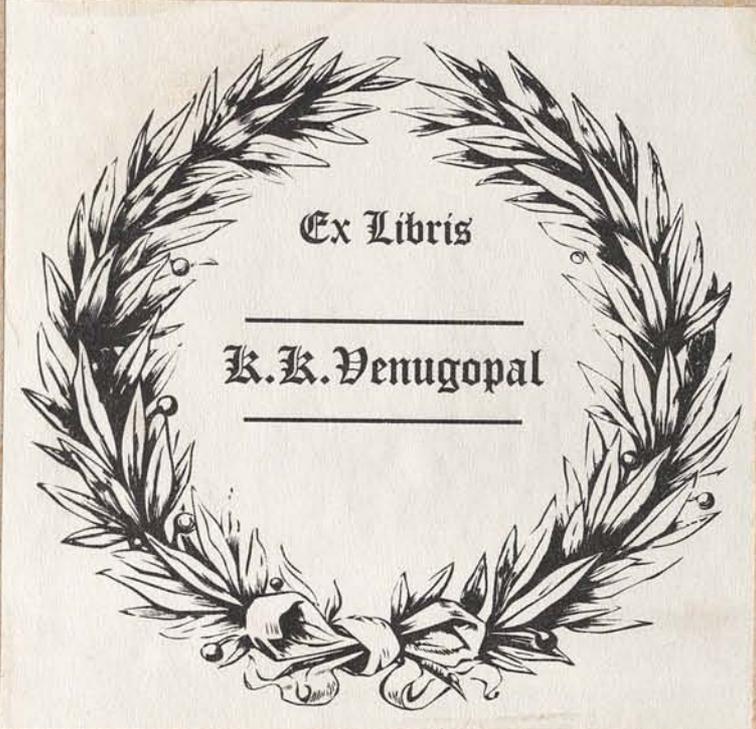


RUBĀIYĀT
OF
OMAR KHAYYĀM



Ex Libris

K.K. Venugopal

AK Penings

RUBÁIYÁT
OF
OMAR KHAYYÁM

English Version By
EDWARD FITZGERALD

Illustrated By
M. K. SETT

D. B. TARAPOREVALA SONS & CO.

Treasure House of Books

210 HORNBY ROAD - - FORT - - BOMBAY

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Mr. M. K. Sett had a great reputation as an artist in Europe. We used to read of the high esteem in which he was held by the art-loving public.

Rupert Brook, the famous poet, once wrote a two-column critique of Mr. Sett's art. His last para was "If Mr. Sett has not been universally acclaimed as the greatest draughtsman and decorator living, the fault lies with his own exclusive and publicity shunning nature. His Omar will have the pride of place in my library."

Art journals of France, Germany, England and America praised the book as outstanding. In many schools of art it was used as model by the students.

Mr. Sett was known in Europe as an Interior Decorator. He has illustrated many other works.

INTRODUCTION

It is a sad world, my masters. The world of Art is in total eclipse. Never has the world of Art fallen to such abysmal depth. In a double decade there were two global wars, destroying the cultured middle and upper classes; the patrons and guardians of art, beauty and gracious living. Their bodies feed the carrions on some lonely shore or some weed covered field. Perchance there lay a potential Turner, a Rembrandt, or even a Michel Angelo Buonarroti.

Their place has been taken by a vulgar, ignorant brood of war profiteers; who can only distinguish an oil from a water colour painting by the sense of smell.

There has also arisen a class of art critics whose only claim to the rights of their calling is a profound ignorance made up by Himalayan audacity.

Even in France, once the birthplace of Art, the curatorship of state museums go to cousins or favourites of the Minister of Education. A French artist painted a picture with four vertical lines and stuck on two buttons. The picture was sold for £1,000 and the curator of a well-known museum wrote a panegyric.

Books on Art are written by tinkers, tailors, soldiers and sailors but never by artists. The public at large are like sheep without the sheepmaster. They wander about between the True and the False, unable to distinguish between the two. The true artist starves in a garret and the mountebank flourishes in a gilded boudoir. Well may we weep for the Death of Art.

I have been persuaded by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co. to allow them to bring out a reprint of my Omar. They inform me there is a class of discriminating public who still love beauty and who appreciate it. I trust their judgment. There remains nothing more for me to add but in the words of Shiek Sadi written years ago in fair Iran: "Go forth, child of my heart, and bring joy to a hungry soul."

* * * * *

Critics and artists ask me if I am a follower of Aubrey Beardsley. For there is a faint echo of *his* in my work (*his* because he died before me). And yet till quite lately I knew not of Beardsley. I formed my style on the study of Eastern drawings, especially Indian. The possibilities of black and white appeared to me from some black and white Chinese drawings I have in my possession.

Till I came to Europe, I was quite unconscious that such a great master—a genius—lived during my childhood. His style is so varied and his methods so variegated that whatever be the technique of a future black and white artist he

will be dubbed "a follower of Aubrey Beardsley." European art critics are obsessed with that phrase. I have seen Whistler, Dulac, and Kay Nielsen, all of them tarred with the brush of plagiarism in excellent works on art and in newspaper criticisms.

Théophile Gautier somewhere says: "One may love, admire and be devoted to a genius and yet not copy him."

I truly think it pays, if it is not more noble, to give a nail-breadth of yourself than a mile of someone else.

I have followed the usage of the East, and have taken to myself a symbol, to sign my pictures with. It is a "peacock" and its neck forms the letter "S," the first letter of my name. It also lends itself to decoration, and like the Japanese artists I place it to balance my pictures.

My pictures need a few words of explanation, as they are very symbolic. I have tried to give my drawings a dash of the West. The MSS. I have made as much as possible like the echoes of bygone songs of writers with the golden pen, who made beautiful sounds beautiful sights.

PICTURE 1.—The flagon is the artistic signboard of the East and proclaims the tavern with its joys of music and the fair Sakki (cup bearer). The tavern of the East bears no resemblance to the familiar English "pub." The fanatical Arabs took possession of the beautiful fire temples of the unfortunate, vanquished Persians and turned them into temples of Bacchus. And yet, why not? The God of Wine is more merciful than the supposed merciful Father.

PICTURE 2.—The Persians think that the wine improves when poured out by a beautiful boy. A generous poet once gave away Samarkhand and Bokhara in exchange for the mole on the cheek of his beloved Sakki.

