

Kubāṭiyāt of ʿOmar Khayyām

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

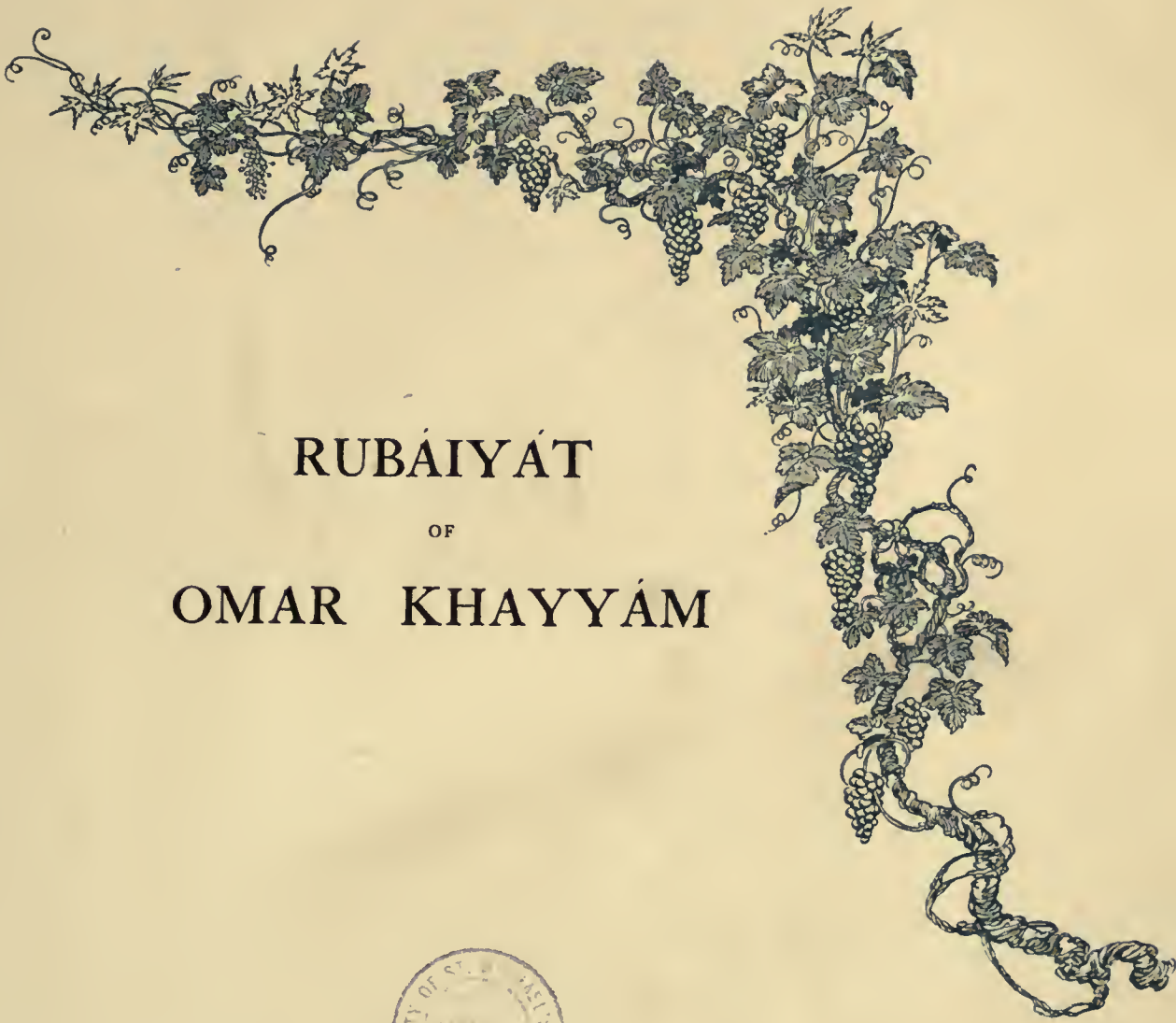


Illustrated in Colour by René Ball



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RUBÁIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM



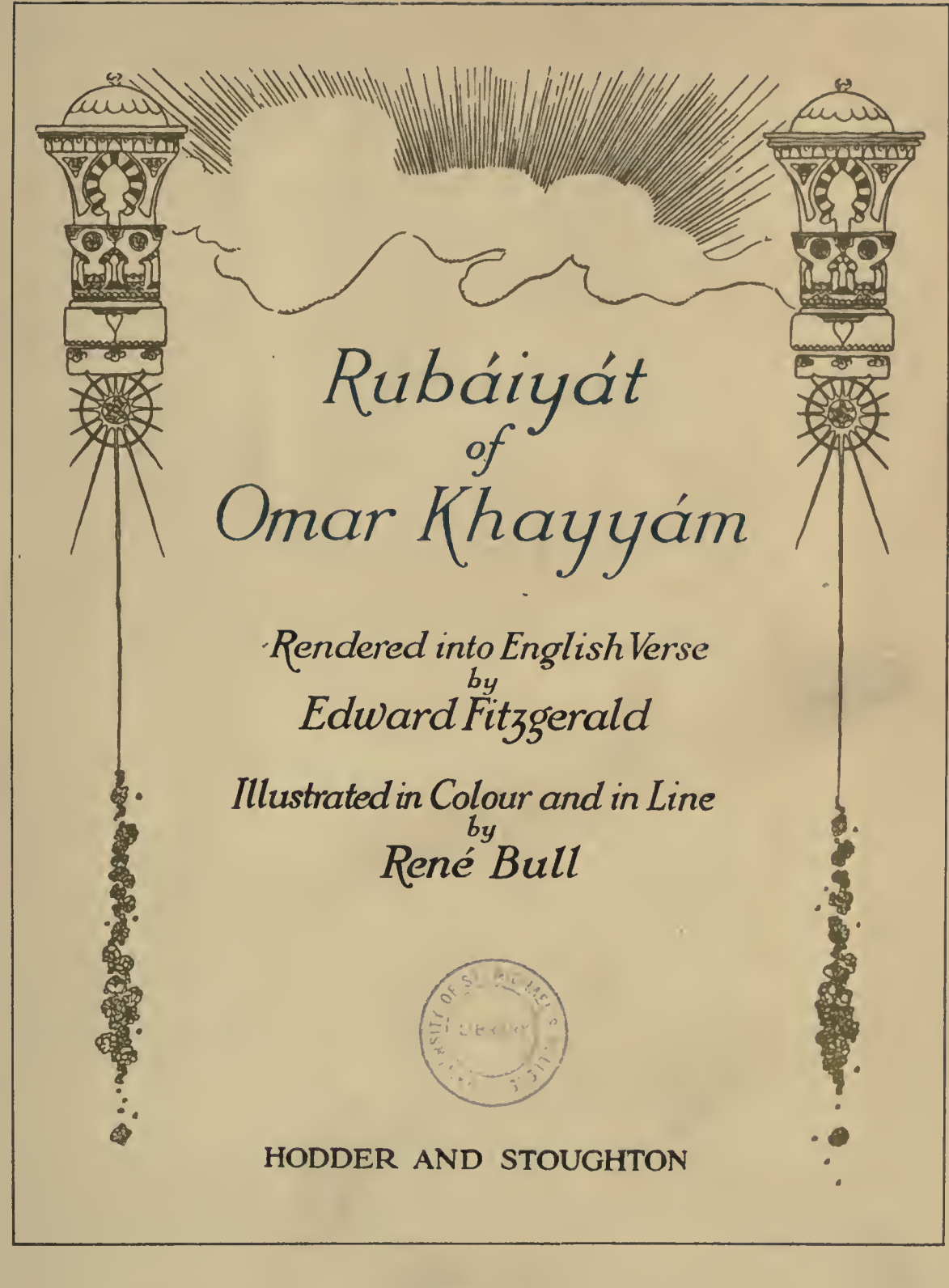






QUATRAIN

VII

The book cover features a decorative border. At the top, a sun with rays is partially obscured by a cloud. On either side of the sun are two ornate minarets with domes and intricate carvings. Below the minarets are vertical lines ending in circular sunburst motifs. The entire border is framed by a thin black line.

