











Of this edition eighty-five copies are printed on Japan paper,  
signed and numbered, of which this is

Number 85.

*Eben Francis Thompson*





The QUATRAINS

OMAR KHAYYAM

of Nishapur

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN INTO ENGLISH  
BY FRANCIS THOMPSON, M.A. FOR  
THE FIRST TIME SO ARRANGED

---

*Page from a Persian manuscript of the Seven-  
teenth Century containing Quatrains of Omar  
Khayyam in the possession of the Translator*

---

EDWIN FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

---

*The Quatrains are in the margin of the  
page, and beginning at the top are as follows:  
Numbers 422, 512, the first bait of 868; 369,  
1st, 2nd and 4th lines of 739, and 3d line of  
740; and 163 of this translation*



*The* QUATRAINS  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYAM  
*of* Nishapur

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE, INCLUDING QUATRAINS NOW FOR  
THE FIRST TIME SO RENDERED

BY  
EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE



PRIVATELY PRINTED  
MCMVI

PK 6516  
T5  
COPY 2

LIBRARY of CONGRESS  
Two Copies Received  
DEC 26 1906  
OCTOBER 30, 1906  
CLASS a. XXC. No.  
161841  
COPY A.

COPYRIGHT 1906

BY EBEN FRANCIS THOMPSON

*All rights reserved*

(PUBLISHED DECEMBER, 1906)

C  
C  
C  
C  
C  
C  
C

THE COMMONWEALTH PRESS  
Worcester, Mass.

## Introduction

Since most foreign words, especially those expressing abstract qualities, cannot be adequately represented each by any one exact equivalent, it is evident that no translation of a masterpiece can be perfectly satisfactory. That is why so many are stimulated to keep trying to make an advance in accuracy, in felicity of phrase, in form, over the translations that have already been offered to the public. Thus in Homer we find the version in rimed couplets, in blank verse, in ballad form, in hexameters, in rhythmic prose, in Spenserian stanzas, and the student will find in each successive attempt to represent the original, something to praise and something to blame. The ideal can never be attained, because one language can never be another language. A hundred persons may try to put into English verse an ode of Horace or such a lyrical gem as Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume," but in each case the crux will arise in such a phrase as *simplex munditiis* or in such a word as *Wehmut*, which do not mean quite what the lexicon attempts to give as the definition.

This may be said, with even more emphasis, of Oriental works, where a far more subtle connotation is inherent in word and combination of words. It has been unfortunate that the majority of those who have attempted to translate Arabian and Persian poetry have not been poets; they have labored to show the Western world what

## INTRODUCTION

treasures were stored away in the Haft Kulzum and other marvellous compilations, in divans made up of vividly colored ruba'iyat, in ghazals and epilogues, but as soon as they laid hand on the gorgeous colored fabric the magic vanished, just as in dichromic minerals where there is beautiful translucency or exquisite color viewed in one direction but muddy opacity viewed in another. Those bald and frigid translations have their value, but they merely prepare the way for the true poet-interpreter to come.

Until FitzGerald gave us his immortal paraphrase no one would have suspected from the dull and lifeless specimens of Omar's verse that may be found scattered here and there through the misrepresented literature of the Orient, that the Astronomer-poet was worthy of a moment's attention. FitzGerald's eyes were opened, and although his knowledge of Persian was neither very wide nor very deep, he had the genius to detect the marvellous poetry concealed in the crabbed manuscripts of the Bodleian and Calcutta libraries. He can be hardly said to have translated Omar's quatrains, so much of himself and his own thought he infused into his work, but nevertheless one cannot doubt that if the Tent-maker were to return to earth and become cognizant of what had been done he would have marked it with the seal of his approval; he would have said, "This is an interpretation; it is I."

Of course the nearer a translation approaches the form or gives the impression of the melody of the original, the more satisfactory it is, and John Payne's attempt to render the quatrains in the lilting measure and with the wealth of complicated rimes, characteristic of the original, would have been in the right direction, had the English language been adapted for such a *tour de force*.

## INTRODUCTION

Unfortunately, in order to accomplish this the translator was obliged to resort to grotesque transpositions and combinations of words, and the first requisite of a translation was largely sacrificed; English words took the place of "the high-sounding Pahlevi," but the compound was not English, and the attempt was valuable, if for nothing else, to show how impossible the task. Many translations of Omar have been put forth since FitzGerald's Paraphrase was launched on the sea of popularity, and most of them have followed his modest course in copying simply the arrangement of rime and using the plain Iambic pentameter, and this unanimity of procedure is based on sound common sense. It gives ample scope for felicity of phrase and is in exact accord with the genius of the English language.

Mr. Eben Francis Thompson, the latest adventurer on this wide sea of exploration, has come back with a richer cargo than any who have preceded him; unless—and this is quite improbable—some new manuscript source should be discovered, he has swept in the whole range of poems attributed to Omar Khayyam. No one knows better than Mr. Thompson how considerable a proportion of this material is imitation and not original. There is no known test, no known touchstone of style or content, or chirography, or tradition, or anything to which a ruba'i attributed to this poet may be applied and labeled. It is almost wholly guess-work, and unfortunately, just as the English version of FitzGerald lends itself most readily to parody, so the original is verse so admirably adapted to expression of thought and feeling that its form is typical. It is therefore probable that there are numerous serious parodies in Persian which might well have been written by Omar and yet

## INTRODUCTION

which arose centuries after his body had crumbled to dust under the yellow roses of Meshed.

Mr. Thompson has put into English verse this whole body of Persian poetry. It is a marvel of close translation, accurate and satisfactory. He has succeeded in doing exactly what he set out to do,—to add nothing and to take nothing away, but to put into the typical quatrain, as determined by FitzGerald and others, exactly what Omar and his unknown imitators said. He has taken infinite time, patience and pains to do this work, and it was well worth doing. The manifold repetitions and replicas, differing from one another only by a few words or a line, found in variant manuscripts, he has relegated to the foot-notes, but the body of the book contains all the Omaresque literature. It has been a labor of love, absorbing and fascinating and yet endlessly trying, and at last it is accomplished and is given to the large body of Omar-lovers,—not in any way to compete with or rival FitzGerald's unique masterpiece, but to interpret that, and to show what Omar was beyond and beside that. FitzGerald's version is no more definitely Omar than any other *divan* of verses attributed to him. Some of them may be, most of them probably were not, but they are all penetrated by the spirit and philosophy of the Tent-maker; witty, cynical, occasionally pessimistic, imbued with true Oriental fatalism, but brave and wholesome if properly understood.

Mr. Thompson has given us the chance to read what Omar and his school really thought and said, and he has put this into a satisfactory form also, with much aptness of phrase and beauty of expression. As such it is worthy of commendation to all lovers of Omar.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

## Preface

Omar Khayyam\* was born in the first half of the eleventh century A. D., at or near Nishapur, in the province of Khorasan, Persia, and died 1123 A. D. (517 A. H.). The precise date of his birth is a matter of conjecture, but it probably occurred in the period from 1030 to 1040 A. D., although some accounts make him a schoolfellow of Hasan Ibn Ali (better known as Nizam ul Mulk), born, it is believed, in 1017 A. D., and of Hasan i Sabbah, who died 1124 A. D. If these accounts be correct, Omar lived to the age of one hundred and six years, and Hasan i Sabbah died at one hundred and seven, a circumstance so remarkable that it stands not within the prospect of belief. We are compelled at the same time to dismiss the tale of the schoolboy compact told in FitzGerald's Introduction, however reluctantly, since it seems that the *Wasaya* or testament giving the account was not written by Nizam ul Mulk but by a descendant some twelve generations after. But whatever the doubts as to the exact date of Omar's birth, he probably reached old age, though the verse in quatrain 467, "A hundred years Thy grace hath fostered me," must be taken rather as the exaggeration of poetry than as a sober statement of fact.

In quatrain 20 he says "Seventy-two years I've pon-

\*Omar's full name was Ghiás uddín Abul Fath Omar bin Ibrahim Al Khayyám.

## PREFACE

dered day and night," and in quatrain 771 "My life's reached seventy years, if I do not Rejoice this moment, ah, when shall I, pray?" and elsewhere makes allusions to his age, so that, if the quatrains have weight in determining the question, Omar outlived the Psalmist's span.

It is reasonable to suppose that he had passed the age of thirty when, in 1074 A. D. (467 A. H.), according to two authorities, Ibn ul Athir and Abu-l Feda, Omar was appointed upon a Royal Commission of eight persons by Malik Shah, to reform the old Persian calendar. During this term of office, which continued until the death of the latter, in 1092 A. D., he compiled the astronomical tables known as *Zij i Malikshahi*.

Omar's reform of the calendar consisted in ascertaining more exactly the length of the solar year and an improved system of intercalation. If the statement of mathematicians be correct, it is a strange commentary upon the era in which we live, the age of precision, that the calendar which contents us, should be less accurate than that of the old astronomer of Khorasan, eight centuries ago.

The province of Khorasan, situated in northeastern Persia, and which has been characterized with more flippancy than truth as being in Omar's day "a half barbarous province," was one of the richest divisions of the kingdom at that time and formed the nucleus of the expanding empire conquered by the Seljuk Turks, Togrul Beg and his brother and Lieutenant Chakir, from the Ghaznavides, about the middle of the eleventh century of our era. Chakir died in 1060 A. D., and Togrul three years later, and was succeeded by Alp Arslan, his nephew, under whom and his successor, Malik Shah, the empire attained the highest degree of prosperity and splendor. Khorasan, aptly called "The Land of

## PREFACE

the Sun" by reason of its mild climate and generally fertile and productive soil, was the very heart of this material and intellectual uprising, and Nishapur, its largest city, the birthplace of the poet, was one of the great cities of the Orient, the centre of a prosperous activity, well named "The Gateway of the East," lying as it did directly upon the caravan route from India. The city, one of the oldest of Persia, was a centre of learning as well as of trade, having no less than eight colleges, while its population was variously estimated as from 200,000 to 400,000 inhabitants.

Alas! to-day the mountain-girt plain, where once stood the magnificent city, is covered by stretches of ruins, amid which cluster the meagre dwellings of less than 10,000 souls. It is, perhaps, not wholly a matter of surprise that Persian civilization of Omar's time should be misunderstood to-day, for too frequently we forget that then, when Europe was but just emerging from her long night of intellectual darkness, Persia was the very focus of a civilization equaling any that the world had then known.

Omar's poetical works were probably occasional rather than formal, and most of his known writings treated of scientific subjects. They are as follows:

1. Ruba'yat\* (quatrains).
2. Demonstrations of the Problems of Algebra.
3. Some Difficulties of Euclid's Definitions.
4. Zij i Malikshahi (astronomical tables).
5. Handbook of Natural Science (title not known).
6. El-Kawn wal-Taklif (metaphysics).

\*The above form of transliteration of this word into English seems preferable, since the original is written without *tashdid*.

## PREFACE

7. El-Wajud (metaphysics).
8. Mizan ul-Hukm (scientific).
9. Lawazim ul-Amkina (natural science).
10. Demonstrations of the Exactitude of the Indian Methods of Extracting Square and Cube Roots.
11. Arabic Poems.

The first three of the above we have, the others are only known to us by name. Much of his philosophy was of a nature to challenge the hostility of the orthodox Musulman and his manuscripts were doubtless the object of the destructive zeal of the pious. It is small wonder, then, that the reputation of the poet was obscured by that of the astronomer and mathematician, and that the seeds of his poetry and philosophy should have lain dormant in the dust of eight centuries, hidden save to the few, only to germinate and spring up in renewed vigor and grace of flower, fragrance and fruitage under western skies, sweet in the main, but with an occasional bitterness and pungency most stimulating.

Edward FitzGerald's brilliant paraphrase of less than one-tenth of Omar's quatrains was the first work which gave to English readers some knowledge of and aroused an interest in him as a poet and philosopher. FitzGerald's wide departure from the text of his Persian original, while amply justified by the splendor of the result, had, nevertheless, an influence upon subsequent translators, so that with the exception of Mr. Edward Heron-Allen's prose literal translation of the Bodleian and other FitzGerald originals (some two hundred quatrains in all), no version of any considerable number of the quatrains hitherto published has been uniformly literal or close.

## PREFACE

The translations of Mr. Whinfield, Mr. Garner and Mrs. Cadell, which deal with a portion of the quatrains, are highly poetic but free versions. In characterizing them as "free," I do not desire to be regarded as implying that they do not interpret the spirit of the original, or that in many instances they do not render with fidelity its letter, but rather that reverence for the Persian text has been often made secondary to the poetical beauty of the English version.

Mr. John Payne has made a version containing a larger number of the quatrains than the others. Mr. Payne has necessarily subordinated other considerations in attempting to reproduce the metrical scheme of the original, and, as far as the nature of the case admits, he has succeeded in doing this in a manner impossible to a less accomplished Persian-Arabic scholar than he.

A strictly literal translation of Khayyam is hardly possible, for the reason that there is no received text, and the verbal variations are so numerous. A metrical version seems to be essential. I have attempted to make a translation, which, while not literal at every point, may be said to be rather along the lines of close than of free translation. I have followed, save in a few instances, the Iambic pentameter used and made popular by FitzGerald. The length of this line corresponds more closely to the Persian Ruba'i line than perhaps any other.

The Ruba'i, quatrain, or four line stanza, has from ten to thirteen syllables in a line and rimes in the first, second and fourth lines, and occasionally in all four. Each Ruba'i constitutes a complete and distinct poem in itself, and in this form is purely a Persian invention.

I have in all cases endeavored to give the essential

## PREFACE

meaning of the original, but where metrical considerations have compelled paraphrase or departure from its letter, I have generally given a literal translation in the corresponding foot-note.

No complete version has hitherto appeared. I have included all the quatrains in the various manuscripts and published texts cited elsewhere, so that this translation comprises a large number of quatrains not hitherto translated into English. In the case of variant readings I have adopted that which seemed to me best, giving in the foot-notes all important variations, and since the translation is not accompanied by a Persian text, no necessity exists for following the arbitrary Diwan order or alphabetical sequence of rime endings, and as each quatrain is a separate poem, I have not grouped them in accordance with the subject-matter, but have rather striven to emphasize their individuality as in the original. The minor and obscure quatrains, some of which have been given merely for completeness, I have placed in an appendix. In translating them I have dealt with them somewhat more freely than with the others, as one source of their obscurity or triviality is the delight of the Oriental mind, in subtleties which we of the West may not always appreciate. I have in some instances endeavored to indicate the word-play of the original, but most of it is utterly untranslatable, and the instances given are merely by way of illustration of an interesting feature of Persian poetry.

The quatrains may be classified in relation to their subject-matter as follows: The Bahariyah, poems, in praise of Spring or Nature; the Firaqiyah, where the poet complains of separation from the beloved; the Hajw, or satires; the Halyah or Shikayat i Ruzgar, complaints against Fate

## PREFACE

for the wretched condition of the poet; Kufriyah, when the poet slanders the prophet, praises wine, or uses expressions hostile to the law; Shahrashob, an invective against the inhabitants of a town; Munajat, addresses to Deity.

Any attempt to epitomize the character of Khayyam as shown in his writings would be a difficult task, so varied and contradictory are the quatrains. Written at different periods covering a long life, they doubtless often express his passing mood. Possessing that quality of universality which is characteristic of the highest genius he has been claimed by all the sects. Nicolas hails him as a Mystic, and places upon his eternal hymning of the Grape a mystic interpretation, claiming that Omar sang of Wine as typifying Divine Love, rather than the cup. The truth, which loves a golden mean, doubtless lies between these two extremes, for while Omar often used the word in its most literal sense, many of the quatrains can be most justly interpreted mystically. The fact is that Omar was the laureate of good fellowship, and sings oftentimes what less gifted mortals feel but do not seem to have the power to express, and one of his great fascinations lies in the fact that from across eight centuries we seem to hear in him a voice which sounds the protest of to-day; and that is one of the reasons for the high popularity which his writings have attained. His strong human sympathy and audacity in dealing with theological dogma, no less than the keenness of his wit and the bitterness of his mockery, also tended to his popularity.

He who attempts to make a complete translation of the poems must necessarily include many that are inferior and it would be strange if, in dealing as this work does with more than eleven hundred different quatrains, a considerable number, trivial and obscure, were not included.

## PREFACE

It should be said that Omar followed but the custom of his age and that Wine was as much an accepted theme for Oriental poets as Spring or Love, and that very likely the preponderance of such quatrains is in a measure due to the additions of later scribes and imitators. So too, of Omar's invectives, it should be borne in mind that he lived at a time of bitter religious controversy and that his attacks were not so much directed at religion itself as at the hypocrisy of the Mollahs and at formalism in religion.

In addition to the obligation which every student of Persian is under to those who have preceded him, my especial thanks are due to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole for his generous interest in and examination of my manuscript, to Professor William E. Story, of Clark University, to Mr. Charles D. Burrage, who has placed at my disposal certain texts and authorities, and to Dr. Louis N. Wilson, librarian of Clark University, who has generously loaned to me copies of otherwise inaccessible texts.

After my translation had been completed, I availed myself of the services of Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, who assisted me in the matter of variant and preferred readings, and I desire to express my obligations to him. I am also indebted to the work of Dr. Arthur Christensen, of the University of Copenhagen, for some of my references.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,  
September 16, 1906.

*The* QUATRAINS *of*  
OMAR KHAYYAM

## Abbreviations

B. The Ouseley MS. No. 140, Bodleian Library, Oxford, dated A. H. 865 (A. D. 1460), containing 158 quatrains, fac simile Persian text edited by Edward Heron-Allen, London, 1898.

C. A copy made from the Calcutta MS. (now lost) No. 1548 of the Bengal Asiatic Society of Calcutta. The numbering will very likely only approximate references in some other works for the marginal quatrains are here noted as such. The Calcutta printed edition of 1836 was evidently taken from this MS. omitting the repeated quatrains and placing the marginal quatrains in a supplement. The number references to C. are therefore to be treated as approximate, but as covering both the MS. and the printed edition.

N. Persian text edited by J. B. Nicolas, Paris, L'Imprimerie Impériale 1867, containing 464 quatrains. These were taken principally from the Teheran lithographed edition of 1861.

L. The Lucknow lithograph, A. H. 1312 (A. D. 1894), containing 770 quatrains (also A. H. 1320, A. D. 1902). This edition may be said to cover the Bombay and Stamboul editions.

W. Persian text of editions of E. H. Whinfield, London, 1883, 500 quatrains; and 1901, of 508 quatrains.

P. Persian text lithographed at St. Petersburg, A. H. 1306 (A. D. 1888), containing 453 quatrains nearly identical with N. Taken from the Tabriz edition of 1868. The lithographed editions are not numbered; I have referred to copies numbered by me.

F. Edward FitzGerald's poem or version called "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." (Fourth edition, unless otherwise noted.) The references to FitzGerald are not confined to texts which he used but include many parallel references.

NOTE. I have omitted marking *alif* and *ya* in Persian and Arabic words, for while this is essential in the correct transliteration of sentences, it is not so important in the case of isolated words, and as the marks convey no meaning to the English reader, or are mistaken for stress marks, I have omitted their use. I have followed, too, in many instances, the popular spelling as Omar for 'Umar, etc.

# The Quatrains of Omar Khayyam

## I

Let not your soul in Sorrow's clasp be prest,  
Nor let your days be filled with vain unrest;  
    The book, the loved one's lips and marge  
    of mead  
Forsake not ere Earth fold you in her breast.

## 2

I'll counsel give, if you will list to me,  
Don not the garment of Hypocrisy,  
    This life is but a breath, the next all time,  
For that one breath sell not Eternity.

1. B. 76. C. 150. L. 315. F. 24. L., in line 1, varies, "Let not sorrow seize on thy stronghold." C. and L. vary in line 3 and read "Drink wine on the green by the flowing stream ere," etc.

2. B. 101. C. 251. N. 240. L. 468. P. 239. W. 280. "Time," line 3 lit. "hours," L. reads "days." "Breath" syn. "an instant."

Line 2, lit. "For God's sake, don not," etc.

Line 4, "Eternity," lit. "The Kingdom of Eternity."

Above letters refer to various Persian texts as B, Bodleian, L, Lucknow, etc.

(See table of abbreviations.)

## THE QUATRAINS OF

### 3

Drink wine! for when to dust your body turns,  
Your clay becomes thereafter cups and urns,  
    Of Hell or Heaven reckon not, for pray why should  
A wise man be deceived in such concerns?

### 4

No night my cry doth not reach Gemini,  
That my tears' current flows not to the sea;  
    "‘After to-morrow’" say'st "‘I'll drink with thee?’"  
Life e'en that morrow may not reach for me!

### 5

This vase like me a hapless lover pined  
In snares of beauty's tresses once confined;  
    This handle on its neck you see was once  
An arm oft round the loved one's neck entwined.

3. B. 79. C. 131. L. 293. "Concerns," lit. "news;" L. reads "life." C. line 3, reads "Hear not talk of," etc., for "reck not," and line 4 "by such talk."

4. C. 206. L. 289. This quatrain is a good illustration of the Persian use of the verb in varying senses in the different lines; "rasidan," to reach, to arrive, to attain, etc. It also illustrates a certain extravagance of expression, quite Oriental.

5. B. 9. C. 40. (Repeated margin of C. page 92.) N. 28. L. 81. P. 28. W. 32. F. 36. B. varies in line 2, "And was in pursuit of a fair face." C. marginal quatrain varies in line 2, "lip to the lovely sweet-heart's lip," and rimes in "budah" instead of "budast."

OMAR KHAYYAM

6

On that Day when the good rewards receive,  
May I, a suppliant sot, a share derive!

Let the Fates count me with the good, if good,  
Or with the bad, if bad, may They forgive!

7

So go about that men salute thee ne'er;  
With folk live that from comment they forbear;  
So enter mosques that they ne'er summon thee  
In front, nor thee appoint to lead in prayer!

8

Whose heart so ever love lights, whether he  
The mosque attend or church frequenter be,  
Hath his name written in the book of Love  
From thought of Paradise or Hell set free.

6. C. 146. L. 364. W. 238. Lit. "To-morrow when the lot of the good They (the Fates) give, To me, a suppliant sot a share may They give."

7. C. 138. L. 299. C. transposes predicates in lines 1 and 2.

8. C. 36. N. 60. L. 44. P. 60. W. 63. "Church," line 2, "kinisht," a term applied to churches or synagogues, apparently any place of religious worship but a mosque.

THE QUATRAINS OF

9

The idol spoke thus to the devotee,  
"Dost thou know how thou cam'st to worship me?"  
    "Through me His beauty hath He caused to  
    shine,  
Who, oh my witness, vision gives to thee."

10

Where in yon palace Bahram wine-cup prest,  
The roe bears young, the lion oft takes rest,  
    King Bahram who in noose oft caught the *Gur*,  
See how the *Gur* hath Bahram caught at last!

11

Since long in earth you 'll sleep, the goblet drain,  
For far from friend, mate, consort, you 'll remain.  
    Take care this secret you do not reveal,  
"No withered tulip ever blooms again."

9. L. 7. W. 14. "Witness," "shahid" syn. "loved one."

10. C. 90. N. 69. L. 210. P. 69. W. 72. F. 18. See q. 572. Bahram Gur, Bahram of the wild ass, a celebrated hunter king, was so called on account of his fondness for hunting the gur, onager or wild ass, a very alert and nimble prey. The word-play which I have purposely shown is upon the word "Gur," which also means "grave." C. reads, line 2, "Foxes bear young," and line 3 "Ever caught the 'Gur,'" and line 4 "To-day see," etc., and L., "All his life caught the 'Gur.'"

11. C. 73. B. 35. L. 188. W. 107. F. 63. Also ascribed to Hafiz.

OMAR KHAYYAM

12

O, thou! whose cheeks surpass the eglantine!  
Whose lovely face outvies the maids of Chin!

Thy one glance giv'n my fond king yestere'en  
Moved knight and bishop, castle, pawns and queen!

13

Life's caravan moves on in mystery,  
Seize then the joyous moments as they fly.

Why fret, boy, o'er the morrow of thy friends?  
Bring forth the cup, for night is hast'ning by!

14

To him who o'er his sins doth easy seem,  
Let pious people make this point their theme;  
"To say 'God's wisdom is the cause of sin,'  
To men of sense seems ignorance extreme."

12. B. 46. L. 228. W. 135. A chess quatrain addressed to the beloved. Lines 1 and 2, lit. "O thy cheeks are placed above the fashion of the eglantine, Thy face throws down the idols of China!" The word play is untranslatable and is upon the various meanings of the word "tarh," mode, fashion, a move in chess, etc. "Chin," China. The Chinese type of beauty was much esteemed by the Persians. "Fond," line 3, B. reads "Babil," "the king of Babylon."

13. B. 60. C. 117. N. 106. L. 245. P. 106. W. 136. F. 48. The texts vary slightly but are substantially synonymous.

14. N. 116. W. 144. P. 116. Also ascribed to Nasir uddin Tusi.

THE QUATRAINS OF

15

Zealots know not as we Thy clemency;  
The stranger as the friend cannot know Thee;  
    Thou say'st, "If thou sin I'll cast thee to Hell."  
Tell that to him who knows not Thee as we.

16

Though creeds some two and seventy there be,  
The first of creeds I hold is love of Thee;  
    What of obedience, Islam, unfaith, sin?  
Thou'rt all my aim, the rest be far from me!

17

Last night, wine flown, the tavern passing, I  
A graybeard, drunk and jar on back, did spy,  
    I said, "Old man, 'fore God, have you no shame?"  
"From God comes mercy, drink!" was his reply.

15. N. 190. W. 204.

16. N. 248. W. 287. P. 247.

17. C. 254. N. 244. L. 462. P. 243. W. 284.

OMAR KHAYYAM

18

The Sun flings morning's noose o'er dome and tower,  
Day's king Khosrau, wine in the bowl doth pour;  
    Drink! For the rising Herald of the Morn  
Greeting the days proclaims the dawning hour.

19

Arise and come, for my heart's solace, pray  
This state of doubt with thy charm take away,  
    And bring a jug of wine that we may drink  
Ere potters fashion wine-jars from our clay!

20

Destiny's curtain none can penetrate,  
Nor learn the hidden mysteries of Fate,  
    Seventy-two years I've pondered day and night,  
Nor solve aught—long the tale were to relate!

18. C. 116. L. 235. W. 233. F. 1. Kai Khosrau, King Cyrus. C. reads line 2 for "wine," "a stone," and line 4 "cries out 'Drink ye!'"

19. C. 8. N. 6. L. 12. W. 5. P. 6. N., line 2, reads "Solve one problem."

20. C. 168. N. 177. L. 345. P. 177. W. 192. L. varies in line 3, "Every one speaks from conjecture," and C. "Every one talks wisely."

## THE QUATRAINS OF

21

I drink my wine, for men like me of sense  
In God's sight 't is of little consequence;  
    He knew it at the first, if I drink not  
Sheer ignorance would be God's prescience!

22

O, Kh'aja! grant us one wish, only one.  
Be still! with our affairs with God have done!  
    We walk aright, 't is you who see awry,  
Go you and cure your sight, leave us alone!

23

Heaven whispered to my spirit secretly,  
"The fixed decrees of Fate learn thou from me,  
    If I in my own turnings had a hand,  
Myself from dizziness I'd have set free!"

21. B. 75. C. 177. N. 182. L. 356. W. 197. P. 182. F. 61. Also ascribed to Talib Amuli and Siraj uddin Qumri.

22. N. 5. L. 18. P. 5. W. 4. C. 11. Kh'aja, a rich or learned person.

23. B. 154. W. 507. Line 1, lit. "In my heart's ear Heav'n said secretly." F. 72.

OMAR KHAYYAM

24

A cup! for He who did this clay combine,  
Of love and drink on our heads wrote the line;  
    With beauties and with wine the world is filled,  
But only promised are Heaven's maids and wine!

25

Wash me with grape juice when life ebbs away,  
And "parting words" with wine and wine-cup say;  
    If me ye 'd find on Resurrection Morn,  
In dust of tavern thresholds seek my clay.

26

Since no one can the morrow guarantee,  
To-day this woeful heart make glad in thee;  
    Drink wine in moonlight, O Moon, for the moon  
Will shine full often nor find thee nor me.

24. L. 130. An allusion to the Oriental belief that man's fate is written in the markings of the sutures of his skull. The quatrain begins, "Saki, a cup!"

25. C. 9. N. 7. L. 13. W. 6. P. 7. F. 91. "Parting words," line 2, "talkin," last monitions to the dead before burial. N. reads line 3 for "find," "seek."

26. B. 5. N. 8. L. 5. W. 7. P. 8. C. 5. F. 100. Addressed to the beloved. Moon, a face rounded like the moon is a Persian type of beauty. Line 1 N. P. and W. read "become surety for." Line 2, "woeful," L. reads "passionate," and B. "distracted." Ascribed also to Attar.

THE QUATRAINS OF

27

Love, though a curse, is made so by God's sway,  
Then why should God His blight upon us lay?

Since Good and Bad are creatures of His will  
Why for His slaves hath He a Reck'ning Day?

28

Cupbearer, bowl and wine by marge of dell  
Are Heaven enough for me and thee as well;

Hear not from any talk of Hell or Heaven,  
For whoe'er came from Heaven or went to Hell?

29

Who brings thee to me rapt at close of day,  
Who leads thee from the harem on thy way?

To him who in thine absence burns as fire,  
When leaps the wind, who brings thee to me, pray?

27. L. 107.

28. L. 37. (B. 45, variant. See 666.)

29. C. 10. N. 3. L. 24. W. 2. P. 3. Also ascribed to Attar.

OMAR KHAYYAM

30

I know not of the Heavens' turning, aught,  
Nor save by spite of Fortune am I taught;  
    And when I ponder on my own affairs,  
A lifetime passeth and yet I know naught.

31

Do thou charm every heart with wooing art,  
And gain at court a friend to take thy part;  
    A hundred Ka'bahs equal not one heart,  
Why seek the Ka'bah? rather gain a heart.

32

Though hue and fragrance their delights bestow,  
My form as cypress, cheeks as tulips show,  
    I know not wherefore my Artificer  
Arrays me thus in Earth's abode of woe.

30. L. 113.

31. N. 15. L. 36. P. 15. W. 18. C. 12. Ka'bah, chief building of the temple at Mecca, held in especial reverence by devout Moslems. Line 3, lit. "A hundred Ka'bahs (mere water and clay), equal not one heart." "With wooing art," line 1, lit., "In the quarter of wooing," W. reads "In the way of wooing."

32. N. 13. C. p. 3 margin. L. 16. P. 13. W. 12. Line 4, "abode of woe," "tarab," generally meaning "mirth, joy," in some connections, "sorrow." I think the true sense here is the latter.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

33

Love is chief volume of the world of thought;  
The burden of youth's song with Love is fraught;  
    Learn then this point that Life, in truth, is Love  
Oh, thou, who of the world of Love know'st naught!

34

Whene'er the cup of wine in hand I drain,  
And lost in drink to ecstasy attain,  
    I do a hundred wonders of all sorts,  
Verse flows like water from my fiery brain.

35

To-day is but a breath, so drink pure wine,  
Once gone, thou 'lt never find this life of thine,  
    Be lost in drink both day and night, since thou  
Know'st well the world to ruin doth incline.

33. L. 143. Line 2, lit. "The chief bait (distich) of youth's ode is Love." I have transposed lines 3 and 4.

34. N. 16. L. 27. W. 19. P. 16.

35. N. 17. L. 34. P. 17. W. 20. Lines 3 and 4 are transposed. Unmixed, "nab," pure in the sense of undiluted. L. reads for "Be lost in drink," "Drink only wine."

OMAR KHAYYAM

36

The rose said "Nothing with my face can vie."

"Yet as rose-water crushed at last am I!"

"Count every day you laugh as 't were a year!"

The nightingale did fittingly reply.

37

What time of halting here falls to our share

Yields nothing save anxiety and care;

Alas! that not one problem solved, we go

And that a thousand griefs at heart we bear!

38

From wine-house haunt came voice ere rise of sun,

"Ho! Tavern lounge! Mad, besotted one!

Up! That the measure we may fill with wine,"

"Or e'er for us the measure Fate o'errun!"

36. L. 170. Line 4, "Fittingly," "Bi-zaban-i-hal," lit. "In the tongue of the case." See note to quatrain 554.

37. N. 4. W. 3. P. 4.

38. N. 1. L. 1. W. 1. P. 1. C. 3. F. 2. First edition. Addressed to the cupbearer. Also ascribed to Hafiz and Sulman Sawagi.

THE QUATRAINS OF

39

Prosper, 't is not because by thee 't was planned;  
Fail, it is not thy lacking, understand;

Bow thee to Fate, submit and live content,  
The world's nor good nor ill at thy command!

40

Be lovers aye enrapt, in fantasy,  
Distraught, dishonored, touched with lunacy;

Sober, we fret and fume o'er everything,  
But drunk, say, "Let whatever will be, be!"

41

For God's sake in this house of vanities  
With what hope sets his heart on wealth the wise?

Whene'er he wishes to sit down to rest,  
Death grasps him by the hand and bids him rise.

39. L. 71. C. 35.

40. N. 9. L. 19. P. 9. W. 8. Line 3, lit. "Sober, in anger all things we consume." Also ascribed to Jalal uddin Rumi.

41. N. 10. L. 17. P. 10. W. 9. C. margin Page 4. N. and P. lines 3 and 4 vary and are almost identical with same lines in quatrain 46, apparently a blunder of the scribe. Also ascribed to Nagm uddin Razi.

OMAR KHAYYAM

42

That fair for whom my heart hath longing vain,  
Herself forlorn, some other doth enchain;

Where shall I seek a balm to ease my pain?  
Since my physician sick herself is ta'en?

43

The Koran though as "Word sublime" read o'er,  
Men sometimes on its page, but not long, pore;

There is a bright verse in the cup's lines, for  
Within men everywhere read, evermore.

44

If you drink not, at sots take no offence,  
Did God give grace, I would show penitence;

"You drink not?" You commit a hundred deeds  
That make my tippling boyish innocence!

42. L. 43. C. p. 7 margin.

43. B. 6. N. 11. L. 22. W. 10. P. 11. C. 4. B. line 3 for "a bright verse" reads "a text engraved," and N. and P. "a precept." B. and C, line 1, read "greatest word" for lit. "best word."

44. N. 12. L. 2. P. 12. W. 11. C. margin p. 3. Lines 3 and 4, lit. "You boasting say 'I drink not wine!' a hundred deeds you commit to which wine is a mere boy (servant)!"

THE QUATRAINS OF

45

O, you, come hot from that soul world below,  
Amazed amid what Five, Four, Six, Sev'n show,  
    Drink wine, for whence you come you do not  
    know,  
Rejoice! you know not whither you will go.

46

Where is the smoke of our fire here, O, pray?  
Where profit of our stock-in-trade's array?  
    To him who "Tavern-haunter" me doth call,  
O, where in truth here is the tavern, say?

47

One wine draught to earth's kingdom doth compare  
And to a thousand lives, the lid of jar!  
    The cloth with which one wipes wine from the  
    lips  
Is worth the scarfs a thousand preachers wear!

45. L. 66. The five senses. The four elements. The six sides and the seven planets. C. 67 varies in lines 3 and 4 and reads freely "Drink wine! for knowledge of the soul ne'er whispers from the clay; Fret less o'er worldly things, for when once gone, you've gone for aye."

46. L. 11. W. 13. C. 7. A mystical quatrain. Doctrine of Maya or world illusion.

47. C. 189. N. 191. L. 390. P. 190. "Scarfs," line 4, "teilsan," a hooded scarf or vestment worn by preachers.

OMAR KHAYYAM

48

Why grieve so much at worldly envy, pray?  
Have you e'er seen the man who lives for aye?

    This one breath in your body is a loan,  
With which you should live ready to repay.

49

So far as lies in you cause no one pain,  
Lest any you inflame, your wrath restrain;  
    If you desire to have eternal peace,  
Though vexed, from wronging any man refrain.

50

O Thou, whose love and wrath made all that be,  
And Heaven and Hell through all eternity,  
    Thou hast Thy court in Heaven and I have naught,  
Why then in Heaven is there no way for me?

48. L. 69. C. 43.

49. B. 4. W. 15. Line 2, lit. "Nor on your anger's fire set any one."

50. L. 6. W. 16. L. Bombay and Tabriz read lines 3 and 4 "Thou hast Thy court in Heaven and I have naught save wine; 't is well that in Heaven there is no way for me."

## THE QUATRAINS OF

51

I'll drink so much wine that its sweet bouquet,  
Shall when 'neath earth I go, rise from the clay  
    That when some reveller passes o'er my dust,  
Drunk from my wine fumes he shall reel away.

52

The fish to duck in droughty season said,  
"What if this stream should run back in its bed?"  
    "When you and I are roasted," quoth the duck,  
"What matters stream, what mirage once we're dead?"

