



RUBÁIYÁT  
*of*  
OMAR KHAYYÁM

*Rendered into English Verse by*  
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FISH



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# LIFE OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

## THE ASTRONOMER - POET OF PERSIA

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

**O**MAR KHAYYÁM was born at Naishápur in Khorassán in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth, Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two other very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of them, Hasan al Sabbáh, whose very Name has lengthen'd down to us a terrible Synonym for Murder: and the other (who also tells the Story of all Three) Nizám al Mulk, Vizyr to Alp the Lion, and Malik Shah, Son and Grandson of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám al Mulk, in his *Wasýat*—or *Testament*—which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen—relates the following, as quoted in the Calcutta Review, No. 59, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins:

“One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassán was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápur, a man highly honoured and revered,—may God rejoice his soul; his illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran, or studied the traditions in his presence, would assuredly attain to honour and happiness. For this cause did my father send me from Tús to Naishápur, with Abd-u-samad, the doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study and learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher. Towards me he ever turned an eye of favour and kindness, and as his pupil I felt for him extreme affection and devotion, so that I passed four years in his service. When I first came there, I found two other pupils of mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers; and we three formed a close friendship together. When the Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and we repeated to each other the lessons we had heard. Now Omar was a native of Naishápur, while Hasan Ben Sabbáh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day Hasan said to me and to Khayyám,

“It is a universal belief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain to fortune. Now, if we *all* do not attain thereto, without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our mutual pledge and bond?’ We answered, “‘Be it what you please.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘let us make a vow, that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself.’ ‘Be it so,’ we both replied; and on these terms we mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I went from Khorassán to Transoxiana, and wandered to Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, I was invested with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán.”

‘He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier’s request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and, failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. After many mishaps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismailians*,—a party of fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A.D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract, south of the Caspian Sea; and it was from this mountain home he obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin*, which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves, (the Indian *bháng*,) with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days, at Naishápur. One of the countless victims of the Assassin’s dagger was Nizám al Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.

‘Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim his share; but not to ask for title or office. “The greatest boon you can confer on me,” he said, “is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your long life and prosperity.” The Vizier tells us, that, when he found Omar was really sincere in his

refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1,200 *mithqāl* of gold from the treasury of Naishápur.

At Naishápur thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, "busied," adds the *Vizier*, "in winning knowledge of every kind, and especially in Astronomy, wherein he attained to a very high pre-eminence. Under the Sultanate of Malik Shah, he came to Merv, and obtained great praise for his proficiency in science, and the Sultan showered favours upon him."

When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, Omar was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; the result was the *Jaláli* era, (so-called from *Jalal-al-Din*, one of the King's names,)—"a computation of time," says Gibbon, "which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." He is also the author of some astronomical tables, entitled "*Zij-Malik-sháhi*," and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic treatise of his on Algebra.

These severer Studies, and his Verses, which, though happily fewer than any Persian Poet's, and, though perhaps fugitively composed, the Result of no fugitive Emotion or Thought, are probably the Work and Event of his Life, leaving little else to record. Perhaps he liked a little farming too, so often as he speaks of the 'Edge of the Tilth' on which he loved to rest with his *Díván* of Verse, his Loaf—and his Wine.

His *Takhallus* or poetical name (Khayyám) signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before Nizám al Mulk's generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian Poets similarly derive their names from their occupations; thus we have Attár, "a druggist," Assár, "an oil presser," &c.' (Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, &c., may simply retain the Sirname of an hereditary calling.) 'Omar himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines:—

"Khayyám, who stitched the tents of science,  
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;  
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,  
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!"

'We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close; related in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems; it has been printed in the Persian in the appendix to Hyde's

*Veterum Persarum Religio*, p. 499; and D'Herbelot alludes to it in his *Bibliothèque*, under *Khiam*:—

“It is written in the chronicles of the ancients that this King of the Wise, Omar Khayyám, died at Naishápur in the year of the Hegira, 517 (A.D. 1123); in science he was unrivalled,—the very paragon of his age. Khwájah Nizámi of Samarcand, who was one of his pupils, relates the following story: ‘I often used to hold conversations with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and one day he said to me, “My tomb shall be in a spot, where the north wind may scatter roses over it.” I wondered at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle words. Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishápur I went to his final resting place, and lo! it was just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them.’”

Thus far—without fear of Trespass—from the Calcutta Review.

Though the Sultan ‘shower’d Favours upon him,’ Omar’s Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose faith amounts to little more than his own when stript of the Mysticism and formal Compliment to Islamism which Omar would not hide under. Their Poets, including Háfiz, who are (with the exception of Firdúsi) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar’s material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they address’d: a People quite as quick of Doubt as of Belief; quite as keen of the Bodily Senses as of the Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy Element compounded of all, in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that could be recited indifferently whether at the Mosque or the Tavern. Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as they were, than to perplex it with vain mortifications after what they *might be*. It has been seen that his Worldly Desires, however, were not exorbitant; and he very likely takes a humorous pleasure in exaggerating them above that

Intellect in whose exercise he must have found great pleasure, though not in a Theological direction. However this may be, his Worldly Pleasures are what they profess to be without any Pretence at divine Allegory: his Wine is the veritable Juice of the Grape: his Tavern, where it was to be had: his Siki, the Flesh and Blood that poured it out for him: all which, and where the Roses were in Bloom, was all he profess'd to want of this World or to expect of Paradise.

The Mathematic Faculty, too, which regulated his Fandy, and condensed his Verse to a Quality and Quantity unknown in Persian, perhaps in Oriental, Poetry, help'd by its very virtue perhaps to render him less popular with his countrymen. If the Greeks were Children in Gossip, what does Persian Literature imply but a *Second Childishness* of Garrulity? And certainly if no *arithmetic* Greek was to enter Plato's School of Philosophy, no so unchastised a Persian should enter on the Race of Persian Verse, with its 'fatal Facility' of running on long after Thought is winded! But Omar was not only the single Mathematician of his Country's Poets; he was also of that older time and stouter Temper, before that native soul of Persia was quite broke by a foreign Creed as well as foreign Conquest. Like his great Predecessor Firdúsi, who was as little of a *Mystic*; who scorned to use even a *Word* of the very language in which the New Faith came clothed; and who was suspected, not of Omar's Irreligion indeed, but of secretly clinging to the ancient Fire-Religion of Zerdusht, of which so many of the Kings he sang were Worshippers.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but charily transmitted abroad. The MSS. of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all that Arms and Science have brought us. There is none at the India House, none at the Bibliothèque Impériale or Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A.D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library of Calcutta, (of which we have a copy,) contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and Corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of *his* Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that Number. The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS.

seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a *Tretrastich* (whether genuine or not), taken out of its alphabetic order; the Oxford with one of Apology; the Calcutta with one of Execration too stupid for Omar's, even had Omar been stupid enough to execrate himself.\*

The Reviewer, who translates the foregoing Particulars of Omar's Life, and some of his Verse into Prose, concludes by comparing him with Lucretius, both in Natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed men of subtle Intellect and high Imagination, instructed in Learning beyond their day, and of Hearts passionate for Truth and Justice; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it; but who yet fell short of replacing what they subverted by any such better *Hope* as others, upon whom no better *Faith* had dawned, had yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus furnished, consoled himself with the construction of a machine that needed no Constructor, and acting by a Law that implied no Lawgiver; and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Universe of which he was part Actor; himself and all about him, (as in his own sublime Description of the Roman Theatre,) coloured with the lurid reflex of the Curtain that was suspended between them and the outer Sun. Omar, more desperate, or more careless, of any such laborious System as resulted in nothing more than hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter jest into the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, yielding his Senses to the actual Rose and Vine, only *diverted* his thoughts by balancing ideal possibilities of Fate, Freewill, Existence and Annihilation; with an oscillation that so generally inclined to the negative and lower side, as to make such Stanzas as the following exceptions to his general Philosophy—

‘Oh, if my Soul can fling his Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
Is't not a Shame, is't not a Shame for Him  
So long in this Clay Suburb to abide!

---

\* ‘Since this Paper was written’ (adds the Reviewer in a note), ‘we have met with a copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 *Tetra-*stichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS.’

‘Or is *that* but a Tent, where rests anon  
A Sultán to his kingdom passing on,  
And which the swarthy Chamberlain shall strike  
Then when the Sultán rises to be gone?’

