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SECOND SERIES

NUMBER TEN

EDWARD G.
BROWNE

(POEMS FROM THE
PERSIAN)

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The Augustan Books of English Poetry
(Second Series)
Edited by Humbert Wolfe

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 JOHN DONNE | 8 POEMS FROM THE GREEK |
| 2 GEORGE HERBERT | 9 POEMS FROM THE LATIN |
| 3 FRANCIS THOMPSON | 10 EDWARD G. BROWNE, POEMS
FROM THE PERSIAN |
| 4 W. B. YEATS | 11 POEMS FROM THE IRISH |
| 5 HAROLD MONRO | 12 JOHN SKELTON |
| 6 ROSE MACAULAY | |
| 7 ARTHUR WALEY, POEMS
FROM THE CHINESE | |

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POEMS FROM THE PERSIAN

The name of that great scholar Edward Granville Browne is honoured by every Orientalist throughout the world, and the news of his death occasioned in Persia a manifestation of public and private sorrow, as for a personal loss, which was as moving as it was unexampled. Browne came of singularly gifted parents; was educated at Eton and Pembroke College, Cambridge. He graduated in medicine as well as in arts, and in later years was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, though he never practised. As a young man he was appointed Lecturer in Persian in his University, and later Sir Thomas Adams Professor of Arabic. He early attained great proficiency in the three languages of Islam—a rare case; but it is as the chief Persian scholar, in the wider sense, of his time that he is famous.

The translations of Persian poetry that follow lie scattered throughout most of his works, and notably in the four volumes of his great work “A Literary History of Persia.” The following selection from those scattered verses may be welcomed by many who do not know his writings.

To most, perhaps, Persian poetry means Omar Khayyám, the ghazals of Hafiz, Sa’di’s “Gulistan”; and we think of rose-gardens and bulbuls; of moon-faced beauties, and the cup-bearer for ever being exhorted to bring wine. Fitzgerald re-created for us Omar’s poetry, remoulding it nearer to his heart’s desire; Hafiz and Sa’di have often

been translated both well and ill; but there are many names in Persian literature—e.g., those of the great Sufi poets Jalalu'd-Din Rumi, Faridu'ddin Attar, Jami, and others, which are probably unknown to general readers.

To most Europeans Hafiz, with his incomparable grace and beauty, his bacchanalian and erotic imagery, now mystical, now realistic, is the most attractive of the Persians; but there are not a few who deem Jalalu'd-Din the greatest of Persia's poets.

Much of Persian poetry is extremely conventional and artificial, full of far-fetched metaphors and tasteless conceits, especially that which was written under the patronage of Mongolian or Turkish conquerors. However, the reader will see that there is plenty of poetry which is free from those wearisome defects. How far the language of wine and love is metaphorical or allegorical is often a difficult problem. Many of the Sufi poets use what is almost a code of symbols, but with a poet like Hafiz, the beloved's curl or mole, wine and the tavern, and so forth, are certainly metaphors in some places and not in others. As to this Browne remarks: "That the spiritual and the material should be thus mingled will not surprise anyone who understands the character, psychology, and *Weltanschauung* of the people of Persia, where it is common enough to meet with persons who, in the course of a single day, will alternately present themselves as pious Muslims, heedless libertines, confirmed sceptics, mystical pantheists, or even incarnations of the Deity."

The making of this little anthology has been more than usually difficult: most of the poets' names are probably

unknown to the reader, as will also be their surroundings, their outlook and their allusions. The reader will not be heartened by meeting the names of old friends in literature, or his favourite passages. It is hoped that he will have his reward in the charm and novelty of the pieces selected.

Such brief notes have been provided as space allows when absolutely necessary. Save that, for simplicity, diacritical marks, etc., have been omitted, the transliteration of names is mostly according to Browne, on whose writings this preface is founded.

Acknowledgments are due to the Cambridge University Press for the use of quotations from "A Year Amongst the Persians" in the late Professor Browne's "History of Persian Literature."

