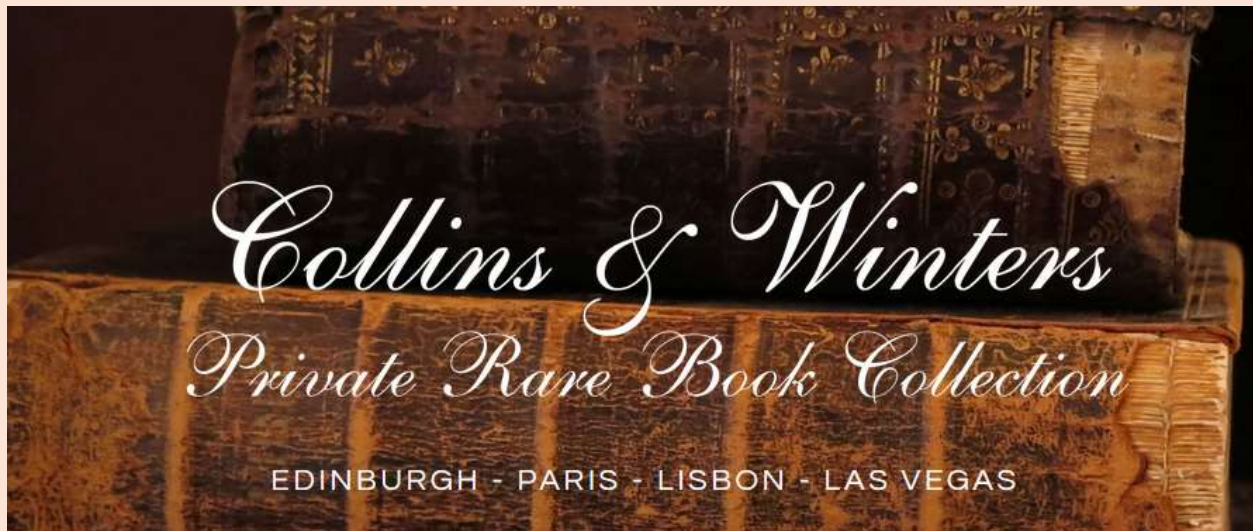


Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam

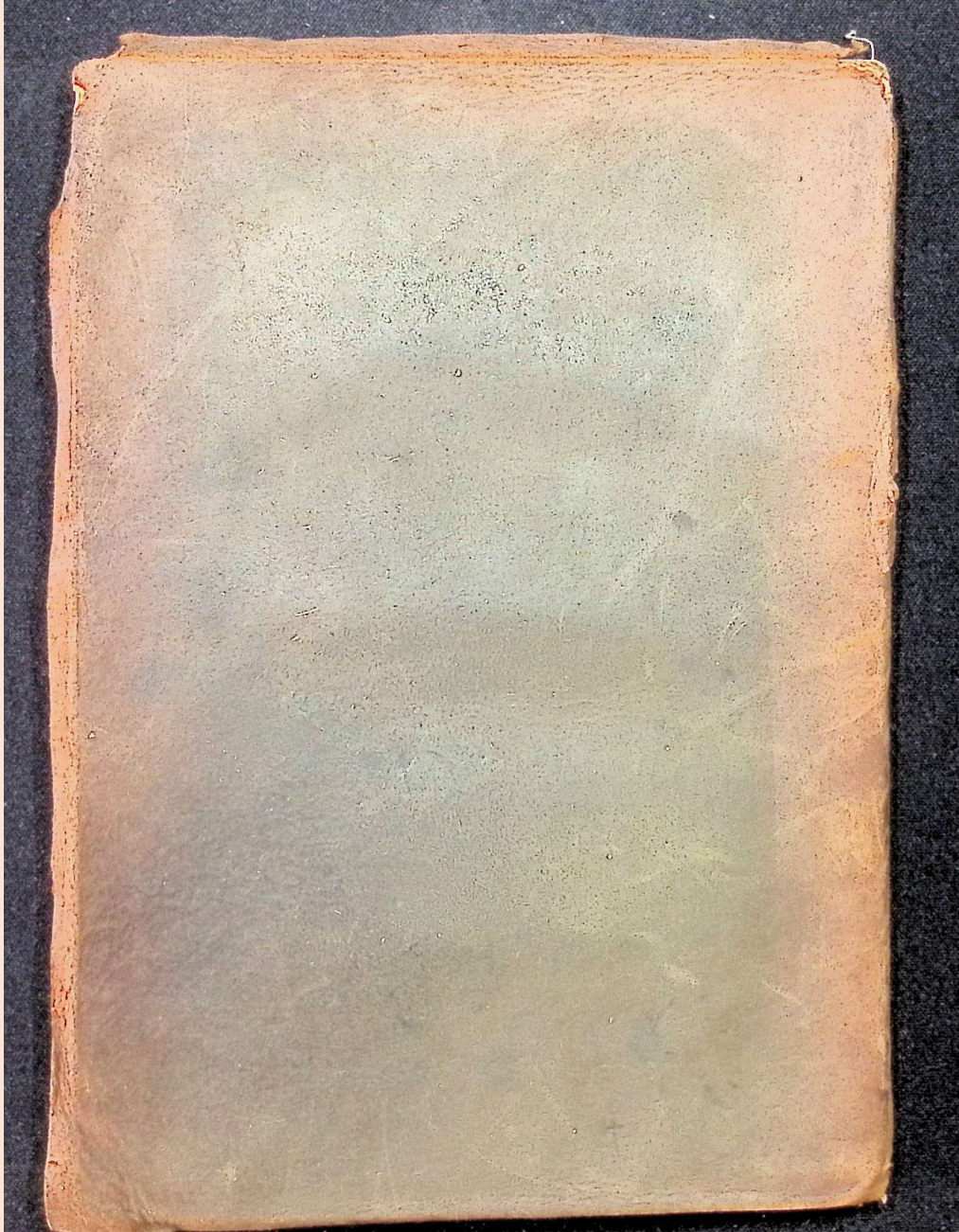
Date of Publication	1928
Language	English
Current Location	Collins & Winters Private Library, Las Vegas, NV, USA



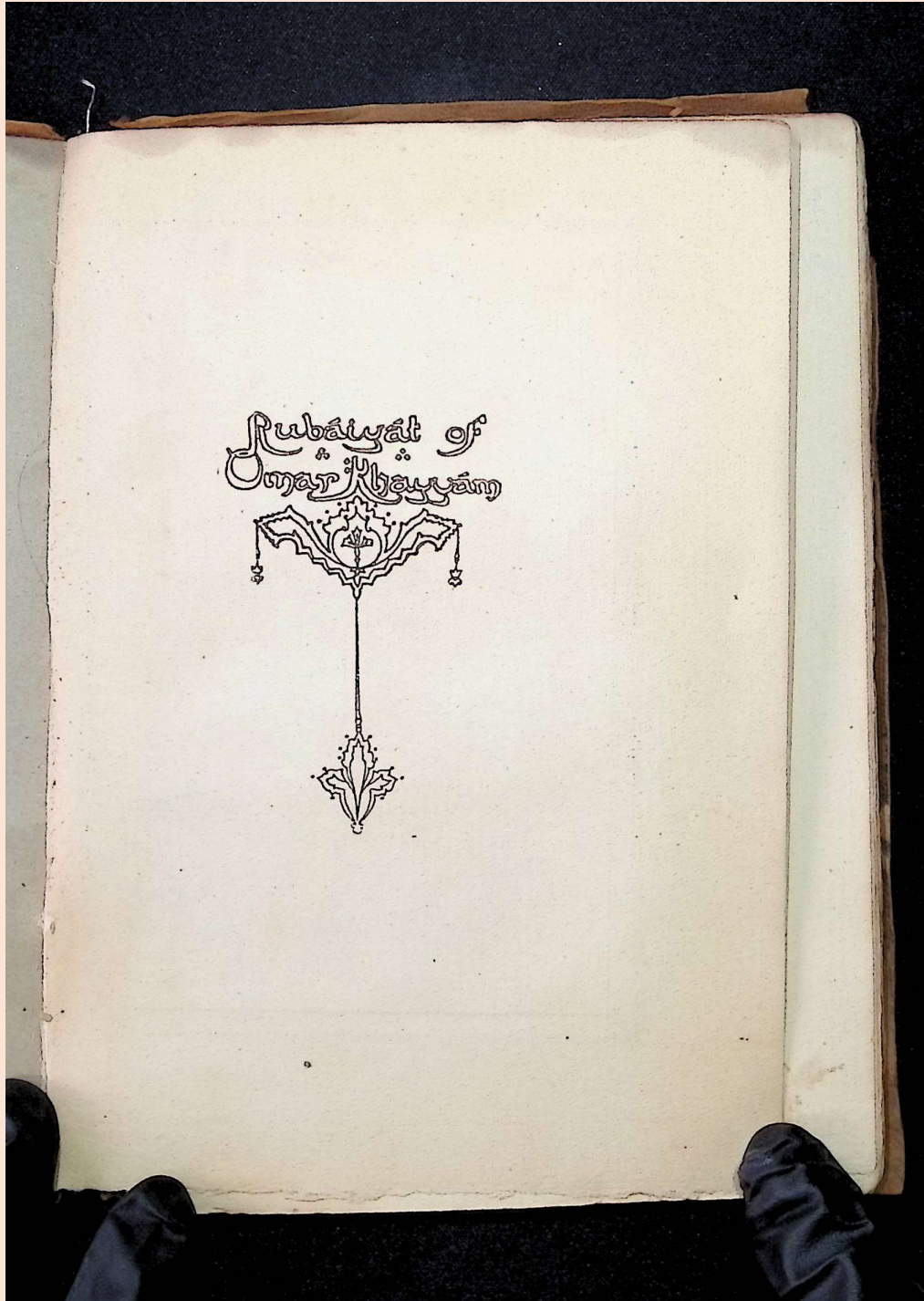
Contact: info@collinswinters.com



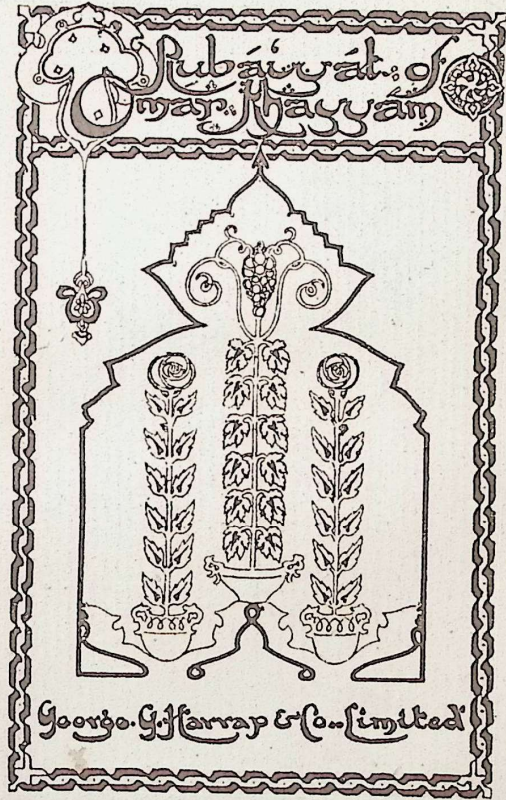
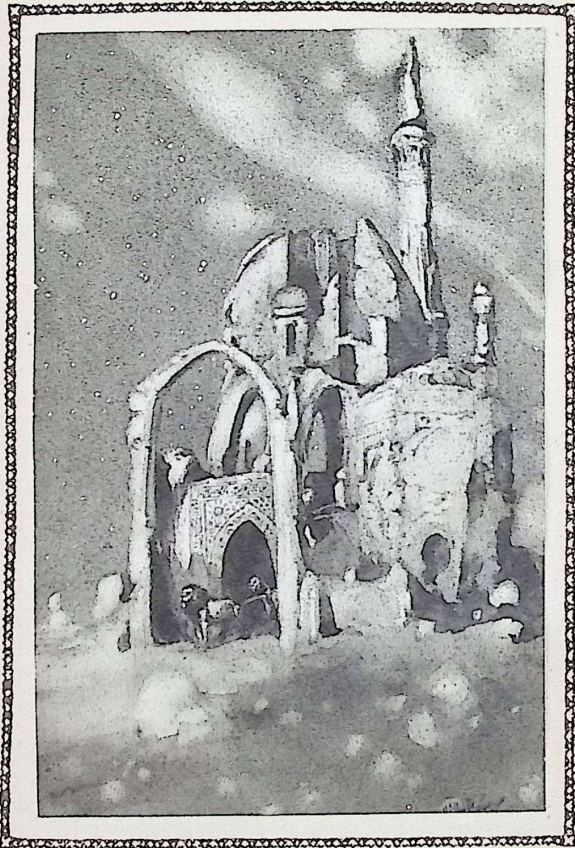
Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam, 1928, English

