

# THE GREAT OMAR



## THE GREAT OMAR

*This exquisitely bound edition of The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam was lost when it went down with the Titanic in 1912. The Great Omar, as it is affectionately known, was bound by the famous craft bookbinding firm of Sangorski & Sutcliffe. It took two years of continuous work to create, boasting over 1,000 precious and semi-precious stones and 1,500 separate pieces of leather. The binding is recognised as one of the finest examples of the bookbinder's craft. The Great Omar now lies in an oak casket at the bottom of the Atlantic. The only visual record of the book is an old black and white photograph and recently discovered glass negatives. With the help of the original patterns and contemporary descriptions the binding has been recreated digitally to actual size by Richard Green and Trickett & Webb.*

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**ISBN 978-1-716-17404-9**

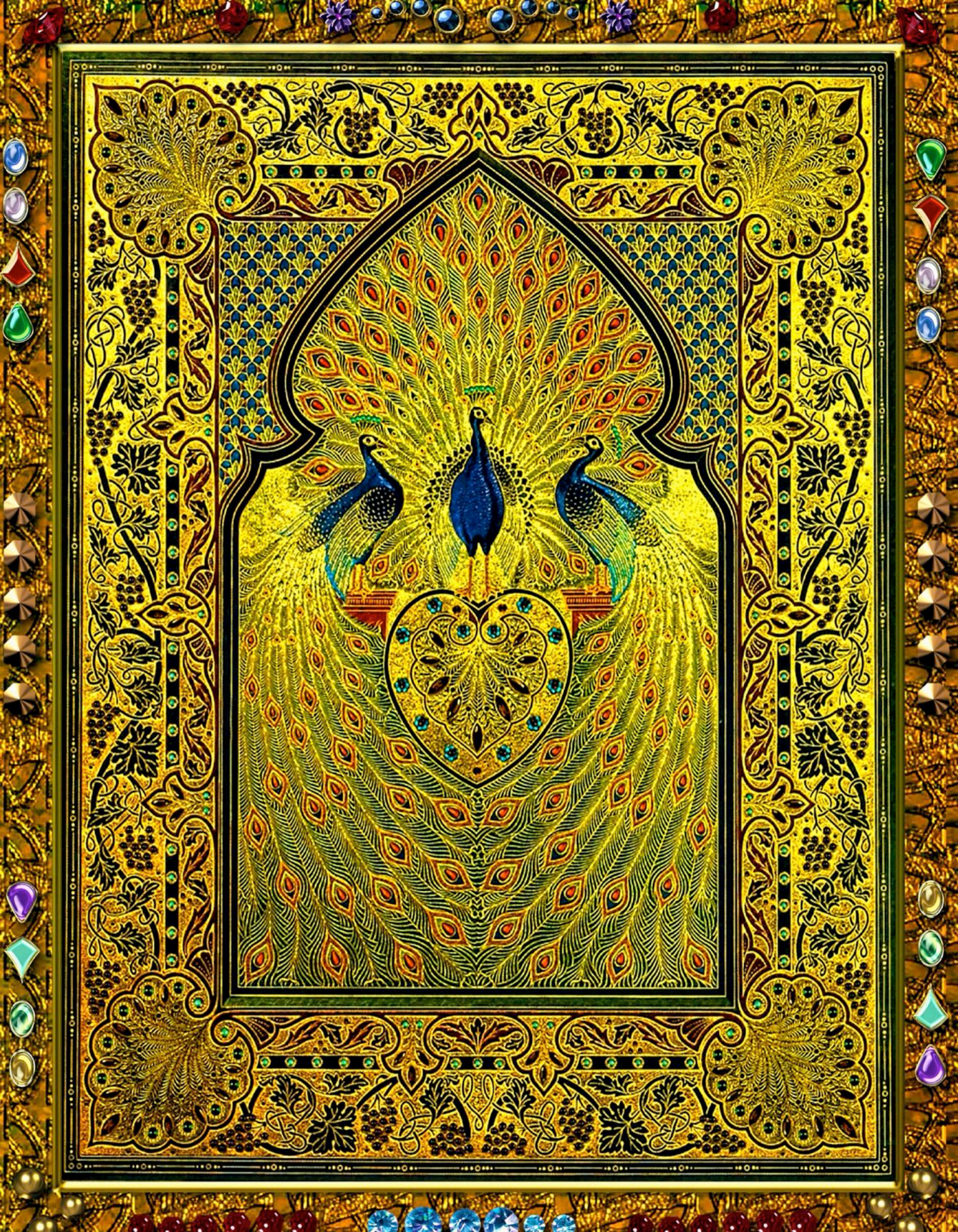
WITH OLD KHAYYAM THE RUBY VINTAGE DRINK

WHILE THE ROSE BLOWS ALONG THE RIVER BRINK

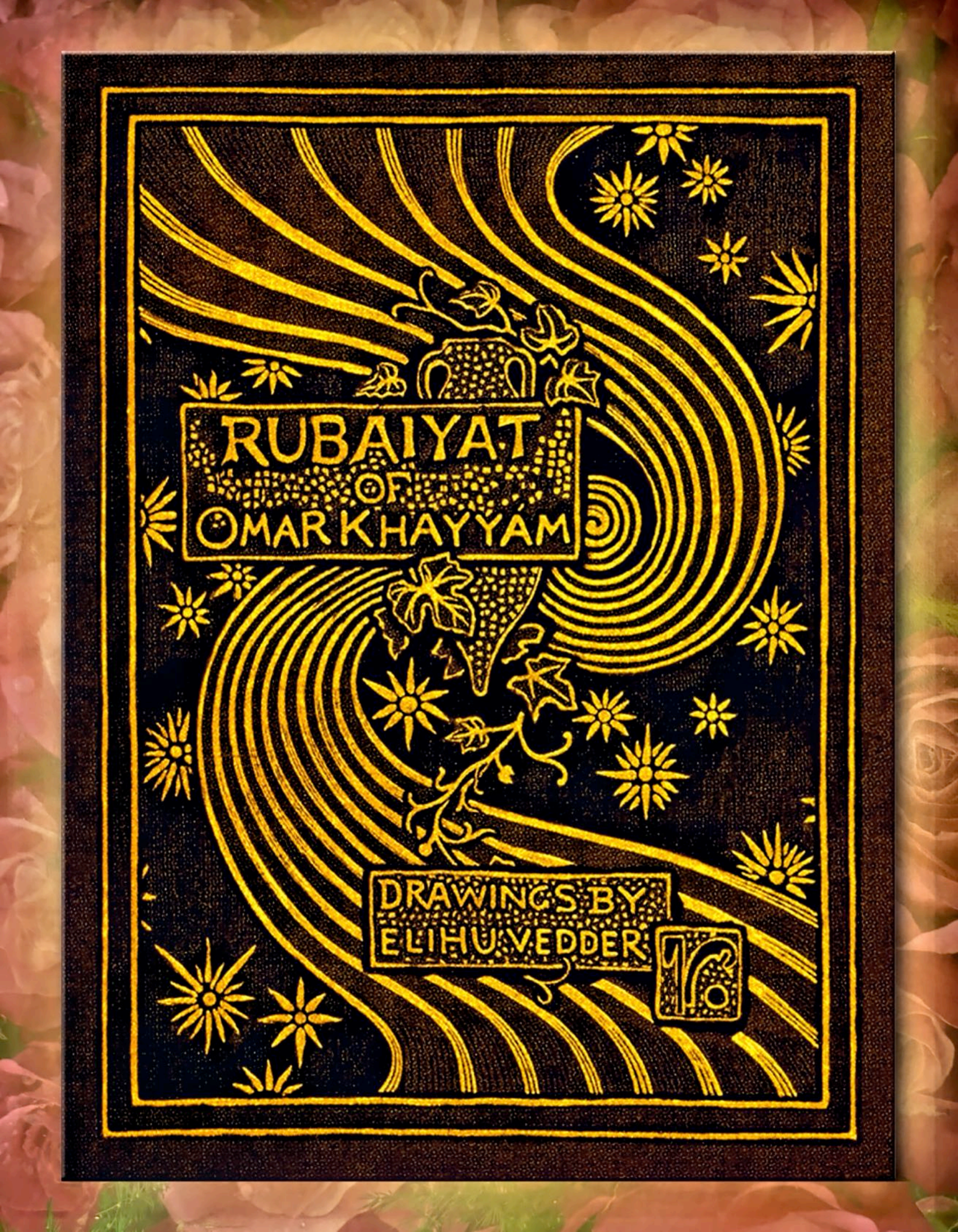
AND WHEN THE ANGEL WITH HIS DARKER DRAUGHT DRAWS



UP TO THEE - TAKE THAT, AND DO NOT SHRINK







RUBAIYAT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYAM

DRAWINGS BY  
ELIHU VEDDER





Dining Paper





Waste not your Hours nor in the vain pursuit  
Of This & That endeavour and dispute;  
Better be joind with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none or bitter, Fruit,



RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM

THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY

EDWARD FITZGERALD

WITH

AN ACCOMPANIMENT

OF

DRAWINGS

BY

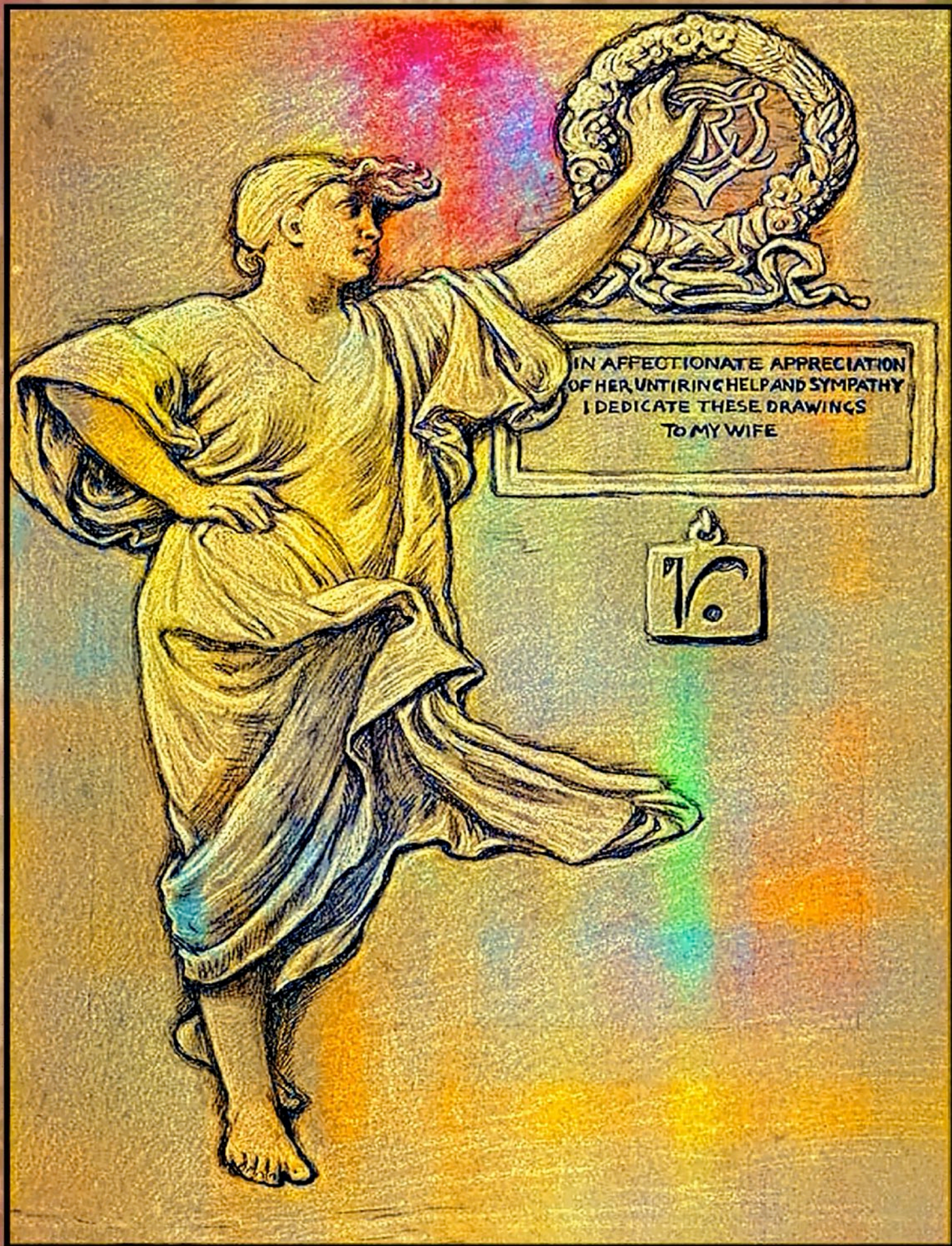
ELIHU VEDDER



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

BOSTON

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Dedication

RUBÁIYAT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM



Omar's Emblem




<sup>1</sup>  
Wake! for the Sun who scatter'd into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heavn, and strikes  
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Night.

<sup>2</sup>  
Before the phantom of False morning died,  
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,  
"When all the Temple is prepared within,  
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

<sup>3</sup>  
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."

