STUDIES
IN
ISLAMIC POETRY
STUDIES IN ISLAMIC POETRY

BY

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TO

EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE

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

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

The present volume is devoted to belles-lettres. Professor Browne’s edition of the *Lubdību ’l-Albāb*, the anthology compiled by Muḥammad ‘Awff, gave me an opportunity of trying what could be done with Persian court-poetry. In this field all the flowers are not roses, and the roses are artificial; yet with no disparagement to their beauty, so exquisite is the art. Abū ’l-‘Alā al-Ma’arrī was an old friend, whose pessimism made hours of gloom seem cheerful by contrast; and I believed that many would appreciate a version of selected
passages from his *Luzúmiyydt*. English readers have not yet had this work put before them in a recognisable form: they will see that it is not in the least like the "quatrains" which it has inspired. My essay should be read as a supplement to the monograph by Alfred von Kremer in the Proceedings of the Vienna Academy (1889). That, indeed, is worthy of its theme, and one can scarcely imagine that it will ever become obsolete. But with all its brilliancy and charm I doubt whether it does justice to Ma'arri's genius. Von Kremer seems to have forgotten that poetry is not philosophy and that the *Luzúm* is pre-eminently the work of a literary man. His attention was fixed upon the ideas, consequently he did not examine the language and style with sufficient closeness to detect the subtle manner in which the poet at once disguises and proclaims his unbelief in the Mohammedan or any other revealed religion. I have broken new ground and endeavoured to widen the perspective. However my conclusions may be regarded, they are based on the best evidence, that of the author's writings, though it is avowedly disingenuous. Of the examples in English, including four which Mr Fisher Unwin has given me leave to reprint from my *Literary History of the Arabs* (1907), comparatively few coincide with the pieces chosen by Von Kremer. The appendix containing their text will serve, I hope, as an introduction to Arabic poetry for students who may find the pre-Islamic odes too difficult at first or fail to acquire a taste for them. Concerning the principles and methods which I have followed in translating, the choice of metres, the value of rhyme, etc., a good deal might be said; but as argument about such questions is apt to end in the sort of agreement recommended by Evenus—

\[ \text{sói} \, \mué \, \tauá\nu \, \delta\kappa\omega\nu \nu \, \varepsilon\sigma\tau\omega, \, \varepsilon\mu\omicron \, \delta \varepsilon \, \tau\acute{a} \delta e \]

it will be enough to say that the verse-translations are not unduly free and should be of use to readers of the original Arabic and Persian. While the mystical poems often need a
commentary, in other cases the aim has been to select typical extracts which for the most part explain themselves.

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

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON.

October, 1920.
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P. 10. I have retained the usual spelling of the name Rūdāgī, but Rūdākī seems to be the correct form, as it rhymes with kūdākī in a verse by Niẓāmī ʿArūḍī (Lubāb, vol. ii. p. 7, l. 17) and with andākī in a verse by Khāqānī (Jāmī, Bahāristān, ed. by Schlechta-Wssehrd, p. 95, l. 8 foll.).

P. 13. The flower which the Persians call īdā (rendered here and elsewhere by “tulip”) is really the red anemone.


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

habet testimonium hoc: grauis uia leti est,

and in the fourth line

prior quam uaces spe gloriam potitus.

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

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

“The Imām, he knows—his tenets are not mine—”

P. 85, No. 72, first line. Read “to his sway.”

P. 89, note 1. For ǧǧǧ read ǧǧǧ.


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


بيعة الشام. According to Muqaddasi, the Moslems turned half of the church into a mosque when they conquered Ḥimṣ. Dr T. W. Arnold has called my
attention to a passage in Ibn Jubayr (E. J. W. Gibb Memorial Series, vol. v. p. 303, 13–20) from which it appears that after mosques had been converted into churches, Moslems might continue to use a part of them. But these are doubtful examples of a practice which, in any case, was exceptional. Probably Ma'arri is thinking of separate but adjacent buildings.

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

P. 164, No. 238, first line. Read
"No books polemical had been composed."

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

P. 214, No. 24, v. 4. Though all the texts, I think, have حُبَرَتْها, the true reading must be حُبَرَتْها, equivalent to حُبَرَتْها.

P. 219, No. 39, v. 1. For صح read صح.

P. 263, No. 219, v. 5. For السُّحُر read السُّحُر.

P. 264, No. 224, v. 4. For وَالنَّفْسُ read وَالنَّفْسُ.

P. 272, No. 253, v. 1. For مدِّيَر read مدِّيَر.
CHAPTER I

AN EARLY PERSIAN ANTHOLOGY

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

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

description, the so-called biographies chiefly consist of high-flown complimentary phrases strung together indiscriminately, with as little regard for fitness as for truth. Dates are very rare. In many cases the poet's name is the single fact that his "Life" yields, and we have reason to be thankful that the Moslem system of nomenclature often indicates the town or district to which a man belongs either by birth or residence. The Lubāb might safely be ignored if its value depended on the biographical notices written by 'Awfī himself. These, however, occupy an inconsiderable amount of space in relation to the whole text, which is almost entirely composed of excerpts from the work of about 300 poets. Essentially, then, the Lubāb is an anthology. It possesses unique historical importance as the oldest compilation of the kind in Persian¹, preserving the names of many ancient poets who are otherwise unknown, together with a great deal of verse that is nowhere else to be found. Of its literary merit lovers of poetry can form some notion from the specimens which I have translated, though this test is, of course, inadequate and must be corrected by reading the original passages as well as by reference to other portions of the book. Oriental standards of taste are so deeply at variance with those which prevail in Europe that we are too ready to condemn outright what displeases us instead of trying, not to reconcile the points of view, but to lay our own aside and approach the other in a spirit of sympathetic curiosity. This is the more necessary here because, with few exceptions, the poets cited in the Lubāb are distinctly minor and unable to rise above the elaborate conventions of the Persian ars poetica, which only the breath of genius can inspire with life. Moreover, in the opinion of an accomplished critic, Mirzā Muḥammad of Qazwín—which introduction and notes to Professor Browne's edition are a model of patient and fruitful research—'Awfī has not selected the materials of his anthology to the best advantage.

Formally considered, Persian poetry falls into five main

¹ A more ancient work by Abū Tāhir al-Khátūnī is mentioned by Ḥājjī Khalīfa, but no copy has yet been discovered.
types, and four of these occur in the *Lubáb*, namely, the *qasida* or "purpose-poem," which is most often a panegyrical but may be satirical, didactic, philosophical, or religious; the *ghazal*, of which the subject is usually love, human or divine; the *qi'ta* or fragment, which is either a piece of verse detached from a *qasida* or a poem complete in itself; and the *rubá'i* or quatrain. The fifth type, which is known by the name of *mathnawi*, includes poems longer than the *qasida*, such as epics, romances, and expositions of moral or mystical philosophy. Both in form and motive it stands apart from the rest and offers no temptation to the ordinary anthologist.

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

I. On the excellence of poetry and the poetic art.
II. On the etymological meaning of *šīr* (poetry).
III. On the question who was the first poet.
IV. On the question who was the author of the first Persian poem.
V. On the choice poems of Sultans, Kings, and Amirs.
VI. On the choice poems of viziers and eminent statesmen.
VII. On the choice poems of religious leaders, divines, and men of learning.
VIII. On the choice poems of the poets of the House of Čāhir, the House of Layth, and the House of Sāmán.
IX. On the poets of the House of Nāṣir.
X. On the poets of the House of Seljūq, to the end of the reign of Sanjar.
XI. On the poets who flourished in the period extending from the death of Sanjar to the author's time.
XII. On the choice poems of eminent statesmen, poets, and scholars attached to the court of Sultan Nāṣiru'd-dīn Qubācha.
The introductory chapters need not detain us. As regards the questions propounded in chapters III and IV, 'Awfi is inclined to accept the tradition that the first poet in the world was Adam, who composed an Arabic elegy (two verses of which are quoted) on his son Abel; and he ascribes the first Persian verse to "that great Hunter," King Bahram Gūr. Remembering that 'Awfi was a courtier, we can excuse him for giving royalties and grandees the place of honour in his Anthology, but it tries our patience to read those noble amateurs whom he flatters so cheaply. Of the verse in this section of the book a page or two would hold all that is worth preserving for its own sake or on account of its association with great personages and events. The eighth and following chapters, which are printed in the second volume of Professor Browne's edition, constitute the kernel of the Lubāb. Here we find real bards, men devoted to the art and business of poetry, drawn up, rank on rank, in the chronological order of the dynasties under which they lived: the Tāhirids (A.D. 820–872); the Ṣaffārīds, descended from Ya'qūb ibn Layth, the Coppersmith (A.D. 867–903); the Sāmānīds (A.D. 874–999); the Ghaznevids—called "the House of Nāšir" after Nāšīru'd-dīn Sabuktīgīn, who founded the dynasty—from the accession of Sultan Maḥmūd to the death of Maṣ'ūd, the third sovereign of the line (A.D. 998–1040); and finally the Seljūqs, from Tughril to Sanjar (A.D. 1037–1157), and from Sanjar to the author's day (about A.D. 1220). Thus the whole period covered by the Lubāb is approximately four hundred years. Opening with the spring-time of Persian poetry which accompanied the movement towards national independence in eastern Írán, it runs a long and brilliant course ere it closes amidst the gathering darkness of the Mongol invasion.

Since my object is not so much to trace the historical development of this poetry as to illustrate its literary form and substance, the work of individuals will receive less attention than the four principal types which have been enumerated above. I will treat each type separately, taking the simpler first and leaving the qaṣīda, the most artificial and complex, to the end.
The oldest Persian verse-form is probably the *rubāʾī*. It contains four lines, of which the first, second, and fourth must rhyme with one another, while the third may or may not rhyme with the rest. Such an arrangement of rhymes, however, does not exhaust the definition: there must also be a certain metrical scheme. 'Awfī quotes two couplets by the Tāhirid poet, Ḥānzala of Bāḏgīs, which only fail to be a *rubāʾī* because they are not written in one of the metres peculiar to this form:

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

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

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

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

1 *Lubāb*, ii. 2, ii.
descriptive, encomiastic, elegiac, satirical, moral, or religious. Noteworthy, as revealing the limitations of the *Lubāb* and its author, is the fact that the mystical *rubā‘i*—and, I may add, mystical poetry of any kind—is scarcely represented at all. One must go elsewhere to learn how beautiful is the literature in which the deepest aspirations of Persian thought have expressed themselves.

I will now give some examples. The first two are by Abu 'l-Hasan Talha, of whose poetry the greater part belonged to this *genre*. Skill in composing quatrains might make a poet celebrated, even if his more ambitious performances fell flat¹.

My heart that rested calm and free from care
Rose up when love of thee alighted there;
The hand that loosed the bonds of Fate and Time
Thy curl hath bound it with a single hair².

O well of honey! Yestereve thy sight
Gladdened this heart that cries for thee to-night.
'Tis a thing unimaginable, the tale
Of to-night's anguish, yestereve's delight³.

For thy love's sake I bled, and still implored in vain;
To patience then I fled, and still endured in vain.
There's no device on earth a desperate man can use
But I have used against thee, O Adored, in vain⁴.

(Ṭaju’ddin Ismā‘īl al-Bākharzī.)

Why do I hope, with empty words cajoled,
Since I nor head nor tail in it behold?
Guess by the Past what this New Year shall bring:
The New Year—and ten thousand sorrows old!⁵

(Taju’ddin Ismā‘īl al-Bākharzī.)

Her beauty fills mine eye, and well must I agree
With mine own eye which holds my Sweetheart lovingly.
'Twixt eye and Sweetheart no right difference can be:
Either She takes eye's place, or eye is very She⁶.

(Rashidi of Samarcand.)

⁶ *Ibid.* II. 180, 16. This quatrain may be understood in a mystical sense.
Ah, my much love of thee hath laid me low,
Grief for thine absence bows me like a bow.
I have washed my hands of all thy tricks and wiles;
Lives there another who would treat me so?¹

(Abú Shukúr.)

The following rubdâ'î is evidently mystical.

Soul of the World, to Thee I turn again
With bleeding heart, and bring Thee all my pain.
Myself behind, before me need and woe,
And love still waxing—never may it wane!²

(Raffâ' of Merv.)

When from her house the soul sets forth to climb
And hastens back to her eternal prime,
The four strings Nature fitted on Life's lute
Disorder'd break at the rude touch of Time³.

(Badí‘u’ddîn Turkú al-Sanjari.)

Long have I known the world and read its rede
In both extremes of fortune. 'Tis my creed,
Than wealth there's nothing better, next to faith,
As, next to unfaith, nothing worse than need⁴.

(Abú Zurá‘a of Jurján.)

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

Heav'n, which delight'st with contumely to brand
The wisest, how long will thy doomful hand
Plunge me in sadness? Oh, where shall I seek
The wind that blows me to sweet Samarcand?⁵

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

¹ Lubdbh. II. 21, 21. ² Ibid. II. 162, 10. ³ Ibid. II. 351, 17. “The four strings” are the four elements from which all compound bodies—mineral, vegetable, and animal—are produced. ⁴ Ibid. II. 10, 23. ⁵ Ibid. II. 181, 2.
cut his finger. The poet Sa'du'ddin Mas'úd Dawlatyár improvised this *rubá'í*:

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

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

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

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

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

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

First, a few fragments on the subject of wine.

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

(Daqíqí.)

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

(Daqíqí.)

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

(Abú Shukúr.)

1 Lubd, ii. 13, 7.
2 Ibid. ii. 13, 10.
3 Ibid. ii. 21, 7.
Fetch me what first was like the eye, then came
The vine-grower and seized its soul aflame.
Let one drop trickle down to earth and roll,
'Twould seem the blind man's eye, the dead man's soul.

(Abú Shukúr.)

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

('Umára of Merv.)

The next piece is by the blind minstrel Rúdáqí, the most famous poet of the Sámáñid epoch.

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

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

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

(Halífá.)

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

1 Lubd, ii. 21, 10.
2 Ibid. ii. 25, 4.
3 Ibid. ii. 8, 17.
4 Ibid. ii. 65, 19.
flourished in the latter half of the tenth century. I have attempted to imitate the *muḏāri'* metre in which the fragment is written.

Unclose thine eyes and deeply
gaze on the saffron-flower¹
Shining amidst the grass-blades,
a very pearl in sheen,
Even as a shamefaced lover,
to hide his blushing cheeks,
Draws to his face the mantle
in folds of satin green.
The wine thro' darting sunbeams
how sweet and fair to see!
But oh, when falls reflected
therein the radiant shower,
The blue glass and red vintage
and golden-yellow rays
Are violet, you'd fancy,
and poppy and saffron-flower.
So bright 'tis, when it trickles
down from the goblet's mouth,
You'd say from pearls is trickling
cornelian red and fine;
So clear 'tis, when you pour it
in the hollow of your palm,
Nor palm from cup you ever
would know, nor cup from wine².

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

O would that in the world there were no night,
That I might ne'er be parted from her lips!
No scorpion-sting would sink deep in my heart
But for her scorpion coils of darkest hair.
If 'neath her lip no starry dimple shone,
I would not linger with the stars till day;
And if she were not cast in beauty's mould,
My soul would not be moulded of her love.
If I must live without my Well-belov'd,
O God! I would there were no life for me³.

(Daqiqī.)

Abū Shu'ayb of Herāt wrote the following verses on a Christian boy.

¹ The *shanbalid* is identified with fenugreek—a species of clover—or with meadow saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*). According to Ibnu 'l-Baytār, it is one of the first spring flowers.
² *Lubāb*, II. 34, 20.
Faith-doomed to Hell, his form and face of Paradise,
With fawn’s eyes, curly tresses, tulip cheeks.
A lip as when from Chinese painter’s brush
O’er vermeil oozes the long silver line.
Should he bestow his beauty on the Ethiop,
The Ethiop would be envied by the Turk.\(^1\)

The tulips of thy cheek, when thou unveil’st,
Abash the Sun: behind the veil he hies.
If the apple hath a mole of musky grain,
That chin of thine’s an apple every wise.\(^2\)

(Rúdági.)

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

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

Those jet curls clustered on her silver brow—
A swarm of negroes Baghdád plundering!
That cheek on which falls rippling one black tress,
You’d say ’tis fire fanned by raven’s wing.\(^4\)

(Muḥammad ibn Śálíḥ al-Wálwálij.)

Those curls the wind is tossing to and fro are like a restless lover; nay, the hand
Of warring Emperor’s chamberlain that waves
From the far tent, “To-day no audience here!”\(^5\)

(Khabbází of Níshápúr.)

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

\(^1\) Lúbdb, II. 5, 19. \(^2\) Ibid. II. 8, 9. \(^3\) Ibid. II. II, 10.
\(^4\) Ibid. II. 22, 15. \(^5\) Ibid. II. 27, 19.
Oh, your face and hair—the fairest
Book of white and black is this!
Cheek and tress are sin and penance,
Lip and eye are bale and bliss¹.

(Kisá’í.)

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

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

(‘Umára of Merv.)

Lashed by gusts the leafy willows
Are as drunkards reeling headlong.
Watch the crimson tulips waving
Bloodied sword-points in the dawn!³

(‘Umára of Merv.)

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

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

¹ Lubdb, II. 37, 19. ² Ibid. II. 24, 21. ³ Ibid. II. 25, 17.
Roses why for silver sell?
O rose-merchant, fairly tell
What you buy instead of those
That is costlier than the rose\(^1\).

Here are two fragments:

See the rose, its pearly whiteness
Overblushed with pure cornelian,
Like the wedding-day of lovers
Sleeping, cheek on cheek laid softly\(^2\).

(Manjik.)

Behold the red rose, not yet fully blown—
A dainty fondling worshipping her idol,
Or like the loved one’s lips, red, small, and close
When she looks up to meet her lover’s kiss\(^3\).

(Kawkabi of Merv.)

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

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

\(^1\) Lubdâb, II. 35, 24. \(^2\) Ibid. II. 14, 24. \(^3\) Ibid. II. 65, 13. \(^4\) Ibid. II. 9, 22.
The next examples take a more personal tone and are marked by greater finish of style.

To ward the kingdom, Fortune took thy sword,
And Bounty chose thy hand, herself to ward.
In Heav'n for thy decree Fate listening stands,
The dînâr\(^1\) from its ore sets out to win thy hands\(^2\).

(Daqíqi.)

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

(Kisá’í.)

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

I see thou holdest cheap two things
That are held dear by other kings:
Gold, when thy head doth wear the crown;
Life, when thou putt’st the helmet on\(^4\).

The following qit’ás belong to different periods and illustrate the wide range of subject permitted to poems of this type.

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

Much have I laboured, much read o’er
Of Arabic and Persian lore,
Collecting tales unknown and known;
Now two and sixty years are flown.
Regret, and deeper woe of sin,
’Tis all that youth has ended in,
And I with mournful thoughts rehearse
Bú Táhir Khusrawání’s verse:
“I mind me of my youth and sigh,
Alas for youth, for youth gone by!”\(^5\)

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1 The Arabicised form of denarius.
2 Ibid. II. 11, 21.
3 Ibid. II. 37, 16.
4 Ibid. II. 33, 12.
5 Ibid. II. 33, 15.
Many *qif‘as* are what the French call *vers d'occasion* in the sense that their subject or motive is supplied by some circumstance of passing interest. The poet Farrukhí, a contemporary of Firdawsi at the court of Ghazna, having amassed a large fortune, set out on a pleasure-trip to Samarcand. He had nearly reached his journey's end when he was attacked by brigands, who carried off the whole of his wealth. Being penniless and without resources, he did not venture to show himself in Samarcand, and after a few days returned home, leaving as a memorial of his visit the following lines:

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

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

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

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

When hand a dirhem lacketh
Whilst eye sees all its wish,
'Tis like a head dismembered
Within a golden dish².

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

¹ Kawthar is the name of a river in Paradise, "whiter than milk and sweeter than honey."
² *Lubdá*, II. 48, 1.
represented in the *Lubāb*. Here is the prelude of a *qašīda* addressed to Sultan Maḥmūd:

I said, “O Sun of beauty, kiss me thrice!”
Said she, “The sun in this world no lips touch.”
I said, “A new world for a kiss! Too much.”
Said she, “Thou canst not cheapen Paradise.”
Said I, “Thy stature tall hath bended me.”
“The arrow companies the bow,” said she.

“Dew of mine eyes hath freshed thy face,” I said.
Said she, “Water keeps gardens fresh and fine.”
I said, “On thy bright cheek shall I lay mine?”
Said she, “No, no: thy yellow will dull my red.”
Said I, “Thine absence, Dear, hath agèd me.”
“Grow young in service of the King,” said she².

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

O mighty Prince, whose majesty sublime
Scarce deigns to mount the piebald steed of Time;
Whose judgment hits the mark of empire high,
As ’twere an arrow quivered in the Sky—
To-day hath Heav’n arrayed his cloudy throne,
The wind shoots keener shafts than Arish’s own³;
On every mountain-angle snowflakes star
The landscape, like a jewelled scimitar.

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

¹ The hue of “pale passion” in the East.
² *Lubāb*, II. 49, 13. Three verses are omitted in the translation.
³ Arish was a Persian knight renowned for his skill with the bow.
⁴ I have not been able to discover the author of this line.
⁵ *Lubāb*, II. 137, 10.

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

secretum iter et fallentis semita uitaee.

Yesterday a dear one asked me, "Will you sing of love again?" Nay, I have done with poetising, fallen from my hand the pen. Long in error's way I chanted lofty praise and satire stern, Now those days are gone behind me—vanished never to return. Love-lay, panegyric, satire, I was making all the three— Why? Because lust, greed, and anger dwelt unitedly in me: Lust the livelong night tormenting evermore my sleepless brain To describe a ringlet's crescent and a lip like sugar-cane; Greed all day in tribulation pondering o'er a scrap of verse Where, from whom, and how five dirhems might be coined into my purse; Anger, like a wounded mongrel, solace for his smart would fetch, Tooth and claw in sullen fury turning on some weaker wretch. Since the grace of God Almighty shown unto His helpless thrall Hath unchained me from those harpies—so may He release you all!— Love-lay, panegyric, satire shall I make now? Heav'n forfend! I have wronged enough already soul and mind: 'tis time to mend. Anwari, beware of boasting!—Honour lays on that a ban— But when once thy word is plighted, see thou keep it like a man. From the busy world retired dwell and seek the way that saves! Very soon the last goes o'er thee of thy life-tide's ebbing waves.  

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

1 Lubāb, ii. 136, 14.
down from pre-Islamic days when the Bedouin bards in glorifying themselves did honour to the tribe of which they were the foremost champions and spokesmen. Persian fākhr has no such narrow but intense background of patriotism to relieve its extravagance: it is frankly personal, as in the shorter of the two specimens translated below, which was composed by a minstrel of the Sāmānīd age, while in the minor poets of the succeeding periods it is often distinguished from vulgar self-advertisement only by its literary flavour and the fantastic heights of hyperbole to which it soars.

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

(Abū Zurā'ā of Jurjān.)

The following version retains the monorhyme:

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

('Abdu 'l-Wāsī of Jabal.)

This qiṭ'a by ṫūḥī shows that a reputation for satirical pleasantry might be embarrassing to its owner.

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\(^1\) *Lūdūb*, II. 10, 13.  
To-day, when like a donkey from his meal
Driv’n off, I know what Fortune’s outcasts feel,
Some evil-minded and suspicious men
Call satire every eulogy I pen.
If I but breathe a prayer to God on high,
“This fellow is reviling us,” they cry.

Abū Ţāhir al-Khusrawānī, one of whose verses had the
luck to be quoted in a poem of Firdawsī, said in the course
of a qaṣida composed when he was suffering from a mortal
disease:

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

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

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

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

1 Lubāb, p. 166, 2. 2 Ibid. p. 20, 15. 3 Ibid. p. 123, 20.
Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone—
we shall be less disposed to ridicule Kisá'í for writing on the
death of a certain notable of Merv:

I know not what strange hap thy funeral was,
That bathed bright eyes in dew, torn cheeks in blood.
All Merv became a Flood of tears for thee,
Thy coffin was the Ark upon the Flood¹.

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

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

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

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

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

¹ Lubd, ii. 34, 15. ² Ibid. ii. 124, 9. ³ Ibid. i. 24, 23.
Murádi dead!—meseems, he hath not died;
The death of such a Master is no light thing.
His dear soul to the Father he gave back,
To the Mother his dark body he resigned¹.

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

¹ Lubdb, n. 8, 3. These lines are imitated by Jalálu’ddin Rúmí in his ode on the death of Saná’ī, beginning:

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

See text and translation in my Selected Poems from the Dlwán-i Shams-i Tabrîz, No. xxii. p. 86. Jalálu’ddin’s version of Rúdagí’s second couplet is,

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

According to the theory of Moslem natural philosophers, it is the influence of the Planets (the Seven Fathers) acting upon the Elements (the Four Mothers) that produces the ever changing forms of life in the sublunary world. By the metaphysicians, however, this function is assigned to the Active Intelligence (intellectus agens, the νοῦς νοητικός of Aristotle), which is probably "the Father" in Rúdagí’s verse.
O thou whose cheeks are the Pleiades and whose lips are coral,
Thy Pleiades are the torment of the heart, thy coral is the food of
the soul.
In chase of those Pleiades my back hath become like the sky¹,
For love of that coral my eyes have become like the sea.

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

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

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

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

Thy face is a tulip for delicacy and pinkness,
Thy teeth are pearls for brightness and purity.
I never heard of pearls in honey-laden coral,
I never heard of tulips amidst musk-shedding hyacinths².

(Mu'izzí.)

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

¹ I.e. curved.
² Lubāb, ii. 70, 14. "Musk-shedding hyacinths," i.e. dark fragrant locks.
If my Belov'd—fair picture!—
My passion's grief and sorrow
And if her glance tale-telling
From all the world my secret
'Twould seem as though I dwelt in
If now and then my Sweetheart
O that my food were made of
That o'er her in requital
And O that she would never
That with her cheeks my banquet
deigned but to look upon me,
were not so sore a burden;
had not revealed her secret,
would have been hidden always.
a Paradise of gladness,
along the road were passing.
her lips' twin rubies only,
mine eye might shed its rubies!
my banquet leave behind her,
might glow like beds of tulips.

These poems, with their naive parallelisms and decorative metaphors, have an elegance and ease of expression that deserve to be admired. But though Persian amatory verse is seldom deficient in beauty of form, those who are most familiar with it will confess that, as a whole, it suggests "the little emptiness of love" rather than la grande passion. There are important exceptions, e.g., the semi-mystical odes in which Love has become a religion and the worship of human beauty is subtly mingled with raptures of divine enthusiasm. In the Lubâb, however, this high note is only heard at long intervals, and then imperfectly. The fashionable love-lyric runs in a narrow mould which very few Moslem poets have dared to break. Like medieval Minnesong, it is artificial and monotonous in phrase, and its sentiment (which may be quite genuine) leaves us unmoved. I do not think it is chance that the following lines—an almost unique outburst of passionate feeling—were written by a woman, Râbi'a, the daughter of Ka'îb.

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

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

1 Lubâb, ii. 74, 6.
2 Ibid. ii. 62, 14.
docta sermones utriusque linguae, she wrote verse in Arabic as well as in Persian.

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

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

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

The tree of bliss I planted in love’s garden,
The fruit it bore was absence and regret¹.
Have I forgotten thee, as thou pretendest?
Nay, 'tis most false. God knows if I forget!²

(Samá’i of Merv.)

My sweetheart keeps not any touch of kindness,
The only craft she knows is—to be cruel.
Her beauteous face, you dare not look upon it;
Scornful she moves away, a stately cypress.
When I speak words of love, she makes no answer:
All her delight is holy vows and prayers.
Oh, what a smiling aspect wears the lover
Who courts a mistress, not a sainted vestal!
Buy with my soul a kiss from her I will not,
And well I know she is not fond of giving.
Her kisses must be bought with very life-blood,
She hath no kisses that are purchased cheaply³.

(Samá’i of Merv.)

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

¹ Reading ُكَفَتَكَ for ُكَفَتِكَ.
² Lubdb, II. 145, 14.
³ Ibid. II. 145, 21.
Until I catch her restless curl,
My fevered heart will never rest,
And life is but a dead leaf's twirl
Till close I hold her to my breast.

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

(Táju'ddín Ismá'il al-Bákharzí.)

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

(Sayfi of Nishápúr.)

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

(Raff of Merv.)

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

1 Lubdb, ii. 156, 20.' 2 Reading داريم for درأيم.
3 Lubdb, ii. 160, i. 4 Ibid. ii. 162, 15.
Thy beauty and my love—the love thou art still disdaining—
In the glinting of an eye they leave no trace remaining.
Deal not in wounds nor drive a busy trade of sorrow!
Thy mart is thronged to-day, but few will come to-morrow.1

(Raffi' of Merv.)

The following ghazal is purely mystical. Its author, Fakhru’ddin Mas’údí of Merv, was not a professional poet, but a famous scholar and theologian. His biography, therefore, belongs to the first volume of the Lubáb, but ‘Awwf having inadvertently omitted it in its proper place has inserted it in the second part of his work.

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

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

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

1 Lubáb, ii. 162, 21.
2 Reading سیاره for پیتاره.
3 Lubáb, ii. 164, 4.
injuring the artistic effect, demands great skill; in English, where rhymes are much scarcer, it could not be done except as a *tour de force*. For the sake of those who do not read Persian I translate a few couplets in order to show how the exordium of a *qasīda* is rhymed.

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

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

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

1 *Lubbāb,* II. 329, 12.  
2 *Book I,* Story 18.
tion of a handsome youth or a beautiful garden or some equally irrelevant topic; and having thus won the ear of his prospective patron, he glides as dexterously as he can from the exordium (nasib) into the encomium (madih). Although the two have no real connexion with each other, so that the qasída lacks organic unity, the whole poem is endowed with unity of purpose, inasmuch as the prelude contributes to the success of the panegyric and aims indirectly at bringing about the same result.

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

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

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

When from the night's dark rising
That beauty springlike-joyous
Her loveliness so tender,
Before her jewelled splendour
The treasurer of Glory
From the fair maids of Khoten
And whispering softly, softly,
"Why art thou fain to leave me?
Ah, stay, for here beside me
My cheeks are damask roses,
And rest thine eye on the wine-cup,
The tulip's rain-washed petals,

a little space had past,
into the garden came—
peris would worship it;
idols would kiss the earth.
she robbed of his guarded grace,
she bore the palm away—
spake to me: "Why," said she,
何 is this purpose fell?
pring reigns in autumn's stead;
my chin a white lily.
then wilt thou praise no more
the dew-bright jessamine."

(Masrūr ibn Muḥammad of Ṭāliqán.)

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

In the following exordium 'Unṣūrī describes the battle-
field of Sultan Maḥmūd.

A scene like Paradise! 'Tis not Farkhār²,
Yet all the splendour of Farkhār is there.
Kisses of loyal kings imprint the earth,
Faces of fair youths fill with light the air.
Then look how gold and silver Pleiades
Bestud the rolling sky of scimitars,
And how, like dagger's pearl-encrusted haft,
Each baldrick shows its blazonry of stars!
Mark yonder troop belted with golden swords,
Whereon pomegranate-red you may behold
Rubies like tears of blood distilled in pain
From lover's eyes o'er cheeks as pale as gold.
On the ranked elephants their golden harness
Glitters like saffron flowers on some hillside;
Serpents their trunks might seem: in such a coat
Of golden scales the serpent's self doth glide.
Darkful as thunderclouds, with dagger-tusks,
Their mountain-forms move wind-like o'er the plain.
What place is this? The battle-field, in sooth,
Of the world's Emperor and Suzerain!³

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¹ Lubdāb, II. 43, 9.
² A city in Turkestan famous for the beauty of its inhabitants.
³ Lubdāb, II. 29, 12.
Anwarí, as we have seen, was far from happy in his profession. These opening lines of one of his most celebrated qasídas were, no doubt, inspired by the conflict of the better which he saw and approved with the worse which he followed.

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

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

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

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

No mind can reach thy revolution's cause,
No eye discover thy mysterious laws.
From thy dark wheels what anguish o'er me fell,
Ah! 'tis a plaint would take long years to tell1.

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

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

1 Lubdb, II. 127, 18.
A picture of Khawarnaq
A satin-woven carpet
This like a Chinese temple,
That like the house of Mání,

Lo, there the rich tiara
See how the queenly roses
Roses like cheeks of houris,
Jasmines like lawns of Eden,

As 'twere a bride, the rosebush
Tirewoman-like is laving
Now round her neck arranging
Now drawing o'er her blushes

Those tulips, where the cloud's eye
Well might'st thou call them flagons
Or flashes of keen fire
Of Badakhshání ruby

parterre and garden seem,
mountain and meadow-land:
splendid with China's art,
with lovely paintings hung.
of gems on the jasmine-bough!
unfold their broiderries!
laden with spicy curls;
fragrant and beautiful.
arrays herself; the cloud
the dust and grime away,
a string of pearly tears,
a veil of gauzy mist.
hath hid its weeping showers,
of onyx filled with wine,
in water, or bright waves
tossing in seas of Spring.

(‘Am’aq of Bukhárá.)

Such passages—and there are many of equal or superior merit—redeem the courtly qaṣīda from utter barrenness. Artificial as they are, they are not consciously insincere, and one can admire the workmanship without feeling that all underneath is tainted. This saving clause does not extend to the panegyric. Here the moral character and motive of the poet inevitably come into view; nor is there any pretence of disguising them. The Amir of Khūrásán asked the minstrel Abú Zurá'a, 'Can you make poetry like Rúdáqi?' 'My poetry is better than his,' he replied, 'but it needs thy bounty, for a poet becomes popular only when his patron regards him with favour'; then he said in verse:

Give me a thousandth part of the meed he gained,
And I will him outsing a thousandfold!

1 A superb castle on the Euphrates, said to have been built by the Lakhmíte prince, Nu’mán I (about A.D. 400).
2 The Manichaens attached great importance to calligraphy, and Mání (Manes) himself is believed by the Persians to have been an exquisite artist.
3 Lubd, II. 186, 1. 4 Ibid. II. 10, 5.
One of the shortest articles in the *Lubāb* is that on Bihrūz-i Ṭabarī, which runs as follows:

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

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

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

*Tanto optimus omnium poeta*

*Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.*

Lest any one should suspect me of exaggerating, I will translate literally a passage which occurs in a *qasīda* by Azraqī of Herāt. He is addressing Sultan Ṭughānshāh ibn Muḥammad, the Seljūq.

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

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

1 *Lubāb*, ii. 67, 15.
2 *I.e. "I admit that the excellence of my poetry is wholly derived from my patron, but this was equally true of former poets and does not imply that I am inferior in genius to them."*
3 *Lubāb*, ii. 103, 2. "Parrot-head" signifies fluent verse devoid of sense and wit. Azraqī means to say that his poetry would be worthless if it were merely the product of his own mind and were not inspired by his patron.

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

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

O thou who art praised like piety in the season of eld,
And O thou who art desired like pleasure in the season of youth!
Thou hast glorious ancestors to the time of Adam,
Thou wilt have blessed descendants to the Day of Resurrection.
The two hands of avarice have been tied by thy liberality,
The two eyes of tyranny have been put to sleep by thy justice.
Under thy protection the fawn drinks with the lion,
Through thy majesty the quail consorts with the eagle.
None ever descried the summit of the mountain of thy clemency,
None ever saw the bottom of the ocean of thy largesse.
The steed of thy purpose is always in battle,
The arrow of thy resolution is always speeding from the bow\(^1\).
That man who in all his speech is most truthful,
If he utter one word to refute thee, becomes the greatest of liars.
Surely love of thee is Faith and hate of thee is Infidelity,
Since thy love and hate are mercy and torment to mankind\(^2\).
Upon the waters of thine eye the heads of thy foes are turning;
Yea, when thine eye is a river, their heads are the water-wheel\(^3\).
'Tis thy policy that keeps the world safe and sound:
Without thy policy, how would there be safety and soundness?
All people ask of thee, and thou answerest them—
May this asking and answering never come to an end!
The cords of the tent-pavilion of the Monarch's sway
Thy ambition hath drawn tight over East and West.
Last year, towards the West it lightened the rein;
This year, towards the East it is weighing down the stirrup.
This year it will cross the Oxus victoriously,
Even as last year it crossed the Euphrates and the Tigris.
When one looks deeply, 'tis from thy mind and thought have resulted
His marvellous and astonishing conquests throughout the world.
In sooth, the world is the sky, the King's conquests are the stars,
And thy mind and thought are the sun and the astrolabe\(^4\).

**Panegyric on Zahíru'd-Dawla Abú Bakr, the Son of Nižámú 'L-Mulk.**

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

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1 Reading نفاذ for نفاذ.
2 "Heaven and Hell to mankind" would convey the poet's meaning more clearly.
3 I.e. "If thy foes give thee cause to weep, thy tears are followed by swift vengeance which rolls their heads away (in the flood of tears), as the water-wheel is rolled (turned) by the river."
4 *Lubāb*, II. 84, 17.
Oh, what a dagger! whose flame can turn the foemen's tide,
When strife is kindled and blazes high on the field of fray—
A flame so bitter, the choking fume of the fire thereof
From eye and mind of the ill-wisher parts nevermore.
When forth he flashes from out the heart of the host of love,
Strong beats the heart of his host to follow with hate the foe.
The world admires when his war-horse fleet, in panoply
Of iron mail, appears in the midst of the battle-plain.
What art shall serve me to picture him—that war-horse fleet?
He is like a ship, his bit the anchor, his hooves the sail;
And when he wheels at the gallop, he seems a glorious bride
With pearls and jewels and gold of his bridle-ornaments.
He lifts his head and o'er the arena charges on
With circling motion, like the majestic orb of Heaven.
He plants his foot on the earth and roars; as a cloud is he,
His bit the lightning thereof, his snort its thunder-clap.
Thou giv'st him rein, he is wind; thou hold'st him in, he is rock:
Methinks, his very marrow is made of these two things.
Yet who saw ever a rock that moves like a rushing wind,
Or who saw ever a wind whose form resembles a rock?
In onset he is the peer of Rakhsh and black Shabdiz;
Zahíru'ddawla, his rider, of Rustam and Chosroes—
A prince revered: at his palace-gate the noblest men
Kneel, ere they knock, as 'twere the ring of the Ka'ba's door.
Even as the Sun in heaven lends to the moon his light,
So giveth light to the Sun his radiant piety.
Tho' Beauty's show in face and limb be a wondrous sight,
His virtue hid is fairer than all that Beauty shows;
Tho' Virtue ruling the inward man be a thing sublime,
His beauty's show is fairer than all that Virtue rules.
Tho' the sea be lavish of treasure and bountiful in its ways,
Yet his rich soul surpasses in bounteousness the sea.

(Mu'izzî.)

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1 This word-play, though not in the original, is quite in keeping with it.
2 Rakhsh and Shabdiz were the favourite horses of Rustam and Khusrau Parwiz respectively.
3 Lubdb, II. 77, 5.
Panegyric on the Vizier Našíru'ddín.

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

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

When the shrill sound of thy reed-pen charms away perplexed embroilments,
It might seem the voice of David tunefully the Psalms intoning.
'Neath the canopy of Heaven thy good nature is the censer
That doth fill the horizon's bosom full of fragrancy and perfume.
Round about the pale of Islam thy protection is the rampart
That defies the might of flaming Sirius to pass across it¹.

(Zahir of Fáryáb.)

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

Praise of Sultan Mahmúd.

There's Fate in steel and silver, for thou hast
A silver signet and a sword of steel.
They say King Jamshid ruled the world and saw
Before him man, beast, devil and peri kneel.
If so 'twas, either Jamshíd had thy power,
Or thy name stood on Jamshíd's magic seal².

(‘Unṣuri.)

¹ Lubdà, ii. 300, 17. Sirius is said to be the only star that crosses the sky breadthwise (Lisán, vi. 84, 18).
² Lubdà, ii. 32, 1.
PRAISE OF ABU 'L-ḤASAN 'ALÍ.

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

(Mathnawi of Rayy.)

PRAISE OF KING ABU NASR.

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

(Qatran of Tabriz.)

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

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

('Imádi of Ghazna.)

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

1 Lubáb, ii. 231, 19.  2 Ibid. ii. 220, 7.  3 Ibid. ii. 261, 17.
fere with the solemn pose and ceremonious address which the patron's dignity demands. One of these rare exceptions is an ode by Jawhari of Herât, beginning:

Yesterday the imperial A horse by old age stricken head-groom to me presented and crying out for mercy.

His back grown bare entirely Cramfull and stuffed his stomach of flesh, as 'twere a coffin;
The skin of his nose all puckered with straw, as 'twere a straw-barn. Like to a blacksmith's bellows;
His rump the cauldron, trembling from one leg to the other¹.

When briskly I approached him with saddle, bit, and bridle, He said, "Old ignoramus, injurious, disrespectful! I am thy senior, pay me the reverence I merit:
'Tis want of reverence always hath wrecked thy hopes of fortune.
Ah, seest thou not how broken am I by age and weakness? My back a sore, my body a shadow, my head dizzy!
Art not ashamed to mount me? Or wilt thou ride unblushing On me into the mellay and wheel again for onset?
I carried King Tahmûrath (quoth he) in the beginning, When forth he marched to conquer and founded Marv-i Shahjân; And I was in the Ark too in company with Noah, What time the world-wide Deluge was spreading waste and ruin².

Then came I to the Sultan, who showed me all due honour: For three and sixty years he hath kept me in his stable.
On thee he did bestow me: if I take not thy fancy, Beg from the Sultan's stable instead of me another!"³

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

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

¹ Lubdb, II. 114, 16. ² Ibid. II. 115, 7. ³ Ibid. II. 117, 1.
It. Its lack of truth and sincerity, the poverty of its ideas, and the shallowness of its sentiment leave at times an impression of disgust which the beautiful diction and brilliant imagery only serve to emphasise. Moreover, the style, pleasingly exotic at the best, in many passages becomes grotesque and ludicrous. Since I have tried to show that the work of the court-poets is not altogether unattractive, I may be pardoned for having selected such pieces as seemed to answer the purpose. Let me now justify my discretion by revealing the obstacles that would lie in the way of a more valorous translator. The chief of these is the fact that Persian poetry is largely composed of elements which are the very antithesis of what we in the West usually mean by the term "poetical"—elements which have long been regarded by us as destructive to poetry, though suitable enough for parody and other forms of light or humorous verse. This view, indeed, has not always prevailed. It was an English poet of the seventeenth century who wrote,

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

and the definition is applicable to the lyrical poetry of Persia. As for madness, in the sense of divine enthusiasm, the odes written by Šūfis have plenty of it. The court-poets are not in the least mad, but they are immoderately witty. While we may agree that wit sometimes enters into alliance with poetical beauty and is even capable of adding an unexpected touch that contributes to its perfection, none of us would presuppose a natural and intimate connexion between the two. Persian criticism, however, does connect them; and in Persian poetry mere intellectual or verbal ingenuity, far from being a vice, is an admired ornament of style, albeit at some periods and by some poets it is used more sparingly than by the encomiasts who fill the pages of the Lubāb with clever fancies and quaint comparisons. The following specimens, which I have rendered literally, are easily understood and give but a slight notion of the feats accomplished by these Oriental euphuists.
The garden is full of strings of fresh pearls,
The hill-slopes are full of heaps of pure ambergris.
'Tis wind and cloud that gave to garden and hill-slope
Pure ambergris in heaps and fresh pearls in strings.
The raven is gone, the pheasant is come, and lo, a marvel!—
The earth like a pheasant's wing, the air like a raven's plume.
The grove hath become an altar, and the nightingale,
David-like, is singing psalms on the altar.
When the air donned mail and corselet of cloud,
The radiant sun made of his reflexion a bow.
Of rose-bud and willow-bough the zephyr
Made an emerald spear and a coral arrow.
See the poppies amongst the grass,
And amongst the poppies the tears of the cloud:
The grass like verdigris dashed with vermilion,
The poppies like vermilion dashed with quicksilver.
The tears of the cloud are rose-water, the blossoms camphor,
The water in the stream and rivulet is like sandal-wood.
Since the temperature of the world is not yet very hot,
Why are camphor, sandal-wood, and rose-water used as remedies
for it?  

(Mu'izzi.)

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

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

1 Reading بغرفر instead of بغرفر.
2 Lubdū, ii. 82, 22.
3 i.e. contracted with pain. "A narrow heart" means in Persian "an oppressed and sorrowful heart."
4 Lubdū, ii. 181, 11.
A little of this goes a long way. My last quotation is a lover's complaint, which occurs in the exordium of an ode by Abu 'l-Ma'áli.

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

1 Lubdd, ii. 229, 5.
CHAPTER II

THE MEDITATIONS OF MA'ARRÍ.

Ma zalat fi al-ghirrat lAst ba'halas
メンッフーコーをアラバアアクオosis
Hope as thou wilt in heat or cold,
It matters not amidst the surge
Of woes that whelmed thee from of old
And whence thou never canst emerge.

ABU 'L-'ALÁ AL-MA'ARRÍ.

The name of Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arri1 is not one of those which any body of educated Moslems would be likely to receive with placid approbation or polite indifference; and readers of this essay will feel, though less acutely, that the words of the old blind poet, who died in Syria eight hundred and sixty years ago, ring out to-day as a challenge to deep and irreconcilable antagonisms in the nature of mankind. Is life to be desired or death? Is the world good or evil? Shall we enjoy it if we can or spurn it utterly? What is the truth about religion? Does it come to us from God, as the orthodox pretend? Are we to follow authority and tradition or reason and conscience? Such are some of the questions with which Ma'arrî concerns himself. While his reflections—not pursued methodically, but set down piecemeal and at intervals—

1 The following books and articles may be mentioned in connexion with the subject of this study: A. von Kremer, Die philosophische Gedichte des Abu 'l-'Alá in the Sitzungsberichte der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Wien (Phil.-hist. Classe), vol. 117, 6th Abhandlung (Vienna, 1889); D. S. Margoliouth, The Letters of Abu 'l-'Alá (Oxford, 1898); Abu 'l-'Alá's Correspondence on Vegetarianism in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1902, p. 289 foll.; R. A. Nicholson, The Risdlatu 'l-Ghufdrn by Abu 'l-'Alá al-Ma'arrî in the same Journal for 1900, pp. 637-720, and for 1902, pp. 75-101, 337-362, 813-847; Tá-há Husayn, Dhikrd Abi 'l-'Alá (Cairo, 1915). The abbreviation Luzim refers to the edition of the Lu'iimu md ld yalzam published at Cairo in 1891.
might be described as extensive and peculiar, we must not exaggerate their intrinsic value. Von Kremer's essay, for which in general I have nothing but praise, seems to me to suffer from want of proportion. It hails Ma'arrî as an original thinker, centuries in advance of his age, and discusses his theory and practice as though he were a philosopher writing in verse. Without denying that Ma'arrî was a pioneer of Aufklärung, or that his open-minded and independent way of looking at things led him to conclusions which often agree with those of modern thought, I submit that Von Kremer has put the cart before the horse. Ma'arrî is, first of all and essentially, a poet. His philosophy and ethics are only a background for his poetry. His work is artistic in treatment and execution and should be weighed by the standard which we apply to the Divina Commedia or the Paradise Lost. He sits below Dante and Milton, but he belongs to their school; and if he contemplates life with the profound feeling of Lucretius, he handles his subject with a literary skill as fine as that of Horace. Probably very few Europeans have read these poems, the Luzūmiyyāt, from beginning to end. I am sure that any one who has accomplished the feat, or may do so in the future, will acknowledge the author's mastery of the Arabic language—a mastery which too frequently displays itself in juggling with words—the aptness of his diction, the force and opulence of his imagery, the surprising turns of his fancy, and the charm of a style unmistakably his own, whose melancholy dirge-like cadences blend with sharper notes of wit, satire, and epigram. The matter is almost as remarkable as the style. Ma'arrî aims at telling the truth, although according to Moslem theory poets not only are but ought to be liars. Taking Reason for his guide, he judges men and things with a freedom which must have seemed scandalous to the rulers and privileged classes of the day. Amidst his meditations on the human tragedy a fierce hatred of injustice, hypocrisy, and superstition blazes out. Vice and folly are laid bare in order that virtue and wisdom may be sought. In his poetry we see the age depicted without fear or favour, and—what is more appealing—the artist himself, struggling
with doubts, yet confident in the power of mind to solve difficulties and give light, if any can be looked for. But (lest I slip after Von Kremer) much of the Luzüm is monotonous; a great deal is trivial and pedantic and to our taste intolerably clever: it moves us to admiration and contempt, it thrills, fatigues, fascinates, and repels; and when all has been said, it remains unique and immortal because it expresses the personality of an extraordinary man.

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

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\(^1\) Abu 'l-'Alá is his "name of honour" (kunya), Ahmad what we should call his "Christian name," and 'Abdallah the name of his father.

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

How sad that I returned, how sad,
Instead of dying at Bagdad!
I say, whene'er things fall amiss,
"My coming home hath brought me this."  

1 Boswell's Life of Johnson, ch. 3.
2 The Letters of Abu 'I-‘Aid, p. 37.
3 He himself said afterwards that he left Baghdad for two reasons: his poverty and the illness of his mother. Her death, which took place before he reached Ma'arra, was a heavy blow to him. 4 Luzim, i. 303, 5.
The sense of disillusion and failure with which he quitted Baghdād appears in a letter addressed to the people of Ma'arra shortly before his arrival amongst them. He declares that he has now ended his youth and bidden farewell to his spring-time, and that he finds the best course for him to pursue is to go into retreat.

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

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

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

1 Margoliouth, op. cit. p. 43 fol.
2 He refers to himself as "the twice-bound captive" (rahnu 'l-mahbasayn). See The Letters of Abu 'l-'Ald, p. 1.
give of him; but a true portrait shows light as well as shade. To quote Professor Margoliouth,

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

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

The poetry of Ma'arrí recalls a long-drawn controversy, which has never wholly died out, between two schools of Islamic criticism. One party maintained that with the coming of Islam the golden age of Arabic poetry had gone for ever. A poet's rank was decided by his date. To have lived in that age, to have spoken the pure Bedouin idiom uncontaminated by foreign conquests, to have practised the traditional virtues and to have been inspired by the chivalrous ideals of heathendom conferred a superiority outweighing every other consideration. In the eyes of early Mohammedan philologists and antiquarians—whose authority rested securely on the universal respect for learning and was but little diminished by their incompetence in matters of taste—the pagan odes fixed an unapproachable standard by which all Moslem poets should be judged; so that an imitation of them, good or bad, was more highly esteemed than any original work of genius. Pedantry, no doubt; but in justice to those old scholars we ought to reflect that they were concerned with one particular type of poetry, the Ode (gašída), which was the product of Arabian antiquity and corresponded in its characteristic features to conditions
of life that actually existed in the pre-Islamic period. When these conditions vanished, the qaṣīda became an anachronism but continued to be the chief medium of poetical expression, since none of the minor types was capable of filling its place. Failing the invention of a new form of equal dignity, the qaṣīda held the field. What was a modern poet to do? Was he to assume the consecrated pose of bidding his two comrades halt awhile and weep with him over a certain camping-ground, desolate now, but still haunted by dear and regretful memories? And was he to describe the hardships, which he had never known, of a journey across the desert, and pretend to be as intimately acquainted with camels, horses, wild asses, antelopes, and lizards as he truly was with the rhymed **loci classici** in which the habits of these animals are so well delineated? If, on the other hand, like Mutanabbi and Maʿarri, he made fun of the obsolete fashions and re-shaped them to suit the facts of his time, academic persons might (and did) protest that his more or less novel adaptation was not poetry at all. It appears to me that those who championed the ancients were both right and wrong. They were right in preferring the model to the copy. They were wrong when they set it up as a test of all poetic values and declared it to be so perfect that nothing of a different kind could bear comparison with it. To assert that since A.D. 622 there has been no Arabic poet of the first class is ridiculous; and though more great poets lived in the century before Islam than in any subsequent period of the same duration, I think it may reasonably be questioned whether Imraʾuʾ ʿl-Qays and his fellows are superior in genius to Abū Nuwās, Mutanabbi, and others who flourished under the ʿAbbāsid Caliphate. If some cannot admire the ancients without depreciating the moderns, not a few will justify the proud boast of Maʿarri—

\[ \text{And I, albeit I come in Time's late hour,} \]

\[ \text{Achieve what lay not in the ancients' power.} \]

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1 What follows refers to the Arabic qaṣīda, not to the Persian type which has been described and illustrated in Chap. 1.

2 Cf. Nöldeke's judgment concerning Abū Nuwās (Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Poesie der alten Araber, p. 3).


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

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

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

1 Preface to the Luzūm, pp. 9 and 42.

"Usu receptum est in poesi ignuum se fortem iactare, castum sectatoris mulierum uestes induere, et debilem se ornate cultu uiri acris atque audacis" (from the preface to the Saqṭu 'l-Zānd, translated by Rieu, De Abul-Alae uita et carminibus, p. 36). Cf. the current saying, "The most agreeable poetry is the most false." Ma'arri quotes
In other words, Ma'arri holds that truth—he means moral and philosophical truth—so far from being the standard of poetical merit, is positively injurious to it. He does not imply that the best poetry is untrue to life, but rather that it is false because it follows human life and nature, which belong to the vanities of this world and are themselves radically false. He knows that he cannot compete with his "profane" brethren who are free to employ all the resources of invention and imagination; and foreseeing that his readers will be disappointed, he hastens to assure them that the fault lies in the subject, not in the poet. A Mohammedan scholar, who in his recently published memoir of Ma'arri has made a valuable contribution to learning, cites this passage as evidence that the Luzum is really "a volume of philosophy." If that were so, we might ask why the author not only composed it in verse but adopted an almost incredibly difficult form of rhyme, the explanation of which gives his preface the appearance of a treatise on prosody. But I need not argue the point further. Ma'arri says that the Luzum is "diction devoid of falsehood" (قُولًا عَرَى مِن الْمَيْن), i.e., poetry of an inferior kind.

