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Omnia Bene



CHARLES G. BLANDEN

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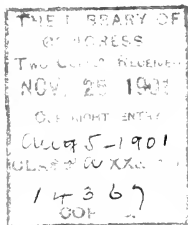
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Omar
Rez
sung

1 Since sorrow is his lot,
How happy man must be
When Death refuses not
His swift benignity.
But, oh, how happy, Sweet,
The dust that hurries by,
Or, trod beneath thy feet,
Has yet no breath to sigh.

Eternity is dumb,
A sphinx unto our prayers,
Alike to all who come
She only sits and stares;
And yet behind those eyes
Is thought of thee and me;
Perchance in silence lies
Enough of destiny.

3 Sans wine I would not live
In this unfeeling state;
In every cup I give
A hostage unto Fate.
When I no more can drink,
Oh, nothing shall I fear
Although upon the brink
Of this dissenting sphere.

4 Thou art my Yusuf flower,
Thy mouth is set with pearls;
Thou hast me in thy power,
Thou rose of dancing girls.
And why? Because, my bloom,
I love all roses well—
The thorn that counsels gloom,
The petals that dispel.

Omar
Re:
sung

In this wide world of care
I sought a resting place,
But only rested where
I looked into thy face.
Thy beauty was to me
Like an oasis lone,
And in the heart of thee
The fount that fed my own.

- 6 Think you the Deity
Counts all the cups I drain?
Of small account must be
Such idle work and vain.
Forever He has known
That I would drink my wine;
Oh, let it not be shown
I question His design.
- 7 Come hither, Sweet, and bring
A flagon of the best,
That I may drown the sting
That rankles in my breast.
Fill up the glass again
Before the potter old,
To please the needs of men,
Makes flagons of my mold.
- 8 Drench me when I am dead
With my most pleasant wine;
Let no long prayers be said—
Sing lyrics of the vine.
And when you seek my shade,
(If you shall seek me, Dear),
Remember how they fade
Who have no lovers here.

Omar
Rez
sung

9 Who cares to prophesy
Of what shall hap to-morrow?
If we shall live or die,
Or dwell with joy or sorrow?
Delightful Star! drink deep
Of wine the while 'tis flowing;
How long the dead do sleep
There is no way of knowing.

10 Let whoso loves be proud
To call some heart his own;
When cares upon him crowd
He shall not be alone.
Let Fortune fly the door
To nevermore return;
They only, Sweet, are poor
Whose altars fail to burn.

11 The true philosopher
Sets not his heart on gold,
Since wealth is but a burr
Within his garment's fold;
A snake that deeply stings
The breast that warms to life;
A dragon of the springs
And higher paths of strife.

12 Behold, beloved one,
The season of the rose!
How hath the golden sun
Exiled the traitor snows.
How happy, too, am I
In summer such as thine;
Thou art my laughing sky,
My music and my wine.

Omar
Re:
sung

Come, speak and tell me true.
What have I done to thee
That thou, O Wheel, shouldst do
Such grindings unto me?
From town to town I rove;
My bread—an idle dream,
My roof—the kindly grove,
My wine—the laughing stream.

- 14 I passed a potter gray
And saw what he saw not,
That 'twas my father's clay
He fashioned to a pot.
And when he glanced aside
I kissed the gentle earth,
As he had kissed his bride.
Say, what are kisses worth?
- 15 Man—like unto a glass,
His soul the wine that fills;
A hollow reed where pass
What strains of life He wills;
Or yet a lantern gay,
Wherein a light is trimmed,
That soon shall burn away
And leave its husk bedimmed.
- 16 Since life so niggard is
In dealing with mankind,
But momentary bliss
In its short span we find.
Our hopes, our strivings claim
The substance of the heart;
Too late, too late we came,
Too soon, too soon depart.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 17 O wheel of circumstance,
And thou, most stubborn Fate,
What matters if it chance
The heavens be seven or eight?
Be happy while you may,
The present is your staff.
To-morrow? Yesterday?
I give such dreams the laugh.
- 18 O Poet! why this grief
For things undone or done?
Why bind into thy sheaf
Remorseful tares for one?
Forgiveness, mercy—they
For those who sin were made;
Repent and go thy way,
And be no more afraid.
- 19 No one hath passed behind
The veil that hideth God,
And none may ever find
The path no man has trod;
The bosom of the earth
Is our last resting spot;
What dreams therein have birth
Our sleep remembers not.
- 20 Fill up, fill up the bowl,
And yet another measure,
And I'll divorce my soul
From everything but pleasure;
The daughter of the vine
I'll set to woo a season;
Fill up the bowl with wine
And lock the door to Reason.

Omar
Re:
sung

Beloved, full of grace,
Of witcheries and wiles,
Come, let me see thy face,
Thy dimples and thy smiles.
I can no more refrain
From gazing at thee, Dear,
Than turn this cup and gain
The wine I scatter here.

- 22 Of Wisdom and of Wit
Seek thou the company,
And rather than to sit
With fools, thy country flee.
The poison of the wise,
If offered to thee, drink;
The antidote despise
If fools tip off the wink.
- 23 My well beloved one
To me again is kind.
May all her days the sun,
As mine the shadows, find.
She gave me one bright smile,
A fleeting glance she gave,
Thinking, no doubt, the while
That straws the drowning save.
- 24 The Koran, which men name
The book of Holy Writ,
Grows musty in the fame
Of truths that laugh at it;
The while the verses of
The motto on my cup
Are luminous with love,
And sweet to those who sup.

Omar
Rez
sung

- 25 Count not yourselves too good
In putting by the wine,
And then in haughty mood
With greater evils dine.
True temperance is built
Upon a broader plan,
They only merit guilt
Who put aside the man.
- 26 Oh, would that I might drink
Of living truth so deep,
The tomb to which I sink
Grows fragrant with my sleep.
I may not know the plan
For which I was designed,
But let me waft o'er man
An Araby of mind.
- 27 Arise! Whatever power
Gave man ascendancy,
This is the place and hour
That he should freeman be.
Should man condemn the wight
Who does as he designed?
Can He condemn the light
He kindled in the mind?
- 28 Than some true heart—what more
On earth doth mortal need?
Say, what the stormless shore
Of any hope or creed,
If one call not his own
A friend who loves him well?
The heart that beats alone
Encircles all of hell.

Omar
Re:
sung

Destruction is thy scheme
Thou Juggernaut of Fate;
Alike the hope and dream,
The lowly and the great,
Thou crushest in thy path
As they were nothing worth,
Until, to please thy wrath,
One mighty tomb is earth.

30 When this green earth is gay
And bounding is the blood;
When suns with cheerful ray
This fair green earth do flood,
Let me with pleasant friends
This happy green earth roam,
Ere all of pleasure ends
In this green earth, our home.

31 Each morn at break of day
The busy world I meet,
While fast do run away
My dreams with lightsome feet;
Yet in the presence, Lord,
Of those forgetting Thee,
Let Thy uplifted Word
Still rear a home for me.

32 In every cup of pleasure
We find the rue of grief;
In every golden measure
Is found one bitter leaf;
And we can never fashion
A paradise so fair,
But some old friend of passion
Shall climb and haunt us there.

Omar
Rez
sung

33 Choose thou the middle ground
Whereon belief shall stand;
Deem not the Known as sound,
The Unknown merely sand;
So shall thy strength be such,
Whatever blast may fall,
Loss cannot harm thee much
Nor rob thee of thy all.

34 From those who never fail
To babble, turn aside;
E'en from the nightingale
Thy inmost secrets hide.
What hells, what heavens lie
In hearts that none may see;
What griefs, what joys go by
In masks, unceasingly.

35 Since Death doth come so soon
To shatter us like glass,
While yet it is the noon
Of youth, let baubles pass.
The world to us should be
A happy dwelling place,
And the proud soul stand free
In thought's great market-place.

36 Oh, long among the roses
I lingered deep in thought;
In all the garden closes
I found not that I sought—
The one and perfect Beauty
My soul desired to see;
Perchance, 'twas only Duty
That stirred the heart of me.

Omar
Re:
sung

- As bright quicksilver slips,
So runs this life away,
And all our many ships
Return no more for aye.
O Earth, thou cheating dream!
O Life, that trouble brings!
By what resplendent stream
May sorrow fold her wings?
- 38 The slaves of Love are we,
In whom we fondly trust,
Oh, happy sprites if he
Vouchsafe to us a crust.
Let others worship Fame,
Or any god they choose,
But I will kindle flame
To Love—and to the Muse.
- 39 Praise not the skies nor blame
For any weal or woe,
Since they unto the same
Eternal ocean flow
As that to which you tend;
The stars are merely dreams
That twinkle to their end
Adown what mystic streams!
- 40 Though with the morning's wings
Aspiring thought may fly,
The still elusive springs
Of life beyond us lie.
Subdued, chagrined, alone,
Again to earth we fall,
And in the little Known
Salute the sphinx of All.

Omar
Rez
bung

- 41 Oh, lost in love to-day,
And sundered from the chain
Of our gross selves, we may
That highest House attain
Wherein the soul, arrayed
In its celestial power,
May question, unafraid,
The Action and the Hour.
- 42 What Spirit in this wine
Gives music to my tongue?
What eloquence divine,
As I again were young?
Lo! miracles unmask
And visions of the Truth;
Within this cup doth bask,
I swear, Immortal Youth.
- 43 Each day is but a place
Where we may sleep and dine,
A bright and happy space
Wherein to sip our wine.
A few halts more and lo!
The desert everywhere;
And none returns to show
He sleeps not soundly there.
- 44 Behold the rose of dawn,
O Fountain of my bliss!
The purple night is gone
To other lands than this.
Awake thy lute with mirth
While life within us burns,
For once 'tis quenched to earth
Our day no more returns.

Omar
Re:
sung

Yea, in this crumbling tower
(Which is myself) do I,
Serene, await the hour
Wherein at last I die.
Thus am I free from fear,
From sorrow, hope, desire;
So rise above the sphere
Of earth, air, water, fire.

- 46 Unfaith from faith, untruth
From truth, belief from doubt—
A breath divides, forsooth,
The all we war about.
Why wrangle for an hour
Or waste a single breath,
Since breath's the only power
That keeps sweet life from death?
- 47 O most entrancing night!
Whereof the Moon is queen,
What kingdom of delight
Like this was ever seen?
How nightingales do sing
And fragrant zephyrs stir;
Come forth, my soul, and bring
Sweet, holy thoughts or her!
- 48 Now every blossom sips
The dew that twilight brings;
Why not unto my lips
The dew of sweeter springs?
Beloved, go not yet;
The hour is not at hand
When sleep bids us forget
The dreams of this fair land.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 49 O Thou who knowest all
The heart's inmost desires,
Rekindle ere I fall
My temple's altar fires;
Give me the strength to throw
The dross of life from me,
And let me plainly know
The paths that lead to Thee.
- 50 Upon the crumbled wall
Of once a city great,
I heard a raven call
Unto a skull of state:
O king! where art thou now,
And where thy glory flown?
What crown upon thy brow?
What trumpets for thee blown?
- 51 Oh, like unto the wind
That o'er the desert blows,
The days leave me behind
In Memnon-like repose.
No more I vex my soul
With unsubstantial things,
The moment gone, the dole
That any other brings.
- 52 The pearl of greatest price
Is mined where none may know;
And with a strange device
The perfect gem doth glow.
Thy riddle, Love, is such
The sphinx is left behind,
Since those who haunt thee much
Are blindest of the blind.

Omar
Re:
sung

This wisdom I consign
To you as nothing lacking:
No man doth put new wine
In pigskins old and cracking.
Not being young, I drink
A wine as old as I am,
So laugh at youth, to think
How it unseated Priam.

54 Inform me, O my Soul,
Why this poor house of clay
Was reared to be thy goal
For one such fleeting day?
What rest may here be found?
What happiness is here?
Depart, and let this ground
Return unto its sphere.

55 This is our day of pleasure,
Come, push the cup aside,
And from a larger measure
Pour down the ruby tide.
If working days we buy us
But cups of common girth,
Let double draughts supply us
On days of double mirth.

56 Few friends give me — or one;
Some David of the heart
To whom all pleasures run,
All sorrows are a part—
A sweet and genial soul
In whom repose to find,
An ever lofty goal
And solace to the mind.

Omar
Re:
sung

57 Since life such sorrow yields
And joy is on the wing,
Away to pleasant fields
For strength, while yet 'tis spring;
Say to the grasses green:
O Brothers! give me rest
Ere your sweet spikes be seen
Close set above my breast.

58 Proteus dwells within
The essence of the Grape,
And now resembles Sin
And now a peri's shape.
Think not that he is dead
Because he slumbers here;
He simply schemes instead
How he shall reappear.

