told against him, and still more the extreme penury in which the greater part of his life was passed. This compelled him to place his immediate wants before all else; he could not afford to work for art's sake alone, and many of his verses were written either for money or in the hopes of gaining it. That under such conditions he should have attained the high position that he did proves him to have been possessed of more than ordinary ability, and the remark of the critics quoted by Latifi is well-founded that it must have been by sheer force of native talent that a man without education, who had never sat at the feet of mudarris or professor, was able to produce works of imaginative art that filled the cultured with admiration and amazement. The biographer just mentioned waxes enthusiastic when discussing Zāti's gifts; not only is he the most prolific of the lyricists, but had it not been for his deafness and his poverty it is certain that not one of all those who went before or followed after him could have approached him, for he would have been unique in the cycle and pre-eminent on the earth; 'many an age must the circling heavens roll ere mother earth bring forth to the world from the womb of nature one of lofty genius like to him.' The writer adds that the critics are agreed that he was a master in subtile fancies and imaginative language, and compared him to the Persian poet Sheykh Kemal; \(^1\) for which among the arts of poetry did he not practise, and to what virgin fancy did not his piercing wit attain? Latifi's, however, is no mere blind admiration; he is able to see the weakness as well as the strength of his author.

\(^1\) Sheykh Kemal of Khujand died in 804 (1400 AD); Ibn Rāzī says he imitated Hasan of Delhi, but surpassed him in subtilty of thought, he was much admired by Hāfiz. There was an earlier Kemal, he of Tātkiān, who was killed by the Mongols in 655 (1257 AD). I think that reference is probably made here to the latter, Kemal-i Dun Lūnil, whose fertile genius won for him the title Khallaqul Masāni, rendered by Eren as 'the great inventor of conceits.'
and that weakness is in this case the common pitfall of the old Turkish poets, obscurity arising from excessive artificiality and proneness to indulge in puerile and far-fetched conceits. This failing is most apparent in the poems produced by Zatî after middle life, which are for the most part, according to Latifi, in the style of the Shebistán-i Khayál, or "Night-room of Fantasy," a well-known Persian collection of such ingenious trivialities in verse and prose, by Fettáhi, the author of the romance of Husn u Dil which Ahî and Lâmi'î translated into Turkish.

Qinâli-zâda writing later than Latifi, and with more experience of what a Turkish poet might achieve, is somewhat less exuberant in his laudations. While giving Zatî ample credit for his skill in the Eastern art of amphibology, for his power of language, and for his strange fancies, he criticises him for making use of expressions peculiar to his day and therefore outside the stereotyped conventional phraseology reserved for poetry in the Classic Period, and also for a partiality to certain ideas alien alike to elegance and delicacy and unworthy of a man of talent, which render some of his writings displeasing to readers of taste. Several judicious critics, he goes on to say, consider his works as unequal, and try to account for the inferiority of many among them partly by his deafness, which debarred him from hearing the opinions of his friends, partly by his poverty, which drawback, however, adds the biographer, is shared by the majority of mankind, and indeed by all the poets of the present day, and partly by his lack of influential friends in high places. The opinion of ʿAhdî, who is however no considerable authority, is wholly favourable.

Turning to the modern critics, Ziyâ Pasha in his 'Tavern' places the 'broken-hearted vagrant Zatî' 1 as the third of his
three ‘founders’ of the Turkish speech, the other two being, as we have seen, Ahmed Pasha and Nejátí Bey. All three are censured somewhat unreasonably on account of their antiquated diction and of the obsolete, and to the modern reader uncouth, words that abound in their works; also, with more justice, for the great license which they take with the imála and ziháf, and for the padding that disfigures many of their verses. Ziyá has however the grace to add that while the language has been much refined since their day, their writings were likely enough pretty for their time.

The verdict of Professor Nájí (probably the most just that can be arrived at) is that, while many passages may be met with in Záti’s poems which must be adjudged coarse both in thought and language, he has a great number of verses which prove him to have been a man of high talent and well skilled in the niceties of poetic art; while the mere fact that from being a shoemaker he became a recognised authority on the subtilest points of poetry is a sufficient indication of his extraordinary ability.

Záti’s chief title to fame rests, as I have already said, on his lyrics; but one of his mesnevis, the Shemí u Perwana, claims a little further notice. Of the Ahmed and Mahmud, the Ferrukh-Náma, and the two religious poems nothing beyond the name is recorded; but Latih devotes a few lines to the Taper and Moth, one of those stock allegorical love stories at which we have seen that Lumin tried his hand. The old biographer speaks of this poem of our author as highly artistic, every couplet ‘from mafá to maqta’ being fraught with imagination and without peer, all the same, he continues, the cultured find the style of the book so fanciful and artifical that the phrasecology is not as clear.

Anthology of Turkish, Persian and Arabic poetry in three volumes, published at Constantinople in 1291 (1871).
and perspicuous, and the sequence of the incidents in the story not as well arranged as they might be. When discussing the mesnevi in the versified review of Ottoman poetry which he prefixes to his 'Tavern', Ziya Pasha mentions Záti's Shemű u Perwána as the third Turkish poem of that class, Suleyman Chelebi's Birth-Song being with him the first, and Sheykhi's Khusrev and Shirín the second, while the works of Hamdi, Ibn Kemál, Lámiü and a host of others are entirely overlooked. The Pasha speaks of Záti's poem as somewhat uncouth in language, yet containing many passages of much beauty; he gives several short extracts from it in his third volume which is devoted to selections from different mesnevis.

Manuscripts of Záti's works are rare; neither the British Museum nor the Royal Asiatic Society possesses any, nor have I any in my own collection. But few of his poems have therefore come under my notice, and these few do not appear to be in any way remarkable. The three following ghazels are quoted by Qínáli-záda; the first, which is the best, is addressed to the Prophet Muhammed.

Ghazel. [180]

Glory of the Garth Etern, \(^2\) thy form in radiancy arrayed
Gleams a cypress wrought of light that casteth earthward naught of shade. \(^3\)

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1 [The Author must have written this passage some time before his death; for his collection of MSS. contains two copies of Záti's Díwán, obtained, apparently, in June 1898, and one of his Shemű u Perwána ('Taper and Moth'), obtained in May, 1891. Ed.]

2 The Garth Etern, literally, the Garden of the Placeless: the Placeless (lā-mekán) is the name given to the void beyond the heaven of heavens, where space or locality ceases to be.

3 Núr-i Muhammed, the Light or Essence of Muhammed, (see vol. I, pp. 34—35), was the first thing God created in eternity, though its incarnation was late. It is a common legend with the Muslims that the body of the Prophet cast no shadow.
Though all they who looked on Joseph cut their hands, bewildered sore, 1
Cleft a-twain its palm what time the moon thy sun-bright face surveyed. 2

Far thy station, like the prayer-shaft's, beyond the nine-fold sphere;
Loftier than the lofty Empyrean is thy glorious grade. 3

There is none before or after equal unto thee in aught;
Seal of all the Prophet band, infinity thy dower is made.

He it is who gains, O Lord, when passed to the Hereafter's mart,
Who hath ta'en the coin of love of thee for all his stock-in-trade.

This my hope that mid the Paradisal bowers yon Cypress fair
Gather Zâti with the faithful throng aneath the selfsame shade. 4

The next ghazel is a type of a class still rare at this early period, but becoming frequent later on, in which some handsome young lad of the poet's acquaintance is described in a whimsical and more or less humorous style, the spirit and treatment being very similar to those of the Shehr-engiz. The youth is generally a member of the lower middle class and engaged in some trade or humble calling; here he is a barber at a public bath, sometimes he is a tailor, a shampooer at a bath, a dancing-boy, or the like.

Ghazel. [181]

A silver-bodied, sweetly shaven barber striping fair,
Who makes the folk to bow the head through his all-gracious air. 5

1 Referring to the Egyptian ladies who cut their hands in bewildered admiration at the beauty of Joseph when Zelkha presented him to them at the banquet. See vol. II, p. 166.

2 In the Koran, IV, 1, we read: 'And split asunder is the moon.' This is traditionally referred to a miracle; the unbelievers having asked Muhammad for a sign, the moon appeared cleft in twain. By the palm of the moon is here meant her disc.

3 The Empyrean, i. e. the 'Arsh, which is above the Eighth Paradise. See vol. I, pp. 356 and 414.

4 Shade here means protection, as in the formula so commonly used in speaking of a King or governor: Ṣâlī ḥaṣāni ṣâlihih. May God extend his favour!

5 In the East the head used to be entirely shaved except for the pencil.
His flinty heart appeareth still within his tender frame;
Deem not that sweet hath bound a stone about his waist howe'er.¹

Love's vapours rise into my head, e'en as the bath it seems; ²
What though mine eyen, like the basin-tap, shed many a tear! ³

It ever would have kissed his feet without restraint or let; —
Oh that our face had been the mat his bath to carpet fair!

A beggar for his grace are we, bare-headed, bare of foot; ⁴
O Záti. he hath stript us, he, and shaved us debonair.

In translating this third poem I have preserved the redif, here represented by 'doth pass away.'

Ghazel. [182]

When we sight thy beauty, free will's bridle-rein doth pass away;
Champion-rider, grace we cry, the glaive of sdeign doth pass away.

By thy head, cast not thy lover down, bedecking thee so fair!
O my sweet, bethink thee, beauty's henna-stain doth pass away.

Be not vain a-thinking, 'All these birds of hearts I've made my prey.'
Prince of horsemen, grace's falcon lastwise fain doth pass away.

Kindness show to this ant Záti even as thou findest chance; ⁵
Solomon-renowned, the seal of beauty, vain doth pass away. ⁶

a long lock of hair which was allowed to grow on the crown. A man having his head shaved would naturally bend it; here, by the figure husn-i ta' lil (aetiology: see vol. i, p. 113), he is said to bow it before the charms of the young barber.

