

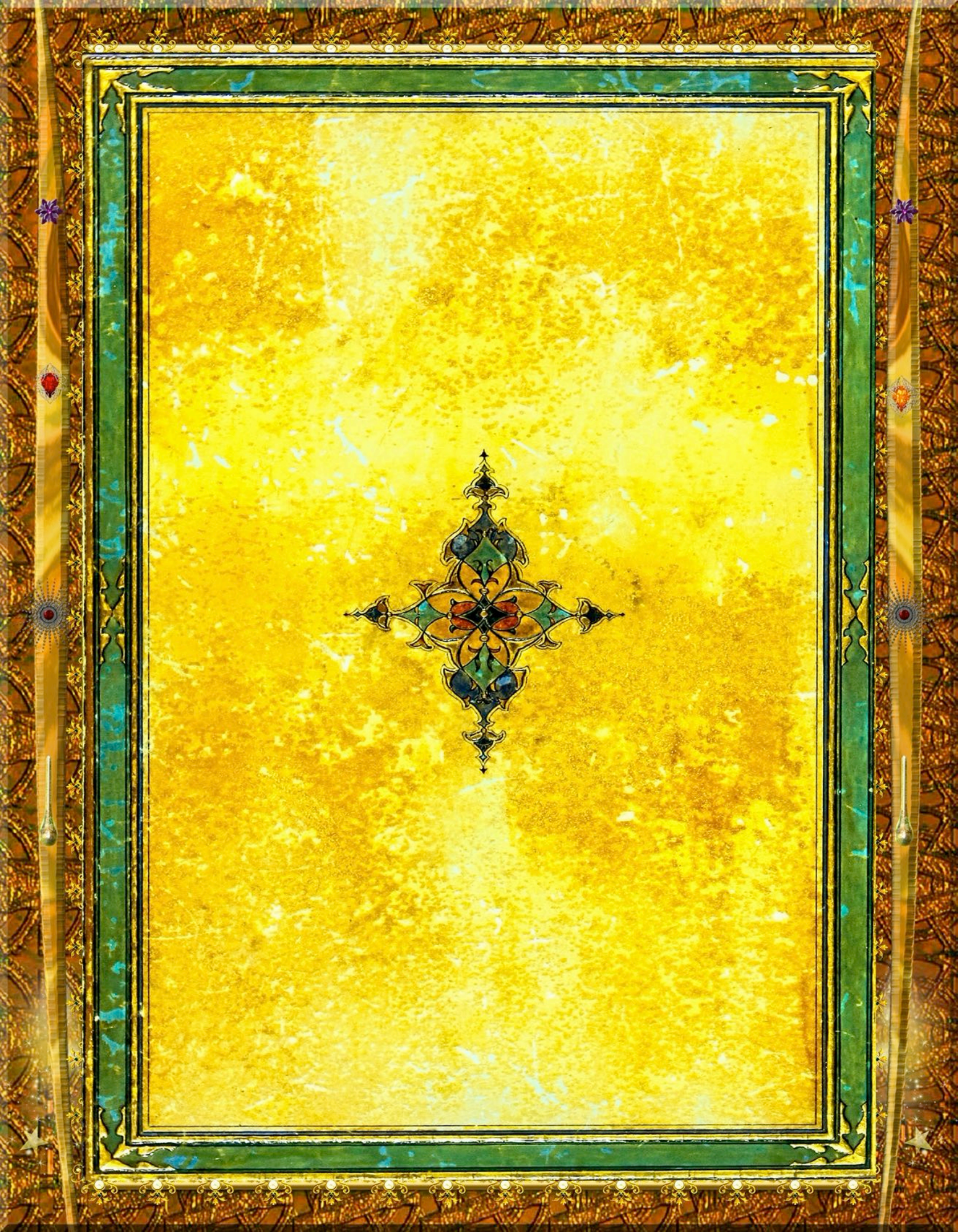
THE RUBAI'AT

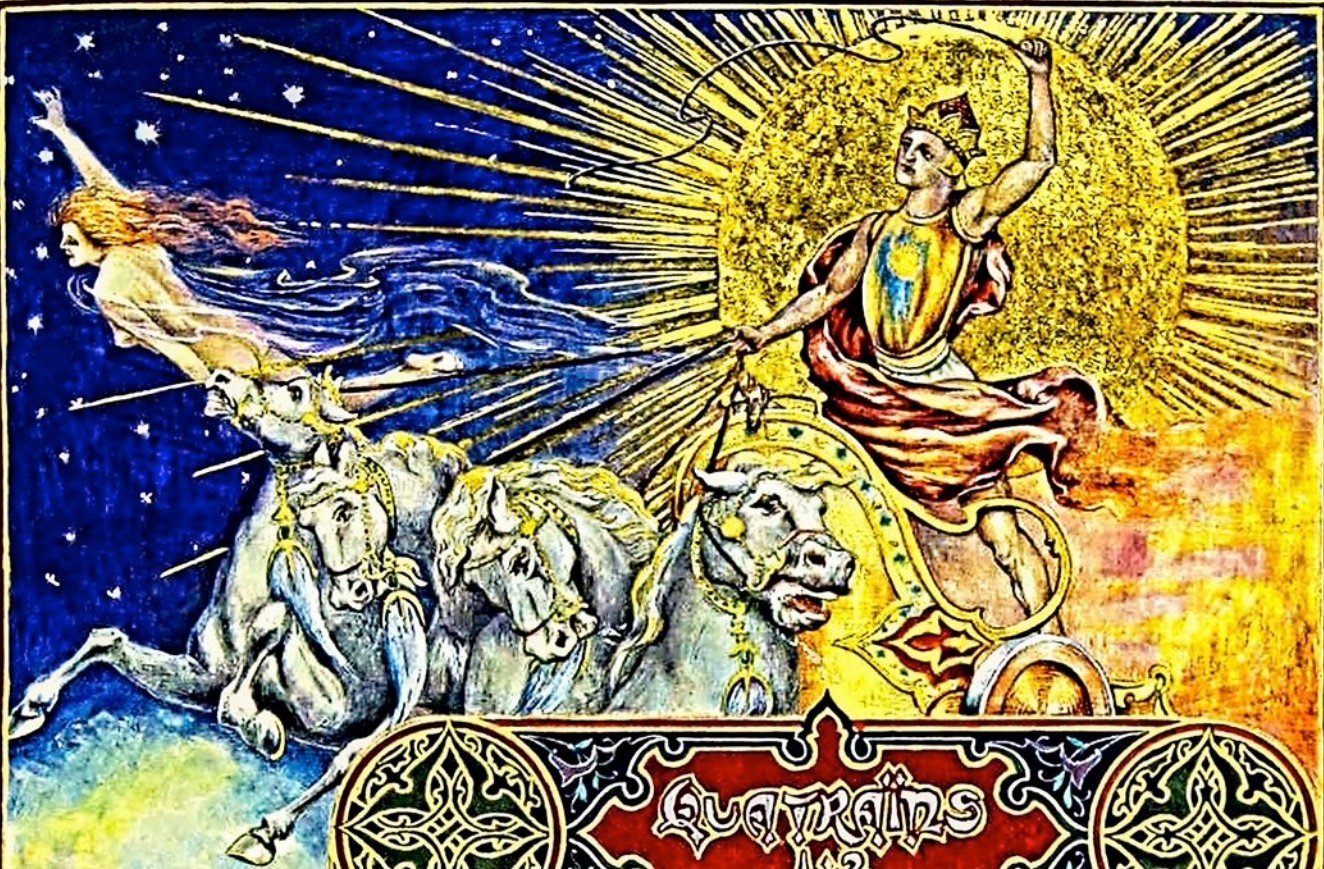
OF
OMAR KHAYYAM

Translation by
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Illustrations
and
Miniatures
by

EDWARD TAYLOR JESSUP





Quatrains

142

Wake! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,
and strikes

The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the phantom of False morning died,

Metought a Voice within the Tavern cried,

"When all the Temple is prepared within

"Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

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."

Now the New Year reviv'ing old Desires,
 The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
 Where the White Wand of Moses on the Bough
 Pits out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.







Quatrains

Liam indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Demshyd's Seyn-ringed Cup where no one knows;
But still a Reby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

And David's lips are locked, but in divine
Migh-piping Pehlevia with "Wine! Wine! Wine!"
"Red Wine!" the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

BLAIRAINO

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 Nisapur 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.



QAYRĀNS

Each Mornin 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 Demshid and Kai-kobād away.

Well let it take them! What have we to do
With Kai-kobād the Great, or Kai-khosrū?
Let Zal and Rostem bluster as they will,
Or Mātin call to Supper ... heed not you.







QUATRAINS · III · 12

With me along the strip of Herbage stream
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot,
And Peace to Mahmed on his golden Throne!

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 enough!

QUATRAINS 13, 14

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 rattle of a diſtant Drum!

Look to the Blowing Rage about us, "Lo,
"Laughing" ſhe ſays, "into the world I blow."
"At once the ſilken baggel of my Purge
"Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."





