Advances in Social Sciences Research Journal – Vol. 8, No. 2
Publication Date: February 25, 2021
DOI:10.14738/assrj.82.9741.
Al-Rifai, N. Y. (2021). Exile and Homesickness in the Poetry of Ahmad Shaw. Advances in Social Sciences Research Journal, 8(2) 425-475.

Exile and Homesickness in the Poetry of Ahmad Shawqi

Nada Yousuf Al-Rifai
PAAET Kuwait

ABSTRACT

Ahmad Shawqi was raised in the royal palace, where his maternal grandmother – who sponsored him after the death of his mother – was a favoured maid at Khedive Ismail. Shawqi studied law in Egypt and Paris, and when he returned to Egypt, he became poet Laurette for Khedive Abbas Helmy II. Although Shawqi was brought up in the royal palace, as a poet, he felt the pulse of the Egyptian people and felt their pain and dreams. After the First World War broke out, in 1915, Shawqi was exiled to Spain where he was swept away by longing for his homeland. During his exile, the 1919 revolution erupted in Egypt, and his longing for his homeland intensified, and obsessed his heart and soul. Exile was the greatest ordeal that Shawqi went through in his life. In exile, he did not find relief except when resorting to his poetry, to which he revealed the pains of his heart. He also visited the memorials of the Muslims and their reign and civilization in Seville, Cordoba, and Granada. This resulted in Shawqi composing his lengthy poem "Arab countries and the greats of Islam". Shawqi's poems are considered masterpieces for their sincerity of emotion and beauty of description. Perhaps the most famous of these is The Seeniya; rhyming with the letter S, entitled "The Journey to Andalusia", and his other longing poem, "The Nouniya; rhyming with the letter N", in which he opposed the famous medieval Arab Andalusian poet, Ibn Zaidoun.

INTRODUCTION

When Britain felt that there was almost no political subordination between Egypt and Turkey, it proceeded to demand the Khedive Ismail for what was claimed as "The Egyptian debts" and, thus, paved the way for his ouster and to the occupation of Egypt after the revolution of Ahmad Orabi, as a rebate to its debt.

After the Khedive Ismail, the Khedive "Tawfiq" ascended to the throne of Egypt, followed by the Khedive Abbas Helmy. The latter was known for his antagonism to the British. When World War I broke out, and Abbas II was in Constantinople, far from the capital of his kingdom: Britain refused to let him return to Egypt. Thus, she removed him from the throne, after declaring her protection over Egypt. She appointed his uncle, Sultan Hussein Kamel, who was loyal to Britain. Britain was not satisfied with the head of Abbas Helmy, but rather wanted to oust all the heads that collaborated with him, and thus began to change the staff of the palace or to change their positions. Many of them refused to remain in the new positions, being loyal to Khedive Abbas II, the enemy of Britain. They resigned from their jobs, and Ahmad Shawqi was the first to resign

[Atwy, Kh. Fawzy. (1978). *Aḥmad Shawqī Amīr al-Shu'arā'.* Dar Sa'b. Beirut, Lebanon. Page 38].

The British favour to Arabic poetry:

Arabic literature is, in fact, grateful to the British occupation for exiling Shawqi; otherwise, we would not have the masterpieces he wrote in his longing for his country. One of the most important poetic phenomena in Ahmad Shawqi's poems is the patriotism. This is despite what was said about him; that he was the poet of the palace and that he lived in a soft life and did not feel the groan of the people who were suffering from the woes of the colonialist. However, Ahmad Shawqi was full of deep love towards his homeland. The exile was a dagger that spilt the blood of patriotism from its arteries; in exile, he did not forget his country and every day that passed softened his heart in his longing for a return.

Love of his homeland Egypt ran like blood in the heart and veins of the poet Ahmad Shawqi, and his exile to Spain was one of the reasons that awakened this love in a deep and intimate way. Estrangement has contributed in crystallizing Shawqi's love for Egypt in expressing it in a way that mixed sentimental senses with Egyptian history, so that the poetic image became saturated with haloes of reverence and pride for the homeland to the extent that the love of the homeland and the fulfilment of its call becomes closer to belief and faith. Shawqi believed that the relationship between a person and his homeland is very close to that of a person's religious value and belief.

> *"Shawqi lived in the beautiful suburb of "Vallvidrera", which is very high above the sea level, so he enjoyed this height surrounded with pine forests and wonderful nature scenes, he also enjoyed seeing the sea and the ships approaching and departing Barcelona. However, Shawqi met his journey with sadness and pain for the separation of the homeland, and modern Egyptian poetry needed this pain to fuse Shawqi's soul so that it becomes a rich soul. And so that Shawqi gets closer to the people of his homeland and their worries."*
>
> *Daif, S. H. (2010). Shawqi Sha'er Al-Asr Al-Hadith. Cairo, Egypt: Al-Hai'a Al-Masriya Al-Amma lil Kitab. Page 32.*
>
> *"The British did a favour, while they did not mean to; when they sent Shawqi into exile where he spent 5 years in Spain, seeing in it new worlds and reviewing the story of Andalusia and the Arab glory in it. Shawqi wrote many poems about the stories of the ancient kings of Islam and their tales there and the charms of Arab poetry in Andalusia, with its bright colours, songwriting, and dancing. All this played a new role in Shawqi's poetics, and added marvellous strings to his beloved guitar."*
>
> *Jawdat, Saleh. (1960). Balabel min Al-Sharq. Al-Dar al-Qawmiyah lil- Tiba'ah wa Al-Nashr. Cairo, Egypt. Page 72.*
>
> *"The British military authority was troubled because it was afraid that Shawqi's sorrow and patriotism would spread throughout Egypt, which had a distant effect on souls and an effective fall on the hearts, so it ordered his exile. The deed of the*

authority was a charity for Shawqi, poetry, and Arabism, while in fact, it meant offence and extinguishing the light."

Zaki, Ahmad. (1932 Dec). Dhikrayat. Apollo Literary Journal, 386. Cairo, Egypt.

Before the exile:

World War I began on 25 July 1914, and on 18 September 1914, Britain imposed a protectorate on Egypt, and the next day dismissed Khedive Abbas Hilmi II, who was still in Constantinople (he had been wounded during a failed assassination attempt). It is known that Turkey joined Germany at the beginning of the First World War, and Abbas Helmy was biased towards the Turks and Germans, so the English took advantage of his absence and isolated him from the throne of Egypt, and replaced him with Hussein Kamel, whose tendency was with the British.

The war surprised Shawqi while he was in Constantinople with his family in the company of Khedive Abbas, so the latter advised him to return to Egypt. He returned, knowing that his position was threatened because of his loyalty to the isolated Khedive.

"In 1914, World War I broke out, and protection was declared over Egypt. In 1915 the English dismissed Khedive Abbas from the throne due to his inclinations to Turkey and Germany, and provided Sultan Hussein Kamel with his position. Shawqi declared and expressed in his poetry his anger and opposition against this British policy, and by this arouse the occupying authorities against him. Consequently, a resolution was issued to deport him to Malta, later on, some celebrities interceded for him with the British representative, and he was allowed to travel to Spain."

Al-Fakhouri, Hanna. (1986). Al-Jamiʿ fi Tarikh Al-Adab Al-Arabī, part [2]. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Page 438.

"Our summer to trips to Istanbul continued until the declaration of World War I in 1914, and we were unfortunately there when it was announced; As the Khedive Abbas II was sick because of the shooting incident, and my father wanted us to stay by his side, that is, not to return to Egypt, but his Highness insisted on him to return, saying: "The war will go on, and Turkey will join the Germans and you have a big family, if the transportation with Egypt cut off, which will happen soon, you will be in difficulty in such conditions". So, we had no choice but to go back to Egypt on the last ship!

However, no sooner did we reach Egypt, than the Khedive was isolated, and the number of visitors to our house began to decrease day after day. Even our friends were afraid to meet my father, so that they would not be accused of accompanying one of the men of the old regime. There were exceptions, of course, because the world is never devoid of noble hearts.

My father also remembered the goodness of the young officer who was charged with inspecting our house, shamefully performing his abominable duty, and even repeating his apologies for my father for his work. Poor father! How much had he suffered in that situation, especially for the ingratitude of people? being a very impressed and sensitive poet."

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 28.

"Shawqi felt that difficult days were awaiting him, especially after what he said his poem about the new sultan. Pointing in it that the incidents have not ended and that the novel has a rest, Hussein's tenure is temporary, and who knows what the nights give birth to? For that, he submitted his resignation from the palace, and stayed at home in Al-Matariya until he was summoned to trial."

Fahmi, M.H. (1969). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Katib Al-Arabi. Cairo. Egypt. Page 90.

"Shawqi felt that the authority reproached him because of something he said in his poem about the new sultan (Hussein Kamel), and perhaps it was the line in which he said that (the novel has not completed its chapters). There was a lot of confusion about it and the political connotations it bears, in addition to the fact that the whole poem was filled with sadness, which does not commensurate with the position of congratulations.

Besides, the relations between him and (Hussein Kamel) were not good because he had previously introduced him in his poem which he had said in Cromer, as he was the head of the farewell party that was held for Cromer,

His confusion did not last long as the investigation did take a long time. It was, as estimated before, about the previous line of his poem. Then he was released as the line insinuates yet does not state, symbolizes yet does not clearly say, so what can the investigator say about it?

Anyway, Shawqi decided to stay in his house at Al-Matariya for a while, and not to say anything even about the Sultan's survival from the assassinations. He did not praise, congratulate, compliment, or even lament. If there were room for anything for all of this, it was detention and silence."

Fahmi, M.H. (1969). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Katib Al-Arabi. Cairo. Egypt. Page 95.

The British began deporting the palace employees from Egypt, from whom they felt loyal to Abbas Helmy.

> *"Hussein Rushdie's government-stipulated arresting and interrogating people after the bomb was thrown at Sultan Hussein Kamel in Alexandria. The occupation authorities seized these opportunities to get rid of everyone who was related to the Khedivi".*
>
> *Fahmi, M.H. (1969). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Katib Al-Arabi. Cairo. Egypt.*
>
> *Page 98.*

The three causes for Shawqi's exile:

First: Shawqi and Lord Cromer (1907)

Shawqi was deeply shocked and troubled by the British colonialism, and the misery it caused to the people of Egypt who aspired to freedom and independence. As I mentioned in my previous research on Cromer in the poetry of Shawqi, Shawqi did not hate the English for themselves, as he had a poem praising Shakespeare and published many poems praising the British, but he hated their oppression and tyranny. In addition to parts of Shawqi's poem "Farewell to Lord Cromer", translated in my previous research (Denshawai and Cromer in the Poetry of Ahmad Shawqi).

After the Denshawai incident, the British Prime Minister asked Lord Cromer to change his policy in Egypt or to resign, so he preferred to resign, and a farewell party was held for him in May of 1907 at the Egyptian Opera House by the government in Egypt, in which speeches and praise were exchanged between the government and Cromer himself, who gave a speech that expressed his arrogance and haughtiness.

As I had explained in previous research, Lord Cromer wrote a report that included some controversies against the Islamic religion by which he angered all the Egyptians. The poets, despite their different tendencies and their inclinations, retaliated against Cromer. Yet Shawqi was Egypt's spokesman at the farewell of Lord Cromer, and expressed his anger on him and his reign because he had insulted Egypt in his sermon before his departure in 1907, and insulted it, in his books and reports.

> *"The Egyptians did not forget that Lord Cromer had thrown the Islamic religion in his report in 1906 as a religion not suitable for this age. Shawqi answered him with a hot poem, in which he marvelled at his arrogance in Egypt and stated that the Egyptians rejoiced for his departure as the patient rejoices in his recovery from an incurable disease."*
>
> *AL-Houfi, A.M. (1955). Waṭanīyat Shawqī. (Patriotism in the poetry of Aḥmad Shawqi). Maktabat Nahdat Miṣr , Cairo, Egypt. Page 150.*

At the farewell party, Lord Cromer praised Khedive Tawfiq and Nubar Pasha, and ignored Khedive Abbas Helmy. He declared that the British occupation would last, in defiance of the Egyptians. Abbas II opposed the British, and secretly supported and sustained the Egyptian nationalist movement, led by Mustafa Kamil. He also funded the anti-British newspaper *Al-Mu'ayyad* of Mustafa Kamel, in which Shawqi used to publish his poems.

As I had mentioned in my previous research (Denshawai and Cromer in the poetry of Ahmad Shawqi), Lord Cromer wanted to get rid of Shawqi in 1907 because of his poem in which the latter responded to his farewell sermon.

"Boutros Pasha also learned from Cromer that the Khedive had promised to disavow the National Party in the speech that he would deliver on the day of the reception with (Eldon) Gorst. And that he advised His Highness, as a loving, to stay away from Mustafa Kamel, Ali Youssef and Ahmad Shawqi".

"But he was kept in his position "due to his intelligence, activity, ability to translate, and the royal court's need for his services."

Shafiq, Ahmad. (1936). Muthakaraty fi Nisf Qarn (Part two). First Edition. Matba'at Masr. Cairo. Egypt. pages 120, 124.

"Was there in Egypt at that time a more courageous poet than Shawqi when he said in his poem Farewell to Cromer, while the country was still under the British occupation?

لما رحلت عن البلاد تشهدت * فكأنك الداء العياء رحيلا
اللهُ يَحكُمُ في المُلوكِ وَلَم تَكُن * دُوَلٌ تُنازِعُهُ القُوى لِتَدولا
فِرعَونُ قَبلَكَ كانَ أَعظَمَ سَطوَةً * وَأَعَزَّ بَينَ العالَمينَ قَبيلا

When you left the country, it, of relief, uttered the testimonial,

As if you were the heavy sickness that departed.

It is God who rules over kings and no states

That contend with Him for power will last.

Before you Pharaoh in his domination was even mightier,

And his tribe, among all men, even grander."

Jawdat, Saleh. (1960). Balabel min Al-Sharq. Al-Dar al-Qawmiyah lil- Tiba'ah wa Al-Nashr. Cairo, Egypt. Page 83.

