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The Khawarij Chamriyyah

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THE
" KHAMRIYYAH "

**" Who hath two loaves against the morrow stored
In careful forethought for the festal board
Let him sell one; conscious of greater need,
Let him buy lilies, who his soul would feed."**

From a Persian Proverb, 4000 years old.

. . . Valet ima summis
mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus
obscura promens:

Horace Lib I. od 34.

THE
"KHAMRIYYAH"

(WINE SONG) OF

UMAR IBN AL-FARID

AND OTHER ARABIC POEMS

PARAPHRASED & RENDERED
INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

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AUTHOR-COMPOSER OF "LIFE'S GIFT DIVINE"

"HASTE ! BEAUTEOUS ROSE," ETC.

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A Foreword about Sufism

LOVE and integrity are the basis of Sufism, which derives its name from the Greek "Sophos," wise. A Master Sufi is likewise called "Al-Arif" which is the equivalent of the Greek "Gnostic."

Some Mohammedans, however, make the derivation of the name from "Suf," Arabic for wool, which the Sufis choose accordingly for their garments, but clearly this is a vulgar interpretation of a noble term.

In this way we should look upon a Philo of Alexandria and a St. Teresa, as Sufis, with the exception that Persian and Arab Sufism is more tolerant of other people's tenets, and itself is non-dogmatic, and does not *confine* the Divine presence to an upper detached region.

The first four Khalifs of Islam were of the first category, being dogmatic, but unfortunately for Islam, philosophy and the Throne have seldom been allowed since to hold sway together, for more than a few days, or months, at any time.

A day may come when Islam will awake to the beauty and value of the limpid source it has in Sufism, and see its people revive under its rule, like a parched bed of flowers under a spring shower.

Ibn Al-Farid's beautiful poetry and philosophy have been before Islam for seven centuries, but times have not been so propitious for their study as the present promises to be, with the spread of University teaching, as distinct from Sectarian Schools. In reality there is much more materialism in the world generally, than one cares to admit, and the study of the Khamriyyah may be beneficial to the world at large.

Self-effacement being in Sufism the previous necessary condition for the reflection of the Divine Image in the heart of the individual, nothing else could be more efficacious, or material.

Not every Sufi, however, can be taken as a general model "L'habit ne fait pas toujours le moine," or, as the Sufis say, "Mal-Khurcat minal-harcat." A kindly outlook on life and a happy state of mind as regards one's peace with his Maker, may sometimes lead to self-indulgence and different social customs and environments may clash, but even then, it would seem that a Sufi can never hurt, and it is the *hurting* which is the antithesis of all creeds, and the chief *sin* of mankind.

At all events, Sufism has given the world the most exquisite and perfect poetry of any kind, in that it is free from all interested worldly motives and morbidity ; it bubbles like a rock spring, and sings like a bird. Its poets are called the " Ush shac," that is, the " fond lovers." The Deity is never called upon by Name or by the conventional attributes, but simply as the Source of Loveliness.

All this poetry is lyrical and mono-rhymed, even in poems of 700 to 800 verses, a feat possible only to great Arabic scholars drawing deep from the well of their wealthy language, for hundreds and thousands of its rhetorical figures, and play on the words, so pleasing to the literary taste.

The great mono-rhymed poem of Al-Farid, which consists of over 700 verses, begins in this way:—

Sacatini humayya-1-hubbi rahatu muclati

Wacasi Muhayyaman anil-husni giallati.

(two hemistiches of the opening verse always rhyme, after which the rhyme is carried on in the second hemistich only.)

By this the poet wishes to express his ecstasy at the sight of the Universe, and his love for that beauty which is above all other beauty. But literally he says:—

" Mine eye's hand gave me the fiery wine of love

to drink." " My cup was the lovely face surpassing all loveliness";

and he goes on with about 750 verses more all ending in T, and full of rhetorical figures describing that beauty and his love, and being told that to live, he must die to himself in that love, despising mortification as presumptuous and of no merit, and denying any merit to himself of whatever nature, being content to admire, love, and serve, and wait for favours.

