'God hath Treasuries beneath the Throne, the Keys whereof are the Tongues of the Poets.'

Hadîs-i-Sherîf.
A HISTORY OF OTTOMAN POETRY

BY

THE LATE

E. J. W. GIBB, M. R. A. S.

VOLUME IV

EDITED BY

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

With the completion of this fourth volume of my late friend’s *History of Ottoman Poetry*, which brings us to the end of the *ancien régime*, and almost into our own times, the character of what remains of my task undergoes a material change. Up to this point I have had before me a manuscript, which, however much the author, had he lived, might have modified or added to it, was essentially complete, and needed only trifling alterations and occasional notes. For the period which remains, the period, that is to say, of the New School, who deserted Persian for French models, and almost re-created the Turkish language, so greatly did they change its structure and the literary ideals of their countrymen, only three chapters were to be discovered amongst my friend’s papers. Of these, the first, entitled “the Dawn of a New Era”, treats of the character and inception of the movement, and, in a general way, of its chief representatives, viz. Shinasi Efendi, Ziya Pasha, Kemal Bey, ‘Abdul-Haqq Hāmid Bey, Ahmed Midhat Efendi, Ahmed Vefiq Pasha and Ebü’-Ziya Tevfıq Bey; the second discusses the life and work of Shinasi Efendi (A. D. 1826—1871); and the third is devoted to Ziya Pasha (A. D. 1830—1880). There are, it is true, besides this fragment of the last volume, a good many notes and translations on loose sheets of paper and in note-books included amongst my friend’s very
numerous papers, as well as some indications in his fine collection of printed and lithographed Turkish books (generously presented by Mrs. E. J. W. Gibb to the Cambridge University Library) of the course which he intended to follow in writing of the Modern School; but the most valuable document of this sort which has come into my hands is an outline of the whole history of Turkish poetry, containing the names of the most eminent poets, the titles of their principal works, and observations on their characteristics, which was drawn up by Mr. Gibb for a friend, who has most kindly placed it at my disposal. As the notes on the Modern School are of great importance as an indication of the plan which the author would have followed, had he lived to complete his work, in the last volume, and as they are also very short, I here print them in full.

"The Modern School (A. D. 1859—).

"(The inspiration now comes from Europe, chiefly from France).

"Shinasi (died A. D. 1871). Occasional verses; translations from the French Poets (1859); Fables in verse. The translations are the first renderings of poetry ever made into Turkish from a European language, and their appearance marks an epoch.

"Kâzîm Pasha. Divân; Maqâlid-i-'Ashq, or 'Garners of Love'; Bâz u Khunfesâ, or 'the Hawk and the Beetle'. The 'Garners of Love' is a series of elegies on Huseyn, the Prophet's grandson, who was killed at Kerbelâ. 'The Hawk and the Beetle' is a satire on two Pashas.

"Hâqqî Bey. Divân. He wrote in Nefî's style.

"Hersâkî 'Arif Hikmet Bey.

"Nevres. Divân. These four poets wrote in the old style, not in the modern.
"Edhem Pertev Pasha (died A.D. 1873). Translations from Victor Hugo and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

"Ziya Pasha (died A.D. 1880). Diwan; Zafer-name, or 'the Book of Victory'; Kharabat, or 'the Tavern', an Anthology. A great poet. The Zafer-name is a satire on Ali Pasha, the grand Vezir, who was a personal and political enemy of Ziya.

"Abdu'l-Hagg Hamid Bey. Many occasional poems, and also the following dramas in poetry: Nesteren; Tezer; Eshber (these are all proper names). His first volume of poems is Sahra ('the Country'); others are Beldê ('the Town', i.e. Paris); Hajle ('the Bridal'); Magber ('the Tomb); Ulü ('Death'); Bunlar O dur ('These are she'). The four poems last mentioned are in memory of his late wife. Bir Sefilenin Hasb-i-Hali ('The Cry of an Unfortunate'). Hamid Bey was the first to introduce the European verse-forms into Turkish. He has written several dramas in prose as well as those mentioned above, which are in verse. He has many works still in manuscript which have never yet been published.

"Kemal Bey (died A.D. 1888). Many occasional poems, chiefly patriotic. He wrote in the European forms after Hamid had published his Sahra in 1870. He is perhaps the greatest literary genius ever produced by Turkey, but his work, which is of every kind, is mostly in prose.

"Ekrem Bey. Occasional poems. He has a collection in three parts called Zemzeme, or 'the Ripples'. He is the
best of Ḥámid Bey's followers, and is now looked upon by the young Turkish writers as their master. He has written a good deal, but many of his poems are scattered about in magazines and other periodical publications, and have never yet been collected.

"Mu'allim (Professor) Nájí (died A.D. 1893). A distinguished poet and critic of the Modern School. Several collections of his poems have been published, including one called Átesh-pára ('Scintillations'), and another entitled Shiráre ('sparks').

"Ḥámid, Kemál, Ekrem and Nájí are the real founders of the Modern School of Poetry. They soon had a large following of young poets and poetesses, but I have not yet examined the works of these in detail. Some two or three years ago two young men, Dr. Jenáb Shihábu'd-Din Bey and Tevfiq Fikret Bey, struck out a new line of poetry, modelled on the work of the French impressionist and symbolist poets. With the exception of Ḥámid Bey and Ekrem Bey, these two innovators are probably the best living Turkish poets."

The above extract will serve to indicate the ground which the concluding volume of Mr. Gibb's History of Ottoman Poetry was intended to cover, though he would doubtless have made mention of others of the most modern Turkish writers, such as Fā'iq 'Alí, Isma'īl Ṣafā, Ḥasan Su'ád, Jalál Sáhir and Qádir, together with some of the most talented novelists, such as Sezá'í Bey, the son of Sámi Pasha, author

1 [These notes are dated 1897. ed.]
2 [I am informed that he was living in Rhodes a few months ago. ed.]
3 [I believe that he is now a professor at the American College at Rümeyiḫ Hisar. ed.]
of Kûchuk sheyler ("Little Things"), Khâlid Zîyâ Bey, author of ʿAshq-i-mennû ("Forbidden Love"), ʿUsayn Raḥmî, author of ʿIffet ("Chastity"), and Muḥammed Reʿūf, author of Eyliil ("September"). It is a matter of deep regret that this particular portion of the History should have remained unwritten, for no European, so far as I know, even approached the late Mr. Gibb either in knowledge of or sympathy with the Modern School of Turkish writers, in the value of whose work he had a profound belief, and whose aims and ideals he appreciated to a degree never reached, I should think, by any other foreigner. In the four volumes of his History now before the public he has said what will for very many years, if not for ever, remain the final word on the Old School of Turkish poets; but who can complete, with any approach to his learning and sympathy, the volume which he intended to devote to the wonderful transformation — almost unique, perhaps, in literary history — effected by the New School? Here is a question which has constantly occupied my mind during the time while I was engaged in editing these volumes, and especially this last one; nor have I yet discovered any way which justifies me in hoping that it may be made worthy of its predecessors.

Be this as it may, the end of my task is now in view. Two more volumes are still to appear; the fifth, which will contain the above mentioned three chapters written by Mr. Gibb on the Modern School, supplemented by such additional information as I can collect as to its subsequent history (and here I rely especially on the kind offers of help which I have received from several of my Turkish friends), together with the Index of the whole work, on which my colleague Mr. R. A. Nicholson has been for some

1 [For this list I am indebted to some of my Turkish friends resident in Paris, &c.]
time engaged; and the sixth and last, which will contain the Turkish texts of all the poems translated in the preceding volumes, and will in itself constitute an almost unique Anthology of the best and most typical Ottoman poetry of all time.

It remains only for me to speak briefly of two other matters, to which reference is made in my Preface to vol. II of this work, pp. XXXI—XXXII, and again in the Preface to vol. III, pp. X—XII, viz. the late Mr. Gibb's library, and the Gibb Memorial Fund established by his mother, Mrs. Jane Gibb.

As regards my friend's library, his valuable collection of manuscripts, ultimately destined for the British Museum, still remains in my keeping, for reasons explained on pp. IX—X of the Preface to vol. III, and will not be transferred to the Museum until this work is completed. As regards his printed books, which I spoke of in vol. II, p. XXXI, as "destined to be dispersed", many volumes were given by his widow, Mrs. E. J. W. Gibb, to her late husband's friends and fellow-workers, while a very fine selection of European works on Turkey was presented by her to the library of the British Embassy at Constantinople. Almost the whole collection of Turkish (together with a small number of Persian) printed and lithographed books was, however, generously presented by her, as already mentioned, to the Cambridge University Library. This valuable collection, which is particularly rich in Edebiyyât, or Belles Lettres, comprises some 300 volumes (many of them very rare, and containing, in many cases, notes and comments in Mr. Gibb's hand), and is kept apart by itself; and I have just completed the list of its contents, which, I hope, will soon be published.

Mrs. Jane Gibb, the mother of my friend, and the generous Foundress of the Memorial destined to commemorate and
carry on his work, died on November 26 of last year (1904), and did not, alas! live to see either the completion of this book, in the progress of which, until the end of her life, she showed the keenest interest, or the first fruits of her munificent endowment of the studies to which her son's life was devoted. In her will she left for the further endowment of the Memorial an additional large sum of money, which should enable the Trustees to do much for the promotion of Arabic, Persian and Turkish studies, and especially to publish many important texts and translations. Seven or eight volumes of the Memorial Series are now in preparation or in contemplation, and two — Mrs. Beveridge’s Bābar-nāma and my abridged translation of Ibn Isfandiyār’s History of Tabaristān — are almost ready for publication. The Trustees will be glad to receive communications from scholars who desire to publish works coming within the scope of the Trust, that is to say works dealing with the history, literature, philosophy and civilisation of the Turks, Arabs and Persians. All communications intended for the consideration of the Trustees should, in the first instance, be addressed to Mr. Julius Bertram, Clerk of the Trust, 14, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, London, S. W.

May 7, 1905.  

Edward G. Browne.
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BOOK V.

THE FOURTH, OR TRANSITION PERIOD.

A. D. 1700—1850.
CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY TRANSITION AGE. AHMED III.

Sábit. Nedím.

In the Archaic Period we observed how Turkish poetry was moulded into shape and started on its course under the direction and influence of Persia; in the Classic we have seen how for a long time that influence was paramount and absolute, exclusive also to the last degree, raising a barrier unsurmountable by anything alien to itself; in that on which we have now entered, and which for want of a better name I have called the Transition, we shall have to watch the gradual decline of this influence, its replacement by a more national spirit, and finally its disappearance before the Occidentalism of the present day.