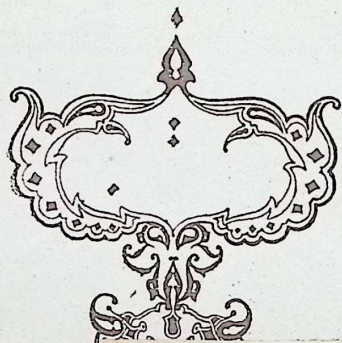


Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam, 1928, English



Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam, 1928, English





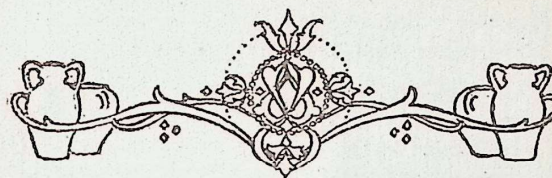
'OMAR' HAS THE ANSWER

Libraries all over Australia have been asked by the police to check their copies of Fitzgerald's version of 'Omar Khayyam' and report any that lack the last page.

It may help to identify the man found dead on an Adelaide beach more than six months ago.

The body bore no means of identification. Even name tags had been cut from the clothes.

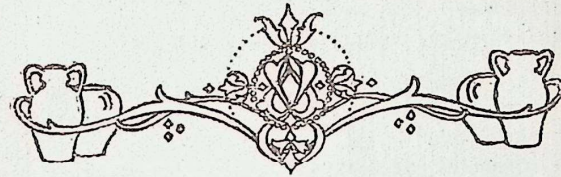
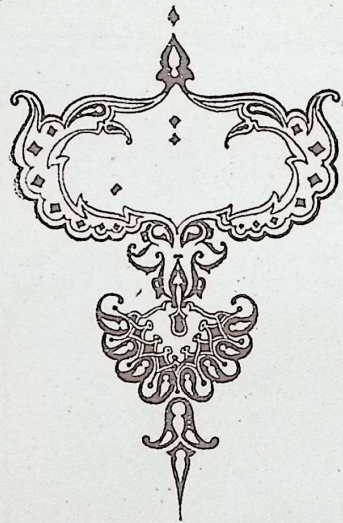
But in a trousers pocket was a piece of paper—the last page from the Fitzgerald translation of "Omar Khayyam".



FOR what slight details we possess of the life-story of this great Persian poet we are almost entirely dependent upon his friend and patron, Nizám al Mulk. From him we learn that Omar Khayyám was born at Naishápúr in Khorassán about the middle of our eleventh, and died within the first quarter of our twelfth, century. This Nizám was a schoolfellow of the poet's at Naishápúr, and in after years rose to eminence in the State, becoming Vizier to the Sultan Alp-Arslán.

In accordance with a compact made in old collegiate days, so the legend runs, Omar came one day to the Vizier to claim an interest in his good fortune, and was granted sufficient provision to enable him to devote himself to the pursuit of knowledge.

He afterward attained to a very high degree of proficiency in the science of astronomy. This, together with his poetic genius, brought Omar to the notice of the Sultan, who showered favours



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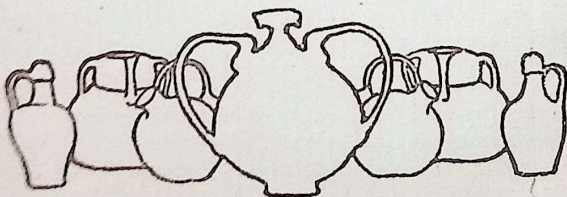
In accordance with a compact made in old collegiate days, so the legend runs, Omar came one day to the Vizier to claim an interest in his good fortune, and was granted sufficient provision to enable him to devote himself to the pursuit of knowledge.

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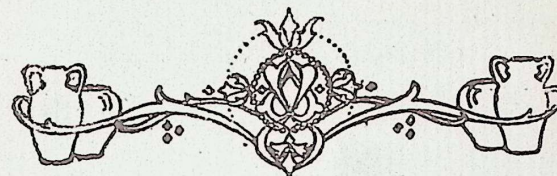
upon him. But, for some reason or other, Omar never became popular with the multitude.

When FitzGerald received from his friend Cowell the transcript of a rare Oriental manuscript which he had found in the Bodleian, he could not have foreseen the immense interest which his rendering of the poem was destined to call forth. The story of the first edition is one of the romances of the history of literature. The book was issued at five shillings by Quaritch, but owing to its pronounced failure it was not long ere it was relegated to a box at the publisher's door in which books were offered at one penny.

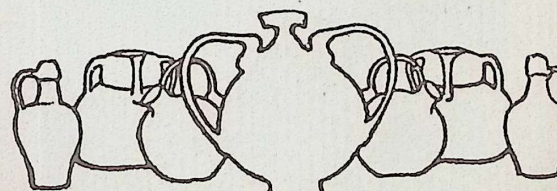
Among the purchasers from this box was D. G. Rossetti, who took the copy home and read it to a circle of friends which included Swinburne and others, and it was owing to the influence of these men that the beauty of the poem won that popular appreciation which it now enjoys.



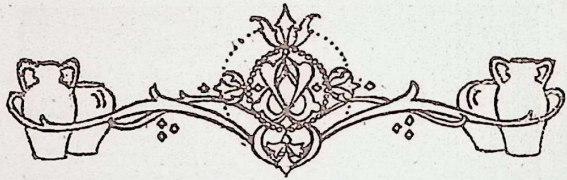
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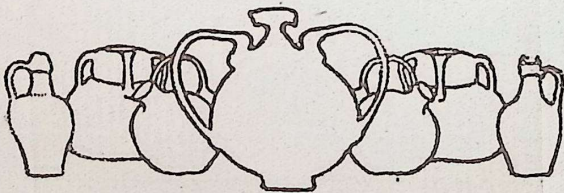
Wake! for Morning in the
Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts
the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of
the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a
Noose of Light.



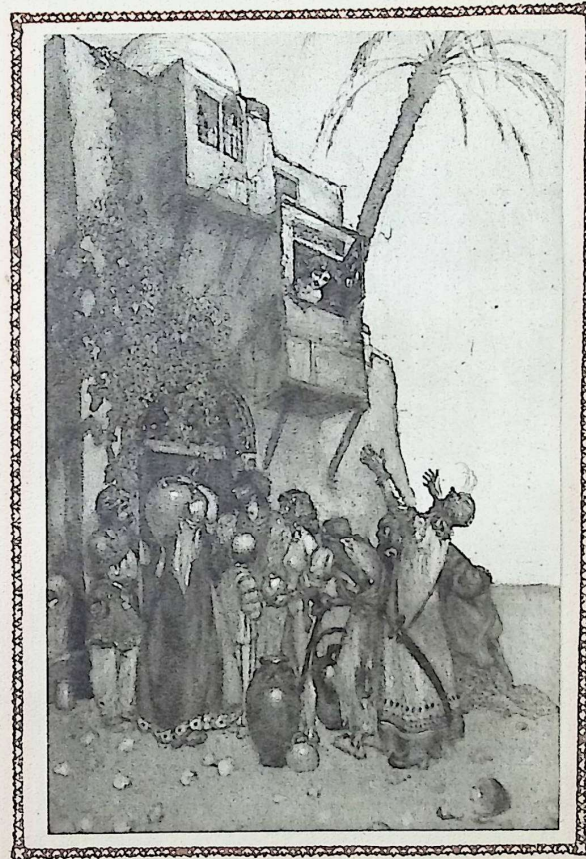
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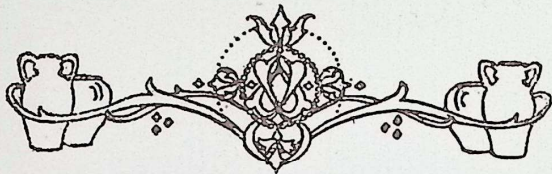


reaming when Dawn's Left
Hand was in the Sky,
I heard a Voice within the
Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones,
and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its
Cup be dry."

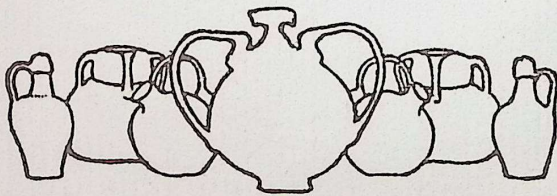


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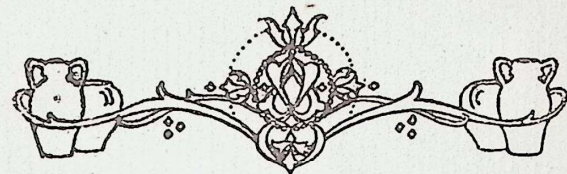




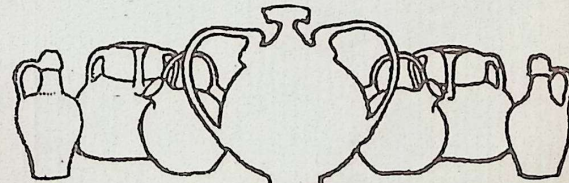
And as the Cock crew, those
who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open
then the Door!
You know how little while
we have to stay,
And, once departed, may
return no more."



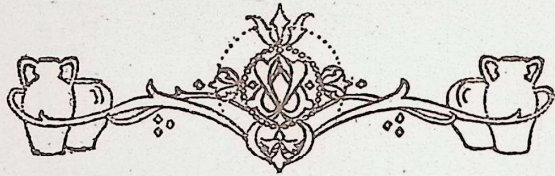
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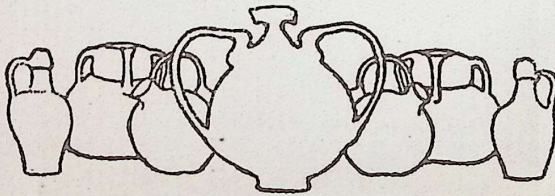
Now the New Year reviving
old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to
Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND
OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the
Ground suspires.



11

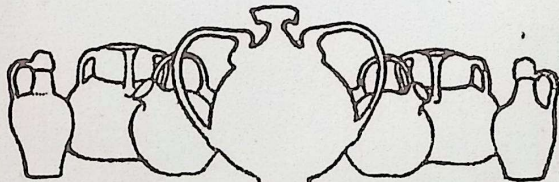


1 rām indeed is gone with all
its Rose,
♦ And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd
♦ Cup where no one
♦ knows ;
But still the Vine her
ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the
Water blows.