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

1 Dhikrá Abí 'l-Álá, by Dr Tá-há Ḥusayn (Cairo, 1915), p. 284.
We who dissent from his theory judge otherwise of his work. Although moral, religious, and philosophical ideas are not the essence of poetry, they have inspired the greatest poets, and where genius is equal they will turn the scale. Whether and to what extent they enhance the merit of a poem depends on the author's power to give them artistic and original expression: the most striking doctrines and speculations may have less value for this purpose than thoughts and feelings with which everyone is familiar. Von Kremer's view of Ma'arri led him to ignore the latter element; hence the passages which he translated stand somewhat apart, so to speak, from the main themes. These are simple and even commonplace: the pain of life, the peace of death, the wickedness and folly of mankind, the might of Fate and the march of Time, the emptiness of ambition, the duty of renunciation, the longing for solitude and then—to rest in the grave. The pessimism of the Luzum wears the form of an intense pervading darkness, stamping itself on the mind and deeply affecting the imagination. It is an old philosophy and its poets have been many, but I can think of none who in sincerity, individuality, and eloquence has surpassed Abu 'l-'Alâ al-Ma'arri.

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

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

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

3 The words Luzûmu md ld'yalzam signify "The obligation of that which is not obligatory."
The Meditations of Ma‘arri

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

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

1 Ma‘arri did not invent this form of versification: it was used by the Umayyad poet Kuthayyir (ob. A.D. 723) in the first ten verses of an ode (Aghtāni, 8, 39). He describes himself as an imitator of Kuthayyir. Cf. Luzūm, ii. 265, penult., where he says, صُورِانا فی حرفی.
world, he does not indicate either the range of their topics or the variety of their style. He was interested in many things besides asceticism: he was a keen student of passing events, he professed to know his contemporaries by heart, and we shall see how political and social phenomena reflect themselves in his meditations. Recalling his avowed intention to tell the truth, one may find there the best commentary on his way of telling it. For him Truth was a mystery—

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

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

1 Preface, p. 9: Whatever peruses my poems will observe sentences in which the inmost thoughts of men are revealed.” Cf. ii. 27, 2, where he ranks himself with those who have the greatest knowledge of men.

2 Luzum, i. 358, 2. In this verse, however, the words “truth” and “falsehood” are synonymous with “right” and “wrong.” Cf. i. 339, 9: “As for Right (hudd), I have found it a secret amongst us, but Wrong (qaldu) is openly seen.”

3 Writing to his uncle, Abu 'l-Qasim, he says: “As you know, though born a man, I am like a wild animal in character” (وَحْشُي الْفَرْيَة اسْتَيْ (الولادة).}
second place it is the product of a poet who seldom allows us to forget that he was also a very learned scholar. His love of grammar, prosody, rhetoric, and belles-lettres asserts itself extravagantly; some poems are mere strings of word-plays. This feature spoils many pages for us, but it is not invariable, as will be acknowledged by those who read the Arabic text of the poems translated below. These, though representative as regards the author's ideas, are comparatively plain in style and include no example of what he could do when he ran to the opposite extreme.

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

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

Scheme: $\downarrow - \infty \mid \downarrow - \infty \mid \downarrow - \infty \mid \downarrow - \infty$

*yādulū ʿalā faḍlī ʿl-mamātī wa-kawnīhi irāḥāta jismā anna maslakahū ṣaʿbu.
ʿalam taraʿ anna ʿl-majda talqāka dūnahū shuddāʿidū min ʿamthālihā wajaba ʿl-ruʿbu*.

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

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

Here the Latin and English versions exhibit the usual form of the *Tawīl* metre, while the Arabic lines are a less common variation, in which $\downarrow - \infty$ is substituted for $\downarrow - \infty$ in the last foot of the verse, *i.e.*, the foot containing the rhyme. Another variety shortens the same foot by omitting the final syllable, thus:

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

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

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1 Luztim, 1. 79, 7.
2 The Arabic "verse" (bayt) consists of two hemistichs. In the passage transliterated above there are two verses, ending with the rhyme-words ṣaʿbu and ruʿbu.
2. Basit (the Wide Metre).

Scheme: \[\begin{array}{c}
\times & - & - & - & | & - & - & - & - & - & - \end{array}\]

"ammd 'idhd mà da'a 'l-dá'i li-makrumatìn
fa-hum qalîn fi 'l-'adhd ûshudu\(^1\).

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

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

\[\begin{array}{c} wa-lám 'aridi 'l-maniyyata bi-'khtiyári \end{array}\]
w-a-lákín 'awshaka 'l-fatányá sahbí\(^2\).

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

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

3. Wáfir (the Ample Metre).

Scheme: \[\begin{array}{c} - & - & - & - & | & - & - & - & - & - \end{array}\]

wa-lám 'aridi 'l-maniyyata bi-'khtiyári
wa-lákín 'awshaka 'l-fatányá sahbí\(^3\).

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

Not willingly went I down to the fated waters:
The two strong youths\(^4\) by force haled me between them.

4. Kámil (the Perfect Metre).

Scheme: \[\begin{array}{c} \times & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - & - \end{array}\]

dunyáka dár\(^5\) 'in yakun shuhádúhá
'uqald'a lâ yabkú 'alá ghyyábihá\(^6\).

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

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

\(^1\) Luzum, I. 248, 3. \(^2\) Ibid. I. 254, 6. \(^3\) Ibid. I. 136, 8.
\(^4\) Day and Night. \(^5\) Ibid. I. 142, last line.
Notwithstanding that a single poem may touch upon many topics, it seemed convenient to group the translations as far as possible under the following general heads:

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

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

LIFE AND DEATH.

(1)

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

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

The Nights pass so,
Voices dumb,
Without sense quick or slow
Of what shall come.

* * * *

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

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

(2)

(Metre: Tawil, with variations.)

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

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

2 i. 67, 4.

3 i. 63, 6.
This world, O my friend, is like a carcase unsepulchred,
And we are the dogs that yelp around it on every side.
A loser is he, whoso advances to eat thereof;
A gainer is he, whoso returns from it hungry still.
If any be not waylaid by calamities in the night,
Some ill hap of Time is sure to meet him at morningtide.

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

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

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

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1. I. 224, 10.
2. Cf. I. 265, last line: "The deceiving World sang to thee, and thy love of her was a lute in her hand."
3. Time with its nights and days is represented as a serpent having alternate bands of black and white. Cf. No. 24, last verse, and No. 84, verse 3.
4. II. 77, 10.
5. I. 332, 3.
Shall perish before they win of it any bounty.
The folk oftentimes are saved in a land of famine,
The fruitful and rich champaign may destroy its people\(^1\).

(Metre: \(\text{Tawil}, \) with variations.)

'Tis God's will a man should live in torment and tribulation,
Until those that know him cry, "He hath paid now the lifelong
debt."
Give joy to his next of kin on the day of his departure,
For they gain a heritage of riches, and he of peace\(^2\).

(Metre: \(\text{Tawil}.\))
The greatest of all the gifts of Time is to give up all:
Whate'er he bestows on thee, his hand is outstretched to seize.
More excellence hath a life of want than a life of wealth,
And better than monarch's fine apparel the hermit's garb.
I doubt not but Time one day will raise an event of power
To scatter from Night's swart brow her clustering Pleiades.
Ere Noah and Adam, he the twins of the Lesser Bear
Unveiled: they are called not yet amongst bears grown grey and old.
Let others run deep in talk, preferring this creed or that,
But mine is a creed of use: to hold me aloof from men.
Methinks, on the Hours we ride to foray as cavaliers:
They speed us along like mares of tall make and big of bone.
What most wears Life's vesture out is grief which a soul endures,
Unable to bring once back a happiness past and gone\(^3\).

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

\(^1\) I. 93, 2.
\(^2\) I. 60, penult.
\(^3\) I. 123, 10.
\(^4\) I. 286, penult.
Perish this world! I should not joy to be
Its Caliph or Maḥmūd.
My fate I know not, save that I in turn
Am treading the same path to the same bourne
As old ‘Ad and Thamūd.
The mountains (‘tis averred) shall melt, the seas
Surely shall freeze;
And the great dome of Heaven, whose poles
Have ever awed men’s souls,
Some argue for its ruin, some maintain
Its immortality—in vain?
The scattered boulders of the lava waste,
Shall e’er they mingle into one massed ore?
If sheer catastrophe shall fling in haste
The Pleiad luminaries asunder,
Well may be quenched the fiery brand of Mars;
And if decay smites Indian scimitars,
Survival of their sheaths would be a wonder!

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

1 Sultan Maḥmūd of Ghazna died in A.D. 1030, twenty-eight years be-
fore the death of Ma’arri.
2 Extinct aboriginal tribes: the legend of their destruction is told in
the Koran.
3 Cf. No. 220.
4 Literally, "Shall silver (fīḍāt) one day be made to prevail over lava
(fīḍāt), so that the stones of the latter shall become like an ingot?"
5 I. 262, 3. The "scimitars" represent the stars and planets, which are
"sheathed" by the celestial spheres.
6 Separation from the world.
The Meditations of Ma'arri

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

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

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

1 i. 168, 9.
2 Cf. i. 383, 15:
The mirrors of the eye show nothing true:
Make for thyself a mirror of clear thought.
3 i. 120, last line.
4 i. 322, 4.
Leisurely through life's long gloom
I have journeyed to my tomb;
Now that I am come so near,
Needs my soul must quake with fear.

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

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

(Metre: Basit.)

'Tis want of wit to disdain good counsel frankly bestowed
And still desire that the Days make right the wrong that they do.
Let Time alone and its folk to mind their business themselves;
Live thou in doubt of the world, mistrusting all of its kind.
Youth rode away: not a word of news about him have we,
Nor us revisits of him a wraith to gladden our eyes.

Ah, had we won to a land where Youth is, how should we grudge
Our camels' due—saddles wrought of fragrant Indian wood?
A man grows older and leaves his prime in pawn to Decay,
Then gets a new gaberdine of hoariness to put on;
And live he never so long, repentance tarries behind
Until the Dooms on him fall ere any vow he hath ta'en.
Fate's equinoctial line sprang from a marvellous point,
That into nothingness shot lines, pens, and writers and all!

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

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1 Since Fate decides all, it is folly to pray for the reigning prince. Von Kremer (op. cit. p. 67) thinks that these lines are aimed at the Fātimid conquerors of Syria and imply that the people had no choice but to submit.
The Meditations of Ma‘arri

Loth came we and reluctant go
And forced endure the time between.
Allah, to whom our praises flow,
Beside His might grand words are mean.
Life seems the vision of one sleeping
Which contraries interpret after:
'Tis joy whenever thou art weeping,
Thy smiles are tears, and sobs thy laughter;
And Man, exulting in his breath,
A prisoner kept in chains for death¹.

(17)

From Doom, determined that no state shall stand,
Nor gift nor guard can save the tyrant king,
Not though the planet Mars were in his hand
A shaft, and Jupiter a target-ring².

(18)

Plague on this body, full of dole,
Thy fated thoroughfare, O soul!
And may this soul accursed be,
O body, whilst it fares through thee!
Ye twain were wedded and made one,
And by your wedlock was begun
The birth of portents which unbind
Havoc and ruin to mankind³.

(Metre: Tarwil.)

(19)

Shall ever the dead man's soul return after he is gone,
To render his kin the meed of thanks for their flowing tears?
The hearse-bearers' necks and hands conveyed him—a change of state
From when to and fro he fared in palanquins all of gold;

¹ I. 325, 13. Cf. i. 328, 5–9 (a remarkably close parallel) and ii. 305, 2: "This life is a dream: if a vision of evil occurs in it, expect the vision to be fortunate. When a man slumbers, he may dream that he is weeping and wake with a new feeling of joy in which there is no pain." Cf. also ii. 126, 6: "They have asserted that the miserable man is he who gained prosperity in the world, and that the true happiness belongs to the most miserable. If such be the fact, then the world is a dream that makes censure a farce."
² II. 23, 6.
³ II. 149, 13.

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

(20)

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

(21)

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

(22)

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

1 I. 123, 2.
2 I. 54, 9.
3 I. 323, 2.
4 I. 66, 3.
(Metre: *Basiṭ.*)

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

(24)

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

1 In seasons of famine the pre-Islamic Arabs made use of camel's blood which they put into a gut and broiled.
2 i. 253, last line.
3 The commentator supposes the meaning to be "since the world was deprived of those most conspicuous for learning and wisdom." According to Von Kremer (op. cit. p. 70), "the black mare" refers to the 'Abbásid dynasty, which adopted black as its official colour; and this is probably the correct interpretation.
Ever since falsehood was, it ruled the world,
And sages died in anger. O Asmá,
Look for a certain day to find thee out,
Wert thou a chamois on a peak unclimbed.
If the four enemy humours in man's body
Concordant mix, he thrives; else tirelessly
They sow disease and swooning. I have found
The world a ruffian brute, exempt from law—
"Wounds by a brute inflicted go scot-free"—
A thing of nights and days; in the which aspect
Life's black and white bespeckled snake creeps on.

(Metre: Basit.)

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

(Metre: Wafir.)

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

1 In Mohammedan law no penalty can be exacted for wounds inflicted
by animals.
2 I. 57, 9.
3 I. 107, 7.
Two homes hath a man to dwell in, and Life resembles 
A bridge that is travelled over in ceaseless passage. 
Behold an abode deserted, a tomb frequented! 
Nor houses nor tombs at last shall remain in being.

(Metre: Tawil.)

Whenever a babe first cries, its parents and kinsfolk say
(Tho' mutely), "The darts of Change will fall thick and fast:
endure!
The world made us miserable, albeit we loved it long:
Now try it and pass, thou too, thy lifetime in misery.
And show not as if to thee 'twere nothing, for each of us
Bears witness that in his heart it wakens a fierce desire."

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

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

(Metre: Tawil.)

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

1 Cf. I. 308, 12:
   Life is a bridge between two deaths—'tis crossed
   That moment when the man to life is lost.
2 I. 324, II.
3 II. 129, 4.
4 II. 120, I. Chosroes (Kisrd) is the Persian and Caesar (Qayšar) the
   Byzantine emperor.
5 II. 59, 3.
(Metre: *Tawil.* )

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

(Metre: *Tawil.* )

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

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

(Metre: *Tawil.* )

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

1 i. 242, 9. 2 i. 214, 9. 3 i. 199, 11.
If scattered in disarray the limbs of my body lie, 
In summer let woe betide or winter, I care not. 
Do thou feather, if thou canst, the nest of a needy wight, 
And brag not abroad that thou hast feathered it finely; 
And though unto men thy wealth and opulence overflow, 
Be sure thou shalt sink, O sea, howe’er high thou surgest!  

(Metre: *Kāmil.*)  
I welcome Death in his onset and the return thereof, 
That he may cover me with his garment’s redundancy. 
This world is such an abode that if those present here 
Have their wits entire, they will never weep for the absent ones. 
Calamities exceeding count hath it brought to light; 
Beneath its arm and embosomed close how many more! 
It cleaves us all with its swords asunder and smites us down 
With its spears and finds us out, right home, with its sure-winged shafts. 
Its prize-winners, who won the power and the wealth of it, 
Are but little distant in plight from those who lost its prize. 

* * * * * * * * *

And a strange thing ’tis, how lovingly doth every man 
Desire the Mother of stench the while he rails at her.  

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

(Metre: *Basit.*)  
Sick men, if guided aright, themselves will physic their pain. 
The wise could heal, were they found, or else thou seekest in vain. 
We flee from Death’s bitter cup: he follows, loving and fain.  

1 1, 175, 6.  
2 1, 142, penult. “The Mother of stench” (*Umm dafr*) is a “name of honour” which Ma’arri frequently bestows on the World.  
3 1, 48, 7.  
4 1, 50, 4.
For him whose hour is come low in the tomb to be laid
A house of wood they have reed, a house nor lofty nor wide.
O ye that mourn, let him be, with Earth alone for his friend:
No strangeness knows he with her: of comrades trustiest she.
Earthen the body, and rain the best of gifts to the earth—
Pray ye the bountiful clouds to keep well-watered his limbs!
Be youth's cheek never so bright, a strip of dust shall he make,
And fear surpriseth him when his face grows haggard and wan.
Whomso the morrow of death from heavy straitness hath freed
No better fares than a skin dragged to and fro in carouse.¹
Beware of laughter and shun to live familiar with it:
Seest not the cloud, when 'twas moved to laugh, how hoarsely it
wailed?²

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

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

'Tis hateful that wail be heard of a weeping mourner
When cometh mine hour to die and fulfil my doomsday.
Not willingly went I down to the fated waters:
The two strong youths⁴ by force haled me between them.
If choice of my lot were granted, I ne'er had moved house
To dwell in a place of narrowness after wideness.

¹ Meaning that the winds will blow his dust hither and thither.
² 1. 106, 2. The cloud's "laughter" is lightning, its "wailing" thunder.
³ 1. 112, 1.
⁴ Day and Night.
I found all creatures riddled and strung together
By deathbolts rushing hard on the heels of deathbolts.
"Think lightly of this our life" is the charge I give you,
For soon shall I tread the footmarks of my comrades.¹

(40)

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

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

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

¹ i. 136, 7.
Ruin spares not any creature
In the fold or on the field-track,
Nor 'tis my belief the Dooms pass
Idly o'er a star-sown region:
They shall seize on Lyra, Virgo,
On Arcturus and his consort.
Every soul do they search after
In the wide world east and westward,
Visit ruthlessly of human
Kind the alien and the Arab.

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

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

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

1 I.e. in consequence of fasting.  2 I. 115, 13.  3 I. 182, 2.
What wouldest thou with a house that ne'er is thine to possess, Whence, after dwelling a little space, thou goest again? Thou leav'est it sullenly, not with sound of praise in thine ears, And in thy heart the desire thereof—a passionate love.

* * * * *

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

(43)

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

(Metre: Tawil.)

(44)

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

1 II. 120, last line. 2 See note 2, p. 71 supra. 3 i. 136, 2. Cf. i. 81, 8: "I attributed the notes of the dove to the more proper cause, for I did not say, 'It sings,' but I said, 'It weeps and moans.' And this is because happenings are many, and the greater part of them are rough, not kindly."
For me, 'tis as though I ride an old jaded beast, what time
Outstretched on a bough the lizard basks in the noon-blaze.
Death journeys amid the night when all friends and foemen sleep,
And ever afoot is he whilst we are reclining¹.

(Metre: Wāfir.)
O purblind men, is none clear-eyed amongst you?
Alas, have ye none to guide you towards the summit?
We people the world in youthtide and in greyness
Of eld, and in woe we sleep and in woe we waken;
And all lands we inhabit at every season,
And find earth's hills the same as we found its valleys.
A bed is made smooth and soft for the rich man's slumber—
Oh, gladder for him a grave than a couch to lie on!
Whenever a soul is joined to a living body,
Between them is war of Moslem and unbeliever².

(Metre: Tawil.)
In pleasures is no stay: their sweets beguile
At first, but ah the bitter after-while!
Time vowed we all to dust should surely come,
And sent, to search us out, the messengers of doom.
Man, once enriched by Death, wants nothing more;
A child receives Life's breath, and he is poor³.

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

What choice hath a man except seclusion and loneliness,
When Destiny grants him not the gaining of that he craves?
Make peace, if thou wilt, or war: the Days with indifferent hand
Their measure mete out alike to warrior and friend of peace⁴.

¹ I. 245, 14.
² I. 292, 5.
³ I. 319, 10.
⁴ I. 121, last line.
The wants of my soul keep house, close-curtained, like modest wives,
While other men's wants run loose, like women sent back divorced.
A steed when the bit chafes sore can nowise for all his wrath
Prevail over it except he champ on the iron curb;
And never doth man attain to swim on a full-borne tide
Of glory but after he was sunken in miseries.
It hindereth not my mind from sure expectation of
A mortal event, that I am mortal and mortal's son.
I swerve and they miss their mark, the arrows Life aims at me,
But sped they from bows of Death, not thus would they see me swerve.
The strange camels jealously are driven from the waterside,
But no hand may reach so far to drive from the pond of Death.
I vow, ne'er my watcher watched the storm where should burst its flood,
Nor searched after meadows dim with rain-clouds my pioneer.
And how should I hope of Time advantage and increment,
Since even as the branches he destroyed he hath rased the root?

Sore, sore the barren one's grief: no child conceived she and bare;
Yet that is better for her, with right thought were she but blest.
Death taketh naught from a lonely soul excepting itself,
Whenas he musters his might and of a sudden waylays.
Alas, the crier of good—no ear inclineth to him:
Good, since the world was, hath been a lost thing ever unsought.

Each time had its turn of me—a morning, an eve, a night—
And over me passed To-day, To-morrow, and Yesterday.
In splendour upsprings a day, then blindingly creeps a mirk,
A moon rises full and sets, then followeth it a sun.

1 I.e. I never sought riches. The metaphor is one of many which remind us that in the Arabian deserts not only wealth, but the existence of man and beast depends on anxiously prognosticated showers of rain.
2 i. 277, 10.
3 i. 271, 8.
I go from the world, farewell unspoken, without a word
Of peace on my lips, for oh, its happenings are hunger-pangs.
Abstainer in two respects am I, never having touched
A woman of swelling breast or kissed pilgrim-wise the Stone.

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

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

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

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

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

1 II. 2, 3.  
2 L. 77, 3.
So soon as they put me out of sight, I shall reckon no more
When over me sweeps in gusts a northwind or southwind.
Time's ruinous strokes will fall: I cannot preserve my bones
By getting myself a chest of cypress or pine wood.
I wonder, will frightful hordes of Ethiops and Nubians
Because of the wrongs I did be seen at my rest-place?
Will colour of sin endow the white-gleaming dust above
With that noble wannish hue of piety's champions?
"How many a pillowing skull of mortals and cradling side,"
Says Earth, "turned to rottenness and crumbled beneath me!"
And lo, though I wrought no good to speak of, I surely hope
My drouth will be quenched at last in ampest of buckets.

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

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

1 l. 127, last line.  2 l. 413, 3.  3 n. 158, 9.
80 Islamic Poetry and Mysticism

(Metre: Basit.)

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

(Metre: Tawil.)

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

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

1 ii. 70, penult.
2 l. 225, 5. Ma'arri condemns the Mohammedan law of retaliation (qisds). Cf. i. 47, 8; 386, 4-5 (where قدیم is a mistake for قدیت);
3 i. 60, 3.
The Meditations of Ma'arri

Aid him that weeps and pining sighs,
And ask the laugher why he joys,
When our most perfect sage seems yet
A schoolboy at his alphabet. 

(Metre: Wāfīr.)

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

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

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

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1 I. 223, 4.  
2 I. 387, 6.
And well I know, ungrieving for aught past,
My time's least portion is this present last.
The righteous seek what Law forbears to ban,
But I have found no law permitting—Man¹.

(60)
A mighty God, men evil-handed,
The dogmas of free-will and fate;
Day and Night with falsehood branded,
Woes that ne'er had or have a date².

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

(61)
The Imam, he knows—'tis no ill thought of mine—
The missionaries work for place and power⁴.
In the air a myriad floating atoms shine,
But sink to rest in the passing of an hour.
There lives no man distinct from his fellows: all
One general kind, their bodies to earth akin;
And sure the hidden savour of honey is gall—
Confound thee! how thy fool tongue licks it in!
Thronged cities shall turn to desolate sands again
And the vast wilderness be choked with men⁵.

¹ ii. 183, 4.
² ii. 180, 12.
³ i. 93, 6.
⁴ The Imam is the leader of a religious sect or community, while the missionaries (dd'î, plural du'dd) are those who carry on propaganda and endeavour to increase the number of his adherents. Professor Browne (Literary History of Persia, vol. I. p. 410 foll.) gives an interesting account of the methods employed by the Ismá'îli dd'îs, to whom Ma'arrî is referring here.
⁵ i. 94, 5.
(Metre: Źawił.)
Nay, tremble not, O my limbs, because of your mouldering
When earth shall be cast upon the grave that is dug for you.
For reason it thus: if now this body is surely vile
Before dissolution, worse and viler the coward’s act.
I ride on the shoulders of mine hours, and fain would I
Have tarried, but never Time’s departure is tarrying.
May God punish Day and Night! They hold me in dire suspense:
By two threads I seem to hang—the threads of a thing of naught.
My life, when it comes to birth and hastens towards decay,
Methinks, ’tis but as a lad who frolics and plays with dust.¹

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

(65)
Oh, many a soul had won a pleasant life
Had she not stood in danger from her fates.
Things here are but a line writ by the pen
Of Doom; and love of them begins the line.³

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

¹ I. 199, 5. ² I. 396, II. ³ I. 382, 15.
The city's leading divine went forth to bury his friend,
And seest not thou that he brought no lesson back from the grave?
The present hour, it is thine; the past a babble of dream;
And nothing sweet hath in store for thee the rest that remains.

(Metre: Tawil.)

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

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

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

(70)

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

(Metre: Tawil.)

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

(71)

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

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

2 I. 260, 6.

3 I. 353, 5.
Mankind are on a journey: let us make
Provision for the farthest that may fall.
Admire none safe from trouble—safe, forsooth!
Plunged in the swoll’n tide of a wave-tossed sea;
A pioneer exploring for his tribe,
Who midst the dark descries a lightning-gleam,
And did not God avert, would meet such woe
As monarchs crowned have met and noteless men.

(Metre: *Tawil.*)

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

* * * *

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

(74)

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

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

1 I. 204, 2. 2 I. 126, 5. 3 In Arabic and Persian poetry the sky is either blue or green. The words denoting these colours take a wide range and are sometimes applied to objects which we should rather describe as grey, tawny, or black.
The bastard and the child of wedlock show
Outwardly like: no eye discerns the stain.
Ignorance rules, and only this we know,
That we shall pass and One Lord shall remain.

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

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

(Metre: *Tawil*.)

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

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1 I. 338, penult.
2 Ma'arrî ridicules the inappropriateness of personal names, *e.g.*, when a coward is known as Asad (Leo), of honorific titles that should be reserved for God alone, such as Muqtadir and Qahir, and of *kunyas* given to children (I. 147, 8; 225, 12–13; 366, 9–10; II. 95, 7). His own true name, he says, is not Abu 'l-'Ala (father of eminence) but Abu 'l-Nuzul, *i.e.* father of degradation (II. 232, 6).
3 I. 315, 2.
4 According to Moslem law, the dowry is paid by the husband to the wife.
5 I. 309, 13.
Your fortunes are as lamps that guide by night,
Make haste ere they be spent. Even as a fire’s
Own flames consume it and do quench its light,
So by repeated breaths our life expires.

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

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

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

1 ii. 78, 3. In this translation one verse of the original has been omitted.
2 i. 90, 2.
A man guides the plough and a man wields the sword,
And both on the morrow have got their reward.
The soldier with glory returns home again,
The labourer comes loaden with trouble and pain¹.

(Metre: *Tawil*)

I linger behind, alas, and know not the things unseen;
Perchance he that passes on is nearer to God than I.
The soul, fearing death, loves life, but long life is poison sure,
And all come to die, alike householder and wanderer.
The earth seeketh, even as we, its livelihood day by day
Apportioned: it eats and drinks of this human flesh and blood.
They slandered the sun himself, pretending he will not rise
When called at his hour except he suffer despite and blows².
Meseemeth, a crescent moon that shines in the firmament
Is Death's curved spear, its point well-sharpened to thrust at them;
And splendour of breaking day a sabre unsheathed by Dawn
Against them, whose edge is steeped in venom of mortal dooms³.

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

² This refers to the well-known verses by Umayya b. Abi 'l-Salt (ed. by Schulthess, No. 25, vv. 46-47):
"And at the end of every night the sun rises red, his colour turning to rose. He does not rise for them willingly, but only when he is chastised and beaten."
The next verse was evidently suggested by a verse of Umayya which is quoted in the *Lisdn*, vi. 50, 18.

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

⁴ I. 385, penult.
Man wishes that Life were incorruptible and that ne'er
Would perish and come to naught the woe of existence.
Even so is the ostrich of the desert in fear of death,
For all that its two sole foods are flint-stones and gourd-seeds.

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

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

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

1 i. 246, 5.
2 i. 305, 11. The pre-Islamic Arabs believed that the ghost or wraith of the dead man hovered over his grave in the shape of an owl (ḥāma). Here the poet's meaning seems to be that he has rid himself of ignorance and superstition except in one particular: his life is still haunted by the fear of death.
3 Literally, "let her (thy wife) be barren."
A dawn and a dark that seem—what signify else their hues Alternate?—as stripes of white and black on a venomed snake; And Time's universal voice commanding that they sit down Who stood on their feet, and those who sate, that they now up-stand.

Methinks, happiness and joy of heart is a fault in man: Whenever it shows itself, 'tis punished with hate and wrath\(^1\).

(85)

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

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

(Metre: \textit{Tawil.})

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

(Metre: \textit{Wafir.})

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

(Metre: \textit{Tawil.})

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

\(^1\) II. 295, II.  
\(^2\) II. 324, 3.  
\(^3\) I. 83, 2.  
\(^4\) I. 91, 5.
I see how the living things of earth dread their doom: to them Despair with the thunder comes and hope with the lightning. Feel safe and secure, O bird! and thou fear not, O gazelle, I'll harm thee: in fortune we are one, undivided.

(89)
The star-chart thou unrollest, to unravel Life's knots; and flying Time bids thee make haste. The world is never lavish of its honey Till bitter mingles with the sweet we taste.

(90)
Pay ye no honour to my limbs when death Descends on me: the body merits none. 'Tis like a mantle by the wearer prized, Which he holds cheap when its new gloss is gone.

(Metre: *Tawil.*)

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

(92)
When I would string the pearls of my desire, Alas, Life's too short thread denies them room. Vast folios cannot yet contain entire Man's hope; his life is a compendium.

(93)
My body a herb of earth, my head grown hoary— The glistening flower is the herb's last glory. When ships on high adventure sail with thee, What rivers bear not rides upon the sea.

(94)
Though falcon-like Man peers at things, A dark cloud to his mind's eye clings. I say not foul is mixed with fair; No, 'tis all foulness, I declare.

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1 ii. 116, 9.  2 i. 213, 5.  3 i. 299, 12.  4 i. 307, 13.  
5 i. 317, 15.  6 i. 319, 16.  7 i. 347, 16.
There's no good in thy treating maladies
And agues after fifty years are past.
A man may live so long, they say on his decease
Not "He is dead," but "Now he lives at last."  

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

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

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

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

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1 II. 48, 3.  
2 II. 149, 2.  
3 II. 149, penult.  
4 II. 275, 12.  
5 II. 277, penult.
'Tis plain what way I follow and what rule,
For am not I like all the rest a fool?
I too a creature of the world was made
And like the others lived and worked and played.
I came by fate divine and shall depart
(Hear my confession!) with God-fearing heart.
Not vain am I of any good I wrought;
Nay, by a sore dread are my wits distraught.

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

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

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

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

As on her month's first night the crescent moon,
So came the youth and so departed soon.
Peace he hath won, from life untimely ta'en,
Who, had he lived, had suffered lifelong pain.
They robed the Christian's daughter,
From high embowered room
In dusky robe they brought her
Down, down into a tomb—
And oh, her dress had often been
Gay as a peacock's plume.

II.

HUMAN SOCIETY.

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

1 Luzvim, II. 42, 11.
2 Ibid. II. 322, 8; cf. I. 317, 11; II. 68, 4; 324, 11.
3 During the earlier part of his life. In the period following his return from Baghdád he seems to have been comparatively well off. Cf. the last paragraph of this section.
The 'Abbásid Caliphs had long ceased to govern, though their spiritual authority was acknowledged by most of the independent princes who supplanted them. In Baghdad the Buwayhids, a Persian dynasty, held absolute sway; and while they extended their power over western and southern Persia, another Persian house, the Sánániids, maintained themselves in Khurásán and Transoxania until they were dispossessed by the Turkish Ghaznevids. Ma'árrí did not live to see the western advance of the Seljúqs, who had occupied Baghdad in A.D. 1055, three years before his death; Aleppo and Damascus fell into their hands about fifty years later. For him the political storm-centre was Cairo, which since its foundation in A.D. 969 had been the capital of the Fátimids dynasty. The Fátimids, according to their own story, stood in the direct line of descent from the Prophet through his daughter Fátima; consequently they regarded the 'Abbásid Caliphs (who descended from the Prophet's uncle) as usurpers and claimed the title and prerogatives of the Caliphate by right divine. Their real ancestor was 'Abdulláh ibn Maymún al-Qaddáh, the son of a Persian oculist. He belonged to the Ismá'ilí sect, a branch of the Shi'ites which recognises seven Imáms, or pontiffs, of the Prophet's House, the last of these being Muḥammad ibn Ismá'il (ob. circa A.D. 770). Exploiting the Shi'ite belief that the Imám, although he may vanish and remain hidden for a time, will one day return to fill the earth with justice, 'Abdulláh set a vast conspiracy in train. His methods of propaganda have been described as grotesque, audacious, and satanic; but whatever we think of their morality, we must be profoundly impressed by the genius displayed in them. In A.D. 909, thirty-four years after the death of 'Abdulláh ibn Maymún, his grandson appeared amongst the Berbers of North Africa, announcing himself under the name of 'Ubaydulláh as the promised Mahdí and giving out that he was a descendant of the Imám Muḥammad

1 Cf. Luzím, i. 131, 6: "The state of Islam is so contemptible that its chief (the 'Abbásid Caliph) is become a falcon for falconers or a dog for huntsmen."

2 See Professor Browne's Literary History of Persia, vol. i. p. 394 fol. and 410 foll.
The Meditations of Maʿarri

ibn Ismāʿīl. This ʿUbaydullāh founded the Fāṭimid dynasty in Tunis, and his successors, advancing eastward, conquered Egypt and Syria as far as Damascus (A.D. 969-70). If the rule of the Fāṭimids “was on the whole, despite occasional acts of cruelty and violence inevitable in that time and place, liberal, beneficent, and favourable to learning,” the Ismāʿīlī doctrines bore other fruit which was deadly enough to excuse the worst construction that could be put upon them. I refer to the Carmathians and the so-called Assassins. During the tenth century the Carmathians (Qārāmīṭa)—originally the followers of an Ismāʿīlī missionary, Ḥamdān Qārmat—ravaged, plundered, and massacred in many lands of Islam; in A.D. 930 they even sacked Mecca and carried off the Black Stone from the Kaʿba. They paid a somewhat inconstant homage to the Fāṭimid Caliphs, whose secret diplomacy used them for its own ends and directed their operations, though the alliance was disavowed officially.

At the date of Maʿarri’s birth northern Syria, including Aleppo and Maʿarra, was held by a successor of the famous Ḥamdānid prince, Sayfu ʿl-Dawla; but the Fāṭimids were already beginning to threaten it from the south. The struggle went on with varying fortune for about ninety years. It raged most fiercely round Aleppo, which passed to and fro from the Ḥamdānids to the Fāṭimids and from the Fāṭimids to a Bedouin dynasty, the Banū Mirdās. On one occasion the Ḥamdānid Abu ʿl-Faḍāʾil “endeavoured to obtain the help of the Greek emperor against the Egyptian invaders, and such help was readily given, since the maintenance of Antioch in Christian hands depended on the possibility of playing off one Moslem power against the other. Aleppo after a siege of thirteen months by ʿAzīz’s general was set free by the timely aid of the Emperor Basil.” Thus Maʿarri lived all his life in the shadow of war and was familiar with its horrors and miseries. Once at least he came forward as peace-maker. The historian al-Qīṭṭī relates that in A.D. 1027, when Ṣāḥīḥ ibn Mirdās, the governor of Aleppo, besieged Maʿarra and

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1 See Professor Browne’s Literary History of Persia, vol. 1, p. 399.
2 Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus, p. 27 fol.
bombarded it with a catapult (manjiānīg), the terrified inhabitants implored Maʿarrij to intercede with him. “Abu ʿI-ʿAlā went forth, leaning on a guide. Šāliḥ was told that the gate of the town had been thrown open and that a blind man was being led out. He gave orders to cease fighting. ‘It is Abu ʿI-ʿAlā,’ said he: ‘let us see what he wants.’ He received the poet courteously, granted his request, and asked him to recite some poetry. Abu ʿI-ʿAlā improvised a few verses which occur in the Luzūmiyyāt.” Another version of the incident is not so picturesque but seems more probable. Šāliḥ had arrested seventy notables of Maʿarra, and Abu ʿI-ʿAlā was sent to plead for their release, a task which he successfully accomplished.

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

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

1 Dhikrāʿ Abī ʿI-ʿAid, p. 66. The verses referred to (Luzūm, i. 302, 3) are not complimentary either to Šāliḥ or to the people of Maʿarra:
I remained in seclusion a long while, unblamed and unenvied,
When all but the least part of my life had passed, and my soul was doomed to quit the body (soon),
I was sent as an intercessor to Šāliḥ—and the plan of my fellow-townsmen was a bad one;
For he heard from me the cooing of a dove, and I heard from him the roaring of a lion.
Let me not be pleased with this hypocrisy: how often does an hour of tribulation make dear what was cheap before! (i.e. if my fellow-citizens honoured me, it was only from self-interest: they thought I could serve them in a crisis).

2 The events which caused Maʿarrij to undertake this mission are related by Professor Margoliouth in his Introduction to the Letters of Abu ʿI-ʿAid, p. 33; cf. Luzūm, i. 355, 14 foll. If Šāliḥ really besieged Maʿarra, we must suppose that the town had revolted against him in consequence of his tyrannical act. The Luzūm makes no allusion to a siege.
blackmail. A certain Badr ibn Hasanawayh paid 5000 dinárs every year to the brigand al-Uṣayfir "as compensation for what he used to take from the pilgrims." In 998 the caravan from 'Iraq was intercepted by Abu 'l-Jarráḥ al-Ṭā'ī, who demanded 9000 dinárs from Radí and Murtaḍá, the Sharifs of Baghdád, before he would allow it to proceed1.

Anno 983-4: The price of wheat in 'Iraq rose to an enormous figure, and "a great number of people died of hunger on the road." In 992 at Baghdád a pound of bread cost 40 dirhems, and a walnut 1 dirhem. In 1047 Mosul, Mesopotamia, and Baghdád were devastated by famine and pestilence: the number of dead reached 300,000. In 1056 (a year or two before Maʻarrí's death) "plague and famine spread over Baghdád, Syria, and Egypt and the whole world, and the people were eating their dead2."

Anno 1009: Abū 'Abdallah al-Qummi al-Miṣrí the cloth-merchant died, leaving a fortune of one million dinárs, exclusive of goods, merchandise, and jewels3.

Anno 1002-3: An earthquake destroyed multitudes in the 'Awásim (the province to which Maʻarrá belonged) and the frontier lands of Syria. In 1033-4 a third part of Ramla was demolished by an earthquake: "the sea ebbed to a distance of three farsakhs (about nine miles), and the people went down to fish; then it rolled back upon them and all who could not swim were drowned." During Maʻarrí's lifetime there were similar disasters at Dínawar, Tabrız, Tadmor, and Baalbec4.

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

3 Ibid. p. 106.
slavery, polygamy, the decay of religion, the unequal distribution of wealth, etc.—we learn more from Ma'arrí than from the Moslem chronicles.

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

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

(106)

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

Thou wilt find that even though Fortune be favourable, there is no escape from her all-destroying onslaught.
Were al-Manṣūr raised from the dead, he would cry, "No peace unto thee, O City of peace!"

The sons of Hāshim dwell in the desert, and their empire has passed to the Daylamites.

If I had known that they would come to this at last, I would not have killed Abū Muslim.

He had been a loyal servant of my dynasty, and it robed him in the dark raiment.

Another poem describes the defeat of the Fāṭimid s by Ṣāliḥ ibn Mīrdās and his Bedouin allies.

(107)

I see that Ṣāliḥ has got possession of Aleppo, and Sinān has attacked Damascus.

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

When their horsemen saw the dust-clouds grey as thaghām hanging over their host,

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

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

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

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

How many a rich man did they leave poor?

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

Although Ma‘arri sympathised with the ‘Abbāsids and disliked the Fāṭimid s, prudence as well as inclination de-

1 Baghdād, founded by al-Manṣūr, the second ‘Abbāsid Caliph, in A.D. 762.
2 *The sons of Hāshim* are the ‘Abbāsids; the Daylamites are the Buwayhids.
3 Luzim, ii. 316, 3. "The dark raiment" probably refers to the official costume of the ‘Abbāsids, which was black; not, as Von Kremer thinks, to the shroud.
4 Probably a kind of feathery grass (see Sir C. Lyall’s translation of the Mufaddaliyat, p. 62, and Index under Hair).
5 II. 133, 10.
6 Cf. i. 71, 2–3, "A proud and mighty dynasty came o'er them and they were made captive in its error. They supposed that some persons (the Imāms) are immaculate, but I swear they are not pure."
tached him from the political and religious controversies of his time, so that he was able to keep on friendly terms with moderate men in either camp\(^1\). Naturally, this does not prevent him from criticising the doctrine of the extreme Shi'iites, especially their veneration of the Imáms and their expectation of a Mahdí. He also ridicules their claim to possess an apocalyptic book\(^2\).

(108)

The dead monarch\(^3\) will return if his grandfather, Ma'add\(^4\), shall return to you, or his father, Nizár\(^5\).

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

The truly religious is he that hates evil and girds his loins with a band and waist-cloth of innocence\(^7\).

(109)

Ye have gotten a long, long shrift, O kings and tyrants, And still ye work injustice hour by hour.
What ails you that ye tread no path of glory?
A man may take the field, tho' he love the bower.

But some hope an Imám with voice prophetic Will rise amidst the silent ranks agaze.
An idle thought! There's no Imám but Reason To point the morning and the evening ways\(^8\).

(Metre: *Tawil.*)

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

\(^1\) E.g. he dedicated some of his works to the Fátimid governors of Aleppo (*Letters of Abu 'I-‘Ald*, Introd., p. 31). \(^2\) *Luzím*, i. 390, 13.
\(^3\) The Fátimid Caliph, Hakim bi-amr’illah (ob. A.D. 1020). Cf. with this verse *Luzím*, ii. 243, 10–12.
\(^4\) Mu'izz Abú Tamím Ma'add (ob. A.D. 975).
\(^5\) 'Azíz Abú Manṣúr Nizár (ob. A.D. 996).
\(^6\) Cf. the verses of the Shi'ite poet, Di'bil b. 'Allí, cited by Mas'úd (Múrújù 'l-Dhaháb, ed. Barbier de Meynard, vol. vi. p. 195).
\(^7\) *Luzím*, i. 315, 10. \(^8\) i. 65, 4. \(^9\) i. 278, 12.
Von Kremer (op. cit., p. 60) misunderstands this passage and attributes to Ma'arrî the belief in a man of blood and iron, who alone could re-establish order and security ("in einem Manne, der mit 'Blut und Eisen' wieder die Ordnung herstellt"). The second couplet certainly expresses such a belief, but it forms part of the prediction which Ma'arrî means to discredit. The world-saviour, the man of the mailed fist, is the Carmathian Imám—the last person our poet expected or desired to see, though the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in A.D. 1047 raised high hopes of his advent. Let me quote a parallel passage:

(III)

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

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

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

1 That the poet refers to the Carmathians is made clear by the mention of Saturn in the following verse (Luzûm, i. 278, 14). Cf. i. 279, 12: "If they (the Carmathians) revere Saturn, I revere One of whom Saturn is the most ancient worshipsper."

2 Luzûm, i. 296, 8.

3 i. 408, 9:

4 ii. 200, last line.
morality. We do not know how far Ma‘arrf’s description of their tenets is trustworthy: in the Risālatu ‘l-Ghufrān, where he relates many anecdotes concerning this detested sect\(^1\), he mentions that his information was partly derived from those who had travelled in districts under Carmathian rule.

(II2)

Will not ye fear God, O partisans of (one like) Musaylima?\(^2\) for ye have transgressed in obedience to your lusts.

Do not follow in the footsteps of Satan—and how many a one amongst you is a follower of footsteps!\(^3\)

Ye adopted the opinions of the Dualists (Zoroastrians)\(^4\) after the sweetness of Unity (Islam) had flowed on your palates;

And in resistance to the creed which ye promulgated, the spears were dyed (with gore) and the blood of the horsemen was blown to and fro in the gusts of wind\(^5\).

Even the brute beasts did not approve the crimes committed by you on your mothers and mothers-in-law.

The least (most venial) thing that ye hallowed is the throat of a wineskin which makes the whole pack of you drunk and tipsy.

Ye took ‘Alī as a shield (to justify yourselves), though he always punished (his subjects) for drinking wine, even in sips.

We questioned some Magians as to the real nature of their religion. They replied, “Yes: we do not wed our sisters.

That, indeed, was originally permitted in Magianism, but we count it an error\(^6\).

We reject abominable things and love to adore the light of the sun at morning.”

\(^{1}\) *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1902, p. 338 foll.

\(^{2}\) The text has “Musallam” or “Musallim.” I read “Musaylim,” an abbreviation of Musaylima, the false prophet, whose doctrines resembled those which are here ascribed to the Carmathians. The curtailed form of his name occurs in a Persian poem by ‘Unṣūrī (Dawlatsháh, *Tadhkiratu ‘sh-Shu’ard*, ed. by E. G. Browne, p. 46, l. 8).

\(^{3}\) I.e. an imitator of others. According to Ma‘arreff, the mass of mankind are enslaved by habit and tradition.

\(^{4}\) For an explanation of this statement see *al-Farq bayna ‘l-firaq* (Cairo, 1910), p. 269 foll. and p. 277.

\(^{5}\) I.e. the slaughter was so great that the blood lay on the ground in pools.

\(^{6}\) Which proves that it is better to be a Zoroastrian than a Carmathian.
Ye treated the Koran with contempt when it came to you, and paid no heed to the Fast and the canonical prayers.

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

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

(II3)

Whenever ye see a band of Hajarites, their advice to the people is, "Forsake the mosques!"

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

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

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

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

And if they revere Saturn, I revere One of whom Saturn is the most ancient worshipper.

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

2 By De Goeje, Mémoire sur les Carmathes du Bahrayn et les Fatimides, p. 163.  
4 Hajar in Bahrayn was the Carmathian capital.  
5 These are the words of a patriotic Moslem. Von Kremer's rendering, "none ever saw a calamity like this (Carmathian) one" (ZDMG. vol. 38, p. 500) seems inadmissible.  
6 Luzit, I. 279, 7.
The religions of every people have come down to us after a system which they themselves contrived.

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

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

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

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

For it is rumoured that on a certain day they that lie buried in the earth shall arise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 II. 371, 1. 3 II. 121, 12. 4 Cf. II. 21, 4.
Maʿarri is alone in anticipating the modern democratic theory that the heads of the state are its paid servants.

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

They wronged their subjects and allowed themselves to deceive them and neglected their interests, although they are their hirelings¹.

(Metre: Ṭawīl.)

If well we consider things, they surely disclose to us Their secret: the people's prince is servant of those he rules².

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

The shade of acacia-trees whither thou resortest for shelter makes thee independent of him that asks gold in payment of the house (thou dwellest in) and the stones (with which it is built)³.

In two of these passages (Nos. 118 and 119) the maxim rex servus populi is used as an argument for asceticism. The poor hermit enjoys greater happiness and freedom than the most powerful monarch.

Maʿarri spares none of the ruling classes, and we cannot but wonder how such a contemptuous and outspoken critic escaped punishment. His lash falls cuttingly on princes and military governors, but with particular severity on the 'ulamā, that is to say, on those who represent the legal and religious authority in the Moslem state.

(120)

They guide affairs the way of fools;
Their power ends, another rules.
Oh, fie on life and fie on me
And this ignoble sovereignty!⁴

¹ i. 55, 6. ² ii. 260, 10. ³ i. 384, 11. ⁴ ii. 23, 9.
'Tis sadness enough that all the righteous are gone together and that we are left alone to inhabit the earth.
Truly, for a long while 'Irāq and Syria have been two ciphers: the king's power in them is an empty name1.
The people are ruled by devils invested with absolute authority: in every land there is a devil in the shape of a governor—
One who does not care though all the folk starve, if he can pass the night drinking wine with his belly full2.

Never the cup rested idle in the cupbearer's hand,
But when thy bloated paunch was threatening to burst.
In the morning ankle-wise juts out thy belly,
Drink-swollen, thy head with riot split like a mazard3.

(Metre: Tawil.)

Cleave thou to the act and deed of virtue, were all it brings
Of vantage to thee at last its fair sound in ears of men.
So sure as thou liv'st, there's none that flees from the world in sooth,
Not even the eremites of Christendom in their cells.
The princes of humankind are worser than all the rest,
When like unto hovering hawks they swoop down and snatch their prey.
A ruler in every land: if one by God's help goes straight,
Another perverts the course of justice to vilest ends.
The property he by fraud removes from its rightful hands—
Then burst forth in overflow the waters of weeping eyes;
Around him a legal crew with visages bleak as crags
Which never were softer made by plenteously-gushing rains4.

Ma'arrī's opinion of the 'ulamā' (Moslem divines) is briefly expressed in the verse—

With wakeful grief the pondering mind must scan
Religion made to serve the pelf of Man—5

1 "The king" referred to is the 'Abbāsid Caliph.
2 Luzūm, II. 335, 5.
3 I. 87, 9.
4 II. 90, 4.
5 II. 129, 10.
and is best illustrated by the poems which give us his views on that subject. Meanwhile a few specimens may find a place here.

(124)
I take God to witness that the souls of men are without intelligence, like the souls of moths.
They said, "A divine!" but the divine is an untruthful disputatious person, and words are wounds.1

(125)
There are robbers in the desert, camel-rievers, Robbers too in mosque and market may be seen; And the name of these is notary and merchant, While the others bear the name of "Bedaween."2

(126)
What man was ever found to be a cadi and to refrain from giving judgments like the judgment of Sadüm?3
Things insensible bear no burden of calamity: does it trouble rocks that they are hewn with an adze?4

(Metre: Tawil.) (127)
Who knows? Some that fill the mosque with terror whene'er they preach
No better may be than some that drink to a tavern-tune.
If God's public worship serve them only to engine fraud, Then nearer to Him are those forsaking it purposely.
Let none vaunt himself who soon returns to an element Of clay which the potter takes and cunningly moulds for use. A vessel, if so it hap, anon will be made of him, From whence any common churl at pleasure may eat and drink; And he, unaware the while, transported from land to land— O sorrow for him! his bones have crumbled, he wanders on5.

1 II. 262, last line.
2 1. 87, last line. Cf. II. 90, 10.
3 The name Sadüm (Sodom) is applied by Moslems both to the city and to its wicked judge.
4 Luzüm, II. 297, 6. In these poems Ma'arri often says that he longs for anaesthesia to relieve him of the pain of life. Cf. Luzüm, I. 295, 7–8 (translated in my Lit. Hist. of the Arabs, p. 323); II. 123, 1 foll.; 130, penult.
5 1. 81, 12.
For his own sordid ends
The pulpit he ascends,
And though he disbelieves in resurrection,
Makes all his hearers quail
Whilst he unfolds a tale
Of Last Day scenes that stun the recollection.

They recite their sacred books, although the fact informs me that these are a fiction from first to last.

O Reason, thou (alone) speakest the truth. Then perish the fools who forged the (religious) traditions or interpreted them!

A Rabbi is no heretic amongst his disciples, if he sets a high price on stories which he invented.

He only desired to marry women and amass riches by his lies.

Softly! thou hast been deceived, honest man as thou art, by a cunning knave who preaches to the women.

Amongst you in the morning he says that wine is forbidden, but he makes a point of drinking it himself in the evening.

The lay professions are not forgotten. At the head of those who prey on human folly and superstition come the astrologers; and of them Ma'arrî speaks with an indignation corresponding to the almost universal faith in their predictions and to the very important part which they played in Moslem life, both public and private.

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1 II. 202, 2. Cf. Koran, 22, 2: "(on the Last Day) every woman who giveth suck shall forget the infant which she suckleth." Ma'arrî describes the popular preachers (qussîsâs) as corruptors of the true religion and demands that stern measures should be taken to suppress them (II. 77, 5 foll.).

2 With manifest irony the poet uses here the word habr, which properly denotes a non-Moslem doctor of divinity.

3 I.e. he does nothing new or extraordinary.

4 Luzûm, II. 196, 3. 5 I. 61, 11.

Could I command obedience, never in life
Astrologer had shamed the causeway’s crown.
Be he blind churl or keen-eyed reprobate,
From him pours falsehood without stint or stay.
He with his arrows gets to work betimes¹
And turns his astrolabe and tells a fortune.
The foolish woman stopped, and ’twas as though,
Stopping, she rushed into a lion’s den.
She asks him questions—of a husband changed
Towards her: he starts writing with riqán²
In characters distinct. “Thy name?” quoth he,
“Ay, and thy mother’s? Verily, I can
Expound by cogitation things unseen.”
He swears the genies do frequent his house,
Submissive one and all, whether they speak
Clear Arabic or barbarous gibberish.
This fellow plies his craft in many a land,
The while at home his wife eats food she loathes.
What! hath a man no means of livelihood
Except the morsels thrown him by the stars?
To pelt o’er deserts with a caravan
Is trade more honourable than gains like these
Of one who, were he stoned, would justly die.
Ah me, the thoughts that boil within my breast!
I keep them close and simmering under lid.
’Tis marvellous, when the rack has done its worst,
The miscreant with drawn and tongueless mouth
Recants not ever. What escape for us?
Earth is a raging sea, the sky o’erflowing
With cloudbursts of calamity, the time
Corrupt: nor truth puts out a first spring-leaf
Amongst mankind, nor error fades away.
Saddle and bridle, that thou quick mayst flee:
They all are saddled and bridled for thine harm.
And bright is Good, but thither hasteneth none;
And dark is Ill, and thence doth none retire.
They smile upon thee if thou bring’st them lies;

¹ Arrows were used in playing games of hazard.
² Henna or saffron.
Speak truth and lo, they furiously fling stones.
Thy sourness unto them defends thee from them:
Whene'er thou art sweet, they run at thee to bite.¹

(132)

She is gone out early in her boots and mantle to consult the blind astrologer;
But he cannot tell her what she wants to know, for he is ignorant,
nor has he wit enough to make a guess.
"To-morrow," says he, "or afterwards there will be a steady fall of rain: if it pour abundantly, it will be a great help."
He induces the blockheads of the quarter to believe that he can read the secrets of the unseen world,
Although, if they asked him about something on his own breast², he would answer falsely or mutter in silence³.