## The Awakening

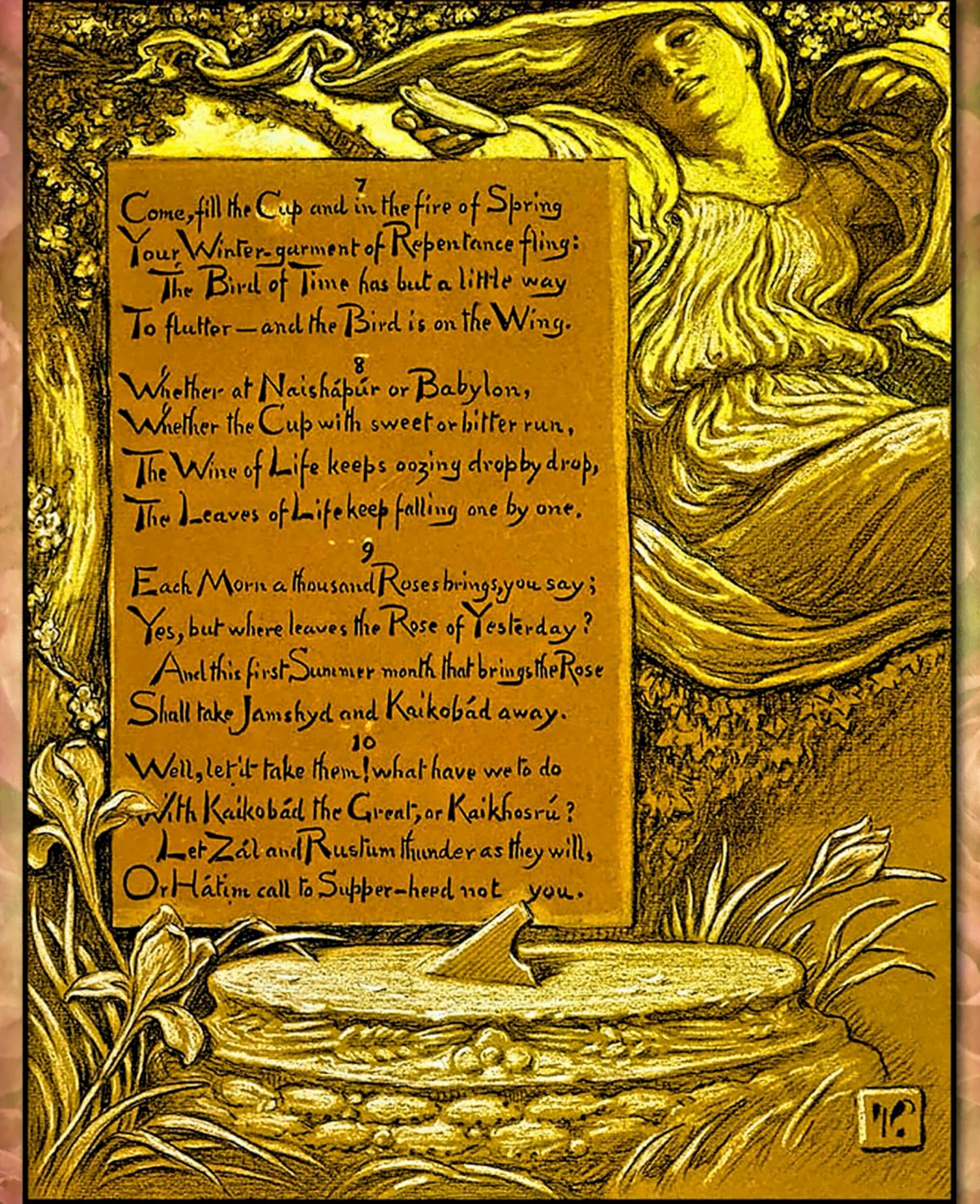


4  
Now the New Year reviving old Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
Where the WHITE LAND OF MOSES on the Bough  
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

5  
Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,  
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one <sup>knows;</sup>  
But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,  
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

6  
And David's lips are lockt; but in divine  
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!"  
"Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the  
That sallow cheek of her's t'incarnadine. <sup>Rose</sup>

The Thoughtful Soul to Solitude Retires

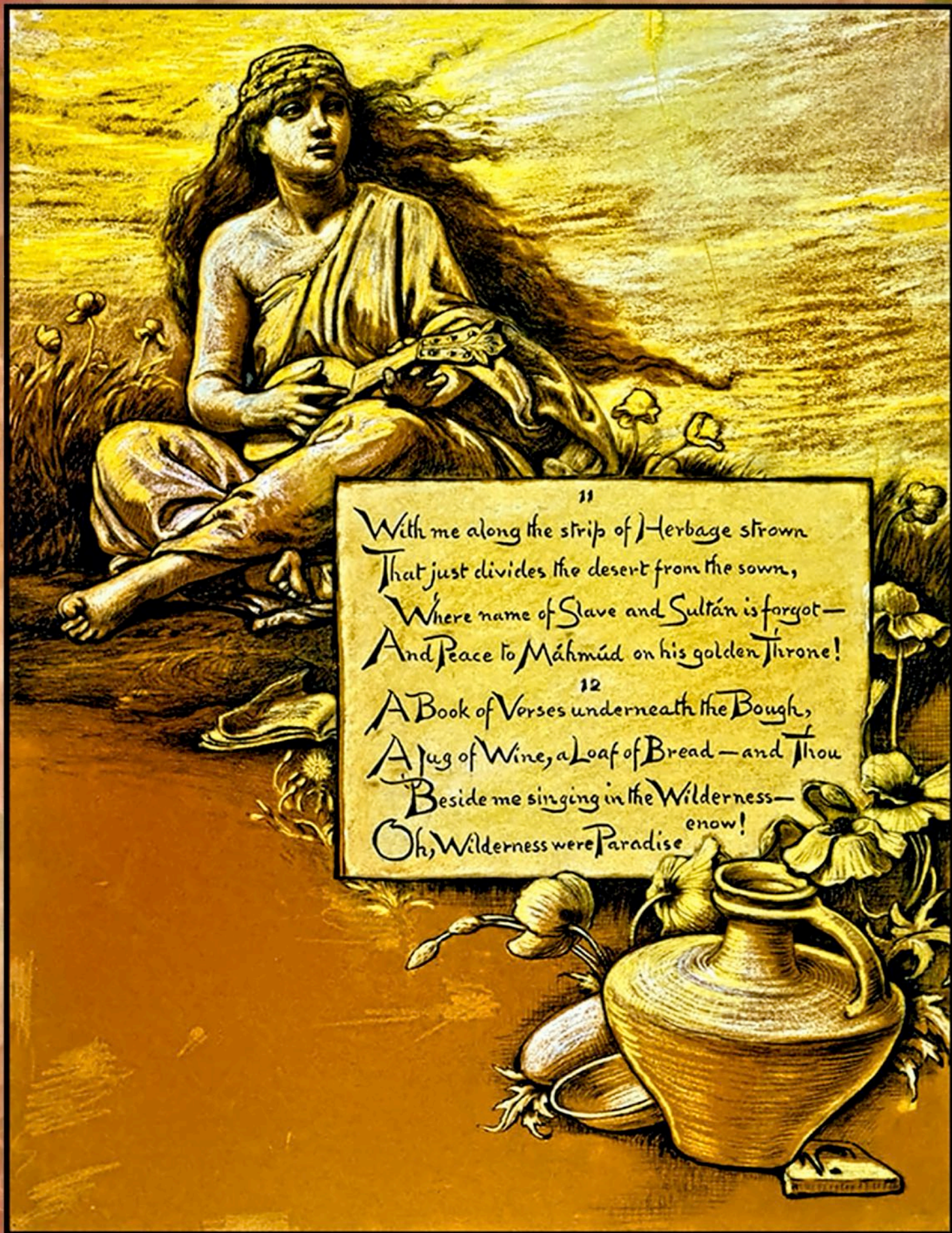


Come, fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,  
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;  
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?  
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose  
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! what have we to do  
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?  
Let Zál and Rustum thunder as they will,  
Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.



11  
With me along the strip of Herbage strown  
That just divides the desert from the sown,  
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—  
And Peace to Máhmúd on his golden Throne!

12  
A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

The Song in the Wilderness

13  
Some for the Glories of This World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

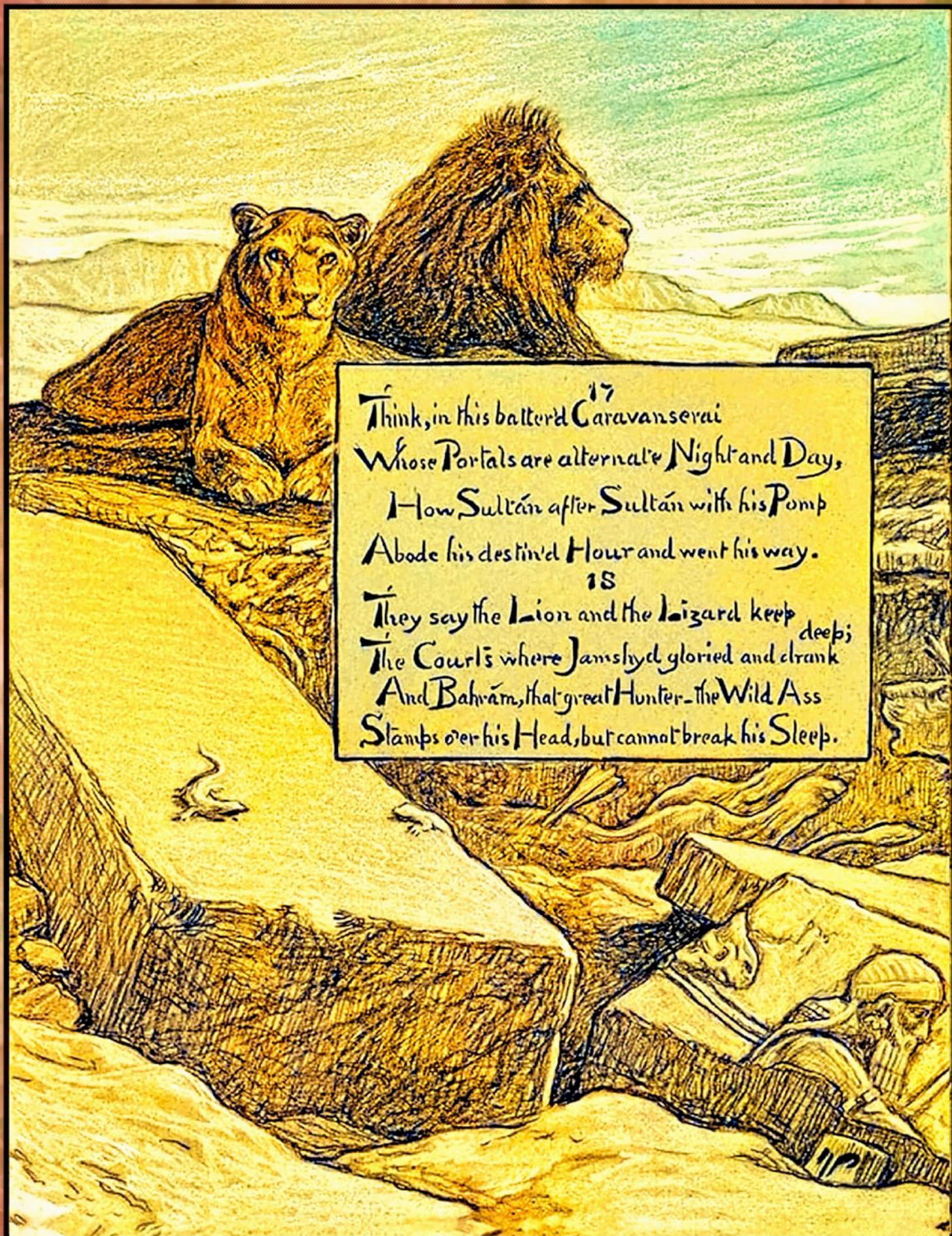
14  
Look to the blowing Rose about us—Lo,  
"Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,  
"At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
"Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

15  
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.

16  
The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
Lightning a little hour or two is gone.







Think, in this battered Caravanserai<sup>17</sup>  
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp  
Abode his destin'd Hour and went his way.

<sup>18</sup>  
They say the Lion and the Lizard keep deep;  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank  
And Bahram, that great Hunter - the Wild Ass  
Stamps over his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.



19

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

20

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Hedges the River-Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

21

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears  
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:  
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.





For some we loved, <sup>22</sup> the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintāge rolling Time has 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 <sup>23</sup>  
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, <sup>24</sup>  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and-sans End!

*The Long Rest*

25  
Alike for those who for To-day prepare,  
And those that after some To-morrow stare,  
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

26  
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.

27  
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 where in I went.