Second: Shawqi's relationship with the Khedive and the National Party

Poet Laureate:

Shawqi used to compose his poems in praise of Khedive Tawfiq (1852–1892) by virtue of his upbringing in the palace, and his first poems were published in his youth in the Egyptian newspaper Al-Waqai'i on April 7, 1888 AD.

In 1892, when Shawqi returned to Cairo from his study trip in France, Khedive Tawfiq had died and was succeeded by his son Khedive Abbas Helmy II (1874–1944), and he worked in the palace in the translation department, and kept progressing in positions until he became head of this department.

The period from 1893–1914 witnessed the years of social and literary glory of Shawqi before his exile. From a social aspect, Shawqi was a prominent figure in the court of the Khedive. Thus, he adopted the policy of the palace and his relationship with men of the nation, and political leaders were identified according to their proximity to the palace.

> *"Ahmad Shawqi maintained a close relationship with the new Khedive, composing praise poems for him on various occasions. He became close to Khedive Abbas Helmy and the effable of his assembly, while Shawqi used to praise him with his poems, until he was named "the poet of the Prince." (Poet Laureate). During his work in the palace, in 1896, he visited Geneva, Switzerland, where he participated in the works of the International Conference of Orientalists, on behalf of the Egyptian government."*
>
> *Daif, S. (1992). Al-Adab Al-Mu'aser fi Masr. Dar Ul-Ma'aref: Cairo, Egypt. pages,111-112*

Because of his position in the palace and his strong relationship with Khedive Abbas Helmy II Shawqi's house was also a destination for people in need.

> *"Shawqi was absorbed in an abundance of bliss, prestige and luxury, and his house which he named (Karmat Ibn Hani) was a place of assembling by university students and a resource for inquisitors in every aspect, and a complex for writers, poets and friends appealing to poetry, discussing literature and criticism, receiving from the owner of the house the most kindness and generosity."*
>
> *Al-Ashtar, Saleh. (1959). Andalusiyat Shawqi. Matba'at Jami'at Dimashq. Damascus, Syria. Page14.*

> *"Truly, no poet has been favoured by his king as my father was. The Khedive never disappointed him or was mean in giving him money. Nevertheless, his highness's love for him caused him some troubles because a queue of people holding petitions and needs would come to our house every morning. My father would meet whomever he was able to, and whenever he got bored or the ill-tempered, he used to escape from a back door that was specially made for this purpose in the garden."*

> *"His Highness's compassion for my father was demonstrated at my sister's marriage. In addition to his precious gifts, His Highness honoured our house by visiting it on the wedding night, and stood in the garden and then sent in the request of my father. When my father came to him, he expressed to him his warm congratulations and then left, and it was the only time at which my father kissed the hand of His Highness, thanking him for this great honour because the one sitting on the throne at that time would not attend ordinary celebrations. Her Highness, his Austrian wife, not only honoured the wedding, yet even stayed for a long time next to my sister's bed, who*

unfortunately was sick on that night! How many joyful event and merry nights did our house witness at that time!

For instance, the celebration of Eid Sham El-Nassim, marking the beginning of spring. As the Eastern Coptic Christian Easter was wonderfully celebrated every year, and my father used to call upon it especially all writers and poets. . In my mind is still, despite my young age at the time, the image of the great dignified poet Khalil Mutran chanting verses at one of these celebrations, amidst general approval. And the foreign writers who happened to be in Egypt at that time were also invited to it, and among them the English writer Hall Caine."

"Upon mentioning the banquets that were held in our house at that time, my father told us the following amusing story:

One night, my father held an interesting party in honour of a great Turkish prince, to which a large number of local leaders and dignitaries were invited, and of course, the aforementioned prince was supposed to open the canteen, yet the night advanced, and the prince did not attend, so my father was confused what to do? He called the Shepherd Hotel, where the prince was staying, and he was told that his highness was retreating in his room. My father was disturbed, got into his car and rushed towards the hotel. How astonished was he when the prince was really sick and because he drank a lot? My father was unhappy about this, because his banquet that he prepared for a while and spent a lot on it would fail, then suddenly before leaving the room of the Turkish prince he remembered, that there are two honourable Arab princes in the Continental Hotel, namely Prince Faisal (the late King Faisal later) and his brother Prince Abdullah (now king of Transjordan), so he hurried to them and told them about his disaster, adding that: Don't the two Arab princes see that they could take the place of the Turkish prince at the top of this banquet? Their Highnesses accepted this improvised invitation willingly because of their love for my father and their rejoice to replace the Turkish prince, because there was an alienation between the Turks and the Arabs at that time, and by this means the party did not fail!"

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. Pages 14-18.

"Shawqi was the poet of the Khedive Abbas, the poet of the royal palace, meaning that he was the official poet of the state who speaks on its behalf by virtue of his position in the palace .This was the reason that convinced the English that Shawqi's presence in Egypt is undesirable because he was a threatened to them by something that stirs them up."

Al-Masri, H.M. (1999). Al-Andalus baina Shawqi wa Iqbal. Al-Dar Al-Thaqafiya Lilnashr. Beirut, Lebanon. Page 59.

Shawqi was brought up in the blessings of the palace, while the Orabi revolution was an exit from the power of the palace, as Shawqi was also closely related to Mustafa Kamel, who launched a violent campaign against Orabi. Therefore, Shawqi owed what was owed by the National Party in its loyalty to Khedive Abbas Helmy II, son of Khedive Tawfiq.

> *"The English authority and her aides in Egypt were fully aware of the intellectual and political position occupied by the poet Ahmad Shawqi. Therefore, he was asked to leave the country, and to choose an exile for him in a neutral country, so he chose Spain as an exile for him and his family."*
>
> *Atwy, Kh. Fawzy. (1978). Aḥmad Shawqī Amīr al-Shu'arā'. Dar Sa'b. Beirut, Lebanon. Page 39.*

Shawqi's poems contained a public attack on English colonialism and his rejection to the occupation in all its tyrannical forms, and therefore the English deported him from the country for fear of his poems in which he expressed the spirit of struggle, determination, and struggled against them.

> *"When the First World War broke out, Shawqi was in the service of Khedive Abbas II, so the British authorities, governing the fates in Egypt at that time, opined to exile him, because they knew that Shawqi's poetry did more than the bombs and bullets."*
>
> *Abd ul-Majeed, A. (1998). Shawqi Al-Insaan. Dar Ul-Ma'aref: Cairo. Egypt. Page 86.*

> *"Shawqi was closely related to the political leader Mustafa Kamel and shared him in his struggle against the British occupation. He was, at the same time, in close relation with Khedive Abbas whom he was his sincere friend and his aid against the British occupation."*
>
> *AL-Houfi, A.M. (1955). Waṭanīyat Shawqī. (Patriotism in the poetry of Aḥmad Shawqi). Maktabat Nahdat Miṣr , Cairo, Egypt. page 67*

> *"Ahmad Shawqi used to declare his friendship with the great national leader Mustafa Kamel when Mustafa Kamel's relationship strengthened with Khedive Abbas II, who provided him with material and moral aid in his fight against the British and their occupation of Egypt."*
>
> *Hawi, E. & Mandour, M. (1970). A'alam Al-She'r Al-Arabi. Beirut, Lebanon: Commercial Office for printing, publishing and distribution. Page 57.*

Third: The Ill-Fated Poem:

"When the British dethroned His Highness Khedive Abbas from Egypt because of joining Turkey in the First World War, a group of poets advanced, and congratulated Sultan Hussein for acceding the throne while Shawqi dropped behind. Then after some days, Shawqi published his famous poem which gained the sympathy of the people:

The kingship is among you, the Ismaili family,

Your kingship remains overshadowing the Nile

This poem was a misfortune for the poet: there were lines in it that were the subject of interpretation and elucidation, and these verses are:

O people of Egypt, eat things for your Lord

God is the best and habitual"

Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Page 80. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Page 291.

Below is my own translation of Shawqi's ominous poem (Hussein Kamel):

*الملك فيكم آل إسماعيلا * لا زال بيتكم يظل النيلا*

*النيل إن أحصى لكم حسناتكم * ملأ الزمان محاسنًا والجيلا*

*حلفاؤنا الأحرار إلا أنهم * أرقى الشعوب عواطفًا وميولا*

*أعلى من الرومان ذكرًا في الورى * وأعز سلطانًا وأمنع غيلا*

*سبحان من لا عز إلا عزه * يبقى ولم يك ملكه ليزولا*

*لا تستطيع النفس في ملكوته * إلا رضى بقضائه وقبولا*

*الخير فيما اختاره لعباده * لا يظلم الله العباد فتيلا*

*أأخون إسماعيل في أبنائه * ولقد ولدت بباب إسماعيلا*

*ولبست نعمته ونعمة بيته * فلبست جزلًا وارتديت جميلا*

*ووجدت آبائي على صدق الهوى * وكفى بآباء الرجال دليلا*

*يا أهل مصر كلوا الأمور لربكم * فالله خير موئلًا ووكيلا*

*جرت الأمور مع القضاء لغاية * وأقرها من يملك التحويلا*

*دفعت بنا فيه الحوادث وانقضت * إلا نتائج بعدها وذيولا*

*وانفض ملعبها وشاهده على * أن الرواية لم تتم فصولا*

Kingship is in you, family of Ismael,

Your house still overshadows the Nile.

Had the Nile counted your good deeds,

It would have filled time and generations with goodness.

O our free allies (the Britains), yet they are,
the most prestigious nations in their emotions and tendencies.
Higher than the Romans in their reputation,
More glorious in its monarchy and more impervious in its valleys.
Glorious is He Who there is no grandeur except His,
Remaining and never ending.
One cannot in His kingdom,
But be satisfied and accept his judgment.
Goodness is in God's Choice for His servants,
God is not unfair with His servants.
Would I betray Ismael in his sons?
While I was born at the door of Ismael?
I wore his grace and the grace of his house,
Therefore, I wore the bountiful and the beautiful.
I found my father in true love with them,
men's fathers are quite a sufficient evidence.
O people of Egypt, leave all things to your Lord,
God is the best resort and trustee.
The affairs went with fate for a purpose,
approved by the owner of the transfer.
Incidents pushed us into this and passed away,
Except for its following results and tails.
Its playground adjourned and it was witnessed that,
The chapters of the play are not over.

Al-Rifai, N. Y. "Denshawai and Cromer in the Poetry of Ahmad Shawqi". Advances in Social Sciences Research Journal, Vol. 7, no. 3, Mar. 2020, pp. 1-27, doi:10.14738/assrj.73.7891.

"The First World War broke out while Khedive Abbas was in Turkey, the British prevented him from returning to Egypt, declared that he was deposed, and appointed Sultan Hussein Kamel. The celebration was held in Abdeen Square, while a brief sermon was given to the revellers. The next day, Al-Ahram newspaper published three poems congratulating Sultan Hussein; Ahmad Shawqi's poem, Hafeth Ibrahim's poem,

and Ahmad Naseem's poem. Commenting on Shawqi's poem, Sheikh Hassanein Makhlouf, (a scholar of Al-Azhar) said: 'The English will exile Shawqi for this poem, for in it there is an incitement to revolution and an insinuation of Sultan Hussein'. And that was what happened after two weeks."

Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Page 80. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Pages 304-306.

"There was a hint in Shawqi's poem, to the fact that the British are planning evil in advance to the royal family of Muhammad Ali, and as a result, they inevitably feared the opinion of his poetry, which might inflame the Egyptians against them. So, they issued an order to expel him from the country."

Al-Masri, H.M. (1999). Al-Andalus baina Shawqi wa Iqbal. Al-Dar Al-Thaqafiya Lilnashr. Beirut, Lebanon. Page 62.

"After Abbas was deposed and Sultan Hussein was appointed, Shawqi could not hide his wrath on the British, so he was the bravest person in Egypt in that era, which was full of fears and terrors, as the British military authority was holding an iron hand not only on all foreheads and feet, but even on ideas and illusions. Shawqi revealed to Sultan Hussain about what was the subject of whispering between every two meetings together, concluding his famous poem by saying (The novel has not completed its chapters), in reference to the existing situation. The British military authority was highly disturbed by this warning herald because it feared that the oil slick would spread all around Egypt because of Shawqi's cry, which had a wide effect on the souls and the hearts, so they ordered him to be exiled."

AL-Houfi, A.M. (1955). Waṭanīyat Shawqī. (Patriotism in the poetry of Aḥmad Shawqi). Maktabat Nahdat Miṣr Cairo, Egypt. Page 82.

"Shawqi enraged on those who submitted to the British in congratulating Sultan Hussein Kamel on the day he took over after the deposal of Khedive Abbas and warned that the occupation in Egypt is a story that has more unrevealed chapters."

AL-Houfi, A.M. (1955). Waṭanīyat Shawqī. (Patriotism in the poetry of Aḥmad Shawqi). Maktabat Nahdat Miṣr , Cairo, Egypt. Page 130.

"This poem was the direct reason for his expulsion from Egypt."

AL-Houfi, A.M. (1955). Waṭanīyat Shawqī. (Patriotism in the poetry of Aḥmad Shawqi). Maktabat Nahdat Miṣr , Cairo, Egypt. Page 131.

"During this period, the Great War was declared, and England declared its protectorate over Egypt and removed Abbas from the throne and replaced Sultan Hussein Kamel in him. At that time, Shawqi wrote his poem, in which he said:

*أأخون إسماعيل في أبنائه * ولقد ولدت بباب إسماعيلا*

Should I betray Ishmael in his sons?

While I was born at the door of Ismail!

"In this poem, Shawqi talked about war, the protectorate, Abbas, and his uncle, and concluded by saying that (The novel has not completed its chapters), did not please the owners of the new era, so Shawqi and his sons were taken and exiled to Spain."

Heikal, M.H. (1933). Dhikra al-Sha'irayn (In Memory of the Two Poets), Damascus, Syria: Al-Maktaba Al-Arabia. Page 417.