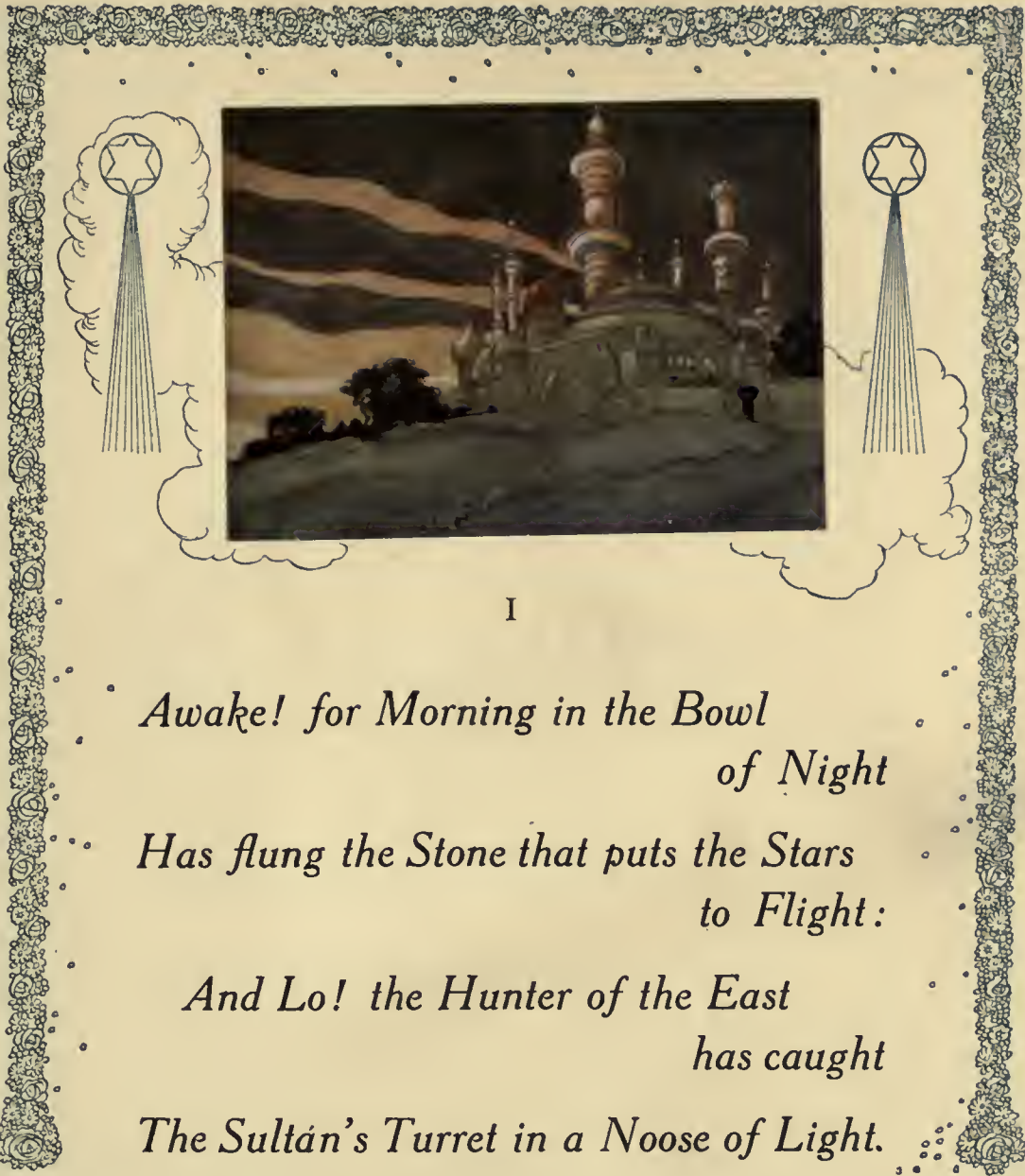
Rubáiyát
of
Omar Khayyám

Rendered into English Verse
by
Edward Fitzgerald

Illustrated in Colour and in Line
by
René Bull



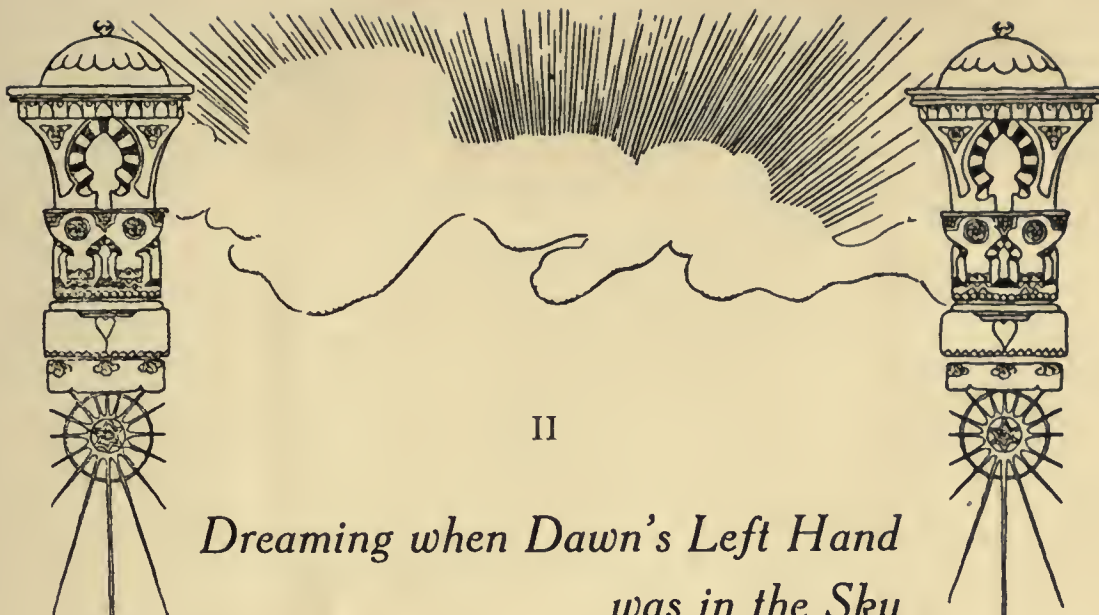
HODDER AND STOUGHTON



I

*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 Turret in a Noose of Light.*