28  
With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow  
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—  
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

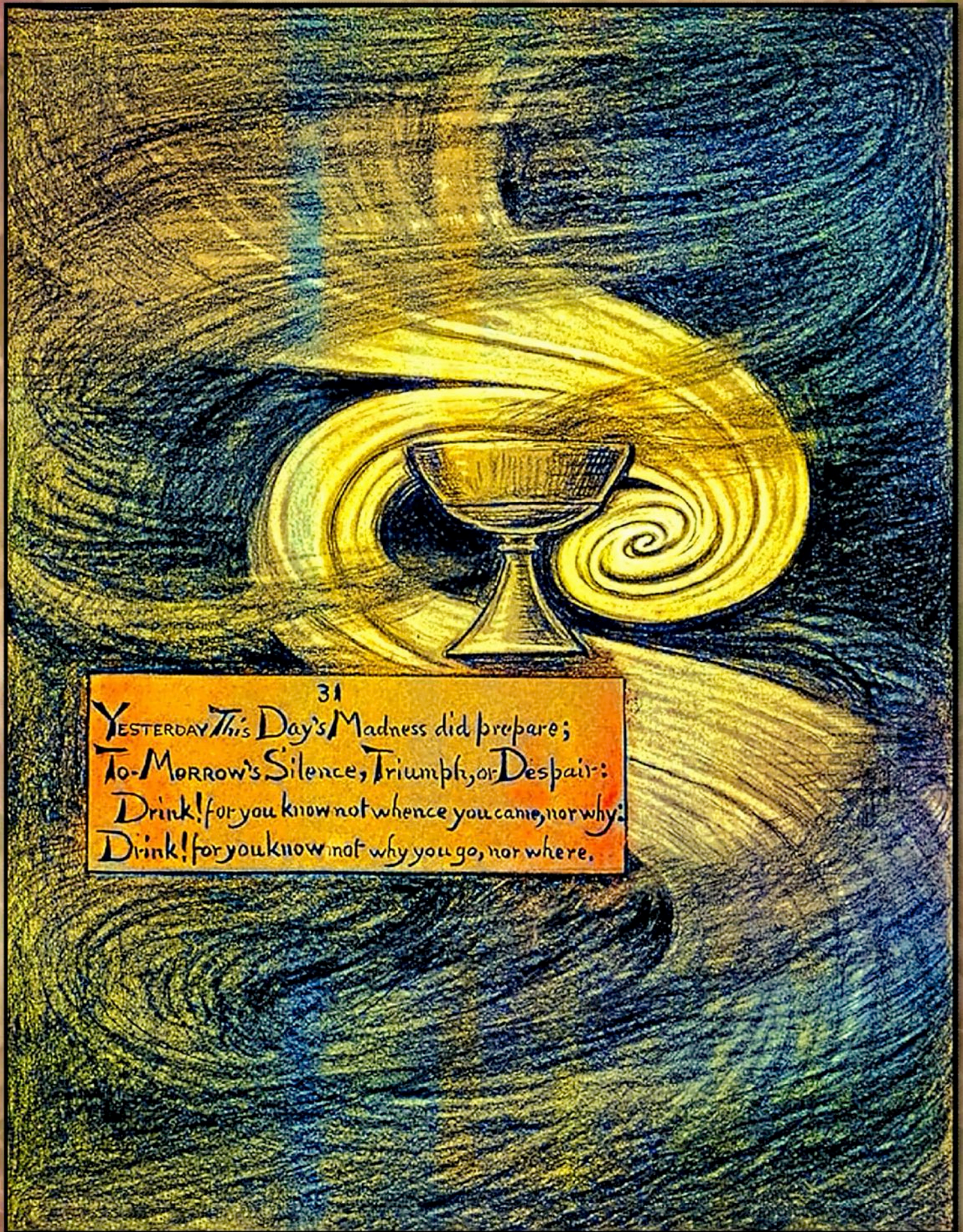




Into this Universe, and <sup>29</sup>Why not knowing,  
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.  
What, without asking, <sup>30</sup>hither hurried Whence?  
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!  
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine  
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

16

Whence and Whither



31

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;  
To-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:  
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:  
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

*The Cup of Despair*



32

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor  
Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening Door,  
You gaze To-DAY, while You are You-how then  
To-MORROW, You when shall be You no more?

33

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
Of This and That endeavour and dispute;  
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

The Vain Pursuit



34

I tell you this—When, started from the Goats,  
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal  
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,  
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

35

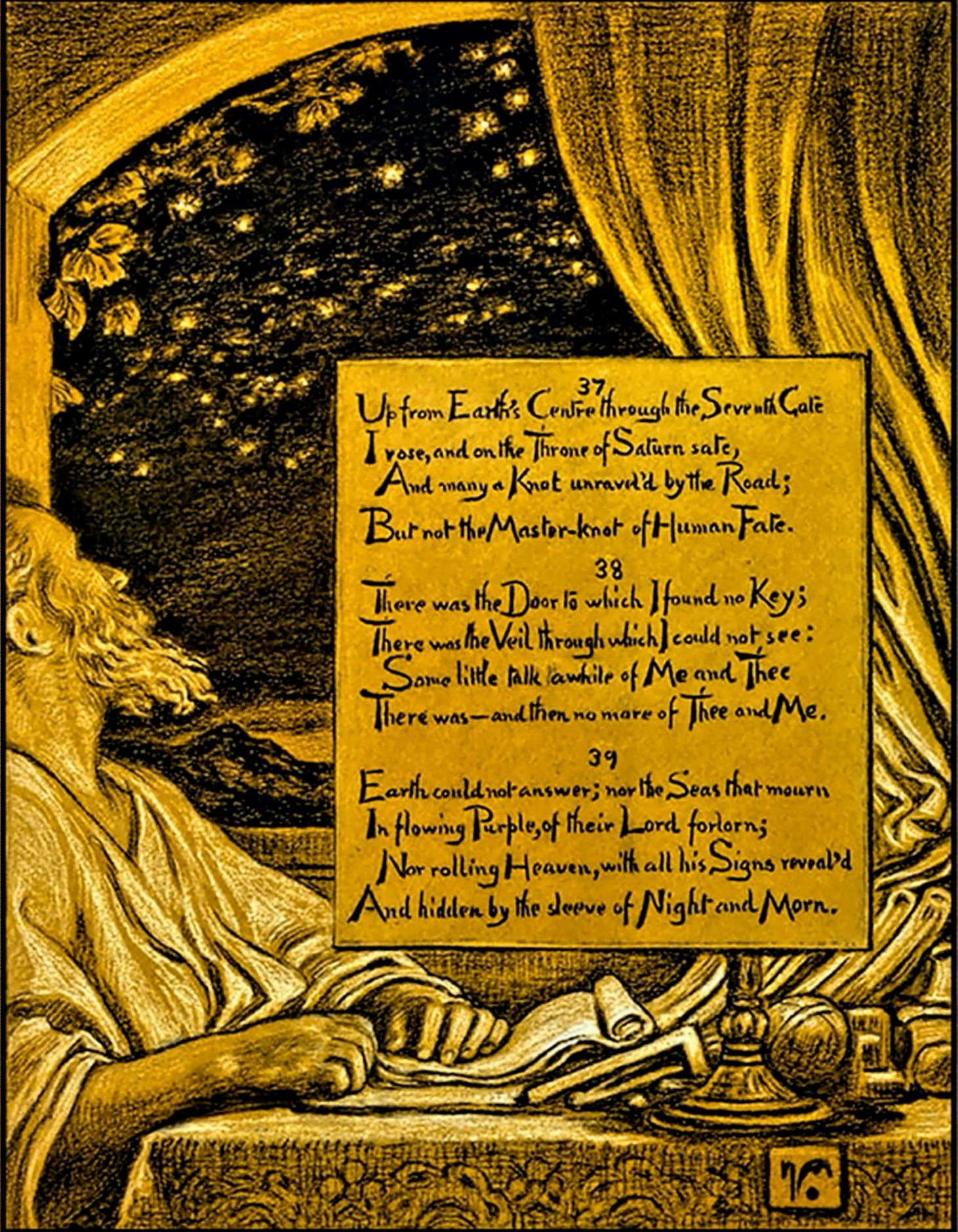
The Vine had struck a fibre: which about  
It clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;  
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,  
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

