

THE
HUNDRED LOVE SONGS
OF KAMAL AD-DIN OF
ISFAHAN

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM
THE PERSIAN BY LOUIS H. GRAY
AND DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE
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INTRODUCTION

AMONG those who have sung of love in Persia not the least is Kamal ad-Din Ismail of Isfahan. Of his life we have some brief accounts, the longest of which is contained in the 'Tadhikirat ush-Shu'ara,' or 'Memoirs of the Poets,' written in the fifteenth century by Daulatshah of Samarkand, whose account of the poet is as follows:

'Jamal ad-Din Abd ar-Razzak, the descendant of integrity and the ancestor of honour, had two sons, Muin ad-Din Abd al-Karim and Kamal ad-Din Ismail. Muin ad-Din was full of understanding and wisdom, and Kamal ad-Din also was learned and

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wise, and their family was in great honour in Isfahan, and high grandees bent themselves to the education of Kamal ad-Din Ismail. . . . Now the great folk and the poets name Kamal ad-Din Ismail the Creator of Conceits, for in his words lie hid subtle conceits, which after consideration for a little time become clear. . . . And the Divan of Kamal ad-Din Ismail was honoured in the eyes of them of understanding, but Kamal was disdainful of praise, howbeit his fame spread through all the earth. Men tell the tale that in him the wealth of this world and all manner of talents met together, and ever he gave succour from his goods in business-wise to the needy, but certain of them of Isfahan dealt falsely with him and denied their debt, and therefore he hated men. . . .

‘ And after no long time the army of Uktai Khan

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came, and there was a massacre of the folk in Isfahan, and Kamal ad-Din also was martyred in that tumult. Now the occasion of his murder was this: When the Mogul army came, Kamal clad him in the rags of Sufis and of Holy Men, and chose him a hermitage without the city. These folk did not cause him vexation but they showed respect unto him, and the people of the city and of the quarters of it hid their garments and belongings in his hermitage, and all this was in a well within his house. On a time a young Mogul came, bow in hand, to the hermitage and threw a stone at a bird. His thumb-stall fell from his hand and the wrapper rolled into the well. In the search for the thumb-stall they drew off the covering of the well and discovered the treasure, and they demanded of Kamal that he reveal yet other wealth until he perished in torment and in torture,

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and in the moment of his death he wrote with his own blood this rubai:

“ My bleeding heart obeys thy will, O Lord!
Is this the rest my years of homage earn?
Be patient, O my soul; now shalt thou learn
In what strange ways God doth man's love reward.”

‘ And his martyrdom was made on the second day of the first Jamad of the year six hundred and thirty-five. . . . And Rafi Lanbani and Athir ad-Din Aumani and Sharaf ad-Din Shafruh were of the contemporaries of Kamal ad-Din Ismail.’

Thus, on the twenty-first of December, 1237, died Kamal ad-Din. Daulatshah has indeed a few other passages concerning him, but these give little information more. We read of contemporaries of his, such as Salman of Saveh, who joined him in answer to the poetaster Athir ad-Din of Akhsikat, and Mu-

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jir ad-Din of Bailakani, who replied with him to Hasan of Ghazni. We know, too, that he inherited not only his wealth but his poetic talents, for Daulatshah tells us that his father, whose full name was Jamal ad-Din Muhammed ibn Abd ar-Razzak, was 'of the lords and great ones and wise in Isfahan. Melodious was his poesy and high station he held and perfect favour. And Kamal ad-Din Ismail of Isfahan was his son, and the Sultan Said Ulugh Beg Gurgan (God make bright the fame of him!) exalted the words of Jamal ad-Din Abd ar-Razzak even as the words of Kamal ad-Din Ismail his son.' Kamal's characteristic note in the eyes of his Persian biographer is 'tenderness,' and in a burst of ecstasy he declares:

'Great Jami's verses, brine-filled as the sea,
Draw all their sweetness, O Kamal, from thee.'

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In the 'Tarikh-i Guzidah,' or 'Select History,' written by Hamdullah Mustavfi of Kazvin in 1330 A.D., there is a brief mention of our poet, saying that 'He has some dainty verses and has originated some charming conceits. He has composed sundry scholarly works, among them a "Treatise on the Bow."' According to Hamdullah, furthermore, Kamal wrote as he lay dying this rubai in addition to the one already quoted:

'O Heart, awake once more! What is thy pain
To that of thy dear land by anguish swept?
Last night for one that died a thousand wept,
At dawn not one to weep a thousand slain!'

