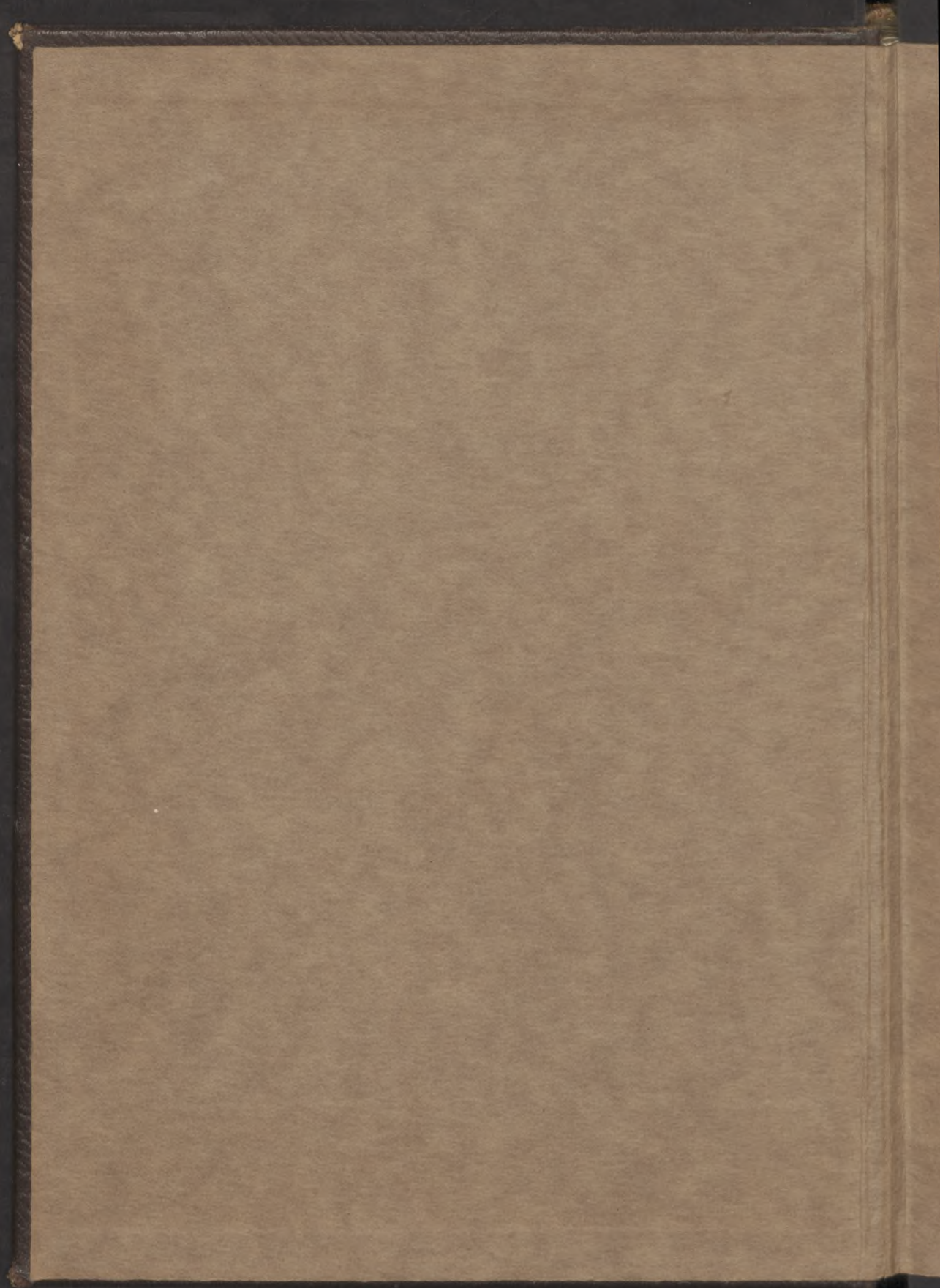


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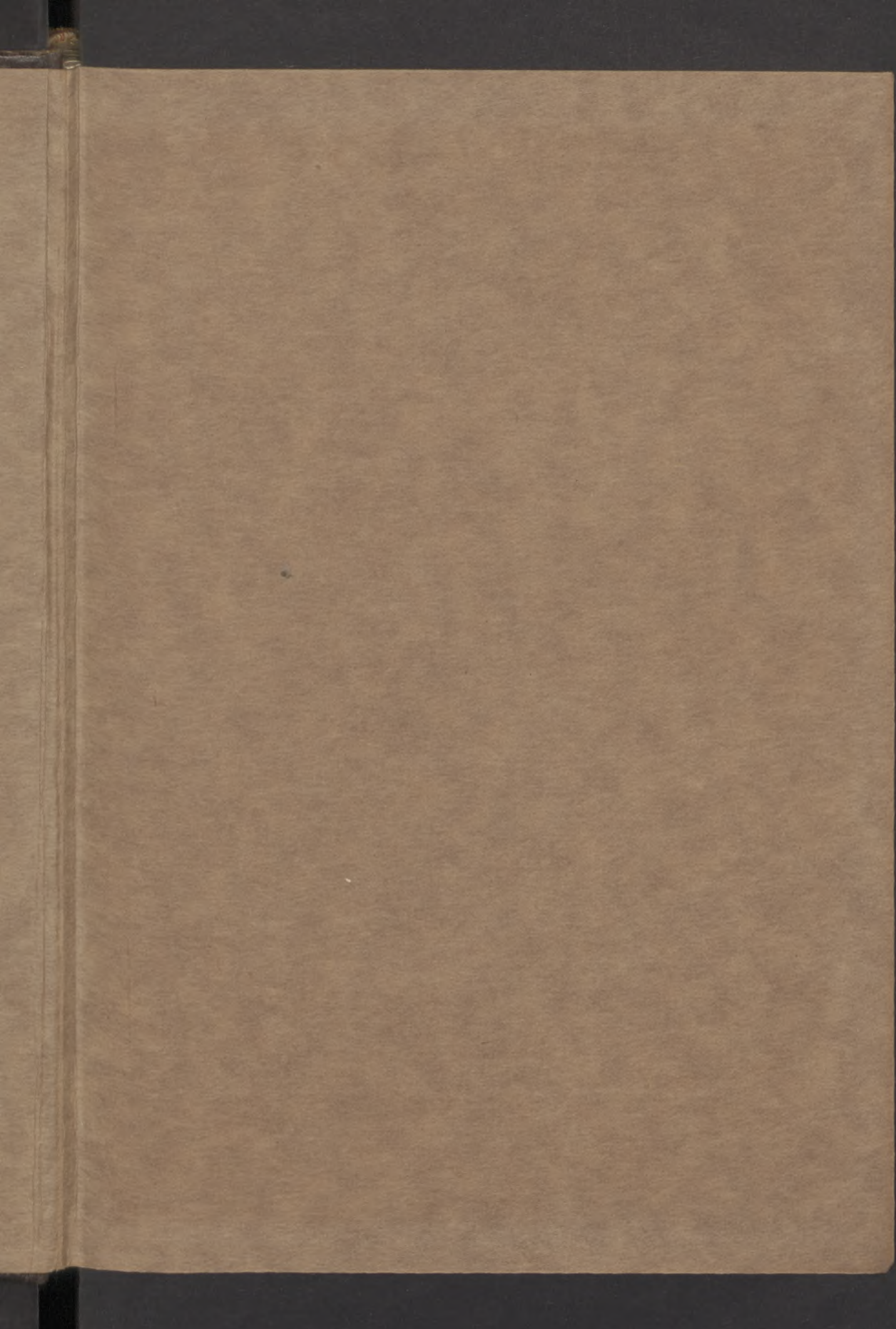
Rubaiyat  
of  
Omar  
Khayyam