36

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



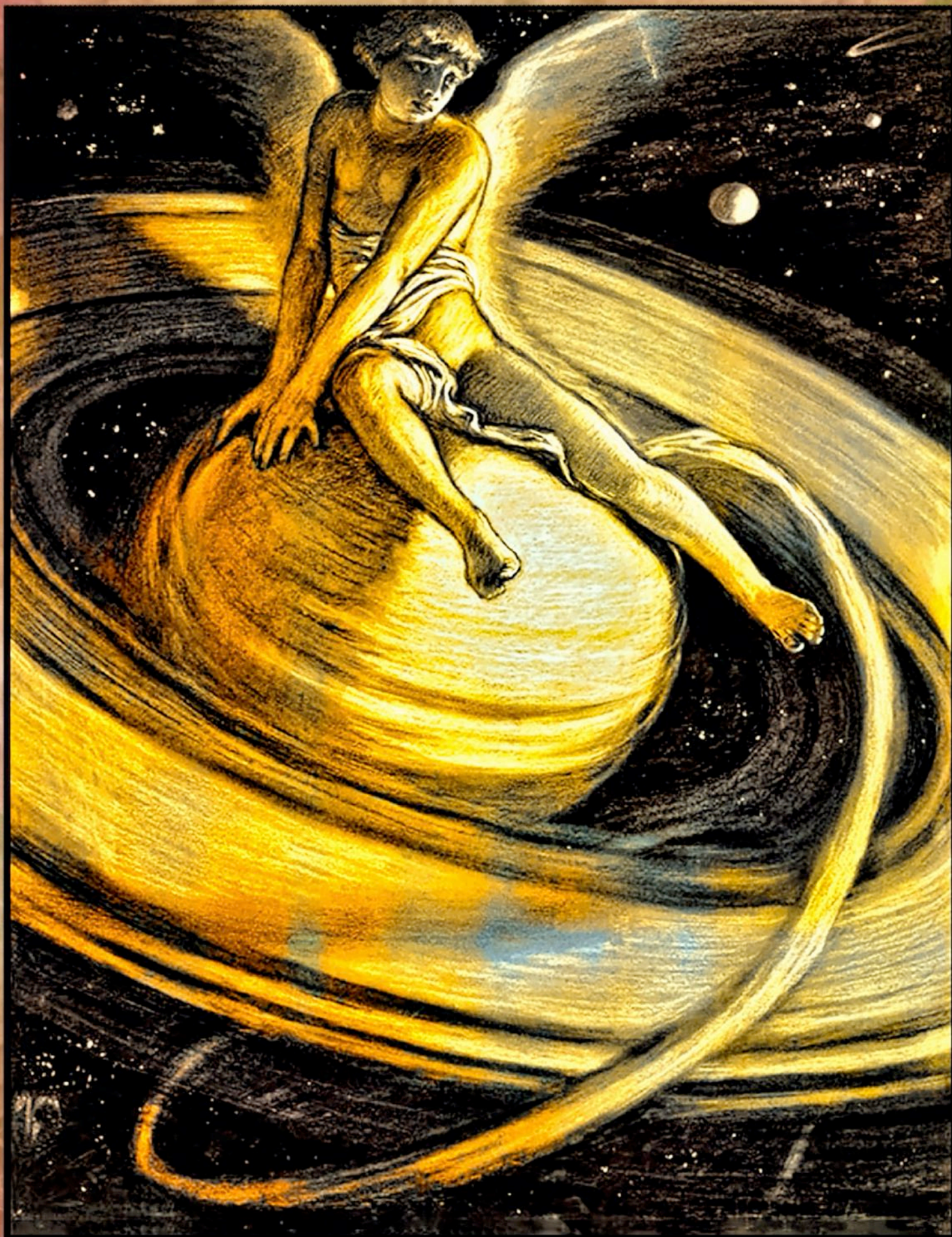




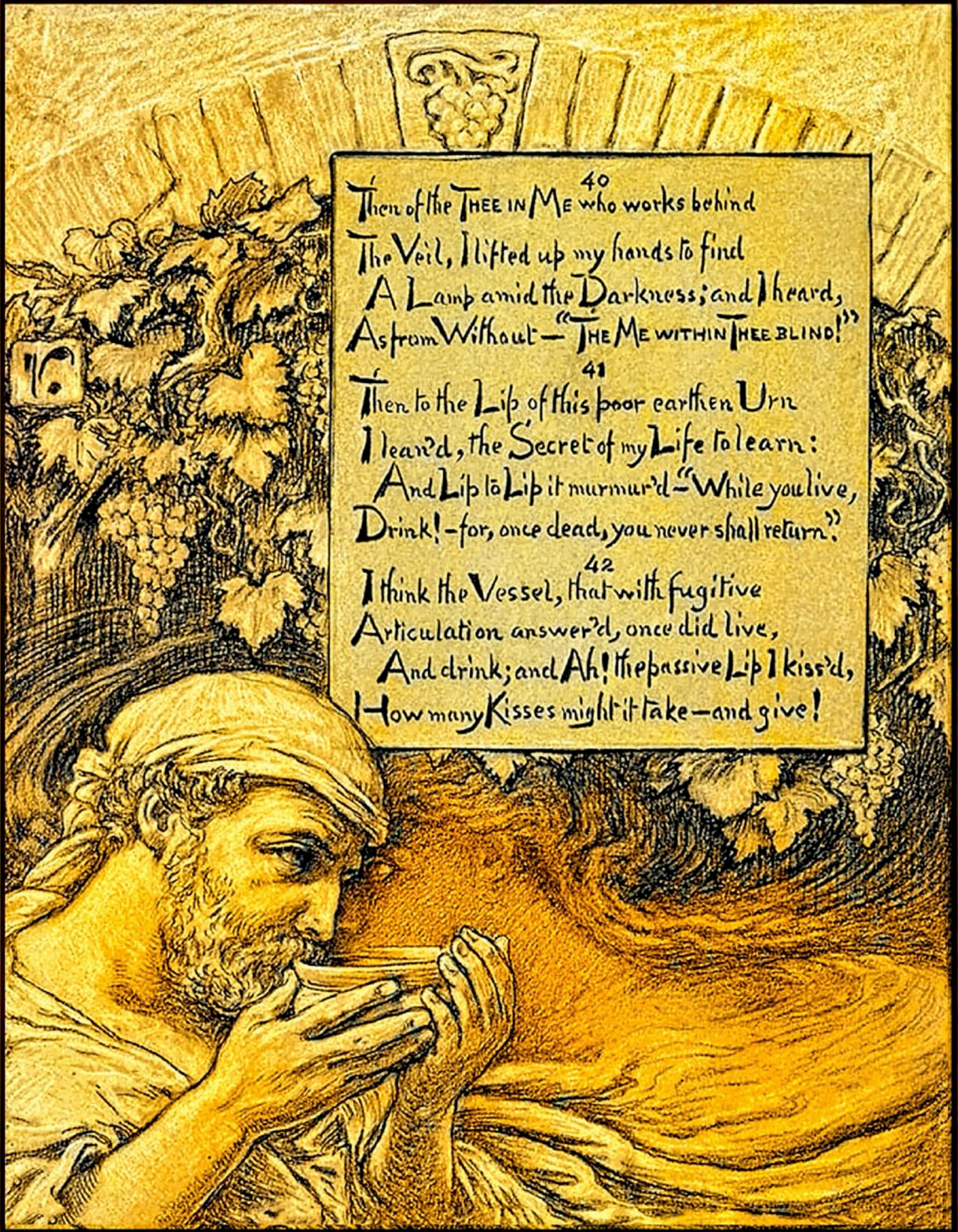
Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate  
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sat,  
And many a Knot unrav'd by the Road;  
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

38  
There was the Door to which I found no Key;  
There was the Veil through which I could not see:  
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee  
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

39  
Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn  
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;  
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd  
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.



*The Throne of Saturn*

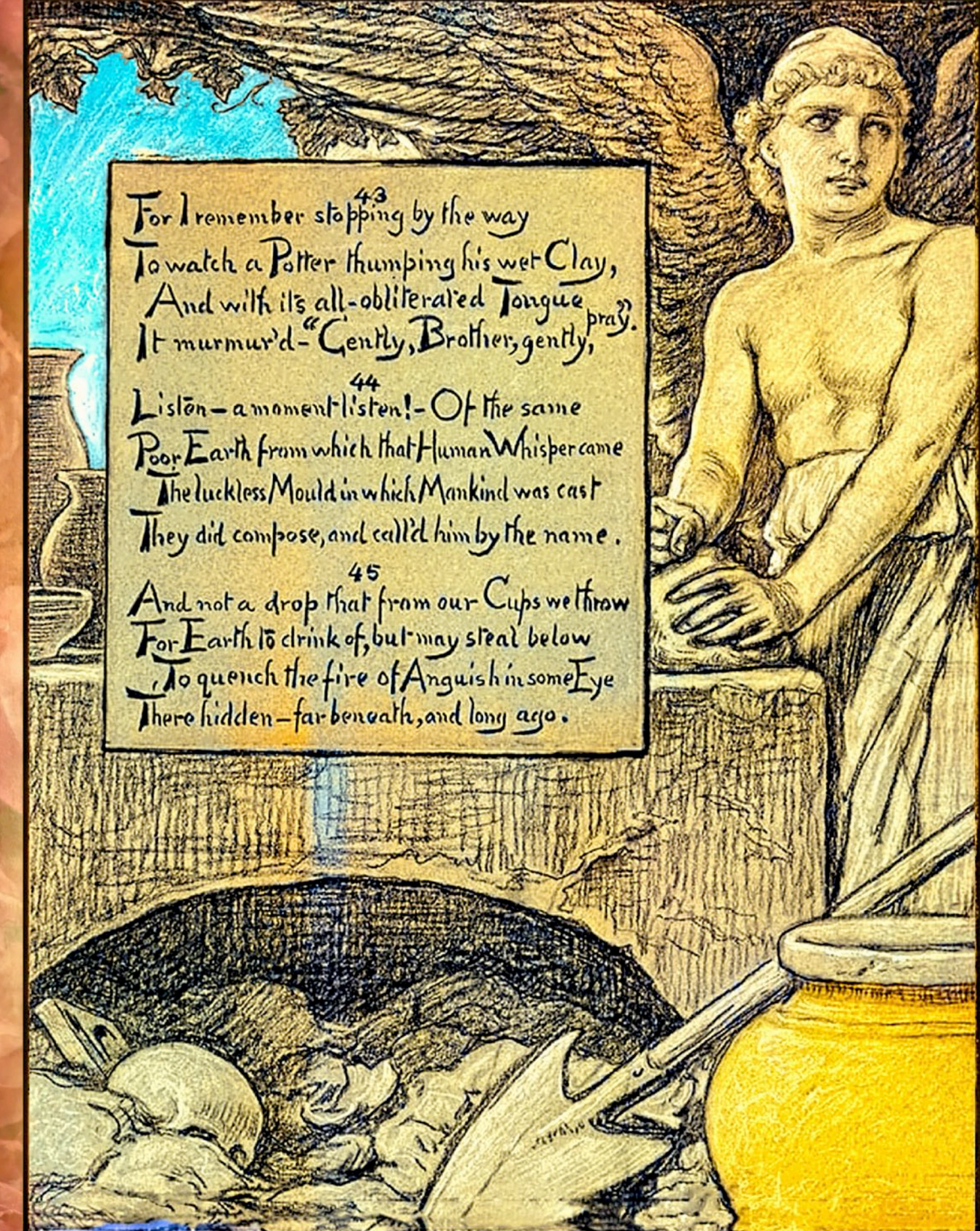


Then of the **THEE IN ME**<sup>40</sup> who works behind  
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find  
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,  
As from Without — "**THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!**"

<sup>41</sup>  
Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn  
I leard, the Secret of my Life to learn:  
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you live,  
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return."

<sup>42</sup>  
I think the Vessel, that with fugitive  
Articulation answer'd, once did live,  
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,  
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

The Soul of the Cup



For I remember stopping <sup>43</sup> by the way  
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay,  
And with its all-obiterated Tongue  
It murmur'd - "Gently, Brother, gently, pray."

Listen - a moment listen! - <sup>44</sup> Of the same  
Poor Earth from which that Human Whisper came  
The luckless Mould in which Mankind was cast  
They did compose, and call'd him by the name.

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw <sup>45</sup>  
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below  
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye  
There hidden - far beneath, and long ago.



46

As then the Tulip for her morning sup  
Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up,  
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n  
To Earth invert you like an empty Cup.

47

Perplex't no more with Human or Divine,  
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,  
And lose your fingers in the Fresses of  
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

48

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,  
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes;  
Think then you are To-day what YESTERDAY  
You were — To-morrow you shall not be less.

16

The Cup of Love

49  
So when the Angel of the darker Drink  
At last shall find you by the river-brink,  
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul  
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.



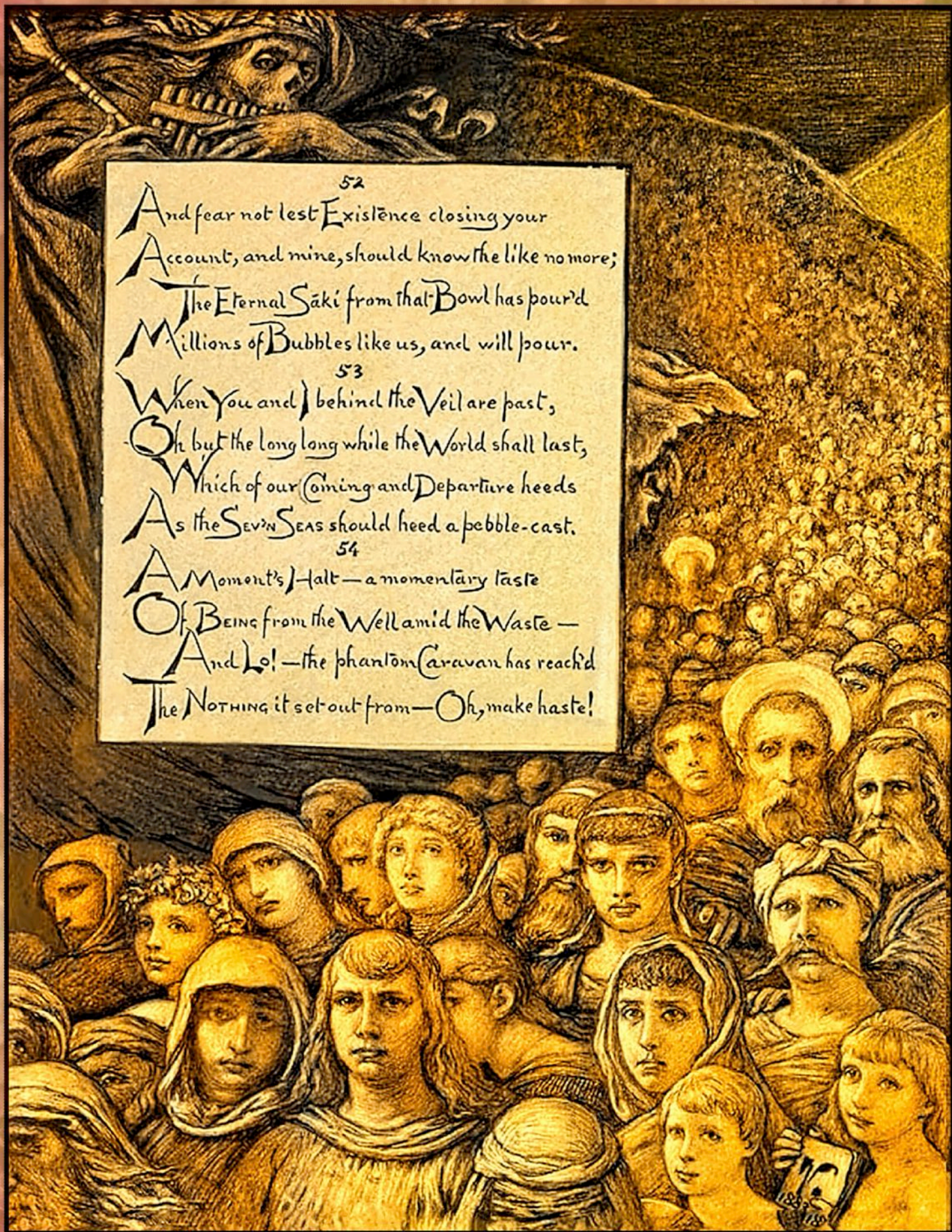
*The Cup of Death*



50  
Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
Wer't not a Shame - wer't not a Shame for him  
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

51  
'Tis but a Tent - where takes his one-day's rest  
A Sultan to the realm of Death adrest;  
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash  
Strikes, and prepares it for another Quest.





