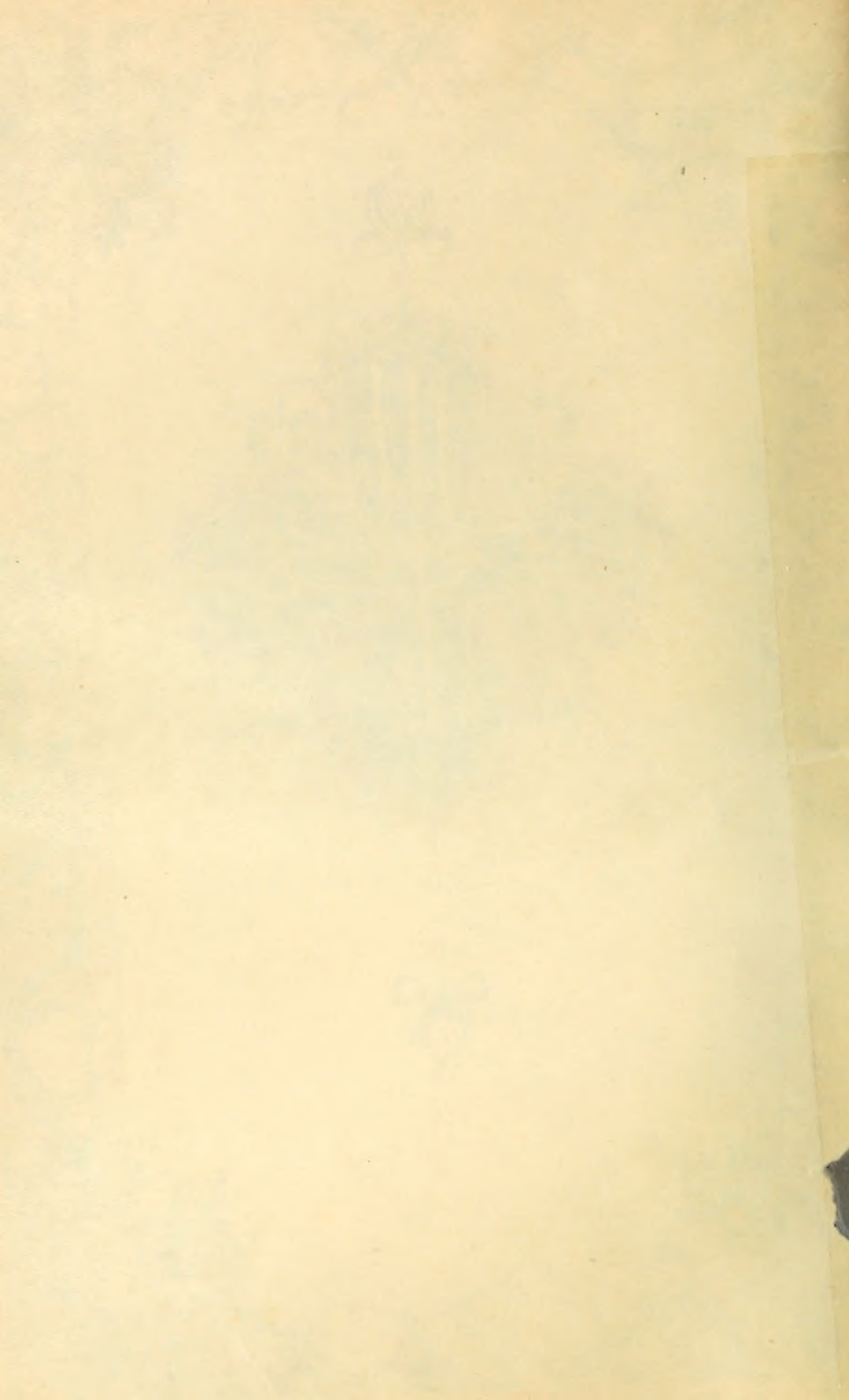


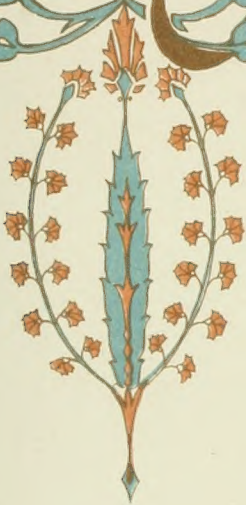
The Rubáiyát of
Omar Khayyám









The Subáiyát of
Amár Bhaiyám.





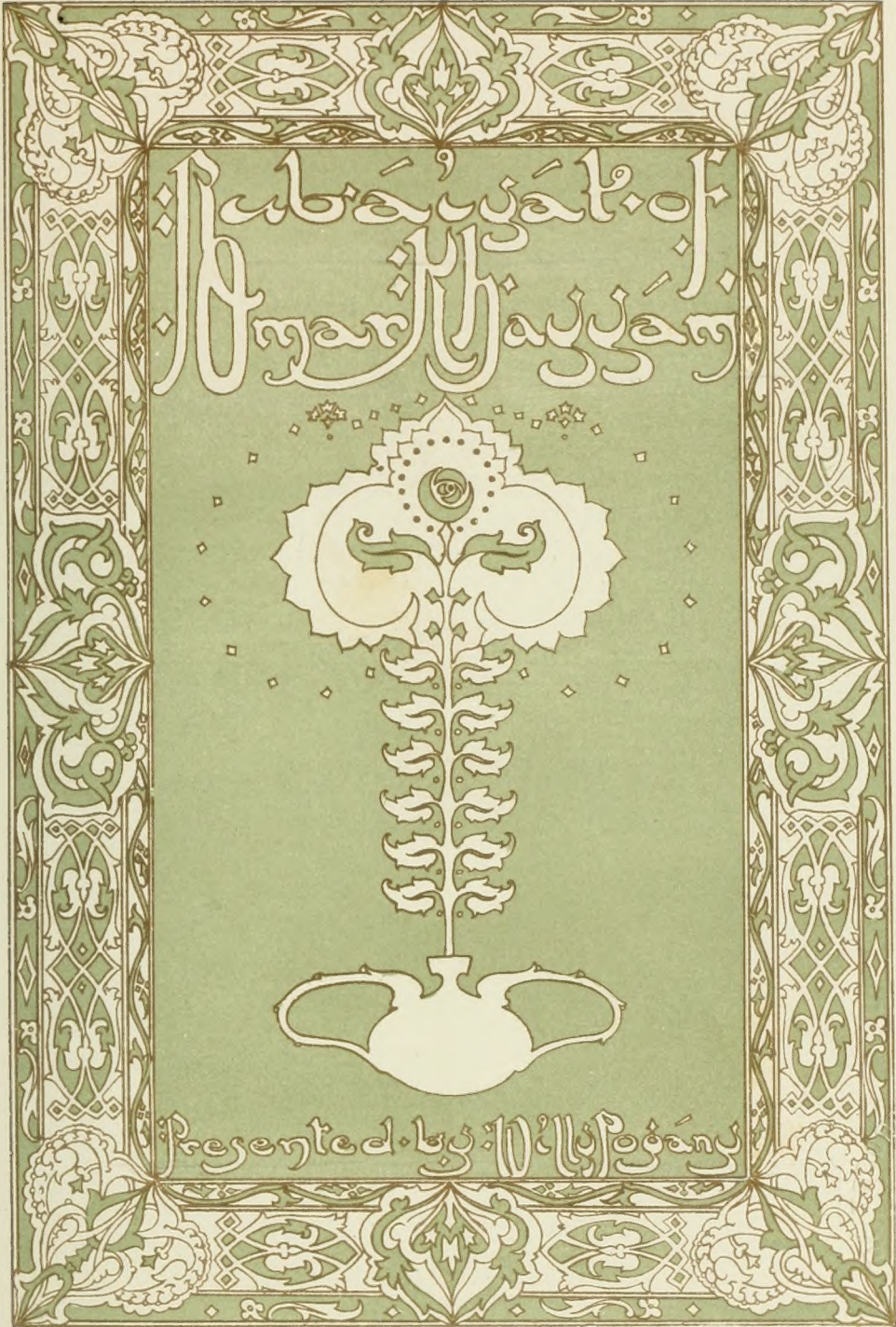
These pearls of thought in Persian
gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
The diver Omar plucked them from
their bed,
Fitzgerald strung them on an English
thread.
Lowell



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0543r
.Ef
1909


Omar Khayyam
"



New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

L1909j

433380
15.3.45



I tender most grateful thanks
to my good friend
Mr. Julius Germanus
whose advice and cooperation in my endeavour
to remain true to the spirit of Persian
art have been invaluable.

Printed by Vincent Brooks Day & Son Ltd.
Lithographers: London.



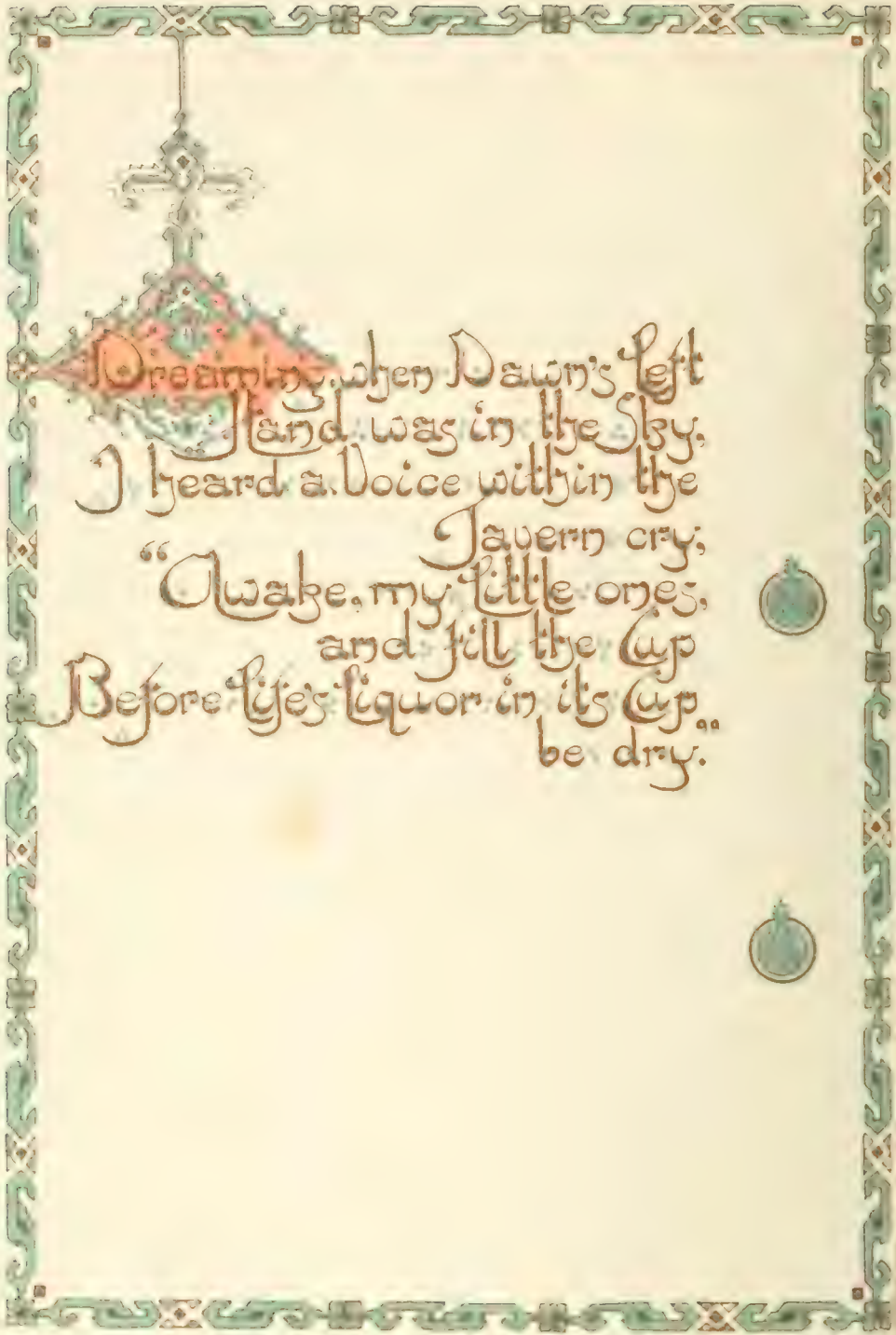


Awake!



For Morning in
the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts
the Stars to Flight:
And lo! the Hunter of the
East has caught
The Sultan's Jurret in a Noose
of Light.







When Dawn's Left
Stand was in the Sky,
I heard a voice within the
Javern cry:
"Awake, my little ones,
and fill the Cup
Before Life's liquor in its Cup
be dry."


