PICTURE 3.—The perfume of the Rose. The mystery of the rose has often been revealed to me in a beautiful garden at the death of day. The Rose of the East is not the pale scentless flower of the West; but its passion wild and warm, and its secret has intoxicated me; to waken smouldering longings and dying desires long thrust away in the cavern of memory.

The secret—its perfume—came to me tripping through the air borne by pale blue butterflies.

PICTURE 4.—The end of life is death. And death is the one thing to make life bearable. The favourite mode of death of different races would make a fascinating volume. I picture Omar longing for oblivion; to lie drowned in a mighty bowl of warm red wine.

PICTURE 5.—Omar at the theologians'! It must have been as amusing as a modern sermon.

PICTURE 6.—Ignorance is dear to all ecclesiastics; for the ignorance of the laity is the priests' staff of life. When one veil is rent by an Omar, the priests place another stronger and more mysterious.

PICTURE 7.—The final journey to Rest.

PICTURE 8.—Eternity is a never-ending flame; and beings, the moths that court it. A tripping measure, a valse, a dirge, and then, *finish*—like the flowers that give us joy of life, the waves whose talk is like the murmur of the beloved, and the beautiful moon; to die! (*How soon the beautiful dies!*).

PICTURE 9.—Fate is never tired of its own joke, the paradox it plays on the world. The church, the crown, the greed of gold, the lust of blood and knowledge; all have paid their tribute of laughter and wail to Fate. Nothing escapes Her except wine!

PICTURE 10.—Deism is the middle figure. A woman with the eternal feminine allurements and seducement; with her promises bound up in a purse of cobweb. To the right is "the Peacock," getting his ounce of fun even on the cross. The rude little boy, with his tongue out, is Knowledge. Religion, smug, fat and sleek, is in the left hand top corner.

PICTURE 11.—The pots are speaking. The dogmatic pot is banging his fists. The argumentative bottle is saying: "Now let us be logical." And the feminine jar asks: "First, tell me, is anyone looking at us?"

PICTURE 12.—I, too, have cried repentance on my sins—in public—and have pulled a face like that of a pope whilst bestowing his (pope's) illegitimate child on a courtier, with a moral homily on his (courtier's) sins.

PICTURE 13.—Someone pointed out that it lacks a moon. Such interpretations I leave to the English Artists.

PICTURE 14.—From out the distant years echoes a memory, and the beloved of Omar remembers the evenings by the water side.

"So sad, so sweet, the days that are no more."

Omar says somewhere, "Pour on my parched dust a flask of wine" . . . Who knows but some fond heart did that office of love and gratitude?

PICTURE 15.—Tamám Shud (the End).

I have said my say, and with greetings and benedictions on thee I take my leave.

MERA BEN KAVAS SETT.

PEDDER ROAD,
BOMBAY.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

1

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 Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

2

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.'

3

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.'

4

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.

5

ÍráM 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.

6

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 hers to incarnadine.

7

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.

8

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 Kaikobád away.

9

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.

10

With me alone 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 Mahmúd on his Throne.

11

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

12

'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!

13

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.'

14

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

15

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.

16

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

17

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.

18

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

19

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!

20

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.

21

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

22

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?

23

*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!*

24

*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!'*

25

*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.*

26

*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.*

27

*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.*

28

*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.'*

29

*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.*

30

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

31

*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.*

32

*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.*

33

*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.*

34

*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.'*

35

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

36

*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!'*

37

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

38

*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!*

39

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

40

*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.*

41

*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.*

42

*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!*

43

*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.*

44

*The mighty Mahmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.*

45

*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.*

46

*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.*

47

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.

48

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

49

'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.

50

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!

51

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.

52

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.

53

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

54

I tell Thee this—When, starting from the
Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foe
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtara they
flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul.

55

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.

56

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

57

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with
Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin ?

58

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 !

KUZA-NAMA

65

59

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.

60

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

61

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.'

62

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 !'

63

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 ?'

64

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

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 !'

66

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 acream-
ing !'

★ ★ ★ ★

67

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

68

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.

69

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.

70

*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 apieces tore.*

71

*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.*

72

*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!*

73

*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!*

74

*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!*

75

*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

R V B A I Y K T
OF

M A R K H A Y Y A A

By Edward Fitzgerald

Illustrated by

M. K. Sette.



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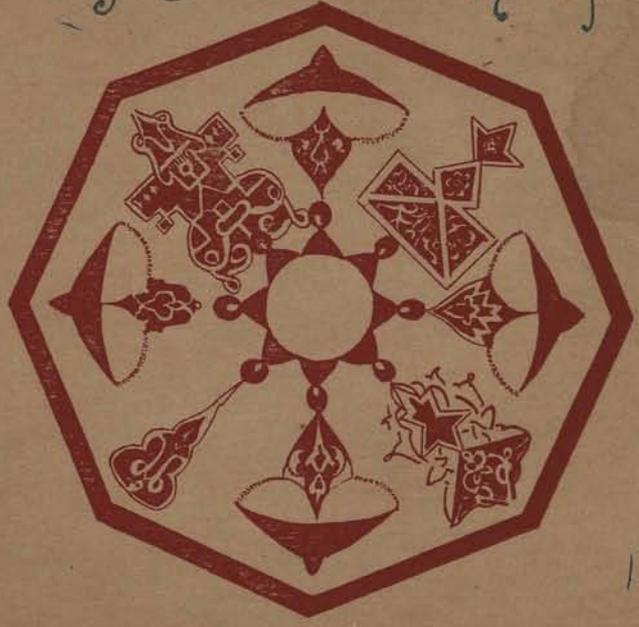
1
 Awake! for morning in the bowl of night
 Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight:
 And lo! the hunter of the East has caught
 The Sultan's turret in a noose of light.

2
 And, as the cock crew, those who stood before
 The cavern ghouled Open then the door!
 You know how little while we have to slay,
 And once departed may return no more.

3
 Dreaming when dawn's left hand was in the sky
 I heard a voice within the cavern cry,
 "Awake, my lillibe oes; fill the cup
 Before wife's liquor in its cup be dry."

4
 Now the New Year reviving old desires,
 The thoughtful soul to solitude retires,
 Where the white band of Moses on the bough
 Puts out, & Jesus from the ground suppress.

5
 Jam indeed is gone with all its
 rose, & Jamshed's
 seven-ringed cup
 Where no one knows;
 But still the
 vine her ancient
 ruby yields, and
 still a garden by
 the water flows.