52

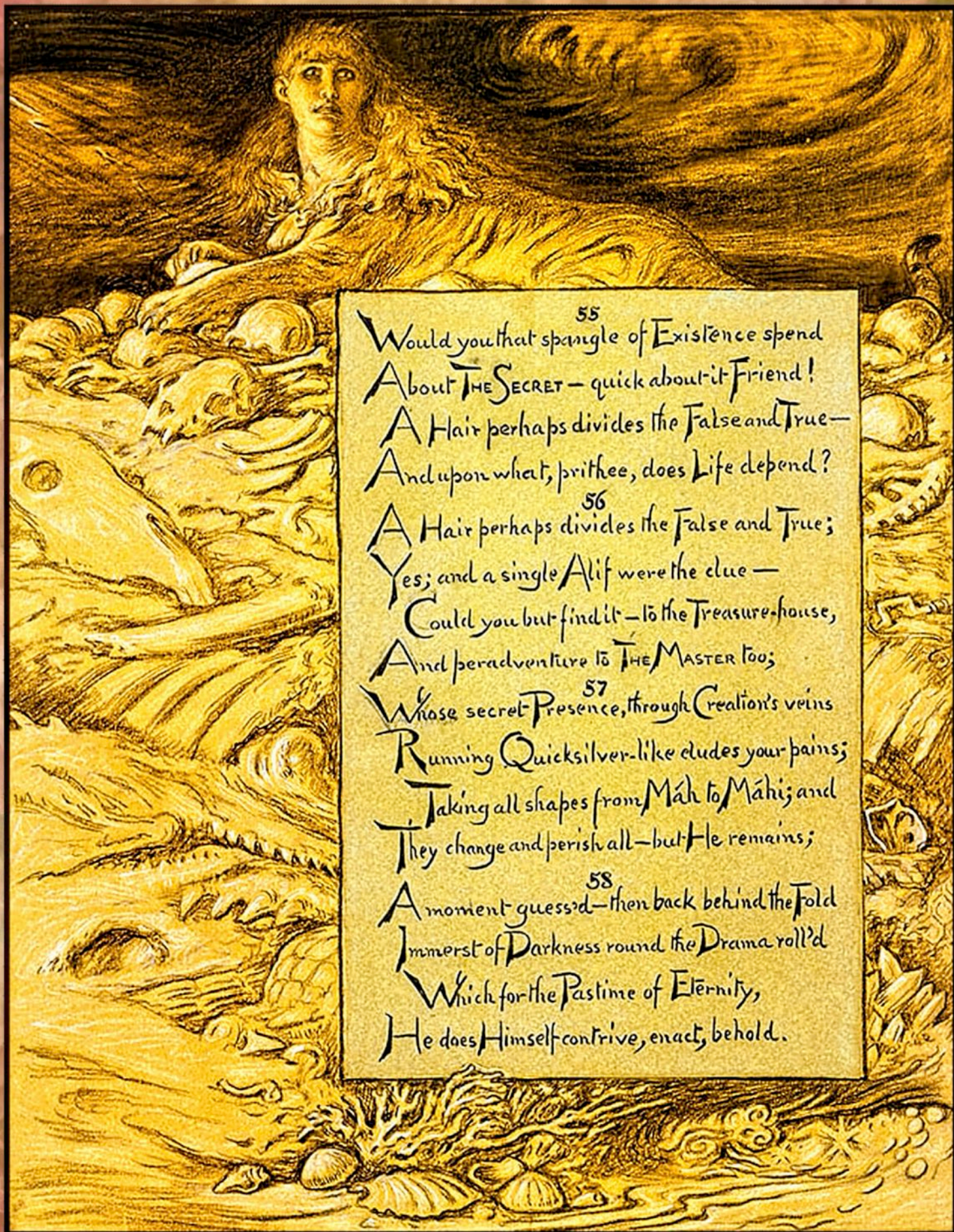
And fear not lest Existence closing your  
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;  
The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd  
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

53

When You and I behind the Veil are past,  
Oh but the long long while the World shall last,  
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As the SEVEN SEAS should heed a pebble-cast.

54

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste  
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —  
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reach'd  
The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make haste!



<sup>55</sup>  
Would you that spangle of Existence spend  
About THE SECRET — quick about it Friend!  
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True —  
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?

<sup>56</sup>  
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;  
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue —  
Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,  
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

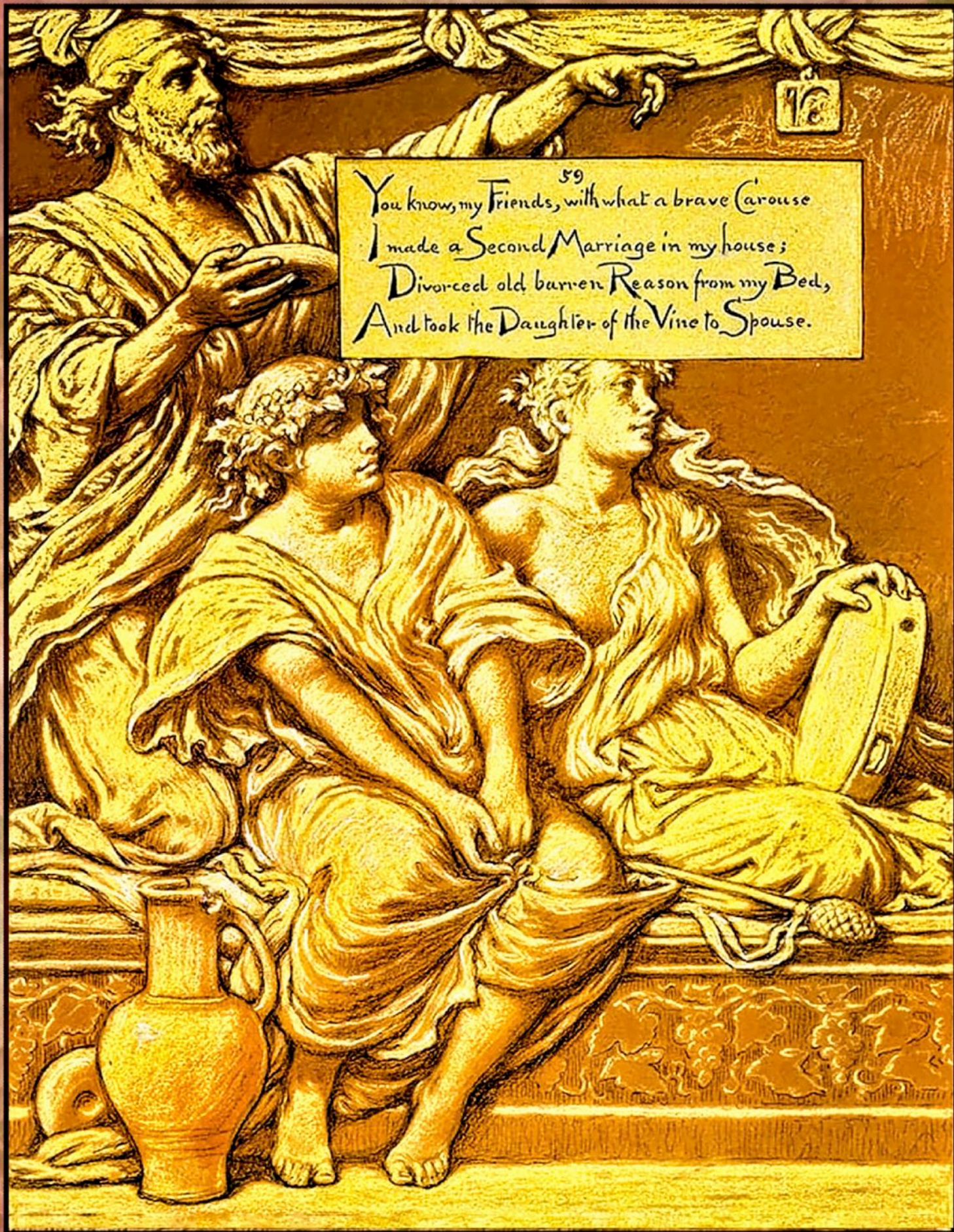
<sup>57</sup>  
Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins  
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;  
Taking all shapes from Māh to Māh; and  
They change and perish all — but He remains;

<sup>58</sup>  
A moment guess'd — then back behind the Fold  
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd  
Which for the Pastime of Eternity,  
He does Himself contrive, enact, behold.



76

*The Bitter Cup*



59  
You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse  
I made a Second Marriage in my house;  
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

The Daughter of the Vine



For "Is" and "Is-not" <sup>60</sup> though with Rule and Line,  
And "Up-and-down" by Logic I define  
Of all that one should care to fathom, I  
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

Ah, but my Computations, <sup>61</sup> People say,  
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,  
'Twas only striking from the Calendar  
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

The Divorce of Reason

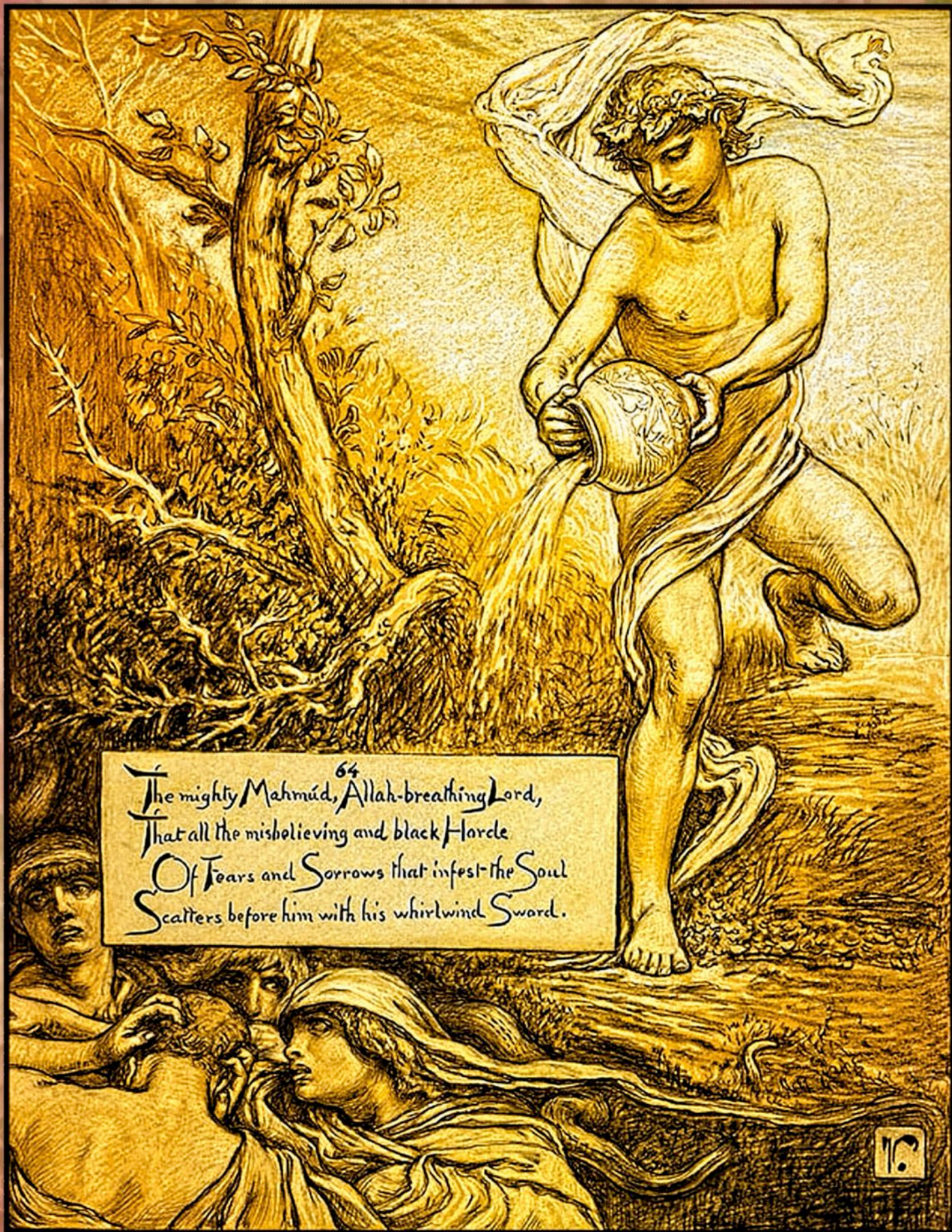


62  
And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

63  
The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:  
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice  
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

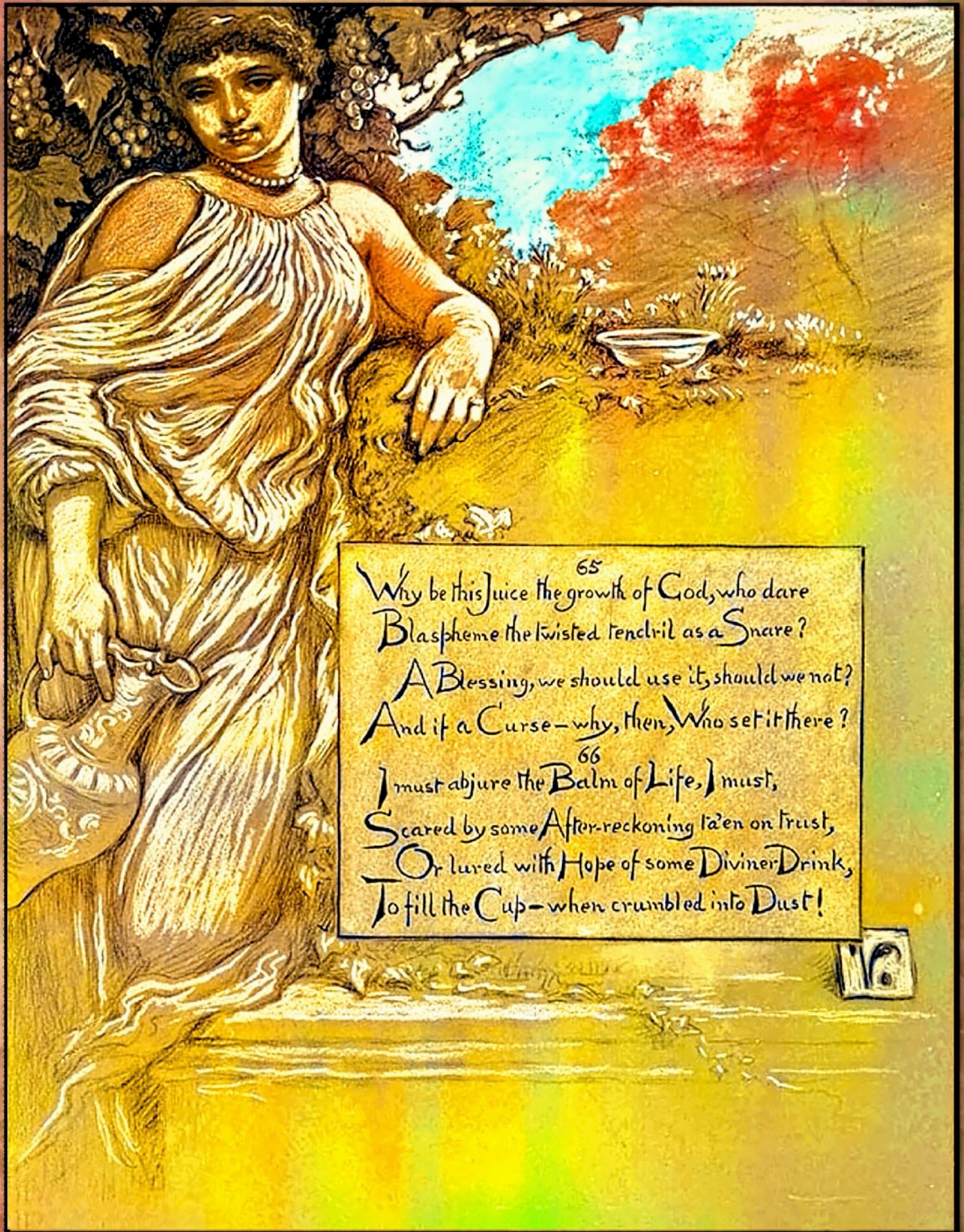


## The Jarring Sects



<sup>64</sup>  
The mighty Mahmūd, Allah-breathing Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

