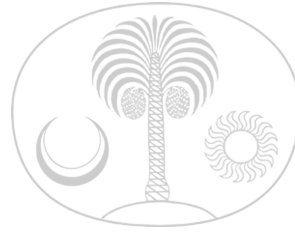


The Wine-Song · قصيدة الخمرية

‘Umar Ibn al-Fāriḍ · عمر بن الفارض

Translated by Martin Lings · وترجمه إلى الإنجليزية شيخ ابو بكر سراج الدين

Rememb'ring the beloved, wine we drink
Which drunk had made us ere the vine's creation.
A sun it is; the full moon is its cup;
A crescent hands it round; how many stars
5 Shine forth from it the moment it be mixed!
But for its fragrance ne'er had I been guided
Unto its tavern; but for its resplendence
Imagining could no image make of it.
Time its mere gasp hath left; hidden it is.
10 Like secrets pent in the intelligence,
Yet if it be remembered in the tribe,
All become drunk—no shame on them nor sin.
Up hath it fumed from out the vessel's dregs.
Nothing is left of it, only a name;
15 Yet if that name but enter a man's mind,
Gladness shall dwell with him and grief depart.



شربنا على ذكرِ الحبيبِ مدامةً
سَكِرْنَا بها، من قبلِ أن يُخْلَقَ الكَرْمُ
لها البدرُ كأسٌ وهي شمسٌ يديرها
هِلالٌ وكم يبدو إذا مُرِجَتْ نَجْمُ
ولولا شذاها ما اهتديتُ لحانها
ولو لا سناها ما تصوَّرها الوهمُ
ولم يبقِ منها الدهرُ غيرَ حُشاشةٍ
كَأَنَّ خَفَاها، في صُدُورِ النَّهْيِ كَتْمُ
فإن ذُكِرَتْ في الحَيِّ أصبحَ أهلهُ
نشاوى ولا عارٌ عليهم ولا إثمُ
ومن بين أحشاءِ الدِّنانِ تصاعدتُ
ولم يبقِ منها في الحَقِيقَةِ إلا اسمُ
وإن خَطَرَتْ يوماً على خاطرِ امرئٍ
أقامتُ به الأفرَاحُ وارْتَحَلَ الهَمُّ

Had the boon revellers gazed upon its seal,
 That seal, without the wine, had made them drunk.
 Sprinkle a dead man's grave with drops of it,
 20 His spirit would return, his body quicken.
 If in the shadow of the wall where spreads
 Its vine they laid a man, mortally sick,
 Gone were his sickness; and one paralysed,
 Brought near its tavern, would walk; the dumb would speak,
 25 Did he its savour recollect. Its fragrance,
 If wafted through the East, even in the West,
 Would free, for one berheumed, his sense of smell;
 And he who stained his palm, clasping its cup,
 Could never, star in hand, be lost by night.
 30 Unveil it like a bride in secrecy
 Before one blind from birth: his sight would dawn.
 Decant it, and the deaf would hearing have.
 If riders rode out for its native earth,
 And one of them were bit by snake, unharmed
 35 By poison he. If the enchanter traced
 The letters of its name on madman's brow,
 That script would cure him of his lunacy;
 And blazoned on the standard of a host,
 Its name would make all men beneath it drunk.