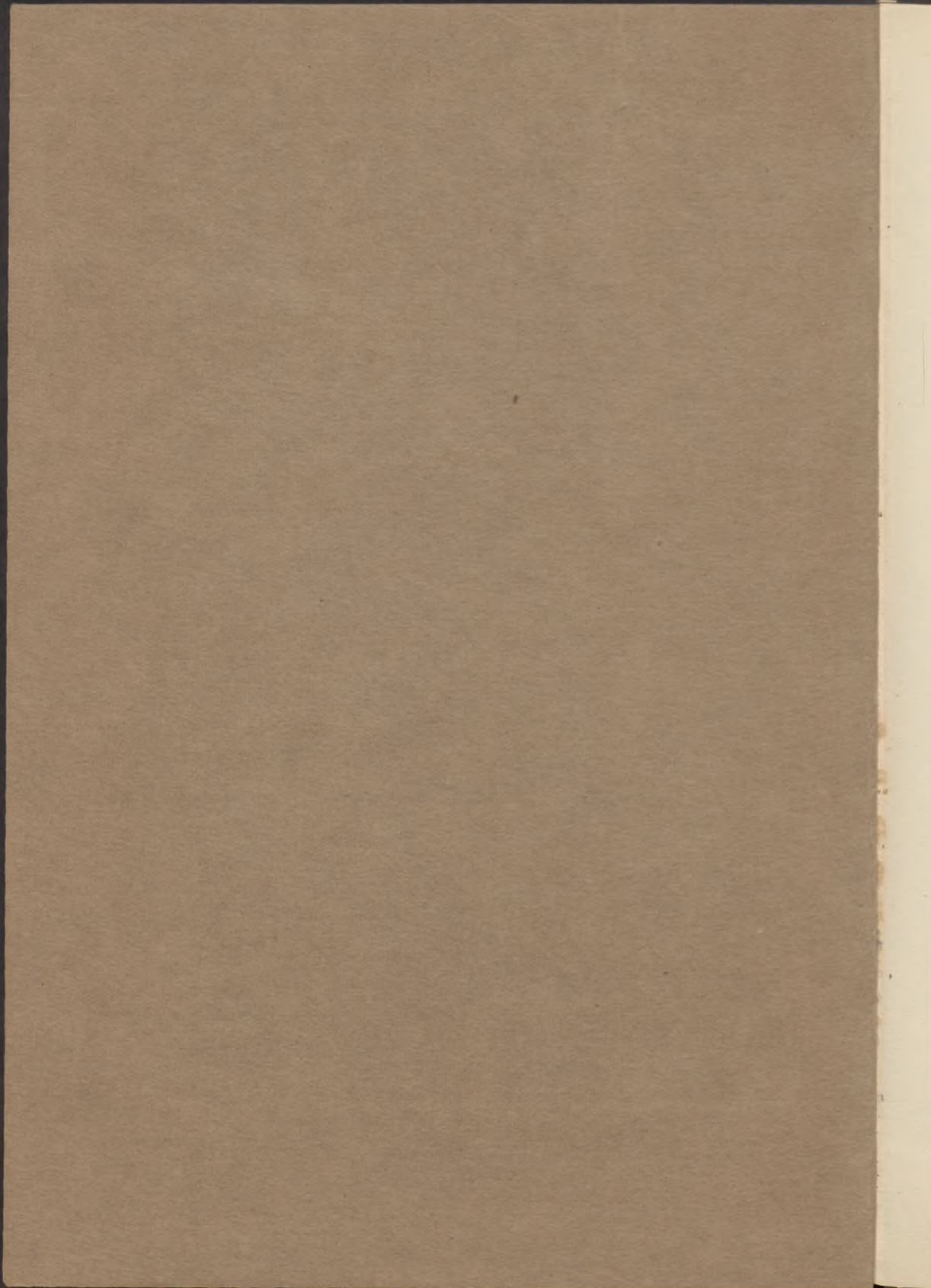




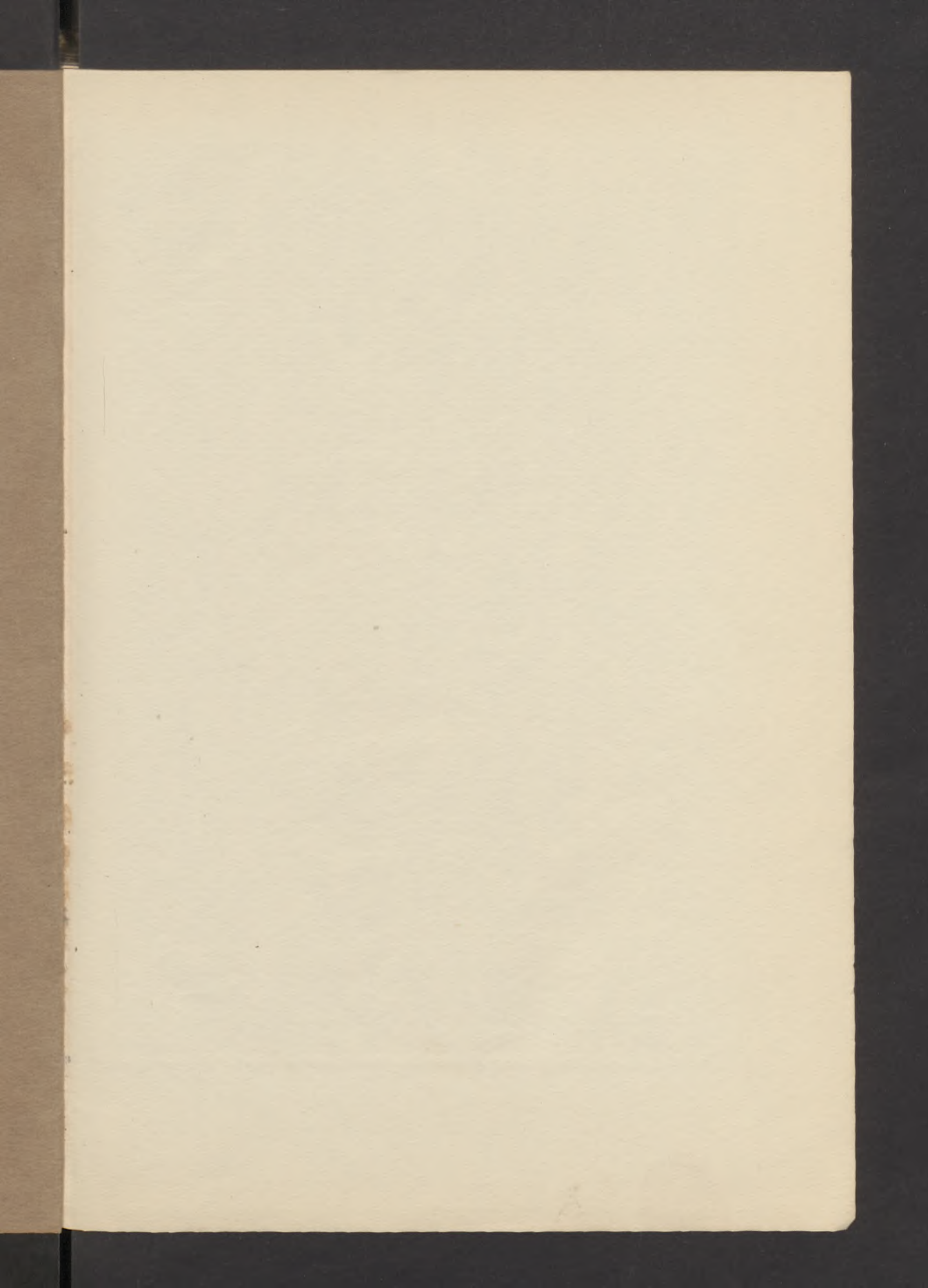




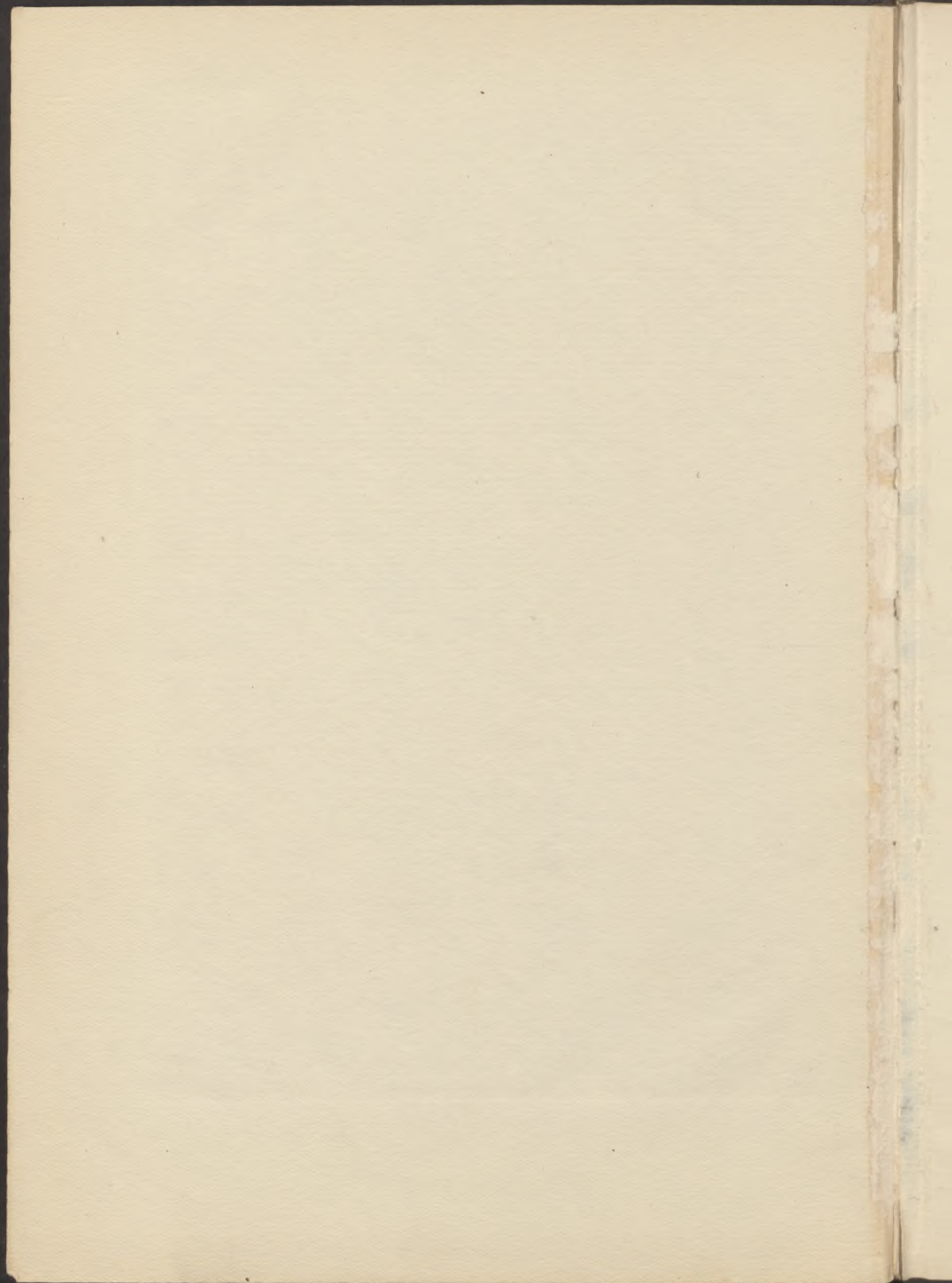



















 These pearls of thought in Persian  
gulf were bred,  
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;  
The diver Omar plucked them from  
their bed,  
Fitzgerald strung them on an English  
thread.  
Lowell





# Rubricat of Omair Haggyan



Presented by Willy Pogány

George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd. London

*The illustrations and decorations in this edition of Fitzgerald's  
translation of the "Rubdydt" are by WILLY POGÁNY*

645.217



2021



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I

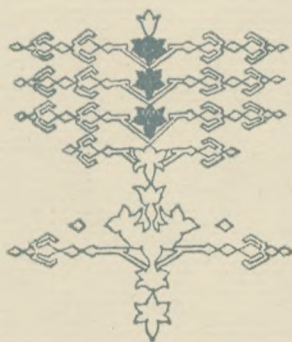


wake! for Morning in the  
Bowl of Night

Has flung the Stone that puts  
the Stars to Flight:

And lo! the Hunter of  
the East has caught

The Sultán's Turret in a  
Noose of Light.





II

**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."















### III

nd 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

**N**ow 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

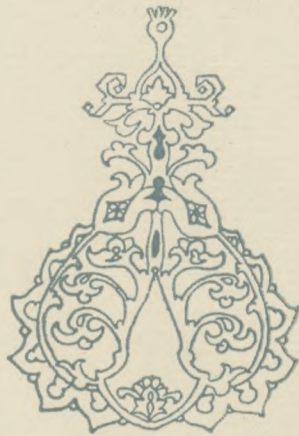
