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THE RAMPUR ANTHOLOGY

The
RAMPUR
ANTHOLOGY

BY
J. A. CHAPMAN

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' Foolish unto the set a drop to bring !
To garden thorn and jungle weed to bring J
But at the ant does, even let me do,
Who Sulaiman a locuit'i leg will bring.'

TO

HIS HIGHNESS

**'ALIJAH FARZAND-I-DILPIZIR-I-DAWLAT-I-INGUSHIA
MUKHLIS-UD-DAWLAH, NASIR-UL -MULK AMIR-UL-
UMARA NAWWAB SAYYID MUHAMMAD RIZA 'ALI
KHAN SAHIB BAHADUR, MUSTAID JANG OF RAMPUR**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As one who has had their prose translations of the Eastern poets to guide, help, and control him in his business as versifier, I am heavily indebted to a number of persons. The chief are H. Wilberforce Clarke (Hafiz), G. E. Ward (Hali), Sir Charles Lyall (the ballads), Dr. Edward Thompson and Mr. Arthur Spencer (the Sakta lyrics), Manindra Lai Banerjee, Head Clerk of the Imperial Library in Calcutta (Chittaranjan Das), Imtiyaz 'Ali, *nazim* of the State Library, Rampur State ('Umar Khayyam and others), and Mr. R. P. Bhaji walla of Bombay, the author of *Maulana Shibli and 'Umar-Khayyam* ('Umar Khayyam and others). I believe those are all ; but as my desk holds other (still unpublished) verse translations, and as over them I had still other men's help, it is possible that, in the effort to keep the two sets of names distinct, I have put one or two names on the wrong side.

Those who wish to be deeper in the study of Hafiz, 'Umar Khayyam, or which of the poets it may be, will rightly prefer the prose translations to my rhymes,—or such of them as are in print; as

Dr. Thompson's and Mr. Spencer's *Bengali Religious Lyrics, Sakta* ; for some are still in manuscript, having been made specially for me. The general English public will never want to be deep in Hafiz, etc. If a translation of a poet is to make a book for the general public, it has nowadays to be in verse, apparently. The desire to put a book in the hands of the general public (but his translation must read like real English, home-made poetry, and it most probably won't do so) is the justification of the verse-translator's forlorn attempt. There seems something wrong about it all. One knows that nothing short of a miracle would ever make this or that prose translation (however fine a piece of scholarship ; however fine as prose) a book for the people of England generally, and that a poet's translation in verse (a much less valuable book for the deeper student, or a valueless book for him) *would* make such a book. So it is like a man's shoving himself in front of better men. If this book should succeed, I shall feel that I have shoved myself in front of better men. What help is there for it, though ? It is in the nature of things that a translation that is a poem should be widely read, while a prose translation (however better, as more faithful) could never be that.

To Mrs. Das my grateful thanks are due for permission given to publish the translations of the poems of the late Chittaranjan Das, as also my thanks to Dr. B. C. Roy, through whose good offices that permission was obtained.

J. A. Chapman

Rampur State

28 October 1933

PREFACE

There should be a word or two to the reader. In the *gazel* (the Persian word that we translate 'ode') there is a rhyme scheme that must be strictly followed. In that all the distichs in an ode rhyme, they are connected with each other. So far, then, the ode is but as a European sonnet. For the rest it is different. Each distich must express a complete thought : the thought of a distich need have no connexion with that of the one before, or the one following, and for the most part there is no connexion. As Professor Nicholson, or some other of one's guides in the East, has observed, the Persian poem is a number of short poems on a thread. That is what makes the English verse translator's greatest difficulty. Beginning with the thought that, however a man might want to make an ode that is a number of short poems on a string (however golden) appear as an articulated European poem, he could not do it, except by drowning the Persian thought as Sir William Jones did in one instance, where, in a critic's words, he * expands the eighteen lines of the original Persian into fifty-four lines of English ; and gives neither the metre, nor the rhyme, nor the sense*.

Beginning with that thought, then noticing that in Wilberforce Clarke's prose translation there are occasionally words that actually form what sound very like one of the undistinguished lines in Shakespeare's sonnets, I was led to choose the Elizabethan sonnet as the measure I should use in translating Hafiz. Until the reader has learnt to surrender his ear to the Persian's conception of poetry, to put it so, as I have learnt to surrender mine, he had better read my couplets as separate poems. (It is two couplets, where I have found it impossible to get the sense of the Persian distich into as many lines.) It helps, in learning that surrender, to remember that poetry is not a report, intended to instruct or persuade; nothing merely rational or intellectual; but appeals to the heart—like the psalms of David : *they* are not articulated as Malherbe, Boileau, Pope, and Johnson have tried to teach Europe that poetry should be. It sounds all very convincing in their criticism, but ware, all of ye : for Hafiz, Nizami, Khusrau, Sa'di it would not have had an atom of sense.

As for my own verse, were I publishing it separately, I would put this as the motto of the book (it is from *The Times Literary Supplement* of 20 October 1921, p. 676): 'It must be the lot of

many who study books of modern verse to be impressed as they first read by the distinctive individuality of an author, but to find their interest and appreciation flagging before the continued expression of a very narrow experience of life.' A poet's experience of life, so far as it is, in Arnold's words, "the hitherto experience of the world," is for the man's imagination to make of it what it can, and he is rightly to blame, if he does not make the most; but so far as it is of his own time, it will be far more made *for* him than *by* him, and the blame now is rather *theirs* than his (no thing a poet's friends ever understand) : in so far as it depends, and it does so greatly, on the work his society gives him to do, the blame, if it is the wrong work, which it usually is, is wholly its (no thing the reviewers ever understand). A poet's experience, in that part of it, will be almost certain to be inadequate to great poetry : mine has been hopelessly inadequate : all my life the society that I belong to has, in that matter, caused me to be pressed down, and hindered from writing poetry, or even prevented from writing it outright. I could have written verse in plenty, but so knit to my experience of life, and specially to *that* part of it, as to make it impossible that it should be different; either better or worse : it would have

been verse that I should myself have disliked, or even have despised : I even wrote some of it, but destroyed it. If England wants great poetry ever written again within her borders, but one doesn't imagine she does, she will have to give her poets different work to do. A man's spirit is too weighed down for poetry if he feels that the work he is doing is so unimportant to the society that he belongs to (whether it is done or not done); that he himself is unimportant to it (whether he lives or dies) : I have always felt that it mattered nothing whatever to England, judging by the work she was giving me to do, whether I lived or died ; which made it impossible that I should ever write the poetry that as a boy I dreamt I should write. England could not prevent my knowing what it was for Anchises to wait for night and Venus in some scented Asia Minor meadow, or what it was for Elijah to gird up his loins, and run before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel, or what it was for Harriet Shelley to write her last letter, or for Keats that terrible last letter to Fanny (actually to her mother); but she gave me the wrong-work to do, and made me feel that I was worth nothing to her.

These are no thoughts of yesterday. I expressed them in sonnets, written in 1917 under the stimulus

of the Great War, and published ten years later; seen meanwhile by some few in manuscript.

These, I have said, are no thoughts of yesterday. Nor is it a line of thought by any means that began with me, or with the quoted reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement*. You will remember Bradley, in one of those Oxford lectures, saying of all the long English poems since Milton's, that they are about the poets' own souls, and that they are not good enough. We know they are not; but we also know that they had to be about the poets' souls, they not knowing of aught else deeply enough.

You will remember that of Bradley; also how Raleigh says that it is not for lovers of poetry to mourn that so many years of Milton's life were occupied with public controversies, and his work as Latin Secretary; for so his mind grew mature. The poet put aside to write poetry, and naught else given him to do; to write it in the Lakes, or the Isle of Wight, or at No. 2, The Pines, or as Hardy had to spend his life, Meredith his—their minds never reach full maturity; consequently, their experience is inadequate to great poetry. The proof of that is in what they actually wrote; and its leaving one cold at last, and a little bored: the proof is also to be learnt from the difference between their poetry

and that of all those, as one's Easterns, who have had Milton's chance ; a chance that Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Voltaire had in some measure ; in how much greater a measure than that of any one of the English poets to be found in Benn's Augustan Series ? The Easterns were not governors of provinces, nor treasury officials, nor permanent secretaries in the Home Department; but they were all the councillors of kings, and had some voice in shaping affairs, with the 'feel*' of that—that their lives were not unimportant to their societies, as the lives of the potters and weavers were. So their minds reached their full maturity. An Eastern poet may choose a trivial subject; even then he will say such a word that you have to be a Shakespeare to have even a dim idea of the word beyond that word. An Eastern poet is describing a village urchin dropping his paper boat into the water : the next moment he is saying :

'Even as Paradise small music takes

From falling dew, such the soft contact makes.'

What is the word beyond that, the subject of the poem being a trivial one ?

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RUBA'IYYAT

EARTH-LOVE

I

List!—the wing-beating of the joyous bird ;
Or the rose-blossom, for its scent preferred ;
 Or his lips speaking what the wind will bring ;—
A word—oh, what a wonder-tale is heard !

Hafiz

2

Reed, minstrel, saucy mistress warm, and I ;
Leisure, a corner, wine ;—when by and by
 Tendon and vein the wine hath warmed, I ask
No barley-corn in gift from Hatim Tai.

Hafts

3

Eyes that do Babil's sorcery impress,
Using it learn never to use it less.
 Let Hafiz' verse, the pearl upon the ring,
Be bound to her ringed loveliness of tress.

Hafiz

4

The jasmine woos thy hyacinthine tress :
 Thy ruby-lip is Adn's pearl's caress :
 The soul, wine-cherished ever as thy lip,
 With the same wine thy body cherishes.

Hafiz

5

When my sweet Moon-One, luminous as light,
 In Kausar's skirt her down hid from our sight,
 Our hearts she cast in her chin-dimple, all ;
 Then o'er her dimple with her down made night.

Hafiz

6

O Thou ! The shamefaced, stricken rosebud veils :
 The drunk narcissus, all-astonied, pales.
 How can the rose, which only moon-lit is,
 Paragon Thee, whose light the moon regales?

Hafiz

7

Why take the curls that turn and twine and twist ?
The two bliss-drunken, dreaming eyes,
sleep-kissed ?

Why take, since never rose-leaf falls on thee,
Rose-perfume, head to lovely hand and wrist?

Hafie

8

Like one who drinks is now the budding rose :
Cups are made flowing where narcissus blows.

The man is free who, bubble-like in wine,
Pulls the house down, with all her empty shows.

Hafie

9

Tell her, O Wind ; in secrecy tell all
My tale. Oh, let thy hundred tongues tell all.

Speak not to make her feel reproach, when
told :
Say but a word, and in that word hide all.

*Hafi**

10

Thy lip?' I said. She said : 'Life's drink to all.'

Thy mouth?' I said. She said : 'A candy ball.'

Thy speech?' I said. She said : ' "Who subtly
pray",
Saith Hafiz, "find in it their joy of all." '

Hafiz

11

A Moon, of cypress stature, lovely line,

Making her face, in hand a mirror, fine,

When I love's kerchief offered to her, said :
'Union with me?—nay, what a wish is thine !'

Hafiz

12

Give not up searching ; but with courage more

Use lancet where the eye is darkened o'er

They still keep shut the Beloved's house ; but
come,

No hopeless lover, knocking at **the** door,

Abu Sa'id Abu'l-Khair

13

This is a world of pain. Accept it, then :
Live in no wineless Garden, sour of men :
Hear the full music, if the organ blow :
Love the red-fruited tree, and not the fen.

'Umar Khayyam

14

Give of the vintage of the village trade,
And I will sew on Life a gorgeous braid,
And drink, and never see the world as stale,
But shot with mystery as wine or maid.

Hafis

The wise say : Listen ! When the wind in Spring
Playeth farash within the Garden, bring
The cup, and waste not age ; for rose and wine,
Blood-red, lie then beneath law's shadowing wing.

'Umar Khayyam

Give thyself wine, where bubbles bubbles chase,
 And to the corner-seeker's grief no place.

Our precious life is given a moon to run ;
 So lips should smile, and light be on our face.

Hafiz

*7

'Tis youth's own season : now the wine is best.
 Let the grieved heart in drunkenness have rest.

Ruined and waste the world ; and end on end ;
 Pour out the vintage of the grape, out-pressed.

Hafiz

18

Our sorrow foams, like wine when bubbles wink :
 Why must we strive with grieving, and still sink ?

Put not the goblet from thy lip ; for sweet
 By the fresh river-lip is wine to drink.

Hafiz

19

Should torrent rain not death in violence,
The cup of fulness never would commence.

Khawaja, be watchful. Soon, too soon there
comes
Time's porter taking the earthy chattels hence.
Hafiz

20

A Hope unwinged, ah, me! in net of rage ;
Bulbul unfeathered, fallen from the cage ;

Look with thine eyes in bliss ; for if my song
Be mute, there is my seeing to assuage.

Umar Khayyam

21

Chosen by prince, friend of the low in seat;
Sweet note, of graceful motion, moon complete,

The music-player, Haji Ahmad, call :—
Shiraz his lineage knows in every street.

Hafiz

Inside thy girdle once I put my hand,
Thinking a treasure lay within the band.

Clear as the profit girdle wins from waist,
Will girdle king me with a deodand ?

Hafiz

Be still, and daily eat in thankfulness
The bread God meteth ; never more or less ;
And let no care vex soul of thine about
Or what you don't, or what you do, possess.

'Umar Khayyam

Many a dainty dish has been my lot;
Sweet to the taste, but that I sought it not:
Hunger has made me better meals enjoy ;
Sought eagerly, and not to be forgot.

Hali

Do we love him as others never do ?
 Is there some love, or none, from him we woo?
 If you love me, say 'yes' ; if not, say 'no'.
 Dwell I within your heart?—but, oh, say true.

Rutni

I weep. Thou sayest : 'Hypocrisy's cold art!'
 How can it be, when tears of hot blood start?
 Thou thoughtest, Beloved, every heart as
 thine—
 Oh, learn the difference 'tween heart and heart!

Rumi

Love-worship's rest—it is a different rest:
 That wine makes drunk—but otherhow and best :
 The science of school is one thing or another—
 It is a different love that I professed.

