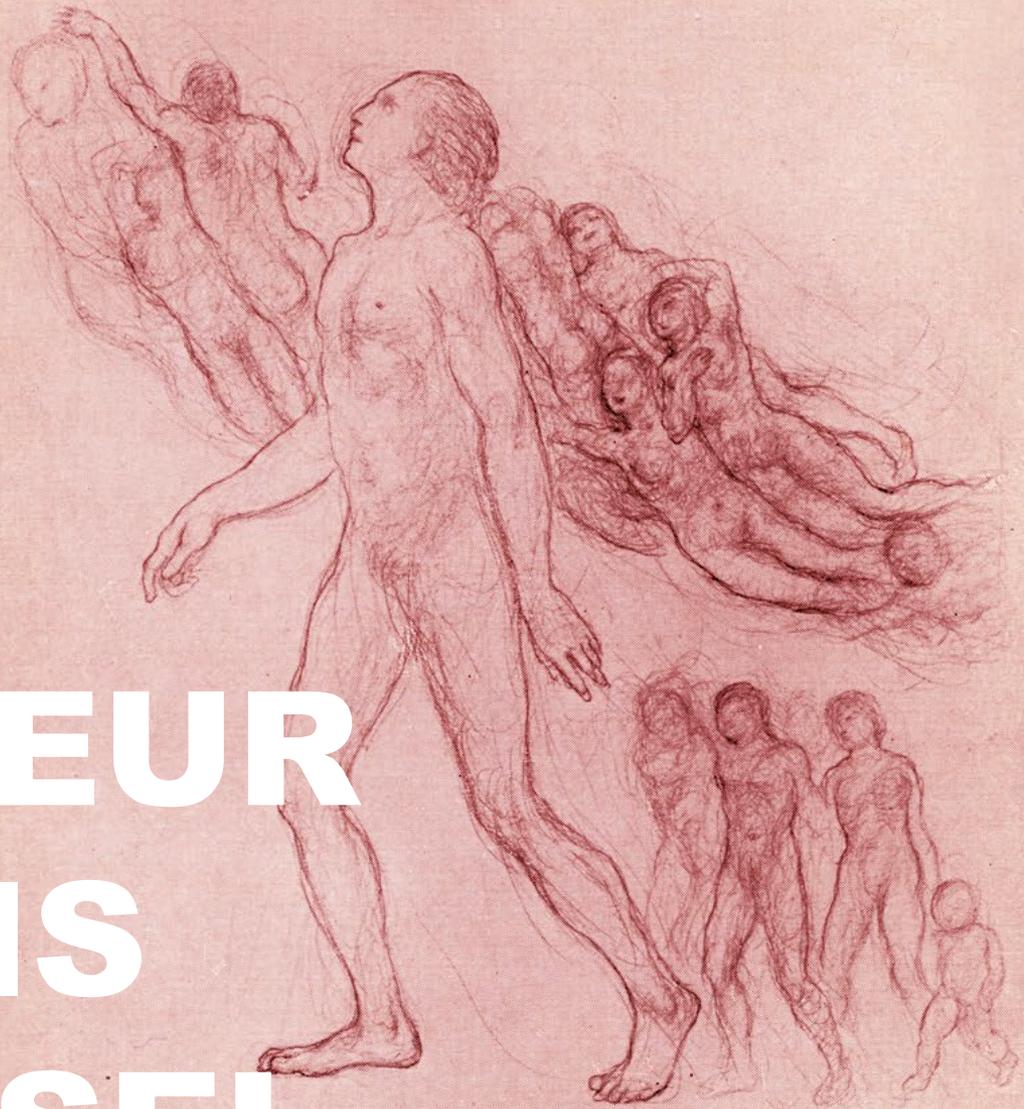


KHALIL GIBRAN

“I will not bid you a happy new year, but I will bid the new year happiness in having you, and I will not wish you what people wish each other, but I will wish for people some of what you possess—for you are rich in yourself, and I am rich in you.”

En décembre 1911, pour lui souhaiter ses bons vœux, Khalil Gibran écrivit cette lettre à son meilleur ami de l'époque, l'écrivain libanais Ameen Rihani, comme lui émigré en Amérique.

KHALIL GIBRAN



**UN AUTEUR
LIBANAIS
UNIVERSEL**

KHALIL GIBRAN

Kahlil Gibran, un auteur libanais universel

L'homme : sa vie en quelques dates, ses noms

L'écrivain : en arabe et en anglais ; The Prophet (1923)

L'artiste : ses peintures et dessins, illustrations de ses écrits

Lecture : textes choisis

KHALIL GIBRAN

Naissance

6 janvier 1883, Bécharré, Mont-Liban,
Grande Syrie ottomane

Émigration

17 juin 1895, Ellis Island, New York, États-Unis

Études

1898 – 1902, Collège de la Sagesse, Beyrouth,
Grande Syrie ottomane

Formation artistique

1908 – 1910, Académie Julian, Paris, France

Décès

10 avril 1931, New York, États-Unis

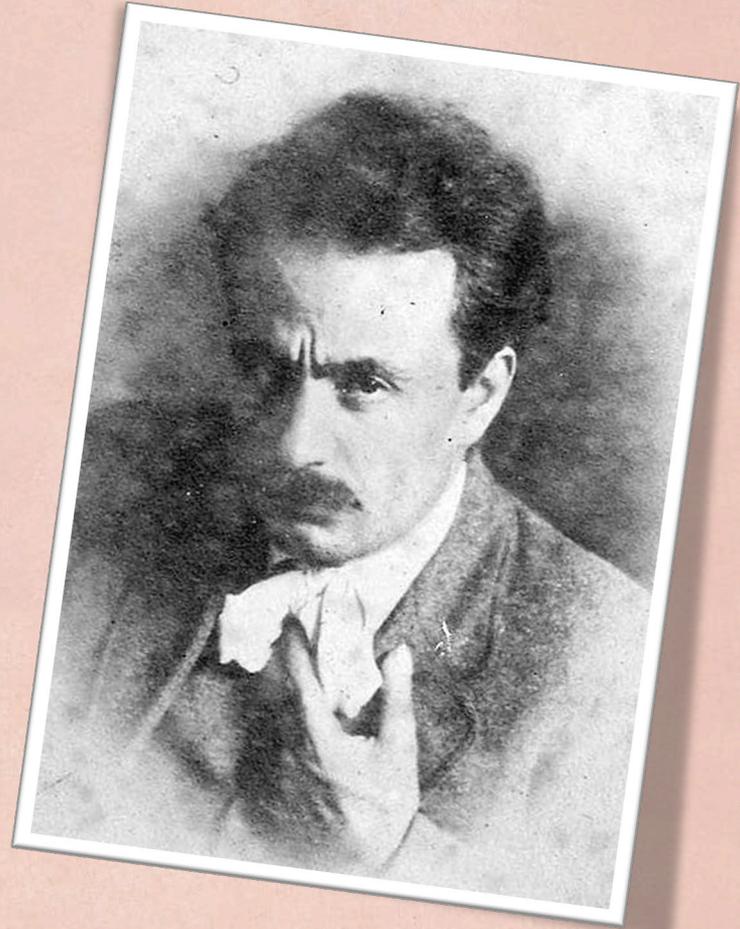
Transfert de sa dépouille au Liban

21 août 1931, Beyrouth, Liban

Inhumation

Fin 1931, Monastère de Mar Sarkis, Bécharré, Liban

L'HOMME



KHALIL GIBRAN

Son nom officiel aux États-Unis

*Premier débarquement (17 juin 1895) — immigration
Jubran Rhamé*

*Deuxième débarquement (10 mai 1902) — retour de
Beyrouth (études au Collège de la Sagesse)*

Gibran K. Gibran

*Troisième débarquement (31 octobre 1910) — retour de
Paris (formation artistique à l'Académie Julian)*

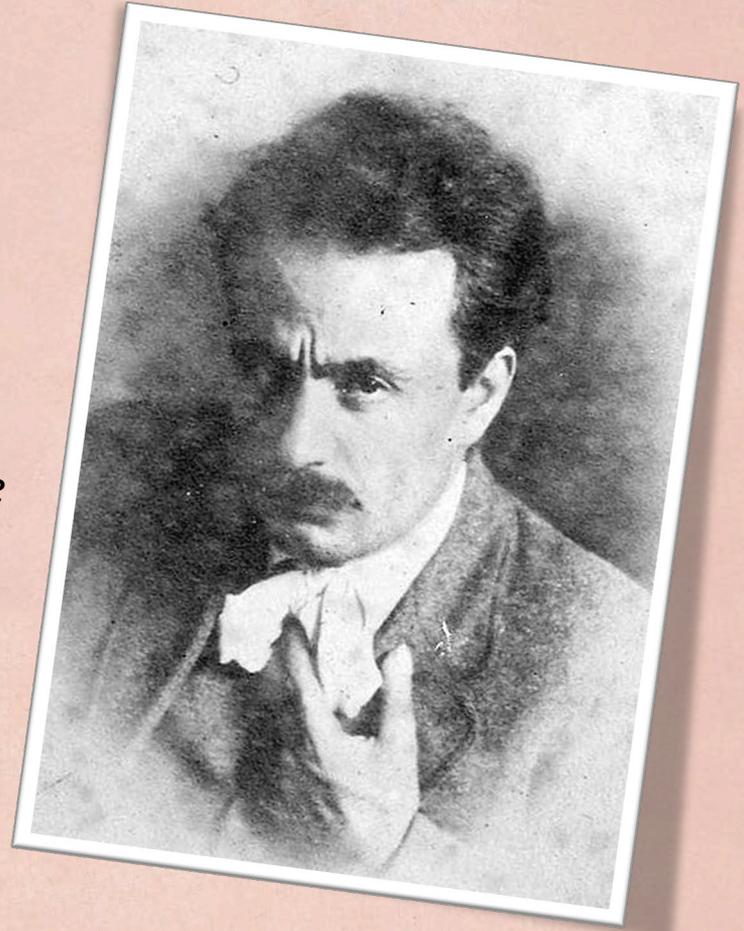
Kahlel Gebian ou Gebrian ou Gibrian

Annuaire mondain (1915)

Kibel Gibran

Annuaire téléphonique (1917 / 1930)

Gibran, Kahlil, G. / Gibran, Kahlil



Gibran Khalil Gibran

L'HOMME

KHALIL GIBRAN

Ses noms de plume

En arabe

Jubrān Khalīl Jubrān

A stylized Arabic signature of Khalil Gibran, written in black ink. The signature is highly decorative and cursive, starting with a large, circular flourish.

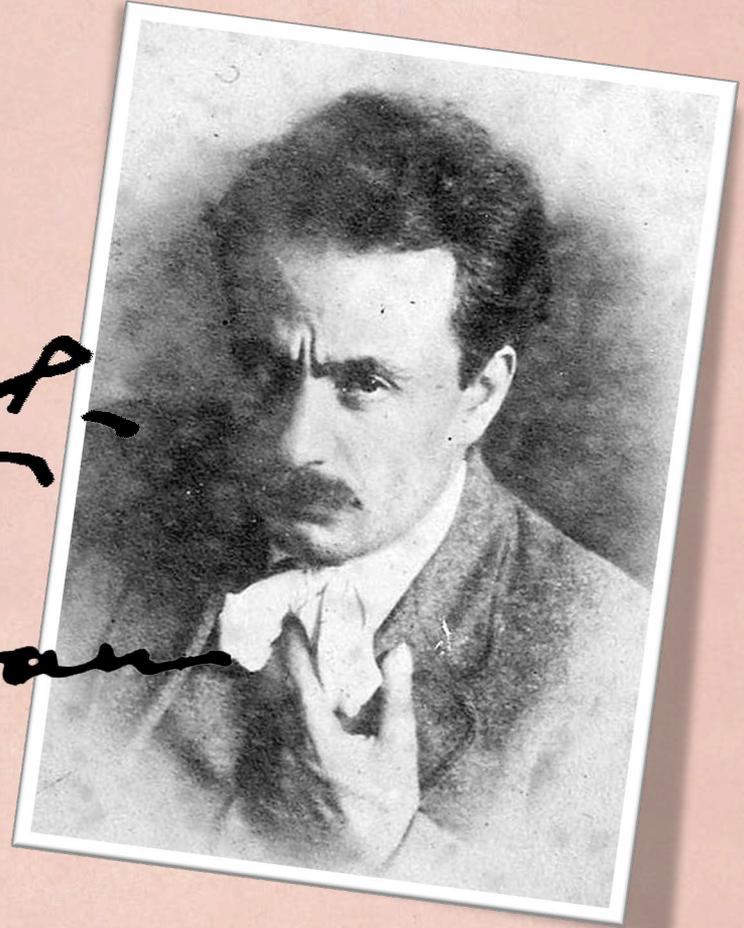
En anglais

Kahlil Gibran

A cursive English signature of Khalil Gibran, written in black ink. The signature is fluid and elegant, with a prominent 'K' at the beginning.