The Mighty Mahmūd



Why be this Juice the <sup>65</sup>growth of God, who dare  
BlaspHEME the twisted tendrIL as a Snare?

A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?  
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the <sup>66</sup>Balm of Life, I must,  
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,  
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,  
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!



67  
Oh threads of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!  
One thing at least is certain — *This* Life lies;  
One thing is certain and the rest's Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

68  
Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

69  
The Revelations of Devout and Learned  
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,  
Are all but Stories, which, awake from Sleep  
They told their fellows, and to Sleep return'd.



The Present Listening to the Voices of the Past



70  
I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spoll:  
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,  
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell;"  
71  
Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,  
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,  
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.



The Soul's Answer



72

We are no other than a moving row  
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
Round with this Sun-illumined Lantern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

73

Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays  
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

74

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

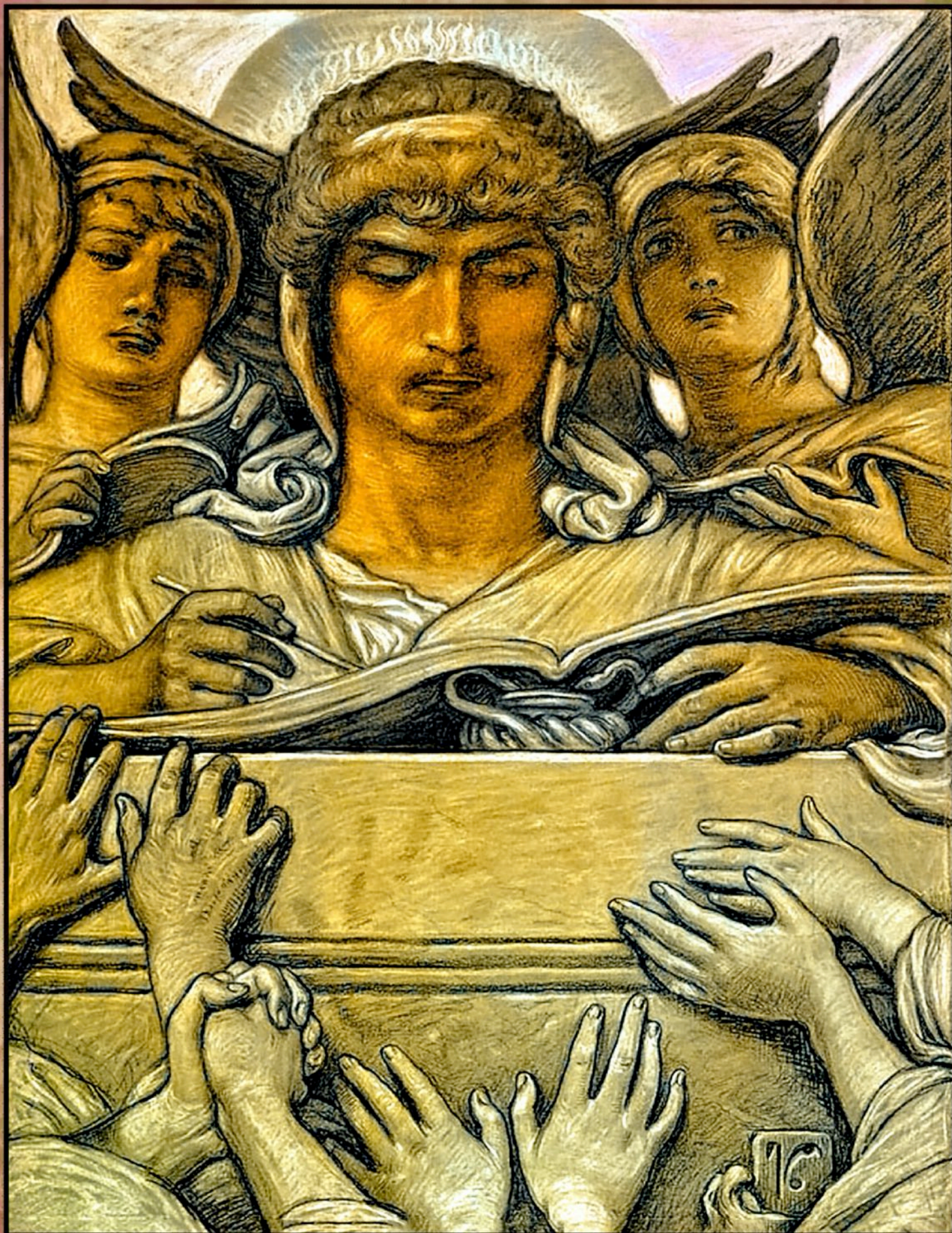
The Fates Gathering in the Stars



75  
The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety and Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

76  
And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to It for help-for It  
As impotently rolls as you or I.



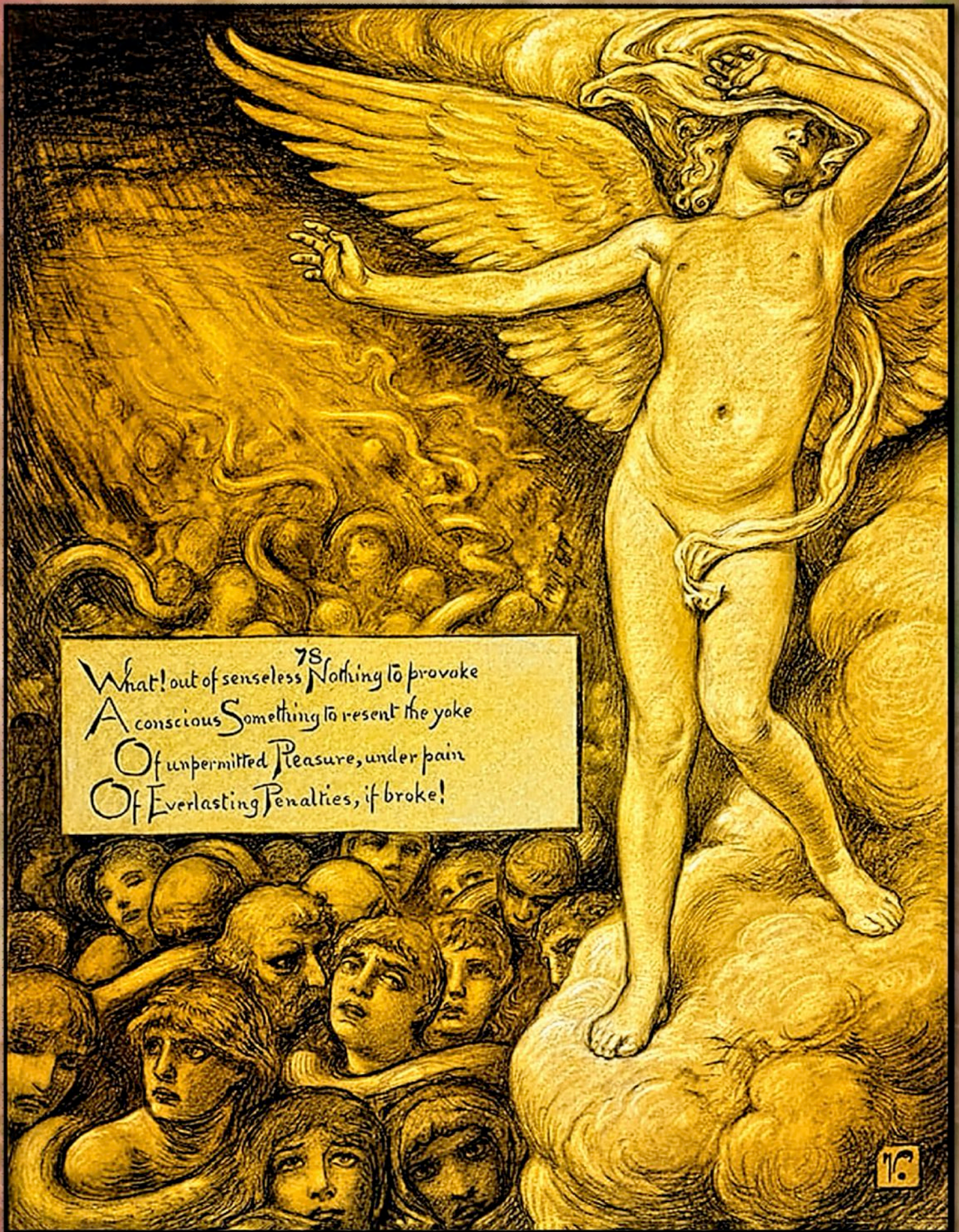


*The Recording Angel*



With Earth's first Clay<sup>77</sup> They did the Last Man knead,  
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed:  
And the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

The Last Man



What! out of senseless <sup>78</sup> Nothing to provoke  
A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

Love Shrinking Affrighted at the Sight of Hell

79  
What! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
Pure Gold for what he lent us dross—allay'd—  
Sue for a Debt we never did contract;  
And cannot answer— Oh the sorry trade!

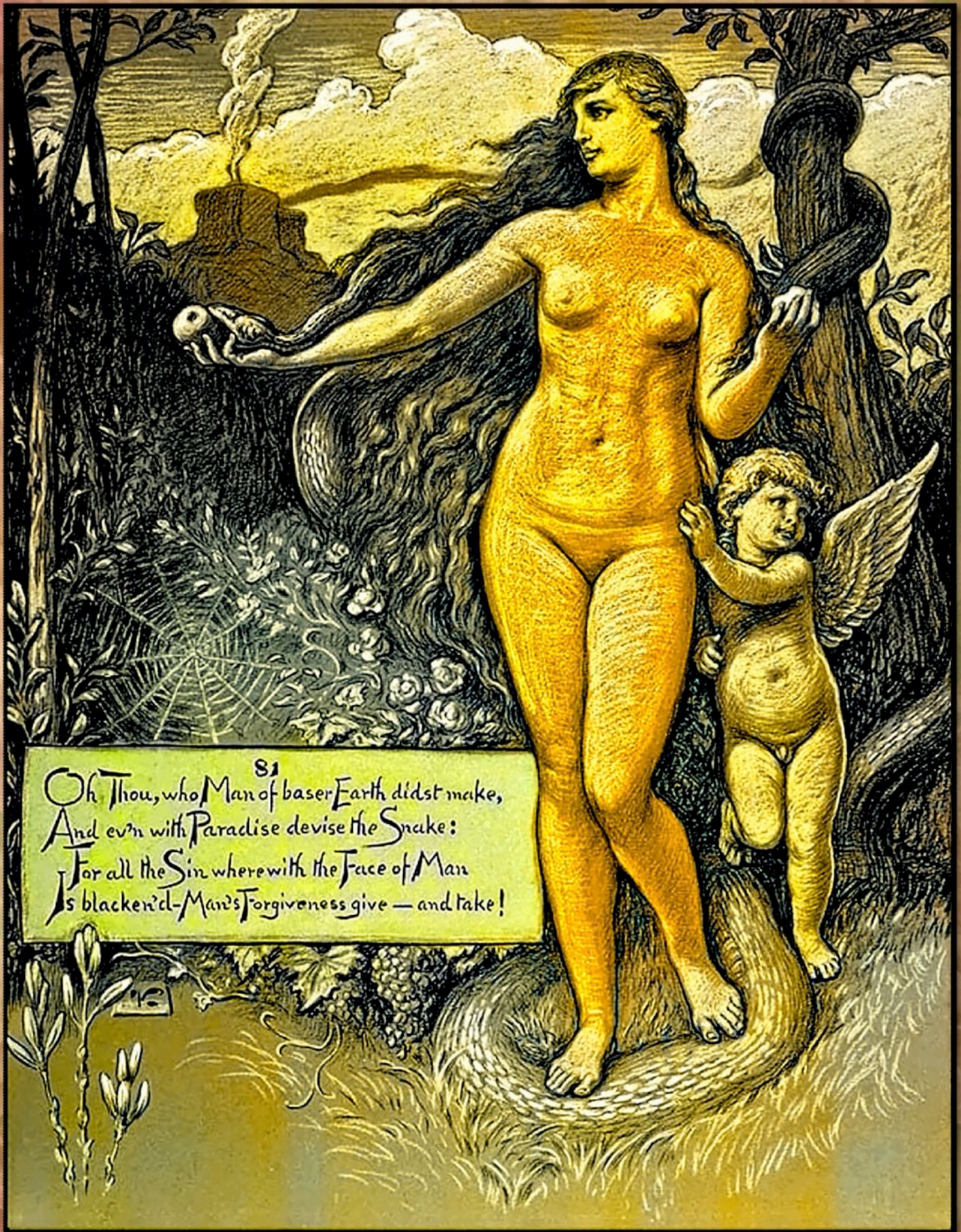
So  
Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round  
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!



