



SALAMAN AND ABSAL

JAMI

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SALÁMÁN & ABSÁL

AN ALLEGORY

**TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN
OF JÁMI
BY
EDWARD FITZGERALD**

1904

Salaman and Absal by Jami.

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PREFACE

My dear Cowell,

Two years ago, when we began (I for the first time) to read this Poem together, I wanted you to translate it, as something that should interest a few who are worth interesting. You, however, did not see the way clear then, and had Aristotle pulling you by one Shoulder and Prakrit Vararuchi by the other, so as indeed to have hindered you up to this time completing a Version of Hafiz' best Odes which you had then happily begun. So, continuing to like old Jámi more and more, I must try my hand upon him; and here is my reduced Version of a small Original. What Scholarship it has is yours, my Master in Persian and so much beside; who are no further answerable for *all* than by well liking and wishing publisht what you may scarce have Leisure to find due fault with.

Had all the Poem been like Parts, it would have been all translated, and in such Prose lines as you measure Hafiz in, and such as any one should adopt who does not feel himself so much of a Poet as him he translates and some he translates for—before whom it is best to lay the raw material as genuine as may be, to work up to their own better Fancies. But, unlike Hafiz' best—(whose Sonnets are sometimes as close packt as Shakespeare's, which they resemble in more ways than one)—Jámi, you know, like his Countrymen generally, is very diffuse in what he tells and his way of telling it. The very structure of the Persian Couplet—(here, like people on the Stage, I am repeating to you what you know, with an Eye to the small Audience beyond)—so often ending with the same Word, or Two Words, if but the foregoing Syllable secure a lawful Rhyme, so often makes the Second Line but a slightly varied Repetition, or Modification of the First, and gets slowly over Ground often hardly worth gaining. This iteration is common indeed to the Hebrew Psalms and Proverbs—where, however, the Value of the Repetition is different. In your Hafiz also, not Two only, but Eight or Ten Lines perhaps are tied to the same Close of Two—or *Three*—words; a verbal Ingenuity as much valued in the East as better Thought. And how many of all

the Odes called his, more and fewer in various Copies, do you yourself care to deal with?—And in the better ones how often some lines, as I think for this reason, unworthy of the Rest—interpolated perhaps from the Mouths of his many Devotees, Mystical and Sensual—or crept into Manuscripts of which he never arranged or corrected one from the First?

This, together with the confined Action of Persian Grammar, whose organic simplicity seems to me its difficulty when applied, makes the Line by Line Translation of a Poem not line by line precious tedious in proportion to its length. Especially—(what the Sonnet does not feel)—in the Narrative; which I found when once eased in its Collar, and yet missing somewhat of rhythmical Amble, somehow, and not without resistance on my part, swerved into that "easy road" of Verse—easiest as unbeset with any exigencies of Rhyme. Those little Stories, too, which you thought untractable, but which have their Use as well as Humour by way of quaint Interlude Music between the little Acts, felt ill at ease in solemn Lowth-Isaiah Prose, and had learn'd their tune, you know, before even Hiawatha came to teach people to quarrel about it. Till, one part drawing on another, the Whole grew to the present form.

As for the much bodily omitted—it may be readily guessed that an Asiatic of the 15th Century might say much on such a subject that an Englishman of the 19th would not care to read. Not that our Jámi is ever *licentious* like his Contemporary Chaucer, nor like Chaucer's Posterity in Times that called themselves more Civil. But better Men will not now endure a simplicity of Speech that Worse men abuse. Then the many more, and foolisher, Stories—preliminary Te Deums to Allah and Allah's-shadow Sháh—very much about Alef Noses, Eyebrows like inverted Núns, drunken Narcissus Eyes—and that eternal Moon Face which never wanes from Persia—of all which there is surely enough in this Glimpse of the Original. No doubt some Oriental character escapes—the Story sometimes becomes too Skin and Bone without due interval of even Stupid and Bad. Of the two Evils?—At least what I have chosen is least in point of bulk; scarcely in proportion with the length of its Apology which, as usual, probably discharges one's own Conscience at too great a Price; people at once turning against you the Arms they might have wanted had you not laid them down. However it may be

with this, I am sure a complete Translation—even in Prose—would not have been a readable one—which, after all, is a useful property of most Books, even of Poetry.

In studying the Original, you know, one gets contentedly carried over barren Ground in a new Land of Language—excited by chasing any new Game that will but show Sport; the most worthless to win asking perhaps all the sharper Energy to pursue, and so far yielding all the more Satisfaction when run down. Especially, cheer'd on as I was by such a Huntsman as poor Dog of a Persian Scholar never hunted with before; and moreover—but that was rather in the Spanish Sierras—by the Presence of a Lady in the Field, silently brightening about us like Aurora's Self, or chiming in with musical Encouragement that all we started and ran down must be Royal Game!

Ah, happy Days! When shall we Three meet again—when dip in that unreturning Tide of Time and Circumstance!—In those Meadows far from the World, it seemed, as Salámán's Island—before an Iron Railway broke the Heart of that Happy Valley whose Gossip was the Millwheel, and Visitors the Summer Airs that momentarily ruffled the sleepy Stream that turned it as they chased one another over to lose themselves in Whispers in the Copse beyond. Or returning—I suppose you remember whose Lines they are

When Winter Skies were ting'd with Crimson still
Where Thornbush nestles on the quiet hill,
And the live Amber round the setting Sun,
Lighting the Labourer home whose Work is done,
Burn'd like a Golden Angel-ground above
The solitary Home of Peace and Love—

at such an hour drawing home together for a fireside Night of it with Aeschylus or Calderon in the Cottage, whose walls, modest almost as those of the Poor who cluster'd—and with good reason—round, make to my Eyes the Tower'd Crown of Oxford hanging in the Horizon, and with all Honour won, but a dingy Vapour in Comparison. And now, should they beckon from the terrible Ganges, and this little Book begun as a happy Record of past, and pledge perhaps of Future, Fellowship in Study, darken already with the shadow of everlasting Farewell!

But to turn from you Two to a Public—nearly as numerous—(with whom, by the way, this Letter may die without a name that you know very well how to supply),—here is the best I could make of Jámi's Poem—"Ouvrage de peu d'étendue," says the Biographie Universelle, and, whatever that means, here collaps'd into a nutshell Epic indeed; whose Story however, if nothing else, may interest some Scholars as one of Persian Mysticism—perhaps the grand Mystery of all Religions—an Allegory fairly devised and carried out—dramatically culminating as it goes on; and told as to this day the East loves to tell her Story, illustrated by Fables and Tales, so often (as we read in the latest Travels) at the expense of the poor Arab of the Desert.

The Proper Names—and some other Words peculiar to the East—are printed as near as may be to their native shape and sound—"Sulayman" for Solomon" Yúsuf" for Joseph, etc., as being not only more musical, but retaining their Oriental flavour unalloyed with European Association. The *accented* Vowels are to be pronounced long, as in Italian—Salámán—Absál—Shírín, etc.

The Original is in rhymed Couplets of this measure:—

— u — — | — u — — | — u — ||

which those who like Monkish Latin may remember in:—

"Due Salámán verba Regis cogitat,
Pectus intrá de profundis aestuat."

or in English—by way of asking, "your Clemency for us and for our Tragedy"—

"Of Salámán and of Absál hear the Song;
Little wants Man here below, nor little long."

•—————•

LIFE OF JÁMI

[I hope the following disproportionate Notice of Jámi's Life will be amusing enough to excuse its length. I found most of it at the last moment in Rosenzweig's "Biographische Notizen" of Jámi, from whose own, and Commentator's, Works it purports to be gathered.]

Núruddín Abdurrahman, Son of Maulána Nizamuddin¹ Ahmed, and descended on the Mother's side from One of the Four great "Fathers" of Islamism, was born A.H. 817, A.D. 1414, in Jám, a little Town of Khorásan, whither (according to the Heft Aklím—"Seven Climates") his Grandfather had migrated from Desht of Ispahán, and from which the Poet ultimately took his Takhalus, or Poetic name, Jámi. This word also signifies "A Cup;" wherefore, he says, "Born in Jám, and dipt in the "Jam" of Holy Lore, for a double reason I must be called Jámi in the Book of Song." He was celebrated afterwards in other Oriental Titles—"Lord of Poets"—"Elephant of Wisdom," &c., but often liked to call himself "The Ancient of Herát," where he mainly resided.

When Five Years old he received the name of Núruddín—the "Light of Faith," and even so early began to show the Metal, and take the Stamp that distinguished him through Life. In 1419, a famous Sheikh, Khwájah Mehmed Parsa, then in the last year of his Life, was being carried through Jám. "I was not then Five Years old," says Jámi, "and my Father, who with his Friends went forth to salute him, had me carried on the Shoulders of one of the Family and set down before the Litter of the Sheikh, who gave a Nosegay into my hand. Sixty years have passed, and methinks I now see before me the bright Image of the Holy Man, and feel the Blessing of his Aspect, from which I date my after Devotion to that Brotherhood in which I hope to be enrolled."

So again, when Maulána Fakhruddín Loristani had alighted at his Mother's house—"I was then so little that he set me upon his Knee, and with his Fingers drawing the Letters of 'Ali' and 'Omar' in the Air, laughed delightedly

¹ Such final "uddins" signify "Of the Faith." "Maulána" may be taken as "Master" in Learning, Law, etc.

to hear me spell them. He also by his Goodness sowed in my Heart the Seed of his Devotion, which has grown to Increase within me—in which I hope to live, and in which to die. Oh God! Dervish let me live, and Dervish die; and in the Company of the Dervish do Thou quicken me to Life again!"

Jámi first went to a School at Herát; and afterward to one founded by the Great Timúr at Samarcand. There he not only outstript his Fellows in the very Encyclopaedic Studies of Persian Education, but even puzzled the Doctors in Logic, Astronomy, and Theology; who, however, with unresenting Gravity welcomed him—"Lo! a new Light added to our Galaxy!"—In the wider Field of Samarcand he might have liked to remain; but Destiny liked otherwise, and a Dream recalled him to Herát. A Vision of the Great Súfi Master there, Mehmed Saaduddín Kaschgari, of the Nakhsbend Order of Dervishes, appeared to him in his Sleep, and bade him return to One who would satisfy all Desire. Jámi went back to Herát; he saw the Sheikh discoursing with his Disciples by the Door of the Great Mosque; day after day passed by without daring to present himself; but the Master's Eye was upon him; day by day draws him nearer and nearer—till at last the Sheikh announces to those about him—"Lo! this Day have I taken a Falcon in my Snare!"

Under him Jámi began his Súfi Noviciate, with such Devotion, and under such Fascination from the Master, that going, he tells us, but for one Summer Day's Holiday into the Country, one single Line was enough to "lure the Tassel-gentle back again;"

"Lo! here am I, and Thou look'st on the Rose!"

By and bye he withdraws, by course of Súfi Instruction, into Solitude so long and profound, that on his Return to Men he has almost lost the Power of Converse with them. At last, when duly taught, and duly authorized to teach as Súfi Doctor, he yet will not, though solicited by those who had seen such a Vision of Him as had drawn Himself to Herát; and not till the Evening of his Life is he to be seen with White hairs taking that place by the Mosque which his departed Master had been used to occupy before.

Meanwhile he had become Poet, which no doubt winged his Reputation and Doctrine far and wide through Nations to whom Poetry is a vital Element of the Air they breathe. "A Thousand times," he says, "I have repented of such

Employment; but I could no more shirk it than one can shirk what the Pen of Fate has written on his Forehead"—"As Poet I have resounded through the World; Heaven filled itself with my Song, and the Bride of Time adorned her Ears and Neck with the Pearls of my Verse, whose coming Caravan the Persian Hafíz and Saadi came forth gladly to salute, and the Indian Khosrú and Hasan hailed as a Wonder of the World." "The Kings of India and Rúm greet me by Letter: the Lords of Irák and Tabríz load me with Gifts; and what shall I say of those of Khorasán, who drown me in an Ocean of Munificence?"

This, though Oriental, is scarcely Bombast. Jámi was honoured by Princes at home and abroad, and at the very time they were cutting one another's Throats; by his own Sultan Abou Saïd; by Hasan Beg of Mesopotamia—"Lord of Tabríz"—by whom Abou Saïd was defeated, dethroned, and slain; by Mahomet II. of Turkey—"King of Rúm"—who in his turn defeated Hasan; and lastly by Husein Mirza Baikara, who extinguished the Prince whom Hasan had set up in Abou's Place at Herát. Such is the House that Jack builds in Persia.

As Hasan Beg, however—the Usuncassan of old European Annals—is singularly connected with the present Poem, and with probably the most important event in Jámi's Life, I will briefly follow the Steps that led to that as well as other Princely Intercourse.