The Transition Period is thus the last of the four stages through which the Older or Asian School of Ottoman poetry passed. In some respects it is the most interesting of all the Periods; for in it Turkish poetry is most truly Turkish. In the Archaic and Classic Ages the all-powerful domination of Persia had stifled whatever was of native growth and made Turkish poetry little better than a reflection or shadow, a thing that might have been produced almost equally in any country; while in Modern times the poetry, partly because it is the work of men whose culture is practically that of
Western Europe, and partly because it is the production of an epoch in which the old Asiatic civilisation of Turkey is fast disappearing, though it is characterised by a refinement and nobility beyond anything that has gone before, has almost of necessity lost somewhat of national individuality. But in the Transition Period, and especially towards the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when the Persian fetters had been fairly broken and the lessons of the West were as yet unlearned, Turkish poetry, untrammelled by any foreign influence, was free to shape its own course, and glows with a brightness of local colour unequalled at any other stage of its progress. The Ottoman muse, whom during the Classic Period we pictured as a pretty Turkish girl arrayed in Persian garments, now casts aside her foreign finery, dons the entari and shalwar, and wears the fez of her native land; and she looks all the better for the change.

Allusions to the customs of the people, references to the costumes of the time, and similar little touches inspired by the familiar sights and doings of every day life, not only invest the poetry of this Period with a picturesque element unknown in the past, but render it more interesting and endow it with an air at once livelier and more natural. Although most pronounced about the time which I have mentioned, this local colouring more or less pervades the whole Period, and forms one of the most marked, as well as the most attractive of its characteristics. From Nedím, whose verses mirror the gay times of Ahmed the Third, down to ʿOsmán Nevres, the friend of Ziyā Pasha and the bête noire of Kemál Bey, who brings into his ghazels the theatre and the steamboat, we have a succession of poets whose writings spread before us, like a panorama, the life of Constantinople during these hundred and fifty years. For
we are entering on a period when men will no longer hesitate till they get the lead from Shíráz or Isfahán ere they write about the things that really interest them in the manner which they deem the best; they have even invented a verse-form of their own, to which is affixed the imprimatur of no Tránian master. Truly the Ottomans have at last grown weary of being the parrots of the Persians!

The question at once arises: how came this great change, the most revolutionary, so far, in the history of Ottoman poetry, to occur at this particular juncture? Remembering how in the past each fresh development in Turkish poetry has been the reflection of a similar movement in that of Persia, our first impulse would be to look for some corresponding evolution in the literature of Trán to supply the answer to this question. But when we turn to the works of 'Urfí and Feyzí, whose influence was supreme in Turkey at the time when the first signs of the coming change appeared, we fail to discover any trace of that objective spirit which gives its special stamp to the poetry of the Transition, and of which the local colouring just referred to is a conspicuous manifestation. Turkish poetry has, indeed, ceased to derive its direct inspiration from Persia, so we must look elsewhere for the answer to our question.

The first step is to see whether we can discover why the Ottoman poets should, at this particular point, sever a connection which has existed since the very foundation of their literature, and break away from a tradition which has from the beginning been the pivot on which has turned the whole aesthetic culture of their race. When Turkish poetry started on its career early in the fourteenth century, Persian literature was, with the single exception of Itahan, the greatest living literature in the world, and, apart from any accidental or local circumstances, was well worthy to serve as model
to a people possessing no literary traditions and endowed with no great artistic originality. This pre-eminence was fairly maintained up to the age of Jámi, and did not entirely disappear until after the time of Sá‘íb. The period subsequent to the death of that author, which occurred about 1088 (1677), is known in the history of Persian poetry as that of the Decadence; and although writers not altogether unworthy of the past still continued to appear from time to time, the literature of Irán now sank into a state of decrepitude from which there has as yet been no revival.¹ Having thus lost her own inspiration, the Persian muse was no longer able to inspire her neighbour; and this the Turkish poets must have felt, though they may never have recognized, or even realised, the fact.

Again, just as the Turks were thus compelled to abandon the practice of modelling their poetry on the contemporary work of Persia through the insufficiency of the latter, they were prohibited from continuing to imitate the productions of Irán's earlier and happier days, in as much as the spirit which animated those belonged to a past age, and was no longer adequate to express the tendencies and ideals of a new time. Moreover, Turco-Persianism had, as we have seen, said its last word in the poems of Nefší and Nábi; it was impossible to go farther than the first of these writers in the direction of technical excellence, or than the second in that of downright imitation. No advance was therefore possible along the old lines, and so the Turkish poets found themselves

¹ [I have already repeatedly expressed my dissent from this view. Qa‘ání of Shiráz, who was living not much more than half a century ago, is alone sufficient, in my opinion, to disprove it. The fact is that no careful study of modern Persian poetry has yet been made in Europe. It was the good fortune of the Turks to find so faithful a friend, so appreciative an admirer, and so diligent a student of their literature of all periods, ancient and modern, as the Author of this work. This good fortune has hitherto been denied to the Persians. Ed.]
confronted with the necessity of shaping some new course for themselves, unless they wished to see their work lose whatever vitality it possessed and degenerate more than ever into the position of a mere academic exercise. What they actually did was the very best thing they could have done; they turned their attention to the life they saw about them, and brought what they could of the national spirit into their work.

This takes us to the second point in our enquiry, namely, why the Turkish poets, when deprived of the guidance of Persia, should have turned for inspiration to that well-spring of national sentiment which they had hitherto contemptuously ignored. The answer seems to be that they had no choice. The writings of ancient Greece and Rome, together with the modern European literatures which derive so much from these, were for the Turks of those times practically as non-existent as the Sanscrit Vedas, or as the poems of Jāmī and Báqí for the contemporary scholars of the West; and even had the case been otherwise, racial pride and religious bigotry were still too strong to permit of any lesson being taken from the Frankish paynim. There was indeed available the vast literature of the Arabs; but, apart from the fact that the two races have always been antipathetic in genius, Arabic poetry was at this moment in a yet more atrophied condition than that of Persia;¹ and to have substituted the former for the latter would simply have been, while slightly varying its character, to have intensified the nature of the evil it was sought to remedy.

And so the poets were compelled to fall back upon their native resources; and to the student of Ottoman literature it can only be a matter of regret that this necessity did not

¹ [I am inclined to think that much of what I said in the last note about modern Persian poetry is applicable, mutatis mutandis, to that of the Arabs. — Ed.]
arise earlier; not that the Turkish genius is superior to the Persian, for, as a matter of fact, the converse is true, but because a literature which really expresses the feelings of those who formed it is more interesting and more valuable than one which but reflects the mind of another, albeit a more gifted, race.

For the sake of convenience I have begun the Transition Period with the year 1115 (1703), which is the date of the accession of Ahmed III. But, of course, this date is only an approximation; here, as in all similar cases, there is a certain amount of overlapping; many poems, as we have already seen, inspired by a sentiment quite in accordance with that of the Transition were written during the Classic age, while many more, as we shall shortly see, produced during the later period are in full sympathy with the spirit of the earlier period. Thus the sharqi, which is the distinctive verse-form of the Transition, made its appearance, as we know, in the diwan of the Classic poet Nazim.¹

I call the sharqi the distinctive verse-form of the Transition, because, although it was introduced some few years before Sultan Ahmed ascended the throne, it is itself the symbol and embodiment of the great change then accomplished. The sharqi is the sign that the Turk is no longer in tutelage to the Persian; its outward form is of native growth, and the spirit which animates it is the native spirit, and this is the spirit that creates the Transition Period.

Persian forms, it is true, remain; ghazel and qasida and mesnevi continue with us as before, but it is no longer only an echo of the voice of Iran that is heard through these. The old familiar accents are certainly not wanting, but with them have begun to mingle the tones of another voice, less soft and caressing it may be, but stronger, clearer, and more

¹ [See vol. III, pp. 319—323. Ed.]
manly, in the ever-increasing volume of which those gradually melt away till they are lost.

Persianism had struck root too deeply to be easily or quickly done away. Its influence, indeed, lasts all through the Transition, which is the period of its decline, not of its disappearance. To bring about that consummation, to deal the coup de grace to the incubus which had for so many centuries oppressed the poetry of Turkey, a new force was needful, a force as yet undreamed of, but in due course to be born of the intellectual alliance of the Ottoman poets with the West.

The native Turkish spirit, the presence of which thus differentiates the Transition from the preceding Periods, is most clearly seen, as I have often had occasion to remark, in the folksongs and national ballads known as Turkis. As presented in these, it is in direct antithesis to that Persian spirit which till now has animated well-nigh the whole mass of the literary poetry. It is as simple as that is affected, and as spontaneous as that is artificial; while the intense subjectivity of the latter is paralleled by the remarkable objectivity of the former.

The Turk is of a more practical nature than the Persian; he is not so much of a dreamer; left to himself, he rarely sits down to weave romances or speculate as to the mystery of existence. Consequently we find, comparatively speaking, but little more avowedly mystic poetry. Every true Persian is more or less of a mystic, but the average Turk finds greater satisfaction in turning his attention to things that lie more immediately to his hand.

A natural result of this is that as the Turkish spirit outsts the Persian, the tone of the poetry becomes less and less spiritual and more and more material. Thus the object of the poet's love who, when Persianism was at its best, was
conceived as a sexless being, the ideal of youthful beauty, now becomes frankly a human creature, generally a girl, whose charms are sometimes described in terms such as would have made the elder poets shroud their faces with their sleeve. When Persianism was not at its best we have seen that the beloved was, through a variety of motives already sufficiently indicated, most often pictured as a boy. But this was contrary to Turkish popular taste; so, as the native spirit began to assert itself and gain strength, we find the girl beginning to compete with the boy, then gradually pushing him farther into the background until at last she has the stage entirely to herself, a victory the permanence of which has been secured to her by the Occidentalism of the Modern School. The magnitude of the change in this respect will be appreciated if we call to mind the bitter and uncompromising misogyny of the Classic Age, when the mere mention a woman (outside the fictitious world of romance) was an outrage on decorum, while to suggest that such a creature could possess any charm was to evoke a hurricane of opprobrium and obloquy.

Although the national spirit was able thus profoundly to modify the aims and the tone of poetry, the case was otherwise with regard to outward form. Never having been cultivated, the Turkish folksong had but little to offer in this direction; turkis, varying slightly in rime-arrangement, but all more or less rugged and uncouth, were its sole medium of expression. These the literary poets took up and elaborated into the existing varieties of the sharqi; but beyond this nothing was possible.

The other verse-forms continue much as heretofore. There is a tendency in the ghazel, especially as the Period advances, to lose something of its discursiveness and to confine itself to a single subject. Long mesnevis become rarer, but there
is a large number of shorter poems of this class, generally descriptive or narrative. The tārīkhān or chronograms show a marked increase, which culminates in the extraordinary dīwān of Surūrī. Possibly the growing favour of this style of poem may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that it has always for subject some definite event, a circumstance which would be likely to recommend it to the practical and somewhat uninvective Turkish mind.