WATRAINS. 15. 16.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
 Like to no such auncate Earth are turn'd
 As a buried once, Men want dig up again.

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.

Quatrains 17-18

Think in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Demshid gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram that great Hunter, the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.



Quatrains
1920.

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

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





Quatrains
No. 33

Oh my Beloyéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Requies and future Fears;
To-morrow's why, & To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest
Maye drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.



QUATRAINS 23, 24

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 in 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!

Quatrains • 25 • 26 •

Alike for those who for **TODAY** prepare,
And those that after some **TOMORROW** stare,
A Mezzin 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 wisely ... they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stop'd with Dust.



QAYRAINS 27+28

Myself when yong did eagehly frequent
Doctor and Saints, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same dook where in went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I grow,
And with mine 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."



•QUATRAINS • 29 • 30 •

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,
What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

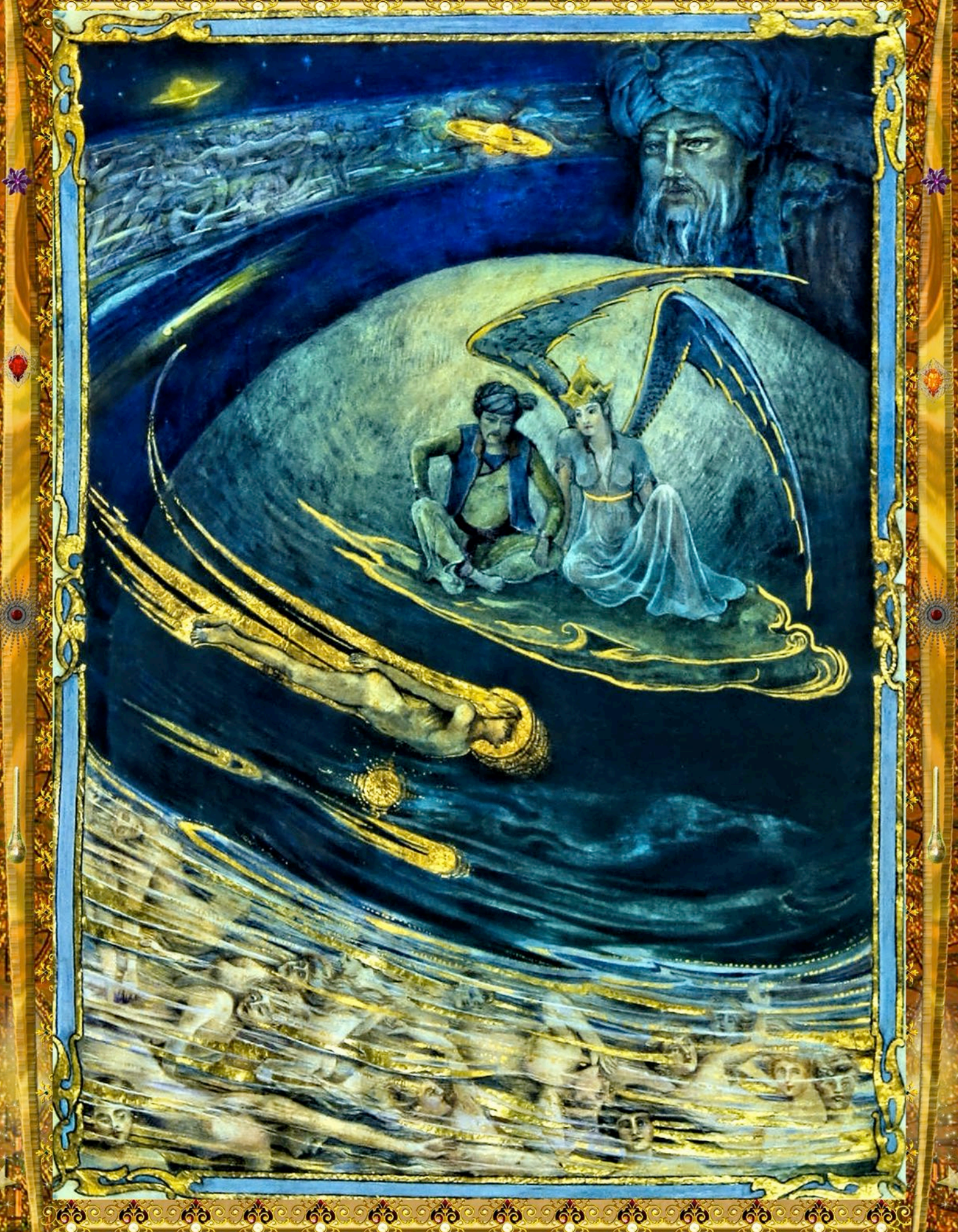




QUATRAINS ♦ 31 ♦ 32 ♦

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

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see;
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was ... and then no more of THEE and ME.