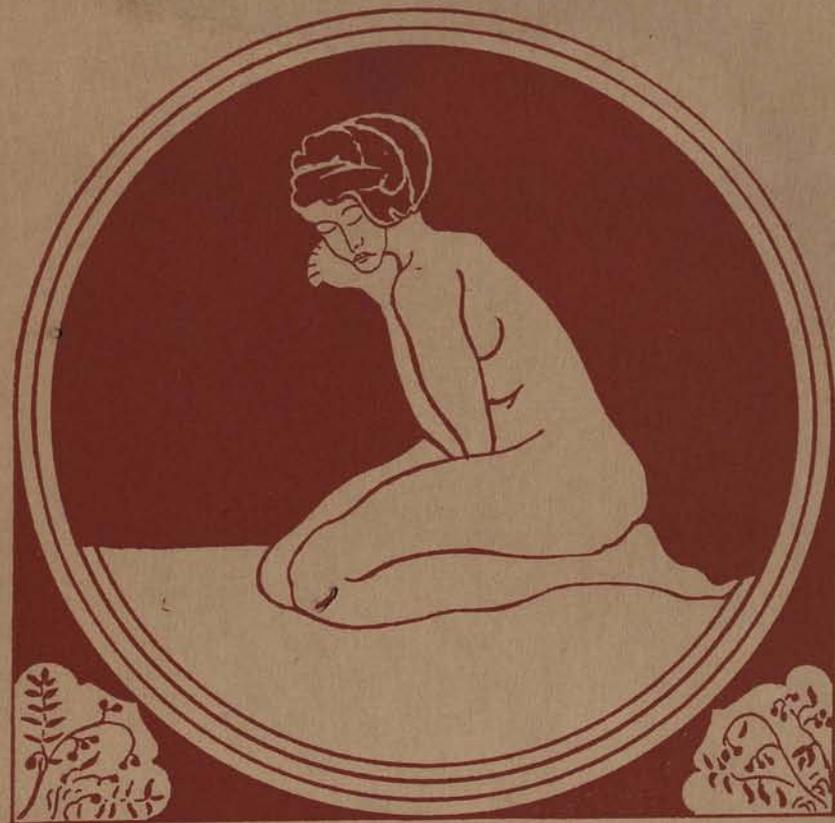


6
 And David's lips
 are locked; but in
 divine high piping
 "Hebrews, with
 "Wine! Wine! Wine!
 "Red Wine! the
 nightingale cries
 to the rose. That
 Yellow cheek of
 hers to incarnadine

7
 Come,
 fill the cup, &
 in the fire of spring
 the winter garment of
 repentance fling:
 the bird of time has
 but a little way to
 fly - & too! The
 bird is on the
 wing.



8
 And
 look - a thousand
 blossoms with the
 day wake & a thousand
 scatter'd into clay:
 And this first summer
 month that brings
 the rose shall take
 Jamshed & Kaikohat
 away.



9.

Do not come with old Khayyam & leave the lot
 Of Kaikobad & Kaikobru forgot:
 Let Nisum lay about him as he will,
 Or Kasim's cry supper-need them not

10.

With me along some strip of herbage sown
 That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of slave & sultan scarce is known,
 And pill sultan Mahmud or his throne.

11.

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
 A flask of wine, a book of verse & Thou
 Beside me singing in the wilderness —
 And wilderness is Paradise enough.

12
 "How sweet is mortal sovranly: Think some:
 Oberg, bow bless the paradise to come!
 Ah, take the cash in hand & wave the rest;
 Oh, the brave music of a distant drum!"



13
 Look to the rose that blows about us, 'Ere,
 Laughing, she says, "into the world I blow;
 At once the sickle fagel of my furse"
 Tear, & its treasure on the garden brow

14
 The worldly hope men get their hearts upon
 Turns asbes - or it prospers; & anon,
 Like snow upon the desert's dusky face
 Mighling a little hour or two - is gone

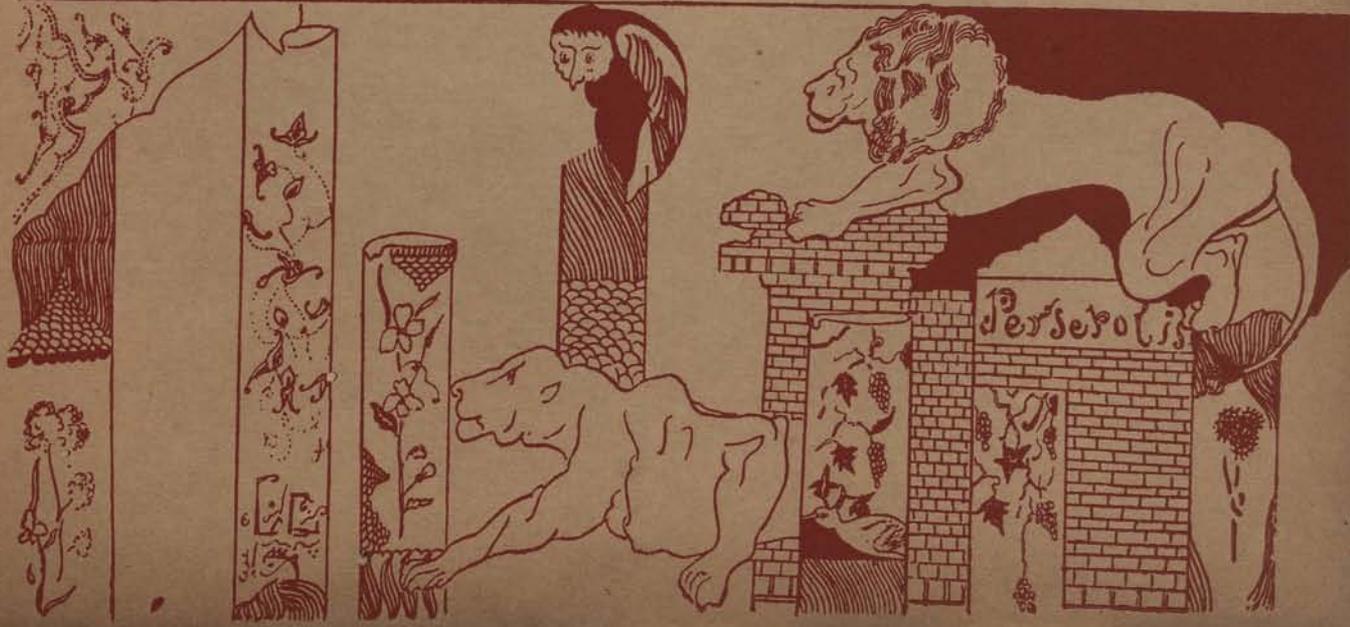


15
 And those who husbanded the golden grain
 And those who sowed it to the winds like rain
 Unlike to no such aureate earls are found
 As buried once, men want to go up
 again



