

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

By Omar Khayyam

Rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald

First Edition

I.

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup ###Before Life's Liquor in
its Cup be dry."

III.

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

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough

Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,

And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;

But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,

And still a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine

High piping Pelevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine! ####Red Wine!"—
the Nightingale cries to the Rose

That yellow Cheek of hers to'incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring

The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little way

To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day

Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:

And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose

Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

IX.

But come with old Khayyam, and leave the Lot

Of Kaikobad and Kaikhosru forgot:

Let Rustum lay about him as he will,

Or Hatim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

X.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown

That just divides the desert from the sown,

Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known,

And pity Sultan Mahmud on his Throne.