Thus far the Persian texts on Kamal ad-Din. In his Divan, as it has come down to us, we find ghazals and kassidas and his rubaiyat. The ghazals and kassidas touch, it is true, on ethics and on mystic

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lore, but in the main they are devoted to eulogies of his patrons, to the Chief Justice Rukn ad-Din Said ibn Masud, to the princes of the house of Khvarizmshah, Ala ad-Din Tukush, his son Mohammed ibn Tukush, and his grandsons Jalal ad-Din and Ghiyath ad-Din, as well as to the Atabeg princes of Fars, Sad ibn Zangi, and Abu Bekr ibn Said, a patron of the great Sadi also, besides Husam Ardashir of Mazandaran, and many more.

But for us Kamal's chief interest lies not in his ghazals and kassidas, with their fulsome eulogies of petty kings long passed away, but in his Rubaiyat of love. If Omar, like Koheleth, sings ever of life's vanity, if Abu Said in his quatrains speaks only of the mystic unity of God and man, Kamal of Isfahan knows no theme but the sadness and the passion of love, whose end is the Triumph of Death.

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All we know of Kamal's heart-history is gleaned from his poetry. His biographers are silent here, and rightly so. Only Occidental 'culture' stoops shamelessly to reveal and print the love-lives of the great. Yet, although the veil may not be raised, we may, now and again, catch stray glimpses of the figures which move behind. We know from the Rubaiyat that his love was unhappy, and that the Beloved was cruel to him and false. Nor can we reproach her justly, for however much we idealize the Beloved and worship her above all else, she is but woman, *varium et mutabile semper*.

Of one thing at least we may be sure, if the Rubaiyat speaks truth—Kamal's Beloved was of the daughters of joy, twining her hair, like Lilith, about the hearts of men. Before the hierodulæ of Astarte the poets and the artists of all ages have made them-

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selves an offering. Lesbia, Cynthia, Delia, Corinna, did they not inspire the noblest poems of love that Latin verse has ever known? Was it not Phryne who was the glory of Praxiteles, Aspasia who cast her glamour over the age of Pericles? India knows the tale of Bhartrihari, and China the tragic love-legend of Sai Thâu. Everywhere and ever the God and the Bayadere! So was it with Kamal. He, too, loved one who, perchance, like Rahab in Jericho of old, 'dwelt upon the wall.' There her gaze might wander over the fair city of Isfahan, and from her window she might behold him fallen at her gate, while from the casement floated her laughter's mockery. Yet there is not one faltering note in all the Rubaiyat—only the passion and the grief of the Lover that his Love heeds him not. Nor is it strange that he should worship her. 'Être aimé d'une jeune fille

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chaste, c'est la chose du monde la plus simple. Mais être réellement aimé d'une courtisane, c'est une victoire bien autrement difficile. Chez elles, le corps a usé l'âme, les sens ont brûlé le cœur, la débauche a cuirassé les sentiments. Les mots qu'on leur dit, elles les savent depuis longtemps, les moyens que l'on emploie, elles les connaissent, l'amour même qu'elles inspirent, elles l'ont vendu. Puis, quand Dieu permet l'amour à une courtisane . . . !' This was the hope of Kamal, less happy than he who won the love of Marguerite Gautier. Yet for an instant, even unto him, longing was reality, as woman gives only that she may take away. And then at last, despairing and broken, mocked by the men he had helped and the woman he had loved, he went forth from Isfahan, nor came again.