In A.H. 877, A.D. 1472, Jámi set off on his Pilgrimage to Mecca. He, and, on his Account, the Caravan he went with, were honourably and safely escorted through the intervening Countries by order of their several Potentates as far as Bagdad. There Jámi fell into trouble by the Treachery of a Follower he had reprov'd, and who (born 400 Years too soon) misquoted Jámi's Verse into disparagement of Ali, the Darling Imám of Persia. This getting wind at Bagdad, the thing was brought to solemn Tribunal, at which Hasan Beg's two Sons assisted. Jámi came victoriously off; his Accuser pilloried with a dockt Beard in Bagdad Marketplace: but the Poet was so ill pleased with the stupidity of those who believed the Report, that, standing in Verse upon the Tigris' side, he calls for a Cup of Wine to seal up Lips of whose Utterance the Men of Bagdad were unworthy.

After 4 months' stay there, during which he visits at Helleh the Tomb of Ali's Son, Husein, who had fallen at Kerbela, he sets forth again—to Najaf, where he says his Camel sprang forward at sight of Ali's own Tomb—crosses the Desert in 22 days, meditating on the Prophet's Glory, to Medina; and so at last to Mecca, where, as he sang in a Ghazal, he went through all Mahommedan Ceremony with a Mystical Understanding of his Own.

He then turns Homeward: is entertained for 45 days at Damascus, which he leaves the very Day before the Turkish Mahomet's Envoys come with 5000 Ducats to carry him to Constantinople. Arriving at Amida, the Capital of Mesopotamia (Diyak bakar), he finds War broken out in full Flame between that Mahomet and Hasan Beg, King of the Country, who has Jámi honourably escorted through the dangerous Roads to Tabríz; there receives him in Diván, "frequent and full" of Sage and Noble (Hasan being a great Admirer of Learning), and would fain have him abide at Court awhile. Jámi, however, is intent on Home, and once more seeing his aged Mother—for he is turned of Sixty!—and at last touches Herát in the Month of Schaaban, 1473, after the Average Year's absence.

This is the Hasan, "in Name and Nature *Handsome*" (and so described by some Venetian Ambassadors of the Time), of whose protection Jámi speaks in the Preliminary Vision of this Poem, which he dedicates to Hasan's Son, Yacúb Beg: who, after the due murder of an Elder Brother, succeeded to the Throne; till all the Dynasties of "Black and White Sheep" together were swept away a few years after by Ismael, Founder of the Sofí Dynasty in Persia.

Arrived at home, Jámi finds Husein Mirza Baikara, last of the Timúridae, fast seated there; having probably slain ere Jámi went the Prince whom Hasan had set up; but the date of a Year or Two may well wander in the Bloody Jungle of Persian History. Husein, however, receives Jámi with open Arms; Nisamuddín Ali Schír, his Vizir, a Poet too, had hailed in Verse the Poet's Advent from Damascus as "The Moon rising in the West;" and they both continued affectionately to honour him as long as he lived.

Jámi sickened of his mortal Illness on the 13th of Moharrem, 1492—a Sunday. His Pulse began to fail on the following Friday, about the Hour of

Morning Prayer, and stopped at the very moment when the Muezzin began to call to Evening. He had lived Eighty-one years. Sultan Husein undertook the Burial of one whose Glory it was to have lived and died in Dervish Poverty; the Dignities of the Kingdom followed him to the Grave; where 20 days afterward was recited in presence of the Sultan and his Court an Eulogy composed by the Vizír, who also laid the first Stone of a Monument to his Friend's Memory—the first Stone of "Tarbet'i Jámi," in the Street of Mesched, a principal Thoro'fare of the City of Herát. For, says Rosenzweig, it must be kept in mind that Jámi was revered not only as a Poet and Philosopher, but as a Saint also; who not only might work a Miracle himself, but leave the Power lingering about his Tomb. It was known that once in his Life, an Arab, who had falsely accused him of selling a Camel he knew to be mortally unsound, had very shortly after died, as Jámi had predicted, and on the very selfsame spot where the Camel fell. And that Libellous Rogue at Bagdad—he, putting his hand into his Horse's Nose-bag to see if "das Thier" has finisht his Corn, had his Fore-finger bitten off by the same—"von demselben der Zeigefinger abgebissen"—of which "Verstümmlung" he soon died—I suppose, as he ought, of Lock jaw.

The Persians, who are adepts at much elegant Ingenuity, are fond of commemorating Events by some analogous Word or Sentence whose Letters, cabalistically corresponding to certain Numbers, compose the Date required. In Jámi's case they have hit upon the word "Kas," A Cup, whose signification brings his own name to Memory, and whose relative Letters make up his 81 years. They have *Taríks* also for remembering the Year of his Death: Rosenzweig gives some; but Ouseley the prettiest, if it will hold:—

Dúd az Khorásán bar ámed—

"The smoke" of Sighs "went up from Khorásán."

No Biographer, says Rosenzweig cautiously, records of Jámi that he had more than one Wife (Grand-daughter of his Master Sheikh) and Four Sons; which, however, are Five too many for the Doctrine of this Poem. Of the Sons, Three died Infant; and the Fourth (born to him in very old Age), and for whom he wrote some Elementary Tracts, and the more famous "Beharistan" lived but a few years, and was remembered by his Father in the

Preface to his Chiradnameh Iskander—a book of Morals, which perhaps had also been begun for the Boy's Instruction.

Of Jámi's wonderful Fruitfulness—"bewunderungswerther Fruchtbarkeit"—as Writer, Rosenzweig names Forty-four offsprings—the Letters of the word "Jám" completing by the aforesaid process that very Number. But Shár Khán Lúdi in his "Memoirs of the Poets," says Ouseley, counts him Author of *Ninety-nine* Volumes of Grammar, Poetry, and Theology, which "continue to be universally admired in all parts of the Eastern World, Iran, Turin, and Hindustan"—copied some of them into precious Manuscript, illuminated with Gold and Painting, by the greatest Penmen and Artists of the Time; one such—the "Beharistan"—said to have cost Thousands of Pounds—autographed as one most precious treasure of their Libraries by two Sovereign Descendants of Timúr upon the Throne of Hindustan; and now repositied away from "the Drums and Tramlings" of Oriental Conquest in the tranquil Seclusion of an English Library.

Of these Ninety-nine, or Forty-four Volumes few are known, and none except the Present and one other Poem ever printed, in England, where the knowledge of Persian might have been politically useful. The Poet's name with us is almost solely associated with "Yúsuf and Zulaikha," which, with the other two I have mentioned, count Three of the Brother Stars of that Constellation into which Jámi, or his Admirers, have clustered his Seven best Mystical Poems under the name of "Heft Aurang"—those "Seven Thrones" to which we of the West and North give our characteristic Name of "Great Bear" and "Charles's Wain."

He must have enjoyed great Favour and Protection from his Princes at home, or he would hardly have ventured to write so freely as in this Poem he does of Doctrine which exposed the Súfí to vulgar abhorrence and Danger. Hafíz and others are apologized for as having been obliged to veil a Divinity beyond what "The Prophet" dreamt of under the Figure of Mortal Cup and Cup-bearer. Jámi speaks in Allegory too, by way of making a palpable grasp at the Skirt of the Ineffable; but he also dares, in the very thick of Mahommedanism, to talk of Reason as sole Fountain of Prophecy;

and to pant for what would seem so Pantheistic an Identification with the Deity as shall blind him to any distinction between Good and Evil. ²

I must not forget one pretty passage of Jámi's Life. He had a nephew, one Maulána Abdullah, who was ambitious of following his Uncle's Footsteps in Poetry. Jámi first dissuaded him; then, by way of trial whether he had a Talent as well as a Taste, bid him imitate Firdusi's Satire on Shah Mahmúd. The Nephew did so well, that Jámi then encouraged him to proceed; himself wrote the first Couplet of his First (and most noted) Poem—Laila & Majnun.

This Book of which the Pen has now laid the Foundation,
May the diploma of Acceptance one day befall it,—

and Abdallah went on to write that and four other Poems which Persia continues and multiplies in fine Manuscript and Illumination to the present day, remembering their Author under his Takhalus of Hátifi—"The Voice from Heaven "and Last of the so reputed Persian Poets.

² "Je me souviens d'un Prédicateur à Ispahan qui, prêchant un jour dans une Place publique, parla furieusement contre ces Soufys, disant qu' ils étoient des Athées à bruler; qu 'il s'étonnoit qu 'on les laissât vivre; et que de tuer un Soufy étoit une Action plus agréable à Dieu que de conserver la Vie à dix Hommes de Bien. Cinq ou Six Soufys qui étoient parmi les Auditeurs se jettèrent sur lui après le Sermon et le battirent terriblement; et comme je m'efforçois de les empêcher ils me disoient—"Un homme qui prêche le Meurtre doit-il se plaindre d'être battu?"—Chardin.

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL

1. Prologue

Oh Thou whose Memory quickens Lovers' Souls,
 Whose Fount of Joy renews the Lover's Tongue,
 Thy Shadow falls across the World, and They
 Bow down to it; and of the Rich in Beauty
 Thou art the Riches that make Lovers mad.
 Not till thy Secret Beauty through the Cheek
 Of Laila smite does she inflame Majnún,
 And not till Thou have sugar'd Shírín's Lip
 The Hearts of those Two Lovers fill with Blood.
 For Lov'd and Lover are not but by Thee,
 Nor Beauty;—Mortal Beauty but the Veil
 Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from itself
 Feeds, and our Hearts yearn after as a Bride
 That glances past us Veil'd—but ever so
 As none the Beauty from the Veil may know.
 How long wilt thou continue thus the World
 To cozen with the Fantom of a Veil

From which Thou only peepest?—Time it is
 To unfold thy perfect Beauty. I would be
 Thy Lover, and Thine only—I, mine Eyes
 Seal'd in the Light of Thee to all but Thee,
 Yea, in the Revelation of Thyself
 Self-Lost, and Conscience-quit of Good and Evil.
 Thou movest under all the Forms of Truth,
 Under the Forms of all Created Things;
 Look whence I will, still nothing I discern
 But Thee in all the Universe, in which
 Thyself Thou dost invest, and through the Eyes
 Of Man, the subtle Censor scrutinize.

To thy Harím Dividuality
 No Entrance finds—no Word of This and That;
 Do Thou my separate and Derivé Self
 Make one with thy Essential! Leave me room
 On that Diván which leaves no Room for Two;
 Lest, like the Simple Kurd of whom they tell,
 I grow perplex, Oh God! 'twixt "I" and "Thou;"
 If I—this Dignity and Wisdom whence?
 If Thou—then what this abject Impotence?

A Kurd perplex by Fortune's Frolics
 Left his Desert for the City.
 Sees a City full of Noise and
 Clamour, agitated People,
 Hither, Thither, Back and Forward
 Running, some intent on Travel,
 Others home again returning,
 Right to Left, and Left to Right,
 Life-disquiet everywhere!
 Kurd, when he beholds the Turmoil,
 Creeps aside, and, Travel-weary,
 Fain would go to Sleep; "But," saith he,
 "How shall I in all this Hubbub
 "Know myself again on waking?"
 So by way of Recognition
 Ties a Pumpkin round his Foot,
 And turns to Sleep. A Knave that heard him
 Crept behind, and sily watching
 Slips the Pumpkin off the Sleeper's
 Ankle, ties it round his own,
 And so down to sleep beside him.
 By and by the Kurd awaking
 Looks directly for his Signal—
 Sees it on another's Ankle—
 Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-Nothing
 "Rascal to perplex me so!

"That by you I am bewilder'd,
 "Whether I be I or no!
 "If I—the Pumpkin why on You?
 "If You—then Where am I, and Who?"

Oh God! this poor bewilder'd Kurd am I,
 Than any Kurd more helpless!—Oh, do thou
 Strike down a Ray of Light into my Darkness!
 Turn by thy Grace these Dregs into pure Wine,
 To recreate the Spirits of the Good!
 Or if not that, yet, as the little Cup
 Whose Name I go by, not unworthy found
 To pass thy salutary Vintage round!

2

And yet how long, Jámi, in this Old House
 Stringing thy Pearls upon a Harp of Song?
 Year after Year striking up some new Song,
 The Breath of some Old Story? Life is gone,
 And yet the Song is not the Last; my Soul
 Is spent—and still a Story to be told!
 And I, whose Back is crookéd as the Harp
 I still keep tuning through the Night till Day!
 That Harp untun'd by Time—the Harper's hand
 Shaking with Age—how shall the Harper's hand
 Repair its cunning, and the sweet old Harp
 Be modulated as of old? Methinks
 'Tis time to break and cast it in the Fire;
 Yea, sweet the Harp that can be sweet no more,
 To cast it in the Fire—the vain old Harp
 That can no more sound Sweetness to the Ear,
 But burn'd may breathe sweet Attar to the Soul,
 And comfort so the Faith and Intellect,
 Now that the Body looks to Dissolution.

