish to impart some things I have enjoyed in Arabic and Persian not only to fellow-students, who can correct me if I misinterpret, but also to others who without being specialists are interested in the literature, philosophy and religion of the East. Since the five essays fall into two distinct groups, it has been decided to publish them in two volumes bearing different titles, namely, *Studies in Islamic Poetry* and *Studies in Islamic Mysticism*. The latter comprise (1) an account of the famous Persian Šúfí, Abú Sa'íd ibn Abi 'l-Khayr—dervish, abbot, saint, and reputed poet—drawn from documents singularly rich in detail which shed a rather disillusioning light upon his character; (2) a study of 'Abdu 'l-Karím al-Jílí's treatise entitled *al-Insán al-Kámil* or "The Perfect Man," a very curious exposition of the Mohammedan Logos doctrine by a Muḥyawí, *i.e.* one whose modes of thought are derived from Muḥyi'ddín Ibnu 'l-'Arabí; (3) an essay on the Odes of Ibnu 'l-Fáriḍ, which unite mysticism with poetry of the rarest kind, but are so veiled in allegory that a glimpse of the meaning underneath is sometimes as much as we can obtain.

The present volume is devoted to belles-lettres. Professor Browne's edition of the *Lubábu 'l-Albáb*, the anthology compiled by Muḥammad 'Awfí, gave me an opportunity of trying what could be done with Persian court-poetry. In this field all the flowers are not roses, and the roses are artificial; yet with no disparagement to their beauty, so exquisite is the art. Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrí was an old friend, whose pessimism made hours of gloom seem cheerful by contrast; and I believed that many would appreciate a version of selected

passages from his *Luzúmiyyát*. English readers have not yet had this work put before them in a recognisable form: they will see that it is not in the least like the "quatrains" which it has inspired. My essay should be read as a supplement to the monograph by Alfred von Kremer in the Proceedings of the Vienna Academy (1889). That, indeed, is worthy of its theme, and one can scarcely imagine that it will ever become obsolete. But with all its brilliancy and charm I doubt whether it does justice to Ma'arrí's genius. Von Kremer seems to have forgotten that poetry is not philosophy and that the *Luzúm* is pre-eminently the work of a literary man. His attention was fixed upon the ideas, consequently he did not examine the language and style with sufficient closeness to detect the subtle manner in which the poet at once disguises and proclaims his unbelief in the Mohammedan or any other revealed religion. I have broken new ground and endeavoured to widen the perspective. However my conclusions may be regarded, they are based on the best evidence, that of the author's writings, though it is avowedly disingenuous. Of the examples in English, including four which Mr Fisher Unwin has given me leave to reprint from my *Literary History of the Arabs* (1907), comparatively few coincide with the pieces chosen by Von Kremer. The appendix containing their text will serve, I hope, as an introduction to Arabic poetry for students who may find the pre-Islamic odes too difficult at first or fail to acquire a taste for them. Concerning the principles and methods which I have followed in translating, the choice of metres, the value of rhyme, etc., a good deal might be said; but as argument about such questions is apt to end in the sort of agreement recommended by Evenus—

σοὶ μὲν ταῦτα δοκοῦντ' ἔστω, ἔμοι δὲ τάδε—

it will be enough to say that the verse-translations are not unduly free and should be of use to readers of the original Arabic and Persian. While the mystical poems often need a

commentary, in other cases the aim has been to select typical extracts which for the most part explain themselves.

I cannot send forth this book without some reference to what has helped me to write it. Thirty years have now passed since I began to read Persian with Professor E. G. Browne. Looking back over that period, I recall his constant sympathy, his ever ready encouragement and support, with feelings which are beyond my power to express. By dedicating these Studies to him I would pay tribute to a great Orientalist and more especially acknowledge, in a way that will not displease him, my personal debt of gratitude and affection.

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON.

*October, 1920.*



# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

	PAGE
AN EARLY PERSIAN ANTHOLOGY . . . .	I

## CHAPTER II

THE MEDITATIONS OF MA'ARRÍ . . . .	43
POEMS ON LIFE AND DEATH . . . .	59
POEMS ON HUMAN SOCIETY . . . .	95
POEMS ON ASCETICISM . . . .	125
POEMS ON PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION . . . .	141
APPENDIX CONTAINING THE ARABIC TEXT OF THE PIECES TRANSLATED ABOVE . . . .	208
INDEX OF NAMES AND TITLES . . . .	290
INDEX OF SUBJECTS . . . .	295



## CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

P. 7. The name Abú Zurá'a is doubtful. See Ethé, *Neupersische Litteratur in Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie*, vol. II. p. 221.

P. 10. I have retained the usual spelling of the name Rúdagí, but Rúdakí seems to be the correct form, as it rhymes with *kúdaki* in a verse by Niẓámí 'Arúdí (*Lubdb*, vol. II. p. 7, l. 17) and with *andaki* in a verse by Kháqání (Jámí, *Baháristán*, ed. by Schlechta-Wssehrd, p. 95, l. 8 foll.).

P. 13. The flower which the Persians call *lála* (rendered here and elsewhere by "tulip") is really the red anemone.

P. 19. Jabal in connexion with 'Abdu 'l-Wási' refers to the mountainous district of Gharjístán. See Prof. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, vol. II. p. 341, and Mr Le Strange's *Lands of the Eastern Caliphate*, pp. 415-6.

P. 56, l. 8 from foot. It ought perhaps to have been mentioned that here the Latin imitation is not quite exact. In the catalectic variety of the *Ṭawíl* metre the third foot of the second hemistich is regularly ~ - ~, and ~ - - occurs only as a rare exception to the rule. For this reason the "free" (*muṭlaq*) rhyme should be restored in the poem by Farazdaq printed in Nöldeke's *Delectus*, pp. 84-6. Perfect metrical correspondence might be obtained by writing in the second line of the Latin version

habet testimonium hoc: grauis uia leti est,

and in the fourth line

priusquam uaces spe gloriaque potitus.

P. 67, No. 24. A comma should be substituted for the full stop at the end of the sixth line.

P. 82, No. 62, first line. *Read*

"The Imám, he knows—his tenets are not mine—"

P. 85, No. 72, first line. *Read* "to his sway."

P. 89, note 1. For *ḡḡḡ* read *ḡḡḡ*.

P. 104, note 4. For *al-Farq bayna 'l-firaq* read "Abú Manṣúr 'Abdu 'l-Qáhir al-Baghdádí, *al-Farq bayna 'l-firaq*."

P. 115, No. 140, ll. 1-4. These lines evidently allude to an apocryphal Ḥadíth, but I do not remember to have met with it in any work on Ṣúffí asceticism.

P. 116, No. 141, last line. Cf. Ibn Ḥawqal, ed. De Goeje in *Bibl. Geographorum Arabicorum*, II. 117: *وبها (حِمص) بيعة بعضها المسجد الجامع وشرها المنصاري فيه هيكلهم ومذبحهم وبيعتهم من اعظم بيع الشام*. According to Muqaddasi, the Moslems turned half of the church into a mosque when they conquered Ḥims. Dr T. W. Arnold has called my

attention to a passage in Ibn Jubayr (E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Series, vol. v. p. 303, 13-20) from which it appears that after mosques had been converted into churches, Moslems might continue to use a part of them. But these are doubtful examples of a practice which, in any case, was exceptional. Probably Ma'arrif is thinking of separate but adjacent buildings.

P. 157, penult. Ḥamdullāh Mustawfī, *Ta'rikh-i Guzida* (E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Series. vol. xiv. p. 10, l. 7 foll.), refers to the doctrine which he says is held by the learned men of India, China, Cathay and Europe, that the creation of Adam took place a million years ago, and that there were several Adams, each speaking a different language, who succeeded one another in turn as the posterity of each died out. Cf. Bīrūnī, *al-Āthar 'l-ba'qiya* tr. by Sachau under the title of *The Chronology of Ancient Nations* (London, 1879), pp. 115-6.

P. 164, No. 238, first line. *Read*

"No books polemical had been composed."

P. 204, No. 327, third verse. *For* "Girls are arrows" *read*

"They are poisons."

P. 214, No. 24, v. 9. Though all the texts, I think, have **خَبَرْتَهَا**, the true reading must be **كَتَبْتَهَا**, equivalent to **حَبَرْتَهَا**.

P. 219, No. 39, v. 4. *For* **سُحِبَ** *read* **سُحِبَ**.

P. 263, No. 219, v. 2. *For* **وَالنَّخْلُ** *read* **وَالنَّخْلُ**.

P. 264, No. 224, v. 4. *For* **وَيَذُبُّ** *read* **وَيَذُبُّ**.

P. 272, No. 253, v. 1. *For* **مَدِيرٌ** *read* **مَدِيرٌ**.

## CHAPTER I

### AN EARLY PERSIAN ANTHOLOGY

THE BOOK entitled *Lubábu 'l-Albáb* has been known to students of Persian literature since 1848, when an account of the Elliot Codex was communicated to the Royal Asiatic Society by Nathaniel Bland<sup>1</sup>. Its importance and rarity—only two, or at most three, manuscripts have survived—marked it out for publication as soon as the long-delayed task of providing critical editions of historical and biographical Persian texts was taken in hand by Professor Browne with the energy and ardour to which Oriental scholarship owes so much; and it is now accessible in two volumes, admirably edited and artistically printed (Leyden, 1903–1906). Concerning the author, Muḥammad 'Awfī, we have little information. His family claimed descent from 'Abdu 'l-Raḥmán ibn 'Awf, an illustrious Companion of the Prophet. Born and bred at Bukhárá in the latter half of the twelfth century, 'Awfī became one of those wandering scholars who, obeying the Prophet's injunction to seek knowledge even in China, travelled from town to town and from court to court, and with nothing but their talents to recommend them played an influential part in Moslem politics and society. When Transoxania and Khurásán were threatened by the Mongols, he made his way to India, where he served in succession under Sultan Náṣiru'ddín Qubácha of Sind and his conqueror, Sultan Iltatmish. To the vizier of Iltatmish he dedicated his most famous work, the *Jawámi'u 'l-Ḥikáyát*, an immense collection of historical and literary anecdotes.

The *Lubáb* professes to be the first Biography of Persian Poets, but although its form and arrangement justify this

<sup>1</sup> See his article "On the earliest Persian Biography of Poets, by Muhammad Afi, and on some other Works of the class called Tazkirat-ul-Shuara," in the ninth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, pp. 111–176.

description, the so-called biographies chiefly consist of high-flown complimentary phrases strung together indiscriminately, with as little regard for fitness as for truth. Dates are very rare. In many cases the poet's name is the single fact that his "Life" yields, and we have reason to be thankful that the Moslem system of nomenclature often indicates the town or district to which a man belongs either by birth or residence. The *Lubáb* might safely be ignored if its value depended on the biographical notices written by 'Awfí himself. These, however, occupy an inconsiderable amount of space in relation to the whole text, which is almost entirely composed of excerpts from the work of about 300 poets. Essentially, then, the *Lubáb* is an anthology. It possesses unique historical importance as the oldest compilation of the kind in Persian<sup>1</sup>, preserving the names of many ancient poets who are otherwise unknown, together with a great deal of verse that is nowhere else to be found. Of its literary merit lovers of poetry can form some notion from the specimens which I have translated, though this test is, of course, inadequate and must be corrected by reading the original passages as well as by reference to other portions of the book. Oriental standards of taste are so deeply at variance with those which prevail in Europe that we are too ready to condemn outright what displeases us instead of trying, not to reconcile the points of view, but to lay our own aside and approach the other in a spirit of sympathetic curiosity. This is the more necessary here because, with few exceptions, the poets cited in the *Lubáb* are distinctly minor and unable to rise above the elaborate conventions of the Persian *ars poetica*, which only the breath of genius can inspire with life. Moreover, in the opinion of an accomplished critic, Mírzá Muḥammad of Qazwín—whose introduction and notes to Professor Browne's edition are a model of patient and fruitful research—'Awfí has not selected the materials of his anthology to the best advantage.

Formally considered, Persian poetry falls into five main

<sup>1</sup> A more ancient work by Abú Ṭáhir al-Khátúní is mentioned by Hájji Khalífa, but no copy has yet been discovered.

types, and four of these occur in the *Lubáb*, namely, the *qaṣída* or "purpose-poem," which is most often a panegyric but may be satirical, didactic, philosophical, or religious; the *ghazal*, of which the subject is usually love, human or divine; the *qiṭ'a* or fragment, which is either a piece of verse detached from a *qaṣída* or a poem complete in itself; and the *rubá'i* or quatrain. The fifth type, which is known by the name of *mathnawí*, includes poems longer than the *qaṣída*, such as epics, romances, and expositions of moral or mystical philosophy. Both in form and motive it stands apart from the rest and offers no temptation to the ordinary anthologist.

Before discussing further these various kinds of poetry and showing some of their peculiar characteristics by means of translation, I think it may be well to say a few words on certain matters of historical interest about which the reader will naturally wish to be informed. Let me begin by setting forth 'Awfi's description of the contents of the *Lubáb*. He divides it into twelve chapters, arranged as follows:

- I. On the excellence of poetry and the poetic art.
- II. On the etymological meaning of *shí'r* (poetry).
- III. On the question who was the first poet.
- IV. On the question who was the author of the first Persian poem.
- V. On the choice poems of Sultans, Kings, and Amírs.
- VI. On the choice poems of viziers and eminent statesmen.
- VII. On the choice poems of religious leaders, divines, and men of learning.
- VIII. On the choice poems of the poets of the House of Táhir, the House of Layth, and the House of Sámán.
- IX. On the poets of the House of Náṣir.
- X. On the poets of the House of Seljúq, to the end of the reign of Sanjar.
- XI. On the poets who flourished in the period extending from the death of Sanjar to the author's time.
- XII. On the choice poems of eminent statesmen, poets, and scholars attached to the court of Sultan Náṣiru'ddín Qubácha.

The introductory chapters need not detain us. As regards the questions propounded in chapters III and IV, 'Awfī is inclined to accept the tradition that the first poet in the world was Adam, who composed an Arabic elegy (two verses of which are quoted) on his son Abel; and he ascribes the first Persian verse to "that great Hunter," King Bahram Gūr. Remembering that 'Awfī was a courtier, we can excuse him for giving royalties and grantees the place of honour in his Anthology, but it tries our patience to read those noble amateurs whom he flatters so cheaply. Of the verse in this section of the book a page or two would hold all that is worth preserving for its own sake or on account of its association with great personages and events. The eighth and following chapters, which are printed in the second volume of Professor Browne's edition, constitute the kernel of the *Lubāb*. Here we find real bards, men devoted to the art and business of poetry, drawn up, rank on rank, in the chronological order of the dynasties under which they lived: the Ṭāhirids (A.D. 820-872); the Ṣaffārids, descended from Ya'qūb ibn Layth, the Copper-smith (A.D. 867-903); the Sāmānids (A.D. 874-999); the Ghaznevids—called "the House of Nāṣir" after Nāṣiru'ddīn Sabuktigīn, who founded the dynasty—from the accession of Sultan Maḥmūd to the death of Mas'ūd, the third sovereign of the line (A.D. 998-1040); and finally the Seljūqs, from Ṭughril to Sanjar (A.D. 1037-1157), and from Sanjar to the author's day (about A.D. 1220). Thus the whole period covered by the *Lubāb* is approximately four hundred years. Opening with the spring-time of Persian poetry which accompanied the movement towards national independence in eastern Írán, it runs a long and brilliant course ere it closes amidst the gathering darkness of the Mongol invasion.

Since my object is not so much to trace the historical development of this poetry as to illustrate its literary form and substance, the work of individuals will receive less attention than the four principal types which have been enumerated above. I will treat each type separately, taking the simpler first and leaving the *qaṣída*, the most artificial and complex, to the end.

The oldest Persian verse-form is probably the *rubá'í*. It contains four lines, of which the first, second, and fourth must rhyme with one another, while the third may or may not rhyme with the rest. Such an arrangement of rhymes, however, does not exhaust the definition: there must also be a certain metrical scheme. 'Awfí quotes two couplets by the Táhírid poet, Ḥanẓala of Bádghís, which only fail to be a *rubá'í* because they are not written in one of the metres peculiar to this form:

My sweetheart rue-seed on the fire threw  
 For fear of harm the evil eye might do.  
 Rue-seed and fire she needs not, with a face  
 As bright as fire, a mole as dark as rue<sup>1</sup>.

The *rubá'í* resembles a short epigram, in the Greek sense of the word, and the best specimens have something of the quality which belongs to the Greek as contrasted with the Latin epigram: simplicity and directness of style, weight rather than wit, terseness without "epigrammatic" point. It was FitzGerald, not Omar Khayyam, who wrote,

For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
 Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!—

one of many instances in which the English version gives a new turn to the original. The *rubá'í*, again, is always a complete unit, unrelated to any larger whole. Persian literature furnishes no example of a poem like FitzGerald's, made up of a number of quatrains. In Persian *Diwáns* we often meet with collections of *rubá'ís*, but each one is absolutely independent, and its place in the series is determined by an external and fortuitous feature, namely, the alphabetical position of the letter that concludes the rhyme. There are no restrictions as to subject-matter. 'Awfí shows a marked preference for amatory *rubá'ís*, and we may presume that he knew what his readers liked. Among the chosen quatrains many are concerned with criticism of life in general or with topics suggested by a particular incident; others are

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 2, 11.

descriptive, encomiastic, elegiac, satirical, moral, or religious. Noteworthy, as revealing the limitations of the *Lubáb* and its author, is the fact that the mystical *rubá'i*—and, I may add, mystical poetry of any kind—is scarcely represented at all. One must go elsewhere to learn how beautiful is the literature in which the deepest aspirations of Persian thought have expressed themselves.

I will now give some examples. The first two are by Abu 'l-Ḥasan Ṭalḥa, of whose poetry the greater part belonged to this *genre*. Skill in composing quatrains might make a poet celebrated, even if his more ambitious performances fell flat<sup>1</sup>.

My heart that rested calm and free from care  
Rose up when love of thee alighted there;  
The hand that loosed the bonds of Fate and Time  
Thy curl hath bound it with a single hair<sup>2</sup>.

O well of honey! Yestereve thy sight  
Gladdened this heart that cries for thee to-night.

'Tis a thing unimaginable, the tale  
Of to-night's anguish, yestereve's delight<sup>3</sup>.

For thy love's sake I bled, and still implored in vain;  
To patience then I fled, and still endured in vain.

There's no device on earth a desperate man can use  
But I have used against thee, O Adored, in vain<sup>4</sup>.

(Táju'ddín Ismá'íl al-Bákhazí.)

Why do I hope, with empty words cajoled,  
Since I nor head nor tail in it behold?

Guess by the Past what this New Year shall bring:  
The New Year—and ten thousand sorrows old!<sup>5</sup>

(Táju'ddín Ismá'íl al-Bákhazí.)

Her beauty fills mine eye, and well must I agree  
With mine own eye which holds my Sweetheart lovingly.

'Twixt eye and Sweetheart no right difference can be:  
Either She takes eye's place, or eye is very She<sup>6</sup>.

(Rashídí of Samarcand.)

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 336, 7 foll.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 153, 19.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 155, 7.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 158, 2.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* II. 158, 10.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* II. 180, 16. This quatrain may be understood in a mystical sense.

Ah, my much love of thee hath laid me low,  
Grief for thine absence bows me like a bow.

I have washed my hands of all thy tricks and wiles;  
Lives there another who would treat me so?<sup>1</sup>

(Abú Shukúr.)

The following *rubá'i* is evidently mystical.

Soul of the World, to Thee I turn again  
With bleeding heart, and bring Thee all my pain.

Myself behind, before me need and woe,  
And love still waxing—never may it wane!<sup>2</sup>

(Raff' of Merv.)

When from her house the soul sets forth to climb  
And hastens back to her eternal prime,

The four strings Nature fitted on Life's lute  
Disorder'd break at the rude touch of Time<sup>3</sup>.

(Badí'u'ddín Turkú al-Sanjari.)

Long have I known the world and read its rede  
In both extremes of fortune. 'Tis my creed,

Than wealth there's nothing better, next to faith,  
As, next to unfaith, nothing worse than need<sup>4</sup>.

(Abú Zurá'a of Jurján.)

Here are two quatrains which have a topical character.  
The first was composed by Rashídí of Samarcand, a panegyrist of Sultan Maliksháh.

Heav'n, which delight'st with contumely to brand  
The wisest, how long will thy doomful hand

Plunge me in sadness? Oh, where shall I seek  
The wind that blows me to sweet Samarcand?<sup>5</sup>

'Awfí relates that once he was in the company of a certain noble named Táju'ddín. A melon was brought in. Whilst Táju'ddín was helping himself to a slice, the knife slipped and

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 21, 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 162, 10.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 351, 17. "The four strings" are the four elements from which all compound bodies—mineral, vegetable, and animal—are produced.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 10, 23.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* II. 181, 2.

cut his finger. The poet Sa'du'ddīn Mas'ūd Dawlatyār improvised this *rubā'i*:

Thy might o'ertops high Saturn's majesty,  
 Thy bounty's wine makes avarice drunk with glee.  
 Heav'n, plotting so that thou shouldst lavish less,  
 Closed one full channel of thy fivefold sea<sup>1</sup>.

The *qiṭ'a* (fragment) is properly a subdivision of the *qaṣīda*, i.e. it consists of a number of verses removed from their context in the *qaṣīda* of which they formed a part. Such excerpts have no claim to be treated as an independent poetical type. But the name is also given to any poem, complete in itself, that follows the *qaṣīda* pattern in respect of the monorhyme (which characterises all types of Persian verse except the *mathnawī*), and cannot be classified either as a *rubā'i* or a *ghazal*, or included among the verse-forms of less importance. To the *qiṭ'a*, thus defined, all that has been said above concerning the varied subject-matter of the *rubā'i* is applicable, but the former, not being so narrowly restricted in length, affords larger opportunities both in the choice of a theme and in the way of handling it. More unconventional and spontaneous than the *qaṣīda* and *ghazal*, this type comes nearer to our ideal of poetry. The difference appears most conspicuously in the oldest Persian verse produced under the Ṭāhirids and their immediate successors. Of this only fragments survive<sup>2</sup>, but they are enough to show that the first poets had not learned to use the style overloaded with ingenious rhetorical artifices, which makes the *Lubāb* such a tiresome book to read. Their language is generally plain and unaffected; in some pieces its simplicity is almost artless—

The cloud is weeping lover-like,  
 The garden smiling as a bride;  
 The thunder moaning, even as I  
 Make bitter moan at morningtide<sup>3</sup>.

(Shahīd of Balkh.)

<sup>1</sup> *Lubāb*, II. 388, 15.

<sup>2</sup> This is not strictly accurate, if "fragment" is taken in its technical sense. The eighth chapter of the *Lubāb* contains one complete *qaṣīda* as well as a few *ghazals* and *rubā'is*. All the remaining poems are *qiṭ'as*.

<sup>3</sup> *Lubāb*, II. 4, 13.

The conceits in which the earliest poetry abounds are often so delicate and charming that it would be ungracious to accuse them of triviality. Besides, the criticism would not be just. Is anything really trivial that possesses artistic beauty? Ought we to despise Herrick's

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew,  
And nothing did I say,  
But with my finger pointed to  
The lips of Julia,

because it is only a pretty fancy? Those who are superior to such things will take no more interest in 'Awfi's anthology than in the *Lyra Elegantiarum*. In order that my readers may obtain a fair view of the first sprightly runnings of Persian lyric verse, I will depart for the moment from the plan adopted in this essay and try to render into English some representative examples which were composed during the ninth and tenth centuries (A.D. 826-999).

First, a few fragments on the subject of wine.

Choice wine, whose bitter strength can sweeten best  
The embittered mind, and flood  
The air with colour, as when goshawk's breast  
Is dyed with pheasant's blood<sup>1</sup>.

(Daqíqí.)

A composite whose body is of light,  
But all its soul and spirit of fiery strain;  
A star that hath its setting in the mouth,  
But ever rises on the cheeks again<sup>2</sup>.

(Daqíqí.)

Pour, boy, the vintage out  
That oft my grief consoled,  
That gushes from the flask  
In new moon's crescent mould,  
But in the cup appears  
The moon a fortnight old!<sup>3</sup>

(Abú Shukúr.)

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 13, 7.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 13, 10.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 21, 7.

Fetch me what first was like the eye, then came  
 The vine-grower and seized its soul aflame.  
 Let one drop trickle down to earth and roll,  
 'Twould seem the blind man's eye, the dead man's soul<sup>1</sup>.

(Abú Shukúr.)

Fire and water blent in one,  
 'Twere a sight thou wouldst admire!  
 Lo, the miracle is done:  
 Yonder crystal cup, where gleams  
 Wine of purest ruby, seems  
 Water interfused with fire<sup>2</sup>.

(‘Umára of Merv.)

The next piece is by the blind minstrel Rúdagí, the most famous poet of the Sámánid epoch.

Rúdagí the harp will play,  
 'Gin ye the wine, as he the lay.  
 Molten ruby or ruby wine,  
 None who sees it may divine,  
 Since Nature of one stuff did shape  
 The solid gem, the liquid grape.  
 Untouched, it stains the fingers red;  
 Untasted, flies into the head<sup>3</sup>.

The following lines are less ancient, but were composed before A.D. 1050.

They drank of wine so pure and old,  
 Its body seemed to be ensouled;  
 And through them flowed that essence fine,  
 As fire bright through coal doth shine<sup>4</sup>.

(Halíla.)

My last specimen of the wine-song is longer and more elaborate than any of these, and also differs from them all in having originally been the prelude of a *qaṣída*, as is shown by the double rhyme of the opening verse. The author, Kisá'í of Merv, was a well-known and singularly graceful poet who

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 21, 10.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 8, 17.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 25, 4.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 65, 19.

flourished in the latter half of the tenth century. I have attempted to imitate the *muḍāri'* metre in which the fragment is written.

Unclose thine eyes and deeply Shining amidst the grass-blades, Even as a shamefaced lover, Draws to his face the mantle	gaze on the saffron-flower <sup>1</sup> a very pearl in sheen, to hide his blushing cheeks, in folds of satin green.
The wine thro' darting sunbeams But oh, when falls reflected The blue glass and red vintage Are violet, you'd fancy,	how sweet and fair to see! therein the radiant shower, and golden-yellow rays and poppy and saffron-flower.
So bright 'tis, when it trickles You'd say from pearls is trickling So clear 'tis, when you pour it Nor palm from cup you ever	down from the goblet's mouth, cornelian red and fine; in the hollow of your palm, would know, nor cup from wine <sup>2</sup> .

The same freshness and easy grace of style appears in the poems descriptive of love and beauty which have come down to us from that early time. Some of those translated below are properly *ghazals*, not *qiṭ'as*.

O would that in the world there were no night,  
That I might ne'er be parted from her lips!  
No scorpion-sting would sink deep in my heart  
But for her scorpion coils of darkest hair.  
If 'neath her lip no starry dimple shone,  
I would not linger with the stars till day;  
And if she were not cast in beauty's mould,  
My soul would not be moulded of her love.  
If I must live without my Well-belov'd,  
O God! I would there were no life for me<sup>3</sup>.

(Daqíqí.)

Abú Shu'ayb of Herát wrote the following verses on a Christian boy.

<sup>1</sup> The *shanballá* is identified with fenugreek—a species of clover—or with meadow saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*). According to Ibnu 'l-Baytár, it is one of the first spring flowers.

<sup>2</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 34, 20.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 12, 11.

Faith-doomed to Hell, his form and face of Paradise,  
 With fawn's eyes, curly tresses, tulip cheeks.  
 A lip as when from Chinese painter's brush  
 O'er vermeil oozes the long silver line.  
 Should he bestow his beauty on the Ethiop,  
 The Ethiop would be envied by the Turk<sup>1</sup>.

The tulips of thy cheek, when thou unveil'st,  
 Abash the Sun: behind the veil he hies.  
 If the apple hath a mole of musky grain,  
 That chin of thine's an apple every wise<sup>2</sup>.

(Rúdagí.)

Here are three couplets from a *ghazal* composed by Júybárá, a poet of Bukhárá, who was a goldsmith and expert in his craft. The original metre is imitated.

That idol fair, whose kisses	are balm to the broken-hearted,
Alas, she still denies me	the balm that heals my sorrow.
Now I, for love's sake weeping,	an April cloud resemble.
'Tis well: the cloud of April	works miracles of beauty.
At dawn above the garden	it passed, and in a moment
Emparadised with roses	from end to end the garden <sup>3</sup> .

Those jet curls clustered on her silver brow—  
 A swarm of negroes Baghdád plundering!  
 That cheek on which falls rippling one black tress,  
 You'd say 'tis fire fanned by raven's wing<sup>4</sup>.

(Muḥammad ibn Ṣáliḥ al-Walwálají.)

Those curls the wind is tossing to and fro  
 Are like a restless lover; nay, the hand  
 Of warring Emperor's chamberlain that waves  
 From the far tent, "To-day no audience here!"<sup>5</sup>

(Khabbází of Níshápúr.)

Beauty's queen by lovers guarded,  
 You whose cheeks the moon doth glass,  
 Where you glance, narcissus blooming;  
 The moon rising, where you pass!

<sup>1</sup> *Lubb*, II. 5, 19.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 8, 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 11, 10.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 22, 15.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* II. 27, 19.

Oh, your face and hair—the fairest  
 Book of white and black is this!  
 Cheek and tress are sin and penance,  
 Lip and eye are bale and bliss<sup>1</sup>. (Kisá'í.)

The objective and pictorial character which the reader will doubtless have remarked in the poems inspired by love and wine is still more conspicuous in the pieces describing Nature. Seldom in either case do we find any intimacy of passion, any depth of moral or spiritual emotion. These lyrics express the keen sensuous feeling of the poet, his joy in visible and material things and his grief at their loss, but they express it objectively so far as the feeling itself becomes subordinate to the fanciful imagery in which it is clothed. Many of the poems on spring and the beauty of spring flowers are little idylls, exquisite of their kind. I will first quote two descriptions of stormy weather about the time of the Persian New Year.

The world with snow was silvered for a season,  
 But emerald came instead of the heaps of silver.  
 The rich pagoda of Cashmere at springtide  
 Surrendered to the garden all its pictures.  
 See how the lake's whole surface by the March wind  
 Is raised, like sturgeon's back, in scaly ridges!<sup>2</sup>  
 ('Umára of Merv.)

Lashed by gusts the leafy willows  
 Are as drunkards reeling headlong.  
 Watch the crimson tulips waving  
 Bloodied sword-points in the dawn!<sup>3</sup>  
 ('Umára of Merv.)

Of all the innumerable tributes which Persian poets have offered to the rose, I know of none so charming as these lines by Kisá'í:

Roses are a gift of price  
 Sent to us from Paradise;  
 More divine our nature grows  
 In the Eden of the rose.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 37, 19.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 24, 21.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 25, 17.

Roses why for silver sell?  
 O rose-merchant, fairly tell  
 What you buy instead of those  
 That is costlier than the rose<sup>1</sup>.

Here are two fragments:

See the rose, its pearly whiteness  
 Overblushed with pure cornelian,  
 Like the wedding-day of lovers  
 Sleeping, cheek on cheek laid softly<sup>2</sup>.

(Manjik.)

Behold the red rose, not yet fully blown—  
 A dainty fondling worshipping her idol,  
 Or like the loved one's lips, red, small, and close  
 When she looks up to meet her lover's kiss<sup>3</sup>.

(Kawkabí of Merv.)

Even in their laudatory verses the diction of these poets is plain and direct. Being Persians and courtiers, they do not measure their compliments by the merit of their patrons, but if they are not sincere, they at least seem so—an illusion which is no longer possible when the art of exaggeration has hardened into an obviously rhetorical exercise. The following lines by Faḍl ibn 'Abbás al-Rabinjaní lament the death of the Sámánid prince, Naṣr ibn Aḥmad, and celebrate the accession of Núḥ ibn Maṣṣúr.

A prince hath passed of noble race,  
 A prince high-born hath ta'en his place.  
 Time mourns for him that passed away,  
 For him that's crowned the world is gay.  
 Look now with reason's eye and tell  
 How just is God in what befell!  
 For if one Light from us He reft,  
 Another in its place He left;  
 If Saturn rose with baleful power,  
 Yet soon returned Jove's gracious hour<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 35, 24.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 14, 24.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 65, 13.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 9, 22.

The next examples take a more personal tone and are marked by greater finish of style.

To ward the kingdom, Fortune took thy sword,  
And Bounty chose thy hand, herself to ward.  
In Heav'n for thy decree Fate listening stands,  
The *dínár*<sup>1</sup> from its ore sets out to win thy hands<sup>2</sup>.

(Daqíqí.)

Tho' such thine art to paint and skill to sing,  
That none but thee should dare lift up his head,  
Thy proper qualities thou canst not sing,  
The portrait of thyself thou canst not paint<sup>3</sup>.

(Kisá'í.)

Firdawsí extols the munificence and bravery of Sultan Maḥmúd in four lines which are worth many bombastic *qaşídas* :

I see thou holdest cheap two things  
That are held dear by other kings:  
Gold, when thy head doth wear the crown;  
Life, when thou putt'st the helmet on<sup>4</sup>.

The following *qi'as* belong to different periods and illustrate the wide range of subject permitted to poems of this type.

Besides the few lines which I have just quoted, the only specimen preserved by 'Awfí of Firdawsí's lyrical verse is a fragment in which the aged poet looks back upon long years of ill-rewarded toil when he was engaged in gathering materials for his *Sháhnáma*.

Much have I laboured, much read o'er  
Of Arabic and Persian lore,  
Collecting tales unknown and known;  
Now two and sixty years are flown.  
Regret, and deeper woe of sin,  
'Tis all that youth has ended in,  
And I with mournful thoughts rehearse  
Bú Ṭáhir Khusrawání's verse:  
"I mind me of my youth and sigh,  
Alas for youth, for youth gone by!"<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Arabicised form of *denarius*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 11, 21.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 37, 16.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 33, 12.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* II. 33, 15.

Many *qit'as* are what the French call *vers d'occasion* in the sense that their subject or motive is supplied by some circumstance of passing interest. The poet Farrukhí, a contemporary of Firdawsí at the court of Ghazna, having amassed a large fortune, set out on a pleasure-trip to Samarcand. He had nearly reached his journey's end when he was attacked by brigands, who carried off the whole of his wealth. Being penniless and without resources, he did not venture to show himself in Samarcand, and after a few days returned home, leaving as a memorial of his visit the following lines :

Before me lay the riches  
Of lordly Samarcand,  
I looked o'er grove and garden,  
O'er vale and meadow-land.

But since my purse was empty,  
My pocket bare as thread,  
The rug of joy I folded,  
From the hall of hope I fled.

I had heard in every city  
Famed scholars oft declare,  
"Eight are the Paradises,  
And but one Kawthar there."<sup>1</sup>

Here bloom a thousand Edens,  
A thousand Kawthars foam,  
But ah me! what avail they,  
Since I go thirsty home?

When hand a dirhem lacketh  
Whilst eye sees all its wish,  
'Tis like a head dissevered  
Within a golden dish<sup>2</sup>.

Although in his earlier poems Farrukhí cultivated a subtle and artificial style, he finally sought and attained the ease that "comes by art, not chance"; and this manner of writing (*sahl-i mumtani*) distinguishes the pieces by which he is

<sup>1</sup> Kawthar is the name of a river in Paradise, "whiter than milk and sweeter than honey."

<sup>2</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 48, 1.

represented in the *Lubáb*. Here is the prelude of a *qaṣída* addressed to Sultan Maḥmúd:

I said, "O Sun of beauty, kiss me thrice!"  
 Said she, "The sun in this world no lips touch."  
 I said, "A new world for a kiss! Too much."  
 Said she, "Thou caust not cheapen Paradise."  
 Said I, "Thy stature tall hath bended me."  
 "The arrow companies the bow," said she.  
 "Dew of mine eyes hath freshed thy face," I said.  
 Said she, "Water keeps gardens fresh and fine."  
 I said, "On thy bright cheek shall I lay mine?"  
 Said she, "No, no: thy yellow<sup>1</sup> will dull my red."  
 Said I, "Thine absence, Dear, hath agèd me."  
 "Grow young in service of the King," said she<sup>2</sup>.

The author of the next two pieces is Anwarí, the most renowned of the Seljúq court-poets, who died *circa* A.D. 1190.

O mighty Prince, whose majesty sublime  
 Scarce deigns to mount the piebald steed of Time;  
 Whose judgment hits the mark of empire high,  
 As 'twere an arrow quivered in the Sky—  
 To-day hath Heav'n arrayed his cloudy throne,  
 The wind shoots keener shafts than Árish's own<sup>3</sup>;  
 On every mountain-angle snowflakes star  
 The landscape, like a jewelled scimitar.

And I have graced my song, as well I may,  
 With the sweet prelude of another's lay.  
 For whosoe'er of such a day hath sight,  
 (Now chiefly when the tangled locks of Night  
 Fall thickliest) to his mind will come the line,  
 "To-day's the day for tent and fire and wine."<sup>4</sup>  
 The Nine Spheres' influence keep thee safe and fast,  
 While the Four Elements and Six Directions last!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The hue of "pale passion" in the East.

<sup>2</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 49, 13. Three verses are omitted in the translation.

<sup>3</sup> Árish was a Persian knight renowned for his skill with the bow.

<sup>4</sup> I have not been able to discover the author of this line.

<sup>5</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 137, 10.

Anwarí does not disguise his contempt for the art of poetry as practised by the professional *qaṣída*-writers amongst whom he had reluctantly enrolled himself. It was a choice of evils, and he resolved to be a rich poet rather than a poor scholar. Towards the end of his life, however, as the following lines testify, he shook off the galling and debasing fetters to which long years of court-patronage had not inured him, and found happiness where his own tastes pointed it out—in solitude, and quiet study,

*secretum iter et fallentis semita uitae.*

Yesterday a dear one asked me, "Will you sing of love again?"  
 Nay, I have done with poetising, fallen from my hand the pen.  
 Long in error's way I chanted lofty praise and satire stern,  
 Now those days are gone behind me—vanished never to return.  
 Love-lay, panegyric, satire, I was making all the three—  
 Why? Because lust, greed, and anger dwelt unitedly in me:  
 Lust the livelong night tormenting evermore my sleepless brain  
 To describe a ringlet's crescent and a lip like sugar-cane;  
 Greed all day in tribulation pondering o'er a scrap of verse  
 Where, from whom, and how five dirhems might be coaxed into  
 my purse;

Anger, like a wounded mongrel, solace for his smart would fetch,  
 Tooth and claw in sullen fury turning on some weaker wretch.  
 Since the grace of God Almighty shown unto His helpless thrall  
 Hath unchained me from those harpies—so may He release you  
 all!—

Love-lay, panegyric, satire shall I make now? Heav'n forbend!  
 I have wronged enough already soul and mind: 'tis time to mend.  
 Anwarí, beware of boasting!—Honour lays on that a ban—  
 But when once thy word is plighted; see thou keep it like a man.  
 From the busy world retired dwell and seek the way that saves!  
 Very soon the last goes o'er thee of thy life-tide's ebbing waves<sup>1</sup>.

When Anwarí condemns "boasting" as ungentlemanly, he means, of course, loud and vain words promising deeds that are never performed. Amongst Moslems, boasting of another sort is a traditional prerogative of the poet, handed

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 136, 14.

down from pre-Islamic days when the Bedouin bards in glorifying themselves did honour to the tribe of which they were the foremost champions and spokesmen. Persian *fakhr* has no such narrow but intense background of patriotism to relieve its extravagance: it is frankly personal, as in the shorter of the two specimens translated below, which was composed by a minstrel of the Sámánid age, while in the minor poets of the succeeding periods it is often distinguished from vulgar self-advertisement only by its literary flavour and the fantastic heights of hyperbole to which it soars.

When silver they ask of me, gold I fling;  
 The power of my song, when they bid me sing,  
 Makes wax of stubborn steel.  
 When the wind's abroad, with the wind I roam:  
 Now with cup and lute I leave my home,  
 Now armed from head to heel<sup>1</sup>.

(Abú Zurá'a of Jurján.)

The following version retains the monorhyme:

I am he who bore the flag of knowledge through the universe,  
 From the Pleiads' angle down to Earth's deep centre, everywhere.  
 With my strength of understanding Mars himself in vain would  
 cope;  
 Matched with my keen flame of wit the Sun's own rays are dull  
 and rare.  
 Monarchs boast that I have sung for them and praised them in my  
 song,  
 Schoolmen vow my lore and learning is a model past compare.  
 Robed in loveliness at all times is my genius, like the sky;  
 Pure and undefiled my poesy at all times, like the air.  
 Of my genius evidence enow my style and diction bring,  
 To my poesy an ample witness my ideas bear<sup>2</sup>.

(‘Abdu ’l-Wási’ of Jabal.)

This *qiṭ'a* by Rúḥí shows that a reputation for satirical  
 pleasantries might be embarrassing to its owner.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáḥ*, II. 10, 13.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 108, 13.

To-day, when like a donkey from his meal  
 Driv'n off, I know what Fortune's outcasts feel,  
 Some evil-minded and suspicious men  
 Call satire every eulogy I pen.  
 If I but breathe a prayer to God on high,  
 "This fellow is reviling us," they cry<sup>1</sup>.

Abú Ṭáhir al-Khusrawání, one of whose verses had the luck to be quoted in a poem of Firdawsí, said in the course of a *qaṣída* composed when he was suffering from a mortal disease:

I baffled four professions; in despair  
 They left me, and I see no symptom yet  
 Of cure by doctor's drug, ascetic's prayer,  
 Stargazer's fortune, sorcerer's amulet<sup>2</sup>.

During the middle Seljúq period the people of Tirmidh groaned under the oppression inflicted on them by a tyrannous governor, named Akhṭí; and as 'Awfí puts it, "so many pregnant sighs ascended to Heaven that at last the angels charged themselves with the task of fulfilling the prayers of his victims." One day, while carousing, he swallowed a deep draught of wine, some of which "stuck in his throat" and choked him to death. The poet Adíb-i Šábir wrote this *qiṭ'a* by way of epitaph:

Straight from the feast, Akhṭí, you went to Hell—  
 A hundred thousand blessings light upon that day of revel!  
 Since you departed, all the world is well.  
 May God have mercy on your death, tho' you are with the Devil!<sup>3</sup>

Most of the elegiac pieces in 'Awfí's collection seem to us superficial in feeling and undignified in expression. We find it hard to imagine that true affection and tender sorrow can indulge in pretty (and even witty) conceits, but there have been epochs in English literature when this combination did not appear so incongruous as it does now. If we remember that contemporary taste allowed Donne to conclude his "Elegy on the Lord C." with the couplet:

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 166, 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 20, 15.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 123, 20.

Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone;  
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone—

we shall be less disposed to ridicule Kisá'í for writing on the death of a certain notable of Merv:

I know not what strange hap thy funeral was,  
That bathed bright eyes in dew, torn cheeks in blood.  
All Merv became a Flood of tears for thee,  
Thy coffin was the Ark upon the Flood<sup>1</sup>.

Adfb-i Šábir, who has been mentioned above, wrote the following elegy on his mistress. The English rendering imitates the Persian monorhyme.

My sweetheart went to yonder world, to see amongst the houris  
there  
If she might find for loveliness her parallel in yonder world.  
Rizwán unbarr'd the gate for her, because her hair's dark violet  
And bosom's jessamine adorned no damozel in yonder world.  
How all the pains and agonies of earth and heaven do load my  
heart,  
Since I am lingering here, but she is gone to dwell in yonder  
world!<sup>2</sup>

Beside this piece may be set the lines attributed to Sultan Maḥmúd of Ghazna on the death of a slave-girl to whom he was fondly attached.

O Moon! since thou in earth entombed dost lie,  
I love earth more than sky.  
"Patience!" to my despairing heart I said,  
"God's fate is justly sped.  
Of earth was Adam; and his children all  
Return, like him, to their original."<sup>3</sup>

Rúdagí's lament for the poet Abu 'l-Ḥasan Murádí of Bukhárá, which is among the first elegies written in Persian, has an austere dignity of its own.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 34, 15.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 124, 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* I. 24, 23.

Murádí dead!—meseems, he hath not died;  
 The death of such a Master is no light thing.  
 His dear soul to the Father he gave back,  
 To the Mother his dark body he resigned<sup>1</sup>.

Unlike the *qiṭ'a*, which lends itself to every conceivable topic and occasion, the *ghazal* is pre-eminently, though not exclusively, consecrated to Love. Shorter than the *qaṣída*, but otherwise resembling it in form, it differs from it—and from the *qiṭ'a* also—in having less continuity and a looser connexion of ideas. The treatment of the subject is extremely conventional, and there are other features which not only make the *ghazal* unpleasing to modern taste but force the translator either to select with caution or run the risk of shocking his readers. We meet with the same difficulty in Greek literature: it will be enough to recall the names of Plato and Strato. As regards Persian poetry, this aspect of love is prominent in the lyrics, while in epic and romantic verse the normal relations of men and women are depicted. Many *ghazals* contain nothing to indicate the sex of the person addressed, an ambiguity which is favoured by the fact that Persian has no grammatical gender; and even when it is certain that the charms of a youth are celebrated, as in the first of the following specimens, one can scarcely feel the subject to be offensive, so fanciful and remote from actuality is the style.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 8, 3. These lines are imitated by Jalálu'ddín Rúmí in his ode on the death of Saná'í, beginning:

Quoth some one, "Master Saná'í is dead."  
 The death of such a Master is no little thing.

See text and translation in my *Selected Poems from the Diwán-i Shams-i Tabriz*, No. xxii. p. 86. Jalálu'ddín's version of Rúdagí's second couplet is,

The earthly frame he flung to earth,  
 Soul and intellect he bore to heaven.

According to the theory of Moslem natural philosophers, it is the influence of the Planets (the Seven Fathers) acting upon the Elements (the Four Mothers) that produces the ever changing forms of life in the sub-lunary world. By the metaphysicians, however, this function is assigned to the Active Intelligence (*intellectus agens*, the *νοῦς ποιητικὸς* of Aristotle), which is probably "the Father" in Rúdagí's verse.

O thou whose cheeks are the Pleiades and whose lips are coral,  
Thy Pleiades are the torment of the heart, thy coral is the food of  
the soul.

In chase of those Pleiades my back hath become like the sky<sup>1</sup>,  
For love of that coral my eyes have become like the sea.

Methinks, thy down is a smoke thro' which are seen rose-leaves,  
Methinks, thy tresses are a cloud in which is hidden the sun—  
A smoke that hath set my stack on fire,  
A cloud that hath loosed from mine eyes the rain.

Thine eye, by wounding my heart, hath made me helpless;  
Thy tress, by ravishing my soul, hath made me distraught.  
If thine eye pierces my heart, 'tis right, for thou art my sweet-  
heart;  
And if thy tress ravishes my soul, 'tis fair, for thou art my soul's  
desire.

In peace, the banquet-hall without thy countenance is not  
lighted;  
In war, the battle-field without thy stature is not arrayed.  
The banquet-hall without thy countenance is the sky without the  
moon;  
The battle-field without thy stature is the garden without the  
cypress.

My body is in pain from thine eye full of enchantments,  
My heart is in sorrow from thy tresses full of guile—  
A pain that thy sight turns in a moment to pleasure,  
A sorrow that thy speech turns in an instant to joy.

Thy face is a tulip for delicacy and pinkness,  
Thy teeth are pearls for brightness and purity.  
I never heard of pearls in honey-laden coral,  
I never heard of tulips amidst musk-shedding hyacinths<sup>2</sup>.

(Mu'izzí.)

Since Mu'izzí, who died about 1150, was an original  
writer and seems entitled to the distinction of having first  
developed the characteristic *Persici apparatus* of court-

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* curved.

<sup>2</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 70, 14. "Musk-shedding hyacinths," *i.e.* dark fragrant locks.

poetry, I will translate another *ghazal* by him, reproducing the metre as far as is possible in English.

<p>If my Belov'd—fair picture!—          My passion's grief and sorrow          And if her glance tale-telling          From all the world my secret          'Twould seem as though I dwelt in          If now and then my Sweetheart          O that my food were made of          That o'er her in requital          And O that she would never          That with her cheeks my banquet</p>	<p>deigned but to look upon me,          were not so sore a burden;          had not revealed her secret,          would have been hidden always.          a Paradise of gladness,          along the road were passing.          her lips' twin rubies only,          mine eye might shed its rubies!          my banquet leave behind her,          might glow like beds of tulips!<sup>1</sup></p>
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These poems, with their naive parallelisms and decorative metaphors, have an elegance and ease of expression that deserve to be admired. But though Persian amatory verse is seldom deficient in beauty of form, those who are most familiar with it will confess that, as a whole, it suggests "the little emptiness of love" rather than *la grande passion*. There are important exceptions, *e.g.*, the semi-mystical odes in which Love has become a religion and the worship of human beauty is subtly mingled with raptures of divine enthusiasm. In the *Lubáb*, however, this high note is only heard at long intervals, and then imperfectly. The fashionable love-lyric runs in a narrow mould which very few Moslem poets have dared to break. Like medieval Minnesong, it is artificial and monotonous in phrase, and its sentiment (which may be quite genuine) leaves us unmoved. I do not think it is chance that the following lines—an almost unique outburst of passionate feeling—were written by a woman, Rábi'a, the daughter of Ka'b.

This is my curse on thee. God send thou love  
 One like thyself, unkind and obdurate,  
 That knowing Love's deep cautery thou mayst writhe  
 In loneliness, and know my worth too late!<sup>2</sup>

Rábi'a was nicknamed "the Brazen Fly"—a phrase which occurs in one of her poems. An accomplished hetaera,

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 74, 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 62, 14.

*docta sermones utriusque linguae*, she wrote verse in Arabic as well as in Persian.

I will now translate a few short *ghazals* by different hands. They have been chosen for their simplicity and comparative lack of rhetorical ornaments.

All busy selfishness from mind I banished  
When first I played with thee in love's sweet strife;  
Ready was I and ripe for death the instant  
I clasped thee to my bosom close as life.

Oh, many a night I threatened thee with parting,  
But when day came I fell in love once more.  
In vain I pleaded, for thou wouldst not listen;  
I found thee deaf and ran towards the door.

The tree of bliss I planted in love's garden,  
The fruit it bore was absence and regret<sup>1</sup>.  
Have I forgotten thee, as thou pretendest?  
Nay, 'tis most false. God knows if I forget!<sup>2</sup>

(Samá'í of Merv.)

My sweetheart keeps not any touch of kindness,  
The only craft she knows is—to be cruel.  
Her beauteous face, you dare not look upon it;  
Scornful she moves away, a stately cypress.  
When I speak words of love, she makes no answer:  
All her delight is holy vows and prayers.  
Oh, what a smiling aspect wears the lover  
Who courts a mistress, not a sainted vestal!  
Buy with my soul a kiss from her I will not,  
And well I know she is not fond of giving.  
Her kisses must be bought with very life-blood,  
She hath no kisses that are purchased cheaply<sup>3</sup>.

(Samá'í of Merv.)

Until I know my Fair is mine,  
My budded hopes will never bloom,  
For I must languish and repine  
Till she into my arms is come.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *كشتم* for *گشتم* and *بر بر گرفتیم* for *بتر گرفتیم*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 145, 14.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 145, 21.

Until I catch her restless curl,  
 My fevered heart will never rest,  
 And life is but a dead leaf's twirl  
 Till close I hold her to my breast.

For thy sake life and youth were dear;  
 Now, without thee, I wish them gone.  
 The day I dreamed should send thee here,  
 Alas! that day will never dawn<sup>1</sup>.

(Táju'ddín Ismá'il al-Bákhazí.)

Thou who didst leave thy lover most innocent forsaken,  
 From thee despite I suffer, friends eye me with suspicion.  
 If 'tis a crime to love thee, that crime have I committed;  
 Yet for this cause no lover, I trow, was e'er forsaken.  
 The crime that was thy doing I took upon my shoulders,  
 In vain I strove and struggled—what helps a thing down-trodden?  
 Thou keep'st me late and early in mourning for thine absence<sup>2</sup>,  
 Mine eyes with blood bedabbled, my raiment torn to pieces.  
 To hear against thy lover the words of those who hate him,  
 Oh, 'tis a crime notorious in gentfolk's opinion<sup>3</sup>.

(Sayfí of Níshápúr.)

O thou by whose fair face my life is led,  
 One day with thee is joy that never dies.  
 Without thy favour no desire is fed,  
 Without thy beauty no delight can rise.  
 Thy face forgetting, if one breath I take,  
 That breath I count not of my life a part.  
 Thine absence wrings my inmost heart with ache,  
 O joy and health and ache of my inmost heart!  
 Say once, "My lover is my slave," that Fame  
 May know me when thou call'st me by this name!<sup>4</sup>

(Raff' of Merv.)

The roses of thy cheeks at last will fade and languish,  
 At last this lovelorn heart will throb no more in anguish.  
 Why buildest thou so much on fortune's passing favour?  
 Ere long thy sun will set and disappear for ever.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 156, 20.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *در آیم* for *داریم*.

<sup>3</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 160, 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 162, 15.

Thy beauty and my love—the love thou art still disdaining—  
 In the glinting of an eye they leave no trace remaining.  
 Deal not in wounds nor drive a busy trade of sorrow!  
 Thy mart is thronged to-day, but few will come to-morrow<sup>1</sup>.

(Rafī' of Merv.)

The following *ghazal* is purely mystical. Its author, Fakhrū'ddīn Mas'ūdī of Merv, was not a professional poet, but a famous scholar and theologian. His biography, therefore, belongs to the first volume of the *Lubāb*, but 'Awff having inadvertently omitted it in its proper place has inserted it in the second part of his work.

Deep in the desert of Thy love uncrossed  
 Wander like me a thousand wretches lost.  
 Love to their anguish myriad guises lends,  
 Anguish their souls in myriad pieces rends.  
 Thy beauty is the medicine of their care,  
 Union with Thee their hope that kills despair.  
 Unless with loving hand Thou lead them on,  
 Their souls will go the way their hearts have gone.  
 Where Thou art throned above our human fate,  
 Fraud and religion bear an equal rate<sup>2</sup>;  
 Milk of Thy grace the wise old man, world-soiled,  
 Tastes and becomes again a new-born child<sup>3</sup>.

The *qaṣīda* is the consummate type of Persian court-poetry, and in accordance with that definition its primary motive is praise, which might more accurately be termed flattery, of the great. Since no bard who knew his business could afford to economise in compliments, the *qaṣīda* is generally a long poem, ranging from twenty or thirty to well over a hundred couplets.

Whatever metre be chosen, the rhyme-system is invariable. The opening couplet always has two rhymes, one in each hemistich, and the same rhyme is repeated at the end of every succeeding couplet until the poem is finished. To write a full-length *qaṣīda* under such conditions, without

<sup>1</sup> *Lubāb*, II. 162, 21.

<sup>2</sup> Reading سیاره پتیاره for سیاره.

<sup>3</sup> *Lubāb*, II. 164, 4.

injuring the artistic effect, demands great skill; in English, where rhymes are much scarcer, it could not be done except as a *tour de force*. For the sake of those who do not read Persian I translate a few couplets in order to show how the exordium of a *qaṣīda* is rhymed.

O heart, bring the good news! She I love best is coming.  
 O eye, prepare the lodging, for thy guest is coming.  
 O body, though love hath brought thee to thy latest breath,  
 Yet forward send thy soul! She of thy quest is coming.  
 Now once again make merry with new glee: the end  
 Of absence long that burns the aching breast is coming.  
 The days of grief and woe and anguish—all are past;  
 The hour of peace and joy and balmful rest is coming<sup>1</sup>.

Here each couplet (there are fifteen in the original) ends with the words *hamí rasad*, "is coming," which constitute what is called the *radíf*, while the rhyme proper is formed by the syllable immediately preceding it.

I have said that the *qaṣīda* is properly a panegyric; and this statement, though by no means of universal application, holds good in regard to most of the *qaṣīdas* quoted in the *Lubáb*. If they had contained nothing else than flattery of kings and nobles, they would have been insufferably tedious to us, and perhaps even to those eminent persons whose munificence they were designed to stimulate. Sa'dí, in the *Galistán*<sup>2</sup>, tells a story about some dervishes with whom he consorted. They enjoyed a regular allowance from a certain grandee, but in consequence of an act committed by one of them he withdrew his patronage. Sa'dí resolved to intercede on his friends' behalf. He paid a visit to the great man, who received him with marks of honour and esteem. "I sat down," he says, "and conversed on every topic until the subject of my friends' offence came up"; and he goes on to relate how he gained his end. The structure of the *qaṣīda* exemplifies this rule of courtly etiquette. Instead of coming straight to the point (which is, in plain terms, to give praise in hope of getting a reward), the poet begins his ode with an elaborate descrip-

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 329, 12.

<sup>2</sup> Book I, Story 18.

tion of a handsome youth or a beautiful garden or some equally irrelevant topic; and having thus won the ear of his prospective patron, he glides as dexterously as he can from the exordium (*nasīb*) into the encomium (*madīh*). Although the two have no real connexion with each other, so that the *qaṣīda* lacks organic unity, the whole poem is endowed with unity of purpose, inasmuch as the prelude contributes to the success of the panegyric and aims indirectly at bringing about the same result.

“Some excellent authorities have said that the *nasīb* is a *ghazal* with which the poet, according to convention, introduces his principal theme, in order that, by reason of the fondness that most men have for hearing the various emotions of the lover and the beloved and their mutual dalliance described, the person to whom the poem is addressed may listen attentively and divert his thoughts from other cares; and in order that he may be led by this means to apprehend the main purpose of the *qaṣīda* with a collected mind and a calm soul, and bestow on it a greater measure of approbation. Anwarī says:

She came to me at day-rise,	the Sun amongst the fair,
Her figure a tall cypress,	her cheek a bright full-moon.
Her ruby lip was setting	on fire a thousand souls,
Her ringlet's tip was leading	in chains a thousand hearts.
Against the souls in ambush	her locks had loosed their might;
Her amorous glance an arrow,	poised on the eyebrow's bow <sup>1</sup> .”

Whereas in the encomium the poet is a slave to his profession, the *nasīb* gives him an opportunity of displaying his powers on a subject that does not constrain him to use fine rhetoric or fulsome adulation. In this part of the *qaṣīda* we sometimes chance on passages of fresh and opulent beauty or tinged with a maturer charm of melancholy, which bid us pause when we are tempted to cry out that these Oriental Pindars are unreadable. The few versions given here show that love, though it is a favourite subject of the *nasīb*, is not the only one, as the words quoted from Shams-i Qays suggest.

<sup>1</sup> The *Mu'jam* of Shams-i Qays, ed. by Mīrzá Muḥammad and E. G. Browne (E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Series, vol. x.), 383, 19.

<p>When from the night's dark rising That beauty springlike-joyous Her loveliness so tender, Before her jewelled splendour The treasurer of Glory From the fair maids of Khoten And whispering softly, softly, "Why art thou fain to leave me? Ah, stay, for here beside me My cheeks are damask roses, And rest thine eye on the wine-cup, The tulip's rain-washed petals,</p>	<p>a little space had past, into the garden came— peris would worship it; idols would kiss the earth. she robbed of his guarded grace, she bore the palm away— spake to me: "Why," said she, What is this purpose fell? spring reigns in autumn's stead; my chin a white lily. then wilt thou praise no more the dew-bright jessamine."<sup>1</sup></p>
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(Masrúr ibn Muḥammad of Ṭāliqán.)

The poet, of course, remains deaf to her appeal and pursues his journey to the vizier whose patronage he was seeking.

In the following exordium 'Unṣurí describes the battle-field of Sultan Maḥmúd.

A scene like Paradise! 'Tis not Farkhár<sup>2</sup>,  
Yet all the splendour of Farkhár is there.  
Kisses of loyal kings imprint the earth,  
Faces of fair youths fill with light the air.  
Then look how gold and silver Pleiades  
Bestud the rolling sky of scimitars,  
And how, like dagger's pearl-encrusted haft,  
Each baldrick shows its blazonry of stars!  
Mark yonder troop belted with golden swords,  
Whereon pomegranate-red you may behold  
Rubies like tears of blood distilled in pain  
From lover's eyes o'er cheeks as pale as gold.  
On the ranked elephants their golden harness  
Glitters like saffron flowers on some hillside;  
Serpents their trunks might seem: in such a coat  
Of golden scales the serpent's self doth glide.  
Darkful as thunderclouds, with dagger-tusks,  
Their mountain-forms move wind-like o'er the plain.  
What place is this? The battle-field, in sooth,  
Of the world's Emperor and Suzerain!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 43, 9.

<sup>2</sup> A city in Turkestan famous for the beauty of its inhabitants.

<sup>3</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 29, 12.

Anwarí, as we have seen, was far from happy in his profession. These opening lines of one of his most celebrated *qaşídas* were, no doubt, inspired by the conflict of the better which he saw and approved with the worse which he followed.

Unless Fate rules the course of life entire,  
Why fall things not according to desire?  
To good or evil, as Fate pulls the rein,  
So runs the world; and all is planned in vain.

Day after day a thousand pictures pass,  
But never Truth appears in Fancy's glass.  
"How? Why?" The Painter of these changing scenes,  
He works *without* a cause, *without* a means.

Our hands are impotent to loose or bind,  
Life's joy and sorrow let us meet resigned.  
Beneath yon sky-blue dome our earthly state  
Hangs on the order of celestial Fate.

O Time, great lord of Nature! since by thee  
My body natural is held in fee,  
Why with such eager spite dost thou devise,  
Most ancient humpback! torments for the wise?

No mind can reach thy revolution's cause,  
No eye discover thy mysterious laws.  
From thy dark wheels what anguish o'er me fell,  
Ah! 'tis a plaint would take long years to tell<sup>1</sup>.

Very often the *nasíb* is a description of the coming of Spring, a season which the poets associate with wine-drinking amidst flowers and with all sorts of festivity.

O paradisal beauty!	come, fetch the cup of wine.
Sweet April hath apparelled	the world like Paradise.
The field flings down a carpet	of pictured tapestry,
And pridefully the garden	puts on a crown of pearls.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 127, 18.

<p>A picture of Khawarnaq<sup>1</sup>  A satin-woven carpet  This like a Chinese temple,  That like the house of Mání<sup>2</sup>,</p> <p>Lo, there the rich tiara  See how the queenly roses  Roses like cheeks of houris,  Jasmines like lawns of Eden,</p> <p>As 'twere a bride, the rosebush  Tirewoman-like is laving  Now round her neck arranging  Now drawing o'er her blushes</p> <p>Those tulips, where the cloud's eye  Well might'st thou call them flagons  Or flashes of keen fire  Of Badakhshání ruby</p>	<p>parterre and garden seem,  mountain and meadow-land:  splendid with China's art,  with lovely paintings hung.</p> <p>of gems on the jasmine-bough!  unfold their broideries!  laden with spicy curls;  fragrant and beautiful.</p> <p>arrays herself; the cloud  the dust and grime away,  a string of pearly tears,  a veil of gauzy mist.</p> <p>hath hid its weeping showers,  of onyx filled with wine,  in water, or bright waves  tossing in seas of Spring<sup>3</sup>.  ('Am'aq of Bukhárá.)</p>
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Such passages—and there are many of equal or superior merit—redeem the courtly *qaṣida* from utter barrenness. Artificial as they are, they are not consciously insincere, and one can admire the workmanship without feeling that all beneath is tainted. This saving clause does not extend to the panegyric. Here the moral character and motive of the poet inevitably come into view; nor is there any pretence of disguising them. The Amír of Khurásán asked the minstrel Abú Zurá'a, "Can you make poetry like Rúdagí?" "My poetry is better than his," he replied, "but it needs thy bounty, for a poet becomes popular only when his patron regards him with favour"; then he said in verse:

Give me a thousandth part of the meed he gained,  
And I will him outsing a thousandfold!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A superb castle on the Euphrates, said to have been built by the Lakhmite prince, Nu'mán I (about A.D. 400).

<sup>2</sup> The Manichaeans attached great importance to calligraphy, and Mání (Manes) himself is believed by the Persians to have been an exquisite artist.

<sup>3</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 186, 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* II. 10, 5.

One of the shortest articles in the *Lubáb* is that on Bihruz-i Tabarí, which runs as follows:

“He says, complaining of the injustice of Fortune and the obscurity of the noble and the advancement of the base:

One word I'll say to thee; 'tis worth  
Thy hearing, therefore hear it said!  
None skilled in song remains on earth,  
Because munificence is dead<sup>1</sup>.”

A slight alteration in the well-known lines which Catullus addressed to Cicero makes them exactly fit the theory of poetry as expounded by Persian bards:

Tanto *optimus* omnium poeta  
Quanto tu *optimus* omnium patronus.

Lest any one should suspect me of exaggerating, I will translate literally a passage which occurs in a *qaṣída* by Azraqí of Herát. He is addressing Sultan Ṭughánsháh ibn Muḥammad, the Seljúq.

If the power of Maḥmúd inspired the genius of 'Unṣurí  
To produce those enchanting poems,  
So must thy splendour inspire me; for in the scales of poesy  
The ideas of the poets weigh less than a single mite.  
'Tis praise of thee that causes me to think of beautiful expressions—  
Not that their genius was gold and mine is clay<sup>2</sup>.  
If the cloud sucks up a drop of my mind (and then sends it down  
in the shape of rain),  
Parrot-heads will blossom from the bough instead of roses<sup>3</sup>.

The patron, then, is the Muse of Persian court-poetry, and his inspiration is paid for in advance by the encomium which invokes it. Did he fail to respond, he was liable to be satirised as grossly as he was flattered before, so that he had every

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 67, 15.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* “I admit that the excellence of my poetry is wholly derived from my patron, but this was equally true of former poets and does not imply that I am inferior in genius to them.”

<sup>3</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 103, 2. “Parrot-head” signifies fluent verse devoid of sense and wit. Azraqí means to say that his poetry would be worthless if it were merely the product of his own mind and were not inspired by his patron.

encouragement to behave with liberality. It may be urged that moral considerations should not enter into literary criticism, but this argument loses its force when the artistic form is influenced by a moral or immoral purpose. We take pleasure in well-turned compliments, without inquiring whether they are sincere or no, and the Persian panegyrists supply admirable examples of the kind. But in the encomium the claims of art are secondary: the poet cannot write to please himself; he must sing to his patron's tune. The more extravagant his laudation, the more turgid his rhetoric, and the more ingenious his flattery, the better chance he has of competing successfully with his rivals and securing a rich reward. Therefore extravagance, turgidity, and ingenuity are qualities belonging to the typical *qaṣīda* since the Ghaznevid period, when it first became fully developed. Their combination with the stock-in-trade of conventional figures, phrases, epithets, assonances, and allusions—the raw material of all this poetry—produces a result which only Persian scholars can appreciate: to dress the *qaṣīda* in another language is to leave it a shadow of its gorgeous self. With this advertisement, which is at once a warning to my readers and an apology to the poets in question, I will now render into prose or verse some of the less difficult panegyrics that 'Awfī has selected.

The following encomium by Mu'izzī is addressed to Niẓāmu 'l-Mulk, the celebrated vizier of Sultan Maliksháh.

O thou who art praised like piety in the season of eld,  
 And O thou who art desired like pleasure in the season of youth!  
 Thou hast glorious ancestors to the time of Adam,  
 Thou wilt have blessed descendants to the Day of Resurrection.  
 The two hands of avarice have been tied by thy liberality,  
 The two eyes of tyranny have been put to sleep by thy justice.  
 Under thy protection the fawn drinks with the lion,  
 Through thy majesty the quail consorts with the eagle.  
 None ever desried the summit of the mountain of thy clemency,  
 None ever saw the bottom of the ocean of thy largesse.  
 The steed of thy purpose is always in battle,

The arrow of thy resolution is always speeding from the bow<sup>1</sup>.  
 That man who in all his speech is most truthful,  
 If he utter one word to refute thee, becomes the greatest of liars.  
 Surely love of thee is Faith and hate of thee is Infidelity,  
 Since thy love and hate are mercy and torment to mankind<sup>2</sup>.  
 Upon the waters of thine eye the heads of thy foes are turning;  
 Yea, when thine eye is a river, their heads are the water-wheel<sup>3</sup>.  
 'Tis thy policy that keeps the world safe and sound:  
 Without thy policy, how would there be safety and soundness?  
 All people ask of thee, and thou answerest them—  
 May this asking and answering never come to an end!  
 The cords of the tent-pavilion of the Monarch's sway  
 Thy ambition hath drawn tight over East and West.  
 Last year, towards the West it lightened the rein;  
 This year, towards the East it is weighing down the stirrup.  
 This year it will cross the Oxus victoriously,  
 Even as last year it crossed the Euphrates and the Tigris.  
 When one looks deeply, 'tis from thy mind and thought have  
     resulted  
 His marvellous and astonishing conquests throughout the world.  
 In sooth, the world is the sky, the King's conquests are the stars,  
 And thy mind and thought are the sun and the astrolabe<sup>4</sup>.

PANEGYRIC ON ZAHÍRU'DDAWLA ABÚ BAKR,  
 THE SON OF NIZÁMU 'L-MULK.

If the sphere of Heaven should dare dispute his sovereign will,  
 Beyond dispute the celestial ring would be snapped in twain.  
 His name strikes awe in the sky; the moon twice seven days old,  
 She rises to preach his praise, her pulpit the Milky Way;  
 And if he desire to set on his head a diadem,  
 The diadem for his rank and worth is the star 'Ayyúq!  
 His dagger brings to his foes their doom: well mightst thou say,  
 'Tis the foremost guard and the farthest post of the Angel Death.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *بقای* for *نفاذ*.

<sup>2</sup> "Heaven and Hell to mankind" would convey the poet's meaning more clearly.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* "If thy foes give thee cause to weep, thy tears are followed by swift vengeance which rolls their heads away (in the flood of tears), as the water-wheel is rolled (turned) by the river."

<sup>4</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 84, 17.

Oh, what a dagger! whose flame can turn the foemen's tide,  
 When strife is kindled and blazes high on the field of fray—  
 A flame so bitter, the choking fume of the fire thereof  
 From eye and mind of the ill-wisher parts nevermore.  
 When forth he flashes from out the heart of the host of love,  
 Strong beats the heart of his host to follow with hate the foe.  
 The world admires when his war-horse fleet, in panoply  
 Of iron mail, appears in the midst of the battle-plain.  
 What art shall serve me to picture him—that war-horse fleet?  
 He is like a ship, his bit the anchor, his hooves the sail;  
 And when he wheels at the gallop, he seems a glorious bride  
 With pearls and jewels and gold of his bridle-ornaments<sup>1</sup>.  
 He lifts his head and o'er the arena charges on  
 With circling motion, like the majestic orb of Heaven.  
 He plants his foot on the earth and roars; as a cloud is he,  
 His bit the lightning thereof, his snort its thunder-clap.  
 Thou giv'st him rein, he is wind; thou hold'st him in, he is rock:  
 Methinks, his very marrow is made of these two things.  
 Yet who saw ever a rock that moves like a rushing wind,  
 Or who saw ever a wind whose form resembles a rock?  
 In onset he is the peer of Rakhsh and black Shabdíz;  
 Zahiru'ddawla, his rider, of Rustam and Chosroes—<sup>2</sup>  
 A prince revered: at his palace-gate the noblest men  
 Kneel, ere they knock, as 'twere the ring of the Ka'ba's door.  
 Even as the Sun in heaven lends to the moon his light,  
 So giveth light to the Sun his radiant piety.  
 Tho' Beauty's show in face and limb be a wondrous sight,  
 His virtue hid is fairer than all that Beauty shows;  
 Tho' Virtue ruling the inward man be a thing sublime,  
 His beauty's show is fairer than all that Virtue rules.  
 Tho' the sea be lavish of treasure and bountiful in its ways,  
 Yet his rich soul surpasses in bounteousness the sea<sup>3</sup>.

(Mu'izzí.)

<sup>1</sup> This word-play, though not in the original, is quite in keeping with it.

<sup>2</sup> Rakhsh and Shabdíz were the favourite horses of Rustam and Khusrau Parwíz respectively.

<sup>3</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 77, 5.

## PANEGYRIC ON THE VIZIER NAŞIRU'DDÍN.

O'er the garden of his judgment never blew the wind of error,  
 On the page of his decision never lay the dust of weakness.  
 The geometers of wisdom must confess a thousand failures,  
 When they would survey the utmost length and breadth of his  
 perfection.

Awe of him is deep-implanted in the heart and eye of monarchs,  
 Even as wine's assaulting fury in the nature of the drunken.  
 Oh, thy fine and subtle statecraft like the star Suhá is hidden,  
 Yet throughout the world 'tis famous, shining as the sun at  
 noonday.

When the shrill sound of thy reed-pen charms away perplexed  
 embroilments,

It might seem the voice of David tunefully the Psalms intoning.  
 'Neath the canopy of Heaven thy good nature is the censer  
 That doth fill the horizon's bosom full of fragrancy and perfume.  
 Round about the pale of Islam thy protection is the rampart  
 That defies the might of flaming Sirius to pass across it<sup>1</sup>.

(Zahír of Fáryáb.)

Although the faults of this style are evident, while its  
 compensating beauties disappear in translation, I should  
 like to add one or two shorter specimens of the hyperbolical  
 flattery on which the court-poets squander all the fancy and  
 wit they command.

## PRAISE OF SULTAN MAĤMÚD.

There's Fate in steel and silver, for thou hast  
 A silver signet and a sword of steel.  
 They say King Jamshíd ruled the world and saw  
 Before him man, beast, devil and peri kneel.  
 If so 'twas, either Jamshíd had *thy* power,  
 Or *thy* name stood on Jamshíd's magic seal<sup>2</sup>.

(‘Unşurf.)

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 300, 17. Sirius is said to be the only star that crosses the  
 sky breadthwise (*Lisán*, VI. 84, 18).

<sup>2</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 32, 1.

## PRAISE OF ABU 'L-ḤASAN 'ALÍ.

O thou whose courteous greeting	is like the long year's spring!
O thou whose gracious accents	are like a long life's youth!
The treasures of thy science	are that which hath no end,
The ocean of thy bounty	is that which hath no plumb.
If pearls of brilliant water	refresh the jaded spirit,
If ambergris pure-scented	makes the worn limbs seem young,
Then like to thy fine nature	is purest ambergris,
Like to thy peerless favour	are brilliant-water'd pearls <sup>1</sup> .

(Abu 'l-Ma'álí of Rayy.)

## PRAISE OF KING ABÚ NAṢR.

To his foes' night Heav'n brings no radiant day,  
 To his friends' rose Fate gives no wounding thorn.  
 His friends are high—but high upon a throne;  
 His foes are high—but high upon a gallows!<sup>2</sup>

(Qaṭrân of Tabríz.)

I leave thy gate! And how should I depart,  
 When every breath I send into the air  
 Is charged with praise of thee? None may compare  
 With thee for skill to assay the poet's art:  
 Thou know'st as well as I, my coin rings fair.

I from thy bounty claim the bloodwit, since  
 My genius in this song gave up its soul.  
 Thou wilt not grudge to pay the appointed toll,  
 For 'twas desire to laud thee, O my Prince,  
 Bade o'er my tongue these golden verses roll!<sup>3</sup>

('Imádí of Ghazna.)

That same desire was "the only begetter" of almost every *qaṣida* in the *Lubáb*. Their general features do not vary to any great extent and have been sufficiently illustrated by the extracts given above. Intellectual wit has free play in the panegyric, but a sense of humour is seldom allowed to inter-

<sup>1</sup> *Lubáb*, II. 231, 19.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 220, 7.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 261, 17.

ferre with the solemn pose and ceremonious address which the patron's dignity demands. One of these rare exceptions is an ode by Jawharí of Herát, beginning:

Yesterday the imperial  
A horse by old age stricken

\* \* \*

His back grown bare entirely  
Cramfull and stuffed his stomach  
The skin of his nose all puckered  
His rump the cauldron, trembling

\* \* \*

When briskly I approached him  
He said, "Old ignoramus,  
I am thy senior, pay me  
'Tis want of reverence always  
Ah, seest thou not how broken  
My back a sore, my body  
Art not ashamed to mount me?  
On me into the mellay  
I carried King Tahmúráth  
When forth he marched to conquer  
And I was in the Ark too  
What time the world-wide Deluge

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

Then came I to the Sultan,  
For three and sixty years he  
On thee he did bestow me:  
Beg from the Sultan's stable

head-groom to me presented  
and crying out for mercy.

of flesh, as 'twere a coffin;  
with straw, as 'twere a straw-barn.  
like to a blacksmith's bellows;  
from one leg to the other<sup>1</sup>.

with saddle, bit, and bridle,  
injurious, disrespectful!  
the reverence I merit:  
hath wrecked thy hopes of fortune.  
am I by age and weakness?  
a shadow, my head dizzy!  
Or wilt thou ride unblushing  
and wheel again for onset?  
(quoth he) in the beginning,  
and founded Marv-i Shahján;  
in company with Noah,  
was spreading waste and ruin<sup>2</sup>.

who showed me all due honour:  
hath kept me in his stable.  
if I take not thy fancy,  
instead of me another!"<sup>3</sup>

The ode ends with a few lines equivalent to the English formula, "and thy petitioner will ever pray."

On the whole, we must allow that the difficulties and fatigues encountered in this field of Persian poetry are considerably greater than any pleasure that can be gained from

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 114, 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 115, 7.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* II. 117, 1.

it. Its lack of truth and sincerity, the poverty of its ideas, and the shallowness of its sentiment leave at times an impression of disgust which the beautiful diction and brilliant imagery only serve to emphasise. Moreover, the style, pleasingly exotic at the best, in many passages becomes grotesque and ludicrous. Since I have tried to show that the work of the court-poets is not altogether unattractive, I may be pardoned for having selected such pieces as seemed to answer the purpose. Let me now justify my discretion by revealing the obstacles that would lie in the way of a more valorous translator. The chief of these is the fact that Persian poetry is largely composed of elements which are the very antithesis of what we in the West usually mean by the term "poetical"—elements which have long been regarded by us as destructive to poetry, though suitable enough for parody and other forms of light or humorous verse. This view, indeed, has not always prevailed. It was an English poet of the seventeenth century who wrote,

No sires but these will poetry admit:  
Madness or wit;

and the definition is applicable to the lyrical poetry of Persia. As for madness, in the sense of divine enthusiasm, the odes written by Şúfís have plenty of it. The court-poets are not in the least mad, but they are immoderately witty. While we may agree that wit sometimes enters into alliance with poetical beauty and is even capable of adding an unexpected touch that contributes to its perfection, none of us would presuppose a natural and intimate connexion between the two. Persian criticism, however, does connect them; and in Persian poetry mere intellectual or verbal ingenuity, far from being a vice, is an admired ornament of style, albeit at some periods and by some poets it is used more sparingly than by the encomiasts who fill the pages of the *Lubdb* with clever fancies and quaint comparisons. The following specimens, which I have rendered literally, are easily understood and give but a slight notion of the feats accomplished by these Oriental euphuists.

The garden is full of strings of fresh pearls,  
 The hill-slopes are full of heaps of pure ambergris.  
 'Tis wind and cloud that gave to garden and hill-slope  
 Pure ambergris in heaps and fresh pearls in strings.  
 The raven is gone, the pheasant is come, and lo, a marvel!—  
 The earth like a pheasant's wing, the air like a raven's plume.  
 The grove hath become an altar, and the nightingale,  
 David-like, is singing psalms on the altar.  
 When the air donned mail and corslet of cloud,  
 The radiant sun made of his reflexion a bow.  
 Of rose-bud and willow-bough the zephyr  
 Made an emerald spear and a coral arrow.  
 See the poppies amongst the grass,  
 And amongst the poppies the tears of the cloud:  
 The grass like verdigris dashed with vermilion,  
 The poppies like vermilion dashed with quicksilver.  
 The tears of the cloud are rose-water, the blossoms camphor,  
 The water in the stream and rivulet is like sandal-wood<sup>1</sup>.  
 Since the temperature of the world is not yet very hot,  
 Why are camphor, sandal-wood, and rose-water used as remedies  
 for it?<sup>2</sup>

(Mu'izzí.)

Here are the opening lines of a *qaṣīda* by 'Am'aq of Bukhárá. "All the poets," says 'Awfí, "are unanimously of opinion that no one before him ever composed verses like these and that no one after him has been able to equal them."

If an ant utter speech and if a hair have life,  
 I am that speaking ant, I am that living hair.  
 My body is like the shadow of a hair, and my soul is like the eye  
 of an ant<sup>3</sup>,  
 Because of the absence of her whose hair is fragrant with *gháliya*  
 and who hath an ant-like waist<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *بفرغر* instead of *بعرعر*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 82, 22.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* contracted with pain. "A narrow heart" means in Persian "an oppressed and sorrowful heart."

<sup>4</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 181, 11.

A little of this goes a long way. My last quotation is a lover's complaint, which occurs in the exordium of an ode by Abu 'l-Ma'álí.

I am not seeking diversion and I am not desiring pleasure,  
I am not keeping patience and I am not getting sleep.  
My tears, which have a resemblance to quicksilver,  
Turn to pure gold when they trickle down my yellow cheeks.  
By the tears of mine eye and the hue of my cheek  
Natural philosophers are assured that quicksilver is the basis of  
gold<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Lubdb*, II. 229, 5.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MEDITATIONS OF MA'ARRÍ.

ما زلت في الغمرات لست بخالص  
منهن فاشت على رجائك او قظ

Hope as thou wilt in heat or cold,  
It matters not amidst the surge  
Of woes that whelmed thee from of old  
And whence thou never canst emerge.

ABU 'L-'ALÁ AL-MA'ARRÍ.