Even to us, children of an after-age of doubt and

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sadness, come these faint notes of the everlasting pain of Love with the strange sweet perfume of the Beloved, adored in vain. For to them who love as love the Bulbul and the Gul, there is naught but sorrow, sorrow so divine that for one moment of its ecstasy all earthly joy were cheaply lost. Thus Persia lessons us of Love, its pain, its perfectness. Ah, Persia! Hafiz, drunken with the wine of Shiraz, chanting a ghazal to his loveling; Jami, rapt in meditation on the mystic yearning of Potiphar's wife for the 'moon of Canaan'; Firdausi, singing to an alien Faith the deeds of his country's heroes; and, dearest of all to us, *enfants du siècle!* the death-march beating beneath the gliding melodies of Omar of Naishapur. Through them all, disguised in many chords and struck in many keys, the single note is Love, Love that kills, yet knows too how to die; Love im-

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passioned, burning, sensuous . . . like the Nightingale, with thorn-pierced breast, who sobs out his life to the heedless Rose, that flushes only the deeper scarlet with the wine his heart pours out.

**THE
HUNDRED LOVE SONGS
OF KAMAL AD-DIN** ♣ ♣

AN HUNDRED LOVE SONGS

I

My love for thee, O thou the World's Desire,
Doth fill with anguish sweet my longing soul;
About my broken heart thy tresses roll,
And bind it whole again with bands of fire.

II

Last night I dreamed that thou wert by my side,
And gave unto my grief attentive ear.
I called to thee, and fancied thou didst hear—
O Phantom false, but loved, with me abide!

LOVE SONGS OF

✓ III

There is no thought of thee that is not dear ;
Ay, be thou evil if thou wilt to me—
The pain thou givest is an ecstasy ;
Be thou my dream, be thou in vision near.

IV

What though the rose be rival to the sun,
Her cheek is not like thine, O gate of joy !
Rose of the World, whose perfumes never cloy !
Light of the World, whose day is never done !

V

When Wisdom sees thy face, her calmness flies ;
The Cypress sees thee, and its rival knows.
The Morning Breeze o'er fair rose-gardens blows,
Breathes thy sweet perfume, and in envy dies.

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VI

Whene'er the wine of Joy doth reach my brain,
My talk is of my Love and of the Vine.
Ah! then it is, with eloquence divine,
The song of Israfil thrills through my pain.

VII✓

The Bird of Pleasure upward soars and high—
Follow, my love, in that celestial flight!
Yea, I will take the sorrow and the night,
That Laughter may see all thy days go by.

VIII

'They call thee "Moon of Earth,"' I said to thee;
And straight thine answer: "'Tis no empty name'—
Yet, dear, this common glory is thy shame;
Would that thy light were shed alone for me.

LOVE SONGS OF

IX

Thou wouldst the turquoise bowl of heaven turn,
To pour its pleasures out like perfume sweet;
Ay, use the stars as anklets for thy feet,
While o'er thy brows the seven planets burn.

X

Thou hast no shame of thine unbounded greed;
A golden ring attends thy willing ear.
Alas! It whispers but of gold, I fear,
And thou must listen to its sordid creed.

XI

Thy jewels mock me with their glittering eyes.
I may not woo thee, dear, with gems and gold;
Ah, let me thrust aside their beauty cold,
To kiss the place where each bright ruby lies!

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XII

Gold is but dust! Oh, listen, World's Delight,
Love is the flame of which e'en God is made—
The loss of love should make thy soul afraid;—
Alas! she shakes at me her bangles bright.

XIII ✓

Lo, for one word I have endured all pain,
And now a word hath brought me sore distress.
Yet I did speak because of tenderness;
Alas that Truth must ever warn in vain!

XIV

In hopeless longing all men to thy door
Draw nigh, then turn away with anguished hearts—
Yet love thee still! Oh, strange thy subtle arts,
That keep them all thy slaves for evermore.

LOVE SONGS OF

v XV

And thus I love thee, Soul of all the World,
Though oft mine eyes must weep their tears of blood,
That sear and drown as in a fiery flood,
Though all my heart must in the flame be hurled.

/ XVI

O love, thy hair! thy locks of night and musk!
The very wind therein doth lose his way,
While in the perfumed darkness he would stray;
And my heart, too, is lost in scented dusk.

XVII

O love, thy hair! such heaven hath never been!
Where'er amid the clatter of the mart,
They talk of Gold, of Wars, of Death, of Art,
Still comes thine all-compelling head between.

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XVIII -

And when, relenting, thou dost let me pour
My heart's love in thine ear, beneath that veil
That still o'er souls of all men must prevail;
Ah, then, 'twere well the sun should rise no more.