Think in this battered caravanserai Whose doorways are alternate night & day,
 How sultan after sultan with his pomp Abode his hour or two, & went his way,





21
 Some we loved, the loveliest & best
 That time & fate of all their vintage prest,
 Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

20
 Ah, my beloved,
 Fill the cup that clears
 To day of past regrets &
 Future fears - tomorrow
 Why tomorrow I may be
 No self with yesterday's
 Seven thousand
 Years.



22
 And we, that
 now make merry in
 the room they left, &
 Summer dresses in new
 bloom, ourselves must we
 beneath the couch of earth
 Descend, ourselves to
 make a couch - for
 whom!

23
 Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the dust descend;
 Dust into dust, & under dust, to lie,
 Sang wine, sang song, sang singer - sang end



²⁴
 Alike for those who for today prepare,
 And those that after a tomorrow stare,
 A muezzin from the tower of darkness cries
 "Fools! Yours reward is neither here nor there!"

²⁵
 Why, all the sains & sages who discuss'd
 Of the two worlds solemnly, are thro' us
 Like foolish prophets for us; their words do scorn
 Are recalled, & their mouths are stop'd with dust

²⁶
 Oh, come with old Mahyama, leave the wise
 To talk; one thing is certain, that life flies
 One thing is certain, & the rest is lies;
 The flower that once has blown for ever
 Dies.

²⁷
 Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor & saint, & heard a great argument
 About it & about: but evermore
 Came out by the same door as I went.

28.

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, & like wind I go.

30.

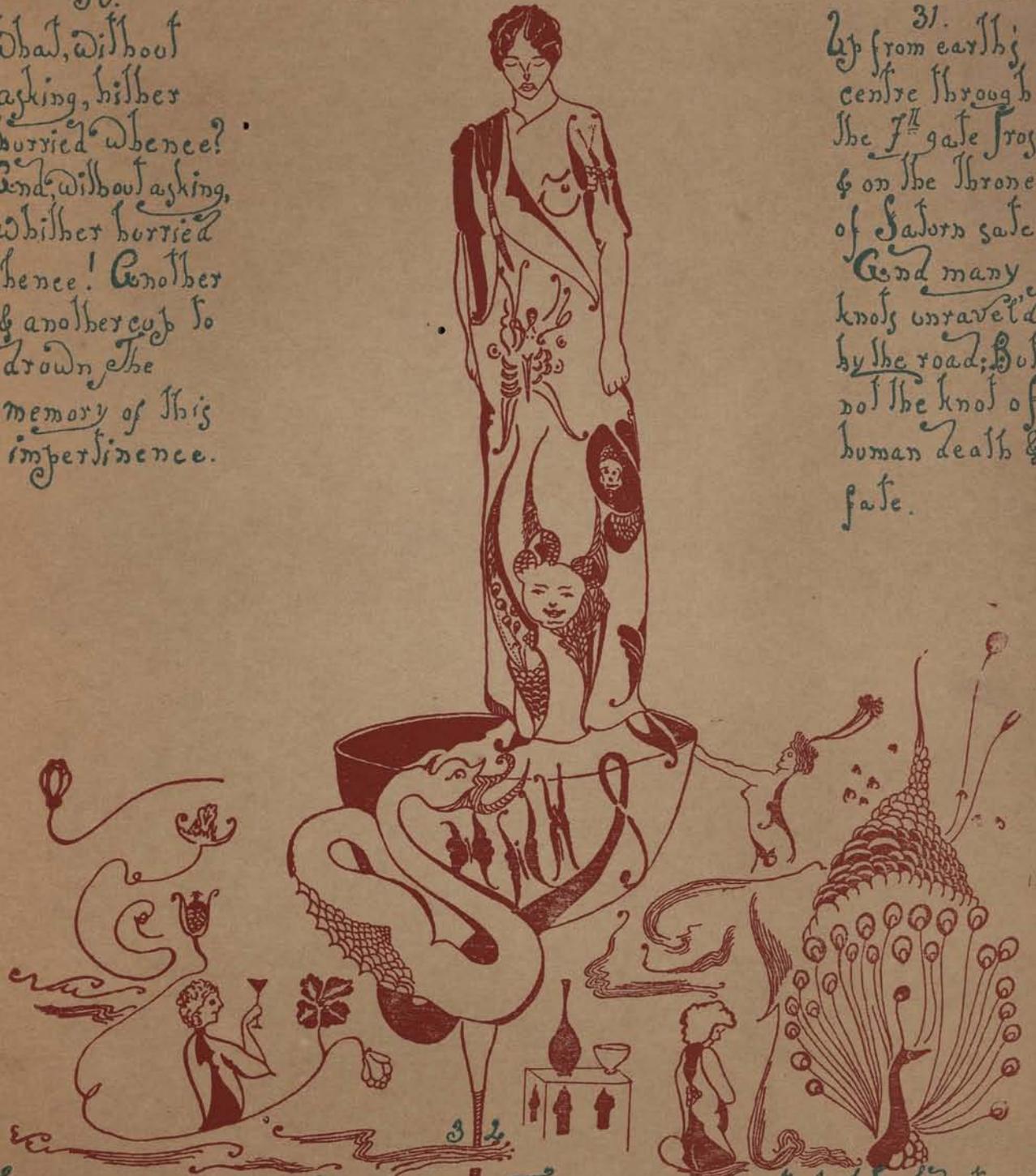
What, without asking, his her
hurried whence?
And, without asking,
whither hurried
hence! Another
& another cup to
drown the
memory of this
impertinence.

29.

Into this universe, & why not knowing
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly
And out of it, as wind along the way
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

31.

Up from earth's
centre through
the 7th gate rose,
& on the throne
of Saturn sat,
And many
knots unravel'd
by the road; But
not the knot of
human death &
fate.