The name of Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrí<sup>1</sup> is not one of those which any body of educated Moslems would be likely to receive with placid approbation or polite indifference; and readers of this essay will feel, though less acutely, that the words of the old blind poet, who died in Syria eight hundred and sixty years ago, ring out to-day as a challenge to deep and irreconcilable antagonisms in the nature of mankind. Is life to be desired or death? Is the world good or evil? Shall we enjoy it if we can or spurn it utterly? What is the truth about religion? Does it come to us from God, as the orthodox pretend? Are we to follow authority and tradition or reason and conscience? Such are some of the questions with which Ma'arrí concerns himself. While his reflections—not pursued methodically, but set down piecemeal and at intervals—

<sup>1</sup> The following books and articles may be mentioned in connexion with the subject of this study: A. von Kremer, *Die philosophische Gedichte des Abu 'l-'Alá* in the *Sitzungsberichte der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Wien* (Phil.-hist. Classe), vol. 117, 6th Abhandlung (Vienna, 1889); D. S. Margoliouth, *The Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá* (Oxford, 1898); *Abu 'l-'Alá's Correspondence on Vegetarianism* in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1902, p. 289 foll.; R. A. Nicholson, *The Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán by Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrí* in the same Journal for 1900, pp. 637-720, and for 1902, pp. 75-101, 337-362, 813-847; Tâ-há Husayn, *Dhikrá Abi 'l-'Alá* (Cairo, 1915). The abbreviation *Luzúm* refers to the edition of the *Luzúmu má lá yalzam* published at Cairo in 1891.

might be described as extensive and peculiar, we must not exaggerate their intrinsic value. Von Kremer's essay, for which in general I have nothing but praise, seems to me to suffer from want of proportion. It hails Ma'arrí as an original thinker, centuries in advance of his age, and discusses his theory and practice as though he were a philosopher writing in verse. Without denying that Ma'arrí was a pioneer of *Aufklärung*, or that his open-minded and independent way of looking at things led him to conclusions which often agree with those of modern thought, I submit that Von Kremer has put the cart before the horse. Ma'arrí is, first of all and essentially, a poet. His philosophy and ethics are only a background for his poetry. His work is artistic in treatment and execution and should be weighed by the standard which we apply to the *Divina Commedia* or the *Paradise Lost*. He sits below Dante and Milton, but he belongs to their school; and if he contemplates life with the profound feeling of Lucretius, he handles his subject with a literary skill as fine as that of Horace. Probably very few Europeans have read these poems, the *Luzúmiyyát*, from beginning to end. I am sure that any one who has accomplished the feat, or may do so in the future, will acknowledge the author's mastery of the Arabic language—a mastery which too frequently displays itself in juggling with words—the aptness of his diction, the force and opulence of his imagery, the surprising turns of his fancy, and the charm of a style unmistakably his own, whose melancholy dirge-like cadences blend with sharper notes of wit, satire, and epigram. The matter is almost as remarkable as the style. Ma'arrí aims at telling the truth, although according to Moslem theory poets not only are but ought to be liars. Taking Reason for his guide, he judges men and things with a freedom which must have seemed scandalous to the rulers and privileged classes of the day. Amidst his meditations on the human tragedy a fierce hatred of injustice, hypocrisy, and superstition blazes out. Vice and folly are laid bare in order that virtue and wisdom may be sought. In his poetry we see the age depicted without fear or favour, and—what is more appealing—the artist himself, struggling

with doubts, yet confident in the power of mind to solve difficulties and give light, if any can be looked for. But (lest I slip after Von Kremer) much of the *Luzúm* is monotonous; a great deal is trivial and pedantic and to our taste intolerably clever: it moves us to admiration and contempt, it thrills, fatigues, fascinates, and repels; and when all has been said, it remains unique and immortal because it expresses the personality of an extraordinary man.

Abu 'l-'Alá Aḥmad ibn 'Abdallah al-Ma'arri<sup>1</sup> was born in A.D. 973 at Ma'arra (Ma'arratu 'l-Nu'mán), a country-town in the district south of Aleppo<sup>2</sup>. His family might boast of its cadis and poets, but its talents appear to have been more respectable than brilliant. The fact that neither his father nor his cousin nor his maternal uncle ever made the pilgrimage to Mecca is worth recording in view of the importance which he ascribes to example and custom in the formation of religious belief. Ere he was four years old, he suffered the first calamity of his life: an attack of small-pox left him partially, and soon completely, blind. After his father's death—he was then about fourteen—he devoted himself to study, visiting Aleppo, Antioch, and other Syrian towns, learning by heart the manuscripts preserved in their libraries, and attending the lectures of many celebrated scholars. As Professor Margoliouth remarks, his memory was prodigious. We can hardly conceive how one who so early lost his sight should have been able to compose letters and treatises thickly sown with quotations which, although they are sometimes inaccurate, show a knowledge of Arabic poetry and philology such as the most industrious grammarians seldom possessed. Having finished his studies, he returned in A.D. 993 to Ma'arra, perhaps with the intention of becoming a professional poet, that is to say, a writer of panegyrics for which he might reckon upon being paid handsomely. This

<sup>1</sup> Abu 'l-'Alá is his "name of honour" (*kunya*), Aḥmad what we should call his "Christian name," and 'Abdallah the name of his father.

<sup>2</sup> I have compiled this sketch from the biography given by Professor Margoliouth in his introduction to the *Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá*, which supplies full information concerning the poet's life together with many details of historical and literary interest.

was no career for a man of spirit and honour to embark on. If it tempted him, he soon put it aside: in the preface to his first collection of poems he says that he never wrote encomia for money, but only because he wished to gain practice in the art. During the next fifteen years (A.D. 993-1008) his whole income was a pension of about 30 *dínárs* which his blindness compelled him to share with a servant; possibly he may have earned a little more by teaching. Meanwhile he was making a reputation beyond the borders of his native town, and his thoughts turned to Baghdád, "the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind had the fullest scope and the highest encouragement<sup>1</sup>." In 1008 he set out from Aleppo, travelling down the Euphrates in a boat provided by his uncle. It seems clear that he hoped to establish himself permanently in the capital; and he ought to have counted the cost of his refusal to live by belauding the great. "I found Baghdád," he says, "like a pie's wing—fair, but carrying nothing<sup>2</sup>." While his reception by the savants and academicians whom he met there was flattering enough to console him for occasional slights, and perhaps friendly enough to procure him the means of livelihood, he felt that his prospects were uncertain. According to Professor Margoliouth, an indignity put upon him by the brother of the Sharíf al-Rađí was the last straw. Anyhow, eighteen months after entering Baghdád he started on his way home<sup>3</sup>. He took this step reluctantly and always writes of it with unfeigned regret, as in the following lines:

يا ليهف نفسى على ائى رجعت الى \* هذى البلاد ولم اهلك ببغدادا  
 اذا رأيت اموراً لا توافقنى \* قلت الاياب الى الاوطان ادى ذا

How sad that I returned, how sad,

Instead of dying at Bagdad!

I say, whene'er things fall amiss,

"My coming home hath brought me this."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ch. 3.

<sup>2</sup> *The Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá*, p. 37.

<sup>3</sup> He himself said afterwards that he left Baghdád for two reasons: his poverty and the illness of his mother. Her death, which took place before he reached Ma'arra, was a heavy blow to him. <sup>4</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 303, 5.

The sense of disillusion and failure with which he quitted Baghdád appears in a letter addressed to the people of Ma'arra shortly before his arrival amongst them. He declares that he has now ended his youth and bidden farewell to his spring-time, and that he finds the best course for him to pursue is to go into retreat.

“My soul did not consent to my returning till I had promised it three things—seclusion as complete as that of (the star) al-Fanîq in the constellation of the Bull; separation from the world like that of the egg-shell from the chick; and to remain in the city even though the inhabitants fled through fear of the Greeks... What I wanted was to stay in a place of learning; and I found out the most precious of spots, but fate did not allow me to stay there, and only a fool will quarrel with destiny<sup>1</sup>.”

Here is pessimism, asceticism, fatalism—the stuff of which his later poems are made. It would be curious if their rationalism, another prime ingredient, owed nothing to the “intellectuals” of Baghdád. Considered broadly in relation to the poet's development, these two years (1008–9) were decisive. The change of scene, the sudden plunge into metropolitan society, the literary discussions, the conversations with men of all races and creeds, the conflict of old dogmas and new ideas, then the wreck of his hopes and the burial of his ambitions in silence and solitude—need we ask whether such an experience did not stimulate his genius and alter the bent of his mind? From this standpoint the episode was entirely fortunate. Had he not gone to Baghdád, probably the *Luzúmiyyát* would never have been written, and (in Europe at any rate) his fame as a poet would be very different from what it is.

Ma'arri lived in retirement until his death in A.D. 1058, fifty years later. Proud, sensitive, and suspicious, doubly imprisoned by blindness and seclusion<sup>2</sup>, a misanthropic and world-weary old man—that is the character which his poems

<sup>1</sup> Margoliouth, *op. cit.* p. 43 fol.

<sup>2</sup> He refers to himself as “the twice-bound captive” (*rahnu 'l-maḥ-basayn*). See *The Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá*, p. 1.

give of him; but a true portrait shows light as well as shade. To quote Professor Margoliouth,

the result of his visit to Baghdád, where the leading writers of the time had treated him as one of themselves, became apparent as soon as he came back. Disciples began to flock to Ma'arra from all quarters to hear his lectures on the grammar, poetry, and antiquities of the Arabs. The house or cave which he inhabited became the chief sight in Ma'arra, and he himself the most important inhabitant. . . . The letters, most of which were written after the return from Baghdád, exhibit the author as anything but a hermit; he appears rather as a man of many friends, who takes a kindly interest both in men and things.

Besides teaching, he occupied his mind with composing the *Luzúmiyyát* and dictating to his amanuenses a large number of philological and other works of which, for the most part, the titles alone have been preserved.

The poetry of Ma'arri recalls a long-drawn controversy, which has never wholly died out, between two schools of Islamic criticism. One party maintained that with the coming of Islam the golden age of Arabic poetry had gone for ever. A poet's rank was decided by his date. To have lived in that age, to have spoken the pure Bedouin idiom uncontaminated by foreign conquests, to have practised the traditional virtues and to have been inspired by the chivalrous ideals of heathendom conferred a superiority outweighing every other consideration. In the eyes of early Mohammedan philologists and antiquarians—whose authority rested securely on the universal respect for learning and was but little diminished by their incompetence in matters of taste—the pagan odes fixed an unapproachable standard by which all Moslem poets should be judged; so that an imitation of them, good or bad, was more highly esteemed than any original work of genius. Pedantry, no doubt; but in justice to those old scholars we ought to reflect that they were concerned with one particular type of poetry, the Ode (*qaṣída*), which was the product of Arabian antiquity and corresponded in its characteristic features to conditions

of life that actually existed in the pre-Islamic period<sup>1</sup>. When these conditions vanished, the *qaṣída* became an anachronism but continued to be the chief medium of poetical expression, since none of the minor types was capable of filling its place. Failing the invention of a new form of equal dignity, the *qaṣída* held the field. What was a modern poet to do? Was he to assume the consecrated pose of bidding his two comrades halt awhile and weep with him over a certain camping-ground, desolate now, but still haunted by dear and regretful memories? And was he to describe the hardships, which he had never known, of a journey across the desert, and pretend to be as intimately acquainted with camels, horses, wild asses, antelopes, and lizards as he truly was with the rhymed *loci classici* in which the habits of these animals are so well delineated? If, on the other hand, like Mutanabbí and Ma'arrí, he made fun of the obsolete fashions and re-shaped them to suit the facts of his time, academic persons might (and did) protest that his more or less novel adaptation was not poetry at all. It appears to me that those who championed the ancients were both right and wrong. They were right in preferring the model to the copy. They were wrong when they set it up as a test of all poetic values and declared it to be so perfect that nothing of a different kind could bear comparison with it. To assert that since A.D. 622 there has been no Arabic poet of the first class is ridiculous; and though more great poets lived in the century before Islam than in any subsequent period of the same duration, I think it may reasonably be questioned whether Imra'u 'l-Qays and his fellows are superior in genius to Abú Nuwás, Mutanabbí, and others who flourished under the 'Abbásid Caliphate<sup>2</sup>. If some cannot admire the ancients without depreciating the moderns, not a few will justify the proud boast of Ma'arrí—

وإني وإن كنتُ الاخيرَ زمانُهُ \* لآتٍ بما لم تستطعه الاوائلُ

And I, albeit I come in Time's late hour,  
Achieve what lay not in the ancients' power<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> What follows refers to the Arabic *qaṣída*, not to the Persian type which has been described and illustrated in Chap. I.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Nöldeke's judgment concerning Abú Nuwás (*Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Poesie der alten Araber*, p. 3).

<sup>3</sup> *Saqū 'l-Zand* (Búláq, A.H. 1286), I. 110, 20.

For my part, when I turn from the authors of the *Mu'allaqát* to the great Islamic poets, I do not miss what I do not expect to find; and I find beauties enough in both to compensate me for the deficiencies of either. Thanks mainly to Rückert and Sir Charles Lyall, the worth of old Arabian poetry is now understood everywhere. Let us hope the day is coming when it will be possible to make that statement as regards Arabic poetry in general.

What has been said of Coleridge, that "his poems lie as it were in two strata," is also true of Ma'arrí. Those of his first manner, the odes comprised in the *Saqtu 'l-Zand* and mostly written before the age of thirty-five, show the influence of his admiration for Mutanabbí and in comparison with the *Luzúmiyyát* are nearly as conventional as the poems written by Coleridge before 1797. They include some fine panegyrics and elegies but have small interest for us. In the East, however, the *Saqtu 'l-Zand* has always been more popular than the *Luzúm*, which Mohammedans usually dislike on account of the opinions put forth in it, while neither its form nor its character accords with their notion of what poetry ought to be. As we have seen, the regular type of Arabic poetry is the ode; but in the *Luzúm* Ma'arrí discards this time-honoured model, substituting for it an informal composition which may contain any number of verses from two or three to eighty or ninety. How these poems strike the average Moslem we can learn from the apology which Ma'arrí thinks it necessary to make for them. He says in effect<sup>1</sup>:

"I have not sought to embellish my verse by means of fiction or fill my pages with love idylls, battle-scenes, descriptions of wine-parties and the like. My aim is to speak the truth. Now, the proper end of poetry is not truth, but falsehood<sup>2</sup>, and in proportion as it is diverted from its proper end its perfection is impaired. Therefore I must crave the indulgence of my readers for this book of *moral* poetry."

<sup>1</sup> Preface to the *Luzúm*, pp. 9 and 42.

<sup>2</sup> "Usu receptum est in poesi ignaum se fortem iactare, castum sectatoris mulierum uestes induere, et debilem se ornare cultu uiri acris atque audacis" (from the preface to the *Saqtu 'l-Zand*, translated by Rieu, *De Abul-Alae uita et carminibus*, p. 36). Cf. the current saying, "The most agreeable poetry is the most false" (اعذب الشعر اكذب). Ma'arrí quotes

In other words, Ma'arrí holds that truth—he means moral and philosophical truth—so far from being the standard of poetical merit, is positively injurious to it. He does not imply that the best poetry is untrue to life, but rather that it is false because it follows human life and nature, which belong to the vanities of this world and are themselves radically false. He knows that he cannot compete with his “profane” brethren who are free to employ all the resources of invention and imagination; and foreseeing that his readers will be disappointed, he hastens to assure them that the fault lies in the subject, not in the poet. A Mohammedan scholar, who in his recently published memoir of Ma'arrí has made a valuable contribution to learning, cites this passage as evidence that the *Luzúm* is really “a volume of philosophy<sup>1</sup>.” If that were so, we might ask why the author not only composed it in verse but adopted an almost incredibly difficult form of rhyme, the explanation of which gives his preface the appearance of a treatise on prosody. But I need not argue the point further. Ma'arrí says that the *Luzúm* is “diction devoid of falsehood” (قَوْلٌ عَرَبِيٌّ مِنَ الْمَيْنِ), *i.e.*, poetry of an inferior kind.

from al-Aşma'í “Poetry is one of the gates (categories) of vanity,” and he might have added that poets were called liars by Mohammed (Koran, 26, 226). The following extracts from Şuyúfí's *Muzhir* (Búláq, A.H. 1282, vol. II, p. 234 fol.; *Thornton's Arabic Series: Second Reading Book*, Cambridge, 1909, p. 21 fol.) show the view of many good Moslems on this subject: “There are certain conditions which must be fulfilled before any one is called a poet. If his object were to speak the truth without exaggerating or going beyond the mark or lying or relating things absolutely impossible, although his work might be faultless in metre, it would have no value (as poetry), and the name of poet would not be given to him. It was said by a man of acute mind that gay poetry raises a laugh, while grave poetry is fiction: therefore the poet has no choice but to tell lies or to make people laugh; and such being the case, Allah has preserved His Prophet from these two qualities (*i.e.* Mohammed was not a poet, as his enemies alleged) and from everything ignoble. . . . Some one may observe that now and then wisdom is found in poetry, according to the Prophet's saying, ‘Truly, there is in eloquence a magic and in poetry a wisdom.’ I reply, ‘For the reason which we have mentioned, Allah preserved him from poetising; and as for wisdom, Allah has bestowed on him the largest and amplest portion thereof in the Koran and the Sunna.’”

<sup>1</sup> *Dhikrá Abi 'l-'Alá*, by Dr Ẓá-há Ḥusayn (Cairo, 1915), p. 284.

We who dissent from his theory judge otherwise of his work. Although moral, religious, and philosophical ideas are not the essence of poetry, they have inspired the greatest poets, and where genius is equal they will turn the scale. Whether and to what extent they enhance the merit of a poem depends on the author's power to give them artistic and original expression: the most striking doctrines and speculations may have less value for this purpose than thoughts and feelings with which everyone is familiar. Von Kremer's view of Ma'arrí led him to ignore the latter element; hence the passages which he translated stand somewhat apart, so to speak, from the main themes. These are simple and even commonplace: the pain of life, the peace of death, the wickedness and folly of mankind, the might of Fate and the march of Time, the emptiness of ambition, the duty of renunciation, the longing for solitude and then—to rest in the grave. The pessimism of the *Luzúm* wears the form of an intense pervading darkness, stamping itself on the mind and deeply affecting the imagination<sup>1</sup>. It is an old philosophy and its poets have been many, but I can think of none who in sincerity, individuality, and eloquence has surpassed Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrí<sup>2</sup>.

The book derives its title from a "troublesome bondage" (to borrow Milton's phrase) voluntarily imposed on himself by the author in regard to the rhyme<sup>3</sup>. Although the nature of this cannot be explained properly without using technical

<sup>1</sup> His pessimism as regards his contemporaries is not absolute, for the succeeding age will be worse (*Luzúm*, II. 171, 17). He admits that life on the balance may be neither gain nor loss (I. 230, 10), but from all his experience of the world he can produce, so far as I remember, only one verse which is positively optimistic (II. 245, 8): "If this year bestow the minimum of comfort, I hope for its maximum next year."

<sup>2</sup> Ma'arrí has been compared with his celebrated predecessor Abu 'l-'Atáhiya (see my *Literary History of the Arabs*, p. 296 foll.). Since both preach asceticism, their poems naturally have much in common, but Abu 'l-'Atáhiya writes in a relatively orthodox religious spirit which quite lacks the breadth and freedom of Ma'arrí's philosophical outlook. The one is a Moslem, the other a citizen of the world. And the style of the *Luzúm*, though less easy, is far superior in force and originality.

<sup>3</sup> The words *Luzúmu má lá yalzam* signify "The obligation of that which is not obligatory."

terms which I wish to avoid, the so-called "rich rhymes" of French versification are a close parallel and will serve to illustrate what is meant. Conceive a French poem of ten, fifteen, or twenty verses, every verse having not only the same rhyme but the same consonant preceding the rhyme-vowel, e.g., *plume, allume, enclume; mirage, enrage, ouvrage, parage*; further, conceive hundreds of poems rhymed throughout in this manner and arranged according to the alphabetical sequence of the final consonant, so that those with the rhyme *lume* are placed under *m*, those with the rhyme *rage* under *g*, and so on—the analogy, such as it is, may help readers ignorant of Arabic to measure the enormous labour which the composition of the *Luzúmiyyát* must have entailed. There is nothing like it, of course, in any European language; even in Arabic, a language that seems to have been made for virtuosity, we find only a few brief and isolated specimens to set beside it<sup>1</sup>. Were Ma'arrí a minor poet, the *Luzúm* would be a senseless *tour de force*. Some of it is not very remote from that description, and the tyranny of the rhyme exacts a crushing toll of repetition, monotony, banality, obscurity, and affectation. Still, take it all in all, the work is shaped by the artist, not by the mould which it fills slowly and reluctantly. I do not think so poorly of his powers as to believe, with some Mohammedan and European critics, that the difficulty of the form compelled him to say what he never would have said if he had been his own master. No doubt, he is apt to be dragged down by his chains, but often he can move in them with such dexterity and ease that they appear rather an ornament than a hindrance.

The *Luzúm* contains 1592 poems amounting, I suppose, to between twelve and thirteen thousand verses altogether. When the author declares that they glorify God, exhort the heedless, and warn against the vanity and wickedness of the

<sup>1</sup> Ma'arrí did not invent this form of versification; it was used by the Umayyad poet Kuthayyir (*ob.* A.D. 723) in the first ten verses of an ode (*Aghání*, 8, 39). He describes himself as an imitator of Kuthayyir. Cf.

*Luzúm*, II. 265, penult., where he says, كَثِيرٌ أَنَا فِي حَرْفِي.

world<sup>1</sup>, he does not indicate either the range of their topics or the variety of their style. He was interested in many things besides asceticism: he was a keen student of passing events, he professed to know his contemporaries by heart<sup>2</sup>, and we shall see how political and social phenomena reflect themselves in his meditations. Recalling his avowed intention to tell the truth, one may find there the best commentary on his way of telling it. For him Truth was a mystery—

And Falsehood like a star all naked stands,  
But Truth still hides her face 'neath hood and veil<sup>3</sup>.

By hard living and thinking he strove to lift that veil, and the laboured utterance, the dark hints and metaphors—in short, the oracular quality of his verse—are only in keeping with the physical and mental strain which he had undergone. Closer acquaintance with the *Luzúm* has persuaded me that its obscurity is more natural and less deliberate than I once imagined. Ma'arrí had good reason to cloak some of his opinions, and being a sensible as well as a cautious man, he did not court persecution, though in fact the most heretical passages of his work are by no means the most obscure. Apart from special causes his style, as I said before, is the expression of a strange untempered personality<sup>4</sup>, while in the

<sup>1</sup> Preface, p. 9: فمنها ما هو تمجيد لله... وبعضها تذكير للناسين وتنبية للرقدة الغافلين وتحذير من الدنيا الكبرى التي عبثت بالاول الخ

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 230, penult.

ومن تأمل اقوالى رأى جملاً  
يظلل فيهن سر الناس مشروحا

"Whoever peruses my poems will observe sentences in which the inmost thoughts of men are revealed." Cf. II. 27, 2, where he ranks himself with those who have the greatest knowledge of men.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 358, 2. In this verse, however, the words "truth" and "falsehood" are synonymous with "right" and "wrong." Cf. I. 339, 9: "As for Right (*hudd*), I have found it a secret amongst us, but Wrong (*ḡaldl*) is openly seen."

<sup>4</sup> Writing to his uncle, Abu 'l-Qásim, he says: "As you know, though born a man, I am like a wild animal in character" (وحشى الغريزة انسى الولادة).

second place it is the product of a poet who seldom allows us to forget that he was also a very learned scholar. His love of grammar, prosody, rhetoric, and belles-lettres asserts itself extravagantly; some poems are mere strings of word-plays. This feature spoils many pages for us, but it is not invariable, as will be acknowledged by those who read the Arabic text of the poems translated below. These, though representative as regards the author's ideas, are comparatively plain in style and include no example of what he could do when he ran to the opposite extreme.

Following Sir Charles Lyall, a master in the art, I have sometimes tried to imitate the original metres without the monorhyme, which in a language like ours lays too heavy a burden upon the translator. Arabic metres being quantitative, their equivalents in a modern European tongue are necessarily imperfect. It is not possible to reproduce the movement and cadence of the *Luzûmiyyât* except in the same way as the movement and cadence of the Iliad are reproduced, or rather suggested, by a version in English hexameters; yet, shadowy as the resemblance is, it conveys something of real value, which is more easily felt than described. Like the broken vase in Moore's song, these Oriental rhythms have a perfume that "clings to them still." More than that we dare not hope for: even when transplanted by skilful hands they lose the best of their beauty and never become quite acclimatised.

I have thought it well to give the names and schemes of the four principal metres for the sake of those who do not know them already, together with specimens in Arabic, Latin, and English. It will be observed that the Latin renderings are weightier than the English, because (coinciding in this respect with the originals) they are based on quantity instead of accent. Besides weight, however, Arabic has a peculiar sonority which Latin does not possess in the same degree and which is greatly increased by the recurring monorhyme.

I. *Tawil* (the Long Metre).

Scheme:     ∪ - ∪ | ∪ - ∪ - | ∪ - ∪ | ∪ - ∪ -

*yadullu 'alá faḍli 'l-mamáti wa-kawnihi*  
*iráhata jism<sup>in</sup> 'anna maslakahú sa'bu.*  
*'alam tara 'anna 'l-majda talqáka dúnahú*  
*shadd'idu min 'amthálihá wajaba 'l-ru'bu<sup>1</sup>.*

bono qui negat summo frui nisi mortuos  
 habet testimonium hoc: iter mortis arduum est.  
 uides ut priusquam uir sibi uindicauerit  
 honorem, pati casus timendos oporteat.

That Death is a good supreme and gives to the body peace—  
 From all sorrow—prove it thus: the way thereunto is hard.  
 For seest thou not, before success in a high emprise,  
 What sore straits encounter thee, what perils thou needs must  
 fear?

Here the Latin and English versions exhibit the usual form of the *Tawil* metre, while the Arabic lines are a less common variation, in which ∪ - - - is substituted for ∪ - ∪ - in the last foot of the verse, *i.e.*, the foot containing the rhyme<sup>2</sup>. Another variety shortens the same foot by omitting the final syllable, thus:

bono qui negat summo frui nisi mortuos  
 habet testimonium hoc: iter mortis atrox.  
 uides ut pati casus timendos oporteat,  
 honorem priusquam uir sibi uindicârit.

That Death is a good supreme and gives to the body peace  
 From all sorrow—here is proof: the hardness of dying.  
 For seest thou not, before success in a high emprise,  
 What perils thou needs must fear, what sore straits encounter?

<sup>1</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 79, 7.

<sup>2</sup> The Arabic "verse" (*bayt*) consists of two hemistichs. In the passage transliterated above there are two verses, ending with the rhyme-words *sa'bu* and *ru'bu*.

2. *Basit* (the Wide Metre).Scheme:     $\approx - \cup - | \approx \cup - | \approx - \cup - | \approx -$ 

'ammá 'idhá má da'a 'l-dá'i li-makrumat<sup>1n</sup>  
fa-hum qalil<sup>2n</sup> wa-lákin fi 'l-'adhá hushudu<sup>1</sup>.

quos si uocaueris ad praeclara, conueniunt  
rari, sed iniuriae ergo tota gens properat.

As often as they are called to do a kindness, they come  
By twos and threes; but to work despite they muster in crowds.

ʔúbá li-maw'údat<sup>1n</sup> fi háli mawlidihá  
zulm<sup>2n</sup> fa-layta 'abáha 'l-fazza maw'údu<sup>2</sup>.

beata quam sepeliuit filiam genitor  
uiuam; atque sic utinam sepultus ipse foret!

Oh, happy she that was tombed alive the hour she was born,  
And would that he had been tombed, her ruthless sire, at his birth!

3. *Wáfir* (the Ample Metre).Scheme:     $\cup - \approx - | \cup - \approx - | \cup - -$ 

wa-lam 'aridi 'l-maniyyata bi-'khtiyári  
wa-lákin 'awshaka 'l-fatayáni sahbi<sup>3</sup>.

et haud equidem uolens Acheronta adiui:  
ephebi me truces duo ui trahebant.

Not willingly went I down to the fated waters:  
The two strong youths<sup>4</sup> by force haled me between them.

4. *Kámil* (the Perfect Metre).Scheme:     $\approx - \cup - | \approx - \cup - | \approx - \cup -$ 

dunyáka dár<sup>2n</sup> 'in yakun shuhháduhá  
'uqalá'a lá yabkú 'alá ghuyyábihá<sup>5</sup>.

hic mundus est tibi tale deuersorium  
malesanus ut sit qui profectos lugeat.

This world is such an abode that if those present here  
Have their wits entire, they will never weep for the absent ones.

<sup>1</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 248, 3.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* I. 254, 6.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* I. 136, 8.<sup>4</sup> Day and Night.<sup>5</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 142, last line.

Notwithstanding that a single poem may touch upon many topics, it seemed convenient to group the translations as far as possible under the following general heads:

- I. Life and Death.
- II. Human Society.
- III. Asceticism.
- IV. Philosophy and Religion.

This arrangement has the advantage of distributing the contents of the work in something like their due order and proportion, and of helping the reader to judge it as a whole more fairly than from the extracts published by Von Kremer, which are not so numerous or representative as mine; but I confess that I have with difficulty resisted the temptation to show how fine and original a poet Ma'arri is by gathering his best pieces into one garland. The poems in the first three sections offer a wide survey of his theory, practice, and experience of life. While their figurative language may sometimes require explanation, I do not think they call for a preliminary statement of the philosophical ideas which lie beneath. We can understand and enjoy them without knowing how Ma'arri conceived of God, fate, time, space, spirit, and matter. What he has to say about these and other subjects—the influence of the stars, the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of transmigration, the nature of religion, etc.—particularly excites our curiosity, and many will consider that it is the quintessence of his poetry; as a rule, however, it occurs only in brief passages which must be taken out of their context and examined side by side before we can draw any sure evidence from them. That is the task I have attempted in the fourth section, where the author's philosophy and his attitude towards positive religion will be discussed.

## I.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

## ( 1 )

In the casket of the Hours  
 Events deep-hid  
 Wait on their guardian Powers  
 To raise the lid.

And the Maker infinite,  
 Whose poem is Time,  
 He need not weave in it  
 A forced stale rhyme.

The Nights pass so,  
 Voices dumb,  
 Without sense quick or slow  
 Of what shall come<sup>1</sup>.

\* \* \* \* \*

By Allah's will preserving  
 From misflight,  
 The barbs of Time unswerving  
 On us alight.

A loan is all he gives  
 And takes again;  
 With his gift happy lives  
 The folly of men<sup>2</sup>.

## ( 2 )

(Metre: *Tawil*, with variations.)

Would that a lad had died in the very hour of birth  
 And never sucked, as she lay in childbed, his mother's breast!  
 Her babe, it says to her or ever its tongue can speak,  
 "Nothing thou gett'st of me but sorrow and bitter pain."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Time is not a conscious agent which can be described as moving quickly or slowly: it is the passive environment in which events appear. Cf. No. 225 and *Luzum*, II. 273, 9: "Time is silent, but its events interpret it aloud, so that it seems to speak."

<sup>2</sup> I. 67, 4.

<sup>3</sup> I. 63, 6.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(3)

This world, O my friend, is like a carcass unsepulchred,  
 And we are the dogs that yelp around it on every side.  
 A loser is he, whoso advances to eat thereof;  
 A gainer is he, whoso returns from it hungry still.  
 If any be not waylaid by calamities in the night,  
 Some ill hap of Time is sure to meet him at morningtide<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(4)

The soul feels a shock of pain, when Time's thunderbolt o'erwhelms  
 With ruin; a thrill of joy, when softly he sings to her<sup>2</sup>;  
 And whence are the paths for us prepared that our feet may fall,  
 She knows not, or where the beds ordained that we lay our sides.  
 These Hours, they seem as snakes of black and of white colour<sup>3</sup>,  
 So deadly, the fingers lack all boldness in touching them.  
 Mankind are the breaths, I ween, of Earth: one is upward borne  
 To us, whilst in ebbing wave another returns to dust.  
 I drank it, my forty years' existence, and gulped it down,  
 But ah, what a bitter draught! and nowise it did me good.  
 We live ignorant and die in errancy as we lived:  
 Besotted with wickedness, a man turns not back again<sup>4</sup>.

(5)

Ye stand still beneath Heaven  
 Whose wheels by Force are driven;  
 And choose in freedom while  
 The Fates look on and smile<sup>5</sup>.

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

(6)

They mustered for setting out, 'twas a morn of promise:  
 "Now surely," they said, "a rain on the land is fallen."  
 Mayhap those weather-wise who observe the lightning

<sup>1</sup> I. 224, 10.<sup>2</sup> Cf. I. 265, last line: "The deceiving World sang to thee, and thy love of her was a lute in her hand."<sup>3</sup> Time with its nights and days is represented as a serpent having alternate bands of black and white. Cf. No. 24, last verse, and No. 84, verse 3.<sup>4</sup> II. 77, 10.<sup>5</sup> I. 332, 3.

Shall perish before they win of it any bounty.  
 The folk ofttimes are saved in a land of famine,  
 The fruitful and rich champaign may destroy its people<sup>1</sup>.

(7)

(Metre: *Tawil*, with variations.)

'Tis God's will a man should live in torment and tribulation,  
 Until those that know him cry, "He hath paid now the lifelong  
 debt."

Give joy to his next of kin on the day of his departure,  
 For they gain a heritage of riches, and he of peace<sup>2</sup>.

(8)

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

The greatest of all the gifts of Time is to give up all:  
 Whate'er he bestows on thee, his hand is outstretched to seize.  
 More excellence hath a life of want than a life of wealth,  
 And better than monarch's fine apparel the hermit's garb.  
 I doubt not but Time one day will raise an event of power  
 To scatter from Night's swart brow her clustering Pleiades.  
 Ere Noah and Adam, he the twins of the Lesser Bear  
 Unveiled: they are called not yet amongst bears grown grey and  
 old.

Let others run deep in talk, preferring this creed or that,  
 But mine is a creed of use: to hold me aloof from men.  
 Methinks, on the Hours we ride to foray as cavaliers:  
 They speed us along like mares of tall make and big of bone.  
 What most wears Life's vesture out is grief which a soul endures,  
 Unable to bring once back a happiness past and gone<sup>3</sup>.

(9)

O Death! be thou my guest: I am tired of living,  
 And I have tried both sorts in joy and sorrow.  
 My morrow shall be my yesterday, none doubts it;  
 My yesterday nevermore shall be my morrow<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 93, 2.<sup>3</sup> I. 123, 10.<sup>2</sup> I. 69, penult.<sup>4</sup> I. 286, penult.

( 10 )

Perish this world! I should not joy to be  
 Its Caliph or Maḥmūd<sup>1</sup>.  
 My fate I know not, save that I in turn  
 Am treading the same path to the same bourne  
 As old 'Ád and Thamúd<sup>2</sup>.  
 The mountains ('tis averred) shall melt, the seas  
 Surely shall freeze;  
 And the great dome of Heaven, whose poles  
 Have ever awed men's souls,  
 Some argue for its ruin, some maintain  
 Its immortality—in vain?<sup>3</sup>  
 The scattered boulders of the lava waste,  
 Shall e'er they mingle into one massed ore?<sup>4</sup>  
 If sheer catastrophe shall fling in haste  
 The Pleiad luminaries asunder,  
 Well may be quenched the fiery brand of Mars;  
 And if decay smites Indian scimitars,  
 Survival of their sheaths would be a wonder!<sup>5</sup>

( 11 )

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

O child of a tender mother—and surely Allah  
 Is able to bring to pass whatsoe'er He pleaseth—  
 Thou after thy death, destroyed by the hap most hateful,  
 Yet speakest and warnest us with a voice of wisdom.  
 "Unwilling" (thou sayst) "in this world I alighted  
 And lived; and how oft was medicined, how oft was potioned!  
 A year, month after month, I made by climbing—  
 And would I had never climbed on the new moons' ladder!  
 And when I was called away and my hour of weaning<sup>6</sup>  
 Drew nigh, Death sought me out and I found no warder.

<sup>1</sup> Sultan Maḥmūd of Ghazna died in A.D. 1030, twenty-eight years before the death of Ma'arrī.

<sup>2</sup> Extinct aboriginal tribes: the legend of their destruction is told in the Koran.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. No. 220.

<sup>4</sup> Literally, "Shall silver (*fiḍḍat*) one day be made to prevail over lava (*fiḍḍat*), so that the stones of the latter shall become like an ingot?"

<sup>5</sup> I. 262, 3. The "scimitars" represent the stars and planets, which are "sheathed" by the celestial spheres.

<sup>6</sup> Separation from the world.

Life's house I abandoned, empty, to other tenants,  
 And wretched I must have been had I still remained there.  
 I went forth pure, unsoiled: had my lease of living  
 Been long, I had soilure ta'en and had lost my pureness.  
 Oh, why dost thou weep? It may be that I am chosen  
 To dwell with the blessed souls in the state hereafter.  
 'Gainst evil the women charmed me, but when my day dawned,  
 It left me as though I ne'er had been charmed by charmers.  
 Suppose I had lived as long as the vulture, only  
 To meet Death at the last: I had either suffered  
 The poor man's wrong, oppressed without fear of Allah,  
 Or else I had been a ruler of men who feared me.  
 'Tis one of the boons my Lord hath bestowed upon me,  
 That hastily I departed and did not tarry."<sup>1</sup>

( 12 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

The sage looketh in the glass of Reason, but he that makes  
 His brethren his looking-glass will see truth, mayhap, or lies<sup>2</sup>.  
 And I, shall I fear the pain of Allah, when He is just,  
 And though I have lived the life of one wronged and racked with  
 pain?  
 Yes: each hath his portioned lot; but men in their ignorance  
 Would mend here the things they loathe that never can mended  
 be<sup>3</sup>.

( 13 )

Nor birth I chose nor old age nor to live:  
 What the Past grudged me shall the Present give?  
 Here must I stay, by Doom's both hands constrained,  
 Nor go until my going is ordained.  
 You who would guide me out of dark illusion,  
 You lie—your story does but make confusion.  
 For can you alter that you brand with shame,  
 Or is it not unalterably the same?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. 168, 9.<sup>2</sup> Cf. I. 383, 15:

The mirrors of the eye show nothing true:  
 Make for thyself a mirror of clear thought.

<sup>3</sup> I. 120, last line.<sup>4</sup> I. 322, 4.

( 14 )

Leisurely through life's long gloom  
 I have journeyed to my tomb;  
 Now that I am come so near,  
 Needs my soul must quake with fear.

What are we? what all that stirs  
 In this teeming universe  
 To a Power which, unspent,  
 Swallows the whole firmament?

Thunder roared: methought it was  
 A fell lion from whose jaws  
 Full in front of him there hung  
 Lolling many a lightning-tongue<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Basit*.)

( 15 )

'Tis want of wit to disdain good counsel frankly bestowed  
 And still desire that the Days make right the wrong that they do.  
 Let Time alone and its folk to mind their business themselves;  
 Live thou in doubt of the world, mistrusting all of its kind.  
 Youth rode away: not a word of news about him have we,  
 Nor us revisits of him a wraith to gladden our eyes.  
 Ah, had we won to a land where Youth is, how should we grudge  
 Our camels' due—saddles wrought of fragrant Indian wood?  
 A man grows older and leaves his prime in pawn to Decay,  
 Then gets a new gaberdine of hoariness to put on;  
 And live he never so long, repentance tarries behind  
 Until the Dooms on him fall ere any vow he hath ta'en.  
 Fate's equinoctial line sprang from a marvellous point,  
 That into nothingness shot lines, pens, and writers and all!<sup>2</sup>

( 16 )

This folk, I know not what befools them,  
 And worse their fathers sinned, maybe;  
 Their senseless prayers for him who rules them  
 The pulpit almost weeps to see<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 81, last line.<sup>2</sup> I. 106, 9.<sup>3</sup> Since Fate decides all, it is folly to pray for the reigning prince. Von Kremer (*op. cit.* p. 67) thinks that these lines are aimed at the Fâtimid conquerors of Syria and imply that the people had no choice but to submit.

Loth came we and reluctant go  
 And forced endure the time between.  
 Allah, to whom our praises flow,  
 Beside His might grand words are mean.

Life seems the vision of one sleeping  
 Which contraries interpret after :  
 'Tis joy whenever thou art weeping,  
 Thy smiles are tears, and sobs thy laughter ;  
 And Man, exulting in his breath,  
 A prisoner kept in chains for death<sup>1</sup>.

( 17 )

From Doom, determined that no state shall stand,  
 Nor gift nor guard can save the tyrant king,  
 Not though the planet Mars were in his hand  
 A shaft, and Jupiter a target-ring<sup>2</sup>.

( 18 )

Plague on this body, full of dole,  
 Thy fated thoroughfare, O soul !  
 And may this soul accursed be,  
 O body, whilst it fares through thee !

Ye twain were wedded and made one,  
 And by your wedlock was begun  
 The birth of portents which unbind  
 Havoc and ruin to mankind<sup>3</sup>.

( 19 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

Shall ever the dead man's soul return after he is gone,  
 To render his kin the meed of thanks for their flowing tears?  
 The hearse-bearers' necks and hands conveyed him—a change of  
 state

From when to and fro he fared in palanquins all of gold ;

<sup>1</sup> I. 325, 13. Cf. I. 328, 5-9 (a remarkably close parallel) and II. 305, 2 :  
 "This life is a dream : if a vision of evil occurs in it, expect the vision to be  
 fortunate. When a man slumbers, he may dream that he is weeping and  
 wake with a new feeling of joy in which there is no pain." Cf. also II. 126, 6 :  
 "They have asserted that the miserable man is he who gained prosperity  
 in the world, and that the true happiness belongs to the most miserable."  
 If such be the fact, then the world is a dream that makes censure a farce."

<sup>2</sup> II. 23, 6.<sup>3</sup> II. 149, 13.

And liefer had he alive been trodden below their feet  
 Than high they had lifted up his corpse on their shoulders borne.  
 O levelling Death! to thee a rich man is like a poor,  
 Thou car'st not that one hath hit the right way, another missed.  
 The knight's coat of mail thou deem'st in softness a maiden's shift,  
 And frail as the spider's house the domed halls of Chosroes.  
 To earth came he down unhorsed when Death in the saddle sate,  
 Tho' aye 'mongst his clan was he the noblest of them that ride.  
 A bier is but like a ship: it casteth its wrecked away  
 To drown in a sea of death where wave ever mounts on wave<sup>1</sup>.

( 20 )

Ah, let us go, whom nature gave firm minds and courage fast,  
 To meet the Fates pursuing us, that we may die at last.  
 The draught of Life, to me it seems the bitterest thing to drain,  
 And lo, in bitter sooth we all must spew it out again<sup>2</sup>.

( 21 )

World-wide seems to spread a fragrance  
 From the sweetness of the flowers.  
 All praise Him, the All-sustainer,  
 Clouds and plants and rocks and water.  
 We—we burden Earth so sorely  
 That she well-nigh sinks beneath us<sup>3</sup>.

( 22 )

I charged my soul and fondly counselled her,  
 But she would not comply.  
 My sins in number as the sands—no care  
 To count them up have I.  
 My daily lot comes, be my hand remiss,  
 Or near to it, or far  
 As Pleiades and Spica Virginis  
 And Sirius' twofold star<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 123, 2.<sup>2</sup> I. 54, 9.<sup>3</sup> I. 323, 2.<sup>4</sup> I. 66, 3.

(Metre : *Bastt.*)

( 23 )

Life ends, and no jar for us who thirst was bled of its wine,  
 Nor cupped thro' long years of drought our camel aged and worn<sup>1</sup>.  
 And so we part, nothing won whereby we plainly should know  
 What purpose touching the earth's inhabitants was designed.  
 This knowledge neither do tales tradition-borne to us give  
 Nor any star that is watched by patient eyes on the earth.  
 Time fades away with us, bleaching all the green of our leaf;  
 No sooner each crop anew springs up than lo, it is mown<sup>2</sup>.

( 24 )

In these thy days the learned are extinct,  
 O'er them night darkens, and our human swarms  
 Roam guideless since the black mare lost her blaze<sup>3</sup>.  
 All masculines are servants of the Lord,  
 All feminines His handmaids. The moon, now thin  
 Riding on high, now full, the Lesser Bear.  
 Water and clay, the Pleiads and the sun,  
 Earth, sky, and morning—are not all these His?  
 No sage will chide thee for confessing that.  
 O brother, let me pray God to forgive me,  
 For but a gasp of breath in me remains.  
 "The noble"? Ay, we talk of them. Our age  
 Hath only persons, names, tales long ago  
 For gain invented and by fools re-told.  
 Yonder bright stars to my true fancy seem  
 Nets which the hunter Time flings o'er his prey.  
 How wondrously is mortal fate fulfilled!  
 And seeing Death at work—the husband's kin  
 And wife's consumed together and none spared—  
 Wise men towards submission shape their will.

<sup>1</sup> In seasons of famine the pre-Islamic Arabs made use of camel's blood which they put into a gut and broiled.

<sup>2</sup> I. 253, last line.

<sup>3</sup> The commentator supposes the meaning to be "since the world was deprived of those most conspicuous for learning and wisdom." According to Von Kremer (*op. cit.* p. 70), "the black mare" refers to the 'Abbásid dynasty, which adopted black as its official colour; and this is probably the correct interpretation.

Ever since falsehood was, it ruled the world,  
 And sages died in anger. O Asmá,  
 Look for a certain day to find thee out,  
 Wert thou a chamois on a peak unclimbed.  
 If the four enemy humours in man's body  
 Concordant mix, he thrives; else tirelessly  
 They sow disease and swooning. I have found  
 The world a ruffian brute, exempt from law—  
 "Wounds by a brute inflicted go scot-free"<sup>1</sup>  
 A thing of nights and days; in the which aspect  
 Life's black and white bespeckled snake creeps on<sup>2</sup>.

( 25 )

(Metre: *Basít.*)

Were I sent out to explore this world of thine by a band  
 Migrating hither, from me no liar's tale would they hear,  
 But words like these: "'Tis a land whose herbs are sickness and  
 plague,  
 Its sweetest water distils a bane for generous souls.  
 Oh, 'tis the torment of Hell! Make haste, up, saddle and ride  
 To any region but that! Avoid it, camp ye not there!  
 Abominations it hath; no day or part of a day  
 Is pure and clean. Travel on, spur fast and faster the steeds!  
 I tell you that which is known for sure, not tangled in doubt;  
 None drawn with cords of untruth inveigle I to his harm."<sup>3</sup>

( 26 )

(Metre: *Wáfir.*)

Commandments there be which some minds reckon lightly,  
 Yet no man knoweth whom shall befall perdition.  
 The Book of Mohámmed, ay, and the Book of Moses,  
 The Gospel of Mary's son and the Psalms of David,  
 Their bans no nation heeded, their wisdom perished  
 In vain—and like to perish are all the people.

<sup>1</sup> In Mohammedan law no penalty can be exacted for wounds inflicted by animals.

<sup>2</sup> I. 57, 9.

<sup>3</sup> I. 107, 7.

Two homes hath a man to dwell in, and Life resembles  
 A bridge that is travelled over in ceaseless passage<sup>1</sup>.  
 Behold an abode deserted, a tomb frequented!  
 Nor houses nor tombs at last shall remain in being<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 27 )

Whenever a babe first cries, its parents and kinsfolk say  
 (Tho' mutely), "The darts of Change will fall thick and fast:  
 endure!

The world made us miserable, albeit we loved it long:  
 Now try it and pass, thou too, thy lifetime in misery.  
 And show not as if to thee 'twere nothing, for each of us  
 Bears witness that in his heart it wakens a fierce desire."<sup>3</sup>

( 28 )

Age after age entirely dark hath run  
 Nor any dawn led up a rising sun.  
 Things change and pass, the world unshaken stands  
 With all its western, all its eastern lands.

The Pen flowed and the fiat was fulfilled,  
 The ink dried on the parchment as Fate willed.  
 Chosroes could his satraps round him save,  
 Or Caesar his patricians—from the grave?<sup>4</sup>

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 29 )

Athirsting art thou for Youth's fresh water, and all the while  
 Since ever so long ago 'tis sinking and ebbing.  
 Thou seest it on the lips of others and canst not take:  
 When that that is loved departs, then thou wilt be loathed<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. I. 308, 12:

Life is a bridge between two deaths—'tis crossed.  
 That moment when the man to life is lost.

<sup>2</sup> I. 324, 11.

<sup>3</sup> II. 129, 4.

<sup>4</sup> II. 120, 1. Chosroes (*Kisrá*) is the Persian and Caesar (*Qaysar*) the Byzantine emperor.

<sup>5</sup> II. 59, 3.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(30)

It may be the stars of Night are setting their thought to work  
 To make known a mystery, and all eyes shall then behold.  
 I came into this abode reluctantly and depart  
 Elsewhither against my will: God witnesseth it is so.  
 And now in the space 'tween past and future am I compelled  
 To action? or have I power and freedom to do my best?  
 O World, may I get well rid of thee! for thy folk's one voice  
 Is folly, and Moslems match in wickedness those they rule;  
 And one puts himself to shame, disclosing his inmost mind,  
 And one hides his carnal thoughts—a zealot and bigot he!  
 The greybeard is but a child in purpose; the aged crone  
 Desires to enjoy her life like any full-bosomed maid.  
 Alas, strange it is how run we after a liar's tales  
 And leave what we plainly see of foolishness in ourselves.  
 These mortals are lost to truth: ascetic there never was  
 Amongst them, and ne'er shall be, until from the dead they rise<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(31)

'Tis sorrow enough for man that after he roamed at will,  
 The Days beckon him and say, "Begone, enter now a grave!"  
 How many a time our feet have trodden beneath the dust  
 A brow of the arrogant, a skull of the debonair!<sup>2</sup>

(32)

The world's best moment is a calm hour passed  
 In listening to a friend who can talk well.  
 How wonderful is Life from first to last!  
 Old Time keeps ever young of tooth. There fell  
 His ruin upon the nations: in each clime  
 Their graves were dug—no grave was digged for Time<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(33)

To live is the common hope; yet never thou putt'st to proof  
 The terrors of Time but when thou verily livest.

<sup>1</sup> I. 242, 9.<sup>2</sup> I. 214, 9.<sup>3</sup> I. 199, 11.

If scattered in disarray the limbs of my body lie,  
 In summer let woe betide or winter, I care not.  
 Do thou feather, if thou canst, the nest of a needy wight,  
 And brag not abroad that thou hast feathered it finely;  
 And though unto men thy wealth and opulence overflow,  
 Be sure thou shalt sink, O sea, howe'er high thou surgest!<sup>1</sup>

(Metre: *Kámil*.)

( 34 )

I welcome Death in his onset and the return thereof,  
 That he may cover me with his garment's redundancy.  
 This world is such an abode that if those present here  
 Have their wits entire, they will never weep for the absent ones.  
 Calamities exceeding count hath it brought to light;  
 Beneath its arm and embosomed close how many more!  
 It cleaves us all with its swords asunder and smites us down  
 With its spears and finds us out, right home, with its sure-winged  
 shafts.

Its prize-winners, who won the power and the wealth of it,  
 Are but little distant in plight from those who lost its prize.

\* \* \* \* \*

And a strange thing 'tis, how lovingly doth every man  
 Desire the Mother of stench the while he rails at her<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Ṭawil*.)

( 35 )

Softly, my fellow-men! for look, if I blame your ways,  
 I needs must, no help for it, begin with my mortal self.  
 Oh, when shall Time cease—the power of Allah is over all—  
 And we be at rest in earth, hushed everlastingly?  
 This body and soul have housed together a period,  
 And ever my soul thereby was anguished, her brightness dimmed<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Bastí*.)

( 36 )

Sick men, if guided aright, themselves will physic their pain.  
 The wise could heal, were they found, or else thou seekest in vain.  
 We flee from Death's bitter cup: hé follows, loving and fain<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 175, 6.<sup>2</sup> I. 142, penult. "The Mother of stench" (*Umm dafr*) is a "name of honour" which Ma'arrí frequently bestows on the World.<sup>3</sup> I. 48, 7.<sup>4</sup> I. 50, 4.

(Metre: *Basîf.*)

(37)

For him whose hour is come low in the tomb to be laid  
 A house of wood they have redd, a house nor lofty nor wide.  
 O ye that mourn, let him be, with Earth alone for his friend:  
 No strangeness knows he with her: of comrades trustiest she.  
 Earthen the body, and rain the best of gifts to the earth—  
 Pray ye the bountiful clouds to keep well-watered his limbs!  
 Be youth's cheek never so bright, a strip of dust shall he make,  
 And fear surpriseth him when his face grows haggard and wan.  
 Whomso the morrow of death from heavy straitness hath freed  
 No better fares than a skin dragged to and fro in carouse<sup>1</sup>.  
 Beware of laughter and shun to live familiar with it:  
 Seest not the cloud, when 'twas moved to laugh, how hoarsely it  
 wailed?<sup>2</sup>

(38)

(Metre: *Kâmil.*)

O shapes of men dark-looming under the battle-dust,  
 Dyeing red the sword and spurring horses lithe and lean,  
 And plunging into the deeps of pitchiest dead of night,  
 And ever cleaving through the measureless waste of sand—  
 Their hope a little water, that they may lick it up—  
 What bitterness do they drain, and all for a boon so cheap!

\* \* \* \* \*

When spirit journeys away from body, its dwelling-place,  
 Then hath body naught to do but sink and be seen no more<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Wâfir.*)

(39)

'Tis hateful that wail be heard of a weeping mourner  
 When cometh mine hour to die and fulfil my doomsday.  
 Not willingly went I down to the fated waters:  
 The two strong youths<sup>4</sup> by force haled me between them.  
 If choice of my lot were granted, I ne'er had moved house  
 To dwell in a place of narrowness after wideness.

<sup>1</sup> Meaning that the winds will blow his dust hither and thither.<sup>2</sup> I. 106, 2. The cloud's "laughter" is lightning, its "wailing" thunder.<sup>3</sup> I. 112, 1.<sup>4</sup> Day and Night.

I found all creatures riddled and strung together  
 By deathbolts rushing hard on the heels of deathbolts.  
 "Think lightly of this our life" is the charge I give you,  
 For soon shall I tread the footmarks of my comrades<sup>1</sup>.

( 40 )

Death, an thou wilt come anear me,  
 Not unwelcome is thy nearing—  
 Safest, mightiest of strongholds,  
 Once I pass the grave's portcullis.  
 Whoso meets thee shall not spy on  
 Peril or forebode affliction.

I am like a camel-owner  
 Handling all day long the scabbed ones,  
 Or a wild-bull seeking thistles  
 Far and wide in wildernesses.  
 If I fall back to my first source,  
 'Tis an ill tomb I must lie in,  
 Every moment as it fleeteth  
 One more knot of Life unravels.  
 Who but dreads a doom approaching?  
 Ay, and who shall fail to drink it?  
 Well they guard against the sword-edge  
 Lest their skins should feel its sharpness;  
 But the agony of deathbed,  
 Sorer 'tis than thousand stabbings.  
 Reason wars in us with nature,  
 Nature makes a hard resistance.

O grave-dweller, thou instruct me  
 Touching Death and his devices;  
 Be not niggard, for 'tis certain  
 I therein am all unpractised.  
 Wheeling, down on men he swoopeth  
 As a hawk that hunts a covey,  
 Or as grim wolf striding swiftly  
 For a night-raid on the sheepfold.

<sup>1</sup> I. 136, 7.

Ruin spares not any creature  
 In the fold or on the field-track,  
 Nor 'tis my belief the Dooms pass  
 Idly o'er a star-sown region :  
 They shall seize on Lyra, Virgo,  
 On Arcturus and his consort.  
 Every soul do they search after  
 In the wide world east and westward,  
 Visit ruthlessly of human  
 Kind the alien and the Arab.

Not a lightning-gleam but somewhere  
 Wakes a thrill of joy or sorrow.  
 Fancy hath enslaved the freeman  
 From her toils to flee unwilling.  
 Those that seek me shall not find me,  
 Far away my camping-places.  
 On our crowns erewhile the locks lay  
 Jet as 'twere the raven's plumage;  
 Then the mirk cleared and we marvelled  
 How the pitch-black changed to milk-white.  
 When my belly a little dwindles<sup>1</sup>,  
 I shall count upon God's favour,  
 Though provided for the night-march  
 Only with a skin of water<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(41)

If no elder shall be left behind me to feel himself  
 Undone by my loss, nor child, for what am I living?  
 And Life is a malady whose one medicine is Death,  
 So quietly let me go the way to my purpose<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Basit*.)

(42)

Better for Adam and all who issued forth from his loins  
 That he and they, yet unborn, created never had been!  
 For whilst his body was dust and rotten bones in the earth,  
 Ah, did he feel what his children saw and suffered of woe?

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* in consequence of fasting.

<sup>2</sup> I. 115, 13.

<sup>3</sup> I. 182, 2.

What wouldest thou with a house that ne'er is thine to possess,  
 Whence, after dwelling a little space, thou goest again?  
 Thou leav'st it sullenly, not with sound of praise in thine ears,  
 And in thy heart the desire thereof—a passionate love.

\* \* \* \* \*

The spirit's vesture art thou, which afterwards it puts off—  
 And vesture moulders away, ay, even armour and mail.  
 The Nights, renewing themselves, outwear it: still do they show  
 In ever wearing it out the same old treacherous grain.  
 But men are different sorts, and he that speaks to them truth  
 Is paid with hatred, and he that lies and flatters, with gold.  
 Who dirhems hath but a few to falsehood hasteneth soon,  
 The tales he feigns and invents make heaps of money for him.  
 And oftentimes will a man upbraid himself for his true  
 And honest speech, when he sees the luck of fellows that lie<sup>1</sup>.

( 43 )

The World, oh, fie upon her!  
 Umm Dafr her name of honour—  
 Mother of stink, not scent<sup>2</sup>.  
 The dove amongst the sprays there,  
 Warbling so well his lays there,  
 Hath voice more eloquent  
 (Sages opine) than any  
 That preach in pulpit, when he  
 Vows that Time's gifts are many  
 And all with poison blent<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 44 )

Of each day I take adieu, aware that the like of it,  
 Once gone from the like of me, will never return more.  
 Ill-starred are the easy ways of life where the careless stroll,  
 Howbeit they deem their lot auspicious and happy.

<sup>1</sup> II. 120, last line.

<sup>2</sup> See note 2, p. 71 *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> I. 136, 2. Cf. I. 81, 8: "I attributed the notes of the dove to the more proper cause, for I did not say, 'It sings,' but I said, 'It weeps and moans.' And this is because happenings are many, and the greater part of them are rough, not kindly."

For me, 'tis as though I ride an old jaded beast, what time  
 Outstretched on a bough the lizard basks in the noon-blaze.  
 Death journeys amid the night when all friends and foemen sleep,  
 And ever afoot is he whilst we are reclining<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

( 45 )

O purblind men, is none clear-eyed amongst you?  
 Alas, have ye none to guide you towards the summit?  
 We people the world in youthtide and in greyness  
 Of eld, and in woe we sleep and in woe we waken;  
 And all lands we inhabit at every season,  
 And find earth's hills the same as we found its valleys.  
 A bed is made smooth and soft for the rich man's slumber—  
 Oh, gladder for him a grave than a couch to lie on!  
 Whenever a soul is joined to a living body,  
 Between them is war of Moslem and unbeliever<sup>2</sup>.

( 46 )

In pleasures is no stay: their sweets beguile  
 At first, but ah the bitter after-while!  
 Time vowed we all to dust should surely come,  
 And sent, to search us out, the messengers of doom.  
 Man, once enriched by Death, wants nothing more;  
 A child receives Life's breath, and he is poor<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 47 )

Had men followed me—confound them!—well had I guided them  
 To Truth or to some plain track by which they might soon arrive.  
 For here have I lived until of Time I am tired, and it  
 Of me; and my heart hath known the cream of experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

What choice hath a man except seclusion and loneliness,  
 When Destiny grants him not the gaining of that he craves?  
 Make peace, if thou wilt, or war: the Days with indifferent hand  
 Their measure mete out alike to warrior and friend of peace<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 245, 14.

<sup>3</sup> I. 319, 10.

<sup>2</sup> I. 292, 5.

<sup>4</sup> I. 121, last line.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(48)

The wants of my soul keep house, close-curtained, like modest wives,

While other men's wants run loose, like women sent back divorced.

A steed when the bit chafes sore can nowise for all his wrath

Prevail over it except he champ on the iron curb;

And never doth man attain to swim on a full-borne tide

Of glory but after he was sunken in miseries.

It hindereth not my mind from sure expectation of

A mortal event, that I am mortal and mortal's son.

I swerve and they miss their mark, the arrows Life aims at me,

But sped they from bows of Death, not thus would they see me swerve.

The strange camels jealously are driven from the waterside,

But no hand may reach so far to drive from the pond of Death.

I vow, ne'er my watcher watched the storm where should burst its flood,

Nor searched after meadows dim with rain-clouds my pioneer<sup>1</sup>.

And how should I hope of Time advantage and increment,

Since even as the branches he destroyed he hath rased the root?<sup>2</sup>

(Metre: *Basit*.)

(49)

Sore, sore the barren one's grief: no child conceived she and bare;

Yet that is better for her, with right thought were she but blest.

Death taketh naught from a lonely soul excepting itself,

Whenas he musters his might and of a sudden waylays.

Alas, the crier of good—no ear inclineth to him:

Good, since the world was, hath been a lost thing ever unsought<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(50)

Each time had its turn of me—a morning, an eve, a night—

And over me passed To-day, To-morrow, and Yesterday.

In splendour upsprings a day, then blindingly creeps a mirk,

A moon rises full and sets, then followeth it a sun.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* I never sought riches. The metaphor is one of many which remind us that in the Arabian deserts not only wealth, but the existence of man and beast depends on anxiously prognosticated showers of rain.

<sup>2</sup> I. 277, 10.

<sup>3</sup> I. 271, 8.

I go from the world, farewell unspoken, without a word  
 Of peace on my lips, for oh, its happenings are hunger-pangs.  
 Abstainer in two respects am I, never having touched  
 A woman of swelling breast or kissed pilgrim-wise the Stone.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

And now I have lived to cross the border of fifty years,  
 Albeit enough for me in hardship were ten or five.  
 And if as a shadow they are gone, yet they also seem  
 Like heaped spoils, whereof no fifth for Allah was set apart.  
 The bale must on camel's back be corded, the world be loathed,  
 The body be laid in earth, the trace and the track be lost.  
 Make haste, O my heart, make haste, repenting, to do the deeds  
 Of righteousness—know'st thou not the grave is my journey's end?  
 And sometimes I speak out loud and sometimes I whisper low:  
 In sight of the One 'tis all the same, whether low or loud.  
 And still with adventurous soul I dive in the sea of Change,  
 But only to drown, alas, or ever I clutch its pearl<sup>1</sup>.

( 51 )

'Tis pain to live and pain to die,  
 Oh, would that far-off fate were nigh!  
 An empty hand, a palate dry,  
 A craving soul, a staring eye.

Who kindles fires in the night  
 For glory's sake he shows a light;  
 But man, to live, needs little wealth—  
 A shirt, a bellyful, and health.

Clasped in the tomb, he careth not  
 For anything he gave or got;  
 Silken touch and iron thrust  
 Are one to him that now is dust.

\*            \*            \*            \*

We smile on happy friends awhile,  
 Though nothing here is worth a smile.  
 Give joy to those, more blest than I,  
 Who gained their dearest wish—to die<sup>2</sup>!

<sup>1</sup> II. 2, 3.

<sup>2</sup> I. 77, 3.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 52 )

So soon as they put me out of sight, I shall reckon no more  
 When over me sweeps in gusts a northwind or southwind.  
 Time's ruinous strokes will fall: I cannot preserve my bones  
 By getting myself a chest of cypress or pinewood.  
 I wonder, will frightful hordes of Ethiops and Nubians  
 Because of the wrongs I did be seen at my rest-place?  
 Will colour of sin endow the white-gleaming dust above  
 With that noble wannish hue of piety's champions?  
 "How many a pillowing skull of mortals and cradling side,"  
 Says Earth, "turned to rottenness and crumbled beneath me!"  
 And lo, though I wrought no good to speak of, I surely hope  
 My drouth will be quenched at last in amplest of buckets<sup>1</sup>.

( 53 )

If Time aids thee to victory, he will aid  
 Thy foe anon to take a full revenge.  
 The Days' meridian heats bear off as spoil  
 That which was shed from the moist dawns gone by<sup>2</sup>.

( 54 )

Earth's lap me rids in any case  
 Of all the ills upon her face,  
 And equally 'twixt lord and slave  
 Divides the portion of the grave.  
 A long, long time have I lived through,  
 And never by experience knew  
 That we can hear the step so light  
 Of angel or demonic sprite.  
 To God the kingdom over all;  
 For they, the greater as the small—  
 The living as the dead—remain,  
 And nothing perishes in vain.  
 Lo, if a body dies, in store  
 This earth will keep it evermore;  
 And at a sign of parting given  
 The soul already is in heaven<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 127, last line.<sup>2</sup> I. 413, 3.<sup>3</sup> II. 158, 9.

(Metre: *Basîṭ*.) ( 55 )

Upon the hazard of Life doth man come into the world  
 Against his will, and departs a loser chafed and chagrined.  
 He seweth, stitch after stitch, his sins to clothe him withal,  
 As though the crown of his head were ne'er with hoariness sown<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawîl*.) ( 56 )

A bird darted on my left, but augury I practise not,  
 Howbeit its flight may send me somewhat of evil chance.  
 I see that from every race continually mounteth up  
 A babble of delirium, both the long and the short of it;  
 That piecemeal and limb by limb the body returns to earth,  
 But as for the spirit, none well knows whither that is gone.  
 And surely one day shall we, of utter necessity,  
 Set out on a hateful road at morning or eventide.  
 If base souls were reconciled with noble, their common wounds  
 Forgiveness had healed, not law that punishes like with like<sup>2</sup>.

( 57 )

Consider every moment past  
 A thread from Life's frayed mantle cast.  
 Bear with the world that shakes thy breast  
 And live serene as though at rest.  
 How often did a coal of fire  
 Blaze up awhile, sink low, expire!  
 O captain, with calm mind lead on,  
 Where rolls the dust of war: 'tis none  
 Of thine, the cause that's lost or won<sup>3</sup>.  
 Time, who gave thee so scant a dole,  
 He takes of human lives large toll.  
 Spare us more wounds: enough we owe  
 A fate enamoured of our woe.

<sup>1</sup> II. 70, penult.

<sup>2</sup> I. 225, 5. Ma'arri condemns the Mohammedan law of retaliation (*qiṣdṣ*). Cf. I. 47, 8; 386, 4-5 (where *فَدَيْتَ* is a mistake for *وَدَيْتَ*);

II. 236, penult.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. I. 60, 3.

Aid him that weeps and pining sighs,  
 And ask the laughter why he joys,  
 When our most perfect sage seems yet  
 A schoolboy at his alphabet<sup>1</sup>.

( 58 )

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

Aweary am I of living in town and village—  
 And oh, to be camped alone in a desert region,  
 Revived by the scent of lavender when I hunger  
 And scooping into my palm, if I thirst, well-water!  
 Meseemeth, the Days are dromedaries lean and jaded  
 That bear on their backs humanity travelling onward;  
 They shrink not in dread from any portentous nightmare,  
 Nor quail at the noise of shouting and rush of panic,  
 But journey along for ever with those they carry,  
 Until at the last they kneel by the dug-out houses.  
 No need, when in earth the maid rests covered over,  
 No need for her locks of hair to be loosed and plaited;  
 The young man parts from her, and his tears are flowing—  
 Even thus do the favours flow of disgustful Fortune<sup>2</sup>.

( 59 )

The nature mingled with the souls of men  
 Against their reason fights, and breaks it so  
 That now its lustre seems of no avail,  
 A sun palled o'er with clouds and shadows dark,  
 Until, when death approaches, they perceive  
 That all they wrought is foolishness and vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

A knave may go abroad and seal his fate,  
 As when the viper sallies from its hole;  
 Or stay at home to die by slow degrees,  
 Like meagre wolf that in the covert hides.  
 The soul is Life's familiar: at the thought  
 Of parting burst, in torrent gush, her tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> I. 223, 4.<sup>2</sup> I. 387, 6.

And well I know, ungrieving for aught past,  
 My time's least portion is this present last.  
 The righteous seek what Law forbears to ban,  
 But I have found no law permitting—Man<sup>1</sup>.

( 60 )

A mighty God, men evil-handed,  
 The dogmas of free-will and fate;  
 Day and Night with falsehood branded,  
 Woes that ne'er had or have a date<sup>2</sup>.

( 61 )

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

To live we desire because of exceeding folly,  
 Albeit to lose our life were a lot desirèd.  
 Tho' lion and hare complain of their evil fortune,  
 Nor hoarse growls mercy win nor feeble squeakings.  
 The while I was there, I nothing could see that liked me,  
 And wished to be gone—oh, when shall I go for ever?<sup>3</sup>

( 62 )

The Imám, he knows—'tis no ill thought of mine—  
 The missionaries work for place and power<sup>4</sup>.  
 In the air a myriad floating atoms shine,  
 But sink to rest in the passing of an hour.  
 There lives no man dis'inct from his fellows: all  
 One general kind, their bodies to earth akin;  
 And sure the hidden savour of honey is gall—  
 Confound thee! how thy fool tongue licks it in!  
 Thronged cities shall turn to desolate sands again  
 And the vast wilderness be choked with men<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 183, 4.<sup>2</sup> II. 180, 12.<sup>3</sup> I. 93, 6.

<sup>4</sup> The Imám is the leader of a religious sect or community, while the missionaries (*dd'i*, plural *du'dt*) are those who carry on propaganda and endeavour to increase the number of his adherents. Professor Browne (*Literary History of Persia*, vol. I. p. 410 foll.) gives an interesting account of the methods employed by the Ismá'ílí *dd'ís*, to whom Ma'arrí is referring here.

<sup>5</sup> I. 94, 5.

(Metre: *Tawil*.) (63)

Nay, tremble not, O my limbs, because of your mouldering  
 When earth\*shall be cast upon the grave that is dug for you.  
 For reason it thus: if now this body is surely vile  
 Before dissolution, worse and viler the coward's act.  
 I ride on the shoulders of nine hours, and fain would I  
 Have tarried, but never Time's departure is tarrying.  
 May God punish Day and Night! They hold me in dire suspense:  
 By two threads I seem to hang—the threads of a thing of naught.  
 My life, when it comes to birth and hastens towards decay,  
 Methinks, 'tis but as a lad who frolics and plays with dust<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Wafir*.) (64)

Thou campest, O son of Adam, the while thou marchest,  
 And sleep'st in thy fold, and thou on a night-long journey.  
 Whoso in this world abides hath hope of profit,  
 Howbeit a living man is for aye a loser.  
 The blind folk everywhere, eastward and westward,  
 Have numbered amongst their riches the staves they lean on<sup>2</sup>.

(65)

Oh, many a soul had won a pleasant life  
 Had she not stood in danger from her fates.  
 Things here are but a line writ by the pen  
 Of Doom; and love of them begins the line<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Basit*.) (66)

The youth goes on wearing out his garment of Yemen stuff  
 A certain season until he wears the garment of eld.  
 And that indeed is a robe, when any one puts it on,  
 Excludes delight evermore, casts joy like spittle away.  
 Inhabitants of the earth! full many a rider have I  
 Asked how ye fare, for I know no news of you, not a word.  
 Change now hath ceased, hardships now are unremembered: 'tis thus  
 The aged camel forgets, when quit of service, his gall.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

<sup>1</sup> I. 199, 5.<sup>2</sup> I. 396, 11.<sup>3</sup> I. 382, 15.

The city's leading divine went forth to bury his friend,  
 And seest not thou that he brought no lesson back from the grave?  
 The present hour, it is thine; the past a babble of dream;  
 And nothing sweet hath in store for thee the rest that remains<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(67)

Tho' doubtlessly long ago the genie of Youth is dead,  
 The devils that haunt the heart scorn aught but rebellion.  
 She teemeth, the noisome world, with sour milk; or be it sweet,  
 How many a one she spurns who came for refreshment!  
 A cool draught I drank that left no fire of thirst behind,  
 And flung from my shoulders off the fairest of mantles<sup>2</sup>.

(68)

Men are as fire: a spark it throws,  
 Which, being kindled, spreads and grows.  
 Both swallow-wort and palm to-day  
 Earth breeds, and neither lasts for aye.  
 Had men wit, happy would they call  
 The kinsfolk at the funeral;  
 Nor messengers would run with joy  
 To greet the birthday of a boy<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(69)

O company of the dead, request ye the last-comers  
 To give you the news, for they are nighest the knowledge.  
 They'll tell you the lands are still unchanged from the state ye  
 knew  
 Aforetime—all keeps the same in highland and lowland.  
 The world hath not ceased to make a dupe of its bosom-friend  
 And leave him awake instead of closing his eyelids,  
 And guilefully show the dark in semblance of light to him,  
 And feed him with gall the while he thinks it is honey;  
 And lo, on a bier hath laid him out—him that many a night  
 Rode forth on a hard camel or mounted a courser.  
 It left no device untried to fool him, no effort he  
 To love it with all his heart in utter devotion<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 359, 5.

<sup>2</sup> I. 280, 13.

<sup>3</sup> I. 317, 4.

<sup>4</sup> I. 268, 15.

(70)

The holy fights by Moslem heroes fought,  
 The saintly works by Christian hermits wrought  
 And those of Jewry or of Sabian creed—  
 Their valour reaches not the Indian's deed  
 Whom zeal and awe religiously inspire  
 To cast his body on the flaming pyre.  
 Yet is man's death a long, long sleep of lead<sup>1</sup>  
 And all his life a waking. O'er our dead  
 The prayers are chanted, hopeless farewells ta'en;  
 And there we lie, never to stir again.  
 Shall I so fear in mother earth to rest?  
 How soft a cradle is thy mother's breast!  
 When once the viewless spirit from me is gone,  
 By rains unfreshened let my bones rot on!<sup>2</sup>

(71)

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

The righteous are in a sea, albeit on land they dwell:  
 Wherever they find the good, the evil is not to seek.  
 This world am I owing aught of kindness, when that which grieves  
 The soul here is many times the double of that which glads?  
 The comrade of Life stands face to face still with that he loathes,  
 Ay, were it no more than heats of midday and frosts of night<sup>3</sup>.

(72)

Winter is come upon us, to its sway  
 Subduing naked poor and mantled prince;  
 And Fortune on her favourite bestows  
 A people's food, whilst one more needy starves.  
 Had this world been a bride, thou wouldst have found  
 The husband-murderess unmated yet.  
 Bend thy right hand to drink in purity,  
 Loathly for drinking is the ivory cup.

<sup>1</sup> The connexion of ideas seems to be this: "I admire the courage of the Indian ascetic who cremates himself, but death, after all, is not such a terrible thing: it is only a falling asleep."

<sup>2</sup> I. 260, 6.

<sup>3</sup> I. 353, 5.

Mankind are on a journey : let us make  
 Provision for the farthest that may fall.  
 Admire none safe from trouble—safe, forsooth !  
 Plunged in the swoll'n tide of a wave-tossed sea ;  
 A pioneer exploring for his tribe,  
 Who midst the dark descries a lightning-gleam,  
 And did not God avert, would meet such woe  
 As monarchs crowned have met and noteless men<sup>1</sup>.

( 73 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

Our souls with each other vie in snatching the spoils of Life  
 Unguarded awhile : thou too surprise, if thou canst, the foe.  
 My stay in the world heaps loss upon me—and seem not I  
 Already departed hence, albeit I here remain?  
 No sooner a man is born than straightway his death becomes,  
 What fortune soe'er he gain, the grandest of gifts to him.  
 The world's age hath mounted up : so old 'tis, that yonder stars  
 Methinks are the hair of Night with hoariness glistening.

\* \* \* \* \*

The union of all mankind in error, from East to West,  
 Amongst them was made complete by difference of rite and creed.  
 O short-stepping slow-paced Hours ! and nathless I know full well  
 They swiffler pass than steeds that move with a raking stride<sup>2</sup>.

( 74 )

Now sleeps the sufferer, but never sleeps  
 Thy sentry-star, O Night, in mirkest hours.  
 If yonder heaven unfading verdure keeps<sup>3</sup>,  
 Perchance the shining stars may be its flowers.

Men are as plants upspringing after rain,  
 Which, springing up, even then begin to die—  
 Poppies and cowslips : one herd doth profane  
 Their bloom, another feeds on low and high.

<sup>1</sup> I. 204, 2.<sup>2</sup> I. 126, 5.<sup>3</sup> In Arabic and Persian poetry the sky is either blue or green. The words denoting these colours take a wide range and are sometimes applied to objects which we should rather describe as grey, tawny, or black.

The bastard and the child of wedlock show  
 Outwardly like: no eye discerns the stain,  
 Ignorance rules, and only this we know,  
 That we shall pass and One Lord shall remain<sup>1</sup>.

(75)

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

He gave to himself the name of Joy—fool and liar he!<sup>2</sup>  
 May earth stop his mouth! In Time is anything joyful?  
 Yes: one part of good is there in many a thousand parts,  
 And when we have found it, those that follow are evil.  
 Our riches and poverty, precaution and heedlessness  
 And glory and shame—'tis all a cheat and illusion.  
 Encompassed are we by Space, which cannot remove from us,  
 And Time, which doth ever pass away with his people.  
 So charge, as thou wilt, the foe, or skulk on the battle-field:  
 The Nights charge at thee and wheel again to the onset<sup>3</sup>.

(76)

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

It angers thee—does it not?—that base thou art called and vile,  
 And yet thou art base enough, for Time is thy father.  
 The fool took his world to wife: he recked not, and surely she  
 Hath plagued and defied him after seizing the dowry<sup>4</sup>.  
 By quitting her ways of guile and torment go, purge thyself!  
 This harlot makes good her plea of purity never.  
 My lifetime I spent in breaths, dividing therewith the days  
 At first, then the months which follow each after other;  
 And little by little thus crept on, as a wayfarer  
 Whose sides spasms heave—for him his comrades must tarry;  
 Like ants ever climbing up the ridge of a sandy dune,  
 Not staying their march until the ridge is behind them<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 338, penult.<sup>2</sup> Ma'arri ridicules the inappropriateness of personal names, *e.g.*, when a coward is known as Asad (Leo), of honorific titles that should be reserved for God alone, such as Muqtadir and Qáhir, and of *kunyas* given to children (I. 147, 8; 225, 12-13; 366, 9-10; II. 95, 7). His own true name, he says, is not Abu 'l-'Alá (father of eminence) but Abu 'l-Nuzúl, *i.e.* father of degradation (II. 232, 6).<sup>3</sup> I. 315, 2.<sup>4</sup> According to Moslem law, the dowry is paid by the husband to the wife.<sup>5</sup> I. 309, 13.

(77)

Your fortunes are as lamps that guide by night,  
 Make haste ere they be spent. Even as a fire's  
 Own flames consume it and do quench its light,  
 So by repeated breaths our life expires.

How many a speaker, many a hearer slept  
 'Neath earth as though they ne'er could speak or hear!  
 Dark clouds unsmiling o'er them long had wept—  
 Their hands no bounty shed, their eyes no tear<sup>1</sup>.

(78)

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

Our bodies of dust, they quake with a doubt uneasy  
 When, ceasing from all unrest, long-wandering mortals  
 Are ware of return to Earth, who of kin is nearest—  
 Best healer of pain, tho' sound as a crow's their health be.  
 For lo, to the clouds they soar in a vain ambition,  
 And tumble with souls athrill to the chase of honour,  
 And spears in the clash are shivered and swords are dunted.  
 For dross they would die; yet he that complains of hunger,  
 He wants but a little food; or of thirst, but water.  
 Nobility's nature base blood hath corrupted:  
 Cross-breeding will mar the stock of a noble stallion.  
 And kings in their wealth deep wallow, but comes a suitor  
 Their bounty to taste, they prove a mirage deluding;  
 And sometimes ravin goads from his lair the lion  
 To prowl all night in sheepcote and camel-shelter.  
 If Fate's stern hand on high ne'er trembles, surely  
 Thy trembling in hope or fear will avail thee nothing<sup>2</sup>.

(79)

(Metre: *Mutaqárib*. Scheme: ∪ - ∩ | ∪ - ∩ | ∪ - ∩ | ∪ - .)

By night, while the foe slept, we journeyed in flight,  
 And praised in the morning our journey by night.  
 The sons of old Adam seek wealth to enjoy  
 Below in the earth and above in the sky.

<sup>1</sup> II. 78, 3. In this translation one verse of the original has been omitted.

<sup>2</sup> I. 90, 2.

A man guides the plough and a man wields the sword,  
 And both on the morrow have got their reward.  
 The soldier with glory returns home again,  
 The labourer comes loaden with trouble and pain<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.) (80)

I linger behind, alas, and know not the things unseen;  
 Perchance he that passes on is nearer to God than I.  
 The soul, fearing death, loves life, but long life is poison sure,  
 And all come to die, alike householder and wanderer.  
 The earth seeketh, even as we, its livelihood day by day  
 Apportioned: it eats and drinks of this human flesh and blood.  
 They slandered the sun himself, pretending he will not rise  
 When called at his hour except he suffer despite and blows<sup>2</sup>.  
 Meseemeth, a crescent moon that shines in the firmament  
 Is Death's curvèd spear, its point well-sharpened to thrust at  
 them;  
 And splendour of breaking day a sabre unsheathed by Dawn  
 Against them, whose edge is steeped in venom of mortal dooms<sup>3</sup>.

(81)

Nor glory nor dishonour sundereth  
 Moses and Pharaoh in the hour of death—  
 Death, like a shivering crone who feeds a flame  
 With lote and laurel, for 'tis all the same;  
 A lioness that drags into her cave  
 Her slaughtered prey, the freeman and the slave,  
 Launching them piecemeal both with tongue and paw  
 Into wide-opened all-devouring maw<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 72, 8. The literal translation of the last couplet is: "This one returns with (the letters) 'ayn and zdy (= 'izz, glory), and that one with (the letters) qdā and rd (= ḡurr, pain).

<sup>2</sup> This refers to the well-known verses by Umayya b. Abi 'l-Ṣalt (ed. by Schulthess, No. 25, vv. 46-47):

"And at the end of every night the sun rises red, his colour turning to rose.  
 He does not rise for them willingly, but only when he is chastised and beaten."

The next verse was evidently suggested by a verse of Umayya which is quoted in the *Lisān*, vi. 50, 18.

<sup>3</sup> I. 82, 6. Cf. with the last four lines II. 332, 6-8.

<sup>4</sup> I. 385, penult.

(82)

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

Man wishes that Life were incorruptible and that ne'er  
 Would perish and come to naught the woe of existence.  
 Even so is the ostrich of the desert in fear of death,  
 For all that its two sole foods are flint-stones and gourd-seeds<sup>1</sup>.

(83)

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

Untruth ran from sire to son amongst them: the sage alone  
 According to knowledge speaks, not after the ancients.  
 The world's children I have known and yet have I sued to them,  
 As though were unquenched my hope by knowing them inly.  
 Original wickedness is struggled against in vain,  
 What Nature hath moulded ill can never be mended.  
 The Book do ye read for truth and righteousness' sake? Not so:  
 Your piety only serves your pride and ambition.