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubáiyát (as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these *Tetrastichs* are more musically called) are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody, sometimes *all* rhyming, but oftener (as here attempted) the third line suspending the Cadence by which the last atones with the former Two. Sometimes as in the Greek Alcaic, where the third line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme—a strange Farrago of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the ‘Drink and make-merry,’ which (genuine or not) recurs over-frequently in the Original. For Lucretian as Omar’s Genius might be, he cross’d that darker Mood with much of Oliver de Basselin Humour. Any way, the Result is sad enough : saddest, perhaps, when most ostentatiously merry : any way, fitter to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tent-maker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic Glimpse of TOMORROW, fell back upon TODAY (which has out-last-ed so many Tomorrows!) as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

# THE RUBAYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

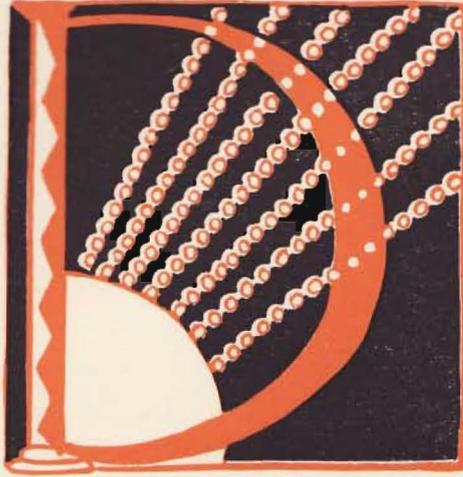


I



WAKE! for Morning in the  
Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts  
the Stars to Flight:<sup>1</sup>  
And Lo! the Hunter of the  
East has caught  
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose  
of Light.

II



REAMING when Dawn's Left  
Hand was in the Sky<sup>2</sup>  
I heard a Voice within the  
Tavern cry,  
'Awake, my Little ones, and  
fill the Cup  
'Before Life's Liquor in its  
Cup be dry.'

### III



ND, as the Cock crew, those  
who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—‘Open  
then the Door!  
‘You know how little while  
we have to stay,  
‘And, once departed, may  
return no more.’

IV



OW the New Year<sup>3</sup> reviving  
old Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Soli-  
tude retires,  
Where the WHITE HAND  
OF MOSES on the Bough  
Puts out,<sup>4</sup> and Jesus from the  
Ground suspires.

V



RÁM indeed is gone with all  
its Rose,<sup>5</sup>  
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd  
Cup where no one knows;  
But still the Vine her ancient  
Ruby yields,  
And still a Garden by the  
Water blows.



VI



AND David's Lips are lock't;  
but in divine  
High-piping Péhlevi,<sup>6</sup> with  
'Wine! Wine! Wine!  
'*Red Wine!*'—the nightin-  
gale cries to the Rose  
That yellow Cheek<sup>7</sup> of hers  
to'incarnadine.

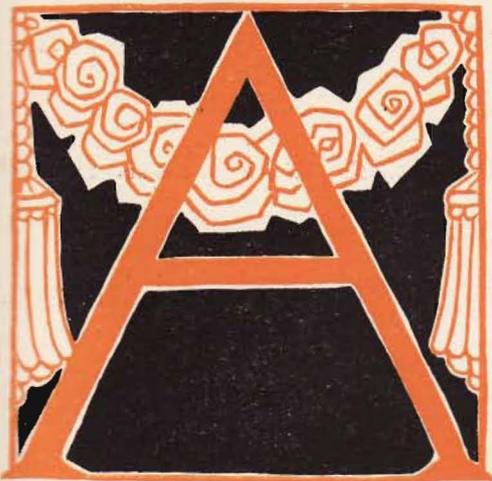
VII



COME, fill the Cup, and in the  
Fire of Spring  
The Winter Garment of Re-  
pentance fling:  
The Bird of Time has but a  
little way  
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is  
on the Wing.



## VIII



AND look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day  
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:  
And this first Summer Month  
that brings the Rose  
Shall take Jamshýd and Kai-  
kobád away.

IX



UT come with old Khayyám,  
and leave the Lot  
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú  
forgot:

Let Rustum lay about him as  
he will,<sup>8</sup>  
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—  
heed them not.

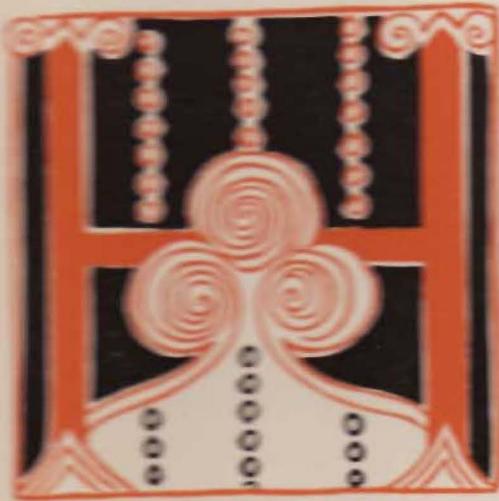
X



WITH me along some Stri  
Herbage strown  
That just divides the d  
from the sown,  
Where name of Slave  
Sultán scarce is know  
And pity Sultán Máhmú  
his Throne.

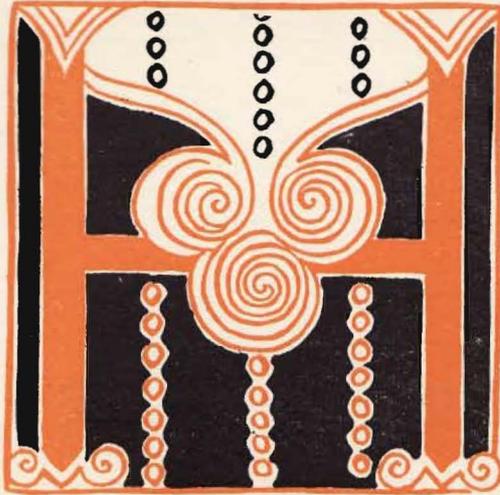


XI



ERE with a Loaf of Bread  
beneath the Bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book of  
Verse—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the  
Wilderness—  
And Wilderness is Paradise  
enow.

## XII

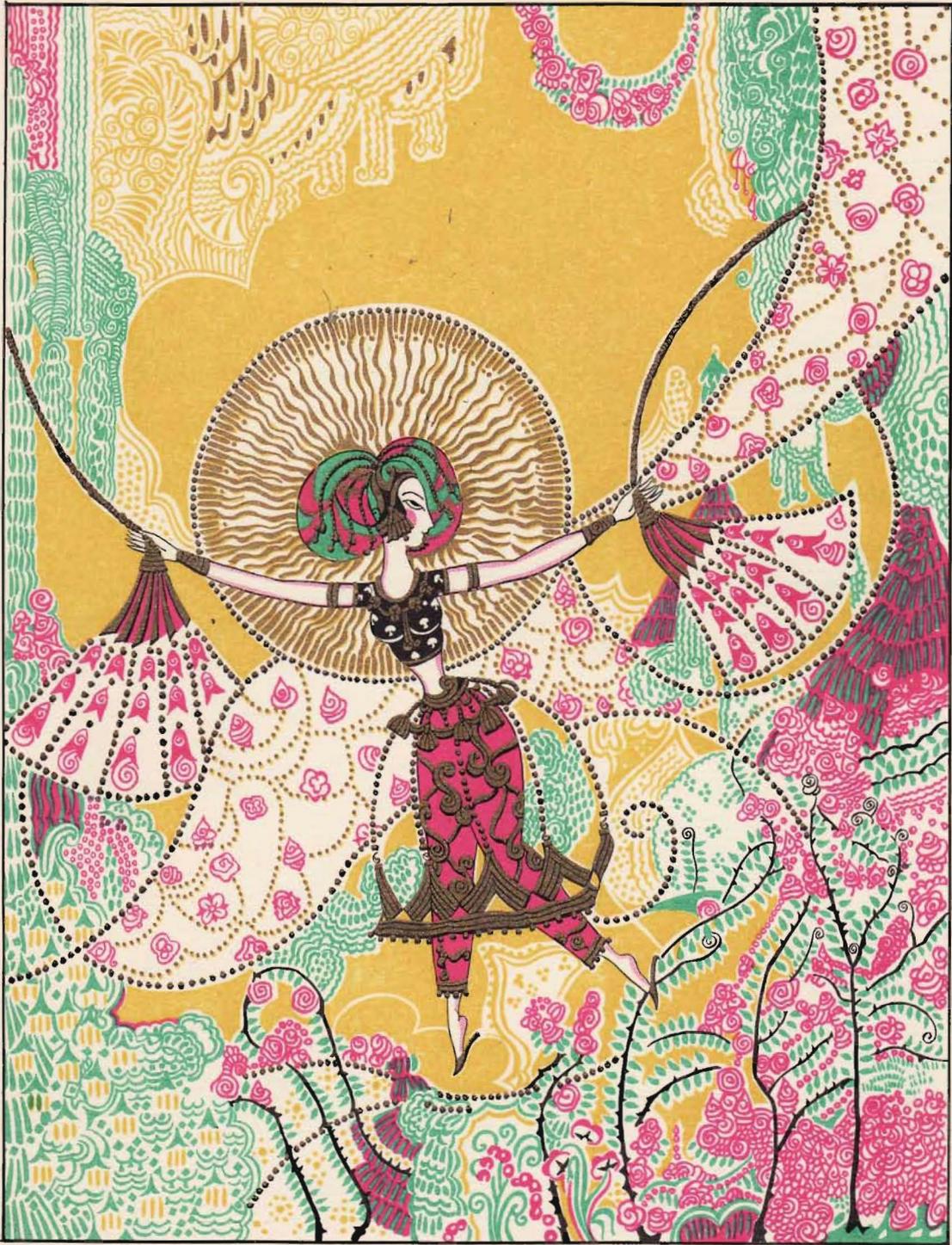


OW sweet is mortal Sov-  
ranty!'—think some:  
Others—'How blest the Para-  
dise to come!'  
Ah, take the Cash in hand  
and waive the Rest;  
Oh, the brave Music of a  
*distant Drum!*'

