

## ILLUSIONS

Behold the shimmer,  
The wild dissipation,  
And, out of endeavor  
To change and to flow,  
The gas become solid,  
And phantoms and nothings  
Return to be things,  
And endless imbroglio  
Is law and the world; —  
Then first shalt thou know,  
That in the wild turmoil,  
Horsed on the Proteus,  
Thou ridest to power,  
And to endurance.

## IV

## QUATRAINS AND TRANSLATIONS

## QUATRAINS

A. H.

HIGH was her heart, and yet was well inclined,  
Her manners made of bounty well refined ;  
Far capitals and marble courts, her eye still seemed to  
see,  
Minstrels and kings and high-born dames, and of the  
best that be.

HUSH !

EVERY thought is public,  
Every nook is wide ;  
Thy gossips spread each whisper,  
And the gods from side to side.

ORATOR

HE who has no hands  
Perforce must use his tongue ;  
Foxes are so cunning  
Because they are not strong.

ARTIST

QUIT the hut, frequent the palace,  
Reck not what the people say ;  
For still, where'er the trees grow biggest,  
Huntsmen find the easiest way.

## QUATRAINS

POET

EVER the Poet *from* the land  
Steers his bark and trims his sail;  
Right out to sea his courses stand,  
New worlds to find in pinnacle frail.

POET

To clothe the fiery thought  
In simple words succeeds,  
For still the craft of genius is  
To mask a king in weeds.

BOTANIST

Go thou to thy learned task,  
I stay with the flowers of Spring:  
Do thou of the Ages ask  
What me the Hours will bring.

GARDENER

TRUE Brahmin, in the morning meadows wet,  
Expound the Vedas of the violet,  
Or, hid in vines, peeping through many a loop,  
See the plum redden, and the beurré stoop.

FORESTER

HE took the color of his vest  
From rabbit's coat or grouse's breast;  
For, as the wood-kinds lurk and hide,  
So walks the woodman, unespied.

## QUATRAINS

NORTHMAN

THE gale that wrecked you on the sand,  
It helped my rowers to row;  
The storm is my best galley hand  
And drives me where I go.

FROM ALCUIN

THE sea is the road of the bold,  
Frontier of the wheat-sown plains,  
The pit wherein the streams are rolled  
And fountain of the rains.

EXCELSIOR

OVER his head were the maple buds,  
And over the tree was the moon,  
And over the moon were the starry studs  
That drop from the angels' shoon.

S. H.

WITH beams December planets dart  
His cold eye truth and conduct scanned,  
July was in his sunny heart,  
October in his liberal hand.

## QUATRAINS

## BORROWING

## FROM THE FRENCH

SOME of your hurts you have cured,  
And the sharpest you still have survived,  
But what torments of grief you endured  
From evils which never arrived!

## NATURE

BOON Nature yields each day a brag which we now  
first behold,  
And trains us on to slight the new, as if it were  
the old:  
But blest is he, who, playing deep, yet haply asks  
not why,  
Too busied with the crowded hour to fear to live or  
die.

## FATE

HER planted eye to-day controls,  
Is in the morrow most at home,  
And sternly calls to being souls  
That curse her when they come.

## HOROSCOPE

ERE he was born, the stars of fate  
Plotted to make him rich and great:  
When from the womb the babe was loosed,  
The gate of gifts behind him closed.

## QUATRAINS

## POWER

CAST the bantling on the rocks,  
Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat,  
Wintered with the hawk and fox,  
Power and speed be hands and feet.

## CLIMACTERIC

I AM not wiser for my age,  
Nor skilful by my grief;  
Life loiters at the book's first page,—  
Ah! could we turn the leaf.

## HERI, CRAS, HODIE

SHINES the last age, the next with hope is seen,  
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between:  
Future or Past no richer secret folds,  
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.

## MEMORY

NIGHT-DREAMS trace on Memory's wall  
Shadows of the thoughts of day,  
And thy fortunes, as they fall,  
The bias of the will betray.

## LOVE

LOVE on his errand bound to go  
Can swim the flood and wade through snow,  
Where way is none, 't will creep and wind  
And eat through Alps its home to find.

## QUATRAINS

## SACRIFICE

THOUGH love repine, and reason chafe,  
 There came a voice without reply, —  
 'T is man's perdition to be safe,  
 When for the truth he ought to die.'

## PERICLES

WELL and wisely said the Greek,  
 Be thou faithful, but not fond;  
 To the altar's foot thy fellow seek, —  
 The Furies wait beyond.

## CASELLA

TEST of the poet is knowledge of love,  
 For Eros is older than Saturn or Jove;  
 Never was poet, of late or of yore,  
 Who was not tremulous with love-lore.

## SHAKSPEARE

I SEE all human wits  
 Are measured but a few;  
 Unmeasured still my Shakspeare sits,  
 Lone as the blessed Jew.

## HAFIZ

HER passions the shy violet  
 From Hafiz never hides;  
 Love-longings of the raptured bird  
 The bird to him confides.

## QUATRAINS

## NATURE IN LEASTS

As sings the pine-tree in the wind,  
 So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine;  
 Her strength and soul has laughing France  
 Shed in each drop of wine.

## ΑΔΑΚΡΥΝ ΝΕΜΟΝΤΑΙ ΑΙΩΝΑ

'A NEW commandment,' said the smiling Muse,  
 'I give my darling son, Thou shalt not preach'; —  
 Luther, Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, grew pale,  
 And, on the instant, rosier clouds upbore  
 Hafiz and Shakspeare with their shining choirs.