¹ There is here an allusion to the qana'at tashi, or stone of contentment; a stone which dervishes and Arabs, when going on a journey, or on other occasions when a scarcity of food is to be apprehended, sometimes tie tightly against the pit of the stomach in order to repel the pangs of hunger.
² Because steam rises from the hot bath.
³ The qurna is a fixed basin in a hot bath, with a hot and cold tap.
⁴ Beggars go bare-head and bare-foot, and so do people in a hot bath.
⁵ Solomon, the greatest of monarchs, is often mentioned in connection with the ant, the meanest of all creatures. The story runs that on one occasion, when travelling with his army, Solomon entered the Valley of Ants, whereupon the Queen of the Ants, perceiving the approach of the mighty host, cried out to her subjects to enter their dwellings lest Solomon and his army should tread them under foot and perceive it not; a speech which was duly heard and pondered by the wise King who understood the language of all living things. See Koran, chap. xxvii.
⁶ Solomon's great power, by virtue of which he ruled over men, spirits,
The following is the ghazel quoted by Ahdi in his Rosebed of Poets:

Ghazel. [183]

What doth ail thee that thou moanest, Sphere? dost love a gadling free?
Say, hast thou a shining Moon that roameth all the world to see?

Is it autumn's blast, O garden, that hath sallowed o'er thy cheek?
Or hast thou a wayward wanton graceful-waving Cypress-tree?

Every morning-tide, O nightingale, thou makest moan and plaint;
Hast a smiling rose that 'listeth with the thorn in fere to be?

'Meet it were, O Soul, that I should yield my soul for thee,' said I;
Wrathful in my face he gazèd, 'Hast thou then a soul?' quoth he.

Yet again art thou confusèd, Záti, like the charmer's locks;
Boundless spite is this, or hast a fair of fairy radiance?

I have already said that Ziya Pasha gives some extracts from the Shem u Perwâna; but none of these, except the following, consist of more than ten lines. While they are thus quite insufficient to afford any adequate idea of the poem, they give the impression of considerable picturesqueness, but without originality in subject or in handling. The passage here rendered is descriptive of the nuptials of King Perwâna and Princess Shem; the subject is always treated in detail in the old Eastern love romances, and always in the highly figurative manner of which this slightly abridged translation will serve as an example.

From the Shem u Perwâna. [184]

What time Shem and Perwâna met again
The others passed and left alone these two,
And when the King and Shem were left alone
and all animals, lay in his Soul, on which was graven the 'Most Great Name,' or Ism-i A'zam.
‘Twas like the Sun conjoined with the Moon.
Their folk had piled the bed-gear nine-fold,¹
(The tale of what they did not is untold.)
A golden ladder there against was laid,
Whereby the twain straightway upclomb the bed.
Soon as that Balm of Dole was mounted there
(As o’er the nine-fold sphere the faithful’s prayer),
He stript her like unto a gentle dove
Naked, and held her to his breast with love.
He saw how fair that Lamb beseemed his breast,
He clasped her close and to his bosom prest.
And next he struck his teeth into the peach,²
Delight he tasted, life his life did reach.
A harvest of the rose that bosom shone,
That night the bulbul the rose-harvest won.
From the King’s hand the bird restraint takes flight,
His free will sinketh down and passeth quite.
That lover winneth to a silvery lawn,
And sees the foot-print of the heavenly fawn.
When reached the Monarch to that print his hand,
Thereunderneath a casket locked he fand,
The which he opened with a coral key,
And strewed with rubies all the drapery.

More highly endowed with poetic genius, though less versatilé and far less prolific than Zátí, was Khayálí Bey, whom Latifi calls ‘the lord and leader of the poets of this age, the chief and chancellor of this company,’ and whom Qináli-záda describes as ‘the King of the poets of the land of Rúm and the champion of the eloquent of this realm.’ Khayálí,

¹ Eastern beds are made of several mattresses, usually three, laid upon the ground, one on the top of the other.

² The bed formed of nine mattresses one above the other to the uppermost of which the lady, the Balm of Dole, mounted, is compared to the nine Ptolemaic spheres which revolve one outside the other, and through all nine of which the prayer of the faithful must pass to reach the Court of God which is held beyond the outermost.

³ That is, he kissed or bit amorously. A kiss is often called a peach (sheftálú).
whose personal name was Muhammed, was, like the mystic poet Usúlí, a native of Vardar Yenijesi, a little Rumelian town which in those days was a centre of culture and not altogether undeserving of the encomium of Qínáli-záda, who speaks of it as 'the meeting-place of poets and the well-spring of the accomplished.' When quite young he became a disciple of the mystic teacher Baba ʿAli-i Mest, Father ʿAli the Drunken, in whose service he obtained an insight into esoteric lore to which the poems written in his after life bear ample witness, whilst his mind became indelibly impressed with the dervish ideal of a retired simple life, free alike from desire of worldly wealth and glory and from fear of fortune’s frown. Khayáli used to wander about the country in company with his master, and on one occasion they came to Constantinople, where, according to ʿAshiq Chelebi, they were brought under the notice of the judge of the city, who disapproved of the youthful disciple roaming the land with the wandering qalender, and confided him to the care of a muhtesib called Uzun ʿAli at whose hands he received a liberal education. Already, while he was still a mere youth, Khayáli’s poetic talent began to show itself; his ghazels attracted considerable attention and met with general approval, whereupon Iskender Chelebi the Defterdar, always ready to help and promote the cause of literature, took up the young poet, and gave him every assistance and encouragement in his power. Eventually he recommended him to the notice of the Grand Vezir Ibrahim Pasha, with the result that the latter took Khayáli into his own circle, and finally crowned his career by presenting him to Sultan Suleyman. The disciple of the vagrant dervish had

1 That is, drunken, or beside himself, for love of the Divine Beauty
2 The muhtesib was a police official who had charge of weights, measures, provisions, etc.; he used also to act as an ascendant and collector of evidence.
now reached the highest point of worldly honour and prosperity attainable by Turkish poet; he was admitted into the innermost circle of the Sultan's intimates, he was presented with a large and valuable fief, and every new ghazel or qasida that he wrote was made the occasion of some fresh mark of his imperial patron's favour. But Khayalî never forgot the early teachings of his first master; the smiles of the court did not make him vain or presumptuous, and but little of all the wealth which passed through his hands remained with him. His friends got the rest, for he would give loans to all who asked him, and as he kept no note of these, he soon forgot them, while the borrowers took good care that he should not be reminded. And so when the evil days came, when Iskender Chelebi was hanged at Baghdad, and Ibrâhim Pasha died mysteriously within the walls of the Scraglio, and when the poets were no longer the great men they had been, Khayalî found himself involved in difficulties, and had to follow the advice which his friends had often previously urged in vain, and pray the Sultan to confer on him a Sanjaq. The request was granted, and it is probable that this was the occasion of Khayalî's receiving the title of Bey which is usually added to his name. The poet died at Adrianople in 964 (1556—7).

Khayalî Bey appears to have been of a very amiable disposition; the biographer 'Ashiq Chelebi, who was personally acquainted with many of the poets whose lives he wrote, knew Khayalî intimately during some twenty years, and speaks in the highest terms of his modesty, his generosity, and his hatred of satire and every form of unkind speech. Once only, and that after severe provocation, was he betrayed into writing an ungentle verse. Yahya Bey, another great poet of whom we shall speak by and bye, jealous of the

\[1\] A subdivision of a province.
favour shown towards Khayali, referred to him in disparaging terms in certain qasidas which he presented to the Sultan. As this occurred more than once it could not be passed over in silence, and Khayali found himself under the necessity of sending the offender a couplet showing him his proper place.

There is a story told of how Khayali, when first introduced into the imperial circle, overawed apparently by the august presence in which he found himself, abode silent with bowed head, dumb before the Sultan and his court, and how he afterwards apologised for this conduct in a ghazel which ends with this couplet:

Khayali hath been summoned to so glorious a feast
That there had Eden's rosebud, all abashed, unopened bode. 1

' Ashiq Chelebi tells us that he once had occasion to visit Vardar Yenijesi when just recovering from a fever, and as he drew near the town, being weary with the journey and the summer heat, he turned aside into the cemetery that lay without the gates to rest a little. While there he be-thought him to repeat the Fatiha 2 for the repose of the souls of the great and good men lying around, which he did, mentioning the names of Sheykh Hadi the mystic, and of the poets Usuli, Hayreti, 3 and Khayali. No sooner had

1 The story is as above, but the poem is just as likely to be purely mystic.
2 The Fatiha, or 'Openet,' is the short chapter with which the Koran begins. It is to Islam what the Lord's Prayer is to Christendom. It is usual to recite it over graves for the well-being of the dead, and on almost every Turkish tombstone one sees a request to the reader to say a Fatiha for the repose of the soul of him or her who lies buried there.
3 For Sheykh Hadi, see p. 173 of vol. II, for Usuli p. 45 supra. Hayreti of Vardar Yenijesi, a protege of Ibrahim Pasha, was a minor poet of no great mark, who died in 944 (1538). He had a younger brother Usuli, 'announced' Sura chik on Tom Book, from the intensity of his mystic love, who studied under Sheykh Gulshedi, travelled much in Persia, and eventually became sheykh of the melevi dervishes at Adrianople. He wrote some mystic poems, and died in 953 (1549).
he done so than he recollected that he had prayed for Khayáli who was still alive as though he were dead, a circumstance which he took for an intimation that his friend was indeed no more. He was accordingly not astonished to hear immediately afterwards, when he entered the town, of Khayáli's death at Adrianople.

Khayáli Bey was one of the best poets of his time. He would appear to have been living when Latifí entered him in his Memoirs, for that biographer gives no particulars as to his career, and merely mentions him as the greatest poet of the time. Qínáli-záda speaks of him in almost equally high terms; he says that Khayáli's poems were greatly esteemed by men of taste, and extols the purity of his language and the correctness and sweetness of his style, which for clearness and fluency he compares to a rippling stream. His writings, he adds, are free from confusion and indecision, and are distinguished by beauty of phraseology and grace of diction.

Scarcely less favourable is the opinion of Professor Nájí, than whom no more competent judge has perhaps ever lived; himself a distinguished poet and scholar, well versed in the modern culture and fully appreciating its superiority, he has none the less a thorough knowledge of and true sympathy with those earlier writers whom so many of his contemporaries ignore or despise. This gentleman considers Khayáli one of the finest poets of his day, and says that in no other writer of that time is so much power to be found.