• OLATRAINS 33.34 •

Earth could not answer: nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple of their Lord's adorn
Nor rolling Heavens with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn
Men of the Trees in Me 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 Trees blind!"

•GLAYRAINS 35+36•

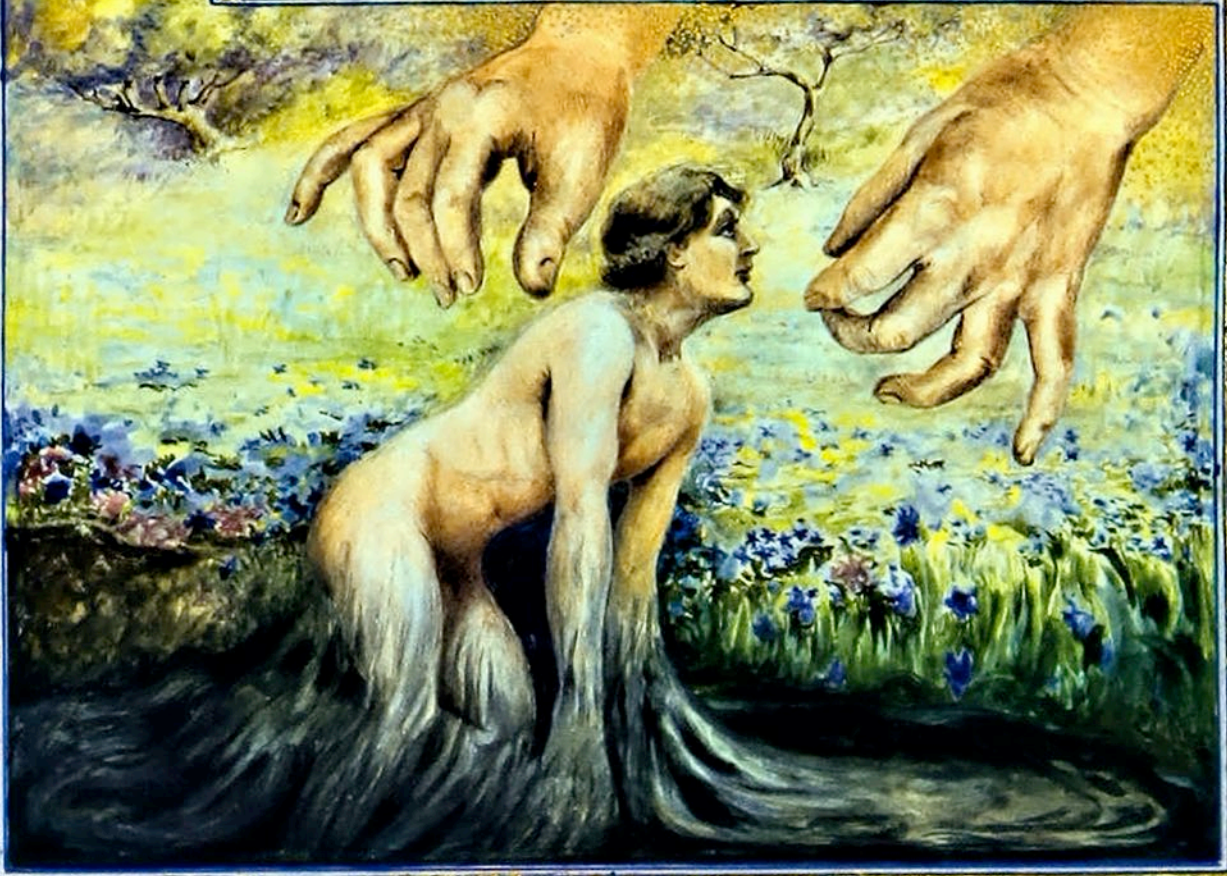
I leand a the Secret of my life to learn
And lip to lip it murmur'd ... "While you live
Drink! ... for once dead, you never shall return."