En français

Khalil Gibran

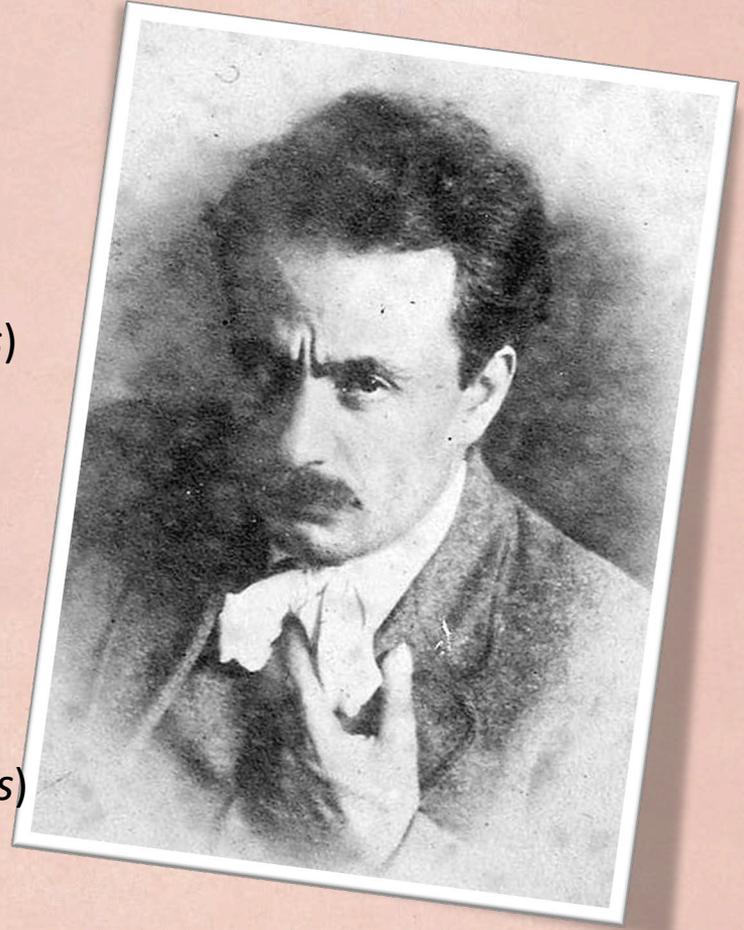


L'HOMME

KHALIL GIBRAN

En arabe (9 ouvrages)

1. Al-Mûsíqâ (1905, *La Musique*)
2. 'Arâ'is al-murûg (1906, *Les Nymphes des vallées*)
3. Al-'Arwâh al-mutamarrida (1908, *Les Esprits rebelles*)
4. 'Ajniha al-mutakassira (1912, *Les Ailes brisées*)
5. Dam'a wa 'ibtisâma (1914, *Larme et sourire*)
6. Al-Mawâkib (1919, *Les Processions*)
7. Al-'Awâsif (1920, *Les Tempêtes / Orages*)
8. Al-Badâ'i' wa at-tarâ'if (1923, *Merveilles et curiosités*)
9. Al-Sanâbil (1929, *Les Épis*)

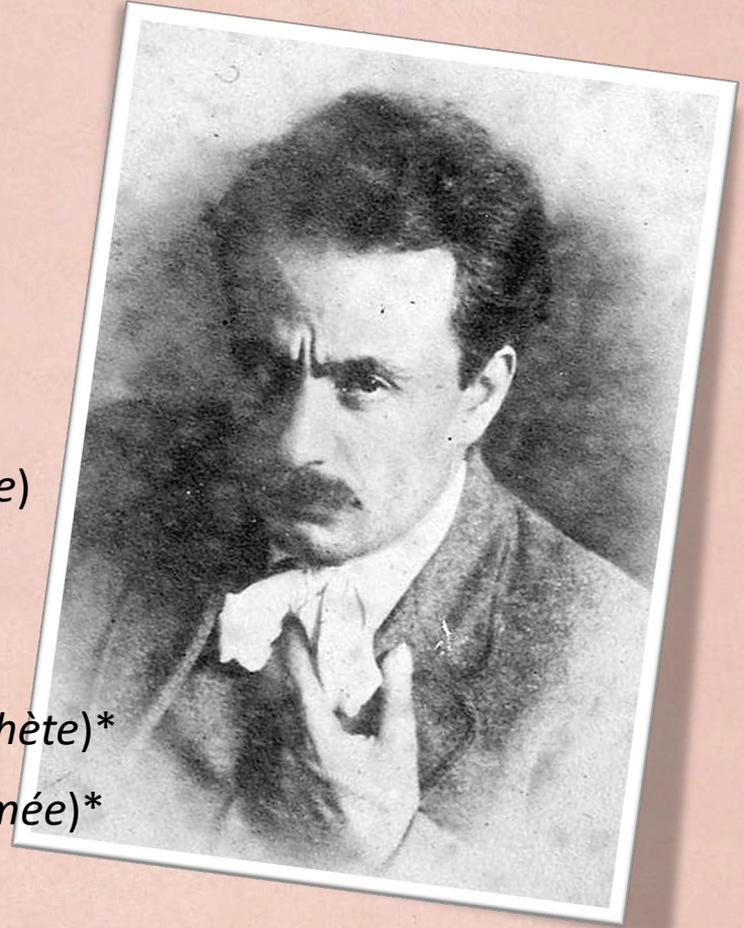


L'ÉCRIVAIN

KHALIL GIBRAN

En anglais (10 ouvrages, dont 4 posthumes)

1. The Madman (1918, *Le Fou / Le Fol*)
2. The Forerunner (1920, *Le Précurseur*)
3. The Prophet (1923, *Le Prophète*)
4. Sand and Foam (1926, *Le Sable et l'Écume*)
5. Jesus the Son of Man (1928, *Jésus le Fils de l'Homme*)
6. The Earth Gods (1931, *Les Dieux de la Terre*)
7. The Wanderer (1932, *L'Errant / Le Pérégrin*)*
8. The Garden of the Prophet (1933, *Le Jardin du Prophète*)*
9. Lazarus and his Beloved (1973, *Lazare et sa Bien-Aimée*)*
10. The Blind (1982, *L'Aveugle*)*



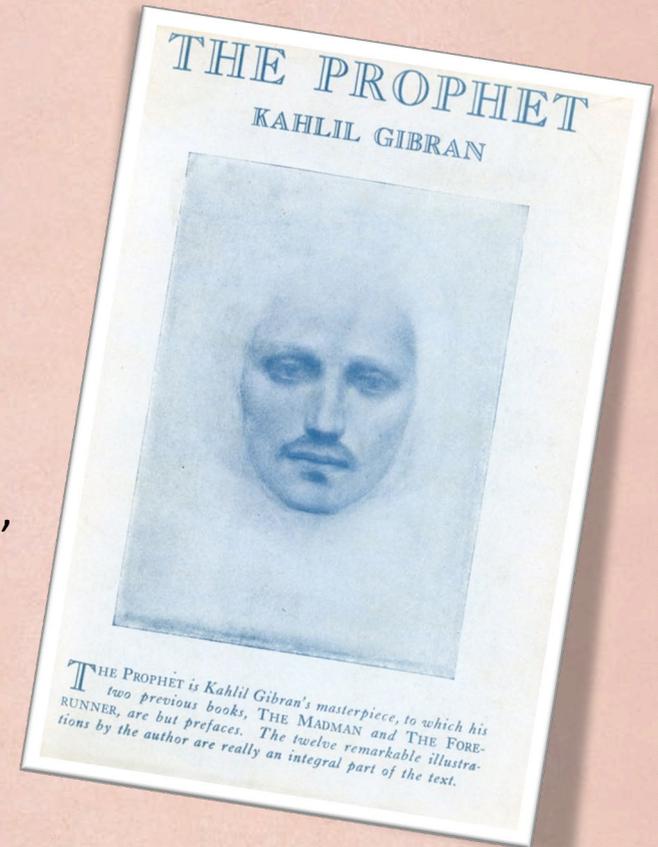
* Parutions posthumes

L'ÉCRIVAIN

KHALIL GIBRAN

***The Prophet* (septembre 1923, *Le Prophète*),
le livre de tous les records...**

- Plus de 10 millions d'exemplaires vendus, rien qu'aux États-Unis (2^e marche sur le podium des ventes, après la Bible)
- Jamais épuisé chez son éditeur depuis sa parution (réimprimé 188 fois)
- Traduit dans 115 langues nationales, régionales, locales, et même dans des langues ne comptant plus que quelques locuteurs (îles du Pacifique)
- En français, 31 traductions différentes depuis 1926
- Audiolivres, film d'animation, bande dessinée, éditions illustrées par de nombreux artistes et calligraphes



*Khalil Gibran serait le 3^e auteur le plus lu au monde,
après William Shakespeare et Lao-Tseu.*

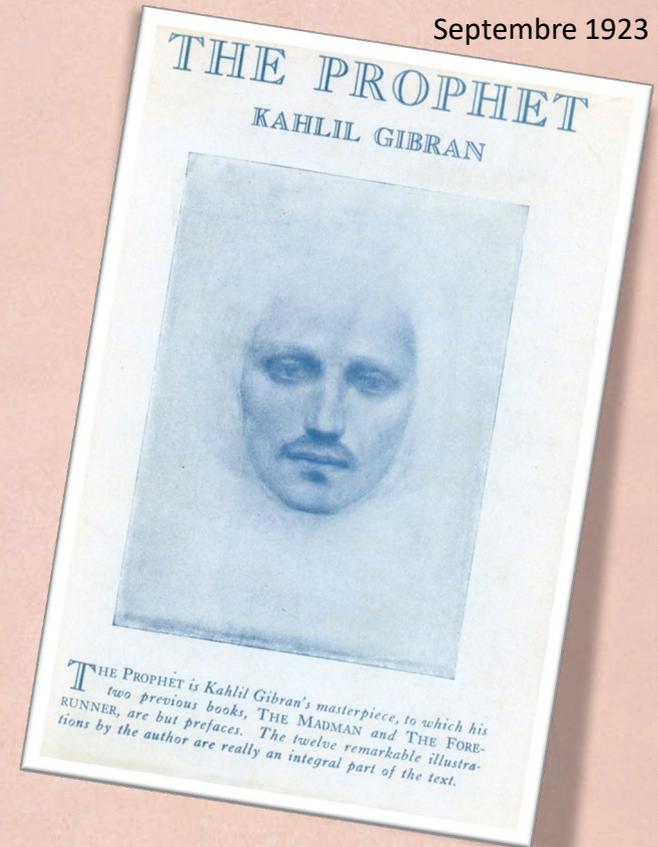
L'ÉCRIVAIN

KHALIL GIBRAN

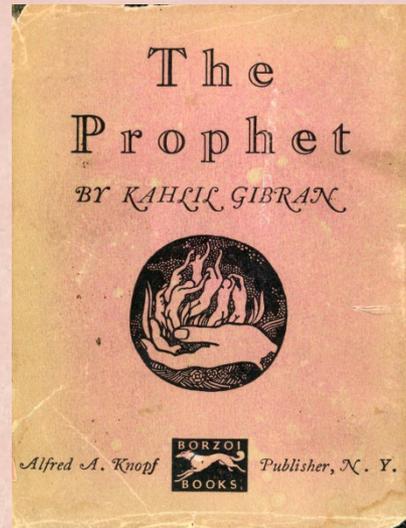
***The Prophet* (septembre 1923, *Le Prophète*),
le livre de tous les records...**

- 4 éditions originales différentes en anglais, plus des dizaines d'autres à partir de 2019 (domaine public)

Septembre 1923



Mars 1927



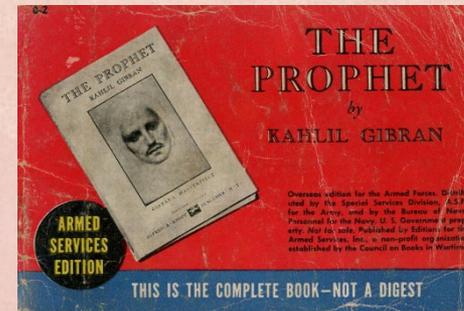
Novembre 1926



L'ÉCRIVAIN

09/02/2022

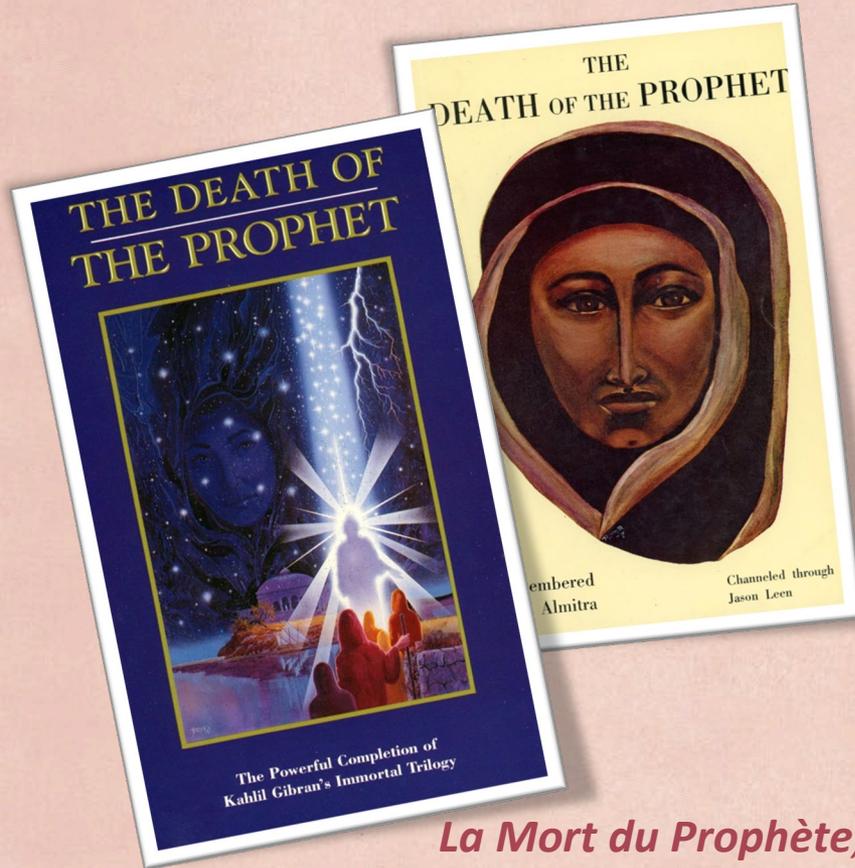
© 2022, Philippe Maryssael



1942

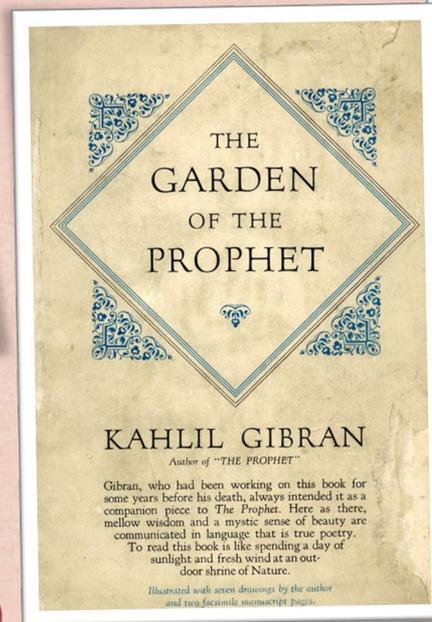
KHALIL GIBRAN

The Prophet, une trilogie achevée en 1988...