**I**ráam indeed is gone with all  
its Rose,  
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd  
Cup where no one  
knows;  
But still the Vine her  
ancient Ruby yields,  
And still a Garden by the  
Water blows.





VI

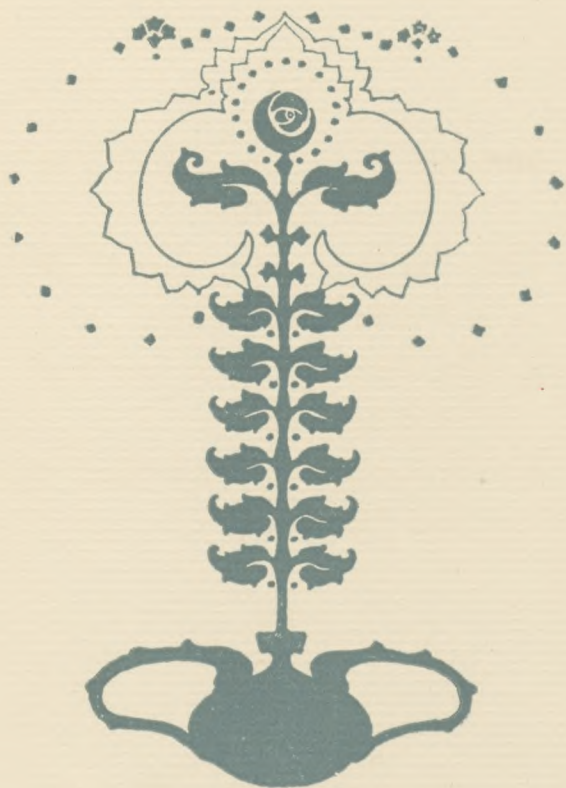
**A**nd David's Lips are lock't,  
but in divine  
High - piping Péhlevi, with  
"Wine! Wine! Wine!  
*Red* Wine!"—the Night-  
ingale cries to the Rose  
That yellow Cheek of hers  
t' incarnadine.















VII

ome, 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



nd look—a thousand Blossoms  
with the Day

Woke—and a thousand scat-  
ter'd into Clay :

And this first Summer  
Month that brings the  
Rose

Shall take Jamshýd and  
Kaikobád away.

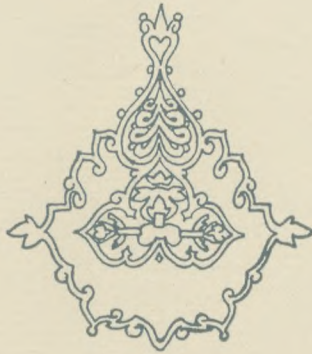


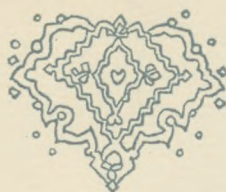




IX

**B**ut come with old Khayyám  
and leave the Lot  
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú  
forgot :  
Let Rustum lay about him  
as he will,  
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper –  
heed them not.