\* \* \* \* \*

And Life is a she-camel that bears far across the sands  
 An emigrant weeping sore for that which he suffers;  
 With travel I milked her strength remaining, until at last  
 I left her exhausted, no more milk in her udder;  
 And now, after being mauled, her old savageness is dead  
 And buried, except that still the tomb is her *háma*<sup>2</sup>.

(84)

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

I see but a single part of sweet in the many sour,  
 And Wisdom that cries, "Beget no children, if thou art wise<sup>3</sup>";  
 Religion diseased: whoso is healthy and hopes to cure  
 Its sickness, he labours long and meanwhile himself falls sick;

<sup>1</sup> I. 246, 5.

<sup>2</sup> I. 305, 11. The pre-Islamic Arabs believed that the ghost or wraith of the dead man hovered over his grave in the shape of an owl (*háma*). Here the poet's meaning seems to be that he has rid himself of ignorance and superstition except in one particular: his life is still haunted by the fear of death.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, "let her (thy wife) be barren."

A dawn and a dark that seem—what signify else their hues  
 Alternate?—as stripes of white and black on a venomed snake;  
 And Time's universal voice commanding that they sit down  
 Who stood on their feet, and those who sate, that they now up-  
 stand.

Methinks, happiness and joy of heart is a fault in man:  
 Whenever it shows itself, 'tis punished with hate and wrath<sup>1</sup>.

( 85 )

My God, oh, when shall I go hence? I have stayed too long and  
 tarry still.

I know not what my star may be, but ever it hath brought me ill.  
 From me no friend hath hope of boon, no enemy hath fear of bane.  
 Life is a painful malady, and Death—he comes to cure its pain.  
 The tomb receiveth me and them, and none was seen to rise again<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 86 )

What! shall a house be drest in glittering gold, and then  
 Its owner abandon it and presently go his way?  
 I see in the body a brand of fire: Death puts it out,  
 And lo, all the while thou liv'st it burns with a ceaseless flame<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

( 87 )

A man drew nigh a wife for a fated purpose,  
 To bring by his act a third life into being.  
 Without rest she the sore load bears, and only  
 'Tis laid down when the tale of her months is reckoned;  
 And she to her source returns—ay, all things living  
 Trace back to the ancient Four their common lineage<sup>4</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 88 )

I travelled and got no good of body or soul thereby,  
 And naught was my turning home but folly and weakness.  
 Who feareth his Lord alone, him never His gifts will fail,  
 Albeit at praying-time he faces the sunrise.

<sup>1</sup> II. 295, II.<sup>3</sup> I. 83, 2.<sup>2</sup> II. 324, 3.<sup>4</sup> I. 91, 5.

I see how the living things of earth dread their doom : to them  
Despair with the thunder comes and hope with the lightning.  
Feel safe and secure, O bird ! and thou fear not, O gazelle,  
I'll harm thee : in fortune we are one, undivided<sup>1</sup>.

( 89 )

The star-chart thou unrollest, to unravel  
Life's knots ; and flying Time bids thee make haste.  
The world is never lavish of its honey  
Till bitter mingles with the sweet we taste<sup>2</sup>.

( 90 )

Pay ye no honour to my limbs when death  
Descends on me : the body merits none.  
'Tis like a mantle by the wearer prized,  
Which he holds cheap when its new gloss is gone<sup>3</sup>.

( 91 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

The first-born of Time enjoyed his young lusty strength, but we  
Came weak, after he was old and fallen into dotage.  
And would that a man were like the full-moon which lives anew  
And rises a crescent moon when each month is vanished !<sup>4</sup>

( 92 )

When I would string the pearls of my desire,  
Alas, Life's too short thread denies them room.  
Vast folios cannot yet contain entire  
Man's hope ; his life is a compendium<sup>5</sup>.

( 93 )

My body a herb of earth, my head grown hoary—  
The glistening flower is the herb's last glory.  
When ships on high adventure sail with thee,  
What rivers bear not rides upon the sea<sup>6</sup>.

( 94 )

Though falcon-like Man peers at things,  
A dark cloud to his mind's eye clings.  
I say not foul is mixed with fair ;  
No, 'tis all foulness, I declare<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 116, 9.<sup>2</sup> I. 213, 5.<sup>3</sup> I. 299, 12.<sup>4</sup> I. 307, 13.<sup>5</sup> I. 317, 15.<sup>6</sup> I. 319, 16.<sup>7</sup> I. 347, 16.

( 95 )

There's no good in thy treating maladies  
 And agues after fifty years are past.  
 A man may live so long, they say on his decease  
 Not "He is dead," but "Now he lives at last."<sup>1</sup>

( 96 )

O'er many a race the sun's bright net was spread  
 And loosed their pearls nor left them even a thread.  
 This dire World delights us, though all sup,  
 All whom she mothers, from one mortal cup.  
 A choice of ills: which rather of the twain  
 Wilt thou?—to perish or to live in pain?<sup>2</sup>

( 97 )

I will do good the while I can—to-day;  
 O'er me, when I am dead, ye need not pray.  
 Though all your saints should bless me, will it win  
 A clear way out from that which shuts me in?<sup>3</sup>

( 98 )

The stars we ought to glorify,  
 Which God hath honoured and set high  
 For all the world. And Life, how be  
 It ne'er so fondly loved by thee,  
 Is like a chain of pearls ill-strung,  
 That chafed the neck on which it hung<sup>4</sup>.

( 99 )

(Metre: *Mutaqárib*. Scheme: ∪ - ∞ | ∪ - ∞ | ∪ - .)

I trespass, do evil—and He,  
 My Lord, knoweth well what I be.  
 O help me! for waking I seem  
 To live all the while in a dream<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 48, 3.<sup>2</sup> II. 149, 2.<sup>3</sup> II. 149, penult.<sup>4</sup> II. 275, 12.<sup>5</sup> II. 277, penult.

( 100 )

'Tis plain what way I follow and what rule,  
 For am not I like all the rest a fool?  
 I too a creature of the world was made  
 And like the others lived and worked and played.  
 I came by fate divine and shall depart  
 (Hear my confession!) with God-fearing heart.  
 Not vain am I of any good I wrought;  
 Nay, by a sore dread are my wits distraught<sup>1</sup>.

I conclude this section with a few short pieces which might be called elegiac epigrams if their purpose were not rather to warn and exhort than to mourn or commemorate.

( 101 )

Earth covered many a fresh young maid, alas,  
 Who Pleiad-like in glorious beauty shone;  
 Yet so self-pleased would look into her glass,  
 I sent no word of greeting but rode on<sup>2</sup>.

( 102 )

Death came to visit him: he knit his brows  
 And frowned on Death—and never frowned again.  
 They gave him store of balm to join his folk,  
 But earth is balm enow for buried men.  
 Propped on his side, whilst in the tomb he lay,  
 To us he seemed a preacher risen to pray<sup>3</sup>.

( 103 )

He boasts no diadem, having in the tomb  
 A prouder fate—the friend whom thou dost mourn.  
 A king wants thousands to defend him; Death  
 Stands not in need of any creature born<sup>4</sup>.

( 104 )

As on her month's first night the crescent moon,  
 So came the youth and so departed soon.  
 Peace he hath won, from life untimely ta'en,  
 Who, had he lived, had suffered lifelong pain<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 395, last line.<sup>2</sup> I. 140, penult.<sup>3</sup> I. 114, 11.<sup>4</sup> I. 215, 3.<sup>5</sup> I. 400, 12.

( 105 )

They robed the Christian's daughter,  
 From high embowered room  
 In dusky robe they brought her  
 Down, down into a tomb—  
 And oh, her dress had often been  
 Gay as a peacock's plume<sup>1</sup>.

## II.

## HUMAN SOCIETY.

“It may be thou wilt abide in Paradise hereafter; at any rate in quitting *this* world thou hast escaped from Hell<sup>2</sup>.” Would the poet have found life so painful if he had not been blind, poor<sup>3</sup>, and disappointed in his hopes, and if the conditions of the age had been less deplorable than they were? Possibly; for we know that pessimism may spring from temperament or from philosophical reflection, and that a man's state of mind and feeling need not depend at all on the circumstances in which he lives. To grant this, however, is far from justifying the inference that Ma'arri's private misfortunes and his consciousness of public ills had nothing to do with his philosophy of life. The former, culminating in his failure at Baghdád, caused him to feel that solitude was the only tolerable alternative to non-existence, while the latter confirmed him in the belief that all mankind are fools, knaves, liars, and hypocrites, or vented itself in denunciation of particular classes and professions. His contemporaries were not so uniformly black as he painted them, but since understanding comes before criticism, let us consider for a moment what was the general situation of the Moslem empire and especially of Syria during the last quarter of the tenth and the first half of the eleventh century A.D.

<sup>1</sup> *Luzüm*, II. 42, 11.    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II. 322, 8; cf. I. 317, 11; II. 68, 4; 324, 11.

<sup>3</sup> During the earlier part of his life. In the period following his return from Baghdád he seems to have been comparatively well off. Cf. the last paragraph of this section.

The 'Abbásid Caliphs had long ceased to govern<sup>1</sup>, though their spiritual authority was acknowledged by most of the independent princes who supplanted them. In Baghdád the Buwayhids, a Persian dynasty, held absolute sway; and while they extended their power over western and southern Persia, another Persian house, the Sámánids, maintained themselves in Khurásán and Transoxania until they were dispossessed by the Turkish Ghaznevids. Ma'arrí did not live to see the western advance of the Seljúqs, who had occupied Baghdád in A.D. 1055, three years before his death; Aleppo and Damascus fell into their hands about fifty years later. For him the political storm-centre was Cairo, which since its foundation in A.D. 969 had been the capital of the Fátimid dynasty. The Fátimids, according to their own story, stood in the direct line of descent from the Prophet through his daughter Fátima; consequently they regarded the 'Abbásid Caliphs (who descended from the Prophet's uncle) as usurpers and claimed the title and prerogatives of the Caliphate by right divine. Their real ancestor was 'Abdulláh ibn Maymún al-Qaddáḥ, the son of a Persian oculist. He belonged to the Ismá'ílí sect, a branch of the Shí'ites which recognises seven Imáms, or pontiffs, of the Prophet's House, the last of these being Muḥammad ibn Ismá'íl (*ob. circa* A.D. 770). Exploiting the Shí'ite belief that the Imám, although he may vanish and remain hidden for a time, will one day return to fill the earth with justice, 'Abdulláh set a vast conspiracy in train. His methods of propaganda have been described as grotesque, audacious, and satanic; but whatever we think of their morality, we must be profoundly impressed by the genius displayed in them<sup>2</sup>. In A.D. 909, thirty-four years after the death of 'Abdulláh ibn Maymún, his grandson appeared amongst the Berbers of North Africa, announcing himself under the name of 'Ubaydulláh as the promised Mahdí and giving out that he was a descendant of the Imám Muḥammad

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Luzúm*, I. 131, 6: "The state of Islám is so contemptible that its chief (the 'Abbásid Caliph) is become a falcon for falconers or a dog for huntsmen."

<sup>2</sup> See Professor Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, vol. I. p. 394 fol. and 410 foll.

ibn Ismá'íl. This 'Ubaydulláh founded the Fátimid dynasty in Tunis, and his successors, advancing eastward, conquered Egypt and Syria as far as Damascus (A.D. 969-70). If the rule of the Fátimids "was on the whole, despite occasional acts of cruelty and violence inevitable in that time and place, liberal, beneficent, and favourable to learning<sup>1</sup>," the Ismá'ílí doctrines bore other fruit which was deadly enough to excuse the worst construction that could be put upon them. I refer to the Carmathians and the so-called Assassins. During the tenth century the Carmathians (*Qarámīta*)—originally the followers of an Ismá'ílí missionary, Ḥamdán Qarmaṭ—ravaged, plundered, and massacred in many lands of Islam; in A.D. 930 they even sacked Mecca and carried off the Black Stone from the Ka'ba. They<sup>f</sup> paid a somewhat inconstant homage to the Fátimid Caliphs, whose secret diplomacy used them for its own ends and directed their operations, though the alliance was disavowed officially.

At the date of Ma'arri's birth northern Syria, including Aleppo and Ma'arra, was held by a successor of the famous Ḥamdánid prince, Sayfu 'l-Dawla; but the Fátimids were already beginning to threaten it from the south. The struggle went on with varying fortune for about ninety years. It raged most fiercely round Aleppo, which passed to and fro from the Ḥamdánids to the Fátimids and from the Fátimids to a Bedouin dynasty, the Banú Mirdás. On one occasion the Ḥamdánid Abu 'l-Faḍá'il "endeavoured to obtain the help of the Greek emperor against the Egyptian invaders, and such help was readily given, since the maintenance of Antioch in Christian hands depended on the possibility of playing off one Moslem power against the other. Aleppo after a siege of thirteen months by 'Azíz's general was set free by the timely aid of the Emperor Basil<sup>2</sup>." Thus Ma'arri lived all his life in the shadow of war and was familiar with its horrors and miseries. Once at least he came forward as peace-maker. The historian al-Qifí relates that in A.D. 1027, when Šálih ibn Mirdás, the governor of Aleppo, besieged Ma'arra and

<sup>1</sup> See Professor Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, vol. 1. p. 399.

<sup>2</sup> Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, *Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus*, p. 27 fol.

bombarded it with a catapult (*manjaníq*), the terrified inhabitants implored Ma'arrí to intercede with him. "Abu 'l-'Alá went forth, leaning on a guide. Šálih was told that the gate of the town had been thrown open and that a blind man was being led out. He gave orders to cease fighting. 'It is Abu 'l-'Alá,' said he: 'let us see what he wants.' He received the poet courteously, granted his request, and asked him to recite some poetry. Abu 'l-'Alá improvised a few verses which occur in the *Luzúmiyyát*<sup>1</sup>." Another version of the incident is not so picturesque but seems more probable. Šálih had arrested seventy notables of Ma'arra, and Abu 'l-'Alá was sent to plead for their release, a task which he successfully accomplished<sup>2</sup>.

The prevailing anarchy fostered social and economic disorders of the gravest kind, and these in turn provoked fresh outbreaks of lawlessness. Here are some extracts from the annals of this period: they may help the reader to imagine what it was like.

*Anno* 982-3: It is said that on account of the civil wars between the 'Abbásid and the Fátimid Caliphs no one made the pilgrimage from 'Iráq (to Mecca) during the years 982-90. There were no pilgrims from 'Iráq in the years 1002, 1008, 1010, 1017-21, etc., etc. Bands of Carmathians and Bedouins infested the caravan routes, robbing travellers or levying

<sup>1</sup> *Dhikrá Abi 'l-'Alá*, p. 66. The verses referred to (*Luzúm*, I. 302, 3) are not complimentary either to Šálih or to the people of Ma'arra: I remained in seclusion a long while, unblamed and unenvied.

When all but the least part of my life had passed, and my soul was doomed to quit the body (soon),

I was sent as an intercessor to Šálih—and the plan of my fellow-townsmen was a bad one;

For he heard from me the cooing of a dove, and I heard from him the roaring of a lion.

Let me not be pleased with this hypocrisy: how often does an hour of tribulation make dear what was cheap before! (*i.e.* if my fellow-citizens honoured me, it was only from self-interest: they thought I could serve them in a crisis).

<sup>2</sup> The events which caused Ma'arrí to undertake this mission are related by Professor Margoliouth in his Introduction to the *Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá*, p. 33; cf. *Luzúm*, I. 355, 14 foll. If Šálih really besieged Ma'arra, we must suppose that the town had revolted against him in consequence of his tyrannical act. The *Luzúm* makes no allusion to a siege.

blackmail. A certain Badr ibn Ḥasanawayh paid 5000 dínars every year to the brigand al-Uṣayfir "as compensation for what he used to take from the pilgrims." In 998 the caravan from 'Iráq was intercepted by Abu 'l-Jarráḥ al-Ṭá'í, who demanded 9000 dínars from Rađí and Murtađá, the Sharífs of Baghdád, before he would allow it to proceed<sup>1</sup>.

*Anno* 983-4: The price of wheat in 'Iráq rose to an enormous figure, and "a great number of people died of hunger on the road." In 992 at Baghdád a pound of bread cost 40 dirhems, and a walnut 1 dirhem. In 1047 Mosul, Mesopotamia, and Baghdád were devastated by famine and pestilence: the number of dead reached 300,000. In 1056 (a year or two before Ma'arri's death) "plague and famine spread over Baghdád, Syria, and Egypt and the whole world, and the people were eating their dead<sup>2</sup>."

*Anno* 1009: Abú 'Abdallah al-Qummí al-Miṣrî the cloth-merchant died, leaving a fortune of one million dínars, exclusive of goods, merchandise, and jewels<sup>3</sup>.

*Anno* 1002-3: An earthquake destroyed multitudes in the 'Awáṣim (the province to which Ma'arra belonged) and the frontier lands of Syria. In 1033-4 a third part of Ramla was demolished by an earthquake: "the sea ebbed to a distance of three *farsakhs* (about nine miles), and the people went down to fish; then it rolled back upon them and all who could not swim were drowned." During Ma'arri's lifetime there were similar disasters at Dínawar, Tabríz, Tadmor, and Baalbec<sup>4</sup>.

It would be tedious to lengthen this list by giving details, for example, of the bloody religious conflicts in Baghdád and 'Iráq, where authority was divided between a Sunnite Pope and a Shí'ite Emperor. Of course, such records mean little unless we can regard them as typical. The present case, I think, fulfils that condition in the sense that the symptoms noted above were not isolated or sporadic but continually recurred and affected the welfare of whole provinces and populations. Concerning the deeper causes of the disease—

<sup>1</sup> Abu 'l-Maḥásin ibn Taghrîbirdî, *al-Nujûmu 'l-Zâhira* (ed. Popper), vol. II. pp. 30, 56, 85.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 33, 50, 206, 219.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 106.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 91, 101, 162, 198.

slavery, polygamy, the decay of religion, the unequal distribution of wealth, etc.—we learn more from Ma'arrí than from the Moslem chronicles.

Literature does not always flourish under a strong central government or languish under a weak one. The damage inflicted by the break-up of the 'Abbásid Caliphate was to a great extent repaired by the dynasties which succeeded it. The courts of Aleppo, Bukhárá, Ghazna, and other cities became rival seats of literary culture. Every prince gathered poets and scholars around him, if not for love of learning—and this was no rarity—then in order to gratify his self-esteem and assure his prestige. Islamic literature, hitherto confined to the language of the Koran, was enriched by Persians writing in their own tongue. It is true that as science and philosophy developed, poetry and literature declined: the genius of the age was constructive rather than creative, and the materials with which its writers worked were largely foreign. From that standpoint we may call it decadent if we please; but though it lacked the brilliance of the epoch which expired with Sayfu 'l-Dawla seven years before Ma'arrí was born, it produced many authors of distinction and some of world-wide fame. Our poet numbered among his contemporaries Firdawsí and Avicenna; Bírúní, the historian of India, 'Utbí, the biographer of Sultan Maḥmúd, and Badí'u 'l-Zamán al-Hamadhání, inventor of a new form of romance which was brought to perfection by Ḥarírí; the scholastic theologians Báqilání and Ibn Ḥazm, the critic Ibn Rashíq, the anthologist Tha'álibí, and the defender of orthodox Şúfism Abu 'l-Qásim al-Qushayrí.

The *Luzúm* contains several references to political affairs in Syria and elsewhere. In the following poem Ma'arrí laments the fatal blow dealt to the house of 'Abbás by the Buwayhid occupation of Baghdád (A.D. 945–1055).

( 106 )

Shun mankind and live alone, so wilt thou neither do injustice nor suffer it.

Thou wilt find that even though Fortune be favourable, there is no escape from her all-destroying onslaught.

Were al-Manşúr raised from the dead, he would cry, "No peace unto thee, O City of peace!"<sup>1</sup>

The sons of Háshim dwell in the desert, and their empire has passed to the Daylamites<sup>2</sup>.

If I had known that they would come to this at last, I would not have killed Abú Muslim<sup>3</sup>.

He had been a loyal servant of my dynasty, and it robed him in the dark raiment<sup>4</sup>."

Another poem describes the defeat of the Fáṭimids by Şálih ibn Mirdás and his Bedouin allies.

( 107 )

I see that Şálih has got possession of Aleppo, and Sinán has attacked Damascus,

While Hassán, leading the two clans of Ṭayyi', bends his course from Ghazza on a piebald steed.

When their horsemen saw the dust-clouds grey as *thagham*<sup>5</sup> hanging over their host,

They threw themselves on the mosque of Ramla, which suffered outrage and was smeared with blood.

And it boots not the damsel taken captive that skulls were split on a keen sword-blade (for her sake).

Many a victim fell unavenged and forgotten; many a prisoner was shackled and never set free.

How many a one did they leave lonely, bereft of wife and child!  
How many a rich man did they leave poor!

He goes amongst the tribe, inquiring after his property; but what avails talking about a bird that is flown?<sup>6</sup>

Although Ma'arrí sympathised with the 'Abbásids and disliked the Fáṭimids<sup>7</sup>, prudence as well as inclination de-

<sup>1</sup> Baghdád, founded by al-Manşúr, the second 'Abbásid Caliph, in A. D. 762.

<sup>2</sup> "The sons of Háshim" are the 'Abbásids; the Daylamites are the Buwayhids.

<sup>3</sup> See my *Literary History of the Arabs*, p. 251 fol.

<sup>4</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 316, 3. "The dark raiment" probably refers to the official costume of the 'Abbásids, which was black; not, as Von Kremer thinks, to the shroud.

<sup>5</sup> Probably a kind of feathery grass (see Sir C. Lyall's translation of the *Mufaḍḍalīyāt*, p. 62, and Index under Hair). <sup>6</sup> II. 133, 10.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. I. 71, 2-3, "A proud and mighty dynasty came o'er them and they were made captive in its error. They supposed that some persons (the Imáms) are immaculate, but I swear they are not pure."

tached him from the political and religious controversies of his time, so that he was able to keep on friendly terms with moderate men in either camp<sup>1</sup>. Naturally, this does not prevent him from criticising the doctrine of the extreme Shí'ites, especially their veneration of the Imáms and their expectation of a Mahdí. He also ridicules their claim to possess an apocalyptic book<sup>2</sup>.

( 108 )

The dead monarch<sup>3</sup> will return if his grandfather, Ma'add<sup>4</sup>, shall return to you, or his father, Nizár<sup>5</sup>.

No intelligent man believes that there is at Kúfán (Kúfa) a tomb of the Imám which pilgrims visit (in the hope of witnessing his resurrection)<sup>6</sup>.

The truly religious is he that hates evil and girds his loins with a band and waist-cloth of innocence<sup>7</sup>.

( 109 )

Ye have gotten a long, long shrift, O kings and tyrants,  
And still ye work injustice hour by hour.

What ails you that ye tread no path of glory?

A man may take the field, tho' he love the bower.

But some hope an Imám with voice prophetic  
Will rise amidst the silent ranks agaze.

An idle thought! There's no Imám but Reason

To point the morning and the evening ways<sup>8</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawíl*.)

( 110 )

Astrologers still go on foretelling a prince of faith  
Amidst the enshrouding mirk to rise like a lonely star;  
For none shall unite the state disjointed, except a man  
Made perfect, who beats red-hot the cold iron, bar on bar<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> E.g. he dedicated some of his works to the Fátimid governors of Aleppo (*Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá*, Introd., p. 31). <sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 390, 13.

<sup>3</sup> The Fátimid Caliph, Ḥákím bi-amri'llah (ob. A.D. 1020). Cf. with this verse *Luzúm*, II. 243, 10-12.

<sup>4</sup> Mu'izz Abú Tamím Ma'add (ob. A.D. 975).

<sup>5</sup> 'Azíz Abú Manşúr Nizár (ob. A.D. 996).

<sup>6</sup> Cf. the verses of the Shí'ite poet, Di'bíl b. 'Alí, cited by Mas'údí (*Murúju 'l-Dhahab*, ed. Barbier de Meynard, vol. VI. p. 195).

<sup>7</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 315, 10.

<sup>8</sup> I. 65, 4.

<sup>9</sup> I. 278, 12.

Von Kremer (*op. cit.*, p. 60) misunderstands this passage and attributes to Ma'arrí the belief in a man of blood and iron, who alone could re-establish order and security ("in einem Manne, der mit 'Blut und Eisen' wieder die Ordnung herstellt"). The second couplet certainly expresses such a belief, but it forms part of the prediction which Ma'arrí means to discredit. The world-saviour, the man of the mailed fist, is the Carmathian Imám—the last person our poet expected or desired to see, though the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in A.D. 1047 raised high hopes of his advent<sup>1</sup>. Let me quote a parallel passage:

## ( III )

And there shall rise amongst mankind a king  
 Like to an angel that torments the wicked,  
 His hands cunning to slaughter: he shall smite  
 With the cold iron adversaries all.  
 They said, "A just Imám shall come to rule us  
 And shoot our enemies with a piercing shaft."  
 This earth, the home of mischief and despite,  
 Did never yield a single day's delight<sup>2</sup>.

There speaks the pessimist, taught by hard experience that "Man never is, but always to be, blest."

While Ma'arrí has nothing to say either for or against the Fátimid government as such, he denounces fanaticism wherever he finds it; and in his country and age it was rampant everywhere—"men (he observes) take the opposite direction to Right: they are extreme Shí'ites or bigoted Sunnis<sup>3</sup>." Alluding to the Caliph Ḥákim, who pretended to be an incarnation of God, he declares that the worst of mankind is a monarch who wishes his subjects to worship him<sup>4</sup>. The Carmathians are bitterly attacked for their impiety and im-

<sup>1</sup> That the poet refers to the Carmathians is made clear by the mention of Saturn in the following verse (*Luzüm*, I. 278, 14). Cf. I. 279, 12: "If they (the Carmathians) revere Saturn, I revere One of whom Saturn is the most ancient worshipper."

<sup>2</sup> *Luzüm*, I. 296, 8.

<sup>3</sup> I. 408, 9:

والناس في ضد الهدى متشيع \* لزم الغلو وناصبي شاري

<sup>4</sup> II. 200, last line.

morality. We do not know how far Ma'arrí's description of their tenets is trustworthy: in the *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán*, where he relates many anecdotes concerning this detested sect<sup>1</sup>, he mentions that his information was partly derived from those who had travelled in districts under Carmathian rule.

( 112 )

Will not ye fear God, O partisans of (one like) Musaylima?<sup>2</sup> for ye have transgressed in obedience to your lusts.  
 Do not follow in the footsteps of Satan—and how many a one amongst you is a follower of footsteps!<sup>3</sup>  
 Ye adopted the opinions of the Dualists (Zoroastrians)<sup>4</sup> after the sweetness of Unity (Islam) had flowed on your palates;  
 And in resistance to the creed which ye promulgated, the spears were dyed (with gore) and the blood of the horsemen was blown to and fro in the gusts of wind<sup>5</sup>.  
 Even the brute beasts did not approve the crimes committed by you on your mothers and mothers-in-law.  
 The least (most venial) thing that ye hallowed is the throat of a wineskin which makes the whole pack of you drunk and tipsy.  
 Ye took 'Alí as a shield (to justify yourselves), though he always punished (his subjects) for drinking wine, even in sips.  
 We questioned some Magians as to the real nature of their religion. They replied, "Yes: we do not wed our sisters.  
 That, indeed, was originally permitted in Magianism, but we count it an error<sup>6</sup>.  
 We reject abominable things and love to adore the light of the sun at morning."

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1902, p. 338 foll.

<sup>2</sup> The text has "Musallam" or "Musallim." I read "Musaylim," an abbreviation of Musaylima, the false prophet, whose doctrines resembled those which are here ascribed to the Carmathians. The curtailed form of his name occurs in a Persian poem by 'Unşuri (Dawlatsháh, *Tadhkiratu 'sh-Shu'ard*, ed. by E. G. Browne, p. 46, l. 8).

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* an imitator of others. According to Ma'arrí, the mass of mankind are enslaved by habit and tradition.

<sup>4</sup> For an explanation of this statement see *al-Farq bayna 'l-firaq* (Cairo, 1910), p. 269 foll. and p. 277.

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.* the slaughter was so great that the blood lay on the ground in pools.

<sup>6</sup> Which proves that it is better to be a Zoroastrian than a Carmathian.

Ye treated the Koran with contempt when it came to you, and paid no heed to the Fast and the canonical prayers.

Ye expected an Imám, a misguided one, to appear at the conjunction of the planets; and when it passed, ye said, "(His coming is put off) for a few years<sup>1</sup>."

There is no evidence that Ma'arri was acquainted with the higher teaching of the Ismá'ílís; and although it has been called "une espèce de culte de la raison<sup>2</sup>," we can feel sure that, so far as it preserved any positive character, it would have been entirely repugnant to him. Most of the poems in which they are mentioned lay stress on their violations of law and religion, but he also charges them with revolutionary aims—"the desire, namely, to destroy the power of the Arabs and the religion of Islam whence that power was derived<sup>3</sup>."

( 113 )

Whenever ye see a band of Hajarites<sup>4</sup>, their advice to the people is, "Forsake the mosques!"

Time hides a secret which (when it is disclosed) will suddenly put to sleep all who are awake or arouse all who slumber.

They say that the influence of the conjunction of the planets will ruin the religious institutions established by the noblest leaders of men,

And that, when the heavenly fate descends, the spear of the armed champion (of Islam) will produce no more effect (on his enemies) than motes in a sunbeam.

If Islam has been overtaken by calamities which lowered its prestige, yet none ever saw the like of it<sup>5</sup>.

And if they revere Saturn, I revere One of whom Saturn is the most ancient worshipper<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 182, 5. For some time before A.D. 1047 it was proclaimed that the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in that year would mark the final triumph of the Fátimids over the 'Abbásids. Cf. *Luzúm*, II. 129, 8-9 translated in my *Lit. Hist. of the Arabs*, p. 322).

<sup>2</sup> By De Goeje, *Mémoire sur les Carmathes du Bahrain et les Fatimides*, p. 163. <sup>3</sup> Professor Browne, *Literary History of Persia*, vol. I. p. 406.

<sup>4</sup> Hajar in Baḥrayn was the Carmathian capital.

<sup>5</sup> These are the words of a patriotic Moslem. Von Kremer's rendering, "none ever saw a calamity like this (Carmathian) one" (*ZDMG.* vol. 38, p. 500) seems inadmissible.

<sup>6</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 279, 7.

( 114 )

The religions of every people have come down to us after a system which they themselves contrived.

And some of them altered the doctrines of others, and intelligent minds perceived the falsity of that which they affirmed to be true.

Do not rejoice when thou art honoured amongst them, for oft have they exalted a base man and held him in honour.

The external rites of Islam have been changed by a sect who sought to wound it and lopped away its branches.

And what they have spoken is (only) the prelude to a great event, as poets begin their encomia with love-songs;

For it is rumoured that on a certain day they that lie buried in the earth shall arise<sup>1</sup>.

With one exception, which will be noticed presently, our author's general views on government are quite orthodox.

( 115 )

Fear kings and willingly yield obedience to them, for the king is a rain-cloud that waters the earth.

If they are unjust, yet they are of great use to society: how often have they defended thee with infantry and cavalry!

And did the emperors of Persia and the princes of Ghassán abstain from tyranny and oppression aforesaid?

Horses set free to graze go their own way: nothing holds them in check but bridles, which gall them, and reins<sup>2</sup>.

( 116 )

Sovereignty is fire: beneficial, if moderate, but harmful and consuming, if it transgress.

And nearness to it is the sea: if it bring thee gain, yet there is danger of death by drowning<sup>3</sup>.

It is not remarkable that an Oriental writer should plead for just and rational government<sup>4</sup> or point out that kings have duties as well as rights; but unless I am mistaken,

<sup>1</sup> II. 404, 2. Cf. II. 427, 3: "They expected that an Imám would arise to abrogate the law laid down by the Prophet."

<sup>2</sup> II. 371, 1.

<sup>3</sup> II. 121, 12.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. II. 21, 4.

Ma'arrí is alone in anticipating the modern democratic theory that the heads of the state are its paid servants.

( 117 )

My stay (in the world) is wearisome : how long shall I associate with a people whose princes command what is not good for it?

They wronged their subjects and allowed themselves to deceive them and neglected their interests, although they are their hirelings<sup>1</sup>.

( 118 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

If well we consider things, they surely disclose to us  
Their secret : the people's prince is servant of those he rules<sup>2</sup>.

( 119 )

Leave mankind to do as they please, for if thou look'st, (thou wilt see that) their king resembles a hired slave, who returned (from his work) in the evening.

The shade of acacia-trees whither thou resortest for shelter makes thee independent of him that asks gold in payment of the house (thou dwellest in) and the stones (with which it is built)<sup>3</sup>.

In two of these passages (Nos. 118 and 119) the maxim *rex servus populi* is used as an argument for asceticism. The poor hermit enjoys greater happiness and freedom than the most powerful monarch.

Ma'arrí spares none of the ruling classes, and we cannot but wonder how such a contemptuous and outspoken critic escaped punishment. His lash falls cuttingly on princes and military governors, but with particular severity on the '*ulamá*', that is to say, on those who represent the legal and religious authority in the Moslem state.

( 120 )

They guide affairs the way of fools;  
Their power ends, another rules.  
Oh, fie on life and fie on me  
And this ignoble sovereignty!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. 55, 6.

<sup>2</sup> II. 260, 10.

<sup>3</sup> I. 384, 11.

<sup>4</sup> II. 23, 9.

( 121 )

'Tis sadness enough that all the righteous are gone together and  
that we are left alone to inhabit the earth.  
Truly, for a long while 'Irâq and Syria have been two ciphers: the  
king's power in them is an empty name<sup>1</sup>.  
The people are ruled by devils invested with absolute authority:  
in every land there is a devil in the shape of a governor—  
One who does not care though all the folk starve, if he can pass  
the night drinking wine with his belly full<sup>2</sup>.

( 122 )

Never the cup rested idle in the cupbearer's hand,  
But when thy bloated paunch was threatening to burst.  
In the morning ankle-wise juts out thy belly,  
Drink-swollen, thy head with riot split like a mazard<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawîl*.)

( 123 )

Cleave thou to the act and deed of virtue, were all it brings  
Of vantage to thee at last its fair sound in ears of men.  
So sure as thou liv'st, there's none that flees from the world in  
sooth,  
Not even the eremites of Christendom in their cells.  
The princes of humankind are worse than all the rest,  
When like unto hovering hawks they swoop down and snatch  
their prey.  
A ruler in every land: if one by God's help goes straight,  
Another perverts the course of justice to vilest ends.  
The property he by fraud removes from its rightful hands—  
Then burst forth in overflow the waters of weeping eyes;  
Around him a legal crew with visages bleak as crags  
Which never were softer made by plenteously-gushing rains<sup>4</sup>.

Ma'arrî's opinion of the '*ulamâ*' (Moslem divines) is  
briefly expressed in the verse—

With wakeful grief the pondering mind must scan  
Religion made to serve the pelf of Man—<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The king" referred to is the 'Abbâsîd Caliph.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzûm*, II. 335, 5.      <sup>3</sup> I. 87, 9.      <sup>4</sup> II. 90, 4.

<sup>5</sup> II. 129, 10:

مَذَاهِبٌ جَعَلُوهَا مِنْ مَعَايِشِهِمْ \* مِنْ يُعْمِلُ الْفِكْرَ فِيهَا تُعْطِيهِ الْأَرْقَا

and is best illustrated by the poems which give us his views on that subject. Meanwhile a few specimens may find a place here.

( 124 )

I take God to witness that the souls of men are without intelligence, like the souls of moths.  
They said, "A divine!" but the divine is an untruthful disputatious person, and words are wounds<sup>1</sup>.

( 125 )

There are robbers in the desert, camel-riever,  
Robbers too in mosque and market may be seen;  
And the name of these is notary and merchant,  
While the others bear the name of "Bedaween<sup>2</sup>."

( 126 )

What man was ever found to be a *cadi* and to refrain from giving judgments like the judgment of *Sadúm*?<sup>3</sup>  
Things insensible bear no burden of calamity: does it trouble rocks that they are hewn with an adze?<sup>4</sup>

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 127 )

Who knows? Some that fill the mosque with terror whene'er they preach  
No better may be than some that drink to a tavern-tune.  
If God's public worship serve them only to engine fraud,  
Then nearer to Him are those forsaking it purposely.  
Let none vaunt himself who soon returns to an element  
Of clay which the potter takes and cunningly moulds for use.  
A vessel, if so it hap, anon will be made of him,  
From whence any common churl at pleasure may eat and drink;  
And he, unaware the while, transported from land to land—  
O sorrow for him! his bones have crumbled, he wanders on<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 262, last line.

<sup>2</sup> I. 87, last line. Cf. II. 90, 10.

<sup>3</sup> The name *Sadúm* (Sodom) is applied by Moslems both to the city and to its wicked judge.

<sup>4</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 297, 6. In these poems *Ma'arri* often says that he longs for anaesthesia to relieve him of the pain of life. Cf. *Luzúm*, I. 295, 7-8 (translated in my *Lit. Hist. of the Arabs*, p. 323); II. 123, 1 foll.; 130, penult.

<sup>5</sup> I. 81, 12.

( 128 )

For his own sordid ends  
 The pulpit he ascends,  
 And though he disbelieves in resurrection,  
 Makes all his hearers quail  
 Whilst he unfolds a tale  
 Of Last Day scenes that stun the recollection<sup>1</sup>.

( 129 )

They recite their sacred books, although the fact informs me that  
 these are a fiction from first to last.  
 O Reason, thou (alone) speakest the truth. Then perish the fools  
 who forged the (religious) traditions or interpreted them!  
 A Rabbi<sup>2</sup> is no heretic<sup>3</sup> amongst his disciples, if he sets a high  
 price on stories which he invented.  
 He only desired to marry women and amass riches by his lies<sup>4</sup>.

( 130 )

Softly! thou hast been deceived, honest man as thou art, by a  
 cunning knave who preaches to the women.  
 Amongst you in the morning he says that wine is forbidden, but  
 he makes a point of drinking it himself in the evening<sup>5</sup>.

The lay professions are not forgotten. At the head of  
 those who prey on human folly and superstition come the  
 astrologers; and of them Ma'arrí speaks with an indignation  
 corresponding to the almost universal faith in their pre-  
 dictions and to the very important part which they played  
 in Moslem life, both public and private<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 202, 2. Cf. Koran, 22, 2: "(on the Last Day) every woman who giveth suck shall forget the infant which she suckleth." Ma'arrí describes the popular preachers (*quşşás*) as corruptors of the true religion and demands that stern measures should be taken to suppress them (II. 77, 5 foll.).

<sup>2</sup> With manifest irony the poet uses here the word *ḥabr*, which properly denotes a non-Moslem doctor of divinity.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* he does nothing new or extraordinary.

<sup>4</sup> *Luzüm*, II. 196, 3. <sup>5</sup> I. 61, 11.

<sup>6</sup> See the *Chahár Maqála* of Nizámí 'Arúdí, translated by Prof. E. G. Browne, p. 88 foll.; and cf. the remarks of De Goeje, *Mémoire sur les Carmathes*, p. 119 foll.

( 131 )

Could I command obedience, never in life  
 Astrologer had shamed the causeway's crown.  
 Be he blind churl or keen-eyed reprobate,  
 From him pours falsehood without stint or stay.  
 He with his arrows gets to work betimes<sup>1</sup>  
 And turns his astrolabe and tells a fortune.  
 The foolish woman stopped, and 'twas as though,  
 Stopping, she rushed into a lion's den.  
 She asks him questions—of a husband changed  
 Towards her: he starts writing with *riqán*<sup>2</sup>  
 In characters distinct. "Thy name?" quoth he,  
 "Ay, and thy mother's? Verily, I can  
 Expound by cogitation things unseen."  
 He swears the genies do frequent his house,  
 Submissive one and all, whether they speak  
 Clear Arabic or barbarous gibberish.  
 This fellow plies his craft in many a land,  
 The while at home his wife eats food she loathes.  
 What! hath a man no means of livelihood  
 Except the morsels thrown him by the stars?  
 To pelt o'er deserts with a caravan  
 Is trade more honourable than gains like these  
 Of one who, were he stoned, would justly die.  
 Ah me, the thoughts that boil within my breast!  
 I keep them close and simmering under lid.  
 'Tis marvellous, when the rack has done its worst,  
 The miscreant with drawn and tongueless mouth  
 Recants not ever. What escape for us?  
 Earth is a raging sea, the sky o'erflowing  
 With cloudbursts of calamity, the time  
 Corrupt: nor truth puts out a first spring-leaf  
 Amongst mankind, nor error fades away.  
 Saddle and bridle, that thou quick mayst flee:  
 They all are saddled and bridled for thine harm.  
 And bright is Good, but thither hasteneth none;  
 And dark is Ill, and thence doth none retire.  
 They smile upon thee if thou bring'st them lies;

<sup>1</sup> Arrows were used in playing games of hazard.

<sup>2</sup> Henna or saffron.

Speak truth and lo, they furiously fling stones.  
 Thy sourness unto them defends thee from them :  
 Whene'er thou art sweet, they run at thee to bite<sup>1</sup>.

( 132 )

She is gone out early in her boots and mantle to consult the blind astrologer;  
 But he cannot tell her what she wants to know, for he is ignorant, nor has he wit enough to make a guess.  
 "To-morrow," says he, "or afterwards there will be a steady fall of rain : if it pour abundantly, it will be a great help."  
 He induces the blockheads of the quarter to believe that he can read the secrets of the unseen world,  
 Although, if they asked him about something on his own breast<sup>2</sup>, he would answer falsely or mutter in silence<sup>3</sup>.

( 133 )

She questioned her astrologer about  
 The child in cradle—"How long will it live?"  
 "A hundred years," cries he, to earn a drachma,  
 And death came to her boy within the month.  
 Changed times! when fair young women seek a husband,  
 Offering high sums to furnish his due dower<sup>4</sup>.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fool dislikes his daughters, though his son  
 Brings worse destruction than his son-in-law.  
 I view as man's most bitter enemy  
 A son, the proper issue of his loins,  
 Howbeit in his folly he believes  
 The mares outmatched in racing by his colt<sup>5</sup>.

Astrology, of course, ranked as a science and was often practised by celebrated Moslem astronomers, but the "astrologers" to whom Ma'arrí refers are evidently vulgar fortune-tellers and impostors of evil reputation<sup>6</sup>, who seem to have found their *clientèle* chiefly in the more credulous sex. The type is familiar and not without variety.

<sup>1</sup> *Luzüm*, II. 269, 5.<sup>2</sup> Cf. II. 97, 8:

They tell our fortunes by the stars, but ask them  
 Where settles on themselves a gnat—they know not.

<sup>3</sup> II. 284, 2.<sup>4</sup> See p. 87, note 4.<sup>5</sup> I. 399, 16.<sup>6</sup> Cf. II. 415, 8-9.

( 134 )

All of us know the astrologer, all of us know the physician :  
 One hath his almanack still, and the other his pharmacopoeia ;  
 Flattering our troubles away—and who doesn't want to be  
 flattered?—

Laying a snare for the prodigal youth or e'er he grow wiser<sup>1</sup>.

( 135 )

Over the earth from land to land you drifted,  
 Some yielding more of bounty's rain, some less ;  
 Against the yelping curs your staff you lifted,  
 Amazed were they at your stout-heartedness.

You dearly wished for each man's wealth and fortune,  
 And none so base to wish for yours was found ;  
 You stopped at every doorway to importune,  
 Till Abú Dábiṭ<sup>2</sup> drove you—underground<sup>3</sup>.

( 136 )

You cross the desert, a good chance sends you diet ;  
 You roam around, and so your living's made ;  
 You beg your bread in the name of "holy quiet,"  
 But more devout is he that plies his trade.  
 Abandon flesh for the oil of olive-trees,  
 And fare on wild-figs, not to rob the bees!<sup>4</sup>

( 137 )

Thy thought kindled a fire that showed beside thee  
 A path whilst thou wert seeking light to guide thee.  
 Stargazers, charmers, soothsayers are cheats,  
 All of that sort a cunning greed dissemble :  
 Howbeit the aged beggar's hand may tremble,  
 It none the less lies open for receipts<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 48, last line.

<sup>2</sup> Death. This *kunya*, which has the force of an epithet and signifies one who lays violent hands on his victims and holds them fast, is said (according to the commentator here) to be "a name for Death in the language of the Abyssinians." Mr McLean, however, writes to me: "Ethiopic has the verb **ፀለፀ** (= **ضبط**) in the sense of 'take firm hold of,' 'seize.'...But I cannot find trace of any compound with *aba* ('father of') similar to the one you cite in Arabic. Such expressions are comparatively uncommon in Ethiopic."

<sup>3</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 73, 5.

<sup>4</sup> II. 99, 3.

<sup>5</sup> II. 51, 3.

The poets are stigmatised as frivolous and immoral<sup>1</sup>; and Ma'arrî austere dissociates himself from them.

( 138 )

O sons of Learning, ever were ye lured  
 By rhetoric empty as the buzz of flies.  
 Your poets are very wolves—the robber's way  
 They take in panegyric and love-song,  
 Doing their friends worse injury than foes;  
 And when they verses write, out-thieve the rat.  
 I lend you praise repaid with praise as false,  
 Whence 'tis as though between us taunts had passed.  
 Shall I let run to waste my time of eld  
 Amongst you, squandered like my days of youth?

\* \* \* \* \*

Fine eloquence I do cast off from my tongue,  
 Resigning to the Arabs who have wit  
 Base occupations uncommendable,  
 Whereof the whole return is utter loss.  
 Leave me, that I may babble in vain no more  
 But, waiting Death, close on myself my door<sup>2</sup>.

The *Luzûm* throws many a side-light on the state of contemporary Moslem society. Granted that the author is an ascetic as well as a pessimist, the corruption which he describes was real and deeply rooted, though less extensive than his poems suggest. Wine-drinking<sup>3</sup> and female luxury<sup>4</sup> are favourite topics. He condemns polygamy as being an injustice to the wives<sup>5</sup> and is fully aware of the evils which flow from it. Family life was embittered. Harems filled with foreign slaves produced a hybrid race, adding new vices to the old<sup>6</sup>. The Arabs no longer ruled, the Arabic language had

<sup>1</sup> Cf. I. 55, last line and fol.

<sup>2</sup> I. 137, 7.

<sup>3</sup> I. 125, 5; 144, 6; 146, 3; 195, 9; 299, 9; 340, 6; II. 299, 1, 10; 312, 14; 344, 9; 361, 11, etc.

<sup>4</sup> See especially two long poems in which Ma'arrî sets forth his views on the education, marriage, and morals of women (I. 163, 2-168, 4 and 188, 2-194, last line).

<sup>5</sup> I. 377, 2.

<sup>6</sup> II. 4, last line.

become debased<sup>1</sup>; the influence of Jews and Christians was such that often a Moslem would place himself under their protection. As for religion, even its outward forms had fallen into contempt. References to some of these points are given below, while others are illustrated by the following poems or the parts of them printed in italics.

( 139 )

Live a miser like the rest of us in these degenerate days,  
 And pretend to be a churl, for lo, the world hath churlish ways.  
*A people of iniquity; sons against fathers rub,*  
*And the fierce cub rends the lion and the lion eats his cub.*  
 Wouldst thou fain bestow a kindness on any gentle man,  
 Be thyself the first one chosen out to profit by the plan<sup>2</sup>.

( 140 )

Refrain from tears at parting, and desire  
 The tears, the blessed tears, by hermits shed,  
 Whereof a single drop puts out Hell-fire;  
 So by report of ear, not eye, 'tis said.

*Fear thou thy God and still beware of men*  
*Garbed not as those who for religion fight.*  
*They eat up all; in song and dance they then*  
*Get drunk and with the loveling take delight<sup>3</sup>.*

*Old bonds are broke: how many a Moslem strives*  
*An alien's intercession to obtain!<sup>4</sup>*  
 Time, ever dealing out to human lives  
 Justice unjust, makes all our labour vain.  
 One watches through the night and ne'er arrives  
 At the same goal which some, unwatching, gain<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 132, penult.; II. 335, 9; 338, last line: "To-day correct pronunciation is a solecism."

<sup>2</sup> II. 207, 4.

<sup>3</sup> An allusion to the lawless and dissolute dervishes who wandered in troops from place to place, calling themselves Şúffis.

<sup>4</sup> *Mu'dhid*, here rendered by "alien," properly denotes a non-Moslem whose security is guaranteed on condition of his paying a poll-tax.

<sup>5</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 295, 11.

( 141 )

Wealth hushes Truth and swells loud Error's voice,  
 To do it homage all the sects rejoice.  
*The Moslem got his tax-money no more,  
 And left his mosque to find a church next door*<sup>1</sup>.

( 142 )

Ah, woe is me for night and day whereof the months are moulded,  
 Twin elements of Time who ne'er his mystery hath unfolded.  
 Religion now is naught, its signs effaced by ages blasting:  
 No prayers, no ablutions pure, no alms-giving, no fasting;  
 And some take women dowerless in lieu of marriage lasting<sup>2</sup>.

Leaving particular instances, let us see what is the poet's judgment on society as a whole.

( 143 )

Had Time in his course spoken, he would have reckoned every one  
 of us as dirt.  
 He would have said, "Lo, I repair to Allah<sup>3</sup>, and ye are the foulest  
 obscenity.  
 Once I coughed you out by mistake—will ye excuse me for  
 coughing?"<sup>4</sup>

( 144 )

The world's abounding filth is shot  
 O'er all its creatures, all its kinds;  
 The evil taint even she hath got  
 Whose loom for her a living finds,  
 And tyrant-ridden peoples moan  
 No worse injustice than their own<sup>5</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 145 )

The staff in a blind man's hand that guides him along his way  
 Is more kind to him than all companions and bosom-friends.  
 Give thou to the sons of Eve a wide room apart from thee,  
 For lo, 'tis an open road of unfaith they journey in.

<sup>1</sup> II. 78, penult.<sup>2</sup> I. 322, 14.<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* "I acknowledge Allah, to whom I am subject."<sup>4</sup> *Lurim*, I. 202, 8.<sup>5</sup> II. 41, 13.

Their features if sin shall mar, then sure on the Judgment Day  
 Thou'lt see none but all his face is haggard and black of hue.  
 As often as Reason points the right course, their nature pulls  
 Them wrong-ward with grip intense, like one that would drag a  
 load<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Basit*.)

( 146 )

If men but knew what their sons bring with them—were there to  
 sell

A thousand such for a copper piece, no mortal would buy.  
 Woe, woe to them! for within their arms they foster and rear  
 An evil brood, which is guile, envy, and cankering hate.

\* \* \* \* \*

And ever thus have they been, Earth's people, since they were  
 made:

Let none in ignorance say, "Degenerate they have grown."<sup>2</sup>

( 147 )

Nowhere we sojourned but amongst the nation  
 We found all sorts of men cursing their neighbours,  
 Stabbing and stabbed in every congregation—  
 Although, maybe, they combat not with sabres,  
 Happy the infant that set forth to leave them  
 And took farewell ere yet it could perceive them!<sup>3</sup>

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 148 )

I see that the doom of Allah first bade His creatures be,  
 And then turned in power back upon them with nay for yea.  
 And o'er living men doth rule their passion in every clime,  
 Tho' noble they be as hawks of mettle and strong to rule.  
 They run yelping, cur at cur, and all for a carcase' sake—  
 Vile pack! and I count myself the sorriest cur of them.  
 We hug in our bosoms guile; yet comes not the good reward  
 Of Allah but unto few, the purest of us in heart.  
 And what son of Time deserves the praise of the eloquent?  
 The more they are put to proof, the larger their due of blame<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 121, 9.

<sup>2</sup> I. 251, 2.

<sup>3</sup> II. 342, 5.

<sup>4</sup> I. 99, penult.

( 149 )

The soul her centre hath in the highest sphere,  
 Unsown with bodies are the fields of air.  
 From one foul root our human branches strike,  
 And all, to eyes discerning, are alike:  
 Adam their ancestor, their bourne the mould,  
 Tho' creeds and heresies be manifold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mind makes the only difference in men,  
 Birds vary from the eagle to the wren<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 150 )

"Good morrow!" he cries aloud, professing his love to thee,  
 Tho' better than he a lion tawny and stout of neck.  
 By neighbouring with thy friend some profit thou hop'st to gain;  
 Thy farness from him is in reality gainfuller.  
 Unless from mankind thou flee, acknowledge that one and all  
 Are wolves howling after prey or foxes with bark malign.  
 No cure for thy suffering but patience! If they commit  
 Iniquity, is not worse iniquity wrought by thee?  
 Thou early and late dost run to folly unconscionable:  
 The evening beholds thy sin, the morning thy wickedness.  
 The world's woes are like a sea: whoso from excess of thirst  
 Shall die, even he amidst the waters is cast to swim<sup>2</sup>.

( 151 )

From north or south may blow the changing wind,  
 But where Sin leads thou never lagg'st behind.  
 Well, go thy way! If thirty years be spent  
 Without repentance, when shall man repent?<sup>3</sup>

(Metre: *Basit*.)

( 152 )

If men were passed thro' a sieve to purge them all of their dross,  
 No residue would at last be left behind in the sieve;  
 Or were the fire bidden fall upon the guilty alone,  
 The robes they wear 'twould refuse to touch, but feast on their  
 limbs.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> II. 82, 7.<sup>2</sup> I. 224, 3.<sup>3</sup> I. 92, 8.

To Him the glory! for He filled all the races of men  
 With inspiration that leads straightway to frenzy and woe—  
 With sidelong looks of the eye and vain desires of the soul  
 And eager rush of the lips to kiss and kiss yet again<sup>1</sup>.

( 153 )

Reason set out by hook or crook to reform the world,  
 But lo, mankind were past all reformation.  
 Whoe'er would cleanse the crow, in hope to see the sheen  
 Of a white wing, on him falls tribulation<sup>2</sup>.

( 154 )

If sweet is falsehood in your mouths,  
 Sweeter is truth in mine.  
 Man's nature to refine I sought,  
 Which nothing could refine<sup>3</sup>.

( 155 )

One living person looks unlike another,  
 But let them die, there's not a hair between them.  
 Time and his children's haviour whoso searches  
 Will deem the wide world, east and west, blameworthy;  
 Will find their speech a lie, their love a hatred,  
 Their good an ill, their benefit an insult,  
 Their cheerfulness a cheat, their want a plenty,  
 Their knowledge ignorance and their wisdom cunning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Towards the farthest goal of their ambition  
 They pierce a way with lances through your breast-bones;  
 If ye are tamarisk leaves, they launch to strip you  
 A devastating locust-swarm of arrows.  
 O Grief, my nightly guest, wilt thou excuse me  
 Whenas thou find'st in me no strength to journey?  
 I cannot get me water for my thirst's ease,  
 Or live unless I quaff it foul and muddy.  
 Men are as high-peaked mountains, and as valleys  
 Below the sand-dunes and the pebbly ridges:  
 One, crazed, would fain be charmed and offers money;  
 Another, sober-minded, scorns the charmer<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 224, 9.<sup>2</sup> I. 95, 1.<sup>3</sup> I. 95, 5.<sup>4</sup> II. 126, 17.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 156 )

Ay, whether I slumber sound or keep vigil in the dark,  
 'Tis all one to me if I my Maker obey not.  
 And even such are men: the sword that smites them will naught  
 avail,  
 Tho' cuts of the whip serve well thy wicked old camel<sup>1</sup>.

( 157 )

Glory to God! how men with passion fond  
 Or fall below the mean or run beyond!  
 Ears love as madly rings and drops of pearl  
 As wrists the bracelets that about them curl.  
 Some seek from sword and lance on fields hard-fought  
 Fortune which others from the scalpel sought.  
 In charity, whence grace to thee redounds,  
 Give, were it but a little. Pence make pounds<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 158 )

To Allah complain I of a soul that obeys me not,  
 And then of a wicked world where no man is righteous:  
 Intelligence mouldering in dust, as an empty house,  
 But ignorance stuccoed o'er—a mansion with tenants<sup>3</sup>.

( 159 )

The sons of Adam are fair to see,  
 But each and all to taste unsweet.  
 Their charity and piety  
 Draw to themselves a benefit.  
 A rock the best of them outvies:  
 It does no wrong, it tells no lies<sup>4</sup>.

( 160 )

He knows us well, the God most high;  
 Our minds have long been forced to lie.  
 We speak in metaphor and wot  
 That as we say it is 'tis not<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 90, last line.<sup>2</sup> II. 71, 8.<sup>3</sup> I. 246, penult.<sup>4</sup> I. 95, 10.<sup>5</sup> II. 179, 10.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 161 )

A man's tongue is called a spear awhile and a scimitar,  
 And oft by a single word were necks cloven asunder.  
 Of mortals a multitude have gone down to drink of Life  
 Before us, and left but mud behind them and staleness.  
 A black head of hair soon Time will bleach, or the launderer  
 A garment—but what e'er cleansed a nature of evil?<sup>1</sup>

( 162 )

Body, we know, feels naught when spirit is flown:  
 Shall spirit feel, unbodied and alone?  
 And nature to disgrace swoops eager down,  
 But must be dragged with halters to renown.  
 With evil dispositions here we came:  
 Wicked and envious, are we then to blame?  
 Before your time were Earth's folk ill-behaved?  
 Or have their characters become depraved?<sup>2</sup>

( 163 )

Ne'er wilt thou meet a friend but vexes thee  
 And troubles all thy days  
 And counts thy being here calamity:  
 Well, such are this world's ways<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 164 )

O children of Earth, there's not a man blest with righteousness  
 Below ground nor any save a rascal above it.  
 Was Adam, your ancestor, so noble in what he wrought,  
 Yet look ye for nobleness amongst his descendants?  
 The grave-dwellers, send they not a message to us, although  
 The words of the messengers ye hear not, unheeding?<sup>4</sup>

( 165 )

The purblind traveller's feet were saved from fear  
 Of stumbling, once they mounted on the bier.  
 Admire the stricken elder how he stands  
 Hunched o'er a staff that trembles in his hands!  
 When called to prayers, he must at home remain—  
 But walks in deserts to increase his gain<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 126, 10.    <sup>2</sup> I. 285, 8.    <sup>3</sup> II. 275, 9.    <sup>4</sup> II. 209, 14.    <sup>5</sup> II. 49, 11.

We gather from these passages that Ma'arrí not only regarded human nature as evil but mankind in the mass as incorrigible and incapable of practising the virtues on which the utility of social intercourse depends. "You must choose," he says, "either a solitude like death or the company of hypocrites<sup>1</sup>." He himself fell far short of the complete seclusion advertised in his letter to the people of Ma'arra<sup>2</sup>, and it is interesting to come across poems which tell us what his neighbours thought of him and he of them, how he disliked mutual compliments, how he talked to his visitors from Persia and Arabia, and so forth. He confesses that the truth cannot be spoken in society without giving offence and that he felt obliged to behave as every one else did<sup>3</sup>.

( 166 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

I simulate unto thee—may Allah forgive my fault!  
The whole world's religion too is but simulation.  
And often a man belies the thought of his dearest friend,  
Tho' fair his demeanour be, his countenance comely.  
If Allah they worship not—my people—with faith entire,  
Him only, I cut myself clean off from my people<sup>4</sup>.

( 167 )

I play the hypocrite with men. Truly, they are an affliction to me,  
and would that my deliverance from them were near at hand!  
He that lives without flattering those in his company is a bad companion to his friends and intimates.  
How many a friend would wish to hear the news of my death, yet if I am ailing, he will show regard for me and exclaim "May I be thy ransom!"<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> II. 118, 8:

تَخَيَّرَ فَأَمَّا وَحْدَةً مِثْلَ مَيِّتَةٍ  
وَأَمَّا جَلِيسٌ فِي الْحَيَاةِ مُنَافِقٌ

<sup>2</sup> See p. 47, *supra*.<sup>3</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 66, 1; II. 139, 4.<sup>4</sup> I. 47, 10.<sup>5</sup> II. 372, 3.

( 168 )

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

The sage and the fool, what time you observe them shrewdly,  
 They stand but as far as kinsman apart from kinsman.  
 Whenever my fate shall light on me in my homeland,  
 Cry over my corpse and call me by name "the stranger."  
 Whomso I encounter, warily I address him  
 And show him my teeth, for none is of my persuasion<sup>1</sup>.

( 169 )

I mark the false smiles they deliver  
 To me o'erwhelmed with Fate's whole quiver.  
 Neighbours, not friends; like Z and D,  
 Which never meet in symphony<sup>2</sup>.

( 170 )

Who'll rescue me from living in a town  
 Where I am spoken of with praise unfit?  
 Rich, pious, learned: such is my renown,  
 But many a barrier stands 'twixt me and it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I owned to ignorance, yet wise was thought  
 By some—and is not ours a wondrous case?  
 For verily we all are good-for-naught:  
 I am not noble nor are they not base.

My body in Life's strait grip scarce bears the strain—  
 How shall I move Decay to clasp it round?  
 O the large gifts of Death! Ease after pain  
 He brings to us, and silence after sound<sup>3</sup>.

( 171 )

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

I praised thee, and thou delighted repliedst with fair words  
 In payment of mine, and I was in turn delighted.  
 If downright give-and-take cannot be, then better  
 Between us vituperation than adulation<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 149, penult.<sup>2</sup> I. 53, 8. The letters *dhd* and *zd* do not occur together in Arabic.<sup>3</sup> I. 97, 5.<sup>4</sup> I. 222, 7.

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

( 172 )

Whenever a man extols me for any virtue  
That I am without, his eulogy satirises.  
And justly am I displeased with his false invention :  
'Twould show meanness of nature to be rejoicing<sup>1</sup>.

( 173 )

What is it in my society men seek?  
I would be silent, they would have me speak.  
Far must we travel ere we come in line;  
They on their path are set, and I on mine<sup>2</sup>.

( 174 )

All the world visits me : this one's native land is Yemen, this one's  
home is Ṭabas<sup>3</sup>.

They said, "We heard talk of thee." I rejoined, "Accursed above  
all are they that cloak their real object."

They desire of me a fiction which I cannot invent, and if I tell  
the truth, their faces darken with frowns.

God help us! Every one meets with anxiety in making his liveli-  
hood. Pour over us, O sky!<sup>4</sup>

What do ye want? I have neither money for you to beg nor  
learning for you to borrow<sup>5</sup>.

Will ye ask an ignoramus to instruct you? Will ye milk a camel  
whose udder is dry?

\* \* \* \* \*

I am miserable because I am unable to give you any assistance,  
but the times are hard<sup>6</sup>.

In his later years Ma'arrí suffered from the reputation  
of being rich<sup>7</sup>. No doubt he deserved it, for he must have

<sup>1</sup> I. 222, 10. Cf. I. 161, 8-9.<sup>2</sup> I. 187, 9.<sup>3</sup> A Persian town situated about 200 miles south of Nishápúr on the eastern border of the Great Desert.<sup>4</sup> This adage (cf. Freytag, *Arabum proverbialia*, vol. I. p. 475) is here equivalent to *defunde pleno, Cópia, cornu!*<sup>5</sup> Cf. *Luzúm*, II. 24, 4 foll.<sup>6</sup> II. 15, 2.<sup>7</sup> Cf. No. 170, *supra*. The Persian traveller and poet, Násir-i Khusraw, who passed through Ma'arra in A.D. 1047, describes Abu 'l-'Alá as a man of great wealth, having many slaves and other persons employed in working for him. This, though probably an exaggeration, is more credible than the same writer's statement that the affairs of the town were administered by Abu 'l-'Alá and his agents.

received considerable fees from the students who came in crowds to hear him, and his letters show him "in the character of a liberal man, helping persons of his own rank with gifts<sup>1</sup>." When he speaks of himself as poor and lets us know that in spite of his poverty he had often declined the presents which his friends offered to him<sup>2</sup>, that is only the pessimist's self-indulgence and the ascetic's self-denial. We can believe that the demands made upon his charity justified him in protesting that he was not what rumour declared him to be<sup>3</sup>.

## III.

## ASCETICISM.

Ma'arri's "confinement to his house<sup>4</sup>" was his revenge upon a world which rejected him. It was not a spontaneous act of virtue: Fortune held up to his lips no enticing cup that he might thrust it away. When he said, "I'll play no more," he knew that he had already lost the game.

What choice hath a man except seclusion and loneliness,  
When Destiny grants him not the gaining of that he craves?<sup>5</sup>

He is honest enough to disclaim the merit of renunciation.

Men of acute mind call me an ascetic, but they are wrong in their diagnosis. Although I disciplined my desires, I only abandoned worldly pleasures because the best of these withdrew themselves from me<sup>6</sup>.

This, however, is not the whole truth. Other motives springing from his character and his experience of life contributed to the decision. The blind scholar and pensioner had little cause to love society<sup>7</sup> and much time to meditate on its rottenness: long before visiting Baghdád he must have formed an opinion of his fellow-men which (we may presume)

<sup>1</sup> Introd. to the *Letters of Abu 'l-'Ald*, p. 33 fol.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 81, 7; 288, 12.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. II. 189, 14.

<sup>4</sup> I. 201, 4.

<sup>5</sup> No. 47.

<sup>6</sup> II. 352, last line and foll.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. I. 133, 7-8: "I lost the labour on which I spent my time, nay, my foes and despoilers carried off all that there was. I was like the handmaiden of the wine-cup who passed the night singing merrily amongst the toppers, though she was not merry herself."

accorded pretty well with what he afterwards wrote. In the hour of disillusion this moral current was undammed and gave irresistible force to the feeling that he would now close accounts with them for good and all.

I was made an abstainer from mankind by my acquaintance with them and my knowledge that created beings are dust<sup>1</sup>.

His asceticism, though leavened by a religious element, is really the negative and individualistic side of his ethics. By abandoning an evil world he sought virtue and inward peace—*solitudinem fecit, pacem appellavit*<sup>2</sup>. That is the note struck in the opening verse of the *Luzúm*:

The virtuous are strangers in their native land, they are left alone and forsaken by their kin<sup>3</sup>.

Society demoralises. No one can live by the law of reason amongst those whom he loves or hates; no one can fear God while pursuing objects of earthly ambition<sup>4</sup>. So far as the poet's ideal of asceticism includes active virtue, it will be examined in the final section. We are here concerned with his world-flight, *i.e.*, such topics as the vanity of pleasure, the need for seclusion and the happiness procured by it, the excellence of poverty, contentment, humility, and patience. Some peculiar theories and practices are inculcated. Of these the most remarkable is his belief—a thoroughly rational one from the standpoint of pessimism—that procreation is a sin against the child.

( 175 )

If humankind are distinguished by moral dispositions with which they live, yet in badness of nature all are alike.

'Twere well if every son of Eve resembled me, for what a wicked brood did Eve bring into the world!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. 44, penult.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. II. 176, 12: *في الوحدة الراحة العظمى*, "In solitude is the greatest peace."

<sup>3</sup> I. 43, 9:

اولو الفضل في اوطانهم غرباء \* تشدّ وتناى عنهم القرباء

<sup>4</sup> I. 184, 5-6.

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.* it would be a good thing if all men were hermits like me.

My separation from men is a convalescence from their malady,  
inasmuch as association with them is a disease which infects  
conscience and religion.

So a verse, when it is single, cannot suffer from any fault of  
rhyme<sup>1</sup>.

( 176 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

To neighbour with men meseems a sickness perpetual;  
I wished, when it wore me thin, for fever that comes and goes.  
By effort and self-constraint they compassed a little good;  
Whatever they wrought of ill, 'twas nature that prompted it.  
Oh, where are the gushing streams and oceans of bounty now?  
Are those of the lion's brood that Time spared hyenas all?  
Their wood in the burning yields a perfume of frankincense,  
But tried on the teeth of sore necessity, proves flint-hard<sup>2</sup>.

( 177 )

An open road to Truth lies here,  
As neither slave nor lord saith nay:  
Flee far from men; for com'st thou near,  
'Tis like a dragged full skin which they  
Use to refresh themselves withal,  
Then empty 'mongst their feet let fall<sup>3</sup>.

( 178 )

Some Power troubled our affairs—and we  
Had fondly wished them from his troubling free.  
Blessed are birds that pick up scattered grain,  
Or wild-kine seeking green sands after rain;  
Strangers to man: nor they the high-born know  
Nor mounts to them the infection of the low.  
War's fire raise not thou to burst ablaze,  
For soon in ashes sink the hands that raise<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 50, 8. He specifies three irregularities which make the rhyme defective—*idā*, *sindā*, and *iqwā*. See Wright's *Arabic Grammar*, vol. II. p. 356 fol.

<sup>2</sup> II. 86, 5.

<sup>3</sup> I. 95, penult.

<sup>4</sup> I. 152, 9.

( 179 )

The blind male viper hath the house he dwells in,  
 No more, and during life makes earth his victual.  
 Were a lion eyeless, ne'er he sheep at pasture  
 Had scared, forth-springing, or a herd of wild-kine;  
 Bereaved of light, never had 'Amr and 'Ámir<sup>1</sup>  
 Lifted a lance or stood on field of battle.  
 They ask me, "Why attend you not on Fridays  
 The prayers whence hope we Allah's grace and pardon?"  
 And get I any good when I rub shoulders  
 With folk whose best are but as mangy camels?  
 Arabs and aliens have I met full many:  
 Nor Arab found I worth my praise nor alien.  
 Death's cup how loathes the soul to drink! yet nothing  
 Can hinder but that some day we shall drink it.  
 Fortunate here are those brave lads that perish  
 In war amidst the thrusting and the smiting,  
 For 'tis a shame if the clan's chosen chieftain  
 Lie on his bed bewailing the sore burden.  
 I choke with Doom: no journey will relieve me,  
 Whether I take an eastern road or western.  
 He hunted Persia's emperors in their palace;  
 Reached, over broad sea and strait pass, the Caesar<sup>2</sup>.

( 180 )

(Metre: *Ṭawil*.)

And oh, would that I had ne'er been born in a race of men  
 Or, being of them, had lived a savage in some bare waste!  
 The spring flowers he may smell for pastime and need not fear  
 Society's wickedness whilst all round is parching sand<sup>3</sup>.

( 181 )

(Metre: *Ṭawil*.)

So soon as my day shall come, oh, let me be laid to rest  
 In some corner of the earth where none ever dug a grave!  
 Mankind—well, if God reward them duly for what they aimed  
 To do, He will ne'er bestow His mercy on dull or wise.

<sup>1</sup> 'Amr b. Ma'díkarib and 'Ámir b. al-Ṭufayl, famous pre-Islamic knights.

<sup>2</sup> I. 100, 5. "The Caesar" is the Byzantine Emperor.

<sup>3</sup> II. 28, 14. Cf. No. 58.

Whoso reads their inmost thoughts, perdition he deemeth it  
 To neighbour with any man alive or with any dead.  
 Ah, never may I attend amongst them the grand assize  
 When all shall be raised together, dusty, their heads unkempt!  
 When full broad and long unto the eye seems my resting-place,  
 Vouchsafe me of room—so guide thee Allah!—another span<sup>1</sup>.  
 And touching my creed if men shall ask, 'tis but fear devout  
 Of Allah: nor freedom I uphold nor necessity<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.) (182)

Howbeit we all are pent in cities, I seem to roam  
 In deserts of dusty hue, bare waterless levels.  
 Whene'er I a poem make and sin not therein, I turn  
 As turns one towards his God, repentant, Labîd-like<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Basit*.) (183)

Oh, shake thyself clear and clean of love and knowledge of me!  
 My person—'tis but as motes that dance in beams of the morn.  
 Some dry stuff here have I thrown on embers just dying out,  
 And if in them be a spark, my hand will rouse them to flame.  
 From me the truth thou hast heard full oft, a measureless tale:  
 Let not thine ear cast away my counsel into the sands!<sup>4</sup>

(Metre: *Tawil*.) (184)

With darkness of sight there comes a darkness of faith and truth:  
 My far-overspreading night hath three nights within it.  
 And ne'er did I gnaw my hand for pleasures that stab as thorns,  
 Or shorten with draughts of wine my long gloomful hours.  
 Whenever we meet, it wakes the sad thought, "Alas, how vain  
 A friendship that prophesies, 'Ye meet to be parted!'"

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. II. 320, 9: "I am afraid ye will assign my grave to a false infidel or a Moslem: if (on the day of Judgment) he complain of me for squeezing him, I shall say, 'It was their (the gravediggers') fault; I knew nothing about it.'"

<sup>2</sup> I. 350, 10.

<sup>3</sup> I. 281, 10. Labîd, the famous pre-Islamic poet, was a man of strong religious feeling and became a Moslem before he died. See Sir Charles Lyall's *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, p. 90 foll.

<sup>4</sup> I. 134, 5.

Tho' Change took so much away, it lightens my load of griefs  
 That lonely I suffer them, unwedded and childless.  
 So leave me to grapple close with fears, hard-besetting fears :  
 Beware, keep aloof from me—oh, halt not beside me!<sup>1</sup>

(Metre: *Kámil*.) ( 185 )

I swear, not rich in sooth is he whom the World made rich,  
 Tho' he wax in pride; nor blest is he whom Fortune blessed.  
 Misguided fool! is he glad at heart—a mortal man—  
 When he hears the dove that laments for him, and the lute that  
 mourns?<sup>2</sup>  
 His brimming cups and the mandolines of his singing-girls  
 Are lightning-flashes and thunderbolts of calamity<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Basít*.) ( 186 )

The richest mortal is one devout that dwells on a peak,  
 Content with little, a scorner of tiara and silk;  
 The poorest man in the world a monarch who for his need  
 Requires a great host in arms to march with thunderous tramp<sup>4</sup>.

(Metre: *Ṭawíl*.) ( 187 )

When those whom thou sitt'st beside hear nothing but truth from  
 thee,  
 They hate thee, for every friend is bent on deceiving.  
 The whitest of men in soul, we see them run after pelf,  
 As though they were crows jet-black down-dropping on seed-corn.  
 Let *them* seek: be thou content, and so win to wealth indeed;  
 Let *them* speak: be mute, and so come off with the marrow.  
 If absence for ever from thy kinsfolk thou canst not bear,  
 'Tis part of self-discipline to visit them seldom.  
 A man, when his hour is come, will call the physician in :  
 No hurry! the thing is grave—too grave to be physicked<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 215, 9.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the note on No. 43, last verse, and *Luzúm*, I. 256, 1: "The songs of the singing-girls in it (the world) moved me to tears, as a dirge chanted by women over their lost ones."

<sup>3</sup> I. 265, 2.

<sup>4</sup> I. 212, 5.

<sup>5</sup> I. 120, 12.

( 188 )

You kept the fasting months?—then why did you  
 Not silence keep? Without it there's no fast.  
 Man takes the wrong way in his first ado  
 With Life, and stays in it until his last<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawíl.*)

( 189 )

Whenever a man from speech refraineth, his foes are few,  
 Although he be stricken down by fortune and fallen low.  
 In silence the flea doth sip its beverage of human blood,  
 And that silence maketh less the heinousness of its sin.  
 It went not therein the way the thirsty mosquito goes,  
 Which trumpets with high-trilled note, and thou smarting all the  
 while.

If insolent fellow draw against thee a sword of speech,  
 Thy patience oppose to him, that so thou mayst break its edge<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Wáfir.*)

( 190 )

Thy tongue is a very scorpion, and when it stingeth  
 Another, 'tis thou art stung by it first and foremost.  
 On thee is the guilt thereof, and thine a full share  
 Of any complaint against it by whomsoever.  
 It mixes a double dose for the twain of evil—  
 How hard are the days of him and of thee, how bitter!<sup>3</sup>

(Metre: *Tawíl.*)

( 191 )

My clothes are my winding-sheet, my dwelling my grave, my life  
 My doom; and to me is death itself resurrection.  
 Bedizen thee with splendidest adornment and get thee wealth!  
 Outshone, lady, are the likes of thee by a dust-stained  
 Unkempt little pilgrim-band who walk in the ways that lead  
 To Allah, be smooth the track they travel or rugged.  
 Nor bracelet nor anklet gleams amongst them on wrist or foot,  
 No head bears a diadem and no ear an earring<sup>4</sup>.

In some of these poems we find references not only to  
 "fear of God" but also to a future life. I will now cite a few  
 more passages in which Ma'arrí uses here and there the

<sup>1</sup> I. 178, 4.<sup>2</sup> I. 128, 12.<sup>3</sup> I. 92, 11.<sup>4</sup> I. 198, 5.

language of Moslem *religious* asceticism. What significance we should attach to them must, of course, depend on our view of his real attitude towards Islam and dogmatic religion—a question too complex to be settled offhand.

( 192 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

Thine is the kingdom: if Thou pardon me, 'tis Thy grace  
Toward me; and if so be Thou punish, 'tis my desert.  
At Thy call a man shall rise immediately from the grave  
With all that he wrought of sin inscribed on his finger-joints.  
Oh, there shall the hermit's staff avail more than 'Ámir's spear<sup>1</sup>  
To succour, and shall outshine in glory the bow of Dawn<sup>2</sup>.

( 193 )

With Life I walked in woe and strife,  
Oh, what a luckless friend is Life!  
In past days I have restive been,  
But tame is he whom Time breaks in.  
If fast and vigil mar thy face,  
Wan cheeks shall win a robe of grace.  
The old man creeps in listless wise,  
Unlike the child that creeps to rise.  
None gave me bounty and reward  
Except the Lord of every lord.  
Labour for Him, whilst thou hast breath,  
And when thine hour comes, welcome Death!<sup>3</sup>

( 194 )

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

Perforce after forty years thou lead'st an ascetic life,  
When all's over but the wail of women that chant thy dirge.  
And how canst thou hope to earn the recompense<sup>4</sup>? Him we  
praise  
Who scorneth the world's delights, a man in his lusty prime<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 128, note 1.<sup>2</sup> I. 121, 5. "The bow of Dawn" is the curved rim of the sun when it first appears above the horizon.<sup>3</sup> I. 119, 3.<sup>4</sup> *I.e.* Paradise.<sup>5</sup> I. 238, 3.

(Metre: *Basít.*)

( 195 )

I found myself foiled in every hope, until I renounced—  
 Nor then was left free to live the life ascetic alone.  
 To God the glory! My wormwood sourly cleaves to me still,  
 And I am not speaking truth if honey I shall it call.  
 And none, I fancy, shall win in Paradise to abide,  
 Excepting folk who in godly fear fought hard with themselves.  
 The day goes by, busy cares unceasing keep me from rest;  
 And when the dark covers all, I cannot watch thro' the night.  
 'Tis bed for me: on my side reclined I lay me to sleep,  
 Though true religion is where sides meet not beds any more<sup>1</sup>.

Certain precepts in the following poem—*e.g.* the injunction against holding office under the Government—are characteristic of the strict pietism which developed in the Umayyad epoch and prevailed amongst the early Šúffís. It will be observed, however, that while the reader is exhorted to worship God and seek refuge with Him, nothing is said to indicate that what he has sown here he may hope to reap hereafter. The translation retains the monorhyme, but not the metre, of the original.

( 196 )

Kneel in the day-time to thy Lord and bow,  
 And when thou canst bear vigil, vigil bear.  
 Is fine wheat dear, 'tis nobleness in thee  
 To give thy generous horse an equal share;  
 And set before thyself a relish of  
 Bright oil and raisins, scanty but sweet fare<sup>2</sup>.  
 A clay jug for thy drink assign: thou'lt wish  
 Nor silver cup nor golden vessel there<sup>3</sup>.  
 In summer what will hide thy nakedness  
 Content thee; coarse homespun thy winter wear.  
 I ban the judge's office, or that thou  
 Be seen to preach in mosque or lead the prayer;

<sup>1</sup> I. 272, 6.<sup>2</sup> The merits of olive oil are set forth (*Luzim*, II. 264, 13-14): no blood is shed and no soul is hurt when it flows; it costs little to provide; darkness is removed by the light which it gives.<sup>3</sup> Cf. I. 204, 5; 219, 4.

And shun viceroyalty and to bear a whip,  
 As 'twere the sword a paladin doth bare.  
 Those things in nearest kin and truest friends  
 I loathe, spend as thou wilt thy soul or spare.  
 Shame have I found in some men's patronage :  
 Commit thyself to His eternal care ;  
 And let thy wife be decked with fear of Him  
 Outshining pearls and emeralds ordered fair—  
 All praiseth Him : list how the raven's croak  
 And cricket's chirp His holiness declare—  
 And lodge thine honour where most glory is :  
 Not in the vale dwells he that seeks the highland air<sup>1</sup>.

More important, as throwing light on the character of his asceticism, is a poem that has been partially translated by Von Kremer<sup>2</sup> and published by I. Krachkovsky with two Russian translations, one in prose and the other in verse, from the hand of Baron V. Rosen<sup>3</sup>. The challenge conveyed in the opening verse was taken up by Hibatu'llah Ibn Abí 'Imrán, the chief missionary (*dá'i 'l-du'át*) of the Ismá'ílís in Cairo, who begged for information as to the grounds on which the poet adopted vegetarianism. The letters that passed between them have been published and translated by Professor Margoliouth in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*<sup>4</sup>.

( 197 )

Thou art diseased in understanding and religion. Come to me,  
 that thou mayst hear the tidings of sound truth.  
 Do not unjustly eat what the water has given up<sup>5</sup>, and do not  
 desire as food the flesh of slaughtered animals,  
 Or the white (milk) of mothers who intended its pure draught for  
 their young, not for noble ladies<sup>6</sup>.  
 And do not grieve the unsuspecting birds by taking their eggs ;  
 for injustice is the worst of crimes.

<sup>1</sup> I. 293, 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Sitzungsberichte der Kais. Akad. der Wissenschaften (Phil.-Hist. Classe)*, Vienna, 1879, vol. 93, p. 621 fol.

<sup>3</sup> *Zapiski*, vol. 22, pp. 291-301 (Petrograd, 1915).

<sup>4</sup> See p. 43, note 1.

<sup>5</sup> I.e. fish.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. *Luzüm*, I. 145, penult.

And spare the honey which the bees get betimes by their industry  
— from the flowers of fragrant plants;

For they did not store it that it might belong to others, nor did  
they gather it for bounty and gifts<sup>1</sup>.

I washed my hands of all this; and would that I had perceived  
my way ere my temples grew hoar!

O people of my time, do ye know secrets which I knew but  
divulged not?

Ye journeyed in the darkness of falsehood. Why were ye not  
guided by the promptings of your enlightened (intellectual)  
faculties?

The voice of error called you—and wherefore did ye recklessly  
respond to every voice?

When the realities of your religion are exposed, ye stand revealed  
as doers of deeds of disgrace and shame.

If ye take the right course, ye will not dye the sword in blood or  
oblige the surgeon's probe to try the depth of wounds.