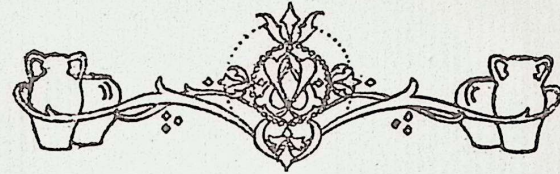




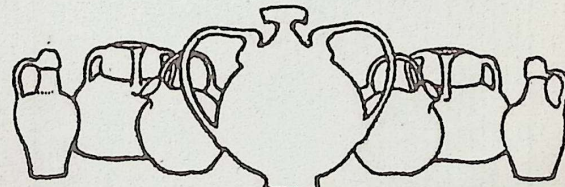
And David's Lips are lock't;
but in divine
High-piping Péhlevi, with
"Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Night-
ingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of hers
t' incarnadine.



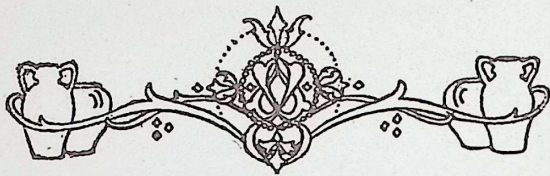
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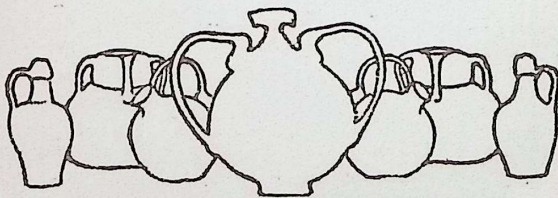
Come, fill the Cup, and in the
Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of
Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but
a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is
on the Wing.



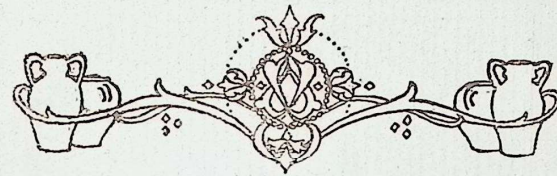
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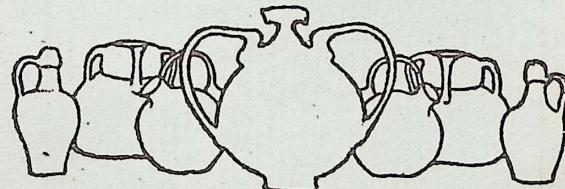
And look—a thousand Blossoms
with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scat-
ter'd into Clay :
And this first Summer Month
that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and
Kaikobád away.



.16

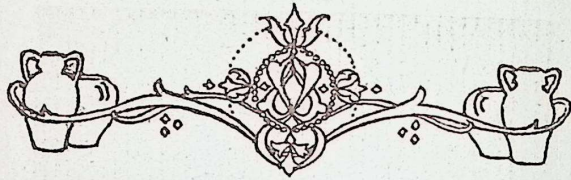


But come with old Khayyám
and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú
forgot :
Let Rustum lay about him
as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—
heed them not.

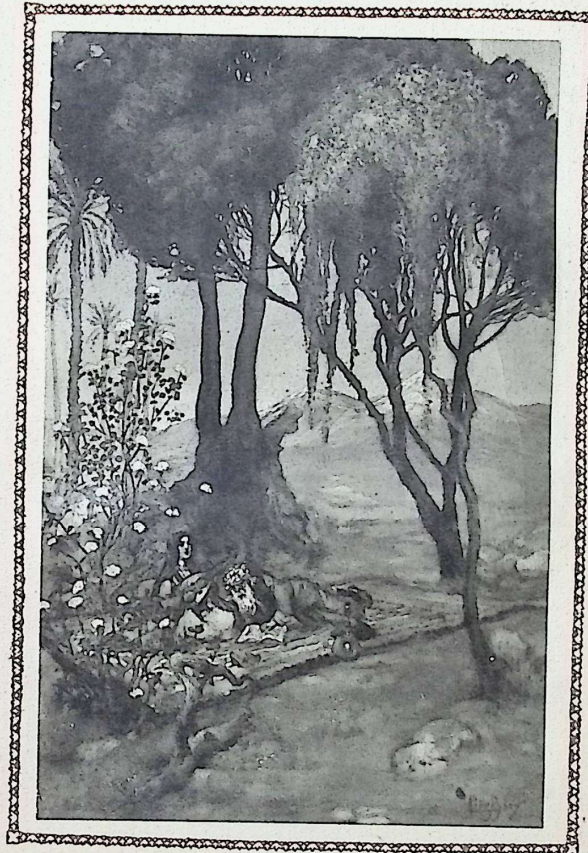
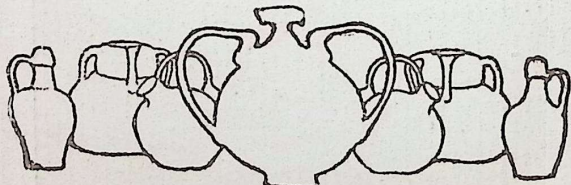


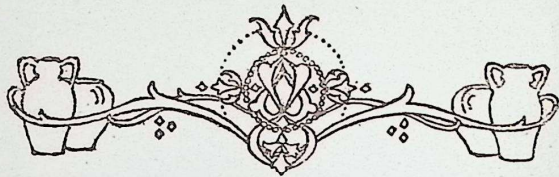
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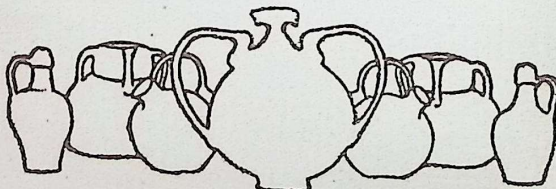


With me along some Strip of
Herbage strown
That just divides the desert
from the sown,
Where name of Slave and
Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on
his Throne.

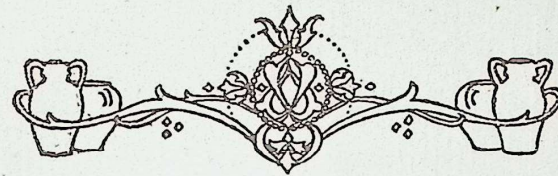




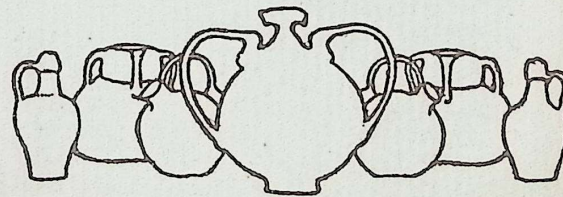
Here with a Loaf of Bread
beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of
Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the
Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise
enow.



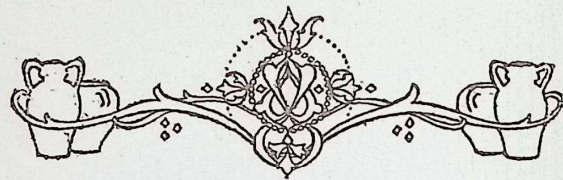
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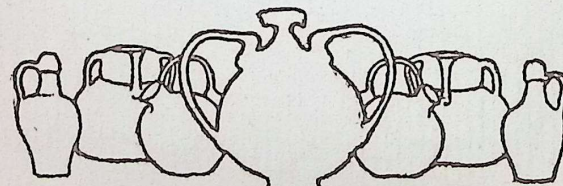
"How sweet is mortal Sov-
ranty!" think some:
Others — "How blest the
Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand
and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a
distant Drum!



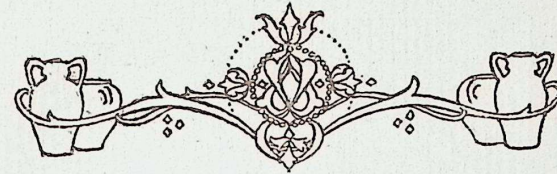
21



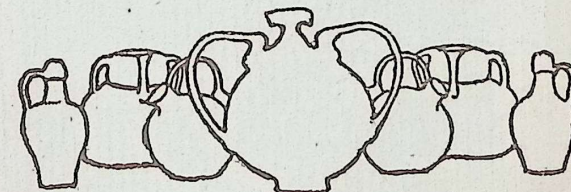
Look to the Rose that blows
about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into
the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel
of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the
Garden throw."



22



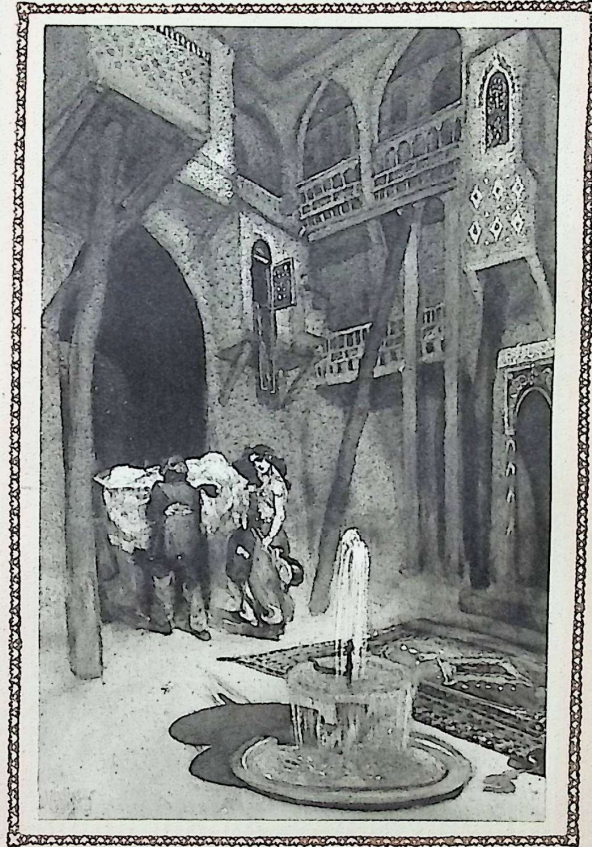
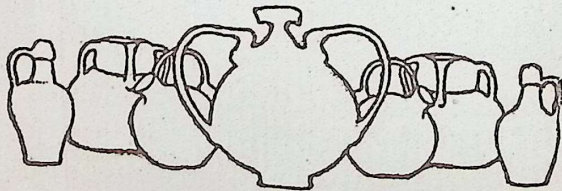
The Worldly Hope men set
their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers;
and anon,
Like Snow upon the
Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or
two—is gone.

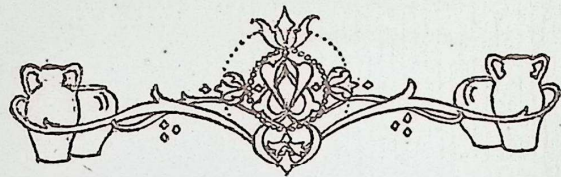


23

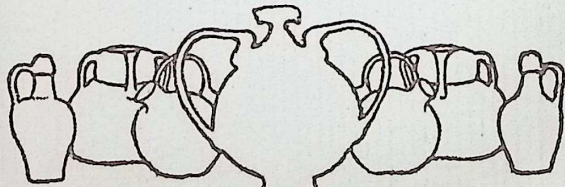


And those who husbanded the
Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to
the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate
Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want
dug up again.

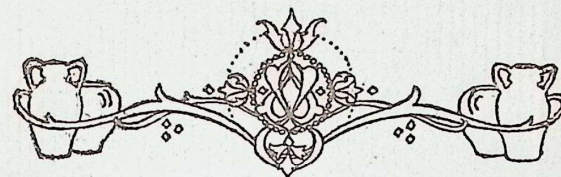




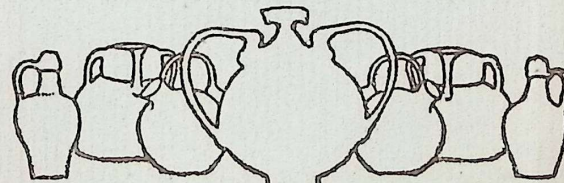
Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán
with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and
went his way.