59 I have no time for hate;
If men will be unjust,
I should dishonor Fate
To strike them to the dust.
Enough it is for me
To let the gods condemn;
My virtues—they must be
My triumphs over them.

60 Oh, come, let us disdain
The round of dismal cares,
And our sad hearts sustain
Through light and happy airs.
Where Merriment doth pour
His flagons to the brim—
There let our spirits soar
And drain the cup with him.

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Omar
Re:
sung

Puppets are we, it seems,
Amusing some great Power
Who in the play of *Dreams*
Requires us for an hour.
We are what things we are;
We act the part He gave,
And from this whirling star
The exit is the grave.

- 62 Mohammedan and Jew,
And Christian and the rest,
The same mirage pursue
In hoping to be blest;
Yet in the mind of him
Whose thought is ever free,
Is doubt that bodies dim
Attain much brilliancy.
- 63 I cannot tell thee, Dear,
The meaning of this Dream,
I only know that here
We drift upon a stream
That flows we know not where,
We have no clue from whence?
I know that thou art fair
And Love shall lead us hence.
- 64 That which we cannot know
Why waste the time to find?
So long as roses blow,
Why be to them so blind?
Enjoy the earth while here
And let the Future rest,
Nor seek another sphere
When this way be the best.

Omar
Re:
sung

65 Behold the God of Wine
With flagon and with cup!
Our souls are at his shrine,
The incense wreathing up.
What fragrance and what glow!
What rubies given us!
Such wealth makes care and woe
And want ridiculous.

66 Far as the morning flees
Has been my pathway, too,
And yet in realms and seas
I found me nothing new.
Man is the same, world o'er,
And nature, too, the same
As here upon this shore—
A shadow and a name.

67 Once in a dream a sage
Did come to me and say:
O Friend! why blot the page
By sleeping while 'tis day?
The dead alone may keep
Their couch without regret;
The Rose of Joy, in sleep,
Has never blossomed yet.

68 Seek ever what is fair,
Drink ever what is sweet,
And tread the dust of care
Beneath your merry feet.
Why sue for pardon here
For quaffing joy so brief?
The gods in their own sphere
Love Laughter more than Grief.

Omar
Re:
sung

If life to us were plain
And death an open book,
We might not strive to gain
The heights for which we look,
But, leaving all to God,
By Him be counted nought,
Or what the barren sod
Of weedy rubbish wrought.

70 Though heaven and earth should fall,
And stars show not their faces,
My soul would still invade
Some still undreamed of spaces.
Somewhere a light would shine
To which I should be fleeing,
To find that there my dream
Oh, long had lost its being.

71 Farewell to Ramazan!
The hour of mirth is come;
Roll up old Alkoran
And be no longer dumb.
Let maids bring forth the wine
And sing and dance and play;
The very grass shall shine
With ruby dew to-day!

72 Although I have not strung
The pearls of His decrees,
Still sails my ship among
The islands of His seas.
What wrath can we assail?
Of mercy why despair?
I have not worshipped Baal
Nor harried Thee with prayer.

Omar
Ker
sung

- 73 Oh, once this jar of rose
Was beautiful with life,
A lovely maid—who knows?
Perchance a bride and wife.
That handle was her arm
About some neck that clung
With true affection warm,
When this old world was young.
- 74 Beat not at every gate
For refuge from thy grief,
But patient be and wait,
Since life at best is brief.
What Destiny decrees
Shall be thy lot and mine—
No more, no less, we seize
Of shadow or of shine.
- 75 Twilights and dawns and noons
Ere we were born did bloom,
And many, many moons
Invest the fragrant gloom.
Be careful, therefore, where
Your idle footsteps tread;
The very dust is fair
With beauty that is dead.
- 76 This day may be the last
That Life shall dwell with thee,
Since he doth journey fast
In his far home to be.
Waste not the time in sleep
The while he is thy guest;
Thy house in order keep
And soothe him with the best.

Omar
Re:
sung

The future? 'Tis not mine;
The past? A dream's device.
To-morrow's sun may shine
Upon thy brow of ice.
The present moment, then,
Is leased unto our needs,
Wherein we fare with men
And do our little deeds.

- 78 Kaabas and temples rise,
And countless gods are sought,
And under many skies
Are many wonders wrought;
And yet all lovely things,
Wherever shines the sun,
Are the uplifting wings
Whereby we soar to One.
- 79 Let not thy cheek grow wan
With thoughts of future woe;
Serenely journey on,
Nor fear the common foe.
Thy cup of earthly bliss,
As Heaven intended, drain;
The ghosts of joys we miss
Are hollow-eyed as Cain.
- 80 The hearth is cleanly swept,
Our souls, my Dear, at peace;
And every clause is kept
Of Love's immortal lease;
Forgotten every woe
The world was wont to bring;
Forgiven every foe
And healed his every sting.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 81 Of what avail is prayer
If that the heart be proud?
Vain words are but as air
Or pockets in a shroud.
Sincerity that springs
From souls devoid of guile,
Is mightier than kings
To win fair Heaven's smile.
- 82 Put not on the raiment
The hypocrite doth wear,
Nor, once outside the tent,
Make loud and vacant prayer.
Such faults the gods despise,
And Heaven from such is free;
Vast hell itself denies
It holds hypocrisy.
- 83 Circles of nothingness
Are set to our account,
The fraction growing less
The higher we do mount.
Man's knowledge is but nought,
His wisdom vain as dreams,
The subsidies of thought
But evanescent gleams.
- 84 Unsatisfied desire
And hopes no time may fill,
Burn in me like to fire
And waste away my will.
What ashes men become
To please the sphinx in Thee,
Beneath what Heavens dumb,
Demanding love from me!

Omar
Re:
sung

- Since earth can only give
A few bright days to thee,
O Poet, freely live
And sip the sweets that be.
The end is nothingness,
And short this mundane way;
Act promptly and possess,
And while you live be gay.
- 86 Oh, long ago the Book
Of Heaven was writ and sealed,
And none therein may look
And nothing be revealed;
With dreams and emptiness
We fill the jar of day,
The while we strangely guess
What boots the part we play.
- 87 In some most humble cot
I rather dwell with thee
Than where I saw thee not
An envied king to be.
This, then, shall be my creed,
Come whatsoever may:
Love only shall me lead
And thou light up the way.
- 88 The riddle of the Sphinx
Is knowledge hid in thee,
And yet what mortal drinks
The draught he cannot see?
If thought might dig so deep
As lie its crystal springs,
The riddle would not keep—
Nor Hope fold up her wings.

Omar
Rez
sung

- 89 Resign thyself to Fate,
No other ruse avails;
He who learns not to wait,
In every project fails.
And if in waiting long
Death find thee ere Success,
Remember, to be strong
Is most of happiness.
- 90 Who loves you, he is kin;
If your own kith betray,
Let them be strangers in
This drama of a day.
If poison cures you, drink;
If antidotes work ill,
Reject them, and so think
That thinking shall not kill.
- 91 Lo! spring is come, and now
From bondage of the cold
Is led each happy bough—
As Moses led of old.
What lands of promise loom
In all these blossoms white,
Where, later, there shall bloom
What fruitage of the light!
- 92 Long have I been of wine
A singing devotee,
Yet made it thrall supine
To sweet Philosophy.
And therefore is the Grape
The subject of my will;
I snare me and escape,
And am the master still.

Omar
Re:
sung

Oh, grieve no more, nor strive,
To lose or gain thee gold;
The bee unto his hive
Lugs more than he can hold.
Why gather so much wealth
That others may be drones,
To laugh at thee in stealth
And fatten on thy groans?

- 94 Since it is ever plain
From this clay house we flee,
The joys we may not gain
Why seek so eagerly?
The Soul is Lord Divine?
And it alone will grieve
If dross I claim as mine
And life's good treasure leave.
- 95 Whose eyes but melt in rains
When you are absent, Dear?
Whose soul sits not in chains
Until you reappear?
Whose heart that does not bleed
As though it exiled were?
And yet you pay no heed
To any worshipper.
- 96 If they who never sin
But cast at us the stone,
We shall not gather in
Enough of scars to own.
Let hypocrites beware
Lest Virtue them indite;
Sometimes the noonday fair,
Inside, are blackest night.

Omar
Rez
sung

- 97 All joy is incomplete
That is alone employed,
But, oh, how more than sweet
When sharefully enjoyed.
The whole of life is not
In simply drawing breath,
But being well forgot
When we lie cold in death.
- 98 The bridge from birth to death
Is but a hair's breadth wide,
And rocks with every breath
Above a darksome tide.
The soul is but a Dream
That ever urges "On";
Uprises that black stream,
And lo! the world is gone.
- 99 Pale Death in this world's gear
Makes all men poor and mean,
Therefore in thy career
Build up the soul's demesne;
From passion free and dross
Enrich thy heart and mind,
So, dying, leave not loss
But gain of thee behind.
- 100 I cannot think that He
Who made this cup will break,
Unless, perchance, there be
A better for my sake.
These lovely faces fade?
Such is the Great Design;
In bowing to the Shade
I worship the Divine.

Omar
Re:
sung

Through drunkenness of earth
This dread of death doth come;
A tree of no true worth
Alone bears fruit so dumb.
But that immortal Tree
Which doth the soul sustain
Still bursts to bloom for thee,
And its sweet fruit doth rain.

102 The tulip her bright cup—
Refound in this new year—
To the glad sun holds up
A great symbol of good cheer.
Therefore with Beauty dwell
And quaff the wine of spring,
Brooks laugh, birds sing, buds swell
And Joy is on the wing.

103 One drop of wine is more
Than many kingdoms dead,
The jar from which we pour
Than hearts encased in lead.
A thousand coins of gold
Quench not the fires of thirst;
Bring me a vintage old
And I will crown it first.

104 Grieve not when I am dead,
But, gathered 'round my tomb,
Rejoice with me instead,
And scatter fragment bloom.
Alive, I wake no tear;
In death be it the same;
I still would bring you cheer
When I am but a name.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 105 No shield against the thrust
Of Fate's sharp spear is found;
Glory and gold, and lust
Of fame fall to the ground.
Greatness? Only the good
Are great, since they,
Through honest hardihood,
Last longest in the fray.
- 106 I set my heart to find
The Land of Happiness,
And many realms declined
As lacking might to bless.
Care guarded every gate
And Want within was pale;
The more I fled from Fate
The more I seemed to fail.
- 107 Forgive me, O my Soul,
If at thy feet I lay
The trophies of the goal
Of this proud bit of clay.
That they are vain I fear,
And better unbestowed,
Yet thou didst journey here
And made me thy abode.
- 108 Who keeps his heart content,
Ah, he is the Lord of Peace,
To whom all joys are sent,
Whose kingdom shall not cease.
Tranquility of mind,
Delicious sleeps he knows,
Twin rubies man may find
Not where the Miser goes.

Omar
Re:
sung

To drink wine, to be gay—
This is my scheme of life,
Besides no heed to pay
To creeds that bring but strife.
I said unto the Bride:
“What is thy portion, Sweet?”
She said: “When at thy side
Thy happy look I meet.”

- 110 These millions of the light!
How soon to sleep in death,
Where no stars shine, in night
Where stirs no balmy breath,
In earth serene and dumb,
With silence old as time.
Bid Pleasure, therefore, come
And weave her laughing rhyme.
- 111 Unrest and sorrow haunt
My heart both night and day
To think that pale and gaunt
A Ghost pursues my way.
I may not bar his path,
He journeys where I go;
In thrall my life he hath
And fills my cup with woe.
- 112 When He this seed did sow
He knew what fruit 'twould bear;
He chose the soil to grow
And set His limits there.
Ehe harvest He shall reap
Is that which He desires;
Good grain His bins may heap
Or rubbish feed His fires.

Omar
Re:
sung

113 What time I leaned to prayer
And pangs of fasting knew,
Methought 'twas mine to share
Of heaven: I dreamed of you.
Oh, penitential tears,
Oh, high resolves for good,
How heaven disappears
In things misunderstood!

114 Fair faces inspire me
Like the Maid of the Vine;
Let Beauty but fire me
And the song is divine.
What beacons unlighted
But await the bright spark,
To lead the benighted
From the sorrow of dark!

115 As men who cannot know
The why that they are here,
The Potter's ware, arow,
I heard conversing clear:
Where is the Potter? Where
The buyer? Where is he
Who sells? And why this air
Of chance and mystery?

116 What worthiness is mine
The Master Potter knows;
He fashioned me, in fine,
And why doth not disclose.
Betimes, He shall me break;
Betimes, His hand remould—
So long as dawns shall wake
And earth her orbit hold.

Omar
Re:
sung

Said Youth to tipsy Age:
"Old man dost thou not fear
To stain thy final page,
And lo! the end so near?"
Said Age: "This book of mine
In merriment was writ,
And not with tears, but wine,
I'll drench the end of it."