I admire the practice of ascetics, except that they eat the labour  
of souls that covet wealth.

Purer in their lives, as regards food, are they that toil from morn  
to night for lawful earnings.

The Messiah (Jesus) did not seclude himself in devotion to God,  
but walked on the earth as a wanderer.

I shall be interred by one that loathes the task; unless I shall be  
devoured by one whose stench is loathly<sup>2</sup>.

And who can save himself from being the neighbour of bones like  
the bones of the corpses that lie there unburied?<sup>3</sup>

One of the worst human dispositions and acts is the wailing of  
those who bring news of death and the beating of the breast  
by mourning women.

I forgive the sins of friend and foe, because I dwell in the house of  
Truth amidst the tombstones<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. I. 363, 2; II. 169, 9, etc.

<sup>2</sup> The hyena.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. his remark in one of his letters to Ibn Abi 'Imrân: "Ofttimes, too,  
have I seen a couple of armies, each of them professing a distinct cult,  
meeting in battle and thousands falling on either side."

<sup>4</sup> Cf. I. 177, 7:

Whene'er I speak, my years present to me  
The apparition of a stern admonisher  
Saying, "Whoso shall let his tongue offend me,  
Behoveth him to be abased and silenced."

And I reject praise, even when it is sincere: how, then, should I accept false praises?

The soul, obstinate in evil, ceased not to be a beast of burden until it became feeble and jaded.

It profits not a man that clouds pour rain over him whilst he lies beneath a flag of stone<sup>1</sup>;

And if there were any hope in nearness to water, some people would have been eager to provide themselves with graves in the marshland<sup>2</sup>.

Here, as in many passages of the *Luzúm*, Ma'arrí preaches abstinence from meat, fish, milk, eggs, and honey on the plain ground that to partake of such food is an act of injustice to the animals concerned, since it inflicts unnecessary pain upon them<sup>3</sup>. In his reply to Ibn Abí 'Imrán he adds that on reaching the age of thirty<sup>4</sup> he restricted himself to a vegetarian diet for the benefit of his health; besides, he could not afford to buy meat. The latter motives are clearly subordinate to the first, and are not inconsistent with it. Professor Margoliouth thinks that Ma'arrí cuts a poor figure in this correspondence. No doubt Ibn Abí 'Imrán found his letters unsatisfying. Whether he was deceived by what I have called the poet's oracular style or whether, being an Ismá'ílí, he supposed that every religious precept must have an esoteric doctrine behind it, he had hoped that "the tidings of sound truth" would yield something piquant: in fact, he wished to draw from Ma'arrí a confession as to the nature of his theological beliefs. "Why," he asks, "should you abstain from animal food? If God empowers one animal to eat an-

<sup>1</sup> Amongst the Arabs of the desert, water is the symbol of life; hence in their elegies we often meet with such expressions as "may the clouds of dawn keep green thy grave with unfailing showers!" (Sir C. Lyall, *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, p. 55). This is one of the things which indicate that the pagan Arabs were conscious of an existence after death. Cf. G. Jacob, *Allarabisches Beduinenleben*, p. 142 foll.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 232, 8.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Luzúm*, I. 261, 11; II. 210, 13; 258, 12; 284, 13; 373, 9; 383, 14-15, etc.

<sup>4</sup> This statement, taken in conjunction with the seventh verse of the preceding poem, makes it likely that Ma'arrí's vegetarianism developed its *ascetic* character after his return from Baghdád.

other, though He knows best what is wise and is most merciful to His creatures, you need not be more just and merciful to them than their Lord and Creator." This line of argument was hardly one that a reputed heretic would care to pursue, while an earnest moralist might be excused for ignoring it. Must we solve the problem of evil before we can justify abstention from what reason and conscience forbid? Ma'arrí thought not. Having no solution, or none that he was willing to communicate, he took his stand with the Buddhists and Jainas on a principle which inspires all his ethics and constitutes his practical religion—the principle of non-injury. That was the "truth" which he promised to his readers, and they could not fairly reproach him if he declined to state how it was to be reconciled with divine providence, whatever his views on that subject may have been.

On the same ground he prohibits the use of animal skins for clothing, recommends wooden shoes<sup>1</sup>, and blames fine ladies who wear furs<sup>2</sup>. Probably he derived these doctrines from Indian asceticism, which he had opportunities of studying in Baghdád. Von Kremer identified them with Jainism, remarking that the prohibition of honey is peculiar to the Jainas<sup>3</sup>; which proves nothing, since any one who desired to live in accordance with the above-mentioned principle might naturally make this rule for himself. The Jainas, again, are forbidden to dye their clothes<sup>4</sup>, and Ma'arrí tells us that his dress was "of cotton, neither green nor yellow nor dark-grey<sup>5</sup>." When we come to his ethical discipline, we shall find that in the main it tallies with the ethics of Jainism as described in the following sentences:

The first stage of a Jaina layman's life is that of intelligent and well-reasoned faith in Jainism; and the second is when he takes a vow not to destroy any kind of life, not to lie, not to use another's property without his consent, to be chaste, to limit his necessities,

<sup>1</sup> II. 51, last line and fol.

<sup>2</sup> II. 415, last line.

<sup>3</sup> *Die philosoph. Gedichte des Abu 'l-'Ald*, p. 83.

<sup>4</sup> *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 22, p. 163.

<sup>5</sup> *Luzüm*, II. 337, 15.

to worship daily, and to give charity in the way of knowledge, medicine, comfort, and food. And these virtues are summed up in one word: *ahimsā* (not-hurting). "Hurt no one" is not merely a negative precept. It embraces active service also; for, if you can help another and do not—your neighbour and brother—surely you hurt him<sup>1</sup>.

Little is said in the *Luzúm* about Indian ascetics. Ma'arri refers to their habit of letting their nails grow long, and observes that he, like Moslems in general, considers it a mark of asceticism to pare the nails<sup>2</sup>. He speaks with admiration of their religious suicide<sup>3</sup>. The Indian practice of cremation meets with his approval: fire saves the corpse from disinterment (and hyenas) and is a more effective deodoriser than camphor<sup>4</sup>. In another poem he says ironically that the cremated Indian is happy in being exempt from the torture which buried Mohammedans undergo.

( 198 )

Think about things! Thought clears away some part of ignorance.

Were skilled

The nesting bird to see the end, it ne'er would have begun to build.  
The Indians, who cremate their dead and never visit them again,  
Win peace from straitness of the grave and ordeal by the angels  
twain<sup>5</sup>.

To male and female in the world the path of right is preached in  
vain<sup>6</sup>.

He praises cremation without urging his readers to practise it. Let the dead be laid in mother earth, uncoffined: coffins are second graves<sup>7</sup>. How foreign to the spirit of Islam his asceticism is, and how fully it harmonises with Indian and Manichæan ideas, I can best show by quoting some passages of a different kind.

<sup>1</sup> *Outlines of Jainism*, by J. Jaini, Introd., p. 23. Naturally, the rules for Jaina ascetics include celibacy and are in general more severe than those for the laity.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 367, 8; 371, 16.      <sup>3</sup> See No. 70.      <sup>4</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 235, 5-7.

<sup>5</sup> According to orthodox belief, when the dead man is laid in the grave he is examined by two angels, named Munkar and Nakir; hence Mohammedans take care to have their graves made hollow, that they may sit up with more ease during the inquisition. Cf. *Luzúm*, II. 231, last line.

<sup>6</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 418, 18.

<sup>7</sup> I. 184, 10-11.

( 199 )

Whenever I reflect, my reflecting upon what I suffer only rouses  
me to blame him that begot me.

And I gave peace to my children, for they are in the bliss of non-  
existence which surpasses all the pleasures of this world.

Had they come to life, they would have endured a misery casting  
them to destruction in trackless wildernesses<sup>1</sup>.

( 200 )

Allah disposes. Be a hermit, then,  
And mix not with the divers sorts of men.  
I know but this, that him I hold in error  
Who helps to propagate Time's woe and terror<sup>2</sup>.

( 201 )

Humanity, in whom the best  
Of this world's features are expressed—  
The chiefs set over them to reign  
Are but as moons that wax and wane.

If ye unto your sons would prove  
By act how dearly them ye love,  
Then every voice of wisdom joins  
To bid you leave them in your loins<sup>3</sup>.

The rich man desires a son to inherit his wealth, but were  
the fathers intelligent no children would be born<sup>4</sup>. Pro-  
creation is a sin, though it is not called one<sup>5</sup>: a father wronged  
by his sons pays the just penalty for the crime which he com-  
mitted against them<sup>6</sup>. To beget is to increase the sum of evil<sup>7</sup>,  
and the lizard's ancestors are the cause of its being hunted<sup>8</sup>.  
It is better for a people, instead of multiplying, to perish off  
the face of the earth<sup>9</sup>. The first condition of happiness is  
that no woman should have been created<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 236, 4.<sup>2</sup> II. 69, 5.<sup>3</sup> I. 397, penult.

<sup>4</sup> II. 170, 1. In *Luzúm*, II. 239, 7, procreation is said to be the best of  
human actions and prompted by reason; but instead of *النسل* (procreation)  
we must evidently read *النسك* (asceticism).

<sup>5</sup> II. 299, 4.<sup>6</sup> II. 421, 8.<sup>7</sup> II. 13, 9.<sup>8</sup> II. 51, 10-11.<sup>9</sup> I. 206, 2.<sup>10</sup> I. 84, penult.

( 202 )

(Metre: *Basit*.)

The son is wretched; by him his parents wretched are made,  
 And blest is that man whose mind was ne'er distraught by a son.  
 A lad who clings to his sire puts cowardice in the brave;  
 The generous miserly show or yield not even a spark<sup>1</sup>.

( 203 )

Amends are richly due from sire to son:  
 What if thy children rule o'er cities great?  
 Their nobleness estranges them the more  
 From thee and causes them to wax in hate<sup>2</sup>,  
 Beholding one that cast them into Life's  
 Dark labyrinth whence no wit can extricate<sup>3</sup>.

"Refrain from procreation, for its consequence is death<sup>4</sup>."  
 Ma'arrî followed his own advice. He was the last of his line  
 and takes credit for having escaped the universal plague:  
 that is what he means when he says—

( 204 )

The cord of generation stretched unbroken between Adam and  
 me, but no *b* was attached to my *l*<sup>5</sup>.  
 When Khálid yawned, 'Amr yawned because of infection, but I  
 was not infected by their yawning<sup>6</sup>.

Before he died, he is said to have expressed a wish that  
 his epitaph should be the verse:

My sire brought this on me, but I on none<sup>7</sup>.

What a contrast with the Greek poet's calm declaration!  
 —*μη φθῖναι μὲν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον*. Here we face pessimism  
 as a practical creed remorselessly pointing to the extinction

<sup>1</sup> I. 253, 2. Cf. II. 354, 9–10.

<sup>2</sup> Because, the more noble a man is, the more keenly does he feel the pain of existence. Cf. II. 151, penult. and fol.

<sup>3</sup> I. 45, 3.

<sup>4</sup> I. 373, 10.

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.* the final *l* of *wasl* (connexion) was not followed in my case by the preposition *bi* (with), which would have linked me to my successor if the series had continued.

<sup>6</sup> I. 44, 6.

<sup>7</sup> See Dhahabî's biography in the *Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá*, p. 137.

of mankind. If Ma'arrí believed in a future existence, it would seem that he held the same opinion as Hafiz of its value in relation to the present:

A Paradise of pleasure  
 Bought with a world of pain—  
 Fie on the luckless treasure  
 That I must bleed to gain!

Recognising that his panacea is too heroic to be popular, he sometimes offers it in a diluted form. "If you must wed," says he, "take care to have no children<sup>1</sup>"; and he censures the foolish Jew who divorced his wife because she was barren<sup>2</sup>. He is more humane than logical in counselling men to seek husbands for their daughters but deter their sons from matrimony<sup>3</sup>.

#### IV.

#### PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Ma'arrí stands for the largest humanistic culture of his time. While he may properly be called a philosopher in so far as he sought after a reasoned view of life and the world, he was only an amateur of scientific philosophy. He reflects on its problems, takes up this or that theory in turns, and concludes that nothing is certain except death. His speculations are capricious and incoherent. "He is almost entirely wanting in the gift of combination. He can analyse, but he does not hit upon any synthesis, and his learning bears no fruit<sup>4</sup>." There is, however, something to be said on the other side. Philosophy is defined by Jáḥiẓ as "Knowledge of the essences of things and the doing of that which is best<sup>5</sup>." Ma'arrí is not primarily concerned with abstract truth. He seeks the True for the sake of the Good, and seldom loses sight of the practical end. We should also recollect that neither the form of his verse nor the circumstances in which it was composed allow us to see his philo-

<sup>1</sup> II. 253, 14.

<sup>2</sup> II. 265, 4-5.

<sup>3</sup> I. 216, 10.

<sup>4</sup> De Boer, *Hist. of Philosophy in Islam*, tr. by E. R. Jones, p. 66.

<sup>5</sup> *Mafātīḥu 'l-'ulūm*, ed. Van Vloten, p. 131.

sophical and theological ideas in orderly relation to each other. He presents them as jumbled fragments of truth—and to this fact he may have partly owed his immunity from persecution—but it is at least arguable that for him they were a more or less consistent whole. Recently an attempt has been made by a Mohammedan savant to harmonise them<sup>1</sup>, and we may assume that Ma'arrí himself endeavoured to do the same. If so, the reticence which he practised in his correspondence with Ibn Abí 'Imrán and extols in many of his poems<sup>2</sup> is all the more tantalising; but while he disbelieved or doubted what is accepted as a matter of course by Moslems, his own beliefs seem to be deeply involved in contradiction and cannot, I think, have given him any firm ground for a solution of the problems with which he wrestled.

Upon those who pretend that his learning is barren one might retort that if he achieved no system of ethics, his moral creed was in some respects worthy of Socrates or Kant. But the result, let us admit, counts for little in comparison with the method. What gives Ma'arrí importance in the history of Moslem thought is his critical attitude, his assertion of the rights of reason against the claims of custom, tradition and authority, and his appeal from the code of religion to the unwritten law of justice and conscience: in a word, his rationalism. He is a free-thinker at heart. Without openly denying Revelation or defying the authority of the Koran, he uses his own judgment in matters which Mohammedan orthodoxy regards as indisputable. For him, reason is "the most precious of gifts"<sup>3</sup>; it is the source of right

<sup>1</sup> Dr Ṭá-há Ḥusayn in *Dihkrá Abi 'l-'Ald*, p. 327 foll.

<sup>2</sup> *E.g.* I. 271, last line:

(Metre: *Bastf.*)

A bosom-thought having once set forth and quitted its house,  
It finds not shelter again in any house evermore.  
Guard close thy mind from the friend, the true dear friend at thy side;  
How oft deceivers have laid a secret bare to the light!  
And deep-hid feelings of hate have signs whereby they appear  
Distinct as when on the lion's jaws thou seest a foam.

He declares (II. 352, 13 fol.) that he has guarded the daughters of his mind and has not displayed them to any human being or given them in marriage, though they have remained with him for a long time.

<sup>3</sup> I. 151, 1.

knowledge and right action. Infallible it is not—many questions it must leave in suspense; yet wise men trust and obey it, convinced that nowhere will they meet with a surer guide “to point the morning and the evening ways<sup>1</sup>.” In the moral domain he reaches a positive goal: virtue is not in doubt, whatever else may be<sup>2</sup>.

When he applies this principle to metaphysical investigation, it does not take him very far, though his thoughts are sometimes suggestive. He appears to have had but a slight acquaintance with Greek and Moslem philosophy, but he could boast of an acute mind well stored with “curious information about every age<sup>3</sup>.” I may notice here a coincidence which illustrates his erudition. Mr Baerlein happens to remark that “he (Ma'arri) would have been as much bewildered as Herodotus if he had known that Lycians took their mother's, not their father's, name<sup>4</sup>.” Now, the poet knew the fact of which Mr Baerlein imagines him to have been ignorant, and these verses prove that he was not at all bewildered by it:

( 205 )

We are in error and delusion. If thou hast a certainty, produce it!

Love of truth caused the people of Rúm (Asia Minor) to prefer that a man should trace his descent to his maternal ancestry in the female line.

Who his father was they knew not save by supposition—and the young antelope follows its dam<sup>5</sup>.

It would be a long business to collect all the passages in which Reason is honoured and commended. I will translate a few of them.

<sup>1</sup> No. 109.      <sup>2</sup> I. 266, last line.      <sup>3</sup> II. 96, penult.

<sup>4</sup> *Abu 'l-Ala the Syrian*, p. 23. Herodotus, I. 173.

<sup>5</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 196, 9. The explanation offered by Ma'arri is correct as far as it goes. Cf. M. A. Potter, *Sohrab and Rustam*, p. 187: “Too much has undoubtedly been made of the opinion that matriarchy was founded on uncertainty of paternity. On the other hand, it would be impossible to deny that often where matriarchy prevails, or has prevailed, the tie which unites husband and wife is extremely weak, and that a child would have to possess more than ordinary powers of intuition to recognise his true father.”

(Metre: *Basî.*)

( 206 )

Whene'er thou thinkest a thought unmixed with any decay  
 Of sound intelligence, easy comes the thing that was hard.  
 The reason, if it be sane, doth ever weaken the soul<sup>1</sup>  
 Until she die: to her work it gives the name but of play.  
 Fair ladies, thronging betimes their wonted pleasure to take,  
 Seem phantoms glittering by, the puppet-shows of an hour.  
 Too great a body makes grief for him who bears it away  
 To earth; and ere 'tis interred, augments the gravedigger's toil<sup>2</sup>.

( 207 )

Reason forbade me many things whereto  
 Instinctively my nature's bias drew;  
 And 'tis perpetual loss if, knowing, I  
 Believe a falsehood or give Truth the lie<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawîl.*)

( 208 )

Oh, cleave ye to Reason's path that rightly ye may be led:  
 Let none set his hopes except upon the Preserver!  
 And quench not the Almighty's beams, for lo, He hath given to all  
 A lamp of intelligence for use and enjoying.  
 I see humankind are lost in ignorance: even those  
 Of ripe age at random guess, like boys playing *mora*<sup>4</sup>.

(Metre: *Basî.*)

( 209 )

Traditions come from the past, of high import if they be  
 True; ay, but weak is the chain of those who warrant their truth.  
 Consult thy reason and let perdition take others all:  
 Of all the conference Reason best will counsel and guide<sup>5</sup>.

The poet complains that men are too stupid to think for themselves.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* the appetitive soul (*nafs*).<sup>2</sup> I. 104, 5.<sup>3</sup> I. 121, 14.<sup>4</sup> I. 214, penult. Arab boys played a game called *kharâj*, like the Italian *mora*, in which one player has to guess the number of fingers suddenly put forth by another. Cf. *micare digitis*.<sup>5</sup> I. 288, 8.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

(210)

I cared not to climb the hill of glory, because I know  
 'Tis always the lowland vales that gather the water.  
 Our full-grown, they seem to lisp like infants a few months old,  
 As though on their dromedaries the saddles were cradles.  
 Whatever you speak, they understand not; and being called,  
 They answer confusedly 'twixt sleeping and waking.  
 No doubt but they rank as men, albeit the life they lead,  
 Given over to drowsiness, proclaims them for lynxes<sup>1</sup>.

(211)

Certainty is not to be found in a time whose sagacity brought  
 us no result but supposition.  
 We said to the lion, "Art thou a lion?" and he replied doubt-  
 fully, "Perhaps I am" or "I seem to be."<sup>2</sup>

The service which Ma'arrí performed by his criticism of  
 conventional beliefs would have been more effectual if he  
 had shown himself able to think constructively. He is not  
 a sceptic in the strict sense of the term, he concedes that  
 truth can be attained by means of reflection<sup>3</sup>, but as a rule  
 his reasoning leads him to a negative conclusion.

(212)

When a blind man goes by, pity him and know for sure that ye  
 all are blind, even if ye have sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

I live in the present: the past I have forgotten, and I feel no  
 savour of what shall come.

<sup>1</sup> I. 244, 12. We associate the lynx with keenness of sight, but the  
 Arabs were struck by its somnolence. Hence the proverb, *انوم من فهد*,  
 "More sleepy than a lynx." The literal translation of the last line runs:  
 "although, in consequence of their drowsiness, they are only lynxes on  
 camel-back."

<sup>2</sup> II. 375, 5.

<sup>3</sup> I. 229, last line; 373, 4; 427, 15. "The eye does not show things as  
 they really are: make thought thy mirror" (I. 383, 15). In another place,  
 however, he falls back upon the pure scepticism (*ισοσθένεια τῶν λόγων*)  
 of Carneades: "The soul is subject to cognition and nescience, and every  
 notion may be denied and affirmed" (I. 87, 6).

Some have held that nothing is real: did they affirm, then, as  
 a fact that there is no misery or happiness?  
 We are in dispute and contention with them—and the Lord of  
 mankind knows which of us are the greater liars<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Basit*.)

( 213 )

Is any tale true that we should credit him that relates,  
 Or are not all of them worthless fables told in the night?  
 As for our reason, it questions not, but swears they are lies;  
 And reason's tree ever hath veracity for its fruit<sup>2</sup>.

( 214 )

Experience nests in thickets of close shade,  
 Who gives his mind and life may hunt it down.  
 How many months and years have I outstayed!  
 And yet, methinks, I am but a fool and clown.  
 And Falsehood like a star all naked stands,  
 But Truth still hides her face 'neath hood and veil.  
 Is there no ship or shore my outstretched hands  
 May grasp, to save me from this sea of bale?<sup>3</sup>

( 215 )

Gall knoweth not what first embittered it,  
 Nor honey read the riddle of its sweet.  
 I could not answer when ye asked me why;  
 Whoso pretends to knowledge, 'tis a lie<sup>4</sup>.

( 216 )

Bewildered, searching how things stand with me,  
 I ask to-day, "To-morrow what shall be?"  
 There is no certainty: my mind but tries  
 Its utmost in conjecture and surmise<sup>5</sup>.

History shows that many freethinkers, not daring to  
 express their thoughts freely, have sheltered themselves  
 behind a religion in which they disbelieved. Such was

<sup>1</sup> II. 280, 15.

<sup>2</sup> I. 320, 2.

<sup>3</sup> I. 357, last line.

<sup>4</sup> I. 103, 6.

<sup>5</sup> II. 23, 13.

Euripides, and such was Ma'arrí<sup>1</sup>. In the works of both we find three elements:

- (a) orthodox religious beliefs;
- (b) rational doubts as to the truth of these beliefs;
- (c) philosophical views inconsistent with these beliefs.

In Ma'arrí's case the contrast is sharper, because he does not write as a dramatist but as a moralist directly exhibiting or disguising his own character throughout. Like Euripides, he wrote for the minority who saw at once that if the pious asseverations were sincere, the parallel questionings were absurd, and who judged that the poet was more likely to want faith than wit. He, on his side, expected them to take hints in lieu of plain speech<sup>2</sup>; and no one can study the *Luzúm* without recognising that it is a masterpiece of innuendo. Apart from subtle ironies—of which the words italicised in the following passage may serve as a specimen:

( 217 )

'Tis said, "We all are weak and helpless creatures,  
 Unable or to hasten or retard.  
 A Power o'errules us: if we sin, no blame  
 To the evil-doer, no praise if we excel":  
*Doctrine for which I in my time have found  
 Some proofs, tho' piety forbade me hold it.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Men race along the beaten track to reach  
 What inexperience imagines new.  
 These maiden thoughts are wed to minds that come  
 In every age to cull them and deflower<sup>3</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> The words used by Dr Farnell in characterising Euripides (*Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. vi. p. 414 fol.) fit Ma'arrí exactly: "Being by nature a great poet, he had also something of the weakness of the 'polymath' or the 'intellectual'; he had not the steadiness of brain or strong conviction enough to evolve a systematic philosophy or clear religious faith; his was, in fact, the stimulating, eager, critical spirit, not the constructive. His mental sympathies and interests shift and range from pole to pole."

<sup>2</sup> See No. 234.

<sup>3</sup> II. 79, 9.

the whole spirit of the book is anti-clerical and anti-orthodox, pleading for inquiry, suggesting incredulity, and shaking the foundations of revealed religious truth. Of course, Ma'arrî knew perfectly well what he was about. He must have known what inference as to moral responsibility and the reality of a future state would be drawn by some persons from these lines, for instance:

(218)

Shall I go forth from underneath this sky? How shall I escape?  
Whither shall I flee?  
How many a year have I lived in Time! How many a Rajab  
and Şafar have I passed!<sup>1</sup>  
Claws were given to the lion of the jungle that he might seek  
victory (over his prey)<sup>2</sup>.  
God curse people who call me an infidel when I tell them the  
truth!<sup>3</sup>

As regards the essential articles of Islam, his position is easily determined. When a dogma which it would have been suicidal to reject outright is professed on one page and doubted on the next, his *credo* is a refusal of martyrdom, and we take it for what it is worth. "Be veracious," he says, "until thou deemest veracity a danger to thy life; then lie through thick and thin<sup>4</sup>"; and again, "Do not acquaint rascals with the essence of thy religion, else thou wilt expose thyself to ruin<sup>5</sup>." Similarly, where the question is not one of faith or infidelity, but of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, and we find him wavering between two doctrines, it will appear probable that in his heart he agrees with the heretics. The positive beliefs or opinions to which he unconditionally

<sup>1</sup> Rajab and Şafar are the seventh and second months of the Moham-medan year.

<sup>2</sup> In *Luzûm*, II. 309, 11-12, the poet asks how the lion is to blame for having been created bloodthirsty.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 426, last line.

<sup>4</sup> II. 303, 8:

اصدق الى ان تظنّ الصدق مهلكة \* وعند ذلك فاقعد كاذباً وقم

<sup>5</sup> I. 326, 15:

لا تخبرنّ بكنه دينك معشراً \* شطراً وإن تفعل فأنت مغرر

commits himself are few. He loves interrogations and hypotheses. It is characteristic of him to turn a problem over in his mind, look at it from different aspects, and incline now to one solution, now to another. His curiosity exhausts itself in climbing hills of thought<sup>1</sup>, only to discover that their summits are capped with mist.

Before examining his treatment of religion, including Islam, let us see the principles from which he starts.

He favours the Aristotelian doctrine of the eternity of matter. Against one verse in which it is expressly denied, I do not believe in the everlastingness of the stars or hold the eternity of the world<sup>2</sup>,

there are many suggesting belief in it. That he should use guarded language will not surprise any one who knows what horror this theory inspires in Moslems of every sect.

( 219 )

If what the Sage<sup>3</sup> said is true, then Time has never been void of me and never will be.

By turns I am separated and united: the lote and the palm resemble me in the changes that befall them<sup>4</sup>.

( 220 )

'Tis possible that the sun will be extinguished, which burned from the epoch of 'Ad<sup>5</sup> and whose fire the Lord made to blaze; And if its red glow shall be quenched for evermore, then inevitably must Heaven be ruined<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 102, 7:

لعمرك ما غادرت مطلع هضبة \* من الفكر إلا وارتقيت هضابها

<sup>2</sup> II. 320, 13:

وليس اعتقادي خلود النجوم \* ولا مذهبي قدم العالم

<sup>3</sup> Aristotle. Cf. II. 145, 2:

لو صح ما قال رسطاليس من قدم \* وهب من مات لم يجمعهم الفلك

"If Aristotle's doctrine of eternity were true and the dead awoke, Heaven would not contain them."

<sup>4</sup> II. 169, 13.

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.* from of old. Cf. p. 62, note 2.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. I. 372, 12: "They have asserted that decay will overtake the heavens; if that be true, then impurity is even as purity."

Mankind passed, and were it not that their Judge is all-knowing,  
 I should ask with Zuhayr<sup>1</sup>, "What way did they take?"<sup>2</sup>  
 In the kingdom (world) whence they went not forth and from which  
 they removed not, how shall I believe that they perished?<sup>3</sup>

(Metre: *Kámil*.) (221)

I swear, my body will cease not ever to be in pain,  
 Until it come to its element eterne again<sup>4</sup>;  
 And thither when I go back, my bones that once were strong  
 To earth will crumble during endless ages long<sup>5</sup>.

(222)

Use my dust for your ablutions: perchance your doing so will  
 bring to me after extinction the objects of my desire<sup>6</sup>.  
 And if by God's decree I shall be made into a clay pot that  
 serves for purification, I am thankful and content<sup>7</sup>.  
 (Bodies are) substances put together and disjoined by a mar-  
 vellous Power, so that they became like accidents<sup>8</sup>.

That is to say, bodies consist of eternal and indestructible  
 substances (elements) which, in so far as they are subject  
 to combination and decomposition, thereby assume the  
 form of accidents. According to the orthodox (Ash'arite)  
 view, both substance and accident are created by the will  
 of God and have only a momentary duration<sup>9</sup>.

On the other hand, Ma'arrí asks whether the stars are  
 acquainted with the Unseen and adds that in his opinion  
 they are not eternal<sup>10</sup>, though elsewhere he describes them  
 as eternal and everlasting<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> One of the chief poets of Arabian heathendom.

<sup>2</sup> Ahlwardt, *The Divans*, p. 86, l. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 145, 9.

<sup>4</sup> The body at death is resolved into the "eternal element," *i.e.* Matter.  
 Cf. No. 87, last line, where the elements are called "the eternal Four"

(الاربع القدم).

<sup>5</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 398, 7.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. I. 419, 13-14. When water is unobtainable, the ritual ablutions  
 may be performed with fine sand or earth.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. No. 127, l. 5 foll.

<sup>8</sup> II. 61, 5.

<sup>9</sup> See D. B. Macdonald, *Muslim Theology*, p. 201 foll.

<sup>10</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 166, last line and fol. Cf. I. 247, 4; Nos. 10, 40, 220, etc.

<sup>11</sup> See Nos. 225, 230, 287. In all these passages, however, it might be main-  
 tained that something less than eternity is implied. Cf. p. 157, note 2.

( 223 )

How many a pearl Time strings and strews at last!  
 His Pleiad necklace holds for ever fast,  
 But dark he leaves the fame and splendour of the Past<sup>1</sup>.

It appears to me difficult to explain these and similar contradictions, which occur regularly when his orthodoxy is at stake, except by supposing that he *means* to contradict himself, and that his real or predominant view is the one which a writer accused of infidelity would be anxious to disown. He makes a practice of affirming or denying more or less explicitly what in other passages he affirms or denies with precaution in the contrary sense: the former class of statements is to be suspected<sup>2</sup>.

I lift my voice whene'er I talk in vain,  
 But do I speak the truth, hushed are my lips again<sup>3</sup>.

Religious dissimulation (*taqiyyat*) is well understood by Moslems; almost every *zindíq* (freethinker) employed it in self-defence, and it was cultivated as a fine art. Appreciation of our poet's skill in taking cover beneath this species of irony is the key to much that has puzzled European readers of the *Luzúm*. As to the influence of the stars, he shares the belief which prevailed amongst his contemporaries; but here too we find him vacillating. Have the planets a soul and intelligence, in virtue of which they operate on matter, or are they celestial bodies deriving their power from the motions of the spheres? Apparently Ma'arrí embraced the second opinion, though he rather suggests than expresses it.

"A body of four (elements) overseen by seven (planets) which abide in twelve (zodiacal signs)<sup>4</sup>."

"Did those (Moslems) who wrought good works win Paradise, while Nawbakht was lodged in Hell-fire?"

<sup>1</sup> I. 382, 10.

<sup>2</sup> He declares frankly that the *Luzúm* is a mixture of truth and falsehood:

وليس على الحقائق كلّ قولى \* ولكن فيه اصناف المجاز

(I. 435, 14; cf. 437, 8.)

This is not inconsistent with his assertion that the book contains nothing but *moral* truth (p. 51 above).

<sup>3</sup> No. 263, last verse.

<sup>4</sup> I. 422, 6.

'Tis the crowning injustice that thou shouldst be held guilty of what Mars and Venus brought upon thee<sup>1</sup>."

"The celestial world, as we are told, hath natural dispositions which the power of the stars causes to descend (to the earth)<sup>2</sup>."

"Men will never be without evil in their time whilst Mars or Saturn continues over them<sup>3</sup>."

Mars and Saturn, however, are "two slaves forced to serve (God)<sup>4</sup>: I care not though they overtop me<sup>5</sup>."

In some of his poems he plays fancifully with the theory that the planets and constellations belong to an upper world of intelligences and souls, which is the archetype of the terrestrial world.

"Dead are the stars of Night, or sentient beings?  
Irrational, or does reason dwell in them?<sup>6</sup>"

"If it be true that the luminaries of heaven are percipient, why do ye deny their loving one another and their relationship by marriage?

Maybe Canopus, the stallion of the stars, wedded a daughter of Arcturus on payment of a dowry<sup>7</sup>."

( 224 )

The world celestial, as the world below,  
(Philosophers have held) can feel and know;  
And some aver the planets are endowed  
With minds intelligent and speak aloud.

<sup>1</sup> I. 174, 2. Nawbakht was a Zoroastrian astrologer. He and his sons after him enjoyed the favour of the Caliph Manşúr (A.D. 754-775).

<sup>2</sup> II. 181, 10.

<sup>3</sup> II. 174, 9.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Koran, 16, 12 and No. 24, 1, 4 foll.

<sup>5</sup> *Luzüm*, II. 367, last line. The verse, "'Tis as though the seven planets were playing (the children's game) *buqqárdá*" (I. 71, last line), appears to mean that their power is vain except in so far as it comes to them from Allah. So I. 122, last line. Cf. II. 195, 5, where Mars and Saturn are compared with governors liable to be deprived of their authority by the monarch who conferred it.

<sup>6</sup> II. 171, 3. Cf. II. 97, 6:

Some said, "The planets have perfect minds": were 't true,  
We must suppose them touched by crazy eld.

<sup>7</sup> I. 372, 14.

Then are the stars about religion too  
 At odds like us—this Moslem and that Jew?  
 Perchance in Heaven a Mecca may be found  
 Like Mecca here, with Mecca's hills around.  
 We needs must think that Light was made: the prime  
 Eternal origin is darkful Time;  
 Virtue a track untrodden, deep in sand,  
 But Vice a highway through our human land<sup>1</sup>.  
 From inborn nature ne'er canst thou be free  
 Thy life long, and one more is learned by thee<sup>2</sup>.  
 If now the rulers wax unjust, there comes  
 A fiercer tyrant dealing wounds and dooms:  
 Even so to wrangling doves a hawk will cry,  
 "If ye are wicked, wickeder am I<sup>3</sup>."  
 Look, while the lion's claws attain full span,  
 How trimmed and cut short are the nails of man.  
 Such is the World's decree concerning all;  
 The wild ass hath large ears, the ostrich small.  
 Immortal wouldst thou be, then draw no breath:  
 This life is but a ladder unto death<sup>4</sup>.

Ma'arri might have said with Kant, "Two things there are which the oftener and the more steadfastly we consider them, fill the mind with an ever new and an ever increasing admiration and reverence—the starry heaven above and the moral law within." It is not unlikely that in his blindness he retained, as Milton seems to have done, a peculiarly vivid recollection of "all luminous effects, all contrasts of light and darkness." Be this as it may, some of his finest poems are those in which his imagination contemplates

the great dome of Heaven, whose poles  
 Have ever awed men's souls<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. II. 323, penult.: "It seems that evil is radical in them (mankind), and (as good is derivative) so light is originated amidst the (eternal) darkness."

<sup>2</sup> Habit is second nature. Cf. II. 256, 7-8.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. I. 434, last line: "the wickedness of the dove, though she is reckoned amongst the good birds, is like the wickedness of the hawk and the falcon."

<sup>4</sup> II. 270, 10.

<sup>5</sup> No. 10, *supra*.

( 225 )

Feel shame in presence of the daily sun,  
The moon of night, and shining troops untold  
Of stars which in the sky their courses hold  
By Allah's leave, nor fails them breath to run.

These have a nearer claim and right, I trow,  
To reverence than sons of noblest sire<sup>1</sup>.  
Glory to Him who made them! Shall their fire  
Sink in the dust of Time? I say not so.

Nay, but I muse—Are they endowed with mind  
Whereby they can distinguish foul from fair?  
Are feminine and masculine up there  
By birth related and in marriage joined?

\* \* \* \* \*

I clean renounce the fool whose hidden track  
And open prove him still to error sworn,  
Who bans the prayer of afternoon with scorn  
And casts the prayer of noon behind his back.

Give the poor man who comes to thee a dole,  
Scant though it be, nor frown away thy guest,  
But raise for him a flame of ruddy crest  
That frolics in the darkness like a foal!<sup>2</sup>

Time and Space are eternal and infinite: they encompass every sensible object and have no perceptible colour (quality) or magnitude<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The original has "the sons of Fihr," *i.e.* the tribe of Quraysh, to which (as Ma'arrî, no doubt, meant his readers to remember) the Prophet and the Caliphs belonged.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 415, 4. With the last verse cf. I. 318, 10: "And the fire shone from afar like a bright bay mare which is tethered and cannot reach her foal, so that she never keeps quiet."

<sup>3</sup> II. 252, 7:

مَكَانٌ وَدَهْرٌ أَحْرَزَا كَلَّ مُدْرِكِ \* وَمَا لِهَمَا لَوْنٌ يَحْسُ وَلَا حَجْمٌ

( 226 )

Two fates still hold us fast,  
 A future and a past;  
 Two vessels' vast embrace  
 Surrounds us—Time and Space<sup>1</sup>.

Whene'er we ask what end  
 Our Maker did intend,  
 Some answering voice is heard  
 That utters no plain word<sup>2</sup>.

( 227 )

Space hath no limit and doth ever last,  
 But Time is fleeting, never standing fast.  
 The fool said, "I have thrown to earth my foe";  
 Perish his hands! What gave him power to throw?  
 Man, like a fire that blazed awhile and ceased  
 In ashes, lives most blest presuming least.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let Rabbis laud their Sabbath as they may,  
 The truly wise keep Sabbath every day<sup>3</sup>.

His view of the nature of Time differs from that commonly accepted by Moslem philosophers. In the *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán* he writes as follows: "Abuse of Time increased to such an extent that it was prohibited in the Apostolic Tradition, 'Do not abuse Time, for God is Time.' What this means is well-known<sup>4</sup>, and also that its inner sense is not that which appears on the surface, since none of the prophets ever held that Time is the Creator or the Object of worship; and we read in the Koran (45, 23), 'Nothing but Time destroys us<sup>5</sup>.' The statement of certain people,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Nos. 1 and 229.<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 368, 4.<sup>3</sup> I. 169, 9.

<sup>4</sup> According to the explanation offered by most theologians, abuse of Time is forbidden on the ground that, inasmuch as God is really the author of all the evil for which Time is blamed, to abuse Time is, in effect, to abuse God (cf. *Lisán*, v. 378 fol.). Some mystics say that *al-Dahr* (Time without beginning or end) is a name of God (*Fuṣūṣu 'l-Ḥikam*, Cairo, A.H. 1321, p. 257, 14 foll.).

<sup>5</sup> These words are attributed to the Meccan idolaters who disbelieved in a future life.

that Time is the motion of the heavenly sphere, is a phrase devoid of reality... I have given a definition that well deserves to have been anticipated, though I never heard it before, namely, that Time is a thing whereof the least part is capable of enclosing all objects of perception. In this respect it is the contrary of Space, because the least part of the latter cannot enclose a thing in the same way as a vessel encloses its contents<sup>1</sup>."

We have already seen how he turns these ideas to account in the *Luzúm*, and I will now select a few passages where he develops them more clearly.

First, as to the eternity and infinity of Time:

"I see that Time is eternal and everlasting—glory to (God) the Preserver, the Perfect!<sup>2</sup>"

"Time is old, and beside his life, if thou wouldst measure it, the lives of the Eagles are brief<sup>3</sup>."

"If Gabriel were to fly away from Time for the remainder of his life, he would not be able to go outside of Time<sup>4</sup>."

Time, being independent of the revolutions of the celestial spheres, does not affect the course of events, which (indirectly, at any rate) is determined by the ever-changing position of the planets relatively to one another. Time brings nothing to pass; it is, so to speak, the neutral, unconscious atmosphere of all action and suffering. Man sins, by freewill or by fate: Time cannot sin and therefore ought not to be reviled<sup>5</sup>.

( 228 )

I hold that humankind are worse  
Than Time's containing universe.  
Was any creature found within it  
Of real worth? Each hour and minute  
Ever most falsely they decry;  
Their hours and minutes tell no lie<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Risdlatu 'l-Ghufrán* (Cairo, 1907), p. 137, l. 15 foll.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 227, last line.

<sup>3</sup> I. 330, II. The "Eagles" are the stars named Aquila.

<sup>4</sup> I. 372, II.

<sup>5</sup> I. 80, 3; 413, penult.

<sup>6</sup> II. 117, 12.

( 229 )

The pillars of our world are the natures of four (elements)  
 which were made substrates for Him who is over us;  
 And God fashioned for the earth and its people two vessels,  
 Space and passing Time.  
 Time knoweth not what comes to be within it: how, then, is it  
 reproached for what came to be?

\* \* \* \* \*

We weep and laugh, and Fate is our appointed ruler: Time did  
 not make us laugh or weep.  
 We complain of Time, though he never sinned; and could he  
 speak, he would complain of us,  
 Who with one mind consent to the unjust deeds implanted in us  
 —and the most innocent of us is nigh unto the most wicked<sup>1</sup>.

The following poem has a harmony of rhythm and power  
 of expression equal to the high thoughts which inspired it.

( 230 )

When 'tis said that Time destroyed a thing, the meaning is  
 "the Lord of Time," for Time is but a servant.  
 Thou canst not set a bound to the birth-time of this Sun, and  
 reason declares that it is without beginning.  
 The whole universe underlies the least atom of existence, and  
 existing objects are not perceived by the short-haired hard-  
 hoofed mares (the Hours).  
 When they go by, they return not, and others like them suc-  
 ceed: Time is past and future.  
 None of them that vanished came back after vanishing, yet  
 nothing exists without Time, which is renewed continuously.  
 'Tis as though Thou (God) hadst placed souls in the images  
 (bodies) and wert repenting of negligence therein.  
 According to the view of reason, there is not one Adam, but  
 logically there are many Adams<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 354, 14.<sup>2</sup> Cf. II. 326, 17:

خَالِقٌ لَا يُشَكُّ فِيهِ قَدِيمٌ \* وَزَمَانٌ عَلَى الْإِنَامِ تَقَادِمٌ  
 جَائِزٌ إِنْ يَكُونُ آدَمٌ هَذَا \* قَبْلَهُ آدَمٌ عَلَى إِثْرِ آدَمِ

Men are diverse in their aims: forgetful and mindful, careless and anxious, building and ruining<sup>1</sup>.

The conclusion stated in the penultimate verse rests on the premiss that the world is eternal; whence it follows that the number of human souls is infinite.

In all this we can trace many resemblances to the Pythagorean natural philosophy, of which the physician Abú Bakr al-Rázi (Rhazes) is the most illustrious exponent. Al-Rázi died forty or fifty years before Ma'arrí was born. His metaphysic "starts from old doctrines, which his contemporaries ascribed to Anaxagoras, Empedocles, Mani and others. At the apex of his system stand five co-eternal principles—the Creator, the Universal Soul, the First or Primeval Matter, Absolute Space, and Absolute Time or Eternal Duration. In these the necessary conditions of the actually existing world are given. The individual sense-perceptions, generally, presuppose an existing Matter, just as the grouping of different perceived objects postulates Space. Perceptions of change further constrain us to assume the condition of Time. The existence of living beings leads us to recognise a Soul; and the fact that some of these living beings are endowed with Reason, *i.e.* have the faculty of bringing the Arts to the highest perfection, necessitates our belief in a wise Creator, whose Reason has ordered everything for the best<sup>2</sup>."

Ma'arrí, too, believes in a Creator<sup>3</sup>, whom he identifies with Allah. He emphatically repudiates atheism. God is a reality (*ḥaqq*)<sup>4</sup>, One, eternal, omnipotent, and wise (*ḥakím*): His wisdom is demonstrated by His works. While it is neces-

"An eternal Creator, as to whom there is no doubt, and Time eternal in relation to mankind.

It is possible that anterior to this Adam there should be one Adam after another" (*i.e.* an infinite series of human beings).

The words "in relation to mankind" serve to guard the poet from the imputation that he makes Time co-eternal with God. Elsewhere (II. 43, 12-14) he refers to the ancient tradition that Adam is the son of Time.

<sup>1</sup> II. 261, 4.

<sup>2</sup> De Boer, *Hist. of Philosophy in Islam*, tr. by E. R. Jones, p. 78 fol.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 238, 7: "Philosophy demonstrates (the existence of) One who is wise, omnipotent, and uniquely perfect in His majesty."

<sup>4</sup> I. 433, 8; II. 399, 5.

sary to have an *intelligent* belief in the Supreme Being<sup>1</sup>, speculation concerning His essence and attributes is futile, since the mind cannot comprehend them<sup>2</sup>.

In the verse (II. 219, 14):

Dost not thou see that the planets move in their spheres by the power of a Lord who moveth not?

Ma'arrí probably means that God transcends all change, that He is eternal and infinite in His nature—not "motionless" (*ghayr muntaqil*) in the sense that, being *actus purus*, He never passes from potentiality to actuality<sup>3</sup>.

( 231 )

God fashioned me—the *why* of it I know not;  
To Him omnipotent and One the glory!  
Let all mine hours and moments bear me witness  
That I abjure the miscreants who deny Him<sup>4</sup>.

( 232 )

God, He is God sans peer. Deceived  
Are they that scoffed and disbelieved.  
When thy soul mounts, in Him have faith  
Even to thy last remaining breath;  
So mayst thou hope forgiveness on a day  
When, thy grave dug, the digger goes his way<sup>5</sup>.

( 233 )

If thou art atheist from excess of folly,  
Bear witness, O denier, I am none.  
I dread the chastisement from God hereafter  
And own the power supreme in hands of One<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 351, 8.

<sup>2</sup> I. 256, 4; II. 69, 11; 252, 8; 334, 11; 349, 13.

<sup>3</sup> The latter explanation is given by Dr Ṭá-há Ḥusayn (*Dhikrā*, p. 363 foll.).

<sup>4</sup> I. 296, 2.

<sup>5</sup> I. 267, last line.

<sup>6</sup> I. 280, 4.

( 234 )

I marvel at a physician who denies the Creator after having  
studied anatomy;  
And the astronomer has been taught what affirms the truth of  
Religion—  
Stars of fire and stars akin to earth and water and wind<sup>1</sup>.  
The sagacious man of the company is he that understands a  
hint, so that he deems it a plain statement<sup>2</sup>.

It appears, then, that Ma'arrí was a monotheist. But was  
he a monotheist in the same sense as Mohammed was, or as  
the Moslem scholastic theologians were? For him, Time and  
Space are infinite: therefore the Creator cannot be outside  
of them.

( 235 )

Ye said, "A Wise One us created";  
'Tis very true, and so say we.  
"Sans Time and Space," ye postulated—  
Then why not say at once that ye  
Propound a mystery immense  
Which signifies our want of sense?<sup>3</sup>

The problem of reconciling the Greek idea of "a Divinity  
which invests the whole of Nature<sup>4</sup>" with the Semitic "con-  
ception of God as will, as the sovereign over all<sup>5</sup>," is not  
touched by Ma'arrí. If reason convinced him that the world  
is eternal and has a Creator, a divine *intelligence* which  
eternally moves and maintains it<sup>6</sup>, the facts of life as he saw

<sup>1</sup> According to Rázi, "the heavenly bodies consist of the same elements  
as earthly things, and the latter are continually exposed to the influences  
of the former" (cf. *Luzúm*, II. 31, penult.).

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 231, 7.

<sup>3</sup> II. 179, 2.

<sup>4</sup> Aristotle, tr. by Dr Henry Jackson in the *Encyclopaedia of Religion  
and Ethics*, vol. I. p. 788.

<sup>5</sup> D. B. Macdonald, *Muslim Theology*, p. 145.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. I. 331, 10:

اللُّبُّ قَطْبٌ وَالْأُمُورُ لَهُ رَحَى \* فِيهِ تَدَبَّرُ كُلُّهَا وَتُدَارُ

"Intelligence is an axis and things are its millstone, for by it they all are  
directed and moved."

them stood hopelessly against this theory<sup>1</sup> and threw him back upon the notion of an all-powerful and inscrutable *will* working throughout the universe of evil which it created for some mysterious end. Beyond this he seems to have been unable to go, and here his rationalism breaks down. He finds the world so radically unreasonable that in order to account for it he must call in a *deus ex machinâ*—the Allah of the Koran. The decree of Allah, *i.e.* Fate, makes things what they are.

While Ma'arrî acknowledges that Fate, like Time, is subject to Allah<sup>2</sup>, his language occasionally suggests that he felt the pressure of an impersonal necessity emanating from the planets and controlling all human action; but since he writes with the freedom of a poet, we cannot safely give his words an interpretation which they do not demand. He holds God, or Fate, responsible for the evil nature implanted in mankind and for its consequences, and declares that God is just, without attempting to prove it.

“Our natures did not become evil by our choice, but in consequence of a (divine) command which the fates made a means (to its fulfilment)<sup>3</sup>.”

“I see evidences of a compulsion (*jabr*) which I do not assert to be a fact: 'tis as though every one were dragged to (commit) evil<sup>4</sup>.”

“O Lord of mankind, thou art exalted above every doubt: it seems as though we are obliged to commit sins<sup>5</sup>.”

<sup>1</sup> Cf. II. 264, 4:

لولا بدائع دلت ان خالقنا \* اذرى واحكم قلنا خلقنا لم

“But for marvellous works which indicate that our Creator is most knowing and wise, we should say that our creation is a blunder.”

<sup>2</sup> I. 310, 15; II. 75, 15; 174, penult.

<sup>3</sup> I. 311, 6:

وما فسدت اخلاقنا باختيارنا \* ولكن بامر سبته المقادر

<sup>4</sup> I. 321, 3:

ارى شواهد جبر لا احققه \* كان كلاً الى ما ساء مجرور

<sup>5</sup> II. 254, 3:

تعاليت رب الناس عن كل ريبة \* كاتا باتيان المائم نلزم

“The ill of life is one bad element

Sought out with malice by the mixer's hand<sup>1</sup>.”

“A nature immeshed in corruption: if man shall blame it, he blames its Creator<sup>2</sup>.”

“For whose sake dost thou inflict punishment for the sin that occurred? The bell did not move until it was put in motion<sup>3</sup>.”

( 236 )

Why blame the world? The world is free

Of sin: the blame is yours and mine.

Grapes, wine, and drinker—there are three,

But who was at fault, I wonder? He

That pressed the grapes, or that sipped the wine?<sup>4</sup>

( 237 )

If criminals are fated,

'Tis wrong to punish crime.

When God the ores created,

He knew that on a time

They should become the sources

Whence sword-blades dripping blood

Flash o'er the manes of horses

Iron-curbed, iron-shod<sup>5</sup>.

While in these passages he approaches an absolute determinism, in others (which are exceptional, however) he keeps clear of it, and his moral rationalism assures him that God, who creates injustice, is Himself just.

<sup>1</sup> I. 201, penult.:

شَرَّ الحَيَاةِ بَسِيطَةٌ مَذْمُومَةٌ \* عَمِدَتْ لَهَا بِالسُّوءِ كَيْفَ الْغَالِثِ

<sup>2</sup> II. 206, penult.:

جَبَلَةٌ بِالْفَسَادِ وَاشْجَةٌ \* اِنْ لَامَهَا الْمَرْءُ لَامَ جَابِلَهَا

<sup>3</sup> II. 12, 10:

لِمَنْ تَوَاخَذَ بِالْجَرِيِّ الَّتِي سَلَفَتْ \* وَمَا تَحَدَّرَكَ حَتَّى حُرِّكَ الْجَرَسُ

<sup>4</sup> II. 41, 2.

<sup>5</sup> II. 181, 4.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

The Artificer of the stars, exalted is He above  
The doctrine that He compels the ill-doer to his deed<sup>1</sup>.

I perceived that men are naturally unjust to one another, but there is no doubt of the justice of Him who created injustice<sup>2</sup>.

Here reason triumphs over experience, but for the most part it struggles in vain against the fatalistic pessimism which has been amply illustrated in these pages<sup>3</sup>. Ma'arri cannot "justify the ways of God to man." Only once, I think, does he make the least advance in that direction:

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

By sin's ladder it may be that men to religion climb,  
As digging makes fire spark up ere gushes the water<sup>4</sup>.

He concludes by dismissing the whole question of predestination as a sterile theological controversy which interferes with the practice of virtue, and by telling his readers that the truth lies somewhere between the rival schools.

And touching my creed if men shall ask, 'tis but fear devout  
Of Allah: nor freedom I uphold nor necessity<sup>5</sup>.

Do not be either a Necessitarian or a Libertarian, but endeavour to take a position midway between them<sup>6</sup>.

It would be rash to infer that he accepted the orthodox (Ash'arite) *via media*, the view that while God creates all human actions He also creates the power of men to appropriate them. This really explains nothing, as he must have

<sup>1</sup> I. 354, 8:

تعالى الذى صاغ النجوم بقدره \* عن القول اضحى فاعل السوء مُجْبِرًا

<sup>2</sup> II. 280, 6:

رَأَيْتُ سَجَايَا النَّاسِ فِيهَا تَظَالِمٌ \* وَلَا رَيْبَ فِي عَدْلِ الَّذِي خَلَقَ الظُّلْمَا

Cf. II. 287, 3; 314, last line.

<sup>3</sup> "Reason is an ornament, but over it stands a Fate" (I. 322, 2).

<sup>4</sup> I. 308, 2:

لَعَلَّ ذُنُوبًا كُنَّ لِلدِّينِ سَلْمًا \* وَنَارُكَ دُونَ الْمَاءِ يَقْدَحُهَا الْحَفْرُ

<sup>5</sup> No. 181, last verse.

<sup>6</sup> II. 358, 10:

لَا تَعْشُ مَجْبِرًا وَلَا قَدْرِيًّا \* وَاجْتَهِدْ فِي تَوْسُطِ بَيْنِ بَيْنَا

been aware. He had the practical free-thinking moralist's contempt for scholasticism, whether liberal or the reverse. He treats the Mu'tazilites no better than their obscurantist opponents. The former might assert divine justice and interpret the Koran by the light of reason, but they were theologians, they did not make reason independent of Revelation or authorise it to decide all things, beginning with the credibility of Revelation itself. Therefore he says, thrusting both parties aside,

Ask pardon of God and never mind what Abu 'l-Hudhayl and Ibn Kalláb told their followers<sup>1</sup>.

( 238 )

No books of polemic had been composed—  
*Mughní* or '*Umdas*<sup>2</sup>—did not men with men  
 Strive panting after pelf. They have run neck-high  
 In disputation, reared on baselessness  
 A dazzling monument of mere fine words;  
 And still they cease not ever, north and south,  
 Drawing out syllogisms interminable.  
 Their vile trade let them ply: enough for thee  
 The omnipotent, the all-sustaining Lord!<sup>3</sup>

Partly on rational grounds and partly, perhaps, by instinct Ma'arrí believed in the existence of a divine Creator. But, according to the second article of the Mohammedan creed, that Creator is revealed through prophecy: belief in Allah involves belief in the Koran, Mohammed, and Islam.

I have already remarked on the poet's ambiguous attitude towards the religion which he professed. In the *Luzúm* he speaks with two voices, one pious and conventional in tone,

<sup>1</sup> I. 131, 5. Cf. II. 172, 2 foll. Abu 'l-Hudhayl Muḥammad ibn 'Alláf (ob. circa A.D. 840) was a celebrated Mu'tazilite doctor: see D. B. Macdonald, *Muslim Theology*, p. 136 foll. Ibn Kalláb, whom Shahrastání (pp. 20 and 65 in Cureton's edition) mentions by the name of 'Abdullah ibn Sa'íd al-Kallábí, was an orthodox scholastic theologian of the same period.

<sup>2</sup> Theological and other learned books entitled *Mughní* or '*Umda* are numerous. According to the commentator on the *Luzúm* (I. 249), *al-'Umda* is the title of a work by 'Abdu 'l-Jabbár (see Brockelmann, *Gesch. der Arab. Litteratur*, I. 411), the Mu'tazilite *cadi* of Rayy, who was contemporary with Ma'arrí and is referred to in terms of reprobaton (*Luzúm*, II. 172, 4).

<sup>3</sup> I. 249, 5.

the other critical, ironic, irritating to men of firm faith, and anything but reassuring to the weaker brethren. His doubts are not concerned with minor points of doctrine; they are fundamental. We cannot dispose of them by setting his affirmations against them, as though it were simply a question of striking a balance. The anti-Islamic tendency is too deep and deliberate to be explained away. If the author was a Moslem, why should he have written so equivocally and yet significantly? If he was not a Moslem but wished to pass for one, it is easy to understand both the orthodox expressions and his peculiar method of insinuating disbelief. This hypothesis does not oblige us to maintain that during his forty years' seclusion he consistently held the same views and never doubted his own doubts. In some moods he may have reverted to the more positive state of mind which he finally abandoned for a bare deism<sup>1</sup>. "I confess," he says, "belief in One God and the avoidance of evil actions. For a long time I deceived myself and judged that one who is a liar spoke the truth about certain things<sup>2</sup>." Such fluctuations are, in any case, unimportant. On the whole, his Mohammedan sentiments (where they are not mere forms of speech) must be regarded as fictitious and insincere. Nevertheless, he could not do without them—in his books: their omission would have condemned him. While he used them to mystify and baffle the enemies of free-thought, he also knew how to make them serve the cause of its friends.

Further evidence comes from his prose writings. In a work entitled *al-Fuṣūl wa 'l-ghayāt*<sup>3</sup>, he imitated or parodied

<sup>1</sup> Cf. I. 231, penult.:

عَجِبًا لِي اَعْصَى مِنْ الْجَهْلِ عَقْلِي \* وَيُظَلُّ السَّلِيمُ عِنْدِي جَرِيحًا  
 "Strange! from ignorance I disobey my reason, and the sound course  
 appears to me invalidated (worthy of rejection)."

<sup>2</sup> II. 329, 12:

اِدِينُ بَرِّ وَاحِدٍ وَتَجَنَّبِ \* فَبِيحِ الْمَسَاعِي حِينَ يَظْلَمُ دَائِنُ  
 لِعَمْرِي لَقَدْ خَادَعْتُ نَفْسِي بَرَهَةً \* وَصَدَّقْتُ فِي اَشْيَاءٍ مِنْ هُوَ مَائِنُ

<sup>3</sup> Until recently this book was supposed to be no longer extant; the first part of it has now been discovered (*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1919, p. 449).

the Koran—an act of irreverence in which he followed the example set by several Moslem free-thinkers<sup>1</sup>; yet he violently censures one of these, Ibnu 'l-Ráwandí, who had been guilty of the same impiety, and pays an eloquent tribute to the Koran, describing it as a book that “overcame and disabled and caused the Prophet’s foes to shiver when confronted with it<sup>2</sup>.” The *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán*, an epistle which Ma'arrí addressed to the scholar and poet Ibnu 'l-Qáriḥ ('Alí ibn Maṣṣúr al-Ḥalabí), contains, in addition to many anecdotes of the *zindíqs* and blasphemous quotations from their poetry, a burlesque description of Paradise, where in the manner of Lucian he depicts the pre-Islamic heathen bards revelling and quarrelling and taking part in a literary *causerie*. Although some persons upheld his orthodoxy, the mask was thin and might not have availed him, if the state of Syria during his lifetime had left the authorities at leisure to deal with offences of this kind. As it was, he ran no great risk. The Fáṭimids were indulgent, and the Mirdásids indifferent, to religious scepticism, which indeed found plenty of support both amongst the learned classes and men of the world.

Ma'arrí nowhere asserts that the dogma of Revelation is false. His way of handling this question has not hitherto been studied with sufficient care. If we wish to understand the *Luzúmiyyát*, we must realise that the author intended not only to disguise his opinions but also to make the disguise a means of indicating them. Dissimulation was, in all the circumstances, inevitable: under its safeguard might not the truth venture out—duly chaperoned and veiled? Such a delicate experiment in the art of “implying things” called for correspondingly fine apprehension on the part of the reader, and Ma'arrí knew his contemporaries well enough to feel sure that not many of them would master his secret. He gave them a chance of convincing themselves, none of convicting

<sup>1</sup> *The Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá*, Introd., p. 36; Goldziher, *Muhammedanische Studien*, Part II. p. 401 foll.

<sup>2</sup> *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán*, tr. in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1902, p. 355 fol.

him. At the worst, his faith would be impeached on the ground of inferences which are apparently disproved by orthodox confessions.

To begin with, he divides men into two classes, according as they are religious or intelligent: they cannot be both.

( 239 )

Although your mouths hymn Allah One and Peerless,  
Your hearts and souls from that ye owe Him shrink.  
I swear your Torah gives no light to lead us,  
If there 'tis found that wine is lawful drink.

\* \* \* \* \*

They all err—Moslems, Christians, Jews, and Magians;  
Two make Humanity's universal sect:  
One man intelligent without religion,  
And one religious without intellect<sup>1</sup>.

These verses are addressed or refer to the followers of Mohammed, Jesus, Moses, and Zoroaster, *i.e.* to all whose religion is derived from a scripture brought by a prophet<sup>2</sup>.

The second couplet is highly characteristic. Taken out of the context, it might be read as a good Moslem's appeal to the authority of the Koran, which forbids wine-drinking, against the corrupt doctrine of the Pentateuch. That interpretation, however, pays no regard to logic. Ma'arri's objection to wine-drinking, as we learn from many poems in the *Luzúm*, is non-religious.

( 240 )

Say to wine, which is contrary to Reason and ever causes the  
warrior's sword to be unsheathed,  
"If thou wert interdicted by nothing but pain (after pleasure),  
thou wouldst have been allowable to the drinker;

<sup>1</sup> II. 201, 2. Elsewhere (*Luzúm*, II. 329, 4) he says that two things make men religious: either feebleness of mind or lofty aspiration.

<sup>2</sup> Moslems, of course, reckon Jesus amongst the prophets, though a semi-spiritual origin and nature distinguish him from the rest of the line. The Koran makes no mention of Zoroaster; but in one passage (22, 17) the Magians are ranked with the Jews and Christians, whom, because they possess inspired scriptures, Mohammed calls "the people of the Book."

But thou art banned by sovereign Reason, so get thee gone into  
the dusty soil!"<sup>1</sup>

( 241 )

Men say wine destroys old griefs that bide in the breast;  
And were it not destructive to the intellect, I should have been  
a friend of wine and jollity<sup>2</sup>.

Manifestly, therefore, his meaning is: "If the Torah sanctions wine-drinking, the Torah misguides us: we must obey Reason, not Revelation." The fact that in this instance he happens to agree with Mohammed leaves the general principle untouched. All religions are mixed with falsehood and, so far, stand on the same level. When he says

( 242 )

Follow Reason and do what it deems good, for it gathers the  
honey of counsel,  
And accept not a commandment from the Torah, for verily the  
truth is hidden from it<sup>3</sup>—

his readers must be dull if they fail to see why in preaching rationalism to *Moslems* he attacks the supernaturalism of *Jews*. One guesses, too, that the following lines have a wider application than appears on the surface:

( 243 )

The Jews went astray: their Torah is an invention of the doctors  
and rabbis,  
Who pretended to have derived it from one (a prophet) like them-  
selves; then traced it further back to the Almighty.  
Whenever you discomfit a man who argues for his religion, he  
hands over its keys (the task of defending it) to the traditions  
(by which it is attested)<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 144, 2.

<sup>2</sup> II. 312, 14. Cf. II. 361, 12: "If wine were lawful, I would not drink it, forasmuch as it makes my reasonableness (*hilm*) weigh light in the scale."

<sup>3</sup> I. 394, 8.

<sup>4</sup> I. 411, 10. Cf. I. 289, 1; II. 12, 12. "The *Şahiḥ* (a book purporting to contain those Traditions of the Prophet which can be regarded as authentic) is false beyond doubt" (I. 209, 1).

Another of his devices consists in putting forward an orthodox statement which is immediately discredited by the sequel.

( 244 )

The Christians built for their Messiah churches  
Which almost rail at what the churchfolk do;  
And if Mohammed and his Book I mention,  
Then out with *his* Book comes the scoffing Jew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Can any one deny Islam's religion,  
Fashioned and brought to us by Fate divine?  
Oh, where is Truth, that we may toil to seek it  
With cruel pain o'er sands without a sign?<sup>1</sup>

Since good and evil alike are "fashioned and brought to us by Fate divine," the compliment to Islam seems a little unhappy; but letting that pass, we discover in the next verse that the religion "which nobody can deny" is not identical with Truth<sup>2</sup>. Some Mohammedan critics have attributed the poet's eccentric opinions to the necessities of the difficult rhyme<sup>3</sup>. To speak plainly, this is nonsense. Ma'arri does not write at random: within a certain orbit his eccentricities are calculated and logical. His doubts, perplexities, and real inconsistencies only begin, as I have said, when his rationalism breaks down. Reason led him to conclusions which were not the less firm because they were chiefly of a negative kind; it showed him, for example, that Revelation is a false earthly light kindled and spread by men who had their own interests in view. Reason showed him

<sup>1</sup> I. 141, 11.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. a similar *reductio ad absurdum* of the dogma of Resurrection (II. 195, 2-3):

"It is said that there is no hope of a resurrection for the recompense of good works, but what thou hast heard concerning that matter is the pretence of a vain jester.

And how should the body be called to bliss after it has become rotten or been confined in the earth?"

Here the words "concerning that matter" are ambiguous, so that it is possible to regard the whole passage as a statement made by infidels and related by the poet.

<sup>3</sup> *Letters of Abu 'l-'Ald*, Introd., p. 38.

this—and left him, believing in God, to wrap himself in his virtue as best he could.

( 245 )

I shall pass away, not misdoubting the Creator, so weep not for me nor let others weep.

Follow my ways, since they are good for you, and pray and give alms as long as ye live.

Do not listen to tellers of lying stories which the feeble mind deems true.

I see action as (vain as) inaction, and a world dragged to ruin by a violent Fate,

And lines copied on a palimpsest and afterwards obliterated or rubbed out<sup>1</sup>.

We have examined a few specimens of the irony which Ma'arrî cultivated in order to publish his opinions with impunity, and which has been ignored by most students of the *Luzûmiyyât*, if it has not eluded them entirely. He had no need to employ it in his criticism of the Jewish and Christian sacred books; for, according to Mohammed, the Pentateuch and Gospel are corrupt in their present form, though originally they contained the same Word which Allah revealed in the Koran. The poet, therefore, attacks Judaism and Christianity without any disguise. I will only cite two passages concerning the Crucifixion.

( 246 )

The Christians have testified that the Jews sought Jesus in order to crucify him;

And (in admitting this) they took no heed, though they had made him a god for the sake of preserving him from disparagement and reproach<sup>2</sup>.

Because of the natural evil wherewith men are imbued, their minds spurn the truth deposited in them<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 146, 10.

<sup>2</sup> Mohammed rejects the Crucifixion (Koran, 4, 156): to him it was incredible that a prophet should suffer such an indignity. Ma'arrî, accepting neither the Christian nor the Mohammedan view of Jesus, regards the Crucifixion as an historical fact which proves the Christian doctrine to be absurd.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzûm*, II. 406, 1.

( 247 )

Marvellous! The Messiah amongst mankind, he who was said to be unbegotten!

The Christians delivered him to the Jews and confessed that they crucified him.

When a child is beaten by lads of the same age, the judicious and reasonable man takes pity on him;

And if what they say about Jesus is true, where was his father?

How did He abandon His son to the enemy? Or do they suppose that they (the Jews) overcame Him?<sup>1</sup>

It was as easy for Ma'arrí to deny the divinity of Christ as it was difficult to express any doubts about the prophetic inspiration which, according to the Koran, he shared with Moses and Mohammed. The prophets stood or fell together. Frank scepticism being thus excluded, the poet resorts to his favourite weapon, but does not forget that the words "Mohammed is the Apostle of God" form half of the Moslem profession of faith.

( 248 )

Some parties declared that your God did not send Jesus and Moses (as prophets) to mankind,

But they only provided a means of livelihood for their followers and made a net to catch all men.

Had I been able, I would have punished those who were unconscionably impious, until (all) the miscreants were entombed<sup>2</sup>.

At first sight these lines arouse no suspicion: the author means that disbelievers in prophecy are blasphemous scoundrels and ought to be punished with death<sup>3</sup>. This, of course, is

<sup>1</sup> II. 409, 4.<sup>2</sup> II. 22, last line.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. II. 16, 9: "Men are such liars that an ignorant fellow asserts prophecy to be a fiction and a fraud"; and II. 416, 10: "Moses came forward with the Torah and devoted to perdition those who investigated (the authenticity of) it. His men said, 'Inspiration came to him,' while the wicked said, 'Nay, he forged it.'" In the language of orthodoxy rationalists are fools and knaves, and they sometimes borrow these names. Cf. Euripides, *Iphigeneia in Tauris*, 262 foll., cited by Verrall, *Euripides the Rationalist*, p. 174. Ma'arrí recommends that sects which deny the divine Unity should be confronted with the unitarianism of the sword

the Moslem view. Ma'arrí durst not impugn it openly, and he may be professing it here, but readers familiar with his style will remark that the tag, "some people say," is often used by him to introduce rationalistic judgments for which he declines to be held accountable. Further, "they" in the second verse is equivocal: we can refer it, as we please, either to the disbelievers in prophecy or to the prophets themselves; and the latter reference is suggested by the rhyme-word *námús*, which in this context would naturally be taken as the Arabicised form of *νόμος*, so that the translation would run:

"And they (the prophets) only provided a means of livelihood for their followers and made a religious law for all men."

The verse has not passed unscathed through the hands of Mohammedan scribes. We find the oldest and probably genuine tradition in the Oxford Codex, where it stands thus:

وَأَمَّا جَعَلُوا الرَّحْمَانَ مَأْكَلَةً \* وَصَيَّرُوا دِينَهُمُ لِلْمَلِكِ نَامُوسًا

"But they made the Merciful (God) a means of livelihood and turned their religion into a trick for gaining power."

Who, then, are the miscreants of the last verse? The heretics or the pseudo-prophets? If that question had been put to Ma'arrí, he might have answered by quoting his own advice:

"O credulous man, if thou art endowed with understanding, consult it; for every understanding is a prophet<sup>1</sup>."

When the poet writes a brief eulogy of Mohammed<sup>2</sup>, he restricts himself to terms which might be used of any religious and moral reformer<sup>3</sup>. Only with the final blessing—

(II. 111, last line), and doubts whether the sword is "a faithful monotheist," seeing that it has spared the heretics for so long (II. 374, 1-2). For him, however, *ilhād* (polytheism or atheism) is an offence against Reason (I. 423, 5).

<sup>1</sup> II. 428, 5:

أَيُّهَا الْغُرَّانُ خُصِّصْتَ بِعَقْلِ \* فَاسْأَلْنُهُ فَكَلَّ عَقْلٍ نَبِيٌّ

<sup>2</sup> II. 214, 4-12.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. I. 379, 13: "I did not say, 'He was taken on a night-journey for a work which Allah set in train before the heavens revolved'"—an allusion to the *mi'raj* or Ascension of the Prophet.

فصلّى عليه الله—comes a suggestion of the Moslem's attitude. "Do not begin a quarrel with me," he says, appealing to the Christians, "for in my opinion your Messiah is the peer of Mohammed," *i.e.* the prophets are just as much in the dark as all the rest of us<sup>1</sup>.

Ma'arrí, in fact, regards Islam, and positive religion generally, as a *human* institution. As such, it is false and rotten to the core. Its founders sought to procure wealth and power for themselves, its dignitaries pursue worldly ends, its defenders rely on spurious documents which they ascribe to divinely inspired apostles, and its adherents accept mechanically whatever they are told to believe.

The following passages illustrate his point of view.

( 249 )

If knowledge aids not me nor baulks my foe,  
The losers in Life's game are those who know.  
As Allah laid our fortune, so it lies  
For ever—O vain wisdom of the wise!  
Can this doomed caitiff man, tho' far he fly,  
'Scape from his Lord's dominion, earth and sky?  
Nay, soon shall we, the hindmost gang, tread o'er  
The path our fellow-slaves have trod before.  
Surveying humankind, I marvel still  
How one thirsts while another drinks his fill.  
I draw my bow and every shaft flies wide,  
The arrow aimed at me ne'er turns aside.

\* \* \* \* \*

*O fools, awake! The rites ye sacred hold  
Are but a cheat contrived by men of old,  
Who lusted after wealth and gained their lust  
And died in baseness—and their law is dust<sup>2</sup>.*

<sup>1</sup> I. 295, 2:

لا تبدؤوني بالعداوة منكم \* فمسيحكم عندي نظير محمد  
أبغيت ضوء الصبح ناظر مدلج \* ام نحن اجمع في ظلام سرمد

<sup>2</sup> I. 63, 9.

( 250 )

The Christian, as more anciently the Jew,  
Told thee traditions far from proven true;  
And Persia boasted of the Fire she lit,  
No power ever should extinguish it.  
These holy days are birds of the same feather,  
Sabbath and Sunday make a pair together<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Wáfir*.)

( 251 )

This world of yours hath uttered a thing portentous:  
O witnesses, hearken ye to its information!  
When they that have understanding reflect and ponder,  
They see in the tale it tells right cause for waking.  
The people of all religions are in a quarrel  
That keeps them as though on pebbles they lay unquiet.  
The Christians have lied concerning the Son of Mary,  
The Jews also lied concerning the Son of Amram.  
And never the Days have brought forth new in nature,  
Nor ever did Time depart from his ways accustomed<sup>2</sup>.

( 252 )

Religion and infidelity, and stories that are related, and a  
Revelation<sup>3</sup> that is cited as authority, and a Pentateuch  
and a Gospel.  
Lies are believed amongst every race; and was any race ever the  
sole possessor of Truth?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. 158, last line.

<sup>2</sup> I. 260, 14. The last verse contrasts the vanity of Religion with the eternal and immutable process of Fate (cf. No. 263), and hints that what has been said of Christianity and Judaism applies equally to Islam. Cf. the poet's ironical tribute to the Law of Mohammed (I. 240, 15): "What a fine religion is this Law of ours! It stands firm, unabrogated, amidst that which has suffered abrogation."

<sup>3</sup> *Furqán*, properly meaning "deliverance" or "redemption," was used by Mohammed in the sense of "Revelation." Here it signifies "Koran," which Ma'arrí was too cautious to write, though it would have suited the metre just as well.

<sup>4</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 177, 9.

( 253 )

Fate governs all: what canst thou but bring in  
 Predestination as excuse for sin?  
 Our souls we live with, blind to them are we:  
 How, when the tomb contains them, shall we see?  
 So soon as forty years are overpast,  
 The body dwindles, and woes wax more vast.  
 Souls conscious of another life cross here  
 A bridge to it—a bridge of pain and fear.  
*Who warrants a clear way for buried men  
 To rise dust-stained out of the grave again?  
 The world rolls on and on, the peoples die,  
 Despair believes a legend and a lie.  
 Sages profound, their cogitations ended,  
 Affirm what death has marred can ne'er be mended;  
 And Adam comes (they say) whence Awbar came,  
 And naught is known of Awbar but his name<sup>1</sup>.  
 All that ye tell of God is vamped-up news,  
 Old fables artfully set out by Jews;  
 'Twas thus the Rabbins sought to sate their greed,  
 And ruin overtakes the wicked deed<sup>2</sup>.*

( 254 )

Let thy soul practise virtue, forasmuch  
 'Tis best and fairest, not for guerdon's sake.

\* \* \* \*

The chiefs' disunion gives sworn evidence  
 Their followers have not found the way to Truth.

\* \* \* \*

They crossed the sands for wealth, and some attained it,  
 But safe was kept the Secret from them all<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 255 )

I found Truth was in a house well guarded by those within<sup>4</sup>,  
 And trying the robber's way, about them I prowled and spied.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 157, note 2.<sup>2</sup> I. 327, 13.<sup>3</sup> I. 142, 5.<sup>4</sup> The *'ulamâ*, who are the defenders and exponents of the orthodox Faith.

They said to me, "Get thee gone! No place for the like of thee  
Beside us—and oh, beware of Truth when she eyes thee hard!  
For seest thou not that we have happily brought her home,  
Whilst thou art a castaway, a poor wretch with broken wings?"  
The man that is famous for religion and piety,  
He ranks not with one whose quest of knowledge distinguished  
him.

But over thy mind, alas, thy tyrannous nature rules,  
The passions in changeful sway increasingly grind it down.  
Thou drankest a draught whereof, for coolness, none wished thee  
joy,  
And after the pangs of thirst thou sufferest choking pain<sup>1</sup>.

( 256 )

They live as lived their fathers and receive  
By rote the same religion which they leave,  
Unheeding what they hear or what they say  
Or whom they worship—far from Truth astray!  
Want more delights the soul than ne'er so deep  
In luxury like theirs to wake and sleep<sup>2</sup>.

( 257 )

Our young man grows up in the belief to which his father has  
accustomed him.  
It is not Reason that makes him religious, but he is taught religion  
by his next of kin.  
The Persian's child had guardians who trained him in the rites of  
Magianism<sup>3</sup>.

( 258 )

I perceive that the Nights wear out Religion, even as the Shar'abí  
mantle becomes outworn.  
'Tis all (a matter of) custom: the greybeard follows the same bent  
to which the youth is habituated<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> II. 56, 8.<sup>2</sup> I. 248, 13.<sup>3</sup> II. 403, 13. Cf. a passage in the *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán*, tr. in *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1902, p. 351.<sup>4</sup> II. 427, 6.

( 259 )

In all that concerns thee thou art satisfied with a blind conformity,  
even in thy declaration that God is One and Single<sup>1</sup>.

We have been commanded to think on His wondrous works; and  
some persons, if they think on Him, fall into error.

All bigoted disputants, when they see the light of a manifest  
truth, deny it<sup>2</sup>.

( 260 )

They have not based their religion on any logical ground, whereby  
they might decide between Shi'ites and Sunnis.

In the opinion of some whom I do not mention (with praise)<sup>3</sup>, the  
Black Stone is only a remnant of idols and (sacrificial) altar-  
stones<sup>4</sup>.

( 261 )

If a man of sound judgment appeals to his intelligence, he will  
hold cheap the various creeds and despise them.

Do thou take thereof so much as Reason delivered (to thee), and  
let not ignorance plunge thee in their stagnant pool!<sup>5</sup>

( 262 )

Had they been left alone with Reason, they would not have accepted  
a spoken lie; but the whips were raised (to strike them).

Traditions were brought to them, and they were bidden say, "We  
have been told the truth"; and if they refused, the sword was  
drenched (in their blood).

They were terrified by scabbards full of calamities, and tempted  
by great bowls brimming over with food for largesse<sup>6</sup>.

( 263 )

A blind man reading with his fingers' ends  
The scrolls beside him—such is he that reads  
The stars. Long hath he laboured, and how long

<sup>1</sup> Cf. II. 20, penult., and II. 321, last line: "If the wolf were to say,  
'I have been sent by my Lord with a religion,' some of them would reply,  
'Yes.'"

<sup>2</sup> I. 252, 2.

<sup>3</sup> This is ironical, for we cannot doubt that Ma'arri agreed with the  
anonymous critics. Cf. No. 301.

<sup>4</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 129, last line.

<sup>5</sup> II. 416, 2.

<sup>6</sup> II. 266, 15.

Will pore o'er lines the writer blotted out!  
 Prophets arose and vanished: Moses, Jesus,  
 Mohammed last, who brought the prayers five—  
 And 'tis foretold there comes another Faith  
 Than this—and men still perishing away  
 Between a morrow and a yesterday.

But who dare warrant me the Faith, renewing  
 Its youthful spring, shall feed religious souls  
 That wellnigh faint with thirst? *Here*, fall what may,  
 Thou never wilt be free of moon and sun.  
 Like to the world's beginning is its end,  
 Its eve as full of portents as its dawn—  
 The young arriving and the old departing,  
 A house-quitting, a settling in a tomb.  
 God's curse upon this life! its gulfs of woe  
 Are very sooth, no sad deceiving tale.  
 I lift my voice whene'er I talk in vain,  
 But do I speak the truth, hushed are my lips again<sup>1</sup>.

Life and death—these, for Ma'arrî, are the everlasting certainties. There may be a life after death, for aught we know, but it is only something to speculate about.

( 264 )

I have no knowledge of what is after death: already this nose-ring hath made my nose bleed<sup>2</sup>.

Night and dawn and heat and cold and house and graveyard!  
 How many a one before us sought to probe the mystery! but  
 Omnipotence proclaimed, "Never shalt thou probe it (to  
 the bottom)."<sup>3</sup>

As regards the soul and its relation to the body, while he sometimes follows Plato, he not seldom inclines to a materialistic view. Hence his meditations on immortality are vague and inconclusive.

<sup>1</sup> II. 36, 4.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. No. 330. He compares the fate which rules his life to the nose-ring by means of which a camel is led.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 368, 9.

( 265 )

O spirit, how long wilt thou with pleasure wear  
 This body? Fling it off, 'tis worn threadbare<sup>1</sup>.  
 If thou hast chosen to lodge thus all these years,  
 Thine is the blame—and smiles oft end in tears.  
 Or if the fault was Fate's, then thou art blind,  
 As water feels no barrier, though confined.  
 Wert thou not there, to sin it ne'er had stirred,  
 But would have lain like earth without a word.  
 The lamp of mind neglecting, thou dost stray,  
 Although in Reason's light thou hast a God-given ray<sup>2</sup>.

( 266 )

The body, which gives thee during life a form,  
 Is but thy vase: be not deceived, my soul!  
 Cheap is the bowl thou storest honey in,  
 But precious for the contents of the bowl<sup>3</sup>.

( 267 )

My body and my spirit are like a child and its mother: they are  
 tied, that to this, by the hand of the Lord.  
 They die simultaneously<sup>4</sup>, and neither is the body lost (to the  
 spirit) nor does the spirit lose (the body)<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> The idea that the spirit corrupts and wears out the body is expressed in the following passages: "Does my spirit blame my body, which never ceased to serve it until it (the body) became too weak? And yet my spirit laid upon it amazing burdens, now one by one, now two at a time. The state of Man is contrary to that of trees, for they (being void of spirit) bear fruit, whilst he commits sin" (I. 78, 1). "The spirit's dwelling in the body makes it (the body) diseased, and its departure restores it (the body) to health. The body, when it returns to earth, does not feel the winds that sweep away its dust in the grave" (II. 421, 3). "If a spirit dwelt in the mountains of the earth, neither Naḡādi nor Irāb would be everlasting" (I. 91, 3; cf. 287, 5).

