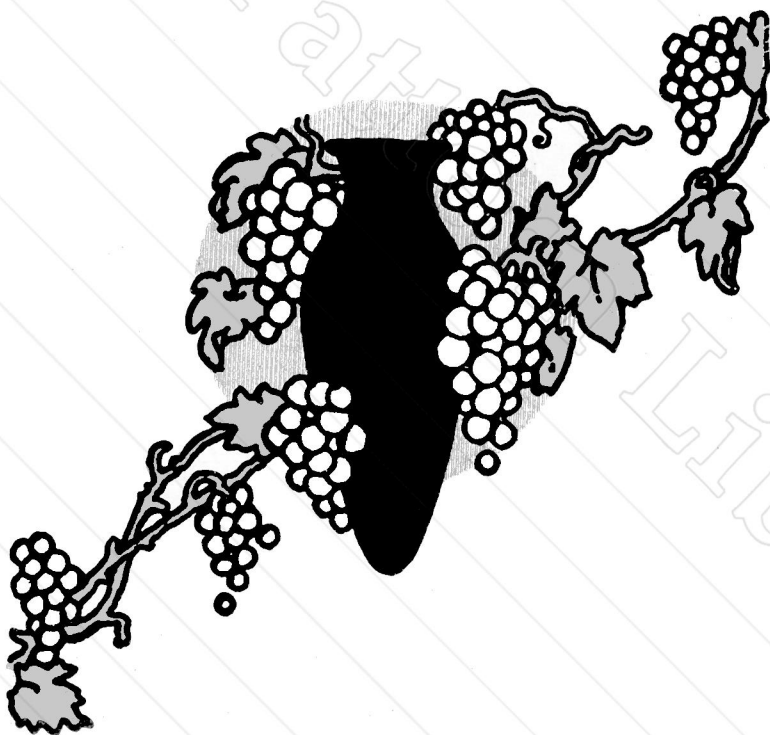


RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM



A CALENDAR

RUBÁIYÁT OF: OMAR KHAYYAM



I

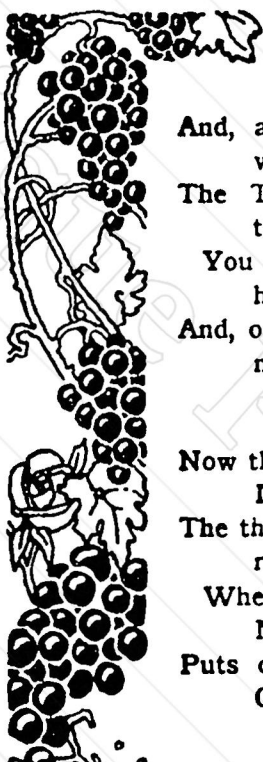
A WAKE! for Morning in the
Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts
the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the
East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose
of Light.

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."

January
1927

Sunday	2
Monday	3
Tuesday	4
Wednesday	5
Thursday	6
Friday	7
1 Saturday	8



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

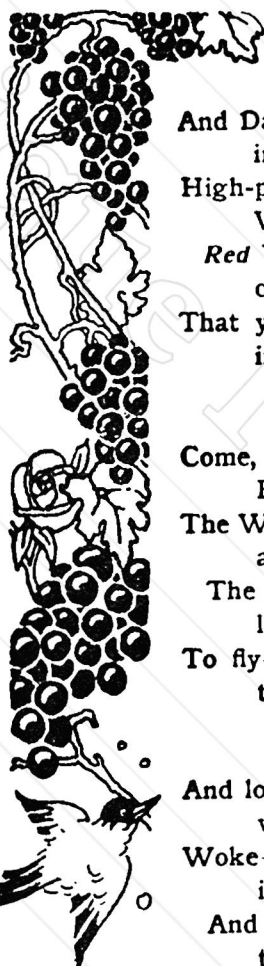
Íráim indeed is gone with all its
Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup
where no one knows ;
But still the Vine her ancient
Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water
blows.