- 118 A thousand wines there be,
And many my muse sings:
I cannot judge for thee
Nor give thy soul its wings.
Choose for thyself, and soar
Or hobble on the ground;
The gods presume no more
Than point to the Profound.
- 119 Yea, passion is the voice
Of our brute natures still;
We fox-like are from choice—
A wolf that seeks his fill—
The tiger without heart
And prowling for his prey—
An ass that plays his part—
A dog that loves to bay.
- 120 Who sent thee, Sweet, to me,
Oh, radiant as the dawn?
What Thought awakened thee
That hither thou wast drawn?
Alas! how on the wind
Our roses bright depart!
What thorns are left behind
To pierce and pain the heart!

121 The lamp of love which Heaven
Hath set in every heart
Is as a star that's given
To play its brilliant part.
What creed can dim its light
Or add unto its ray?
It is the soul of night
And in itself is day.

Omar
Rez
sung

122 More dear than in the strife
Are arrows, bow and spear—
More dear to me than life,
An hundred times more dear,
Art thou, Beloved One,
All loveliness and light—
My soul, my saint, my sun,
My everything that's bright!

123 How fair the fringes green
Along this laughing stream,
A picture that is seen
More often in a dream.
Oh, do not crush this bloom,
In God's own gardens made,
Sent hither that the gloom
A little season fade.

124 Care and cark, cark and care,
Such—such is man's refrain.
Laughter? Dead. Tears? To spare.
The king? The king is Pain.
On shoal and reef and bar,
The only pilot blind,
Sans compass, chart and star,
What harbor shall we find?
f

Omar
Re:
sung

- When at Death's feet I fall
And lie unstripped of gear,
Old Earth reclaiming all
She loaned my spirit here,
I pray thee take my clay
And shape for wine a cup;
The Soul that is away
May come again to sup.
- 226 Make lawful one of all
The wishes we express—
To tread the golden ball
Of Love, and love possess,
Since there, perchance, we may
The royal jewel find
In whose impartial ray
The blind no more are blind.
- 127 Since this short dream must fade,
Let me be happy now.
For what was pleasure made?
To be enjoyed, I vow.
This Eden is forbid?
Then let me turn aside
And those dear regions thrid
Where Freedom doth abide.
- 128 They who deserve the least
Too often gain the prize,
While Beauty weds the Beast
And Virtue, throttled, dies.
Injustice rules; the throne
Is founded deep on greed;
True kings are serfs unknown
With but the boon to bleed.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 129 Ho! a cup of good wine,
Not a kingdom, give me.
To the King of the Vine
My allegiance shall be.
Just a smile from his lips
Is both honor and might,
And the moment that slips
Is a jewel of light.
- 130 'Tis not for riot's sake,
Nor that the good I shun,
That of the cup I make
A friend, beloved one;
Oh, no; but that in wine
I from myself may flee,
And for an hour divine
Dream thou art kind to me.
- 131 They say there is a hell.
Forsooth, how can there be?
Romancers, please to tell
Consistent tales to me.
Why, if there were such place
For what was heaven planned?
To be a vacant space
As this my hollow hand.
- 132 Appoint no time for prayer
Nor set a day aside;
Buds bloom, leaves fall, 'tis fair,
'Tis foul, and moves the tide
And runs the wind, all days.
Think not upon the art,
But what is Good go praise
With an unceasing heart.

Omar
Re:
sung

What need of Paradise
If mercy were not Thine?
For all do sin and rise
But through Thy grace divine.
What need of hell is there
If Thou hast mercy, Lord?
Thou art impartial, fair,
The Soul of Sweet Accord.

- 134 Put wisdom by to-day
And take the cup in hand,
Nor build thee dreams away
That none can understand.
Go, sell thy silken gear
And buy thee cups of mirth,
The soul cares not to hear
Thou art a lord of earth.
- 135 This month the Prophet's is.
Perchance, 'tis well 'tis so;
Therefore I'll forfeit bliss—
Until my roses blow.
'Tis well, perhaps, sometimes
Sweet Pleasure's kiss to spurn,
That we with new-made rhymes
May herald her return.
- 136 To the sound of the flute
And the harp's golden voice,
Drink the blood of the fruit
From the vine of thy choice.
Pour a drop on the ground
That it never be vexed,
While the heart gives a bound
As it sighs for the next.

Omar
Rez
sung

- 137 My merits one by one,
My faults by tens, I count;
Yet He doth set His sun,
His rains to my account.
Feed not the fires of hate
With passion of the sod,
Nor mount unto His gate
With less than love for God.
- 138 I seek Thy love alone,
Subscribing to no creed,
The countless sects unknown—
To me are but as weeds.
The pomp and sounding phrase
Seem but impeding mire
Along the thorny ways
That lead to my desire.
- 139 When the full cup doth glimmer
With the blood-tingling wine,
Lo! the life seems to shimmer
Of some spirit divine.
Oh, the churlish ones banish
From a comrade so bright,
That the shades of woe vanish
And Hope come with the light.
- 140 This old caravanserai,
This world of shade and light,
Is but the ruin gray
Of many Jamshids' might,
A tomb where pillowed deep
An hundred Bahrams lie,
Where yet unto their sleep
Ten thousand yet shall fly.

Omar
Re:
sung

If roses fade and fall,
Do not the thorns remain?
The year cannot recall
The sad delights of pain.
Though priest and temple go,
The Lord will love his own;
They shall His mercy know
As they have ever known.

- 142 That I may them enjoy,
The wine and dancers bring,
And may no clouds annoy
The morning of my spring.
O maidens fair, and song,
And flagons of good wine!
The time may not be long
But it shall be divine.
- 143 The shuttle of the skies
That weaves the worlds untold
Forgets me as it flies
And strips me to the cold,
While my good weaver-friend
Doth make his shuttle speed
My sorry lot to mend
Against the winter's need.
- 144 Vex not thy heart with care
Nor let the mind grow sad;
They only find Despair
Who will not to be glad.
Still there are lutes to hear,
Still there is wine for thee;
Go, listen, drink, nor fear
To seek Felicity.

Omar
Rez
sung

- 145 Riches? A bubble vain
The winds may blow aside,
A nothing that we gain
Through that great nothing, Pride.
The Torch of Joy am I,
Or Jamshid's crystal cup;
Or quenched or broken, why
Should I be lifted up?
- 146 Arise and greet the Dawn!
Drink, heart, and happy be,
For soon thou shalt be gone
That now her face may see.
And she all mornings, heart,
Shall blush thy tomb above—
When thou hast played thy part
And lived thy little love.
- 147 If Heaven bread denies
Am I not prompt for war?
Where Honor's banner flies
There my good forces are.
Eternal shame were mine
Did I but think to fail,
And in Thy sight divine
Discard my spear and mail.
- 148 What matters it if life
Or sweet or bitter be?
Time flies so fast, the strife
Not long can worry thee.
Whether at Babylon
Or Naishapur we die,
The moon, still rolling on,
Shall silver either sky.

Omar
Re:
sung

To-day while Fortune's rose
Is scenting every gale,
Why on a sea of woes
Keep tightly furled the sail?
Now, while the wind is right,
Set all thy canvas free;
Away, into the light
Of Opportunity!

150 The month of Ramazan
Is dawning in the east;
The days of mirth are gone
And every happy feast.
The wine, upmuffled, waits;
Bright eyes but haunt in vain.
Farewell to love; the gates
Of Pleasure shut amain.

151 The palace where of old
Great Bahram's feasts were spread
Is but a ruin cold
Where lordly lions tread.
Yea, he who snared his game,
By Death was snared in turn,
And all that's left—a name,
Half-vanished, on an urn.

152 Into this whirl of life
Too late we came, since we
Are baffled in the strife;
Hence this satiety.
If hope no fruit may yield
What are its blossoms worth?
Better a fallow field
Than thus to cumber earth.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 153 While of this earth let me
No future demon fear;
Bring forth Felicity
And I will wed her here.
If she in Aftermath
Be kept from me apart,
I'll wander in her path
And somewhat ease the smart.
- 154 Yea, that these cheeks may glow
And that these eyes may shine,
Companions, let me know
The comradeship of wine.
With wine, wine, I charge you,
Well drench me when I die
And from the vine-roots hew
The palace where I lie.
- 155 A draught of wine is more
Than Jamshid's golden state,
Its perfume's happy store
Than Hatim's gifts more great.
The sigh that wine may bring
Is sweeter than the mirth
Of kings; oh, therefore cling
To that of magic worth.
- 156 Clouds gather in the skies,
Down comes the merry rain;
The dry earth drinks; likewise
Let me the goblet drain.
Green grow the grass and flowers
On hillside, plain and tomb;
Ah, who will love the showers
That coax our dust to bloom?
- g

Omar
Re:
sung

Let not the world deceive,
Since its pursuits are vain,
Nor with the fawner leave
Thy treasury of grain.
Improve thy time in strife
Of lofty deeds and aims,
Upholding Truth with life—
The rest is Death's and Fame's.

- 158 The love I offer, Dear,
Is ready for the test;
What comes I shall not fear,
So thou dost think it best.
Whatever pain or grief
Thou givest me to bear,
This life were all too brief—
Or thou too-wondrous fair.
- 159 Oh, heart, my heart, this gear,
This pomp, is but a dream;
Why, striving, journey here
Against the rushing stream?
Let Fate decide thy path—
She will. What grief, what gold,
What joy for thee she hath,
E'en she cannot withhold.
- 160 What tidings from beyond?
Has one returned to tell?
Oh, hope of hopes, too fond
Are we on dreams to dwell.
Grieve not; the way is long,
An endless journey, Sweet,
Yet in the Path of Song
The circle grows complete.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 161 Each day that comes and goes
From life requires a fee
Until at last doth close
The world's account with thee.
Then gayly pay thy debt
As thou wert lord of more;
Time scorns, nor has regret,
For misers and their store.
- 162 Monarchs like trees do fall,
And we like spears of grass;
Nought heeds the lonesome call
Of those who bloom and pass.
Then why, when suns do shine,
Should we refuse the light?
In water as in wine
Is sown the seed of night.
- 163 One with another day—
Forsooth, there's none in which
My heart forgets to say:
In life am I not rich?
All days to me are one
With threads of brightness wove,
And all are of the sun
In this sweet woof of love.
- 164 This flesh is chaff, yon space
Of seven heavens wrought,
Is nothing more, the grace
Of this short life is nought.
Grasp while you may Delight,
An unsubstantial thing,
And yet a merry wight—
A Nothing on the wing.

Omar
Re:
sung

Life is a caravan
That passes like a dream,
A faint mirage, O man,
The shimmer of a beam.
Grieve not the while you last,
Nor unborn morrows fear,
For soon the hour is past
Wherein you tarried here.

166 Old Age did I behold
Forth stagger through the door;
His prayer-mat loosely rolled
He on his shoulder bore,
A flagon in his hand.
Quoth I: "How hast thou sinned!"
"Drink wine, and understand,"
Said he, "that earth is wind."

167 A nightingale divine
Into my garden flew,
And saw my cup of wine
And saw my roses, too.
Then sang she in my ear:
"Enjoy the sweets that be,
For soon the busy year
Will scatter thine and thee."

168 He who the Universe
And its foundations wrought,
Beset me with a curse
And stung me with a thought.
What ruby lips to earth,
What hearts to dust He dooms!
Yea, we are but the girth
Of all down-trodden blooms.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 169 Yea, like unto a tent
Is this frail house of clay
Wherein the Soul is pent
And sultan for a day.
The monarch journeys forth,
When lo! the slave of Doom
Strikes tent, and its proud worth
Is raised again—for whom?
- 170 Poured from the hand of Heaven
Love exalteth every heart,
And like a precious leaven
Doth sweeten every smart.
Love is a shield, a spear—
Defense, and weapon too—
Wherewith to stay old Fear
Or win a kingdom new.
- 171 When the wind and the sun
Have expanded the rose,
And the violet won
From her dusky repose,
Lo! the vine burgeons too,
And the grape is a bud
That is storing a dew
That shall quicken our blood.
- 172 The good know not how sweet
God's mercy is to men,
But they with bleeding feet
Who ask and ask again.
Thou sayest, "Hell is mine;"
Forsooth thy light is dim;
This estimate of thine
Precludes thy love for Him.

Omar
Ker-
sung

O Heart, bewildered guest
Of this frail house of clay,
Be not with grief oppressed;
The world is thine to-day.
Joy, Mirth and Song invite
Thy laughing friends to be,
For soon descends the night
That stills thy house and thee.