32.

There was a door to which I found no key
Some little talk awhile of Me & Thee

There was a veil past which I could not see:
There seem'd - & then no more of thee & Me

Then to the rolling heaven itself I cried, ^{33.} Then to the earth her howl did I adourn ^{34.}
 Asking, What lamp had destiny to guide. My lip the secret well of life to learn:
 Her little children stumbling in the dark? And lip to lip it murmured while you live
 And - a blind understanding! Heav'n replied Drink! for once dead you never shall ^{return}



37

Ab, fill the cup: - What boots it to repeat
 How time is slipping under
 our feet:
 Unborn tomorrow, &
 dead yesterday, Why fret
 about them if today be
 sweet

^{35.} I bink the vessel,
 that with fugitive art =
 culation answered, once did
 live, & merry-make; & the cold lip
 kissed How many kisses might it give
 & take.

^{36.} For in the market
 place, one dusk of day, as
 I watch'd the potter thumping
 his wet clay: And with its
 all obliterated tongue it
 murmured - gently, Brother,
 gently, pray!



38

One moment in
 annihilation's waste,
 One moment, of the well
 of life to taste -
 The stars are setting &
 the caravan starts for
 the dawn of nothing. Oh make
 haste!



39

How long,
 how long in infinite
 pursuit Of his & that
 endeavour & dispute?
 Better be merry With
 the fruitful grape
 Than sadder after
 none, or bitter,
 fruit.

40

You know,
 my friends, how
 long since in my house
 For a new marriage
 I'd make carouse:
 Divorced old barren
 reason from my head,
 And took the daughter
 of the vine to
 spouse.

41

For
 'Tis & 'Tis not though
 With rule & line,
 And "Up & down"
 Without, I could define,
 yet in all I only
 feared to know,
 Was never deep in
 anything but
 wine.

42

And
 lately, by the Tavern
 door agape, Came
 stealing through the
 dusk an angel shape
 Bearing a vessel on
 his shoulder; &
 He bid me taste of
 it; & 'twas —
 the grape!

43

The
 grape that can
 With logic absolute
 The two & seventy garring
 sects confute: The
 subtle alchemist that
 in a trice 'Tis
 leaden metal
 into gold
 transmute

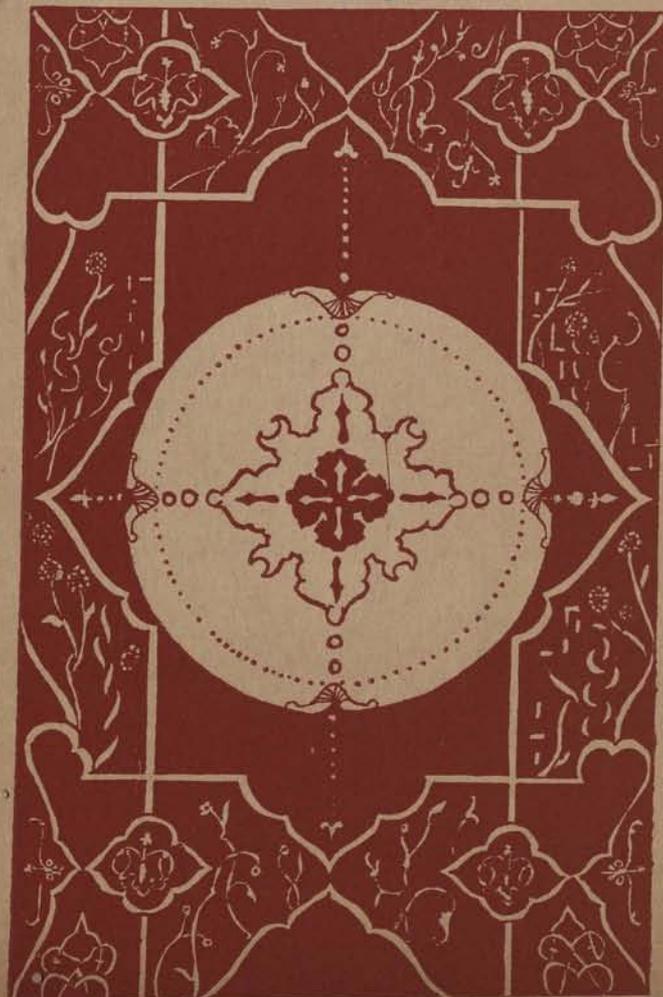
44

The
 mighty Mahmud,
 the victorious Cora,
 That all the mis-
 believing & black hordes
 Of fears & sorrows that
 infect the soul Scatters
 & slays with
 his enchanted
 sword

But leave the wise to wrangle, & with me
The quarrel of the universe let be:
And, in some corner of the huddled couch,
Make game of that which makes as much
of thee.

For in & 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
& go.

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.





48
 While the
 rose blows along
 the river brink,
 With old Shyamm the
 rosy village drink:
 And when the angel
 With his darkey draught
 Draws up to thee—
 Take that, & do
 not shrink.



49
 'Tis all
 a chequer-board
 of rights & wrongs
 Where destiny will men
 for pieces play: Hisber &
 Hisber moves, & mates, &
 slays, And one
 by one back in
 the closet
 slays.



50
 The ball
 no question makes
 of Ayes & Noes, But
 right or left as strikes the
 player goes; And he
 that tosses thee down
 into the field, He knows
 about it all—
 — He knows—
 — He knows!

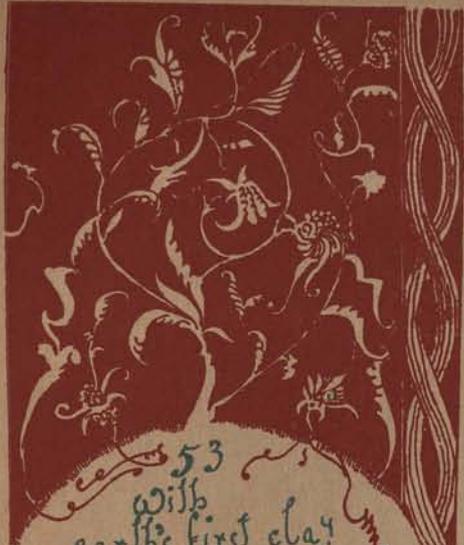


51
 The moving
 finger writes; &
 having writ, moves on;
 nor all the piety nor
 wit shall lure it
 back to cancel half a
 line, Nor all the
 tears wash out a
 word of it.

