With slender body fostered sweet,
The adorn of all earth's roses thou,
Rose-fair in all of thy poses thou,
O greeneth by the stream in the desert drear,
O jasmine sweet of the desert vere,
Ah leave not unhappy me alone,
Be thou my guide through the desert lone!
Come, wander with me for a day or twain,
And loathe me not for that I am man;
Nor run, like the tears, from my weeping eyne,
Nor speed thee hence from this path of mine.
In the fount of mine eyen make thy stay;
 despise not our resting-place, I pray.
In the pupil of mine eye abide,
My lashes and tears will food provide.
O thou who recallest my beauty's e'en,
Oh! help me to thole that beauty's teen.
When thou mak'st me to dream of Leylâ's e'e,
Do thou pour thy comfort on weary me.'
Since he had abandoned human cheer,
The fawn became his companion dear.
Thereafter many a fair gazelle
Did wander with him o'er the desert fell.

The second passage is the death of Leylâ.

From the Same. \[204\]

She told her God of her secret pain,
Of the thing whereof her heart was pain:
O Judge of the Resurrection Day,
O King of the throne of equity,
I am wasted sore by despair's white flame;
O God, how I weary of this flame.
Since before my love I'm no more desired.

1 As we might say, in my heart of heart.
2 The lasher, representing the blade of god, the tear, the wiser.
3 Mepman, having lost his reason, knew not what he said to Leylâ at their first interview.
O God, of this life am I full tired.
I am the taper of parting's night;
For burning and black is my dreary plight.
Distraught by the world's despite am I,
I ne'er shall rest till the day I die.
I should pray: "Let my body bide for aye!"
Were it like that union should tide some day.
I'm the sun in the sign of radiancy,
I know that my frame the veil must be.
Unite me with death, O Lord of ruth,
'For the way of Death is the way of Truth!'
Her prayer was pure, and the answer came;
And feeble and feeble grew her frame.
The unwholesome air it wrought her ill,
And weakness grew on her body still.
Her dolour increased upon her e'er,
And the shivering fever left her ne'er.
Faint in the fever that fairy one,
Like a taper that is by the flame undone.
Dimmed by disease was her beauty's ray,
Like a rose whose freshness is past away.
At length so feeble and weak her plight,
That she lay on her bed both day and night.
Who had sought to look on her there, I ween,
Would scarce her wasted frame have seen.
Away were borne health's emblems fair,
And the ensigns of death were gathered there.
Then joyous, her bashfulness cast off,
She told to her mother her secret love:
'O mother, balm of my heart's desire,
'O mother, light of my longing's fire,
'I am come to death for my hidden ill;
'So long as I might, I have borne it still;
'But now that the time is come to go,
'Tis meet that I tell thee my secret woe.
'O weary one, imagine ne'er
'That I am slain by the sword o' the air;
'No fever flros in my body play,
'Except the anguish of love-dismay.
'A helpless and weeping lover I,
'Distraught for a moon-faced one I lie;
'A-yearning for him am I undone,
'A-longing for him my life is gone.
'Sore have I cried for his beauty sheen,
'But union with him I ne'er have seen.
'And now I go with his words in my heart;
'Whate'er betide, these have been my part.
'Not only I am of love forlorn,
'And wail for that dearest one and mourn:
'He too is love-smitten of woeful me,
'Distraught mid the wastes of misery.
'Alack, for me is his reason gone,
'And he who was Qays is as Mejniin known.¹
'For me he passeth his days in dole,
'Nor once hath he won to the longed-for goal.
'Of ill repute in the age through me,
'A by-word in every land is he.
'Not vainly his tears and sighs are spent,
'For am not I by his failings brett?
'O mother, faithful my whole life through,
'O mother, consoler in every woe,
'When I have bidden farewell to earth,
'And hence on my journey am set forth,
'As bereft of me thou dost sigh and moan
'A-passing thorough the desert lone,
'If e'er thy footsteps should chance that way
'Do thou my woes to that fair one say,
'Take heed when to him thou com'st anigh:
'He is gracious, pass him not heedless by,
'Fall at his feet and his ear implore,
'And for sinful me his prayer implore,
'Then say: O lover kind and true,
'Sad Leyla hath given her life for you;
'Her boons of love are accomplished now.

¹ Her lover's name was really Qays, but when he became ery for her love he was called Mejniin (i.e., Resigned). See vol. ii. p. 124.
Nor hath she failed to fulfil her vow.  
Then say this to him from woeful me:  
O boaster of love and of constancy,  
To me life's harem is now shut fast,  
I am free of joy and delight at last.  
O come thou hither, make no delay;  
I am waiting for thee, do not heedless stay.  
So thou likewise art of faithful plight,  
Bide not, but abandon the world forthright.  
Come, let us love as our hearts are fain,  
In a land where is none to work us pain.  
I have found the way to the realms of peace,  
Where taunts of friends and of rivals cease.  
If me once more thou art fain to see,  
In the name of God come hither to me.'  
When of her charge she had made an end,  
That wayfarer forth on her way did wend.  
She called on her lover fond and kind,  
And yearning for him, her soul resigned.

The following little story from the Wine and Nepenthe occurs in the message which King Wine sends to his rival when demanding his submission; it is intended to illustrate the evil results of the opiate and the good effects of wine.

From the Beng u Báda. [205]

There was once a toper in Isfahán,  
Like to beng, a merry-headed man.  
In a fair pavilion he made his stay,  
Where he plied the wine-cup night and day.  
It befell one day that this booser's lot  
Of wine, like th' elixir of life, was not.  
From his last carouse his head was sore,  
So he took some beng the pain to cure.  
The opiate attacked him in every part,  
And darkness rusted his mirror-heart.

1 That she would die if not united with Mejnân.
It was night, but the night-illumining moon
Made the world to be envied of the noon;
Like sheeny water the clear moonlight,
The pavilion arose like a bubble bright.
Now the toper looked from the belvidere
And he took the moonlight for water clear.
"Alack," quoth he, "what a fearsome case!
Earth's aflood while I was asleep in peace!
Ere the house is filled and all is o'er,
I will plunge in the flood and gain the shore.
I shall swim, and thus shall save my life,
And I'll reach some shore where I'll rest from strife."

So he clutched a plank both firm and fast,
And himself to the ground, like a rocket, cast;
And he smote his head against a stone,
And the beng from his mouth by the blow was thrown.
Came the leeches, for wounded was his head:
"Ah! wine is the cure for him," they said.
What I have told is renown to thee: ¹
Ask the men of wit what is done by me.
Come, search this stock and this root of mine,
And see how my glory transcended thine.

This stanza occurs in the Elegy on the Imam Huseyn in Fuzuli's prose work, the Garth of the Blessed:

From a Terkib-Bend. [206]

The Family of the Cloak ² thou went'st about to slay, O Sphere,
Right foul the plan and vile the slutt thou didst display, O Sphere.
From 'mong the leysun of the clouds of hope, thou drew'st thy darts,
And hurled at them midst of the Martyrs' blest array, O Sphere.
What while all reverence was due to virtue's, barest tent.
Prostrate aneath the foment's, foot thou didst it lay, O Sphere.

¹ In these Let four lines King Wine address King Feng.
² Ali Aka, the Family of the Cloak i.e., the Holy Family of Ism, consisting of Muhammed his daughter Fatuma his husband Ali and their son Hazan and Huseyn.
For those whose lips were parched with thirst on Kerbelá the plain,
Thou mad’st the drifting sand the stream of all dismay, O Sphere. ¹
Thou hast not spared to treat as naught the honour of the Law;
Dure to the sons of Mustafá thou mad’st thy sway, O Sphere.

No ruth hadst thou on those sad ones whose hearts were turned to blood,
On those whose fortune was o’erthrown in dreary strangerhood.

Fuzúlí was, as we have seen, an Üsmánli in a political sense only; but for Suleyman’s timely occupation of Baghdad he would not have been reckoned among the Ottoman poets, and the literary history of the nation would have been the poorer by one great name which it could ill afford to lose. There have been, of course, many other Azerbáyjáni Turkish poets, but none of these has attained to anything like the celebrity of Fuzúlí, chiefly, no doubt, through lack of merit, but partly perhaps because none other among them owed to the Sultans that allegiance which would have entitled him to be inscribed on the muster-roll of the Üsmánli poets. Most of these Turkish writers were subjects of the Shahs of Persia; a few in later times have unhappily been under the Czars of Russia. It is beyond the scope of the present work to consider the writings of such Turkish poets as have no claim to be reckoned among the Ottomans, so I shall content myself with mentioning in this place, as the opportunity may not occur again, the names of a few Azerbáyjáni authors who have been brought under my notice. ² To begin with, no less a personage than the founder of the Safevi dynasty, Shah Isma’il himself, wrote a complete Díwan in this Turkish dialect, in which he takes the makhlas of Khátá’í. Then

¹ Huseyn and his followers were killed on the plain of Kerbelá, not far from Baghdad.
² A collection of Azerbayjání poems of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was published at Leipzig in 1868 by Adolph Bergé. It is entitled Dichtungen Trans-Kaukasischer Sänger des XVIII und XIX Jahrhunderts in Adserbeidschanischer Mundart.
Mesihí, who flourished under Shah ṬAbbás I and Shah Safí, wrote at least three romantic mesnevis, Verqá u Gulshá (for Verqa and Gul Sháh, the names of the hero and heroine), Dána u Dám or Grain and Snare, and Zenbúr u ʿAsel or Bee and Honey. Qavsi of Tebríz was a lyric poet who lived about the end of the seventeenth century; he is the author of a Díwán, several of the ghazels in which are confessedly imitated from Fuzúlí.
CHAPTER V.


