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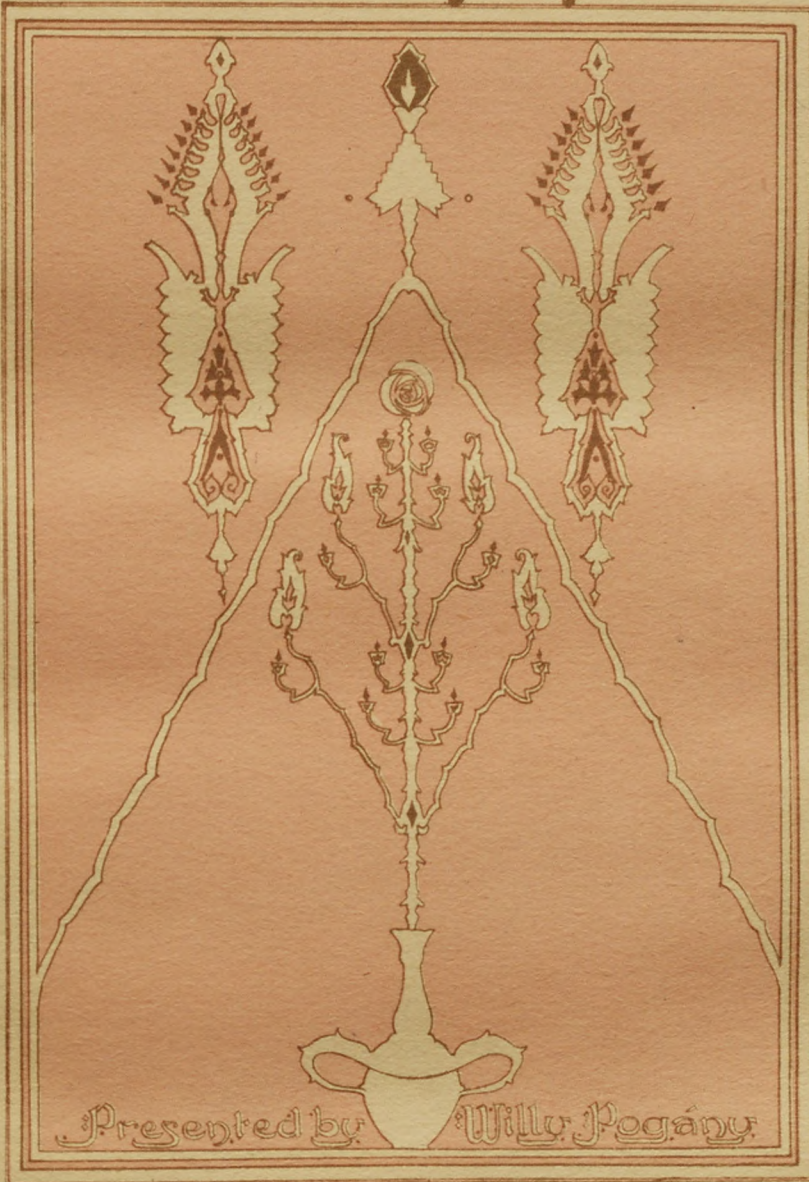




These pearls of thought in Persian
gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
The diver Omar plucked them from
their bed,
Fitzgerald strung them on an English
thread.
Lowell



Publġkazzjoni ta'
 Omar al-Khayyam



Presented by Willu Pogány

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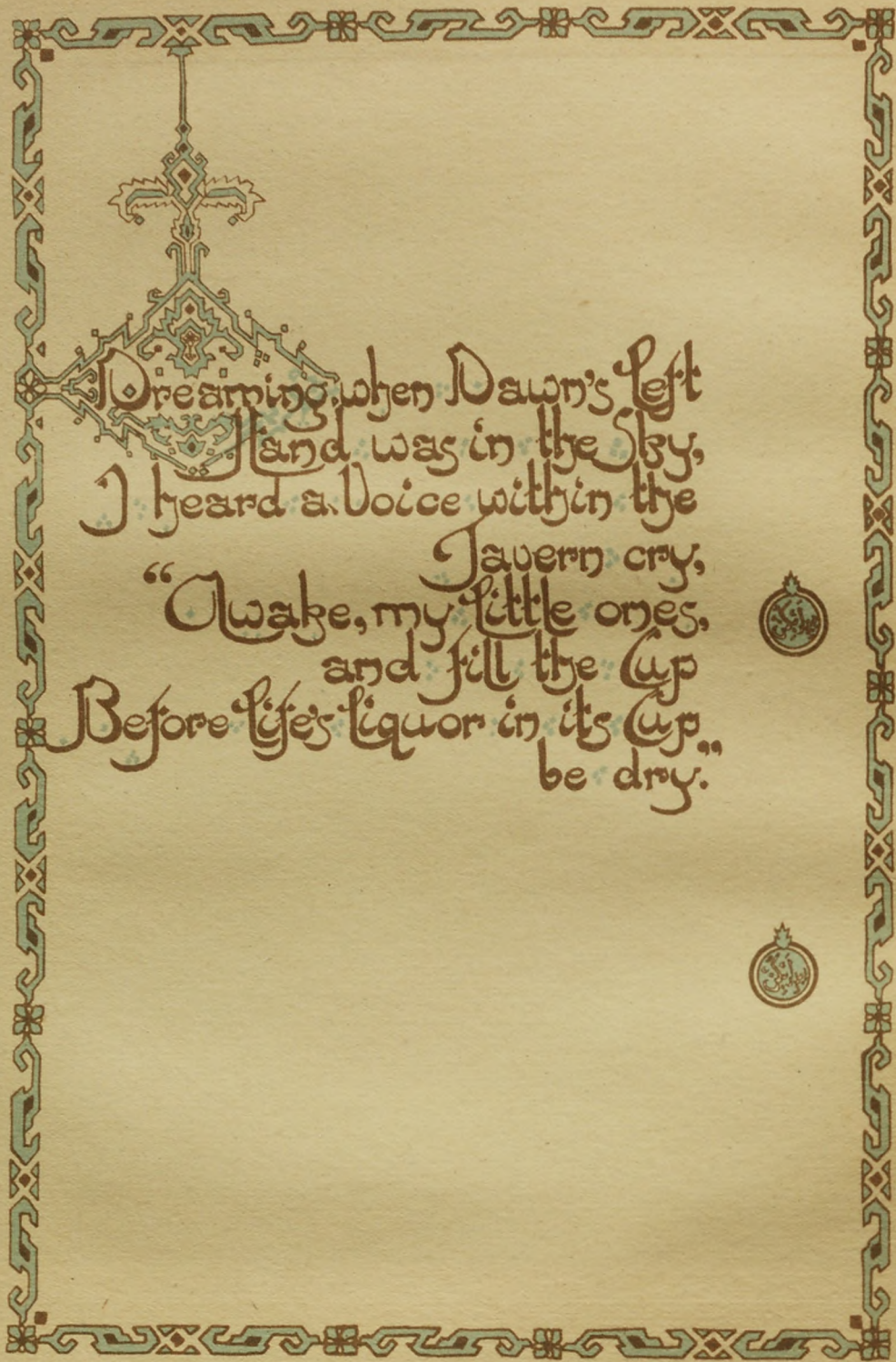
Awake!

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.



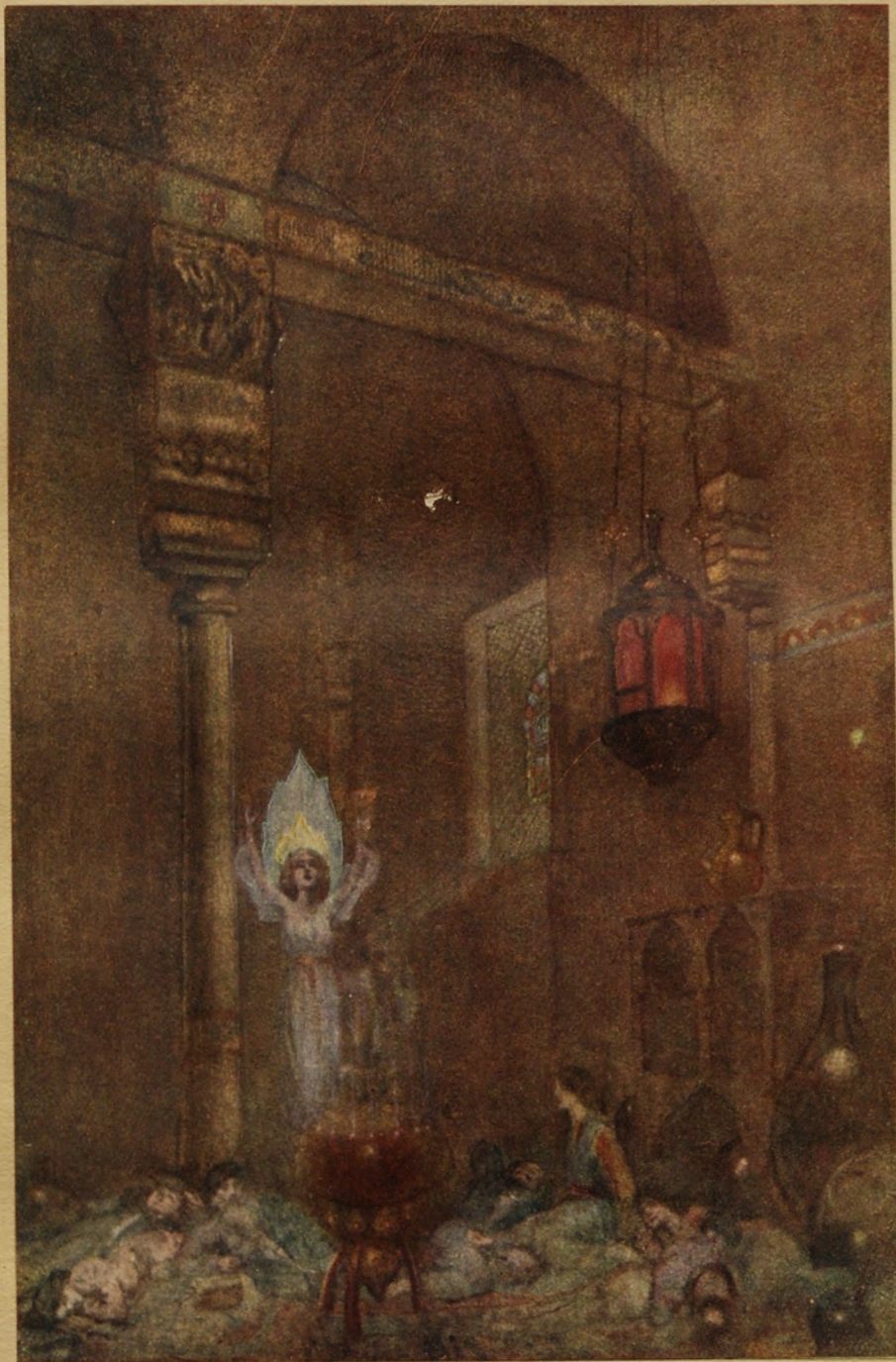


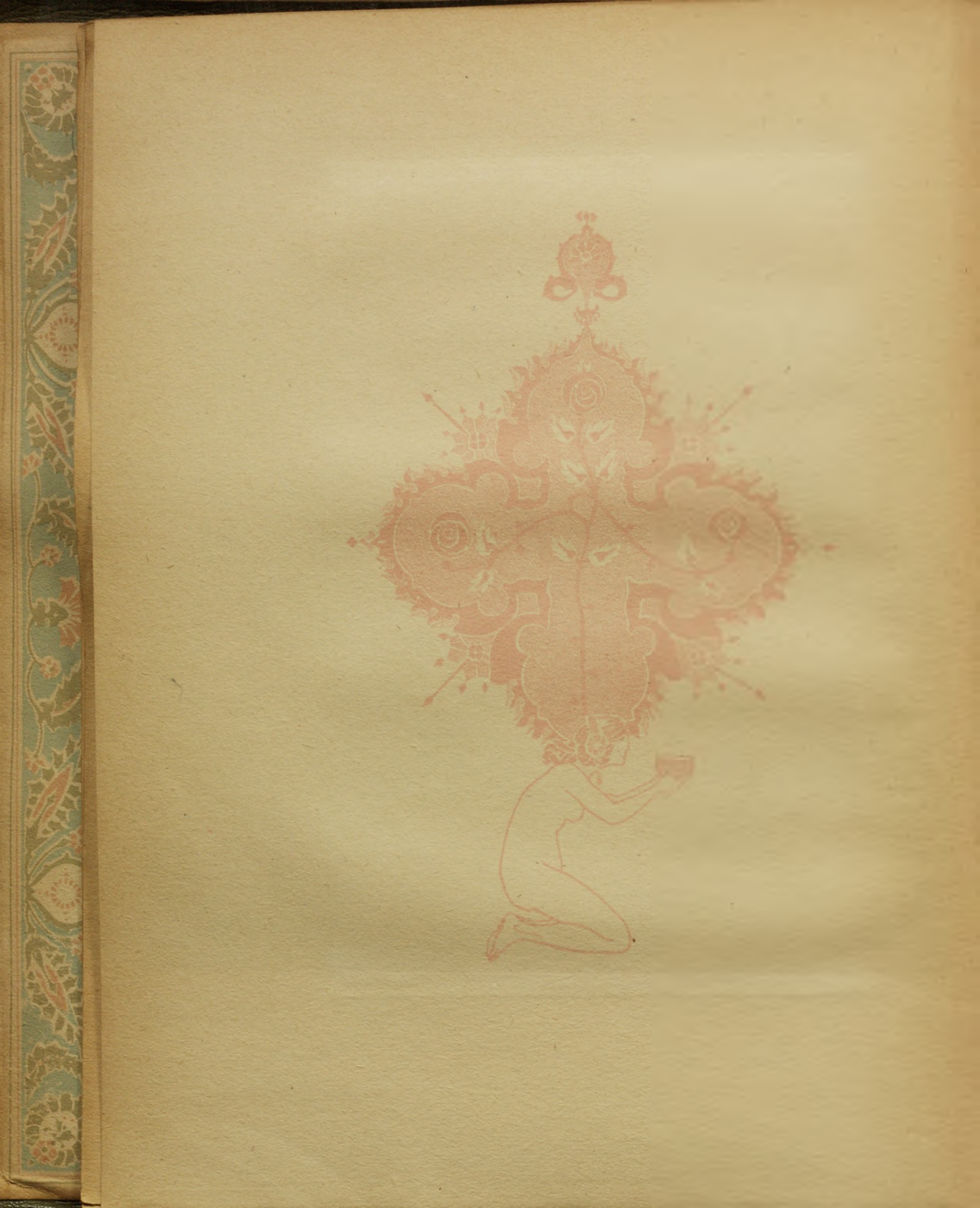





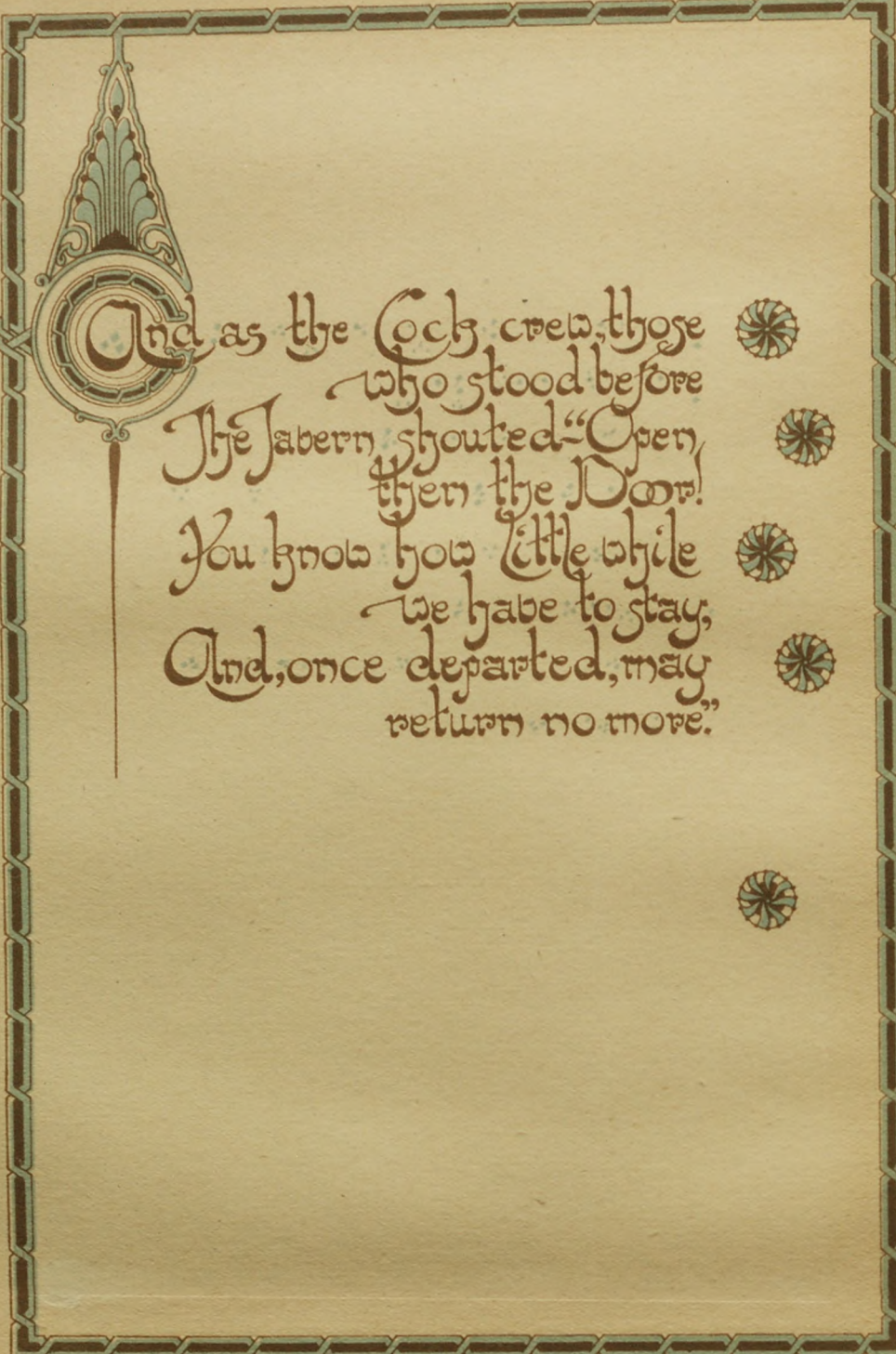
Dreaming when Dawn's left
Hand was in the sky,
I heard a voice within the
Tavern cry,
"Awake, my little ones,
and fill the cup
Before life's liquor in its cup,
be dry."











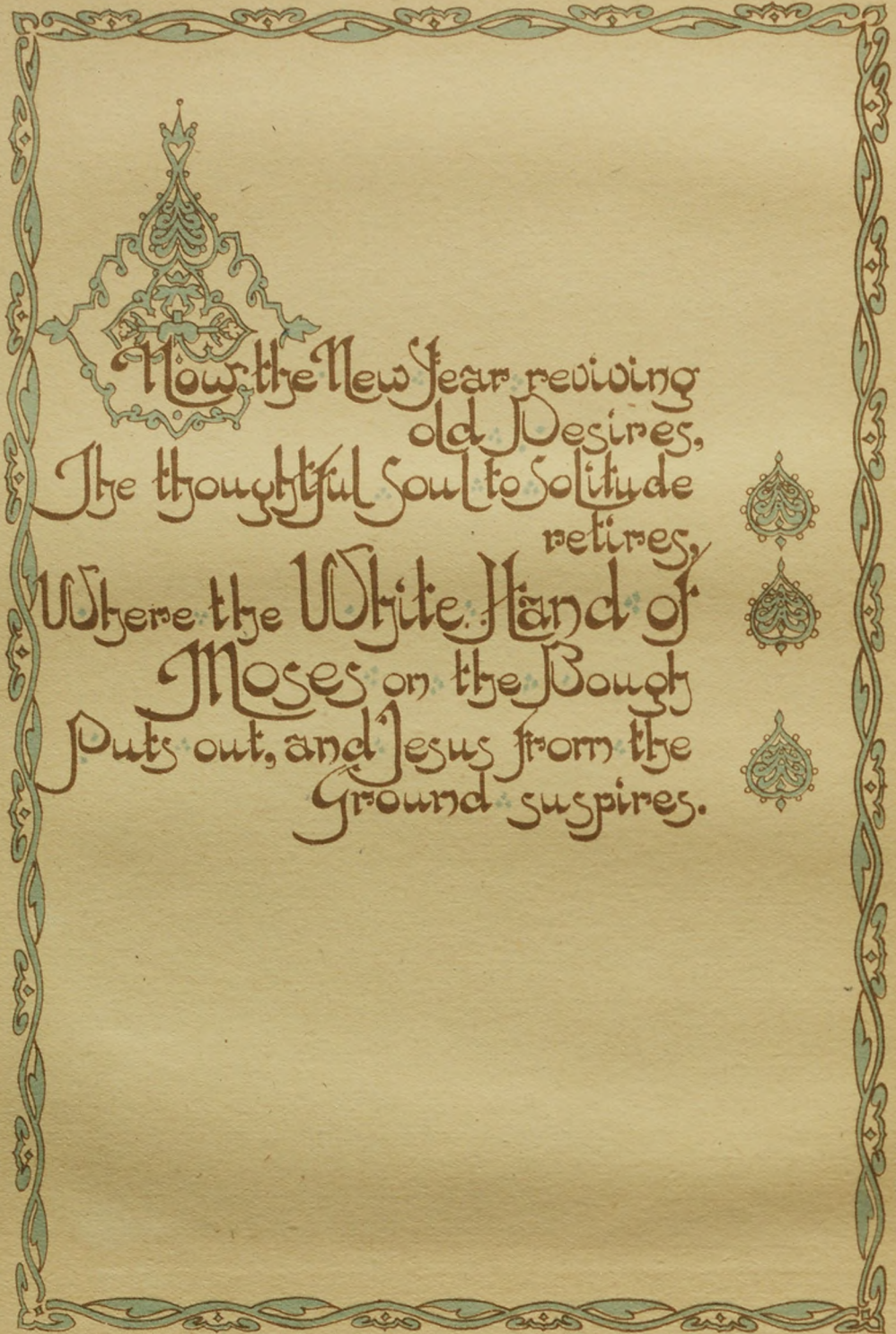
And as the Cock crew, those
who stood before
The Tabern, shouted, "Open
then the Door!
You know how little while
we have to stay,
And, once departed, may
return no more."







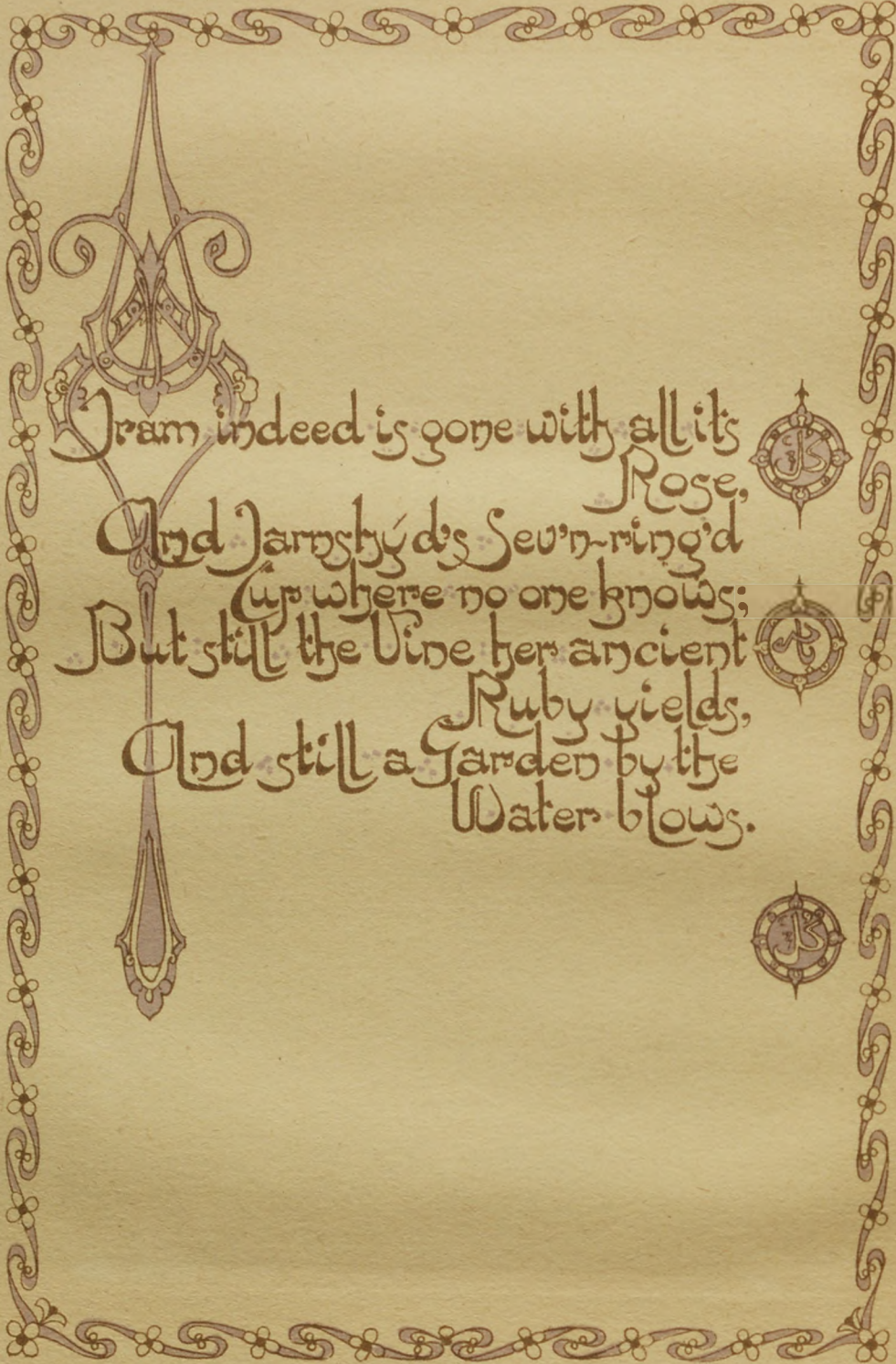




Now the New Year reviving
old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude
retires,
Where the White Hand of
Moses on the Bough
puts out, and Jesus from the
Ground suspires.



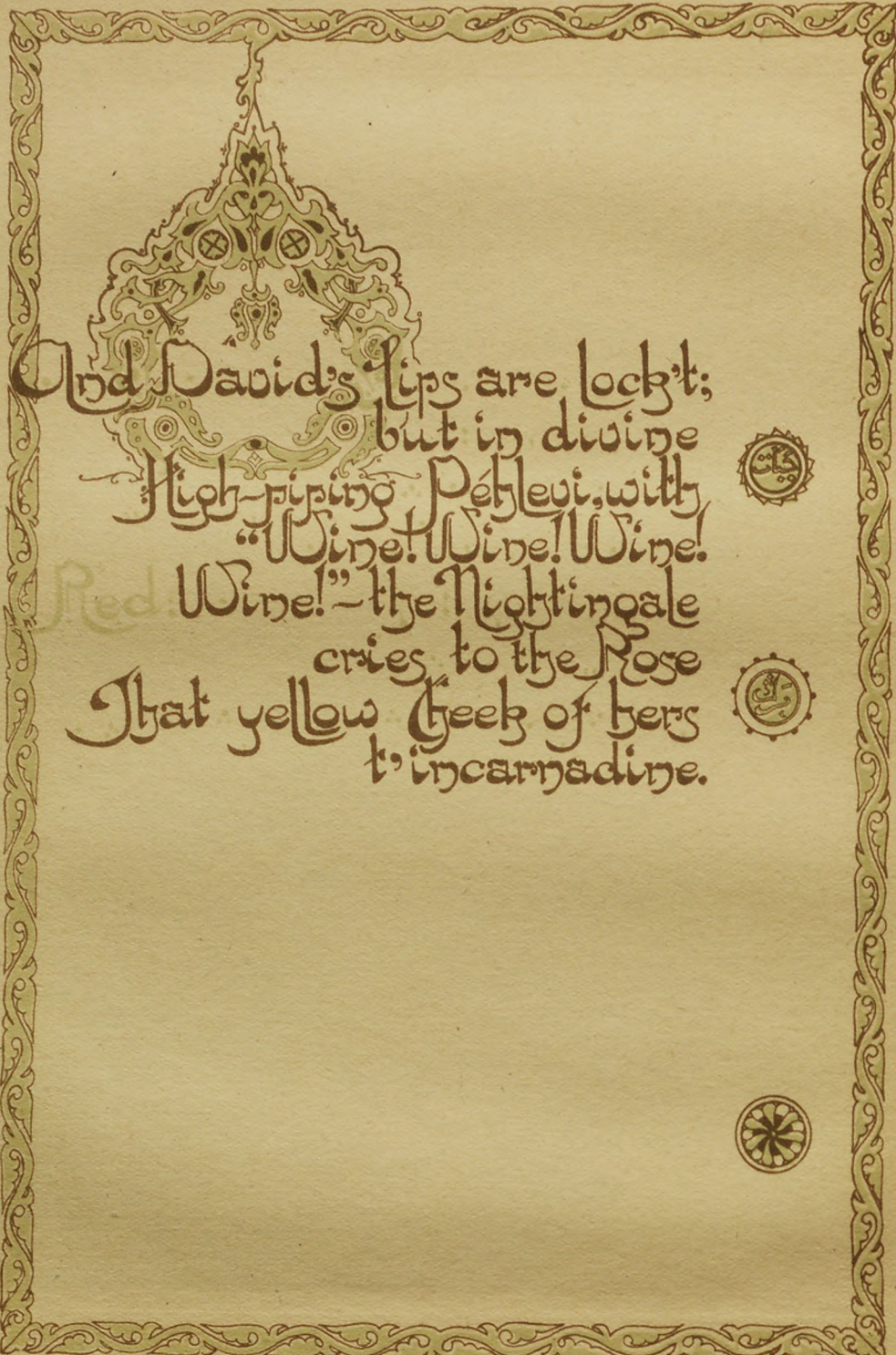




Gram indeed is gone with all its
Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd
Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient
Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the
Water blows.