53

To this lost haunt with wine and love we fare,  
And pledge for drink, soul, heart, cup, raiment there,  
    And quit of mercy's hope and fear of law,  
We're freed from earth and water, fire and air!

51. N. 14. L. 28. P. 14. W. 17. F. 92. C. 13.

52. L. 31. W. 23. Line 4, mirage, "sarab," variant "sharab," wine.

53. C. 14. N. 19. L. 29. P. 19. W. 22. (B. 7, variant.) See quatrain 709. C. W. & N. read line 1 "with wine and minstrel." C. also gives variant in margin, "we and wine and love in some ruin corner," and C., line 2, "Soul, heart, cup and raiment filled with wine dregs." The introduction in a quatrain of reference to the four elements is considered an elegance in Persian. It is called "Mutazadd."

OMAR KHAYYAM

54

Since All is unsubstantial as the air  
And naught save loss and ruin; whatsoe'er  
    Exists in this world, think doth not exist,  
And what on earth is not, *imagine* there.

55

From doubt to certainty is but a breath,  
A breath from unfaith's halting place to faith,  
    This precious breath then do you cherish, for  
Life's sum is but a breath from birth to death.

56

O Heaven's wheel! Ruin is thine ill behest,  
Thine ancient custom ever has opprest;  
    O Earth! If e'er thy bosom they should bare,  
Full many a valued gem would deck thy breast!

54. L. 33. C. page 21 margin. The Vedantic doctrine of Maya or the illusory nature of the universe. Lit. "Since naught of all that is in hand is but air, and since of whatsoever is there is naught but loss and ruin, think whatever is in this world is not, and imagine whatever is not in this world, is."

55. C. 16. N. 20. L. 131. W. 24. P. 20. F. 49. F. 50. Line 4, lit. "The sum of our life is but a breath."

56. N. 21. L. 42. W. 25. P. 21. C. 17.

THE QUATRAINS OF

57

O thou, for me of all earth set apart!  
More sweet to me than eye-sight, soul and heart!  
There's naught more dear than life, O Idol! yet  
A hundred times more dear to me thou art!

58

This two or three days' lifetime passeth on,  
Like mountain stream or desert blast 't is flown;  
Still there are two days that I reckon not,  
The day to come and that already gone!

59

That precious ruby's from another mine,  
That single pearl doth bear another sign,  
The thought of this and that is vain conceit,  
Love's tale hath other tongue than mine or thine.

57. N. 2. L. 23. P. 2. N. and P., line 2, "Sweeter to me than my two eyes and soul."

58. N. 22. P. 22. W. 26. Line 1, lit. One, two, three days, *i. e.*, a few days, a day or so. See quatrain 653. C. 18, line 3, reads "while I live I fret not over two days." F. 57.

59. N. 23. L. 132. W. 27. P. 23. A mystical quatrain.

OMAR KHAYYAM

60

When showers of Spring the tulips' cheeks o'erflow  
Arise and to the wine-cup haste to go,

For this green where thou sport'st to-day, per-  
chance

On some near morrow from thy dust may grow.

61

Now 't is young manhood's season, I design,  
Since it makes glad my heart, to quaff my wine,

Chide not the grape, though bitter yet 't is sweet,  
'T is bitter since it is this life of mine.

62

O Heart! since 't is your fate that blood must flow,  
Your state each moment change must undergo;

What brought you, Soul, into my body, since  
The end of all your strife, is forth to go!

60. L. 104. C. 47. Line 4, lit. "To-morrow from thy dust will grow."

61. C. 23. B. 11. N. 24. L. 133. W. 28. P. 24. B., line 3, reads for "the grape," "me," and L. "because it bitter is, 't is sweet." Also ascribed to Talib Amuli.

62. N. 25. L. 98. W. 29. P. 25. C. 33.

THE QUATRAINS OF

63

To-day is thine, the morrow's not for thee,  
Thy care for morrows naught but grief will be;  
    Nor waste this breath if thy soul's not distraught,  
For what remains of life will quickly flee.

64

To wine submissive we the head incline,  
And pledge our souls its laughing lip to join;  
    So our cup-bearer turns the flagon's throat;  
So sparkles from cup's lip the soul of wine.

65

Knock not in vain at each door in your way,  
With worldly good and ill contented stay,  
    Whate'er the number on the dice of Fate  
From the Sphere's cup that falls, you needs must play.

63. C. 83. B. 12. N. 26. L. 41. W. 30. P. 26. C., line 3, ends "for the soul abides not." Line 4, lit. "For this life's remnant appears not to be permanent." L. and B. read "has no price."

64. N. 18. L. 35. W. 21. P. 18. Ascribed also to Kamal Ismail. "Sparkles," lit. "comes up."

65. C. 63. N. 27. L. 87. W. 31. P. 27.

OMAR KHAYYAM

66

From zephyrs when my heart thy fragrance takes,  
It seeks and grasps thy nature, me forsakes,  
    And now there comes no thought to it of me,  
For thy scent ta'en, its own thy nature makes!

67

The day and night were long ere thou or I,  
Or on its wheeling course revolved the sky;  
    Ah, softly set thy foot upon this dust,  
'T was once the apple of some beauty's eye!

68

The idol house is as the mosque, a shrine,  
And chime of striking bells service divine;  
    Gueber's belt, church and rosary and cross,  
Each is in truth of worshipping a sign.

66. C. 89. L. 209. W. 118. Addressed to the beloved. My nature partakes of that of the loved one and like her becomes inconstant. Also ascribed to Abu Sa'id. This quatrain may also be interpreted mystically as addressed to deity, the absorption of the soul in the divine essence.

67. C. 41. N. 29. L. 114. W. 33. P. 29. F. 20.

68. C. 31. N. 30. L. 124. W. 34. P. 30.

THE QUATRAINS OF

69

Fate's marks upon the tablet still remain  
As first, the Pen unmoved by bliss or bane;  
    In fate whate'er must be it did ordain,  
To grieve or to resist is all in vain.

70

Delights of both worlds revellers' bowls confine,  
The sun etern in moonlit cups doth shine;  
    The secret hidden in creation's soul,  
If it you'd know, bides in a glass of wine.

71

I cannot to both good and bad unfold  
My secret, nor may long tales soon be told;  
    I am unable to explain my state  
Or to reveal the secret that I hold.

69. B. 31. C. 79. N. 31. L. 195. W. 35. P. 31. F. 71. B. for "upon the Tablet" reads "from the first," and for "As first," "continually," and for "In fate," reads "On the first day."

70. L. 161.

71. C. 80. N. 32. L. 197. W. 36. P. 32. L. varies slightly.

OMAR KHAYYAM

72

With us base coins we no more current keep,  
A broom our pleasure house of such doth sweep.

A sage forth from the Tavern comes, and cries,  
“Drink wine, since for long ages ye must sleep.”

73

To change the written scroll there is no power,  
And grieving only makes your heart bleed sore,  
Though anguish all your life consume your blood,  
You cannot add to it one drop the more.

74

Naught save submission to God's will below,  
Naught with mankind except pretense and show  
Avails. Yea, every ruse that wit could find  
I vainly tried, but Fate could ne'er o'erthrow.

72. N. 33. L. 99. W. 37. P. 33.

73. B. 54. Lit. “from the pen gone no other color comes.” F. 107,  
second edition.

74. N. 34. L. 211. W. 38. P. 34.

THE QUATRAINS OF

75

My kin 's my foe if he against me sin;  
The stranger proving faith becomes my kin;  
    If poison help me, 't is my antidote,  
My poison then is baneful medicine.

76

No heart but bleeds at severance from Thee,  
For Thee distraught are all who clearly see;  
    And though Thou heed'st not any man's desire,  
There 's none that longeth not with Thee to be!

77

Seek aye the kalenders' mad tavern train,  
Nor aught but wine, loved one and music's strain,  
    Nor cup from hand nor jar from shoulder set;  
Drink wine, O sweetheart! nor hold discourse vain!

75. N. 35. L. 225. W. 39. N. reads "regard as my foe."

76. N. 36. C. 106. L. 223. W. 40. P. 36. Line 2, lit. "There 's none who is clear sighted who is not distraught for Thee."

77. N. 421. L. 754. P. 416.

OMAR KHAYYAM

78

When God of clay and water us did knead,  
At Fate's blows supliants He made us indeed;  
    Still why forbid us wine? an empty hand  
Is all the prohibition that we need.

79

Those who the head did in Death's slumber lay  
Question and answer 'scape till Judgment Day.  
    How long say "None bring back news from the  
    dead?"  
What news should they give back since naught know  
    they?

80

From mirth while I am sober, I am freed,  
When I am drunk good sense I sadly need;  
    There is a state 'twixt drunk and sober quite,  
I am its slave since 't is my life indeed.

78. L. 4.

79. C. 165. L. 342. C. for "slumber" reads "strife."

80. N. 37. L. 52. W. 41. P. 36. C. 26.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

81

The framework of the cup He did unite,  
To break in rage how should God deem it right?  
    So many comely heads, feet, hands and arms!  
Shaped by what love, and broke in what despite?

82

Upon a roof I saw a man alone  
Trampling some clay in scorn; in mystic tone  
    The clod besought the man, "Be gentle, pray,  
For thou like me wilt be much trampled on."

83

As tulip in the Spring her cup lifts, so  
With tulip-cheeked fair, if chance serve, do you,  
    And drink in gladness ere yon azure sphere  
Like whirlwind suddenly doth lay you low.

81. B. 19. C. 57. N. 38. L. 40. W. 42. P. 37. F. 85. B. reads "The framework of the cup made for wine a drinker will not allow to be broken." B. and L. read for "hands and arms" "with finger tip." Also ascribed to Nasir eddin Tusi.

82. B. 66.

83. C. 29. N. 40. L. 136. W. 44. P. 39. F. 40. Spring, "Nooruz," lit. "New Year's day," The new year of the old Persian calendar, about March 20, the time of the vernal equinox.

84

I will arise intent pure wine to sip,  
My cheek's hue make red as the loved one's lip;  
    This busy mind—a fist well filled with wine  
Into its face I'll throw to make it sleep!

85

Death's fear and mortal thoughts give life to thee,  
And if not thence grows Life's eternal tree,  
    Since Jesus breathed new life into my soul  
Eternal Death hath washed his hands of me!

86

Since Life's affairs move not to our desire,  
Of what avail our efforts, pray inquire.  
    Here sit we haunted by regret for this,  
We came so late, and must so soon expire.

84. B. 110. "Unnab," the lip of a mistress, also the jujube fruit.

85. N. 39. L. 196. W. 43. P. 38. "Life," line 1, "hasty," the reading of L., which I prefer to "masty," of the other texts. The latter means intoxication, frenzy, lust. The fear of death and thought of mortality tend to perpetuate life. The Moslems believe in the healing power of the breath of the Messiah.

86. C. 30. N. 41. L. 251. W. 45. P. 40.

THE QUATRAINS OF

87

Khayyam, O why for sin this grief and shame?  
What gain in mourning thus yourself to blame?

He knows not gracious mercy who sins not.  
Why grieve? It was for sin that mercy came.

88

A cloud veil shadows still the face of rose,  
Desire for wine my heart and nature knows.

Give wine O sweetheart, for the sun yet shines,  
Go not to sleep, what time is 't for repose?

89

For none is there a way behind the veil.  
Who tries to pierce its secrets but doth fail?

The only place of rest is earth's dark breast,  
Alas, that far from short should be the tale!

87. B. 23. C. page 24 margin. N. 43. L. 82. W. 46. P. 42.

88. B. 96. N. 224. L. 439. P. 223. L. and N. read, line 2; "In the nature of my heart," and "Drink" for "give," line 3. B. reads, line 4, "place" instead of "time." I have transposed lines 3 and 4. Also attributed to Attar.

89. B. 29. C. 49. N. 44. L. 61. B. and C., line 4, read "Drink wine! for far," etc., for "Alas," etc. W. 47. P. 43.

OMAR KHAYYAM

90

In this vain world, our place of brief sojourn,  
Much have I searched, but this is all I learn:

No cypress e'er can match thy form, no moon  
As radiant as thy face do I discern.

91

In convent, school, cell, church, whate'er the creed  
Are those in fear of Hell, and Heaven in need:

But he who knows the mysteries of God,  
Within his heart sows not this fruitless seed.

92

The world thou see'st, all's naught that thou dost see,  
And everything that's said or heard by thee;

Thou coursest Heaven from pole to pole, 't is  
naught,  
Naught all thou hast in thy home's treasury!

90. N. 45. L. 178. W. 48. P. 44. "Vain," literally "faithless." The cypress is a Persian standard for elegance of figure. See note to Q. 26. Addressed to the beloved. Lines 3 and 4 transposed.

91. C. 68. B. 24. N. 46. L. 181. W. 49. P. 45. Line 1, "church," etc., "kinisht" is a term applied indifferently to churches or synagogues. C. N. P. and W., line 4, "Within himself."

92. N. 47. L. 185. W. 50. P. 46. Ascribed also to Aubadi Kermani and to Attar.

THE QUATRAINS OF

93

I dreamt that Wisdom came to me and said,  
“In sleep for none joy’s roses petals spread,  
    In life why dost thou mimic death? Arise!  
For sleep thou must when ’neath earth is thy bed.”

94

If as it is, the heart life’s secrets knew,  
In death, ’t would know the Heav’nly secrets too;  
    But now that with yourself you nothing know,  
To-morrow, from self parted, what know you?

95

Upon that day when sundered is the sky,  
And darkened is the stars’ bright galaxy,  
    Upon the plain I’ll seize Thy skirt and cry,  
“For what sin, Idol, doom’st Thou me to die?”

93. C. 72. B. 27. N. 48. L. 200. W. 51. P. 47. B., line 4, “thou must sleep for ages.” L., line 4, begins “Awake!” the others “Drink wine!”

94. C. 19. N. 49. L. 78. W. 52. P. 49. F. 53. Also ascribed to Hafiz. Line 3, lit. “Why do a thing that is akin to death.” L., slightly variant.

95. C. 34. N. 50. L. 70. W. 53. P. 50. “Plain,” the Judgment plain. N. reads “Upon Thy skirt hem I’ll seize.” See Koran, beginning of chapter 82.

96

Your secrets from all knaves you should conceal;  
Nor should you mysteries to fools reveal;  
Your hopes you should keep close from all man-  
kind;  
See you be careful how with men you deal.

97

Saki, since Time would shatter me and thee,  
The world's no resting place for thee and me;  
Yet so the wine cup stands between us, know  
We have the Truth at hand for certainty.

98

We've spent life pleasure bent mid flowers and wine,  
Yet Fortune ne'er supplied one need of mine;  
Though drink hath not accomplished my desire,  
Ne'er doth the traveller to turn back incline.

96. C. page 26 margin. N. 51. L. 49. B. 30. W. 54. P. 51. See q. 712. N. and P. vary in line 2 "nightingales" for "fools."

97. C. 21. N. 52. L. 46. W. 55. P. 52. "Saki," a cup bearer.

98. N. 53. L. 56. C. 27. W. 56. P. 53.

THE QUATRAINS OF

99

Set wine in my hand for my heart's alight,  
For swift as quicksilver this life takes flight;  
    Know that youth's fire as water is, arise!  
For Fortune's waking is a dream of night!

100

Of this wine, drink, for it is life etern;  
The source of youthful pleasure, it doth burn  
    Like fire, yet drink, for to the Well of Life  
The briny tears of Sorrow it doth turn!

101

Unfit to mosque or synagogue to go,  
God only of what clay I'm mixed can know;  
    Like sceptic dervish or like ugly bawd,  
No hope have I above, no faith below.

99. C. 32. N. 54. L. 63. W. 57. P. 54. Lines 3 and 4 transposed. N. reads "Rise" for "Know." Also ascribed to Atraf uddin Hassani.

100. B. 90. N. 196. L. 472. Lit. Grief is turned to the water of Life. P. 195. N. and P. vary slightly.

101. C. 22. N. 57. L. 109. W. 60. P. 57. N. and P., line 1, "Unfit for Hell or Heaven."

OMAR KHAYYAM

102

My wont is to drink wine, live joyously,  
My creed, from doubt and dogma to be free;  
I asked the world-bride "Tell me what's thy  
dower?"  
"My dowry is thy happy heart," said she.

103

Thy spirit to a house-dog's well compares,  
'T is empty clamor that for naught else cares;  
It has the tiger's rage and wolfish craft,  
'T is fox-like and it gives the sleep of hares.

104

Each tuft of green the river brims display,  
As down on angel's lip doth grow, you 'd say;  
Ah, trample not this turf! for every blade  
Springs from some lovely tulip-cheeked one's clay!

102. N. 56. C. 20. L. 48. W. 59. P. 56. Who so weds the world its greed and ambition, gives up happiness.

103. C. 104. N. 58. L. 222. W. 61. P. 58. "Sleep of hares," false security. A bit of choice invective apparently directed at one of Khayyam's Orthodox enemies.

104. C. 37. N. 59. L. 62. P. 59. W. 62. F. 20. L. varies word sequence slightly. Also ascribed to Nagm uddin Razi.

THE QUATRAINS OF

105

One wine draught's better than the realm of Kaius  
Throne of Kobad or heritage of Tus,

More worth each sigh the lover breathes at morn  
Than hypocritic zealots' shouts profuse.

106

Though for my sin I bad and luckless prove,  
I'll not despair as heathen who do rove

From shrine, but on the morn I die from drink  
Be't Heaven or Hell I'll wish wine and my love!

107

A corner and two loaves our choice make we,  
We've put aside earth's pomp and vanity;

We have bought poverty with heart and soul,  
In poverty great riches do we see!

105. C. 50. N. 61. L. 122. W. 64. P. 61. Kaius, second of the Kayanian dynasty and son of Kobad. Tus, a prince of the Peshdadian dynasty.

106. N. 62. L. 67. W. 65. P. 62.

107. B. 119.

OMAR KHAYYAM

108

If to your tress tip I do violence,  
(To speak the truth and in no mystic sense.)  
    Caught in your curl I see my heart distraught  
To play with my own heart is no offense.

109

When comes the final day for me and thee  
And pure from out the body then pass we,  
    When we're no more, from yon blue dome full  
    oft  
The moon will shine on dust of thee and me!

110

All that's not grape juice better to eschew,  
Better one old wine draught than empire new;  
    Cups hundred times than realms of Feridun,  
The wine-jar lid than crown of Kai Khosrau!

108. L. 569.

109. L. 631. F. 100. C. 350, variant.

110. B. 139. N. 382. L. 650. P. 378. Kai Khosrau, Cyrus. Feridun, sixth king of the Peshdadian dynasty. I have transposed lines 1 and 2. Line 1, lit. "From all that's not wine the way out is best."

## THE QUATRAINS OF

### 111

My drinking wine is not for pleasure's sake,  
Nor sin, nor law of God or man to break,  
    An instant ecstasy to gain doth cause  
My revelling and me enrapt doth make.

### 112

With us the moments drag, thy lovers we,  
Beside themselves, thy mourners pine for thee;  
    When to our window shall thy sun return?  
For more num'rous than motes thy longers be.

### 113

He's doomed to Hell, they say, who drinketh wine,  
A saying 't is the heart cannot divine,  
    For if all sots and lovers go to Hell,  
Heaven will be empty as this palm of mine!

111. C. 51. N. 63. L. 92. W. 66. P. 63. Also ascribed to Rida-  
uddin.

112. L. 111. Addressed to the Beloved.

113. C. 53. N. 64. L. 158. W. 67. P. 64. Line 4, lit. "To-morrow,  
Heaven," etc. F. 65. Second edition. Line 1, word sequence varies.

OMAR KHAYYAM

114

O Sweetheart! Heaven or Hell none e'er did see,  
The man returned from that world, where is he?

Our hopes and fears, O Heart, arise from what  
Nowise save name or trace appears to be.

115

Wrong in Shaban, they say, 't is to drink wine,  
Likewise in Rajab, 't is a month divine,

Since Allah and His Prophet claim these months,  
Through Ramazan I'll drink, for it is mine!

116

From far came one with body foul to see,  
The shirt he wore of Hell's smoke seemed to be;

He broke my flask (may his life lack!), and then  
"As this fine wine, so boasting man!" said he.

114. L. 495.

115. C. 56. N. 65. L. 51. W. 68. P. 65. Ramazan is the fasting month, the Mahometan Lent.

116. N. 385. L. 743. P. 381. L. 1883, begins "From a monastery," N. and P. conclude "He broke and spilt (that one who was neither man or woman) one flask of my ruby wine, a boasting man was he." The texts are somewhat obscure. The last line may be rendered also "It was the fine wine of a man like me." Apparently directed at the Mollahs and those who made a pretense of enforcing the law against the use of intoxicants, and who were generally corrupt. Boastful man's mortal frame compared to brittle glass, his life to wine soon spilt or quickly consumed.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

117

Many's the garb of being Heaven doth sew  
Each night, and then its breast doth rend in two;  
    Many's the joy and sorrow Time each day  
Brings from the waters, bears to earth below.

118

Within the cup that flowing gem of thine,  
As liquid rubies, Saki, cause to shine.  
    Place, boy, within my hand, a stoup well filled,  
That thus I may revive this soul of mine.

119

Dawn beareth night's dark curtain from the skies;  
The Magian wine bring quickly, Saki, rise!  
    Then up! for thy sleep will be long enough;  
Yea, open those sleep-stained narcissus eyes!

117. L. 477. C. page 67 margin. Saki, the cup bearer.

118. N. 429. P. 424. Line 3 "well filled," lit. heavy.

119. L. 383.

OMAR KHAYYAM

120

The world 't is called, this ancient hostelry,  
The piebald resting place of Night and Day,  
    The banquet by a hundred Jamsheds left,  
The tomb wherein a hundred Bahrams lay.

121

Now that Joy's roses fairest bloom attain,  
Why from the cup your idle hand restrain?  
    Drink wine, since Time is a perfidious foe,  
It were hard finding such a day again.

122

Again the clouds come and the meads revive—  
Without red wine I'd not an instant live—  
    This turf that now is my delight until  
The grass from my dust joy to whom shall give?

120. C. 87. N. 67. L. 203. W. 70. P. 67. F. 17. C. and L., line 4, read "palace" for "tomb." Jamshed and Bahram, ancient Persian Kings. The former said to have founded Persepolis, the latter the famous hunter King. See note to quatrain 248.

121. C. 92. N. 68. L. 206. W. 71. P. 68.

122. C. 75. N. 70. L. 191. W. 73. P. 70. F. 23. Also ascribed to Hafiz.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

123

To-day's Adina called in common phrase,  
Drink wine from bowls then, in the wine-cup's place;  
    And if you drink on week days but one bowl,  
To-day drink two, for 't is the chief of days.

124

That wine that's apt in transformation,  
That's plant form now and animal anon,  
    Deem not its essence ever suffers change,  
Itself abides, although its forms be gone.

125

My soul the past regretting dwells in woe;  
The morrow's fears do cleave my heart in two;  
    But once this my existence be set free,  
Fear, anguish and regret together go.

123. C. 69. N. 71. L. 182. W. 74. P. 71. Adina, or Friday, is the Moslem Sunday. The word is derived apparently from the Arabic "Adin," "most religious." Line 1, lit. "To-day is 'Adina,' as it is called."

124. C. 65. N. 73. L. 179. W. 75. P. 73. F. 51. C. reads "that moon" for "that wine." Mistake of scribe, possibly, writing "mah" for "badah."

125. L. 540.

OMAR KHAYYAM

126

That one on whom you do so much rely,  
You'll find a foe if you ope wisdom's eye.

It were good in this age to choose few friends,  
Holding aloof from people's company.

127

O, fool! Naught is this image that man wears,  
And naught yon vault of nine parti-hued spheres;  
Be glad that in this house of life and death  
A breath we hang on, which as naught appears!

128

If there be minstrel, Houri, wine for thee,  
And purling steam beside the flowery lea,  
Desire not better, nor fire burnt out Hell,  
There is no Heaven beside, if Heaven there be.

126. C, page 25 margin. B. 8. N. 75. L. 65. W. 77. P. 75. The baits in B. C. and L. reverse above order.

127. N. 76. L. 186. W. 78. P. 76. Also ascribed to Nasir uddin Tusi. L. varies "Alas that this embodied form is naught, And yon circuit and roof together brought, Know that in this tangle of life and death, We hang upon a breath and that is naught."

128. C. 71. N. 77, L. 184. W. 79. P. 77.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

129

A graybeard, drunk, forth from the inn did fare  
Wine cup in hand, bearing a mat for prayer  
    On shoulder. "Shaikh!" I cried, "How comes  
    this state?"  
"Drink wine!" quoth he, "for worldly things are air!"

130

When rapt, the bulbul to the garden flew,  
Rose faces, smiling wine cups met his view;  
    Then sang he in mine ear in ecstasy,  
"Know, life once flown, can ne'er be found by you!"

131

Khayyam, a tent thy body typifies,  
Where its Sultan, the soul, a brief time lies,  
    And Death's ferrash for its next halting-place  
Doth strike this tent when its Sultan doth rise.

129. N. 78. W. 80. P. 78. F. 58. As if the sage recommended the ecstasy of the Bowl as a means of escaping worldly cares.

130. N. 79. W. 81. P. 79. Also ascribed to Kamal Ismail.

131. C. 97. N. 80. L. 100. W. 82. P. 80. F. 45. Word play on Khayyam and Khaimah, tent. Ferrash, attendant, carpet spreader or footman. Line 4, L. variant but synonymous.

OMAR KHAYYAM

132

Khayyam, who stitched tents of philosophy,  
In Grief's fire fallen, was burnt suddenly,  
    Death's shears cut his life's tent rope; he was sold  
For nothing by the broker, Destiny.

133

In Spring-time if with one as Houri fair,  
To verdant bank with wine-jar I repair,  
    Though bad some think it, I were worse than dog  
If thought of Paradise e'er enter there.

134

In Joy's cup sweet is wine of rosy ray,  
And sweet the sound of lute and tuneful lay;  
    The bigot lacking knowledge of the bowl,—  
'T is sweet when he's a thousand leagues away!

132. B. 22. C. 52. N. 81. L. 74. W. 83. P. 81. F. Introduction.  
Word play on Khayyam and khaimaha, tents. Line 4 B. reads "Desire's  
broker." N. reads "The broker in haste." I follow L. I use passive  
form in last sentence.

133. C. 60. N. 82. W. 84. P. 82. See quatrain 648, variant.

134. N. 83. W. 85. P. 83.

THE QUATRAINS OF

135

Life far from wine and saki lacketh zest,  
And wanting Irac's flute notes 't is unblest;  
I find howe'er the world's state I survey  
The sum of all is pleasure, naught the rest.

136

Since from your soul you separate, then know  
Behind God's secret veil you will go, too;  
Drink wine! for you know not whence you have  
come;  
Be jocund! for you know not where you go!

137

Since go we must, of what avail to be?  
To plod the path of vain expectancy?  
Since Fate no pause for counsel gives, to rest  
What boots it from that journey's thought care free?

135. N. 84. L. 190. W. 86. P. 84. L. readsthroughout "is naught," the others, "is not pleasant."

136. B. 26. C. 76. N. 85. L. 192. W. 87. P. 85. B. begins line 3 "Rejoice!" line 4 "Drink wine!"

137. N. 86. W. 88. P. 86.

138

My life-long practice is to praise the Vine  
And round me have the instruments of wine ;  
    Zealot! if Reason guide thee here, be glad  
Thy master is a pupil apt of mine!

139

If you will tread in Passion's steps, know you  
From me that thence you will go helpless too ;  
    Remember who you are and whence you came,  
Consider where you go and what you do.

140

The sky, a vault, spans our worn lives below ;  
Jihun a course from our strained eyes aflow ;  
    Hell is a spark struck by our vain distress ;  
Heaven but an instant when content we know.

138. C. 66. N. 87. L. 180. W. 89. P. 87.

139. C. page 11 margin. N. 89. L. 79. W. 91. P. 89. Also ascribed to Abdullah Ansari and to Rumi.

140. B. 33. C. 82. N. 90. L. 199. W. 92. P. 90. F. 67. Jihun is the river Oxus. "Vault," line 1, syn. "zone." B. reads line 1 for "lives," "body," and line 2 "is a trace of our strained tears." L., line 1, "Heaven's sphere is but the image of our waning lives." N. and P. read "stained tears."

## THE QUATRAINS OF

141

I'm a rebellious slave, Thy mercy show!  
Make my dark soul all Thy pure light to know!  
If Heaven Thou giv'st us for obedience,  
A wage 't is, where 's the bounty Thou 'd bestow?

142

I know not whether Allah fashioned me  
For Heaven or in a horrid Hell to be;  
Cup, lute and loved one by the garden side,  
All three my cash, Heaven's credit then for thee!

143

I quaff wine and from right and left come those  
Who say, "Drink not wine which doth Faith oppose."  
By Allah! since I know Faith's foe is wine,  
'T is right that I should drink the blood of foes!

141. C. 102. N. 91. L. 217. W. 93. P. 91. Also ascribed to Abdullah Ansari. Literally "I'm a rebellious slave, Where is Thy mercy? My soul is dark, where is Thy light and purity? If Heaven Thou giv'st us for obedience, It is a wage, where is Thy grace and bounty?"

142. B. 40. C. 96. N. 92. L. 89. W. 94. P. 92. B., slightly variant, reads line 3 "Food, wine," etc. C., W., N. and P. read "agreeable Heaven," line 2.

143. B. 38. C. 74. N. 93. L. 189. W. 95. P. 93.

OMAR KHAYYAM

144

The good and evil in man's mortal mould,  
The joy and grief that Fate and Fortune hold,  
    Impute not to the skies, for reasoned well,  
More helpless they than thou a thousand fold!

145

Shields naught avail when by Death's arrows prest,  
And honors naught, silver and gold possest;  
    As far as I view worldly things, I see  
Goodness alone is good and naught the rest.

146

The heart on little set save worldly gain,  
For life to be Regret's weak mate is fain;  
    Besides the mind serene and free from care,  
All others only hold the seeds of pain.

144. C. 55. B. 41. N. 95. L. 80. W. 96. P. 95. F. 72. N. and P. begin "All good," etc., and line 3 for "reasoned well," lit. "in reason's way," read "in love's way."

145. N. 96. W. 97. P. 96. C. 64 begins "When the sword of Death is drawn." Also ascribed to Kamal Ismail and to Hafiz.

146. N. 97. L. 219. W. 98. P. 97. "For life," line 2, N. and P. read "all his days."

THE QUATRAINS OF

147

No single day lost from his life hath flown,  
Within whose heart the seed of cheer is sown;  
    Whether he seeks obedience to God's will,  
Or cup in hand in ease doth choose his own.

148

When God of our existence shaped the clay,  
He knew our actions would be as His sway;  
    Without His mandate was no sin of mine,  
Then why doom me to burn on Judgment Day?

149

A week thou hast drunk wine continually,  
Do not on Friday, then, put it from thee.  
    In our creed Friday, Saturday, are one,  
God worship, from day worshipping be free.

147. B. 42. C. 101. N. 98. L. 215. W. 99. P. 98. Lit. "seed of Wisdom's cheer." B. reads for "seed of cheer," "leaf of love engrafts." C. and L. read "seed of the study of wisdom." Line 4, lit. "Or chooses his own ease and raises the cup." B. reads "bodily ease." L. reads "ease of life."

148. C. 78. N. 99. L. 194. W. 100. P. 99. F. 78.

149. N. 100. L. 76. W. 101. P. 100. Friday, "Adina," the Moslem Sabbath.

OMAR KHAYYAM

150

Lord, Thou art gracious, grace 't is to be kind,  
The sinner forth from Iram why consigned?

To pardon for obedience is not grace;  
In pardon for rebellion grace I find.

151

See that the false world doth not thee ensnare,  
Sit not secure! Fate's sword is sharp, take care!

If Fortune drop a sweetmeat in thy mouth,  
Swallow it not, 't is poison mixed, beware!

152

Where'er there is a rose or tulip bed,  
From some King's blood it takes its hue of red;

Each violet leaf that springs from earth was once  
A mole that decked the cheek of some fair maid.

150. N. 101. W. 102. P. 101.

151. B. 44. L. 83. W. 103. C. page 26 margin.

152. B. 43. C. 39 varies slightly. L. 110. W. 104. F. 19. The mole is esteemed by the Persian a mark of beauty. C. and L. read "In every desert where there is a tulip bed those tulips spring from the blood of a king." "Leaf," line 3, B. reads "shoot."

THE QUATRAINS OF

153

Drink wine, for it is life etern, in sooth,  
The fruitage of the season of thy youth;  
'T is time of roses, wine and mellow friends,  
Rejoice the while, for this is life, in truth.

154

In our heart, Saki, is sown love of thee  
Which would keep hidden to eternity.  
Spread not from pride thy skirt 'gainst worthy  
prayers  
For from it our hand ne'er will loosened be.

155

When they say Houris' nuptials pleasant are,  
"The juice of grapes is pleasant!" I aver;  
Take this cash then and let that credit go,  
For pleasant is the drum beat,—heard afar!

153. B. 36. L. 97. W. 106. Line 2 "fruitage," lit. "profit." Line 3 varies slightly but is substantially synonymous.

154. L. 150.

155. B. 34. C. 44. L. 95. W. 108. F. 13. B. reads "The paradise of Eden is pleasant with Houris," and in line 4 for "heard" reads "brother." C. reads "They say Heaven will be sweet with Houris and that world will be pleasant with joy and light."

156

My spirit whispered, "I crave Heavenly lore;  
Instruct me then I beg if thou hast power."

Quoth I, "Alif will do, to him who *knows*  
One letter is enough, seek thou no more!"

157

Since coming at the first was naught of mine,  
And I unwilling go by fixed design,  
Cupbearer, rise! and quickly gird thy loins!  
For worldly sorrows I'll wash down in wine!

158

How long shall I make bricks upon the sea?  
Idolater and temple weary me;  
Who says Khayyam in Hell is sure to be?  
Sometimes to Hell, sometimes to Heaven goes he.

156. B. 28. W. 109. F. 50. Alif, the first letter of the Arabic and Persian alphabets. He who truly knows the Alif knows all. A mystical quatrain, the Alif perhaps standing for Deity. In arithmetic the letter stands for one. Lines 3 and 4, literally "I said 'The Alif will suffice, say no more! If any is at home (*i. e.* familiar) one letter is enough.'"

157. B. 21. L. 94. W. 110. C. 42. F. 30.

158. B. 18. C. 100. W. 111. See quatrain 657. How long shall I weary myself with idle ceremony? Build on nothing?

THE QUATRAINS OF

159

Spring's breath the rose's face doth sweetly woo,  
A charmer's face makes sweet the garden too;  
    To talk of yesterday were sad. Rejoice!  
To-day is sweet! of past days speak not you!

160

What place is this for talk? Arise, pour wine!  
To-night thy pouting lips are food for mine.  
    Pour wine rose-colored as thy cheeks! For this  
My vow's disturbed as is that curl of thine.

161

Beyond the skies from all eternity,  
My soul sought Tablet, Pen, Heaven, Hell to see;  
    At length the master wisely said to me,  
"Pen, Tablet, Heaven and Hell are all in thee!"

159. B. 17. C. 77. L. 193. W. 112. F. 37. First edition. "Garden," B. reads "under the garden," *i. e.*, "in the garden shade." Literally "Spring's breath upon the rose's face is sweet, In the garden plot a heart-enkindling face is sweet, Of yesterday that is past whatever you may say is not sweet, Rejoice! nor speak of yesterday for to-day is sweet!"

160. B. 16. W. 113. Line 4 "disturbed," lit. "full of wrinkles." Apparently meaning that the good resolutions of the poet are as disturbed as the hair of the beloved.

161. B. 15. L. 59. W. 114. F. 66.

OMAR KHAYYAM

162

Now o'er the earth that joyousness prevails,  
Each living heart the fields with yearning hails;  
    On each branch is the show of Moses' hand,  
And every zephyr Jesus' sigh exhales.

163

The Khan's crown let us sell and crest of Kai,  
Turban and muslin for the pipe's soft lay;  
    Then for one wine-draught let us sell at once  
The chaplet, courier of deceit's array.

164

Out on that heart wherein love hath no sway  
Nor love-mad to the witching one a prey;  
    The day that thou dost pass devoid of love,  
For thee is none more wasted than that day.

162. B. 13. W. 116. F. 4. The show of Moses' hand "white as snow" is referred to in the Koran, chapter VII, Al Araf, in chapter XXVII, and elsewhere. The reference also occurs in Exodus IV, 6. A comparison of the bursting into bloom of the trees and the miraculous change in the appearance of Moses' hand on Mount Sinai, to dazzling whiteness.

163. L. 536. C. 291.

164. B. 10. L. 216. W. 117. Line 3 L. reads "without wine," "witching," lit. "heart-kindling."

THE QUATRAINS OF

165

Rejoice with wine for 't is as Mahmud's reign,  
List to the lute that sounds as David's strain;  
    Be glad to-day, for 't is to be desired,  
Of past or future think thou not again.