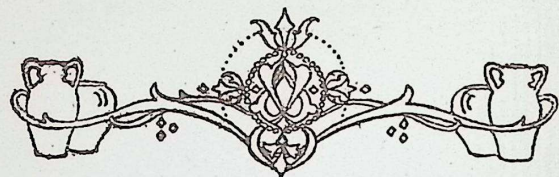
26



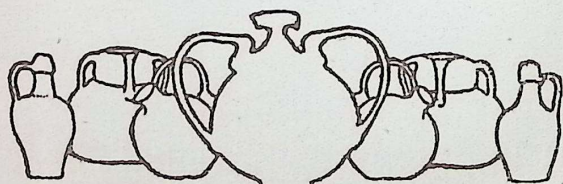
They say the Lion and the
Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd
gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great
Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he
lies fast asleep.



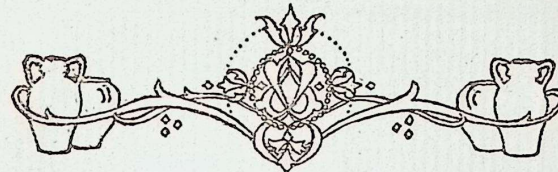
27



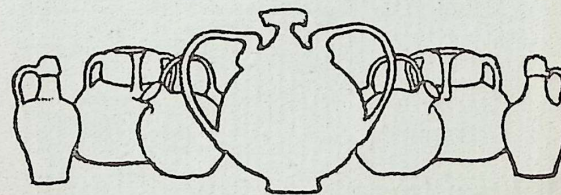
sometimes think that never
blows so red
The Rose as where some
buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the
Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some
once lovely Head.



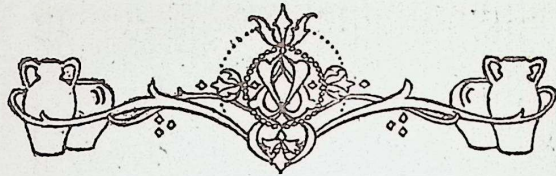
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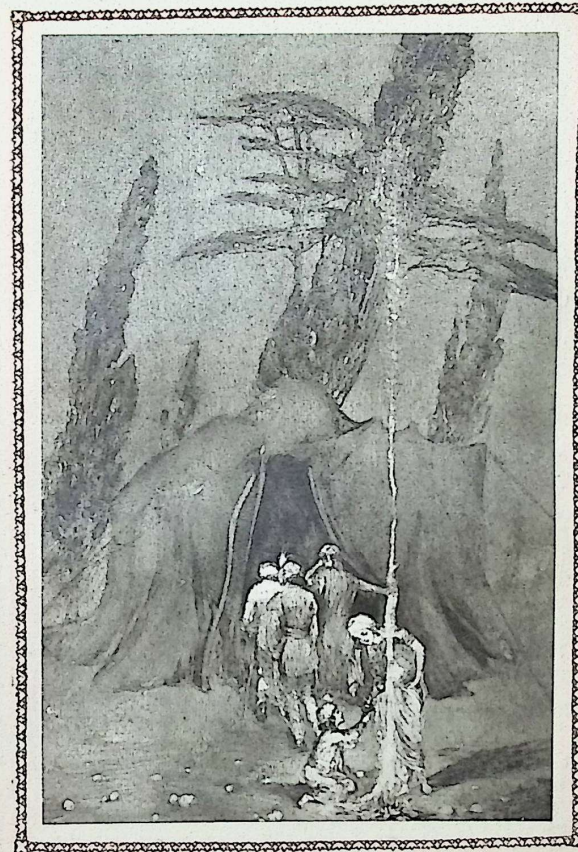
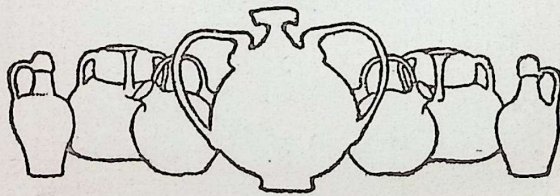
nd this delightful Herb whose
tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on
which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly!
for who knows
From what once Lovely Lip
it springs unseen!

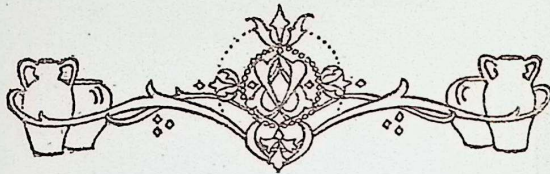


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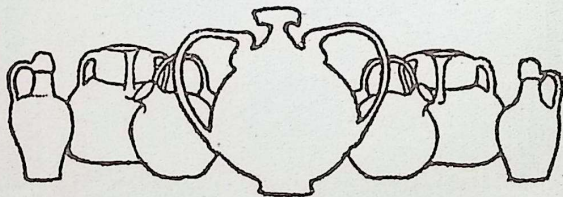


Oh, my Belovéd, fill the cup
that clears
To-day of past Regrets and
future Fears—
To-morrow?— Why, To-
morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's
Sev'n Thousand Years.

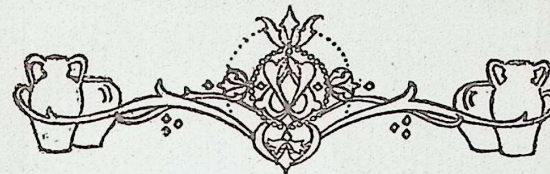




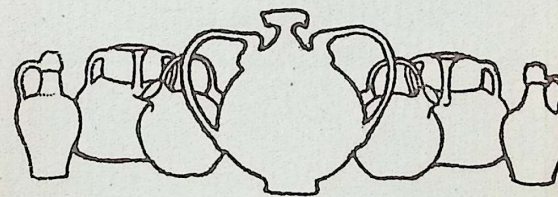
Lo! some we loved, the love-
liest and best
That Time and Fate of all
their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a
Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently
to Rest.



32

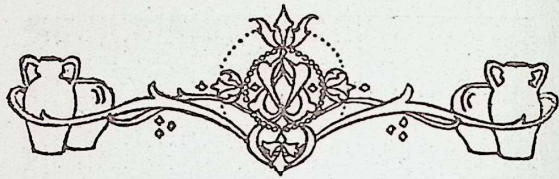


And we, that now make merry
in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses
in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath
the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make
a Couch—for whom?

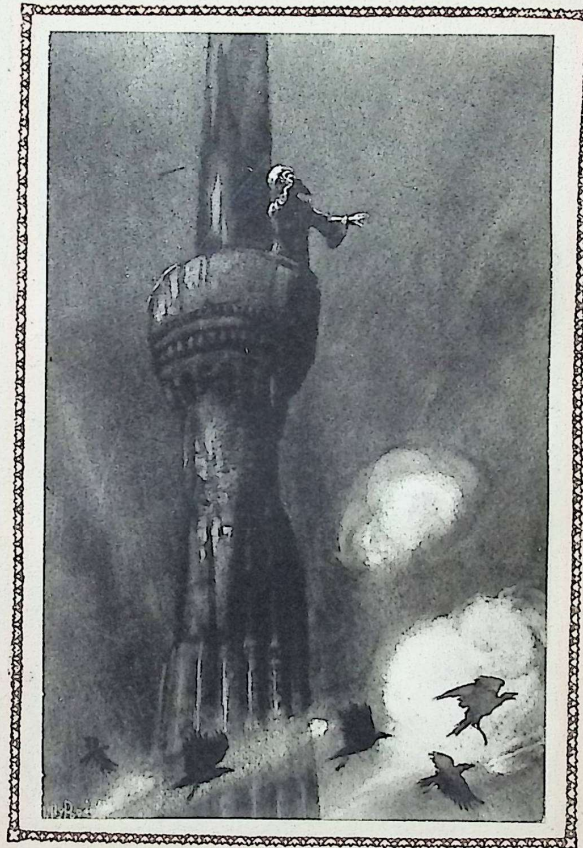
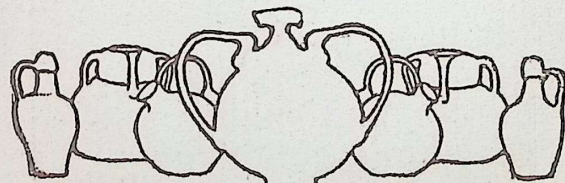


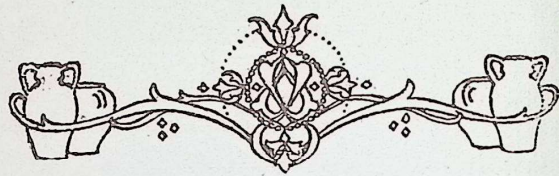
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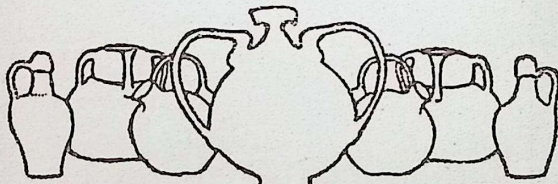


h, make the most of what we
yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust
descend;
Dust into Dust, and under
Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans
Singer, and—sans End!

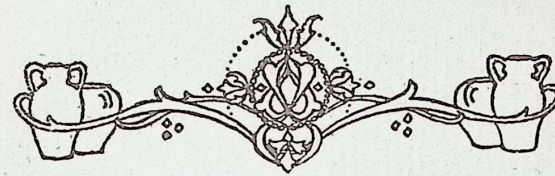




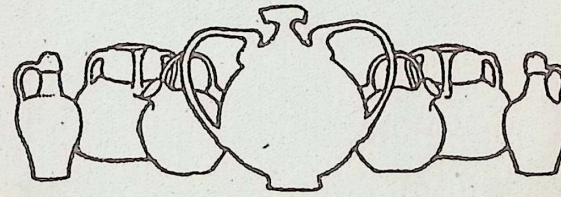
Like for those who for To-day
prepare,
And those that after a To-
morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower
of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is nei-
ther Here nor There!"



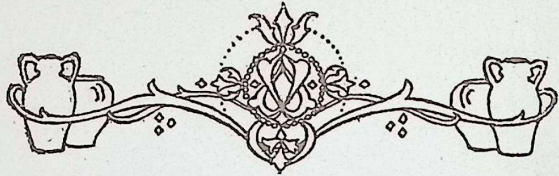
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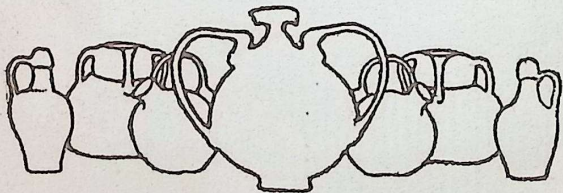
Why, all the Saints and Sages
who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so
learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth;
their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their
Mouths are stopt with
Dust.



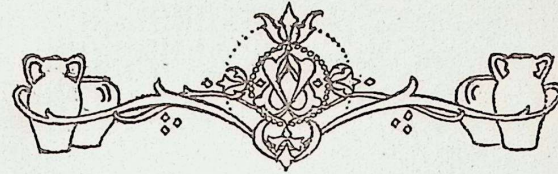
37



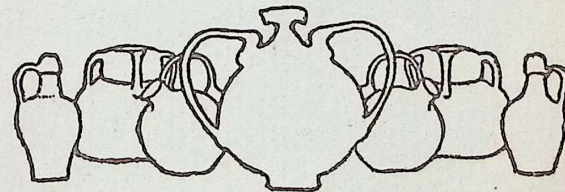
Ih, come with old Khayyám,
and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain,
that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and
the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has
blown for ever dies.



38



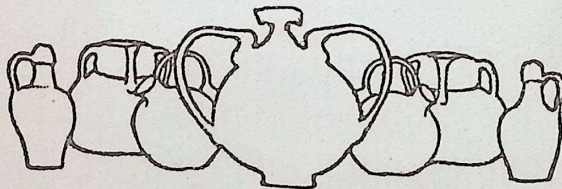
Iyself when young did eagerly
frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard
great Argument
About it and about: but
evermore
Came out by the same Door
as in I went.