XIX -

Thy crescent brows irradiate the night;—
Love, of thy lips and tresses give thou me—
Thy breast is like the restless, heaving sea;
Thine eyes are stars of sorrow and delight.

XX ✓

And yet thy love is hollow as a shell
Until thine eyes shall have been dimmed by tears,
Until thy heart shall have been torn by fears—
Oh, then, then only, shalt thou love me well.

LOVE SONGS OF

✓ **XXI**

Yet grieve not that I grieve, Soul of the Sea—
What is my heart that thou shouldst comfort it
With wine or song, with smile or dance or wit?
Dust of thy threshold is enough for me.

XXII

Yea, I will kiss the dust beneath thy feet,
Nor ask to share the wine-cup in thy hand;
I am a slave, who waits on thy command,
And lo, a slave who finds his bondage sweet!

✓ **XXIII**

Last night I tossed upon my bed of pain;
The fever of thine absence, like a flame
Consumed my soul—aloud I called thy name,
And all the night thy Vision did remain.

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XXIV

I sleep no more; but not as merchants wake,
For thought of wealth's poor baubles that are lost—
I care no more for barter, venture, cost—
My wakefulness is all for thy dear sake.

XXV

As through a rose-tree, sick with wintertide,
Is seen the surging spring's new ecstasy,
So in my wasted body thou may'st see
The pulse of this great love thou hast denied.

XXVI✓

I found thy comb, and, nestled there, a hair,
And that I kissed until my soul was dazed;
I found thy mirror, into which I gazed,
Seeking some shadow of thy beauty there.

LOVE SONGS OF

XXVII

To quench my love in other loves I sought,
And sang my song unto a kinder ear
With words that burn as scarlet embers sear—
The fairest slave in all the mart I bought.

XXVIII

' O Turkish slave of mine, with jasmine face,
'Twas Allah's hand that shaped thy dainty mouth,
Sweet breath from gardens of the flowered South,
'Tis thou hast robbed the leopard of his grace.

XXIX

' The year that thou wast born in Turkestan,
Rare were red rose-leaves for such lips as thine
That are so small, so delicate, so fine,
Yet may not match thy waist of slender span.'

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XXX

I sang my song in praises of her eyes;
Alas! thy tresses wound about my soul—
I could not tear, could not their curls unroll—
I cried: 'Thou only art my Paradise!'

XXXI

Ah, Tulip-cheeked, thy path is one of hearts;
But mine may never lie before thy feet;
Thy face shames every face, however sweet—
I may not purchase Joy in other marts.

XXXII

I said unto my heart: 'Thou leavest me;
No more hast thou thy home within my breast.'
My heart replied: 'With her is life and rest.
I may no longer tarry here with thee.

LOVE SONGS OF

XXXIII

' Her eyes and tresses are my daily need—
Starved am I, dying, kept away from her,
Whose body is of spice and nard and myrrh;
Yea, I must follow where she choose to lead.'

XXXIV

Thus is my heart departed to thy care,
And see, my soul unto my lips doth rise;
Grant me one kiss, that so in Paradise
My soul may join my heart forever there!

XXXV

It is for thee my body melts like wax
Beneath the constant burning of the flame;
My blood is kindled at thy very name,
My might doth loosen and my will relax.

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XXXVI

O Heart, on grief alone thou still must live,
Nourished by pain and drenched with bitter tears;
Fed on sweet promises for weary years,
Now I have only memories to give.

XXXVII

Ah! Fortune, pity me! behold my pain!
Sorrow alone unto my soul is given;
Let life be short to him whose heart is riven,
Brim not with bitterness the cup I drain!

XXXVIII

My life and youth unto the winds are given,
And for thy sake my wealth is flung aside.
Thy promises the zephyrs scatter wide,
As light as down before the breezes driven.

LOVE SONGS OF

XXXIX

I drink no more as in the days of old,
Red wine, in token of my love for thee,
Yet not for shame of hallowed revelry
Do I forego its pleasures manifold.

XL

But one should drink in joy, from sorrow free,
And happiness should crown the wine cup blest;
My heart is heavy, and my soul distressed,
Since they have made their dwelling-place with thee.

XLI

Fast bound am I, as are thy tresses long,
And bent am I, as bend thy brows so fair;
Low to the earth I fall, as falls thy hair,
And clasp thy feet, as thy small sandals' thong.