166

Ten Powers and Nine Spheres, Eight Heavens  
    enrolled,  
And Planets Seven of Six Sides He enscrolled;  
    From Senses Five, Four Elements, Three Souls,  
    God  
In Two Worlds, man! like thee but ONE did mould!

167

Though silver store the wise doth not avail,  
And moneyless, earth's garden's but a jail,  
    With purse of gold the haughty rose doth smile,  
While empty-handed droops the violet frail.

165. L. 198. C. 81. Mahmud of Ghaznah, conqueror of India. W. 119. F. 60.

166. L. 160. W. 120. The ten intellectual powers. Three souls, *i. e.*, human, animal, and vegetable.

167. L. 142. W. 122. Gold, line 3, the yellow stamens of the rose.

OMAR KHAYYAM

168

As I the potters' quarter pass some day,  
I'll think myself a pot 'mid pots' array;

They yet may make a wine-jar I may drain  
Before to potters I present my clay.

169

Before the grave doth take its fill of me,  
Or e'er all my parts prostrate scattered be,  
O, wine, from flagon's tomb uplift thy head,  
My dead soul may become alive to thee!

170

Stern Fate hath blood of many a mortal shed,  
And leaves of many a new-blown rose wide spread;  
Of youth and beauty be not proud, O boy!  
For many a bud's strewn o'er the garden bed!

168. L. 573. C. 320.

169. L. 377.

170. L. 138. W. 123.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

171

Save Truth, no law is fit to rule the wise  
No life is fit that His command defies;  
    Whatever is, is as it had to be,  
And naught exists that should be otherwise.

172

This golden bowl, and vault of azure hue,  
Full oft have rolled and will the ages through;  
    And likewise, we, impelled by turns of Fate,  
Like others come, and go like others, too.

173

Since God did set in order Nature's frame,  
Why should He cast it down in scorn and shame?  
    If good, how comes it He doth break His work?  
And if not good, why are these shapes to blame?

171. C. 25. L. 135. W. 124. "Hakk," truth, the Deity of the Mystics.

172. L. 120. W. 125.

173. C. 62. L. 103. W. 126. F. 88. "Scorn and shame," lit. "defect and diminution," "Kam u Kast."

OMAR KHAYYAM

174

Kindness to friend and foe, 't is well to show,  
Then how will he whose nature's good, ill do?

The friend whom you ill-treat your foe becomes,  
But kindness changes to a friend, your foe.

175

To Wisdom's eye what matters foul or fair,  
Or if the lovelorn silk or sackcloth wear?

What brick or pillow under lovers' heads?  
To Heaven or Hell bound what do lovers care?

176

Drink wine, for e'en in winter you may see  
The world's wits' wine sweat down their necks roll free.

How say "Broken's your vow"? A hundred vows  
Than one wine flask far better broken be!

174. L. 88. W. 127.

175. L. 55. W. 128.

176. N. 451. L. 753. P. 445.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

177

The flowers blossom, Vintner, wine bring me!  
Your hand withhold from acts of piety;

These few days ere Doom trap us, we'll enjoy  
The red wine and the loved one's company.

178

We've traversed many a vale and desert plain,  
And did all quarters of the world attain;

But heard of none who came this road, the way  
The traveller goes, he comes not back again.

179

The Tavern prospers from our drinking wine,  
Blood of remorse be on thy head and mine,

If I ne'er sinned, what then would Mercy do?  
For Mercy but awaits my sin and thine.

177. N. 405. L. 684. P. 400. C. 385.

178. L. 57. W. 129. C. 28.

179. L. 108. W. 130. C. 58. C. and L., line 4, "The grace of mercy," etc.

OMAR KHAYYAM

180

Lo, from the world what vantage have I gained?

Naught.

What profit of my life in hand retained? 'Naught.

I'm Jamshed's bowl, but what when 't is crushed?

Naught.

Joy's torch am I, what when its light has waned?

Naught.

181

When at life's brink, what's Balkh, what's Nishapur?

What sweet or bitter when the cup brims o'er?

Drink wine for many a moon will wax and wane  
Through changing months when we are here no more.

182

A cup of rubies pure give, Saki, pray!

That my heart's fire its liquid may allay,

While Reason, boy, shall grasp my spirit's rein,  
Still on the skirt of wine my hand shall stay!

180. N. 103. L. 230. W. 133. P. 103. Jamshed's bowl, see q. 248.

181. B. 47. C. 109, variant. N. 105. L. 229. W. 134. P. 105. F. 8. See q. 663. N. reads "since life passes what matters sweet or sour? And when expiring (lit. 'when the soul is at the lip'), what Balkh, what Nishapur."

182. L. 683. C. 383.

THE QUATRAINS OF

183

Devotion profits not the devotee,  
For practice, Saki, proves it certainly ;  
    The flowing beaker fill, boy, quickly, for  
Whatever is, is from eternity.

184

He who earth, sky and heaven did array,  
Full many a scar on grieving hearts doth lay,  
    And many a ruby lip and musky tress  
Hath buried in earth's treasure chest of clay.

185

Oh, fools, the world's allurements do not buy  
Since ye know her conditions certainly ;  
    Your precious lifetime give not to the winds,  
Haste to drink wine and to the loved one fly !

183. L. 681. C. 381.

184. C. 115. N. 107. L. 234. W. 137. P. 107. Line 4, lit. "In the drum of earth and the casket of clay hath laid."

185. N. 108. W. 138. P. 108.

186

O, my companions, nourish me with wine!  
This amber-hued face make like rubies shine;  
    When I am dead, wash me with wine, and shape  
My coffin planks from timber of the vine!

187

The Day They girthed the coursers of the sky,  
The Pleiads decked and Jupiter on high,  
    This lot of ours was writ in Fate's divan,  
Why blame us since Heaven wrought our destiny?

188

Alas! the "raw" oft well cooked viands eat,  
The "incomplete" have worldly gear complete,  
    And that mere boys and lackeys should possess  
The smiles of charming Turkish beauties sweet!

186. B. 69. C. 135. N. 109. L. 308. W. 139. P. 109. F. 91. B. begins "Take care to nourish," etc.

187. N. 110. L. 286. W. 140. P. 110. F. 75. C. 126. "They," the Fates, Fate and Fortune. Also ascribed to Afzal Kazi.

188. N. 111. W. 141. P. 111. "The raw," "khaman," plural of "kham," raw, green, uncooked, *i. e.*, vulgar, coarse, uncultivated, used in contrast with "pukhtah," cooked. The quatrain does not lend itself readily to close verse translation. It runs closely: "Alas! that the 'raw' should have baked bread, that the imperfect should have complete worldly possessions, that the sweet glances of Turkish beauties, which are a spectacle for the heart, should be a possession that boys and lackeys have!"

THE QUATRAINS OF

189

He first in weakness me to being brought,  
And save amaze to life hath added aught ;  
    Unwilling we depart, and whence is this  
Our coming, being, going, we know naught.

190

When o'er my mind doth pass my sins' disgrace,  
From my breast's fire, tears trickle down my face,  
    Yet meet 't is always when a slave repents  
The master should grant pardon of his grace.

191

What time before the pride of life had flown,  
It seemed to me few secrets were unknown ;  
    Since modest grown, I see in reason's way,  
My life is spent and naught is surely known.

189. C. 199. N. 117. L. 324. W. 145. P. 117. F. 29.

190. N. 118. L. 309. W. 146. P. 118.

191. N. 113. W. 142. P. 113. See quatrain 664. Also ascribed to  
to Fakhr uddin Razi.

OMAR KHAYYAM

192

They who 've become the flower of all mankind,  
Drive to the zenith the Borác of Mind,  
    Yet in Thy essence' knowledge like Heaven's  
    wheel  
Themselves, heads dazed, o'erturned and whirling,  
    find!

193

Now that of pleasures only names remain,  
No old friend left, and but new wine to drain,  
    To-day when, save the cup, naught is at hand,  
Then from the flask do not Joy's hand restrain.

194

O, long the world will last when gone are we,  
Without a name or trace of thee or me;  
    Before, we were not,—and there was no void,—  
And after, when we 're not, the same 't will be.

192. C. 200. N. 120. L. 326. W. 147. P. 120. F. 26. Also ascribed to Rumi. Borác, the steed on which Mohammed made his famous nocturnal ascent to Heaven. N. for "Borác" has "baran," passing.

193. B. 53. N. 122. L. 296. W. 149. P. 122. L. transposes lines 2 and 4 and I transpose lines 3 and 4. L. reads "Seize on the flask again."

194. N. 123. W. 150. P. 123. F. 47.

THE QUATRAINS OF

195

Those who have worn the earth beneath their tread,  
Who seeking Him o'er both the worlds have sped,  
I never have been told that they this case  
Have as it is, aright interpreted.

196

Since God in Paradise hath promised wine,  
Why in both worlds is 't banned by law divine?  
Some Arab hamstrung Hamzah's camel once,  
For this our Prophet drinking did enjoin.

197

In rose-time, king, how should a man like me  
Forbear from minstrel, wine and company?  
The garden, wine-jar, lute-player better are  
Than Houris, Heaven and Kausar's stream will be.

195. C. 175 and also C. page 30 margin. N. 124. L. 354. W. 151. P. 124. L. reads "I have ne'er been told night or day that," etc.

196. N. 121. L. 295. W. 148. P. 121. Hamzah, a relative of Mohammed. N. reads line 2 "in this world."

197. N. 437. P. 432.

OMAR KHAYYAM

198

If thy cheek idol be, idolatry  
And thy cup's drinking is more sweet to me,  
    Love-drunken for that reason I've become,  
Since than a thousand lives 't will sweeter be.

199

Alas! that riches from our hands have fled,  
And blood of many a heart Death's hand hath shed.  
    And from that world comes none that I may ask  
"How fare the travelers who have thither sped?"

200

Strange all these nobles who high honors have,  
In pain and grief of their lives quittance crave,  
    And yet they hardly reckon as a man  
Him who unlike them is not Passion's slave.

198. L. 405.

199. C. 182. N. 125. W. 152. P. 125.

200. N. 126. W. 153. P. 126. C. page 31 margin.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

201

Oppressive from the first this wheel on high  
Will ne'er for any one his knot untie,  
    Where'er a wounded heart it doth espy,  
To add another wound it straight doth try.

202

Would'st Life's foundations find secure to be?  
And in this world awhile the heart care free?  
    From drinking wine sit not apart, and so  
Life's pleasures ever find vouchsafed to thee.

203

With rose-hued wine in this abode below,  
O wise man, mix your earthy substance so  
    That each mote of your dust They give the wind,  
May wine-soaked to the tavern threshold go!

201. C. 204. N. 127. L. 252. W. 154. P. 127. Lit. "the knot of his affairs" L. reads "his tied knot," and in line 3 "one" for "heart."

202. N. 422. L. 734. P. 417. C. 416. C., line 3, reads "ruby wine."

203. N. 369. P. 365.

OMAR KHAYYAM

204

Whene'er the violet her robe's color shows,  
And zephyr spreads the garment of the rose,  
    He's wise who drinks with silver-bosomed maids  
And on the stones the empty wine-cup throws.

205

To kiss thy foot, O lamp of my delight!  
Than other's lip kisses is better quite!  
    My hand thy fancy's hem doth clasp all day,  
And my foot springs to meet thee every night!

206

No room for joyance have hearts filled with woe,  
Thy loss makes hearts else glad, with grief to flow;  
    With thee, I this world's bitter have made sweet,  
With thy loss' bitterness what shall I do?

204. N. 189. P. 189.

205. L. 32.

206. L. 15.

THE QUATRAINS OF

207

Since never may we grasp truth's certainty,  
One must all his life long a doubter be.

Let me beware lest I set cup from hand;  
Where's drunk or sober when in ecstasy?

208

My food for soul and body wine will be,  
The solver of each hidden mystery;

Naught else I seek in this world or the next,  
One single draught contains both worlds for me.

209

Closed is the volume of my youthful day,  
And this fresh Spring-time gladness gone for aye;

Yon bird of joy named Youth, ah! I knew not  
When here you came nor when you flew away!

207. L. 38. C. 54.

208. L. 10.

209. N. 128. L. 332. W. 155. P. 128. F. 96. C. 191.

210

With these few feeble folk the world who own,  
Who witless, knowledge think is theirs alone,  
    Be calm, since those not asses such as they,  
By them are damned as skeptics every one.

211

With revellers joyous be the hostelry,  
And burnt the pious skirt of devotee;  
    That hundred-patch coat and blue woolen robe  
'Neath feet of dreg-drainers still fallen be!

212

How long the slave of scent and hue remain?  
How long all ill or good seek to attain?  
    Though Zamzam's fount or from Life's well-  
    spring, thou  
Within earth's breast at last wilt sink again.

210. N. 130. The ruling class, often the arrogant creatures of chance. W. 156. P. 130. Also ascribed to Ibn Sina (Avicenna).

211. C. 202. L. 338. N. 131. W. 157. P. 131. Hundred-patch coat, the tattered and patched garment of the dervish, the more patched the more highly esteemed. Blue is the color favored by Mollahs and by orthodox Mussulmans. Woolen, "souf," wool is the distinctive material worn by the Soufis, hence the name. L., line 4, for "fallen" reads "thrown."

212. C. page 47 margin. N. 132. L. 268. W. 158. P. 132. How long be the slave of sense? Zamzam, a holy spring at Mecca.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

213

Till cheering wine the Friend before me place,  
No kiss Heaven prints on either foot or face;

They say "Repent in time!" but how repent  
Till Allah of His goodness giveth grace?

214

When I am dead my clay do ye make fine,  
That my state be to men a warning sign;

With grape juice wet my body's dust, and shape  
Therefrom a cover for a jar of wine.

215

Khayyam, though of the blue that spans us o'er  
The tent be pitched and closed Discussion's door,  
The Everlasting Saki in Life's bowl  
Thousands of bubbles like Khayyam doth pour.

213. C. 167. N. 134. L. 344. W. 159. P. 134. Line 2, lit. "A hundred kisses Heaven gives not," etc.

214. C. 129. N. 136. L. 278. W. 160. P. 136. L., line 3, reads "my dust and clay," N. and P. "my dust."

215. N. 137. W. 161. P. 137. F. 46. Note the word play upon "Khayyam," tentmaker and "Khaimah," tent.

OMAR KHAYYAM

216

Since Time will have no bounds, be of good cheer,  
The stars will spangle still the Heavenly Sphere;

With bricks that from your body they will mould  
Walls of another's dwelling, men will rear.

217

In wine ablution must in taverns be,  
For none a sullied name from blot can free;

Its liquor pour, for none can now repair,  
So torn it is, our veil of modesty.

218

In hope a lifetime to the winds I gave,  
Nor one glad day of that time did I have;

From which I fear lest Fate give not enough  
Of time to take the justice that I crave.

216. C. 184. N. 138. L. 330. W. 162. P. 138. N. and P. read for "time," line 1, "grief," which hardly makes a consistent reading, and C. reads "The world."

217. C. 149. N. 142. L. 312. B. 65. W. 165. P. 142. Line 3, B. and L. lit. read "Be blithe! for," etc. Apparently a mocking illusion to the provisions of the Koran, permitting sand to be used for ceremony of ablution, before prayer, in the absence of water.

218. N. 143. L. 320. W. 166. P. 143. C. 197. Also ascribed to Anwari.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

219

In life's affairs one should on guard remain,  
And speech concerning worldly things restrain,  
    Be as one lacking tongue and eye and ear,  
While ear and tongue and eye you still retain.

220

Whoso is now of half a loaf possest,  
Himself to shelter hath a little nest,  
    Who slaves for none nor is by any served,  
Let him be glad for he hath this world's best.

221

Naught adds my service to Thy majesty,  
And my past sin abateth naught from Thee;  
    Then pardon and retract not since I know  
Thou'rt slow to blame and swift in clemency.

219. N. 145. L. 257. W. 167. P. 145. I transpose lines 3 and 4.

220. N. 146. L. 273. W. 168. P. 146. C. page 50 margin. Line 2 N. reads "dar bar;" the word "bar" has a wide range of meaning, I translate it "shelter." The quatrain begins "In this world whoso," etc. Also ascribed to Rumi and to Himmati Balkhi.

221. C. page 34 margin. N. 148. L. 238. W. 169. P. 148. N. and P. synonymous, but slightly vary in line 2.

OMAR KHAYYAM

222

The juice of grapes may my hand ever bear  
And my heart ever long for Hourî fair:

They say "God give thee penitence!" He'll not.  
Far be 't from me! Repentance I forswear!

223

Alas! that book and pulpit hands like mine  
Should touch, that hold the flask and cup of wine!

Zealot! thou 'rt dry and I a lover moist,  
I ne'er heard wet would catch that fire of thine!

224

None in this world attains a rose-cheeked fair  
Till in his heart Fate driven the thorn he wear;

See, in this comb until a hundred teeth  
Were cut, it ne'er might touch the loved one's hair!

222. B. 64. C. 205. N. 151. L. 340. W. 172. P. 151. "Heart," line 2, "sar," lit. head; the Persian locates the seat of the affections variously, the head, the heart or the liver. B. and L. transpose lines 1 and 2, and B. reads "all the year" for "ever."

223. N. 149. L. 236. W. 170. P. 149. L. varies "Alas! that what is poorer than wine they take!"

224. C. 203. N. 150. L. 339. W. 171. P. 150.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

225

When we depart the world is not distressed;  
Nor one pierced of a hundred pearls possessed;  
    Alas! a hundred thousand subtle thoughts  
From people's ignorance die unexpressed!

226

Nor hot nor cold, the air breathes sweet to-day,  
And clouds have washed the rose cheeks' dust away;  
    And ever to pale rose the nightingale  
"Thou must drink wine!" in ecstasy doth say.

227

Ere you the blows of darkling Fate sustain  
Bid them to bring you rose-hued wine to drain;  
You are not gold, O heedless dolt, that men  
Hide you in earth and then dig up again!

225. C. 156. N. 152. L. 378. W. 173. P. 152. The dullness and indifference of the world stifles the voice of wisdom. Also ascribed to Attar.

226. B. 67. N. 153. L. 291. W. 174. P. 153. F. 6. B. reads for "in ecstasy" "in Pehlevi" (old Persian). "Pale," lit. "yellow."

227. B. 68. C. 128. N. 156. L. 277. W. 175. P. 156. F. 15. Line 1 B. reads "Ere on thy head Fate makes its night attack." The others read "Ere grief," etc. A reference to the practice of burying treasure in anticipation of a "Shabikun" or night attack of robbers.

OMAR KHAYYAM

228

My coming brought no profit to the sky,  
My going adds not to its majesty  
Or pomp, from none have my two ears e'er heard,  
Coming or going, the true reason why.

229

To heavy hearts is wine both plume and wing,  
Wine, beauty's mark to wisdom's cheek doth bring;  
All Ramazan no drop we've drunk; 't is past  
The Festal night comes, Shawwal ushering.

230

No night but all bewildered is my soul,  
And down my breast tears big as pearls do roll;  
My head from grieving is not filled with wine,  
For none when 't is upset can fill the bowl.

228. B. 51. C. 113. N. 157. L. 232. W. 176. P. 157. F. 47. N. and P. read line 1 "My birth brought no profit to the world," and line 4 "The reason of my birth or death."

229. C. 144. N. 159. L. 359. W. 178. P. 159. Ramazan, the fasting month, Shawwal, the month succeeding. "Plume and wing," *i. e.*, makes us both proud and light hearted. "Beauty's mark," lit. "a mole." The mole is esteemed a mark of beauty in many parts of the East.

230. C. 178. N. 161. L. 260. W. 179. P. 161.

THE QUATRAINS OF

231

Why will you life in self-adorement spend,  
Or "Is" and "Is not" strive to comprehend?

Drink! since Death presses at Life's heels, 't is  
best

In dreams or drink it pass on to the end.

232

Deluded, some fall in their vanity,  
Some seeking Houris that are said to be,

But when the veil Fate lifts, it will be seen  
How far they've fall'n from thy way, far from Thee.

233

In Heaven, they say, dwell dark-eyed Houris fair,  
And that pure wine and honey will be there;

If wine and woman we love here, 't is right  
Since all the same's the end of the affair.

231. C. page 40 margin. N. 165. L. 292. W. 183. P. 165. Line 3, L. "Drink! For such is life that care presses," etc. Also ascribed to Mayud din Hamgar.

232. C. 193. N. 167. L. 279. W. 184. P. 167. Line 3, lit. They lift.

233. C. 132. N. 168. L. 285. W. 185. P. 169. N. varies slightly in line 4. Also ascribed to Hafiz and to Majd ud-din Hamgar.

234

My soul in this net drawn, time and again  
Shamed of her earth-mate, to be free is fain ;  
    Methought to break this jail, did not my foot  
Law's stirrup holding, from the stones restrain.

235

Wine pour, to dance a mountain 't would incline ;  
Lacking indeed is he who lacketh wine ;  
    It is a soul to animate this frame ;  
How would you bid me then the cup decline ?

236

They 've seen the moon of Ramazan, they say ;  
Then for a month from drink I 'll turn away ;  
    At next Sha'ban's end so much wine I 'll pour  
That drunk they 'll find me till the Festal day !

234. N. 171. W. 187. P. 171. "Earth-mate," *i. e.*, the body.

235. C. 159. N. 170. L. 380. W. 186. P. 170.

236. C. 173. N. 172. L. 352. W. 188. P. 172. Sha'ban, the month preceding Ramazan, the fasting month. Shawwal, the month succeeding Ramazan, was ushered in by feasting. The poet proposes to do away with the inconvenience of abstaining throughout the Fast by remaining drunk from Sha'ban's end to the beginning of Shawwal.

THE QUATRAINS OF

237

Life's vintage, now mere dregs, now clear doth run;  
We sackcloth wear, and silken garb anon;  
    All this is of small moment to the sage,  
Of slight account since Death is coming on.

238

None the eternal secrets e'er can trace,  
Nor one step, foot beyond his nature place;  
    From pupil to the master I behold  
Those born of woman, weak in every case.

239

The world crave less and live contentedly,  
Of earthly good and evil cut the tie;  
    Be light of heart as are these circling skies,  
A little while they stay, and then pass by.

237. N. 174. W. 189. P. 174.

238. C. 153. B. 72. N. 175. L. 357. W. 190. P. 175. B. reads line 3 "when I look."

239. B. 73. C. page 40 margin. N. 176. L. 256. W. 191. P. 176. B. at line 3 reads "Take wine in hand and the charmer's curl, for suddenly all passeth away, and these few days last not." F. 41.

OMAR KHAYYAM

240

There will be at the Rising, they pretend,  
A parleying, and hasty our dear Friend;  
From perfect goodness naught save good can come,  
Be light of heart, 't will be well in the end.

241

A thousand devotees one cup of wine  
Is worth and one wine-draught the realm of Chin,  
Its bitter is a thousand sweet lives worth,  
What sweeter on the face of earth hath been?

242

O, Soul, seek not the frail ones' company,  
And cease with love affairs engrossed to be.  
Frequent the doorways of the Dervishes,  
Then the Elect may make a choice of thee.

240. C. 136. N. 178. L. 316. W. 193. P. 178. "Rising," *i. e.*, the Resurrection. C. reads for "a parleying" "an investigation."

241. B. 85. C. 148. N. 194. L. 310. "Devotees," literally "men with faith." Chin, China. B. reads as follows: "One wine cup is worth a hundred hearts and faiths (line 2 as above). "Save ruby wine on earth's face is not any bitter thing worth a thousand sweet lives." P. 193. N. and P. read as B. in line 1. C. reads, lines 3 and 4, "On Earth's face what is sweeter than wine, whose bitter is worth a thousand sweet lives?"

242. B. 55. W. 505.

THE QUATRAINS OF

243

From thought of wealth or want the heart to free,  
And two and seventy Creeds' perplexity,  
    Drink wine, for take one draught, a thousand ills  
It cures, forswear not then its alchemy.

244

To drink wine though forbidden, yet this ban  
Is as to measure, company and man;  
    These three conditions being right, then say,  
If wine a wise man cannot drink, who can?

245

A one-maund cup of wine I'll brimming make,  
Yea, of two cups of rich wine I'll partake;  
    First, Faith and Reason I will thrice divorce,  
Then the Grape's daughter for my bride I'll take.

243. B. 77. C. 142. N. 179. L. 305. W. 194. P. 179. F. 59. L., line 1, for "the heart" reads "thyself." "Draught," line 3, N. W. and P. read "measure." Also ascribed to Majd ud-din Hamgar.

244. B. 78. C. 151. N. 180. L. 243. W. 195. P. 180. Line 3 C., N., P. and L. for "three" read "four" and omit "say."

245. C. 152. N. 181. L. 267. W. 196. P. 181. F. 55. A triple divorce is irrevocable. The Grape's daughter, "Dukhtar-i-raz," = wine. Line 3, lit. "divorce I'll give," C. and L. read "divorce I'll pronounce."

246

Cupbearer, since to Life there is no guide,  
Better than wine and cup there's naught beside.

Of old, it is our friend, for no such fire  
Doth in Life's stream or Kausar's fount abide.

247

The sigh that to no friend escapes from me,  
The word that to no mate could spoken be,  
If I found any heard excepting Thee,  
In truth, I should expire instantly.

248

Than Jamshed's bowl thy cheek, boy, is more fair;  
Than Life Etern thy way's Death better were;  
To every dust mote of thy foot that lights  
My face, ten myriad suns could not compare!

246. L. 164. Kausar, a river of nectar in Paradise.

247. L. 577. A mystical quatrain, addressed to Deity.

248. L. 166. The bowl or cup of Jamshed, was a vessel which reflected at that monarch's will all things past or to come, hence the cup of knowledge, also applied to the wine cup.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

249

Boy, of that wine that is my faith and soul,  
 A cup! for 't is of my sweet life the whole;  
     If it is not your wont to quaff its juice,  
 'T is mine with sweetheart fair to drain the bowl.

250

What time the rising dawn's blue light doth shine,  
 Your hand should grasp the goblet of pure wine;  
     They say the truth tastes bitter in the mouth,  
 It must be "Truth" is wine then, by this sign.

251

'T is time when earth its tender verdure wears,  
 And Musa-like froth on the bough appears,  
     The clouds open their eyes in vernal showers,  
 And Jesus' breathing ones the earth uprears.

249. L. 168. Line 2, lit. "A cup fill, for it is my sweet life."

250. C. 124. N. 185. L. 282. W. 200. P. 185. "Azrak," blue or bright, shining. F. 3. L. reads lines 3 and 4 "They say that truth is bitter in all states, It must be in all states that truth is wine."

251. C. margin p. 46. B. 80. N. 186. L. 272. W. 201. P. 186. F. 4. Musa, Moses. See note to quatrain 162. "Kaf," froth, also meaning hand, here meaning white alluding to the miracle of Moses' hand on Mount Sinai. Jesus' breathing ones, *i. e.*, the sweet-scented flowers whose breath is compared to that of the Messiah, famed throughout the East for its healing power. B. for "verdure" reads "zephyrs," line 1, lit. "When earth is adorned by verdure." Line 2 in B. is line 4 in the others. Line 2, lit. "And Moses like (white) as froth from the boughs hands appear." C. "In hope of rain clouds open." Line 3, lit. "From the eyes of the clouds (eyes or) fountains open." The line varies slightly in different texts.

OMAR KHAYYAM

252

Thy body burden not with toil and pain  
White silver store or yellow gold to gain;  
    The foe will feast on thee, then feast with friends  
Or ever thy warm breath wax cold again.

253

Each draught the cupbearer pours on the clay  
Its fire of grief in some eye doth allay;  
    Praise Allah that you see wine is a juice  
That takes your hundred pangs of heart away.

254

Friends, when in concord ye meet and whene'er  
The cupbearer the Magian wine doth bear,  
    Delighting in each other's charms, O, see  
A helpless one ye think on in your prayer!

252. N. 187. W. 202. P. 187. Also ascribed to Firdausi.

253. B. 81. C. 155. N. 188. L. 367. W. 203. P. 188. N., P. and W. read for "on the clay," "in the cup." L. reads line 2 "in my eye." F. 39.

254. B. 84. N. 192. L. 290. W. 205. P. 191. F. 101. "A helpless one," *i. e.*, Omar, himself.

THE QUATRAINS OF

255

Not once has Heaven been kind in my affairs,  
Nor in my favor with sweet voice declares,  
    No day breathe I in joy that I'm not given  
Into the clutches of a hundred Cares.

256

If in two days a loaf of bread one gain,  
And water from a broken jar can drain,  
    Why take commands of one less than yourself?  
Or why to serve one like yourself remain?

257

While Moon and Venus circle in the sky,  
Better than ruby wine I naught espy;  
    I wonder at the wine-sellers, for they,  
Better than that they sell what will they buy?

255. C. 198. Lines 2 and 4 transposed. N. 193. L. 321. W. 206. P. 192. Line 3, L. variant but substantially synonymous. Also ascribed to Rumi and Kamal Ismail.

256. C. 169. N. 462. L. 346. W. 207. Line 3, C. and L., variant but synonymous.

257. C. 171. N. 463. L. 350. W. 208. F. 95. See quatrain 656. C. Line 2, reads for "Better," "Sweeter."

258

Those strong in virtue and of learning deep,  
Whose merits joined lights for their fellows keep  
    Have found no way out of this darksome night,  
They 've told their tale, and then gone back to sleep.

259

The heavens above from clouds shower eglantine,  
You 'd say that blossoms rained upon the green,  
    In lily cups I 'll turn rose-colored wine,  
Since, violet-hued, the clouds pour jessamine.

260

My aged head by love of thee is caught,  
Else why my hand and cup together brought?  
    My sweetheart broke the vows of reason born,  
And Time hath torn the garment Patience wrought.

258. C. 111. N. 464. L. 261. W. 209. F. 65. L., line 2, reads for "Whose merits joined," "In the revelation of whose learning."

259. B. 74. W. 211. Spring's blossoming. The Calcutta MS. has a quatrain which this suggests, C. 376, and which reads: "When every plant uprears its tender head, O Saki! As in rose-water are rose petals spread, O Saki! When graceful jasmine blossoms on the thorn, O Saki! How were it right that we repentance made, O Saki?"

260. B. 61. W. 212. F. 94.

THE QUATRAINS OF

261

I'm not the man whom death doth fill with fear,  
That half than this to me hath more of cheer;  
    To me life is a loan that God hath made,  
And I'll repay it when the time is here.

262

The stars that are the dwellers of these skies,  
Occasion much conjecture to the wise,  
    See you lose not the end of Wisdom's thread,  
For those who rule are dizzied with surmise.

263

The stars that Heaven for a while adorn,  
That come and go and back with earth are borne,  
    Now on Heaven's skirt, now in the pouch of earth,  
While God dies not shall aye anew be born.

261. B. 59. C. page 54 margin. L. 253. W. 213. Half, line 2, *i. e.*, death. Time from birth being divided into two halves, "Being" and "Non-being," or death. L. has "bim," fear, instead of "nim," half.

262. B. 58. L. 270. W. 214. Line 1, lit. "The bodies that are the dwellers of this palace."

263. B. 56. L. 244. W. 215. Line 2, lit. "And back with the world come." L., line 3, for "in the pouch" reads "beneath." Line 4, lit. "Are a people that while," etc. Line 4 in L. reads "Are a people that with the God of Time are at rest." Line 1, "The stars," lit. "Those who."

264

Those who are slaves of wit and subtle thought,  
Fretting o'er "Is" and "Is not" come to naught.

Go, with the wise drink grape-juice, for these  
fools

From unripe grapes to raisins have been brought.

265

The sense which bids you Pleasure's path pursue,  
Whispers a hundred times a day to you,

"This moment have in mind, for you 're no plant  
Which when they mow it down, springs up anew!"

266

Now Ramazan is past, Shawwal is here,  
The time of greeting, feasting, song is near;

'T is time when skins on shoulders they cry out,  
"Behold the porters one by one appear!"

264. B. 50. L. 262. W. 216. F. 54. Line 3 for "with the wise"  
B. reads "thou fool!"

265. B. 49. C. 121. L. 264. W. 217. F. 97. Line 3, lit. "this  
moment of life" C. and L. read "This moment of companionship."

266. B. 158. W. 218. "Khikha," skins to carry wine or water.  
"Pusht, pusht," lit. "back, back," here evidently a contraction of the  
phrase "Pusht ba pusht" generation to generation, one after another.  
F. 90.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

267

All our dear friends have from our handclasp gone,  
Beneath the foot of Death fall'n one by one;

They drank with us two or three rounds before  
At Life's feast and enrapt lie overthrown.

268

When in the mould my clay They mixed of old,  
With it They mingled evils manifold;

Better than this I am I cannot be,  
For as I am They poured me in the mould.

269

Those joyous ones who of old wine drink deep,  
And they who in the prayer-niche vigil keep,

Not one is on dry land, but all at sea,  
ONE only wakes, the others are asleep!

267. C. 160. L. 381. W. 219. F. 22. "Enrapt," "mast," drunk, overcome, enrapt.

268. C. 176. L. 355. W. 221. They, the Fates, or Fate and Fortune. F. 79. "In the mould," lit. "from the crucible." C. reads line 2 "They mixed a hundred wonders with me."

269. B. 48. L. 287. W. 222. Variant but synonymous.

OMAR KHAYYAM

270

My seed They 've with Non-being's water sown,  
And from the fire of grief my soul has grown,  
    And like the wind about the world I'm blown,  
Till They at last my scattered dust have strewn.

271

Since in this age from wisdom is no gain  
And save the thoughtless none Life's wine-cup drain,  
    Bring forth that juice which reason doth efface,  
So Fortune us to favor will be fain.

272

When the Soul's mistress doth depart this home,  
Back to its origin each part doth come;  
    This lute of Life's four silken strings then from  
The stroke of Fortune's bow untuned become.

270. L. 341. W. 223. They, *i. e.*, the Fates.

271. L. 337. W. 224. C. 201.

272. L. 306. C. 143. W. 225. Line 3, "four silken strings," the Four Elements.

THE QUATRAINS OF

273

Of yon Sphere telling varied tales they keep,  
These fools who thread the pearl of science deep,  
    Since ne'er expert in Heaven's mysteries,  
They wag the chin and then return to sleep.

274

These folks are sorry asses all the same,  
Skins full of emptiness like drums, a name  
    Acquire, if you would have them kiss your foot,  
For they are all the very slaves of fame.

275

On that Day when reward in each degree  
Will be, They as thy wisdom will rate thee;  
    For goodness strive, for on the Judgment Day  
Thy rising will be as thy quality.

273. C. 140. L. 302. (W. 226. Variant.) See quatrain 643. F. 65.

274. L. 303. W. 227. C. 141.

275. L. 276. W. 228. C. 127.

OMAR KHAYYAM

276

The Bowl-maker who our head-bowls hath made,  
Thus doing His own qualities portrayed;

One He inverted o'er our being's board  
And to that head-bowl passion He did add.

277

My attitude toward Thee I would make plain,  
And that I will abridge in verses twain:

“For love of Thee in dust I'll lay my head,  
That with Thy love I may arise again.”

278

The heart a lamp is, lit at beauty's cheek,  
And though by grief consumed new life doth seek,  
Like flame with moth the heart is, one should say,  
For thus the saw, “With burning, fire doth take.”

276. L. 269. W. 229. C. page 34 margin.

277. L. 254. W. 230. C. page 53 margin.

278. L. 242. W. 231.

THE QUATRAINS OF

279

Companions, when ye meet as ye agree,  
Your friend ye needs must pledge in memory ;  
    And when together wholesome wine ye drink,  
And my time comes, turn down a glass for me.

280

At first such grace and favor why did'st show ?  
Delights and blandishments on me bestow ?  
    And now thou strivest to afflict my heart ;  
What wrong I may have done I fain would know.

281

Those hither come that in ambition vie,  
Distraught by drink, pleasures and luxury,  
    The goblet drain and silent in the earth  
Wrapt in the sleep of Naught together lie.

279. B. 83. W. 234. F. 101.

280. B. 63. W. 235.

281. L. 246. W. 237. C. 118.

282

Of Fortune's bounty thy full portion seize,  
Take cup in hand, on Joy's couch sit at ease;  
    God reckes not of obedience or sin,  
Take of the world thy fill, as thou dost please.

283

Since Heaven increases nothing but our pain,  
And gives naught that it takes not back again,  
    The unborn ne'er would hither come if they  
But knew what we at Fortune's hands sustain.

284

Why of existence have a care, O, friend?  
With idle thought thy heart and soul to rend?  
    Live blithely, let the world glide merrily,  
They ne'er consulted thee about the end.

282. C. 210. L. 401. N. 129. W. 239. P. 129. Line 2 N. and P.  
for "in hand" read "to the lips."

283. N. 195. L. 398. W. 240. P. 194. C. 209.

284. C. page 55 margin. N. 197. L. 400. W. 241. P. 196.

THE QUATRAINS OF

285

Yon dwellers in the tombs are dust and clay,  
Escaped from self, of all things witless they;  
    Their every atom scattered, wide, alas!  
What a mirage they make till Judgment Day!