Turning again to the west, we find in Constantinople a poet whom Von Hammer, by publishing and translating the most notable of his works, has done something to bring under the notice of Europe. This is Fazlí, whose personal name was Muhammed, and who was usually known during his lifetime as Qara Fazlí or Black Fazlí, a sobriquet probably earned by his swarthy complexion. Fazlí was the son of a saddler, and, if 'Ahdí's account is to be trusted, he devoted himself in early life to the study of mysticism, being initiated into the esoteric lore of the East by Zarífi Efendi, and eventually becoming affiliated to the Khalvetí order of dervishes. From the beginning Fazlí had a strong bias towards poetry, and he was the most prominent of those young literati who frequented the little shop where old Zátí divided his time between telling fortunes and discoursing upon poetry. He was, we are told, his master's favourite pupil, probably because he was the most gifted; and Zátí, who could scarcely keep his own body and soul together, was oddly enough the means of making his young friend's fortune. In the summer of 1530 Sultan Suleymán held a great festival, which extended over three weeks, to celebrate the circumcision of his sons Muhammed, Mustafá, and Selím. During the course of the festivities, the poets of the age were called upon to
recite the qasidas they had composed in honour of the occasion. By reason of his high repute Zātī was the first to read or declaim his poem; when he had finished, he said, 'I have a pupil of reputation, Fazlī by name; grant him permission to come forward.' The permission was granted, and Fazlī recited his qasīda immediately after his master. The Sultan, whose attention had thus been drawn to the young poet, thought so well of his abilities, that when Prince Muhammed went out shortly afterwards as governor of Magnesia, Fazlī was appointed to accompany him as diwan secretary. On Muhammed's death, the poet entered the service of Prince Mustafā, with whom he remained till the execution of that Prince in 960 (1552), when he passed into the service of Prince Selīm, who eventually succeeded to the throne. In 970 (1562) the Prince named him his diwan secretary with a fief worth 60,000 aspers a year. But Fazlī did not live long to enjoy this fortune; for in the Ramazān of the following year he passed away, and, as Qinali-zāde puts it, celebrated Beyram with the blessed houris.  

Fazlī's best work was in mesnevi; but he also wrote a Dīwān of ghazels, qasidas, and rubā'is, as well as a book called Nakhlistān or Palm-land, in the style of Sa'dī's famous Galistān or Rose-land, so presumably in mingled verse and prose. The first of his mesnevis was the Humay u Humayīn or Humāy and Humāyūn, the names of the hero and heroine, which Von Hammer has neatly rendered by Augustus and Augustā. This work, which I have never seen, but which Latifi says was in the manner of Khusrev and Shum, was most probably an imitation of the Persian poem of the same

1 971 (1563 4) according to Ali and Hāfi Khafta, but Qinali-zāde places his death in 970 (1562 4).

2 As we might say, 'he passed away during Lent and celebrated Easter with the holy angels,' Beyram being the festival at the termination of the last of Ramazān.
name written in 732 (1331—2) by Khwájú of Kirmán. This last is a romance of the orthodox type, having for subject the love adventures of Prince Humáy of the Land of the West (Zemín-i Kháver) and Princess Humáyún, daughter of the Faghfúr of China. A few couplets of the Turkish version are quoted by Latíffí.

Fazlí’s second and more important mesneví is the Gul u Bulbul or Rose and Nightingale, written, as a chronogram in the last distich tells us, in 960 (1552—3), and dedicated to Prince Mustafá. This romance, which is an expansion, in the Ball and Bat or Taper and Moth manner, of the familiar fiction of the love of the nightingale for the rose, has more originality than is usual with Turkish poems of its class. Alike in general conception and in elaboration of detail the work appears to be for the most part the author’s own; at least, I know of no Persian poem in which the Rose and Nightingale myth is thus extended into a complete allegorical romance. One series of incidents however, where the recurring seasons are personified as hostile Kings, is the same as the fundamental idea in Lámi‘í’s Contention of Spring and Winter.

The work is on the whole among the most graceful of its class; the various details and incidents are ingeniously conceived and prettily expressed; and, though not exactly brilliant, the poem forms very pleasant reading. Latíffí, of course, does not mention it, as his book was completed in 953 (1546—7), seven years earlier than the poem; but Qinálízáda speaks of it as being the most celebrated of all Fazlí’s writings, and as enjoying much favour with the public. Von Hammer, who published the Turkish text along with a German translation,¹ praises the poem for its originality and its ‘irreproachable decorum.’ He considers it the best suited

of all Turkish romantic mesnevis to the European taste, an opinion with which I do not agree; the poem appears to me to be worked out in too fantastic and far-fetched a manner to greatly please the modern reader, who would be inclined to regard the style as somewhat trivial, if not childish; while the human interest of such themes as Khusrev and Shirín or Leylâ and Mejnûn is altogether absent.

In order to give an example of the manner in which poems of this class usually open, I shall translate some passages from the prayer wherewith the book begins.

From the Gul u Bulbul. [207]

O Thou! who dost illume the Rose's torch,
And dost with fire the Bulbul's harvest scorch; ¹
Who sweetenest the soul-refreshing air,
Scenting the musky breeze with attar rare;
Who grantest to the crowned Spring the crown,
And to the Parterre Empire its renown;
Designer of the flowers' belvedere,
Unveiler of Chigi's and China's fair, ²
Bedecker of the meadow's banquet free,
Adornor of the garden company,
O Lighter of the incense of the gale,
O Striker of the late — the Bulbul's wail,
The lovely Rose her hues hath taken from Thee,
The Bulbul hath received his strain from Thee,
Yearning for Thee the Tulip's heart's core brands;
Drunk for Thy love, in clay, the Cypress stands;
'Tis through Thy favour that the earth's heart beams,
And through Thy grace that limpid run the streams.

¹ That is, the gathered store of his patience or peace of mind is consumed by the fire of love.
² Khata, i.e. Cathay, or Chinese Tartary, and, by extension, China proper, was famous among the old poets for the beauty of its girls and youth. Several Cathayan cities are mentioned in this connection especially Chigi, mentioned in the text, Vaghina, Ferghana and And.
The Violet Thine anger must have seen,
And thus its form is bowed for dute and teen. ¹
Lighted by Thee the Garden taper glows,
Branded by Thee the Tulip seared shows.
The Narcisse was a beggar hungry-eyed,²
To whom Thy grace a golden crown supplied.
A beauteous mouth Thou gav'st the Rosebud fair.
A sweet tongue to the Lily for its share.³
So with that mouth and tongue the Garden bright
Chanteth Thy praises ever day and night.
Each fresh green thing that in the Meadow springs
Raiseth its voice and to Thy glory sings.
But none on earth can yield Thee fitting praise:
Thy glory's strain do Thou Thyself upraise!
What wondrous power! that into being came
The Universe when Thou didst 'Be!' proclaim.⁴
Thou through Thy mercy hast created earth,
And thus the Hidden Treasure hast shown forth.⁵
From Thee the powers of earth and water be,
The germinant its virtue hath from Thee.
In justice Thou the elements hast phased,
And the four-columned dome of nature raised,⁶
Four opposites Thou'st bounden strait and fast,
A dragon talisman created hast.
Thou through Thy grace the Stream of Life dost grant;
And Thou providest for the snake and ant.
Thy bounty opes its hoard to all that live,
Being to all contingents Thou dost give.

¹ The bowed head of the violet is often referred to by the poets. Each of the flowers mentioned in this prologue is personified and plays its part in the romance.
² We often read of the eye of the narcissus, the reference being to the centre of the flower: the golden crown is, of course, the yellow corolla.
³ The rosebud mouth is a commonplace. The tongue of the lily refers to the shape of its leaf.
⁴ 'Kun!' i. e. 'Be!' God's fiat to creation. See Koran II, 111, and many other places.
⁵ An allusion to the well-known tradition: "I was a Hidden Treasure and I desired to be known: therefore I created Creation that I might be known."
⁶ Four-columned, built on the four elements of the old philosophers.
Thy master hand makes the Pen’s point to trace
Upon non-being’s page these forms of grace.

From the Same. [208]

Most Merciful! Thou madest man and jinn; 2
All-hidden, manifest, without, within.
Man Thou ordainedst noblest of the whole,
Most perfect both in beauty and in soul.
The human face Thou mad’st the mirror bright,
The lamp-niche whence is shed Thy Beauty’s light.
Thou hast the fairness of the fair shine clear,
And thus hast made Thy Beauty’s sun appear.
Thou in the beauty of the fair art shown;
What’er I see is Thou, and Thou alone.
Oh, how should any lovely one be fair
Saving in her Thy Beauty mirrored were?
What doth a handful dust possess of might
That it should shine a sun the earth to light?
Thou make’st the loved one’s face with radiance glow,
Fire in the lover’s harvest Thou dost throw. 3
Thy Beauty in the charmer Thou’st displayed,
Thy Glory in the lover Thou’st portrayed.
Thou hast the ruffled locks of Mejnun twined,
And made each hair a noose to the heart to bind.
Thou through the fair Thy Beauty hast disclosed.
Through such Thy Loveliness hast Thou exposed.
Thou looke’st through lovers’ eyes; 0 Lord of Might.
And naught save Thine own Beauty meets Thy sight.

1 This Pen plays a somewhat prominent part in Muslim legend. God, we are told, in all Eternity, contemplated the perfection of a saint, entertained a divine love for the conception, resolved upon realising it, and sealed His hand: ‘Be!’ Hereupon, the potential essence of the Prophet Mohammed, the ‘Beloved of God’ (Hababullah) before all worlds, the scaphio Pen and the Hidden Tablet, starting into an eternal existence, the Pen inscribed the word on the Tablet, and that became the means of all created existence; of all spiritual and material being, that were called from nothingness to the generation of that santly conception. By that Pen does God wrote in the Koran.