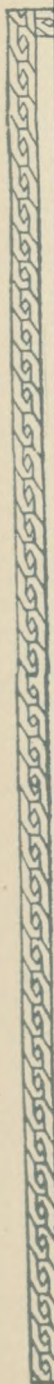
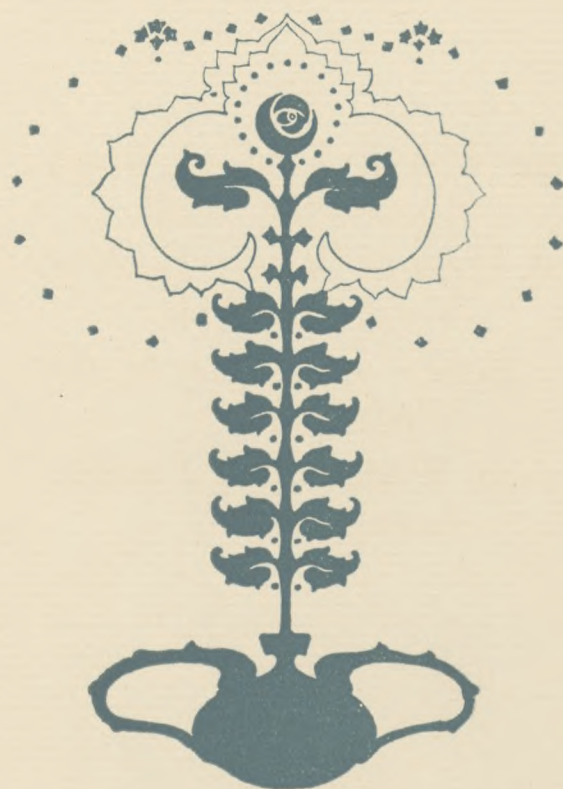
X

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







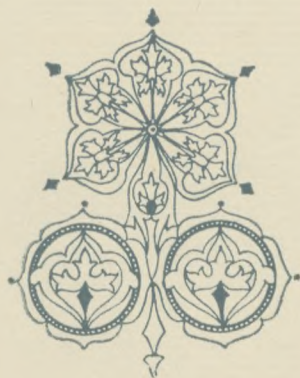






XI

**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.





XII

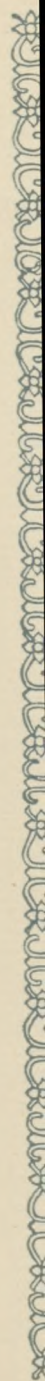
"**OW** sweet is mortal Sov-  
ranty!"—think some :  
Others — "How blest the  
Paradise to come!"  
Ah, take the Cash in hand  
and waive the Rest ;  
Oh, the brave Music of a  
*distant* Drum !















XIII

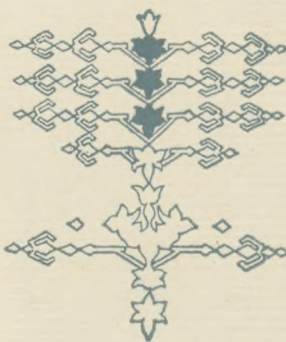
Look to the Rose that blows  
about us—"Lo,  
Laughing," she says, "into  
the World I blow:  
At once the silken Tassel  
of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the  
Garden throw."





XIV

**T**he 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

**A**nd 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.



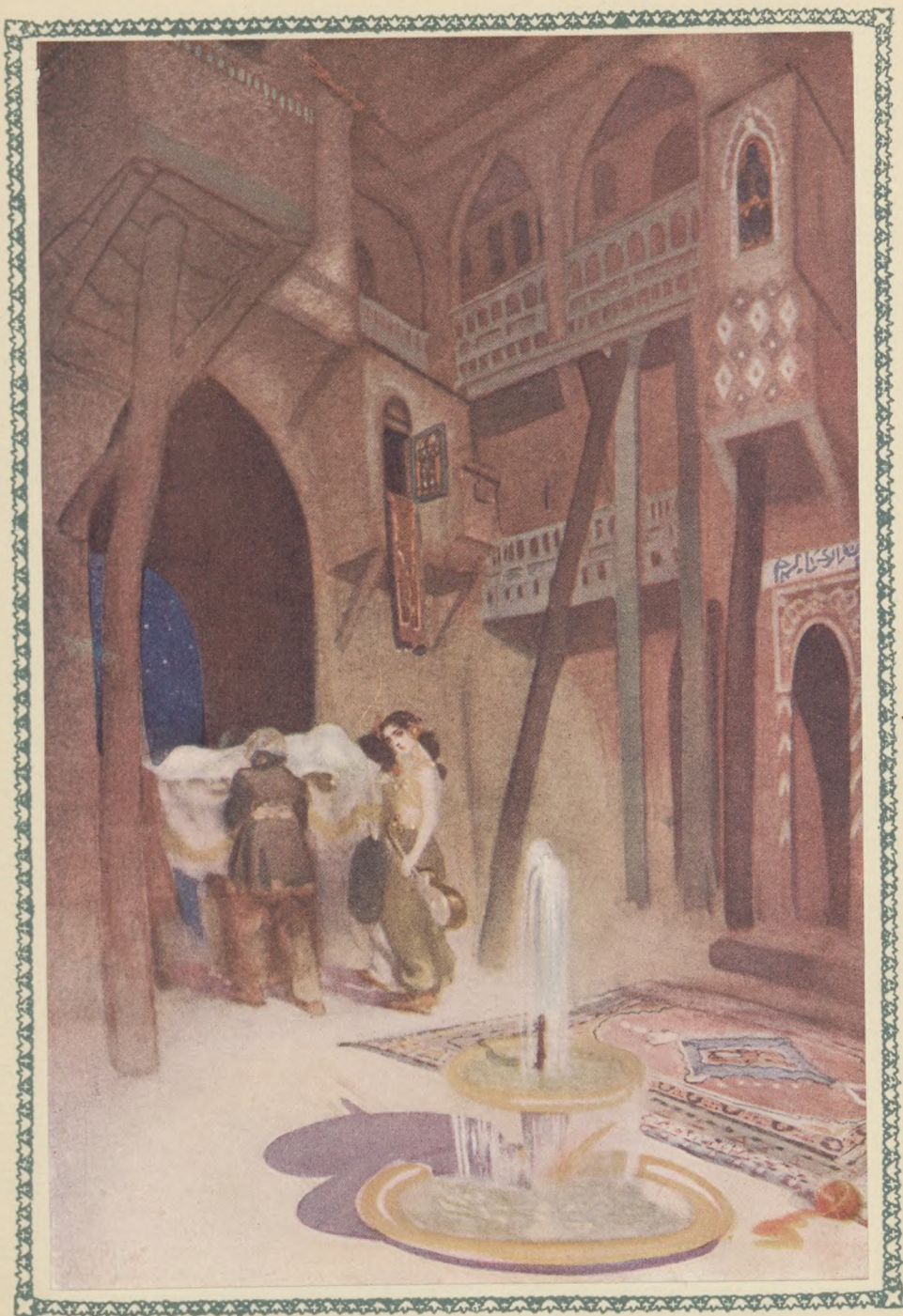


XVI

**T**hink, in this battered Cara-  
vanserai  
Whose Doorways are alter-  
nate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán  
with his Pomp  
Abode his Hour or two, and  
went his way.















XVII

hey say the Lion and the  
Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshýd  
gloried and drank deep:  
And Bahrá'm, that great  
Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, and he  
lies fast asleep.





XVIII

◆ 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

**A**nd 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!





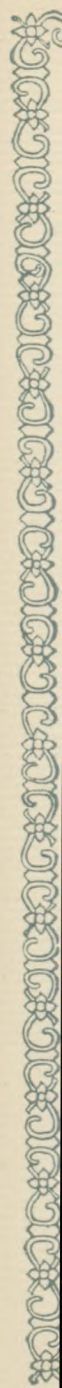
XX

**H**h, my Belovéd, fill the cup  
that clears  
To-day of past Regrets and  
future Fears—  
*To-morrow?* — Why, To-  
morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's  
Sev'n Thousand Years.