286

O, Heart, suppose all worldly goods thy dower,  
Adorned with verdure be thy pleasure's bower,  
    Then on that verdure like the dew at night  
Resting, and vanished in the morning hour!

287

Heed not Traditions nor the Law Divine,  
Withhold from none the morsel that is thine,  
    None slander, nor afflict thou any heart,  
I warrant thee the world beyond,—bring wine!

285. C. 207. N. 198. L. 412. W. 242. P. 197. C., N., L. and P. change above order of lines and (line 4 above) read "sharab," wine, for "sarab," mirage. "Alas! what is this drink that escaped from self and witless of all things keeps them till Judgment Day?"

286. L. 420. W. 243. F. 16. C. 223, variant. See quatrain 614. C. reads as follows: "O, Heart, suppose all worldly goods be thine at will, The whole world, pole to pole, as thou dost wish; And then like snow upon the desert's face, resting some few days, and then gone, suppose!"

287. B. 91. C. 218. N. 200. L. 410. W. 244. P. 199. Lines 2 and 4 in L. are transposed, and N. and P., line 1, read: "Of religious observances do only those of God's commandment." L., line 3, "Plot not against the blood or goods of any one."

OMAR KHAYYAM

288

Through Fortune's shifts that for the vile doth care,  
A hundred griefs and pains through life I bear,  
    Like heart-closed bud within life's rosary,  
Like time-scarred tulip that doth blood spots wear.

289

Youth is the better time in which to taste  
Pure wine by comely striplings' presence graced;  
    As this vain world was ruined by a flood,  
'T is best in it be drunk, by wine laid waste.

290

The world's astir and mad in quest of Thee,  
Bare before Thee stand wealth and poverty;  
    To all Thou speakest but each ear is deaf,  
With all art present but no eye can see.

228. N. 201. W. 245. P. 200.

289. N. 202. W. 246. P. 201. Also ascribed to Hafiz.

290. N. 204. W. 247. P. 203. Richard II act III, scene 2. "Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?"

## THE QUATRAINS OF

291

With churl ill-bred and stupid best beware  
You drink not, for he'll bring a deal of care;  
    The night of joy, noise, drinking, brawl, next day  
His headaches and excuses you will bear.

292

Since there's no 'scaping what the stars decree,  
Fret not so much in seeking—vanity;  
    Nor on thy heart so great a burden place,  
To leave it and pass on the end will be.

293

Drink pure wine, Soul, when roses scent the air,  
Toasting the graceful, heart-alluring fair;  
    “Wine is the Grape's blood, and 't is lawful made;  
Drink my sweet vintage!” doth the Grape declare.

291. C. 212. N. 206. L. 395. W. 248. P. 205. N. and P. read “dark night” for “night of joy.”

292. C. 213. N. 207. L. 396. W. 249. P. 206.

293. C. 220. N. 208. L. 418. W. 250. P. 207. N. and P. read line 1 “Drink wine, O Soul, pure and clear!”

OMAR KHAYYAM

294

Are you depressed? Then take of *bang* a grain,  
And next a pint of rose-hued grape-juice drain.  
"Sufi you are? Nor eat of this nor that?"  
Go! Feast on stones, since stones your fare remain!

295

In the Bazaar I saw but yesterday  
A potter pounding hard a lump of clay;  
The clay cried out to him in mystic tones,  
"I once was like thee, treat me gently, pray!"

296

One wine-draught's better than the realm of Jam,  
The cup's perfume than food of Miriam.  
Ah! Sweeter toper's sighs at break of dawn  
Than songs of Bu Sa'id and Bin Adham!

294. N. 210. W. 251. P. 209. Bang, hashish. "Feast on stones!" an expression of contempt, perhaps equivalent to "Get out!" The word "khurdan" means to consume, eat or drink.

295. B. 89. C. 219. N. 211. L. 411. W. 252. P. 210. F. 37. "Lump," line 2, B. and C. read "the fresh clay."

296. C. 214. N. 215. L. 397. W. 253. P. 214. Jam, King Jamshed. Miriam, the Virgin Mary. Bu Sa'id, a Sufi poet. Bin Adham, the minstrel king of Balkh. C. and L., line 1, read "The jar lid's better than the realm of Jam."

THE QUATRAINS OF

297

Hid in the circle of the Heavenly vast,  
A cup that all must drink in turn is placed;  
    Sigh not when thy time comes, but gladly drink,  
For then it is thy turn the cup to taste!

298

Though thy years two, three, or ten hundred be,  
From this old house They 'll helpless carry thee;  
    Then be thou king or beggar of bazaar,  
These both at the same price the end will see.

299

Abandon wife and child if Him you 'd find,  
From self cut bravely bonds to self that bind;  
    The things of earth but clog you on your way,  
How fare with them? Free them and leave behind!

297. C. 216. L. 408. W. 254. F. 43. The cup of Death. L. transposes lines 2 and 4.

298. L. 419. W. 255.

299. B. 86. L. 414. W. 256. B. has line 2 "Bravely thy doorway move (cut off) from self and kindred."

OMAR KĤHAYYAM

300

O, Heart! Since earth's truth is illusion vain,  
Why so distressed in lasting grief and pain?

Bear trouble! Bow to Fate! Once gone the Pen  
For thee will never trace the scroll again!

301

Where's one returned of all who went before,  
To us the long road's secret to tell o'er?

Take care in this house ('t is but metaphor),  
That naught you leave for you'll return no more.

302

This Sphere that makes to none its secrets plain,  
Hath thousands like Mahmud and Ayaz slain;

Drink! For the Fates to no one twice give life,  
For none who leaves the world returns again.

300. B. 95. N. 216. L. 430. W. 257. P. 215. F. 73. B. reads line 2 "pain and poverty" for "grief and pain," line 3 "Bear with the times!"

301. C. 227. N. 217. L. 424. W. 258. P. 216. F. 64.

302. N. 219. L. 426. W. 259. P. 218. Mahmud, King of Ghazna and Ayaz, his favorite.

THE QUATRAINS OF

303

Thou, who surpasseth all earth's kings in might!  
Know'st thou when wine can make the spirit bright?

On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and  
On Thursday, Friday, Saturday, morn and night.

304

O, ogling, sweet, inconstant and fair maid!  
Be still! a thousand troubles are allayed;

Thou bid'st me look not on thee. This command  
Is as if "Hold awry, spill not!" were said.

305

In taverns better I commune with Thee  
Than far from Thee in mosques feign piety;

O Thou of all created first and last!  
If Thou wilt, burn, if Thou wilt, cherish me!

303. C. 241. N. 220. L. 447. W. 260. P. 219. To the cupbearer. C., N. and P. read for "morn and night," "the day throughout." So runs the old catch, "Which is the properest day to drink?"

304. N. 221. W. 261. P. 220.

305. B. 2. C. 229. N. 222. L. 427. W. 262. P. 221. F. 77. Line 2, lit. "Than without Thee at the prayer-niche I pray," and L. reads "Since I do not make a pretence of prayer before the prayer-niche."

OMAR KHAYYAM

306

When wine thou drink'st, wit's outcast do not be,  
Thy mind the dwelling of insanity.

Would'st have its ruddy juice allowed to thee?  
Restrain thy wrath, seek no man's injury!

307

With fair maid and red wine by marge of rill,  
Of joy and mirth the while I take my fill;

I was not but I am, and yet will be,  
I have drunk and drink now and will drink still.

308

Seek thou with wise and worthy men to be;  
A thousand leagues from worthless people flee;

Drink poison that the wise give but refuse  
The antidote a fool doth offer thee.

306. L. 629.

307. L. 329. C. 188.

308. N. 223. L. 440. W. 263. P. 222.

THE QUATRAINS OF

309

A bird flown from the mystic world am I,  
That from below to heights above might fly,  
    Since here I find no worthy confidant,  
I go by the same door I entered by.

310

That abstinence from her could never be,  
God ordered and then bade me from her flee;  
    'Twixt these commands we mortals stand per-  
        plexed,  
As bidden "Hold awry, spill not!" were we.

311

They 're gone and none returns to tell to thee  
Of those passed on the Veil's deep mystery;  
    Thy needs, not texts but true prayer will reveal,  
Mere play is prayer without sincerity.

309. C. 238. N. 225. L. 429. W. 264. P. 224. F. 27. Also ascribed to Attar, Ansari and Muhammad Hassan Khan.

310. N. 226. L. 442. W. 265. P. 225. Also ascribed to Nimatallah Kirmani. Hold awry and spill not, *i. e.*, do a thing impossible.

311. C. 234. N. 227. L. 445. W. 266. P. 226.

312

Go! On earth's face, in Heaven's face high in air  
Fling dust, drink wine and woo the sweet-faced fair!

What time is there for worship? What for prayer?  
For none of all those gone returneth e'er.

313

If I Thy service' pearl did never thread,  
Nor sin's dust ever wiped from off my head,  
For all this of Thy mercy I have hope,  
Because that "One is two" I ne'er have said.

314

Whenever Grief thy heart's attendant be  
With self-affairs in deep perplexity,  
The case thou should'st seek of some other heart,  
So full contentment shall result to thee.

312. B. 97. C. 228. N. 228. L. 425. W. 267. P. 227. I follow B. Line 3, "worship," N. and P. read "favours."

313. B. 1. C. 231. N. 229. L. 423. W. 268. P. 228. F. Introduction. I have never denied God's unity. N. and P., line 2, "If I have never swept the dust of Thy way with my heart," and L. and C. "from my cheek." "Head," line 3, lit. "face." I follow B. above; the others, line 3, "At Thy court of Thy mercy I have hope." Also ascribed to Hafiz.

314. L. 54. In helping others forget self.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

315

Our drinking habit we've begun anew,  
And to the "Five Prayers" have we said adieu;  
Where'er the goblet is, our necks stretched out  
Just like the necks of bottles you may view.

316

Joy seek not, for Life's sum is but a sigh;  
Each mote is from dust of a Jam or Kai.  
The world's case and the root of this life is  
A dream, vain phantasm in a breath passed by.

317

In truth and not by way of simile,  
Heaven plays the game and its mere puppets we;  
In sport moved on Life's chess-board, one by one  
We reach the chess-box of Nonentity!

315. B. 99. C. 233. N. 230. L. 435. W. 269. P. 229. Omar here jests at the "Takbir" or formula of renunciation of self and worldly things, and expresses a willingness to renounce the "Panj namaz" or Five Prayers, appointed for daily observance. Also ascribed to Kamal Ismail.

316. C. 86. L. 202. Jam, King Jamshed. Kai, Kai Khosrau, Cyrus.

317. B. 94. C. 237. N. 231. L. 443. W. 270. P. 230. F. 69. The above is B. and C., the other texts transpose lines 1 and 2.

318

What is this fleeting life dost ask of me?  
Were I to tell, its story long would be.

'Tis but a breath, felt, wafted from some sea,  
And then blown back to depths of that same sea!

319

My loved one (be her life long as my pain!)  
To-day began to favor me again,

She glanced at my sad eyes and passed as if  
To say "Do good! and cast it on the main!"

320

I prest my lip in yearning to the urn,  
Thereby the means of length of life to learn,  
And lip to my lip placed it whispered low,  
"Drink! For to this world you will ne'er return!"

318. C. 242. N. 232. L. 448. W. 271. P. 231.

319. N. 234. L. 437. W. 273. P. 233.

320. B. 100. C. 240. L. 446. W. 274. F. 35. L., line 3, "In mystic tongue this secret it revealed," and L. and C. read, line 4, "I once lived like thee, an instant bear with me."

THE QUATRAINS OF

321

The thorn that bends 'neath every creature's tread,  
May spring from some love's curl, fair brow of maid,  
    And every tile on palace battlement  
Some Vizier's finger be or Sultan's head!

322

Thou say'st "Rise! hold!" as in Naught's lair I lay,  
"Bide in the world, from its strife far away!"  
    Now I'm bewildered quite by Thy command,  
As if Thou "Hold awry, spill not!" did'st say.

323

O, Thou, who all men's secret thoughts dost know,  
In case of need who succor dost bestow,  
    O, Lord give me repentance and forgive,  
Thou from whom penitence and pardon flow!

321. L. 77. C. 38, lines 1 and 3 reversed, and also C. page 25 margin. C. reads "clay" instead of thorn, "Khaki" for "Khari."

322. L. 428. W. 275.

323. C. 243. N. 236. L. 449. W. 276. P. 235. F. 81. Line 2, lit. "In case of need Patron of all," and line 4 "O Thou repentance giver, pardoner of all!" Also ascribed to Abu Sa'id and to Ansari.

OMAR KHAYYAM

324

I saw a bird perched on the wall of Tus,  
Before her lay the skull of King Kaius,  
    And thus she moaned, "Alas!— Where sound thy  
    bells?  
Where the alarums of thy drums profuse?"

325

Seek not the forecast of Futurity,  
Nor ask of aught that comes since it must flee.  
    This ready-money moment count as gain,  
Reck not of Past, nor ask of times to be.

326

To start yon golden bowl its course who made,  
Earth's solid base, how end thus firmly laid,  
    By Learning's touchstone ne'er will be assayed  
Nor ever in Conjecture's scales be weighed!

324. C. 244. N. 237. L. 453. W. 277. P. 236. Tus, a city of Khorassan.

325. C. 245. N. 238. L. 451. W. 278. P. 237. Also ascribed to Rumi.

326. L. 450. W. 279.

THE QUATRAINS OF

327

My ignorance I expose how frequently!  
My heart is saddened in perplexity.

Do you know why I wear the Magian belt?  
'T is of my Moslemism ashamed am I.

328

Khayyam, rejoice if overcome with wine  
Thou with a tulip-cheeked one dost recline;

Since all things end in naught, rejoice and think  
How 't would be wert thou dead, whilst life is thine.

329

Last night I went into a pottery,  
Two thousand pots did silent, speaking see.

“The potter, buyer, seller, where are they?”  
One of the vessels cried out suddenly.

327. C. 249. N. 241. L. 455. W. 281. P. 240. “Magian belt,” wine drinking being contrary to the law, the ruins of the temples of the Magi or Fire-worshippers were used for the sale of the forbidden liquor. Hence the Persian word “kharabat,” ruin, which also signifies a tavern. Khayyam represents himself as engaged in the ministry of the grape, wearing, as the Brahmins, a belt or zone. I drink wine because I am ashamed of my Mahometanism, one of whose tenets is abstinence from wine. It may be queried whether Omar means he is ashamed of Mahometanism or *his* practice of it.

328. B. 102. C. 248. N. 242. L. 454. W. 282. P. 241. F. 42. Line 1 “overcome,” L. “filled,” and C. for “wine” reads “love.” Line 2 L., N. and P. read “Smooth-cheeked,” and C. “fresh-cheeked,” and C., line 3, “Since in this world you are naught you needs must go.”

329. B. 103. C. 258. N. 243. L. 470. W. 283. P. 242. F. 82 and F. 87. I transpose lines 3 and 4. C., L., N. and P. read “Each one cried out to me in ecstasy.”

33<sup>0</sup>

Wine, that blest Khizer guards securely,  
Life's water is and its Elias I.

The food of heart and soul I call it, for  
God says, "A boon 't is to humanity."

33<sup>1</sup>

Though 't is forbidden, yet drink wine for aye,  
With lute and minstrelsy both night and day;  
And of its ruby liquor spill a drop,  
And drain all that remains then, if you may.

33<sup>2</sup>

By mead and stream when roses scent the air,  
Be with thy friends and mate as Houris fair;  
Bring forth the cup! For those who drink at  
dawn  
Give mosque nor synagogue nor thought nor care.

330. C. 256. N. 246. L. 464. W. 285. P. 245. Al Koran, Chapter II, says that in wine and gaming there is great sin "and also some things of use to mankind." Khizer, vizier of Kai Kobad, a prophet who is said to have discovered and drunk of the water of life. Perhaps here confused with Elias. Line 1 N. varies "Wine that wise men hold in reverence."

331. C. 253. N. 247. L. 461. W. 286. P. 246. L. reads "spill no drop."

332. B. 32. L. 105. L. reads line 2 "With a few young Houris-natured playmates." The quatrain reads literally "On marge of stream and mead in the season of roses, With one, two or three people and a playmate like a Houris, Bring forth the cup! For wine drinkers at dawn Reck not of the mosque and are free of the synagogue!"

THE QUATRAINS OF

333

Would'st thou attain the stage of mystery?  
See that to none thou doest injury;  
    Brood not o'er death nor fret for daily bread,  
For both in their own time will come to thee.

334

My virtues singly note, by the half score  
My faults forgive, past sins O God, pass o'er!  
    O, let not whiff and gust Thy wrath's flame fan!  
By Allah's Prophet's dust I grace implore!

335

How long let future ill your heart depress?  
Far-seeing people's portion is distress;  
    Be blithe! Let not the world weigh down your  
    heart!  
To fret will make your lot, nor more nor less.

333. L. 301. C. 139. Wilt thou by study, abstraction and contemplation become initiate of the higher mysteries of living? A mystical quatrain. Line 1, lit. "Would'st thou that to thee the stage of mystery should arrive?"

334. B. 105. N. 249. L. 469. W. 288. P. 248.

335. L. 467. N. 245. W. 289. P. 244. Mat. VI, 27, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?"

336

There is a cup Creative Wisdom makes,  
That from Love's care a hundred graces takes;  
    Yet this frail urn the Potter of the world  
So shapes,—then on the ground in pieces breaks!

337

Wine in the crystal is a subtle sprite,  
And in the flask it is a fluid bright.  
    No heavy-wits are fit to be my friends  
Save wine-flasks, which are heavy and yet light.

338

Thou, knowing not of bread or salt the tie  
Still flay'st me like a fish, O wheel on high!  
    By woman's wheel since all mankind is clothed,  
'T is better far than thou, wheel of the sky!

336. C. 250. L. 456. W. 290. F. 84. C. reads "Beauty's" for "Love's," line 2. L. reads "then" for "so." Literally "There is a vessel that Creative Wisdom stamps it, A hundred kisses of Love upon its brow are imprinted, Yet this frail cup the Potter of the world So shapes then on the ground breaks it!"

337. B. 106. N. 250. L. 473. W. 291. P. 249.

338. C. 264. N. 251. L. 479. W. 292. P. 250. C., L. and W. read "By woman's wheel two bodies are clothed," *i. e.*, man and wife.

THE QUATRAINS OF

339

If roses be not ours, behold the thorn!  
And darkness, if comes not the light of morn!  
    And if we lack the vestment, cell and shaikh,  
Behold bell, church, and girdle to adorn!

340

Thou of the final fire art not afraid,  
Nor cleansing in Contrition's stream hast made;  
    I fear when Death's blast puts out thy life-lamp,  
That Earth will spurn thee in her bosom laid!

341

Lo! Dawn appears! and rends Night's robe in twain:  
Why grieve? Arise! the draught of morning drain!  
    O, Sweetheart, drink! for many a breaking Dawn  
Will look for us when we are dust again!

339. L. 482. N. 253. W. 293. P. 252. C., page 6 margin (second quatrain), W. varies slightly in line 3. See quatrain 707. If the symbols of Islam be not for me, those of Brahminism or Christianity will serve my turn. C., page 6 margin (first quatrain), reads "If crust you have from any hand, be it so! And if abused you've riches at command, then be it so! Beware lest you in gain become engrossed! Self freed from evil, come adversity, then be it so!"

340. L. 481. W. 296. Possibly an interpolated quatrain written by some pious protestant.

341. C. 261. N. 255. L. 475. W. 295. P. 254. F. 100. Line 4, lit. "Its face turned to us and we with faces in the dust." Also ascribed to Attar.

342

How long will prate of all eternity?  
'T is past my science and my theory;  
    Wine has no substitute in time of joy,  
'T is wine for every riddle turns the key.

343

Of God your Maker, merciful in sway,  
Despair not for your sins, though great be they;  
    For though to-day you die in a debauch,  
He will absolve your crumbling bones, next day.

344

Thy course contents me not, O, wheel on high,  
Free me, unsuited to thy destiny;  
    If thou dost favor fools and witless ones,  
I too am such, nor worth nor wit have I.

342. B. 107. C. 268. L. 489. W. 304. "All eternity," past and future. B. transposes lines 2 and 3. L., line 3, "Drink wine for pure wine has no substitute." C., lines 3 and 4, reads "'T is wine for every riddle turns the key. Drink wine! for red wine has no substitute."

343. C. 274. N. 262. L. 498. W. 305. P. 261.

344. C. 282 (repeated C. page 81 margin). N. 263. L. 519. W. 306. P. 262. Also ascribed to Atir uddin.

THE QUATRAINS OF

345

This form of life is pictured phantasy,  
Who knows this not, unknowing quite is he:  
    Sit, drain the wine-cup and be gay and free  
From these the figments of vain imagery!

346

Love in perfection and charmer fair!  
Heart full of speech though tongue be speaking ne'er!  
    What is more strange on earth O Lord, than this?  
I thirst; a limpid stream flows by me there!

347

At all times drain the brimming cup and free  
Your mind from grieving vain; delighted be  
    With the Grape's daughter sitting, though forbid  
Far better than her lawful mother she.

345. N. 256. L. 485. W. 297. P. 255. Doctrine of Maya or illusion.

346. N. 260. W. 300. P. 259. Also ascribed to Rumi and to Ahmad Ghazzali.

347. N. 259. W. 299. P. 258. "The grape's daughter," *i. e.*, wine, "dukhtar-i-raz," daughter of the grape.

OMAR KHAYYAM

348

Some wine! and be its trickling murmur made  
To bulbul's song, nightingale's serenade!

Wine ne'er would gurgle from the flagon's throat,  
If right were drinking without music's aid!

349

Questioning will not solve Truth's mystery,  
No, nor will money spent nor property;

Till rent thy soul, thou drink'st blood fifty years  
The way from "words" to "states" They'll not  
show thee.

350

Up from Earth's center e'en to Saturn's throne,  
I solved all problems of the Heavenly zone;

From bonds of fraud and artifice leaped out,  
And every barrier burst save Death's alone.

348. N. 261. C. 269. L. 490. W. 301. P. 260. It begins lit. "Set wine in my hand."

349. L. 492. W. 302. Unless you practice asceticism you will not attain "states" of ecstatic union with "Hakk" Truth, the Deity of the Sufis.

350. C. 270. L. 491. W. 303. F. 31.

THE QUATRAINS OF

35<sup>1</sup>

'T is well with cup to fill the heart with glee,  
And count as little "has been" and "to be."

This borrowed soul a pris'ner here below,  
A while from Reason's bondage we'll set free.

35<sup>2</sup>

The moment when at Death's behest I flee,  
And like a leaf I fall from Being's tree,

The world in my heart's joy I'll sift away  
Ere dustmen in their sieves to dust turn me.

353

This wheel of Heaven which we amazed discern,  
Is like a Chinese lantern, as we learn;

The Sun the lamp, the World the lantern is,  
And we like figures are that on it turn.

351. C. 317. N. 265. L. 572. W. 308. P. 264. L. 759, slight variant, second person of verb. Also ascribed to Hafiz.

352. N. 266. L. 574. W. 309. P. 265. C. 321. Ascribed to Attar.

353. B. 108. C. page 72 margin. N. 267. L. 505. W. 310. P. 266. F. 68. *Fanus-i-kheyal*, a magic lantern with figures of various sorts fastened on its translucent sides. The heat of the flame producing a current upward through a ventilating wheel at the top, caused it to revolve, and showed the shadows of the figures in motion. I follow B. C., L., N. and P., line 4, for "turn" read "are amazed."

OMAR KHAYYAM

354

O, Lord! It was Thou who my clay did'st knead.  
What should I do?  
And of my silk and wool did'st spin the thread.  
What should I do?  
All good and bad that from my being come,  
It was Thou who did'st write upon my head. What  
should I do?

355

Friend, let us not the Morrow's fears forecast,  
Come! profit by this moment while it last;  
To-morrow this old Inn we 'll quit and be  
The comrades of Seven Thousand Ages past!

356

No moment while you may refuse wine's aid,  
For by it reason, heart and faith are stayed;  
Had Iblis drunk one drop, to Adam he  
Two thousand salutations would have made.

354. C. page 71 margin. N. 268. L. 502. W. 311. P. 267. It is a belief in parts of the East that in the markings of the sutures of the skull is inscribed the fate of the individual. C., W., N. and P., line 1, read "Of water and clay Thou me did'st knead."

355. C. 296. N. 269. L. 546. W. 312. P. 268. F. 21. Line 4 L. reads "Till we shall equal seven thousand years."

356. C. 301. N. 270. L. 550. W. 313. P. 269. Iblis, Satan, who refused to prostrate himself before Adam. L. reads "By wine the arrogance of all is lessened, By wine revealed is our entire strength." See Koran, chapter II and chapter VII.

THE QUATRAINS OF

357

The door of Hope I've shut to self, that so  
Favors I may escape from high and low;

I've but one Friend who takes my hand, I know  
That which I am, I am, and He doth know!

358

A measure dance! while we clap hands, arise!  
Wine flown, we drink to thy Narcissus eyes.

In twenty cups is not so much delight,  
But in three score amazing pleasure lies!

359

By circling Heaven I'm saddened constantly,  
And with my own base nature vexed am I;

Wit lacking from the world to sit apart,  
And wanting wisdom free from earth to fly.

357. C. 278. N. 272. L. 508. W. 315. P. 271. L. in line 3 varies,  
"If Sufi of mosque or convent I be."

358. N. 271. W. 314. P. 270.

359. N. 273. L. 553. W. 316. P. 272. C. 303.

OMAR KHAYYAM

360

Upon earth's carpet sleepers I espy,  
And others hidden underneath descry,  
    And those gone or not come I see where'er  
I view the desert of Nonentity.

361

Of sin I reckon not, since I trust Thy grace,  
Nor with Thy care, the toilsome way I trace,  
    And I rate not the "black book" at a grain,  
So that Thy favor shall make white my face.

362

Think not a fear to leave the world have I,  
Nor dying nor that thence the soul should fly ;  
    Since death is certain, that I do not dread,  
'T is my ill living makes me fear to die.

360. N. 274. L. 556. W. 317. P. 273. C. 306. Also ascribed to Attar. Nicolas says the sleepers are those plunged in the slumber of ignorance or superstition.

361. C. 309. N. 275. L. 559. W. 318. P. 274. The Mohammedans believe that the wicked will rise at the last day with faces blackened and the just with white faces. Black book, that containing the record of each person's sins. See F. 81. Lines 3 and 4 transposed.

362. N. 276. L. 562. W. 319. P. 275. C. 297.

THE QUATRAINS OF

363

How long mere slaves of petty prudence be?  
What if we live a day or century?

Wine bring us in the bowl, or ever we  
Become but wine-jars in the pottery.

364

You and I to twin compasses compare,  
O soul! one body though two heads we bear;

We circle now around a central point  
Till we at last again united are.

365

How long, O stupid zealot, wilt thou chide,  
That ever wine-flown we in taverns bide?

Thou sadly wear'st thy beads, pretence, deceit;  
With sweetheart, song and wine we're satisfied!

363. B. 111. C. 304. N. 277. L. 554. W. 320. P. 276. Line 1, lit. "How long shall we be slaves of daily prudence?" Line 2, "century" B. reads "one year." C. reads "one year in the body."

364. N. 283. L. 504. W. 323. P. 282. C. page 82 margin.

365. C. 305. N. 278. L. 555. W. 321. P. 277. Line 4, C. and L., lit. "We have wine, singer and beloved at will!" The others read "We are ever with wine and loved one at will!"

OMAR KHAYYAM

366

I fight with my desires continually. What shall I do?  
And my own deeds bring constant shame to me.

What shall I do?

Suppose that of Thy kindness Thou forgive?  
For this my shame Thou did'st my actions see,  
What shall I do?

367

Since in this world no resting-place have we,  
Sans wine and sweetheart folly 't were to be.

How long, O wise man, prate of old or new?  
When I am dead, what's old or new to me?

368

Although to mosque I've come with humble air,  
By gracious Allah! I've not come for prayer;

One day I stole a prayer-mat, which worn out  
Time and again still thither I repair.

366. N. 282. L. 503. B. 109. W. 322. P. 281. C. page 72 margin.

367. B. 112. C. 292. N. 284. L. 537. W. 324. P. 283. Line 2  
"wine" B. reads "cupbearer." Line 3 "wise man," C., N., P. and L.  
read "simpleton."

368. B. 115. N. 285. L. 532. W. 325. P. 284. C. 318. Slightly  
variant but synonymous.

THE QUATRAINS OF

369

No more let Fortune's changes bring us pain,  
From aught save sparkling red wine we'll abstain;  
    The world's our murderer and wine its blood,  
Why should we not that murderer's heart's blood  
    drain?

370

I'll bear a hundred scoffs for thy dear sake,  
Or pay the debt if I this promise break;  
    Though life suffice thy cruelties, 't were less  
Than what till Judgment I would undertake!

371

In Being's circle we have come too late,  
And fallen quite from manhood's high estate,  
    And since life moveth not to our desire,  
Would 't were at end! for we are satiate!

369. N. 286. L. 524. W. 326. P. 285. Line 1, lit. "No more let us consume the grief of this shifting of the sphere."

370. B. 113. C. page 81 margin. L. 514. N. 287. P. 286. W. 327. N. and P., line 4, variant but synonymous. L. line 1, reads, "For love I'd bear with a hundred sorts of reproaches." The others, "For thy love," etc. Addressed to the beloved.

371. N. 288. L. 535. W. 328. P. 287.

372

Since earth's but fantasm, I'll fantastic be,  
Naught think of save bright wine and revelry.

They say "God give thee penitence!" He'll not  
Give it and I would not repent, did He!

373

When at the foot of Death I am laid low,  
And when his hand doth my plucked plumage strew,  
Naught of my clay, look ye but flasks ye make,  
Perchance the wine-scent new life will bestow.

374

As in this world's affairs' variety  
I see haphazard placed folk seem to be;  
Praise be to God! for whereso'er I look,  
My own chagrin as due to that, I see!

372. B. 114. C. 315. N. 289. L. 522. W. 329. P. 288. I have here suggested the word play of the original "fan," fana meaning fantasy, illusion, and "fan" meaning artifice, masquerading. L. slightly varies line 3.

373. B. 116. C. 293. N. 290. L. 539. W. 330. P. 289. F. 89. B. and L. read line 2 "I am rooted up from life's hope," and line 4, which reads lit. "It may be that from the wine-scent an instant I may revive," L. reads "moist with wine" and B. "filled with wine." See 673. Also ascribed to Hafiz.

374. N. 291. L. 534. W. 331. P. 290. C. page 80 margin.

THE QUATRAINS OF

375

Let us sip rose-hued wine, 't is break of day,  
Fame's chalice on the stones we'll fling away  
    And cease to strive for what we long have hoped  
And with long tresses and the lute's strings play.

376

Though widespread as the earth my sins should be,  
That Thou wilt guide I trust Thy clemency;  
    Thou say'st "When thou art weak I'll take thy  
    hand."  
One weaker now than I, look not to see.

377

If drunk with Magian wine I am, I am.  
Faithless, Gueber, idolater I am,  
    I am. Each sect of me conjecture holds;  
I am myself and what I am, I am.

375. B. 118. N. 294. L. 571. W. 332. P. 293. F. 41. Also ascribed to Jalal uddin Kazvini. "Strings," line 4, lit. "skirt." Line 2, lit. "we'll strike." "Long" word play.

376. C. 275. N. 296. L. 499. W. 333. P. 295. Also ascribed to Saif uddin Bakharzi and to Abu Sa'id.

377. N. 297. L. 563. W. 334. P. 296. C. 311. Not so Iago, who says "I am not what I am."

378

All my life long from drink I'd not refrain,  
To-night on Kader's Feast the cup I'll drain  
Lip to its lip and breast to breast of jar,  
Hand on flask's neck until dawn breaks again.

379

What's manifest in life and death know I,  
The heart of everything both low and high;  
But shame upon my knowledge if I know  
A state that with wine's ecstasy can vie!

380

Dervish, the cloak of seeming cast from thee!  
Give not thy being to hypocrisy.  
Go! Poverty's old rug on shoulders throw,  
Beneath it beat the drum of empery!

378. C. 277. N. 298. L. 510. W. 335. P. 297. Line 1, lit. "I've not been sober an instant since I existed." L. and C. for "sober" read "without wine." "Kader's feast," "shab-i-kadr," the night of power, when the Koran was said to have been sent from Heaven.

379. B. 120. N. 300. L. 523. W. 336. P. 299. F. 56. "Shame," line 3, L., N. and P. read "I am weary."

380. B. 125. W. 502. Line 4, which is literal, may be interpreted "Become the equal of a Sultan."

THE QUATRAINS OF

381

I drink wine, but avoid debauchery,  
Save with the cup, from grasping I am free;  
    Know'st thou why I'm a worshipper of wine?  
'T is since I'm no self-worshipper like thee.

382

To thee an adept I may briefly say  
What man has always been, a shape of clay,  
    The clay of grief cast in the mould of toil,  
Who tasting life a moment, moves away.

383

The wine-jar's lip we've made our place to pray,  
With its red juice as men ourselves array;  
    In taverns that life we may yet regain  
Which in the convents we did waste away!

381. N. 301. L. 528. W. 337. P. 300. C. 287. Also ascribed to Anwari.

382. N. 302. L. 566. W. 338. P. 301. C. 314.

383. N. 303. W. 339. P. 302. See quatrain 810.

384

The flower of all Creation are we,  
The pearl of light as wisdom's eye doth see;  
    Beyond a doubt, Life's circle is a ring,  
Whose graven signet is humanity.

385

'T is we with wine who ecstasy attain  
Spurning the base, the empyrean gain;  
    Then from this body's dross we become freed,  
We came from dust and dust become again.

386

If I did eat ere Ramazan was past,  
Think not that with intent I broke the fast,  
    My day, from fasting toils, became as night,  
Methought 't was not dawn, when I food did taste.

384. C. page 70 margin. N. 304. L. 512. W. 340. P. 303. "Flower," lit. "the object," "aim," the final consummation, "we," meaning mankind.

385. N. 305. L. 525. W. 341. P. 304.

386. N. 306. L. 533. W. 342. P. 305. In Ramazan, the fasting month of the Moslems, the fast is observed during the hours of light. The principal meal was before the morning crepusculum.

THE QUATRAINS OF

387

We ne'er in joy a cup of water drain  
That from Grief's hand a draught did not contain,  
Nor dip our crust within another's salt,  
But that we mortify our hearts in pain.

388

I go at dawn to taverns every day,  
With Kalenders I riot on the way:  
Since the world's end and secrets Thou dost know,  
Vouchsafe me grace that I to Thee may pray!

389

The griefs of Time we reckon not at a grain, we're happy.  
If breakfast comes from dinner we abstain, yes we're  
happy.

Since cooked food from Love's kitchen comes to us,  
Of none do we have expectations vain, for we're happy!

387. C. page 83 margin. N. 310. L. 515. W. 343. P. 308. Line 4, literally "Gnaw our roast liver." The liver and the heart in literature have equally been the seat of love and pain. The word "jigar," liver, may often be properly rendered in English "heart." Theocritus speaking of Hercules' lament on the loss of Hylas "For in his liver Love had fixt a wound." So Horace, *Carmen XXV*, Book 1, "Cum tibi flagrans Amor . . . . Saeviet circa JECUR ulcerosum," and elsewhere. Anacreon and other classical writers thus refer to the liver. And among English writers, Shakspeare, "Alas their love may be called appetite, No motion of the liver but the palate."

388. N. 312. L. 549. W. 344. P. 311. C. 300.

389. C. 294. N. 313. L. 551. W. 345. P. 312. There is a variation in line 3. I follow the Calcutta and Lucknow. The others read "no food from the kitchen."

OMAR KHAYYAM

390

No day from earthly bonds have we been free,  
No single moment glad in life to be,  
    To Fortune long apprenticeship I served  
Nor of the other world gained mastery.

391

I am miscalled philosopher by foes,  
I am not that which they aver, God knows!  
    I know not what I am, still less my end  
Since I have come into this nest of woes.

392

The more removed from self, I live the more,  
The more abased I am, the higher soar;  
    More strange than this, that while from Being's  
    wine  
I grow more sober, I'm more drunk therefor!

390. C. 322. N. 314. L. 575. W. 346. P. 313. Line 4 N. and P.  
"two worlds."

391. L. 580. C. 323. W. 350. Philosopher here means free thinker.

392. L. 570. W. 351. A mystical quatrain.

THE QUATRAINS OF

393

Greeting from me to Mustafa convey,  
And with due ceremony do ye say:

“Chief of the Hashimi! why by the Law  
Is pure wine banned and why allowed sour whey?”

394

Khayyam from me with salutations greet,  
And “Thou art green, Khayyam!” say when ye meet.

When said I that wine is unlawful? Still  
'T is to the “green” (as thou), not the discreet.

395

“I am the garden’s Joseph” the rose said,  
“A ruby dear, my mouth with gold arrayed.”