<sup>2</sup> II. 22, 10.

<sup>3</sup> II. 92, 12.

<sup>4</sup> Literally, "like the two eyes which converge (on the object of vision)."

<sup>5</sup> I. 243, 6.

( 268 )

When a spirit is joined to a body, the one and the other are  
ever in the sickness of carking pain.

If thou art wind, O wind, be still! or if thou art flame, O flame,  
be quenched!<sup>1</sup>

(Metre: *Basit.*)

( 269 )

The soul was ever before to-day in comfort and peace,  
Until by Allah's decree it made the body its home;  
But now the twain not an instant suffer thee to be free  
Of pain and smart, let alone malice and enviousness.

The ignoble man says to Pelf, which set him over the folk,  
"Yea, thee will I honour: but for thee, I never had ruled."<sup>2</sup>

( 270 )

The spirit is a subtle thing, confined  
Close in the body, unperceived by mind<sup>3</sup>.  
Glory to God! will it retain the power  
To judge aright? and will it in the hour  
Of exit feel what then it must explore?  
That 'tis that sheds on bodies dark a light  
Of beauty as of lamps discerned beneath the night.  
'Twill stay beside its body, some pretend;  
Some think on meeting Death it will ascend<sup>4</sup>—  
But never they that watch him take his toll  
Will smell the fragrance of a human soul.  
Happiest of all the hermit who doth ban  
The sons o' the world and dies a childless man<sup>5</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil.*)

( 271 )

We buried them in the earth, ay, surely we buried them;  
But all that we know about their souls is conjecture.  
And man's searching after lore which Allah enscribled and sealed  
Is reckoned a madness or akin to a madness<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 295, 8.<sup>2</sup> I. 283, 12.<sup>3</sup> The body is the cage or prison of the spirit (I. 231, 5, 11; II. 378, 10-11).<sup>4</sup> Ma'arri often adopts this opinion. Cf. I. 244, 5; 256, penult.; II. 262, 5, etc.<sup>5</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 211, 6.<sup>6</sup> II. 366, 11. The third line, if translated according to the text of the Oxford manuscript, will run as follows: "And man's eating that which fears to die, even as he himself."

( 272 )

Time passes and in tomb the body lays:  
 Did ever man rejoice in length of days?  
 And some opine the soul of earthly mould;  
 Nay, for it mounts to heaven (as others hold),  
 And whether it remove to bale or bliss,  
 Wears in that world the form it had in this;  
 Where, being incarnate, it must suffer pain  
 Still to be dressed and eat and drink in vain.  
 'Tis certain Allah's power, resistless, dread,  
 Can judge His creatures and can raise the dead.  
 Behold and marvel how the planets, some  
 Endowed with voices, roll, tho' rumoured dumb.  
 Obey not rascals who religion use  
 Only to clutch increasing revenues.  
 A Jew that bears in hand the Torah, greed  
 Incites him, not a holy wish to read.  
 What feuds between us hath religion twined  
 And given us o'er to hates of every kind!  
 Did not a prophet's ordinance bestow  
 On Arab lords the women of their foe?<sup>1</sup>

( 273 )

When the soul leaves  
 This frame to which it cleaves,  
 Some say it after grieves.

If with it go  
 The Reason, it may know  
 And recollect past woe.

Else, all the reams  
 O'erwrit with dead men's dreams  
 Are wasted ink, meseems!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. 185, 11.<sup>2</sup> I. 140, 5. The "dead men's dreams" ("ravings," in the original) refer to the descriptions of a future life which occur in the books of Revelation.

( 274 )

If, when my spirit shall take the road to death,  
 My mind escort it, well mayst thou admire;  
 And if in vasty air it go to naught,  
 Even as my body in earth, alas the ruin!  
 The one religion is that thou be just  
 To all—and what religion owneth he  
 That scorns due right? Man cannot lead his soul  
 To virtue, though he lead a host in arms.  
 Would he but fast a month from sin, 'twould serve him  
 Instead of fasting through Sha'bán and Rajab.  
 I imitated in nobility  
 None, but in death I follow noble princes.  
 Beware the curse of wronged night-brooding wretch!  
 All barriers oft are pierced by sobs of prayer<sup>1</sup>.

( 275 )

Some have asserted that the souls continue to exist (after death),  
 shackled in their bodies and being purified,  
 And that they are removed thence (after a time), and the blest  
 man meets with an honourable fate, while the unblest is  
 stripped (of honour)<sup>2</sup>.

( 276 )

Dead are the stars of night or sentient beings?  
 Irrational, or does reason dwell in them?  
 Some men believe in retribution, some  
 Declare ye are only herbs that grow and fade;  
 But I enjoin you to shun wickedness  
 And not to hate fair deeds. I have observed  
 How oft the soul, her hour of parting nigh,  
 Will show contrition for the sins she wrought;  
 And if our spirits now rust in us, anon  
 Like brass re-burnished they may newly shine<sup>3</sup>.

Ma'arrí rejects the doctrine of metempsychosis and even  
 derides it. In the *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán* he quotes these verses

<sup>1</sup> I. 103, 9.<sup>2</sup> I. 81, 2.<sup>3</sup> II. 171, 3.

by one of the Nuṣayrís, a sect which had many adherents in the districts lying south and west of the river Orontes:

Marvel, mother, at the accidents of Time, that made our sister dwell in a mouse.

Drive these cats away from her and let her have the straw in the sack<sup>1</sup>.

So in the *Luzúm*:

( 277 )

O apple-eater, mayst thou not perish! and let none mourn thee as lost on the day of thy death!

The Nuṣayrî said—not I (hearken, therefore, and encourage thy recreants on the battle-field!):

“Thou hast been an apple in thy time, and the apple thou eatest was once thine eater.”<sup>2</sup>

( 278 )

'Tis said that spirits remove by transmigration  
From body into body, till they are purged;  
But disbelieve what error may have urged,  
Unless thy mind confirm the information.

Tho' high their heads they carry, like the palm,  
Bodies are but as herbs that grow and fade.  
Hard polishing wears out the Indian blade,  
Allay thy soul's desires and live calm<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 279 )

Oh, long, very long, hath been the way to the night-rider  
Who sees in the pitchy dark no flame stirred to leaping.  
Obedience to Law we found a yoke on the minds of men,  
Tho' none that hath proved the Days denies abrogation.  
If once on a time some Jews were changed into animals<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1902, p. 349.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 166, 16.

<sup>3</sup> II. 171, 9. With the last verse cf. I. 207, 7 foll.: “None knows Time but they that do not abase themselves in defeat or exult in success.... They are the clear-sighted: whether they know or conjecture, I deem that they are at rest in a plain certainty.”

<sup>4</sup> This verse alludes to a legend (cf. Koran, 2, 61) that in David's time certain Jews who went fishing on the sabbath were transformed by God into apes.

What aileth this age that no such miracle happens?  
 And some transmigrationist fanatics have gone so far,  
 They deem souls alive in plants or minerals and metals.  
 How generous soe'er thou be and fain to forgive, yet more  
 Forgiving our Maker is, and more open-handed<sup>1</sup>.

The fact that the Koran reveals the existence of angels and other good and evil spirits (Jinn) does not hinder Ma'arrî from using his long experience of life as an argument for incredulity<sup>2</sup>. If there are no human beings in Heaven, then there are no angels on earth or below it<sup>3</sup>. God is omnipotent: therefore angels are possible; and at this point our knowledge ends.

( 280 )

I deny not the power of Allah to create forms of light, fleshless  
 and bloodless—  
 And the seer is blind like me: come on, then, let us knock  
 against one another in the dark!<sup>4</sup>

( 281 )

Fear thou the Lord, unafraid, albeit in darkness  
 With tales of Jinn they scare thee and make thee fearful.  
 All that is a patched-up bogey for beguiling  
 The thoughtless and stupid. Far from thee such stuff be!<sup>5</sup>

He also finds unconvincing the tradition that women who wear anklets are loved and followed by evil spirits<sup>6</sup>.

Resurrection and Retribution are the twin corner-stones of Islam. We have seen what Ma'arrî thought of the authority on which these doctrines depend, and we know that he could not take them ready-made from that source. If he had any genuine belief in them, it was based on grounds which he considered reasonable. To judge from his writings, he neither believed nor wholly disbelieved in a conscious existence after death, but remained a sceptic because no empirical evidence was forthcoming. Besides, what proof would have satisfied a mind like his? Not, I think, our books of

<sup>1</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 238, last line.

<sup>2</sup> See No. 54.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzûm*, II. 145, 5.

<sup>4</sup> II. 327, 1.

<sup>5</sup> I. 176, 6.

<sup>6</sup> II. 93, 1.

psychical research, much as they might have interested him. Clearly, if he was unable to affirm the immortality of the soul, he would be even less inclined to admit the resurrection of the body, a doctrine which he sometimes professes in agreement with the Koran, while in other poems his real attitude towards it is hardly disguised.

Most of the passages written from the orthodox standpoint are formal in tone<sup>1</sup>. Here is one in a different vein, but we cannot suppose that it was meant to be taken seriously:

( 282 )

The astrologer and physician, both of them,  
Deny the resurrection of the body.  
"Oh, get ye gone!" said I; "if your belief  
Be true, then I lose nothing; or if mine,  
'Tis upon you perdition falls, not me."<sup>2</sup>

The *possibility* of such a resurrection is acknowledged:

By the wisdom of my Creator comes to pass my folding and  
unfolding,  
And the Creator is not incapable of raising me from the dead<sup>3</sup>.

( 283 )

As for the Resurrection, the controversy about it is notorious,  
but the mystery thereof is not revealed.  
Some have said that the pearl of the diver will never return to  
the darkness of the shell<sup>4</sup>;  
But the wonders of Almighty God are many: our reason con-  
templating them becomes infirm and dumbfounded<sup>5</sup>.

This is designedly "economical" and its meaning could not be missed by any intelligent reader of the *Luzúm*. I will quote a few more examples.

<sup>1</sup> See Nos. 145, 181, 192, 195, 232, 233.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, II. 290, 7.

<sup>3</sup> I. 391, 15:

بحكمة خالقى طيبى ونشرى \* وليس بمعجز الخلاق حشرى

Cf. No. 272.

<sup>4</sup> *I.e.* the soul will never be re-united to the body. /

<sup>5</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 337, 4.

(Metre: *Wáfir*.) (284)

Our bodies are raised by feet of travellers passing  
 In gloom of the night across some crumbling sand-flat.  
 A life and a death—'tis all that our fate shows clearly,  
 Tho' pietists work in hope of a resurrection.  
 No foot is imparadised by a dainty anklet,  
 No ear is beatified by a pearly earring<sup>1</sup>.

(285)

Death's debt is then and there  
 Paid down by dying men;  
 But 'tis a promise bare  
 That they shall rise again<sup>2</sup>.

(286)

With optic glass go question thou the stars that roll o'erhead,  
 The stars that take away the taste of honey gatherèd<sup>3</sup>:  
 They point to death, no doubt, but not to rising from the dead<sup>4</sup>.

(287)

O star, in heaven thou shinest from of old  
 And point'st a flawless moral to the wise.  
 Death's fixed and certain date thou hast foretold;  
 Then why not tell us when the dead shall rise?<sup>5</sup>

(288)

We laugh, but inept is our laughter,  
 We should weep, and weep sore,  
 Who are shattered like glass and thereafter  
 Remoulded no more<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 200, penult.

<sup>2</sup> I. 259, last line.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. II. 169, 7 and *supra* p. 151 fol.

<sup>4</sup> I. 392, 14. Cf. II. 68, 3: "How oft did the Ashrâf stars shine forth in the mirk of night! but when shall any signs (*ashrâf*) appear of our resurrection?"—and Plato's famous epigram on the other side:

Ἄστηρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἔψος  
 νῦν δὲ θανῶν λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένους.

<sup>5</sup> I. 408, 4.

<sup>6</sup> II. 143, 6. Cf. II. 75, 8-9.

( 289 )

Were thy body left after death in the state which it was in  
before, we might have hoped for its restoration (to life),  
Even as wine returned once again to the emptied jar that was  
not broken in pieces;  
But it became parts divided, and then atoms of dust ever  
being swept away in the wind-blasts<sup>1</sup>.

In his references to the Mohammedan doctrine of future rewards and punishments the poet is similarly versatile. He often writes as one who believes in Paradise and Hell and even in the Koranic representation of them<sup>2</sup>. He says more than once that he hopes, not to enter the Garden, but to be saved from the Fire<sup>3</sup>; and he accepts the dogma of everlasting damnation qualified sometimes by faith in the infinite mercy of God.

( 290 )

Dust of mine ancient mother I shake off,  
And that is deemed a cutting of one's kin.  
Oh, little I care what Allah threateneth  
His creatures with, if once the Fire consume  
And char my limbs to ashes. But—'tis life  
Endless, an immortality of pain  
Whilst ages pass, and mercy nevermore<sup>4</sup>.

God will not let the labours of the pious be lost: on that point Abú Nuwás, the libertine, concurs with Abu 'l-'Atáhiya, the ascetic<sup>5</sup>. Manifestly, virtue is not rewarded in *this* world<sup>6</sup>. Do good for its own sake: the Almighty can, if He please, bestow the *thawáb* upon us; otherwise, Death is our recompense<sup>7</sup>. The following passages are more or less tinged with scepticism.

<sup>1</sup> II. 420, 2.<sup>2</sup> E.g. I. 153, penult. and foll.<sup>3</sup> I. 416, 8; II. 164, 10; 373, 2.<sup>4</sup> II. 286, 17. Cf. I. 154, 4-6. As regards the mercy of God and His power to transfer the damned to Paradise, see I. 153, penult.; II. 358, 2.<sup>5</sup> I. 374, 1-2.<sup>6</sup> I. 413, 16.<sup>7</sup> I. 434, 7-8.

(Metre: *Basit.*)

( 291 )

If Death come but to erase the form and person of me  
 And ruin that which I wrought, then all Life's trouble is vain.  
 It may be some shall receive a recompense from their Lord  
 When Him they meet, forasmuch they often fasted and prayed<sup>1</sup>.

( 292 )

They averred that I shall grow young again. How, oh, how may  
 that come to me, although I desire it?  
 And I shall visit Paradise, they say, and my face will be made  
 bright with gladness after the long decay in the tomb,  
 And the evil eyes will be removed from me, if it be my fate to  
 be dipped there in the fountain of life<sup>2</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil.*)

( 293 )

Astray did I amble on? or fated to reach the plain  
 Abounding in meadows fair, where herbs never cease to spring?—  
 And over my camels Night lay brooding so lone and still,  
 Her stars, thou mightst think, were Jews whose journey the  
 Sabbath stayed.

A tale that is told about the guarded preserve, 'twas that  
 Aroused me, but no sure man is he who related it<sup>3</sup>.

( 294 )

If blest I shall be proven past denying,  
 Oh, would in earth's lap I were lying!  
 After my lifelong fast,  
 Who knows?—I may at last  
 Keep holiday upon my day of dying.  
 Their tales about the reckoning and awarding  
 Scared me, but 'twas in vain they talked.  
 Its farness did beguile  
 My fears, tho' all the while  
 On right and left of me there walked  
 An angel, every act recording.

\* \* \* \*

If true we hope will come  
 The promise, how not fear the threat of doom?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. 160, 4.<sup>2</sup> II. 44, 8.<sup>3</sup> I. 157, 4.<sup>4</sup> I. 259, 3.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 295 )

And men see the last of me the day when shall o'er me close  
The deep well of Death whose sides are lined with the hateful  
stones.

Does any one going hence expect robes of green beyond,  
When these dusky shrouds within the earth have been torn to  
shreds?

To me thereanent came news, a medley of tangled tales,  
By ways that perplex and foil men eager to know the truth.  
Ay, short of it fell the Zoroastrian archimage,  
The bishop of Christian folk, the rabbin and scribe of Jews,  
And wrote legends of their own in volumes which long ago  
Have surely been lost, their ink and paper consumed away.  
The sects disagreed about the happenings after death,  
And those are engulfing seas whereof none may reach the shore.  
'Twas said, "Human souls have power and freedom in what  
they do,"

And some answered, "Nay, 'tis plain they act by necessity."  
And oh, had our bodies been created of marble rock,  
They scarce had endured the shocks of ever recurring change<sup>1</sup>.

( 296 )

We hope for that world's bliss,  
Although our deeds in this  
Are not so fair that we should hope Heaven's balconies.

Folk carry not from here  
The gauds of wealth and gear,  
But laden with their sins depart and disappear.

Reason was dumb. "Ask, then,"  
Said I, "the reverend men";  
But naught could they decide: this lay beyond their ken.

They talked and lied. When pressed  
To put all to the test  
Of logic, they broke down in impotence confessed<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 313, 1.<sup>2</sup> II. 99, penult.

As Ma'arrí appeals to Reason against Revelation, so does he contrast the observance of religion with the practice of morality. Not that pietism is inconsistent with virtue, but it is distinctly subordinate: prayers, fasts, and almsgivings are all very well; righteousness is essential. The emphasis placed upon the latter implies a certain indifference to the former and almost conveys the impression that *le mieux est l'ennemi du bon*.

( 297 )

You think the pious man is he  
That worships there on bended knee.  
Look out! for sadly you mistake,  
Meseems you are but half-awake<sup>1</sup>.

( 298 )

Praise God and pray,  
Walk seventy times, not seven, the Temple round—  
And impious remain!  
Devoutness is to them unknown that may  
Enjoy, and are not found  
With courage to abstain<sup>2</sup>.

( 299 )

If thou wilt put into practice the plain texts which are the foundation of the Book (the Koran), thou wilt find them sufficient for the performance of thy obligations.

Neither a (book of) Revelation nor a sermon relieved thy mind (from doubt), but wert thou obedient to God, a single verse would relieve thee<sup>3</sup>.

When the poet says, "Fear and obey God," he means, of course, "shun evil and do good." This, in his eyes, is the kernel of the Koran.

( 300 )

O fool! thou didst esteem thyself religious:  
I swear by Allah thou hast no religion.  
Thou mak'st the pilgrimage devoutly—meanwhile  
Some poor retainer, injured, cries against thee<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 277, 6.<sup>2</sup> II. 159, last line.<sup>3</sup> II. 152, penult.<sup>4</sup> II. 332, last line.

Ma'arrí's criticism of Islam goes to the root of the matter. If he is right, there is an end of the divine authority on which the whole system rests: its laws and institutions can be judged on their merits and approved or rejected as the principles of a rational ethic require. From this standpoint its ascetic features (including the prohibition of wine) commended themselves to him. Although, by his own confession, he was somewhat lax in regard to public worship<sup>1</sup>, he assails only one—and that the most vulnerable—of the five "pillars" of Mohammedanism. The Ḥajj (pilgrimage to Mecca) was taken over by the Prophet from the pagan Arabs and incorporated in Islam as a concession to national sentiment: all Moslem men and women are bound, "if they can find a way," to perform it at least once in their lives. Ma'arrí had a good excuse for neglecting this injunction, which in any case he would have disobeyed. Others might be impressed by the religious enthusiasm of the pilgrims; he saw in the Ḥajj a relic of heathendom<sup>2</sup>, a carnival of superstition and immorality.

( 301 )

Fortune is (so strangely) allotted, that rocks are visited (by pilgrims) and touched with hands and lips,  
Like the Holy Rock (at Jerusalem) or the two Angles of Quraysh<sup>3</sup>,  
howbeit all of them are stones that once were kicked<sup>4</sup>.

( 302 )

Methinks, the metropolis (Mecca) is deserted and her ants have departed from her villages<sup>5</sup>.  
And how oft did the companies (of pilgrims) journey by night towards Şaláh<sup>6</sup> and suffer great hardships in their journey!

<sup>1</sup> See No. 179.<sup>2</sup> Cf. I. 391, 1: "May thy intelligence save thee from a heathen's journey to visit Ayla and the land of Nakhr!" Ayla is the name of a mountain between Mecca and Medina. I cannot find any mention of Nakhr; the name may perhaps refer to Muntakhar (*Táju 'l-'Arús*) or Muntakhir (*Yáqút*), a place in the same district.<sup>3</sup> One of these is the south-eastern angle of the Ka'ba, containing the celebrated Black Stone; the other may refer to the base of the northern wall where lies a stone which is supposed to mark the sepulchre of Ismá'il (Ishmael).<sup>4</sup> II. 353, 6.<sup>5</sup> See p. 98.<sup>6</sup> A name of Mecca.

Every year they used to come to the (holy) building, that they  
 might cast their foul deeds upon its back—  
 Guests whom Allah entertained not with forgiveness, but with  
 calamities He entertained them.  
 Why should I travel to the stones of a temple in whose precinct  
 cups of wine are drunk,  
 And the earth of its water-courses, since they existed, hath ever  
 been defiled by harlots?<sup>1</sup>

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 303 )

I see multitudes that hope the grace of their Lord to win  
 By kissing a corner-stone and wearing a crucifix.  
 But pardon me, O my God! At Mecca shall I throw on  
 Amongst pilgrims newly come the raiment of one insane<sup>2</sup>,  
 And go down to water-pools along with some fine fellows  
 From Yemen, who never cared to dig for themselves a well?<sup>3</sup>

( 304 )

Stay at home! No obligation  
 I account the Pilgrimage,  
 Lady, on thy sex in virgin  
 Youth nor yet in wedded age.

Mecca's valley breeds the worst of  
 Miscreants, who never feel  
 Fierceness to defend the weaker,  
 Never flame with knightly zeal.

Men of Shayba, temple-guardians,  
 Standing there bemused with wine<sup>4</sup>,  
 Shove the pilgrim-folk in couples  
 Through the gateway of the Shrine.

When the people throng around it,  
 Leave to enter they refuse  
 None that slips a piece of silver—  
 Christians jostle in with Jews<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Luzüm*, II. 416, 14.

<sup>3</sup> I. 126, last line.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. II. 222, 9.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* the pilgrim's dress (*iḥrām*).

<sup>4</sup> Cf. I. 208, last line.

Lady, canst thou do a kindness?  
 Bless, then, having power to bless,  
 And if Charity invite thee  
 To a good act, answer "Yes"!

Oh, if dupes e'er heeded warning,  
 Surely wouldst thou recognise  
 That I tear from specious falsehood  
 Its invisible disguise.

Put no trust in their inventions:  
 Crafty were the plots they spun,  
 But they rode the way to ruin  
 And their race is wellnigh run.

Though awhile they galloped bravely,  
 They will soon give up the chase,  
 For against eternal Justice  
 Idle 'tis to run a race.

\* \* \* \*

Some there be with eyes unsleeping,  
 Feigning in the darkness sleep;  
 And their words belie their deep thoughts,  
 And their thoughts in doubt sink deep<sup>1</sup>.

We have noted how the poet censures whatever seems to him superstitious and irrational. Thus, to mention some slighter instances, he condemns augury<sup>2</sup> and belief in omens, e.g. the custom of exclaiming "God be praised!" (*al-hamd*) when any one sneezes<sup>3</sup>. He declares that the descendants of Ham owe their colour to nature, not to the sins of their progenitor<sup>4</sup>. Concerning the legends which attribute extraordinary length of life to certain patriarchs, heroes, and wizards<sup>5</sup>, he remarks that those who reckoned the age of such persons appear to have counted months as years<sup>6</sup>. In

<sup>1</sup> I. 70, 2.

<sup>2</sup> I. 325, 5; II. 237, 2.

<sup>3</sup> II. 19, 6-7; 353, 9.

<sup>4</sup> II. 145, 3-4.

<sup>5</sup> See Goldziher, *Abhandlungen zur arabischen Philologie*, part 2: *das Kitāb al-mu'ammārīn des Abū Ḥātim al-Sijistānī*.

<sup>6</sup> I. 418, 1-3. Cf. I. 353, 13 foll., where he ridicules the legend of the mysterious wanderer, al-Khiḍr, who conversed with Moses and is generally thought by Moslems to be still alive.

his opinion, holy men never flew in air or walked on water<sup>1</sup>. The words, "if thou wilt devote thy heart entirely to God, the beasts of prey will do thee no hurt<sup>2</sup>," immediately follow an exhortation to act according to reason and cannot be taken as evidence of his belief in miracles; the context rather suggests that "the beasts of prey" are women of bad character. He had nothing of the mystical spirit, and his allusions to Şúfism—a name which in his time covered much vagabondage and licence—are contemptuous. He gives the correct derivation from *şúf* (wool):

Şúffs—their name bore witness to Reason that they are woolly sheep with necks (hanging as though) broken<sup>3</sup>.

He doubts whether their rapture is so religious as they pretend<sup>4</sup>, calls them "one of Satan's armies<sup>5</sup>," and accuses them of travelling from land to land to fill their bellies and gratify their lusts<sup>6</sup>. This description, however, applies only to the evil-doers amongst them: "the God-fearing (Şúff), when thou wouldst rival him, surpasses thee; he is like the sun, whose radiance no defilement comes near, and the full moon, which is too glorious to be affected by vituperation<sup>7</sup>." That a free-thinker should speak of mystics with admiration and respect will not surprise those who remember how often extremes meet. Free-thought and mysticism converge from opposite sides in order to strike at orthodoxy. Şúffs, who regard forms of creed and ritual as *relatively* true and therefore as obstacles to the attainment of essential truth, have something in common with *zindíqs* like Ma'arrí, who "acknowledge neither prophet nor sacred book<sup>8</sup>" nor any law that is not sanctioned by the inner light of reason. Both these ways of thought are hostile to sectarianism and lead in

<sup>1</sup> II. 386, 9–11.

<sup>2</sup> I. 394, 11.

<sup>3</sup> II. 54, 4. The last words depict the characteristic attitude of Şúffs when engaged in "meditation" or "recollection." In another verse (I. 104, 10; cf. II. 101, 10) Ma'arrí, referring to the derivation from *şafw* (purity) which most Şúffs favour, says mockingly that if they were really "pure" the name "Şafwí" would not have been altered to "Şúff."

<sup>4</sup> I. 195, 5–6; II. 54, 7.

<sup>5</sup> I. 104, 11.

<sup>6</sup> II. 384, 13–14; I. 295, 14 (No. 140).

<sup>7</sup> I. 104, last line.

<sup>8</sup> *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán*, *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1902, p. 97.

practice to a large toleration which places Jews and Christians on the same level with Moslems. Many poems in the *Luzûm* express the view that "man's inhumanity to man" is fostered and made fiercer by religion, while in others the poet protests against bigotry<sup>1</sup>, pleads for religious equality, and declares that if men act rightly it does not matter what they believe.

( 305 )

Falsehood hath so corrupted all the world,  
Ne'er deal as true friends they whom sects divide;  
But were not hate Man's natural element,  
Churches and mosques had risen side by side<sup>2</sup>.

( 306 )

As I live, they that take refuge (with God) are safe from trouble,  
whereas the fanatical hater was gripped (by his foe) and  
grappled with him.  
Therefore, O Quss (Christian bishop), sign an order to pay the fees  
of the *khatîb* (Moslem preacher), and do thou, O Manasseh,  
fill the office of *nâzîr* (warden) in our mosque<sup>3</sup>.

( 307 )

Was not the notary ashamed when his reputation was evil in the  
ears of men?  
Thy (Christian) deacon did not judge unjustly, nor was thy Jew  
covetous (corruptible).

<sup>1</sup> See p. 103 and cf. *Luzûm*, II. 63, 7; 279, last line; 310, 1-2.

<sup>2</sup> II. 82, 4.

<sup>3</sup> II. 53, last line. Quss and Manash (Manasseh) seem to be used here as typical Christian and Jewish names, without reference to persons. Moslems would associate the former with Quss ibn Sâ'ida, the celebrated bishop of Najrán, by whose eloquence Mohammed is said to have been stirred. As regards Manasseh, Professor Bevan has pointed out that a Jew of this name was chosen to be viceroy of Syria by the Fâtimid Caliph, al-'Azîz (*ob.* A.D. 996). His nomination gave deep offence to the Moslems of Egypt and on their petition he was arrested and heavily fined (Ibnu 'l-Athîr, ed. Tornberg, vol. IX. p. 81). The duties of the *nâzîr* are explained by Lane in his *Modern Egyptians* (London, 1871), vol. I. p. 102.

In my opinion, the (Christian) priest is better for thee than a Moslem who preaches in the congregational mosque<sup>1</sup>.

( 308 )

Ye wronged others, and they in turn were made to prevail against you: the best of men pronounce mankind to be wrong-doers. Ye treated the metropolitan of the Christians with indignity, though he was revered by the followers of Mary's son; And yet your own Prophet said to you, "When he that is honoured by his people comes (amongst you), show him honour!"

Therefore, let not your *khatib* return with rancour when he meets them (the Christians) and they withhold from him his due meed of respect<sup>2</sup>.

( 309 )

If a man refrain from injuring me, then may (divine) bounty and mercy bless him as long as he lives!

Let him read the Book of Moses, if he will, or let him, if he likes, conceive in his heart devotion to Isaiah<sup>3</sup>.

After what we have seen of Ma'arri's views on the subject of religion it is evident that he would not be described accurately by any designation which connotes belief in a divine Word revealed through prophecy or in a religious code deriving its authority from tradition. His whole creed might be expressed in some such formula as "God, the Creator, is One: fear and obey Him<sup>4</sup>." The nearest Arabic equivalent to "deist" is *zindiq*; but this term is opprobrious and commonly associated with immorality, being applied by Moslems not only to deists, atheists, pantheists, and persons suspected of holding Zoroastrian or Manichæan doctrines, but also to all sorts of antinomian heretics. The poet brands with the name *zindiq* religious impostors whose tenets he

<sup>1</sup> II. 93, 5. Rather than allow the poet to say that a bad Moslem is inferior to a good Christian, the commentator would have us believe that in this verse the word *qass* does not signify "priest," but "seeking the means of livelihood"!

<sup>2</sup> II. 407, 12.

<sup>3</sup> II. 430, last line.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. I. 433, 7-8; II. 92, 16; 329, 12.

considers false and irrational<sup>1</sup>. Some of this class—possibly Carmathians—are addressed in the following lines.

( 310 )

Ye cast the creeds behind,  
Tho' nowhere do ye find  
In Wisdom they should be rejected and dismissed.

Obedience ye refuse  
The Moslem judge, the Jews'  
Rabbi, the Christian bishop, and the Magian priest.

Let *your* law be in turn  
Offered to them ye spurn,  
All will cry, "Nay; we don't desire it in the least<sup>2</sup>."

His own religion is founded on the authority of reason and fulfilled by the practice of virtue. Not a sanctified law, but an enlightened mind, distinguishes good from evil. "Serve God alone, without reference to His servants (creatures); for the law (of religion) makes us slaves, while (the use of) logical judgment makes us free<sup>3</sup>." True religion consists in righteousness together with justice and charity to all men<sup>4</sup>.

The one religion is that thou be just  
To all—and what religion owneth he  
That scorns due right?<sup>5</sup>

( 311 )

Thy understanding's mirror shows thee evil<sup>6</sup>,  
If there thou seest aught thy conscience owns not.

<sup>1</sup> II. 137, 10-11.

<sup>2</sup> I. 304, 4.

<sup>3</sup> I. 326, 13:

كن عابداً لله دون عبیده \* فالشرع يُعبد والقياس يحزر

<sup>4</sup> Religion is also defined as "the voluntary abandonment of pleasures whilst one is healthy and capable of enjoying them" (I. 361, penult.); as "sincerity combined with innocence" (I. 438, 7); and as "kindness and gentleness" (II. 111, 6).

<sup>5</sup> No. 274. Cf. II. 294, 9: "A dirhem unjustly gained entails more severe punishment (hereafter) than a neglected fast or prayer."

<sup>6</sup> Cf. No. 12.

The splendidest of all thy deeds is that one  
By doing which thou mean'st to take a right course;  
And best of all thy words, "To God the glory."<sup>1</sup>

Like Socrates and the Greeks generally, he takes morality to be "rather a concern of the head than of the heart." The wickedness of human nature is repeatedly described as "ignorance" and "folly." There are two kinds of ignorance, he says, which bring men to perdition: one of these is constitutional, the other they learn from their preceptors<sup>2</sup>. Virtue is the fruit of knowledge; the understanding, not the will, controls and corrects the impulses of the flesh<sup>3</sup>. In accordance with the view that evil needs only to be known in order to be shunned, the poet teaches moral truth by exposing the universal falsehood of mankind for the sake of the few who will listen to reason and let themselves be guided by it<sup>4</sup>. As we have seen, his ideal of virtue demands world-flight<sup>5</sup>, but on the other hand his ethical doctrine inculcates "as the highest and holiest duty a conscientious fulfilment of one's obligations . . . towards all living beings<sup>6</sup>."

(Metre: *Basîf.*)

(312)

Virtue is neither a fast consuming those who it keep,  
Nor any office of prayer nor rough fleece wrapped on the limbs.  
'Tis nothing but to renounce and throw all evil away  
And sweep the breast clear and clean of malice, envy, and spite.  
Whate'er the lion profess, no true abstainer is he,  
So long as wild beasts and tame fear lest their necks may be broke<sup>7</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawîl.*)

(313)

What! seest thou not that vice in man's nature is inborn,  
But virtue a new unheired possession which minds acquire?  
My heart hath been wrung to watch some morning a savage boor  
Belabouring his ass with blows—he takes on his head a sin.

<sup>1</sup> I. 227, 15.

<sup>2</sup> II. 256, 7-8.

<sup>3</sup> See Nos. 206 and 207.

<sup>4</sup> I. 229, 6-8.

<sup>5</sup> P. 125 and foll.

<sup>6</sup> Von Kremer, *Philos. Gedichte des Abu 'l-'Ald*, p. 38. I have left out the words "with equal warmth and affection," which seem to me ill-suited to describe the general character of Ma'arri's philanthropy.

<sup>7</sup> *Luzûm*, I. 285, 13.

The tired beast beyond its strength he burdens, and if it flag,  
 He sets on it with his lash, whilst stubbornly it endures—  
 Until it grows like unto a whoremonger, one unwed,  
 On whom falls the penalty of scourging, and not by halves<sup>1</sup>.  
 Weals rise on its back and flanks, the visible marks of woe;  
 Oh, pardon a helpless brute too feeble to plod along!  
 A Maker have we: the mind, undoubting, confesses Him  
 Eternal—then what avails this birth of a latter day?<sup>2</sup>  
 And grant that you rub and rub the fire-stick of Right in vain,  
 Still less from those sticks of Wrong can ever you coax a spark.  
 It gladdens me not, that I inflict on a fellow-man  
 Injustice, and live in ease and opulence all the while<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Bastt.*)

(314)

Virtue is like unto twigs of 'arfaj sodden with rain:  
 The shepherd sets them alight—they crackle, blaze, and expire;  
 Vice like a fire of tough *ghadā* wood kindled at night:  
 A long while passes, and still its coals keep smouldering on.

\* \* \* \* \*

I charge thee, draw not a sword for bloodshed: deem it enow  
 That here the slaughterous blade of Time is ever unsheathed.  
 A rumour ran in the world—I know it not as a fact—  
 That certain men have reviled the One Upholder of all.  
 What! laud a man, tho' his mind was turned not once in his days  
 To noble haviour, and leave the Lord of good without laud!<sup>4</sup>

If in some passages Ma'arrí allows that good works may earn the *thawáb* (recompense from God)<sup>5</sup>, his rational and philosophical judgment rejects a *quid pro quo* morality and declares that, as virtue is commonly its own reward in this world, it ought to be practised "because 'tis best and fairest<sup>6</sup>," without expectation of favours to come.

<sup>1</sup> An unmarried man who commits adultery is punished by the infliction of one hundred stripes, if he be free; but if he be a slave, the number of stripes is reduced by half.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently the poet refers to the vanity of human life and action.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 241, 4.

<sup>4</sup> I. 270, penult.

<sup>5</sup> I. 59, 6; 364, 1; 437, 7. Cf. p. 187, *supra*.

<sup>6</sup> No. 254. Cf. I. 434, 7: "Seek what is good and practise it for the sake of its excellence, and do not judge that the Lord will requite thee for it."

( 315 )

O sons of Eve, refrain from lying boasts!  
 Ye have no honour with the Lord of Hosts.  
 'Twas not your wickedness caused drought and bane,  
 Nor did your true repentance bring you rain<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 316 )

When, having bestowed a boon, thou meet'st with ingratitude,  
 Repine not, for He who keeps His word gives thee recompense<sup>2</sup>.  
 'Twere pity a gentleman should only do right in fear  
 Of public disgrace, if men report him a wrong-doer.  
 The good that thou dost, oh, far away from it put reward  
 Expected or certain gain, as though thou wert huckstering!<sup>3</sup>

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

( 317 )

Ay, oft-times a man hath been asleep to his doom, until  
 Death came of a sudden to him, and he drowsing, half-awake.  
 Whenever thou doest good, impute it with single mind  
 To Allah, and spurn the tongues desirous of praising thee.  
 Misfortune although it be to live in this world of ours,  
 Consolement thou find'st in acts of virtue and charity<sup>4</sup>.

( 318 )

Forbidden is thy baser self to quit  
 The body ere evil thou with good repay<sup>5</sup>.  
 For God's, not men's sake give thy benefit,  
 And from their eyes brush drowsiness away<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 319, 6. Cf. II. 223, 14-15. Prayers for rain cannot alter the course of Fate (II. 252, 11-12).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. II. 154, 15:

"Be thou in purpose and deed a benefactor of men,  
 Although they pay not again the debt of kindness to thee."

<sup>3</sup> I. 312, 8.

<sup>4</sup> II. 341, 14.

<sup>5</sup> Cf., however, I. 422, 2: "Repel evil, when it comes, with evil, and be humble, for thou art only a man"; and II. 378, 1: "Do not repay evil with good, and if in any matter I fail to keep faith with thee, then do thou break faith with me."

<sup>6</sup> *Luzûm*, II. 342, 2.

Ma'arri especially enjoins forbearance, compassion, and kindness. A man should be lenient to others, but severe to himself. "Charity is the best of thy beliefs; be not heedless thereof, and thou mayst pray facing the Ka'ba (as Moslems do) or after the fashion of Zoroastrians<sup>2</sup>." "How is it that the rich do not share their abundance with the poor?<sup>3</sup>" The ways of true generosity are unknown to those who grudge their fellow-creatures what they bestow on their near relatives<sup>4</sup>. Injustice to the weak and helpless excites his indignation: he pities old men neglected by their sons<sup>5</sup>, and pleads for humane treatment of slaves<sup>6</sup>; but he is most deeply touched—this is an Indian trait—by wrong done to animals, birds, and insects<sup>7</sup>.

( 319 )

How for her dead should Earth have care,  
 When in the moment of despair  
 Men cast away their not yet dead  
 Uncared for and uncomforted?  
 If God please, when the burst tombs quake,  
 He'll punish them for what they did and spake<sup>8</sup>.

Not only does he abhor cruelty to animals in the modern sense of the phrase<sup>9</sup>, but he would protect them, if he could, from all injuries which human selfishness causes them to suffer.

( 320 )

(Metre: *Basit*.)

Iniquity is innate: kinswomen taken in ward  
 Are wronged, and benefits hid, and scales to short measure run.  
 The thoroughbred horse is lashed, the camel eaten, the ass  
 A heavy burden must bear, tho' scant the flesh on his bones<sup>10</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I. 360, 13. Cf. I. 59, 6: "Most deserving of mercy in the end are they that show mercy in the beginning."

<sup>2</sup> II. 314, 4.

<sup>3</sup> I. 61, 8.

<sup>4</sup> I. 65, 2; 238, 11.

<sup>5</sup> II. 3, 3-4; 407, penult.

<sup>6</sup> I. 376, 14-15; II. 31, 5; 279, 6.

<sup>7</sup> See p. 136, *supra*. The poet wonders that men should weep for the death of a child, while every day they slaughter animals or set traps for them (II. 346, 12-14).

<sup>8</sup> II. 74, 12.

<sup>9</sup> See No. 313.

<sup>10</sup> II. 16, penult.

( 321 )

Equal are a kind mother who gave food to a child in his cradle  
and a dove that fed her chick.

Never, then, hasten knife in hand to destroy a young bird that  
hopped about in its dwelling-places<sup>1</sup>.

( 322 )

Give a drink of water as alms to the birds which go forth at  
morning, and deem that they have a better right than men  
(to thy charity),

For their race brings not harm upon thee in any wise, when thou  
fearest it from thine own race<sup>2</sup>.

( 323 )

To let go from my hand a flea that I have caught is a kinder act  
than to bestow a dirhem on a man in need.

There is no difference between the black earless creature which I  
release and the Black Prince of Kinda who bound the tiara  
(on his head)<sup>3</sup>.

Both of them take precaution (against death); and life is dear to  
it (the flea), and it passionately desires the means of living<sup>4</sup>.

The poet speculates concerning the likelihood of a future  
existence in which innocent animals will enjoy the happiness  
denied them in this world<sup>5</sup>. Two of the *Luzúmiyyát* are ad-  
dressed to birds—the ring-dove and the cock<sup>6</sup>—and another  
to the wolf, who “if he were conscious of his bloodguiltiness,  
would rather have remained unborn<sup>7</sup>.”

As I have shown above, Ma‘arrí put no trust in blood and  
iron as a cure for the woes of humanity<sup>8</sup>. War to his mind  
is immoral, irrational and futile<sup>9</sup>—for are not the living even

<sup>1</sup> I. 209, penult. Cf. I. 213, 9; II. 105, 1-4.

<sup>2</sup> II. 25, penult.

<sup>3</sup> Al-Jawn (*i.e.* “the black one”) was a brother of Hārith, the king of Kinda who fell in battle against Mundhir of Hira in A.D. 529. See Sir Charles Lyall's *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, p. 104 foll.

<sup>4</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 212, 9.

<sup>5</sup> I. 261, penult. and foll.; II. 258, last line and foll.

<sup>6</sup> II. 283, 4 and II. 257, 6. <sup>7</sup> II. 284, 12.

<sup>8</sup> See p. 103.

<sup>9</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 103, 5; 151, 8; II. 151, 9.

as the dead?—and he wishes that it were physically impossible<sup>1</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.) (324)

Reflection perceives that light was brought in the universe  
To being: the eternal stuff of Time is its pitchy dark<sup>2</sup>.  
The empire for which your swords ye brandish, I say to you,  
“Desire it no more”: of men the miserablest are kings.  
And lo, every eventide the sun's horizontal beams  
Announce to discerning folk his setting is near at hand<sup>3</sup>.

(Metre: *Tawil*.) (325)

The houses are plastered spick and span, while the tombs decay,  
Albeit nor gate nor guard can fend off the stroke unseen.  
They say that Islam shall be erased, even as of old  
The faith Unitarian went forward and Persia fell;  
But hap whatsoever may, yet Allah deceaseth not,  
And men cull in days to come the fruitage of that they plant.  
Methinks, in the last of life is wormwood that made thee then  
Forget what thou once wast fed withal by the humming bees.  
Aloof from the yellow sun lodge him that the daybeams scorch,  
And bid nigh the ruddy flame when icily breathes the night.  
O king, sure in Hell's hot fire shall burn he that calls a folk  
To prayer the while their blood dyes crimson his scimitar.  
In Ramla, the dust-defiled, are striplings and grey-haired men  
Sore-stricken with miseries because of the crime thou wrought'st<sup>4</sup>.

His views on education are conservative and almost patriarchal.

“Beat thy son and lead him into a right way of action, and do not say, ‘He is a child not yet grown up.’ A crack on the head is often beneficial: consider how good it is for the reed-pen to have its head split<sup>5</sup>.”

<sup>1</sup> I. 61, 7: “Would that the desert, being waterless on every side, were a cutter-off of war!”

<sup>2</sup> Cf. No. 224, fifth couplet. The world is evil by nature, and all the good in it is derived from the light of reason.

<sup>3</sup> *Luzüm*, II. 144, 11.

<sup>4</sup> II. 7, 8.

<sup>5</sup> II. 305, 4; cf. I. 400, 4.

( 326 )

Teach your girls to ply the loom and spindle,  
 Reading and writing—leave it to their brothers!  
 A maid's prayer giving unto God the glory  
 Will serve instead of Yúnus and Bará'a<sup>1</sup>.  
 Well may she blush to sit before the curtain,  
 Whene'er the singing-women sing behind it<sup>2</sup>.

( 327 )

Do not think thy fair ones worthy of praise if they are found  
 with hands that can form lines of writing,  
 For it better becomes them to carry spindles than reeds made  
 into pens.  
 Girls are arrows: if they get acquainted with a book of grammar,  
 they return envenomed with mischief.  
 They leave the virtuous man infatuated, though they came (to  
 him) as pupils, that he might guide them.  
 And if they go to consult the astrologer, they do not draw back  
 from error.  
 Let them learn to read (the Koran) from an old crone—one of  
 those who open toothless mouths,  
 Glorifying the Lord every night and praying in the morning, ever  
 abstaining from sin.  
 When young women speak well enough to explain what they  
 mean, they are not to be blamed for mispronunciation<sup>3</sup>.

Such maxims, though widely current, must have been  
 deemed reactionary by many who read the *Luzúm* before the  
 death of its author or soon afterwards<sup>4</sup>. They are based, no  
 doubt, on the general Moslem view that the female sex is  
 "deficient in intelligence and religion." Ma'arrí's ideal of  
 womanhood is the modest, hard-working, home-keeping wife,

<sup>1</sup> "Yúnus and Bará'a" refer to two chapters of the Koran, viz. the Súra of Yúnus or Jonah (ch. 10) and the Súra of Bará'a (ch. 9), which is so called from the initial word, *bará'a* (immunity). I am indebted to Mr Krenkow for explaining this allusion.

<sup>2</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 62, 12.

<sup>3</sup> I. 192, 2.

<sup>4</sup> See Goldziher's article on Moslem Education in the *Encycl. of religion and ethics*, vol. v. p. 204.

who honours and obeys her husband<sup>1</sup>: she is "thy first Paradise<sup>2</sup>."

(328)

(Metre: *Munsarih*. Scheme:  $\times - \cup - | - \cup - \cup | - \cup \cup -$ .)

A lady wife, praying God to help her to guard  
Her husband, 'tis she from shame hath guarded him well.  
Up and about early, she betaketh herself  
To spin with cotton or sew with needle and thread.  
All evil she puts away, afar from her thoughts,  
And meets with good in her putting evil afar<sup>3</sup>.

The practical moral excellence at which he aims is the result of right knowledge; and right knowledge cannot be gained by means of a liberal education. On the contrary, "people everywhere are called to embrace false doctrines by a party of *udabá*<sup>4</sup>," i.e. men of letters and culture. Reason is the guide to virtue, and asceticism is the road. He scorns the argument from antiquity.

Allege not, when thou work'st a deed of shame,  
The scoundrel's plea, "My forbears did the same."<sup>5</sup>

Ma'arrí has been dubbed "a precursor of Omar Khayyám<sup>6</sup>," an unfortunate and misleading phrase which can only be defended by the plea that FitzGerald does not give a true picture of the Persian astronomer<sup>7</sup>. Omar, certainly, was a pessimist and sceptic, but (according to FitzGerald) he had also a marked vein of hedonism and mysticism, of which no vestige is to be found in the *Luzúmiyyát*. M. Salmon speaks of "les éloges qu'Al-Ma'arrí, habitué à des fréquentations de buveurs, prodigue à la liqueur vermeille<sup>8</sup>"; these, however, are quite imaginary, for he always refers to wine-drinking with reprobation<sup>9</sup>. Granted that Omar may have

<sup>1</sup> I. 356, 11 foll.; II. 25, 4-5; 418, 7 foll.      <sup>2</sup> I. 356, 12.

<sup>3</sup> I. 196, 5.      <sup>4</sup> I. 45, 6.      <sup>5</sup> II. 98, 4.

<sup>6</sup> G. Salmon, *Le poète aveugle* (Paris, 1904).

<sup>7</sup> See on this point my Introduction to FitzGerald's *Rubá'iyát of Omar Khayyám* (London, 1909), p. 7 foll.

<sup>8</sup> G. Salmon, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

<sup>9</sup> See pp. 167-8, *supra*. By inserting a "not" which does not occur in the original, M. Salmon (p. 66) makes Ma'arrí commend, instead of condemning, the licence given by the Pentateuch.

been more like Ma'arrí than we should suppose from the English representation of him, trustworthy evidence concerning his character is too slight to allow the two poets to be compared. All we can say is that their philosophies of life have some features in common, and that several passages in the *Luzúm* at once call to mind well-known "Omarian" stanzas, for example:

( 329 )

God moulded me of water (seed), and lo, like water I run by  
measure according as I was set to run.

I was created for the divine purpose without knowing the realities  
thereof, and would that I were absolved from the reckoning  
with God!

I see the apparition of a curtain which Destiny pre-ordained,  
whence I came forth for a little and then was hidden in dark-  
ness<sup>1</sup>.

Ma'arrí, too, strikes from the calendar

"Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,"

but not in the sense of *carpe diem*; for when he says,

"Lay your hands *now* to that in which we are engaged, and  
leave alone To-morrow, for it is not yet come, and Yesterday, for  
it is past<sup>2</sup>,"

he warns us that to live righteously is a present and urgent  
duty. His pessimism is no mood of melancholy retrospect,  
it is the cry of a man in pain who feels himself driven along  
ruthlessly, "like victims with halters on their necks<sup>3</sup>."

( 330 )

We were created for some end unclear: we live a little while, then  
destruction o'ertakes us.

We are like foodless horses, ever champing their bits in wrath, for  
their side-teeth are bloody with champing<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Luzúm*, I. 160, 9.

<sup>2</sup> I. 353, 17:

خدا الآن فيما نحن فيه وخلقيا \* غداً فهو لم يقدم وأمس فقد مرّاً

<sup>3</sup> I. 256, 2; II. 266, 7.

<sup>4</sup> II. 142, 3.

Although, as an ascetic, he must confess and preach the vanity of fame<sup>1</sup>, he alludes to his literary reputation and anticipates that it will outlast him.

( 331 )

Well-pleased awhile I gathered lore, till Time  
Filled me with rage and memory I did lack.  
Whatever I indite in prose or rhyme,  
The plagiarists are on my phrases' track<sup>2</sup>.

( 332 )

Man's harmony, composed of discords four,  
To Seven of diverse influence is made o'er<sup>3</sup>.  
Read thou my poesy, when earth shall bind me;  
For lo, I leave it as an heir behind me<sup>4</sup>.

In another passage he tells how he was dreamed of—and in the dreamer's vision he was a great king, his head crowned with a tiara of gold. "I said, interpreting it, 'Gold (*dhahab*) is a sign of my decease (*dhahābī*), and the tiara signifies my renown when I shall be dust.'<sup>5</sup>"

<sup>1</sup> I. 175, 2.

<sup>2</sup> II. 75, last line.

<sup>3</sup> The four elements and the seven planets.

<sup>4</sup> *Luzūm*, II. 98, 11.

<sup>5</sup> II. 38, 5-7.

## APPENDIX

CONTAINING THE ARABIC TEXT OF THE PIECES  
TRANSLATED ABOVE

## ABBREVIATIONS

- B The Bombay edition of the *Luzüm* (A.H. 1303). It is based on a manuscript dated A.H. 639, which was transcribed for the Ḥafṣite prince, Abū Zakariyyā ibn Abī Ḥafṣ.
- C The Cairo edition (A.D. 1891), derived from a manuscript dated A.H. 633.
- L A copy, made for Von Kremer, of the Cairo MS. which is the source of the Bombay edition. It is now in the British Museum (Or. 3160, No. 1050 in Rieu's supplementary Catalogue). Von Kremer refers to it as Cod. K (*Zeitschrift d. Deutschen Morg. Gesellschaft*, 38, 501, note 1).
- O A manuscript in the Bodleian Library (No. 1293 in Uri's Catalogue). Though it is carelessly written, its original (dated A.H. 517) is more than a century older than the codices used by the Oriental editors.
- S The extracts from the *Luzüm* which were published by Von Kremer in the *Sitzungsberichte d. Kais. Akad. zu Wien*, vol. 117 (1889).
- Z The texts with German translation published by Von Kremer in the *Zeitschrift d. Deutschen Morg. Gesellschaft*, vols. 29, 30, 31 and 38.

The following text is that of C, collated throughout with BSZ and also, for the greater part, with LO. I have recorded nearly all the variants: it will be seen that these are few and as a rule unimportant. References showing where each extract occurs in C will be found under the English translations.

( I )

السَّاعُ أَنِيَّةُ الْحَوَادِثِ مَا حَوَتْ \* لَمْ يَبْدُ إِلَّا بَعْدَ كَشْفِ غِطَائِهَا  
 وَكَأَنَّهَا هَذَا الزَّمَانُ قَصِيدَةٌ \* مَا أَضْطَرَّ شَاعِرُهَا إِلَى إِبْطَائِهَا  
 لَيْسَتْ لِيَالِيهِ مَحْسَةً كَائِنٍ \* وَصَفَتْ بِسُرْعَتِهَا وَلَا إِبْطَائِهَا  
 \* \* \*  
 وَبِسَاهِمِ دَهْرِكَ لَا تَزَالُ مُصِيبَةً \* صُرِفَتْ بِإِذْنِ اللَّهِ عَنِ إِخْطَائِهَا  
 أَنَّ الْمَوَاهِبَ كُلَّهَا عَارِيَّةٌ \* وَمِنَ السَّفَاهَةِ غِبْطَةٌ بَعْطَائِهَا

1. Z 30, 44. ۳ C مَحْسَةً, i.e., Time does not produce events in the same way as a currycomb brings out dust.

(2)

وليت وليداً مات ساعةً وُضِعَ \* ولم يرتضع من أمه النفساء  
يقول لها من قبل نُطِقَ لسانه \* تُفِيدِينَ بِي أَنْ تُنْكَبِي وتُسَائِي

(3)

أصاح هي الدنيا تُشابهُ مَيْتَةً \* ونحن حَوَائِهَا الكلابُ التَّوَابِحُ  
فمن ظلَّ منها آكلًا فهو خاسرٌ \* ومن عاد عنها ساعبًا فهو رابحٌ  
ومن لم تُبَيِّتْهُ الخُطوبُ فانه \* سيصْبَحُهُ من حادثِ الدهر صابِحُ

(4)

هي النَّفْسُ عَنَّاها من الدهر فاجِعُ \* برزءٌ وِعَنَّاها لتَطْرَبَ ساجِعُ  
ولم تُدْرِ من أُنِّي تُعَدُّ لنا الخُطَى \* ولا أَيْنَ تُقْضَى للجُنبِ المضاجِعُ  
وما هذه الساعاتُ إِلَّا اراقِمُ \* وما شجعتُ في لَمْسِنِ الاشاجِعُ  
أرى الناسَ انفاسَ التُّرابِ فظاهرٌ \* الينا ومردودٌ الى الارضِ راجِعُ  
ه شربتُ سِنَى الاربعين تجرِّعًا \* فيا مَقْرًا ما شُرِبُهُ في ناجِعُ  
جَهَلْنَا فحَى في الضلالة مَيْتٌ \* اخو سَكْرَةٍ في غِيهِ لا يُراجِعُ

(5)

تَقِفُونَ وَالْفَلَكَ الْمَسْحَرُ دائِرُ \* وتُقَدِّرون فَتَضْحَكُ الاقْدَارُ

(6)

تنادوا طاعنين غداة قالوا \* اصاب الارضَ من مَطَرٍ مُصِيبُ  
لعلَّ شوائمًا رَمَقَتْ وميضًا \* تَبِيدُ وما لها فيه نَصِيبُ  
وقد تنجو النفوسُ بأرضِ جَدِبٍ \* ويُهْلِكُ اهلُهُ المَعْنَى الخَصِيبُ

4. BL ٢. تَعُدُّ. ٣ O. وان شجعت

6. Z 30, 50.

(7)

قضى الله أن الآدمي معذب \* الى أن يقول العالمون به قضى  
فهنيؤا ولاه الميتم يوم رحيله \* اصابوا تراثاً وأستراح الذي مضى

(8)

أجل هبات الدهر ترك المواهب \* يمد لما أعطاك راحة ناهب  
وأفضل من عيش الغنى عيش فاقة \* ومن زى ملك رائق زى راهب  
وما خلته إلا سيبعث حادثاً \* يحل الثريا عن جبين الغياهب  
جلا فرقديه قبل نوح وأدم \* الى اليوم لما يدعى فى القراهب  
ولى مذهب فى هجرى الإنس نافع \* اذا القوم خاضوا فى اختيار المذاهب  
أرانا على الساعات فرسان غارة \* وهن بنا يجرين جرى السلاه  
ومما يزيد العيش إخلاق ملبس \* تأسف نفس لم تطق رد ذاهب

(9)

مللت عيشى فعوجى يا منية بى \* وذقت فديه من بوس ومن رعد  
غدى سيوجد أمسى لا ينازعى \* فى ذاك خلق وأمسى لا يصير غدى

(10)

لا كانت الدنيا فليس يسرنى \* أنى خليفتها ولا محمودها  
وجملت امرى غير أنى سالك \* طرقتا وخشها عادها وتمودها  
زعموا بأن الهضب سوف يذيبه \* قدر ويحدث للبحار جمودها  
وتشاجروا فى قبة الفلك التى \* ما زال يعظم فى النفوس عمودها  
ه فيقول ناس سوف يدركها الردى \* ويمين قوم لا يجوز همودها  
أبدال يوماً فضة من فضة \* فيصير مثل سبيكة جلمودها  
إن فرقت شهب الثريا نكبة \* فلجدوة المريخ حق خمودها  
واذا سيوف الهند أدركها البلى \* فمن العجايب أن تدوم غمودها

7. BLO. تهنى ٢٠. به قضا BCLO. ١.

8. اختبار ٥٠. هجرتى ٥٠.

( II )

ايا طِفْلَ الشَّفِيقَةِ إِنَّ رَبِّي \* على ما شاء من امرٍ مُقِيمَتِ  
 تَكَلَّمُ بَعْدَ مَوْتِكَ بِأَعْتَابٍ \* وقد أَوْدَى بِكَ النَّبَأُ الْمَقِيمَتِ  
 تقول حَلَلْتُ عَاجِلَتِي بِكَرْهِي \* فَعِشْتُ وَكَمْ لُدْتُ وَكَمْ سُقِيمَتِ  
 رَقِيتُ الحَوْلَ شَهْرًا بَعْدَ شَهْرٍ \* فَلَيتِي فِي الأِهْلَةِ ما رَقِيتُ  
 ه فلما صيَحَ بِي وَدَنَا فِطَامِي \* تِيهَمَنِي الحِمَامُ فما وُقِيتُ  
 تَرَكْتُ الدارَ خَالِيَةً لِغَيْرِي \* ولو طال المُقَامُ بِها شَقِيتُ  
 نَقِيتُ فما دَنَسْتُ ولو تَمادَتْ \* حَياءُ بِي دَنَسَتْ فما نَقِيتُ  
 وما يُدْرِيكَ بِاكَيْتِي عَسَانِي \* لَسُكْنِي الفَوْزُ فِي الأُخْرَى أَنْتَقِيتُ  
 رَقَتْنِي الرَاقِياتُ وَحُمَّ يَوْمِي \* فغادرنِي كَأَنِّي ما رُقِيتُ  
 ه هَبْنِي عَشْتُ عُمَرَ النَّسْرِ فِيها \* وكان المَوْتُ آخِرَ ما لَقِيتُ  
 فقِيرًا فَاسْتَضَمْتُ بِلا أَتَقَاءَ \* لِرَبِّي او امِيرًا فَاتَّقِيتُ  
 وَمَنْ صُنِعَ المَلِيكَ الِىَّ أَنَّى \* تَعَجَّلْتُ الرَحيْلَ فما بَقِيتُ

( I2 )

أَرى اللُّبَّ مِرْأَةَ اللِّيبِ وَمَنْ يَكُنْ \* مَرَأِيَهُ الإِخْوانُ يُصَدِّقُ وَيُكْذِبُ  
 الأَخْشى عَذابَ اللهِ وَاللهُ عادِلٌ \* وَقَدْ عَشْتُ عيشَ المُسْتَضامِ المَعْدِبِ  
 نَعَمَ إِنَّها الأَرْزاقُ وَالمرءُ جَاهِلٌ \* يُهْدِبُ مِنْ دَنياءُ ما لَمْ يُهْدَبِ

( I3 )

ما بِأَخْيارِي مِلاذِي ولا هَرَمِي \* ولا حِياتِي فَهَلْ لِي بَعْدَ نَحْويرِ  
 ولا إِقامَةَ إِلا عَنِ يَدِي قَدَرِ \* ولا مَسِيرَ إِذا لَمْ يُقْضَ تَسْويرِ  
 زَعَمْتَ أَنَّكَ تَهْدِينِي لِواضِحَةٍ \* كَذَبْتَ هَذا الَّذِي تُحْكِيهِ تَحْويرِ  
 عَيَّرْتَ أَمْرًا فَهَلْ غَيَّرْتَ مُنْكَرَهُ \* امْ لَيْسَ عِنْدَكَ لِلنَّكَرِاءِ تَغْويرِ

II. ٩ BC وَحَمَّ.

(14)

وَسِرْتُ عُمَرَى إِلَى قَبْرِى عَلَى مَهَلٍ \* وَقَدْ دَنَوْتُ فَحَقَّ الْخَوْفُ وَالْبَهْلَعُ  
 مَا نَحْنُ أُمَّرٌ مَا بَرَايَا عَالِمٍ كَثِيرٍ \* فِى قُدْرَةِ بَعْضِهَا الْإِفْلَاكُ يَبْتَلَعُ  
 تَهَزَّمُ الرَّعْدُ حَتَّى خِلْتُهُ أَسَدًا \* أَمَامَهُ مِنْ بُرُوقِ الْأَسْنِ دَلْعُ

(15)

مِنْ قِلَّةِ اللَّبِّ عِنْدَ النَّصْحِ أَنْ تَأْتَى \* وَأَنْ تَرُومَ مِنَ الْإِيَّامِ إِعْتَابَا  
 خَلَّ الزَّمَانَ وَأَهْلِيهِ لِشَأْنِهِمْ \* وَعِشْ بَدَهْرِكَ وَالْأَقْوَامِ مُرْتَابَا  
 سَارَ الشَّبَابُ فَلَمْ نَعْرِفْ لَهُ خَبْرًا \* وَلَا رَأَيْنَا خَيَالًا مِنْهُ مُنْتَابَا  
 وَحَقَّ لِلْعَيْسِ لَوْ نَالَتْ بِنَا بَلَدًا \* فِيهِ الصِّبَا كَوْنُ عُودِ الْهِنْدِ أَقْتَابَا  
 ه أَلْقَى الْكَبِيرُ قَمِيصَ الشَّرْخِ وَهَنْ بِلَى \* ثُمَّ اسْتَجَدَّ قَمِيصَ الشَّيْبِ مُجْتَابَا  
 مَا زَالَ يَمُطِّلُ دُنْيَاهُ بِتَوْبَتِهِ \* حَتَّى أَتَتْهُ مَنَايَاهَا وَمَا تَابَا  
 خَطُّ اسْتَوَاءٍ بَدَا عَنْ نُقْطَةِ عَجَبٍ \* أَفْتَتَ خُطُوطًا وَأَقْلَامًا وَكُتَابَا

(16)

مَا أَجْهَلَ الْأَمَمَ الَّذِينَ عَرَفْتَهُمْ \* وَلَعَلَّ سَالِفَهُمْ أَضَلُّ وَأَتَبَرُ  
 يَدْعُونَ فِى جُمُعَاتِهِمْ بِسَفَاهَةٍ \* لِأَمِيرِهِمْ فَيَكَادُ يَبْكِي الْمُنْبَرُ  
 جِئْنَا عَلَى كَرِهِهِ وَنَرَحَلُ رَغْمًا \* وَلَعَلَّنَا مَا بَيْنَ ذَلِكَ نُجْبَرُ  
 مَا قِيلَ فِى عِظْمِ الْمَلِيكِ وَعِزِّهِ \* فَاللَّهُ أَعْظَمُ فِى الْقِيَاسِ وَأَكْبَرُ  
 ه وَكَأَنَّمَا دُنْيَاكَ رُؤْيَا نَائِمٍ \* بِالْعَكْسِ فِى عَقَبَى الزَّمَانِ نَعْبَرُ  
 فَإِذَا بِكَيْتَ بِهَا فَتَلِكِ مَسْرَةً \* وَإِذَا ضَحِكْتِ فَذَاكَ عَيْنُ نَعْبَرُ  
 سَرَّ الْفَتَى مِنْ جَهْلِهِ بِزَمَانِهِ \* وَهُوَ الْإَسِيرُ لِيَوْمِ قَتْلِ يُصْبَرُ

14. أُسْدًا أَمَامَهَا ٣٠

15. ٦ L in marg. مَنَايَاهُ.

(17)

لا يَمْنَعُ الْمَلِكُ الْجَبَّارَ مِنْ قَدْرِ \* يُغَيِّرُ الْحَالَ مَا أُجْدَى وَمَا جَاسَا  
ولو غدا الكوكبُ المَرِيخُ في يده \* كالسهمِ وَأَتَخَذَ الْبَرْجِيسَ بِرُجَاسَا

(18)

فَبُعْدًا لِهَذَا الْجَمْرِ يَا رُوحَ مَسَلَكًا \* وَبَعْدًا لِهَذِي الرُّوحِ يَا جَسْمَ سَالِكَا  
تَوَاصَلْتُمَا فَاسْتَحَدْتِ الْوَصْلَ مِنْكُمَا \* عَجَائِبَ كَانَتْ لِلرِّجَالِ مَهَالِكَا

(19)

أَتُرْجِعُ نَفْسَ الْمَيْتِ بَعْدَ رَحِيلِهِ \* فَيَجْزِي قَوْمًا بِالذَّمِّ مَوْعَ السَّوَاكِبِ  
تَبَدَّلَ أَعْنَاقَ الرِّجَالِ وَأَيْدِيًا \* تَنَاقَلَهُ مِنْ عَسْجَدِي الْمَرَاكِبِ  
أَحَبُّ إِلَيْهِ كَوْنُهُ مَتَوَاطِنًا \* بِأَقْدَامِهِرْ لَا الْحَمْلُ فَوْقَ الْمَنَاكِبِ  
هُوَ الْمَوْتُ مُثْرٍ عِنْدَهُ مِثْلُ مُقْتِرٍ \* وَقَاصِدٌ نَهْجٌ مِثْلُ آخِرِ نَاكِبِ  
وَدِرْعُ الْفَتَى فِي حُكْمِهِ دِرْعُ غَادَةٍ \* وَأَبْيَاتُ كِسْرَى مِنْ بِيوتِ الْعَنَاكِبِ  
فَرُجَلٌ فِي غَبْرَاءَ وَالخَطْبُ فَارِسٌ \* وَمَا زَالَ فِي الْأَهْلِينَ أَشْرَفَ رَاكِبِ  
وَمَا النَعْشُ إِلَّا كَالسَّفِينَةِ رَامِيًا \* بَغْرَقَاهُ فِي مَوْجِ الرَّدَى الْمُتْرَاكِبِ

(20)

فِيَا سِرْبِي لَتُدْرِكْنَا الْمَنَايَا \* وَنَحْنُ عَلَى السَّجِيَّةِ أَصْدِقَاءُ  
أَرَى جَرَعَ الْحَيَاةِ أَمْرَ شَيْءٍ \* فَشَاهِدُ صِدْقِ ذَلِكَ إِذْ تُقَاءُ

(21)

كَأَنَّهَا الْأَرْضُ شَاعَ فِيهَا \* مِنْ طَيْبِ أَزْهَارِهَا بَخُورُ  
أَنْتَ عَلَى رَبِّهَا السَّوَارِي \* وَالنَّبْتُ وَالْمَاءُ وَالصُّخُورُ  
وَنَحْنُ فَوْقَ التَّرَابِ ثِقُلُ \* يَكَادُ مِنْ تَحْتِنَا يَخُورُ

(22)

أَوْصِيَتْ نَفْسِي وَعَنْ وَدِّ نَصَحَتْ لَهَا \* فَمَا أَجَابَتْ إِلَى نُصْحِي وَإِصْأَتِي  
وَالرَّمْلُ يُشْبِهُ فِي أَعْدَادِهِ خَطَأِي \* فَمَا أَهْمُّ لَهُ يَوْمًا بِإِحْصَاءِ  
وَالرِّزْقُ يَأْتِي وَلَمْ تُبَسِّطْ إِلَيْهِ يَدِي \* سَيِّانٍ فِي ذَاكَ إِدْنَائِي وَإِفْصَائِي  
لَوْ أَنَّهُ فِي الثُّرَيَّا وَالسِّمَّاكِ أَوْ الـ \* سَعْرَى الْعَبُورِ أَوْ الشَّعْرَى الْغَمِيضَاءِ

(23)

نَقَضَى الْحَيَاةَ وَلَمْ يُفْصِدْ لشارِبِنَا \* دَنْ وَلَا عَوْدُنَا فِي الْجَدْبِ مَقْصُودُ  
نُفَارِقَ الْعَيْشَ لَمْ نَنْظُرْ بِمَعْرِفَةٍ \* أَيُّ الْمَعَانِي بِأَهْلِ الْأَرْضِ مَقْصُودُ  
لَمْ تُعْطِنَا الْعِلْمَ أَخْبَارُ يَجِيءُ بِهَا \* نَقْلٌ وَلَا كَوَكْبٌ فِي الْأَرْضِ مَرْصُودُ  
وَأَبْيَضَ مَا أَخْضَرَ مِنْ نَبْتِ الزَّمَانِ بِنَا \* وَكُلُّ زَرْعٍ إِذَا مَا هَاجَ مَحْصُودُ

(24)

فَقِدْتُ فِي أَيَّامِكَ الْعُلَمَاءَ \* وَأَدْلَهَمْتَ عَلَيْهِمُ الظُّلْمَاءَ  
وَتَغَشَّى ذَهْمَاءَنَا الْغَيْثُ لَمَّا \* عَطَلَتْ مِنْ وُضُوحِهَا الدَّهْمَاءَ  
لِلْمَلِكِ الْمَذْكُورَاتُ عَبِيدُ \* وَكَذَلِكَ الْمَوْتَنَّثَاتُ إِمَاءُ  
فَالِهَلَالُ الْمُنِيفُ وَالْبَدْرُ وَالْفَرْقَدُ وَالصُّبْحُ وَالشَّرَى وَالْمَاءُ  
وَالثُّرَيَّا وَالشَّمْسُ وَالنَّارُ وَالنُّجُومُ \* وَالْأَرْضُ وَالصُّحَى وَالسَّمَاءُ  
هَذِهِ كُلُّهَا لِرَبِّكَ مَا عَابَكَ فَنِي قَوْلِ ذَلِكَ الْحُكْمَاءِ  
خَلِّنِي يَا أَخِي أَسْتَغْفِرُ اللّهَ \* فَلَمْ يَبْقَ فِيَّ إِلَّا الدَّمَاءُ  
وَيُقَالُ الْكِرَامُ قَوْلًا وَمَا فِي \* الْعَصْرِ إِلَّا الشُّخُوصُ وَالْأَسْمَاءُ  
وَأَحَادِيثُ خَبَرْتَهَا غَوَاهُ \* وَأَقْتَرْتَهَا لِلْمَكْسَبِ الْقُدَمَاءُ  
هَذِهِ الشُّهُبُ خَلَّتْهَا سَبَكُ الدَّهْمِ \* لَهَا فَوْقَ أَهْلِهَا إِيْمَاءُ

عَجَبًا لِلْقَضَاءِ تَمَّ عَلَى الْخَلْقِ \* فَهَمَّتْ أَنْ تُبَسِّلَ الْحُزْمَاءَ  
 أَوْ مَا يُبْصِرُونَ فِعْلَ الرَّدَى كَيْفَ \* يَبِيدُ الْأَصْهَارُ وَالْأَحْمَاءَ  
 غَلَبَ الْمَيِّنُ مِنْذُ كَانَ عَلَى الْخَلْقِ \* وَمَاتَتْ بَغِيظَهَا الْحُكْمَاءَ  
 فَأَرْقُبِي يَا عَصْمَاءُ يَوْمًا وَلَوْ أَنَّكَ فِي رَأْسِ شَاهِقِ عَصْمَاءَ  
 ١٥ وَأَرَى الْأَرْبَعِ الْغَرَائِزَ فِينَا \* وَهِيَ فِي جُثَّةِ الْفَتَى خُصْمَاءَ  
 إِنْ تَوَافَقْنَ صَحَّ أَوْ لَا فَمَا يَنْفُكُ \* عَنْهَا الْإِمْرَاضُ وَالْإِغْمَاءَ  
 وَوَجَدْتُ الزَّمَانَ أَعْجَمَ فَظًّا \* وَجُبَارًا فِي حُكْمِهَا الْعَجْمَاءَ  
 إِنْ دَنِيَاكَ مِنْ نَهَارٍ وَلَيْلٍ \* وَهِيَ فِي ذَاكَ حَيَّةٌ عَرْمَاءَ

(25)

لَوْ كُنْتُ رَائِدٌ قَوْمَ ظَاعِنِينَ إِلَى \* دُنْيَاكَ هَذِي لَمَّا أَلْفَيْتُ كَذَابًا  
 لَقَلْتُ تِلْكَ بِلَادٌ نَبَتْهَا سَقَمٌ \* وَمَاؤُهَا الْعَذْبُ سَرٌّ لِلْفَتَى ذَابًا  
 هِيَ الْعَذَابُ فَجِدُّوا فِي تَرْحُلِكُمْ \* إِلَى سِوَاهَا وَخَلُّوا الدَّارَ إِعْذَابًا  
 وَمَا تَهْتَدُّ يَوْمًا مِنْ مَكَارِهَا \* أَوْ بَعْضُ يَوْمٍ فَحُتُّوا السَّيْرَ إِهْذَابًا  
 ٥ خَبَّرْتُكُمْ بِيَقِينٍ غَيْرِ مُؤْتَشِبٍ \* وَلَمْ أَكُنْ فِي جِبَالِ الْمَيِّنِ جَذَابًا

(26)

أُمُورٌ تَسْتَخْفُ بِهَا حُلُومٌ \* وَمَا يَدْرِي الْفَتَى لِمَنِ الثُّبُورُ  
 كِتَابٌ مُحَمَّدٍ وَكِتَابُ مُوسَى \* وَإِنْجِيلُ آبْنِ مَرْيَمَ وَالزُّبُورُ  
 نَهَتْ أُمَّاَ فَمَا قَبِلَتْ وَبَارَتْ \* نَصِيحَتُهَا فَكُلُّ الْقَوْمِ بُورُ  
 وَدَارًا سَاكِنٍ وَحَيَاةَ قَوْمٍ \* كَجِسْرِ فَوْقَهُ أَتَّصَلَ الْعُبُورُ  
 ٥ يَعْطَلُ مَنْزِلٌ وَيُزَارُ قَبْرٌ \* وَمَا تَبْقَى الدِّيَارُ وَلَا الْقُبُورُ

٢٤. حَكْمَنَا ١٧٠. تَنْسَلُ ١١٠.

٢٥. لَقَلْتُ BCL. الْفَيْتُ BCL. كُنْتُ BCL.