2 The jinn of genera, the spirits, or demons of earth and air.

3 See p. 111 n. 1 supra.
Thou'rt thus the Lover of Thy Beauty grown;
None's worthy of Thee save Thyself alone!
For those in whom Thy Beauty Thou'st portrayed
All manner love and passion are displayed.
Likewise in those through whom Thine eye is thrown
Are all the lover's pangs and yearnings shown.
Thou art alone the Truth mid all that seems,
All else beside is fantasy and dreams.
The worlds existence is an empty dream,
A vain illusion in the mirror's gleam.
Things are the forms wherein the Names appear,¹
In all the Names God's Essence shineth clear.
Thy Beauty's sun through space its radiance threw;
These atoms, things existent, flashed in view.
Before Thy power is understanding mazed,
Sense, reason, and imagination, dazed.
Thine Essence there is none may comprehend;
Ah, that would understanding's heart-strings rend!
Thine Essence none hath understood or shown;
'We have not known Thee as Thou should'st be known!'²
Reason must in such things a school-child be;
Saving Thyself no one may know of Thee.
My God, I am a sinner stained with guile,
Aneath the hand of passion fallen, vile.
A captive, by the fair ones' love o'erthrown;
Yearning for beauties am I hoary grown.
Longing hath filled this brainless head of mine;
What though I seem a bubble on the wine?
Seeking the cup of union with the fair,
I wander o'er the beaker here and there.
With longings like to these the wine I drain,
Flinging afar asceticism's grain.
When for ablution I take up the ewer,
Methinks it holdeth dulcet wine and pure.
Obedience ³ and ablution hence I've cast,
And from all acts of formal worship past.

¹ The 'Names,' or 'Most Comely Names' correspond to the Platonic Ideas.
² This line is a Hadis or Tradition of the Prophet.
³ That is, to the formal or ritual Law.
My face I have not, neither pray by rule;
None can be far as I from such a school.
Deem not I to the mosque for good repair;
To see the Loved one's face I wend me there. ¹
If toward the Mecca-pointing niche ² I gaze,
And, erring, fold my hands like one who prays,
In fancy I am by the Dear one's gate,
And ready stand, with folded hands, to wait.

Lord, though I serve Thee not with formal part,
I yield to Thee the worship of the heart.
Since 'tis Thy Unity which I believe,
Thy ritual do I behind me leave.
Teach Thou to me Unification's way,
And guide me in the dervish-path, I pray.
Bid with Thy Face's light mine eyes to gleam,
And cause my heart fair as the bower to beam.
Leave not the wandering soul in gloom to stray,
Light with the lustre of Thy grace the way.
Far from my heart put all that leads from Thee,
And fill my soul through love with radiancy.
Let it be Thou who ever meet'st my gaze,
And let my tongue recite Thy name always.
So let my heart be filled with love for Thee,
And with Thy Unity's bright mystery,
That Being's secret to my soul lie bare,
That wheresoe'er I look, I see Thee there;
That wheresoe'er my heart its glance may turn,
It may in all the Face of God discern!
Deep draught, of Love unto my spirit give,
My self annihilate that I may live!
That drunk with love, I may exclaim, 'O He!
'Naught in existence saving Him I see!'
And that my heart 'No God but God' may cry,
Not ever ought save God alone desire.

¹ Compare some verses by Abu Nuwas, Harun in Kasih, by von Krenner at p. 74 of his Gliick und andre Schriften (Leipzig, 1874).
² The mihrab, or arched niche in the mosque which indicates the direction of Mecca.
To such destruction point my soul the way, 
That one to her become the Yea and Nay!

We shall content ourselves with a brief mention of Ebu-su'úd, who though not a great poet, was one of the greatest legists that Turkey has produced. Born in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, in 896 (1490–1), of a family originally from Kurdistan, he early distinguished himself by his talent and ability, which gained for him the patronage of Mu'eyyed-záde and later of Ibn Kemál. After filling a number of legal positions, he eventually attained to the highest, that of Muftí or Sheykh-ul-Islám, which he held for thirty consecutive years till his death at 87 years of age in 982 (1574).

He left a number of treatises in prose on legal and religious subjects. Such poetry as he wrote was for the most part in Arabic, a language for which he had the usual partiality of the Muslim doctor of old times; but the following Turkish elegy on a beloved child is singularly modern in tone, and is deservedly praised by the accomplished author of the Course of Literature, who quotes it as an example of true feeling in poetry.

Elegy. [209]

Come, O thou blessed of spright, my angel of light, O come! 
Forspent for my yearning sore are my strength and my might, O come! 
Methought when I laid thee to rest that my life would vanish away; 
But alack! it is come not to pass, that fancy unright; O come! 
With thee was the realm of my life with fairest estate beseen; 
But now is it all o'erthrown, and dreary my plight; O come! 
O thou, who makest thy tears to rain as a cloud! as to Fate, — 
Me too hath it made to weep; let our tears unite, O come! 
Of prayer and entreaty at length thou hast made an end, O heart, 
That dear comes not, so to him let us fare forthright, O come!

Yahyá Bey is in many ways among the most interesting of the Turkish poets. In the first place, he was not a Turk at all, but a European, a member of the noble Albanian
family of Dukagin. In childhood he was taken from his native land in the Devshirma or Collection, as that species of conscription was called under which the Turks in old times used annually to levy a certain number of young boys from the subject Christian populations to train for service in the janissaries and sipáhis. Although Yahyá became in after days a good Muslim and a gallant soldier of the Crescent, he never ceased to remember with pride his early home and his high descent. Thus in the latest of his mesnevis, 1 written in his old age, when he describes himself as a weak old man bent double with the weight of years, we find him introducing a short account of his career with these words:

The chiefs and nobles of the Albanian kin,
Mine ancient race, the lords of Dukagin. 2

---

1 Galshan-i Envár.

2 fjulshan-i Envar.

Near the beginning of the Genjina-i Káz he makes another reference to his nationality:

The Albanian race is my race,
All my house live by the sword.
What though that lion-o'erthrowing band
Falcon-like make their home among the rocks?
There is this virtue in him who is of Albanian race,
He is like the jewel, found among the rocks.

This Dukagin family is very famous in Albanian history. It is said to have been founded about the time of the Crusades by a Norman adventurer, Don Jean, who settled in the district of Scutari and possessed himself of much of the surrounding country. His descendants, becoming Albanianized took Dukagin (for Don or Duca Jean) as their family name and on the Turkish conquest, along with most of the nobility of the country, embraced the Mahometan religion. Several members of the family distinguished themselves and attained high rank in the Ottoman service, one other besides Yahyá, namely Dukagin-zíáda Ahmed Bey 1 reckoned among the Turkish poets.
After which he tells us how the valiant lions of war, as he calls the Turkish recruiting officers, came and spread themselves among the mountains; and how fire, that is sorrow, proved to be the rising-point of radiancy, that is his fame, or his conversion to Islam; the champions, he says, bore him off from his mountains as a precious stone is carried away from among the rocks.

The youthful Albanian was of course conveyed to Constantinople, and duly entered in the corps of Ajemi Oghlans, that is of the young conscripts who were being trained to recruit the ranks of the janissaries and sipáhís. Here he displayed so much ability that he received a liberal education as a Turkish gentleman over and above the usual military and religious instruction accorded to youths in his position. His master, Shiháb-ud-Dín, the Secretary of the Janissaries, was, we are told, able to get him relieved from many routine duties, so that he might have the more time to devote to his literary pursuits.

Yahyá soon justified the exceptional treatment he had received, and, making his mark by certain qasídas and other poems, was admitted to the literary circle which gathered round Ibn Kemál, Ja‘fer Chelebi, and Qadrí Efendi. Later on he was on similar terms with Ibráhím Pasha and Iskender Chelebi, the two great patrons of letters during the earlier part of Suleymán’s reign.

Yahyá was, as we have already seen, constantly hostile to the poet Khayálí Bey of whose court favour he was jealous. On the occasion of one of his Persian campaigns, he presented Sultan Suleymán with a qasída in which he gave full rein to his hatred of his rival. This qasída came to the knowledge of Rustem Pasha who was then Grand Vezir, and was an enemy to all poets; the abuse of Khayálí pleased this minister, and he conferred upon Yahyá Bey,
who appears to have retired from the army about this time, the stewardship of a number of pious foundations in and near Constantinople. This action was, however, prompted by no love of Yahyá, but simply by the Vezir’s greater hatred of Khayálí, who was merely a poet and not a soldier as well like his rival. Rustem had not long to wait before he found an excuse for taking back all that he had given; for just at this time Suleyman was weak enough to succumb to the intrigues of the Grand Vezir and the Sultana Khurrem and to sanction the execution of his son Prince Mustafá, who was greatly beloved both by the people and the army. Yahyá Bey, never lacking in courage, wrote an elegy on the ill-fated Prince which was soon in all mouths. Rustem summoned the poet before him and asked how he dared to bewail one whom the Pádisháh had condemned, whereupon Yahyá made answer, ‘we indeed condemned him with the Pádisháh, but we bewailed him with the people.’

The Vezir tried his hardest to induce the Sultan to put Yahyá to death, but could gain no permission to do more than deprive him of his offices, which he did in the most offensive manner. The poet thereupon retired to a tief in the sanjaq of Zvornik in Bosnia, where 'Ali the historian saw him in 982 (1574–5). Yahyá, who was then an old man of over eighty, was busy arranging his Diwan, a task which he had not quite completed when death overtook him in 983 (1575–6). 'Ali informs us that the poet’s son Adem Chelebi brought to him the preface to the Diwan, it being his father’s wish that this should be submitted to the historian for revision.