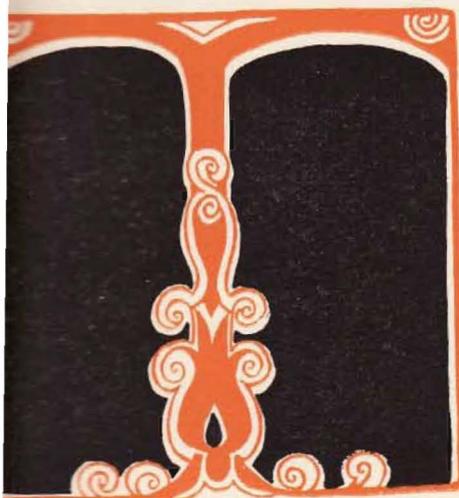
### XIII



LOOK to the Rose that blows  
about us—‘Lo,  
‘Laughing,’ she says, ‘into  
the World I blow:  
‘At once the silken Tassel of  
my Purse  
‘Tear, and its Treasure<sup>10</sup> on  
the Garden throw.’

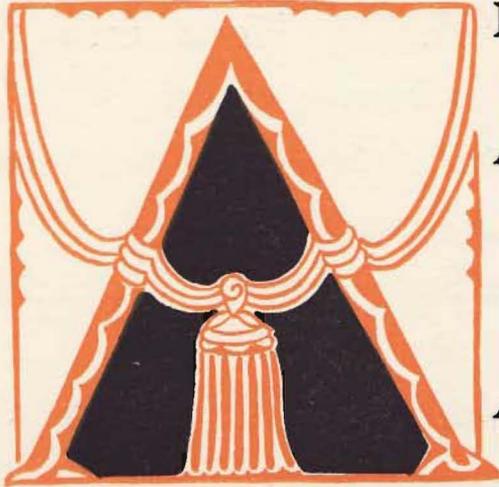


## XIV



HE Worldly Hope men set  
their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers;  
and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's  
dusty Face  
Lighting a little Hour or  
two—is gone.

XV



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

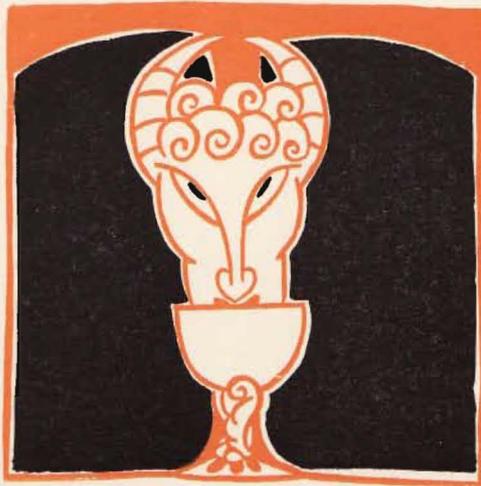
XVI



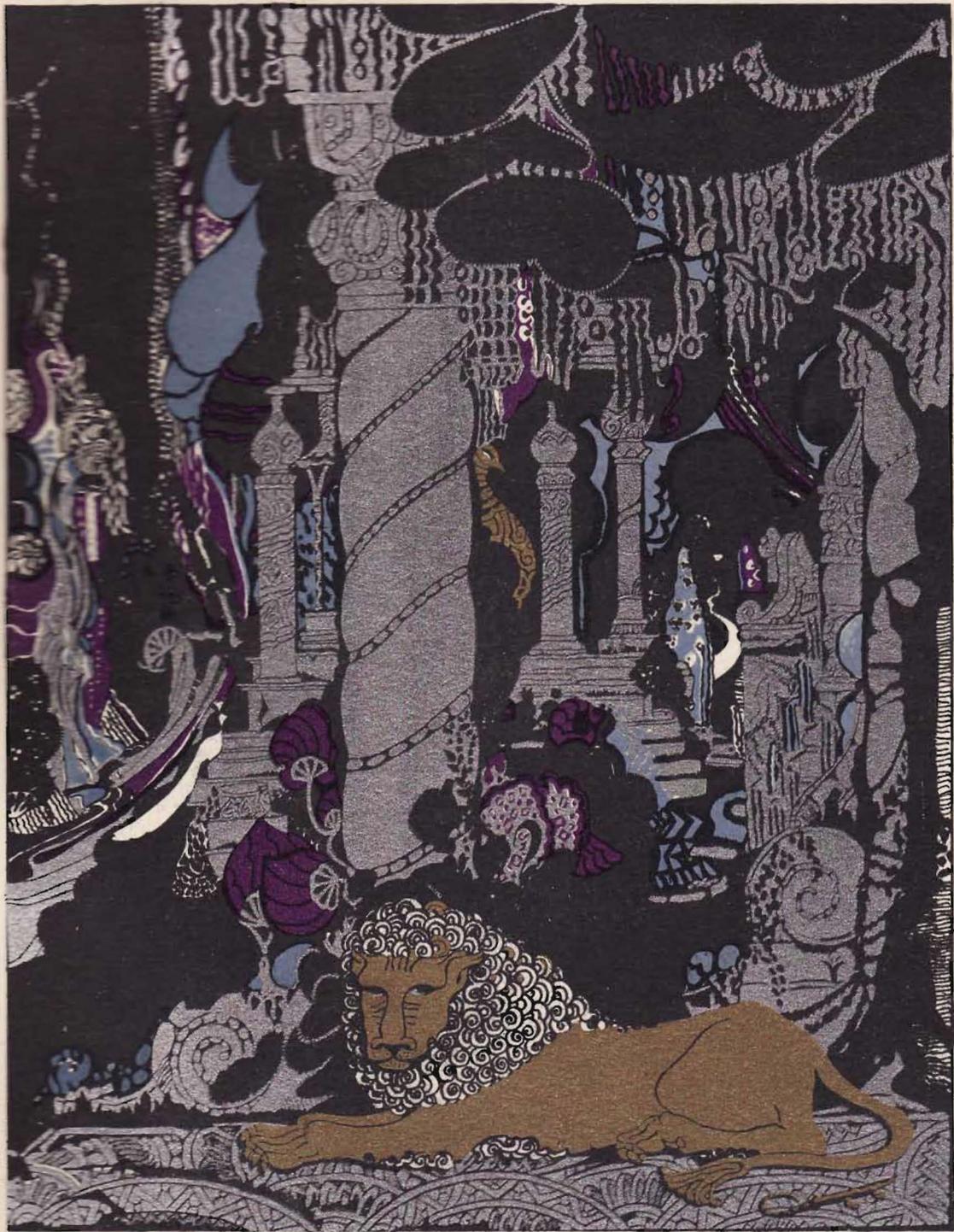
HINK, in this batter'd Caravanserai  
Whose Doorways are alternate  
Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with  
his Pomp  
Abode his Hour or two, and  
went his way.



## XVII



HEY say the Lion and the  
Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshýd  
gloried and drank deep:<sup>11</sup>  
And Bahrá, that great Hun-  
ter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, and he  
lies fast asleep.



## XVIII



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

XIX



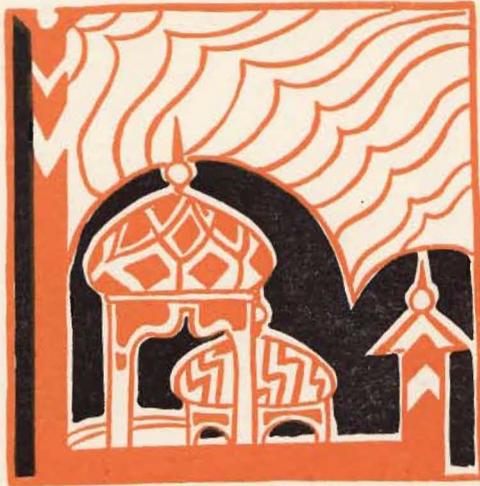
AND this delightful Herb whose  
tender Green  
Fledges the River's Lip on  
which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for  
who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it  
springs unseen!