## TRANSLATIONS

SONNET OF MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI

NEVER did sculptor's dream unfold  
A form which marble doth not hold  
In its white block; yet it therein shall find  
Only the hand secure and bold  
Which still obeys the mind.  
So hide in thee, thou heavenly dame,  
The ill I shun, the good I claim;  
I alas! not well alive,  
Miss the aim whereto I strive.  
Not love, nor beauty's pride,  
Nor Fortune, nor thy coldness, can I chide,  
If, whilst within thy heart abide  
Both death and pity, my unequal skill  
Fails of the life, but draws the death and ill.

### THE EXILE

FROM THE PERSIAN OF KERMANI

IN Farsistan the violet spreads  
Its leaves to the rival sky;  
I ask how far is the Tigris flood,  
And the vine that grows thereby?

## TRANSLATIONS

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Except the amber morning wind,  
Not one salutes me here;  
There is no lover in all Bagdat  
To offer the exile cheer.

I know that thou, O morning wind!  
O'er Kernan's meadow blowest,  
And thou, heart-warming nightingale!  
My father's orchard knowest.

The merchant hath stuffs of price,  
And gems from the sea-washed strand,  
And princes offer me grace  
To stay in the Syrian land;

But what is gold *for*, but for gifts?  
And dark, without love, is the day;  
And all that I see in Bagdat  
Is the Tigris to float me away.

FROM HAFIZ

I SAID to heaven that glowed above,  
O hide yon sun-filled zone,  
Hide all the stars you boast;  
For, in the world of love  
And estimation true,  
The heaped-up harvest of the moon  
Is worth one barley-corn at most,  
The Pleiads' sheaf but two.

IF my darling should depart,  
 And search the skies for prouder friends,  
 God forbid my angry heart  
 In other love should seek amends.

When the blue horizon's hoop  
 Me a little pinches here,  
 Instant to my grave I stoop,  
 And go find thee in the sphere.

## EPITAPH

BETHINK, poor heart, what bitter kind of jest  
 Mad Destiny this tender stripling played;  
 For a warm breast of maiden to his breast,  
 She laid a slab of marble on his head.

THEY say, through patience, chalk  
 Becomes a ruby stone;  
 Ah, yes! but by the true heart's blood  
 The chalk is crimson grown.

## FRIENDSHIP

THOU foolish Hafiz! Say, do churls  
 Know the worth of Oman's pearls?  
 Give the gem which dims the moon  
 To the noblest, or to none.

DEAREST, where thy shadow falls,  
 Beauty sits and Music calls;  
 Where thy form and favor come,  
 All good creatures have their home.

ON prince or bride no diamond stone  
 Half so gracious ever shone,  
 As the light of enterprise  
 Beaming from a young man's eyes.

## FROM OMAR KHAYYAM

EACH spot where tulips prank their state  
 Has drunk the life-blood of the great;  
 The violets yon field which stain  
 Are moles of beauties Time hath slain.

UNBAR the door, since thou the Opener art,  
 Show me the forward way, since thou art guide,  
 I put no faith in pilot or in chart,  
 Since they are transient, and thou dost abide.

FROM ALI BEN ABU TALEB

HE who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,  
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

ON two days it steads not to run from thy grave,  
The appointed, and the unappointed day;  
On the first, neither balm nor physician can save,  
Nor thee, on the second, the Universe slay.

FROM IBN JEMIN

TWO things thou shalt not long for, if thou love a mind serene; —  
A woman to thy wife, though she were a crowned queen;  
And the second, borrowed money, — though the smiling lender say  
That he will not demand the debt until the Judgment Day.

THE FLUTE

FROM HILALI

HARK what, now loud, now low, the pining flute complains,  
Without tongue, yellow-checked, full of winds that wail and sigh;  
Saying, Sweetheart! the old mystery remains, —  
If I am I; thou, thou; or thou art I?

TO THE SHAH

FROM HAFIZ

THY foes to hunt, thy enviers to strike down,  
Poises Arcturus aloft morning and evening his spear.

TO THE SHAH

FROM ENWERI

NOT in their houses stand the stars,  
But o'er the pinnacles of thine!

TO THE SHAH

FROM ENWERI

FROM thy worth and weight the stars gravitate,  
And the equipoise of heaven is thy house's equipoise.



## SONG OF SEYD NIMETOLLAH OF KUHISTAN

[Among the religious customs of the dervishes is an astronomical dance, in which the dervish imitates the movements of the heavenly bodies, by spinning on his own axis, whilst at the same time he revolves round the Sheikh in the centre, representing the sun; and, as he spins, he sings the Song of Seyd Nimetollah of Kuhistan.]

SPIN the ball! I reel, I burn,  
Nor head from foot can I discern,  
Nor my heart from love of mine,  
Nor the wine-cup from the wine.  
All my doing, all my leaving,  
Reaches not to my perceiving;  
Lost in whirling spheres I rove,  
And know only that I love.

I am seeker of the stone,  
Living gem of Solomon;  
From the shore of souls arrived,  
In the sea of sense I dived;  
But what is land, or what is wave,  
To me who only jewels crave?  
Love is the air-fed fire intense,  
And my heart the frankincense;  
As the rich aloes flames, I glow,  
Yet the censer cannot know.  
I'm all-knowing, yet unknowing;  
Stand not, pause not, in my going.

Ask not me, as Muftis can,  
To recite the Alcoran;  
Well I love the meaning sweet, —  
I tread the book beneath my feet.

Lo! the God's love blazes higher,  
Till all difference expire.  
What are Moslems? what are Giaours?  
All are Love's, and all are ours.  
I embrace the true believers,  
But I reckon not of deceivers.  
Firm to Heaven my bosom clings,  
Heedless of inferior things;  
Down on earth there, underfoot,  
What men chatter know I not.