The career of this Albanian soldier, who moved among Turkish gentlemen as one of themselves, then equal in every way, is full of interest as illustrating how intimate might become the relations between the conquerors and those individuals of the subject races who elected to make common
cause with them and identify their own interests with theirs. It proves, one instance out of many scattered thickly through Turkish history, that the Devshirma was not in every case necessarily an evil, but might be the door through which fame and fortune could be attained by those who would otherwise have passed their lives in obscurity. A man’s nationality was of no account; luck and ability, especially ability, were everything. Yahyá Bey did not win renown and rank because he was an Albanian, but because he was brave and talented; neither did he lose his fortune because he was an Albanian, but because he incurred the displeasure of a powerful minister, himself by birth a Croat.

Yahyá’s poetry is no less interesting than is his life. Of all the many non-Turks, Asiatics as well as Europeans, who have essayed to write Turkish poetry, he alone has won a position of real eminence. While there is nothing in his language to show that he is not a Constantinopolitan by birth as well as by education, there is a sustained simplicity, vigour, and originality in his writing which at once singles him out as essentially different from the Zátís and Khayálís by whom he was surrounded. His works betray nothing of that lack of self-confidence which is so characteristic of the contemporary Turkish poets; he scorns to be a mere translator; even in his Joseph and Zelíkhá, the only poem in his Khamsa of which the subject is borrowed, he is no paraphraser of Jámi or Firdawsí, but tells the story in a manner all his own. As he himself declares in the epilogue:

This fair book, this pearl of wisdom,
Is (of) my own imagining, for the most part;
Translation would not be fitting this story;
I would not take a dead man’s sweetmeats into my mouth.  

ثوم تولیف نطبیف و درّ معنا خیال خاصم اولدن اکثریتی
یقشمر ترجمه به داستانه اولی حلواستی آسم دهانه

1
Similarly he says in the epilogue to his Kitáb-i Usúl:

I have not translated the words of another,
I have not mixed with it [my poem] the words of strangers.
My tongue hath not been the dragoman of the Persians,
I would not eat the food of dead Persians.¹

And again at the close of the Sháh u Gedá:

(This book) is bare of the garment of borrowing,
It is clean from the canvas of translation.
I have not not taken anything at all from any one,
God knoweth, though there may be coincidences.
Whatever there be, whether good or ill,
It is my plaint, mine, this book.²

And once more in the Genjína-i Ráz:

Its (this book's) words are bare of translation,
(Thy are) things come from before the Creator (i.e. original).³

The claims of originality put forward in these passages are not unwarranted; in an age when borrowing from the 'dead Persians' was the almost universal rule, this Albanian dared to stand forth, speak out his own thoughts, and hold up to ridicule the method of his compeers. Courage of no kind was wanting to Yahyá Bey; he proved himself a brave soldier on the field of battle, he made bold to bewail the victim of imperial tyranny, and did not flinch from defying the whole literary opinion of his day.

The five mesnevís which, grouped together, make up his
Khamsa, form the most important section of Yahyá Bey’s work. These five mesnevis are the Sháh u Gedá or King and Beggar, the Yúsuf u Zelíkhá or Joseph and Zelíkhá, the Kitáb-i Usúl or Book of Precepts, the Genjína-i Ráz or Mystic Treasury, and the Gulshen-i Envár or Rosebed of Radiance.

The first of these, The King and Beggar, has always been the most popular, and is the most remarkable, of this author’s works. The claim of originality which, as we have just seen, he makes for it in the epilogue, is amply justified. The work is probably the most original mesnevi we have yet had to consider. It has nothing in common with the Persian Hiláli’s Sháh u Dervísh or King and Dervish, except a similarity of title; in general scheme and conception, as well as in matters of detail, the two poems are absolutely different. Yahyá’s object appears to have been to depict the outcome of what he conceived to be the noblest type of love when evoked by purely physical beauty. To this end he describes the beloved as a youth, and not as a girl. Apart from conformity to the fashion of his age, he has a definite reason for this choice. The love of a man for a woman is, according to him, not a pure love; that is to say, it is a love which seeks for itself the possession of its object, and in so far as it does so is a form of selfishness. The pure love must be all for love and nothing for reward; it must also be unsullied by any taint of the fleshly or the material. The vanity, the futility of such a love when lavished upon an object that is merely earthly, upon a beauty that is of form and feature only, is the motive of the poem. The beloved is therefore represented by a youth of peerless beauty, but without kindness of heart, who is poetically styled the Sháh or King, not only because of this peerless beauty, but also because of the unlimited power which he has over the heart of his
lover, who is likewise poetically styled the Beggar, as being always a suppliant for the favour of his dear one.

The poem opens in the manner which custom had rendered obligatory; the praises of God, the Prophet, and Sultan Süleyman are duly sung, and the circumstances which led to the composition of the work are recounted. As usual, a party of friends are met together, and the talk runs on literature. Some one praises Ferhád and Mejnjún, but Yahyá objects that these were not true lovers, since the goal of their love was the possession of a woman. He is thereupon requested to write a poem which shall describe true love, which he consents to do. All this is conventional enough, but with the story Yahyá's individuality begins to assert itself. Instead of being borne off to some half-mythical city in distant India or Cathay, we find ourselves in Constantinople itself, listening to a description of St. Sophia and the Hippodrome. This great square, which the Turks call the At Maydáni or Horse Square, is specially mentioned as being the favourite resort of beautiful youths. Four of these are then described in the Shehr-engíz manner, the last and fairest of whom is a lad called Ahmed, surnamed on account of his unrivalled beauty and the power which this confers, the Shah or King; and it is he who plays the part of the beloved in the story. The lover is next introduced; he is described as a learned and pious man; his real name is not given, only his surname, the Beggar, the suppliant of love. He sees the King in a vision, and conceives for him the most ardent though purely Platonic affection, in consequence of which he leaves his residence in Rumelia and proceeds to Constantinople in quest of the original of his dream. The slight story of his dealings

1 According to the biographer Ahlu, who was personally acquainted with many of the poets whose lives he wrote, the original of the Ahmed was a young soldier of that name in Yahya's own division.
with the King, which forms the nominal subject of the poem is given elsewhere. It is enough here to say that the lover's highest desire is but to serve his loved one, and that the latter, though not represented as vicious, is shown to us as heartless and vain. The lover never attains his wish, the beloved getting rid of him in the end by a somewhat mean trick. Then comes the culminating point of the poem, when the lover, rejected and abased, his love scorned and his confidence betrayed, hears the call of the 'Unseen Hátif,' the 'voice from Heaven,' crying to him that all love, even the highest, when poured out upon sensual objects, ends in sorrow, that the true and only worthy object of such love is God. And with the Hátif's words the story ends.

The King and Beggar was from the very first the greatest favourite of all Yahyá's works, and it is not difficult to understand how it came to be so. This poem is as a mirror in which many of the better class of Turkish thinkers of those days could see reflected their own feelings and ideas. As we know, a love for boys had at that time become fashionable through a variety of causes already sufficiently discussed, and had unhappily supplanted in a manner the more natural love for women. But it would be as great a mistake to imagine on the one hand that all those who professed this preference were dissolute reprobates, as to fancy on the other that they were all Platonic sentimentalists. The first class, if they cared for poetry at all, would doubtless be able to find any number of verses ready to their hand; but the second class, among whom were at least some who seem to have adopted this preference, strange as it may appear, for strictly moral reasons, would find in Yahyá's poem a revelation of their own hearts. It is true that the poem shows the futility of such a love, but it is

1 See Appendix.
equally true that it points to it as an infinitely higher and purer love than the love for women. In it this perversion of true feeling says its last word and all that can be urged in its favour is here urged; while the fact that even this passion is shown to be in the end an illusion would but exalt the work in the eyes of the mystic, and in those days every thinker was a mystic more or less.

The idea of making a poem on the loves of Joseph and Zelikha first occurred to Yahyá when passing through Canaan on his way to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. A fresh impulse was given by the sight of Egypt, where the beauty of Cairo, which he calls the City of Joseph, seems to have greatly impressed him. Of course, no modification was possible in the hackneyed story, all the details of which had long before been stereotyped by religious and literary tradition. But while Yahyá could not alter the incidents of the tale, he contrived to present them in a novel fashion which distinguishes his version from the many that precede it. 1

The three remaining poems of the Khamsa differ from the two just described in that they are not romances, but collections of moral precepts and rules of conduct, illustrated by numerous anecdotes, much in the style of Sa’dí’s Bustan or Jâní’s Tuhfát-ul-Ahrar. The Kitáb-i Usúl or Book of Precepts is divided into ten sections called Maqáms or Stations, each of which inculcates some moral quality, such as justice or bravery, or else some rule of life, such as discretion in speech, and each of which is enforced by a number of anecdotes intended to demonstrate the advantages of following the advice given. These anecdotes are of all descriptions, serious and humorous, historical and fictitious, and are derived from all sorts of sources, some from Turkish and Persian history.

1 The Shah n Géda and the Yáusuf n Zelikha were printed in Constantinople in 1284 (1867-8).
some from story-books, and some from the author’s own experience; the story of the poet Fighání, who was executed for his satirical epigram on Ibráhím Pasha, is given among others to prove the necessity for discretion in speaking. The maqáms are followed by seven Shu‘bas or Branches, likewise accompanied by illustrative anecdotes; then comes an elegy on Prince Muhammed, a son of Sultan Suleymán, who died in 950 (1543); and then the epilogue which closes the book. The following couplet occurs as a refrain at the end of the introductory cantos in most of the maqáms, and elsewhere throughout the work.

What need for dispute, and what reason for strife?  
By this Book of Precepts ordain thou thy life.  