- 174 How sweet is Iram's lute
When Genius lightly plays,
And Joy, no longer mute,
Awakes a song of praise.
Much of the world I know
And most of it is dross,
But when bright numbers flow
Who thinks upon his loss!
- 175 Old Time, whose gifts like rain
Upon the unjust fall,
As on the just, gives pain
And joy to one and all.
This garden of mankind
Shows me a blighted rose,
A bud the angry wind
Can beat but not uncloze.
- 176 Khayyam, who sewed the tents
Of learning for his friends,
Perforce is hurried hence
When his thread breaks or ends.
The world, impatient, cold,
Thrusts him beyond its door,
As for a song is sold
The slave that serves no more.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 177 With the bright and the fair
In the gardens of spring,
Let us bury Despair
With the pomp of a king.
Let us laugh by his tomb,
Let us drink, let us sing,
Let us hide him with bloom
In the gardens of spring!
- 178 Sweet, oh, sweet is the wine
In a cup that is fair,
With a music divine
Wafted over it there.
Let the wise if they will
Go enlist in the strife,
But, oh, bring to me still
Just the roses of life!
- 179 Let beauty be thy aim
And sweet Simplicity,
And in their golden fame
Thy steadfast beacon see.
Fear not, if thou art wise,
A darker realm than this;
No need of paradise,
Here is enough of bliss.
- 180 This tenement of clay
The Soul soon wearies of
And from it turns away
To haunts it more doth love.
But while these walls of life
The stranger guest contain,
Let them with song be rife
Lest he not long remain.

Omar
Re:
sung

Unto the mosque my feet
By Duty's call are led,
But not alone is sweet
What her stern lips have said,
Since yet a dearer voice
Doth echo in my heart
And bids my soul rejoice
Long after I depart.

- 182 Wine is the earth's red blood,
And since the earth us kills,
Let us pour down a flood
From him who our blood spills.
Oh, limpid, sweet and pure,
Tinted and tinct with rose,
There is no better cure
Than wine for this world's woes.
- 183 At dawning, from the inn
There came a voice, "Arise,
And fill each cannikin
With liquid paradise.
Ye tavern-haunters, up
Before old Fate doth come
To fill your being's cup
With that which strikes you dumb."
- 184 To the radiant pearls
That enchant us and thrill—
To the beautiful girls
That enslave us at will,
Drink the blood of the grape,
Sing a song of good cheer,
Lest the tyrants escape
And our chains disappear!

Omar
Re:
sung

185 When the roses appear,
Let the flute's mellow note
And the harp's golden cheer
Through the gay gardens float,
While a rose-colored wine
From the flagons is poured—
That the season divine
Be divinely adored.

186 When the splendor is fled
From the heart of the rose,
When the fragrance is dead
Where violets repose,
Then the heart of my King
My repentance will scorn,
And my soul turn her wing
From the ramparts of Morn.

187 My soul and I, forsooth,
As a compasses seem,
One point affixed to truth,
One circling in a dream.
Yet soon shall come the hour
When we move side by side,
When both shall know the Power
That bade them once divide.

188 Not knowing whence we came,
Not knowing where we go,
Not knowing why the flame
Within us rages so,
What wonder that our fate
Seems something kin to dust?
No trumpet speaks, no gate
Appears, and all things rust.
h

Omar
Re:
sung

- My heart is filled with sin.
O Lord, where is Thy light?
So blind am I that in
This world I gather night.
Thou madest me to be;
Thou owest me a debt,
Which if Thou payest me
I may be happy yet.
- 190 Of death I have no fear
Since death is but a truth
And truth is but a sphere
Of an immortal youth.
My fear alone shall be
That I so mix with dross
My soul, when it goes free,
Be not the sign of loss.
- 191 The leafy crown of fame,
The unsought and the sought,
The kingship and the game
Of empire—these are nought
To one sweet song I hear
By one sweet maiden sung—
My flute-girl's voice so clear
My garden blooms among.
- 192 When from this earth the tree
That now is I is torn,
Let them from mould of me
Make cups, nor grow forlorn,
But fill each one with wine
And drain and fill again;
So may this dust of mine
Give pleasure unto men.

Omar
Re:
sung

193 Our sin concerns not Thee,
Thou fashioned it, forsooth,
That men might clearly see
How good, how bright is truth.
If from the higher path
And from the Light we stray,
The Whirlwind and the Wrath
Are but the price we pay.

194 Let us forget today,
Nor of tomorrow think;
This hour—the while we may—
Let us of pleasure drink.
Tomorrow we shall sleep
The dumb and dusty peers
Of all the dead who keep
The world's upswallowed years.

195 What glory, Earth, is gained
By our sojourning here?
The greatest that have reigned
In darkness disappear.
Say, what am I to Thee?
Mine ears have never heard.
Is immortality
A fact, or just a word?

196 Eternal Wisdom, Thou
Who numbereth every hair,
And settest on man's brow
Thy signet proud and fair,
How may we think to move
Through life, deceiving Thee,
Returning for Thy love
A rank hypocrisy?

Omar
Re:
sung

Good Ramazan is gone,
The saint of all the year.
Behold, the rosy dawn
Of Merriment is here!
On Wisdom's cheek divine
The flagon breeds a mole,
Yet there are wings in wine
For every weary soul.

198 The wisdom hid in wine,
The knowledge and the might,
Like jewels in a mine
Not in the rough are bright,
But when digged up and wrought
And held in some strong ray
They sparkle, thought on thought,
And dazzle day with day.

199 There is mirth in the grape
And happiness astir
When its juices escape
For the gay vintager.
To Sorrow fling the gage;
When eyes like a flower
Lend their charm to the page
Why look for the shower?

200 What then is merit, pray,
If at the final hour
The knave turns white as day
Through some absolving power?
If justice is not here,
I see no reason plain
Why in some other sphere
Injustice may not reign.

Omar
Re:
sung

201 While you may, lift your voice
In the nightingale's choir,
With the wine of your choice
Fill the cup of desire.
There's a song in the tide
Of the grape as it flows,
And a kiss for the bride
That is sweet as the rose.

202 I covet not, therefore
Am I released from debt—
From him who sighs for more,
From Envy and Regret.
Of one alone let me
Be jealous as a king,
So may my soul be free
To give Him everything.

203 I pray thee, Wheel of Heaven,
Release me from thy spite,
Since not to me is given
To wander in thy light.
Thy favors fall on fools
The while the wise want food;
Thou teachest in thy schools
The dunces are the good.

204 If wine in Paradise
The faithful soul may drink,
Why is it in His eyes
So gross of it to think?
An Arab, deep in wine,
His faithful camel slew,
Therefore the Seer divine
The right to wine withdrew.

Omar
Re:
sung

Of past delights no more
Than memory remains,
Yet what a dreamful store
Of ever-blooming grains!
The happy mind may still
Its joy in others sow,
As last year's grape doth fill
Our cup with ruby glow.

- 206 In this mad world of dreams
Make haste to gather bloom,
And like the laughing streams
ForeSTALL the day of doom.
Oh, not through sorrow, Dear,
The realm of Truth is found,
But where the gay appear
Is her immortal ground.
- 207 My love its topmost flame
Has reached, and can no more,
As souls that love His name
To His high heaven soar.
Thy beauty gladdens me;
Thy virtues are so bright
I can but worship Thee
As roses do the light.
- 208 Let happiness increase
In this old world of woe
Until the song of Peace
Its every heart shall know.
Confusion, fire and death
To all who Joy forbid,
Since in his healing breath
The spring of Truth is hid.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 209 Thou miser, mark me well,
No good art thou on earth,
Immured in narrow cell
And high arch-fiend of Mirth.
Yea, worse than this thou art,
A vampire to the race
That suckest from the heart
What thou canst not replace.
- 210 When we are gone with Death,
How long the world will move,
And never any breath
To whisper of our love.
The ages ere we came
Were not devoid of light,
Nor those to come our fame
Shall need to make them bright.
- 211 How long wilt thou seek out
The vanities of earth?
How long vex thee about
Things evil or of worth?
Wert thou the fount of youth
Or one of Heaven's springs
Thou couldst not sweeten Truth
Nor soil her spotless wings.
- 212 Within Life's book our name
The hand of nature sets,
Which having done, the same
Hand blots, and soon forgets.
Thou bearer of the cup,
Bring ruby wine to me;
Since earth must swallow up
Let my earth happy be.

Omar
Re:
sung

Each day is poison-tinct,
Since day by day we die;
Therefore, let me be linked
With Mirth as time goes by;
Within my cup a draught
That's antidote to woe,
Which, when I have quaffed,
Shall cheer the path I go.

214 Behold the sects that think
The world with them must kneel,
Or into Darkness sink
And Allah's anger feel.
Vex not thy mind, O friend;
The path of right is thine,
Which, well pursued, doth end
Not far from the Divine.

215 Grief is a constant guest,
But we must summer Joy
And make within the breast
A bright nook for the boy,
Else he depart full soon;
He loveth not the shades,
But revels in the noon
And wearies when it fades.

216 Arise, and let the sun
Into thy clouded heart,
Before the day is done
And night takes up her part.
Oh, dream no more; awake,
And cast thy fear aside,
And this glad Morning take
To be thy rosy bride.

Omar
Rez
sung

- 217 A bitter war I wage
With giant Sin, forsooth,
Yet I unto his rage
Am but a pigmy truth.
I weaken in the fight;
My heart grows sick in me
To think that in Thy sight
I am so churl to Thee.
- 218 They who for foolish gain
Have set the truth aside
And worship but the vain
And nurse their souls on pride,
Make up the noughts of time
That hedge with hollow shame
The sun of the Sublime
And flaunt its golden fame.
- 219 When the steeds of the stars
Were first bridled on high,
And the planets their cars
Hurried first through the sky,
From the Throne of the All
Went the thought of our path;
If a soul rise or fall—
In His plan thus He hath.
- 220 Oh, that I might withdraw
From this vain world, and rest,
Or, reading right the Law,
Give peace unto my breast.
Nor this nor that, it seems,
Is given us to do,
But strife, and hope, and dreams
With glimpses of the true.

Omar
Re:
sung

Woe's me for that which slips
Away of golden worth;
Woe's me! the sweetest lips
Must kiss the sodden earth.
Woe's me that they come not
Who once have gone away,
To tell if love's forgot
Or hath a brighter day.

222 Since once this earth was drowned.
Oh, ages long ago,
Come, send the flagon round
And let the nectar flow;
'Tis ours to silence Grief
In this rose-colored tide,
And find the olive leaf
That this dark sea doth hide.

223 Alas! our youth decays,
The spring of youth goes by,
The bird of April days
Flecks not our winter sky,
Nor comes again to sing
On our forsaken shore,
While earth renews her spring
From an eternal store.

224 Make level with the earth
The tomb wherein I lie,
That no rude shock to mirth
May come when she goes by.
So let me sleep, forgot,
Except some song I sing,
Like a forget-me-not,
In her remembrance spring.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 225 The Captain Ruby bring
And throne it in the light,
And our beloved king,
The prince of men, invite;
And since all dwellers here
So soon inhabit dust,
Bring hither wine as clear
As he is good and just.
- 226 Oh, Thou whom all desire
Yet whom no heart may find,
Still keep alive the fire
Of incense in the mind.
That we are deaf to Thee,
That we are blind, we feel,
Yet wheresoe'er we be,
Protect us, Lord, and heal.
- 227 Why frown upon thy fate?
Oh, rather with a smile
Go meet her at the gate
And laugh with her the while.
Let every moment be
A little dream of bliss,
Which, as it flies from thee,
Takes hence a loving kiss.
- 228 O cyprus-slender maid
And tinted like a flower,
Ere all thy beauty fade,
Enjoy thy little hour.
Pluck the bright blossoms now,
Ere they begin to fall,
Or round about thy brow
The wild winds whirl them all.

Omar
Res
sung

Oh, proud and tyrant Wheel
That rollest through the sky,
Unanswering our zeal
And making men to die,
Thou heedest not our pain,
But where its seat is found
With double weight amain
Thou pressest on the wound.

- 230 This great dome of the sky,
And under which we move
Like shadows till we die
And lose the dreams we love,
Is but a lantern small,
Wherein the sun is light,
Hung in some nook of All
Shall also have its night.
- 231 Shadows and phantasms
Make up this world so strange
And all its peaks and chasms
Are but its fields of change.
Lose not thyself in fear;
Thou canst not miss the light,
Nor time, nor tide uprear
A hand against thy right.
- 232 Sweet daughters of the vine
Bring hither of your store,
The rosy-colored wine
That cheers me more and more.
Too short the time, O maids,
We dwell with thee and Mirth,
But long among the shades
Are we with Mother Earth.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 233 For every cup of pleasure
There is a cup of rue,
For every happy measure
A rhyme of sorrow, too.
Still, let us live and drink,
Still, let us live and sing;
We know not on the brink
What our last day may bring.
- 234 Oh, that the sons of Greed
Were not the lords of gold,
That Worth were prince indeed
And master of the fold,
How many hearts that bleed
Might laugh and leap in glee—
No longer slaves to Need
But free among the free.
- 235 O bard that findest Fate
Hast closed her tents to thee
And therefore ceased debate
This side Eternity,
A brother to the stone
And almoner to Pain
Remember not alone
Thou knockest, and in vain.
- 236 The day wherein that I
Am to myself unknown—
No more a passer-by,
A myth unto mine own—
Mixed with the All again,
Hope that I may renew
Myself, and be to men
More helpful and more true.