Rumi

HEAVEN-LIGHT

31

The glow and scent of life from Thee proceed ;
Thee to obey, foldeth us round in need.

Excepting Thee all buttresses are frail.
Men seek their own—*Thy* good is for all seed.

Hali

32

When the storm-driven ship is nigh undone,
Or caravan, when sand blots out the sun ;
When of all means of earth all hope hath end,
Thou art, but there is else remembered none.

Hali

33

When Thy omnipotence is manifest,
The atheist worships even as the rest.
The bat finds every road to darkness hidden,
When the sun's rays blaze forth from east to west.

Hali

(w)

37

Petraea, thy nativity to tell,
Is famed, and Yathrib, where thy shadow fell.
Not thy sons only boast them of thy name :
Famed are the fathers in their seed as well.

Halt

38

Thou makest self-effaced the devotee,
And lovers to be filled with ecstasy :
No partner shares the worship of the Truth,
The One acknowledged as the One through thee.

Hali

39

'Twixt man and Allah there exists a way :
'Tis yours to make it long or short—ah, yea I
This Tuba and that Kausar, which you see,
Are shadow and fountain sheltering midway.

Ghalib

40

The path to thee with thorn of grief is set,
Where a wayfarer's feet have ever let.

Thou knowest who knoweth love. 'Tis he
by whom
The soul's face is with lamp of breathings met.
Hafiz

For thy embrace I long : I long for thy
Glistening ruby for my lips. Oh, I

Could make the tale short—wherefore make it
long ?
Come back. Hoping to win thee now, I die.
Hafiz

42

Plain not of me that, loving, I love much :
The broken-hearted let not censure touch.

Sufi, thou knowest the way wayfarers take ;
So carp not 'gainst the profligate too much.
Hafiz

43

Plain not of me, who for his love depart :
Censure not those that shattered are of heart.

Sufi, thou knowest well the pilgrim's way :
Play 'gainst the profligate no carper's part.

Hafiz (another version)

44

Here, with blood sprinkled, down I lie and weep ;
Barred from thy couch, with knotted hands I
sleep.

Thy image, doubter, send, and I shall see
What countenance a sleep with thee would keep.

Hafiz

45

Long as celestial dignity's decree,
So joyous ever will thy labour be,
And oft as Taktamun shall hand the cup,
The everlasting source thine eyes wilt see.

Hafiz

46

When from our body falls that garment sewn
The moon takes, in her beauty all alone,
Because of our transparency, the heart
Is seen, as limpid stream shows pebble-stone.

Hafiz

47

Soul, since with thee a night to day I brought,
If I draw breath without thee, I am nought.

Death hath no terror, now the water of Life
From thy sweet, glistening, ruby lip is caught.

Hafiz

48

Pleading, to the sweet hyacinth I cling :
For me distraught, I cried, 'Some physic bring.'

He answered : 'Press my lip ; let go my hair :
Cling to my lips, your life relinquishing.'

Hafiz

Son, from the mother of time thy heart pluck out :
Cling to her husband's latter half about.

Thou knowest like person not, if on his face
Thinking, joy make thee not, like Hafiz, shout.

Hafiz

50

Each day under a new heart-load to sweat;
One parted, in whose eye a thorn is set,

Still do I strive, but still Fate cries : 'Beyond
All labour there is still a labour yet/

Hafiz

51

More than a candle, when from thee apart,
I weep, wine flagon-like ; the red tears start :

Like cup of wine am I—harp's wail, if heard,
I weep even blood ; one of so straitened heart.

Hafiz

5²

Sweet mouths ever the covenant abate ;
The seers loose not the soul from lover's fate.
For lovers, the mistress being as wished,
desired,
Thy name keeps on in undiminished state.

Hafiz

53

Come back, thou beauty, making expectant heart :
My soul hath torment, if from thee apart :
Come back ! Without thy face, O sweet to love,
Head mad, ever from eye of me tears start.

Hafiz

54

Take joy-exciting wine, and come unseen.
Strive not with me, mean watcher who have been.
'Go not,' the adversary saith : 'sit down/
But I : 'Arise, O idol, come unseen.'

Hafiz

55

Soul of me poor! '**That** separation day
Was salt to wounded liver,' thou mayst say.

I feared lest one day I should go from thee :
Thou sawest how verily there came that day.

Hafiz

56

In mortar, end to end, the climes to pound ;
Blood-smear the arches of the skyey round ;

Better a century more a prisoner bound
Than by a fool bide while men beat a gong

Hafiz

57

Soul, wert not easy, placing my worthless head,
A sacrifice, for some *mans* feet to tread?

Desirest thou to know the truth of hell?
Hell is the company of the foolish dead.

Hafiz

58

A mighty sin to pinnacle one's self ;

Of all creation to prefer one's self :

Learn from the pupil of the eye, how well
To see each one, but not to see one's self.

Hafiz

59

From Folio One unto the Last we read

Of honour, dignity, and might in deed ;

But of humanity's dim soul no word ;

The Apple, and all effort is the seed.

'Umar Khayyam

60

One moment bring me, Thou Omnipotence,

The sixfold portal of the fivefold sense

Outside ; and ere the wainscot-death break
open,

Teach me the Real's eternal excellence.

'Umar Khayyam

61

Here This and That. Enmeshed in darker net,
Your dower of conscience all on plunder set,
Think, if a looter on the Day of Doom,
How sharp the ineluctable regret.

'Umar Khayyam

62

Let us touch neither what is praised or blamed ;
Accept not and reject not; nor untamed
Go ravining, doing hurt ; so making us
Endlessly in our consciences ashamed.

'XJmar Khayyam

63

This has proceeded out of God, and must
The creature satisfy that out of dust
Arose. His grace and bounty never swerve :
Why thy entreaty, then, thou lord of lust?

'Umar Khayyam

64

The ruby from the rose for colour mine ;
The meat-heart's flavour for my seal and sign ;
 Yet candlestick and wax forever burn
Within me, flaming out my cup and wine.

'Umar Khayyam

65

Water my dwelling is without, and leaven :
The guest to me of each glad day in seven
 Is to fast, praising God's gold throne ; of all
Earth's chattels not more destitute than heaven.

'Umar Khayyam

66

Love to eternal loveliness aspires ;
Beauty to love ; but not in used attires
 Like love on earth ; but, the link broken, then
This One that Other's own desire desires.

'Umar Khayyam

70

We founded laws, and kept them in our grace ;
Then fell, and saw not anything in place

In time. To turn, we must be destitute,
As when the Hindu poor Islam embrace.

'Umar Khayyam

71

There is a time for searching in the first ;
A time for honours bluest blood to thirst :

As hub that the circumference goes round,
Men should encircle where the lust is curst.

'Umar Khayyam

72

As straw to fire we stand before the Just,
Or thieves to nightwatch coming through the dust ;

The remnant, we, of darkness ; He, of light;
We, sediment; He, chastity of lust.

'Umar Khayyam

On, on through jungle, over hill, and where
 Infamy parches soil, and darkens air,

We went, seeing but sorrow ; but with loss
 Of sense of it deliverance came from care.

'Umar Khayyam

A trusty clerk apart Thou madest me,
 Of Thee, as moth of candle, to be free :

The cup of intercourse for me was poured ;
 From vanity set free, when drunk with Thee.

'Umar Khayyam

For good and ill, faith and unfaith, to schools
 The wise go, and for less and more, the fools.

I to insanity alone bow down,
 That hearkens neither wise nor foolish rules.

'Umar Khayyam

Courageless once, He makes me now insane ;
 Shut out from bliss to wander worlds of pain ;
 With my Beloved ever lost to me,
 With these wounds' scars, refusal for a stain.

'Umar Khayyam

I came, thou world's Soul, very close to Thee ;
 Of gain, Beloved, or of loss to me
 Unknowing. Then with heart in twain I went.
 Again is bliss, if Thee again I see.

'Umar Khayyam

Why pray, O man, heart never now heart-whole?
 Why put clean robes over a dirty soul ?
 Sin's poison ; to repent, the antidote ;
 But how can antidote cure poisoned soul ?

Abu Sa'id Abu'l-Khair

A faithless world, and faithless to the end;
 To thousands false, and never makes amend.

The world for aye at enmity with Truth,
 Why, man of God, so ill a world befriend?

Abu Sa'id Abu'l-Khair

Ease nor sloth utters love's heart-wrung appeal :
 The passion of the moth flies never feel.

The Beloved One but in an age is won,
 And few are given that everlasting weal.

Sarmad

You of limbs fettered, locked-up heart—oh, ware !
 Eyes shut and mire-entangled legs—oh, ware !

How ever, facing east, to reach the west?
 Your steps turn hither, but your home—oh,
 where ?

Anonymous

82

Empty the lap, if hands nor sow nor reap ;
Men harvest what God blesses while they sleep.

Moses was never shepherd of his folk,
Till he had tended Midian flocks of sheep.

Halt

83

And suddenly, at dawn, a voice arose
From Mercy seat, crying as one that knows :
'Come back and drink, like Jam the Shah, and
all
The secrets of the other Life disclose.'

A nonymous

84

Be wise, my son, and only these behold :—
The steps of late-erected throne of gold,
The dark face of the new-invented sin,
Blind to the River flowing from of old.

after 'Umar Khayyam

With grief for thee my heart-place is so rent:
The remedy of my heart is pain forspent.

Thou war'st against me, only so making me
On being Fidelity so more intent.

Hafie

Lord, since the accomplish er of deeds Thou art;
Qazi, and all-sufficient for man's part,

How unto Thee my secrets to disclose,
Thou knower of secrets hidden in the heart ?

Hafiz

Ask fortitude from who plucked Khaibar's door :
From Qumbar's Khwajah, bounty's mystic store :

Hafiz, if thirsty for God's peace thou be,
Then Kausar's fountain ask, for one thing more.

Hafts

THE IRONY OF HEAVEN AND EARTH

Against a stone, one night when it was dry,
I dashed my cup, and saw the pieces lie.

The cup, lisping in earthy accent, said :
'I was as you, and you will be as I.'

'Umar Khayyam

92

Search back through grape and earth until you find
A lover in this cup, who, since he pined

For his beloved's face, has changed to dust
All that her slender body once entwined.

'Umar Khayyam

93

Within the dust men's feet are treading, how
Many the cheeks and tresses buried now!

No brick of whispering palace wall but holds
Ringed finger of *wazir* or sultan's brow.

'Umar Khayyam

94

At first, faithful in union, you were kind ;
 Then to me cruel, drunk with love and blind.

Now that I weep, my heart on fire, you let
 The dust I am be blown about the wind.

Hafiz

95

No turtle-dove, peacock, nor loud chakor ;
 They flew at leaf-fall to a sunny shore :

A bulbul stayed, last token of the Spring ;
 But he since yesterday is heard no more.

Hali

96

I went seeking rose-water yesterday :
 I saw a burning rose, and said : 'Oh, say

What thou hast done, that thou must burn.'

Said he :

'Here in the garden once I laughed in play.'

'Alatngir

97

No moment take the lip from lip of cup,
 But from the cup's lip our desire draw up ;
 Since in the world's cup sweet and bitter mix,
 Wish sweet from loved lips, bitter from the cup.
Hafie

98

He is not wise who takes a wife to him,
 Seeing not so is riddance of the grim.
 Our God is powerful?—ah, but he's at home
 Without a wife between the cherubim.
Ghalib

99

Some have in pride to name the sires they had,
 Their own burg of nobility too sad ;
 Poor grainless harvesters, therefore for leave
 To shake their thin grass in the wind so glad.
'Umar Khayyam

100

Learning to pray God to avert his stroke
Sets the devout above the bibbing folk.

His pitcher is as brimming full as theirs ;
Only the hand moves underneath a cloak.

'Umar Khayyam

101

O you who to the holy Ka'ba press,
I praise you so desirous ; but confess
From all this running easy is to guess
You entertain an angry shrew at home.

Ghalib

102

The lordly man to Saturn, with proud look,
All pleasure past, lifted a hand that shook,
The while a beggar conned his pedigree
In a torn, oxen-eaten, mouldy book.

'Umar Khayyam

O you who try to remedy my doom,
 To stop my drink inspissates so my gloom.
 Sad should I be to leave for other lips
 My brimming pitchers, scenting all the room.

Ghalib

Should Imperfection all perfection bring,
 Its pride no less would count a second thing,
 And greater. Dewdrop growing bunch of
 feathers
 Thinks the big sun an egg beneath its wing!

'Umar Khayyam

Monarchs and mighty captains are aware
 Of Time's transactions, and with lordly stare
 Gaze at their masonry ; but all of it
 Poverty's smoke a-going up in air !

'Umar Khayyam

They cling to leaf and fruit, but by and by
 Depart from the gay caravanserai,

Leaving the fair, with treasure undisclosed,
 Like buds that in unpetalled garden die.

'umar Khayyam

Religion's and the pagan's light from out
 One looks, and one the folio of doubt

And certainty cons over. Is not this
 Just the same thing the other is about ?

'Umar Khayyam

Those who, of different temperament, inhale
 The breath of nonsense, and their beings stale,
 Though with the headache of the love of pomp,
 Have no Tabib at all to make them hale.

'Umar Khayyam

None can deny their difference from the rest.
As little, when at home, can man be guest.

One's patrimony grew in jumbled things.
Let not the tatters your own life infest.

'Umar Khayyam

110

If thou, as I, art fallen in this snare,
Oft of the wine and goblet thou wilt share.

Drunkards are we, ruined and world-consumed :
Sit not with us ; oh, of our ill beware.

Hafiz

111

Thou for whom sun and moon together lay
Down in the garden dust both night and day,

Plant not a man of tongue and hand and heart;
Then sit and, heedless of his passion, play.

Hafiz

Busy in love and enmity, those men
 Know paganism nor commandments ten.

Whatever's customary is their law.
 Who knoweth who they are, or where, or when ?
'Umar Khayyam

" 3

Oh, nothing irks them, nothing pains ; the feast
 Of Yes and No those flies infest. The least
 Sign of the diamond of the heart, of them
 Ask not, but stomach's fill and lack in beast.

'Umar Khayyam

For house and hostelry, for have and hold,
 In floods of tears turning the dust to gold,
 They cared, and called it building high the
 House;
 Anything done to make the heart grow cold.