A decorative border in gold ink surrounds the text. At the top center, a large, intricate initial 'D' is formed by a complex, symmetrical floral and scrollwork design. The text is written in a black Gothic script.

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 Geek of hers
t'incarnadine.







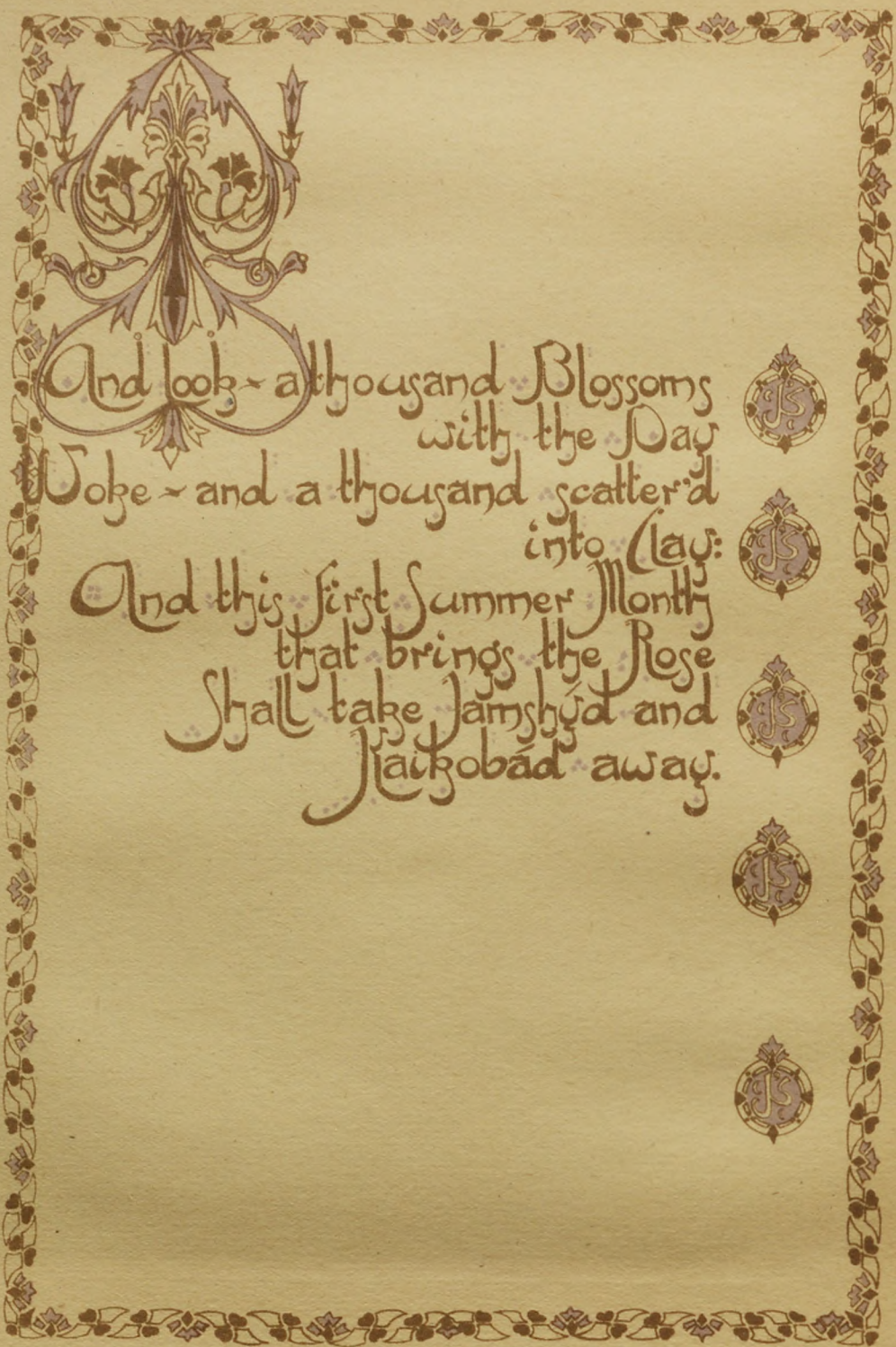
Fill the Cup, and in the
Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of
Repentance fling
The Bird of Time has but
a little way
To fly and lo! the Bird is
on the Wing.








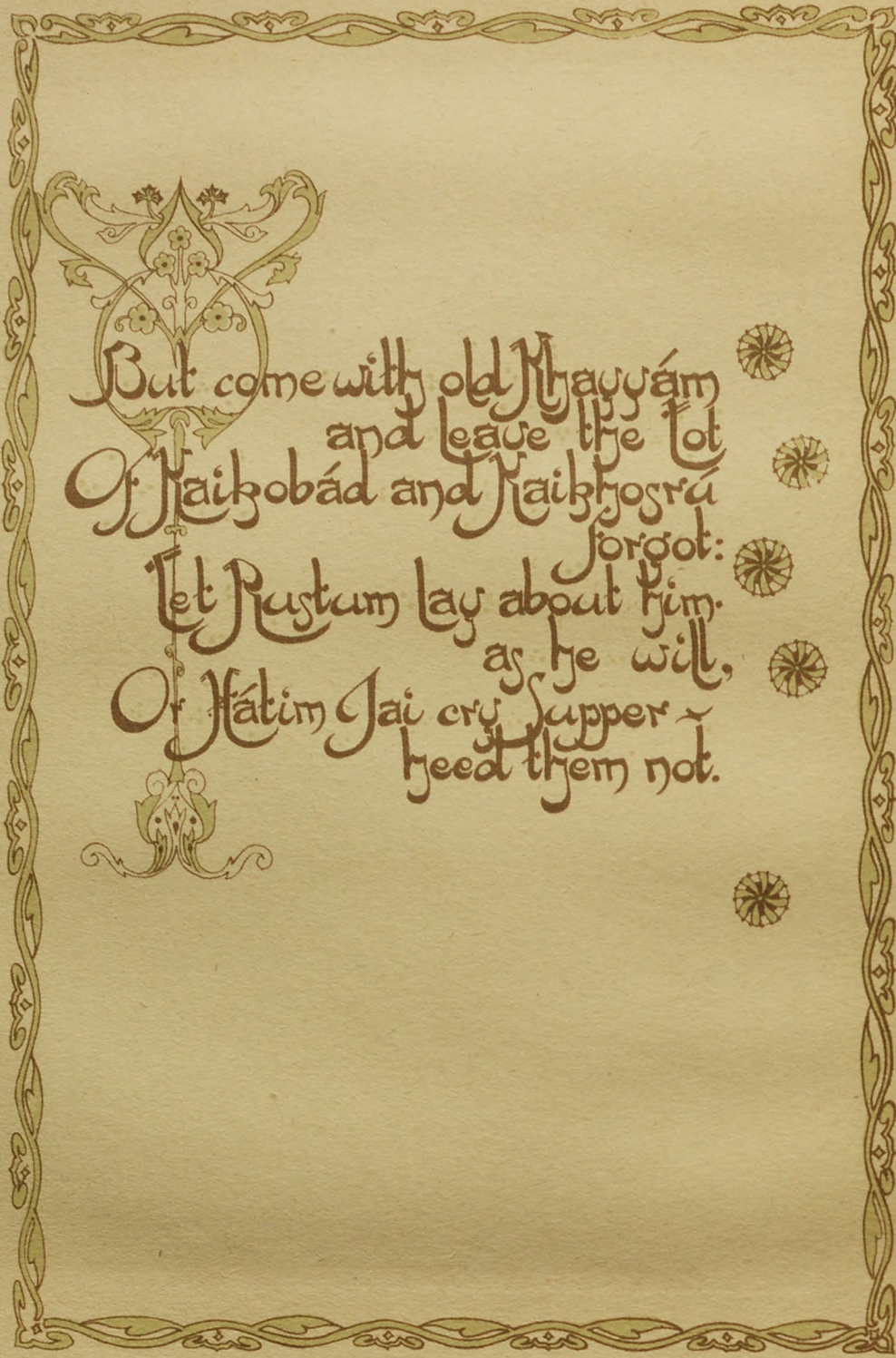




And look - a thousand Blossoms
 with the Day
 Woke - and a thousand scatter'd
 into Clay:
 And this first Summer Month
 that brings the Rose
 Shall take Jamshyd and
 Rakobad away.







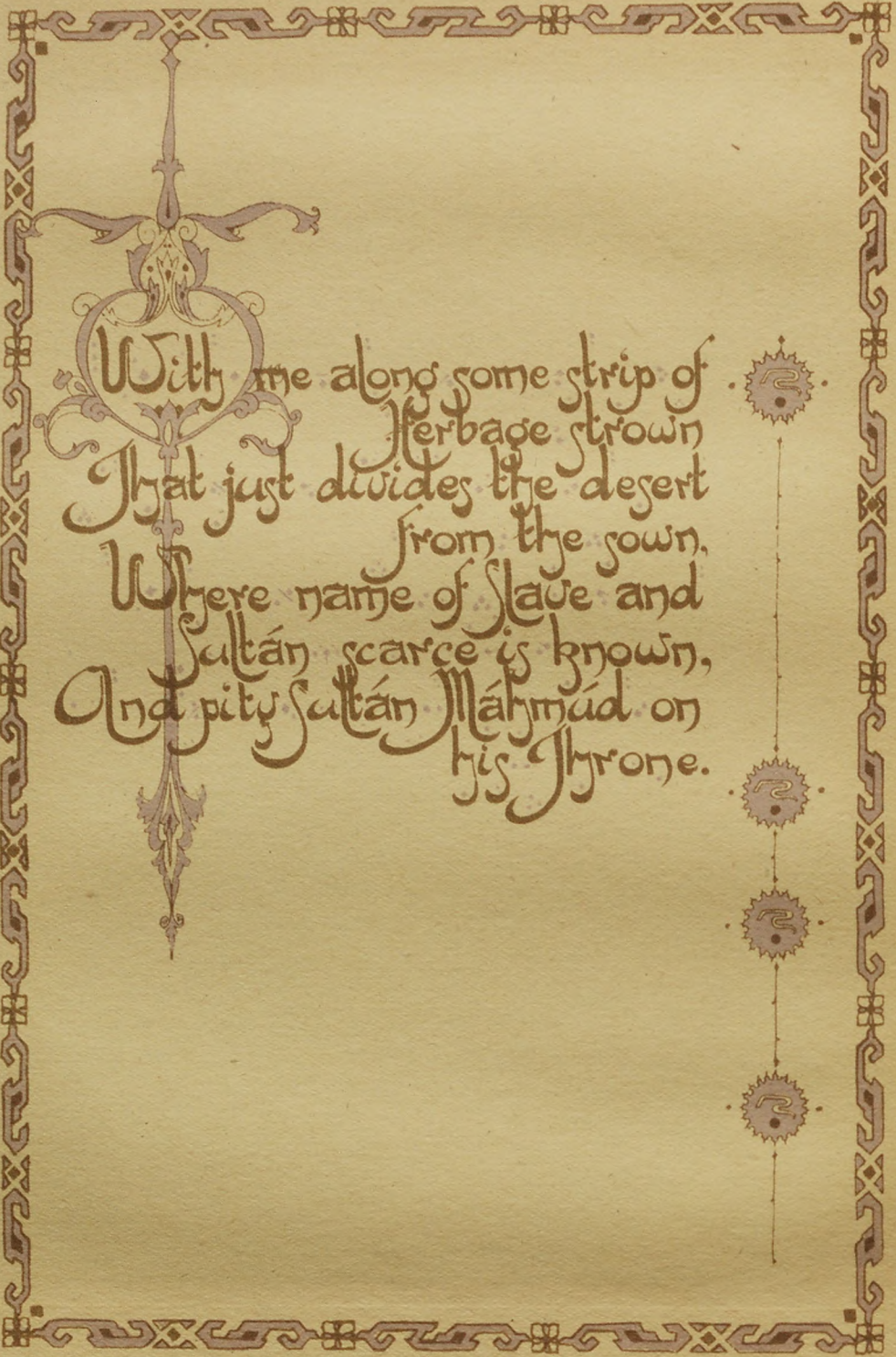


But come with old Mharyám
and leave the lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú


forgot:
Let Rústum lay about him.
as he will,
Of Hatim Jai cry Supper
heed them not.




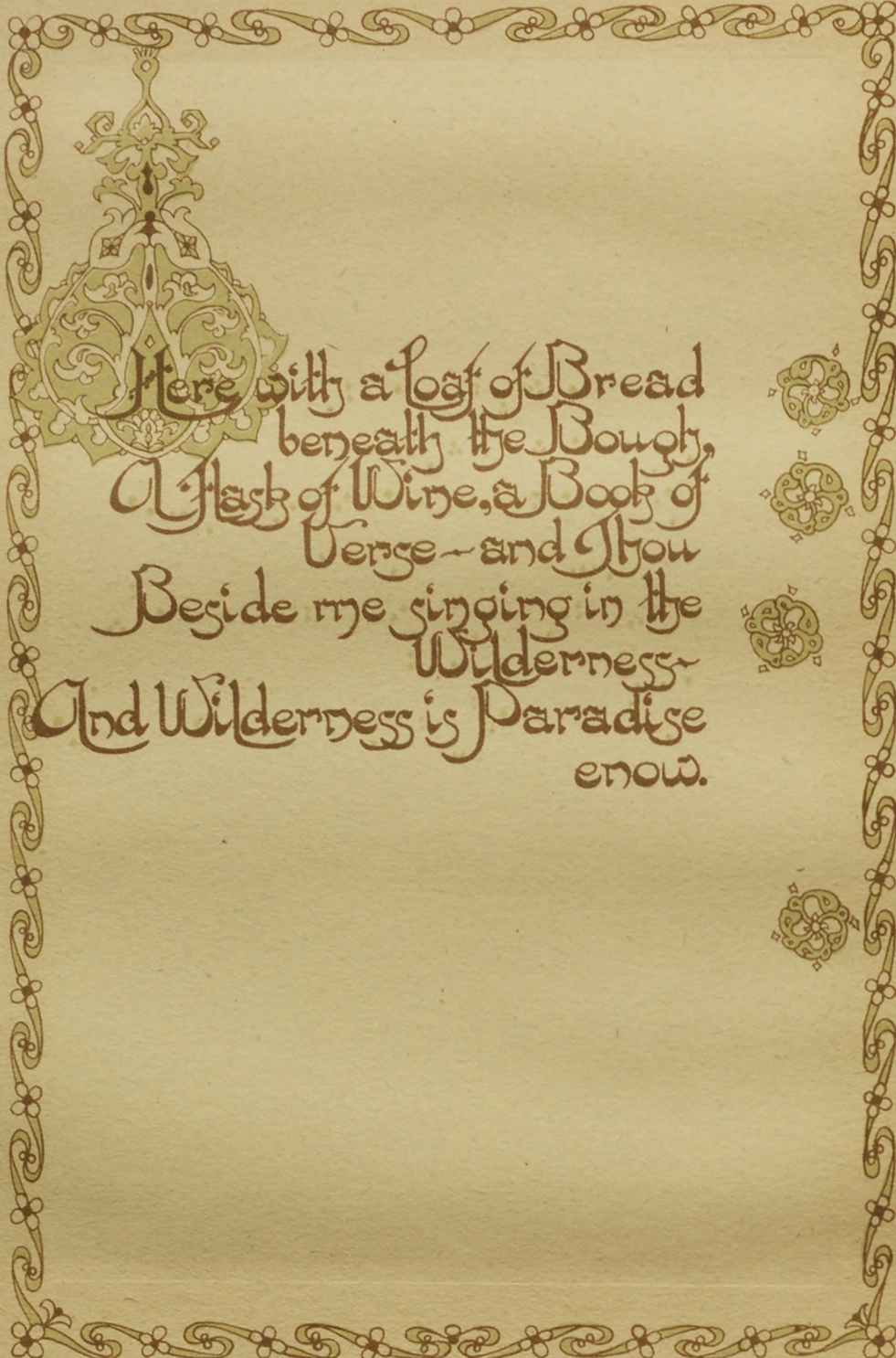





With me along some strip of
Herbage strown
That just divides the desert
from the sown,
Where name of Slave and
Sultan scarce is known,
And pity Sultan Mahmud on
his Throne.

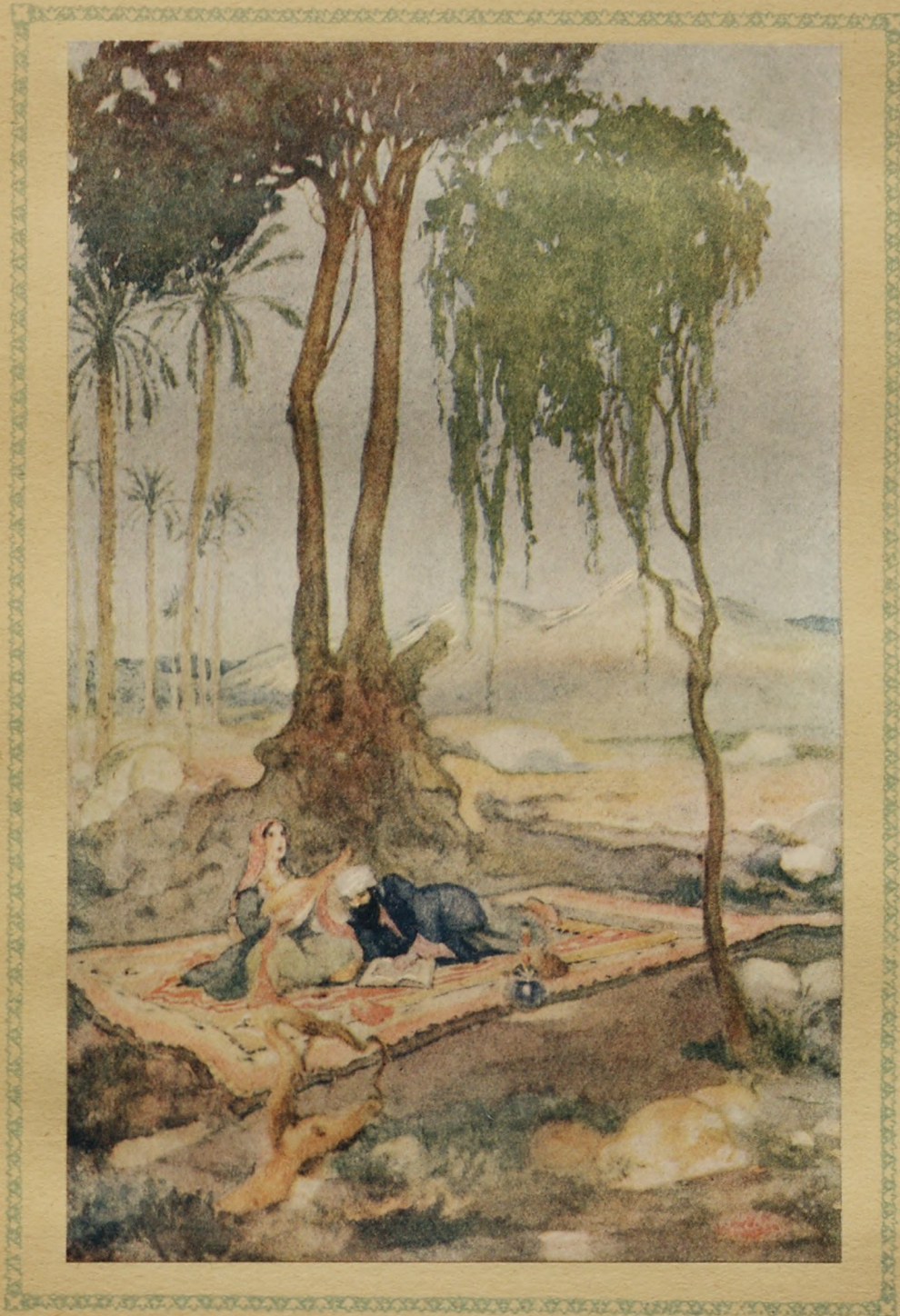






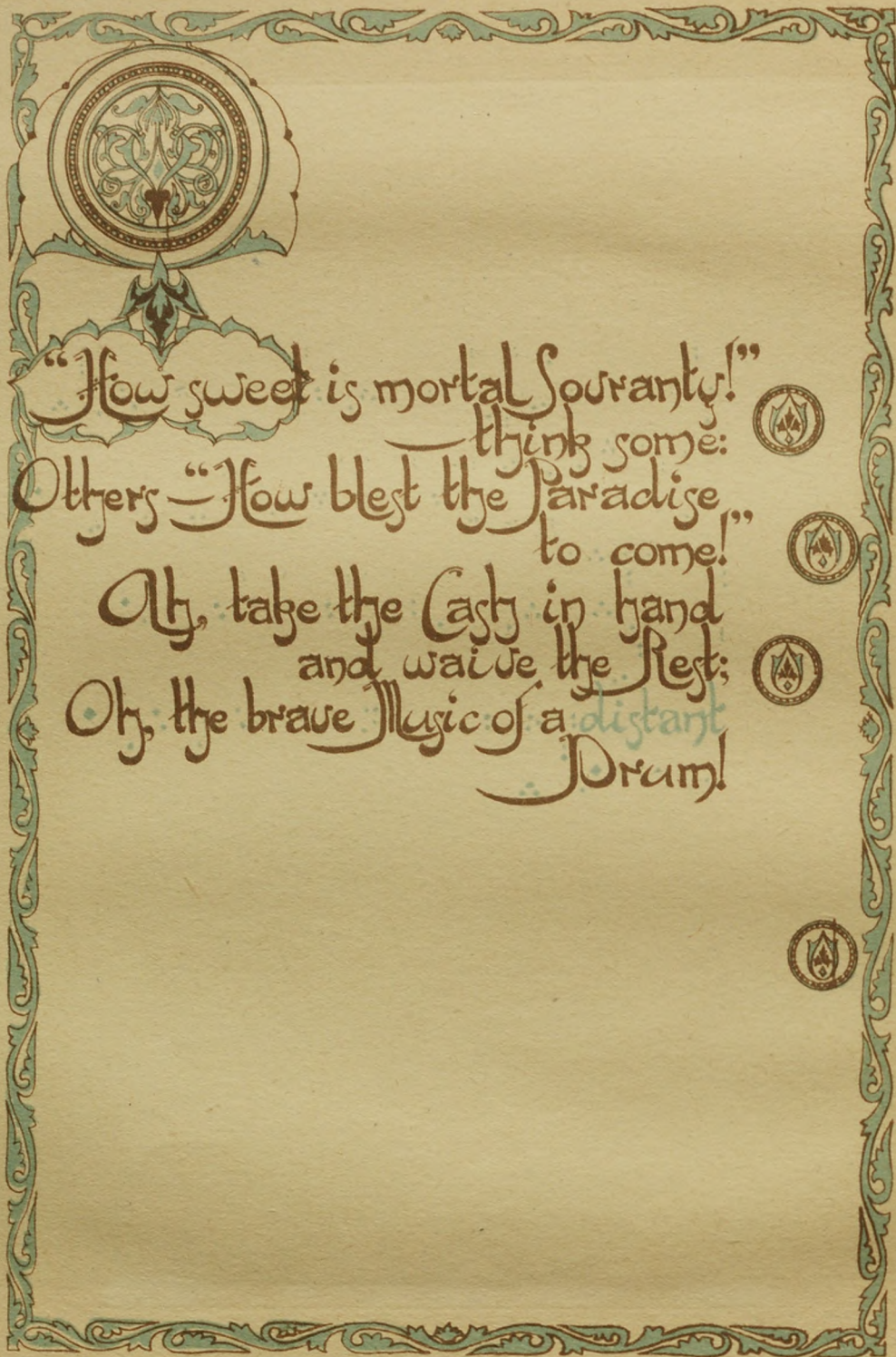
Here with a loaf of Bread
beneath the Bough,
A flask of Wine, a Book of
Verse - and Thou
Beside me singing in the
Wilderness -
And Wilderness is Paradise
enow.



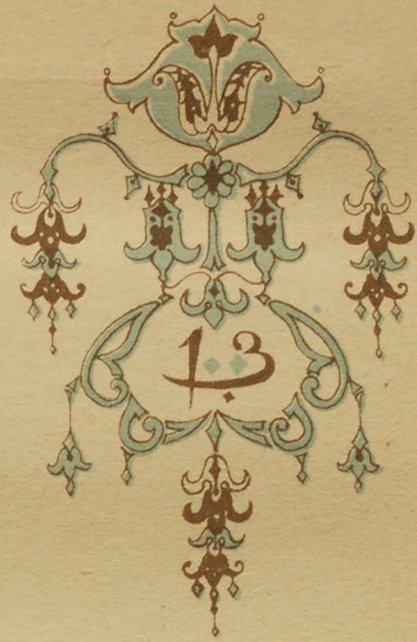



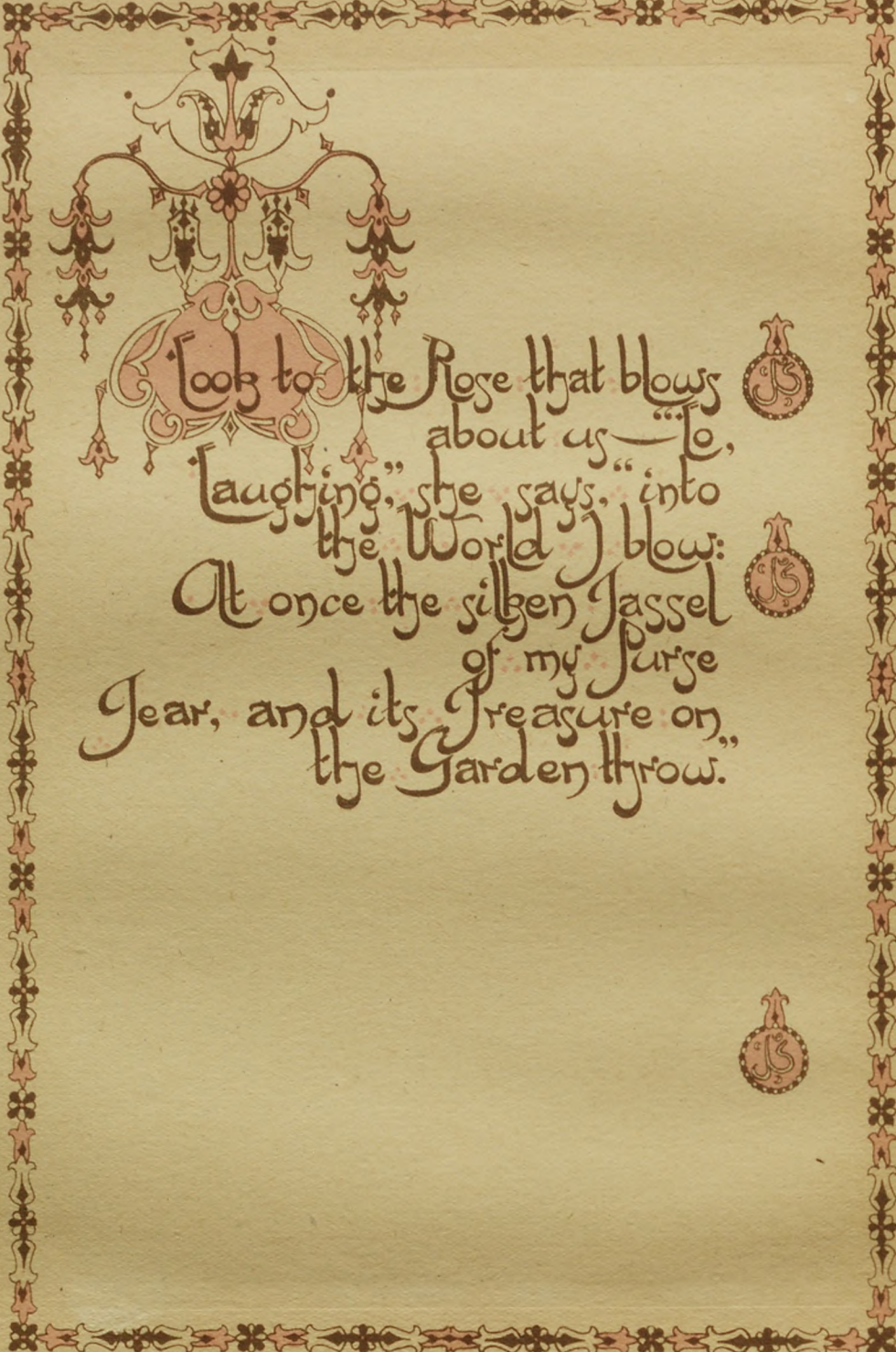









"How sweet is mortal Sovereignty!"
— think some:
Others "How blest the Paradise,
to come!"
O, take the Cash in hand
and waive the Rest;
O, the brave Music of a distant
Drum!