On the whole, the much sought Truth seems to be found in this philosophy, which provides the cornerstone round which to build, according to taste and capacity for welldoing.

The great mistake is to consider inspiration dried up, and that Providence works its way other than by human agency.

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4 4 22.

One Touch of Nature

WHEN Mr Kipling said of East and West that " Never the twain shall meet," he hastened to make an exception : " When two strong men stand face to face," " tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

He might have made some other exceptions if he had found it his business to think of another Poet's reflection concerning the power that lies in one touch of nature to make the whole world kin. It was Edward Fitzgerald who, in our time, first began to call attention to these powers as applied to East and West, by his masterly transfusion of " Omar Khayyam." Let that word pass rather than the word translation, for it seems generally agreed by the few persons who have any right to judge, that what Fitzgerald accomplished was not so much a translation of words or even thoughts, as a transfusion of spirit between East and West, by which the West caught and felt the Spirit of the East, and recognised points of contact at which the Spirit of both was one and the same. Remembering

that where such a Pioneer has advanced, others also may attempt to go, and clear new obstacles away.

It is not surprising that Mr. Chalmers-Hunt and other of our younger adventurers in verse should endeavour to do with East and West what Kipling said they never shall do. These only believe in adding more exceptions to Mr. Kipling's exception of the "Two strong men standing face to face."

It will not escape the observant reader that there are other curious parallels in the Arabic poet's thoughts, which show that East and West have other meeting points other than that of admiration for strength and bravery. They meet in the presence of Nature Visible. The Sun and the Moon make on them the same impressions, and so do many of the other things, including the grape.

Fitzgerald, perhaps, wrote as much as is required about the grape, and if Mr. Chalmers-Hunt has found other meeting points and other touches of Nature, he will certainly lay Western men under a great obligation, if by his skill in verse he can make them see and feel with him what those points and Natural touches are.

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PROLOGUE TO
THE "KHAMRIYYAH"

Companions of the East who travel
far,

Your caravan rests 'neath the Pilot-
star.

Ye have a legend of a sacred wine,
I pray you tell it while the occasion's
mine.

For he is poor indeed who doth not
find,

In all the world brothers of kindred
mind

Ready to share with him who scans
life's scroll

The riches garnered in the human
soul.

And he is rich who thus in wisdom's
mart

Pours his mind's treasure with a
gracious heart,

No poverty of thought shall e'er dis-
may.

Who shares its harvest, Knowledge
doth repay.

And so foregather'd on this vasty
sand,

Which glints like diamonds in a mer-
chant's hand,

We bargain for a gem of higher
price,

That outweighs hazard and the
thrower's dice.

THE
" KHAMRIYYAH

**There is a vineyard planted by the
Lord,
'Tis nigh to all who dwell in sweet
accord—
Who drink the Cup of Blessings mani-
fold,
The Living Wine by Prophecy fore-
told.**

ii
11

**A Parable of Life doth crown the
Vine,
Each purple cluster forms a mystic
sign,
The Passion-flower doth yield in that
fair Land
Blossoms of comfort for the Pilgrim
band.**

As when the ruby in the Crystal
Cup
Glow with encrimson'd light when
lifted up
While th' attendant with obsequious
hand,
Pours out a measure at the guest's
command.

iv

So doth the sun that bathes the world
in light
Shed paler glory on the moon at
night.
Whose crescent is the symbol of man's
birth,
Whose Fulness marks his Zenith on
the earth.

Imperial knowledge shines with visions
bright

When it is worship of the Infinite,
Like water mix'd with wine, some
understand

And reach like children for their
Father's hand.

Like an Oasis in far desert land,
Its Tavern by spice-laden breezes
fann'd,

That guide the grateful trav'ler when
astray,

As they have guided me, tho' far
away.