*La Mort du Prophète,
1979-1988 (Jason Leen)*

Le Prophète, 1923



*Le Jardin du Prophète,
1933 (Barbara Young)*



L'ÉCRIVAIN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Gibran, peintre et portraitiste

Plus de 1400 peintures, dessins et portraits dans plusieurs musées à travers le monde, principalement :

- *Telfair Museum of Art* (Savannah, Géorgie, États-Unis)
- *Boston Museum of Fine Arts* (Boston)
- *Fogg Art Museum* (Harvard)
- *Metropolitan Museum of Art* (New York)
- *Museo Soumaya & Fundación Carlos Slim* (nombreux manuscrits archivés) (Mexico)
- *Musée Gibran* (Bécharré, Liban)
- *The Gibran Gallery* (Melbourne, Australie)
- Collections privées, surtout aux États-Unis



*« Un de mes souhaits les plus chers serait que
50 ou 75 de mes œuvres soient exposées
dans une grande ville où les gens pourraient
les admirer et — qui sait ? — peut-être les aimer. »*
Khalil Gibran, 1913

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Peintures (1)

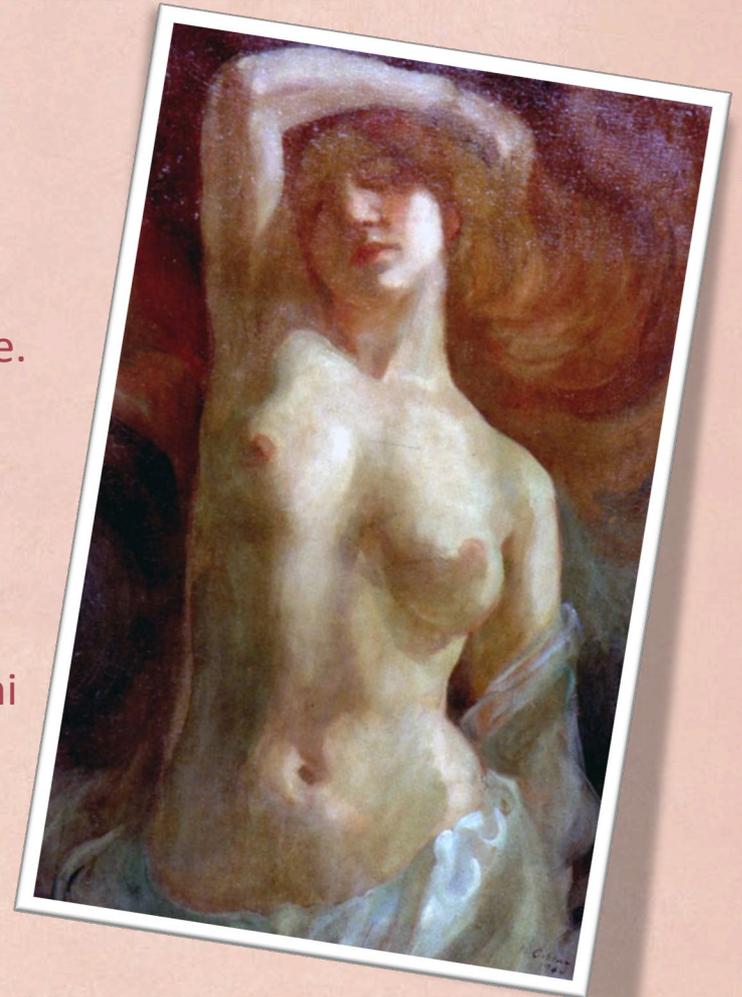
2^e place au concours du Salon de la Société nationale des Beaux-Arts, Paris, printemps 1910

« L'ouverture du Salon fut un événement grandiose. Jamais de toute ma vie je n'ai vu une foule aussi nombreuse et aussi enthousiaste.

La plupart des journaux français couvrant le Salon ont mentionné mon nom à côté de ceux d'autres artistes dont j'aurais bien aimé être l'élève.

Ma toile intitulée *L'Automne* avait fière allure parmi celles qui étaient présentées au Grand Palais. »

(Extrait du journal personnel de Mary Haskell)



L'Automne, 1909

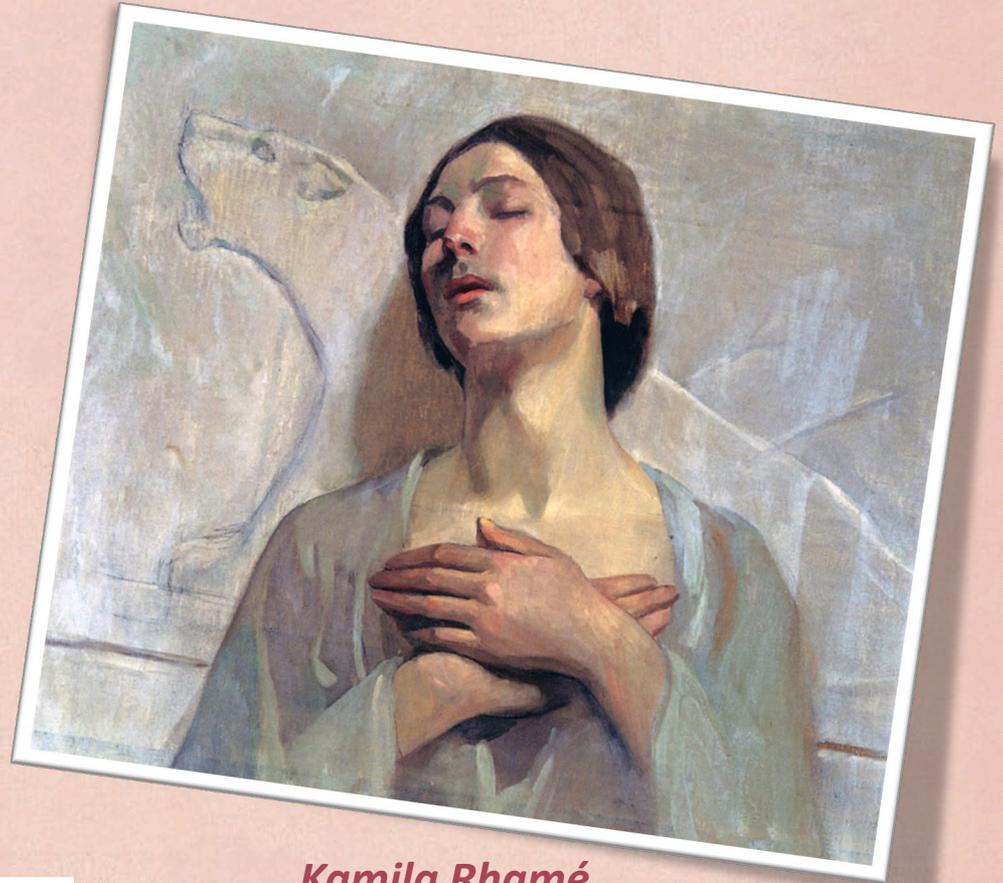
L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Peintures (2)



Autoportrait, 1911



*Kamila Rhamé,
la mère de Gibran, ca. 1910*

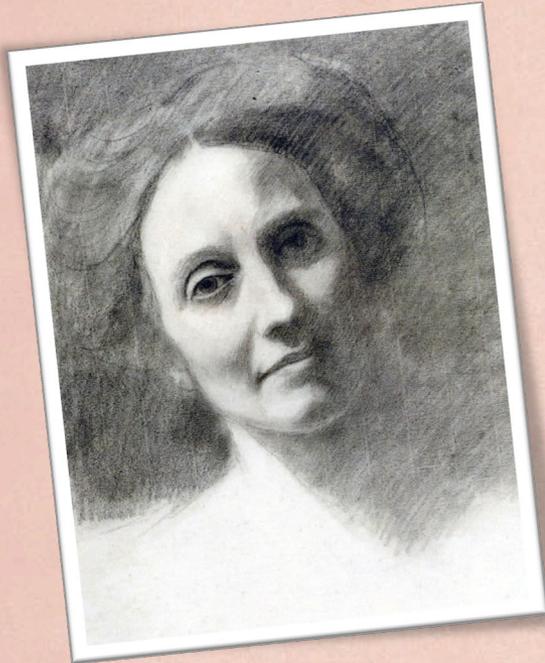
L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

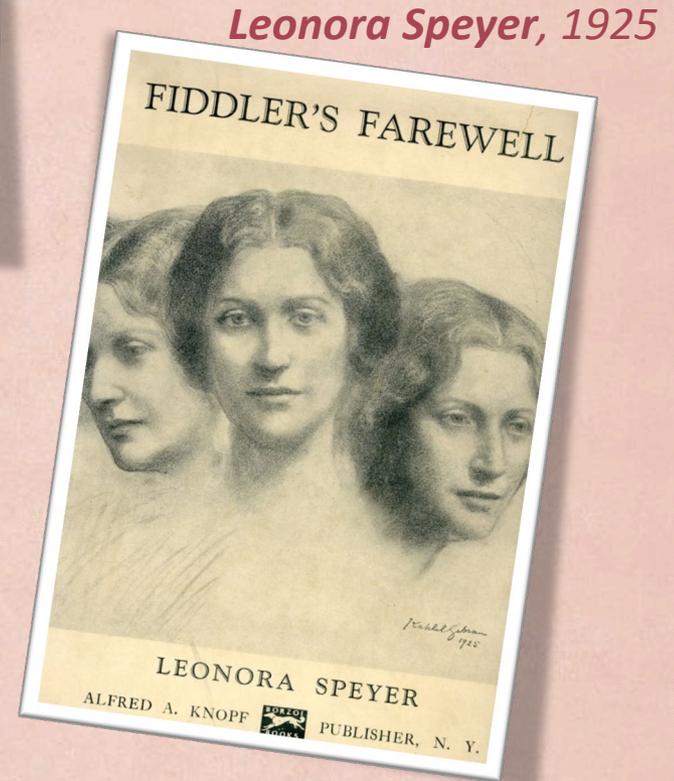
Portraits (1)



Charlotte Teller, 1908



Mary Haskell, 1908



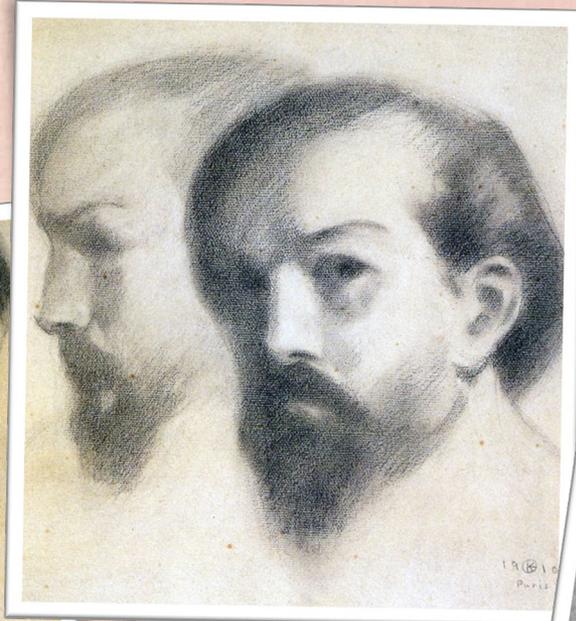
Leonora Speyer, 1925

L'ARTISTE

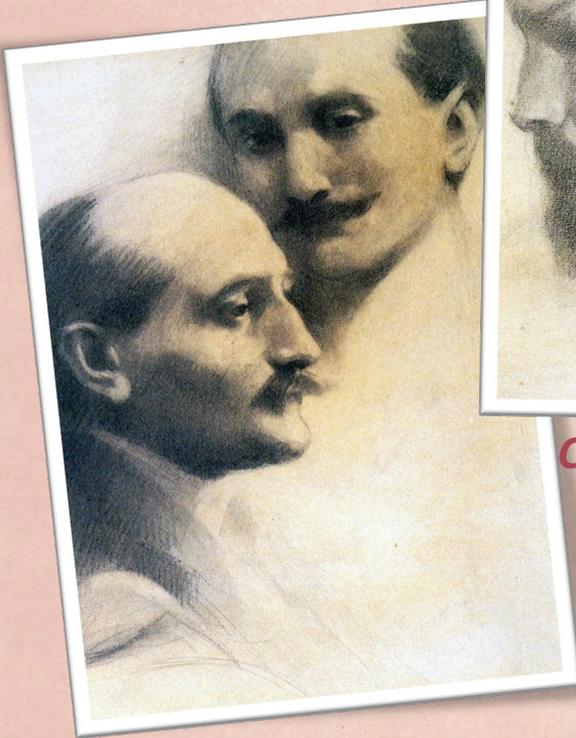
KHALIL GIBRAN

Portraits (2)

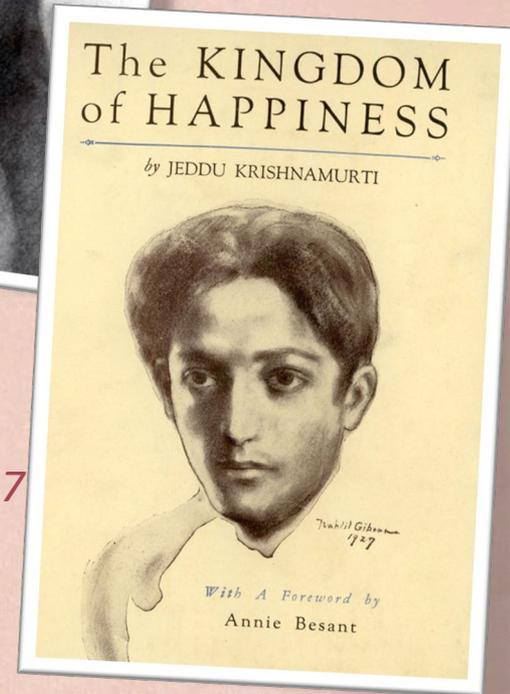
William Buttler Yeats, 1911



Claude Debussy, 1910



Edmond Rostand, 1910



Jeddu Krishnamurti, 1927

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Dessins et peintures dans ses écrits

Dès 1918, Gibran choisit d'illustrer tous ses écrits en anglais de ses propres dessins et peintures.