'Umar Khayyam

115

Delight that sad repentance follows soon,
But grief to us, to others is a boon ;
 Non-being's opening in Being's robe ;
At dawn the morning-laughter making noon.

'Umar Khayyam

116

The flies of lust that never hands anele,
That sip sin's juices through the broken peel,
 The devil hurts not as his kin. Where thief
Is nightwatch of the house, no kindred steal.

'Umar Khayyam

117

To nine rope-ladders to escape by, ye
Dwellers in house of so much peril be
 United, like the sage I met today.
Khizr, who countless centuries will see.

'Umar Khayyam

118

**Be never courtesan of pomp's display,
With worldly baubles crowding every day.**

**Heavy the turban is, and so desist,
And on the heart-thread never burden lay.**

'Umar Khayyam

119

**Ye who forget the house wherein you dwell,
Now ringing friend's and now a stranger's bell,**

**Lie close perdu, as ever ocean pearl,
If ye would have men love you, and love well.**

'Umar Khayyam

120

**The man who lives, beholding not the shelf
He will be laid on ; ignorant as elf**

**Of how he fails, and how excels, might say :
"Did glass of mirror ever see itself?"**

'Umar Khayyam

How long this violence and tyranny,
All people vexing—foolish act from thee.

Should the sword, blood-stained, in a valiant
hand
Reach thee, thy blood on thine own head would
be.
Hafiz

The looser of the knot that bids to go
To paradise or hell, forsakes not so ;
This snatching like a wolf abandon, and,
Lion of God, the enemy o'erthrow.

Hafiz

Pure wine makes the full circle. Then a mist
Falls, and sad Ramazan's dark hand and wrist
Close on the cup, with all the rest undrunk ;
Aye, and no darling of them all is kissed.

'Umar Khayyam

When, the door open, intoxication's bound
 Lies backward, pomp is known, and on I sound
 The mystery of the low, by both unmoved.
 In that life is, is all their crumbling ground.

'Umar Khayyam

The folk were high, the folk were low I knew ;
 A good and bad, pious and bibbing, crew.
 What boots accepting and rejecting men>
 When all alike will soon be known to you ?

'Umar Khayyam

The tale of Chigil's candle none can tell,
 Nor aching heart's, which nothing maketh well :
 My straitened heart-hurt is that there is here
 No friend to whom one's heart-grief one could tell.

Hafiz

133

Hold steadfast to the hope of heaven's light,
Trembling, as ever willow, at Time's flight.

You said, The colours have an end at black.
How comes my dark hair, then, turning to white?

Hafiz

134

Sit with the Friend ; pour wine, and never stint :
The kiss on cypress, rosy-limbed, imprint.

When the torn heart would freedom have from
pain,
That barbers' boys go carrying lancets hint.

Hafiz

135

Where tyrant is, fortune's not worth the gain.
Grief will the deepest joy in living stain.

Seven thousand years of bliss are soon out-
weighed,
If for a week is no release from pain.

Hafiz

Except Thy picture, nothing we descry ;
 Except Thy street, no path is ours to try.

Though sleep to all comes sweetly, in Thy time
 No sleep, O God, comes ever to my eye.

Hafiz

*37

They boasted fealty who now have sown
 This strife. Once pure, now with soiled skirt to
 own.

They say : *Night's pregnant with the hidden/
 How?

Pregnant by whom? who never man has known.

Hafiz

138

'Tis evil evil 'gainst the good to swell ;
 In desert of Div and maw-crammed beast to
 dwell ;

Of one's own life to be the enamoured one ;
 Or to be proud of what one doeth well.

Hafiz

In the sweet lane of friendship many a day
 We lingered, all unlearnt in faithless way ;
 In lane so narrow that men trod on us :
 Now One is here—where doth the Other stay ?

'Utnar Khayyam

Long in and out I went *to God*, and *still*
 Was loved ; but when He saw me full of ill,
 Me as a slave, begging at every turn
 For leave, He made me—giving me free-will.

'Umar Khayyam

When any kingdom's state is upside down,
 The footfall of a 'blessing* treads its crown ;
 Either a *begum* is state councillor,
 Or the *wazir* robes in a *maulawts* gown.

Haliz

To ears that have no hearing what the odds
 'Twixt lore and tales at which an old wife nods?
 Just as a wanderer's, who's far from home,
 Is Solomon's plight among your brainless clods.

Haliz

Man to find Thee to books and logic goes,
 Or probes narcissus and the wilding rose :
 To turn from the two worlds and search
within—
 Peace only finds whoever that way knows.

Urfi Shirazi

From wreath of Saturn downwards, till on earth,
 My hands untied all knots, and brought to birth
 Freedom from pain and bond of lie and fraud ;
 Yet the Child Death is born still more in mirth.

after Avicenna

You cypress queen of fair excelling but
 Reign in my heart, and heavy fetters put
 Upon my feet; your mischief-eyes ensnaring—
 If it's your will to love not, keep them shut!
Sa 'di

To Rustum Zal : 'Dread of a foe is owed.
 Many the runnel issuing by the road.
 That gathers in its course, until at last
 Of force to drown both camel and its load !'
Sa 'di

'What, with its sweetness, hath thy mole in will?'
 She said : 'O simple fool, and pitiful,
 'There is no mole our beauty's mirror in.
 " 'Tis thine own pupil that thou seest still!" '
Hafis

If a month wandering over hill and plain,
Then of his mountain will a straw remain :

If the man poor, forlorn, a stranger, dwell,
Remembering his home, he sighs in pain.

Hafiz

Had fortune to concordance but impelled,
And that from year's revolving help had welled.

When from my hand Time snatched the reins
of youth,
Would that for foot Age had the stirrup held.

Hafiz

Lost—long desire pursuing—all hopes are :
What, with the turning sky, comes from afar?

Whom to I spoke, saying : 'I was thy friend',
Became my enemy—how ill my star !

Hafiz

This time of broken covenant none may
 A friend be, but will turn his heart away.
 Solitude's skirt even for this I hold—
 To hide me from the friend turned enemy.

Hafiz

As the foe wished you'd make me, even so
 You make me, changing Spring to autumn. Lo I
 I, in thy quiver, straight as arrow was.
 You bend me now—thy sacrifice—a bow.

Hafiz

Here misery and feeble, humble course;
 There pride and self-sufficiency and force :
 I sit, although you place me on the fire :
 You sit not, though I set you on a horse !

Hafiz

154

O Friend, sit the fierce sigh not careless by ;
To the fire-kindling sigh the fire is nigh :

Think not, in thy own street, the two are easy—
To weep, night-wandering, and the morning sigh.
Hafiz

155

The outcome of my life is only grief ;
Evil to love or good—alike it's grief ;
No fellow-breather, no concordant one,
No comforter to name have I but grief.

Hafiz

156

Sky, I dislike thy circumvolving rule :
Remit this tyranny by rote and school.
If thou art kind to worthless fools alone,
Be kind to me. I am a worthless fool!

'Umar Khayyam

To a Critic of FitzGerald

The World is not a pedant but a trull;
So with no leaden pen, and lame and dull
Syllables beat flat the Persian line,
Damning FitzGerald—oh, you frowsy gull!

Chapman

ODES

Saqi, go round the circle with the bowl.
 Love that at first was easy now is hard.
 What blood the knotted hair drips, as earth's roll
 Endeth at dawn, from curl of musk and nard.
 Stain with red wine the carpet, if the Pir
 Biddeth, the holy Traveller who knows.
 Pleasure was with the Beloved ; but I hear
 The bell ringing to bind Life's fading shows.
 Do the light-burdened shadows on the shore
 Our night of dark and wave and whirlpool see ?
 Still dark the mystery men darken more,
 And, Fancy, ill my fame from following thee.
 Hafiz, if you desire His presence, know
 Not to be absent: leave the world, and go.

Thou moon of beauty, with illumined face,
Flashing from dimpled chin a lustre rare,
When the desired commingling comes in place,
How calm our hearts, how wanton-tossed Thy
hair.

My soul, here at the pale lip, craveth Thee,
Going now back, now forward—Give a sign.
Keep from our dust and blood Thy kirtle free,
Where many fall a sacrifice of Thine.

The Murshid of my desolation tell;—
O soul of mine and soul of Thine, I swear ;
Cast but a glance, and I again am well,
Or give me veil of chastity to share.

Our sleepy fortune then perchance will wake,
 If fallen drop Thee to the eye make known,
Or should Thy cheek its roses red down-shake,
 Or rose-scent be, from dust of Garden blown.
Thee Life, Jam's Saqi of the bowl, give all,
 Though our poor cup, Thine circling, little hold.
Be those Shirazi's soon Thy smitten ball :
 Up, and let that to men of Yazd be told.
From Thee afar, not far in my desire,
 The king's slave, hymning praise in jewelled
line.

O King of stars, for pity me attire,
 Sky-like to kiss the dusty Court of Thine.
This is the prayer of Hafiz. Say amen.
Be Thy lip's honey all my regimen.

3

Out of my hand goeth my heart in sighs,

Pining until the mystery unfold.

Fair wind, for these boat-stranded Ones arise ;

That the Beloved's face they may behold.

In sorcery and magic sennight spent,

Round friendship's scented head throw now the
noose.

Hear the sweet Bulbul singing in the Tent

Of rose and wine :—Press out, press out the
juice.

The cup of wine Sikandar's mirror made

Of Dara's kingdom, whether doomed or sure.

O generous One, in thanks for safety's shade,

Ask of the foodless darvish, homeless, poor.

These syllables the two worlds' ease repeat :
 Kindness to friends and courtesy to foes.
They gave us no admission to the street
 Of good repute—this, not approved, oppose.
The bitter wine the Sufi called the womb
 Of evil, sweeter is than virgin's kiss.
Wine, the elixir, in the day of gloom
 Maketh the beggar even as Karun is.
Life-givers the Lovely, prattling Persian, are :
 O Saqi, give the men of Fars the news.
He in whose hand as wax the stony bar,
 Thee, arrogant, will as a candle use.
When Minstrel calls to dance those who frequent
This flutist, the; old and pious men assent.
That patched and wine-stained garment Hafiz used
Not of his will; so let him be excused.

4

Saying, The labour comes as we desired,
Murshid, with light kindle this cup of ours.
The hearts that to behold His face aspired,
Drink now from goblet wreathed in happy
flowers.
The tall and straight, all glances coy and grace,
Moved on as pines till rose our cypress tree.
He on the record will our being place;
For never died any who lived for Thee.
The day the dead arise his lawful bread
Weighs just the same as our unlawful wine :
Though the Shaikh eat in piety and dread,
He is no nearer heaven by a line.

Wind, if the rose-bed of the loved ones now
Thou passest, tell the Murshid of our cry.
Why blot pur names so purposely, 0 Thou?
There is no recollection where we die.
The soul-absorbing Murshid's eyes have seen
Pleased the intoxication Fate gave rein
The new moon's bark and the calm sea, sky-
green,
Deep in the Haji's favouring grace have lain.
My heart in the frore air, like tulip caught,
O bird of fortune, loved one of the soul,
When will you come into the snare we wrought,
Drawn all of love poured out as from a bowl?
Hafiz, now drop by drop your tears let fall:
Perchance the sought-for bird will hear the call.

There rectitude of work, and here is one

Ruined, beholding now how long the way.

Who hears the exhortation, oft begun,

Or music of stringed instrument at play ?

Heart-weary of hypocrisy's patched dress,

I seek the Fire-One's monastery roof;

But he is gone, with memory's happiness.

Where is the glance now? where the kind
reproof?

What doth the Friend's face tell the enemy?

A dead man hath no lamp ; no centre, sun.

Thy threshold's dust our vision's antinomy,

Order our going : here is rest for none.

Look not at apple of the chin—that pit.

Where goest, Heart, and with that haste ^

where ?

.0 Friend, seek not fromj&z ease ; for it

Stays not widUh/npr sleep, nor patience

there.

For his dark mole give Samarqand to use,
 And give Bukhara, if our love he get.
 Pour out the wine remaining, ere we lose
 Where Ruknabad Musalla's roses wet.
 The sweet of work, those saucy, dainty ones,
 The city's torment, patience take away,
 Light as marauding hordes of Turkamans
 Ride onward with the spoil on plunder's tray.
 The beauty of the Beloved hath no need
 Of our imperfect love, as lovely face
 Needeth not dimple, mole, or line to lead
 Along the lashes to enhance its grace.

From Masjid to the tavern came the Pir

Last night. O Path-Friends, where is now our
place?

How may the disciple to the mosque draw near,

Whose Pir to Vintner's hostel turns his face?

With the Fire-Worshipper we too should dwell:

Thus in the eternal covenant is writ.

Happy the heart held in the tress's spell:

The wise grow frenzied from pursuing it.

If the heart-snare the prey of calmness hold,

Thou loosest tress ; then free again the prey.

Once did the beauty of Thy face unfold

A verse; so we, explaining, beauty say.

To lie against Thy stony heart a night—

What power in that to slake our burning heart ?

The wind upon Thy tress made dark my sight;

For save its love we have no honoured part.

The arrow of our sighing passed the sphere.

Pity thy soul, Hafiz, the arrow fear.

At tavern door I shall, like Hafiz, dwell,

Since the Pir haunts where men the vintage sell.

a

How brightly shines the mirror of the cup,
Come thou and see ; the ruby hue of wine.
Thou in the wind set snare, but pluck it up :
The four-winged 'Anka is no prey of thine.
Strive in the moment's joy, as Adam knew
To leave the House of Safety's withered green.
Drink at Time's feast only a cup or two :
Desire not union, which has never been.
O heart, youth is departed, and no rose
Is plucked; grey-headed now, show skill in
fame.
Ask of the mystery the drunkard knows—
He, and not Zahid of the lofty name.

Full rights of service at Thy door for men;
A look of pity makes the servant's gains.
I gave up wish for ease at that time when
This heart in Thy love's hand made o'er the
reins.

Jamshid's disciple, Hafiz-slave's salam
Bear, O thou breeze, unto the Shaikh of Jam.