**Or, when grey shadows of Night's Last
 Watch fly
 Ere Dawn's pale flush illumines the
 Orient sky,
 So doth heart feel, and fervent impulse
 glow,
 With loveliest imagery that thought
 can know.**

**For in that hallow'd Vintage lies the
 sense!
 That brings the wayfarer his recom-
 pense,
 No vain imaginings could e'er have
 found,
 The Source that giveth Light to all
 around.**

E'en as the essence of the Lotus-
 flower
 That philters thro' the gardens hour
 by hour
 In ancient Egypt—Lo ! it's quick'ning
 breath
 Makes wise the meek, and triumphs
 over Death.

Its perfume is as incense to the
 wise
 Who know the qualities it multiplies,
 Treasur'd in secret doth the Sacred
 Flask
 Make glad the heart of him that loves
 to ask.

To drink the grape that dies may be
a sin,
The world of Islam holds this truth
within,
Yet should the lips but touch th' Im-
mortal Wine,
The heart with rapture glows, sweet
Visions shine.

xii

And should that Light—Eternal All-
in-All,
Make clear some pilgrim's path, his
sense enthrall,
No desert mirage could make faint the
heart
And sorrow's sand-waves would from
him depart.

Or should beneath that spreading vine
 be laid
 One who tho' paralysed had sought
 its aid,
 T'would even cause the mute of speech
 to talk,
 Hearing the words, '* Take up thy bed
 and walk."

Should e'er Its touch—that ever-
 gracious Hand
 Rest on the grave that knows Death's
 dread command,
 In nerveless veins the flame of Life
 would burn,
 And Spirit unto Flesh once more return?

*Sheik H. Nabalusi says that this is a distinct reference to the raising of Lazarus.

And should that Presence redolent of
Love,
Take silver pinions like a sun-kiss'd
dove,
A gracious Harbinger from East to
West,
Its call would summon weary hearts
to rest.

Or should where strains of reeded pipe
and lyre,
Invite to foot the dance, in gay
attire,
That sealed vintage flow—t'would
surely fall
Like hallow'd Peace, and tongues spell-
bound enthrall!

xvii

What tho' the Cup be red, and brim-
meth o'er,
Dyeing the stained palm stretched out
before,
Such would not lose his way, tho'
journ'ying far,
His hand at night would hold a ruby
star!

xviii

How precious is that Wine, what merit
bright!
Tis to the blind Elixir that gives
sight,
A Light, to darkling eyes that seek the
stars,
And the deaf hear—unlocked their
prison bars.

xix

The ground, where grows Its Vine,
'tis nigh to all!
There's mighty Virtue there ! nor doth
high wall
Prevent the traveller, no noisome
thing
Can harm the sojourner with fang or
sting!

xx

No tongue can tell the glory of Its
name,
No scribe engrave Its Righteousness
and Fame,
Writ by the Master's hand upon the
brow
Of one bereft of sense—wisdom would
flow!

xxi

It giveth power to all who fight for
Right,
It's emblem is of Mercy, not of
Might,
It gives the weak the sovereignty of
strength
When Love reveals its height, its
breadth, its length.

xxii

Its watchword to the wise is, " yet in-
crease " !
To those who kindle strife 'tis, " live in
Peace."
To doubting souls, to hearts **that fret**
and grieve,
To such the Spirit saith, " See " and
" Believe."

And he who so regards his fellow-
men
With envy, hatred, or disdain, yet
when
Illumin'd by Its Love, would pause to
think
Till he should find in Fellowship a
link.

They are not wisest who are con-
scious most
That without worldly power, life's end
is lost,
Let lisping lips be offered by a
child,
The heart with Wisdom would be re-
conciled.

Sometimes when in the city's market-
 place
 I've chanced to greet a friend's familiar
 face,
 Where the white mosque o'er those
 who sell and buy
 Lifts shining minarets to meet the
 sky.

When questioned oft by folk in-
 credulous,
 My answers they've rebuked as nebu-
 lous.
 " Tell us," said they, *' the secrets of
 a wine
 Which warms the heart, and makes the
 eye to shine ! "

xxvii

Not of fermented wine that Vision
clear!

Soft as the morn ! but not of atmos-
phere !

