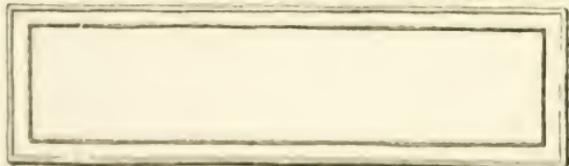
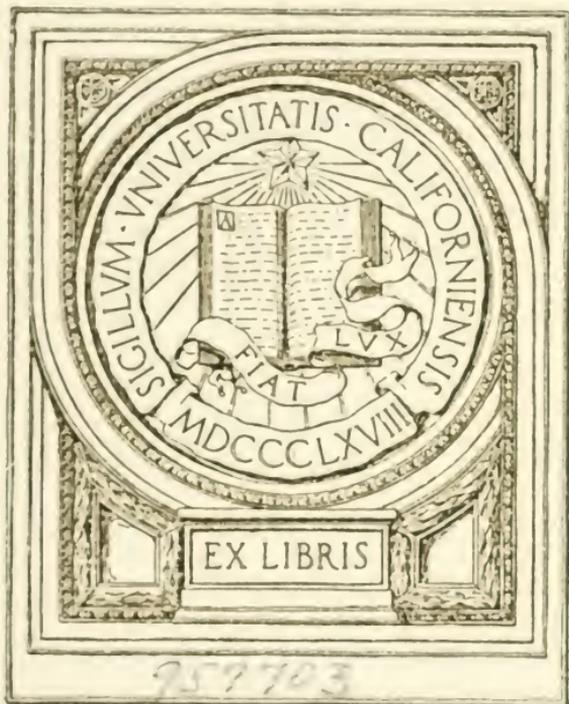


The
Rubā'iyat of
Omar
Khayyam



GIFT OF
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OMAR KHAYYÁM



When in the market-place I stopped one day
To watch a potter pounding his fresh clay,
The clay addressed him in a mystic tongue —
“Once I was man, so treat me gently, pray!”

In the frontispiece, Omar is depicted in the potter's house, watching the potter pounding his fresh clay, and while he watches, he hears the clay pleading in a mystic tongue, “Oh potter, treat me gently, I pray thee, for once I was a man, even as thou art; and as the ever-turning wheel of fate revolves, thou, too, shalt become helpless clay, even as I am.” And Omar, listening, wonders what this endless chain of recurring life and death can mean, — the clay becoming man, the man becoming clay, and the clay becoming man once more; life to death, death to life, in alternate succession through all the days of Abad, which are the days of eternity without end.

Thus it is that the philosopher-poet is lost in a maze of speculation, and his face grows sad at the utter failure of his attempt to pierce the “Secret of Eternity,” the “Asrar-i-Azal” that no mortal man has ever fathomed.

In the foreground, sit the potter's children, playing, but no thought of the future mars for them the pleasure of the passing moment; they do not yet know the signification of such words as *life* and *death*, and their very ignorance is a shield against trouble.

With Omar, however, it is otherwise, for he has not yet reached the calm joy of the Sufi, who believes that all life is but a part of God, and well might he cry with Koheleth, “In much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.”

RUBÁ' IYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM

A NEW METRICAL VERSION RENDERED
INTO ENGLISH FROM VARIOUS
PERSIAN SOURCES

BY
GEORGE ROE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND MANY NOTES AND
REFERENCES, AND AN ORIGINAL
"ODE TO OMAR"

FRONTISPIECE BY
ADELAIDE HANSCOM LEESON



NEW YORK
DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
214-220 E. 23D STREET

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1906

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1910

To
MY FELLOW MEMBERS
OF
THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB OF AMERICA

AND ESPECIALLY TO
MR. NATHAN HASKELL DOLE
MR. CHARLES D. BURRAGE
AND
MR. EBEN F. THOMPSON

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE
FOR THE KINDNESS AND ENCOURAGEMENT
I HAVE RECEIVED AT THEIR HANDS

رب العالمين بسم

گر گوهرِ طاعتت نسفتم هرگز
گرد گنه از حهره زرفتم هرگز
نومید نیم ز بارگاهِ کرمت
زیراکه یکی را دو نگفتم هرگز

This in thy Service Pearls I ne'er shall thread,
Nor cleanse the Dust my countless Sins have spread,
By this one Grace I hope for Mercy still, —
Ne'er called I Two, the One great Fountain-head.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	7
AN ODE TO OMAR	21
RUBÁ'ÍYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM	29

I N T R O D U C T I O N

BETWEEN those English versions of Omar which sacrifice the letter to the requirements of good verse and those which, in order to be literal, sacrifice the spirit to the letter, there is a great gulf. I have attempted a middle course, and the following stanzas are the result.

In striving to accomplish two objects, it has sometimes been necessary to disregard the one in order to attain the other, and hence, while my desire to be literal may have often marred my verses, my desire to write a readable poem, with a connection between the stanzas that does not exist in the *diwan* form, may have tempted me to depart too readily from the letter.

Whatever may be the faults or merits of the translation, however, I believe that the marginal references cannot fail to prove valuable to Omarian students. Upon the left-hand margin is given the number of each quatrain in the leading English, German, French, and Italian translations, while the references upon the right-hand margin indicate some of the MSS. and reproductions where the Persian text of the stanza may be found.

With the exception of Mr. FitzGerald's masterpiece, the English metrical versions selected for comparison have been chosen not so much for their merits as poetical compositions as because they are *bona fide* translations.

Of the numerous imitations of Mr. FitzGerald's poem, some are written with great smoothness, but even in the best that have come to my notice the epigrammatic terseness of

INTRODUCTION

Omar is beaten out into such a long string of musical, but thin and weakly stanzas, that it seems scarcely fair to hang them upon the heavy-laden peg of the old tent-maker's reputation.

The compounding of two or more quatrains into one, or the expanding of a single quatrain into many, can be successful only in the hands of genius; I have, therefore, avoided such an attempt, and each of my stanzas, however imperfect, is the representative of an individual ruba'i. Unlike other translators who have followed this method, I have, however, attempted to weave the separate quatrains into a little poem whose form bears no resemblance to the disjointed arrangement of the original MSS.

The metre which I have adopted is the Iambic Pentameter, but I have occasionally substituted a Trochee for the initial Iambus, and in one line it has seemed desirable to drop entirely the final Iambus.

What appears to be the generally accepted English pronunciation of proper names has been used throughout, although such form may offend the ear of a purist. Thus, كُرْآن Kur'án, becomes Kóran; بَهْرَام Bahrám, becomes Báhram, etc. Both pronunciations of Bahram are used by Whinfield, and while FitzGerald writes the accent upon the last syllable, it is necessary to change its position in scanning the line.

In selecting the Iambic Pentameter, I have been influenced rather by the usage of other translators than by that of Omar himself, whose various forms of metre generally contain more than ten syllables, and who would, therefore,

INTRODUCTION

be better represented by a longer measure, such as the Alexandrine.

Mr. Whinfield suggests, in his scholarly introduction, that the large number of monosyllabic words contained in English counterbalance the brevity of the decasyllabic line, or, in other words, that it is possible to express oneself in fewer syllables when writing English than would be possible if Persian were employed. This would undoubtedly be true of that form of Persian used in India, but, as Mr. Scott Waring pointedly remarks, "The language of the Persians is wonderfully laconic, while that spoken in India is ridiculously verbose; in Persia it is soft and sweet, in India harsh and disagreeable." The very sweetness of the Persian tongue, however, the great number of similar sounds pleasing to the ear, and the ease with which thoughts can be musically expressed, give to Persian poetry an airy lightness that could not be easily reproduced in Alexandrine verses; hence the choice of a shorter and lighter measure is probably well advised, although it will be found that comparatively few of the Iambic Pentameters quoted in the marginal references have been able to bear the full burden of the Persian quatrains which they represent.

My translation follows the original in that the first, second, and fourth lines, and occasionally all four lines, are rhymed, and in that the rhyme-word is sometimes thrown back a few syllables, and followed by what is technically known as the "redif" or *rearword*. This form of *throwback* and *redif* often gives the quatrain a quaintly musical sound and is excellently illustrated by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole in the

INTRODUCTION

following stanzas, which he has kindly permitted me to quote from his "Multi-variorum" Edition of the Ruba'iyat:—

- “ Sage OMAR! would thou wert alive again!
Then might we surely see thee strive again
To gather from the bitter flowers of Fate
Sweet honey for our human hive again!
- “ The stars still shine as once they brightly shone,
When, as they watched thy terrace, nightly shone
The answering flashes of thy love and hate,
And red gleams of the wine-cup nightly shone!
- “ The blood-red petals from the roses fall, as then they did,
Death for us moderns closes all, as then it did;
We know not more than thou didst know of life-to-be;
The ruthless Wheel of Heaven disposes all, as then it did.
- “ But thy example makes us brave to face our Fate;
There may be love beyond the grave to grace our Fate,
And we, meanwhile, will keep alive the glow of life, to
be
Worth saving, if great ALLAH deign to save, to grace our
Fate.
- “ And so accept this volume as a need of praise,
Altho thy Fame, so established, hath no need of praise,
And thou thyself art very far away from us—
So far, thou'dst not take heed of blame or heed of praise.
- “ A score of zealous poets have translated thee
In tongues unheard of when the Mollahs hated thee,
And now accept their tribute, and this lay from us
For whom thy living words have re-created thee!”

INTRODUCTION

Mr. John Payne, in his translation, published by the Villon Society, has also illustrated the remarkable construction of Omar's verses, but with less success than Mr. Dole. Indeed, while the Villon translation indicates a profound knowledge of Vedantic and Oriental lore, Mr. Payne's stanzas are sometimes but little short of astounding. For example the following ruba'i: —

انها که کشندهٔ نبيذ نابند
 و انها که بنشب همیشه در محرابند
 بر خشک کسی نیست همه درآبند
 نیدار یکیست دیگران در خوابند

is thus rendered: —

" Those who of sheer old wine, unmingled, drinkers deep
 are,
 And those who still a-nights in prayer-niche watch-a-keep
 are,
 Not one is on dry land, i' the water all a-heap are,
 But one of them 's awake, whilst t' others all asleep are."

Omar has had many translators, in many tongues, but Mr. Payne's verses are the most remarkable. They are written in rhyme and metre, but they are not poetry; they are marvellously literal, but they fail to convey the spirit; they are written by an evident master of prosody, but they are almost devoid of music: and yet, despite all its shortcomings, his long work of 845 quatrains bears the stamp of learning, experience, and industry.