(133)

She questioned her astrologer about
The child in cradle—"How long will it live?"
"A hundred years," cries he, to earn a drachma,
And death came to her boy within the month.
Changed times! when fair young women seek a husband,
Offering high sums to furnish his due dower⁴.

* * * * *

The fool dislikes his daughters, though his son
Brings worse destruction than his son-in-law.
I view as man's most bitter enemy
A son, the proper issue of his loins,
Howbeit in his folly he believes
The mares outmatched in racing by his colt⁵.

Astrology, of course, ranked as a science and was often practised by celebrated Moslem astronomers, but the "astrologers" to whom Ma'arrí refers are evidently vulgar fortune-tellers and impostors of evil reputation⁶, who seem to have found their clientèle chiefly in the more credulous sex.
The type is familiar and not without variety.

¹ Luzum, ii. 269, 5.
² Cf. ii. 97, 8:
They tell our fortunes by the stars, but ask them
Where settles on themselves a gnat—they know not.
³ ii. 284, 2.
⁴ See p. 87, note 4.
⁵ i. 399, 16.
⁶ Cf. ii. 415, 8–9.
All of us know the astrologer, all of us know the physician:
One hath his almanack still, and the other his pharmacopoeia;
Flattering our troubles away—and who doesn’t want to be
flattered?—
Laying a snare for the prodigal youth or e’er he grow wiser.

Over the earth from land to land you drifted,
Some yielding more of bounty’s rain, some less;
Against the yelping curs your staff you lifted,
Amazed were they at your stout-heartedness.
You dearly wished for each man’s wealth and fortune,
And none so base to wish for yours was found;
You stopped at every doorway to importune,
Till Abú Dábit drove you—underground.

You cross the desert, a good chance sends you diet;
You roam around, and so your living’s made;
You beg your bread in the name of “holy quiet,”
But more devout is he that plies his trade.
Abandon flesh for the oil of olive-trees,
And fare on wild-figs, not to rob the bees!

Thy thought kindled a fire that showed beside thee
A path whilst thou wert seeking light to guide thee.
Stargazers, charmers, soothsayers are cheats,
All of that sort a cunning greed dissemble:
Howbeit the aged beggar’s hand may tremble,
It none the less lies open for receipts.

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1 II. 48, last line.
2 Death. This kunya, which has the force of an epithet and signifies one
who lays violent hands on his victims and holds them fast, is said (according
to the commentator here) to be “a name for Death in the language of the
Abyssinians.” Mr McLean, however, writes to me: “Ethiopic has the verb
&am (شيط) in the sense of ‘take firm hold of,’ ‘seize.’...But I cannot find
trace of any compound with aba (‘father of’) similar to the one you cite in
Arabic. Such expressions are comparatively uncommon in Ethiopic.”
3 Luxim, II. 73, 5.
4 II. 99, 3.
5 II. 51, 3.
The poets are stigmatised as frivolous and immoral\(^1\); and Ma‘arrī austerely dissociates himself from them.

(138)

O sons of Learning, ever were ye lured
By rhetoric empty as the buzz of flies.
Your poets are very wolves—the robber's way
They take in panegyric and love-song,
Doing their friends worse injury than foes;
And when they verses write, out-thieve the rat.
I lend you praise repaid with praise as false,
Whence 'tis as though between us taunts had passed.
Shall I let run to waste my time of eld
Amongst you, squandered like my days of youth?

* * * * *

Fine eloquence I do cast off from my tongue,
Resigning to the Arabs who have wit
Base occupations uncommendable,
Whereof the whole return is utter loss.
Leave me, that I may babble in vain no more
But, waiting Death, close on myself my door\(^2\).

The Luzūm throws many a side-light on the state of contemporary Moslem society. Granted that the author is an ascetic as well as a pessimist, the corruption which he describes was real and deeply rooted, though less extensive than his poems suggest. Wine-drinking\(^3\) and female luxury\(^4\) are favourite topics. He condemns polygamy as being an injustice to the wives\(^5\) and is fully aware of the evils which flow from it. Family life was embittered. Harems filled with foreign slaves produced a hybrid race, adding new vices to the old\(^6\). The Arabs no longer ruled, the Arabic language had

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1 Cf. I. 55, last line and fol.
2 I. 137, 7.
3 I. 125, 5; 144, 6; 146, 3; 195, 9; 299, 9; 340, 6; II. 299, I. 10; 312, 14; 344, 9; 361, II. etc.
4 See especially two long poems in which Ma‘arrī sets forth his views on the education, marriage, and morals of women (I. 163, 2–168, 4 and 188, 2–194, last line).
5 I. 377, 2.
6 II. 4, last line.
become debased\(^1\); the influence of Jews and Christians was such that often a Moslem would place himself under their protection. As for religion, even its outward forms had fallen into contempt. References to some of these points are given below, while others are illustrated by the following poems or the parts of them printed in italics.

\(139\)

Live a miser like the rest of us in these degenerate days,  
And pretend to be a churl, for lo, the world hath churlish ways.  
\(A\) people of iniquity; sons against fathers rub,  
\(A\) nd the fierce cub rends the lion and the lion eats his cub.  
Wouldst thou fain bestow a kindness on any gentle man,  
Be thyself the first one chosen out to profit by the plan\(^2\).

\(140\)

Refrain from tears at parting, and desire  
The tears, the blessed tears, by hermits shed,  
Whereof a single drop puts out Hell-fire;  
So by report of ear, not eye, 'tis said.  
\(F\) ear thou thy God and still beware of men  
\(G\) arbed not as those who for religion fight.  
\(T\) hey eat up all; in song and dance they then  
\(G\) et drunk and with the loveling take delight\(^3\).  
\(O\) ld bonds are broke: how many a Moslem strives  
\(A\) n alien's intercession to obtain!\(^4\)  
Time, ever dealing out to human lives  
Justice unjust, makes all our labour vain.  
One watches through the night and ne'er arrives  
At the same goal which some, unwatching, gain\(^5\).

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\(^1\) I. 132, penult.; II. 335, 9; 338, last line: "To-day correct pronunciation is a solecism."

\(^2\) II. 207, 4.

\(^3\) An allusion to the lawless and dissolute dervishes who wandered in troops from place to place, calling themselves Sāffis.

\(^4\) Mu'\(d\)hid, here rendered by "alien," properly denotes a non-Moslem whose security is guaranteed on condition of his paying a poll-tax.

\(^5\) Luzim, I. 295, II.
Wealth hushes Truth and swells loud Error's voice, 
To do it homage all the sects rejoice.
The Moslem got his tax-money no more, 
And left his mosque to find a church next door.

Ah, woe is me for night and day whereof the months are moulded, 
Twin elements of Time who ne'er his mystery hath unfolded. 
Religion now is naught, its signs effaced by ages blasting: 
No prayers, no ablutions pure, no alms-giving, no fasting; 
And some take women dowerless in lieu of marriage lasting.

Leaving particular instances, let us see what is the poet's judgment on society as a whole.

Had Time in his course spoken, he would have reckoned every one of us as dirt. 
He would have said, "Lo, I repair to Allah, and ye are the foulest obscenity. 
Once I coughed you out by mistake—will ye excuse me for coughing?"

The world's abounding filth is shot 
O'er all its creatures, all its kinds; 
The evil taint even she hath got 
Whose loom for her a living finds, 
And tyrant-ridden peoples moan 
No worse injustice than their own.

(Metre: Tawil.)

The staff in a blind man's hand that guides him along his way 
Is more kind to him than all companions and bosom-friends. 
Give thou to the sons of Eve a wide room apart from thee, 
For lo, 'tis an open road of unfaith they journey in.

1 II. 78, penult. 2 I. 322, 14. 3 I.e. "I acknowledge Allah, to whom I am subject." 4 Luzum, I. 202, 8. 5 II. 41, 13.
Their features if sin shall mar, then sure on the Judgment Day
Thou’lt see none but all his face is haggard and black of hue.
As often as Reason points the right course, their nature pulls
Them wrong-ward with grip intense, like one that would drag a
load. (I46)

(Metre: Basît.)

If men but knew what their sons bring with them—were there to
sell
A thousand such for a copper piece, no mortal would buy.
Woe, woe to them! for within their arms they foster and rear
An evil brood, which is guile, envy, and cankering hate.

* * * * *

And ever thus have they been, Earth’s people, since they were
made:
Let none in ignorance say, “Degenerate they have grown.”

(I47)

Nowhere we sojourned but amongst the nation
We found all sorts of men cursing their neighbours,
Stabbing and stabbed in every congregation—
Although, maybe, they combat not with sabres.
Happy the infant that set forth to leave them
And took farewell ere yet it could perceive them! (I48)

(Metre: Tawîl.)

I see that the doom of Allah first bade His creatures be,
And then turned in power back upon them with nay for yea.
And o’er living men doth rule their passion in every clime,
Tho’ noble they be as hawks of mettle and strong to rule.
They run yelping, cur at cur, and all for a carcase’ sake—
Vile pack! and I count myself the sorriest cur of them.
We hug in our bosoms guile; yet comes not the good reward
Of Allah but unto few, the purest of us in heart.
And what son of Time deserves the praise of the eloquent?
The more they are put to proof, the larger their due of blame.
The soul her centre hath in the highest sphere,  
Unsown with bodies are the fields of air.  
From one foul root our human branches strike,  
And all, to eyes discerning, are alike:  
Adam their ancestor, their bourne the mould,  
Tho' creeds and heresies be manifold.  

Mind makes the only difference in men,  
Birds vary from the eagle to the wren.  

"Good morrow!" he cries aloud, professing his love to thee,  
Tho' better than he a lion tawny and stout of neck.  
By neighbouring with thy friend some profit thou hop'st to gain;  
Thy farness from him is in reality gainfuller.  
Unless from mankind thou flee, acknowledge that one and all  
Are wolves howling after prey or foxes with bark malign.  
No cure for thy suffering but patience! If they commit  
Iniquity, is not worse iniquity wrought by thee?  
Thou early and late dost run to folly unconscionable:  
The evening beholds thy sin, the morning thy wickedness.  
The world's woes are like a sea: whoso from excess of thirst  
Shall die, even he amidst the waters is cast to swim.  

From north or south may blow the changing wind,  
But where Sin leads thou never lagg'st behind.  
Well, go thy way! If thirty years be spent  
Without repentance, when shall man repent?  

If men were passed thro' a sieve to purge them all of their dross,  
No residue would at last be left behind in the sieve;  
Or were the fire bidden fall upon the guilty alone,  
The robes they wear 'twould refuse to touch, but feast on their limbs.
To Him the glory! for He filled all the races of men
With inspiration that leads straightway to frenzy and woe—
With sidelong looks of the eye and vain desires of the soul
And eager rush of the lips to kiss and kiss yet again.

(153)

Reason set out by hook or crook to reform the world,
But lo, mankind were past all reformation.
Whoe'er would cleanse the crow, in hope to see the sheen
Of a white wing, on him falls tribulation.

(154)

If sweet is falsehood in your mouths,
Sweeter is truth in mine.
Man's nature to refine I sought,
Which nothing could refine.

(155)

One living person looks unlike another,
But let them die, there's not a hair between them.
Time and his children's haviour whoso searches
Will deem the wide world, east and west, blameworthy;
Will find their speech a lie, their love a hatred,
Their good an ill, their benefit an insult,
Their cheerfulness a cheat, their want a plenty,
Their knowledge ignorance and their wisdom cunning.

* * * * *

Towards the farthest goal of their ambition
They pierce a way with lances through your breast-bones;
If ye are tamarisk leaves, they launch to strip you
A devastating locust-swarm of arrows.
O Grief, my nightly guest, wilt thou excuse me
Whenas thou find'st in me no strength to journey?
I cannot get me water for my thirst's ease,
Or live unless I quaff it foul and muddy.
Men are as high-peaked mountains, and as valleys
Below the sand-dunes and the pebbly ridges:
One, crazed, would fain be charmed and offers money;
Another, sober-minded, scorns the charmer.

1 II. 224, 9. 2 I. 95, 1. 3 I. 95, 5. 4 II. 126, 17.
Ay, whether I slumber sound or keep vigil in the dark,  
'Tis all one to me if I my Maker obey not.
And even such are men: the sword that smites them will naught avail,
Tho' cuts of the whip serve well thy wicked old camel.

Glory to God! how men with passion fond
Or fall below the mean or run beyond!
Ears love as madly rings and drops of pearl
As wrists the bracelets that about them curl.
Some seek from sword and lance on fields hard-fought
Fortune which others from the scalpel sought.
In charity, whence grace to thee redounds,
Give, were it but a little. Pence make pounds.

To Allah complain I of a soul that obeys me not,
And then of a wicked world where no man is righteous:
Intelligence mouldering in dust, as an empty house,
But ignorance stuccoed o'er—a mansion with tenants.

The sons of Adam are fair to see,
But each and all to taste unsweet.
Their charity and piety
Draw to themselves a benefit.
A rock the best of them outvies:
It does no wrong, it tells no lies.

He knows us well, the God most high;
Our minds have long been forced to lie.
We speak in metaphor and wot
That as we say it is 'tis not.
The Meditations of Ma'arri

(Metre: Ṭawil.) (161)

A man's tongue is called a spear awhile and a scimitar,
And oft by a single word were necks cloven asunder.
Of mortals a multitude have gone down to drink of Life
Before us, and left but mud behind them and staleness.
A black head of hair soon Time will bleach, or the launderer
A garment—but what e'er cleansed a nature of evil?¹

(162)

Body, we know, feels naught when spirit is flown:
Shall spirit feel, unbodied and alone?
And nature to disgrace swoops eager down,
But must be dragged with halters to renown.
With evil dispositions here we came:
Wicked and envious, are we then to blame?
Before your time were Earth’s folk ill-behaved?
Or have their characters become depraved?²

(163)

Ne’er wilt thou meet a friend but vexes thee
And troubles all thy days
And counts thy being here calamity:
Well, such are this world’s ways³.

(Metre: Ṭawil.) (164)

O children of Earth, there’s not a man blest with righteousness
Below ground nor any save a rascal above it.
Was Adam, your ancestor, so noble in what he wrought,
Yet look ye for nobleness amongst his descendants?
The grave-dwellers, send they not a message to us, although
The words of the messengers ye hear not, unheeding?⁴

(165)

The purblind traveller’s feet were saved from fear
Of stumbling, once they mounted on the bier.
Admire the stricken elder how he stands
Hunched o’er a staff that trembles in his hands!
When called to prayers, he must at home remain—
But walks in deserts to increase his gain⁵.

¹ ii. 126, 10. ² i. 285, 8. ³ ii. 275, 9. ⁴ ii. 209, 14. ⁵ ii. 49, 11.
We gather from these passages that Ma'arri not only regarded human nature as evil but mankind in the mass as incorrigible and incapable of practising the virtues on which the utility of social intercourse depends. "You must choose," he says, "either a solitude like death or the company of hypocrites." He himself fell far short of the complete seclusion advertised in his letter to the people of Ma'arra, and it is interesting to come across poems which tell us what his neighbours thought of him and he of them, how he disliked mutual compliments, how he talked to his visitors from Persia and Arabia, and so forth. He confesses that the truth cannot be spoken in society without giving offence and that he felt obliged to behave as every one else did.

(Metre: Tawil.)

I simulate unto thee—may Allah forgive my fault!
The whole world's religion too is but simulation.
And often a man belies the thought of his dearest friend,
Tho' fair his demeanour be, his countenance comely.
If Allah they worship not—my people—with faith entire,
Him only, I cut myself clean off from my people.

I play the hypocrite with men. Truly, they are an affliction to me,
and would that my deliverance from them were near at hand!
He that lives without flattering those in his company is a bad companion to his friends and intimates.
How many a friend would wish to hear the news of my death, yet
if I am ailing, he will show regard for me and exclaim "May I be thy ransom!"

1 II. 118, 8:

2 See p. 47, supra.
3 Luzum, I. 66, 1; II. 139, 4.
4 I. 47, 10.
5 II. 372, 3.
(168)

The sage and the fool, what time you observe them shrewdly,
They stand but as far as kinsman apart from kinsman.
Whenever my fate shall light on me in my homeland,
Cry over my corpse and call me by name `'the stranger.'`
Whomso I encounter, warily I address him
And show him my teeth, for none is of my persuasion¹.

(169)

I mark the false smiles they deliver
To me o'erwhelmed with Fate's whole quiver.
Neighbours, not friends; like Z and D,
Which never meet in symphony².

(170)

Who'll rescue me from living in a town
Where I am spoken of with praise unfit?
Rich, pious, learned: such is my renown,
But many a barrier stands 'twixt me and it.

I owned to ignorance, yet wise was thought
By some—and is not ours a wondrous case?
For verily we all are good-for-naught:
I am not noble nor are they not base.

My body in Life's strait grip scarce bears the strain—
How shall I move Decay to clasp it round?
O the large gifts of Death! Ease after pain
He brings to us, and silence after sound³.

(Metre: Wáfir.)

(I71)

I praised thee, and thou delighted repliedst with fair words
In payment of mine, and I was in turn delighted.
If downright give-and-take cannot be, then better
Between us vituperation than adulation⁴.

¹ I. 149, penult.
² I. 53, 8. The letters dhdl and zd do not occur together in Arabic.
³ I. 97, 5.
⁴ I. 222, 7.
Whenever a man extols me for any virtue
That I am without, his eulogy satirises.
And justly am I displeased with his false invention:
'Twould show meanness of nature to be rejoicing.

What is it in my society men seek?
I would be silent, they would have me speak.
Far must we travel ere we come in line;
They on their path are set, and I on mine.

All the world visits me: this one's native land is Yemen, this one's home is Tabas.
They said, 'We heard talk of thee.' I rejoined, 'Accursed above all are they that cloak their real object.'
They desire of me a fiction which I cannot invent, and if I tell the truth, their faces darken with frowns.
God help us! Every one meets with anxiety in making his livelihood. Pour over us, O sky!
What do ye want? I have neither money for you to beg nor learning for you to borrow.
Will ye ask an ignoramus to instruct you? Will ye milk a camel whose udder is dry?

I am miserable because I am unable to give you any assistance, but the times are hard.

In his later years Ma'arrí suffered from the reputation of being rich. No doubt he deserved it, for he must have

3 A Persian town situated about 200 miles south of Nishápúr on the eastern border of the Great Desert.
4 This adage (cf. Freytag, Arabum proverbia, vol. I. p. 475) is here equivalent to defundē pieno, Copia, cornu
5 Cf. Luzium, II. 24, 4 foll. 6 II. 15, 2.
7 Cf. No. 170, supra. The Persian traveller and poet, Násir-i Khusraw, who passed through Ma'arra in A.D. 1047, describes Abu 'l-'Alá as a man of great wealth, having many slaves and other persons employed in working for him. This, though probably an exaggeration, is more credible than the same writer's statement that the affairs of the town were administered by Abu 'l-'Alá and his agents.
received considerable fees from the students who came in crowds to hear him, and his letters show him "in the character of a liberal man, helping persons of his own rank with gifts." When he speaks of himself as poor and lets us know that in spite of his poverty he had often declined the presents which his friends offered to him, that is only the pessimist's self-indulgence and the ascetic's self-denial. We can believe that the demands made upon his charity justified him in protesting that he was not what rumour declared him to be.

III.

ASCETICISM.

Ma'arri's "confinement to his house" was his revenge upon a world which rejected him. It was not a spontaneous act of virtue: Fortune held up to his lips no enticing cup that he might thrust it away. When he said, "I'll play no more," he knew that he had already lost the game.

What choice hath a man except seclusion and loneliness,
When Destiny grants him not the gaining of that he craves?

He is honest enough to disclaim the merit of renunciation.

Men of acute mind call me an ascetic, but they are wrong in their diagnosis. Although I disciplined my desires, I only abandoned worldly pleasures because the best of these withdrew themselves from me.

This, however, is not the whole truth. Other motives springing from his character and his experience of life contributed to the decision. The blind scholar and pensioner had little cause to love society and much time to meditate on its rottenness: long before visiting Baghdád he must have formed an opinion of his fellow-men which (we may presume)

1 Introd. to the Letters of Abu 'l-'Ald, p. 33 fol.
2 Luzum, i. 81, 7; 288, 12.
3 Cf. ii. 189, 14.
4 i. 201, 4.
5 No. 47.
6 ii. 352, last line and foll.
7 Cf. i. 133, 7-8: "I lost the labour on which I spent my time, nay, my foes and despoilers carried off all that there was. I was like the handmaiden of the wine-cup who passed the night singing merrily amongst the topers, though she was not merry herself."
accorded pretty well with what he afterwards wrote. In the hour of disillusion this moral current was undammed and gave irresistible force to the feeling that he would now close accounts with them for good and all.

I was made an abstainer from mankind by my acquaintance with them and my knowledge that created beings are dust.

His asceticism, though leavened by a religious element, is really the negative and individualistic side of his ethics. By abandoning an evil world he sought virtue and inward peace—solitudinem fecit, pacem appellauit. That is the note struck in the opening verse of the Luzum:
The virtuous are strangers in their native land, they are left alone and forsaken by their kin.

Society demoralises. No one can live by the law of reason amongst those whom he loves or hates; no one can fear God while pursuing objects of earthly ambition. So far as the poet's ideal of asceticism includes active virtue, it will be examined in the final section. We are here concerned with his world-flight, i.e., such topics as the vanity of pleasure, the need for seclusion and the happiness procured by it, the excellence of poverty, contentment, humility, and patience. Some peculiar theories and practices are inculcated. Of these the most remarkable is his belief—a thoroughly rational one from the standpoint of pessimism—that procreation is a sin against the child.

(175)

If humankind are distinguished by moral dispositions with which they live, yet in badness of nature all are alike.

'Twere well if every son of Eve resembled me, for what a wicked brood did Eve bring into the world!

1 I. 44, penult.
2 Cf. II. 176, 12: "In solitude is the greatest peace."
3 I. 43, 9:
4 I. 184, 5-6.
5 I.e. it would be a good thing if all men were hermits like me.
My separation from men is a convalescence from their malady, inasmuch as association with them is a disease which infects conscience and religion.

So a verse, when it is single, cannot suffer from any fault of rhyme¹.

(Metre: Tawil.)

To neighbour with men meseems a sickness perpetual; I wished, when it wore me thin, for fever that comes and goes. By effort and self-constraint they compassed a little good; Whatever they wrought of ill, 'twas nature that prompted it. Oh, where are the gushing streams and oceans of bounty now? Are those of the lion's brood that Time spared hyenas all? Their wood in the burning yields a perfume of frankincense, But tried on the teeth of sore necessity, proves flint-hard².

An open road to Truth lies here, As neither slave nor lord saith nay: Flee far from men; for com'st thou near, 'Tis like a dragged full skin which they Use to refresh themselves withal, Then empty 'mongst their feet let fall³.

Some Power troubled our affairs—and we Had fondly wished them from his troubling free. Blessed are birds that pick up scattered grain, Or wild-kine seeking green sands after rain; Strangers to man: nor they the high-born know Nor mounts to them the infection of the low. War's fire raise not thou to burst ablaze, For soon in ashes sink the hands that raise⁴.

¹ l. 50, 8. He specifies three irregularities which make the rhyme defective—rhd, sindd, and iqwd. See Wright's Arabic Grammar, vol. ii. p. 356 fol.
² II. 86, 5. ³ l. 95, penult. ⁴ l. 152, 9.
(179)
The blind male viper hath the house he dwells in,
No more, and during life makes earth his victual.
Were a lion eyeless, ne'er he sheep at pasture
Had scared, forth-springing, or a herd of wild-kine;
Bereaved of light, never had 'Amr and 'Ámir
Lifted a lance or stood on field of battle.
They ask me, "Why attend you not on Fridays
The prayers whence hope we Allah's grace and pardon?"
And get I any good when I rub shoulders
With folk whose best are but as mangy camels?
Arabs and aliens have I met full many:
Nor Arab found I worth my praise nor alien.
Death's cup how loathes the soul to drink! yet nothing
Can hinder but that some day we shall drink it.
Fortunate here are those brave lads that perish
In war amidst the thrusting and the smiting,
For 'tis a shame if the clan's chosen chieftain
Lie on his bed bewailing the sore burden.
I choke with Doom: no journey will relieve me,
Whether I take an eastern road or western.
He hunted Persia's emperors in their palace;
Reached, over broad sea and strait pass, the Caesar.

(Metre: Tawil.)
(180)
And oh, would that I had ne'er been born in a race of men
Or, being of them, had lived a savage in some bare waste!
The spring flowers he may smell for pastime and need not fear
Society's wickedness whilst all round is parching sand.

(Metre: Tawil.)
(181)
So soon as my day shall come, oh, let me be laid to rest
In some corner of the earth where none ever dug a grave!
Mankind—well, if God reward them duly for what they aimed
To do, He will ne'er bestow His mercy on dull or wise.

1 'Amr b. Ma'dikarib and 'Ámir b. al-Tufayl, famous pre-Islamic knights.
2 l. 100, 5. "The Caesar" is the Byzantine Emperor.
3 ii. 28, 14. Cf. No. 58.
Whoso reads their inmost thoughts, perdition he deemeth it
To neighbour with any man alive or with any dead.
Ah, never may I attend amongst them the grand assize
When all shall be raised together, dusty, their heads unkempt!
When full broad and long unto the eye seems my resting-place,
Vouchsafe me of room—so guide thee Allah!—another span.
And touching my creed if men shall ask, 'tis but fear devout
Of Allah: nor freedom I uphold nor necessity.

(Metre: Ṭawīl.)
Howbeit we all are pent in cities, I seem to roam
In deserts of dusty hue, bare waterless levels.
Whene'er I a poem make and sin not therein, I turn
As turns one towards his God, repentant, Labīd-like.

(Metre: Basīṭ.)
Oh, shake thyself clear and clean of love and knowledge of me!
My person—'tis but as motes that dance in beams of the morn.
Some dry stuff here have I thrown on embers just dying out,
And if in them be a spark, my hand will rouse them to flame.
From me the truth thou hast heard full oft, a measureless tale:
Let not thine ear cast away my counsel into the sands!

(Metre: Ṭawīl.)
With darkness of sight there comes a darkness of faith and truth:
My far-overspreading night hath three nights within it.
And ne'er did I gnaw my hand for pleasures that stab as thorns,
Or shorten with draughts of wine my long gloomful hours.
Whenever we meet, it wakes the sad thought, "Alas, how vain
A friendship that prophesies, 'Ye meet to be parted!'"

1 Cf. ii. 320, 9: "I am afraid ye will assign my grave to a false infidel
or a Moslem: if (on the day of Judgment) he complain of me for squeezing
him, I shall say, 'It was their (the gravediggers') fault; I knew nothing
about it.'"
2 i. 350, 10.
3 i. 281, 10. Labīd, the famous pre-Islamic poet, was a man of strong
religious feeling and became a Moslem before he died. See Sir Charles
Lyall's Ancient Arabian Poetry, p. 90 foll.
4 i. 134, 5.
Tho' Change took so much away, it lightens my load of griefs
That lonely I suffer them, unwedded and childless.
So leave me to grapple close with fears, hard-besetting fears:
Beware, keep aloof from me—oh, halt not beside me!¹

(Metre: Kámil.)
I swear, not rich in sooth is he whom the World made rich,
Tho' he wax in pride; nor blest is he whom Fortune blessed.
Misguided fool! is he glad at heart—a mortal man—
When he hears the dove that laments for him, and the lute that
mourns?²
His brimming cups and the mandolines of his singing-girls
Are lightning-flashes and thunderbolts of calamity³.

(Metre: Basíf.)
The richest mortal is one devout that dwells on a peak,
Content with little, a scorner of tiara and silk;
The poorest man in the world a monarch who for his need
Requires a great host in arms to march with thunderous tramp⁴.

(Metre: Tawil.)
When those whom thou sitt'st beside hear nothing but truth from thee,
They hate thee, for every friend is bent on deceiving.
The whitest of men in soul, we see them run after pelf,
As though they were crows jet-black down-dropping on seed-corn.
Let them seek: be thou content, and so win to wealth indeed;
Let them speak: be mute, and so come off with the marrow.
If absence for ever from thy kinsfolk thou canst not bear,
'Tis part of self-discipline to visit them seldom.
A man, when his hour is come, will call the physician in:
No hurry! the thing is grave—too grave to be physicked⁵.

¹ II. 215, 9.
² Cf. the note on No. 43, last verse, and Luzúm, 1. 256, 1: "The songs of the singing-girls in it (the world) moved me to tears, as a dirge chanted by women over their lost ones."
³ 1. 265, 2.
⁴ 1. 212, 5.
⁵ 1. 120, 12.
You kept the fasting months?—then why did you 
Not silence keep? Without it there’s no fast. 
Man takes the wrong way in his first ado 
With Life, and stays in it until his last1.

(Metre: Tawil.)
Whenever a man from speech refraineth, his foes are few, 
Although he be stricken down by fortune and fallen low. 
In silence the flea doth sip its beverage of human blood, 
And that silence maketh less the heinousness of its sin. 
It went not therein the way the thirsty mosquito goes, 
Which trumpets with high-trilled note, and thou smarting all the 
while. 
If insolent fellow draw against thee a sword of speech, 
Thy patience oppose to him, that so thou mayst break its edge2.

(Metre: Wāfir.)
Thy tongue is a very scorpion, and when it stingeth 
Another, ’tis thou art stung by it first and foremost. 
On thee is the guilt thereof, and thine a full share 
Of any complaint against it by whomsoever. 
It mixes a double dose for the twain of evil— 
How hard are the days of him and of thee, how bitter!3

(Metre: Tawil.)
My clothes are my winding-sheet, my dwelling my grave, my life 
My doom; and to me is death itself resurrection. 
Bedizen thee with splendidest adornment and get thee wealth! 
Outshone, lady, are the likes of thee by a dust-stained 
Unkempt little pilgrim-band who walk in the ways that lead 
To Allah, be smooth the track they travel or rugged. 
Nor bracelet nor anklet gleams amongst them on wrist or foot, 
No head bears a diadem and no ear an earring4.

In some of these poems we find references not only to 
"fear of God" but also to a future life. I will now cite a few 
more passages in which Ma’arrī uses here and there the

1 I. 178, 4.  2 I. 128, 12.  3 I. 92, 11.  4 I. 198, 5.
language of Moslem religious asceticism. What significance we should attach to them must, of course, depend on our view of his real attitude towards Islam and dogmatic religion—a question too complex to be settled offhand.

(Metre: Tawil.)

Thine is the kingdom: if Thou pardon me, 'tis Thy grace Toward me; and if so be Thou punish, 'tis my desert. At Thy call a man shall rise immediately from the grave With all that he wrought of sin inscribed on his finger-joints. Oh, there shall the hermit's staff avail more than 'Amir's spear To succour, and shall outshine in glory the bow of Dawn.

(Metre: Tawil.)

With Life I walked in woe and strife, Oh, what a luckless friend is Life! In past days I have restive been, But tame is he whom Time breaks in. If fast and vigil mar thy face, Wan cheeks shall win a robe of grace. The old man creeps in listless wise, Unlike the child that creeps to rise. None gave me bounty and reward Except the Lord of every lord. Labour for Him, whilst thou hast breath, And when thine hour comes, welcome Death!

(Metre: Tawil.)

Perforce after forty years thou lead'st an ascetic life, When all's over but the wail of women that chant thy dirge. And how canst thou hope to earn the recompense? Him we praise Who scorneth the world's delights, a man in his lusty prime.

1 See p. 128, note 1.  
2 i. 121, 5. "The bow of Dawn" is the curved rim of the sun when it first appears above the horizon.  
3 i. 119, 3.  
4 I.e. Paradise.  
5 i. 238, 3.
I found myself foiled in every hope, until I renounced—Nor then was left free to live the life ascetic alone.
To God the glory! My wormwood sourly cleaves to me still,
And I am not speaking truth if honey I shall it call.
And none, I fancy, shall win in Paradise to abide,
Excepting folk who in godly fear fought hard with themselves.
The day goes by, busy cares unceasing keep me from rest;
And when the dark covers all, I cannot watch thro' the night.
'Tis bed for me: on my side reclined I lay me to sleep,
Though true religion is where sides meet not beds any more.

Certain precepts in the following poem—e.g. the injunction against holding office under the Government—are characteristic of the strict pietism which developed in the Umayyad epoch and prevailed amongst the early Sūfis. It will be observed, however, that while the reader is exhorted to worship God and seek refuge with Him, nothing is said to indicate that what he has sown here he may hope to reap hereafter. The translation retains the monorhyme, but not the metre, of the original.

Kneel in the day-time to thy Lord and bow,
And when thou canst bear vigil, vigil bear.
Is fine wheat dear, 'tis nobleness in thee
To give thy generous horse an equal share;
And set before thyself a relish of
Bright oil and raisins, scanty but sweet fare.
A clay jug for thy drink assign: thou'lt wish
Nor silver cup nor golden vessel there.
In summer what will hide thy nakedness
Content thee; coarse homespun thy winter wear.
I ban the judge's office, or that thou
Be seen to preach in mosque or lead the prayer;

1 I. 272, 6.
2 The merits of olive oil are set forth (Luxim, ii. 264, 13-14): no blood is shed and no soul is hurt when it flows; it costs little to provide; darkness is removed by the light which it gives.
3 Cf. I. 204, 5; 219, 4.
And shun viceroyalty and to bear a whip,
As 'twere the sword a paladin doth bare.
Those things in nearest kin and truest friends
I loathe, spend as thou wilt thy soul or spare.
Shame have I found in some men's patronage:
Commit thyself to His eternal care;
And let thy wife be decked with fear of Him
Outshining pearls and emeralds ordered fair—
All praiseth Him: list how the raven's croak
And cricket's chirp His holiness declare—
And lodge thine honour where most glory is:
Not in the vale dwells he that seeks the highland air¹.

More important, as throwing light on the character of his asceticism, is a poem that has been partially translated by Von Kremer² and published by I. Krachkovsky with two Russian translations, one in prose and the other in verse, from the hand of Baron V. Rosen³. The challenge conveyed in the opening verse was taken up by Hibatu'llah Ibn Abi 'Imrân, the chief missionary (dd'i 'l-du'dt) of the Ismâ'îlîs in Cairo, who begged for information as to the grounds on which the poet adopted vegetarianism. The letters that passed between them have been published and translated by Professor Margoliouth in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society⁴.

(197)

Thou art diseased in understanding and religion. Come to me, that thou mayst hear the tidings of sound truth.
Do not unjustly eat what the water has given up⁵, and do not desire as food the flesh of slaughtered animals,
Or the white (milk) of mothers who intended its pure draught for their young, not for noble ladies⁶.
And do not grieve the unsuspecting birds by taking their eggs; for injustice is the worst of crimes.

¹ I. 293. 4.
⁴ See p. 43, note i.
⁵ I.e. fish.
⁶ Cf. Luzîm, i. 145, penult.
And spare the honey which the bees get betimes by their industry from the flowers of fragrant plants; For they did not store it that it might belong to others, nor did they gather it for bounty and gifts. I washed my hands of all this; and would that I had perceived my way ere my temples grew hoar! O people of my time, do ye know secrets which I knew but divulged not? Ye journeyed in the darkness of falsehood. Why were ye not guided by the promptings of your enlightened (intellectual) faculties? The voice of error called you—and wherefore did ye recklessly respond to every voice? When the realities of your religion are exposed, ye stand revealed as doers of deeds of disgrace and shame. If ye take the right course, ye will not dye the sword in blood or oblige the surgeon’s probe to try the depth of wounds. I admire the practice of ascetics, except that they eat the labour of souls that covet wealth. Purer in their lives, as regards food, are they that toil from morn to night for lawful earnings. The Messiah (Jesus) did not seclude himself in devotion to God, but walked on the earth as a wanderer. I shall be interred by one that loathes the task; unless I shall be devoured by one whose stench is loathly. And who can save himself from being the neighbour of bones like the bones of the corpses that lie there unburied? One of the worst human dispositions and acts is the wailing of those who bring news of death and the beating of the breast by mourning women. I forgive the sins of friend and foe, because I dwell in the house of Truth amidst the tombstones.

1 Cf. i. 363, 2; ii. 169, 9, etc.  
2 The hyena.  
3 Cf. his remark in one of his letters to Ibn Abi ‘Imrán: “Ofttimes, too, have I seen a couple of armies, each of them professing a distinct cult, meeting in battle and thousands falling on either side.”  
4 Cf. i. 177, 7:

Whene’er I speak, my years present to me The apparition of a stern admonisher Saying, “Whose shall let his tongue offend me, Behoveth him to be abased and silenced.”
And I reject praise, even when it is sincere: how, then, should I accept false praises?
The soul, obstinate in evil, ceased not to be a beast of burden until it became feeble and jaded.
It profits not a man that clouds pour rain over him whilst he lies beneath a flag of stone;
And if there were any hope in nearness to water, some people would have been eager to provide themselves with graves in the marshland.

Here, as in many passages of the Luzûm, Ma‘arrî preaches abstinence from meat, fish, milk, eggs, and honey on the plain ground that to partake of such food is an act of injustice to the animals concerned, since it inflicts unnecessary pain upon them. In his reply to Ibn Abî ‘Imrân he adds that on reaching the age of thirty he restricted himself to a vegetarian diet for the benefit of his health; besides, he could not afford to buy meat. The latter motives are clearly subordinate to the first, and are not inconsistent with it. Professor Margoliouth thinks that Ma‘arrî cuts a poor figure in this correspondence. No doubt Ibn Abî ‘Imrân found his letters unsatisfying. Whether he was deceived by what I have called the poet’s oracular style or whether, being an Ismá‘îlî, he supposed that every religious precept must have an esoteric doctrine behind it, he had hoped that “the tidings of sound truth” would yield something piquant: in fact, he wished to draw from Ma‘arrî a confession as to the nature of his theological beliefs. “Why,” he asks, “should you abstain from animal food? If God empowers one animal to eat an-

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1 Amongst the Arabs of the desert, water is the symbol of life; hence in their elegies we often meet with such expressions as “may the clouds of dawn keep green thy grave with unfailing showers!” (Sir C. Lyall, Ancient Arabian Poetry, p. 55). This is one of the things which indicate that the pagan Arabs were conscious of an existence after death. Cf. G. Jacob, Allarabisches Beduinenleben, p. 142 foll.

2 Luzûm, i. 232, 8.

3 Cf. Luzûm, i. 261, 11; ii. 210, 13; 258, 12; 284, 13; 373, 9; 383, 14–15, etc.

4 This statement, taken in conjunction with the seventh verse of the preceding poem, makes it likely that Ma‘arrî’s vegetarianism developed its ascetic character after his return from Baghûdád.
other, though He knows best what is wise and is most merciful to His creatures, you need not be more just and merciful to them than their Lord and Creator.” This line of argument was hardly one that a reputed heretic would care to pursue, while an earnest moralist might be excused for ignoring it. Must we solve the problem of evil before we can justify abstention from what reason and conscience forbid? Ma’arrí thought not. Having no solution, or none that he was willing to communicate, he took his stand with the Buddhists and Jainas on a principle which inspires all his ethics and constitutes his practical religion—the principle of non-injury. That was the “truth” which he promised to his readers, and they could not fairly reproach him if he declined to state how it was to be reconciled with divine providence, whatever his views on that subject may have been.

On the same ground he prohibits the use of animal skins for clothing, recommends wooden shoes1, and blames fine ladies who wear furs2. Probably he derived these doctrines from Indian asceticism, which he had opportunities of studying in Baghdád. Von Kremer identified them with Jainism, remarking that the prohibition of honey is peculiar to the Jainas3; which proves nothing, since any one who desired to live in accordance with the above-mentioned principle might naturally make this rule for himself. The Jainas, again, are forbidden to dye their clothes4, and Ma’arrí tells us that his dress was “of cotton, neither green nor yellow nor dark-grey5.” When we come to his ethical discipline, we shall find that in the main it tallies with the ethics of Jainism as described in the following sentences:

The first stage of a Jaina layman’s life is that of intelligent and well-reasoned faith in Jainism; and the second is when he takes a vow not to destroy any kind of life, not to lie, not to use another’s property without his consent, to be chaste, to limit his necessaries,

1 II. 51, last line and fol.  
2 II. 415, last line.  
4 Sacred Books of the East, vol. 22, p. 163.  
5 Luzúm, II. 337, 15.
to worship daily, and to give charity in the way of knowledge, medicine, comfort, and food. And these virtues are summed up in one word: *ahimsā* (not-hurting). "Hurt no one" is not merely a negative precept. It embraces active service also; for, if you can help another and do not—your neighbour and brother—surely you hurt him¹.

Little is said in the *Luzūm* about Indian ascetics. Ma'arrī refers to their habit of letting their nails grow long, and observes that he, like Moslems in general, considers it a mark of asceticism to pare the nails². He speaks with admiration of their religious suicide³. The Indian practice of cremation meets with his approval: fire saves the corpse from disinterment (and hyenas) and is a more effective deodoriser than camphor⁴. In another poem he says ironically that the cremated Indian is happy in being exempt from the torture which buried Mohammedans undergo.

(198)

Think about things! Thought clears away some part of ignorance.

Were skilled

The nesting bird to see the end, it ne'er would have begun to build.

The Indians, who cremate their dead and never visit them again,

Win peace from straitness of the grave and ordeal by the angels twain⁵.

To male and female in the world the path of right is preached in vain⁶.

He praises cremation without urging his readers to practise it. Let the dead be laid in mother earth, uncoffined: coffins are second graves⁷. How foreign to the spirit of Islam his asceticism is, and how fully it harmonises with Indian and Manichaean ideas, I can best show by quoting some passages of a different kind.

¹ *Outlines of Jainism*, by J. Jaini, Introd., p. 23. Naturally, the rules for Jaina ascetics include celibacy and are in general more severe than those for the laity.
² *Luzūm*, 1. 367, 8; 371, 16. ³ See No. 70. ⁴ *Luzūm*, 1. 235, 5–7. ⁵ According to orthodox belief, when the dead man is laid in the grave he is examined by two angels, named Munkar and Nakir; hence Mohammedans take care to have their graves made hollow, that they may sit up with more ease during the inquisition. Cf. *Luzūm*, 11. 231, last line.
⁶ *Luzūm*, 1. 418, 18. ⁷ 1. 184, 10–11.
Whenever I reflect, my reflecting upon what I suffer only rouses me to blame him that begot me. 
And I gave peace to my children, for they are in the bliss of non-existence which surpasses all the pleasures of this world. 
Had they come to life, they would have endured a misery casting them to destruction in trackless wildernesses. 

Allah disposes. Be a hermit, then, 
And mix not with the divers sorts of men. 
I know but this, that him I hold in error 
Who helps to propagate Time’s woe and terror. 

Humanity, in whom the best 
Of this world’s features are expressed— 
The chiefs set over them to reign 
Are but as moons that wax and wane. 

If ye unto your sons would prove 
By act how dearly them ye love, 
Then every voice of wisdom joins 
To bid you leave them in your loins. 

The rich man desires a son to inherit his wealth, but were the fathers intelligent no children would be born. Procreation is a sin, though it is not called one: a father wronged by his sons pays the just penalty for the crime which he committed against them. To beget is to increase the sum of evil, and the lizard’s ancestors are the cause of its being hunted. It is better for a people, instead of multiplying, to perish off the face of the earth. The first condition of happiness is that no woman should have been created.
The son is wretched; by him his parents wretched are made,  
And blest is that man whose mind was ne'er distraught by a son.  
A lad who clings to his sire puts cowardice in the brave;  
The generous miserly show or yield not even a spark.  

Amends are richly due from sire to son:  
What if thy children rule o'er cities great?  
Their nobleness estranges them the more  
From thee and causes them to wax in hate;  
Beholding one that cast them into Life's  
Dark labyrinth whence no wit can extricate.

"Refrain from procreation, for its consequence is death."  
Ma'arrif followed his own advice. He was the last of his line  
and takes credit for having escaped the universal plague:  
that is what he means when he says—

The cord of generation stretched unbroken between Adam and  
me, but no  b was attached to my.  
When Khálid yawned, 'Amr yawned because of infection, but I  
was not infected by their yawning.

Before he died, he is said to have expressed a wish that  
his epitaph should be the verse:

My sire brought this on me, but I on none.

What a contrast with the Greek poet's calm declaration!  
—μὴ φύναι μὲν ἀπαντᾶντα νικᾶ λόγον. Here we face pessimism  
as a practical creed remorselessly pointing to the extinction  

1 I. 253, 2. Cf. II. 354, 9-10.  
2 Because, the more noble a man is, the more keenly does he feel the  
pain of existence. Cf. II. 151, penult. and fol.  
3 I. 45, 3.  
4 I. 373, 10.  
5 I.e. the final  l of wasl (connexion) was not followed in my case by the  
preposition  bi (with), which would have linked me to my successor if the  
series had continued.  
6 I. 44, 6.  
7 See Dhahabi's biography in the Letters of Abu 'l-'Ald, p. 172.
of mankind. If Ma'arrí believed in a future existence, it would seem that he held the same opinion as Hafiz of its value in relation to the present:

A Paradise of pleasure
Bought with a world of pain—
Fie on the luckless treasure
That I must bleed to gain!

Recognising that his panacea is too heroic to be popular, he sometimes offers it in a diluted form. "If you must wed," says he, "take care to have no children"; and he censures the foolish Jew who divorced his wife because she was barren. He is more humane than logical in counselling men to seek husbands for their daughters but deter their sons from matrimony.

IV.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Ma'arrí stands for the largest humanistic culture of his time. While he may properly be called a philosopher in so far as he sought after a reasoned view of life and the world, he was only an amateur of scientific philosophy. He reflects on its problems, takes up this or that theory in turns, and concludes that nothing is certain except death. His speculations are capricious and incoherent. "He is almost entirely wanting in the gift of combination. He can analyse, but he does not hit upon any synthesis, and his learning bears no fruit." There is, however, something to be said on the other side. Philosophy is defined by Jāhiz as "Knowledge of the essences of things and the doing of that which is best." Ma'arrí is not primarily concerned with abstract truth. He seeks the True for the sake of the Good, and seldom loses sight of the practical end. We should also recollect that neither the form of his verse nor the circumstances in which it was composed allow us to see his philo-

1 ii. 253, 14.  2 ii. 265, 4–5.  3 i. 216, 10.
4 De Boer, Hist. of Philosophy in Islam, tr. by E. R. Jones, p. 66.
5 Mafātiḥu 'l-ʻulūm, ed. Van Vloten, p. 131.
sophical and theological ideas in orderly relation to each other. He presents them as jumbled fragments of truth—and to this fact he may have partly owed his immunity from persecution—but it is at least arguable that for him they were a more or less consistent whole. Recently an attempt has been made by a Mohammedan savant to harmonise them\(^1\), and we may assume that Ma‘arrî himself endeavoured to do the same. If so, the reticence which he practised in his correspondence with Ibn Abî ‘Imrân and extols in many of his poems\(^2\) is all the more tantalising; but while he disbelieved or doubted what is accepted as a matter of course by Moslems, his own beliefs seem to be deeply involved in contradiction and cannot, I think, have given him any firm ground for a solution of the problems with which he wrestled.

Upon those who pretend that his learning is barren one might retort that if he achieved no system of ethics, his moral creed was in some respects worthy of Socrates or Kant. But the result, let us admit, counts for little in comparison with the method. What gives Ma‘arrî importance in the history of Moslem thought is his critical attitude, his assertion of the rights of reason against the claims of custom, tradition and authority, and his appeal from the code of religion to the unwritten law of justice and conscience: in a word, his rationalism. He is a free-thinker at heart. Without openly denying Revelation or defying the authority of the Koran, he uses his own judgment in matters which Mohammedan orthodoxy regards as indisputable. For him, reason is "the most precious of gifts\(^3\)"; it is the source of right

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1 Dr Ta-há Husayn in Dhikr Abî ’l-Ald, p. 327 foll.
2 E.g. i. 271, last line:
(Metre: Basîf.)
A bosom-thought having once set forth and quitted its house,
It finds not shelter again in any house evermore.
Guard close thy mind from the friend, the true dear friend at thy side;
How oft deceivers have laid a secret bare to the light!
And deep-hid feelings of hate have signs whereby they appear
Distinct as when on the lion’s jaws thou seest a foam.
He declares (n. 352, 13 fol.) that he has guarded the daughters of his mind and has not displayed them to any human being or given them in marriage, though they have remained with him for a long time.
3 i. 151, i.
knowledge and right action. Infallible it is not—many questions it must leave in suspense; yet wise men trust and obey it, convinced that nowhere will they meet with a surer guide "to point the morning and the evening ways 1." In the moral domain he reaches a positive goal: virtue is not in doubt, whatever else may be 2.

When he applies this principle to metaphysical investigation, it does not take him very far, though his thoughts are sometimes suggestive. He appears to have had but a slight acquaintance with Greek and Moslem philosophy, but he could boast of an acute mind well stored with "curious information about every age 3." I may notice here a coincidence which illustrates his erudition. Mr Baerlein happens to remark that "he (Maʿarri) would have been as much bewildered as Herodotus if he had known that Lycians took their mother's, not their father's, name 4." Now, the poet knew the fact of which Mr Baerlein imagines him to have been ignorant, and these verses prove that he was not at all bewildered by it:

(205)

We are in error and delusion. If thou hast a certainty, produce it!

Love of truth caused the people of Rûm (Asia Minor) to prefer that a man should trace his descent to his maternal ancestry in the female line.

Who his father was they knew not save by supposition—and the young antelope follows its dam 5.

It would be a long business to collect all the passages in which Reason is honoured and commended. I will translate a few of them.

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1 No. 109.  
2 i. 266, last line.  
3 ii. 96, penult.  
4 Abu ʿl-Ala the Syrian, p. 23.  
5 Herodotus, i. 173.  
6 Luzum, i. 196, 9. The explanation offered by Maʿarri is correct as far as it goes. Cf. M. A. Potter, Sohrab and Rustam, p. 187: "Too much has undoubtedly been made of the opinion that matriarchy was founded on uncertainty of paternity. On the other hand, it would be impossible to deny that often where matriarchy prevails, or has prevailed, the tie which unites husband and wife is extremely weak, and that a child would have to possess more than ordinary powers of intuition to recognise his true father."
Whene'er thou thinkest a thought unmixed with any decay
Of sound intelligence, easy comes the thing that was hard.
The reason, if it be sane, doth ever weaken the soul\(^1\)
Until she die: to her work it gives the name but of play.
Fair ladies, thronging betimes their wonted pleasure to take,
Seem phantoms glittering by, the puppet-shows of an hour.
Too great a body makes grief for him who bears it away
To earth; and ere 'tis interred, augments the gravedigger's toil\(^2\).

Reason forbade me many things whereto
Instinctively my nature's bias drew;
And 'tis perpetual loss if, knowing, I
Believe a falsehood or give Truth the lie\(^3\).

Oh, cleave ye to Reason's path that rightly ye may be led:
Let none set his hopes except upon the Preserver!
And quench not the Almighty's beams, for lo, He hath given to all
A lamp of intelligence for use and enjoying.
I see humankind are lost in ignorance: even those
Of ripe age at random guess, like boys playing *mora*\(^4\).

Traditions come from the past, of high import if they be True; ay, but weak is the chain of those who warrant their truth.
Consult thy reason and let perdition take others all:
Of all the conference Reason best will counsel and guide\(^5\).

The poet complains that men are too stupid to think for themselves.

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\(^1\) *I.e.* the appetitive soul (*nafs*).  
\(^2\) *I. 104, 5.*  
\(^3\) *I. 121, 14.*  
\(^4\) *I. 214, penult.* Arab boys played a game called *kharāj*, like the Italian *mora*, in which one player has to guess the number of fingers suddenly put forth by another. *Cf. micare digitis.*  
\(^5\) *I. 288, 8.*
The Meditations of Maʿarri

(Metre: Tawil.)

I cared not to climb the hill of glory, because I know 'Tis always the lowland vales that gather the water. Our full-grown, they seem to lisp like infants a few months old, As though on their dromedaries the saddles were cradles. Whatever you speak, they understand not; and being called, They answer confusedly 'twixt sleeping and waking. No doubt but they rank as men, albeit the life they lead, Given over to drowsiness, proclaims them for lynxes¹.

Certainty is not to be found in a time whose sagacity brought us no result but supposition. We said to the lion, "Art thou a lion?" and he replied doubtfully, "Perhaps I am" or "I seem to be."²

The service which Maʿarri performed by his criticism of conventional beliefs would have been more effectual if he had shown himself able to think constructively. He is not a sceptic in the strict sense of the term, he concedes that truth can be attained by means of reflection³, but as a rule his reasoning leads him to a negative conclusion.

When a blind man goes by, pity him and know for sure that ye all are blind, even if ye have sight.

I live in the present: the past I have forgotten, and I feel no savour of what shall come.

¹ 1. 244, 12. We associate the lynx with keenness of sight, but the Arabs were struck by its somnolence. Hence the proverb, انوهم من فهد, "More sleepy than a lynx." The literal translation of the last line runs: "although, in consequence of their drowsiness, they are only lynxes on camel-back."

² 11. 375, 5.

³ 1. 229, last line; 373, 4; 427, 15. "The eye does not show things as they really are: make thought thy mirror" (1. 383, 15). In another place, however, he falls back upon the pure scepticism (λογοθετεία τῶν λόγων) of Carneades: "The soul is subject to cognition and nescience, and every notion may be denied and affirmed" (1. 87, 6).
Some have held that nothing is real: did they affirm, then, as a fact that there is no misery or happiness? We are in dispute and contention with them—and the Lord of mankind knows which of us are the greater liars.

(Metre: Bastāṭ.)

(213)

Is any tale true that we should credit him that relates, Or are not all of them worthless fables told in the night? As for our reason, it questions not, but swears they are lies; And reason's tree ever hath veracity for its fruit.

(214)

Experience nests in thickets of close shade, Who gives his mind and life may hunt it down. How many months and years have I outstayed! And yet, methinks, I am but a fool and clown.