Omar
Re:
sung

Thy hand, O Lord, didst sow;
I am what thou didst will;
What tares, what wheat shall grow
The Reaper reapeth still.
How can I change Thy way?
How can I set at nought
What since the primal day
Wast written in thy thought?

- 238 These high and mighty lords,
Beset by care and grief,
The same as all the hordes
Of this small life and brief,
Still frown and view with scorn
Their brothers of the dust
Who happen to be born
To lesser rounds of lust.
- 239 Behold, the bard is fled
And the sad season sighs,
And the last rose is dead
Where the old poet lies.
Oh, the pearls they were few
The cold world cared to thrud,
And the throng never knew
What his rich bosom hid.
- 240 With some fast friend to sit,
Or wander through the grove;
To sound the sea of wit,
To taste the sweets of love,
Say, what hath life more good
Or this old sphere more fair?
They fire the very blood
And dull the sting of care.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 241 Oh, love is like a fire
That's kindled in the breast,
Which Heaven doth inspire
To be of worth the test.
And where the altar burns
With bright and willing ray,
To it the god returns
With incense day by day.
- 242 One glance of love is more
Than many looks that frown;
The ruby wine we pour,
Is better than a crown.
What is more fair than Truth?
Go, seek her fount and live;
She is immortal youth
And hath a world to give.
- 243 When I the race behold
In ignorance asleep,
And think on those untold
That lie so dusty-deep,
I sigh, yet mourn me more
To think of men to come—
Born to this sodden store,
And in a time so dumb.
- 244 Thy mercy hath no end,
Therefore I do not fear;
Thy goodness is a friend
That journeys with me here.
The terrors of the Book
Are not Thy terrors, Lord;
To Thee I will but look,
And Thy unwritten Word.

Omar
Re:
sung

I saw in the bazaar
A potter knead his clay,
And as the Morning Star
Hints silently of Day,
I heard a small voice chime:
"Be merciful to me
That once upon a time
Wast not unlike to thee."

- 246 A loan is all thou hast
Of this world's pomp and gear,
And it falls due at last
And leaves thee ashes here.
Set not thy heart on things
The soul doth scorn as dross;
The mind that only clings
To truth can laugh at loss.
- 247 To-day the sky is fair,
The dew has laved the rose
And through the gentle air
A laughing odor goes.
Now sings the nightingale,
Deep hidden in the grove,
Her ever wondrous tale
Of melody and love.
- 248 May this love for the fair
But increase with the years;
In the land of Despair,
In the valley of Tears,
May it gleam as a light,
Or a beacon at sea,
Leading on through the night
To the temple of Thee.

Omar
Ker
sung

249 The great wheel turns, and lo!
The Potter shapes his clay,
And as new vessels grow,
The old are cast away.
Could youth and beauty feel
What dreams they soon shall prove,
How they would curse the Wheel
And doubt the lips of Love.

250 When far my soul shall pass
From this old ruin gray,
And as dead leaves of grass
This house is whirled away,
With what supreme content
Shall I the Builder see
Recast this earthly tent—
That shall not shelter me.

251 Again the cheek of Dawn
Is blushing in the east.
O youth! ere she is gone,
Spread thou the rosy feast.
Wait not, nor dream of her,
But flee into her arms;
Be her first worshipper
And last to view her charms.

252 What boots it where we climb?
Again to earth we fall,
And knowing the Sublime
Seem farther from the All.
Proud Intellect! with scorn
The Heavens note thy flight,
And match thy every morn
With equal show of night.

Omar
Re:
sung

In right good company
Good wine alone should flow;
And there should Laughter be
And Wit his wonders show.
Oh, wine was never aged
For other souls than those
Whom Wisdom hath engaged
And high-born honor knows.

254 The joys of life are thine;
Forswear them not, I pray;
With Laughter, Love and Wine
Be friends the while you may.
Too soon the frosts of Time
The fields of youth destroy,
And every lyric rhyme
Ends with a dirge to Joy.

255 The wind drinks up the leaves
Of all the roses fair;
The morn the dew deceives
And drinks the grasses bare.
The greedy groves do drain
The nightingale of song,
And while we here remain
Let us drink deep and long.

256 Oh, not to-morrow, Sweet,
Of kisses let us dream;
Who knows our sandaled feet
May cross to-morrow's stream?
Propitious is the hour
For love and laughter now;
Time breathes upon the flower
And vacant is the bough.

Omar
Re:
sung

257 If in a future state
A perfect bliss be ours,
Why mourn or hesitate
To pluck life's morning flowers?
Choose thou the sunny path
And shun the gloomy waste;
What Heaven only hath
We should not fear to taste.

258 When friends refuse to pour
The merry wine for me,
And April skies no more
The budding blossoms see,
Then will I cast aside
The Muse and her delights,
And take another bride
To sigh for rainy nights.

259 The hills themselves would leap
With ecstasy divine
Shouldst thou each rocky steep
But drench with rosy wine.
The trees would laugh with glee
And clap their hands for hours
Could they, like thee and me,
Command these ruby showers.

260 In the kingdom of Soul
Oh, whisper not of earth,
Nor round its borders roll
The careless noise of mirth;
It is a realm, forsooth,
Where Contemplation dwells,
And all its laws are Truth,
Whose voice is Israfel's.

Omar
Re:
sung

Make fellowship with Truth
And to her temples go,
And thou the golden youth
Of all the gods shalt know.
Move, therefore, to thy end
With stateliness and grace,
And thy Eternal Friend
Shall greet thee face to face.

- 262 Nor slave nor tyrant be
And humble be thy nest,
So shall Tranquillity
Count thee among her blest.
A crust, with calm content,
A draught from nature's spring,
And kingdoms may be rent
Nor thou lose anything.
- 263 Sometimes the stream is clear,
Sometimes a torrent dark,
Yet from the margin here
All fearless I embark.
I know the Fountain-head
Is bright as brightest day
And soon shall overspread
And wash the dark away.
- 264 The wisdom of good cheer
Let every mortal learn,
And in his bosom clear
The light of courage burn—
A store of happiness
Against some famine fierce—
When no bright blossoms bless
And thorns the sandals pierce.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 265 If you be friends of mine
Your vain discourses cease
And fill my cup with wine,
The dreamy wine of peace.
I would not that my dust
Be moistened by your grief
Since nourish soon it must
The bridal bud and leaf.
- 266 We go no step beyond
The bounds of what we are,
Nor in our dreaming fond
Reach one eternal star
Outside ourselves, forsooth;
Our hell in conscience lies,
And 'fore the throne of Truth
We fix our paradise.
- 267 Give me of joy to-day
And let to-morrow bring,
Oh, whatsoever may
Be hid beneath her wing.
They talk of paradise
And of the glories there;
To-day, to-day mine eyes
Would feast upon the fair.
- 268 At times my heart doth seem
Shut in a prison cell,
Where it can only dream
Of what it loves so well.
O liberty and light!
Alas, ye are denied
Until the hand of Might
Puts these cold chains aside.

Omar
Re:
sung

The moon of Ramazan
O Sweet, will soon appear,
And in its splendor wan
Frown coldly on good cheer.
Another kiss, I pray;
So holy and so pure,
It can but shame the ray
That would such passion cure.

270 The Potter that with thought
And skill and judgment fine
His helpless clay hath wrought
To beautiful design—
Will He in anger sore
Condemn what He hath made
And prove Himself no more
Than 'prentice at his trade?

271 Oh, the wine in the glass
Is like unto a flame,
Or the blush of a lass
That hears her lover's name.
Drink, then, and happy be
And warm thy heart the while,
Lest Sorrow sadden thee,
Till thou no more can smile.

272 Oh, nought of glory, Lord,
Is this poor life to Thee,
And can I shame Thy Word,
However mean I be?
Forgive me, then, that I
So follow this old earth;
We cannot well defy
The one who gave us birth.

Omar
Rez
sung

273 We wallow deep in greed,
We walk with Pomp and Pride
And on the feasts we feed
Of every sin beside.
Oh, Thy forgiveness, Lord,
Full pardon in Thy sight,
Since Thou with sweet accord
Canst make our black as white.

274 Alas, the heart can find
No comfort in this round,
Nor can the prying mind
The deeps of being sound.
My soul is sick to go
And yet I know not where—
But from this sphere of woe
To some diviner air.

275 When the day in the east
With opal splendor blooms,
Behold how it doth feast
On dews born of the glooms.
So these dark lives of ours
Some brightness may distil,
Which Truth for her own flowers
May claim and cherish still.

276 How long wilt thou be vain
And count thee more than chaff?
Dost thou not know to gain
The world is but to laugh?
Part of the All thou art,
And wert thou king of kings,
Thou couldst but play a part
That soon were one with things.

Omar
Re:
sung

Beloved, bid them bring
Fresh roses for our brows,
And bid the singers sing,
While we revow our vows.
The future will not heed
The tombs where we shall lie,
Nor our inscriptions read
To find its treasures by.

- 278 Oh, the heart that is learned
In the love of the vine
Not easily is turned
On the Koran to dine.
Let the fond devotee
Himself fasting employ,
But oh bring not to me
Just the promise of joy.
- 279 If thou wouldst happy be
Seek not the ways of wealth;
Be thankful to be free
And for the boon of health.
Set not thy heart on things
That laden thee with care;
To nature's crystal springs
Fly oft and worship there.
- 280 Two paths before us lead;
One is a darksome way,
One through a pleasant mead
With many blossoms gay.
Fear not to choose, nor vex
Thee at the happy choice,
Since in this great vortex
Thou hast not final voice.

281 'Tis said that at the last
Our Gentle Friend will rave
And His poor children cast
In some unfathomed cave.
From Goodness Good alone
In endless stream doth pour;
Fear not that the Unknown
Is less than truth, or more.

282 Before thy name is tossed
Into the night of time,
Be no glad moment lost
To sing a merry rhyme.
Unbind the tresses fair
Of her the gods have sent,
And wreath thy roses there
With love and be content.

283 Dash down the glass of fame
And fill the cup again;
There's nothing in a name
Nor in the praise of men.
Behold the wine of day
Incarnadine the east!
Now fades the night away
And Glory spreads her feast.

284 Oh, search that ends in nought;
Oh, path that leads to night,
How fruitless is our thought,
How limited our sight.
Stars, stars and ever stars
With not one glimpse of Thee,
But age—and grief—and scars,
And longing to be free.

k

Omar
Re:
sung

Omar
Re:
sung

Before the knave or clown,
Oh, mention not her name
Lest some rude thought should drown
The perfume of her fame;
But only where the bright
Their lofty converse hold,
Speak thou of her, since light
Loves light, and gold loves gold.

286 Oh, Wheel of highest Heaven
Thou fillest us with grief;
The joy to us is given
Thou makest all too brief;
Thou changest in an hour
The smile into a tear,
And sendest every flower
Too soon unto its bier.

287 When in the Book of Love
Thy name is written, Dear,
Of all the powers above
Thou needest have no fear.
Eternity cannot
Erase the legend fair,
Nor wilt thou be forgot
By any worthy there.

288 Who loves the cheek of Morn
Rich-tinted with the rose,
Ah, he has felt the thorn
That in his garden grows.
Alas, the dreams of bliss
That with our waking go!
Alas, the thorns they miss
Who see no roses blow!

Omar
Res
sung

- 289 In love forget thy care
And end Misfortune's reign,
Go, drink the finer air
Of mountain and of plain,
Whose alchemy is such
That life shall prove a boon;
Go, put it to the touch—
And court the lady Moon.
- 290 Give me to eat that I
May feed this soul of mine,
Until it leaves to fly
In ether more divine.
I covet paradise;
Let me not fall, I ask,
But ever as I rise
Grow stronger with the task.
- 291 When in the spring the flowers
Are blooming everywhere,
Light tarries in his bowers
And gentle grows the air.
Oh, who can blame mankind
If with a lightsome heart
And with a merry mind
It plays the lover's part?
- 292 Oh, dwellers in the tombs,
What more than dust are we
That soon unto your glooms
Shall enter and be free?
Give me to drink the wine
Of that which yet shall prove
A ministrant divine
To some sweet soul I love!