January
1927

9	Sunday	16
10	Monday	17
11	Tuesday	18
12	Wednesday	19
13	Thursday	20
14	Friday	21
15	Saturday	22





VI

And David's Lips are lock't; but
in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine!
Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"— the Nightingale
cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's t'
incarnadine.

VII

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

VIII

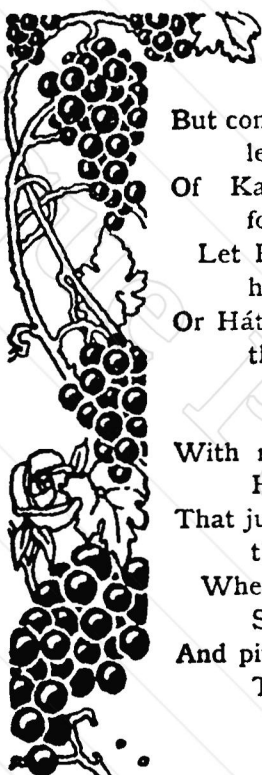
And look—a thousand Blossoms
with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd
into Clay:
And this first Summer Month
that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaiko-
bád away.



January
February
1927

23	Sunday	30
24	Monday	31
25	Tuesday	1
26	Wednesday	2
27	Thursday	3
28	Friday	4
29	Saturday	5





IX

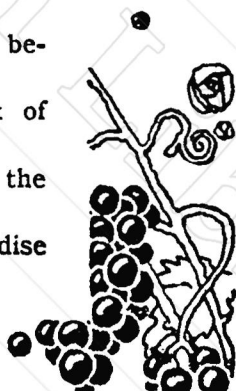
But come with old Khayyám and
leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú
forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as
he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed
them not.

X

With me along some Strip of
Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from
the sown,
Where name of Slave and
Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his
Throne.

XI

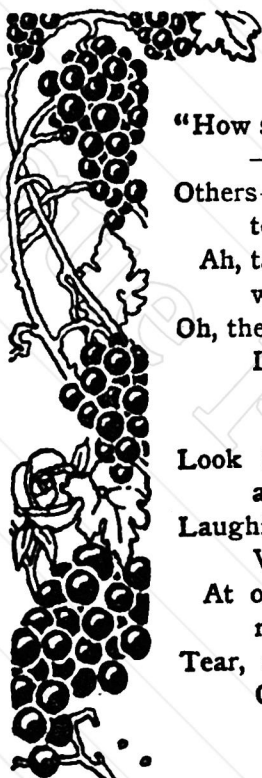
Here with a Loaf of Bread be-
neath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of
Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the
Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise
enow.



February
1927

6	Sunday	13
7	Monday	14
8	Tuesday	15
9	Wednesday	16
10	Thursday	17
11	Friday	18
12	Saturday	19





XII

"How sweet is mortal Sovranty"
—think some :
Others—"How blest the Paradise
to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and
waive the Rest ;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant*
Drum !

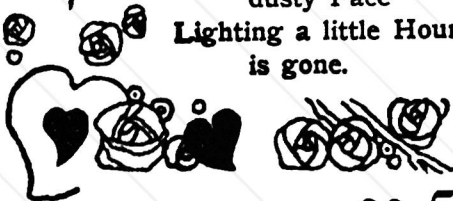


XIII

Look to the Rose that blows
about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the
World I blow :
At once the silken Tassel of
my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the
Garden throw."

XIV

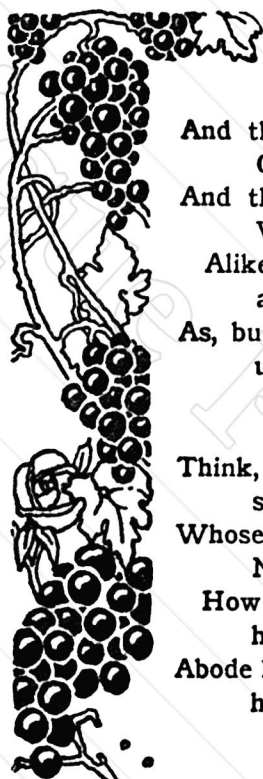
The Worldly Hope men set their
Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers ;
and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's
dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—
is gone.