My Teeth fall out—my two Eyes see no more
 Till by Feringhi Glasses turn'd to Four;
 Pain sits with me sitting behind my knees,

From which I hardly rise unhelped of hand;
 I bow down to my Root, and like a Child
 Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
 With whom I soon shall cease to moan and weep,
 And on my Mother's Bosom fall asleep.

The House in Ruin, and its Music heard
 No more within, nor at the Door of Speech,
 Better in Silence and Oblivion
 To fold me Head and Foot, remembering
 What that Beloved to the Master whisper'd:—
 "No longer think of Rhyme, but think of Me!"—
 Of Whom?—of Him whose Palace The Soul is,
 And Treasure-House—who notices and knows
 Its Income and Out-going, and *then* comes
 To fill it when the Stranger is departed.
 Whose Shadow being Kings—whose Attributes
 The Type of Theirs—their Wrath and Favour His
 Lo! in the Celebration of His Glory.
 The King Himself come on me unaware,
 And suddenly arrests me for his own.
 Wherefore once more I take—best quitted else
 The Field of Verse, to chaunt that double Praise,
 And in that Memory refresh my Soul
 Until I grasp the Skirt of Living Presence.

One who travel'd in the Desert
 Saw Majnún where he was sitting
 All alone like a Magician
 Tracing Letters in the Sand.
 "Oh distracted Lover! writing
 "What the Sword-wind of the Desert
 "Undecyphers soon as written,

"So that none who travels after
 "Shall be able to interpret!"—
 Majnún answer'd, "I am writing
 "'Laili'—were it only 'Laili,'
 "Yet a Book of Love and Passion;
 "And, with but her Name to dote on,
 "Amorously I caress it
 "As it were Herself, and sip
 "Her Presence till I drink her Lip."

3

When Night had thus far brought me with my Book,
 In middle Thought Sleep robb'd me of myself;
 And in a Dream Myself I seem'd to see,
 Walking along a straight and even Road,
 And clean as is the Soul of the Sufi;
 A Road whose spotless Surface neither Breeze
 Lifted in Dust, nor mix'd the Rain to Mire.
 There I, methought, was pacing tranquilly,
 When, on a sudden, the tumultuous Shout
 Of Soldierly behind broke on mine Ear,
 And took away my Wit and Strength for Fear.
 I look'd about for Refuge, and Behold!
 A Palace was before me; whither running
 For Refuge from the coming Soldierly,

 Suddenly from the Troop a Sháhzemán,
 By Name and Nature Hasan—on the Horse
 Of Honour mounted—robed in Royal Robes,
 And wearing a White Turban on his Head,
 Turn'd his Rein tow'rd me, and with smiling Lips
 Open'd before my Eyes the Door of Peace.
 Then, riding up to me, dismounted; kiss'd
 My Hand, and did me Courtesy; and I,

How glad of his Protection, and the Grace
 He gave it with!—Who then of gracious Speech
 Many a Jewel utter'd; but of these
 Not one that in my Ear till Morning hung.
 When, waking on my Bed, my waking Wit
 I question'd what the Vision meant, it answered;
 "This Courtesy and Favour of the Shah
 Foreshadows the fair Acceptance of thy Verse,
 Which lose no moment pushing to Conclusion."
 This hearing, I address'd me like a Pen
 To steady Writing; for perchance, I thought,
 From the same Fountain whence the Vision grew
 The Interpretation also may come True.

Breathless ran a simple Rustic
 To a Cunning Man of Dreams;
 "Lo, this Morning I was dreaming—
 "And methought, in yon deserted
 "Village wander'd—all about me
 "Shatter'd Houses—and, Behold!
 "Into one, methought, I went—and
 "Search'd—and found a Hoard of Gold!"
 Quoth the Prophet in Derision,
 "Oh Thou Jewel of Creation,
 "Go and sole your Feet like Horse's,
 "And returning to your Village
 "Stamp and scratch with Hoof and Nail,
 "And give Earth so sound a Shaking,
 "She must hand you something up."
 Went at once the unsuspecting
 Countryman; with hearty Purpose
 Set to work as he was told;
 And, the very first Encounter,
 Struck upon his Hoard of Gold!

Until Thou hast thy Purpose by the Hilt,
Catch at it boldly—or Thou never wilt.

4. The Story

A Shah there was who ruled the Realm of Yún,
And wore the Ring of Empire of Sikander;
And in his Reign A Sage, who had the Tower
Of Wisdom of so strong Foundation built
That Wise Men from all Quarters of the World
To catch the Word of Wisdom from his Lip
Went in a Girdle round him.—Which The Shah
Observing, took him to his Secresy;

Stirr'd not a Step nor set Design afoot
Without that Sage's sanction; till, so counsel'd,
From Káf to Káf reach'd his Dominion:
No Nation of the World or Nation's Chief
Who wore the Ring but under span of his
Bow'd down the Neck; then rising up in Peace
Under his Justice grew, and knew no Wrong,
And in their Strength was his Dominion Strong.

The Shah that has not Wisdom in Himself,
Nor has a Wise Man for his Counsellor,
The Wand of his Authority falls short,
And his Dominion crumbles at the Base.
For he, discerning not the Characters
Of Tyranny and Justice, confounds both,
Making the World a Desert, and the Fount
Of Justice a Seráb. Well was is said,
"Better just Káfir than Believing Tyrant."

God said to the Prophet David,—
"David, speak, and to the Challenge
"Answer of the Faith within Thee.

a Even Unbelieving Princes,
 "Ill-reported if Unworthy,
 "Yet, if They be Just and Righteous,
 "Were their Worship of The Fire—
 "Even These unto Themselves
 "Reap glory and redress the World."

5

One Night The Shah of Yúnan, as his wont,
 Consider'd of his Power, and told his State,
 How great it was, and how about him sat
 The Robe of Honour of Prosperity;
 Then found he nothing wanted to his Heart,
 Unless a Son, who his Dominion
 And Glory might inherit after him.
 And then he turn'd him to The Shah, and said;
 "Oh Thou, whose Wisdom is the Rule of Kings—
 "(Glory to God who gave it!)—answer me;
 "Is any Blessing better than a Son?
 "Man's prime Desire; by which his Name and He
 "Shall live beyond Himself; by whom his Eyes
 "Shine living, and his Dust with Roses blows;
 "A Foot for Thee to stand on, he shall be
 "A Hand to stop thy Falling; in his Youth
 "Thou shalt be Young, and in his Strength be Strong;
 "Sharp shall he be in Battle as a Sword,
 "A Cloud of Arrows on the Enemy's Head;
 "His Voice shall cheer his Friends to "Plight,
 "And turn the Foeman's Glory into Flight."

Thus much of a Good Son, whose wholesome Growth
 Approves the Root he grew from; but for one
 Kneaded of Evil—Well, could one undo
 His Generation, and as early pull

Hint and his Vices from the String of Time.
 Like Noah's, puff'd with Ignorance and Pride,
 Who felt the Stab of "He is none of Thine!"
 And perish'd in the Deluge. And because
 All are not Good, be slow to pray for One,
 Whom having you may have to pray to lose.

Crazy for the Curse of Children,
 Ran before the Sheikh a Fellow,
 Crying out, "Oh hear and help me!
 "Pray to Allah from my Clay
 "To raise me up a fresh young Cypress,
 "Who my Childless Eyes may lighten
 "With the Beauty of his Presence."
 Said the Sheikh, "Be wise, and leave it
 "Wholly in the Hand of Allah,
 "Who, whatever we are after,
 "Understands our Business best."
 But the Man persisted, saying,
 "Sheikh, I languish in my Longing;
 "Help, and set my Prayer a-going!"
 Then the Sheikh held up his Hand—
 Pray'd—his Arrow flew to Heaven—
 From the Hunting-ground of Darkness
 Down a musky Fawn of China
 Brought—a Boy—who, when the Tender
 Shoot of Passion in him planted
 Found sufficient Soil and Sap,
 Took to Drinking with his Fellows;
 From a Corner of the House-top

Ill affronts a Neighbour's Wife,
 Draws his Dagger on the Husband,
 Who complains before the Justice,
 And the Father has to pay.
 Day and Night the Youngster's Doings

Such—the Talk of all the City;
 Nor Entreaty, Threat, or Counsel
 Held him; till the Desperate Father
 Once more to the Sheikh a-running,
 Catches at his Garment, crying—
 "Sheikh, my only Hope and Helper!
 "One more Prayer! that God who laid
 "Will take that Trouble from my Head!"
 But the Sheikh replied: "Remember
 "How that very Day I warn'd you
 "Better not importune Allah;
 "Unto whom remains no other
 "Prayer, unless to pray for Pardon.
 "When from this World we are summon'd
 "On to bind the pack of Travel
 "Son or Daughter ill shall help us;
 "Slaves we are, and unencumber'd
 "Best may do the Master's mind;
 "And, whatever he may order,
 "Do it with a Will Resign'd."

6

When the Sharp-witted Sage
 Had heard these Sayings of The Shah, he said,
 "Oh Shah, who would not be the Slave of Lust
 "Must still endure the Sorrow of no Son.
 "—Lust that makes blind the Reason; Lust that makes
 "A Devil's self seem Angel to our Eyes;
 "A Cataract that, carrying havoc with it,
 "Confounds the prosperous House; a Road of Mire
 "Where whoso falls he rises not again;
 "A Wine of which whoever tastes shall see
 "Redemption's face no more—one little Sip

"Of that delicious and unlawful Drink
 "Making crave much, and hanging round the Palate
 "Till it become a Ring to lead thee by
 "(Putting the rope in a Vain Woman's hand),
 "Till thou thyself go down the Way of Nothing.
 "For what is Woman I A Foolish, Faithless Thing
 "To whom The Wise Self-subjected, himself
 "Deep sinks beneath the Folly he sets up.
 "A very Káfir in Rapacity;
 "Clothe her a hundred Years in Gold and Jewel,
 "Her Garment with Brocade of Susa braided,
 "Her very Night-gear wrought in Cloth of Gold,
 "Dangle her Ears with Ruby and with Pearl,
 "Her House with Golden Vessels all a-blaze,
 "Her Tables loaded with the Fruit of Kings,
 "Ispahan Apples, Pomegranates of Yazd;
 "And, be she thirsty, from a Jewell'd Cup
 "Drinking the Water of the Well of Life
 "One little twist of Temper,—all you've done

 "Goes all for Nothing. 'Torment of my Life!'
 "She cries, 'What have you ever done for me!'—
 "Her Brow's white Tablet—Yes—'tis uninscrib'd
 "With any Letter of Fidelity;
 "Who ever read it there? Lo, in your Bosom
 "She lies for Years—you turn away a moment,
 "And she forgets you—worse, if as you turn
 "Her Eye should light on any Younger Lover."

Once upon the Throne of Judgment,
 Telling one another Secrets,
 Sat Sulayman and Balkís;
 The Hearts of Both were turn'd to Truth,
 Unsullied by Deception.
 First the King of Faith Sulayman
 Spoke—"Though mine the Ring of Empire,

a Never any Day that passes
 "Darkens any one my Door-way
 "But into his Hand I look
 "And He who comes not empty-handed
 "Grows to Honour in mine Eyes."
 After this Balkís a Secret
 From her hidden Bosom utter'd,
 Saying—"Never Night or Morning
 "Comely Youth before me passes
 "Whom I look not longing after;
 "Saying to myself, 'Oh were he
 "Comforting of my Sick Soul!—" "

 "If this, as wise Ferdúsi says, the Curse
 "Of Better Women, what should be the Worse?"

7

The Sage his Satire ended; and The Shah
 With Magic-mighty Wisdom his pure Will
 Leaguings, its Self-fulfilment wrought from Heaven.
 And Lo! from Darkness came to Light A Child,
 Of Carnal Composition Unattaint,—
 A Rosebud blowing on the Royal Stem,—
 A Perfume from the Realm of Wisdom wafted;
 The Crowning Jewel of the Crown; a Star
 Under whose Augury triumph'd the Throne.
 For whose Auspicious Name they clove the Words
 "Salámat"—Incolumity from Evil—
 And "Ausemán"—the Heav'n from which he came
 And hail'd him by the title of Salámán.
 And whereas from no Mother Milk he drew,
 They chose for him a Nurse—her name Absál—
 Her Years not Twenty—from the Silver Line
 Dividing the Musk-Harvest of her Hair

Down to her Foot that trampled Crowns of Kings,
 A Moon of Beauty Full; who thus elect
 Salámán of Auspicious Augury
 Should carry in the Garment of her Bounty,

Should feed Him with the Flowing of her Breast.