Omar
Re:
sung

Beloved one and sweet,
It ever seems to me
That when we chance to meet
My soul is lost to thee.
Enough of paradise!
If ever I might sit
And gaze into those eyes
And drink thy ready wit.

294 To search the livelong night
For truth among the stars;
To send from light to light
High thought in flaming cars—
Such is a pleasure keen
That is not all of earth;
While mighty lords careen
In their proud fields of worth.

295 Oh, not within thy heart
The plant of woe sustain,
But bid the seedling start
Of joy, and mark the gain;
And like a garden fair
The blossoming shall be
With every fragrance there
To cheer and comfort thee.

296 Thou settest many snares
Wherein our feet may fall,
And sayest: "Whoso fares
This way shall lose his all."
Since Thou dost know how weak
Thy children are, O Lord,
What credit shouldst Thou seek
From those who are restored?

Omar
Rez
bung

- 297 The way thou goest, friend,
The yet unborn shall go,
On—on unto the end
Of this delusive show—
And soon the Potter's hand
Will shape thy shapeless clay
As fancy may demand,
Weep thou or smile to-day.
- 298 Happy is he, O friend,
That never mounts to fame,
Nor sees his fellows bend
At mention of his name,
Since better 'tis to reign
Possessor of the crown
Of quiet peace than gain
The kingdom of renown.
- 299 Yea, like unto a face,
O lovely Rose thou art,
In which celestial grace
Is mirrored from the heart.
A dear familiar friend
Thou seemest unto me,
In whom there is no end
Of love and charity.
- 300 Drunk with the dross of earth,
How sodden we become
To things of active worth,
And blind and deaf and dumb.
Bubbles and butterflies
Man chases to his doom,
Drowns woe in woe, and dies—
A tomb within a tomb.

Omar
Re:
sung

Not to the small of heart,
Nor to the cheap of wit,
Is given the honored part
With the elect to sit.
Who knoweth not the rose
Unto its soul is lost—
A worm that in it grows
Yet is a worm at most.

302 Thou only, Lord, canst ope
The gate revealing Thee,
Thou only art the hope,
The fount that saveth me.
My hand in Thine alone
With confidence I place
Though dark the great Unknown
And hidden be Thy face.

303 Lo! drunken with a dream
I wasted half my life
In drifting down the stream
That knew nor toil nor strife.
Alas! the dreadful cost;
I fear me in this hour,
To Age is wholly lost
The fruitage of the flower.

304 Knee-deep we wade in sin
And thy commandments break,
And in this wordly din
Forget thee and forsake;
Yea when beset by shame
And victims of our pride,
We curse Thy holy name
And pierce Thy tender side.

Omar
Re:
sung

305 Engrossed with this vain world
And blind to higher things,
If to destruction hurled
I would not ask for wings.
Thus for a stoup of wine
I pawned myself as wage;
The tapster said, in fine:
"Lo! what a perfect gage!"

306 While nightingales have sown
With song the shadows deep,
How many nights have flown
Nor touched our lids with sleep.
Before the breath of day
Shall waken hearts to pain,
Go not; for once away,
How many nights shall wane!

307 Two things are wisdom's base
And time's eternal glory,
The safeguard of the race
And triumph's laurel story:
Believe not all that's writ
Of man or god or devil,
And never flank your wit
With forces kin to evil.

308 Oh, haughty devotee,
Art thou the rod of scorn,
That thou shouldst leer at me
And be my rose's thorn?
Away! and with thee take
Cant and hypocrisy;
I care not to forsake
The friends I love, for thee.

Omar
Re:
sung

Spring unfoldeth her sweet buds
And autumn hurls away,
Until the naked woods,
As our spent lives, are gray.
O memory of times
When we were only young!
How sad are April's rhymes
By old December sung.

310 Oh thou whose heart should be
Remorse's inmost shrine,
Why dost thou rail at me
Or pray for me or mine?
If God should answer thee,
Methinks that Satan might,
Upon his bended knee,
Set all the world aright.

311 Art full of heaviness?
Go, eat the food of dreams,
Or to thy hot lips press
The grape's delicious streams.
Refusing that or this,
Go nibble of thy crust,
And the dry altar kiss
That's only fed with dust.

312 Reason, no longer I
Will be thy foolish slave,
But will the pleasure try
That life at starting gave.
If fifty years I stay
Or one, it matters not;
The Potter gets his clay
And we are soon forgot.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 313 A wise man once I met
And with a drunkard's face,
And as the wine he set,
I said with solemn grace:
"The absent—where are they?"
Said he: "Drink! unconcerned;
Many have gone away
That never have returned."
- 314 Who brought me here—or Woe
Or Weal—I cannot say;
The joys of life, I know,
Exalt my soul to-day.
The voice of love is dear,
The sounding lute is sweet,
The blooming garden here
An unwatched Eden-seat.
- 315 The world's great rose, the dawn,
Has blossomed in the east;
And, ere the blush be gone,
Spread thou the rosy feast.
Lo! Jamschid and his peers,
And yet a thousand kings,
Sleep in the tomb of years
O'er which this glory springs.
- 316 I drink my mellow wine,
And there are some who say
'Tis foe of the divine,
And bid me turn away.
Now, therefore, am I proud;
As I the creed oppose,
I drink, since 'tis allowed
To drink the blood of foes.
- 1

Omar
Re:
sung

If I in will were free
And free from wordly fate,
I had not come to be
The plaything of this state;
Or had I chosen life,
And yet could have my will,
Despite the bitter strife,
I'd hug my phantoms still.

- 318 How is it grapes are sour,
And then are sweet, I pray?
How is it that the flower
Has not the fruit's bouquet?
How is it that the hand
Can fashion lutes to-day,
To-morrow thrill the land
Sword-thrusting in the fray?
- 319 Came one, foul-favored, gaunt,
Rag-clad and sexless, pale,
And with a silent taunt
Made all our laughter fail:
Broke in his ghostly hand
Life's flagon in a trice,
As though the deed were grand
And wine without a price.
- 320 Things past and things to come—
Coeval I shall be
With them in my last home,
Heir to antiquity,
And to the future heir.
Why, then, should this short hour
Provoke me with its care
Or I seek fame or power?

Omar
Re:
sung

- 321 Out upon the hypocrite
And out upon the vain,
And in with spritely wit
And in with Laughter's train.
These gaudy robes of prayer,
These turbans of the great
I'd sell for any spare
Old heart of honest weight.
- 322 When at her feet, O Heart,
Thou tremblest in a dream,
Lost to thyself, thou art
Thyself in her bright beam.
Yea, wandering before,
Thou wast a desert child
That at her shining door
Art found, and reconciled.
- 323 The path of Truth pursue,
No creed can more demand;
To them that ask of you
Close not too tight the hand.
Speak ill of none, and do
No wrong to any man:
Heaven has no broader view
Nor gods a better plan.
- 324 Bestir thyself; thy home,
Perforce, awhile is here,
Beneath the starry dome
Of this unfeeling sphere;
If earth is earth, at least
With hope about it move;
Look ever to the east
And sound the depths of love.

Omar
Res
sung

Oh, heart, thou canst not learn
The secret all would know,
But every night return
Unto the morning's woe.
If so thou canst, create
On earth thy heaven to-day;
If thou shalt love or hate
The future, who can say?

326 If thou hast wit, seem dull,
That from sweet Wisdom come
Thy cup with knowledge full,
And thou be not so dumb.
But is thy learning small,
Seem deep, and haunt the wise,
That from their lips may fall
The best that in them lies.

327 Oh, would that we might be
Just Honor's thrall and thine,
Modest Simplicity,
That hath a face divine;
The burdens we must bear
Were lighter than the wind,
And all the world were fair
And every glance were kind.

328 Couldst thou but understand
One petal of this rose,
Oh 'twere voluble, and
Thou wouldst know what Heaven know
Cease, cease thy delving, friend,
The Truth thou canst not find
Until this journey end
In Universal Mind.

329 An Aristotle, wise;
A Roman Caesar, great;
Or, under eastern skies
Some grand Mogul of state,—
Yet would I say to thee
Partake of Jamschid's wine;
The grave thy end shall be,
Nor Bahram's less than thine.

330 Unto a sot a shiekh
Did cast the stone of blame,
Who answered him: "Go seek
The man that is not lame;
Thy servant is not whole;
Yet in thy heart but gaze
And tell me if thy soul
Condemns thee or doth praise."

331 Youth, wine and love have we,
Beloved of my soul,
For what can these gifts be?
Oh, surely not for dole.
The first of these will go,
The last may vanish soon;
Bring wine, bring wine, that woe
Come not till afternoon.

332 That hermit of the breast,
The heart that never sleeps,
With what unwearied zest
At his vain task he keeps.
Deny him not, I pray,
A draught of ruddy wine;
Oh, to be old and gray
Yet know not the divine.

Omar
Re:
sung

- A sorry path we travel
In this old world of ours,
A path of cant and cavil—
A path of thorns and flowers.
Oh, blame us not if we
Do sometimes please the Devil,
Mistaking what we see
For good, and finding evil.
- 334 See how the jar doth try
To drink this ruby tide,
Yet ever goeth dry—
When long we sit beside.
Oh, Tantalus of mine,
I would that I had might
To let thee sip this wine
And taste of my delight.
- 335 This mortal house is more
Decrepit than we know;
Not longer than three score
Set thou the date to go;
And while the Shadow stays
Beyond thy threshold fair,
Bridge not with gloom thy days,
Nor beckon to him there.
- 336 Away with care, arise
And sing a jolly song,
Now while the sunny skies
Float their white ships along.
Accept the gifts that Heaven
Doth offer day by day,
For sparingly is given
The blooms that fade away.

Omar
Re:
sung

337 When I do dream I see
The fields of paradise,
Earth from her winter free,
And naught but summer skies.
Oh, happy sleep, if thou
Couldst delegate thy power,
The woes that haunt me now
Were roses in an hour.

338 Fear not to follow, Sweet,
Where Beauty leads the way;
Her fairy-sandaled feet
Seek but the heights of day.
Her voice is Israfil's,
Her eyes are kin to stars,
And her bright passing tells
The legend of no wars.

339 Through love of tawdry things
Our reason is no more;
Content has taken wings
And Honor barred his door.
Ye Gods! we are but earth,
Fine dust before our time;
And what the soul is worth
I venture not in rhyme.

340 Oh, Flagon, friend of mine,
Whose cheeks are like the rose,
Ambassador of Wine
And soother of our woes,
What better friend hath man,
As thou dost swiftly run
To lift the heavy ban
Of grief, and pour the sun!

Omar
Re:
sung

Cup-bearer, those that hence
Have gone are lapped in dust,
The wise, the poor of sense,
The unjust and the just,
The unkind and the kind;
All sleep as equals now;
The words they spake—the wind
That stirs this leafy bough.

- 342 Upon us Thou hast set
A seal we may not read;
Thou takest in thy net,
Thou goadest us, indeed.
Since, Lord, thou madest me
A blinded worm of earth,
How can I better be
Than what I have of worth?
- 343 Beloved, this is wise:
To lighten loads of men
And set before their eyes
The feasts of love again;
To smooth the path, to give,
To share what we call ours;
To bid the fainting live
Not on the thorns, but flowers.
- 344 Art Thou not Lord of All?
And am I not Thy slave?
Who sins if I do fall?
Who gains if Thou dost save?
The living and the dead
Are subject to Thy will;
And what have I to dread,
Thy helpless subject still?

- 345 Offspring of whirling Chance,
Think not that thou canst learn
The maze of Circumstance—
The dead no more return.
Therefore, I say, serene,
And with a fearless heart,
Live well in thy demesne
And like a king depart.
- 346 O Thou! hidden to man,
Yet in thy works displayed,
Say, who may know thy plan?
The Maker not the made.
Alone Thou art of truth
Spectator and the play,
We but the motes, forsooth,
That drift across Thy day.
- 347 If famous, you're maligned,
And praise to bitter turns;
Secluded dwell, you'll find
The act suspicion earns.
The middle course is best
For prophet or for saint;
Who follows it may rest,
Perchance, without a taint.
- 348 To lighten one sad heart
Is better than much fame
Blown from the heights of Art—
And bears a sweeter name.
With charity to bind
Thy former foe to thee
Is more than heroes find
In kingdoms they set free.
- m

Omar
Re:
sung

Omar
Re:
sung

Lo! from the startled tower
The loud muezzin floats;
Awake, it is the hour
To cheer our thirsty throats.
Oh, babble not a prayer,
The Heavens are weary grown;
But grasp the goblet there
And make its soul thine own.

350 If I of Mirth am friend
And revel at his side,
Oh, blame me not, the end
Is soon, and earth shall hide.
Since there is peace in joy,
To lesser things farewell;
When happiness doth cloy
'Tis time with Gloom to dwell.