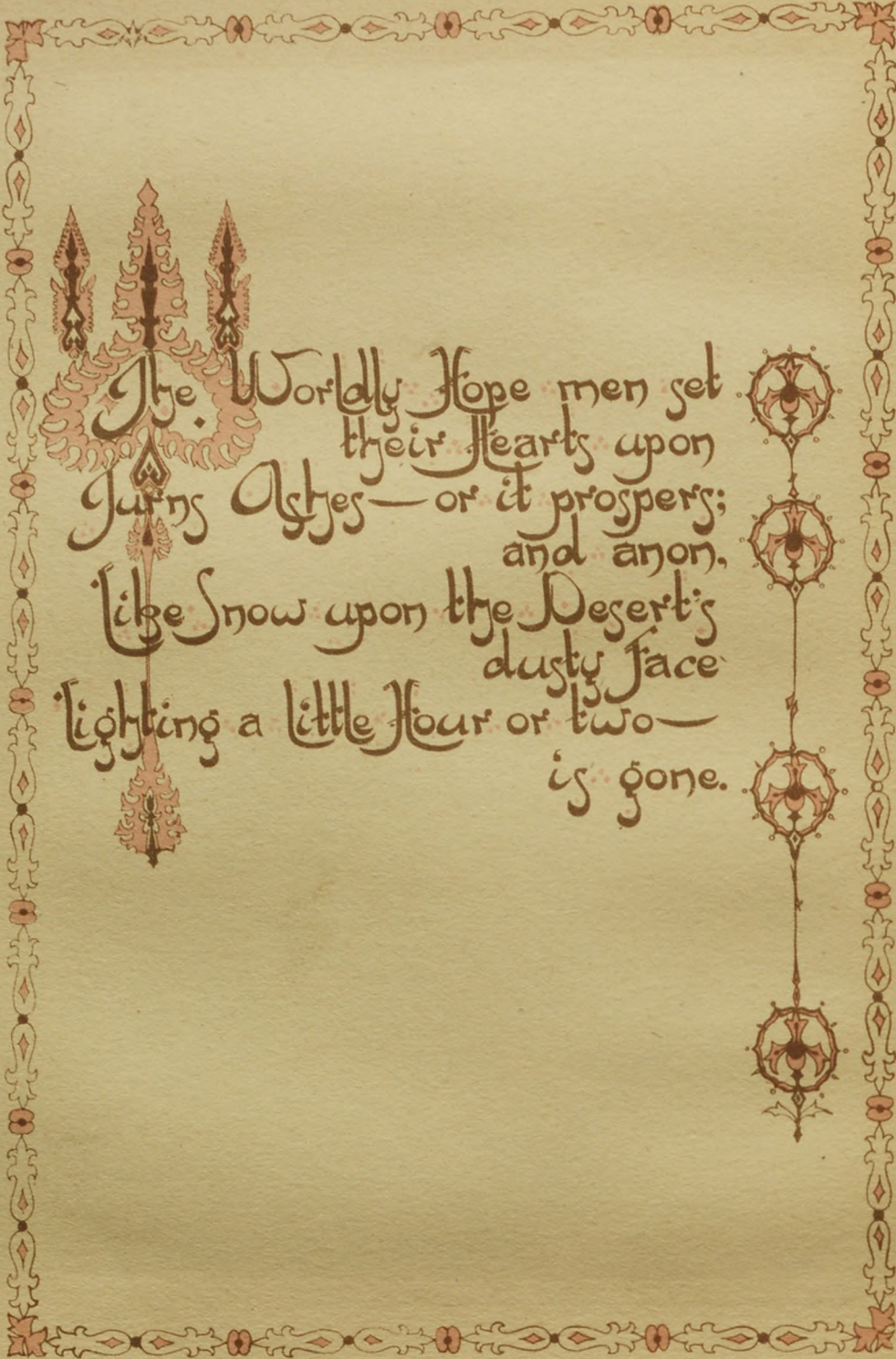
Look to the Rose that blows
about us —
"Laughing," she says, "into
the World I blow:
At once the silken Jassel
of my surse
Jear, and its Treasure on,
the Garden throw."








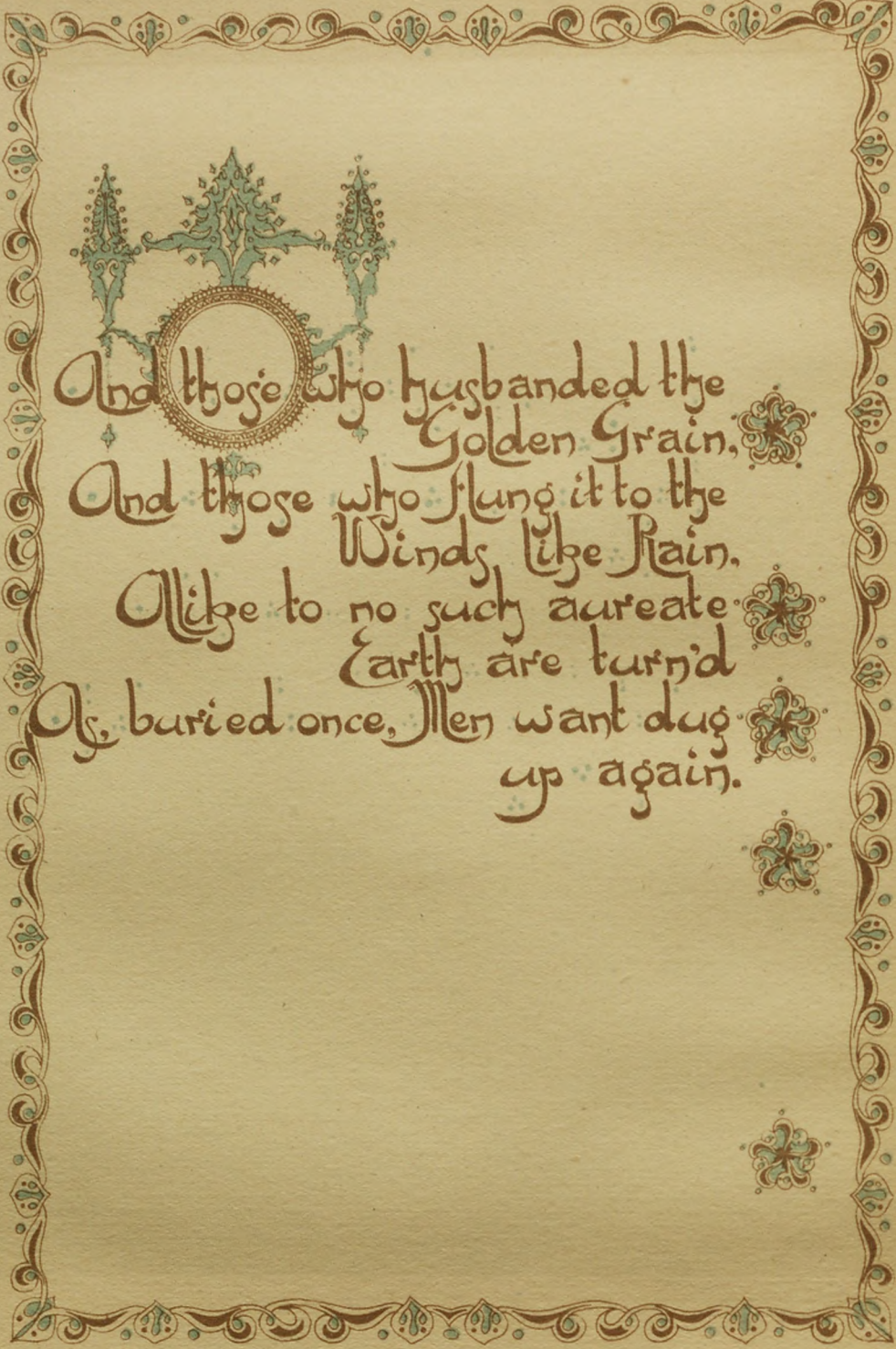




The Worldly Hope men set
their hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers;
and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's
dusty face
Lighting a little Hour or two —
is gone.


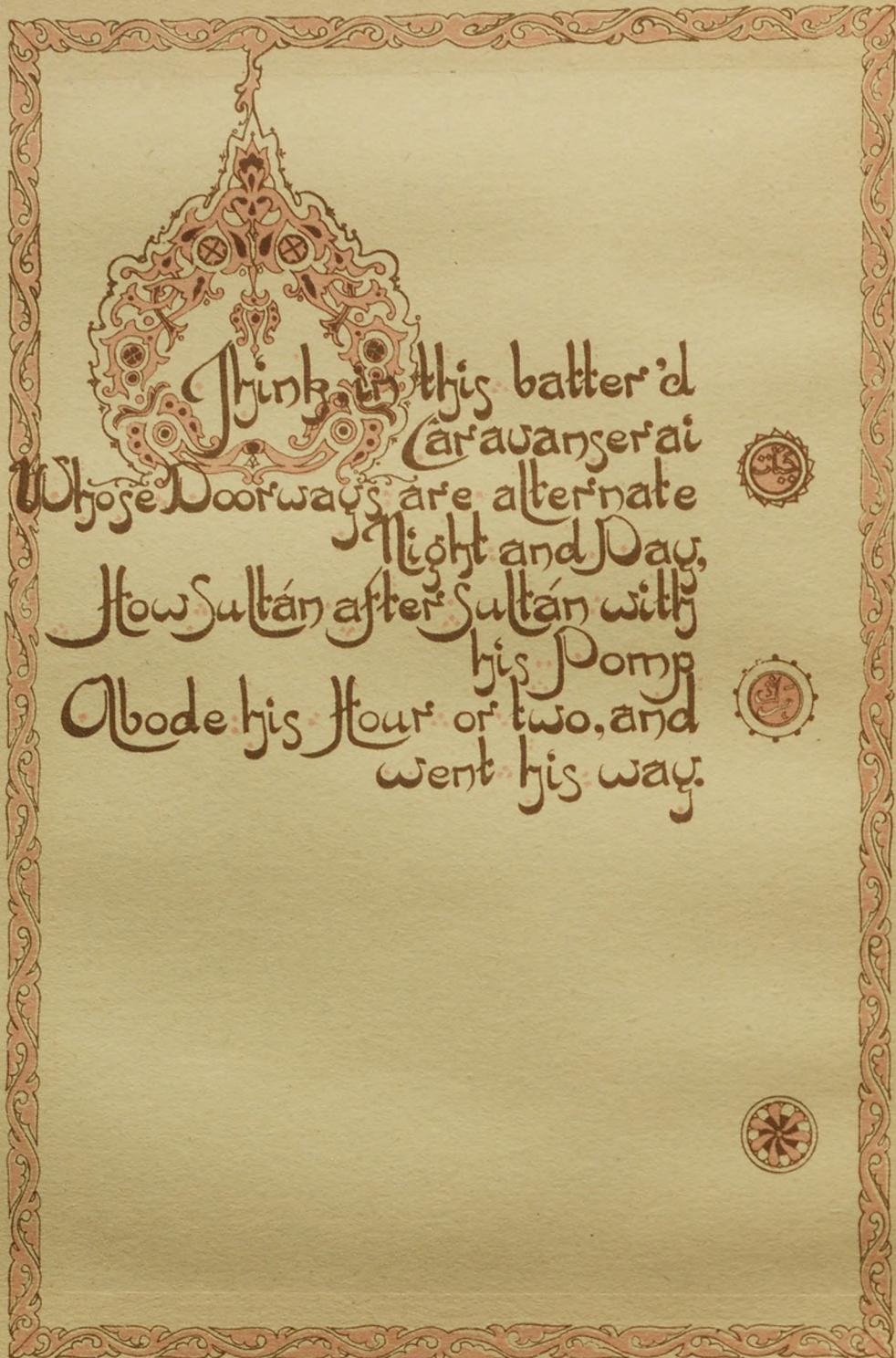




A decorative border in brown ink with green and blue floral accents surrounds the text. At the top center, there is a large, ornate initial 'O' in brown with a green and blue floral design extending upwards and outwards.

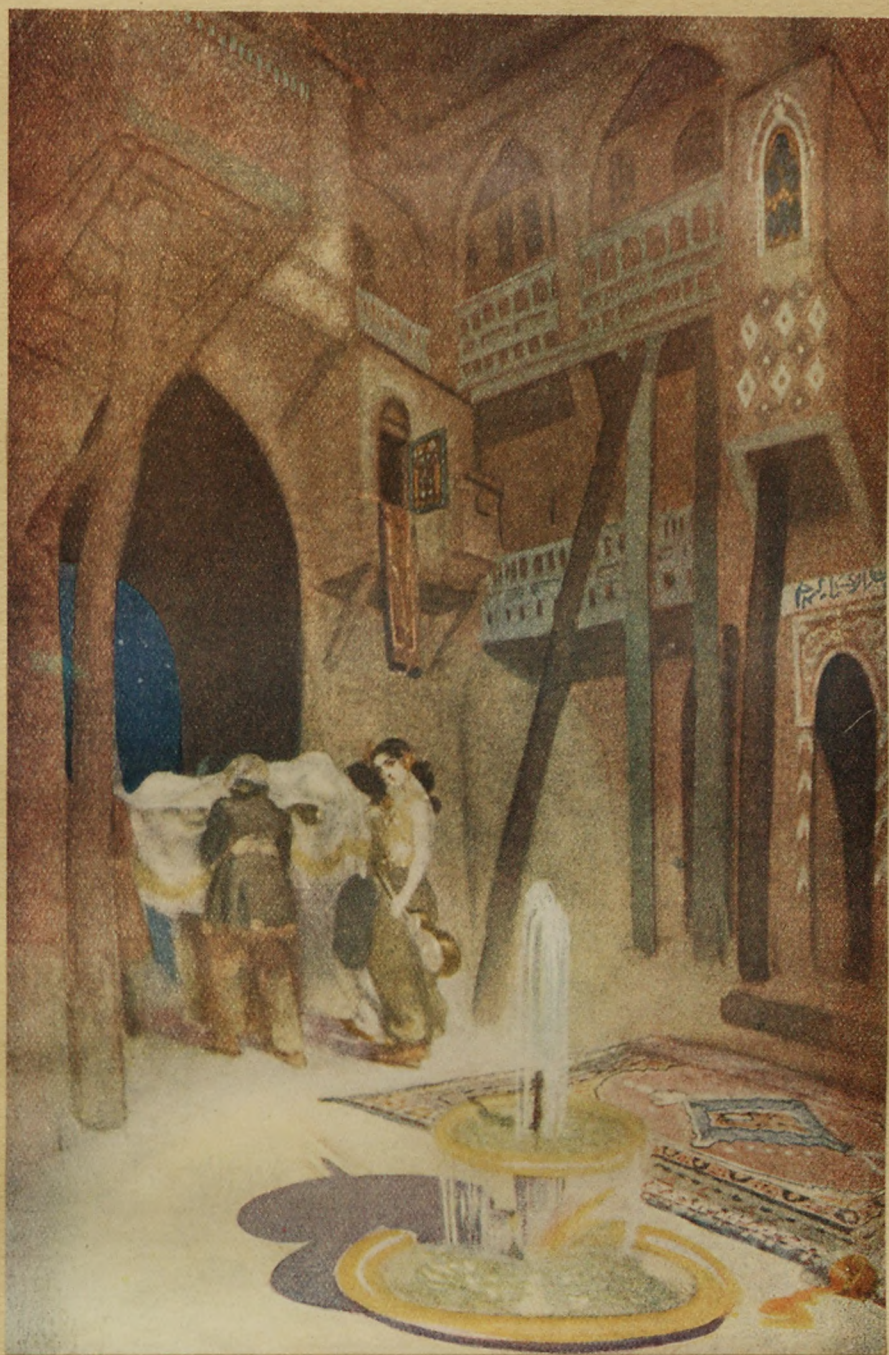
And those who husbanded the
Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the
Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate
Earth are turn'd
As buried once, Men want dug
up again.





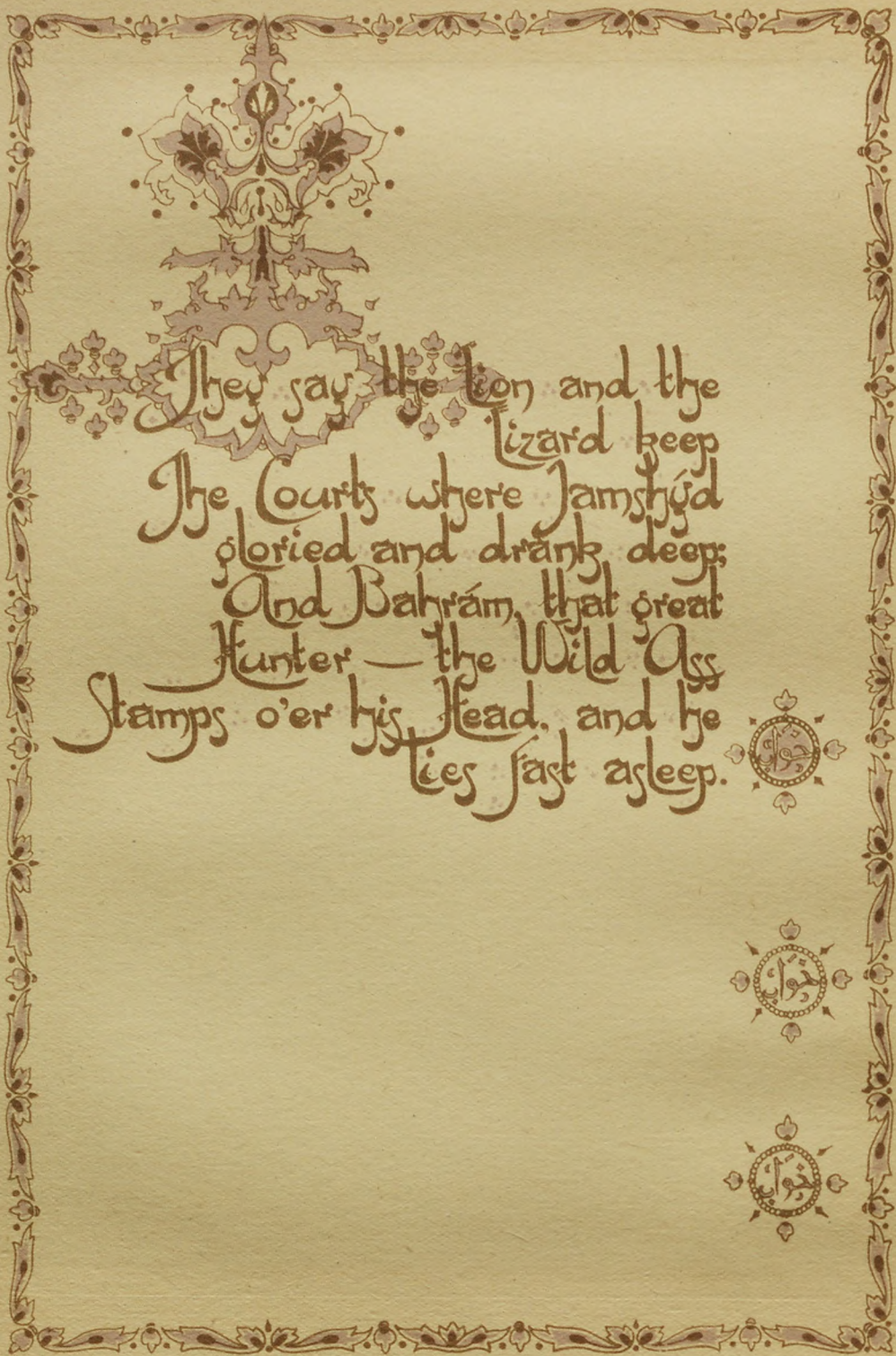
Think in this batter'd
Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate
Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with
his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and
went his way.





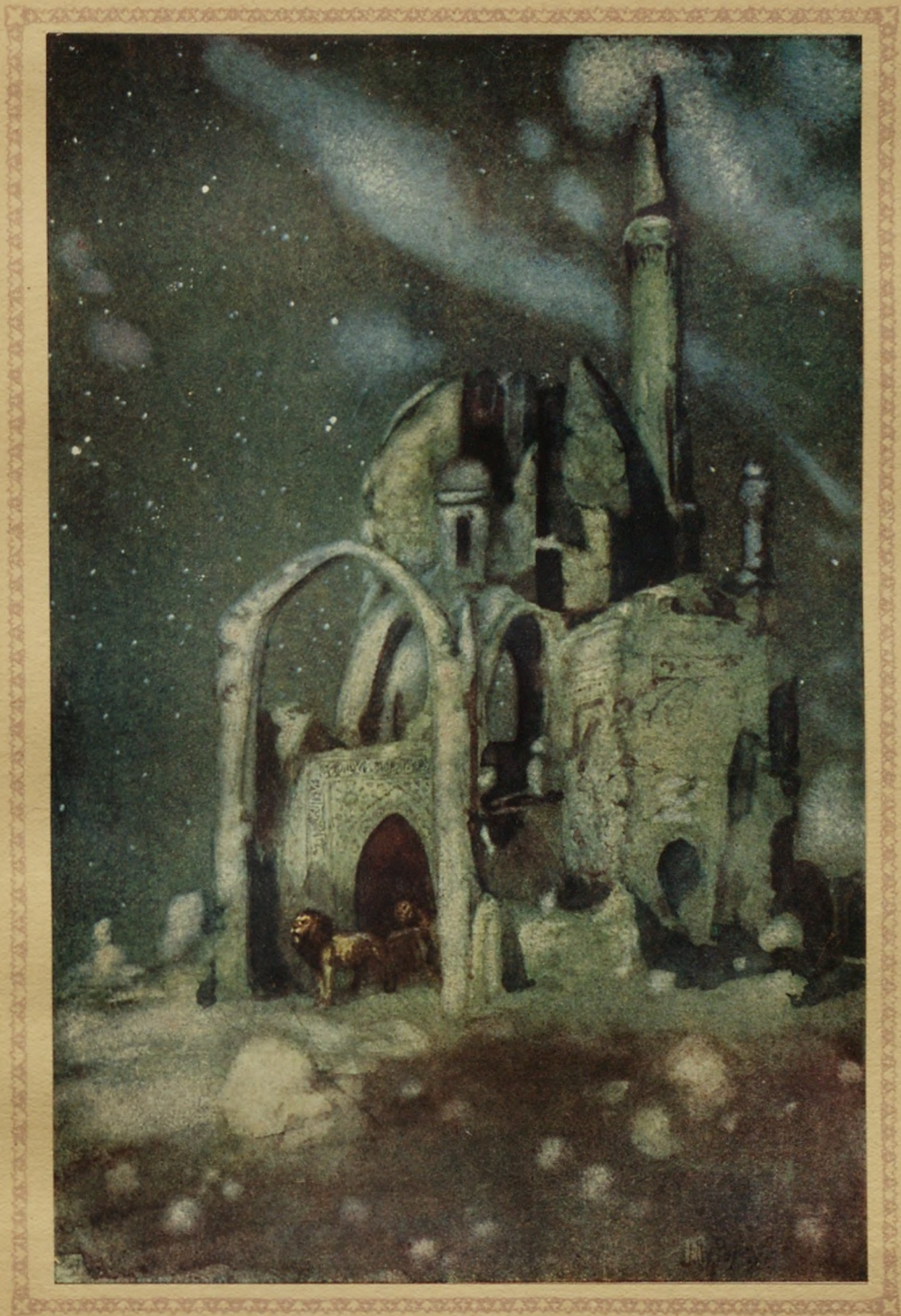







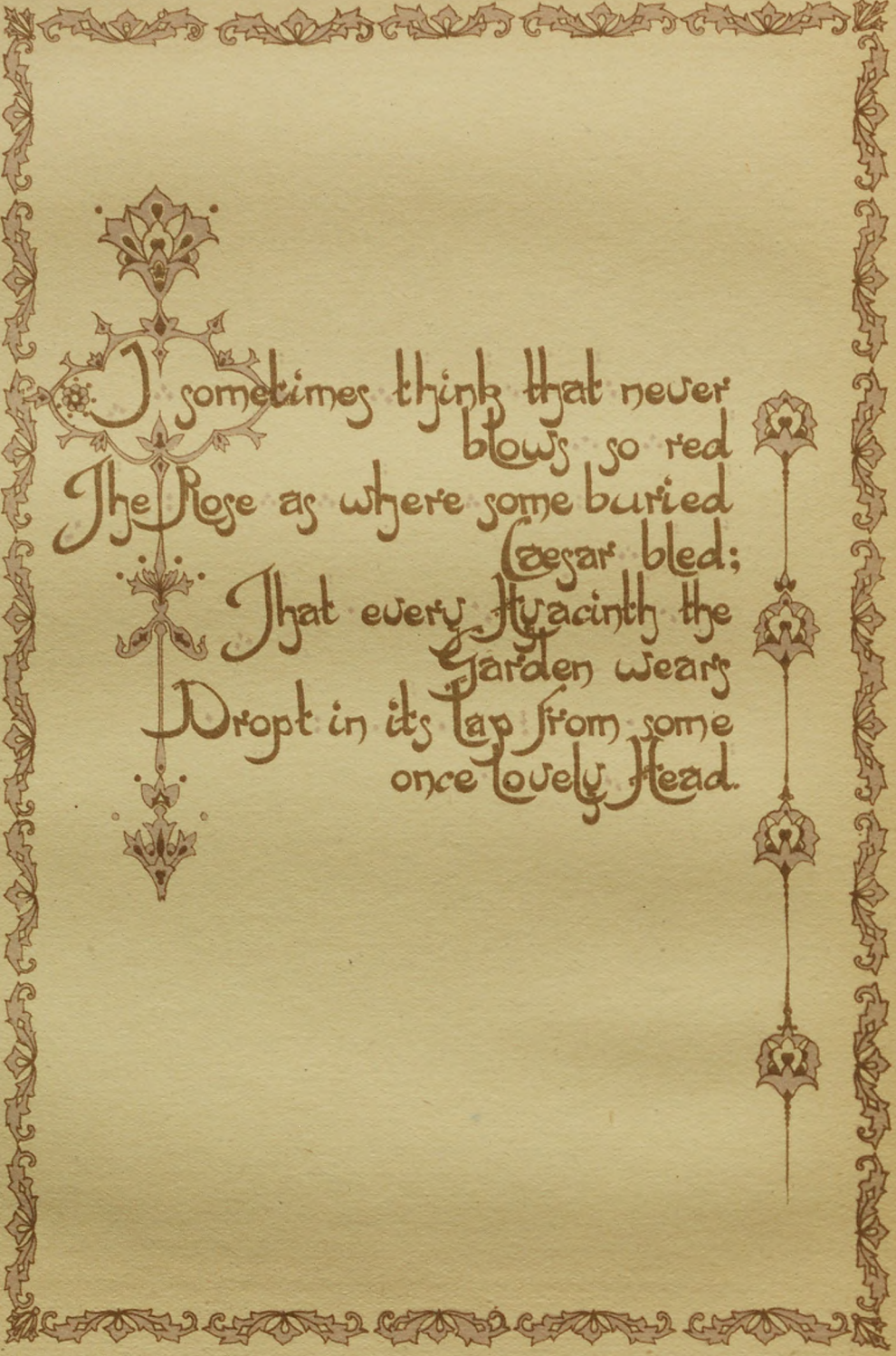
They say the Lion and the
 Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd
 gloried and drank deep;
 And Bahram, that great
 Hunter — the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his head, and he
 lies fast asleep.




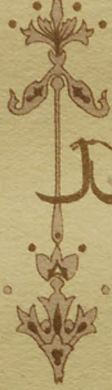




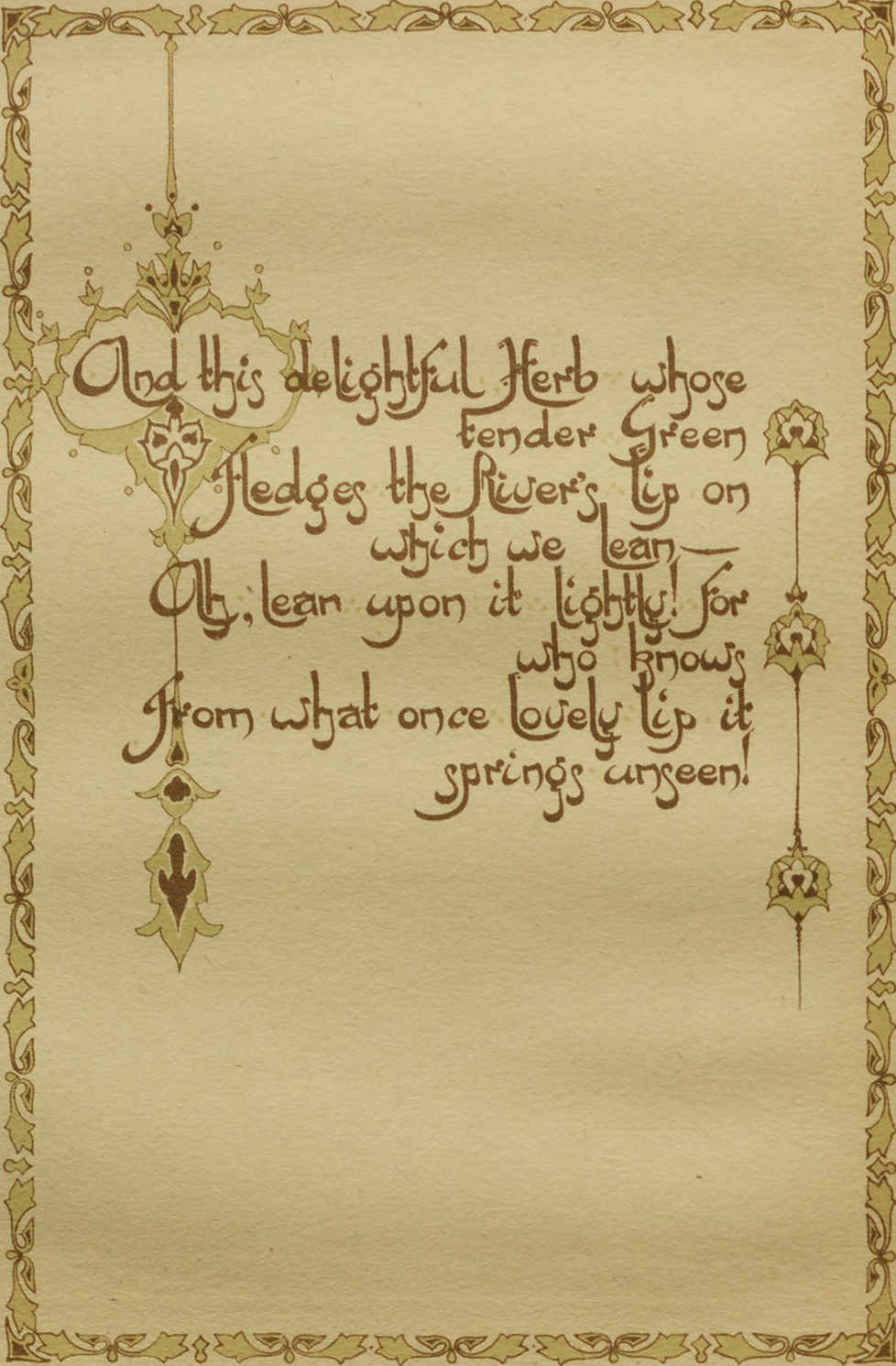




I sometimes think that never
blows so red
The Rose as where some buried
Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the
Garden wears
Dropt in its lap from some
once lovely Head.