The poems of Khayáli are exclusively lyrical; 1 'Ashiq Chelebi vainly endeavoured to persuade him to try his powers in a mesnevi; he protested that it would be impossible for him to complete a story once begun. Careless of his poems

1 This poet must not be confused with the obscure writer of the same name who composed a Leylá and Míjmín in the time of Selim I. See p. 172, n. 3, of vol. II.
as of all his property, Khayáli never made a collection of them as other poets did, but distributed them among various friends and acquaintances. They were, however, brought together and formed into a Diwán, a copy of which, we are told, was often in the hands of Sultan Suleymán. The Ottoman Sultan was not the only royal admirer of Khayáli; Shah Tahmásp of Persia, so runs the story, was seated in full divan, when a verse of the Turkish poet was quoted in his presence, whereupon admiration so filled the King that he straightway called for a beaker of wine which he drained to the health of the gifted singer. ¹

Khayáli's poems, which are for the most part deeply tinged with the mystic philosophy, display far more originality both of thought and of treatment than is usual with the writers of this age. They may indeed be equalled, or even surpassed, by the works of some of his contemporaries, so far as picturesqueness of imagery and mere verbal adornment are concerned; but it seems to me, notwithstanding the fact that Khayáli is passed over by Zíyá Pasha without so much as the mention of his name, that he is in reality the truest poet among all the many who made Constantinople their head-quarters between the days of Nejáti and those of Baqí. Thought, not expression, not even feeling, is his distinctive characteristic as a poet.

Besides the usual qasidas and ghazels there are in Khayáli's

¹ Perhaps it is to this that Khayáli alludes in the following couplet from one of his ghazels:

شیطان، روزِه روز رنگ، دردِ اشکال
عجم فی‌امه ی آبی، خیالان شرکستان بیانا

Khayáli, am a reveler who drinks the deep in Rum,
While the Emperor of Turkland spait. the chuma-bowl to me.

¹ Turkland = Turkestan = the land of the Turks. Here Central Asia, not Turkey, is meant.
Diwan a few stanzaic pieces, murebbas, mukhammes, and so on, the most remarkable of which is a fine elegy on the talented but unfortunate Prince Mustafá, composed, as is so often the case with such poems, in the verse-form known as Terjë-Bend.

The following ghazel is probably an early production, as it is quoted by Latifi in his Tezkira; it is purely mystical:

Ghazel. [185]

How to make my soul be fellow of the Sempiternal Rayne?
How to strip away all yearning for the world's desire and gain?  

How to fly and bide within the curling tresses of the Dear,
Having worn, through love, my body to a hair by wail and plain?  

How to cast my falcon will to take the birds of golden wing
That do fly and play them ever o'er the vast quicksilver main?  

How with one deep draught to empty all those nine smaragdine bowls
Set in heav'n, and thereby banish hence ebrity's dull pain!  

Lo the sphere hath turned Khayali's visage to an autumn leaf;
How to give it Thee as Keepsake, Thee the spring of beauty fain!

1 It is well known that the first rule of the mystic philosophy is that no progress can be made in the Higher Life till all selfish desire be killed.
2 The Dear is the Celestial Beauty, not to be perceived or apprehended without travail of the soul. Occultism, says the theosophist, wears no crown but one of thorns.
3 The strange picture of the golden-winged birds flying over the quicksilver sea may perhaps have been suggested by the starry heavens; by these birds the poet possibly means nothing more definite than those mysteries of nature which surround us on all sides, and which may be comprehended, say the mystics, through wise, strong, loving purpose.
4 The nine emerald (that is green, or as we should say, blue) bowls of heaven are of course the nine Ptolemaic spheres, and here represent the universe, the riddle of which the mystic seeks to solve and so escape from all doubt and perplexity into the region of perfect calm.
5 From two or three passages in his poems, Khayali would appear to have been of a sallow complexion; Yahya Bey also in one of the verses he directed against the poet, speaks of his yellow face.
The next must also be interpreted in a mystic sense; in the original it is very graceful.

Ghazel. [186]

A Mejnán I, filled with the grace of Leylä; 1
Within my head the passion-craze of Leylā.

That butt am I of Fate and evil Fortune
Who drowneth in the ocean-maze of Leylā.

To me Love’s gory-shrouded martyr seemeth
Each tulip in the desert-ways of Leylā.

The Mejnán heart doth feel but shame at honour
Since branded with the dear disgrace of Leylā. 2

A silent Mejnán I, fulfilled of rapture,
But in my heart the deaf’ning praise of Leylā.

There falleth on mine ear the anklet’s tinkle;
Will e’er appear or glimpse or trace of Leylā?

Till with the inner eye thou see’st, Khayali,
Ne’er will appear the lovely face of Leylā.

The three following are fairly representative of Khayali’s average style; all are more or less mystical.

Ghazel. [187]

My verses form the burden sung by all the fere, of pain and pine;
A story from the world of Love is every single word of mine.

To laud the idols in the convent of the world my sigh and tears
Do furnish, these the organ notes, and those the ruby-tinted wine. 3

1 Throughout this ghazel Leylā stand for the Divine Beauty, the object of the mystic’s love.
2 That is, the loving heart which has seen the sweet beauty of the mystic, truth, regarded by the world of orthodoxy and convention as phrensy and disgrace, could feel but shame at what that world held for honour.
3 Khayali means here that while he sigh and weep for the love of earthly
Although the Erzheng is no longer, every verse of mine doth glow
The picture-gallery of Mání, through the tale of thee divine. ¹

Betake thee to the tomb of Mejnún and behold how Leylá makes
Of every bow of him a surma-holder for her painted eyne. ²

Behold, Khayáln, thou'rt the champion-wrestler in the field of verse.
To-day while reigneth a Darius heaven-throned and Jem-benign. ³

Ghazel. [188]

Each tree within the mead I held a houri lighted here below,
I saw the flowers and reckoned there the radiance that their faces⁴ show.

I looked and saw the garden-ways were fair bestrewn with almond bloom,
And likened them to Eden-bowers wherethrough the streams of camphor flow. ⁵

The mead is the Most Blessed Vale, ablaze with all its blooms and treen; ⁶
I fancied it was Sinai's Mount with Heaven's refulgency aglow.

The stream beheld the Joseph-flower within the Egypt of the mead;
I thought, the lover holding forth the mirror, filled the while with woe.

beauties, he does in reality pay tribute to the Divine Loveliness which manifests itself through these. The figure in the verse is taken from the Christian worship; the beautiful pictures and images in the churches were but idols to the Muslim, though to the mystic it was easy to see how God could be worshipped through these. The organ and the sacramental wine play important parts in the Christian rites.

¹ Mání is Manes, the founder of the Manichaean system. The poets represent him as a great painter; and his studio, where he kept his collected paintings, is called Erzheng (sometimes Erzeng and Erteng.)

² This couplet is purely mystical and does not refer to any incident in the romance, which makes Leyli die before Mejnún. The meaning may be something like this: The Eternal Beauty, in its countless manifestations, is ever making use of the elements, physical and psychical, of its lovers, in order to give expression to and body forth its own loveliness. Surma is the black powder with which Eastern ladies paint the edges of their eyelids.

³ In this verse Khayálí gives both the Sultan and himself a pat on the back.

⁴ That is, the houris' faces.

⁵ Of the streamlets of Paradise it is said that their earth is of camphor, their beds of musk, their sides of saffron, while their pebbles are rubies and emeralds.

⁶ The 'Most Blessed Vale' (Vádi-i Eymen) is the valley in which Moses saw the burning bush.
Khayáli, I beheld his breast which grief for rivals had bedecked; I took it for a desert-land wherein no pleasant grasses grow.  

Ghazel. [189]

Naught he knows of medicine’s virtue who hath ne’er had ache or pain; Never doth the caitiff quaff the beaker at the feast of bane.  

He shall not be broiled at fires infernal myriad months and years, He, O zealot, who in cant’s hot market-place doth cold remain.  

What though I should dance around, O jurist, for the Dear One’s love? — ’Twere but meet if dust to circle with the whirlwind still be fain.  

One of pinion with the “anqa lofty-souled is he to-day  
Who apart, alone, abideth mid creation’s nest and grain.  

Tidings of the bloom and perfume of this garth Khayáli gives,  
Like to yonder leaf autumnal on whose green’s the yellow stain.  

The next ghazel is said by Professor Nájí to be the best known of Khayáli’s poems.

1 Perhaps an allusion to Yahya Bey.  
2 The caitiff can never win adeptship, to gain which one must suffer.  
3 The ‘zealot’ (zâhid) is a frequent figure in the mystic poetry of the East, He corresponds to Burns’s ‘unco guid,’ and stands for the type of the rigid but somewhat hypocritical orthodoxy of convention. He is usually introduced to serve as butt for some scathing speech of the poet.  
4 A market’s being ‘hot’ or ‘warm’ means its being busy and much frequented.  
5 The jurist, or doctor of the law, (faqih) is here introduced as another type of conventional respectability.  
6 It were not strange if I, who am but dust, should be borne round by the all-compelling whirlwind of love for the Divine Beauty.  
7 The ‘anqa’ is a tailed bird of gigantic size, supposed to dwell on the summits of Mount Qaf, a chain of lofty mountains said to surround the whole earth, which of course was regarded as flat. The anqa which is practically the same as the Persian Senaugh, being unique, without mate or companion, is often taken by the poets as a type of the Deity.  
8 The garden of the Divine Beauty, or of love therein.  
9 Perhaps a remote allusion to the poet’s yellow complexion.
Ghazel. [190]

The world-adorners in the world know naught of what adornments be;
Those fish that swim the seas around know naught of that which is the sea.

O zealot, prate not to the tavern-haunters of the pains of hell;
For children of the hour are those, from all the morrow's troubles free.

If lovers looked upon their scars what time the sunset's blood is spilt,
No mote within the solar beams, no moon in heaven would they see.

About their bow'd forms they sling the cords befashioned of their tears;
The arrows of their will they shoot, but know not whence the bow may be.

Khayáli, they whose naked frames in weeds of poverty are wrapped
Do boast themselves thereof, nor reck of satin or of broidery.

I shall close the selections from Khayáli's Díwán with a curious and very original ghazel; it is a little fable, a kind of poem rare at this period, and which, when it does occur, is usually found in mesneví form.

Ghazel. [191]

Once unto the world-illumining Sun the Moon in heaven did say,
'O thou beauty, radiance-visaged, charmer high of fair array,
'Tis thy beaker's dregs that scatter foison over land and sea,
'Whelmed are all earth's myriad atoms in the lustre of thy ray;
'Through thy self the verdant garden finds its glory and its grace,
'By the brilliance of thy judgment heaven and earth are lumined aye.
'What the sin whereof I'm guilty, what my evil in thy sight,
'That whene'er I look upon thee, thou dost turn thy face away?
'That whene'er I show to thee my body bended as the bow
'Far thou fiest to the apsis of disdain and there dost stay?'