351 Upon this strutted stage
How friendship bites the dust;
Priests, Kings—they have their wage,
And Virtue turns to Lust.
Beware! Grieve not to find
Thy dearest friend thy foe
The rose that scents the wind
Hath her own thorn to show.

352 Oh who from this fair bower
With rose-o'erclambered roof,
And love to charm the hour,
Would long remain aloof?
Let others sing of mirth
In other kingdoms found;
Give me the joys of earth,
While I to earth am bound.

- 353 A hermit once I saw
 In a vast wilderness;
 Nor god, nor creed, nor law,
 Nor wealth, nor yet distress,
 Nor learning had the man.
 What courage like to this,
 That, mapping out its plan,
 Asks not, hopes not, for bliss?
- 354 And wouldst thou at thy feet
 Have this old world, my friend?
 Oh, scorn it, and retreat,
 Unto the very end,
 Into thyself; and lo!
 Thou art a sage divine;
 But mix with it—and know
 It makes thee but as swine.
- 355 'Tis well among our kind
 To merit their esteem,
 And ill it is to blind
 Ourselves to nature's Scheme.
 But better far is this:
 To be far gone in wine
 Than with a traitor's kiss
 Betray the Thought Divine.
- 356 Oh, from this whirl let me
 But for a moment pass,
 That I myself may be.
 What dreams are in the glass!
 What paradise looks down
 With fond inviting gaze!
 And shall I seek the crown
 Or go my happy ways?

Omar
Re:
bung

Bring hither wine, the juice
That, like a blossom chain,
Ensnares with ruddy noose
King, clown and hardy swain.
One of the three am I
And two am surely not;
Or this or that, to die
Is but to be forgot.

- 358 The Wheel of Heaven turns
And lo! What things are we:
Or lowly jars, or urns
Of aristocracy.
It matters not, my Dear,
What service we may do,
If while our souls are here
They still contain the true.
- 359 Weary us not with care
When pleasure knocks without;
Enough, and yet to spare
Is there of grief about.
But Happiness this way
Comes not when we command,
And any time she may
Forsake her native land.
- 360 Last night a long-lost Hope
Again came back to me
And said: "Thy portal ope
And let me dwell with thee."
"Not so," I said; "awake
No dream I may not win."
She said: "For my love's sake."
I rose and let her in.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 361 Through dusky fields I went
With Beauty at my side,
When lo! the firmament
Grew sweetly glorified,
A light from her did spring
That scared the night away,
And birds began to sing
Believing it was day.
- 362 Yea, one by one they go,
The foolish and the wise;
Disdain the cup of woe
And let the sweet arise.
Spill all these cups of tears
And fill them with a laugh,
And bid the flying years
The brighter nectar quaff.
- 363 When our two souls no more
Inhabit frames of clay,
Earth, throwing wide her door,
Shall hide the wreck away;
And we shall sleep as one
That were before as two—
When this sad race is run
That keeps my soul from you.
- 364 That palace of our state,
Once reared to heaven high,
Wherein proud monarchs sate,
In ruins now doth lie.
And lo! we saw the dove
In sole possession there,
And heard the pile above
Her plaintive, "Where? Where?"

Omar
Re:
sung

So long as Beauty reigns
And truth her kingdom is,
Oh give thy heart no pains,
Nor seek a higher bliss,
'Tis wiser far to love
The fair sweet face of her
Who loves, than be, above,
A peri's worshiper.

366 Devoid of hope and mirth,
My heart has grown to be
But ashes on the hearth
Of this old hostelry.
My dreams—bright guests—are gone
Gay laughter rings no more,
And in the rosy dawn
There creaks a ruined door.

367 Say, who will buy this earth?
Two barleycorns will take it;
If you have one of worth,
Then only one I'll make it.
Bring wine; this life is vain
Without the ring of laughter;
There is no sense in pain,
Here nor in hereafter.

368 Oh, cold are Wisdom's halls,
No laugh is rippled there,
And there the footstep falls
With heaviness and care.
Give me the haunts of Love,
Where Beauty walks divine,
And, singing through the grove,
A fountain—and some wine.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 369 The life that in us dwells
Bids our strong spirits soar
To where that fountain wells
Which sings for evermore.
Alas! one draught we sip
And lo! to earth we fall;
Joy bitters on the lip
And darkness shadows all.
- 370 Now nightingales rejoice
And roses scent the air,
And, lo! the fountain's voice
Is laughing everywhere.
What time have we to ope
The musty Koran, Sweet,
When nature, full of hope,
Flings lyrics at our feet?
- 371 The mantle of this earth
I cannot put aside,
Nor in the guise of mirth
Mine ancient sorrow hide.
Master am I of nought
In this great school of Care;
Though graduate in thought,
Still pupil of Despair.
- 372 To you this mortal cell
Is an immortal's inn,
Where for a time doth dwell
What heaven soon shall win.
Think not the Judas-tree
Brings forth the jasmine bud,
Nor that clear water be
The grape's delightful blood.

Omar
Re:
sung

Just truth and beauty—these,
Around this world of ours,
Fill all our treasuries
With amaranthine flowers.
Let prophets old, and seers,
Their dogmas wild maintain;
When they are gone, the years
Still fragrant shall remain.

- 374 Oh thou who hast not seen
The friends of youth depart,
Whose every path is green
With spring's unstudied art,
In days to come, vex not
Thy soul at Fate's decrees,
Be brave, content with what
The winter shall not seize.
- 375 Be kind, O friend to all,
And Khayyam's wisdom learn;
Leave bitter fruit to fall
And to the sweet return.
Pluck roses and then weave
Into a garland bright;
Let rue and nightshade grieve
With nightingales and night.
- 376 Were all earth's treasures thine,
O Mullah, what avail,
When at the last the sign
Of death makes thee grow pale?
How foolish, then, thy heed
To gather more and more,
When nothing shalt thou need
Of all thy bubble store.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 377 Think not the fleeting hour
Should all unheeded die;
Oh, like the blooming flower
Pass not its beauty by.
The bud that is unborn,
The blossom that is past—
They are not ours; the morn
That breaks, oh hold it fast.
- 378 Had I the heaven's making,
From this gray earth I'd banish
All sorrow and the aching,
And dreams that only vanish.
New heavens I would fashion
As bright as they were spacious,
Where man, devoid of passion,
Were free as I were gracious.
- 379 Each day at dawn I haste
Unto the house of wine,
With boon companions taste
The wisdom of the vine.
O Thou who hast the key
To all that life doth hide:
Grief's flagon—why so free?
Joy's cup—why so denied?
- 380 Thanks to the crafty Sun,
And thanks to fleeting Time,
Old earth at last has won
The glory of my prime.
Caverns these cheeks for tears,
This heart a cup for grief;
I only ask the years
To make my sojourn brief.

Omar
Rez
sung

Astronomers point out
A Bull among the stars;
Some say, without a doubt,
He draweth Heaven's cars.
Who doubts (oh, they are few)
A bull this planet gray
Upholds? Between the two,
Ye gods! what asses bray.

382 Behold, the full moon rises;
Bring music and bring wine;
With all your sweet devices,
Come, herald the divine.
Lo, beauty swift advances!
Talk not of earth to us;
In her immortal glances
Woe grows ridiculous.

383 Oh, vainly for the fair
And vainly for the sweet,
We spread the spirit's snare;
And both are short and fleet.
'Tis only that which we
May have we scorn to hold;
The dross of life is free,
Unworth the gain the gold.

384 Who gave the right to thee
To cast at me the stone?
I am, and therefore free
To walk my path alone,
Believing what seems true,
Rejecting, holding fast,
So long as what I do
Harms no one to the last.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 385 Take wealth away, but leave
A right good friend to me,
And I no more will grieve
Than any rose you see.
But rob me of his heart
And make me Heaven's heir,
And I would scorn the part
And only suffer there.
- 386 So deep of Beauty's wine
My soul would drink that I
So nearly were divine
That those who happened by
Should, seeing me, exclaim:
"O Beauty! is it thou?"
Alas! her golden fame
I only darken now.
- 387 Before the cup you drain
That brings eternal sleep,
Fill all your bins with gain
And all your measures heap
For in the realm of rest
(As all this toil foretells)
The rich alone are blest,
The poor alone are hell's.
- 388 While time and earth are ours,
Come, dearest, let us love;
The dew is on the flowers,
And mating is the dove.
The cup awaits us, Sweet,
Oh let us drain it now;
Again we may not meet,
Or, meeting, care not how.

Omar
Rez
sung

Behold, the cup is bright
With liquid rubies, Dear;
Oh let their dancing light
Thy melancholy cheer.
Give me the blazing bowl
That I with grief may cope,
And show unto my soul
The rising star of hope.

390 While in this house you live
Dream not of paradise,
But what the worth doth give
Enjoy before it flies.
Yield not to any foe
Though mighty Rustum he,
Nor bond for any go
Should Hatim ask of thee.

391 Wouldst thou that Happiness
Thy boon companion prove,
Pursue the highway less
And seek the lanes of love.
Thatched cottages are hers,
Field, wood and firmament,
And her blest worshipers,
Simplicity, Content.

392 Farewell to good and ill;
The miser has no brother;
The heart is dead and chill
That beats not for another.
What though the heavens fall
And half the race thereafter?
Saved Greed his gold, 'twere well;
The wreck were but his laughter.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 393 I saw a potter gray
Bend busy o'er his wheel,
And in the well-mixed clay
Beheld what years reveal:
I saw the heads of kings
With feet of beggars there,
And Glory's golden wings
Bedraggled by Despair.
- 394 O youth! sweet health is thine;
What needest thou of more?
No monarch more divine
Will ever fill thy door.
The while he is thy guest
Bethink thee not of care;
His favors are the best
That any soul may share.
- 395 I broke against a stone
An earthen jar of mine,
When with a feeble moan
The fragments formed this line:
"Once I was like to thee,
In ages long ago;
Soon broken thou shalt be,
And formless lie as low."
- 396 From me to Khayyam go
And bear my greeting kind,
And say: O bard, they sow
But roses on the wind
If they who drink are wise;
But if the foolish drink,
They nettles sow that rise
Again where least they think.

Omar
Re:
sung

Still comes and goes my breath
And keeps my life in me,
While round about stalks Death,
From whom I cannot flee.
The flagon there is low
In that which entertains,
Yet who doth ever know
How much of life remains?

- 398 In some fair garden-place
On roses to recline,
And thou, with sunny face,
To pour the rosy wine—
Oh, many sultans great
Such joy cannot command;
Love laughs at bubble state,
Nor kisses back his hand.
- 399 Be not too fond of Folly,
Nor merely Knowledge woo,
Since dusky Melancholy
Is comrade of the two.
The three are pleasant neighbors
When kept where they should be,
And each can sweeten labors
If sought judiciously.
- 400 Lo! in Love's assemblage
Equality doth reign;
The beggar, king and page
Alike his favor gain.
And one and all may feast;
The cup of love is free,
And only he is least
That's least in sympathy.

401 Thou hast shorn with thy sword
All my branches of light,
Thou hast broken me, Lord
In the press of thy might.
Thou hast given my wine
To the lips of the earth,
And the hope of the Vine—
Say, what is it worth?

Omar
Re:
sung

402 What empire, Sweet, is this:
Enough of sparkling wine,
A cup of which is bliss,
And two, perchance, divine.
The realm of Feridoun,
The crown of Kai-Khosru—
What are they to the noon
Of life, red wine and you?

403 The season now is here
Of rose and nightingale;
Close thou the koran, dear,
For spring's delightful tale.
My book is laughing eyes
And cheeks of tulip flame,
Wherein my heaven lies
And Love inscribes his name.

404 To Mustapha, the wise,
My kindly greetings give,
And ask what virtue lies
In solemnness to live;
Why Alkoran doth frown
On laughter-loving wine,
And offers them a crown
That on the bitter dine.

Omar
Re:
sung

Oh thou who makest day
Swart servant of thy gain,
And turnest night away
With her dream-laden train,
A time shall come to thee
When for one little hour
Thou wouldst forego the fee
Of all thy golden power.

406 Our altar is the jar,
Our oracle the wine,
And may the day be far
That rears another shrine.
What prayers to make we know,
And, asking, we receive,
While those to mosque that go
Gain but the right to grieve.

407 Give me my dreams to-day,
To-morrow what you will;
I cannot throw away
The hope that haunts me still.
I would not give the flower
That blossoms now for me,
For any promised bower
That may, or may not, be.

408 The brown bird tells his tale,
And blooming is the rose,
And through the leafy vale
A spicy odor goes.
The world forgets its grief,
And I will mine forget,
To laugh with bird and leaf
And banish old Regret.