And Falsehood like a star all naked stands, But Truth still hides her face 'neath hood and veil. Is there no ship or shore my outstretched hands May grasp, to save me from this sea of bale?

(215)

Gall knoweth not what first embittered it, Nor honey read the riddle of its sweet. I could not answer when ye asked me why; Whoso pretends to knowledge, 'tis a lie.

(216)

Bewildered, searching how things stand with me, I ask to-day, "To-morrow what shall be?" There is no certainty: my mind but tries Its utmost in conjecture and surmise.

History shows that many freethinkers, not daring to express their thoughts freely, have sheltered themselves behind a religion in which they disbelieved. Such was

1 ii. 280, 15. 2 i. 320, 2. 3 i. 357, last line.
4 i. 103, 6. 5 ii. 23, 13.
Euripides, and such was Ma'arrî¹. In the works of both we find three elements:

(a) orthodox religious beliefs;
(b) rational doubts as to the truth of these beliefs;
(c) philosophical views inconsistent with these beliefs.

In Ma'arrî's case the contrast is sharper, because he does not write as a dramatist but as a moralist directly exhibiting or disguising his own character throughout. Like Euripides, he wrote for the minority who saw at once that if the pious asseverations were sincere, the parallel questionings were absurd, and who judged that the poet was more likely to want faith than wit. He, on his side, expected them to take hints in lieu of plain speech²; and no one can study the Luzim without recognising that it is a masterpiece of innuendo. Apart from subtle ironies—of which the words italicised in the following passage may serve as a specimen:

\[ (217) \]

'Tis said, "We all are weak and helpless creatures,
Unable or to hasten or retard.
A Power o'errules us: if we sin, no blame
To the evil-doer, no praise if we excel":

\[
\text{Doctrine for which I in my time have found Some proofs, tho' piety forbade me hold it.}
\]

Men race along the beaten track to reach
What inexperience imagines new.
These maiden thoughts are wed to minds that come
In every age to cull them and deflower³—

¹ The words used by Dr Farnell in characterising Euripides (Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, vol. vi. p. 414 fol.) fit Ma'arrî exactly: "Being by nature a great poet, he had also something of the weakness of the 'polymath' or the 'intellectual'; he had not the steadiness of brain or strong conviction enough to evolve a systematic philosophy or clear religious faith; his was, in fact, the stimulating, eager, critical spirit, not the constructive. His mental sympathies and interests shift and range from pole to pole."
² See No. 234.
³ II. 79, 9.
the whole spirit of the book is anti-clerical and anti-orthodox, pleading for inquiry, suggesting incredulity, and shaking the foundations of revealed religious truth. Of course, Ma'arrí knew perfectly well what he was about. He must have known what inference as to moral responsibility and the reality of a future state would be drawn by some persons from these lines, for instance:

\[
(218)
\]

Shall I go forth from underneath this sky? How shall I escape? Whither shall I flee?

How many a year have I lived in Time! How many a Rajab and Şafar have I passed!\(^1\)

Claws were given to the lion of the jungle that he might seek victory (over his prey)\(^2\).

God curse people who call me an infidel when I tell them the truth!\(^3\)

As regards the essential articles of Islam, his position is easily determined. When a dogma which it would have been suicidal to reject outright is professed on one page and doubted on the next, his credo is a refusal of martyrdom, and we take it for what it is worth. "Be veracious,” he says, "until thou deemest veracity a danger to thy life; then lie through thick and thin"; and again, "Do not acquaint rascals with the essence of thy religion, else thou wilt expose thyself to ruin.\(^4\)" Similarly, where the question is not one of faith or infidelity, but of orthodoxy or heterodoxy, and we find him wavering between two doctrines, it will appear probable that in his heart he agrees with the heretics. The positive beliefs or opinions to which he unconditionally

\(^1\) Rajab and Şafar are the seventh and second months of the Moham-medan year.

\(^2\) In *Luzîm*, II. 309, 11-12, the poet asks how the lion is to blame for having been created bloodthirsty.

\(^3\) *Luzîm*, I. 426, last line.

\(^4\) II. 363, 8:

\[
اصدق الى ان تظن الصدق مبلكة وعند ذلك فاقعد ضاربًا وئمَر
\]

\[^5\] I. 326, 15:

\[
لا تخبرن بكنه دينك ماعشرًا وشَرِّا وإن تفعل فأنت مغرُّر
\]
commits himself are few. He loves interrogations and hypotheses. It is characteristic of him to turn a problem over in his mind, look at it from different aspects, and incline now to one solution, now to another. His curiosity exhausts itself in climbing hills of thought, only to discover that their summits are capped with mist.

Before examining his treatment of religion, including Islam, let us see the principles from which he starts.

He favours the Aristotelian doctrine of the eternity of matter. Against one verse in which it is expressly denied, I do not believe in the everlastingness of the stars or hold the eternity of the world,

there are many suggesting belief in it. That he should use guarded language will not surprise any one who knows what horror this theory inspires in Moslems of every sect.

(219)

If what the Sage said is true, then Time has never been void of me and never will be.

By turns I am separated and united: the lote and the palm resemble me in the changes that befall them.

(220)

'Tis possible that the sun will be extinguished, which burned from the epoch of 'Ad and whose fire the Lord made to blaze; And if its red glow shall be quenched for evermore, then inevitably must Heaven be ruined.

1 I. 102, 7:

2 n. 320, 13:

3 Aristotle. Cf. ii. 145, 2:

4 n. 169, 13. 5 i.e. from of old. Cf. p. 62, note 2.

6 Cf. i. 372, 12; "They have asserted that decay will overtake the heavens; if that be true, then impurity is even as purity."
Mankind passed, and were it not that their Judge is all-knowing,
I should ask with Zuhayr\(^1\), "What way did they take?\(^2\)"
In the kingdom (world) whence they went not forth and from which
they removed not, how shall I believe that they perished?\(^3\)

(Metre: *Kāmil*.)

I swear, my body will cease not ever to be in pain,
Until it come to its element etern again\(^4\);
And thither when I go back, my bones that once were strong
To earth will crumble during endless ages long\(^5\).

Use my dust for your ablutions: perchance your doing so will
bring to me after extinction the objects of my desire\(^6\).
And if by God’s decree I shall be made into a clay pot that
serves for purification, I am thankful and content?.

(Bodies are) substances put together and disjoined by a mar-
vellous Power, so that they became like accidents\(^8\).

That is to say, bodies consist of eternal and indestructible
substances (elements) which, in so far as they are subject
to combination and decomposition, thereby assume the
form of accidents. According to the orthodox (Ash’arite)
view, both substance and accident are created by the will
of God and have only a momentary duration\(^9\).

On the other hand, Ma’arrī asks whether the stars are
acquainted with the Unseen and adds that in his opinion
they are not eternal\(^10\), though elsewhere he describes them
as eternal and everlasting\(^11\).

\(^1\) One of the chief poets of Arabian heathendom.
\(^2\) Ahlwardt, *The Divans*, p. 86, l. 1.
\(^3\) Luzūm, ii. 145, 9.
\(^4\) The body at death is resolved into the “eternal element,” *i.e.* Matter.
Cf. No. 87, last line, where the elements are called “the eternal Four”
(الإربع الفُدُر).
\(^5\) Luzūm, i. 398, 7.
\(^6\) Cf. i. 419, 13–14. When water is unobtainable, the ritual ablutions
may be performed with fine sand or earth.
\(^7\) Cf. No. 127, l. 5 foll.
\(^8\) ii. 61, 5.
\(^10\) Luzūm, i. 166, last line and fol. Cf. i. 247, 4; Nos. 10, 40, 220, etc.
\(^11\) See Nos. 225, 230, 287. In all these passages, however, it might be main-
tained that something less than eternity is implied. Cf. p. 157, note 2.
How many a pearl Time strings and strews at last!
His Pleiad necklace holds for ever fast,
But dark he leaves the fame and splendour of the Past.

It appears to me difficult to explain these and similar contradictions, which occur regularly when his orthodoxy is at stake, except by supposing that he means to contradict himself, and that his real or predominant view is the one which a writer accused of infidelity would be anxious to disown. He makes a practice of affirming or denying more or less explicitly what in other passages he affirms or denies with precaution in the contrary sense: the former class of statements is to be suspected.

I lift my voice whene'er I talk in vain,
But do I speak the truth, hushed are my lips again.

Religious dissimulation (taqiyyat) is well understood by Moslems; almost every zindiq (freethinker) employed it in self-defence, and it was cultivated as a fine art. Appreciation of our poet's skill in taking cover beneath this species of irony is the key to much that has puzzled European readers of the Luzim. As to the influence of the stars, he shares the belief which prevailed amongst his contemporaries; but here too we find him vacillating. Have the planets a soul and intelligence, in virtue of which they operate on matter, or are they celestial bodies deriving their power from the motions of the spheres? Apparently Ma'arrî embraced the second opinion, though he rather suggests than expresses it.

"A body of four (elements) overseen by seven (planets) which abide in twelve (zodiacal signs)."

"Did those (Moslems) who wrought good works win Paradise, while Nawbakht was lodged in Hell-fire?"

1. 382, 10.
2. He declares frankly that the Luzim is a mixture of truth and falsehood:

وليس على الحقائق كل قولِي * ولكن فيه اصناف المجاز

(i. 435, 14; cf. 437, 8.)

This is not inconsistent with his assertion that the book contains nothing but moral truth (p. 51 above).

3. No. 263, last verse.
4. i. 422, 6.
"'Tis the crowning injustice that thou shouldst be held guilty of what Mars and Venus brought upon thee."

"The celestial world, as we are told, hath natural dispositions which the power of the stars causes to descend (to the earth)."

"Men will never be without evil in their time whilst Mars or Saturn continues over them."

Mars and Saturn, however, are "two slaves forced to serve (God): I care not though they overtop me."

In some of his poems he plays fancifully with the theory that the planets and constellations belong to an upper world of intelligences and souls, which is the archetype of the terrestrial world.

"Dead are the stars of Night, or sentient beings?
Irational, or does reason dwell in them?"

"If it be true that the luminaries of heaven are percipient, why do ye deny their loving one another and their relationship by marriage?
Maybe Canopus, the stallion of the stars, wedded a daughter of Arcturus on payment of a dowry."

(224)

The world celestial, as the world below,
(Philosophers have held) can feel and know;
And some aver the planets are endowed
With minds intelligent and speak aloud.

1 I. 174. 2. Nawbakht was a Zoroastrian astrologer. He and his sons after him enjoyed the favour of the Caliph Ma'nun (A.D. 754-775).
2 II. 181, 10.
3 II. 174, 9.
4 Cf. Koran, 16, 12 and No. 24, I. 4 foll.
5 Luzum, II. 367, last line. The verse, "'Tis as through the seven planets were playing (the children's game) buğgûrd" (I. 71, last line), appears to mean that their power is vain except in so far as it comes to them from Allah. So I. 122, last line. Cf. II. 195, 5, where Mars and Saturn are compared with governors liable to be deprived of their authority by the monarch who conferred it.
6 II. 171, 3. Cf. II. 97, 6:
Some said, "The planets have perfect minds": were 't true,
We must suppose them touched by crazy eld.
7 I. 372, 14.
Then are the stars about religion too
At odds like us—this Moslem and that Jew?
Perchance in Heaven a Mecca may be found
Like Mecca here, with Mecca’s hills around.
We needs must think that Light was made: the prime
Eternal origin is darkful Time;
Virtue a track untrodden, deep in sand,
But Vice a highway through our human land.  
From inborn nature ne’er canst thou be free
Thy life long, and one more is learned by thee.  
If now the rulers wax unjust, there comes
A fiercer tyrant dealing wounds and dooms:
Even so to wrangling doves a hawk will cry,
“If ye are wicked, wickeder am I.”
Look, while the lion’s claws attain full span,
How trimmed and cut short are the nails of man.
Such is the World’s decree concerning all;
The wild ass hath large ears, the ostrich small.
Immortal wouldst thou be, then draw no breath:
This life is but a ladder unto death.

Ma’arri might have said with Kant, “Two things there are which the oftener and the more steadfastly we consider them, fill the mind with an ever new and an ever increasing admiration and reverence—the starry heaven above and the moral law within.” It is not unlikely that in his blindness he retained, as Milton seems to have done, a peculiarly vivid recollection of “all luminous effects, all contrasts of light and darkness.” Be this as it may, some of his finest poems are those in which his imagination contemplates

the great dome of Heaven, whose poles
Have ever awed men’s souls.

1 Cf. II. 323, penult.: “It seems that evil is radical in them (mankind), and (as good is derivative) so light is originated amidst the (eternal) darkness.”

2 Habit is second nature. Cf. II. 256, 7–8.

3 Cf. I. 434, last line: “the wickedness of the dove, though she is reckoned amongst the good birds, is like the wickedness of the hawk and the falcon.”

4 II. 270, 10.

5 No. 10, supra.
Feel shame in presence of the daily sun,
The moon of night, and shining troops untold
Of stars which in the sky their courses hold
By Allah's leave, nor fails them breath to run.

These have a nearer claim and right, I trow,
To reverence than sons of noblest sire.1
Glory to Him who made them! Shall their fire
Sink in the dust of Time? I say not so.

Nay, but I muse—Are they endowed with mind
Whereby they can distinguish foul from fair?
Are feminine and masculine up there
By birth related and in marriage joined?

I clean renounce the fool whose hidden track
And open prove him still to error sworn,
Who bans the prayer of afternoon with scorn
And casts the prayer of noon behind his back.

Give the poor man who comes to thee a dole,
Scant though it be, nor frown away thy guest,
But raise for him a flame of ruddy crest
That frolics in the darkness like a foal!2

Time and Space are eternal and infinite: they encompass
every sensible object and have no perceptible colour (quality)
or magnitude.3

1 The original has "the sons of Führ," i.e. the tribe of Quraysh, to which
(as Ma'arri, no doubt, meant his readers to remember) the Prophet and the
Caliphs belonged.
2 Luzam, i. 415, 4. With the last verse cf. i. 318, 10: "And the fire
shone from afar like a bright bay mare which is tethered and cannot reach
her foal, so that she never keeps quiet."
3 ii. 252, 7: 
مَكَانُ وَدَهْرُ أَحْرَازُ كُلُّ مُدْرَكٌ * وَمَا لَهُمَا لَوْنٌ يَحَسَ ولا حَجَمٌ
Two fates still hold us fast,  
A future and a past;  
Two vessels' vast embrace  
Surrounds us—Time and Space.

Whene'er we ask what end  
Our Maker did intend,  
Some answering voice is heard  
That utters no plain word.

Space hath no limit and doth ever last,  
But Time is fleeting, never standing fast.  
The fool said, "I have thrown to earth my foe";  
Perish his hands! What gave him power to throw?  
Man, like a fire that blazed awhile and ceased  
In ashes, lives most blest presuming least.

Let Rabbis laud their Sabbath as they may,  
The truly wise keep Sabbath every day.

His view of the nature of Time differs from that commonly accepted by Moslem philosophers. In the Risālatu 'l-Ghufrān he writes as follows: "Abuse of Time increased to such an extent that it was prohibited in the Apostolic Tradition, 'Do not abuse Time, for God is Time.' What this means is well-known, and also that its inner sense is not that which appears on the surface, since none of the prophets ever held that Time is the Creator or the Object of worship; and we read in the Koran (45, 23), 'Nothing but Time destroys us.' The statement of certain people,

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1 Cf. Nos. 1 and 229.  
2 Luzūm, ii. 368, 4.  
3 i. 169, 9.  
4 According to the explanation offered by most theologians, abuse of Time is forbidden on the ground that, inasmuch as God is really the author of all the evil for which Time is blamed, to abuse Time is, in effect, to abuse God (cf. Līsān, v. 378 fol.). Some mystics say that al-Dahr (Time without beginning or end) is a name of God (Fuṣūṣu 'l-Ḥikam, Cairo, A.H. 1321, p. 257, 14 foll.).  
5 These words are attributed to the Meccan idolaters who disbelieved in a future life.
that Time is the motion of the heavenly sphere, is a phrase devoid of reality.... I have given a definition that well deserves to have been anticipated, though I never heard it before, namely, that Time is a thing whereof the least part is capable of enclosing all objects of perception. In this respect it is the contrary of Space, because the least part of the latter cannot enclose a thing in the same way as a vessel encloses its contents1.

We have already seen how he turns these ideas to account in the Luzūm, and I will now select a few passages where he develops them more clearly.

First, as to the eternity and infinity of Time:

"I see that Time is eternal and everlasting—glory to (God) the Preserver, the Perfect!2"

"Time is old, and beside his life, if thou wouldst measure it, the lives of the Eagles are brief3."

"If Gabriel were to fly away from Time for the remainder of his life, he would not be able to go outside of Time4."

Time, being independent of the revolutions of the celestial spheres, does not affect the course of events, which (indirectly, at any rate) is determined by the ever-changing position of the planets relatively to one another. Time brings nothing to pass; it is, so to speak, the neutral, unconscious atmosphere of all action and suffering. Man sins, by freewill or by fate: Time cannot sin and therefore ought not to be reviled5.

I hold that humankind are worse
Than Time's containing universe.
Was any creature found within it
Of real worth? Each hour and minute
Ever most falsely they decry;
Their hours and minutes tell no lie6.

1 Risālatu 'l-Ghufrān (Cairo, 1907), p. 137, l. 15 foll.
2 Luzūm, ii. 227, last line.
3 i. 330, ii. The "Eagles" are the stars named Aquila.
4 i. 372, ii.
5 i. 80, 3; 413, penult.
6 ii. 117, 12.
The pillars of our world are the natures of four (elements) which were made substrates for Him who is over us; And God fashioned for the earth and its people two vessels, Space and passing Time. Time knoweth not what comes to be within it: how, then, is it reproached for what came to be?

*  *  *  *  *

We weep and laugh, and Fate is our appointed ruler: Time did not make us laugh or weep.

We complain of Time, though he never sinned; and could he speak, he would complain of us, Who with one mind consent to the unjust deeds implanted in us —and the most innocent of us is nigh unto the most wicked.

The following poem has a harmony of rhythm and power of expression equal to the high thoughts which inspired it.

(230)

When 'tis said that Time destroyed a thing, the meaning is "the Lord of Time," for Time is but a servant. Thou canst not set a bound to the birth-time of this Sun, and reason declares that it is without beginning. The whole universe underlies the least atom of existence, and existing objects are not perceived by the short-haired hard-hoofed mares (the Hours). When they go by, they return not, and others like them succeed: Time is past and future. None of them that vanished came back after vanishing, yet nothing exists without Time, which is renewed continuously. 'Tis as though Thou (God) hadst placed souls in the images (bodies) and wert repenting of negligence therein. According to the view of reason, there is not one Adam, but logically there are many Adams.

1 II. 354, 14.
2 Cf. ii. 326, 17:
Men are diverse in their aims: forgetful and mindful, careless and anxious, building and ruining.

The conclusion stated in the penultimate verse rests on the premiss that the world is eternal; whence it follows that the number of human souls is infinite.

In all this we can trace many resemblances to the Pythagorean natural philosophy, of which the physician Abú Bakr al-Rází (Rhazes) is the most illustrious exponent. Al-Rází died forty or fifty years before Ma'árí was born. His metaphysic "starts from old doctrines, which his contemporaries ascribed to Anaxagoras, Empedocles, Mani and others. At the apex of his system stand five co-eternal principles—the Creator, the Universal Soul, the First or Primeval Matter, Absolute Space, and Absolute Time or Eternal Duration. In these the necessary conditions of the actually existing world are given. The individual sense-perceptions, generally, presuppose an existing Matter, just as the grouping of different perceived objects postulates Space. Perceptions of change further constrain us to assume the condition of Time. The existence of living beings leads us to recognise a Soul; and the fact that some of these living beings are endowed with Reason, i.e. have the faculty of bringing the Arts to the highest perfection, necessitates our belief in a wise Creator, whose Reason has ordered everything for the best."

Ma'árí, too, believes in a Creator, whom he identifies with Allah. He emphatically repudiates atheism. God is a reality (haqq), One, eternal, omnipotent, and wise (hakím): His wisdom is demonstrated by His works. While it is neces-

"An eternal Creator, as to whom there is no doubt, and Time eternal in relation to mankind.

It is possible that anterior to this Adam there should be one Adam after another" (i.e. an infinite series of human beings).

The words "in relation to mankind" serve to guard the poet from the imputation that he makes Time co-eternal with God. Elsewhere (ii. 43, 12-14) he refers to the ancient tradition that Adam is the son of Time.

1 ii. 261, 4.
2 De Boer, Hist. of Philosophy in Islam, tr. by E. R. Jones, p. 78 fol.
3 Luzvim, ii. 238, 7: "Philosophy demonstrates (the existence of) One who is wise, omnipotent, and uniquely perfect in His majesty."

4 i. 433, 8; ii. 399, 5.
sary to have an *intelligent* belief in the Supreme Being, speculation concerning His essence and attributes is futile, since the mind cannot comprehend them.

In the verse (II. 219, 14):

Dost not thou see that the planets move in their spheres by the power of a Lord who moveth not?

Ma’arrí probably means that God transcends all change, that He is eternal and infinite in His nature—not “motionless” (*ghayr muntaqil*) in the sense that, being *actus purus*, He never passes from potentiality to actuality.

(231)

God fashioned me—the *why* of it I know not;
To Him omnipotent and One the glory!
Let all mine hours and moments bear me witness
That I abjure the miscreants who deny Him.

(232)

God, He is God sans peer. Deceived
Are they that scoffed and disbelieved.
When thy soul mounts, in Him have faith
Even to thy last remaining breath;
So mayst thou hope forgiveness on a day
When, thy grave dug, the digger goes his way.

(233)

If thou art atheist from excess of folly,
Bear witness, O denier, I am none.
I dread the chastisement from God hereafter
And own the power supreme in hands of One.

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1 i. 351, 8.
2 i. 256, 4; ii. 69, 11; 252, 8; 334, 11; 349, 13.
3 The latter explanation is given by Dr Tā-há Husayn (*Dikrā*, p. 363 foll.).
4 i. 296, 2.
5 i. 267, last line.
6 i. 280, 4.
I marvel at a physician who denies the Creator after having studied anatomy; And the astronomer has been taught what affirms the truth of Religion—
Stars of fire and stars akin to earth and water and wind.1
The sagacious man of the company is he that understands a hint, so that he deems it a plain statement.2

It appears, then, that Ma‘arrí was a monotheist. But was he a monotheist in the same sense as Mohammed was, or as the Moslem scholastic theologians were? For him, Time and Space are infinite: therefore the Creator cannot be outside of them.

The problem of reconciling the Greek idea of “a Divinity which invests the whole of Nature”4 with the Semitic “conception of God as will, as the sovereign over all,” is not touched by Ma‘arrí. If reason convinced him that the world is eternal and has a Creator, a divine intelligence which eternally moves and maintains it6, the facts of life as he saw

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1 According to Rázi, “the heavenly bodies consist of the same elements as earthly things, and the latter are continually exposed to the influences of the former” (cf. Luzúm, II. 31, penult.).
2 Luzúm, i. 231, 7.
3 II. 179, 2.
5 D. B. Macdonald, Muslim Theology, p. 145.
6 Cf. i. 334, 10:
   “Intelligence is an axis and things are its millstone, for by it they all are directed and moved.”
them stood hopelessly against this theory\(^1\) and threw him back upon the notion of an all-powerful and inscrutable will working throughout the universe of evil which it created for some mysterious end. Beyond this he seems to have been unable to go, and here his rationalism breaks down. He finds the world so radically unreasonable that in order to account for it he must call in a *deus ex machinà*—the Allah of the Koran. The decree of Allah, *i.e.* Fate, makes things what they are.

While Ma‘arri acknowledges that Fate, like Time, is subject to Allah\(^2\), his language occasionally suggests that he felt the pressure of an impersonal necessity emanating from the planets and controlling all human action; but since he writes with the freedom of a poet, we cannot safely give his words an interpretation which they do not demand. He holds God, or Fate, responsible for the evil nature implanted in mankind and for its consequences, and declares that God is just, without attempting to prove it.

"Our natures did not become evil by our choice, but in consequence of a (divine) command which the fates made a means (to its fulfilment)\(^3\)."

"I see evidences of a compulsion (*jabr*) which I do not assert to be a fact: 'tis as though every one were dragged to (commit) evil\(^4\)."

"O Lord of mankind, thou art exalted above every doubt: it seems as though we are obliged to commit sins\(^5\)."

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\(^1\) Cf. II. 264, 4:

\[لولا بيدائُع دلَّت ان خائَفَنا * أدْرَى وأَحْكَمْ قلْنا خَلَفَنا لَبَسَ]

"But for marvellous works which indicate that our Creator is most knowing and wise, we should say that our creation is a blunder."

\(^2\) I. 310, 15; II. 75, 15; 174, penult.

\(^3\) I. 311, 6:

\[وُمَا فِسَدَت اخْلَاقَنَا بِخَيَارَانَا * وَلَكَنَّ بَأَمْرِ سُبْبِهِا الْبَقَادُ

\(^4\) I. 321, 3:

\[أَرِى شَوَاهِدُ جَبَرُ لا أَحْقَهُ * كَانَ عُقَالاً إِلَى ما سَأَّ مُجَرَّرٍ

\(^5\) II. 254, 3:

\[تَعَالِيَتُ رَبَّ الْنَاسِ عَن كَلِّ رَبِّةٍ * كَانَا بِإِيَانِ الْمَآمِهِ نَلْزُمُ

N. S.
"The ill of life is one bad element
Sought out with malice by the mixer's hand." "A nature immeshed in corruption: if man shall blame it, he blames its Creator." "For whose sake dost thou inflict punishment for the sin that occurred? The bell did not move until it was put in motion." (236)

Why blame the world? The world is free Of sin: the blame is yours and mine. Grapes, wine, and drinker—there are three, But who was at fault, I wonder? He That pressed the grapes, or that sipped the wine? (237)

If criminals are fated, 'Tis wrong to punish crime. When God the ores created, He knew that on a time

They should become the sources Whence sword-blades dripping blood Flash o'er the manes of horses Iron-curbed, iron-shod.

While in these passages he approaches an absolute determinism, in others (which are exceptional, however) he keeps clear of it, and his moral rationalism assures him that God, who creates injustice, is Himself just.

1 1. 201, penult.: 2 2. 206, penult.: 3 II. 12, 10: 4 II. 41, 2. 5 II. 181, 4.
The Meditations of Maʿarri

(Metre: ʿawl.)

The Artificer of the stars, exalted is He above
The doctrine that He compels the ill-doer to his deed¹.

I perceived that men are naturally unjust to one another, but there is no doubt of the justice of Him who created injustice².

Here reason triumphs over experience, but for the most part it struggles in vain against the fatalistic pessimism which has been amply illustrated in these pages³. Maʿarri cannot “justify the ways of God to man.” Only once, I think, does he make the least advance in that direction:

(Metre: ʿawl.)

By sin’s ladder it may be that men to religion climb,
As digging makes fire spark up ere gushes the water⁴.

He concludes by dismissing the whole question of predestination as a sterile theological controversy which interferes with the practice of virtue, and by telling his readers that the truth lies somewhere between the rival schools.

And touching my creed if men shall ask, ’tis but fear devout Of Allah: nor freedom I uphold nor necessity⁵.

Do not be either a Necessitarian or a Libertarian, but endeavour to take a position midway between them⁶.

It would be rash to infer that he accepted the orthodox (Ashʿarite) via media, the view that while God creates all human actions He also creates the power of men to appropriate them. This really explains nothing, as he must have

¹ I. 354, 8:

تعالي الذي صاغ النجوم بقدرة * عن القول اضحي فاعل السوء مجبورًا

² II. 280, 6:

رأيت سجايا الناس فيها تظالم * ولا ريب في عدل الذي خلق النظه

³ Cf. ii. 287, 3; 314, last line.

⁴ "Reason is an ornament, but over it stands a Fate" (i. 322, 2).

⁵ I. 308, 2:

لعل ذنوبًا ضنك للدين سببا * ونارك دون البلا. يقدحها الحفر

⁶ No. 181, last verse.

⁷ II. 358, 10:

لا تعش مجبورًا ولا قديريًا * واجتيب في توسط بين بنا

II—2
been aware. He had the practical free-thinking moralist’s contempt for scholasticism, whether liberal or the reverse. He treats the Mu’tazilites no better than their obscurantist opponents. The former might assert divine justice and interpret the Koran by the light of reason, but they were theologians, they did not make reason independent of Revelation or authorise it to decide all things, beginning with the credibility of Revelation itself. Therefore he says, thrusting both parties aside,

Ask pardon of God and never mind what Abu ’l-Hudhayl and Ibn Kallâb told their followers1.

(238)

No books of polemic had been composed—
*Mughni* or *’Umdas*2—did not men with men
Strive panting after pelf. They have run neck-high
In disputation, reared on baselessness
A dazzling monument of mere fine words;
And still they cease not ever, north and south,
Drawing out syllogisms interminable.
Their vile trade let them ply: enough for thee
The omnipotent, the all-sustaining Lord!3

Partly on rational grounds and partly, perhaps, by instinct Ma’arrî believed in the existence of a divine Creator. But, according to the second article of the Mohammedan creed, that Creator is revealed through prophecy: belief in Allah involves belief in the Koran, Mohammed, and Islam.

I have already remarked on the poet’s ambiguous attitude towards the religion which he professed. In the *Luzûm* he speaks with two voices, one pious and conventional in tone,


2 Theological and other learned books entitled *Mughni* or *’Umda* are numerous. According to the commentator on the *Luzûm* (i. 249), al-’Umad is the title of a work by ‘Abdu ’l-Jabbâr (see Brockelmann, *Gesch. der Arab. Litteratur*, i. 411), the Mu’tazilite cadi of Rayy, who was contemporary with Ma’arrî and is referred to in terms of reprobation (*Luzûm*, ii. 172, 4).

3 I. 249, 5.
the other critical, ironic, irritating to men of firm faith, and anything but reassuring to the weaker brethren. His doubts are not concerned with minor points of doctrine; they are fundamental. We cannot dispose of them by setting his affirmations against them, as though it were simply a question of striking a balance. The anti-Islamic tendency is too deep and deliberate to be explained away. If the author was a Moslem, why should he have written so equivocally and yet significantly? If he was not a Moslem but wished to pass for one, it is easy to understand both the orthodox expressions and his peculiar method of insinuating disbelief. This hypothesis does not oblige us to maintain that during his forty years’ seclusion he consistently held the same views and never doubted his own doubts. In some moods he may have reverted to the more positive state of mind which he finally abandoned for a bare deism\(^1\). “I confess,” he says, “belief in One God and the avoidance of evil actions. For a long time I deceived myself and judged that one who is a liar spoke the truth about certain things\(^2\).” Such fluctuations are, in any case, unimportant. On the whole, his Mohammedan sentiments (where they are not mere forms of speech) must be regarded as fictitious and insincere. Nevertheless, he could not do without them—in his books: their omission would have condemned him. While he used them to mystify and baffle the enemies of free-thought, he also knew how to make them serve the cause of its friends.

Further evidence comes from his prose writings. In a work entitled \(\textit{al-Fusúl wa ‘l-gháydt^3}\), he imitated or parodied

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\(^1\) Cf. i. 231, penult.:  
عجيّاً لى اعصَى من الجبل عقلى * ويظَلّ السُليمُ عندي جريحاً  
“Strange! from ignorance I disobey my reason, and the sound course appears to me invalidated (worthy of rejection).”

\(^2\) ii. 329, 12:  
ادين برب واحد وتجنبي * فبعح البساعى حين يظَلّر دائنُ  
العبرى لقد خادعت نفسي برهة * وصدقت في اشياء من هو مائمُ  
\(^3\) Until recently this book was supposed to be no longer extant; the first part of it has now been discovered (\textit{Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society}, 1919, p. 449).
the Koran—an act of irreverence in which he followed the example set by several Moslem free-thinkers\(^1\); yet he violently censures one of these, Ibnu 'l-Ráwandi, who had been guilty of the same impiety, and pays an eloquent tribute to the Koran, describing it as a book that "overcame and disabled and caused the Prophet's foes to shiver when confronted with it"\(^2\). The Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán, an epistle which Ma'árrí addressed to the scholar and poet Ibnu 'l-Qári̇h ('Alfi̇ ibn Manşúr al-Ḫalabî), contains, in addition to many anecdotes of the zindiq̲s and blasphemous quotations from their poetry, a burlesque description of Paradise, where in the manner of Lucian he depicts the pre-Islamic heathen bards revelling and quarrelling and taking part in a literary causerie. Although some persons upheld his orthodoxy, the mask was thin and might not have availed him, if the state of Syria during his lifetime had left the authorities at leisure to deal with offences of this kind. As it was, he ran no great risk. The Fáţimids were indulgent, and the Mirdá̄sids indifferent, to religious scepticism, which indeed found plenty of support both amongst the learned classes and men of the world.

Ma'árrí nowhere asserts that the dogma of Revelation is false. His way of handling this question has not hitherto been studied with sufficient care. If we wish to understand the Luzímiyyât, we must realise that the author intended not only to disguise his opinions but also to make the disguise a means of indicating them. Dissimulation was, in all the circumstances, inevitable: under its safeguard might not the truth venture out—duly chaperoned and veiled? Such a delicate experiment in the art of "implying things" called for correspondingly fine apprehension on the part of the reader, and Ma'árrí knew his contemporaries well enough to feel sure that not many of them would master his secret. He gave them a chance of convincing themselves, none of convicting

\(^1\) The Letters of Abu 'l-'Ald, Introd., p. 36; Goldziher, Muhammedanische Studien, Part II. p. 401 fol.
\(^2\) Risdlatu 'l-Ghufrán, tr. in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1902, p. 355 fol.
him. At the worst, his faith would be impeached on the ground of inferences which are apparently disproved by orthodox confessions.

To begin with, he divides men into two classes, according as they are religious or intelligent: they cannot be both.

(239)

Although your mouths hymn Allah One and Peerless,
Your hearts and souls from that ye owe Him shrink.
I swear your Torah gives no light to lead us,
If there 'tis found that wine is lawful drink.

* * * * *

They all err—Moslems, Christians, Jews, and Magians;
Two make Humanity's universal sect:
One man intelligent without religion,
And one religious without intellect.

These verses are addressed or refer to the followers of Mohammed, Jesus, Moses, and Zoroaster, i.e. to all whose religion is derived from a scripture brought by a prophet.

The second couplet is highly characteristic. Taken out of the context, it might be read as a good Moslem's appeal to the authority of the Koran, which forbids wine-drinking, against the corrupt doctrine of the Pentateuch. That interpretation, however, pays no regard to logic. Ma'arri's objection to wine-drinking, as we learn from many poems in the Luzūm, is non-religious.

(240)

Say to wine, which is contrary to Reason and ever causes the warrior's sword to be unsheathed,
"If thou wert interdicted by nothing but pain (after pleasure),
thou wouldst have been allowable to the drinker;

1 ii. 201, 2. Elsewhere (Luzūm, ii. 329, 4) he says that two things make men religious: either feebleness of mind or lofty aspiration.

2 Moslems, of course, reckon Jesus amongst the prophets, though a semi-spiritual origin and nature distinguish him from the rest of the line. The Koran makes no mention of Zoroaster; but in one passage (22, 17) the Magians are ranked with the Jews and Christians, whom, because they possess inspired scriptures, Mohammed calls "the people of the Book."
But thou art banned by sovereign Reason, so get thee gone into the dusty soil!"1

(241)

Men say wine destroys old griefs that bide in the breast; And were it not destructive to the intellect, I should have been a friend of wine and jollity2.

Manifestly, therefore, his meaning is: "If the Torah sanctions wine-drinking, the Torah misguides us: we must obey Reason, not Revelation." The fact that in this instance he happens to agree with Mohammed leaves the general principle untouched. All religions are mixed with falsehood and, so far, stand on the same level. When he says

(242)

Follow Reason and do what it deems good, for it gathers the honey of counsel, And accept not a commandment from the Torah, for verily the truth is hidden from it3—

his readers must be dull if they fail to see why in preaching rationalism to Moslems he attacks the supernaturalism of Jews. One guesses, too, that the following lines have a wider application than appears on the surface:

(243)

The Jews went astray: their Torah is an invention of the doctors and rabbis, Who pretended to have derived it from one (a prophet) like themselves; then traced it further back to the Almighty. Whenever you discomfit a man who argues for his religion, he hands over its keys (the task of defending it) to the traditions (by which it is attested)4.

1 I. 144, 2.  
2 ii. 312, 14. Cf. ii. 361, 12: "If wine were lawful, I would not drink it, forasmuch as it makes my reasonableness (hilām) weigh light in the scale."  
3 i. 394, 8.  
4 i. 411, 10. Cf. i. 289, 1; ii. 12, 12. "The Sahih (a book purporting to contain those Traditions of the Prophet which can be regarded as authentic) is false beyond doubt" (i. 209, 1).
Another of his devices consists in putting forward an orthodox statement which is immediately discredited by the sequel.

(244)

The Christians built for their Messiah churches
Which almost rail at what the churchfolk do;
And if Mohammed and his Book I mention,
Then out with his Book comes the scoffing Jew.

*  *  *  *  *

Can any one deny Islam’s religion,
Fashioned and brought to us by Fate divine?
Oh, where is Truth, that we may toil to seek it
With cruel pain o’er sands without a sign?1

Since good and evil alike are “fashioned and brought to us by Fate divine,” the compliment to Islam seems a little unhappy; but letting that pass, we discover in the next verse that the religion “which nobody can deny” is not identical with Truth2. Some Mohammedan critics have attributed the poet’s eccentric opinions to the necessities of the difficult rhyme3. To speak plainly, this is nonsense. Ma’arri does not write at random: within a certain orbit his eccentricities are calculated and logical. His doubts, perplexities, and real inconsistencies only begin, as I have said, when his rationalism breaks down. Reason led him to conclusions which were not the less firm because they were chiefly of a negative kind; it showed him, for example, that Revelation is a false earthly light kindled and spread by men who had their own interests in view. Reason showed him

1 I. 141, II. 195, 2–3):

“It is said that there is no hope of a resurrection for the recompense of good works, but what thou hast heard concerning that matter is the pretence of a vain jester.
And how should the body be called to bliss after it has become rotten or been confined in the earth?”

Here the words “concerning that matter” are ambiguous, so that it is possible to regard the whole passage as a statement made by infidels and related by the poet.

2 Cf. a similar redactio ad absurdum of the dogma of Resurrection (II. 195, 2–3):

3 Letters of Abu `I-`Ald, Introd., p. 38.
this—and left him, believing in God, to wrap himself in his virtue as best he could.

(245)

I shall pass away, not misdoubting the Creator, so weep not for me nor let others weep.

Follow my ways, since they are good for you, and pray and give alms as long as ye live.

Do not listen to tellers of lying stories which the feeble mind deems true.

I see action as (vain as) inaction, and a world dragged to ruin by a violent Fate,

And lines copied on a palimpsest and afterwards obliterated or rubbed out.\(^1\)

We have examined a few specimens of the irony which Ma'arri cultivated in order to publish his opinions with impunity, and which has been ignored by most students of the Luzumiyyat, if it has not eluded them entirely. He had no need to employ it in his criticism of the Jewish and Christian sacred books; for, according to Mohammed, the Pentateuch and Gospel are corrupt in their present form, though originally they contained the same Word which Allah revealed in the Koran. The poet, therefore, attacks Judaism and Christianity without any disguise. I will only cite two passages concerning the Crucifixion.

(246)

The Christians have testified that the Jews sought Jesus in order to crucify him;

And (in admitting this) they took no heed, though they had made him a god for the sake of preserving him from disparagement and reproach.\(^2\)

Because of the natural evil wherewith men are imbued, their minds spurn the truth deposited in them.\(^3\)

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1 ii. 146, 10.
2 Mohammed rejects the Crucifixion (Koran, 4, 156): to him it was incredible that a prophet should suffer such an indignity. Ma'arri, accepting neither the Christian nor the Mohammedan view of Jesus, regards the Crucifixion as an historical fact which proves the Christian doctrine to be absurd.
3 Luzum, ii. 406, 1.
Marvellous! The Messiah amongst mankind, he who was said to be unbegotten!
The Christians delivered him to the Jews and confessed that they crucified him.
When a child is beaten by lads of the same age, the judicious and reasonable man takes pity on him;
And if what they say about Jesus is true, where was his father?
How did He abandon His son to the enemy? Or do they suppose that they (the Jews) overcame Him?¹

It was as easy for Ma‘arri to deny the divinity of Christ as it was difficult to express any doubts about the prophetic inspiration which, according to the Koran, he shared with Moses and Mohammed. The prophets stood or fell together. Frank scepticism being thus excluded, the poet resorts to his favourite weapon, but does not forget that the words “Mohammed is the Apostle of God” form half of the Moslem profession of faith.

Some parties declared that your God did not send Jesus and Moses (as prophets) to mankind,
But they only provided a means of livelihood for their followers and made a net to catch all men.
Had I been able, I would have punished those who were unconscionably impious, until (all) the miscreants were entombed².

At first sight these lines arouse no suspicion: the author means that disbelievers in prophecy are blasphemous scoundrels and ought to be punished with death³. This, of course, is

¹ ii. 409, 4.
² ii. 22, last line.
³ Cf. ii. 16, 9: “Men are such liars that an ignorant fellow asserts prophecy to be a fiction and a fraud”; and ii. 416, 10: “Moses came forward with the Torah and devoted to perdition those who investigated (the authenticity of) it. His men said, ‘Inspiration came to him,’ while the wicked said, ‘Nay, he forged it.’” In the language of orthodoxy rationalists are fools and knaves, and they sometimes borrow these names. Cf. Euripides, Iphigeneia in Tauris, 262 foll., cited by Verrall, Euripides the Rationalist, p. 174. Ma‘arri recommends that sects which deny the divine Unity should be confronted with the unitarianism of the sword
the Moslem view. Ma'arrí durst not impugn it openly, and he may be professing it here, but readers familiar with his style will remark that the tag, "some people say," is often used by him to introduce rationalistic judgments for which he declines to be held accountable. Further, "they" in the second verse is equivocal: we can refer it, as we please, either to the disbelievers in prophecy or to the prophets themselves; and the latter reference is suggested by the rhyme-word námús, which in this context would naturally be taken as the Arabicised form of νόμος, so that the translation would run:

"And they (the prophets) only provided a means of livelihood for their followers and made a religious law for all men."

The verse has not passed unscathed through the hands of Mohammedan scribes. We find the oldest and probably genuine tradition in the Oxford Codex, where it stands thus:

وَأَنْبِيَاءَ رَجَاءٌ مُّؤُكِّلٌ وَصَيَّراً دِينِهِ تَلَّمِيْکُمُ نَامُوسَ

"But they made the Merciful (God) a means of livelihood and turned their religion into a trick for gaining power."

Who, then, are the miscreants of the last verse? The heretics or the pseudo-prophets? If that question had been put to Ma'arrí, he might have answered by quoting his own advice:

"O credulous man, if thou art endowed with understanding, consult it; for every understanding is a prophet." ¹

When the poet writes a brief eulogy of Mohammed², he restricts himself to terms which might be used of any religious and moral reformer³. Only with the final blessing—

(ii. 111, last line), and doubts whether the sword is "a faithful monotheist," seeing that it has spared the heretics for so long (ii. 374, 1–2). For him, however, ʾilḥād (polytheism or atheism) is an offence against Reason (i. 423, 5).

¹ ii. 428, 5:

² ii. 214, 4–12.

³ Cf. i. 379, 13: "I did not say, 'He was taken on a night-journey for a work which Allah set in train before the heavens revolved'"—an allusion to the miʿrāj or Ascension of the Prophet.
Ii

The Meditations of Ma‘arrí

—comes a suggestion of the Moslem’s attitude. "Do not begin a quarrel with me," he says, appealing to the Christians, "for in my opinion your Messiah is the peer of Mohammed," i.e. the prophets are just as much in the dark as all the rest of us.

Ma‘arrí, in fact, regards Islam, and positive religion generally, as a human institution. As such, it is false and rotten to the core. Its founders sought to procure wealth and power for themselves, its dignitaries pursue worldly ends, its defenders rely on spurious documents which they ascribe to divinely inspired apostles, and its adherents accept mechanically whatever they are told to believe.

The following passages illustrate his point of view.

(249)

If knowledge aids not me nor baulks my foe,
The losers in Life's game are those who know.
As Allah laid our fortune, so it lies
For ever—O vain wisdom of the wise!
Can this doomed caitiff man, tho' far he fly,
'Scape from his Lord's dominion, earth and sky?
Nay, soon shall we, the hindmost gang, tread o'er
The path our fellow-slaves have trod before.
Surveying humankind, I marvel still
How one thirsts while another drinks his fill.
I draw my bow and every shaft flies wide,
The arrow aimed at me ne'er turns aside.

* * * * *

O fools, awake! The rites ye sacred hold
Are but a cheat contrived by men of old,
Who lusted after wealth and gained their lust
And died in baseness—and their law is dust.

1 i. 295, 2:
2 i. 63, 9.
The Christian, as more anciently the Jew,
Told thee traditions far from proven true;
And Persia boasted of the Fire she lit,
No power ever should extinguish it.
These holy days are birds of the same feather,
Sabbath and Sunday make a pair together.

(Metre: Ṣafir.)

This world of yours hath uttered a thing portentous:
O witnesses, hearken ye to its information!
When they that have understanding reflect and ponder,
They see in the tale it tells right cause for waking.
The people of all religions are in a quarrel
That keeps them as though on pebbles they lay unquiet.
The Christians have lied concerning the Son of Mary,
The Jews also lied concerning the Son of Amram.
And never the Days have brought forth new in nature,
Nor ever did Time depart from his ways accustomed.

Religion and infidelity, and stories that are related, and a
Revelation that is cited as authority, and a Pentateuch
and a Gospel.

Lies are believed amongst every race; and was any race ever the
sole possessor of Truth?
Fate governs all: what canst thou but bring in Predestination as excuse for sin?  
Our souls we live with, blind to them are we:  
How, when the tomb contains them, shall we see?  
So soon as forty years are overpast,  
The body dwindles, and woes wax more vast.  
Souls conscious of another life cross here  
A bridge to it—a bridge of pain and fear.  
Who warrants a clear way for buried men  
To rise dust-stained out of the grave again?  
The world rolls on and on, the peoples die,  
Despair believes a legend and a lie.  
Sages profound, their cogitations ended,  
Affirm what death has marred can ne'er be mended;  
And Adam comes (they say) whence Awbar came,  
And naught is known of Awbar but his name.  
All that ye tell of God is vamped-up news,  
Old fables artfully set out by Jews;  
'Twas thus the Rabbins sought to sate their greed,  
And ruin overtakes the wicked deed.

Let thy soul practise virtue, forasmuch  
'Tis best and fairest, not for guerdon's sake.

The chiefs' disunion gives sworn evidence  
Their followers have not found the way to Truth.

They crossed the sands for wealth, and some attained it,  
But safe was kept the Secret from them all.

I found Truth was in a house well guarded by those within,  
And trying the robber's way, about them I prowled and spied.

1 Cf. p. 157, note 2.  2 I. 327, 13.  3 I. 142, 5.  
4 The 'ulamad, who are the defenders and exponents of the orthodox Faith.
They said to me, "Get thee gone! No place for the like of thee
Beside us—and oh, beware of Truth when she eyes thee hard!
For seest thou not that we have happily brought her home,
Whilst thou art a castaway, a poor wretch with broken wings?"
The man that is famous for religion and piety,
He ranks not with one whose quest of knowledge distinguished
him.
But over thy mind, alas, thy tyrannous nature rules,
The passions in changeful sway increasingly grind it down.
Thou drankest a draught whereof, for coolness, none wished thee
joy,
And after the pangs of thirst thou sufferest choking pain¹.

(256)
They live as lived their fathers and receive
By rote the same religion which they leave,
Unheeding what they hear or what they say
Or whom they worship—far from Truth astray!
Want more delights the soul than ne'er so deep
In luxury like theirs to wake and sleep².

(257)
Our young man grows up in the belief to which his father has
accustomed him.
It is not Reason that makes him religious, but he is taught religion
by his next of kin.
The Persian's child had guardians who trained him in the rites of
Magianism³.

(258)
I perceive that the Nights wear out Religion, even as the Shar'abif
mantle becomes outworn.
'Tis all (a matter of) custom: the greybeard follows the same bent
to which the youth is habituated⁴.

¹ II. 56, 8.
² I. 248, 13.
³ II. 403, 13. Cf. a passage in the Risālatu 'l-Ghifrān, tr. in Journal of
the Royal Asiatic Society, 1902, p. 351.
⁴ II. 427, 6.
In all that concerns thee thou art satisfied with a blind conformity, even in thy declaration that God is One and Single. We have been commanded to think on His wondrous works; and some persons, if they think on Him, fall into error. All bigoted disputants, when they see the light of a manifest truth, deny it.

They have not based their religion on any logical ground, whereby they might decide between Shi'ites and Sunnis. In the opinion of some whom I do not mention (with praise), the Black Stone is only a remnant of idols and (sacrificial) altar-stones.

If a man of sound judgment appeals to his intelligence, he will hold cheap the various creeds and despise them. Do thou take thereof so much as Reason delivered (to thee), and let not ignorance plunge thee in their stagnant pool!

Had they been left alone with Reason, they would not have accepted a spoken lie; but the whips were raised (to strike them). Traditions were brought to them, and they were bidden say, "We have been told the truth"; and if they refused, the sword was drenched (in their blood). They were terrified by scabbards full of calamities, and tempted by great bowls brimming over with food for largesse.

A blind man reading with his fingers' ends
The scrolls beside him—such is he that reads
The stars. Long hath he laboured, and how long

1 Cf. II. 20, penult., and II. 321, last line: "If the wolf were to say, 'I have been sent by my Lord with a religion,' some of them would reply, 'Yes.'"
2 I. 252, 2.
3 This is ironical, for we cannot doubt that Ma'arrî agreed with the anonymous critics. Cf. No. 301.
4 Luzum, I. 129, last line.
5 II. 416, 2.
6 II. 266, 15.
Will pore o'er lines the writer blotted out!
Prophets arose and vanished: Moses, Jesus,
Mohammed last, who brought the prayers five—
And 'tis foretold there comes another Faith
Than this—and men still perishing away
Between a morrow and a yesterday.

But who dare warrant me the Faith, renewing
Its youthful spring, shall feed religious souls
That wellnigh faint with thirst? Here, fall what may,
Thou never wilt be free of moon and sun.
Like to the world's beginning is its end,
Its eve as full of portents as its dawn—
The young arriving and the old departing,
A house-quitting, a settling in a tomb.
God's curse upon this life! its gulfs of woe
Are very sooth, no sad deceiving tale.
I lift my voice whene'er I talk in vain,
But do I speak the truth, hushed are my lips again.

Life and death—these, for Ma'arrí, are the everlasting
certainties. There may be a life after death, for aught we
know, but it is only something to speculate about.

(264)

I have no knowledge of what is after death: already this nose-ring
hath made my nose bleed.
Night and dawn and heat and cold and house and graveyard!
How many a one before us sought to probe the mystery! but
Omnipotence proclaimed, "Never shalt thou probe it (to
the bottom)."

As regards the soul and its relation to the body, while he
sometimes follows Plato, he not seldom inclines to a material-
istic view. Hence his meditations on immortality are vague
and inconclusive.

1 II. 36, 4.
2 Cf. No. 330. He compares the fate which rules his life to the nose-
ring by means of which a camel is led.
3 Luzím, 1. 368, 9.
O spirit, how long wilt thou with pleasure wear
This body? Fling it off, 'tis worn threadbare. If thou hast chosen to lodge thus all these years,
Thine is the blame—and smiles oft end in tears.
Or if the fault was Fate's, then thou art blind,
As water feels no barrier, though confined.
Wert thou not there, to sin it ne'er had stirred,
But would have lain like earth without a word.
The lamp of mind neglecting, thou dost stray,
Although in Reason's light thou hast a God-given ray.

The body, which gives thee during life a form,
Is but thy vase: be not deceived, my soul!
Cheap is the bowl thou storest honey in,
But precious for the contents of the bowl.

My body and my spirit are like a child and its mother: they are
 tied, that to this, by the hand of the Lord.
They die simultaneously, and neither is the body lost (to the
spirit) nor does the spirit lose (the body).

The idea that the spirit corrupts and wears out the body is expressed
in the following passages: "Does my spirit blame my body, which never
ceased to serve it until it (the body) became too weak? And yet my spirit
laid upon it amazing burdens, now one by one, now two at a time. The
state of Man is contrary to that of trees, for they (being void of spirit)
bear fruit, whilst he commits sin" (1. 78, 1). "The spirit's dwelling in the
body makes it (the body) diseased, and its departure restores it (the body)
to health. The body, when it returns to earth, does not feel the winds that
sweep away its dust in the grave" (II. 421, 3). "If a spirit dwelt in the
mountains of the earth, neither Nađādi nor Irāb would be everlasting" (I. 91, 3; cf. 287, 5).

Literally, "like the two eyes which converge (on the object of vision)."

1 II. 22, 10.
2 II. 92, 12.
3 I. 243, 6.
When a spirit is joined to a body, the one and the other are ever in the sickness of carking pain. If thou art wind, O wind, be still! or if thou art flame, O flame, be quenched!

(Metre: Basil.)

The soul was ever before to-day in comfort and peace, Until by Allah's decree it made the body its home; But now the twain not an instant suffer thee to be free Of pain and smart, let alone malice and enviousness. The ignoble man says to Pelf, which set him over the folk, "Yea, thee will I honour: but for thee, I never had ruled."

The spirit is a subtle thing, confined Close in the body, unperceived by mind. Glory to God! will it retain the power To judge aright? and will it in the hour Of exit feel what then it must explore? That 'tis that sheds on bodies dark a light Of beauty as of lamps discerned beneath the night. 'Twill stay beside its body, some pretend; Some think on meeting Death it will ascend— But never they that watch him take his toll Will smell the fragrance of a human soul. Happiest of all the hermit who doth ban The sons o' the world and dies a childless man.

(Metre: Tawil.)

We buried them in the earth, ay, surely we buried them; But all that we know about their souls is conjecture. And man's searching after lore which Allah enscribed and sealed Is reckoned a madness or akin to a madness.

