RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

RICHARD LeGALLIENNE

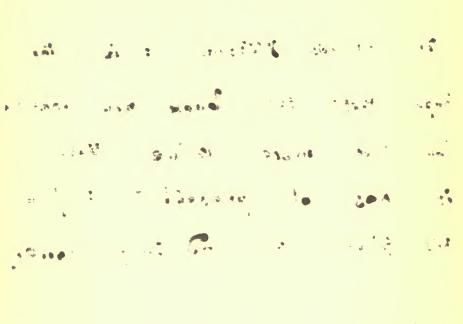


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it has at present : from

his friend Richard 2e 5a (62002).

Wew York: 20, Tuly, 1901.



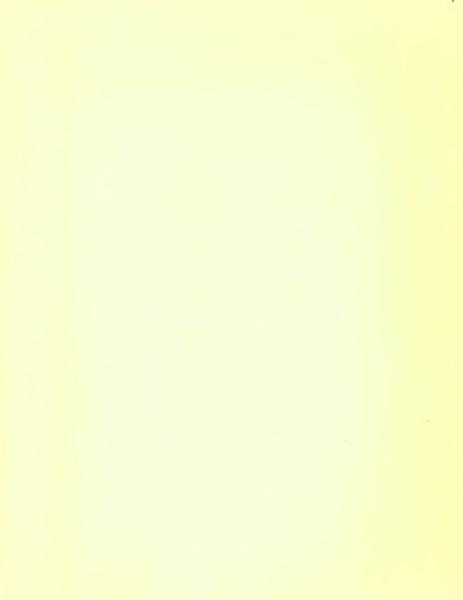
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F I F T Y

RUBAIYAT

O F

OMAR KHAYYAM

PARAPHRASED FROM LITERAL TRANSLATIONS BY

RICHARD LeGALLIENNE

THE PHILOSOPHER PRESS At The Sign of The Green Pine Tree W A U S A U W I S C O N S I N



Two hundred copies printed for private circulation only for James Carleton Young and his friends of which this is number

180

Richard Le Sallienne

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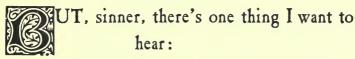
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TATTERED robe, and face with loving pale,

Pass me not by: I am the Nightingale

That dares to sing of Riot and the Rose; And, Brother, I would give thee hand and hail.



O tell me—is your sinning quite sincere?

You would not leave it even though you could!

Say that you would not, O my brother dear.

EMEMBER—all the pious who cry shame,

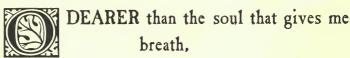
With holy horror, on your tattered fame,
Watch only for the opportunity
Of turned backs and the dark to do the same.

ET us at least who think the Rose is best

Not, paltry, lie about it, like the rest;
But lift our glasses frankly in the sun,
And take our love as frankly to our breast.

HIS is the creed of Omar: I believe
In Wine and Roses, also I believe

In Woman—(what a foolish thing to do!)
And in the God that made them I believe.



Dearer than life, as the old proverb saith,—
Nay, that is but a sorry compliment:
For thou, my love, art dearer even than death.



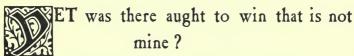
Y days are filled with wonder and with wine,—

Wine helps the wonder, wonder helps the wine—

But in the night my bosom fills with tears, Tears, tears, for one who never can be mine.

VEN sad eyes must sparkle in the sun, But, when the miracle of day is done,

Down in a bankrupt darkness deep I lie Haunted by all I lost—and might have won!



I ask not money—only to buy wine:

Women forsake me not, for all my sins— What better winnings, pious friend, are thine? AM not fit for hell,—I am too small;
For heaven I am too heretical;

I love both places, yet not one enough: 'Twixt the two stools I fall—and fall—and fall.

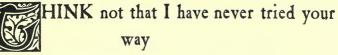
OD gave me eyesight—shall I rob my eyes?