A corresponding change becomes perceptible in the vocabulary of the poets. This ceases to be so exclusively Persian as formerly, and many Turkish words and idioms which have hitherto been regarded as outside the literary pale begin to find their way into the dīwāns. As time goes on, more and more of such are introduced, and their presence does much to heighten that national Turkish air which not only distinguishes the more interesting poetry of this Period, but gives it well-nigh whatever it possesses of originality.

During the reign of Ahmed III, which lasted from 1115 (1703) to 1143 (1730), the Ottoman court reached the zenith of its splendour. At first, indeed, the horizon was dark with war-clouds, but these passed away, and the Sultan who cared little for military glory gave himself up, heart and soul, to the realisation of his dreams of luxury and magnificence. But Ahmed was no sensual despot like Ibrahim, he was a refined and appreciative lover of all things beautiful, who found his chief delight in laying out enchanting gardens, building gay kiosques and pavilions, and organising brilliant fêtes for the delectation of himself and his friends and of the bevy of fair women with whom he loved to surround himself. All the great men of the court followed his example, and scarcely less splendid than his own were the piazzas and palaces of his son-in-law the Grand Vezir Ibrahim Pasha and of the
Grand Admiral Mustafá Pasha. With these two high officers the Sultan was on the most intimate terms; he would often invite them to special entertainments at his palaces, and would even at times honour the Vezír by accepting his hospitality in return. It was a careless pleasure-loving age when the great world of Constantinople had no thought but to enjoy life to the uttermost, when morals were naturally far from rigid and many things were done openly which in former times would have been discreetly veiled. The love of pomp and show which seized upon the court found expression not alone in the many pleasure gardens and palaces which sprang up on every side, but in the magnificent pageants that were organised on all available occasions. The historian Ráshid and the poet Seyyid Vehbi give glowing accounts of the brilliant processions and countless entertainments when princesses were married or princes circumcised; while some idea of the sumptuous decoration of the apartments and the costly magnificence of the dresses of the great ladies may be gathered from the letters of the English “ambassadress” Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who visited Turkey during this reign, and who was happily a careful observer and a faithful recorder of what she saw. Saʿd-ábád on the Sweet Waters of Europe, where a fair palace was now built, became the favourite resort of the pleasure-seeking Constantinopolitans, and is henceforward to the Ottoman poets what the fields of Musallá and the banks of the Ruknábád were to Háfiz of Shiráz. Illuminations and tulip-fêtes, garden-parties and banquets, excursions and pageants, followed one another in endless succession, until at length the people grew weary of the extravagance and carelessness of a government whose chiefs thought of nothing beyond their own enjoyment. And so it came about that in the autumn of 1730 the janissaries mutinied, dragged the Grand Admiral from his garden on
the Bosphorus where he was planting tulips, strangled him along with the Grand Vezir and another high officer, and compelled Ahmed to abdicate in favour of his nephew Mahmúd.

Sultan Ahmed and the great men of his court, more especially Ibráhím Pasha, were, as we should have expected, intelligent and enthusiastic patrons of literature. The Grand Vezir encouraged letters by every means in his power. On at least two occasions he formed committees consisting of the most learned and accomplished men in Constantinople for the purpose of translating some of the great Arabian and Persian classics, which had hitherto never appeared in a Turkish dress. The plan of translation adopted by these committees was singular; each member was told off to translate a certain number of pages of the work in hand, which when completed were bound up together, and thus, we are told, a work which it would have taken a single scholar years to accomplish was finished within a little time. No doubt it was; but this celerity of execution must have been dearly purchased if unity of style is of any account.

A brilliant group of poets, with the illustrious Nedím at their head, sang the splendours of the court, and lavished all the wealth of their Eastern imaginations in extolling the glories of the great Sultan and his ministers. At such a time, when the court was the centre of all things, it was but natural that court-poets should abound, all the more as the grandees were most generous in their encouragement of men of letters, and as there was really much to stimulate and inspire impressionable natures in the dazzling magnificence displayed upon every side. And thus, although at all times court-poetry has been considerably in evidence in Turkey,

1 [In a pencil note on this passage the Author observes: "He is often praised in the same quada as the Sultan, which I think, quite unprecedented." p. 110.]
it was never cultivated with so much success, and never achieved such brilliancy and distinction, as during the later years of the reign of Ahmed the Third.

But while the court thus attracted to itself several of the best poets of the day, including the most gifted of them all, there were many writers who, either because their lot was cast elsewhere than in the capital, or because a retiring temperament led them to shun publicity, stood altogether outside the ranks of the court-poets, — an attitude which, be it said to his honour, did not prevent Ibráhím Pasha from extending to them such encouragement and assistance as they required and were willing to accept. Two or three of these writers have since attained a renown greater than that of any of the court-poets, save only Nedîm himself; and it is with one of such that we shall begin the Transition Period.

There are few educated Turks who are unfamiliar with the name of Sâbit; for though by no means a great poet, this author was a man of unusual versatility, and possessed a happy knack of presenting well-known proverbs and other familiar phrases and expressions in a neat and epigrammatic form, often enlivened by a dash of humour, which at once gained for him a large share of popular favour, of which the shadow at least remains to the present day.

Born in what the biographers call 'the town of Uzicha in Bosnia,' 1 Sâbit, whose personal name was ʿAlá-ud-Dîn, began his studies under a certain Khalîl Efendi who had a reputation for learning in those parts. In due time he made his way to Constantinople, where he continued his studies, until, having passed through the several classes of the muderrisate, and

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1 This is probably the Ushitza or Usieza of our maps, which is now included in the Kingdom of Servia.
served as judge-substitute at Rodosto, he entered the second or devriyye order of the magistracy and was appointed molla of Bosna-Seray, Qonya, and Diyár-Bekr successively. He received the mollaship of the last-named city in 1119 (1707—8), but before his death, which occurred in 1124 (1712—3), he had retired from public life. The only personal note that I find recorded of Sábit is that he was afflicted with a stutter or stammer in his speech which made him say on occasions, 'I cannot speak, but thank God my pen can speak a little; were it too unable to speak, I should split.' Sábit died too early to come under the influence of Sultan Ahmed's court, which did not attain the full height of its splendour until some years later. A considerable portion of his work, indeed, must fall within the Classic Period; he has a chronogram on the accession of Suleyman II in 1698 (1686). But in spirit he is a thorough-going Transitionist; so Turkish is his language at times that Kemál Bey cites him as one of the two old writers who most endeavoured to develop a new and national style, the other being Káni who flourished somewhat later. The cause of Sábit's failure in this direction we shall consider by and bye; but first we must note that this poet has a style of his own which though occasionally approaching that of Nábi, is in reality essentially different.

The characteristic which distinguishes Sabit not only from Nábi but from all his predecessors is his humour. None of the earlier Turkish poets seriously attempted humorous verse; the only approach to it had been in the works called Shehr-ı engiz, and it is hard to say how much in these was jest and how much was earnest. This has not happened because the Turks are destitute of the sense of humour, but because this sense, like most other native traits, has up till now been regarded as beneath the dignity of poetry. But in the new condition of affairs humour begins to assert itself, and it is.
worthy of note that the more humorous a poem is in purpose, the more Turkish it is in vocabulary and idiom. Sābit may fairly claim to be the first to introduce the spirit of humour into Ottoman poetry; others followed in his footsteps and in some respects improved upon his work, but the glory of the pioneer is his.

The way in which he introduces those proverbs and popular sayings to which I have already referred and which abound in his writings, bears witness to this tendency of Sābit’s temper, for he presents those phrases and locutions, with which everyone is familiar, in a manner so neat and at the same time so whimsical that it is impossible to refrain from smiling when reading his verses. The setting of proverbs in this comic fashion appears to have been what afforded him the greatest pleasure in writing poetry, and many of his verses were no doubt composed merely for the point which the humorously introduced citation enabled him to make. This was perceived by his contemporary Nābī who, as we have seen, sometimes tried his own hand in this direction, and was gracefully acknowledged by him in more than one of his poems. Thus he says:

"Nābī, in this age no one can rival 1
"Sābit Efendi in the citation of proverbs." 1

And again:

"Nābī, everyone cannot be like Sābit Efendi,
"A proverb for proverbs among the witty." 2

If Nābī had Sābit in his mind when he wrote the following

1 ضرب المشت ايرادينه بين عصرده نابي
كيمسه لولعماز ثابت افنديه رسيما
2 نابي لولعماز ثابت افنديي كبي عبر كس
ضرب المثل نكتهوران ضرب مشتامده
couplet, a gentle and not unjust criticism must have been intended; but possibly he may have been thinking only of himself:

"There is nothing against quoting proverbs in one's speech;
But true speech is such that there shall remain from what thou [sayest a proverb to the world." ¹

Sābit on his part refers to Nābī in a couple of ghazels which he wrote naziras to two of the elder poet, who was then residing at Aleppo. In the first the reference is entirely complimentary:

"Is there any man of eloquence like Sābit in Aleppo
Who can write a nazira to his reverence the master Nābī?" ²

In the second, Sābit betrays some jealousy of the favour shown to Nābī's poetry in the capital, at the same time unintentionally demonstrating how popular was the master's work even then:

"At present, O Sābit, there is no demand in Constantinople
For the new silk of talent if the Aleppo stamp be not thereon." ³

Besides his love of quoting proverbs, Sābit had an extra-ordinary craze for punning in season and out of season; and it is this more than anything else that disqualified his work from becoming an example to his successors. Other Turkish poets, as we know well, were fond of equivoques; but they sought after such purely as rhetorical embellishments, and

¹ ² ³
used them in a manner which, in their eyes at any rate, in no wise lessened the dignity of their work. Sábit on the other hand scatters his puns broadcast through his verses with but scant regard to either propriety or taste, and most often with no other purpose than that of provoking a smile. And this chiefly when he is most Turkish; when he uses Arabic and Persian he can be as sedate as any of his predecessors, but he seems to have considered the Turkish idiom as unworthy of serious cultivation and fitted only to be a medium for jokes and whimsicalities. And herein lies the reason why the genius of this poet failed of its due effect. He did indeed show his contemporaries and successors that it was possible to write verses in simple and vigorous Turkish; but while he did so he was laughing at the whole thing and hinting to them with a wink of the eye and a shrug of the shoulders that burlesque, if not buffoonery and ribaldry, was the only proper subject for such a style. Had Sábit turned to more account the great talent he undoubtedly possessed, and striven seriously to write poetry in that natural and familiar idiom he knew so well how to use, his work would probably have had a powerful and beneficent influence upon the subsequent literature of his country; as it is, he but set a fashion of writing facetious verse in a language bordering more or less on the vernacular.

When he chose, this poet could write in a strain both elevated and noble, as he clearly proved on more occasions than one. Scattered throughout his poems are many graceful and pleasing passages and many witty and amusing sallies; but the continual straining after puns and other word-plays wearies the reader, and the complete absence of taste with which these are introduced displeases and eventually disgusts. And so Professor Nájí, speaking of his poems, says that the beauties which now and then occur are wonderfully great
and such as to render imitation impossible, while the commonplaces are tasteless to the last degree and such that they are altogether unworthy of imitation.