In striking contrast to this version is the poem of Mr. FitzGerald. Its longest edition contains only 110 quatrains, of which less than half are translations, and the remainder

INTRODUCTION

inspired not only by Khayyam but by Hafiz, Jami, Attar, and others. Nevertheless, FitzGerald has, with the magic touch of genius, infused into the few quatrains which he has given us more of the spirit of Omar than all the other English translators combined. Careless of prosody, his work is full of music; an indifferent Persian scholar, he grasps the poet's meaning with marvellous intuition; with a magnificent disdain of the letter, he presents us with the kernel of the thought; and over the whole he throws the magic mantle of his own personality and talks to us in words that flow from the living depths of a poet's soul. In one point alone is he lacking, and that, indeed, is not by accident but by design, as he admits in a letter to Professor Cowell. The point, as I understand it, refers to the Vedantic doctrine of the ultimate reabsorption of the soul when freed from the world-figment or Maya of individuality, in the Brahman, or Impersonal Self of the Supreme Spirit. It is, however, because he has only lightly touched upon this belief in two quatrains, one of which appears to have been inspired by the *Mantik-ut-Tair* of Attar, that the chief *raison d'être* of the following work exists.

Whether the wine and love of which Omar sings are the wine and love of a sensual materialist, or whether they have a spiritual meaning, such as is generally the case in Sufi poetry, is a much debated question. It is highly probable, however, that they sometimes signify one thing, sometimes another, for written as they were at different periods and without reference to each other, the quatrains appear but to reflect the passing mood of the poet; sometimes they

INTRODUCTION

overflow with the vivacity of a strong animal vitality; sometimes they are full of thoughtful speculation and wonder; always, indeed, they are clever and epigrammatic, but often, also, do they tremble with a note of sorrow that verges on the very borderland of despair.

That Omar was, to a considerable extent, impregnated with the doctrines of the Sufis is indicated by many of his quatrains. Indeed it appears that the Aryan instincts of the more intelligent Persians led them to discard the Semitic materialism of Muhammad for a belief more profound and spiritual than anything their Arab conquerors could teach or appreciate. Thus it was that the Sufi doctrine arose, a pure pantheism that regarded God as an eternal spirit, without beginning and without end, — a spirit from which, at the beginning, our souls emanated and to which, in the end, they surely will return.

This doctrine, which was expounded by Plato to the Western world, and by the profoundest of Vedanta philosophers to ancient Hindustan, found a fertile soil among the thinking minds of Persia, who, impelled by their environment to an outward observance of Muhammadanism, nevertheless used it but as a cloak to cover the tenets of a purer and a loftier creed. Thus, while both Sufi and orthodox Muhammadan believed in the immortality of the soul, the former professed a belief in the final reabsorption of the individual spirit in the divine essence, while the latter looked forward to a material paradise where he could drink wine and rejoice himself with black-eyed houris, by the crystal waters of the River Kusar.

INTRODUCTION

The Moslem, filled with visions of a material heaven, more delightful to him than the prospect of a spiritual reunion with God, boldly faces death in the assurance of sensual pleasures that await him in Paradise; the Sufi, on the other hand, believes even Paradise to be a part of the *Maya* or illusion that he is seeking to escape, and though he may welcome death as a step toward the boundless sea of divine love for which he longs, oftentimes he cannot forbear a sigh of regret for the lovely world he is leaving. The spring breezes, the fragrant flowers, the pleasures of beauty and of love can scarce be forsaken without a passing shade of sorrow; but as the bride weeps for the friends she is leaving, yet feels a new joy within her heart, so the Sufi sighs farewell to the pleasures and beauty of the world and turns toward the source of his being in confidence and peace.

“Rejoice in the spring and be glad, for the roses will bloom when you are here no more,” sang Hafiz; but he knew that when the roses were blooming over his grave his soul might perchance be reabsorbed in the divine essence, for he has told us that

“The ocean of divine love is an ocean that hath no shore,
In which we have no remedy but to yield up our souls [to
God].”

So, too, our Omar has told us that the path of love will lead our souls till they are lost in the fountain of life. But Omar tells us many things which we cannot easily reconcile, for he is not the same Omar to-day that he was yesterday,

INTRODUCTION

and who knows in what vein we may find him to-morrow ! In one mood he bids us drink and rejoice, for soon shall we lie beneath the dust ; and in another he warns us not to sell the countless ages of eternity for the sake of earth's momentary pleasures. Now he rises in anger against the ruthless Heaven that has thrust him, helpless and unwilling, into a life whose weary struggles are ended only by death ; and now he turns lovingly to the eternal source of being and says that, knowing the secret of truth, he has no concern about a material heaven or hell. Sometimes agnostic, sometimes full of childlike faith ; now rebellious, and again in a little while filled with the spirit of gentle thankfulness, he is in all his moods so human, so like ourselves, that his words find an echo in every heart. And though in distant Nishapur he has been so long asleep, his voice comes to us down the ages, still vibrating with the energy and magnetism of life, for his words are never distant, affected, or cold, but always the honest outpourings of a living, human soul.

That the Sufis employed such terms as wine, beauty, and kisses to express religious devotion, the perfection of the Divine Being, and the raptures of piety, is undoubted ; but that they sometimes used them in a sense other than spiritual appears equally sure. In reading their poetry, therefore one must determine from the context whether the meaning is literal or spiritual, although it seems that the conclusions thus reached are often dependent upon the individual temperament of the reader rather than upon the exercise of an unbiased critical faculty. It would be well, however, to bear in mind that one of the greatest among them has told

INTRODUCTION

us how "they profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection, and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in their sect, all is mystery within mystery."

The eight concluding quatrains, which are not properly a part of this translation, were suggested by Mr. FitzGerald's version, and have been retained only because they afford an easy method of indicating, by marginal references, some of the sources of his charming *Kuza Nama*.

Where Omar plays upon words, as for example where جَان (jan), the soul, جام (jam), a cup, and جاما (jama), a garment, all occur in the same line, I have generally resorted to the clumsy expedient of a footnote. Also where the point of a verse depends upon the position of a single dot, as in quatrain 93, mere translation would be a totally inadequate method of conveying the meaning.

To this latter form of word-play the Arabic alphabet readily lends itself; hence, in Persian, by merely altering the position of a dot, the meaning of many words may be changed. So it happens that a trifling change of position will convert a neighbor جار (jar) into a thorn خار (khar) and cause *crime* جرم (jurm) to become *delightful* خرم (khurram), while the addition of a dot will convert *the seas* بحار (bihar) into *vapor* بخار (bukhar), or transform *the solution of a problem* حل (hall) into *the sail of a ship* جال (jall); if the position of the dot be changed, however, so that جال (jall) reads خال (khal), *the ship's sail* will be converted into *vinegar*. The footnotes treating of these and other matters were originally much more copious, but I thought it wise

INTRODUCTION

to reduce them when I recollected a story of an old Scotch lady who, after having praised in high terms the clearness of a certain work, added ingenuously that she "hoped, with a mickle mair study, to understand the explanatory notes of the editor."

Working far from the great libraries of the world, it has not been possible for me to verify all the right-hand marginal references. Most of them have been made upon the authority of Mr. Whinfield's edition of 1883 and have been verified as far as possible by comparison with other reproductions, while the remainder are the result of my own investigations.

I desire, also, to acknowledge the assistance I have received from the works of Mr. FitzGerald, Mr. Heron-Allen, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, and others, and to express my thanks to those friends whose severe but kindly criticism has been warmly appreciated.

GEORGE ROE.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,
September, 1, 1906.

ABBREVIATIONS

- Bod., Bodenstedt's German Translation; Breslau, A.D. 1889.
- Cad., J. E. Cadell's English Translation; John Lane, London and New York, 1899.
- F.G., II, Second Edition of FitzGerald's English Translation; London, A.D. 1868.
- F.G., V, Fifth " " " " " " 1890.
- Gar., Garner's American Translation; Philadelphia, A.D. 1897.
- H.A., Heron-Allen's English Translation of Onseley MS.; London, 1898.
- H.P., Von Hammer-Purgstall's German Translation, "Geschichte der schonen Redekunste Persiens," pages 80-83; Vienna, 1818.
- McC., McCarthy's English Translation; London, A.D. 1889.
- N., French Translation of Nicolas; Paris, 1867.
- P., Pizzi's Italian Translation, "Storia della Poesia Persiana," Vol. I, pages 280-286; Turin, 1894.
- Vill., Payne's Translation, published by the Villon Society; London, 1898.
- Von S., Von Shack's German Translation; Stuttgart, A.D. 1878.
- W., Whinfield's English Translation; London, A.D. 1883.
-
- A, MS. formerly in possession of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta; now either lost or stolen.
- B, Onseley MS., in Bodleian Library, Oxford.
- C, Calcutta Printed Edition of A.D. 1836.
- D, India Office MS., No. 2420.
- E, " " " " No. 2486.
- F, Lucknow Lithograph.
- G, Edition of Nicolas, copied from Teheran Lithograph.
- H, Whinfield's Persian Text; A.D. 1883.

A N O D E T O O M A R

A N O D E T O O M A R

I

KHAYYÁM, old friend, although so long asleep
In distant Nishapúr, where roses heap
Their petals o'er thy grave, how oft I hear
Thy living voice re-echo o'er the deep!

2

From Breslau's gates, Vienna's spacious halls,
Or where Turin uprears her hoary walls,
In deep Germanic chaunt, or dulcet lay,
The subtle singer of Khorásán calls.

3

Through Albion's isle and o'er the Western main,
In streams of lofty music, hark the strain
Of mystic numbers sung by thee of old,
And now, by other lips, oft sung again.

4

Not thine to scatter bricks along the sea,
Not thine such tasks of vain idolatry;
Methinks, e'en now, I hear thy living tongue
Scathe shallow priest and canting Pharisee: —

5

“ O poor blind teacher, who would lead the blind
To things beyond the ken of mortal mind,
Priest, mystic, scholar — or whate'er you be —
First seek the mystery, yourself, — and find.

6

“ Or know you where the end of space may lie?
Or where the limits of eternity?
Or what is space, or universe, or God?
Or why you live, or wherefore you must die? ”

7

Alas, thy spirit, fearless of the rage
And thoughtless fury of a bigot age,
Like lesser spirits, long has passed away
To hidden scenes behind this mortal stage.

8

For still the same eternal law appears
That ruled creation through the bygone years,
That shaped the pathway of each speck of dust,
And traced the courses of the heavenly spheres.

9

Thus pow'r and wisdom reach their lowly bed,
 And shah, like peasant, joins the countless dead ;
 Nor thinks of him who mounts the empty throne,
 Nor heeds the feet that trample o'er his head.

10

And lo, the spot where mighty sultans sate,
 Yon lofty pile where Jamshyd held his state,
 Where nobles feasted and where beauty smiled,
 Behold the crumbling wall, the fallen gate !