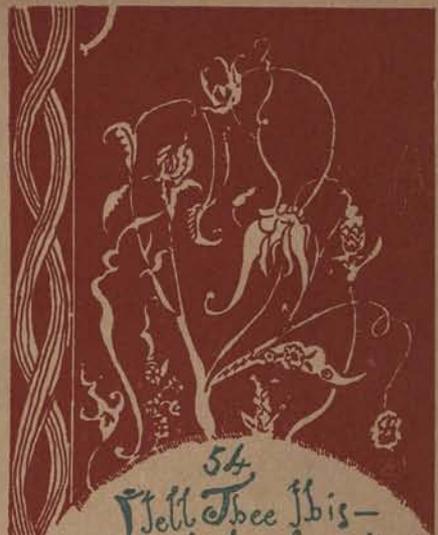
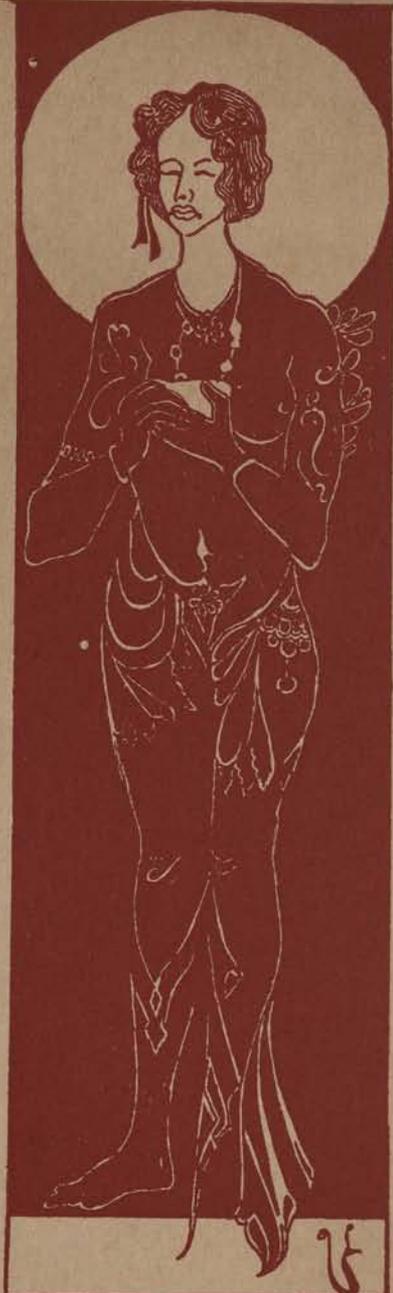


52
 And
 that inverted
 bowl we call the
 sky. Where under crawl
 ing coops we live & die,
 lift not thy hands to
 it for help—for it
 rolls impotently
 on as thou or

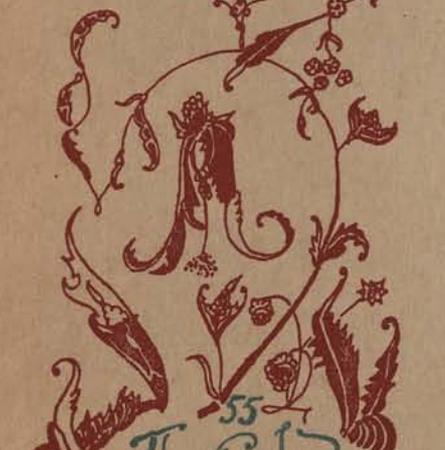




53
 With
 earth's first clay
 they did the last man
 knead, And then of
 the last harvest sow'd
 the seed: Yea, the first
 morning of creation
 wrote what the last
 dawn of reckoning
 shall read.



54
 Tell Thee this—
 When, starting from the
 goal, Over the shoulders
 of the flaming foal
 Of heav'n Darwin &
 Huxlara they flung,
 In my predestin'd
 plot of dust &
 soul



55
 The vine had
 struck a fibre; which
 about it clings my being—
 Let the dove fly
 Of my base metal may
 be filed a key, that shall
 unlock the door be
 bows without

Oh Thou, who didst with pit-
 fall & with gin beset the
 road I was to wander in,
 Thou wilt not with
 Predestination round
 Enmesh me, & impuse
 my fall to sin?



56
 And this I know
 Whether the one true
 light, kindle to love, or
 wrath consume me quite,
 One glimpse of It within
 the Savern caught
 better than in the temple
 lost outright.

58
 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—& take!



59
Listen again. One evening at the close
Of Ramazan, ere the better moon arose,
In that old potter's shop I stood alone
With the clay population round in rows.