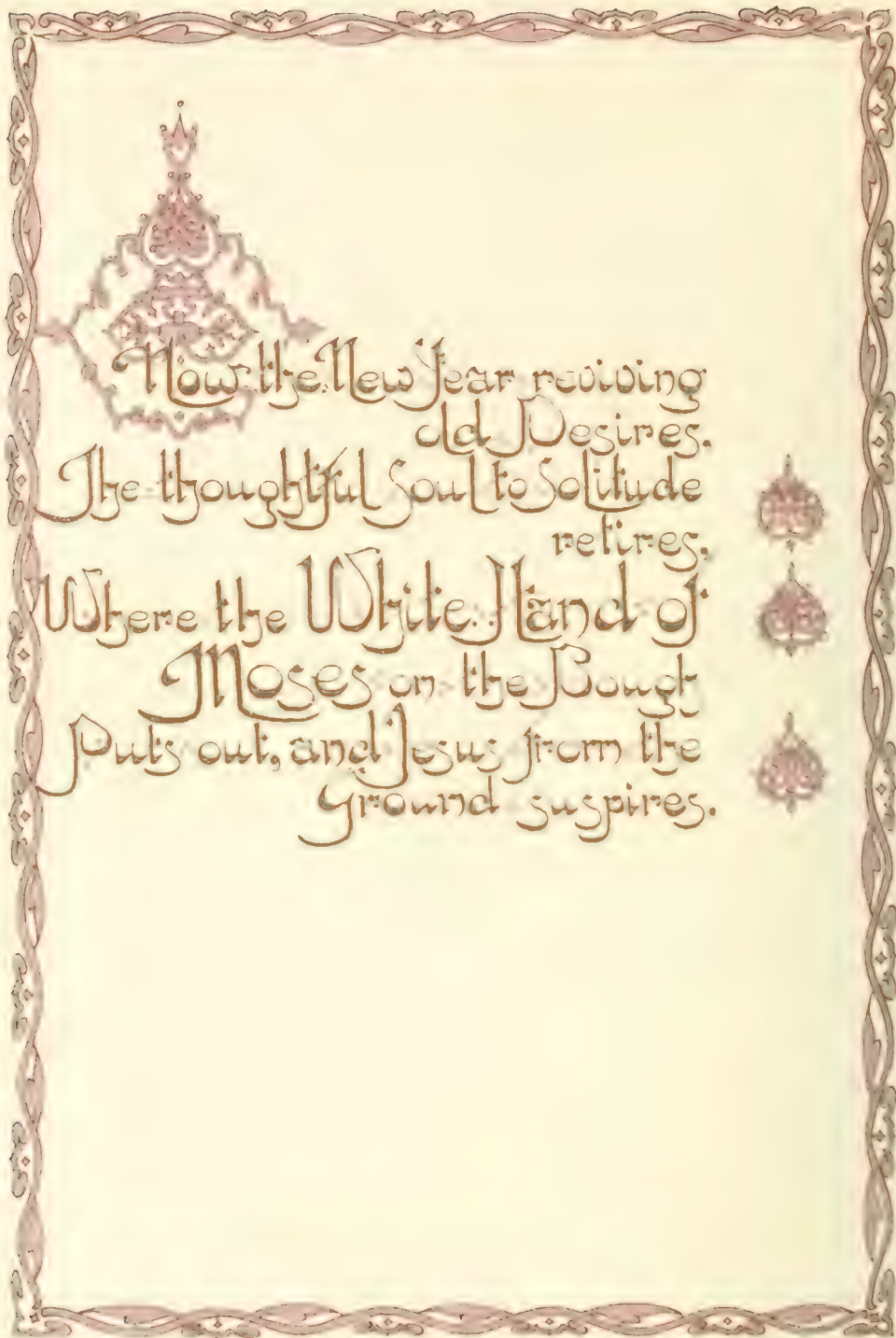
And as the Cock crew, those
who stood before
The Tabern, shouted: "Open
then the Door!
You know how little while
we have to stay,
And once departed, may
return no more."





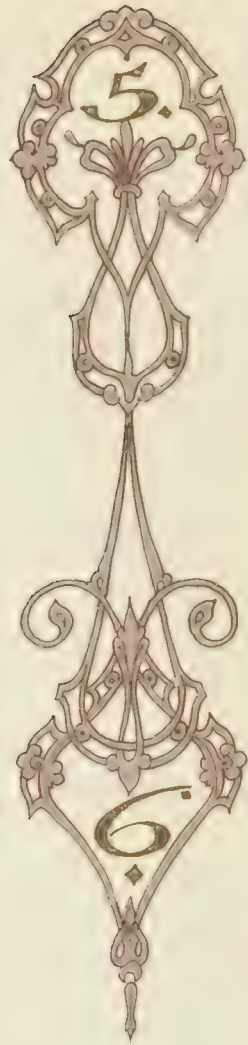







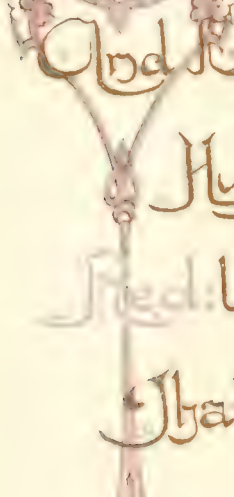
Now the New Year reviving
 old Desires.
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude
 retires.
Where the White Hand of
Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the
 Ground suspires.







That indeed is gone with all its
Rose,
And Jarvis's Seven-ring'd
Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient
Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the
Water blows.



And David's lips are lockt;
but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with
"Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red! Wine!"—the Nightingale
cries to the Rose
That yellow Greek of hers
Is incarnadine.







Fill the Cup, and in the
Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of
Repentance fling.
The Bird of Time has but
a little way
To fly and lo! the Bird is
on the Wing.










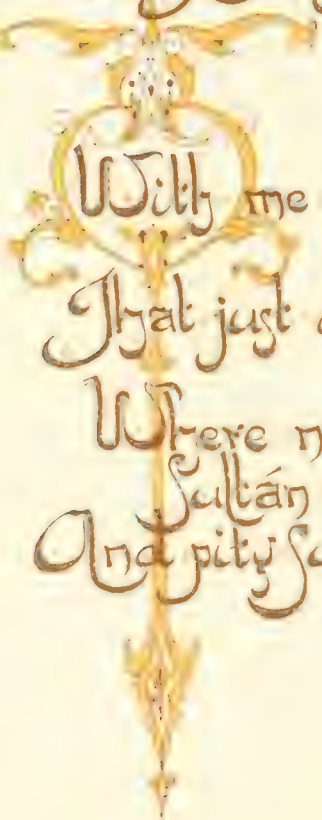
And look a thousand Blossoms
with the Day
Woke a thousand scatter'd
into Clay:
And this first Summer Month
that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and
Jackobad away.








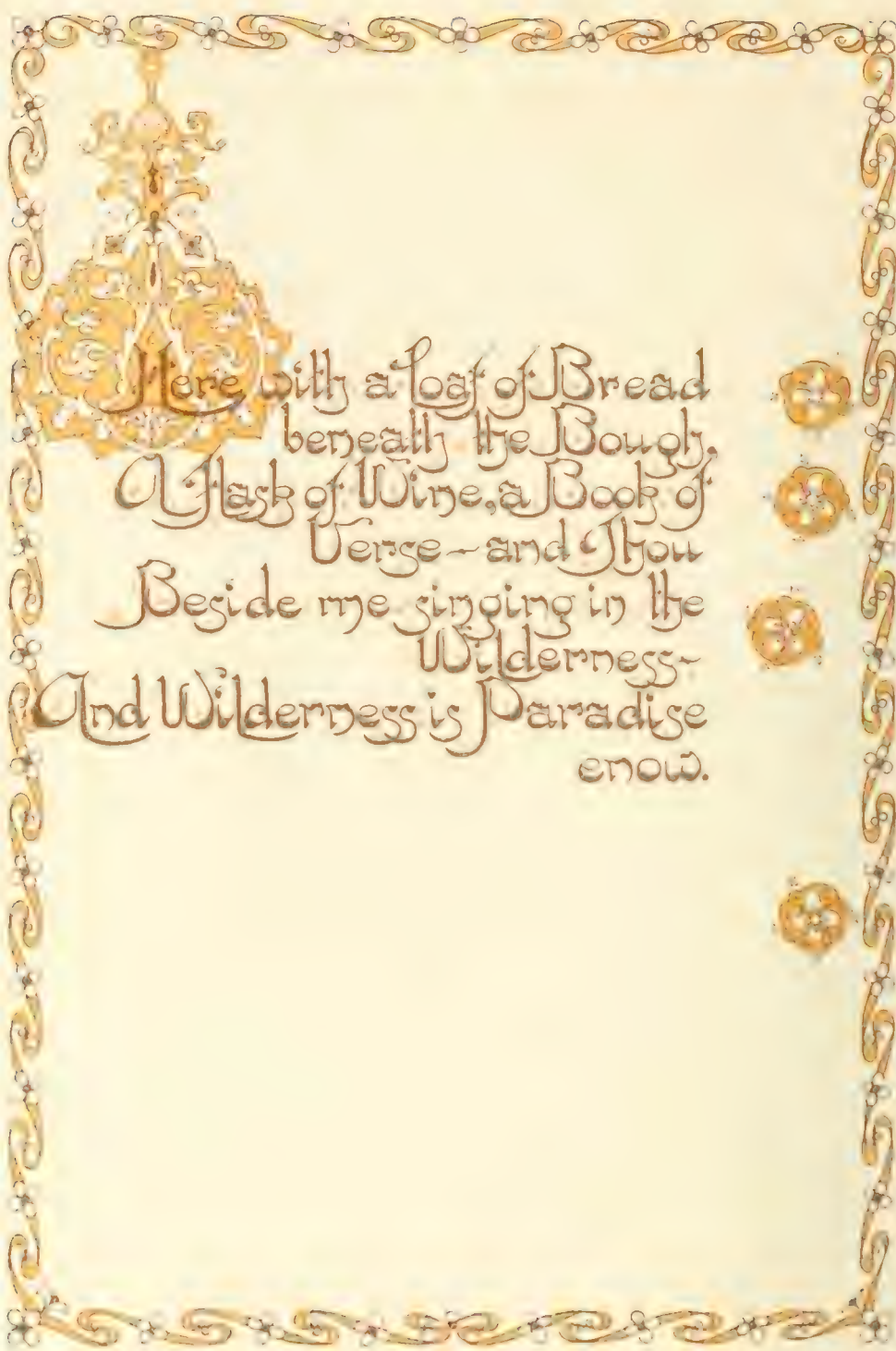
But come with old Khayyám
and leave the lot
Of Naikobád and Naikhosrá
forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him
as he will,
Of Ístím Jai cry supper &
heed them not.




With me along some strip of
Herbage strown
That just divides the desert
from the sown.
Where name of slave and
Sultán scarce is known.
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on
his Throne.







Here with a loaf of Bread
beneath the Bough,
A flask of Wine, a Book of
Verse - and Thou
Beside me singing in the
Wilderness -
And Wilderness is Paradise
enow.









“How sweet is mortal Sovereignty!”
— think some:
Others “How blest the Paradise
to come!”
Oh, take the Cash in hand
and waive the Rest:
Oh, the brave Music of a ~~War~~
Drum!”

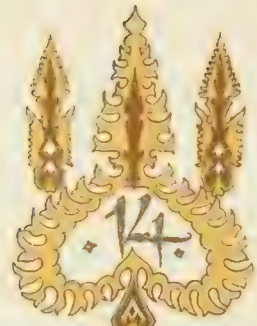







Look to the Rose that blows
about us —
Laughing, she says, "into
the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel
of my Surge
Year, and its Treasure on
the Garden throw."








The Worldly Hope men set
their Hearts upon
Suns Ashes — or it prospers;
and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's
dusty Face
lighting a little Hour or two —
is gone.

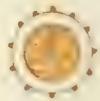
And those who husbanded the
Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the
Winds like Rain,
Alize to no such aureate
Earth are turned
As buried once. Men want dug
up again.








Think in this battered
Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate
Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with
his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and
went his way.



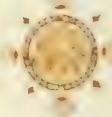









They say the Lion and the
Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd
gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great
Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he
Lies fast asleep.