II

*Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand
was in the Sky*

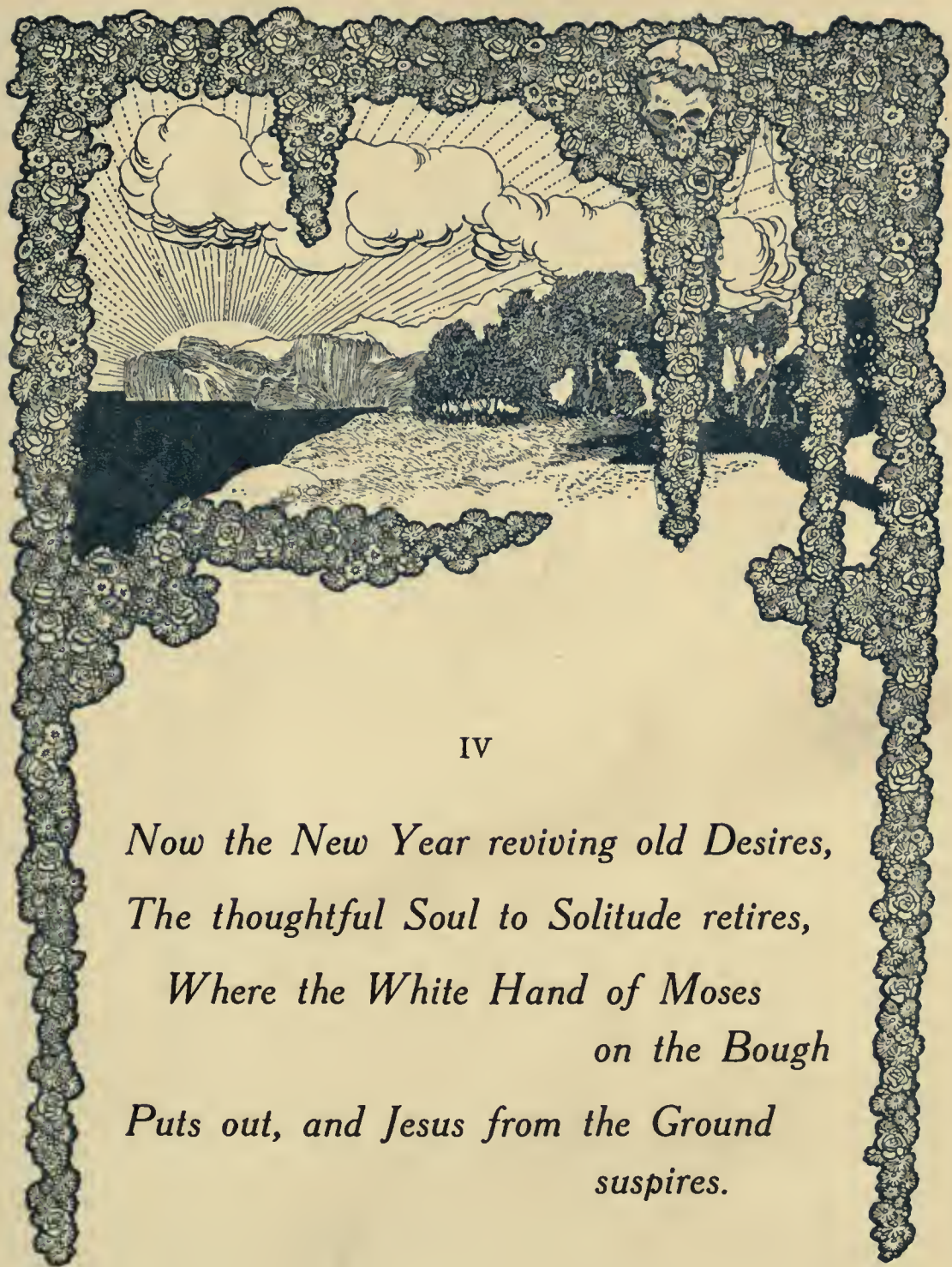
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,

*'Awake, my Little ones, and
fill the Cup*

Before Life's Liquor in its Cup

be dry.'





IV

*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.*



VI

*And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine!
Wine!*

*Red Wine!'—the Nightingale cries to
the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine.*



“And Wilderness is Paradise enow.”



IX PLASTAUC





VII

*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.*



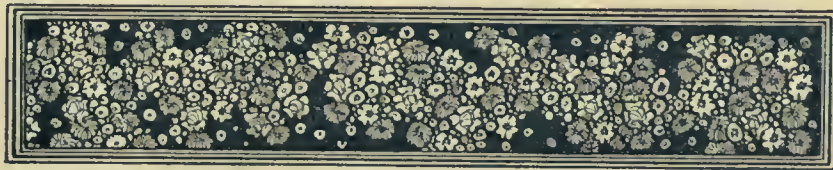


VIII

*And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay :*

*And this first Summer Month that brings
the Rose*

Shall take Jamshyd and Kaiqobád away.





IX

*But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaiqobád and Kaiqhosrú forgot :*

*Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.*



X

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





QUATRAIN XVI

“Abode his Hour or two, and went his way”



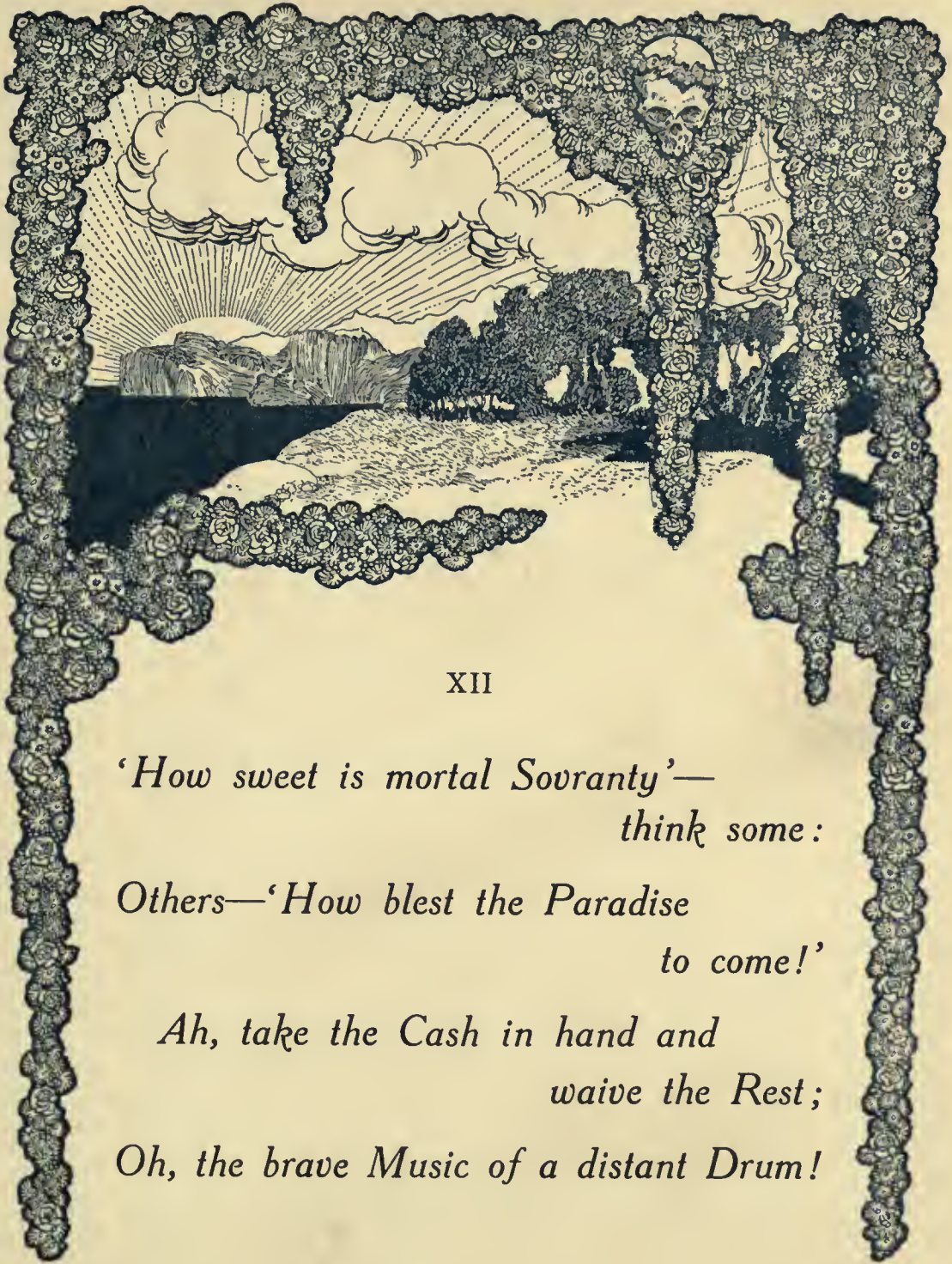
177 MARTYR





XI

*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.*



XII

*'How sweet is mortal Sovranty'—
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!*