When these words the Moon had spoken reached unto the shining Sun,
Thus the answer came, 'O mirror of the forms of man and fay,
'Whenso'er thou art beholden in the fulness of thy grace
'Doth the eye of earth still witness how vainglory is thy way,
'If I saw thee meek and lowly, pale of visage and demure,
'Then my love for thee would deepen and my yearning win the day;
'Then if aught I saw of blemish in thy frame, O lover mine,
'I would perfect and complete it by mine own bright beauty's ray.'
Whosoever sees his failings in the mirror of his heart
And doth make his nature perfect, all the realms of soul doth sway.
O Khayáli, shouldst thou meet with woe, a childlike heart's the balm;
If thou seest to be mighty, be thou lowly, lowly aye.'
CHAPTER IV.

THE LATER SULEYMANIC AGE. 964—974 (1556—1566).

Fuzúlí. Poets of Azerbáyján.

On certain mornings we may see the sun climbing the eastern horizon and bathing all the land in the glory of his radiance, while the moon is shining with soft pale lustre in the western sky. The era of Turkish poetic greatness breaks with such a dawn. Fuzúlí of Baghdad, illustrious by virtue of the originality of his genius, may well represent the sun flashing with his own undervived splendour in the east, while Báqí of Constantinople, most gifted of the Persianising poets of his people, may stand for the westering moon shining with a borrowed light.

We must therefore interrupt for a little while our survey of the poets and poetry of western Turkey, and turn our attention eastward; for there, in a remote corner of the Empire, appears this great man, whose genius may be justly called transcendental alike in the intensity of that impassioned pathos which could grapple with and overcome even the deadening conventionalism of Eastern rhetoric, and in its solitariness, since it had neither forerunner nor successor. There is no greater name in all Turkish literature than Fuzúlí of Baghdad. Appearing like a glorious meteor on the eastern horizon of the now far-extending Empire, he flooded for a
space all the distant sky with a strange unwonted splendour, and then sank where he had arisen, leaving none to take his place. Fuzúlí is the earliest of those four great poets who stand pre-eminent in the older literature of Turkey, men who in any age and in any nation would have taken their place amongst the Immortals.

Muhammed bin-Suleymán, whose poetical name was Fuzúlí, is said by a modern writer, on what authority I know not, to have been of Kurdish extraction. There is some doubt as to the exact place of his birth; it was certainly somewhere in the valley of the lower Tigris, in the region known as 'Iráq-i 'Arab, probably either Hilla, as the British Museum Catalogue says, or, as is suggested, though not distinctly stated, by the early biographers, the city of Baghdad. In any case his life was passed almost entirely in the last-named city, the 'Abode of Peace' (Dár-us-Selám) as it is called by the Eastern writers; and a very peaceful, or at least uneventful, life it seems to have been. As was to be expected, the contemporary biographers, living in the midst of the literary world of Constantinople, know next to nothing of this provincial singer in a remote city but just added to the Empire. Latifí had heard his name, and knew that he was one of the 'poets of the age;' he knew also that he had a strange heart-bewitching style which was all his own, and had heard some story about a Khamsa containing an enchanting version of the tale of Leylá and Mejnun, three couplets from which he quotes. 'Ashi'q Chelebi's information goes a trifle further; he knows all that Latifí knows and a little more. He knows

1 Ebn-Ziya Teftéq in the notice in the Numáma-i Edelayvat.
2 Baghdad, which had been in the possession of the Persians and had explored the help of Suleyman, was occupied without resistance by an Ottoman army under the Grand Vezir Itzhim Pasha in 1510 (the very beginning of 1515). The Sultan arrived next day, and remained there with the troops till spring.
that Fuzuli is 'Baghdadi', of Baghdad, and that he is the 'master and elder of the poets of those parts;' he also knows that when the Ottomans took possession of Baghdad Fuzuli presented qasidas to Ibrâhîm Pasha and Qadri Efendi, and through them to Sultan Suleyman himself, who gave him an order for a pension on the exchequer of the city; but as to whether he was dead or still alive at the time of writing the biographer confesses that he knows nothing.

That writers circumstanced as were Latifi and 'Ashiq should be able to tell us but little about Fuzuli is only what we should expect, but we might fairly have expected a fuller account and more definite information from 'Ahdi, who was himself a native of Baghdad, and who wrote his Memoirs in that city in the year 971 (1563-4). But here again, although we get a few additional details, the notice is unhappily of the meagrest. So far as it goes, however, it is of value, having regard to the time and place in which the author wrote. He likewise speaks of Fuzuli as 'Baghdadi,' and adds that he was highly accomplished, being well versed in mathematics and astronomy, and that he was of a lively disposition and was a charming conversationalist. He composed with equal ease and elegance in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, his Turkish poems being highly favoured by the critics of Rûm, his Persian diwan being the delight of the poets of every land, his Turkî pieces being recited by the Mughals, and his Arabic verses being famous with the eloquent among the Arabs. In another part of his book this biographer tells us that Fuzuli had a son named Fazli, who also was skilled in versifying in the three languages, and who, at the date of writing, was living in seclusion, apparently in Baghdad. But this son made no mark in literature, and would have been altogether forgotten but for 'Ahdi's brief notice.

'Ahdi says that Fuzuli died of the plague in 963 (1555-6).
If this date be correct, his death took place while ʿAhdi was absent from Baghdad, for we know that the author of the Rosebed of Poets left that city in 960 and only returned in 971, a circumstance that might account in some degree for the meagreness of the notice which he accords to his gifted fellow-citizen. But it is not quite certain that this date is correct; Qináli-záde, writing some twenty years later and in the west, says that the poet died ‘about the year 970 (1562–3),’ and this has generally been accepted as the date of Fuzúli’s death. But it is difficult to think that ʿAhdi, writing a biography of poets in Baghdad in 971, could make so extraordinary a blunder as to antedate by seven years the death of a great and famous poet which had occurred in that very city only the year before; it seems to me much more likely that it is Qináli-záde whose vague statement is at fault here. A careful examination of Fuzúli’s works might possibly throw some light upon the matter.

In the charming Preface prefixed to his Diwán Fuzúli himself tells us how his whole life was devoted to literature and especially to poetry. We have a pretty picture of the school which he attended as a little child, with the fair young scholars seated in rows and holding their books like flowers in their small hands. Of years too tender to set out upon the thorny paths of Eastern science, this little company read nothing but poems telling of love, studied nothing but ghazels in which the burning heart sighed forth its passion. Studies so suggestive, combined with the society of such sweet companions, soon began to tell on the impressionable mind of the young Fuzúli, on the page of whose soul the reed of destiny had on the Primal Day inscribed the love of poetry. He became distraught like the nightingale, and found that his nature gave him leave to warble before these roses. The crescent moon of poetry rose over the horizon
of his mind, and, borrowing the radiance of passion from those sun-bright beauties, waxed greater day by day, till ere long the light of its beams reached far and wide. From time to time, he tells us, this passion for poetry would over-master him and make all other things fade into insignificance. His fame and reputation were ever on the increase, but it became evident to him that he must study to acquire all manner of science, for poetry without science is like a wall without foundation, and a wall without foundation is but lightly esteemed. So he set to work, and for a time spent the coin of life in acquiring the various sciences, until at length he was able to adorn that beauty, his poetry, with the pearls of knowledge. The Preface next gives an account, to which we shall revert by and bye, of the circumstance which led the poet to collect his Turkish ghazels into a Diwán. This is followed by an appeal which Fuzúlí makes to his (presumably Osmánli) readers not to let his verses fall in their esteem merely because he has never in his life travelled beyond the limits of his native province of ‘Iráq-i ‘Arab (an interesting item in his slender biography), and not to look with the same contempt upon his ability as upon his birthplace, since the esteem in which a country is held does not affect the ability of an individual, just as the sheen does not pass away from gold because it is lying in the dust, while a fool does not become wise merely through dwelling in a city, nor a wise man a savage through abiding in a desert. All this is interesting as showing in what light the Azerbáiyjání or Persian Turks were regarded by their brethren of the west.

Then comes an entreaty to the ‘eloquent of Rúm’ on the one hand, and the ‘Tartar rhetoricians’ on the other, to hold him excused if his verses are not adorned with the words and phrases of those realms, and bedecked with the witticisms
and proverbs of those countries, for the people of every land look upon borrowing as a disgrace. The Preface closes with a prayer that God, whose grace has guided those dear children, his poems, from the narrow strait of nonentity into the pleasant field of existence, may accompany them to whatever land they go, making their advent a blessing and their presence a delight; and that He will shield them from all who would do them wrong, and especially from those three cruel foes, the ignorant scribe, the unskilled reciter, and the envious detractor.

The works of Fuzúlí are written in that dialect of the Turkish language spoken along the Turko-Persian frontier and called Azerbayjání from the country of Azerbáyján, which forms the north-western corner of the modern Kingdom of Persia. Although it has at no time been more than momentarily in the hands of the Ottoman Sultan, this district, which in population and language is almost exclusively Turkish, ought, ethnologically speaking, to have been incorporated in the Ottoman West Turkish Empire; and it is much to be regretted that Suleymán and his successors, in place of wasting the energies of their people and the resources of their state in vain schemes for the conquest of foreign lands which it was as impossible as it was undesirable that they should permanently retain, did not turn their serious attention to completing the best work of their predecessors by gathering under their wing those large bodies of their fellow Turks who still remained subject to the Shahs of Persia in districts conterminous with their own dominions.

This Azerbayjání dialect stands between the Ottoman of Constantinople and the Jagháty of Central Asia, but is much closer to the former than it is to the latter. Anyone familiar with the Ottoman dialect, especially in its earlier stages, will have no trouble in reading anything written by
Fuzuli, while he will hardly be able to understand much of Neva'i without some previous special study. None the less it would appear strange and probably somewhat uncouth to western readers; and so we find Latifi and Qinali-zade, apparently more struck by the dialect than by aught else, likening the works of Fuzuli to those of Neva'i. That the poet himself regarded his speech as distinct alike from the 'Osmanli and the Jaghatay is evident from the appeal in the Preface to his Diwan for indulgence if his words and phrases be found unfamiliar, since they are addressed equally to the 'eloquent of Rûm', namely the Ottomans, and to the 'Tartar rhetoricians', that is the Central Asian Turks.