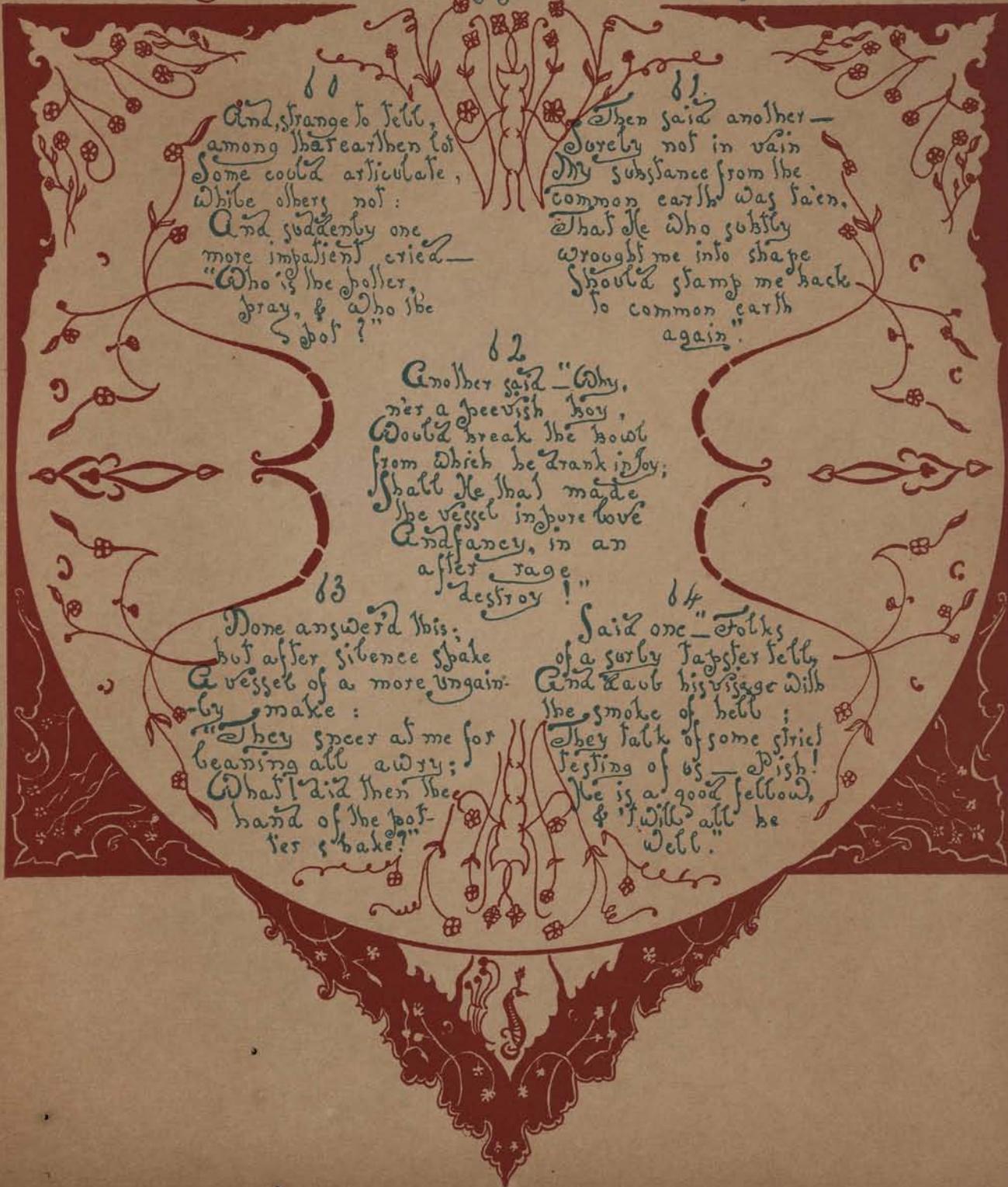
80
And, strange to tell,
Among that earthen lot
Some could articulate,
While others not:
And suddenly one
more impatient cried—
"Who is the potter,
pray, & who the
spot?"

81
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."

82
Another said—"Why,
n'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!"

83
None answer'd this;
but after silence spake
A vessel of a more ungain-
ly make:
"They sneer at me for
bearing all away;
What! did then the
hand of the pot-
ter shake?"

84
Said one—"Folks
of a surly temper tell
And laugh his visage with
the smoke of hell;
They talk of some strict
testing of us—Pish!
He is a good fellow,
& 'twill all be
well."



65.
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 hy-byo!

66.
So while the vessels one by one were speaking
One spied the lillie crescent all were seeking:
And then theylogg'd each other, brother! brother
Mark to the porters should'er-knot a-creaking

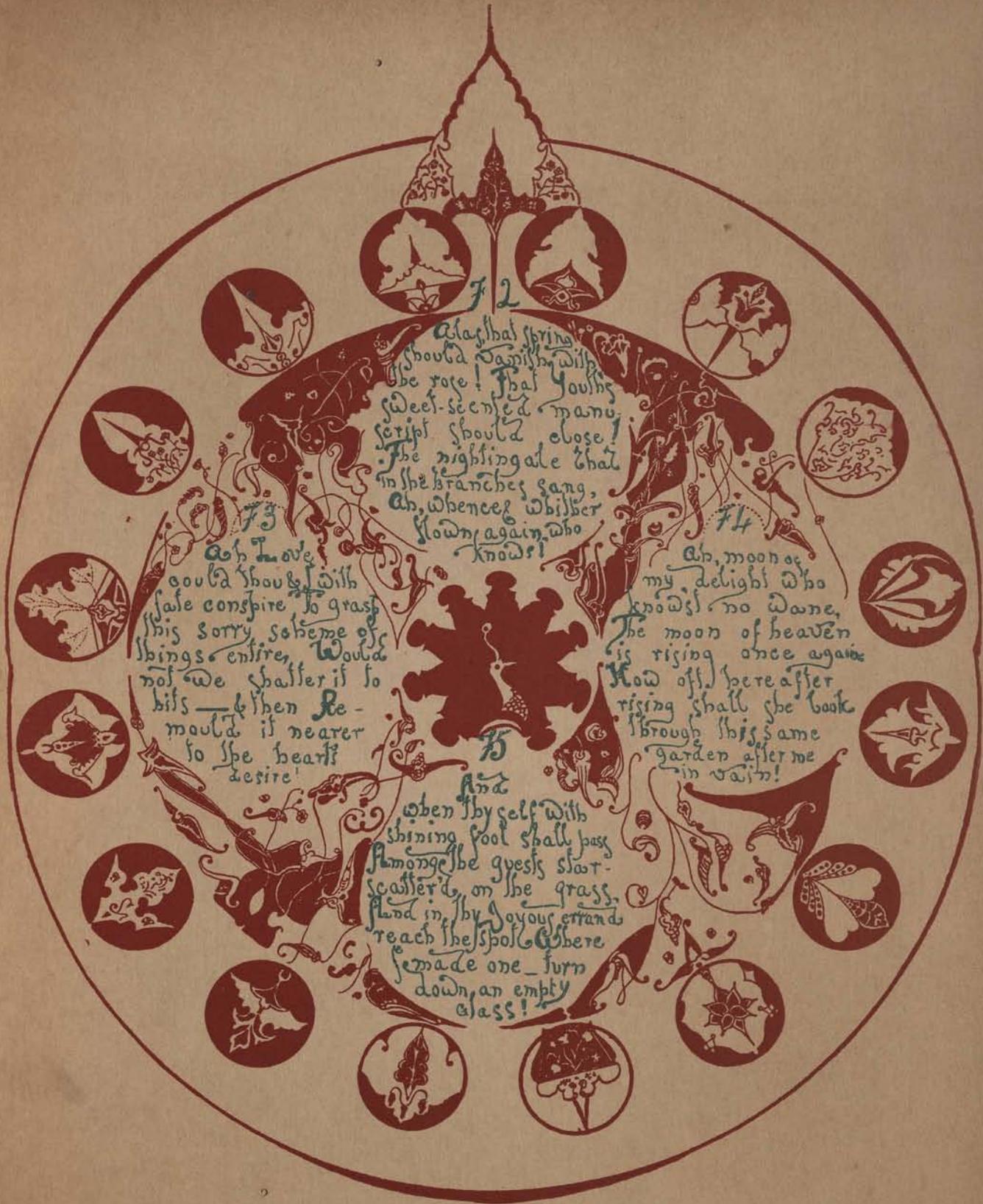
67.
Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
And wash my body whence the life has died,
And in a windingsheet of vine-leaf wrap,
So bury me by some sweet garden-side.