XX

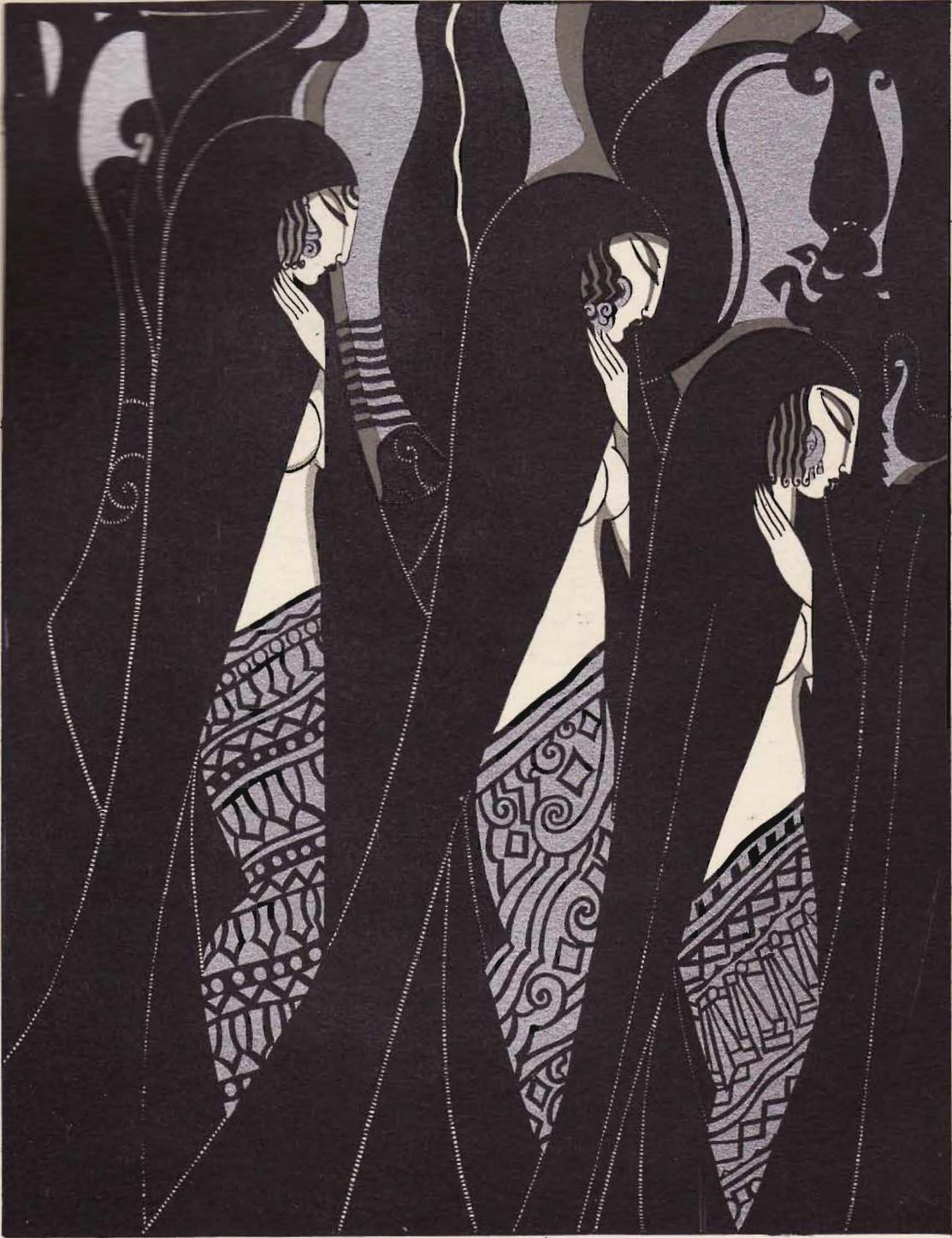


H, my Belovéd, fill the Cup  
that clears  
TO-DAY of past Regrets, and  
future Fears—  
*To-morrow?* — Why, To-  
morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n  
Thousand Years.<sup>12</sup>

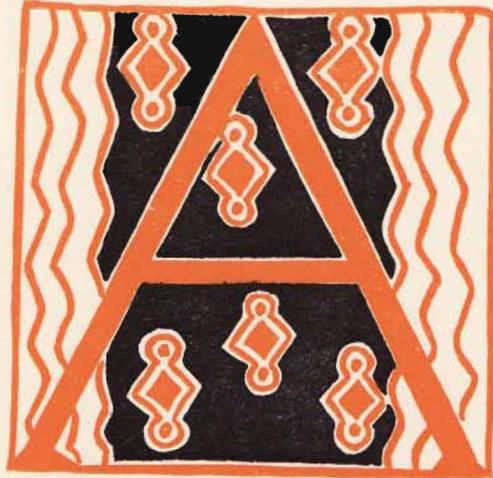
XXI



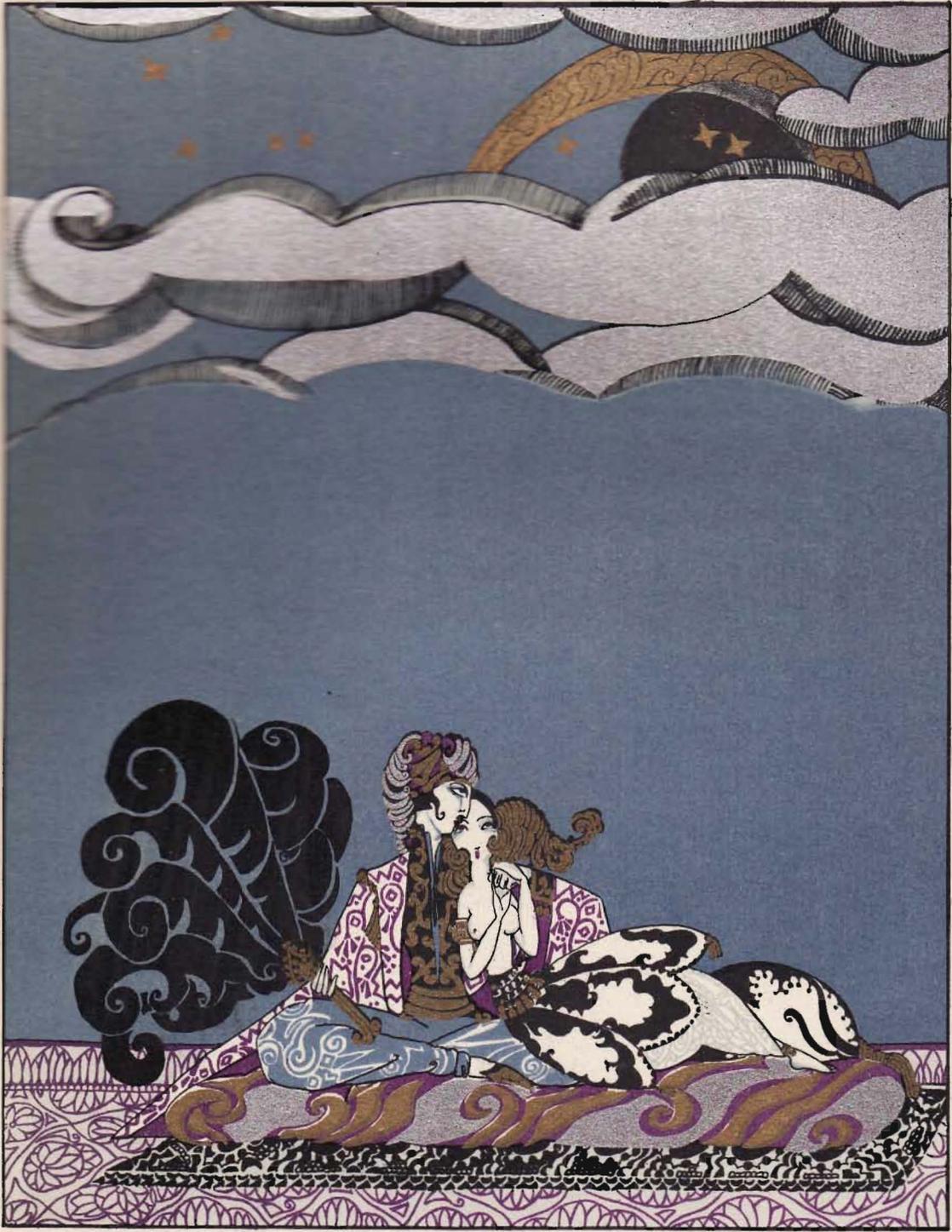
O! some we loved, the loveliest  
and best  
That Time and Fate of all  
their Vintage prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a  
Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently  
to Rest.



XXII



AND we, that now make merry  
in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses  
in new Bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath  
the Couch of Earth  
Descend, ourselves to make a  
Couch—for whom?



## XXIII



H, make the most of what we  
yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust  
descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under  
Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans  
Singer, and—sans End!