As soon as she had opened Eyes on him
 She closed those Eyes to all the World beside,
 And her Soul crazed, a-doting on her Jewel,
 Her Jewel in a Golden Cradle set;
 Opening and shutting which her Day's Delight,
 To gaze upon his Heart-inflaming Cheek,
 Upon the Darling whom, could she, she would
 Have cradled as the Baby of her Eye.

In Rose and Musk she wash'd him—to his Lips
 Press'd the pure Sugar from the Honeycomb;
 And when, Day over, she withdrew her Milk,
 She made, and having laid him in, his Bed,
 Burn'd all Night like a Taper o'er his Head.

Then still as Morning came, and as he grew,
 She dress'd him like a Little Idol up;
 On with his Robe—with fresh Collyrium Dew
 Touch'd his Narcissus Eyes—the Musky Locks
 Divided from his Forehead—and embraced
 With Gold and Ruby Girdle his fine Waist.—

So rear'd she him till full Fourteen his Years,
 Fourteen-day full the Beauty of his Face,
 That rode high in a Hundred Thousand Hearts;
 Yea, when Salámán was but Half-lance high,
 Lance-like he struck a wound in every One,
 And burn'd and shook down Splendour like a Sun.

Soon as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung his Horse
 Over the Horizon into the Blue Field,
 Salámán rose drunk with the Wine of Sleep,
 And set himself a-stirrup for the Field;
 He and a Troop of Princes—Kings in Blood,
 Kings too in the Kingdom-troubling Tribe of Beauty,
 All Young in Years and Courage, Bat in hand
 Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the Golden Ball
 And chased, so many Crescent Moons a Full;
 And, all alike Intent upon the Game,
 Salámán still would carry from them all
 The Prize, and shouting "Hál!" drive Home the Ball.
 This done, Salámán bent him as a Bow
 To Shooting—from the Marksmen of the World

Call'd for an unstrung Bow—himself the Cord
 Fitted unhelped, and nimbly with his hand
 Twanging made cry, and drew it to his Ear:
 Then, fixing the Three-feather'd Fowl, discharged.
 No point in Heaven's Azure but his Arrow
 Hit; nay, but Heaven were made of Adamant,
 Would overtake the Horizon as it roll'd;
 And, whether aiming at the Fawn a-foot,
 Or Bird on wing, his Arrow went away
 Straight—like the Soul that cannot go astray.

When Night came, that releases Man from Toil,
 He play'd the Chess of Social Intercourse;
 Prepared his Banquet Hall like Paradise,
 Summon'd his Houri-faced Musicians,
 And, when his Brain grew warm with Wine, the Veil
 Flung off him of Reserve. Now Lip to Lip
 Concerting with the Singer he would breathe
 Like a Messias Life into the Dead;
 Now made of the Melodious-moving Pipe
 A Sugar-cane between his Lips that ran

Men's Ears with Sweetness: Taking up a Harp,
Between its dry String and his Finger fresh
Struck Fire; or lifting in his arms a Lute

As if a little Child for Chastisement,
Pinching its Ear such Cries of Sorrow wrung
As drew Blood to the Eyes of Older Men.
Now sang He like the Nightingale alone,
Now set together Voice and Instrument;
And thus with his Associates Night he spent.

His Soul rejoiced in Knowledge of all kinds;
The fine Edge of his Wit would split a Hair,
And in the Noose of Apprehension catch
A Meaning ere articulate in Word;
His Verse was like the Pleiads; his Discourse
The Mourners of the Bier; his Penmanship,
(Tablet and running Reed his Worshippers,)
Fine on the Lip of Youth as the First Hair,
Drove Penmen, as that Lovers, to Despair.

His Bounty was as Ocean's—nay, the Sea's
Self but the Foam of his Munificence,
For it threw up the Shell, but he the Pearl;
He was a Cloud that rain'd upon the World
Dirhems for Drops; the Banquet of whose Bounty
Left Hátim's Churlish in Comparison—

9

Suddenly that Sweet Minister of mine
Rebuked me angrily; "What Folly, Jámi,
"Wearing that indefatigable Pen
"In celebration of an Alien Shah
"Whose Throne, not grounded in the Eternal World,
"Yesterday was, To-day is not!" I answer'd;

Oh Fount of Light!—under an Alien Name
 "I shadow One upon whose Head the Crown
 "Both Was and Is To-day; to whose Firmán
 "The Seven Kingdoms of the World are subject,
 "And the Seas Seven but droppings of his Largess.
 "Good luck to him who under other Name
 "Taught us to veil the Praises of a Power
 "To which the Initiate scarce find open Door."

Sat a Lover solitary
 Self-discoursing in a Corner,
 Passionate and ever-changing
 Invocation pouring out;
 Sometimes Sun and Moon; and sometimes
 Under Hyacinth half-hidden
 Roses; or the lofty Cypress,
 And the little Weed below.
 Nightingaling thus a Noodle
 Heard him, and, completely puzzled,
 "What!" quoth he, "And you, a Lover,
 "Raving not about your Mistress,
 "But about the Moon and Roses!"
 Answer'd he; "Oh thou that aimest

"Wide of Love, and Lover's Language
 "Wholly misinterpreting;
 "Sun and Moon are but my Lady's
 "Self, as any Lover knows;
 "Hyacinth I said, and meant her
 a Hair—her Cheek was in the Rose—
 "And I myself the wretched Weed
 "That in her Cypress Shadow grows."

Now was Salámán in his Prime of Growth,
 His Cypress Stature risen to high Top,
 And the new-blooming Garden of his Beauty
 Began to bear; and Absál long'd to gather;
 But the Fruit grew upon too high a Bough,
 To which the Noose of her Desire was short.
 She too rejoiced in Beauty of her own
 No whit behind Salámán, whom she now
 Began enticing with her Sorcery.
 Now from her Hair would twine a musky Chain,
 To bind his Heart—now twist it into Curls
 Nestling innumerable Temptations;
 Doubled the Darkness of her Eyes with Surma
 To make him lose his way, and over them
 Adorn'd the Bows that were to shoot him then;
 Now to the Rose-leaf of her Cheek would add
 Fresh Rose, and then a Grain of Musk lay there,
 The Bird of the Belovéd Heart to snare.

Now with a Laugh would break the Ruby Seal
 That lockt up Pearl; or busied in the Room
 Would smite her Hand perhaps—on that pretence
 To lift and show the Silver in her Sleeve;
 Or hastily rising clash her Golden Anclets
 To draw the Crownéd Head under her Feet.
 Thus by innumerable Bridal wiles
 She went about soliciting his Eyes,
 Which she would scarce let lose her for a Moment;
 For well she knew that mainly by The Eye
 Love makes his Sign, and by no other Road
 Enters and takes possession of the Heart.

Burning with Desire Zulaikha
 Built a Chamber, Wall and Ceiling
 Blank as an untarnisht Mirror,
 Spotless as the Heart of Yúsuf.

Then she made a cunning Painter
 Multiply her Image round it;
 Not an Inch of Wall but echoed
 With the Reflex of her Beauty.
 Then amid them all in all her
 Glory sat she down, and sent for
 Yúsuf—she began a Tale
 Of Love—and Lifted up her Veil.
 From her Look he turn'd, but turning
 Wheresoever, ever saw her
 Looking, looking at him still.
 Then Desire arose within him—
 He was almost yielding—almost
 Laying Honey on her Lip—
 When a Signal out of Darkness
 Spoke to him—and he withdrew
 His Hand, and dropt the Skirt of Fortune.

11

Thus day by day did Absál tempt Salámán,
 And by and bye her Wiles began to work.
 Her Eyes Narcissus stole his Sleep—their Lashes
 Pierc'd to his Heart—out from her Locks a Snake
 Bit him—and bitter, bitter on his Tongue
 Became the Memory of her honey Lip.
 He saw the Ringlet restless on her Cheek,
 And he too quiver'd with Desire; his Tears
 Turn'd Crimson from her Cheek, whose musky spot
 Infected all his soul with Melancholy.
 Love drew him from behind the Veil, where yet
 Withheld him better Resolution-
 "Oh, should the Food I long for, tasted, turn
 "Unwholesome, and if all my Life to come
 "Should sicken from one momentary Sweet!"

On the Sea-shore sat a Raven,
 Blind, and from the bitter Cistern
 Forc'd his only Drink to draw.
 Suddenly the Pelican
 Flying over Fortune's Shadow
 Cast upon his Head, and calling—
 "Come, poor Son of Salt, and taste of
 Sweet, sweet Water from my Maw."
 Said the Raven, "If I taste it
 Once, the Salt I have to live on
 May for ever turn to Loathing;
 And I sit a Bird accurst
 Upon the Shore to die of Thirst."

12

Now when Salámán's Heart turn'd to Absál,
 Her Star was happy in the Heavens—Old Love
 Put forth afresh—Desire doubled his Bond:
 And of the running Time she watch'd an Hour
 To creep into the Mansion of her Moon
 And satiate her soul upon his Lips.
 And the Hour came; she stole into his Chamber
 Ran up to him, Life's offer in her Hand—
 And, falling like a Shadow at his Feet,
 She laid her Face beneath. Salámán then
 With all the Courtesies of Princely Grace
 Put forth his Hand—he rais'd her in his Arms
 He held her trembling there—and from that Fount
 Drew first Desire; then Deeper from her Lips,
 That, yielding, mutually drew from his
 A Wine that ever drawn from never fail'd—

 So through the Day—so through another still—
 The Day became a Seventh—the Seventh a Moon—

The Moon a Year—while they rejoiced together,
Thinking their Pleasure never was to end.

But rolling Heaven whisper'd from his Ambush,
"So in my License is it not set down.

"Ah for the sweet Societies I make

"At Morning and before the Nightfall break;

"Ah for the Bliss that with the Setting Sun

"I mix, and, with his Rising, all is done!"

Into Bagdad came a hungry
Arab—after many days of waiting

In to the Khalífah's Supper

Push'd, and got before a Pasty

Luscious as the Lip of Beauty,

Or the Tongue of Eloquence.

Soon as seen, Indecent Hunger

Seizes up and swallows down;

Then his mouth undaunted wiping—

"Oh Khalífah, hear me Swear,

"Not of any other Pasty

"Than of Thine to sup or dine."

The Khalífah laugh'd and answer'd;

"Fool! who thinkest to determine

"What is in the Hands of Fate—

"Take and thrust him from the Gate!"

13

While a Full Year was counted by the Moon,

Salámán and Absál rejoiced together,

And for so long he stood not in the face

Of Sage or Shah, and their bereavéd Hearts

Were torn in twain with the Desire of Him.

They question'd those about him, and from them

Heard something; then Himself in Presence summon'd,

And, subtly sifting on all sides, so plied
 Interrogation till it hit the Mark,
 And all the Truth was told. Then Sage and Shah
 Struck out with Hand and Foot in his Redress.
 And First with Reason, which is also Best;
 Reason that rights the Retrograde—completes
 The Imperfect—Reason that unties the Knot:
 For Reason is the Fountain from of old
 From which the Prophets drew, and none beside.
 Who boasts of other Inspiration lies—
 There are no other Prophets than The Wise.

14

First spoke The Shah;—"Salámán, Oh my Soul,
 "Oh Taper of the Banquet of my House,
 "Light of the Eyes of my Prosperity,
 "And making bloom the Court of Hope with Rose;
 "Years Rose-bud-like my own Blood I devour'd
 "Till in my hand I carried thee, my Rose;
 "Oh do not tear my Garment from my Hand,
 "Nor wound thy Father with a Dagger Thorn.
 "Years for thy sake the Crown has worn my Brow,
 "And Years my Foot been growing to the Throne

 "Only for Thee—Oh spurn them not with Thine;
 "Oh turn thy Face from Dalliance unwise,
 "Lay not thy Heart's hand on a Minion!
 "For what thy Proper Pastime? Is it not
 "To mount and manage Rakhsh along the Field;
 "Not, with no stouter weapon than a Love-lock,
 "Idly reclining on a Silver Breast.
 "Go, fly thine Arrow at the Antelope
 "And Lion—let not me my Lion see
 "Slain by the Arrow eyes of a Ghazal.

"Go, flash thy Steel among the Ranks of Men,
 "And smite the Warriors' Necks; not, flying them,
 "Lay down thine own beneath a Woman's Foot.
 "Leave off such doing in the Name of God,
 "Nor bring thy Father weeping to the Ground;
 "Years have I held myself aloft, and all
 "For Thee—Oh Shame if thou prepare my Fall!"

When before Shirúeh's Feet
 Drencht in Blood fell Kai Khusrau,
 He declared this Parable—
 "Wretch!—There was a Branch that, waxing
 "Wanton o'er the Root he drank from,
 "At a Draught the Living Water
 "Drain'd wherewith Himself to crown;
 "Died the Root—and with it died
 "The Branch—and barren was brought down!"