February
March
1927

20	Sunday	27
21	Monday	28
22	Tuesday	1
23	Wednesday	2
24	Thursday	3
25	Friday	4
26	Saturday	5





XV

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

XVI

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



XVII

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrá'm, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.



March
1927

6	Sunday	13
7	Monday	14
8	Tuesday	15
9	Wednesday	16
10	Thursday	17
11	Friday	18
12	Saturday	19





XVIII

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

XIX

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

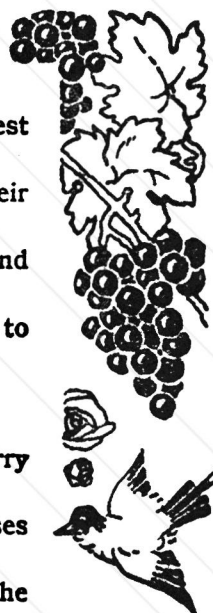
XX

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the cup that
clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and
future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, *To-morrow*
I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n
Thousand Years.



March
April
1927

20	Sunday	27
21	Monday	28
22	Tuesday	29
23	Wednesday	30
24	Thursday	31
25	Friday	1
26	Saturday	2



XXI

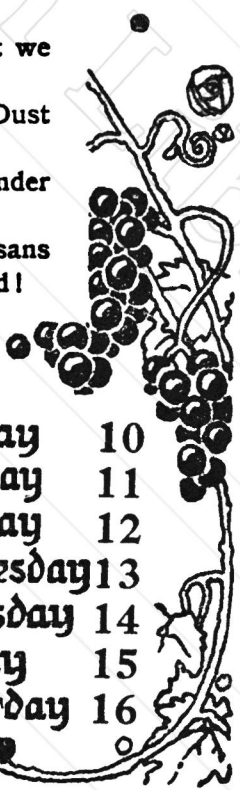
Lo! some we loved, the loveliest
and the best
That Time and Fate of all their
Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round
or two before,
And one by one crept silently to
Rest.

XXII

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

XXIII

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



April
1927

3	Sunday	10
4	Monday	11
5	Tuesday	12
6	Wednesday	13
7	Thursday	14
8	Friday	15
9	Saturday	16



XXIV

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

XXV

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

XXVI

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



April
1927

17 Sunday	24
18 Monday	25
19 Tuesday	26
20 Wednesday	27
21 Thursday	28
22 Friday	29
23 Saturday	30





XXVII

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



XXVIII

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



XXIX

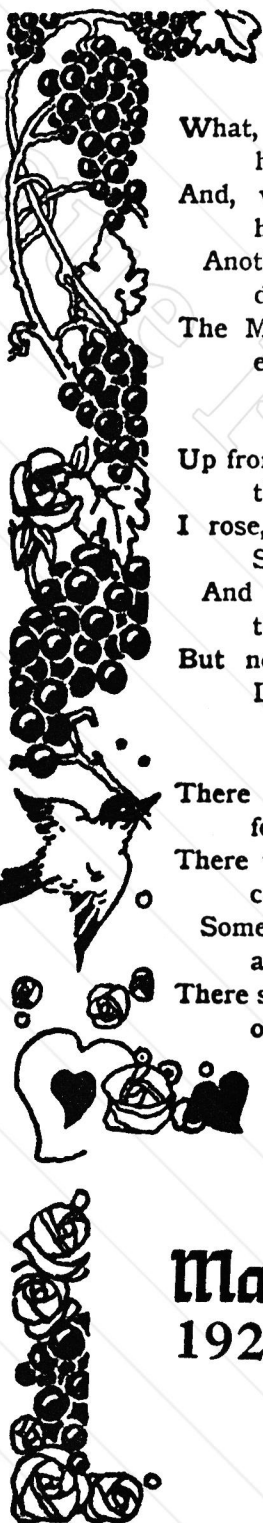
Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.



May
1927

1	Sunday	8
2	Monday	9
3	Tuesday	10
4	Wednesday	11
5	Thursday	12
6	Friday	13
7	Saturday	14





XXX

What, without asking, hither
hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither*
hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to
drown
The Memory of this Impertin-
ence!