The Magdalen







81  
Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd—Man's Forgiveness give — and take!

*In the Beginning*



¶ardon Giving and ¶ardon Imploring Hands



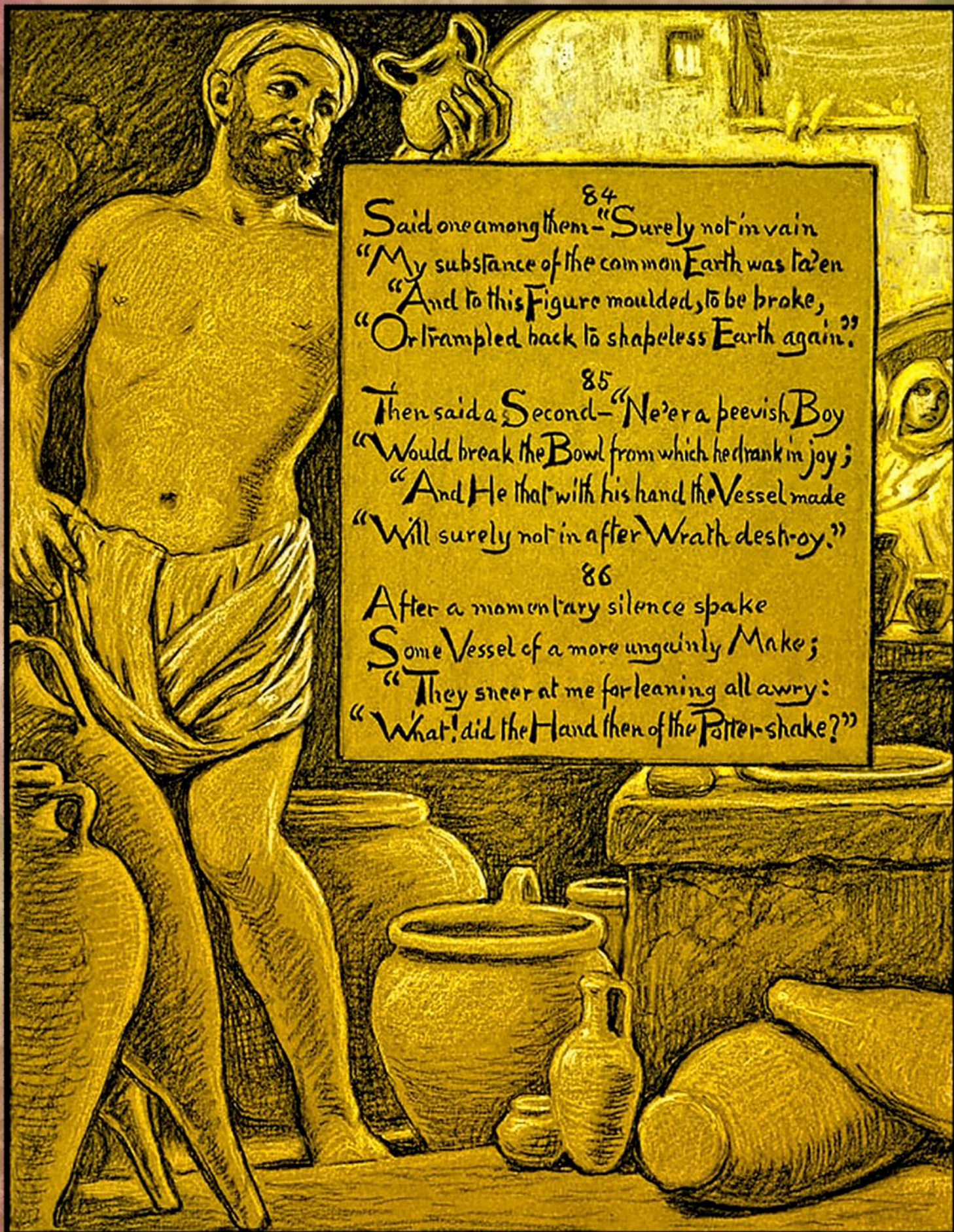
82

As under cover of departing Day  
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,  
Once more within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

83

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great & small,  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;  
And some loquacious Vessels were; and some  
Listend perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

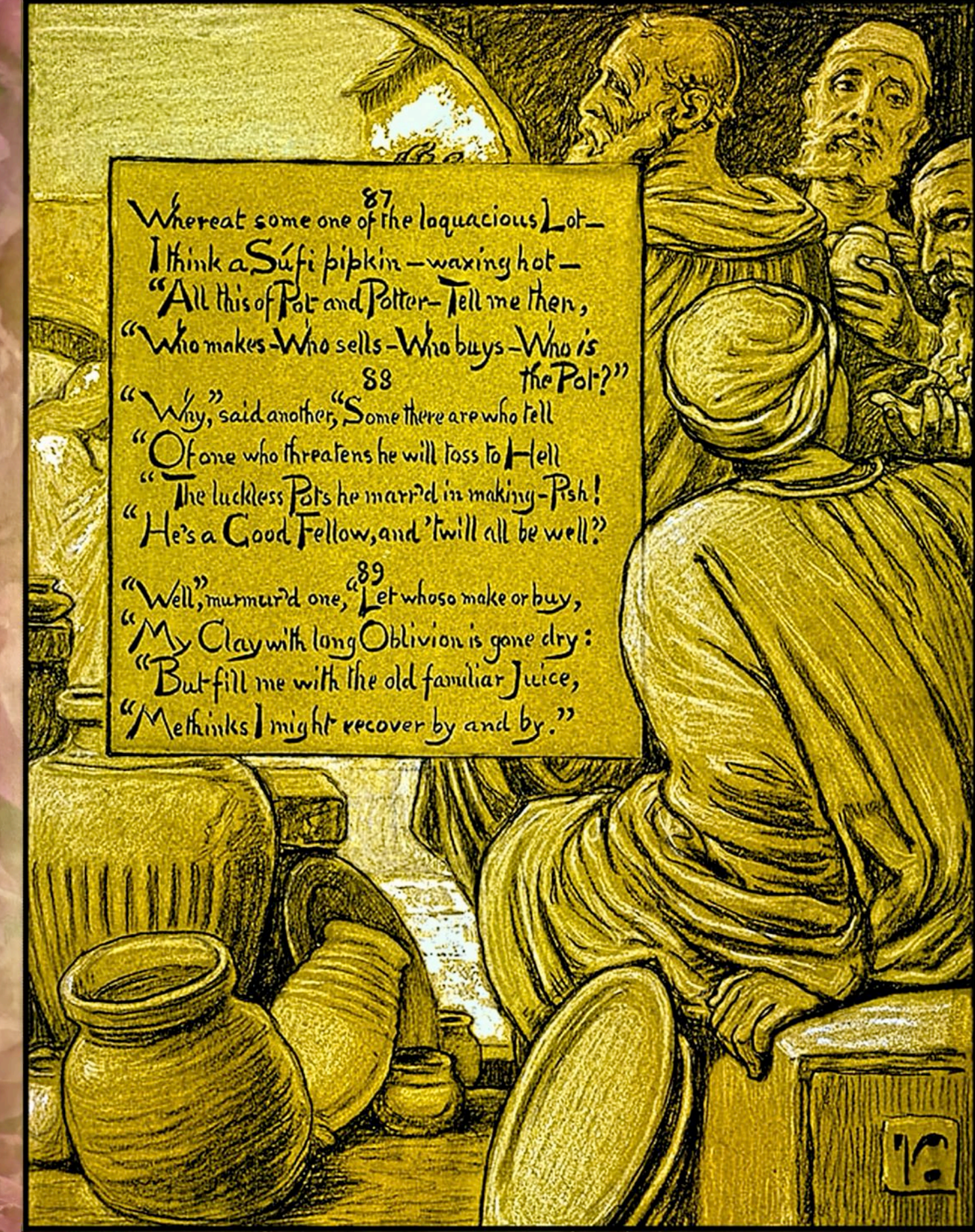
In the Potter's House



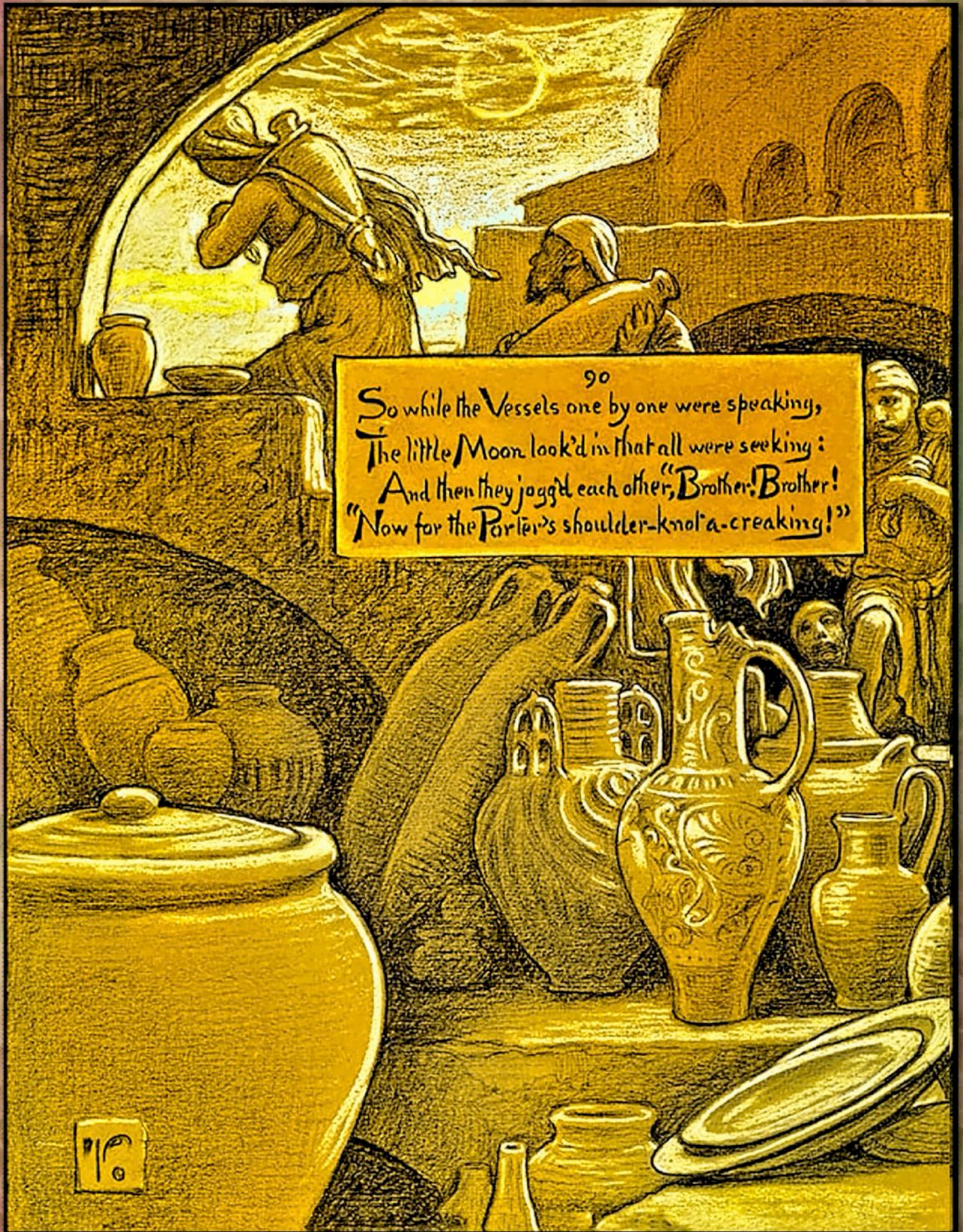
84  
Said one among them—"Surely not in vain  
"My substance of the common Earth was ta'en  
"And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,  
"Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