“What sign of Joseph do you show?” quoth I,  
And she, “'T is that with blood my coat is red.”

393. N. 316. W. 348. Mustafa, Mohammed. Hashimi, the family name.

394. N. 317. W. 349. “Green,” “kham,” raw, uncooked, a play on Khayyam’s name. This and the preceding quatrain are the only ones that have obvious relationship. They both may be interpolations.

395. L. 568. W. 352. Gold, the yellow stamens of the rose. Joseph, a type of beauty. The Calcutta MS. has a similar quatrain, C. 325. “Rose said, ‘A hand, gold scattering, I bear, And in the world a smiling face I wear, I snatch my purse’s string and then am gone And all my treasured gold I give up there.’” F. 14.

OMAR KHAYYAM

396

Awhile the master's side we did frequent,  
Awhile then with our progress were content,  
Hear the discourse's end, what came to us,  
From dust we came and on the wind we went!

397

Pure from the void we came, unclean we go;  
Tranquil we came, depart we full of woe,  
With hearts afire and watered with our tears  
And giving life to wind in earth lie low.

398

The earth we traversed Jamshed's cup to see,  
Nor rest by day, nor sleep by night took we;  
When the sage told its attributes, I learned  
That world-revealing cup myself to be!

396. B. 121. L. 544. W. 353. F. 27. F. 28. "Hear," line 3, B. reads "Behold," and line 4, "We came like water and like wind we went."

397. L. 538. W. 354. C. 290 line 3 varies.

398. L. 529. W. 355. Jamshed's cup, the bowl of king Jamshed which reflected the entire world. Lines 3 and 4 have the plural verb.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

399

The queen moved, I became disconsolate,  
By harshness fell from knight's to pawn's estate,  
Then when I tired of king and bishop's game,  
Rook to thy rook I place . . . and so, checkmate!

400

Since Allah's will and mine do not agree,  
How then becomes that right that's willed by me?  
If everything is right that He doth will,  
Then all things I have willed must error be.

401

That ruby bring, in crystal pure confined,  
The mate and stay of men of noble mind!  
Yea, bring wine, since thou knowest that the days  
Of this dust world pass swiftly as the wind!

399. L. 517. C. 284. W. 356. A chess quatrain. Note the word-play on "rook," meaning cheek, and also castle. "Cheek to thy cheek I place,"

400. C. 272. L. 497. W. 357. Line 1, lit. "Since Allah does not will what I have willed."

401. B. 87. L. 403. N. 203. P. 202. Line 3 L., N. and P. read "Since thou knowest all creatures are dust," and N. and P., line 4, read "Is a wind that passes in two days." Ascribed to Hafiz. Line 2, "men," etc., lit. "free men."

OMAR KHAYYAM

402

Arise! To this sad heart bring medicine!

Yea, that musk-scented and rose-colored wine!

Grief's antidote's ingredients would'st thou have?  
With red wine bring that silk stringed lute of thine!

403

'T is time of roses, and my choice I'll take,

For once in this affair the law I'll break,

With tender green and tulip-cheeks awhile  
With wine mid verdure tulip-beds I'll make.

404

Think not I am of self existent, nay!

Nor of self walk this blood-devouring way;

This being is not mine, it is of Him,  
Who, where and whence am I? Tell me I pray?

402. B. 88.

403. N. 308. L. 579. W. 358. P. 307. Line 3 meaning, With those whose cheeks are tender-downed and tulip-red, that is with youth and beauty. A species of word-play on "sabza," green, or verdure and "lallah," tulip.

404. C. page 71 margin. L. 509. W. 359. Mystical and Vedantic.

THE QUATRAINS OF

405

You who both day and night the world pursue,  
Of Judgment Day are you not mindful too?

An instant then bethink yourself and see,  
Consider what Time doth to others do.

406

O thou! the essence of all things mundane,  
A moment leave the thought of loss and gain,  
Take the Eternal Bearer's cup, and so  
Freedom from cares of both the worlds attain!

407

Know in this endlessly revolving zone,  
Two sorts of men have happiness alone,  
One knowing all his good and bad and one  
Neither the world's affairs nor yet his own.

405. N. 318. L. 592. W. 361. P. 315. C. page 85 margin.

406. C. 338. N. 319. L. 604. W. 362. P. 316. The cup of Death.

407. N. 320. L. 606. W. 363. P. 317. C. 340. In his "Persian Sentences" Sir Gore Ouseley gives the Persian text of a similar epigram, as it is placed in connection with a number of others, some of which are known to be Omar's, under a general heading of "Omar Kheiam," it may be by Omar and it is given here: "Each of three classes the true worth doth know Of each of three things in this world below, The aged value youth, the sickly health, The poor, the good that riches can bestow."

OMAR KHAYYAM

408

The world's conditions to my heart make light  
And hide my ill deeds from the people's sight ;  
    Keep me but glad to-day, to-morrow then  
Treat me as to Thy mercy seemeth right !

409

To him who doth the world's state truly know,  
As one, is all its trouble, joy and woe ;  
    Since both its good and bad will have an end,  
As Thou wilt, pain or remedy bestow !

410

Arise ! moan not the world's inconstancy !  
Be glad an instant, seize joy ere it flee !  
    In the world's nature if aught constant were  
The turn from others had not come to thee.

408. N. 321. L. 612. W. 364. P. 318. C. 342.

409. B. 122. C. 347. N. 322. L. 618. W. 365. P. 319. "State,"  
line 1, C. and B. read "secrets."

410. N. 325. L. 585. W. 366. P. 322. F. 23. C. 329. C. reads,  
line 2. "Sit and enjoy this fleeting world!"

THE QUATRAINS OF

411

O, best of old friends! from me do you hear,  
Of this unending Heaven have no fear,  
    But rest you sitting in Contentment's nook,  
And gaze upon the playing of the Sphere.

412

While you have power with drinkers seek to be,  
Break down the wall of prayer and piety.  
    Hear from Khayyam O friend this sage advice,  
Drink wine and rob, but O, show charity!

413

The world's a body and God is its soul,  
And various angels senses that control  
    Its limbs, the creatures, elements and heavens,  
All else illusion is and this the whole.

411. C. page 87 margin. N. 326. L. 595. W. 367. P. 323. F. 45, first edition.

412. B. 123. C. 346. N. 327. L. 617. W. 368. P. 324. B., C. and L. for "Khayyam, O friend," read "Omar Khayyam."

413. N. 328. L. 582. W. 369. P. 325. "Hakk," God, primarily "The Truth." Pantheism. Also ascribed to Sa'id uddin Hamari.

OMAR KHAYYAM

414

My heart to gladden in serenity,  
Last night my wine-house charmer brought to me  
    The cup to take and drink, "I will not drink!"  
Quoth I. "To gratify my heart!" said she.

415

Would'st thou have Fortune bow the neck to thee,  
Ever to feed the soul thy care must be,  
    And practice faith like mine, to drink thy wine,  
Not drain the cup of worldly misery!

416

These potters who have ever hand in clay,  
All heedless of its sense, wit, mind are they,  
    With cuff and kick and slap they beat as 't were  
Clay of the bad that thus they pound away.

414. N. 329. L. 603. W. 370. P. 326. N., W. and P. read, line 1, "sincerity" for "serenity."

415. N. 330. L. 598. W. 371. P. 327.

416. C. page 46 margin. N. 119. L. 258. P. 119. N. and P., line 4, begin "Clay of the body."

THE QUATRAINS OF

417

In this dust world from pole to pole in sooth  
Howe'er discerning people seek the truth,  
    The only good in this deceitful world  
Is rose-hued wine and lovely cheeks of youth!

418

Have you no shame for all the sins you do,  
Forbidden things, commands forsaking, too?  
    Suppose you gain the kingdom of the world,  
What do, except to leave it then, will you?

419

A sot crouched in the desert I did see,  
Islam nor unfaith, goods nor creed had he,  
    Nor God, nor truth, nor law, nor certainty;  
Where in two worlds is like audacity?

417. N. 331. W. 372. P. 328.

418. N. 335. L. 596. W. 374. P. 332. C. 336.

419. N. 336. L. 616. W. 375. P. 333. Line 1 N. and P. begin for  
"A sot" "A man."

420

Concerning faith and dogma some surmise,  
Some are perplex 'twixt doubts and certainties;  
    When suddenly an unseen herald cries:  
"O fools! Nor here nor there the pathway lies!"

421

A bull there is in Heaven, his name Parwin,  
Beneath the earth another is unseen;  
    Ope wisdom's eye, since mankind truly is  
A string of asses, these two bulls between.

422

They bid me less than this the wine-cup use;  
"Nay, why dost thou not wholly wine refuse?"  
    It is my love's face and the morning draught,  
Be just, could there be a more clear excuse?

420. C. page 86 margin. N. 337. L. 591. W. 376. P. 334. F. 25.  
"Unseen," lit. "from ambush." Also ascribed to Shah Sanghan.

421. N. 338. L. 601. W. 377. P. 335. The bulls are the constellation Taurus and that which was fabled to support the earth. Khayyam is here as contemptuous as Iago.

422. N. 339. L. 593. W. 378. P. 336. C. 330.

THE QUATRAINS OF

423

If I o'er Heaven should Godlike power acquire,  
I'd sweep away this firmament entire,

Another such, from that new Heaven I'd make,  
So the freed soul might reach its high desire.

424

This poor, mad, sympathetic heart of mine,  
Ne'er sober, for my sweetheart's love doth pine;

The day the Fates poured out the wine of Love  
This goblet They with my heart's blood did line.

425

Better to drink, with fair maids wander free,  
Than in deceit to practice piety;

If sots and lovers all in Hell will be,  
Then who would wish the face of Heaven to see?

423. C. 335. N. 340. L. 594. W. 379. P. 337. F. 99.

424. N. 341. L. 590. W. 380. P. 338. C. page 86 margin. Line 4, lit. "liver's blood."

425. B. 127. N. 342. L. 608. W. 381. P. 339. Line 4, "who," I follow L., the others read "none." F. 65, second edition.

426

The joyous heart keep ever from despair,  
Nor on the trial stone life's pleasures wear;  
    Since no one knows what is to be, we need  
At will with wine and love to rest from care.

427

Our names from off the Scroll of Life erased,  
We by the hand of Fate must be effaced;  
    O sweet-faced boy, bring water cheerfully,  
For in the dust soon must we be abased!

428

'T is well indeed of good repute to be,  
And shame to grieve at Heaven's tyranny;  
    Better o'ercome with fumes of juice of grapes,  
Than with a zealot's self sufficiency.

426. B. 128. N. 344. L. 588. W. 382. P. 341. C. 333. Line 3 B. "None have appeared who know," and C. "None need know."

427. B. 52. C. 154. N. 112. L. 358. P. 112. B., line 1, for "Scroll of Life" reads "In Love's way," and line 3, for "Cheerfully" reads "Sit not idle." B. may be translated as follows: Within the way of Love effaced must I Become, destroyed by hands of Destiny. O, sweet-faced boy, sit not idly by, But water give, for soon in dust we'll lie." L. reads line 3 "moon-faced cupbearer," and C. ends "However much you rise in the world, How high so e'er your station be in life, The end is At last beneath the clay we all must lie."

428. N. 345. L. 586. W. 383. P. 342. C. 331.

THE QUATRAINS OF

429

Lord, mercy on this captive heart bestow,  
Pity this bosom overcome with woe,  
    O, pardon this my hand that grasps the cup,  
And these my feet that to the tavern go!

430

The man of spirit, wine renounces ne'er,  
The wine that to Life's water doth compare,  
    In Ramazan if one needs must abstain,  
At least let it be abstinence from prayer.

431

In time when fresh-bloomed roses venders cry,  
Give order that the wine-cup be filled high.  
    Count not pavilions, Houris, Heaven or Hell,  
For their existence *they* will certify.

429. C. 332. N. 346. L. 587. W. 384. P. 343. C. and L. transpose lines 1 and 2, and read "On captive soul and heart." I transpose lines 3 and 4.

430. N. 135. L. 280. P. 135. C. 123.

431. C. 130. L. 284. If you are destined for heaven or hell it is unnecessary to trouble yourself about them, in due season the one or the other with its adjuncts will be made manifest.

OMAR KHAYYAM

432

Since with the Friend all thy life long at rest  
Thou hast been, as a dream is what has passed;  
At last life must be left, but all thy days  
These earthly pleasures have been thine to taste.

433

However much at Fate's hand thou dost smart,  
Oppressed by Heaven however grieved at heart,  
Beware lest of pure water from base hands  
A drop wet thy lip, though afire thou art.

434

If it be horses, turquoise, arms of war,  
Be not proud of this ten day fortune, for  
None bears away his life from Heaven's wrath,  
Which breaks the mug to-day, —next day the jar!

432. L. 404.

433. L. 758. However afflicted, do not place yourself under obligation to the base.

434. L. 669. Fate takes the weak to-day, the mighty escape not to-morrow.

THE QUATRAINS OF

435

Drink! for the jasmine oft grown high will be  
And Suha oft above. Live happily  
On verge of garden gaily! for full oft  
That garden verge will bloom when gone are we!

436

O, Lord from care of more or less, free me!  
O sever me from self and fill with Thee!  
While sober I both good and bad know, so  
Make me enrapt, from good and bad set free!

437

The ill deeds of yon circling dome, survey!  
See earth laid bare of friends who've passed away!  
Look for no morrow, seek not yesterday!  
Live while you may, a breath, behold To-Day!

435. L. 288. Suha, a small star in Ursa Minor.

436. C. 343. N. 347. L. 613. W. 385. P. 344. L. and W. for "more or less," line 1, read "acceptance and rejection." Line 4 "enrapt," lit. "drunk," "mast," enrapt is a secondary meaning.

437. L. 623. B. 126. W. 386. L. reads "pass by yesterday!"

OMAR KHAYYAM

438

Since in this harsh world all man's gain hath been  
Only his soul's vexation and chagrin,

Happy is he who quickly flees this world,  
And he who never came knows joy serene!

439

Till comes to boiling this life pot of mine,  
In Comfort's bowl I'll quaff juice of the vine.

O, potter, if from my clay you shape jars,  
Sell them to none save those who deal in wine!

440

Ill-wishers never do their purpose gain;  
Not one hurt done, a hundred they sustain.

I wish you well yet you would do me harm,  
No good you see nor ill doth me attain.

438. B. 124. C. 339. L. 605. W. 387. "Harsh world," line 1, lit. "place of strife," "wild," "salt marsh," etc. Line 4, lit. "That one who never came to earth is at peace."

439. L. 471.

440. L. 360.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

441

We know not secrets of Eternity,  
This riddle is not solved by thee or me ;  
    They talk of thee and me, behind the Veil,  
But when the Veil is lifted, gone are we

442

Against our dear lives holding its design,  
This wheel of Heaven doth plot thy death and mine ;  
    Come sit upon this grass, 't will not be long  
Ere verdure springs up from my dust and thine.

443

When from the body our souls pass away,  
To mark our tomb a pair of tiles they 'll lay,  
    And then, for tiles for graves of other men  
Within the potter's mould they 'll press our clay.

441. C. 328. L. 581. W. 389. F. 32.

442. B. 129. C. 351. N. 348. L. 634. W. 390. P. 345. C. begins "Drink wine for Heaven." B. reads line 3, for "Come," "O, idol" and C. and L. "Sitting upon the grass the goblet drain, 't will not be long," etc. Also ascribed to Attar.

443. C. page 89, margin. N. 349. L. 637. W. 391. P. 346.

444

Yon palace that to Heaven towered high,  
Where, forehead bowed to threshold, Kings did lie,  
I saw a dove that on its battlements  
Thus, "Koo, koo, koo?" "Where are they now?"  
did cry.

445

Since every day and night of life for thee  
Cuts off a part, give not up; happily  
Thy day and night pass, for O full long when  
Thou art no more, still night and day will be.

446

Khayyam, the world surveys those with disdain,  
Who still at Time's rebuffs morose remain,  
Ere on the stones Life's crystal chalice breaks,  
Quaff wine from crystal to the harp's soft strain.

444. C. 354. N. 350. L. 627. W. 392. P. 347. F. note to *rubā'i* 18. Also ascribed to Hafiz. FitzGerald quotes Binning as finding this quatrain inscribed on a stone in the ruins of Persepolis. "Koo" in Persian signifies "Where," as if the bird were mournfully calling for the lost tenants of the splendid habitation to return to the scenes of their ancient grandeur.

445. N. 218. L. 438. P. 217.

446. N. 252. C. 259. L. 474. P. 251. Morose, lit. "narrow hearted."

THE QUATRAINS OF

447

O Sweetheart, since the world doth sadden thee,  
And from thy body soon the soul will flee,  
    Ere verdure from thine ashes springeth up,  
These few days on the green rest cheerfully.

448

The moonlight severs the dark robe of Night,  
On such a moment you no more may light;  
    So drink, rejoice, and think that one by one  
Full many a moon on Earth's face will shine bright.

449

Drink wine, ere doth your name from Earth depart,  
For cares take flight when wine doth reach the heart;  
    And loose the loved one's tresses knot by knot,  
Or e'er the knots your limbs bind, rend apart.

447. C. 61. N. 72. L. 134. P. 72. C. reads "Rest on the green and sip thy cup awhile cheerfully."

448. C. 93. N. 94. L. 207. P. 94. Also ascribed to Attar.

449. N. 155. L. 237. P. 155. Also ascribed to Attar.

OMAR KHAYYAM

45<sup>0</sup>

The veil that parts us I will roll away  
To-morrow, and with good luck, wine essay ;  
    The time agrees and the beloved consents,  
If I rejoice not now, when shall I, pray ?

45<sup>1</sup>

Ne'er give up wine if wine at hand avail,  
A hundred vain regrets else thee assail ;  
    In such a time how were repentance right  
When roses bloom and sings the nightingale ?

45<sup>2</sup>

I'd give my pearl of self for no small fee,  
Nor thy door's dust for Jamshed's empery,  
    My pains thee serving, for ten myriad balms,  
Nor for both worlds a single hair of thee.

450. C. 194. N. 166. L. 335. P. 166.

451. C. 166. N. 133. L. 343. P. 133. Edward FitzGerald voices in a similar note the sense, if not the revolt, of the Spring in a letter, dated April 22, to his fisher-friend, Fletcher, which concludes thus: "And now the Sun shines, and the shrubs in my Grounds are shaking out a reef of Green, and a Nightingale is singing among them; and I have been twice out in my little Boat with old West; and I am going down to the Ferry to-morrow perhaps; and I am also yours truly, E. FG."

452. L. 578. I have transposed lines 2 and 3. Addressed to the beloved. "Sad hazar" =100,000, =ten myriads.

THE QUATRAINS OF

453

'T is hour of dawn, up! boy of simple mind!  
And let the glass with ruby wine be lined.

This borrowed moment at this transient Inn  
Full oft you 'll seek and ne'er again will find!

454

Lest you Pretence's tavern reach, take care!  
Nor as the Kalenders perform you there.

This is the way of folk who hold heads high;  
From ever setting foot therein, beware!

455

Be blithe, for that time will come certainly  
When 'neath dust will be all humanity.

Quaff wine, nor drain the dregs of worldly care,  
And let him fret who in the world shall be!

453. C. 211. N. 214. L. 402. P. 213. Variant but synonymous.

454. L. 696. C. 396. A hit at the self righteous pietists.

455. C. 164. N. 160. L. 393. P. 160. L., line 2, for "all humanity"  
reads "all bodies."

OMAR KHAYYAM

456

Assembling let us all with loved ones sit ;  
And of the time's cares let us all be quit ;  
    The chalice of Love's liquor let us drain,  
Be all at peace and free, enrapt of it !

457

O, Saki, since youth's season has begun,  
Do thou the wine-cup place my palm upon ;  
    The hour of dawn-draught 'tis, I've locked the  
    door,  
O boy, give wine! for risen is the sun !

458.

Of love of thee I censure never give,  
And ne'er with fools upon this subject strive ;  
    The wine of loving flows for all mankind,  
The worthless from this cup no joy derive.

456. N. 371. L. 644. P. 367.

457. L. 686. C. 387.

458. L. 155.

THE QUATRAINS OF

459

My heart's consumed for you; What shall I do,  
Saki? Than one wine-flown I'm more dazed, too;  
    And though some call me sot, it yet, mayhap,  
Is rather I'm o'ercome with grief for you!

460

Thy daily need since fixed by equity  
No jot reduced or added to may be;  
    At rest one needs to be concerning all,  
And from whatever is one should be free.

461

This babbling cease if ye be friends of mine,  
And do ye recompense my woes with wine.  
    When I am clay, make ye a brick thereof  
A hole within some tavern wall to line.

459. L. 141.

460. L. 239. C. Margin page 49.

461. C. 174. N. 173. L. 353. P. 173. L. variant but synonymous.  
"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the  
wind away; O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch  
a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

OMAR KHAYYAM

462

From evil trifling of yon glass-like Sphere  
And shifts of Time that for the base doth care,  
    In breast my heart a blood-filled flask I bear,  
And cup-like filled my cheeks with many a tear.

463

Beware in taverns that we make no cry,  
Nor raise a stir when we are passing by;  
    The Book and turban let us sell for wine,  
The mosque-school pass, nor yet assemble nigh.

464

My wine-jar Thou hast shattered Lord, for me  
And closed the door of my felicity;  
    My pure wine Lord, Thou hast poured on the  
    earth,  
May I die Lord! 'Tis Thou art drunk, may be!

462. N. 332. L. 615. P. 329. C. 345. I transpose lines 3 and 4.

463. N. 311. L. 567. P. 310. C. 316. Book, *i. e.*, the Koran. Turban, the emblem of dignity. L. variant but synonymous.

464. N. 388. C. 399. L. 703. B. 141. P. 384. Line 3 "pure," L. reads "rose-colored" and C. "ruby." Line 4 "drunk," B. reads "strange."

THE QUATRAINS OF

465

An old man at a vintner's I did see,  
I said "Of those gone hast no news for me?"  
"Drink wine!" quoth he, "For many like us go,"  
"But none comes back again on earth to be!"

466

Life's hidden wellspring thy lip doth possess!  
Let not cup's lip to thy lip kisses press!  
If the cup's blood I drink not, I'm no man,  
For whose the lip that should thy lip caress?

467

That which I am, I am by Thy decree,  
A hundred years Thy grace hath fostered me;  
A hundred more I still would sin to learn  
If my sin greater or Thy clemency.

465. N. 412. L. 720. P. 407. As though by his aged appearance he had come from the other world.

466. C. 353. N. 352. L. 626. P. 349. W. 394. Addressed to the beloved.

467. N. 353. L. 632. W. 395. P. 350. C. 356. Line 2 L. reads "I am nourished in ease by thy comfort." Also ascribed to Hafiz.

468

“Take cup and tankard, dearest Heart,” I said,  
“Bear by the stream’s marge round the grassy mead,  
For many a slender, moon-faced form, Heaven’s  
wheel  
A hundred times to cups and jugs hath made.”

469

Of old and new wine we are buyers, then  
Sell Heaven for two tiny seeds of grain;  
Would’st thou know where thou goest after death?  
Set wine before me and go where thou’rt fain.

470

Who in the world hath not sinned, prithee say?  
If any man sin not, how lives he pray?  
What is the difference ’twixt Thee and me?  
If I do ill, Thou dost with ill repay.

468. N. 354. L. 625. See quatrain 671. (B 147.) W. 396. P. 351. C. 352.

469. N. 355. L. 635. W. 397. P. 352. “Janat,” Heaven, according to L. The others have “Alam,” the world. C. 358 is similar in last bait. My copy is apparently defective. It runs freely: “O false one, who heed’st not thy pledge below, And of two days who know’st not one or two; Dost ask me where thou wilt go after death? Set wine before! and go where thou would’st go!”

470. N. 356. L. 639. W. 398. P. 353.

THE QUATRAINS OF

47<sup>1</sup>

My body's life and all my strength Thou art!  
My heart and soul are Thine, O Soul and Heart!  
Thou art my being and completely mine!  
I am all Thine, since I'm of Thee a part!

47<sup>2</sup>

Thou, who like ball at Fortune's mallet's blow  
To left (wine drinking) or to right dost go,  
Say naught! For He who tossed thee down mid race  
And search, doth know, yea He doth know, doth know!

47<sup>3</sup>

Thy light gives sight to tiny insect's eyes,  
Thy strength's imparted to weak limbs of flies,  
Thy nature worthy is of Thee, O, Lord!  
And far from Thee unworthy qualities!

471. L. 641. W. 400.

472. C. 357. L. 633. W. 401. Man compared to a ball in the game which corresponded very much to our game of polo. F. 70. It is the Moslem belief that the wicked at the Judgment will turn to the left.

473. L. 630. W. 402.

OMAR KHAYYAM

474

O, thou, my soul's ease, welcome joyfully!  
Thou comest and I am not sure of thee.

For God's love (not my heart's), drink so much  
wine

That who thou art is all unknown to me!

475

The day that's past from you bear not in mind;  
The morrow to fret o'er be not inclined;

Of what has come and past rest not secure,  
Live gaily now, nor cast life to the wind.

476

Live blithely for Time will be passing by,  
And every soul will for its body cry.

Yon skull-cup that you see with passion filled,  
Beneath the feet of potters soon will lie.

474. N. 440. L. 724. P. 434.

475. N. 334. L. 619. P. 331. C. 348.

476. C. 183. N. 139. L. 386. P. 139. A satirical allusion to the belief that on the Resurrection Day, the soul seeks to be reunited to its life companion, the body. L. for "passion filled," line 3, reads "somewhat."

THE QUATRAINS OF

477

When They a stranger to myself make me,  
And but a tale my life and memory,

(Although the word I fear to speak) would that  
They'd make my clay a tavern-jar to be!

478

Heaven, Houris, Kausar's fount exist, they say,  
And there pure wine and honeyed sweets have they;

Fill up and pass the cup! For better cash  
Than is a thousand promises to pay.

479

If wine you drink, with wise men let it be,  
Or with fair tulip-cheeked ones laughingly;

Drink seldom, tell it not, nor practice it,  
Drink little, now and then, but secretly!

477. N. 154. P. 154.

478. C. 133. N. 169. L. 297. P. 168. Houris, nymphs of Paradise.  
L. for "better," reads "sweeter."

479. N. 212. L. 416. P. 211. C. 221. This quatrain is worthy of  
Polonius. It would seem to be a sly hit at the hypocrisy of certain of  
the orthodox. C. and L. for "tulip-cheeked" read "smooth-cheeked."  
C. begins "continually drink wine with the wise!"

OMAR KHAYYAM

480

What power, O Soul, was it that raised thee e'er?  
The moon to thy sweet face doth not compare;  
    Earth's fair adorn their faces with the Feast,  
But thy dear face maketh the Feast more fair!

481

If I my destiny could regulate,  
Free from concern of good or evil fate,  
    Here in this barren life not to have come,  
Nor been, nor parted were the better state!

482

You see, boy, taper, wine and moonlight there,  
And sweetheart as the purest ruby fair;  
    Uplift from earth this heart afire, nor give  
It to the wind, but water hither bear!

480. L. 658. C. 367. Lines 1 and 2. lit. "O Soul what power was it that raised thee? For compared to thy face the moon wanes!" A face of gracefully curved contour or radiant as the moon is one of the extravagant comparisons of Persian compliment.

481. N. 450. P. 444. See quatrain 597. Ascribed also to Sanai.

482. C. 382. L. 682. N. 438. P. 433. L. and C. vary in line 2. "And sweetheart overcome with wine." C. line 4, reads "wine without water." Also ascribed to Attar. Note reference to Four Elements.

THE QUATRAINS OF

483

How long grieve over cares the Fates bestow,  
With heart blood filled and eye with tears aflow?  
    Drink wine, and joyous, strive to be content  
Or ever you beyond this orbit go!

484

The inn I sought with faith of devotee,  
And with the Magian belt I girded me,  
    The tavern boy (so bad my name) my clothes  
Threw out of doors and washed the hostelry.

485

Boy! wine of redbud's hue pour in the bowl!  
For at the lip from grieving is my soul;  
    And be thou as I am in ecstasy,  
At once be freed from self and earth's control!

483. L. 750.

484. L. 123. "And with the Magian belt," etc., *i. e.*, I drank wine. See note to q. 327. The mocking humor of the idea that Khayyam was so bad that his presence was a reproach to tapsters is highly characteristic.

485. N. 428. P. 423. Line 1, lit. "Pour wine like the redbud, O, Saki!" Line 2 means apparently "I am expiring." I must bring wine to the lip to stay my soul.

OMAR KHAYYAM

486

If while thou art on earth the power be thine,  
No instant live sans cupbearer and wine,  
    For many have found out ere thee and me,  
To none does Fortune to be kind incline.

487

If thou art wise be not the slave of Greed,  
Nor fallen its prey, a vain Ambition heed;  
    Nor be as earth's dust driven by every wind,  
But keen as fire, as running water freed.

488

Since at Death's hands no quarter we receive,  
Vintner, make haste a stoup of wine to give!  
    Let us not fret, boy, o'er our heart's concerns,  
For these few days that here on earth we live!

486. L. 715. C. 407. C. line 2 reads "Have a care, you live not save for the moment."

487. C. 359. L. 638. W. 403. Lines 3 and 4 are transposed

488. L. 688. C. 388.

THE QUATRAINS OF

489

How long wilt prate of earthly grief and pain?  
Arise! Be joyful as the moments wane!

Since Earth's face, end to end is veiled in green,  
Of ruby wine the brimming beaker drain!

490

Heart's hand ne'er touched the ringlet of Delight;  
Content's cup to the lips was ne'er brought quite;

Alas! toward night my day of life doth draw,  
One day to my heart's wish ne'er reaches night.

491

In drunken sleep a graybeard I did see;  
Bereft of mortal sense he seemed to be;

O'ercome by drink, his tipsy sleep disturbed,  
"His servants God doth favor!" muttered he.

489. C. 265. N. 258. L. 483. P. 257.

490. L. 662.

491. L. 660. Line 2, lit. "From the circle of knowledge of his body's house he was departed."

492

If in my bosom rest a red-lipped fair,  
Grape-juice to Khizer's water doth compare;  
    Though Venus minstrel be and Jesus friend,  
The loved one gone, Joy has no dwelling there.

493

Saki, a cup! for God is skilled indeed,  
And gracious, doth His servants' pleadings heed;  
    Drink wine in Spring nor barter service, for  
God for His creatures' duty hath no need!

494

Wilt thou hold me in grief apart from thee?  
Or me possess, in joyous unity?  
    What way thou should'st use me I tell thee not,  
Just as thy heart doth dictate treat thou me.

492. L. 152. Khizer's water, the water of life. The Moslems claim many of the prophets, saints and martyrs of the Jewish and Christian religions as but the forerunners of Mahomet. Likewise they recognize in tradition much of the Greek mythology. When the loved one is absent there is no joy even in wine. Line 4, lit. "When the heart is not in place, joy is absent."

493. L. 20. God needs not our obedience and still less will He ask it of His creatures.

494. L. 25.

THE QUATRAINS OF

495

“Pray drink no wine, or you will grieve!” they say,  
“And all afire you’ll be on Judgment day!”

This may be, but more sweet than both the worlds  
That instant is when you from wine are gay!

496

Saki, that wine that thy red lip doth bear  
While I have breath, my heart will give up ne’er;  
I’m filled with longing, though thou deem’st  
me bold,  
Yet my presumption springs from love’s despair!

497

How sweet in jar’s throat is wine’s melody,  
And strain of song to flute’s soft minor key!  
With each bewitching fair and limpid wine  
How sweet the bumper from the world’s care free!

495. N. 445. L. 748. P. 439. C. 423.

496. L. 153. “Despair,” lit. “extremity.”

497. L. 149. C. 45. Melody, lit. gurgle. “Hai hai,” a bumper, a large glass of wine. “Limpid,” “nab,” pure, undiluted. Minor key, “nala” wail, lament, the words “minor key,” well express the meaning of the original, semi-tonic progression being a characteristic feature of much Oriental music.

OMAR KHAYYAM

498

Awake, O man of virtue strong and wise!  
Say to yon child of crumbling clay, "Arise!"

Then "Heedless, you are trampling under foot  
The brain of Kai Kobad, and Perwiz' eyes!"

499

How long of temple-incense, mosque-lamp tell?  
How long of Heaven's rewards or pains of Hell?

See, from all time "What is to be, will be!"  
The Lord of Fate did on the Tablet spell!

500

Since thy death but a dying once can be,  
Die once then, since there is no remedy.

For this robe, blood-stained, wrought of skin and  
veins,  
When 'tis disused why then this sympathy?

498. C. 235. L. 433. "Child," *i. e.*, the potter. Kai Kobad and Khosrau Perwiz, two kings of Persia. C. reads line 3, "Strike not heedlessly," and line 4, for "eyes," "blood."

499. L. 218. C. 95. C. reads "The Eternal Master."

500. L. 72.

THE QUATRAINS OF

501

Now that the nightingale to song doth wake,  
Do naught save ruby wine with revellers take;  
    Arise and come! in gladness blooms the rose;  
These few days mid the flowers your joyance make!

502

In Love's inn glorious is this name of mine,  
My lot is drinking and to worship wine;  
    I am the world's soul in this Magian cell,  
My body this life's image is, in fine.

503

Bearer, a cup for heart's lamp fire ne'er takes  
Till at wine's flame a new existence wakes;  
    Out on thy red lip's wine! To its pure draught  
Whoe'er sets lip that red lip ne'er forsakes!

501. C. 349. N. 323. L. 620. P. 320. "Nightingale" line 1 "hazar dastan," lit. "the thousand tales," a species so called because of its many notes. Lit. "Now that the thousand tales his tale doth sound." L. varies in line 3 "Rise, come! for roses joyously cry out, 'these few days,'" etc. This quatrain has a double rhyme, "dastan dastan," "mastan, mastan," "bastan, bastan." Line 2 "with revellers" lit. "at hands of drinkers." Line 4 variant but synonymous.

502. L. 145. C. 15 varies line 1, and is apparently corrupt in other lines; line 1 reads "In the tavern of Thought wine rules my heart."

503. L. 139. Line 4, lit. "Whoe'er sets lip ne'er takes lip away."

OMAR KHAYYAM

504

For me here wine and sweetheart quite suffice,  
My soul on past or future ne'er relies,  
    Of drunk or sober naught the heart doth know,  
My quest of both worlds but an instant is.

505

Though thou art high, Fate will to dust bring thee,  
And from soft luxury to beggary ;  
    In brief, then, avoid ignorance as thou may'st,  
Lest want Fate bring thee, do no injury !

506

From your door, Saki, we will never stray,  
Though you may kill us, that will not dismay ;  
    Though from the dust you'll not raise us, our  
    heads  
We will not take from out your passageway.

504. L. 146.

505. L. 148. "Fate," lit. "They," which is constantly used, meaning the Fates or Fate and Fortune.

506. L. 151.

THE QUATRAINS OF

507

With pride let not greed in your heart remain,  
For no one clogged by pride can place attain;  
    Be yielding as the ringlet of the fair,  
Or e'er your senses' thread doth snap in twain.

508

Saki, though you were based like walls, on stone,  
By Death's tide you would soon be overthrown;  
    The soul's but air! O bearer, bring me wine!  
O, minstrel sing! The world is dust alone!

509

O, Shah! To thee Heaven lotted sovereignty!  
Saddled for thee the steed of empery!  
    And where thy moving charger, golden-hoofed,  
Sets foot on clay, earth gilded seems to be!

507. L. 749. He who is ambitious, must abandon pride.

508. L. 689. C. 389.

509. B. 70. W. 506. Perhaps addressed to Malik Shah.

OMAR KHAYYAM

510

The cup fill! For dawn light as snow doth turn,  
And from the wine that's ruby, color learn!

Take two sweet aloe logs, make bright the feast!  
Then shape a lute from one, the other burn!

511

When Love Eternal first my being wrought,  
Love's lesson from the very first He taught;  
The filings of my heart's dust made a key  
Then for the treasures of immortal thought!

512

'T is best all things save grape-juice to forego,  
That best, pavilion beauties' hands bestow,  
A Kalender best, drinking, wand'ring free,  
A wine-draught's best from Moon to Fish below!

510. B. 98. Last line may also be rendered "Play one then as a lute, the other burn." The word "'ud" means aloe wood and also a lute.

511. L. 311. F. 76. C. page 33, margin, begins "when the Eternal Being," etc.

512. B. 133. C. 370. N. 358. P. 355. W. 404. L. 672. L. reads "Hakk," truth, and N. "kharram," joy, instead of "mai," wine, in line 1, Moon to Fish, "Mah ta Mahi," the fish that supported the earth, meaning all creation. B. line 2, "enrapt pavilion beauties."

THE QUATRAINS OF

513

Wake, Saki! for the day dawn's bright and fair,  
With last night's wine for me the cup prepare,  
    With loved ones drink we and make glad to-day,  
For the To-morrow naught for thee will care.