Quelques études sur la signification de ses dessins dans ses écrits :

- Annie Salem Otto , *The Parables of Kahlil Gibran — An interpretation of the writings and art of the author of 'The Prophet'*, 1963
- Francesco Medici, *'Il Profeta' di Kahlil Gibran riletto attraverso le sue tavole illustrative*, traduit en français dans *Le Prophète* (édition bilingue), 2020



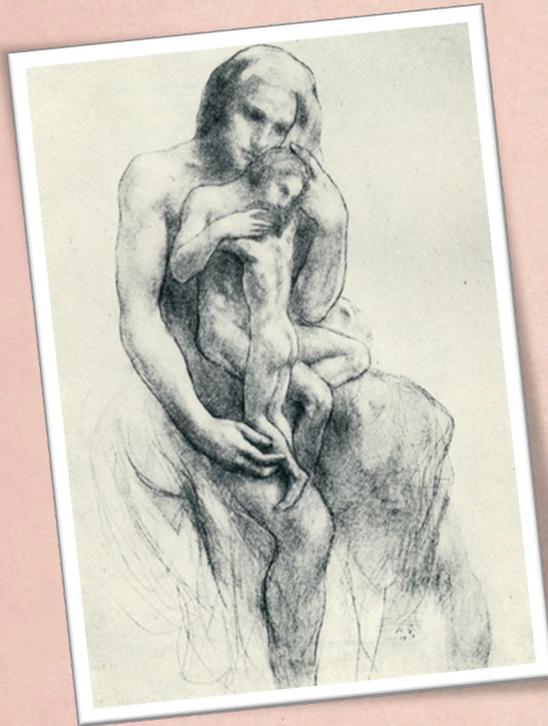
« J'espère que je serai toujours capable de peindre des tableaux qui permettent aux gens de voir (en pensée) d'autres tableaux, au-delà des bords gauche et droit de la toile. Je veux que chaque tableau soit le commencement d'un autre tableau invisible. » — Khalil Gibran, 1911

« Je ne veux pas être juste quelqu'un qui peint des tableaux ou qui écrit des poèmes. Je veux être plus que cela. » — Khalil Gibran, 1912

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Dessins dans *The Madman* (1918)



The Three Are One, 1918



*Jesus crucified on the
Pyramid of Humanity
and Religions, 1918*



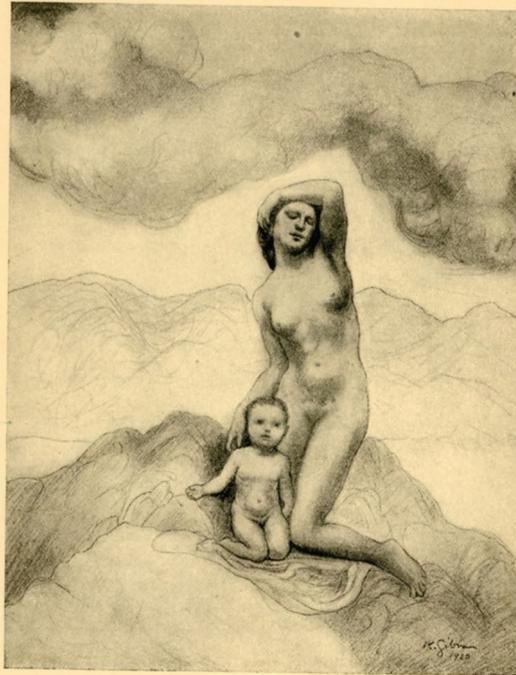
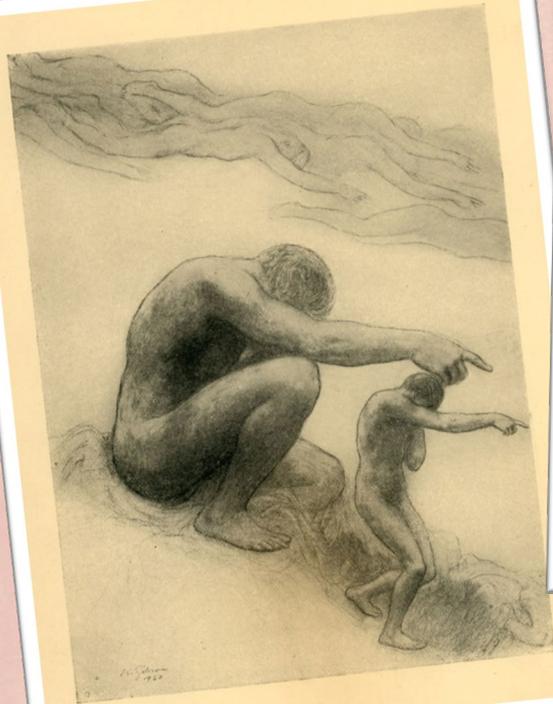
*The Madman
(when the sun kissed his own
naked face for the first time),
1918*

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

Dessins dans *The Forerunner* (1920)

The Forerunner, 1920



*And the Lamb prayed
in his Heart*, 1920



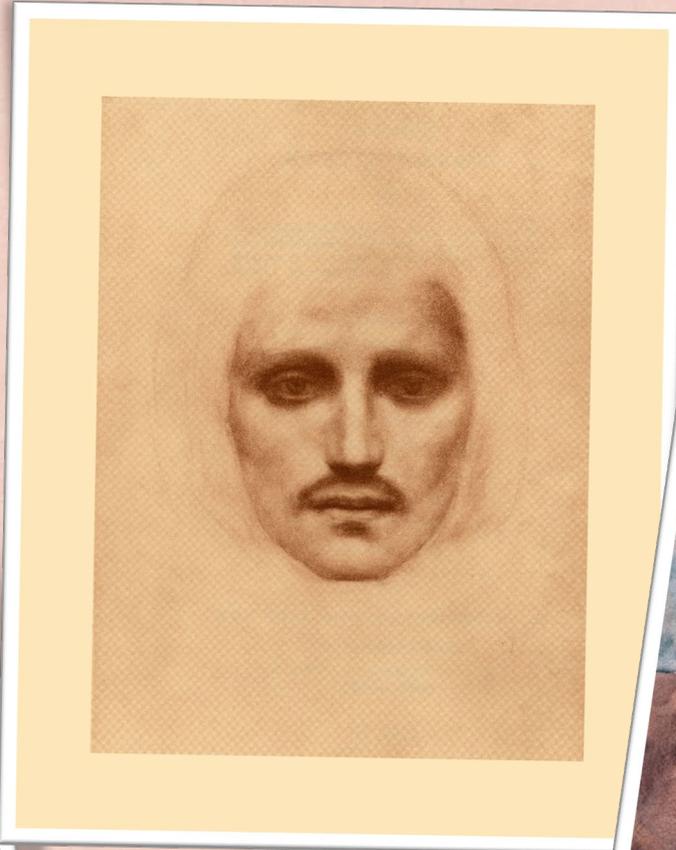
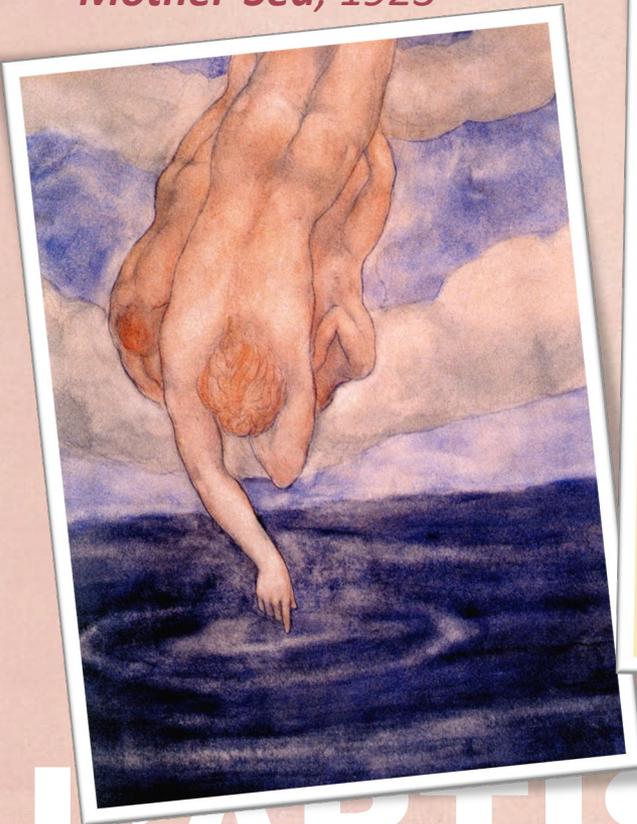
The Heavenly Mother, 1920

L'ARTISTE

KHALIL GIBRAN

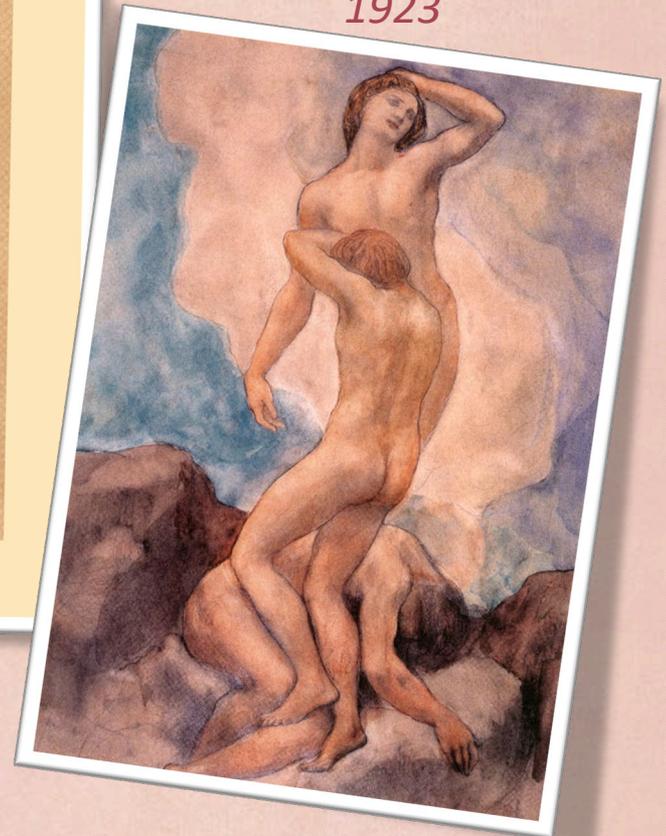
Dessins et peintures dans *The Prophet* (1923)