Bright as Arabia's Sun, but not of
fire.

Spirit of Beauty! drawing nigh and
nigher.

xxviii

It "is" ! and "was," and brooded
o'er the deep

Till Thought and Purpose caused the
void to leap

When Time and Space were not, but
a great Calm

Profound Solemnity !—and then Life's
Balm.

xxix

Forth at a " Word " inscrutable in
 Might,
Created worlds rolled onward thro' the
 night.
Dwelling alone, some wiser Law to
 teach,
Veil'd from all things, yet immanent
 in each!

xxx

O, the desire of my toil-stained
 soul!
To rest beneath what seems an endless
 goal,
To breathe new life, nor doubtfully
 despond
Of clasping yet once more friends gone
 beyond!

For Time's a thought of space, which
men call years,
Fulfilled, when Love shall dry the
mourner's tears,
From seed to blade, from blade to
ripen'd sheaf,
No parting is ; with one who shareth
grief!

xxxii

Would I might feel that Sense, which
strengthens sight
Which teacheth simple hearts to
praise aright,
Then heart would join with lips at
shadow-fall
And frail hands stretch to One who
loveth all!

So rich in virtue is that gracious
Wine!

That one who knoweth not Its name
Divine

Should he but hear it, ne'er would be
afraid

To speak his love, e'en as a man to
maid.

He who fills oft the Cup of mortal
fire,

Drinks to himself unquenchable
desire!

But he who hearkens to the Seer's
advice,

Tastes the ripe Vintage of Its Para-
dise!

XXXV

Not ev'ry Convent-dweller hath the
 will,
 Nor grace, his heart with ecstasy to
 fill,
 Yet hath the Vineyard ever-open
 door,
 And One who tends the Vine doth
 offer more!

xxxvi

Oft in some careless mood of child-
 hood's days
 Perchance, we've paused!—a strange
 joy held our gaze,
 And so t'will ever be! tho' child no
 more
 Its memories sweet still make the heart
 adore!

xxxvii

O thou ! who fain would to such bliss
aspire,
Go to the Vineyard's Lodge, and
there inquire!
And when thou leavest, strengthened
with its wine,
Thou'lt for thy pilgrimage win grace
Divine!

xxxviii

It warms the heart of goodly fellow-
ship,
Hallows the kiss-betrothal on the
lip!
Supports the falt'ring steps of feeble
age,
And makes the charms of youth Its
equipage!

Lo! in the starlit hours of quiet
night,
The old Tale-teller doth his chant
recite!
Their camels resting near—a white-
rob'd band
Listen with ecstasy ; and understand I

O'er trackless wastes doth steal such
Hope sublime,
A song melodious! older e'en than
Time!
Stronger than Fate ; like music heard
afar,
Where'er " Thou " art, no thoughts of
sadness are!

**This Vineyard is not very far from
each!**

**Lift but the heart of Faith, and for
It reach!—**

**Lo! doth the Cup rest in the sup-
pliant's hand!**

**Tis his already! waiting his com-
mand!**

**Whose heart is fix'd upon this world
alone,**

**Grasps at a shadow that obscures the
Throne,**

**And like a falling leaf when tempest-
blown,**

**He leaves behind the harvest he has
sown.**

xliii

For what is life but soil wherein men
sow,
Where every sunset leaves some after-
glow,
Where hearts reach out for love that's
strong to save,
And hope aspires to triumph o'er the
grave.

xliv

How oft the homely things of rural
life
Forge weightier precepts than the stress
and strife
'Tween creed and creed! So let this
mystic tale
Lift from Love's Chalice-cup Faith's
Altar-veil!

**So when Life's sunset pales the
phantom day,
And Night, the Desert, folds with
camels grey,*
Shall the strong spirit from earth's mist
arise,
And pass beyond Death's bourne to
cloudless skies.**

ace

* Among the Arabs there is a saying that the lumbering movements of a camel " folds " the desert as a man " folds " a rug or a carpet.