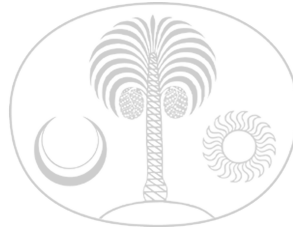


ولو نظَرَ النَّدْمَانُ خَتْمَ إِنَائِهَا
 لَأَسْكُرَهُمْ مِنْ دُونِهَا ذَلِكَ الْخَتْمُ
 ولو نَضَحُوا مِنْهَا ثَرَى قَبْرِ مَيِّتٍ
 لَعَادَتْ إِلَيْهِ الرُّوحُ وَاتَّعَشَّ الْجَسْمُ
 ولو طَرَحُوا فِي فِي حَائِطِ كَرْمِهَا
 عَلِيًّا وَقَدْ أَشْفَى لِفَارِقِهِ السُّقْمُ
 ولو قَرَّبُوا مِنْ حَانِهَا مَقْعِدًا مَشَى
 وَيَنْطِقُ مِنْ ذِكْرَى مَذَاقِهَا الْبُكْمُ
 ولو عَبَقَتْ فِي الشَّرْقِ أَنْفَاسٌ طَيِّبَا
 وَفِي الْغَرْبِ مَزْكُومٌ لَعَادَ لَهُ الشَّمُّ
 ولو جُلِيَتْ سَرًّا عَلَى أُمَّه غَدًا
 بِصِيرًا وَمَنْ رَاوِ وَقَهَا تَسْمَعُ الصَّمُّ
 ولو رَسَمَ الرَّاقِي حُرُوفَ اسْمِهَا
 عَلَى جَبِينِ مُصَابِ جَنَّ أَبْرَاهُ الرِّسْمُ
 وَفَوْقَ لِوَاءِ الْجَيْشِ لَوْ رُقِمَ اسْمُهَا
 لَأَسْكُرَ مَنْ تَحْتَ اللِّوَا ذَلِكَ الرُّقْمُ

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40 In virtue the boon revellers it amends,
 Makes perfect. Thus by it the irresolute
 Is guided to the path of firm resolve.
 Bountiful he, whose hand no bounty knew;
 And he that never yet forbore forbearth,
 45 Despite the goad of anger. The tribe's dunce,
 Could he but kiss its filter, by that kiss
 Would win the sense of all its attributes.
 "Describe it, well thou knowest how it is",
 They bid me. Yea, its qualities I know:
 50 Not water and not air nor fire nor earth,
 But purity for water, and for air
 Subtlety, light for fire, spirit for earth—
 Excellencies that guide to extol its good
 All who would tell of it, and excellent
 55 Their prose in praise of it, excellent their verse.
 So he that knew not of it can rejoice
 To hear it mentioned, as Nu'm's lover doth
 To hear her name, whenever Nu'm is named.
 Before all beings, in Eternity
 60 It is, ere yet was any shape or trace.



تَهْدُبُ أَخْلَاقَ النَّدَامَى فِيهْتَدِي
 بِهَا لَطْرِيقَ الْعَزْمِ مَنْ لَالَهُ عَزْمٌ
 وَيَكْرُمُ مَنْ لَمْ يَعْرِفِ الْجُودَ كَفُّهُ
 وَيَحْلُمُ عِنْدَ الْغَيْظِ مَنْ لَالَهُ حِلْمٌ
 وَلَوْ نَالَ فَدَمُ الْقَوْمِ لَثَمَ فِدَامِهَا
 لِأَكْسَبَهُ مَعْنَى شَمَائِلِهَا اللَّثْمُ
 يَقُولُونَ لِي صِفِهَا فَأَنْتَ بَوَصَفِهَا
 خَيْرٌ أَجَلَ عِنْدِي بِأَوْصَافِهَا عِلْمٌ
 صَفَاءٌ وَلَا مَاءٌ وَلُطْفٌ وَلَا هَوَاءٌ
 وَنُورٌ وَلَا نَارٌ وَرُوحٌ وَلَا جِسْمٌ
 مُحَاسِنٌ تَهْدِي الْمَادِحِينَ لَوْصَفِهَا
 فَيَحْسُنُ فِيهَا مِنْهُمْ النَّثْرُ وَالنَّظْمُ
 وَيَطْرَبُ مَنْ لَمْ يَدْرِهَا عِنْدَ ذِكْرِهَا
 كَمُشْتَاقٍ نَعِمَ كُلَّمَا ذُكِرَتْ نَعْمُ
 تَقَدَّمَ كُلُّ الْكَائِنَاتِ حَدِيثِهَا
 قَدِيمًا وَلَا شَكْلٌ هُنَاكَ، وَلَا رَسْمٌ

Through it things were, then it by them was veiled,
 Wisely, from him who understandeth not.
 My spirit loved it, was made one with it,
 But not as bodies each in other merge.
 65 Wine without vine: Adam my father is.
 Vine without wine, vine mothereth it and me.
 Vessels are purer for the purity
 Of truths which are their content, and those truths
 Are heightened by the vessels being pure.
 70 Things have been diff'renced, and yet all is One:
 Our spirits wine are, and our bodies vine.
 Before it no before is, after it
 No after is; absolute its privilege
 To be before all afters. Ere time's span
 75 Its pressing was, and our first father's age
 Came afterwards — parentless orphan it!
 They tell me: "Thou hast drunk iniquity".
 Not so, I have but drunk what not to drink
 Would be for me iniquitous indeed.