XXIV



LIKE for those who for TO-  
DAY prepare,  
And those that after a TO-  
MORROW stare  
A Muezzín from the Tower  
of Darkness cries  
'Fools! your Reward is neither  
Here nor There!'

XXV



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

## XXVI

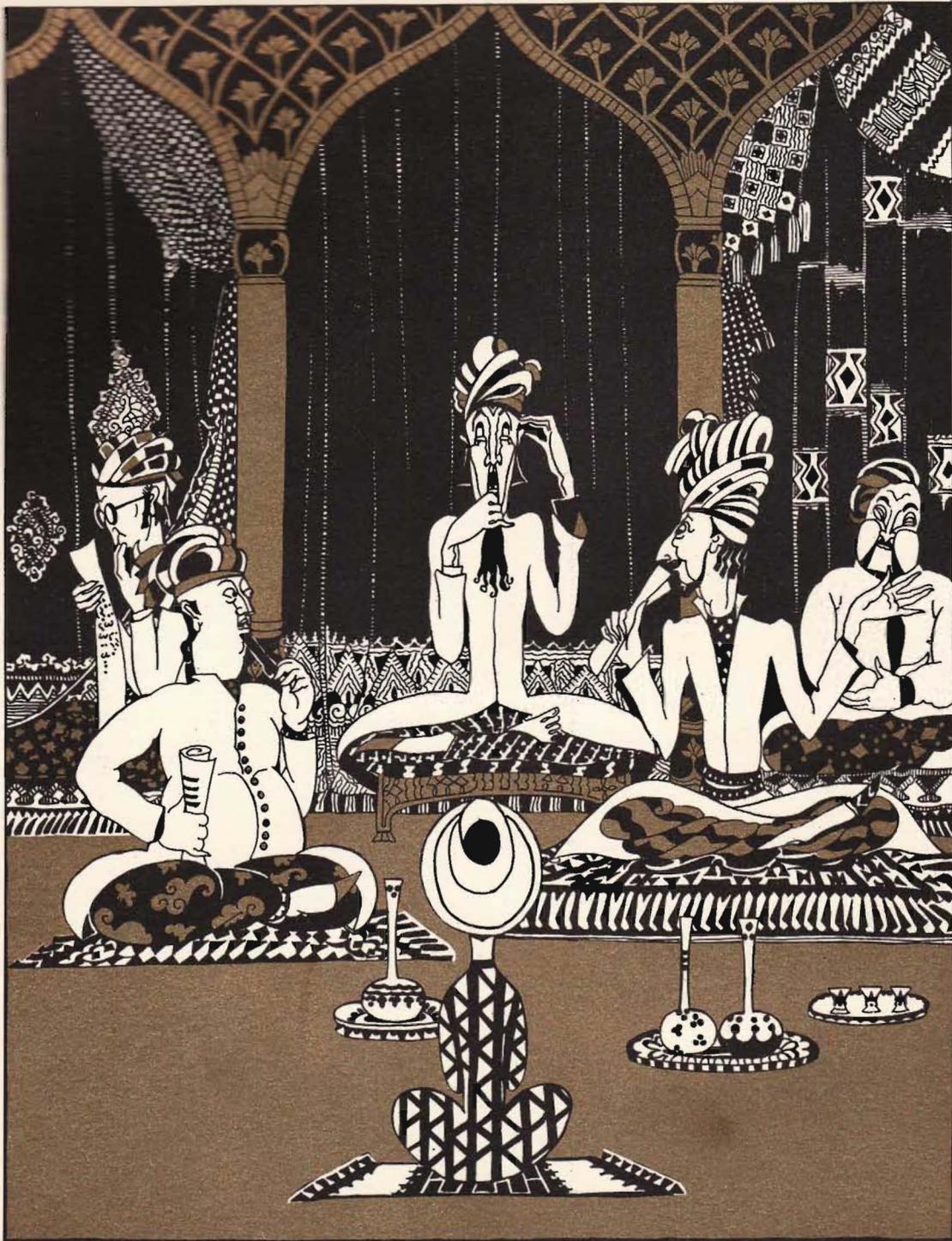


H, come with old Khayyám,  
and leave the Wise  
To talk; one thing is certain,  
that Life flies;  
One thing is certain, and the  
Rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has  
blown for ever dies.

XXVII



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



## XXVIII



WITH them the Seed of Wis-  
dom did I sow,  
And with my own hand  
labour'd it to grow:  
And this was all the Harvest  
that I reap'd—  
'I came like Water, and like  
Wind I go.'

## XXIX



INTO this Universe, and *why*  
not knowing,  
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-  
nilly flowing:  
And out of it, as Wind  
along the Waste,  
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly  
blowing.

XXX



HAT, without asking, hither  
hurried *whence?*

And, without asking, *whither*  
hurried hence!

Another and another Cup  
to drown

The Memory of this Imper-  
tinence!



XXXI



P from Earth's Centre through  
the Seventh Gate  
I rose, and on the Throne of  
Saturn sate,<sup>13</sup>  
And many Knots unravel'd  
by the Road;  
But not the Knot of Human  
Death and Fate.

## XXXII



HERE was a Door to which  
I found no Key:  
There was a Veil past which  
I could not see:  
Some little Talk awhile of  
ME and THEE  
There seemed—and then no  
more of THEE and ME.<sup>15</sup>

### XXXIII



HEN to the rolling Heav'n  
itself I cried,  
Asking, 'What Lamp had  
Destiny to guide  
'Her little Children stumbling  
in the Dark?'  
And—'A blind Understand-  
ing!' Heav'n replied.

XXXIV



HEN to this earthen Bowl did  
I adjourn  
My Lip the secret Well of  
Life to learn:  
And Lip to Lip it mur-  
mur'd—'While you live  
'Drink!—for once dead you  
never shall return.'

XXXV



THINK the Vessel, that with  
fugitive  
Articulation answer'd, once  
did live,  
And merry-make; and the  
cold Lip I kiss'd  
How many Kisses might it  
take—and give!

XXXVI



OR in the Market-place, one  
Dusk of Day,  
I watch'd the Potter thumping  
his wet Clay:  
And with its all obliterated  
Tongue  
It murmur'd—'Gently, Bro-  
ther, gently, pray!'

XXXVII



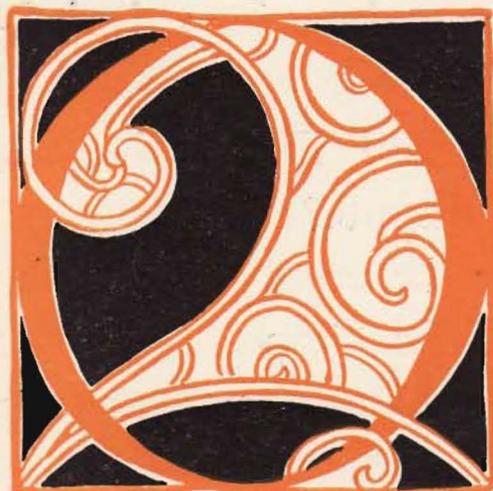
H, fill the Cup:—what boots  
it to repeat  
How Time is slipping under-  
neath our Feet:  
Unborn TO-MORROW, and  
dead YESTERDAY,  
Why fret about them if TO-  
DAY be sweet!

XXXVII



H, fill the Cup:—what boots  
it to repeat  
How Time is slipping under-  
neath our Feet:  
Unborn TO-MORROW, and  
dead YESTERDAY,  
Why fret about them if TO-  
DAY be sweet!

## XXXVIII



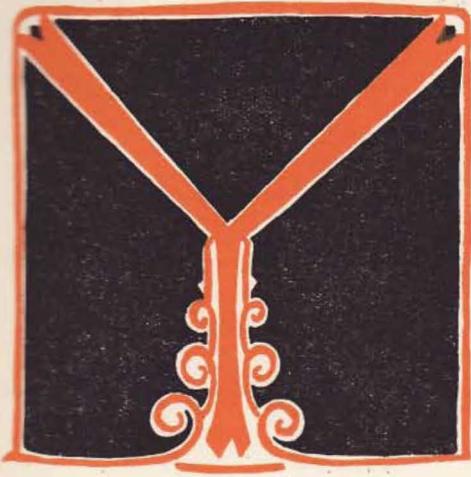
NE Moment in Annihilation's  
Waste,  
One Moment, of the Well of  
Life to taste—  
The Stars are setting and  
the Caravan  
Starts for the Dawn of Noth-  
ing<sup>16</sup> —Oh, make haste!

XXXIX



OW long, how long, in infi-  
nite Pursuit  
Of This and That endeavour  
and dispute?  
Better be merry with the  
fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or  
bitter, Fruit.

XL



YOU know, my Friends, how  
long since in my House  
For a new Marriage I did  
make Carouse:  
Divorced old barren Reason  
from my Bed,  
And took the Daughter of  
the Vine to Spouse.