SIDNEY JERROLD.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
QABUS (10th cent.)	
1. The things of this world - - -	13
2. Six things there be - - -	13
MU'AMMARI OF GURGÂN (10th cent.)	
Where there is giving afoot - - -	14
ABU'L MUDHAFFAR OF NISHAPUR (10th cent.)	
Like to the Moon would she be - - -	14
'UNSURI (11th cent.)	
Though shame it be a fair one's curls to shear -	14
KISA'I (953-1002)	
A heaven-sent gift and blessing is the rose -	15
ABU SA'ID IBN ABI'L-KHAYR (967-1049)	
To gladden one poor heart of man - - -	15
AVICENNA (IBN SINA), 980-1037	
'Tis we who on God's Grace do most rely -	16
ABU SA'ID'S REPLY	
O steeped in sin and void of good - - -	17
JALALU'D-DIN RUMI (1207-1273)	
1. Nightly the souls of men thou lettest fly -	17
2. I died from mineral and plant became -	18

‘IRAQI (13th cent.)

- | | PAGE |
|---|------|
| 1. The wine wherewith the cup they first filled
high - - - - - | 19 |
| 2. Cups are those a-flashing with wine - | 20 |

HUMAMU’D-DIN (13th to 14th cent.)

- | | |
|---|----|
| When the parting from country and friends to
my vision appears - - - | 20 |
|---|----|

IBN-I-YAMIN (14th cent.)

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1. From the void of Non-Existence to this
dwelling-house of clay - - - | 21 |
| 2. A corner which no stranger can explore - | 21 |

NI‘MATU’LLAH OF KIRMAN (14th to 15th cent.)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| King and beggar are one, are one - - | 22 |
|--------------------------------------|----|

AZRAQI (12th cent.)

- | | |
|---|----|
| Reproach not Fortune with discourteous tricks | 22 |
|---|----|

RASHIDI (11th cent.)

- | | |
|---|----|
| You stigmatize my verse as “wanting salt” - | 23 |
|---|----|

SA’DI OF SHIRAZ (1184-1291)

- | | |
|--|----|
| Precious are these heart-burning sighs - | 23 |
|--|----|

HAFIZ (1318?-1378)

- | | |
|---|----|
| If that unkindly Shiraz Turk would take my
heart within her hand - - - | 24 |
|---|----|

QASIMU’L ANWAR (1356-1433)

- | | |
|--|----|
| Of thy favour, Cup-bearer, fill me up that clear
and crystalline bowl - - - | 25 |
|--|----|

	PAGE
JAMI (1414-1492)	
1. In solitude, where Being signless dwelt	- 26
2. Be thou the thrall of love	- - - 29
QURRATU'L-'AYN	
The thralls of yearning love constrain in the bonds of pain and calamity	- - 30
BIBLIOGRAPHY	- - - - - 31

When we are dead, seek for our resting-place
Not in the earth, but in the hearts of men.

JALALU'D-DIN RUMI.

THE things of this world from end to end are the
goal of desire and greed,
And I set before this heart of mine the things which I
most do need,
But a score of things I have chosen out of the world's
unnumbered throng,
That in quest of these I my soul may please and speed my
life along.
Verse, and song, and minstrelsy, and wine full-flavoured
and sweet,
Backgammon, and chess, and the hunting-ground, and the
falcon and cheetah fleet;
Field, and ball, and audience-hall, and battle, and banquet
rare,
Horse, and arms, and a generous hand, and praise of my
Lord and prayer.

QABUS (10th cent.).

Prince of Tabaristan and a patron of letters.

SIX things there be which have their home in the midst
of thy raven hair:
Twist and tangle, curl and knot, ringlet and love-lock
fair;
Six things there be, as you may see, which in my heart do
reign:
Grief and desire and sorrow dire: longing and passion and
pain!

QABUS.

WHERE there is giving afoot, for silver gold do I
 fling,
 And where there is speaking, hard steel to the softness of
 wax I bring:
 Where there are winds a-whirling, there like the wind I
 pass,
 Now with the lute and the goblet, now with the mailed
 cuirass!

MU'AMMARI OF GURGÂN (10th cent.).

LIKE to the Moon would she be, were it not for her
 raven locks;
 Like unto Venus, save for her beauty-spot, fragrant as
 musk:
 Her cheeks to the Sun I would liken, save that, unlike the
 Sun,
 She needs not to fear an eclipse, she needs not to shrink
 from the dusk.

ABU'L MUDHAFFAR OF NISHAPUR (10th cent.).