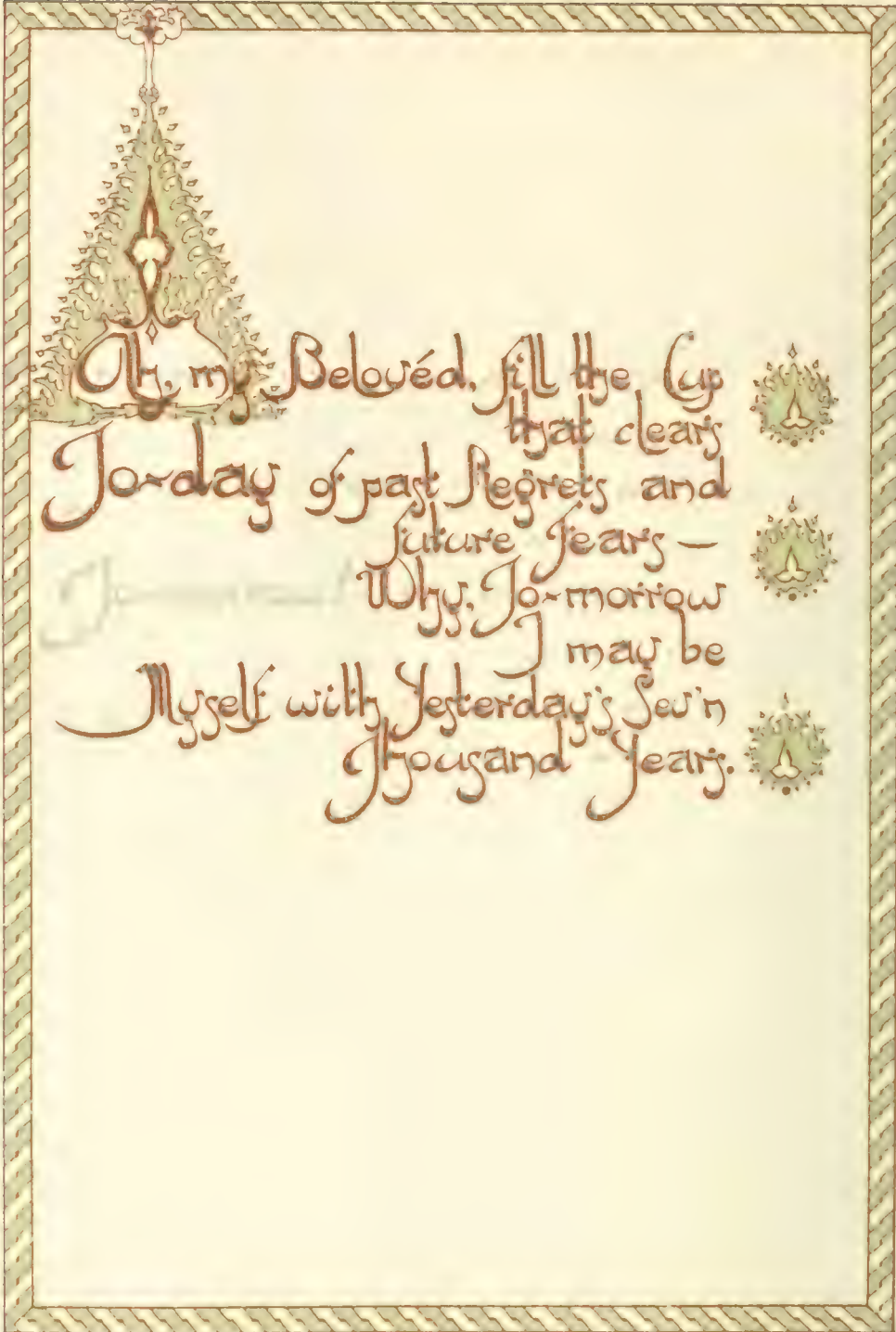
I sometimes think that never
blows so red
The Rose as where some buried
Caesar bled:
That every Hyacinth the
Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap: from some
once lovely Head.



And this delightful Herb whose
tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on
which we lean —
Oh, lean upon it lightly! for
who knows
From what once lovely Lip it
springs unseen!

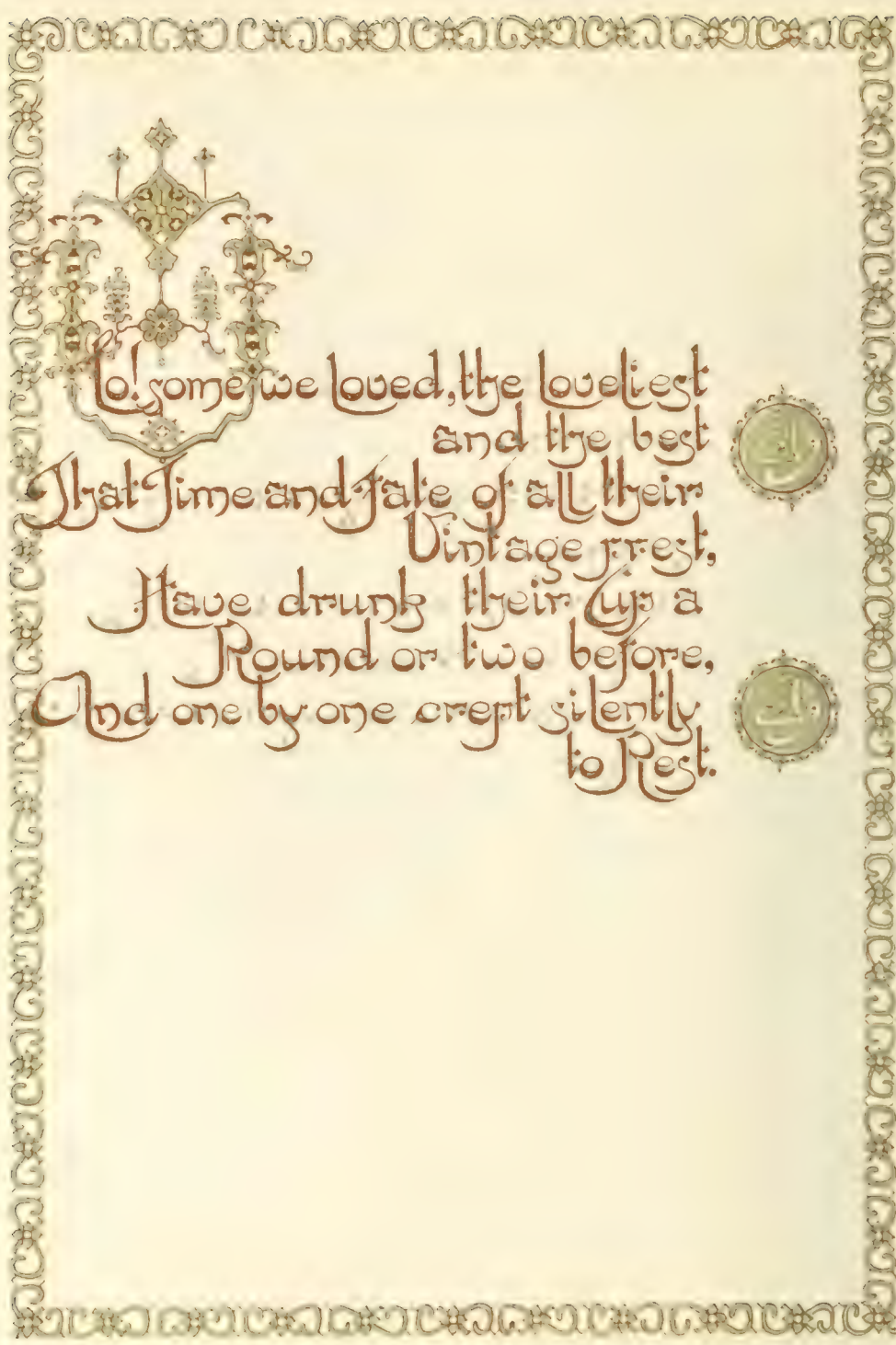







Oh, my Belovéd, fill the Cup
that clears
Jordan of past Regrets and
future fears —
Why, To-morrow
I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sew'n
Thousand Years.



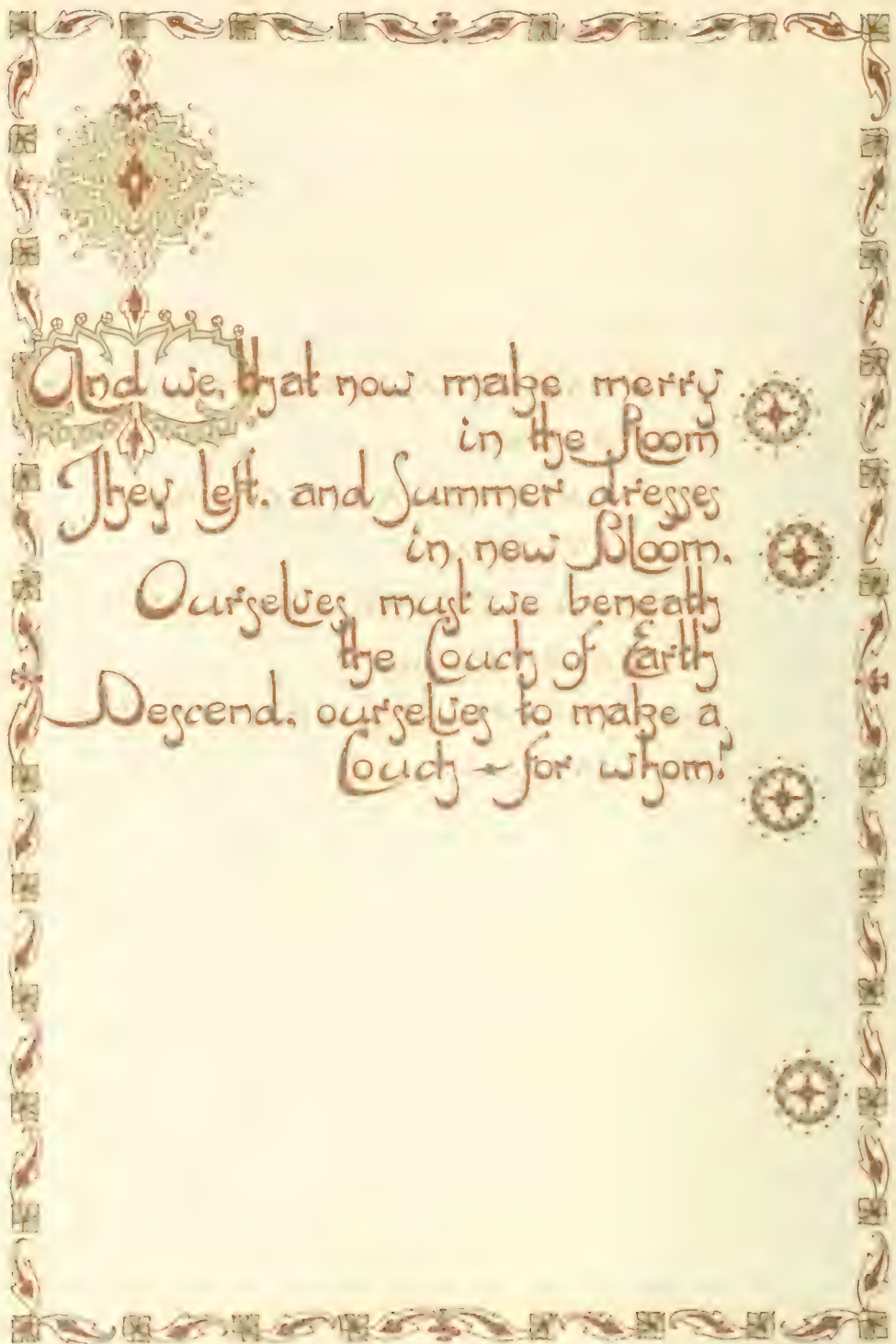



O, some we loved, the loveliest
and the best
That Time and Fate of all their
Vintage wrest,
Have drunk their Cup a
Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently
to Rest.

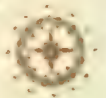
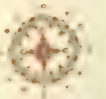