Ziyá Pasha declares Sábit to be a vigorous poet in the style of Yahyá Efendi and Nedín (i. e. of the Transition), and with true discrimination selects his Na'ít, or Hymn in honour of the Prophet, and his Miğrajiiyya, or Ascension-song, for special mention. His language is said to be often technical, though his thoughts are worth jewels, while his thraldom to proverbs sometimes drives him to commit prosodial errors. In another part of the preface to his anthology the Pasha charges Sábit, along with Sámí, who wrote a little later, with introducing into Turkish poetry two other prosodial laxities which subsequent writers adopted on their authority. But, as Kemál Bey points out, one of these was in general use long before Sábit's time, while the Pasha himself takes advantage of the other in his own poetical work.

Sábit's diwán opens with what is called a Miğrajiiyya, that is, a poem descriptive of the Miğraj or Ascension of Muhammed, the vision in which the Prophet saw himself transported to Heaven and introduced into the immediate presence of God. It had been the custom from early times to devote one of the prefatory cantos or sections of the romantic mesnevis to this subject, but separate poems, dealing exclusively with it, though not unknown in the Classic Period, only now became at all frequent. There are but one or two passages in the Koran where the vision is referred to, but an immense mass of legend grew up round these in after times, and it is the story in this amplified form that supplies the text for the Miğrajiiyyas or Ascension-Songs. These, which often go into great detail, are written with all the splendour of diction and wealth of fancy which the poet can command. Sábit's poem, which is in qasida form, is one of the best of his.
works: and although the imagery is often too extravagant and fantastic to please modern taste, it contains some passages which may be justly termed sublime. According to the author of the Caravan of the Poets, Sábit wrote this work as a nazira to a similar poem by Nádirí, an author who died in 1036 (1626—7).

In his Na‘t, which, along with the Mi‘rajíyya, shares the honour of Ziyá Pasha’s special praise, Sábit writes in his most erudite style and with a dignity which he reaches nowhere else. Some passages in certain of his qasidas and ghazels are good; though in the latter especially he gives the rein to his passion for quoting proverbs and making puns.

Sábit, it would appear, at one time meditated writing a Khamsa in emulation of that of ʿAtá‘í; but he got no further than the first poem, and this he only finished, and in a somewhat perfunctory manner, at the suggestion of a friend, long after it had been begun and laid aside. The work is a romantic mesnevi, and is entitled Edhem and Humá. The narrative portion of the poem, which is much shorter than the prefatory, is claimed by Sábit as his own invention, and may very well be so. In any case it is of the slightest, and contains hardly any plot at all.¹

¹ The following is an outline of the story which is scarcely worth relegating to the Appendix: Edhem is a beautiful and pious youth of Balkh, who spends his days distributing water among the people and his nights in worshipping God in a cave in the cemetery. He has a friend who looks after him during the night and acts as a barber during the day. One day Edhem, while going to fill his water-skin at a fountain near the king’s palace, raises his eyes to the building, and sees at a window a lovely girl with whom he at once falls passionately in love. When she perceives that she is being watched, the girl closes the window and retires. Whereupon Edhem falls down in a faint. He is borne to his cave where he tells his friend what has happened. The friend tells him that the girl is the king’s daughter Humá and that as his love is quite hopeless he had better banish it altogether from his mind. This Edhem cannot do, so he straightway dies broken-hearted but happy in that he is giving his life for love. Von Hammer is mistaken in saying that this poem is in honour of the saint Ibráhiüm Edhem.
The Zafer-Nâme or Victory-Book is a poem in mesnevi verse in honour of Selim Giray the Khan of the Crimea, and records the exploits of that Prince in the war waged by Suleyman II against the Austrians. In both the Edhem u Humá and the Zafer-Nâme there is much that can be read with pleasure, and in both there is the usual wealth of proverbs. Sábit has finally two mesnevis the intention of which is wholly humorous. It is in these that he finds freest scope for his puns and proverbs, which here crowd upon one another’s heels so that there is scarce a line but contains some joke or quibble. Apart from the puns and the comical connections in which the proverbs are introduced, the humour of the two works consists merely of the most audacious ribaldry. The first, which is variously entitled Hikâye-i Khoja Fesád, or The Story of Fesád, and Dere-Nâme or The Valley-Book, is the tale of a trick played upon an Armenian woman by a ruffian of Rodosto. The second, called the Berber-Nâme or Barber-Book, is worse; it details the treachery which an infamous reprobate and his associates practised towards a coquettish young barber. These works and others like them — for they do not stand alone — probably reflect accurately enough the worst features of the vilest section of the rabble of those days; but their true interest lies exclusively in their

1 In the several subjects of these two poems is exemplified one characteristic of the Transition — the competition of the girl and the boy on equal terms, which occurs throughout in Sábit. Thus the following quatrains would have been impossible in the previous age; the verse, though it cannot well be translated, is clever in its way and a good example of one side of the poet’s humour:

أيهما زفاف دیمه بر یکبسته کوزش
زهرش نه بی منصفانه دوی ایش وار
در اینم محسون نوع ماده، ایش نبله
در خاصه هم مهیا ماند سریش وار
language. This is invariably the raciest and the most idiomatic Turkish of which the author is capable, and is in the strongest possible contrast to the artificial Persianised dialect of conventional literary poetry. And so these otherwise contemptible productions preserve for us something of the colloquial language of their day, which but for them would have passed altogether into oblivion; for the prose literature is as affected and unnatural as the poetic and has equally little in common with the speech of everyday life. There are, however, in such humorous poems very frequently a number of allusions to localities bearing significant names in the neighbourhood of the places where the work is written, which together with local and sometimes now obsolete expressions and a crowd of playfully introduced technicalities connected with the trades or professions of the actors in the stories, combine to render it often extremely difficult to fully understand all that the author meant.

The first of the two following passages from the Mi'rájiyya opens the poem and describes the night when the Ascension took place. The second relates what happened to the Prophet when in his Celestial journey he reached 'the Lote-Tree beyond which none may pass,' and had to leave behind his guide Gabriel and his steed Buráq.

From the Mi'rájiyya. [311]

All hail to thee! o happy-starred. O favoured and most blessed night,
The title whose fame's the head-line of the chapter 'Esra' hight. 1
Before the sun-bride's radiant face the evening hung a rosy veil,
The stellar largesse 2 yielded matchless gems untold and infinite.
'Twas ne'er the lunar disc: the gloomy deep of night did surge and swell,

1 The seventeenth chapter of the Koran is entitled "Esra," because the word esra. meaning. 'he transported by night,' occurs in the opening verse.
2 [Sachi, like the Arabic nithár, denotes coins cast about on occasions of rejoicing. Ed.]
Whereon the raying waves cast up a fish with golden scales and bright. The hour had o'er its gold-embroidered raimenture of orange-hue A flowered cloak of ambergris with flashing jewelled buttons right. 1

Th' Efrāsiyāb-night laid beneath his hand the Khusrev-day's domain; 2

And let illumine all the skies in honour of his conquering might.

What time they reached unto the Lote-Tree 3 still the Bird Celestial 4 bode, For unto him the Lote-Tree formed the term of his permitted flight. The heaven-scouring steed Burāq 5 did likewise cease to prance and play, For this that neither horse nor steed had part on yonder peerless site. Thereon the Refref 6 came anear with lowly reverence to serve, And sky-like gave its heart as station for yon Sun of beauty bright. 7

Therewith he passed through many an hundred thousand veils of light and dark, Then stopped the Refref too, and Ahmed 8 went alone without affright. He reached unto a region where the six directions were no more, Where earth and sky were not, and where all roof and floor were lost to sight. A wondrous world was yonder world, with no beginning and no end, Where voice and ear and speech and mind and reason were forgot outright.

The Na't opens as follows:

**From the Na't. [312]**

O heart, come, let us rouse the soul and raise the eye to see;
 Enough of this blind trilling with to be or not to be!
 Enough, in following this vain, deceitful flesh hast thou

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1 The starry night succeeding the sunset.
2 Efrāsiyāb was the legendary Turanian King whose wars with Rustem and other Persian heroes, in the time of Key-Kāurs and Key Khüsrev fill so large a portion of the Shah-Name.
3 The Lote-Tree which marks the spot in Heaven beyond which even the angels may not pass, hence called Sidrul-Muntaha, "the Lote-Tree of the Limit."
4 L. c. Gabriel the Archangel.
5 Burāq, "the Flashing Steed," that bore the Prophet from earth to this point in Heaven.
6 The Refref, presumably a kind of throne, is the name of the Last vehicle which bore the Prophet on this famous journey.
7 L. c. the Prophet.
8 Ahmed = Muhammed.
The dales and mountain-paths of lust traverséd wearily.
What means this wildered wandering through the vale of covetise?
What means this mazed confusion mid the qualms of agony?
Remove forthright the bursting boil from off the foot of quest;
What profiteth this vain and purposeless futility?
While all this two-day's life our foot is stirruped to depart,
What mean these endless, anxious cares anent futurity?
Remove forthright the bursting boil from off the foot of quest.
What profiteth this vain and purposeless futility?
While all this two-day's life our foot is stirruped to depart,
What mean these endless, anxious cares anent futurity?
This pillory, the body, 'tis that holds thee fast ensnared
From winning to the fearful things and grand of Deity.
O wash it pure with tears of penitence and let us lay
The face in prayer amid the dust, and worship earnestly.
'Tis time the stony heart were molten through distress and dole,
That forth from out the eyne might pour the tears of cramoisie. 2
Enough the idols of desire have made the spirit-shrine
An Indian Somnáth, 3 a Holy Tomb of paynimrie. 4
They say that 'tis the lustings of the stubborn flesh that fling
Yon fluttering bird, the heart, into the snare of vanity.
No likelihood of rescue, nay, nor any hope of 'scape,
Not e'en desire to win from out these chains to liberty.
Within my heart the senseless sophistry of lust of days,
Within my head the cheating cares of coin and property.

The couplets that follow are taken from a qasída addressed
to Ahmed III on the occasion of the defeat of Peter the
Great by the Grand Vezír Baltaji Mehemed Pasha.

From a Qasída. [313]

1. e. this ephemeral life.
2. Let the hard heart be melted and turned to blood, so that it may supply
   tears of blood, i. e. bitter tears of penitence.
3. Somnáth, the famons idol temple in India which was destroyed by Mahmúd
   of Ghazna.
4. That is, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. We have seen
   that the statues, images, and paintings with which the Christians decorate
   their churches are looked upon as idols by the Muslims.
On before him like to guides did Victory and Triumph go.
Lion-like he chased that crafty fox, the Czar of Muscovy;
Will he nill he, swift he drave him straight into the hole of woe.
On the one hand showered the muskets venom even like to snakes,
On the other did the cannons, dragon-fashion, fire throw.