514

O, friend, for Fortune undisturbed remain,  
Nor for Time's changes fret yourself in vain,  
    Since on your body this life's garb is torn,  
What matters said or done, what matters stain?

515

You, who have not done good but ill alone,  
Thus trusting in God's favor to atone;  
    Do not on pardon rest, for never yet  
Was done as undone, nor undone as done.

513. L. 691. C. 391. "To-day," "Ain yekdam-i-umar," "this one instant of life."

514. N. 360. L. 645. W. 405. P. 357.

515. N. 361. W. 406. P. 358. C. page 95, margin, second quatrain. This quatrain is attributed to Abu Sa'id Abu'l Khair and is said to be an answer to quatrain 527.

516

Like an inverted bowl behold these skies  
Whereunder fallen helpless are the wise.

Regard the bottle's friendship for the cup,  
Lip to lip, between life blood fallen lies.

517

With my moustache I've swept the wine-house sill;  
I've bade farewell to both worlds' good and ill;

Should both the worlds roll in the street like balls,  
A grain, when drunk and drowsed I'd rate them still.

518

The drops wept, "We are severed from the sea."

The sea laughed, "For we are all one," said he,

"In truth there is no other God, we're all;  
Though one point circling seems apart to be."

516. B. 134. C. 366. N. 363. L. 657. W. 408. P. 360. Note that there is no apparent relation between the baits of this quatrain. F. 72. B. reads "Choose," for "Regard," line 3. C. begins "Behold this base of the sphere overturned," "Underneath the hearts of the wise have fallen!"

517. B. 132. N. 364. L. 654. W. 409. P. 361.

518. N. 365. W. 410. Pantheism, pure and simple.

THE QUATRAINS OF

519

How long shall I fret for what I've not got,  
Or if content or not I'll pass my lot?

The wine-cup fill! since 't is not known to me  
If I this breath I draw breath out or not.

520

Give not yourself to grief for fate unkind,  
Nor call sad thoughts of parted ones to mind.

Yield not your heart save to sweet fairy lips,  
Sans wine be not, nor cast life to the wind!

521

How long of mosque, prayer, fasting preach to me?  
Get drunk in taverns though by beggary.

Khayyam, drink wine, for from your clay they'll  
shape  
A goblet, pitcher or a jar, maybe.

519. B. 136. N. 366. L. 740. W. 411. P. 362. C. page 93, margin, and repeated C. 422. F. 14 second edition.

520. B. 137. N. 367. L. 643. W. 412. P. 363. Line 3, "sweet fairy lips" B. has "one jasmine-bosomed and fairy-born," and L. "one with curls."

521. N. 368. W. 413. P. 364.

OMAR KHAYYAM

522

Lo, Zephyr rends the rose's robe in twain,  
Her beauty bulbuls praise in joyous strain;  
    Sit we 'neath this rose shade, for many a rose  
Wind strewn in earth has turned to earth again!

523

Suppose the world to your wish goes, what then?  
And this life's volume read suppose, what then?  
    I take it that you live a hundred years,  
Another hundred add to those, what then?

524

Know'st why the cypress and the lily free  
Reputed are in mouths of men to be?  
    This has ten tongues but silent is and that  
A hundred hands and yet ungrasping she.

522. B. 135. N. 370. L. 671. W. 414. P. 366. F. 9. Line 3 L. reads "Drink wine, for many a rose." Also ascribed to Attar.

523. N. 372. L. 666. W. 415. P. 368. C. 368.

524. N. 373. L. 665. W. 416. P. 369. The word "azada," free, means lily and also cypress.

THE QUATRAINS OF

525

Boy, place within my hand delicious wine,  
The cup as beauty bright, place it in mine.

Give me that which, the foolish and the wise  
As in a chain together doth entwine.

526

Alas! that this my life has passed in vain,  
Forbid each mouthful, no thought free from stain;  
My face made black by God's commands undone,  
Alas! for deeds that He did not ordain!

527

We stay here trusting in Thy grace alone  
Apart from sin or merit of our own,  
For where Thy mercy is, it may be that,  
Not done as done is, done is as not done.

525. N. 374. L. 663. W. 417. P. 370. Also ascribed to Hafiz.

526. N. 375. L. 646. C. page 92 margin. W. 418. P. 371. The Moslem belief is that the wicked will appear at the Resurrection with black faces.

527. N. 379. L. 673. W. 420. P. 375. C. page 95 margin. First quatrain. Ascribed to Ibn Sina (Avicenna).

528

This is the form Thou gav'st my being, Lord!  
And there a hundred marvels dost record;

I cannot better be than this since Thou  
Forth from Thy crucible me thus hast poured.

529

O, thou hast gone, and bent come back again,  
Thy name is lost forever among men,

Thy nails together grown as hoofs become,  
Behind, thy beard a tail is growing then!

530

O, Lord! to Thee great and small worship pay.  
'T is best in both worlds in Thy courts to pray.

Affliction Thou dost take, and givest joy.  
O, Lord! of Thy grace give and take away!

528. N. 380. L. 652. W. 421. P. 376. C. page 93 margin.

529. C. 372. L. 668. W. 423. Addressed to an ass laden with bricks which Omar saw at the maddrassah in Nishapur and which Omar pretended embodied the soul of a former teacher.

530. L. 677. W. 422.

THE QUATRAINS OF

53<sup>1</sup>

Oh, you who to the world's affairs are blind,  
You are naught, for you rest on naught but wind!  
Life's bounds are 'twixt two non-existences,  
And your life's naught, therein whelmed and confined!

53<sup>2</sup>

Each morn I say, "To-night I will relent,  
Nor be on cup or brimming bowl intent."  
Now Spring has come, in time of roses, Lord  
Give me repentance that I did repent!

533

Study of science you had best beware;  
And best hang o'er the tress-tip of the fair  
And ere that Fortune shed your best life-blood,  
Best shed the flask's blood in the cup to share.

531. L. 656. W. 424. C. 364. Blind, lit. ignorant, unknowing.  
Line 4, lit. "And thy life's environs in the midst thereof are naught." C.  
varies in second bait.

532. L. 655. W. 425. C. 363. F. 7. F. 94.

533. B. 131. C. 371. N. 359. L. 670. W. 426. P. 356. N. and  
P., line 1, read "Science and devotion."

OMAR KHAYYAM

534

Can you not, Heart, the riddle's secret gain?  
Nor make the subtlety of wise men plain?

Here make your Heaven with wine and cup; for  
you

The place where Heaven is may,—may not attain.

535

O, cup-bearer! those who have gone before  
Sleep in the dust of pride for evermore;

Go, boy, drink wine and hear the truth from me,  
You'll find but empty wind is all their lore.

536

When at the Loved One's feast, O Heart, you sit,  
Severed from self, you're joined to Self complete,

And when you drain the mortal cup, you are  
Of Being and Non-being wholly quit!

534. B. 143. C. 415. N. 383. L. 733. W. 427. P. 379.

535. B. 140. C. 379. N. 384. L. 687. W. 428. P. 380. F. 26.

C., line 2, "Sleep in the dreams of pride."

536. C. 401. N. 386. L. 704. W. 429. P. 382. A mystical quatrain.

THE QUATRAINS OF

537

Though I am wont with wine enrapt to be,  
Why should the people ever censure me?

Would that all things forbidden made men drunk,  
For ne'er on earth I'd see sobriety.

538

O, thou the offspring of the Seven and Four!  
I know the Four and Seven thou frettest o'er,

Drink wine! for more than four times I've told  
thee

When gone, thou'rt gone! Thou wilt return no  
more!

539

A thousand snares Thou settest in my way,  
And threatenest if I step therein to slay;

Thou mak'st Thy law and me dost rebel call,  
Though nowise is the world free from Thy sway!

537. N. 387. L. 695. W. 430. P. 383. C. 395. Also ascribed to Hafiz.

538. C. 410. N. 389. L. 723. W. 431. P. 385. Four elements, seven planets or heavens. In line 3 L. and C. have "hazar," a thousand, instead of "chahar," four. C. 377 is similar to above and reads, "Saki, how long discuss the Seven and Four? How long the Four, the Seven, the Eight talk o'er? From time to time, O minstrel, sound thy note! Since life flies fast, haste boy, set wine before!"

539. B. 148. W. 432. F. 80. See quatrain 661.

OMAR KHAYYAM

540

O, Thou whose essence wit can never know,  
Who heedest not the good or ill we do,  
    Though drunk with sin, Thy hope doth sober me,  
That is: I trust Thou pardon wilt bestow!

541

Were life but following authority  
Each day in turn a festal day would be.  
    Every one then would grasp his heart's desire,  
Were it not for vain threats of penalty.

542

O, Sphere! you still do thwart my heart's desire,  
And rend apart my festival attire,  
    You turn to dust the water I would drink,  
The air wafted to me you change to fire.

540. N. 391. L. 699. W. 433. P. 386.

541. N. 392. W. 434. P. 387. "Taklid," imitation, in the sense of the blind following of precedent, or authority. If that were all, life were an easy matter. See F. 62.

542. N. 393. L. 701. W. 435. P. 388. C. page 103 margin. I have transposed lines 3 and 4.

THE QUATRAINS OF

543

In gardens why are green grapes sour, O pray?  
When winter comes sweet, wine made sour are they?  
From wood if one a lute make with an adze,  
And it turn out a flute, what would you say?

544

Thou know'st, O Sweetheart, though thou absent be,  
Thou ne'er hast (in this bosom) gone from me,  
Yet none thou sendest nor dost ever ask  
What passeth o'er my head while far from thee.

545

Since odds 'twixt hand and foot I could divine,  
This Fortune base her hand hath closed to mine;  
Alas that Fate will place in the account  
What time I've lived apart from love and wine!

543. N. 425. L. 730. W. 462. P. 420. As if there were no apparent purpose in creation. L., line 4, reads "What of the thicket which grows reeds, then, would you say?"

544. L. 9.

545. L. 86.

OMAR KHAYYAM

546

O, Soul! if from the body's dust set free  
You soar a sprite in Heaven's infinity,  
Which is your mansion, shame upon you, then,  
That you come dwelling on this earth to be.

547

Potter! if prudent, let your hand be stayed!  
How long will you the clay of man degrade?  
Of what think you? thus setting on your wheel  
Feridun's fingers and Kai Khosrau's head!

548

O, rose! thou'rt like that face my heart doth rend!  
Thou wine! that ruby the soul joy doth lend;  
O, striving Fortune thou each moment art  
More strange, and yet thou seemest like a friend!

546. B. 145. C. page 96 margin. N. 394. L. 707. W. 436. P. 389. F. 44. "Dust," line 1, C., N. and P. read "griefs." Also ascribed to Fakhr uddin, to Badihi Salgavandi and Ahmad Budeili.

547. N. 395. L. 711. C. page 99 margin, repeated margin page 100. W. 437. P. 390. Feridun and Kai Khosrau, kings of Persia, the former the sixth king of the Peshdadian dynasty, the latter known as Cyrus. 'Sar,' head, according to L. and C. N. and P. read "kaf," hand.

548. N. 396. W. 438. P. 391. Also ascribed to Ansari.

THE QUATRAINS OF

549

Ah, would there were a place to rest from pain  
Or that the way we might at last attain

After ten myriad years and from earth's heart  
Like new blown verdure might revive again!

550

Since Thou at first to me becam'st a friend,  
Why then thereafter from myself dost rend?

And since Thou did'st not leave me at the first,  
Why here on earth dost keep me to the end?

551

How long, O, friend, with body that doth tire,  
The world to trace with eager foot aspire?

All things that come and pass, depart and go,  
And not one moment suiteth thy desire.

549. N. 400. L. 768. C. 427. W. 442. P. 395. F. 97. "Sad hazar," "a hundred thousand," *i. e.*, ten myriad.

550. N. 399. L. 761. W. 441. P. 394.

551. L. 648. C. 365.

552

I ope'd Love's book, to find an augury,  
At once an ardent one in ecstasy

Cried, "Who at home a moonlike sweetheart hath  
And night year long, ah, glad indeed is he!"

553

With Winter's passing and Spring's coming on  
The leaves of our life's book close, one by one.

"Drink wine, nor grieve" the sage saith, "for  
care is  
Poison and antidote save wine there's none."

554

Last night the cup I dashed against a stone,  
Base was the act, my head with wine was flown.

The cup cried out to me in mystic tone,  
"I was like thee, my case will be thine own."

552. N. 401. L. 762. W. 443. P. 396. C. page 104 margin. "Love's" C. and L. read "Life's book," and L., for "moonlike sweetheart," reads "day like a month."

553. C. 420. N. 402. L. 745. W. 444. P. 397. The Persians say "to consume grief" instead of consumed by grief. Literally to eat grief. See note to quatrain 294.

554. B. 146. C. 403. N. 404. L. 706. W. 446. P. 399. "In mystic tone," "bi zaban-i-hal," in the tongue of the case, that is to say in the language of the occasion, or fittingly, or as a cup might be supposed to speak. This phrase is not infrequent. B. reads, line 2, for "mast" lit. "drunk," "khush," happy.

THE QUATRAINS OF

555

My heart is saddened by hypocrisy  
Saki, arise! and bring bright wine to me.

The prayer-mat and mantle pawn for wine,  
So then my boasts may rest in surety.

556

If thou art wise, thyself examine, see  
What thou did'st bring, what tak'st away with thee.

Thou say'st "I'll not drink wine, since I must  
die."

But drink or no, thou 'lt die for certainty.

557

Door-opener Thou art, then open, pray!  
And since Thou art my guide, show me the way!

I'll not give hand to other hand-takers,  
All fleeting they, but Thou abid'st for aye!

555. N. 407. W. 447. P. 402.

556. N. 408. L. 719. W. 448. P. 403. C. 428.

557. N. 409. L. 726. W. 449. P. 404. C. 413.

OMAR KHAYYAM

558

If remedy you 'd find, then bear with pain,  
Lament not suffering, if cure you 'd gain,  
    And thankful be in time of helplessness  
If aid to end your grief you would obtain.

559

Thou say'st from malice what thou say'st to me,  
And call'st me "Skeptic, atheist!" constantly.

    I am all that thou sayest I confess,  
But pray, is malice well befitting thee?

560

A skin of red wine, book of poesy,  
Bread, a half loaf, enough for life give me,  
    Then sitting in some solitude with thee  
Were sweeter than the Sultan's empery!

558. N. 411. L. 760. W. 451. P. 406.

559. N. 410. C. 419. L. 744. W. 450. P. 405. Evidently directed at some orthodox critic.

560. B. 149. N. 413. W. 452. P. 408. F. 12. Wine and other liquids in the East were transported largely in skins in Omar's day.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

561

How long preach, Saki, of the five and four?  
One problem or a hundred thousand more;  
    We are but earth O, bearer, sound the lute!  
We are but air, Saki set wine before!

562

While bone, vein, sinew this your frame array,  
Strive not to step outside your destined way;  
    Cringe not, although Rustam-i-Zal's your foe,  
Nor boon from friend seek, were he Hatim Tai.

563

Though ruby lips and wine-cup you desire,  
Still following sounds of tabor, pipe and lyre,  
    All these are vain, God knows, and you are naught  
Until you have renounced the world entire.

561. N. 414. W. 453. P. 409. The five senses and the four elements. What are these problems in the face of our mortality?

562. N. 416. C. 421. L. 746. W. 455. P. 411. Rustam, son of Zal, one of the three most famous Persian warriors. Hatim Tai, an Arab chief, the exemplar of hospitality. F. 10.

563. N. 417. L. 755. W. 456. P. 412.

564

O'er Yasin and Barat why Saki, fight?  
The draft Barat within some winehouse, write!  
The day our lot is in the tavern cast,  
That day, boy, shall be as Barat's great night!

565

'Neath Heaven's relentless sphere your patience prove,  
Drink wine! since in a world of woe you move;  
Since your beginning and end are in earth,  
Think now you are not 'neath earth but above.

566

Although affairs to your wish never go,  
Be glad in what the moment doth bestow,  
Since of all secrets, boy, you are the soul,  
Why all this grieving vain and care below?

564. C. 390. N. 415. L. 690. W. 454. P. 410. Yasin, 64th chapter of the Koran. Barat, 9th chapter of the Koran. Barat also means an order or draft, a lot. "Shab-i-Barat," the night of the Lot, commonly called the night of Power. A punning quatrain in which the various meanings of Barat are brought out.

565. N. 418. C. 424. L. 765. W. 457. P. 413.

566. C. 405. N. 419. L. 714. W. 458. P. 414. I follow L. The baits are transposed in the others.

THE QUATRAINS OF

567

Behold where'er I look, lo! everywhere  
Heaven's verdure springs and Kausar's stream is there;  
    And wastes as Heaven are; Hell is gone, you'd  
    say;  
Sit in this Heaven then with a Heaven faced fair.

568

Seek not friends in this house of jugglery,  
Bear you with pain and seek no remedy.  
    My counsel hear and look you do not speak,  
Mid grief sit cheerful, seek no sympathy.

569

Two saws are Wisdom's most essential,  
Of more worth than your lore traditional;  
    Better eat not than taste of everything;  
Better live by yourself than mate with all!

567. B. 151. C. 406. N. 420. L. 713. W. 459. P. 415. B. varies in line 2: "In the garden flows (a stream) from the river Kausar." N. W. and P., in line 3, for "Hell is gone" read "changed from Hell." Kausar, the principal stream of Paradise. The quatrain is a vigorous description of the sudden coming of the verdure of Spring.

568. N. 423. W. 460. P. 418.

569. N. 424. W. 461. P. 419.

570

Do you know why when dawn makes light the sky  
The bird of morning sounds his constant cry?

In morning's mirror 't is to show that from  
Your life a night has passed unheeded by.

571

Give me the ruby, tulip-tinted wine,  
Draw from the flagon's throat blood of the vine.

For save the wine-cup there is not to-day  
For me one friend at heart so genuine.

572

In wisdom though Aristo or Jamhur,  
And though in power Cæsar or Faghfur,

Drink wine from Jam's cup, for thy end's the grave,  
Though Bahram's self thou wert, thy goal's the "gur."

570. C. page 96 margin, also C. 426. N. 426. L. 767. W. 463. P. 421. L. variant but synonymous. Also ascribed to Abu Sa'id.

571. B. 153. C. 418. N. 427. L. 693. W. 464. P. 422. Repeated L. 739. L. varies slightly.

572. N. 430. W. 465. P. 425. Aristo, Aristotle. Jamhur, Buzur-jimihir philosopher of the sixth century and vizier of Nushirwan, famous for his wisdom. Faghfur, the Chinese emperor. Bahram, the celebrated hunter king called, from his fondness for the chase, "Bahram Gur," Bahram of the wild ass, because the pursuit of the "gur," wild ass, or onager, was his favorite sport. Word play is here introduced on the word "gur," grave. See quatrain 10.

THE QUATRAINS OF

573

A potter in his shop I paused to greet,  
And saw the master, foot on wheel, complete  
Covers and handles for his pots and jars  
Wrought from the heads of kings and beggars' feet!

574

Hast sense? In witless ways seek thou to be  
And drink with drinkers of Infinity!  
Art senseless? Then not thine's true ignorance;  
Not every fool attains to ecstasy!

575

Take every care, Beloved, while yet you may,  
The heart's grief of your lover to allay,  
This queendom of your charms lasts not for aye,  
But all at once slips from your hands away.

573. N. 431. L. 698. W. 466. P. 426. C. 398. N., W. and P. read line 3 "for his vessels strong." And L. reads "Frail handles for pots and jars from monarchs' heads for beggars' hands."

574. N. 432. L. 727. W. 467. P. 427. A mystical quatrain. Lose self consciousness in the contemplation of the Infinite. If you are a fool, *i. e.*, incapable, you cannot become rapt in the Infinite.

575. N. 434. L. 717. W. 469. P. 429. C. 400, line 3, reads "For this unstable world abides not with any one."

OMAR KHAYYAM

576

O Love! ere through the Door thy step incline,  
Or potters mould jugs from my clay and thine,  
    Fill thy cup from that flagon of good wine  
That harms not, drink, and then replenish mine.

577

Ere you be drunken with the cup of Death,  
Or fallen low rude Fortune's blows beneath,  
    Some substance gather here, for there, I trow,  
Ill will he fare if naught in hand he hath.

578

Of quick and dead Thou makest the estate,  
And Heaven's distracting wheel dost regulate;  
    Though I am bad, of this slave Thou art Lord,  
Then why blame me, since me Thou did'st create?

576. C. 392. N. 433. L. 692. W. 468. P. 428. The baits of this quatrain are reversed in C. and L. I follow N. and P. L. 12 and L. 680 (19 and 658 in this translation) are similar.

577. N. 435. L. 756. W. 470. P. 430.

578. N. 436. L. 700. W. 471. P. 431. C. page 109 margin.

THE QUATRAINS OF

579

O, wine so pure and O, so crystalline!  
So much I'll drink in this mad state of mine  
Of thee, that all who see me from afar  
Will cry, "Whence dost thou come, O Master Wine?"

580

A Shaikh to harlot, "You are drunk!" said he,  
"Each moment caught in some fresh snare!" Said  
she,  
"All that you say I am, O, Shaikh, I am;"  
"But you, are you such as you seem to be?"

581

If Earth rolled in the gutter like a ball,  
When drunk and drowsed, a grain I'd rate it all.  
Last night they pawned me at the inn for wine,  
"A fine pledge thou!" the taverner did call.

579. N. 439. L. 741. (A slight variant in lines 1 and 2.) W. 472.  
580. N. 441. L. 709. W. 473. P. 435.  
581. N. 442. W. 474. P. 436. C. 394.

582

Sometimes concealed, Thou show'st Thy face to none,  
Again Thou dost existent forms put on ;

    This splendor to Thyself Thou dost reveal,  
Thou art spectator, spectacle in one !

583

If Earth's face populous thou mad'st to be,  
Than to make glad one heart 't were less in thee ;

    To bind one freeman in the bonds of love  
Were better than a thousand slaves to free !

584

If knowing, thou for pleasure of thy heart  
Dost make a soul at peace with grief to smart,

    Go, thy misfortune bear and mourn thy wit  
Thy life long, for a wondrous fool thou art !

582. N. 443. L. 705. W. 475. P. 437. C. 402. F. 52.

583. N. 444. L. 747. W. 476. P. 438. Also ascribed to Abu Sa'id  
and to Ala-ud-daula Sem-nani.

584. N. 446. L. 766. W. 477. P. 440. C. 425.

THE QUATRAINS OF

585

Whene'er there comes to hand two maunds of wine,  
To drink in all assemblies ne'er decline ;

For whoso does thus, sets his spirit free  
Of such as thy moustache or beards like mine !

586

If bread you have made from the grain of wheat,  
Two maunds of wine, a mutton joint for meat,

In some nook sitting with fair Tulip-cheeks,  
Not every Sultan hath such joy complete !

587

They call you bad if in the city known,  
Suspect, if you in corners sit alone,

Though Khizer or Elias you should be,  
Better of none be known and to know none.

585. B. 156. C. 393. N. 447. L. 694. W. 478. P. 441. L., B. and C. read, in line 3, "For He who made the world," etc.

586. B. 155. C. 397. N. 448. L. 697. W. 479. P. 442. C. and L., line 3, for "Tulip cheeks" read "moon faced one." B., line 2, reads "a gourd of wine."

587. N. 449. W. 480. P. 443. C. page 107 margin. "Khizer," see quatrain 330. You are called "bad," if a man about town, if reserved and abstracted in manner you are apt to be regarded as a dissembler or not quite right mentally.

588

Ours be dawn draught, beloved and wine, Saki!  
True penitence shall not be mine, Saki!

Saki, how long wilt preach of Noah to me?  
Bring thou that light heart's ease of thine, Saki!

589

I'm powerless; to join thee I aspire  
And in thine absence I can scarce respire.

My grief I dare not tell to any one.  
O vexéd case! rare passion! sweet desire!

590

'T is hour of dawn-draught and of cry, Saki!  
Here in the vintners' street am I, Saki!

What place for piety is this? Peace! Drink!  
Traditions leave! Devotion fly! Saki!

588. N. 452. L. 679. W. 481. P. 446. C. 378. C. 375 is similar:  
"Especially at the time when thou and I, O Saki! Drink oft below upon  
the green, O Saki! How long concern thyself o'er this, O Saki? In  
pleasure 't is that life is spent, O Saki!"

589. N. 453. W. 482. P. 447. To the beloved.

590. N. 454. L. 685. W. 483. P. 448. F. 3. C. 386. "Cry," see  
note to quatrain 678.

THE QUATRAINS OF

591

Idol, whose step brings joy! 'T is break of day!  
Set wine before and sound a tuneful lay,  
For this Tir coming and departing Dai  
Ten myriads cast to earth like Jam and Kai!

592

Pray treat not drinkers with severity,  
Nor to the worthy show austerity.  
Drink wine! for whether you drink wine or no,  
If doomed to Hell in Heaven you'll never be.

593

Would God the world in other fashion frame!  
And now that I might see to what it came!  
Either mysteriously increase my store,  
Or else from off His roll remove my name!

591. C. 404. N. 455. L. 712. W. 484. P. 449. Tir, April. Dai, December, *i. e.*, Spring and Winter. Jam, Jamshed. Kai, Kai Khosrau, Cyrus.

592. N. 456. L. 736. W. 485. P. 450. C. 417.

593. N. 457. W. 486. P. 451. F. 98. I transpose lines 3 and 4.

OMAR KHAYYAM

594

Lord, ope to me the door of daily bread!  
Without men's aid into Thy presence lead!

Keep me so flown with Thine own wine, that I  
From witlessness have not an aching head!

595

O, burning, burning, burnt, O, thou to be  
Consumed in fires of Hell made bright by thee!

How long "Have mercy, God, on Omar!" say?  
For who art thou to teach God clemency?

596

Rejoice! for yesterday thy lot fixed They!  
Secure from all thy clamors yesterday!

Be jocund! for They, lacking thine accord  
Did yesterday thy morrow's fate array!

594. N. 458. L. 731. W. 487. P. 452. C. 412.

595. N. 459. L. 769. W. 488. P. 453. A triple curse apparently aimed at his orthodox enemies. F. Introduction.

596. B. 152. C. page 101 margin. L. 702. W. 489. B. reads for "clamors," line 2, "wishes," and L. reads, line 4, "Did yesterday appoint thy burial place to-morrow!" F. 74.

THE QUATRAINS OF

597

I'd ne'er have come, could I have had my say,  
If mine were going, when should I go, pray?

Were it not better in this world of dust,  
Neither to come, nor be, nor go away?

598

A flask is man, the soul as liquor bright,  
A pipe the heart, the voice therein, the sprite.

Know you what man of clay is, O, Khayyam?  
A magic lantern, and in it a light!

599

To all churls something you give, Sphere on high!  
Warm baths, mills, watercourses you supply,

The upright pledge their goods for evening bread,  
Perhaps you'd give a puff for such a sky!

597. L. 732. B. 157. W. 490. C. 414. See quatrain 481. L., line 3, for "in this world of dust" reads "in this ruined retreat."

598. C. page 103 margin. W. 491.

599. B. 142. W. 492. See quatrain 616. Line 4 is freely translated.

OMAR KHAYYAM

600

About a potter's shop I chanced to stray,  
At every breath with axe he beat away  
    At earth; if dullards see not, I perceive  
In every potter's hand my fathers' clay.

601

With wine and love, O Heart, by garden side,  
Dissemble not nor in pretence abide;  
    If thou liv'st worthily thou shalt drink wine  
From that Fount where Murtaza doth preside.

602

Continually by lust of sense beset,  
Thy noble soul thou constantly dost fret;  
    Know'st thou not that the ruin of the soul  
Are these desires on which thy heart is set?

600. L. 721. W. 493. F. 38. C. 409.

601. N. 403. L. 770. W. 445. P. 398. Murtaza, Ali, the celestial  
cupbearer, the Prophet's son-in-law.

602. L. 708. W. 496.

THE QUATRAINS OF

603

O Fortune! in thine acts confessed to be  
Within Oppression's cell a devotee,

Thou givest base men wealth, the good unrest,  
Save these two is nor pearl nor pottery.

604

Thou essence of four elements! To me  
A word list from the world of mystery,

For demon, angel, beast and man are joined,  
Yea, thou art all thou dost appear to be.

605

Would you that all mankind approve of you?  
Accepted of the many and the few?

Speak ill of none, so be in good repute  
With true believer, Christian and with Jew.

603. L. 716. W. 495. C. 408. Line 4 means apparently that all mankind is included in these two classes. C., line 3, "To some you give wealth, to others unrest." C. and W., line 4, read "Is this from folly or decrepitude?"

604. L. 757. W. 497. Man in his varied aspects.

605. L. 737. W. 498.

606

O, Sphere! say truly what I've done to thee,  
That in Life's race thou curb'st me constantly?

I get no bread till driven from street to street,  
Nor even water save dishonorably.

607

No longer vainly grieve! Live happily!  
And in Life's devious path, do equity!

And since the end of worldly things is naught,  
Think you are naught, and from concern live free!

608

Where's Badakhshan's red lip, that ruby rare?  
That fragrant wine which frees the soul from care?

They say "Wine is forbidden Mussulmans."  
Drink then! nor grieve! The Mussulman is where?

606. L. 735. W. 499. The above is not literal. More closely it runs as follows: "O, sphere, say truly what I've done to thee, that in the race thrown constantly at slow pace I am; thou giv'st me bread, but not until thou hast driven me from street to street; thou dost not give me water, save for water of my face," (*i. e.* at the expense of my honor.) "Ab-zarui," meaning "honor," lit. "water from the face."

607. B. 150. L. 729. W. 500. Line 2, lit. "And in a way that is without justice, do thou live with justice."

608. N. 357. C. 360. L. 628. W. 399. P. 354. Badakhshan, noted for its rubies. Here red wine is meant. Where is he who does not drink wine? L., line 3, for "They say" reads "Although."

THE QUATRAINS OF

609

Last night on marge of stream I did recline  
With shapely fair and flask of rose-hued wine,  
    Before us placed a shell, for whose pearl, forth  
Dawn's herald came, so brightly it did shine.

610

By Reason's dictates you should live; it may  
Be so to do that you know not the way,  
    Your master Fortune, hence, his whip in hand  
Thus strikes your head that you learn to obey.

611

Love's infidels, not Mussulmans we are,  
And ants are we from Solomon afar.  
    Seek from us sallow cheeks and garments torn,  
Elsewhere's the muslin seller's gay bazaar.

609. N. 333. W. 373. P. 330. Shell, the wine glass. Pearl, the wine. A truly Oriental extravagance that the wine should be so bright as to deceive the dawn crier.

610. L. 602. W. 388.

611. N. 55. L. 47. W. 58. P. 55. Solomon, the greatest, the ant, the least of creatures. See Koran, XVII. Also ascribed to Jalal uddin Rumi.

OMAR KHAYYAM

612

Nothing but smoke by this sect's fire is made,  
And hope of weal from any is gainsaid;  
    Compelled by hand of Fate, I lift my hands  
And clutch the skirts of men but find no aid.

613

Though people call me lewd continually,  
I'm guiltless, 't is their fancies fixed on me;  
    On me in law-breaking! O, good folk, naught  
I've done save drinking and debauchery!

614

O, Heart! suppose all worldly wealth your own,  
Goods fill your home and bright caparison,  
    Live blithely in this house of Life and Death,  
Suppose these few days resting—and then gone!

612. C. 105. N. 74. L. 224. W. 76. P. 74. An attack on his pious enemies. N. and P. begin "Of my sins' fire," etc., line 3, for "Fate's" read "men's." Also ascribed to Siraj uddin Qumri.

613. C. 91. N. 88. L. 159. W. 90. P. 88. Line 4 is freely rendered.

614. N. 199. P. 198. See quatrain 286. Ascribed to Shahi and Akifi.

THE QUATRAINS OF

615

Wine is a liquid ruby, flask the mine,  
The cup the body and the soul is wine;  
    That crystal goblet laughing with its juice,  
And yet like tears that heart's blood doth enshrine.

616

Something, O Sphere, to every churl you give,  
To some, mills, houses and the means to live;  
    The upright (live) mid drones who set up shop,  
'T were well, O Sphere, could we these gifts receive!

617

Ten myriad Musas Sinai hath seen,  
And Time ten myriad Isas that have been;  
    The palace stands ten myriad Cæsars passed,  
The dome that watched ten myriad Kasras, e'en!

615. L. 58. B. 39. W. 105. L., line 2, reads "The cup thy eye and its soul is wine."

616. L. 728. See quatrain 599. Line 4, lit. "'T were well O, Sphere, that of these things thou to us, too, did'st give!"

617. L. 144. W. 121. 'Time endures but life is short. Musa, Moses; Isa, Jesus. Kasra, Khosrau or Cyrus. "Sad hazar," a hundred thousand, *i. e.*, ten myriads.

618

Thy being from Another's doth proceed,  
Another's passion doth thy passion breed;  
Go, and within Thought's collar draw thy head,  
For by thy hand Another's hand is hid.

619

From lore to cup your bridle turn, inclined  
To Kausar and leave Heaven and Hell behind;  
Your muslin turban sell for wine, nor fear;  
A muslin shred then round your forehead bind.

620

They are but fools who worship mats for prayer,  
Since they Hypocrisy's hard burden bear,  
And strangest Islam they sell and are worse  
Than heathen, since Devotion's mask they wear.

618. Blochmann. W. 131. Literally this quatrain is as follows: "This thy being is Another's being, and this thy passion (drunkenness) is Another's passion. Go, draw thy head into Thought's collar, for this thy hand (or forearm) is but the sleeve of Another's hand."

619. N. 102. W. 132. P. 102. Give up learning (theological) for life's pleasures. Think of Kausar's fount of nectar (wine) but give no other thought to the future. Sell the emblem of dignity (the turban) for wine and be content with a shred of muslin in its place.

620. C. 158. N. 114. L. 392. Directed at formalism in religion. W. 143. P. 114.

THE QUATRAINS OF

621

Happy the man who hath been all unknown,  
Nor corslet, mail, nor woolen garb doth own,  
    And who haunts not earth's ruins like an owl,  
But like Simurgh to highest Heaven hath flown.

622

The worth of rose and wine sots know alone,  
To narrow hearts, close fists it is not shown  
    Excusable in fools is ignorance,  
The joy of these delights to sots is known.

623

The Heavenly Sage thy secrets all doth see,  
Doth, hair by hair and vein by vein, know thee.  
    Grant with deceit that men thou may'st beguile,  
How deal with Him since all things knoweth He?

621. C. 181. N. 140. L. 362. W. 163. P. 140. Happy is he who has lived in retirement, being neither soldier nor Sufi (wearer of wool), nor posing as a recluse, but like Simurgh (a fabled bird, si-murgh, literally, thirty birds, so called because of its size) seeking the highest.

622. N. 141. C. 112. L. 231. W. 164. P. 141. "Delights" L. reads "wine." Also ascribed to Razi, and to Nimat allah Kirmani and Ansari.

623. C. 110. N. 158. L. 250. W. 177. P. 158. Also ascribed to Rumi.

OMAR KHAYYAM

624

To prayer and fasting when my soul inclined,  
Methought attained the wishes of my mind ;  
    Alas! a half wine-draught annulled the fast,  
And my ablution a mere waft of wind.

625

To rose-faced fair inclines my very soul,  
My hand grasps constantly the brimming bowl,  
    With every part my lot I will enjoy  
Before my parts seek union in the Whole.

626

A love that passeth, no real value shows,  
And with no warmth, like fire half-dead, it glows ;  
    The lover true, for months, years, day and night,  
Recks not of sleep nor food, ease nor repose!

624. C. 147. N. 162. L. 366. W. 180. P. 162. F. 93. The ablutions which precede prayer are subject to very precise rules to ensure their efficacy and that of the prayer. A half-draught of wine broke the poet's fast. So after the ablution any interruption of nature annulled its force. Apparently aimed at formalism in religion.

625. C. 170. N. 163. L. 349. W. 181. P. 163. F. 44. Second edition. Pantheism.

626. B. 71. N. 164. L. 294. W. 182. P. 164. "Passeth," line 1, "Majazi," passing, worldly, superficial, profane, as distinguished from true or Divine love.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

627

Though rich, the toper comes to poverty,  
And stirs the world by his debauchery.

That emerald in my ruby bowl I'll pour  
That I may wholly blind Care's serpent eye.

628

How many in research a night till morn  
Ne'er toiled! How many a fool fine clothes adorn!

How many ne'er set foot beyond themselves!  
How many a reputation soiled and torn!

629

Each dawn when dew's the tulip's face o'erflow  
The violet in the garden bendeth low,

Indeed the rosebud gives me joy, although  
Round herself closely she her robe doth throw.

627. C. 192. N. 183. L. 333. W. 198. P. 183. Also ascribed to Malik Shams uddin. Emerald, "zumurrud," which Nicolas explains is hashish, possibly because of the use of the word "hukka," casket, box or bowl, or pipe, but emerald may just as well mean wine in view of the peculiar use of the various color names by the Persians meaning wine, as "la'l," ruby, "mima," glass-like or blue, "sabza," green, as in quatrain 857, where the latter word is played on in various senses. The emerald is believed by the Orientals to possess the power of blinding serpents.