He gave me smell—instead of merchandise—
Members and senses delicate to feed:
Who bids me starve them God himself denies.

EA! none shall tell that I have turned away.

Ungrateful, when some woman bid me stay:

The golden invitation of a friend
I answered ever with a thankful "yea."



To heaven, you who pray and fast and pray,
Once I denied myself both love and wine,
Yea wine and love—for a whole summer day.

CANNOT help it. Were it in my power,

I would forsake my sins this very hour,

Forswear the Rose, and bid the Vine
goodbye,

Kiss my last kiss—if it were in my power!



GOOD old friends—what is it I have said!

It was the wine which got into my head—
Forgive me, O forgive, I meant it not,
I shall forsake you only when I'm dead.

ND even then—who knows—we'll meet again,

Nor the celestial wine-cup cease to drain,

And in some laughter-loving heaven on high

Our little women to our bosoms strain.

HEN to this loot of life I come anear,
Hoping to snatch some little worldly
gear,

I find the fools have carted off the best, And nought is left for me, but—hope and fear.

F thou wilt keep my head well filled with wine,

I care not if the whole round world be thine;
O fading kingdoms and forgotten kings.
I know a better kingdom—drink red wine.

king,

Wine is the slave that brings him—anything;
Ofriend, be wise in time and join our band,
Drink and forget and laugh and dance and sing.

WONDER why I go on living still
This life of pain and poison, why I still
Trust friends, hope good, still fight and
still have faith

In this world's business—still, think of it,—
still!

GAVE my heart, and life returns me—nought;

My mind, my soul, I gave—for what? For nought;

All dreams and loves and hopes I freely gave; Nothing is left to give. I give it: Nought. OU say: "There are so many crowns to win,

Yet you lie sunken in your sleepy sin!"

Bring me a crown of gold and big enough,
And I will wear it—all these are of tin.

HETHER you would abide or go away.

Wine will befriend you, friend: for, if you stay, You'll forget going; and, if you must go, He'll drown you in the very sweetest way.

OME that would leave this world take dreadful means,

One wrenching poisons, one steel, another leans
His brow on sudden fire, but wine is
best—

Poets have died so, and many kings, and queens.

You drown so softly in its gentle tides:

You know not you are dying, yet you die.
And love with rose-leaves all the ruin hides.

OULD you forget a woman—drink red wine:

Would you remember her, then drink red wine:

Is your heart breaking just to see her face?

Gaze deep within this mirror—of red wine.

ACE like a glass wherein all heaven lies,

A firmament reflected in two eyes:

Thanks to your heaven, I am deep in hell.
The shadow of your laughter is my sighs.



Y cheeks, like hollow cups, are filled with tears,

My body is a haunted house of fears,

My heart is like a wine-jar filled with blood:
O God! those sightless eyes, those small deaf
ears.



SHEIK once took a harlot in her shame,

Calling the poor soul many an ugly name;
"Tis true," she wept, "all I appear I am;
But, sheik, of thee would I could say the same!"



SPEAK not evil of these dancing flowers,

These girls that arrogantly we call ours.—
Yours, mine, and anyone's who bids and
buys—

O God! the pity of the fate of flowers!

IRL, have you any thought what your eyes mean?

You must have stolen them from some dead queen;
O little empty laughing soul that sings
And dances—tell me what do your eyes mean!

ND all this body of ivory and myrrh,

O guard it with some little love and care— Know your own wonder, worship it with me,

See how I fall before it deep in prayer.

OW sad to be a woman,—not to know

Aught of the glory of this breast of snow,
All unconcerned to comb this mighty hair;
To be a woman—and yet never know!

ERE I a woman, I would all day long

Sing my own beauty in some holy song,

Bend low before it, hushed and half afraid, And say "I am a woman" all day long.



LOVE, I come to worship in your shrine,

There is no part of you is not divine,

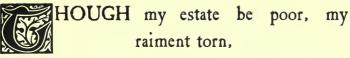
There is no part of you not human too.