(27)

اذا ما أَسْتَهَلَّ الطِفْلُ قال وِلَاتَه \* وإن صَمْتُوا عَنِ الخُطُوبِ ورَشَقَهَا  
شَقِينَا بَدُنِيَانَا على طول وُدِّهَا \* فدُونِكَ مَارِسَهَا حَيَاتِكَ وَأَشَقَهَا  
ولا تُظْهِرَنَّ الزُّهْدَ فِيهَا فَكَلَّمْنَا \* شَهِدْ بَأَنَّ القَلْبَ يُضَيِّرُ عَشَقَهَا

(28)

لقد مرَّ حَرَسٌ بعد حرسٍ جَمِيعُهُ \* حَنَادُسٌ لَمْ يَذُرُّرُ مع الصُّبْحِ شَارِقُهُ  
تَغَيَّرَتِ الاشْيَاءُ وَالْمُلْكُ ثَابِتٌ \* مَغَارِبُهُ مَوْفُورَةٌ وَمَشَارِقُهُ  
مُرَادٌ جَرَّتْ أَقْلَامُهُ فِتْبَادَتٌ \* بِأَمْرِ وَجَّعَتْ بِالقَضَاءِ مَهَارِقُهُ  
وهل أَفَلَّتِ الأَيَّامُ كِسْرَى وَحَوْلُهُ \* مَرَازِبُهُ او قَيْصَرٌ وَبَطَارِقُهُ

(29)

ظَمِئْتُ الى مَاءِ الشَّبَابِ ولم يَزَلْ \* يَغُورُ على طول المَدَى وَيَغِيضُ  
تَرَاهُ مع الإِخْوَانِ لا تَسْتَطِيعُهُ \* حَبِيبٌ مَتَى يَبْعُدُ فَأَنْتَ بَغِيضُ

(30)

لَعَلَّ نُجُومَ اللَّيْلِ تُعْمَلُ فِكْرَهَا \* لَتُعَلِّمَنَّ سِرًّا فَالْعَيُونُ شَوَاهِدُ  
خَرَجْتُ الى ذِي الدَارِ كَرْمًا وَرِحْلَتِي \* الى غَيْرِهَا بِالرَّغْمِ وَاللَّهُ شَاهِدُ  
فهل أَنَا فيما بَيْنَ ذَيْنِكَ مُجَبَّرٌ \* على عَمَلٍ امِ مَسْتَطِيعٌ فَجَاهِدُ  
عَدِمْتُكَ يا دُنْيَا فَأَهْلُكَ أَجْمَعُوا \* على الجَهْلِ طَاغِ مُسْلِمٍ وَمُعَاهِدُ  
ه فَمَفْتَضِحٌ يُبْدِي ضَمَائِرَ صَدْرِهِ \* وَمُخْفٍ ضَمِيرَ النَّفْسِ فَهُوَ مُجَاهِدُ  
اخو شَيْبَةَ طِفْلُ المُرَادِ وَهِمَّةٌ \* لها هِمَّةٌ فِي العَيْشِ عَذْرَاءُ نَاهِدُ  
فوا عَجَبًا نَقَفُوا احَادِيثَ كَاذِبٍ \* وَتَرَكُوا من جَهْلِ بِنَا ما نُشَاهِدُ  
لقد ضَلَّ هذا لِلخَلْقِ ما كان فِيهِمْ \* ولا كائُنَّ حَتَّى القِيَامَةِ زَاهِدُ

(31)

كَفَى حَزْنًا أَنْ الْفَتَى بَعْدَ سَوْمِهِ \* تقول له الايامُ في جدتِ لِحِجِ  
وكم وطئتُ أقدامنا في ثرابها \* جبينِ اخي كِبِرٍ وهامةً أَبْلَجِ

(32)

من أَحْسَنِ الدهرِ وقتاً ساعةً سَلِمْتُ \* من الشُّرورِ وفيها صاحبُ حَدَثِ  
أَعْجِبْ بَدْفَرِكِ أَوْلَاهُ وَأَخِيرِهِ \* إنَّ الزمانَ قَدِيمٌ سِنَّهُ حَدَثِ  
أَوْدَى رَدَاهُ بِأَجْيَالٍ فَكَمْ حَفِرْتُ \* اجداثُ قومٍ ولمِ يُحْفَرُ لَهُ جَدْتُ

(33)

يُؤَمِّلُ كُلُّ أَنْ يَعِيشَ وَأَتَمَّا \* تُمارِسُ أهْوالَ الزمانِ اذا عِشْتَا  
اذا أَفْتَرَقْتَ أَجْزَاءَ جِسْمِي لِمِ أُهْلٍ \* حُلُولِ الرِّزايَا في مَصيفٍ ولا مِشْتَا  
فِرْشُ مُعَدِّمًا إِنْ كانَ يُمَكِّنُ رَيْشُهُ \* ولا تَفْخَرْنَ بَيْنَ الانامِ بِها رِشْتَا  
وان فِضَّتْ لِلأَقْوامِ بِالْمالِ وَالغِنى \* فِيا بَحْرٍ أَيْقُنْ بِالنُّضوبِ وَإِنْ جِشْتَا

(34)

أَهْلًا بِغائِلَةِ الرَدَى وَإِيابِها \* كَيْما تُسْتَرِنِي بِفَضْلِ ثِيابِها  
دُنْيَاكَ دارُ إِنْ يَكُنْ شُهَادُها \* عَقْلًا لا يَبْكُوا على غِيابِها  
قَدْ أَظْهَرْتُ نُوبًا تَزِيدُ على الحَصَى \* عَدَدًا وَكَمْ في ضَبْنِها وَعِيابِها  
تَقْرِيبَهُمْ بِسُيُوفِها وَتُكْجِبُهُمْ \* بِرِماحِها وَتَنالُهُمْ بِصِيابِها  
ما الظانفرون بَعِزَّها وَيَسارِها \* إِلا قَرِيبوا الحالِ مِنْ حِيابِها  
\* \* \*  
ومِن العجائبِ أَنْ كَلَّما راعِبُ \* في أَمِّ دَفْرِ وهو مِنْ عِيابِها

(35)

بنى الدهر مهلاً إن ذممتُ فعالمكم \* فأنى بنفسى لا محالةً أبدأ  
متى يتقضى الوقتُ واللهُ قادرٌ \* فنسكنُ فى هذا الترابِ ونهدأ  
تجاوزَ هذا الجسمُ والروحُ برهَةً \* فما برحتُ تأذى بذاك وتصدأ

(36)

انّ الإعلَاءَ إن كانوا ذوى رَشِدٍ \* بما يُعانون من داءِ أطيَاءِ  
وما شفاكَ من الأشياءِ تطلبها \* إلاّ الإلبَاءَ لو تُدقى الإلبَاءِ  
نَفِرُ من شُرْبِ كأسٍ وهى تَتبعنا \* كأننا لمنايانا أحيَاءِ

(37)

قد يسروا لدفينٍ حان مَصْرَعُهُ \* بيتاً من الخُشبِ لم يُرْفَعِ ولا رَحْباً  
يا هؤلاءِ أتركوه والشرى فلهُ \* أنسٌ به وهو أولى صاحبِ صُحْباً  
واتّما الجسمُ تُربُّ خيرُ حالتهِ \* سُقيا الغمامِ فاستسقوا له السُّحْباً  
صار البهيجُ من الأقوامِ خطَّ سَفَى \* وقد يُراعُ اذا ما وجههُ شَحْباً  
ه سيانٍ من لم يَضِقْ ذرعاً بعيدَ رَدَى \* وذارعٌ فى مغانى فتيّةِ سَحْباً  
فأفرقُ من الضحكِ وأحذرُ أن تُحالفهُ \* أما ترى الغيمَ لها استضحك أنتحبا

(38)

أشباحُ إنسٍ يخضبون صوارمًا \* تحت العجاجِ ويركضون السُّبباً  
ويمارسون من الظلامِ غيهاً \* ويواصلون فيقطعون السَّبباً  
ومرادهم عذبٌ خسيسٌ قدرهُ \* شربوا له مَقَرّاً لكيما يُلْسباً  
\* \* \*  
روحٌ اذا رحلتُ عن الجسمِ الذى \* سكنتُ به فمالهُ أن يرُسباً

(39)

قَبِيحٌ أَنْ يُحَسَّ نَحِيبٌ بَاكِ \* إِذَا حَانَ الرَّدَى فَقَضَيْتُ نَحْبِي  
 وَلَمْ أُرِدِ الْمَنِيَّةَ بِأَخْتِيَارِي \* وَلَكِنْ أَوْشَكَ الْفَتْيَانِ سَحْبِي  
 وَلَوْ خَيْرْتُ لَمْ أَتْرُكْ مَحَلِّي \* فَأَسْكُنْ فِي مَضِيقٍ بَعْدَ رُحْبِ  
 وَجَدْتُ الْمَوْتَ يَنْتَظِرُ الْبَرَايَا \* بِسُحْبٍ مِنْهُ فِي أَعْقَابِ سُحْبِ  
 هـ فَأُوصِيكُمْ بِدُنْيَانَا هَوَانًا \* فَانْسَى تَابِعَ آثَارَ صَحْبِي

(40)

أَنْ يَقْرُبَ الْمَوْتَ مِنِّي \* فَلَسْتُ أَكْرَهُ قُرْبَهُ  
 وَذَلِكَ أَمْنَعُ حِصْنِي \* يُصَيِّرُ الْقَبْرَ دَرْبَهُ  
 مَنْ يَلْقَاهُ لَا يُرَاقِبُ \* خَطْبًا وَلَا يَخْشَى كُرْبَهُ  
 كَأَنِّي رَبُّ إِبْلِ \* أَضْحَى يُبَارِسُ جُرْبَهُ  
 هـ أَوْ نَاشِطٌ يَتَبَعْنِي \* فِي مَقْفَرِ الْأَرْضِ عَرْبَهُ  
 وَإِنْ رُدِدْتُ لِأَصْلِي \* دَفَنْتُ فِي شَرِّ تَرْبِهِ  
 وَالْوَقْتُ مَا مَرَّ إِلَّا \* وَحَلَّ فِي الْعُمْرِ أَرْبَهُ  
 كُلُّ يَحَازِرُ حَتْفًا \* وَليْسَ يَعْذَمُ شُرْبَهُ  
 وَيَتَّقِي الصَّارِمَ الْعَضَّ \* أَنْ يُبَاشِرَ فَرْبَهُ  
 ١٠ وَالنَّزْعُ فَوْقَ فِرَاشِي \* أَشَقُّ مِنْ أَلْفِ ضَرْبِهِ  
 وَاللُّبُّ حَارِبٌ فِينَا \* طَبْعًا يُكَابِدُ حَرْبَهُ  
 يَا سَاكِنَ اللَّحْدِ عَرَفْنِي \* الْحِمَامَ وَإِرْبَهُ  
 وَلَا تَتَّصَّنْ فَانْسَى \* مَا لِي بِذَلِكَ دَرْبَهُ

يَكْرُ فِي النَّاسِ كَالْأَجْمَلِ \* دَلَّ الْمُعَاوِدِ سِرْبَهُ  
 ١٥ او كَالْمُغِيرِ مِنَ الْعَاسِلَاتِ يَطْرُقُ زُرْبَهُ  
 لَا ذَاتَ سَرْبٍ يُعْرِى السَّرْدَى وَلَا ذَاتَ سُرْبَهُ  
 وَمَا أَظُنُّ الْمَنَايَا \* تَخْطُو كَوَاكِبَ جِرْبَهُ  
 سَتَاخُذُ النَّسْرَ وَالْغَفْرَ \* وَالسَّمَاءَ وَتَرْبَهُ  
 فَتَشْنُ عَنْ كُلِّ نَفْسٍ \* شَرَقَ الْفَضَاءَ وَغَرْبَهُ  
 ٢٠ وَزُرْنَ عَنْ غَيْرِ بَرٍّ \* عَجَمَ الْأَنَامِ وَغَرْبَهُ  
 مَا وَمُضَّةٌ مِنْ عَقِيْقِي \* إِلَّا تُهَيِّجُ طَرْبَهُ  
 هَوَى تَعَبَّدَ حُرًّا \* فَمَا يُحَاوِلُ هَرْبَهُ  
 مِنْ رَامِنِي لَمْ يَجِدْنِي \* إِنْ الْمَنَازِلَ غَرْبَهُ  
 كَانَتْ مَفَارِقُ جُونٍ \* كَأَنَّهَا رَيْشُ غَرْبَهُ  
 ٢٥ ثُمَّ أَنْجَلْتُ فَعَجَبْنَا \* لِلْقَارِ بُدِّلَ صَرْبَهُ  
 إِذَا خَمِصَتْ قَلِيلاً \* عَدَدْتُ ذَلِكَ قُرْبَهُ  
 وَلَيْسَ عِنْدِي مِنْ آلَةِ الشَّرَى غَيْرُ قُرْبَهُ

(41)

إِذَا لَمْ يَكُنْ خَلْفِي كَبِيرٌ يُضِيعُهُ \* حِمَامِي وَلَا طِفْلٌ ففِيمَ حَيَاتِي  
 وَمَا الْعَيْشُ إِلَّا عَلَةٌ بَرُّهَا الرَّدَى \* فَخَلِي سَبِيلِي أَنْصَرِفْ لَطِيَاتِي

(42)

خَيْرٌ لَأَدَمَ وَالخَلْقِ الَّذِي خَرَجُوا \* مِنْ ظَهْرِهِ أَنْ يَكُونُوا قَبْلَ مَا خُلِقُوا  
 فَهَلْ أَحَسَّ وَبِالِي جَسْمِهِ رَمَمٌ \* بِمَا رَأَى بَنُوهُ مِنْ أَدَى وَلَقُوا  
 وَمَا تُرِيدُ بَدَارٍ لَسْتَ مَالِكِهَا \* تُقِيمُ فِيهَا قَلِيلاً ثُمَّ تَنْطَلِقُ  
 فَارْقَتَهَا غَيْرَ مَحْمُودٍ عَلَى سَخَطٍ \* وَفِي ضَمِيرِكَ مِنْ وَجَدٍ بِهَا عَلَقُ  
 \* \* \*

جونا O ٢٤. ذات سرب L ١٦. كالمعير B. كالمعير C ١٥. 40

ه تكون للروح ثوباً ثمَّ يخلعه \* والثوب ينهج حتى الذرع والخلق  
وأخلقته الليالى فى تجددها \* والغدر منهن فى إخلاقه خلق  
والناس شتى فيعطى المقت صادقهم \* عن الأمور ويحبى الكاذب الملق  
يغدو الى المين من قلت ذراهه \* فيجمع المال ما يفرى ويختلق  
وربما عدل الانسان مهجته \* فى الصدق حين يرى جد الذى يلق

(43)

دياك تكنى بأمر دفر \* لم يكنها الناس أمر طيب  
فأذن الى هاتف مجيد \* قام على غصنه الرطيب  
يكون عند اللبيب منا \* أبلغ من واعظ خطيب  
يخلف ما جادت الليالى \* الا بسر لنا قطيب

(44)

أودع يومى عالماً أن مثله \* اذا مر عن مثلى فليس يعود  
وما غفلات العيش الا مناحس \* وإن ظن قوم أنهم سعود  
كأنى على العود الركوب مهجراً \* اذا نص حرباء الظهيرة عود  
سرى الموت فى الظلما والقوم فى الكرى \* وقام على ساق ونحن قعود

(45)

أكمها ليس بينهم بصير \* أما لكم الى العلياء هادى  
عمرنا الدهر شباناً وشيباً \* فبؤس للرفاد وللسهاد  
وأوطنا الديار بكل وقت \* فالفينا الروابى كالوهاد  
يمهد للغنى فراش نوم \* وقبر كان أروح من مهاد  
ه اذا اقتنرت بجسم الحى روح \* فتلك وذاك فى حالى جهاد

(46)

ولا مَقَرَّ على اللذات أولها \* شهد يَغُرُّ ولكن غبها مَقَرُّ  
 آلى الزمان يقيماً أن سيجمعنا \* الى التراب ورسل الموت تنتقر  
 يَغْنَى الفتى بالمايا عن مآربه \* وينفخ الروح فى طفل فيفتقر

(47)

لو آتبعونى ويحمر لهديتهم \* الى الحق او نهج لذاك مقارب  
 فقد عشت حتى ملنى وملنته \* زمانى وناجنتى عيون التجارب  
 \* \* \*  
 فما للفتى إلا أنفراداً ووحدته \* اذا هو لم يرزق بلوغ المآرب  
 فحارب وسالم إن اردت فانما \* اخو السلم فى الايام مثل المحارب

(48)

حوائح نفسى كالعوانى قصائر \* وحاجات غيرى كالنساء الرائد  
 اذا أغضب الخيل الشكير فما لها \* عليه اقتدار غير أزم الحدائد  
 وما يسبح الإنسان فى لبح غمرة \* من العز إلا بعد حوض الشدائد  
 وما كف عقلى أن يؤمل بائداً \* من الأمر أنى بائد وأبن بائد  
 أحيد فتشوينى السهام ولو رمته \* قسى حمامى لم تجدنى بحائد  
 تذاذ عن الحوض الغرائب ضنة \* وحوض الردى ما دونه كف ذائد  
 لعمرك ما شام الغمام شامى \* ولا طلب الروض السحابى رائدى  
 وكيف أرجى من زمان زيادة \* وقد حذف الأصلى حذف الزوائد

(49)

قد ساءها العقم لا ضمت ولا ولدت \* وذاك خير لها لو أعطيت رسدا  
 ما يأخذ الموت من نفس لمنفرد \* شيئاً سواها اذا ما اغتال وأحتشدا  
 ومنشد الخير لا تصغى له أذن \* قد ضل مذ كانت الدنيا فما نسدا

(50)

تَدَاوَلْنِي صَبْحٌ وَمُسَىٰ وَحِنْدِسٌ \* وَمَرَّ عَلَيَّ الْيَوْمُ وَالْغَدُ وَالْأَمْسُ  
يُضِي نَهَارٌ ثُمَّ يُخْدِرُ مُظْلِمٌ \* وَيَطْلَعُ بَدْرٌ ثُمَّ تَعْقِبُهُ شَمْسٌ  
أَسِيرٌ عَنِ الدُّنْيَا وَمَا أَنَا ذَاكِرٌ \* لَهَا بِسَلَامٍ إِنَّ أَحْدَاثَهَا حُمُسٌ  
صَرُورَةٌ مَا حَالَيْنِ مَا لِكِعَابِهَا \* وَلَا الرُّكْنَ تَقْبِيلٌ لَدَيَّ وَلَا لَمْسٌ  
\* \* \*

ه لَعَمْرِي لَقَدْ جَاوَزْتُ خَمْسِينَ حِجَّةً \* وَحَسْبِي عَشْرٌ فِي الشَّدَائِدِ أَوْ خَمْسُ  
وَإِنْ ذَهَبْتُ كَالْفَيْءِ فِيهَا كَمَعْتَمِرٍ \* يُحَارُزُ وَلَمْ يُفَرِّزْ لِخَالِقِهِ الْخُمُسُ  
فَللْخَبِيرِ الْمُرُويِّ وَلِلْعَالَمِ الْقَلْبِي \* وَلِلْجَسَدِ الْمَثْوَى وَلِلْأَثَرِ الطَّمْسُ  
بَدَارٍ بَدَارٍ الْخَيْرِ يَا قَلْبُ تَائِبًا \* أَلَسْتَ بَدَارٍ أَنْ مَنَزَلِي الرَّمْسُ  
وَأَجْهَرُ حَيْثَمَا ثُمَّ أَهْمِسُ تَارَةً \* وَسَيَّانٍ عِنْدَ الْوَاحِدِ الْجَهْرُ وَالْهَمْسُ  
١٠ وَأَقْمَسُ فِي لُجِّ النُّوَابِ طَالِبًا \* وَيُغْرَقْنِي مِنْ دُونِ لَوْلُوهِ الْقَمْسُ

(51)

حَيَاةٌ عَنَاءٌ وَمَوْتُ عَنَا \* فَلَيْتَ بَعِيدَ حِمَامٍ دَنَا  
يَدٌ صَفِيرَتْ وَلَهَاةٌ ذَوْتُ \* وَنَفْسٌ تَمَنَّتْ وَطَرْفٌ رَنَا  
وَمَوْقِدٌ نِيرَانِهِ فِي الدُّجَى \* يَرُومُ سَنَاءً بَرْفِجِ السَّنَا  
يُحَاوِلُ مَنْ عَاشَ سِتْرَ الْقَمِيصِ \* وَمِثْلُ الْخَمِيصِ وَبُرِّ الصَّنَى  
ه وَمَنْ ضَمَّهُ جَدْتُ لَمْ يُبَلِّ \* عَلَيَّ مَا أَفَادَ وَلَا مَا أُفْتَتَى  
يَصِيرُ تَرَابًا سِوَايَ عَلِيٍّ \* مَسَّ الْحَرِيرِ وَطَعُنَ الْقَنَا  
\* \* \*

50 ٦ L in marg. يُفَرِّدُ. ٧ BCLO الْمُرُويِّ، i.e., فَللْخَبِيرِ الْمُرُويِّ، "the tradition must be recited and learned by heart in order to be communicated orally to others." This reading, however, seems to me less appropriate than the emendation printed above. ٨ B يا قَلْبِ.

51. ١ O وموت غنا. ٢ BL تمنَّت. ٤ BL ستر.

يُهَنَّأُ بِالْخَيْرِ مِنْ نَالِهِ \* وليس الهنأة على ما هنا  
وأقرب لمن كان في غبطة \* بلقيا المني من لقاء المنا

(52)

إذا غيبوني لم أبال متى هفا \* نسيم شمال أو نسيم جنوب  
تنوب الرزايا أعظمى لا أصونها \* بمسحذ من عرعير وتنوب  
فهل عينوا في مضجعي لجرائري \* كتائب من زنج تروغ ونوب  
وهل يجعل الارض التي أبيض لونها \* كلون الحرار الحمس لون ذنوبي  
يقول الثري كمر رم تحتى للورى \* وسائد هامر أو مهود جنوب  
وإتى وإن لم آت خيرا أعدده \* لامل إرواء بخير ذنوب

(53)

الدهر إن ينصرك ينصر بعدها \* ذا إحنة فيحور كل محار  
وهواجر الأيام يسلب حرها \* ما أودعته ذواهب الأسحار

(54)

بطن التراب كفانى شر ظاهره \* وبين العدل بين العبد والمليك  
قد عشت عمرا طويلا ما علمت به \* حسا يحس لجني ولا ملك  
والملك لله ما ضاعت أكابره \* ولا أصاغر أحياء ولا هلك  
ان مات جسم فهدى الارض تخزنه \* وان نأت عنه روح فهي بالفلك

(55)

المرء يقدم دنياه على خطير \* بالكروه منه وينأها على سخط  
يخطب إثمها الى إثم فيلبسه \* كأن مفرقه بالشيب لم يخط

51. الهنأة. i.e. , وأقرب ٨ .

52. كبعض الجرار الخمس O ٤ . أعدده BL ٦ .  
marg. with بخير in

53. فيحور BC ١ .

(56)

لقد بَرَحْتُ طَيْرٌ ولسْتُ بعائِفٍ \* وإن هاج لي بعض الغرام بروحها  
 ارى هذياناً طال من كل أمة \* يضمُّنه ايجازها وشروحها  
 وأوصال جسمٍ للتراب مألها \* ولم يدِرِ دارِ اين تذهب روحها  
 ولا بدَّ يوماً من غدٍّ مبعِّضٍ \* سنغدوه او من روحة سنروحها  
 ٥ ولو رَضِيَتْ دون النفوسِ بغيرها \* لَحَطَّتْ بعفْوٍ لا قِصاصِ جروحها

(57)

اذا ما مضى نَفْسٌ فَأَحْسِبْنَاهُ كَالْحَيْطِ من ثوبِ عُمِرِ نَهَجٍ  
 وإن هاجك الدهرُ فأصبرْ له \* وعشْ ذا وقارٍ كأن لم تُهَجِ  
 فكم جَمْرَةٌ خمدتْ فَأَنْقَضَتْ \* وكان لها منذ حينٍ وَهَجِ  
 فيا قائدَ الجَيْشِ خَفِضْ عَلِيَّكَ في غيرِ حَظِّكَ يعلو الرَّهَجِ  
 ٥ زمانُ حَبَاكِ قَلِيلَ العَطَاءِ ما زال يُكثِرُ أَخَذَ المَهَجِ  
 فلا تُؤذِ أَنْفُسَنَا حَسْبُنَا \* قِضَاءٌ له بأذانا نَهَجِ  
 أَعِنُ بِاِكْيَا نَجِّ في حُزْنِهِ \* وَسَلْ ضاحِكِ القومِ مِمَّ أَنْتَهَجِ  
 وعالمنا المُنْتَهَى كَالصَّبِيِّ قِيلَ له في أَبْتَدَاءِ تَهَجِ

(58)

سَمِيتُ الكونَ في مِصْرٍ وكَفِرٍ \* وَمَنْ لِي أَنْ أَحَلَّ جُنُوبَ قَفِرٍ  
 أُعَلِّلُ حينَ أَغْرَكْتَ بِالخُرَامِي \* وَأَشْرَبُ إن ظَمِيتُ نَزِيْعَ جَفِرٍ  
 ارى الايَّامَ أَنْضَاءَ البرايا \* عليها منهمُ أشباحُ سَفِرٍ  
 فما يَبْرُقْنَ من زوْلِ عَجِيْبٍ \* ولا يَفْرُقْنَ من صِيحِ وَنَفِرٍ  
 ٥ يَسِرْنَ بمن حَمَلَنَ الدهرَ حَتَّى \* يُنْحَنَ بهم الى أبياتِ حَفِرٍ

57. ٦ BC. تُؤذِ.

58. ٤ BCLO. صُبْحِ وَنَفِرِ.

فَمَا فَرَعُ الْفَتَاةِ إِذَا تَوَارَتْ \* بِمُفْتَقِرٍ إِلَى سَرْحٍ وَضَفِرٍ  
يَفَارِقُهَا الْفَتَى وَالِدَمْعُ جَارٍ \* كَذَاكَ جَرَتْ عَوَائِدُ أَمَّ دَفِرٍ

(59)

يَتَحَارَبُ الطَّبَعُ الَّذِي مُزِجَتْ بِهِ \* مَسْجُحِ الْأَنَامِ وَعَقْلُهُمْ فَيَغْلُهُ  
وَيُظَلِّلُ يُنْظَرُ مَا سَنَاهُ بِنَافِعِ \* كَالشَّمْسِ يَسْتُرُهَا الْغَمَامُ وَظِلُّهُ  
حَتَّى إِذَا حَضَرَ الْحِمَامُ تَبَيَّنُوا \* أَنَّ الَّذِي فَعَلُوهُ جَهْلٌ كُلُّهُ

\* \* \*

وَتَغْرُبُ الشَّرِيرُ يُوجِبُ حَتْفَهُ \* مِثْلَ الْوِجَارِ إِذَا تَسَحَّبَ صِلُّهُ  
وَلِزُومِهِ الْأَوْطَانَ أَبْقَى لِلرَّدَى \* كَالسَّيِّدِ يُسْتَرُ فِي الضَّرَاءِ أَزْلُهُ  
وَالنَّفْسُ آفَةُ الْحَيَاةِ فَدَمَعُهَا \* يَجْرِي لِذِكْرِ فِرَاقِهَا مُنْهَلُّهُ

\* \* \*

وَلَقَدْ عَلِمْتُ فَمَا أَسْفُتُ لِفَائِتِ \* أَنَّ الْبَقِيَّةَ مِنْ مَدَايِ أَقْلِهِ  
وَالْبُرُّ يَلْتَمِسُ الْحَلَالَ وَلَمْ أَجِدْ \* هَذَا الْوَرَى إِلَّا فَقِيدًا حِلُّهُ

(60)

إِلَهُ قَادِرٌ وَعَبِيدُ سَوْءٍ \* وَجَبْرٌ فِي الْمَذَاهِبِ وَأَعْتِزَالُ  
وَبِالْكَذِبِ أُنْسَرَى وَصَحَّ وَلِيْلُ \* وَلَمْ تَزَلِ الْخُطُوبُ وَلَا تَزَالُ

(61)

رَغِبْنَا فِي الْحَيَاةِ لَفَرَطِ جَهْلٍ \* وَفَقَدُ حَيَاتِنَا حَظُّ رَغِيبُ  
شَكَا خُزْرُ حَوَادِثِهَا وَلَيْثُ \* فَمَا رَحِمَ الزَّيْبُورُ وَلَا الضَّغْيِبُ  
شَهِدْتُ فَلَمْ أَشَاهِدْ غَيْرَ نَكْرِ \* وَعَيْبِنِي الْمُنَى فَمَتَى أَعْيِبُ

(62)

عَلِمَ الْإِمَامُ وَلَا أَقُولُ بِظَنِّهِ \* أَنْ الدُّعَاءَ بِسَعْمِهَا تَتَكَسَّبُ  
 هَذَا الْهَوَاءُ يَلُوحُ فِيهِ لِنَاطِرٍ \* صُورٌ وَلَكِنْ عَنْ قَلِيلٍ تَرُسُّبُ  
 وَالنَّاسُ جِنْسٌ مَا تَمَيَّزَ وَاحِدٌ \* كُلُّ الْجُسُومِ إِلَى التَّرَابِ تَنْسَبُ  
 وَالْأَرْوَى بِأَطْنَهُ إِذَا مَا ذُقْتَهُ \* شَرِيٌّ فَمَا ذَا لَا أَبَا لَكَ تَلَسَّبُ  
 هـ وَسَيَقْفِرُ الْبِضْرُ الْحَرِيحُ بِأَهْلِهِ \* وَيَغُصُّ بِالْإِنْسِ الْفَضَاءُ السَّبَبُ

(63)

إِبَا جَسَدِي لَا تَجَزَعَنَّ مِنَ الْبِلَى \* إِذَا صِرْتَ فِي الْغَبْرَاءِ تَحْتَى وَتُنْبِثُ  
 وَإِنْ كَانَ هَذَا الْجَسْمُ قَبْلَ أَفْتِرَاقِهِ \* خَبِيئًا فَإِنَّ الْفِعْلَ شَرٌّ وَأَخْبَثُ  
 مَنَاكِبَ سَاعَاتِي رَكِبْتُ فَأَبْتَغِي \* لُبًّا وَسِرًّا وَدَهْرًا لَا يَتَلَمَّبُ  
 نَهَارٌ وَلَيْلٌ عَوْقِبَا أَنَا فِيهِمَا \* كَأَنِّي بِخَيْطِي بَاطِلٌ أَتَسَبُّثُ  
 هـ أَظُنُّ زَمَانِي كَوْنَهُ وَفَسَادَهُ \* وَلَيْدًا يَتْرُبُ الْأَرْضَ يَلْهُو وَيَعْبَثُ

(64)

تُخَيِّرُ يَا أَبْنَ آدَمَ فِي آرْتِحَالٍ \* وَتَرْقُدُ فِي ذَرَاكِ وَأَنْتِ سَارِي  
 وَيَأْمَلُ سَاكِنُ الدُّنْيَا رَبَاحًا \* وَلَيْسَ الْحَيُّ إِلَّا فِي خَسَارٍ  
 غَدَا الْعُمَيَّانُ فِي شَرْقٍ وَغَرْبٍ \* يَعْدُونَ الْعِصَى مِنَ الْيَسَارِ

(65)

وَرَبِّ نَفْسٍ أَصَابَتْ عَيْشَةً رَغَدًا \* لَوْلَمْ تَبْتِ مِنْ مَنَايَاهَا عَلَى خَطَرٍ  
 أُمُورُ دُنْيَاكَ سَطْرٌ خَطَّهَ قَدْرٌ \* وَحُبُّهَا فِي السَّجَايَا أَوَّلُ السَّطْرِ

62. † The emendation بِظَنِّهِ is unnecessary. Read, therefore, in the first line of the English version:

"The Imám, he knows—his tenets are not mine—"

‡ B ذُقْتَهُ.

63. † O بخيط.

(66)

ما يفتأ المرء والأبراد يخلقها \* باللبس عصراً الى أن يلبس الكبراً  
 وذاك بُرد إذا ما آجتأبه رجل \* ألقى الحبور والقى بالغم الحبراً  
 يا ساكنى الارض كم ركب سألهم \* بما فعلتم فلم أعرف لكم خبراً  
 زالت خطوب فلم تذكّر شداؤها \* والعود ينسى اذا ما ألقى الدبراً  
 \* \* \*

ه أما رأيت فقيه المضر أقبل من \* دفن الصديق فلم يوعظ بمن قبرا  
 أنت ابن وقتك والماضى حديث كرى \* ولا حلاوة للباقي الذى غبرا

(67)

لقد مات جنى الصبى منذ برهة \* وتأبى عفارى القلب غير مرود  
 أمرت وأمرت أمر دفر وإن حلت \* فكم حلات قوماً غداة ورود  
 شربت بروداً لم يدع نار غلة \* وعن منكبى أقيت خير برود

(68)

والناس كالنار كانوا فى نشاءتهم \* يستضوا السقط منها ثم ينتشر  
 والارض تثبت من نخل ومن عشرين \* وما يخلد لا نخل ولا عشر  
 لو يعقلون لهنوا أهل مبيتهم \* ولم تقم لوليد فيهم البشر

(69)

سألو معشر الموتى الذى جاء وافداً \* اليكم يخبر فهو أقربكم عهداً  
 يحدتكم ان البلاد مقيمة \* على ما عهدتم ذلك الهضب والوهدا  
 ولم تفتأ الدنيا تغر خليلها \* وتبدله من غمض أجفانه شهدا  
 تربه الدجى فى هيئة النور خدعة \* وتطعمه صاباً فيحسبه شهدا  
 ه وقد حملته فوق نعش وطال ما \* سرى فوق عنس او علا فرساً نهدا  
 ولم تترك من حيلة لتغره \* ولم يبق فى إخلاصه حبها جهدا

66. والابراد BCL ١.

67. بروداً B ٢.

69. اجفانها BCL ٢.

(70)

يَحْرِقُ نَفْسَهُ الْهِنْدِيُّ خَوْفًا \* وَيَقْصُرُ دُونَ مَا صَنَعَ الْجِهَادُ  
 وَمَا فَعَلْتَهُ عَبَادُ النَّصَارَى \* وَلَا شُرْعِيَّةً صَبَأُوا وَهَادُوا  
 يَقْرُبُ جِسْمَهُ لِلنَّارِ عَمْدًا \* وَذَلِكَ مِنْهُ دِينٌ وَأَجْتِهَادُ  
 وَمَوْتُ الْمَرْءِ نَوْمٌ طَالَ جِدًّا \* عَلَيْهِ وَكُلُّ عَيْشَتِهِ سَهَادُ  
 ه نُوذِعُ بِالصَّلَاةِ وَدَاعٍ يَأْسٍ \* وَنُتْرِكُ فِي التَّرَابِ وَلَا نُهَادُ  
 أَهَالٌ مِنَ الثَّرَى وَالْأَرْضِ أُمَّ \* وَأُمُّكَ حَجْرُهَا نِعْمَ الْمِهَادُ  
 إِذَا الرُّوحُ اللَّطِيفَةُ زَايَلْتَنِي \* فَلَا هَطَلْتُ عَلَى الرِّمَمِ الْعِهَادُ

(71)

هُوَ الْبَرُّ فِي بَحْرِ وَإِنْ سَكَنَ الْبَرًّا \* إِذَا هُوَ جَاءَ الْخَيْرَ لَمْ يَعْدِمِ الشَّرًّا  
 وَهَلْ تَظْفَرُ الدُّنْيَا عَلَى بَهْمَةٍ \* وَمَا سَاءَ فِيهَا النَّفْسَ أَضْعَافُ مَا سَرًّا  
 يَلَاقِي حَلِيفُ الْعَيْشِ مَا هُوَ كَارُهُ \* وَلَوْ لَمْ يَكُنْ إِلَّا الْهَوَاجِرَ وَالْقَرًّا

(72)

لَقَدْ جَاءَنَا هَذَا الشِّتَاءُ وَتَحْتَهُ \* فَفَقِيرٌ مَعْرَى أَوْ أَمِيرٌ مُدَوِّجٌ  
 وَقَدْ يُرْزَقُ الْمَجْدُودُ أَقْوَاتُ أُمَّةٍ \* وَيُحْرَمُ قَوْتًا وَاحِدٌ وَهُوَ أَحْوَجُ  
 وَلَوْ كَانَتْ الدُّنْيَا عَرُوسًا وَجَدْتَهَا \* بِمَا قَتَلْتُ أَزْوَاجَهَا لَا تُزَوِّجُ  
 فَعَجَّ يَدُكَ الْيُمْنَى لِتَشْرَبَ طَاهِرًا \* فَقَدْ عَيْفَ لِلشُّرْبِ الْإِنَاءُ الْمُعْوَجُ  
 ه عَلَى سَفَرٍ هَذَا الْإِنَامُ فَخَلِينَا \* لِأَبْعَدِ بَيْنِ وَاقِعٍ نَتَحَوِّجُ  
 وَلَا تَعْجَبَنَّ مِنْ سَالِمٍ إِنْ سَالَمًا \* أَخُو غَمْرَةٍ فِي زَاخِرٍ يَتَمَوِّجُ  
 وَهَلْ هُوَ إِلَّا رَائِدٌ لِعَشِيرَةٍ \* يَلَاحِظُ بَرْقًا فِي الدُّجَى يَتَبَوِّجُ  
 وَلَوْلَا دِفَاعُ اللَّهِ لَاقَى مِنَ الْأَذَى \* كَمَا كَانَ لَاقَى خَامِدٌ وَمَتَوِّجُ

(73)

تَنَاهَبَتِ الْعَيْشُ النَّفُوسُ بِغَيْرَةِ \* فَاِنْ كُنْتَ تَسْطِيعُ التَّهَابَ فَنَاهِبِ  
 بِقَائِي فِي الدُّنْيَا عَلَيَّ رَزِيَّةً \* وَهَلْ اَنَا اِلَّا غَابِرٌ مِثْلُ ذَاهِبِ  
 اِذَا خُلِقَ الْاِنْسَانُ ظَلَّ حِمَامُهُ \* وَاِنْ نَالَ يُسْرًا مِنْ اَجَلِ الْمَوَاهِبِ  
 تَقَادَمَ عُمُرُ الدَّهْرِ حَتَّى كَانَمَا \* نَجُومُ اللَّيَالِي شَيْبُ هَذِي الْغِيَاهِبِ  
 \* \* \*  
 ه تَأَلَّفَ غَيِّ النَّاسِ شَرْقًا وَمَغْرِبًا \* تَكَامَلْ فِيهِمْ بِاَخْتِلَافِ الْمَذَاهِبِ  
 وَاِنْ قَطُوفِ السَّاعِ فِيهَا عَلِمْتُهُ \* اَحْتُ مُرُورًا مِنْ وَسَاعِ السَّلَاهِبِ

(74)

يَا لَيْلٍ قَدْ نَامَ الشَّجِيُّ وَلَمْ يَنْمِ \* جَنَّحِ الدُّجَنَّةِ نَجْمُهَا الْمِسْهَارُ  
 اِنْ كَانَتْ الْخَضْرَاءُ رَوْضًا نَاصِرًا \* فَلَعَلَّ زَهْرَ نُجُومِهَا اَزْهَارُ  
 وَالنَّاسُ مِثْلُ النَّبْتِ يُظْهِرُهُ الْحَيَا \* وَيَكُونُ اَوَّلَ هُلُكِهِ الْاِظْهَارُ  
 تَرَعَاهُ رَاعِيَةً وَتَهْتِكُ بُرُودَهُ \* اُخْرَى وَمِنْهُ شَقَائِقُ وَبَهَارُ  
 ه مَا مَيَزَ الْاِطْفَالُ فِي اَشْبَاحِهَا \* لِلْعَيْنِ حِلُّ وِلَادَةٍ وَعِيَارُ  
 وَالْجَهْلُ اَغْلَبُ غَيْرِ عِلْمٍ اَنَّا \* نَغْنَى وَيَبْقَى الْوَاحِدُ الْقَهَّارُ

(75)

تَسْمَى سُورًا جَاهِلٌ مَتَحَرِّصُ \* بَفِيهِ الْبَرَى هَلْ فِي الزَّمَانِ سُورُ  
 نَعَمْ تَمَّ جُزْؤُ مِنْ اُلُوفٍ كَثِيرَةٍ \* مِنْ الْخَيْرِ وَالْاَجْزَاءِ بَعْدُ سُورُ  
 يَسَارٌ وَعُدْمٌ وَاذْكَارٌ وَغَفْلَةٌ \* وَعِزٌّ وَذُلٌّ كَثَلُ ذَاكَ غُرُورُ  
 حَوَانَا مَكَانٌ لَا يَجُوزُ اَنْتِقَالُهُ \* وَدَهْرٌ لَهُ بِالسَّاكِنِيهِ مُرُورُ  
 ه فَكَّرَ عَلَيَّ الْاِبْطَالُ اَوْ كَرَّ فِي الْوَعَى \* لِهَذِي اللَّيَالِي حَمَلَةٌ وَكُرُورُ

(76)

أَتَغْضَبُ أَنْ تُدْعَى لثِيماً مَذْمُوماً \* وَحَسْبُكَ لَوْ مَا أَنَّ وَالِدَكَ الدَّهْرُ  
تَزَوَّجَ دُنْيَاهُ الْعَجْبِيُّ بِجَهْلِهِ \* فَقَدْ نَشَزْتَ مِنْ بَعْدِ مَا قَبِضَ الْمَهْرُ  
تَطَهَّرَ بِبُعْدٍ مِنْ أَذَاهَا وَكَيْدِهَا \* فَتِلْكَ بَغْيٌ لَا يَصِحُّ لَهَا طَهْرُ  
وَأَفْنَيْتُ بِالْأَنْفَاسِ عَمْرِي مُجَزَّئاً \* بِهَا الْيَوْمَ ثَمَّ الشَّهْرَ يَتَّبِعُهُ الشَّهْرُ  
هـ يَسِيرًا يَسِيرًا مِثْلَ مَا أَخَذَ الْمَدَى \* عَلَى النَّاسِ مَا شِ فِي جِوَانِحِهِ بُهْرُ  
كَذَرٍ عَلَا ظَهَرَ الْكَثِيبِ فَلَمْ يَزَلْ \* بِهِ السَّيْرُ حَتَّى صَارَ مِنْ خَلْفِهِ الظَّهْرُ

(77)

دَوْلًا تَكْمُرُ سَمَعَاتٍ يُسْتَضَاءُ بِهَا \* فَبَادِرُوهَا إِلَى أَنْ تَطْفَأَ الشَّمْعُ  
وَالنَّفْسُ تَفْنَى بِأَنْفَاسٍ مَكْرُورَةٍ \* وَسَاطِعُ النَّارِ تُخْبِي نَوْرَهُ اللَّمْعُ  
كَمْ سَامِعِي اللَّفْظِ قَوْلٍ كَانَتْهُمْ \* تَحْتَ الْبَسِيطَةِ مَا قَالُوا وَلَا سَمِعُوا  
\* \* \*  
وَقَدْ سَقَتْهُمْ غِمَامَاتٌ بَكَتْ زَمْنًا \* بِلَا أَبْتَسَامٍ فَمَا جَادُوا وَلَا دَمَجُوا

(78)

تُرَابُ جُسُومِنَا وَهِيَ الشَّرَابُ \* إِذَا وَلَّى عَنِ الْآلِ أَعْتَرَابُ  
تُرَاعُ إِذَا تُحِسُّ إِلَى تَرَاهَا \* إِيَابًا وَهُوَ مَنْصَبُهَا الْقَرَابُ  
وَذَاكَ أَقْبَلُ لِلْأَدْوَاءِ فِيهَا \* وَإِنْ صَحَّتْ كَمَا صَحَّ الْعَرَابُ  
هُمُومٌ بِالسَّهْوَاءِ مَعْلَقَاتُ \* إِلَى التَّشْرِيفِ أَنْفُسُهَا طِرَابُ  
هـ فَأَرْمَاحُ يَحِطُّ بِهَا طِبْعَانُ \* وَأَسْيَافُ يَفْلِكُنَهَا ضِرَابُ  
تَنَافَسُ فِي الْحَطَامِ وَحَسْبُ شَاكٍ \* طَوَى قُوْتٌ وَحِلْفٌ صَدَى شَرَابُ  
وَأَفْسَدَ جَوْهَرَ الْأَحْسَابِ أَشْبُ \* كَمَا فَسَدَتْ مِنَ الْخَيْلِ الْعَرَابُ  
وَأَمْلَاكَ تَبَحَّرُ فِي غِنَاهَا \* وَإِنْ وَرَدَ الْعُقْفَاءُ فَهُمْ سَرَابُ

وقد يُغرى أسود الغيل حرص \* فتحوها الحظائر والزراب  
 ١٠ متى لم يضطرب من علو جد \* فليس بنافع منك اضطراب

(79)

سرينا وطالبنا هاجع \* وعند الصباح حميدنا السرى  
 بنو آدم يطلبون الثراء عند الثريا وعند الثرى  
 فتى زارع وفتى دارع \* كلا الرجلين غدا فأمترى  
 فهذا بعين وزاي يروح \* وذاك يؤوب بضاد ورا

(80)

بقيت وما أدري بما هو غائب \* لعل الذى يمضى الى الله أقرب  
 تود البقاء النفس من خيفة الردى \* وطول بقاء المرء سم مجرب  
 على الموت يجتاز المعاشر كلهم \* مقيم بأهليه ومن يتغرب  
 وما الارض إلا مثلنا الرزق تبغى \* فتأكل من هذا الأنام وتشرب  
 وقد كذبوا حتى على الشمس أنها \* تها إذا حان الشروق وتضرب  
 كأن هلالا لاح للطعن فيهم \* حناه الردى وهو السنان المحرب  
 كأن ضياء الفجر سيف يسله \* عليهم صباح بالمنايا مدرّب

(81)

ما بين موسى ولا فرعون تفرقة \* عند المنون باكبار وإصغار  
 كأنها ذات فترٍ أطعمت لهبا \* ما ضمه الحطب من سدرٍ ومن غار  
 أو أم أجبر جرى قتل على نفرٍ \* حرٍ وعبدٍ فجرتهم الى الغار  
 ترمى بعضوين ذى نطقٍ وذى خرسٍ \* الى فمٍ لصنوف الطعم نغار

(82)

يود الفتى أن الحياة بسيطة \* وأن شقاء العيش ليس يببّد  
 كذاك نعام القفر يخشى من الردى \* وقوتاه مرو بالغلا وهبيد

(83)

جَرَى الْمَيِّنُ فِيهِمْ كَابِرًا بَعْدَ كَابِرٍ \* عَنِ الْخُبْرِ يَحْكِي لَا عَنِ السَّلْفِ الْحَبْرُ  
 خَبِرْتُ بَنِي الدُّنْيَا وَأَصْبَحْتُ رَاغِبًا \* إِلَيْهِمْ كَأَنِّي مَا شَفَانِي بِهِمْ خُبْرُ  
 جِبِلَّةٍ ظَلَمَ لَا قِيَامَ بِحَرْبِهَا \* وَصِيغَةُ سُوءٍ مَا لَمْ كَسُورْهَا جَبْرُ  
 تَلَاوْتُكُمْ لَيْسَتْ لِرُشْدٍ وَلَا هُدًى \* وَلَكِنْ لَكُمْ فِيهَا التَّكَاثُرُ وَالْكِبْرُ

\* \* \*

هـ وَمَا الْعَيْشُ إِلَّا عُبْرٌ أَسْفَارٍ ظَاعِنٍ \* لِمُقْلَتِهِ مِمَّا يُمَارَسُهُ الْعَبْرُ  
 تَغَيَّرْتُهَا بِالسَّيْرِ حَتَّى تَرَكْتُهَا \* طَلِيحَ رِكَابٍ مَا لِأَخْلَافِهَا عُبْرُ  
 وَقَدَمَاتٍ مِنْ بَعْدِ التَّغَشُّمِ جَهْلُهَا \* فَغُيِّبَ إِلَّا أَنْ هَامَتْهَا الْقَبْرُ

(84)

أَرَى جُزْءَ شَهِدٍ بَيْنَ أَجْزَاءِ عُلُقْمٍ \* وَثَبًّا يُنَادِي بِالْمَلْبِيبِ لِتَعْقُمِ  
 وَأَسْقَامَ دِينَ إِنْ يُرَجَّ شِفَاءُهَا \* صَحِيحٌ يَطْلُ مِنْهُ الْعَنَاءُ وَيَسْقُمُ  
 وَصُبْحًا وَإِظْلَامًا كَأَنَّ مَدَاهِمَا \* مِنَ السِّرِّ فِي لَوْتَيْهِمَا بُرْدُ أَرْقَمِ  
 وَحُكْمًا لِهَذَا الدَّهْرِ صَاحٍ بِقَائِمٍ \* مِنَ الْعَالَمِ آجِلِسٍ أَوْ دَعَا جَالِسًا قُمِ  
 هـ كَأَنَّ سُورَ النَّفْسِ مِنْ خَطَأِ الْفَتَى \* مَتَى مَا يَكُنْ يُنْكِرُ عَلَيْهِ وَيُنْقَمِ

(85)

رَبِّي مَتَى أَرْحَلُ عَنْ هَذِهِ الْمَدِينِ فَإِنِّي قَدْ أَطَلْتُ الْمِقَامُ  
 لَمْ أَدْرِ مَا نَجْمِي وَلَكِنَّهُ \* فِي النَّحْسِ مَذْكَانٌ جَرَى وَأَسْقَامُ  
 فَلَا صَدِيقِي يَتَرَجَّى يَدِي \* وَلَا عَدُوِّي يَتَخَشَّيْ أَنِّي قَامُ  
 وَالْعَيْشُ سَقْمٌ لِلْفَتَى مُنْصَبٌ \* وَالْمَوْتُ يَأْتِي بِشِفَاءِ السَّقَامِ  
 هـ وَالثَّرْبُ مَثْوَايَ وَمَثْوَاهُمْ \* وَمَا رَأَيْنَا أَحَدًا مِنْهُ قَامُ

يُنْكِرُ عَلَيْهِ وَيُنْقَمِ B . 84 .

(86)

اتَّذَهَبُ دَارُ بِالنُّضَارِ وَرَبِّهَا \* يَخْلِفُهَا عَمَّا قَلِيلٍ وَيَذَهَبُ  
أَرَى قَبَسًا فِي الْجَسْمِ يُطْفِئُهُ الرَّدَى \* وَمَا دُمْتُ حَيًّا فَهِيَ ذَا يَتَلَهَّبُ

(87)

دَنَا رَجُلٌ إِلَى عَرْسٍ لِأَمْرِ \* وَذَاكَ لِثَالِثٍ خُلِقَ أَكْتِسَابُ  
فَمَا زَالَتْ تُعَانِي الثِّقَلُ حَتَّى \* أَتَاهَا الْوَضْعُ وَأَتَّصَلَ الْحِسَابُ  
تُرَدُّ إِلَى الْأُصُولِ وَكُلِّ حَيٍّ \* لَهُ فِي الْأَرْبَعِ الْقُدْمِ أَنْتِسَابُ

(88)

رَحَلْتُ فَلَا دُنْيَا وَلَا دِينَ نِلْتُهُ \* وَمَا أُوْتِيَتْ إِلَّا السَّفَاهَةُ وَالْخُرْقُ  
مَتَى يُخْلِصُ التَّقْوَى لِمَوْلَاهُ لَا تَعْضُ \* عَطَايَاهُ مِنْ صَلَّى وَقِيلَتْهُ الشَّرْقُ  
أَرَى حَيَوَانَ الْأَرْضِ يَرْهَبُ حَتْفَهُ \* وَيُنْفِزُهُ رَعْدٌ وَيُطْمَعُهُ بَرْقُ  
فِيَا طَائِرَ أَيْمَنِي وَيَا ظَبْيِي لَا تَخَفْ \* شَذَايَ فَمَا بَيْنِي وَبَيْنَكُمَا فَرَقُ

(89)

الْوَقْتُ يُعْجِلُ أَنْ تَكُونَ مُحَلَّلًا \* عَقَدَ الْحَيَاةِ بَأَنَّ تَحَلَّ الزِّيْجَا  
فَالدَّهْرُ لَا يَسْخُو بِأَرْبِي لِلْفَتَى \* حَتَّى يَكُونَ بِمَا أَمَرَ مَزِيْجَا

(90)

لَا تُكْرِمُوا جَسَدِي إِذَا مَا حَلَّ بِي \* رَبِّبُ الْمَنُونِ فَلَا فَضِيلَةَ لِلْجَسَدِ  
كَالْبُرْدِ كَانَ عَلَى اللُّوَابِسِ نَافِقًا \* حَتَّى إِذَا فَنَيْتُ بِشَاشَتُهُ كَسَدِ

(91)

تَمَتَّعَ أَبْكَارُ الزَّمَانِ بِأَيْدِهِ \* وَجِئْنَا بَوَهْنٍ بَعْدَ مَا خَرِفَ الدَّهْرُ  
فَلَيْتَ الْفَتَى كَالْبَدْرِ جَدَّدَ عُمُرَهُ \* يَعُودُ هَلَالًا كَلَّمَا فَنَى الشَّهْرُ

86. دمْتُ C ٢.

87. نُردُّ Z 30, 49. ٣ O.

88. Z 38, 503.

(92)

حاجى نظيمُ جُمانٍ والحياةُ معى \* سِلْكَ قَصِيرٌ فَيَأْبَى جَمْعَهَا الْقِصْرُ  
أما المُرَادُ فَجَمٌّ لا يُحِيطُ به \* شَرْحٌ وَلَكِنَّ عُمُرَ الْمَرْءِ مُخْتَصَرٌ

(93)

قد شاب رأسى ومن نبت الثرى جَسَدى \* فالنبتُ آخِرُ ما يعتو به الزَّهْرُ  
إذا رَكِبْتَ لِإِدْرَاكِ الْعُلَى سَفُنًا \* فالبحرُ يَحْمِلُ ما لا يحملُ النَّهْرُ

(94)

يغدو الفتى للأُمور يَلْمَحُ كَالْمِزْبَازَى وَفِي طَرْفِ لَبِّهِ سَدْرُ  
لا أزعَمُ الصَّفْوُ ما زَجًّا كَدْرًا \* بل مَزَعَمَى أَنْ كَلَّهُ كَدْرُ

(95)

لا خَيْرَ من بَعْدِ خَمْسِينَ أَنْقَضَتْ كَمَلًا \* فى أن تُمارَسَ أَمْرًا وَأَرعاشًا  
وقد يعيشُ الْفَتَى حَتَّى يَقَالَ لَهُ \* ما مات عند لقاء الموت بل عاشا

(96)

ومدّت حبالُ الشمس من قَبْلِ عَصْرنا \* على أُمِّ لِم تَتَّركَ لَهُم سِلْكا  
وتعجبنا الدنيا الهلوك وإنها \* لأُمِّ رِجالٍ كَلَّهم سَقَى الْهَلْكا  
هما حالتا سَوْءَ حِياةٍ بِلَوْعَةٍ \* وموتٌ فخيَّرَ هذِهِ النَّفْسَ أو تَلْكا

(97)

سأفعلُ خَيْرًا ما أَسْتَطَعْتُ فلا تُقَمِّرْ \* على صِلاةٍ يَوْمَ أُصْبِحُ هالِكا  
فما فيكُمْ من خَيْرٍ يَدْعى به \* يَفْرِجُ عَنى بِالْمَضِيقِ الْمَسالِكا

(98)

الشُّهُبُ عَظَمها المَلِيكُ وَنَصَّها \* لِلعالَمينَ فواجِبُ إِعْظامُها  
وأرى الحِياةَ وإن أِهْجَتْ بِحَبَّها \* كَالسِّلْكَ طَوْقَكَ الأداةَ نِظامُها

93. النَّهْرُ BL ٢. الزَّهْرُ BL. يعنو ١ O.

97. Perhaps صلاة... تُقَمِّرُ, but BC read as above.

98. كالسلك اصناف الاداة ٢ O.

( 99 )

أنا الجائر الظالم \* ومولاي بي عالم  
فيا لك من يقظة \* كأتى بها عالم

( 100 )

إذا سألوا عن مذهبي فهو بين \* وهل أنا مثل غيري أبله  
خلقت من الدنيا وعشت كأهلها \* أجد كما جدوا وأهو كما هوا  
وأشهد أنني بالقضاء حللتها \* وأرحل عنها خائفًا أتاله  
وما النفس بالفعل الجميل مدلة \* ولكن عقلي من حذارٍ مدته

( 101 )

كم غادة مثل الثريا في العلى \* والحسن قد أضحي الثرى من حجبها  
ولعجبها ما قربت مراتها \* نزهت خلى عن مقالى عجبها

( 102 )

زاره حتفه فقطب للموت وألقى من بعدها التقطيا  
زودوه طيباً ليَلْحَقَ بالناس وحسب الدفين بالترب طيبا  
نام فى قبره ووَسَدَ يُمنَاهُ فحلناه قام فينا خطيبا

( 103 )

لَكُونُ خَلِكِ فى رُؤسِ اعزُّ له \* من أن يكونَ مَلِيكًا عاقِدَ التاجِ  
الْمَلِكُ يَحْتَاجُ آلافاً لَتَنْصُرَهُ \* والموتُ ليس الى خَلْقِ بِمُحْتَاجِ

( 104 )

قَدِمَ الفتى ومضى بغير تبيّة \* كهلالِ أولِ ليلةٍ من شهره  
لقد استراح من الحياة معجلاً \* لو عاش كابدَ شدةً فى دهره

( 105 )

بِنْتُ نَصَارَى نَزَلْتُ مِنْ ذَرَى \* عَالٍ إِلَى قَبْرِ وِنَاوُوسِ  
فِي حُلَلٍ غُبْرٍ وَكَمْ أَشْبَهْتُ \* ثِيَابَهَا حُلَّةَ طَاوُوسِ

( 106 )

اجْتَنِبِ النَّاسَ وَعَشْ واحِدًا \* لَا تَظْلِمِ الْقَوْمَ وَلَا تُظْلَمِ  
وَجَدْتُ دُنْيَاكَ وَإِنْ سَاعَفْتُ \* لَا بَدَّ مِنْ وَقَعْتِهَا الصَّيْلِمِ  
لَوْ بُعِثَ الْمَنْصُورُ نَادَى أَيَا \* مَدِينَةَ التَّسْلِيمِ لَا تَسْلَمِي  
قَدْ سَكَنَ الْقَفَرُ بَنُو هَاشِمٍ \* وَأَتَقَلَّ الْمَلِكُ إِلَى الدَّيْلِمِ  
هـ لَوْ كُنْتُ أَدْرِي أَنَّ عُقْبَاهُمْ \* لَذَاكَ لَمْ أَقْتُلْ أَبَا مُسْلِمِ  
قَدْ خَدَمَ الدَّوْلَةَ مُسْتَنْصَحًا \* فَأَلْبَسْتُهُ شِيَةَ الْعِظْلِمِ

( 107 )

أَرَى حَلَبًا حَازَهَا صَالِحٌ \* وَجَالَ سِنَانٌ عَلَى جِلْقَا  
وَحَسَانٌ فِي سَلْفَى طَيِّئٍ \* يَصْرِفُ مِنْ غَزَّةٍ أَبْلَقَا  
فَلَمَّا رَأَتْ خَيْلَهُمْ بِالْغُبَارِ \* ثَغَامًا عَلَى جَيْشِهِمْ عَلِقَا  
رَمَتْ جَامِعَ الرِّمْلَةِ الْمُسْتَضَامَ \* فَأَصْبَحَ بِالْدمِ قَدْ حَلِقَا  
هـ وَمَا يَنْفَعُ الْكَاعِبَ الْمُسْتَبَاةَ هَامٌ عَلَى عَضْبٍ فُلِقَا  
وَطَلَّ قَتِيلٌ فَلَمْ يُدَكِّرْ \* وَغَلَّ اسِيرٌ فَمَا أُطْلِقَا  
وَكَمَ تَرَكْتُ أَهْلًا وَحَدَهَ \* وَكَمَ غَادَرْتُ مُثْرِيًا مُمْلِقَا  
يَسَائِلُ فِي الْحَيِّ عَنْ مَالِهِ \* وَمَا الْقَوْلُ فِي طَائِرِ حَلِقَا

106. • B لَذَاكَ. • ٦ BL مُسْتَنْصَحًا.

107. S 105. ٢ BCLO مِنْ غَزَّةَ، corr. by Von Kremer. • عَضْبَ

app. = عَضْبَ. O ان هَامِهِمْ بَعْدَهَا فَلِقَا.

( 108 )

يعود فقيدُ الملك إن عاد جدُّه \* معدُّ اليكمر أو أبوه نزارُ  
وما صحَّ للموء المحصِّل أنه \* بكوفان قبرٍ للإمام يزارُ  
أخو الدين من عادى القبيح وأصبحت \* له حُجزةٌ من عفةٍ وإزارُ

( 109 )

يا ملوك البلاد فزتم بنسء العُمر والجور شأنكم في النسَاء  
ما لكم لا ترونَ طُرقَ المعالي \* قد يزورُ الهيجاءَ زيرُ نسَاء  
يرتجى الناسُ أن يقومَ إمامٌ \* ناطقٌ في الكتيبة الخرسَاء  
كذب الظنُّ لا إمامَ سوى العقولِ مُشيرًا في صُبحه والمساء

( 110 )

وما زال عرَّافُ الكواكب ذاكرًا \* إمامًا كنجمٍ في الدجئة فارِد  
وما يجمعُ الأشتاتَ إلا مهذبٌ \* من القومِ يُحمي باردًا فوق باردِ

( 111 )

ويقومُ ملكٌ في الانام كأنه \* ملكٌ يبرِّحُ بالخبيث الماردِ  
صنَعُ اليدينَ بقتلِ كلِّ مخالفٍ \* بالسيفِ يضربُ بالحديدِ الباردِ  
قالوا سيملكنا إمامٌ عادلٌ \* يرمى أعاديننا بسهمِ صارِدِ  
والارضُ موطنُ شرِّةٍ وضغائنٍ \* ما أسمحتُ بسرورِ يومِ فارِدِ

( 112 )

ألا تتقون الله رهطَ مُسيلٍ \* فقد جرتم في طاعة الشَّهواتِ  
ولا تتبعوا الشيطان في خطواته \* فكم فيكم من تابعِ الخطواتِ  
عمدتم لرأى المثنوية بعد ما \* جرت لذة التوحيد في اللهواتِ

108. ٣ B عاد.

109. Z 30, 43. ٢ OZ زير النسَاء.

112. S 93. ١ BCL مسلم.

ومن دون ما أبدتُم خُصِبَ القنا \* ومار نجيع الخيل في الهبوات  
 ه فما استحسنتم هذى البهائم فعلكم \* من الغى في الأمات والحموات  
 وأيسر ما حللتم نحر ذارع \* يعممكم بالسكر والنشوات  
 جعلتم علياً جنة وهو لم يزل \* يعاقب من خمر على حسوات  
 سألنا مجوساً عن حقيقة دينها \* فقالت نعر لا ننكح الأخوات  
 وذلك في أصل التمجس جائز \* ولكن عدناه من الهفوات  
 ١٠ ونأبى فظيعات الامور ونبتغى \* سجدوا لنور الشمس في الغدوات

\* \* \*

تهاونتم بالدكر لما أتاكم \* ولم تحفلوا بالصوم والصلوات  
 رجوتهم إماماً في القرآن مضللاً \* فلما مضى قلتم إلى سنوات

( II3 )

إذا ما رأيتم عصابة هجرية \* فمن رأبها للناس هجر المساجد  
 وللدهر سر مرقد كل ساهر \* على غرة او موقظ كل هاجد  
 يقولون تائير القرآن مغير \* من الدين آثار السراة الأماجد  
 متى ينزل الأمر السماوى لا يفد \* سوى شبح رمح الكمي المناجد  
 ه وإن لحق الإسلام خطب يغضه \* فما وجدت مثلاً له نفس واجد  
 وإن عظموا كيوان عظمت واحداً \* يكون له كيوان أول ساجد

( II4 )

وجاءتنا شرائع كل قوم \* على آثار شىء ربوه  
 وغير بعضهم اقوال بعض \* وأبطلت النهى ما أوجبه  
 فلا تفرح إذا رجبت فيهم \* فقد رفعوا الدنى ورجبه

II3. Z 38, 499. شبح appears to be used in the sense of باطل.

We might read شنج (a shrinking of the skin).

II4. S 107.

وبَدَّلَ ظَاهِرَ الْإِسْلَامِ رَهْطًا \* ارادوا الطَّعْنَ فِيهِ وَشَذَّبُوهُ  
 هـ وما نطقوا به تشبيهُ أَمِيرٍ \* كما بَدَأَ الْمَدِيحَ مُشَبِّهِيهِ  
 وَيُذَكِّرُ أَنَّ فِي الْإَيَّامِ يَوْمًا \* يَقُومُ مِنَ التَّرَابِ مُغَيَّبِيهِ

(II5)

وَأَخْشَى الْمُلُوكَ وَيَأْسِرُهَا بِطَاعَتِهَا \* فَالْمَلِكُ لِلْأَرْضِ مِثْلُ الْمَاطِرِ السَّانِي  
 إِنْ يَظْلَمُوا فَلَهُمْ نَفْعٌ يَعْاشُ بِهِ \* وَكَمْ حَمُوكَ بَرَجَلٍ أَوْ بَقْرَسَانٍ  
 وَهَلْ خَلَّتْ قَبْلُ مِنْ جَوْرِ وَمَظْلَمَةٍ \* أَرْبَابُ فَارَسٍ أَوْ أَرْبَابُ غَسَّانٍ  
 حَيْلٌ إِذَا سَوَّمَتْ سَامَتْ وَمَا حُبِسَتْ \* إِلَّا بِلُجْمِ تَعْنِيهَا وَأَرْسَانٍ

(II6)

سُلْطَانُكَ النَّارُ إِنْ تَعَدِلْ فَنَافِعَةٌ \* وَإِنْ تَجُرْ فَلَهَا ضَيْرٌ وَإِحْرَاقٌ  
 وَقُرْبُهُ اللَّجُّ إِنْ أَعْطَاكَ فَائِدَةٌ \* فَلَيْسَ يُؤْمَنُ إِهْلَاكٌ وَإِعْرَاقٌ

(II7)

مَلَّ الْمَقَامُ فَكَمْ أُعَاشِرُ أُمَّةً \* أَمَرْتُ بِغَيْرِ صِلَاحِهَا أُمَّرَآهَا  
 ظَلَمُوا الرِّعْيَةَ وَأَسْتَجَازُوا كَيْدَهَا \* فَعَدُوا مَصَالِحَهَا وَهَمُّ أَجْرَآهَا

(II8)

إِذَا مَا تَبَيَّنَّا الْأُمُورَ تَكَشَّفَتْ \* لَنَا وَأَمِيرُ الْقَوْمِ لِلْقَوْمِ خَادِمٌ

(II9)

خَلَّ الْعِبَادَ وَمَا آخْتَارُوا فَمَلِكُهُمْ \* إِذَا نَظَرْتَ كَعَبِيدِ رَاحٍ مُؤْتَجِرِ  
 يُغْنِيكَ ظِلُّ سَيَالٍ تَسْتَظِلُّ بِهِ \* عَنْ سَائِلِ التَّبْرِ فِي الْبُنْيَانِ وَالْحَجَرِ

(I20)

يَسُوسُونَ الْأُمُورَ بِغَيْرِ عَقْلِ \* فَيَنْفَدُ أَمْرُهُمْ وَيُقَالُ سَاسَهُ  
 فَأَنَّ مِنَ الْحَيَاةِ وَأَنَّ مِنْى \* وَمَنْ زَمِنَ رِئَاسَتَهُ خَسَاسَهُ

II5. Z 38, 524. ١ B فالملك.

II6. Z 31, 480.

II8. Z 38, 517.

II9. ١ B فملكهم.

I20. Z 31, 476. ١ BCOZ فينفذ. O حكمهم.

( I21 )

يكفيك حُرْزًا ذَهَابَ الصالحين معًا \* ونحن بَعْدَهُمْ في الارض قُطَانٌ  
انَّ العِراقَ وانَّ الشَّامَ مذَ زمنٍ \* صِغْرَانِ ما بهما للملِكِ سُلْطَانُ  
ساسِ الانامِ شياطينَ مسَلَّطَةً \* في كلِّ مِصرٍ من الوالينَ شَيْطَانُ  
من ليس يَحْفِلُ خُمَصَ الناسِ كلِّهِمْ \* إن بات يشربُ خمرًا وهو مِبْطَانُ

( I22 )

ما قَرَّ طاسُكُ في كَفِّ المُدِيرِ له \* إِلَّا وَقِرْطاسُكُ المَرعُوبُ مَرْعُوبُ  
تُضحى وبطنكُ مثل الكَعْبِ اَبْرَزَه \* رِيٌّ ورأسُكُ مثل القَعْبِ مَشْعُوبُ

( I23 )

عليك بفِعْلِ الخير لو لم يكن له \* من الفضلِ إِلَّا حُسْنُهُ في المِسامِعِ  
لَعَمْرُكَ ما في عالمِ الارضِ زاهدٌ \* يقينًا ولا الرُهْبَانُ اَهْلُ الصَّوامِعِ  
ارى اُمراءَ الناسِ يُمسونَ سَرَّهم \* اذا خطفوا خَطْفَ البِزاةِ اللوامِعِ  
وفي كلِّ مِصرٍ حاكمٌ فمَوْفِقٌ \* وطاقُ يُحابي في اَحْسِ المِطامِعِ  
يجوزُ فينفي المِلِكُ عن مستحقِّه \* فَتُسَكَّبُ اَسْرابُ العيونِ الدَّوامِعِ  
ومن حَوْلِه قومٌ كانَ وجوههم \* صَفًا لم يُلينُ بالغُيوثِ الهوامِعِ

( I24 )

كانَ نفوسِ الناسِ واللَّهُ شاهدٌ \* نفوسُ فَراشٍ ما لهنَّ حلومُ  
وقالوا فقيههُ والفقيهُ مَمُوهٌ \* وحِلْفُ جِدالٍ والكلامُ كُلومُ

( I25 )

في البَدُو خُرَّابُ اذْوادٍ مَسُومَةٍ \* وفي الجوامِعِ والاسواقِ خُرَّابُ  
فهؤلاءُ تسموا بالعدولِ أو الـ \* تُتْجارِ واسمُ اولاك القومِ اَعْرَابُ

121. Z 38, 520. ٢ للملِكِ. 123. Z 31, 478. • BC فينفي المِلِكُ.  
124. ٢ O والفقيهُ والفقيهه. 125. Z 30, 49.

( I26 )

وَأَيُّ أَمْرِي فِي النَّاسِ أَلْفِي قَاضِيًا \* فَلَمْ يُمْضِ أَحْكَامًا كَحُكْمِ سَدُومِ  
أَبْتُ فَاقْدَاتُ الْحِسِّ حَمَلٌ رَزِيَّةٌ \* وَهَلْ رَابِ صَخْرًا نَحْتُهُ بِقُدُومِ

( I27 )

لَعَلَّ أَنْاسًا فِي الْمَحَارِبِ خَوْفُوا \* بَأَيِّ كِنَاسٍ فِي الْمَشَارِبِ أَطْرَبُوا  
إِذَا رَامَ كَيْدًا بِالصَّلَاةِ مُقِيمُهَا \* فَتَارَكُهَا عَمْدًا إِلَى اللَّهِ أَقْرَبُ  
فَلَا يُمِسُ فَخَارًا مِنَ الْفَخْرِ عَائِدٌ \* إِلَى عُنْصُرِ الْفَخَارِ لِلنَّفْعِ يُضْرَبُ  
لَعَلَّ إِنَاءً مِنْهُ يُصْنَعُ مَرَّةً \* فَيَأْكُلُ فِيهِ مَنْ ارَادَ وَيَشْرَبُ  
وَيُحْمَلُ مِنْ أَرْضٍ لِأُخْرَى وَمَا دَرَى \* فَوَاهَا لَهُ بَعْدَ الْبِلَى يَتَغَرَّبُ

( I28 )

طَلَبَ الْخَسَائِسَ وَارْتَقَى فِي مَنِيرٍ \* يَصِفُ الْحِسَابَ لِأُمَّةٍ لِيَهْوَاهَا  
وَيَكُونُ غَيْرَ مُصَدِّقٍ بِقِيَامَةٍ \* أَمْسَى يُمِثِّلُ فِي النَفُوسِ ذُهُولَهَا

( I29 )

يَتَلُونَ أَسْفَارَهُمُ وَالْحَقُّ يُخْبِرُنِي \* بَأَنَّ آخِرَهَا مَيِّنٌ وَأَوَّلُهَا  
صَدَقْتِ يَا عَقْلُ فَلْيَبْعِدْ أَخُو سَفَهٍ \* صَاغِ الْإِحَادِيثَ إِفْكًَا أَوْ تَأْوَلَهَا  
وَلَيْسَ حَبْرٌ بِيَدِعُ فِي صَحَابَتِهِ \* إِنْ سَامَ نَفْعًا بِأَخْبَارِ تَقَوَّلَهَا  
وَإِنَّمَا رَامَ نِسْوَانًا تَزَوَّجَهَا \* بِمَا أَفْتَرَاهُ وَأَمْوَالًا تَمَوَّلَهَا

( I30 )

رُؤْيِدَكَ قَدْ غُرِّرْتَ وَأَنْتِ حُرٌّ \* بِصَاحِبِ حِيلَةٍ يَعْظُ النِّسَاءَ  
يَحْرَمُ فَيَكْمُرُ الصَّهْبَاءَ صُبْحًا \* وَيَشْرِبُهَا عَلَى عَمْدٍ مَسَاءً

127. Z 30, 48. ١ Z بِأَيِّ كِنَاسٍ. B بِأَيِّ. ٤ Z فِيَأْكُلُ مِنْهُ.

128. Z 38, 514. ١ 130. ١ BCL النِّسَاءَ. ٢ BCL مَسَاءً.

(131)

لو كان لى أمرٌ يطاوعُ لم يَشُنْ \* ظَهَرَ الطَّرِيقَ يَدَ الحَيَاةِ مُنَجِّمُ  
 أَعْمَى بِخَيْلٍ او بَصِيرٌ فَاجِرُ \* نَوَى الضَّلَالِ بِهِ مُرِبٌّ مُنَجِّمُ  
 يَغْدُو بِأَسْهَمِهِ يُحَاوِلُ مَكْسَبًا \* فَيُدِيرُ أُسْطُرْلَابَهُ وَيُرْجِمُ  
 وَقَفَتْ بِهِ الوُرْهَاءُ وَهِيَ كَانَتْهَا \* عِنْدَ الوُقُوفِ عَلَى عَرِينٍ تَهْجُمُ  
 ٥ سَأَلْتَهُ عَنِ زَوْجٍ لَهَا مُتَغَيِّرٍ \* فَاهْتَجَّ بِالزُّوْقَانِ وَيُعْجِمُ  
 وَيَقُولُ مَا أَسْمِكُ وَأَسْمُوكُ إِنِّى \* بِالظَّنِّ عَمَّا فِى العُيُوبِ مُتَرْجِمُ  
 يُؤَلِّى بِأَنَّ الجِنَّ تَطْرُقُ بَيْتَهُ \* وَلَهُ يَدِينُ فَصِيحُهَا وَالْأَعْجَمُ  
 وَالْمَرْءُ يَكْدَحُ فِى البِلَادِ وَعِرْسُهُ \* فِى البِصْرِ تَأْكُلُ مِنْ طَعَامِ يُؤْجِمُ  
 أَفَمَا يَكْرُ عَلَى مَعِيشَتِهِ الفَتَى \* إِلَّا بِمَا نَبَذَتْ إِلَيْهِ الِانْتِجَمُ  
 ١٠ رَجِمُ التَّنَائِفِ بِالرِّكَابِ أَعَزُّ مِنْ \* كَسْبِ يَحَقِّ لِرَبِّهِ لَوْ يُرْجِمُ  
 آهٍ لِأَسْرَارِ الفِؤَادِ غَوَالِيَا \* فِى الصَّدْرِ أُسْتَرُّ دُونَهَا وَأُجْمِمُ  
 عَجَبًا لِكَاذِبِ مَعْشَرٍ لَا يَنْشَى \* غَبَّ العُقُوبَةِ وَهُوَ أُخْرَسُ أُضْجِمُ  
 كَيْفَ التَّخَلُّصِ وَالبَسِيطَةِ لُجَّةً \* وَالجَّوِّ غَيْمٍ بِالنَّوَابِ يَسْجِمُ  
 فَسَدَ الزَّمَانُ فَلَا رَشَادَ نَاجِمُ \* بَيْنَ الِانَامِ وَلَا ضَلَالٌ مُنْجِمُ  
 ١٥ أَسْرَجَ وَالْجِمُّ لِلْفِرَارِ فَكَلَّمَهُمْ \* فِيمَا يَسُوكُ مُسْرَجٌ او مُلْجِمُ  
 وَالبَخِيرُ أَزْهَرُ مَا إِلَيْهِ مُسَارِعُ \* وَالبَشْرُ أَكْدَرُ لَيْسَ عَنْهُ مُحْجِمُ  
 ضَحِكُوا إِلَيْكَ وَقَدْ أَتَيْتَ بِبَاطِلٍ \* وَمَتَى صَدَقْتَ فَهَرِ غِضَابٌ رُجْمُ  
 يَحْمِيكَ مِنْهُمْ أَنْ تُجَرَّ عَلَيْهِمْ \* فَإِذَا حَلَوْتَ عَدْتُ عَلَيْكَ العَجْمُ

131. ٣ C بزخرفة. BLO باسهمه. B gives بزخرفة and L بزخرفة as a variant. ٤ BL عزير تهجم. L in marg. عرين.

( I32 )

لقد بكرتُ في خُفِّها وإزارها \* لتسأل بالأمرِ الضريرَ المنجِّما  
وما عنده علمٌ فيخبرها به \* ولا هو من اهلِ الحِجَى فيرجِّما  
يقول غداً او بعدَهُ وَقَع ديمَةٍ \* يكونُ غيائاً أن تجودَ وتسجِّما  
ويُوهِمُ جَهالَ المَحَلَّةِ أَنه \* يظللُ لأَسرارِ الغُيوبِ مُترجِّما  
ه ولو سألوهُ بالذى فوق صدره \* لجاءَ بمَينِ او أَرَمَ وجَمِّما

( I33 )

سألتُ منجمها عن الطفلِ الذى \* فى المَهْدِ كم هو عائشٌ من دَهْرِه  
فأجابها مائةٌ لياخذَ دِرْهَمًا \* وأتَى الحِمامُ وليدَها فى شَهْرِه  
قَلْبَ الزمانِ فَرَبَّ حَوْدٍ تبتغى \* زَوْجًا وتبذلُ غاليًا من مَهْرِه  
\* \* \*  
كره الجهُولُ بَناتِهِ وسليئُهُ \* أَجنى لِما يغتالُهُ من صِهْرِه  
ه أَعدى عدوٌّ لابنِ آدمَ خِلْتَهُ \* ولدٌ يكونُ خروجهُ من ظَهْرِه  
وسفاهَةٌ الانسانِ مُوهمةٌ له \* بَدَّ القوارِحِ فى الرِّهانِ بمَهْرِه

( I34 )

انَّ الطيبِ وذا التنجيمِ ما فتئا \* مشهَرَيْنِ بتقويمِ وكُنَّاشِ  
يعلَّانِ وفى التعليلِ مَأربَةٌ \* ويستميلانِ قَلْبَ المُتَرَفِ الناشِ

( I35 )

قطعتُ البلادَ فمن صاعدٍ \* بَغِيثِ النَّوالِ ومن هابِطِ  
تَمُدُّ عِصاكِ الى النابحاتِ \* فيعجَبُنَ من جأشِكِ الرابِطِ  
وتغبطُ كَلَّا على ما حواه \* وما لكِ فى العيشِ من غابِطِ  
وقفتُ على كَلِّ بابٍ رأيتُ \* حَتَّى نهاكِ أبو ضابِطِ

( 136 )

تُقَوِي فِيهِدَى إِلَيْكَ الزَادُ عَنْ عُرْضٍ \* وَتَقْتَرِي الْإَرْضَ جَوَّالًا فَتَقْتَرِفُ  
 تَرَوْمُ رِزْقًا بَأْنَ سَمُوكَ مَتَكِبَلًا \* وَأَدِينُ النَّاسِ مِنْ يَسْعَى وَيَحْتَرِفُ  
 يَكْفِيكَ أَدْمًا بِنَحْضِ مَاءِ نَابِتَةٍ \* وَظَلَمَكَ النَّحْلُ مَا يُعْطِيكَهُ الصَّرْفُ

( 137 )

أَوْقَدْتَ نَارًا بِأَفْتِكَارِكَ أَظْهَرْتُ \* نَهَجًا وَأَنْتَ عَلَيَّ سَنَاها عَاشِي  
 مَسْتَكِبِينَ وَمَسْجِمًا وَمَعَزَّمًا \* وَجَمِيعُ ذَاكَ تَحْيِيلٌ لِمَعَاشِي  
 قَدْ أَرَعَشْتُ يَدَ سَائِلٍ مِنْ كِبَرَةٍ \* وَلِنَائِلٍ بَسِطْتُ عَلَيَّ الْإِرْعَاشِي

( 138 )

بَنَى الْآدَابِ غَرَّتْكُمْ قَدِيمًا \* زَخَارَفُ مِثْلُ زَمَزَمَةَ الذَّبَابِ  
 وَمَا شُعْرَاءُكُمْ إِلَّا ذِئَابُ \* تَلَصَّصُ فِي الْمَدَائِحِ وَالشَّبَابِ  
 أَضْرُ لِمَنْ تَوَدُّ مِنَ الْأَعَادِي \* وَأَسْرُقُ لِلْمَقَالِ مِنَ الزَّبَابِ  
 أَقَارِضُكُمْ ثَنَاءً غَيْرَ حَقِّي \* كَأَنَّا مِنْهُ فِي مَجْرَى سِبَابِ  
 هَ أَذْهَبُ فِيكُمْ أَيَّامَ شَيْبِي \* كَمَا أَذْهَبَتْ أَيَّامَ الشَّبَابِ  
 \* \* \*

وَأَلْقَيْتُ الْفَصَاحَةَ عَنْ لِسَانِي \* مَسَلَّمَةً إِلَى الْعَرَبِ اللَّبَابِ  
 شُغُولٌ يَنْقُضِينَ بِغَيْرِ حَمْدٍ \* وَلَا يَرْجِعُنَّ إِلَّا بِالسَّبَابِ  
 ذُرُونِي يَفْقِدِ الْهَدْيَانَ لَفْظِي \* وَأُغْلِقُ لِلْحِمَامِ عَلَيَّ بَابِي

( 139 )

عِشْ بِخَيْلًا كَأَهْلِ عَصْرِكَ هَذَا \* وَتَبَالَهُ فَإِنَّ دَهْرَكَ أَبْلَهُ  
 قَوْمٌ سَوْءٌ فَالْشِّبْلُ مِنْهُمْ يَغُولُ \* لَمَّيْتُ قَرَسًا وَاللَيْثُ يَأْكُلُ شِبْلَهُ  
 إِنْ تُرِدْ أَنْ تَخْصَّ حُرًّا مِنَ النَّاسِ بِخَيْرٍ فَخْصْ نَفْسَكَ قَبْلَهُ

( I40 )

كُفَى دُمُوعِكَ لِلتَّفَرِّقِ وَأَطْلَبِي \* دُمْعًا يَبَارِكُ مِثْلَ دَمْعِ الزَّاهِدِ  
فَبِقَطْرَةٍ مِنْهُ تَبُوحُ جَهَنَّمَ \* فِيمَا يُقَالُ حَدِيثٌ غَيْرُ مُشَاهِدِ  
خَافِي إِلَهِكَ وَأَحْذَرِي مِنْ أُمَّةٍ \* لَمْ يَلْبَسُوا فِي الدِّينِ ثَوْبَ مُجَاهِدِ  
أَكَلُوا فَأَفْتَوْا ثُمَّ غَنَوْا وَأَنْتَشَوْا \* فِي رُقُصِهِمْ وَتَمَتَّعُوا بِالشَّاهِدِ  
حَالَتِ عُهْدُ الخَلْقِ كَمَنْ مِنْ مُسْلِمٍ \* أَمْسَى يَرُومُ شَفَاعَةَ بِمُعَاهِدِ  
وَهُوَ الزَّمَانُ قَضَى بِغَيْرِ تَنَاصُفٍ \* بَيْنَ الأَنَامِ وَضَاعَ جَهْدُ الجَاهِدِ  
سَهْدَ الغَتِي لِمَطَالِبِ مَا نَالَهَا \* وَأَصَابَهَا مِنْ بَاتٍ لَيْسَ بِسَاهِدِ

( I41 )

المَالُ يُسَكِّتُ عَنِ حَقِّ وَيُنْطِقُ فِي \* بُطْلٍ وَتُجْمِعُ إِكْرَامًا لَهُ الشَّيْعُ  
وَجِزِيَّةُ القَوْمِ صُدَّتْ عَنْهُمْ فَغَدَّتْ \* مَسَاجِدُ القَوْمِ مَقْرُونًا بِهَا البَيْعُ

( I42 )

لَهْفِي عَلَى لَيْلَةٍ وَيَوْمٍ \* تَأَلَّفَتْ مِنْهُمَا الشُّهُورُ  
وَالْغِيَا عُنْصُرِي زَمَانٍ \* لَيْسَ لِأَسْرَارِهِ ظُهُورُ  
قَدْ أَصْبَحَ الدِّينُ مَضْمُحَلًّا \* وَغَيَّرَتْ آيَةَ الدَّهْوَرُ  
فَلَا زَكَاةَ وَلَا صِيَامَ \* وَلَا صَلَاةَ وَلَا ظُهُورُ  
وَاعْتَاضَ حِلَّ النِّكَاحِ قَوْمٌ \* بِنِسْوَةٍ مَا لَهَا مُهْوَرُ

( I43 )

لَوْ نَطَقَ الدَّهْرُ فِي تَصَرُّفِهِ \* لَعَدَدْنَا كُنُنًا مِنَ التَّنْفِثِ  
قَالَ لَنَا إِنَّنِي أَحْجُجُ إِلَى الكُلِّهِ \* وَأَنْتُمْ أَقْبِمُ الرَّقِثِ  
نَفْسِكُمْ مَرَّةً عَلَى غَلَطٍ \* مَتَى فَهَلْ تَعْدِرُونَ فِي التَّنْفِثِ

(I44)

قد فاضت الدنيا بأذناسها \* على براياها وأجناسها  
والشر في العالم حتى آلتى \* مكسبها من فضل عرناسها  
وكل حي فوقها ظالم \* وما بها أظلم من ناسها

(I45)

عصاً في يد الأعمى يروم بها الهدى \* أبر له من كل خدنٍ وصاحبٍ  
فأوسعُ بنى حواءَ هجرًا فأنهم \* يسيرون في نهج من الغدر لاجبٍ  
وإن غير الإثم الوجوه فما ترى \* لدى الحشر إلا كل أسودٍ شاحبٍ  
إذا ما اشار العقل بالرشد جرهم \* الى الغي طبع أخذُه أخذُ صاحبٍ

(I46)

لو يفهم الناس ما أبناءهم جلب \* وبيع بالفلس ألف منهم كسدوا  
فويحهم بئس ما ربوا وما حضنوا \* فهي الخديعة والأضغان والحسد  
\* \* \*  
وهكذا كان اهل الارض مذفطروا \* فلا يظن جهول انهم فسدوا

(I47)

غنيننا عصوراً في عوالم جمّة \* فلم نلق إلا عالمًا متلاعنا  
إذا فاتهم طعن الرماح فمحقّل \* ترى فيه مطعوناً عليه وطاعنا  
هنيئاً لطفلٍ أزمع السير عنهم \* فودّع من قبل التعارف طاعنا

(I48)

رأيت قضاء الله أوجب خلقه \* وعاد عليهم في تصرفه سلبا  
وقد غلب الأحياء في كل وجهة \* هوامهم وإن كانوا غطارفة غلبا  
كلاب تغاوت أو تعاوت لجيفة \* وأحسبني أصبحت ألامها كلبا  
أبيننا سوى غش الصدور وانما \* ينال ثواب الله أسدنا قلبا  
ه وآتى بنى الايام يحمد قائل \* ومن جرب الاقوام أوسعهم ثلبا

145. ١ L gives يُؤم as a variant of يروم. ٢ L gives يُرى and كُلب as variants.

146. ١ O وبيع بالسلك.