Shawqi's fame was already great before the World War, but his official position with His Highness the Khedive Abbas prevented him from finding the courage Hafeth Ibrahim in fighting the occupation. Yet, then an unforeseen incident occurred: the isolation of Khedive Abbas from the throne of Egypt by joining Turkey in the war. At that terrible moment, Hafeth Ibrahim came forward with a group of poets and congratulated Sultan Hussein and invited him to trust the English, saying:

*ووال الانجليز فهم رجال * من الآداب قد نهلوا وعلوا*

Take the British as allies, they are men,

who of manners have been qualified and risen

Whereas Shawqi defaulted to congratulate Sultan Hussein. Then within a few days he published his famous poem, which the Egyptian audience sympathized with:

*الملك فيكم آل اسماعيلا * لا زال ملككم يظل النيلا*

Kingship is within you, descendants of Ismael,

Your house still overshadows the Nile.

This poem was ominous for the poet; as there were lines in it that were a subject for explanation and interpretation, such as:

يا أهل مصر كلوا الأمور لربكم فالله خير موئلا وكفيلا

O people of Egypt, leave everything to your Lord,

God is the best resort and trustee."

Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Page 80. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Pages 289-290.

Leaving Egypt:

"When we left Cairo, only a few relatives and friends came to the railway station to say goodbye, for the reasons I had mentioned, and among the attendees was my late maternal grandfather Hussein Shaheen Pasha whom I was named after.

He was a decent man, a gentleman in the sense of the word, and he was of Turkish origin. He gave pieces of advice to my father as he bid him farewell telling him to take it easy because the war will not last longer than six months, or that we might even return before that; As the Turkish armies are preparing to liberate Egypt from these British demons. Unfortunately, the war lasted for four years, and we did not see my grandfather after that, as he died while we were in exile. The train proceeded to the port of Suez, where we boarded a small Spanish ship coming from the Philippine islands."

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. Page 31.

"We were ten: my father, my mother, my married sister, with her baby daughter, who was only a few months old. Then my brother Ali, me, the Turkish governess, two maids and a chef. As for my sister's husband, Hamid Al-Alayli, his fate was worse than ours, as he was imprisoned first in the castle and then deported to Malta, as a prisoner of war! He was an honorific officer in the royal palace before this disastrous war."

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. Page 33.

From Suez to Barcelona:

"The fifth of August 1915, a date that Shawqi never forgot. Every summer, he used to travel to Europe or Turkey, leaving Cairo happily on his trip, but today he rides the train to Suez as the most miserable of people, heartbroken while listening to his father-in-law reassuring him.

Wishing that his prophecy is true, so that the war will not be prolonged. Shawqi was most distressed that he had to leave his sick mother in Helwan in Cairo ".

Fahmi, M.H. (1969). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Katib Al-Arabi. Cairo. Egypt. Page 99.

It was an old small cargo ship, yet Shawqi had no other choice as he with his family and his entourage to board. There was no other ship at that time, and the authority did not allow him to wait. He brought with him his books, children, wife, and some servants. Four Germans and Austrian, one of them a doctor and the other four monks who were ordered to leave Egypt,

boarded with him. The ship had a large shipment of bulls going to the wrestling parties in Spain. The boat cruised and then set off in the canal heading to Port Sa'eed, while the poet took for himself a place far away, where he sat alone. Everyone respected his wish.

> *"We were ten; my father, mother, my married sister with her baby daughter, brother Ali, me, the Turkish nursemaid, two housemaids and the cooker."*
>
> *Shawqi, H. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt.*
>
> *Page 33.*

The Suez Canal:

> *"The British were disturbed by the large size of gossip upon this poem, so they ordered the exile of Shawqi from the country, and that exile was the beginning of a new era of Shawqi's poetics, that he began it by his prose piece describing the Suez Canal, which is a rare piece of no similar isotopes or likeness."*
>
> *Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Page 80. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Page 291.*

On the ship that carried him away to *Marseille* on his way to Spain, Shawqi passed through the Suez Canal; thus, Shawqi wrote this masterpiece. A rhyming prose poem that he called (The Suez Canal). It depicts the spirit of the exiled poet as he leaves his homeland to exile. It occupies ten pages of his book *Aswaq Al-Dhahab* (Gold Markets). He started writing it when the Spanish ship that carried him and his family into exile traversed the Suez Canal. It is indeed one of the most beautiful works written in poetic prose demonstrating Shawqi's talent.

In this poem, Shawqi reviewed stages in the history of Egypt and the Suez Canal. He narrated to his two sons, Ali and Hussein, who were with him on the Spanish ship, the summing up of the processions of the history of Egypt, from the time of the prophecies until that hour when the poet and his family were crossing the channel on their way to exile, watching the camps of the occupying usurper on the canal banks.

This free prose poem is an eloquent lesson in the history of Egypt since ancient times, in which Shawqi weaved prose according to the pattern on which he weaved poetry in his famous Hamzia poem, which he presented to the International Oriental Conference held in Geneva in September 1894 .

He referred to Ismail more than once in this poem; this is because the opening of this canal took place during the reign of that great prince after overcoming many difficulties. The Suez Canal was inaugurated on the 17 November 1869 in a solemn ceremony with a huge budget. The Khedive Ismail II invited to this inauguration all the kings of Europe and thousands of princes, ambassadors, political celebrities, pen-holders, and the masters of arts, crafts, and commerce, and when the palaces were overcrowded, he set up one thousand pavilions for them in the desert.

Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III, and the rest of the kings and princes of the royal family were hosted in a luxurious palace built specifically for them.

On November 16, a religious party was held, in which the sheikhs of Islam, the Christian bishops, and the priests of the Jews participated. The next morning, the celebration began with the firing of the cannons, then the Empress Eugenie's yacht advanced into the canal, followed by the yacht of Franz Joseph I of Austria, and the yacht of Friedrich Wilhelm Prince of Prussia. Then, the yachts of the other kings and princes, followed by 68 ships carrying the invitees and spectators. When the imperial yacht reached the *Lake of Crocodile,* three Egyptian warships saluted it with the firing of cannons. The land cannons answered them; music was played while the gathering crowds of tribes and different nationalities on the shore hailed them cheerfully.

Khedive Ismail II had gathered these people in Ismailia from all over Egypt, the desert, and Sudan, with their women, children, camels, cattle, and deer. The sight of thousands of Bedouins, urbanites, dervishes, Moroccans, Sudanese, among others, with their different costumes and colours was a unique scene that was rarely made available to the eye. On the 19 of November, the ships set out from the *Lake of Crocodile* to the bitter lakes. The next day, they reached the Red Sea just before noon, after having passed the canal. And since that era, this passageway has remained open to boats.

Addressing his two sons, Shawqi explained to them how The Suez Canal is the essence of the history of Egypt, whoever seized it has secured victory; due to the significance of its position.

تلكما يا ابني القناة، لقومكما فيها حياة،

ذكرى إسماعيل ورياه. وعُليا مفاخر دُنياه،

دولة الشرق المَرجَّاة، وسلطانُه الواسعُ الجاه؛

طريقُ التِّجارة، والوسيلة والمنارة، ومَشْرَع الحضارة

تعبرانها اليوم على مزجاة. فكأنها فلك النجاة،

خرجت بنا بين طوفان الحوادث وطغيان الكوارث.

That, my sons, is the channel. In it, there is a life for your people.

The memory of Ismail and his flag, and the highest feats of his worldly life.

The hoped-for state of the East, and its widely ranked authority.

The path of trade, means and lighthouse, and the starting of civilization.

Today you cross it on a ship, as if it were the lifeboat,

Who took us out from between the flood of accidents

and the overflowing of the disasters.

فقلت سيرى عوذتك بوديعة التابوت، وبصاحب الحوت، وبالحي الذي لا يموت،

واسرى يا ابنة اليم،

زمامك الروح، وربانك نوح

فكم عليك من منكوب ومجروح.

إن للنفي لروعة، وإن للنأي للوعة،

ولقد جرت أحكام القضاء بأن نعبر هذا الماء،

حين الشر مضطرم واليأس محتدم،

والعدو منتقم، والخصم محتكم،

وحين الشامت جذلان مبتسم، يهزا بالدمع وإن لم ينسجم.

نفانا حكام عجم أعوان العدوان والظلم،

خلفناهم يفرحون بذهب اللجم،

ويمرحون في أرسان يسمونها الحكم.

So I said; proceed, I sought your refuge by the ark's amulet,

by the owner of the whale, and by The Everlasting God who never dies.

and drive, o daughter of the sea,

your rein is angle Gabriel, and your shipmaster is Noah,

how many an afflicted and a wounded are aboard you.

Exile has its dread, and remoteness has its agony.

Destiny's judgments carried out that we should cross this water,

while evil is aggravated, despair raged,

the enemy vengeful, and the opponent tight,

jubilant at our affliction, delightedly smiling,

Ridiculing our tears even if not confessing.

Foreign rulers exiled us, agents of aggression and injustice,

We left them behind us rejoiced in the bridle's gold,

having fun with halters that they name rules.

Here Shawqi implies that the British held the Egypt government as a pretext in their hands to punish its people. They allowed this government to do whatever it wished to the people, in exchange for allowing the British to control the country.

ضربونا بسيف لم يطبعوه،

ولم يملكوا أن يرفعوه أو يضعوه.

سامحهم في حقوق الأفراد وسامحوه في حقوق البلاد،

"وما ذنب السيف إذا لم يستح الجلاد؟

They beat us with a sword that they did not produce,
and had no right to raise it, or to turn it down.
It forgave them in the individuals' rights, and they forgave it the country's rights.
What is the sword's fault if the executioner is not ashamed ?

ماذا تهمسان؟ كأني أسمعكما تقولان:
أي شيء بدا له، على هذه الضاحية؟
وماذا شجا خياله، من هذه الناحية؟
وأي حسن أو طيب، لملح يتصبب في كثيب؟
ماء عكر، في رمل كدر، قناة حمئة، كأنها قناة صدئة؛
بل كأنها وعبريها رمال، بعضها متماسك وبعضها منهال،
وكأن راكب البحر مصحر، وكأن صاحب البر مبحر.
رويدكما ليس الكتاب بزينة جلده، وليس السيف بحلية غمده؛
تلك التنائف، من تاريخكم صحائف؛
وهذه القفار، كتب منه وأسفار؛
وهذا المجاز هو حقيقة السيادة ووثيقة الشقاء أو السعادة؛
خيط الرقبة، من اغتصبه اختص بالغلبة، ووقف للأعقاب عقبة؛
ولو سكت لنطقت العبر، وأين العيان وأين الخبر؛

What are you whispering? As if I could hear you say:
Whatever seemed to him, in this suburb?
What did his imagination stimulate, in this respect?
What fine or good is there in salt poured into a dune?
Muddy water, in brownish sand, a sludge channel, a rather rusty channel;
Somewhat, it is, with both its sides in sands,
some of it solid and some collapsing,
as if the sea rider were in the desert, and as if the land rider were sailing .
Slow down; the value of a book is not in the decoration of its cover,
nor is the value of a sword in the adornment its sheath.
Those waterless plains, are sheets of your history;
Out of this wasteland, came books and travels.
This metaphor is the reality of sovereignty and the document of misery or happiness.
It is the neck thread, whoever seized it was allotted by victory,

And stood as an obstacle in front of his pursuers.
Had I kept silent, the lessons would have spoken out,
where the witnesses were and the news.

Describing the occupying British forces who exiled him, Shawqi continued:

أنظرا تريا على العبرين عبرة الأيام:
حصون وخيام، وجنود قعود وقيام؛
جيش غيرنا فرسانه وقواده،
ونحن بعرانه وعلينا أزواده؛
ديك على غير جداره، خلا له الجو فصاح؛
وكلب في غير داره، انفرد وراء الدار بالنباح.

Look there, you see on both sides the days' lessons:
forts and tents, and soldiers sitting and standing;
An army belonging to the others, with its knights and commanders,
While we are its camels, and on us is its supplement;
A rooster on the others' wall, felt the empty air so started crowing;
And a dog outside his home, barking alone behind the house.

القناة وما أدراكما ما القناة؟
حظ البلاد الأغبر، من التقاء الأبيض والأحمر،
بيد أنها أحلام الأول، وأماني الممالك والدُول،
،"والعرب لأمر ما تجاهلوها. الفراعنة حاولوها، والبطالسة زاولوها، والقياصرة تناولوها،
إلى أن جرى القدّر لغايته، وأتى إسماعيل بآيته،
فانفتح البرزخ بعنايته، والتقى البحران تحت رايته،
في جمع من التيجان لم يشهده إكليله، قد كان يتوج فيه لو شهدته جيوشه وأساطيله؛
وما إسماعيل إلا قيصر، لو أنه وفق، والإسكندر، لو لم يخفق؛
ترك لكم عز الغد، وكنز الأبد، والمنجم الأحد،
.والوقف الذي إن فات الوالد فلن يفوت الولد

The channel, what do you know about the channel?
The country's most ancient share from the confluence of the white and the red.
Yet it is the dreams of the first, and the aspirations of the kingdoms and states.
The Pharaohs tried it, the Ptolemaic practised it,

the Caesars handled it, and the Arabs, for a reason, ignored it.
Till the destine went to its aim, when Ismael brought his evidence.
Thus, the isthmus opened by his sponsorship,
and the two seas met under his banner,
In an assembly of crowns that his wreath had not witnessed before,
he would have been crowned in it if his armies and fleets had witnessed it.
Ismael is but Caesar, had he succeeded, and Alexander, had he not failed,
He left you the glory of tomorrow, the treasure of eternity, the sole unique mine,
and the endowment that if the father missed, the son would not miss it.