1 I. 295, 8.  2 I. 293, 12.  3 The body is the cage or prison of the spirit (I. 231, 5, 11; II. 378, 10-11).  4 Ma'arri often adopts this opinion. Cf. I. 244, 5; 256, penult.; II. 262, 5, etc.  5 Luzum, I. 211, 6.  6 II. 366, 11. The third line, if translated according to the text of the Oxford manuscript, will run as follows: "And man's eating that which fears to die, even as he himself."
Time passes and in tomb the body lays:
Did ever man rejoice in length of days?
And some opine the soul of earthly mould;
Nay, for it mounts to heaven (as others hold),
And whether it remove to bale or bliss,
Wears in that world the form it had in this;
Where, being incarnate, it must suffer pain
Still to be dressed and eat and drink in vain.
'Tis certain Allah's power, resistless, dread,
Can judge His creatures and can raise the dead.
Behold and marvel how the planets, some
Endowed with voices, roll, tho' rumoured dumb.
Obey not rascals who religion use
Only to clutch increasing revenues.
A Jew that bears in hand the Torah, greed
Incites him, not a holy wish to read.
What feuds between us hath religion twined
And given us o'er to hates of every kind!
Did not a prophet's ordinance bestow
On Arab lords the women of their foe?¹

When the soul leaves
This frame to which it cleaves,
Some say it after grieves.

If with it go
The Reason, it may know
And recollect past woe.

Else, all the reams
O'erwrit with dead men's dreams
Are wasted ink, meseems!²

¹ Il. 185, 11.
² Il. 140, 5. The "dead men's dreams" ("ravings," in the original) refer to the descriptions of a future life which occur in the books of Revelation.
If, when my spirit shall take the road to death,
My mind escort it, well mayst thou admire;
And if in vasty air it go to naught,
Even as my body in earth, alas the ruin!
The one religion is that thou be just
To all—and what religion owneth he
That scorns due right? Man cannot lead his soul
To virtue, though he lead a host in arms.
Would he but fast a month from sin, 'twould serve him
Instead of fasting through Sha'bán and Rajab.
I imitated in nobility
None, but in death I follow noble princes.
Beware the curse of wronged night-brooding wretch!
All barriers oft are pierced by sobs of prayer\(^1\).

Some have asserted that the souls continue to exist (after death),
shackled in their bodies and being purified,
And that they are removed thence (after a time), and the blest man meets with an honourable fate, while the unblest is stripped (of honour)\(^2\).

Dead are the stars of night or sentient beings?
Irrational, or does reason dwell in them?
Some men believe in retribution, some
Declare ye are only herbs that grow and fade;
But I enjoin you to shun wickedness
And not to hate fair deeds. I have observed
How oft the soul, her hour of parting nigh,
Will show contrition for the sins she wrought;
And if our spirits now rust in us, anon
Like brass re-burnished they may newly shine\(^3\).

Ma'arrí rejects the doctrine of metempsychosis and even derides it. In the *Risálatu 'l-Ghufrán* he quotes these verses

\(^1\) I. 103, 9.

\(^2\) I. 81, 2.

\(^3\) II. 171, 3.
by one of the Nuşayrífs, a sect which had many adherents in the districts lying south and west of the river Orontes:
Marvel, mother, at the accidents of Time, that made our sister dwell in a mouse.
Drive these cats away from her and let her have the straw in the sack1.

So in the Luzúm:

O apple-eater, mayst thou not perish! and let none mourn thee as lost on the day of thy death!
The Nuşayrí said—not I (hearken, therefore, and encourage thy recreants on the battle-field!):
"Thou hast been an apple in thy time, and the apple thou eatest was once thine eater."2

'Tis said that spirits remove by transmigration From body into body, till they are purged;
But disbelieve what error may have urged, Unless thy mind confirm the information.
Tho' high their heads they carry, like the palm, Bodies are but as herbs that grow and fade.
Hard polishing wears out the Indian blade, Allay thy soul's desires and live calm3.

(Metre: Tawil.)

Oh, long, very long, hath been the way to the night-rider Who sees in the pitchy dark no flame stirred to leaping.
Obedience to Law we found a yoke on the minds of men, Tho' none that hath proved the Days denies abrogation.
If once on a time some Jews were changed into animals4,

1 Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1902, p. 349.
2 Luzúm, II. 166, 16.
3 II. 171, 9. With the last verse cf. i. 207, 7 foll.: "None knows Time but they that do not abase themselves in defeat or exult in success.... They are the clear-sighted: whether they know or conjecture, I deem that they are at rest in a plain certainty."
4 This verse alludes to a legend (cf. Koran, 2, 61) that in David's time certain Jews who went fishing on the sabbath were transformed by God into apes.
What aileth this age that no such miracle happens?  
And some transmigrationist fanatics have gone so far,  
They deem souls alive in plants or minerals and metals.  
How generous soe'er thou be and fain to forgive, yet more  
Forgiving our Maker is, and more open-handed¹.

The fact that the Koran reveals the existence of angels  
and other good and evil spirits (Jinn) does not hinder Ma'arri  
from using his long experience of life as an argument for  
incredulity². If there are no human beings in Heaven, then  
there are no angels on earth or below it³. God is omnipotent:  
therefore angels are possible; and at this point our knowledge ends.

(280)

I deny not the power of Allah to create forms of light, fleshless  
and bloodless—  
And the seer is blind like me: come on, then, let us knock  
against one another in the dark!⁴

(281)

Fear thou the Lord, unafraid, albeit in darkness  
With tales of Jinn they scare thee and make thee fearful.  
All that is a patched-up bogey for beguiling  
The thoughtless and stupid. Far from thee such stuff be!⁵

He also finds unconvincing the tradition that women who  
wear anklets are loved and followed by evil spirits⁶.

Resurrection and Retribution are the twin corner-stones  
of Islam. We have seen what Ma'arri thought of the authority  
on which these doctrines depend, and we know that  
he could not take them ready-made from that source. If he  
had any genuine belief in them, it was based on grounds  
which he considered reasonable. To judge from his writings,  
he neither believed nor wholly disbelieved in a conscious ex-  
istence after death, but remained a sceptic because no em-  
pirical evidence was forthcoming. Besides, what proof would  
have satisfied a mind like his? Not, I think, our books of

¹ Luzium, i. 238, last line. ² See No. 54. ³ Luzium, ii. 145, 5. ⁴ ii. 327, 1. ⁵ i. 176, 6. ⁶ ii. 93, 1.
psychical research, much as they might have interested him. Clearly, if he was unable to affirm the immortality of the soul, he would be even less inclined to admit the resurrection of the body, a doctrine which he sometimes professes in agreement with the Koran, while in other poems his real attitude towards it is hardly disguised.

Most of the passages written from the orthodox standpoint are formal in tone. Here is one in a different vein, but we cannot suppose that it was meant to be taken seriously:

(282)

The astrologer and physician, both of them,
Deny the resurrection of the body.
"Oh, get ye gone!" said I; "if your belief
Be true, then I lose nothing; or if mine,
'Tis upon you perdition falls, not me."2

The possibility of such a resurrection is acknowledged:
By the wisdom of my Creator comes to pass my folding and unfolding,
And the Creator is not incapable of raising me from the dead.

(283)

As for the Resurrection, the controversy about it is notorious, but the mystery thereof is not revealed.
Some have said that the pearl of the diver will never return to the darkness of the shell;4
But the wonders of Almighty God are many: our reason contemplating them becomes infirm and dumbfounded5.

This is designedly "economical" and its meaning could not be missed by any intelligent reader of the Luzum. I will quote a few more examples.

1 See Nos. 145, 181, 192, 195, 232, 233.

2 Luzum, ii. 290, 7.

3 i. 391, 15:

4 I.e. the soul will never be re-united to the body.
5 Luzum, i. 337, 4.
(Metre: \textit{Wáfir}.)

Our bodies are raised by feet of travellers passing
In gloom of the night across some crumbling sand-flat.
A life and a death—'tis all that our fate shows clearly,
Tho' pietists work in hope of a resurrection.
No foot is impardised by a dainty anklet,
No ear is beatified by a pearly earring\textsuperscript{1}.

(285)

Death’s debt is then and there
Paid down by dying men;
But 'tis a promise bare
That they shall rise again\textsuperscript{2}.

(286)

With optic glass go question thou the stars that roll o'erhead,
The stars that take away the taste of honey gatherèd\textsuperscript{3}: They point to death, no doubt, but not to rising from the dead\textsuperscript{4}.

(287)

O star, in heaven thou shinest from of old
And point'st a flawless moral to the wise.
Death's fixed and certain date thou hast foretold;
Then why not tell us when the dead shall rise? \textsuperscript{5}

(288)

We laugh, but inept is our laughter,
We should weep, and weep sore,
Who are shattered like glass and thereafter
Remoulded no more\textsuperscript{6}.

\textsuperscript{1} I. 200, penult. \hspace{1cm} \textsuperscript{2} I. 259, last line.
\textsuperscript{3} Cf. ii. 169, 7 and \textit{supra} p. 151 fol.
\textsuperscript{4} I. 392, 14. Cf. ii. 68, 3: "How oft did the Ashrát stars shine forth in the mirk of night! but when shall any signs (\textit{ashrād}) appear of our resurrection?"—and Plato's famous epigram on the other side:

\textit{Λστήρ πρὶν μὲν ὁλαμμεῖς ἐνὶ ζωϊκοῖν Ἐφος
νῦν δὲ θανῶν λάμμεις Ἡσπερός ἐν φθιμένοις.}

\textsuperscript{5} I. 408, 4. \hspace{1cm} \textsuperscript{6} ii. 143, 6. Cf. ii. 75, 8–9.
Were thy body left after death in the state which it was in before, we might have hoped for its restoration (to life), even as wine returned once again to the emptied jar that was not broken in pieces; but it became parts divided, and then atoms of dust ever being swept away in the wind-blasts.

In his references to the Mohammedan doctrine of future rewards and punishments the poet is similarly versatile. He often writes as one who believes in Paradise and Hell and even in the Koranic representation of them. He says more than once that he hopes, not to enter the Garden, but to be saved from the Fire; and he accepts the dogma of everlasting damnation qualified sometimes by faith in the infinite mercy of God.

Dust of mine ancient mother I shake off,
And that is deemed a cutting of one's kin.
Oh, little I care what Allah threateneth
His creatures with, if once the Fire consume
And char my limbs to ashes. But—'tis life
Endless, an immortality of pain
Whilst ages pass, and mercy nevermore.

God will not let the labours of the pious be lost: on that point Abú Nuwás, the libertine, concurs with Abu 'l-'Atáhiya, the ascetic. Manifestly, virtue is not rewarded in this world. Do good for its own sake: the Almighty can, if He please, bestow the thawáb upon us; otherwise, Death is our recompense. The following passages are more or less tinged with scepticism.

1 II. 420, 2.
2 E.g. I. 153, penult. and foll.
3 I. 416, 8; II. 164, 10; 373, 2.
4 II. 286, 17. Cf. I. 154, 4–6. As regards the mercy of God and His power to transfer the damned to Paradise, see I. 153, penult.; II. 358, 2.
5 I. 374, 1–2.
6 I. 413, 16.
7 I. 434, 7–8.
If Death come but to erase the form and person of me
And ruin that which I wrought, then all Life's trouble is vain.
It may be some shall receive a recompense from their Lord
When Him they meet, forasmuch they often fasted and prayed.

They averred that I shall grow young again. How, oh, how may
that come to me, although I desire it?
And I shall visit Paradise, they say, and my face will be made
bright with gladness after the long decay in the tomb,
And the evil eyes will be removed from me, if it be my fate to
be dipped there in the fountain of life.

Astray did I amble on? or fated to reach the plain
Abounding in meadows fair, where herbs never cease to spring?
And over my camels Night lay brooding so lone and still,
Her stars, thou mightst think, were Jews whose journey the
Sabbath stayed.
A tale that is told about the guarded preserve, 'twas that
Aroused me, but no sure man is he who related it.

If blest I shall be proven past denying,
Oh, would in earth's lap I were lying! After my lifelong fast,
Who knows?—I may at last
Keep holiday upon my day of dying.
Their tales about the reckoning and awarding
Scared me, but 'twas in vain they talked.
Its farness did beguile
My fears, tho' all the while
On right and left of me there walked
An angel, every act recording.

If true we hope will come
The promise, how not fear the threat of doom?

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1 I. 160, 4.
2 II. 44, 8.
3 I. 157, 4.
4 I. 259, 3.
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(Metre: Tawil.)

And men see the last of me the day when shall o’er me close
The deep well of Death whose sides are lined with the hateful stones.
Does any one going hence expect robes of green beyond,
When these dusky shrouds within the earth have been torn to shreds?
To me thereanent came news, a medley of tangled tales,
By ways that perplex and foil men eager to know the truth.
Ay, short of it fell the Zoroastrian archimage,
The bishop of Christian folk, the rabbin and scribe of Jews,
And wrote legends of their own in volumes which long ago
Have surely been lost, their ink and paper consumed away.
The sects disagreed about the happenings after death,
And those are engulfing seas whereof none may reach the shore. ’Twas said, “Human souls have power and freedom in what they do,”
And some answered, “Nay, ’tis plain they act by necessity.”
And oh, had our bodies been created of marble rock,
They scarce had endured the shocks of ever recurring change.

(296)

We hope for that world’s bliss,
Although our deeds in this
Are not so fair that we should hope Heaven’s balconies.
Folk carry not from here
The gauds of wealth and gear,
But laden with their sins depart and disappear.
Reason was dumb. “Ask, then,”
Said I, “the reverend men”; But naught could they decide: this lay beyond their ken.
They talked and lied. When pressed
To put all to the test
Of logic, they broke down in impotence confessed.

1 i. 313, i.
2 ii. 99, penult.
As Ma'arrí appeals to Reason against Revelation, so does he contrast the observance of religion with the practice of morality. Not that pietism is inconsistent with virtue, but it is distinctly subordinate: prayers, fasts, and almsgivings are all very well; righteousness is essential. The emphasis placed upon the latter implies a certain indifference to the former and almost conveys the impression that le mieux est l'ennemi du bon.

(297)
You think the pious man is he
That worships there on bended knee.
Look out! for sadly you mistake,
Meseems you are but half-awake1.

(298)
Praise God and pray,
Walk seventy times, not seven, the Temple round—
And impious remain!
Devoutness is to them unknown that may
Enjoy, and are not found
With courage to abstain2.

(299)
If thou wilt put into practice the plain texts which are the foundation of the Book (the Koran), thou wilt find them sufficient for the performance of thy obligations.
Neither a (book of) Revelation nor a sermon relieved thy mind (from doubt), but wert thou obedient to God, a single verse would relieve thee3.

When the poet says, "Fear and obey God," he means, of course, "shun evil and do good." This, in his eyes, is the kernel of the Koran.

(300)
O fool! thou didst esteem thyself religious:
I swear by Allah thou hast no religion.
Thou mak'st the pilgrimage devoutly—meanwhile
Some poor retainer, injured, cries against thee4.

1 i. 277, 6.
2 ii. 159, last line.
3 ii. 152, penult.
4 ii. 332, last line.
Ma‘arrí’s criticism of Islam goes to the root of the matter. If he is right, there is an end of the divine authority on which the whole system rests: its laws and institutions can be judged on their merits and approved or rejected as the principles of a rational ethic require. From this standpoint its ascetic features (including the prohibition of wine) commended themselves to him. Although, by his own confession, he was somewhat lax in regard to public worship, he assails only one—and that the most vulnerable—of the five “pillars” of Mohammedanism. The Ḥajj (pilgrimage to Mecca) was taken over by the Prophet from the pagan Arabs and incorporated in Islam as a concession to national sentiment: all Moslem men and women are bound, “if they can find a way,” to perform it at least once in their lives. Ma‘arrí had a good excuse for neglecting this injunction, which in any case he would have disobeyed. Others might be impressed by the religious enthusiasm of the pilgrims; he saw in the Ḥajj a relic of heathendom, a carnival of superstition and immorality.

(301)
Fortune is (so strangely) allotted, that rocks are visited (by pilgrims) and touched with hands and lips,
Like the Holy Rock (at Jerusalem) or the two Angles of Quraysh,
howbeit all of them are stones that once were kicked.

(302)
Methinks, the metropolis (Mecca) is deserted and her ants have departed from her villages.
And how oft did the companies (of pilgrims) journey by night towards Śalāḥ and suffer great hardships in their journey!

1 See No. 179.
2 Cf. i. 391, 1: “May thy intelligence save thee from a heathen’s journey to visit Ayla and the land of Nakhr!” Ayla is the name of a mountain between Mecca and Medina. I cannot find any mention of Nakhr; the name may perhaps refer to Muntakhar (Tājū ‘l-’Arūs) or Muntakhir (Yāqūt), a place in the same district.
3 One of these is the south-eastern angle of the Ka’ba, containing the celebrated Black Stone; the other may refer to the base of the northern wall where lies a stone which is supposed to mark the sepulchre of Ismā’īl (Ishmael).
4 IV. 353, 6.
5 A name of Mecca.
Every year they used to come to the (holy) building, that they
might cast their foul deeds upon its back—
Guests whom Allah entertained not with forgiveness, but with
calamities He entertained them.
Why should I travel to the stones of a temple in whose precinct
cups of wine are drunk,
And the earth of its water-courses, since they existed, hath ever
been defiled by harlots?¹

(Metres: Tawil.)  

I see multitudes that hope the grace of their Lord to win
By kissing a corner-stone and wearing a crucifix.
But pardon me, O my God! At Mecca shall I throw on
Amongst pilgrims newly come the raiment of one insane²,
And go down to water-pools along with some fine fellows
From Yemen, who never cared to dig for themselves a well?³

(304)

Stay at home! No obligation
I account the Pilgrimage,
Lady, on thy sex in virgin
Youth nor yet in wedded age.

Mecca's valley breeds the worst of
Miscreants, who never feel
Fierceness to defend the weaker,
Never flame with knightly zeal.

Men of Shayba, temple-guardians,
Standing there bemused with wine ⁴,
Shove the pilgrim-folk in couples
Through the gateway of the Shrine.

When the people throng around it,
Leave to enter they refuse
None that slips a piece of silver—
Christians jostle in with Jews ⁵.

¹ Luzum, II. 416, 14.
² I.e. the pilgrim's dress (ihrdm).
³ I. 126, last line.
⁴ Cf. I. 208, last line.
⁵ Cf. II. 222, 9.
Lady, canst thou do a kindness? 
Bless, then, having power to bless, 
And if Charity invite thee 
To a good act, answer "Yes"!

Oh, if dupes e'er heeded warning, 
Surely wouldst thou recognise 
That I tear from specious falsehood 
Its invisible disguise.

Put no trust in their inventions: 
Crafty were the plots they spun, 
But they rode the way to ruin 
And their race is wellnigh run.

Though awhile they galloped bravely, 
They will soon give up the chase, 
For against eternal Justice 
Idle 'tis to run a race.

* * * * *

Some there be with eyes unsleeping, 
Feigning in the darkness sleep; 
And their words belie their deep thoughts, 
And their thoughts in doubt sink deep.

We have noted how the poet censures whatever seems to him superstitious and irrational. Thus, to mention some slighter instances, he condemns augury and belief in omens, e.g. the custom of exclaiming "God be praised!" (al-ḥamd) when any one sneezes. He declares that the descendants of Ham owe their colour to nature, not to the sins of their progenitor. Concerning the legends which attribute extraordinary length of life to certain patriarchs, heroes, and wizards, he remarks that those who reckoned the age of such persons appear to have counted months as years. In

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1 I. 70, 2. 2 I. 325, 5; II. 237, 2. 3 II. 19, 6–7; 353, 9. 4 II. 145, 3–4. 5 See Goldziher, Abhandlungen zur arabischen Philologie, part 2: das Kitdb al-mu'ammartin des Abū Ḥāmid al-Sijistānī. 6 I. 418, 1–3. Cf. I. 353, 13 foll., where he ridicules the legend of the mysterious wanderer, al-Khidr, who conversed with Moses and is generally thought by Moslems to be still alive.
his opinion, holy men never flew in air or walked on water\(^1\). The words, "if thou wilt devote thy heart entirely to God, the beasts of prey will do thee no hurt\(^2\)," immediately follow an exhortation to act according to reason and cannot be taken as evidence of his belief in miracles; the context rather suggests that "the beasts of prey" are women of bad character. He had nothing of the mystical spirit, and his allusions to Şûfism—a name which in his time covered much vagabondage and licence—are contemptuous. He gives the correct derivation from şuf (wool):

Şûfis—their name bore witness to Reason that they are woolly sheep with necks (hanging as though) broken\(^3\).

He doubts whether their rapture is so religious as they pretend\(^4\), calls them "one of Satan’s armies\(^5\)," and accuses them of travelling from land to land to fill their bellies and gratify their lusts\(^6\). This description, however, applies only to the evil-doers amongst them: "the God-fearing (Şûfi), when thou wouldst rival him, surpasses thee; he is like the sun, whose radiance no defilement comes near, and the full moon, which is too glorious to be affected by vituperation?." That a free-thinker should speak of mystics with admiration and respect will not surprise those who remember how often extremes meet. Free-thought and mysticism converge from opposite sides in order to strike at orthodoxy. Şûfis, who regard forms of creed and ritual as relatively true and therefore as obstacles to the attainment of essential truth, have something in common with zindiqs like Ma’arri, who "acknowledge neither prophet nor sacred book\(^8\)" nor any law that is not sanctioned by the inner light of reason. Both these ways of thought are hostile to sectarianism and lead in

\(^1\) ii. 386, 9–11.  
\(^2\) ii. 394, 11.  
\(^3\) i. 54, 4. The last words depict the characteristic attitude of Şûfis when engaged in "meditation" or "recollection." In another verse (i. 104, 10; cf. ii. 101, 10) Ma’arri, referring to the derivation from safw (purity) which most Şûfis favour, says mockingly that if they were really "pure" the name "Şafwi" would not have been altered to "Şûfi."  
\(^4\) i. 195, 5–6; ii. 54, 7.  
\(^5\) i. 104, 11.  
\(^6\) ii. 384, 13–14; i. 295, 14 (No. 140).  
\(^7\) i. 104, last line.  
practice to a large toleration which places Jews and Christians on the same level with Moslems. Many poems in the _Luzúm_ express the view that “man’s inhumanity to man” is fostered and made fiercer by religion, while in others the poet protests against bigotry\(^1\), pleads for religious equality, and declares that if men act rightly it does not matter what they believe.

\[(305)\]

Falsehood hath so corrupted all the world,
Ne’er deal as true friends they whom sects divide;
But were not hate Man’s natural element,
Churches and mosques had risen side by side\(^3\).

\[(306)\]

As I live, they that take refuge (with God) are safe from trouble, whereas the fanatical hater was gripped (by his foe) and grappled with him.

Therefore, O Quss (Christian bishop), sign an order to pay the fees of the _khatib_ (Moslem preacher), and do thou, O Manasseh, fill the office of _názír_ (warden) in our mosque\(^3\).

\[(307)\]

Was not the notary ashamed when his reputation was evil in the ears of men?

Thy (Christian) deacon did not judge unjustly, nor was thy Jew covetous (corruptible).

\(^1\) See p. 103 and cf. _Luzúm_, II. 63, 7; 279, last line; 310, 1–2.

\(^2\) II. 82, 4.

\(^3\) II. 53, last line. Quss and Manash (Manasseh) seem to be used here as typical Christian and Jewish names, without reference to persons. Moslems would associate the former with Quss ibn Sá’ida, the celebrated bishop of Najrán, by whose eloquence Mohammed is said to have been stirred. As regards Manasseh, Professor Bevan has pointed out that a Jew of this name was chosen to be viceroy of Syria by the Fátimid Caliph, al-ʿAzíz (ob. A.D. 996). His nomination gave deep offence to the Moslems of Egypt and on their petition he was arrested and heavily fined (Ibnu ʿ1-Athir, ed. Tornberg, vol. ix. p. 81). The duties of the _názír_ are explained by Lane in his _Modern Egyptians_ (London, 1871), vol. i. p. 102.
In my opinion, the (Christian) priest is better for thee than a Moslem who preaches in the congregational mosque.

(308)

Ye wronged others, and they in turn were made to prevail against you: the best of men pronounce mankind to be wrong-doers. Ye treated the metropolitan of the Christians with indignity, though he was revered by the followers of Mary’s son; And yet your own Prophet said to you, “When he that is honoured by his people comes (amongst you), show him honour!” Therefore, let not your khatib return with rancour when he meets them (the Christians) and they withhold from him his due meed of respect.

(309)

If a man refrain from injuring me, then may (divine) bounty and mercy bless him as long as he lives! Let him read the Book of Moses, if he will, or let him, if he likes, conceive in his heart devotion to Isaiah.

After what we have seen of Ma’arri’s views on the subject of religion it is evident that he would not be described accurately by any designation which connotes belief in a divine Word revealed through prophecy or in a religious code deriving its authority from tradition. His whole creed might be expressed in some such formula as “God, the Creator, is One: fear and obey Him.” The nearest Arabic equivalent to “deist” is zindiq; but this term is opprobrious and commonly associated with immorality, being applied by Moslems not only to deists, atheists, pantheists, and persons suspected of holding Zoroastrian or Manichaean doctrines, but also to all sorts of antinomian heretics. The poet brands with the name zindiq religious impostors whose tenets he

1 II. 93, 5. Rather than allow the poet to say that a bad Moslem is inferior to a good Christian, the commentator would have us believe that in this verse the word qass does not signify “priest,” but “seeking the means of livelihood”!
2 II. 407, 12.
3 II. 430, last line.
4 Cf. I. 433, 7-8; II. 92, 16; 329, 12.
The Meditations of Ma'arrî considers false and irrational\(^1\). Some of this class—possibly Carmathians—are addressed in the following lines.

(310)

Ye cast the creeds behind,
Tho' nowhere do ye find
In Wisdom they should be rejected and dismissed.

Obedience ye refuse
The Moslem judge, the Jews'
Rabbi, the Christian bishop, and the Magian priest.

Let your law be in turn
Offered to them ye spurn,
All will cry, "Nay; we don't desire it in the least\(^2\)."

His own religion is founded on the authority of reason and fulfilled by the practice of virtue. Not a sanctified law, but an enlightened mind, distinguishes good from evil. "Serve God alone, without reference to His servants (creatures); for the law (of religion) makes us slaves, while (the use of) logical judgment makes us free\(^3\)." True religion consists in righteousness together with justice and charity to all men\(^4\).

The one religion is that thou be just
To all—and what religion owneth he
That scorns due right?\(^5\)

(311)

Thy understanding's mirror shows thee evil\(^6\),
If there thou seest aught thy conscience owns not.

\(^1\) II. 137, 10-11.
\(^2\) I. 304, 4.
\(^3\) 1. 326, 13:
\(^4\) Religion is also defined as "the voluntary abandonment of pleasures whilst one is healthy and capable of enjoying them" (i. 361, penult.); as "sincerity combined with innocence" (i. 438, 7); and as "kindness and gentleness" (ii. 111, 6).
\(^5\) No. 274. Cf. ii. 294, 9: "A dirhem unjustly gained entails more severe punishment (hereafter) than a neglected fast or prayer."
\(^6\) Cf. No. 12.
The splendidest of all thy deeds is that one
By doing which thou mean'st to take a right course;
And best of all thy words, "To God the glory."1

Like Socrates and the Greeks generally, he takes morality to be "rather a concern of the head than of the heart." The wickedness of human nature is repeatedly described as "ignorance" and "folly." There are two kinds of ignorance, he says, which bring men to perdition: one of these is constitutional, the other they learn from their preceptors2. Virtue is the fruit of knowledge; the understanding, not the will, controls and corrects the impulses of the flesh3. In accordance with the view that evil needs only to be known in order to be shunned, the poet teaches moral truth by exposing the universal falsehood of mankind for the sake of the few who will listen to reason and let themselves be guided by it4. As we have seen, his ideal of virtue demands world-flight5, but on the other hand his ethical doctrine inculcates "as the highest and holiest duty a conscientious fulfilment of one's obligations...towards all living beings6."

(Metre: Basit.) (312)

Virtue is neither a fast consuming those who it keep,
Nor any office of prayer nor rough fleece wrapped on the limbs.
'Tis nothing but to renounce and throw all evil away
And sweep the breast clear and clean of malice, envy, and spite.
Whate'er the lion profess, no true abstainer is he,
So long as wild beasts and tame fear lest their necks may be broke7.

(Metre: Tawil.) (313)

What! seest thou not that vice in man's nature is inborn,
But virtue a new unheired possession which minds acquire?
My heart hath been wrung to watch some morning a savage boor
Belabouring his ass with blows—he takes on his head a sin.

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1 i. 227, 15. 2 ii. 256, 7-8. 3 See Nos. 206 and 207.
4 i. 229, 6-8. 5 P. 125 and foll.
6 Von Kremer, Philos. Gedichte des Abu 'l-'Alā, p. 38. I have left out the words "with equal warmth and affection," which seem to me ill-suited to describe the general character of Ma'arri's philanthropy.
7 Luzum, i. 285, 13.
The Meditations of Ma‘arrt

The tired beast beyond its strength he burdens, and if it flag,
He sets on it with his lash, whilst stubbornly it endures—
Until it grows like unto a whoremonger, one unwed,
On whom falls the penalty of scourging, and not by halves.¹
Weals rise on its back and flanks, the visible marks of woe;
Oh, pardon a helpless brute too feeble to plod along!
A Maker have we: the mind, undoubting, confesses Him
Eternal—then what avails this birth of a latter day?²
And grant that you rub and rub the fire-stick of Right in vain,
Still less from those sticks of Wrong can ever you coax a spark.
It gladdens me not, that I inflict on a fellow-man
Injustice, and live in ease and opulence all the while.³

(Metre: Basti.)

Virtue is like unto twigs of ‘arfaj sodden with rain:
The shepherd sets them alight—they crackle, blaze, and expire;
Vice like a fire of tough ghaḍā wood kindled at night:
A long while passes, and still its coals keep smouldering on.

I charge thee, draw not a sword for bloodshed: deem it enow
That here the slaughterous blade of Time is ever unsheathed.
A rumour ran in the world—I know it not as a fact—
That certain men have reviled the One Upholder of all.
What! laud a man, tho’ his mind was turned not once in his days
To noble haviour, and leave the Lord of good without laud!⁴

If in some passages Ma‘arrí allows that good works may
earn the thawâb (recompense from God)⁵, his rational and
philosophical judgment rejects a quid pro quo morality and
declares that, as virtue is commonly its own reward in this
world, it ought to be practised “because ‘tis best and
fairest,” without expectation of favours to come.

¹ An unmarried man who commits adultery is punished by the infliction of one hundred stripes, if he be free; but if he be a slave, the number of stripes is reduced by half.
² Apparently the poet refers to the vanity of human life and action.
³ Luzûm, i. 241, 4.
⁴ i. 270, penult.
⁵ i. 59, 6; 364, 1; 437, 7. Cf. p. 187, supra.
⁶ No. 254. Cf. i. 434, 7: “Seek what is good and practise it for the sake of its excellence, and do not judge that the Lord will requite thee for it.”
(315)
O sons of Eve, refrain from lying boasts!
Ye have no honour with the Lord of Hosts.
'Twas not your wickedness caused drought and bane,
Nor did your true repentance bring you rain.

(Metre: *Tawil.*)

(316)
When, having bestowed a boon, thou meet'st with ingratitude,
Repine not, for He who keeps His word gives thee recompense.
'Twere pity a gentleman should only do right in fear
Of public disgrace, if men report him a wrong-doer.
The good that thou dost, oh, far away from it put reward
Expected or certain gain, as though thou wert huckstering!

(Metre: *Tawil.*)

(317)
Ay, oft-times a man hath been asleep to his doom, until
Death came of a sudden to him, and he drowsing, half-awake.
Whenever thou dost good, impute it with single mind
To Allah, and spurn the tongues desirous of praising thee.
Misfortune although it be to live in this world of ours,
Consolement thou find'st in acts of virtue and charity.

(318)
Forbidden is thy baser self to quit
The body ere evil thou with good repay.
For God's, not men's sake give thy benefit,
And from their eyes brush drowsiness away.

1 I. 319, 6. Cf. ii. 223, 14–15. Prayers for rain cannot alter the course of Fate (ii. 252, 11–12).
2 Cf. ii. 154, 15:
   "Be thou in purpose and deed a benefactor of men,
   Although they pay not again the debt of kindness to thee."
3 I. 312, 8.
4 ii. 341, 14.
5 Cf., however, i. 422, 2: "Repel evil, when it comes, with evil, and be humble, for thou art only a man"; and ii. 378, 1: "Do not repay evil with good, and if in any matter I fail to keep faith with thee, then do thou break faith with me."
6 Luzūm, ii. 342, 2.
Ma'arrí especially enjoins forbearance, compassion, and kindness. A man should be lenient to others, but severe to himself. "Charity is the best of thy beliefs: be not heedless thereof, and thou mayst pray facing the Ka'ba (as Moslems do) or after the fashion of Zoroastrians." "How is it that the rich do not share their abundance with the poor?" The ways of true generosity are unknown to those who grudge their fellow-creatures what they bestow on their near relatives. Injustice to the weak and helpless excites his indignation: he pities old men neglected by their sons, and pleads for humane treatment of slaves; but he is most deeply touched—this is an Indian trait—by wrong done to animals, birds, and insects.

(319)

How for her dead should Earth have care,
When in the moment of despair
Men cast away their not yet dead
Uncared for and uncomforthed?
If God please, when the burst tombs quake,
He'll punish them for what they did and spake.

Not only does he abhor cruelty to animals in the modern sense of the phrase, but he would protect them, if he could, from all injuries which human selfishness causes them to suffer.

(Metre: Basīt.)

Iniquity is innate: kinswomen taken in ward
Are wronged, and benefits hid, and scales to short measure run.
The thoroughbred horse is lashed, the camel eaten, the ass
A heavy burden must bear, tho' scant the flesh on his bones.

1 I. 360, 13. Cf. I. 59, 6: "Most deserving of mercy in the end are they that show mercy in the beginning."
2 II. 314, 4.
3 I. 61, 8.
4 I. 65, 2; 238, 11.
5 II. 3, 3-4; 407, penult.
6 I. 376, 14-15; II. 31, 5; 279, 6.
7 See p. 136, supra. The poet wonders that men should weep for the death of a child, while every day they slaughter animals or set traps for them (II. 346, 12-14).
8 II. 74, 12.
9 See No. 313.
10 II. 16, penult.
(321)
Equal are a kind mother who gave food to a child in his cradle
and a dove that fed her chick.
Never, then, hasten knife in hand to destroy a young bird that
hopped about in its dwelling-places1.

(322)
Give a drink of water as alms to the birds which go forth at
morning, and deem that they have a better right than men
(to thy charity),
For their race brings not harm upon thee in any wise, when thou
fearest it from thine own race2.

(323)
To let go from my hand a flea that I have caught is a kinder act
than to bestow a dirhem on a man in need.
There is no difference between the black earless creature which I
release and the Black Prince of Kinda who bound the tiara
(on his head)3.
Both of them take precaution (against death); and life is dear to
it (the flea), and it passionately desires the means of living4.

The poet speculates concerning the likelihood of a future
existence in which innocent animals will enjoy the happiness
denied them in this world5. Two of the Luzumiyd are ad-
dressed to birds—the ring-dove and the cock6—and another
to the wolf, who "if he were conscious of his bloodguiltiness,
would rather have remained unborn?.”

As I have shown above, Ma’arrî put no trust in blood and
iron as a cure for the woes of humanity8. War to his mind
is immoral, irrational and futile9—for are not the living even

2 II. 25, penult.
3 Al-Jawn (i.e. “the black one”) was a brother of Háirth, the king of
Kinda who fell in battle against Mundhir of Hîra in A.D. 529. See Sir
Charles Lyall’s Ancient Arabian Poetry, p. 104 foll.
4 Luzûm, I. 212, 9.
5 I. 261, penult. and foll.; II. 258, last line and foll.
6 II. 283, 4 and II. 257, 6.
7 II. 284, 12.
8 See p. 103.
9 Luzûm, I. 103, 5; 151, 8; II. 151, 9.
as the dead? — and he wishes that it were physically impossible¹.

(Metre: ʻTawil.)  
Reflection perceives that light was brought in the universe  
To being: the eternal stuff of Time is its pitchy dark².  
The empire for which your swords ye brandish, I say to you,  
"Desire it no more": of men the miserablest are kings.  
And lo, every eventide the sun's horizontal beams  
Announce to discerning folk his setting is near at hand³.

(Metre: ʻTawil.)  
The houses are plastered spick and span, while the tombs decay,  
Albeit nor gate nor guard can fend off the stroke unseen.  
They say that Islam shall be erased, even as of old  
The faith Unitarian went forward and Persia fell;  
But hap whatsoever may, yet Allah deceaseth not,  
And men cull in days to come the fruitage of that they plant.  
Methinks, in the last of life is wormwood that made thee then  
Forget what thou once wast fed withal by the humming bees.  
Aloof from the yellow sun lodge him that the daybeams scorch,  
And bid nigh the ruddy flame when icily breathes the night.  
O king, sure in Hell's hot fire shall burn he that calls a folk  
To prayer the while their blood dyes crimson his scimitar.  
In Ramla, the dust-defiled, are striplings and grey-haired men  
Sore-stricken with miseries because of the crime thou wrought'st⁴.

His views on education are conservative and almost patriarchal.

"Beat thy son and lead him into a right way of action, and  
do not say, 'He is a child not yet grown up.' A crack on the head  
is often beneficial: consider how good it is for the reed-pen to  
have its head split⁵."

¹ I. 61, 7: "Would that the desert, being waterless on every side, were a cutter-off of war!"
² Cf. No. 224, fifth couplet. The world is evil by nature, and all the good in it is derived from the light of reason.
³ Luzim, II. 144, 11.
⁴ II. 7, 8.
⁵ II. 305, 4; cf. I. 400, 4.
Teach your girls to ply the loom and spindle,  
Reading and writing—leave it to their brothers!  
A maid’s prayer giving unto God the glory  
Will serve instead of Yûnus and Barâ’a.  
Well may she blush to sit before the curtain,  
Whene’er the singing-women sing behind it.

Do not think thy fair ones worthy of praise if they are found  
with hands that can form lines of writing,  
For it better becomes them to carry spindles than reeds made  
into pens.

Girls are arrows: if they get acquainted with a book of grammar,  
they return envenomed with mischief.  
They leave the virtuous man infatuated, though they came (to  
him) as pupils, that he might guide them.  
And if they go to consult the astrologer, they do not draw back  
from error.

Let them learn to read (the Koran) from an old crone—one of  
those who open toothless mouths,  
Glorifying the Lord every night and praying in the morning, ever  
abstaining from sin.  
When young women speak well enough to explain what they  
mean, they are not to be blamed for mispronunciation.

Such maxims, though widely current, must have been  
deemed reactionary by many who read the Luzûm before the  
death of its author or soon afterwards. They are based, no  
doubt, on the general Moslem view that the female sex is  
“deficient in intelligence and religion.” Ma’arrij’s ideal of  
womanhood is the modest, hard-working, home-keeping wife,

1 “Yûnus and Barâ’a” refer to two chapters of the Koran, viz. the  
Sûra of Yûnus or Jonah (ch. 10) and the Sûra of Barâ’a (ch. 9), which  
is so called from the initial word, bard’a (immunity). I am indebted to  
Mr Krenkow for explaining this allusion.
2 Luzûm, i. 62, 12.
3 i. 192, 2.
4 See Goldziher’s article on Moslem Education in the Encycl. of religion  
and ethics, vol. v. p. 204.
who honours and obeys her husband: she is "thy first Paradise."

(Metre: Munsarih. Scheme: \(\infty - \infty | \infty - \infty | \infty - \infty \).

A lady wife, praying God to help her to guard
Her husband, 'tis she from shame hath guarded him well.
Up and about early, she betaketh herself
To spin with cotton or sew with needle and thread.
All evil she puts away, afar from her thoughts,
And meets with good in her putting evil afar.

The practical moral excellence at which he aims is the result of right knowledge; and right knowledge cannot be gained by means of a liberal education. On the contrary, "people everywhere are called to embrace false doctrines by a party of udabá", i.e. men of letters and culture. Reason is the guide to virtue, and asceticism is the road. He scorns the argument from antiquity.

Allege not, when thou work'st a deed of shame,
The scoundrel's plea, "My forbears did the same."

Ma'arrí has been dubbed "a precursor of Omar Khayyám," an unfortunate and misleading phrase which can only be defended by the plea that FitzGerald does not give a true picture of the Persian astronomer. Omar, certainly, was a pessimist and sceptic, but (according to FitzGerald) he had also a marked vein of hedonism and mysticism, of which no vestige is to be found in the Luzümíyydt. M. Salmon speaks of "les éloges qu'Al-Ma'arrí, habitué à des fréquentations de buveurs, prodigue à la liqueur vermeille"; these, however, are quite imaginary, for he always refers to wine-drinking with reprobation. Granted that Omar may have

\[1\] i. 356, 11 foll.; ii. 25, 4–5; 418, 7 foll.  
\[2\] ii. 196, 5.  
\[3\] i. 45, 6.  
\[4\] II. 98, 4.  
\[5\] G. Salmon, Le poêle aveugle (Paris, 1904).  
\[7\] See pp. 167–8, supra. By inserting a "not" which does not occur in the original, M. Salmon (p. 66) makes Ma'arrí commend, instead of condemning, the licence given by the Pentateuch.
been more like Ma'arrí than we should suppose from the English representation of him, trustworthy evidence concerning his character is too slight to allow the two poets to be compared. All we can say is that their philosophies of life have some features in common, and that several passages in the Luzīm at once call to mind well-known "Omarian" stanzas, for example:

(329)

God moulded me of water (seed), and lo, like water I run by measure according as I was set to run.
I was created for the divine purpose without knowing the realities thereof, and would that I were absolved from the reckoning with God!
I see the apparition of a curtain which Destiny pre-ordained, whence I came forth for a little and then was hidden in darkness.

Ma'arrí, too, strikes from the calendar "Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday," but not in the sense of carpe diem; for when he says, "Lay your hands now to that in which we are engaged, and leave alone To-morrow, for it is not yet come, and Yesterday, for it is past," he warns us that to live righteously is a present and urgent duty. His pessimism is no mood of melancholy retrospect, it is the cry of a man in pain who feels himself driven along ruthlessly, "like victims with halters on their necks."
Although, as an ascetic, he must confess and preach the vanity of fame\(^1\), he alludes to his literary reputation and anticipates that it will outlast him.

\((331)\)

Well-pleased awhile I gathered lore, till Time
Filled me with rage and memory I did lack.
Whatever I indite in prose or rhyme,
The plagiarists are on my phrases' track\(^2\).

\((332)\)

Man's harmony, composed of discords four,
To Seven of diverse influence is made o'er\(^3\).
Read thou my poesy, when earth shall bind me;
For lo, I leave it as an heir behind me\(^4\).

In another passage he tells how he was dreamed of—and in the dreamer's vision he was a great king, his head crowned with a tiara of gold. "I said, interpreting it, 'Gold (\(dhahab\)) is a sign of my decease (\(dhah\), and the tiara signifies my renown when I shall be dust.'\(^5\)"

\(^1\) I. 175, 2.  \(^2\) II. 75, last line.
\(^3\) The four elements and the seven planets.
\(^4\) Luzim, II. 98, II.  \(^5\) II. 38, 5–7.
APPENDIX

CONTAINING THE ARABIC TEXT OF THE PIECES TRANSLATED ABOVE

ABBREVIATIONS

B The Bombay edition of the Luzum (A.H. 1303). It is based on a manuscript dated A.H. 639, which was transcribed for the Ḥafṣite prince, Abū Zakariyyā ibn Abī Ḥafṣ.

C The Cairo edition (A.D. 1891), derived from a manuscript dated A.H. 633.

L A copy, made for Von Kremer, of the Cairo MS. which is the source of the Bombay edition. It is now in the British Museum (Or. 3160, No. 1050 in Rieu’s supplementary Catalogue). Von Kremer refers to it as Cod. K (Zeitschrift d. Deutschen Morg. Gesellschaft, 38, 501, note 1).

O A manuscript in the Bodleian Library (No. 1293 in Uri’s Catalogue). Though it is carelessly written, its original (dated A.H. 517) is more than a century older than the codices used by the Oriental editors.

S The extracts from the Luzum which were published by Von Kremer in the Sitzungsberichte d. Kais. Akad. zu Wien, vol. 117 (1889).


The following text is that of C, collated throughout with BSZ and also, for the greater part, with LO. I have recorded nearly all the variants: it will be seen that these are few and as a rule unimportant. References showing where each extract occurs in C will be found under the English translations.

(I)

الساعِ آنيةُ الحوادثِ ما حَوَّتُ لَمْ يَبْدِ الْأَلْتَ بَعْدَ كُشْفِ غْطَائِهَا وَكَانَتْهَا هَذَا الزَّمانُ قَصِيدَةُ مَا أُشْتَرَتْ شَاعِرَةُ إِلَّا إِبْطَأَيْهَا لِبَسْتِ لياليِ مُحْسِنَةِ كَانِهَا وُصْفَتٌ بِسُرْعَتِهَا وَلَا إِبْطَأَيْهَا وَسِيَاهُ دَهْرُكِ لَا تَزَال مُصِبَّةٌ صَرِفتُ بِذِلْكَ الَّهُ عِنِّ إِخْتَطَافِهَا اَنَّ المَوْهَابَ كُشْفَتُهَا عَارِيَةٌ وَمِن السَّفَاهَةِ غُبَطَتْ بِعَطَأَيْهَا

1. Z 30, 44. Ṣ C مَحْسُونَةً, i.e., Time does not produce events in the same way as a currycomb brings out dust.
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(2) ولِيت وِلَدًا مَات سَاعةً وُضْعَهِ وَلَمْ يُرْتَضِعْ مِن أَنفٍ الْكِفَاصٍ يَقُولُ لَهَا مِن قَبْلَ نُطُقٍ لَسانِهِ تَفْيِيدِينَ بِى أَن تَنْكَى وَتَناَى

(3) أَصَابَ هِيُ الْدُنيَا تَشَابهُ مُيَتَةٍ وَنَحْنُ حَوْالَيْهَا الْكَلَابَ التوارِيحُ فَهُوَ مَن أَظَلَّ مِنْهَا أَكْلاً فَهُوَ خَاسِرٌ وَمَن عَادَ عَنْهَا سَاعَةً فَهُوَ رَآىَهُ سْيَسْحَبُ مِن حَادِثِ الْكَهْر صَابُحٍ وَمَن لَمْ تَثْبَتْ الْمُخْطَوبُ فَاَتَهُ

(4) هِيُ الْنَّفْسُ عَنْهَا مِن الْكَهْر فَأَجَعُ بَزْرُ وَقَنّاها لِلْخَطْبِ سَاجِعُ وَلَمْ يَذْرَ مِن أَنفٍ تُعْدِرُ لَنا الْخَطْبِ وَأَيْنَ نَقْضُ لِلْبَجْنُوبِ الْمِضْجَعُ وَمَا شَجَعَتُ في لِسَننِ الْعُسْبِاءِ وَمَا هَذِهِ السَّاعَةُ يَلَمْ نَالٌ الْوَقُفُ أَرَى الْنَاسُ انفِاسِ الأَرْكَابُ فَظَاهَرُ الْبَيِّنَةُ وَمَرْدُ الْإِرْضِ رَآىَهُ فَيَا مَقَرًا مَا شَرِبْتُ فِي نَافِعِ ِجَبَّةَ فَهُوَ فِي الْضَّلَايْلِ مِبَتِ كَعَسَرُتْ فِي عَيْهِ لَا بَرَاغِعُ

(5) تَقْفُون وَالْفَتْلَةُ الْبَصْرُ دَارُ وَتَنْقِدُونَ فِتْحَتُكُ الْأَقْدَارُ

(6) تَنَاوُوا ظَاعُونِينَ غَدَاةً قَالَوا اسْتَدِبَ الأَرْضَ مِن مَّطَرَ مُضَيبٍ لَعَلَّ شَوَاهِي رَمَقَتْ وَمِمَّا تَبِيدُ وَمَا لَبِيْهْ نُصْبٍ وَقَدْ تَنْجَوُ الْنَفْسُ بِأَرْضٍ جَدِيبٍ وَيَبْلُكُ اهْلُ الْمَعْتَيْهِ الْحُسَبُ وَان شَجَعُت أَلُوَّ

4. 3 BL


N. S.
قضى الله أن الآدمى معدٍّ
إلى أن يقول العالِمون به قضى
فيّ ويلة البَيْت يوم رحيله
إصابوا تراثًا وأستراح الذُّى مصى

أجَّلَ بِهِمَا أعطاك راحة ناهِب
وأفضل من عيش الغنى عيش فاقة
يَحْلَلُ الْثَّريَّا عَن جَيْبِ الْقَيَاهِب
وَمَا خَلَطْتُ إِلَّا سَبْعَتْ حادِتًا
جَالَ قَرْدِنِهِ قَبْلَ نُوحٍ وآدم
َوَلَى مَدْهَبٍ فِي هَجَرِيِّ الإِنْس نَانُعَ
أَرَانَا عَلِيَ السَّاعَاتُ قُرَّانٌ غَارَة
وَهَنَّ بِنَا يَجِيرِينَ جَرْيَ السَّلَامِ
تأَسَّفْ نَفْسِي لِمَ تَطَلَّقَ رَدَّ ذاهِب

مِلَّتُ عَيشِي فَعُوجِيّ يا مِنيّيّ بَّي
غَدِي سِيوْجِد أَمِسٍ لا يَنَازِعُني

لا كَانَت الدُنْيَا فَلَيِسْ يَسِيرُتِي
وجبلت امرئ عُيْرَآ آنَى سَالِك
زموا بأنَّ البَضَب سَوَف يُذَيِّبُه
وتشجروا في قَبِيَّة المَلكِ المَلِئٍ
فيقول نَاسُ سُوْف يَدْرِكُها الْرَّدِي
آتَدَل يُومًا فَضْةً مِن قَضَة
فَلَجِدْوَةُ البَرَيْخُ هُمَّ خَيْبَةٌ
فَهُمُ العَجَابُ أَن تَدْوَرُ غَمَوُّها
وإِذَا سِيوْفَهُ البَضَب أَدْرِكُها البَلِيْيٍ

7. BCLO
8. BLO
9. مضا
10. اختبار

ب. فضًا

00. تُنْبَى

0. هجرتي
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(11)  

إذا طَفَّلَ الشَّفِيقَةُ إِنَّ رَبِّي  

على ما شأّه من أمر مُقَيّتُ  

وَقَدْ أَوْدَى بَكَ الْيَبْثُ الْمُقَيّتُ  

فَعَلَّتْ وَصَمَّى لُدْرَتْ وَصَمَّى مُقَيّتُ  

فِي الْأَهْلِيَةِ مَا رَقِيَّتُ  

تَحْمِينَ الْحَوَلَ شَرًا بَعْدَ شَرِّ  

فَلَمَّا صَبَحَ بِي وَذِنَا فَطَامِي  

هَلْ يَكُونُ الدَّارُ خَالِيَةً لَغَيْرِ  

وَلَوْ طَالَ السُّمَاقُ بِهَا شَقِيقَتُ  

حَيَاةٌ بِي دِينَتُ فِي نَقِيّتُ  

لَسْتَيْ الفَوْزُ فِي الْأَخْرَى نَقِيّتُ  

وَمَا يَذْرِيكُ باَكْتِيني عَسَانِي  

فَغَادَرْنِي صَأْتَيْ مَا رَقِيَّ  

وَكَانَ الْمَوْتُ أَخْرَى مَا نَقِيّتُ  

إِنَّهُيَنِي عَشَتْ عَرْبُ النَّسْرُ فِي بَيْبَا  

فَقِيرًا فَسَّتِيْسْتُ بَدَّ أَتْقًا؟  

وَمِنْ صَنَعَ الْمَلِكِ إِلَى أَنِّى  

تَعَجَّلَتْ الرَّحِيْلُ فِيْ مَـقَيْتُ  

(12)  

أَرَى اللَّهُ مَوْتَ الْلِّبَيْبِ وَمِنْ يَكَن  

مُرْتَبَّةِ الإِخْوَانُ يَصِدُقُ وَيَكْذِبُ  

وَقَدْ عَشَتْ عَيْشَ السَّيَاسَةِ المَعْلَبِ  

يَنْفُرُ مِنْ دِينَا مَا لَمْ يُبْذَبِ  

(13)  

وَلَا حِيَاتٌ فَيْلَ لِي بَعْدَ تَخْيِيرُ  

وَلَا قَيْمَةٌ إِلَّا عِنْ يَدِى قَدَرٍ  

زَعْمَتْ أَنْكَ تَبِينَيْ لَوْ ضَحِبُ  

أَمْ لِيِنَفْغِي فِي الْكَراَءِ تَغْيِرُ  

ii. 9 BC.  

وَحْيٌ.
(14)

وقد دونت فقى الخَوْفِ والبَلْغٍ
ما نحن أم ما برآياً عائِمَ تَطُرُّ في قَرْدَة بعضاً الافلاك يبْلِغُ
نبرَم الرعد حتى خلَّتَهُ أَسْدًا
أسداً اماماً.