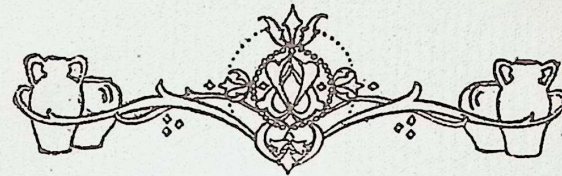
39



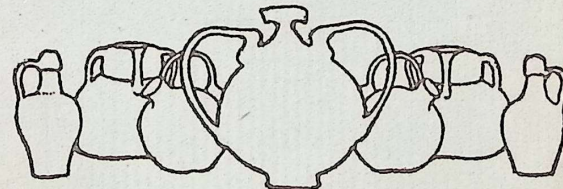
With them the Seed of Wisdom
did I sow,
And with my own hand
labour'd it to grow:
And this was all the
Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like
Wind I go."



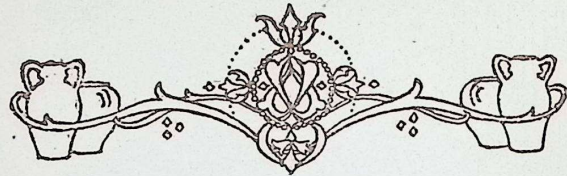
40



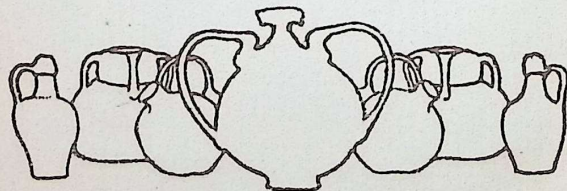
Into this Universe, and *why*
not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water
willy-nilly flowing!
And out of it, as Wind
along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-
nilly blowing.



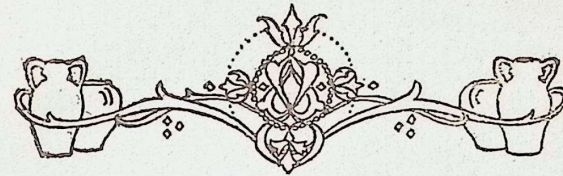
41



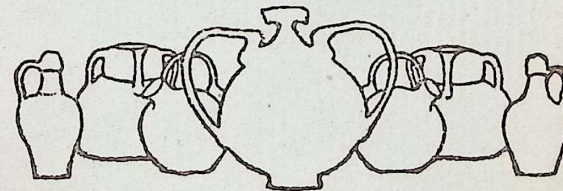
What, without asking, hither
hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither*
hurried hence!
Another and another Cup
to drown
The Memory of this Imperti-
nence!



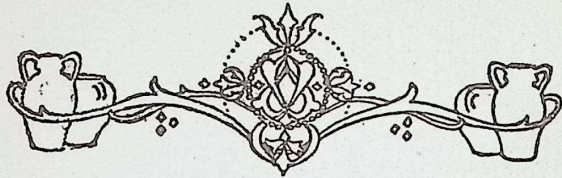
42



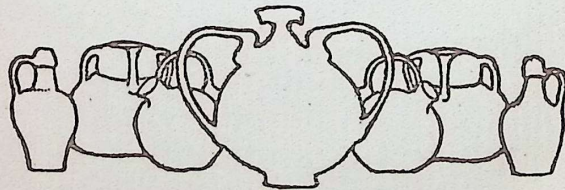
Up from Earth's Centre through
the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of
Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd
by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human
Death and Fate.



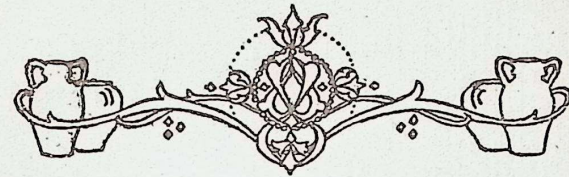
43



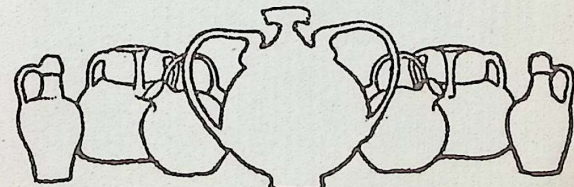
There was a Door to which I
found no Key:
There was a Veil past which
I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of
ME and THEE
There seem'd—and then no
more of THEE and ME.



44



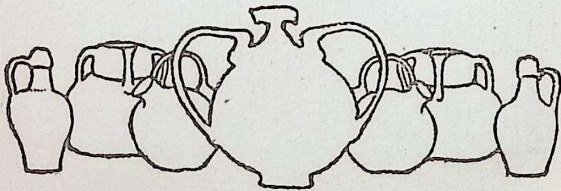
Then to the rolling Heav'n
itself I cried,
♦ Asking, "What Lamp had
Destiny to guide
♦ Her little Children stumbling
in the Dark?"
♦ And—"A blind Understand-
ing!" Heav'n replied.



45



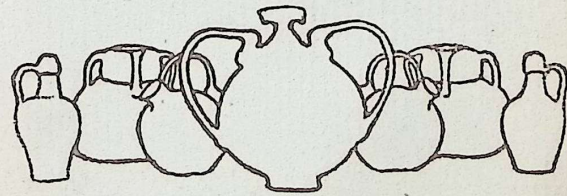
When to this earthen Bowl did
I adjourn
◆ My Lip the secret Well of
Life to learn:
◆ And Lip to Lip it murmur'd
◆ —"While you live
◆ Drink!—for once dead you
never shall return."



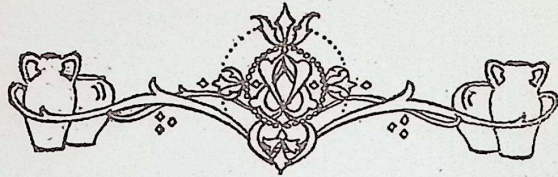
46



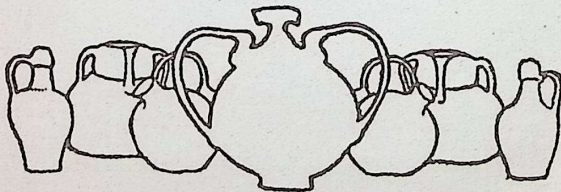
I think the Vessel, that with
fugitive
◆ Articulation answer'd, once
did live,
◆ And merry-make; and the
cold Lip I kiss'd,
◆ How many Kisses might it
take—and give!



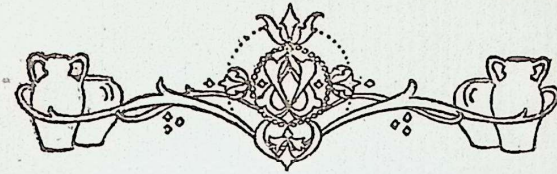
47



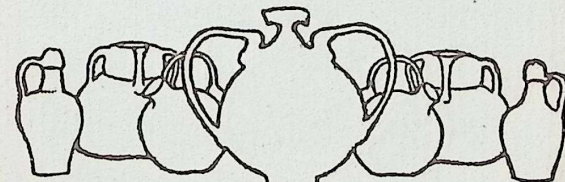
For in the Market-place, one
Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping
his wet Clay :
And with its all obliterated
Tongue
It murmur'd – "Gently,
Brother, gently, pray!"



48

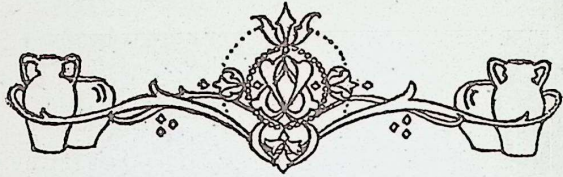


h, fill the Cup :—what boots
it to repeat
How time is slipping under-
neath our Feet :
Unborn TO-MORROW and
dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if
TO-DAY be sweet!

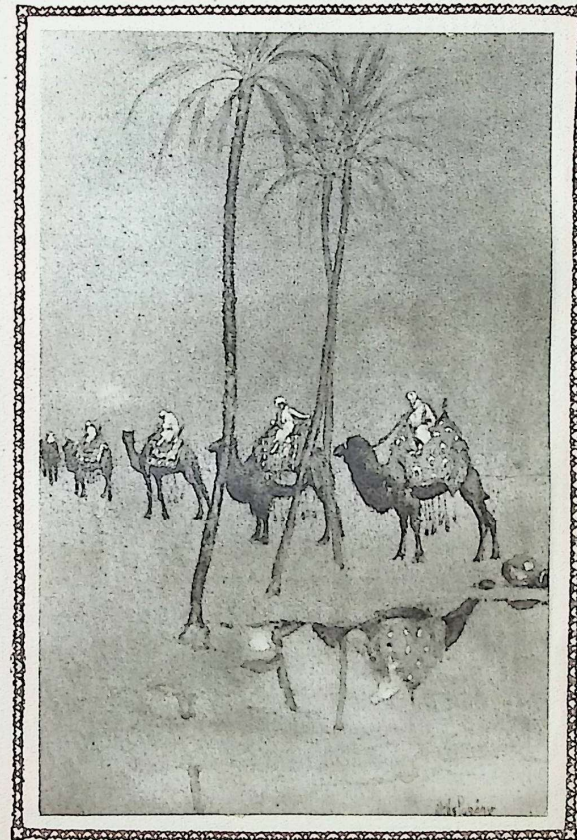
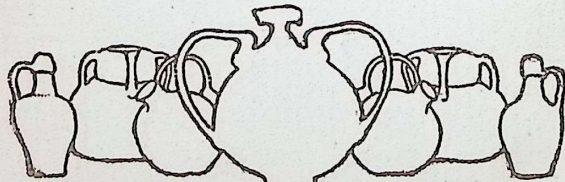


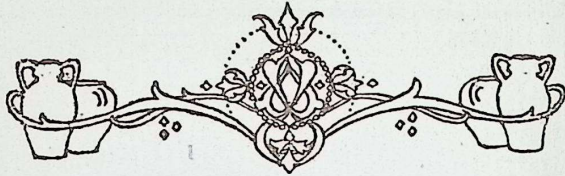
49

D

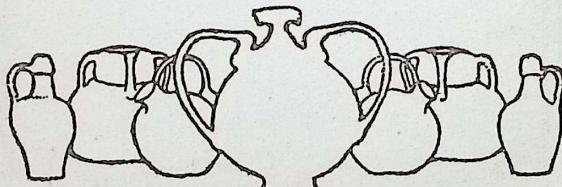


One Moment in Annihilation's
Waste,
One Moment, of the Well
of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting and
the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing
—Oh, make haste!

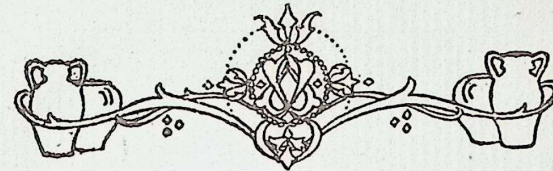




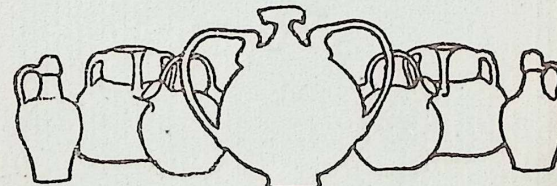
How long, how long, in infinite
Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour
and dispute?
Better be merry with the
fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or
bitter, Fruit.