من لمحات جلال وجمال؟ "ماذا على هذه الرمال،
ارجعا القهقري بالخيال، إلى العصر الخال:
واعرضا في حداثتها الأجيال:
تريا على هذا المكان وجوها تتمثل، وركابا تتنقل،
وتَرَيَا النَّبوّة تتهلل، والآيات تتنزل،
وتريا الملك " يترجّل، حتى كأنكما بالزمان الأول:
فيها هنا وُضع للنبوّة المهد، وابتدأ بها العهد
فأقبل صاحب المقام، ومُحطم الأصنام،
. وبناء البيت الحرام، خليل ذي الجلال والإكرام
هاجر إلى مصر أكرم من هاجر، ثم انقلب منها بأم العرب هاجر"،

What is there, on these sands, from the glimpses of majesty and beauty?
Take your imagination, back into the past ages,
and show it to the generations in its modernity.
You will see on this place the representing faces and travelling riders.
You see prophethood exulting, and holy verses being revealed.
You see kingship dismounted, as if you were in the first time.
Right here, the cradle was laid down for prophethood, and the era began with it.
Here came prophet Ibraheem the owner of the Maqaam (Station of Abraham),
the smasher of the idols, and the builder of the Holy House (of Makkah),
the friend of God, with great majesty and honour.
He, being the most honourable emigrant to Egypt,
left it with the mother of the Arabs; Hajar.

ومن هذه الثنيات طلع يوسف يرسف في القيد،
وهو للسيارة " يسير من كيد لي إلى كيد
قلبٌ جرحَتُه الإخْوَة، وجنبٌ قرَّحتْه النِّسوة؛ فيا لكَ يوسفُ من أُسوة؛
عِزٌّ بعدَ هُون، ودولةٌ بعد المنزل الدُّون،
وشئونُ أقدارٍ وشجون،
وسهولُ حياةٍ وحزون، وسجوف القصور بعد السجون
إلى سجود الشمس لك والقمر والكواكب الأخر

From among these hilly ways, came out Yousuf (Joseph), shackled in chains,
Within the convoy, passing from a plot to a plot.
A heart wounded by brothers, and a side sored by women.
So what an example you are, Yousuf!
Glory after disdain, and a state after the low position.
Destiny's affairs, sorrows, plains of life and grieves,
and the curtains of palaces after the prisons,
unto the prostration of the sun, the moon and other planets.

وإلى هذا الفضاء خرج موسى حين زيل زويله، وطلبه قتيله، وزين له الفرار خليله"،
فحوته هذه الرمال، فإذا الأمن سبيله، واليمن دليله،
والسلامة زاملته " والسلم زميله ، ولو أطلعه الله على غيبه
للمس النبوّة بين يده وجبيه،
إلى أن رُفع له المنار، واكتحل بالنور
واقتبس من النار وقيل له كن من الأحرار الأحبار
وارجع فسلط الحق على فرعون الجبّار،
فكان عليه السلام أول من اقتحم على الفرد جبروته،
وهتك على المستبدّ طاغوته،
وخطم" المتأله" وحطم عظمُوته،
ماء الحق على لطفه، ظفر بنار الباطل على عنفه؛
ظهر العدل على الحيف وكسرت العصا بالسيف

Out into this space came Moses when he had to flee frightenedly,
demanded by his murderer, advised to escape.
Once these sands embraced him, security became his path, auspiciousness his guide,

safety his companion, and peace his colleague.
Had God showed him the unseen,
he would have touched prophethood within his hand and in his breast-pocket,
until the lighthouse was raised to him, and he was eyelined by the light.
He sought the fire, and was told: Be among the free priests,
Return and spot the power of truth over the mighty Pharaoh,
He, peace be upon him, was the first to break into the individual in his tyranny.
He ruptured the oppressor from his dictatorship,
hit the deified on his nose and shattered his greatness.
The water of rightness, besides its gentleness,
gained victory over falsehood, besides its violence.
Justice appeared over injustice, and the stick was broken by the sword.

الطاهرة، والنيرة الزاهرة، والآية المتظاهرة "وعلى هذه الأرض مشت السماء
أم الكلمة" وطريدة الظلمة،
سرحوا في عرضها فأخرجوها من أرضها
فضربت في طول الأرض وعرضها،
يوسف حاديها، وجبريل هاديها،
والقدس ناديها، والطهارة أرجاء واديها؛
وعلى ذراعها مصباح الحكمة، وجناح الرحمة، والإصباح من الظلمة؛
حتى هبطت به أكرم الأديم، فنشأ بين الحكيم والعليم.
وترعرع حيث ترعرع بالأمس الكليم
فيا لك من دار، لعبت على عرصاتها الأقدار،
ناويت موسى، القريب: وآويت عيسى، الغريب،
نبّوّات بالنّبيّ، وحبوت الأمنَ عيسى وهو صبيّ.

And on this earth walked the pure sky, the bright light, and the demonstrating evident.
The mother of the holy word and the runaway from darkness, (Maria).
They talked without restraint about her honour, and sent her out of her land.
Consequently, she walked through the length and width of the land,
Joseph is her camel driver, and Gabriel her guide.
Jerusalem being her yard, and purity all throughout her valley;
On her arm was the lamp of wisdom, the wing of mercy,

and the morning of darkness, (Jesus).
Till she landed with him on the most honourable land,
so he grew up between the wise and the knowledgeable.
He was brought up where before him Moses was brought up.
What a home you are! In whose squares the destinies played,
You deported Moses, the relative: and harboured Jesus, the stranger,
You ascended by the Prophet, and granted security to Jesus in his boyhood.

ثم انظرا تريا إبلا صعابا، وخيلاً عرابا،
وتريا الرعاة انقضوا على الوادي ذئابا،
فأخافوا القرى الآمنة،
أخرجوا من مصر الفراعنة.
واستبدوا بالملك فيها آونة
تريا الوحوش الضارية والجوارح الكاسرة
يقودها شر الأكاسرة،
ملأت هذه الفجاج وكأنها حرجات الساج، أو حركات الأمواج،
ثم تدفقت تكتسح الدّيار، باغية السّيف طاغية النار،
تدك الهياكل والمعاقل، وتهتك العقائد والعقائل.
وتريا الإسكندر الكريم، قد لمع كالصارم من هذا الصريم
يحمل الحملات النجائب. ويفتح بالكتب وبالكتائب

Then look, you will see painstaking camels, and meticulous horses,
and shepherds like wolves swirling over the valley,
as they feared the safe villages.
They brought the Pharaohs out of Egypt.
And tyrannized the kingship in it for some time.
Then you see the ferocious beasts and the fierce wounds,
led by the Caesars' evilness.
They filled these narrow paths as if they were thick teak woods,
or the waves' movements,
then they flowed sweeping the houses,
with an aggressive sword and an overpowering fire,
demolishing the structures and strongholds.

disgracing the doctrines and the women.
Then you see, Alexander the noble, shining like a blade in the night.
Waging the best campaigns,
Conquering with books and phalanges.

وتريا ابن العاص والصحابة، مروا من هذه الأرجاء مر السحابة؛
.يفتحون للحق، ويفتكون بالرق
حتى أخلوا القصور من القياصرة
من صلف الجبابرة . وأراحوا مصر الصابرة
وتريا صلاح الدين يخفى كالبدر ويبدو، ويروح كالغيث ويغدو،
يعوث بلا عدد، ومددُ إثر مدد، وذخائر وعدد، وبشرى كل يوم بفتوح جدد

قد ركب طيشه، "نابليون"وتريا
وأركب الغرر جيشه
وتريا إبراهيم بن علي مشهور الجراز، موفور الجهاز،
ملك سوريا وضبط الحجاز
وتريا إسماعيل بعث الحاشرين، وحشدّ الحافرين، وقرّب المسافة للمسافرين:
غير وجّة السفر،
فقيل: بلغ غاية الظفر،
وقيل: وقع الحافر فيما حَفَر.

Then you see Ibn Al-Aas, (the Islamic conqueror)
and the Companions, (of Prophet Muhammad).
Who passed like a cloud through these sides;
Opening the country to the rightness, eradicating slavery.
Until they emptied the palaces from the Caesars,
and relieved patient Egypt from the smugness of the oppressive men.
Then you see Salah El-Din shining and appearing like a full moon,
Going and coming like a rain.
Numberless missions, supplies after supplies, multiplied ammunitions,
And daily good news of new openings.
Then you see "Napoleon" mounting his recklessness,
and embarking the inexperienced in his army.

Then you see Ibrahim Ali, the fully equipped sword drawer,

ruling over Syria and seizing Al-Hijaz.

Then you see Ismail amassing the crowds, assembling the diggers,

and bringing the distance closer to the travellers:

He changed the direction of travelling,

So it was said that he reached the end of obtainment,

and it was said that the digger fell in what he was digging.

At this last line of the poem, you see how (the Suez Canal) has become like a stick in the hands of (the folks) and who are these folks? They are the English, of course, yet Shawqi refers and does not state.

ثم انظرًا اليوم تريا القناة في يد القوم إن أمنوا ركزوها،" وإن خافوا هزّوها

Then look out today, you see the channel in the hands of the folks;

when they feel safe they focus it, and if they have fear, they shake it.

Shawqi, Ahmad. (1932). Aswaq Al-Dhahab (Gold Markets). Matba'at Al-Helal. Cairo. Egypt. Pages 26-35.

"Then the ship was hit by a huge storm, just before its arrival in Marseille. There was a large shipment of bulls on board the ship. Then, the waves increased, and their height increased above like mountains. Accordingly, the captain decided to reduce the burden of the ship and tossed into the sea all the loads of bulls that were going to the wrestling parties, whereas my father, begged him in vain to wait a while for the danger to decrease. After two stormy days, the sea's anger subsided, the waves calmed down, the wind lessened, and the sky shone. Then Shawqi was asked by his son: Were it the prayers of the monks, father, that saved us from drowning? He replied: Rather the prayers and blessings of your kind grandmother, son.

The Austrian doctor showed great determination during the travel in relieving us from seasickness, and since that time he became a close friend of my father throughout the journey, the period of exile in Spain, and his friends continued after our return to Egypt after the war. He was a brilliant and famous doctor in Egypt, and he loved the Egyptians and even embraced Islam after returning to Egypt choosing for himself my name, Hussein, to compliment us."

Shawqi, H. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt.

Pages 34-37.

In Barcelona:

The ship dropped its anchor in Marseille and then left for Barcelona – one of the most beautiful Spanish cities, which was more modern than Madrid at that time. The port of Barcelona was one of the few near-neutral ports on the Mediterranean, which would allow Shawqi to quickly return to Egypt when they permit him to do so. Shawqi did not think that his exile would be prolonged; he was under the illusion that the war would not last longer than 6 months and that the Turkish armies would not delay in liberating Egypt from the British ascendancy.

> *"When we arrived at Barcelona, we stayed for several weeks in a hotel in the heart of the city because the hotel life is nice and entertaining, as every day we witness different views and new faces. But the expenses of such a life were exorbitant, especially for a large family like us. Another reason was that the money that was sent to us by our agent in Egypt was limited by order of the British military authority, so that we could not, as it claimed, help the enemies of Great Britain! This prohibition was not specific to us; rather, it included all Egyptians abroad at that time.*
>
> *So we soon rented a house in a beautiful suburb of Barcelona called "Vallvidrera", which is on a much higher place than the heart of the city, so we were able to easily watch our beautiful shared Mediterranean as well as the ships, coming and going, day and night. A view that increased our homesickness, and inspired my father to write his longing poems."*
>
> *Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 37.*
>
> *"During our stay in Spain, His Highness the Khedive Abbas II sent to my father during our stay there, stating that if my father wanted to join His Highness in Vienna, His Highness is ready to inform the Austrian embassy in Madrid in order to facilitate my father's travel in one of the German submarines that were coming and going from the ports of Spain to take the necessary fuel and supplement despite the presence of the British fleet that was trying in vain to prevent this. My father apologized because he didn't like to ride a submarine and because he did not want to leave us alone in Spain, under the mercy of the retaliation of the military authorities in Egypt, if they knew about this."*
>
> *Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 88*

It seems like Shawqi, out of boredom, turned his dwelling in Spain into a language institute.

> *"My father did not find friends around him in Barcelona; except for an Austrian doctor who befriended him on the ship and used to entertain him a lot in his amusing company. His place was preserved with us at the dining table every Sunday at noon. My father also got to know a Syrian merchant from the overseas, of a pleasant*

company, a philosopher who had been In Brazil, where he raised about twenty thousand pounds."

Shawqi's stay in Spain was a period of his life that had the greatest impact on the development of his character and his poetry. During the period that Shawqi spent in Spain, he learnt their language and spent his time reading history books, especially the history of Andalusia, and worked on thoroughly reading of the sources of Arabic literature.

"My father used to personally give me Arabic lessons throughout the period of exile, as well as my sister and brother. As for the other sciences, I used to go to a German school, which I joined. Whereas my sister and brother, were learning French and the rest of the sciences by a private French teacher who came specially to the house. My father also started learning Spanish, and he actually learned it, but his pronunciation was funny, so he used to cause us to laugh whenever he mispronounced it in front of us, which made him angry and made him shout: "You are really none- behaved children! We still kept to this day, the Spanish grammar book that he was learning from, covered with drafts of his verses; Because it was his habit to write on any white book cover he came across!"

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 37. Pages 43-44.

Financial Affairs:

"As for the money that was sent to us every month from Egypt, it was 200 Egyptian pounds. Yet what we received was only about 120 pounds, because the British pound by which we were linked was in a continuous decline as the condition of England and its war allies was very bad then. However, this little money was enough for us because life was cheap in Spain at the time. For example, we used to buy a hundred oranges for five piasters!"

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 43.

"This residence was not without constant concern about the money that was sent to us from Egypt, because it was sometimes delayed for a long time due to the circumstances of the war. Until it was completely cut off at some time, following what was published by one of the great English newspapers published in London claiming that a great Arab poet was residing in Spain was inciting the Arabs of Marrakech to fight the Allies.