(15)

وأن ترووه من الابْناء إعتِباً
خلُّ الزمان وأهليهِ لَشَانِهِمَّ
وعشَ بدهرك والأقوام مرتِباً
ولا رأينا خبّاءاً منه مستنِباً
واربح للعيس ليوا نالت بما بلداً
فيه البِبا حَكْوَنَ عَودَ الْهَنِد أَقتِبًا
ثم أستجدَ قبيص النَّيب مجتابًا
ما زال يُملِّطُ دنياه بحَوْبِته
حتى أتنهى منابها وما تاباً
خطَّ استوأً بذا عن نقِطة عَجِبٍ
أقت طوططا وأقلاما وطَاباً

(16)

ما أجْبَل الأَمْرُ الذي عَرَفُبُهُ
وعلل ساقمتهم أضل وأثْبَر
يَدْعُونَ في جمعاتهم سفاَهَة
لأميرهم فيكاد يبكي البَنْتُ
جتنا على حَرْدٍ وترحل رَغْباً
ولعلنا ما بين ذلك نجْبَرٌ
ما قيل في عظَم الِبليك وعظَهُ
فالله أُعْظِم في القياس وأَخْبَر
وِصِلَتْهَا دنياك رؤُبا نائمً
بالعكس في عظَم الزمان تعْبر
فاذأ بكيت بها تلك مَّوْرَهُ
وذا ضَحْكَتْ فذاك عَينَ تعبَر
سر الغتني من جلَبِه بنامه
وهو الأَمْرُ ليُومَ رَفَقُتٍ يُصَبِّر
منايبه.
لا يمنعْ الْيَلِكَ الْجِبَارَ مِن قُدْرَةَ
غِيْرِ الْحَالِ مَا أَجْدَدَيْ مَا جَاَسَ
وَلَوْ غَيْرَ الْكُوَّةِ الْمُرَيْحَ فِي يَدَهََ
كَالسُّمْهَ وَأَتَّخَذَ الْبُرْجِيَّةَ بِرَجَاسَا

فُيْعَدًا لِهذَا الْجِمْرِ يَا رَحُومُ مَسْلَكًا
وَبَعْدًا لِيُذِي الْرُوحِ يا جُسْمٌ سَالِكًا
tوَتَوَافِصْتُهَا فَأُسْتَحْدَثَ الْوَسْلُ مِنْهَا
عَجَابٌ كَانَتْ لِلرَّجَالِ مَباَكِيًا

أَتَرْجِعُ نَفْسَ الْبَيْتِ بَعْدَ رَحِيلِهٰ
فِي جَزِيَ قَوُّمًا بِالْدُمُوعِ السَّوَاصِكِ
تَذْيِلُ أَعْنَاقَ الْرَجَالِ وَأَبْدِيًا
أَحْبَبَ الْيَهُوُدْ عُوْنَةَ مَتَواَنِثًا
بَقَادَامِهِ لَا الحَجَلُ فَوْقَ الْبَناَكِ
فَهُوَ الْمَوْتُ مَثْلُ عَنْدَهُ مَثْلُ مَقْتِرٍ
وَقَامَةُ نُبْحَ مَثْلُ أَخْرَ نَاخِبٍ
وَأَنْبِيَةٌ صَلِيَ مِنْ نِبْوَاتِ الْعَناَكِ
فَرَجِلَ فِي عَبْرَاتِ وَالْخِطْبِ فَارِسٍ
وَمَا زَالَ فِي الْأَهْلِينَ أَشْرَفُ رَاَبٍ
وَمَا النَّعْمُ إِلَّا صَالِفَةُ رَمَايًا

فَيَا سُبْرَى لِتَنْرِفَكُنَا الْعَلَبَا
وَنَحْنَ عَلَى السَّجِيَّةِ أَصْدَقَا
أَرَى جُرْعَ الْحَيَاةِ أَمْرٌ شَيٌّ;
فَشَاهِدصُدِّقَ ذَلِلَ إِذْ نُفَقَةَ

كَأَنَّا الْأَرْضُ شَأَّرَ فِيهَا
مِن طَيِّبٍ أُزِهَارُهَا بَخُورٌ
أَنْبَثَ عَلَى رُبُّها الْسَوَاري
وَالْبَيْتُ وَالْمَلَايَا وَالْخَصْمُور
وَنَحْنَ فَوْقَ التَّرَابِ ثَقَلٌ
يُكَادُ مِنْ تَحْتَهَا يَخْوُرُ
أوصي بنفسك وعن وجز نصحت لما في أجابتها إلى نصحي وإيضائي
والرجل يشبه في أعداده خطأي فيما أهيم له يومًا بإمتنان
والزيات يأتي ولم تستطع اليه يدي ببيان في ذاك إداناتي وإفضائي
لو أنه في الديانة والسماك أو الله يزعم العبور أو الشعر الغنيص

تقضي الحياة ولم يقصد لشانتنا أن ولا وعودنا في الجذب مقصود
نفرق العيش لم نظفر بمعينة أي البيعان بأهل الأرض مقصود
لمر تشتتنا العلماً اخبار يجي بها نقل ولا كوكب في الأرض مرصود
وبقض ما أخشى من تبث الزمان بناء وكيل زرع إذا ما هاج مقصود

قدت في أيامك العلماً وأدبيت على الظلمة
وتعطي ذهابنا الغي لما عطبت من وصياً الدفأة
للملوك المذكرات عبيد وكذاك الجوائب إماة
فالكلام المنصف والبر والفرقد والصح والترى والماه
وال mensajes والنائر والتنبرة والمرض والصحي والسباحة
هذه كلها لربك ما عابك في قول ذلك الحكمة
قلت يا أخو أستغفر الله فلم يبي في إلا الظلماء
ويقال الكريم قوله وما في التعبير إلا الشخيص والآسيا
وأحاديث خبرتها غواة وأتيتها للجسّب القديم
أ هذه السبب خلتها شباك الدماء لب فوقع أهلها إلما
في الإفق مرصود 0 23.
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بعضًا للقضىَّ ثم على الخليفَة، فبعث أن تُسَلُّ المحبة
أو ما يُبشرون فعل الريَّ كُفينة السدائد والأحمة
عَلبُ الملكين منذ كان على الخليفَة وماتت بِغيظها الحكمة
فأرقى بها خصُمًا يومًا ولو أتى في رأس شاهدي عصمًا
5 وأرى الأربعة الغرام فينا، وهي في جيئة الفتى خصمة
ان تواضع مع أحد أو لا فلا ينسفان عنها الأمراض والاغباء
ووجدت الزمان أًغمر قطاً ووجب في حُكما العجمة
فان دنياك من نهار وليل و هي في ذاك حَيّة عرُوسة

(25)

لو كنت رائد قوم ظائعين إلى
دنياك هذه نما أليفك حذابا
لقلت تلك بلاد بنُتها سفر
و ما أٌها العذاب سِر للقتى ذابا
هي العذاب فجدها في ترحالكم
إلى سواها وخلَّوا الدار إعدابا
و ما تهدّب يوم من مكارها
أو بعض يوم فحتوا السير إهدابا
و خبرتكم ببعين غير مُتكشف
ولم يأكن في جبال الملكين حذابا

(26)

أمور تَّتحف بها حُلموم
و ما يدرى الفتى لَّمَّا النَّبُور
كتاب مَحِيد وكتاب موسى
و إنجيل آبَّين مرتين وثربور
نِّبت أَمَا فيها قيلت وبارت
نصيحها فكل القوم بور
ودارا ساكِن وحِياة قوم
سُجِر فوْقه أَطْل العبور
ه يعطل منديل ويُرات قبر
و ما تبقى الدبار ولا القبور

24. 11 BCL
25. + BCL. BCL. الغيت 2 BCL
26. 17 O تحكينا. 11 O تسنى.
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(27)

إذا ما أُسْتَبِلَ الْطَفْلُ قَالَ وَلَاتِهُمْ
فَدُونَكَ مَا يَا عَلِيٌّ طُولَ وَهُمْ
لَن تُظَبِّرَنَّ الرَّكَضَ فِيَهَا فَكَلَّنا
شَهِيدُ بِأَنَّ القَلْبِ يَضْرِبُ عَشْقُهَا

(28)

لَقِدْ مَرْ حَرْسٌ بعْدَ حَرْسٍ جَمِيعٌ
حَنَادُسُ لَمْ يَفْنُ بِمَعَ الصَّحِحِ شَارَقُهُ
تَغْيِرْتِ الإِيَّاهُ وَالْبَلَكَ ثَابَتَهُ
مُغَارِبَةً مُفْوَدَةً وَمَشَارِقَهُ
مُرَادُ جُرُتُ أَقْلَامُهُ فَتَبَادرُتْ
بَأَمْرِ وَجُفَتُ بِالْقَضَاءِ مُشَارِقُهُ
وَهُلَّ أَقْلُتُ اللَّيْلَةِ صَبْرِي وَحَوْلَهُ
مَوَازِيَتُهُ أَوْ قَبْضُ وَبَطَارِقُهُ

(29)

ظَيَّتُ إِلَى مَاَّ الْشَّيْبِ وَلَمْ بَزِلْ
يَغْرُ≥ عَلَى طُولَ الْبَّنَيٍّ وَيَغْيَظُ
تَرَاهُ مَعَ الْخَوْانِ لَا تَسْتَطَيعُهُ
حَبِّ مَنْ تَيْبُهُ فَأَنْتَ بَغْيَهُ

(30)

لَعْلُ نَجَوَمُ اللَّيْلَةِ تُعْلِمُ نُفْيَرْهَا
لَتُعْلَمُ بِرَأْيِ فَالْعِبَّوْنِ شَاهِدُ
خَرَجْتُ إِلَى ذِي الدَّارِ كَثِرَةً وَرَحْلِيْتُ
يِلْغِرَاهُ بِالرَّغِيْيِ وَاللَّهُ شَاهِدُ
فَنَبَأ أَنَا فِيهَا بِيْنَ ذِيْنَكَ مُجْبِرٌ
عَلَى عُلَمٍ إِمْ مَسْتَطِيعُ فْيَجِدُ
عِمْيَاتِكُ يَا وَنْيَا فَأْلَكَ أَجْعَامْ
عَلَى الجَبِلِ طَعِيًّ مُسَلِّمًا وَمَعَاهِدٍ
ِ فَمَفْتَضِحُ يُبْدِي ضَمَائِرَ صَدْرِهِ
وَمَخْفِ ضَيْرِ النَّفْسِ فِي مُجَاهِدٍ
اَخْوَى سَبْبَةٌ طَفْلُ الَّيْلَةِ وَهَمْهُ
لَيْهُ فِي الْعُيْشِ عَذَرَآ أَنَادُ
فَوَأَجْعِبْنا نَقْفُو احَدِيْتُ صَدْبِ
وَتَتَرِكْ مِنْ جَبِلٍ بِنَا مَا نُشَاهِدُ
لَقِدْ ضَلُّ هَذَا لِلْخَلَقِ مَا عَانَ فِيْهُ
وَلَا حَائِنٌ حَتَّى الْقَيَامَةِ زَاهِدُ

29. BCL ظُهِبْتُ. 30. BL لَتَعْلَمُ.
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(31)

* حَقَقَ حُرُونٌ أَنَّ الْفَتِى بَعْدَ سُوْمِهِ تَقُولُ لَهُ الْإِيَامُ فِي جَدُّهُ لِجََّ وَكَر وَطَيَّتُ أَقَادَمَانَا فِي تَرَابِهَا جَبِينٌ أَخِي ٌ جَبِيرٌ وَهَاتِمَةٌ أَبْنُهُ

(32)

* مِن أَمْسِنَ الدُّهْر وقَنَا سَاعَةٌ سَلْبِيَّةٌ أُعُجِّبْ بِبُعْرُكَ أُولِهٍ وآخِرِهِ إِنَّ الزَّمَانَ قَدِيمُ سْنُهُ حُدُثُ أُوْدِى رَدَاهُ بِأَجْبَالٍ فَكُرُ حُفْرُتُ اجْدَاثُ قُوُمٍ وَلِمْ بَحْفَرُ لُهُ حُدُثُ

(33)

* يُؤْوَى عُتُوبَ أن يَعَشَّ وَأَنْثا تَمَارُسُ أَهْوَالَ الزَّمَانِ إِذَا عَشَّا عَلَوْتُ أَجْزَاهُ جَسَّى لِمْ أَعْلٍ حُولُ الزِّرَايَةُ فِي مُصِيفٍ وَلَا مُقْنَاءٌ فَرَشِ مُعْذَبُ إِنْ كَانَ يُدِينُ رَيْشَةٌ وَلَا تَفَخَّرُنَّ بِبَيْنِ الْإِنْتَامِ بِهَا رَشَتَا فِي بَحْرٍ أَيِّيْنَ بِالْتَّضَوَّبِ وَإِنْ جَمَّتَا

(34)

* أُهْلٌ بِغَلَاةَ الرَّدِي وَإِيَابِهَا مَكَّةُ تُسْرَئْنِي بِبَقْلِيْ ثُيَابِهَا دُنِيَا دَارَ إِنْ يَكُنْ شُبَّأَهَا عَقْلًا لَا يِكْوَا عَلَى غُيَايِبِهَا كَأَنْ أَظَهَرَ ثُوبًا تَرْزِدُ عِنْ ذَهْنِي وَكُرِي فِي ضِيَبَهَا وَيِبَابِهَا تَفَرَّبُ بِسَيْفُهَا وَتَكُبُّهُمْ بِمَهَا وَتَنَبَّأُ بِصِيَابِهَا هُمْ مَا الْمُكَافِرُونَ بِعِزَّهَهَا وِيَارَهَا إِلَّا قَرْبِيِّ الْحَالِ مِنْ خَبَّابِهَا وَمَنْ الْعَجَّالِ أَنْ كَلِلَّ رَاغِبٌ فِي أَوْرُ دُرُّ وَهُوَ مِنْ غَيْبَهَا 

تُقْرِيبٌ L 34.
(35) بنى الدهر مبلاً إن ذهب فعالكما
فانت إنسنفسي لا محلله أبدا
متى يتقضي الوقت والله قادر
فتشت في هذا التراب وتفادأ
تجاور هذا الجسم والروح برحة
فبدأ برحت تأتى بذلك وتصدا

(36) ان الآلهة إن كانوا ذوى رشد
بما يعانون من داع أطية
وما شفاك من الأشياء تطلبها
إلا الآلهة لو تلفي الآلهة
نبر من شرب جالي وذو رعد
كانت لنا المنافنا أحباء

(37) قد يسروا لدفن حان مصراها
ببنا من الحشب لم يرفع ولا رحب
يا هؤلاء آتروسه والقري فله
أنس به وهو أولى صاحب صحب
واتها الجسم ترب خير حالته
سفيا الغبائر فأسفعها له الصحب
صار البهج من الأقوام خظ سفي
وقد يرفع إذا ما وجهه شحب
5 سيان من لم يضع ذرع بعبيد ردى
وذراع في مغاني فتيه سجبا
فادف من الضحك وأحذر أن تحلفه
أما ترى الغير ليا أضحك أتتبع

(38) أشباح إنه يخصبون صوارما
تحت العجاج وبرغوض السبا
ويمارسون من العظالما غيابا
ويواصلون فيطقعون السبا
ومرادهم عذب خسائ قدره
شربو له مقررا لكهما يلبِسا

روح إذا رحلت عن الجسم الذي
سكتت به فهالله أن يرسبا
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(39)

قبيح أن يُحس نحب باك

إذا حان الردى فقضيت نحبي

ولم أر البنيّة بأختياري

ولكن أوك شقتي سعيّ

فاستن في ماضي بعد رحب

وجدت الموت ينتظر البرايا

بسحب منه في أعقاب نحب

ه فأوصيكم بدنيانا هوانا

فأتى تابع آثار صحبى

(40)

ان يقرب الموت منى * فلست آخرا قرية

وكذاك أمنع جصن * يصبر القبر دربة

من يلته لا يراقب * خطبا ولا يحسن طرية

صاتني رث إبل * أصحى يمارس جربه

و أو ناشط يتبقى * في مقفر الأرض عربة

وإن زرخت لأصلي * فثبت في شر تربة

والوقت ما مر إلا * وحل في العبر أرية

طلح يحاصر حتفا * وليس بعده شربة

ويتقي الصرف الغصب أن يباشر عربة

ا والمرفع فوق فراش * أشق من ألف ضربة

واللَّب حارب فينا * طبعا يُكافد حربة

يا ساكن اللوح غرْنْي الحماة وإربة

ولا تَضن فاتى * ما لي بذلك دربة

40. مقفر بclo BL يصبر القبر.
في الناس خلق فتى
15 ذو غيَّر من العاملات يتائر زرته
لا ذات سرّ يعّري مُتردى ولا ذات سرنة
وما أغلب المنايا تخاطو كواكب جرنة
ستأخذ السُّحر والجفْر والسماك وتربة
فَتُّحن عن حلّ نفسي شرق الفضاء وغربة
20 وزَّرن عن غهر بر عَجّم الأثام وعرابة
ما وُمضة من عقبيّ إلا تُبّح طرحة
هُوَى تَعبَّد حتّا فيما يحاول هرَّينة
من رامى لم يُبْدِّنُي إن المُناظل غرَّبنة
كانت مُقَارِق جُون كأنها ريش غبَّة
35 ثمّ أنجبت فجينة للقار بَل صربة
إذا خَصّصت قليلًا فقدت ذلك قربة
وليس عندي من آلة السري غير قربة

(41)
إذا لم يكن خلق فتى كبير يُضيعه جِبامى ولا طلل فغير حياتي
وما العيش إلا عَلّة بُنها الردى فدل على أصر فلطاني

(42)
خير لا أدّه والخُلقي الذي خرجوا من طُيّره أن يكونوا قُبل ما خِلُفوا
فبل أحَص وبالي جسيمه سَمّه بما رأى بَنوه من أذي وَنقوا
وما تُريد بدار لست مالكها تُقي فيهما قليلًا ثمّ تنْطلُق
فارقتها غير محبو علّى سخط وفي ضميرك من وجد بها علّن

جًونا 40 ذات سِرب 16 الحليم. ب كالمعير. 10 C كالمعير. 40
ه تكون للروح ثوبًا ثم يخلعه ويثوب ينحى حتى الريح والقلق، ودخلت الليالي في تجدها وانصرف مين في إخلاصه خلقًا والناس شن فغطى اليمين صاوقيبر، عن الأمور وبري الكاذب الميلق يغدو إلى اليمين من قلل دواهية في جميع الحال ما يقرى ويختلق وربما عدل الإنسان مسجته في الصدق حين برى جد الذي ينطلق

(43)
دنياك تكنتى بأم دقر لم يكن الناس أصرطيب فأخذى إلى هاتف مجيد قام على عضله الرطيب يكون عند اللبيب منا أبلغ من وعظ خطيب يحلف ما جادت الليالي ألا بسري لنا قطيب

(44)
أودع يومي عالمًا أن مثله إذا مر عن مثل bàiس يعود وما عقلات العيش إلا مناحم وإن ظن قوم أتين سعود كانت على العيون الركب مشرقا إذا نص جرباء الظهرة عود سرى الموت في ظلما، والقُوم في الكرى وقام على ساق ونحن فعود

(45)
أطمئن لا ين بهم بصير أما لكري إلى العلية، هادي عيروننا الدهر شبانًا وشيًا فتو في أوقات وللسهاد وأوطنا الديار بكل وقت فألقنا الرواية عالها جيد للمغنين دفاش نوم وضرب مكان أروع من مهام سأاقتربت بجسم الحي روح فتلك وهذا في حالي جهاد

42. 8 BL
44. نص 0
ولا مَقَرَّ عَلَى اللَّدَاتِ أَوْلِيَّةٍ يُحِبُّ وَلَكِنَّ غَبْهَا مَغْفِرٌ
آئِي الْزَّمَانَ يَقِينًا أَنَّ سَيْجِمُّنَا إِلَى التَّرَابِ وَرِسَالَ الْمَوْتِ تَتَنْقُرُ
يَغْتَيُ الْفَتَى بِالْبَنَايَا عَنْ مَآرِهِ وَيَنْفَعُ الْرَّجَحُ فِي طَفْلٍ فِيَنْفُقُّ

لَا أَتْبَعْنِى وَيَحْبِرُ لُبَدْيَتْهُ إِلَى الْحَقِّ أَوْ نَهْجُ لَذَاكَ مَقَارِبٌ
فَقُدْ عَشْتُ حَتَّى مَنْيَى وَمُلْتَهُ زَمَانِي وَناجِتُهُ عَيْونُ الْتَجَارِبِ
فِي أَلِي الْفَتَى إِلَّا أَنْفَرَزَ وَوَحِيَّةٌ إِلَى حُرُضُ الْجَارِبِ
فِي أَنْفَرَزَ وَسَالِرَ إِنْ أَرُدَتْ فَانَا إِنَّهُ الْيَمِّي مِثْلُ الْمَحَارِبِ

حَوَافِيٌّ نُفُسِّي كَالْعَوَانِي قَصَائِرُ وَحَاجَاتِ غَيْرِ قَالِسَتْهَا الرَّيْدٌ
اِذَا أَغَضَبَ الْخَيْلُ الْكِشْرُّ فِي هَٰذَا عَلَى اَقْتِدازٍ غَيْرِ أَزْمَ الرَّهَدَادِ
وَمَا يَسْبِحُ الْإِنْسَانُ فِي نَغْمَةٍ مِنَ الْعِرْزِ إِلَّا بَعْدَ حُرُضِ الْقَدَادِ
وَمَا كَفَّ عَلَى أَنْ يُؤْمِنُ بَلدَاٰ مِنَ الْأَمْرِ أَنَا بَالْدَ مَوْحَدُ بَالْدَاٰ
۵ أَحِيدُ قَمْتِي السَّهَامُ وَلَوْ رَمِتْ قََسَى حَيْامِي لَمْ تَجْدَنِي بَحَادِ
تَنْدَادُ عَنَّمِ الحَوْضِ الْقَدَادِ بَيِّنَةٍ وَحُضُّ الْرَّدِيِّ مَا دَوَنَ حُفَّ ذَاٰلِكَ
لَعْمُركِ مَا شَارَ العَمَانِيِّ شَيْئِيَّ وَلَا طَلِبَ الْرَّوْضِ السَّحَابِيَّ رَأِيَّ
وَمُوْكِيَّ أَرْجُيٰ مِنَ زَمَانٍ زِيَادَةٌ وَقَدْ حَذِفَ الأَصْلِّ حَذِفُ الْزُّوَائِدِ

قد سَأَهَا العَقْرُ لا ضَمَتْ وَلَدَتْ وَذَاكَ خَيْرُ لَهَا لَوْ أَعْطَيْتُ رَسَدَا
ما يَأْخَذُ الْمَوْتُ مِنَ نَفْقِ لِي نُفِرُدُ شِيْئًا سَوَاهَا إِذَا مَا أَقْتَالَ وَأُحاَشَدَا
وَمُنْدِدُ الخَيْرُ لَا تَصْغَى لَهُ أَذَنٌ قَدْ ضَلَّ مِدْخَالَ الْدُنْيَا فَبَدَاءٌ
غيوب التجارب ۴۷
The Meditations of Maʿarri

(50)

The tradition must be recited and learned by heart in order to be communicated orally to others. This reading, however, seems to me less appropriate than the emendation printed above.

(51)

Life is to us, and in life. He who has enjoyed a long life, and who has been a guide, will not make a guide for the people. He who has guided the people will not live a long life. He who has been a guide for the people will not have a long life. He who has been a guide for the people, and who has not lived a long life, will not be a guide for the people.

50 L in marg. Ψιφαρος, i.e., the tradition must be recited and learned by heart in order to be communicated orally to others. 

51. Ψιφαρος, the tradition must be recited and learned by heart in order to be communicated orally to others.
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(52)

Li-Ghūtūnī lām ʿAlā mātī Hafṣa

ṣūrah māṣlāʾa wa nimr ǧournāw

nīwāb arūr wa tānūb

Fībī āyānā fī anṣūmūl lājārii

kuttāb mīn ṣāliḥ tārūgh wānūb

wāhī bījūl al-ʾarḍ lātī Abīb ābīnī

kullūn ḥurāal al-qāmiq lūn dūnūbī

5 itqāl al-ʾītir ḍīmur ṣīḥā ṣīḥā

wāsīd hām lā mūsūd ǧournāw

wānī ēn līm ātī kūhīr āḥūdī

lāmāl ārwāt bākīr dūnūbī

(53)

dhūrī ēn ynsūrīk ynsūr biḥūnīa
dzā ēḥānē fīyīhūr ṣīḥā ṣīḥā

wāhājī al-ʾāyiʾām ynsūr ṣīḥā

(54)

bṭūn lāt rāb ḫawāfī ẓāḥāhīrī

wāttin al-ʾudī līn al-ʿabīd wa lībīkī

qād ʿūṣrī ʿawwālī mā alwātī bīhī
dāmī ṣīḥī ḫālīqī lā mūlīkī

evīlīk līlī sīr mā lāʾābārī
dīnī āṣāfī āḥībī lā mūlīkī

ān māt jīsīrī bīdī lārḍī ṣīḥūnīe

wān nāītī bīn rūgh bīfī al-dīlīkī

(55)

al-mārī yqūdī dīnīyā hūlī fīḥūrī

bālīkī mūnī wīnābāna hūlī sīḥūtī
yḥūf tīḥībī alī ʾīḥīr fīlībīsī
dīnī māwāqītī bālīkī līm yḥūhī

al-ʾāyā, wa-ʾāwīrī ʾī.

51. 8 BC

52. 8 BL wī ṣīḥūrī ʾī āʾīdūhī

53. 8 with in marg.
The Meditations of Ma'arri

(56)

لقد بَرَحَتُ طَيْرَ وَلَستُ بَعَائِفٍ
وَإِنَّ هَاجَ لِي بَعْضَ الْغَرَامَ بِرَوْحِهَا
اَرَى مَذَايِنَهَا طَالَ مِنْ كُلِّ آمَةٍ
وَإِنَّ هَاجَ لِي بَعْضَ الْغَرَامَ بِرَوْحِهَا
وَأَوْصَالَ جَسَرٍ لِلْتَرَابِ مَلَآءٍ
وَلَمْ يَدْرَ دَارِ اِبْنِ تَذَهَبْ رَوْحَهَا
وَلَا بَدَّ يَوْمًا مِنْ غَدٍّ مِبَاغٍ
وَسَنَّدَوْهَا أوَ مِنْ رَوْحَةٍ سَنَّدَوْهَا
لَحْتَتْ بِعَفَوٍ لَا قَصْاصٍ جَرَوحَهَا
وَلَوَ رَضِيْتُ دُونَ النَفْسِ بِجَمِيرَهَا

(57)

اَفَ مَا مَضَى نَفْسُ فَأَحْبَيْتُهَا كَالْخَيْطُ مِنْ ثُوبِ عُبَرَ نَبَّجٍ
وَإِنَّ هَاجَلَ دَهْرَ فَأَصَبَّ لَهُ
فَعَشَّ ذَا وَقَارُ كَانَ لِمُتْبِعٌ
فَكُرَ جُمُهَةَ خَمْدَتْ فَأَنْفَضَتْ
وَكَانَ لَهَا مِنْ زَينَ حَبِينَ وَضَجٍ
فِي مَقَاطِعِ الْجَبَّيْشِ خَطَّأَ عَلَيْهَا
فَيْ غَبِرَ حَظَلَ يَعْلَوْ الْرَّهْجَ
هُ زَمَانُ حَبَّا كِلِيَلَ الْعَطْلَا
مَا زَال يَكْتَشِرُ أَخْذُ الْمِهْجَ
مَلَا تُؤْثِرُ أَلْفُسْنا حَسْيًا
قَضَاً لَهُ بَأْدَانَا لَبِنُجَ
أَعْنُ بَعْضًا لَجِّ في حَزْنِه
وَسَلَّ ضَحَّاَكَ الْقُومُ مِيرَ أَبْنِهِ
وْعَالِمِيْنَا الْمُثْبِيْ كَالْضَّبَّيْ قِبْلَ لَهُ فِي أَبْداً لَجِّ

(58)

سَنَّتَ الْكُونَ فِي مُسْرَ وَخَفْرُ
وَمَنْ لَى أَنْ أَحْلَ جَنُوبَ تُقُرٍ
أَعْلَلَ حَبْيَنَ أَغْرَرَ بِالْحُمْرَامَى
وَأَشْرَبَ إِنْ طَبَتَ نَزْبِعَ جَفْرٍ
إِلَى الْأَيَامَ أَنْفُسُ الْبَرْيا
وَلَمْ يَقُرُّنْ مِنْ صَيْحَ وَتَقُرٍ
فَا يَقُرُّنْ مِنْ زَوْلِ عَجْبٍ
نَمْ مَنْ أَقَرُّنْ مِنْ صَيْحٍ وَتَقُرٍ
بِهِ مَنْ حِيَلَ الْدَهْرَ حَتَّى
وَلَمْ يَقُرُّنْ مِنْ زَوْلِ عَجْبٍ

57. ۶ BCLO
58. ۶ BCLO

N. S.
فيما قرَّع الفتنة إذا توارت بِفَجَرِها إلى سَرِح وضَفْر يفَارَقُها الفتى والدمعُ جارٌ كَذاك جَرَّت عوائد أم دُفر

(59)

بِتِحَارِب الطَّبع الذي مُزْجَت به مِهْج الأنام وعَقَلهم فيفَتَه وِيْفَثَل يُنْظِرُ ما سَناه بنائِع كالشمس يِسْترَها العَمَامُ ووظَّه حتَّى إذا حضر الجَهَامُ تَبَيِّنَوا أَن الذي فَعَلَه جهلْ طَله

وتُغَربُ الشَّرْيْر يُوجَب حَتفة مِثل الْوُجَار اذْ تَسْحَب صَلْه ه ولِزومته الأُوطان أَبْقَى لَلرُّدِّي كالسَّيد يِسْترَ في الْضَّرَاءة أَزْهَل والنفْسُ ألفَة الحياة فدمعها يَجِرْي لِذَّيْخُرُ فِراقِها منهَه

ولقد علِمتُ فِي أسْفِت لفَاتٍ أَن البقِيَة من مدآَيْ أَقْلِه والْبَر يَلَتمس الحَلالِ ولم أَجِدُ هَذَا الْوَرَى إِلَّا فَقيِدًا حَلةُ

(60)

إِلَّهٌ قَادِر وعَبِيد سوَّه وَجَبَرٌ في البِذَاذاب وأَعتِرَال وبالذُّذب أَنْسَرَى وَضَح لِيْل وَلِيْل ولم تَزل الحَطُوبُ وَلَ تَزَالُ

(61)

رَغبنا في الحياة لقرْط جَبَلٍ وَقَفْنَ حياثنا حَتَّى رَغب شكا خَزَزَ حواَتلهَا وِيْبُ فيها رَحْمَ الرَّبِير وَلا الضَّغَيبْ شِهِدَتُ فلَم أَشِهَدُ غَيْرٌ نَكِير وَغَيْبِنَا البَنْيِ فيبَتٍ أَغْيبٌ
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62. The emendation is unnecessary. Read, therefore, in the first line of the English version:

"The Imám, he knows—his tenets are not mine—"
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(66)
ما يفتَّأ الدهر والأبرار يُعلَّقُونَ
بالِبِسَ عَصْرَ اَلَّيِّن يَلِسِّ الْكِبَارُ
وَذَاكَ بَرَدَّ اَلَّيِّن ما أَجْتَابَة رَجْلَ
أَلْقِيَ الحِيْبُورَ وأَلْقِيَ الْفَيْرَ
يَا سِاحِكْيِنَ الْأَرْضُ كَثِرَ رَجْبُ سَلَْتُهُمْ
بِهَا فَعَلْتُم فَلَمْ أُعْفَدْ لَكِمْ خَبْرًا
وَقُلْتُ نَضْرَ فَلَمْ تُذْكَرْ شَدِيدُهَا
وَالَّذِي يَنْسَى اَلَّيِّن ما أَعْفََ الْدُّبْرَا

(67)
فَأَمَا رَأَيْت فِقْهَ الْحَيْثُ أَقَبْلَ مِنْ
ذَنَّ الصَّدِيقِ فِيْلِمْ يَوْغُضُ بِمِنْ قُبْرًا
أَنْتِ اَبْن وَقَتْكَ وَالبَائِضُ حَدِيدُ حَرْيَ
وَلَا حَلاَوَة للْبَائِقِ الَّذِي غَبْرًا

(68)
لَقَد مَاتَ جَنِين الصَّبَّى مِنْ بَرََبَةِ
وَتَأَبِي عُفْارَي القُلْبِ غَيْرَ مَرْوَدٍ
أَمَّرَتْ أَمَّرَتْ أَمَّرَتْ أَمَّرَتْ
فَكَرَ حَلَّاتُ قَوْمًا غَدَا وَرَوَدٍ
شَرِبَتْ بَرَوَدًا لَمْ يَدْعَ نَازِعَ غَلْطَةِ
وَعَنَّ مَثْكِيْآ أَلْقَيْتِ خَبَرَ بَرَُودٍ

(69)
وَالنَّاسُ كَانُوا كَانَا فِي نَشَائِهِمْ
يُضْمَوُّ الْسَّقْطَ مِنَ نَثْرْ يَتِّبِعُ
وَالْأَرْضُ ثُبْتَ مِنْ نَحْلٍ وَمِنْ عَمْرٍ
وَمَا يَخْلَدُ لا نَحْلٍ وَلا عَمْرٍ
لَوْ يَعْقُوْنُ لِبْنِهِ أَهْلِ مَيْتِهِمْ
وَلَمْ تَقْمِ لِلْوَلِيدِ فِيْهِ الْبَشَرُ

(70)
سَلَوُا مَعْطَى اليَوْمِي الَّذِي جَاءَ وَافَدَ
الْبَيْكِ يَهِيَّرُ فِيْوَ أَقْرَكْ عَهَدًا
يَحَدِّثُكُمْ أَنَّ الْبَلَادَ مَقْبِيَةٍ
على مَا عُيِّدَتِهِ ذَلِكَ الْبَيْضُ وَالْوُهُدَا
وَلَمْ تَفْتَأَ الْدُنْيَةَ تَفْرُّ خَلِيفَهَا
وَتَبَدَّلَهُ مِنْ غَيْبِ أَجْفَانَهُ سُدَا
ثَرِيَّ النَّجَيِّ في هَيْثَ النُّورُ خَدْعَةٌ
وَتَطْعِمِهِ صَابِرًا فِيْحَبْيَةَ شَبِداً
وَقَدْ حَمَلَتُهُ فَوْقَ عَنْسٍ وَطَالَ مَا
سَرَىَّ فَوْقَ عَنْسٍ وَعِلا قَرْسَأ تَبَداً
وَلَمْ تَتَرَكَ مِنْ حَيَالِهِ لَتِغْرَةٍ
وَلَيْ بْيَقِ في إِخْلاصِهِ حُبِّا جَبِداً

66. BCL
67. والإبراد.
68. B 69. BCL

اجفاتها.
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(70)

بحلٍ نفسه البندٌ خَوَفًا... وَكَرَّرَ دَونَ ما صَنَعَ الْجِبَاهُ
وَمَا فَعَلَّهُ الْكَيْدُ الْمَرَّاءِ... وَلا شَرْعِيَّةَ سَبَأْا وَهَادَا
يَقْرِبُ جِسْمَهُ لِلنَّارِ غَيْدًا... وَذَلِكَ مِنْهُ دَينُ وَأَجْتَهادٍ
وَمَوْتُ الْمَرْيَة نَومٌ طَالٌ چَادًا... عَلَيْهِ وَخَلَعَ عِيْدَتَهُ سَبَاءُ
هُ نُوَدُّ بالصلاة وَدَاعٌ يُبَأِسُ... وَتَنْتُرُ فيِ الْقَرْبِ وَلاذُ
أَهْلُهُ مِنْ الثَّرِىِّ وَالأَرْضِ أَمْ... وَأَمَّكَ حَجُّرَاهَا نَعْرُ الْمِبَادُ
إِذَا الروحُ الْطِلْفِة زَابلَتَى... فَلا مَثْلُهُ عَلَى الْرَّيْسِ العَبَادُ

(71)

هَوَالْقُوْمُ فِي بَحْرٍ وَإِنْ سَكَنَ الْبَرْرَ... أَذَا هُوَ جَاَءَ الْخُبَيْرَ لَمْ يَعْدِمَ الْقَرَأُ
وَهَلْ تَظْفَرُ الْدِينَا عَلَى بُنِيَّةٍ... وَمَا سَأَءَ فِيهَا نَفْسُ أَضْعَافُ ما سَنَا
بِلَا قَيِّ حَليْفِ العَشْبِ ما هُوَ صَارَةٌ... وَلَوْ لَمْ يَكُنَّ الْلَّهُ الْبَوْأَرُ والْقَرْأٍ

(72)

لَقَدْ جَأَنا هَذَا الشَّتَا... وَتَحْتَهُ... فْقِيرٌ مَعْرِى أوْ إِمْرٌ مَدْوَجُ
وَقَدْ بَزِّرَ الْمَجْدُودُ أَقْوَاتُ أَمِّهَا... وَبَحَرَ قُوَّاتٌ وَاحِدٌ وَهُوَ أَحْوَجُ
وَلَوْ خَسَّتُ الَّذِينَ عَرْسُ وَجَدُّتُهَا... بِمَا قَتَّلَ أَزْوَاجُهَا لَا تَزْوَجُ
فَقَدْ عَيْبَ الْمَشْرِبِ إِلَّا الْمَعْوَجُ... فَقَدْ عَيْبَ الْبَيْنِيَّ لَتَشْرَبُ طَاءْرَا
هَلْ عَلَى سَنَرِ هَذَا الْإِلَانُ فَخَلَّا... لَأَبْعَدْ بَيْنَ وَاقْعٍ نَتْحَوْجُ
وَلَا تَعْجِينَ مِنْ سَالِرَ إِنْ سَالَّا... إِخوَ غَمْرَةٍ فِي زَاخَرٍ يَتْحَوْجُ
وَهَلْ هُوَ الْأَرْبَى لِلْعَشِيَّةٍ... يَلْحَظُ بَرَقًا فِيِ الْجَيْدِ يَتْحَوْجُ
وَلَوْلا دَعَاهُ اللَّهُ لَا يَقَى مِنَ الأَذَى... كَيْ كَانَ لَا قَيِّ خَامِدٌ ومُتْحَوْجُ

71. حَرَفُ العَشْبِ 0
72. 3 BF
73. وَجَدْتُهَا.
(73)
تنافَيت الَّذينُ النَّفوس بِغَيرَةٍ فَانْكِنُت تَسطِيعُ الْيَابَانَ فَنَاّهِبٍ
بقائِمٍ فِي الدُّنْيَا عَلَى رُزْقِهِ وَهُلُ اِلَّا إِلَّا غَابِرٌ مَّثْلُ ذَاهِبٍ
إِذَا خَلَقَ الْإِنسانَ ذَلِكَ جَمَآءَةٌ وَإِنَّ نَالَ يُسَرًا مِن أُجَلِّ الْيَوَاهِبِ
تَقادِمُ عَلَى الْدُّهْرِ حَتَّى كَأَنْيَا نَجُومُ الْلَّيْلِ شَيْبُ هَذِهِ الْقِيَامِ

(74)
يا لِيْلَ قَدْ نَامَ الضَّحَى وَلِيَنَىُ جَعَلَ الْدُّنْجَهُ تَنِجَمُهَا الاَّسْهَارُ
إنْ كَأَنْتَ الْخَضْرَا رَوْضًا نَافِرًا فَلْعِلَّ ذَهَرُ نُجُومُها آَهَارُ
والْإِلْيَامُ مِثْلُ الْبَيْتِ يُظْهِرَهُ الْهُيَاءُ وَيُكَونُ اَوْلُ هُلْكُهُ الْإِظْهَارُ
تُرَاهُ رَاعِيَةٌ وَتَسْكُبُ بَرْدَهُ أُخْرَى وَمِنْهُ ثُقَائِلُ وَبَارُ
فَمَا مَيِّزَ الْإِلْيَامُ فِي أَشْيَاءِهَا لِلْعَيْنِ جَلَّ وَلَاءَةٌ وَبَارُ
وَالجَِلْبِ أَغْلِبُ غَيْرٍ عَلَى أَنَا تَفَّي وَبِقَى الْوَاحِدُ الْقَبَارُ

(75)
تَسْمَى سَوْرَا جَاهِلٌ مَتَخَرِصٌ وَبَفِيهِ الْبَرَّى هُلَ فِي الزَّمانِ سُوْرُ
تَّعَمُّ لَهُ جُزَآءٌ مِنْ أَلْوَى عَشَيّةٍ فَمِنْ الخَيْرِ وَالْإِجْزَاءِ بَعْدُ عُرُورُ
يُسَارُ وَعَدْمُ وَأَدْخَارُ وَغُفْلَةٌ وَعَزٌّ وَذُلُّ كَلِّهَا دَاكَ عُرُورُ
حَوَانَا مِكَانُ لَا يُجُوزُ أَنْتَقَالُهُ وَهُدَّرَهُ بِالسَّاكِنِي مُسَوْرُ
هُ فَكَرَّ عَلَى الْإِبْطَالِ وَمُعَلِّفَا الْيَوْمِ لَبَذِي الْلَّيْلِيَ حَيْلَةٌ وَذُرُورُ
The Meditations of Ma'arri

(76) 

(77) 

(78)
وقد يُغَرِّي أُسْوَدُ الْفِيلَ حُرْسٍ
فَتَحْوَبَا الحِظَائْرُ وَالْأَذَرَابٌ
فَلِيْسَ بنَافِعٍ مَّنْكَ أَضْطَرَابٌ
۱۰ مَتَى لَمْ يُضْطَرِبَ مِنْ عَلَوْهَا جُدُّ
(۷۹)
سَرِئَنا وَطَالْبِنا هَاجِحٌ
وَعندِ الصَّبَاحِ خَيْدُنا السَّرَى
بِنَوَآ أَمْرُ يُطْلِبُونَ الْمَرَآءَ
عَنَدْ الْثُّرِيَّتُ وَعَنَدَ الْمَرَآءَ
فَتَى زَارَ وَقَتَى دَارُ
كَلَا الرَّجُلْيَنَّ غَدًا قَامَتيِّ
فِيٓذَا بَعْنِي وَزَائِي بِرُوحٍ
وَذَاكَ يُؤْوِبُ بِبُضاَءٍ وَزَّا
(۸۰)
بقيت وما أَدرى بما هو غائِبٌ
لعلّ الذي يُبضِي إلى الله أُقَرِّبٌ
تُوَّدُّ البقَآءَ النفْسُ مِن خِيَافَةِ الْبَذَرَى
وَطَوْلُ بِقَآءِ الْبَرُّ سَمَّ مُجْرِبٌ
على البوَّتُ يَجْتَازُ الْمَعاَشُرُ حَتَّى
مَقِيمٌ بَأَهْلِيهِ وَمِن يَتَغَزَّبُ
وَمَا الْارْضُ إِلَّا مَثْلَا الْرَّزْقُ تَتَبَغِيِّ
فَتَأَكَّلَ مِن هَذَا الأَنَامَ وَتَشْرُبَ
۵ وَقَدْ كَزَبَوُا حَتَّى عَلَى الْشَّهْسِ أَنْبَا
تَبَانُ اِذَا حَانَ الْشُّروقَ وَتَضْرِبَ
كَنَّاهَا هَلَالًا لَّاحِ لِلْطَّلَعَنَّ فِيِّ
حَناَةُ الْرُّدِّيَّ وَهُوَ السَّيْنَانُ الْمَحْرَبُ
كَنَّاهَا ضِيَاءُ الْفَجْرُ سَيِّفٌ سَيْلَةٌ
علىِّهِمْ صَبَّاحٌ بِالسَّيَافِيَا مَدْرِبٌ
(۸۱)
ما بَيْنِ مُسْيَى وَلَا فَرْعُونَ تَفَرَّقَةٌ
عَنِدَ الْجَنََّةِ بِأَبْصَارٍ وَإِصْغَارٍ
كَانَ سَكِيَّةُ ذَاتِ قُرْنٍ أَطْبَعَتُ لَبَا
مَا ضَيْعُهُ السَّمْطُ بِمِن سَدُّرِ وَمِن غَارٍ
۵ أَوْ أمَّ أَمْرُ جُرِيَّ قَتَلَ عَلَى نَقَّٰرٍ
حَُرٌّ وَعِبَادُ فَجَرْتُهُ اِلَى الْغَافِرٍ
تَرْمَى بِعَضْوٍ يِنْذَرُ نَّفُطَ وَذَى خَرَبٍ
إِلَى فِيْرُ لَصُنُوفِ الطَّعْمِ فُقَارٍ
(۸۲)
يَوْمُ الْغَفْرُ أَنَّ الْحَيَاةَ بَسِيطَةٌ
وَأَنَّ شَقَّةَ العَيْشِ لِيسَ يُبِيدُ
۵ خَذَائِلْ نَعَمُّ الْغَفْرُ يُحَتَّى مِن الْرَّدِّي
وَقَوْهَا مَرْوُو بِالْقَلا وَفِبِيدُ
The Meditations of Maʿarrī

(83)

جري اليَّن فيهم كبار بعد كابِر عن الخَبْرِيَّحِكي لا عن السَّلَف السَّيّد
عَبَّرت بني الدنيا وأصبحت راغبًا فيهم كذلك ما شفاني بني خبر
جيلة ظُلِم لا قيام بحربها وصيغة سوّه ما لمكسورها جبر
ولا تأثَّرُ ليست لرُبُد ولا هدى ولكن لكم فيها التكاثر والكيبر

(84)

رَبَّى متي أَرَحَل عن هذه الْجَنْدِيَّة فاتى قد أَطْلَق البِقَام
لِي أَرَي ما نُجِي وَلْكِنْه في النَّحس مَذ كَان جَرَّى وَأَطْلَق
فلا صِدَيق يترجى يدى ولا عدوى يبتَخِش أَنْتِقَام
والعِيش سُقِر للفتى مَنْصِب وَالطَّرْب يأتى بشفاً البِقَام
ه والثَّرَبُ مُثَوَّب ومثواحُما وما زاينا أحدًا منه قام

(85)

وَلَوْ تَقَوَّلْت متي أَرَحَل عن هذه الْجَنْدِيَّة فاتى قد أَطْلَق البِقَام
لِي أَرَي ما نُجِي وَلْكِنْه في النَّحس مَذ كَان جَرَّى وَأَطْلَق
فلا صِدَيق يترجى يدى ولا عدوى يبتَخِش أَنْتِقَام
والعِيش سُقِر للفتى مَنْصِب وَالطَّرْب يأتى بشفاً البِقَام
ه والثَّرَبُ مُثَوَّب ومثواحُما وما زاينا أحدًا منه قام

84. B
اذْهَبَ دَارَ الْنَّضَارِ وَرُبِّهَا * يَخْطُبَا عَنَّا قَلِيلٌ وَيَذْهَبُ
ارْي قَيْسَا فِي الْجَسَرِ يُطَفِّهَا الْرَّدِيّ * وَمَا دُمَّتْ حَيَا فُهو ذَا يَتَلَبَّبُ

رَجَلَ الْعَرْوسَ لَأُمِّرُ * داَنْ ثَلْثَ خُلْقٍ أُجْتَنَبُ
فِي زَالِتْ ثُعْانِي الْتَّقْلِ حَتَّى * أَتَاهَا الْوَضْعُ وَأَنْتَلِ الْحَسَابُ
تُرُدُّ إِلَى الْأَصْلِ وَخَلْ حَيَّ * لَفِي الْأَرْبَعِ الْقَدِّمٍ أُتْنِسَبُ

رَحْلَتْ فَلا دَنَا وَلَا دِينَ نِلْتُهُ * وَمَا أُبْتَى إِلَّا الْسَفَاهَةُ وَالْخَرُقُ
مَتِى يُخْصِصُ الثَّقْوِي لِمُؤْلَهَا لَا تُفْضُّ * عِطَايَةٌ مِنْ صَلَى وَقَبْلَةَ الْشَّرْقُ
أَرْي حَيْوَانَ الْأَرْضِ يَرْبِّ حَتْفُهُ * وَيَفْرَعُ رَعْدُ وَيَطْمَعُ بَرَقُ
فِي طَايَرٍ أَهْمِتْنِى وَيَا ثُقَّبُ لَا تَنْفُكُ * شَدَّادَ فِي بِينِى وَبِينَكَ فَرَقُ

الْوَقْتُ يُعْجِبُ أَنْ تَكُونَ مَحْلَلًا * عُقْدُ الْحَيَاةِ بَنَانْ نَحْلَ الزِّيَاجَا
فَالْدَهْرِ لَا يَسَخُّ بُأْرَى لِلْفَتْيَ * حَتِّى يَكُونَ بَنَا أَمْرُ مُزِيَجاُ

لَا تُكْرِمْوَا جَسَدَيْنَا اَنَّ مَا حَلَّ بَيْنَ رَبِّ الْبَيْنِمَنِ فَلا فَضْلَةٌ لِلْجَسَدُ
خَالِبُرَدُ كَانَ عَلَى الْلَّوَابِ نَافِقًا * حَتَّى أَيْنَ فَنْيَتْ بِشَاشِتَةٍ نُصْدُ

تَمْتَعَ أُبَكَارُ النَّمَانَ بِأَيْدهِ * وَجََّنْتا بَوْهُنَ بَعْدَ مَا حَرَفَ الدَّهْرُ
فَلِيْتُ الْفَتْيَ خَالِبدُ جُدَّدَ عَبْرَهُ * يَعْوُدُ هَلَالًا حَلَّيَا فِيَّ الشَّهْرِ

86. 3 87. Z 30, 49. 3 88. Z 38, 503.
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(93) قِدْ شَابٌ رَأَيْسُ وَمِنْ نَبِيّ الْثَّانِيِّ جَسَدٌ * فَالَّذِيَ آخَرُ ما يُعْتُوْبِ بِهِ الرَّهْبُ
اِذْ رَكَبَتْ لِإِدَرَاكِ الْبَلَٰدِ سَفِنَةٌ * فَالْبَحْرُ يَحْيَلُ مَا لَا يَحْمِلُ الْبَنَّىْ

(94) يَغْدُوُ الفَتِّيِّ لِلْأَمْوَرِ يَلْبَحُ كَالْخَالِ تَبَازِي وَفِي ظَرْفِ لَيْتِهِ سَدَرٌ
لَا أُزْمَ الْمُسْفُوْرُ مَارِجًا صَدَرًا * بَلْ مِرْسَىْ أَنْ صَلَّى الْحَدَّرُ

(95) لَا خَيْرٌ مِّنْ بَعْضِ خَمْسِينِ أَنْقَضَتْ حُمْاْلاً * فِي أَنْ تَنْبَسَ أَمْرًا وَأَرْعَاشًا
وَقَدْ يُبِعْيْتُ الْفَتِّى حَتَّىْ يَقَالُ لِهِ * مَامَاتٌ عِنْدَ لَقَاءِ الْبَوْتِ بَلْ عَائِشَا

(96) وَمُدْتُ جِبَالَ الْشَّمْسِ مِنْ قَبْلِ عِصَرَةٍ * عَلَىٰ أَمْرِ لَمْ تَتَرْكْ لَهُ بَلْ كَا
وَتَعَجَّبْنَا الدَّنْيَا البَدَوُّ وَإِنَّهَا * لَأَمْرٌ رَجُلٌ خَلَّبَهَا وَسَىٰ الْبَلَٰكِ
هُمَا حَالَتَا سَوْىْ حَيَاةُ بَلْوَةٍ * وَمَوْتٌ فَخَيْرَهُ هُذِهِ النِّسَةُ وَأَنْ تَلُكَا

(97) سَأَفَعِلُ خَيْرًا مَا أُسْتَبْطَعْتُ فَلَا تَتَّقُمُ * عَلَىٰ صَلاةٍ يُومٍّ أَصْحَبَ هَاكَا
فِيهَا فِي كَمْرٍ مِّنْ خِيْرٍ يُدَعَى بِهِ * يَفْجِرْ عَنْيَ بِالْبَيْضِ الْبَسْلَكَا

(98) الْفَتِّى عَظَمَهَا الْبَلَٰدُ وَنَضَحَّبَا * لِلْعَايْينِ فَوَاجِبٌ إِعْظَامُهَا
وَأَرْيَ الْحَيَاةِ إِنْ آمَنَتْ بُحْبَا * كَالْعَلَكِ طَوْفَقُ الْأَذَا نَظَامُهَا

93. Perhaps صِحْرُ... صَلاةٍ، but BC read as above.
97. 1 0
98. 1 0
(99)
أنا الجاحز الظالم 
ومولى بِى عالي
في لك من يقظة 
كأنى بها حالير

(100)
اذا سأنا عن مذ هب فبو بين 
وهل أنا إلا مثل غيرى أَبَّله
خلقت من الدنيا وعشت طاحة
اجد حبا جذوا واهلها طذا
وأشهد أتى بالقضاء حملتها 
وأرحل عنها خلافا اثائله
والم نفس بالفعل الجميل مذله 
ولكن عقلى من حنا نه مذله

(101)
غير غارة مثل ثريى في العلى 
والحسى قد اضحكى الثرى من حجمها
ولجيها ما قربت مراتها 
نرمت خلىى عن مقالى عج بها

(102)
زاره حتّى فقطب للسموت والقى من بعدها التقطيب
زوروه طيبا لبلحى بالناس وحسب الدين بالترب طيبا
نام في قبره ووسد يبناها فخنلها قام فيه حطيبا

(103)
لكون خلقك في رمي اعتر له 
من أن يكون مليبا عاقيد التاج
المملك يحتاج آلاؤفة للنصره 
والموت ليس الى خلقى بحتاج

(104)
قدم الفتى ومصى بغبر ثياب 
كدلال اوَل ليلة من شهر
لقد استراح من الحياة معجل 
لو عاش طابى خدكة في دهور

100. S 106. 103. ٣ C اَلِافَأٌ.
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105

(105)

The Meditations of Ma'arri

106

(106)

اجتنب الناس وعُدٌّ واحِداً * لَّا تُظْلِمْ الْقُوَّةَ وَلَا تُظْلِمْ

وجدتُ ذُنُوبك وَإِن سَأَعْتَ * لَّا بِدٍّ مِنْ وُقُعُّها الصِّيِّمٍ

لا بُعْثَ المَنْصُور نَادِيَ اِيَّا * مَدِينَةُ التَّسُلِّم لا تُسْلِمَ

قد سُكِّنْ القَفْرُ بِنَوْهَايِر * وَأَتَنَقِلُ البَلْدَةَ إِلَى النَّدِّلِيْمَ

5 لو كَتَبَ أَدْرِي اَن عَقْيَابُهُم * لَذَاك لَمْ أُقْتِلَ اِيَّا مِصْلِيْر

قد خَذَمْ الدَّوْلَة مُسْتَنَصِّحاً * فَأَلْبَسْتُهُم شَيْةَ العَظِيمِ

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(107)

أَرْى حَلِبَةَ حَاذَّا صَالِحٌ * وَجَالِ بِنَانٌ عَلَى حَلِبَةٍ

وَحَلَّانْ فِي سَلْفٍ طَيِّٰٓ * يَصُرُّ فِنْ عَرْشَ مُنْبِلَةٍ

فَلَمْ يَزِلْ خَيْلُهُ بِالْغَبِّارِ * تَغَايَ عَلَى جِبْهَرَ عُلْقَا

رَمْتُ جَامِعَ الرَّمْلَةِ البِسْتَضْمَرْ * فَأَصْحَبَ بِالدِّمْ قد حَلِبَا

5 وما يَنفَعُ الكَاذِب البَسْتَبَاء هَأَرَّ عَلَى عَضُبْ فُلْقَا

وَطْلَ بَيْتُ الْوَدْحَاء فَلِدَارْ يَدْحَأُر * وَعَلِيّ اسْتَرَبَا عَلَى أَطْلِبْا

وَكَرِ ثَرَثتُ أَهْلًا وَحَدَّهُ * وَكَرِ غَادَرَتْ مَهَارًا مَهِلَّا

يَسَّرُّ الْحَيَّ عَلَى مَالِهِ * وَمَا الْقُولُ فِي طَأْرَ حَلِبَا

106. ـ B

107. S 105. ـ BCLO من عَرْبَه، corr. by Von Kremer. عَضَبُ ~ عَضَبُ = O

app. = ان هامِر بعدها فلَقَا.
(108)

يَعْوَدْ فِقِيِّدُ الْمُلْك إن عاد جَدَّة مَقَعَّدُ اليَكْرَم أو أَبْوَاهُ نِزَارٌ
وَمَا صَحَّ لِلمرأة المُحْيَيْل آنَهُ يَكْفُوُان قَبْرِ للإِمَام يُزَارُ
اَخَوِ الدِينِ مِن عَادِي القَبِيح وأَصْبِحَت لِهُ حُجَّة مِن عَقْهَة وَإِزَارُ

(109)

يَا ملوك البلاد فَرَتَم بِنَسِ السَّعْرُ والْجُوْرَ شَأْنُكَمْ فِي النَّسَاءِ
مَا كَرِهَتْ لِتَروُنَّ طَرَقَ الْبَعْلِياءِ قَدْ يَزَوَّرُ الْهَجَاءِ زِيْرُ نَسَاء
يَرْتَجِي النَّاسِ أَن يُقِومَ إِمَامُ نَاطِقُ فِي الْكِتَابَة الْخَرَاسَاء
كَذَبَ الظَّلَّمُ لَا إِمَامُ يُؤْوي العَقْلَ مُشَيْرًا فِي صُبُحِهِ وَالْفَسَاءِ

(110)

وَمَا زَال عَرَافُ الْكَوَاضِب دَارًا إِمَامًا كَنَّجَرَ فِي الدِّجْنَة فَارَدِ
وَمَا يَجْمَعُ الْأَشْتَات إِلَّا مَهْدٌ مِن الْقَوْم يَحْمَى بَارْدًا فَوَقَ بَارْدٍ

(111)

وَيَقُوم مُلَكٌ فِي الْإِنْتَار طَأْتْهُ مَلِك يَبْرُج بِالْحِبَيْث الْهَارِدِ
صَنَعَ الْبَيْدَيْن بَقِيّ مُخْالَفٌ بَالْسَيْف يُبْضَرُ بِالْحَدِيد الْبَارِدِ
قَالَوْا طَيْبًا لَكَنَا إِمَامٌ عَادِلٌ يِرْمُى أَعْدَادُهُ بَسْرُ صَارِدٍ
وَالْإِرَادَ مُوْطُن شَرَّة وَضَفَائِنِ ما أَسْحَبَ بِسَرَّرٍ يُوم فَارِدٍ

(112)

أَلَا تَتَّقُونِ اللَّه رَهْفَ مُسْلِمٍ فَقَدْ جُوْرَتُ فِي طَاعَةُ الصَّوْاتِ
وَلَا تَتَبَعُوا الْشَيْطَانِ فِي حُطَوَاتِهِ فَكُرِّ فِي كُرِّ مِن تَابِعِ الحُطَوَاتِ
عَمَدَتْ لِلرَّأْيِ الْمُشْنُوْيَة بَعْدَ مَا جُرَتُ لَدَّة التَّوَحِيد فِي الْبَوَاتِ

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We might read **شعب (a shrinking of the skin).**

113. Z 38, 499. **شعب appears to be used in the sense of شعب.**
وَبَدَّلَ نَظَارَةَ الْإِسْلَامِ رَهْطَهُ وَارَادَوا الْطُغْنِ فِيهِ وَشَذَّبُوْهُ وَمَا نَطَفَوا بِهِ تَشِيْبٍ أَمْرٍ وَاكٌ بَدَا الْمَدِينَةُ سُمَّبُوْهُ وَيَذَكَّرُ اَّنَّ فِي الْأَيَامِ يوْمَ٢٤٠

فَالْحُمَّالُ لِلأَرْضِ مِثْلِ الْوَافِرِ السَّائِي اَنْ يَطْلُبُوا فِلْهِ نَفْعٍ يَعَاشُ بِهِ وَكُنِّيَّتُ وَجْرَّ يَأْسِرُ الْمَفْسَرُ وَأَبَنْاء

وِهَلْ خَلَّتْ قَبْلَ مِنْ جَوْرٍ وَمَظْلِمَةٍ أَرْبَابٌ فَارْسِ اوْ أَرْبَابٌ عَسْانٍ خَيْلٌ إِذَا سَوْمَتْ سَامُتْ وَمَا حَبَّتْ إِلَّا بُلْجُمُ تَعْنِيَهَا وَأَرْسَانٍ،

سُلْطَانُ الْأَنَارِ إِنْ تَعْدِلَ فَنَافَعَةٍ وَإِنْ تَجْرُ فَلَبِّهَا ضَيْرٍ وَإِحْرَاقٍ وَقُرْنِي الْلَّهُ إِنْ اعْتَاكَ فَائِدةٍ فَلِيْسَ يُؤْمِنُ إِهْلَالًا وَإِغْرَاقٍ

مُّلِّ الْمُفَارَّاعُ فَكُمْ أَعَاشُ أَمْرًا أُمْرُ بَغْيِرِ صَلَاحِهِ أَمْرَانَا ظلَّوْا الرَّعْبَةَ وَأَسْتَجَازُوا خَيْدًا وَفَعَّدُوا مَسَالَحَةَ وَهُمْ أَجْرَانَا

إِذَا مَا تَبَيَّنَ الْأَمْوَرُ تَكْشَفَتْ لَنا وَأَمْيَرُ الْقُومَ لِلْقُوْمِ خَادِمٍ

حُطِّلَ الْعَباَدُ وَمَا أَخَتَارُوا فِيْلُكُمُ. إِذَا نَظَرَتْ عَصْبَدٌ رَأْحُ مُؤْتِجُرٍ يُفِينُكُ الْمُسْلِمُ هَلْ سَيَاَلُ تَسْتَطِلُّ بِهِ عَنْ سَائِلِ الْتَّيْرِ فِي الْبَنْيَانِ وَالْحَجِرِ

يَمِسْرُونَ الْأَمْوَرَ بِغَيرِ عُقْلٍ فِيْنَفَدُ أَمْرُهُ وَيَقَالَ سَيَاَدَ فَأَفْ مِن الْحَيَاةِ وَأَفْ مِنْ مَنِى وَمِنْ زَمِينِ رَئِيَّةٍ خَسَاسَةٍ

المصادر:
1. Z 38, 520.
3. BC 31, 478.
4. O 30, 49.