So far as it goes, the judgment of the early critics on Fuzuli is wholly favourable. Latifi speaks of his 'strange heart-bewitching' style, and pronounces him an originator with a manner of his own, a fact which 'Ahdí also is able to perceive. Qinali-zade finds his unique style curious but ingenious, and his poetry highly ornate, but possessing dignity and power as well as delicacy, while the clarity of his speech, like unto that of sweet water, is the envy of the heavenly Selsebil.

1 Among the more obvious peculiarities of Fuzuli's Turkish are the occasional use of such Eastern forms as ًانگلیس = قلبجم، ًلبندکه = ایلکجک، ًاندکیه = انگلیس، ًلبرچکه = انگلیس، ًسیلک = خبرک، ًیکسمک= باصد. The form ًاشدکر = اولونسدر was still common in the West, but not ًلونشن = اولونسین، or ًلونش = اولونم. Similarly, while the forms ًباجو = باجیین، ًبیودون = بیودین، ًیکیچک = ایلکچک was unknown. So was ًیکیچک ساعدته for ًیکیچک ساونده. The forms ًیکیچک ساعدته and ًیکیچک درر for ًیکیچک درر were obsolete; so was ًیکیچک اولر. Such Eastern accusatives as for ًیکیچک فصیلیی were never in use, nor had ًیکیچک تنهی for ًیکیچک تنگی, ًیکیچک دنی for ًیکیچک دنی (there was however an old word still in occasional use). The meaning of a few words is slightly modified; thus Fuzuli often uses ًیکیچک صلیف, ًیکیچک طریف, ًیکیچک اتیف, and so on.

2 The Selsebil is a river in Paradise.
and of the Fountain of the shining sun, and the verdure of the bowers of his glittering poesy is an object of envy to the rose-garden of the earth and the azure field of the revolving sky. But high-sounding words like these go for little with such authors, who scatter the pearls of their rhetoric with lavish and impartial hand upon genius and mediocrity alike; indeed, many a writer who is now all but forgotten is far more richly handselled with the gems of Qinâlî-zadé’s eloquence than is he whom all now recognise as the chief glory of Turkish medieval literature.

While it is thus evident that the old critics perceived that in Fuzûlî’s poetry they were confronted with something new and strange, it is perfectly clear that they utterly failed to appreciate the greatness of his genius, or to see that in his verses they had the sweetest words yet sung by poet in the Turkish tongue. How, indeed, should they appreciate him? His ways were not as their ways and his world was a very different world from theirs. What had they and their compatriots, with their laboured metaphors and far-fetched conceits, to do with that love which in its passionate ardour becomes oblivious of self and all beyond its one dear object? What to them was the simple language of the tender soul, the words that flow from the lips because the heart is full? They cared for none of these things; they had deliberately shut the door in the face of true and natural feeling when they turned in contempt from the songs and ballads of their own Turkish people, wherein, if they had but deigned to look, they would have learned a lesson of simplicity, tenderness, and manhood which all the poets of Iran were powerless to teach. Expression was the goddess to whom those monotheists bowed the knee; a poet might be the parrot of the Persians, with not an idea in his head that he had not borrowed from Hafiz or Jami, or he might be a mystic
whose every verse was a riddle recalling the proverb 'the meaning is in the mind of the poet;' or he might even, if he liked, write the veriest nonsense, with no meaning either for his own mind or for that of any man, but so long as he paid due reverence to Expression, that is to the mass of artificialisms and affectations which masqueraded as such, his Plato-astounding thoughts would reach beyond the Seventh Heaven, and his dulcet words would form the burden on the tongues of men and angels. And so it comes about that, Expression being considered the one thing needful, and excellence therein the true measure of poetic genius, Báqi, the master of the Persianising writers of Turkey, is crowned King of the Poets, while Fuzulí, in many of whose ghazels there is more real poetry than in the whole Diwán of this King, is dismissed with a few lines of commonplace approval.

It has been reserved for the moderns, who are much more in sympathy with him than were his contemporaries, to fully appreciate the genius of this gifted poet and to perceive the unique position which he occupies in Turkish literature. As I have already suggested more than once, his distinctive characteristic as a poet is pathos; a tender yet passionate tone pervades his works, of which even the most artificial impress us with a feeling of the author's earnestness. No Turkish poet has written ghazels so truly beautiful; Báqi’s are more classic, Nedím’s more dainty, but none are so intense, none so aglow with living fire as those of the old Baghdádí. There is besides more internal harmony in his ghazels than is usual at this time; the note struck at the beginning is adhered to throughout, and he does not sing each couplet on a different key. Many writers spoil what would otherwise be a pretty ghazel by introducing a distich
altogether out of harmony with the rest, and striking an entirely new vein of thought, but Fuzúlí is careful to avoid this.

Fuzúlí stands alone; none can charge him with that imitative nature which he somewhat too chivalrously declared was held in all lands for a disgrace. The resemblance which Latífí and Qínáli-záde find between him and Neva'í is the mere superficial resemblance of an unfamiliar dialect, whilst the comparison which 'Ahdi makes between him and Selmán is no more than a conventional compliment. Fuzúlí found his inspiration in the pages of no poet, Turk or Persian, but in his own heart; guided by the light of his own genius, he found a new pathway for himself, a pathway untrodden by any predecessor, and which none of all who followed him could rediscover. He stands alone in old Turkish literature as the Poet of the Heart.

But Fuzúlí could not wholly escape the spirit of his age; in an evil hour he gave himself up, as we have seen, to the study of the 'science' of poetry, a study the results of which are unhappily but too manifest in many of his works. A man of his powers would soon make himself familiar with the literary paraphernalia of the Persians, and, being persuaded that such things were necessary adjuncts to poetry of the loftier style, would freely adorn his verses with novel and striking combinations of the old stock materials; and so we find that there are few even among Turkish poets more artificial than at times is Fuzúlí, few in whose works are more fantastic similes or more far-fetched conceits. But not the least wonderful thing about this poet is that, in spite of these trivialities, his poetry remains poetry; that notwithstanding the evident consciousness and no less evident pleasure with which he introduces his subtle tangles and far-fetched imagery, he never fails to convince us of his perfect sincerity and of his real earnestness of heart. And here he
differs widely from the mass of his contemporaries; for this was a period of literature in which it was natural to all authors, authors in prose as well as authors in verse, to seek out ingenuities of fancy and curiosities of expression. Such a period paralyses mediocrity, and genius alone can encounter it and emerge triumphant.

But Fuzúlí has very many passages and not a few entire poems in which he seems to have forgotten all the learning of the schools, in which the pedant is silent and the voice of the poet alone is heard. And it is these passages and poems, where he gives himself up unrestrainedly to his own passionate feelings and pours out his ardent heart, all oblivious of the canons of schoolman and rhetorician, that form his true title to our affection and esteem, and have won for him the high position which is his in the literature of the East.

The genius of Fuzúlí is intensely subjective; he is unable to perceive a thing as it is in itself or as it would be if he were not there; he reads himself into everything he sees, and even in those poems descriptive of external objects it is not so much the objects themselves as the impression they produce upon his mind that is uppermost in his thoughts. This subjectivity is a feature of the time, and is shared more or less by all the poets of the Archaic and Classic Periods, but in Fuzúlí it finds its most eloquent, if not its ultimate, expression. A result perhaps in part of this mental attitude is that tone of sadness which pervades almost all of this author's writings. Still when we read those sweet sad lines so full of a gentle yet passionate yearning, we cannot escape the feeling that we are here in the presence of one who has looked closely on the face of sorrow.

Fuzúlí is not a philosophising poet like Khayáli, with a Diwán full of mystic odes, but every now and then we come across a line or a phrase deftly introduced in a ghazel which
sets us thinking, and we see that we have here no mere writer of love ditties, but a man who has pondered long and deeply on the great Whence and Whither. His philosophy is of course that mysticism which in one form or another was the bread of life to all the Eastern sages of old time.

Turning for a moment to the technical side of Fuzulī’s work, we find Ekrem Bey in his Course of Literature ¹ praising him for the harmony of his language, bracketing him in this connection with Nef'i, the second great poet of the old School, and with the modern writers Shināsī Efendi and Kemāl Bey, all of whom, he says, owe something of the great reputation they enjoy in the literary world to the presence of this particular beauty in their works. If we bear in mind when and where they were written, it is but natural that Fuzulī’s poems should abound in Persianisms, and so we are not astonished at frequently coming across Iranian idioms and constructions where it may seem to us that little would have been lost in speaking plain homely Turkish, even though the turn of the phrases might not have been quite Constantinopolitan. ²

The modern writers are, as I have said, better able to sympathise with and therefore to appreciate Fuzulī than were the critics of his own time. Ziya Pasha gives many quotations both from his Dīwān and from his Leyla and Mejniun, and in the preface to his anthology he speaks of the ghazels of the old poet as being still full of vital ardour and of his Dīwān as being aglow with the fire of love. He says that Fuzulī does not think of art when writing his ghazels; that the art is there, but unconsciously, spontaneously, a state-

¹ تعلم، دیباکات، vol. 1, p. 124.
² For example, he is a great offender against the rule of Turkish composition that there should not be more than three tridents (Persian genitive construction) in succession in prose, and four in poetry (and that but rarely).
ment which is called in question by Kemál Bey. In another place, discussing the Leylā and Mejnūn, the Pasha says that the understanding is lost in admiration of this heart-attracting poem, and that though there are many Leylā and Mejnūns, none is equal to this. Kemál Bey would begin the true poetry of Turkey with the works of Fuzūlī. Memdūh Bey in his pamphlet on Ottoman literature simply ignores all that has gone before and starts with this poet. He is the first poet mentioned by Ekrem Bey in his little treatise on the old writers; and Professor Nájí looks upon him as the greatest of the love-poets of Turkey.