Thou with the tress of ambergris for veil,
Me of revolving head make not distraught.
Men mock who drink the dregs of wine;—they
fail;

For ever thus was faith to ruin brought.
Befriend the man of God ; for in the Ark
There was a little dust that deemed the Flood
Less than a drop ; and where the grave is dark,
Why exalt pyramids with tears and blood?
Go of the house forth, seeking not for bread,
Nor cup that brings the guest to death and
knell.

O Moon of Kana'an, Egypt's throne instead
Is thine : now, therefore, bid the house farewell.
I know not what desire is in the tress,
The tress-tip, still diffusing musk as rain.
Oh, liberty and sweet content that bless,
Are never for the Sultan's sword to gain.
Hafiz, drink wine, be profligate, nor rue :
Make not the Book a snare as others do.

I flee the demon-lust, God's care presuming,
 If chance that gleaming light should give me
 aid.

Thy face enkindling; so the world consuming
 How without kindness is there profit made ?
 This tumult to Thy lovers now displaying,
 Statured as cypress, face as gleaming moon,
 All night I wait the breeze of dawn, allaying,
 To cherish love with Lover's message soon.
 If the dark lashes for our blood should make,
 And if the eye of sorcery deceive,
 Know, Idol, their deceit and Thy mistake ;
 How it hath slain me, therefore how I grieve.

Tell ye the Sultan of this prayer of mine :

'In thanks for throne no beggar drive away/

The morning-greeter give the draught of wine,

Saying : 'O thrive, who use the dawn to pray.

Hafiz's heart, when parted, throbs with pain.

How great its bliss, if union it attain.

This hath Thy beauty as defect to show ;—
That lovely face thinks constancy a stain.
In thanks for friends and sweet companions—Oh,
Think who the desert wander and the plain.
Hafiz, the day and night of ill-wind tire
With patience, and at last gain thy desire

Murshid arise, and give the cup of wine :

Dust on the bowed head of Time grieving
strew.

Give in my hand ; then from this breast of mine

To pluck away the old, patched cloth of blue!

Though in the closets of the wise ill-fame

Is ours, nor name nor fame do we desire

Give wine ! The wind of pride is still the same :—

Dust on the head strew! ashes on the fire!

The smoke of sighing of my burning heart

Consumes the unripe hypocrites of lust:

My secret; and no friend to take my part;

None upon high, and none among the dust.

Glad is a man to be with his heart's-ease ;

She who once took . "ease of heart from him.

The cypress of the sword can never please

One who has seen cypress of silver limb.

We grieved for Thy departure, and the press
 Of fortune turned to dust the bread of each.
 Now, by Thy tears, made golden as the tress
 Are those Thou makest a salutation reach.
 Stretch forth Thy hand in prayer, I pray : 'Be
men
 Faithful to Thee, and God our helper be/
 If sword should strike my head, not even then
 Would there go from me my desire for Thee.
 The envying sky drives me, companionless :
 A tyrant people draw the Lord of Blame ;
 Since I the beauty of Thy cheek express ;
 But listening roses hang the heads for shame.
 Some say that Hafiz doth not journey far :
 Here in my head full g the stages are.

If now from beggars Thou shouldst not conceal
Thyself, but show Thyself, it will be grace.

Like unto Harut love's desire we feel;—

Oh, that our eyes had never seen Thy face!
Caught in the dimpled chin, Marut had died,

If from Thy beauty's telling Thou hadst shrunk.
The fragrance of the rose arose, and cried :

'The bulbuls with the angel's eye are drunk !'
Idol, Thy violence slayeth like a mace :
Be courteous, and Hafiz show Thy face.

Thy beauty beckoned us to Thee, and lo !

Body and spirit for mole and tresses moan.

What parted lovers' souls endure none know,

Except Karbala's thirsty Ones alone.

If now the Bold One, soul, is dissolute,

Should we to austere chastity resign?

Pleasure, the joyous season's time to flute,

Five days of ease—ho ! make the plunder thine.

Hafiz, with kissing of his feet thy state

Both here and there will be one passing great.

The morning blossoms, and the cloud a veil
 Bindeth : O Friends, the morning cup! the
wine!

Upon the tulip's forehead beats the hail :
 Companions! O the wine, the wine, the wine!
 From the sward blows the wind of paradise ;
 Then ever drink pure wine, pure wine, pure
wine!

The rose hath fixed its emerald throne : arise !
 Get wine like fiery ruby of the mine!
 They close the tavern door ; they shut the inn :
 O Opener of doors, open the door !
 At such a time, 'tis passing strange, 'tis sin,
 That hastily they shut the tavern door

Drink wine, O Zahid, like the profligates :
O all ye wise ones, fear ye God above.
The water of Life—if thou wouldst ope the gates,
Seek the sweet wine, while the harp sings of
love
If, like Sikandar, thou wouldst win repose,
Get the Beloved's ruby lip for thine.
Drink the pure wine, this season of the rose,
To Saqi's cheek, in Pari form divine.
The ruby lip hath gracious rights of salt
Against the ills of men, maimed, blind and halt.
Grieve not, O Hafiz ; the One loved for grace
Lifts in the end the veil from off His face.

'O Sultan of the Lovely Ones, I pray
 Show pity / but He answered : 'Lost are you,
 Pitiful stranger, in desire astray.'

'Oh, pass awhile with me/ I pled anew.
 What grief it were to gentle one asleep
 On royal ermine, stranger and alone,
 If he must spread a couch of thorn, and weep
 Himself to sleep on pillow of hard stone!
 Thou, in whose tress-chain souls of lovers lie
 So many, on Thy cheek so strange of hue,
 The musky mole fell, and the ant-line grew
 Around Thy face—not strange in Arzhang
high.

In colour of the moon-like face is seen
 The wine's reflection, like the Arghavan's
 (Of crimson leaf) in wild red rose's sheen,
 The red rose surface in the summer suns.

The gardens of Rizvan all a lustre gain
 From garden of happy union, us with Thee.
 Hell's flame hath torment added, greater pain,
 From pain of separation, us from Thee.
 Now in Thy lovely cheek and stature would
 Paradise shelter and the Tuba tree.
 'Oh, Paradise and lotus-tree are good ;
 Sweet places of returned felicity V
 As mine, so doth the stream of Paradise
 See, in its deep, the intoxicated eyne.
 Spring doth Thy beauty tell in blossoms' eyes,
 And Paradise ev'n more in books divine.

My heart consumed, my soul's desire ungained,
I had not poured forth blood, had I attained,
[said : *0 Thou! tress of the hue of night,
The evening of the stranger see thou heed,
If, in the morning time of song and light,
This stranger should bewail his bitter need.'
Again I said : 'That cheek of rosy hue
Cover not, O my Moon, through heaven led.
If you refuse, wretched and wearied you
Will make this stranger.' But he, answering,
said :
'Hafiz, not far from wonderful is it,
If, spent and wretched, there the stranger sit!'

Many a salt-right of Thy mouth and lip
 Have they, to heal rent liver and scorched
 breast.

Think not that, in Thy circle, drunkards sip,
 Thy mind of Zahid's state a blank confessed.

The ruby of the circle of Thy lip
 I knew was sun-begot, in heaven sailing.

Open the veil! This modesty in slip
 Too long! and naught but modesty so veiling.
 The rose beheld Thy face, and straightway fell :
 It knew thy scent, and, water-turned, was
 shamed.

Hafiz, for love immersed in ocean-swell.

Behold, now dieth—come ! Thy help is claimed.
 Impossible he should a fool remain ;
 So strive, and understand sweet living's gain.

By covenant and right, the Khwaja's Soul!

Save prayer for Thee no comrade have I got.
My tears, which more than Noah's deluge roll,

Wash from my tablature Thine image not.

Purchase this shattered heart, which still above

Unshattered hearts unnumbered stands in
power.

Reproach not my distraughtness, whom for love

The Pir sent to the tavern the first hour.

For truth strive, that from Thee the sun may rise,

As the first dawn for falsehood black became.

Covet not, heart, the kindness of the wise;

The head his instant stake who boasts Love's
flame.

'Gainst the great Asaf-soul the little tongue
Of ant grew long reproaching, which was right;
For Khwaja lost the seal of Jam, and wrung
His hands not, while he sought it day and night.
Thy hand made me distraught for hill and plain,
In pity loosing not my girdle-chain.
Grieve not for ravishers this faithless time :
Now the grass withers, what the Garden's crime?

The vision of mine eye Thy dwelling-place,
 Be courteous to the House, and sojourn there.
Thou takest the heart with mole and downy grace ;
 Wondrous the subtleties beneath the snare.
Be glad of heart, in union with the rose,
 O Bulbul; for the amorous song is thine.
Give feeble heart Lip's remedy for woes :
 The Treasury's ruby medicine be mine.
In body unfit for service; but my soul's
 Essence is threshold dust, the threshold Thine.
None I, to give the impudent heart-tolls :
 My door Thy seal bears, and Thy mark as sign.

O excellent horseman, Thou art Mage indeed,
Whose whip controls the impetuous sky-like steed.
When even the sky, the juggler, staggereth

At sorcery in Thy pastime's storehouse held,
What place for him that nothing gathereth ?

Now doth the melody of the assembly, swelled,
To dancing bring the sky : for Hafiz' line,
The sweet of speech, is melody of Thine.

Desire of men and threshold of the One
Are joined, and God wills all the passing Now.
I placed the mirrored moon and radiant sun,
Seeking in vain to paragon Love's brow.
What gives the Breeze as news of our shut heart ?
As rosebud petals fold, so folded it.
I in this cloister drink, not one apart;—
Many the great as dust of pitcher writ.
To scatter ambergris Thou combest Thy hair,
Making wind civet, the dust an odour sweet.
Thy face besprinkled is the rose-bed there,
And river and cypress for Thy ransom meet.

Since tongue of man, telling his Love, is dumb,
What can split reed but utter folly sore ?
My heart Thy happy omen called to come;—
After the omen good the happy shore !
Hafiz, thou hast eternally thine own,
Its mark, the tulip of Shiraz, wind-sown.

The heart, a chamber for His love to be ;
 The mirror of His form within the eye.
 Since I incline not both the worlds to see,
 Beneath His grace I put my neck to lie.
 Thou, Zahid, and the Tuba-tree, and He
 And us—all thoughts are even as he resolves.
 The breeze doth screen, within the holy see,
 The sacred court wherein His pride revolves.
 What loss, if I be soiled of skirt, when all
 The world is witness of His innocence ?
 Majnun died long ago, and now they call
 For us, and five days' space will see us hence.

The kingdom of loving God, what corner is
Of joy—these of His fortune's favour both.
Seeing the safety had in view is His,
Why are my heart and I to ransom loth ?
Without His image, the eye looks forth unseeing ;
Since that its corner is His special room,
And here the sward pranks with the rose, new
being,
To mark His colour, and to tell His bloom.
Regard not me so poor ; for Hafiz* heart
Is His love's treasury and treasured part.

In Him the sweetness of the world to see ;
 The laughing-eyed, the heart for weal is His ;
 Although those sweet of mouth are kings, yet He
 Sulaiman is, since that the seal is His.
 The musky mole upon that wheat-hued face,—
 That which lost Adam bliss, the wheat is His.
 The Ravisher hath departed. Friends, a grace!
 How salve my heart ?—the plaster sweet is His.
 Perfect, and fair, and pure of skirt is He :
 The Pure One's spirit is with Him indeed.
 Whom tell he slew us, even He ! yet see!
 Mary's son's spirit is with Him indeed.
 Haifa is a believer—hold him dear,
 And many a noble soul forgiveness hear.

Thy mouth, no trace of which I see, is naught;
That waist a hair, but which hair no one
hears;—

Why is my picture of Thy form not caught
Out of my eyes that wash and wash with tears ?
Hafiz, distraught, be not disconsolate :
Good, for remembering the tress, thy state.

The cloistered call tonight The night of power*.

Lord, in what planet hath this fortune seat?

To keep the unworthy from Thy tress, each hour

'O Lord ! O Lord !' the lovers' hearts repeat.

Thy dimpled chin a lakh of souls as boon

Hath on each side, and I am slain as one.

My horseman, whose mirror-holder is the moon—

His steed's hoof-dust is crown of lofty sun.

The sweat reflects upon His cheek—look up !

While day is, burns the sun that sweat to get.

I leave not ruby lip nor wine in cup,

Zahids ; for this is my religion yet.

My steed is but an ant, how can I then
Keep pace with Sulaiman who rides the wind?
What drink to find, O black crow of my pen !
A trickle there of the water of Life to find!
Who, 'neath His eye, shoots arrows at my heart,
The smile beneath His lip is Hafiz' part.

Say, 'Come', to whoso loveth ; bid him speak :
Love's Court hath none to watch and guard the
door.

In shapeless little-worth our unworth seek,
Whose person never robe of honour wore.
Those may approach who single are in soul:—
This vine-street the self-seller lost—for what?
I bondman to one constant as the Pole,
Not now in Zahid's favour, and now not.
Hafiz, proud spirit, sits not with the great:
The ready to drain the lees have never state.

Now that from NOT the rose to earth has come,
 And at his feet the violet sows her seed,
 At dawn drink to the throb of harp and drum,
 And Saki kiss to note of lyre and reed.
 Sit, but with wine, and her, and harp for song ;
 The season's span, like fleeting Time, is fleet;
 With scented herbs, luminous like a throng
 Of stars, the earth beneath the vernal sheet.
 Renew in the Garden the trusting ways of Youth,
 Since tulip the passion kindles of Nimrud :
 From Beauty's hand, soft-cheeked, with 'Isa-
 mouth,
 Drink wine, forgetting Ad and damned Samud.

The rose-world, liliated, as paradise as fair,
But what the gain, where there's no staying
long?
Since rose, like Sulaiman, must ride the air,
At dawn to enter the music of David's song?
Call for the brimming cup, and drink his health,
Asafs, wazir of Sulaiman, a friend.
Hafiz, seek endless passion in his wealth :
The shadow of his grace have never end.
He teaching, let the assembly have this sign :—
Ready, whatever it may seek, to seek.
Hafiz, imploring aid, will call for wine,
And mercy of the Forgiving One bespeak.

Wine, rose in bosom, and the Loved One's
sight—

The sultan of the world a slave, and mine !

Say : Hither bring no candle for the night,

But the full moon of the friend's face to shine.