XLI



OR 'Is' and 'IS-NOT' though  
*with* Rule and Line,  
And 'UP-AND-DOWN' *without*,  
I could define,<sup>14</sup>  
I yet in all I only cared to  
know,  
Was never deep in anything  
but— Wine.

XLII



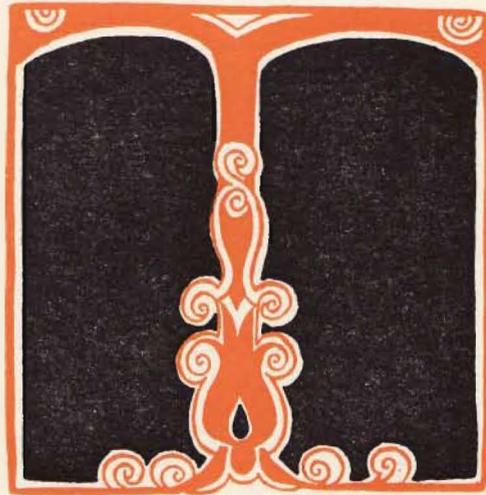
AND lately, by the Tavern  
Door agape,  
Came stealing through the  
Dusk an Angel Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his  
Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and  
'twas—the Grape!

XLIII

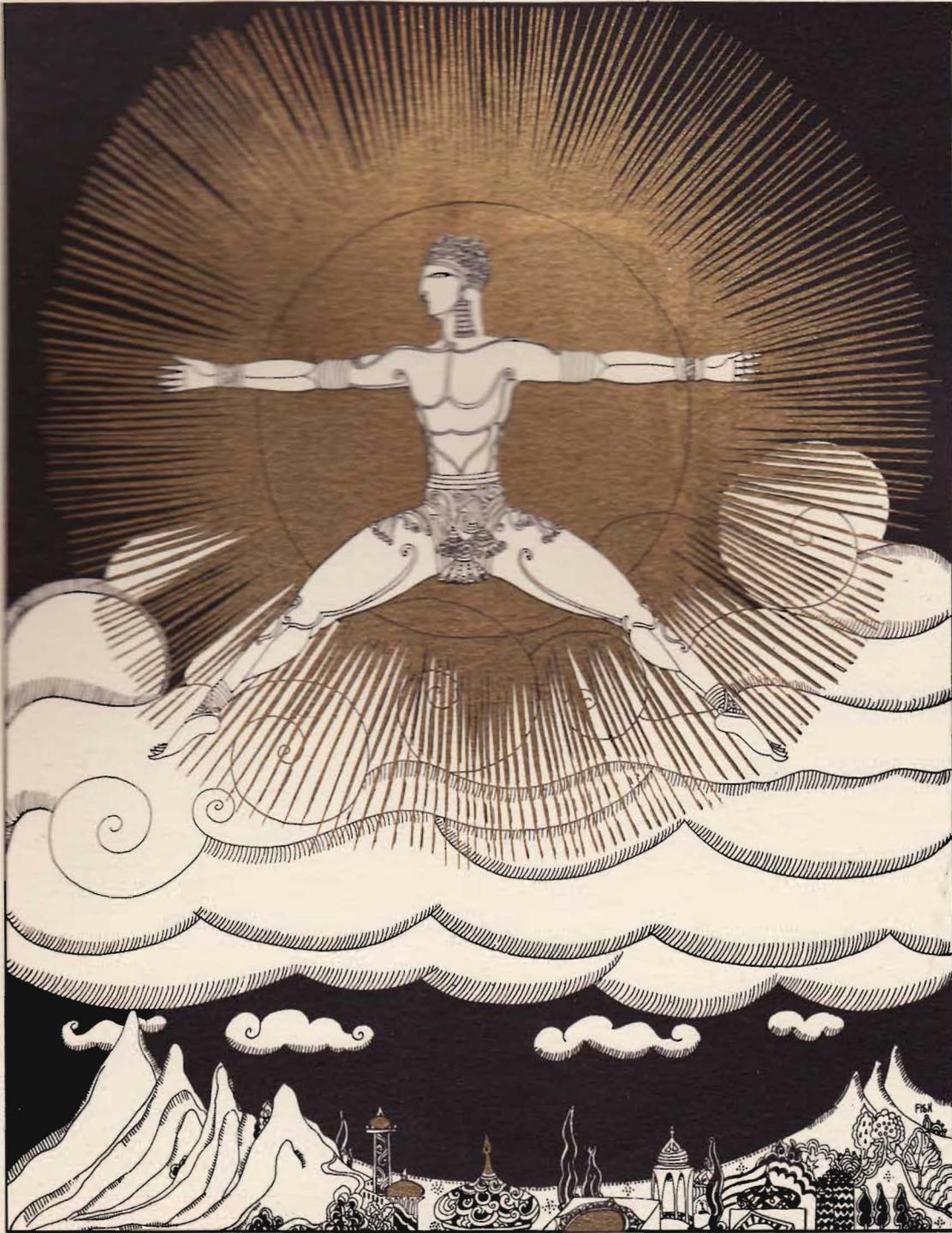


HE Grape that can with Logic  
absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring  
Sects<sup>17</sup> confute:  
The subtle Alchemist that  
in a Trice  
Life's leaden Metal into Gold  
transmute.

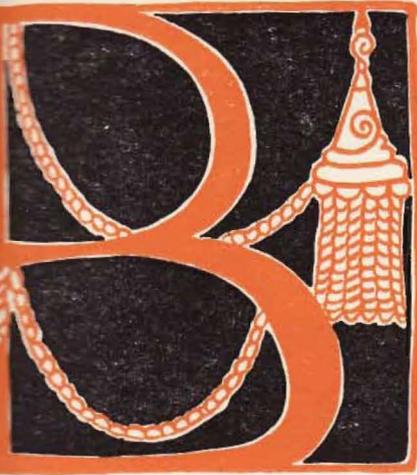
XLIV



HE mighty Mahmúd, the  
victorious Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and  
black Horde<sup>18</sup>  
Of Fears and Sorrows that  
infest the Soul  
Scatters and slays with his  
enchanted Sword.

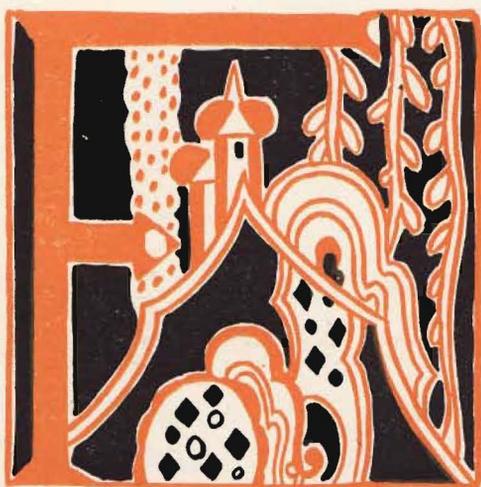


XLV



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

XLVI



OR in and out, above, about,  
below,  
'Tis nothing but a Magic  
Shadow-show,  
Play'd in a Box whose Candle  
is the Sun,  
Round which we Phantom  
Figures come and go.<sup>19</sup>



XLVII



AND if the Wine you drink,  
the Lip you press,  
End in the Nothing all Things  
end in—Yes—  
Then fancy while Thou art,  
Thou art but what  
Thou shalt be—Nothing—  
Thou shalt not be less.

## XLVIII



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



XLIX



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

L



HE Ball no Question makes  
of Ayes and Noes,  
But Right or Left as strikes  
the Player goes;  
And He that toss'd Thee  
down into the Field,  
*He* knows about it all—HE  
knows—HE knows!<sup>20</sup>

LI



HE Moving Finger writes;  
and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety  
nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel  
half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a  
Word of it.

لر روز از آمد آنچه الیست لبلال  
تشکلن ما تشکلن ما لیپ و لاست  
حمر خور و ل ن و کور



LII



AND that inverted Bowl we  
call The Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop't  
we live and die,  
Lift not thy hands to *It* for  
help—for *It*  
Rolls impotently on as Thou  
or I.

LIII



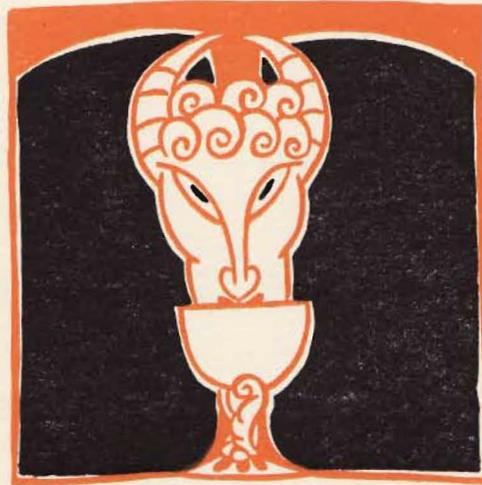
WITH Earth's first Clay They  
did the Last Man's knead,  
And then of the Last Harvest  
sow'd the Seed:  
Yea, the first Morning of  
Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of  
Reckoning shall read.