THOUGH shame it be a fair one's curls to shear,
 Why rise in wrath or sit in sorrow here?
 Rather rejoice, make merry, call for wine;
 When clipped the cypress doth most trim appear.

'UNSURI (11th cent.).

He was the Poet Laureate of Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna. The
 quatrain was improvised to cheer the Sultan when he realised that the
 night before he had shorn the locks of his favourite in a drunken orgy.

A HEAVEN-SENT gift and blessing is the rose,
Its grace inspireth aspirations high.
O flower-girl, why the rose for silver sell,
For what more precious with its price canst buy?

KISA'I (953-1002).

Cf. Omar Khayyám's quatrain about the Vintners, and the "stuff they sell." Kisa'i was a poet of some note in his own age.

TO gladden one poor heart of man is more,
Be sure, than fanes a thousand to restore:
And one free man by kindness to enslave
Is better than to free of slaves a score.

Let no one of Thy boundless Grace despair;
Thine own elect shall ever upward fare:
The mote, if once illumined by Thy Sun,
The brightness of a thousand suns shall share.

Till Mosque and College fall 'neath Ruin's ban,
And Doubt and Faith be interchanged in man,
How can the Order of the *Qalandars*
Prevail, and rise up one true Musulman?

Sir, blame me not if wine I drink, or spend
My life in striving Wine and Love to blend;
When sober, I with rivals sit; but when
Beside myself, I am beside the Friend.

Said I, "To whom belongs thy Beauty!" He
Replied, "Since I alone exist, to Me!
Lover, Beloved and Love am I in one,
Beauty, and Mirror, and the Eyes which see!"

Thou bid'st me love, and midst Thy lovers pine,
Of Sense and Reason strip'st this Heart of mine;
Devout and much revered was I, but now
Toper, and gadabout, and libertine.

What time nor Stars nor Skies existent were,
Nor Fire nor Water was, nor Earth, nor Air,
Nor Form, nor Voice, nor Understanding, I
The Secrets of God's Oneness did declare.

O God, I crave Thy Grace for hapless me!
For hapless me enough Thy Clemency!
Each some protector, some defender claims;
But I, poor friendless I, have none but Thee!

By whatsoever Path, blessed the Feet
Which seek Thee; blessed He who strives to meet
Thy Beauty; blessed they who on it gaze,
And blessed every tongue which Thee doth greet!

The Gnostic, who hath known the Mystery,
Is one with God, and from his Self-hood free:
Affirm God's Being and deny thine own:
This is the meaning of "*no god but HE.*"

ABU SA'ID IBN ABI'L-KHAYR (967-1049).

A great mystic, described as the first master of theosophic verse (*Lit. Hist.*, II., 261-70). These selected quatrains do not form a connected poem.

'TIS we who on God's Grace do most rely,
Who put our vices and our virtues by,
For where Thy Grace exists, the undone done
Is reckoned, and the done undone thereby.

AVICENNA (IBN SINA), 980-1037.

The famous Persian philosopher.

O STEEPED in sin and void of good, dost try
To save thyself, and thy misdeeds deny?
Can sins be cancelled, or neglect made good?
Vainly on Grace Divine dost thou rely!

ABU SA'ID'S REPLY.

NIGHTLY the souls of men thou lettest fly
From out the trap wherein they captive lie.
Nightly from out its cage each soul doth wing
Its upward way, no longer slave or king.
Heedless by night the captive of his fate;
Heedless by night the Sultan of his State.
Gone thought of gain or loss, gone grief and woe;
No thought of this, or that, or So-and-so.
Such, even when awake, the Gnostic's plight:
God saith: "They sleep": recoil not in affright!
Asleep from worldly things by night and day,
Like to the Pen moved by God's Hand are they.
Who in the writing fails the Hand to see,
Thinks that the Pen is in its movements free.
Some trace of this the Gnostic doth display:
E'en common men in sleep are caught away.
Into the Why-less Plains the spirit goes,
The while the body and the mind repose.
Then with a whistle dost Thou them recall,
And once again in toil and moil they fall;
For when once more the morning light doth break;
And the Gold Eagle of the Sky doth shake
Its wings, then Israfil-like from that bourn
The "Cleaver of the Dawn" bids them return.
The disembodied souls He doth recall,
And makes their bodies pregnant one and all.