( 149 )

النفسُ في العالمِ العُلويِّ مَرَكزُها \* وليس في الجَوِّ للأجسادِ مُزْدَرَعُ  
تَفَرَّعَ النَّاسُ عن أصلٍ به دَرَنُ \* فالعالمون إذا مَيَّزْتَهُم شَرَعُ  
والجَدُّ آدَمُ والمُؤمَى أَدِيمُ تُرَى \* وإن تَخالَفَتِ الأهُواءُ والشِرْعُ  
\* \* \*  
تَشابَهَ الإِنْسُ إِلَّا أن يَشِدُّ حِجَى \* والطيرُ شَتَى ومنها الفُتْحُ والمِرْعُ

( 150 )

يقول لك أَنعِمُ مُصَبِّحًا متودِّدُ \* اليك وخيرٌ منه أَغْلَبُ أَصْبَحُ  
رجوتُ بِقُرْبٍ من خليلك مَرَبِّحًا \* وبُعدك منه في الحقائق أَرَبِّحُ  
إذا أنت لم تَهْرُبْ من الإِنسِ فَأَعْتَرَفُ \* بطُلْسٍ تَعَاوَى أو ثَعَالِبَ تَضْبِحُ  
ومارسٌ بِحَسَنِ الصبرِ بُلُوكَ إن هُمُ \* أَتُوا بِقَبِيحٍ فالذي جئتُ أَقْبِحُ  
تروُحُ الِى فِعْلى السَّفِيهِ وتغتدى \* وتُمسى على غيرِ الجميلِ وتُصْبِحُ  
كَأنَّ حُطُوبَ الدهرِ بحرٌ فَمِنَ يَمْتُ \* بفرطِ صَداهُ فهو في اللجِّ يَسْبِحُ

( 151 )

إذا هَبَّتْ جَنُوبٌ أو شَمَالٌ \* فَأَنْتَ لِكُلِّ مُقْتادِ جَنِيبُ  
رُويْدَكَ إن ثَلاثُونَ أَستَقَلَّتْ \* ولم يَنْبِ الفَتَى فَمَتى يَنْيبُ

( 152 )

لو غُرِبِلِ النَّاسُ كَمَا يُعْدَمُوا سَقَطًا \* لَمَا تحَصَّلَ شَىءٌ في الغَرابِيلِ  
أو قِيلَ لِلنَّارِ حُصَى من جَنَى أَكَلْتُ \* أَجسادَهُم وأَبَتْ أَكْلَ السَّرابِيلِ  
\* \* \*  
سُبْحانَ من أَلْهِمَ الأَجناسَ كَلِّهِمُ \* أَمراً يَقودُ الى حَبْلِ وَتَحْبِيلِ  
لَحْظَ العُيونِ وَأَهْواءَ النُّفوسِ وإِهْـ\*ـوَاءَ الشِّفاهِ الى لُئِمِ وَتَقْبِيلِ

( I53 )

وَاللُّبُّ حَاوَلَ أَنْ يَهْدِبَ أَهْلَهُ \* فَاذَا الْبَرِيَّةُ مَا لَهَا تَهْدِيبُ  
مَنْ رَامَ انْقَاءَ الْغُرَابِ لِكَيْ يَرَى \* وَصَحَّ الْجَنَاحُ أَصَابَهُ تَعْدِيبُ

( I54 )

إِنْ عَذِبَ الْمَيِّنُ بِأَفْوَاهِكُمْ \* فَإِنَّ صِدْقِي بِعَمِي أَعَذِبُ  
طَلَبْتُ لِلْعَالَمِ تَهْدِيهِمْ \* وَالنَّاسَ مَا صُفُّوا وَلَا هُدِّبُوا

( I55 )

يَبَايِنُ شَكْلُ غَيْرِهِ فِي حَيَاتِهِ \* فَإِنْ هَلَكَا لَمْ تُلْفِ بَيْنَهُمَا فَرْقًا  
وَمَنْ يَفْتَقِدُ حَالَ الزَّمَانِ وَأَهْلِهِ \* يَذْمُ بِهِمْ غَرَبًا مِنَ الْأَرْضِ أَوْ شَرْقًا  
يَجِدُ قَدُولَهُمْ مَيِّنًا وَوَدَّعَهُمْ قِلَى \* وَخَيْرَهُمْ شَرًّا وَصَنَعْتَهُمْ خُرْقًا  
وَبِشْرَهُمْ خَدْعًا وَفَقْرَهُمْ غِنَى \* وَعِلْمَهُمْ جَهْلًا وَحِكْمَتَهُمْ زُرْقًا

\* \* \*

٥ إِذَا طَلَبُوا أَقْصَى الْعَلَى اتَّخَذُوا لَهُ \* بَصْمَ الْعَوَالِي فِي تَرَائِبِكُمْ طَرْقًا  
إِذَا كُنْتُمْ أَوْرَاقَ أَثُلٍ زَهَّوْا لَكُمْ \* جَرَادَ نِبَالٍ كَيْ تُبَيِّدَكُمْ وَرَقًا  
أَطَارِقَ هَمٍّ ضَافَ هَلْ أَنْتَ عَاذِرٌ \* مَتَى لَمْ تَجِدْ بِي عِنْدَ مُرْتَحِلِ طَرْقًا  
وَأَعُوذَنِي مَاءً أَزِيلُ بِهِ الصَّدَى \* فَلَا عَيْشَ إِنْ لَمْ أَشْرَبِ الْكَدِرَ الطَّرْقًا  
هُمُ النَّاسُ أَجْبَالُ شَوَامِخٍ فِي الدَّرَى \* وَأَوْدِيَةٌ لَا تَبْلُغُ الْأَكْمَرَ وَالْبُرْقًا  
١٠ فَسَكْرَانُ يَسْتَرْقِي وَيَبْذُلُ بُسْلَةً \* وَأَخْرُصَاحِي اللَّبَّ يَغْضَبُ أَنْ يُرْقَى

( I56 )

سَوَاءٌ هُجُودِي فِي الدُّجَى وَتَهْجُدِي \* عَلَيَّ إِذَا أَصْبَحْتُ فَيْرَ مُطِيعِ  
هُمُ النَّاسُ ضَرَبُ السِّيفِ لَمْ يُغْنِ فِيهِمْ \* وَيَكْفِيكَ عَوْدَ السَّوِّ ضَرْبُ قَطِيعِ

١٥. وَيَبْذُلُ B. يُسْتَرْقِي BCL ١٥. بِي for لِي C ٧. اوراق ايک ٦ O ١٥٥.

C ويبدل.

( I57 )

الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ أَضْحَى النَّاسُ فِي عَجَبٍ \* مَسْتَهْتَرِينَ بِإِفْرَاطٍ وَتَقْرِيطِ  
وَالزَّنْدُ فِي حُبِّ أُسْوَارِ يُسَوِّرُهُ \* كَالأَذْنِ فِي حُبِّ تَشْنِيفِ وَتَقْرِيطِ  
يَبْغِي الحُظُوظَ أَناسٌ مِنْ ظَبْيٍ وَقَنًا \* وَأَخْرُونَ بِغَوْهَا بِالْمَشَارِيطِ  
فَجُدَّ بَعْرُفٌ وَلَوْ بِالنَّزْرِ مُحْتَسِبًا \* إِنَّ القَنَاطِيرَ تُحَوِي بِالْقَرَارِيطِ

( I58 )

إلى الله أشكو مُهْجَةً لَا تُطِيعُنِي \* وَعَالَمَ سَوْءٍ لَيْسَ فِيهِ رَشِيدُ  
حِجِّي مِثْلَ مَهْجُورِ المَنَازِلِ دَائِرٌ \* وَجَهْلٌ كَمَسْكَونِ الدِيَارِ مَشِيدُ

( I59 )

يَحْسُنُ مَرَأَى لِبْنِي آدِمٍ \* وَكَلَّمَهُمْ فِي الذَّوْقِ لَا يَعْذِبُ  
مَا فِيهِمْ بَرٌّ وَلَا ناسِكٌ \* إِلَّا إلى نَفْعٍ لَهُ يَجُذِبُ  
أَفْضَلُ مِنْ أَفْضَلِهِمْ صَخْرَةٌ \* لَا تَظْلِمُ النَّاسَ وَلَا تَكْذِبُ

( I60 )

تَعَالَى اللهُ فَهُوَ بِنَا خَبِيرٌ \* قَدْ أَضْطَرَّتْ إلى الكَذِبِ العُقُولُ  
نَقُولُ عَلَى المَجَازِ وَقَدْ عَلِمْنَا \* بَأَنَّ الأَمْرَ لَيْسَ كَمَا نَقُولُ

( I61 )

لِسَانَ الفَتَى يُدْعَى سِنَانًا وَتَارَةً \* حُسَامًا وَكَمْرًا مِنْ لَفْظَةِ ضَرِبْتُ عُنْقًا  
لَقَدْ وَرَدَ النَّاسُ الحَيَاةَ أَمَامَنَا \* فَمَا تَرَكَوا إِلَّا الأَجُونََةَ وَالرَّنْقَا  
وَأَنْقَى سِوَادَ الرَّأْسِ دَهْرًا وَغاسِلٌ \* لِبِاسًا فَأَمَّا سَوْءُ طَبِيعٍ فَمَا أَنْقَى

( I62 )

لَا حِسَّ لِلجَسْرِ بَعْدَ الرُّوحِ نَعْلَمُهُ \* فَهَلْ تُحَسُّ إِذَا بَانَتْ عَنِ الجَسَدِ  
وَالطَّبِيعُ يَهْوَى إلى مَا شَانَ يَطْلِبُهُ \* لَكِنْ يَجْرُ إلى مَا زَانَ بِالْمَسَدِ  
وَفِي الغَرَائِزِ أَخْلاقٌ مَذْمُومَةٌ \* فَهَلْ تُلَامُ عَلَى التَّكْرَاءِ وَالْحَسَدِ  
أَهْكَذَا كَانَ أَهْلُ الأَرْضِ قَبْلَكُمْ \* أَمْ غَيَّرُوا بِسَجَايَا مِنْهُمْ فُسَدِ

( I63 )

لم تَلَقْ فِي الْيَامِ إِلَّا صَاحِبًا \* تَأْذَى بِهِ طَوَّلَ الْحَيَاةِ وَتَأَلَّمَ  
وَيَعُدُّ كَوْنَكَ فِي الزَّمَانِ بَلِيَّةً \* فَاصْبِرْ لَهَا فَكَذَلِكَ هَذَا الْعَالَمُ

( I64 )

بَنَى الْأَرْضَ مَا تَحْتَ التُّرَابِ مَوْقُوقٌ \* لِرُشْدٍ وَلَا فَوْقَ التُّرَابِ سِوَى فَسِيلٍ  
أَكَانَ أَبُوكُمْ أَدَمٌ فِي الَّذِي أَتَى \* نَجِيبًا فَتَرْجُونَ النِّجَابَةَ لِلنَّسْلِ  
أَسْكُنُ الثَّرَى لَا يَبْعَثُونَ رِسَالَةً \* الْيَنَا وَلَسْتُمْ سَامِعِي كَلِمِ الرُّسُلِ

( I65 )

رُكُوبُ النَّعْشِ وَافَى بَاتْتَعَاشِ \* أَرَاخَ مِنَ التَّعْثُرِ رَجُلَ عَاشِي  
الْمَرْتَعَجَبُ مِنَ الشَّيْخِ الْمَعْنَى \* يَقُومُ عَلَيَّ انْحِنَاءٌ وَارْتَعَاشِي  
يَكُونُ عَنِ الصَّلَاةِ لَهُ قُعودٌ \* وَيَمْشِي بِالْمَفَاوِزِ لِلْمَعَاشِي

( I66 )

أُرَائِيكَ فَلْيَغْفِرْ لِي اللَّهُ زَلَّتِي \* بِذَاكَ وَدَيْنُ الْعَالَمِينَ رِثَاءُ  
وَقَدْ يُخْلِيفُ الْإِنْسَانَ ظَنَّ عَشِيرِهِ \* وَإِنْ رَاقَ مِنْهُ مَنظَرٌ وَرُؤَاةُ  
إِذَا قَوْمُنَا لَمْ يَعْبُدُوا اللَّهَ وَحَدَّهُ \* بِنُصْحِ فَإِنَّا مِنْهُمْ بُرُءَاءُ

( I67 )

أُنَافِقُ النَّاسِ إِنِّي قَدْ بُلِيْتُ بِهِمْ \* وَكَيْفَ لِي بِخِلَاصٍ مِنْهُمْ دَانِي  
مَنْ عَاشَ غَيْرَ مُدَاجٍ مِنْ يَعاشرِهِ \* إِسَاءَ عِشْرَةَ أَصْحَابٍ وَأَخْدَانِ  
كَمْ صَاحِبٍ يَتَمَنَّى لَوْ نُعِيْتُ لَهُ \* وَإِنْ تَشَكَّيْتُ رَاعَانِي وَقَدَّانِي

( I68 )

وَمَا الْعُلَمَاءُ وَالْجُهَّالُ إِلَّا \* قَرِيبٌ حِينَ تَنْظُرُ مِنْ قَرِيبٍ  
مَتَى مَا يَأْتِنِي أَجَلِي بِأَرْضِي \* فَنَادِ عَلَيَّ الْجَنَازَةَ لِلْقَرِيبِ  
أَكْأَشْرُ مَنْ لَقِيْتُ عَلَيَّ حِذَارٍ \* وَلَيْسَ عَلَيَّ أَعْتِقَادِي مِنْ عَرِيبِ

( 169 )

أَرَاهُمْ يَضْحَكُونَ الَّتِي غَشَّيَا \* وَتَغَشَّانِي الْمَشَاقِصُ وَالْحِطَاءُ  
فَلَسْتُ لَهُمْ وَإِنْ قَرَّبُوا أَلْفًا \* كَمَا لَمْ تَأْتَلَفْ ذَالُ وَظَاءُ

( 170 )

مَنْ لِي أَنْ لَا أُقِيمَ فِي بَلَدٍ \* أَذْكَرُ فِيهِ بَغِيرَ مَا يَجِبُ  
يُظَنُّ بِي الْيُسْرُ وَالِدِيَانَةُ وَالْعِلْمُ وَبَيْنِي وَبَيْنَهَا حُجُبُ  
\* \* \*

أَقْرَرْتُ بِالْجَهْلِ وَادَّعَى فَهْمِي \* قَوْمٌ فَأَمْرِي وَأَمْرُهُمْ عَجَبُ  
وَالْحَقُّ أَنِّي وَأَنْسَهُمْ هَدْرٌ \* لَسْتُ نَجِيبًا وَلَا هُمْ نُجُبُ  
هـ وَالْحَالُ ضَاقَتْ عَنْ ضَمِّهَا جَسَدِي \* فَكَيْفَ لِي أَنْ يَضْمَهُ الشَّجَبُ  
مَا أَوْسَعَ الْمَوْتِ يَسْتَرِيحُ بِهِ الْعِجْسُ الْمَعْنَى وَيَخْفِتُ اللَّجَبُ

( 171 )

وَصَفَّتْكَ فَأَبْتَهَجْتَ وَقَلْتِ خَيْرًا \* لَتَجْزِيَنِي فَأَدْرِكُنِي أَبْتَهَاجِي  
إِذَا كَانَ التَّقَارُضُ مِنْ مُحَالٍ \* فَأَحْسَنُ مِنْ تَمَادِحِنَا التَّهَاجِي

( 172 )

إِذَا أَتْنِي عَلَى الْمَرْءِ يَوْمًا \* بِخَيْرٍ لَيْسَ فِيَّ فِذَاكَ هَاجِي  
وَحَقِّي أَنْ أُسَاءَ بِمَا أَفْتَرَاهُ \* فَلَوْمْ مِنْ غَرِيزَتِي أَبْتَهَاجِي

( 173 )

وَمَاذَا يَبْتَغِي الْجِلْسَاءُ عِنْدِي \* ارَادُوا مَنَاطِقِي وَأَرَدْتُ صَمْتِي  
وَيُوجَدُ بَيْنَنَا أَمَدٌ قَصِيٌّ \* فَأَمَّا سَمْتُهُمْ وَأَمَمْتُ سَمْتِي

( 174 )

يُزَوِّرُنِي الْقَوْمُ هَذَا أَرْضُهُ يَمَنُ \* مِنْ الْبِلَادِ وَهَذَا دَارُهُ الطَّبَسُ  
قَالُوا سَمِعْنَا حَدِيثًا عَنْكَ قَلْتُ لَهُمْ \* لَا يُبْعَدُ اللَّهُ إِلَّا مَعْشَرًا لَبَسُوا

يَبْعُونَ مِنِّي مَيْنًا لَسْتُ أَحْسِنُهُ \* فَإِنْ صَدَقْتُ عَزَّيْهِمْ أَوْجَهُ عَيْسُ  
 أَعَانَنَا اللَّهُ كُلُّ فِي مَعِيشَتِهِ \* يَلْقَى الْعَنَاءَ فِدْرَى فَوْقَنَا دُبْسُ  
 ه ما ذا تريدون لا مالٌ تيسر لي \* فيستماح ولا علمٌ فيقتبسُ  
 اتسألون جهولاً أن يفيدكم \* وتحلبون سفياً ضرعها يبسُ  
 \* \* \*  
 أنا الشقى بآنى لا أطيق لكم \* معونةً وصروف الدهر تحبسُ

(I75)

ان مازت الناس أخلاق يعاش بها \* فأنهم عند سوء الطبع أسوأ  
 لو كان كل بني حوآء يشبهنى \* فبئس ما ولدت في الخلق حوآء  
 بعدى من الناس برء من سقامهم \* وقربهم للحجى والدين إدوآء  
 كالبيت أفرد لا إبطاء يدركه \* ولا سناد ولا فى اللفظ إقوآء

(I76)

جوار بنى الدنيا ضنى لى دائم \* تمتيت لىما شفى الغب والرعى  
 لقد فعلوا الخير القليل تكلفاً \* وجاءوا الذى جاءوه من شهرهم طبعاً  
 فأين يبايع الندى وبحاره \* وهل أبقت الايام من أسد ضبعاً  
 اذا حرقت عيدانهم فالوآء \* وإن عجمت فى حادث وحدث نبعا

(I77)

هذا طريق للهدى لا حب \* يرضى به المصحوب والصاحب  
 أهرب من الناس فان جتهم \* فمثل ساء جرّه الساحب  
 ينتفع الناس بما عنده \* وهو لقى بينهم شاحب

174. 3 C ميني for مينا. BC. فيستماح. The rhyme requires فيقتبس, but فتقتبسوا would be as good rhyme and better grammar.

175. 2 BLO او كان O. فى الدهر 3 BL أدوآء.

(178)

شاب علينا أَمْرنا شائب \* وقد وِدِدنا أَنه لم يَسُب  
 طوبى لطيرٍ تَلْقَط الحَبَّة \* مُلْقاةً او وَحْشٍ تَقْفَى العُشْب  
 لا تَأْلُف الإِنْس ولا تَعْرِف الأَنْس \* ولا تَسْمو اليها الأَشْب  
 فلا تُشَبَّ الحربَ وقادة \* فخامدٌ فى نفسه من يَسُب

(179)

اذا كَفَّ صِلَّ أُنْعوانُ فما له \* سِوى بَيْته يِقْتاتُ ما عَمِرَ الثَّرْبا  
 ولو ذَهبتُ عينا هِزْبِ مَساورٍ \* لَمّا راع ضائِناً فى المِراتعِ او سِربا  
 او أَلْتَمَعَتُ أُنوارُ عَمِروِ وعامِرٍ \* لَمّا حملا رُمحاً ولا شَهدا حِربا  
 يقولون هَلّا تَشْهَدُ الجُمُوعُ التى \* رَجَوْنَا بها عَفْواً من اللّهِ او قُربا  
 ٥ وهل لى خَيْرٌ فى الحُضورِ وانما \* أزاخِمْ من أَخيارِهِم إِبْلاً جُربا  
 لَعَمرى لَقَدْ شَاهدتُ عَجْماً كَثيرةً \* وَعُرباً فلا عُجْماً حَمِدتُ ولا عُربا  
 وللموت كَأْسٌ تَكْرَهُ النَفْسُ شُرْبُها \* ولا بُدَّ يوماً أنْ نَكُون لها شُرْبا  
 من السَّعدِ فى دنياك أنْ يَهْلِكَ الفَتى \* بِهَيْجاءِ يَغْشى أَهلها الطَعنَ وَالضَّرْبا  
 فانَّ قَبِيحاً بالمَسْودِ ضَجَعَةٌ \* على فَرْشِهِ يَشْكُو الى النَّفَرِ الكَرْبا  
 ١٠ ولى شَرْقٌ بِالْحَتْفِ ما هو مُغْرَبٌ \* أَيَمَّمتُ شَرْقاً فى المَسالِكِ امرِ غَرْبا  
 تَقنَّصَ فى الإيوانِ أَملاكِ فارسٍ \* وكَم جازَ بِحِراً دونَ قَيْصَرَ او دَرْبا

(180)

فيا ليت أنى لِمَا كُن فى بَرِيَّة \* وإِلا فَوَحْشياً بِأَحْدَى الأَمالِسِ  
 يَسُوفُ أَزْهارَ الرَبيعِ تَعَلَّةً \* وَيَأْمَنُ فى البِيداءِ شَرَّ المَجالِسِ

(181)

إذا حان يومي فلأوسد بموضع \* من الارض لم يحفر به أحد قبراً  
 هم الناس إن جازاهم الله بالذي \* توخوه لم يرحم جهولاً ولا جبراً  
 يرى عنناً في قرب حيٍّ وميت \* من الإنس من حلى سرائرهم جبراً  
 فيا ليتنى لا أشهد الحشر فيهم \* إذا بعثوا شعناً رؤوسهم غبراً  
 ٥ إذا تمّ فيما تؤنس العين مضجعي \* فزدني هداك الله من سعة شبراً  
 وإن سألو عن مذهبي فهو خشيمة \* من الله لا طوقاً أبث ولا جبراً

(182)

كأني وإن أمست تضمّ جميعنا \* مدائن في غبر المهامه بيد  
 إذا قلت شعراً لست فيه بحائب \* فما انا إلا تائب كلبيد

(183)

انفض ثيابك من ودي ومعرفتي \* فان شخصي هباءً في الضحى هابي  
 وقد نبذت على جمر خبا يبساً \* فان يكن فيه سقط يدك إلهابي  
 وقد نصحتك فأحذر أن ترى أذناً \* ترمى الى السهب إكثاري وإسهابي

(184)

عمى العين يتلوه عمى الدين والهدى \* فليلتى القصى ثلاث ليالى  
 وما أزمّت نفسى البنان على آلتى \* إذا أزمّت عضت بشوك سيالى  
 ولا قصرت لى أمر ليملى بشربها \* حنادس اوقات على طيالى  
 إذا ما اجتمعنا هاجت الحزن ألفة \* محدثه عن جمعنا بزىالى  
 \* \* \*  
 ٥ وهون أرزاء الحوادث أنسى \* وحيد أعانيها بغير عيالى  
 فدعنى وأهوالاً أمارس صنكها \* وإياك عنى لا تقف بحىالى

(185)

أَلَيْتُ مَا مُثِرَى الزَّمَانِ وَإِنْ طَعَا \* مُثِرٍ وَلَا مَسْعُودَهُ مَسْعُودُ  
 مَا سَرَّ غَاوَيْنَا الْجَهْلَ وَإِنَّمَا \* هَتَفَ الْحَمَامُ بِهِ وَنَاحَ الْعُودُ  
 كَأَسَاتِهِ الْمَلَأَى وَعَزَفَ قِيَانَهُ \* لِلْحَادِثَاتِ بَوَارِقُ وَرُعُودُ

(186)

أَغْنَى الْأَنَامِ تَقَى فِي ذُرَى جَبَلٍ \* يَرْضَى الْقَلِيلَ وَيَأْبَى الْوَشَى وَالتَّاجَا  
 وَأَفْقَرُ النَّاسِ فِي دَنِيَاهُمْ مَلِكٌ \* يُضْحَى إِلَى اللَّجْبِ الْجَرَارِ مُحْتَاجا

(187)

إِذَا جُولَسَ الْأَقْوَامُ بِالْحَقِّ أَصْبَحُوا \* عُدَاةً فَكُلُّ الْأَصْفِيَاءِ عَلَى حَبِّ  
 نَشَاهِدَ بِيضًا مِنْ رَجَالٍ كَانْتَهُمُ \* غَرَابِيبُ طَيْرٍ سَاقَطَاتٍ عَلَى حَبِّ  
 إِذَا طَلَبُوا فَاقْبَعُ لَتَطْفَرَّ بِالْغَنَى \* وَإِنْ نَطَقُوا فَاصْمِتْ لَتَرْجِعَ بِاللُّبِّ  
 وَإِنْ لَمْ تَطُقْ هِجْرَانَ رَهْطِكَ دَائِمًا \* فَمَنْ أَدَبِ النَّفْسِ الزِّيَارَةَ عَنْ غِبِّ  
 وَيَدْعُو الطَّبِيبَ الْمَرُّ وَفَاهُ حَيْنُهُ \* رُوَيْدَكَ إِنَّ الْأَمْرَ جَلَّ عَنِ الطَّبِّ

(188)

أَصْمِتِ الشُّهُورَ فَهَلَّا صَمِتَتْ \* وَلَا صَوْمَ حَتَّى تُطِيلَ الصُّمُوتَا  
 يَلَاقِي الْفَتَى عَيْشُهُ بِالضَّلَالِ \* وَيَبْقَى عَلَيْهِ إِلَى أَنْ يَمُوتَا

(189)

إِذَا سَكَتَ الْإِنْسَانُ قَلَّتْ خُصُومُهُ \* وَإِنْ أَضْجَعْتَهُ الْحَادِثَاتُ لَجْنِيهِ  
 حَسَا طَامِرٌ فِي صَمْتِهِ مِنْ دَمِ الْفَتَى \* فَصَغَّرَ ذَاكَ الصَّمْتُ مُعْظَمَ ذَنْبِهِ  
 وَلَمْ يَكِ فِي حَالِ الْبَعُوضِ إِذَا شَدَا \* لَهُ نَعْمٌ عَالٍ وَأَنْتَ أَذٍ بِهِ  
 وَإِنْ سَلَّ سَيْفًا مِنْ كَلَامٍ مَسْقَهُ \* عَلَيْكَ فَقَابِلُهُ بِصَبْرِكَ تُنْبِيهِ

( 190 )

لسانك عقربٌ فاذا أصابتُ \* سواك فأنت أولٌ من تُصيبُ  
 أئمتٌ بما جنته فمن شكاهَا \* وفى لك من شكيتَه نصيبُ  
 أتى الرجلين عنها الشرُّ مئني \* كِلا يومئِكما شئز عَصيبُ

( 191 )

ثيابى أكفانى ورَمسى مَنْزلى \* وعيشى حِمامى والمنيّة لى بَعثُ  
 تحلّى بأسنى الحلى وأحتلبى الغنى \* فأفضلُ من أمثالِك التفرُّ الشُعثُ  
 يسيرون بلا قدام فى سُبُل الهدى \* الى الله حَزَنٌ ما توطَّانَ او وَعَثُ  
 وما فى يدِ قلبٍ ولا أسؤقٍ برى \* ولا مفرقٍ تاجٍ ولا أُذنٍ رعثُ

( 192 )

لك المُلْكُ إن تُعِمَّ فذاك تفضّلُ \* عدلى وان عاقبتنى فبواجِبِ  
 يقوم الفتى من قبره إن دعوته \* وما جرَّ مخطوطٌ له فى الرواجِبِ  
 عصا النُسكِ أحمى ثمر من رُمحِ عامرٍ \* وأشرفُ عند الفجر من قوسِ حاجِبِ

( 193 )

صَحِبْتُ الحياةَ وطال العناءُ \* ولا خيرَ فى العيشِ مُستصَحبا  
 وقد كنتُ فيما مضى جامحاً \* ومن راضهُ دهرُهُ أصحبا  
 متى ما شحبتُ لوجهِ المليكِ \* كُسيتُ جمالاً بأن تُشحبا  
 حبا الشيخُ لا طامعاً فى التهوؤِ \* نقيضُ الصبى إذا ما حبا  
 ه ولم يُحبنى احدٌ نعمةً \* ولكنّ مولى الموالى حبا  
 نصحتك فأعملُ له دائباً \* وإن جاء موتٌ فقلُ مرحباً

( 194 )

تَنَسَّكَتْ بعد الأربعين ضرورةً \* ولم يبقَ إلا أن تقومَ الصوارخُ  
 فكيف تُرجى أن تُتابَ وانها \* يرى الناسُ فضلَ النُسكِ والمهرُ شارخُ

واجتلبى ٢٠ 191.

( 195 )

حورفتُ في كلِّ مطلوبٍ هَمَّمتُ به \* حتى زَهَدتُ فما خَلَّيتُ والزُهْدًا  
 فالحمدُ لله صابى ما يزايلنى \* ولستُ أَصدُقُ إن سَمَّيتُهُ شُهْدًا  
 وما اظنُّ جِنَانَ الخُلدِ يُدرِكها \* إلَّا معاشرُ كانوا في التَّقَى جُهْدًا  
 يمضى النهارُ فما أَنفَكُ فى شُغْلِ \* ولا أُطيقُ إذا جَنَّ الدَّجَى سُهْدًا  
 ٥ أما المِهادُ فجنَّبى فيه مُضطجِعُ \* والدينُ عند جُنوبٍ تَهَجُرُ المُهْدًا

( 196 )

إرْكعُ لربِّك فى نهارك وَأَسْجِدِ \* ومتى أَطَقْتَ تَهَجَّدًا فَتَهَجِّدِ  
 وإذا غلَا البُرُّ النَقى فَشَارِكِ الشُّفْرَسَ الكَريمَ وساوِ طِرْفَكَ تَمْجِدِ  
 وَأَجْعَلْ لِنَفْسِكَ من سَلِيطِ ضِيَاءِهَا \* أَدْمًا وَنَزَرَ حِلاوَةَ من عُنْجِدِ  
 وَأَرْسَمِ بِفَخَّارٍ شِرابَكَ لا تُرِدُ \* قَدَحَ اللُّجَيْنِ ولا إِنَاءَ العَسْجِدِ  
 ٥ يَكْفِيكَ صَيْفَكَ من ثِيابِكَ سائرُ \* وإذا شَتَوْتَ فِقِطْعَةً من بُرْجِدِ  
 أَنهَكَ أن تَلِيَ الحُكُومَةَ أو تُرَى \* حِلْفَ الخِطَابَةِ أو إِمَامَ المَسْجِدِ  
 وَذِرِ الإِمَارَةَ وَأَتَّخِذْكَ دِرَّةً \* فى المِصْرِ تَحْسِبُهَا حُسامَ المُنْجِدِ  
 تلكَ الأُمُورُ كَرِهْتُمَا لِأَقْرَابِ \* وَأَصَادِقِ فابْخُلْ بِنَفْسِكَ أو جُدِ  
 ولقد وجدْتُ ولاءَ قومِ سُبَّةً \* فأَصْرِفْ ولاءَكَ للمُقَدِّمِ المُوْجِدِ  
 ١٠ ولتَحَلَّ عِرْسُكَ بالتَّقَى فِنِظامِهِ \* أَسْنَى لَهَا من لُؤْلُؤِ وَزْجِدِ  
 كُلُّ يَسْبَحِ فَأَقْبِهِمُ التَّقْدِيسَ فى \* صَوْتِ الغُرَابِ وفى صِياحِ الجُدْجِدِ  
 وَأَنْزِلْ بِعَرَضِكَ فى أعَزِّ مَحَلَّةٍ \* فالغُورُ ليس بِمَوْطِنٍ لِلْمُنْجِدِ

( 197 )

غدوتُ مريضَ العقلِ والدينِ فَالْقِنَى \* تَسْمَعُ أَنبَاءَ الأُمُورِ الصَّحَائِحِ  
 فلا تَأْكُلُنْ ما أَخْرَجَ المَاءُ ظالمًا \* ولا تَبْغِ قوتًا من غَرِيضِ الذَّبائِحِ

وَأَبْيَضُ أُمَاتٍ أَرَادَتْ صَرِيحَهُ \* لِأَطْفَالِهَا دُونَ الْغَوَانِي الصَّرَائِحِ  
 وَلَا تَفْجَعَنَّ الطَّيْرَ وَهِيَ غَوَائِلُ \* بِمَا وَضَعْتَ فَالظُّلْمُ شَرُّ الْقَبَائِحِ  
 ٥ وَدَعُ صَرْبَ النُّحْلِ الَّذِي بَكَرَتْ لَهُ \* كَوَاسِبٌ مِنْ أَزْهَارِ نَبْتِ فَوَائِحِ  
 فَمَا أَحْرَزْتَهُ كَيْ يَكُونَ لغيرِهَا \* وَلَا جَمَعْتَهُ لِلنَّدَى وَالْمَنَائِحِ  
 مَسَحْتُ يَدِي مِنْ كُلِّ هَذَا. فَلَيْتَنِي \* أَبْهَتْ لِسَانِي قَبْلَ شَيْبِ الْمَسَائِحِ  
 بَنِي زَمَنِي هَلْ تَعْلَمُونَ سَرَائِرًا \* عَلِمْتُ وَلَكِنِّي بِهَا غَيْرُ بَائِحِ  
 سَرَيْتُمْ عَلَيَّ غَيِّ فِيهَا أَهْتَدَيْتُمْ \* بِمَا خَبَّرْتُمْ صَافِيَاتِ الْقَرَائِحِ  
 ١٠ وَصَاحَ بِكُمْ دَاعِي الضَّلَالِ فَمَا لَكُمْ \* أَجَبْتُمْ عَلَيَّ مَا خَيَّلَتْ كُلَّ صَاحِحِ  
 مَتَى مَا كُشِفْتُمْ عَنْ حَقَائِقِ دِينِكُمْ \* تَكشَفْتُمْ عَنْ مُخْزِيَاتِ الْفَضَائِحِ  
 فَان تَرَشَّدُوا لَا تَخْضِبُوا السِّيفَ مِنْ دَمٍ \* وَلَا تُتَلِّمُوا الْأَمْيَالَ سَبْرَ الْجَرَائِحِ  
 وَيُعْجِبْنِي دَابُّ الدِّينِ تَرَهَّبُوا \* سِوَى أَكْطَمِ كَدِّ النُّفُوسِ الشَّحَائِحِ  
 وَأَطْيَبُ مِنْهُمْ مَطْعَمًا فِي حَيَاتِهِ \* سَعَاءُ حَلَالٍ بَيْنَ غَادٍ وَرَائِحِ  
 ١٥ فَمَا حَبَسَ النَّفْسَ الْمَسِيحُ تَعَبْدًا \* وَلَكِنْ مَشَى فِي الْأَرْضِ مِشْيَةَ سَائِحِ  
 يُغَيِّبُنِي فِي التُّرْبِ مَنْ هُوَ كَارُهُ \* إِذَا لَمْ يُغَيِّبْنِي كَرِيهَ الرُّوَائِحِ  
 وَمَنْ يَتَوَقَّسَى أَنْ يَسْجُورَ أَعْظَمًا \* كَأَعْظَمِ تِلْكَ الْهَالِكَاتِ الطَّرَائِحِ  
 وَمَنْ شَرَّ أَخْلَاقِ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ وَفِعْلِهِمْ \* خَوَارِجِ النُّوَاعِي وَالْتِدَامِ النُّوَائِحِ  
 وَأَصْفَحُ عَنْ ذَنْبِ الصَّدِيقِ وَغَيْرِهِ \* لَسْتُ نَائِي بَيْنَ الْحَقِّ بَيْنَ الصَّفَائِحِ  
 ٢٠ وَأَزْهَدُ فِي مَدْحِ الْفَتَى عِنْدَ صِدْقِهِ \* فَكَيْفَ قَبُولِي كَاذِبَاتِ الْمَدَائِحِ  
 وَمَا زَالَتْ النَّفْسُ اللَّجُوجُ مَطِيَّةً \* إِلَى أَنْ عَدَّتْ إِحْدَى الرَّذَايَا الطَّلَائِحِ  
 وَمَا يَنْفَعُ الْإِنْسَانَ أَنْ غَمَائِمًا \* تَسُحُّ عَلَيْهِ تَحْتَ إِحْدَى الصَّرَائِحِ  
 وَلَوْ كَانَ فِي قُرْبٍ مِنَ الْمَاءِ رَغْبَةً \* لِنَافَسِ نَاسٍ فِي قُبُورِ الْبَطَائِحِ

197. ٣ BCL وَأَبْيَضُ أُمَاتٍ. O. وَاَبْيَضُ. K (the text published by

I. Krachkovsky; see p. 134 *supra*). وَأَبْيَضُ. ٥. كَوَاسِبٌ. ٨. K عَلِمْتُ  
بِهَا لَكِنِّي. مِشْيَةَ BC ١٥.

(198)

فَكَرُوا فِي الْأُمُورِ يُكْشَفُ لَكُمْ بِعَمَلِ الَّذِي تَجْهَلُونَ بِالتَّفْكِيرِ  
 لَوْ دَرَى الطَّائِرُ المَوْكِرَ بِالعُقْمِ \* أَبِي أَنْ يَهْمَ بِالتَّوَكُّيرِ  
 حَرَّقَ الهِنْدُ مِنْ يَمُوتُ فَمَا زَارُوهُ فِي رَوْحَةٍ وَلَا تَبْكِيرِ  
 وَأَسْتَرَا حُوا مِنْ ضَغْطَةِ القَبْرِ مَمِيئًا \* وَسُؤَالِ لِمُنْكَرٍ وَنَكِيرِ  
 ه لَا ذُكُورٌ وَلَا إِنَاثٌ مِنَ العَالَمِ يَهْدِي لِلرُّشْدِ بِالتَّذْكِيرِ

(199)

وَإِذَا افْتَكِرْتُ فَمَا يَهْبِجُ تَفْكَرِي \* فِيمَا أُكَايِدُ غَيْرَ لَوْمِ النَّاجِلِ  
 وَأَرْحَتُ أَوْلَادِي فُهُمْ فِي نِعْمَةِ العَدَمِ \* التِّي فَضَلْتُ نَعِيمَ العَاجِلِ  
 وَلَوْ أَنَّهُمْ ظَهَرُوا لِعَانُوا شِدَّةً \* تَرْمِيهِمْ فِي مُتَلِفَاتِ هَوَاجِلِ

(200)

الحُكْمُ لِلَّهِ فَالْبَثُ مُقَرَّدًا أَبَدًا \* وَلَا تَكُنْ بِصُنُوفِ النَّاسِ مُخْتَلِطًا  
 وَلَسْتُ أَدْرِي سِوَى أَنِّي أَرَى رَجُلًا \* يَرْبُّ نَسْلًا لَرَيْبِ الدَّهْرِ قَدْ غَلِطًا

(201)

وَمَحَاسِنُ الدُّنْيَا الْأَنْيَسُ وَآثِمَا \* أَشْبَاحُ سَادَتِهِمْ أَهْلَةُ أَشْهَرِ  
 وَإِذَا أَرَدْتُمْ لِلنَّبِيِّينَ كِرَامَةً \* فَالْحَزْمُ أَجْمَعُ تَرْكُهُمْ فِي الْأَظْهَرِ

(202)

يَشْقَى الوَلِيدُ وَيَشْقَى والدَاهُ بِهِ \* وَفَازَ مِنْ لَمْ يُوَلِّهِ عَقْلَهُ وَكَدَ  
 إِذَا تَلَمَّسَ بِالشُّجْعَانِ جَنَّتَهُمْ \* وَبِالْكَرَامِ أَسْرَوْا الصَّنَّ أَوْ صَدُّوا

(203)

عَلَى الوَلْدِ يَجْنِي والدٌ وَلَوْ أَنَّهُمْ \* وَوَلَاةٌ عَلَى أَمْصَارِهِمْ خُطْبَاءُ  
 وَزَادَكَ بَعْدًا مِنْ بَنِيكَ وَزَادَهُمْ \* عَلَيْكَ جُحُودًا أَنَّهُمْ نَجْبَاءُ  
 يَرُونَ أَبَا أَلْفَاهُمْ فِي مُؤَرَّبٍ \* مِنْ العَقْدِ ضَلَّتْ حَلَّةُ الأَرْبَاءِ

(204)

تواصلَ حَبْلُ النَّسْلِ ما بينَ آدِمِ \* وبينى ولم يُوصلَ بلامى بَاءَ  
تثاءبَ عمرو اذ تثاءبَ خالدُ \* بعدوى فما أعدتني الثُّوبَاءَ

(205)

أنا نحن في ضلالٍ وتعليقٍ \* فان كنتَ ذا يقينٍ فهاتِهِ  
ولحَبِّ الصحيحِ أثرتَ الرومُ أنتسابَ الفتى الى أمهاتِهِ  
جهلوا من أبوه إلا ظنوناً \* وطلا الوحشِ لاحقٌ بمهاتِهِ

(206)

اذا تفكرتَ فِكراً لا يمازجُهُ \* فسأد عقلٍ صحيحٍ هان ما صعباً  
فاللَّبُّ ان صحَّ أعطى النفسَ فترتها \* حتى تموتَ وسىَّ جدّها لِعبا  
وما الغوانى الغوادى فى ملاءمها \* إلا خيالاتٌ وقتِ أشبهتَ لِعبا  
زيادةً الجسمِ عنتُ جسمِ حامليهِ \* الى الترابِ وزادت حافراً تعباً

(207)

نهانى عقلى عن أمورٍ كثيرةٍ \* وطبعى اليها بالغريزة جاذبى  
ومما أدام الرِّزءَ تكذيبُ صادقٍ \* على خُبرةٍ منا وتصدقى كاذبِ

(208)

خذوا فى سبيلِ العقلِ تُهدوا بهديهٍ \* ولا يرجون غيرَ المهيمينِ راجى  
ولا تُطفئوا نورَ المليكِ فأنه \* مُمتعٌ كلِّ من حجى بسراجِ  
ارى الناسَ فى مجهولةٍ كبراءهم \* كولدانِ حىّ يلعبون خراجِ

(209)

جاءت احاديثُ إن صحَّت فان لها \* شأنًا ولكنَّ فيها ضَعْفُ إسنادِ  
فشاوِرِ العقلِ وأتركْ غيرَهُ هدراً \* فالعقلُ خيرٌ مُشيرٌ ضمُّه النادى

(210)

وزهدنى فى هَضْبَةِ المَجْدِ خُبْرَتِي \* بَأَنَّ قَرَارَاتِ الرِّجَالِ وَهُودُ  
كَأَنَّ كُهُولِ القَوْمِ أَطْفَالُ أَشْهَرِ \* تَنَاعَتْ وَأَكْوَارِ القِلاصِ مُهُودُ  
إِذَا حَدَّثُوا لَمْ يَفْهَمُوا وَإِذَا دُعُوا \* أَجَابُوا وَفِيهِمْ رَقْدَةٌ وَسُهُودُ  
لَهُمْ مَنَصَبُ الإِنْسِ المُبِينِ وَإِنَّمَا \* عَلَى العَيْسِ مِنْهُمُ بِالنُّعَاسِ قُهودُ

(211)

وَقَدْ عُدِمَ التَّيَقُّنُ فِي زَمَانِ \* حَصَلْنَا مِنْ حِجَاهِ عَلَى التَّظَنِّي  
فَقَلْنَا لِلْمِهْزَبِ أَنَّكَ لَيْتُ \* فَشَكَ وَقَالَ عَلِيٌّ أَوْ كَأَيِّ

(212)

إِذَا مَرَّ أَعْمَى فَأَرْحَمُوهُ وَإِيقِنُوا \* وَإِنْ لَمْ تُكْفُوا أَنَّ كَلِّكُمْ أَعْمَى

\* \* \*

غَدَوْتُ أَبْنَ وَقْتِي مَا تَقَضَى نَسِيَّتُهُ \* وَمَا هُوَ آتٍ لِأَحْسٍ لَهُ طَعْمَا  
وَقَالَ أَنَسٌ مَا لِأَمْرِ حَقِيقَةٌ \* فَهَلْ أَثْبَتُوا أَنْ لَا شَقَاءَ وَلَا نُعْمَى  
فَنَحْنُ وَهُمْ فِي مَزْعَمٍ وَتَشَاجِرٍ \* وَيَعْلَمُ رَبُّ النَّاسِ أَكْذَبْنَا زَعْمَا

(213)

هَلْ صَحَّ قَوْلٌ مِنَ الحَاكِي فَنَقَبَلَهُ \* أَمْ كُلُّ ذَاكَ أَبَاطِيلٌ وَأَسَارُ  
أَمَّا العُقُولُ فَآلَتْ أَنَّهُ كَذِبٌ \* وَالعقلُ غَرَسَ لَهُ بِالصِّدْقِ إِثْمَارُ

(214)

إِنَّ التَّجَارِبَ طَيْرٌ تَأْلَفُ الحَمْرَا \* يَصِيدُهَا مِنْ أَفَادِ اللَّبِّ وَالْعُمْرَا  
كَمْ جُرْتُ شَهْرًا وَكَمْ جَرَمْتُ مِنْ سَنَةٍ \* وَمَا أَرَانِي إِلَّا جَاهِلًا غَمْرَا  
وَالغَى كَالنَّجْمِ عُرْيَانًا بِلَا سِتْرِ \* وَلِلْحَقِيقِ وَجُوهَ أُلَيْسَتْ حُمْرَا  
إِلَّا سَفِينَةً أَوْ عِبْرًا أَمَدُّ لَهُ \* كَفَى فَنَاجَوْ مِنْ شَرِّ لَهَا غَمْرَا

210. ٤ C على العيش.

212. ٣ L in marg. فما اثبتوا يوماً شقاءً ولا نعمًا. After v. ٣ L adds the following verse:

وَشَكَكَ فِي الإِيجَابِ وَالنَّفَى مَعَشْرُ \* حَيَارَى جَرَتْ حَيْلُ الضَّلَالِ بِهِم سَعْمَا

(215)

لا يَعْلَمُ الشَّرُّ مَا أَلْقَى مَرَاتَهُ \* اليه والارَى لِمَ يَشْعُرُ وَقَدْ عَذَّبَا  
سَأَلْتُمُونِي فَأَعَيْتَنِي إِجَابَتِكُمْ \* مَنِ ادَّعَى أَنَّهُ دَارٍ فَقَدْ كَذَّبَا

(216)

اصْبَحْتُ فِي يَوْمِي أُسَائِلُ عَنْ غَدَى \* متَحِيرًا عَنْ حَالِهِ مُتَنَدِّسًا  
أَمَّا الْيَقِينُ فَلَا يَقِينُ وَأَمَّا \* أَقْصَى أَجْتِهَادِي أَنْ أَظَنَّ وَأَحْدِيسًا

(217)

قَالَتْ مَعَاشِرُ كُلِّ عَاجِزٍ ضَرَعُ \* ما لِلخَلَائِقِ لَا بُطْءٌ وَلَا سِرْعُ  
مَدَبَّرُونَ فَلَا عَتَبُ إِذَا خَطَطُوا \* عَلَى الْمُسَىءِ وَلَا حَمْدٌ إِذَا بَرَعُوا  
وقد وجدتُ لهذا القولِ فِي زَمَنِ \* شواهِدًا ونَهَانِي دُونَهُ الْوَرَعُ  
\* \* \*  
يَسْعُونَ فِي الْمَنَهِجِ الْمَسْلُوكِ قَدْ سَبَقُوا \* إِلَى الَّذِي هُوَ عِنْدَ الْغَرِّ مُخْتَرَعُ  
ه أَبْكَارُ هَذِي الْمَعَانِي ثِيَّابٌ حِجِّي \* فِي كُلِّ عَصْرِ لَهَا جَانٍ وَمُقْتَرَعُ

(218)

أَخْرَجُ مِنْ تَحْتِ هَذِي السَّمَاءِ \* فَكَيْفَ الْإِبَاقُ وَأَيْنَ الْمَفْرُ  
وَكَمْ عَشْتُ مِنْ سَنَةٍ فِي الزَّمَانِ \* وَجَاوَزْتُ مِنْ رَجَبٍ أَوْ صَفَرُ  
وَمَا جُعِلْتُ لِلسُّودِ الْعَرَبِينَ \* أَظَافِيرُ إِلَّا أَبْتِغَاءَ الظَّفَرُ  
لَحَى اللَّهُ قَوْمًا إِذَا جِئْتَهُمْ \* بِصِدْقِ الْإِحَادِيثِ قَالُوا كَفَرُ

(219)

إِذَا كَانَ مَا قَالِ الْحَكِيمُ فَمَا خَلَا \* زَمَانِي مَنِّي مِنْذُ كَانَ وَلَا يَخْلُو  
أُفْرَقُ طَوْرًا ثُمَّ أُجْمَعُ تَارَةً \* وَمِثْلِي فِي حَالَتِهِ السِّدْرُ النَّخْلُ

(220)

يَجُوزُ أَنْ تَطْفَأَ الشَّمْسُ الَّتِي وَقَدْتُ \* مِنْ عَهْدِ عَادٍ وَأَذْكَى نَارَهَا الْمَلِكُ  
فَانْخَبَتْ فِي طَوَالِ الدَّهْرِ حُمُرُهَا \* فَلَا مَحَالَةَ مِنْ أَنْ يُنْقَضَ الْفَلَكُ  
مَضَى الْإِنَامُ فَلَوْلَا عِلْمُ حَاكِمِهِمْ \* لَقَلْتُ قَوْلَ زُهَيْرٍ آيَةً سَدَّكُوا  
فِي الْمَلِكِ لَمْ يَخْرُجُوا عَنْهُ وَلَا أَنْتَقَلُوا \* مِنْهُ فَكَيْفَ اعْتَقَادِي أَنَّهُمْ هَلَكُوا

(221)

آيَةُ لَا يَنْفِكُ جِسْمِي فِي أَدَى \* حَتَّى يَعُودَ إِلَى قَدِيمِ الْعُنْصُرِ  
وَإِذَا رَجَعْتُ إِلَيْهِ صَارَتْ أَعْظَمِي \* تُرْبًا تَهَاقَتْ فِي طَوَالِ الْأَعْصُرِ

(222)

تَيَمَّمُوا بِتُرَابِي عَلَّ فِعْلَكُمْ \* بَعْدَ الْهُمُودِ يُوْفِينِي بِأَغْرَاضِي  
وَإِنْ جَعَلْتُ بِحُكْمِ اللَّهِ فِي خَزْفٍ \* يَقْضِي الطَّهَوْرَ فَإِنِّي شَاكِرٌ رَاضِي  
جَوَاهِرُ الْأَفْئِشَا قَدْرَةٌ عَجَبٌ \* وَزَايَلَتَهَا فَصَارَتْ مِثْلَ أَعْرَاضِي

(223)

كَمْ يَنْظِمُ الدَّهْرُ مِنْ عِقْدٍ وَيَنْثُرُهُ \* وَليْسَ عِقْدُ تُرْيَاهُ بِمُنْتَهَرٍ  
وَطَالَ وَقْتُ عَلَى مَاضٍ فِغَادَرُهُ \* بَلَا جِهَارٍ وَلَا أَثْرٍ وَلَا أُثْرٍ

(224)

الْعَالِمُ الْعَالِي بِرَأْيِ مَعَاشِرٍ \* كَالْعَالِمِ الْهَآوِي يُحِسُّ وَيَعْلَمُ  
زَعَمْتُ رَجَالًا أَنَّ سِيَارَاتِهِ \* تَسِقُ الْعُقُولَ وَأَنَّهَا تَتَكَلَّمُ  
فَهَلِ الْكَوَاكِبُ مِثْلُنَا فِي دِينِهَا \* لَا يَتَّفِقْنَ فَهَائِدُ أَوْ مُسْلِمُ  
وَلَعَلَّ مَكَّةَ فِي السَّمَاءِ كَمَكَّةِ \* وَبِهَا نَضَادٌ وَيَذْبَلٌ وَيَمَلَمُ  
وَالنُّورُ فِي حُكْمِ الْخَوَاطِرِ مُحَدَّثٌ \* وَالْأَوَّلِيُّ هُوَ الزَّمَانُ الْمُظْلِمُ

220. S 100. ٣ BL. علمُ حالهم.

221. ٢ BL. طوال.

223. ١ C. لهم ينظم.

والخيرُ بين الناسِ رَسْمٌ دائِرٌ \* والشرُّ نَهْجٌ والبريَّةُ مَعْلَمٌ  
 طَبِعُ خُلِقَتْ عَلَيْهِ لَيْسَ بِزَائِلٍ \* طَوَّلَ الحَيَاةِ وَأَخْرَجَ مُتَعَلِّمٌ  
 ان جارتِ الأُمراءِ جَاءَ مُؤَمَّرٌ \* أَعْتَى وَأَجُورٌ يَسْتَضِيهِ وَيَكْلِمُ  
 كَحَمَائِمِ ظَلَمَتْ فَنَادَى أَجْدَلٌ \* إِنْ كُنْتَ ظالِمَةً فَإِنِّي أَظْلَمُ  
 ١٠ أَرَأَيْتَ أَظْفَارَ الضَّرَاغِمِ عَوْدَتْ \* فِرَّةً وَأَظْفَارَ الأُنَيْسِ تُقَلِّمُ  
 وَكَذَلِكَ حُكْمُ الدَّهْرِ فِي سُكَّانِهِ \* عَيْرٌ لَهُ أُذُنٌ وَهَيْقٌ أَصْلَمُ  
 إِنْ شِئْتَ أَنْ تُكْفَى الحِمَامَ فَلَا تَعَشْ \* هَدَى الحَيَاةَ إِلَى المَنِيَّةِ سَلَّمَ

(225)

اسْتَحْيِ مِنْ شَمْسِ النِّهَارِ وَمِنْ \* قَمَرِ الدُّجَى وَنُجُومِهِ الزُّهْرِ  
 يَجْرِيْنَ فِي الفَلَكِ المُدَارِ بِإِذْنِ اللّهِ لَا يَخْشَيْنَ مِنْ بُهْرِ  
 وَلِهِنَّ بِالتَّعْظِيمِ فِي خَلْدِي \* أَوْلَى وَأَجْدَرُ مِنْ بَنِي فِهْرِ  
 سُبْحَانَ خَالِقِهنَّ لَسْتُ أَقُولُ الشُّهْبُ كَابِيَةٌ مَعَ الدَّهْرِ  
 ٥ لَا بَلْ أَفَكَّرْ هَلْ رَزَقَنَ حِجْيَ \* نَجَسًا يَمِزْنَ بِهِ مِنَ الطُّهْرِ  
 أَمْ هَلْ لَأَنْثَاهَا الحِصَانِ بِذِي \* التَّذْكِيرِ مِنْ قُرْبَى وَمِنْ صِهْرِ

\* \* \*

فَبِرْتٌ مِنْ غَاوٍ اخِى سَفِهٍ \* مَتَمَرَّدٌ فِي السَّرِّ وَالجَهْرِ  
 أَلْغَى صَلَاةَ العَصْرِ مُحْتَقِرًا \* وَرَمَى وَرَاءَ الظُّهْرِ بِالظُّهْرِ  
 فَأَمْنَحُ ضَعِيفَكَ إِنْ عَرَاكَ وَلَوْ \* نَزْرًا وَلَا تَصْرِفُهُ بِالكَهْرِ  
 ١٠ وَأَرْفَعُ لَهُ شَقْرَاءَ تَرْمَحُ فِي \* دَهْمَاءَ مِثْلَ تَارْنِ السُّهْرِ

(226)

أَرَى الخَلْقَ فِي أَمْرَيْنِ مَاضٍ وَمُقْبِلٍ \* وَظَرْفَيْنِ ظَرْفِي مُدَّةٍ وَمَكَانٍ  
 إِذَا مَا سَأَلْنَا عَنْ مُرَادِ إِيْهِنَا \* كَنَى عَنْ بَيَانٍ فِي الإِجَابَةِ كَانِي

224. ٦ O معلم. B نهج في البرية معلم.

225. ٧ BL فبرئت.

226. Z 38, 524.

(227)

أما المكانُ فثابتٌ لا ينطوى \* لكن زمانك ذاهبٌ لا يثبُتُ  
 قال الغوى لقد كَبَّتْ مُعاندى \* خَسِرْتُ يداهُ بأى أمرٍ يَكْبِتُ  
 والهرءُ مثلُ النارِ شُبْتُ وَأَنْتَهُتُ \* فَنَحَبْتُ وَأَفَلَتُ فى الحِياةِ المُخْبِتِ  
 \* \* \*  
 ان كانت الأَخبارُ تُعْظِمُ سَبْتِها \* فأخو البصيرةِ كُلُّ يومٍ مُسْبِتِ

(228)

أرى الناسَ شرًّا من زمانٍ حواهُمُ \* فهل وَجَدْتُ للعالمينَ حَقائِقُ  
 وقد كَذَبوا عن ساعةٍ ودقيقةٍ \* وما كَذَبْتُ ساعاتِهِمُ والدَّقائِقُ

(229)

أركانُ دُنْيانا غرائزُ أَرْبَعِ \* جَعَلْتُ لِمَن هو فَوْقنا أركاناً  
 والله صَيَّرَ لِلبلادِ وَأَهْلِها \* ظرفَيْنِ وَقَسَمًا ذاهِبًا وَمكاناً  
 والدهرُ لا يدرى بما هو كائِنُ \* فيه فكيف يُلامُ فيما كانا  
 \* \* \*  
 نَبكى وَنَضَحَكَ والقضاءُ مَسَلُّهُ \* ما الدهرُ أَضَحَكنا ولا أَبْكانا  
 ٥ نَشكو الزمانَ وما أتى بِجنايَةٍ \* ولو اسْتَطاعَ تَكَلُّمًا لَشَكانا  
 متواقفينَ على المَظالمِ رُكِبْتُ \* فينا وقارِبَ شَرِّنا أَزْكانا

(230)

إذا قيلَ غالِ الدهرُ شيئًا فانما \* يُرادُ إِلَهُ الدهرِ والدهرُ خادِمُ  
 ومَوْلِدُ هذى الشمسِ أَعْيَاكَ حَدُّهُ \* وخَبَرُ نُبِّ أَنَّهُ مُتَقادِمُ  
 وَأَيَسرُ كَوْنِ تحتِهِ كُلُّ عالِمٍ \* ولا تُدْرِكُ الأَكوانَ جَرْدُ صَلادِمُ  
 إذا هى مَرَّتْ لِمَ تَعُدُّ ووراءها \* نظائِرُ والأوقاتُ ماضٍ وقادِمُ

227. Z 30, 51.

229. Z 38, 522. ١ Z اربع. ٢ فوقها. ٣ BCL هو كائن.

ه فما أب منها بُعد ما غاب غائب \* ولا يعدم الحين المجدد عادِم  
 كأنك أودعت التماثيل أنفُسًا \* وأنت على التفريط فى ذاك نادِم  
 وما آدم فى مذهب العقل واحداً \* ولكنهُ عند القياس أواِدِم  
 تخالفت الأعراض ناسٍ وذاكِر \* وسالٍ ومشتاقٍ وبانٍ وهادِم

(231)

الله صورنى ولست بعالمٍ \* لِمَ ذاك سبحان القدير الواحدِ  
 فلتشهد الساعات والأنفاس لى \* أنى برئت من الغوى الجاهِدِ

(232)

مولاك مولاك الذى ما له \* نَدَّ وخاب الكافر الجاهِدُ  
 آمن به والنفس ترقى وإن \* لم يبق إلا نفس واحد  
 ترجو بذاك العفو منه اذا \* أُلحِدت ثم أنصرف اللاهِدُ

(233)

اذا كنت من فرط السفاه معطلاً \* فى جاهد أشهد أننى غير جاهدِ  
 أخاف من الله العقوبة أجلاً \* وأزعم أن الامر فى يد واحدِ

(234)

عجى للطبيب يُلحد فى الخالق من بعدِ دَرِسِهِ التَّشْرِيحَا  
 ولقد علم المنجم ما يوجب للدين أن يكون صريحا  
 من نجوم نارية ونجوم \* ناسبت تربةً وماءً وريحا  
 فطن الحاضرين من يفهم التعرِيضَ حتى يظنه تصرِحا

230. ° C آل for آب.

232. ٣ B تُرَجُّ.

233. S 94.

234. ٤ BL يَظُنُّه.

(235)

قلتم لنا خالقٌ حكيمٌ \* قلنا صدقتم كذا نقول  
 زعمتموه بلا مكانٍ \* ولا زمانٍ ألا فقولوا  
 هذا كلامٌ له حَبِيٌّ \* معناه ليست لنا عقول

(236)

لا ذنبٌ للدنيا فكيف نلومها \* واللومُ يلحقني وأهلَ نحاسي  
 عنبٌ وخمرٌ فى الإناءِ وشاربٌ \* فمن الملوهُ أعاصِرُ أم حاسي

(237)

ان كان من فعَل الكبائرَ مُجْبِرًا \* فعِقَابُهُ ظُلْمٌ على ما يَفْعَلُ  
 والله اذ خَلَقَ المَعَادِنَ عالمٌ \* أنَّ الحِدادَ البِيضَ منها تُجَعَلُ  
 سَفَكُ الدماءِ بها رجالٌ أَعْصَمُوا \* بالخَيْلِ تُلْجَمُ بالحديدِ وتُنْعَلُ

(238)

لولا التناؤُسُ فى الدنيا لَمَا وُضِعَتْ \* كُتُبُ التناظُرِ لا المَغْنَى ولا العُمْدُ  
 قد بالغوا فى كلامِ بَانَ زُخْرُفُهُ \* يُوهِى العُيُونَ ولم تَثْبُتْ له عَمْدُ  
 وما يزالون فى شَأْمٍ وفى يَمِينٍ \* يستنبطون قِياساً ما له أَمْدُ  
 فذَرَهُمُ ودناياهم فقد شَغَلُوا \* بها وَيَكْفِيكَ منها القادر الصَّمْدُ

(239)

ان هَلَلْتُ أفواهكم فقلوبكم \* ونفوسكم دونَ الحُقوقِ مَهْلَلُهُ  
 أَلَيْتَ ما تَوَرَّاتكمُ بِمُنِيرَةٍ \* إنَّ أُلْفِيَّتَ فيها الكَمِيَّتُ مُحَلَّلُهُ  
 \* \* \*  
 هَفَّتِ الحَنِيفَةُ والنَّصارَى ما أَهْتَدَتْ \* ويَهُودُ حارتِ والمَجوسُ مُضَلَّلُهُ  
 إِيثانِ أَهْلِ الارضِ ذو عَقْلِ بلا \* دينِ وآخِرُ دِينٍ لا عَقْلُ لَهُ

235. Z 38, 512.

237. Z 38, 513.

238. ١ LO العُمْدُ.

239. Z 38, 513.

(240)

قُلْ لِلْمُدَامَةِ وَهِيَ ضِدٌّ لِلشَّهْبِ \* تَنْضُو لَهَا اِبْدًا سَيْوْفٌ مُحَارِبٌ  
 لو كان لم يَحْظُرْكَ غَيْرَ أَذِيَّةٍ \* شَيْءٌ لَمَبَّتِ مُبَاحَةً لِلشَّارِبِ  
 لكن حَمَاكَ الْعَقْلُ وَهُوَ مُؤَمَّرٌ \* فَأَنَائِي وَرَأْيُكَ فِي التَّرَابِ التَّارِبِ

(241)

يَقُولُ النَّاسُ إِنَّ الْخَمْرَ تُودِي \* بِمَا فِي الصُّدْرِ مِنْ هَمٍّ قَدِيمٍ  
 وَلَوْلا أَنَّهَا بِاللُّبِّ تُودِي \* لَكُنْتُ أَخَا الْمُدَامَةِ وَالتَّدِيمِ

(242)

عَلَيْكَ الْعَقْلُ وَأَفْعَلُ مَا رَأَهُ \* جَمِيلًا فَهُوَ مُشْتَارُ الشُّوَارِ  
 وَلَا تَقْبَلْ مِنَ التَّوْرَةِ حُكْمًا \* فَإِنَّ الْحَقَّ عَنْهَا فِي تَوَارِي

(243)

ضَلَّتْ يَهُودُ وَإِنَّمَا تَوْرَاتُهَا \* كَذِبٌ مِنَ الْعُلَمَاءِ وَالْأَخْبَارِ  
 قَدْ أَسْنَدُوا عَنْ مِثْلِهِمْ ثُمَّ أَعْتَلَوْا \* فَنَمَوْا بِإِسْنَادٍ إِلَى الْجَبَّارِ  
 وَإِذَا غَلَبَتْ مَنَاضِلًا عَنْ دِينِهِ \* أَلْقَى مَقَالِدَهُ إِلَى الْأَخْبَارِ

(244)

بَنَتِ النَّصَارَى لِلْمَسِيحِ كِنَائِسًا \* كَادَتْ تَعْيِبُ الْفِعْلَ مِنْ مُنْتَابِهَا  
 وَمَتَى ذَكَرْتُ مُحَمَّدًا وَكِتَابَهُ \* جَاءَتْ يَهُودُ بِجَحْدِهَا وَكِتَابِهَا

\* \* \*

أَفْمِلَّةَ الْإِسْلَامِ يُنْكِرُ مُنْكِرُ \* وَقَضَاءُ رَبِّكَ صَاغَهَا وَأَتَى بِهَا  
 ابْنَ الْهُدَى فَنَرُومَهُ بِمَشَقَّةٍ \* فِي الْبَيْدِ سَاطِيَةٌ عَلَى مُجْتَابِهَا

(245)

أَزُولُ وَليْسَ فِي الْخَلْقِ شَكُّ \* فَلَا تَبْكُوا عَلَيَّ وَلَا تَبْكُوا  
 خُذُوا سَبِيْرِي فَهِنَّ لَكُمْ صَلاَحُ \* وَصَلُّوا فِي حَيَاتِكُمْ وَزَكُّوا  
 وَلَا تُصْغُوا إِلَى أَخْبَارِ قَوْمٍ \* يُصَدِّقُ مَيْنَهَا الْعَقْلُ الْإِرْكُ  
 أَرَى عَمَلًا كَلَا عَمَلٍ وَكُونًا \* يَجْرُ فِسادُهُ قَدْرُ مِصْكُ  
 هِ وَأَسْطَارًا تُمَثِّلُ فَوْقَ طِرْسٍ \* وَتَطْمُسُ بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ أَوْ تَحْكُ

(246)

وَقَدْ شَهِدَ النَّصَارَى أَنَّ عِيسَى \* تَوَخَّتَهُ الْيَهُودُ لِيَصْلِبُوهُ  
 وَمَا أَبْهَوْا وَقَدْ جَعَلُوهُ رَبًّا \* لِئَلَّا يَنْقُصُوهُ وَيَجْدِبُوهُ  
 تَمَسَّحُ قُلُوبُهُمْ مَا أُودِعَتْهُ \* لِسُوءٍ فِي الْغَرَائِزِ أُشْرِبُوهُ

(247)

عَجَبًا لِلْمَسِيحِ بَيْنَ أَنْاسٍ \* وَإِلَى غَيْرِ وَالِدٍ نَسَبُوهُ  
 أَسْلَمَتْهُ إِلَى الْيَهُودِ النَّصَارَى \* وَأَقْرَبُوا بِأَنَّهُمْ صَلَبُوهُ  
 يُشْفِقُ الْحَازِمُ اللَّيْبُ عَلَى الطِّفْلِ \* إِذَا مَا لِدَاتِهِ ضَرَبُوهُ  
 وَإِذَا كَانَ مَا يَقُولُونَ فِي عَيْسَى \* صَحِيحًا فَأَيْنَ كَانَ أَبُوهُ  
 هِ كَيْفَ خَلَّى وَليْدَهُ لِلْأَعَادَى \* أَمْ يَظُنُّونَ أَنَّهُمْ غَلَبُوهُ

(248)

قَالَتْ مَعاشِرٌ لَمْ يَبْعَثِ الْهُكْمُ \* إِلَى الْبَرِيَّةِ عِيسَاهَا وَلَا مُوسَى  
 وَأَتَمَّا جَعَلُوا لِلْقَوْمِ مَأْكَلَةً \* وَصَيَّرُوا لِجَمِيعِ النَّاسِ نَامُوسَا  
 وَلَوْ قَدَرْتُ لِعَاقِبَتِ الَّذِينَ طَعَفُوا \* حَتَّى يَعُودَ حَلِيفُ الْغَيِّ مَرْمُوسَا

245. ٤ C for امرأً. 247. ١ C والِدٍ. 248. ٢ O.

248. ٢ O for الرَّحْمَانِ. ٢ O. لِلْقَوْمِ. ٢ O.

(249)

اذا كان علمُ الناس ليس بنافع \* ولا دافعٍ فالخسرُ للعلماءِ  
 قضى اللهُ فينا بالذى هو كائنٌ \* فتمَّ وضاعت حِكْمَةُ الحُكَمَاءِ  
 وهل يُأْبَقُ الانسانُ من مُلكِ رَبِّه \* فيخْرُجُ من اَرْضِ له وسماءِ  
 سنْتَبِعُ آثارَ الذين تحمّلوا \* على ساقَةٍ من أعْبِدِ وإمَاءِ  
 ه لقد طال فى هذا الانام تعجّيبى \* فيما لِرِوَاءِ قوبلوا بظمَاءِ  
 أرامى فتشوى مَنْ أُعاديهِ أسْهَى \* وما صاف عنى سَهْمُهُ برمَاءِ

\* \* \*

أَفِيقُوا أَفِيقُوا يَا غَوَاةَ فأنما \* دياناتكم مَكْرٌ من القُدَمَاءِ  
 أرادوا بها جَمْعَ الحُطامِ فأدركوا \* وبادوا وماتت سُنَّةُ اللُّؤمَاءِ

(250)

مَسِيحِيَّةٌ من قَبْلِهَا مُوسَوِيَّةٌ \* حكّتْ لك أخبارًا بعيدًا نُبوئُهَا  
 وفارسٌ قد شَبَّتْ لها النارُ وأدّعتْ \* لنيرانها أن لا يَجوزُ خُبُوئُهَا  
 فما هذه الايامُ إلا نظائرٌ \* تساوتُ بها آحادُها وسُبُوئُهَا

(251)

تَفَوَّةٌ دهرُكم عَجَبًا فأصْغُوا \* الى ما ظَلَّ يُخْبِرُ يا شُهودُ  
 اذا أَفتَكَّرَ الذين لهم عَقولٌ \* رَأَوْا نَبَأًا يُحَقِّقُ له الشُّهُودُ  
 غدا أَهلُ البِشْرانِ فى اَختلافٍ \* تُقِضُ به المَضاجِعُ والمُهْودُ  
 فقد كذبتْ على عيسى النَّصارى \* كما كذبتْ على موسى اليَهُودُ  
 ه ولم تُستَحْدِثِ الايامُ خُلُقًا \* ولا حالت من الزَّمنِ العُهودُ

بظمَاءِ Z ٥ . مِلْكِ Z ٣ . بدافع ولا نافع O ١ . 249. Z 30, 40.

وبادوا ودامت O ٨ . غِوَاةٌ Z ٧

(252)

دِينٌ وَكُفْرٌ وَأَنْبَاءٌ تُقْصُّ وَفُرْقَانٌ يُنْصَشُ وَتَوْرَاهُ وَإِنْجِيلٌ  
فِي كُلِّ جَيْلٍ ابِاطِيلٌ يُدَانُ بِهَا \* فهل تَفَرَّدَ يَوْمًا بِالْهَدَى جَيْلٌ

(253)

كَيْفَ أَحْتِيَالُكَ وَالْقَضَاءُ مَدِيرٌ \* تَجْنِي الْأَذَى وَتَقُولُ أَنْكَ مُجْبِرٌ  
أَرْوَاحُنَا مَعْنَا وَلَيْسَ لَنَا بِهَا \* عَلِمٌ فَكَيْفَ إِذَا حَوَتْهَا الْأَقْبُرُ  
وَمَتَى سَرَى عَنْ أَرْبَعِينَ حَلِيفُهَا \* فَالشَّخْصُ يَصْغُرُ وَالْحَوَادِثُ تَكْبُرُ  
نَفْسٌ تُحِسُّ بِأَمْرِ أُخْرَى هَذِهِ \* جَسْرُ الْيَسَا بِالْمَخَافِ يُعْبَرُ  
هـ من للدِّفِينِ بَأَن يَفْرَجَ لِحَدُّهُ \* عَنْهُ فَيَنْهَضَ وَهُوَ أَشْعَثُ أَغْبَرُ  
وَالدَّهْرُ يَقْدُمُ وَالْمَعَاشِرُ تَنْقُضِي \* وَالْعَجْزُ تَصْدِيقُ بَمَيْنٍ يُخْبِرُ  
زَعَمَ الْفَلَّاسِفَةُ الَّذِينَ تَنْطَسُوا \* أَنَّ الْمَنِيَّةَ كَسْرُهَا لَا يُجْبِرُ  
قَالُوا وَأَدَمٌ مِثْلُ أَوْبَرَ وَالْوَرَى \* كَبْنَاتِهِ جَهْلٌ أَمْرٌ مَا أَوْبَرُ  
كُلُّ الَّذِي تَحْكِيونَ عَنْ مَوْلَاكُمْ \* كَذِبٌ أَتَاكُمْ عَنْ يَهُودٍ يُحْبِرُ  
١٠ رَامَتْ بِهِ الْأَحْبَارُ نَيْلَ مَعِيشَةٍ \* فِي الدَّهْرِ وَالْعَمَلِ الْقَبِيحِ يُتَبَرُّ

(254)

فَلْتَفْعَلِ النَّفْسُ الْجَمِيلَ لِأَنَّهُ \* خَيْرٌ وَأَحْسَنُ لَا لِأَجْلِ ثَوَابِهَا  
\* \* \*  
وَتَخَالَفِ الرَّؤْسَاءَ يَشْهَدُ مُقْسِمًا \* أَنَّ الْمَعَاشِرَ مَا أَهْتَدَتْ لِصَوَابِهَا  
\* \* \*  
جِيئَتْ فَلَائَةُ لِلْغَنَى فَأَصَابَهَا \* نَفَرٌ وَصَيْنَ الْغَيْبُ عَنْ جَوَابِهَا

(255)

غَدَا الْحَقُّ فِي دَارٍ تَحَرَّزَ أَهْلُهَا \* وَطَفَّتُ بِهِمُ كَالسَّارِقِ الْمُتَلَصِّصِ  
فَقَالُوا أَلَا أَذْهَبُ مَا لِمِثْلِكَ عِنْدَنَا \* مَقِيلٌ وَحَاذِرٌ مِنْ يَقِينٍ مُقْصِصِ  
أَلَمْ تَرْنَا رُحْنَا مَعَ الطَّيْرِ بِالْهَدَى \* وَأَنْتَ طَرِيحٌ ذُو جَنَاحٍ مُقْصِصِ

اِذَا شَهِرَ الْإِنْسَانُ بِالدِّينِ لَمْ تَكُنْ \* لَهُ رُتْبَةٌ الْمُسْتَأْنِسِ الْمُتَخَصِّصِ  
ه فَطُبْعُكَ سُلْطَانُ لِعَقْلِكَ غَالِبٌ \* تَدَاوُلُهُ أَهْوَاؤُهُ بِالتَّشْصِصِ  
سُقِيَتْ شَرَابًا لَمْ تُهْنَأْ بِبَرْدِهِ \* فَعْنِيَتْ مِنْ بَعْدِ الصَّدَى بِالتَّغْصِصِ

(256)

عَاشُوا كَمَا عَاشَ آبَاءُ لِهْمٍ سَلَفُوا \* وَأَوْرَثُوا الدِّينَ تَقْلِيدًا كَمَا وَجَدُوا  
فَمَا يُرَاعُونَ مَا قَالُوا وَمَا سَمِعُوا \* وَلَا يُبَالُونَ مِنْ غِيٍّ لِمَنْ سَجَدُوا  
وَالْعَدَمُ أَرْوَحُ مِمَّا فِيهِ عَالَمُهُمْ \* وَهُوَ التَّكَلُّفُ إِنْ هَبَّوْا وَإِنْ هَجَدُوا

(257)

وَيَنْشَأُ نَاشِئُ الْفَتِيَانِ مَنَا \* عَلَى مَا كَانَ عَوْدَهُ أَبَوَهُ  
وَمَا دَانَ الْفَتَى بِحِجَى وَلَكِنْ \* يَعْلَمُهُ التَّدِينُ أَقْرَبُوهُ  
وَطَغُلُ الْفَارَسِيِّ لَهُ وُلَاةٌ \* بِأَفْعَالِ التَّمَجُّسِ دَرَبُوهُ

(258)

وَجَدْتُ الشَّرَعَ تُخْلِقُهُ اللَّيَالِي \* كَمَا خَلَقَ الرِّدَاءُ الشَّرْعِيَّ  
هِيَ الْعَادَاتُ يَجْرِي الشَّيْخُ مَنَا \* عَلَى شِمِيرٍ يَعُودُهَا الصَّبِيُّ

(259)

فِي كُلِّ أَمْرٍ تَقْلِيدُ رَضِيَتْ بِهِ \* حَتَّى مَقَالِكَ رَبِّي وَاحِدٌ أَحَدٌ  
وَقَدْ أَمَرْنَا بِفِكْرٍ فِي بَدَائِعِهِ \* وَإِنْ تَفَكَّرَ فِيهِ مَعْشَرٌ لِحَدَا  
وَأَهْلُ كُلِّ جِدَالٍ يُمَسِّكُونَ بِهِ \* إِذَا رَأَوْا نَوْزَ حَقِّ ظَاهِرٍ جَحَدُوا

(260)

لَمْ يُثْبِتُوا بِمِقْيَاسِ أَصْلِ دِينِهِمْ \* فَيَحْكُمُوا بَيْنَ رُقَاضٍ وَنُصَابِ  
مَا الرُّكْنُ فِي قَوْلِ نَاسٍ لَسْتُ أَذْكَرُهُمْ \* إِلَّا بِقِيَّةِ أَوْثَانٍ وَأَنْصَابِ

257. S 107.

258. Z 38, 526. ٢ Z منها. Z تَعَوَّدُهَا.

(261)

إذا رجع الحصفُ الى حِجَاهُ \* تهاوَنَ بالمذاهبِ وَأَزْدَرَاهَا  
فَخُذْ مِنْهَا بِمَا آدَاهُ لُبٌّ \* وَلَا يَغْمِسُكَ جَهْلٌ فِي صَرَاهَا

(262)

لَوْ يُتْرَكُونَ وَهَذَا اللَّبُّ مَا قَبِلُوا \* مِينًا يُقَالُ وَلَكِنْ شَالَتْ الْجِدْمُ  
أَتَوْهُمْ بِأَحَادِيثٍ وَقِيلَ لَهُمْ \* قُولُوا صُدِّقْنَا وَإِلَّا أُرْوَى الْخِذْمُ  
وَأَرْهَبْتَهُمْ جُفُونٌ مِلُّوْهَا نُوبٌ \* وَأَرْغَبْتَهُمْ جِفَانٌ لِلنَّدَى رُذْمُ

(263)

كَأَنَّ مُنَجِّمَ الْأَقْوَامِ أَعْمَى \* لَدَيْهِ الصُّحُفُ يَقْرَأُهَا بِلَمْسِ  
لَقَدْ طَالَ الْعِنَاءُ فَكَمْ يُعَانِي \* سَطُورًا عَادَ كَاتِبُهَا بِطَمْسِ  
دَعَا مُوسَى فِزَالَ وَقَامَ عَيْسَى \* وَجَاءَ مُحَمَّدٌ بِصَلَاةِ خَمْسِ  
وَقِيلَ يَجِيءُ دِينٌ غَيْرُ هَذَا \* وَوَادَى النَّاسُ بَيْنَ غَدٍ وَأَمْسِ  
وَمَنْ لِي أَنْ يَعُودَ الدِّينُ غَضًّا \* فَيَنْقَعُ مِنْ تَنَسُّكَ بَعْدَ خَمْسِ  
وَمَهْمَا كَانَ فِي دُنْيَاكَ أَمْرٌ \* فَمَا تُخْلِكُ مِنْ قَهْرٍ وَشَمْسِ  
وَأَخْرَجَهَا بِأَوْلَاهَا شَبِيهٌ \* وَتُصْبِحُ فِي عَجَائِبِهَا وَتُمْسِ  
قُدُومُ أَصَاغِرٍ وَرَحِيلُ شَيْبٍ \* وَهَجْرَةُ مَنْزِلٍ وَحُلُولُ رَمْسِ  
لِحَاثِهَا اللَّهُ دَارًا مَا تُدَارَى \* بِمِثْلِ الْمَيْنِ فِي لُجَجٍ وَقَمْسِ  
إِذَا قَلَّتْ الْمَحَالُ رَفَعَتْ صَوْتِي \* وَإِنْ قَلَّتْ الْيَقِينُ أَطَلَّتْ هَمْسِي

(264)

مَا لِي بِمَا بَعَدَ الرَّدَى مَخْبَرَهُ \* قَدْ أَدَمَّتْ الْأَنْفَ هَذِي الْبَرَهُ  
الذَّلِيلُ وَالْإِصْبَاحُ وَالْقَيْظُ وَالْإِبْرَادُ وَالْمَنْزِلُ وَالْمَقْبَرَهُ  
كَمْ رَامَ سَبْرَ الْأَمْرِ مَنْ قَبْلَنَا \* فَنَادَتْ الْقُدْرَةُ لَنْ نَسْبَرَهُ

262. ٢ BL صدقنا.

263. Text and translation by Von Kremer in *Sitzungsberichte d. Kais. Akad. zu Wien*, vol. 93, p. 636 fol. • BC فينقع. ٩ Von K. reads تُدَارَى and لُجَجٍ. The World, being ruled by Fate, goes on its way and is not to be cajoled by the pitiful tales of those who have suffered shipwreck in it.

(265)

يا رُوحَ كَمِ تَحْمِلِينَ الجِسْمَ لاهِيَةً \* أَبْلَيْتِهِ فَأَطْرَحِيهِ طَالَ مَا لَبِيسَا  
 ان كُنْتَ أَثْرَتْ سُنَّاهُ فَمُخْطِئَةٌ \* فِيمَا فَعَلْتَ وَكَمْ مِنْ ضاحِكٍ عَبَسَا  
 او لا فَجَبَّرْ وَإِنْ أَشْوَى فَجاهِلَةٌ \* كَالْمَاءِ لَمْ يَدِرْ ما لاقَاهُ اذْ حُبِسَا  
 لو لَمْ تَحْلِيهِ لَمْ يَهْتَجْ لِمَعْصِيَةٍ \* وَكانَ كالتُّرْبِ ما أَخْنَى وَلا نَبَسَا  
 ه تَرَكْتَ مِصْبَاحَ عَقْلِ ما أَهْتَدَيْتِ بِهِ \* وَاللَّهُ أَعْطَاكَ مِنْ نَورِ الحِجْىِ قَبَسَا

(266)

كإِناءِكَ الجِسْمُ الَّذِي هُوَ صِوْرَةٌ \* لِكَ فِي الحِياةِ فَحاذِرِي أَنْ تُخْدَعِي  
 لا فَضَّلْ لِلقَدَحِ الَّذِي اسْتودَعْتَهُ \* ضَرِبًا وَلَكِنْ فَضَّلْهُ لِلْمُودَعِ

(267)

وَشَخْصِي وَرُوحِي مِثْلُ طِفْلِ وَأُمِّهِ \* لَتَلِكْ بِهَذَا مِنْ يَدِ الرَّبِّ عاقِدُ  
 يَمُوتانِ مِثْلُ النَّاظِرَيْنِ تَوَارِدًا \* فلا هُوَ مَفْقُودٌ وَلا هِيَ فاقِدُ

(268)

رُوحٌ إِذا اتَّصَلَتْ بِشَخْصٍ لَمْ يَزَلْ \* هُوَ وَهِيَ فِي مَرَضِ العِناءِ المُكَيِّدِ  
 إِنْ كُنْتَ مِنْ رِيحٍ فِيا رِيحٍ اسْكُنِي \* او كُنْتَ مِنْ لَهَبٍ فِيا لَهَبٍ أَحْمَدِ

(269)

ما زالتِ الرُوحُ قَبْلَ اليَوْمِ فِي دَعَةٍ \* حَتَّى اسْتَقَرَّتْ بِحُكْمِ اللّهِ فِي الجَسَدِ  
 فَلَإِنَّ تَلِكْ وَهَذَا مِنْ قَدَى وَأَذَى \* لا يُخْلِيانِكَ بَلْهُ الغِلِّ وَالْحَسَدِ  
 قالَ الدَّنْثِيُّ لِمالٍ كانَ سادَ بِهِ \* لَأُكْرِِمَنَّكَ لَوْلا أَنَّتَ لَمْ أُسَدِ

266. استودعته C 2.