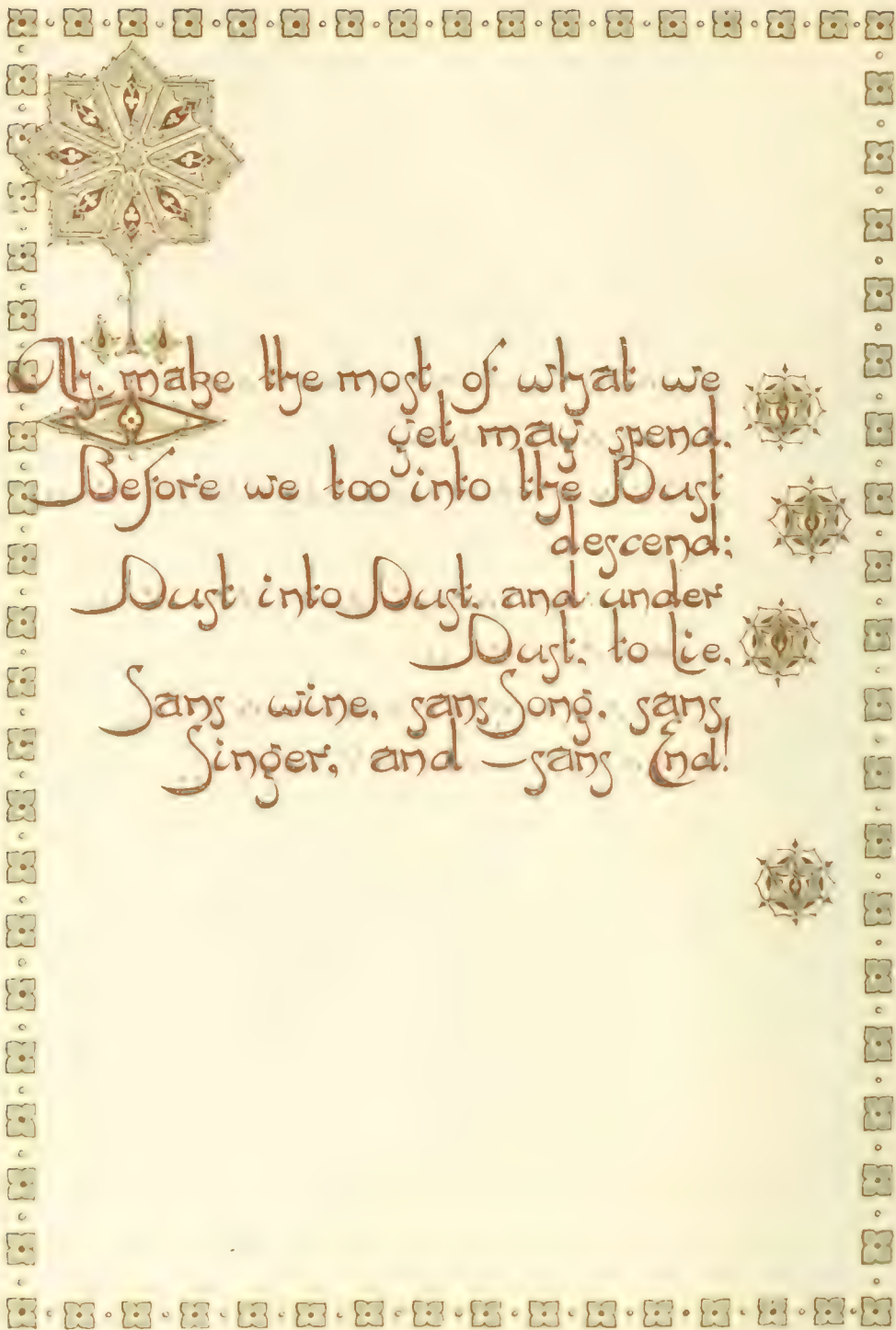




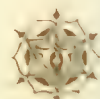
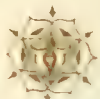
And we, that now make merry
in the room
They left, and Summer dresses
in new Bloom.
Ourselves must we beneath
the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a
Couch for whom!









Oh, make the most of what we
get may spend.
Before we too into the Dust
descend:
Dust into Dust, and under
Dust, to lie.
Sans wine, sans Song, sans
Singer, and - sans End!





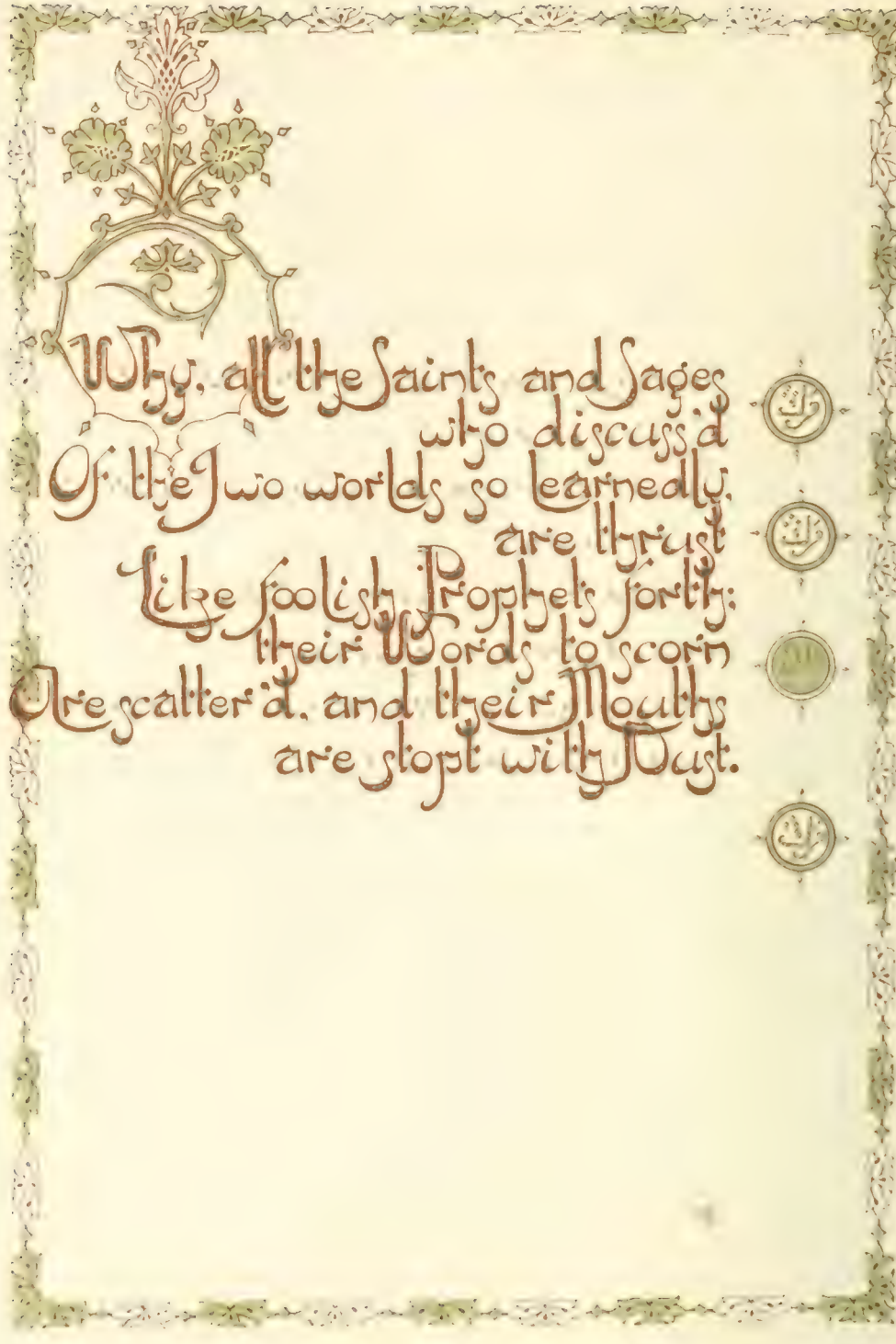


Alike for those who for
Jo-Day prepare,
And those that after a
Jo-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower
of Darkness cries,
Fools! your Reward is neither
Here nor There!

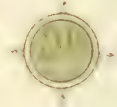




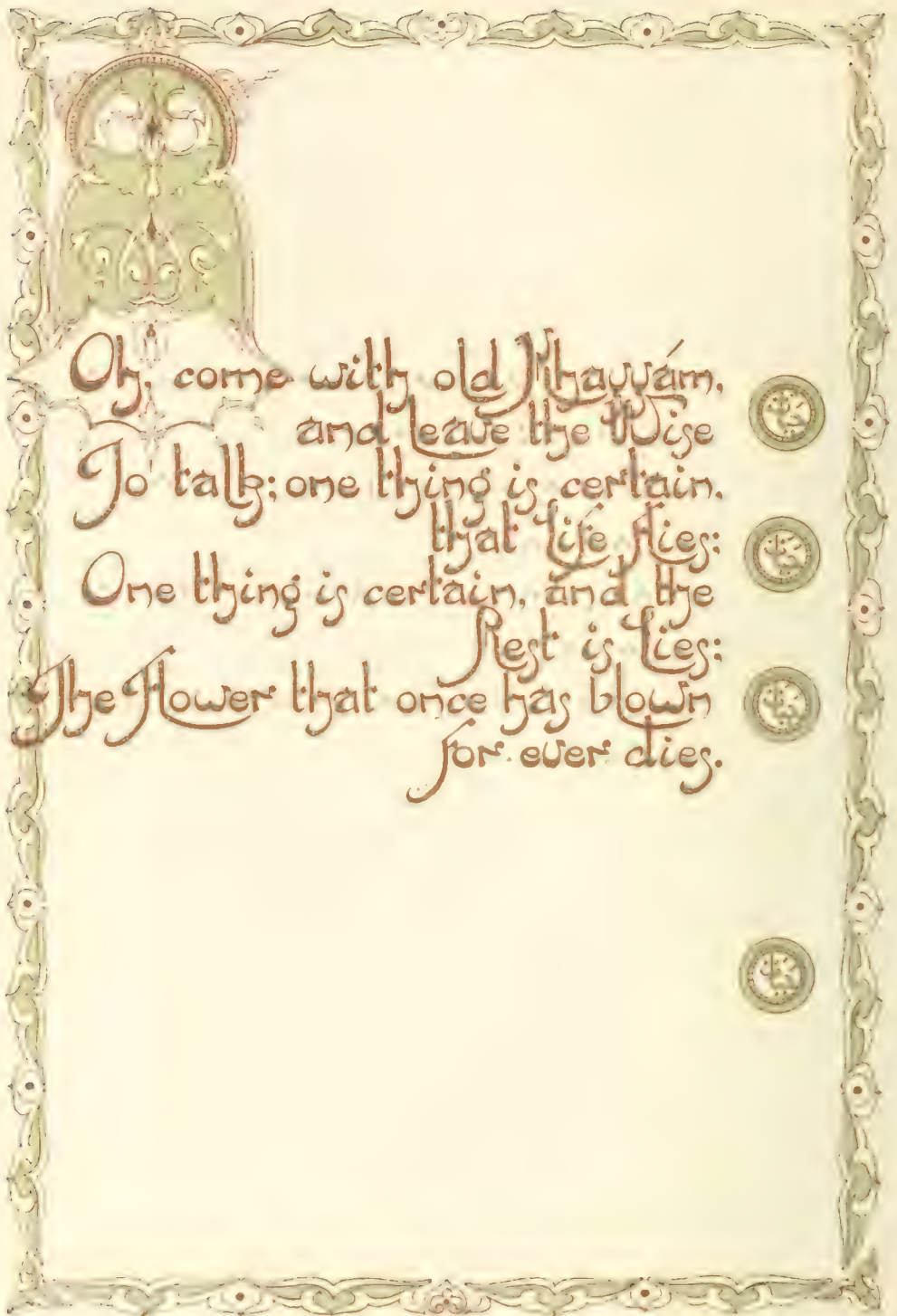




Why, all the Saints and Sages
Of the Two worlds so learnedly,
Like foolish Prophets forth;
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths
are stop't with Dust.







Oh, come with old Ithavám,
and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain,
that life lies:
One thing is certain, and the
rest is lies:
The flower that once has blown
for ever dies.







Myself when young did eagerly
frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard
great Argument
About it and about, but
evermore
Came out by the same Door as
in I went.









With them the Seed of Wisdom
did I sow.
And with my own hand labour'd
it to grow:
And this was all the harvest
that I reap'd -
I came like Water, and like
Wind I go.