The Triad-Being
descending towards the
Mother-Sea, 1923



The Face of Almustafa,
1923

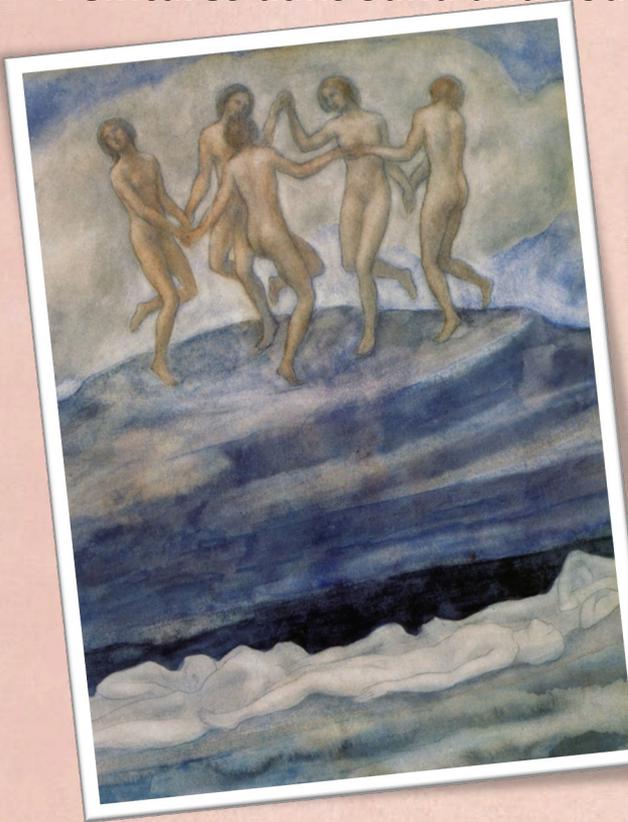
The Three Stages of Being,
1923



L'ARTISTE

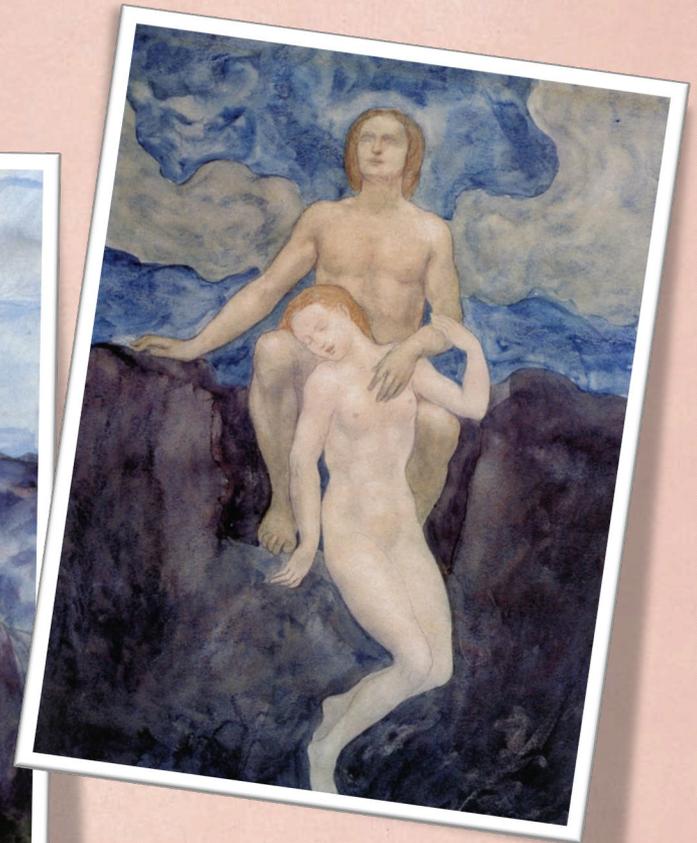
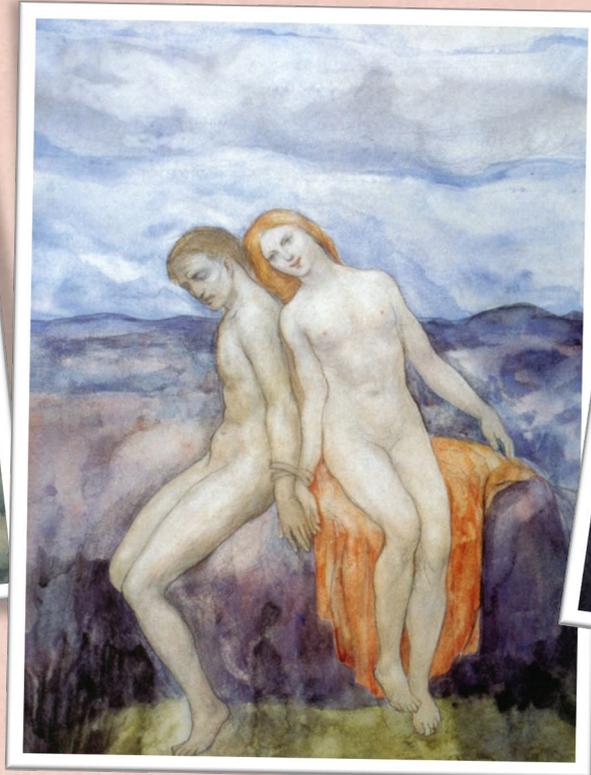
KHALIL GIBRAN

Peintures dans *Sand and Foam* (1926)



Harmony at the Peak,
ca. 1922

Joy and Sorrow,
1920-1923



The Ether is His True Abode,
1920-1923

L'ARTISTE

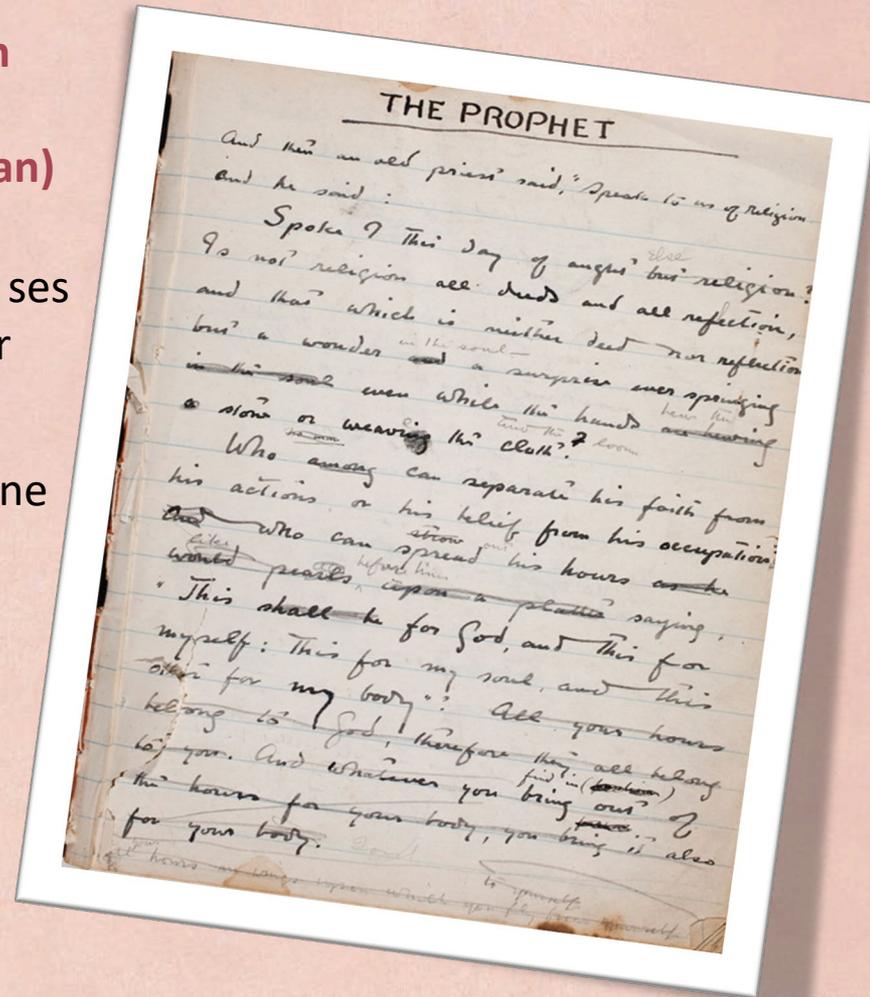
KHALIL GIBRAN

« La traduction est un art à part entière. C'est un procédé de recréation qui transforme la magie d'une langue en celle d'une autre. » (Khalil Gibran)

Gibran était très attentif à la qualité du travail de ses traducteurs en français et en arabe, en particulier pour *The Prophet*.

Il interagit étroitement avec la poétesse américaine francophile **Madeline Mason-Manheim** pour la version française (1926) et avec le métropolitain orthodoxe de New York **Antonios Bachir** pour la version arabe (1926).

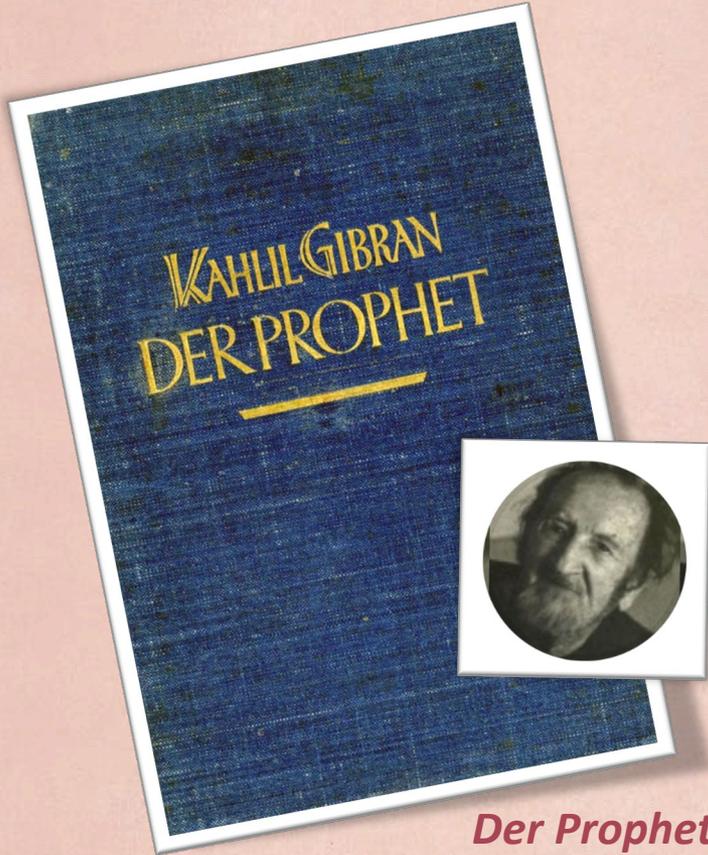
Il rencontra **Karel Verhulst** qui publia *De Profeet*, la traduction néerlandaise d'Elisabeth Visscher Valckenier (1927).



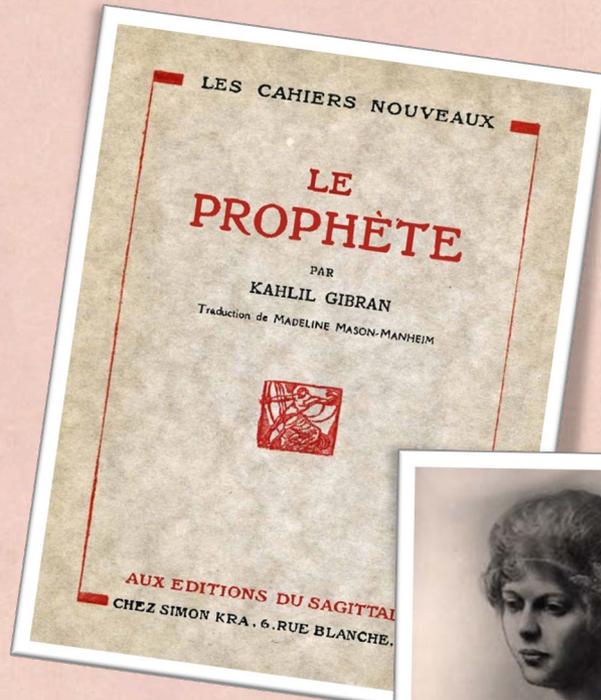
TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Der Prophet — Le Prophète

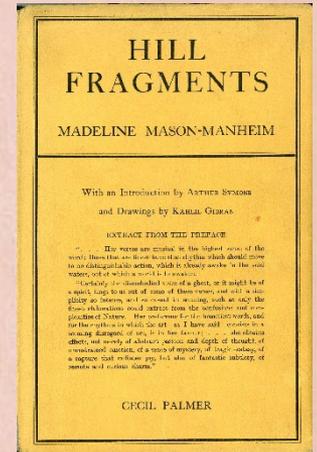


*Der Prophet, 1925
(Georg-Eduard Freiherr von Stietencron)*



*Le Prophète, 1926
(Madeline Mason)*

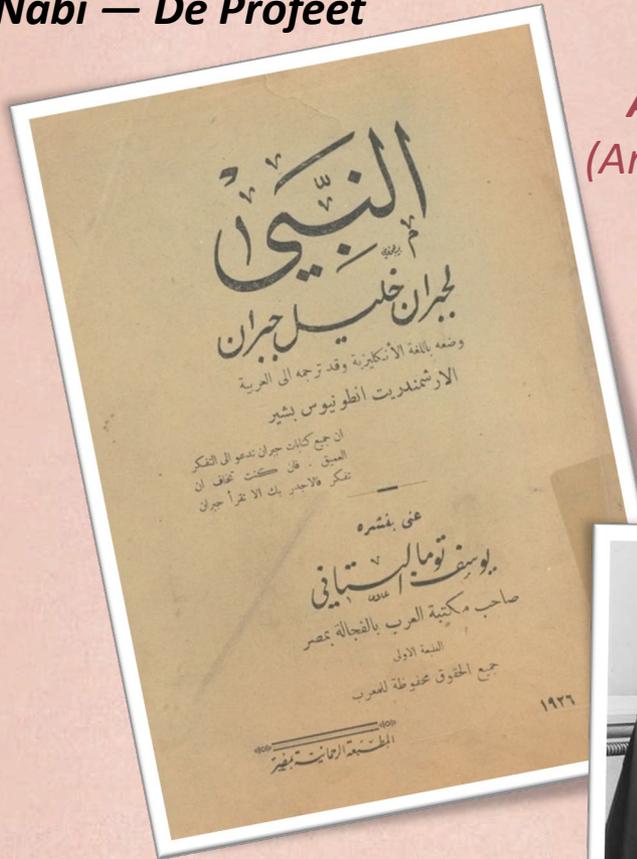
Hill Fragments, 1925



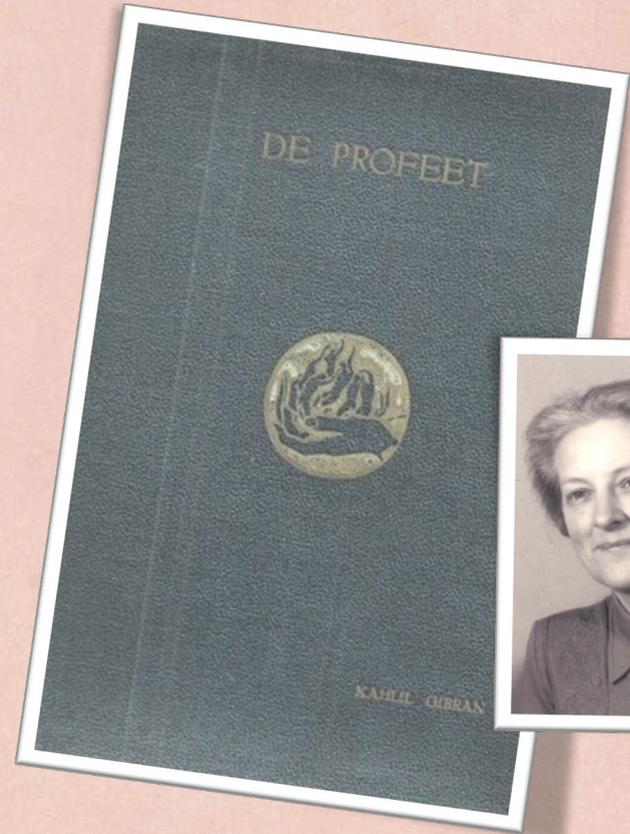
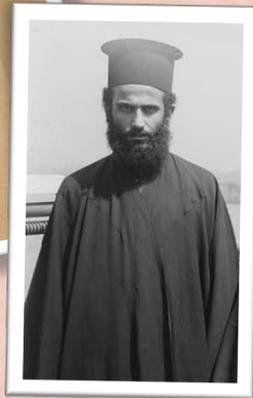
TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Al-Nabī — De Profet