11

Through you dim corridor the vampire* flits,
 'Neath you bleak tow'r the busy spider knits
 Her crafty trap, the dismal night-owl hoots,
 And o'er the wasting dome the vulture sits !

12

For death must visit, silent and alone,
 The humble cot, the sultan's lofty throne ;
 And while we ponder what the riddle means,
 The life we ponder is already gone.

* The true vampire is found only in South America, but the bats that infest the cave-temples and ancient ruins of India are generally known as vampires to Anglo-Indians.

13

And so Khayyám, old friend, thou couldst not stay;
And ah, how often have I heard thee say —
“ Not one returns to count the journey o’er;
The flow’r that dies is ever passed away ! ”

14

I’ll strive not, then, the mystery to sift —
Fast roll the years, the sands of life run swift —
But quaff the bowl, hail beauty with a kiss,
And leave the veil for coming death to lift.

15

And yet, perchance, — what mortal thing can say, —
That wondrous soul that lived within thy clay
And gave it pow’r to think and feel and love,
Hath vanquished death and triumphed o’er decay.

16

And as, at night, when darkness first descends,
When evening’s veil o’er all the earth extends,
The vanished stars again bedeck the sky,
And shimm’ring light from Heaven’s vault depends ;

17

Or when, near dawn, behind the pearly gray
And rosy streaks that herald coming day,
The sun returns, in crimson glory clad,
So shall thy soul return, — perchance it may.

18

Perchance to Nature's fount fled back thy soul,
Where seas of love, in endless billows, roll; * —
Perchance within the Source of Life 't was merged,
And lost again amidst the Mighty Whole.

19

A cup awaits us at the river's brink,
Where souls are freed from Earth's enslaving link:
And when the radiant angel, kindly Death,
Invites our souls, we shall not fear to drink.

20

But swift as rain-drops to the ocean fall,
We soon shall join thee at the angel's call,
And thou and we shall all be merged in God. —
The Source, the Stay, the final End of All.

*Compare Hafiz: —

The ocean of divine love is boundless;
We have no remedy but to yield up our souls.

RUBA'İYAT OF OMAR KHAYYĀ'M

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

I

Bod., IX, 28
Gar., VI, 2
McC., 146
N., 255
Vill., 515
W., 295

Lo, dawn is rending night's dark veil
in twain ;

Arise ! Arise ! and morning's goblet
drain ;

Drive grief away, for many a rosy
morn

Will seek us here, and seek us long
in vain.

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

2

Bod., X, 1
Gar., I, 1
McC., 419
N., 426
Vill., 819
Von S., 224
W., 463

And know ye why the herald of the
day,*

With clarion voice, peals forth his
morning lay?

"Behold," he cries, "the mirror of
the dawn ;

A precious night again has slipped
away !"

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

3

F. G., V, 1
Gar., I, 2
Vill., 242
W., 233

Now wakes Khurshýd † on yonder
flaming height,

And o'er the city flings a robe of
light ;

A, C, D, E,
F, H

2

* خورس: سحر (khusus-i-sahar), the morning cock

3

† خورشید (khususýd), the sun.

Kai-Khosru-like* he fills the bowl of
morn
With golden wine* to pledge the
parting night.

4

Bod., IX, 34
F.G., V, 2
Gar., I, 25
McC., 183
No. 1
P., 1
Vill., 1
Von. S., 139
W., 1

But ere the sun arose in flashing
pride,
Or Phantom Dawn † peeped through
the mountain side,
“Come fill our cups ere Fate our
cups shall fill!”
A lusty voice from out the tavern
cried.

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

* Kai-Khosru, the greatest monarch of the Sassanian dynasty, was noted for his lavish generosity. Omar more probably, however, refers to the mythical king of the Shah Namah, who is often identified with the Cyrus of the Greeks.

† The Calcutta MS. reads سنگ (*unhrah*), a *stone*, instead of سگ (*badah*), *wine*, as appears in other MSS., and evidently inspired the opening quatrain of Mr. FitzGerald's first edition, — a stanza much closer to Omar than the later variations, but which was believed by Mr. Aldis Wright to have been entirely original. Where the word *unhrah* is used, the meaning is that the sun casts a *stone* in the cup, but where *badah* is used, the meaning is that the sun pours *wine* in the cup. Throwing a stone in a cup is, of course, a signal among the wandering Arabs for breaking camp and starting upon a new journey.

4

‡ The Phantom Dawn, or Subhi Kazim, is here introduced for the sake of local colour, although it is not found in the text of the quatrain. In Persia there are two dawns, — the Subhi Kazim, or False Dawn, and the Subhi Sadik, or True Dawn. The False Dawn, which has all the appearance of daybreak, takes place about two hours before the True Dawn, and is quickly followed by intense darkness. The Persians have for this phenomenon a fanciful explanation. They say that as the sun rises it shines through a hole in Mount Kaf and causes the appearance of daybreak. As it continues to ascend, the earth is again plunged

Bod., I, 17
 Cad., 103
 F. G., V, 77
 H. A., 2
 McC., 87
 N., 222
 Vill., 465
 Von S., 17
 W., 262

And better far, with Thee, in taverns
 learn,
 Than in the temple from Thy visage
 turn.*
 Oh, First and Last of all creation
 Thou, †
 Whate'er Thou wilt, or cherish me
 or burn.

A, B, C, D,
 E, F, G, H

into darkness until the sun reaches the crest of the mountain and brings with it the True Dawn, or Subhi Sadik.

Compare Milton:—

“Ere the babbling Eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep,
 From the cabin'd loop-hole peep.”

Vide page 107, Waring's "Tour to Sheeraz," London, 1807.

The ancient Persians believed that the earth was flat and encircled by Mount Kaf; thus Rumi writes of the "world-encircling Kaf."

* i.e., "Repeat the *nemaz* at the *mihrab* without Thee."

The *nemaz* are prayers which Muhammadans are enjoined to repeat five times daily.

The *mihrab* is a praying-niche in a mosque, showing the direction of Mecca, toward which the worshipper turns.

† اَوَّل , آخِر (Awwal u Akhar). Compare Revelation XXII, 13: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

Arabic words like اَوَّل and آخِر were introduced into Persia by the Moslem conquerors, as words of Latin origin were introduced into England by the Normans. There is this great difference, however,—the English have assimilated the Latin and made it a part of their own language, while Arabic words and phrases introduced into Persia have not only largely retained their own forms, but have, by force of example, given Arabic inflections to many Persian words. Thus *ruba'i* becomes in the plural *ruba'iyat*, and *navishtah* becomes *navishtajat*, instead of retaining the Persian plural in *ha*. Latin words used in English, however, generally take the English inflection, while even those words which still retain the Latin termination often admit also of the English form.

6

Cad., 6
Gar., I, 6
H. A., 7
McC., 45
N., 19
Vill., 28
Von S., 41
W., 22

Elate I stand beside the fallen door,*
My raiment pawned; heart, soul, and
cup paid o'er; †
And, flushed with wine, I know nor
hope nor fear;
O'er fire and water, earth and air I
soar.

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

7

Bod., VI, 2
Cad., 40
F. G., V, 4
Gar., II, 1
H. A., 13
Vill., 454
W., 116

But lo, without, the year is young
and fair,*
And yearning hearts to stilly meads
repair;

B, H

Sir William Jones admirably illustrates the difference between the unassimilated Arabic of the Persian and the assimilated Latin of the English, by quoting a passage from Middleton's *Life of Cicero* and rewriting the passage with many of the words in their unmodified Latin form after the manner of Arabic words used in Persia. The quotation illustrating the English structure reads:

"The true law is right reason conformable to the nature of things, which calls us to duty by commanding, deters us from sin by forbidding."

The Persian method is shewn thus: —

"The true *lex* is *recta ratio* conformable *natura*, which by commanding *voecet ad officium*, by forbidding a *fraude* deterreat."

6

* *حُجْ خَرَاب* (*kunj-i-kharāb*) is, literally, a corner of desolation. The Persian taverns were generally situated in desolate corners or in the ruins upon the outskirts of a town.

† Note the resemblance of the words *جان* (*jan*), the soul; *جام* (*jam*), a cup; and *جامه* (*jama*), a garment; all of which occur in the same line.

7

* *بِخَرُوشِ دِستَرَسْتِ* (*bakhush-i dastrast*) is, literally, a means of happiness; hence, Spring.

The hand of Musa shines on ev'ry
bough, †

The breath of 'Isa rises on the
air. ‡

8

For now 't is Spring, when verdure
clothes the land,

And flow'rs gleam white as Musa's
snowy hand ;

The breath of 'Isa wakes the sleeping
earth,

And kindly rains refresh the thirsty
sand.*

A, B, C, D,
F, G, H

Cad., 86
H. A., 80
McC., 91
N., 186
Vill., 276
W., 201

† The Persians hold that when Moses withdrew his hand from his bosom, as described in Exodus IV, 6, it was not "leprous as snow," but that it shone with a beautiful whiteness.

‡ The Muhammadans believe that the breath of 'Isa (Jesus) has the power of raising the dead.

8

* Lit., In the hope of rain, the eyes (of the earth) open.

Note the play upon the words چشم (chashm) hope, and چشمها (chashmha) eyes.

Nicolas, however, reads دید (dida) as a synonym for چشم .

This stanza has been rendered into quaint Latin by FitzGerald: —

“Tempus est quo Orientis
Aura mundus renovatur,
Quo de fonte pluviali
Dulcis Imber reservatur;
Musi-Manus undecumque
Ramos insuper splendescit;
Jesu-spiritusque Salutaris
Terram pervagatur.”

9

Cad., 87
H. A., 82
Vill., 275
W., 210

The morning dew's bedeck the tulip's
face,
The violets bend their heads with
timid grace,
And fairer still, the rosebud's pet-
all'd veil
Shields blushing cheek from Zeph-
yr's soft embrace.

B. F. H

10

Bod., VIII, 23
Cad., 60
F. G., V, 6
H. A., 67
N., 153
Vill., 294
Von S., 284
W., 174

Nor warm, nor cold, the day dawns
bright and fair,
The rain-kissed flow'rs perfume the
morning air :
And hark ! in Pahlavi * the bulbul †
trills —
“ Come, drooping ‡ rose, this dewy
vintage share.”

B. F. G. H

10

* Pahlavi was the language of the ancient Persians, in which, it was said, the nightingale continued to sing. Mr. FitzGerald calls it “the old heroic Sanscrit,” but it is, in reality, the name applied to the ancient Zoroastrian writings. Very many of its words were written in a form that gave no clue to their pronunciation, Persian words being represented by Semitic equivalents and these equivalents being pronounced and inflected like Persian, as when we write for the English word *pound* the Latin word *libra*, contracted into *lb.*, but give it the English pronunciation *pound* and the English inflection by writing the plural *lbs.*

Perhaps it was partly because Firdusi drew the themes of his great poem “The Shah Namah” from the ancient Pahlavi records, that his countrymen attributed so sweet a melody to this old Persian tongue.