There is no part of you that is not mine;

XCEPT—except—that heart of precious stone,

Cold heart no man shall ever call his own,

Nor fire warm, nor might of loving win, Heart great—and cold—enough to dwell alone.



I am not really sorry I was born,

For God has given me my heart's desire— Wine and the Well-Beloved and the morn.

AD pilgrim of the heart, the way is long,

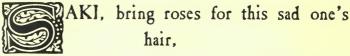
Suppose we lighten it for you with a song;
Here in the tavern rest your wandering feet,
Strong is your love, but wine is just as strong.

E know the love that drives you to and fro,

Like hungry dogs that through the city go,

The hollow hunger of the breaking heart,

And the one cure for it, alike we know.



And set a bowl of rubies for him there;

And you, O moon, dance, dance and dance—

That the poor fellow may not think of her.

IFE is too short, dear brother, to be sad;

If you must needs be anything—be glad;

Leave bitter books and read the Book of

Joy—

I know that some declare the book is bad.

O all of us the thought of heaven is dear—

Why not be sure of it, and make it here!

No doubt there is a heaven yonder too,
But 'tis so far away, and—you are near.



BOOK, a Woman, and a Flask of Wine,

The three make heaven—for me; it may be thine
Is some sour place of singing cold and bare—
But then I never said thy heaven was mine.

OVE, the fair day is drawing to its close,

The stars are rising and a soft wind blows.

The gates of heaven are opening in a

dream,

The nightingale sings to the sleeping rose.

HADOWS and dew and silence and the stars;

I wonder, love, what is behind those bars

Of twinkling silver,—is there aught behind?—

Venus and Jupiter, Sirius and Mars;

LDEBARAN, and the soft Pleiades,

Orion ploughing the ethereal seas—

Which are the stars, my love, and which your eyes?

And O the nightingale in yonder trees!

EART of my heart, in such an hour as this

The cup of life brims all too full of bliss,

See, it runs over in these happy tears—
How strange you seem! how solemn is your kiss!



LOVE, if I should die before you died,

Would you be really sorry that I died?

And would you weep a whole week on my tomb,

Then be a little happy—that I died?

ND would you see some face that looked like mine,

And love it, love—"because it looked like mine"!

And say: "How strangely like Khayyam you are!"

And kiss the face—so wondrously like mine!

HEN would you bring him softly where the rose

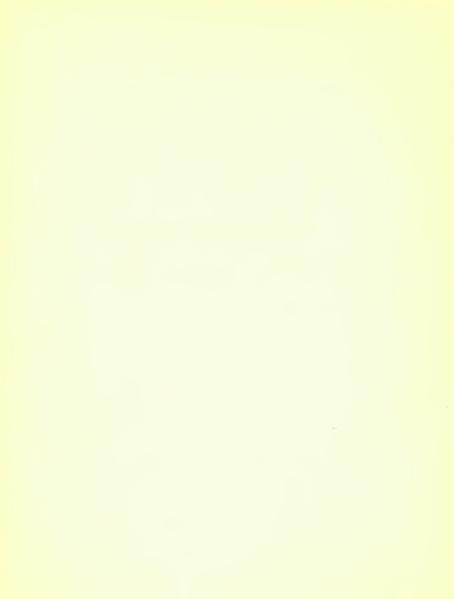
Showers its petals upon my repose,

And shed two tears together on my tomb,—
Strange are the ways of grief—who knows,
who knows!

Here end the rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam of Naishapur newly done into English verse by Richard LeGallienne, made into this book by Helen Bruneau VanVechten at The Philosopher Press which is in Wausau Wisconsin at The Sign of The Green Pine Tree, finished this second day of March MCMI.

Made for Mr. James Carleton Young. Minneapolis Minnesota.















PK6516 L37 1901



RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM RICHARD L.CALLIENNE