XIII

*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.’*



XIV

*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.*





XV

*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.*





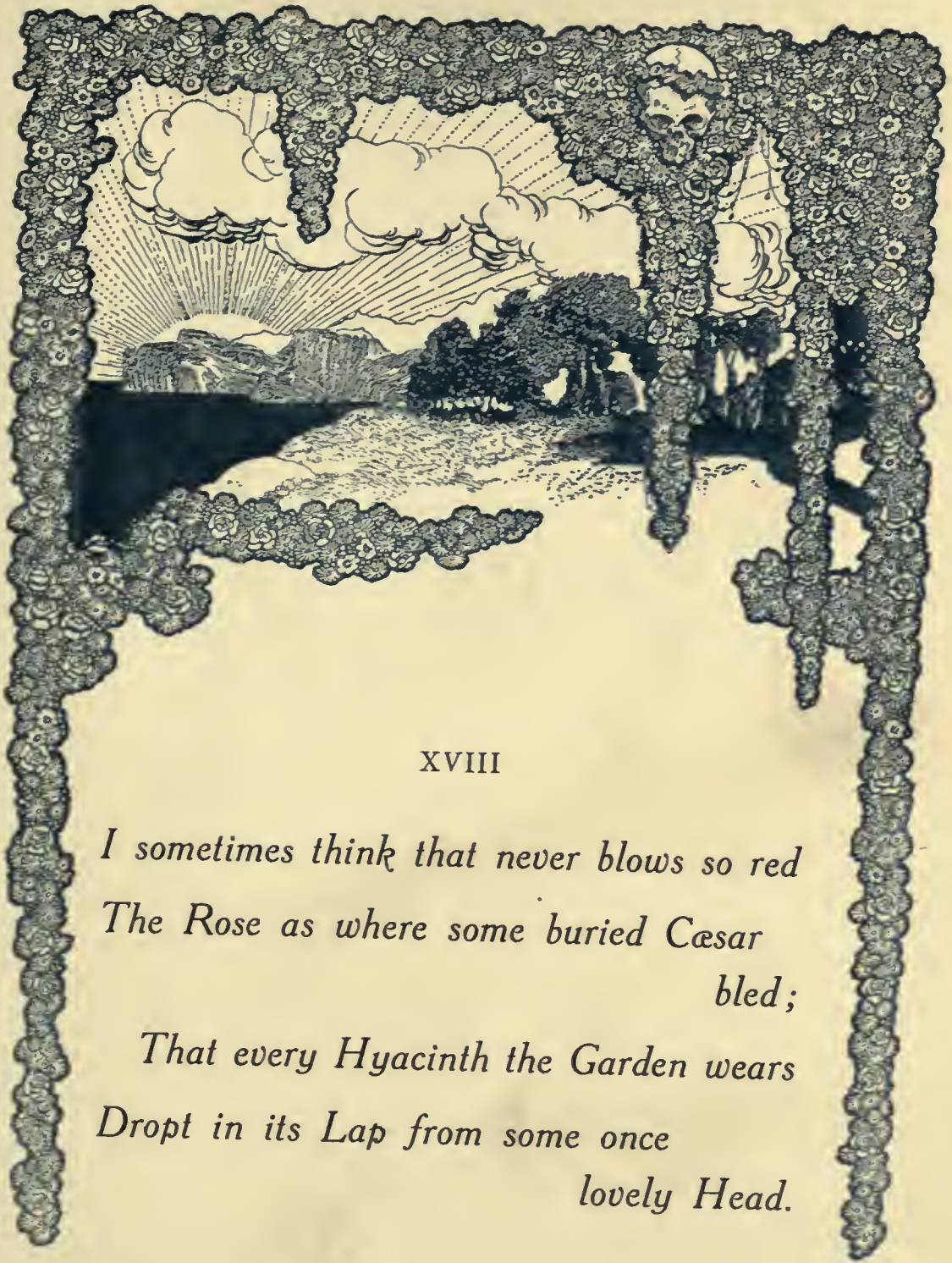
XVI

*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.*



XVII

*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.*



XVIII

*I 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.*



XIX

*And 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!*



XX

*Ah, 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.*



XXI

*Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the 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.*





XXII

*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 ?*



"Before we too into the Dust descend."



Printed and Published by J. M. ...





XXIII

*Ah, 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 !*



XXIV

*Alike 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 neither
Here nor There!'*



XXV

*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.*



XXVI

*Oh, 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.*



QUATRAIN XLII

"He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas—the Grape!"



THE END OF THE WORLD IN THE YEAR 1850





XXVII

*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.*



XXVIII

*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.'*



XXIX

*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.*



XXX

*What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!*



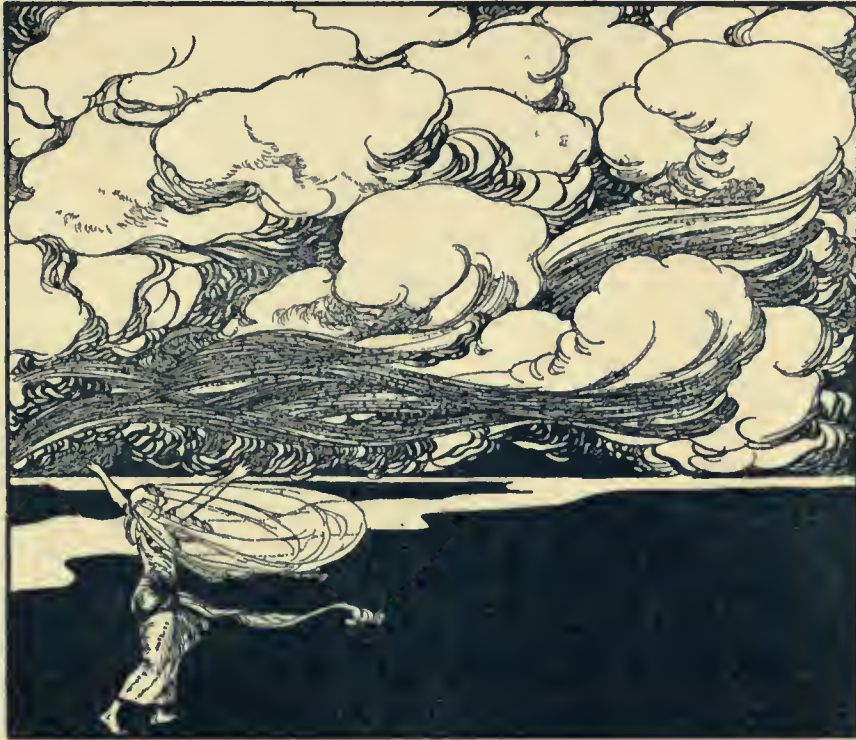
XXXI

*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.*



XXXII

*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.*



XXXIII

*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 Understanding!'
Heav'n replied.*





XXXV

*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!*



XXXVI

*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!'*



XXXVII

*Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet!*



XXXVIII

*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!*



XXXIX

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



XL

*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.*





XLI

*For 'Is' and 'Is-not' though with
Rule and Line
And 'Up-and-down' without, I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.*



XLII

*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!*



XLIII

*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.*



XLIV

*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.*



QUATRAIN XLV

"But leave the Wise to wrangle"



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XLV

*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.*





XLVI

*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.*



QUATRAIN XLVII

"And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press"



