

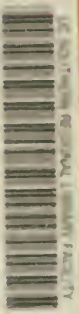
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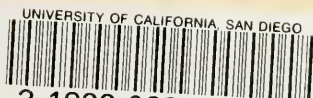


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RUBAIYAT OF

OMAR KHAYYAM



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 SULTAN'S TURRET
IN A NOOSE OF LIGHT.

II.

DREAMING WHEN DAWN'S
LEFT HAND WAS IN
THE SKY
I HEARD A VOICE WITH-
IN THE TAVERN CRY,
"AWAKE, MY LITTLE
ONES, AND FILL THE CUP
"BEFORE LIFE'S LIQUOR IN
ITS CUP BE DRY."

III.

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."

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.

V.

IRAM INDEED IS GONE WITH ALL
ITS ROSE,
AND JAMSHYD'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.

VI.

AND DAVID'S LIPS ARE LOCK'T;
BUT IN DIVINE
HIGH PIPING PEHLEVI, WITH
"WINE! WINE! WINE!
"RED WINE!"—THE NIGHTIN-
GALE CRIES TO THE ROSE
THAT YELLOW CHEEK OF HER'S
TO'INCARNADINE.

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
KAIKOBAD AWAY.

IX.

BUT COME WITH OLD KHAYYAM,
AND LEAVE THE LOT
OF KAIKOBAD AND KAIKHOSRU
FORGOT:
LET RUSTUM LAY ABOUT HIM AS
HE WILL,
OR HATIM 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 SULTAN MAHMUD ON
HIS THRONE.

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 SOV-
RANTY!"—THINK SOME:
OTHERS—"HOW BLEST THE
PARADISE TO COME!"
AH, TAKE THE CASH IN HAND
AND WAVE 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 CARA-
VANSEAI
WHOSE DOORWAYS ARE ALTER-
NATE NIGHT AND DAY,
HOW SULTAN AFTER SULTAN
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 BELOVED, 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 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?

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 STOFT WITH DUST.

XXVI.

OH, COME WITH OLD KHAYYAM,
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.

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 UNDER-
STANDING!" HEAV'N REPLIED.

XXXIV.

THEN 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."

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 UNDER-
NEATH OUR FEET:
UNBORN TO-MORROW, AND DEAD
YESTERDAY,
WHY FRET ABOUT THEM IF TO-
DAY BE SWEET!

XXXVIII.

ONE MOMENT IN ANNIHILA-
TION'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
INFINITE 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" WITH-
OUT, 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
'T WAS—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 MAHMUD, 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.

XLV.

BUT LEAVE THE WISE TO
WRANGLE, AND WITH ME
THE QUARREL OF THE UNIVERSE
LET BE:
AND, IN SOME CORNER OF THE
HUBBUB COUCH'T,
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,

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 KHAYYAM 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!

LI.

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.

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 FOAL
OF HEAV'N PARWIN AND
MUSHTARA THEY FLUNG,
IN MY PREDESTIN'D PLOT OF
DUST AND SOUL

LV.

THE VINE HAD STRUCK A FIBRE;
WHICH ABOUT
IF CLINGS MY BEING—LET THE
SUFIFLOUT;
OF MY BASE METAL MAY BE FILED
A KEY,
THAT SHALL UNLOCK THE DOOR
HE HOWLS WITHOUT.

LVI.

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.

KUZA-NAMA.

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.

LX.

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?"

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.

LXXI.

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.

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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