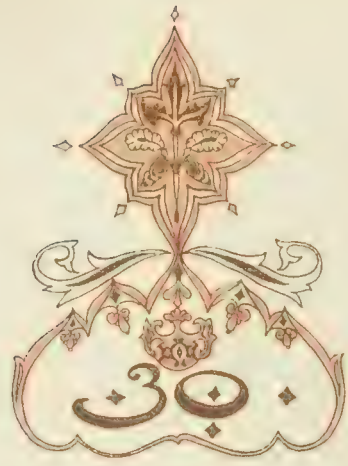


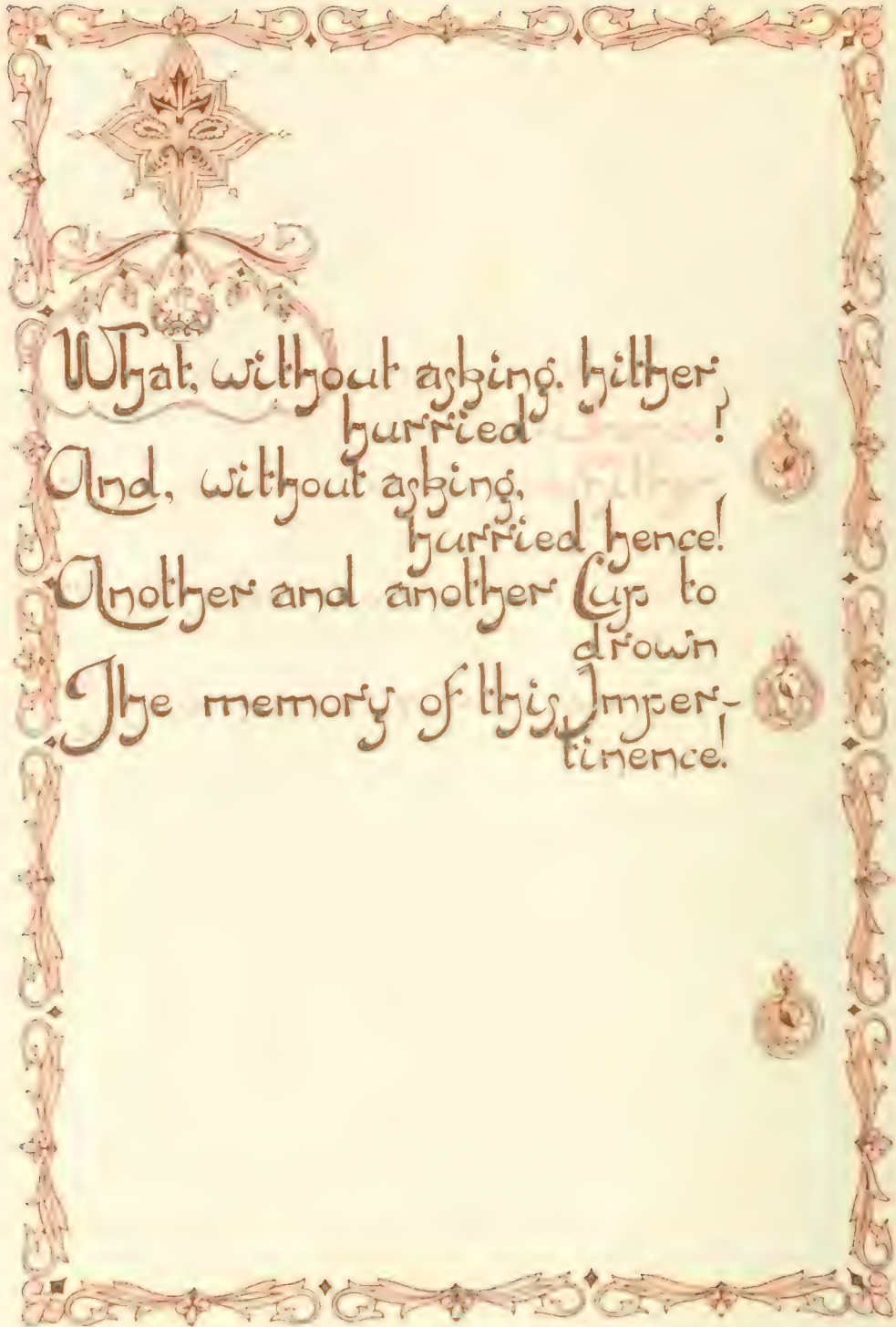


Into this Universe, and ~~why~~ not
Nor ~~why~~ ^{knowing,} like Water will
And out of it, as Wind along ^{nilly flowing!}
the Waste.
I know not ~~why~~ ^{willy-nilly} blowing.







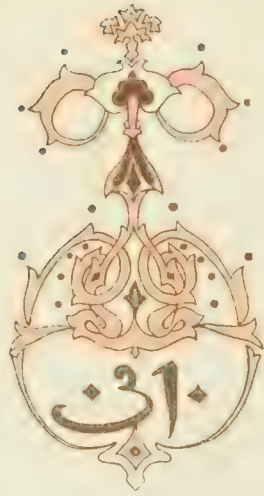



What, without asking, hither,
hurried

And, without asking, ~~hither~~
hurried hence!

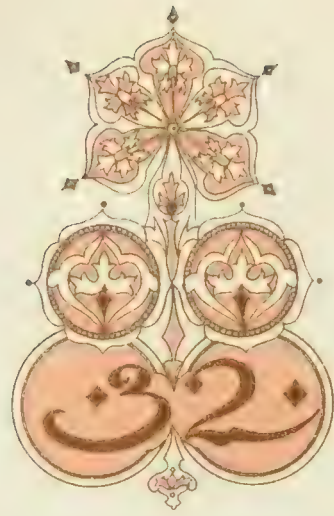
Another and another Cup to
drown

The memory of this Imper-
tinence!





Up from Earth's Centre through
the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of
Saturn sat.
And many Knots unravel'd
by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human
Death and Fate.





There was a Door to which
I found no key:

There was a Veil past which
I could not see:



Some little Talk awhile of
and

There seemed - and then no
more of and









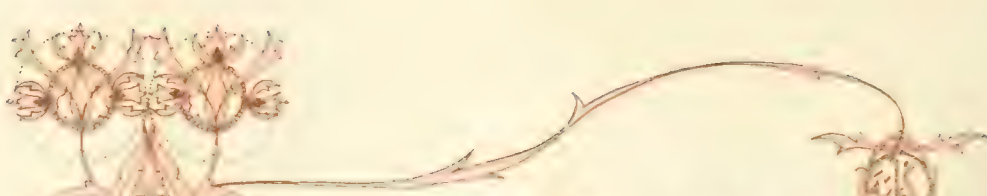


Her to the rolling Heav'n
itself I cried,
"Asking, "What Lamp had
Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling,
in the Dark,"
And "Blind understanding,"
Heav'n replied.












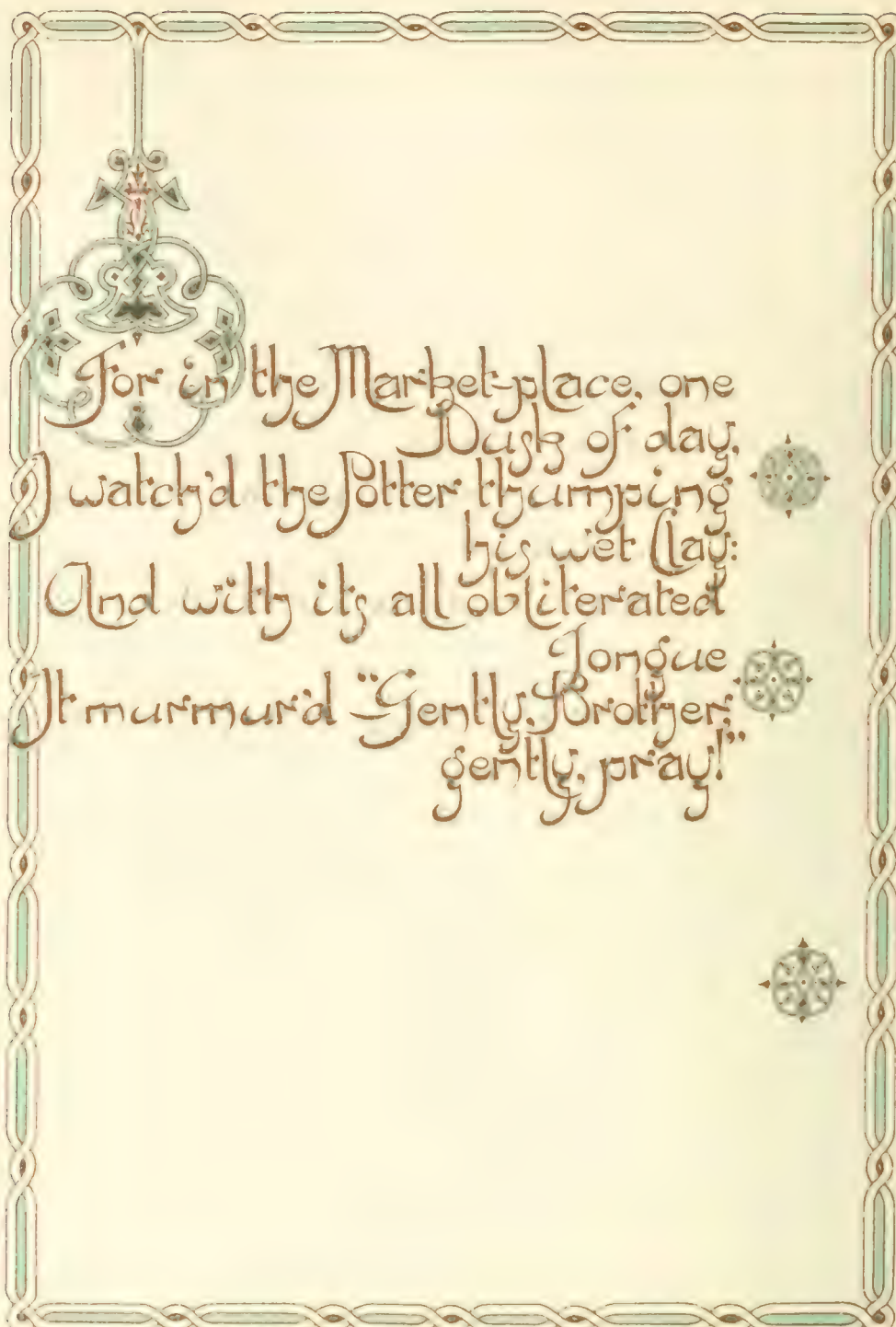
Then to the earthen Bowl did
I adjourn,
My Lip the secret Well of
Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murrur'd
— While you live
Drink! — for once dead you,
never shall return.



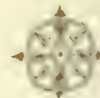


I think the Vessel, that with
fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did
live,
And merry-make; and the
cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take
— and give!







For in the Market-place, one
Dusk of day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping
his wet Clay:
And with it's all obliterated
Tongue
It murrur'd "Gently, Brother,
gently, pray!"

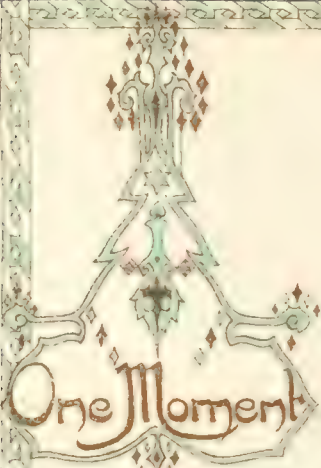





Oh, fill the Cup:—what boots
it to repeat
How time is slipping under-
neath our feet:
Unborn ~~and~~ and
dead ~~and~~;
Why fret about them if
they be sweet!





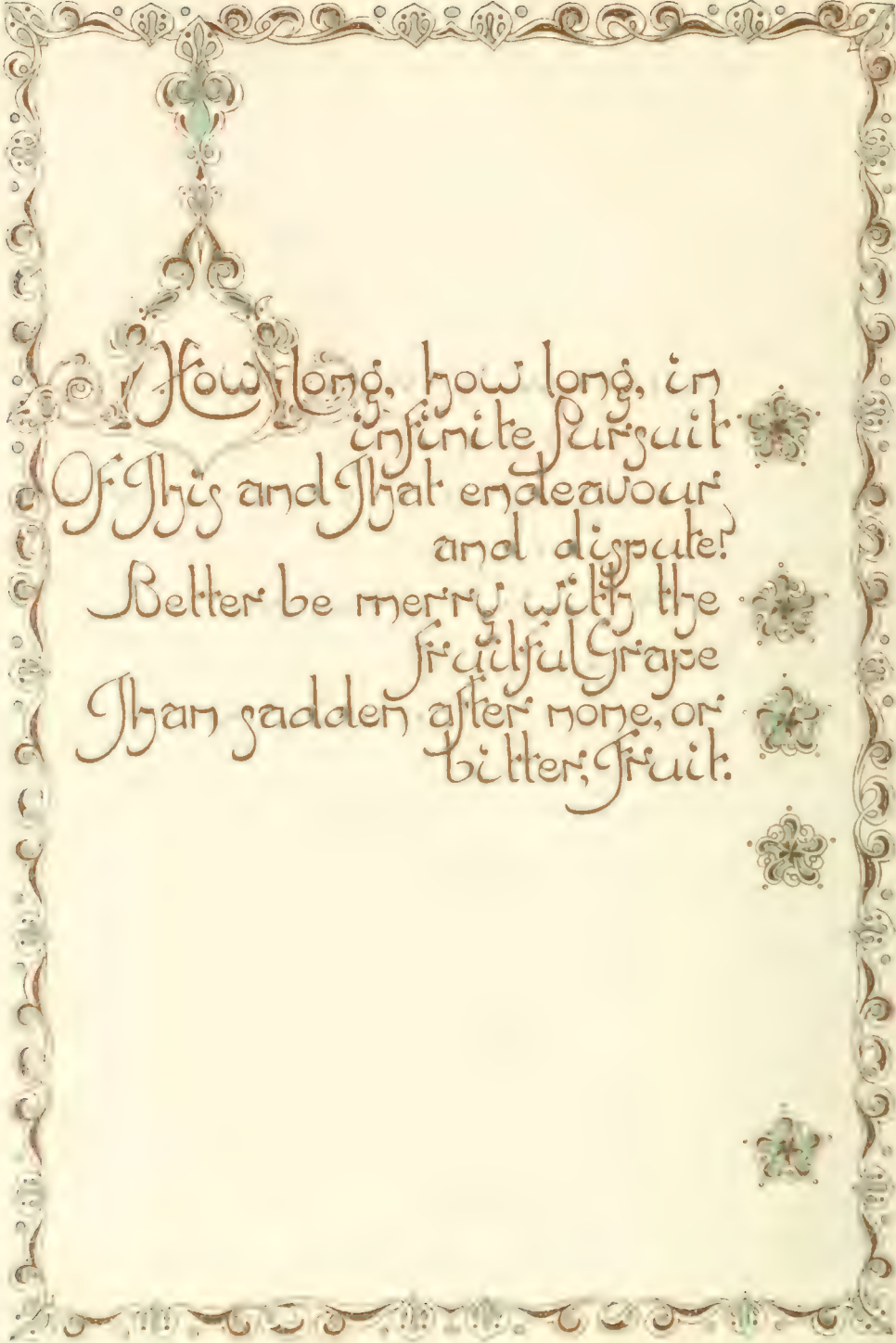


One Moment in Annihilation's
Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of
Life to taste -
The Stars are setting and
the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing -
- Oh, make haste!










