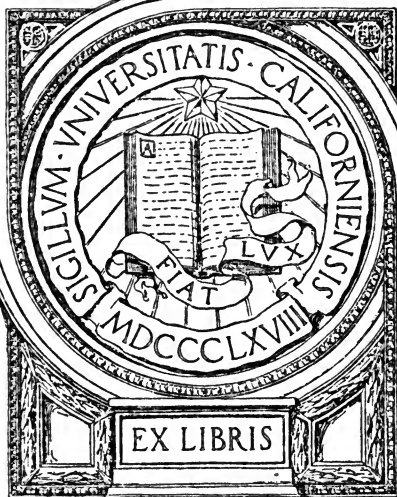


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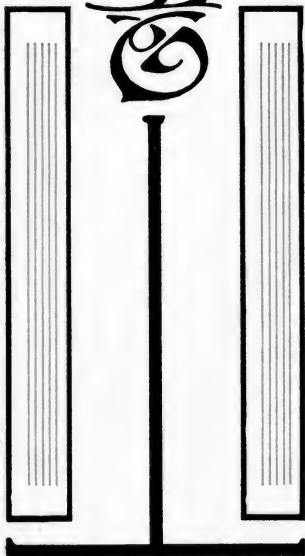
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The Rubricāt
of ॐ
Khayyāw



The Roycrofters:
East Aurora, N.Y.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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PERSIAN WORDS USED IN THE RUBAIYAT,
WITH ENGLISH PRONUNCIATIONS

- ALIF, *Ah-leef*—The first letter of the Persian alphabet, corresponding to our long *a*.
- BAHRÁM GŪR, *Bah-rawm Goor*—An ancient Persian king and hunter.
- FERRÁSH, *Far-rawsh*—A servant, a tent-pitcher.
- HÁTIM TAI, *Hah-tim Ty*—A mythical king, type of generosity.
- IRAM, *Ee-rawm*—The name of a mythical garden in Arabia.
- JAMSHYD, *Jam-sheed*—A mythical king.
- KAIKOBÁD, *Ky-ko-bawd*—A mythical king.
- KAIKHOSRŪ, *Ky-kors-roo*—A mythical king, corresponding, probably, to Cyrus.
- MÁH, *Mah*—The moon.
- MÁHI, *Mah-hee*—Fish.
- MAHMÚD, *Mah-mood*—Persian for Mohammed.
- MUEZZÍN, *Moo-ez-zeen*—A public crier who calls the faithful to prayer.
- MUSHTARÍ, *Moosh-tah-ree*—The planet Jupiter.
- NAISHÁPŪR, *Ny-shah-poor*—The city of Khorasan, home of Omar Khayyam.
- OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Ghoh-mar Khy-yawm*—Literally, Omar the Tent-Maker.
- PARWÍN, *Par-ween*—The Pleiades.
- PEHLEVÍ, *Pa-le-vee*—The official language of the Sasanian dynasty.
- RAMAZÁN, *Ra-ma-dawn* or *Ra-ma-thawn*—The ninth Moslem month, devoted to fasting.
- RUBÁIYÁT, *Roo-by-yot*—Four lines, a quatrain; from the Arabic word, *rubai*, meaning a quatrain or epigram.
- RUSTUM, *Roos-toom*—A mythical Persian hero, son of Zal.
- SÁKÍ, *Saw-kee*—A cup-bearer.
- SÚFI, *Soo-fee*—A Mahomedan mystic.
- TAMÁM, *Tah-mawm*—The end—the very end.
- ZÁL, *Zawl*—The father of Rustum.



THE RUBAIYAT

OF OMAR KHAYYAM

I

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 Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of
Light.

II

Before the phantom of False morn-
ing died,
Methought a Voice within the
Tavern cried,
“When all the Temple is pre-
pared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper
outside?”

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THE RUBAIYAT

III

And, as the Cock crew, those who
stood before

The Tavern shouted—"Open then
the door!

You know how little while we
have to stay,

And, once departed, may return no
more."

IV

Now the New Year reviving old
Desires,

The thoughtful Soul to Solitude
retires,

Where the White Hand of
Moses on the Bough

Puts out, and Jesus from the
Ground suspires.

THE RUBAIYAT

V

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

VI

And David's lips are lockt ; but in
 divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with " Wine !
 Wine ! Wine !
 Red Wine !"—the Nightingale
 cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers t' incar-
 nadine.

THE RUBAIYAT

VII

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

VIII

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.

THE RUBAIYAT

IX

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.

X

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

XI

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 Mahmúd on his
 golden Throne !

XII

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

XIII

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 !

XIV

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.”

THE RUBAIYAT

XV

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

XVI

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.

THE RUBAIYAT

XVII

Think, in this batter'd Caravan-
serai
Whose Portals are alternate Night
and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with
his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went
his way.

XVIII

They say the Lion and the Lizard
keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried
and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter
—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but can not
break his Sleep.

THE RUBAIYAT

XIX

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

XX

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

THE RUBAIYAT

XXI

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

XXII

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

XXIII

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 ?

XXIV

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 !

THE RUBAIYAT

XXV

Alike for those who for TODAY pre-
pare,
And those that after some TOMOR-
ROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of
Darkness cries,
“Fools, your Reward is neither
Here nor There.”

XXVI

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
stopped with Dust.

THE RUBAIYAT

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great
 argument
 About it and about : but ever-
 more
Came out by the same door where
 in I went.

XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did
 I sow,
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.”

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not
 knowing
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly
 flowing ;
 And out of it, as Wind along the
 Waste,
 I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly
 blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hur-
 ried *Whence*?
 And, without asking, *Whither* hur-
 ried hence !
 Oh, many a Cup of this for-
 bidden Wine
 Must drown the memory of that
 insolence !

THE RUBAIYAT

XXXI

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

XXXII

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.

THE RUBAIYAT

XXXIII

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

XXXIV

Then of the THEE 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 THEE BLIND !"

THE RUBAIYAT

XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen
Urn
I lean'd, 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.”

XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugi-
tive
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 RUBAIYAT

XXXVII

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

XXXVIII

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
 mold ?

THE RUBAIYAT

XXXIX

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.

XL

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

THE RUBAIYAT

XLI

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

XLII

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

THE RUBAIYAT

XLIII

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.

XLIV

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 carcass crippled to
 abide?

THE RUBAIYAT

XLV

'T is but a Tent where takes his one
day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death
address ;
The Sultán rises, and the dark
Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another
Guest.

XLVI

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

THE RUBAIYAT

XLVII

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.

XLVIII

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

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Exist-
 ence spend
 About THE SECRET—quick about it,
 Friend !

A Hair perhaps divides the
 False and True—
 And upon what, prithee, does life
 depend ?

L

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 ;

THE RUBAIYAT

LI

Whose secret Presence, through
Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes
your pains ;
Taking all shapes from Máh to
Máhi ; and
They change and perish all—but
He remains ;

LII

A moment guess'd—then back
behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the
Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eter-
nity,
He does Himself contrive, enact,
behold.

THE RUBAIYAT

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stub-
born floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's
unopening Door,
You gaze TODAY, while You are
You—how then
TOMORROW, You when shall be
You no more?

LIV

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

THE RUBAIYAT

LV

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.

LVI

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.

THE RUBAIYAT

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People
say,
Reduced the Year to better reckon-
ing?—Nay,
'T was only striking from the
Calendar
Unborn Tomorrow, and dead Yes-
terday.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door
agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an
Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoul-
der ; and
He bid me taste of it ; and 't was—
the Grape !

THE RUBAIYAT

LIX

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 trans-
mute :

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breath-
ing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black
Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest
the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirl-
wind Sword.

THE RUBAIYAT

LXI

Why, be this Juice the 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?

LXII

I must abjure the 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!

THE RUBAIYAT

LXIII

O 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.

LXIV

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

THE RUBAIYAT

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and
Learn'd

Who rose before us, and as Prophets
burn'd,

Are all but Stories, which, awoke
from Sleep

They told their fellows, and to
Sleep return'd.

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invis-
ible,

Some letter of that After-life to
spell :

And by and by my Soul return'd
to me,

And answer'd, " I myself am Heav'n
and Hell."

THE RUBAIYAT

LXVII

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd
 Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul
 on fire,
 Cast on the Darkness into
 which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon
 expire.

LXVIII

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

THE RUBAIYAT

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He
 plays
Upon this Checkerboard of Nights
 and Days ;
 Hither and thither moves, and
 checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet
 lays.

LXX

The Ball no question makes of
 Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There 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 RUBAIYAT

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes ; and,
 having writ,
Moves 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.

LXXII

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 moves as you or I.

THE RUBAIYAT

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the
Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest
sow'd the Seed :
And the first Morning of Crea-
tion wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning
shall read.

LXXIV

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did
prepare ;
TOMORROW'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.

LXXV

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

LXXVI

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

LXXVII

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 out-
 right.

LXXVIII

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

THE RUBAIYAT

LXXIX

What ! from his helpless Creature
be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him
dross-allay'd—
Sue for a Debt we never did
contract,
And can not answer—Oh the sorry
trade !

LXXX

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 RUBAIYAT

LXXXI

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 !

* * * * *

LXXXII

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.

THE RUBAIYAT

LXXXIII

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
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd
at all. .

LXXXIV

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

THE RUBAIYAT

LXXXV

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."

LXXXVI

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 ? "

THE RUBAIYAT

LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious
Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
“ All this of Pot and Potter—
Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who
the Pot ? ”

LXXXVIII

“ 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 't will all
be well.”

THE RUBAIYAT

LXXXIX

“ 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.”

XC

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 RUBAIYAT

XCI

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.

XCII

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 overtaken unaware.

XCIII

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

XCIV

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 apieces
 tore.

THE RUBAIYAT

XCv

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

XCvI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish
 with the Rose !
That Youth's sweet-scented manu-
 script should close !
 The Nightingale that in the
 branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown
 again, who knows !

XCVII

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

XCVIII

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

XCIX

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
Re-mold it nearer to the Heart's
Desire!

* * * * *

C

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!

THE RUBAIYAT

CI

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

TAMAM

SO HERE ENDETH "THE RUBAIYAT
OF OMAR KHAYYAM," THE POET
ASTRONOMER OF NAISHAPUR, AS
RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE
BY EDWARD FITZ GERALD, AND
PRINTED BY THE ROYCROFTERS,
THIS MONTH OF AUGUST, MCMXII

The first part of the document
 discusses the importance of
 maintaining accurate records
 and the role of the
 committee in this regard.
 It also mentions the
 need for regular
 communication and
 collaboration between
 all members of the
 organization.

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