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XLII ✓

The lurking dimple that divides thy chin
Holds greater peril than the deep ravine;
Thine eyes are wells, o'er which I dared to lean,
And now, alas! my heart hath fallen in!

XLIII

Or shall I say, this day I pawned my soul,
And thy coy mole was witness to the deed?
Or, is thy chin an apple, and its seed
This same bewitching, all-enticing mole?

XLIV

Behold my sword from out its scabbard cried:
'Am I to be forgotten for a maid?
Must I, the flawless one, the faultless blade,
Within this sheath of rust and shame abide?'

LOVE SONGS OF

✓ XLV

O faithful one, with thee true faith I'll keep,
To thee I'll turn my songs for evermore;
Of Life and Death thou knowest all the lore,
Of Life's warm essence thou shalt soon drink deep.

XLVI

As a strong swimmer dives into the sea,
Deep down and sure in his exultant strength,
Thy naked steel doth plunge its shining length
Into the heart of thy sought enemy.

XLVII

O sword! thou art the blade that moweth men
As men mow down the shrinking blades of grass;
A flash of lightning through the air doth pass,
And, lo! the flowers of blood bloom forth again.

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XLVIII

O sword! when in my hand I grasp thy hilt,
The fountain-head of victory is mine;
For conquest flows along thy steel like wine—
Red wine of conquest that thy strength hath spilt.

XLIX

Behold! the curving sea-beach envies thee,
O scimitar, inlaid with golden signs;
The waters envy thee, who, flashing, shines
Brighter than sunlight on the rippled sea.

L

O sword! thou art the very fang of Death!
Thy rubies are his eyes ablaze and red,
Thy pearls the tears the fatherless have shed,
Thy scent of drying blood his battle breath.

LOVE SONGS OF

LI

And every Sultan oft to thee hath prayed
To hold his throne, O jewelled Grand Vizier;
And where the Sultan, who hath not in fear
Dreamed of thy treachery, O subtle blade?

LII

O sword! could I but use thy cooling steel
To quench the fire of love that burns my soul!—
The well-beloved doth bear a bitter bowl,
And I am drunk with grief as drunkards reel.

LIII

O heart! go thou the way that leads to dust—
Thou art beside thyself and not above
This burning madness that thou deemest love—
Die, and forget, as dream and die thou must.

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LIV

As men have died for love that proved unkind,
Oh, may I now find rest, lay down my load;
Strange steps approach me quickly on the road
Where once I heard them faintly far behind.

LV

Since Life's the Evil . . . not Death's final call . . .
Strive thou to be as dead before the end.
Life is the wily traitor, Death thy friend; .
Why fear the gentle hand that ends it all?

LVI

In my life's reckoning to show some gain,
E'en empty pleasures miserly I count—
Alas! alas! small is their whole amount
Measured against the awful sum of Pain.

LOVE SONGS OF

LVII

Yet could we reach the Haven of Desire,
We'd spend the capital of Life's pure gold—
Ay, lose the interest a thousand fold—
And sacrifice our souls to Passion's fire.

LVIII

Henceforth I swear Earth's cares are naught to me;
Its joy and woe with equal brow I'll bear;
O Heart's Desire! I now no longer care—
Thy garlands are an empty mockery.

LIX

I will no longer strive through night and gloom:
There is no end to Time's vicissitudes;
He gives us here and there soft interludes
Of Love and Hope—then seals the painted tomb!

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LX ✓

And seek not in the stars a prophecy,
For straightway fear shall enter in thy heart—
A dimmed half-knowledge is a poisoned dart
That spreads its venom sure and endlessly.

LXI ✓

Fear thine own shadow—thou thyself art doom—
And tremble at the spectre of thy thought!
Alas! oblivion were cheaply bought,
Whate'er the price, howe'er the future loom.

LXII

Wouldst thou know Peace? Then flee from shining eyes;
Wouldst own thy heart? Leave fervent Love behind;
Break from the perfumed locks that snare and bind,
And shun the rose-sweet mouth that smiles and sighs.



LOVE SONGS OF

LXIII

All evil was ordained before all time;
My Destiny was writ by God's own hand;
I have no hope, no fear of His command,
And yet mine anguished Love sobs through my rhyme.