XXI

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





XXII

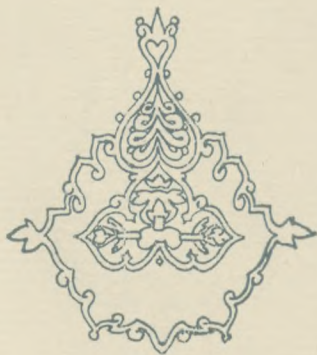
And

we, that now make merry  
in the Room

They left, and Summer dresses  
in new Bloom,

Ourselves must we beneath  
the Couch of Earth

Descend, ourselves to make  
a Couch—for whom?







XXIII

h

h, make the most of what we  
yet may spend,

Before we too into the Dust  
descend ;

Dust into Dust, and under  
Dust, to lie,

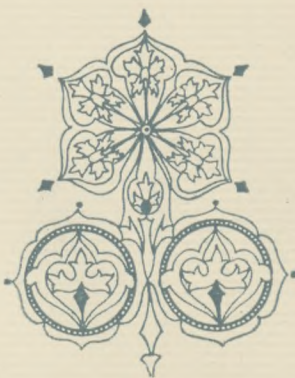
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans  
Singer, and—sans End !





XXIV

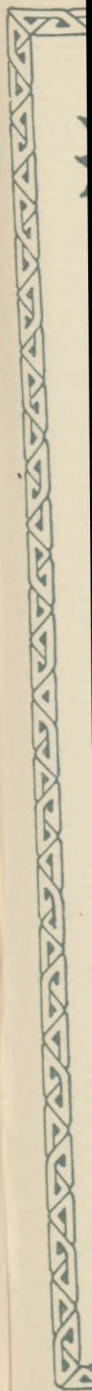
like for those who for To-day  
prepare,  
And those that after a To-  
morrow stare,  
A Muezzín from the Tower  
of Darkness cries,  
"Fools ! your Reward is  
neither Here nor There!"















XXV

**U**hy, all the Saints and Sages  
who discuss'd  
Of the Two Worlds so  
learnedly, are thrust  
Like foolish Prophets forth;  
their Words to Scorn  
Are scatter'd, and their  
Mouths are stopt with  
Dust.





XXVI

**H**h, 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.

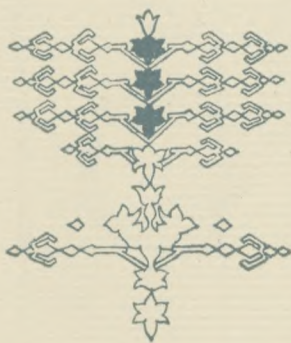






XXVII

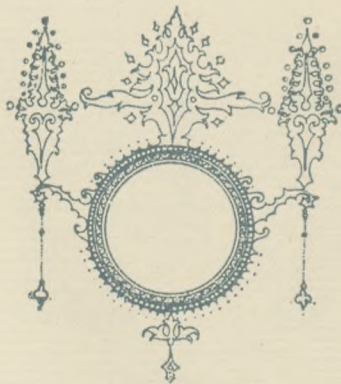
**I**yself when young did eagerly  
frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard  
great Argument  
About it and about, but  
evermore  
Came out by the same Door  
as in I went.





XXVIII

**W**ith 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

**W**hat, without asking, hither  
hurried *whence*?  
And, without asking, *whither*  
hurried hence!  
Another and another Cup  
to drown  
The memory of this Imperti-  
nence!







XXXI

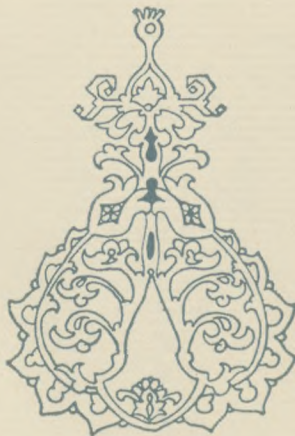
**I**p from Earth's Centre through  
the Seventh Gate  
I rose, and on the Throne of  
Saturn sate,  
And many Knots unravel'd  
by the Road;  
But not the Knot of Human  
Death and Fate.