The two works on which the fame of Fuzūlī rests are his Diwān and his Leylā and Mejnūn. He has, as we shall see, other writings, both in verse and prose; but these, admirable though they are, are subordinate to the two just mentioned. The Diwān is preceded by a Preface in prose, with verses interspersed, in which, as we have seen, he gives some account of his studies and of his devotion to poetry. He further tells how he came to collect his Diwān; one day a musky-haired beauty comes to see him, who after winning his heart by sweet and gracious words, reminds him that he alone is able to write poetry with equal grace in Arabic, Persian and Turkish, and represents to him that while his Persian ghazels ¹ and his Arabic Rejez are a joy and delight to many, it is unjust that the Turkish lovelings should be left without a share, an omission which might moreover eventually prove a defect in the foundation of the edifice of his fame. The musky-haired beauty's words seemed good to Fuzūlī who, although at that time engaged on work of greater import (one cannot help wondering what it was),

¹ Fuzūlī wrote a complete Diwān in Persian, of which there is in the British Museum a manuscript marked Add. 7785, and which has been lithographed in Tabriz.
resolves to carry out the suggestion and collect into a Diwán the various Turkish ghazels which he had written from the days of his childhood. He therefore set to work, and, having requested his friends to return the poems which he had from time to time given them, compiled the book which has made him immortal. The first part of the foregoing pretty little story is quite conventional, and probably entirely fictitious; those old Turkish poets seem to have had no lack of encouragement from fair friends, so perhaps it is not astonishing that they were so industrious.

The Diwán itself opens with a number of qasidas which are for the most part panegyrics on Sultan Suleymán and certain Ottoman officials, probably connected with the government of Baghdad. Poetry of this kind was altogether alien to the genius of Fuzulî, so that nothing very remarkable can be looked for here, and, as a matter of fact, his qasidas are surpassed by those of several of his contemporaries. Very different are the ghazels, some three hundred in number, in which Fuzulî pours out his heart, and sighs and smiles by turns. The few stanzaic pieces which follow are very quaint and pretty, being lighter and brighter in tone than the ghazels; if the sighs are heard more often in the latter, we have the smiles in fuller measure here. A section of quatrains (rubâ’îs) brings the Diwan proper to a close, but some copies have further a few pieces celebrating the triumphs of the Ottoman arms in the East. These, as well as the qasidas, partake of the nature of court poetry, and both sections are usually omitted in manuscripts and printed editions of the Diwan, which loses little of value and gains much in unity of tone and feeling by their absence.

The true Diwan of Fuzulî, that is the Diwan, as we have it with the court poetry eliminated, is inspired by love, and by love alone; the spirit of love, or rather of love’s sadness,
exhales from all its pages. This love of Fuzúli's, to the glory of which his whole Diwán is one long rapturous hymn, is of a nature so subtle and etherealised that one doubts whether its object had any existence on the material plane at all. The beloved is rarely presented to us as a human creature formed of flesh and blood; we are conscious only of a vague presence of more than mortal beauty, and clothed about with radiance, but intangible, impalpable as the vision of a saint. Had this beloved any objective existence, or was the whole but a poet's dream, and this fair being no more than the personification of the writer's ideal of all loveliness? No one can tell; we can only guess; it may be that there was, or once had been, some one whom the poet loved and through his love invested with all that he could conceive of grace and beauty, and whose image abode in his heart clad in this garment of perfection which had no counterpart in the outer world. Be that as it may, Fuzúli's love is of the purest; unsullied by any stain of the sordid or the earthly, it is such as the angels in heaven might bear to one another.

Here again Fuzúli is the mirror of his age. The loves of the poets of this time are always more or less mystical and transcendental, and have, for the most part, an air of unreality about them. Similarly, the erotic aspect of love is hardly recognised in Turkish poetry till the more objective spirit of the Transition Period begins to assert itself. 2

1 The Diwán of Fuzúli was printed at Buláq in 1254 (1838—9), and his Leylâ and Mejnân (under the title of Manzúma-i-Fuzúli) in Constantinople in 1264 (1847—8). His Kullîyyát, or complete Turkish works, were printed at Constantinople in 1291 (1874).

2 Except in the nuptial scenes in certain of the romances, where the whole business is set forth in a series of metaphors, sometimes obscure, sometimes daring enough; but the matter is never unduly insisted upon; it is neither accentuated nor shirked, but takes its natural place in the story, and may fill some thirty or forty lines in a mesneví of three or four thousand couplets.
In one respect, however, Fuzuli's good taste raises him above the spirit of his age. He has none of that unnatural and unbecoming misogyny, real or affected, which was at this time fashionable among the learned men of Persia and Turkey. Indeed, one of the very few more tangible and plain-spoken poems in his Diwan is frankly addressed to a girl, his 'Kafir qizi' or 'paynim maid,'¹ a proceeding from which Ahmed Pasha or Ishâq Chelebi would have shrunk in horror.

Fuzuli has but two or three strings to his lyre, tuned though these be to perfect harmony, and it is more than probable that the European reader of to-day would find his Diwan, as he would that of most Eastern poets, somewhat monotonous reading. But to the student of Oriental poetry it is a veritable treasure-house of delights; there is scarcely a ghazal but contains at least one couplet enshrining some gem of thought or fancy. Graceful and unlooked for little pictures, quaint and loveable as those charming designs wherewith the artists of Japan delighted to beautify their inros and their tsubas, await us on well-nigh every page, and by their infinite variety dispel all feeling of melancholy and dreary sameness, so that what might otherwise have been a dull cloud of tearful monotony becomes a shimmering pearly haze blending all things into harmonious unity.

Fuzuli's second great work, his version of the romance of Leylî and Mejnûn, belongs to the last period of his life. In the epilogue he speaks of himself as one from whose hands the capital of life has passed and who has profited nothing from all that he has done. A little further on he indicates in a chronogram the year in which the work was finished 963 (1556), which as we have seen is probably the

¹ Not necessarily a Jewess or a Christian, but merely a tyrant to her lover. See poem No. 200.
year of his death. The poem opens in the usual way with the praises of God and the Prophet; these are followed by panegyrics on Sultan Suleymán and Veys Bey, who was governor of Baghdad, and to whom several of the poet’s qasidas are addressed. Then comes the ‘Occasion of the Writing of the Book.’ One day the poet was at a wine-feast with certain accomplished friends from Rûm; the talk ran upon poets and poetry, upon Sheykhî and Ahmedi, Jelîlî and Nizâmî, when Fuzûlî, becoming exhilarated by the good cheer, fell to vaunting his own poetic powers. Thereupon his companions proposed to him that he should undertake the story of Leylâ and Mejnûn, for although there were many versions of the tale in Persian, there was as yet none in Turkish. Much against his inclination Fuzûlî consented, for the story was a sad one, giving no joy to either thought or fancy (had it been otherwise many of the talented would have handled it before); but he perceived that the proposal was made as a test of his powers, and it was less painful to set to work on it than to begin and make excuses.

This story may or may not be historical; but the statement that the romance of Leylâ and Mejnûn had never been treated in Turkish is of course absolutely wrong. Fuzûlî may be excused if he never heard of the obscure writers Bihishti and Khayâlî who made Ottoman versions in the days of Selîm the Grim, and even if he was ignorant of the rendering given

The printed texts read which is obviously incorrect as it gives the sum 1873, a Hijra date from which we are still more than a half a millennium distant. I have therefore ventured, though without authority, to amend it as above. The British Museum has a MS. of the poem, but the text of this is not very full, and among the omitted passages is that containing the chronogram. A further difficulty is, however, raised by the fact that the poem is cited by Latîfî, who finished his Tezkire in 953 (1546—7).

1 Called Uveys in the British Museum MS.
by Hamdí, whose Joseph and Zelikhá eclipsed all his other work; but he ought to have known that Nevâ'î had treated the story in Jaghatay Turkish some sixty years before.

The romance itself is merely the slender story of the desert beauty and her frenzied lover,¹ but told with that passion combined with simplicity which we should expect from Fuzuli. Many ghazels in the poet’s own characteristic and eloquent style are scattered through the narrative. These ghazels are put into the mouths of the actors, usually at some point where their feelings are strung to so high a pitch that they seem unable to find relief save in a lyric outburst. The same tone of gentle melancholy that runs through the Diwán pervades this poem; but the style is simpler, there are fewer quaint conceits, there is less of fantastic imagery, while the language is perhaps a trifle freer from provincialisms and dialectal peculiarities.

In the pathetic little story of Leylá and Meijnun Fuzuli has a subject well suited to his genius. Like many another great poet, he did not care to invent his story; he was content to take one that was already common property, and by the magic of his treatment turn it to his own. The story of Shîrîn is more dramatic, that of Joseph more picturesque, but neither would have afforded such scope for the exercise of the writer’s special gifts, and he acted wisely in making the selection that he did, or in following the advice of his companions, if we suppose the story in the prologue to be true.

Fuzuli’s Leylá and Meijnun is without doubt the most beautiful mesnevi that had yet been written in the Turkish language, and it is very questionable whether it has ever been surpassed. There is one poem, and one only, that can compete with it, that is Sheykh Ghalib’s Husn u’ Ashq o

¹ See vol. ii, pp. 172-190. Fuzuli followed Jami rather than Na‘ami in this narrative.
Beauty and Love, written late in the Transition Period, the last romantic mesnevi in Turkish literature. This fine poem is more powerful and far more original than Fuzuli's, but it cannot compare with the older work in pathos or intensity: according to the reader's temperament will be his preference.

Fuzuli's poem consists of nearly 3400 couplets, and is written in the same metre as the prototype by Nizami.

Fuzuli has two other poetical works, the Sáqi-Náma or Cup-bearer Book, and the Beng u Báda or Nepenthe and Wine. Both are short mesnevis, the former containing a little over 300 couplets, the second about 440; but the Sáqi-Náma is in Persian, and so outside our present sphere. The Beng u Báda, which is in Turkish, must have been one of its author's earliest works, for although the year of composition is not given, its dedication to Shah Isma'il fixes it as being somewhere between 907 (1501—2), when the Persians took Baghdad, and 930 (1524) when Isma'il was succeeded by his son Tahmásp. The line containing Shah Isma'il's name is omitted in many copies, doubtless because the Ottoman scribes were loath to admit that a poet whom they reckoned as one of theirs should have inscribed a book to the heretical sovereign who had dared to withstand the grim Selím.¹ The poem is a phantasy conceived in the same spirit as Lámi'i's Contention between Spring and Winter, but written wholly in verse. When Fuzuli wrote, the use of the opiate called

¹ The line is, however, supplied by the printed edition of Fuzuli's Complete Works. (Kulliyât-i Fuzuli).
beng (which we may translate by nepenthe) had become very prevalent in the East, especially among the doctors and men of learning, many allusions to whose fondness for it are to be found in the poem. It was proving a formidable rival to wine for the suffrages of the devotees of pleasure, and Fuzúlí figuratively describes the competition between them as a struggle between two Kings. King Wine is seated surrounded by his courtiers 'Araq, Nebíd, and Boza, when Sáqí (Cup-bearer) arrives and tells how he has been at the court of King Beng who boasts himself lord of all, and master even of King Wine. The latter takes counsel of those present and determines to send Boza on an embassy to Beng, demanding his submission. Beng naturally scorns such a course, and having talked the matter over with his friends Afyon (opium) and Ma'jún (electuary), sends the latter to Wine with a counter demand. The result is that they go to war, Beng being eventually defeated. The little work is interesting as throwing light upon certain byways of life in those days, but its poetical value is of the slightest. There is in it no trace of Fuzúlí's proper style, nor, so far as I can see, any promise of his future distinction; its interest is merely that of a curiosity.