† Bulbul, the nightingale.

‡ زرد (*zard*) = yellow, sallow, pallid; — hence, sickly, drooping.

RUBA'IYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

McC., 4 Vill., 608 W., 352	11 Then sings the rose, "As Yusuf's * flower I reign ; Come touch my lips and jewelled kisses gain." "Oh, lovely flow'r, then where is Yusuf's sign ?" "Behold, my silken robe with blood- red stain."	F, H
Cad., 51 F.G., V, 19 Gar., IV, 6 H.A., 43 H.P., 16 Vill., 109 Von S., 101 W., 104	12 O'er beauty's grave the gentle zephyr blows, From beauty's cheek the blue-eyed violet grows ; And see, where royal crimson stained the sod. The flaming tulip blossoms near the rose.*	A, B, F, H Whinfield does not give A

11

* Yusuf (Joseph) has been called the Adonis of the Persians. He was considered the type of manly beauty.

12

⊙ "Everywhere that a rose and a tulip bed hath been,
 From the crimson blood of a king hath it been ;
 Every violet that grows from the earth
 Is a mole that upon the cheek of a beauty hath been."

This stanza has been rendered by Ralph Waldo Emerson thus: —

"Each spot where tulips prank their state
 Has drunk the life-blood of the great ;
 The violets yon field which stain
 Are moles of beauties, Time hath slain."

13

Cad., 47
H. A., 32
Vill., 105

When Springtime * wafts her per-
fumes o'er the sea.

B, F

By river's brink, with playmates fond
and free, †

I pledge my love in morning's joyful
bowl.

And what is mosque or synagogue
to me !

14

Bod., II, 19
McC., 267
N., 169
Vill., 300
Von S., 97
Compare
Cad., 48
F. G., V, 13
and 62
H. A., 34
H. P., 22
W., 94 and
108

Some talk of Heav'n, where streams
like Kusar * flow.

A, G

And houris dwell, and golden vine-
yards grow ;

But fill my cup and give me beauty
here.

Ah, give them now, and let the
promise go !

13

* فصل گل (Fasl-i-gul) = In time of roses ; hence, Springtime.

† Lit., With one, two, three young playmates like houris. (Lucknow Litho.)

14

* The Kusar is a stream in Paradise. Vide Koran, chapter entitled "The Kusar." Compare Hafiz: —

فردا شراب کوبرو جوارز برای ساقی
و امروز نمر ساقی من روی و جام می

"To-morrow the waters of the Kusar and a houri await me ;
And to-day I enjoy a beautiful mistress and a cup of wine."

15

Bod., X, 16
F.G., V, 12
Gar., I, 8
H. A., 149
McC., 449
N., 413
Vill., 829
Von S., 125
W., 452

A book * of verses underneath the
vine,
A loaf of bread, a jug of ruby wine,
And thou beside me, resting in the
wild,
Would make the dreary wilderness
divine! †

B, G, H

16

Bod., IX, 88
Cad., 135
F.G., V, 41
H. A., 118
McC., 283
N., 294
P., 47
Vill., 611
Von S., 87
W., 332

See, morning dawns; the rosy cup
retain,
And smash the crystal of repute
again;
Thy lute is sweet, thy tresses soft as
down, —
Ah, Heav'n is here, and future glory
vain. ‡

B, F, G, H

15

* **ديوان**, a diwan, is a collection of stanzas arranged in alphabetical order, the position of each being determined by the final letter of its rhyme-word.

†

خوشتر بود از مملکت سلطانی

Lit., Is pleasanter than the realm of a sultan.

16

* The lines

دست از امل دراز خرد باز کشم
در لطف دراز و دامن چنگ زبیم

signify:—

Let us renounce our hopes of Paradise,
And toy with long, curling tresses and the fringe of the lute.

17

Cad., 43
H. A., 17
Vill., 189
W., 112
Compare
F. G., V, 21

Sweet is the breeze that gently fans
the rose ;

Sweet, in the shade, to watch thy
face repose :

Oh, tell me not that yesterday was
sweet !

To-day is sweet ! To-morrow — ah,
who knows?*

A, B, C, D,
E, F, H

18

Cad., 52
F. G., V, 8
Gar., I, 17
H. A., 47
McC., 148
N., 105
Vill., 236 and
237
Von S., 201
W., 134

Whether at Balkh or Babylon,* we
die ; †

Or sweet or bitter, soon the cup runs
dry ;

Come drink, my love, for many a
silver moon

Will wax again and wane, where'er
we lie.

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

17

“To-morrow — ah, who knows?” is an interpolation of the translator, which he believes other passages will justify. Vide quatrains 12 and 126, *Onseley MS.*

The best translation of this quatrain that has yet been made is probably the following, which was written for the *Omar Khayyam Club of America* by Mr. N. H. Dole: —

“The breath of the early spring in the face of the Rose is sweet ;
The face of my Love in the shade of the garden-close is sweet ;
Naught thou canst say of the day that has faded away is sweet ;
Be happy ; speak not of the past, for to-day as it glows is sweet !”

18

* *Nicolas* and *Whinfield* read *Nishapur*, and the *Onseley MS.*, *Baghdad*. *Babylon* is here substituted for the sake of euphony, and because it is often used as a synonym for *Baghdad* in *Oriental poetry*.

† The *Onseley MS.* reads *چون عمر فمي رود* “since life passes”; but

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

19

Cad., 55
H. A., 52
McC., 212
N., 112
Vill., 357

And love's bright path is but the road
to naught,*

A, B, F, G

Where Fate's rude talons have de-
struction wrought;

Oh lovely saki, † water ere I die,
And this poor dust again to dust be
brought!

20

Bod., IX, 49
Cad., 16
Gar., VIII, 6
H. A., 27
McC., 67
N., 48
P., 11
Vill., 196
Von S., 130
W., 51

I lay upon my couch in slumber
deep,*

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

And Wisdom cried aloud, "Oh,
wherefore sleep?"

For sleep is kin to death; drink
while you may;

Eternal slumber hastens o'er the
steep!"

Whinfield's text has a more beautiful phrase, *چون جان بلب آمد* "Since the soul comes to the lips."

19

* The spiritual meaning of the first two lines is, that the path of divine love leads to the annihilation of the individual soul; that we shall be destroyed in the talons of doom (*جگت*), when the existence of the individual is merged in the divine fountain of universal life. Vide Introduction.

† Saki, cup-bearer.

20

* The second line, which is omitted in the translation, is literally:—

"Never from sleep has the rose of joy bloomed for any one."

21

Bod., V, 1
 Cad., 11
 F.G., V, 71
 Gar., VII, 1
 H. A., 31
 McC., 86
 N., 31
 Vill., 191
 W., 35

Ere yet the dawn of Azal* shed its
 light
 O'er dreary chaos and the realms of
 night.
 The Pen, unmoved by good and evil,
 wrote:
 Nor grief can change, nor endless toil
 rewrite.

A, B, C, D,
 E, F, G, H

22

Bod., V, 8
 Cad., 32
 F.G., V, 72
 Gar., VII, 3
 H. A., 41
 McC., 39
 N., 95
 Vill., 79
 Von S., 83
 W., 96

And ev'ry sorrow, all our passing
 mirth,
 Was long predestined, ere creation's
 birth;
 But blame not Heav'n, for all is fore-
 ordained,
 And Heav'n more helpless than the
 helpless earth.

A, B, C, D,
 E, F, G, H
 W. does not
 give B

23

Bod., V, 38
 F.G., V, 10
 McC., 390
 N., 416
 Vill., 798
 W., 455

All fearless, then, while mortal frame
 shall be,
 Stand firm within the bounds of
 destiny:

A, C, D, E,
 F, G, H

21

* JI (Azal) signifies "eternity without beginning." Whinfield and Nicolas, however, read انداز تکرار (Andar takdir) "in destiny," for دار روزگار (Dar ruz-i-Azal) "on the day of eternity without beginning," as appears in the Ouseley MS.

The opposite of Azal (JI) is Abad (اباد), which signifies "eternity without end."

Yield naught to foe, though Rustam,
son of Zal,*
Nor take from friend, though Hatim
Tai † were he.

24

For what is written, be it long or
brief,
Remains the same, nor tears can give
relief;
No drop of destiny is less nor more,
Though naught you know but life-
long pain and grief.

B

Cad., 89
Gar., VII, 5
H. A., 54
Compare
F. G., V, 71

25

I know not what the Lord hath made
my share,
The joy of Heav'n—the Hell of deep
despair;*

A, B, C, D,
F, G, H

Bod., VII, 4
Cad., 30
F. G., V, 13
Gar., XII, 5
H. A., 40

23

* Zal, a hero who lived in the reign of Kai Kawus.

Rustam, a mighty warrior who, with his famous horse, Rukhsh, rescued Kai Kawus from a fortress-prison guarded by a hundred demons. The exploits of Zal and Rustam are sung by Firdusi in his great historical poem, the Shah Namah.

† Hatim Tai, a generous Arab prince.

25

* Nicolas reads بود اهل بهشت خوب (bud ahl bihisht khub) instead of از اهل بهشت گمت (az ahl bihisht guft) as appears in the Onseley MS., and this changes the meaning from "I know not whether He who moulded me, destined me to dwell in Heaven or horrible Hell," to "I know not whether He who moulded me was a dweller in Heaven or horrible Hell."

McC., 314
N., 92
P., 19
Vill., 89
Von S., 245
W., 94

But wine and beauty fill me with
delight,
And Earth is here, and Paradise is
— where? †

26

Bod., IV, 1
Cad., 14
H. A., 29
McC., 19
N., 44
Vill., 60
Von S., 110
W., 47

The secret's hidden from the mortal
eye,
Nor living soul can read the mystery;
Save in the heart of earth, we have
no rest;
So fill the bowl, 'twill soon be time
to die.*

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

27

Cad., 45
H. A., 18
Vill., 208
W., 111

How long shall I throw bricks upon
the sea? *
I scorn such tricks of vain idolatry!
Say not Khayyam is surely doomed
to Hell.
Who knows of Hell, or Heav'n, or if
they be? †

A, B, C, D,
E, F, H

† This line is a paraphrase for "These are cash to me; let thine be the credit, Heaven."

26

* Lit. Drink wine, for such fables are not short.

27

* i. e. "How long shall I perform empty ceremonies?" H. A.

† Heron-Allen reads: *ی رمت بدوزخ و که آمد بهشت* "Who ever went to Hell, and who ever came from Heaven?"