A decorative border in gold ink frames the page. The border consists of repeating floral and leaf motifs. On the left side, there is a vertical strip of blue and green floral patterns. The text is centered within the border, flanked by two vertical decorative elements. The left one is a large, ornate floral ornament with a central diamond shape. The right one is a smaller, similar floral ornament. The text is written in a black, calligraphic script.

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





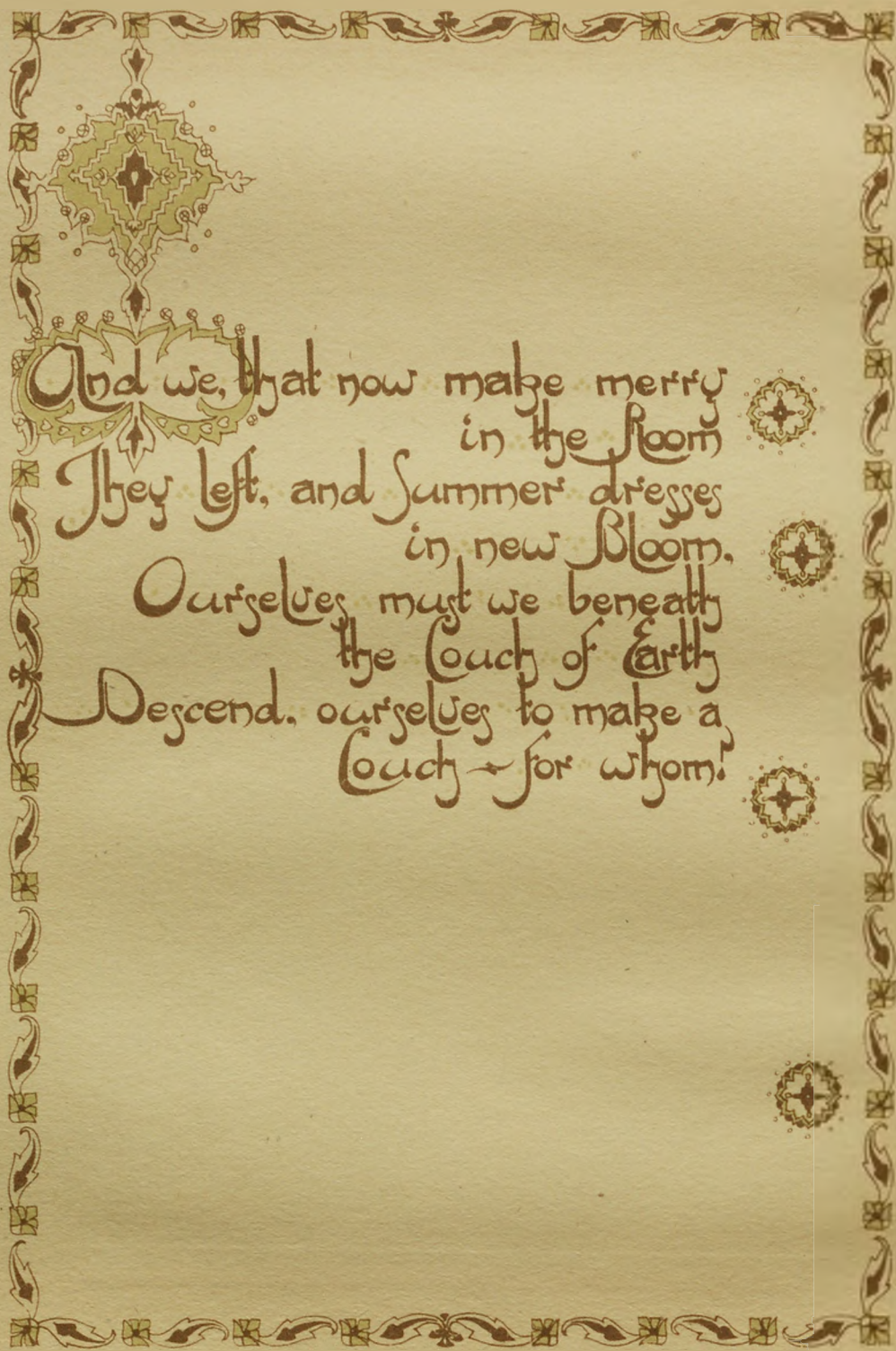
O! some we loved, the loveliest
and the best
That time and fate of all their
Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a
Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently
to Rest.







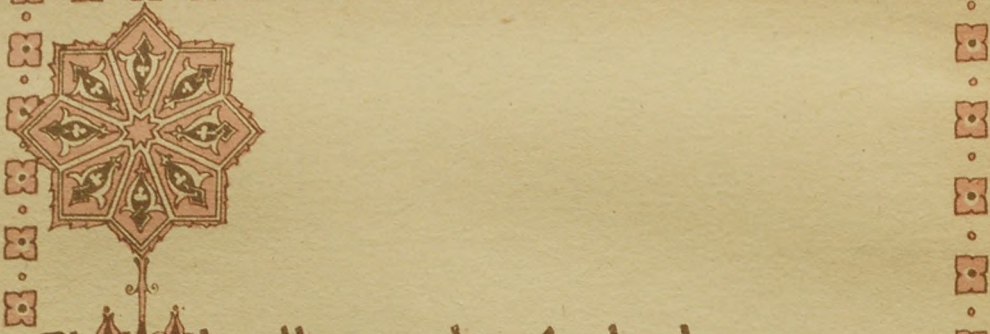
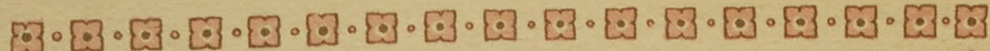




And we, that now make merry
in the room
They left, and Summer dresses
in new Bloom.
Ourselves must we beneath
the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a
Couch for whom!







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!





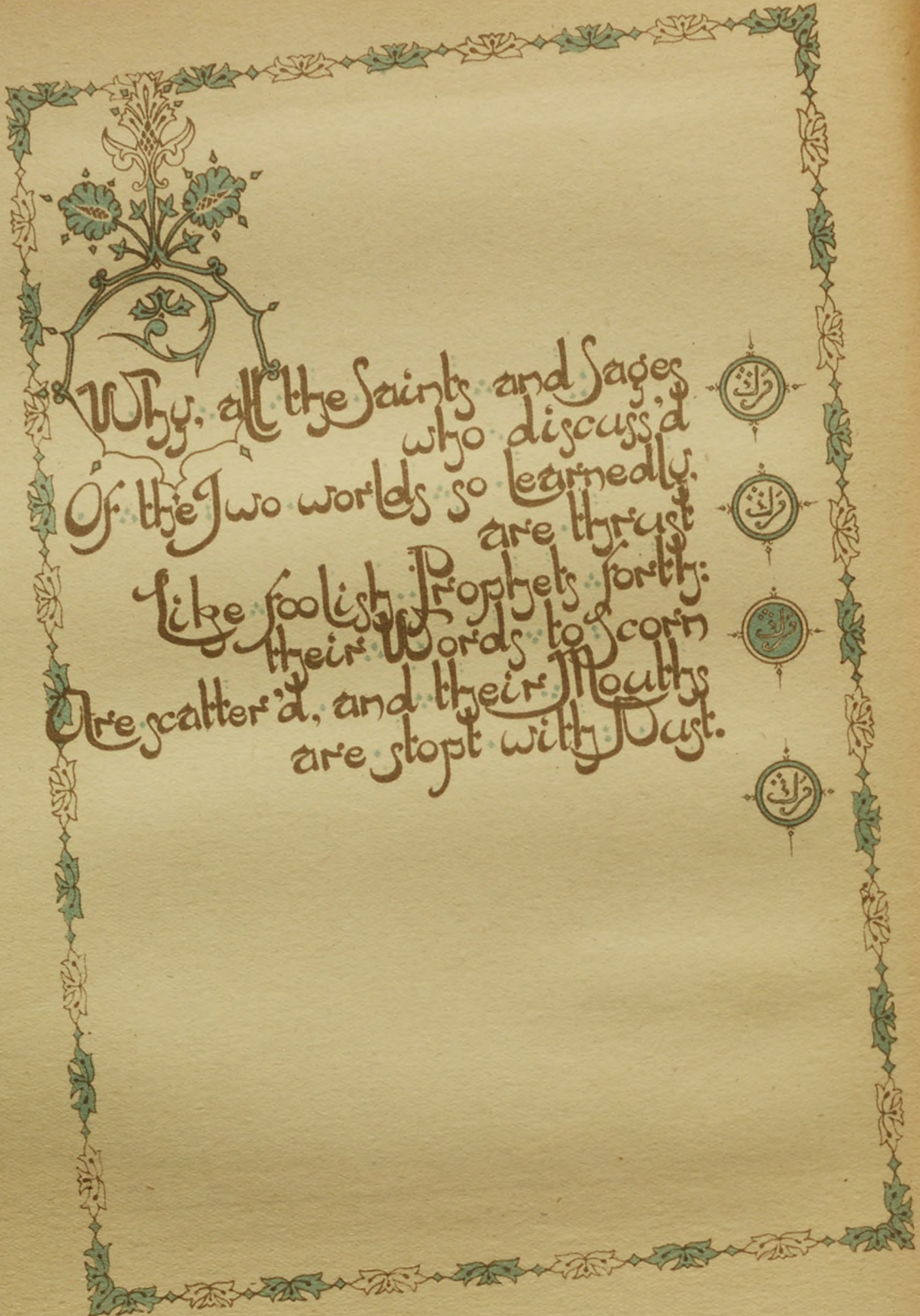
Alike for those who for
To-Day prepare,
And those that after a
To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower
of Darkness cries,
Fools! your Reward is neither
Here nor There!







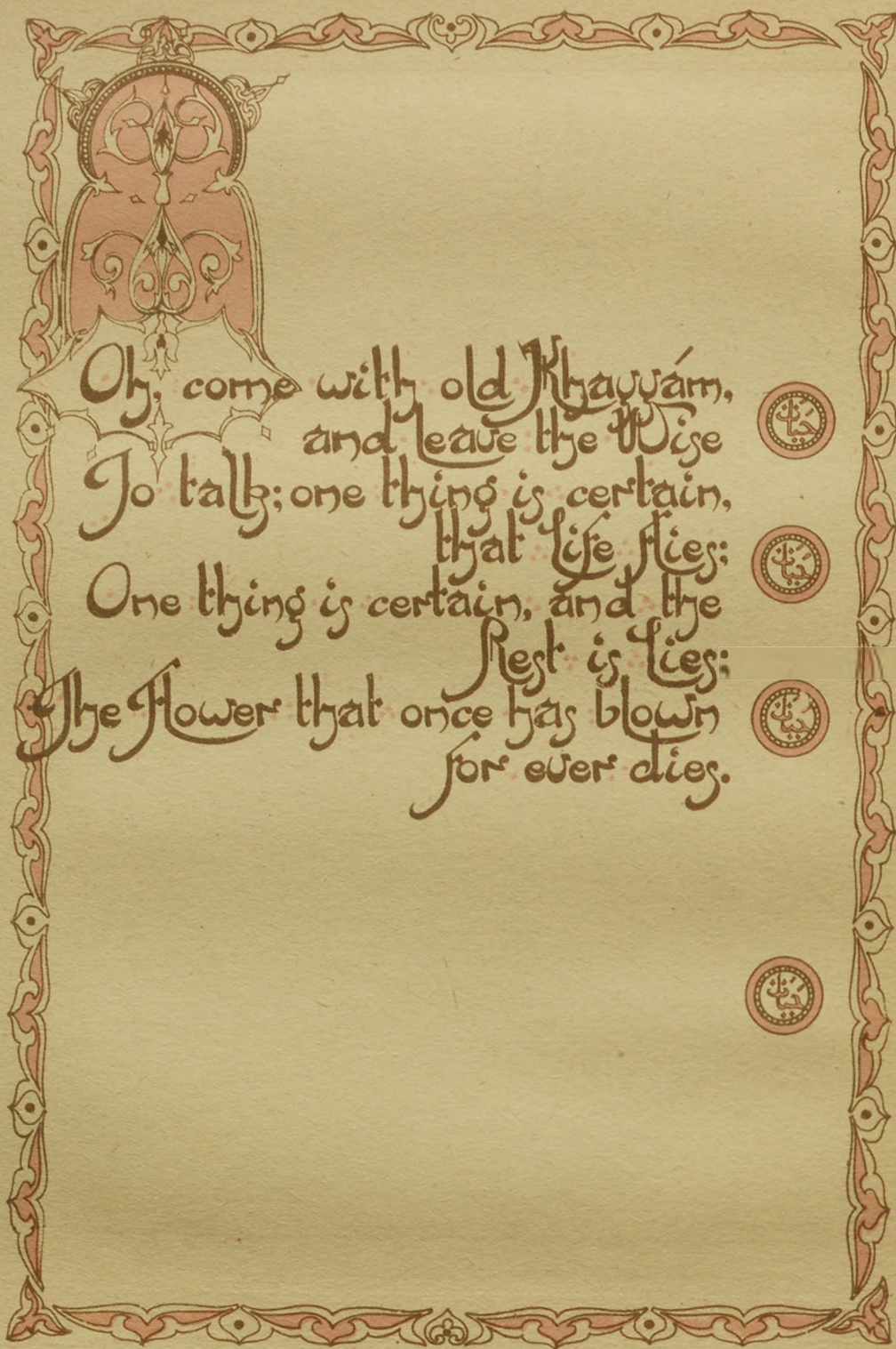




Why, all the Saints and Sages
who discuss'd
Of the Two worlds so learnedly,
are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth:
their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths
are stop't with Dust.



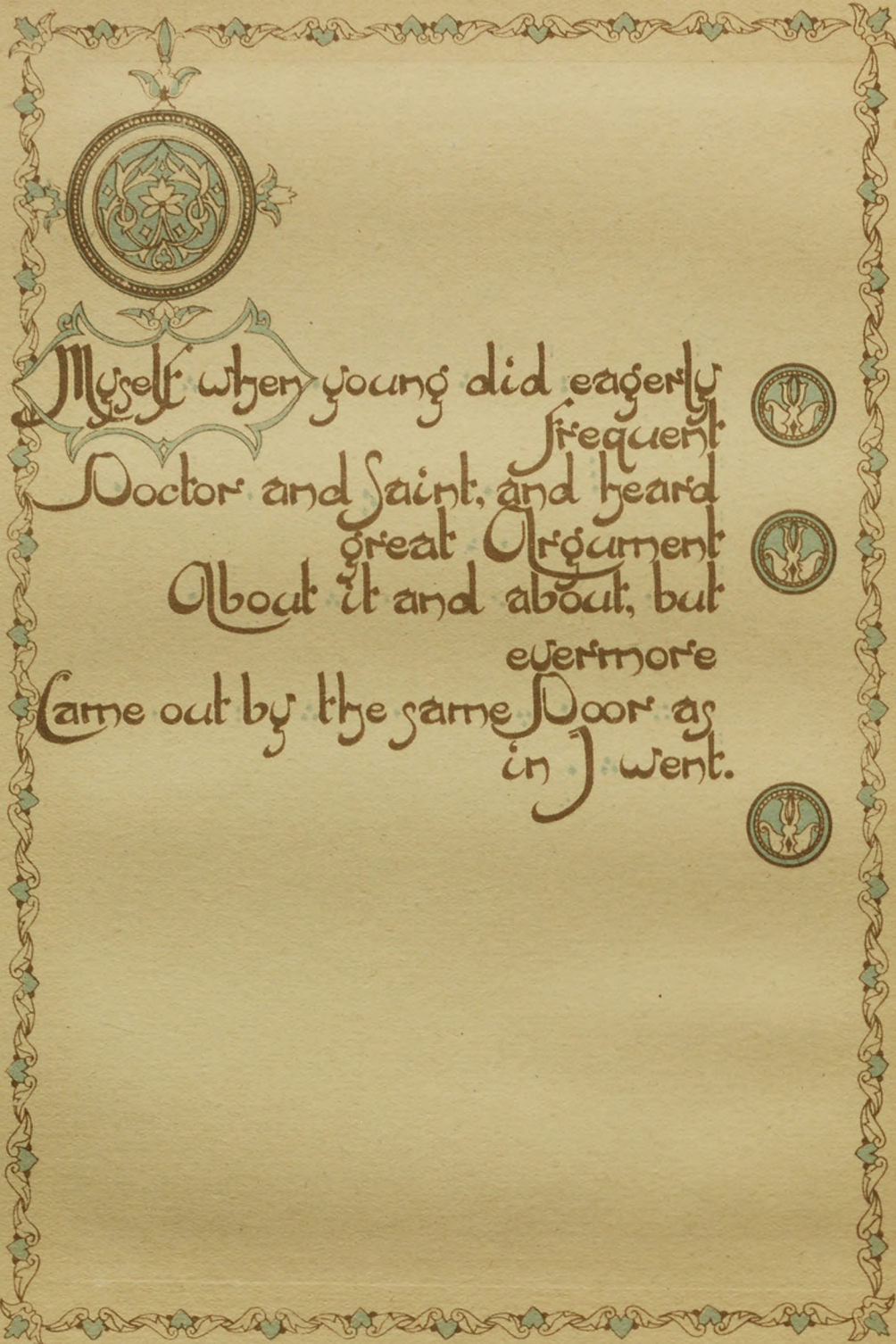




Oh, come with old Khayyám,
and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain,
that life flies:
One thing is certain, and the
Rest is lies:
The flower that once has blown
for ever dies.








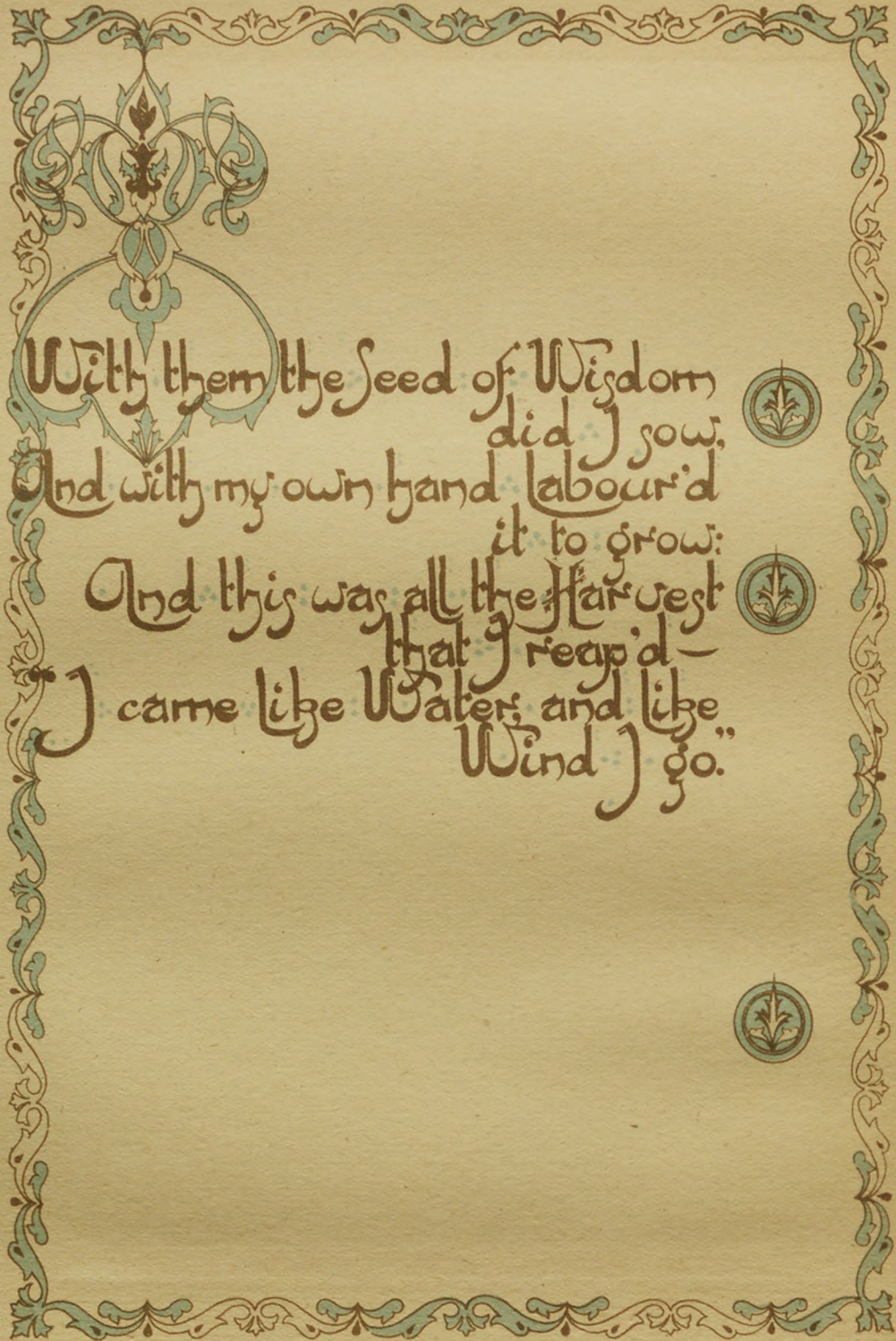
Myself when young did eagerly
frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard
great Argument
About it and about, but
evermore
Came out by the same Door as
in I went.








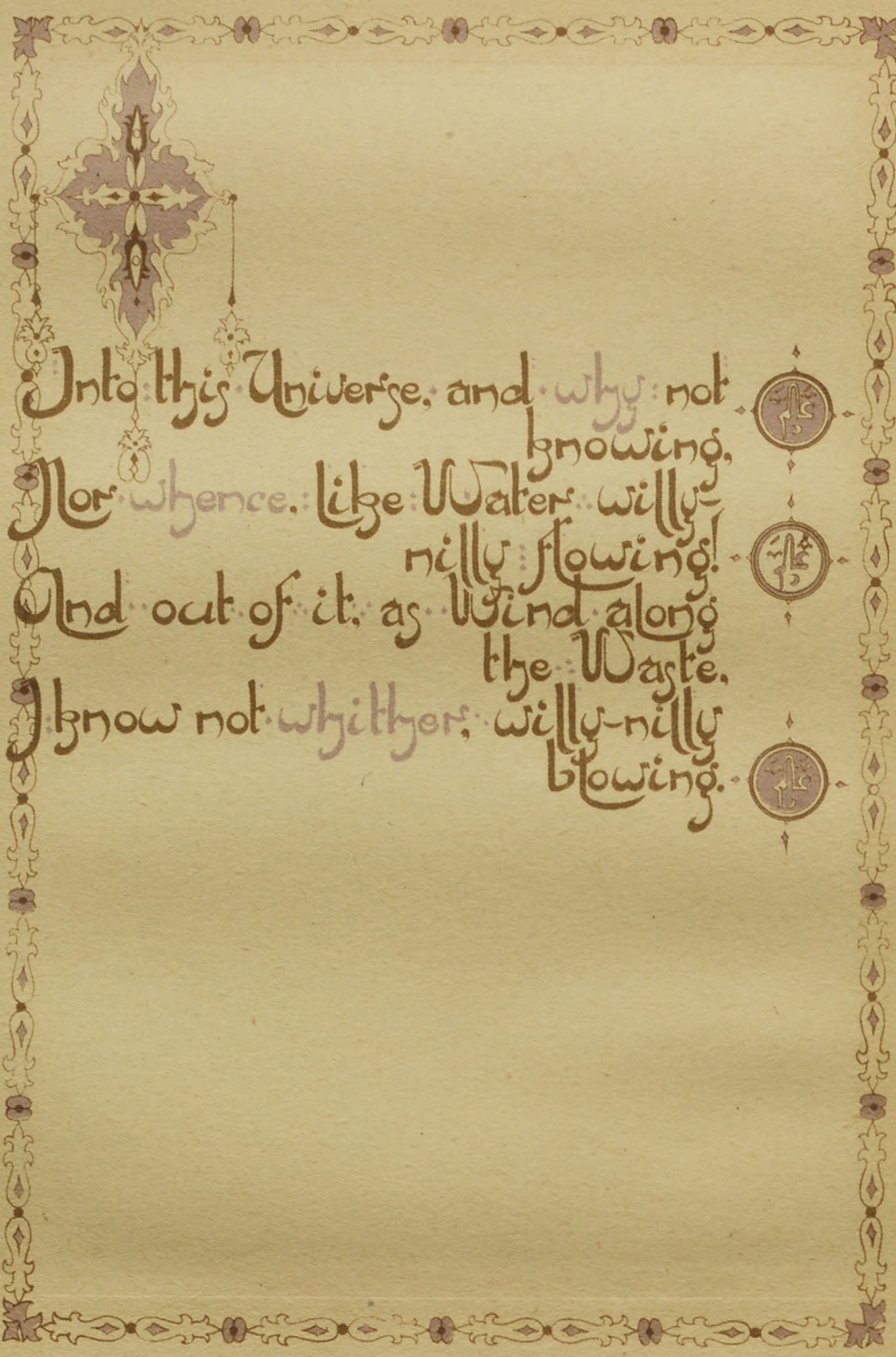




With them the Seed of Wisdom
did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd
it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest
that I reap'd -
I came like Water, and like
Wind I go.







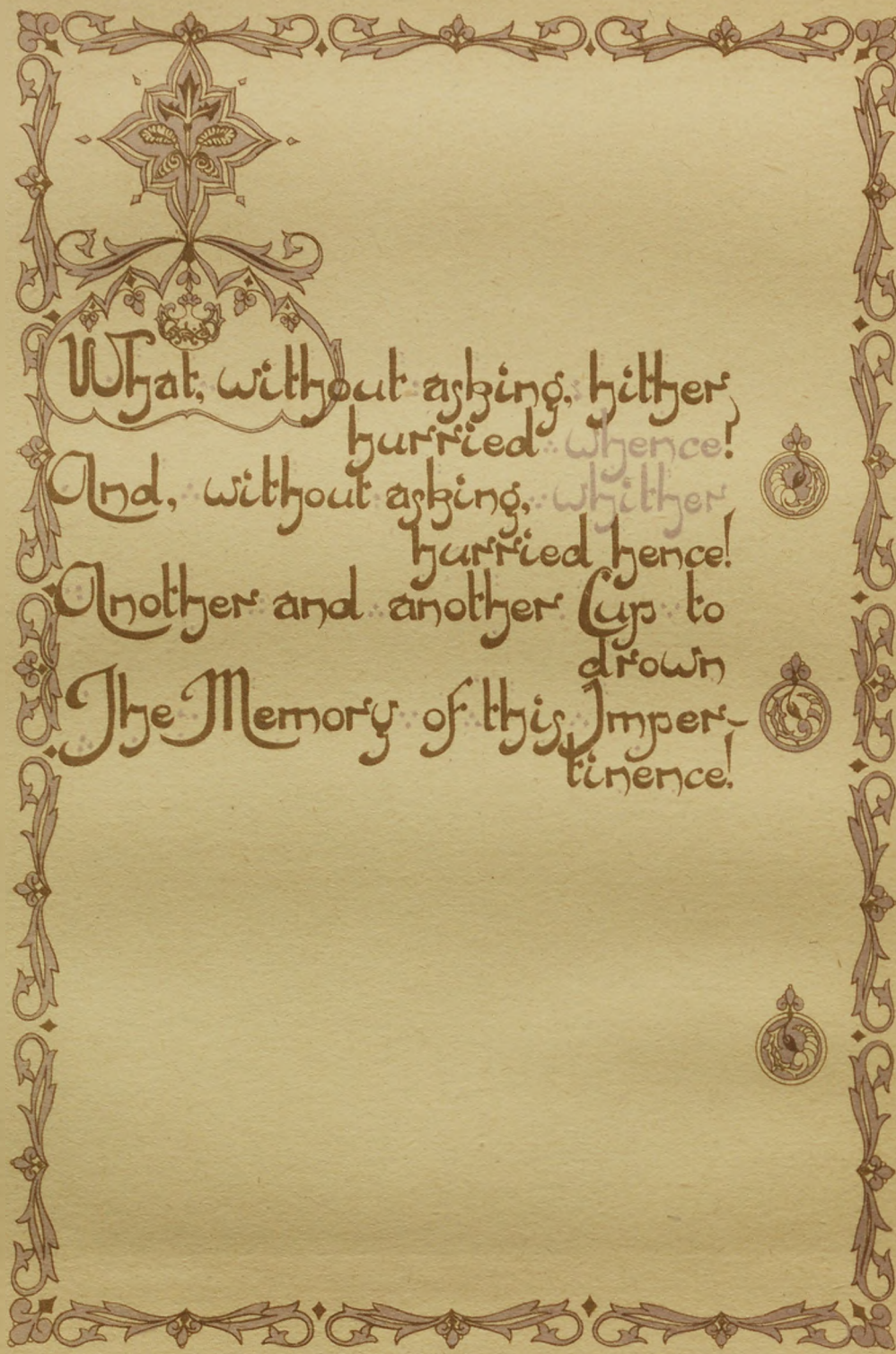
Into this Universe, and why not
knowing,
Nor whence, like Water, will
nilly flowing!
And out of it, as Wind along
the Waste,
I know not whither, will nilly
blowing.