LIV



TELL Thee this— When,  
starting from the Goal,  
Over the shoulders of the  
flaming Foal  
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mush-  
tara they flung,<sup>21</sup>  
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust  
and Soul.

LV



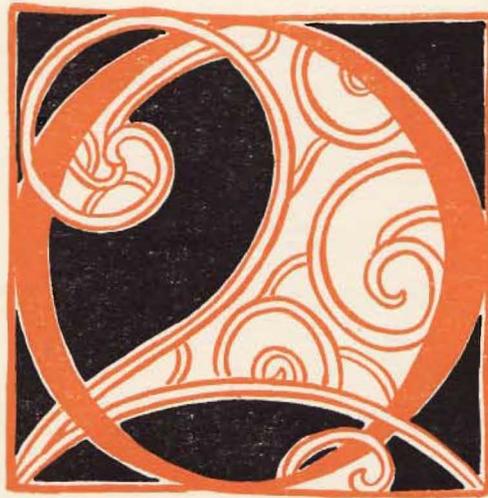
HE Vine had struck a Fibre;  
which about  
If clings my Being—let the  
Súfi flout;  
Of my Base Metal may be  
filed a Key,  
That shall unlock the Door  
he howls without.

## LVI



ND this I know: whether the  
one True Light,  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath  
consume me quite,  
One Glimpse of It within  
the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple  
lost outright.

LVII



H Thou, who didst with Pit-  
fall and with Gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander  
in,  
Thou wilt not with Predes-  
tination round  
Enmesh me, and impute my  
Fall to Sin?

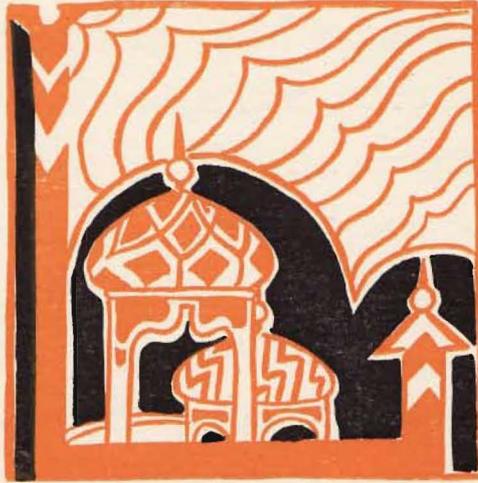
LVIII



H Thou, who Man of baser  
Earth didst make,  
And who with Eden didst  
devise the Snake;  
For all the Sin wherewith  
the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgive-  
ness give—and take!

# KÚZA—NÁMA

## LIX



ISTEN again. One Evening  
at the Close<sup>22</sup>  
Of Ramazán, ere the better  
Moon arose,  
In that old Potter's Shop I  
stood alone  
With the clay Population  
round in Rows.

LX



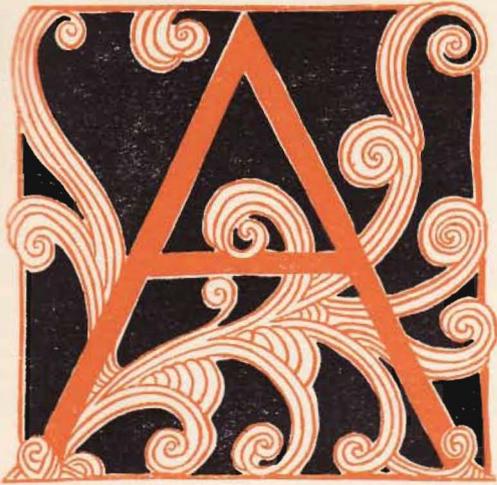
ND, strange to tell, among  
that Earthen Lot  
Some could articulate, while  
others not:  
And suddenly one more im-  
patient cried—  
'Who *is* the Potter, pray, and  
who the Pot?'

LXI



HEN said another — ‘Surely  
not in vain  
‘My Substance from the com-  
mon Earth was ta’en,  
‘That He who subtly wrought  
me into Shape  
‘Should stamp me back to  
common Earth again.’

LXII



NOTHER said—‘Why, ne’er  
a peevish Boy,  
‘Would break the Bowl from  
which he drank in Joy;  
‘Shall He that *made* the  
Vessel in pure Love  
‘And Fandy, in an after Rage  
destroy!’

LXIII



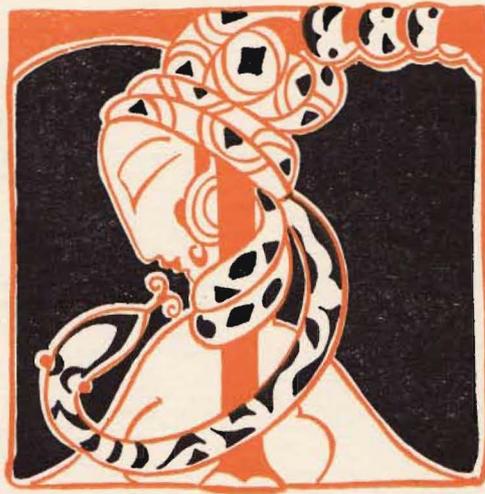
ONE answer'd this; but after  
Silence spake  
A Vessel of a more ungainly  
Make:  
'They sneer at me for leaning  
all awry;  
'What! did the Hand then of  
the Potter shake?'

## LXIV



AID one—‘Folks of a surly  
Tapster tell,  
‘And daub his Visage with  
the Smoke of Hell;  
‘They talk of some strict  
Testing of us—Pish!  
‘He’s a Good Fellow, and  
’twill all be well.’

LXV



HEN said another with a long-  
drawn Sigh,  
'My Clay with long oblivion  
is gone dry:  
'But, fill me with the old  
familiar Juice,  
'Methinks I might recover by-  
and-bye.'

## LXVI



O while the Vessels one by  
one were speaking,  
One spied the little Crescent  
all were seeking:  
And then they jogg'd each  
other, 'Brother! Brother!  
'Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-  
knot a creaking!'

LXVII



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

## LXVIII



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

LXIX



NDEED the Idols I have  
loved so long  
Have done my Credit in Men's  
Eye much wrong:  
Have drown'd my Honour  
in a shallow Cup,  
And sold my Reputation for  
a Song.

LXX



NDEED, indeed, Repentance  
oft before  
I swore—but was I sob  
when I swore?  
And then and then came  
Spring, and Rose-in-har  
My thread - bare Penitence  
apieces tore.

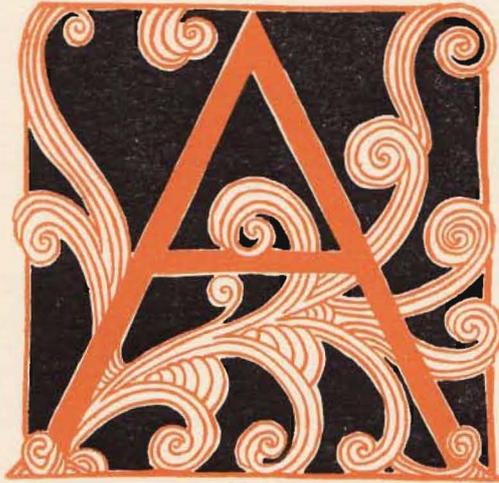


LXXI



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

LXXII



LAS, that Spring should van-  
ish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented  
Manuscript should close!  
The Nightingale that in the  
Branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown  
again, who knows!