409 We are the sometime keys
Of life's great instrument,
Whereby Time's melodies
Through all the years are sent.
Touched by some hand divine,
We voice what note He wills,
Till, lost in ether fine,
Alone the silence thrills.

410 If in the month of fast
Unto my cup I cling,
'Tis not I deem that past
Which can no pleasure bring,
But that the thought of loss
So turns my day to night,
I cannot buy the dross
And sell the old delight.

411 I searched the golden pages
Of love's immortal book,
And from the sage of sages
This legend old I took:
"As happy as a god
Is he that loveth beauty,
And, bounden to the sod,
Is also bound to duty."

412 I looked into the past
And of the future thought
Throughout the world I cast
The net of Wisdom wrought,
Yet found but mortals two—
The one a nothing small,
The other born to do
A noble work for all.

Omar
Rez
sung

Tranquillity, O friend,
Should thy good motto be;
Think not upon the end,
Nor of eternity.
What thou hast done or thought
Is but an atom's vaunt—
Too small, where stars are wrought,
For merit or for taunt.

414 Hail! Hail! to the green earth,
The green, green trees above,
And with as bright a mirth,
Hail to as bright a love!
Hail! Hail! the youthful dream,
And hail the sparkling eye,
Until by this glad stream
Beneath the grass we lie.

415 Quintessence of the sum
Of all created things,
Think not what woes shall come
With their loud-flapping wings.
One cup from Saki quaff—
From Saki the divine—
And thou canst give the laugh
To ages, in his wine.

416 Awake, awake! my Flower,
And sip the wine of morn,
The Day is in his bower
And I alone forlorn.
Come forth, come forth, and be
The bloom of blooms, my rose,
That time, beholding thee,
Forget his mighty woes.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 417 Within the Book of Life
Joy, sorrow, weal and woe
Make all the chapters rife
With ever-changing flow.
What boots it where we read,
Or what the end may be?
With every rose a weed
Holds joint supremacy.
- 418 The constant babbling cease
That of the koran tells,
Give me a little peace—
The rose that with me dwells;
She troubles not her wit
With any thought of grief,
Since "Paradise" is writ
On every fragrant leaf.
- 419 Why croweth chanticler
At dawning of the day?
To tell you that more dear,
Dear dreams are slipped away;
That time is on the wing,
And that another morn
Still finds you but a thing
For laughter and for scorn.
- 420 Old earth is full of sorrow,
And we that from it spring
Thrive but to-day; to-morrow
Are but a withered thing.
The wind that sweetly kisses
The fragrant rose to-day,
The morrow never misses
To whirl in scorn away.

Omar
Re:
sung

So sodden we are grown
Thy counsels cheer us not,
And in our grief alone
Sin scarcely is forgot.
Upon ourselves we feed
In every crumb we eat,
Since paying Thee no heed
We cast away the sweet.

- 422 Absorb me, Lord, in Thee,
As Thou art my good friend;
Me from myself set free
And all my riddles end.
Let good and evil cease
In this poor heart of mine,
And in the Central Peace
Let me be wholly Thine.
- 423 For this my captive heart
Have mercy, Lord, I pray,
And mercy for the part
In this vain farce I play;
Yea, mercy for the lips
That love the ruby bowl,
And for the foot that slips,
And for the wayward soul.
- 424 I am what Fate decreed;
A hundred years of time
Have richly met my need,
As rhyme doth mate with rhyme.
Might I but live an age
And henceforth only sin,
Thy love could cleanse the page,
Thy pity fold me in.

- 425 Say, who hath never sinned?
 And who can sin oppose?
 Do straws, when comes the wind,
 Bend not the way it goes?
 If, therefore, thou dost curse
 The little fault in me,
 Is curse or curser worse?
 Since all doth come from Thee.
- 426 Justice—the soul of earth;
 Our senses—angels bright,
 And the whole sum of worth—
 Humanity and Right.
 This is the mighty One,
 And this the endless Light;
 That not in unison
 Is nothingness and night.
- 427 Unworth a barley-corn
 Are all the cares of time,
 Behold, from morn to morn
 We sing a merry rhyme.
 Enough have we—content;
 The woods, the fields, the hills,
 The starry firmament,
 And freedom of our wills.
- 428 My poor heart drowned in love,
 Alas! no more may rise
 To be the sharer of
 Hope's ancient paradise;
 But when Love's wine is poured,
 In each red cup I see
 The guests about the board
 Quaff off the blood of me.

Omar
Re:
sung

Less wine they bid me drink
Who know me not too well;
When I refuse, they think
Me maddened unto hell.
So let them think; my wine
Is my beloved's face,
Whose smiles and wiles divine
The world cannot displace.

430 O thou whose lips are wet
With life's sweet morning dew,
I pray thee not forget
To kiss my cup of rue;
Which if thou dost, believe,
I'll drain the cup with bliss,
And teach my heart to grieve
That I may taste the kiss.

431 Let us haste to the meads,
Let us rove by the streams;
Where the bright fancy leads,
Let us weave us our dreams.
Yea, the buds of this hour
Are the hopes of the past,
And to-morrow's fair flower
In the present is cast.

432 The brain is but an inn
Where many guests do come
And some our friendship win
And only hatred, some.
Now, for the genial guest
Be thou the genial host
And count that day the best
Wherein the mean is lost.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 433 Wound not the happy heart
Nor any dream destroy,
Since thou hast not the art,
At will, to fashion joy.
Be bringer of glad news,
And to the hopeless kind—
The armorer of thews
That shall his sorrow bind.
- 434 Some travel with a creed
Upon a pleasant road,
Supplying every need
And easing every load
With faith; some hesitate
To take this path, forsooth,
When lo! the voice of Fate:
“In neither way is Truth.”
- 435 Where are the lips we kissed,
The eyes as bright as dew?
How is it we have missed
The loving and the true?
Ah, that is turned to dust
Which was a peri's form;
And all the world is rust
And victual for the worm.
- 436 Companion of old Wrong,
Avoider of the right,
Yet lifting up thy song
To Him who is the Light,
Beware; the path is straight,
Nor is he more secure
Who, vauntful, seeks the Gate
Than he who shuns the pure.

Omar
Re:
sung

- Oh, just with Joy to dwell
In some delightful vale!
The saddest dream to tell
That of the nightingale;
With Love to pour the wine
And Beauty's eyes for light—
Forsooth, with thee and thine,
To be the king of night.
- 438 This heaven-arching dome
Commands the wise man's awe,
While those who stagger home
Know neither hope nor law.
The cup and jar know not
The spirit they contain;
They merely squander what
It was no toil to gain.
- 439 A drop from ocean tossed
Lamented its sad fate,
To be an exile lost
To every crystal mate.
The great old Ocean spake:
"Still thy art one with me,
Since All but One doth make,
And I am part of thee."
- 440 Is there no place to rest,
No path that leads thereto?
Yea, in the earth's great breast
Is peace for me and you.
Oh, that in after years,
When we must live again,
That we come forth as spears
Of grass, and not as men.

- 441 Oh, not for this old earth
Let any tear be shed,
But steep your soul in mirth
And count it dross instead;
For what is gain of it
But loss of all that's true?
The blossom has more wit,
And scorns what misers do.
- 442 Friend, know thyself; and say
What hither didst thou bring.
What canst thou take away
Of gold or anything?
Thou wouldst not take thy woe.
Then happy be while here;
Or grief, or joy, we know
The end is but the bier.
- 443 Let not the world oppress,
Nor vex thy soul with thought
That they are nothingness
Who once at thy wheel wrought.
To beauty freely give
The best that life can claim,
That they who later live
Look high to read thy name.
- 444 That hour wherein we drink
Of beauty and of truth
We stand upon the brink
Of everlasting youth.
Age cannot dim the soul
Whose flight from morn to morn
Is toward that lofty goal
Where love and light are born.

Omar
Re:
sung

This laughing fountain here
That sparkles in the sun,
Like our two spirits, Dear,
With song is never done.
These dazzling moments, Love,
Though born of time and earth,
Catch brightness from above
And flood the hour with mirth.

- 446 Fate this to me doth give:
Sad night and sadder day;
Near thee I may not live—
I cannot live away.
Oh, sorrow all too great,
Oh, lot too hard to bear,
Oh, cruel, cruel fate,
And oh, this passion fair!
- 447 If thou wouldst draw a veil
About the heart that's free,
Or shroud with gloom the hale
Bright face of Liberty,
Go mourn thy wisdom lost,
And in the lairs of men
Move with thy forehead crossed
With "Fool," and "Fool" again.
- 448 I would that earth again
Were builded and I there
With power to succor men
And make their pathways fair;
Or, failing this, to blot
From life the mind of me,
To be unknown, forgot—
Or else be loved by thee.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 449 Some good red wine give me,
A book of verses bright,
A loaf of bread to fee
The grosser appetite,
And thou to love me, Sweet,
All in a garden fair,—
Gods knowing my retreat
Would center heaven there!
- 450 Truth hath no need to fear;
She hunteth not belief,
She fighteth with no spear,
She bindeth up no sheaf;
Yet all before her throne
(Which no rude hand can shake)
At last her prowess own,
And love her for her sake.
- 451 If sorrow thou wouldst flee,
Press to thy brows her crown;
Resign thyself, and she
Will half forget to frown.
And wouldst thou taste the wine
Of earth's supremest wealth,
Thank heaven thou dost dine
With Honor and with Health.
- 452 The roses are in blossom;
Bring wine and quit your sighs;
Come, fill your gloomy bosom
With balm of paradise.
Be happy—not tomorrow—
Be happy, Sweet, today,
Before the grip of Sorrow
Snatch life itself away.

Omar
Re:
sung

Be hypocrite no more;
Delight in love and song,
And shut the solid door
On Grief and all her throng.
Mohammed's laws be thine,
But when our Ali pours
Accept his proffered wine
And bless what Joy adores.

454 The world to those who love it
Is nothing more than loss;
To those who look above it
'Tis something more than dross.
Then why upon the bubble
So fondly gaze, my friend,
And fill thy days with trouble
For what in smoke doth end?

455 O Thou, Essence Unknown,
To whom my soul is blind,
To whom my heart is stone,
Groping, I something find
That bids me hope and trust
This darkness yet may rise;
That Thou art good and just;
Hell less than paradise.

456 Now while the fountains sing
And every bird is gay,
Vex not the mirth of spring
Nor chide her roundelay;
A breath of stormy wind
Shall hurl thy roses far,
And autumn surely find
How many thorns there are.

Omar
Rez
sung

- 457 If Thou didst make me I,
An Individual Soul,
Why wouldst Thou let me die
Into the mighty Whole?
If purposing to slay,
Why broughtest Thou me here,
To strut my little day
And then to disappear?
- 458 Why dost Thou threaten me?
Am I worth more in fear
Than in the liberty
Of Reason's golden sphere?
Say, what were paradise
If man be thus undone?
A region where the wise
Are lacking, barring none.
- 459 Oh, heart, if thou wert dumb
To many-headed Sin,
Pure Soul wouldst thou become,
And hope's high vantage win.
Then what a shame and loss,
With Beauty, oh, so near,
In this vile house of dross
To long have sojourn here.
- 460 O Potter! cometh soon
Thy busy wheel unto
The head of Feridoun,
The hand of Kai-Krossu.
Beware! Degrade no more
The helpless clay of men,
Nor count amongst thy store
That which may live again.

Omar
Re:
sung

If life hath been a feast,
What then hast thou to show,
When this, thy mansion leased,
Falls to the flood below?
If thou hast lived an age,
And live an age remote,
Time blots thy little page
And laughs at what he wrote.

462 And canst thou tell me, Sweet,
Why cypress-tree and rose
Such fair renown do meet,
And neither any foes?
With many hands the tree
Doth bless our silent tombs,
With lips that fragrant be
The rose doth kiss the glooms.

463 Lo! the zephyr of eve
Wafts the scent of the rose,
And the nightingales grieve
Wheresoever it goes.
And the soul of the flower,
Through the heart of the bird,
Re-impassions the Power
As the fragrance is heard!

464 Alas! for Summer has flown,
Alas, this leafless tree;
Alas, that I have grown
The laugh of time to be.
The sum of joy I sought,
The melody of spring;
Alas, I little thought
How death shrouds everything.

Omar
Re:
sung

- 465 With this or that how long
Shall we disturb our wit—
If life be but a song
Or just a dream of it?
The breath I now breathe in,
Perchance, I breathe not out.
Bring wine! I'll not begin
To question joy with doubt.
- 466 In this proud house of life
Drink deep, philosopher,
Of the strong wine of strife
And be Love's worshipper;
And wheresoe'er thy dust
Through this wild world may blow,
There strength shall spring and trust
And every virtue grow.

*Here endeth OMAR RESUNG, being
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