Delights of Friendship

When sunset brings the leisable
hour,

And curious spices mingle in the
cup!

Lo ! doth the almond tree its blossom
shower,

As old-time friends hold converse
as they sup!

Entranced are they with charmed
mem'ries sweet,

Each doth his round of close affection
sip!

Each doth the tale of mutual interest
greet,

With happy plaudits of good-fellow-
ship.

As the gold cup, that knoweth not
alloy,
Receives its fragrance from the festal
jar,
So doth the host pour forth his fervent
joy,
By clasping once again hands from
afar.

Of all the varied joys that life doth
bring,
Richest are those which sweet con-
tentment showers,
When my Beloved with the breath of
spring
Wafts to my heart the perfume of
the hours.

The Handicap

What is it counts in the long, long run,
When we start upon life's race ?
What is it counts when the course is done,
And we pause to think a space ?
There's often a heavy handicap
To be giv'n ere goal is won,
It's oft the start, not the final lap
That counts in the long, long run.

What is it counts in the long, long run,
With One who gives the prize)
Calls some poor runner His favour'd son,
The world thought contrary-wise.
It's not the glamour of strength or wealth,
Nor glitter of golden crown,
It's just that rare sacrifice of self
That counts in the long, long run.

The Incestral wishes

Who knows this Planet's end or birth?

Men rise and toil and pass away!

Eternal silence holds their clay,

Who knows what memories fold the earth ?

Therefore, with careful footsteps tread

The barren waste, the pregnant field,

For there may rest, tho' unreveal'd

Th' ancestral ashes of the Dead.

The JIscetic

**He who would fast must stop the ear,
Lest calumny should wander near.**

**He who would fast must shut the eye,
Unconscious as the world goes by.**

**He who would fast must close his lips,
Lest bitter speech his words eclipse.**

**Whoever to himself would die,
Sight, hearing, speech, must mortify!**

The Holy Ground

**Give me fair opal skies above!
And boundless sand around.
The nomad-life ! a camel true
Seeking the *' Holy ground.'
Ready to die for Love's sweet sake,
For therein Life is found!**

The Vision

**Away with grief when eyes are bold,
Away with doubt that maketh cold,
Thrice welcome is Love's Treasure-trove,
And ev'ry tongue that stirs the grove,
Welcome the eye which slumbers not,
The ear by calumny forgot!
I covet most Hope's brightest gleam,
That I might see Thee in my dream 1**

The Light That Shineth

O, is it lightening in the gloom,
Or beacon on Negd's hills ?
Or doth a ray of sunlight fall
 On never-silent rills?
Perchance my fair Beloved's hand
 Has raised her shining veil,
And t'wards me turned her lovely face,
 Making Night's shadows pale!

Absence

**When heart doth love, then absence
seemeth long,**

When thou art far, then silent is my song!

My heart is envious of the friends you see,

The hours you spend in happy company.

Even mine eye is jealous of my heart,

**Since Thou hast moved there, from eye
apart!**

The Conflict

**Once in mortal conflict
In a deadly fray,
Her eye fought with my heart
For the stronger sway.
My heart lost its banner,
Further fighting vain!
Her eye was the victor,
I the guiltless slain!**

The Mystic T[^]ay

Love is like a ray of light
 Glancing thro' a prism !—
As a torrent foam-crowned breaks
 O'er a cataclysm!
Love is like a wayward child,
 Careless, wilful, blind,
And its Peace, when born of toil
 Rest in sleep doth find.

The Hermit

I asked the Hermit in his cell
The secret of the wise to tell,
He asked me then if I could guess
The ** Sesame " of Happiness.
Then I replied, it comes by stealth,
In royal gifts of health and wealth!
Nay! he made answer, know this spell,
Tis love, and live, and labour well!

Loves a Querdon

O Love is like a sentinel
That passes to and fro!
The heart is like a lover bold
That scorneth fear or foe.
How poor is he who dare not tread
The path of Beauty's grove,
How poor is he who doth not learn
The ecstasy of Love!