How long, how long, in
infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour
and dispute!
Better be merry with the
fruitful Grape
Than gadden after none, or
bitter, fruit.

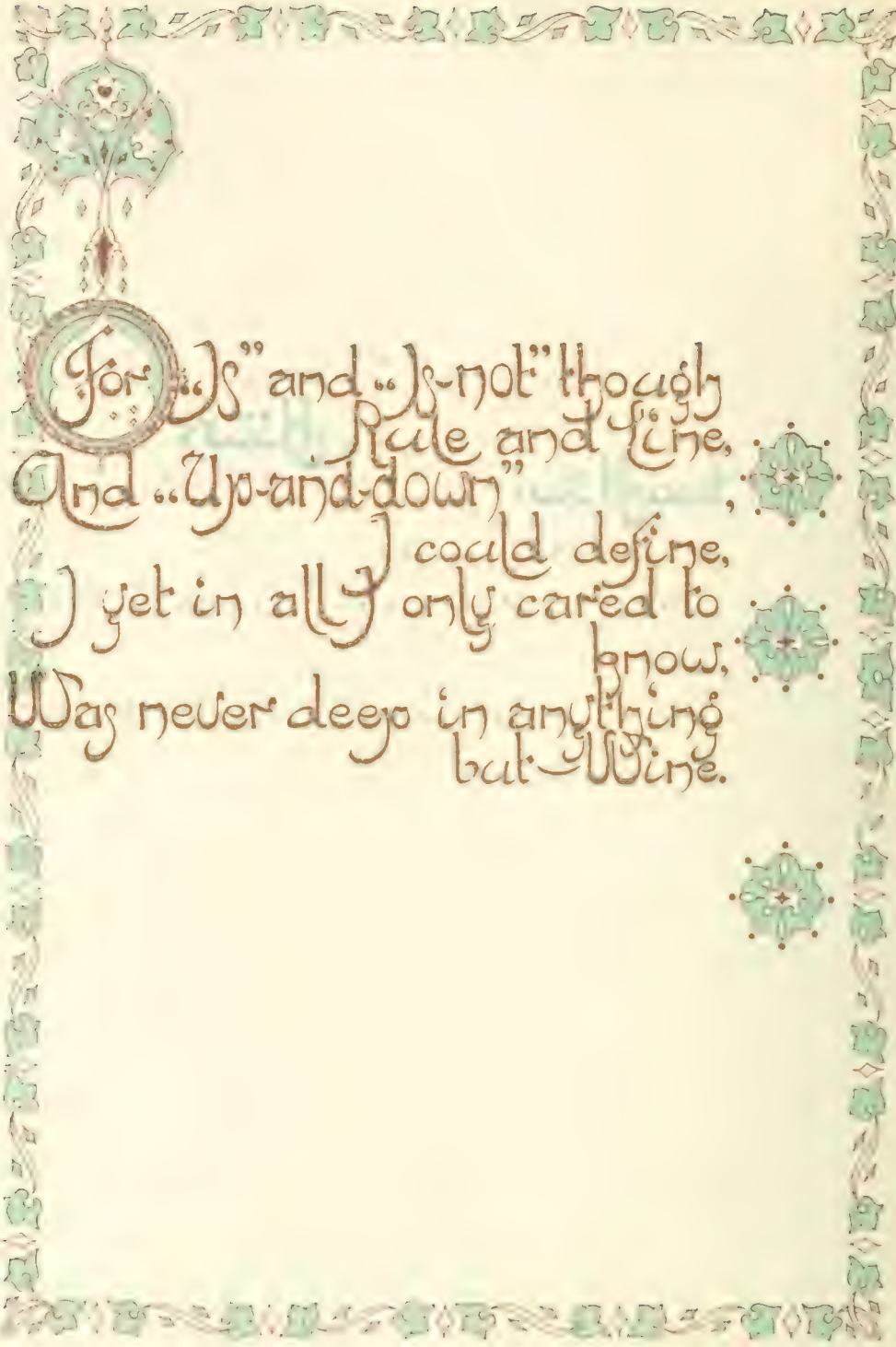




You know, my friends, how
long since in my house
for a new Marriage I did make
Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason
from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the
Vine to spouse.


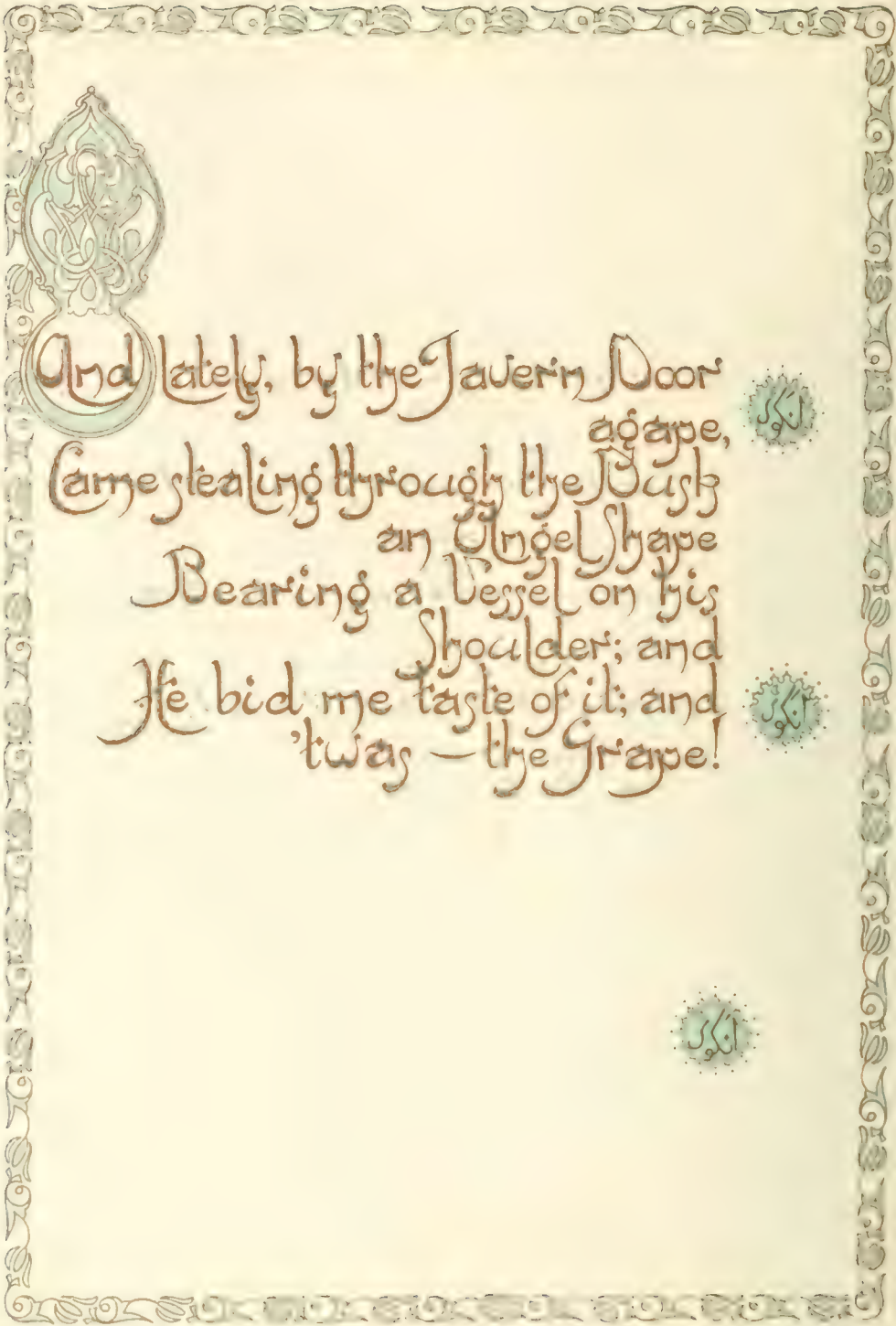




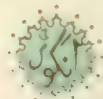


For "Is" and "Is-not" though
Rule and Line,
And "Up-and-down",
I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to
know,
Was never deep in anything
but Wine.






And lately, by the Tavern Door
Came stealing through the Bush ^{agate,}
Bearing an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his
Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and
'twas — the Grape!












The Grape that can with Logic
absolute

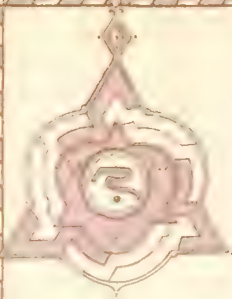
The Two-and-Seventy jarring
Sects confute:

The subtle Alchemist that in
a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold
transmute.



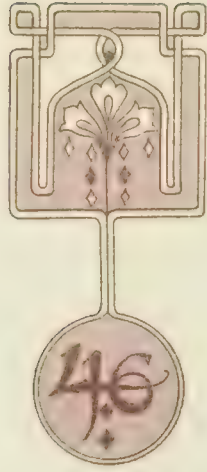
The mighty Mahmūd, the
victorious Lord
That all the misbelieving and
black Horde
Of fears and sorrows that
infest the soul
Scatters and slays with his
enchanted sword.





But leave the Wise to wrangle,
and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe
let be:
And, in some corner of the
Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which
makes as much of Thee.







For in and out, above, about,
below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic
Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose
Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom
figures come and go.



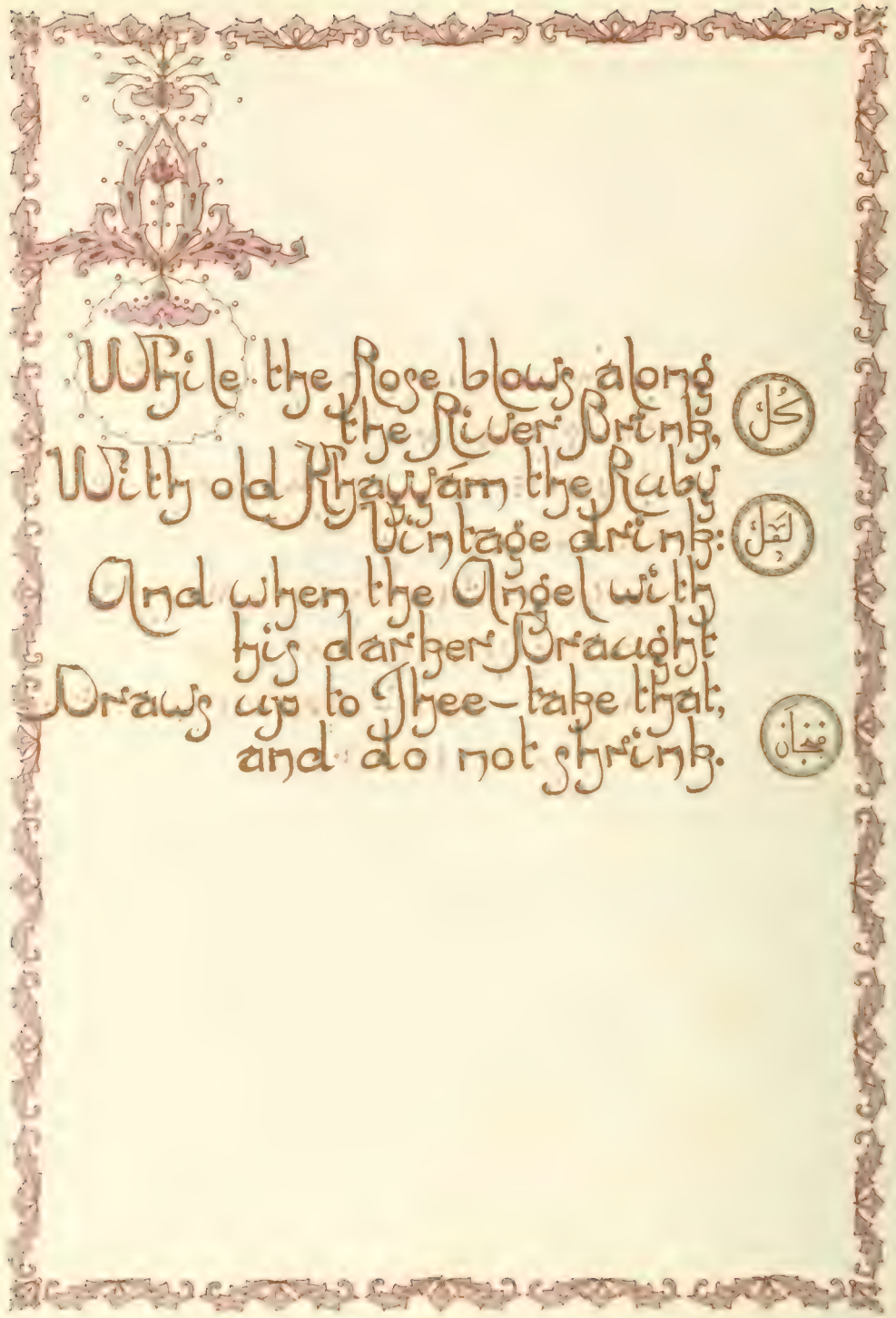




And if the Wine you drink,
the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things
end in - Jes -
Then fancy while Thou art,
Thou art but what
Thou shalt be - Nothing -
Thou shalt not be less.