The British military authority in Egypt thought that this poet was my father, and prevented, as a way of revenge, sending this money, since who else could be the great Arab poet residing in Spain? This ban lasted for 6 months, during which my mother and sister had to mortgage their jewellery, and then my father decided to call the British ambassador to Madrid whom he had acquainted during his stay in Barcelona

on a short visit, in the house of a notable Egyptian. Thus the ambassador did not delay in fulfilling my father's request as. Fortunately, he also was a poet, so he willingly interceded with the military authority in Egypt. Thanks to this ambassador, the British authority allowed money to be sent to us again. This ambassador was such a nice example of good manners and gentleness, as he offered to my father, despite his simple knowledge of him, to lend him some money."

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. pages 53-54.

"Shawqi wrote to me from Spain asking for books about the glory of Islam and Arabism in Andalusia, so I sent them to him. Yet after a week, to my surprise, the military sergeant returned these books to me with a word containing a note that "This act of a government employee may not be consistent with the duties of the job!.

Two or three days later, my friend, Shawqi's brother-in-law Ahmad Bey Omar, came to me, asking me to plead the late Rushdie Pasha (1863–1928) Prime Minister of Egypt (1914-1919), to try his best with the British authority not to return the money that he had sent to Shawqi to live with it in the foreign country. It was as if they wanted the poet of the east, despite his enormous wealth, to put out his hand in begging or die with his children of starvation in the Western country! Thanks God that the willing endeavours of Rushdie Pasha were successful, so that Ahmad Bey Omar began sending some of Shawqi's money to him in his exile, but at known times and in limited amounts."

Zaki, Ahmad. (1932 Dec). Dhikrayat. Apollo Literary Journal, 386. Cairo, Egypt.

Homesickness:

Shawqi expressed his homesickness for his homeland and his attachment to it in his exile in Spain, where he remained for about 5 years. For the moment Shawqi set foot in Spain after the arduous journey, he was enclosed by longing, that increased his misery and inner agony. He became loaded and fatigued as his homesickness that increased and intensified, relieving himself in poems considered as masterpieces of poetry in their honest emotion and beautiful metaphors. The atmosphere of Spain and memories of the homeland irritated sorrows and renewed his pain, as expressed in his wonderful poems. His love for Egypt and his longing for it was evidently manifested in his poetry. Among these works, two poems are considered his most beautiful and influential.

The poems Shawqi's wrote in Spain are characterized by a strong insight into the philosophy of history, through which he appears as a poet who feels the magnitude of the tragedies of history, and contemplates its titles in the form of the remaining monuments. At the same time, it addresses the factors that contribute to elevating the nation to the peaks of glory and honour, which included the finest and brightest images of Islamic history and its flowering. Among the ideas that occupy

the literature of exile is the idea of learning lessons from events, and Shawqi demonstrates his historical culture and tries to extract sermons out of them.

Poetic Simulation (Mu'arada) in Arabic poetry:

"Mu'arada" literally means "opposition", yet in its poetry terminology it means simulation, accompaniment, imitation, or composition of a previous pattern or a restoration of the style or method of a writer, artist, or school. The term "Mu'arada" in general may be a literary or artistic or musical work in which the writer mimics a previous work. Critics and literary scholars of the modern era used to associate the Arabic word "Mu'arada" with the art of poetry until the term "Mu'arada" became popular, and it referred to a stand-alone art that spread in various periods in the literary ages. The Mu'arada is a demonstration of a poet's skill and was an area of competition between poets to show their creative abilities to emulate a famous poem that spread among people because of its quality and distinctiveness.

Shawqi's poems, in which he simulates the ex-poems, agree with them in some things, and differ from them in other things. The aspects of the agreement are often related to the outer crust of the poem, the frame of the poem, the musical style, such as the rhyme and rhythm. There may also be an agreement in the general theme, or some pictorial means of expression.

Shawqi was fond of competing with the great poet's. When he was in his twenties, Shawqi practised this type of Mu'arada and wrote Nahj ul-Burda. simulating the most famous poem of Al-Burda, meaning the prophetic mantle, a poem written by Imam Al Busiri (1211–1294), in praise of Prophet Muhammad (Peace be upon him). Al-Burda "Ode of the Mantle" is a thirteenth-century ode of praise for the Islamic prophet Muhammad composed by the eminent Sufi Imam al-Busiri of Egypt. This Burda is so famous that a lot of poets tried to imitate it in Arabic poetry, this imitation is called Mu'arada (مُعَارَضَةْ), it means that a poet writes a poem to imitate another poem in its rhyme and subject. The most famous of all imitations of the Busiri's Burda is undoubtedly Nahj ul-Burda written by Ahmad Shawqi.

Al-Busiri opened his poem saying:

أمن تذكر جيران بذي جيران بذي سلم

مزجت دمعا جرى من مقلة بدم

"Is it because of your remembrance of the neighbours of Dhi-salam. That you are shedding tears mixed with blood?"

While Shawqi opened his poem saying:

ريمٌ عَلى القاعِ بَينَ البانِ وَالعَلَمِ.

أَحَلَّ سَفكَ دَمي في الأَشهُرِ الحُرُمِ

"A white Antelope on the plain between the Moringa trees and the mountain,

Allowed the shedding of my blood in the holy months."

Shawqi had many other poems of simulations in which he competed with masters of poetry ancestors, as forwarded.

During his stay in Spain, Shawqi wrote two other simulations of two other prominent poems. Perhaps the most famous of these are his poem (*The Seeniya;* rhyming with the letter S) entitled "The Journey to Andalusia," or (Estrangement and longing) and his other longing poem (*The Nouniya*; rhyming with the letter N) in which he opposed the famous medieval Arab Andalusian poet, Ibn Zaidoun.

In his exile, out of pain, Shawqi wrote *The Seeniya*, rhyming with the letter S, entitled "The Journey to Andalusia" or (Estrangement and longing), which is also a poetic simulation to Al-Buhtiry's famous poem in which he described the Iwan (throne hall) of Khosro. Al-Buhturi said in the opening lines:

صنت نفسي عما يدنس نفسي وترفعت عن ندا كل جبس

I Kept myself from what would pollute it,
And remained far above the bestowal of any miser.

While Shawqi disclosed in his long poem, his strong attachment to Egypt, his homeland and his pride in belonging to it, in it he described those meanings in such a wonderful way that made many critics claim that he exceeded the original poem of Al-Buhtiry whom he opposed.

These are parts of Shawqi's eternal masterpiece that consists of 110 lines, expressing the height of Shawqi's longing to Egypt, his homeland. Below is the translation of some selected lines, including its first 15 lines:

اِختِلافُ النَهارِ وَاللَيلِ يُنسي أُذكُرا لِيَ الصِبا وَأَيّامَ أُنسي
وَصِفا لي مُلاوَةً مِن شَبابٍ صُوِّرَت مِن تَصَوُّراتٍ وَمَسّ
عَصَفَت كَالصِبا اللَعوبِ وَمَرَّت سِنَةً حُلوَةً وَلَذَّةُ خَلس
وَسَلا مِصرَ هَل سَلا القَلبُ عَنها أَو أَسا جُرحَهُ الزَمانَ المُؤَسّي
كُلَّما مَرَّتِ اللَيالي عَلَيهِ رَقَّ وَالعَهدُ في اللَيالي تُقَسّي
مُستَطارٌ إِذا البَواخِرُ رَنَّت أَوَّلَ اللَيلِ أَو عَوَت بَعدَ جَرسِ
راهِبٌ في الضُلوعِ لِلسُفنِ فَطنُ كُلَّما ثُرنَ شاعَهُنَّ بِنَقسِ
يا اِبنَةَ اليَمِّ ما أَبوكِ بَخيلٌ ما لَهُ مولَعاً بِمَنعٍ وَحَبس
أَحرامٌ عَلى بَلابِلِهِ الدَو حُ حَلالٌ لِلطَيرِ مِن كُلِّ جِنسِ
كُلُّ دارٍ أَحَقُّ بِالأَهلِ إِلّا في خَبيثٍ مِنَ المَذاهِبِ رِجسِ

The succession of days and nights make one forget,

Talk to me about my boyhood and my joyful days.

Describe to me a period of youth;
imaged by visualizations and hallucinations.
It stormed like the playful boyhood, and passed,
like a sweet slumber, and a stealthy pleasure.
Then Ask Egypt, if my heart ever forgot her,
or whether the curing time has cured my heart's wound.
Whenever the nights pass by it,
It softens, though it is known that the nights harden.
It flies apart whenever the ships ring,
at the onset of the night, or when they howl after a bell.
A monk living within the ribs, keen about ships,
Whenever they become astir, he escorts them with a tolling.
O daughter of the sea (ship), your father is not a miser,
Why is he fond of prohibition and imprisonment?
How come that the lofty large tree is banned to its nightingales,
While it is allowed to birds of all species?
Every house is more righteously deserved by its people,
Except in a malicious impure doctrine.

The third line in the following part is one of the most famous lines in Arabic poetry, in which Shawqi's extreme longing to Egypt is strongly bursting out. Shawqi expressed this most wonderful poetic image when he said that even if he were in paradise and bliss, his soul would yearn to his homeland and abandon this bliss. He followed it by mentioning sites where he wished to be. Shawqi's longing stance fluctuated between wishing and despair, which lead him to a state in which he sees his heated longing, a cauldron that pushes a ship to sail, yet in his own tears. It sets free into a sea in which it runs and anchors, to Alexandria with its various landmarks, then Shawqi's imagination travels between Ain Shams, the island of Zamalek, the Nile, Giza, and its pyramids.

نَفسي مِرجَلٌ وَقَلبي شِراعٌ بِهِما في الدُموعِ سيري وَأَرسي
وَاجعَلي وَجهَكِ الفَنارَ وَمَجرا كِ يَدَ الثَغرِ بَينَ رَملٍ وَمَكسِ
وَطَني لَو شُغِلتُ بِالخُلدِ عَنهُ نازَعَتني إِلَيهِ في الخُلدِ نَفسي
وَهَفا بِالفُؤادِ في سَلسَبيلٍ ظَمَأٌ لِلسَوادِ مِن عَينِ شَمسِ
شَهِدَ اللَهُ لَم يَغِب عَن جُفوني شَخصُهُ ساعَةً وَلَم يَخلُ حِسّي

هِ وَبِالسَرحَةِ الزَكِيَّةِ يُمسي يُصبِحُ الفِكرُ وَالمَسَلَّةُ نادي
نَغَمَت طَيرُهُ بِأَرخَمَ جَرسِ وَكَأَنّي أَرى الجَزيرَةَ أَيكاً
مِن عُبابٍ وَصاحَت غَيرُ نِكسِ هِيَ بَلقيسُ في الخَمائِلِ صَرحٌ
قَبلَها لَم يُجَنَّ يَوماً بِعِرسِ حَسبُها أَن تَكونَ لِلنيلِ عِرساً
وَأَرى النيلَ كَالعَقيقِ بَوادي هِ وَإِن كانَ كَوثَرَ المُتَحَسّي
نَ بِيَومٍ عَلى الحَبابِرِ نَحسِ وَكَأَنَّ الأَهرامَ ميزانُ فِرعَو

هِ وَبِالسَرحَةِ الزَكِيَّةِ يُمسي يُصبِحُ الفِكرُ وَالمَسَلَّةُ نادي
نَغَمَت طَيرُهُ بِأَرخَمَ جَرسِ وَكَأَنّي أَرى الجَزيرَةَ أَيكاً
مِن عُبابٍ وَصاحَت غَيرُ نِكسِ هِيَ بَلقيسُ في الخَمائِلِ صَرحٌ
قَبلَها لَم يُجَنَّ يَوماً بِعِرسِ حَسبُها أَن تَكونَ لِلنيلِ عِرساً
وَأَرى النيلَ كَالعَقيقِ بَوادي هِ وَإِن كانَ كَوثَرَ المُتَحَسّي
نَ بِيَومٍ عَلى الحَبابِرِ نَحسِ وَكَأَنَّ الأَهرامَ ميزانُ فِرعَو

فيهِ يَيدو وَيَنجَلي بَعدَ لَبسِ يا فُؤادي لِكُلِّ أَمرٍ قَرارٌ
بَلَغَتها الأُمورُ صارَت لِعَكسِ وَمَواقيتُ لِلأُمورِ إِذا ما
وَعَفَت وائِلاً وَأَلوَت بِعَبسِ حَكَمَت في القُرونِ خوفو وَدارا
كَ تَبلى وَتَنطَوي تَحتَ رَمسِ ثُمَّ غابَت وَكُلُّ شَمسٍ سِوى هاتي

My soul is a cauldron, and my heart is a sail,
by which in tears, is my course and mooring.
Let the lighthouse (of Alexandria), be your destination,
And your path the gap between Raml and Maks. (places in Alexandria).
O my homeland, even if I were engaged in Paradise,
My soul would yearn to go to it.
And within Paradise's fountain, my heart would beat its wings,
Towards the suburbs around Ayn Shams. (Heliopolis).

God witnessed that its figures never departed my eyelids,
not even for an hour, nor were my senses emptied from them.
My thoughts wake up, their club is the Pharaoh's obelisk,
While they spend the evening in the sweet-smelling Sarha.
As if I see the (Zamalek) island, a thicket,
With its buzzing birds in the most tuneful ringing.
Like Balqees (Queen of Sheba) in the gardens, as she shouted,
When she shouted without relapse
It is sufficient for her to be the Nile's bride,
before her, he was never mad of a wedding.

I see the Nile as a garnet in its valley,

Paradise's river for the drinkers.

And as if the pyramids were the Pharaoh's scales,

on an unfortunate day for the mighty ones.

O my heart, every matter has a stability,

In which it appears and clarifies after ambiguity.

And timings of affairs, when reached,

They turn into their opposites.

States ruled in past centuries since Khufu and Dara (pharaohs),

Erased Wa'el, and buried Abs (great old Arabic tribes).

Then their sun set, as every sun, except

that (real) one, and were folded into the grave.

At the end of his poem, Shawqi did not forget to thank Spain, referring to its natural beauty and praising its people for their hospitality extended to him and his sons.