Love doth ennoble e'en the mean,
It doth exalt the low!
Its anguish fills the heart with bliss,
It makes the wise to know!
They perish, yet they cherish it!
Closely its secret guard!
Love's guerdon is the price it pays,
Love is its own reward!

The Uphill Way

Love's torch doth oft more brightly burn
When maiden doth not know it.
If feigned unconcern should spurn
A glance that seems to scorn it,
Then deeper interest stirs her heart
In him, who fain would take it.
The more he seem to hold apart
From love, t'will easier make it.

So doth the torch of genius shine
Brightly and yet more brightly.
When hardship chills the light divine,
Indifference treats it lightly.
Thus Love and Art are oft akin—
Tho' each commands devotion,
Success is slow to enter in
Nor shows the least emotion.

" The Beloved"

**My Beloved's charms assume
Shining pearls and rare perfume,
Eyes of hyacinthine blue,
Tresses of the swallow's hue.
Grant me nectar, pour me wine,
Not from beaker argentine,
But from melting lips I'd drink
Dew of lilies on the brink.
Dreaming, and adoring thee
With incense of Argosy,
With such gifts my heart consume,
Death-entranced with thy perfume.**

The Priceless Tearl

**Look, Friend, into thine heart!
Search if thou mayst behold
A rare pearl unfold
Of great worth untold,
Treasure thy Pearl.**

**Look, Friend, into thine eyes
Search out with stratagem
The fairest emblem
Of Love's diadem.
Test well thy Pearl.**

**Test those who call you " Friend"
Tho' for Pearls they may pass
When tested, alas!
Mayst find them as glass*
Who call you Friend.**

*This was said a thousand years ago by the Arabian poet in Spain, where imitation pearls were made to great perfection.

**Look well into thy soul
And seek with reverence
Where dwells in silence
God's great recompense
Thine own fair soul.**

The (garden of Herbs

(Arabian Love Lyrics)

If I should pass your bower'd pleasaunce
gay,

Your aromatic herbs would scent my
way;

Be gracious as I pass, Beloved mine!

Tell them they've left your lover's heart
to pine.

If while I'm passing you should pause
and smile,

The sunlit hour with tenderness be-
guile,

Lo! in my heart, sweet herbs of joy
would grow,

Could I but tell you all, and you could
know.

Lobes Long Lost Hours

(Arabian Love Lyrics)

Gone are those blissful hours I spent
with thee,
Silent your song and hushed its melody.
Gone are the strands of gold my fingers
twined,
In long lost hours, beneath the tamarind.

Gone are the lips that once mine own
had sought,
Still is the voice that song's sweet
message taught,
Round my lone heart, the long hours
closer bind
Those mem'ries sweet, beneath the
tamarind.

**Come back to me as in the days of
old,
Come with the Camomile and Mari-
gold
That we may yet once more together
find
Love's long lost hours beneath the
tamarind.**

(Refrain for music)

**Soft strands of gold beneath the tama-
rind
That oftentimes mine idle fingers
twined,
Soft strands of gold that crown'd a face
divine/
When 'neath the tamarind your heart
was mine.**

" If " *Passing Hager* "

(Arabian Love Lyrics)

If passing Hager, mind thine heart
When youth is on the wing.
Eyes of gazelle have piercing darts,
Red lips soft laughter fling.
Fair sandalFd feet will glide and trip,
White waving arms entrance.
O Traveler, mind thine heart, when eyes
Can slay thee with a glance.

If passing Hager, pause awhile
Lest thou should'st lose thy way,
Nor linger where the shady palms,
O'er the deep well hold sway.
There left I my defenceless heart,
And if it is not slain,
I am content to languish there
Nor wish it back again.

The Camel Song

(Arabian Love Lyrics)

Come driver! sing thy camel song,
Impatience will not tarry,
And look o'er head, Night's lamp is hung,
My heart your camels carry.
They step in time
As you chant your rhyme,
Sing to them! Sing so gently!