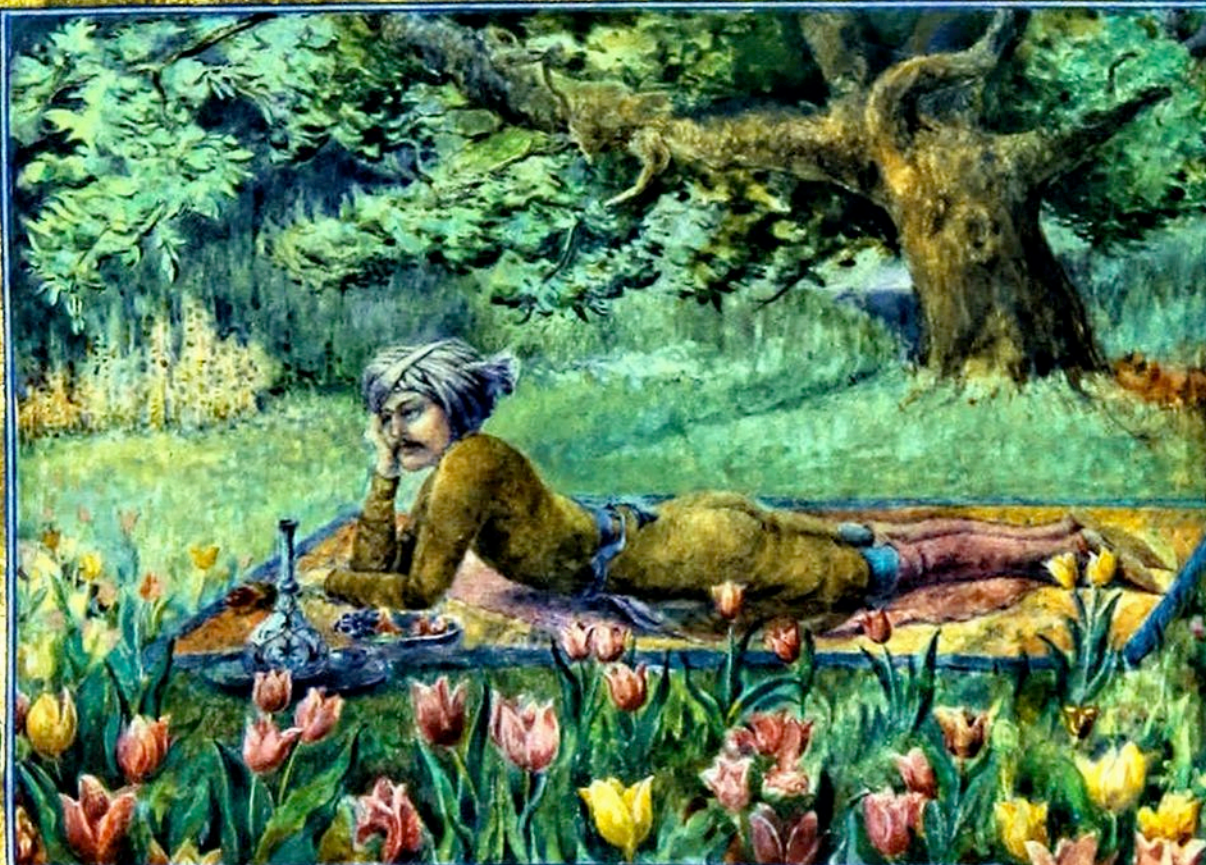
I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink, and Ah! the passive lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take ... and give!



For I remember stopping by the way
 To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay;
 And with its all-obliterated Tongue
 It mimer'd... "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

And has not such a story from of Old
 Down Man's successive generations roll'd
 Of such a clod of saturated Earth
 Cast by the Maker into Human mould?





WATRAINS
39-40

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
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.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Meay'nly Virage from the soil looks up
Do you devoutly do the like a till Meay'n
To Earth invert you ... like an empty Cup.