Yet for a while each night the spirit's steed
Is from the harness of the body freed:
"Sleep is Death's brother": come, this riddle rede!
But lest at daybreak they should lag behind,
Each soul He doth with a long tether bind,
That from those groves and plains He may revoke
Those errant spirits to their daily yoke.

O would that, like the "Seven Sleepers" we
As in the Ark of Noah kept might be,
That mind, and eye, and ear might cease from stress
Of this fierce Flood of waking consciousness!
How many "Seven Sleepers" by thy side,
Before thee, round about thee, do abide!
Each in his care the Loved One's whisper hears:
What boots it? Sealed are thine eyes and ears!

JALALU'D-DIN RUMI (1207-1273).

The greatest of all the Persian Sufi poets. His *Mattinawi* and *Diwan* are among the great poems of all times. He lived chiefly in Qonya, in Asia Minor (Rum), where he instituted the so-called "dancing dervishes."

I DIED from mineral and plant became;
Died from the plant, and took a sentient frame;
Died from the beast, and donned a human dress;
When by my dying did I e'er grow less?
Another time from manhood I must die
To soar with angel-pinions through the sky.
'Midst Angels also I must lose my place,
Since "Everything shall perish save His Face."
Let me be Naught! The harp-strings tell me plain
That "unto Him do we return again!"

JALALU'D-DIN.

THE wine wherewith the cup they first filled high
Was borrowed from the Sâqî's languorous eye.
Since self-possessed the revellers they found
The draught of selflessness they handed round.
The loved one's wine-red lips supplied the cup:
They named it "Lover's wine," and drank it up.

No rest the hair of those fair idols knows,
So many a heart it robs of its repose.
For good and bad a place within our hall
They found, and with one cup confounded all.
They cast the ball of Beauty on the field,
And at one charge compelled both worlds to yield.
The drunken revellers from eye and lip
The almond gather, and the sugar sip.
But that sweet lip, desired of all, most fair,
Maketh harsh words the helpless lover's share.
They loosen and set free their locks of jet
That they therewith for hearts a snare may set.
A hundred messages their glances dart;
Their eyebrows signal secrets to the heart.
They speak in confidence and silence claim,
And then their secrets to the world proclaim.
Where'er in all the world is grief and gall
They mix them up, the mixture "Love" they call.
Why should they seek to hurt 'Iraqî's fame,
Since they themselves their secrets thus proclaim?

'IRAQÎ (13th cent.).

Nom de guerre of Fakhrû'd-Din Ibrahim, a mystical and erotic poet
—a typical *qalandar*.

CUPS are those a-flashing with wine,
Or suns through the clouds a-gleaming?
So clear is the wine and the glass so fine
That the two are one in seeming.
The glass is all and the wine is naught
Or the glass is naught and the wine is all:
Since the air the rays of the sun hath caught
The light combines with night's dark pall,

For the night hath made a truce with the day,
And thereby is ordered the world's array.
If thou know'st not which is day, which night,
Or which is goblet and which is wine,
By wine and cup divine aright
The Water of Life and its secret sign:

Like night and day thou may'st e'en assume
Certain knowledge and doubt's dark gloom.
If these comparisons clear not up
All these problems low and high,
Seek for the world-reflecting cup
That thou may'st see with reason's eye
That all that is, is He indeed,
Soul and loved one and heart and creed.

‘IRAQI.

WHEN the parting from country and friends to my
vision appears
The stages I tread are fulfilled with the flood of my tears.
In parting one moment, one breath like ten centuries
seems:
How weary the days and the weeks and the months and
the years!

HUMAMU'D-DIN (13th to 14th cent.).

An official panegyrist of Tabriz.

FROM the void of Non-Existence to this dwelling-
 house of clay,
 I came, and rose from stone to plant; but that hath passed
 away!
 Thereafter, through the working of the Spirit's toil and
 strife,
 I gained, but soon abandoned, some lowly form of life :
 That too hath passed away!
 In a human breast, no longer a mere unheeding brute,
 This tiny drop of Being to a pearl I did transmute :
 That too hath passed away!
 At the Holy Temple next did I forgather with the throng
 Of Angels, compassed it about, and gazed upon it long :
 That too hath passed away!
 Forsaking Ibn-i-Yamin, and from this too soaring free,
 I abandoned all beside Him, so that naught was left
 but HE :

All else hath passed away!