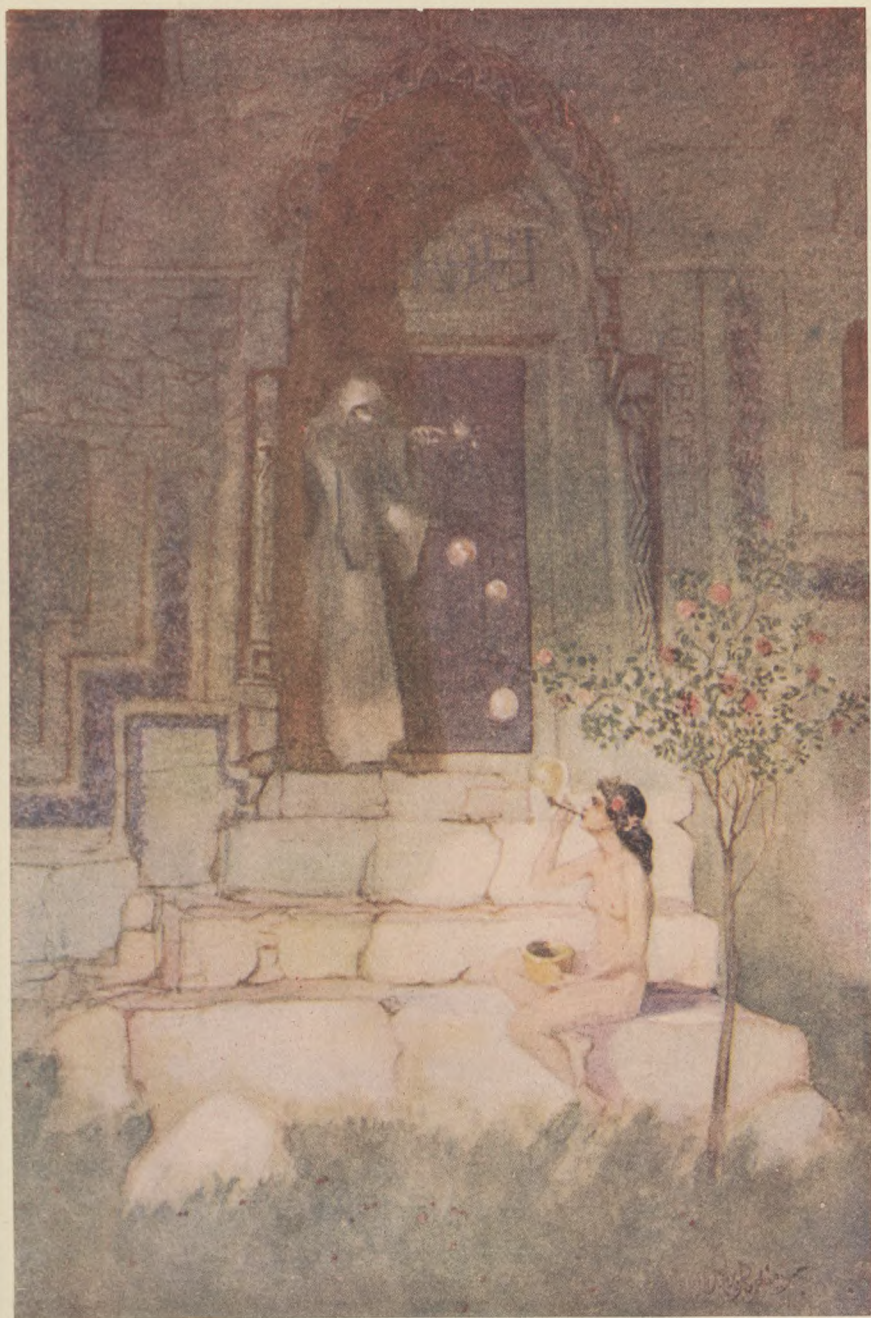


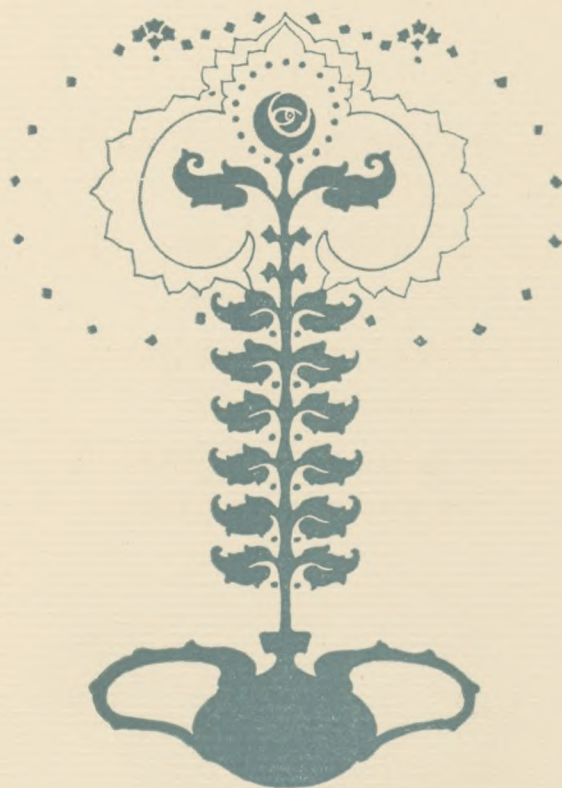
XXXII

**H**ere 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.













XXXIII

When 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 understand-  
ing!" Heaven replied.





XXXIV

When to the 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."

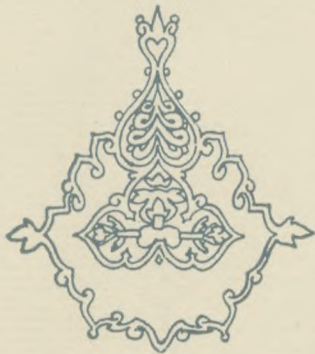






XXXV

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

**F**or 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

h

h, 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!



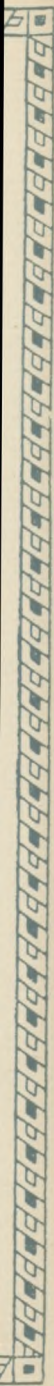


XXXVIII

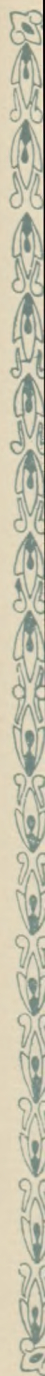
One Moment in Annihilation's  
Waste,  
One Moment, of the Well  
of Life to taste—  
The Stars are setting and  
the Caravan  
Starts for the Dawn of  
Nothing — Oh, make  
haste!















XXXIX

How

long, how long, in infinite  
Pursuit

Of This and That endeavour  
and dispute?

Better be merry with the  
fruitful Grape

Than sadden after none, or  
bitter, Fruit.

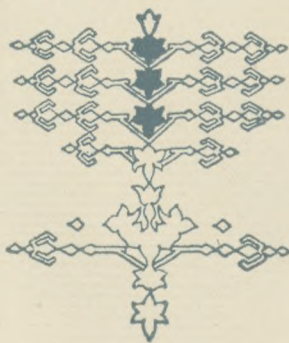




XL

**Y**ou 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.

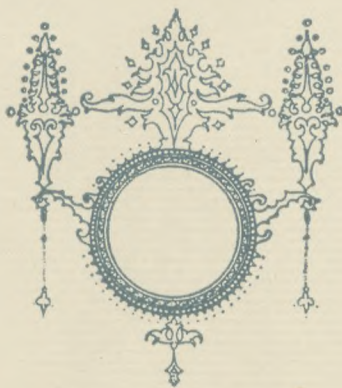






XLI

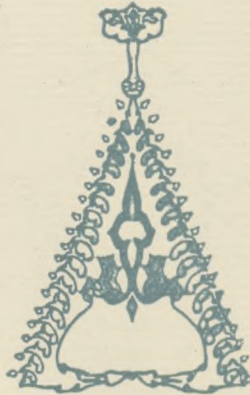
or "Is" and "Is-NOT" though  
    *with* Rule and Line,  
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *with-*  
    *out*, I could define,  
    I yet in all I only cared to  
    know,  
Was never deep in anything  
    but—Wine.



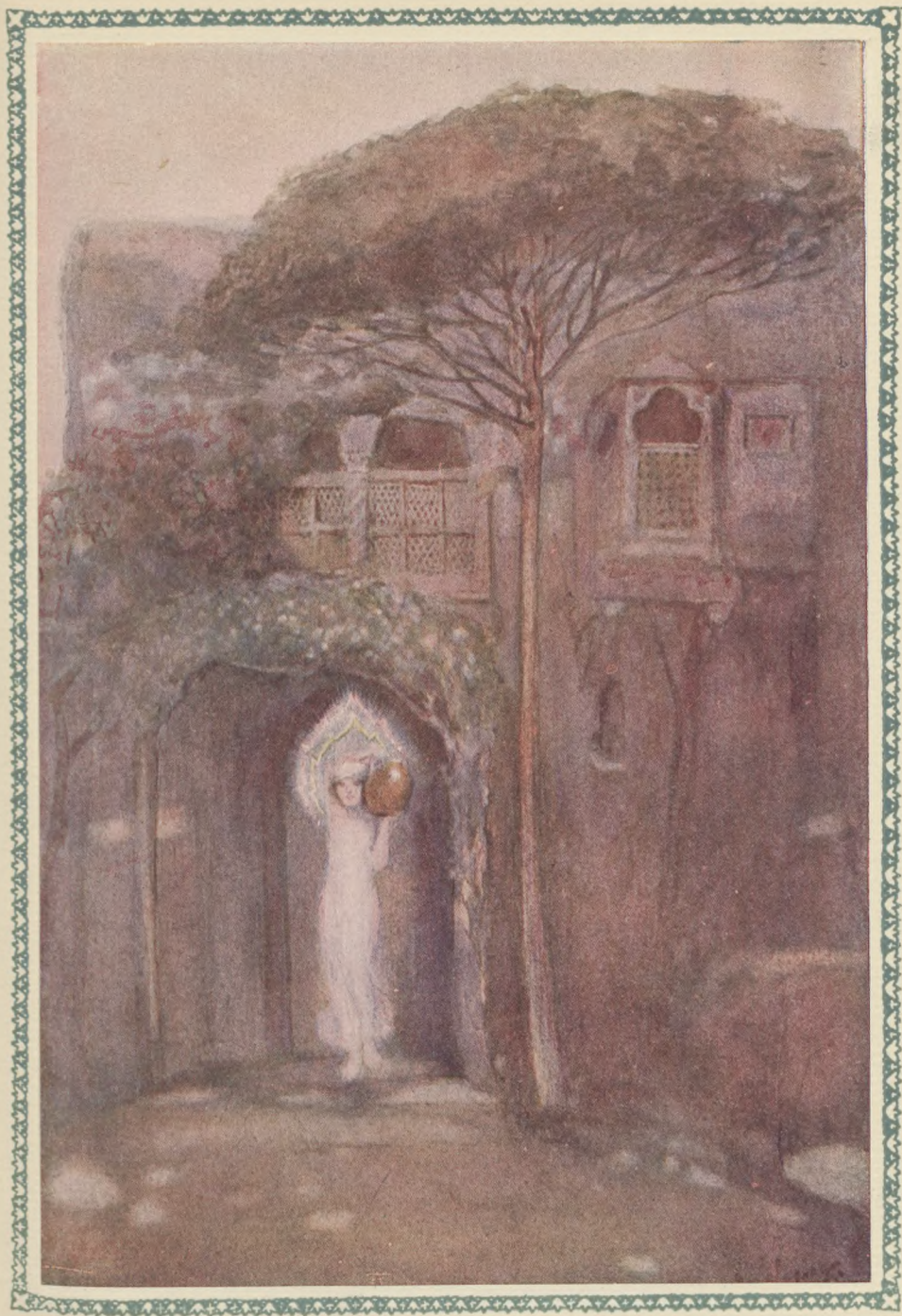


XLII

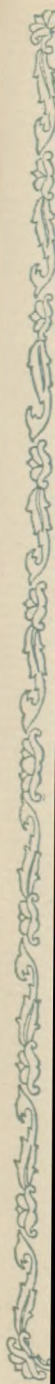
**A**nd lately, by the Tavern  
Door agape,  
Came stealing through the  
Dusk an Angel Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his  
Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and  
'twas—the Grape!