XXXI

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



XXXII

There was a Door to which I
found no Key:
There was a Veil past which I
could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of ME
and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more
of THEE and ME.



May
1927

15 Sunday	22
16 Monday	23
17 Tuesday	24
18 Wednesday	25
19 Thursday	26
20 Friday	27
21 Saturday	28



XXXIII

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

XXXIV

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

XXXV

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



May
June
1927

29	Sunday	5
30	Monday	6
31	Tuesday	7
1	Wednesday	8
2	Thursday	9
3	Friday	10
4	Saturday	11



XXXVI

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

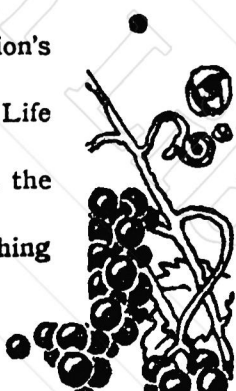
XXXVII

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



XXXVIII

One Moment in Annihilation's
Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life
to taste—
The Stars are setting and the
Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing
—Oh, make haste!



June
1927

12 Sunday	19
13 Monday	20
14 Tuesday	21
15 Wednesday	22
16 Thursday	23
17 Friday	24
18 Saturday	25





XXXIX

How long, how long, in definite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadder after none, or bitter, Fruit.

XL

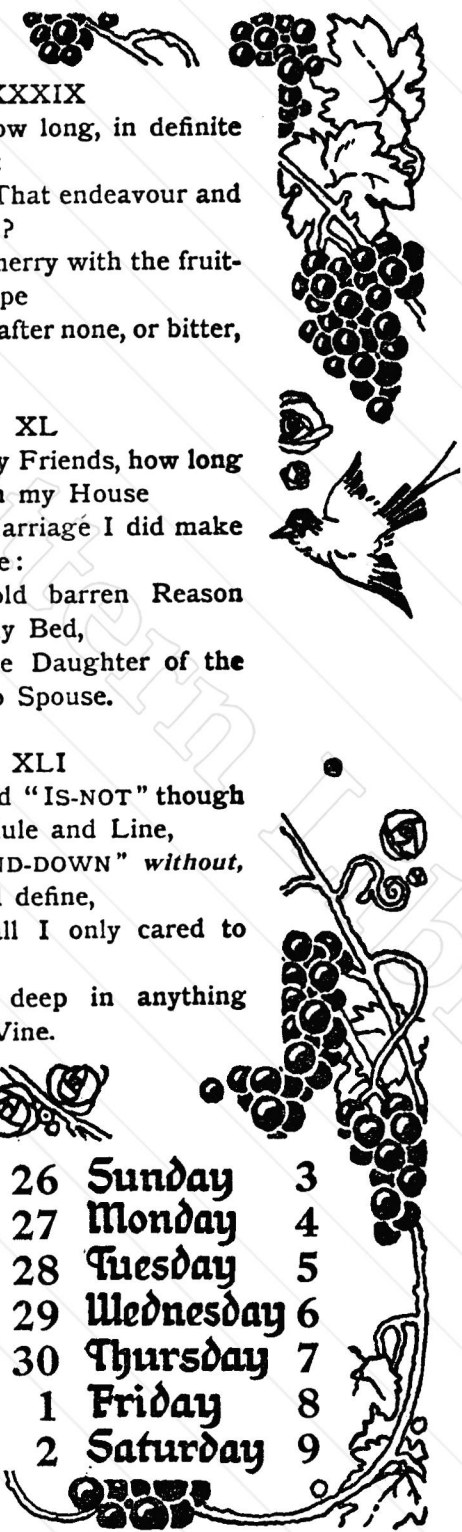
You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

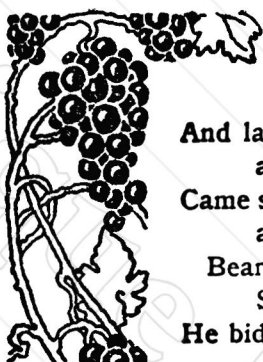
XLI

For "IS" and "IS-NOT" though *with* Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *without*, I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

