

## AL MALIK.

### A GHAZAL OF AL QA HAR.

AL MALIK the magnificent  
Was sitting in his silken tent.

But when he saw the boy Habib  
I wis his colour came and went.

Quoth he: By Allah, 'tis a star  
Struck from the azure firmament!

Habib: I pour the wine of love  
For Al Awaz the excellent.

The king: I envy him thy shape,  
Thy voice, thy colour, and thy scent.

Habib: In singing of his slave  
Hath Al Awaz grown eminent.

The king: But I, to taste thy lip,  
My kingdom willingly had spent.

Habib: Asylum of the World!  
My master bade me to present

My loveliness to thee, whose brows  
Like to a Scythian bow are bent.

The king accepted him to bear  
His cup of wine, and was content.

Let Al Qahar their praises sing:  
Three souls, one love, one element.

*Note.*—This poem is very much taboo in Persia, as it is supposed to be little better than a pamphlet in favour of Christianity. The later work of Al Qahar, and especially his master-piece, the *Bagh-i-muattar*, are, however, if not quite above suspicion, so full of positive piety of the Sufi sort that even the orthodox tolerate what the mystic and the ribald silently or noisily admire.