جَنىً دانِياً وَسَلسالَ أُنسٍ يا دِيارا نَزَلتُ كَالخُلدِ ظِلّاً
وَرَبا في رُباكِ وَاشتَدَّ غَرسي كُسِيَت أَفرُخي بِظِلِّكِ ريشاً
بِمُضاعٍ وَلا الصَنيعُ بِمَنسي هُم بَنو مِصرَ لا الجَميلُ لَدَيهِم

O nice heavenly dwellings,

a shadow of a lowly fruits

Beneath your shade, my hatchlings were covered with feathers,

My plantings grew up and strengthened in your soil.

They are the people of Egypt, who never forget a favour,

nor are good deeds lost among them.

The Nouniya:

Shawqi's other weeping poem consists of 83 lines, which he named *Andalusia*, a Nouniya (rhyming with the letter N), which is also a simulation of the famous Nouniya of the medieval Arab Andalusian poet, Ahmad Ibn Zaidoun (1003–1071). Shawqi, while in Spain, was touched by Ibn Zaidoun's poetry, due to the great convergence between the two passions of poet Ibn Zaidoun's longing for his beloved "Walladah, the daughter of Caliph Al-Mustakfi", and Shawqi's longing for his greatest love, Egypt his homeland.

Ibn Zaidoun's poem deserved its fame, as he escaped from his prison in Cordoba to Seville, yet his heart remained with his beloved and his inspiring, *Walladah* in Cordoba, so he sent her his immortal poem that started with the following line:

أضْحَى التّنائي بَديلاً مِنْ تَدانِينَا،
وَنَابَ عَنْ طيبِ لُقْيانَا تجافينَا

Separation substituted of our close contact,
and alienation replaced our lovely togetherness.

> *"The Nouniya of Ibn Zaidoun is a rare poem byhearted by most writers in the Arab countries. It, in Arabic poetry, recalls Musset's nights in French poetry. Just as all French people know Musset's nights, Arabs all know the Nouniya of Ibn Zaidoun."*
>
> *Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Page 215.*

> *"Ibn Zaidoun's poem is all anguish, heartburn, and complaint from separation and enemies, and time, while Shawqi, began his poem talking to a sad bird that sends his cry in the valley of Al-Talh in the suburb of Seville, as if expressing his sadness and anguish. Then Shawqi continued in his conversations, and sorrows of his separation from his homeland and looked at the drawings of the Arab civilization in Andalusia. Then he remembered his country and his playgrounds in it and addressed the lightning and guided him to his home near the Nile. He sensed the scent of his homeland in the wind and the breeze, and imagined them like Prophet Joseph's shirt that was thrown on his father Jacob's face, so his eyesight turned back to him when he found his son's scent. Then he expressed his homesickness and longing for his homeland as if his eyes were brightened by its light, so praised its glories and praise his glories and pyramids."*
>
> *Daif, S. H. (2010). Shawqi Sha'er Al-Asr Al-Hadith. Cairo, Egypt: Al-Hai'a Al-Masriya Al-Amma lil Kitab. P. 74-75.*

Shawqi's Nouniya, published in 1916, is undoubtedly a piece with few equivalents in Arabic poetry. In this poem, Shawqi's longing dissolves in tenderness, added to a wonderful musical rhythm, and a sad rhyme.

> *"Shawqi's Nouniya is a marvel of miracles. It was sent from Spain near the end of the First World War, and the Egyptian poets were resounded by it."*
>
> *Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Page 219.*

Shawqi started his poem addressing a sad pigeon of *Wadi Al-Talh*, in the style of a call to the wailing bird, with which he linked a close relationship of sadness, as if each of them mourns the other being similar in their gourd and strangeness.

"What do you tell us, for the hand that cut your wings and prevented you from flying, is the hand that planted a knife in our side and crumbled our livers. Estrangement threw us apart, in a country where we only see strangers, and in a place that never resembles us."

Talking to the bird, Shawqi showed the severity of his pain and groans in his conditions, saying:

"We are strangers in pain, although we settled in fertile lands full of forests and grass, we suffer from our calamities and misfortunes".

*يا نائح (الطلح) أشباه عوادينا * نشجى لواديك أم نأسى لوادينا ؟*
*ماذا تقص علينا غير أن يدا * قصت جناحك جالت فى حواشينا*
*رمى بنا البين أيكا غير سامرنا * أخا الغريب : وظلا غير نادينا*
*كل رمته النوى ريش الفراق لنا * سهماً ، وسل عليك البين سكينا*
*فإن يك الجنس يابن الطلح فرقنا * إن المصائب يجمعن المصابينا*

O mourner of (Al-Talh) valley, our afflictions are alike,
should we cry for your valley, or distress for ours ?
What would you tell us, except that a hand,
that had cut your wings wandered in our sides.
Remoteness threw us unto a garden which is not ours,
a strange brother: and a shadow different from our club.
Each of us thrown within feathers of separation by
an arrow, while remoteness pulled out its knife on you.
If category, o son of Al-Talh, separated us,
disasters join those who are afflicted.

Here is a brilliant picture, where Shawqi compared Egypt to the mother of Prophet Moses when she abandoned him, despite her occupied love, throwing him into the sea. Shawqi depicted Egypt, caring for him, wanting him, yet she drove him away, while her heart is attached to him. She wanted his safety and is awaiting his return, just like the mother of Prophet Moses, when she placed her newborn into the river under the regard of God, to allow him to escape slaughter.

*لكن مصر وإن أغضت على مقه * عين من الخلد بالكافور تسقينا*
*على جوانبها رفت تمائمنا * وحول حافاتها قامت رواقينا*

*ملاعب مرحت فيها مآربنا * وأربع أنست فيها أمانينا*

*ومطلع لسعود من أواخرنا * ومغرب لجدود من أوالينا*

*بنا فلم نخل من روح يراوحنا * من بر مصر وريحان يغادينا*

*كأم موسى على أسم الله تكفلنا * وباسمه ذهبت فى اليم تلقينا*

Yet Egypt, when she overlooked, despite love,

Is still watering us with a heavenly source of eucalyptus.

On its sides, our amulets glittered,

and around its edges our galleries have risen.

Playgrounds where our intentions had fun,

and territories in which our wishes got friendliness.

A sunrise of felicity from our latecomers,

A sunset of grandparents from our forebears.

We separated yet we were not devoid of a spirit of comforting us,

from the land of Egypt and sweet basils on our early mornings.

As Moses's mother, who sponsors us, in the name of God,

and in His name, she went to throw us into the sea.

Within these circumstances, Shawqi composed these lines on feelings towards Egypt, the Nile, and his fellow citizens, loaded with a thirst for all that the land of Egypt carries.

*هل من ذيولك مسكى نحمله * غرائب الشوق وشيا من أمالينا*

*جئنا الى الصبر ندعوه كعادتنا * فى النائبات فلم يأخذ بأيدينا*

*وما غلبنا على دمع ولا جلد * حتى أتتنا نواكم من صياصينا*

*ونابغى كان الحشر آخره * تميتنا فيه ذكراكم وتحيينا*

*نطوى دجاه بجرح من فراقكمو * يكاد فى غلس الأسحار يطوينا*

*إذا رسى النجم لم ترفأ محاجرنا * حتى يزول ، ولم تهدأ تراقينا*

*يبدو النهار فيخفيه تجلدنا * للشامتين ويأسوه تأسينا*

Is there a black postman of yours whom we can load,

With our amazing longing and some of our hopes ?

We came to patience, calling it, as we used to,

in calamities, yet it did not take our hands.

We were never overcome by our tears on our bearing,

until your remoteness attacked our fortresses.

In a night, as if its end were on the doomsday,

In which your memory deadens and revives us.
We fold its darkness with a wound of your separation,
that almost brings us to an end, in the late night's darkness.
When the star anchors, our eyes do not harbour,
until it has gone away, while our shoulders did not calm down.
When the day shows up, we hide it with our steadfastness,
From the gloaters over our grieves, and treat it with our tolerance.

At this point, Shawqi resorts to national bragging:

*والنيل يقبل كالدنيا إذا احتفلت * لو كان فيها وفاء للمصافينا*
*ألقى على الأرض حتى ردها ذهبا * ماء لمسنا به الإكسير أو طينا*
*لم يجر للدهر اعذار ولا عرس * إلا بأيامنا أو فى لياليا*
*نحن اليواقيت خاض النار جوهرنا * ولم يهن بيد التشتيت غالينا*
*لم تنزل الشمس ميزانا ولا صعدت * فى ملكها الضخم عرشا مثل وادينا*
*وهذه الأرض من سهل ومن جبل * قبل (القياصر) دناها (فراعينا)*
*ولم يضع حجرا بان على حجر * فى الأرض إلا علي آثار بانينا*
*كأن أهرام مصر حائط نهضت * به يد الدهر لا بنيان فانينا*
*كأنها ورمالا حولها التطمت * سفينة غرقت إلا أساطينا*
*كأنها تحت لألأ الضحى ذهبا * كنوز (فرعون) غطين الموازينا*

And the Nile approaches like the worldly life when it celebrates,
If there were loyalty in it for the devoted ones.
It threw on the ground until it revived it with gold,
water with which we touched the elixir or clay.
No celebrations or wedding parties ever took place,
except in our days or nights.
We are the rubies, whose essence was tested by fire,
the hand of dispersal did not underestimate our preciousness.
The sun did not descend a scale, nor did it ascend,
in its huge kingdom, on a throne like our valley.
This land, from plain to mountain,
before the Caesars, was approached by the pharaohs.
No builder had set a stone on a stone, on earth,

except on the traces of our builders.

As if the pyramids of Egypt were a wall raised by the hand,

of eternity, not by mortal builders.

As if it were, with sands clashing around it,

a ship that sank except for its outstanding.

As if it, under the daylight's glittering, were gold,

Pharaoh's treasures covering the scales.

At the end of the poem, Shawqi expressed his longing to the treasure he left behind him in Halwan; his most treasured mother.

"My father was miserable because he left his beloved mother in Egypt. She was sick in Helwan of Cairo, and he had a hidden feeling that he would never see her again."

Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon. Page 29.

*كنز(بحلوان) عند الله نطلبه * خير الودائع من خير المؤدينا*

*لو غاب كل عزيز عنه غيبتنا * لم يأته الشوق إلا من نواحينا*

*إذا حملنا لمصر أو له شجنا * لم ندر أي هوى الأمين شاجينا*

A treasure in (Helwan) which we ask God for,

the best deposit at the best fulfiller.

If every dear person to her were absent from her,

longing would only come to her from our side.

If we carried to Egypt, or to her, any sorrow,

We wouldn't know which of the two mothers' love aches us.

Longing Poetry Lines Between The Friends:

Among the most wonderful lines, Ahmad Shawqi wrote during his exile(expressing his homesickness for his homeland) was the wonderful poetic message the sent from Barcelona in 1917 to his poet friends. During his exile, as his longing for his homeland intensified, Shawqi sent poetic messages to his friends, the poets of Cairo, Hafeth Ibrahim, and Ismail Sabry, complaining to them of his alienation, loneliness, and estrangement. Addressing Hafeth Ibrahim, and all the Egyptians, Shawqi said:

*يا ساكني مصر إنا لا نزال على * عهد الوفاء وإن غبنا مقيمينا*

*هلا بعثتم لنا من ماء نهركم * شيئا نبل به أحشاء صادينا*

*كل المناهل بعد النيل آسنة * ما أبعد النيل إلا عن أمانينا*

O dwellers of Egypt, we are still in the covenant of loyalty,
even if we are absent, we are among your residents.
Would you send us from the water of your river?
Something with which we could wet the entrails of our thirst?
All water resources, after the Nile, are putrid,
How far the Nile is, except from our aspirations.

Hafeth Ibrahim Replied Even More Beautifully To Shawqi's Message, Saying:

عَجِبتُ لِلنيلِ يَدري أَنَّ بُلبُلَهُ * صادٍ وَيَسقي رُبا مِصرٍ وَيَسقينا
وَاللهِ ما طابَ لِلأَصحابِ مَوردُهُ * وَلا ارتَضَوا بَعدَكُم مِن عَيشِهِم لينا
لَم تَنأَ عَنهُ وَإِن فارَقتَ شاطِئَهُ * وَقَد نَأَينا وَإِن كُنّا مُقيمينا

I wonder at the Nile, knowing that its nightingale,
is thirsty, yet keeps watering the hills of Egypt and watering us!
By God, the friends are not pleased with its fountain,
nor were they content, after you, in a soft living.
You did not turn away from it, even if you left its shore,
Yet we have remoted, even if we were staying here.

Shawqi also sent from Spain to the editor-in-chief of Al-Ahram two lines from a "New Andalusian" and asked them to be presented to poet Ismail Pasha Sabri to express his opinion on them:

يا ساري البرق يرمي عن جوانحنا * بعد الهدوء ويهمي عن مآقينا
ترقرق الماء في دمع السماء وما * غاض الأسي فخضبنا الأرض باكينا

O nightwalking lightning throwing out what is in our sides,
After calmness and flowing out of our eyes.
Water rippled within the sky's tears, while
sorrow did not decrease, so we flooded the ground with our crying.

Ismael Sabri Answered Him With These Five Affectionate Lines:

يا وامض البرق كم نبهت من شجن * في أضلع ذهلت عن دائها حينا

فالماء في مقل والنار في مهج * قد حار بينهما أمر المحبينا

لولا تذكر أيام لنا سلفت * ما بات يبكي دما في الحي باكينا

يا آل ودي عودوا لا عدمتكم * وشاهدوا ويحكم فعل النوى فينا

يا نسمة ضمخت أذيالها سحرا * أزهار أندلس هبي بوادينا

O flash of lightning, how many a distress you alerted,

In ribs that were stunned away, for a while, from their illness.

Water is in the eyes, and fire is in the hearts,

between them, the loving situation, was bewildered.

If it were not for remembering our good old days,

no one weeping in the neighbourhood would be left to weep blood.