15

Salámán heard—the Sea of his Soul was mov'd,
 And bubbled up with Jewels, and he said;
 "Oh Shah, I am the Slave of thy Desire,
 "Dust of thy Throne ascending Foot am I;
 "Whatever thou Desirest I would do,
 "But sicken of my own Incompetence;
 "Not in the Hand of my infirmer Will
 "To carry into Deed mine own Desire.
 "Time upon Time I torture mine own Soul,
 "Devising liberation from the Snare
 "I languish in. But when upon that Moon
 "I *think*, my Soul relapses—and when *look*—
 "I leave both Worlds behind to follow her!"

16

The Shah ceased Counsel, and The Sage began.

"Oh Thou new Vintage of a Garden old,
 "Last Blazon of the Pen of 'Let There Be,'
 "Who read'st the Seven and Four; interpretest
 "The writing on the Leaves of Night and Day—
 "Archetype of the Assembly of the World,
 "Who hold'st the Key of Adam's Treasury—
 "(Know thine own Dignity and slight it not,
 "For Thou art Greater yet than all I tell)—
 "The Mighty Hand that mix'd thy Dust inscribed

"The Character of Wisdom on thy Heart;
 "Oh Cleanse thy Bosom of Material Form,
 "And turn the Mirror of the Soul to Spirit,
 "Until it be with Spirit all possest,
 "Drown'd in the Light of Intellectual Truth.
 "Oh veil thine Eyes from Mortal Paramour,
 "And follow not her Step!—For what is She?—
 "What is She but a Vice and a Reproach,
 "Her very Garment-hem Pollution!
 "For such Pollution madden not thine Eyes,
 "Waste not thy Body's Strength, nor taint thy Soul,
 "Nor set the Body and the Soul in Strife!
 "Supreme is thine Original Degree,
 "Thy Star upon the Top of Heaven; but Lust
 "Will fling it down even unto the Dust!"

Quoth a Muezzin unto Crested
 Chanticleer—"Oh Voice of Morning,
 "Not a Sage of all the Sages
 "Prophecies of Dawn, or startles
 "At the wing of Time, like Thee.
 "One so wise methinks were fitter
 "Perching on the Beams of Heaven,
 "Than with these poor Hens about him,

"Raking in a Heap of Dung."
 "And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven
 "Once I was; but by my Evil
 "Lust am fallen down to raking
 "With my wretched Hens about me
 "On the Dunghill. Otherwise
 "I were even now in Eden
 "With the Bird of Paradise."

17

When from The Sage these words Salámán heard,
 The breath of Wisdom round his Palate blew;
 He said—"Oh Darling of the Soul of Plato,
 "To whom a hundred Aristotles bow;
 "Oh Thou that an Eleventh to the Ten
 "Original Intelligences addest,—
 "I lay my Face before Thee in the Dust,
 "The humblest Scholar of thy Court am I;
 "Whose every word I find a Well of Wisdom,
 "And hasten to imbibe it in my Soul.
 "But clear unto thy clearest Eye it is,
 "That Choice is not within Oneself—To Do,
 "Not in The Will, but in The Power, to Do.
 "From that which I originally am
 "How shall I swerve? or how put forth a Sign
 "Beyond the Power that is by Nature Mine?"

18

Unto the Soul that is confused by Love
 Comes Sorrow after Sorrow—most of all
 To Love whose only Friendship is Reproof,
 And overmuch of Counsel—whereby Love

Grows stubborn, and increases the Disease.
 Love unreprieved is a delicious food;
 Reprieved, is Feeding on one's own Heart's Blood.

Salámán heard; his Soul came to his Lips;
 Reproaches struck not Absál out of him,
 But drove Confusion in; bitter became
 The Drinking of the sweet Draught of Delight,
 And wan'd the Splendour of his Moon of Beauty.
 His Breath was Indignation, and his Heart
 Bled from the Arrow, and his Anguish grew
 How bear it?—Able to endure one wound,
 From Wound on Wound no remedy but Flight;
 Day after Day, Design upon Design,
 He turn'd the Matter over in his Heart,
 And, after all, no Remedy but Flight.
 Resolv'd on that, he victuall'd and equipp'd
 A Camel, and one Night he led it forth,
 And mounted—he and Absál at his side,
 The fair Salámán and Absál the Fair,
 Together on one Camel side by side,
 Twin Kernels in a single Almond packt.
 And True Love murmurs not, however small
 His Chamber—nay, the straitest best of all.

When the Moon of Canaan Yúsuf
 Darken'd in the Prison of Ægypt,
 Night by Night Zulaikha went
 To see him—for her Heart was broken.
 Then to her said One who never
 Yet had tasted of Love's Garden:
 "Leavest thou thy Palace-Chamber
 "For the Felon's narrow Cell?"
 Answer'd She, "Without my Lover,
 "Were my Chamber Heaven's Horizon,
 "It were closer than an Ant's eye i

"And the Ant's eye wider were
 "Than Heaven, my Lover with me there!"

19

Six days Salámán on the Camel rode,
 And then Remembrance of foregone Reproach
 Abode not by him; and upon the Seventh
 He halted on the Seashore, and beheld
 An Ocean boundless as the Heaven above,
 That, reaching its Circumference from Káf
 To Káf, down to the Back of Gau and Mani
 Descended, and its Stars were Creatures' Eyes.
 The Face of it was as it were a Range
 Of moving Mountains; or as endless Hosts
 Of Camels trooping from all Quarters up,
 Furious, with the Foam upon their Lips.
 In it innumerable glittering Fish
 Like Jewels polish-sharp, to the sharp Eye
 But for an Instant visible, glancing through
 As Silver Scissors slice a blue Brocade;
 Though were the Dragon from its Hollow roused,
 The Dragon of the Stars would stare Aghast.
 Salámán eyed the Sea, and cast about
 To cross it—and forthwith upon the Shore
 Devis'd a Shallop like a Crescent Moon,
 Wherein that Sun and Moon in happy Hour
 Enter'd as into some Celestial Sign;
 That, figured like a Bow, but Arrow-like
 In Flight, was feather'd with a little Sail,
 And, pitcht upon the Water like a Duck,
 So with her Bosom sped to her Desire.

When they had sail'd their Vessel for a Moon,
 And marr'd their Beauty with the wind o' th' Sea,

Suddenly in mid Sea reveal'd itself
 An Isle, beyond Description beautiful;
 An Isle that all was Garden; not a Bird
 Of Note or Plume in all the World but there;
 There as in Bridal Retinue array'd
 The Pheasant in his Crown, the Dove in her Collar;
 And those who tuned their Bills among the Trees
 That Arm in Arm from Fingers paralyz'd
 With any Breath of Air Fruit moist and dry
 Down scatter'd in Profusion to their Feet,
 Where Fountains of Sweet Water ran, and round
 Sunshine and Shadow chequer-chased the Ground.
 Here Iram Garden seem'd in Secresy
 Blowing the Rosebud of its Revelation;
 Or Paradise, forgetful of the Day
 Of Audit, lifted from her Face the Veil.

Salámán saw the Isle, and thought no more
 Of Further—there with Absál, he sat down,
 Absál and He together side by side
 Rejoicing like the Lily and the Rose,
 Together like the Body and the Soul.
 Under its Trees in one another's Arms
 They slept—they drank its Fountains hand in hand—

Sought Sugar with the Parrot—or in Sport
 Paraded with the Peacock—raced the Partridge
 Or fell a-talking with the Nightingale.
 There was the Rose without a Thorn, and there
 The Treasure and no Serpent to beware—
 What sweeter than your Mistress at your side
 In such a Solitude, and none to Chide!

Whisper'd one to Wámik—"Oh Thou
 "Victim of the Wound of Azra,
 "What is it that like a Shadow
 "Movest thou about in Silence

"Meditating Night and Day?
 Wámik answer'd, "Even this—
 "To fly with Azra to the Desert;
 "There by so remote a Fountain
 "That, whichever way one travell'd
 "League on League, one yet should never,
 "Never meet the Face of Man—
 "There to pitch my Tent—for ever
 "There to gaze on my Belovéd;
 "Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing
 "Grew to Being Her I gaze on,
 "She and I no more, but in One
 "Undivided Being blended.
 "All that is not One must ever
 "Suffer with the Wound of Absence;
 "And whoever in Love's City
 "Enters, finds but Room for One,
 "And but in Oneness Union."

20

When by and bye The Shah was made aware
 Of that Soul-wasting absence of his Son,
 He reach'd a Cry to Heav'n—his Eyelashes

Wept Blood—Search everywhere he set a-foot,
 But none could tell the hidden Mystery.
 Then bade he bring a Mirror that he had,
 A Mirror, like the Bosom of the Wise,
 Reflecting all the World, and lifting up
 The Veil from all its Secret, Good and Evil.
 That Mirror bade he bring, and, in its Face
 Looking, beheld the Face of his Desire.
 He saw those Lovers in the Solitude,

Turn'd from the World, and all its ways, and People,
 And looking only in each other's Eyes,
 And never finding any Sorrow there.

The Shah beheld them as they were, and Pity
 Fell on his Eyes, and he reproach'd them not;
 And, gathering all their Life into his hand,
 Not a Thread lost, disposed in Order all.
 Oh for the Noble Nature, and Clear Heart,
 That, seeing Two who draw one Breath, together
 Drinking the Cup of Happiness and Tears
 Unshatter'd by the Stone of Separation,
 Is loath their sweet Communion to destroy,
 Or cast a Tangle in the Skein of Joy.

The Arrows that assail the Lords of Sorrow
 Come from the Hand of Retribution.
 Do Well, that in thy Turn Well may betide Thee;
 And turn from Ill, that Ill may turn beside Thee.

Firhád, Moulder of the Mountain,
 Love-distracted look'd to Shírín,
 And Shírín the Sculptor's Passion
 Saw, and turn'd her Heart to Him.

Then the Fire of Jealous Frenzy
 Caught and carried up the Harvest
 Of the Might of Kai Khusrau.

Plotting with that ancient Hag
 Of Fate, the Sculptor's Cup he poison'd,
 And remained the Lord of Love.

So—But Fate that Fate avenges
 Arms Shirúeh with the Dagger,
 That at once from Shírín tore him,
 Hurl'd him from the Throne of Glory.

21

But as the days went on, and still The Shah
 Beheld Salámán how sunk in Absál,
 And yet no Hand of better Effort lifted;
 But still the Crown that shall adorn his Head,
 And still the Throne that waited for his Foot,
 Trampled from Memory by a Base Desire,
 Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied—
 Then from the Sorrow of The Shah fell Fire;
 To Gracelessness Ungracious he became,
 And, quite to shatter his rebellious Lust,
 Upon Salámán all his Will discharged.
 And Lo! Salámán to his Mistress turn'd,
 But could not reach her—look'd and look'd again,
 And palpitated tow'rd her—but in Vain!

Oh Misery! what to the Bankrupt worse
 Than Gold he cannot reach! To one Athirst
 Than Fountain to the Eye and Lip forbid!—
 Or than Heaven opened to the Eyes in Hell!—
 Yet, when Salámán's Anguish was extreme,
 The Door of Mercy open'd in his Face;
 He saw and knew his Father's Hand outstretcht
 To lift him from Perdition—timidly,
 Timidly tow'rd his Father's Face his own
 He lifted, Pardon-pleading, Crime-contest,
 As the stray Bird one day will find her Nest.

A Disciple ask'd a Master,
 "By what Token should a Father
 "Vouch for his reputed Son?"
 Said the Master, "By the Stripling,
 "Howsoever Late or Early,
 "Like to the reputed Father
 "Growing—whether Wise or Foolish."

"Lo the disregarded Darnel
 "With itself adorns the Wheat-field,
 "And for all the Early Season
 "Satisfies the Farmer's Eye;
 "But come once the Hour of Harvest,
 "And another Grain shall answer,
 "'Darnel and no Wheat, am I.'"

22

When The Shah saw Salámán's face again,
 And breath'd the Breath of Reconciliation,
 He laid the Hand of Love upon his Shoulder,

 The Kiss of Welcome on his Cheek, and said,
 "Oh Thou, who lost, Love's Banquet lost its Salt,
 "And Mankind's Eye its Pupil!—Thy Return
 "Is as another Sun to Heaven; a new
 "Rose blooming in the Garden of the Soul.
 "Arise, Oh Moon of Majesty unwaned!
 "The Court of the Horizon is thy Court,
 "Thy Kingdom is the Kingdom of the World!—
 "Lo! Throne and Crown await Thee—Throne and Crown
 "Without thy Impress but uncurrent Gold,
 "Not to be stamp'd by one not worthy Them;
 "Behold! The Rebel's Face is at thy Door;
 "Let him not triumph—let the Wicked dread
 "The Throne under thy Feet, the Crown upon thy Head.
 "Oh Spurn them not behind Thee! Oh my Son,
 "Wipe Thou the Woman's Henna from thy Hand:
 "Withdraw Thee from the Minion who from Thee
 "Dominion draws; the Time is come to choose,
 "Thy Mistress or the World to hold or lose."