IBN-I-YAMIN (14th cent.).

He was a Government Accountant. His extant poems are chiefly philosophical or mystical.

A CORNER which no stranger can explore,
 Where no one bores you, and you no one bore,
 A sweetheart, lute and song, a friend or two—
 At most a party not exceeding four;
 A harp, a zither, roasted meats and wine,
 A cup-bearer who is a friend of thine,
 Reason, which doth distinguish good and ill,
 Regarding not thy ploy with eyes malign!

Whoever doth disparage such affair
Is in the spirit-world devoid of share;
To Ibn-i-Yamin should such luck accrue,
For no one in this world or that he'd care!

IBN-I-YAMIN.

KING and beggar are one, are one; foodless and food
are one, are one.

We are stricken with grief and drain the dregs; dregs and
sorrow and cure are one.

In all the world there is naught but One; talk not of
"Two," for God is One.

Mirrors a hundred thousand I see, but the face of that
Giver of Life is one.

We are plagued with the plague of one tall and fair, but we
the plagued and the plague are one.

Drop, wave and sea and the elements four without a doubt
in our eyes are one.

Ni'matu'llah is one in all the world: come, seek him out,
he is one, is one.

NI'MATU'LLAH OF KIRMAN (14th to 15th cent.).

A great saint and mystic.

REPROACH not Fortune with discourteous tricks
If by the King, desiring double six,
Two ones were thrown; for whomso'er he calls
Face to the earth before him prostrate falls.

AZRAQI (12th cent.).

An impromptu to appease his patron who had made an unlucky
throw.

YOU stigmatize my verse as "wanting salt,"
 And possibly, my friend, you may be right.
 My verse is honey-flavoured, sugar-sweet,
 And salt with sweetmeats cannot give delight.
 Salt is for you, you blackguard, not for me,
 For beans and turnips is the stuff you write!

RASHIDI (11th cent.).

A spirited impromptu on hearing that the Poet Laureate said his poetry wanted salt.

PRECIOUS are these heart-burning sighs, for lo,
 This way or that, they help the days to go.
 All night I wait for one whose dawn-like face
 Lendeth fresh radiance to the morning's grace.
 My Friend's sweet face if I again might see
 I'd thank my lucky star eternally.
 Shall I then fear man's blame? The brave man's heart
 Serves as his shield to counter slander's dart.
 Who wins success hath many a failure tholed.
 The New Year's Day is reached through Winter's cold.
 For Layla many a prudent lover yearns,
 But Majnun wins her, who his harvest burns.
 I am thy slave: pursue some wilder game:
 No tether's needed for the bird that's tame.
 A strength is his who casts both worlds aside
 Which is to worldly anchorites denied.
 To-morrow is not: yesterday is spent:
 To-day, O Sa'di, take thy heart's content!

SA'DI OF SHIRAZ (1184-1291).

Next to Hafiz, the best-known Persian poet. His *Gulistan* (*Rose Garden*) is the most widely-read of Persian books. (*Lit. Hist.*, II., 525-39.)

IF that unkindly Shiraz Turk would take my heart
 within her hand,
I'd give Bukhara for the mole upon her cheek, or
 Samarqand!
Saqi, what wine is left for me pour, for in Heaven thou
 wilt not see
Musalla's sweet rose-haunted walks, nor Ruknabad's wave-
 dimpled strand.

Alas! those maids, whose wanton ways such turmoil in our
 city raise,
Have stolen patience from my heart as spoil is seized by
 Tartar band.
Our Darling's beauty hath, indeed, of our imperfect love
 no need;
On paint and pigment, patch and line, a lovely face makes
 no demand.
Of Wine and Minstrel let us speak, nor Fate's dark riddle's
 answer seek,
Since none hath guessed and none shall guess enigmas
 none may understand.
That beauty, waxing day by day, of Joseph needs must
 lead astray
The fair Zulaykha from the veils for modest maids'
 seclusion planned.