Oh, my intimate amiability, come back, may I never lose you,

Look at what remoteness has done to us.

O early morning breath whose trails filled,

Andalusian flowers, come blow in our valley.

This previous poetry debate was published in Al-Ahram on April 19, 1917.

Sabry, M. (1979). Al-Shawqiyat Al-Majhoula ((The unknown poems of Shawqi), (2nd ed.). Dar Al-Mayssara. Beirut, Lebanon. Pages 165-166.

Shawqi's Mother Elegy:

"Ahmad Shawqi was born in a well-off house from a father who worked with the Sultan in Istanbul or in the Khedive palace when the khedive returned to Egypt. Shawqi's mother died when he was still in the cradle; thus, his maternal grandmother, who worked at the royal palace took care of him. This grandmother was Timzar. Timzar was from the Mouros Peninsula, which was the target of raiders who took the kidnapping of boys and beautiful girls as a profession from which they could gain by selling their families at the highest prices. Timzar went to the governor, Ibrahim Pasha, whom she did not stay long with until he freed her at the age of ten and considered her as one of his daughters. Even when she got married and gave birth, she used to visit Ismai'sl Palace frequently, taking her grandson Ahmad Shawqi with her. So Timzar whom Shawqi mourned and grieved in his heartbroken poem, was his maternal grandmother who took him in cradle, not his birth-giving mother."

Abdul-Majeed, A. (1982). Ahmad Shawqi Al-Sha'er Al-Insaan. Dar Al-Ma'aref, Cairo, Egypt. 14-15.

Shawqi was still in Barcelona when he heard the news of the end of the war and the announcement of the armistice at the end of the year 1918. He was overwhelmed with joy because

they were heralding his return to his homeland, yet soon he received the tragic news, of the death of his old mother, and his joy turned into sadness and sorrow that it was too late to see her again before her death. It was mentioned in Shawqi's poetry collection:

> *"The Prince of Poets composed this wonderful elegy, following the announcement of the truce, while he was in exile in Spain in 1918, as he was hoping to return to the homeland and meet his family, especially his beloved mother. Yet no longer did he feel happy to fulfil his hope than a telegram arrived carrying the sad news of her obituary. This serious affliction had a great impact on Shawqi, and not an hour passed until he wrote this elegy, he was overly affected that he avoided looking at it again, so it remained hidden in his private papers, until it was published in the newspapers the day after his death.*
>
> *When we were in Spain, on the day the truce was announced, my grandmother died in Helwan in Cairo. My father mourned her in a long poem, which he folded after writing it and was never published throughout his life, till we published it after his death. My father was so deeply saddened by her death that he avoided looking at it later, and when we returned to Egypt after the exile, we never went again to Helwan area, where his beloved mother lived and died."*
>
> *Shawqi, H. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 156.*
>
> *"My master Shawqi once told me after my father's death: "Take good care of your mother and do not neglect her. I had a violent shock that affected my nerves till today, when she died. When I read the news of the armistice, I was filled with joy that I could return home and meet my mother again, but unfortunately, it did not take days until I received her death's telegram. I fell into the chair and totally collapsed with sadness. I couldn't cry or say anything, yet after some hours, my eyes were flowing with tears while my hand started writing the whining of my heart. When I finished the poem, I folded the paper into my pocket. When my family saw my condition, they insisted on knowing the reason which I told them within tears, while exile increased our pain and sorrow. When we returned home to Egypt, I was asked at the first night if I had written anything for my mother, so I answered yes, and took out the paper that was still in my pocket. Yet the moment I looked at it, my eyes were filled with tears, and I asked it to be postponed, and it is still not published till today".*
>
> *Abu al-Izz, A.A. (1932). Ithna Ashar Aman fi Suḥbat Amir al-Shu'ara, (Twelve years in the company of the Prince of Poets). Al-Maktaba Al-Tijariya. Cairo. Egypt. pages 31-33.*

He adored his mother, and it is as if in many lines of this poem, he was mourning himself and lamenting the fate of humanity. Shawqi composed this wonderful elegy in truly pathetic circumstances. Below are selected lines of Shawqi's 50-line elegy:

إِلى اللهِ أَشكو مِن عَوادي النَوى سَهما، أَصابَ سُوَيداءَ الفُؤادِ وَما أَصمى

مِنَ الهاتِكاتِ القَلبَ أَوَّلَ وَهلَةٍ، وَما دَخَلَت لَحماً وَلا لامَسَت عَظما
تَوارَدَ وَالناعي فَأَوجَستُ رَنَّةً، كَلاماً عَلى سَمعي وَفي كَبِدي كَلما
فَما هَتَفا حَتّى نَزا الجَنبُ وَانزَوى، فَيا وَيحَ جَنبي كَم يَسيلُ وَكَم يَدمى
وَلَم أَرَ حُكماً كَالمَقاديرِ نافِذاً، وَلا كَلِقاءِ المَوتِ مِن بَينِها حَتما
زَجَرتُ تَصاريفَ الزَمانِ فَما يَقَع، لِيَ اليَومَ مِنها كانَ بِالأَمسِ لي وَهما
لَكِ اللهُ مِن مَطعونَةٍ بِقَنا النَوى، شَهيدَةَ حَربٍ لَم تُقارِف لَها إِثما
أَتى الدَهرُ مِن دونِ الهَناءِ وَلَم يَزَل، وَلوعاً بِبُنيانِ الرَجاءِ إِذا تَمّا
نَمَتكِ مَناجيبُ العُلا وَنَمَيتِها ، فَلَم تُلحَقي بِنتاً وَلَم تُسبَقي أُمّا

To God, I complain from an arrow of remoteness' aggression,
That hit the deepest spot of my heart, yet did not let it die.
Among those who rip apart the heart at the very moment,
Without entering a flesh or touching a bone.
It arrived consecutively with the announcer, thus turned on a ringtone,
As words in my hearing and a wound in my liver.
Once cried out, my side jumped then secluded itself,
Woe unto my side; how it sheds and bleeds.
Never have I seen a rule as applicable as fates,
nor an inevitability as encountering death between them.
I rebuked life's events, yet what happened,
to me, today out of them, was yesterday an illusion.
May God be with you, stabbed by the spear of detachment,
a war martyr who did not perpetrate in growing it.
Time prevented happiness, and is still,
Fond of demolishing hope's construction before its completion.
You were upbrought by loftiness' gift, and you grew it up,
Therefore, you were never caught up with, as a girl,
nor passed behind as a mother.

End of the Exile:

Shawqi remained in Barcelona and did not move around to explore Spain, yet he remained in "Vallvidrera", fronting the sea and the ships that might take him back to his beloved country until the end of the First World War, at the end of 1918. When he heard the news of soon being allowed to return to the homeland, his heart flew with joy, preparing for his return journey to Egypt, but the authorities did not allow him to return immediately, and on the other hand, the news of the

death of his mother broke his heart. Only then did he think of visiting southern Spain and trying to see the Arab monuments in its cities, upon which he wrote his lengthy poem "The Arab Countries and the Greats of Islam", in which he reviewed the march of Arab history and the Arab era in Andalusia.

> *"When the war ended, Ahmed Shawqi prepared himself to return to the homeland. However, the British did not allow him to return, but rather delayed it for some time. This period that elapsed between the end of the war in 1918 and his permission to return to the homeland in 1920 is when the poet visited Andalusian monuments in the various regions of Andalusia, Cordoba and others."*
>
> *Hawi, E. & Mandour, M. (1970). A'alam Al-She'r Al-Arabi. Beirut, Lebanon: Commercial Office for printing, publishing and distribution. Page 61.*

> *"Although the truce was done in 1918, we were not allowed to return to Egypt until the end of 1919, yet at this time it was the Egyptian authorities who refused to let us return not the English authorities?!*

> *But then the financial restrictions were removed, and we were able to travel around Spain as we wished and wanted. We started our tour by visiting the Balearic Islands, as it is close to Barcelona, whose most important city is Palma de Mallorca. Then we travelled to Madrid, then to the south, through Toledo, then on a tour of Andalusia in Cordoba and then to Seville, and concluded the visit in Granada and then prepared to return to Egypt."*
>
> *Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 54-60.*

Arabs monuments in Andalusia:

During his stay in exile, Shawqi spent his time reading books and collections of poetry that he brought with him from Cairo. In most of the poems he wrote in exile he expressed his intense homesickness for the homeland, sang the glories of the eternal Arab civilization in (Andalusia), and wrote a prose play entitled (The Princess of Andalusia).

Shawqi remains in Barcelona throughout the war, and when the truce was announced, he was determined to return quickly to Egypt to see his sick mother. Yet when his mother died, the Egyptian authority refused to allow him to return to his homeland in late 1918. Only then, did Shawqi think about a trip to Andalusia, else he would have left Spain to return to Egypt without visiting Southern Spain to seei the Arabs monuments and their civilization in Seville, Cordoba, and Granada.

The scenes of Arab civilization in Andalusia stirred his poetics and inflamed his emotions. Thus, he chanted the memorials of the Arabs and the glory of the Arabs. Shawqi arrived in Andalusia, south

of Spain, after a long and arduous journey across the country, in which he witnessed the ruins, palaces, castles, and mosques after a state of ephemeral glory, and the calamities and disasters that befell the Islamic nation. And the mourning of deaf stones and silent ruins is louder than the lamentations of poets and writers. This yielded Shawqi's lengthy poem "Arab states and the great figures of Islam", which includes 1400 lines composed of (24) poems, that narrate the history of Muslims since the time of the Prophet Muhammad and the caliphates till the modern time. It was only published after his death.

> *"When the war ended, the military restrictions were lifted, and our money was easily sent to us from Egypt, so we were able to roam in Spain as we wished and wanted .We started our tour by visiting the Balearic Islands because of its proximity to Barcelona, which is a night away by speedboats. And the most important city or rather its villages, "Palma" on the island of Mallorca, then we travelled after that to capital Madrid."*
>
> *Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. page 37. Page 55.*

Meanwhile, in Egypt:

> *"Sultan Hussain used to invite those who were chosen for his amiability, to have lunch with him from time to time in Abdeen palace, and in late September 1919, I was among those invited. After finishing the food, he invited me to have coffee in the large lobby. So, he sat in the northeastern corner with the late Mahmoud Shukri Pasha al-Kabeer on his right, and the one who wrote these memories on his left. The discussion in this session revolved around the scientific renaissance and development in the literary movement, the sophistication of the press, and the nationalist songs then touched upon the poet Ismail Sabry and his high artistic level, which made him the Sheikh of Poets.*
>
> *Here, the Sultan turned to me, asking:*
>
> *How do you translate the French word Mentalite into Arabic?*
>
> *Is there one among the Arabs now anyone who can match the French poets with this new mentality and modern mind?*
>
> *This feature was distributed in many poets of the time, yet it all gathered in one poet.*
>
> *Who is he?*
>
> *Ahmad Shawqi.*
>
> *Here there were repeated gestures and winks from Mahmoud Pasha Shukri. So, I realized that I might have exceeded the limit. But the Sultan was still listening, as if asking for more. Yet what could I have said after I had engrossed all that was in the chest, and stirred up the mind, so I remained silent waiting for the conversation to turn to another topic from the Sultan himself, or the issuance of his signal to leave. Then God sent salvation from this predicament. After a short while, the Sultan stood up, so we stood. Then I advanced and kissed his noble hand and left."*

Zaki, Ahmad. (1932 Dec). Dhikrayat. Apollo Literary Journal, Cairo, Egypt. Pages -386-388

"Ahmad Zaki felt that he was encouraged to go on; so he told Sultan Hussein: (Shawqi is among those whom their countries are embellished by. Had he been in the time of the caliphs, Damascus, Baghdad and Cordoba would have snatched him. He overflowed Arabism with his charms and provided poetry and literature with his breaths, by his everlasting contributions and immortal traces).

He felt that the Sultan was contented as the latter remained silent, so he continued in his speech, directing his words to him in the form of a question

– Is it right for Egypt to remain deprived of its songbird? While it flaps its wings over Cordoba, Toledo, Seville and Granada after they came out of Arabism, like the exit of spirits from Flesh? What we look forward is, to return to Cairo its elegance assembled in Shawqi's garments.

The Sultan stood up, and the attendants stood up, then they began to leave.

And here, Mahmoud Shukri Pasha ran after Ahmad Zaki, and scolded him

for rushing into talking about Shawqi. Zaki apologized that the Sultan was listening to him, and that he had visualized his sign as an encouragement to him, to talk about Egypt's songbird, and that what he did was nothing but an advice.

Ahmad Zaki's words had an effect on the Sultan, as he issued his order a few days later to the late Rushdi Pasha, to seek in his honourable name the (British) authority to return Ahmad Shawqi to the Nile Valley. And it was."

Hassan, Maher (1969). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Katib Al-Arabi. Cairo. Egypt. Pages 115-116.

"When we were allowed to return to Egypt in the year 1919, we travelled to Genoa by sea, and then we went to Venice by train as the first ship to leave Europe to Egypt then was from there, and my father was in a hurry to return to Egypt, due to his severe longing.

When we reached Alexandria, we were greeted by our relatives and close friends, who all came up aboard the ship. In Cairo, the reception was wonderful and inclusive, as thousands of students gathered to greet my father, and chanted (long live) for him with great enthusiasm; then they carried him over the necks to the car. My father was deeply touched by this great warm welcome by the youth of his homeland to the extent that his tears were moving in his eyes all through the way from the station to our house in Al-Matariya. He said in describing this wonderful reception:

وحيا الله فتيانا سماحا كسوا عطفيَّ من فخر ثيابا

ويا وطني لقيتك بعد يأس كأني قد لقيت بك الشبابا

May God salute the indulgent boys,

Who covered my sides with clothes of pride.

O my country I met you after despair,

As if I had met my youth."

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt. pages 89-90.