26	Sunday	3
27	Monday	4
28	Tuesday	5
29	Wednesday	6
30	Thursday	7
1	Friday	8
2	Saturday	9

June
July
1927





XLII

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

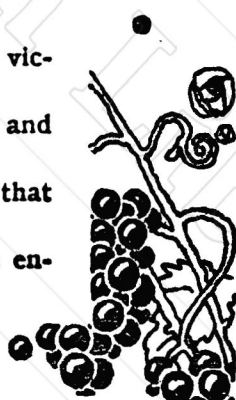
XLIII

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



XLIV

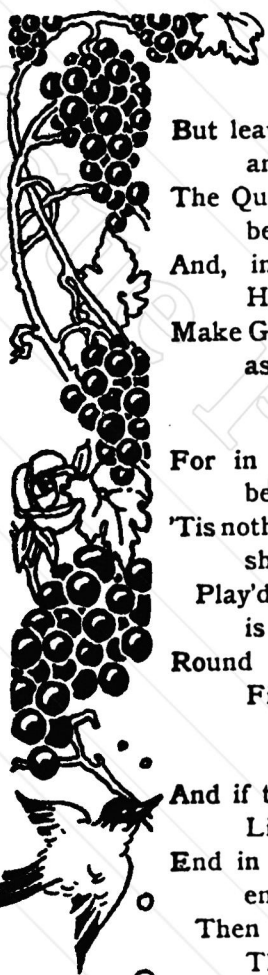
The mighty Mahmūd, the victo-
rious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and
black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that
infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his en-
chanted Sword.



July
1927

10 Sunday	17
11 Monday	18
12 Tuesday	19
13 Wednesday	20
14 Thursday	21
15 Friday	22
16 Saturday	23





XLV

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

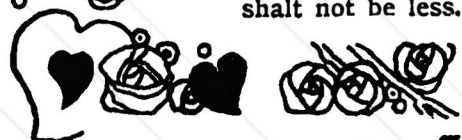
XLVI

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



XLVII

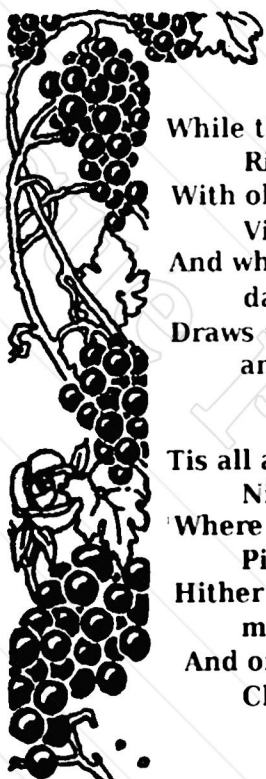
And if the Wine you drink, the
Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things
end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art,
Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou
shalt not be less.



July
August
1927

24	Sunday	31
25	Monday	1
26	Tuesday	2
27	Wednesday	3
28	Thursday	4
29	Friday	5
30	Saturday	6





XLVIII

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

XLIX

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



L

The Ball no Question makes of
Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the
Player goes;
And he that toss'd Thee down
into the Field,
He knows about it all -- He
knows -- HE knows!

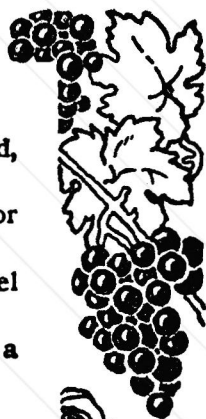


7	Sunday	14
8	Monday	15
9	Tuesday	16
10	Wednesday	17
11	Thursday	18
12	Friday	19
13	Saturday	20

August

1927





L I

The Moving Finger writes ; and,
having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor
Wit

Shall lure it back to cancel
half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a
Word of it.

L II

And that inverted Bowl we call
The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we
live and die,

Lift not thy hands to *It* for
help—for *It*
Rolls impotently on as Thou
or I.