Thou hast finished off the Russian, Sovran mine; though dead he be,
Yet for fear of thee his carcase quaketh in its pit below.
Down he falleth into hell's abyss when once thy musket flames,
Needless here to draw the sabre as against another foe.

Here are three ghazels:

**Ghazel. [314]**

To bring that youngling to his school the pedagogue strives night and day;
He well may get himself prayed o'er, he's clean gone daft, ah welaway!

Ay, let her quaff the wine pomegranate-hued from out the pear-shaped glass,
For e'en as far as the Red Apple you pomegranet chin holds sway.

Unbuttoning my love's attire, I looked to see the hour last night:
Lo, morn had broke, the world was light, and scattered all the stars' array.

According to his taste voile-safe to each, cupbearer, at this feast;
Give salep to the zealot, ay, and red wine to the toper gay.

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1 A mad or sick person has a prayer or incantation recited over him. They say, Kendini qut, 'go and have yourself prayed over,' i.e., you have gone mad.

2 The Red Apple is an old name for the city of Rome, and is said by some to have been derived from the gilt globe over St. Peter's, which is visible from the sea.

3 The chin is often compared to an apple.

4 The morn broke, i.e., the beauty's white body was exposed and its bright ness illuminated the world; the stars were scattered, i.e., the gold or freight buttons of her dress were undetected.

5 Salep (for Arabic Salab) is a drink made from the powdered root of the orchis mascula, and is not, like wine, forbidden by the Law.
O Sabit, what although I pour the molten ruby of my soul
The sweet cupbearer’s lip will form a spinel bowl therefor in fay.

Ghazel. [315]

Fain to hide his wine, the zealot passioned to his bosom’s core
Hangs his prayer-rug as a curtain there before the tavern-door.

In his night-clothes sweat the lover as ’twere with the sweat of doom
While he stripped that wanton beauty even to the shift she wore.

Casting down her hook-like tresses, searcheth she her chin’s sweet well
For the heart therein that’s fallen of her lover all forlore.

That she looks not on her lover comes of her abounding grace;
From her eyen’s shafts she guardeth him who doth herself adore.

Loosen not thy locks, let not them fall, by that fair head of thine!
Bind not Sabit’s still free spirit in the chains of anguish sore.

To the next ghazel, in which the poet describes his sweet-heart’s silver belt, Sámi has written a nazíra.

Ghazel. [316]

Full heavy it is clear to see’s thy belt;
Let’s unbind it, for a load to thee’s thy belt.

Of that cup of milk, thy navel, sore athirst,
A snake with drooping head perdie’s thy belt.

To encircle with adornment union’s realm,
A cordon of orfeverie’s thy belt.

In this city do they laud the Silver Stream; 2
But the vaunt of all the century’s thy belt.

Let us add thereto the circlet of our eye,
All too narrow for thy waist maybe’s thy belt.

1 The well of the chin is the dimple.
2 Gumush Suyu = the Silver Stream, is the name of a little river in the vicinity of Constantinople.
By magic hath it clomb the Crystal mount; ¹
A witch that rides the vault, ah me's thy belt.
It is even as the rainbow, Sábit, look;
A-glitter with all brilliancy's thy belt.

The following from the Edhem u Humá is the dying speech of the hero to his friend:

From the Edhem u Humá. [317]

O friend as Messiah kind, (quoth he),
Forgive me if e'er I have injured thee.
In the cave of my love is delight the light,
And death unto me seemeth passing bright.
Surrendered for Love be all that is!
A thousand lives for a death like this!
Think not this is death whereeto I'm doomed;
'Tis to be in the nuptial couch entombed.
With many a Khizr's life I'd buy
For a Fount of Life like this to die.
Good sooth, if I give my life for her,
My bones shall nourish the Humá fair. ²
If union with her I ne'er may gain,
A joy to my soul will be parting's pain,
The dute of her love will suffice for me,
And in union's stead shall her mem'ry be,
Of her mole doth the memory haunt my eye
Which is turned to her garden-close thereby.
The heart is the vase for her jacinth hair;
How might the lily find entrance there
My soul with the hosts of parting dream.
Both battle, each hair on my frame's a spear.
Breathed on my breast hath Love's ancient sage,
And for dote of Huma are my bones a cage.

¹ Kábir Bállari, "the Crystal Mount," i.e., the name of a mountain in Central Asia (Mt. Belou on the map). here it is a metaphor for the girl's hips.
² Playing on the lady's name and alluding to the legend of the huma bird living upon bones.
If aught with the Lord thou mayest gain,
Pray that my soul e'en now be ta'en.
A disciple true of the Path I'd be,
Let me pay my debt and wander free.
Ah! where is the sword? I am ready now,
And my blood-stained shift will be shroud enow.

The Zafer-Nâme begins as follows, the poet calling upon his reed-pen to abandon love themes and describe the glories of war. He enumerates the favourite romances in order to disparage them, omitting only that of Joseph and Zelîkhâ, probably because of its sacred origin.

From the Zafer-Nâme. [318]

Arise, reed, thou war-steed of rhetoric's fray,
And o'er speech's field make the battle-dust play.
A stoure do thou raise upon poesy's plain,
And pluck from the meadows of fancy thy strain.
The tale of the rose and the lily forswear,
And bring to us tidings of sabre and spear.
Enow of the musk-scented tresses, enow!
We'd cast up and catch the lasso and the bow. ¹
Enow of the locks falling loop upon loop!
As the links of the mail are mine eyen a-hoop.
Enow of the glance dealing anguish and bane!
That tale let the sword keen of edge cleave atwain.
Enow of the graces and charms of the fair!
Let wave in its beauty that sapling, the spear.
At length let the horsemen of fantasy's plain
Betrample these things in the mire of disdain.
For ancient this building of dolour is grown;
'Tis ruined, there resteth not stone upon stone.²
We've heard all these stories a thousand times o'er;

¹ One of the military games or exercises of the Turks in old times used to consist in throwing up and catching their weapons while riding at full speed.
² "Set not one stone remain upon another," is a proverb in Turkish as in other languages.
To listen thereto is permitted no more. Why then to the legend of Qays 1 be heart-bound Since, thanks be to Allah, our reason is sound? Repeat not of Leylá and Mejnún the song, Nor throw words to madmen, let be, pass along. Or what art and part with a navvy hast thou? Then run not with Ferhád thy head into woe; To tell of that rock of distress and dismay Were reminding the madman of stones, in good fay. 2 Or wherefore recount thou of Wámiq the tale? Nor look thou for devils nor lá havla wail, 3 Beware, nor the praises of Pervíz sing thou, So great a fire-server would burn one I trow. If the name of Shírin on thy tongue dost take, The taste of thy palate thou’lt ruin, alack. 4 Then seek, O thou reed-pen, a tract unkown, Disport in a land where no footstep hath gone; Go, find thee a realm where none other hath been, Untrodden of Ferhád, of Mejnún unseen.

I regret that the nature of the two humorous poems is such as to render it impossible to offer an example, for it is precisely in those passages which are most characteristic that these works are most offensive.

The light-hearted mirth and the gorgeous luxury of the gay and brilliant days of Ahmed the Third live for us still in the ghazels and qasídás of Nedim, of Nedim ʻthe Boon-

1 Qays was the real name of Leylá’s lover, who was nicknmaed Mejnún ‘the Possessed,’ ‘the madman,’ on account of his passion for the lady.

2 دل يه طبshi ʻAkhmá. ʻDo not remind the madman of stones,’ is a proverb which is variously applied: it is, often used to mean, ‘do not remind one of unpleasant things,’ referring to village children sometimes throwing stones at idiots; or it means, ‘do not remind him of stones, lest he be moved to pelt you with them.’ The rock alluded to in the text is the precipice of Mount Bésatin over which Ferhad thug himself.

3 La havla ve la quveta ʻilla hullah. ‘There is no strength nor power save in God!’ an Arabic phrase uttered in time of danger.

4 The name Shírin meaning ‘sweet.’
Companion," the third, and in some respects the greatest, of those four poets who stand fore- eminent among the legions of old time.

The materials for forming a biography are as scanty in the case of Nedîm as in those of his three great companions. We know little beyond the facts that Ahmed Nedîm of Constantinople was the grandson of a certain qâdi-asker called Mustafâ Efendi; that he was himself a member of the 'ulemâ and at one time officiated as cadi in the tribunal in the court of the mosque of Mahmûd Pasha; that he became the librarian and boon-companion of the Grand Vezîr Ibrâhîm, and that he met his death on the occasion of the fall of his patron. This tragedy, which happened in the middle of the First Rebi' of 1143 (the beginning of October 1730), occurred under the following circumstances. On the outbreak of the revolution which cost Ibrâhîm his life and Ahmed his throne, Nedîm, who chanced to be in the Vezîr's palace, hoping to escape the furious mob, got out on to the roof, and, while endeavouring to jump to the roof of an adjoining building, missed his footing, fell, and was killed; thus unwillingly bringing his career to a close on the very day that saw the break up of that gay court whose doings he had so often and so eloquently sung.

"Nedîm is the greatest poet in our language," and again, "let whoso will be the greatest in prose, Nedîm is the strongest of the Ottomans in poetry," says Kemâl Bey. This is high praise, but it is not wholly undeserved; Nedîm is at any rate the most original of the Ottoman poets of the Old School. Boldly advancing along that road which Yahyâ and his followers had but pointed out, he opened for himself a new path in literature, one which no Persian had ever trod. His ghazels and sharqîs stand out from the mass of artificial work which has preceded them by the freshness of their
inspiration and the joyous individuality of their note. For
never was there poet who reflected more faithfully his day;
the love of pleasure which was then predominant is the
keynote of all his work, the passion for beautiful things
which distinguished the court of Sultan Ahmed finds its
counterpart in the graceful and dainty fancies which dressed
in the prettiest words in the language, abound in his ghazels,
while the all-pervading love of magnificence is mirrored in
his qasidas which in splendour rival those of Nefî, and in
sheer beauty leave them far behind.

Joyousness of tone and daintiness alike of fancy and ex-
pression are the two great characteristics of Nedîm, and in
these he has no rival among the Ottoman poets. He has
nothing of the passion of Fuzülî, neither have his verses the
majestic roll of Nefî's qasidas; but for grace and lightness
of touch, and for that happy faculty of evoking by a few
well-chosen words the mental atmosphere of a situation, neither
Fuzülî nor Nefî nor any other of all the vast host of Turkish
singers can stand beside him.

Yet Nedîm never looked upon his poetry as a serious
matter; his art was to him always a plaything, but one
diversion the more for his companions and himself. Ekrem
Bey thinks that it may be for this reason that he never wrote
a fakhrîyya after the usual manner of Turkish poets; for the
self-laudatory couplets that occur in some of his ghazels are
evidently but an echo of the fashion of his day and have
none of the earnestness of Nefî's poems of this class.