Whinfield, however, reads: *ی رمت بدوزخ و که اندر بهشت* "One while in Heaven, and one in Hell is he."

28

Bod., IV, 8
F.G., V, 56
McC., 276
N., 165
Vill., 295
Von S., 270
W., 183

And oh, how long engrossed in self
remain ?

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

How long o'er futile problems* strive
in vain ?

The path of life but leads thee to the
grave ;

So drink and dream, and dream and
drink again.

29

Cad., 114
H. A., 102
H. P., 11
McC., 85
N., 242
Vill., 493
Von S., 105
W., 282

And when thou hast some ruby wine,
rejoice ;

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

Or canst in beauty's arms recline,
rejoice ;

Since all that is, must surely end in
naught,

Think thou art naught while life is
thine, rejoice.

30

Bod., IV, 9
Cad., 65
H. A., 72
McC., 266

No mind has solved the tangled mys-
tery,

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

Nor passed the orbit* of eternity ; †

28

* The problems of existence and non-existence.

30

* دایره (dāirah) = orbit.

Whinfield reads نِهَاد (nihad) nature, meaning that no one has set foot beyond the bounds of his own nature.

† In line فِسْ مَشْكِلِ اسْرَارِ اَزْ رَا نَكْشَاد note the accusative termination لَ affixed to the genitive case of the word اَزْ رَا (azal-ra).

N., 175
Vill., 356
Von S., 239
W., 190

The teacher and the tyro both are
blind,
And grope amid the darkness help-
lessly.

31

Bod., IX, 100
Gar., XII, 3
McC., 329
N., 430
Vill., 835
W., 465

But though you reach Aristo's lofty
plane,*
Or o'er imperial Rome, like Caesar,
reign.

G, H

Drain Jamshyd's cup, your end must
be the grave
Though Bahram's self; dust turns to
dust again.

32

Bod., X, 29
Gar., I, 35
McC., 315
N., 455
Vill., 764
Von S., 246
W., 484

'Tis dawn, oh friend of joyful foot,
draw nigh;
Fill high the bowl, salute the rosy
sky.

A, C, D, F,
G, H

From Tyr to Dai* the months re-
morseless roll
And drag to death e'en mighty Jam †
and Kai. ‡

31

* In the text, Jamhur is coupled with Aristo as an example of wisdom; and Faghfur, emperor of China, with Caesar, as an example of power.

† Compare Firdusi's line, *به قیصر شکوآم نه فغفور*, in which Faghfur and Caesar are similarly coupled.

32

* From Tyr to Dai = From April to December,

† Jam, or Jamshyd, said to have been the founder of Persepolis.

‡ Kai, or Kai Khosru, generally identified with Cyrus.

Bod., IX, 57
McC., 149
N., 68
Vill., 201
W., 71

33

When flow'rs of joy with sparkling
petals shine,
Why shun the crystal cup of ruby
wine?
Time knows no mercy,* drink, ere
yet too late;
A day-like this may ne'er again be
thine.

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

Bod., VIII, 50
McC., 377
N., 334
Vill., 666
Von S., 124
Compare
W., 278

34

And why lament what cannot come
again?
Why think of morrow, when such
thoughts are vain?
Seize fast to-day, ere all its joys go by
As summer breezes vanish o'er the
plain.

G

Bod., IX, 62
Cad., 26
F.G., V, 74
Gar., XIII, 12
H. A., 26
McC., 180
N., 85
Vill., 188
Von S., 207
W., 87

35

Soon shall you bid farewell to mortal
tie;
Soon shall you read life's deepest
mystery.
Drink, for you know not when you
go, nor where;
Drink, for you know not whence you
came, nor why.*

A, B, C, D,
F, G, H

33

* Lit. Time is a treacherous foe.

35

* I am indebted for the last two lines to Mr. FitzGerald, who has combined this quatrain with No. 152 of the Ouseley MS.

36

Bod., V, 18
F.G., V, 27
Gar., XII, 1
McC., 40
N., 225
Vill., 467
Von S., 143
W., 264

When, like a hawk, to dizzy heights
I soar,
And fain would read and con the
myst'ries o'er,
No guide I find and back to Earth I
fall,
And leave and enter by the self-same
door.

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

37

Cad., 141
F.G., V, 28
Gar., XII, 13
H. A., 121
Vill., 584
Von S., 183
W., 353

And oft, when young, from teachers
I designed
To fill with wisdom's lore my youth-
ful mind ;
But lo, the end of all their lofty
themes : —
We came like water * and depart like
wind.

B, F, H

38

H. A., 157
McC., 317
N., 450
Vill., 785
Von S., 33
W., 499

Unwilling, helpless, hurried through
life's door,
And, helpless, whither, when the
dream is o'er ?

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

37

* Whinfield reads *از خاک* (az khak), from earth, instead of *چو آب* (chu ab), like water, as appears in the Ouseley MS.

Ah, better far to Earth I ne'er had
 come
 Than come, live, go, — and taste of
 life no more ! *

39

Then oh, my soul, why on this dust
 bestow
 The wretched boon of life, the pain,
 the woe
 And all the passions that possess
 mankind.
 To leave it dust again whene'er you
 go ?

A, C, D, E,
 F, G, H

Bod., V, 43
 McC., 54
 N., 25
 Vill., 98
 Von S., 28
 W., 29

40

This spirit, freed from mortal bonds,
 could soar
 Back through the realms of space to
 Heaven's door ;
 Its proper home lies o'er the azure
 sky,
 And shame it was to touch this earthly
 shore.

A, B, C, D,
 F, G, H

Bod., V, 32
 F.G., V, 44
 Gar., XIII, 11
 H. A., 145
 McC., 459
 N., 394
 Vill., 759
 Von S., 10
 W., 436

* Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, Book XI, lines 502-507:—

“ Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be wrested from us? Rather why
 Obtruded on us thus? Who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace? ”

41

Bod., I, 31
Cad., 42
F.G., V, 66
H. A., 15
Vill., 58
Von S., 335
W., 114

When life first dawned * high o'er
this mortal cell, †
Long sought my soul where Pen and
Tablet ‡ dwell,
Sought Hell and Heav'n, and heard
the Master say —
Behold, within thyself, the heav'n
and hell !” §

B, F, H

42

Bod., III, 10
Cad., 28
F.G., V, 67
Gar., X, 6
H. A., 33
McG., 98
N., 90
Vill., 195
Von S., 269
W., 92

Heav'n is the tranquil joy of inward rest.
And Hell, the anguish of a soul dis-
tress'd :
The azure sky is but the robe we wear,
And Jihun's * flood, the tears of
hearts oppress'd.

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

41

* روزِ نصیب (ruz-i-nukhust) is literally “on the day of the beginning.”

† مرتکز ز سیهتر (bartar 'z sipih) = higher than the sphere.

‡ لوح و قلم (luh u kalam) are the pen and the tablet with which the decrees of Fate were said to have been written.

§ Lit. Tablet and pen and heaven and hell are within thee.

Compare the following lines of Rumi:—

“The sev'nth earth I travers'd—the sev'nth heav'n explor'd,
But in neither discern'd I the Court of the Lord!
I questioned the Pen and the Tablet of Fate,
But they whispered not where He pavilions His state;
My vision I strain'd, but my God-scanning eye
No trace, that to Godhead belongs, could desery.
My glance I bent inward, within my own breast,
Lo, the vainly sought elsewhere! the Godhead confess'd!”

Translation by Prof. F. Falconer in the Asiatic Journal, quoted by Mr. Duncan Forbes.

42

* Jihun, the River Oxus.

43

Bod., VIII, 5
F.G., V, 17
Gar., V, 3
McC., 140
N., 67
Vill., 199
Von S., 48
W., 70

And Earth is but a caravanserai,
A resting place of fleeting night and
day.

The remnant of a feast, where Jam-
shyd sate,

The tomb* of many a Bahram passed
away.

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

44

Cad., 37
F.G., V, 30
H. A., 21
Vill., 94
Von S., 146
W., 110

Thrust into life without my own
consent,

Thrust back to death, with who
knows what intent ?

Arise, bright saki, fill the cup with
wine

And drown the burden of my dis-
content.

A, B, C, D,
E, F, H

45

Bod., I, 13
Gar., VIII, 14
McC., 70
N., 50
Vill., 68
Von S., 135
W., 53

And on that day when Heav'n is rent
in twain,

And stars grow dim, and shining
planets wane,

I'll seize the Master by the robe and
cry: —

“Why cast us thus from life to death
again ?”

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

43

* Whinfield reads گور (gur), the tomb, while the Calcutta MS. reads قصر (kasr), the palace. I have followed Mr. Whinfield's reading because the use of the word gur, which was also Bahram's surname, is a play upon words after Omar's own heart.

46

Bod., V, 36
F.G., V, 97
Gar., II, 7
McC., 440
N., 400
Vill., 820
Von S., 170
W., 442

Ah, would this earth did yield a place
of rest

To pilgrims by the long, long road
oppress'd,

Whence, after many a year, we might
return,

As trampled flow'rs return from Na-
ture's breast !

A, C, D, E,
G, H

47

Bod., II, 10
Cad., 3
Gar., I, 23
H.A., 6
McC., 24
N., 11
Vill., 30
Von S., 141
W., 10

Men call the Koran "Fount of Sacred
Lore,"

"The Word Supreme," and, hasty,
glance it o'er :

But on the goblet's rim a text is
writ *

That all shall read and ponder ever-
more.

A, B, D, E,
F, G, H

48

Bod., IV, 2
F.G., V, 53
McC., 69
N., 49
Vill., 77
Von S., 23
W., 52

And if your heart life's secret only
knew,

Then, knowing death, 't would know
God's secret too :

If, living, you know naught, what
will you know

When death has come and you're no
longer you ?

A, C, D, F,
G, H

47

* آية (ayat) may mean either a mark, such as was used on a goblet for measuring, or a verse from the Koran.

49

Bod., VIII, 9
F.G., V, 47
Gar., XIII, 8
McC., 210
N., 123
P., 23
Vill., 395
Von S., 296
W., 150

But earth shall roll, as long it rolled
before

G, H

Our names were lost, our footprints
all grown o'er ;

'T was long completed ere we touched
its soil,

And when we're gone 't will be no
less nor more.

50

Bod., VIII, 13
F.G., V, 46
Gar., VIII, 5
McC., 235
N., 137
Vill., 397
Von S., 290
W., 161

Khayyám, although this canopy of
blue

G, H

Veils all the myst'ries from your
mortal view,

Know this, th' eternal saki oft hath
seen

In life's deep cup a myriad things *
like you.

51

F.G., V, 70
H. P., 25
Vill., 682
Von S., 116
W., 401

Naught speaks the ball, but right or
left it goes,

A, C, D, E,
F, H

As Fate's relentless mallet * strikes
the blows ;

50

* حباب (hubáb) is, literally, a bubble.