Al-Nabī, 1926
(Anṭūniyūs Bashīr)



De Profet, 1927
(Elisabeth Visscher Valckenier)



TRADUIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

L'anglais de Khalil Gibran

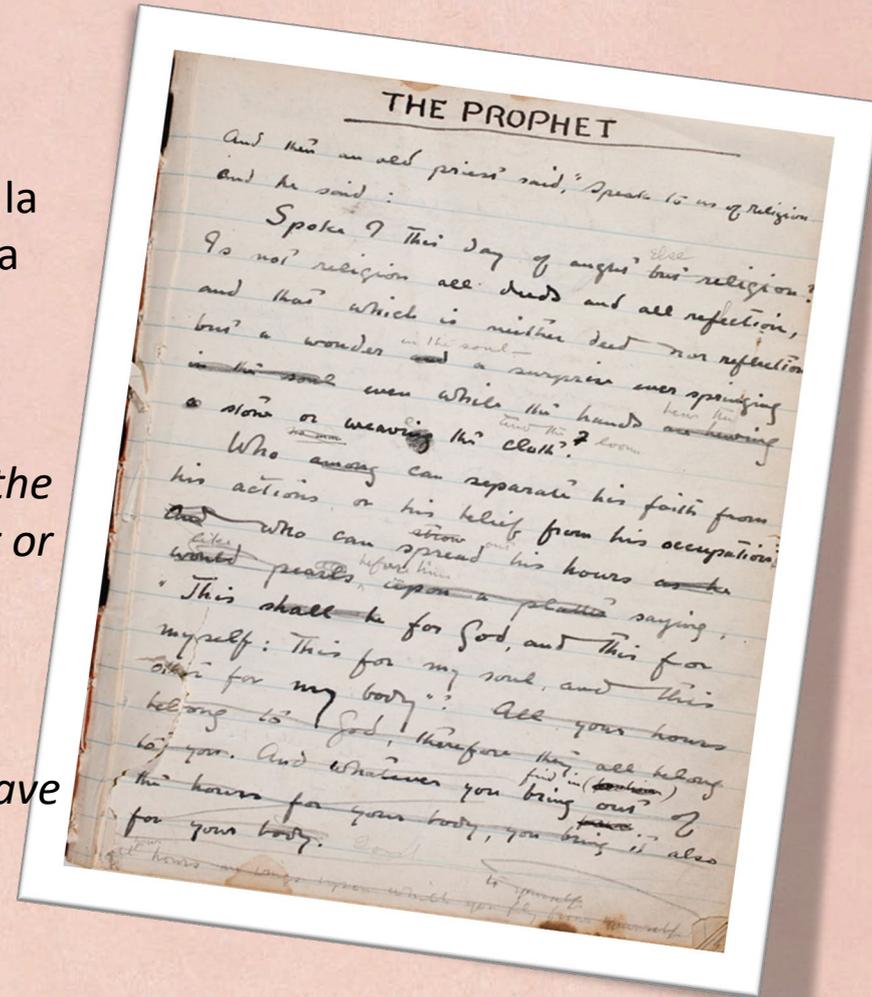
Très largement influencé par l'œuvre de William Shakespeare et par la version dite *King James* de la Bible, ses références dans son apprentissage de la langue anglaise à Boston.

[...] for **thou canst not** hear the songs of my darkness nor see my wings beating against the stars — and I **fain** would not have **thee** hear or see. I would be with night alone.

— My Friend

It grieves me, Brother, that **thou shouldst** leave me. But if **thou must needs** go, so be it.

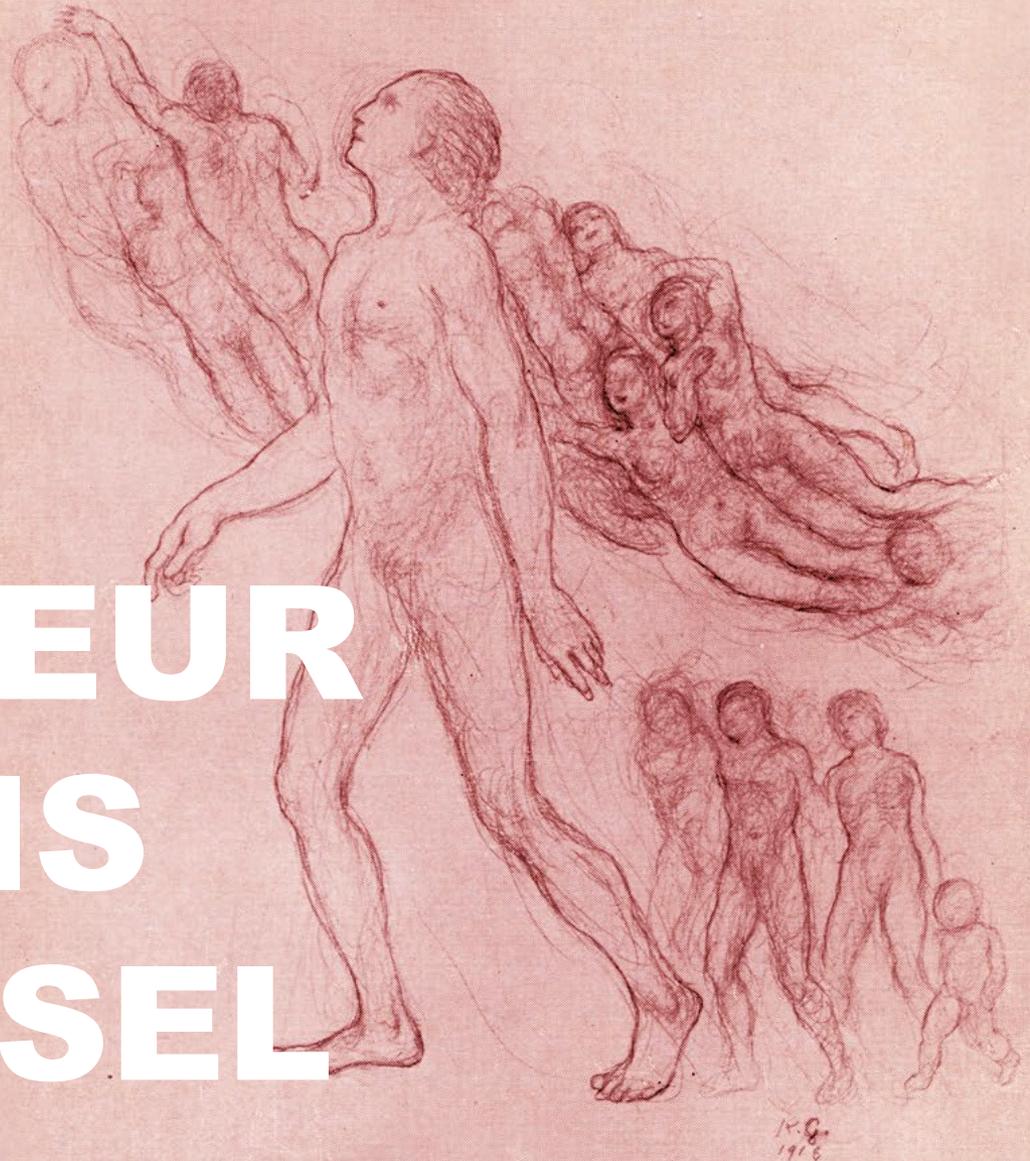
— The Two Hermits



TRADUIRE GIBRAN

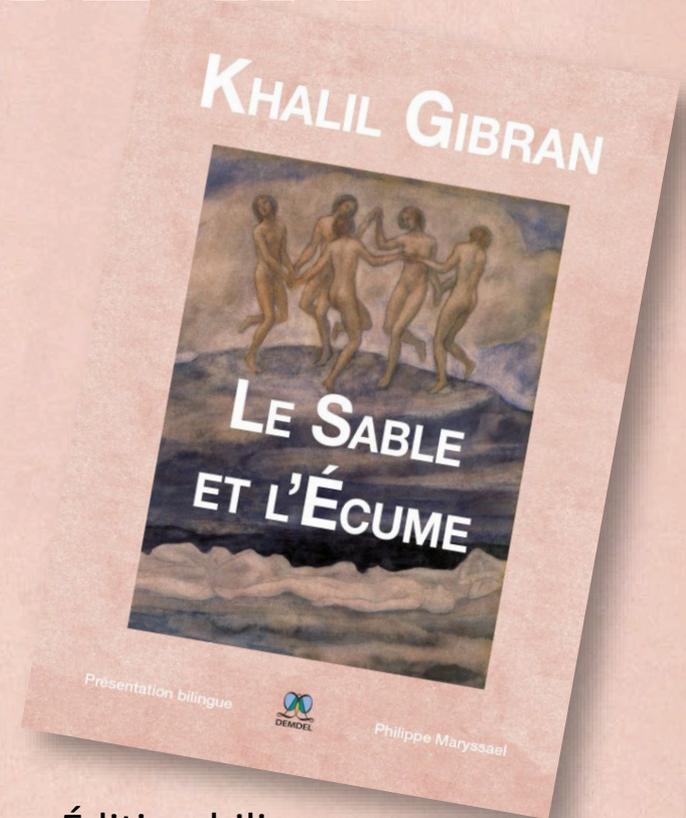
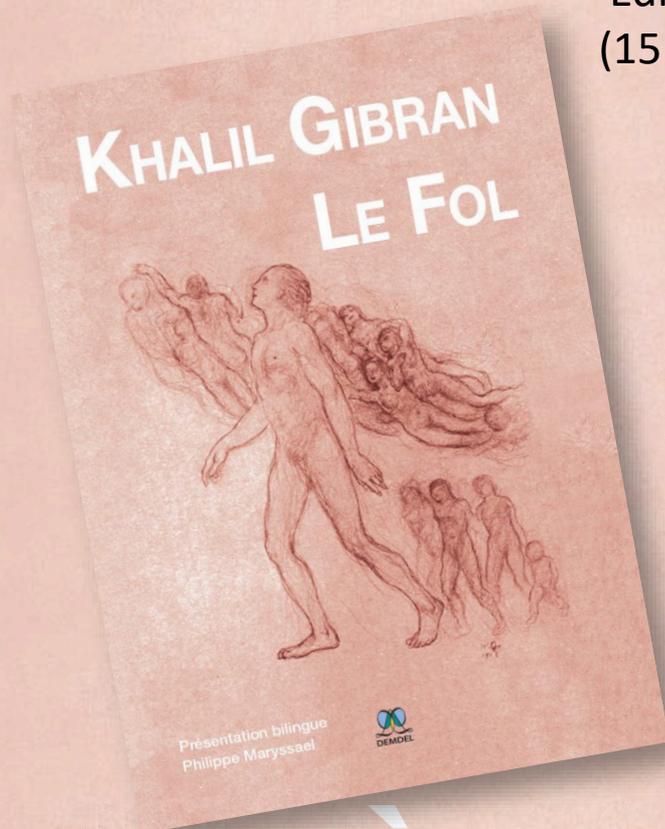
KHALIL GIBRAN

UN AUTEUR LIBANAIS UNIVERSEL



KHALIL GIBRAN

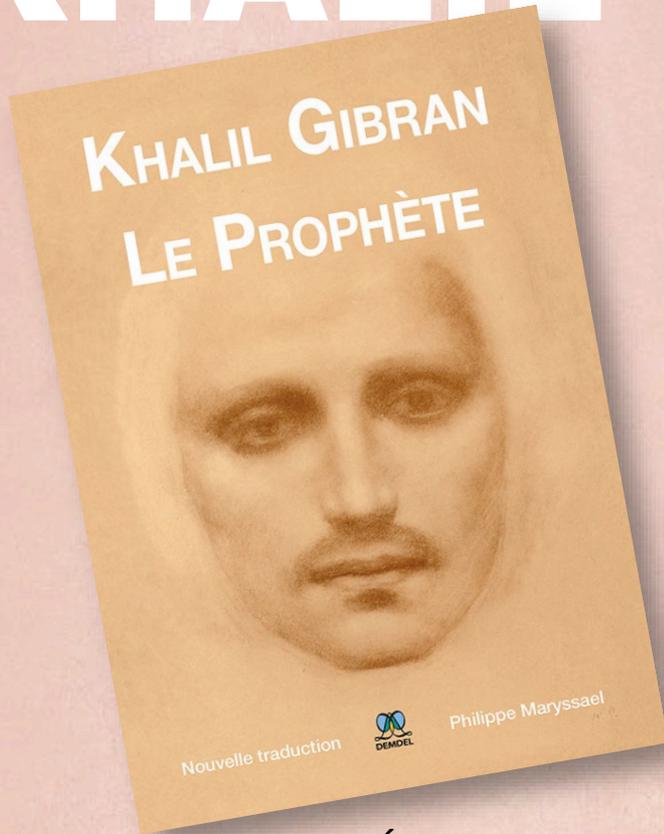
Édition bilingue
(15 février 2019)



Édition bilingue
(5 février 2020)

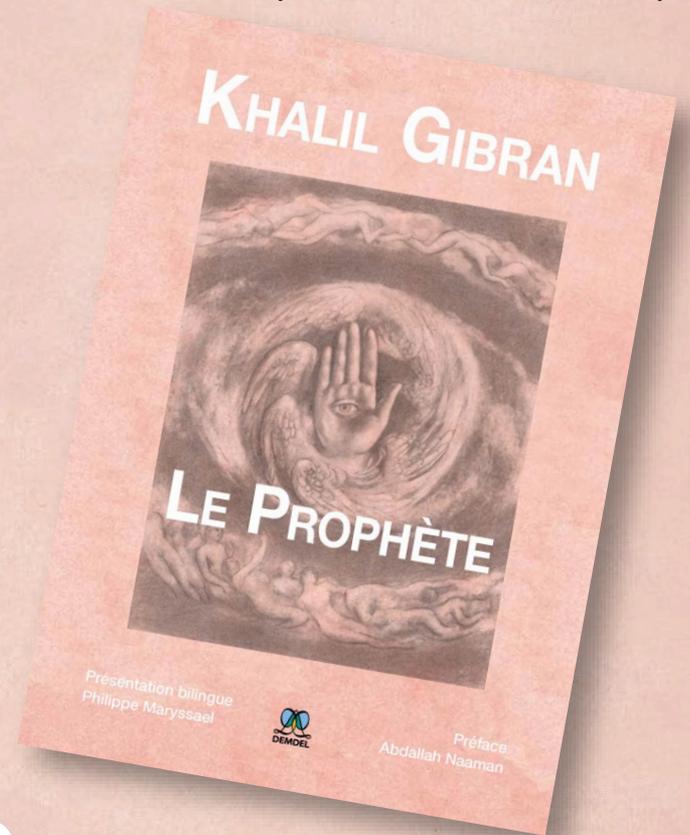
DEJÀ PARUS...

