

Kahlil Gibran

Biographical notes

- 1883 ... born in Bechari Mt. Lebanon.
1895 ... moves to Boston, U.S.A.
1898 ... returns to Lebanon and
attends College Al-Hikmat.
1903 ... lives again in Boston.
1908 ... goes to Paris to study - visits
Italy, Spain, England, Munich.
1911 ... returns to Boston
1912 ... moves to New York.
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Published Works - Arabic.

- "A Treatise on Music" (written at the age
of 14, published 1903)
"Nymphs of the Valley" - pub. 1903
"Spirits Rebellious" - " " 1904
"Book of Tears and Laughter" - 1900
"Broken Wings" _____ 1911

2)

- "Processions" — pub 1919
"Tempesto" — " " 1920
"Stories and Plays" " " 1922
"Sand and Foam" " " 1924
"Intentions" " " 1925

[a good deal from the above
works has been translated
to European languages]

English Works

- "The Madman" — 1918 — Translated to 14
languages
"Twenty Drawings" — 1919.
"The Forerunner" — 1920 — Translated to
6 languages
"The Prophet" — 1923 — Translated to 11
languages

Exhibitions of paintings and drawings
at the Paris Salon and in New York, Boston
Chicago, Philadelphia and other cities.

L'Épître de Paul Scarron

Celui qui cy maintenant dort
Fis plus de pitié que d'envie,
Et souffris mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.

Passant, ne fais ici de bruit
Garde bien que tu ne l'éveille:
Car voici la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron ~~est~~ sommeille.

Paul Scarron

Kahlil Gibran's handwriting?

book

" Out of my deeper heart "

Kahlil
Gibran

Out of my deeper heart a bird rose and flew skyward.

Higher and higher did it rise, yet it grew larger and larger.

At first it was but like a swallow, then a lark, then an eagle, then a vast cloud, then it filled the starry heavens.

Out of my heart a bird flew skyward, and it waxed larger as it flew; yet it left not my heart.

Out of my silent heart rises my faith.

O my faith, my untamed knowledge, how shall I mount to thy height and see with thee man's larger self pencilled upon the sky? How shall I turn this sea within me to mist and move with thee in space immeasurable?

How can a prisoner within the temple behold its golden domes?

How shall the heart of a fruit be stretched to envelope it also?

O my faith, I am in chains behind these bars of silver and ebony, and I cannot fly with thee.

Yet out of my heart thou risest skyward, and it is my heart that holds thee, and I shall be content.

K.G.

The Scarecrow

Once I said to a scarecrow, "You must be tired of standing in this lonely field."

And he said, "The joy of scaring is a deep and lasting one, and I never tire of it."

Said I, after a minute of thought, "It is true: for I too have known that joy."

Said he, "Only those who are stuffed with straw can know it."

Then I left him, not knowing whether he had complimented or belittled me.

A year passed, during which the scarecrow turned philosopher.

And when I passed by him again I saw two crows building a nest under his hat.

Kahlil Gibran
in his hand

The Sleepwalkers

In the town where I was born lived a woman and her daughter who walked in their sleep.

One night while silence enfolded the world, the woman and her daughter, walking, yet asleep, met in their mist-veiled garden.

And the mother spoke, and she said: "At last, at last my enemy! you by whom my youth was destroyed - who have built up your life upon the ruins of mine! Would I could kill you!"

And the daughter spoke, and she said: "O hateful woman, selfish and old! who stand between my free self and me! who would have my life an echo of your own faded life! would you were dead!"

At that moment a cock crew, and both the women awoke.

The mother said gently, "Is that you, darling?"

And the daughter answered gently, "Yes, dear!"

Kahlil Gibran