In the diwan of this poet there is a happy absence of
that oppressive sense of labourlessness so conspicuous in many
others; for although his style is highly artistic and his every
word is chosen for its beauty and fitness, his work appears
perfectly spontaneous, the quaint and pretty fancies seem to
arise quite naturally and to fall of themselves into graceful
and appropriate words with an ease that has somewhat the air of the inevitable.

Scarcely less distinguished is Nedîm for the richness of his imagination than for the delicacy of his imagery and the beauty of his language; of the former gift he was himself aware, and he alludes to it with equal grace and truth in one of his poems where he speaks of his imagination as a gardener who when desired to bring a rose offers the wealth of a whole garden.

One of Nedîm's greatest merits lies in the fact that he consistently wrote in an idiom as close to the genius of the Turkish language and as far removed from that of the Persian as was possible under the circumstances. For this he deserves to take rank above either Fuzûlî or Nefî who preceded him or Sheykh Ghâlib who came after. Each of these poets surpassed Nedîm in one direction or another, but he surpassed them all in the success with which he imparted a national tone to his work. That this must have been a conscious and deliberate act, and not the result of any want of familiarity with Persian, is proved by the poems he wrote in that language which show him to have been as well versed therein as the most scholarly of his countrymen.

As Nedîm writes of all manner of pretty things, he naturally often mentions those which some persons think ought never to be heard of. It is this that makes Ekrem Bey declare that, though most of those maidens, his fancies, are graceful and charming as the fairies of old romance, they are yet but light o' loves; and it is this that makes Kemâl Bey say of his divân that it is like the picture of a lovely girl stript naked as when born of her mother, and that, though the grace and beauty of it may captivate the fancy of men of taste, it is an enemy to morality, and so should not be made the companion\(^1\) of our thoughts. This concluding

\(^1\) Alluding to the poet's name which means the Boon Companion.
remark of Kemál may or may not be true, for it must greatly depend upon the mental attitude of the reader; but the simile with which he begins is certainly apt enough. Yet had Nedím been more reticent, he would have been false alike to himself and to his age which adored all things beautiful that ministered to pleasure, and cared for nothing else. Outspokenness of this kind was new in Ottoman lyric poetry, but it became usual as time went on, though not every subsequent writer shared the refinement of Nedím, from whose temperament coarseness was as far removed as prudery.

When he sings of such things and of the pleasures of wine, and these are among the most usual of his themes, Nedím is perfectly frank and straightforward, and means what he says in as literal and downright a fashion as ever did Burns or Byron. There is nothing of the mystic about him; he is a true Turk, by no means in the clouds, but very certainly on the earth, writing in the gladness of his heart of the merry life around, but with a lightsomeness and grace unknown before in Turkish poetry.

If there is, remarks Ekrem Bey, anything about Nedím to which exception might be taken, it is that he devoted his great and unique talent entirely to such subjects and never wrote a helpful word encouraging to high purpose or noble endeavour, devotion to duty or love of country, which would have been at once a thank-offering for his own brilliant gifts and a precious heritage bequeathed to his successors. In reply to this criticism of the Bey Efendi's which, as he himself admits, refers only to the subject-matter of the poems and in no wise reflects upon their style, we can only say that Nedím was an artist and not a prophet, and held that his mission was to please by the creation of beautiful things, and not to teach by the administration of moral lessons sugared for their greater palatableness with a coating of sweet words.
There is a legend that when Nedím used to present to Ibráhím Pasha his brilliant qasídás and dainty sharqís describing those gay pavilions and lovely gardens, those dazzling illuminations and merry parties amid which their lives were passed, the Grand Vezír in his delight would fill the poet’s mouth with jewels. Although, as Ekrem Bey who tells it says, this story is most probably apocryphal, it is altogether in harmony with the spirit of the age and in keeping with the munificence and wealth of Ibráhím. In all likelihood it is but a fanciful interpretation of the not unfamiliar figure of speech by which it is said that the mouth of a poet who sings so sweetly is a treasury of gems.

The modern critics are loud in their praises of Nedím. I have already quoted the eulogistic verdict of Kemál Bey who so greatly admired this poet (some of whose verses he maintained were worthy of a place beside the poetry of the Arabs and of the West) that when Ebu-z-Ziyá Tevfiq Bey was meditating the issue of an annotated anthology, he requested to be allowed to make the selection from Nedím, promising himself to write and sign the ‘appreciation.’ Again in his criticism of the Kharábat he fulminates against Ziyá Pasha for pronouncing Nedím to be an imitator of Yahyá, reminding the Pasha how ‘Arif Hikmet Bey, a late Sheykh-ul-Islám and well-known poet, whom he had himself highly but not unjustly eulogised in one of his qasídás, used constantly to declare that there was no Ottoman poet except Nedím who was wholly innocent of copying the Persians or Arabs and had formed for himself an entirely original style. Another proof of Kemál’s admiration is furnished by his avowed selection of Nedím as the model for his Sáqi-náme a poem which he wrote before Hámíd Bey had inaugurated the Modern School.

In his little pamphlet on the great poets of the olden time Ekrem Bey has an eloquent chapter on Nedím. In this, to
which I have more than once referred, he does ample justice to the brilliant talents of the poet and the admirable qualities of his work, saying that although it is now more than a century and a half since he passed away, those bright and joyous poems of his are still fresh and fragrant as a posy of sweet flowers culled this morning.

Ebu-z-Ziyá Tevfíq Bey also, in his Examples of Literature, speaks of the poems of Nefíí as being truly miracles by reason of the beauty of imagery and grace of fancy displayed in them, and says that his work is in a literary idiom apart, peculiar to himself alone.

Next, Jelál Bey, youngest and latest-comer of them all, takes up the song of praise, and in glowing language declares this wonderful poet to have united in himself the eloquence of Nefíí, the delicacy of Fuzúlí, and the sublimity of Sheykh Ghálíb; and maintains that were he alive to-day, he would stand the foremost in the world of letters, and that all the poets of modern Turkey would fain be amongst his followers.

Ziyá Pasha does not think so much of Nefíí as do the critics of the Modern School; for although he allows that he added fresh brilliancy and lustre to the language, he charges him with copying Yahyá and Behá'í, and asserts that he pushed exaggeration to the borders of the ridiculous. With regard to the last count, it is undeniable that Nefíí did occasionally transgress the bounds of sobriety and indulge in metaphors and similes which, if judged by a modern standard, must be pronounced absurd. But so did every Turkish poet until very recent times. The first charge, that of copying Yahyá and Behá'í, is denied with indignation by Kemál and with moderation but no less firmly by Ekrem Bey. These writers will not admit that a poet whom they regard as unique in Ottoman literature is at all indebted to any of his predecessors.
When critics so distinguished speak with such emphasis it must appear somewhat presumptuous for any foreigner to dispute their judgment, and it is with considerable diffidence that I venture to state my own views upon this question Nedim, it seems to me, is indeed no imitator of Yahya or Beha'; his tone, his language, and his style are essentially his own; they have been borrowed from no previous writer, and they have been successfully copied by no after-comer. So far I am in perfect accord with Kemal and Ekrem Beys. But unless I have altogether misread the development of Ottoman poetry, Nedim did indeed take up the struggle against Persianism and conventionality which had been begun by Yahya, and, by carrying the same to a triumphant issue, secure the success of that movement in the evolution of this poetry to which I have given the name of the Transition. I believe that Ziya Pasha likewise was conscious of this, and that it is to it that he alludes when he speaks of Nedim being an imitator of Yahya. Had he used the word 'successor' in place of 'imitator,' he would, in my opinion, have accurately defined the relationship.

I look upon Nedim as the typical poet of the Transition; whatever is characteristic of that Period, or, to be more exact, of the movement which constitutes it, is present in his work. Objectiveness of view, absence of mysticism, local colour, materialism of tone, a more definite recognition of the 'eternal feminine,' as well as such external matters as the use of the sharqi-form and the employment of native words and idioms, all in short that differentiates the later poetry from the earlier will be found to distinguish this poet's diwan. This is to me Nedim's first and greatest charm; he is the most truly national of the great literary poets of old. His second charm lies in the unapproached, and apparently unapproachable, beauty of his language; he has shown,
as no one else, the subtle harmony of music and the exquisite delicacy in expression of which the Turkish language is capable. But, these things apart, his work is valueless save as a faithful picture of his age; the subjects which he treats are as limited as they are trivial, and were I asked to convey in a single word the impression which his work leaves upon my mind, it would be on Daintiness that my choice would fall.

It is curious to note how Von Hammer, who devotes pages to mediocrities and nonentities whose names are now well-nigh forgotten, disposes of this great poet in a few lines, dismissing him with the extraordinary remark that neither his qasidas nor his ghazels possess anything of distinction. But the critical faculty has never been reckoned among the many endowments of this illustrious scholar.

Nedim's poetical works are all comprised in his Diwan. He has some thirty or forty qasidas, mostly to the honour and glory of his patron the Grand Vezir Ibrahim Pasha and Sultan Ahmed III, though a few of the earlier ones are in praise of the Grand Vezir Ali Pasha of Chorli who fell in battle at Peterwaradin. These are followed by a few short poems in mesnevi form, and by a number of chronograms. The printed edition of his book contains one hundred and fourteen ghazels in Turkish and fifteen in Persian, twenty sharqis, and a few quatrains and single couplets in Turkish and Persian. In prose he made a translation of the historical work of the Munejjim Bashi, which in its own way is scarcely less meritorious than his verse. That he had a high reputation as a translator is shown by the circumstance of his forming one of the committee appointed by Ibrahim Pasha to translate the great biographical work known as the Ṭiqil

1 This is an universal history, beginning with the creation of Adam and coming down to the year 1683 (1672-3). It was written in Arabic by Ahmed Dede the Munejjim Bashi or Chief Astrologer. Nedim began his translation in 1132 (1719-20) and finished it in 1142 (1729-30).
ul-Jumán or Necklet of Pearls, written in the fifteenth century by the Imám Bedr-ud-Din el-^Ayni. Haníf-záda Ahmed, the continuer of Hájji Khalifa's bibliographical dictionary, gives us the names of the thirty members of this committee, which included three poets besides Nedím, namely, Vehbí, Neylí and c^Asim.

It has been said of Chinese poetry that to attempt to translate it is like endeavouring to copy a miniature in chalk. The same remark might be applied with the greatest justice to Turkish poetry, and above all to the poetry of Nedím. An English poet of equal skill could indeed write English verses of equal grace, but I doubt whether even he could give an adequate rendering of Nedím and at the same time preserve all the delicate lightness of his touch and the magic music of his language. I must therefore pray my readers to accept my assurance that though the following translations convey the meaning of what Nedím wrote, the lovely and cunningly wrought setting — here far the more precious thing — has almost altogether disappeared, and so to refrain from passing judgment on the poet from the renderings I am about to offer.