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XLVII

*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.*



XLVIII

*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.*



XLIX

*'Tis 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.*



L

*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!*



"Take that, and do not shrink"



— THE END OF THE WORLD —







LII

*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.*



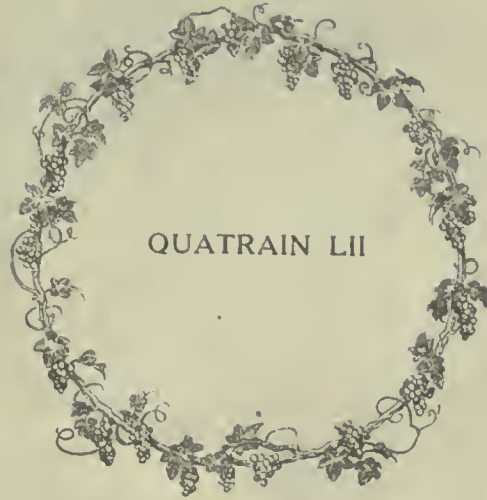
LIII

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



LIV

*I tell Thee this—When, starting from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foeal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtara they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul.*



QUATRAIN LII

"Lift not thy hands to It for help"



LA BIBLIOTECA





LVII

*Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,*

*Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?*



LVIII

*Oh 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 Forgiveness give—
and take!*





QUATRAIN LXXIII

"Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire"



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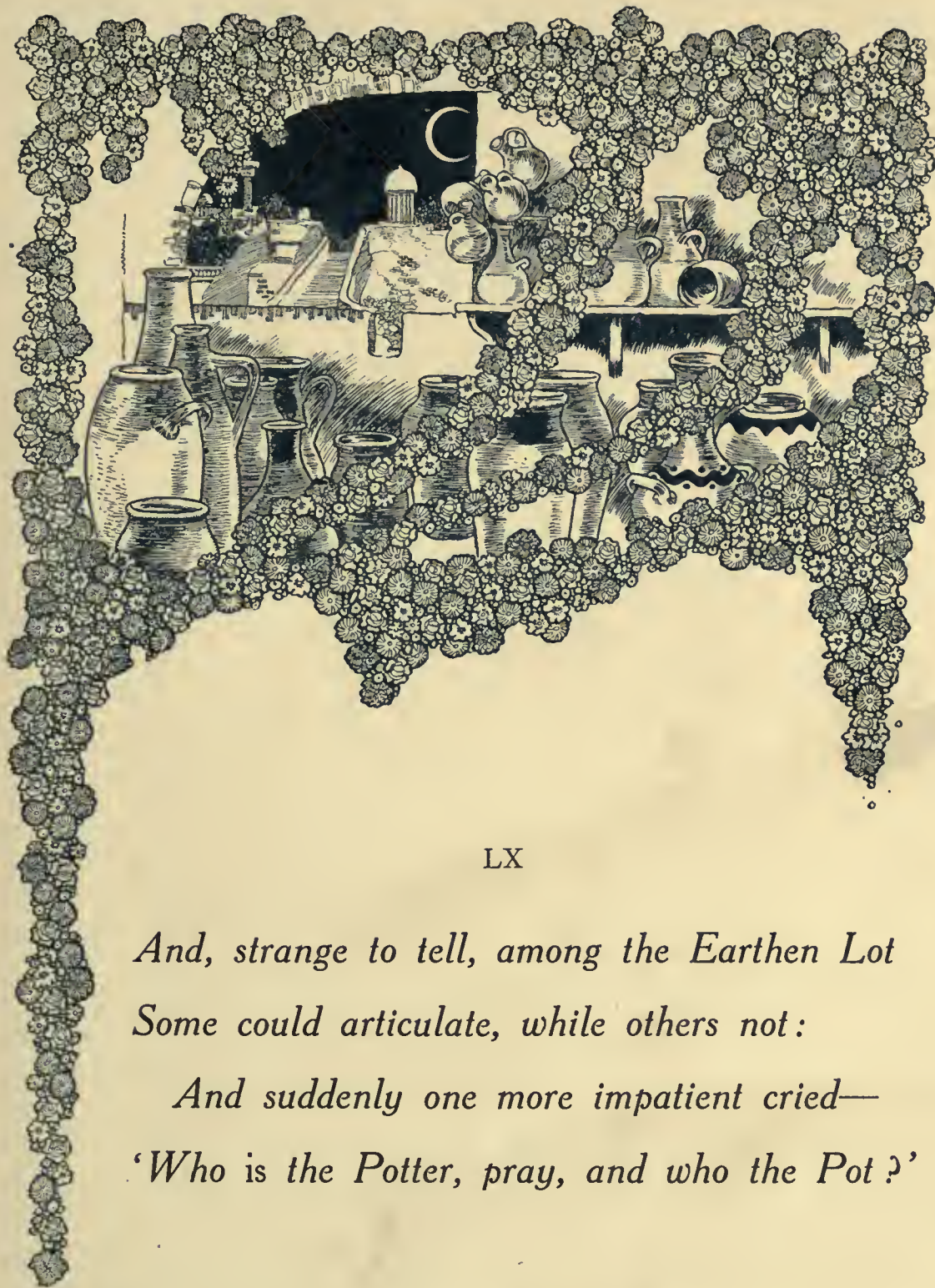


KÚZA—NÁMA



LIX

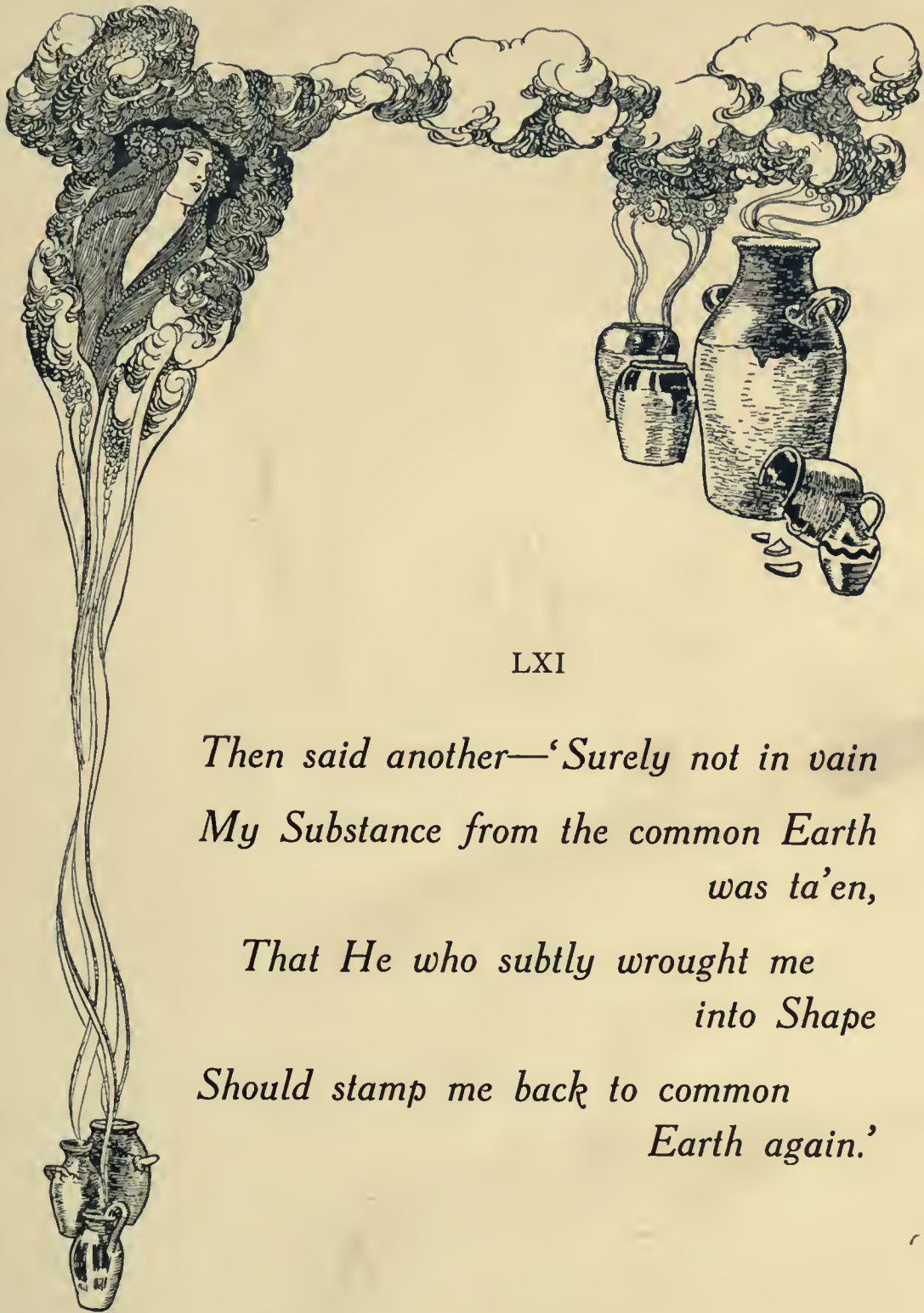
*Listen again. One Evening at the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.*