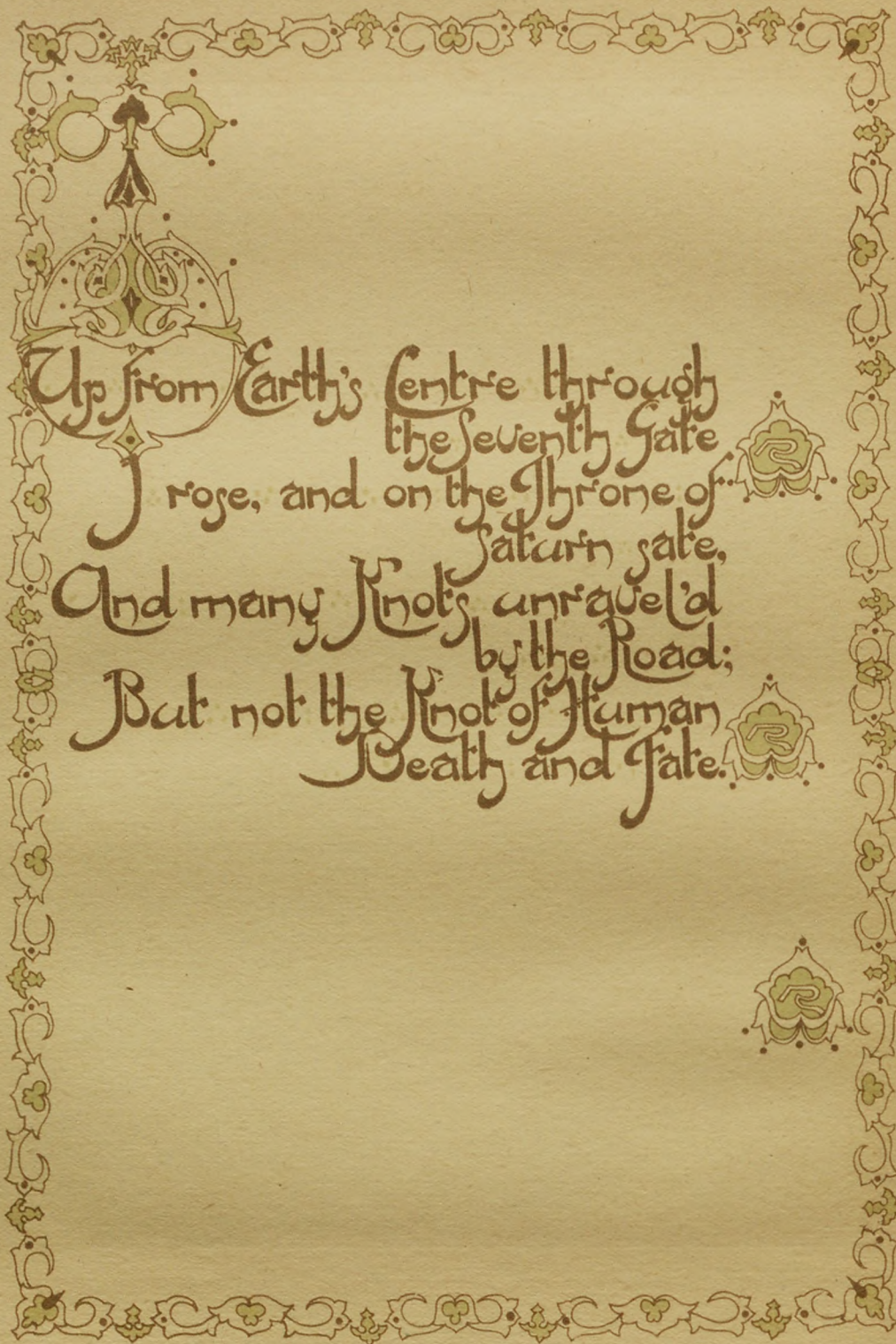




What, without asking, hither,
 hurried whence!
 And, without asking, whither,
 hurried hence!
 Another and another Cup to
 drown
 The Memory of this Imper-
 tinence!

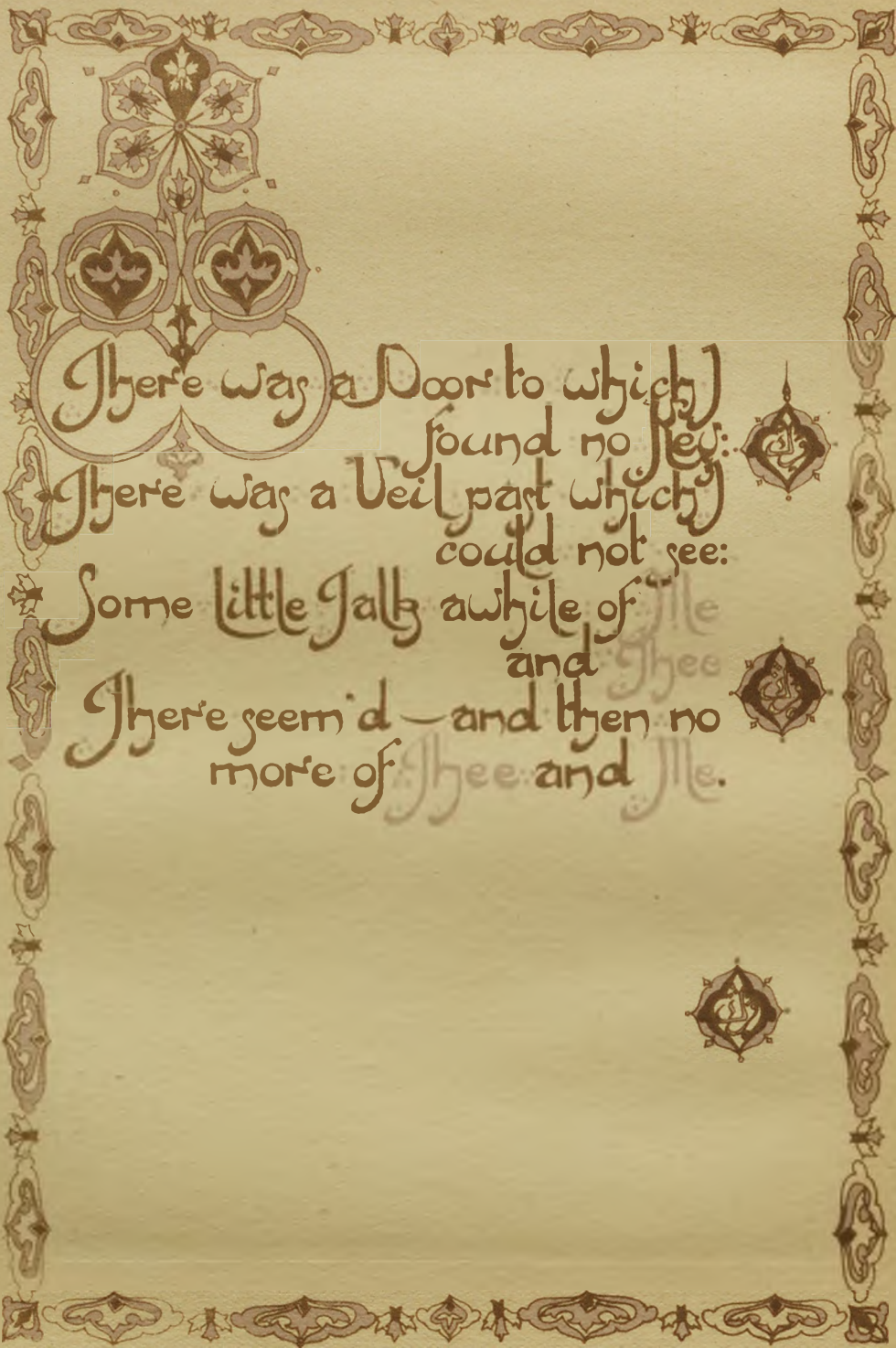






Up from Earth's Centre through
the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of
Saturn sat,
And many Knots unravel'd
by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human
Death and Fate.





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 Me
and Thee


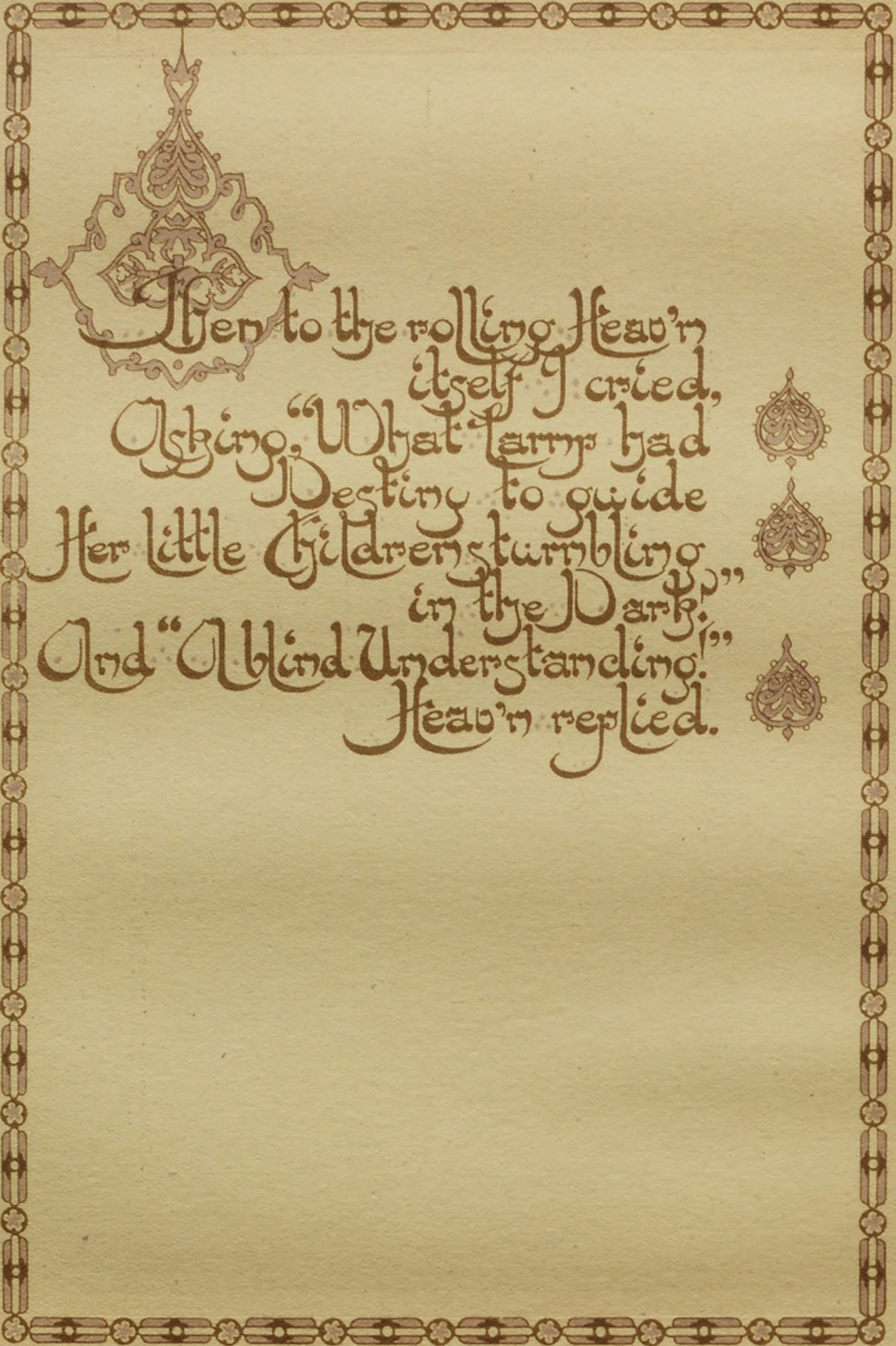
There seem'd — and then no
more of Thee and Me.












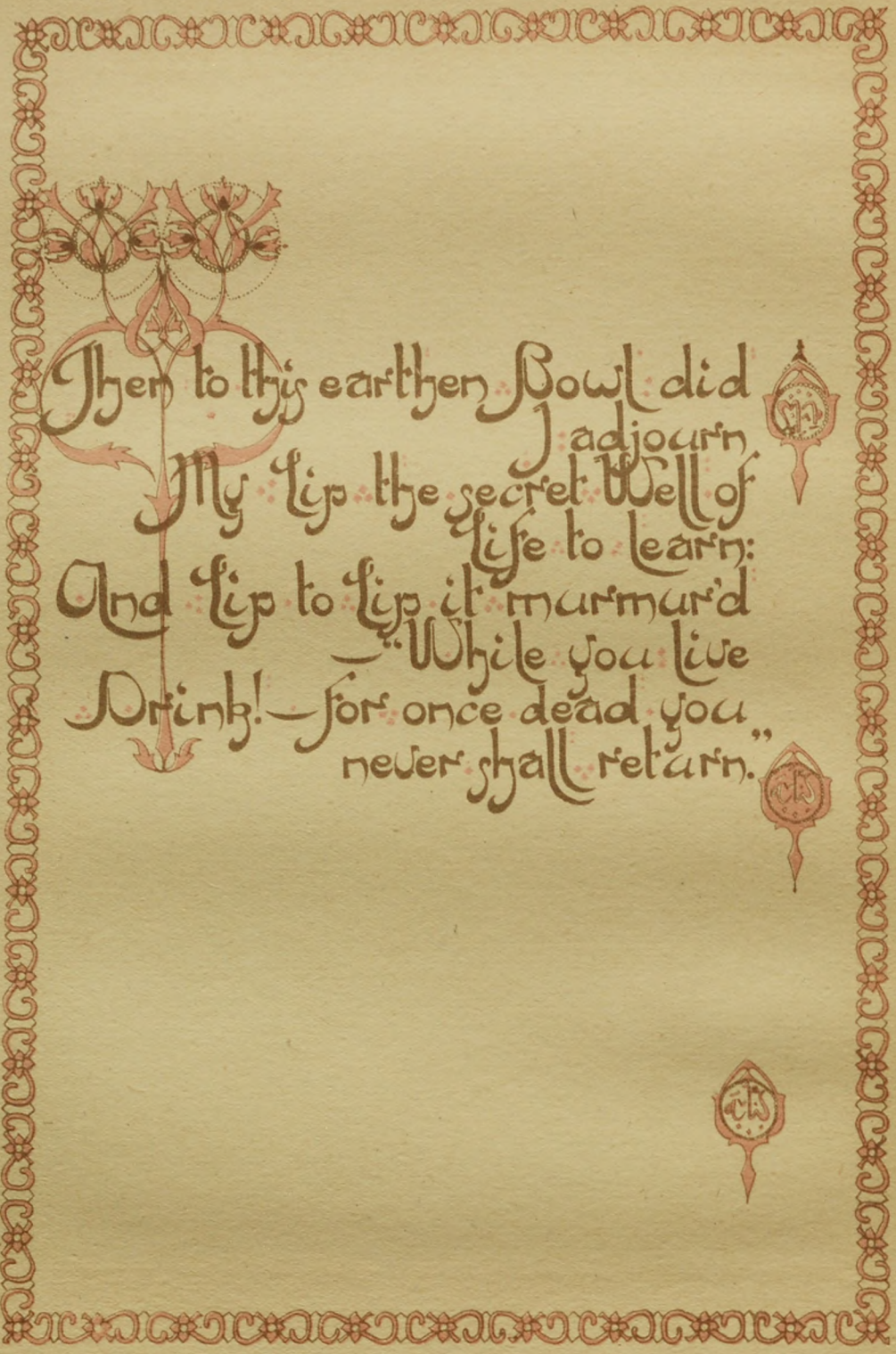
Then to the rolling Heav'n
itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had
Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling
in the Dark?"
And "A blind Understanding!"
Heav'n replied.









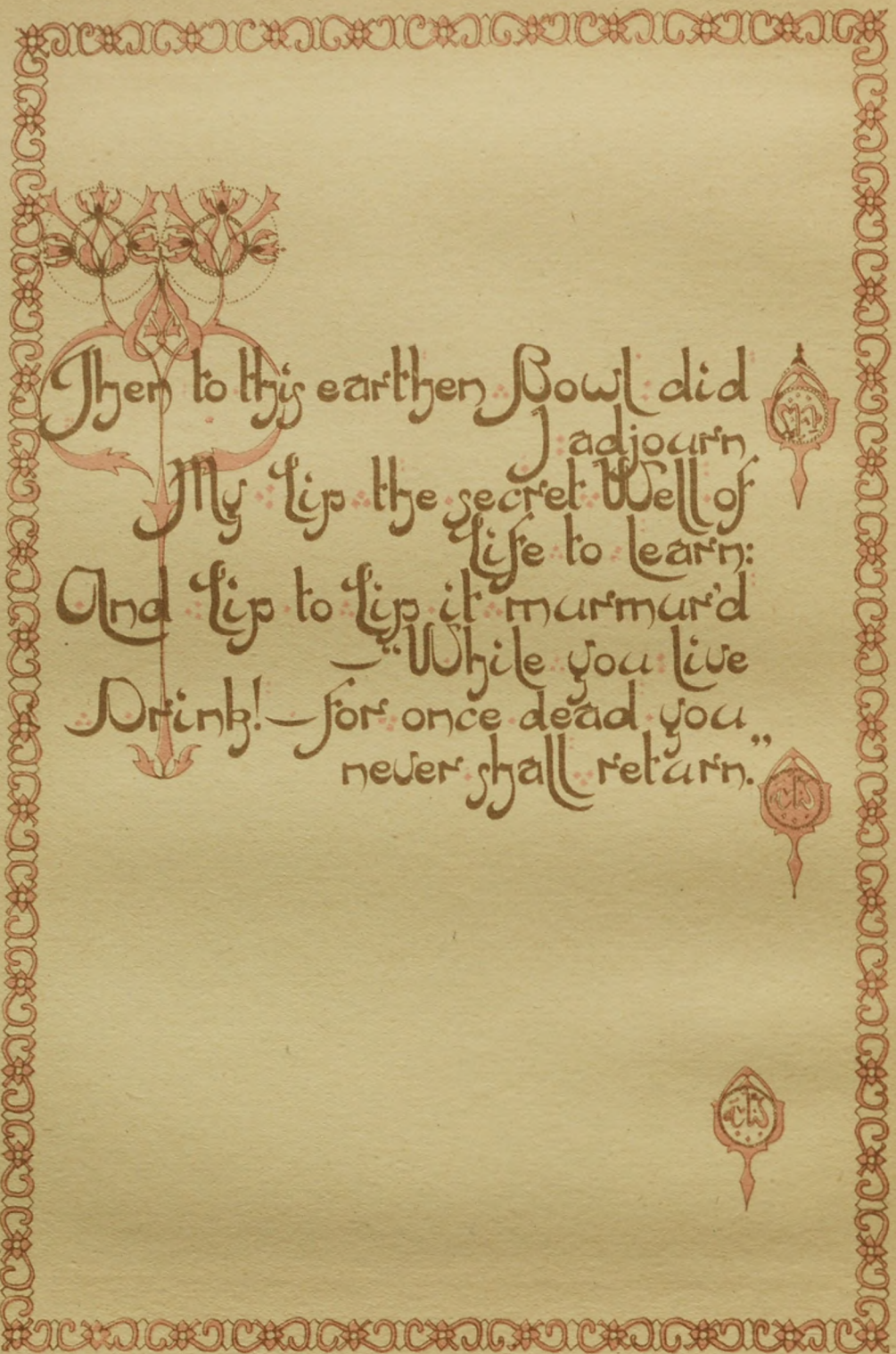









Then to this earthen Bowl did
I adjourn,
My Lip the secret Well of
Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd
— While you live
Drink! — for once dead you
never shall return.


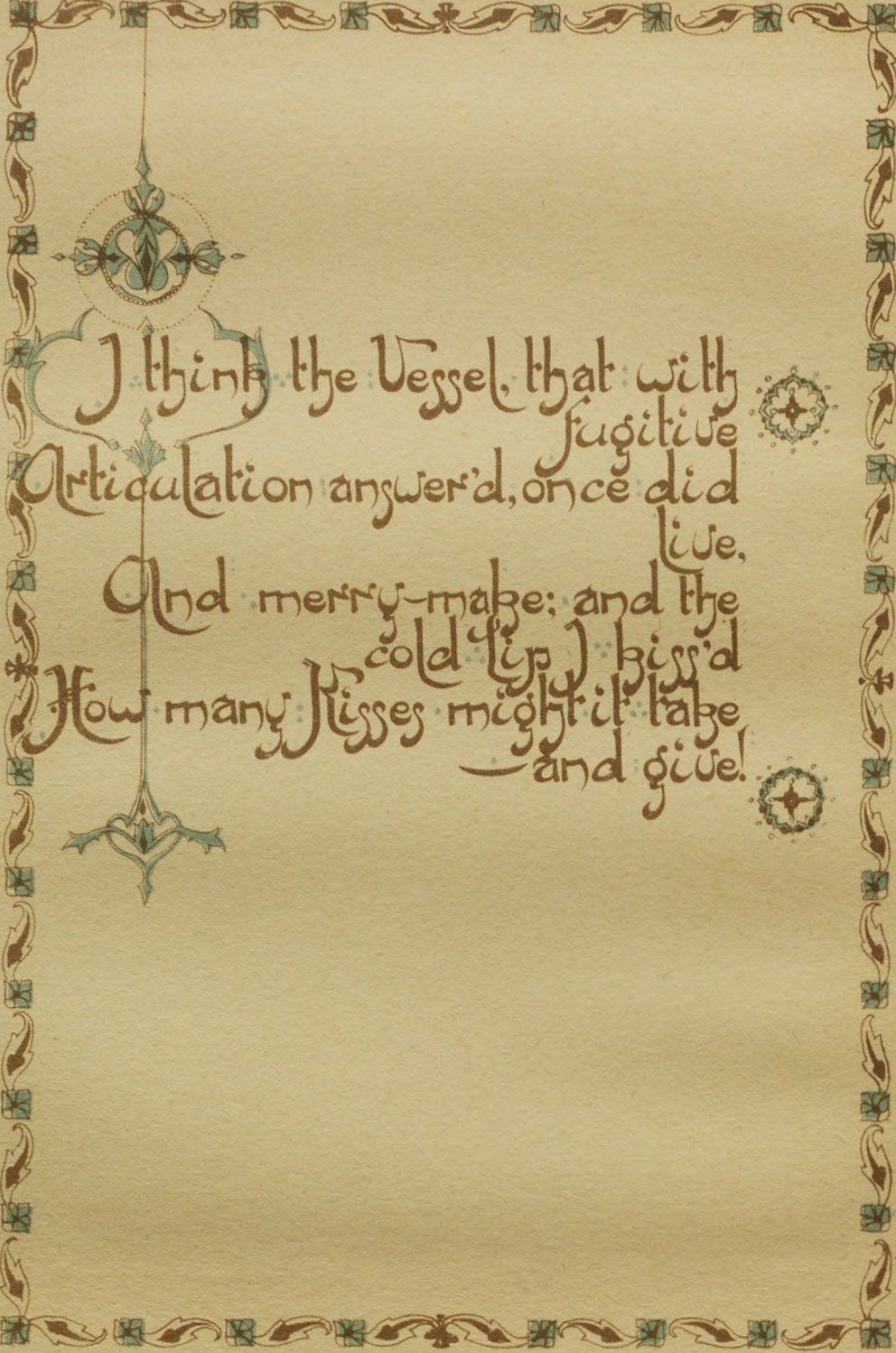







Then to this earthen Bowl did
I adjourn
My lip the secret Well of
Life to learn:
And lip to lip it marmur'd
— "While you live
Drink! — for once dead you
never shall return."




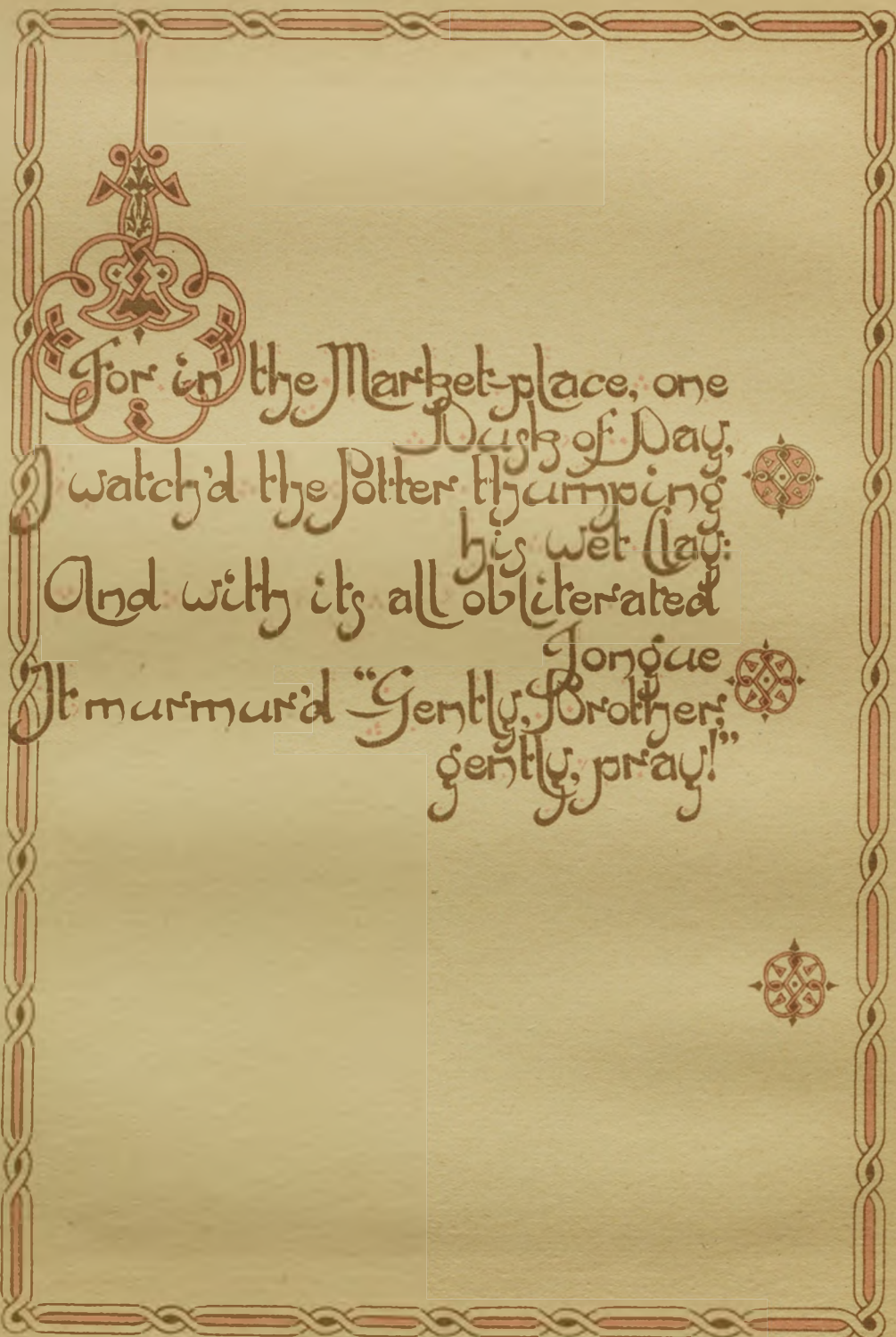







I think the Vessel, that with
Articulation answer'd, once did
And merry-make; and the
How many Kisses might it take
— and give!