51

* چوگان (chugan) is the mallet used in the game of chugan, or polo.

[51]

But He who toss'd thee to the game's
mad rush †

He knows the reason, aye, He knows,
He knows — ! ‡

52

And Thou whom all creation fain
would find,

The waters speak Thy name, the
whispering wind :

But all are deaf; Thy face is ever
near,

But none, alas, can see, for all are
blind !

53

Like helpless chessmen on the check-
ered blocks,

We're hither, thither moved, till
Heaven knocks

The luckless pieces from the crowded
board,

And one by one returns them to the
box.

Bod., I, 12
F.G., V, 34
Gar., XI, 5
McG., 226
N., 204
Vill., 448
Von S., 235
W., 247

G, H

Bod., V, 19
Cad., 108
F.G., V, 69
Gar., VII, 4
H. A., 94
McG., 61
N., 231
Vill., 480
Von S., 144
W., 270

B, F, G, H

† تگ و پو (tag u pu) is the racing and searching after the ball.

The Calcutta MS. reads تگ و دو (tag u du), the racing and galloping.

‡ The last line has a weird sound, not unlike the notes of the wood pigeon at nightfall, thus: —

U danad, U danad, U danad, U—! breaking off suddenly upon the personal pronoun U.

(He knows, He knows, He knows, He—!)

<p>Vill., 137 W., 123</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">54</p> <p>And oh, what hearts the cruel Wheel hath crushed ! How many a flower the hand of steel hath crushed ! Nor youth, my son, nor beauty can avail — Full many a bud the ruthless heel hath crushed.</p>	<p>F, H</p>
<p>Bod., VI, 4 F.G., V, 96 Gar., IV, 4 McC., 223 N., 128 P., 25 Vill., 334 Von S., 62 W., 155</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">55</p> <p>And now the page of life is sear and rent, The blossoms fade and fall, the spring is spent ; Ah, lovely bird of youth, so quickly gone, I marked not when you came nor when you went.</p>	<p>A, C, D, F, G, H</p>
<p>Cad., 39 F.G., V, 24 and 63 H. A., 35 Vill., 184</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">56</p> <p>So fill the bowl, swift passes life's brief day, And oh ! th' eternal bed of chilly clay ! *</p>	<p>A, B, C, D, E, H</p>

56

* Lit. "Drink wine, for thou wilt sleep long beneath the clay." كس , however, may be read *gil* or *gul*, and hence may signify either *clay* or *roses*, the meaning being dependent upon the accent. Whinfield's text and Heron-Allen's transcript of the Ouseley MS. have the accent *Kasra*, and thus make it *clay*. The Ouseley MS. itself, however, has no accent ; while the Calcutta MS. has the accent *Zamma*, which would make it *roses*.

W., 107
Compare
Von S., 315
and 198

No friend, no song, no wine, no
love, — ! †
The flow'r that dies is ever passed
away.

57

F. G., V, 16
Vill., 443
W., 243

Yea, grasp the cup,* for all we love
and own,
O'er which the tendrils of our hearts
have grown,
Melt swift as morning dew beneath
the sun,
Shine one brief hour, and then, alas,
are gone !

A, C, D, E,
F, H

58

Bod., VIII, 72
McC., 461
N., 372
Vill., 715
Von S., 92
W., 415

And though the cup be full and sweet,
what then ?
The last brief day of life must come,
what then ?
Although you've lived an hundred
years of joy,
Or have an hundred years to live,
what then ?

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

† Lit. "Without a familiar and without a companion and without a friend or wife."

57

* *i. e.* Enjoy the good things of life.

There are several variations of this quatrain. FitzGerald translates from A, 266.

59

Bod., IV, 14
 Cad., 101
 F.G., V, 64
 Gar., VIII, 7
 McC., 160
 N., 217
 Vill., 462
 W., 258

And think, from all the myriads gone
 before,
 Not one returns to 'count the journey
 o'er ;
 So yield up naught for hope of prom-
 ised bliss ;
 Departed once, thou shalt return no
 more.

A, C, D, E,
 F, G, H

60

Bod., VIII, 6
 Cad., 21
 F.G., V, 18
 Gar., V, 2
 McC., 151
 N., 69
 Vill., 205
 Von S., 199
 W., 72

In yonder mansion of the mighty
 dead,
 Where Bahram feasted, prowling
 lions tread,
 And where his cunning lasso caught
 the gur,*
 Behold, the gur has closed o'er Bah-
 ram's head.

A, C, D, E,
 F, G, H

61

Bod., VIII, 60
 F.G., II, 20
 Gar., V, 4
 McC., 364
 N., 350

And yonder palace tow'ring to the
 blue,
 Where kings, in homage, to the por-
 tals drew,

A, C, D, E,
 F, G, H

60

* *Gur* signifies either the wild ass or the grave. Bahram met his death in a quicksand while chasing the *gur*.

Note the alliteration in this quatrain; the similar sounds of *gaf* and *kaf* occurring thirteen times in the four lines.

Vill., 677
You S., 189
W., 392

I heard the lonely ring-dove moaning
there,
And sobbing soft her plaintive "Coo,
coo, coo?"*

62

Bod., VIII, 33
Gar., V, 1
McC., 50
N., 237
Vill., 492
You S., 119
W., 277

And once, at Tus,* from off an aged
bough,
Methought a raven lit upon the brow
Of Khosru's skull,† and thus it
spake. "Oh, king,
What clarion hails thy royal glory
now?"

A, C, F, G,
H

63

McC., 292
N., 198
Vill., 435
W., 242

Wide yawns the tomb where you and
I, sweet friend,
Shall each, in turn, to lifeless dust
descend!
Oh draught of death that steepers the
very soul
In dreamless sleep, unconscious to
the end!*

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

61

* Ku, ku, ku = Where? Where? Where?
كُو (ku) is an abbreviation of كُوْجَا (kuja).

62

* Tus was the mediæval capital of Khorasan.
† For the sake of meter, Khosru is substituted for Kai Kawus. It is remark-
able that Mr. J. H. McCarthy has done the same thing in a prose translation.

63

* روز شمار (ruz-i-shamar), the Day of Reckoning.

64

Bod., II, 8
 Cad., 13
 Gar., VIII, 8
 H. A., 23
 McC., 18
 N., 43
 Vill., 81
 Von S., 94
 W., 46

Khayyám, why drown thyself in sor-
 row here ?

A, B, C, D,
 F, G, H

What though thy sins like ocean
 sands appear ?

Mercy can reach thee, though it pass
 the pure ;

'T is made for sinners, wherefore dost
 thou fear ?

65

Bod., II, 12
 Cad., 91
 H. A., 91
 McC., 323
 N., 200
 Vill., 433
 W., 244

Go toss commandment * to the pass-
 ing wind,

A, B, C, D,
 E, F, G, H

Nor with tradition † keep thy soul
 confined ;

Pay hate with love, enjoy the ruddy
 wine,

Nor fear the grave, nor what there is
 behind.

66

Bod., VI, 5
 Cad., 61
 F. G., V, 15
 Gar., I, 27
 H. A., 68

Ere Fate lay low thy head, the goblet
 drain,

A, B, C, D,
 E, F, G, H

Bring forth the rosy cup and staunch
 thy pain ; —

65

* The Farizat are the divine ordinances.

† The Sunnat, or Traditions, are held in great reverence by Muhammadans.

Whinfield reads,

سنت مكن و فريضة حق بگذار

“Heed not the Sunnat, nor the law divine,” which is nearly identical with the Ousley MS.

Nicolas reads,

از طاعتها فريضة حق بگذار

“Des dogmes de la religion n'admets que ce qui t'oblige envers la Divinité.”

McC., 277
N., 156
Vill., 281
W., 175

Oh, heedless fool, art thou a golden
store
That men will bury and dig up
again ?

67

Cad., 143
H. A., 123
N., 327
Vill., 664
W., 368

Drink, if thou wilt, or fail to watch
and pray,
Or break the fasts, or plunder by the
way ;
Hear now the Word of Truth from
old Khayyám, —
No loving heart can wander far astray.

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

68

Cad., 50
H. A., 36
Vill., 97
W., 106

And when the rose shall bloom o'er
Nature's shrine,
And friends invite, and buoyant
youth is thine,
Lift high the bowl — eternal life is
there —
And drown thy sorrows in the joys
of wine.

B, F, H

69

Bod., V, 11
F. G., V, 75
McC., 219
N., 110
Vill., 289

When Allah set the steeds of Heaven
free,
Loosed bright Parwin * and shining
Mushtari, †

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

69

* Parwin, the Pleiades.

† Mushtari, Jupiter,

VonS., 264
W., 140

My life, my lot, by Kismat ‡ was
ordained ;
And all my sins are part of Des-
tiny.

70

Bod., II, 2
McC., 237
N., 268
Vill., 542
VonS., 307
W., 311

Who fashioned me of moistened clay?
Not I !
Who spun my silk and wool array?
Not I !
And who the good and ill of all my
life
Upon my forehead wrote? Not I !
Not I !!

A, C, D, E,
G, H

71

Bod., VII, 17
Cad., 116
H. A., 105
N., 249
Vill., 508
W., 288

Then mark my scanty virtues one by
one,
And, ten by ten, forgive the wrongs
I've done ;
Nor fan the flame and, by the Proph-
et's tomb,
The fire will die and anger's heat be
gone.

B, F, G, H

‡ Kismat, Fate.

72

Bod., I, 2
 Cad., 129
 H. A., 109
 McC., 217
 N., 282
 Vill., 543
 W., 322

My nature oft o'ercomes my might,
 — alas ! *

A, B, C, D,
 F, G, H

My deeds bring woe, howe'er I fight,
 — alas !

And though I trust God's pardon shall
 be mine,

The shame will never leave my sight,
 — alas !

73

Bod., II, 22
 F. G., V, 80
 Gar., VIII, 2
 H. A., 148
 McC., 296
 N., 390
 P., 55
 Vill., 822
 Von S., 168
 W., 432

But thou who settest in the way a
 snare,

B, G, H

With threats of hell for all who
 stumble there,

Almighty Spirit, whom the spheres
 obey,

Is mine the sin, or Thine the greater
 share ?

74

N., 380
 Vill., 354
 W., 421

Whate'er my life, it dawned at thy
 command,

A, C, D, F,
 G, H

Whate'er my nature, 't is what Thou
 hast plann'd ;

Nor worse, nor better, than it came
 from Thee —

A helpless thing, the creature of Thy
 hand.

72

* Lit. "What can I do?"

The throwing back of the rhyme-word several syllables often occurs in the rubaiyat.