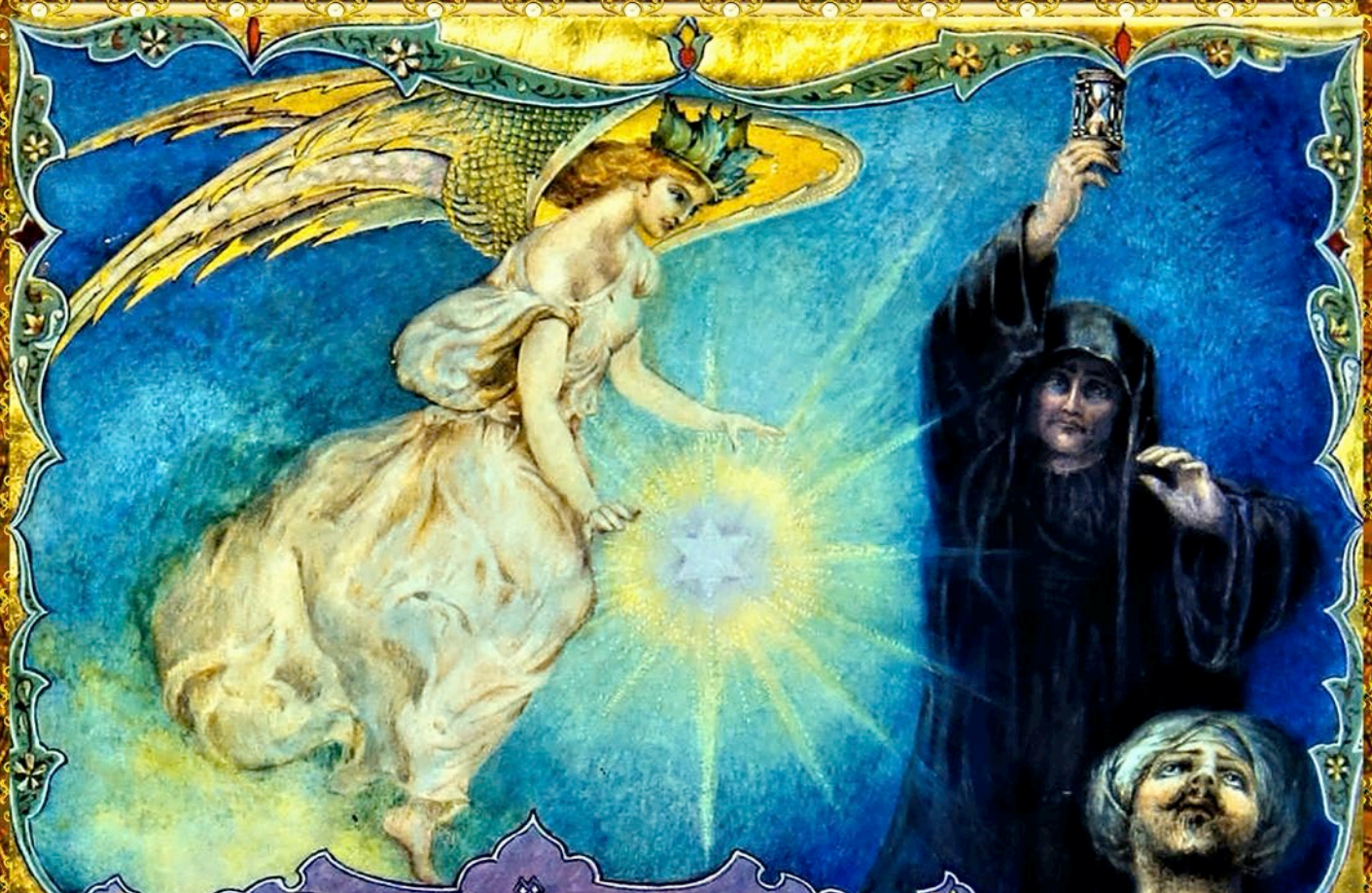
WATRAIRIS
41.42

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-glede's Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in...
Think then you are Today what Yesterday
You were... Tomorrow you shall not be less.