Present, it is a lawful cup for us,

Which absent, Cypress, body's rose is not.

In our assembly mix not attar thus;—

Better the odour from perfumed tresses caught.

The melody of reed and harp to hear !

The ruby lip and circling goblet seen!

Say nought of candy sweet, or sugar clear—

Sweet as his lip is, keep the lip as clean.

Since grief for thee came to my ruined heart,
The corner of the tavern is my place.
Why speak of shame—it and my name apart ?
Shame and my name; name and my shame
enlace.
Wine-bibber, distraught of head, a glancer I—
Whose record in the city is not mine ?
Set no muhtasib on my crime to spy :
He is, as I, a drinker of the wine.
Wine and the Loved without, not fitly goes
The season of Id and jessamine and rose.

What needs my garden cypress tree or pine,
 Which hath a box-tree, shadow-nurtured, tall?
 Loved Youth, say what religion now is thine,
 Who blood more lawful than mother's milk will
 call.
 Thou seest afar grief's picture—then drink wine;
 The diagnosis sure; the cure is more.
 On the Pir's threshold should a man refine?
 Fortune in's head, tranquillity its door.
 We buy him only, with broken heart for sign :
 The boaster's market yonder is, 'tis said.
 Last night he promised, in his head the wine ;
 See what he saith today, and what's in's head.

Love's pain is all one tale—then wonder why
Two lovers never the selfsame story bring.
Come back. If parted, is my watcher's eye
Like faster's ear, if 'Allah Akbar' ring
Shiraz contemn not, Ruknabad, which are,
With pleasant air, lustre of seven degrees.
From Khizr's elixir, whose the Dark, 'tis far
Where 'Allah Akbar' man's sure fountain is.
We waste contentment not, and honoured need :
Say to the king : Destined is daily food.
Hafiz, how strange—the candy-twig, thy reed,
Its fruit more cordial than honey and sugar
good.

For Darvish is the paradise-retreat,

And grandeur's source the service is of them.

Retirement is the wonder-tilisms' seat—

Known are they in the mercy-glance of them.

Tore what the Sun his glory's crown forspent—

The grandeur of such glory is of them.

That palace-door of heaven that RLzvan went

To guard, compares not with the sward of them.

The ray that turns the dull alloy to gold—

This alchemy—to be at one with them.

From Pole to Pole Tyranny's armies hold ;

But endless is the victory of them.

A fortune not tormented by decay—
So, without pomp, the fortune is of them.
Khusrus (the Kibla of man's need to pray)
Serve to prolong the majesty of them.
O potent One ! Boast never pomp ; for ends
Head golden that no blessing hath of them.
The treasure of Karun from the wrath descends—
Thou wilt have read that 'tis the wrath of them.
Earth's monarchs seek such form of object as
Mirrors the visible attributes of them.
The Asaf's glance makes me a slave—he has
The form of chief ship and the mind of them.
If seeking the water of life of endless date,
Its fountain know as cell-door dust of them.
Hafiz, respect. Country and regal state
Are from the majesty alone of them.

Two pious friends, an ample share of wine,
 Leisure, a book, a spot where grass is deep,
 Not for both worlds would I this state resign,
 Though carpers fell upon me in a heap.
 Whoso contentment gave for treasure's sake,
 Sold Yusuf for a very paltry sum.
 My sin nor thy austerity can make
 Smaller the Workshop's amplitude ; so, come!
 The eventful day, with wine one's grief to speak,
 Is needful; but on no one to rely ;
 Happy at heart, beholding that none keep
 In mind even so strange calamity.
 In the mean hand my Idol comes in sight :
 So doth the sky admit my service-right.

In Limner's mirror the hidden form behold,
 Desire making content thy native land.
 Be patient, heart! God giveth not a gold
 Seal-ring so precious in an evil hand.
 For fierce wind of vicissitude, unknown
 That here a red, and wild white roses grew.
 Though the simoom has through the Garden
 blown,
 Wonder! still jasmine scent and roses' hue.
 This I have heard—that for the dogs that stray
 Thou dost appoint a collar, and no hope
 Of freedom. Wherefor not, his evil day,
 Round Hafiz' neck a collar made of rope?
 Time's temper in calamity undone,
 Yet none physician seek or Barhaman.

Distraught, in magians' cloisters seen apart,
 The mantle and my book in pledge for wine.
 That royal mirror, dim with dust, my heart,
 Seeks fellowship, from God, with one divine.
 From eye to skirt-hem I have stablished streams
 Of tears, hoping to gain one statures straight.
 Quick! bring the cup! Without the Beloved's
 beams

My tears a sea make; so my grief is great.
 By Idol's hand, wine-selling, I repent;
 Not without festal face again to intrude.
 The candle may this subtlety comment,
 Or moth for speech has no solicitude.

Salma by her two tresses bound my heart,
 Yet every day my soul cries : 'Come and die !'
 For God's sake show me, wretched, pity's part,
 That spite of hate I come the loved one nigh.
 You who despise me for my love of her,
 You should at first her face have clearly seen.
 Give what surrender whole and utter were,
 As your love, drowned, had in an ocean been.
 Too soon to Thee our soul we must advance ;
 Stubbornly hast Thou fought, and our hearts
 taken.
 Longing for Thee devours me, waif of chance ;
 Me, though my verse is praised, a wight for-
 saken.
 Idol! you see in grief Love's passion-trance :
 Weak are we till the Lord of slaves awaken.
 Hafiz, in Thy curl-tress goes, there to hide
 In the dark night, with God to be a guide.

God's light is shown thee, mirror of solitude :

Seeking eternal love, approach our doors.

Give wine ! If hell is named of our sins' brood,

Upon the fire Muhammad water pours.

You practice sorcery's unlawful art;

Therefore the message : 'No trick-players
we!'

If, with this grace and grandeur, you depart,

The cypress, lily, and rose will follow Thee.

In drawing the sword is malice Thine intent,

Perhaps remembering not:—'On columns
piled?'

Was clean the self made, ere the time forthwent;

Both heart and soul to wisdom reconciled ?

Hafiz, entangled in desire, a snare,

Shameless, boast not the solitude you bear.

SINGLE DISTICHS

When of the might and pride of Dara's realm,
Whether to stand, Sikandar sought a sign,
Or break in shards, and sudden overwhelm,
He found it in the mirrored cup of wine.

Hafiz (another version)

Come, but shut not your lips from smiling then :
Let the blown buds smile bitterly again.

Amir Khusrau

Qais for Love's labour, but no other, came ;
The desert, maybe, was a jealous flame.
Disquietude was black spot's remedy,
Showing that stigma's stock mere smoke to be.

Ghalib

QIT'AT

Sweeter to love one's country than to rule
In Rome,—its briar than *raihan* and *sunbul*:

Yusuf, though throned in Egypt, used to say '
'Better in Kana'an own a beggar's stool '

Sa'di

The chief of the turbaned ones, the candle of
gathered men ;
The Master of the Lord-of-bond, Haji Qivamu'd-
Din;
Seven centuries since the Hijra, years forty-four
and ten,
The sun in Gemini, the moon in Virgo seen ;
Sixth of the month the fourth, and just on mid-
day's stroke,
Friday, by the decree the Great Creator spoke,
The bird of his soul that was as the Huma of holy
sky,
To Paradise from pain stretched out its wings to
fly.
Hajis

BALLADS

HARUNU'R-RASHLD AND THE SAYYID

Ja'far was given Yahya's son to hold;
But Harunu'r-Rashid, one day in wine,
Bade Ja'far fetch the lad; then to him said :
'Your right, as nearer the Prophet, betters mine?'

'But God forbid P the son of Yahya said,
'If ever I, or ours, did that maintain/
'Thou liest!' Harun said : 'you oft have made
'The claim. Now straightway makes what proves
it plain !'

'Who, if I speak, will guarantee me safe?'
The Sayyid said. The Caliph gave his word,
Neither to stab, nor hang, nor poison him.
'Speak now,' said he, 'and let the proof be heard.'

'We are more worthy, as nearer him of kin.'
'Nay, we are equals there/ the Caliph said.
'If God's Apostle were alive, and sought
'Sister of thine, or daughter, for to wed,

'Wouldst thou consent, or wouldst thou not
consent?'
'Yes.' Harun said ; 'he would have right of mine.
'I could not answer so : it would be wrong/
Harun sate silent; then he gave a sign,

Meaning that Ja'far should remove the lad.
Then he made promise, and join an oath to it:
'The bond forbids I stab or strangle him,
'Or poison, but not bury in a pit.

'Dig thou a pit, and fifty yards in depth.
'And cast the lad in.' Ja'far dug it deep ;
But cast a sheep in. Then he told the lad
To flee; neither by night nor day to sleep.

He fled to Khurasan ; but there was seen
One day by one who sent the Caliph news;
So the Khaqan of Turkistan was bade
Capture the lad, and do it, and not refuse.

'Send one to point him out to us.' One came
The king, he helping, sought, and did not cease;
So found the lad ; then said : 'I sought him too,
'To save his life. Depart ye now in peace.'¹

JA'FAR

Said Harunu'r-Rashid to Fazl: 'List,
'And I will tell thee something that to none
'Must thou divulge. I have resolved to kill
'Ja'far forthwith, Yahya bin Khalid's son-'

Ja'far, that moment entering, was bade
To sit: they talked awhile ; the Caliph then
Left them. 'What were you talking of, you two ?*
'How to destroy a rebel in Khurasan.'

'O Fazl, by God, thou liest. 'Twas of me,
'And nothing good. I noticed, when thine eyes
'Fell upon me, the colour left thy face.'
And he persists, though Fazl still denies.

Fazl, fearing the Caliph, told him all.

'I know¹, said Harunu'r-Rashid, 'how hard
' 'Tis to keep things from Ja'far. Once I smiled—
' 'Twas yesterday ; but I was off my guard.

'We looked at roses : one was best of all.

'I gazed at it; but spoke no word. Straight he
'Stretched out his hand to it. "Why dost thou
smile?"

⁴He said, handing the lovely rose to me.

"That you should know, without a word from
me,

"That of the roses that one pleased me best."

¹ "By God," he said, " 'twas not so. As I
stooped,

' "Your glance upon my neck"—'twas true!—
"did rest."

HALIMAH AND LABID

Halimah to a battle gave her name,
The daughter of Al-Harith, called the Lame.
Her father bade the damsel with her hand
Perfume a hundred men, a chosen band.
Before the fight; Labid, the hero, one.
He caught the maid, bare-headed in the sun,
And kissed her. When the girl complained, the
king
Laughed, and declared he knew a mighty thing
Labid would do, who was a man so bold,
And his should be the maid to have and hold.
The ninety-nine were slain : alone Labid
Came from the fight; and his had been the deed

Greatest of all—to slay the king that led
The enemy, Al-Mundhir. 'Thou shalt wed
'Halimah !' said the Lame. The other cried :
'Nay ! Should I live, when all the rest have died?'
And plunged into the fight again, and fell.
That day of kissed Halimah, poets tell,
So great a dust the hosts made, that the sun
Darkened, with half its heavenly course to run ;
The sun that first so lit the damsel's hair,
That all must want to kiss her, and one dare.

THE THREE ARROWS

Again has the Man of the Ulcers, Imra-al-Qais, the
king
Whom the Kaisar's unwedded daughter shall favour,
and so to whom
Messengers will the letter and the poisoned mantle
bring,
Dhu-1-Khalasah to go to, and the oracle ask his
doom.

Three arrows there are to shuffle ;—the arrow of
command,
The middle one forbidding, and the third, to wait a
space;
Drawing the middle arrow, he snatched the three
in his hand ;
Broke them, and flung the pieces hard in the idol's
face ;
Saying : 'If murdered *Hijr thy* father had been,
not *mine*,
'Thou wouldst not thus restrain me!' and sought
Asad, beyond
Himyar, and fought; but his army faded away, as
fine
Grains of the wind-blown sand; and he ended a
vagabond.

**First he made songs like Shelley's, only far stronger
ones;
For he was given to act; not only to rhyme and sing.
They knew what a poet is, those wandering Arab
sons;—
No man who is good at singing, but no other mortal
thing.**

HIS WIFE

'Slender is Ummu 'Amr, where that is beauty's
way,
'And full where it pleasures men that their women-
kind should be :
'If her beauty could turn but *one* into a jinn or fay
'On earth, and tall and straight, Umaimah would be
she.

'And night long, as in the tent we sat, I thought the
room
'Was fragrant with basil sprays, gathered with dewy
hands ;
'Sweet basil from Halyah's dale, its branches all
abloom,
'Scenting the place with balm, no starveling of
desert sands/

*'A*sh-Shanfara*

'A'SH-SHANFARA'S REVENGE

Angry, 'A'sh-Shanfara, now grown to a man, to
learn
The men are no kin of his, but his captors of long
ago,
Forsaking the Salaman, makes ready his steps to
turn
Where kindred of his abide, and nurses an angry
woe.

*I swear a hundred men of the Salaman to slay :

' A hundred souls of theirs shall pay for this hateful
shame.'

And ninety-and-eight he slew, till he stood himself
at bay;
Netted around, and doomed, like a faggot in the
flame.

He threw his hewn-off hand hard in the face of one,
And killed him, making the tale ninety now and nine ;
But then he was slain himself, and left to bleach in
the sun,
The hundredth man still living, to sing and to drink
the wine.

One day his skull was kicked by a passing man. A
bone
Entered the foot: the wound mortified, and he died.
Now is the hundredth man as motionless as a stone,
And the revenge completed 'A'sh-Shanfara once
cried.

ABD-YAGHUTH'S DEATH SONG

The Taim hold ' Abd-Yaghuth, and he is about to die
In vengeance for A'n-Nu'man, the leader his arrow
slew :

They are to gag the chief, lest a satire he should
cry :

He is no fighter merely, but a famous poet too.

'Let me now die, ye men, as befits a noble one :

'Give me some wine to drink, and my death-song I
will sing.'

So they leave his mouth ungagged, and no evil thing
is done :

Speaks 'Abd-Yaghuth no satire, and the wine the
Taim men bring.

They open a vein, and leave the hero to bleed to
death;

And bleeding to death he sings, two striplings stand-
ing by.