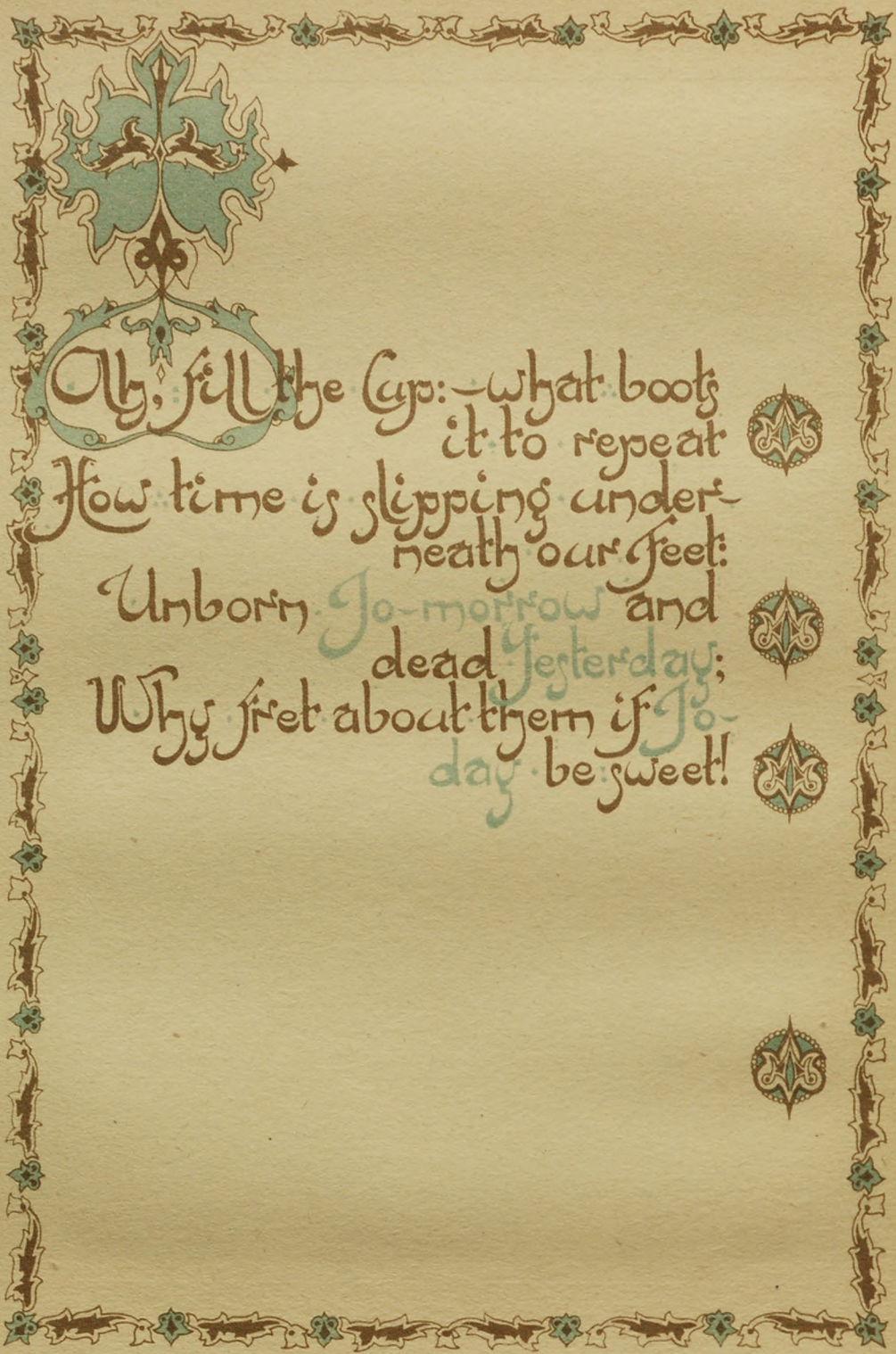




For in the Market-place, one
Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping
his wet clay:
And with its all obliterated
Tongue
It marmur'd "Gently, Brother,
gently, pray!"




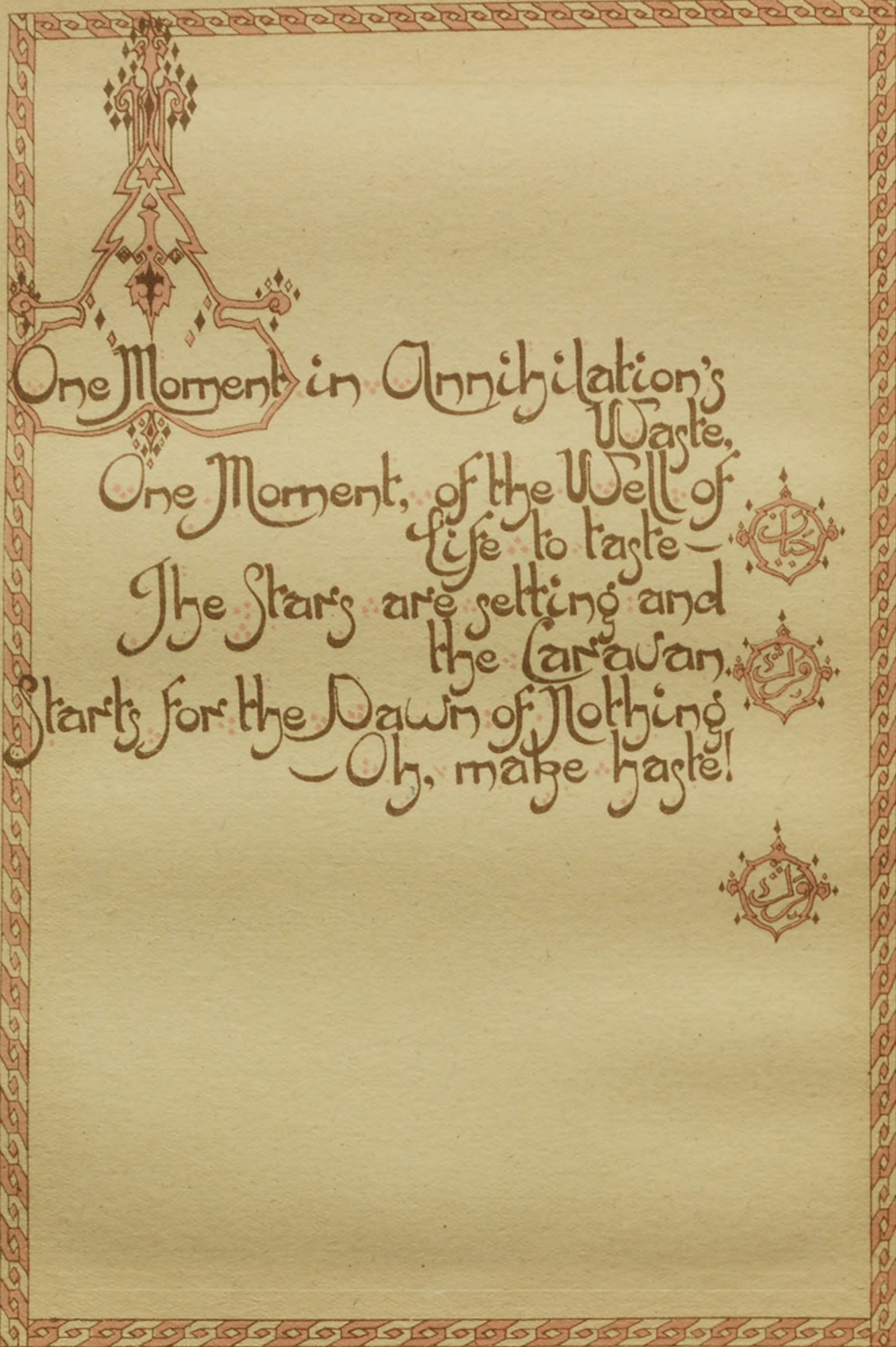




Oh, fill the Cup:—what boots
it to repeat
How time is slipping under-
neath our feet:
Unborn, To-morrow and
dead Yesterday;
Why fret about them if To-
day be sweet!







One Moment in Annihilation's

Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of
Life to taste -

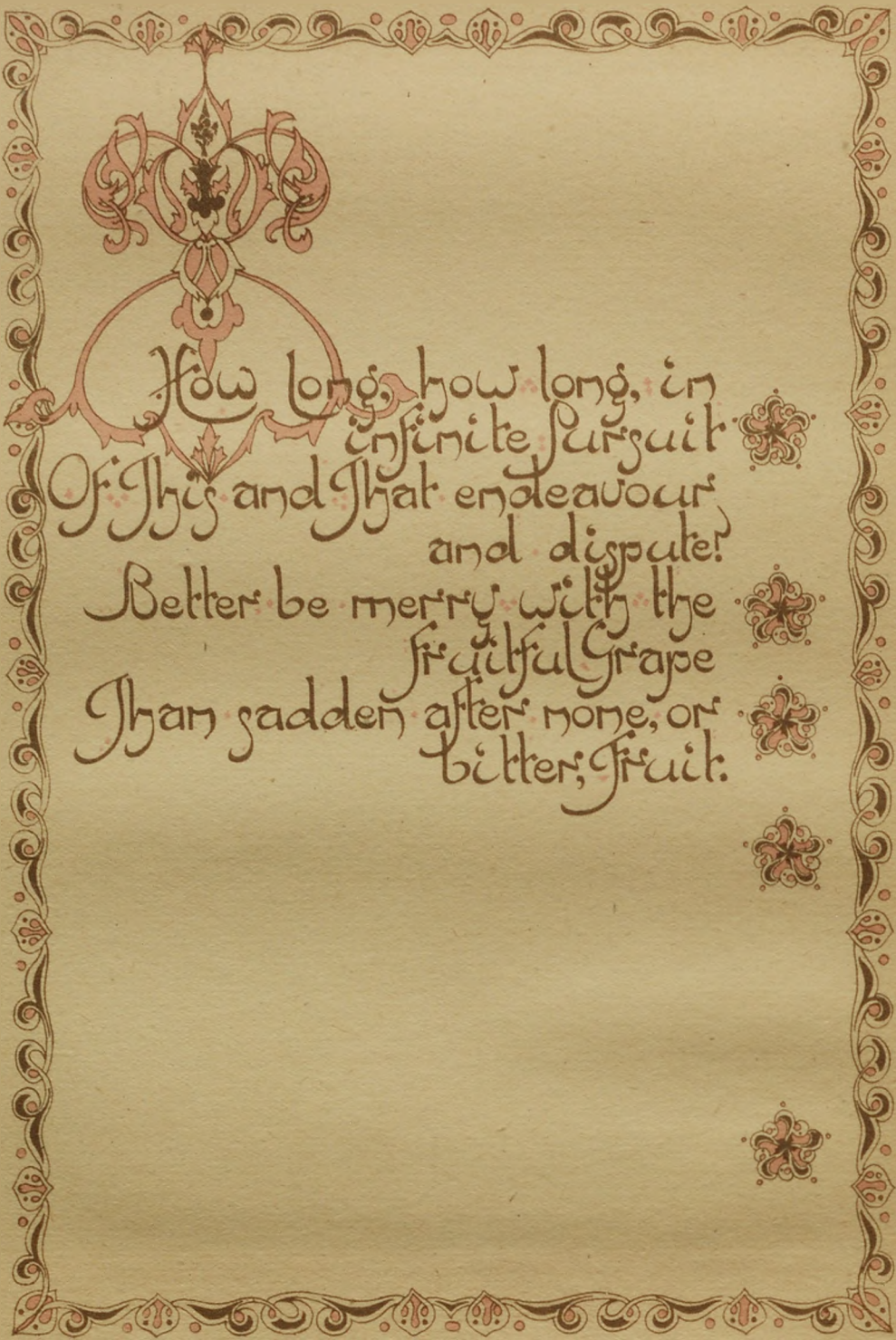
The Stars are setting and
the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing
- Oh, make haste!



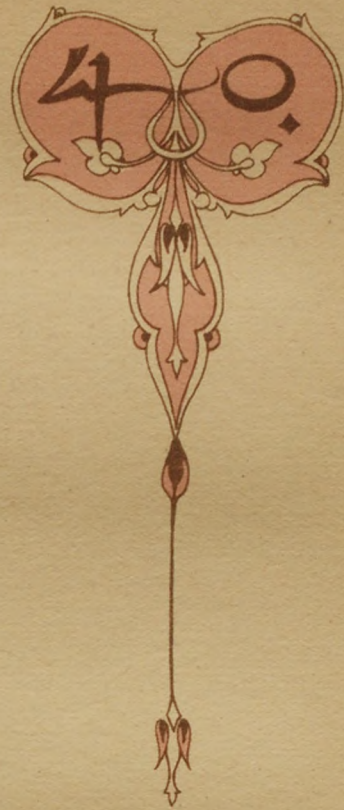



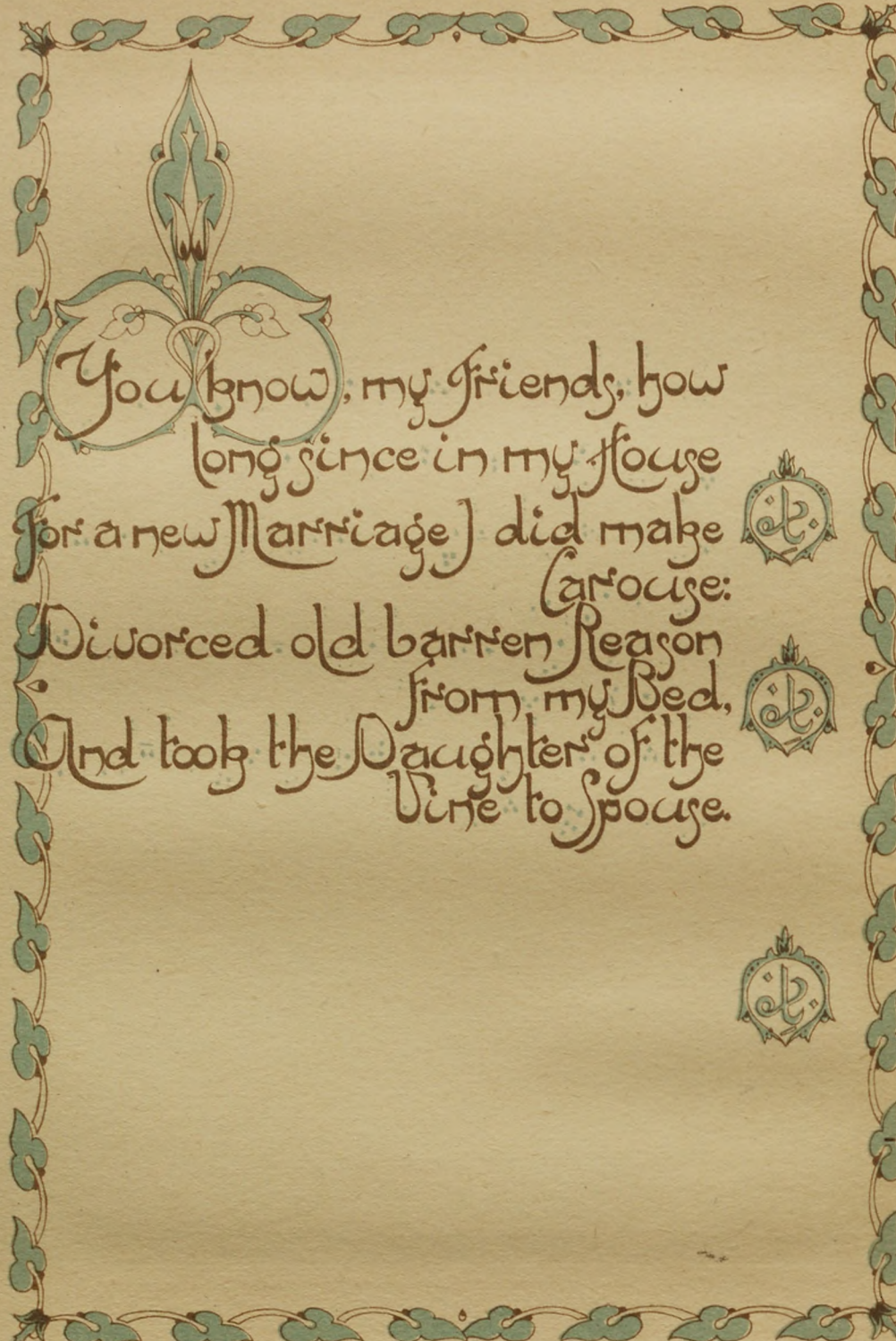




A decorative border in brown ink frames the page. At the top center, a large, ornate initial 'H' is rendered in red and black ink, with intricate flourishes extending upwards and outwards. The text is written in a black Gothic script with red initials and red dots (rubrics) marking the beginning of new lines or phrases. The text is arranged in five lines, with the first line being the longest and the last line being the shortest. The right side of the text is decorated with small, stylized floral motifs in red and black ink.

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.






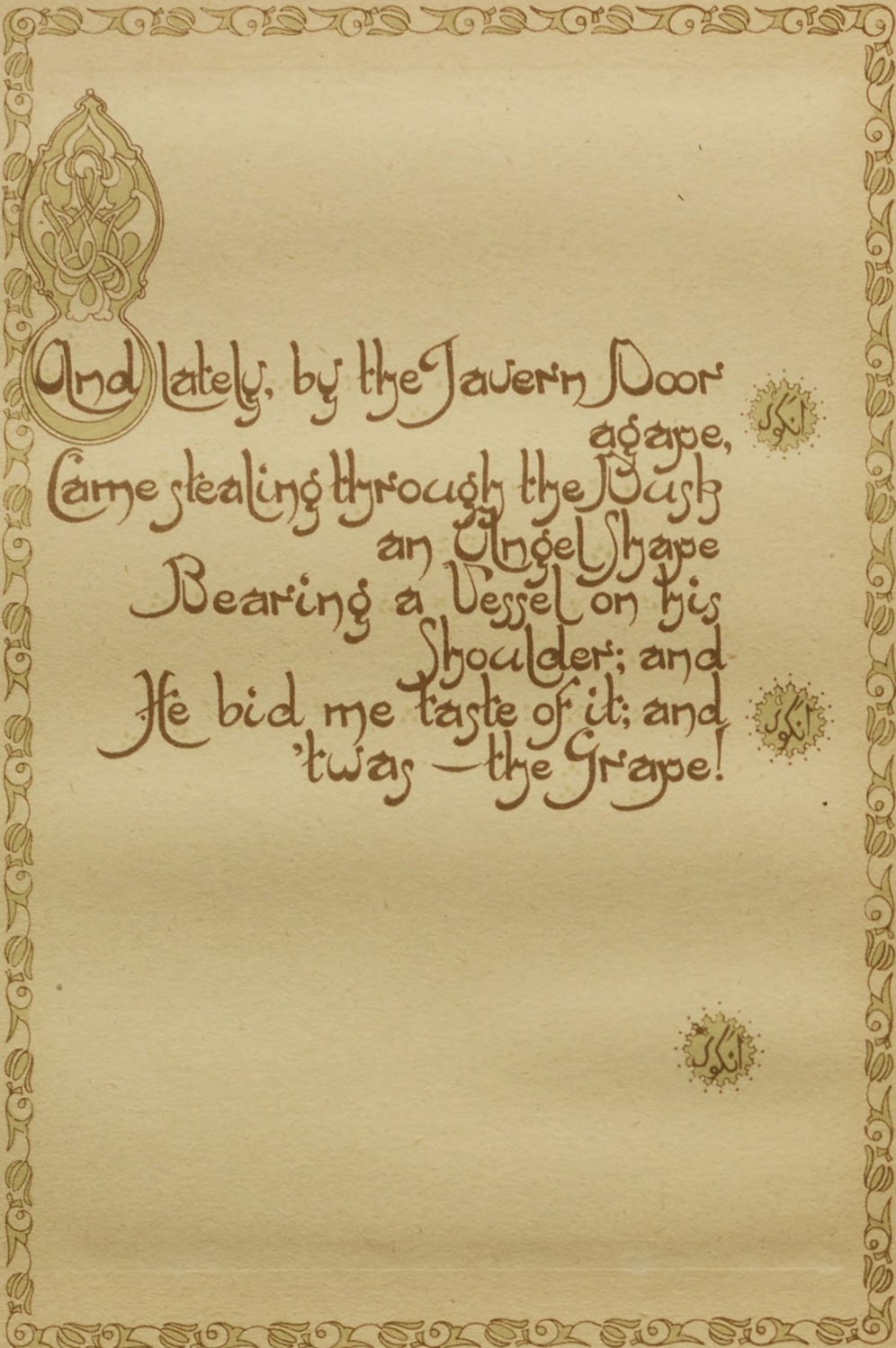
You know, my friends, how
long since in my house
for a new Marriage I did make
Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason
from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the
Vine to spouse.





For "Is" and "Is-not" though
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.






And lately, by the Javern Door
Came stealing through the Bush
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
Lyes 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 caught,
Make game of that which
makes as much of Thee.







For in and out, above, about,

below,

'Tis nothing but a Magic
Shadow-show,

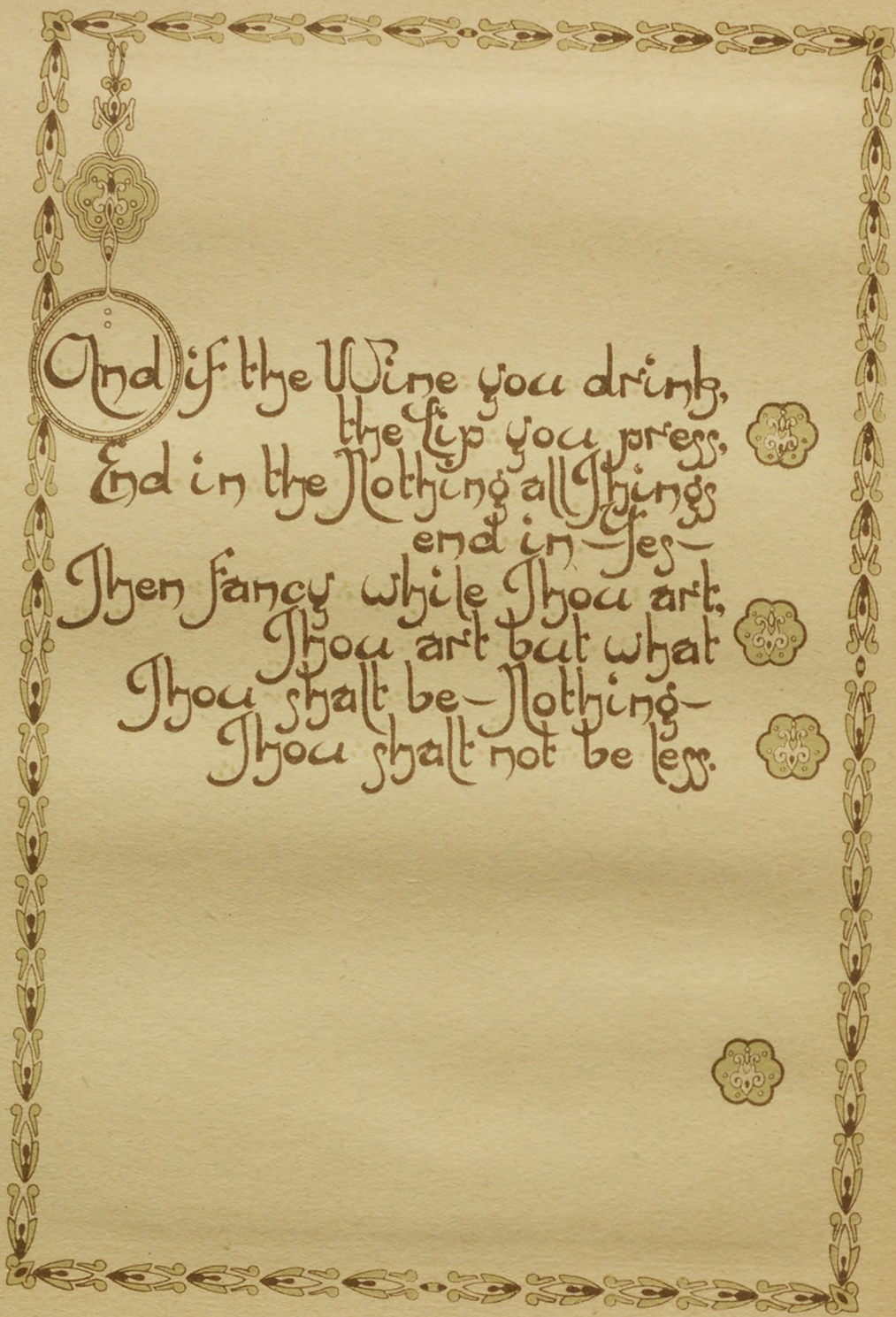
Play'd in a Box whose
Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom
figures come and go.











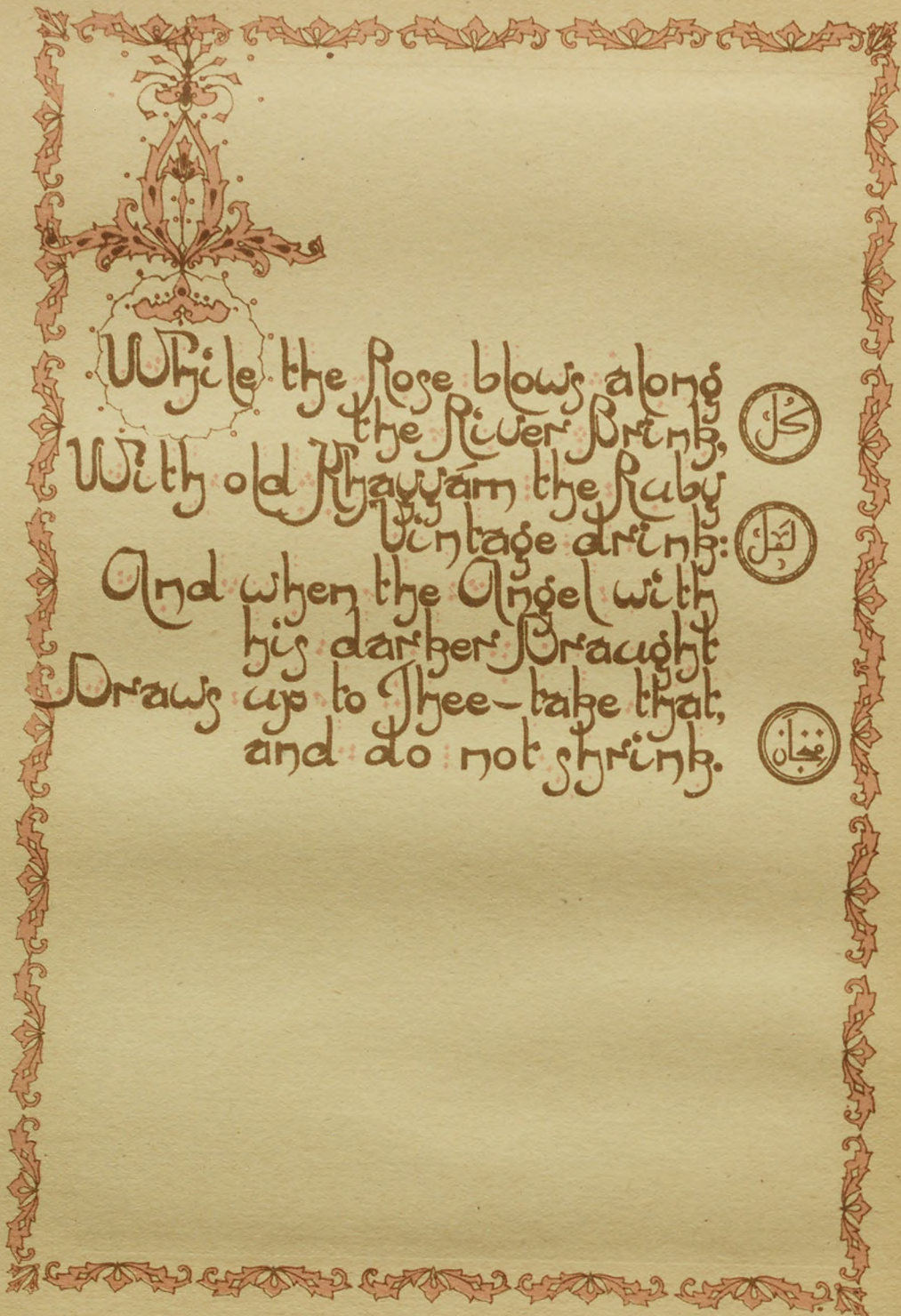




And if the Wine you drink,
the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all things
end in Jes—
Then fancy while Thou art,
Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—
Thou shalt not be less.







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

كل


لعل

فجان










'Tis all a Chequerboard 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
Casket lays.



The Ball no Question makes of
Oyes 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!