Very similar both in purpose and in plan are the Mystic Treasury 2 and the Rosebed of Radiance. The former is divided into forty short sections called Maqálas, or Discourses, which take the place of the Maqáms and Shu‘bas in the Book of Precepts; while the Rosebed, written when its author was advanced in years, and probably his last work of importance, is more purely religious in its tone than any of his earlier productions. None of these three mesnevis can properly be described as a single poem; they are rather collections of short poems artificially held together by a common metre and by being made to serve a particular purpose.

Yahyá Bey was a rapid worker; the King and Beggar, he tells us, was written in a week, the Mystic Treasury in less than a month. The five books of his Khamsa are all dedicated to Sultan Suleymán.

1 A chronogram at the end of this work gives 947 (1540—1) as the date of composition.
Besides his Khamsa, Yahyá left a Díwán of ghazels, which, however, does not appear to be in any way remarkable. This author’s strength lay in his matter rather than in his manner, and excellence of manner is the quality most needful for success in the ghazel.

Latífí, Qínlí-záde, and ʿAhdí all speak in favourable terms of Yahyá Bey’s poetry, and their opinion is endorsed by the modern writers Ziyá Pasha and Kemál Bey. Latífí, who wrote during the poet’s lifetime, has not much to say; he speaks of him as being soldierly of bearing and divine of speech, and describes his poetry as for the most part pathetic, but sometimes searching and sometimes bacchanalian. ʿAhdí, likewise a contemporary, particularly mentions Yahyá’s boldness of speech, and praises his inventive and original genius where mesneví is concerned; here, says this biographer, he reigns supreme, for though there are in this age many poets among the learned and accomplished of Rúm, not one of these is like to him in mesneví, his books being filled with heart-delighting thoughts and strange stories. Qínlí-záde is scarcely less favourable in his judgment, but expresses himself in more general terms.

So far as true poetry is concerned, a single ghazel from Fuzúlí’s Leylá and Mejnún is worth the whole of Yahyá Bey’s Khamsa; but the Albanian was in touch with his time, the Baghdádí was not.

This passage from the King and Beggar occurs immediately before the commencement of the story. The Parrot invoked at the outset takes the place of the Muse whose inspiration the Western poets were at one time so fond of imploring when about to begin their work. It is usually a bird that plays this part in Turkish poetry, if not the Parrot, then the Nightingale or the laced ʿAnqa, but sometimes the invocation is addressed to the Saqt or Cupbearer.
From the Sháh u Gedá. [210]

O fair-voiced Parrot, tell the tale divine;  
Within the fire of Love thy heart refine.  
Each point [1] of Love is a whole book in truth,  
Each mote of Love is a bright sun for sooth.  
Whelmed were Creation in one drop thereof,  
Man through pure Love becometh truly man,  
Perfect and righteous, — nowise else he can.  
Love's beams will make one chief of lords of right,  
As the sun turns black stones to rubies bright. [3]  
Since 'tis through Love we the Divine attain,  
Deem not pure Love an idle thing and vain.  
Love is the radiance of the lovers' eyne,  
The thought of Love deep in the heart is sown;  
It is through man Love's mystery is shown.  
His thoughts, who thrall is to the hand of Love,  
May never to aught other object rove.  
Love maddeneth a man, that fain is he  
To cut him from all other bondage free.  
Who doubteth may not travel on this way;  
A fearful guide boots little here, I say.  
The slave to Love becometh King of earth,  
For Love's duressé fulfilled of joy and mirth;  
For that desire of earthly things alway  
Obscureth heavenly beauty's perfect ray.  
So long as carnal reason [5] doth abide  
'Twill raise up doubts and fears on every side;  
But he who loves doth still on God rely,  
And toiling upward, wins his place on high;

1 The point referred to is a diacritical point or dot over or under a letter of the alphabet.  
2 Either World, the Spiritual and Material.  
3 The old belief was that rubies were common stones on which the sun had shone for ages.  
4 The wayfarer on the Mystic Path.  
5 'Aql-i nefsání, carnal reason, is said to be the instinct of self-preservation.
One day shall secret things be brought to sight,
And the soul's eye awakened by Love's might;
All things before him shall be bared and known,
From God's own self the curtain shall be thrown;
If on a single point he bend his eye,
He shall the whole vast world therein descry;
A point his world-displaying bowl shall be, ¹
A mote his sun filling the heart with glee.
Dazed Primal Wisdom ² by this mystery,
That in one point the universe should lie.
Until thou learn'st what in a point is shown,
How may Thought's mysteries to thee be known?
O thou who openest the inward eye,
Who in the world along Love's road dost hie,
Each mote's a window to all radiance,
Each drop's a window to the boundless sea;
The world of soul is from the body seen,
The light of God is viewed from hence, I ween.
'Be mine a share in Love,' if thou dost say,
'Yea, let me find unto the Truth a way,'
Then to the tales of lovers give thou heed,
The story of the King and Beggar read.

The story of Sultan Murád and the rose is one of the
illustrative anecdotes added to the first section of the Book
of Precepts, that which treats of the beneficent results of
royal justice. The Murád intended is the first Sultan of that
name, who reigned from 761 (1359) to 791 (1388), when he
was assassinated on the field of battle by a wounded Servian.

From the Kitáb-i Usúl. [211]

Once when the spring had all earth illumined,
Which like to the heart of the Faithful bloomed,
And the trees arose like Sma'il of grace,
Their boughs, the light of Allah's face,
And holding the mirror before them meet,

¹ Alluding to the bowl of Jemá'ah.
² The first of universal Intelligence. See vol. 4, p. 42.
The spring unveiled the florets sweet;
And each branchlet forth from the trees' pennair
Drew the design of a reed-pen fair;
And kindling their lamps at the ruddy light,
The garden beauties their green robes dight;
He of blessed life and of sainted death,
The lord of the Champions of the Faith,
The gházís' King, Gházi Murád,
Was fain to walk in the garden glad.
He saw how the spring had decked all bright,
And was musing on Allah's wondrous might,
When one of his menie who stood anear
Plucked a rose and offered it to him there.
'Wither thy hand!' to that man quoth he,
'For the death of this rose hath been caused by thee.
The while it was praising God full fair,
'By thee is its service stopped for e'er;
The while it was decking the garden bright,
'Thou hast slain it, e'en as the blast of blight;
Like the wind of death, thou hast passed its way,
And extinguished the lamp of its life for aye.'
For wreak of the rose he rebuked him sore,
He taught him who had erred to err no more.
He who maketh the stream of justice flow
Will his ears on the very plants bestow.
Fair fear of the Lord! Fair justice, ruth!
In his day was nor wrong nor despite in sooth.
A merciful King who is just, benign,
Is as spring which setteth the earth ashine,
Through him smile all things gay and fair,
And joy and welfare beam everywhere.

The following verses are from Yahya's elegy on Prince Mustafá which went so near to costing the poet his life. The Imperial army, which had set out on the march for Persia, had reached Eregli, when the Prince was summoned to one of the Sultan's tents, where instead of being received by his father as he had expected, he was set upon and bowstrung
by the Imperial executioners. The poem is in form a Terkib-Bend of the second and less usual variety, that in which the rime occurs at the end of each hemistich.

From the Elegy on Prince Mustafâ. [212]

Alas! alas! and a column of the earth is broke atwain; For the tyrant Death's marauders Prince Mustafâ have slain. Eclipsed is his sun-bright visage, away were his helpmeets ta'en; Through treason and guile have they wroughten the House of Ḫosmán bane. Brief time agone did they make yonder hero cross the plain; The Sphere did the King of the Age thitherward to wound constrain. The hidden hate of the liar, his dastard falsehood vain, Have litten the fire of parting and caused our tears to rain.

Would God that our eyes had never looked out on this woeful sight! Alack, alack, we may never hold a dealing like this for right. That Perilune of perfection, that Swimmer of learning's sea, Hath journeyed hence to the Void, slain of evil destiny. A-throb are the burning stars, such the grief for him they dree. This parting doth Syria bren, maketh Rûm in tears to be. And sorrow assails Qaraman and arrays her in black, perdie. That Moon have they done to death through an idle fantasy. Round his neck clung the noisome snake 'as a halo, woe is me! Submiss to the will of God, whate'er it were, was he. Unproved any crime of him, and unknown any infamy. O Saint! O Martyr! foul is the wrong they have wrought on thee. Undone on the face of earth, he returned to his own true land, And joyous he went forthright in the presence of God to stand.

Alas that the face of doom in the mirror Sphere was shown! He left the grossness of earth, went where naught of change was known. He started in stranger wise on that journey all alone. And, e'en as the human land, of the world above was prone. In truth was his flight aloft brought about by his cruel foe.

* The bowstring.
Is it strange if the carrion earth was ne'er as his portion thrown?
O Yahyá, his spirit away to eternal life is flown;
May God be his friend, may the soul of Muhammed defend his own,
May his feres be the angel-throng, and his mate each blessed one;
And plenteous e'en as our tears may mercy on him be shown!

O Allah, may Eden-bower a dwelling for him provide;
And still may the King, the stay of the earth, in weal abide!
CHAPTER VI.

Baqí, and the Minor Poets Jelílí, Mu'ídí, Emrí, Gharámí, Rahími, Fevrí, Shukrí, Nigárí and Nida'í. Farewell to Latífí.