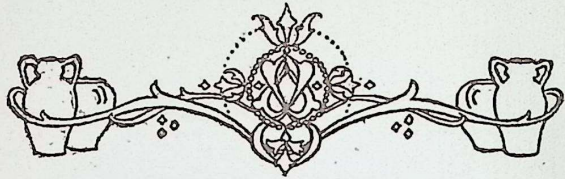
52



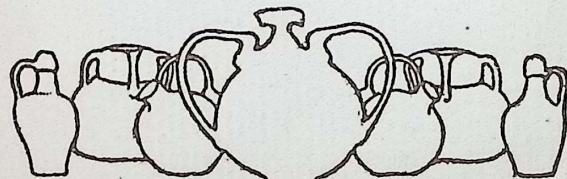
You know, my Friends, how
long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did
make Carouse:
Divorced old barren
Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of
the Vine to Spouse.



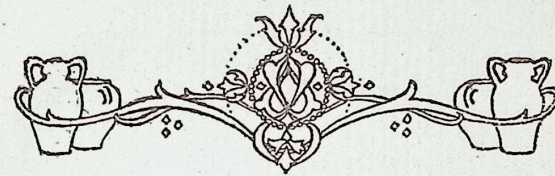
53



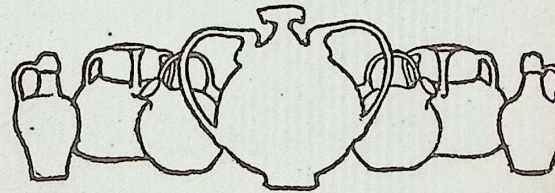
For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though
with Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *with-*
out, I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to
know,
Was never deep in anything
but—Wine.



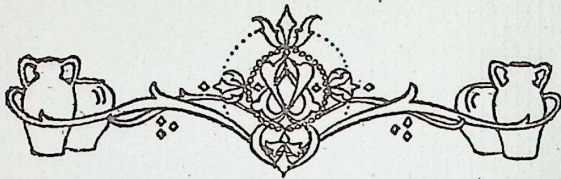
54



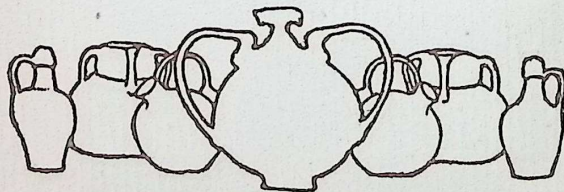
And lately, by the Tavern
Door agape,
Came stealing through the
Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his
Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and
'twas—the Grape!



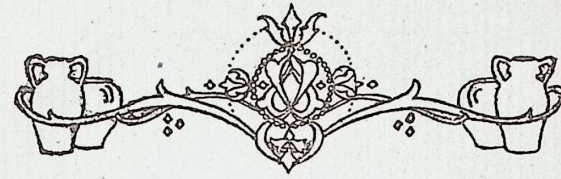
55



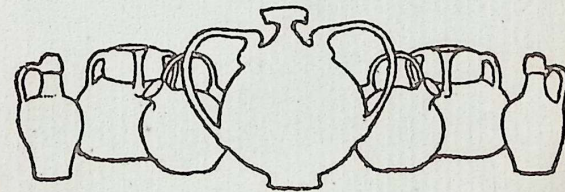
The Grape that can with Logic
absolute
♦ The Two-and-Seventy jarring
Sects confute :
♦ The subtle Alchemist that
in a Trice
♦ Life's leaden Metal into Gold
transmute.



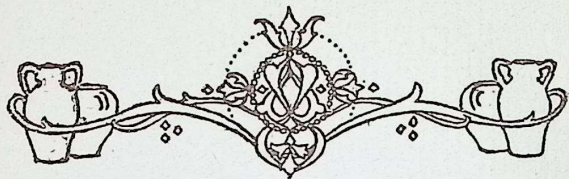
56



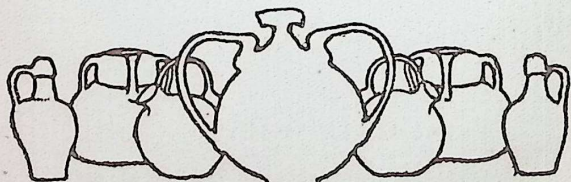
The mighty Mahmúd, the vic-
torious Lord,
♦ That all the misbelieving and
black Horde
♦ Of Fears and Sorrows
that infest the Soul
♦ Scatters and slays with his
enchanted Sword.



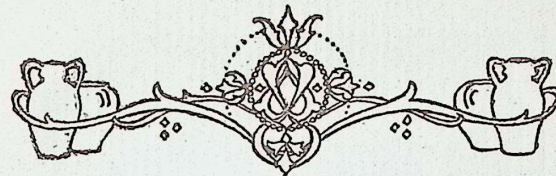
57



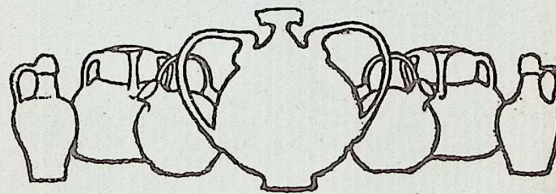
But leave the Wise to wrangle,
and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe
let be:
And, in some corner of the
Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which
makes as much of Thee.



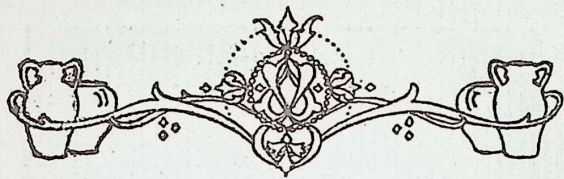
58



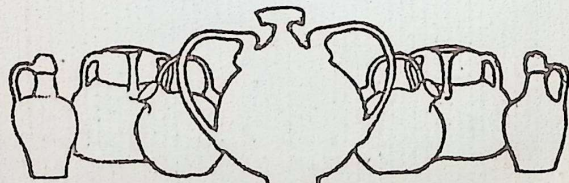
For in and out, above, about,
below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic
Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose
Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom
Figures come and go.



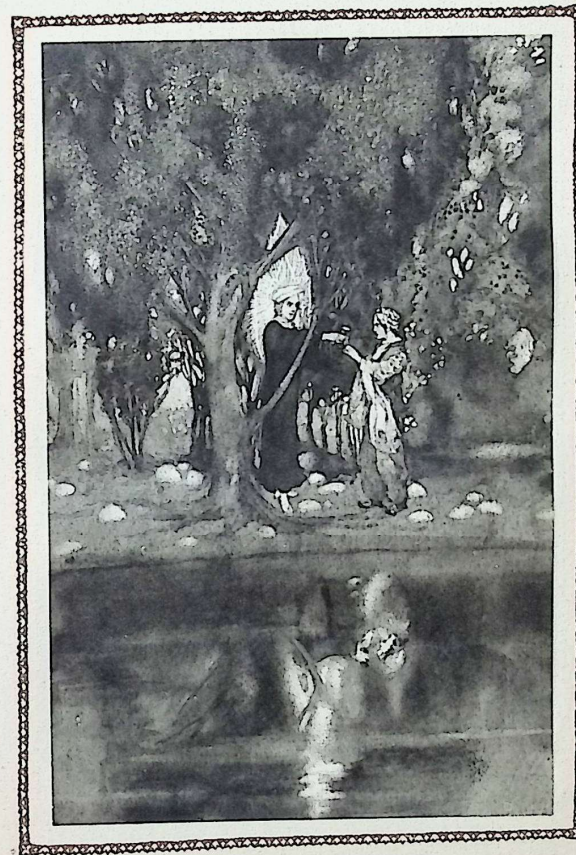
59

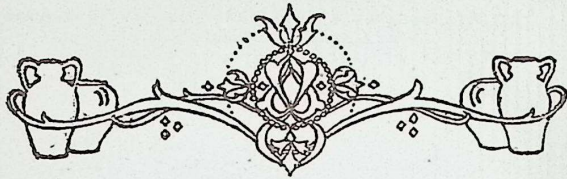


And if the Wine you drink, the
Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things
end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou
art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be — Nothing —
Thou shalt not be less.

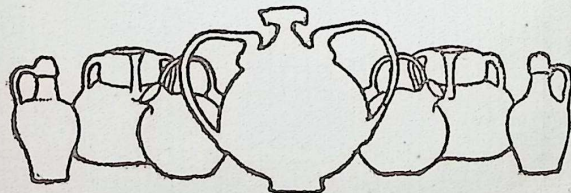


60

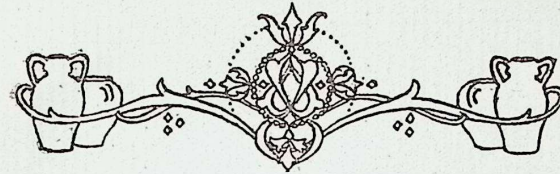




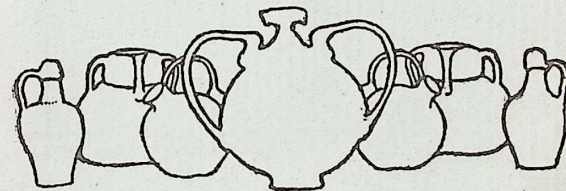
While the Rose blows along the
River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby
Vintage drink :
And when the Angel with
his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee—take that,
and do not shrink.



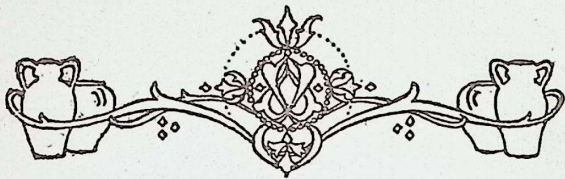
62



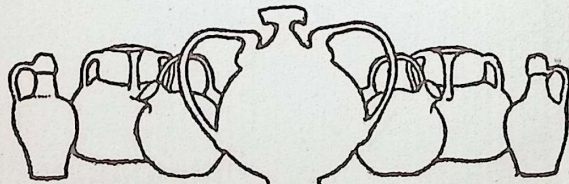
This all a Chequer-board of
Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men
for Pieces plays :
Hither and thither moves,
and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the
Closet lays.



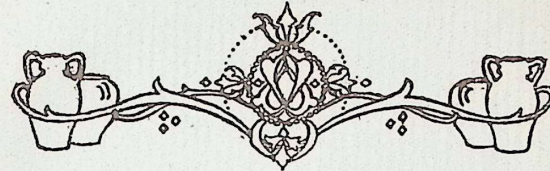
63



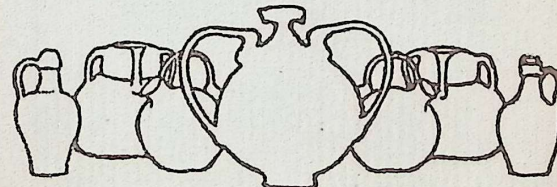
The Ball no Question makes
of Ayes and Noes,
♦ But Right or Left as strikes
the Player goes ;
♦ And He that toss'd Thee
down into the Field,
♦ *He* knows about it all—*He*
knows—**HE** knows!



64

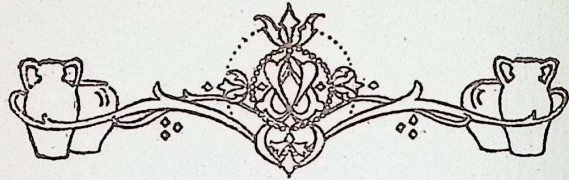


The Moving Finger writes:
and, having writ,
♦ Moves on : nor all thy Piety
nor Wit
♦ Shall lure it back to cancel
half a Line,
♦ Nor all thy Tears wash out
a Word of it.