النص:

(121) يكفيك حزنًا ذهاب الصالحين معًا * ونحن بعدهم في الأرض قطان، ان العراق وان الشام مذ زمن صفران ما بينا للملك سلطان.

(122) ما قر طالسك في حف البدير له * إلا وقطراسك البرعوب مرغوب يضحى وبطنك مثل الكعاب أبزرة * ريز وراتسك مثل القطب مشغوب.

(123) عليك بفعل الخبر لو لم يكن له * من الفضل إلا حسنُ في السامع، لعمرك ما في عالم الأرض زاهد * يقينًا ولا الرهبان أهل الصواعم، ارى أمراء الناس يسون شهير * إذا خطوفوا خطوف البزاء اللواعم.

وفي كبل مصر حاضر فبووق * وطاع يحابي في أحس المطامع، 5 يجوز فينف البلك عن مستحقه * فشَّكَ أشراب العيون الدوام، ومن حوله قوم فكان وجوههم * الصحة لم ليتين بالغيوث البوايع.

(124) كانت نفس الناس والله شاهد * نفوس قرائش ما لين حلوم، وقالوا فقية والفقيه مُمولة * وجلُف جدالي والكلام خلوم.

(125) في البدو خراب أذوالد مسومة * وفي الجوامع والإسواق خراب، فيقولوا تسوا بالعدول أو الأصداء وأسما أولاد القوم أعارب.


N. S.
Islamic Poetry and Mysticism

(126)

وَأيْ أَمْرِيُّ فِي النَّاسِ أَلِيْقَ قَاضِيًا * فلَمْ يُضِعْ أَحْكَامًا ضَحْكُحُ مَشْدوُرِ
أَبْتَ قَاتِدَاتُ الْحِسْنِ حِمْلٌ رَزْيٌّ * وهَل رَابِ صَخْرًا نَحْثُهُ بِقَدوِرِ

(127)

لَعَلَّ أَنَاَ فِي الْمَحَارِبِ خَوْنُوا * بَأْيَ نَسَسٍ فِي الْمَشَارِبِ أَطْرِبُواِ
إِذَا رَأَيْ سُكِيّا بِالصَّلاة مُقَيِّمًا * فتَارَّكُهُ عَيْدًا إِلَى الْلَّهِ أَقْرِبُ
فَلا يُمَسِّ فَخَارًا مِن الْخَبِيرِ عُالِدٌ * إِلَى عُنْصُرَ الفَخْرِ لِلنَّفْعِ يَضْبِرُ
لَعَلَّ إِنَّهُ مِنَ الْيَوْمِ يُصْنَعُ مَرَّةٌ * فَياَخْلُ فِيهِ مَن ارَّادَ وَيَشْرَبُ
وَيَحْمِلُ مِن ارْضٍ لَآخَرِ وَمَا ذَرِّى * فِواَهِنَا لَهُ بَعْدَ البَلَى يَتَغَرَّبُ

(128)

طلَبَ النَّسائِسُ وَأَرْتِيَتِي فِي مَنْيْرِ * يُقَصُّ الْجِسَابَ لَأَمْهَةٍ يَبْوَلُهَا
وَيَكُونُ غَيْرُ مِسْتَقَّمٍ بِقِيَامَةٍ * أمَّا يَعْشَ فِي النَّفْوِ ذَهُولًا

(129)

يَتَلُونَ أَسْفارِهِمْ وَالْحَلَّ يَخْبِرُنَّى * بِأَنَّ أَخْرِحَا مَيْنُ وَأَوْلُهَا
صُدُقَتْ يَأَقِلُ فَلْيُنَبِّئَ اخْوَ صَبََّّْحَا * صَغَرَ الْإِلَادِيدَ إِنَّهَا أوُلُوْلُهَا
وَلِيسُ حَيْبُ يَذْعُرُ فِي صَحَابِهِ * إِن سَامَ نَفْعًا بِأَخْبَاهُ تَقُونُهَا
وَأَنَّهَا رَامَ نَسُوَّانَا تَزُوْجُهَا * بِمَا أَفْتَرَاهُ وَأَمْوَالًا تَمْوَلُهَا

(130)

رَوْيَدَ كَمُ غُرُرَتْ وَأَنُّ حَرَّرَ بِصَاحِبِ حَيْلَةَ يُعْطِيَ الْبَسَاءَ
بِحَرْجِ فِيَكَرُ الصَّباَء صَبْحاً * وَيَشْرِبُهَا عَلَى عَيْدٍ مَسَاءً

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(131)

لو عاين لي أمر يطاعع ليريَنن * ظهر الطريق يد الحياة منجم
أعمى بخيل أو بصير فأجر * نوى الضلال به مرب منجم
يغدو باسمه يحاول مسكا * فديدر أسطرلابة ويرجم
وقفت به الوه، وهي دخانها * عند الوقوف على عرين تهجُر

ه سألته عن زوج لامتحر * فهاج يكتب بالرقان ويبرجم
ويقول ما أسيرك وأسرب أيك إني * بالظن عيا في الغيوب مبرجم
يولى بأن الدين تطرق به * ولم يديله صحبة واعمار
والمر يندبح في البلاد وعرسة * في البصر تأصل من طعام يوجر

إذا بنيت اليه الأنجِر * في الزياد، وعفا بما خليته الفتي

أو رجل التنايف بالربطاب أعثر من * كبي يحق لربه لو يبرجم

1 أورس الأسرار الفؤاد غاليا * في الصدر أستر دونها وأعجار

أجبنا لكمذب معتر لا ينثني * في العقود وهو آخر ضمير
كيف التخلص والبسيطة لجنة * والجو غيم بالنوايب يسر

فسد الزمان فلا ركاز ناجم * بين الإدام ولا ضلال منجم

5 أرجَ والد الفرار فكلم * فيما يسوك صرِح أو منجم
والخير أقوى ما اليه مصارع * والشر أكتر ليس عنه منجم
ضحكوا البلد وقد أتبت بطل * ومتى صدقت في غضا يرجم

131. B gives بخرفة as a variant. C BLO بخرفة L عرين تهجُر. L in marg. 16—2
(132)
لقد بكرت في خفّيها وإزارها لتسلَّل بالأنام السرير الديكَّما. وما عندك علم فيخبيرة به ولا هو من الهُجَّة ففي رجَّما يقول غداً أو بعدها وقع دبَّة يكون غياثاً أن تَجْوُع وُنجّماً ويُهمَّ جِبَال السَّحَة أنَّه يظل لآسر الغيوب مترجَّماً ولو سألوه بالذي فوق صدره لجَّاه بحَمَّين أو أرم وجمعماً

(133)
سَأَلْت منجمته عن الطفل الذي في الميد ضار هو عابش من ذهري فاجابها مائة لياخذْ درهمها وأتئ بينما وليها في شير قلب الزمان فرب خود تبغي روحا وتجلج غالبًا من ميره كره الجبال بنايتها وسيلةَ أَجَّنا لينا يغتاله من صرعه وأعدّه عدو لا ابن أمِّه خلعته ولد يكون خروجة من ذهري وسفاهة الإنسان موهبة له بد القوارح في الهِجَان بمرَّه

(134)
أن الطبيب وذا التنجير ما فتئ مشترِبن بتقويم وخشانين يعلمان في التعديل مأربة ويستميلان قلب المدرك الناشي

(135)
قطعت البلاد فهين صاعد بيبيال السنوال ومن هابط تُلَّ عمِل إلى التنازلات فيعَجَّين من جاشك الرابط وتجطُع كثلاً على ما حواه وما ذلك إلى العيش من غابه وقفت على سلّ باب رأياً حتَّى نبكي أبو ضابط القوارح

133. B
(136) تقوّي في البذوى اليد الزاد عن عرض وتقتري الارض جوالاً فتقترب تروهم زنقاً بأن سوق مستكلاً وأدين الناس من يسي وبحرف ** بكفيك أدم باستح ماعذبات ظلمك النحل ما يعطيك الصرف

(137) أودت ناراً بلضتك أظهرت ظهراً وانشأ على شاه عاشي مستكين ومنجم ومعمر ولم يذ تحبل لماعش قد أرعشت بس سائل من خبيرة ونائل ينبطت على الإفاعش

(138) بنى الآيباب غرناكم قدماً خارف مثل زمرة الذباب وما شعراءكم إلا ذئاب تلصفي المضاء والضباب أضر لين تود من الأعادي وأسرق للملال من الباب أقراضكم ثناء غير حقي خانة منه في مجرىباب ه اهل زينهم فيكم أيام شبي فما أذهب اباء الباب

وألفت الفصاححة عن لانى مسلية إلى العرب البباب شغول ينقضين بغير حمد ولا يرجعون إلا بالبباب ذرونه يفكيد البذان لفظى وأغلق للجماع علي بابي

(139) عش بخيلأ ظاهل حصرك هذا وتبلاء فان دهرك أبالة قوم سوّ فالشبل منهب يغول الباب ينض وليست بأصل شبهة ان ثود أن تخشي حرا من الناس بخير فخص فلك قبالة

138. BCL. Text O.
(140)
لَعْفَى ذِمَورٍ لِلتَفْرَضِ وَأَطْلُبِ عَدْمًا بَارِكْ مَثِلَّ دَمَّعُ الزاهِدِ
فِي بَقِطْرَةٍ مِنْهَهُ تَبْوُحُ جَهْنَمُ فِي بَيْانٍ حَدِيثٍ غَيْرُ مُشَاهِدٍ
خَافِي إِلَّا الْحَبِّ وَأَحْذِرِي مِنَ أَمَّةٍ لَا يَلْبِسُوا فِي الْدِّينِ ثُوبَ مُجَاهِدٍ
أَكْلُوا فَأَكْلُوا ثُمَّ غَنُّوا وَأَنْتَشُوا فِي رَقْصِهِمْ وَتَمْسَعُوا بِالشَّاهِدِ
5 حَالَتُ عَبْوَدَ الْخَلْقِ ضَرًّا مِنَ مَسْلِمٍ أَمَّشِي يَرْوُ شَفَاعَةَ بِعَادٍ
وَهُوَ الْزَّمَانُ فَقِي فَبِغِيرِ تَنْسَفِ بَيْنَ الأَنْثَاءِ وَضَعُ جَهَدُ الْجَاهِدِ
سَيَدُ الْفُتْيَ لِمَطْلَبٍِ مَا نَالُهَا وَأَصْبَاها مِنْ بَاتِ ليس بُهْبَى

(141)
الْمَالِ يُسَكَّتُ عَنْ حَيْثْ وَتَنْطِقُ فِي بُطُولٍ وَتَتَجْمِعُ إِكْرَامًا لَهُ الْيَمِينِ
وَجَزَّيَ الْقُوْمُ صَدَتْ عَنْهُرُ فَغَدَتْ مَسَاءَ الْقُوْمُ مَقْرُونًا بِهَا الْيَمِينِ

(142)
لَيَفَى عَلَى لِيْلَةٍ وَوِيْوٍ تَأْلَقَتْ مِنْهَا الشَّهْوَرُ
وَأَلِفَا عَنْصُرِي زَمَانٍ لِيُسِ لَآسَارَهُ ظُهُورُ
قد أَصْحَبَ الْدِّينُ مَضْعُولًا وَغَيْرُهُ آيَةُ الْأَحْوَرُ
فَلَا زَخَاطَةٌ وَلَا صَيْامٌ وَلَا صَلاةٌ وَلَا طَيْبُ وَهُوَ أَعَتَاضُ جَلَّ الْتَكَاحُلِ الْقُوُمُ بِنِسَوَةٍ مَا لَهُ مُبُورُ

(143)
لو نَطَّقَ الْأَهْوَرُ فِي تَصْرِفِهِ لَعَدُّنا عَالِمِيًا مِنَ الْتَفْقِ
فَالَّذِي إِنَّى أَحْجَى إِلَى الْإِنْسَانِ وَأَنْتَرَأَبُ أَقْبَمُ الْوُتُّ
ناشْكَمْ مَرَّةً عَلَى عُلْطِ مَنْيَ فِي فِلْقٍ تَلْعَنُونَ فِي الْتَفْقِ
The Meditations of Ma'arri

قد فاضت الدنيا بأذنابها
وعلى براها وأجنبها
والشر في العالم حتى أتى
مكبها من فضل عزوبها
وعله حيًا فوقها ظاهر
وما بها أظلم من نابها

فأوسعُ بيني حواء هجرًا فأتهم
وإن غير الإثر الوجوه فيما ترى
اذا ما اثار العقل بالرثد جزَّهم
إلى الغي طبع أخذ أخذ تعال

لو يقبل الناس ما أتينهم جلب
وبيع بالقسال ألَف منهم سدوا
فويبح بيني ما ركب وما حصنوا
في الخديعة والامن والمسد

وهمذا كان هنال الإراض من فطروا
فلا يظل جهول أتى فسدوا

غزينا عصروا في عوالم جبنة
فلما نلُّقة إلا عالمة متلاعنة
اذا فاتهم طعن الرمح في المحلي
ترى فيه مطعونًا عليه وطاعنة
هنينا لطفل أروع السير عنهم
فودع من قبل التعارف طاعنة

رأيت قضاء الله أوجب خلقه
وعدًا عليه في تصرفه سببًا
وقد غلب الأحياء في حَل ووجهة
هواه وإن كانوا غمارة غلبًا
كلاب تفاوت أو تعاوُت لحافة
وهسبت أصحب الإمامة خلًا
أبنا بُيود غُش الصدور وانها
يتنا ثواب الله أسلبنا قلبا

وأي بيني الأشرام يحمد قائل
ومن جريب الإقوام أوعصر ثلبي

L gives *برور* as a variant of *برور*.
L gives *بُرَى* as variants.
(149)
النفس في العالم الغلوبي مَرْكِزَهَا * وليس في الجَوّ للجَمَال مَزْرَع
تفرع الناس عن أصل به درن * فالعالِمون إذا ميَّزَبَهم شرع
والجد أدمر والسُّويَّة أديم ذرى * وإن تختلف الآهوة والشَّرع
* * *
تشابه الإنس إلا أن يشتَد جَيِّد * والطير شَيٍّ ومنها الفَتح والمرع

(150)
يقول لك أنعم مصباحًا متوعد * ياً بك وخير منه أغلب أصبع
روجوت بَرْبُه من خليلك مَرْبَعًا * وَّبَعِيدك منه في الحقائق أريد
أذا أنت لم تَهُرْبَ من الإنس فاعترف * بطلس تعاوي أو ثعالب نقيح
ومارس بُحسن الصبر بلَوَاك إن هُر * أتوا بِقبيح فالتُّي جئت أَقَح
ه تروج إلى فعل السفيه وتغتدى * وتسي على غير الجميل وتصيب
كأن خطوب الدهر بحر فِين يَتُّ * بفرط صُداه فهو في الله يِسِبْح

(151)
إذا هَبَت جَنوب أو شَمال * فأتت لكل مُعتقد جَنِيب
رويَّدك إن ثلاثون سَتَقلت * ولم يَتَٰب الفتح فمتى يَنِيب

(152)
إذا غرب الناس كَي بِها يُعْدَمْ سَقْطًا * أَنَّا تَحصَّلْ شَيء في الْقَرَابِل
أو قيل للنار خُصِّي من جَيِّد أَقَحُت * أَجَساده وآبَت أَخْل السرابِل
* * *
سبحان من أَلْحِر الأَجَنَاس كَلْبِين * أَمَّا يَقِدَ إلى خَيْل وَتَخَبِيل
لَحْظ العيون وأَهْوَاء النفوس وإِفْهَام الدُّفاوى الى ثُم وتَتَقبِيل

150. مُصِبَاحاً. CO مُصِبَاحاً.
ان عذب النبي ابن أبيهاكرب * فإن صدقى بقى أعزه
طلب للعوالم تذيبهم * والناس ما صرفوا ولا هدَّموا

بماٍن شكل غيرة في حياته * فإن هلكا لم تلف بينها فرقة
ومن يفتحد حال الزمان وأهله * يدَّمُ عبر غربى من الأرض او شرقا
يجد قولهم منى ووُدهُ قلبي * وخبرهم شرا وصُنعهم خرقا
ويصرون خدعها وقُدرهم غنى * علَّمهم جبال وعُنهم زرقا

هذا طلبوا أقصى العلى أتخذوا له بصر العوالي في ترابيصر طرقا
اذ كنتم أوراق أثل زهوا لكم جرَّاد نبالي على تبديدك ورقا
أطرق هُر ضاف هيل انت خالر متى لبرتعد بي عند مرتحل طرقا
أعوزني ما أربع به محبى فلا عيش إن لم أشر البيدر الطريقا
هُر الناس أجاب شواحي في الذرى وأودي لا تبلغ الأحمر والبرقا
إ فسكون يسرقى ويبدل بصلة وآخرا صاحى الله يغصب أن يرقى

sortBy: ١٥٦
عليّا إذا أصبحت غير مطيع هُر الناس ضرب السيف لم يُغَٰن فيهم ويكفيك عود السوء ضرب قطيع

ويندل " BCL. "بى. "لي for

واراق ايك. " C. "ويبدل C.
الحَبَّ اللَّهِ أَضَحَى النَّاسُ فِي عَجَبٍ مُّسَتَّرِينُ بِإِفْرَاطٍ وَتَفْرِيطٍ
والْزِينُ فِي حُبِّ أَسوَارٍ عَبْورٌ مُّحَظُّوَةٌ نَاسٍ مَنْ طَيِّبٍ وَقَنَآٰ وَأَخَضَرُونَ بِغَوْهَا بِالْمُشَارِكِ
فَجَدَ بُعْرَ وَلَوْ بِالْمُنْزَر مَحْتَسِبًا إِنّ النَّقَاشَيْر تُحْوَى بِالْقَرَارِبِ

إِلَّا اللَّهُ أَشْكُو مَيْسِيْهَا لَا تُطَيعْنِي عَالِمٌ سَوْىَ لَهُ رَشيدٌ
حِيْيَ مَثْلٌ مِهْجُورٍ البَنَازِر دَائِرٌ وَجِلْبٌ كَمِسْكُونَ الْقُرْيَ مُشْنِيْ

يَحَسُّ مَرَآي لِبْنِي أَدْرٍ وَخَلْزِي في الْذِّوْق لَا يُعْنِي مَا فِيهمُ بُرُ وَلَا نَاكَ إِلَّا اَلْيَقْعُ لَهُ يَجْذَبُ
أَفْضِلُ مِنْ اِفْضِلِهِمْ صَحِرٌ لَا تُظْلِمُ النَّاس وَلَا تَكْذِبُ

تَعَالَى اللَّهُ فِيْهَا بَنَا خَيْبِرُ قَدْ أَضْطَرَّتْ إِلَى الْيُذِّب العُقُولُ
نَقْوُ عَلَى الْمُجَاز وَقَدْ عَلَمَنَا بِأَلِامِ لِيْسَ كَمَا نَقْوُ

لِسَانُ الْفَتْيِ يُدْعِي سَانَا وَتَأْرِي حَسَامًا وَكَمِرَ مِنْ لَفْظَة ضَرْبَ عَنْقَا
لَقَدْ وَرَدَ النَّاسُ الحَيَاةِ أَمَامًا فَمَا تَرْكَوْا إِلَّا الْأَجْوَانَ وَالْرَّقَائَ
وَأَنْقَى سَوَادُ الرَّشَاء دِهْرٌ وَغَائِلٌ لِسَانًا فَأَمَّا سُوَّهُ طَبْعٌ فَمَا أَنْقَى

لَا حَسٌّ لِلْجَسَرَ بَعْدَ الْرَّوحِ نَعْلٌَيْهَا قَبْلُ تَحَسُّ إِذَا بَانَتَ عَنِ الْجَسَرِ
وَالْطَّمْحُ يُخَيَّوْي إِلَيْهِ مَا شَانَ يُطَلِّبَهُ كَنَّ يُجَرُّ إِلَيْهِ مَا زَانَ بِالْجَسَرِ
وَفِي الْخَرَائِشٍ أَخْلاَقُ مَنْسَمَةٌ قَبْلُ تِلْامٍ عَلَى الْعَكْرَةِ وَالْحَمَّدِ
أَهْذَا كَانَ أَهْلُ الْأَرْضِ قَبْلِهِ امْعُظْرُوا بِسَجِيْا مَيْهَرُ فَسِعٗ

160. Z 38, 512.
(163)

لم تلقف في الآية إلا صاحبًا تأذي به طول الحياة وتائم
ويعيد كونك في الزمن بلية فأصاب لينا فكذاك هذا العالم

(164)

بني البار ما تحت التراب موقف لرشد ولا هو التراب يقوى قسي
أطهان أبوهفر أدم في الذا أتى نجيب فترجون النجابة للناس
أسكن الشرى لا يعثون رسالة الإنا وسلمت سامي خليرف الرسول

(165)

ركوب النعش وافى باتعاش أراه من التعب وقل عاشي
المر تجج من الشيخ المعنى يقوم على انحناء واتعاش يكون عن الصلاة له فعود ويشيء بال منهاو للمعاش

(166)

أرائه فالغفر لي الله رتلي بذلك ودين العالمني رتة
وقد يخلف الإنسان ظن عشيرة وإن راق منه منظر وروال إذا قومنا لم يعبدوا الله وحده بنصح فينا منبه بردة

(167)

اتتاغ الناس إنتي قد بليت ببر وعدي لي بخلاض منبه داني
من عاش غير مداجر من ياعشه أسا عشة أصحاب وأعدان
ساحب يتبيني لو نعته له وإن تشكيت رعااني وقناي

(168)

وما العلماء والجبال إلا قريب حين تنور من قريب
متي ما يأتني أجل بأرضي فناد على الجنازة للقرب
أناش من لقيت على جدار وليس على أعتقادي من عريب

165. Z 38, 500. انتخابًا, which BL give as a variant.
(169)
أَرَاهُم يضحكون إلى غِيْبَةٍ وَتَعْشَاىَا الْمُشَافِقُّونَ وَالْحَظَّاءُ
فَلْسَتْ لَهُمْ وَإِنْ قَرَبْوا أَلْيَاءٍ فَكَيْنَا لَهُمْ تَأْتَلَّفُ دَارَ وَظَنَّ

(170)
مِن لَّيْنَ أَن لَا أَقِيمُ فِي بَلْدٍ أَذْكُرُ فِيهِ بـُغْيِرِ ما يُجُبُّ
يُظَنُّ بِهِ الْيَسِيرُ وَالْدِّيَانَةُ وَالْمُعْلَمُ وَبِينَا وَبَيْنَا حَجْبُ

أَقَرَّتْ بِالجَبْلِ وَأَدْعِى كِبْرٍ قَوْمٌ فَأَمَرُّهُمْ عَجَبُ
وَالْحَقُّ أَنْ تَأْتِي هُدُورٌ لَّسْتَ نَجِيبًا وَلا هَيْرُ نَجِبُ
وَالحَالُ ضَافِتُ عَن ضِمَّالْجَسَدِي فَكبَرَ لَيْنَ أَن يُضِمَّهُ السَّجَبُ
ما أُوْسَى الْمُوْتُ يَسْتَرِيحُ بِهِ السُّجَسَمُ المُعْتَي وَيَخْفِيْتُ الْلُّجَبُ

(171)
وَسَفَتَكَ قَابَتْهُتْ وَقَلْتَ خَيْرًا لَّتجْزِيْنِ فَأَدْرِكْنِي آَبَيْتُهَا
أَيْنَ هُنَا النَّقْرُضُ مِنْ مَحَالٍ فَأَحْسَنَ مِنْ تَبَأْدِحَنَا النَّهَايَ

(172)
اَيْنَا علَى الْمُرَاءِ بُيُومًا بِخَيْرِ لِيْسَ فِيْ فَذَاكِ هُجَاً
وَحَقٌّ أَنْ أَسَا بِهَا أَقْرَأْتُ فَلْؤُمُ مِنْ غُرَبَتِي أَيْتَبَاَجَي

(173)
وَمَا ذَا يَبْتَغِي الْجَلْسَةَ عَنْدَيْنِ اِرْادُوا مَنْطَقَةٍ وَأَرْدُتْ صَمْتِ
ويَوْجَدُ بَيْنَا أَمْدَدٌ قَصْيٌ فَأَمْلَى سَيْبَرُ وَأَمْيَتْ سَيْتِي

(174)
بِزُوْرَنِي الْقُوْمُ هذَا أَرْضُهُ يَمِنُّ مِنْ الْبَلَادِ وَهذَا دَارُ الْطَّيْسُ
قَالُوا سَمَعَنَا حَدِيثًا عَنْكَ قَلْتُ لَهُمْ لَا يَبْعَدُ اللَّهُ إِلَّا مَعْشَرًا لَهُمْ
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بِيَغْوَانَ مُّنِيَّنًا لَسْتَ أَحْسِنَهُ ُيَفَّتَقُّ نِقِيَتُهُ أُوْجُهُ ُعْبِس
أَعْلَانَا اللَّهُ خَلُّلَ فِي مِعْشِهِهُ ُيَلْقِي الْبَيْنَةُ فَذِرَى دُوَّاً ُدِبْس
هَ مَا ذَا تَرْبُودُنَّ لا مَالُ تَبْسُرُ لَى ُفِيَتْمُاحُ َوَلَا عَامِرُ ُفِيَتُبْسُ
اتُسَالُونَ جَبْوَلَا َأَنْ يُفْتَدَكُّهُ ُوُتَّحِيِّبُنَّهُ نَفْيًا ضَرْعَبًا يَّضُ

اَنَا الْشَّقِّيُّ بَنَّيَّ لا أُطْبِقُ لْكِمَ ُمَعْوَنَةُ وَصَرُوفُ الْدُّهْرُ ُتَحْتِسُ

(175)
انُمَازِتُ الْنَّاسُ أَخْلَاقُ َيَعَشُ َبَيْنَا ُفَاقِهُمُّ عَلَى سَوَءِ الْطَّبْعِ أَوْاَتُ
لَوْ كَانَ خَلُّلَ بَنِى حَاوُلٍ َيُشْبَحُّهُ ُفِيَتِمَّ مَا َوَلِدْتُ فِي الْخَلْقِ حَوَّالَ
بَعْدُ مِنَ الْنَّاسِ بَرْزُ مِنْ سَقَامِهِرُ ُوُقُرُّهُمُّ لِلْحَجِّيْهِ وَالْبَيْنِ إِذْ أَوْاَتُ
صَالِبِيَّ أَفْرَدَ لَا إِبْطَأَ ُيُدْرِكُهُ ُوَلَا سَبَّاَتَ ُوَلَا فِي الْقَفْسِ أَوْاَتُ

(176)
جَوْارُ بَنِى الْدُّنْيَا ضَنَّى لَى دَائِمَ ُتَمْنَيْتُ لَّمَا شَفَنَى الْمُغْبَ وَالْرِّبْعَا
لَقَدْ فَعَلُوا الْخَيْرِ الْقَلِيلِ تَكْلِفَا ُوُجَاءَوا الَّذُي جَاوَهُ مِنْ شَرِّهِمْ طَبْعَا
فَاَيْنُ يَنْبِعُ الْنَّدَى وَبِحَارٌ ُوُهَلْ أَبْقَى الْأَيَامُ مِنْ أَسْرِ ضَبْعَا
اَذا حُرِقَتْ عِيْدَانُهُمْ فَاَوْتُهُ ُوَإِنْ عَجْمَتْ فِي حَادِثِ وَجَدُتْ نَبْعَا

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هَذَا طَرِيْقُ لِلْبَيْدَى لَأَحْبُ ُيُرْضَى بِهِ الْبِصَحَبْ وَالصَّابِحَ
أَفْرَدُ مِنَ الْنَّاسِ فَانْجَسَ أَجْتَهَرُ ُفْتَقَيْنَى سَأَبِ جَرَّةُ السَّاحِبِ
يَتِفْعَلُ الْنَّاسُ بِمَا عَنَّهُ ُوَهُوَ لَقَى بَيْنِهِمْ شَاحِبُ

174. ٣ مِنْيِنَ َسْدِنِيَّاتُ ّ فِيَتَمُّاحُ. ١٧٥. ٣ بَلْ أَوْ كَانَ ُوُهَلََّةُ اَلْدُّهْرِ ُفِيَتۡشِبُّ َفِيۡثِبُّ.
شَابُ عَلَيْنَا أُمَّرَنا شَابُّ وَقَدْ وَدُنَا أَنَّهَ لَمْ يُشْبِهُ طُوُّبٍ لِطَيرٍ بَلْ قَفَّاتُ الْحَبَّةِ الْمُجَلَّقَةَ أُوْحَى قَفَّاتُ الْعُشَّبُ لا تَأَلَّفَ الإِنْسِّ وَلا تَعْرَفُ السَّمْكِنَّ وَلَا تَسْجُوُ الْيَبَّا الإِنْثَبُ فَلَا يُشْبِهُ الْحَرَّبٌ وَقَدَادَةٌ فَخَامِدُ فِي نَفْسِهِ مِنْ يُشْبِهُ

إِذَا طَفَّ صَلِّ أَفْعَوْا فَنَا لَهُ سَرُّٰ بِيْتُهُ يَتَتُّ مَا عَيْبُ الْعُرْقُبُ وَلَوْ ذُهِبَ عِينَهُ هُزُّ مُسَأَّرٌ لَمْ يَا رَعَانِ ضَانِ أَلَّا يَقْرَرُ أَفْوَاهُ وَعَامِرٌ أَلَّا حِيَا رَمُوُّهُ وَلَا ثُبَّا حَرَّبًا يَقُولُنَّ هَلَّا تَشْهُدُ الْجِمَاعُ الْمِنْتَى رَجُوُا بِهَا عَفُوًا مِنَ اللَّهِ وَفَرْبًا هَوْلِي لِي خَبِيرُ فِي الْحُضُورِ وَأَنَا أَزَاخُرُ مِنْ أَخْبَارِهِمْ إِبْلَا جَرْبًا تَعْنَى لَقَدْ شَاهَدُتُ عَجْمًا كَثِيرًا وَعَرْبًا فَلا عَجْمًا حَيَّدَتُ وَلَا عَرْبًا وَلَبِّوُتْ عَجْمًا تَكُرُّ النَّفْسِ شَرْبًا وَلَا بَدْ يَوْمًا أَنْ تَكُونُ لَهَا شَرْبًا مِنْ السَّقَعٍ فِي دُنِيَّكَ أَنْ يُبْلِكِ الْقَلْبِ وَيَبْعَثُ الرَّزَبَا فَانْقُبِحَا بِالْمُسَوَّدَ ضَجْعَةٌ عَلَى فَرْشَهَا يَسْكَوُ إِلَى النَّفْرِ الْكَرِيْبِ إِلَى وَلِيّ شَرْقٍ بِالْحُضُورِ مَا هُوَ مِغْرِبٌ يَيْسَمْتُ شَرْقًا فِي السَّمَالِكِ امْغُرِبًا تَقُنْصُ فِي الْإِيَوَانِ أَمْلاَكَ فَارِسِ وَكَحْرُ جَاَزُ بَحا دُونَ قَيَصَّرُ أَوْ ذَرْبًا

فِيّا لَيْتِ أَنَّي لِمْ رَكَّنْ فِي بَرِيَّةٍ وَإِنْ لَ فَوْحُشِي بِإِحْدَى الأَمَالِيِّ يَسْوَفُ أَهْمَارُ الْرَّبِيعِ تَعْلِيَةٌ وَبَأَمُّ فِي الْبَيْدَا شَرَّ الْمُجَالِيِّ ١٧٨٠
لا حان يومي فلا وَكَعَ بِمَعْنَى ١٨١ من الأرض لم يَحَفَّر به أحد فَيَا
فَهُمُ النَّاسُ أن جَاراهُ تَهَلُّهُ بالذِّي ١٨٢ قَبَح حَيٌّ ومَثْبٌ ١٨٣ ّمن الإنسان من حَلَّى سِرائِرَهُ خَرَى
يَرَى عَنُّهُ فِي ١٨٤ يَا لَيْتِي لَا آتَى الحَشرُ فيهم ١٨٥ ّإِذَا بَعثوا شَعَطًا رَأىُهُمُ غَيْرًا
فَزَدُّنَى هَذاك اللَّهُ مَثْبُوٍّ ١٨٦ ّإِذَا تَمْ فيبا تُؤْسِي العَيْنُ مَضْجُعٍ ١٨٧ وإن سألوا عن مَثْبُوٍّ فِي حَيٍّ خَيْنَةٍ ١٨٨ ّمن اللَّهِ لَا طَوَاقَ أَبْتُ وَلَا جَبِّرًا

١٨١ ّكَانَى وإن آتَى تَمْ ضِرٍّ جَمِيعًا ١٨٢ ّما دَائِنَ في غَيْر الْبَيْمٍ بِيْدٍ
١٨٣ ّإِذا قُلْتْ شَعْرًا لِسَتْ فِيهِ بَحَائِبٍ ١٨٤ ّفَمَهَا إِنا لَا نَتَّابِعْ كَلِبِهِ
١٨٥ ّفَانْ شَخَصٍ هَبَاءٌ فِي الْصَّحِيحِ هَابٍ ١٨٦ ّوَقَدْ نُبِدَتْ عَلَى جَمَر خَيْبَا بَيْسَا١٨٧ ّفَانْ يَكِنْ فِيهِ سَقْطٌ يَذَّكَّرُ إِلَابَى١٨٨ ّوَقَدْ نَصْحَتْ فَأَحْذِرْ أَنِّ تَرُي أَذَّنَاء١٨٩ ّتُرْمِي إِلَى الْسَّبْبِ إِكْثَارَى١٨٩٠ ّوَإِسْبَابَى١٨٩١ ّتُرْمِي إِلَى الْسَّبْبِ إِكْثَارَى١٨٩١٠ ّوَإِسْبَابَى١٨٩١١ ّتُرْمِي إِلَى الْسَّبْبِ إِكْثَارَى١٨٩١٢ ّوَإِسْبَابَى١٨٩١٣ ّتُرْمِي إِلَى الْسَّبْبِ إِكْثَارَى١٨٩١٤ ّوَإِسْبَابَى

١٨١٥ ّعَمِي الْعِيْنِ يُتَلَوَّهُ عَيْنَي الدِّينِ والبَنَٰدِي١٨١٦ ّفِيلُيْتَى الْقُصُوبَى ثَلَاثُ لَيْالي١٨١٧ ّوَمَا أُمِتْ نَفْسُ الْبَيْنَانِ عَلَى ١٨١٨ ّإِذَا آتَى عَضَطَ بِشَوْكٍ سَيْلٍ١٨١٩ ّوَلَا قَضْتُ لِى آمَّ لُيَّيْلِي بَشْرُبُها١٨٢٠ ّحَنِئَادُ اِسْتُقَاتَ عَلَى طَيْلِ ١٨٢١ ّإِذَا مَا اجْتَعَنَا هَاجِمُ الْحَرِّنُ أَلْفَة١٨٢٢ ّمَخْدِعُهُ مِن جَمِيعَةٍ بِرِبِّيِّ١٨٢٣ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٢٤ ّعَلِيى١٨٢٥ ّوَحِيدُ أَعَانِي بِغَيْر عَيْبٍ١٨٢٦ ّفَدْعَنَى وأَهْوَالُ لَأَامْسَرُ ضَحْكًا١٨٢٧ ّوَإِيِّاكَ عَلِيٍّ لَا تَقِفَ بِجِيَال١٨٢٨ ّالْدِينَى١٨٢٩ ّبِلِ ١٨٣٠ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٣١ ّإِن ١٨٣٢ ّبِلِ ١٨٣٣ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٣٤ ّإِن ١٨٣٥ ّبِلِ ١٨٣٦ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٣٧ ّإِن ١٨٣٨ ّبِلِ ١٨٣٩ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٠ ّإِن ١٨٤١ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٢ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٣ ّإِن ١٨٤٤ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٥ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٦ ّإِن ١٨٤٧ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٨ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٩ ّإِن ١٨٤٠ ّبِلِ ١٨٤١ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٢ ّإِن ١٨٤٣ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٤ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٥ ّإِن ١٨٤٦ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٧ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٨ ّإِن ١٨٤٩ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٠ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤١ ّإِن ١٨٤٢ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٣ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٤ ّإِن ١٨٤٥ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٦ ّأَشْبُهُ١٨٤٧ ّإِن ١٨٤٨ ّبِلِ ١٨٤٩ ّبِلِ
أَلْبَتْ مَا مُتَشَرَّى الْزَّمَانِ وَإِنْ طَغَا مُثَبُّ وَلَا مَسْعُودٌ مُسْعُوٰدُ
مَا سَرَّ غَاوَنَا الْجَبَّوْلَ وَأَوَّلًا هَّنَّفُ الْحَمَارُ بِهِ وَنَاحُ العُوْدُ
صَأَبَاتِ الْبَلَائِي وَعَزُفُ قِيَانِهِ لِلَّحَادِثَاتِ بِوَارِقٍ وَرَعْوُدُ

أَغْتَى الْانْثِامُ تَقِى فِي ذُرِّي جَبْلٍ يِرْضَى الْقَلْيِلُ وِيِبَيْبُ الْوُشْيَةَ وَالْتَتَاجُا
وَأَفْقَرُ النَّاسُ فِي دَنْيَاهُ مِلْكٍ يُضْحَى إِلَى الْلَّهِ الْجَرَّارُ مَحَتَاجًا

إِذَا جُوُلَ الْإِقْوَامُ بِالْحَقِّ أَصْبَحُوا عُدَّةً فَكُلُّ الْأَصْبِفَاءِ عَلَى خُلِبٍ
نَشَاهِدُ يَتَبَّعُ مِن رَجَالِ خَلَافُهُمْ غَرَابِبُ طَيْرٍ سَاقِطَاتٍ عَلَى حَبِّ
إِذَا طَلَبُوا فَأَقْنَعُ لَتَظْفَرُ بِالْغَلِّيْ فَإِنَّ نَطْقُوا فَأَصِصُتْ لِتَرْجَعُ بِاللَّهِ
وَإِنَّ لَمْ تَتَظَفَّ هَجَرُانَ رَفْتُكُمْ دَائِمًا فِيْنَ أَذْبُ الْنَّفْسِ الْزَّباَرَةُ عَن غَبٍّ
وَيَدِعُو الْطَّيِّبُ الْبَرُّ وَافَةَ حَيْنَهُ رُوِيَّدُّ إِنَّ الْأَمْرَ جَلُّ عَن الْطَّيِّ

أَصِصُتْ الْشَّبَوْرُ فِيْلَا صِمْتُ وَلَا صَوْمُ حَتَّى تَطْلِبُ الصَّمْوَاتَا
يُلَاقِي الْفَتْيَ عِيْشَةُ بِالضَّلَالِ وَبِيِّقَى عَلَى الْيَأْنِ يِمُوتُا

إِذَا سَكَتَ الْإِنْسانُ قَلَّتْ خُصُومَهُ وَإِنَّ أَضْجَعَتْ الْحَادِثَاتُ لَجِبَهِ
حَسَا ظَامِرُ فِي صِمْتِهِ مِن دَمِ الْفَتْيَ فَقَفَّزَ ذَلِكَ الصَّمْتُ مَعْظَمُ ذُبَيْهِ
وَلِيْكَ فِي هَالِ الْبِيْوَضَ إِذَا شَدَا لَتَنََّمُّ عَالَمٍ وَأُنَتْ أَذِّهِ
وَإِنَّ سَلَ سَيْفًا مِن كَلاَمِ مَسَقَةٌ عَلَيْكَ فَقَابِلُهُ بِصَبْرٍ تَعْمِيهِ
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لا أَنْظِرُ عَقَبًا فَأَصَابَتُ مَوَاكَ فَأَلْتَ أَوْلُ منْ ثُقُبٍ
أَتِيَتْ بِهَا جَنْتُهُ فِي نَشَأَةٍ وَقَرِّيكَ لَكَ مَنْ شَكْتَهُ ثُقُبٍ
أَتَى الرُّجَالِينَ عَنْهَا السُّرُقُ مُنْتَيْنَ كَيْلاً يَوْمَيْكَما طَيْرُ عَصْبُ

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ثَبَابٌ أَكْفَانِي وَرَمَسَيْ مَنْزِلٍ وَعَيْشَيْ حَمَايٍ وَجَنْتَيْنَ لِي بَعْثُ
تَحَلُّ لِبَائِسِي الْحَلَّي وَأَحْتَلِي الْفَتْنَي
فَأَضْلَعْ مِنْ أَمْثَالِ الْبَتْرِ السُّعْثَ
بيِّصْرُونَ بِالْقَدْمَاءِ فِي سُبُلِّ الْبُدْعَي
إِلَى الْلَّهِ حَزَنَ ما تَوْطَأْنَ أَوْ وَعْطُ
وَما فَي بِدْ قَلْبٍ وَلَا سَوْقٌ بَرَى وَلَا مَقْرِقٌ تَاجَ وَلَا أَذْنَ رَعْطُ

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لِكَ الْبَلَدُ إِنْ تَتْرُحُ فَذَاكَ تَفْضُّلُ عَلَى وَان عَاقِبَتَنِى فِيْوَاجِبِ
يَقُومُ الْفَتْنَي مِنْ قِبْرِهِ إِنْ دُوَّاتِهِ وَمَا جَرِ مَخْطَوْطُ لِهِ فِي الرُّواجِ
عِصْمَا النُّسُكٍ أَحْمَيْ ثُرُ وَرَحْ عَامِرٍ وَأَفْرَفُ عِنْدَ الْفَجْرِ مِنْ قُوْسٍ حَاجِبِ

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صَحِبَتِ الْحَيَاةِ وَطَالِ الْعَنَاةُ وَلا خَبَرٌ فِي العَيْشِ مِسْتَصْحَبَا
وَقَدْ كَنْتَ فِي بَيْتِ مَيْسُ جَامِحًا وَمِنْ رَأْسِهِ دَهْرُ أَصْحَابَا
مَتَى مَا شَهِدْتَ لَوَاجِبِ الْبَلَدِكِ وَتَحَضَّرْتُ جَمَالًا بِأَنْ تُشْحَا
حِبَّا الشَّيْخِ إِلَى طَامَعٍ فِي النَّبْوَيْنِ وَقُسْمَ الصَّبِيُّ إِذَا مَا حَبَا
هَلْ وَمَا يُحْبُبِنِي أَحْدَ نَعْمَةٍ وَلَكْنَ مَوَّلَى الْمُوَلَّى حَبَا
نَصْحُتْكَ فَأَعْمَلَ لَهُ دَابِبًا وَإِنْ جَأَ مُوْتُ فَقُلْ مَرْحَبَا

(194)
تَسْكَتَ بَعْدَ الأَرْبَعِينَ ضُرُورَةً وَلَمْ يُنْقِلْ إِلَّا أَنْ تَقُومَ الصَّوْارِخُ
فَيْكَ تُرْجِي أَنْ تَتَأَبَّ وَأَنْتَا وَهَيْرَ الْنَّاسِ فُضْلُ النُّسُكٍ وَالْحُبُّ شَارِعَ
واجتَلَبُ للّهُ 

N. S. 191. 4 17
(195) حورفتِ فی ۳٠٠ مطلب همیشه به • حتی زهدت یا خلیفه و زهد • فالحید لله صابِی ما یزلینه • ولست اصداق‌یا سیمّه مریم • وما اظنن چنان الحید یدرکها • اگر معاصر هاکیا فی الثقی جن • میخی البیار فیا اندک فی شغل • ولی آطیا اگیالنجی سیدا • ۵ اما البیاد فجیبی فیه مضطح • والدین عند جنوب تیجر المها •

(196) ارزخُ لربیک فی نبارک و آسجد • ومثا اطقت تجدّد فتیح • وی آذا غلابیالنکی فشاک کهّسفاک کربی و یا طرفک تجدّد • وأجعل لنفسك من سلیم ضیاءها • ادّم و تنز رحلاوة مین عنجد • وأرسَم بفرخ شرابک لا ترذد • قدّج لفیجی ولی انگیالعسجد • ۵ یکنیک صیفاک مین ثایبک ساتر • وی آذا فثوت فقطّعہ مین برغید • انتهایان تلی الحکومه او تنّی • حلف الخطابه او امام السجد • وذر الإمارة واتشاآذ درّة • فی البیض تحسیی حسای بالیج • تلك الامور صرهنها لاقارب • وأصابت فیبخ بلفسک او جد • ولقد یجت ولی قوم سبب • فاصف ولیاک للقیدی الیوجد • ا وبنحعل عریک بالثقی فنظامه • اسیئه لیا مین لؤلو وبرجد • خلّ يسیح فقویین التقدیس فی • صوت الغراب وفی صیاح الجدجد • وانزل بوضّک فی اعیر مخلّة • فالغدور ليس ببوطن للبنجد •

(197) غدوت مرض العقل والدین قالفی • تشمّع انباء الامور الصحاح • فلا تأخلن ما أخریج البیاء ظالمیا • ولا تیغ قوتا من عریض الدبائح

196. S 95.
197. 1 BCL غدوت.
The Meditations of Ma'arri

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The Meditations of Ma'arri

The text published by I. Krachkovsky: see p. 134 supra)
فَكَّروا فِي الْأَمْوَرِ يُنْفِقُونَ لِكُمْ بَعْضُ الَّذِينَ نَسَبُونَ مَعَ الْمُشَافَرِ
لَوُ دَرَى الْطَّارِئُ الْبَوْحَرُ بِالْغَفْرَةِ تَأَبَى أَنْ يَبُتْ بِالْقَوْمِ
حَرَقَ السَّيْدُ مِنْ بِرَأْعٍ فَهَا زَارَاهُ فَإِنْ رَوَاهُ وَلَمْ تَبْكِئِهُ
وَأَسْتَرَاوْا مِنْ ضَغْطَةِ الْقَبْرِ مِنَا * وَسُوَّلُ لَهُمَا وَنَكَٰرٌ
هَا لَا ذِكْرُو لَا إِنَاثُ مِنْ الْعَالَمِ يَبْدِي لِلسَّلَّامِ مَعَ السَّدِنِّ.