LX

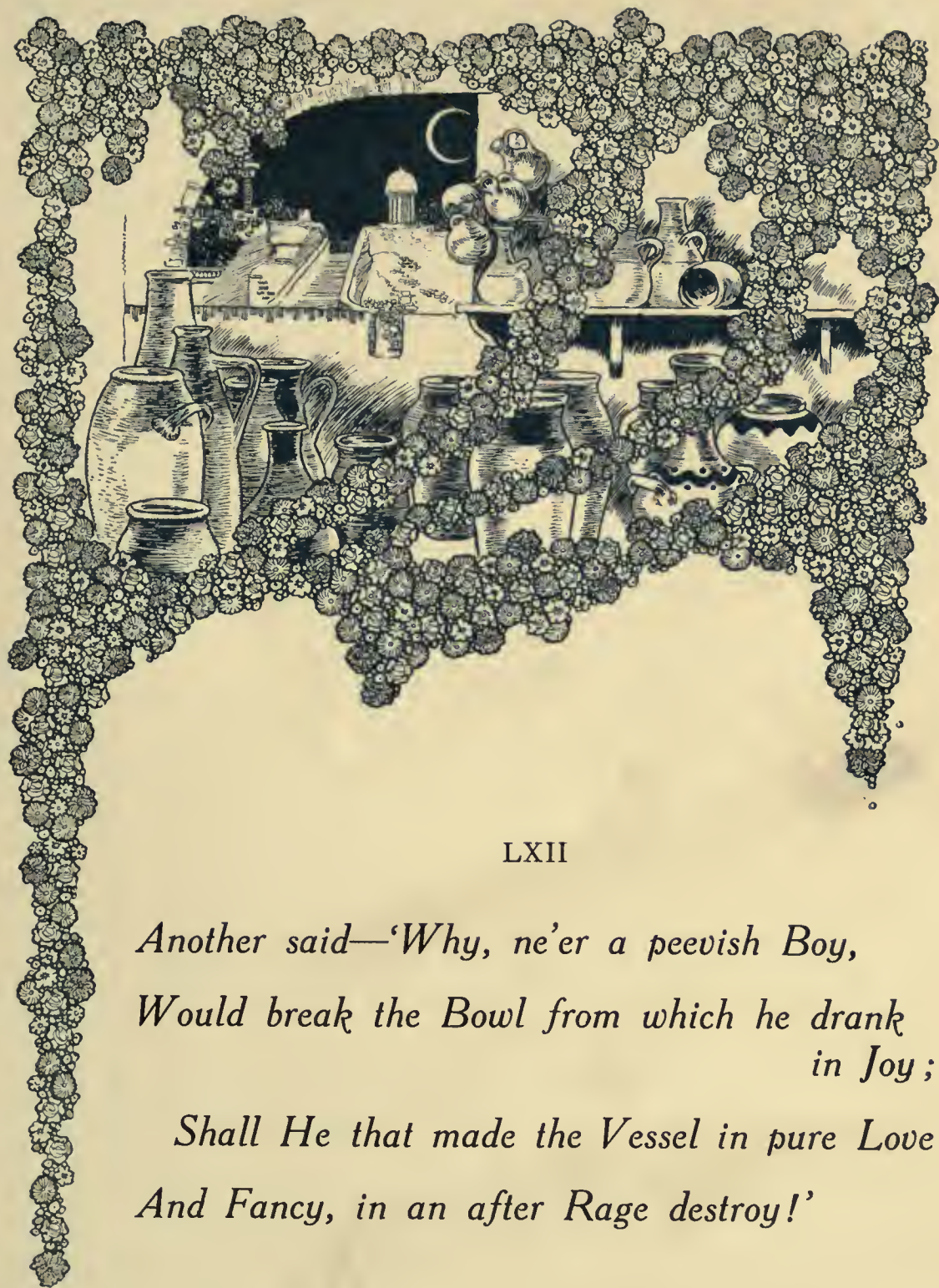
*And, strange to tell, among the Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not :*

*And suddenly one more impatient cried—
'Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ?'*