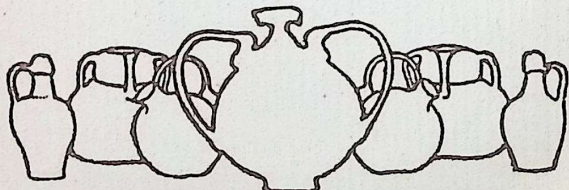


65

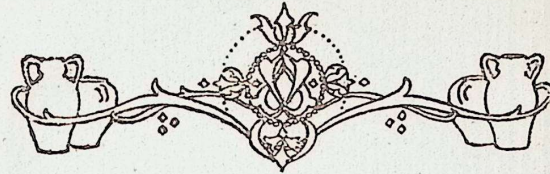
B



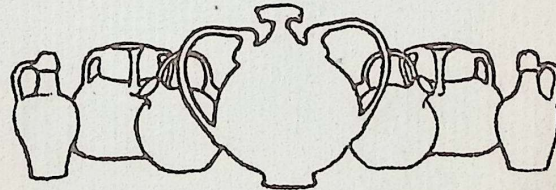
And that inverted Bowl we call
The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't
we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for
help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou
or I.



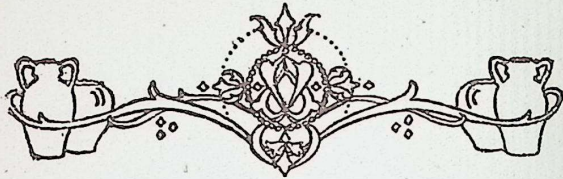
66



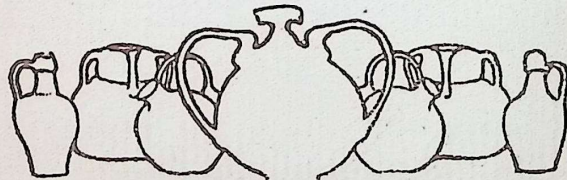
With Earth's first Clay They did
the Last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Har-
vest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of
Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of
Reckoning shall read.



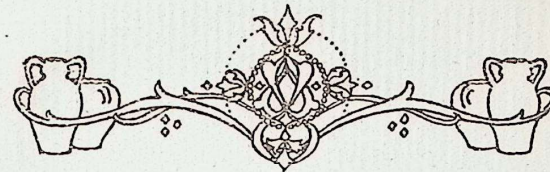
67



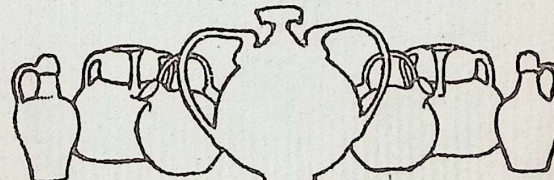
1 tell Thee this—When, starting
from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the
flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and
Mushtara they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of
Dust and Soul



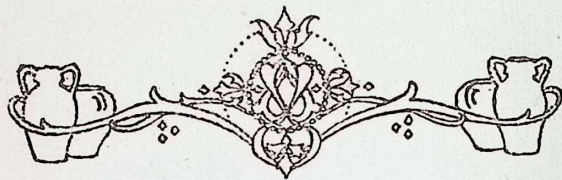
68



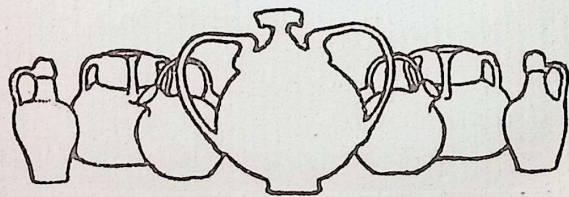
1 The Vine had struck a Fibre ;
which about
If clings my Being—let the
Súfi flout ;
Of my Base Metal may
be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door
he howls without.



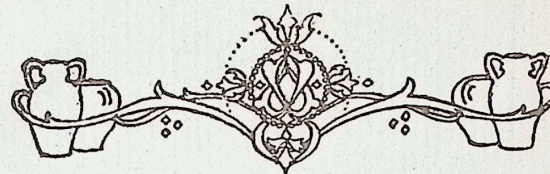
69



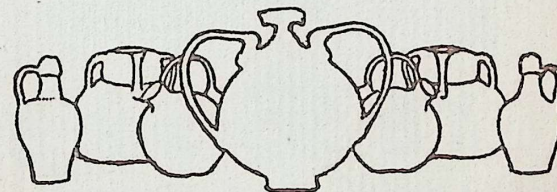
And this I know: whether the
one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath
consume me quite,
One glimpse of It within
the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple
lost outright.



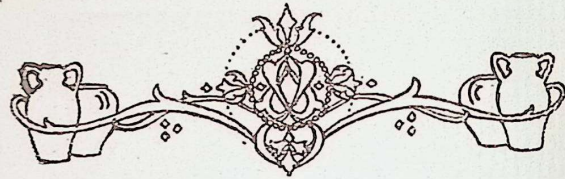
70



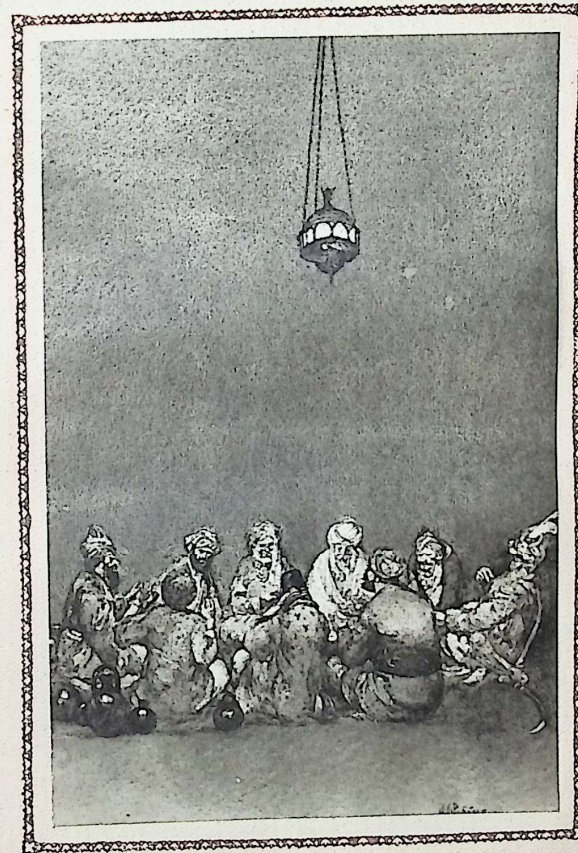
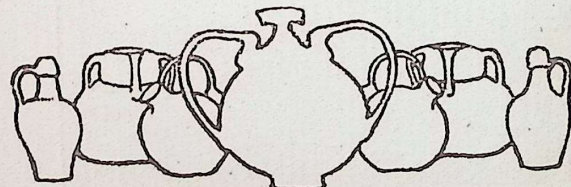
h Thou, who didst with
Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to
wander in,
Thou wilt not with Pre-
destination round
Enmesh me, and impute my
Fall to Sin?



71

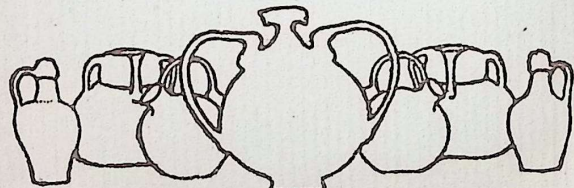


h Thou, who Man of baser
Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst
devise the Snake ;
For all the Sin wherewith
the Face of man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgive-
ness give—and take !

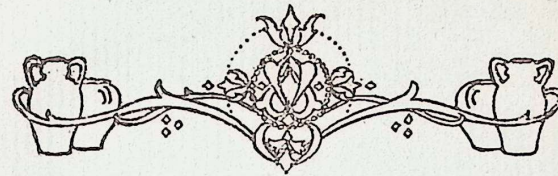


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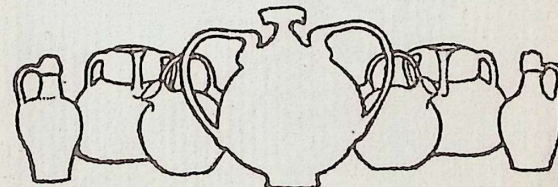
Listen again. One evening at
the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better
Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop
I stood alone
With the clay Population
round in Rows.



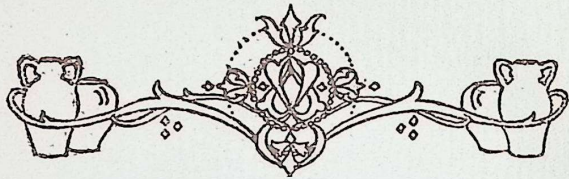
74



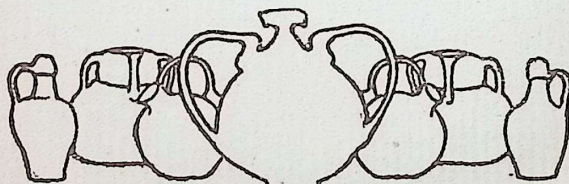
And, strange to tell, among that
Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while
others not :
And suddenly one more
impatient cried—
"Who *is* the Potter, pray, and
who the Pot?"



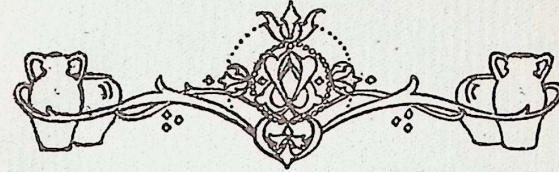
75



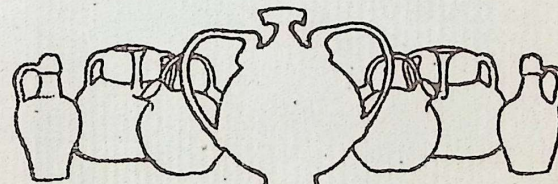
Then said another—"Surely not
in vain
♦ My Substance from the com-
♦ mon Earth was ta'en;
♦ That He who subtly
♦ wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to
common Earth again."



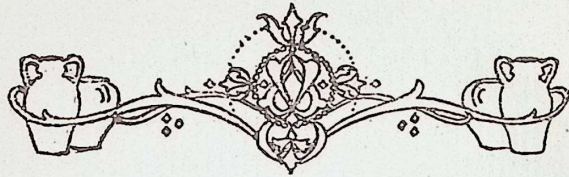
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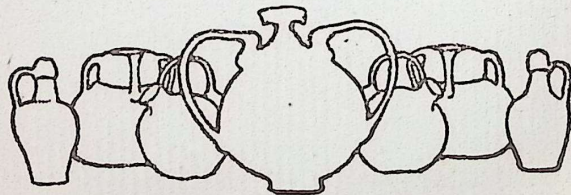
Another said—"Why, ne'er a
peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from
which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that *made* the
Vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage
destroy!"



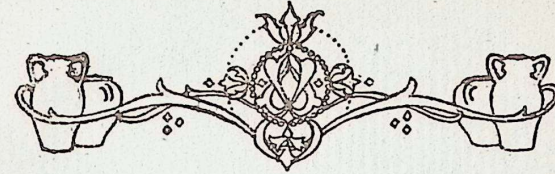
77



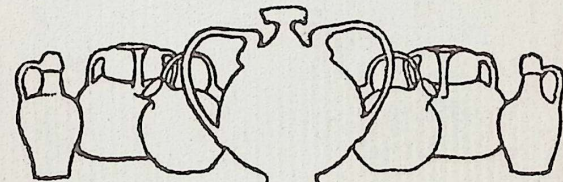
None answer'd this; but after
Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly,
Make:
"They sneer at me for
leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of
the Potter shake?"



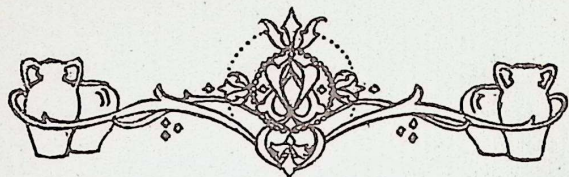
78



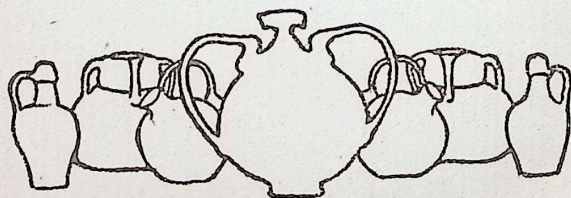
Said one—"Folks of a surly
Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the
Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict
Testing of us—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow and
'twill all be well."