Four are the Signs of Kingly Aptitude;
 Wise Head—clean Heart—strong Arm —and open Hand.

Wise is He not—Continent cannot be—
 Who binds himself to an unworthy Lust;
 Nor Valiant, who submits to a weak Woman;
 Nor Liberal, who cannot draw his Hand
 From that in which so basely he is busied.
 And of these Four who misses All or One
 Is not the Bridegroom of Dominion.

23

Ah the poor Lover!—In the changing Hands
 Of Day and Night no wretcheder than He!
 No Arrow from the Bow of Evil Fate
 But reaches him—one Dagger at his Throat,
 Another comes to wound him from behind.
 Wounded by Love—then wounded by Reproof
 Of Loving—and, scarce stauncht the Blood of Shame
 By flying from his Love—then, worst of all,
 Love's back-blow of Revenge for having fled!

Salámán heard—he rent the Robe of Peace
 He came to loathe his Life, and long for Death,

(For better Death itself than Life in Death)
 He turn'd his face with Absál to the Desert—
 Enter'd the deadly Plain; Branch upon Branch
 Cut down, and gather'd in a lofty Pile,
 And fired. They look'd upon the Flames, those Two
 They look'd, and they rejoiced; and hand in hand
 They sprang into the Fire. The Shah who saw,
 In secret all had order'd; and the Flame,
 Directed by his Self-fulfilling Will,
 Devouring utterly Absál, pass'd by
 Salámán harmless—the pure Gold return'd
 Entire, but all the baser Metal burn'd.

24

Heaven's Dome is but a wondrous House of Sorrow,
 And Happiness therein a lying Fable.
 When first they mix'd the Clay of Man, and cloth'd
 His Spirit in the Robe of Perfect Beauty,
 For Forty Mornings did an Evil Cloud
 Rain Sorrows over him from Head to Foot;
 And when the Forty Mornings pass'd to Night,
 Then came one Morning-Shower—one Morning-Shower
 Of Joy—to Forty of the Rain of Sorrow!—

And though the better Fortune came at last
 To seal the Work, yet every Wise Man knows
 Such Consummation never can be here!
 Salámán fired the Pile; and in the Flame
 That, passing him, consumed Absál like Straw,
 Died his Divided Self, and there survived
 His Individual; and, like a Body
 From which the Soul is parted, all alone.
 Then rose his Cry to Heaven—his Eyelashes
 Dropt Blood—his Sighs stood like a Smoke in Heaven,
 And Morning rent her Garment at his Anguish.
 He tore his Bosom with his Nails—he smote
 Stone on his Bosom—looking then on hands
 No longer lockt in hers, and lost their Jewel,
 He tore them with his Teeth. And when came Night,
 He hid him in some Corner of the House,
 And communed with the Fantom of his Love.
 "Oh Thou whose Presence so long sooth'd my Soul,
 "Now burnt with thy Remembrance! Oh so long
 "The Light that fed these Eyes now dark with Tears!

 Oh Long, Long Home of Love now lost for Ever!
 "We were Together—that was all Enough—

"We two rejoicing in each other's Eyes,
 "Infinitely rejoicing—all the World
 "Nothing to Us, nor We to all the World—
 "No Road to reach us, nor an Eye to watch—
 "All Day we whisper'd in each other's Ears,
 "All Night we slept in one another's Arms—
 "All seem'd to our Desire, as if the Hand
 "Of unjust Fortune were for once too short.
 "Oh would to God that when I lit the Pyre
 "The Flame had left Thee Living and me Dead,
 "Not Living worse than Dead, depriv'd of Thee!
 "Oh were I but with Thee!—at any Cost
 "Stript of this terrible Self-solitude!
 "Oh but with Thee Annihilation—lost,
 "Or in Eternal Intercourse renew'd!

Slumber-drunk an Arab in the
 Desert off his Camel tumbled,
 Who the lighter of her Burden
 Ran upon her road rejoicing.
 When the Arab woke at morning,
 Rubb'd his Eyes and look'd about him—
 "Oh my Camel! Oh my Camel!"
 Quoth he, "Camel of my Soul!—
 "That Lost with Her I lost might be,
 "Or found, She might be found with Me!"

25

When in this Plight The Shah Salámán saw,
 His Soul was struck with Anguish, and the Vein
 Of Life within was strangled—what to do
 He knew not. Then he turn'd him to The Sage—
 "Oh Altar of the World, to whom Mankind
 "Directs the Face of Prayer in Weal or Woe,

"Nothing but Wisdom can untie the Knot;
 "And art not Thou the Wisdom of the World,
 "The Master-Key of all its Difficulties?
 "Absál is perisht; and, because of Her,
 "Salámán dedicates his Life to Sorrow;
 "I cannot bring back Her, nor comfort Him.
 "Lo, I have said! My Sorrow is before Thee;
 "From thy far-reaching Wisdom help Thou Me
 "Fast in the Hand of Sorrow! Help Thou Me,
 "For I am very wretched!" Then The Sage—
 "Oh Thou that err'st not from the Road of Right,
 "If but Salámán have not broke my Bond,
 "Nor lies beyond the Noose of my Firmán,
 "He quickly shall unload his Heart to me,
 "And I will find a Remedy for all."

26

Then The Sage counsell'd, and Salámán heard,
 And drew the Wisdom down into his Heart;
 And, sitting in the Shadow of the Perfect,
 His Soul found Quiet under; sweet it seem'd,
 Sweeping the Chaff and Litter from his own,
 To be the very Dust of Wisdom's Door,
 Slave of the Firmán of the Lord of Life.
 Then The Sage marvell'd at his Towardness,
 And wrought in Miracle in his behalf.
 He pour'd the Wine of Wisdom in his Cup,
 He laid the Dew of Peace upon his lips;
 And when Old Love return'd to Memory,
 And broke in Passion from his Lips, The Sage,
 Under whose waxing Will Existence rose
 Responsive, and, relaxing, waned again,
 Raising a Fantom Image of Absál,
 Set it awhile before Salámán's Eyes,

Till, having sow'd the Seed of Quiet there,
 It went again down to Annihilation.
 But ever, for the Sum of his Discourse,
 The Sage would tell of a Celestial Love;
 "Zuhrah," he said, "the Lustre of the Stars
 "Fore whom the Beauty of the Brightest wanes;

 "Who were she to reveal her perfect Beauty,
 "The Sun and Moon would craze; Zuhrah," he said,
 "The Sweetness of the Banquet—none in Song
 "Like Her—her Harp filling the Ear of Heaven,
 "That Dervish-dances at her Harmony."
 Salámán listen'd, and inclin'd—again
 Repeated, Inclination ever grew;
 Until The Sage beholding in his Soul
 The Spirit quicken, so effectually
 With Zuhrah wrought, that she reveal'd herself
 In her pure Beauty to Salámán's Soul,
 And washing Absál's Image from his Breast,
 There reign'd instead. Celestial Beauty seen,
 He left the Earthly; and, once come to know
 Eternal Love, he let the Mortal go.

27

The Crown of Empire how supreme a Lot!
 The Throne of the Sultan how high!—But not
 For All—None but the Heaven-ward Foot may dare
 To mount—The Head that touches Heaven to wear!—

When the Belov'd of Royal Augury
 Was rescued from the Bondage of Absál,
 Then he arose, and shaking off the Dust

Of that lost Travel, girded up his Heart,
 And look'd with undefiléd Robe to Heaven.

Then was His Head worthy to wear the Crown,
 His Foot to mount the Throne. And then The Shah
 Summon'd the Chiefs of Cities and of States,
 Summon'd the Absolute Ones who wore the Ring,
 And such a Banquet order'd as is not
 For Sovereign Assemblment the like
 In the Folding of the Records of the World.
 No arméd Host, nor Captain of a Host,
 From all the Quarters of the World, but there;
 Of whom not one but to Salámán did
 Obeisance, and lifted up his Neck
 To yoke it under his Supremacy.
 Then The Shah crown'd him with the Golden Crown,
 And set the Golden Throne beneath his Feet,
 And over all the Heads of the Assembly,
 And in the Ears of all of them, his Jewels
 With the Diamond of Wisdom cut and said:—

28

"My Son, the Kingdom of The World is not
 "Eternal, nor the Sum of right Desire;
 "Make thou the Faith-preserving Intellect

"Thy Counsellor; and considering To-day
 "To-morrow's Seed-field, ere That come to bear,
 "Sow with the Harvest of Eternity.
 "All Work with Wisdom hath to do—by that
 "Stamp'd current only; what Thyself to do
 "Art wise, that Do; what not, consult the Wise.
 "Turn not thy Face away from the old Ways,
 "That were the Canon of the Kings of Old;
 "Nor cloud with Tyranny the Glass of Justice;
 "But rather strive that all Confusion
 "Change by thy Justice to its opposite.
 "In whatsoever Thou shalt Take or Give

"Look to the *How*; Giving and Taking still,
 "Not by the backward Counsel of the Godless,
 "But by the Law of Faith increase and Give.
 "Drain not thy People's purse—the Tyranny
 "Which Thee enriches at thy Subjects' cost,
 "Awhile shall make Thee strong; but in the End
 "Shall bow thy Neck beneath a Double Burden.
 "The Tyrant goes to Hell—follow not Him—

"Become not Thou the Fuel of its Fires.
 "Thou art a Shepherd, and thy Flock the People,
 "To save and not destroy; nor at their Loss
 "To lift Thyself above the Shepherd's calling.
 "For which is for the other, Flock or Shepherd?
 "And join with Thee true Men to keep the Flock.
 "Dogs, if you will—but Trusty—head in leash,
 "Whose Teeth are for the Wolf, not for the Lamb,
 "And least of all the Wolf's Accomplices,
 "Their Jaws blood-dripping from the Tyrant's Shambles.
 "For Shahs must have Vizírs—but be they Wise
 "And Trusty—knowing well the Realm's Estate—
 "(For who eats Profit of a Fool? and least
 "A wise King girdled by a Foolish Council—)
 "Knowing how far to Shah and Subject bound
 "On either Hand—not by Extortion,
 "Nor Usury wrung from the People's purse,
 "Their Master's and their own Estates (to whom
 "Enough is apt enough to make them Rebel)
 "Feeding to such a Surplus as feeds Hell.

"Proper in Soul and Body be They—pitiful
 "To Poverty—hospitable to the Saint—
 "Their sweet Access a Salve to wounded Hearts,
 "Their Vengeance terrible to the Evil Doer,
 "Thy Heralds through the Country bringing Thee
 "Report of Good or Ill—which to confirm

"By thy peculiar Eye—and least of all
 "Suffering Accuser also to be Judge—
 "By surest Steps builds up Prosperity."

29. Epilogue

Under the Outward Form of any Story
 An Inner Meaning lies—This Story now
 Completed, do Thou of its Mystery
 (Whereto the Wise hath found himself a way)
 Have thy Desire—No Tale of *I* and Thou,
 Though *I* and Thou be its Interpreters.
 What signifies The Shah? and what The Sage?
 And what Salámán not of Woman born?
 And what Absál who drew him to Desire?
 And what the Kingdom that awaited him
 When he had drawn his Garment from her Hand?
 What means that Fiery Pile? and what The Sea?

And what that Heavenly Zuhrah who at last
 Clear'd Absál from the Mirror of his Soul?
 Learn part by part the Mystery from me;
 All Ear from Head to Foot and Understanding be.

30

The Incomparable Creator, when this World
 He did create, created First of All
 The First Intelligence—First of a Chain
 Of Ten Intelligences, of which the Last
 Sole Agent is in this our Universe,
 Active Intelligence so call'd; The One
 Distributor of Evil and of Good,
 Of Joy and Sorrow, Himself apart from Matter,
 In Essence and in Energy—his Treasure

Subject to no such Talisman—He yet
 Hath fashion'd all that is—Material Form,
 And Spiritual, sprung from Him—by Him
 Directed all, and in his Bounty drown'd.
 Therefore is He that Firmán-issuing Shah
 To whom the World was subject. But because
 What He distributes to the Universe
 Himself from still a Higher Power receives,
 The Wise, and all who comprehend aright,
 Will recognise that Higher in The Sage.

His the Prime Spirit that, spontaneously
 Projected by the Tenth Intelligence,
 Was from no Womb of Matter reproduced
 A Special Essence called The Soul—a Child
 Fresh sprung from Heaven in Raiment undefiled
 Of Sensual Taint, and therefore call'd Salámán.

And who Absál—The Lust-adoring Body,
 Slave to the Blood and Sense—through whom The Soul,
 Although the Body's very Life it be,
 Does yet imbibe the Knowledge and Desire
 Of Things of Sense; and these united thus
 By such a Tie God only can unloose,
 Body and Soul are Lovers Each of other.