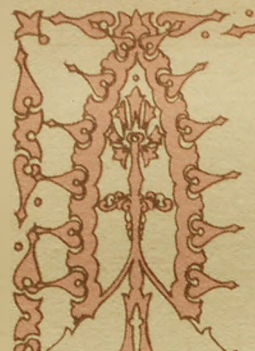
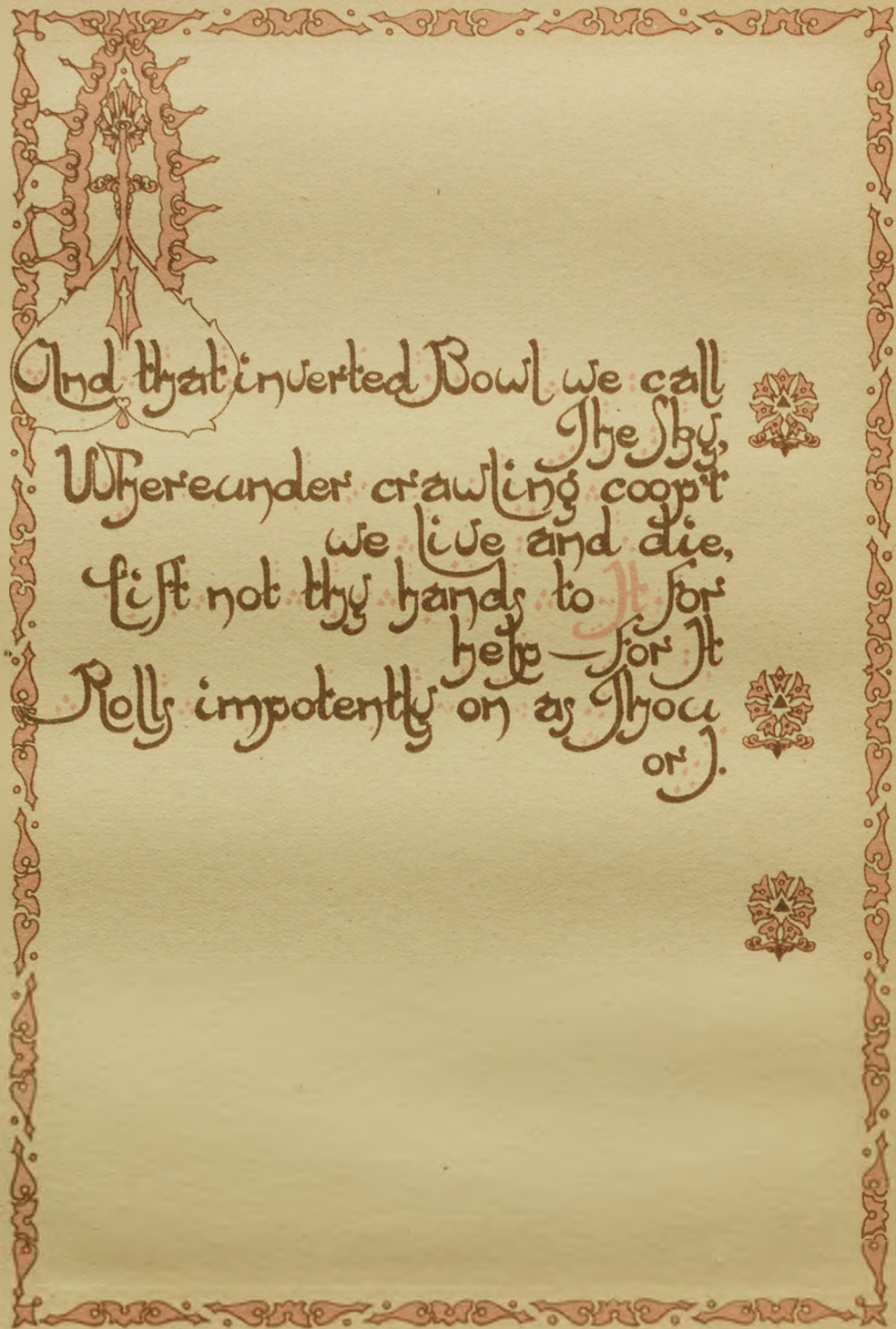




The Moving Finger writes;
and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Petty
nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel
half a line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a
Word of it.







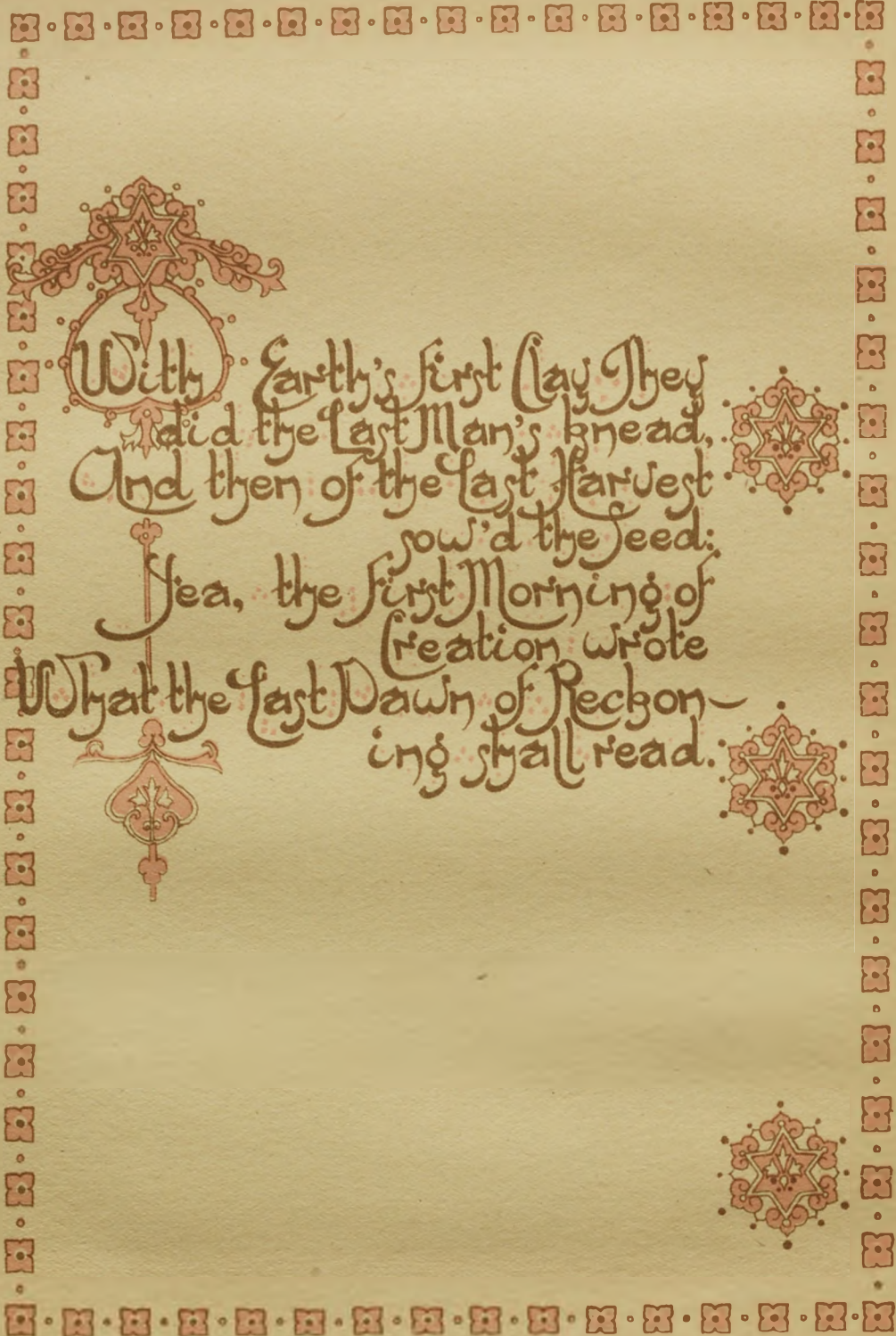
And that inverted Bowl we call
The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coopt
we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for
help — for It
Rely impotently on as Thou
or I.








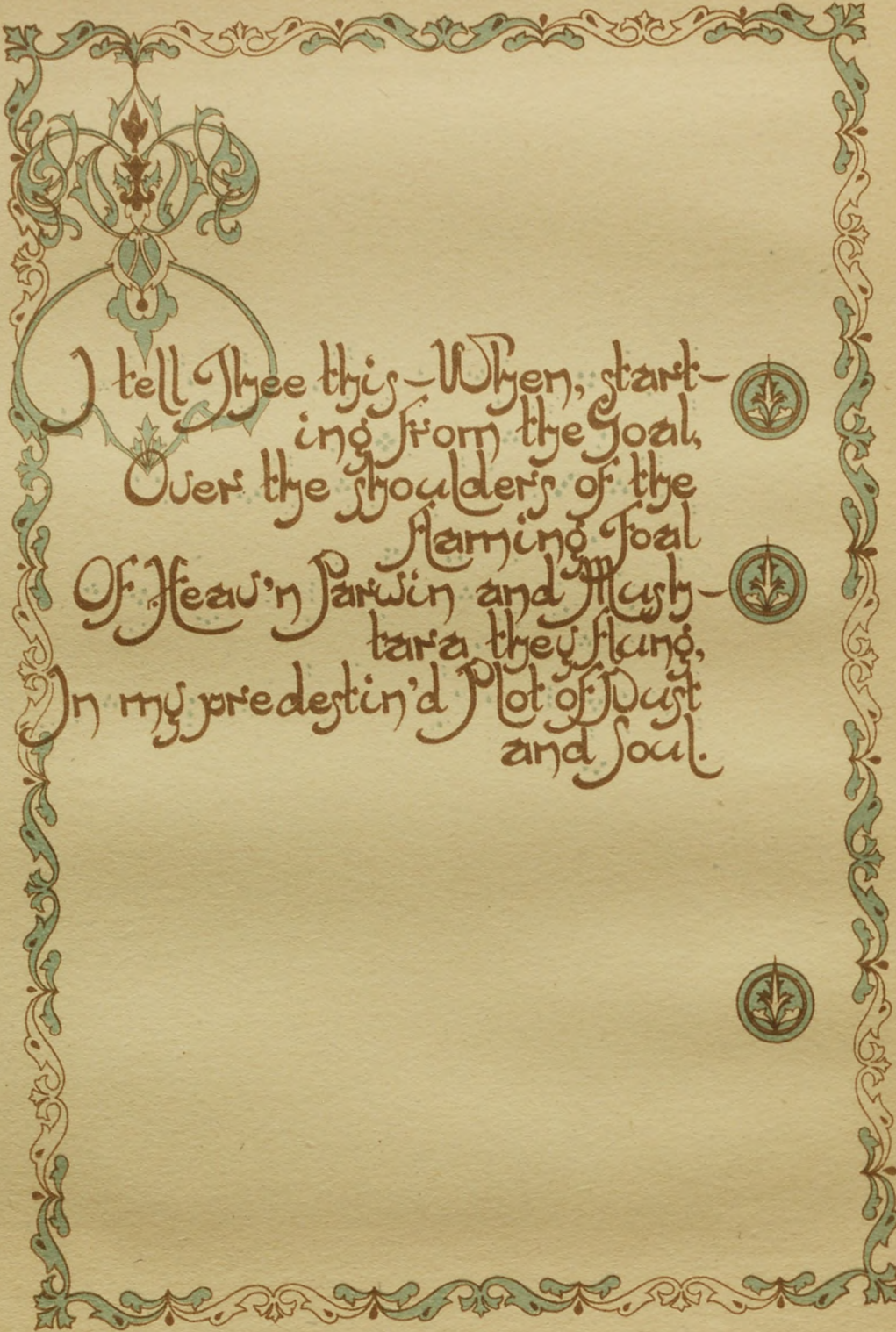




With Earth's first Clay They
 did the Last Man's knead,
 And then of the Last Harvest
 sowed the seed;
 Yea, the first Morning of
 Creation wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckon-
 ing shall read.







I tell Thee this - When, start-
ing from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the
flaming foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mugh-
tara they stand,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust
and Soul.



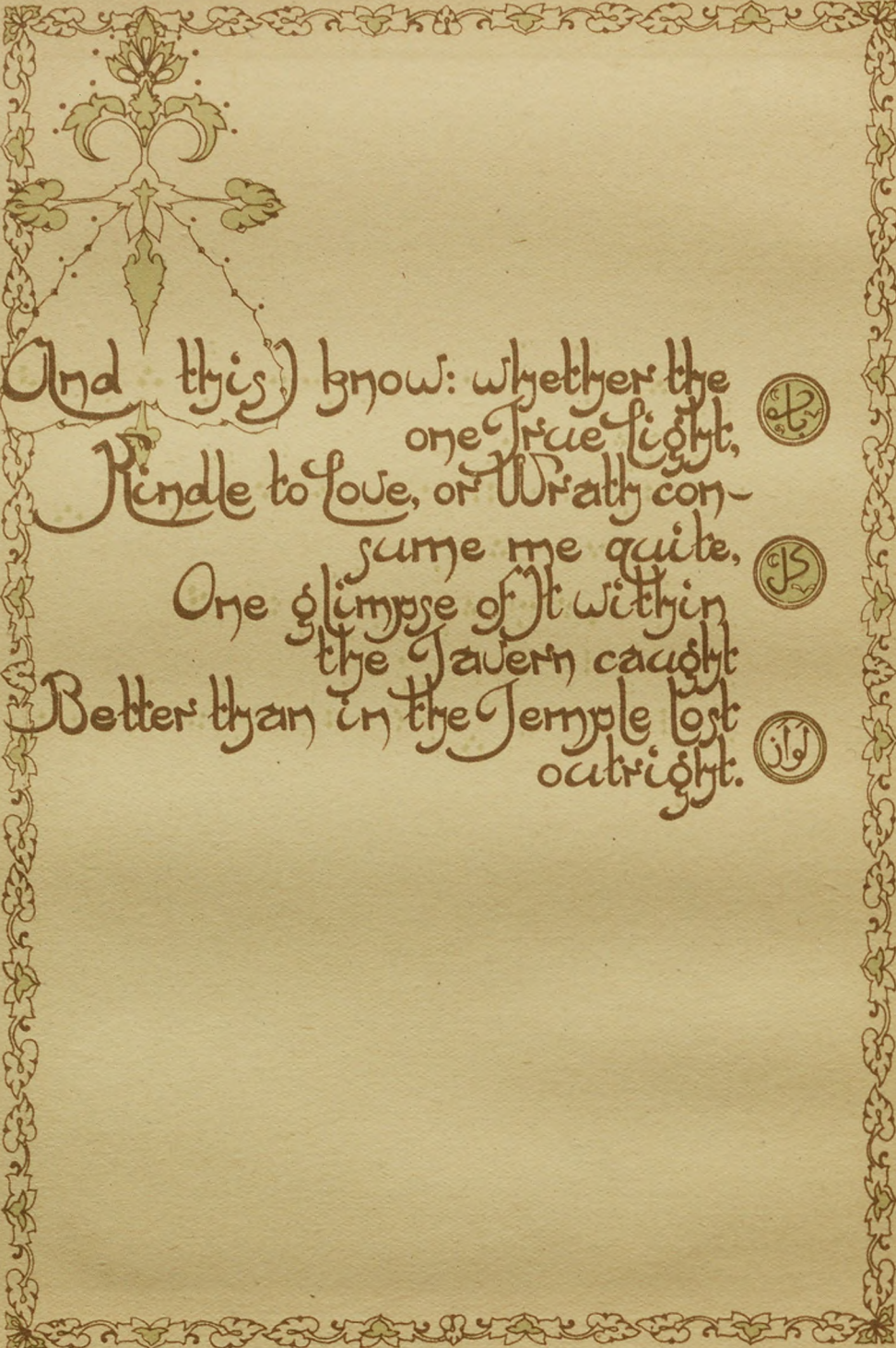




The Vine had struck a fibre;
which about
If clings my Being - let the
Safe flout;
Of my Base Metal may be
filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he
howls without.







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







Oh You, who didst with
Siftall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander



in,
You wilt not with
Predestination round
Emesh me, and impute my
Fall to sin!











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!





كلام

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 white
others not
And suddenly one more im-
patient cried —
“Who is the Potter, pray, and
who the Pot!”

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 Fancy in an after Rage,
destroy!"

None answer'd 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 shake!"



64



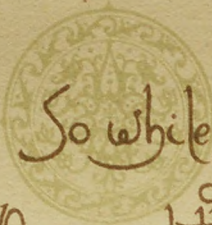
65

Said one "Folks of a surly
And daub his visage with the ^{Japster tell}
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 Obdusion
is gone dry;
But fill me with the old
Familiar Juice
Methinks I might recover by
and-bye!"

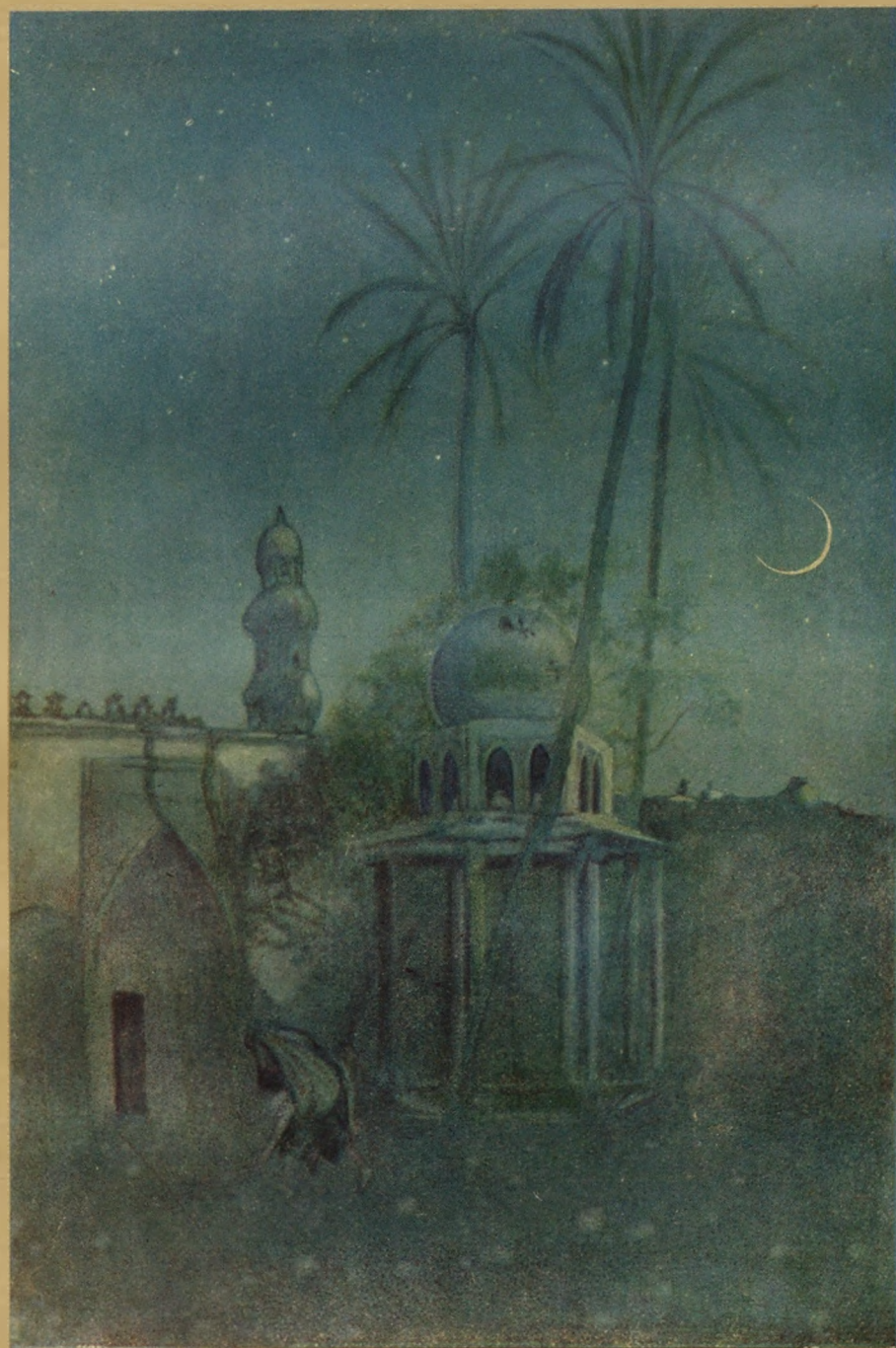


66



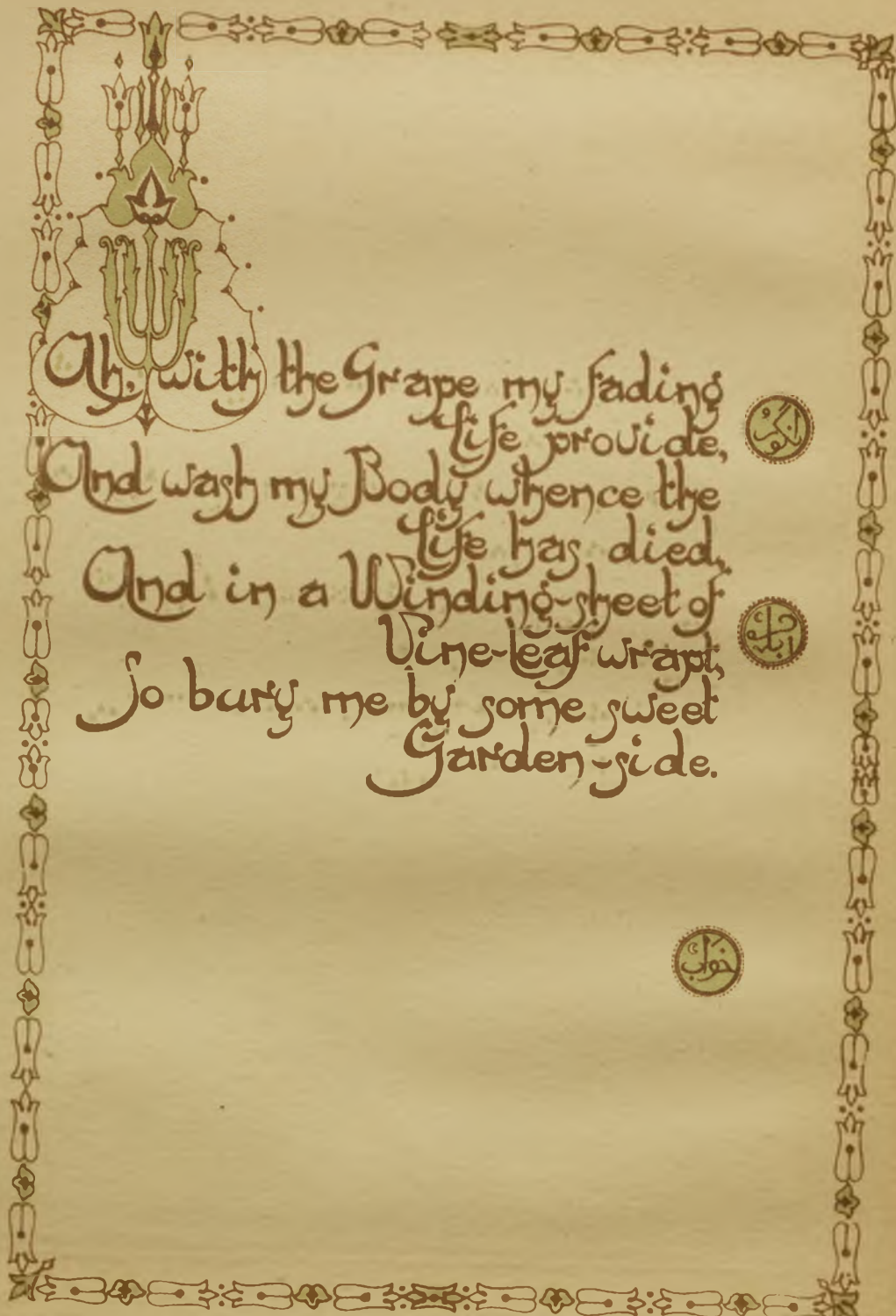
So while the Vessels one by
one were speaking*
One spied the little Crescent all
were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each
other: "Brother! Brother!
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder—
not a-creaking!"







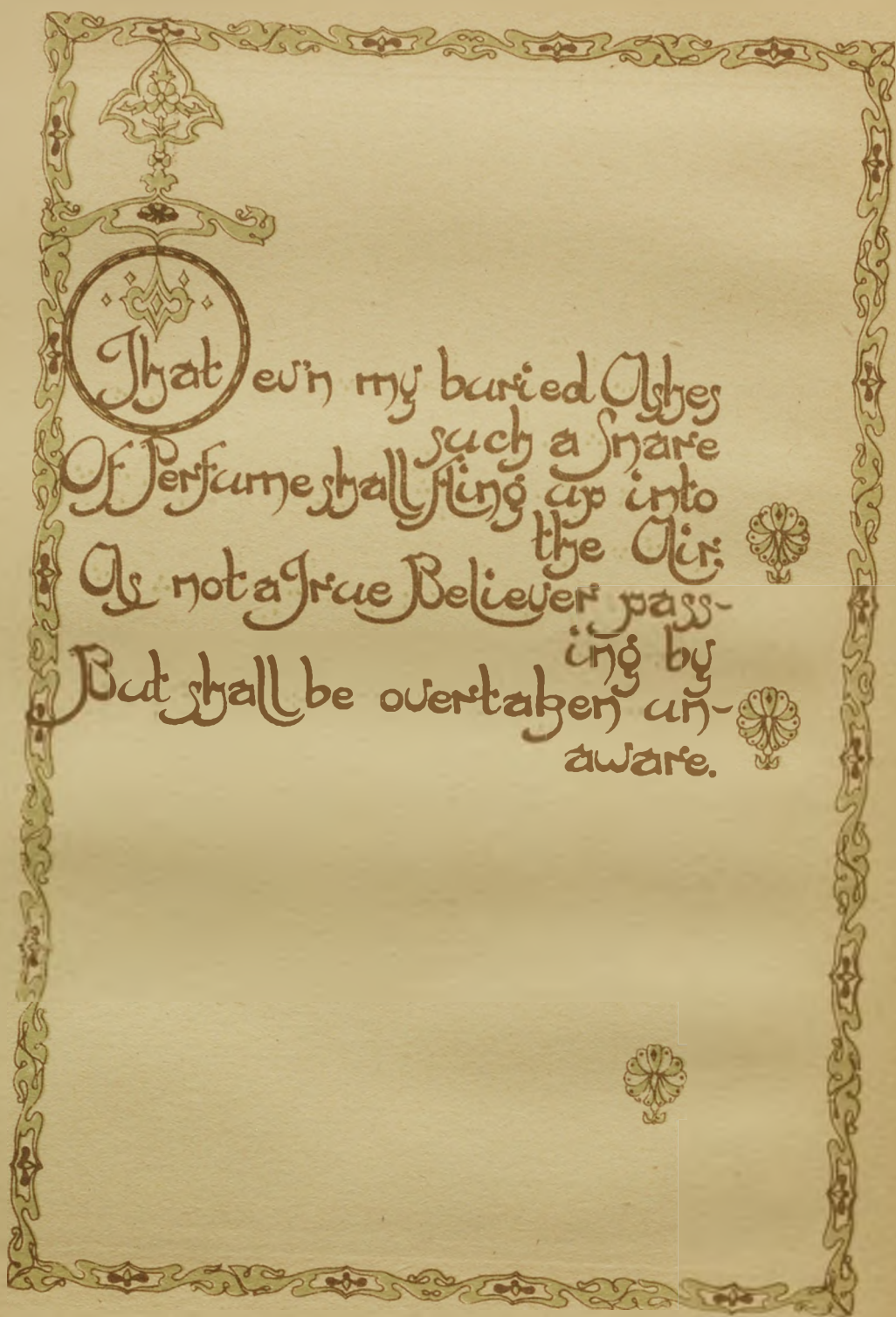




Oh, with the Grape my fading
Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the
Life has died,
And in a Winding-sheet of
Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet
Garden-side.