Both Latifí and Qínáli-záde say that Fuzúlí is the author of a Khamsa, or set of five long mesnevis which the former further declares to be a 'response' to the famous Khamsa of Nizámí. Neither, however, knows any detail except that the story of Leylá and Mejnún forms the subject of one of the five. 'Áhídí, while specially mentioning the Leylá and Mejnún as being Fuzúlí's work 'in the mesnevi form', says nothing whatever about this alleged Khamsa. No particulars

1 Beng or bang (like hashish, chana, kit, etc.) is a preparation of Indian hemp (Cannabis Indica).
2 'Araq (raq) is spirit; nebíd (or nebdz) is date-wine; boza is a drink made from malted millet.
concerning it are forthcoming, no copy of it is known to exist. Ekrem Bey says that, having seen it mentioned in certain Tezkires, he applied to several libraries in Constantinople, but no manuscript was to be found. It therefore seems to me that the two Western biographers are in error in their ascription of a Khamsa to Fuzuli. We have already seen that their information about this poet is vague and uncertain; and it is incredible that in those days one mesnevî out of a set of five should have attained the celebrity of Fuzuli's Leylá and Mejnûn, while the remaining four should have been so utterly and absolutely forgotten that their very names are lost. Again, had the poet written a Khamsa, it is scarcely likely that 'Ahdî would have passed it over in complete silence, referring at the same time to the single poem of Leylā and Mejnûn as being Fuzuli's work in mesnevî, as though this were the only thing of importance he had achieved in that form. It is much more probable that Latifi received and chronicled a piece of erroneous information, which Qinâlı-zâde, either through negligence or inability, failed to check before transferring to his own work.

In prose Fuzuli wrote a history of the Holy Family of Islam, which he called Hadîqat-us-Su'âdâ or The Garth of the Blessed. This work, which deals chiefly with the sufferings and martyrdoms of the Imâms Hasan and Huseyn, the grandsons of the Prophet, follows the lines of the Persian Rawzatush-Shuhadá, or 'Garden of Martyrs,' of Huseyn Vâ'îz, 1 but comprises many details collected from other sources. It contains a very beautiful elegy, in the Terkîb-Bend form, on the Imâm Huseyn, who was slain in the desert of Kerbelá,

1 Huseyn Vâ'îz died in 910 (1504—5): amongst his numerous writings is the Anvâr-i Suheylî, or 'Lights of Canopus', a book of fables, the Turkish translation of which, called the Humâyûn-Nâma or 'Imperial Book', made by 'Alî Chelebi about this time, is reckoned among the finest prose works of the Old School.
along with his little band of followers, after a long and brave resistance, by the army of the usurping Caliph Yezid.

There is further a petition addressed by Fuzúlî to the Nishánji Pasha protesting against the action of the local authorities who refused to comply with the instructions of the Sultan’s order granting him a pension, and requesting the assistance of that officer. This letter, which is called the Shikáyet-Náma or 'Plaint' of Fuzúlî, is held by the modern critics to be among the best examples of early Turkish prose; it is simple and natural in tone, with a certain naïveté even in its conceits. It is written in the Ottoman dialect.

The following ghazels are taken from the Điwaña; the reader will observe how different they are in tone from those of any preceding poet, and how much closer than usual is the connection between the several couplets.

Ghazel. [192]

O my loved one, though the world because of thee my foe should be,
'Twere no sorrow, for thyself alone were friend even for me.

Scorning every comrade's rede, I cast me blindly midst of love;
Ne'er shall foe do me the anguish I have made myself to dree.

Dule and teen shall never fail me long as life and frame abide;
Life may vanish, frame turn ashes: what is life or frame to me?

Ah, I knew not union's value, ere I tasted parting's pain;
Now the gloom of absence makes me many a dim thing clear to see.

Smoke and embers are for me, O gard'ner, cypress-tree and rose;
What should I with bower? Thine the bower, mine the tree, perdne!

Vonder Moon hath bared her glancer's glaive; be not unheeding, heart;
For denree this day are better war to me and death to thee.

O Fuzúlî, though that life should pass, from love's way pass not I
By the path where lovers wander make my grave, I pray of ye.
Ghazel. [193]

Whensoe'er I call to mind the feast of union 'twixt us twain,
Like the flute, I wail so long as my waste frame doth breath retain.¹

'Tis the parting day; rejoice thee, O thou bird, my soul, for now
I at length shall surely free thee from this cage of dule and pain.²

Lest that any, fondly hoping, cast his love on yonder Moon,
'Gainst her tyranny and rigour unto all I meet I plain.

Ah, my tears of blood suffice not for my weeping eyes' outlay,
So each moment from my vitals aid to borrow am I fain.³

Grieve not I whate'er injustice rivals may to me display;
'Gainst my dear's despite, I teach my heart injustice to sustain.

Well I know I ne'er shall win to union with thee, still do I
Cheer at times my cheerless spirit with a hope as fond as vain.

I have washed the name of Mejnûn off the face of earth with tears;
O Fuzûlî, surely I likewise a name on earth shall gain.

Ghazel. [194]

Feres are heedless, spheres are ruthless, Fortune is inconstant quite;
Woes are many, friends not any, strong the foe, and weak my plight.

Past away hope's gracious shadow, passion's sun beats fierce and hot;
Lofty the degree of ruin, lowly is the rank of right.

Little power hath understanding, louder aye grows slander's voice,
Scant the ruth of fickle Fortune, daily worsens Love's despite.

I'm a stranger in this country,⁴ guile-beset is union's path;
I'm a wight of simple spirit, earth with faerie shows is dight.

¹ The flute wails so long as the player's breath is in it; the poet wails
till his breath ceases, i. e. till he dies, or till he swoons for sorrow.
² That is, from the body.
³ The liver (the seat of passion) was supposed to be formed of blood in
a solid state.
⁴ The world.
Every slender figure's motions form a stream of sorrow's flood,
Every crescent-brow's a head-line of the scroll that madness hight.

Learning's dignity's unstable as the leaf before the wind;
Fortune's workings are inverted, like the trees in water bright.

Sore desired the frontier, fraught with anguish lies the road of trial;
Yearned for is the station, all the path of proof beset with fright.

Like the harp's sweet voice, the longed for beauty bides behind the veil;
Like the bubbles on the wine, reversed the beaker of delight.

Separation is my portion, dread the way to union's land;
Ah, I wept not where to turn me, none is here to guide aright.

Tears of cramoisie have seized on Fuzuli's sallow cheek;
Lo, what shades the Sphere cerulean maketh thereupon to light.

_Ghazel. [195]_

Ay, belike these wine-dregs are the dust of one whose heart was fair,
So the bubbles o'er them fashion domes with reverential care.  

When my tears and sighs thou sightest, rain and levin deem not these;
Ken not I my plight, but weep and burn for me the clouds o' the air.

What the use of that vain question, thou who askest of my case?
Ask, an so thou please, but never aught of answer shalt thou hear.

O'er my tomb, amidst the waste of woe, should e'er the whirlwind-tree
Rear its head, to stint thy water round that tree, mirage, forbear.

Never having won to union with the Leyla fair, O sun,
Dost thou, like to me, turned Mejam, wander o'er the desert bare.  

1 The word _perda_ means both 'veil' and 'note' (in music), and is here used in both senses.
2 Little domes are raised over the tombs of saints in the East. Here the dregs of the wine are supposed to have once formed part of the body of some holy man, and, by the figure humana talis, the bubbles are said to be the domes raised over these.
3 The sun crosses the deserts over which Mejmun used to wander when he went melancholy mad for the love of Leyla.
Yonder Goddess reared her eyebrow, shrine-ward turn not I my face;¹
Let me be, O zealot, vex not me, so thou do God revere.

All thy life-coin thou hast squandered one fair Idol's love to win;
O Fuzúlî, woe is to thee, if this compt be called for e’er.

Ghazel. [196]

Cast the veil from thy moon-cheek, the morn doth ray;
Forth! for forth is come the sun to take survey.

Surely my heart-strings suffice thee, knot thou these;
Only curl no more those jasmine-locks, I pray.²

Roaming flushed, cast not thy glance on every side;
Ah! consign not all the world to waste dismay.

Toward thy lovers leave not thou to turn thine eyes;
Hold thee from the heart-consuming wail away.

Every night I count the stars till morning break;
Thou, the night apart from whom's my Reckoning-Day.

Hell he ne’er shall sight who burns for thy disdain,
None to torment doomed may win to Heaven a way.⁴

Earth's duresse hath cast me from my feet adown;
Give me wine, cup-bearer, that doth dule allay.

Oh! have ruth upon those fallen for thy love;
Hast no meed a guerdon-gaining deed to' assay?

Should the loved one ask, 'How fareth it with thee,
'Sick Fuzúlî:' what wouldst thou in answer say?

¹ Here the mihrāb or prayer-niche (see vol. i, p. 224, n. 1) is coupled with the eyebrow, on account of its arched top.
² That is, jasmine-scented locks.
³ The Reckoning-Day is properly the Day of Judgment; here Fuzúlî boldly calls the night spent apart from his beloved his Reckoning-Day; literally, because he counts the stars all night (i.e. lies awake); and metaphorically, on account of the torments he suffers.
⁴ And Hell itself would be Heaven compared to the torment caused by thy disdain.
Ghazel. [197]

Lo thy mole hath thrown my fortune all a-tangle like thy hair;
Ne'er a day, O free from dolour, wilt thou ask me, 'How dost fare?'