The course of our survey has now brought us to a writer who for a period of near three hundred years enjoyed unchallenged the reputation of being the greatest poet of his people, and whose position of paramount pre-eminence has been disputed only in these latest days since the rise of the modern school of criticism. Mahmúd ʾAbd-ul-Baqí, generally known by his makhlás of Bákí, was born in Constantinople in the year 933 (1526–7), his father holding the humble position of mu'ezzin or caller to worship at the mosque of Muhammed the Conqueror. Bákí was at first apprenticed to a saddler, but his strong native bent towards study soon induced him to abandon this line of life and follow the more congenial career of the law. While still a student following the lectures of Qaramání-záde Muhammed Efendi and Qárizáde, he laid the foundation of his fame as a poet by the production of the Hyacinth Qasída, a poem which has always been among the best known of his works.

In these early days Bákí suffered much owing to his straitened means; his fortune dates from 967, when he presented to Sultan Sulyman, just returned from one of his Persian campaigns, a qasída which so greatly pleased that
generous and discerning monarch that he at once took the poet into his special favour and admitted him to the circle of his private friends. The close and intimate connection thus formed between Süleyman and Báqí was continued without interruption until the death of the former in 974 (1566), when the poet mourned his patron in an elegy which still holds its place among the noblest achievements of the Turkish Muse. Selim II, himself a poet of considerable ability, continued to treat Báqí with the same kindly familiarity, and when after a reign of eight years he was succeeded by his son Murád III, the poet found himself still enjoying the sunshine of imperial favour. It was of course impossible to occupy such a position without encountering the hostility of many persons jealous of the advantages it conferred and eager to secure these for themselves. The wonderful thing is that Báqí was able to maintain himself in his place at court so long as he did. At length, however, his enviers contrived, by means of what appears to be a somewhat clumsy trick, to deprive him for a time of the Sultan's favour, and even to get him sent into temporary banishment. They got a ghazel by an obscure writer called Námi, made some slight alterations in it, and laid it before Murád who had just succeeded to the throne, telling him that Báqí had composed it in ridicule of the late Sultan, whose predilection for wine was a matter of public notoriety. The new sovereign believed what he was told, and, indignant that his father's kindness should be so repaid, dismissed Báqí from the important legal position which he held and, as has been said, sent him into banishment. The ghazel in question was, however, soon discovered in a collection of Námi's poems whereupon Báqí was recalled and reinstated in the good graces of the court. This was the only cloud which darkened the poet's career as an imperial favourite; he survived Murád,
living to win the esteem and to sing the praises of Muhammed III, the fourth Sultan whom he saw upon the throne of ʻOsmán.

Báqí eventually attained a high position in the ranks of the ʻulemá; he was successively Cadi of Mekka, Cadi of Constantinople, Anatolian Qadiʻasker, and (in 1006) Rumelian Qadiʻasker. In the following year he resigned, being upwards of seventy years of age.

Báqí died on the 23rd of Ramazán, 1008 (April 7, 1600); and on the following day the funeral service was performed in the presence of an immense assembly in the Mosque of Muhammed the Conqueror, where the poet’s father had been mu’ezzin long before. Sunçu-ullah Efendi, the Sheykh-ul-Islám, who conducted the service, quoted in his address this couplet from one of the dead poet’s most beautiful ghazels:

> Friends shall know thy worth, O Báqí, when thou liest on the bier,  
> And with folded hands they range them o’er against thee, rank on rank.  

Outside the Adrianople Gate, on the road to Eyyüb, was Báqí buried; and there his tomb still remains, a sacred spot to all who care for Turkish poetry.  

Qínáli-záde relates a charming little story of Báqí’s début as a writer, which professes to come from the poet himself. Old Zátí, as we have seen, was recognised as master by the young would-be poets of those days; so naturally enough the youthful Báqí took to him one of his ghazels, eager to see what advice or encouragement the great man would vouchsafe. The wonderful maturity of the poem presented to him amazed the critic, and when he looked on the lad

\[\text{By a strange piece of carelessness the date of Báqí’s death is inscribed erroneously on his tombstone.}\]
before him, he refused to believe that the ghazel was the work of one so young, and read him a long lecture on the wickedness of plagiarism and the disgrace it was certain to entail. This so embarrassed the poor boy that he could only stammer out the words, 'Nay, the poem is mine own.' In order to test him, Záti then showed him certain passages in his own Diwan and asked him to point out the beauties in these. This Báqi did, though apparently without quite convincing the critic; for he tells us that he left Záti's presence overcome with bashfulness at his reception, but at the same time with his heart filled with delight in that his poem had been so highly thought of. Záti lived not only to find out that he had been in error in his estimate of the young poet, but to forget his own warning and introduce into his Diwan some of Báqi's verses, a proceeding which he openly avowed, declaring it be no dishonour to steal from such a poet.

There is another story told about Báqi. Sultan Suleymán bestowed many gifts upon his favourite poet, and among these was a young Seraglio lady, noted for her wit, named Tútí Qadin or Dame Parrot. One day the poet Neví called to congratulate his brother of the pen on this latest piece of good fortune, which he did by saying, 'So you have become the companion of the Parrot,' alluding to a story in Sa’dí's Gulistán of a parrot and a crow which were made to live together in the same cage. Báqi, perceiving the allusion, replied. 'Gently, brother, do not make her fly too high by calling her the parrot; she is the crow.' The lady who either heard or heard of this colloquy, answered them by a verse of Neví's own which she modified slightly to suit her purpose:

---

Though the Parrot of a sudden should companion with the crow,
Yet the crow would only grumble: such is crowishness, in sooth! ¹

From his own day down to a few years ago Báqí was universally regarded as the greatest of the Turkish lyric poets. His title of Poet-King, conferred upon him during his lifetime, remained undisputed; and all writers, foreign as well as native, Western as well as Eastern, combined in according to him the loftiest place on the Ottoman Parnassus. That he regarded himself as infinitely superior to his contemporaries as well as to his predecessors is abundantly manifest from many passages scattered through his poems; but this goes for little or nothing, such self-laudatory verses (fakhriyya, as they called them,) being almost universal with the old Eastern poets, who freely indulged in them, however great or however slight the real merits of their work might be.

The verdict of the early critics, though it may not be taken as final, is interesting and valuable as representing the literary opinion of their day; and in considering the works of Báqí and his contemporaries we must never lose sight of the fact that it was for their day, and not for ours, that

¹ Nuµra's verse is:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{بغضتة} & \text{اولميش ايلى طولنى غرابه عمنشين} \\
\text{بينه شهوانى غراب} & \text{ايلم غرابىت بوندى در}
\end{align*}
\]

The merit, such as it is, of these verses lies in the play on the word غراب, which might mean 'crowishness,' but usually mean 'strangeness,' or, as here, 'dissimilarity.' The parrot and the crow in 'Sadi' sable did nothing but complain of one another. Nuµra is said to have written a 'Contention' (numazaz) between the Parrot and the Crow.
these were written. Lātīf is of course too early; Bāqī was only some twenty years old when this biographer wrote, and had not yet made any considerable name. Lātīf merely mentions him and quotes the opening couplet of one of his ghazels. ¹

¹Ashīq Chelebi, after some grandiose speeches as to the cycle of poetry being wheeled round and the muster of the poets being rolled up, says that the first thing which, like the mouth of the beloved, gave forth mysteries abiding behind the pavilion of existence was the genius of Bāqī, ² and goes on to describe the poet’s verse as vigorous, strong, equal, artistic, highly coloured, and tasteful, while his language is fluent, his ideas graceful, his versification clear, and his thoughts full of passion. He further declares his poetry to be free from straining and exempt from pomposity, so that one might say that such things had fallen on his tongue from the voice of the Interpreter of Sanctity from the Unseen World.

Similarly ‘Aḥḍī, likewise a contemporary, speaks of the passionate verses and the heart-illuming virgins (i. e. original ideas) of this nightingale of the rose-bower of speech, this sugar-breaking parrot, as being famous throughout the world, and the cynosure of the eyes of the sons of Adam; and he praises his style alike in ghazel and qasīda for fluency and evenness.

Qinālī-zāde surpasses himself in grandiloquence when he tries to do justice to this great man, who is, he declares,

¹ That beginning:

نونا ليامبٌ ابنا يشام يشامي السنيم
نها حايب سبيل كمي ءغلسم دربلايم

This must therefore be an early poem; Qinālī-zāde mentions it as having been submitted to Zātī by Bāqī some time after their first interview.

² He means that though Bāqī was born late, after the age of the great poets, he was the first to reveal the mysteries of the universe.
one of the greatest of the poets, the most accomplished of the eloquent, the most eminent of the learned, the Preface of the Dīwān of Perfection, the Index of the title-page of graceful speech, the Poet of the assembly-illumining critics of subtleties, the Magician of the wit-dealing singers of ghazels, the Sultan of the poets of the realms of Rûm, nay, the Khusrev and the Kháqán of the singers of every land. His heart-attracting poetry and his peerless speech are the despair of Selmán and the envy of Zahir; for truth is this, that it is known and observed by men of talent, as clear as the light of talent, that never since the souls of the sons of mankind have poured from the overflow of the cloud of Heaven’s dominion into the shells of forms, and since the glittering pearls raining from the cloud of the might of God upon the shells of bodies have become the central ornament of the necklace of Real and Contingent Being, hath there played in the mirror of existence verse clear and flowing and sweet-toned as this, equal to the poetry of the Psalter.

His language adorned with eloquence is a Khusrev that hath seized the Habitable Quarter and compelled the Kings of verse to bow the head before him; and the ambergris-scented breeze hath filled the heights and depths of all lands with the wafts of the aloces of his blessed words. Although that this Firstling of eloquence, this Canon for time, be come late, what matter, since in rhetoric and eloquence he is before all? And although he abide on the shoe-rank of the audience—

1 Kháqán, said to be originally the Chinese word In-hang, was the special title of the Tartar or Mogul emperor, as Khusrev (Khusrav, Arabic Kšrš, Greek Chosroes) was of the Persian, Faghtar of the Chinese, Qaysar (Cæsar) of the Rumi or Byzantine, Nepasi (Negus) of the Abyssinian, and so on. Now-a-days it is one of the titles of the Ottoman Sultan. In literature it is used like Khusrev to denote a king generally.