Ghazel. [319]

But a glass or two she gave us, yet she drave our thoughts astray;
Out on yonder wine-retailing, wit-assailing paynim may!

Brighter far her breast and clearer than the bowl she holds in hand,
Ruddier her cheeks than any fragrant wine her hands convey.

All aglow thy son hath promised to bestow one kiss on us;
Ay, thy daughter, master vintner, chewed that mastic yesterday.¹

¹ That is, yesterday she too promised me something nice in the same direction. بَرَرِ سَافِرُ چِکَنْهَا 'to chew a piece of mastic,' is a proverbial locution meaning spontaneously to promise one something pleasant, without saying definitely what it is.
Quiet nook and brimming wine-crock, dainty mate and lusty pate; Woe is me for ye, O patience and restraintment, welaway!

O Nedim, I weet not, lives there any other like to her, Murderess of unction, thief of piety, and foe of fay?

Ghazel. [320]

Her every curl a thousand heart-enchanting tangles bears, And every tangle in each curl a thousand souls ensnares.

A sly and roguish glance hath she, and a soft smile and sweet, A dulcet and a graceful speech, and dear seductive airs.

Behold those locks of ambergris beneath her fez of white, And see a wallflower sweet a vest of jasmine leaves that wears.

I may not tell the tale of her bright charms, nor mayst thou hear; Yet naught but lack of some small troth her sweetest self impairs.

An eye she hath that knoweth many an hundred thousand tongues; A thousand mates who understand its speech hath she for feres. 1

My lord, thou wert with envy torn, an if thou did but know What manner of adventure now Nedim in joyance shares.

Ghazel. [321]

V'ea, her fair and luent neck as white as shining camphor glows; V'ea, her eyebrows and her eyes surpass the black the sable knows.

Dazzled every eye whene'er it looks upon her beauty's ray; Ever and anon she cometh, stands, and like a glory shows.

Sheen they say and fragrant all thy dainty body bloometh fair, All, from head to foot, like crystal bright, and love some like the rose.

Wherefore droop, thine eye so languid, O thou wanton sweet and free One would deem thine eye drunken since the Primul Banquet's close. 2

1 That is, her eyes are more eloquent of love than a hundred thousand tongues.
2 This phrase, an echo from the mystic poets, is here used conventionally.
O my Princess, never shall I wish for others' grief or teen;
E'en as one of sickness smitten, groans Nedim for passion's woes.

**Ghazel. [322]**

O my wayward fair, who thus hath reared thee sans all fear to be?
Who hath tendered thee that thus thou shamest e'en the cypress-tree?
Sweeter than all perfume, brighter than all bloom, thy dainty frame;
One would deem some rose had nursed thee in her bosom, love o' me.
Thou hast donned a rose-enwroughten rich brocade, but sore I fear
Lest the shadow of the broidered rose's thorn make thee to dree.¹

Holding in one hand a bowl, in one a rose, thou camest, sweet;
Ah, I knew not which thereof to take, the bowl, the rose, or thee.
Lo, there springs a jetting fountain from the Stream of Life, methought,
When thou lettest me that lovely lissom shape o' thine to see.

While the mirror of my bosom clear was as thy frame, alas,
For that even once I clipped thee not, thou darling fair and free.

Whenso'ever I ask it, saying: Who hath bowed thy body so?
Theeward ever points the beaker at the feast of mirth and glee.²

**Ghazel. [323]**

Thy bosom bright hath worked the sun's pavilion dire dismay,
Thy leg diaphanous hath wrought the shaft of dawn's deray.³

The vitals of the bud are torn with bitter pangs when'e'er
Thy rose-like navel peepeth forth fromneath thy shift, my may.

Astound thereat, with mouth agape, e'en like the slipper, bode
The cordwainer what time he saw thy lustrous ankle ray.

¹ So delicate is thy skin that even the shadow of a thorn embroidered on thy robe may hurt it. A delicate skin is regarded as a great beauty.
² This must refer to the shape of some vessel; or it may refer to the handle of the decanter. 'Shiráb size bāqiyor' ('the wine is looking at you') means 'Pass the bottle.'
³ The shaft or column of the dawn is the ray or beam of light that shoots up from the sun not yet visible in the eastern horizon.
Belike thy lips once more have shown how sweetest speech should flow;
For all around thee, lo, the grains of sugar\footnote{That is, sweet speeches or pretty verses.} spreu the way.

Nedim, unless a silvern mirror sparkle therewithin,
What glory hath the bravest wede of gold-enwroughten say?\footnote{However richly wrought, the case or bag derives it true lustre from the mirror it is designed to hold; and so the most splendid garments are vain unless they clothe some silvery bodied beauty.}

Ghazel. [324]

Love-distraught, my heart and soul are gone for naught to beauties fair;
All my patience and endurance spent on torn and shredded spare.

Once I bared her lovely bosom, whereupon did calm and peace
Forth my breast take flight, but how I wist not, nay, nor why, nor where.

Paynim mole, and paynim tresses, paynim eyes, I cry ye grace;
All thy cruel beauty's kingdom is but Paynimrie, I swear.

Kisses on her neck and kisses on her bosom promised she;
Woe is me, for now the Paynim rues the troth she pledged while-ere.

Such the winsome grace wherewith she showed her locks aneath her fez,
Whatsoever wight beheld her gazed bewildered then and there.

'Sorrowing for whom,' thou askest, 'weeps Nedim so passing sore?'
Ruthless, 'tis for thee that all men weep and wail in drear despair.

Ghazel. [325]

To Moorish Fez her locks and cap have wroughten mickle woe;\footnote{The typical Moor is dark, but her locks are darker, and her fez prettier than anything that the city of Fez can show.}
Her bright blue eyes have forayed in Circassian lands, I trow.\footnote{The typical Circassian is blue-eyed.}

Her dusky tresses hang across her cheek; alack, O heart,
How passing fair doth sable\footnote{Sable is a favourite figure for dark hair.} o'er you blush-pink satin show?

How should not roses, when they see her, tend their verdant wedes
One glance upon that sendal green, that crimson fez bestow
The flautist alway views askance the songster at the feast; \(^1\)
Whence comes this rivalry betwixt the twain, I ne'er can know.

Her curling tresses overfall her eyebrows, O Nedîm,
And deck yon Ferrand Dome with Chinese pictury arow. \(^2\)

**Ghazel. [326]**

Her legs and hips, her chin and lips, are e'en to mine own heart;
In brief she's all, from head to foot, I ween, to mine own heart.

The youthful Magian proffered me both cup and ruby lip:
The Magian elder may he be! He's clean to mine own heart!

O Sphere, let not thine eye alight upon my Plenilune;
For mid the feast were mirth and cheer this e'en to mine own heart.

I'm fain to urge the plea of quaffing wine and, like the cup,
To kiss the sweetest mouth of my fair quean to mine own heart.

On truth, I may not quit the place where flows the wine, Nedîm,
For mirth is to my mind, and joyous mien to mine own heart.

**Ghazel. [327]**

The realm of sufferance thou'rt laid waste; Hulâgû Khân \(^3\) art hight, Paynim,
Have ruth! thou'rt set the world aflame; art thou a burning light, Paynim?

A maiden's winsome air, thine air; a youthful gallant's tone, thy tone;
A Torment thou! I wist not, art thou youth or maiden bright, Paynim?

What meaning bears that wede of flame-hued satîn o'er thy shoulders thrown?
Art thou the soul-consuming leam of grace and love-delight; Pagnim?

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1 That is, he bends his head to one side while playing.
2 The term Taq-i muqarnes, which is the special name of the throne of Solomon, is applied to a dome that rises by stages to the centre. Here the forehead represents the dome, the eyebrows are the stages or galleries, and the locks the Chinese pictures which decorated these.
3 Hulâgû Khân, grandson of Chingiz Khân, was in command of the Mongol horde which, having devastated Persia with fire und sword, captured and sacked Baghdad and murdered the last 'Abbasid Caliph, al-Musta'sim, in 656 (1258). Hence generally the name is used to denote a cruel and blood-thirsty Tyrant; as we might say 'an Attila.'
Ah what may be those secret, secret sighs, and what that rended share?
Art thou, e'en thou, the wailing lover of some wanton wight, Paynim?

A many say to thee 'My Life;' another many say 'My Love;'

The flame-hued wine hath flushed thee, dear, and set thy sweetest face aglow;
Art thou become the lamp wherewith the topers' circle is light, Paynim?

O wherefore in the burnished mirror lookest thou so oft, my fair?
Art thou likewise astound of thine own dazzling beauty's sight, Paynim?

I've heard a Paynim hath made thrall of hapless and forlore Nedim;
Art thou that foe unto the Faith, that adveraire of right, Paynim?

**Ghazel. [328]**

Is't the chirp of the harp, cupbearer, that hath stol'n my wits away,
Or the rose-red bowl, I marvel, that thy dainty hands convey?

Those glances so bright and keen are the prelude to all thine airs;
Are thine eye and thy viol attuned, O minstrel blithe and gay?

Can it be thy rubies bright and pure, or a precious bale
By the rieving zephyr's hand untied in the garden-way?

Thou hast drawn the veil of shame from before thy dazzling cheek;
O child of the grape; I wouldest still from that roseate face the say?

Didst it hide not away, O love, in a little secret smile,
That mouth o' thine that it shows so small? by Allah, say.

How comes it thou melt'st not for delight of that fresh spinel? 2
Alack, is thy heart of stone, O ruby cup, I pray?

What manner of strange device may this be, Nedim, unless
The Erzheng pencil 3 hath taught to thy reed its own display

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1 The child of the grape, the daughter of the vine, i.e. wine.
2 i.e. for delight of touching her lips.
3 Erzheng or Erteeng is the name of the studio and also of the collected paintings of Man, or Manc, whom the Persians suppose to have been a most skilful artist. The idea here is of course that the poet's lances are as beautiful as the pictures of this renowned painter.
A sacred rite and holy 'tis become to weep for thy dusk hair;
Our hearts' wails rise, the bells of caravans that forth to China fare.  

Two streamlets flowing from the Fount of Life were frozen, and now form
The crystal legs of my sweet silver-bodied wanton debonair.

What time soever that we haste to loose the knot that binds our soul,
The eyebrows of yon froward Idol many a frown of anger wear.

The clearness of our soul hath but increased thy beauty's proud disdain;
For gazing in that mirror, naught but thine own self thou seest there.

Alack, the flame of love hath brought my spirit scant relief, Nedîm;
My sleepful fortune's flower-wrought pillow is the wound my heart doth bear.

In the sharqîs, four examples of which I give, the new note is even more emphatic than in the ghazels. The theme of the first is one which afterwards became very popular, namely, an invitation to the beloved to join the poet in an excursion to Sa'îd-âbâd. The song contains several allusions to the summer-palace which had recently been constructed there.