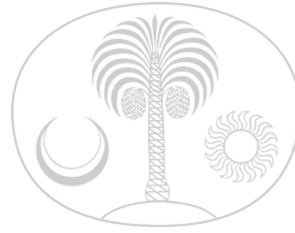


وقَامَتْ بِهَا الْأَشْيَاءُ ثُمَّ لِحِكْمَةٍ
 بِهَا احْتَجَبَتْ عَنْ كُلِّ مَنْ لَا لَهُ فَهْمٌ
 وهَامَتْ بِهَا رُوحِي بِحَيْثُ تَمَازَجَا
 أَحَادًا وَلَا جَرْمٌ تَخَلَّلَهُ جَرْمٌ
 نَخْمَرُ وَلَا كَرْمٌ وَأَدَمٌ لِي أَبٌ
 وَكَرْمٌ وَلَا نَخْمَرٌ وَلِي أُمُّهَا أُمَّ
 وَلُطْفُ الْأَوَانِي فِي الْحَقِيقَةِ تَابِعٌ
 لِلطَّفِ الْمَعَانِي وَالْمَعَانِي بِهَا تَنَمُو
 وَقَدْ وَقَعَ التَّفْرِيقُ وَالْكُلُّ وَاحِدٌ
 فَأُرْوَا حَنَا نَخْمَرٌ وَأَشْبَا حَنَا كَرْمٌ
 وَلَا قَبْلَهَا قَبْلٌ وَلَا بَعْدَ بَعْدِهَا
 وَقَبْلِيَّةُ الْأَبْعَادِ فَهِيَ لَهَا حَتْمٌ
 وَعَصْرُ الْمَدَى مِنْ قَبْلِهِ كَانَ عَصْرُهَا
 وَعَهْدُ أَيْنَا بَعْدِهَا وَلَهَا الْيَتَمُ
 وَقَالُوا شَرِبْتَ الْإِثْمَ كَلًّا وَإِنَّمَا
 شَرِبْتُ الَّتِي فِي تَرْكِهَا عِنْدِي الْإِثْمُ

25

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80 Good for the monastery folk, that oft
 They drunken were with it, yet drank it not,
 Though fain would drink. But ecstasy from it
 Was mine ere I existed, shall be mine
 Beyond my bones' decaying. Drink it pure!
 85 But if thou needs must have it mixed, 'twere sin
 To shun mouth-water from the Loved One's lips.
 Go seek it in the tavern; bid it unveil
 To strains of music. They offset its worth,
 For wine and care dwelt never in one place,
 90 Even as woe with music cannot dwell.
 Be drunk one hour with it, and thou shalt see
 Time's whole age as thy slave, at thy command.
 He hath not lived here, who hath sober lived,
 And he that dieth not drunk hath missed the mark.
 95 With tears then let him mourn himself, whose life
 Hath passed, and he no share of it hath had.



هنيئاً لأهل الدَّيرِ كم سَكروا بها
 وما شربوا منها ولكنهم همُّوا
 وعندِي منها نشوةٌ قبلَ نشأتِي
 معي أبداً تبقي وإن بلي العظمُ
 عليك بها صرفاً وإن شئتَ مزجها
 فعدلك عن ظلمِ الحبيبِ هو الظلمُ
 فدونكها في الحانٍ واستجلبها به
 على نغمِ الألحانِ فبهي بها غمُّ
 فما سكنتَ والهمَّ يوماً بموضعٍ
 كذلك لم يسكن مع النغمِ الغمُّ
 وفي سكرةٍ منها ولو عمر ساعةً
 ترى الدهرَ عبداً طائعاً ولك الحُكمُ
 فلا عيشَ في الدنيا لمن عاشَ صاحياً
 ومن لم يمت سكرًا بها فاته الحزْمُ
 على نفسه فليبك من ضاع عمره
 وليس له فيها نصيبٌ ولا سهمُ