QUATRAINS 43-44

So when that 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

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

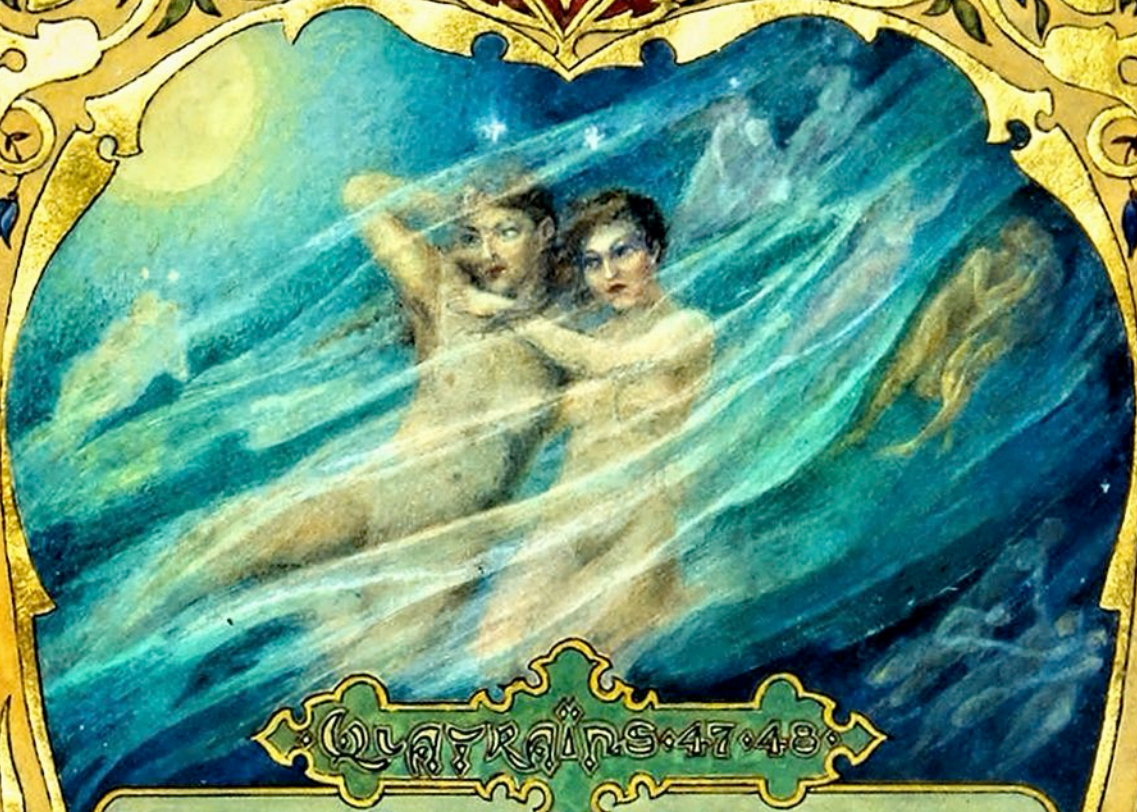




OLAVYRAINS. 45. 46.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death address't:
The Sultan rises, and the dark Perrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

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



• CARAVANS 47-48 •

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 Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Malt ... 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!



QUATRAINS 49 50

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, may life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True:
Yes; and a single Nit were the die—
Could you but find it— to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to **THE MASTER** too!

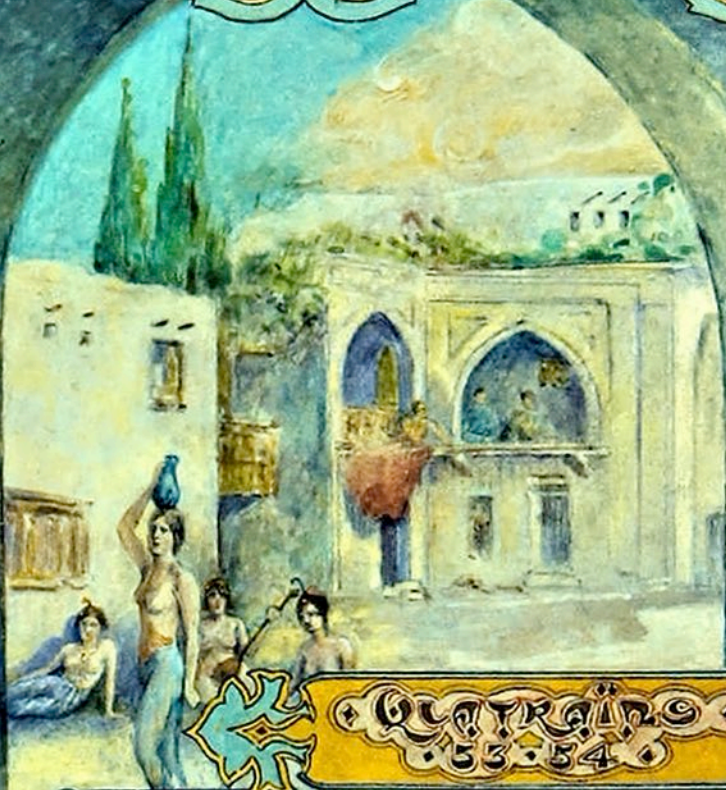




◆ QUATRAINS ◆ 51 ◆ 52 ◆

Whose secret Presence through Creations yeins
Running Quicksilverlike eludes your pains &
Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahitand
They change and perish all in but Me remains &

A moment guess'd in then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which for the Pastime of Eternity
Me doth Myself conceive enact & behold &



Quatrains
53-54

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?

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

You know, my Friend, with what a braye 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.

For "Is" and "Is not" 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.