Auspicious youths more highly prize the counsels of the
 old and wise
Than life itself: then take, O Heart, the counsels ready
 to thy hand!
You spoke me ill; I acquiesced. God pardon you! 'twas
 for the best;
Yet scarce such bitter answer suits those rubies sugar-sweet
 and bland!

Your ode you've sung, your pearls you've strung; come,
chant it sweetly, Hafidh mine!
That as you sing the sky may fling the Pleiades' bejewelled
band!

HAFIZ (1318?-1378).

His name was Shamsu'd-Din Muhammad, "Hafiz" (Rememberer), being his *nom de guerre*. It is a term commonly applied to those who know the entire Quran by heart. One of the world's great poets and the first name in Persian literature. (*Lit. Hist.*, III., 271-319.)

O F thy favour, Cup-bearer, fill me up that clear and
crystalline bowl,
That spirit of holy sanctity, that high and exalted soul!
What day thou givest a cup of wine to settle our whole
affair,
Bestow, I pray, of your charity a draught on yon Preacher
rare!
Would'st thou that the motes of the universe may with
thee in the dance be whirled?
Then toss aside in thy dance's stride thy tresses tangled
and curled!
O chiding mentor, get thee hence: desist and cease thy
strain,
For never thy windy talk can drive from our heads this
passion and pain.
"Lose thyself," thou didst say, "that thou to thyself the
way may'st gain!"
But this riddle dark and inscrutable I cannot solve or
explain.
Whenever I cast my life away, a hundred I win in its
place:
Who can limit the miracles of Christ and His healing
grace?

Qasim ne'er of his own free will would play the lover's
part,
But what can one do when the matter lies with the Lord
of the Soul and Heart?

QASIMU'L ANWAR (1356-1433).

Lived at Herat under Timur-i-lang and his son Shah-Rukh. A
mystic and a free lance in religion.

IN solitude, where Being signless dwelt,
And all the Universe still dormant lay
Concealed in selflessness, One Being was
Exempt from "I" or "Thou"-ness and apart
From all duality; Beauty Supreme,
Unmanifest, except unto Itself.
By Its own light, yet fraught with power to charm
The souls of all; concealed in the Unseen,
An Essence pure, unstained by aught of ill.
No mirror to reflect Its loveliness,
Nor comb to touch Its locks; the morning breeze
Ne'er stirred Its tresses; no collyrium
Lent lustre to Its eyes: no rosy cheeks
O'ershadowed by dark curls like hyacinth,
Nor peach-like down were there; no dusky mole
Adorned Its face; no eye had yet beheld
Its image. To Itself it sang of love
In wordless measures. By Itself it cast
The die of love.

But Beauty cannot brook
Concealment and the veil, nor patient rest
Unseen and unadmired: 'twill burst all bonds,
And from Its prison-casement to the world
Reveal Itself. See where the tulip grows
In upland meadows, how in balmy spring

It decks itself; and how amidst its thorns
The wild rose rends its garment and reveals
Its loveliness. Thou, too, when some rare thought,
Or beauteous image, or deep mystery
Flashes across thy soul, canst not endure
To let it pass, but hold'st it, that perchance
In speech or writing thou may'st send it forth
To charm the world.

Wherever Beauty dwells
Such is its nature, and its heritage
From Everlasting Beauty, which emerged
From realms of purity to shine upon
The worlds and all the souls which dwell therein.
One gleam fell from It on the Universe
And on the angels, and this single ray
Dazzled the angels, till their senses whirled
Like the revolving sky. In divers forms
Each mirror showed It forth, and everywhere
Its praise was chanted in new harmonies.

* * * *

Each speck of matter did He constitute
A mirror, causing each one to reflect
The beauty of His visage. From the rose
Flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale
Beholding it, loved madly. From that Light
The candle drew the lustre which beguiles
The moth to immolation. On the sun
His Beauty shone, and straightway from the wave
The lotus reared its head. Each shining lock
Of Leyla's hair attracted Majnun's heart
Because some ray divine reflected shone
In her fair face. 'Twas He to Shirin's lips
Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal
The heart from Parviz, and from Ferhad life.