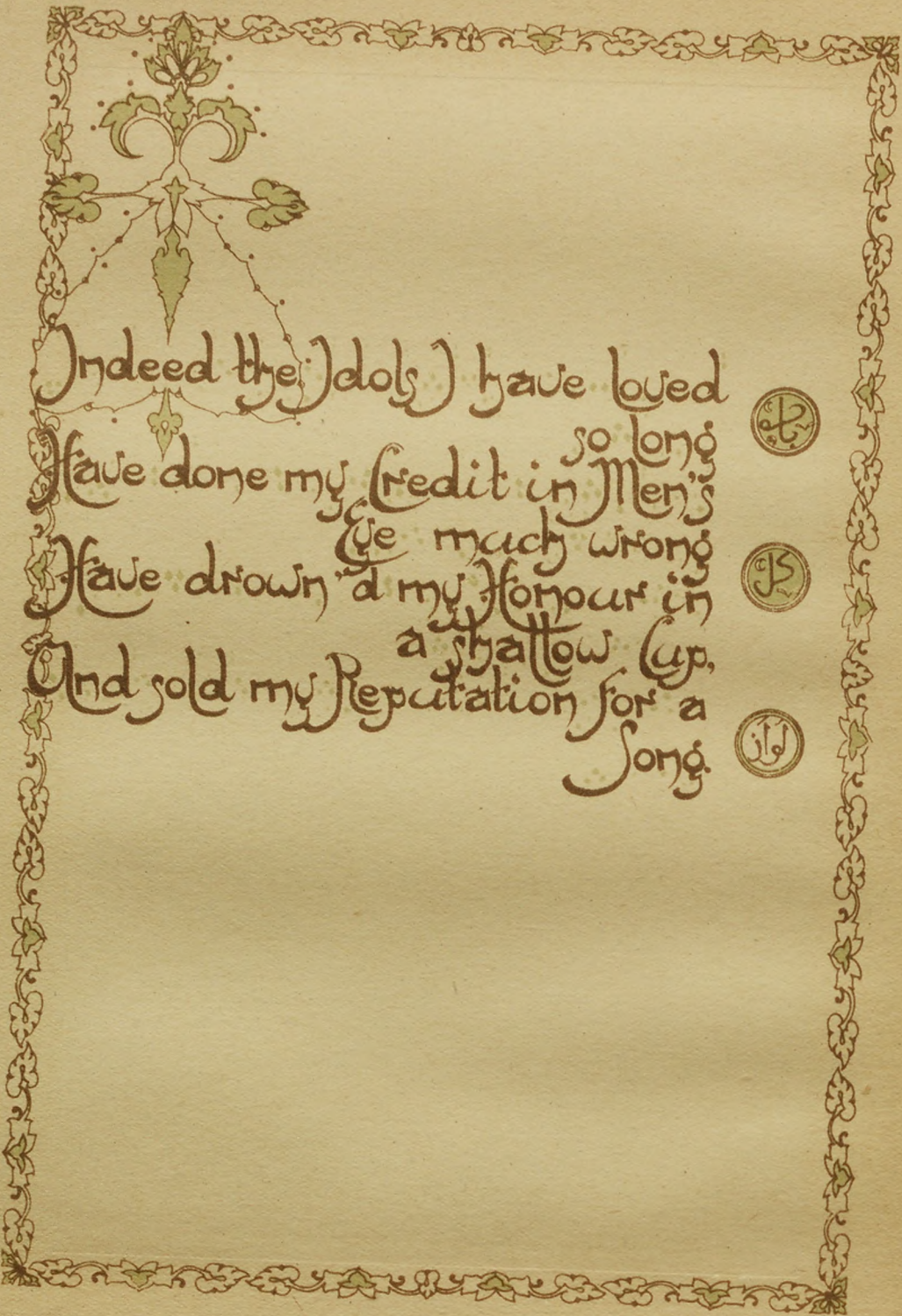






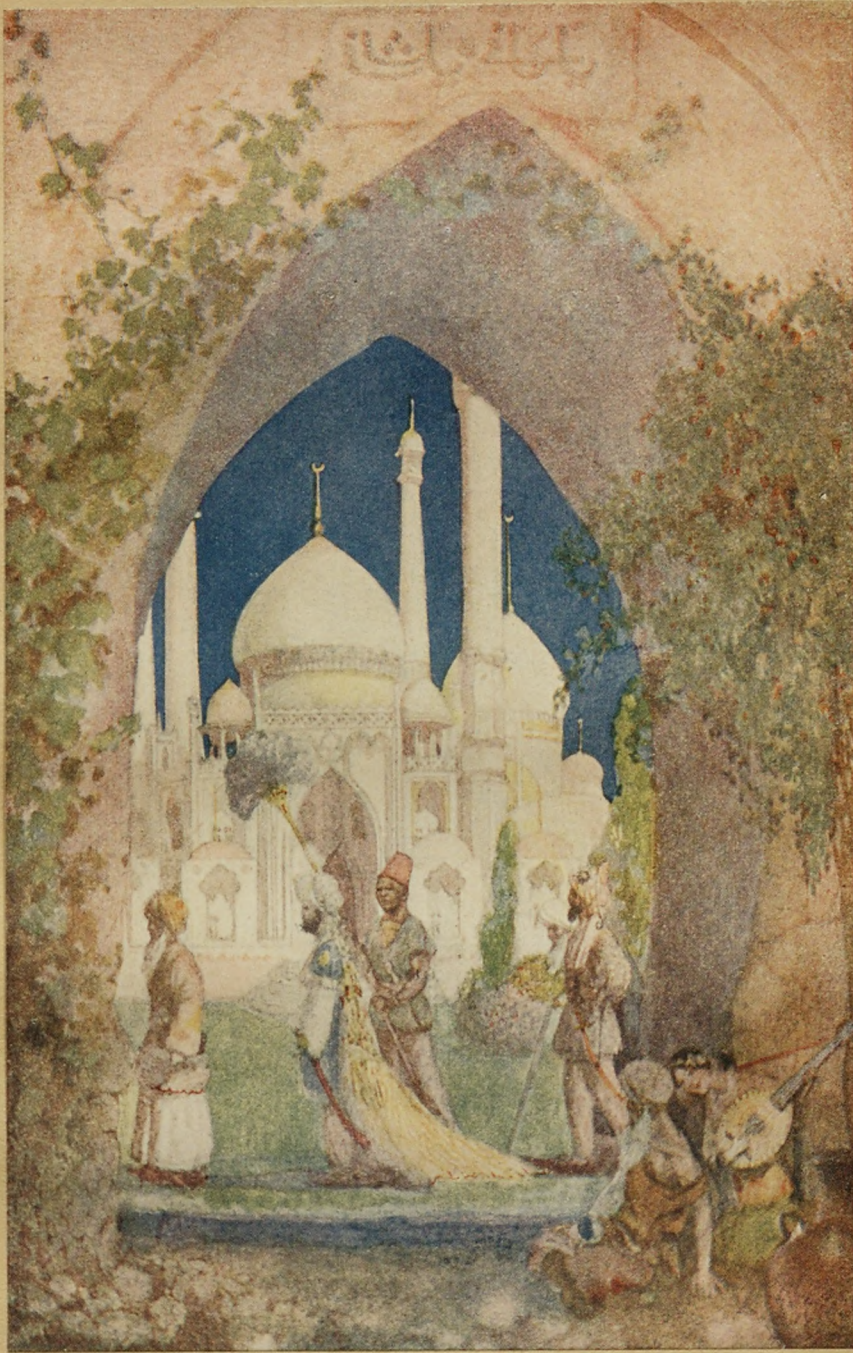
That evn my buried Olfhes
Of Perfume shall fling up into
such a Snare
the Air:
As not a True Believer pass-
ing by
But shall be overtaken un-
aware.






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











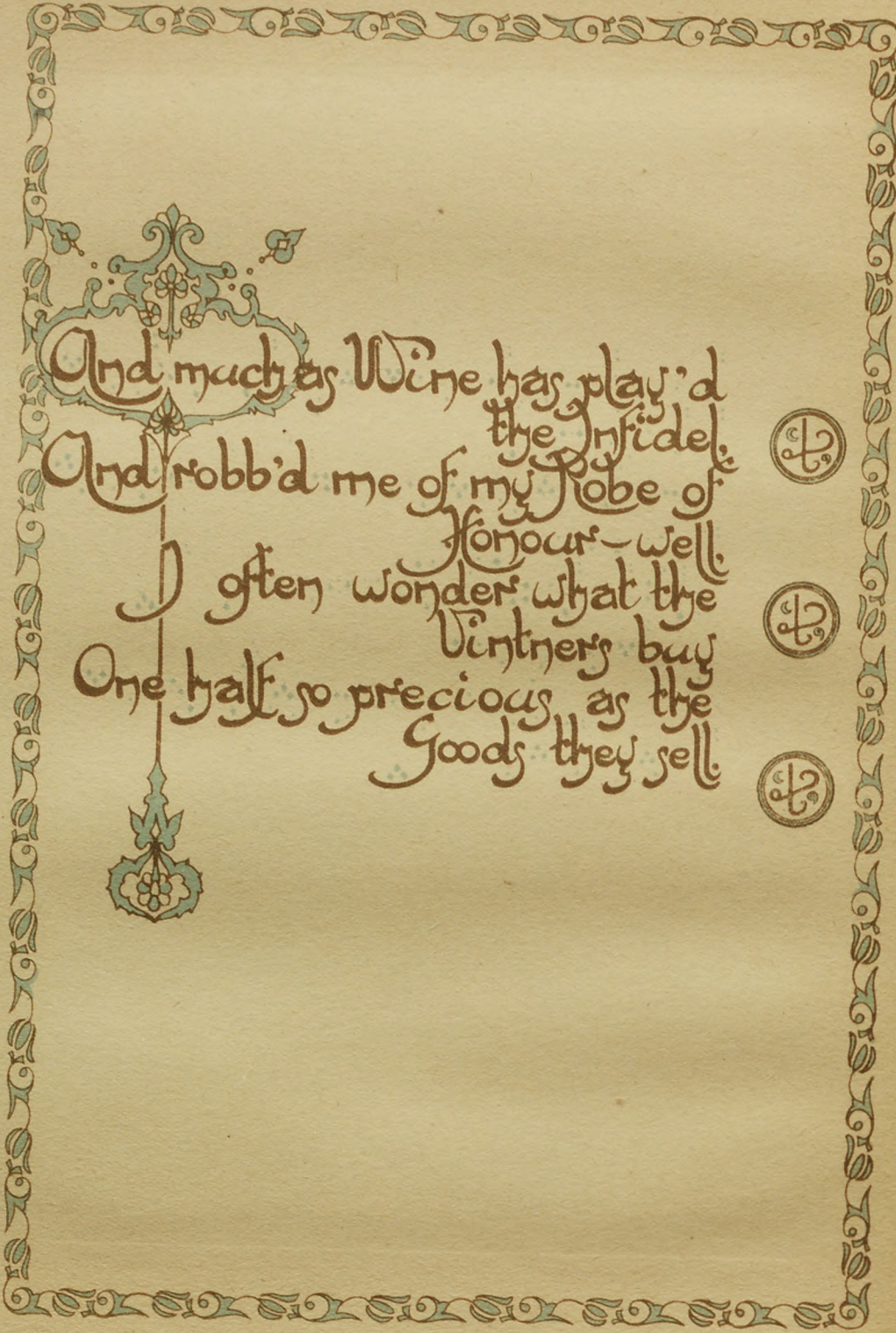
Indeed, indeed, Repentance of

I swore but was I sober when
I swore!


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



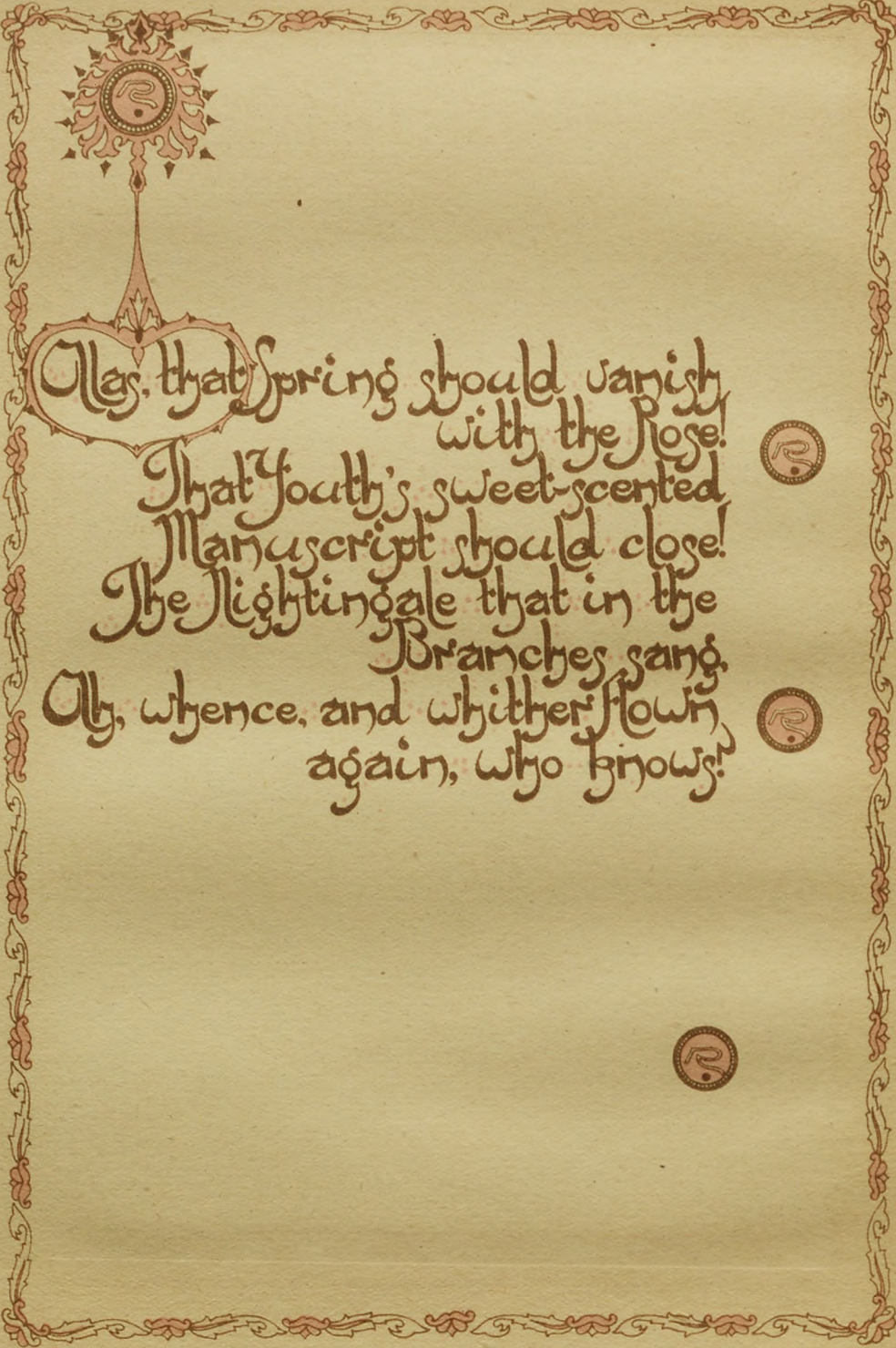




And much as Wine has play'd
And robb'd me of my Robe of
Honour - well
I often wonder what the
Vintners buy
One half so precious as the
Goods they sell





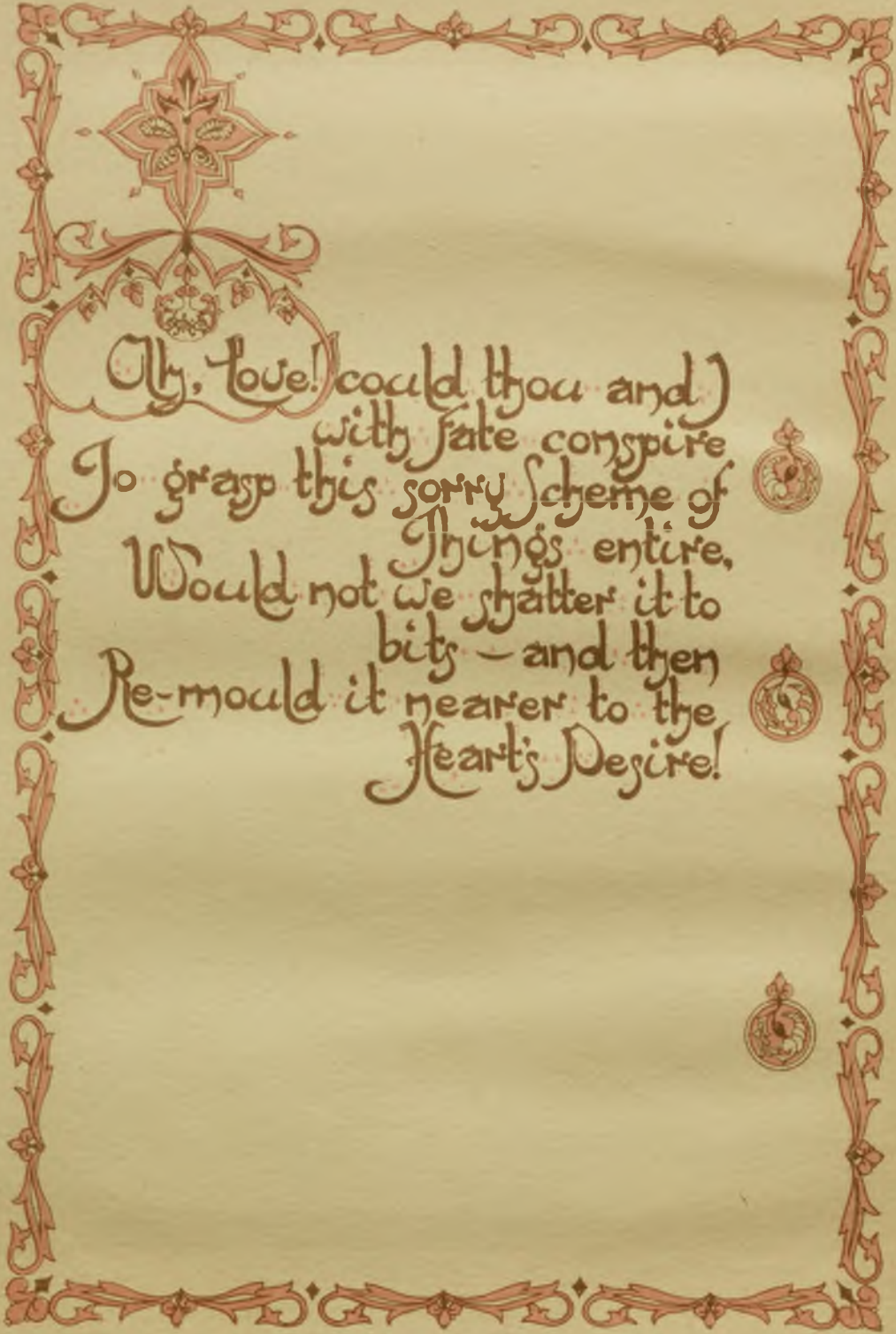


Olas, that Spring should vanish
with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented
Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the
Branches sang,
Oly, whence, and whither flown
again, who knows!




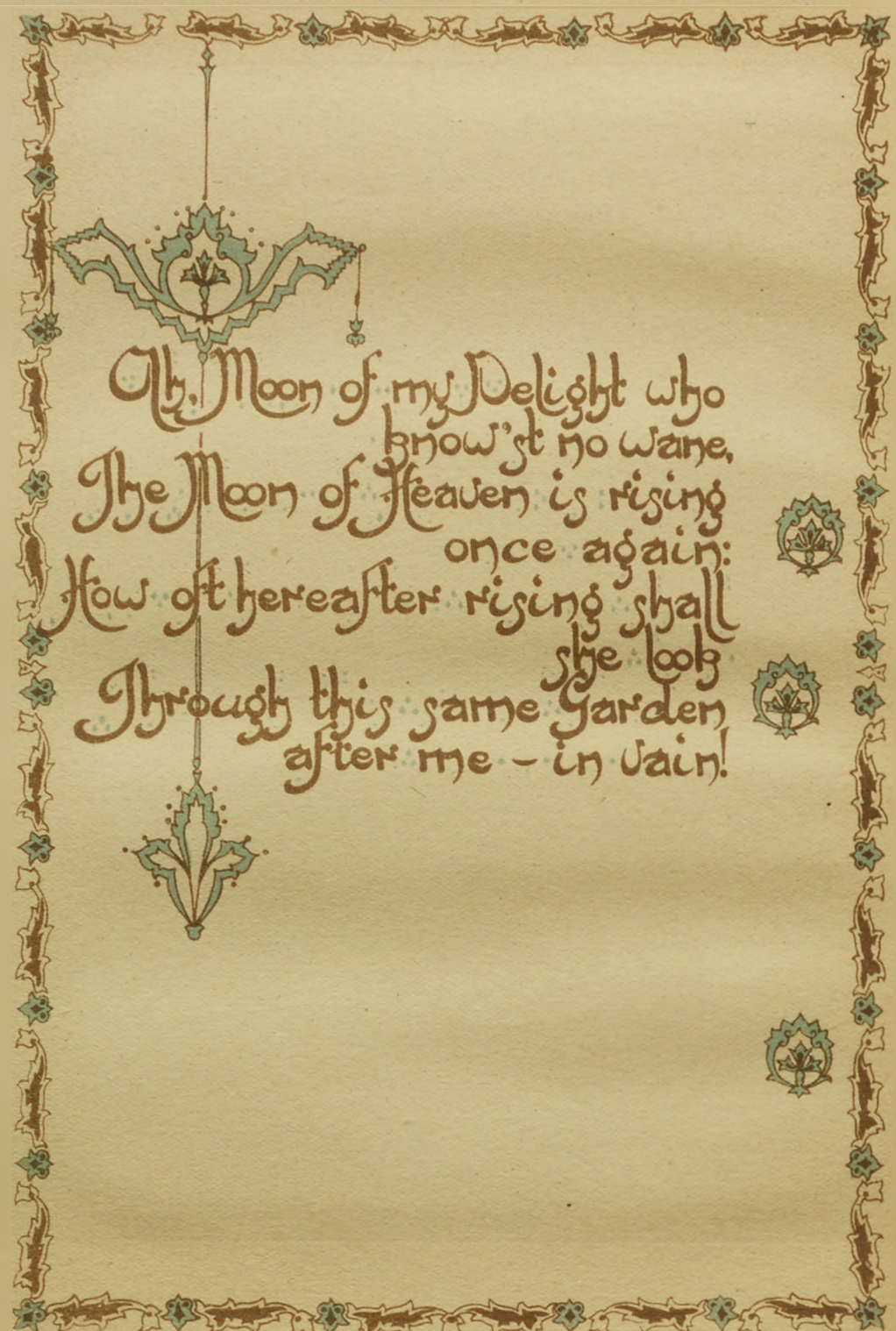








Ohy, Love! could thou and I
with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of
Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to
bits - and then
Re-mould it nearer to the
Heart's Desire!

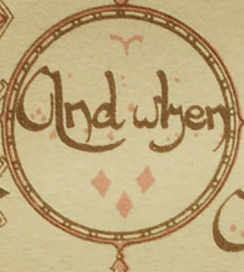
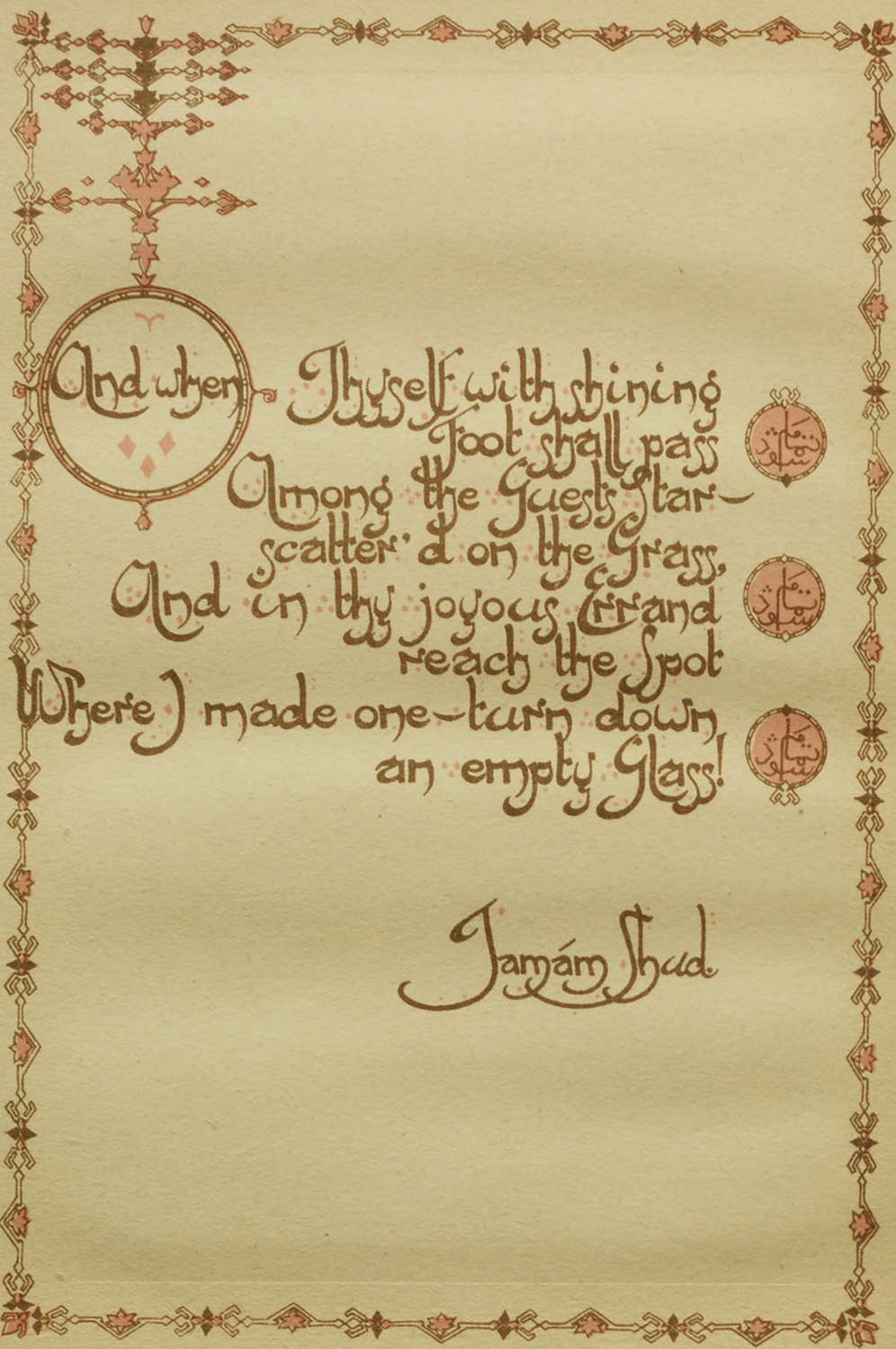




Oh, Moon of my Delight who
know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising
once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall
she look
Through this same Garden
after me - in vain!







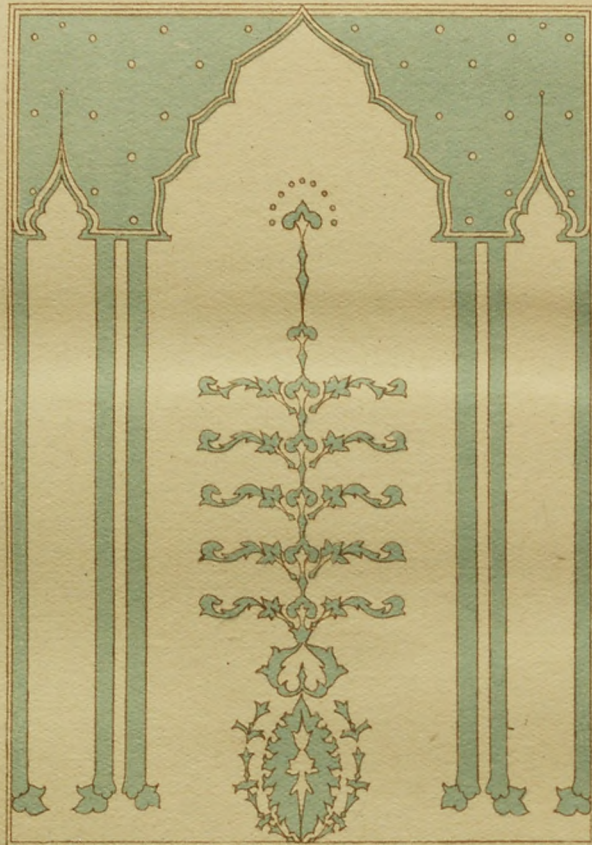
And when Thyself with shining
 Foot shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-
 scatter'd on the Grass,
 And in thy joyous Grand
 reach the Spot
 Where I made one turn down
 an empty Glass!

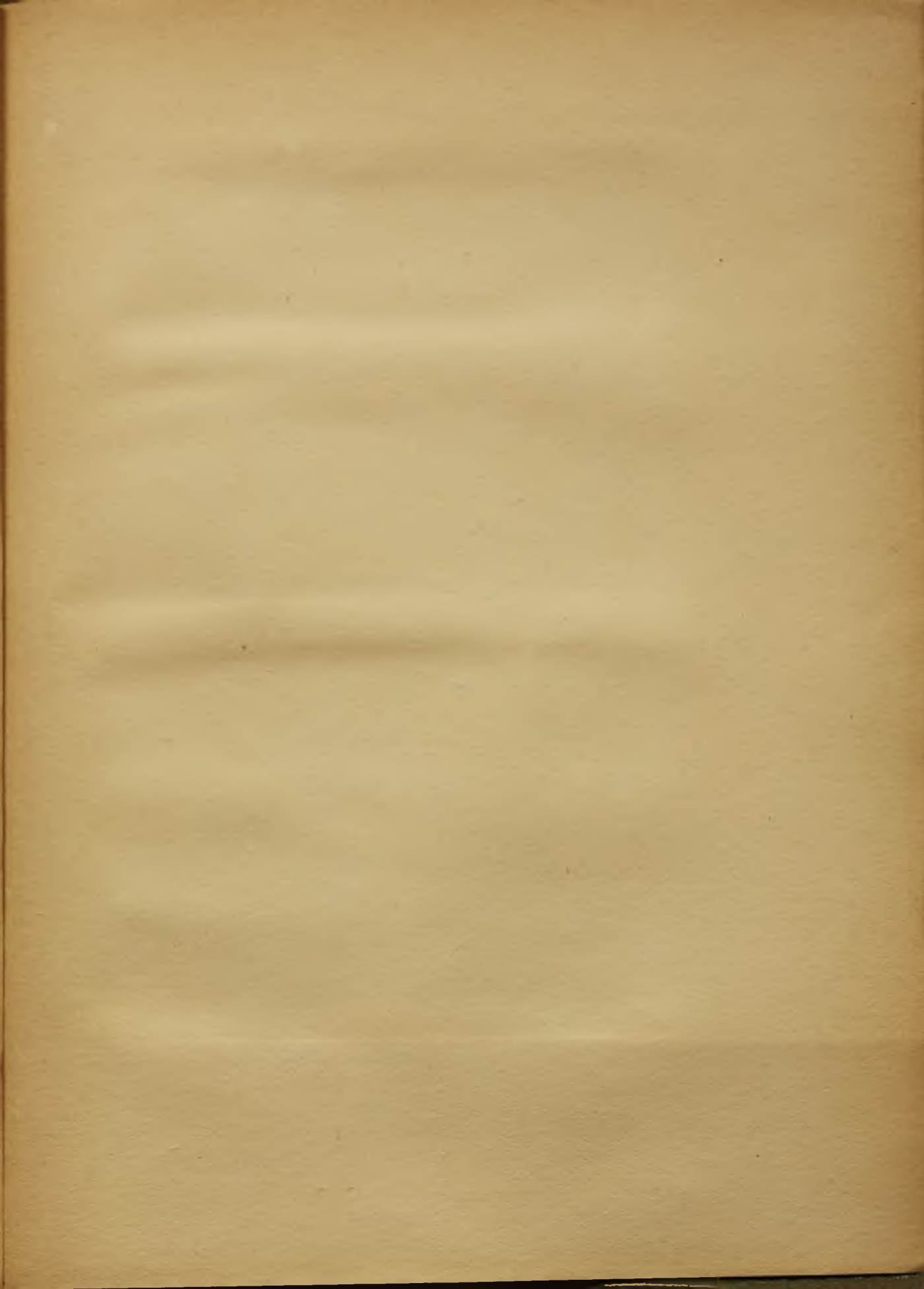


Jamān Shud



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