

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

RICHARD L. GALLIENNE



To Francis Wilson : is the  
hope that this book may some-  
day have more value than  
it has at present : from  
his friend Richard De Gallienne.

New York : 20, July, 1901.

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F I F T Y

R U B A I Y A T

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 Gallienne

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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.



BUT, sinner, there's one thing I want to  
hear:

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.



REMEMBER—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.

**L**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.

**T**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.

**D**EARER than the soul that gives me  
breath,

Dearer than life, as the old proverb saith,—

Nay, that is but a sorry compliment :  
For thou, my love, art dearer even than death.

**D**AY 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.

**E**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!

**B**UT was there ought to win that is not  
mine?

I ask not money—only to buy wine:

Women forsake me not, for all my sins—  
What better winnings, pious friend, are thine?

**I** 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.

**G**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.

**D**EAR! 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.”



**T**HINK not that I have never tried your  
way

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.

**I**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!

**O**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.

**A**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.

**W**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.

**I**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.

**W**ITHIN the tavern each man is a  
king,

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

**I** 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!

**I** 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.

**Y**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.

**W**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.

**S**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.

**W**INE is the tender friend of suicides,  
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.

**W**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.

**F**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.

**M**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.

**A**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!”

**S**PEAK 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!

**G**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!

**A**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.

**N**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!

**W**HERE 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.

**L**OVE, 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;

**E**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.



**T**HOUGH my estate be poor, my  
raiment torn,

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.

**S**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.

**W**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.

**S**AKI, bring roses for this sad one's  
hair,

And set a bowl of rubies for him there ;

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

That the poor fellow may not think of her.

**L**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.



LOVE, 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;

**A**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!

**H**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!

**O** 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?

**A**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!

**W**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.

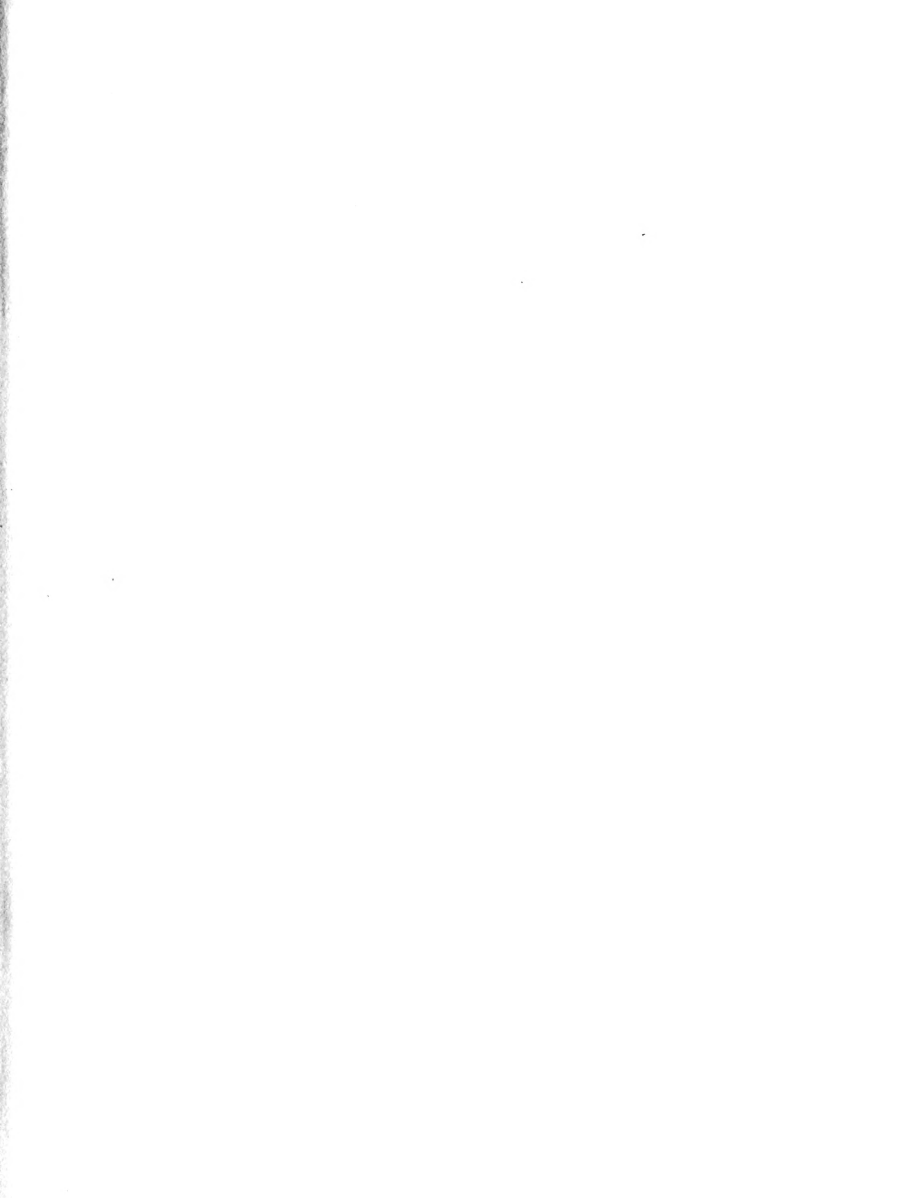
















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