While the Rose blows along
the River Brink,
With old Shavam the Ruby
Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with
his darger Braught
Draws up to Thee - take that,
and do not shrink.


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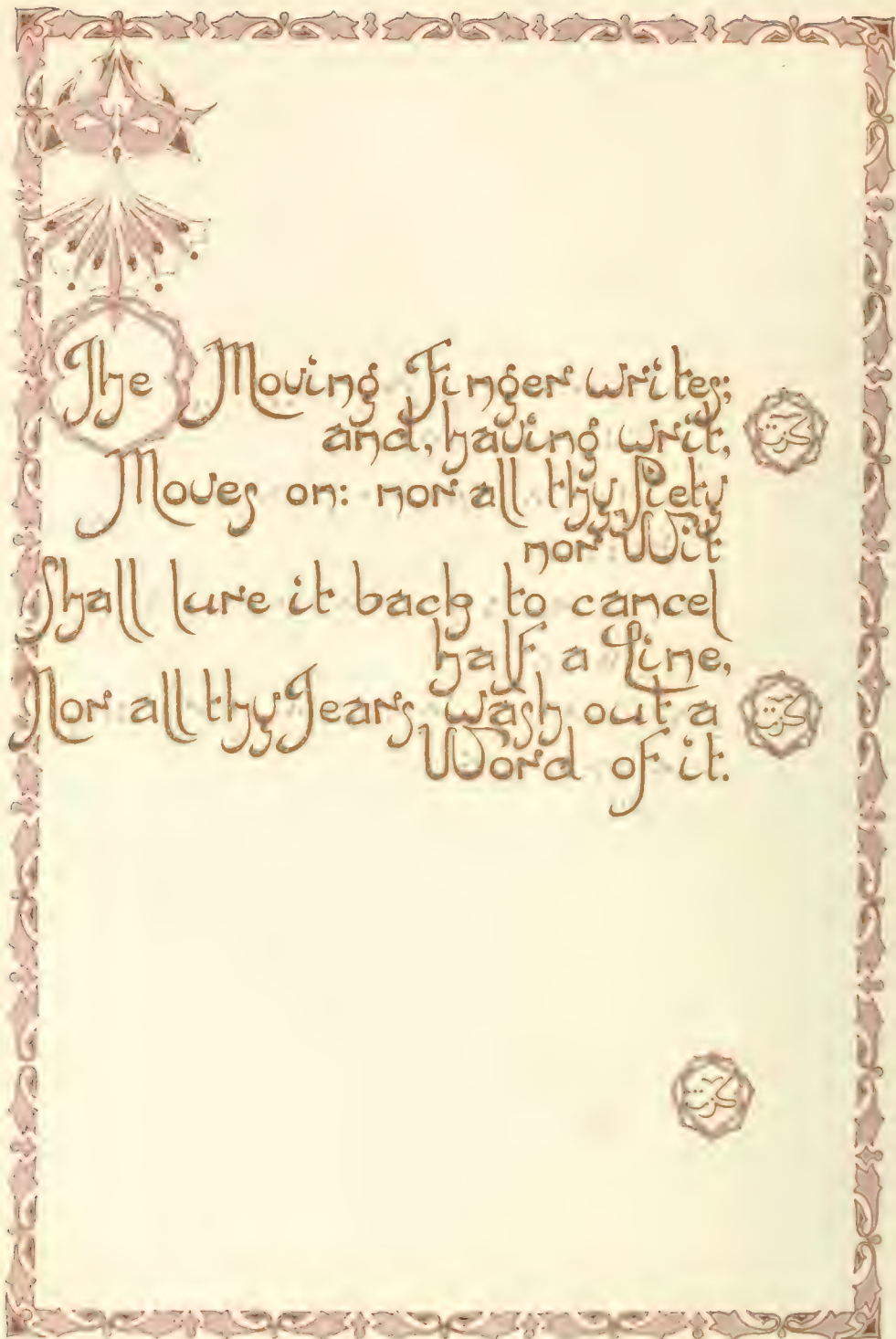
• 'Tis all a Chequer-board of
Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for
Peeces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and
mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the
Lozet lays.



The Ball no Question makes of
Oves and Hoes,
But Right or Left as strikes
the Player goes;
And He that loss'd shes
down into the field,
He knows about it all - He
knows - He knows!



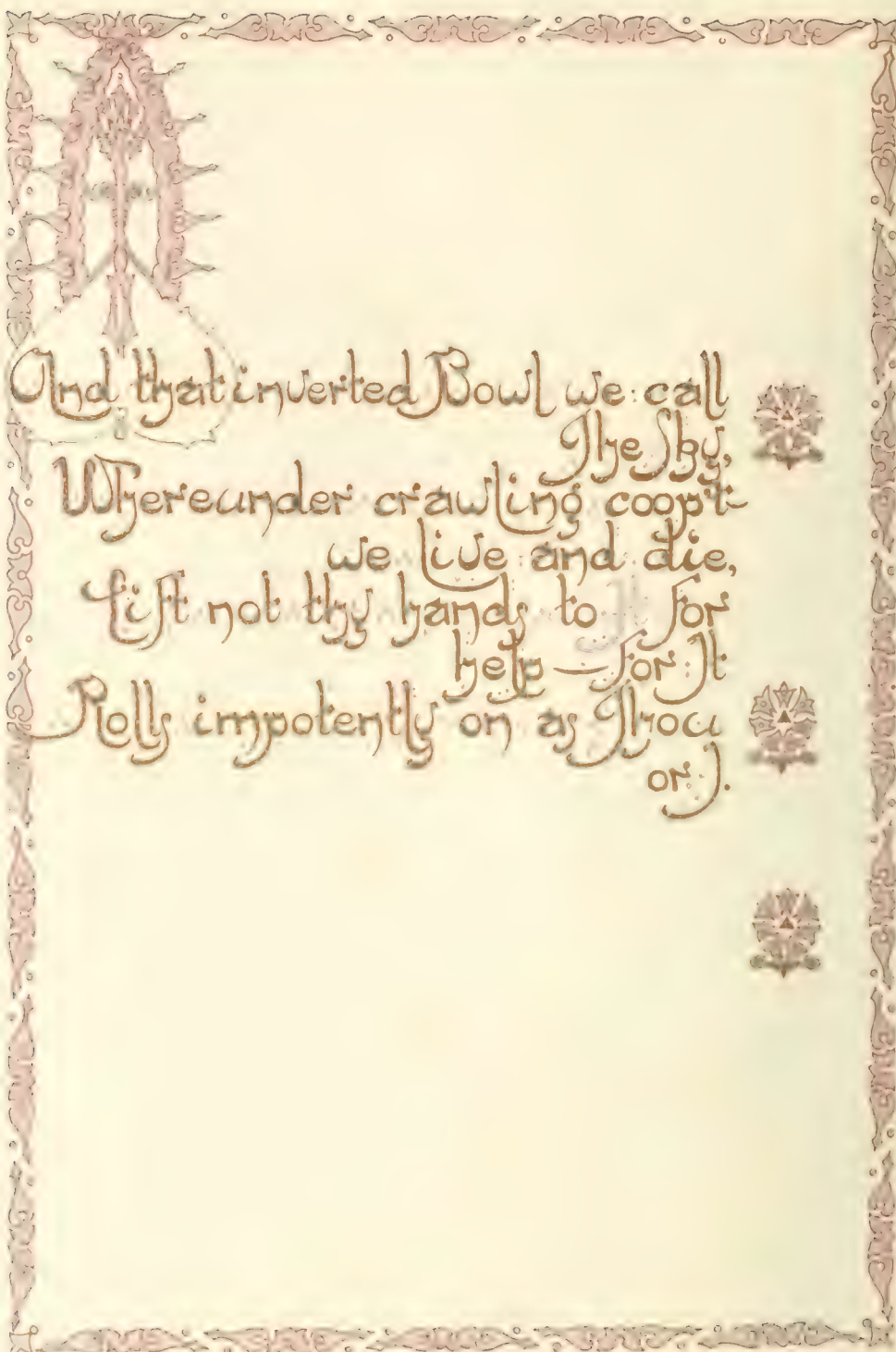




The Moving Finger writes;
and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety
nor all thy Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel
half a line,
Nor all thy Gears, wash out a
Word of it.



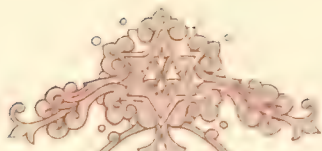




And that inverted Bowl we call
The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coope't
we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to it for
help — for it
Relly impotently on as Trocu
or.)







With Earth's first Clay They
knead the last man's bread,
And then of the last Harvest
sow'd the seed:
Yea, the first Morning of
Creation wrote
What the last Dawn of Reckon-
ing shall read.



I tell Thee this - When, start-
ing from the Goal,
Over the shoulder of the
flaming Foal
Of Heaven's Parwin and Mush-
tara they slung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust
and Soul.







The Vine had struck a fibre;
 which about
 If clings my Being - let the
 Of my Base Metal ^{Just} flout;
 may be
 That shall unlock the Door he
 filed a Key,
 howls without.



And this I know: whether the
 one True Light,
 Kindle to Love, or Wrathly con-
 sume me quite,
 One Glimpse of It within
 the Tavern: caught
 Better than in the Temple lost
 outright.





5. 2.

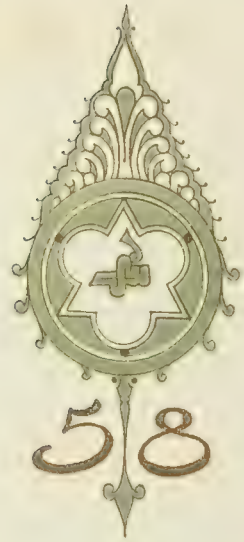


Oly. You, who didst with
Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander

in.
You will not with
Predestination round
Embrace me, and impute my
Fall to sin!









Oy Thou, who Man of baser
Earthly didst make
And who with Eden didst
devise the Snake;
For all the sin, wherewith
the face of man
Is blacken'd, Man's forgiveness
give - and take!

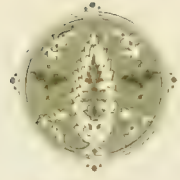




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59

listen again. One Evening at
the Close
Of Ramazan. ere the better
Moon arose.
In that old Potter's Shop I
stood alone
With the clay Population round
in Rows.





60



61

And strange to tell among
that Earthen lot
Some could articulate while
others not
And suddenly one more im-
patient cried -
"Who is the Potter, pray, and
who the Jolt?"

Then said another - "Surely
not in vain
My substance from the com-
mon Earth was ta'en
That He who subtly wrought
me into Shape
Should stamp me back to
common Earth again."



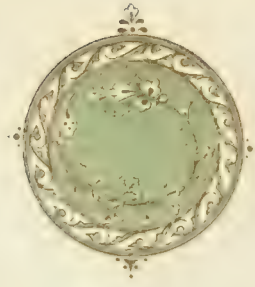
62



63

Another said "Why ne'er a
peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from
which he drank in Joy
Shall he that made the
Vessel in pure Love
And Jansy in an after Rage
destroy!"

None answered this, but after
Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly
Make:
"They sneer at me for lean-
ing all awry:
What! did the Hand then of
the Potter shage!"



64



65

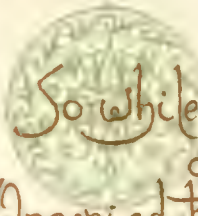
Said one "Folks of a surly
Japster tell
And daub his visage with the
Smoke of Hell:
They talk of some strict
Jesting of us - Hah!
He's a good fellow and
'twill all be well."

Then said another with a long-
drawn Sigh.
"My Clay with long Obivion
is gone dry:
But fill me with the old
Familiar Juice.
Methinks I might recover by-
and-bye!"



66

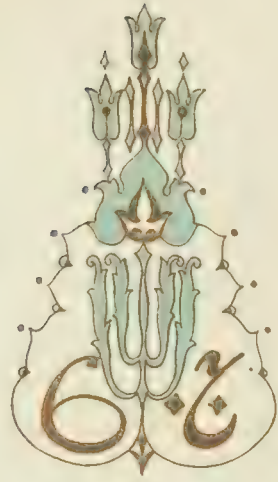




So while the Vessels one by
one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all
were seeking:
And then they jogged each
other, "Brother! Brother!
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder—
not a creaking!"