KHALIL GIBRAN



Édition unilingue
(15 décembre 2021)

Édition bilingue
(30 novembre 2020)



DÉJÀ PARUS...

KHALIL GIBRAN

Édition bilingue
(3 février 2022)



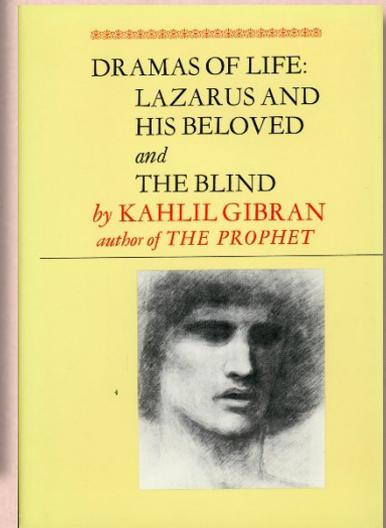
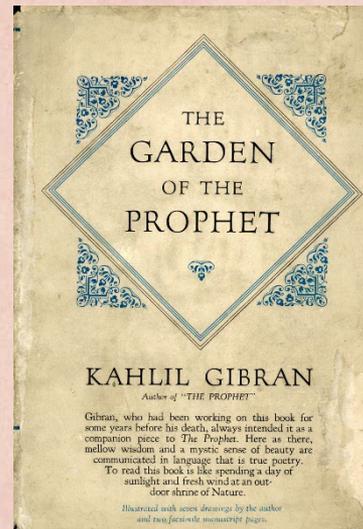
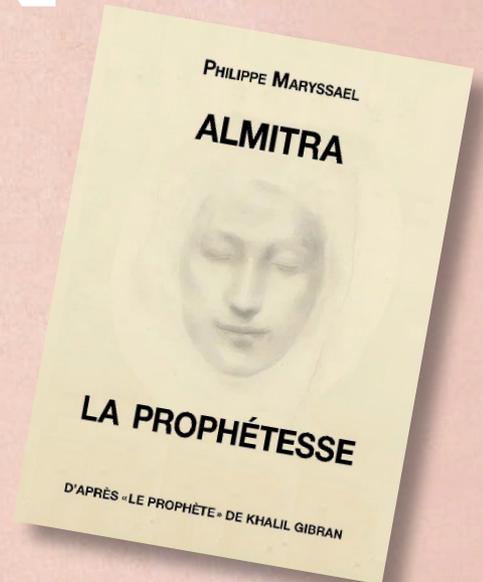
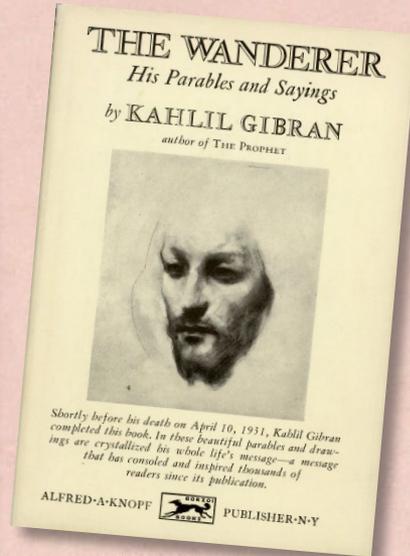
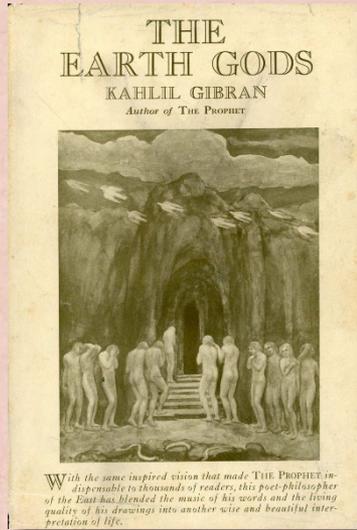
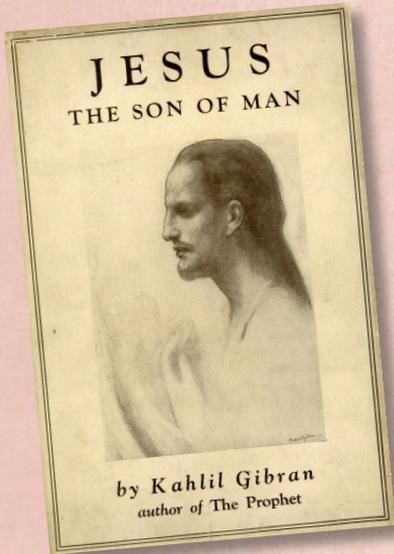
À PARAÎTRE...

09/02/2022

© 2022, Philippe Maryssael

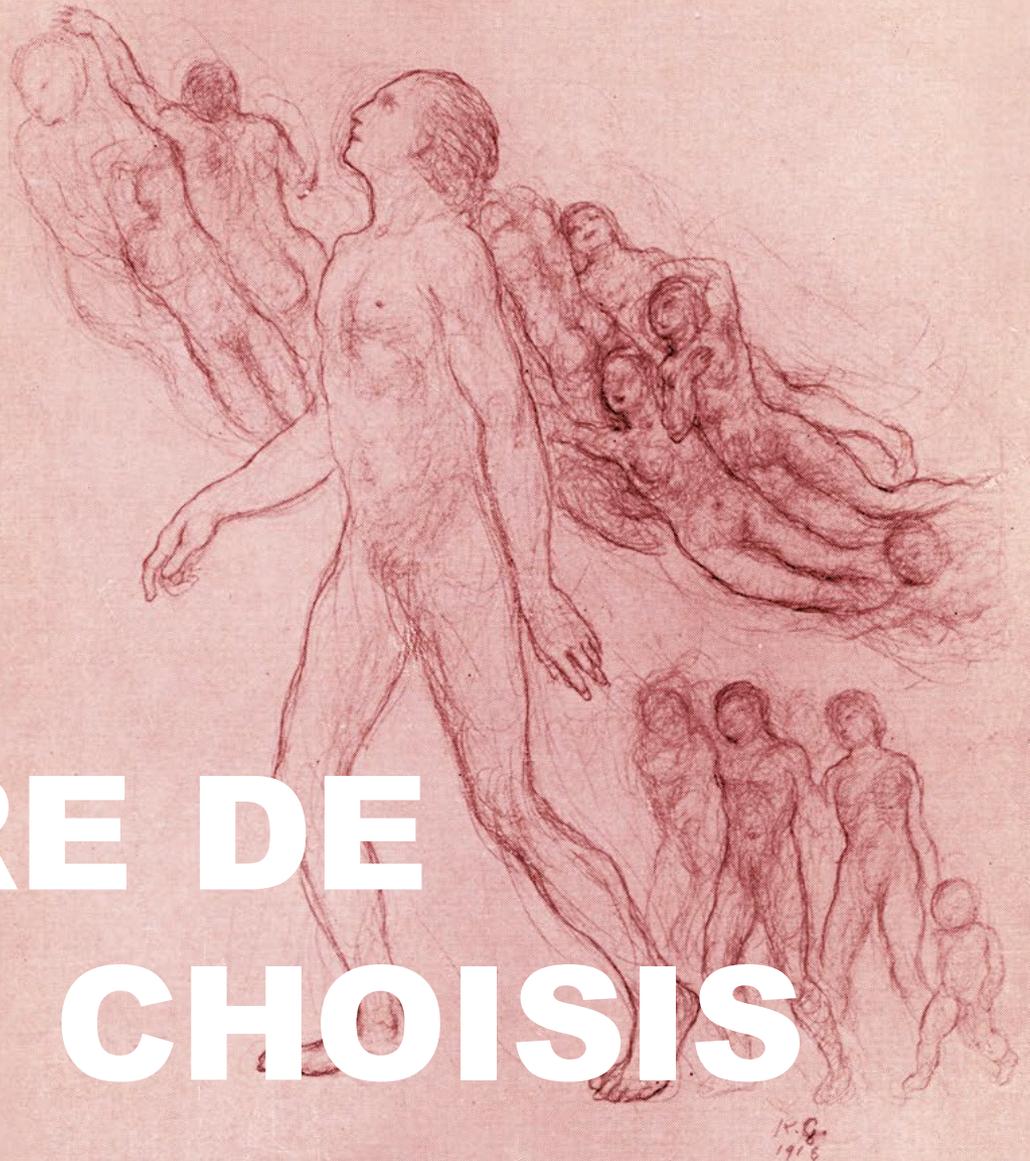
30

KHALIL GIBRAN



PROJETS...

KHALIL GIBRAN



LECTURE DE TEXTES CHOISIS

KHALIL GIBRAN

L'Astronome

Le Fol

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

In the shadow of the temple my friend and I saw a blind man sitting alone. And my friend said, "Behold the wisest man of our land."

Then I left my friend and approached the blind man and greeted him. And we conversed.

After a while I said, "Forgive my question; but since when hast thou been blind?"

"From my birth," he answered.

Said I, "And what path of wisdom followest thou?"

Said he, "I am an astronomer."

Then he placed his hand upon his breast saying, "I watch all these suns and moons and stars."

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Visages

Le Fol

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

I have seen a face with a thousand countenances, and a face that was but a single countenance as if held in a mould.

I have seen a face whose sheen I could look through to the ugliness beneath, and a face whose sheen I had to lift to see how beautiful it was.

I have seen an old face much lined with nothing, and a smooth face in which all things were graven.

I know faces, because I look through the fabric my own eye weaves, and behold the reality beneath.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Poètes

Le Précurseur

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Four poets were sitting around a bowl of punch that stood on a table.

Said the first poet, “Methinks I see with my third eye the fragrance of this wine hovering in space like a cloud of birds in an enchanted forest.”

The second poet raised his head and said, “With my inner ear I can hear those mist-birds singing. And the melody holds my heart as the white rose imprisons the bee within her petals.”

The third poet closed his eyes and stretched his arm upward, and said, “I touch them with my hand. I feel their wings, like the breath of a sleeping fairy, brushing against my fingers.”

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Then the fourth poet rose and lifted up the bowl, and he said, “Alas, friends! I am too dull of sight and of hearing and of touch. I cannot see the fragrance of this wine, nor hear its song, nor feel the beating of its wings. I perceive but the wine itself. Now therefore must I drink it, that it may sharpen my senses and raise me to your blissful heights.”

And putting the bowl to his lips, he drank the punch to the very last drop.

The three poets, with their mouths open, looked at him aghast, and there was a thirsty yet unlyrical hatred in their eyes.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

L'Amour

Le Précurseur

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

*They say the jackal and the mole
Drink from the self-same stream
Where the lion comes to drink.*

*And they say the eagle and the vulture
Dig their beaks into the same carcass,
And are at peace, one with the other,
In the presence of the dead thing.*

*O love, whose lordly hand
Has bridled my desires,
And raised my hunger and my thirst
To dignity and pride,*

*Let not the strong in me and the constant
Eat the bread or drink the wine
That tempt my weaker self.*

*Let me rather starve,
And let my heart parch with thirst,
And let me die and perish,
Ere I stretch my hand
To a cup you did not fill,
Or a bowl you did not bless.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Des Enfants

Le Prophète

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, Speak to us of Children.

And he said:

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you,

And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love but not your thoughts,

For they have their own thoughts.

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

You may house their bodies but not their souls,

*For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit,
not even in your dreams.*

You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.

For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.

*The Archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you
with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.*

Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for gladness;

*For even as he loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow
that is stable.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Du Don

Le Prophète

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Then said a rich man, Speak to us of Giving.

And he answered:

You give but little when you give of your possessions.

It is when you give of yourself that you truly give.

For what are your possessions but things you keep and guard for fear you may need them tomorrow?

And tomorrow, what shall tomorrow bring to the overprudent dog burying bones in the trackless sand as he follows the pilgrims to the holy city?

And what is fear of need but need itself?

Is not dread of thirst when your well is full, the thirst that is unquenchable?

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

There are those who give little of the much which they have—and they give it for recognition and their hidden desire makes their gifts unwholesome.

And there are those who have little and give it all.

These are the believers in life and the bounty of life, and their coffer is never empty.

There are those who give with joy, and that joy is their reward.

And there are those who give with pain, and that pain is their baptism.

And there are those who give and know not pain in giving, nor do they seek joy, nor give with mindfulness of virtue;

They give as in yonder valley the myrtle breathes its fragrance into space.

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Through the hands of such as these God speaks, and from behind their eyes He smiles upon the earth.

It is well to give when asked, but it is better to give unasked, through understanding;

And to the open-handed the search for one who shall receive is joy greater than giving.

And is there aught you would withhold?

All you have shall some day be given;

Therefore give now, that the season of giving may be yours and not your inheritors'.

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

You often say, "I would give, but only to the deserving."