✓ LXIV

O Heart! consider well that Death is sure,
Nor gloom with doubts thy life before its close.
Contentment comes alone to him who knows,
And all things pass, and nothing may endure.

LXV

A Place that hath a Signless Sign is there;
Finger on lip, a changeless Spectre stands.
Patient he waits the voiceless great commands,
Ere for thy feet he set the final snare.

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LXVI

O Cypress! Rose! Light of the World! beware!
Somewhere the Archer draws the bending bow;
Silent and swift the fatal arrows go—
And one shall find thy marble bosom bare.

LXVII

There is a Gate men call 'Eternity,'
Whereunto lead the paths of Dread and Fear.
Each light-spent day brings thee more surely near
Where dimly gleams the Sword of Destiny.

LXVIII

O arrogant! stake not thy beauty frail
Against the magic of the Moon and Stars;
And mock me not because my silence mars
Thine idle mirth and talk of no avail.

LOVE SONGS OF

LXIX

Plays the dawn wind with violet and rose,
And dimples o'er with smiles the river's face;
Unto the cypress lends a subtler grace,
And brings the fevered sick divine repose.

LXX

But oh, forget not—insolent with glory—
The wind that opes the rose, the tulip breaks,
From off the bough the almond blossom shakes;
And Death the ending of Love's sweetest story.

LXXI

But all this talk of cold philosophy
Is but to bind the wounds that thou hast made;
I sit me down within the Plane-tree's shade,
And strive to conquer all my hopes of thee.

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XII

I, lo! I see that quivering is the Plane,
cause the Cypress in the garden grows;
finger-tips of green he outward throws,
that softly he may touch his love again.

XIII

Thy soul is like thy lute of many strings,
and on my heart thou playest all these songs;
thy soft hand my straining spirit longs—
oh, from thy touch what endless music springs!

XIV

Thy voice is sacred to me, O Love,
and all the words that God's great Prophet spake.
Let me hear thy lips my poor name take,
and know 'tis written in the Book above.

LOVE SONGS OF

LXXV

Thou art serene and silent as the night,
And yet thy very calmness wounds the most,
And he that might defy thee is a ghost—
Dead is the heart that can resist thy might.

LXXVI

Unto thy face why liken changeful fire?
Or lead thee where the swaying cypress grows?
The cypress I abjure, and mock the rose,
Whene'er I gaze upon my Heart's Desire!

LXXVII

My pen and I do naught but write of thee,
And thereby show this constant love of ours.
When faults we seem to see in bitter hours,
A sword there lieth 'twixt my pen and me.

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LXXVIII

The veil that hides the brightness of thine eyes
Is as the cloud that wraps the moon's soft sheen;
Thy brows are bows, thy glances arrows keen,
Wherewith to make my wounded heart thy prize.

LXXIX

The comb may touch thy hair, perfumed and curled;
The mirror sees thy beauty face to face.
Would I were Kohl, thine eyes should be my place;
Would I were Henna, and thy hair my world!

LXXX

Thy light heart holds, alas! no love for me!
If God should look with pity on my pain,
And make me tears, thy tears, like silver rain,
Thou wouldst deny me this sad ecstasy.

LOVE SONGS OF

LXXXI

If I became pure wine, thou wouldst not drink;
A curl, then from thy head I'd severed be.
If I besought in dreams to come to thee,
From my poor vision thou wouldst turn and shrink.

LXXXII

Thou art beyond my Hope's consuming fire,
I may not win thee though I give my soul;
The Foot of Hope attains not to that goal,
Beyond the reach of Longing and Desire.

LXXXIII

Thou sayest 'Fire may oft be quenched by tears,
Will thine not cool thy lips that throb and burn?'
'O Love! Thy Jasmine cheek unto me turn,
And thou shalt know how flaming passion sears!'

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LXXXIV ✓

O Love of mine, thy heedlessness I know,
Thy restless soul mine eager wish hath slain;
Thou art a phantom, haunting my sick brain,
The final tear that makes my heart o'erflow.

LXXXV

Thy gentle tongue doth speak in hate of me;
Thy tender soul my woe doth weave and plan.
Dost thou begrudge me this my Life's brief span?
That I am so denied thy charity?