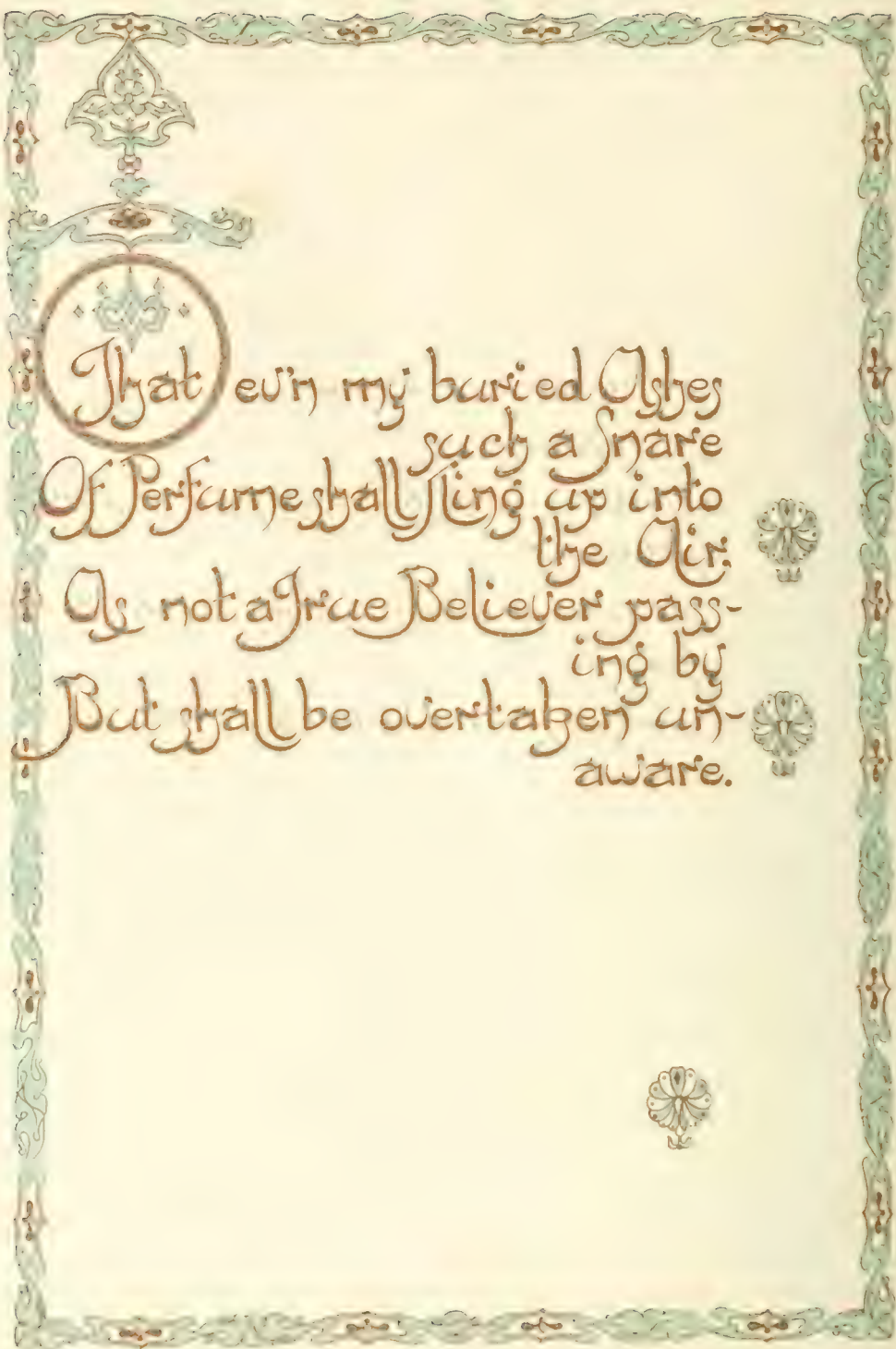
Ah, with the Grape my fading
 life provide,
 And wash my Body whence the
 life has died,
 And in a Winding-sheet of
 Vine-leaf wrap,
 So bury me by some sweet
 Garden side.

الگو

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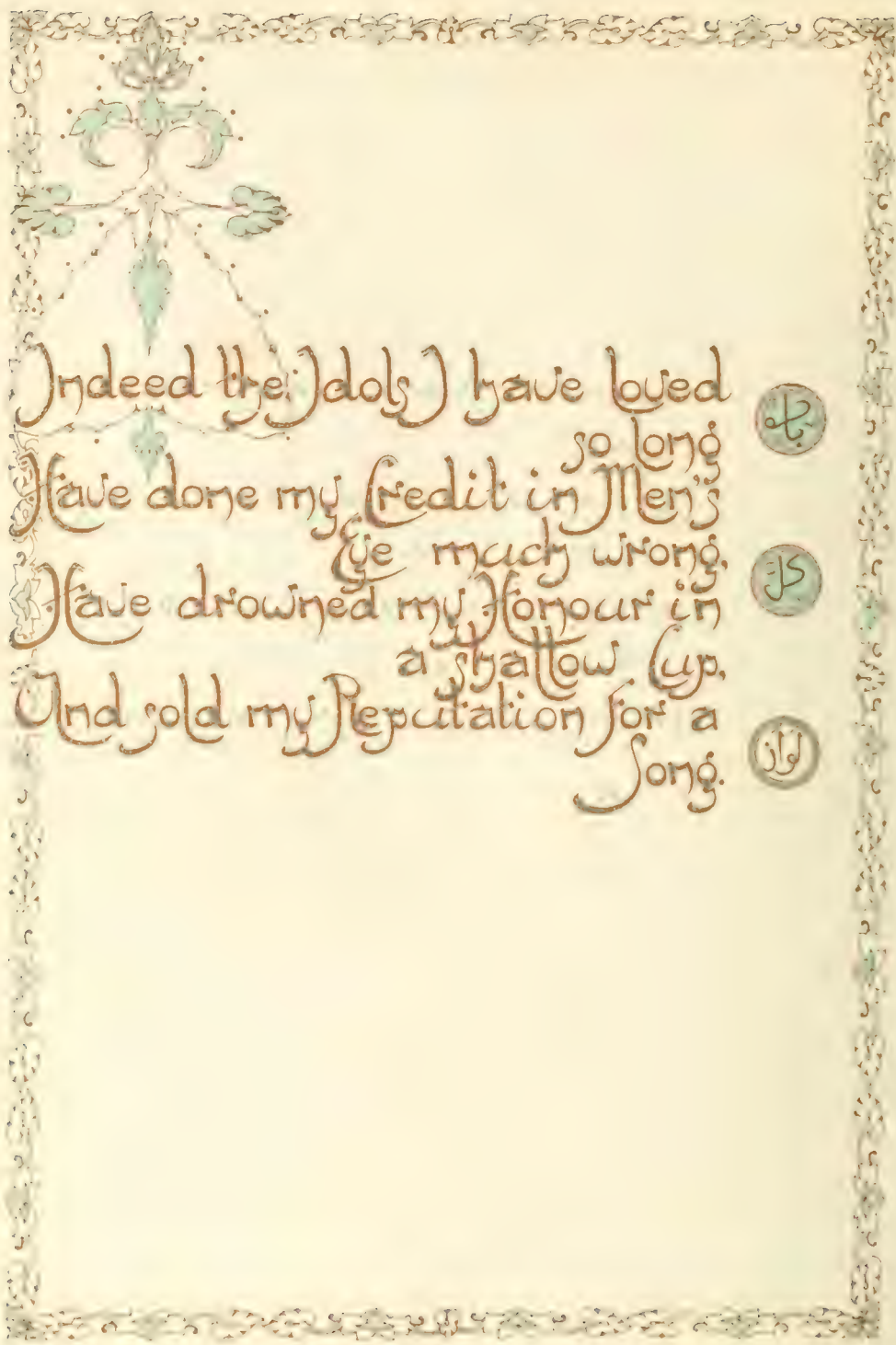
قول





That euen my buried Ashes
such a Snare
Of Perfume shall sling up into
the Air.
As not a true Believer pass-
ing by
But shall be overtaken un-
aware.





Indeed the Idols I have loved
Have done my Credit in Men's ^{so long}
Eye much wrong.
Have drowned my Honour in
a shallow Cup.
And sold my Reputation for a
Song.

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Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft
 I swore - but was I sober ^{before} when
 I swore!

And then and then came
 Spring, and Rose-in-hand
 My thread-bare Penitence a-
 pieces tore.

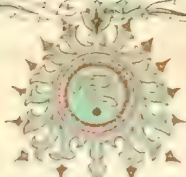
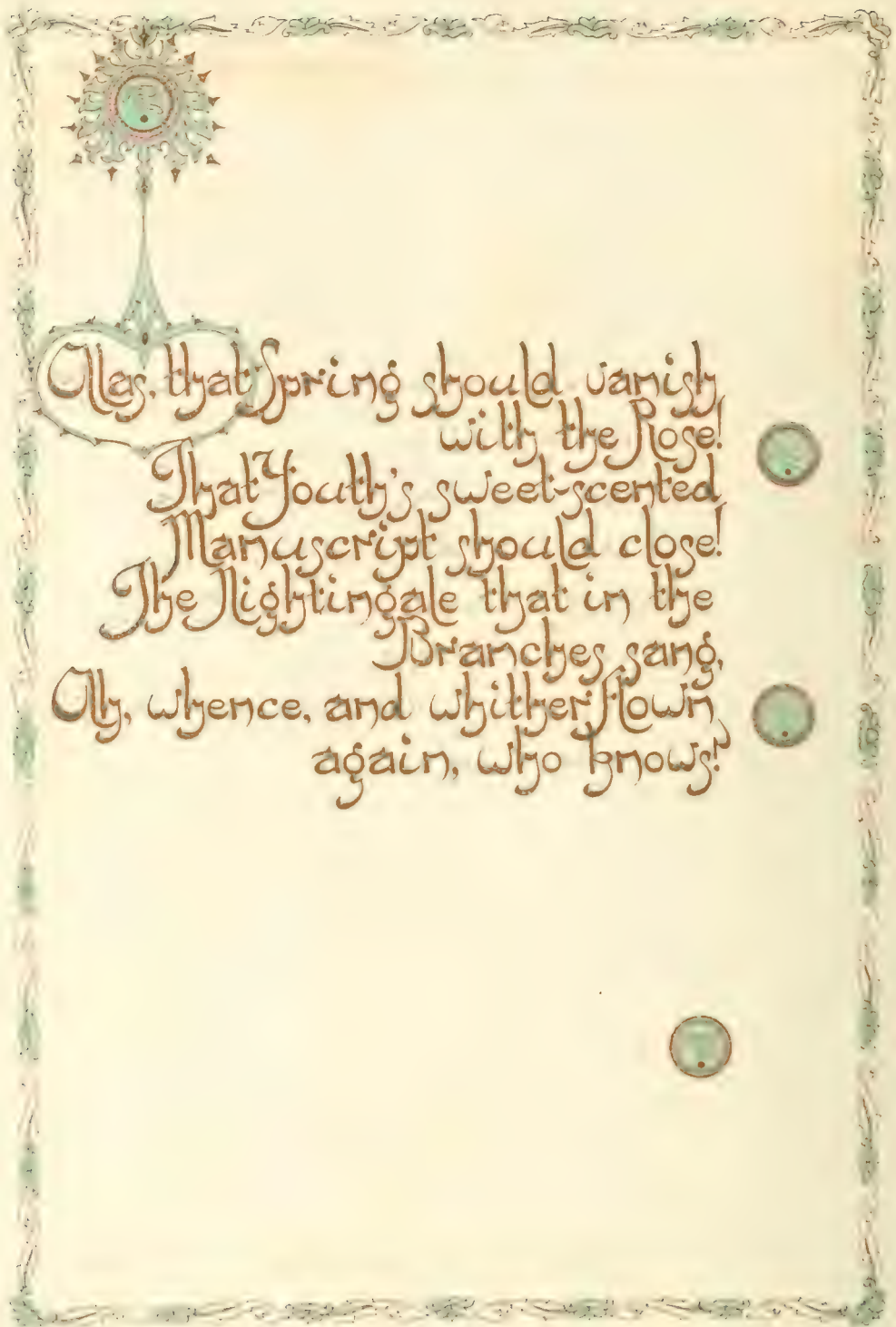


And much as Wine has played
 the Infidel,
 And robb'd me of my Robe of
 Honour - well


I often wonder what the
 Vintners buy
 One half so precious, as the
 Goods they sell.





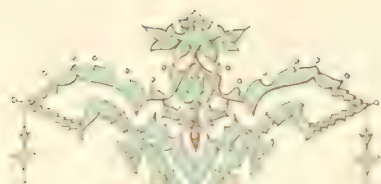


O! that Spring should vanish
with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented
Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the
Branches sang,
O! whence, and whither flown
again, who knows!









Ohy, Love! could thou and
with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of
Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to
bits - and then
Re-mould it nearer to the
Heart's Desire!



Ohy, Moon of my Delight who
know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising
once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall
she look
Through this same Garden
after me - in vain!





And when Thyself with shining
Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-
scattered on the Grass
And in thy joyous Grand
reach the Spot
Where I made one-turn down
an empty Glass!



Jamān Shud







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