267. توارداً C 2.

268. Z 31, 474.

(270)

والروحُ شَيْءٌ لَطِيفٌ لَيْسَ يُدْرِكُهُ \* عَقْلٌ وَيَسْكُنُ مِنْ جِسْمِ الْفَتَى حَرَجًا  
سَبْحَانَ رَبِّكَ هَلْ يَبْقَى الرِّشَادُ لَهُ \* وَهَلْ يُحِسُّ بِمَا يَلْقَى إِذَا خَرَجَا  
وَذَاكَ نَوْرًا لِأَجْسَادٍ يَحْسِنُهَا \* كَمَا تَبَيَّنَتْ تَحْتَ الدَّلِيلَةِ السُّرْجَا  
قَالَتْ مَعَاشِرُ يَبْقَى عِنْدَ جُسْتِهِ \* وَقَالَ نَاسٌ إِذَا لَاقَى الرِّدَى عَرَجَا  
وَلَيْسَ فِي الْإِنْسِ مِنْ نَفْسٍ إِذَا قُبِضَتْ \* سَافَ الَّذِينَ لَدَيْهَا طَيْبَهَا الْأَرَجَا  
وَأَسْعَدُ النَّاسِ بِالدُّنْيَا أَخُو زُهْدٍ \* نَاقَى بَنِيهَا وَنَادَوْا إِذْ مَضَى دَرَجَا

(271)

دَفَنَاهُمْ فِي الْأَرْضِ دَفْنًا تَيَقَّنُ \* وَلَا عِلْمَ بِالْأَرْوَاحِ غَيْرَ ظُنُونٍ  
وَرُومُ الْفَتَى مَا قَدِ طَوَى اللَّهُ عِلْمَهُ \* يُعَدُّ جُنُونًا أَوْ شَبِيهَ جُنُونٍ

(272)

مَرَّ الزَّمَانُ فَأُضْحَى فِي الثَّرَى جَسَدٌ \* فَهَلْ تَمَلَّى رَجَالٌ بِالْمَلَاوَاتِ  
وَالرُّوحُ أَرْضِيَّةٌ فِي رَأْيِ طَائِفَةٍ \* وَعِنْدَ قَوْمٍ تَرَقَّى فِي السَّمَاوَاتِ  
تَمَضَى عَلَى هَيْئَةِ الشَّخْصِ الَّذِي سَكَنْتُ \* فِيهِ إِلَى دَارِ نَعْمَى أَوْ شَقَاوَاتِ  
وَكُونُهَا فِي طَرِيحِ الْجَسِمِ أَحْوَجَهَا \* إِلَى مَلَايِسَ عَنَّتْهَا وَأَقْوَاتِ  
وَقُدْرَةُ اللَّهِ حَقٌّ لَيْسَ يُعْجِزُهَا \* حَشْرٌ لَخَلْقٍ وَلَا بَعْثٌ لِأَمْوَاتِ  
فَأَعْجَبَ لِعُلُويَّةِ الْأَجْرَامِ صَامِتَةً \* فِيمَا يُقَالُ وَمِنْهَا ذَاتُ أَصْوَاتِ  
وَلَا تُطِيعَنَّ قَوْمًا مَا دِيَانَتُهُمْ \* إِلَّا أَحْتِيَالٌ عَلَى أَخْذِ الْإِثَاوَاتِ  
وَأَنَّمَا حَمَلُ التَّوْرَةِ قَارِئُهَا \* كَسَبُ الْفَوَائِدِ لَا حُبَّ التَّلَاوَاتِ  
إِنَّ الشَّرَائِعَ أَلْقَتْ بَيْنَنَا إِحْنًا \* وَأَوْدَعْتَنَا أَفَانِينَ الْعَدَاوَاتِ  
أ. وَهَلْ أُبِيحَتْ نِسَاءُ الْقَوْمِ عَنْ عُرْضٍ \* لِلْعُرْبِ إِلَّا بِأَحْكَامِ النَّبَوَاتِ

271. ٢ O reads in the first hemistich: واكل الفتى ما يتقى الموت مثله.

272. ١٠ O نساء الروم.

(273)

قد قيل إنَّ الروح تأسفُ بعدَ ما \* تنأى عن الجسد الذى غنيت به  
ان كان يصحبها الحجبى فلعلها \* تدرى وتأبىه للزمان وعته  
او لا فكم هذيان قوم غابر \* فى الكتب ضاع مداؤه فى كتبه

(274)

ان يصحب الروح عقلى بعد مظعنها \* للموت عنى فأجدُر أن ترى عجا  
وان مضت فى الهواء الرهب هالكة \* هلاك جسمى فى ترهبى فوا شجا  
الدين انصافك الاقوام كدهم \* وأى دين لآبى الحق إن وجبا  
والمرء يعنيه قود النفس موصبة \* للخير وهو يقود العسكر اللجا  
ه وصومه الشهر ما لم يجن معصية \* يغنيه عن صومه شعبان او رجا  
وما أتبعته نجيباً فى شمائله \* وفى الحمام تبعت السادة النجا  
وأحذر دعاء ظليم فى نعامته \* فرُب دعوة داع تحرق الحجا

(275)

وقد زعموا هذى النفوس بواقياً \* تُشكّل فى أجسامها وتهدب  
وتنقل منها فالسعيد مكرماً \* بما هو لاقى والشقى مُشدب

(276)

أميّة شهب الدجى ام محسة \* ولا عقل أمر فى آها الحس والعقل  
ودان أناس بالجزاء وكونه \* وقال رجال أنما أنتم بقول  
فأوصيكم أمّا قبيحاً فجانبوا \* وأمّا جميلاً من فعال فلا تفلوا  
فإنى وجدت النفس تُبدى ندامة \* على ما جنته حين يحضرها النقل  
ه وإن صدت أرواحنا فى جُسومنا \* فيوشك يوماً أن يعاودها الصقل

273. ٣ BL. فى كتبه BL. أولى ٣.

276. Z 38, 511.

275. ١ BL. تُشكّل BL. وتهدب.

(277)

يا أَكِلَ التُّفَاحِ لا تَبْعَدَنَّ \* ولا يَقيْمُ يَوْمَ رَدَى ناكِلكَ  
قالَ التَّصِيرِيُّ وما قَلَّتُهُ \* فَاسْمَعِ وشَجِّعِ في الوَعَى ناكِلكَ  
قد كُنْتَ في دَهْرِكَ تَفَاحَةً \* وكانَ تَفَاحُكَ ذا أَكِلِكَ

(278)

يقولون إنَّ الجِسمَ يُنْقَلُ رُوحُهُ \* الی غیره حَتَّى يَهْدِبَها النَّقْلُ  
فلا تَقْبَلَنَّ ما يُخْبِرُونَكَ ضِلَّةً \* اذا لَمَ يُؤَيِّدُ ما أَتُوكَ به العَقْلُ  
وليس جُسُومٌ كالتَّخِيلِ وإن سَما \* بها الفَرْعُ إِلَّا مِثْلَ ما نَبَتَ البَقْلُ  
فِعْشٌ وادِعًا وَاَرْفُقُ بِنَفْسِكَ طالِبًا \* فَإِنَّ حُسامَ الهِنْدِ يَنْهَكُهُ الصَّقْلُ

(279)

لَعَمْرِي لَقَدْ طالَتْ عَلى المُدْلِجِ السُّرى \* وليس يَرى في حِنْدِسٍ لَهَبًا يُسْحَى  
وَجَدنا أَتباعَ الشَّرْعِ حَزَمًا لَدى النُّهى \* ومن جَرَّبَ الايَّامَ لَمَ يُنْكَرِ النَّسْخا  
فما بالُ هذا العَصْرِ ما فيه آيَةٌ \* من المَسْخِ ان كانَتْ يَهُودُ رَأَتْ مَسْخا  
وقالَتْ بأحكامِ التَّناسُخِ مَعْشَرٌ \* غَلَوْا فَأَجازوا الفَسْخَ في ذاكِ والرِّسْخا  
ومن يَعْغُفُ عَن ذَنْبٍ وَيَسْخُ بِنائِلٍ \* فَخالقُنا أَعْفَى وراحتُهُ أُسْحَى

(280)

لَسْتُ أَنفى عَن قُدْرَةِ اللهِ أَشباحَ ضِياءٍ بِغَيرِ لَحْمٍ ولا دَمٍ  
وَبَصيرُ الأَقْوامِ مِثْلِي أَعْمى \* فَهَلُمُّوا في حِنْدِسِ نَتِصادِمِ

(281)

فَأَخَشِ المَلِيكَ ولا توجَدُ عَلى رَهَبٍ \* إنَّ أَنْتَ بِالجِنِّ في الظُّلَماءِ حُشيتا  
فانَّما تَلِكُ أَخبارُ مَلَفَّقَةٍ \* لَحْدَعَةُ الغافلِ الحَشَوِيِّ حُوشيتا

278. Z 38, 510.

279. ٢ C لأولى (sic) for لدى.

281. ٢ L الحوشى.

(282)

قال المنجم والطبيب كلاهما \* لا تحشُر الأَجْسَادُ قلتُ إِيكُمَا  
ان صحَّ قولكُمَا فليست بخاسرٍ \* او صحَّ قولي فالخسارُ عليكُمَا

(283)

أما القيامةُ فالتنازعُ شائعٌ \* فيها وما لخبئِهَا إِصْحَارُ  
قالت معاشرُ ما للؤلؤِ عائمٍ \* يوماً الى ظلمِ المَحَارِ مَحَارُ  
وبدائعُ الله القديرِ كثيرةٌ \* فيخورُ فيها لُبْنَا وَيَحَارُ

(284)

تَقَلُّ جُسُومَنَا أَقْدَامُ سَفَرٍ \* مَشَتْ فِي لَيْلِ دَاجِيَةٍ بَوَعَثِ  
وظاهرُ أَمْرِنَا عَيْشٌ وَمَوْتُ \* وَيَدَأُبُ نَاسُكَ لِرَجَاءِ بَعَثِ  
فما رِجْلٌ مَخْلَدَةٌ بِحِجْلِ \* وَلَا أُذُنٌ مَنَعَمَةٌ بِرَعَثِ

(285)

تَعَجَّلَ مَيِّتٌ بِالْهَلِكِ نَقْدًا \* فَمَرَّ وَعِنْدَهُ لِلْبُعْثِ وَعُدُّ

(286)

خَذِ الْمِرْأَةَ وَأَسْتَخْبِرْ نُجُومًا \* تَمُرُّ بِمَطْعَمِ الْأَرِي الْمَشُورِ  
تَدُلُّ عَلَى الْحِمَامِ بِلَا أَرْتِيَابٍ \* وَلَكِنْ لَا تَدُلُّ عَلَى النَّشُورِ

(287)

يَا شُهْبُ إِنَّكَ فِي السَّمَاءِ قَدِيمَةٌ \* وَأَشْرَتْ لِلْحُكَمَاءِ كُلِّ مُشَارِ  
أَخْبَرْتِ عَنْ مَوْتِ يَكُونُ مَنَجَّمًا \* أَفْتُخْبِرِينَ بِحَادِثِ الْإِنْشَارِ

283. S 96. 284. ٣ O ممتعة برعث. 286. S 98. ١ BCLS تُمُرُّ.

287. S 98. ١ BLS للعلماء. BL give للحكماء as a variant. ٢ BLS مَنَجَّمًا.

(288)

صَحْنُنَا وَكَانَ الضَّحْكُ مَنَا سَافَهَةً \* وَحَقَّ لِسُكَّانِ البَاسِطَةِ أَنْ يَبْكُوا  
يُحِطُّنَا رَبُّبُ الزَّمَانِ كَأَنَّنا \* زُجَاجٌ وَلَكِنْ لَا يُعَادُ لَهُ سَبْكُ

(289)

لَوْ كَانَ جِسْمُكَ مَتْرُوكًا بِبَيْتِنِهِ \* بَعْدَ التَّلَافِ طَمِعْنَا فِي تَلَا فِيهِ  
كَالَّذِي عَطِلَ مِنْ رَاحٍ تَكُونُ بِهِ \* وَلَمْ يَحِطَّمْ فَعَادَتْ مَرَّةً فِيهِ  
لَكِنَّهُ صَارَ أَجْزَاءً مُقَسَّمَةً \* ثُمَّ آسَمَرَ هَبَاءً فِي سَوَافِيهِ

(290)

نَفَضْتُ عَنِّي تُرَابًا وَهُوَ لِي نَسَبٌ \* وَذَاكَ يُحَسِبُ مِنْ قَطْعِ الْغَتَى رَحِمًا  
يَا هُونًا مَا أُوْعِدُ اللّٰهَ الْعِبَادَةَ بِهِ \* إِنْ صَارَ جِسْمِي فِي تَحْرِيقِهِ فَحَمًا  
وَأَمَّا هُوَ تَخْلِيدٌ بِبَلَاءِ أَمَدٍ \* تَمْضِي الدُّهُورُ وَصَالِي النَّارِ مَا رُحِمًا

(291)

إِذَا أَنَانِي حِمَامِي مَا حَبِيًّا شَبَحِي \* وَمَا صَنَعْتُ فَعِيشِي كُلَّهُ عَنْتُ  
لَعَلَّ قَوْمًا يَجَازِيهِمْ مَلِيكُهُمْ \* إِذَا لَقَوْهُ بِمَا صَامُوا وَمَا قَنَتُوا

(292)

زَعَمُوا أَنَّنِي سَارَجٌ شَرَحًا \* كَيْفَ لِي كَيْفَ لِي وَذَاكَ التَّمَاسِي  
وَأَزُورُ الْجِنَانَ أُحْبِرُ فِيهَا \* بَعْدَ طَوْلِ الْهُمُودِ فِي الْأَرْمَاسِ  
وَتَزُولُ الْعَيُونَ عَنِّي إِذَا حُمَّ بَعَيْنُ الْحَيَاةِ ثُمَّ أَنْغِمَاسِي

(293)

أَخْبَتَ رِكَابِي أَمْرًا تُبْحِحُ لَهَا خَبْتُ \* عَمِيمٌ رِيَاضٍ مَا يَزَالُ بِهِ نَبْتُ  
وَكَفَّرَهَا لَيْلٌ تَرَهَّبَ شُهْبُهُ \* تُخَالُ يَهُودًا عَاقَ عَنْ سَيْرِهَا السَّبْتُ  
وَهَيَّجَهَا قَوْلٌ يُقَالُ عَنِ الْحِمَى \* وَذَاكَ حَدِيثٌ مَا مُحَدِّثُهُ ثَبْتُ

288. Z 38, 507. ٢ Z صرف الزمان . السَّبْكُ Z.

292. ٣ O وتزول العيوب .

293. ٢ BL ترهب .

( 294 )

إِنَّ صَحَّ لِي أَنْتَى سَعِيدٌ \* فَلَيْتَنِي ضَمَّنِي صَعِيدٌ  
 صُمْتُ حَيَاتِي إِلَى مَمَاتِي \* لَعَلَّ يَوْمَ الْجِهَامِ عَيْدٌ  
 وَرَاعَنِي لِلْحِسَابِ ذِكْرٌ \* وَغَرَّنِي أَنَّهُ بَعِيدٌ  
 وَعَنْ يَمِينِي وَعَنْ شِمَالِي \* يَصْحَبُنِي حَافِظٌ قَعِيدٌ  
 \* \* \*  
 هَ إِذَا رَجَوْنَا قَضَاءَ وَعْدٍ \* فَكَيْفَ لَا يُرْهَبُ الْوَعِيدُ

( 295 )

وَأَخِرُ عَهْدِ الْقَوْمِ بِي يَوْمَ تَنْطَوِي \* عَلَيَّ جَرُورُ الْوَرْدِ يُكْرَهُ زَبْرُهَا  
 فَهَلْ يَرْتَجِي خُضْرَ الْمَلَابِسِ ظَاعِنٌ \* وَقَدْ مَزَّقَتْ فِي بَاطِنِ الْأَرْضِ غُبْرُهَا  
 أَتَمَّنِي أَنْبَاءُ كَثِيرٌ شُجُونُهَا \* لَهَا طُرُقٌ أَعْيَا عَلَى النَّاسِ حُبْرُهَا  
 هَافَا دُونَهَا قَسَّ النَّصَارَى وَمُوبِذُ الْمَجُوسِ وَدَيَانَ الْيَهُودِ وَحَبْرُهَا  
 هَ وَخَطُّوا أَحَادِيثًا لَهْرٍ فِي صَحَائِفٍ \* لَقَدْ ضَاعَتْ الْأُورَاقُ فِيهَا وَحَبْرُهَا  
 تَخَالَفَتْ الْأَشْيَاعُ فِي عُقْبِ الرَّدَى \* وَتَلَكَ بِحَارٍ لَيْسَ يُدْرِكُ عِبْرُهَا  
 وَقِيلَ نَفُوسُ النَّاسِ تَسْطِيعُ فِعْلَهَا \* وَقَالَ رِجَالٌ بَلْ تَبَيَّنَ جَبْرُهَا  
 وَلَوْ خُلِقَتْ أَجْسَامُنَا مِنْ صَبَارَةٍ \* لَقَلَّ عَلَيَّ كَرُّ الْحَوَادِثِ صَبْرُهَا

( 296 )

نَرْجُو السَّلَامَةَ فِي الْعُقْبَى وَمَا حَسُنَتْ \* أَعْمَالُنَا فَيَرْجَى الْفَوْزُ وَالْغَرْفُ  
 مَا بَانَ قَوْمٌ عَنِ الْأَوْلَى بِهَا جَمِعُوا \* مِنَ الْحُطَامِ وَلَكِنْ بِالذَّى اقْتَرَفُوا  
 سَأَلْتُ عَقْلِي فَلِمَ يُخْبِرُ وَقَلْتُ لَهُ \* سَلِ الرِّجَالَ فَمَا أَفْتَوْا وَلَا عَرَفُوا  
 قَالُوا فَمَا نَوَانَا فَلَمَّا أَنْ حَدَوْتَهُمْ \* إِلَى الْقِيَاسِ أَبَانُوا الْعَجْزَ وَأَعْتَرَفُوا

(297)

وَتَحْسِبُ أَنَّ التَّقَى الَّذِي \* تَشَاهِدُهُ رَاكِعًا سَاجِدًا  
تَتَّبِعُهُ فَأَنْتَ عَلَى غِرَّةٍ \* إِخَالِكَ مَسْتَيَقِظًا هَاجِدًا

(298)

سَبَّحَ وَصَلَّى وَطَفَّ بِمَكَّةَ زَائِرًا \* سَبْعِينَ لَا سَمْعًا فَلَسْتَ بِنَاسِكِ  
جَهْلَ الدِّيَانَةِ مِنْ إِذَا عَرَضَتْ لَهُ \* أَطْمَاعُهُ لَمْ يُلَفَّ بِالْمَتَمَاسِكِ

(299)

أُمُّ الْكِتَابِ إِذَا قَوَّمتَ مُحْكَمَهَا \* وَجَدْتَهَا لِأَدَاءِ الْفَرْضِ تَكْفِيكًا  
لَمْ يَشْفِ قَلْبَكَ فُرْقَانٌ وَلَا عِظَةٌ \* وَآيَةٌ لَوْ أَطَعْتَ اللَّهَ تَشْفِيكَ

(300)

تَوَهَّمْتَ يَا مَغْرُورُ أَنَّكَ دَيِّنٌ \* عَلَى يَمِينِ اللَّهِ مَا لَكَ دِينٌ  
تَسِيرُ إِلَى الْبَيْتِ الْحَرَامِ تَنَسُّكًا \* وَيَشْكُوكَ جَارٌ بَائِسٌ وَخَدِيدٌ

(301)

وَتَقَسَّمُ حُظُوءَهُ حَتَّى صُخُورٌ \* يَزُرُّونَ فَيُسْتَلَمْنَ وَيَلْتَمِسُنَّهُ  
كَذَاتِ الْقُدْسِ أَوْ رُكْنِي قُرَيْشٍ \* وَأُسْرُتِهِنَّ أَحْجَارٌ لَطِيسُنَّهُ

(302)

أَرَى أُمَّ الْقُرَى خُصَّتْ بِهَجْرٍ \* وَسَارَتْ نَمْلٌ مَكَّةَ عَنِ قَرَاهَا  
وَكَمَّرَتْ الرِّفَاقَ إِلَى صَلاَحٍ \* فَهَارَسَتْ الشَّدَائِدَ فِي سُرَاهَا  
يُؤَافُونَ الْبَنِيَّةَ كُلَّ عَامٍ \* لِيُلْقُوا الْمُخْزِيَاتِ عَلَى قَرَاهَا  
ضِيُوفٌ مَا قَرَاهَا اللَّهُ عَقْوًا \* وَلَكِنْ مِنْ نَوَائِبِهَا قَرَاهَا  
وَمَا سِيرَى إِلَى أَحْجَارِ بَيْتٍ \* كُؤُوسِ الْخَمْرِ تُشْرَبُ فِي ذَرَاهَا  
وَلَمْ تَزَلِ الْأَبَاطِحُ مِنْذُكَانَتْ \* يَدْنَسُ مِنْ فَوَاجِرِهَا بَرَاهَا

(303)

أرى عالمًا يرجون عفوَ مليكِهِم \* بتقبيلِ رُكْنٍ وَاِتِّخَاذِ صَلِيبِ  
فَعُفْرَانِكَ اللَّهُمَّ هل أنا طَارِحٌ \* بِمَكَّةَ فِي وَفْدِ ثِيَابِ سَلِيبِ  
وهل أُرِدُ العُدْرَانَ بَيْنَ صحَابَةِ \* يَمَانِينَ لم يَبْغُوا أَحْتِفَارَ قَلِيبِ

(304)

أَقِيمِي لا أَعُدُّ الحَجَّ قُرْضًا \* على عَجْزِ النِّسَاءِ ولا العَدَارَى  
ففى بَطْحَاءِ مَكَّةَ شَرُّ قَوْمٍ \* وليسوا بِالْحِمَاةِ ولا الغِيَارَى  
وَإِنَّ رِجَالَ شَيْبَةَ سَادِنِيهَا \* إذا راحَتْ لكَعْبَتِهَا الجَمَارَى  
قِيَامًا يَدْفَعُونَ الوَفْدَ شَفْعًا \* الى البيتِ الحرامِ وهم سَكَارَى  
ه إذا أَخَذُوا الزَّوَانِفَ أَوْلَجُوهُمْ \* ولو كانوا اليَهُودَ أَوْ النَّصَارَى  
متى آدَاكَ خَيْرٌ فَأَفْعَلِيهِ \* وَقُولِي إن دَعَاكَ البِرُّ آرَى  
فلو قَبْلَ الغَوَاةِ عَرَفْتِ كَشْفِي \* من الكَذِبِ المَمُوهِ ما تَوَارَى  
ولا تَبْتَقِي بما صنَعُوا وصاغُوا \* فقد جَاءَتْ خِيولُهُمْ تَبَارَى  
جَرَتْ زَمَنًا وتَسْكُنُ بَعْدَ حِينٍ \* وَأَقْضِيَةُ المُهَيِّمِينَ لا تُجَارَى  
\* \* \*  
وما كَرِيتُ عِيونَ الناسِ جَمْعًا \* ولكن فى دُجْنَتِهَا تَكَارَى  
لهم كَلِمٌ تُخَالِفُ ما أَجَنُوا \* صُدورُهُم بِصِحَّتِهِ تَمَارَى

(305)

المَيْنُ أَهْلَكَ فوق الأَرْضِ ساكِنِهَا \* فما تَصَادَقُ فى أنْبَاءِهَا الشَّيْعُ  
لولا عَدَاوَةُ أَصْلِ فى طِبَاعِهِم \* كانت مَساجِدُ مَقرونًا بها البَيْعُ

303. سلبيى LO. سلبيى BC 2.

304. Z 30, 45. All texts have العذارا, الغيارا, etc. عَجْز C 1.

BL آراك O. امكنك = آداك 6. اولجتهم O O. عَجْز BL.

7 Z كُرَيْتُ LZ 10. فلو قَبْلَ الغَوَاةِ Z 7.

305. Z 31, 477. 1 BCL ابناؤها.

(306)

لَعَمْرَى لَقَدْ أَمِنَ الْعَائِدُونَ \* وَعُونِشْ ذُو بَغِضَةٍ فَاَعْتَنَشْ  
فِي قُسٍّ وَقَعُ بَرِزُقِ الْخَطِيئَةِ \* وَأَنْظُرْ بِمَسْجِدِنَا يَا مَنْشْ

(307)

أَمَا اسْتَحَى الْعَدْلُ وَأَخْبَارُهُ \* سَيِّئَةٌ فِي أُذُنِ السَّمِيعِ  
مَا جَارَ شَمَاسِكَ فِي حُكْمِهِ \* وَلَا يَهُودِيَّكَ بِالطَّمَامِيعِ  
فَالْقُسُّ خَيْرٌ لَكَ فِيهَا أُرَى \* مِنْ مُسْلِمٍ يَخْطُبُ فِي الْجَامِعِ

(308)

ظَلَمْتُمْ غَيْرَكُمْ فُأَدِيلَ مِنْكُمْ \* وَأَخْيَارُ الْأَنَامِ مُظَلِّمُوهُ  
تَهَاوَنْتُمْ بِمَطْرَانَ النَّصَارَى \* وَأَشْيَاعُ ابْنِ مَرْيَمَ عَظَمُوهُ  
وَقَالَ لَكُمْ نَبِيِّكُمْ إِذَا مَا \* كَرِيمُ الْقَوْمِ جَاءَ فَأَكْرَمُوهُ  
فَلَا يَرْجِعُ غَطِيْبِكُمْ بِحَقْدٍ \* مَتَى لَا قَاهُمْ فَتَهَضَّمُوهُ

(309)

إِذَا الْإِنْسَانُ كَفَّ الشَّرَّ عَنِّي \* فَسُقِيَا فِي الْحَيَاةِ لَهُ وَرُعِيَا  
وَيَدْرُسُ إِنْ أَرَادَ كِتَابَ مُوسَى \* وَيُضْمِرُ إِنْ أَحَبَّ وَلَا شَعِيَا

(310)

نَبَذْتُمْ الْأَدْيَانَ مِنْ خَلْفِكُمْ \* وَلَيْسَ فِي الْحِكْمَةِ أَنْ تُنَبِّدَا  
لَا قَاضِيَ الْمِصْرَ أَطَعْتُمْ وَلَا السُّحْبَرَ وَلَا الْقَسَّ وَلَا الْمُؤَبَّدَا  
إِنْ عَرِضَتْ مِلَّتُكُمْ بَيْنَهُمْ \* قَالَ جَمِيعُ الْقَوْمِ لَا حَبْدَا

306. ٢ BL قُسٍّ. BL مَنْشْ. 308. Z 38, 525. ١ BCLZ مَظَلِّمُوهُ.

309. S 108. ١ BLS فَسُقِيَا. BLS وَرُعِيَا.

(311)

مِرَاةٌ عَقْلِكَ إِنْ رَأَيْتَ بِهَا سَوَى \* مَا فِي حِجَاكَ أَرْتَهُ وَهُوَ قَبِيحُ  
أَسْنَى فَعَالِكَ مَا أُرِدْتَ بِفِعْلِهِ \* رَشَدًا وَخَيْرُ كَلَامِكَ التَّسْبِيحُ

(312)

مَا الْخَيْرُ صَوْمٌ يَذُوبُ الصَّائِمُونَ لَهُ \* وَلَا صَلَاةٌ وَلَا صَوْفٌ عَلَى الْجَسَدِ  
وَأَمَّا هُوَ تَرُكُ الشَّرِّ مُطَّرِحًا \* وَنَفْضُكَ الصَّدْرَ مِنْ غِلٍّ وَمِنْ حَسَدِ  
مَا دَامَتْ الْوَحْشُ وَالْأَنْعَامُ خَائِفَةً \* قُرْسًا فَمَا صَحَّ أَمْرُ النَّسْكِ لِلْأَسَدِ

(313)

أَلَمْ تَرَ أَنَّ الْخَيْرَ يَكْسِبُهُ الْحَجَى \* طَرِيفًا وَأَنَّ الشَّرَّ فِي الطَّبَعِ مُتَلَدٌ  
لَقَدْ رَأَيْتُ مَعْدَى الْفَقِيرِ بِجَهْلِهِ \* عَلَى الْعَيْرِ ضَرْبًا سَاءً مَا يَتَّقَلَدُ  
يُحْمِلُهُ مَا لَا يُطِيقُ فَا نِ وَنَى \* أَحَالَ عَلَى ذِي قَتْرَةٍ يَتَجَلَدُ  
يَظَلُّ كِزَانٍ مُفْتَرٍ غَيْرِ مُحْصَنِ \* يُقَامُ عَلَيْهِ الْحَدُّ شَفْعًا فَيُجَلَدُ  
ه تَظَاهَرُ أَبْلَادُ الرِّزَايَا بِظَهْرِهِ \* وَكَشْحِيهِ فَا عَزِرٌ عَاجِزًا يَتَبَدَّدُ  
لَنَا خَالِقٌ لَا يَمْتَرِي الْعَقْلُ أَنَّهُ \* قَدِيمٌ فَمَا هَذَا الْحَدِيثُ الْمُوَلَّدُ  
وَإِنْ كَانَ زَنْدُ الْبِرِّ لَمْ يُورِ طَائِلًا \* فَتَلِكُ زِنَادُ الْغَى أَكْبَى وَأَصْلَدُ  
وَمَا سَرْنَى أَنَّى أَصَبْتُ مَعَاشِرًا \* بِظُلْمٍ وَأَنَّى فِي النِّعِيمِ مُخَلَّدُ

(314)

الْخَيْرُ كَالْعَرْفَجِ الْمَمْطُورِ ضَرَمُهُ \* رَاعٍ يَنْطُ وَلِمَا أَنْ ذَكَرَ حَمْدًا  
وَالشَّرُّ كَالنَّارِ شُبَّتْ لَيْلَهَا بَغْضًا \* يَأْتِي عَلَى جَمْرِهَا دَهْرٌ وَمَا هَمْدًا  
\* \* \*  
وَلَا تَشِيْمَنَّ حُسَامًا كَى تُرِيقَ دَمًا \* كِفَاكَ سَيْفٌ لِهَذَا الدَّهْرِ مَا غَمْدًا  
وَشَاعَ فِي النَّاسِ قَوْلٌ لَسْتُ أَعْهَدُهُ \* وَذَاكَ أَنَّ رَجَالًا ذَامَتِ الصَّمْدَا  
ه أَيَحْمَدُ الْمَرْءَ لَمْ يَهْمُرْ بِمَكْرُمَةٍ \* يَوْمًا وَيُتْرَكُ مَوْلَى الْعُرْفِ مَا حَمْدًا

(315)

تورَعُوا يَا بَنِي حَوَاءَ عَنْ كَذِبٍ \* فَمَا لَكُمْ عِنْدَ رَبِّ صَاغِمٍ خَطَرُ  
لَمْ تُجَدِّبُوا لِقَبِيحٍ مِنْ فَعَالِكُمْ \* وَلَمْ يَجْعَلْكُمْ لِحُسْنِ التَّوْبَةِ الْمَطْرُ

(316)

مَتَى مَا فَعَلْتَ الْخَيْرَ ثُمَّ كَفَرْتَهُ \* فَلَا تَأْسَفُنْ إِنَّ الْمُهَيَّمِينَ أَجْرُ  
وَلَوْ لَمْ يَبْرَ الْحُرُّ إِلَّا مَخَافَةً \* مِنَ الْخِزْيِ بَيْنَ النَّاسِ إِنْ قِيلَ فَاجِرُ  
فَنَزَهُ جَمِيلًا جَمْتَهُ عَنْ جَزَايَةٍ \* تَوْمَلُ أَوْ رُبِحَ كَأَنَّكَ تَاجِرُ

(317)

لَعَمْرِي لَقَدْ نَامَ الْفَتَى عَنْ حِمَامِهِ \* أَلَى أَنْ أَتَاهُ حَتْفُهُ مُتَوَسِّنَا  
إِذَا مَا فَعَلْتَ الْخَيْرَ فَأَجْعَلْهُ خَالِصًا \* لِرَبِّكَ وَأَزْجِرْ عَنْ مَدِيحِكَ أَسْنَا  
فَكُونُكَ فِي هَذِي الْحَيَاةِ مُصِيبَةً \* يُعْزِيكَ عَنْهَا أَنْ تَبَّرَ وَتُحْسِنَا

(318)

حَرَامٌ عَلَى النَّفْسِ الْخَبِيثَةِ بَيْنَهَا \* عَنِ الْجِسْمِ حَتَّى يَجْزِيَ الشَّوْءَ مُحْسِنَا  
فَلَا تُسَدِّ لِلنَّاسِ الْجَمِيلَ وَأَسَدِهِ \* لِرَبِّكَ وَأَنْفُضْ عَنْ عُيُونِ تَوَسِّنَا

(319)

هَلْ تَحْفَظُ الْأَرْضُ مَوَاتَهَا وَأَهْلَهُمْ \* لَمَّا بَدَا الْيَأْسُ الْقَوَاهِرُ فَمَا حُفِظُوا  
إِنْ شَاءَ رَبِّكَ جَاذَاهُمْ بِفَعْلِهِمْ \* وَاللَّفْظِ حِينَ تُثَارُ الْأَقْبَرُ اللَّفْظُ

(320)

الظُّلْمُ فِي الطَّبَعِ فَالْجَارَاتُ مُرْهَقَةٌ \* وَالْعُرْفُ يَسْتَرُّ وَالْمِيزَانُ مَبْخُوسُ  
وَالطَّرْفُ يُضْرَبُ وَالْأَنْعَامُ مَأْكَلَةٌ \* وَالْعَيْرُ حَامِلٌ ثِقَلٍ وَهُوَ مَنْخُوسُ

316. ٣ All the texts read جزاية, a form which is not found in the lexa. جرایة would be an easy but unconvincing emendation.

318. ١٠ تجزى.

(321)

وَسَيَّانِ أُمَّ بَرَّةَ وَحَمَامَةَ \* غَذَّتْ وَلَدًا فِي مَهْدِهِ وَعَذَّتْ بُجَا  
فَلَا تَبْكُرُنَّ يَوْمًا بِكَفِّكَ مُدِيَّةَ \* لَتُهْلِكَ فَرَحًا فِي مَوَاتِنِهِ دَجَا

(322)

تَصَدَّقْ عَلَى الطَّيْرِ الْغَوَادِي بِسُرْبَةٍ \* مِنَ الْمَاءِ وَأَعِدُّهَا أَحَقَّ مِنَ الْإِنْسِ  
فَمَا جِنْسُهَا جَانٍ عَلَيْكَ أَذِيَّةَ \* بِحَالٍ إِذَا مَا خِفْتَ مِنْ ذَلِكَ الْجِنْسِ

(323)

تَسْرِحُ كَفَى بُرْعُونًا ظَفِرْتُ بِهِ \* أَبْرُ مِنْ دِرْهِمٍ تُعْطِيهِ مُحْتَاجا  
لَا فَرْقَ بَيْنَ الْأَسْكَ الْجَوْنِ أُطْلِقُهُ \* وَجَوْنِ كِنْدَةَ أَمْسَى يَعْقِدُ التَّاجَا  
كِلَاهُمَا يَتَوَقَّى وَالْحَيَاةَ لَهُ \* حَمِيْبَةً وَيُرَوِّمُ الْعَيْشَ مُهْتَاجا

(324)

يَرَى الْفِكْرُ أَنَّ النُّورَ فِي الدَّهْرِ مُحَدَّثٌ \* وَمَا عُنْصُرُ الْأَوْقَاتِ إِلَّا حُلُوكُهَا  
فَلَا تَرَعَّبُوا فِي الْمَلِكِ تَعْصُونَ بِالطَّبِي \* عَلَيْهِ فَمِنْ أَسْقَى الرِّجَالَ مُلُوكُهَا  
وَإِنَّ غُرُوبَ الشَّمْسِ كُلَّ عَشِيَةٍ \* يُحَدِّثُ أَهْلَ اللَّيْلِ عَنْهُ دُلُوكُهَا

(325)

تُشَادُّ الْمَغَانِي وَالْقُبُورُ دَوَارِسُ \* وَلَا يَمْنَعُ الْمَطْرُوقَ بَابٌ وَحَارِسُ  
يَقُولُونَ إِنَّ الدِّينَ يُنْسَخُ مِثْلَ مَا \* تَوَلَّتْ بِأَقْبَالِ الْحَنِيفَةِ فَارِسُ  
وَمَهْمَا يَكُنْ فَالِدُهُ لَيْسَ بِزَائِلٍ \* وَيَجْنِي الْفَتَى مِنْ بَعْدِ مَا هُوَ غَارِسُ  
أَرَى مَقْرًا فِي آخِرِ الْعَيْشِ كَائِنًا \* نَسِيَتْ لَهُ مَا أَطْعَمْتِكَ الْجَوَارِسُ  
فَأَبْعُدُ مِنَ الصُّفْرَاءِ وَالْيَوْمِ وَاقِدٌ \* وَأَدْنِي مِنَ الشَّقَرَاءِ وَاللَّيْلِ قَارِسُ  
أَيَا قَيْلٍ إِنَّ النَّارَ صَالٍ بِحَرِّهَا \* مُقِيمٌ صَلَاةٍ وَالْمَهْنَدُ وَارِسُ  
وَبِالرَّمْلَةِ الشَّعْثَاءِ شَيْبٌ وَوَلْدَةٌ \* أَصَابَهُمْ مِمَّا جَنَيْتَ الدَّهَارِسُ

(326)

عَلِّمُوهُنَّ الْعَزْلَ وَالنَّسَجَ وَالرَّدْنَ وَخَلُّوا كِتَابَةً وَقِرَاءَةً  
فَصَلَاةَ الْفَتَاةِ بِالْحَمْدِ وَالْإِخْلَاصِ تَجْزَى عَنْ يُونُسَ وَبِرَاءَهُ  
تَهْتِكُ السِّتْرَ بِالْجُلُوسِ أَمَامَ السِّتْرِ إِنْ غَنَّتِ الْعِيَانَ وَرَاءَهُ

(327)

وَلَا تَحْمَدِ حِسَانَكَ إِنْ تَوَافَتْ \* بَأْيَدِ لَلْسَطُورِ مُقَوِّمَاتِ  
فَحَمْلُ مَغَازِلِ النَّسْوَانِ أَوْلَى \* بِهِنَّ مِنَ الْيِرَاعِ مَقْلَمَاتِ  
سِهَامٍ إِنْ عَرَفْنَ كِتَابَ لِسْنِ \* رَجَعْنَ بِمَا يَسُوءُ مَسْمَمَاتِ  
وَيَتْرَكْنَ اللَّيْبَ بِغَيْرِ لُبِّ \* أَتَيْنَ لِهَدْيِهِ مُتَعَلِّمَاتِ  
وَإِنْ جِئْنَ الْمَنْجَمَ سَائِلَاتِ \* فَلَسْنَ عَنِ الضَّلَالِ بِمُنْجِمَاتِ  
لِيَأْخُذْنَ التَّلَاوَةَ عَنِ عَجُوزِ \* مِنَ اللَّائِي فَعَرْنَ مُهْتَمَاتِ  
يُسَبِّحْنَ الْمَلِيكَ بِكُلِّ جُنْحِ \* وَيُرْكَعْنَ الضُّحَى مُتَأَمِّمَاتِ  
فَمَا عَيْبٌ عَلَى الْفَتَيَاتِ لَحْنُ \* إِذَا قُلْنَ الْمُرَادَ مُتَرْجِمَاتِ

(328)

قَدْ حَاطَتْ الزَّوْجَ حُرَّةً سَأَلْتُ \* مَلِيكَهَا الْعَوْنَ فِي حِيَاظِهَا  
عَدْتُ بِبِرْسٍ إِلَى مَرَادِنِهَا \* أَوْ حَيْطُ غَزَلٍ إِلَى حِيَاظِهَا  
أَمَاطَتِ السُّوءَ عَنْ ضَمَائِرِهَا \* فَلَاقَتِ الْخَيْرَ فِي إِمَاطِهَا

(329)

وَصَاغَنِي اللَّهُ مِنْ مَاءٍ وَهَا أَنَا ذَا \* كَالْمَاءِ أَجْرَى بِقَدْرِ كَيْفِ جُرَيْتِ  
بُرَيْتِ لِلْأَمْرِ لَمْ أَعْرِفْ حَقَائِقَهُ \* فَلَيْتَنِي مِنْ حِسَابِ اللَّهِ بُرَيْتِ  
أَرَى خَيَالٍ إِزَارَ حَمَمِهِ قَدَرٌ \* ظَهَرْتُ مِنْهُ قَلِيلًا ثُمَّ وَرَيْتِ

327. ٣ سهام. This reading, which I have followed in the translation, is inferior to that of O.

( 330 )

خُلِقْنَا لشيءٍ غيرِ بادٍ وانما \* نعيشُ قليلاً ثمَّ يُدرِكنا الهُلكُ  
كخيلٍ صيامٍ تألُّكُ الدهرِ لُجْمها \* بغيظٍ فقد أدْمى نواجذها الاءُلكُ

( 331 )

رضيتُ مُلاوَةً فوعيتُ عِلْمًا \* وأحفظنى الزمانُ فقلَّ حِفْظى  
إذا ما قلتُ نثرًا أو نظيمًا \* تتبَّعَ سارقو الالفاظِ لفظى

( 332 )

والناسُ من أربَعٍ سَتى إذا اتَّلفتُ \* رُدَّتْ الى سبعةٍ فى الحُكمِ تَخْتَلِفُ  
أقرأُ كلامى إذا ضمَّ التَّرى جَسدى \* فانهُ لك ممَّن قاله خَلْفُ

331. S 100.

# INDEX I

## NAMES AND TITLES

The definite article *al-*, which precedes many Arabic names, has usually been omitted both in the text and in the following Index; those names in which it has been retained will be found under their initial letter. Titles of books are printed in italics.

- 'Abbásids, the, 67, 96, 98, 100, 101, 105, 108  
 'Abdullah ibn Maymún al-Qaddáh, 96  
 'Abdullah ibn Sa'íd al-Kallábí, 164  
 'Abdu 'l-Jabbár, *cadi of Rayy*, 164  
 'Abdu 'l-Raḥmán ibn 'Awf, 1  
 'Abdu 'l-Wási' of Jabal, 19  
 Abel, 4  
 Abú 'Abdallah al-Qummí al-Miṣrí, 99  
 Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrí, 43 foll. *See* Ma'arrí in Index of Subjects  
 Abu 'l-'Atáhiya, 52, 187  
 Abú Dábiṭ, a name of Death, 113  
 Abu 'l-Faḍá'il, 97  
 Abu 'l-Hasan 'Alí, 38  
 Abu 'l-Hasan Murádí, 21, 22  
 Abu 'l-Hasan Ṭalḥa, 6  
 Abú 'l-Hudhayl, 164  
 Abu 'l-Jarráḥ al-Ṭá'í, 99  
 Abu 'l-Ma'álí of Rayy, 38, 42  
 Abu 'l-Maḥásin ibn Taghríbirdí, 99  
 Abú Muslim, 101  
 Abú Naṣr, Sámánid, 38  
 Abú Nuwás, 49, 187  
 Abu 'l-Qásim, uncle of Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrí, 54  
 Abú Shu'ayb of Herát, 11  
 Abú Shukúr, 7, 9, 10  
 Abú Ṭáhir al-Khátúní, 2  
 Abú Ṭáhir Khusrawání, 15, 20  
 Abú Zakariyyá ibn Abí Ḥafṣ, 208  
 Abú Zurá'a, 7, 19, 32  
 'Ád, 62, 149  
 Adam, 4, 21, 34, 61, 74, 118, 120, 121, 140, 157, 158, 175  
 Adíb-i Šábir, 20, 21  
 Ahlwardt, W., 150  
 Akhtí, 20  
 Aleppo, 45, 46, 96, 97, 100-2  
 'Alí, the Caliph, 104  
 'Alí ibn Manṣúr al-Ḥalabí. *See* Ibnu 'l-Qáriḥ  
 'Am'aq of Bukhárá, 32, 41  
 'Amir ibnu 'l-Ṭufayl, 128, 132  
 'Amr, 140  
 'Amr ibn Ma'díkarib, 128  
 Amram, 174  
 Anaxagoras, 158  
 Antioch, 45, 97  
 Anwarí, 17, 18, 29, 31  
 Áriṣh, 17  
 Aristotle, 22, 149, 160  
 Ash'arites, the, 150  
 Asia Minor, 143  
 Asmá, 68  
 al-Aṣma'í, 51  
 Assassins, the, 97  
 Avicenna, 100  
 'Awáṣim, 99  
 Awbar, 175  
 'Awfí, Muḥammad, 1-5, 7, 8, 15, 20, 27, 34, 41  
 Ayla, 191  
 'Azíz, Fátimid Caliph, 97, 102, 195  
 Azraqí of Herát, 33  
 Baalbec, 99  
 Bádghís, 5  
 Badí'u'ddín Turkú al-Sanjarí, 7  
 Badí'u 'l-Zamán al-Hamadhání, 100  
 Badr ibn Ḥasanawayh, 99  
 Baerlein, H., 143  
 Baghdád, 12, 46-48, 95, 96, 99-101, 125, 136, 137  
 Bahrám Gúr, 4  
 Baḥrayn, 105  
 Bákharzí. *See* Táju'ddín Ismá'il  
 Balkh, 8  
 Banú Mirdás, 97. *See* Mirdásids  
 Bāqilānī, 100  
 Basil, the Emperor, 97  
 Berbers, the, 96  
 Bevan, Prof. A. A., 195  
 Bihruz-i Ṭabarí, 33  
 Bírúní, 100  
 Bland, N., 1  
 Brazen Fly, the, a nickname, 24  
 Brockelmann, C., 164  
 Browne, Prof. E. G., 1, 2, 82, 96, 97, 105, 110  
 Bú Ṭáhir Khusrawání. *See* Abú Ṭáhir

- Buddhists, the, 137  
 Bukhárá, 1, 12, 21, 32, 41, 100  
 Buwayhids, the, 96, 100, 101  
  
 Caesar, 69, 128  
 Cairo, 96, 134  
 Carmathians, the, 97, 98, 103-5, 197  
 Carneades, 145  
 Cashmere, 13  
 Catullus, 33  
*Chahár Maqála*, 110  
 China, 1, 32  
 Chosroes, 36, 66, 69  
 Christians, the, 167, 169-71, 173,  
 174, 189, 192, 195-7  
 Cicero, 33  
 Coleridge, 50  
 Cureton, W., 164  
  
 Damascus, 96, 97, 101  
 Dante, 44  
 Daqíqí, 9, 11, 15  
 David, 37, 41, 68, 183  
 Dawlatsháh, 104  
 Daylamites, the, 101. *See* Bu-  
 wayhids  
 De Boer, T. J., 141, 158  
 De Goeje, M. J., 105, 110  
 Dhahabí, 140  
 Di'bil ibn 'Alí, 102  
 Dínawar, 99  
 Donne, 20  
  
 Egypt, 97, 99, 195  
 Empedocles, 158  
 Euphrates, the, 32, 35, 46  
 Euripides, 147, 171  
 Eve, 116, 126, 200  
  
 Faql ibn 'Abbás al-Rabinjaní, 14  
 Fakhru'ddín Mas'údí, 27  
 Farkhár, 30  
 Farnell, Dr L. R., 147  
*al-Farq bayna 'l-firaq*, 104  
 Farrukhí, 16  
 Fátima, 96  
 Fátimids, the, 64, 96-98, 101-3, 105,  
 166  
 Fíhr, 154  
 Firdawsí, 15, 16, 20, 100  
 FitzGerald, E., 5, 205  
 Freytag, G. W., 124  
*al-Fuṣūl wa 'l-gháyd*, 165  
  
 Gabriel, 156  
 Ghassán, 106  
 Ghazna, 16, 21, 38, 62, 100  
 Ghaznevids, the, 4, 96. *See* Náṣir,  
 the House of  
 Ghazza, 101  
  
 Goldziher, I., 166, 193, 204  
*Gospel*, the, 68, 174  
 Greeks, the, 47  
*Gulistán*, 28  
  
 Hafiz, 141  
 Hajar, 105  
 Hajarites, 105. *See* Carmathians  
 Hájji Khalífa, 2  
 Hákim bi-amri'llah, Fátimid Caliph,  
 102, 103  
 Halla, 10  
 Ham, 193  
 Hamdán Qarmaṭ, 97  
 Hamdánids, the, 97  
 Hanzala of Bádghís, 5  
 Haríri, 100  
 Hárith, King of Kinda, 202  
 Háshim, 101  
 Hassán, 101  
 Herát, 11, 33, 39  
 Herodotus, 143  
 Herrick, 9  
 Hibatu'llah Ibn Abí 'Imrán, 134-  
 136, 142  
 Híra, 202  
 Horace, 44  
  
 Ibn Abí 'Imrán. *See* Hibatu'llah  
 Ibnu 'l-Athír, 195  
 Ibnu 'l-Bayṭár, 11  
 Ibn Házim, 100  
 Ibn Kalláb, 164  
 Ibnu 'l-Qáriḥ, 166  
 Ibn Rashíq, 100  
 Ibnu 'l-Ráwandí, 166  
*Iliad*, the, 55  
 Iltatmish, Sultan, 1  
 'Imádí of Ghazna, 38  
 Imra'u 'l-Qays, 49  
 India, 1, 100  
 Iráb, 179  
 'Iráq, 98, 99, 108  
 Isaiah, 196  
 Ishmael, 191  
 Ismá'íl, 191  
 Ismá'ílís, the, 82, 96, 97, 105,  
 134, 136. *See* Carmathians and  
 Fátimids  
  
 Jackson, Dr Henry, 160  
 Jacob, G., 136  
 Jáḥiz, 141  
 Jainas, the, 137  
 Jaini, J., 138  
 Jalálu'ddín Rúmí, 22  
 Jamshíd, 37  
*Jawámi'u 'l-Hikáyd*, 1  
 Jawharí of Herát, 39  
 al-Jawn of Kinda, 202

- Jerusalem, 191  
 Jesus, 135, 167, 171, 178. *See* Messiah  
 Jews, the, 167-171, 174, 175, 181, 183, 188, 189, 192, 195, 197  
 Jonah, 204  
 Jones, E. R., 141, 158  
 Jurján, 7, 19  
 Júybári of Bukhára, 12  
  
 Ka'ba, the, 97, 191, 201  
 Kant, 142, 153  
 Kawkabí of Merv, 14  
 Kawthar, a river in Paradise, 16  
 Khabbázi of Nishápúr, 12  
 Khálid, 140  
 Khawarnaq, 32  
 al-Khiḍr, 193  
 Khoten, 30  
 Khurásán, 1, 32, 96  
 Khusraw Parwíz, 36  
 Khusrawání. *See* Abú Ṭáhir Khusrawání  
 Kinda, 202  
 Kisá'í of Merv, 10, 13, 15, 21  
 Kisrá, 69  
*Koran*, the, 51, 62, 105, 110, 142, 152, 155, 161, 166, 167, 171, 174, 183-185, 190, 204  
 Krachkovsky, I., 134  
 Krenkow, F., 204  
 Kúfa, 102  
 Kúfán, 102  
 Kuthayyir, 53  
  
 Labíd, 129  
 Lane, E. W., 195  
 Layth, the House of, 3. *See* Šaffárids  
*Lubábu 'l-Albáb*, 1-42  
 Lucian, 166  
 Lucretius, 44  
*Luzúmiyyát*. *See* *Luzúmu má lá yalzam*  
*Luzúmu má lá yalzam*. *See* Index of Subjects  
 Lyall, Sir C., 50, 55, 101, 129, 136, 202  
 Lycians, the, 143  
*Lyra Elegantiarum*, 9  
  
 Ma'add, Fátimid Caliph, 102  
 Ma'arra, 45-48, 97-99, 122, 124  
 Ma'arratu 'l-Nu'mán, 45  
 Ma'arrí. *See* Index of Subjects  
 Macdonald, Prof. D. B., 150, 160, 164  
 Magians, the, 104, 167, 176, 197. *See* Zoroastrians  
 Maḥmúd, Sultan, 4, 15, 17, 21, 30, 33, 37, 62, 100  
 Maliksháh, Sultan, 7, 34  
  
 Manash, 195  
 Manasseh, 195  
 Mání (Manes), 32, 158  
 Manichaeans, 32, 138, 196  
 Manjík, 14  
 al-Mansúr, Caliph, 101, 152  
 Margoliouth, Prof. D. S., 43, 45, 48, 97, 98, 134, 136  
 Marv-i Shahján, 39  
 Mary, the Virgin, 68, 174, 196  
 Masrúr ibn Muḥammad of Ṭáliqán, 30  
 Mas'úd, Sultan, 4  
 Mas'údi, the historian, 102  
 Mas'údí, Fakhrú'ddín. *See* Fakhrú'ddín  
 McLean, N., 113  
 Mecca, 45, 97, 98, 153, 191, 192  
 Medina, 191  
 Merv, 7, 10, 13, 14, 21, 25, 26, 27. *See* Marv-i Shahján  
 Mesopotamia, 99  
 Messiah, the, 171, 173. *See* Jesus  
 Milton, 44, 52, 153  
 Mirdásids, the, 166. *See* Banú Mirdás  
 Mírzá Muḥammad of Qazwín, 2  
 Mohammed, the Prophet, 1, 51, 68, 96, 106, 154, 160, 167-9, 171-4, 178, 191, 195, 196  
 Mongols, the, 1  
 Moore, 55  
 Moses, 68, 89, 167, 171, 178, 193, 196  
 Mosul, 99  
*Mu'allaqát*, 50  
*Mughní*, 164  
 Muḥammad, the Prophet. *See* Mohammed  
 Muḥammad ibn Šálih al-Walwálají, 12  
 Mu'izz Abú Tamím Ma'add, 102  
 Mu'izzí, 23, 34, 36, 41  
*Mu'jam* of Shams-i Qays, 29  
 Mundhir, King of Ḥíra, 202  
 Munkar, 138  
 Muntakhar (Muntakhir), 191  
 Murádi, 21, 22  
 Murtaḍá, the Sharif, 99  
 Musaylima, 104  
 Mutanabbí, 49, 50  
 Mu'tazilites, the, 164  
  
 Naḍádi, 179  
 Najrán, 195  
 Nakh, 191  
 Nakír, 138  
 Násir, the House of, 3, 4. *See* Ghaznevíds  
 Násir-i Khusraw, 124  
 Naşfru'ddín, vizier, 37

- Násiru'ddín Qubácha, Sultan, 1, 3  
 Násiru'ddín Šabuktigín, 4  
 Našr ibn Aḥmad, Sámánid, 14  
 Nawbakht, 151, 152  
 Nishápúr, 12, 26, 124  
 Nižámí 'Arúdí, 110  
 Nižámu 'l-Mulk, 34, 35  
 Nizár, Fátimid Caliph, 102  
 Noah, 39, 61  
 Nöldeke, Th., 49  
 Núḥ ibn Mansúr, Sámánid, 14  
 Nu'mán I, Lakhmite prince, 32  
 Nuşayrís, the, 183
- Omar Khayyám, 5, 205  
 Orontes, river, 183  
 Oxus, river, 35
- Pentateuch*, the, 167, 174, 205. See *Torah*
- Persia, 106, 122, 128  
 Pharaoh, 89  
 Plato, 22, 178, 186  
 Potter, M. A., 143  
 Prophet, the. See Mohammed  
*Psalms*, the, 37, 68
- Qaṭrán of Tabríz, 38  
 Qaysar, 69  
 al-Qiftí, 97  
 Quraysh, 154, 191  
 al-Qushayrí, Abu 'l-Qásim, 100  
 Quss, 195  
 Quss ibn Sá'ida, 195
- Rábi'a, daughter of Ka'b, 24  
 Rabinjaní. See Faḍl ibn 'Abbás  
 al-Raḍí, the Sharíf, 46, 99  
 Raḥí' of Merv, 7, 26, 27  
 Rakhsh, the horse of Rustam, 36  
 Ramla, 99, 101, 203  
 Rashídí of Samarcand, 6, 7  
 Rayy, 38  
 al-Rází, Abú Bakr, 158, 160  
 Rhazes. See al-Rází  
 Rieu, C., 50, 208  
*Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán*, 43, 104, 155, 166, 176, 182, 194  
 Rižwán, 21  
 Rock, the Holy, 191  
 Rosen, Baron V., 134  
 Rückert, 50  
 Rúḥí, 19  
 Rúm, 143  
 Rustam, 36
- Sabuktigín. See Násiru'ddín Sabuktigín  
 Sa'dí, 28  
 Sa'du'ddín Mas'úd Dawlatyár, 8
- Sadúm, 109  
 Šaffárids, the, 4. See Layth, the House of  
 Šahíh, the, 168  
 Šaláh, a name of Mecca, 191  
 Šáliḥ ibn Mirdás, 97, 98, 101  
 Salmon, G., 205  
 Samá'í of Merv, 25  
 Sámán, the House of, 3. See Sámánids  
 Sámánids, the, 4, 10, 14, 96. See Sámán, the House of  
 Samarcand, 6, 7, 16  
 Saná'í, 22  
 Sanjar, Sultan, 3, 4  
 Sanjarí. See Badí'u'ddín Turku  
*Saqtu 'l-Zand*, 49, 50  
 Sayfí of Nishápúr, 26  
 Sayfu 'l-Dawla, 97, 100  
 Seljúq, the House of, 3. See Seljúqs  
 Seljúqs, the, 4, 17, 96. See Seljúq, the House of  
 Shabdíz, the horse of Khusraw Parwiz, 36  
 Shahíd of Balkh, 8  
*Sháhnáma* of Firdawsí, the, 15  
 Shahrastání, 164  
 Shams-i Qays, 29  
 Shayba, 192  
 Shí'ites, the, 96, 102, 103, 177  
 Sinán, 101  
 Sind, 1  
 Socrates, 142, 198  
 Sodom, 109  
 Strato, 22  
 Šúffs, the, 40, 115, 133, 194  
 Sunnis, the, 103, 177  
 Suyúfí, 51  
 Syria, 43, 64, 95, 97, 99, 100, 108, 166, 195
- Ṭabas, 124  
 Tabríz, 38, 99  
 Tadmor, 99  
 Ṭá-há Ḥusayn, Dr, 43, 51, 142, 159  
 Ṭáhir, the House of, 3. See Ṭáhirids  
 Ṭáhirids, the, 4, 5, 8. See Ṭáhir, the House of  
 Ṭahmúráth, 39  
 Ṭáju'ddín, 7  
 Ṭáju'ddín Ismá'íl al-Bákhazí, 6, 26  
 Ṭáliqán, 30  
 Ṭayyí', tribe, 101  
 Tha'álibí, 100  
 Thamúd, 62  
 Tigris, the, 35  
 Tirmidh, 20  
*Torah*, the, 167, 168, 171, 181. See *Pentateuch*  
 Transoxania, 1, 96

- ʦughánsháh ibn Muḥammad, Sultan, 33  
 ʦughril, Sultan, 4  
 Tunis, 97  
 Turkestan, 30
- 'Ubaydullah the Mahdí, 96, 97  
*al-'Umad*, 164  
 'Umára of Merv, 10, 13  
 Umayya ibn Abi 'l-Šalt, 89  
 'Umdá, 164  
 Umm Dafr, a name of the World, 71, 75  
 'Unšurí, 30, 33, 37, 104  
 Uri, 208  
 al-Ušayfir, 99  
 'Utbi, 100
- Van Vloten, G., 141
- Verrall, A. W., 171  
 Von Kremer, A., 43-5, 52, 58, 64, 67, 101, 103, 105, 134, 137, 198, 208
- Walwálají. *See* Muḥammad ibn Šálih  
 Wright, W., 127
- Ya'qúb ibn Layth, 4  
 Yemen, 83, 124, 192
- Zahr of Fáryáb, 37  
 Zahrú'ddawla Abú Bakr, 35, 36  
 Zoroaster, 167  
 Zoroastrians, the, 104, 152, 189, 196, 201. *See* Magians  
 Zuhayr, 150

## INDEX II

### SUBJECTS

Arabic and Persian words are printed in italics

- Ablutions, religious, 150  
 Adam, more than one, 157; the son of Time, 158  
 Adultery, the legal penalty for, 199  
 Ambition, vanity of, 72, 88  
 Anaesthesia, Ma'arri's longing for, 109  
 Angels, their existence doubted, 184; recording angels, 188; the two angels who examine the dead, 138  
 Animals, wounds inflicted by, not subject to a legal penalty, 68; condemnation of cruelty to, 198-9, 201-2; their skins should not be used for clothing, 137; speculations as to their future existence, 202; happiness of wild animals, 127. *See* Vegetarianism  
 Arabic language, debasement of the, 114  
 Arabs, the pre-Islamic, customs and beliefs of the, 67, 90, 136  
 Arrows, used in games of hazard, 111  
 Ascension of the Prophet, 172  
 Asceticism, Indian, 137-8  
 Asceticism of Ma'arri, 125-41; its ethical character, 126; includes active virtue, 126, 198 foll.; not without a religious element, 132-3; world-flight, 126-31; abstinence from meat, fish, milk, eggs, and honey, 134-6; celibacy, 139-41  
 Astrologers, 110-12  
 Augury, 80, 193  
 Barrenness, a blessing for a wife, 77  
*basit*, metre, 57  
 Battle-field, description of a, 30  
*bayt*, 56  
 Bees, ought not to be robbed of their honey, 113, 135, 136  
 Beggars, 113  
 Birds, the injustice of taking their eggs, 134, 136; kindness to, 202; poems addressed to, 202  
 Blindness, allusions by Ma'arri to his, 47, 128, 129, 184  
 Blue and green, wide range of the words denoting these colours, 86  
 Boasting, in Persian and Arabic poetry, 18, 19  
 Body, the, brings anguish to the soul, 71; the spirit's garment, 75, 179; the spirit's cage, 180; deserves no honour after death, 92; the substance of, eternal and indestructible, 150; resurrection of the body, 169, 185  
 Body and soul, their marriage the source of all evil, 65, 180; at war with each other, 76; die simultaneously, 179  
 Books, the revealed, spurious, 110, 168  
 Boys, corporal punishment of, 203  
*buqqard*, 152  
 Cadis, unjust, 109  
 Camels, the blood of, broiled and used as food, 67  
 Celibacy, 139-41  
 Charity, 120, 193, 201-2  
 Charmers, 63, 113, 119  
 Cheeks, compared to tulips, 12; to fire, 12; to the Pleiades, 23; to the full moon, 29  
 Chin, the, compared to an apple, 12; to a lily, 30  
 Christian boy, poem on a, 11-12  
 Christians, their influence in Moslem society, 115  
 Clothes, undyed, worn by Ma'arri, 137  
 Coffins, disapproved of, 138  
 Conceits, in Persian poetry, 9, 20  
 Creator, the, one of five co-eternal principles, 158  
 Creed of Ma'arri, the, 129, 142, 165, 196  
 Cremation, praise of, 138  
 Crucifixion, the, 170-1  
 Curls, compared to a restless lover, 12; to a waving hand, 12; to chains, 29; black curls compared to negroes, 12; to a raven's wing, 12  
*dahr*, 155  
*da'd*, 82  
 Damnation, everlasting, 187

- Darkness, original, 153, 203  
 Dawn, compared to a poisoned sword, 89; the bow of, 132  
 Days, the, compared to dromedaries, 81  
 Days, holy, 155, 174  
 Death, the leveller, 66, 79; a long sleep, 85; the grandest of gifts, 86; compared to a woman throwing fuel on a fire, 89; to a lioness, 89; the blessings of, 56, 63, 71, 73, 74, 76, 78, 79, 94, 123; *kunya* of, 113  
 Democratic theory, modern, anticipated by Ma'arrî, 107  
 Dervishes, 113, 115  
 Determinism, 147, 161-3. *See* Fate; Freewill; Predestination  
 Directions, the six, 17  
 Divines, the Mohammedan, 108-110. *See* 'ulamâ  
 Dowry, paid by the husband to the wife, 87  
 Drinking vessels, luxurious, reproduction of, 85, 133  
 Earth, the most trusty comrade, 72; the best healer of pain, 88; receives its daily portion of human flesh and blood, 89  
 Earthquakes, 99  
 Education, views of Ma'arrî on, 203-4  
 Elegies, Persian, 20-22  
 Elements, the four, 7, 17, 22, 91, 157, 207  
 Epitaph, composed by Ma'arrî on himself, 140  
 Equality, religious, 195-6  
 Ethics of Ma'arrî, 126, 136-8, 190, 197-205; similar to the ethics of Jainism, 137; intellectual basis of, 198  
 Evil, greatly preponderates over good, 85, 87, 90; original, 90, 117, 153, 198, 203; God or Fate responsible for, 119, 161-2; should be repaid with good, 200  
*fakhr*, 19  
 Fame, vanity of, 207; Ma'arrî's expectation of, 207  
 Famine, in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt, 99  
 Fanaticism, denounced, 103  
 Fasting, useless without silence, 131; from sin, 182  
 Fate, 60, 64, 65, 66, 69, 83, 88; rules the whole course of life, 31; subject to Allah, 161; compared to a nose-ring, 178. *See* Determinism  
 Father, the, identified with the Active Intelligence, 22  
 Fathers, the seven, 22  
 Fire, a flaming foal, compared to a gambolling foal, 154; to a restless bay mare, 154  
 Flowers, described by Persian poets, 11, 13, 14  
 Freethought, 142, 146 foll. *See* *zindiq*; Reason; Rationalism  
 Freewill, 60, 70, 129, 163, 189  
*furqân*, 174  
 Games. *See* *buqqârd* and *khardj*  
 Genies, 111. *See* Jinn  
*ghazal*, Persian verse-form, 3, 8, 11, 12, 22-27  
 Girls, should be taught to spin, not to read and write, 204  
 God, Ma'arrî's conception of, 158 foll.; the author of evil, 147, 161-2; justice of, 161-3  
 Government, Ma'arrî's views on, 106-7; injunctions against holding office under the, 133-4  
 Governors, military, called "devils," 108  
 Grave, the, haunted by the dead man's wraith, 90  
*habr*, 110  
 Hair, compared to violets, 21; to hyacinths, 23  
*hâma*, 90  
 Heaven, everlasting or not, 62, 149  
 Hedonism, no trace of, in the *Luzûm*, 205-6  
 Hell, 68, 95, 151, 187  
 Hermits, 61, 108, 130, 132, 139, 180; happier than kings, 107; the tears of, 115  
 Hours, the, compared to snakes, 60; to mares, 61, 157  
 Humour, in the Persian *qasîda*, 38-9  
 Hypocrisy, the religion of mankind, 122 foll.; practised by Ma'arrî, 122 foll., 146-9, 151, 164-6. *See* Irony  
*ihrâm*, 192  
*ilhâd*, 172  
 Imâm, Shî'ite belief concerning the, 96, 101-3, 105, 106  
 Immortality of the soul, 178-85. *See* Life, a future; Resurrection  
 Indian practices, 85, 137-8, 201  
 Insects, compassion for, 202  
 Intelligence, a divine, 158, 160; the Active, 22

- Irony, employed by Ma'arri, 110, 138, 147, 151, 166-72, 174, 177
- Islam, the attitude of Ma'arri towards, 146-8, 164 foll.; his criticism of, 191. *See* Religion
- Ismá'ílís, the higher teaching of the, 105; their view of religion, 136; methods of their missionaries, 82
- jabr*, 161
- Jews, the, influence of, 115; transformed into apes, 183; attacks on their religion, 167-8, 171, 174, 175, 181; toleration for, 195-6
- Jinn, the, 184. *See* Genies
- Judgment Day, the, 117, 129, 132
- Jupiter and Saturn, conjunction of, 103, 105
- kdmil*, metre, 57
- khaváj*, 144
- khañib*, 195-6
- Kings, useful to society, 106; the servants of their subjects, 107; the poorest and most miserable of men, 130, 203
- Koran, the, imitated or parodied, 165-6; kernel of the, 190
- kunya*, 45, 87, 113
- Lamentation for the dead, condemned by Ma'arri, 72, 135
- Laughter, ought to be avoided, 72
- Letters, of the Arabic Alphabet, 89, 123
- Life, a dream, 65, 93; a disease, 74, 91; bitterness of, 60, 66, 92; compared to a serpent with black and white stripes, 68, 91; to a bridge, 69, 175; to a she-camel, 90; to an ill-strung necklace, 93
- Life, a future, uncertain, 148, 178-84; references to, 131 foll. *See* Resurrection
- Light, posterior to darkness, 153, 203
- Lips, compared to coral, 23
- Literature, the state of, in the age of Ma'arri, 100
- Love, Persian poems on the subject of, 11-13, 22-27; treatment of, in the *ghazal*, 22, 24; in Persian epic and romantic poetry, 22; in semi-mystical poetry, 24; a favourite topic in the exordium of a *qaşıda*, 29
- Luxury of women, 114
- Luzúmu má lá yalzam*, by Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arri, style and matter, 43-5, 50 foll., 53-5, 58; disliked by Mohammedans, 50; a book of moral poetry, 50; main themes, 52; meaning of the title, 52; characterised by a difficult form of rhyme, 52-3; poems on Life and Death, 59 foll.; poems referring to political affairs, 100 foll.; on the Fátimids and Carmathians, 101-6; on government, 106-7; on the ruling classes and the '*ulamá*', 107 foll.; on astrologers, 110 foll.; on the wickedness of mankind, 116 foll.; on world-flight, 126 foll.; on vegetarianism, 134-5; on celibacy, 139-40; in praise of Reason, 144; the *Luzúm* anti-Islamic in spirit, 146 foll., 164 foll.; poems on the stars, Time and Space, etc., 149 foll.; on God and Fate, 159 foll.; poems in which the dogma of Revelation is discredited, 167 foll.; poems illustrating the author's view of positive religion, 173 foll.; poems on the nature and destiny of the soul, 178 foll.; on angels and Jinn, 184; on Resurrection and Retribution, 185-9; on the uselessness of external rites, 190; on the Pilgrimage, 191-3; on religious equality and toleration, 195-6; on virtue, 198-200; on charity, 201-2; against war, 203; on the education of girls and women, 204-5; the *Luzúm* and the *Rubá'ıyyát* of Omar Khayyám, 205-6
- Lynx, somnolence of the, 145
- Ma'arri, essentially a poet, 44, 51; aims at telling the truth, 44, 50 foll.; his life, 45-8; his poetry unconventional, 49-50; his pessimism, 52, 95; wide range of his interests, 54; his fondness for philology and rhetoric, 55; his poverty, 46, 95, 125; he was familiar with the horrors of war, 97; came forward as a peacemaker, 97-8; sympathised with the 'Abbásids and attacked the Ismá'ílís, 101 foll.; did not believe in "blood and iron," 103; denounces fanaticism, 103; assails governors, theologians, astrologers, and professional poets, 106-14; describes the corruption of Moslem society, 114 foll.; was thought to be rich, 124-5; his asceticism, 125 foll.; his philosophy and religion, 141 foll.; the

- practical tendency of his philosophy, 141; his importance in the history of Moslem thought, 142; an instance of his erudition, 143; his rationalism and scepticism, 144 foll.; his relation to Islam, 146 foll., 164 foll.; he uses irony, 147, 166 foll.; his philosophical principles, 149 foll.; they resemble those of al-Rází, 158; he believes in one God, 158-60; holds God or Fate responsible for evil, 160 foll.; throws doubt on Revelation, 166 foll.; does not write at random, 169; criticises Judaism and Christianity, 168-71; his views on the origin of religion, 173 foll.; on the soul, 178 foll.; on metempsychosis, 182-3; on the fundamental dogmas of Islam, 184-93; he censures superstition, 193; has nothing of the mystical spirit, 194; pleads for religious toleration, 195-6; his creed, 165, 196; his ethical teaching, 197 foll.; he expects to be famous after his death, 207
- madîh*, 29
- Mankind, the breaths of Earth, 60; compared to plants, 86, 182, 183; the wickedness of, 116-24; incorrigible, 119-122
- Mare, the black, referring to the 'Abbásid dynasty, 67
- Marriage, 87, 112, 114, 116, 141
- mathnawî*, Persian verse-form, 3, 8
- Matriarchy, 143
- Matter, the eternity of, 79, 149-50; the First or Primeval, 158
- Mercy, enjoined by Ma'arrí, 201; the Divine, 187
- Metempsychosis, 182-4
- Metres, Arabic, 55; specimens of the four principal, 56-7
- Miracles, 194
- mi'radj*, 172
- Monorhyme, the, in Arabic and Persian verse, 8, 27, 55; examples in English, 19, 21, 28, 133
- Moon, the crescent, compared to a spear, 89
- Mothers, the four, 22
- mu'dhid*, 115
- muddri'*, metre, 11
- nafs*, 144
- Nails, allowed to grow long by Indian ascetics, 138; to pare the nails, a mark of asceticism, 138
- Names, inappropriate, ridicule of, 87
- Names of honour, 45, 71, 75, 87, 113
- namûs*, 172
- nasib*, 29. See *qašida*, exordium of the
- Nature, Persian poems descriptive of, 13
- Nature, human, radically evil, 116 foll.; fights against Reason, 81, 117
- ndzir*, 195
- Olive oil, the merits of, 133
- Omens, 193
- Ostrich, food of the, 90
- Panegyrics, by Persian poets, 14, 15, 33-9
- Paradise, 13, 17, 132, 133, 151, 187, 188; burlesque description of, 166; the eight Paradises, 16
- Patronage, influence of, on Persian court-poetry, 32-4
- People of the Book, the, 167
- Pessimism of Ma'arrí, 47, 52, 95, 206
- Philosophy, defined by Jáhiz, 141; the Pythagorean, 158
- Pilgrimage, the, not performed by Ma'arrí, 45, 78, 191; interrupted by Carmathians and brigands, 98-9; immoral and superstitious, 191-3
- Planets, the seven, 207; subject to Allah, 152, 159; influence of, 22, 151-2, 161, 207; conjunction of, 103, 105; endowed with souls and minds, 151, 154; capable of speech, 152, 181; Jupiter, 14, 65, 103, 105; Mars, 19, 62, 65, 152; Saturn, 8, 14, 103, 105, 152; Venus, 152
- Poet, the first Arabic, 4; the first Persian, 4
- Poetry, Arabic, criticism of, 48-50; the proper end of, 44, 50; condemned by many Moslems, 51; moral poetry regarded as inferior, 50-52
- Poetry, Persian, five main types of, 2, 3; the oldest, 8-15; mystical, 6, 24
- Poets, professional, 4, 18, 32 foll., 45, 114
- Political conditions, in Ma'arrí's time, 96 foll.
- Polygamy, 114
- Prayer, the efficacy of, 182; cannot alter the course of Fate, 64, 200
- Prayers, the public, 109, 128
- Preachers, the popular, corruptors of true religion, 110

- Predestination, the question of, a sterile controversy, 163; an excuse for sin, 175
- Procreation, a sin against the child, 126, 139; the source of misery, 139; increases the sum of evil, 139; the cause of death, 140
- Prophets, the, 171-3
- Proverbs, Arabic, 124, 145
- Punishment, corporal, 203
- qaşida*, the Arabic, 48-50; the Persian, 3, 8, 27-42; exordium of the, 17, 28; primary motive of the, 27; rhyme-system of the, 27-8; structure of the, 28-9; characteristics of the, 33-4
- qass*, 196
- qi'ā*, Persian verse-form, 3, 8-22
- quşşāş*, 110
- radif*, 28
- Rain, metaphors derived from, 60, 77, 88; prayers for, 200
- Rationalism of Ma'arrī, 47, 142, 167 foll.; of the Mu'tazilites, 164
- Reason, opposed to Revelation, 142, 168, 190; the sage's mirror, 63; the only true Imām, 102; the source of right knowledge and action, 142; an attribute of the Creator, 158; the means of self-emancipation, 197; passages in praise of, 143-4
- Recompense, future, 117, 132, 187-9, 199
- Religion, a human institution, 106, 173-8; causes men to hate one another, 181, 195-6; makes them slaves, 197; false and irrational, 86, 167, 177; subordinate to righteousness, 190; its outward forms have no value in themselves, 190, 201; neglected, 115, 116; definitions of true religion, 102, 133, 182, 197
- Resurrection, possible, 181, 185; doubtful, 169, 175, 184-7; terrifying sermons on, 110
- Retaliation, the Mohammedan law of, condemned, 80
- Revelation, how Ma'arrī deals with the dogma of, 166 foll.
- Rhyme, in the *rubā'i*, 5; in the *qaşida*, 27-8; in the *Luzūm*, 52-3; irregularities of, 127. *See* Monorhyme
- riqdān*, 111
- Rose, the, poems on the, 13, 14
- rubā'i*, Persian verse-form, 3, 5-8
- Rue-seed, burnt as a charm against the evil eye, 5
- sahl-i mumtani'*, 16
- Scepticism of Ma'arrī, 145-6
- Scholasticism, Ma'arrī's contempt for, 164
- Sectarianism, condemnation of, 194-6
- Self-cremation, practised by Indian ascetics, 85
- shanbalid*, 11
- Shoes, should be made of wood, not of hide, 137
- Silence, praise of, 130, 131, 142
- Sin, original, 90, 198; a ladder to religion, 163
- Sky, the, described as blue or green, 86
- Slaves, humane treatment of, enjoined by Ma'arrī, 201
- Solitude, 122, 126
- Sons, the worst enemies of their fathers, 112, 140
- Soul, the, has its centre in the highest sphere, 118; subject to cognition and nescience, 145; obstinate in evil, 136; weakened by Reason, 144; nature and destiny of, 178-85. *See* Body; Spirit
- Soul, the Universal, 158
- Souls, human, infinite in number, 158
- Space, Absolute, 158; infinite, 154-5, 160
- Spheres, the nine, 17
- Spirit, the, feels nothing after death, 121; corrupts the body, 179; dies with the body, 179; illumines the body, 180
- Spring, poems on, 13, 31
- Stars, influence of the, 70, 151-2, 160; sentient, intelligent, and articulate, 151, 152, 154; married to each other, 152, 154; the flowers of heaven, 86; ought to be venerated, 93, 153-4; foretell death, but not resurrection, 186; question whether they are eternal, 150, 154; Aquila, 156; Arcturus, 74, 152; Ashrāt, 186; 'Ayyūq, 35; Canopus, 152; al-Fanīq, 47; Lyra, 74; Sirius, 37, 66; Spica Virginis, 66; Suhā, 37; Virgo, 74
- Stone, the Black, a relic of paganism, 177, 191
- şifī*, derivation of, 194
- Şūfīs, dissolute, 115, 194; God-fearing, praised by Ma'arrī, 194; have something in common with

- freethinkers, 194; pietism of the early, 133
- Sun, the, will not rise unless he is beaten, 89; may be extinguished, 149; eternal, 157
- taqiyyat*, 151. See Irony
- ḥawil*, metre, 56
- Tears, when shed by hermits, put out Hell-fire, 115
- thagham*, 101
- thawab*, 187, 199
- Time, the nature of, 59, 154-7; subject to Allah, 116, 157; definition of, 156; has no influence on events, 156-7; abuse of, forbidden by the Prophet, 155; brings anguish on the wise, 31; immortal, 70
- Time, Absolute, 158
- Toleration, religious, 195-6
- Traditions, religious, weakly attested, 144; forged, 110, 168, 175
- Transmigration of souls, 182-4
- Truth, used by Ma'arrī in the sense of Right, 54; cannot be spoken in society, 122; moral, the object of Ma'arrī's poetry, 50; religious, not the monopoly of any race, 174
- Tulips, compared to blood-stained swords, 13; to flagons of wine, 32
- '*ulamā*, attacks on the, 107-110, 175
- Vegetarianism, adopted by Ma'arrī, 134; its motives and character, 134-8; based on the principle of non-injury, 136-7; possibly derived from Jainism, 137-8
- Verse, the Arabic, 56
- Virtue, a reality, 143; ought to be practised for its own sake, 175, 187, 199, 200; not rewarded in this world, 187; the fruit of knowledge, 198; consists in renouncing evil, 198; involves world-flight, 126, 198; not innate, 198
- wāfir*, metre, 57
- War, denunciation of, 127, 135, 199, 202-3
- War-horse, description of a, 36
- Water, the symbol of life, 136
- Wickedness, described as "ignorance," 198
- Wife, the ideal, 204-5
- Willows, lashed by the wind, compared to drunkards, 13
- Wine, Persian poems on, 9-11; composed of light and fire, 9; compared to a star, 9; to the moon, 9; to rubies, 10; to poppies and cornelian, 11
- Wine-drinking, invariably condemned by Ma'arrī, 104, 114, 129, 167-8, 205
- Wit, in Persian poetry, 38, 40-2
- Wolf, poem addressed to the, 202
- Women, the general Moslem opinion of, 204; offer large dowries in order to get husbands, 112
- Works, good, may be rewarded hereafter, 199
- World, the, wickedness of, 70, 116 foll.; described as Hell, 68, 95; eternal, 149 foll., 158, 160; loved by mankind, 69, 71; deceives its friends, 84; its best moment, 70; its name of honour, 71; compared to a carcase, 60, 117; to a brute, 68; to a murderess, 85; to a harlot, 87
- World, an upper, the archetype of this world, 152
- \* World-flight, poems on, 126 foll.
- Yellow, equivalent to "pale," 17, 42
- Youth, lament for the loss of, 15, 64, 69
- zindiq*, 151, 166, 194, 196





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