'*You* would have killed us', said they ; 'but God
hath now thy breath!'

'Nay, but revile me not; but listen before I die.'

'Abd-Yaghuth made answer, thinking the shame
enough
To be as he was, and upbraiding to no man any
gain:
Then sang of his wife, Mulaikah, at home keeping
the stuff,
And how they would bring her word that her hero
had been slain.

SAKTA LYRICS

No longer I call you Mother, who have sent
Me countless ills, and countless others send.
Dear ones I had, a home to me, a friend ;
But you have made of me a mendicant
What worse can you, O long-tressed Goddess,
do?

I must, a beggar, go from door to door.
But should the mother die,
Lives not the child ? I cry
Mother, and again I cry ;
But deaf and blind are you.

The mother lives, yet the child suffers so—
What is his mother's use to him ? I say :

'Is this a mother's way—

To be her own child's foe?

I muse both night and day

What I should do, I, when

You make me to endure

The pangs of birth again and yet again.'

Ramprasad Sen

'Tis but the hope of hope, this coming
 Into the world, and ends in coming.
 The black bees' error, when they fall
 On lotus limned. The nim you call
 Sugar—with nim-leaves *you* to feed
 This one, deceiving! In my greed,
 Mother, for sweets my day have I
 With embittered lips and wry
 Spent. You saying : 'Let us play,'
 Have brought me, Mother, this earth-way ;
 But in the game played me around
 My hope has no fulfilment found.
 'What was to be, in the world-play,
 Has been,' suffer Prasad to say.
 'Drawing your child now to your side,
 Go you home at eventide.'

Ramprasad Sen

3

Wherefor so anxious, Mind? Let Kali's name be
said :

In meditation sit you too.

From all this pomp of worship pride is bred;—

Worship in secret, you.

What is your gain from shapen metal, earth, or
stone?

Her image make—no art—

Of stuff of mind : on your heart's lotus-throne

Set it for aye apart.

Parched rice and plantains—to offer them how
weak

To satisfy your mind!

Feed her with nectar of devotion. Wherefor seek

With lamp, you blind,

And lantern, candle, to illumine *her*? Oh, light
Mind's jewelled lamp;
Let it its lustre flash both day and night.—
Wherefor this earthy tramp
Of sheep, goats, buffaloes, brought for sacrifice?
These words repeat:
'Victory to Kali V offer the sixfold vice,
Why tomtoms, drums, to beat?
Clap hands ; sing Victory ; and lay Mind at her
Feet.
Ramprasad Sen

5

Knowest not, Mind, to farm? In the untilled field
Would golden harvest wave, so thou hadst sown.
Make of her name a fence, that so the yield
Be not destroyed. Not Death himself, O Mind,
Dare come nigh Kali of the tresses free.
When forfeiture will come is all unknown—
Today, or after many a century.
Lo, to thy hand the present time, O Mind.
Haste thou, and harvest. What they gave to thee,
The seed thy teachers gave, scatter it now :
With water of love it sprinkle. If alone,
O Mind, thou canst not this accomplish—thou
Alone—take Ramprasad to be with thee,

Ramprasad Sen

6

Ever in battle dancing, Mother. Never
Beauty like thine, as, with thy flowing hair,
Naked, a warrior, on Siva's breast thou dancest;
Around thy neck, hung as a garland there,
Heads of thy sons, killed freshly daily ;
Thy ear-rings little children are.
Thy waist adorned with hands ; thy lips so lovely;
Thy teeth as Kunda flowers in blossom are.
Thy face is bright, even as the lotus-flower ;
Its constant smiling terrible. And fleet
In beauty as the rain-clouds is thy figure,
And stained with blood all over are thy feet.
Prasad says : 'As the dancer's is my mind :
Such beauty to behold, my eyes doth blind.'

Come down from Hara's breast, and dance no more.
You mad old hag. Siva, not dead, doth live.
He, the great saint, is lost in meditation.
So strong those feet of yours, that only with
Your dancing you'll break Bhola's ribs.
You know that Siva the poison swallowed; so
His strength is gone. Mother, come down and do
Your dancing, you who are loved by Siva. Who
The poison could not kill, why should he die
Today ? The poet saith :
 'Now he is feigning death,
Just to possess your bloodstained Feet thereby.'

Ramprasad Sent

7

This day will pass, this day
Will pass, and rumour stay.
Mother, 'gainst Tara's name
Endless will be the blame.
By the world's bathing-ghat
To sell my wares I sate ;
To the world's mart I came.
The Sun our Lord in flame
Is set: the ferryman
Came, and so many ran,
They fill the boat: behind
Is left one poor and weak;
This wretched one—how find
The cowrie that they seek?

Prasad says : 'Stony-hearted
Girl, look back. Give me
A place. Singing to thee,
Mother, will I, not parted,
Plunge in the world's great sea.'

Ramprasad Sen

8

When my mind is failing, then does Kali's name
Whisper in my ear, as I lie on the sandy bed.
This body is not mine—by passions it is sped
Along the flood. Oh, bring, Forgetful One, the same
Rudraksha berry-rosary. Ramkrishna in his dread
Sayeth : 'Neglectful, thou, of my weal art now to
blame;
Careless of what is writ on the forepart of my head/
Maharaja Ramkrishna of Nator

CHITTARANJAN DAS

A DREAM

The sombre night, dreadfully dreary, like wordless
Eternity's mystery : — I woke from sleep,
And opened my eyes. The world,—internal, ex-
ternal,—
Was wrapped in darkness deep.

All of a sudden emerged, in the midst of darkness,
The ideal figure of my heart;
The lips of beauty beaming brightly, peerless,
Clear in the white moon-part;
The eyes seen as the evening lamp before
The image within, from without the twilit door.

It did not utter a word; but silent, standing,
Was as a god austere;
Peerless and wordless, but with countenance smiling.
Desire shivered. Now clear,
Now vanished; her hair's dark mass, in sleep,
In the sky pencilled deep.

A PRAYER

Thou art the life of the Universe; to me
The light of day art, and the dark of night;
Activity's field, when I do wake and see;
In sleep, my dream. Oh, Life of Life, the light
Thou art to me of day, the dark of night.

Relieve me of my vice and virtue; make
My heart void ; and this heart, thus empty, fill
With thy entirety. Thy excelling take,
And make me great with it. Enfold me still
Within thee : cover me, Protector Bright,
My light of day who art, and dark of night.

YOU AND I

This my love, coming from my **heart, doth play**
Daily in your beauty. At the close
Of the pleasure-fatigue my eyes, so eager-bright,
Are lulled in your sweet bosom to repose.
Desire, dear Maid, asks but to be consumed
By day and night, and drops upon your frame ;
Upon the whole it drops ever and anon,
Mad with the longing to satisfy its flame .
My mind, dear Friend, like poet in frenzy held,
Composes a hundred songs, and together strands
The choicest flowers of pleasure and of pain,
Down at your feet to pour them with his hands.
You and I are so near; yet do we keep
Afar, placing a light to blaze between.

THE DAWN

When, beautiful Dawn, dream-held, did you arise?

By the side of night, dream-lulled, you lay.

In golden apparel when did you robe the skies,

And tint heaven with the delicate flush of day ?

Black night enveloped you; but you have bound

Her tresses dark, O Maid, with loving care.

Smiles on your lips play ; in your lotus-eyes—

Pure, innocent bliss is there.

With nimble feet you have come anear, and crowned

My head, touching my eyes with scented hair.

Now at your lips I am gazing with surprise.

Of ruddy delight they are full. The end of night

Has come : I touch the apron of the bright:

My heart, late sleep-benumbed, fills with delight.

MISERY

I know thee, Misery. A wondrous fairy, you keep
me
From life's sweets ever. You pluck away
From the living the myriad life-flowers. In guise of
kissing
Blood to drink! So make death within me play
At every breath. Hold me in death's embracing:
With thy flowing tresses darken all the way.
The whole of thy life is a mysterious dalliance.
Playful thou art by night, playful by day.
Ever art drinking, thou maiden—oh, thou thirsty !
Thou who my hope, my fear, love, bliss art aye.
Thy kiss within me is burning ever,
Thou, my beloved—oh, thou eternal fay!

SONGS OF THE SEA

(the opening stanzas)

|

Today intent of ear,
I thy singing hear,
Amidst this light-begirdled morn, O sea :
What words ! what melody !
Sent for my heart to be
Full; yet I know not what it is that's born
In song, thus vocal rendering the morn.

II

My heart is full of thy song. I keep
Watch on the morning only. Now it blows
Gently, and now so deep,
And now so plaintive that I weep;
And now it maddens; frenzied, uncontrolled it
rose.

Thy song within
I know not what the sounds that roll.
What is it plays thy singing in?
Vibrating so, resounds my own
Frame in this infinite tune of soul.
At the morn I took alone.

III

Yonder thy morning flute sounds, full of glee,
Full of festivity. The sunbeams rolled
All thy frame over in delight, like gold,
To make flowers bloom in the leaping, sparkling
sea.

In light, full of song-clusters, sweet,
The flowers bloom, tumbling round thy feet.
Today thy song, like a bird sent
With golden, dream-smear'd limbs, doth ring
Round in my full heart's firmament,
In waves of light and wind of Spring.

IV

Where to unburthen my load of joy this
morrow ?

To whom today to give my tears of pain ?

This unknown joy, this dim, mysterious sorrow,
In this unbounded festival brook no chain.

My heaps of joy grow into flowers so gay :
My sorrow turns all into song today.

Wondrous this song-world, wondrous forest of
flowers.

I know not why it is they quiver so.

Where place my heart-load, lightening it, these
hours

Of festival. O sea of mine, sea-flow.

V

From wave today to wave resounds the song,
This morrow steeped in golden dream ;
Filled hath my heart been with that song;
In sky and air flows on its stream.

What makest thou me today? Own-soul of mine,
Like a *bina* of hundred strings
At the touch of thy hand quivering, quivering,
In pride and honour rings.

VI

In eternity floating come morning hours,
 Wrapped in white and dreamy light,
Falling, wave on wave, in showers,
 Building dreams in dream-light white :
 Light for all heaven today to fill;
The wind midst endless singing still.

The breast-filled, pressed-in, eager longing—all
Makes, in song-contemplation, the words that fall.
Musician of Eternity, where does the music play?
In what world void of sound, and what dim day ?

VII

I cannot make syllables fascinate, nor language to
roll along,
Unskilled in notes, and in pauses, and the harmony
of song.
Under the open firmament my life eternity shades ;
Its response through my song in the morning, and
as the evening fades.
My heart-door open, I sought me amidst thy song
so sweet,
And songs I have made of this union, a few to lay at
thy feet.

VIII

Living thy song all the livelong day,
I am become in thy hand a horn.
On me, the instrument, Musician, play ;
Me filled with darkness, filled with light of
morn;
Play on this lonely shore, 'neath this lone sky,
In the expectant air, darkness surrounded by.

*In the land of illusion, dawn young in the shadow-
land,*

Desireless, passionless One, at eve play with thy
hand,

O Musician, on me. Play on the instrument made :
Play this thy light unique; play this thy shade.

IX

What play on me, taking my life, hast played !

How thou hast opened my mind's eye!

My life, petals unfolded in the shade,

How opened now thy singing by!

My life has blossomed even as a flower,

Life in strange light, expectant, scented, free.

All life is eternal song this hour,

Daytime and night, thy singing in, O sea.

X

Ranging itself in this unique song-space,
Goes the heart, song-expectant, like a bird.
Finding in Time no end, no end in Space,
I fly about, the song eternal heard ;
Silence, the shoreless, with sound eternal filled—
This song of roaring strange is strangely stilled.

I in song-universe eternal drowned,
In Time no bottom, in Space no bottom found-
Immeasurable sphere of song unrolled,
Sound—in what sound, what silence, do I
unfold?

AN URDU NAZM

THE PAPER BOAT

I

The heavy rain has filled the rivulets,
And water dropping all the hamlet frets.

Its lilled lake is now for envy to
Tatar's deep stream in the uplifted blue.

The horizon's gleaming net of tintured lace
Bathes in the sunshine and the moon's bright face.

The leaves dance in the circles of the air,
And answering lines pattern the river fair.

The world's delight breaks into laughter, spread
In lakhs of sparks that through the jungle spread.

New life, out-breathing, colours everything;
Flower, leaf, and fern-point; moss and tree's new
ring.

The earth and sky join in a pencilled line,
And, arched in heaven, behold the rainbow's
wine.

Birds of all hues, flocking together, make
The ground a rose-bed that the breezes shake.

Nature the village urchin calls to play,
And with his shout and mischief speed the day.

2

Each boy, leaving his mother's apron-string,
Runs to the fairies in the mushroom ring.

Joy in their faces, like a cresset's light,
Shines as when sunrise prinks the dew of night.

Innocent mischief all their motion plies,
Like shadow of garden, silk-winged butterflies.

All busy in their play and romp and race,
As bubbles, they, dancing on river's face.

3

The little Farrukh makes a paper boat,
And drops it, in the name of God, to float.

Its fall upon the water makes there be
Circles of shining wavelets momentarily.

Even as Paradise small music takes
From falling dew, such the soft contact makes.

The silver circles, born and dying quick,
Grow like the curls of maiden falling thick.

The boat is rowed by oars of amber hoary,
To Farrukh bringing joy of fairy-story.

Onward it proudly sails, like maiden slim
Naked in nectar of Paradise a-swim;

Or as the king of fishes, plying fin,
Queenly escorted, dances his palace in.

Arshi

I. A. CHAPMAN

II

Dark, dark a little longer, dark like eyes
 That have no love for one ;
So look—and, looking, out the dear light dies,
 Seeing there is no sun ;
But night, come drowsily, with eyelids shy
Under dim hair, where only shadows lie ;

Lie, and speak lowly, lowly in a flow.
 Stars set; stars rise
That are not dark, like little-loving eyes ;
 But speak and glow.
But there are dark suns too, and old,
 Shadowless, dead, and cold.

III

Desire came winged, when I was old and grey—
Crimson-winged, swift, with white feet shod
With lightning; but not then, as in my May,
Making me drunken ; for long thought of God,
And God's love unto man, had made life bliss ;
And holy even their lips, when old men kiss ;
But young lips holier that cling and stay.