Heart, yon cypress-figure's shade is past away from o'er thy head;
Weep, for now thy blithesome fortune changeth into drear despair.

Never would I let the spirit's tablet deck the body's wall,
Were it not, O dearest one, that Love had drawn thine image there.

Though thou dost not draw the glaive of wrath to work my death forthright,
Yet forsooth some day 'twill slay me, this despite thou mak'st me bear.

Yearning for that mole so musky and that ruddy cheek o' thine
Whelms the pupils of mine eyes mid the liver's gore for e'er.

O thou bird, my heart, I rede thee, keep thee from Love's snare away,
Ere the stone of slight have broken these thy plumes and pinions fair.

Like thy shadow, hath Fuzůlī lain for long before thy feet,
In the hope that thou may'st one day tread him prone before thee there.

Ghazel. [198]

Goddess, when I sight thy figure wonder makes me dumb to be;
He who sees my plight and fashion for a figure holdeth me.

Naught of love to me thou showest, naught of ruth, till now at length
Passion for thy locks doth tread me like the shadow on the lea.

Weak my star, my fortune adverse, yet withal thy gracious mien
Ever fills my soul with yearning's bond for union with thee.

Thou a princess; I, a beggar, may not woo thee; what can I?
Yearning dazeth me with fancies vain I ne'er can hope to see.

Shoot not forth thy glance's dart, it smites my vital, spilts my blood;
Cast not loose thy knotted tresses, for they work my tormentous

1 I would never consent to live on but for the picture of thee which Love has drawn in my mind.
2 That is, for a lifeless form.
Destiny long since hath vowed me to the love of darlings fair;
Every moon-bright one doth make me thrall of down and mole to be.

O Fuzulì, never shall I quit the path of Love, because
Through his virtue gain I entrance mid the noble company.¹

Ghazel. [199]

Ah, the happy days when thy dear face was aye before my sight,
When the lamp of union with thee filled the eye of hope with light.

Then the joy of being near her made the ailing body whole,
Then the cheer of union with her brought the weary heart respite.

Radiant was my welfare's taper, mighty was my fortune's star,
Current was my glory's edict, prosperous my pleasure's site.

Naught of censure's dust had lighted on the skirt my gladness wore;
Far the envier's eye, far distant from my party of delight.

Then was I a man, right welcome was I at her gracious court;
Mine abode was Heav'n; my drink, Kevser; my fere, a houri bright.

Fate was bidden to accomplish whatsoever thing I sought,
Time was bounden strait to order everything I wished aright.

Whatsoever prayer I uttered found an answer meet straightway,
Whatsoever boon I cried for granted freely was forthright.

Naught of grief, foreboding parting, suffered I to reach my heart,
Though I saw how Fortune ever dealeth dolour and despite.

What then if the Sphere do cast Fuzulì midst of parting's pains? —
In the days of union bode he still a vain and heedless wight.

The following mukhammes is taken as an example of Fuzulì's stanzaic poems; it is that already referred to as being addressed to the Paynim maiden, and is written in a slightly humorous style.

¹ Da quel giorno in qua' ch'amor m'accese
Per lei son fatto e gentile e cortese.

Luigi Pulci.
Mukhammes. [200]

Thou whose body silk y-clad is attar within crystal clear. 1
Gleaming water is thy breast, thy buttons shine the bubbles here; 2
Thou'rt so bright earth hath no power to gaze upon thy beauty sheer:
Naked did'st thou rise and cast the veil and coif from thee, my dear,
Ne'er a doubt when'er it saw thee, earth were ravished far and near.

Lo, the heart hath limned thy golden bower and told thy rubies' ray; 3
And the rubies in thine ear have harkened heedful to its say. 4
While the comb thy hair companions, love-sick I am far away;
Every time it opes a tangle, bites the comb in am'rous play:
Many a tangle knots my heart-strings, envying its goodly cheer.

Ruffled I of yonder musky hair thy fillet red doth crown;
'Neath the golden anklets that thy silvery legs adorn I'm prone.
Think not I am like thy fillet void of thy sun-love, O Moon;
Nay, my semblance is the golden chain about thy cheek that's thrown. 5

Pangs a thousand from thy glances' shafts my woeful breast doth bear.

1 The sweet body is the attar of roses; the diaphanous silk dress, the crystal vessel.
2 By extension, the 'buttons' may further allude to the lady's breasts.
3 This is a very difficult line:

"لدن النجليك، مها أنثى، وتنغط، ونوي معقلات صوغر" (Lamed, Series 5, No. 224, page 207a)

"The heart hath drawn (depicted) thy golden pavilion and given news of thy rubies."

Remembering that Lazăh often use "golden" for "red," and vice versa, the meaning seems to be somewhat as follow:

"My heart, bleeding (red) through love of thee recall thy red pavilion (apparently some apartment or krouque adorned with gilding or red paint), and similarly gives a hint of (the color of) thy rubies, red lip."

4 The rubies in thine ear thy ruby cunning, or perhaps thy covet;
5 This line contains a turn of phrase equivocal that cannot be reproduced in translation. Midh (translated sun-love) mean, both sun and love; the fillet
Tulip-red thy hands with henna, and with surma black thine eyne:
Like to thee is ne'er a beauty thus bedecked so fair and fine.
Shafts thy glances, bows of poplar green those painted brows o' thine;
Still unto thy glance and eyebrow doth Fuzuli c'er incline: —
Passing strange the bird should fly not bow and arrow, filled with fear!

The following will serve as a specimen of the rubā‘ís.

Rubā‘ī. [201]

If thou desire thy love, self-love forego;
If thy desire be self, thy love forego.
With love of self may ne'er a love be gained:
So love thereof, or love hereof, forego.

Before taking leave of the Dīwān, I shall quote a few stray couplets from different ghazels, which are both pretty and characteristic of the author’s style.

being in thy hair, does not embrace thy mihr, i.e. sun (-like face), but the chain, hanging round thy cheeks, does: so I am not like the former, but like the latter, as I too embrace thy mihr ‘love,’ i.e. love of thee is within my heart.

1 Henna (properly hinna, but usually pronounced qina in Turkish) is the plant Lawsonia inermis, from the leaves of which is made the red dye used by Eastern ladies for staining the nails and sometimes parts of the hands and feet; men occasionally use it for dyeing the beard.

2 Surma, the preparation of antimony used for darkening the edges of the eyelids.

3 The comparison of the eyebrow to a bow, and of the glance to the shaft or arrow is a favourite.

4 Fuzulī here speaks of the eyebrows as ‘vesmelu,’ i.e. painted with indigo, and likens them to bows of green poplar. The ‘green poplar’ (yeshil toz) may be some particular variety of the tree, or it may mean merely a young poplar: in either case the word ‘green’ has a secondary reference to the indigo-stained eyebrows, and is an instance of the identification of the colours blue and green. [In a pencil-note of the Author’s which I found lying between the pages the following parallel passage is cited from Zihni’s Yusuf and Zelkhá: —

ابدوب وسعنل بینین ابروانه، بیشل را باقلاندی مشکین کمانه؛

‘Adorning her eyebrows with indigo, she bound the green bow-string to the black (mousy) bow.’ ED.]
Couplets.

Yonder Moon knew naught of how I burned upon the parting-day;
Kens the sun about the taper burning all night long till morn?
Day by day the heart-consuming flame of absence fiercer grew;
Brighter shines the moon's refulgence as it further leaves the sun.
Strange a secret that of love, for cre to any wight I spake,
Voices through the town were crying how I loved thee fond and dear.
All the world through thee rejoiceth, I alone am thrall to dole;
Dole is forth the world departed, and hath homed within my soul.
Whate'er the bondage be, 'tis sheer distress; a cage would only grieve
The nightingale, although they formed it all of branches of the rose.
Ah Fuzuli, lo, the Sphere hath bowed our frame, as though 'twould say,
'Bend thee down, for now 'tis time that through the door of life thou pass.'
The zephyr will not let the tender rose-leaf kiss the dust that lies
Aneath thy feet until the dew hath laved its face an hundred times.
Ne'er could they the tyrant glaive of those thy Shirin-lips aby,
Though the Sphere should, like to Ferhad, fashion lovers' frames of stone. 1
Neither roseleaf glads nor rose expands the stricken heart of me,
Sore it yearneth for that smiling lip and red red cheek of thine.
To hear the praises of thy pearly teeth the sea is tain,
And so its car may ever be seen upon the shore. 2

1 An allusion to Ferhad's sculpturing the figure of Shirin and Khawar on Mount Bistun.
2 The demix qalagh or sea car is what we call the coxcomb. The couplet supplies an example of the ominous but original imagery which Fuzuli at times affects.
Let us now look at a couple of passages from the Leylá and Mejnún; the first tells how Mejnún redeemed the gazelle from the hunter in the desert, touched with pity because he saw in it a fellow-sufferer, and because its eyes reminded him of Leylá’s.

From Leylá u Mejnún. [203]

He saw where a hunter had set his snare
To ensnare the gazelles at unaware.
A gentle fawn in his snare was caught,
Its black eye with tears of blood were fraught.
Its neck entangled, its feet bound fast,
Its bright eyes wet, and its heart aghast.
Mejnún had ruth on its drearihead:
He gazed and rosy tears he shed. ¹
That hapless one came his heart anear,
And gently he spake to the hunter there:
‘Have ruth on this fawn, I pray of thee;
‘Who would not pity this misery?
‘O hunter, slay not this hapless one:
‘Have ruth on thy soul, and let it be gone.
‘O hunter, beware, this crime evade;
‘Knowest not that blood is by blood repaid?
‘O hunter, give thou its blood to me,
‘And make not its heart the fire to dree.’
‘It is thus that I live,’ the hunter said,
‘I shall loose not its feet though I lose my head.
‘If the life of this quarry I should spare,
‘How would my wife and my children fare?’
Mejnún gave him all his gear with glee,
Of every leaf he stripped his tree;
He loosed the bonds of that sweet gazelle,
And rejoiced its woeful heart right well.
He stroked its face with a weary groan,
He gazed in its eyes and thus made moan:
‘O thou, as the desert whirlwind fleet,

¹ The rosy tears, i. e. red tears, tears of blood, i. e. shed in anguish.