75

Bod., IX, 66
 Cad., 53
 F.G., V, 48
 Gar., I, 32
 H. A., 60
 McC., 165
 N., 106
 Vill., 251
 Von S., 276
 W., 136

The caravan of life moves strangely
 on,
 It wanes and fades, then waxes clear
 anon ;
 Why fret, bright saki, o'er to-
 morrow's doom ?
 Come, fill the goblet, ere the night
 be gone !

A, B, C, D,
 E, F, G, H

76

Bod., X, 31
 F.G., V, 98
 Gar., XIII, 9
 McC., 448
 N., 457
 Vill., 841
 Von S., 238
 W., 486

But oh, that God would make this
 world anew,
 Before mine eyes rebuild it, fair and
 true,
 Or from the roll of life blot out my
 name,
 Or take from life my wrongs and
 burdens too.

G, H

77

Bod., V, 25
 F.G., V, 99
 Gar., IV, 8
 McC., 378
 N., 340
 P., 52
 Vill., 641
 Von S., 11
 W., 379

If I were God, how swift mine anger
 dire
 Would sweep away this universe en-
 tire
 And build a better, where the soul,
 set free,
 Might sometimes reach its inmost
 heart's desire.

A, C, D, E,
 F, G, H

78

H. A., 49
W., 217

A voice that haunts the path of pleasure * calls,

A, B, C, D,
E, F, H

And ev'ry hour the awful warning falls —

“ Know now, forever, when you die,
YOU DIE,

And Spring's soft voice no human soul recalls ! ”

79

Bod., IV, 4
Cad., 62
H. A., 51
McC., 195
N., 157
P., 31
Vill., 239
Von S., 289
W., 176

Then oh, what profit to the sphere *
my birth ?

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

Or, when I die, what will my death
be worth ?

Or who beneath the vault of Heav'n
can tell

Or why we come, or why we leave
the earth ?

80

Bod., X, 40
Cad., 88b
F. G., V, 65
Gar., XI, 7
N., 464

And though they be the noble and
the wise,

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

Though prophets come and lofty seers
arise,

78

* Lit. This intellect that searches the path of happiness.

79

* ۛ, ۛ (gardín) is the celestial sphere.

Vill., 266
Von S., 162
W., 209

E'en these emerge not from the sable
night,
But tell their dreams and then reclose
their eyes.

81

Bod., IV, 3
F. G., V, 26
McC., 252
N., 120
Vill., 328
Von S., 267
W., 147

And those who led the mighty hosts
of thought,
And scaled the heav'ns and many a
myst'ry sought,
Became amazed whene'er they
thought of Thee,
Their minds were dizzied and their
wisdom naught.

A, C, F, G,
H

82

Cad., 80
H. A., 48
Vill., 290
W., 222

And we who love to drain the flagon
deep,
And ye who pray and nightly vigils
keep,
We neither know, we both are cast
adrift ;
But One, He knows ; the rest are fast
asleep.

B, F, H

83

Bod., IV, 20
Cad., 113
H. A., 101
McC., 82
N., 240
Vill., 507
W., 280

Take counsel, then, and give thine
ear to me,
For Allah's sake cast off hypocrisy ;
The future is forever, earth but now ;
For one brief hour sell not eternity.

A, B, C, D,
F, G, H

84

Cad., 73
F. G., V, 54
H. A., 50
Vill., 267
W., 216

“ Oh, learned fools,” the voice of
Wisdom saith,
“ Why spend the hours in talk of
life and death?
’Tis dried up fruit, go taste the vine
instead :
On what can ne’er be known, why
waste your breath ? ” *

B, H

85

Bod., X, 9
Cad., 93
F. G., V, 37
Gar., III, 9
H. A., 89
H. P., 7
McC., 245
N., 211
P., 36
Vill., 434
W., 252

When in the market-place I stopped
one day
To watch a potter pounding his fresh
clay,
The clay addressed him in a mystic
tongue —
“ Once I was man, so treat me gently,
pray ! ”

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

86

Bod., III, 3
Cad., 10
F. G., V, 36
Gar., III, 3
H. A., 9
McC., 73
N., 28
Vill., 80
Von S., 5
W., 32

Then thought I how that handle once
embraced
With yearning touch some peri-
slender waist :
And how, perchance, those sad,
complaining lips
In rapture, once, on other lips were
placed.

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

84

* This quatrain is not a faithful paraphrase.

The last line, *آن پشیمان مغرور منور شود*, is so obscure that, as Mr. Heron-Allen remarks, it baffles satisfactory translation.

<p>Bod., VIII, 7 Gar., III, 7 McC., 270 N., 119 P., 22 Vill., 264 Von S., 4</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">87</p> <p>But on the potter sped, nor seemed to feel The touching pathos of his clay's appeal, Nor thought how some poor, helpless human frame Lay prone before him on the busy wheel.</p>	<p>G</p>
<p>Bod., III, 7 McC., 164 N., 76 Vill., 182 Von S., 163 W., 78</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">88</p> <p>Oh, thoughtless man, this mortal clay is naught ; — The azure vault of Heav'n itself is naught ; — Then take what joy you may, your very life Is but a passing breath — and that is naught !</p>	<p>F, G, H</p>
<p>F.G., V, 32 McC., 2 Vill., 628 W., 389</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">89</p> <p>No mortal eye can find the hidden key, Nor read the secret of eternity ; * Of Thee and me, behind the veil, they speak, But when 't is rent, no more of Thee and me. †</p>	<p>A, C, D, E, F, H</p>

89

* اسرار ازل (Asrar-i-Azal), the secret of eternity.

Compare Quatrain No. 30.

† The World-figment of Duality (Thee and me) disappears when the veil of human illusion is rent and all are one in God.

<p>Bod., VII, 41 H. A., 140 McC., 341 N., 384 Vill., 739 Von S., 160 W., 428 Compare F. G., V, 28</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">90</p> <p>For oh, bright saki, they who passed before, To dust have dropped beyond the mystic door ; Their lofty themes have turned to empty wind, And now their lips lie locked for evermore.</p>	<p>A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H</p>
<p>Bod., V, 20 Gar., X, 8 McC., 63 N., 232 Vill., 484 Von S., 190 W., 271</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">91</p> <p>That ancient puzzle * of the spheres, ah me, What endless toil to read the mystery ! 'Tis but a phantom from the bound- less deep, Blown back again o'er death's mys- terious sea !</p>	<p>A, C, D, E, F, G, H</p>
<p>Bod., I, 25 Gar., XI, 6 McC., 101 N., 39 Vill., 192 Von S., 93 W., 43</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">92</p> <p>But life shall rise from death on soaring wing, And all our fears from baseless visions spring ; Since 'Isa's breath revived my wearied soul, Where art thou, death? Oh, grave, where is thy sting ! *</p>	<p>F, G, H</p>

* The Maya or illusion of life.

* Lit. "Eternal death has washed its hands of my being."

Bod., I, 1
McC., 439
N., 365
Vill., 727
Von S., 120
W., 410

Sad, severed from the sea, a rain-drop
sighed ;
And, smiling gently, thus the sea
replied : —
“ Oh, naught divides us, for in God
we dwell,
But one in all, for all in One abide.”*

G, H

* This quatrain scarcely admits the possibility of a satisfactory translation. Omar tells us that in truth there is none other but God, in whom we are all one; and that it is only by the revolution of a single point that we are separated.

The point to which he refers is the dot in the word **خدا** (Khuda), the God who is the fountain of life and from whom we are only temporarily separated.

At the soul's birth, it may be said, the revolution of the point commences, and **خدا** (Khuda) becomes **جدا** (juda), a word indicating separation. But the separation is not forever. As the point continues to revolve, **جدا** (juda) again becomes **خدا** (Khuda); and finally our souls are reabsorbed in the divine fountain whence they came.

This stanza, considered in connection with stanzas 101, 102, and 103, appears to indicate the conclusion to which Omar's knowledge of natural philosophy had led him. Matter is, to him, indestructible, eternal, although its form is capable of endless changes; — the human body of to-day is the earthen vessel or the fragrant flower of to-morrow; — the verdure that clothes the river's bank to-day was, yesterday, the form of a lovely woman; and even the very dust beneath our feet was once, perhaps, the beaming eye of a ravishing beauty.

So, too, the philosopher-poet must have seen that energy is indestructible, — now taking one shape, now another; ever with us indeed, but often hiding its presence behind the mask of an unknown form. To-day, the rays of a summer sun fall upon the snowy peaks of the distant mountains, and to-morrow the snow is a mighty river rushing onward to the sea; — to-day, the sun smiles upon the ocean, coaxing its vapours up to Heaven, and to-morrow a gentle rain falls upon the face of the thirsty soil; — now, the hot iron is plunged into the vessel of cold water and its heat is lost, but the water has become warmer, for that which was lost has been found.

Hence, arguing from analogy, Omar seems to have considered life as a thing indestructible, — changeable in form, as matter and energy are changeable, and,

Vill., 689 W., 400	<p style="text-align: center;">94</p> <p>Oh Thou my strength, my very being's whole, Heart of my heart, and soul within my soul, From Thee alone I come, and Thou art mine, My source, my life, my parting spirit's goal.*</p>	F, H
Bod., V, 5 Cad., 15 H. A., 24 McC., 62 N., 46 P., 9 Vill., 177 Von S., 133 W., 49	<p style="text-align: center;">95</p> <p>And though in synagogue, mosque, school, or cell, Men, seeking Heav'n and fearing Sheol, dwell ; Yet he who knows the secret truth of God Sows no such chaff and scorns the fear of Hell.*</p>	A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H

like them, eternal, immortal. Thus, when our turn comes, we shall suffer no more separation, but, led back from Allah (separation) to Allah (God), we shall rest once more upon the bosom whence we sprang.

While the conclusion thus reached is in accordance with the Vedanta doctrine of the reabsorption of the individual soul in the Impersonal Self, the Vedanta philosophers taught that all matter was part of the world-figment, a mere illusion, and hence not eternal; but whether Omar shared this view, or arrived at his conclusion in the way I have suggested, his belief in the ultimate reabsorption of the soul in God is beyond doubt.

94

* This quatrain evidently refers to the Sufi belief that we finally return to the Fountain of Life.

95

* "Souls reabsorbed in the Divine Essence have no concern with the material Heaven and Hell."—WHIFFIELD.

F.G., V, 48
Vill., 431
W., 254

96

Deep from the circle of the hidden
sphere,
To each, in turn, the cup of death
draws near ;
Then do not sigh, but when it comes
to thee,
Take thou the cup and drink it with-
out fear.