The trees in your orchard say not so, nor the flocks in your pasture.

They give that they may live, for to withhold is to perish.

Surely he who is worthy to receive his days and his nights, is worthy of all else from you.

And he who has deserved to drink from the ocean of life deserves to fill his cup from your little stream.

And what desert greater shall there be, than that which lies in the courage and the confidence, nay the charity, of receiving?

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

And who are you that men should rend their bosom and unveil their pride, that you may see their worth naked and their pride unabashed?

See first that you yourself deserve to be a giver, and an instrument of giving.

For in truth it is life that gives unto life—while you, who deem yourself a giver, are but a witness.

And you receivers—and you are all receivers—assume no weight of gratitude, lest you lay a yoke upon yourself and upon him who gives.

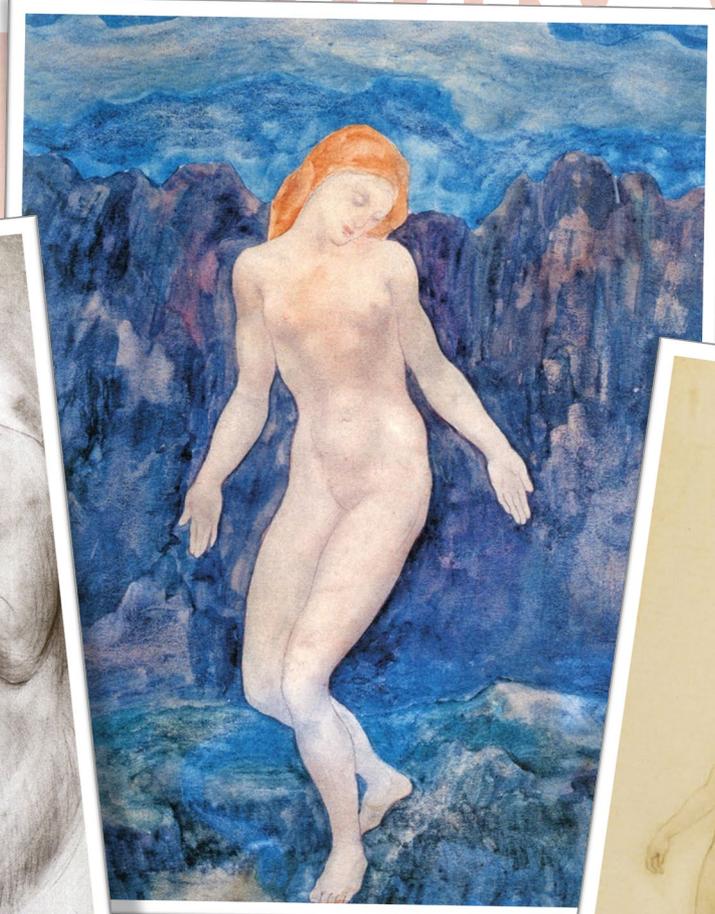
Rather rise together with the giver on his gifts as on wings;

For to be overmindful of your debt, is to doubt his generosity who has the free-hearted earth for mother, and God for father.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Offering Oneself to the Triad
1928, Musée Gibran
(Bécharré)



The Gift
1913-1919, Telfair Museum
(Savannah, Géorgie)

The Gift
1923, The Prophet



LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

***De la Connaissance
de soi***

Le Prophète

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

And a man said, Speak to us of Self-Knowledge.

And he answered, saying:

Your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights.

But your ears thirst for the sound of your heart's knowledge.

You would know in words that which you have always known in thought.

You would touch with your fingers the naked body of your dreams.

And it is well you should.

*The hidden well-spring of your soul must needs rise and run murmuring
to the sea;*

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

And the treasure of your infinite depths would be revealed to your eyes.

But let there be no scales to weigh your unknown treasure;

And seek not the depths of your knowledge with staff or sounding line.

For self is a sea boundless and measureless.

Say not, "I have found the truth," but rather, "I have found a truth."

Say not, "I have found the path of the soul." Say rather, "I have met the soul walking upon my path."

For the soul walks upon all paths.

The soul walks not upon a line, neither does it grow like a reed.

The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

De l'Enseignement

Le Prophète

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Then said a teacher, Speak to us of Teaching.

And he said:

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher who walks in the shadow of the temple, among his followers, gives not of his wisdom but rather of his faith and his lovingness.

If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The astronomer may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

The musician may sing to you of the rhythm which is in all space, but he cannot give you the ear which arrests the rhythm nor the voice that echoes it.

And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the regions of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you thither.

For the vision of one man lends not its wings to another man.

And even as each one of you stands alone in God's knowledge, so must each one of you be alone in his knowledge of God and in his understanding of the earth.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

De la Beauté

Le Prophète

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

And a poet said, Speak to us of Beauty.

And he answered:

Where shall you seek beauty, and how shall you find her unless she herself be your way and your guide?

And how shall you speak of her except she be the weaver of your speech?

The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle.

Like a young mother half-shy of her own glory she walks among us."

And the passionate say, "Nay, beauty is a thing of might and dread.

Like the tempest she shakes the earth beneath us and the sky above us."

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

The tired and the weary say, “Beauty is of soft whisperings. She speaks in our spirit.

Her voice yields to our silences like a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow.”

But the restless say, “We have heard her shouting among the mountains,

And with her cries came the sound of hoofs, and the beating of wings and the roaring of lions.”

At night the watchmen of the city say, “Beauty shall rise with the dawn from the east.”

And at noontide the toilers and the wayfarers say, “We have seen her leaning over the earth from the windows of the sunset.”

...
LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

In winter say the snow-bound, "She shall come with the spring leaping upon the hills."

And in the summer heat the reapers say, "We have seen her dancing with the autumn leaves, and we saw a drift of snow in her hair."

All these things have you said of beauty,

Yet in truth you spoke not of her but of needs unsatisfied,

And beauty is not a need but an ecstasy.

It is not a mouth thirsting nor an empty hand stretched forth,

But rather a heart enflamed and a soul enchanted.

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

It is not the image you would see nor the song you would hear,

But rather an image you see though you close your eyes and a song you hear though you shut your ears.

It is not the sap within the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw,

But rather a garden for ever in bloom and a flock of angels for ever in flight.

People of Orphalese, beauty is life when life unveils her holy face.

But you are life and you are the veil.

Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror.

But you are eternity and you are the mirror.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Aphorismes

Le Sable et l'Écume

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

*(11) A pearl is a temple built by pain around a grain of sand.
What longing built our bodies and around what grains?*

*(90) A madman is not less a musician than you or myself; only the instrument
on which he plays is a little out of tune.*

*(96) When you reach the heart of life you shall find beauty in all things, even in
the eyes that are blind to beauty.*

*(180) They deem me mad because I will not sell my days for gold;
And I deem them mad because they think my days have a price.*

*(243) Yestereve I saw philosophers in the market-place carrying their heads in
baskets, and crying aloud, "Wisdom! Wisdom for sale!"
Poor philosophers! They must needs sell their heads to feed their hearts.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

*(238) My friend, you and I shall remain strangers unto life,
And unto one another, and each unto himself,
Until the day when you shall speak and I shall listen
Deeming your voice my own voice;
And when I shall stand before you
Thinking myself standing before a mirror.*

(269) They say to me, "You must needs choose between the pleasures of this world and the peace of the next world."

And I say to them, "I have chosen both the delights of this world and the peace of the next. For I know in my heart that the Supreme Poet wrote but one poem, and it scans perfectly, and it also rhymes perfectly."

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

(29) Seven times have I despised my soul:

The first time when I saw her being meek that she might attain height.

The second time when I saw her limping before the crippled.

The third time when she was given to choose between the hard and the easy, and she chose the easy.

The fourth time when she committed a wrong, and comforted herself that others also commit wrong.

The fifth time when she forbore for weakness, and attributed her patience to strength.

The sixth time when she despised the ugliness of a face, and knew not that it was one of her own masks.

And the seventh time when she sang a song of praise, and deemed it a virtue.

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Sur le Sable

Le Pérégrin

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Said one man to another, “At the high tide of the sea, long ago, with the point of my staff I wrote a line upon the sand; and the people still pause to read it, and they are careful that naught shall erase it.”

And the other man said, “And I too wrote a line upon the sand, but it was at low tide, and the waves of the vast sea washed it away. But tell me, what did you write?”

And the first man answered and said, “I wrote this: ‘I am he who is.’ But what did you write?”

And the other man said, “This I wrote: ‘I am but a drop of this great ocean.’”

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

La Perle

Le Pérégrin

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Said one oyster to a neighboring oyster, “I have a very great pain within me. It is heavy and round and I am in distress.”

And the other oyster replied with haughty complacency, “Praise be to the heavens and to the sea, I have no pain within me. I am well and whole both within and without.”

At that moment a crab was passing by and heard the two oysters, and he said to the one who was well and whole both within and without, “Yes, you are well and whole; but the pain that your neighbor bears is a pearl of exceeding beauty.”

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

La Danseuse

Le Pérégrin

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

Once there came to the court of the Prince of Birkasha a dancer with her musicians. And she was admitted to the court, and she danced before the prince to the music of the lute and the flute and the zither.

She danced the dance of flames, and the dance of swords and spears; she danced the dance of stars and the dance of space. And then she danced the dance of flowers in the wind.

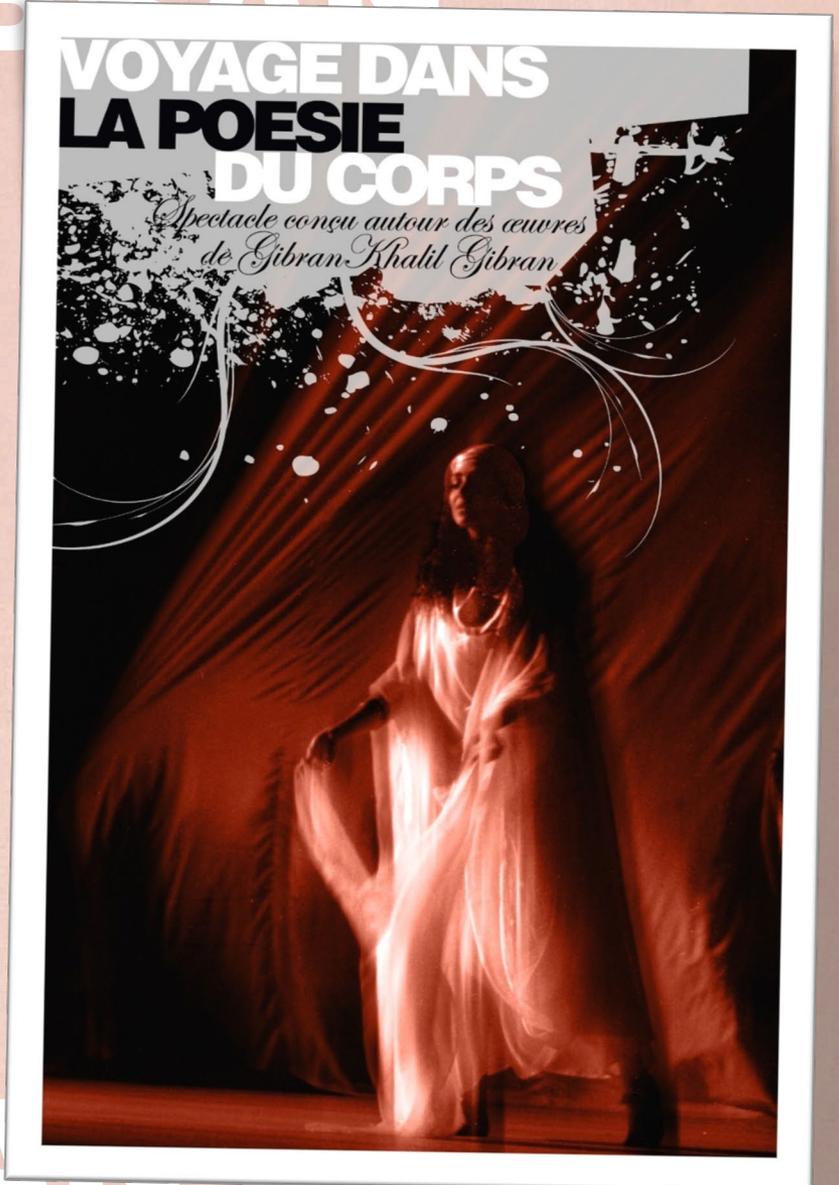
After this she stood before the throne of the prince and bowed her body before him. And the prince bade her to come nearer, and he said unto her, “Beautiful woman, daughter of grace and delight, whence comes your art? And how is it that you command all the elements in your rhythms and your rhymes?”

...

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

And the dancer bowed again before the prince, and she answered, "Mighty and gracious Majesty, I know not the answer to your questionings. Only this I know: The philosopher's soul dwells in his head, the poet's soul is in the heart; the singer's soul lingers about his throat, but the soul of the dancer abides in all her body."



LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

La Vigne sacrée

Texte inédit

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

*The grape is a jewel.
The leaves are jewels.
The fragrance is amber.
The taste is desire poured into a cup.*

*Should a lover drink
He would be lost in wonder,
And deem it his own love
Running,
A stream from his lips to his heart.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

(Sans titre)

Texte inédit

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

*I went up the hill
With bread and wine,
And ate my loaf
And drank my cup.
Then I was drowsy
And slept in the sun.
And as I slept
A lark came down
And picked a crumb
Out of my hand;
And drank a drop
From upon my lip.*

*And then he flew
Into the air,
And fluttered his wings,
And sang his song.
And waked my heart
And opened my eyes.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

*Then said I,
Would that he had
All the bread
Upon my hand,
And all the wine
Within my heart.
For all there is
In hand and heart
Would rise and sing.*

*Pity it is
We drowse too soon;
Pity it is
We fall asleep
Ere our song
Encompass the height,
And ere our hand
Inherit the deep.*

LIRE GIBRAN

KHALIL GIBRAN

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