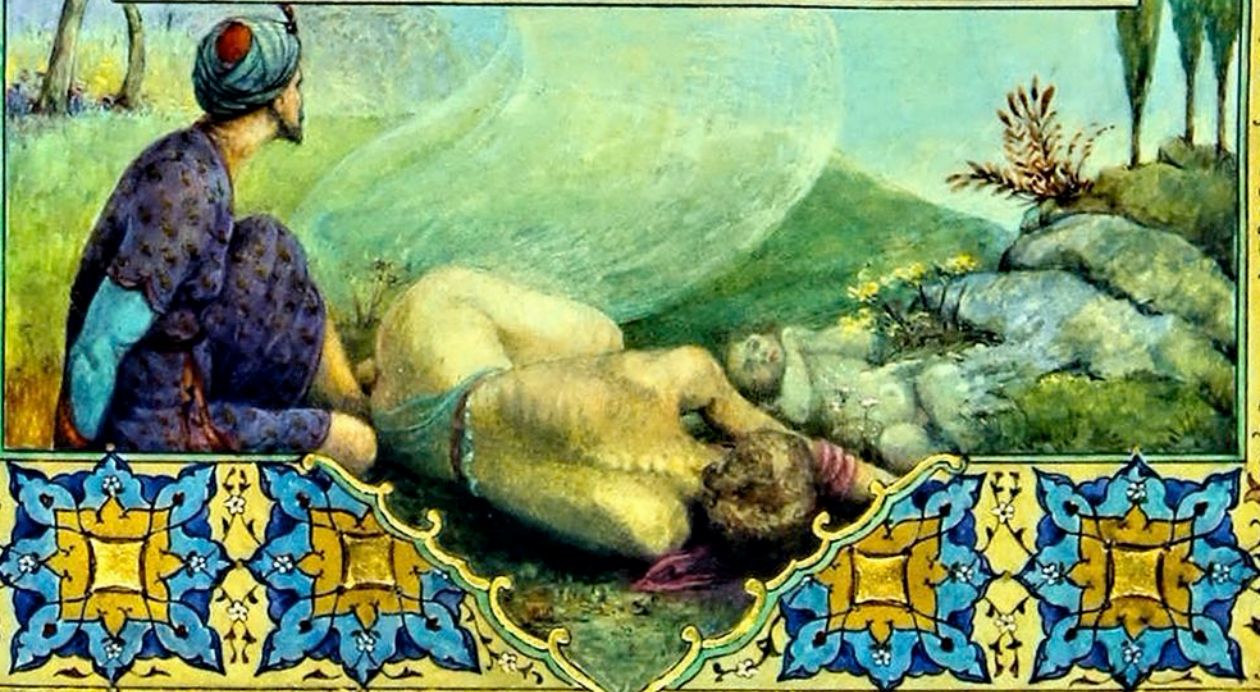




QUATRAINS 57-58

Hadst my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning? Nay,
Twas only striking from the Calendar
To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

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







Quatrains 59.60.

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 mighty Mahmud, 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.





QUATRAINS 61..62.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendrill as a Snake?

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

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning taen on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Deviner Drink,
To fill the Cup ... when crumbled into Dust!



Quatrains

63 & 64

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain... This life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

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



QUATREINS

65. vs. 66.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets bring'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awake from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep retir'd.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of the After-life to spell;
And by and by my Soul retir'd to me,
And answer'd, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."







But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Rights and Days;
Whither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Eyes and Noes,
But Mine or Thine as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all... He knows... He knows!



• QUATRAINS 71-72 •

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

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coo'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to it for help; for it
As impotently moxes as you or I.



Quatrains
75 + 76

I tell you this ... When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dist and Soul

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



Quatrains
77 • 78

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

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



• 667 RAINE • 79 • 80 •

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross, alloy'd...
Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer... Oh the sorry trade!

Oh Thou who didst with prefall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!





• QUATRAINS • 81 • 82 •

O 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!

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



• QUATRAINS 83-84 •

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

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."



QUATRAINS, 85-86.

Then said a Second ... "Dear a peevish Boy
"Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy:
"And Me that with his hand the Vessel made
"Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

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?"

QUATRAINS · 87 · 88 ·

Whereat some one of the loquacious hot ...
I think a Sisi pipkin ... waxing hot ...
"All this of Pot and Potter ... Tell me then,
"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"
"Why," said another, "some there are who tell
"Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
"The luckless Pots he maid' in making ... Pish!
"He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."



"Well," mumbled 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."

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





QUATRAINS
191-192

Tha' 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 +

That ey'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 overtaken unaware +

Quatrains 93-94

Indeed the Idols I have loyed so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong;
Have doun'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore ... but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose in hand
My threadbare Penitence a piece tore.





• OLATRAINS 95 • 96 •

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

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!



QUATRAINS 97-98

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!

Would but some winged Angel e'er too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!





GLA TRAINS
99-100

O ha Dove! could you and I with Min 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!

Oon 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!