A, C, D, E,
F, H

Bod., VIII, 53
F. G., V, 25
Gar., XII, 12
McC., 434
N., 337
P., 51
Vill., 638
Von S., 8
W., 376

97

And ye who ponder over creed and
prayer,
And ye who, dazed by doubt, well-
nigh despair,
Oh, hear the voice that, sudden, cries
aloud —
“ Fools, the right path is neither
there, nor there ! ”

A, C, D, F,
G, H

Bod., I, 38
F. G., V, 50
Gar., VIII, 16
McC., 46
N., 20
Vill., 130
W., 24

98

'T is but a breath betwixt the false
and true,
'Twixt faith and doubt, and soul and
body too ;
Oh, *carpe diem!* all that life can
give
Is one short breath, and then — ah,
would we knew !

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

99

Bod., VII, 44
McC., 345
N., 389
Vill., 775
W., 431
Compare
F.G., V, 35

Embarrassed offspring of the primal
four,
And sev'nfold Heav'n, — the myst'ry
whelms thee o'er ;
Drink deep, my friend, I've told thee
many a time,
Departed once, thou shalt return no
more.

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

100

Cad., 49
H.A., 39
Vill., 57
W., 105

The wine's a ruby and the cup a mine ;
The cup is body, and the soul is wine ;
But ah, the crystal cup contains a
tear, —
A bleeding heart is hidden in the vine.

B, F, H

101

Bod., I, 32
F. G., V, 51
Gar., X, 1
McC., 58
N., 73
Vill., 175
Von S., 52
W., 75

And lo, this vintage* running through
the veins
Of all creation, o'er creation reigns ;
In plants and creatures many a form
sustains,
And though they die, the essence still
remains. †

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

101

* For *باداه* *بَادَاه* (an *badah*), that vintage, as Whinfield, Nicolas, and others read, the Calcutta MS. reads *ماه* *مَاه* (an *mah*), that moon, a variation which perhaps was intended for *مائي* *مَائِي* (an *mai*), that vintage, a reading that would accord better with the other texts.

† The later followers of the Vedanta sages taught that the soul can pass through many conditions, from the lowest terrestrial organism to that of a god-like denizen of Heaven, by a process of gradual development ; but that, however

RUBA'IYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

	102	
Bod., VIII, 92 F.G., V, 23 McC., 156 N., 70 Vill., 187 Von S., 50 W., 73	And when the clouds arise, with Imber's plume, And rains, caressing, coax the earth to bloom, Oh, think what blossoms from our dust shall spring, And throw their fragrance on the breeze, — for whom ?	A, C, D, E, F, G, H
	103	
Bod., VI, 24 F.G., V, 20 Gar., IV, 3 McC., 123 N., 59 Vill., 61 Von S., 84 W., 62	And those soft robes yon shaded streamlets wear, Perchance may spring from some celestial fair ; Ah, scorn them not, nor, careless, tread them o'er ; Who knows what beauty's head lies resting there ?	A, C, D, E, F, G, H
	104	
Bod., III, 4 Gar., VI, 7 McC., 75 N., 29 Vill., 113	Nay, crush them not, for long ere we were born, Day changed to night and night again to morn ;	A, C, D, E, F, G, H

great its virtue, it cannot be reabsorbed in the Divine Essence until it learns the one great truth of its impersonal unity with the Undifferented Self, — with the great First Principle that underlies the world-figment, or Maya, of which even the heavens and the gods are themselves a part.

The doctrine of Metempsychosis appears to have been absorbed by the early Aryans from some of the lower races with whom they came into contact, and it certainly mars the singular beauty of their earlier belief.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Von S., 263
W., 33

This dust, perchance, was once a
beaming eye,
Or lovely mole, by bright-eyed beauty
worn.

105

Bod., VIII, 35
Cad., 126
F.G., V, 21
Gar., VI, 6
McC., 194
N., 269
Vill., 586
Von S., 308
W., 312

Come, friend, an hour of pleasure
ere we go,
For life's sweet breath will soon be
sinking low ;
To-morrow's dawn may find both
you and me
With those who went sev'n thousand
years ago.*

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

106

H. A., 126
W., 386

And yonder skies too often tear away
Our dearest friends, and all our hopes
betray ;
So, Darling, live — live now, while
life is ours ;
To-morrow's naught, and naught is
yesterday.

B, F, H

105

* Whinfield appends the following note : —

“Badauni (II, 337) says the creation of Adam was 7000 years before his time.”

107

Cad., 98
H. A., 92

And see, this cup hath rose-red wine,
— may be ;
This crystal cup 's a ruby mine, —
may be ;
This water sparkles with a melted
gem ;
Through moonlight's veil the sun-
beams shine, — may be.

B

108

Bod., VI, 29
McC., 120
N., 3
Vill., 22
W., 2

Who brought thee here this eve at
twilight, — who ?
From harem's gloom to sparkling
moonlight, — who ?
Who raised thy veil to fan the love
that burns
When thou art absent ; who, my
lovelight, — who ?

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

109

Bod., I, 5
McC., 122
N., 2
Vill., 21

Thou precious jewel of this yearning
heart,
Choice of my spirit, of my soul a
part, —
What is so dear to me as life, but
thou ?
And sweeter far than life itself thou
art.

G

110

Cad., 1
F.G., V, 100
Gar., II, 4
H. A., 5
McC., 9
N., 8
Vill., 4
Von S., 96
W., 7

Drink 'neath the moonbeams, greet
me with a song ;
To-night we live, sweet moon,* and
love is strong ;
To-morrow, when we lie beneath the
sod,
The moon shall seek us, and shall
seek us long.

A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

111

Bod., IX, 107
Gar., II, 3
McC., 47
N., 94
Vill., 202
Von S., 313

She tears night's robe and lo, the
gloom has fled ;
So drink, my love, for when our
souls have sped,
This selfsame moon will rise the
same, and set,
Nor shadow mark the mighty world
o'erhead,

G

112

H. A., 58
Vill., 274
W., 214

Those countless orbs that roll o'er
Heaven's main,
Perplex the learn'd, their myst'ries
still remain ;

B, F, H

110

* Note the play upon the word *mah* in the line

می نوش بانور-ی ماه ای ماه کی ماه

Mai nush banur-i-mah ai mah ki mah

The first *mah* signifies *the moon*; the second, a *beautiful woman*; and the third, either *the moon* or *the month*.

Oh, seek not whence they come, or
whither bound,
The wise grow dizzy 'neath their
mighty train.

113

And Thou, who hidest now behind
the blue,
In all existence art Thou seen anew ;
Thy wondrous deeds to please Thy-
self are done ;
Thou art the actor and spectator too.

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

Bod., I, 8
F.G., V, 51
and 52
Gar., X, 5
McC., 346
N., 443
Vill., 757
Von S., 172
W., 475

114

'Tis but a moment, and the myst'ry's
gone, —
A breath, a whisper, and the secret's
done ;
This mighty universe and all there-
in —
Earth, sky, — man, angel, God, —
All, All are One.*

F, G, H

Bod., III, 17
Gar., X, 2
McC., 426
N., 328
Vill., 629
W., 369

114

* Justice is the soul of the universe and the whole universe is a body ;
The angels are the perceptions of this body ;
The heavens and the elements and their offspring are its members ;
There is only unity and the rest is all deception.

The belief in the existence of God in everything, since everything is a part of
God, pervades the poetry of the Sufis ; thus, Jami writes : —

گه ماده و گه جام خوانیم ترا
که دانه و که دام خوانیم ترا
جز نام تو بر لوح جهان حرفی نیست
ایا بدم نام خوانیم ترا

[75]

115 *

One eve, when Ramazán was nearly
o'er,
I chanced, again, within the potter's
door,
Where earthen pots of many a shape
and size
Upon the table lay, and on the floor.

116

And some were wrapped in silence,
others not ;
And one spake loudly, 'mid a wrang-
ling lot —
“ Why talk ye thus and thus, ye
know not what ?
Who is the potter, pray, and who the
pot ? ”

Quotations
on left-hand
margin are
translations
of quatrains
found in
A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H

Compare
Bod., IV, 16
Cad., 115
F. G., V, 82,
83, 87
Gar., III, 8
H. A., 103
McC., 115
N., 243
Vill., 509
Von S., 226
W., 283

Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup I call Thee ;
Sometimes the grain, sometimes the net I call Thee ;
Save Thy name, there is not a letter upon the tablet of the universe.
Oh, by what name shall I call Thee ?

This stanza offers a good illustration of the *throw-back* and *redif*, as the rhyme-words *jam*, *dam*, and *nam* are thrown back to the middle of their respective lines.

115

* This, and the succeeding quatrains, have only a slender foundation in the rubaiyat of Omar. Suggested by the work of Mr. FitzGerald, they were written prior to the foregoing translation, and retained, as already stated in the introduction, for the purpose of indicating, by marginal reference, some of the sources of his charming *Kuza Nama*.

Those who are desirous of consulting the Persian quatrains upon which they rest are referred to numbers 283, 126, 193, 218, and 493 of Whinfield's text,

117

“Well,” said another, “you have
naught to say ;
If still the potter live, he 's far away ;
We are the pots, but then, what do
we here ?
The buyer and the seller, where are
they ?”

118

Then spake a vessel of less comely
make —
“They say that when the potter
comes he 'll break
All shapes ungainly. Are the pots
to blame
Because the hand that made them
chanced to shake ?”

119

“Thy handle 's cracked, my spout is
all awry,
Nor can we change them, howsoe'er
we try ;
For his mistake, shall we be thrown
aside,
Lest our ill shape offend his perfect
eye ?”

Compare
F.G., V, 86
Vill., 103
W., 126

A, C, D, E,
F, H

edition of 1883. The clearness of the type, the presence of the kasra-i-isafat, and the use of accents that prevent ambiguity, greatly simplify the reading of this text.

120

Bod., II, 3
F.G., V, 88
McG., 281
N., 178
Vill., 318
YouS., 75
W., 193

“Are we to blame, and so be cast to
Hell?

A, C, D, E,
F, G, H

Can this be true, as some wise pip-
kins tell?”

“No, no,” cried out a pious little pot,
“He ’ll have some mercy, and ’t will
all be well!”

121

Compare
Cad., 84
F.G., V, 90
H. A., 158
Vill., 458
W., 218

And while they talked, the time sped
quickly on,

B, H

Till new-moon came, and Ramazan *
was gone ;

And stealing softly through the open
door,

A dusky porter seized them, one by
one.

122

Compare
F.G., V, 38
McC., 14
Vill., 773
W., 493

And down the ages has the story rolled,
Of red-clay fashioned into human
mould,

A, C, D, E,
F, H

And filled by Allah, with the breath
of life,

Till Death steals through the door,
and ALL IS TOLD!

121

* Ramazan, the ninth month of the Muhammadan year, is devoted to fasting; hence, at its close, the vessels would be needed for the feasting of Shawwal, the tenth month.