Shawqi's return to Egypt:

Shawqi spent 4 years and 6 months in Spain and returned to Cairo on 19 February 1920, 2 years after the end of the First World War. Thus, Shawqi returned to his homeland at the age of 51, loaded with the pains and worries he went through in the exile that increased his sense of his middle age. Yet no sooner had he put his feet in his country, he felt the strength of youth flowing again in his veins, which he expresses in his poem:

ويا وطني لقيتك بعد يأس كأني قد لقيت بك الشبابا

O my country I met you after despair,

As if I had met my youth."

The news of Shawqi's return reached Cairo, and masses of students were prepared with other crowds to celebrate. There were masses of the 1919 revolution that had broken out months ago, in which all sects of the people participated. Students took the initiative, then workers, peasants, small merchants, employees, and women joined. It was a major leap in the history of the national movement when compared with the days of Mustafa Kamel, whose movement was mainly of intellectuals. When Shawqi listened to their chants in Alexandria, he felt the blood of youth running hot through his body, creating him anew.

The masses crowded at the eaves of the station on a very cold evening of winter waiting for the train that was carrying the great poet of Egypt. Then came a huge man making his way with difficulty, he was poet Hafeth Ibraheem who called upon the people to carry him so that he could see the returning poet in the midst of the crowd. Moments passed, then the train arrived. A short man, fearing the cold, stepped out, clutching the collar of his coat in his hand. Thousands shouted for the life of Shawqi with great enthusiasm, then carried him on their necks, while his friend Hafeth greeted him with his verses in which he said:

الحمد لله الذي قد رده *** من بعد غربته إلى أوطانه

فلتنظروا آياته وتسمعوا *** قد قام بلبلكم علي اغصانه

Praise be to God who returned him,

after his exile to his homeland.

So, look at his signs and listen,

Your songbird stood upon his branches.

Then, the newspapers came out welcoming Shawqi's return after a long absence. The Al-Thamarat newspaper reported:

"Welcome master of writers, welcome Prince of Poets, welcome Ahmad Shawqi. When you were absent from us, the sun of grace was set with you, the full moon of nobility was hidden, and the sky of gratitude was darkened. Our ears were struck by deafness because of the squeaks of those pretending ones who throw themselves in the midst of the poets. They are nothing but grasshoppers stammering around, and frogs croaking between us. They spoiled our talking until we envied the deaf and preferred nothingness.

So when we welcome you and open our hearts for your reception to place you in the best place, we welcome in you to the poet of Egypt, who eternalized its monuments in his poetry. We receive in you a poet who was a gift to the language of the Holy Qur'aan, after several generations. So, loudly speak out your poetry's inspiration, spread among people your evident verses, overflow them with your eternal miracles, renew to Arabic language its eras, revive literature after its death, say and we shall listen to your singing, and stop at your wisdom."

Hassan, Maher (1969). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Katib Al-Arabi. Cairo. Egypt. Pages 115-118.

After the exile:

Shawqi wrote his last Andalusian poem in 1920 entitled "After the Exile", which was later published in Al-Hilal magazine in the April issue of that year. It was delivered at the meeting of the Supply Committees in 1920, as the opening of his poetry after his return from exile. In it, he praised Spain, thanked her for her favour, and pictured his return from it in the reception of the youth at the Cairo rail station. Shawqi, as usual, relied on analogy for several purposes, as he likened meeting the homeland to meeting the youth. In express of his hope, ambition, and joy of returning.

The poem consists of 60 lines, and it thanks Spain for its hospitality to him, and it contains a description of that wonderful reception that Cairo prepared for the returning poet:

"The poem that Ahmad Shawqi wrote after his return from exile in 1920 was recited at the Opera House that year. In it he praises the country that sheltered him, recognizes its beauty, and then talks about his country's wonderful reception to him after that long absence".

Hawi, E. & Mandour, M. (1970). A'alam Al-She'r Al-Arabi. Beirut, Lebanon: Commercial Office for printing, publishing and distribution. Page 62.

Here we have another poem of Shawqi's eternal verses of praising the homeland and devotion to it include. These are selected lines of the 60-line poem:

وَداعًا أَرضَ أَندَلُسٍ وَهَذا ثَنائي إِن رَضيتِ بِهِ ثَوابا
مُغَرّبُ آدَمٍ مِن دارِ عَدنٍ قَضاها في حِماكِ لِيَ اغتِرابا

Farewell, Andalusia, and this is my tribute,

if you accept it as a reward.

An estranged, like Adam from the house of Aden,

spent his alienation in your haven.

Here Shawqi was referring to those hypocrites who abandoned him before leaving Egypt. He was angry at some of the Egyptians who meekly submitted to the British, and pretended arrogance and pride. He resembled their raised noses in a non-honoring place to the nose of the dead lying on his bed, raised without life or ability, and as if this depiction did not cure Shawqi's bitter feelings, he resorted to another harsher and more satirical depiction, which is that these traitors lost honor, modesty, and chivalry, and they professed their betrayal of the homeland. Thus, they are like prostitutes who openly showed their prostitution; therefore, he thanked the ship that took him away from Egypt to the exile comforting him from seeing these ungrateful people.

شَكَرتُ الفُلكَ يَومَ حَوَيتِ رَحلي * فَيا لِمُفارِقٍ شَكَرَ الغُرابا
فَأَنتِ أَرَحتِني مِن كُلِّ أَنفٍ * كَأَنفِ المَيتِ في النَزعِ انتِصابا
وَمَنظَرِ كُلِّ خَوّانٍ يَراني * بِوَجهٍ كَالبَغِيِّ رَمى النِقابا
وَلَيسَ بِعامِرٍ بُنيانُ قَومٍ * إِذا أَخلاقُهُمْ كانَت خَرابا

I thanked the ship for carrying my luggage,

So what a parting who thanks the ravens.

You relieved me from seeing every nose,

erected like the nose of the dead.

And the look of every traitor who sees me,

with a face like a prostitute who threw the veil.

A folk's building will not live long,

if their morals are ruined.

Referring to Spain, Shawqi said:

وَلَم تَكُ بابِلٌ أَشهى شَرابا وَلَم تَكُ جَورُ أَبهى مِنكِ وَردًا
إِذا طالَ الزَمانُ عَلَيهِ طابا وَأَنَّ المَجدَ في الدُنيا رَحيقٌ
بِمَشرِقِها وَمَغرِبِها قِبابا أُولَئِكَ أُمَّةٌ ضَرَبوا المَعالي

Jor had no more beautiful flowers than yours,
nor did Babel have more delicious drinks.
Glory in this world is but a nectar,
if it lasted for a long time, it became good.
Those are a nation who struck the sublime,
in the east and the west by their domes.

Expressing his joy for returning home, he said:

كَأَنّي قَد لَقيتُ بِكَ الشَبابا وَيا وَطَني لَقَيتُكَ بَعدَ يَأسٍ
كَنارِ الطورِ جَلَّلتِ الشِعابا وَقَد غَشِيَ المَنارُ البَحرَ نورًا
بِهِ أَضحى الزَمانُ إِلَيَّ ثابا فَصَفحًا لِلزَمانِ لِصُبحِ يَومٍ
كَسَوا عِطفَيَّ مِن فَخرٍ ثِيابا وَحَيّا اللَهُ فِتيانًا سِماحًا
بَلَغتَ عَلى أَكُفِّهِمُ السَحابا وَإِن حَمَلَتكَ أَيديهِم بُحورًا
وَنورَ العِلمِ وَالكَرَمَ اللُبابا تَرى الإيمانَ مُؤتَلِقًا عَلَيهِ
مُحَيّا مِصرَ رائِعَةً كَعابا وَتَلمَحُ مِن وَضاءَةِ صَفحَتَيهِ

O my country I met you after despair,
As if I had met my youth.
The lighthouse (of Alexandria) covered the sea with a glow,
like the holy fire of Sinai's mountain, enveloping the reefs.
So, I forgive time because of a day's morning,
on which time came back well to me.
May God salute the indulgent boys,
Who covered my sides with clothes of pride.
And if their hands carried you, you would be over the seas,
As if you reached the clouds over their palms.
On their foreheads, you see intimate faith,
the light of knowledge and the essence of generosity.
You glimpse from the brightness of their cheeks,
Egypt's visage wonderfully busty.

Princedom of Poetry:

Shawqi made his best contribution to the national political life, and he joined the Senate, as his son stated, in 1924 with the nomination of his friend, leader Sa'ad Zaghloul. After his return, Shawqi became the nation's poet expressing its issues. He did not miss a national occasion without participating in it with his poetry. The nation met him with great appreciation and gave him a high status, and its poets pledged allegiance to him as the Prince of Poets in 1927 in a ceremony held at

the Opera House on the occasion of his selection as a member of the Senate, upon reprinting his poetry collection "Al Shawqiyat". The ceremony was attended by delegations of writers and poets from the Arab world, and Hafez Ibrahim announced on their behalf his allegiance to the princedom of poetry, saying:

أمير القوافي قد أتيت مبايعاً ...وهذي وفود الشرق قد بايعت معي

Prince of Rhymes I have come to pledge allegiance, and these delegations of the East have pledged allegiance with me.

"Ahmad Shawqi returned to Egypt, and began to contribute to the political and social life and showed a clear interest in national, political and reformist issues, and the glorification of Islam, and in 1924 he was appointed a member of the Senate. In April 1927 a poetry festival was held in the Cairo Opera House to honor Ahmad Shawqi, attended by a large number of poets and politicians from all over the Arab world, in which they pledged allegiance to him in the princedom of Arabic poetry."

Al-Fakhouri, H. (1986). Al-Jame' fe Tarikh Al-Adab Al-Arabi. Beirut, Lebanon: Dar Al-Jeel. Pages 438-439.

From poet of the palace, to poet of the nation:

After his return from exile, Ahmad Shawqi's poetry continuously development towards approaching the people and their national and social issues. Strongly sensing the revolutionary and national tide of his people and his Arab nation, he became the nation's poet who expresses its issues. He did not miss a national event without participating in it with his poetry.

On the literary side, when Shawqi returned to Egypt in 1920, his poetry had reached its zenith. His readings during his exile of Arab and Western heritage refined his talent, so he returned to his homeland with a rare poetic richness. He wrote in patriotism, praise, lamentations, the glories of Islam, and all aspects of poetry, until he was named as the "Prince of Poets".

Five years before Shawqi's departure, the Arab poets flocked to Cairo to hold a festival honoring and crowning Shawqi as the Prince of Poets at the Royal Opera House on the occasion of his selection as a member of the Senate, and his reprinting of his full poetry collection "Al-Shawqiyat," Shawqi's return from exile was the beginning of a new era in his personality and poetics, and a turning point of great affair in his literary life. The post-exile period was the most productive of his life. Poems abounded in social and national events, and he also tended to write plays derived from history. After his return from exile, Shawqi lived just 12 years, but these were rich and fertile with production, full of what the poet offered to Egypt, its people, and the Arabic nation of wonderful poetry for every occasion. Thus, Shawqi turned from the poet of the palace to the poet of the nation.

After 100 years had passed, these poetic texts in longing for the homeland are still fresh engraved in the memory of the Arab peoples. The experience that Shawqi went through inspired him with poems that cried out for freedom and justice and rejected injustice. He genuinely expressed the

events of his country and his life, while his poems lived bearing the image of struggle and were testimony for the values of justice in a more shining East.

References:

Abd ul-Majeed, A. (1982). Ahmad Shawqi Al-Sha'er Al-Insaan. Dar Al-Ma'aref, Cairo, Egypt.

Abu al-Izz, A.A. (1932). Ithna Ashar Aman fi Suḥbat Amir al-Shu'ara, (Twelve years in the company of the Prince of Poets). Al-Maktaba Al-Tijariya. Cairo. Egypt.

Al-Ashtar, Saleh. (1959). Andalusiyat Shawqi. Matba'at Jami'at Dimashq. Damascus, Syria.

AL-Houfi,A.M. (1955). Waṭanīyat Shawqī. (Patriotism in the poetry of Aḥmad Shawqi). Maktabat Nahdat Miṣr , Cairo, Egypt.

Al-Rifai, N. Y. (2020). Denshawai and Cromer in the Poetry of Ahmad Shawqi. Advances in Social Sciences Research Journal, 7(3), Pages 1–27, doi:10.14738/assrj.73.7891.

Atwy, Kh. Fawzy. (1978). Aḥmad Shawqī Amīr al-Shu'arā'. Dar Sa'b. Beirut, Lebanon. Page 39.

Daif, S. (1992). Al-Adab Al-Mu'aser fi Masr. Dar Ul-Ma'aref: Cairo, Egypt.

Daif, S. H. (2010). Shawqi Sha'er Al-Asr Al-Hadith. Cairo, Egypt: Al-Hai'a Al-Masriya Al-Amma lil Kitab.

Fahmi, M.H. (1969). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Katib Al-Arabi. Cairo. Egypt.

Hawi, E. & Mandour, M. (1970). A'alam Al-She'r Al-Arabi. Beirut, Lebanon: Commercial Office for printing, publishing and distribution. Page 61.

Heikal, M.H. (1933). Dhikra al-Sha'irayn (In Memory of the Two Poets), Damascus, Syria: Al-Maktaba Al-Arabia.

Mubarak, Z. (1988). Ahmad Shawqi. Dar Al-Jeel, Beirut, Lebanon.

Sabry, M. (1979). Al-Shawqiyat Al-Majhoula (The unknown poems of Shawqi), Volume 2. (2nd ed.). Dar Al-Mayssara. Beirut, Lebanon.

Shafiq, Ahmad. (1936). Muthakaraty fi Nisf Qarn (Part two). First Edition. Matba'at Masr. Cairo. Egypt. Pages 120–124.

Shawqi, Ahmad. (1932). Aswaq Al-Dhahab (Gold Markets). Matba'at Al-Helal. Cairo. Egypt. Pages 26-35.

Shawqi, Hussein. (1946). Abi Shawqi (My Father Shawqi), Maktabat Al-Nahda, Cairo, Egypt.

Zaki, Ahmad. (1932). Dhikrayat. Apollo Literary Journal, 386. Cairo, Egypt.