L III

With Earth's first Clay They did
the last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest
sow'd the Seed :

Yea, the first Morning of
Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckon-
ing shall read.



August
September
1927

21	Sunday	28
22	Monday	29
23	Tuesday	30
24	Wednesday	1
25	Thursday	1
26	Friday	2
27	Saturday	3





LIV

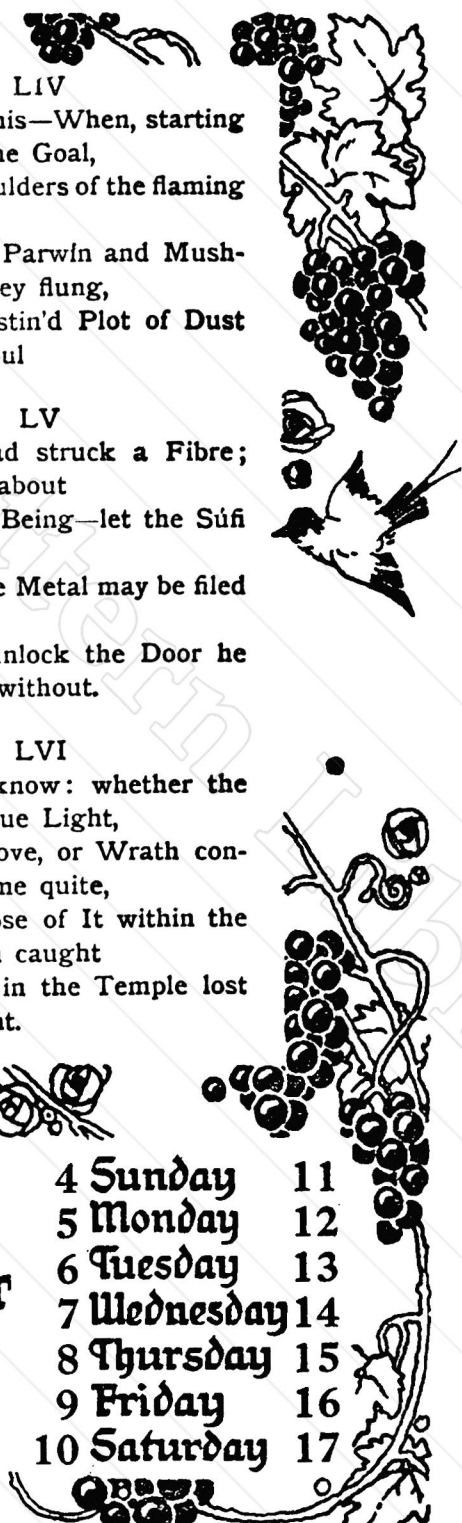
I tell Thee this—When, starting
from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming
Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mush-
tara they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust
and Soul

LV

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

LVI

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



September
1927

4	Sunday	11
5	Monday	12
6	Tuesday	13
7	Wednesday	14
8	Thursday	15
9	Friday	16
10	Saturday	17



LVII

Oh, Thou, who did'st with Pitfall
and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander
in,
Thou wilt not with Predestina-
tion round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall
to Sin?



LVIII

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



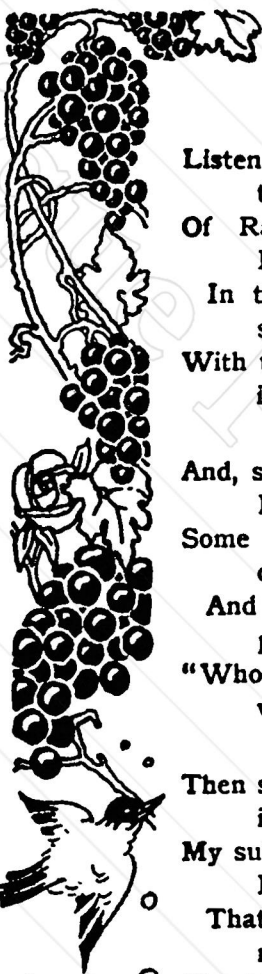
* * * * *



September
October
1927

18	Sunday	25
19	Monday	26
20	Tuesday	27
21	Wednesday	28
22	Thursday	29
23	Friday	30
24	Saturday	1





KÚZA-NÁMA

LIX

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

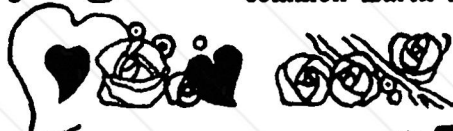
LX

And, strange to tell, among the
 Earthen Lot
 Some could articulate, while
 others not:

And suddenly one more im-
 patient cried—
 "Who *is* the Potter, pray, and
 who the Pot?"

LXI

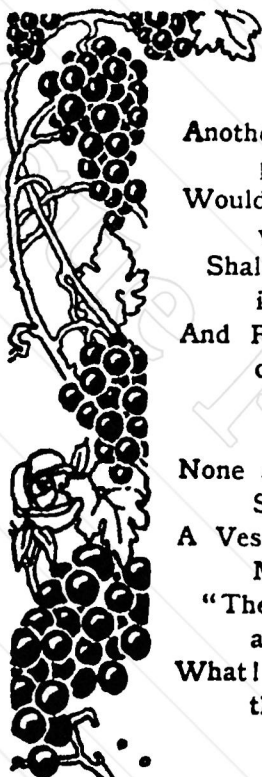
Then said another—"Surely not
 in vain
 My substance from the common
 Earth was ta'en,
 That He who subtly wrought
 me into Shape
 Should stamp me back to
 common Earth again."



**October
 1927**

2 Sunday	9
3 Monday	10
4 Tuesday	11
5 Wednesday	12
6 Thursday	13
7 Friday	14
8 Saturday	15





LXII
 Another said — "Why, ne'er a
 peevish Boy,
 Would break the Bowl from
 which he drank in Joy;
 Shall He that *made* the Vessel
 in pure Love
 And Fancy, in an after Rage
 destroy!"

LXIII
 None answer'd this; but after
 Silence spake
 A Vessel of a more ungainly
 Make:
 "They sneer at me for leaning
 all awry;
 What! did the Hand then of
 the Potter shake?"



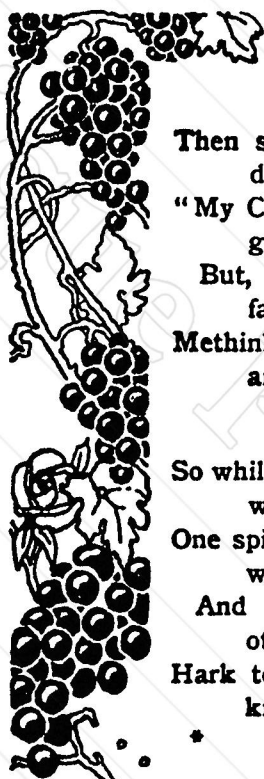
LXIV
 Said one — "Folks of a surly
 Tapster tell,
 And daub his Visage with the
 Smoke of Hell;
 They talk of some strict Test-
 ing of us—Pish!
 He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill
 all be well."



**October
 1927**

16	Sunday	23
17	Monday	24
18	Tuesday	25
19	Wednesday	26
20	Thursday	27
21	Friday	28
22	Saturday	29





LXV

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

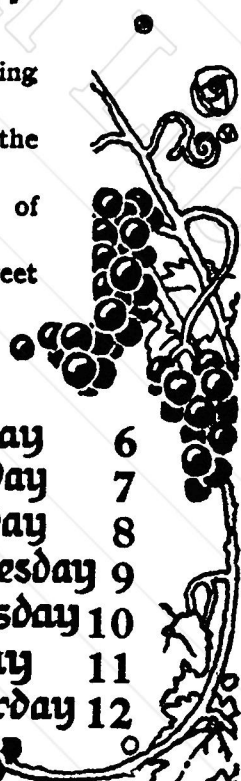
LXVI

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

* * * * *

LXVII

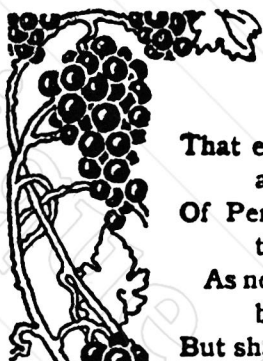
Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.