XLIII

**T**he 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

**T**he mighty Mahmúd, the vic-  
torious Lord  
That all the misbelieving and  
black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows  
that infest the Soul  
Scatters and slays with his  
enchanted Sword.







XLV

**B**ut leave the Wise to wrangle,  
and with me  
The Quarrel of the Universe  
let be :  
And, in some corner of the  
Hubbub coucht,  
Make Game of that which  
makes as much of Thee.



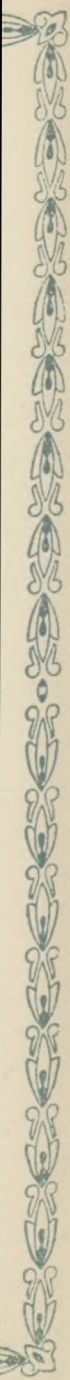


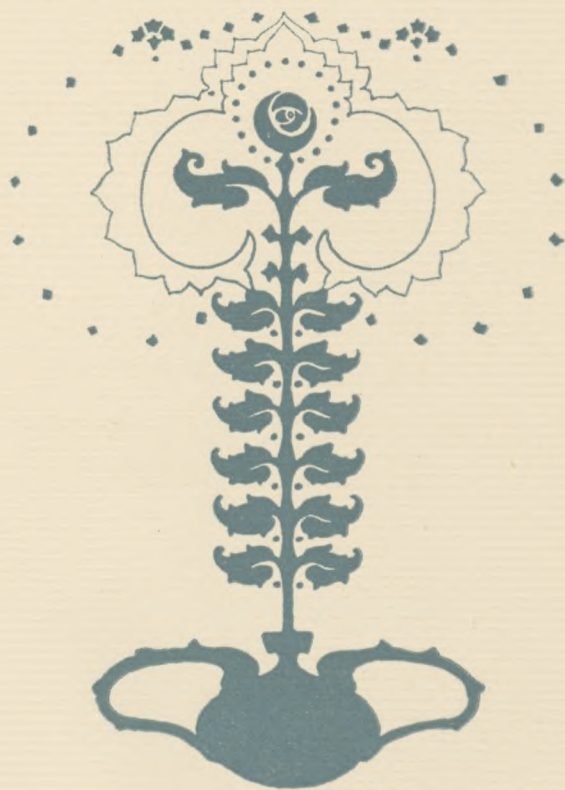
XLVI

**F**or 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



nd if the Wine you drink, the  
Lip you press,  
End in the Nothing all Things  
end in—Yes—

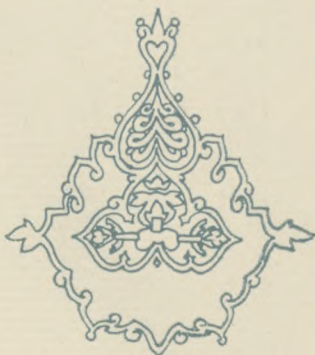
Then fancy while Thou  
art, Thou art but what  
Thou shalt be — Nothing —  
Thou shalt not be less.





XLVIII

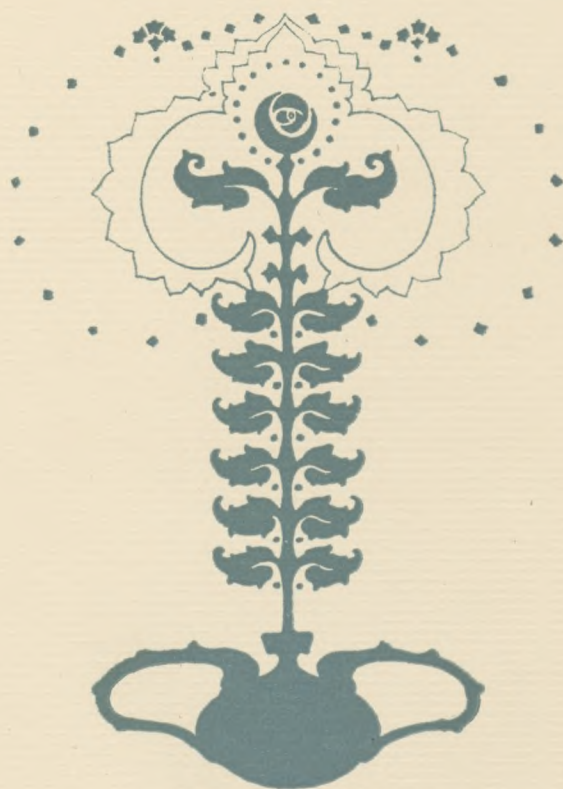
**W**hile the Rose blows along the  
River Brink,  
With old Khayyám the Ruby  
Vintage drink :  
And when the Angel with  
his darker Draught  
Draws up to Thee—take that,  
and do not shrink.















XLIX

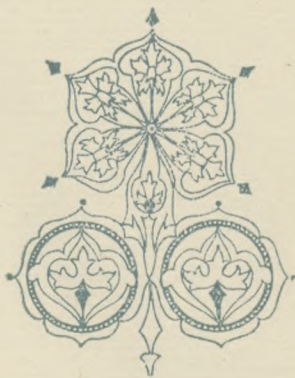
**I**s all a Chequer-board of  
Nights and Days  
Where Destiny with Men  
for Pieces plays:  
Hither and thither moves,  
and mates, and slays,  
And one by one back in the  
Closet lays.





L

**T**he 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

**T**he 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

**A**nd 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.

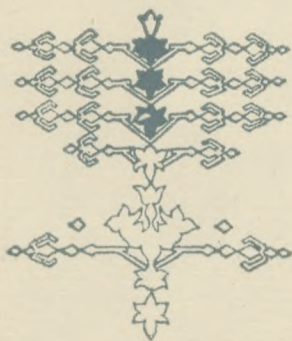






LIII

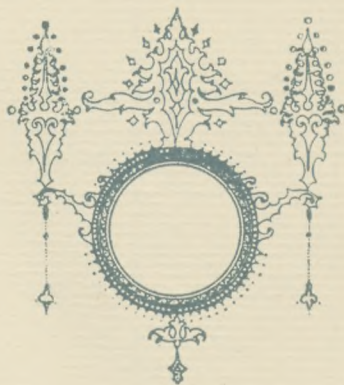
**W**ith Earth's first Clay They  
did the last Man's knead,  
And then of the Last  
Harvest sow'd the Seed:  
Yea, the first Morning of  
Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of  
Reckoning shall read.





LIV

◆◆ 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

**T**he Vine had struck a Fibre,  
which about  
If clings my Being—let the  
Súfi flout;  
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.







LVII

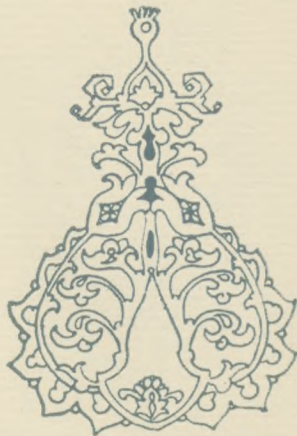
**I**h Thou, who didst with  
Pitfall and with Gin  
Beset the Road I was to  
wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Pre-  
destination round  
Enmesh me, and impute my  
Fall to Sin?