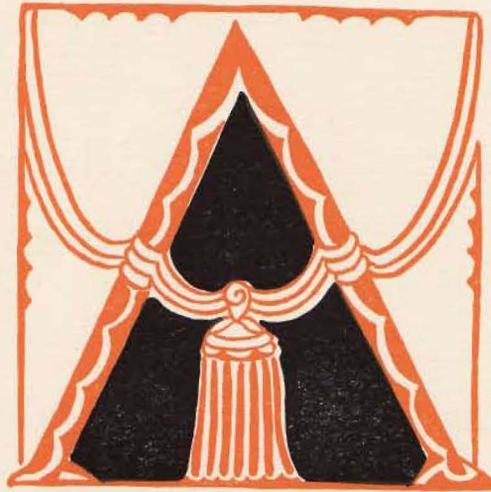


## LXXIII

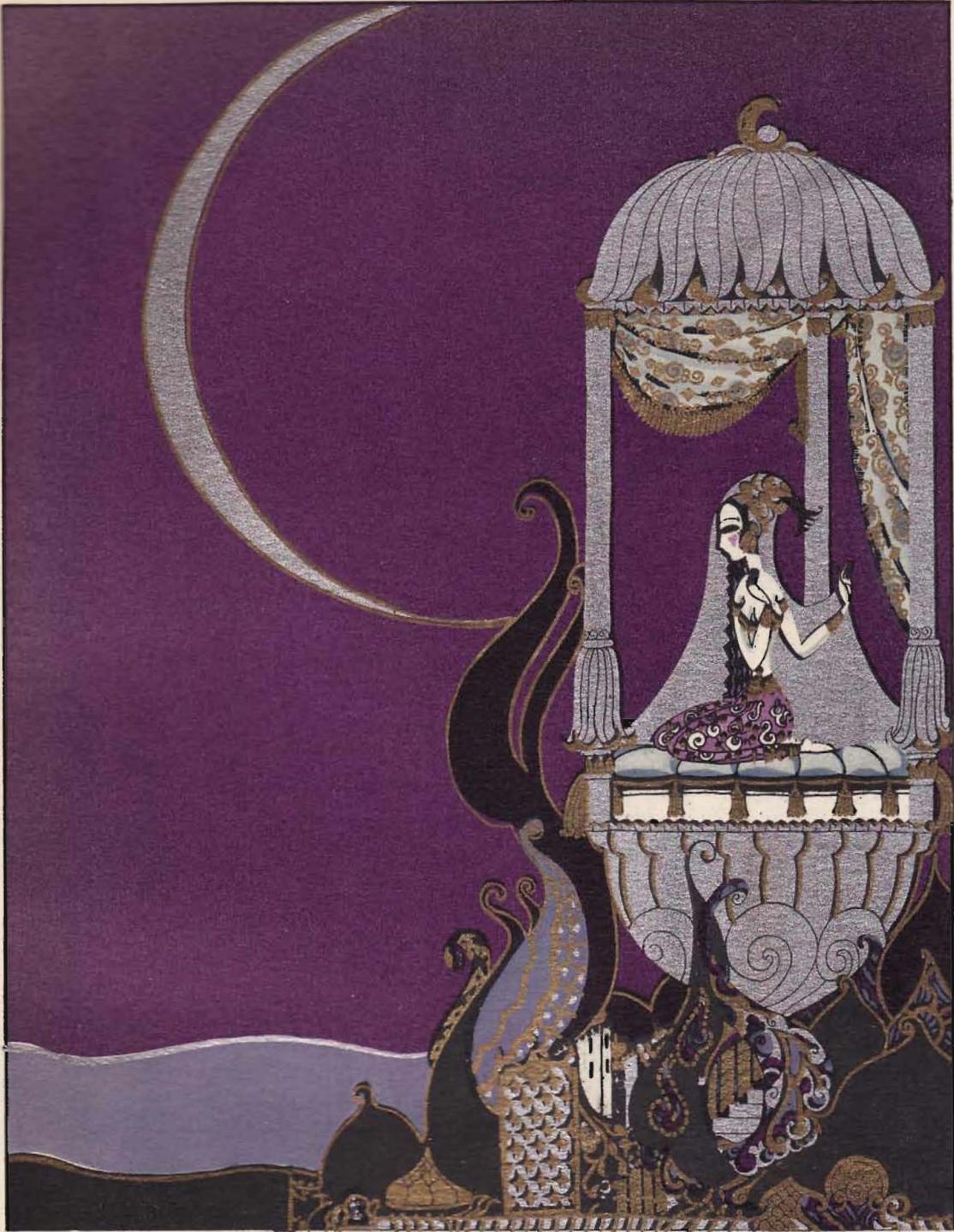


H Love! could thou and I  
with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme  
of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to  
bits—and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the  
Heart's Desire!

LXXIV



H, Moon of my Delight who  
know'st no wane,  
The Moon of Heav'n is rising  
once again:  
How oft hereafter rising shall  
she look  
Through this same Garden  
after me—in vain!



LXXV



AND when Thyself with shining  
Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scat-  
ter'd on the grass,  
And in thy joyous Errand  
reach the Spot  
Where I made one—turn  
down an empty Glass!

TAMÁM SHUD.



## NOTES

(I) Flinging a Stone into the Cup was a Signal for 'To Horse!' in the Desert.

(II) The 'False Dawn'; *Subhi Khâzib*, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the *Subhi sâdik*, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East. The Persians call the Morning Gray, or Dusk, 'Wolf-and-Sheep-While.' 'Almost at odds with, which is which.'

(III) New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever, the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy *Lunar* Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshýd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

'The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring' (says a late Traveller in Persia) 'are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At *Now Rooz* (*their* New Year's Day) the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing upon the Plains on every side—

'And on old Hyem's Chin and icy Crown  
'An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds  
'Is, as in mockery, set——'

'Among the Plants newly appear'd I recognized some old Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year; among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, like the Horse-gowan; red and white Clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its yellow crest on the Banks of the Watercourses.' The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown; but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

(IV) Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand,—not, according to the Persians, '*leprous as Snow*,'—but *white* as our May-Blossom in Spring

perhaps! According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

(V) Irám, planted by King Schedad, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshýd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the Seven Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a *Divining Cup*.

(VI) *Péhlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's *Péhlevi*, which did not change with the People's.

(VII) I am not sure if this refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia.

(VIII) Rustum, the 'Hercules' of Persia, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Shah-náma. Hátim Tai, a well-known Type of Oriental Generosity.

(IX) A Drum—beaten outside a Palace.

(X) That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

(XI) Persepolis: call'd also *Takht'i Jamshýd*—THE THRONE OF JAMSHÝD, 'King Splendid,' of the mythical *Peeshdádian* Dynasty, and supposed (with Shah náma Authority) to have been founded and built by him, though others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Ján Ibn Jann, who also built the Pyramids before the time of Adam. It is also called *Chehl-minar*—*Forty-column*; which is Persian, probably, for *Column-countless*; the Hall they adorned or supported with their Lotus Base and taurine Capital indicating double that Number, though now counted down to less than half by Earthquake and other Inroad. By whomsoever built, unquestionably the Monument of a long extinguished Dynasty and Mythology; its Halls, Chambers and Galleries, inscribed with Arrow-head Characters, and sculptured with colossal, wing'd, half human Figures like those of Nimroud; Processions of Priests and Warriors—(doubtful if any where a Woman)—and Kings sitting on Thrones or in Chariots, Staff or Lotus-flower in hand, and the *Ferooher*—Symbol of Existence—with his wing'd Globe, common also to Assyria and

Ægypt—over theirs heads. All this, together with Aqueduct and Cistern, and other Appurtenance of a Royal Palace, upon a Terrace-platform, ascended by a double Flight of Stairs that may be gallop'd up, and cut out of and into the Rock-side of the *Koh'i Rāhmet*, *Mountain of Mercy*, where the old Fire-worshipping Sovereigns are buried, and overlooking the Plain of Merdasht.

Persians, like some other People, it seems, love to write their own Names, with sometimes a Verse or two, on their Country's Monuments. Mr. Binning (from whose sensible Travels the foregoing Account is mainly condens't) found several such in Persepolis; in one Place a fine Line of Háfiz: in another 'an original, no doubt,' he says, 'by no great Poet,' however 'right in his Sentiment.' The Words somehow looked to us, and the 'halting metre' sounded, familiar; and on looking back at last among the 500 Rubáiyát of the Calcutta Omar MS.—*there* it is: old Omar quoted by *one* of his Countrymen, and here turned into hasty Rhyme, at any rate—

'This Palace that its Top to Heaven threw,  
 'And Kings their Forehead on its Threshold drew—  
 'I saw a Ring-dove sitting there alone,  
 'And "Coo, Coo, Coo," she cried, and "Coo, Coo, Coo."'

So as it seems the Persian speaks the English Ring-dove's *Péhlevi*, which is also articulate Persian for 'Where?'

BAHRĀM GŪR—*Bahrām of the Wild Ass*, from his Fame in hunting it—a Sassanian Sovereign, had also his Seven Castles (like the King of Bohemia!) each of a different Colour; each with a Royal Mistress within side; each of whom recounts to Bahrām a Romance, according to one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw: these Sevens also figuring (according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens, and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of these Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrām sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood, while pursuing his *Gūr*.

(XII) A Thousand Years to each Planet.

(XIII) Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

(XIV) A Laugh at his Mathematics perhaps.

(XV) ME AND THEE; that is, some Dividual Existence or Personality apart from the Whole.

(XVI) The Caravan travelling by Night (after their New Year's day of the Vernol Equinox) by command of Mahommed, I believe.

(XVII) The 72 Sects into which Islamism so soon split.

(XVIII) This alludes to Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its swarthy Idolaters.

(XIX) *Fanúsi khiyál*, a Magic-lantern still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the Candle lighted within.

(XX) A very mysterious Line in the original:

‘U dánad u dánad u dánad u——’

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

(XXI) Parwín and Mushtara—The Pleiads and Jupiter.

(XXII) At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Mussulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their Division of the Year) is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with all Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter's Knot may be heard toward the *Cellar*, perhaps. Old Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about this same Moon—

‘Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,  
‘And a young Moon requite us by and bye:  
‘Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan  
‘With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!’

FINIS