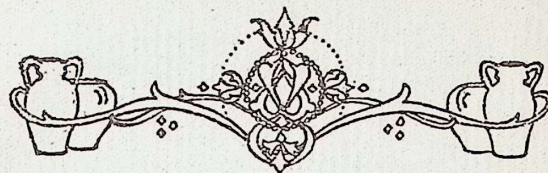
79



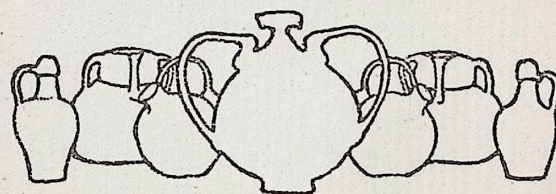
Then said another with a long-
drawn Sigh,
"My Clay with long Oblivion
is gone dry :
But, fill me with the old
familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-
and-bye!"



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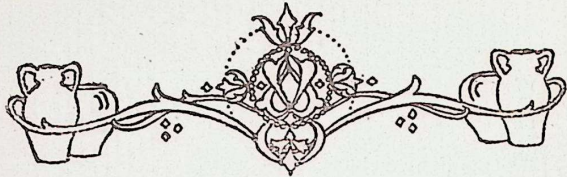


So while the Vessels one by
one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent
all were seeking :
And then they jogg'd each
other, "Brother! Brother!
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-
knot a-creaking!"

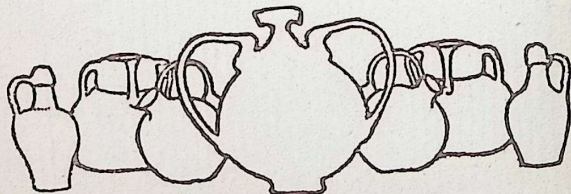


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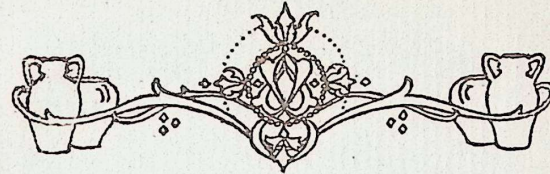
F



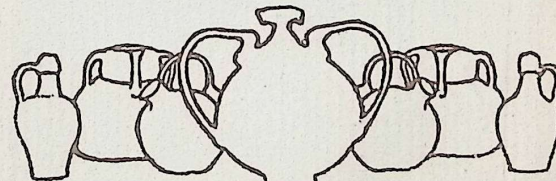
Hh, with the Grape my fading
Life provide,
And wash my Body whence
the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet
of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet
Garden-side.



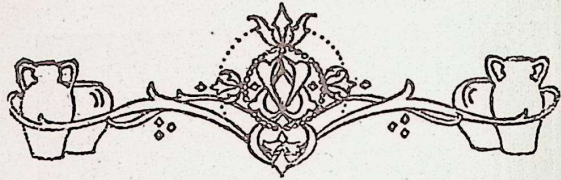
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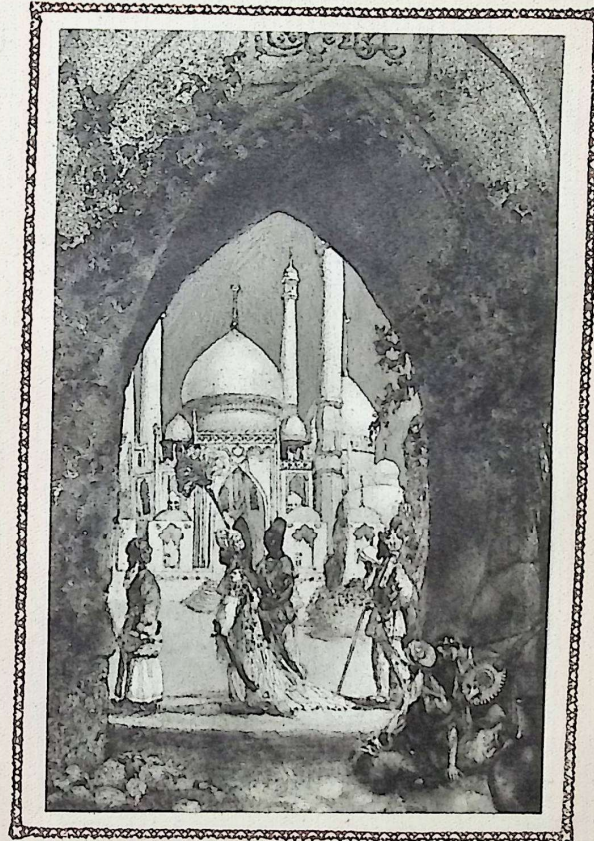
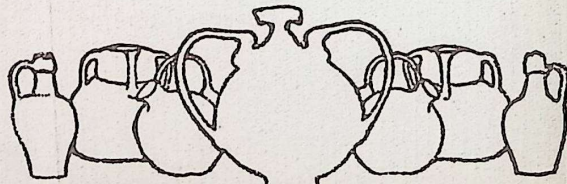
That ev'n my buried Ashes
such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into
the Air,
As not a True Believer
passing by
But shall be overtaken un-
aware.

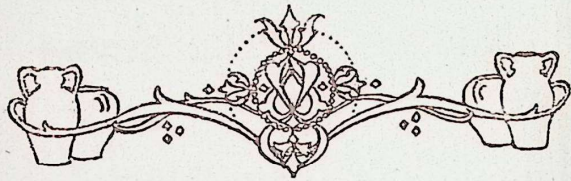


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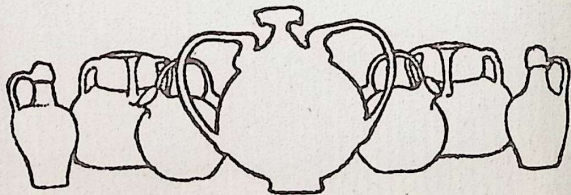


I ndeed the Idols I have loved
so long
Have done my Credit in
Men's Eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour
in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for
a Song.

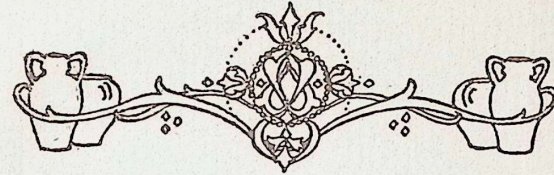




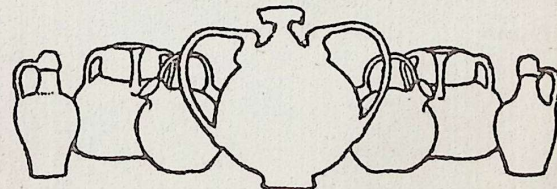
Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft
before
I swore — but was I sober
when I swore?
And then and then came
Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence
apieces tore.



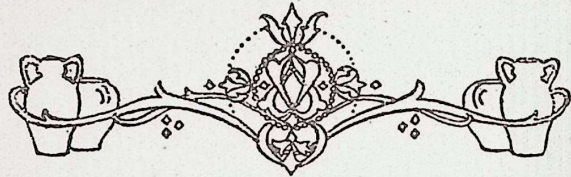
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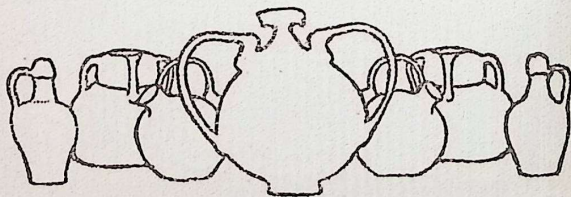
And much as Wine has play'd
the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe
of Honour—well,
I often wonder what the
Vintners buy
One half so precious as the
Goods they sell.



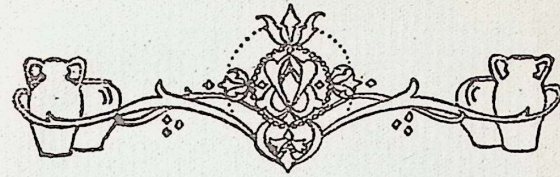
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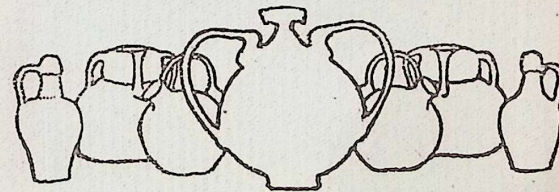
Alas, that Spring should vanish
with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented
Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the
Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown
again, who knows!



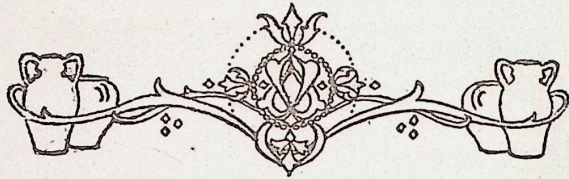
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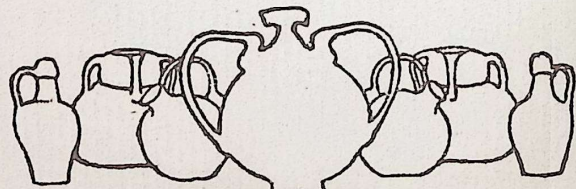
Ah, Love! could thou and I
with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme
of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it
to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the
Heart's Desire!



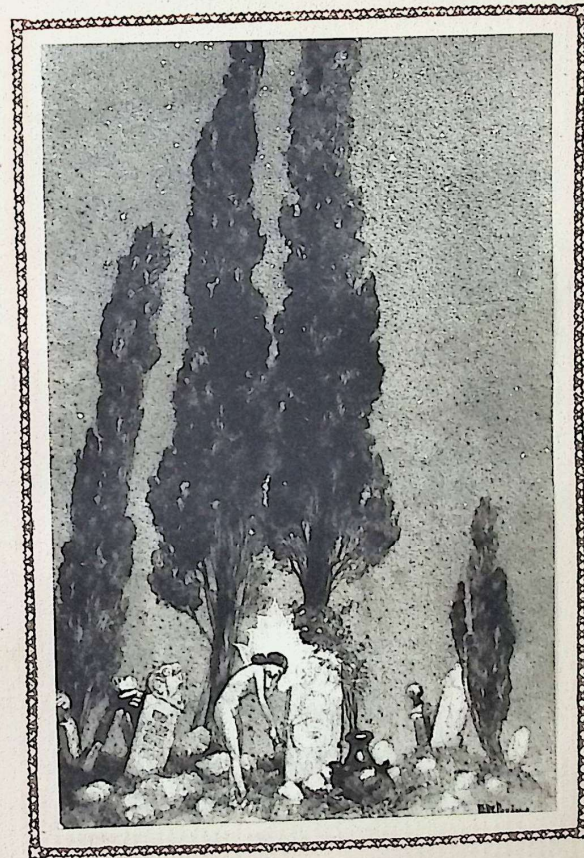
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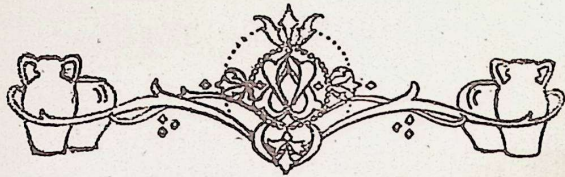


Oh, Moon of my Delight who
know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is
rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising
shall she look
Through this same Garden
after me—in vain!



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And when Thyself with shining
Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-
scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand
reach the Spot
Where I made one — turn
down an empty Glass!