وَإِذَا أَنْثَكَرتُ فِي مَعْرُوفٍ تَفَكَّرُي * فِي مَا أَكَابَدُ غَيْرَ لَوُمَ النَّاجِلِ
وَأَرَبََتْ أُلْوَادِي فِي مَعَةٍ السَّفِندِ الَّذِي فَصَلَّتْ تَيَمُّعُ العَلَّجِ
وَلَوُ أَنْهَرُ ظَبَرْوَا لَعَلَّوْا شَدَةٌ * تَرَى بِمَثَاقِلِ هُواَجِلٍ

الْحُكْمُ لِلَّهِ فَأَلْبَضُ مُقَرَّدًا ابْدًا * وَلَا تَنْ حَ بِصُوْفِ النَّاسِ مُخْتَلِطًا
وَلَسْتَ ادْرَى بِيَوْى أَنْى أَرَى رِجَالًا * يُرَبُّ نَسَٰلَ لَرَيْبِ الْبِدْرِ قَدْ عَلَّمًا

وَمَحَاوْسِنُ الدُّنْيَا الْأَنيِّسَ وَأَنَا * أَشْبَاهُ سَادِتِهِمْ أَهْلَهُ أَشْبِرُ
وَإِذَا أَرْتُ الْبَيْضَاةَ ضَرَامَةٌ * فَالْحَزَّمُ أَجْمَعُ تَرْكُبُحُ فيِ الأَظْهَرُ

يَشْقَى الْوَلْدُ وَيُشْقِى وَالدَا بِهِ * وَفَازَ مِنْ لَهُ يُوْلَا عَقْلَهُ وَلَدُ
إِذَا تَلَبَسَ بِالْبَشْجَانِ جَنْبِهِ * وَبَكَرَ مِمْسَ وَهُمَا الصِّنُّ اوْ صَلَدَوا

١٩٩،١٠٢ س ٢٠٢،٢٠٣،٣٠٨ ز ٢٩.  تَكُّسِ.
يا لنا نحن في ضلال وتعلمنا* فأن صحت ذا يقين فباته
ولحق الصحيح آثرت الروم أنصبت الفتى إلى أمياته
جبلوا من آبوا إلا طنوا* وطلبا الوثني لاحق بحباته

أذا تفكّرنا فأننا لا يمارجها* فسأعد عقل صحيح هان ما ضعبا
فالذِّب أن صحت أعطى النفس فترتها* حتى تموت وسمى جدها لعبا
وما الغواني الغوايى في ملاعبة* إلا حياوات وقت أشبت لعبا
زيادة الجوهر عن جسر حامله* إلى التراب وزادت حادراً تعبا

نباني عقلي عن أمور عثرة* وطبعى اليا بالغريزة جاذبي
وما أدمى الرّزق تكذيب صادقه* على عبّرة مّن وتصديق حاذب

خذوا في سبيل العقل تبدوا بهديه* ولا يرجون غير السّميم راجي
ولا تطّغوا نور الهالابك فأنه* مُثبت حلّ من حجي برامج
ارى الناس في مجاهل جبارائهم* خليدان حتي يلبعون خراج

جاءت حادثة إن صحت فان لها* شانّا ولكن فيها ضعف إسناح
فشاور العقل واترك غيّرة هدرا* فالعقل خير مشرى ضمه النادي

210. With the mention of the bards of the ages, and the call to remember Allah's signs and the Qur'an, He says:  

وَقَدْ عَدَّلَ الْعِقْدَةُ نِعْمَةَ الْقُرْآنِ  

211. And this verse is followed by a question:  

فَلَنَا لِلْهَيَّنِ الْخَيْرُ لِيَتُّ  

212. ...and then a further verse:  

إِذَا مَرَّ أَمْعَى فَرَاحُوَهُ وَأَيْقَنُوا  

213. The verse continues:  

هُمْ لَا يَسْعَوْنَ  

214. And the verse concludes:  

لِيَلْدُعُوا يَوْمًَا شَقِيقًا، وَلَا نُعِمَاء  

The verse concludes with a reference to the abode of the just.
لا يُعلم الشرقي ما ألقى مارتهُ إليه والأري ليربعرُ وقد عذبة سالمونى فأَعُيَّثُي إجابتهُ مَنِ أَدْعَى أَنْهَ دارٌ فقد غَدَّبًا

اصبحت في يومي أسائل عن غدى متحيراً عن حاله متنيساً أمَا اليقين فلا يقين وإنما أقصى أجابتهُ أن أُلّن وأُحَدِّس

قالت معاشرُ خلّ عاجر ضرغٌ ما للخلاثي لا بطل ولا نإج مدبرون فلا عَشْبَ إذا خطَّأوا على البسي ولا حيّد إذا أبَرعوا وقد وجدت لهذا القول في زمني شاهدار ونهائي دونه الورد

يَعْزَون في السَّمَّاح المسلوك قد سبقوه إلى الذى هو عند القّر مختصرُ د آبكرون هذا المعاني ثبات حجي في كله عصر لبا جان وممترغ

تكيفر الإباق وأين البنغ وكور عشت من سنة في الزمان وجاوزت من رجب أو صفر وما جعلت لأسود الغريبين أظافر إلا أبتفها الظلمفر لحى الله قومًا إذا جشِّبهم بصراحة الإحاديث قالوا شفر

٢١٩

اذًا كان ما قال الحكيم فيما خلاء زمانى منى منذ مكان ولا يحلو أفرق طورًا ثمّ أجميع تارة ومثلي في حالاته البدر النحل

٢١٩. Z 38, 510.
Islamic Poetry and Mysticism

(220)

 لأرجاء أن تطفأ الشمس التي وَقَدَت من عبد عمار وأذيعي نازوا النَّبُوُّ
فَان حَبَّت في طَوَال الدهر حِمَرُهاَ فلا مَحَالَة من أن يَتَقَضى النَّبُوُّ
مضى الانام فالولا عليل حاكرمٌ لقلت تول ذهير أية سَلَكَوا
في الملك لم يخرجوا عنه ولا انتقلوا من فكيف اعتقادي أنهر هلكوا

(221)

آلا أن نفك جسي في أذى حتى يعود الى قديم العصر
وإذا رجعت الى صارت أعظمى ثريى تفاقة في طوال الأعصر

(222)

تَعَمِّموا بِثَّرَابِي عَلِى فَعِلْنِكَمْ بعد الْيَمُودُ يِوَافِينِي بأَغْراضٍ
وإن جعلت بِحِكَم الله في خُزَى يقضى الْثَّوبُ فَأُتِي شَاطِر رأى
جواهر أَلْفَهَا قَدْرَة عَجْبٍ وزائبتها فصارت مثل آراء

(223)

كَم يَنْظَم الدهر من عَقِد ويتُمر وليس عَقِد ثَريى بَيْنَيْر
وطال وقت على ماضى فغادرة بلا جبار ولا أثر ولا أنبر

(224)

الطَّالِم العالى برائ مَعَاشِر جالعم الباوض يحب ويعلم
زعمت رجال أن سِعاَراتِهِ تَبْقى العقول وتُبَثُّ السُّكَّلَم
فَبِلِ الكواكب مثلا في الدنيا لا يتفقين فهائد أو مُلِم
ولعل مَنة في السما كَبِيْبة وبها نضاد ويذيب ويُهَم
والتور في حُكم الخواطر مُحدث وأولى هو الزمان المظالم

220. S 100. 2 BL. طوال علَّم حاليم.
221. 3 BL. جبار 1. لم ينظم.
223. 0. لم ينظم.
وَالخَيْرُ بِنَسَبِ النَّاسِ رَبٌّ دَائِرٌ * وَالشَّرِّ بَنِيَّةٌ وَالبَرِّ مَعْدُودٌ
طَبَعُ خَلْقِهِ عَلَى لِسَنِ البَزَالِ * طَوْلُ الْحَيَاةِ وَأَخْرَ جَرَّعُ مُعْلَمَ
إِن جَارِتُ الْأَمَّارَةِ جَهَةً مُؤْمِنَ * أَنْ عِيْنُ وَأَجْوَزُ يُضِبَّ وَيُكَلَّمُ
سَحْرُهَا مَظَلَّتُ فَنَاذِرُ أَجْدُلُ * إِنْ خَتَّتُ عَالَةً إِلَيْنَِّ أَوْلَمْ
۱۰ أَرَابْتُ أَظْفَارُ الأَقْرَاغِ عَدْوَاتٌ * فَرَّ وَأَظْفَارُ الأَنْبِيَةِ تَقَلُّمُ
وَكَذَٰلِكَ حُكْمُ الدَّهِرِ فِي سَكَانِهِ * عِيْينَ لَهُ أَذْنَ وَفِيقًَ أَصْلُ
إِنْ شَتَتُ أَنْ تُقَلُّ الْجَمَامُ فَلا تَعْشُ * هَذِيَ الْحَيَاةُ إِلَى الْخَيْرَةِ سَلَّمَ

(۲۲۵)
إِسْتَحْيِي مِنْ شَمْسِ النَّهَارِ وَمِنْ قَمْرِ الدِّجْيَ وَنَجُومِ الزَّهْرُ
يَجِينُ فِي الْفَلَقِ الْبُدْرِ بَلِّغَ النَّعَيِّ خَالِقُ خَالِقَهُ وَلِبَنَ بِالْتَّطَهِيْرِ فِي عَلْدَىٰ
أَوُلِيَّ وَأَجْرَدُ مَنْ بِنَى فِيْرُ
سَبْحانُ خَالِقِهِ لَسْتَ أَقْوَلُ الْفِرْعَةِ كَابِيَةً مِّنَ الْفَيْرُ
۵ هَ لَا بُلَ أَقْصَرُ هَلْ رَزْقُ حَيْيٍ * نُحْيَا يَمْرِنُ بِهِ مِّنَ الْفَيْرِ
اَمْهُلَّ لِأَخَالِهِ الحَصُانِ فِي الْحَيَاةِ مَتْنَذِيْرَ مِنْ قُرْبِيَ وَمِنْ صِرْبِ
۵۰ فِيْرُتُ مِنْ غَلابٍ إِلَى سّفَهٍ مَّتَسَرَّدُ فِي السَّرَّ وَالْجَهْرِ
أَلْغَى صِلَاةَ الْعَصْرِ مَحْتَقَرًا * وَرَى وَرَأَى الْظَّهْرَ بِالْظَّهْرِ
فَأَصْمَحَ ضَعَيفُكَ إِنْ عَرَاَكُ وَلَوْ * نَزْرَا وَلَا تَصْرَفَهُ بِالْكَثْرِ
۱۰ أَوْرَفَ لَهُ شَفَاءُ تَرْمَحُ فِي * دَمَّهُمْ مِّشَالُ تَأْرِينَ المَسْرَ (۲۲۶)
أَرَى الخَلَقِ فِي أَمْرِينِ مَاضٍ وَمُقْبِلٍ * وَظَرُّنِينَ ظِرْفِيَ مَدْهُ وَمَكَانِ
إِذَا مَا سَأَلْنا عَنَ مَرَادِ إِلَيْنَا * أَجْبَيْتُ عَنْ بِيَانِ فِي الإِجَابَةِ كَايِ
۲۲۴. مُعَلَّمٌ ب. ۲۲۵. v BL فِرْبِنَت. ۲۲۶. Z ۳۸، ۵۲۴.
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(227)

إمَّا الْيَكَانُ فَثَبِتَتْ لَا يُصِبُّ
لَكن زماَنُك ذاهِبَ لا يُصِبُّ
قُال الْوَسِيُّ لقَد طَبِبَتْ مَعَاذِي
خَوَّرُ بِمَغْهَرَةِ بِأَمِر يْبْنِتْ
والْهَرْجَ مِثل النَّار شَبّت وَانثَتِتْ
فَخَبَتْ وَأَفْلَتْ فِي الْحَيَاةِ الْبَيْحَتِ
أَن كَانَتْ الإِحْبَارَ تُظْنِيْرِ بِسِبَةٍ
فَأَخَوُ الْبَصِيرَةُ طِلْل يَوْمٍ مَسِيحُ

(228)

أَرَى النَّاس شَرًا مِن زمَانِ حَوَارُمَ
فَبَل وَجَدْتُ للْعَالَمِينَ حَقَايَقٍ
وَقَدْ حَذَبْتُ عَن سَاعَةٍ وَرِحْقَةٍ
وَما حَذَبْتُ سَاعَاتهمُ وأَدْقَائِهِ

(229)

أَرْكَانُ دِينِيَا غَرَائِبُ أَرْبَعٌ
جَعَلْتُ لِيْمُنِ هُوَ فُوقَا أَرْكَانَا
وَاللَّهُ صَيِّبَ لِلْبَلَادَ وَأَفْلَهَا
ظَرِيْنَ وَقَتَّيَا ذاهِبَا وَمِكَانَا
والْهَرْجُ لَيْدَرِي بِما هُوَ كَائِنٌ
فَيْهُ فَكِيفُ يُلاَمْ فِيْهَا حَكَانَا

لَبْكَيْ وَنْضَحَكَ وَالْقَضَاءِ مَسْلَطٌ
ما الدَّهْرُ أَضْحَكَانَا وَلَا أَبْكَانَا
هُ نَشَكَوْ زَمَانَ وَما أَتَى بِجَنَّةٍ
وَلِ آسِطَاعُ تَكَلَّبَا لَشَكَانَا
مَتَوَافِقِينَ عَلَى الْمَرْتَلِ رَكِبَتْ
فِيْنَا وَقَارِبٌ شَرَّا أَرْكَانَا

(230)

إِذَا قَيْلُ غَالِ الْدَهْرُ شَيْا فَأَنَاُ
يُزَدَ إِلَّهُ الْدَهْرُ وَالْدَهْرُ خَابِيرٌ
وَمَوْلُودُ هَذِهِ الْشَّمْسِ أَعْيَاكَ حَدِيْةٌ
وَخَبَّرْ لِبَيْنِيَ أَنَّهُ مَتَقَرَّبُ
وُاعِسُ خُوْنُ تَحْتِهِ طَلْلٌ عَالِمٌ
وَلَا تُذْرِكَ الْأَحْكَامُ جَرَدَ سَلَادَمٍ
إِذَا هِيَ مُرَتَّلُ لَمْ تَعْدُ وَوَارُهَا
نَظَارَةَ وَالْأَوْقَاتُ مَاضِ وَقَادِرُ

229. Z 38, 522. 1 Z 432. 0 BCL.

بِمِن هُوَ كَائِنُ.
The Meditations of Ma'arri

231
الله صُورُني ولست بعالم. لم يُذكَر سبحة القدر الواحد
فلتُثْبَي الساعات والآنسات لي. أَنَّى يَرْبِت من الغوي الجاهِد.

232
موُلاك مولاي الذي ما له نَّد وخاف الكافر الجاحِد.
آمن به وانتفَّس ترَيق وثناي. لم يَنْبِي إلا نفس واحد.
تَرِجَوَهُ بِذَلِكِ الْعَفُو مِنْهُ اذَا أَلْحَدَتْ ثُمَّ أَنْصَرَهُ اللَّاه.

233
إذا كنت من فرْط السَفاه معتَلَأ. فِي جَاحِد أَشْهَد أنْى غير جاحِد
أَخاف من الله العقَوة أَجَلَ. وأَعْرِف أن الأمر في يد واحِد.

234
عَجبَي للطبيب يُلْحِد في الخالق من بعد درْسِه التَّشْرِيحا.
ولقد علَّمَهُ المَنْجِم ما يَوْجِب للذين أن يكون ضِرَحاً
من نُجُوم ناريّة ونُجُوم. ناسب تَرَبة وما ء ورحاً
فَطَنَ الْحَاضِرِين من يَقْبِر التَّعْرَض حَتَّى يَظْهَر تَصْرِيحاً

230. C for آب.
232. B تَرِجُ.}
233. S 94.
234. BL بَلْ.
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(235)

(236)

(237)

(238)

(239)

235. Z 38, 512.
236. Z 38, 511.
237. Z 38, 511.
238. Z 38, 513.
239. Z 38, 513.
(240)

فَغَلَّتْ المُبَدَادَةْ وَهِيَ ضِدًّا لَلْبُتْيِ
لَوْ كَانَ لِيَحْتَرَكُ غَيْرَ أَذِيَّةٍ
شَيْءً لِيَبْلَغُ مُبَاحَةً لِلشَّارِبْ
لَكِنْ حُماَّكَ الْعَقْلُ وَهُوَ مُؤْمِنٌ
فَأَنَاُونِى وَرَأَيْكَ فِي الْتَرَابِ التَّارِبِ

(241)

يَقُولُ النَّاسُ إِنَّ الْخَيْرَ تَوُّدِىٌَ
بِمَا فِي الْصِّدَرِ مِنْ هُمْ قَدْبُ
وَلَوْلَا أَنْهَا بِاللَّهِ تَوُّدِىٌَ
لَكِنْ أَخَا البَدَادَةْ وَالْتَدِبُّ

(242)

عَلَيْكَ الْعَقْلَ وَأَعْلَمُ مَا رَأْتُ
جَمِيلًا فِي مُشَتَّارِ الْقُوَّارِ
وَلَا تَنْتَبِلْ مِنَ الْتَوْاْرِ حُكْمًاٍ
فَانَ الحُقَّ عَنْهَا فِي تَوْارِ

(243)

ضَلْتُ يَهُودُ وَانْتَشَلْتُ تَوْارِبَهَاٍ
جَدِّي مِنْ الْعَلَيْاءِ وَالْأَخْبَارِ
أَنْسَدْنَا عَنْ مُثَلِّبِهِمْ بَعْثًاٍ
فَتُبَلَّ بِالْيَوْحَاءِ إِلَى الْجُبَّارِ
وَإِذَا غَلَّبَتْ مَنْأَضَلاً عَنَّهَاٍ
أَلَّلَا مُقَالَدَةُ إِلَى الْآخِبَارِ

(244)

بُنِّيَ النَّصَارَىْ لِلْمَسْيِحَ كَنَذَاٍ
كَادَتْ تَعْبُدُ الْفَعْلُ مِنْ مُتَّابِهَا
وَمَتِى ذَكَرَتْ مُحْبِنَةٍ وَحَتَبَةٍ
جَاتْ يَهُودُ بِحَجَّهَا وَحَتَبَهَا

أَفَيْلَّةُ الْإِسْلاَمُ يُنْتَكَرُ مَنْكَرٍ
وَقَضَاءُ رَبُّكَ ضَعُبَاً وَأَنَاٍ بِهَا
أَبْنِ الْهُدَى فَنَوَّهَا بِمُحْقَةٍٍ
فِي الْبَيْدِ سَاطِيَةُ عَلَى مُجَابَاهُا
Islamic Poetry and Mysticism

CH.

(245) 

أُزْوِلُ وَلِيسِي فِي الخَلَاق شَكَّ ﴿لا تَبْكُوا عَلَى ﴾ وَلَا تَبْكُوا 

(246) 

وَقَدْ شِيدَ النَّصَارَى أَنَّ عِبَّسَ ﴿توَضَّحَتْ الْيَهُودُ إِلَّا صَبْطِيَّةُ ﴾ 

(247) 

عَجَّبَهَا اللِّبَابِ بِبِنْيَانٍ أَنْاسٍ ﴿وَإِلَى غِيْرِ وَالِدٍ ﴾ وَالدُّ نَبْبَهُ 

(248) 

قَالَتْ مَعَاشِرُ لَمْ يُبَعِّثْ إِلَّهُ ﴿إِلَى الْبَرَّ الْعَسَاهَا وَلَا مُوسِى وَلَا ﴾ 

وَانْثَى جَعَلْوَا لِلْقُوْمِ مَأْثَلَةً ﴿وَصِبَّا لِجَمِيعِ الْلِّبَابِ وَالْقُوْمِ ﴾ 

حَتَّى يَعْوَدُ ﴿عَلَى حَيَّ لَفَيْغٍ ﴿وُلُوْدُ ﴿رَكُوبَ ﴾ ﴿كُونَ ﴿وَكُونَ ﴿رَكُوبَ ﴿وُلُوْدُ ﴿أَمَّرُ ﴿بِلِلْهَدْرِ ﴿لِلْقُوْمِ ﴿وَلِلْرَّحْمَانِ ﴿وُصِبَّا لِدِينِهِ ﴿لِلْمَلِكِ ﴿لِلْقُوْمِ
(249)

يا طن ان علم الناس ليس بنافع
ولا دافع فالخير للغمس
قضى الله فينا بالذي هو كائن
فتم وضاءت جنة الحكمة
فيخرج من ارض له وساه
وهل يؤول الانسان من ملك رثة
ستتبع آثار الذين تحملوا
على ساقه من اعبد وإماه
فيا لوآ قوبوا نظيما
واما كلية من أعاديه اسهى
ما صاف على سهبة بر قا

أفيقوا أفيقوا يا غواة فانها
ديانتكم مكر من الدماء
أرادوا بها جمع الحطام فأدركوا
وبادوا وماتت ستة اللؤماء

(250)

مصيحة من قبيلها موسية
حكنت لك أخبارا بعيدا كونتها
وافرس قد شبت لها النار وادعت
لنيرانا أن لا يجوز خبونها
فما هذه الايام إلا ناظر
تساوت بها آحادها وسويتها

(251)

تفوه دهوك عجبًا فأضفوا
إلى ما ظل يخبر يا شهود
إذا أفتكر الذين لهم عقول
رأوا نبا يحقق له البهود
غدا أهل الشرائع في اختلاف
نفض به البصاعج والمبهود
فقد كذبت على عيسى التصار
كما كذبت على موسى اليهود
ولم تستحيد الايام خلقًا
ولا حالت من الزمن العبود

249. Z 30. 40. بدافع ولا نافع O 3 ملوك Z 0. بفظا. وZ 0.
وبادوا وماتت O غواة. 10. 8.
(...)

دين ودُرَّرْ وآناً نقض وفرقان ينص ونُؤاة وتجل
في كل جيل ابائيل يدان بها فهل تفبر يومبا بالبدوى جيل

(...)

كيف أحتبلك والقضا مدبري تجني الآذى وتقول آنك مجبر
آروا هنا معنا وليس لنا بها عالم فكيف إذا حوتها الإقير
ومتي سرى عن أربعين حليفا فباحض يصار والحوادث تكبير
نفس نجح بأمر أخرى هذه جسر إليها بالمساوف يعبر
هن للدين بأن يفرج لحدة عن فيبعض وهو أشعث أعبر
والدهر يقدم والمعاشر تنقضى والعجز تصديق بين يخبر
زعم الفلاسفة الذين تظروا أن المبنية ضهرت لا يعبر
قالوا وادع مثل أبر وأبر والوري كهانة جبل أمرو ما أببر
حذب أتاظر عن يبود يعبر ۱ رامت به الآثار نيل与时
في الدهر والعدل القبيح يتبير

(...)

فلتقلل النفس الجميل لله خبز وأحسن لا أجعل ثوابها
وتخلص الروؤس يشيد مقسماً أن المعاشر ما أهتلت لصوابها
جبته فلاة للغنى فاسبها تفرر وصين الغيب عن جوابها

(...)

غدا الحق في دار تحرر أهلها وطفت بهم كلا سارق المتنصص
فقالوا إلا أذهب ما ليشلك عندما مقيل وحاذر من بقين مقصص
أمير طنبا رحقا مع الطير بالبدى وأنت طريق ذو جناح مقصص

252. S 100.
لا توجد نصًا يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
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(261)

إذا رفع الحصيف إلى جهان تباؤن بالبراءة وأذارها
فخذ منها بما أداه لب ولا يقينه جبل في صراها

(262)

لو يتركون وهذا اللب ما قبوا مبينا يقال ولكن شالت الجذم
اتوجه بأخاديث وقيل لب قولوا صدقنا وإلا أروى الخذم
وأرهبتم جفون ملوها نوب وارغبتم جفان للندى زدتم

(263)

كتان منجبر الأقوام أعامى
لقد طال العنا فكم يعاني
سُطورا عاد حكبتا بطمي
وجه محمد بصلاح خمس
وقيل يجي دين غير هذا
وادي الناس بدين غد وآمس
فَيَقُنُّون من تنك بعد خمس
ومن لي أن يعود الدين غضا
فما تخلك من قبر وشمس
وأخيرا باولها شبيهة
وتصبح في عجائب وتني
قدوم أصغر ورحل شيب
وهجرة منزل وحلول رس
لحاء الله دارا ما تداري
بمثل التين في لجج وقين
إذا قلت المحال فعند صوتي

(264)

ما لي بما يعد الري صبر
قد أدمة الألف هذي البره
الليل والصباح والقيظ والإبراد والمنزل والمقره
كمرام سبب الأمر من قبنا
فنداد القدر لنا تسرب

262. BL

263. Text and translation by Von Kremer in Sitzungsberichte d. Kais. Akad. zu Wien, vol. 93, p. 636 fol. BC نداري. فَيَقُنُّون Von K. reads نداري and لجج. The World, being ruled by Fate, goes on its way and is not to be cajoled by the pitiful tales of those who have suffered shipwreck in it.
The Meditations of Ma'arri

(265)

يا روحُ كَمّ تَحْمِلِينَ الجَسَرَ لاَهِيةً * أَبْلِيْتِهِ فَأُطْرِحْهُ طَالِماً ما لِيْسَا

اَنَّكِتَتْ أُثْرِتْ سُكْنًاءٍ فَمُخْطَتْهُ * فِي شَكْرِ وَكْرِ مِن ضَاحِكٍ عِيْسَا

او لَا فَجْرُ وَإِنْ أَشْوَى فَجَاهِلَةٌ * طَالِبَأَ لِيْ يَدْرُ ما لَا إِقَامَةٍ إذْ حْيَسَا

لَو لِمْ تَحْلِيْهُ لَمْ يَتْحَيِّ لِمَلَعْشَّةٍ * وَكَانَ تَشْتَرِبَ ما أَحْتَى وَلَا نَبْسَا

٨ تَرْكِتْ مَصْبُاحَ عَقْلِ ما أَهْتَدِيتِ بِهِ * وَلَّهُ أَعْطَاكُ مِن نُورِ الْحِجْرِ فِيْسَا

(266)

كَانَاكِلُ الجَسِرُ الَّذِي هُوَ صوْرَةٌ * لِكَ في الْحَيَاةِ فَحَادِرِي أَن تُخْدَعَ

١٠ لَا فَضْلٌ لِلَّفَدْحِ الَّذِي أَسْتوَعْنُهُ * ضُرُبًا وَلَكِنْ فَضْلُهُ لِلْمُوْؤُدُ

(267)

وَشَخْصٌ وَرُوحٌ مَثَلُ طَفْلٍ وَأَمَّهُ * لَتَلِكَ بِهِ ذَا مِن يِدِ الْرِّبَّ عَادِيَ

١٠ يَوْتِانِ مَثَلُ النَّافَرِينَ لَوْارَداً * فَلَا هُوَ مَفْقوُدٌ وَلَا هُوَ فَائِدُ

(268)

رُوحُ اِذَا أَنْتَلَتْ بِشَخْص لَمْ يَزَلْ * هُوَ وَهَا فِي مَرْضٍ الْعَنَا الْبَكِيَّ

١٠ إِنْ كُتِبَ مِن رِيحِ فِي رِيحِ أَسْكَنَى * اوْكُتَبَ مِن لِبْسٍ فِي لِبْسٍ أَخْبَهِ

(269)

ما زَالَ الْرُوحُ قَبْلُ الْيَوْمِيَ دِعَةٌ * حَتَّى أَسْتَقْرَتْ بِحَكِيرِ الْلَّهِ فِي الجِسِدِ

١٠ فَالَّذِي ذَلِكَ وَهَا دِرْدُ يَوْمَٰيَ وَأَزْيُ * لَا يُخْلِيَانِكَ بِثَلَّةِ الْغَيْلِ وَالْحَسَدِ

قَالَ الْذِّنِي لِبَالْ كُثَّرَ بِهِ * لَأَظْفَرُْ نَاكَ لَوْلا أَنْتَ لَمْ أَسْدَ

266. C 267. 268. Z 31, 474. 18-2
(270)

والروح السهانة: لطيف ليس يدركه * عقل ويسكن من جسر القلته حرجا
وذلك نور لأجسام يحسرها * كنا تبين تحت الليلة السراج
قالت تعالى يبقى عند جسدهم * وقال ناس اذا لاقت الورد عرجا
و لأعد الناس بالدنيا أخو زعم * ناقت بنها ونادي اذ مضى درجا

(271)

ذين يلبسون في الأرض دقين يقيقُن * ولا علم بالأرواح غير قنون
و الروم الفتى ما قد طوُى الله عليه * يعد مونا أو شبه مونون

(272)

مر الزمان فاضحى في الثرى جسد * قبل تبلى رجال بالسلاوات
والروح الارضية في رأي طائفة * وعند قوم تزرى في السواح
تبتضى على هيئة الشخص الذي سكنت * فيه الى دار تقى أو شقات
وكَونِا في طريق الجسرأخوية * إلى سلابيس عنها وأقوات
وقدرة الله حق ليس يعجزها * حشر لحلى ولا بعث لأموات
فأجمع علويوة الإجراح صامتة * فيما يقال ومنها ذات أصوات
ولا تطبعن قوما ما دينهم * إلا احتفال على أخذ الانتابات
وأنها حمل الشجاعة قرنها * كسب الفوائد لا حب للسلاوات
فإن الشرائع ألقته بيتنا إحدى * وأودعها افاني العداوات
واهل أبحث نسا، القوم عن عرشي للغرب إلا بأحكام النبات

271. O reads in the first hemistich: واخل الفتى ما يتبى الموت مثله.
272. نسا الروم O 10.
(273)
قد قبل إنّ الروح تأسّف بعد ما تنأى عن الجسد الذي غنيّت به ان حان يصحبنا الحجى فعلّها تدري وتآبّة للزمان وغيّب
أو لا فكم هذّيكان قوم غابر في الكتب ضع مداد في حفظه

(274)
ان يصحب الروح عقلي بعد مقطعتها للموت عن فاجد أن ترى غيبا
وان ماضت في البوءة الرحى هالكة هلاك جسمي في تربة فوا شجبا
الدين إنصافك الاقواك طلّهم وأي دين لا بدي الحي إن وجبا
والبر يغيبه قود النفس مصيبة للخبر وهو يقود العسكر اللجيا
وضومة الشبر ما لم يجي مخصية يغبي عن صوته شعبان أو ج يا
وقما أتّبعت نجبا في شملائنا وفي الجماع تمّت السادة البجيا
واحدن دعا ظلهم في نعامته فرب دعوة داع تحرق الحجبا

(275)
وقد زعموا هذى النفوس بواقيا يشكل في أجسامها وتهذب
وتنقل منها فالعيد مكرمه بما هو لاق والشفق مشنوب

(276)
أمّيتة شهي الدجى امرحى ولا عقل ألم في آله الحى والعقل
ودان أناس بالجزاء وطغونه وقال رجال أنما أتتم بقل
فاصكم إما قبيحا فجانبوا وأما جميلا من فعال فلا تقّلوا
فإني وجدت النفس تبدى نداءة على ما جنت حين يحضها النقل
وإن صدت أرواحنا في جسومنا في كثير يوما أن يعاوضها السقل

(277)
با آئین النفى ولا يَقَرُرُ بِمَرَّةٍ ثَانِيَةً 
قال النصري وما قلت قاسع وشجع في الوعي ناكِنك 
قد كنت في هدرك نقاوة وعَقْاقَةً

(278)
يقولون إن الجسم نَقِل روحًا إلى غيره حتى يَبِدِّيها النَقَل 
فلا تقولن ما يُحبرونها ضلالة إذا لم يَرَّد ما أتوك به العقل 
وليس جسدك خالقك وإن سما بها الفرع إلا مثل ما نبت البقل 
فَعَقَّ واذهبا وأرضي بنفسك طالبًا فإن حساب الهند يَبِدِّيها القَل قِيل

(279)
اعبرى لقد طالت على المدلج السري وليس برى في جنبس لببا يَسخى 
وجدنا آتِباع الشرع حزما لأدى النبي ومن جرب الأعيان لم ينكير النسخا 
فما بالعصر ما فيه آية من السحان كنائب بинтер نسا 
وقالت بأحكام التناسخ معشر غلوا فأجراوا الفسخ في ذلك والرسخا 
ومن يِفُع عن ذناب ويسخ بناء فخالُها أعقي وراحته أسخى

(280)
لست أَنَفِى عن وقدرة الله أشَاب ضياء بغبر لحمر ولا ذمر 
وتصير الأقوام مشيا أعيى في جنس نتصادم

(281)
فأَخَذَ المليك ولا توجد على ركب إن أنت بالجنين في الظلمة خشيتك 
فأتها تلك أُخبار ملفقة لخدعة الفاقل الحشوي حوشينا

278. Z 38, 510. 297. 4 C لدَى لأولى (sic) for.
281. L الحوشی.
(282) قال المنجم والطبيب حلاهما؛ لا تُحْتَرْ الأَجْسَادُ قَلْتُ إِلَيْكُمَا ان صَحَّ قُولُكَ فلست بحاسٍ أو صَحَّ قوْلَي فِالْحَسَّارِ عَلَيْكُمَا

(283) امًّا القيادة فالتنارع شائعًا فيها وما لخبيثاً إِصْحَارُ قالت معاشر ما للؤلؤ عائلٌ يومًا إلى ظلُّم السَّحَارِ مُحَارِ وبدائع الله القدير ضيَّرةٌ فيها لِبَنَا وَبِحَارِ

(284) تَقَلَّ جَسَمُونَا أَقْدَامُ سَفَرٍ مَّسِتْ في لَيلٍ داجِية بَوْعَتِ وظاهر أَمْرًا عِبْشٍ وَمُوتٌ وَبَدَأَ نَاسِكُ لِرِجَالٍ بَعْثُ فيها يَجُلُّ مَخَلَّدًا بِحَجَلٍ ولا أَدَنِ مَنْعَة مَرْعَتِ

(285) تَعْجِل مِمَّ ما يَلْبِكَ نَقْدًا فير وعَنْهَدَ لِلْبَيْتِ وَعَدُ

(286) خَذِ الْمَيَّة وَأَسْخَرْ نَجْوَمًا تَبْرِ أَمْطَعَم الأَرْيَ المَشُورُ نَذُلُّ عَلَى الْجَهَامِ بَلا أَرْتَبَب وَلَكِنَّ لا تَدْلُّ عَلَى النَّشُورِ

(287) يا شَيْبً إِنَّكِ فِي السَّمَاةُ قَدِيمَةٌ وَأَثَّرَتْ لِلْحَكِيْمَا صَلَّ مَشْرً أَخْبَرتْ عَن مُوتٍ يَكُونُ منْجَمًا أَفْتَحْبِينَ بَحَادِثٍ الْإِنْشَارِ

283. S 96.  284. BCLS.  286. S 98.  287. BLS.  BLS give as a variant.  BLS منجّمًا.
وَجِلْنَا وَطَائِنَ الضُّحَّاءِ مَنْ سَفَهَةٌ 
وَقَدْ لَّسَانَ البَسِيطةِ أَنْ يَكُونَ 
يُحَظَّنَا رَبُّ الْزَّمَانِ كَاَنَّا 
زَجَاجٌ وَلَكِنَّ لَا يُؤَدِّ لَهُ سَبَكًَ

لَوْ تَطَطَّعَ مَثْوَةً بِبَيْتِهِ 
بَعْدَ الْمَذْهَبِ طَيْعَنَهِ فِي تَلَافِهِ
سَالَّدُونَ عَرَجُ لَمْ نَكُنَّ بيٍّ 
لَيُحَظَّمَ فَعَادَتْ مَرَأَتُهُ فِيهِ
لَكِنَّهُ صَارَ أَجْزَاءٌ مَقْسَمَةٌ 
ثُمَّ أَسْتَمَرَّ هُبَاءٌ فِي سَوَافِهِ

نَغْفِضَ عَلَى نُرَابًا وَهُوَ لِي نُسِبُ 
وَذَا يَحَبُّ مِنْ قَطْعِ الْفَتْرَيْ رَحْبَا
يَا هُوَ مَا أَوْعَدَ اللَّهُ الْعُبَادُ بِهِ
إِنْ صَارَ جَبَّسِيَ فِي تَحْرِيقَهُ فَحَبَا
وَانَجَا هُوَ تَخْلِدُ بَلَا أَمْدَ 
تَبْيِضُ الْبَهْرَ وَصَالِي النَّارِ مَا رَحْبَا

إِذَا أَتَائِي حَيَاةَ مَاحِيّ مَلَحَّي 
وَمَا صَنَعْتِ فِعْيِشَى عِظَّةَ عِنْتُ
لَعْلَلَ قُومٌ يَبِّزِي مَلِيمْيُرَ 
إِذَا لَقَوْهُ بِها صَامِوْا وَمَا قَنَوْا

زِيَعَاهُو أَنَّى سَأَرِجعُ شُرْخَا 
كُيفِ لِي كِفَ لِي وَذَا كَتِبَتِ
وَأَزْوَرُ الْجِنَّانَ أَحْبَرُ فِيهَا 
بَعْدَ طُولِ الْيَمُودُ فِي الْأَرَامِسِ
وَتَزِوَّلُ الْعِوْنَ عَلَى أَذَا حَرِهِ بَعْيِنَ الْحَيَاةِ تِمْ أَنْغِمَاسِ

أَخْبَى رُكَابِي أَمْرُ أَتَيْحَ لِي حَبُّتِ 
عُمْرُ رِيَاضٍ مَا يُزَالُ بِهِ نَبْتُ
وَطَفْرُها لِيْلَ تَرِيْقُبُ شِبَتِ 
تَخَالُ يَدُودَ عَلَى سِيَّرْهَا السَّبَتُ
وَهُبْجَا قُوْلُ يَقَالُ عَلَى الْحَمِّيَ 
وَذَا حَدِيْثُ مَا مَحْدُوْدُهُ ثَبَتُ

292. O وَتَزِوَّلُ العِيْبَ.
293. BL تَرِيْقُبُ.
إن صُحَّ لى أُتِّي سُعِيدُ 
فَلَبْنِي ضَمَّي صَعِيدٍ 
صُمْتُ حَبَائِي إِلَى مِتَائِي 
لِعَلَّ يُوْمُ الْحَيَامِ يُعْيِدُ 
وَرَأَيْتُ لِلْجَسَابِ ذَكْرُ 
وَغَرِينِي أَنْهَا يُعْيِدُ 
وَعَنْ يَمِينِي وَعَنْ شَمَالِي 
يَصِحبَى حَافِظَاً قَعْيِدً 
* * *
5 إِذَا رَجَعُنا قَضَى وَعِدُ 
فَكَيْفَ لَا يُرْهَبُ الْوَعِيدُ

وَآخَرُ عَبْدُ الْقُوَامِي يُوْمَ ينْطُوِي علَى جَرْوُرَ الْوَوْدِ يَكْرُهُ زِيَّها 
فَهَبْ يَرْتِجَى حُضَرَ المَلَابِسِ طَاعُنٌ 
وَقَدْ مَرَّتْ فِي بَاطِنِ الأَرْضِ غَيْرَهَا 
أَتَتْنِي أَنْبَاتٌ ئِسْحَارٌ شَجَوْنُها 
لَا بَرَّ طَرَقَ أَنْهَا عَلَى النَّاسِ خَيْرَهَا 
هَذَا دُنْبًا قَسَّ النَّصَارَى وَمُوَرِّدُ الْإِسْمَجَوسِ وَدِيَانُ الْيَهُودِ وَجَهْرُهَا 
وَقَلَّتْ احْدِيَّاتُ لَيْبِرُ فِي صَحَائِفِ 
لَقَدْ ضَاعَتْ الأَوْرَاقُ فِيهَا وَحِيْرُهَا 
تَخَالَفَتْ الْإِشْعَابُ فِي عُقْبَ الرَّدِيِّ 
وَتَلَكَ بِحَارِ لِمَسْ يُدْرَكَ غَيْرُهَا 
وَقَيلَ نُفْوُسُ النَّاسِ تَسْطِيعُ فِعْلُها 
وَقَالَ رَجُالُ بَلْ تَبَيْنَ جَبْرُهَا 
وَلَوْ خَلَقَ أَجْسَامُنَا مِنْ صَبَأْرِ 
لَقِلْ عَلَى خَرِ الحَوَادِثِ صَبِرُهَا

نِرَجَوُ السَّلَامَةُ فِي العِقْبِي وَما حَسُنُتْ 
أَعْمَالَنَا فِيْجِي القُوَزُ وَالْعَرفِ 
ما بَانَ قُوُمٌ عَنِ الْأُولِيِّ بَيْنَ عَمَّا جَمَعُوا 
مِنَ الْحُظَامِ وَلَكِنْ بِالْذِي أَقْتَرَعُوا 
سَألَ عُقَلُى فَلَمْ يُخْبِرْ وَقِلتُ لِهِ 
سَلُّ الْرِّجَالِ فِيَأْتِنَا وَلا عَرْفُوا 
قَالَوْا فَهُمَّانَا فَلِمْ أَنْ حَدُونُهُمْ 
إِلَى الْقِيَاسِ أَبَانَا العِزَّ وَاعْتَزُوا 

295. S 95.
(297) 

وَتَحْسِبَ أَنَّ الْقَفَٰتِ الَّذِيَ تَشَاهِدُهُ راَكَعًا سَاجِداً

تَبَيَّنَهُ فَأَنتَ عَلَى ٍفَرْحٍ إِخْلاَسَكَ مَسْتَيْفَظَا هَاجِداً

(298) 

سَيْحُ وَسَلِّ وَطِفُ بِهِمْ زَائِرًا ۡسُبْعِينَ لَا سَبْعَا فَلَسَتْ بِنَاسِكِ

جَيْلَ الْدِّينَةَ مِنْ أَيْنَ عُرِضَتْ لَهُ أَطْبَاعُ لَهُ ۡيَنْفِفُ بِالْحَمَاسِكِ

(299) 

أَمَّ الْكِتَابِ إِذَا قُوْمَتْ مُحْكِمَةٌ وَجَدْتَهَا لَأَدَاَّهَا الْفَرْضُ تَفْنِيْكَا

لَمْ يَشْفَ قَلْبُكَ فِرْعَانُ وَلَا عَظْمُ وَاَيْهُ لَوْ أَطْعَتْ اللَّهُ تَشْفِيْكَا

(300) 

تُوْهِيْتُ يَا مَغْرُورُ أَنَّكَ دَينُ عَلَى ۡيَمِينِ اللَّهِ مَا لَكَ وَذِينُ

تَسَيَّرُ إِلَى الْبَيْتِ الْحَرَامِ تَنَسَّكَا وَيُشْكُوَكُ جَارُ بَائِسٍ وَخَبِيرُ

(301) 

وَتَقَسِّمُ حَظْوَةٌ حَتَّى صَخْورٌ ۡيُزَرَنَّ فِي سَلْطَمِ وَيَلْتَمِسُهَا

خَذَاتُ الْقَدْسِ أوْ رُكَانَيْ قَرِيشٍ وَأَسْرَبَنَّ أحِجَارَ لَطِسْتِهَا

(302) 

أَرَى أَمَّ الْقَرِىْ حَصُتِّ بَيْجِرٍ وَسَارَتْ نِيَلَ مَكُةَ عَنْ قُرَاهَا

وَكُرَى سَرَتُ الْفَقَانَ إِلَى صَلاَحٍ فِيَنَسِتُ الشَّدَائِدَ فِي سُراَهَا

يَوْفِيْنَ الْبَنِينَ كَلَّ عَامٍ لِيَلْفُوْا الْمُحْيَيْنِ عَلَى قُرَاهَا

ضَيْفٌ مَا قُرَاهَا اللَّهُ عَفَوْا وَلَكَنْ مَنْ نَوْلُهُ بَقَرَاهَا

وَمَا سَبَرَى إِلَى أَحِجَّارِ بِيْتٍ زُوْعُوْسُ الصَّخْمُ لَتْنَبَّ فِي ذَرَاهَا

وَلَمْ يَنْزِلَ الأَبَاطُضُ مِنْ ذِكَانَةٍ يَدْنَسَ مِنْ فَواجِرَهَا بَرَاهَا

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(303)
أرى عالماً يرجون عفوًا ملكيّهم. * بتقبل رَجْعٍ وتَخَوِّي صلبٍ
فغفراتك الملك هلم أنا طالح. * بمثابة في ورد ثيابّ صلبٍ
وهل أرد الفداران بين صحابة. * يبانين لم يbeeوا احتقار قلبٍ

(304)
أقيم لا أعد الحَجّ فرضًا * على عُجز النّاس، ولا العذارى
فغى بِطُحاءٍ ملكة يَرَكّ قومٍ * وليسوا بالحِماية ولا القيارى
وإن رجال شبيبة سادنها * إذا راحت لكَعبها الجمازى
قِيامٌ يدفعون الوقض شفاعة * إلى البيت الحرام، وهم سكارى
هذا أخذوا الزوايف أولجوءهم * ولو كانوا البوذ أو النصارى
متي آداك خيرًا فأفعلههم * وقولى إن دعاءك البر أرى
فلو قبل الغواة عرفت كشفى * من الذين الهموه ما تواري
ولا شقى بها صنعوا وصاحوا * فقد جاءت خيولهم تبارى
جريت زمنًا وتسكن بعد حين * وأقفسية الهموه لا تجارى

1 وما حريت عيون الناس جماعة * ولكن في دِجَّالتها تبارى
لهم طيبُ تحالف ما أجنوا * صدورهم بصحبته تجارى

(305)
المُبِين أنَّاك فوق الأرض مزاية * فهما تصادق في أنَّها السعي
ولا عداوة أصلّى في طبايع * كانت مساجد مقرونًا بها البيع
صلبيَّ.  v  LO  303.  v BC  C  45.  All texts have
الغواة العذارى، etc.  v 304.  Z  30, 45.  العذارى
BL.  v 6.  آراك 1.  امكنك = آداك 1.  أولجوءهم 0.  عُجزَ.
v Z 10.  FLو قبّل الغواة.
v 7.  حريتُ.
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(306)

* * *

(307)

(308)

(309)

(310)
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(311)

مرأة عشك ان رأيت بها سكى ما في حضنك أشتته وهو قيمح
أستى فعالك ما أرت بفعله رشداً وخير أعلامك السبيح

(312)

ما الخير صور يدوب الصائرون له ولا صلة ولا صوف على الجسد
وأنما هو ترك الشر مطرحاً وفعضاك الصدر من غل ومن حس
ما دامت الوعش والانعام خائفة قرناً فيا صح أمر السك للأسد

(313)

المرآت أكير يسهر الحجي
فطاً وأنت الشر بطبع ملائ
علي العير ضرباً ساء ما يتقلد
أحال على ذي قرة يبجل
يقام عليه الحد شفعاً فيبعدل
وصححى فأعزى عاجرًا يببائد
قدير فيما هذا الحديث المولد
فتك الزى الغي أحلى وأصلد
بظال وانثى في النعير مخلد

(314)

الخير كالغرق المطور ضرمه
والشر كالتان شبت ليلها بقشم
يتتأى على جمرة دهر وما معدا
ولا تشيمن حساماً حتى ترق دما
خفك سيف لذا الدهر ما غيذا
وشاع في الناس قول لست أعده
وذاك ان رجلا ذامت الصيدا
ه ابن الجهاد سنة لم يجه بهم بكرمة
يوماً ونترك موالى العرف ما حيدا
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(315)

توَرَّعْوا يا بني حوَّاء عن حَذَبٍ * فِيَا كَمْ عِنْدَ رَبِّ صَاغِمۡ حَظَرُ
لِيْنَ تُعْدِبُوا لِقَبِحٍ مِنْ فَاعَلُكُمْ * وَلَمْ يَجِبُكَ لَحُسنِ التَّوْبَةِ المُطَٰرِ

(316)

مِتَى مَا فَعَلَّتْ الخَيرُ ثُمَّ كَـفَّـرَتْهُ * فَلَـنَّ تَأَسَّفُنَّ إِنَّكَ السَّمِيـنَ أَجَرُ
وَلَوْ لَمْ يَبْرِرَ الْحُرُّ إِلَّا مَخَافَةٌ * مِنَ الحَزِّي بَيْنِ النَّاسِ إِنْ قَـيِّل فَأَجَرُ
فَنَّإِر جَمِيلًا جَنَّتُهُ عَن جَزَائِهِ * تَوَمَّلَ أَوْ رَيَّجَ كَأَنَّكَ تَأَجَرُ

(317)

لَعَبَرَ لِقَدَ نَامُ الْفَتْيَةُ عَن حَيَامِهِ * إِلَّا أَنَّ أَتَاهُ حَتِّهُ مَتَّٰسِنَا
اَذَا مَا فَعَلَّتْ الْخَيرُ فَأَجِلَّهُ خَالِصَا * لِرَبِّكَ وَأَزُجَّرَ عَنْ مَدِيْحَكَ الَّـنَا
فَوْكُنِّكُ فِي هَذِهِ الْحَيَاةِ مُصِبْيَةٌ * يُعْرِيْكَ عَنْهَا أَنَّ تَبَّ وَتَحِيْنَا

(318)

حَرَامٌ عَلَى الْنَّفْسِ الخَيْبَةِ بِنَحَّىٰ * عَن الْحُسْمِ حَتِّى يَجِرَيْ السُّوْءَ مُصَـيْنَا
فَلَا تَسْلِفْ لِلَّنَّاسِ الجَمِيلَ وَأُسِهِّهِ * لِرَبِّكَ وَأَنْفَضَ عَنْ عِيْنِهِ تُوسَنَا

(319)

هَلْ تَحْفَظُ الَّأَرْضَ مُوَتَّىٰهَا وَأَهْلَهُمْ * لِيَّ بِدا الْبَيْسِ الْقَوْهُمْ فَهُمْ حَفِظُوا
إِنْ شَأَّ رَبِّكَ جَازَهُمْ بِفَعْلِهِمْ * وَالْلَّهُ حَيِّنَ تَثَارُ الأَقْـيَبُ الْلَّفْظِ

(320)

الْزَّلْلَهُ فِي الْطَّبِعِ فَالجَّارِيَاتُ مَرْفَعَةٌ * وَالْعَرْفُ يَسْتَرُّ وَالْمِيْدَانُ مَبْخَوْسٌ
وَالْتَّرْفُ يُضْرِبُ وَالْأَنْعَامُ مَأْخَلَةٌ * وَالْعُرْوَحُمُ لِتَقُلُّ وَهُوَ مَنْخوْسٌ

316. * All the texts read جزاء, a form which is not found in the lexica. جرارة جرارة would be an easy but unconvincing emendation.

318. ١٠٠ تجزيٍٍ.
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(321)

وْسَّعَانَ أَمْ بَرْأَةً وَحَمَّامَةٍ ُغَدَّاً وَلِدًا فِي مَبْدِهِ وَغَدَّتْ يَّجا

(322)

تَصِدِّقُ عَلَى الطَّيْرِ الْغَوْدَادِ بِشَرْبَةٍ ُمِن الْمَيَّاءِ وَأَعْدُدهَا أَحْقَ من الإِنْس

(323)

تَسْرِيحُ حَقَّيْ بُرْكُونا ظِرْفُ بَهِ ُأَبْرُ من دُرُهمْ تَطْعِمُهُ مُحَتِّاجا

(324)

بَرِى الْفِكْرُ الْأَنْثَى الْدَّهْرِ مَحدَثُ ُوَمَا عَنْصُرُ الْأَوْقَاتِ إِلَّا حَلْوَصَا

(325)

تَشَادَ السَّفَانِيَ وَالْقِبَوْرُ دُوارُ ُوَلَا يَجِنِبُ الْمَطْرُوْقَ بَابَ وَحَارِس

قولون إن الدين يَنْسَخ مَثَلَ ما ُتَرْلَتْ بِإِقْبَالِ الْحَنِيقَةِ فَارْسُ

وَمَهَا يَكُنْ فَالِلَّهُ لِسْبُرْ ُبَزَّرِالْ ُوَبِجْنِي الْفَتْيَةَ مِن بَعْدَ مَا هُوَ غَارِسُ

أَرْيَ مَقْرًا فِي أَخْرَ الْعَشِيَّةِ ُكَانَّا ُنُسَّيَ لَهُ ما أَطْمِعُكَ الْجَوَاسِرُ

وَفَأْيَدُ مِن الصَّفْرَةِ وَالْيَوْمِ وَأَطْقُ ُمَقْيِمِ صَلاةٍ وَالْمَهْيَّةٍ وَإِلَيْسُ

أَبَا قِيلَ إِن النَّارُ صَالِ بِحَرَّا مُقَبِّلَ جَنْيَةٍ وَفِتْ وَؤَلْدَةٌ ُأَصَابَهُ مَمَّا جَنَّيْتُ الْدَهْرِ
ولا تحمد حساناك إن توافتك بأيده للسطور مقومات فحمل مغالظ النَّسوانَ أولاً بين من البراع مقلبات سيام إن عرفن كتاب لنن رجعن بما يعوض مسمات ويتهرقن الليب بغير لب أتين لديدي متعلقات فإن جهن المنجم سائلات فلن عن الضلال بين مガ sanitates ليأخذن البلاوة عن عجوز من اللائي خارن ميمات يسيحن الملك بكل جنح وبرقعن الضحى مثانيات فيا عيب علية الغنيات تحن إذا قلْن الميا بمرجعتن

قد حاطت الزوج حور أستِت مليكتها العون في حياتها غدت ببروس إلى مراكبها أو خفط غزلاً إلى حياتها أماطر السوء عن ضائتها فقانت الخير في إماتتها

وصاغني الله من ماً وهماً أنا ذاً طالماً أجري بذرٌ كيف جريت بريت للآمر لم أعف حقيقته فليثني من حساب الله بريت ارى حيال إزار حسية قدَّر ظهرت منه قليلاً ثم وريت

327. BCL. This reading, which I have followed in the translation, is inferior to that of O.
The Meditations of Ma‘arrı́

(330)

خلقتنا لشيء غير باد واتنا نعيش قليلا ثم يدركنا البلك
نحن صيام تألك الدهر لجمه * بفظ فقد أدمنا نواجهها باللك

(331)

رضيت ملاوة فوعيتك علما وأحفظني الزمان فقل حفظي
اذا ما قلت نثرأ او نظيتا * تتبع سارقو الألفاظ لفظي

(332)

والناس من أربع شتى اذا أتغلفت روت الى سبعة في الحكم تختلف
إقرأ خلاقي اذا ضم النرى جسدي * فانه لك ممن قاله خلف

331. S100.

N. S.
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The definite article al-, which precedes many Arabic names, has usually been omitted both in the text and in the following Index; those names in which it has been retained will be found under their initial letter. Titles of books are printed in italics.

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