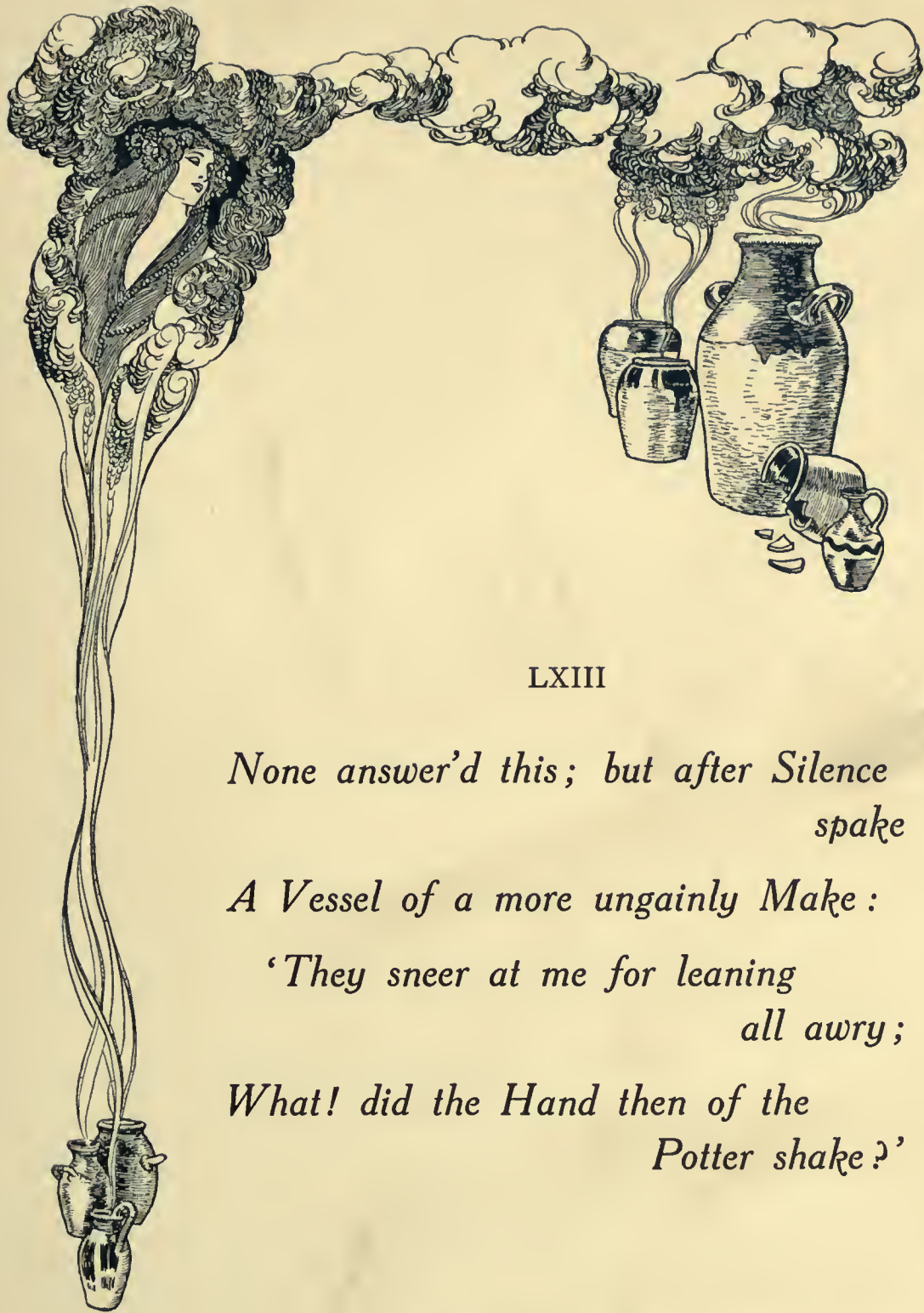
LXI

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



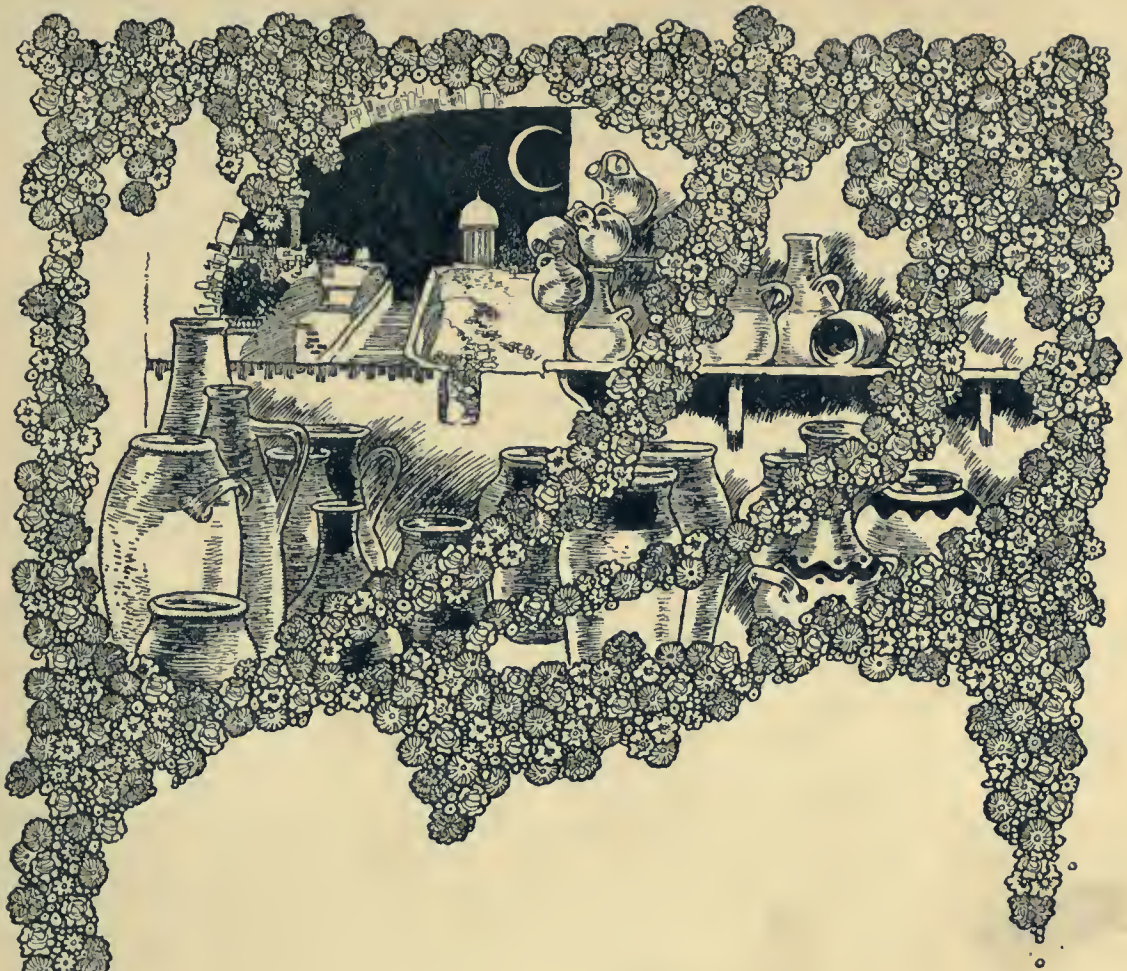
LXII

*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!'*



LXIII

*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?'*



LXIV

*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.'*



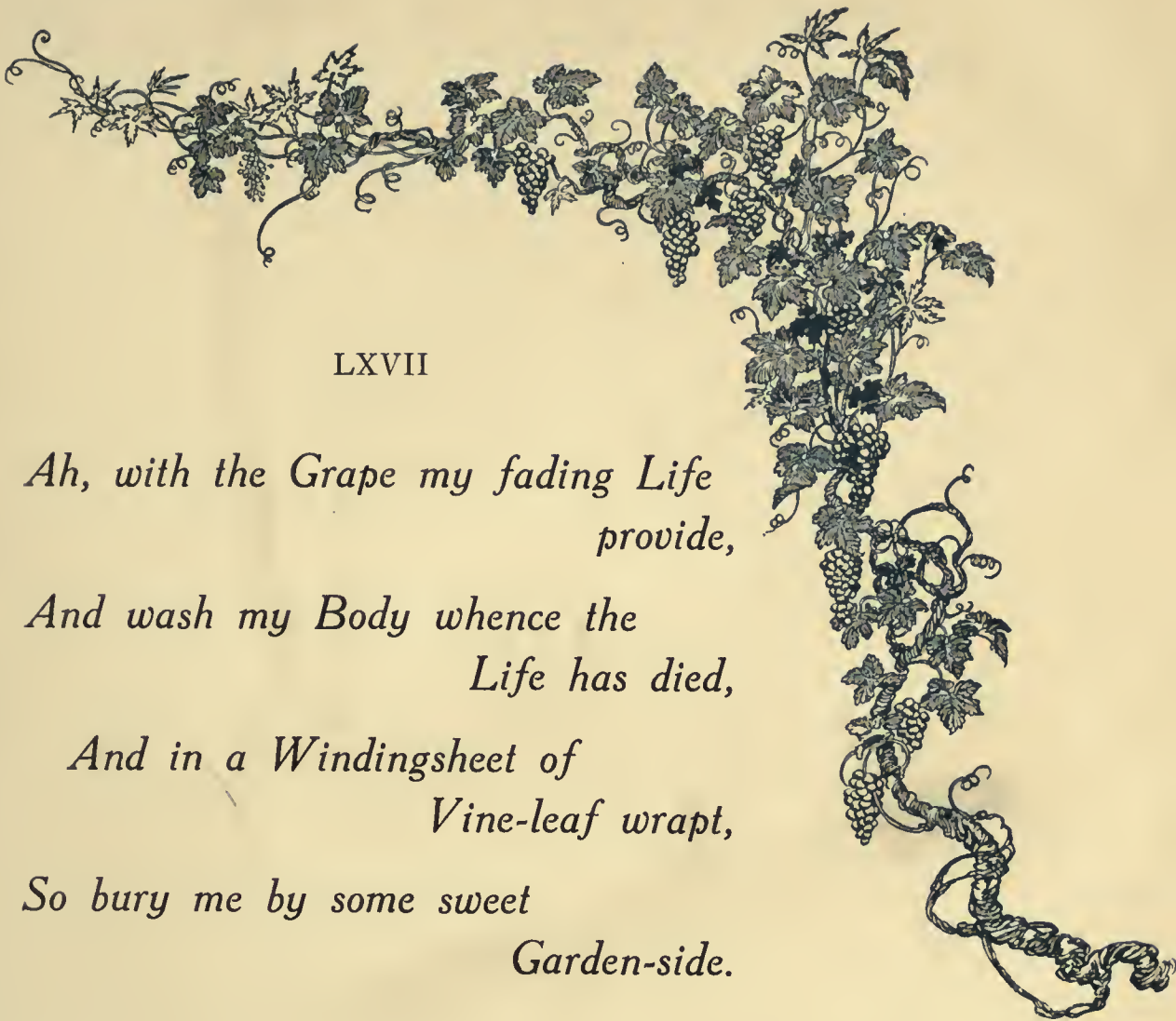
LXV

*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 !'*



LXVI

*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!'*



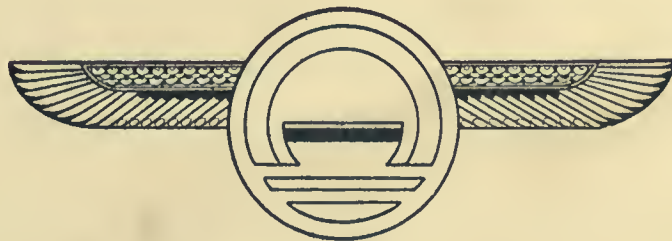
LXVII

*Ah, with the Grape my fading Life
provide,*

*And wash my Body whence the
Life has died,*

*And in a Windingsheet of
Vine-leaf wrapt,*

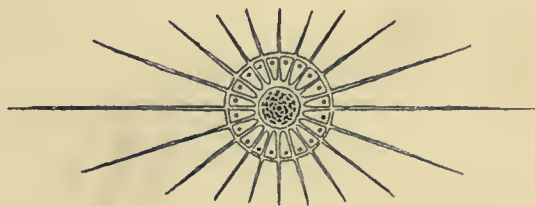
*So bury me by some sweet
Garden-side.*