October
November
1927

30	Sunday	6
31	Monday	7
1	Tuesday	8
2	Wednesday	9
3	Thursday	10
4	Friday	11
5	Saturday	12





LXVIII

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

LXIX

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

LXX

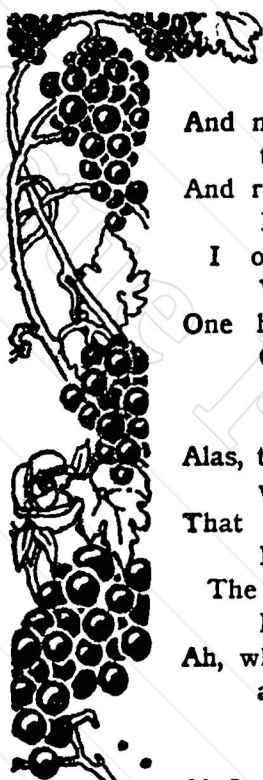
Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft
before
I swore—but was I sober when
I swore?
And then and then came
Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence a-
pieces tore.



November
1927

13	Sunday	20
14	Monday	21
15	Tuesday	22
16	Wednesday	23
17	Thursday	24
18	Friday	25
19	Saturday	26





LXXI

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

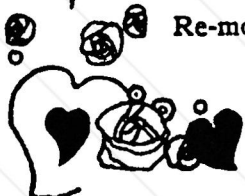
LXXII

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



LXXIII

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



27	Sunday	4
28	Monday	5
29	Tuesday	6
30	Wednesday	7
1	Thursday	8
2	Friday	9
3	Saturday	10

November
December
1927





LXXIV

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

LXXV

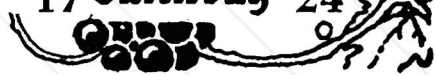
And when Thyself with shining
 Foot shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd
 on the Grass,
 And in thy joyous Errand
 reach the Spot
 Where I made one—turn down
 an empty Glass!

TAMAM SHUD.



December
1927

11	Sunday	18
12	Monday	19
13	Tuesday	20
14	Wednesday	21
15	Thursday	22
16	Friday	23
17	Saturday	24



OMAR KHAYYÁM

By Justin Huntly McCarthy

Omar, dear Sultan of the Persian Song,
Familiar Friend whom I have loved so long,
Whose volume made my pleasant hiding-place
From this fantastic world of Right and Wrong.

My Youth lies buried in thy verses: lo,
I read, and as the haunted numbers flow,
My Memory turns in anguish to the Face
That leaned o'er Omar's pages long ago.

Alas for me, alas for all who weep
And wonder at the Silence dark and deep
That girdles round this little Lamp in space
No wiser than when Omar fell asleep.

Rest in thy Grave beneath the crimson rain
Of heart-desirèd Roses. Life is vain,
And vain and trembling Legends we may trace
Upon the open Book that shuts again.

December
1927

25 Sunday
26 Monday
27 Tuesday
28 Wednesday
29 Thursday
30 Friday
31 Saturday

Calendar 1928

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
JANUARY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		JULY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21			15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28			22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31			29	30	31	
FEBRUARY	1	2	3	4		AUGUST	1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18			12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25			19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29			26	27	28	29	30	31	...
MARCH	1	2	3		SEPTEMBER	1	8
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17			9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24			16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31			23	24	25	26	27	28	29
APRIL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		OCTOBER	...	1	2	3	4	5	6
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21			14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28			21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	29	30			28	29	30	31	
MAY	1	2	3	4	5		NOVEMBER	1	2	3
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19			11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26			18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	27	28	29	30	31			25	26	27	28	29	30	...
JUNE	1	2		DECEMBER	1	8
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16			9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23			16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30			23	24	25	26	27	28	29
			30	31	