Sharqî. [330]

Let us deal a little kindly by this heart fulfilled of woe;
Let us go to Sa'îd-âbâd, waving cypress, let us go.
See, the six-oared caique waits us at the landing-stage below.
Let us go to Sa'îd-âbâd, waving cypress, let us go.
Let us go and let us play, and the time let us redeem,
From the new-made fountain there let us drink of sweet Tesnîm,

1 China, the land of fragrance, here the scented hair.
2 Sa'îd-âbâd, the Home of Felicity, is the literary name of the Sultan's summer-palace in the valley of the Sweet Waters of Europe; in common parlance the place is called Kâghid-khâne, 'the Paper-Mill.'
3 The public caiques, plying for hire, had two or three pairs of oars.
4 Tesnîm, one of the rivers of Paradise, to which some fountain at Sa'îd-âbâd is here compared.
Let us watch the drops of life from the dragon's mouth that stream?  
Let us go to Sa'd-ábád, waving cypress, let us go.

Let us go and wander there by the lakelet's margin bright,  
Let us gaze upon the palace, on the fair and goodly sight,  
Let us sharqis sing at times and at times ghazels recite.  
Let us go to Sa'd-ábád, waving cypress, let us go.

Get thy mother's leave, pretending 'tis for Friday's holy prayer,  
And we'll filch a day, my darling, from the cruel-hearted sphere.  
We shall slip through quiet streets to the landing-stage, my dear.  
Let us go to Sa'd-ábád, waving cypress, let us go.

Only thou and I, my love, and a minstrel sweet of say,  
Though we'll take forlorn Nedim if my dearest sayeth yea,  
And forego all other feres, wanton beauty, for the day.  
Let us go to Sa'd-ábád, waving cypress, let us go.

Sharqi. [331]

Sweet a castanetist maid hath pierced my bosom sore to-day;  
Rosy-checked and roseate-vested, prankt with violet watered say;  
Silvery-necked and sunny-visaged, fair beseeen with moles a tway;  
Rosy-checked and roseate-vested, prankt with violet watered say.

Round her head a broidered crenate turban had my lady tied,  
And her attar-scented eyebrows black with surma had she dyed.  
I should reckon she was only fifteen years of age this tide.  
Rosy-checked and roseate-vested, prankt with violet watered say.

Pride of balconies 3 and glory of all clasping arms were she;  
Since she parted from her nurse's charge it scarce a year can be.  
O my loved one, joyance of my heart, and source of life to me.  
Rosy-checked and roseate-vested, prankt with violet watered say.

1 An allusion to the Water of Life; the 'dragon's mouth' must refer to some ornamental fountain.  
2 There is an artificial lake, or rather canal, under the windows of the palace of Sa'd-ábád.  
3 She was meet to sit in a balcony (in Turkish, a seat for a king) which would be graced by her presence.
All, her winsome ways, her airs, her smiles, her voice, beyond compare;
Beautiful her eyes, and mole-besprent her neck exceeding fair:
Silver-necked and slender-waisted, bright with ruffled golden hair; ¹
Rosy-cheeked and roseate-vested, prankt with violet watered say.

Naught I'll say of yonder fairy-face's anguish-dealing eye,
Neither shall I speak of how Nedi'm for love of her doth sigh;
I may sing her ways and charms, but tell her name, that, ne'er will I.
Rosy-cheeked and roseate-vested, prankt with violet watered say.

Sharqí. [332]

Come forth afield, 'tis now the time o'er mead and plain to stray;
O sapling of the lawn, ² restore to ancient spring his sway.
Let fall thy tresses, like the sable, round about thy cheek;
O sapling of the lawn, restore to ancient spring his sway.

Come, Rosebud-mouth, for all thy nightingales are seeking thee;
Come to the bower, and that the rose is o'er forget shall we;
Come forth ere trod 'neath winter's foot the garden-kingdom be;
O sapling of the lawn, restore to ancient spring his sway.

Around those ruddy cheeks o' thine thy dusky locks unbind,
And let thy sable be this year with crimson camlet lined.³
Take thou in hand the bowl, if ne'er a tulip thou canst find.
O sapling of the lawn, restore to ancient spring his sway.

Again with many fruits and fair is earth like Paradise;
O wilt thou not vouchsafe to us thy union's fruit likewise?
A kiss bestowing secretly on each who lovorn sighs.
O sapling of the lawn, restore to ancient spring his sway.

¹ This is perhaps the first instance of a golden-haired beauty in Turkish poetry. Till now the loved one has, in accordance with Persian taste, always been described as black-haired. Such still continues to be the general rule till we reach the Modern Period when the ideal beauty is very often fair-haired.
² That is, the graceful beloved one; the song is an invitation to her to come into the garden, the season being autumn.
³ Line thy sable cloak with crimson, i.e. cover thy red cheeks with thy dark hair.
I heard a verse, O wanton bright who mak'st the heart to beam,
I knew not well the meaning that it bore, but yet I deem
'Twas not withouten reason it was chanted by Nedim:
   O sapling of the lawn, restore to ancient spring his sway.

The next Sharqí is so far irregular that it has a refrain of two lines.

Sharqí. [333]

O my Queen of beauties, make thee for that frame so fair that shows,
Shift of odour of the jasmine, wede of tincture of the rose.

Thou'rt a cypress, well beseem thee camlet vest that verdant glows,
Shift of odour of the jasmine, wede of tincture of the rose.

Bloom, O rosebud-mouth; O roseate-body, deck the garden-close.

O my hair-waist,¹ yonder cincture gleameth on thee fair to see,
Ay, and eke that royal kerchief graceth thee right wonderly.

Thou'rt a rosebud, sue the zephyr so that he may waft to thee
Shift of odour of the jasmine, wede of tincture of the rose.

Bloom, O rosebud-mouth; O roseate-body, deck the garden-close.

Thou hast veiled thy radiant visage with thy long and fragrant hair;
Hail unto thy coyness, O thou bud of virtue's garden fair;

Thou'rt coquetry's nursling; meet it were, did they for thee prepare
Shift of odour of the jasmine, wede of tincture of the rose.

Bloom, O rosebud-mouth; O roseate-body, deck the garden-close,

She hath donned a crimson silken tunic, pictured angel gay,
Meet it were, were it but worthy of her frame of sheeny ray.

Tulip-like I saw her blossom in the garth at break of day.

Shift of odour of the jasmine, wede of tincture of the rose.

Bloom, O rosebud-mouth; O roseate-body, deck the garden-close.

The following mulkhammes in praise of the Grand Vezn Ibráhím Pasha was written on the occasion of a visit which that functionary paid to the Lord High Admiral.

¹ A slender waist, which is esteemed a great beauty, is often compared by Eastern poets to a bun.
Mukhammes. [334]

Fair welcome to thee, O Lord benign,
Our hearts are blithe in the grace that's thine;
For joy of thy deeds is earth a-shine,
And all of thy works alway combine
To deck the field of the world most gay.

Beloved and glorious Vezîr,
In thy time doth the earth like Heaven appear.
With thee is Bounty a servant dear,
And splendour watcheth thy door anear,
Of thy threshold-dust the nurslings they.

She vanquished earth by thy wisdom's word
Whom the folk to entitle Fate accord;
For thy craft and device, most noble Lord,
In the hand of the sphere are a naked sword
And an iron bow for his arm to sway.

O sapient Asaph, 1 dread of might,
To Zâl the golden or Rustem wight 2
Can ever we liken thee with right,
For while that the world thy works doth sight,
Of them there is naught but a tale or lay.

The ancient world hath found once more
Adornment gay of thy grace and glory;
This truth is known of the men of lore,
And they hint at a story of days of yore;
‘His bounty would Ja‘fer besem,’ they say. 3

1 Asaph, Solomon's minister and councillor, the type of the ideal Vezîr.
2 Zâl and his son Rustem, are two of the chief of the ancient Persian heroes whose exploits are recounted in the Shâh-Nâmâ.
3 Ja‘fer el-Bermekî (or the Barmecide), the famous vezîr of the caliph Hârûn-ur-Reshid, and the hero of many stories in the Arabian Nights, was especially renowned for his munificence.
The world repairs to thy favour's gate,
And earth is proud upon thee to wait.
Vezir through whom is the world elate,
Thy visit maketh this hall of state

The envy of Heaven above, in say.

Thy kinsman dear thou hast honoured free,
And thine advent filleth his soul with glee,
And since he hath gained this grace of thee
The star of his luck is come to be

The bridle-fere of the sun alway.¹

Before thy face it were meet the Sky
Lit up as a censer the sun on high,
While Jupiter, girding his skirts, stood nigh,²
And the shining Moon watched the curtain by,
Whose glory it were this part to play.

While all of these do attend with cheer,
Is the hour not come when the aged Sphere
Should likewise worthy and bold appear?
And so, an he think a new world to rear,
'Twere sure a befitting time to-day.

And smiling Venus is come again,
Her viol she into her hand hath ta'en;
And struck on Newá a passing strain,
Although from Nehávend its prelude fain
And in Isfahán it doth fade away.³

May feast and assembly for aye abide,
And mirth and liesse attend thy side;
And favour and fortune and happy tide;
And each moment a thousand joys provide
To God be thanks, He doth this purvey.

¹ A bridle-fere is one who rides alongside of another, the heads of the two horses being on a level; it implies an equal in rank.
² As a servent ready to attend.
³ Newá, Nehávend, and Isfahán are all names of melodies.
At length my reed from its task may rest;
This service to me did it first suggest.
From his portal stir not, or east or west,
Let it be in this world thy refuge blest.
'Tis e'en as the gate of Heaven's array.

I have translated almost the whole of the next poem, including the panegyric. This is quite the same as in the qasıdas, but on account of the almost insuperable difficulty of finding a sufficient number of suitable rimming-words for the satisfactory rendering of these, I have preferred to illustrate the style from the following mesnevi. The subject is a garden, called Bágh-i Wefá, or the garden of Constancy, which had been laid out by the grand Admiral Mustafá Pasha. Nedím imagines himself giving a description of it to his beloved cupbearer.

A Description of the garden of Constancy: the same being in Laudation of the Admiral Mustafa Pasha. [335]

O cupbearer, where is the bowl turks-blue?
No time this, no time this for sloth, an thou knew!
Bespeed thee, so thou be my life, now's the tide;
Then lose not the chance, for we're mounted to ride.¹
Nor patience is left me, nor sufferance, nor might;
Have ruth, O have ruth, passing woesome my plight.
That sdeign-flushed demeanance, those blood-spilling eyne,
Those languorous fashions, that dark eye o' thine,
On such wise have wrought to inebriate me
That drunk, an it heard, e'en the wine-bowl would be.
Whoe'er might behold thee nor heart-smitten bow?
A Torment, thou Tyrant, a Torment art thou!
Ah what might I say? when my eyes fell on thee
Anon passed away lore and language from me.

¹ That is, our life is fleeting by.