2 For the Habitable Quarter of the earth’s surface, i.e. the whole world, see Vol. 1, p. 47, n. 1.

3 Salī māl, the place where shoes are left on entering a room, and where
hall of existence, what reason for regret, since it is acknowledged and attested that he occupies the seat of highest honour. The fragrant rose cometh last to the garden; first are the thorns and weeds. His pearl-diffusing poetry is pure and flowing as running water, and his virgin fancies are free and exempt from harshness or weakness. Since his peerless ghazels are inscribed in the album of the universe, and his clear verses are renowned among mankind, what (more) remaineth to be said? (or, what need to call him Báqí = the Abiding?)

The poet ʿAtaʾi who continued Tāsh-Kupru-záde’s Biography of Sheykh and ʿUlemá, called the Crimson Peony, carrying it down to the time of Murád IV, takes up the song of praise. In a long notice devoted to Báqí, whom he calls the Sultan of poets and the Moderator of the speech of Rúm, whose verse is the source of honour and glory to our predecessors and successors, he endorses and accentuates the poet’s own self-satisfied statements that it is only since he began to praise his loved one’s eyes that the poets of Rúm have learned how to write ghazels,¹ and that he is now King in the realm of speech, to whom the ghazel has been given and the qasída handed over.²

Then we have Qáf-záda Fáʾizí (d. 1031 = 1621—2), who compiled a great anthology, apologizing for not including the whole of Báqí’s poems in his collection, because, he says,

servants wait. If the room were full, a late-comer would have to stand there. The allusion is to Báqí’s being born late.

¹ ملأج أولنی جشم غزالانگه باقی اوفوندی غزل پرزنسی روسک شعراسی

² بو دور ایمانند بنم پاندشان ملک سخن بوتا صوندلادی قصیده بند ویلسادی غزل
it is impossible for any one to drink a fountain quite dry, however thirsty he may be.  

Of greater value perhaps than the laudations of the biographers is the tribute paid to Báqí by Nefí and Nedím, two of the most brilliant poets of the Old School. The former says in one of his qasídás:

'Tis the water of life of Báqí's words, which, making mention thereof,  
Will keep alive the memory of Suleyman Khán till the Last Day.  

And in another place he quotes a couplet from a qasída of Báqí:

Wondrous suitable to describe it  doth it appear in this place,  
What then though I quote this couplet of Báqí: —  
'Its threshold is a strong rampart against the assaults of the Gog of sorrow,  
'Its portal is a mighty fortress to repel the legions of woe.  

Nedím, speaking of poets who had distinguished themselves in various lines, says:

1  

بُنَى بُو مَالِّن امْعَال دِل طَوْنَر مَعْذُور  
خَالِدِرَ بُو كَر دِبْبِشْمَتْ كُلْم اِبْدَهْ نُمْش  
نِدْكِلْمُ آب حَسِبْنِي أَوْلِيْهَا تَشْفَعَهُ مَكْحُور  
حَشَرُدَك آب حَسِبْنِي سَانِخ بَقَمْدِر  
آكِدْرَود رَنْدِهُ فِيلان نَنَم سَلَيْمان خَالِق

2  

Nefí is here describing a pavilion built for the Sultan by the Admiral Jâder Pasha. Báqí's verse, of course, originally referred to something else.
Nefi was the artist of speech in qasidas,
But in the ghazel he could not equal Báqí or Yahyá.¹

Sábit, another distinguished poet of those times, writes:
If we call Báqí the assayer, this is (but) justice;
For his groats are the silver of our thoughts.
What though the pen collect the remnants of his fancies,
In the acquisition of accomplishments it is Báqí’s slave.²

Passages such as those might be cited from many other
of the earlier writers, all to the one effect, — that Báqí is
supreme over all the lyrists of Rūm, if indeed he be not
greatest among the poets of the earth. But let us now leave
the older critics and see what is the judgment of more recent
times. We find that Ziya Pasha, the great poet of Sultan
‘Abd-ul-‘Azíz’s reign, in the preface to his ‘Tavern,’³ places
Báqí at the head of the second of the three periods into
which he divides the history of his country’s poetry. The
first of these three periods is the Ancient, beginning in the
earliest times; the second is the Middle, beginning with
Báqí; and the third is the Modern, beginning with Nábí.
What induced the Pasha to begin his Middle Period with
Báqí is the fact that this poet is the earliest writer of dis-
tinction who seriously and successfully addressed himself to
the work of determining the metrical treatment of words of
Turkish origin. Up to this time the poets had treated such

words, to use Ekrem Bey's simile, as though they were made of elastic, drawing them out to any length the metre might require, by that system of prolonging vowels naturally short which is known as imála, and the constant employment of which renders so much of their writing disagreeably forced, at least to modern ears. Although, as I have already said, a somewhat different pronunciation may have caused this fault to be less obvious and less painful in the early days of the Empire, it is clear from the care with which Báqí seeks to avoid, or at any rate to curtail, indulgence in this licence, that the unpleasant effect which it produces had begun to make itself felt at the time he wrote. Judged from a modern standpoint, Báqí's works are indeed by no means free from imálas; but it may well be that certain sounds are now short which in his day were long. This much however is certain, that so marked a change in this particular comes over the writings of the poets after Báqí's influence is once thoroughly established, that Ziyá Pasha is amply justified in regarding his appearance as an epoch in Turkish literature.

Báqí's example further helped to sweep away from the language a number of old words and forms which, having been replaced by others, had become obsolete, and were retained only by the conservatism of the poets. These words, although probably quite as good as those by which they were deposed, had no longer any real life, and survived merely as part of the traditional paraphernalia of an artificial literary style. Báqí therefore rendered the language a service when, by using living words in their stead, he helped to banish them from poetic diction. Such are the services to which Ziya Pasha alludes when he calls Báqí the 'earliest reformer,' and says that poetry was first moulded into proper shape at his hands.
Ekrem Bey, in his little pamphlet on the old poets, praises Báqí for his care in avoiding the imāla and endorses Ziyā's statement that he must be reckoned among the reformers of the language, adding that he presented to his contemporaries poems which even nowadays we must consider as very smooth and harmonious. But he takes the poet to task for the great number of puns and equivoques which disfigure his work. Qināli-zāde had long before, but in no disparaging tone, called attention to Báqí's pronounced affection for the tevriya or ihám (amphibology), ¹ quoting a number of examples of the same from his ghazels. While we must agree with Ekrem Bey that such frolics of the fancy are indeed unworthy of Báqí's genius, we must not forget that the spirit of that age looked upon such things as necessary embellishments to all serious literary work.

Similarly Professor Nāji, who reckons Báqí among the most noteworthy of the Turkish poets, avers that he acted to his countrymen as instructor in their language, which he strove to reform so far as was possible under the old system.

From these various criticisms which I have translated or paraphrased it will be observed that while the earlier writers look upon Báqí as being before all things a poet of the highest rank, the later critics consider that it is rather as a literary reformer that he is entitled to our respect. The reason for this difference of opinion is to be sought in the different meanings which the two schools attach to the word Poetry. As we have seen over and over again, poetry meant to the older school simply expression, expression reduced to a fine art; while the poet was merely an artist in words. Now Báqí was a consummate artist in words, and he was little more. Even the reforms he brought about were nothing but reforms in words. Not one of the poets who had gone

¹ See vol. 1, p. 113.
before him, perhaps not one of those who came after, equalled him in the dexterity with which he manipulated his words. Here then is the secret of the boundless enthusiasm of the old writers; Báqí attained more nearly than any other to that goal towards which all were straining, absolute perfection of expression. It mattered nothing to these that the greater part of their favourite’s work is utterly valueless save for its beauty of language, since beauty of language was the only thing they sought. But to the modern critics, to whom poetry means something more than musical verbosity, Báqí’s work presents itself in a different light, and is valuable not so much in itself as in its effects.

It is therefore, questions of literary reform apart, merely as a stylist that Báqí must be judged, and here we may at once concede to him that position which the unanimous voice of the early critics claims as his. The beauty of his style is apparent even to a foreign reader; though by no means free from the rhetorical colouring fashionable in his day, it is on the whole clear and straightforward, and from time to time rises to a nobility very rare indeed among contemporary Turkish poets; while the purity and correctness of his language entitle him to the highest place among the classic writers of his country. Báqí’s Diwan is the high-water mark of that tide of imitative, Persianising culture which for so long a time lay over all literary life in Turkey.

On the other hand, there is very little originality in Báqí’s works so far as subject-matter is concerned; his themes are for the most part confined to the old round of love and wine, flowers and spring, and treated without novelty, without individuality, just as they had been for centuries before by countless Turkish and Persian poets. Frequent echoes from the lyrics of Hafiz tell clearly enough where the Ottoman singer went for his inspiration, and whom he chose as
model; and in view of his limitations, it may be that he acted wisely.

That Baqi none the less was really possessed of poetic genius of a high order, and might under more favourable circumstances have become a very much greater poet than he actually is, is proved by his Elegy on Sultan Suleymán. Had he always written up to the level of this noble poem, Baqi would have been not only the greatest of all Turkish poets, but one of the great poets of the world. Turkish poetry is rich in elegies, but it has none to equal this. Sincere, full of dignity, and simple, so far as that was possible, it is no unworthy dirge for the great monarch whom it bewails. Here for once Baqi seems to have closed his Ḥāfīz, gone to his own heart, and sought his inspiration there. But unhappily it was for once only, and this splendid outburst remains to show what Baqi might have achieved had he been born in another land or in another age.