LVIII

**I**h 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 Forgive-  
ness give—and take !













# كز لانا

LIX

**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.





LX

nd, 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

**A**hen 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."





LXII



nother 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

one answered 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

**W**hen 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 jogged each  
other, "Brother! Brother!  
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-  
knot a-creaking !"

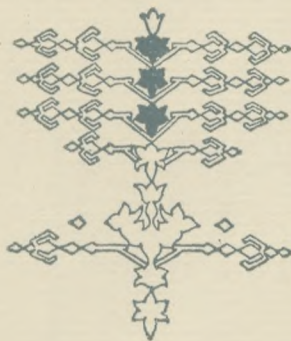






LXVII

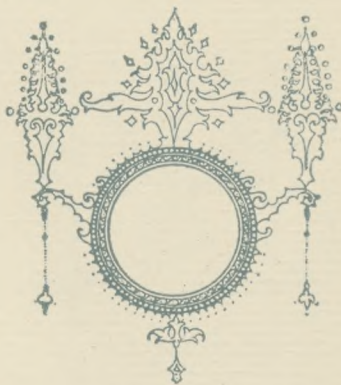
**H**h, with the Grape my fading  
Life provide,  
And wash my Body whence  
the Life has died,  
And in a Winding-sheet  
of Vine-leaf wrapt,  
So bury me by some sweet  
Garden side.



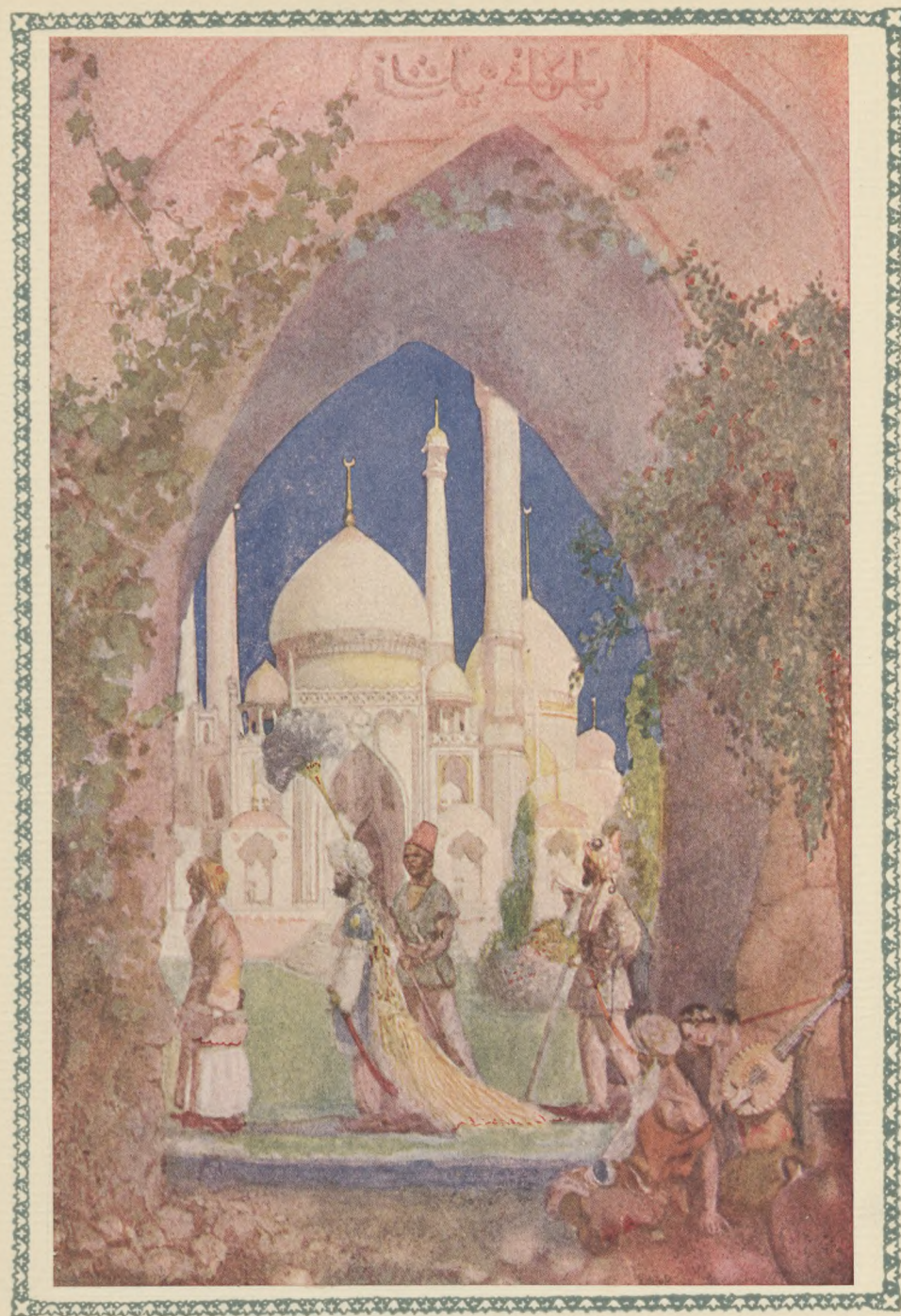


LXVIII

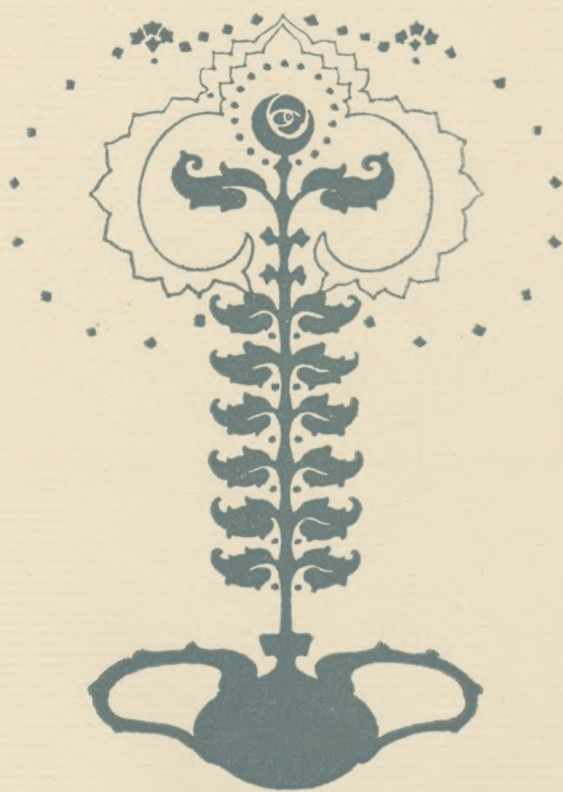
**T**hat ev'n my buried Ashes  
such a Snare  
Of Perfume shall fling up into  
the Air,  
As not a True Believer  
passing by  
But shall be overtaken un-  
aware.















LXIX

I ndeed the Idols I have loved  
so long  
Have done my Credit in  
Men's Eye much Wrong,  
Have drowned my Honour  
in a shallow Cup,  
And sold my Reputation for  
a Song.





LXX

**I**ndeed, 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.







LXXI

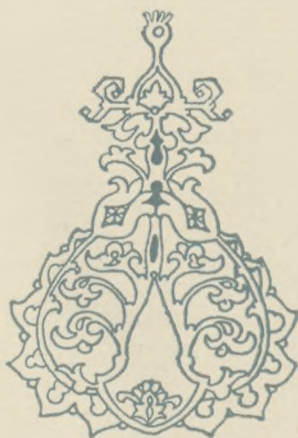
**A**nd much as Wine has played  
the Infidel,  
And robb'd me of my Robe  
of Honour—well,  
I often wonder what the  
Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the  
Goods they sell.





LXXII

las, 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

**H**h, 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

**H**h, 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!















LXXV

**A**nd when Thyself with shining  
Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-  
scattered on the Grass  
And in thy joyous Errand  
reach the Spot  
Where I made one — turn  
down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM SHUD