628. C. 179. N. 184. L. 266. W. 199. P. 184. Also ascribed to Magribi Tabrizi, Rumi and Ansari. Line 1, lit. "How many for one night are not borne to day-break in research!" and line 4, "How many a good name made infamous!" The first line apparently alludes to Omar's astronomical studies.

629. B. 82. L. 271. W. 210. Line 4, the closed petals of the bud. L. has "ghussa," grief, for "ghuncha," rosebud, in B. Line 3, lit. "Indeed, from the rosebud joy comes to me," and L., lines 3 and 4, "Indeed, from Grief to me Joy comes If the skirt of self one draws together."

630

If Heaven deny me peace, come war alone!  
And if good name I lack, be shame my own!  
The cup of wine as ruby red-bud, see!  
Who drinks not, for his head behold a stone!

631

With cypress-slender maid, more freshly fair  
Than new plucked rose, wine cup and rose leaves  
share,  
Ere Death, as 't were the vesture of a rose,  
With sudden blast thy robe of life shall tear!

632

More useful we than you, City Mufti,  
With all this drinking soberer are we;  
The blood of men you drink, we that of grapes,  
Be just, how can we more bloodthirsty be?

630. C. 260. N. 254. L. 478. W. 294. P. 253.

631. C. 266. N. 257. L. 488. W. 298. P. 256. Literally, "With one of cypress stature more fresh than the harvest of the rose, Set not from hand wine cup or skirt of the rose, Ere suddenly from Death's blast your garb of life becomes as the garb of the rose!"

632. C. 286. N. 264. L. 526. W. 307. P. 263. Mufti, an expounder or doctor of Mohammedan law, here a magistrate. An allusion to the selling of justice by Muftis.

THE QUATRAINS OF

633

One hand on Koran, on the cup one hand,  
We now to law incline, now toward things banned,  
Nor skeptics quite nor Mussulmans complete  
Beneath this dome of turquoise hue we stand.

634

Without pure wine I cannot life sustain,  
To drag the body's load I strive in vain;  
I am that moment's slave when Saki says,  
"Yet one more cup!" and that I cannot drain!

635

What boots the coming, going of the race?  
And life's woof found, where will you life's warp  
place?  
Consumed so many pure men, turned to dust,  
Where in Heaven's dome is there of them a trace?

633. C. 288. N. 315. L. 527. W. 347. P. 314. Line 4, N. has "kham," untried, L. has "fam," colored, and W. "rukham," marble.

634. C. 285. N. 460. L. 521. W. 360. Line 2, L., "Without the cup to drag," etc.

635. B. 130. C. 355. N. 351. L. 624. W. 393. P. 348. Line 3, B. reads "So many delicate hands and feet, the world consumes to dust," etc., "men," lit. "jasm," bodies, L. and C. have "jan," souls. Also ascribed to Afzal Kazi and to Hafiz.

636

I could repent of everything but wine!  
And every other aid I could decline;  
I never could turn Moslem, and this juice  
From quarters of the Magians resign!

637

Earth's kitchen smoke consuming why remain?  
How long o'er "Is" and "Is not" fret in vain?  
A great loss to its people is the world;  
That loss abjuring, you'll enjoy all gain.

638

Seek not at night the people's hearts to smite,  
Lest nightly they pray God their wrongs to right;  
Nor riches, beauty, trust, for those the Fates  
May bear away, and this,—this very night.

636. N. 377. L. 764. W. 419. P. 373.

637. B. 144. N. 397. L. 710. W. 439. P. 392. B. varies in lines 3 and 4, and is not wholly clear. "Would'st thou have a capital that decreases? The capital who will consume since thou consumest the gain?" You are too much concerned with the world. Why fret about it? Think of higher things.

638. N. 398. W. 440. P. 393. Nicolas says that this quatrain alludes to the methods of despotic government in the East, where midnight arrests of suspects and the confiscation of their property are frequent, and whose agents respect neither youth nor beauty. Line 2, lit. "Lest they cry out 'O Lord!' at dead of night."

THE QUATRAINS OF

639

Pure ruby wine's the jewel of our soul,  
With loud lament we put aside the bowl,  
For so much wine's atop the wine we've drunk,  
We're over wine and yet in wine's control!

640

Drink wine, for thy soul's ease 't will ever be,  
For wounded heart and soul thy remedy;  
If Sorrow's deluge would engulf thee, then  
Seize thou on wine, 't is a Noah's ark to thee!

641

The world's a breath, and I a breath alone!  
How many breaths can one draw in but one?  
Grateful for life, rejoice! This faithless world  
Ne'er steadfast did abide with any one!

639. L. 14. C. 2. C. reads for "pure," line 1, "ruby." Line 1, lit. "From pure wine the ruby has become our jewel." "Jewel," essence, soul, and line 4, lit. "Wine is over us and we over wine."

640. L. 91.

641. L. 751. "Nafs," breath, moment.

OMAR KHAYYAM

642

Debauched, to wine and tavern we repair ;  
Hopeless of Mercy, naught for Pain we care,  
Soul, heart, cup, raiment filled with dregs of wine,  
We 're freed from earth and water, fire and air !

643

Those who the pearls of Learning thread in thought,  
With fluent speech have of God's nature taught,  
But none the clue's end of the Secret knows,  
At first they prated, then they slumber sought !

644

Life's length beyond three-score seek not to trace ;  
Nor, save drunk, anywhere thy foot to place ;  
And ere thy skull they make into a bowl,  
Set not from back thy jar, from hand thy glass !

642. B. 7. See quatrain 53. Line 1, lit. "We are here with wine, tavern and debauched bodies."

643. L. 325. Quatrain 273 is somewhat similar. W. 226, variant, in line 3, "Since ne'er expert in Heaven's mysteries." F. 65.

644. L. 647. N. 362. W. 407. P. 359. B. 138 varies in line 1 and reads "As life advances lay not (thy course) from its aim." And L. begins "The thought of life beyond," etc.

THE QUATRAINS OF

645

The world's no place of joyance nor of rest,  
The wise man to be lost in wine were best;  
    On Sorrow's fire then wine for water throw,  
Ere wind in hand you sink into Earth's breast.

646

O, Sage, mere hope's the morrow's prophecy,  
And boast of fortune mere insanity;  
    To-day is like its fellows wise men know,  
For the whole world a single Soul must be.

647

Wine is good though called bad in God's command,  
And sweet 't is when in youthful loved one's hand;  
    'T is bitter and forbid, yet sweet to me;  
For always things are pleasant which are banned.

645. L. 93. Lost "kharab," syn. ruined, drunk. Wind in hand, *i. e.*, empty handed. Here used to complete the reference to the four elements.

646. L. 73. The Vedantic doctrine of an all pervading, self-existent essence.

647. C. 46. L. 68. "God's command," "shar'," Divine law.

OMAR KHAYYAM

648

If one as Houri fair by marge of lea,  
In Springtime sweet a brimming cup give me,  
    Though men this speech deem bad, if then I call  
On Heaven, than I a dog would better be!

649

When my heart gets no solace for its pains,  
My soul the lip but not its end attains;  
    My life reaches its goal unconsciously,  
But ne'er the tale of love its object gains.

650

The bowl of Heaven of heart's delight is bare,  
I know not in this world who's free from care,  
    And since no soul can live apart from death,  
What profit in a fruitless world is there?

648. B. 25. L. 96. See quatrain 133.

649. N. 144. P. 144. Nicolas says "My soul the lip," etc., means  
"I am about to die." Ascribed also to Attar.

650. L. 85. Death is ever impending.

THE QUATRAINS OF

651

What profit can there be in grieving vain?  
Many like us hath Heaven seized and slain;  
    The cup fill! set it in my hand to drink!  
Quickly, for it doth everything sustain!

652

Thirsting, a cup my hand doth ne'er attain,  
Nor doth my foot a solid basis gain,  
    My heart is disappointed in its hopes,  
All objects of its cares unreached remain.

653

Like drop in mighty stream, like desert blast,  
Another day from our lives flieth fast;  
    However two days' grief I reckon not,  
The day to come and that already past!

651. L. 389. C. page 32 margin, also repeated C. 162, the baits transposed.

652. L. 388.

653. L. 84. B. 20. C. 48. See quatrain 58. F. 57.

OMAR KHAYYAM

654

Why art thou proud of house and fine array,  
Since but a tale is this life's outcome? Nay,  
The wind's thy spouse, yet tapers thou would'st  
light;  
Why build thy dwelling in the torrent's way?

655

Life's worn-out garb will ne'er be new again,  
Nor worldly courses run as thou would'st fain;  
Care's goblet broken then becomes Joy's cup;  
Quaff wine in cups then, nor Care's goblet drain!

656

Though drink has torn my veil, while life have I,  
Wine I'll not leave. I'm in perplexity  
Concerning those who deal in wine, for they—  
Better than that they sell, what will they buy?

654. L. 661.

655. L. 374. Care's goblet broken becomes a cup of Joy. Lines 3 and 4 are transposed. C. 185 in part.

656. B. 62. See quatrain 257. F. 95.

THE QUATRAINS OF

657

How long shall I make bricks upon the sea?  
I tire of temple and of devotee;

To-night I'll pass with silver-bosomed maids,  
What's Heaven or Hell? Loved one and wine give  
me!

658

Pour, Saki, musky red juice of the grape!  
That we in wine contention may escape;

A jug pour of this vintage ere the time  
That potters from our clay their goblets shape!

659

Now Ramazan is come, wine's season's done,  
Clear wine, our simple wont we've quite foregone,  
And all the drink we've stored remains untouched  
While uncaressed go our loves every one!

657. L. 214. See quatrain 158.

658. L. 680. C. 380.

659. N. 66. W. 69. P. 66. The last line is freely translated. The quatrain is apparently ironical.

OMAR KHAYYAM

660

On Fortune's hem alluring young and old,  
Untrammelled by your load at once take hold;  
    But if your hand for the emergency  
Be short, give o'er, for long's the tale when told.

661

Two hundred snares on all sides Thou dost lay,  
"It is thy loss, if thou step'st in!" dost say,  
    Thou set'st the snare, and all who step therein,  
Dost catch and call rebellious and then slay!

662

Thou ever bring'st to me O Destiny!  
Sorrows and still to others remedy;  
    In peace what have I left undone for thee?  
In war what is there thou dost not to me?

660. L. 614. C. 344.

661. N. 390. See quatrain 539.

662. L. 584.

THE QUATRAINS OF

663

Since Life moves on, what matters sweet or sour?  
What Balkh or Baghdad when the cup brims o'er?  
    Drink wine! for oft this moon from new to full,  
From full to new will pass and we no more!

664

What time my heart with youthful ardor wrought,  
Few of Life's secrets were unknown, methought;  
    Now when I look about in Reason's way,  
My knowledge is as if the known were naught.

665

Give me wine which to my bruised heart doth prove  
A balm, boon friend to those who mope for love;  
    Better, I hold, the dregs of but one draught  
Than the world's hollow skull Heaven's dome above!

663. B. 47. C. 109. L. 229. N. 105 (variant, see quatrain 181).  
F. 8. C., for "Drink wine," reads "live blithely."  
664. L. 265. See quatrain 191.  
665. B. 37.

666

Wine jar and lover's lips in blossomed dell  
Have filched thy credit and my cash as well ;  
The human tribe to Hell or Heaven is pledged,  
But whoe'er came from Heaven or went to Hell?

667

Each vow we make we break again. The door  
Of Fame and Shame shut on ourselves once more.  
Blame me not if I act beside myself,  
For I am drunk with Love's wine as before.

668

My heart no odds 'twixt bait and snare divines,  
Toward mosque and cup alternately inclines ;  
In taverns better, wise with wine and love,  
Than be a fool the cloister wall confines.

666. B. 45. Lab-i-kisht, margin of the sown field, garden verge, blossomed dell. See quatrain 28.

667. B. 93. C. page 94 margin. N. 381. L. 653. P. 377. L., N. and P. read "wholly" for "once more."

668. B. 117. Line 2, lit. "One counsel is toward the mosque, another toward the cup." Wise, "pukhtah," lit. cooked. Fool, "kham," lit. raw, or "the raw." "Love," *i. e.*, loved one. Line 4, lit. "In a wine-house, *cooked*, better than in a monastery, *raw*."

THE QUATRAINS OF

669

That spirit which is called pure wine, they say  
Will grief of desolated hearts allay:

“Good water” why do they “bad water” call?  
Quickly some cups well filled by me array!

670

Is wine rose red, the cup water of rose  
Whose crystal casket a pure ruby shows?

Rubies dissolved in water it may be,  
And moonlight be but sunlight veiled, who knows?

671

Wine-cup and tankard take, O dearest Love!  
Joyous through blossomed mead by stream's marge  
rove;

Many dear ones are turned a hundred times  
To cups and jugs by vengeful Heaven above!

669. B. 104. The word-play here is on “ruh,” spirit, and “rah,” wine, “kharab,” desolate, and “khairab,” good water, “sharr ab,” bad water, and “sharab,” wine. Why do they call what is in fact a very good water, “sharab,” wine?

670. B. 92. “Magar,” *i. e.*, may be or who knows. A trivial quatrain but an odd conceit.

671. B. 147. See quatrain 468 (N. 354, L. 625). I have used the passive form in the last lines. Vengeful, “badkhui,” ill tempered. In line 2 “khush khush bikharam,” content, sweet and with grace (or joy), literally.

OMAR KHAYYAM

672

Reproach not drinkers, while you can refrain,  
Avoid pretence and idle talk restrain;

    If henceforth you desire a peaceful life,  
The very humblest people ne'er disdain.

673

When all uprooted is my being's tree,  
And scattered wide become the parts of me,  
    If then they make a flagon of my clay,  
When filled with wine alive at once 't will be.

674

Since Heaven's wheel never to thy wish hath run,  
Would 'st thou eight Heavens or would 'st thou seven  
    count on?

    There are two days that never trouble me,  
The day to come and that already done.

672. B. 3. So bear yourself as not to provoke controversy.

673. C. 163. N. 115. L. 391. P. 115. F. 89. See quatrain 373.

674. N. 42. (See L. 201.) P. 41. "Seven," etc., Nicolas says that this is a reference to a controversy whether there existed seven or eight Heavens. See quatrain 686.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

675

Wine drinking 's frowned on in society,  
Nor harp, nor flute, nor love at hand may be,  
    And revellers all have ceased wine worship, save  
The Muhtasib who 's drunk continually!

676

I've a breath left, thanks to the tapster's pains,  
Yet among men nothing but discord reigns;  
    Not one maund more is left of last night's wine,  
But I know not what yet of life remains!

677

Fret not o'er worldly cares while you've the power  
Nor brood upon the past or coming hour;  
    Drink sweet wine in this halting place and pour;  
Live to yourself! though you have treasured store.

675. L. 220. C. 103. The Muhtasib is a sort of chief of police, one of whose duties is the suppression of drinking. Written ironically or at a time of some "Reform" movement.

676. N. 461. L. 221. Reflections of the day after. L., line 2, reads "In the company of life," *i. e.*, In the world.

677. L. 226. C. 107.

OMAR KHAYYAM

678

Where's minstrel, wine? The cry of morn that I  
May give. He's glad who doth the dawn-draught  
ply.

There are three things in this world sweet to me,  
A head wine-flown, sweetheart and morning cry.

679

The rose' sweet scent a thorn-prick's worth, 't is true;  
If wine you drink, a headache 't is worth, too.

The loved one who delights a thousand souls,  
Is worth awaiting, give her but her due.

680

Saki, to part, in grief I'm perishing,  
Where you go to your hem my hand shall cling;  
You go! A thousand hearts are grieved. Come  
back!  
For you ten myriad souls the offering!

678. C. 108. N. 104. L. 227. P. 104. The cry of morn, a cry or call  
or refrain of drinkers in the early hours of the morning, and apparently  
a custom.

679. L. 233. C. 114.

680. L. 177.

THE QUATRAINS OF

681

Boy, earth hath oft grown gay with rose and green,  
That but a week before mere dust had been;

    Drink wine and pluck the rose for while you look,  
Rose turns to dust and green to refuse, e'en.

682

The morning draught of clear wine, boy, give me;  
Give wine to those wrought to its ecstasy;

    And tell a crumbling world we're lost, enrapt  
Within this Tavern of Mortality!

683

Leaving the world of dust, my dust I strew;  
A hundred friends and foes I leave and go.

    I, with your when and why have no concern,  
So that in peace I go and strewing do.

681. L. 175.

682. L. 664.

683. L. 187.

OMAR KHAYYAM

684

Parcht Earth hath washed her cheek in vernal rain,  
Time when thy broken heart grows whole again.

See! Cheeks of down, grass-plot and wine!

Come, fool!

For from thy dust the grass will spring amain!

685

Many a one hath lived ere thee and me,

That earth's four quarters hath made fair to see.

Thy body soon turns dust, for thousand times  
Embodied elsewhere hath been dust of thee!

686

Since ne'er the Sphere turned as the sage is fain,  
Would you the seven Heavens or the eight explain?

Since Death comes, wishes unfulfilled, as well  
Devoured by ants in tomb as wolf on plain!

684. C. 98. L. 213. C. transposes lines 2 and 4, and for "wine" reads "a cup." "Nu ruz," the Persian new year's day, at time of vernal equinox, *i. e.*, Spring.

685. L. 208. C. 94.

686. L. 201. C. 85. See quatrain 674. Since death will come before earthly wishes are satisfied, one form of death is as good as another.

THE QUATRAINS OF

687

When bulbuls mid the flowers make melody,  
Wine like the tulip in my hand must be,  
    Rather than ignorantly, "Such a one  
The cup in hand hath ta'en!" they 'd say of me.

688

One should not in the heart plant Sorrow's tree  
But read the book of Gladness constantly.  
    One should quaff wine and seek his heart's desire,  
For it is clear how long on earth you 'll be.

689

The cup of rosy wine in rose time drain!  
To melody of pipe and lute's soft strain;  
    I tipple and rejoice; what should I do?  
Go! bite the dust! if you from wine refrain!

687. C. 88. L. 204. People will say I drink whether I do or not; therefore, lest they speak ignorantly, I will drink.

688. C. 180. N. 147. L. 281. P. 147. The lines are transposed in L.

689. N. 209. P. 208. "Bite the dust," lit. "eat stones," an expression of contempt. See note to quatrain 294. In last line literally "if wine thou drink not."

OMAR KHAYYAM

690

Whole nights pass that we close our eyelids ne'er,  
For when we breathe not, dawn will oft appear;  
    Up then! and let us drink ere day, to set  
The foot of Pleasure on the head of Care!

691

'T is dawn, arise, O Source of grace! and drain  
The bowl of wine and sound the lute's soft strain!  
    For those who sleep (like thee) not long remain,  
And they who 've gone will ne'er come back again!

692

'Mid tavern revellers I am chief of all,  
From acts of worship I to sin did fall,  
    And I am he who all night from strong wine,  
With heart a bleeding unto Allah call.

690. C. 298. N. 293. L. 547. P. 292. Lines 2 and 4 are transposed in N. and P. The word play is on the various meanings of "dam," breath, instant, break (of dawn). Line 4, N. and P. for "Pleasure" read "Separation," and transpose lines 2 and 4.

691. C. 230. N. 235. L. 431. P. 234.

692. C. 283. N. 292. L. 520. P. 291. "Heart," lit. "liver," see note to quatrain 387.

THE QUATRAINS OF

693

In this world where each breath we draw in pain,  
'T were best we breathe not save the cup to drain.

When dawn breaks, rise and drink all day, for when  
We've ceased to breathe, dawn oft will break again!

694

Our heads are turned by grape-juice constantly,  
There's naught save wine cups in our company,  
Your preaching cease, O foolish votary!  
To worship wine and loved one's lips we're free.

695

Pregnant with life that goblet's frame behold!  
Like jasmine that should purple buds enfold  
Nay, I do err, since wine (to be quite nice),  
Is water that a liquid fire doth hold!

693. N. 295. P. 294.

694. C. 308. N. 307. L. 558. P. 306. Line 4, literally "We are worshippers of wine and loved one's lips at will."

695. N. 324. L. 599. P. 321. Arghavan, purple, also the redbud or judas tree, whose blossom is red. Also ascribed to Baha-uddin and to Asgadi Marvi.

OMAR KHAYYAM

696

Deceitful women's chatter do not hear;  
From those well bred take grape juice sparkling clear.

Those who have risen one by one have gone,  
But none gives token of returning e'er!

697

Sots, lovers, wine adorers we all are,  
And lounging, tavern quarters ever share;  
Seek reason not from us for we're enrapt,  
From good and bad, surmise and fancy far.

698

Although the Fates make earth fair to thine eyes,  
There is one view wherein agree the wise;  
Ere They take thee, thy share take, for like thee  
Many depart, many will come likewise!

696. N. 343. L. 600. P. 340. Deceitful, lit. ready to turn or move.  
"All things to all men." L. for "risen" reads "adorned."

697. N. 378. L. 649. P. 374.

698. L. 247. C. 119.

THE QUATRAINS OF

699

How long from man's injustice shame sustain?  
Of cruel Fortune's fever bear the pain?

Arise! nor drink Care's cup, if you be man,  
The Feast 't is, come! while rose-hued wine we drain!

700

Up, up! O Saki, from that bed of thine!  
Give, give! O Saki, pure juice of the vine!

Or e'er They flagons make from our head bowls,  
From flagon into bowl do thou pour wine!

701

The cup of wine is better with my love,  
And tearful eye when she from sight doth rove;

Since this base world will not keep faith, in it  
To be o'ercome by wine doth better prove.

699. C. 271. N. 281. P. 280. Cruel, lit. "birang," colorless. Line 3, literally "Drink not earth's griefs," etc. See previous note on use of word "khurdan," to drink.

700. N. 406. P. 401.

701. C. 215. N. 205. L. 407. P. 204. "O'ercome," "Mast o kharab," drunk and lost, or ruined; colloquially, "dead drunk." C. 226 is not dissimilar; it reads "'T is the season of youth. Youth is the best; With lovely boys that cup of wine is best; This fleeting world, since it was laid waste without water; In the tavern place a tavern crowd is best."

OMAR KHAYYAM

702

Drink to your sprightly charmer's visage fair  
The cure when bitten by the asp of Care;

I quaff, rejoice, 't is well! What should I do?  
Go! Get you hence, if grape-juice you drink ne'er!

703

Let not things still to come blanch your cheeks' hue,  
Nor present things your breast with fear imbue;

And reap your harvest in this wicked world  
Ere Fortune's favors are withdrawn from you.

704

Toward limpid wine be my inclining still,  
To viol's note and flute's melodious trill;

If potters fashion from my clay a jar,  
May juice of grapes that vessel ever fill!

702. N. 213. P. 212. "Get you hence!" lit. "Feed on dust!"

703. C. 252. N. 239. L. 457. P. 238. Line 2, lit. "Make your gall to break." Line 4 varies and may be translated "'Ere Time closes thine eyes' and L. 'Ere Time draws its sickle.'"

704. C. 281. N. 299. L. 518. P. 298. Line 2, lit. "My ear to flute and viol constantly."

THE QUATRAINS OF

705

That day when vine-juice bides not in my head,  
Time's proffered cure would poison be instead;  
    World's care is poison, wine its antidote,  
I drink the cure, since I the poison dread.

706

You are excusable if you strive o'er  
That which you eat and drink of this world's store;  
    All else mere trifles weigh, have then a care  
Lest your dear life you sacrifice therefor.

707

If roses be not ours, let thorns suffice!  
And night, if for us no dawn's light doth rise;  
    And if our beads, prayer rug and Shaikh we lack,  
With bell and church, the zone their place supplies.

705. C. 280. N. 280. L. 516. P. 279. In line 1, L. has "That day when I lack liquor of the vine."

706. L. 763. C. page 107 margin. Beyond the necessities of life, strife is unworthy. The simple life.

707. L. 39. Nearly identical with quatrain 339.

OMAR KHAYYAM

708

Glance on the friendless, Saki, for God's sake!  
Do you the idol of our senses break!

Life's water for God's love, then bring to us!  
Moonstruck are we, in union to partake!

709

In ruin haunt, with song and juice of vine,  
Heart, faith, and mind and soul we pawn for wine;  
With heads awlirl, wine built atop of wine,  
The structure left but bubbles is in fine.

710

O Heart, seek not kind rule from Destiny,  
Nor from Time's turning, high or rich to be;  
Seek you to ease your pain? It doth increase;  
Bear suffering and seek no remedy!

708. L. 21.

709. L. 30. See quatrain 53.

710. L. 26.

THE QUATRAINS OF

711

To this age wherein we both come and go,  
Beginning, end nor boundary doth show;  
    No one can speak the truth upon this point,  
For whence we come and where we go, none know.

712

Life's mystery as 't is in our book enrolled,  
Our secret since 't would wrong, may not be told;  
    Since midst unknowing men none worthy is,  
Not all can be revealed our minds enfold.

713

Though thy head ache, the cup fill of that wine  
Which still another life doth add to thine,  
    Give it to me! But tales are earth's affairs!  
Haste now! for passing is this life of mine!

711. L. 45. W. 508. C. page 8 margin.

712. L. 50. C. page 28 margin. See quatrain 96.

713. L. 53. C. 59. C. reads "that to thy spirit adds another life" and, line 4, "for thy life, oh boy, passeth!"

OMAR KHAYYAM

714

We've traversed many a vale and desert plain,  
Nor did from all our search one need attain;  
    If unkind Fortune once in my life gave  
Aught good, 't was in an instant gone again!

715

Give, boy! that wine which is the world's delight;  
Which to Joy's rose is as the moonlight bright!  
    Haste, for the fire of youth as water flows  
And Fortune's waking is a dream of night!

716

'T were strange if war 'gainst us the Heavens on high  
Wage not, and if our heads with stones not ply;  
    The Cadi who sells trust-funds, wine to buy,  
'T were strange 'gainst him should mosque-schools  
    raise no cry.

714. L. 60. See quatrain 178.

715. L. 90. See quatrain 99.

716. L. 101. The Cadi or Cazi, a magistrate who might well be supposed in a position to administer trusts for pious or educational purposes. Omar here makes a drive at the corruption of the magistrates.

THE QUATRAINS OF

717

Wine, boy, to me is knowledge and good name,  
Although to fools drinking be sin and shame;

Without it since man's business comes to naught,  
Knowledge alone should be man's only aim.

718

Since idly pass yester-fore-yesterday,  
And go alike toils, cares, joy and dismay,  
To-day whate'er befalls you, still be gay,  
For as this secret comes, cares pass away.

719

Boy, 't is a world of gloom! the cup prepare!  
Yet save thy face no well of life is there;  
Of life, soul and whate'er is in the world,  
Praised be the Prophet! but for thee I care?

717. L. 117. Line 2, lit. "In drinking those without knowledge sin."

718. L. 112. When the "secret," *i. e.*, the futility of taking thought, comes (takes possession of us) cares take flight.

719. L. 116. "Gloom," "zulmat," darkness, obscurity, the region of shade whence flowed the water of life.

OMAR KHAYYAM

720

How long grieve I that from this old cell here  
Nor head nor body things to me appear?

Ere I bind on my load to leave this house,  
Saki, give wine, for that alone can cheer.

721

Your being from the worthless you should hide,  
Your secret to all fools should be denied,

See you be careful how you deal with men,  
Your hopes to all men you should not confide.

722

Art thou no hunter? Of the chase ne'er prate;  
O'er aught uncalled for venture not debate;

With thine eyes the Traditions keep in sight  
When graybeards would have thee the truth relate.

720. L. 610. "Old cell," *i. e.*, the world. How long shall I fret because I find worldly affairs are so perplexing.

721. L. 640. See quatrain 96.

722. L. 611.

THE QUATRAINS OF

723

This dust was of Bokhara's sage's way,  
(A man of high distinction in his day.)

Here where you now set foot, think certainly  
Some mighty hero's hand, this piece of clay!

724

Saki, since life's a breath, a cup give me!  
If joy an instant last, enough 't will be;

Since naught befalls to any one's desire,  
Be glad of whate'er from Fate comes to thee.

725

Bear thou with pain and live contentedly,  
And from the bonds of Avarice be free;

Seek not aggrandizement of self, nor grieve,  
Lean not on less than thou, live joyfully!

723. L. 121. Sage, Mohammad Ismail al Bokhari.

724. L. 125. "Life," line 1, literally "the world's affairs."

725. L. 742.

OMAR KHAYYAM

726

Saki, my heart's aflame with yearning vain,  
Return, for you're the leech for lovers' pain,  
    Life-giving hope to me is in your step,  
And while life's left doth hope with me remain.

727

Saki, my heart that knows not joy for woe,  
Save wine-cups this world's pleasures doth not know;  
    Give wine, for morning's breath this life revives  
And none save Christ knows what it doth bestow.

728

Why, Saki, after Heaven this longing vain?  
Save wine and thee what can in Heaven remain?  
    We have both here and there too, better than  
Thyself and wine what do both worlds contain?

726. L. 127.

727. L. 129. The life-giving powers of the breath of the Messiah are celebrated throughout the East.

728. L. 128.

THE QUATRAINS OF

729

O boy, 't is pleasant and the moon doth shine,  
A point of dogma's Heaven, so give us wine.

You know that Death like lightning, harvests  
burns,  
Which whilst you look your harvest burns and mine.

730

I said still will be true the faith of thee  
To its first aim from all eternity,  
And yet as earth's foundation stones infirm  
I know, O mine eyes Light, thy faith will be!

731

Thy moon-cheek, Saki, life for all I find,  
Enchanting me, bewitching every mind!  
O, sun-like! liquid sunshine's not so fair!  
And not alone to me but all mankind!

729. L. 140.

730. L. 156.

731. L. 154. The comparison of the face of the beloved to the moon in its contour and radiance is a frequent Oriental extravagance of figure, the comparison to the sun less frequent. Line 3, lit. "O, sunlike! sun in water (or sun in liquid) is not sweet!" *i. e.*, wine. Wine even is not so desirable as the cupbearer's beauty.

732

Bearer! my ancient friend is good old wine,  
My faith's life with the daughter of the Vine.

They say faith and wine-drinking ne'er agree;  
I drink wine for wine-drinking's faith is mine.

733

I fear, grieving for you, who's not? O, who,  
Saki? Nor knows my patience your cheek's due?

By Heaven I swear that you are my desire  
And in my heart dwells none save only you!

734

Saki, a glance! for my heart's reft by care;  
The lion-like have empty left the lair:

Thou bowl of Heaven with bubbles foam'st each  
night,  
But now it is my turn, the bowl is bare.

732. L. 176. Line 2, lit. "Without the daughter of the vine life nor faith of mine is." The above is Lucknow, 1894. There is some variation in lines 3 and 4 in the other editions.

733. L. 173. Who knows not that it is the tribute due to the cheek of beauty that the lover should be patient.

734. L. 165. Line 1, "For the heart from care is empty." Lion-like, *i. e.*, lion-like men. The poet complains that Heaven however bountifully supplied is niggardly toward him.

THE QUATRAINS OF

735

Know why I ne'er to penitence incline?

It is because 't is lawful to drink wine:

It is forbid indeed to the profane,  
Be adepts' drinking on this head of mine!

736

A liquid life is flowing in the bowl,  
That spirit flows in its embodied soul;

'T is frozen water filled with liquid fire,  
A ruby mine in crystal cups doth roll!

737

I'll lay no brick, but foot on tile will press,  
And henceforth wine by garden verge possess;

I'll not burn for each trifle, nor is 't well  
Life to the last with evil to distress.

735. L. 609. Adepts, people of the secret.

736. L. 621. A description of wine.

737. L. 752. "Khisht," means brick or tile, also applied to the cover of the jar. Apparently I will not trouble myself about habitations or memorials but stand by wine. I will not allow myself to be vexed easily nor is it well that I should pass my days in fretting because of evil. Line 2, lit. "Henceforth I and wine and garden verge."

OMAR KHAYYAM

738

O, friend come! and the morrow's care allay,  
And this cash moment treasure while we may;  
Our sins exist not save by His command,  
Then why should we fret o'er the Coming Day?

739

Arise, come sweep the hand o'er the lute's frame!  
Again let's drink wine and strike name on shame;  
When wine we quaff in taverns let us drink,  
And on stones smite the glass of shame and fame!

740

We'll grasp the faithless loved one's garment hem,  
Drink wine and good name will we clash with shame,  
And sell the prayer-rug for a single cup,  
Squander and shatter on the stones, fair fame!

738. L. 561. Line 1, lit. "O friend come and consume not grief of the morrow."

739. L. 564. C. 312.

740. L. 565. C. 313.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

741

How many patched and rotten dolts there be  
Who tread not paths of truth and purity!

How many boasters caught by foolish prate  
Mar names of good repute with infamy!

742

He who of faith's hope doth unworthy seem,  
As water clear this doubtful point doth deem,  
To make God's prescience the cause of sin,  
To men of sense seems ignorance extreme.

743

The sage drinks not Care's draught of grieving vain,  
And naught save brimming cup on cup doth drain.

Let grief be in the heart so wine's in flask,  
But plague take him who grieves, nor wine hath ta'en!

741. L. 248. Evidently directed in part at the patched and pious dervish.

742. Lucknow edition of 1882, page 34. See quatrain 14.

743. L. 255. See previous notes on the Persian use of the verb "khurdan" to consume. Lit., line 4, "But plague take him who consumes grief (*i. e.*, is consumed by grief) and consumes not wine!"

OMAR KHAYYAM

744

With naught save reason in its way agree,  
Accept no bad friend when good friends there be;  
    Be of contented mind nor self contained  
If thou would'st have the world approve of thee.

745

No rose doth Fortune uprear from the clay  
But she doth break and then in dust doth lay:  
    If just as clouds raise water they raised clay,  
'T would rain blood of the great till Judgment Day!

746

Quaff wine! for grief from thy soul it doth bear,  
The thought of both the worlds and all their care;  
    Choose flowing fire! for Life's water 't is,  
That when thou art but earth lifts thee in air!

744. L. 300.

745. L. 274. Another reading of lines 3 and 4 is, "If dust and water she as clouds upraise, the blood of great men she hath ever shed," *i. e.*, If she upraise common clay, ordinary people, she also sheds the blood of the great.

746. L. 304.

THE QUATRAINS OF

747

Those who lead lives of abstinence, all say  
That just as men die even so rise they,  
For this we persevere with love and wine,  
That They may raise us up in the same way.

748

The Feast has come and things will be made right,  
Pure wine, boy, will be poured in goblets bright,  
Prayer's bridle and the halter of the Fast  
From asses' heads they 'll loose the Festal Night.

749

Cheer up! for new the Festal moon will glow,  
And none in his affairs a need will know.  
O, Saki! if you give us wine or not,  
Know that the heads of all will be laid low!

747. C. 134. L. 307. Let us insure a continuance of earthly joys.

748. L. 314. At the end of Ramazan, the fasting month, comes Shawwal, with its feast.

749. L. 317. The end of the fast of Ramazan is marked by the new moon of Shawwal. This quatrain begins like one in the Calcutta MS., No. 186, which is as follows: "Cheer up! the Festal moon will come again! And every good means pleasure to sustain, The sallow moon, crook-backed and thin become, You'd say 't would sink beneath its load of pain." F. note.

OMAR KHAYYAM

750

In death's hour when my case the Fates array,  
No idle words at my bed let them say.

When men set at my grave a tile, be sure  
That they with wine (not water) shape its clay.

751

If of this life one instant is left thee,  
Let it not pass except in gaiety.

Beware! for this world's capital is life  
Which thus drawn on, soon passed away will be.

752

Outcast my body poor away doth wear,  
The home's sweet converse it hath tasted ne'er,  
My life doth pass and knows no time of joy.  
The recompense of my term will be where?

750. C. 195. L. 318. Line 1, lit. "In the season of death when They (*i. e.*, the Fates) make or cause my affairs to come."

751. L. 319. C. 196.

752. L. 323. Line 4, "term," *i. e.*, my time of servitude on earth, my life.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

753

Alertness, joy and vigor rise from wine,  
Where drought and cold rise in that soul of thine.

If thou quaff (rosy) wine, thou 'lt be like it;  
Herb eating doth the cheek with sallow line.

754

A man should be, and necessarily,  
From crown to sole in pain, and constantly  
Love's lesson he should ever study o'er  
And as dust in the Friend's street should he be.

755

A fever holds my bones, for sick am I,  
And abstinence from wine my life doth try;  
Behold this wonder, whate'er I consume  
In sickness all save wine's my injury.

753. C. 208. L. 327. Drink wine and be ruddy like wine, lead the life of an ascetic, eating "sabza," green or herbs, and you will become sallow faced.