Come, driver, sing thy camel song,
Sing to them, lest they tarry,
Sing while her palanquin unfolds
The precious burden that it holds,
For I would fain go marry!
Murmur a rhyme of sweet wooing-time,
Sing to them. Sing so gently!

Zephyrs of Araby

How gently did those scented Zephyrs
roam

When all my heart to my beloved
went.

How sweet the air, how blue th'
illumined dome,

Morn like a bride smiled on the
firmament.

How soft and tremulous those Zephyrs
rare,

Minstrels of music, heralds from
afar,

That seemed to lift from me the clouds
of care

And fade away in silence like a
star.

Sweet is the Zephyr of awakening
love

With wings so tender, harbinger of
bliss,

That stirs young tendrils, whispers thro'
the grove

And pausing wafts me my beloved's
kiss.

The scented shrubs of Hedjas know
it well,

And blend their perfume with its
graciousness,

Zephyrs of Araby, O let your ancient
spell

Bring back to me my days of happi-
ness.

Zephyrs of Araby! ye Zephyrs true,
Tell me of those dear mates that
once I knew—
Comrades whom I have loved,
now gone from view,
Tears blind mine eyes when I re-
member you.

The Kiss

A garden cool where scented shrubs
abound,
Where spreads the tamarind, and
almond blows,
Where doth the pool in this enchanted
ground
Lend sweet profusion to the per-
fum'd rose.

Lo! where the cypress shielded from
noon's fire,
Bold youth's impassion'd heart once
made request
To radiant beauty veiled in white
attire,
That love, some boon from willing
lips might wrest.

Towards her lover in that peaceful
glade

She turned her cheek, soft in its
sweet repose,

To meet his kiss. But to her mouth
he strayed,

Sighing—"The red cherry beats the
rose."

O, jocund lovers, wand'ring far
alone,

Thro' scented shrublands—choose
the shady walk,

Where curious eyes pry not, nor shrews
bemoan

They've sweeter herbs to cull than
gossip's talk.

The Light of Mihrab

**Thou art the Light of Mihrab in the East
The gracious presence by the Altar
taught;**

**Thou art the Bush-flame of the Rabbi's
feast,**

**The Star of prophecy by Magi sought!
Thou art the Sun adored by ancient Tyre,
Those merchant-seamen of Phoenician
fame!**

**Thou art of old the Zoroastrian Fire
Where Persian Cyrus called upon Thy
Name.**

**Thou art the Light eternal!—Love Divine
Thro' all the varied lamps of Faith doth
shine.**

*"Mihrab" signifies the niche in the mosque which always points towards Mecca, and is faced by the worshippers.

The Lost Caravan

Long hath your caravan
Pass'd from my view,
Long since your voice bade me
Its last adieu.

Hope doth no longer gleam
Waiting for you,
Dreams must unhappy be
Till you return to me
Loving and true.

The world that seemed so fair
Hath lost its charms!
Heart must forsaken be
Out of your arms.
Life will hold nought for me
But bitter qualms.
Death would be sweet indeed,
Should my lone path be freed
From grief's alarms.

T>evotion

(Arabian Love Lyrics)

Bid my devotion overflow

Its brimming fulness on thine heart,

Till sweet discernment inly know

My homage thine, where e'er thou art

Bid my devotion still unfold

Its cherished dreams of years gone by,

So shall the anguish of a sigh

Make dear to us love's sympathy.

The Angel and the Lily.

A Lily growing by the water-side,
Some careless hand once cast into the
tide.

Tw'as left to drift upon the downward,
stream,

And lo! a vision sweet came o'er my
dream.

A flower of soiled loveliness forsooth,
Its petals shattered by a hand uncouth,
But lo! the west wind caught it ere it
sank,

And planted it once more upon the
bank.

An Angel stoop'd to kiss the drooping
flow'r,
A sweet sad woman rose to grace the
hour.
The Angel gave its blossom a new
name,
And womanhood unto the lily came.
So what the world had deemed chi-
merical,
A Poet thought a wondrous miracle.
The lily was the vision of his dream
For love had made her perfect by the
stream.