LXXXVI

My heart hath lost all hope of gaining thee,
Yet prays thee still to ease its grief and pain—
Look forth, my Love, that I may live again,
For sight of thee may soothe mine agony—

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LXXXVII

And yet thy hair is musk, as is the rose,
And musk inflames the wound that aches and burns;
Ah! let thy girdle with its many turns
Bind up my hurt, that I may find repose.

LXXXVIII

Thy little shoe the way of Friendship knows,
And all thy charms are in its tiny seal.
It sees sly Hindus pilfer, thieve, and steal,
And so steals hearts as down the path it goes.

LXXXIX

Thy little shoe! It hath a wondrous geal—
Potent as that of Solomon the Wise.
Thy beauty giveth life that never dies
Unto the impress of thy rosy heel.

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XC

Thou hast the magic of the Ancient Sign
Within the meshes of thy midnight hair,
Holding the spirits of the winds in snare,
As fast it binds this helpless heart of mine.

XC I ✓

My body and my brain thou hast in thrall;
Though I were dead, I'd rise at thy command,
Would feel the power of thy quickening hand,
And answer to thy softly tuneful call.

XCII

Thy foes expire as dies the candle's flame,
Blackened and burned, consumed for evermore.
Where hast thou learned the Great Magician's lore
That thine ill-wishers fall before thy name?

LOVE SONGS OF

XCIII

When thou art far, no rest my body knows;
With thy departure, Happiness hath ceased.
Thou art to me as Dawn-winds of the East,
The healing breeze that through the casement blows.

XCIV

Who once hath loved thy pale and fervent face,
To him the rose is dead and cold the flame,
Deaf to all music save thy voice and name,
Blind to all beauty save thy subtle grace.

XCV

My heart rebels, and cries, 'A beggar be,
And haunt her door with supplicating cry.
Perchance she may give ear, and, drawing nigh,
Give thee sweet alms out of her charity.'

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XCVI ✓

Joy will I call the Grief thou bringest me;
Thy Tyranny I'll deck with Mercy's name;
If thou wert kind, I could not sing thy fame,
For words would learn their hopeless poverty.

XCVII

'These twenty days I have not seen thy face!
Now, wherefore this?' the well-belovèd cried.
Before she spake, methought my heart had died;
Now doth she give an hundred years of grace.

XCVIII

Lo! thou didst say, 'Of thy heart speak to me,
For I would hear thy hidden thought avowed.'
What need of words, when Silence cried aloud:
'My only secret is my love for thee!'

LOVE SONGS OF

- XCIX

Thy promise thou dost give me laughingly,
And each day sees thy promise is a lie;
Thy wit an hundred reasons doth supply,
Yet finds not one why thou shouldst come to me.

C

Behold! Thy beauty to the world is known!
Unveiled thou art, that every man may see—
Love's temple walls are fallen, yet to me
My Idol reigneth proudly and alone.

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KAMAL AD-DIN

LOVE'S FULFILLMENT

CI —

Last night the well-belovèd came to me—

Ate of my bread and drank my crimson wine;

Last night, last night, the Heart's Desire was mine—

Last night I gave Love hospitality!

APPENDIX

THIS translation of the Rubaiyat of Kamal ad-Din of Isfahan, the first in any Occidental language, is based on an undated edition of his collected works published in lithograph at Bombay. It contains one hundred and seventy-two quatrains, from which we have selected those which lend themselves most readily to translation, supplementing them with four, the twenty-seventh, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, and the fifty-second, to complete the thread of the narrative in which we have arranged the verses. In the original, as in all Persian rubaiyats, the quatrains have no mutual relation, and there is no effort made to pre-

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serve a logical sequence. Fifteen verses are contained in Salemann and Shukovski's 'Persische Grammatik' (Berlin, 1889), pp. *36-*39, eight of which are not in the Bombay edition. These are taken from a manuscript (No. 92) of the Library of the University of St. Petersburg. Manuscripts of the poet, whose works contain some eight thousand distichs, are not uncommon. The Bodleian Library has six, the oldest being written in 1573 A.D. and the largest and best in 1614 (see Sachau and Ethé, 'Catalogue of the Persian, Turkish, Hindustani, and Pushtu Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library,' Part I., 'The Persian Manuscripts'; Oxford, 1889, Numbers 638-643, columns 506-509). The British Museum has five (Or. 473, 287, Add. 18,414, 7092, 7748), of which the oldest was written in 1598 (see Rieu, 'Catalogue of the Persian Manuscripts in the Brit-