His Beauty everywhere doth show itself,
 And through the forms of earthly beauties shines
 Obscured as through a veil. He did reveal
 His face through Joseph's coat, and so destroyed
 Zuleykha's peace. Where'er thou seest a veil,
 Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
 Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
 The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
 Hath victory. That heart which seems to love
 The fair ones of this world, loves Him alone.

Beware! say not, "He is All-Beautiful,
 And we His lovers." Thou art but the glass,
 And He the Face confronting it, which casts
 Its image on the mirror. He alone
 Is manifest, and thou in truth art hid.
 Pure Love, like Beauty, coming but from Him,
 Reveals itself in thee. If steadfastly
 Thou canst regard, thou wilt at length perceive
 He is the mirror also—He alike
 The Treasure and the Casket. "I" and "Thou"
 Have here no place, and are but phantasies
 Vain and unreal. Silence! for this tale
 Is endless, and no eloquence hath power
 To speak of Him. 'Tis best for us to love,
 And suffer silently, being as naught.

JAMI (1414-1492).

From his *Yusuſ u Zuleykha*.

"At once a great poet, a great scholar, and a great mystic. . . .
 One of the most remarkable geniuses whom Persia ever produced"
 (*Lit. Hist.*, III., 507-48).

BE thou the thrall of love; make this thine object;
 For this one thing seemeth to wise men worthy.
 Be thou love's thrall, that thou may'st win thy freedom,
 Bear on thy breast its brand, that thou may'st blithe be.
 Love's wine will warm thee, and will steal thy senses;
 All else is soulless stupor and self-seeking.
 Remembrances of love refresh the lover,
 Whose voice when lauding love e'er waxeth loudest;
 But that he drained a draught from this deep goblet,
 In the wide worlds not one would wot of Majnun.
 Thousands of wise and well-learned men have wended
 Through life, who, since for love they had no liking,
 Have left nor name, nor note, nor sign, nor story,
 Nor tale for future time, nor fame for fortune.
 Sweet songsters 'midst the birds are found in plenty,
 But when love's lore is taught by the love-learned,
 Of moth and nightingale they most make mention.
 Though in this world a hundred tasks thou tryest,
 'Tis love alone which from thyself will save thee.
 Even from earthly love thy face avert not,
 Since to the Real it may serve to raise thee.
 Ere A, B, C are rightly apprehended,
 How canst thou con the pages of thy Kur'an?
 A sage (so heard I), unto whom a student
 Came craving counsel on the course before him,
 Said, "If thy steps be strangers to love's pathways,
 Depart, learn love, and then return before me!
 For, should'st thou fear to drink wine from Form's flagon,
 Thou canst not drain the draught of the Ideal.
 But yet beware! Be not by Form belated;
 Strive rather with all speed the bridge to traverse.
 If to the bourn thou fain would'st bear thy baggage
 Upon the bridge let not thy footsteps linger.

JAMI.

THE thralls of yearning love constrain in the bonds
 of pain and calamity
 These broken-hearted lovers of thine to yield their lives
 in their zeal for thee.
 Though with sword in hand my Darling stand with intent
 to slay, though I sinless be,
 If it pleases him, this tyrant's whim, I am well content with
 his tyranny.
 As in sleep I lay at the break of day that cruel charmer
 came to me,
 And in the grace of his form and face the dawn of the
 morn I seemed to see.
 The musk of Cathay might perfume gain from the scent
 those fragrant tresses rain,
 While his eyes demolish a faith in vain attacked by the
 pagans of Tartary.
 With you, who contemn both love and wine for the hermit's
 cell and the zealot's shrine,
 What can I do, for our Faith divine you hold as a thing
 of infamy?
 The tangled curls of thy darling's hair, and thy saddle and
 steed are thy only care;
 In thy heart the Absolute hath no share, nor the thought
 of the poor man's poverty.
 Sikandar's pomp and display be thine, the Qalandar's habit
 and way be mine;
 That, if it please thee, I resign, while this, though bad, is
 enough for me.
 Pass from the station of "I" and "We," and choose for
 thy home Nonentity,
 For when thou hast done the like of this, thou shalt reach
 the supreme Felicity.

QURRATU'L-'AYN.

The Babi poet famous for her beauty and heroism. She was executed in 1852.

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In addition to the above, Browne wrote innumerable articles for the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, besides editing many texts for the *Gibb Memorial Series*.

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60