The large number of manuscripts of his Dīwán which are to be found, and the great beauty of many among them, bear witness to the extent and duration of Baqi's popularity. The only two Turkish manuscript diwáns embellished with miniatures which I have ever seen are both copies of this poet's works; one belongs to the British Museum, the other is in my own collection, and both are extremely beautiful volumes.

Baqi's poetry is wholly lyrical; he wrote nothing in the way of mesnevf. Some of his qasídas are dignified and even majestic; but they are, as usual, weakened by extravagance and marred by strained or far-fetched imagery.

He made some prose translations from the Arabic of works relating to law and theology. He further collected and translated the Ahádis or Traditional Sayings of the Prophet handed down on the authority of Ebú Eyyúb the Ansári.
Baqi is the only Turkish poet at a translation of whose Diwan any attempt has yet been made. In 1825 the indefatigable Von Hammer published a German rendering from a couple of MSS. which he supposed to contain the complete Diwan of this poet, but which, as he soon discovered, comprised in reality less than one half of Baqi’s poems. Even so far as it goes, this German version is utterly inadequate; it is full of mistakes of every kind, and cannot be accepted as giving any just idea of Baqi’s work.

The following Qasida in honour of Sultan Suleyman, which has been translated in its entirety, is usually placed first in collections of Baqi’s poems. It is a perfect example of the form as described in the third chapter of the first book (vol. I, pp. 83—87) of this work. The exordium describes a starry night; and all the seven planets known in those days are mentioned in order.

Qasida. [213]

One eventide the battlements of heaven’s sublime seray
Were fair illumined by those flashing lamps the stars display.
Amid the stellar host the flambeau of the Moon burned bright;
And radiant o’er the fields of sky stretched the Straw-bearers’ Way.  

The Scribe of heaven had reached his hand to grasp the meteor-pen,
The Cipherer of His decrees whom men and jinn obey.

1 Baqi’s des grössten türkischen Lyrikers, Diwan, zum ersten Malhe ganz verdenscht, von Joseph von Hammer, Wien, 1825.
2 Seray (“Seraglio”) i. e. palace.
3 Keh-Keshan, the Straw-bearers, is the Persian name for what we call the Milky Way.
4 The Scribe of heaven is the planet Mercury. The planets are frequently personified in poetry; as a rule, the Moon is figured as a fair youth or girl, Mercury as a penman, Venus as a beautiful female minx, the Sun as a sovereign, Mars as a warrior, Jupiter as a vezn, and Saturn as an aged man, often an Indian, he being insuspicuous and therefore dark.
5 The Cipherer, Keshan, i. e. the titular name of the Tughlaq or royal cipher, on the decrees of God.
Venus had tuned her harp for that celestial banquet fair,
Brightly and merrily she smiled for mirth and joyance gay.
Still spinning as she went, the tambourinist Sun had hid
Below the hoop-shaped arch of heaven her radiant face away. ¹
With scimitar of gold inlay into the plain had sprung
The champion Swordsman of the sky's far-reaching field of fray. ²
To ponder o'er the weighty matters of the universe
Had Jupiter the wise made cogitation's taper ray.
High on the seventh sphere did Saturn, stricken sore in years,
Sit, even as he were an Indian watchman, old and grey.
'Twhat meaneth this celestial pageantry?' amazed I cried,
When lo, e'en while the inward eye did all the scene survey,
Flashing in radiance all around on every hand, the Sun
O'er the horizon blazed, the Seal of Solomon,³ in fay:
Then gazed the inward eye upon this sight so wonder-fair
Until the soul's ear heard the mystery therein that lay:
How naught had given this array to the celestial courts
Except the fortune of the King who doth the wide world sway! ⁴
Seated aloft upon the throne above all crowned Kings!
Rearéd on high amid the dread imperial mellay!
Jemshid in feast and festival! Darius in the fight!
Kisrá ⁵ in rank and justice! Alexander of the day!
Sultan of East and West: King of the Kings of land and sea!
Darius of the age! King Suleyman, victorious aye!
That Champion-rider of the realms of justice, 'fore whose steed
'Tis soothly meet that Khusreys ⁶ march in glittering array:

¹ Here the Sun is figured not as a sovereign, but as a tambourinist, the reference being of course to that luminary's apparent resemblance in size and form to a tambourine. The sun spins or revolves, and the tambourinist makes her instrument spin on her finger.
² The planet Mars.
³ With a secondary reference to the Sultan, whose name was Solomon (Suleyman); for the magic virtues of Solomon's Seal, see vol. II, p. 39, n. 1.
⁴ This couplet is the guriz-gâh, or place of flight, in which the poet passes from the exordium to the panegyric.
⁵ This Kisrá is Nushirván of the old Sásánian dynasty of Persia; he is the type of a just King.
⁶ i.e. Kings, especially the Sásánian Kings of Persia, called by the Arabs Kisrá (plural Aḵásira) and by the Greeks Chosroes.
'Twould seem the leopard-sphere had made revolt against his rule,  
And bound in chains the Straw-bearers had hailed him here, their prey:  
Lord of the realm of graciousness and bounty, on whose board  
Of favour spread is all the wealth that sea and mine display:  
Longs the perfumer, springtide, for the odour of his grace:  
Needs the householder, autumn, yonder bounteous hand alway,  
None groaneth through the tyrant's cruel vexing in thy reign;  
And if the harp and flute do wail, the law they disobey.  
Beside thy justice, tyranny's the law of Key-Qubad;  
Beside thine anger, Qahramán's fierce fury is as play.  
Did but the meteor see the sphere a-tremble, it would deem  
It fevered for thy fear, and bind it round the neck straightway.  
Thy sabre is the glittering pathway to the realms of Death:  
Put to the sword the foesmen of the Faith, no more delay!  
The standards floating fair above thine ocean-mighty hosts  
Are sails the ship of victory and triumph doth display.  
He'd take the Sphere grain-fashion in his beak, an so he willed, —  
One bite were earth unto the 'anqá of the Qáf, thy sway.  
In the eternal past thy mighty hand did smite that ball,  
The Sphere; and then is now, for still it spins upon its way.  
Within the garden of thy praise, the bower of thine acclaim,  
The bird-heart sings like rippling stream this life-bestowing lay:  

If yonder mouth be not the soul, O heart-ensnarer gay,  
Why is it hidden, like the soul, from our poor eyes away?  

1 The starry sky is here compared to a spotted leopard, chained by the band of the Milky Way.  
2 The sea as yielding pearls, and the mine as yielding gems, are types of generous wealth.  
3 Autumn personified as a rich and generous householder who dispenses quantities of gold (yellow leaves).  
4 Referring to the plaintive notes of these instruments.  
5 Key-Qubad was one of the Kings of the legendary Kayasth dynasty of Persia.  
6 Qahramán is a legendary hero who was solicited by the Lady Karim to aid in repelling the Demon. He did so, and met with many strange adventures which are related in the Qahramán Nama.  
7 For the anqá, see vol. ii. p. 286; n. 5 and supra p. 197. n. 7.  
8 Here begins aphorized, and is afterwards introduced into passages, see vol. i. p. 49.  
9 It is apparently addressed to some imaginary being conceived either in earthly beauty or as a divine ideal.  
10 A tiny month is among the charms of the conventional beauty of the
What time thy rubies' image lay within the spirit's scryne
The mine had ceased to be the home of gems of lustrous ray, 1
Tangle on tangle o'er thy cheek the curling tresses fall;
'For Hijaz have the Syrians girt their skirts,' one well might say. 2
Let but the gardener see thy slender, waving cypress-form,
And ne'er again to rear the willow on the lawn essay. 3
The dark of vision may conceive those eyebrows black of thine;
While they, the keen and bright of wit, thy teeth imagine may.
The rose and jessamine bowed down afore thy cheek so fair,
The cypress of the garth rose up afore thy figure gay. 4
The heart-throne is the seat of that high Sovran, love for thee;
The soul-pavilion 'tis wherein thine imagined rubies stay.
Thy beauty's rays have, like the sun, laid hold on all the earth,
Filled with the cry of love for thee 's Creation's vault for aye:
The tumult of the plain of earth hath mounted to the spheres,
The shouting of the Heavenly Host hath fall'n on earth to-day. 5

No nightingale so sweet of voice as Bâqî may appear,
Nor may there any garden shine bright as thy face alway. 6
Thy beauty's rose doth make the garth of earth as Irem-bower, 7

poets: here it is said to be so small as to be invisible, like the soul, which it further resembles as being the source of the lover's life.

1 When the casket of my heart enshrined the picture of thy ruby-lips, that, and not the mine, was the true home of precious stones.

2 Shâmi = Syrian, also means 'evening-like,' hence, dark, and so, applicable to the hair. Hijaz, besides being being the name of a region in Arabia, is the name of a musical mode. So the line means: 'The night-black locks, dangling about thy cheeks, are as Syrians who have girt their loins for a dance to Hijâz' (or to the air called Hijâz). The couplet is a good example of Bâqî's fondness for the ihám.

3 The willow is yet another type of a graceful figure.

4 The rose and jessamine, typical of the red and white tints of a beautiful cheek, performed the sajad, that is the prostration practised in the Muslim worship, before thy face: while the cypress, typical of the elegant form, performed the qiyâm, that is the standing up which occurs in the same service, before thy figure; i.e. the symbols of beauty worshipped thee.

5 The ghazel ends here. The last couplet is in amplification of the last line of that preceding.

6 This verse is the tâj or crown, in which the poet mentions his own name. The Sultan is addressed once more.

7 For Irem, the terrestrial paradise, see vol. 1, p. 326, n. 5.