85  
Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy  
"Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;  
"And He that with his hand the Vessel made  
"Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

86  
After a momentary silence spake  
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;  
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:  
"What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"



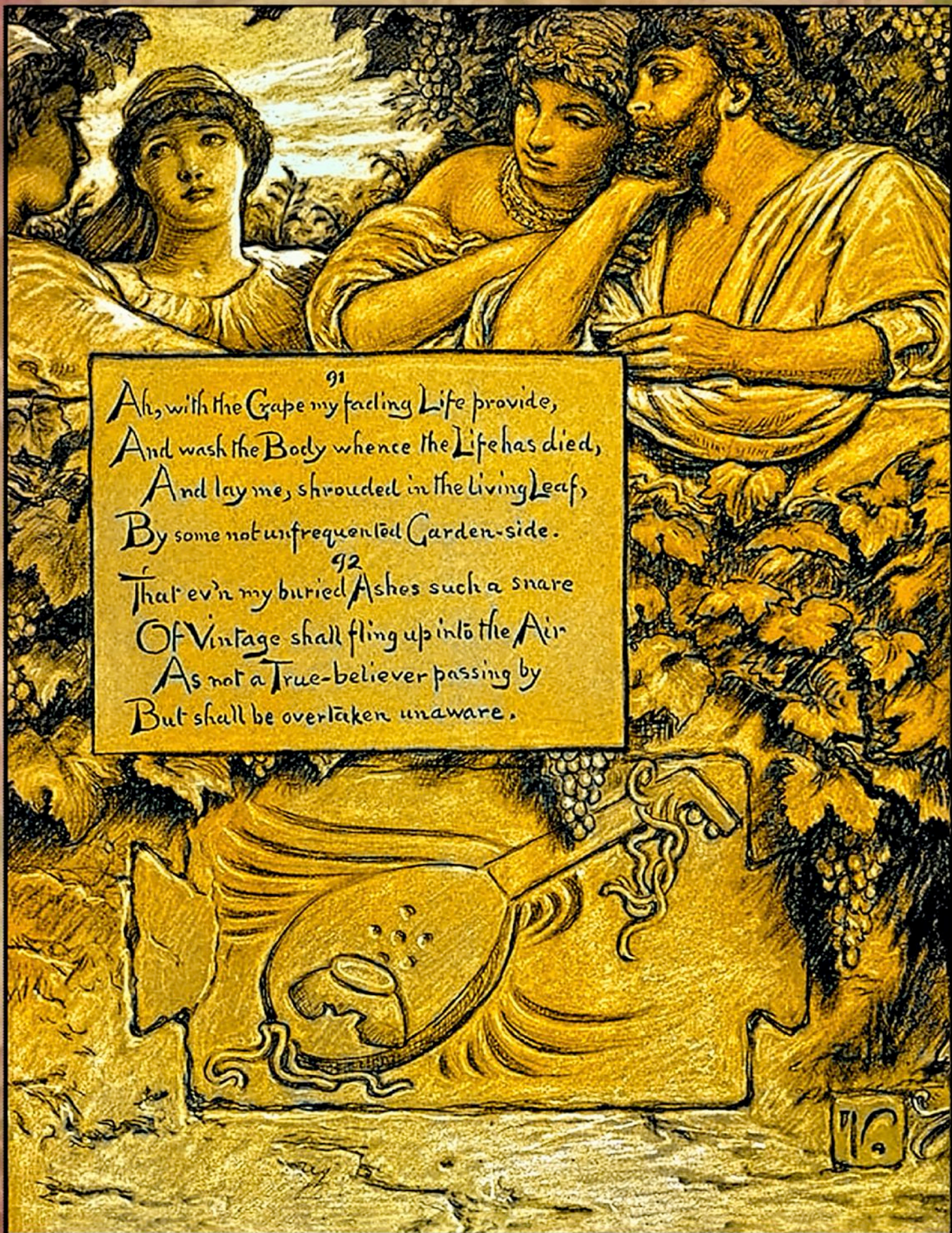
87  
Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—  
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—  
“All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,  
“Who makes—Who sells—Who buys—Who is  
the Pot?”  
88  
“Why,” said another, “Some there are who tell  
“Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell  
“The luckless Pots he marr’d in making—Pish!  
“He’s a Good Fellow, and ’twill all be well.”  
89  
“Well,” murmur’d one, “Let whoso make or buy,  
“My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:  
“But fill me with the old familiar Juice,  
“Methinks I might recover by and by.”



90

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,  
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:  
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!  
"Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot-a-creaking!"

The End of Ramazán



91  
Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,  
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,  
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,  
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

92  
That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare  
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air  
As not a True-believer passing by  
But shall be overlaken unaware.





93  
Indeed the Idols I have loved so long  
Have done my credit in Men's eye much wrong:  
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,  
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

94  
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 a pieces tore.

95  
And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour — Well,  
I wonder often what the Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Spring



96

Yet Ah, 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!

Youth and Age



97  
Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,  
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

98  
Would but some wing'd Angel ere too late  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

99  
Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

The Sorry Scheme

100  
Yon rising Moon that looks for us again —  
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same Garden — and for one in vain!

101  
And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,  
And in your blissful errand reach the spot  
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!



In Memoriam



COMMENCED MAY 1883  
FINISHED MARCH 1884

ROMA

Artist's Signature

The book has 1,051 semiprecious stones,  
Set in 18-carat gold, many in the cover alone,  
5,000 separate pieces of collared leathers,  
And 100 square feet of 22-carat feathered  
Gold leaf in the tooling and the edges weathered.

It went down, down, the sounds whirling around,  
When the ice broke through the Titanic's crown.  
Doris illustrations by Elihu Vedder's artistry  
Adorn the passages of metaphysical poetry,

It is bound in morocco leather fine  
And inlaid with a peacock design,  
Beneath elaborate arches, exotically  
Engulfed by a flowing grape vine tree.

Its cover is implanted with precious stones,  
Including rubies, garnets, topaz, and amethysts,  
And emeralds, each stone set in 18-carat gold.

It is a magnificent masterpiece of its kind,  
With three peacocks in the heart of its bind,  
Surrounded by wine sprays, a snake in an apple tree,  
Roses and poppies, with the whole worked within  
In leather and jewels, amid the verse pearls' wisdom.



250 amethysts form the bunches of grapes,  
And the decorative ground is pure gold scape.  
Down it went, into the black, watery abyss,  
Resting in the oak casket of its prison.

Phoenix-like, the glorious peacock spreads  
His lustrous plumage through the years.

The 'Great Omar' jewel-encrusted edition  
Of the Rubaiyat needed three renditions:  
The first one's yet deep in the Atlantic,  
And the second was destroyed in the Blitz.

Stanley Gray salvaged the precious jewels  
From the WW II bombed out bank's vault,  
And by 1989 had made a third one,  
Which remains safe in the British Library.

That the first 'Great Omar' Rubaiyat  
Had gone down with the Titanic  
And the second one burned is all to do with  
The transience of human existence.

Down, down, as the bottom draws the stone,  
Where death reigns over all that is known.





# The Publisher's Gem

These pearls of thought  
in Persian gulfs were bred,



Each softly lucent  
as a rounded moon;

The Siver Omar  
picked them from their bed,

Fitzgerald strung them  
on an English thread.





# **PRECIOUS BOOK LOST WHEN TITANIC SANK**

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**Jeweled Specimen of Modern  
Craftsmanship, Costing \$2,000,  
Missed a Previous Boat.**

---

## **SPLENDID EDITION OF OMAR**

---

**Bookbinders Spent Two Years in De-  
signing and Making Gorgeous Cov-  
ers—Bought by an American.**

---

**Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.**

**LONDON, April 20.—There has gone  
down with the Titanic what may safe-**

R.M.S. "TITANIC"



APRIL 14, 1912

HORS D'OEUVRE VARIES

OYSTERS

CONSOMME OLGA, CREAM OF BARLEY  
SALMON, MOUSSELINE SAUCE, CUCUMBER

FILET MIGNONS LILI

SAUTÉ OF CHICKEN LYONNAISE

VEGETABLE MARROW FARCIS

LAMB, MEAT SAUCE

ROAST DUCKLING, APPLE SAUCE

SIRLOIN OF BEEF, CHATEAU POTATOES

GREEN PEAS, CREAMED CARROTS

BOILED RICE

PARMENTIER & BOILED NEW POTATOES

PUNCH ROMAINE

ROAST SQUAB

COLD ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE

PATÉ DE FOIE GRAS

CELERY

WALDORF PUDDING

PEACHES IN CHARTREUSE JELLY

CHOCOLATE & VANILLA ECLAIRS

FRENCH ICE CREAM



THE END



THE  
RUBAIYAT  
OF  
OMAR  
KHAYYAM  
OF  
NAISHAPUR



• A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE •

• HERE WITH A LOAF OF BREAD BENEATH THE BOUGH •



• AND THOU BESIDE ME SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS - AND

• WILDERNESS IS PARADISE ENOW •

• WILDERNESS IS PARADISE ENOW •



RUBAIYAT · OF  
OMAR · KHAYYAM

TRANSLATED · INTO · ENGLISH  
VERSE · BY · EDWARD · FITZGERALD  
WITH · AN · INTRODUCTION · BY



A.C. BENSON.  
FELLOW · OF · MAGDALENE  
COLLEGE · CAMBRIDGE · ❖ · ❖ · ❖



REPRODUCED · FROM · A · MANUSCRIPT · WRITTEN  
AND · ILLUMINATED · BY · F. SANGORSKI & G. SUTCLIFFE.

SIEGLE, HILL & Co.  
LONDON





**A**WAKE! BEHOLD  
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.  
**D**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."



**H**ere 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.



**F**ill, 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.



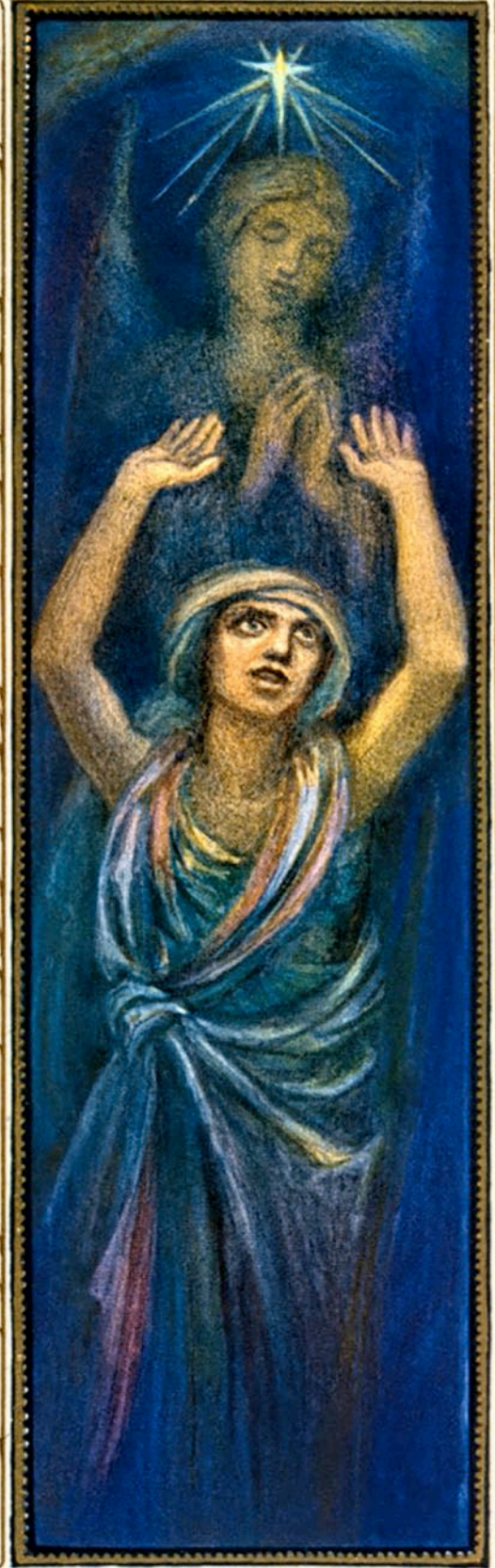
**L**ike some we loved, the  
 loveliest and the best  
 That Time and Fate  
 of all their Vintage prest,  
 Have drunk their Cup a  
 Round or two before,  
 And one by one crept  
 silently to Rest.

**T**here 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 seemed — and  
then no more of THEE  
and ME.

**T**hen to the  
rolling Heav'n  
itself I cried,  
Asking, "What  
Lamp had


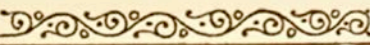





Destiny to guide  
"Her little Children  
stumbling in the Dark?  
And — "A blind understa  
nding!" Heav'n replied.







XLVIII

**W**hile 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. 







**L**ISTEN 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.

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



**A**ND 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.