IV

What shall we be, when we are changed, ye
winds,

Ye snows, thou sea?

Will the stars dance like the green waves? the
wind

Be white as snow? the snow

Be like star-fire? Shall we

Be no more reeds, we men? I see

A great bird rise ; its eyes are stars,

Its wings the wind ; upon its breast the snow

Glistens ; the sea-blue lies upon its back.

Night is still night, and dark : a rain comes down.

This is not, then, the end ; for at the end

The winged bird will be man, and fly—

V

Should a bird wing
From Norway to the south,
Where by the old Nile mouth
Women should bring
Pitchers to fill, and sing—
All the wayfaring over from the nest,
How it would perch, folden at last in rest!

There had been years so long;
So full of sleet and hail and wind and snow ;
So drenched with terror, loneliness, and wrong;
So dark and silent; drowned in such a woe;
 And ending none;
And now two hands, a name, and her bright eyes
Say all the journey's done.

If it be done, and never journey more
To make, in search of pearl and ruby stone,
Then let a crimson sunset cover o'er
My half the world ; or, known to me alone,
Let white wings from Norweyan foresting,
And water that laps by serpent Nilus reed,
And pitcher's pattern, carven line and ring,
Tell of my lambs, whither they go to feed,
And that my feet do follow, follow after ;
And tell her name among the stars that sing,

VI

My poems about her all are silent;

My thought of her is all so deep.

Poems are sung on earth, in time to wander :

I'll sing of her when earth and time both sleep.

When the tide changes, there is no sea-word
uttered;

When Spring begins, it is not with spoken word.

If she would love me, let her loving begin in
silence :

Let it not be for anything she heard.

VII

O happy moments, deep in the peace of Mary,
Be to me, weary, as her own soft knees.
Come as shy footsteps come, or wood-buds

opening—

These are but words—there are only words like
these.

There should be blue new skies and summer
water,

New bread and wine—no speaking, but a rite,
Where bread and colour and wine should tell all
creatures,

I shall be with you, Mary, before tonight.

TO IRIS

*(who once complained that in Melbourne,
her home, no one smiled)*

Dear dove from that poor ark,
Half the world is dark;
Part is in twilight. Some few lands
Lie in deep sunshine. There grow flowers,
And in old gardens dial hands
Tell sweet-breasted girls the hours.
In old-walled orchards apples redden :
The trees planted themselves, 'twould seem ;
But not for fruit; only for blossom.
All the girls there dream
Like apple-trees in blossom. Life
Is like a ripe nut, sweetened to the core ;

An inland life; so that the sound of strife
Comes softened ; just as surf upon a shore
Sounds softly to the listener in the vale.

There is no copper in those lands, but gold ;
They are so mellow, ripe, and sweet, and old.
Men's tongues grow golden; men so wise, they
hide

Their wisdom in merry tales of looking-glasses.
They play for ever with a fairy bride.

When she is silver-haired, and still time passes,
She grows more beautiful—from scent of rose,
From garden-dial measured hours ; from bloom
Of reddening apple. Like a swan she goes,

For grace and stateliness, from room to room ;
And there is nowhere any fear or dark,
Dear dove from your poor ark.

KEATS

He spoke once of his road—a winding lane,
On each side wooded, with green overhead ;
Of foxgloves full: Winander in its bed
Sparkling; all sunny now, and now in rain ;
With Kirkstone summit and the nestling main
Of high hills lying in a darkling head
Of grey-black mist. As on the page I read
The happy words, the sense of all the pain
His life trod in, shot through me :—how they died
Who loved him first;—how short a time
remained,
And part of it a sacrifice ;—beside
A brother's bed Fate bade him watch;—how
stained
His fame then;—how he loved, and how he
kissed,
All like a Greek, but wrapped in grey-black mist.

LOVE AND MEADOWSWEET

I

'Here is a plant of meadowsweet, my love.

'A little stream of water near its roots ;

Those are the clouds, blue sky, the air above ;

'This here and this—those are the year's new
shoots;

'But a few weeks, there will be flowers, their
scent;

'But a few more, there will be fruit, flower-
seed.

'What is behind? Why is it straight, not bent?

'Patterned just so ? graced so ? lovely, no weed ?

There are a million years behind that flower;

'Years of its changing, seeking still to grow

'Nearer what's best for it; and from this hour

'Life will go on for it; now so, now so.

'You could destroy it; but even God could make

'No sudden change, even for pity's sake.

'And when I loved you, wanted you, and came

'Seeking your love, I was but as the flower

True to its nature. Then was time for blame,

'If ever time for it; but in that hour

'You spoke no blame ;—gave me your lips to kiss;

'Said : "Love you? Why, yes, Silly!" So my

bloom,

'Love-sunned, shone out. Now what an hour is

this

'For you to come, changing my bright to

gloom!

'You can destroy my love; but now it shows

'The flower it is, you cannot change it, till

'It should be as an orchis, not a rose ;

'A wild rose lifted up, whose petals spill

'On to the grass. Millions of years have made

'This light this exact light, this shade this

shade.'

TO HIS BELOVED

' Poetry must be like the world that sees

'Its birth—a lovely melody of bees

'In thyme, or all of dark and poison trees.

'You cannot fill the mind of man with tears,

'Salt with the salt of many lonely years,

'And see smiles play about his mouth of fears.

'The poison-cups that open in dark hours,

'Datura-blooms, are different from the flowers

'That grow in meadows, in the sun and

showers.'

'GETTING AND SPENDING'

My God, midst what a generation hast Thou made
Form of Thy substance, giving it my name!
If I forgot my calling, could they blame,
Those spirits gone, gathered within the shade
Of those Thy brows, benign as when they bade
Light to be born, and light sprang up, a flame,
From sun and star undying, and the same
Light was enkindled in the prophetic dead ?

Not dead, but gathered to Thee, after night
Fell on their voices here; but not before
They, who the calling never could forget,
Never forsake, had spoken words of light,
Cleansing like waves foam-crested, bathing
shore,
And in my soul of souls for ever set.

THE NEW POETRY,

Milton once sang of what is death to hide—

The talent. He would hide one in these days,
When men for verse of older time have praise,
But care not for the new ; so strong a tide
Draws backward heart of men to where, beside
Hamlet, Ophelia stands, so sad; nor stays
Then, but beyond them measures down the
ways

That Dante trod with Virgil as his guide ;

Or onward still, and lo! Odysseus hears

His own breath in the Horse, and here is spun

The web that ere the morning is undone.

So light thou, favouring heaven, the star that
cheers

The poet's feet, and quiet all his fears,

Thick-crowding in such darkness of the sun.

DENIED

I was born tied, weary, and dumb;
Dumb most strangely, weary, and tied.
Into my heart the thought would come
To sing ; but ever 'Denied ! Denied V
Sounded as on the wind—no crumb
Of longing but all unsatisfied.

Looking out on the world I saw
Things unseeing, dim colours. The raw
Eyes of weeping would see no less,
Peering out of their mournfulness :
Music I heard not, sunk in sleep—
Soundless tides to me, sunk too deep.

Now I sing, and I see, I hear :
Love has untied me. Stranger still
To reap in a cornfield's time of ear
Grain that one sowed not. 'Nay, I will
'Open', a Voice saith, 'to all tied
'All that was ever denied, denied/

MORIBUND

How beautiful the Church in England now;
Leader that cannot lead, and hardly dare
Remember if it ever did, or dare
Think what a church should be ; but toasts its toes,
Nursing the hope that England will return
One day, and fill its house again, and eat
Its bun, and put its pinny on again ;
England that Time has taught to separate
Pious imaginations woven round
The memory of the heroic dead from fact;
From what the heroic dead were like in life ;
And waits, in pub and racecourse, till the Church
Has learnt as much, or even a little more,
It being a Church's business not to know
Less than the people whom it leads, but more.

DEATH

One said : 'The world is embodied music/ w
said
another :

The world is a stopped flute,
'With earth-filled holes ; so that its song is mute ;
'A figure winged, but the wings broken now ;
'A Mercury, but not wing-capped at brow,
'Nor winged his feet; a broken reed, spilt sand,
'A desert without water-springs ; a land
'Burnt all to brick ; a sea that sobs and moans
'In all its tides ; a tideless sea whose shore
'Is stark, like desert-strewn, bleached camel
bones;
'A sunless Pole, where no birds wing the frore,
'Desolate waste ; where music is no more.'

(*»)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

A Voice came speaking : 'Human souls are seeds
That blossom here as flowers, in rain or frost,
'Or only grow to common wayside weeds ;
'But God hath made them, lavish of the cost,
'And even a common wayside weed will show
'A sudden spot of colour ; come a day
'Of sunshine. Be not mournful, then, but grow ;
'Haply will come a load of scented May.'

WRONG

Man sings with soul made dark
 Because of wrong;
He singeth not as robin, thrush, or lark,
 When scented days grow long ;
And you would have him sing a happier note,
You who sell Joseph, and bring the bloody coat?

If the House was fair and sweet
As budded wood at bluebell-time of Spring;
If milk and honey only were his meat,
 Then would he sing
 As robin, thrush, or lark
That sings not sadly; for it knows no dark.

Men do not sing with faces turned away
From earth, and all its sodden lumps of clay ;
So make your bodies bright as shining gold,
And weave a coat for Benjamin, *not* sold,
 Then will far happier notes
Than ever yet pour out of human throats.

LOVE'S LABOUR

(A poet's soliloquy after the imagination of Frank Hams concerning Shakespeare and Mary Fitton, and the story—no imagination—of Keats and Fanny Brawne, and with a reference to a Fanny Brawne of our time whom the author has watched at work)

Quietly, quietly let me write;
Quietly as a bird, when night
Falls on leaf and flower, will wing
Nest-ward; silently as thing,
Soft as snow, falls down and lies
Motionless—so let the whole
Burden of my laden soul
Be outpoured, and let her feet
Tread upon it, as on street
Leading her she knows not where,
Till a great peace find her there.

Out of the mist that darling came,
Bringing, a spell that binds me still;
Whispered nothing but her name;
Whispered it, and all the ill
Clinging to me dropped away :
I was made, as when a day,
Bathed in lilies, once is born :
I was pure as ever play
Of sunlight on the waving corn.

'Oh! you are happy as the light of day
Upon the corn because of me?' she said.
'Now I will build around you walls of grey,
'Shutting the light out, and upon your bed
'Will strew these thorns. Where you would have
me lie,

'There I will scatter anger, scorn, and dread.
'When I have brought you nigh
'To death, and your soul's cry
'Is heard the tombs among;
'When I have led you all the way toward
'Man's hell on earth ;— if still there is a song
'Of love and me within your soul, then I
'Will be your love, my lover, and reward.'

She did not make that promise ; but a winged
Angel of heaven made it for her. Now,
When all has been fulfilled, I see her ringed,
With light illumed. The whiteness of her brow
Is to me starlight, leading on to where
The first long steps climb up to heaven from hell.
There are no flowers as lovely as her hair.
I have, ere this, heard voices like a bell;

'Is given to man to know
'How to love utterly, and how to sow
The lilies of Love the common ways along;
That all men may be gladdened. Now to thee
'Cometh not only to enjoy this bride ;
'But of her beauty to create, and dye
'A sea with love, to sweep on with a tide
'Washing the feet of men, making them clean ;
Their hands too. So is seen
'Man's part. Wilt thou now take her or forgo?
'She is not single : with her goes the woe
'Eternal of the earth, like the cold snow
That on the mountains has for ever been.'

Then I remembered Dante, whom the love
Of Beatrice made sing, to make earth pure;
And how he went through hell, to climb above

The matted hair of Satan. Still endure
The songs ; but now no more
Even those three have power to purify;
For Time wears out, and changes : all things die ;
All ships that sail drift backward to the shore
As wrecks at last. So I remembered ; so
I saw my darling, and behind the woe,
Mountain on mountain of it, and no dawn;
And I perceived how she was given to me,
Lovely as wild-rose petal, light as fawn,
For this use more than loving ;—that that sea
Of misery might ebb, and that above
Might rise a star, and man's the belted fire
Kindling it, and strong Love
Holding it up with hands that cannot tire.

Therefore I will forgo,
And die, but not until
There is a lovely song for men to sow
In all the fields ; and when, as evening's falling,
They homeward go, and hear the curfew calling,
It shall be heard across the cottage sills.

TO PRINCE JA'FAR 'ALI KHAN

Prince Ja'far 'Ali, thou for whom the Fates
Have opened poesy's eternal gates,
Making thy soul, as Moon of Kana'an, bright,
And Egypt's throne as if the bats of night
Had sullied it;—therefore no will of thine
To sit thereon—there is no song of mine,
Already printed, worth the hearing ear;
For it is longer than the revolving year
Before an English poet breaks the bond
Of outworn, old tradition, and beyond
The wreath of Saturn, the so bright enringed
Sphere of the heaven ; free, exultant, winged,
Issues, and gathers glistening pearls from seas,
Wept in dim places of the Pleiades ;

But wait only six months, and I will bring
A song to thee fit for a man to sing.

TWO RUBA'IYYAT

i

The haggard misery, the creeping fear,
The starless night—ignoble Man to hear ;
 For man and maid show no nobility,
And, shivering, in the godless dark I peer.

2

The spirit stirring, arguing this is crust
Hiding the bread within, and heaven must
 Lie there beyond ;—and plant and beast to say :
'Nay, we, and you, and every thing is dust !'

THE GREAT WAR

'When this is over/ we said, 'the world will
stand

'Robed all in white, without a spot, and pure ;
'This is the end of wrong, the purge, the cure.'

Have we no other country, nor a king
To fight for? Must the sting
Of death in battle be, for man to show
His noblest? When men meet
And fight, are they not moved at least
A little as dogs that quarrel in the street ?

Did Jesus die in khaki? By his side—
The Unknown Warrior—bury one who died,
The world at peace, but his torn heart at war
With your dread beastliness. Upon his hearse
One's blessing, but upon your head one's curse
Until ye take a thought to lie not—nay, you lie ;
You lie, you lie, you lie.

TO THE REVIEWERS

Mourning that men should be so blind

To any sign

That yet another one has come with lips

Touched by a coal from off the altar fire,

I brooded, till a light

Broke in that dark:

'How should mere man', I said, 'behold the lark

'Singing at heaven's gate

'Plain as he sees

'Sparrows that come for crumbs upon a plate?'