What is The Sea on which they sail'd?—The Sea
 Of Animal Desire—the Sensual Abyss,
 Under whose Waters lie a World of Being
 Swept far from God in that Submersion.

And wherefore was it Aiwa in that Isle
 Deceived in her Delight, and that Salámán
 Fell short of his Desire?—That was to show
 How Passion tires, and how with Time begins
 The Folding of the Carpet of Desire

And what the turning of Salámán's Heart
 Back to The Shah, and looking to the Throne
 Of Pomp and Glory? What but the Return
 Of the Lost Soul to its true Parentage,
 And back from Carnal Error looking up
 Repentant to its Intellectual Throne.

What is The Fire?—Ascetic Discipline,
 That burns away the Animal Alloy,
 Till all the Dross of Matter be consumed,
 And the Essential Soul, its raiment clean
 Of Mortal Taint, be left. But forasmuch
 As any Life-long Habit so consumed,
 May well recur a Pang for what is lost,
 Therefore The Sage set in Salámán's Eyes
 A Soothing Fantom of the Past, but still
 Told of a Better Venus, till his Soul
 She fill'd, and blotted out his Mortal Love.
 For what is Zuhrah?—That Divine Perfection,
 Wherewith the Soul inspir'd and all array'd
 In Intellectual Light is Royal blest,
 And mounts The Throne, and wears
 The Crown, and Reigns
 Lord of the Empire of Humanity.

This is the Meaning of This Mystery
 Which to know wholly ponder in thy Heart,
 Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged.
 Enough—The written Summary I close,
 And set my Seal:

The Truth God only Knows.

APPENDIX

What follows concerning the Royal Game of Chúgán comes from the Appendix to Vol. 1. of Sir William Ouseley's Travels in the East.

Firdúsi tells of Siavesh and his Iranian (Persian) Heroes astonishing Afrasiáb of Turán with their Skill at this Game 600 years before Christ; and Gushtasp (Hystaspes), to the sound of Drum and Trumpet, drives the Ball Invisible with his Blow. Nizámi sets Shírín and her Maidens playing at it, against her King, Khusrau Parváz, and his Ministers;

"On one side was the Moon and her Stars,
"On the other The Shah and his Firmán-bearers."

Ouseley however (allowing for Poetic License) believes the Game was played "through almost every Reign of the Sassanian Dynasty—as much esteemed by the Mahommedan Kings as by their Fire-worshipping Predecessors."

"We find the Greek Emperor, Manuel Commenus, with his Byzantine Princes and Nobles, enjoying this Amusement on Horse-back in the 12th Century; the Wooden Ball having been exchanged for one more soft, form'd of stuff 'd Leather; and the Stick, or Wand, instead of a Hammer-like Head, terminating in a Hoop; which, as our Battledores or Tennis-rackets, presented to the Ball a reticulated space. This Imperial Sport is well described by the Historian Cinnamus, who probably was a Spectator." It went by the slightly altered name Tsukanisterion—which word, however, since Chúgán means the Bandy-stick employed, more properly signifies, I suppose, the Ground played on; and equally related to the Persian, had they chosen to affix, as so often, the Verb common to themselves, the Greeks, the Latins, and us, and called the place of Exercise Chúgánistán; or Chúgán-stand.

Piétro della Valle, who saw it played in Shah Abbas' time (1618), calls it "Pallamaglio," and found both Game and Name subsisting in the Florentine "Calcio"—only that the Florentine played a-foot, and the Persian "piu

nobilmente a Cavallo." The Spanish Jesuit Ovalle found it also (also on Foot) under the name of "Chueca," in South America, in 1646.

Ducange finds Name and Game also in the "Chicane" of Languedoc, from which he naturally thinks it borrowed; not daring to push Derivation to the English word "Chiquen," he says, "qui signifie un Poulet; en sorte que 'Chiquaner' seroit imiter les Poulets qui ont coutûme de courir les uns apres les autres pour arracher les morceaux du Bec," etc.

Englishmen know the Game well (on Foot too, and with such Leather Balls as the Persians perhaps knew not how to harden), under many Forms and Names—Golf, Stow-Ball, Shinty, Hockey, Bandy, etc.

And now with regard to the Frontispiece. It is "accurately copied" from an Engraving in Sir William's Book, which he says (and as those who care to look into the Bodleian for it may see), is "accurately copied from a very beautiful Persian MS., containing the Works of Hafíz, transcribed in the Year 956 of the Hejirah, 1549 of Christ; the MS. is in my own Collection. This Delineation exhibits the Horsemen contending for the Ball; their short Jackets seem peculiarly adapted to the Sport; we see the Míl, or Goals; Servants attend on Foot Holding Chúgáns in readiness for other Persons who may join in the Amusement, or to supply the place of any that may be broken. A young Prince—as his Parr, or Feather, would indicate—receives on his Entrance into the Meidan, or Place of Exercise, a Chúgán from the hands of a bearded Man very plainly dressed; yet (as an intelligent Painter at Ispahan assured me, and as appears from other Miniatures in the same Book) this Bearded Figure is meant to represent Hafíz himself," etc.

The Persian legend at the Top Corner is the Verse from Hafíz which the Drawing illustrates;

Shahsuvára Khúsh bemeidán ámedy gúiy bezann.

Though the Sticks, or Bats, are here represented *long*, they really were (as Chardin and others report) so short as to cause the Rider to stoop below the Saddlebow to strike; which, the Horse going full gallop, was great part of the Difficulty. And Tabri describes Events in the Eighth Century (just before his own Time), when Harun Alraschid was still little, so that when on

Horseback, "he could not reach to strike the Ball with a Chógán." Ouseley also, judging from the Illustration (in which Persian Artists are not very accurate), thinks the Chógán sticks were only *generally*, or partially, semicircular at the striking End. But that they were so (varying perhaps a little in degree as our Bandy sticks do) is proved by the Text of the Present Poem, as also by a previous line in the Original, where—

"The Realm of Existence is the space of his Meidan,
"The Ball of Heaven in the Crook of his Chógán."

And passages in Hafíz speak of his Heart as being carried off by his Beloved's Eyebrow; which no Persian Lover ever dreamt of but as arched indeed.

As the "Fair One" of Persian Mysticism is the Deity's Self—so the Points of that Beauty (as in our Canticles) adumbrate so many of the Deity's Attributes; varying however with various Poets, or their Commentators. Sir W. Jones speaks of The Hair as emblematic of "The Expansion of Divine Glory"—The Lips as of "Hidden Mysteries"—The Down of the Cheek as "Spirits round the Throne," whose central point of excessive Light is darken'd into the Mole upon the Cheek!—Tholuck, from a Turkish Commentary, interprets the Ringlets as "The Divine Mysteries;" the Forehead their Manifestation, etc.

The Beauty of Absál, though Sensual, yet seduces Salámán (The Soul) with its Likeness to the Divine; and her Tresses, as we see, play their part, involving him in their Intricacies.

The following Ode of Jámi's on the subject very happily entangles the Ear with its repetitions of that mysterious Zulf which closes the first two, and every alternate Line, to the End. "Le Texte de cette Ode," says De Saçy, "est d'une Charme inexprimable que l'on chercheroit inutilement dans une Traduction."

The Persian therefore is here vocalized as nearly as possible in English Notes, to give the Reader a Notion of the harmony which is its chief Merit. But I

subjoin for the Lover of literal Translation a very literal one, which he can if he chooses place word for word under the Persian, and, if he will accept a very little help at starting, may construe into what form he pleases: supplying for himself a Verb and a Point where the Reader of the original has to do so.

The apostrophized 'i (here written, but in Persian only pronounced) either denotes that the following Noun, Pronoun, or Adjective belongs to it as Genitive or Epithet—as in the first line "*dil'i man*" = "heart of I (Me);" or acts merely as a *passing Note* of harmony (with a People who hate all harshness but in Deed) between any two Consonants and a third, or between any consonanted long Vowel and a succeeding Consonant, unless that long Vowel's Consonant be *n*. "*Tamám 'i zulf*" in line 3 is an instance of the 'i in its latter use. In both cases it is common in quantity.

The *ra* in the 5th and last lines mark the Dative.

Ay dil'í man sayd'i dam'í zulf'i tó
 Dám'i dilhá gashta nám'í zulf'i to
 Banda shud dar zulf'i tó dilhá tamám
 Dam ũ band ámad tamám'í zulf'i to
 Dád'i tashríf' í ghŭlám' í-bandará
 Zulf'i tó ay man ghŭlám' í zulf'i tó
 Láik'í rukhsár'i gulrang' í tŏ níst
 Juz nikáb' f mushkif'ám' í zulf'i tó
 Ram kunand az dam' i murghán way ajáb
 Ján' i bí áram'í rám'í zulf' i to
 Zulf'i tó bálá'i mah dárád makám
 Bas buland ámad makám 'i zulf'i to
 Subh'í íkbál' ast'í tálí' har nafás
 Banda-Jámí-rá zi shám'í zulf'i tó.

Ah heart I prey snare Ringlet You
 Snare Hearts become name Ringlet you
 Bound are in Ringlet you Hearts wholly
 Snare and bond become wholly Ringlet you

Give honour Slave-bound
Ringlet you Ah I Slave Ringlet you
Worthy cheek rose-colour'd you not is
Except Veil musky-natured Ringlet you
Escape make from Snare Birds Ah strange
Soul without peace obsequious of Ringlet you
Ringlet you above Moon has place
Very high is place Ringlet you
Dawn Bliss is revealed every breath
Bondman-Jámi from Night Ringlet you.

NOTES

Page 1. Laila, Majnún.—all well-known Types of Eastern Lovers. Shírn and her Suitors figure in Sec. XX.

Page 1. To Cozen the World.—the Persian Mystics also represent the Deity Dice-ing with Human Destiny behind the Curtain.

Page 2. Censor.—"the Appollonius of Keat's Lamia."

Page 2. No Room for Two.—This Súfí Identification with Deity (further illustrated in the Story of Sect. XIX.) is shadowed in a Parable of Jelaladdín, of which here is an outline. "One knocked at the Beloved's Door; and a Voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I: Then the Voice said, This House will not hold Me and Thee.' And the Door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a Year he returned, and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!' and the Door was opened to him."

Page 3. The Poet's Name.—the name "Jami," also signifying "A Cup." The Poet's Yúsuf and Zulaikha opens also with this Divine Wine, the favourite Symbol of Hafíz and other Persian Mystics. The "Tavern" spoken of is The World.

I listen in the Tavern of Sweet Songs,
And catch no Echo of their Harmony:
The Guests have drunk the Wine and are departed,
Leaving their empty Bowls behind—not one
To carry on the Revel Cup in hand!
Up Jami then! and whether Lees or Wine
To offer—boldly offer it in Thine!

Page 4. Old Stories.—"Yúsuf and Zulaikha," "Layla and Majnún," etc.

Page 4. Glasses Turn'd to Four.—first notice of Spectacles in Oriental Poetry, perhaps.

Page 4. "The Master," whose Verse is quoted, is Jellalladdín, the Great Sufi Teacher. The "King Himself" is Yacúb Beg, whose Father's Vision appears in the next Section.

Page 7. Sháhzemán.—"Lord of the World, Sovereign; Hasan, Beautiful, Good." Hasan Beg of Western Persia, famous for his Beauty, had helped Jámi with Escort in a dangerous Pilgrimage. He died (as History and a previous line in the Original tell) before Salámán was written, and was succeeded by his Son Yácúb.

Page 8. Yún.—or "Yavan," Son of Japhet, from whom the Country was called "Yúnan,"—Ionia, meant by the Persians to express Greece generally. Sikander is, of course, Alexander the Great, of whose Ethics Jámi wrote, as Nizami of his Deeds.

Page 9. Káf.—the Fabulous Mountain supposed by Asiatics to surround the World, binding the Horizon on all sides.

Page 9. Seráb.—miráge; but, of two Foreign Words, why not the more original Persian? identical with the Hebrew Sháráb; as in Isaiah XV. 7; "The Sháráb (or Miráge) shall become a Lake;"—rather, and better, than our Version, "The parched Ground shall become a Pool."—See Gesenius.

Page 11. The Deluge: in the Kúran God engages to save Noah and his Family meaning all who believed in the Warning. One of Noah's Sons (Canaan or Yam, some think) would not believe. "And the Ark swam with them between waves like Mountains, and Noah called up to his Son, who was separated from him, saying, 'Embark with us, my Son, and stay not with the Unbelievers.' He answered, 'I will get on a Mountain which will secure me from the Water.' Noah replied, 'There is no security this Day from the Decree of God, except for him on whom he shall have Mercy.' And a Wave passed between them, and he became one of those who were drowned. And it was said, 'Oh Earth, swallow up thy waters, and Thou, oh Heaven, withhold thy Rain!' And immediately the Water abated and the Decree was fulfilled, and the Ark rested on the Mountain Al Judi, and it was said, 'Away with the ungodly People!'—Noah called upon his Lord and said, 'Oh Lord, verily my Son is of my Family, and thy Promise is True; for Thou art of those who exercise Judgment.' God answered, 'Oh Noah, verily he is not of thy Family;

this intercession of thine for him is not a righteous work.'"—Sale's Kurán, Vol. II. p. 21.