LXVIII

*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 unaware.*





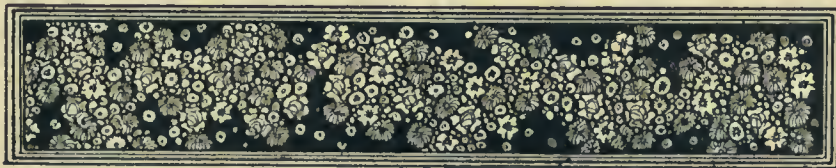
LXIX

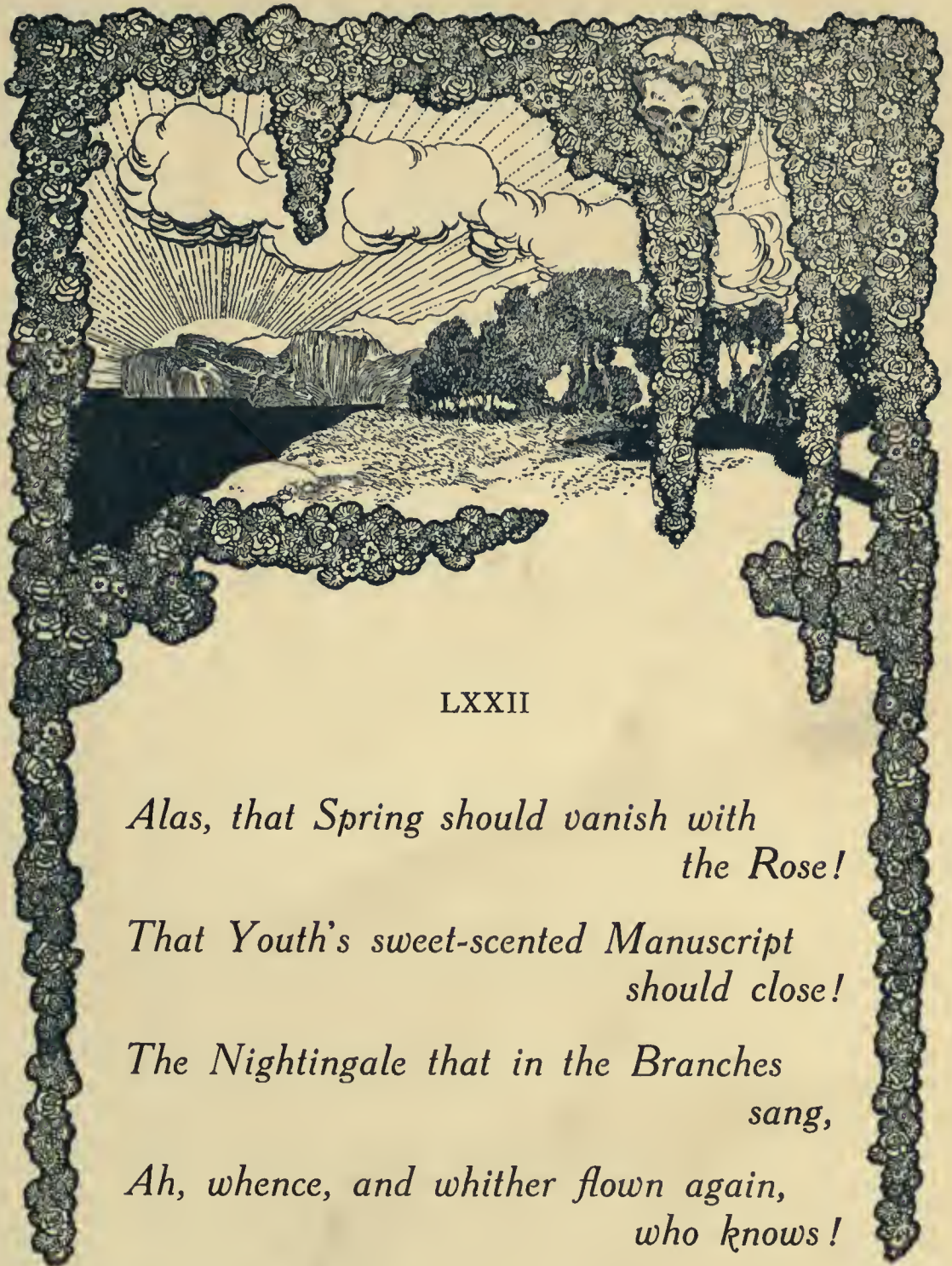
*Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much
wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.*



LXX

*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.*





LXXII

*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!*



LXXIII

*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!*



LXXIV

*Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:*

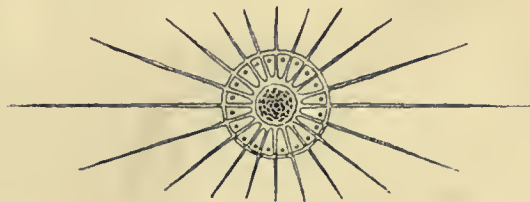
*How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!*



LXXV

*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!*

TAMAM SHUD



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