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Theirs is a road of pain,
And trodden, one knows, in vain ;
For it leads not to where God is,
But to uglier miseries.

What if some image goes
Of God under the blows,
Along our roads of pain,
Onward, without a stain?

So it were better, then,
Never to torture men?
Never to torture beast,
Even the very least?

GODS ON EARTH

Pan and the Greek Apollo stepped
Into an English inn to wet
Their throats in Burton ale, and smoke
Tobacco in the Heart of Oak;
By good fortune I was there.
They were both the worse for wear,
Greyer, too, and wrinkled over.
They had tramped that day from Dover,
Bound for London—

Call for pot,

If the day is scorching hot,
And the beer is cool and clear,
And plenty of it and not too dear.

Pan—but I must tell you first
That he swilled as if he durst
Drink a hogshead to his share—
Said : 'Apollo, this is rare :
'Better far than any wine
'Bacchus gives us when we dine/
Apollo answered not, but drew
Steadily at his pipe, and blew
Rings into his empty mug,
Till the host brought back the jug
Foaming to the brim. Then Pan :
'Here's an English gentleman
'Who will help to pay the score :
Tve but a penny and no more.'

'Gladly will I that¹, I said,
'If you'll tell me what had led
'You two fellows to this inn.'
Then said Pan : 'Do you begin,
'Old Apollo. Tell him now
'Of that thrice-accursed row,
'When Zeus lost his temper once,
'Calling you the biggest dunce
'Old Olympus held, and me
'Denser than a pig could be ;
'How he rose and kicked us out,
'In the world to roam about,
'And get knowledge by the crumb,
'Rule of three and rule of thumb.'

Apollo answered not, but drew
Steadily at his pipe, and blew
Rings into the empty air,
Like a rustic at a fair.

'Come, Apollo, cheer up, man ;
'Don't be sulky, pass the can :
'If we both were tumbled out,
'In the world to roam about,
'Roaming's not so bad a thing :
'Come strike up a tune and sing—

*Where the bee sucks there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie.⁹*

Tan, I fear that you've been drinking,'
Said Apollo, slyly winking
Where I sat, 'but that's a song
'Cheers me as I tramp along.
'Why we're here? Man, don't you see
'Now you know much more than we?
'There we've rusted up in heaven
'Centuries, say, three times seven,
'While you blokes have gone ahead
'In logic, metaphysics, dead
'Languages, in physics too ;
'But I leave the rest to you—
'Hard the names to me and new—
'Cassock, chasuble, and chrisem,

'Materialist, agnosticism,
'Luther, Calvin, and John Knox,
'Franchises and ballot-box,
'Dismal science, *laissez faire*,
'Portly alderman, Lord Mayor.
'Danish, English, Spanish, Dutch,
'And ten thousand other such.
'Well may we come down to wonder
'At your lightning and your thunder,
'And see if you could condescend
'To make a blockhead god your friend,
'And to England last we came,
'Where you've won a little fame
'With your songs ; but let me say,
'Your beer is better any day !
'But tomorrow we return—
'Far too much for gods to learn !'

THE KISS

Take some old linen, Sweet, and all
The darling buttonholes make small,
Then put it on, and thread it through
With knots too cunning to undo;
For I would have you on my knees
Tonight for long, and by degrees—
Oh, slow degrees—a girl disclose
Who'd answer laughingly with 'noes'
To This the way?' At last I'll say :
'But, darling, I am tired of this,'
And tearing then the rest away,
Make you all naked to my kiss.

I little dreamt, when I was young, how few
 Would be the hours in the next forty years,
 When I should speak out from my soul to ears
In tune to listen ; to a soul that knew,
Let one but show a thought, its very hue,
 Its pattern ; whether born of lonely tears,
 Or happiness escaped the fatal shears ;
And never better comrade find than you ;
Whom then I knew not ; was to meet and know ;
 Drink with and laugh with by an Indian stream ;
 Walk with and talk with in the Indian hills—
It is all vanished as a shattered dream,
 Since June, and the so sudden, dreadful blow,
 And now as water and a hand that spills.

3

Our life is but of sun and wind and rain,
 Shared with the cattle, and a thirst as theirs ;
 The sleep they owe to Nature : all the shares
Of man and beast are the same ease and pain.
Where is the promise of the dawn ? the gain
 Of angel-guest encountering? The tares
 Grow far too thick, and all the thoroughfares
Are packed with men that never carry grain.
But what if, as the evening falls, there rise
 The shade of prophet dead, returned from God
 With lore upon his lips, and not of pain?
There would be wonder, rapture, and surprise :
 No road would be again as those we've trod :
 There would be music in the wind and rain.

4

We were not prophets dead, returned with lore
By angel spoken : we were never clad
In prophet's holy mantle ; but we had
An inkling in our souls of all the more
Than sun and rain and wind, changing the shore
Of earth, beating alike upon the bad
And good—the more than flowers that turn the
sad
Clay of the fields to glistening, golden ore.
A bird was more than bird, in light and shade ;
. More winged with hope than with the wings of
earth;
A thought of heaven, exultant, unafraid :
A flower had more than seed and soil for birth ;
Its cup or star, azure or red, a word
Spoken by God, and not by us unheard.

THE TWO-AND-THIRTY PALACES

Monica Mary, and other souls that wait
Fulfilment, see the iron-studded gate
Shut in our faces in the way of life.

There was no altar, no uplifted knife ;
No pall, no knell; no doom borne up in shout
Of multitude; no clarion blaring out
Our death. Only the cup of life was placed
Already cracked within our hands, and traced
Our names in sand or water. Long ago
The winds of earth have blown away the trace.
We are now habit, going to and fro,
And know not, looking into each worn face,
Who unto whom belongs ; who is his mate,

Who hers. There is some dust, and soon or late
The little more of dust to add, will lie,
Dust upon dust, above the rest. A cry-
Will have gone up : 'I am only a little dust.'

Is that divine, or monstrous and unjust?

I sat upon a sunny hill, and took
A head of flower-seed in my hand. I shook
The tiny pods, each lying over one,
Down to the last—each perfect. Rain and sun
Ripened those pods, each springing from a flower,
A tiny blue-cup. Even at that hour
A bloom was left at the spike's end ; the last
To open from the bud. My God, how fast

AH that life clung to Thee, to grow so true
To Thine intention! For the seed first knew ;
The root knew better than common man how God
Cherished its life. Man is the only clod,
Cold, dark; knowing the secret not, and feeling
Forsaken ; sick and knowing healing not; no
healing.

To lose life's best, and none to tell us why;
What was once warm, to feel grow cold and die;
To feel as hard what should be ripe and sweet
For us, and even a tree must feel the tread
Of wild birds' feet, in autumn, come for meat.
It would not stead us better were we dead,
If in our consciousness was still the sough
Of wind in all our ruins ; if we now

Try not to build a dome of hope and peace ;
Nor learn to give the imprisoned soul release.

We are shut out from the sustaining tides
Of life with thousand others ; but besides
Us comfortless there have been some that knew
The loneliness of spirit—the Poets : few ;
In their lives lonely ; turned from earth away ;
Hymning song to the sunrise ; theirs a day
Not risen yet for common men ; not risen
For us ; but listen—should it, in our prison
Of Saul or Samson, rise for us—oh, *rise*,
And the long twilight lighten for our eyes !
We should not feel the earth-drag any more,
Playing with pebbles, child-like, on the shore ;

Made to come in, as children from the cold,
And warm us at the fire. We should be bold,
And, as the spider, from few points of leaves
And twigs, a circle wonderfully weaves,
To fill the air ('tis Keats's thought), so we,
'With points as few to tip, a tapestry
'Empyrean, full of symbols for spirit's eye,
'Of space for wandering, softness for our touch,
'Would weave,' beautiful in heaven's air. If such
Our lifelong task, close to the Poets' feet
Seated, should we not rise, and angels greet?

Therefore let never thought of pain or dark
Trouble our spirits, shut within an ark ;
Companioned by those flowers and seeds, the
birds;
Our voices joined to lowing of the herds
And neighing of heaven's horses—the blue sheath
Above, and the deep waters underneath.

FREEDOM

See there the million stars, and all about them Time,
He said, his eyes like stars, when the night is a
sheeted frost.

That's where a man should live, stepping from one
to one

Fearlessly, and not crawl on the earth, with thought
of cups

Washen, and meats unclean and clean, and what
forebodes

Eclipse of the sun and moon. They weary me, these
men-mice,

With the way they nibble at straws in their little
burrowed nests;

Their 'This thou shalt not do', their 'This thou must
ever do.'

Their 'Dress ye all alike for fear lest ye should die',

Their 'love ye all alike for fear lest ye should love

'Deeply, and make a blaze blinding each others'
eyes',

Their 'Die ye all alike, when it is time to die'.

They bind you first as a child, that your father may
know in the dark,
On the stairs, whose child it is. They bind you at
school. They bind
You next in the land you live in, putting the stamp
of the herd
There on the forehead to show—in sheep it is
stamped on the side.
Come, let us herd like cattle ; come, let us be dumb
beasts ;
For those who bleat alike, how are they better than
dumb ?
A man will hate me for this, that my ways are unlike
his own.
Mine say, he thinks : 'As your ways are other, so
they are poor.'
He hates me for that. I pray, standing, when he
would kneel.
He hears me as saying : 'Foolish to kneel—absurd !'
If I
Pray not, 'tis so much "worse, as showing a deeper
contempt—
That is, as the fact strikes him, drilled man-mouse
in his hole.

**Uncover : give milk for the strong. O presser, press
wine for the brave.**

**O day that is dark, draw soon to twilight; be over ;
be gone.**

Be born, ye brothers : to live, ever alone, is death.

**I die. If they cannot come, earth being bound till
doom,**

**Then stars that pave the sky, welcome ye now my
feet.**

Open ye gates, ye doors. Open to me. I come.

TO BE FREE

Freedom—but what to build?
Not huddled pigsty huts,
Fit place for lust,
Like the *Ulysses* book. We must
Take shapen stone by stone,
Sweet tone by tone,
Flower-colour by flower-colour, silken thread
By silken thread ; or, if there dread
Things be to sing, eat bread,
Holy, and in its strength endure
The hunger of the desert. To the impure

To bring impurity, and take a wage
For bringing it; to rage add rage ;
Bring sluttishness to sluts
In huddled pigsty huts—
It isn't a main that does it, but a beast.

Freedom—but how to live?
Not as the least
In any kingdom. Would you give
Your children stones for bread?
You are your own child—be to yourself as kind
As one will wish he had been to the dead.
Today is blind,
If it can see no better thing to do
Than say by rote

**The few poor words, so poor and few*
That it said yesterday,
Or once were said by somebody who's dead.**

**So to be free, but not as they
Are free who do no law obey.
God hath ordained for flakes of snow
To the last tittle how they show.
To human flakes this greater range—
That they may build new laws and change.**

That what has been so often must be no more—
That a sister must not lose her brother, and then
die,
'Having hardened her heart, walking round it,
building defences,
'Leaving no loophole where a violet-tuft might
lie' ?

GRASSES

Heart of man too full, too full and strange :
 Wandered to the world's end,
There may it one day put the rest aside-
Grape, boughs of tamarind, or lotus red—
And by the Ganges, or the Melanesian tide,
Remember English grass, a summer's bed,
And then first feel its roots, and pour
Its heart out, naming the warm scents, one by one.

A *SOLILOQUY*

One of earth 's lyrists is no man to raise
A theme so great; one of the children born
To play on happy pipe or flute, not sound
Tones of deep storm ; to sing the love of men
For happy things, as flute or pipe can sing:
Such as the bird-hushed noons, the starry nights ;
The twilights, when the earth and air are near
To human speech ; so that a man will think—
A moment, and a little silence after,
The beech leaves, and the swallows' velvet wings
Swishing the air between for dancing midge,
Will pass to utterance of human speech.

Nay ; for to lyrist these already speak.
What is a lyric but the silver words
Of wings, and beechen leaves, apples, and nuts
In summer's thymey lap, spoken across
To bright-eyed bird and beast, and on the way
Caught by the ear, ever so quick to hear
Because of tenfold measure of the love
Of all men for the happy nursing earth ?

This is no lyric but an epic theme;
One, if full-choired, as by an 'Ali's voice,
Revealing all the riches of his mind,
Would hold the world's ear, until men uprose,
Saying : 'A song is uttered, to inspire
'Our lives with something of its epic spirit,
'And we are henceforth heroes.' *This* no theme

For lyrist, one of 'Ali's *sleeping riders*,
However happier than the men who ride
Sleeping with Care sitting behind; its arms
Keeping them on the horse who else would fall
To death ; holding them on with tighter grip
Than arms of love, or joy, or prayer, or praise :
No theme for sleeping rider, but for him
Who said : 'Should all the veils surrounding God
'Drop downward, no increase would be to me
'Of knowing God..' It is a theme for 'Ali.
Mine is a voice of waters flowing, those
Unstable tongues, lapping to reeds that listen.

From the unknown, out of great darkness born,
The human race peers into darkness, having
No candle lit nor lamp, save poetry,

Three generations' wonder of a Pope,
A Scott or Dickens?—this comedian,
This clown ? or this, or this, or this ?
Not rather the spirit of such a task pursued
As his, who in a time will agonize,
Searching the minds of Shakespeare and of
Keats ?

Or his great spirit, when Milton wore himself
Blind, caring nothing so his work was done
For England ? or the passion that maintains,
Patiently, search of Darwin, Newton, Einstein ;
The Voyaging through strange seas of thought
alone* ?

Or as the spirit that made the poet cry
In praise of Zainu'l-'Abidin, *he* seen
To approach the Ka'ba, with hardly earthly
steps ?

Or Zainu'Ts own, the spirit of all his kind?
So few, but not unknown ; not never born.

THANKSGIVING

**You men and women who have shown,
You little children (yea, God's own ;
Such as the passionate Jesus knew),
Roses and violets blue ;
O winged ones, and bright stars and sea,
All who have shown God's thought to me,
I bless you—yours the poet's school :
He in himself a fool.**