754. L. 322. For love one should suffer every pain and for the Divine love be as dust in the Divine presence.

755. L. 328. C. 187.

OMAR KHAYYAM

756

Youth has gone, horse and foot, and now to me  
Life bitter is, though that wine's essence be,  
    This body once as arrow straight is bent  
As bow I've strung with staff drawn joyously.

757

The month of Ramazan as it comes this year  
On Wit's foot is a shackle hard to wear:  
    O mighty God, make people negligent,  
So that they may think that Shawwal is here!

758

You should seek with grape's nectar, love's embrace  
Far from the world some streamlet's marge to grace,  
    Like roses though life's joys last their few days,  
One should wear smiling lip and cheerful face.

756. L. 463. C. 255. Apparently, my body has become as a bow, bent, but the operation has proved a pleasant one to me. The body bent as a bow, the staff carried representing the string.

757. L. 331. C. 190. The Moslem months being lunar, Ramazan, the fasting month, comes periodically in the hot weather when the fast throughout the long and hot period from daybreak to dusk is particularly trying. Shawwal, the fasting month's successor, is ushered in by feasting. Assuming Omar to have been born about 1040 A. D., Professor William E. Story, of Clark University, has computed that this quatrain was probably written in the period from 1098 to 1103.

758. L. 348. Line 3, lit. "last but ten days."

THE QUATRAINS OF

759

Since ne'er doth hand the hem of longing gain  
Nor to the heart's desire the soul attain,  
    Give me a glass and go, for cup unmixed  
To none comes from yon turquoise bowl to drain!

760

For down that nestles on the loved one's face  
Think not diminished is her loveliness,  
    The rose in her cheek's garden is adorned  
With verdure for the spirit's pleasure place.

761

'T is base sin now to friendship to pretend,  
Where is man's love? and where a noble friend?  
    The skirt 't is better to draw in with all,  
And distant speech and greeting to extend.

759. L. 368. Fate gives no favor unalloyed.

760. L. 369. The down on the cheeks of women is esteemed a beauty by the Persians. It is called "sabza," verdure.

761. L. 506.

OMAR KHAYYAM

762

Mere dregs within Love's path the purest are;  
And in its quest the great as small compare;  
    To-day is as to-morrow, night and morn,  
Who seek the morrow die in its despair.

763

Since 'gainst my will the Pen my fate doth trace,  
Why then its good and bad upon me place?  
    Yesterday like to-day regards us not,  
To-morrow why cite us the Judge to face?

764

I will drink wine the while my life shall be,  
Though my world's harvest show deficiency.  
    O, world's soul! in this world I'll gaily live!  
How know I if the next world be for me?

762. L. 371.

763. L. 372.

764. L. 382. C. 161.

THE QUATRAINS OF

765

The foe who ever evil in me spies,  
Doth surely not see with a vision wise ;  
    Into the mirror of himself he looks,  
And that dead form takes hue from his own eyes !

766

Evil a good man should not countenance,  
Nor should one troubled be for sustenance ;  
    Ill motives should not be a guide in faith,  
Nor should one boast himself in excellence.

767

A need to man is learning, people say,  
In high position ancestry need they ;  
    Now ancient things are naught, 't is gold one  
    needs,  
So sordid are the people of our day.

765. L. 373.

766. L. 375.

767. L. 385.

OMAR KHAYYAM

768

Excuses for the love of thee abound,  
Many enrapt of thee thy pæans sound;  
    Why draw the sword of thy glance killing us  
Since for us there are many lashes found?

769

Th' eternal secrets revellers know alone,  
The wine cup's power to close-fists is not shown;  
    Though my case you deem strange, there's no  
    doubt that  
The sot's case is by drinkers only known.

770

Those ancient things and those things that are new  
Each one by one its end attains unto,  
    For this base world abides with none for aye,  
They pass and others come and follow, too.

768. L. 384. To the beloved. Lines 1 and 2, lit. "There are many excuses for love of thee, Those drunken for thee (sound) many a song." Apparently the contemplation of the eyelashes of the adored is quite sufficient for the poet without the obligation of being the target for her deadly glances.

769. L. 394. See quatrain 622.

770. L. 241. C. page 31 margin.

## THE QUATRAINS OF

771

The zealot's sackcloth I will put away ;  
With whitened locks the wine cup I'll essay ;  
My life's reached seventy years, if I do not  
Rejoice this moment, ah, when shall I, pray ?

772

“ From lip to jar's lip what dost thou divine ? ”  
Quoth jar “ It means that my lip is like thine ; ”  
“ At last, when like my being thou'rt no more,  
By God's decree thy lip becomes as mine ! ”

773

Those who in learning's matters would excel  
Alas! the burden ox they'd milk as well,  
Better the dress of folly they put on,  
For now for wisdom, wine-dregs they would sell!

771. L. 387.

772. L. 259. C. page 50 margin. “ Lib-bar-lib ” means lip to lip, also brimming. The word-play here is on “ lib,” repeated in various ways. The apparent meaning is, The reason we press the cup to our lips is that our lips and its are alike of clay. However beautiful the lip of the beloved, it too, is but clay like the lip of the jar, like the lip of the lover.

773. L. 365.

OMAR KHAYYAM

774

Thy tresses mock the musk of all Cathay,  
To thy red lip the soul's attuned for aye,  
The cypress to thy stature I've compared,  
Exalting the straight cypress from that day!

775

Old Sphere! each day of thy course, the palm tree  
Of my joy is uprooted quite by thee;  
'T is strange those undeserving thy snare-place,  
No one should tell, "'T is dangerous, let be!"

776

The loved one's ruby lip press close, O wine!  
Since this that thou dost hold is superfine:  
Cup, be content from tulip-wine to part,  
Since with heart's blood it brings her lip to thine!

774. L. 376.

775. L. 583. "Snare-place," *i. e.*, the world.

776. L. 106.

THE QUATRAINS OF

777

Suppose all worldly needs be granted you;  
And life well rounded, gained the term's end, too;  
    You say, "I'll strike hand on my heart's desire."  
You cannot; if you can, suppose you do!

778

Since 't is man's lot here in this world forlorn  
To yield his life, the soul by sorrow worn,  
    Happy his heart who never here drew breath,  
At peace the one never of mother born.

779

Suppose by Fate thy head exalted be,  
Life's joys possessed in their entirety,  
    Whate'er thy heart can wish of gold and gems  
Enjoyed suppose, then passed away from thee!

777. L. 413. C. 222.

778. L. 409. C. 217.

779. L. 415.

OMAR KHAYYAM

780

I said "Again I quaff not rose-hued wine,  
Blood I drink not, and 't is blood of the vine."

An old man said, "Do you speak honestly?"  
Quoth I, "I jest when drinking I decline."

781

Though in whatever course I wing my way,  
For love of thee whatever I essay,  
The tears ne'er for a moment cease to flow,  
Until some other point my eyes survey.

782

Thou art come to perform thy sovereignty,  
Bethink thyself, quit this depravity;  
Naught yesterday, to-morrow thou 'lt be naught,  
'T is clear to-day what will be done by thee.

780. L. 511. C. 279. Line 4, lit. "Quoth I, 'I jest when I drink not.'"  
781. L. 576. Seemingly whatever I attempt Fate forces me to abandon.  
782. L. 597. C. 337. Thou art come to exercise thy rights as a man.

THE QUATRAINS OF

783

Beyond man's lot here, naught can we discern,  
It is no easy task this truth to learn;

Drain then one draught of this pure wine, until  
No more God's creatures give thee no concern.

784

If I no headache got from last night's wine,  
Drinking by daylight ne'er were choice of mine.

Sayest thou then "Choose thou to drink by day?"  
Day drinking ne'er to fortune doth incline.

785

Suppose earth, pole to pole, in gold array,  
And hundred golden stores and gems display;

And at the last these treasures like the snow  
Three days lain on the waste, then passed away!

783. L. 336.

784. L. 283. C. 125.

785. L. edition 1882, page 56. (C. 223 variant.) See quatrain 286.

OMAR KHAYYAM

786

Lord, Thou hast graced that love-exciting fair  
With hyacinthine, amber-scented hair,

Then bid'st us not look on her! This command  
Is just like saying, "Hold awry! Spill ne'er!"

787

They say, I'm a wine worshiper, I am.  
Notorious and reveller, I am.

Regard not much my outside for within  
Such as I am (as they aver), I am.

788

In stress and search we've fallen night and day,  
Put in confusion, up and down we stray;

Nothing our travel yields save further pain,  
And naught remains at last save the Long Way.

786. L. 441.

787. L. 507. C. 276. C., line 2, reads "Lover and drunken fellow,  
I am."

788. L. 432. The Long Way of Death.

THE QUATRAINS OF

789

When dead, nor food nor sleep's required by thee,  
These Four Mates will bring thee to beggary;

Each what he gave thee will take back again,  
Till as thou wert at first thou com'st to be!

790

O, friend! In this vain life be not forlorn,  
Nor bootless, worry in this world outworn!

When Life is past, Non-Being disappears,  
Take heart! Nor fret about that world unborn!

791

O learned doctor! if there's sense in thee,  
Look not on worthy folk with enmity;

They talk of the Creator and His works,  
Thou of blood courses and obscenity!

789. L. 436. "These Four Mates," the elements.

790. C. 225. L. 421. Lit. "Consume not grief." With death will disappear all concern and speculation as to the future.

791. C. 224. L. 422. Addressed to some theological disputant who exalted ceremony and ritual, particularly that pertaining to uncleanness, apparently. "Obscenity," lit. "other foulness."

OMAR KHAYYAM

792

You've neither wit nor worth, O Sphere on high!  
The welfare of the worthy you pass by;

You give to grasping men treasures and gems;  
Sphere that protects the weak, well done! say I.

793

O, base wheel! vile and full of treachery!  
Thou ne'er dost turn as any would have thee!

O wheel, thy wont the No-ones, Some-ones thus,  
And Some-ones, No-ones oft doth make to be!

794

If I the leaf of life from sorrow turn,  
Wine's laugh I'll cause to bubble in the urn.

Arise! let brimming wine-cups circling pass,  
Perchance I'll overcome the world's concern!

792. L. 406. Last line is apparently ironical.

793. L. 452.

794. L. 500.

THE QUATRAINS OF

795

How long wilt thou oppress me, wheel on high?  
For God's sake use me with more lenity!

I'm all afire each instant and yet thou  
My burning breast with melted salt dost ply!

796

The pure face, that from soiling is quite free,  
A new-come guest in this dust world must be.

Give wine! thou co-mate of the morning draught  
Ere they say "Eventide God bless to thee!"

797

Sphere, in thy dizzy madness lure not me!  
Think of my vain boasts, thy humility;

I weary of my grief and poverty,  
And of this my own being constantly!

795. L. 480. C. 263.

796. L. 476. C. 262. "Thou co-mate," etc., the cup-bearer. Line 4 apparently means "Before they say prayers for thee, being dead."

797. L. 466. Dizzy madness, "bad-masti," intoxication.

OMAR KHAYYAM

798

Heed not, Heart, warnings of thought-taking vain;  
Give up anxiety! the wine cup drain!

Be free, yet bound as one who worships wine,  
So man become and thus perfection gain.

799

Love in his pleasant toils hath taken me;  
"Since I have come, get out of this!" said he,  
In short, disturbed by him, my heart so burns,  
Fire fuel, fuel fire is come to be!

800

From others, Heart, to seek things banned, beware!  
Live cheerily, to ease thy soul from care!  
Sitting apart, endure thy grief thyself,  
And with thy friend desire the cup to share!

798. L. 484. C. 267.

799. L. 465. C. 257. Line 1, lit. "Love in this affair hath caught me most pleasantly." "Get out of this," lit. "do thou draw thy foot out," *i. e.*, Be thou beside thyself for love, and line 4, My heart is so aflame that flame and heart are all one.

800. L. 460. L. (1882), page 61, reads lines 1 and 2, "O, heart, seek not of others a remedy for thyself and for the heart pains of thy sorrowful self, cheer up!"

## THE QUATRAINS OF

801

Quaff sparkling wine with fair one at thy side,  
From foes' oppression far, with sweetheart bide!

Sit with a smooth-cheeked maid and self forget;  
And doff the robe of vanity and pride!

802

Counsels of prudence O Heart, never heed!  
Let self like Him from bonds of sense be freed!

Sit at the Feast of Meaning's kalenders;  
Quaff wine! Live gaily and be free indeed!

803

Drink! nor thy practice nor thy theory  
But God's mercy and grace protecteth thee.

That stupid sect that ne'er partakes of wine  
All squint-eyed cattle thou may'st count to be.

801. C. 246 in part. L. 458. C. transposes lines 1 and 2, and reads in lines 3 and 4 as follows: "Frequent the quarters of the intelligent And from the worthless vulgar turn aside!"

802. C. 247. L. 459. Rise above mere materialism.

803. L. 487.

OMAR KHAYYAM

804

The Feast 't is! come! the rose-hued vintage drain  
To murm'ring harp and lute's melodious strain!

With loved one, light of heart, a moment sit  
And, heavy measure, drink and yet again!

805

O Heart! deceivers' sophistry ne'er heed,  
That pure wine mind or faith harms. If you need  
Ease in your heart and vigor in your soul,  
Quaff wine to music in some rose-gemmed mead!

806

Each mote on Earth's face that hath been ere now  
Was once a sunlit cheek or Venus brow;  
Blow the dust gently from your loved one's face,  
For that was once love's cheek and ringlet too!

804. L. 560. C. 310. The word-play is on "garan," heavy, and "sabuk," light, and is sufficiently obvious.

805. L. 493. "Deceivers," lit. "the people of deceit," *i. e.*, the Orthodox Moslems.

806. W. 501. From the *Firdaus ut-Tawarikh*.

THE QUATRAINS OF

807

Ere at Fate's hand we drink the Draught of Pain,  
To-day with one another wine we'll drain;  
For the Death Angel in our passing hour,  
To drink e'en water will no quarter deign.

808

Wine old and bitter I drink all I can,  
And e'en ere Friday nights in Ramazan,  
The grape itself made lawful, in the jar,  
Lord, make not bitter, drinking it to ban!

809

Together clasp we hands in amity,  
On Care's head set the foot of Gaiety;  
Arise we and breathe deep ere break of dawn,  
For dawn will oft break when no more breathe we!

807. L. 545. C. 295. "The Draught of Pain," *i. e.*, the cup of Death.

808. L. 548. C. 299. Ramazan is the fasting month and Adina, or Friday, the Moslem sabbath. To drink wine at such time would be especially impious. Omar here complains of the distinction made between the grape and its daughter, wine.

809. L. 513. C. page 84 margin. The word-play here is on various meanings of "dam," breath, break of day, etc. In line 3, "dami zanem," lit. "we strike breath," to breathe, hence to sing, possibly to sound the "morning cry," *i. e.*, to drink.

OMAR KHAYYAM

810

The zealot's coat on wine-jar tops we bind,  
Ablution we've to tavern dust confined,

The life we lost in mosque schools, yet perchance  
Within the wine-house precincts we may find!

811

Like fire though we mount Heaven's infinity,  
Than flowing water though more pure we be,

Into the earth we go for we're but dust,  
The world's but air! Give wine, the while drink we!

812

O Lord! though limitless the sins I do,  
Against my youth and soul and body too,

'T is that I have entire faith in Thee  
If sinning, I repent and sin anew!

810. L. 531. Ablution, a mocking reference to the permission given to use dust in the ceremony of ablution in the absence of water for the performance of that rite. Quatrain 383 is somewhat similar.

811. L. 541. C. 319.

812. L. 542.

THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

813

I fear that since the world we 'll ne'er regain,  
We 'll never gather with our friends again :

While living let us profit by to-day,  
We to such moments may no more attain.

814

Though wine to Faith and Law be contrary,  
From fretting o'er the past it doth free me :

Know'st Thou why wine I love thus? 'T is because  
An instant freed from self I live with Thee.

815

Lord, at my low estate I'm in distress,  
With my sad heart and empty-handedness,

Since life Thou mak'st from naught, from naught  
bring me  
Into the being of Thy Holiness!

813. L. 557. C. 307.

814. L. 543.

815. W. 503. From the *Firdaus ut-Tawarikh*, which states that this was Omar's last utterance in verse.

MINOR AND  
OBSCURE QUATRAINS



## Minor and Obscure Quatrains

The following quatrains are given here only for completeness. Some of them are apparently patched fragments, some are obscure in English, partly because abounding in subtleties in which the Oriental delights. Some illustrate word-play, a feature of Persian poetry, but all possess a certain interest for the student of Khayyam, though many may be spurious.

816

Since Pleasure's steed in Thy way we have prest,  
No moment known unfilled by mirth and jest,  
Alas! 't is as the door not known by us,  
At some thief's haunt that we had made our nest!

817

In hand a flowing sword there is for me,  
Through which will ever be my victory;  
My foe's heart constantly with envy burns,  
To me a cup for wine his skull would be!

818

Blood comes forth ever from my saddened heart,  
And from the eye like tear-drops it doth part,  
Blood from my eyelashes no marvel is,  
For underneath from thorns the rose doth start.

816. L. 501. C. 273. Line 2, lit. "With pleasure and mirth a moment not filled have we known." The poet laments his folly, that in the search for pleasure he has missed true happiness. C. transposes lines.

817. L. 8. "Sword," *i. e.*, wine, lit. "a sword like water," "tigh chu ab." Some read it "tigh juab," "a sword answers." "Tigh" has a wide variety of meanings, light, heat, etc. My foe is overthrown, his head in the clay will soon become clay for my wine cup!

818. L. 370. This quatrain reminds one of C. 326. Quoth Rose, "Thus now am I come, In truth, putting forth in darkness, It may be mixed with blood, Since from the Rosebud's heart I come."

# THE QUATRAINS OF

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

819

My ill repute transcends the Heavens high,  
My precious life hath thirty years passed by;  
'T is little joy since youth hath passed away,  
To grasp a hundred cups successively.

820

Thy curl to nestle o'er thy face desires;  
That rebel Turk uprising still inspires;  
Thine eye within thine eyebrow's prayer-niche sits,  
Rapt infidel! to Imamship aspires!

821

As in Reproach's vale I fain would go,  
And tend in others' wrong a glance to show,  
From this rule when earth's ways I see, 't is well  
To draw the skirt in and the world forego.

822

He who so featly could proportion thee,  
Ever hath power to crush thine enemy.  
"Who flagons makes no Moslem is!" they say.  
To Him who shapes the gourd thy praises be.

819. L. 171. "Heavens," lit. "throne and canopy." "Youth," lit. "nuptial feasts," *i. e.*, the time of youth.

820. L. 162. The eye compared to the Imam or prayer-leader sitting in the arched Mihrab or prayer-niche.

821. L. 147. As the world's ways are those of backbiting and censure, best keep to yourself.

822. L. 351. C. 172. Line 1, lit. "That Being who through power shapes head and face." Allah hath shaped the gourd for a flagon which relieves Moslems of the need of making them.

# OMAR KHAYYAM

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

823

Go not this way, thence springs Duality,  
Or if not, from such wandering it may be;  
Thou 'lt ne'er be He, but if thou strivest hard,  
Thou 'lt reach a place where thyself parts from thee.

824

He is no man whom people all despise,  
Yet they count good, fearing his injuries;  
The drinker who withholds a generous hand,  
Is a mean chap in every drinker's eyes.

825

From this ass-tribe what dost thou profit, pray?  
Why learning they 'll not buy of thee purvey?  
Not once a year they 'll give stream-water, but  
Thine honor filch a hundred times a day!

826

I have no mate in this controversy,  
My own lament my bosom friend will be;  
Though since mine eye is ever filled with tears,  
I 'll end my grief before my grief ends me.

823. L. 347. Go not the way of the negation of Unity. Vedantic and very obscure.

824. L. 3. C. 6. F. 86 second edition. Line 1 may be read "He is no man who despises people" and lines 3 and 4 "A good fellow who is open-handed in generosity, Good fellows hold him worthy of support." These readings are given me by a Persian gentleman whose scholarship entitles him to consideration. The Lucknow varies in lines 3 and 4 and may support the translation in this note.

825. C. 145. L. 361. Word-play on "ab-i-jui," stream water, and "ab-i-rui," face water, meaning honor.

826. L. 589. C. 334. C. 324 is a different lament: "Give wine, Soul, for my heart is desolate, I will burn quite the Book of Worldly Cares, And see you pour wine when green springs from the clay, Before my clay appears no more!"

# THE QUATRAINS OF

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

827

Souls melted all and hearts all blood will be;  
When from behind the Veil shall truth we see?  
Alas! despite thy wit the base Sphere's course  
From thee doth earth bear and from thy course thee!

828

There is no place without its mystery,  
The heart 'twixt great and little naught can see.  
Each sect but follows in its leader's way,  
Save in Love's path where leaders never be.

829

First brisk and swift, as wind I'd come and go  
Ere my strong body weak began to grow,  
From weakness now as breath of those who're sick,  
I come and go with feeble breath and slow.

830

If Saki, from thy hand my heart would go,  
Like to the sea from self where would it flow?  
Give to the Sufi but a single draught,  
Like thin vase filled with self he'd overflow.

827. L. 607. C. 341. C. 384 is a lament, but less hopeless: "My Soul with grief becomes weak, O, Saki! In the heart if there is this strength, O, Saki! At cock cry pour wine from the flagon's mouth, Since from wine keen vision comes, O, Saki."

828. L. 169. The path of love is plain and needs no leader.

829. L. 137. Apparently the description of an old man's case.

830. L. 174. The poet mentions the Sufis or Mystics but three times, although he adopts their language and alludes to them not infrequently. "Overflow," "to head it would go," literally.

OMAR KHAYYAM

MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

831

Heaven, Saki, is but foam from thy gifts' sea;  
Many souls Ka'bahs in thy quarters be;  
'T is glory the soul's Ka'bah to attain,  
Death on its way is glory, too, for me.

832

Saki, a glance, for joy is in thy sight,  
And gladdened souls from gleaning thy delight!  
And our unspoken mind thy heart doth know,  
The lovers' Jamshed's cup, thy heart shines bright!

833

If on earth's face of weapons I've but one,  
It is wine's price though that good name hath none;  
'To-morrow," they say, "wine's price is not thine."  
'T is mail and turban cloth of Miriam-spun.

834

My life a good man's sacrifice shall be,  
I'd lay my head at his feet readily.  
If you would know for certain what is Hell,  
A Hell on earth is evil company.

831. L. 118. The ka'bah, the principal building of the temple at Mecca, is by Moslems regarded with peculiar reverence. "Many," lit. "a hundred."

832. L. 119. Jamshed's cup. See quatrain 248.

833. L. 75. "Miriam-spun," "Miriam risht," the infinitely fine threads said to have been spun by the Virgin Mary. The probable meaning of this obscure quatrain is: If I have one weapon I will use it in defence of wine or pledge it for wine in however bad repute drinking may be, and though after death you say I will have no means to procure wine I care not for that. What you say to the weapon of my argument is a corslet and wreath (a turban cloth) made of thread as filmy as that spun by the Virgin Mary.

834. L. 240. W. 232. C. page 29 margin.

# THE QUATRAINS OF

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

835

They come whose faith rests but in fallacies,  
'Twi'xt soul and body draw distinctions nice;  
    If on my head they'd place a saw, I'll put  
The wine jar on it after this, likewise.

836

Lovers distraught and rapt are we to-day,  
Wine, in the idols' street we worship pay,  
    And from our own existence wholly freed,  
Still in the prayer-niche of ALAST we stay.

837

With thy cheeks' sweat our wine is filled, Saki,  
Eyes follow, but the Eye may not reach thee,  
    There is no fount of grace save thy red lip,  
A hundred Khizer Christs thy wine draughts be!

838

Each solace and delight God doth confer,  
Is for the solitary wayfarer;  
    Each by divorce becomes changed as in sleep.  
Ease gaining doth himself to Heaven transfer.

835. L. 313. B. 57. W. 236. Lines 3 and 4 apparently mean that if the theologians wish to kill me with their controversies, I'll seek my solace in the wine jar. A punning quatrain.

836. C. 232. N. 233. L. 434. W. 272. P. 232. An allusion to the Koran, VII, 173, and the story of God's covenant with Adam's seed, to whom He said, "*Alastubirabbikum?*" "Am I not your Lord?" and they answered "Yea, we do bear witness." The first syllables of the phrase are here introduced in parody of their original use.

837. L. 126. "Eye," the evil eye. Khizer, see quatrain 330. Thy wine draughts have the life giving powers of Khizer's water and of the Messiah's breath.

838. L. 334. True joy only in abstraction.

# OMAR KHAYYAM

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

839

Whene'er you find my heart grown watery,  
You in its corner many a wreck will see,  
    If in the sea of mine eye you will plunge,  
You'll find a merman there, save lost you be.

840

That Day of this clay house the sanctified  
Again the steed of their own bodies ride,  
    Like tulip do not moisten me with blood,  
Or ris'en from thy street's dust I may abide.

841

When Nature with thy will's in harmony,  
Be just, though every breath oppresses thee;  
    Sit with the wise, for water, fire and air,  
With earth too, form the base of thee and me.

842

Hashish is better for all men's heart pains,  
They say, than cup and wine to lute's soft strains;  
    By Law one wine drop clearly better than  
A hundred bang users' blood thus remains!

839. L. 738. Very obscure. A man of the sea, the apple of the eye, become in grief a man of water or merman. Spurious.

840. L. 622. "That Day," *i. e.*, The Resurrection Day, when according to the Moslem belief the souls seek the bodies. Do not kill me so that I become stained as a tulip. Obscure. Which reminds us of C. 236, "Shed not tears for innocent lovers Nor grieving, save the blood of a repentant heart, Nor blood of two thousand foolish zealots upon the earth, Nor a draught spill on the clay."

841. C. 70. L. 183. Line 1, lit. "When Nature's frame an instant suiteth thee." Whenever called on to act, be just at whatever personal sacrifice.

842. L. 667. C. 369. See quatrain 294. "Bang," hashish. Law, canon law.

# THE QUATRAINS OF

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

843

In the wine-house of Love I offer prayer,  
At her cheek's lamp afire and melting there,  
    And with Affection's wine ablution made,  
Adore the visage of my idol fair.

844

The bearer whose lips life to rubies give,  
In his grief, heart, strength, and soul, food receive.  
    Who'er in his grief's deluge is not drowned,  
Within some Noah's ark must cabined live.

845

Thou lurkest in the cup, O pleasing wine!  
Sound Reason's feet in bonds thou dost entwine;  
    Whoever drinks of thee no quarter gets  
Till oped his pearl in his palm placed doth shine.

846

Those known alike to old and young by name,  
In streets who beg for bread and water, claim  
    "Shiblis are we and all of us Junaids!"  
No Shiblis they, though known in Karkh to fame.

843. L. 552. C. 302. The ablution preceding prayer.

844. L. 167. As rubies are said to be an ingredient of a certain exhilarating cordial, so the lips of the cupbearer enliven by their brilliant hue the ruby itself. Grief for love of the cupbearer is strength for the heart and food for the soul. Surely this is sufficiently extravagant.

845. L. 725. C. 411. Wine in, discretion out.

846. C. 157. L. 379. W. 220. Shibli, Junaid and Ma'ruf-i-Karkh, the famed one of Karkh, were all saints. Karkh, a suburb of Baghdad. This quatrain is aimed at the dervishes. L. reads, "Those who appear as wearers of old felt, ever restricted to a pinch of bang and two loaves," etc.

# OMAR KHAYYAM

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

847

Since Saki knows my sort especially,  
He draws a hundred kinds of subtlety,  
    When I pause he gives wine of his own wont  
And by the limit of myself brings me!

848

Those who to dignities themselves upraise,  
At last in poverty all end their days;  
    " Poor! Poor!" they all cry dying; that sect too,  
Which goes about in charitable ways.

849

How long shall we men's arrogance sustain?  
And from base Fortune's juggling suffer pain?  
    Cheer up! For days of "Taraweh" have passed,  
The Feast 't is, come! while rose-hued wine we drain!

850

Saki, loud sounds the clamor of our woes;  
My drunkenness beyond all limit goes;  
    White-haired I 'm gay, for seeing thy cheeks' down,  
Though old my head, my heart Spring freshness knows!

847. L. 718. W. 494. C. page 98 margin. This quatrain while not clear seems to be descriptive of the wiles of the cupbearer.

848. L. 298. C., 137, transposes lines 2 and 4.

849. L. 496. "Taraweh," the ceremony of twenty or more bows or genuflexions at the end of Ramazan. See quatrain 699.

850. L. 163. The baits of this quatrain are hardly consistent.

# THE QUATRAINS OF

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

851

Alas that this hound, eager, flying fast,  
With which, thy mate, thou goest with the blast,  
For as much as its heart to bone inclines,  
Its lot the boar's teeth will be at the last.

852

The Good Guide tells where feasts of wise souls be,  
And right and left of Rome and Araby.  
If the unworthy say that wine's impure,  
How should I list, since God calls it purity?

853

How long of this life's fraud and treachery,  
Bearer, how long life's very dregs give me?  
Till from its strife and grief, as but a draught,  
I pour to earth what left of life may be.

854

Who bade thee bleed from worldly care, O heart?  
In Fate's abode of coquetry to smart?  
Know'st what to do? Since here's no resting place,  
As if thou'd ne'er come hither, so depart.

851. L. 444. Obscure, apparently meaning that this "sag," dog or hound, the body, is hurrying about in life's mad rush with its intimate, the soul, but its ultimate lot is the fang of the boar, Death.

852. C. 99. L. 115. Good Guide, apparently the Koran or Mahomet.

853. L. 399. C. page 57 margin.

854. L. 642. So C. 374: "Blood warms my heart with my love, the cup O, Saki! For these worldly cares, troubles and snares O, Saki! Pour wine for life flies and is past, Give it not to the wind but with love and cup, O, Saki!"

# OMAR KHAYYAM

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

855

When from the body thy bright gem doth roam,  
With other sorts of beings choose thy home,  
Men come and go and no one understands  
When 'neath clay what doth to thy body come.

856

Alack! that gaining naught worn out are we  
Shorn by the scythe of headlong Destiny!  
Alas! since in the twinkling of an eye,  
Unreached our wishes, naught we come to be!

857

Whenever joyous on this green are we,  
And like yon green-gray steed of Heaven we see,  
With green-downed ones I'll green quaff on the  
green,  
Or ever under green in dust we be!

858

Concerning Fortune's failures grieve thou less;  
Seek grape-juice and the loved one's fond embrace;  
For him come from his mother's womb to-day,  
To-morrow thou 'lt see in some woman's chase.

855. L. 636. C. 361. Bright gem, *i. e.*, the soul. Obscure.

856. L. 530. C. 289.

857. N. 309. An example of punning. The word "sabza," green, means, in line 1, the earth, in line 2, the sun, in line 3, down-cheeked youths, wine and the turf, and in line 4, the turf. Also ascribed to Malik Shams uddin. I have purposely made a bald translation to illustrate word-play.

858. N. 376. P. 372. L. 659 in part. L. begins "Hear not the world's speech, 'tis mere sound, Drink wine at the cupbearer's hand, thy friend become."

# THE QUATRAINS OF

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

859

We are of fire, wind, water and of clay;  
In death are we too, 'mid this life's array.  
When with us is the body we're distressed,  
But souls sublime when it has passed away.

860

To noble spirits, "Vain is knowledge," say;  
They know all that befalls, the soul doth sway.  
The King commands whatever us betides;  
For all that moves in both worlds blameless they.

861

My heart, boy, than the dead is wearier!  
For they 'neath clay than it more tranquil are.  
Howe'er with tears of blood I wash my skirt,  
My skirt than mine eyes is more stained by far!

862

Say not, "God's grace is hard to gain, I trow!"  
Speak of repentance for 't is naught you know;  
Talk less of sugar-lipped sweet youths, for that's  
Not Islam, when one penitence should show.

859. L. 678.

860. L. 102. Both worlds, "kunain," both states of existence. Knowledge is unavailing, God alone controls, the two worlds have no agency or concern in what happens.

861. L. 172. Skirt, *i. e.*, character, reputation.

862. L. 212. "Hakk," Truth, God in one of His aspects. Obscure. Apparently means that he is unworthy of the name of Moslem who knows not the power of repentance over passion.

# OMAR KHAYYAM

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

863

From that jar of old wine called "end in clay,"  
Fill! for my heart a great desire doth sway;  
    Since earth beneath the clay hath great desire,  
With this clay of desire do you away!

864

If thorn in Khavaran's wide waste remain,  
From wand'ring lovers' blood it bears the stain;  
    Where'er maid, fairy-faced, rose-cheeked there be,  
For us then troubles all begin again!

865

Old age bent over totters to its end,  
My cheek's pomegranate flowers some color lend;  
    The roof and doors and cornerstones and walls  
Of Being's house to desolation tend.

866

As wind to her tress, hard 't is to attain,  
And hard on Grief's steed to draw bridle-rein;  
    They say the eye its own face cannot see,  
Be it our eye her glance were hard to gain.

863. L. 275. "End in clay," a wine jar pointed at the bottom so it would stand in the ground. Another translation is: topped with clay. The word-play here is on "sar-bi-gil," end in clay, "zir-i-gil," beneath the clay, etc. I have translated baldly to show this feature.

864. P. 48. Khavaran, a part of Khorasan.

865. L. 263. C. 120.

866. L. 486. Did Shakspeare get this idea from Omar? See Julius Cæsar, Act I, Scene 2. Cassius: "Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?" Brutus: "No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself but by reflection, by some other things."

## THE QUATRAINS OF

### MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

867

The soul proceeds upon the dangerous way,  
The body freed of good and bad 'neath clay;  
Full many travellers will pass over us  
Who witless of both worlds to dust decay!

868

A daily happening, thou us drunk dost see,  
In ringlets snared, idolaters are we;  
The turban dropped from head and cup from hand,  
Head prostrate at thy feet abased we be.

869

The fruit of truth on earth can never grow,  
Since in this path none rightly e'er doth go;  
All feebly grasp the brittle branch: regard  
To-day as past, as first to-morrow know.

870

"Thy tress-tip hath devoured many a head,"  
Quoth I, "Be still, if thou art wise," she said.  
Then I, "Some day of thy form I'll partake,"  
And she, "Was any of a cypress fed?"

867. L. 675. C. 373. The way of Death.

868. L. 651. C. 362.

869. B. 14. L. 64. W. 115. B. reads for "on earth" "for him." Count to-morrow as your first day. All days are alike, success only crowns patient endeavor, most men seek only the easy task.

870. L. 157. The charmer's ringlet figures frequently in Oriental poetry as a snare for the lover's heart or head. The cypress is the standard of comparison for elegance of figure.

# OMAR KHAYYAM

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

871

My highest wisdom Thy cause ne'er hath known  
And my thought turns in prayer to Thee alone!  
I know Thy nature is most wonderful  
And baffles mortal wit since 't is Thine own!

872

My heart to wisdom is not closed, you say,  
And but few mysteries unknown. To-day  
When I view all things wisely, I perceive  
That naught is known and life hath passed away.

873

Now Eden's Heaven doth but a waste remain  
(A day's work should two garden plots sustain.)  
To-morrow since the world is bright and fair,  
How should we bring back yesterday again?

874

Pour grape juice that a beaker friends may drain  
And sound sweet song and flute's melodious strain  
Ere Death parts many a meeting! It may be  
That They our sins will ne'er recall again!

871. C. 24. Line 4, lit. "The perplexity of Thy nature save of Thy nature is not!" The divine nature is perplexing because it is divine.

872. C. page 51, second marginal quatrain. See quatrain 664. This suggests C. 122, which reads as follows: "When my heart's ardor oft was unrestrained Methought few mysteries unsolved remained. Seventy-two years I've pondered every day And know none hath the true solution gained."

873. C. 84. This quatrain is evidently patched or incorrectly transcribed.

874. C. page 51. First marginal quatrain.

# THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM

## MINOR AND OBSCURE QUATRAINS

875

Alas! thou 'rt gone; thy grief stays in my heart  
Like camp-fire left when caravan doth depart;  
    What's out of sight oft leaves the heart and yet  
Though gone from sight still in my soul thou art!

876

I gave, thou gav'st, I heart, thou coquetry;  
Thou art, I am, thou glad, I sad for thee;  
    Thou tak'st, I take, thou my heart, I thy pain;  
Thou doest wrong, I do bear injury!

877

How long in this unjust world shall we stay,  
Passing from day to night, from night to day?  
    O fools, behold the cup! for from our purse  
Unconsciously existence slips away!

878

O Beauty's Lamp! by stream and verdant plain  
Pour wine, thy vows break, sound the zittern's strain!  
    Live blithely, for the murmuring water saith,  
"Lo, when I've gone I come not back again!"

875. From Sir Gore Ouseley's Biographical Notices of Persian Poets. Persian Sentences, page 383.

876. The same. Note the peculiar form of this quatrain.

877. C. 327.

878. C. 239.

NOTE. Some one or two quatrains included may not be regarded as obscure or trivial but are so classified because of what seem to be errors or obscurities in the Persian text.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 204 743 2