Page 13. A Ring to Lead by.—'Mihar,' a Piece of Wood put through a Camel's Nose to guide him by.

Page 14. Sulayman and Balkís.—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Page 15. "Mussulman" is very usually derived from the same "Salem" element as "Salámán." So "Solomon," etc.

Page 16. The Eye's Baby: literally, Mardumak—the Mannikin, Or Pupil, of the Eye, corresponding to the Image so frequently used by our old Poets.

Page 17. Years and Courage: the same Persian Word serving for Both.

Page 17. The Ball.—the Game of Chúgán, for Centuries the Royal Game of Persia, and adopted (Ouseley thinks) under varying modifications of Name and Practice by other Nations, was played by Horsemen, who, suitably habited, and armed with semicircular-headed Bats or Sticks so short the Player must stoop below the Saddle-bow to strike, strove to drive a Ball through a Goal of upright Pillars. See Frontispiece and Appendix.

Page 18. Fitting The Cord.—bows being so gradually stiffened, to the Age and Strength of the Archer, as at last to need five Hundredweight of Pressure to bend, says an old Translation of Chardin, who describes all the Process up to bringing up the String to the Ear, "as if to hang it there" before Shooting. Then the First Trial was, who could shoot highest; then, the Mark, etc.

"Premièrement, à bander l'arc; dont l'Art consiste à le bien tenir, à le bander, et à laisser partir la Corde à l'aise, sans que la main gauche qui tient l'arc, et qui est toute étendue, ni la main droite qui manie la Corde, remuent le moins du monde. On en donne d'abord d'aises à bander; puis de plus durs par degrés. Les maitres de ces Exercices apprennent à bander l'arc devant soi, derrière soi, à coté de soi, en haut, en bas—bref, en cent postures différentes, toujours vite et aisement. Ils ont des arcs fort difficiles à bander, et, pour essayer la force, on les pend contre un mur à une Cheville, et on attache des poids à la Corde de l'arc à l'endroit où l'on appuie la coche de la

Flèche. Les plus durs portent cinq cents pesant avant d'être bandés," etc.—Sir John Chardin, Vol. III. 437. He elsewhere says, "La bonté d'un Arc consiste, comme on le dit en Perse, en ce que d'abord il soit rude à bander, jusqu' à ce que la Flèche soit à moitié dessus; et qu 'ensuite il soit mou et aisé, jusqu' à ce que le bout de la Flèche soit entré dans la Corde."

Page 19. The Pleiads.—i.e. compactly strung, as opposed to Discursive Rhetoric, which is compared to the scattered Stars of The Bier and its Mourners, or what we call The Great Bear. This contrast is otherwise prettily applied in the Anvari Soheili—"When one grows poor, his Friends, heretofore compact as The Pleiads, disperse wide asunder as The Mourners."

Page 19. Hátim's Bounty.—The Persian Type of Liberality, infinitely celebrated.

Page 20. An Alien Shah.—the Hero of the Story being of Yúnan—Ionia, or Greece generally, (the Persian Geography not being very precise,)—and so not of The Faith.

Page 21. Adorning the Bows: with dark Indigo Paint, as the Archery Bow with a thin Papyrus-like Bark.

Page 21. A Grain of Musk.—a 'Patch,' sc.—"Noir comme le Musc."—De Sacy.

Page 23. Fortune's Shadow.—alluding to the Phœnix, the Shadow of whose wings foretold a Crown upon the Head it passed over.

Page 27 and elsewhere—The Throne is spoken of as 'under Foot.' The Persepolitan Sculpture still discovers its King keeping his Chair as Europeans do with a separate Footstool. But in Jámi's time The Throne was probably of the same Fashion that Chardin saw Solíman twice crowned on 200 years after—perhaps the very same—"Un petit Tabouret carré," 3 feet high, Golden and Jewelled, on which the Prince gathers up his feet in Oriental fashion, so as it serves for Throne and Footstool too. "Ce Tabouret, hors le Temps qu'il sert à cette Cérémonie se garde avec grand Soins dans le Trésor Royal qui est au Donjon de la Forteresse d'Ispahan," where also, to prove the Conservatism of Persia so far as Habits go, "J'ai vu," he says, "des Habits de Tamurlan; ils sont taillés tout comme ceux qu'on fait aujourd'hui, sans

aucune difference." So the Mirrors used in Persia 200 years ago were commonly of polished Metal, just as Jámi so often describes. [Solíman's 2nd Coronation came about because of his having fallen so ill from Debauchery, that his Astrologers said his first must have taken place under an Evil conjunction of Stars—so he must be crowned again—which he was—Chardin looking on both times.]

Page 27. Rakhsh.—"Lightning." The name of Rustam's famous Horse in the Shah-Nameh.

Page 27. "Kai" which almost signifies "Gigantic King," properly belongs to Khusrau, 3rd King of the Kaianian Dynasty; but is here borrowed for Parvís as a more mythical Title than Shah or King.

Page 27. Khusrau Parvís (Chosroc The Victorious), Son of Noshírvan The Great; slain, after Thirty Years of Prosperous Reign, by his Son Shirúeh, who, according to some, was in Love with his Father's Mistress Shírín. See further, Section XXI., for one of the most dramatic Tragedies in Persian History.

Page 28. The Pen of "Kûn"—"Esto!"—The famous Passage of Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kurán.

Page 28. Seven and Four: Planets?—adding Sun, Moon, and the Nodal Dragon's Head and Tail; according to the Sanscrit Astronomy adopted by Persia.

I have proposed "The Planets" for those mysterious "Seven and Four." But there is a large Choice, especially for the ever mystical "Seven"—Seven Commandments; 7 Climates; 7 Heavens, etc. The "Four" may be the 4 Elements, or even the 4 acknowledged Mahomedan Gospels—namely, The Pentateuch, Psalms, New Testament, and Kurán. For Salámán, though fabled 'not' of The Faith, yet allegorically represents The Mirror of all Faith, and as The original Form of the Human Soul might be intuitively enlightened with all the Revelations that were to be—might even be, in esoteric Suffism, The Come and Coming Twelfth Imám who had 'read' all the previous Eleven; it being one Doctrine in the East that it is ever the 'Last' and most perfect Prophet who was 'First' Created and reserved in the Interior Heaven nearest to God till the Time of his Mission should come.

Sir John Chardin quotes Seven Magnificats written in gold upon azure over Shah Abbas' Tomb in the great Mosque at Kóm—composed, he says, "par le docte Hasan-Cazy," mainly in glory of Ali the Darling Imám of Persia, but of which the First Hymn "est tout de Mahomet." This has some passages so very parallel with the Sage's Address to Salámán, that (knowing how little worth such parallels are, especially in a Country where Magnificent Titles of Honour are stereotyped ready to be lavished on Prophet or Khan) nevertheless really seemed borrowed by "le docte Hasan-Cazy," who probably was hard set to invent any new. They show at least how Jámi saluted his 'Alien' Prince with Titles due to Mahomet's Self, and may perhaps light any curious Reader to a better understanding of these Seven and Four. He calls Mahomet "Infaillible Expositeur des Quatre Livres"—those Gospels;—[So Sir John: but the Kurán being one, this looks rather addrest to Ali than Mahomet.]—"Conducteur des huit mobiles" the 8 Heavens of the Planets, says the Editor; "Gouverneur des Sept Parties" the Climates; "Archetype des Choses créées; Instrument de la Creation du Monde: le plus relevé de la race d'Adam. Ce Peintre incomprehensible, qui a tiré tout d'un seul Coup de Pinceau 'Koun Fikoun,' n'a jamais fait un si beau portrait que le Globe de ton Visage."

Page 29. The Ten Intelligences.—this passage finds its explanation in the last Section.

Page 32. Gau and Mahi.—The Bull and Fish—the lowest Substantial Base of Earth. "He first made the Mountains; then cleared the Face of Earth from Sea; then fixed it fast on Gau; Gau on Mahi; and Mahi on Air; and Air on what? on Nothing; Nothing upon Nothing, all is Nothing—Enough." Attar quoted in De Sacy's *Pendnamah*, XXXV.

Page 32. The Sidereal Dragon, whose Head, according to the Pauránic (or Poetic) Astronomers of the East, devoured the Sun and Moon in Eclipse. "But we know," said Ramachandra to Sir W. Jones, "that the supposed Head and Tail of the Dragon mean only the Nodes, or Points formed by Intersections of the Ecliptic and the Moon's Orbit." Sir W. Jones' *Works*, Vol. IV. P. 74.

Page 33. "Iram Garden." "Mahomet," says Sir W. Jones, "in the Chapter of The Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, mentions a Garden called 'Irem,' which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic Poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators say, by a King named Shedád,"—deep in the Sands of Arabia Felix—"and was once seen by an Arabian who wandered far into the Desert in search of a lost Camel."

Page 34. Wámik.—Another Typical Lover of Azra, a Virgin.

Page 35. A Mirror.—mythically attributed by the East—and in some wild Western Avatar—to this Shah's Predecessor, Alexander the Great. Perhaps (V. Hammer thinks) the Concave Mirror upon the Alexandrian Pharos, which by Night projected such a fiery Eye over the Deep as not only was fabled to exchange Glances with that on the Rhodian Colossus, and in Oriental Imagination and Language to penetrate "The World," but by Day to Reflect it to him who looked therein with Eyes to see. The Cup of their own Jamshíd had, whether Full or Empty, the same Property. And that Silver Cup found in Benjamin's Sack—"Is not this it in which my Lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he Divineth?—Gen. XLIV. 5. Our Reflecting Telescope is going some way to realize the Alexandrian Fable.

Page 35. The Cup of Happiness and Tears. κρατηρα μακρον ἡδονης καὶ δακρυων κινωντες εξεπινον αχρις ες μεθην.

Page 36. Hurl'd Him, Etc.—One Story is that Khusrau had promised if Firhád cut through a Mountain, and brought a Stream through, Shírín should be his. Firhád was on the point of achieving his Work, when Khusrau sent an old Woman (here, perhaps, purposely confounded with Fate) to tell him Shírín was dead; whereon Firhád threw himself headlong from the Rock. The Sculpture at Beysitún (or Besitún), where Rawlinson has decyphered Darius and Xerxes, was traditionally called Firhád's.

Page 36. Will Discharged.—He Mesmerizes Him!—See also further on this Power of the Will in Sections XXIII. and XXVI.

Page 38. The Minion.—"Shah" and "Sháhid" (Mistress)—a sort of Punning the Persian Poets are fond of.

Page 41. Anguish.—

"When the Cloud of Spring beheld the Evil Disposition of Time,
"Its Weeping fell upon the Jessamine and Hyacinth and Wild Rose."—Hafiz.

Page 44. "Zuhrah." The Planetary and Celestial Venus.

Page 45. The Spirit.—"Maany." The Mystical pass-word of the Súfís, to express the Transcendental New Birth of The Soul.

Page 46. My Son.—one sees Jámi taking Advantage of his Allegorical Shah to read a Lesson to the Real—whose Ears Advice, unlike Praise, scarce ever reached unless obliquely. The Warning (and doubtless with good Reason) is principally aimed at the Minister.

Page 49. The Story is of 'Generals,' though enacted by 'Particulars.'

Page 50. "These Intelligences are only another Form of the Neo-Platonic Dæmones. The Neo-Platonists held that Matter and Spirit could have no Intercourse—they were, as it were, 'incommensurate.' How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible? Their answer was a kind of gradual Elimination. God the "Actus Purus," created an Æon; this Æon created a Second; and so on, until the Tenth Æon was sufficiently Material (as the Ten were in a continually descending Series) to affect Matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to Matter the Spiritual 'Form.'

Similarly we have in Suffism these Ten Intelligences in a corresponding Series, and for the same End.

There are Ten Intelligences, and Nine Heavenly Spheres, of which the Ninth is the Uppermost Heaven, appropriated to the First Intelligence; the Eighth, that of the Zodiac, to the Second; the Seventh, Saturn, to the Third; the Sixth, Jupiter, to the Fourth; the Fifth, Mars, to the Fifth; the Fourth, The Sun, to the Sixth; the Third, Venus, to the Seventh; the Second, Mercury, to the Eighth; the First, The Moon, to the Ninth; and The Earth is the peculiar Sphere of the Tenth, or lowest Intelligence, celled The Active."