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ish Museum,' London, 1881, pp. 580-581), and the Berlin Library one (see Pertsch, 'Verzeichniss der persischen Handschriften der königlichen Bibliothek zu Berlin,' Berlin, 1888, No. 762, p. 783). There are four in Stamboul (see Horn, 'Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft, vol. 54, p. 481), at least one in Paris (Bibliothèque national, 1312 du supplément persan; see Blochet, 'Catalogue de la collection des manuscrits orientaux formée par M. Charles Schefer,' Paris, 1900, p. 65), and one in Oudh (see Sprenger, 'Catalogue of the Arabic, Persian, and Hindu Manuscripts in the Libraries of the King of Oudh,' vol. I., Calcutta, 1854, p. 454). Poems of Kamal are frequently included in anthologies, as at Cambridge University (L 16.15; see Browne, 'Catalogue of the Persian Manuscripts in the Library of the University of Cambridge,' Cam-

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bridge, 1896, p. 389), in one at Copenhagen (see Mehren, 'Codices Persici, Turcici, Hindustanici . . . Bibliothecae Regiae Hafniensis,' Copenhagen, 1857, p. 34), and in the British Museum (Or. 4110, see Rieu, 'Supplement to the Catalogue of the Persian Manuscripts in the British Museum,' London, 1895, p. 233). This list is by no means exhaustive, nor is there any one codex which may be called canonical.

The longest notice of the life of Kamal is that translated, except for some irrelevant matter, in our introduction from Daulatshah's 'Tadhkirat ash-Shu'ara' (edited by Browne, London, 1901, pp. 148-153). There are, however, numerous briefer mentions, not only in Daulatshah (pp. 17, 82-83, 104, 136, 141-142, 381, 426, 483) and in the 'Tarikh-i Guzidah' (quoted from Browne's translation in the 'Journal of the

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Royal Asiatic Society' for 1901, pp. 13-14), but in numerous sources, inaccessible to us, as in the 'Safinah-i Khvashgu,' Cod. Nr. 663, fol. 285b, in the 'Maikhanah' of Hasan ibn Lutf Allah Tihrani Razi, fol. 230a, and an anonymous Memoir of ancient poets in the British Museum, Or. 3386, fol. 309a, in the 'Mirat al-'Alani,' fol. 691, the 'Khulasat al-Afkar,' fol. 229, the 'Baharistan,' fol. 67, Habib as-Siyar, vol. ii., Juz 4, p. 190, the 'Haft Aklim,' fol. 356, the 'Riyaz ash-Shu'ara,' fol. 356, the 'Atashkadah,' fol. 80 (see Rieu, 'Supplement,' pp. 76, 81, 'Catalogue,' p 581), and in Halimi's 'Bakhr Aghrayab' (see Lagarde, 'Persische Studien,' Göttingen, 1884, p. 22). There is also a quotation from Kamal in Hafiz (No. 380, baits 7-8, ed. Brockhaus, Leipzig, 1863). The additional information thus gained is very slight. We learn, as the most important fact, that

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Kamal, when he withdrew from the world, devoted himself to mystic contemplation under the guidance of the Sufi teacher Shihab ad-Din Omar ibn Mohammed as-Suhravardi, and doubt is cast on the exact date of the poet's murder, which took place, according to the 'Khulasat al-Afkar,' in the year 628 of the Hejira, but in 639 if we follow the 'Mirat al-'Alani,' instead of 635, the year adopted by the best Persian authorities. Probably the passage translated from Daulatshah is the most trustworthy in all respects. The life of Kamal is sketched in outline by Pizzi in his 'Storia della Poesia Persiana' (Turin, 1894, vol. i., pp. 101-102), and by Ethé in his 'Neupersische Litteratur' in Geiger and Kuhn's 'Grundriss der iranischen Philologie' (Strassburg, 1895-1903, vol. ii., p. 269).

There is a translation of three quatrains ascribed