68.
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 over-
taken unaware.

69.
Indeed the idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in men's eye much
Have drown'd my honour in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a song.

70.
Indeed, indeed repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
And then & then came spring, prose-in-hand
My bread-bare penitence a piece sore.

71.
And much as wine has play'd the insidel,
And robb'd me of my roke of honour — well,
I often wonder what the vintners buy
One half so precious as the goods they sell.



Alas, that spring
 should vanish with
 the rose! That youths
 sweet-scented many
 script should close!
 The nightingale that
 in the branches sang,
 Ah, whence? Whither
 flown again, who
 knows!

Och I love
 would I could with
 fate conspire to grasp
 this sorry scheme of
 things entire, would
 not we shatter it to
 bits — & then re-
 mould it nearer
 to the heart's
 desire!

Ah, moon of
 my delight who
 knows! no wane,
 the moon of heaven
 is rising once againe
 How oft here after
 rising shall she look
 through this same
 garden after me
 in vain!

And
 when thyself with
 shining fool shall pass
 among the guests that
 scatter'd on the grass
 find in thy joyous errand
 reach the spot where
 I made one turn
 down an empty
 glass!

In the name of *Qubra Nazka*; the compassionate of the compassionate.
 Written & pictured by the humble citizen of Bombay *Mera ben Kavas ben Sal Seti*
 Begun in 1812 finished in 1814 in the reign of *George IV* of England, on whom be peace.



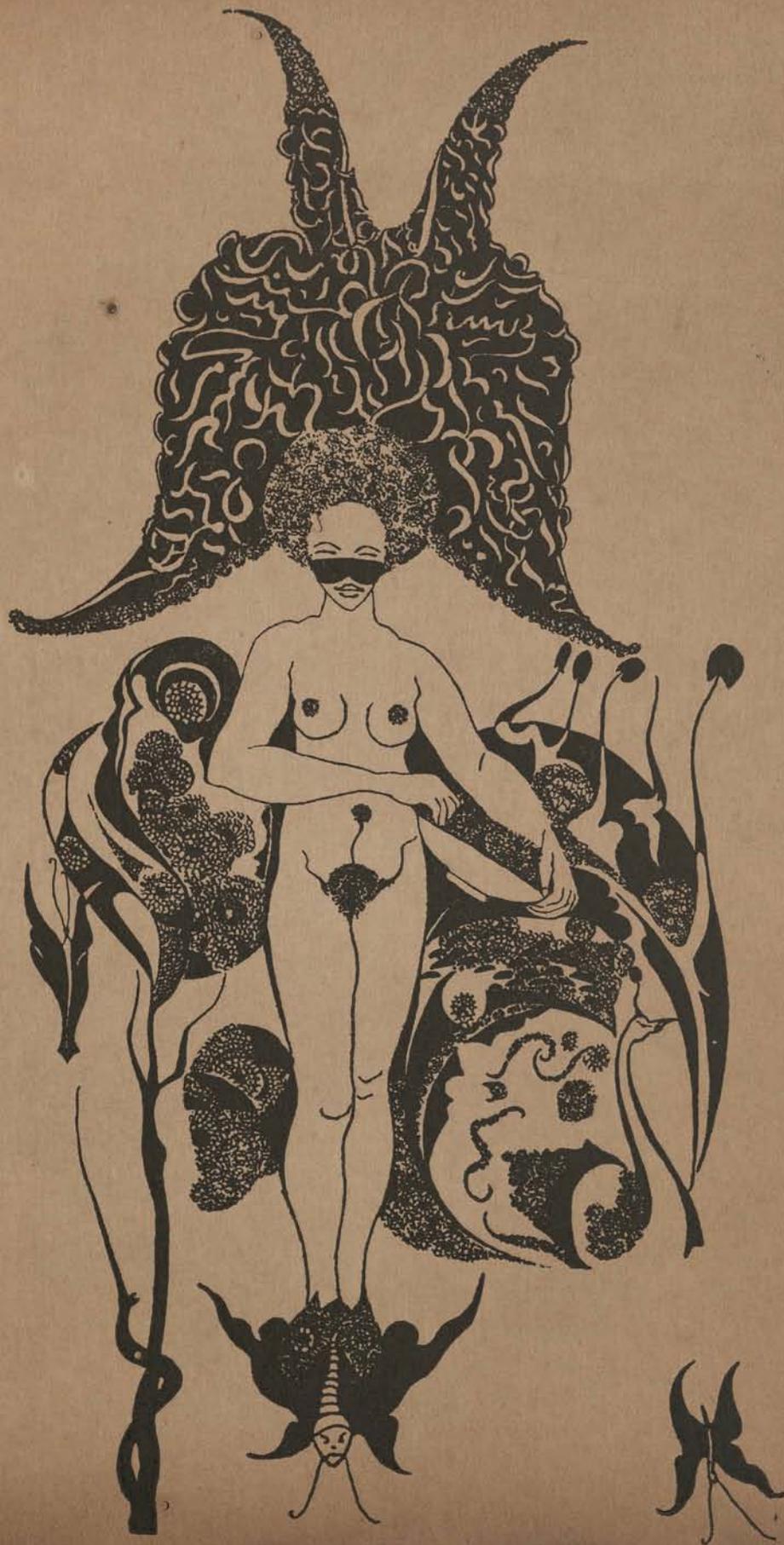
III

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."



vii

Come, fill the Cup, & in the fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly - & Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.



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, & its Treasure on the Garden throw."



And some we loved, the truest & best
That Time & Fate of all their Vintage press,
Gave drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

xxx



xxviii

Myself when young did easerly frequent
Doctor & Saint, & heard Great Argument
About it &abus: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.



S

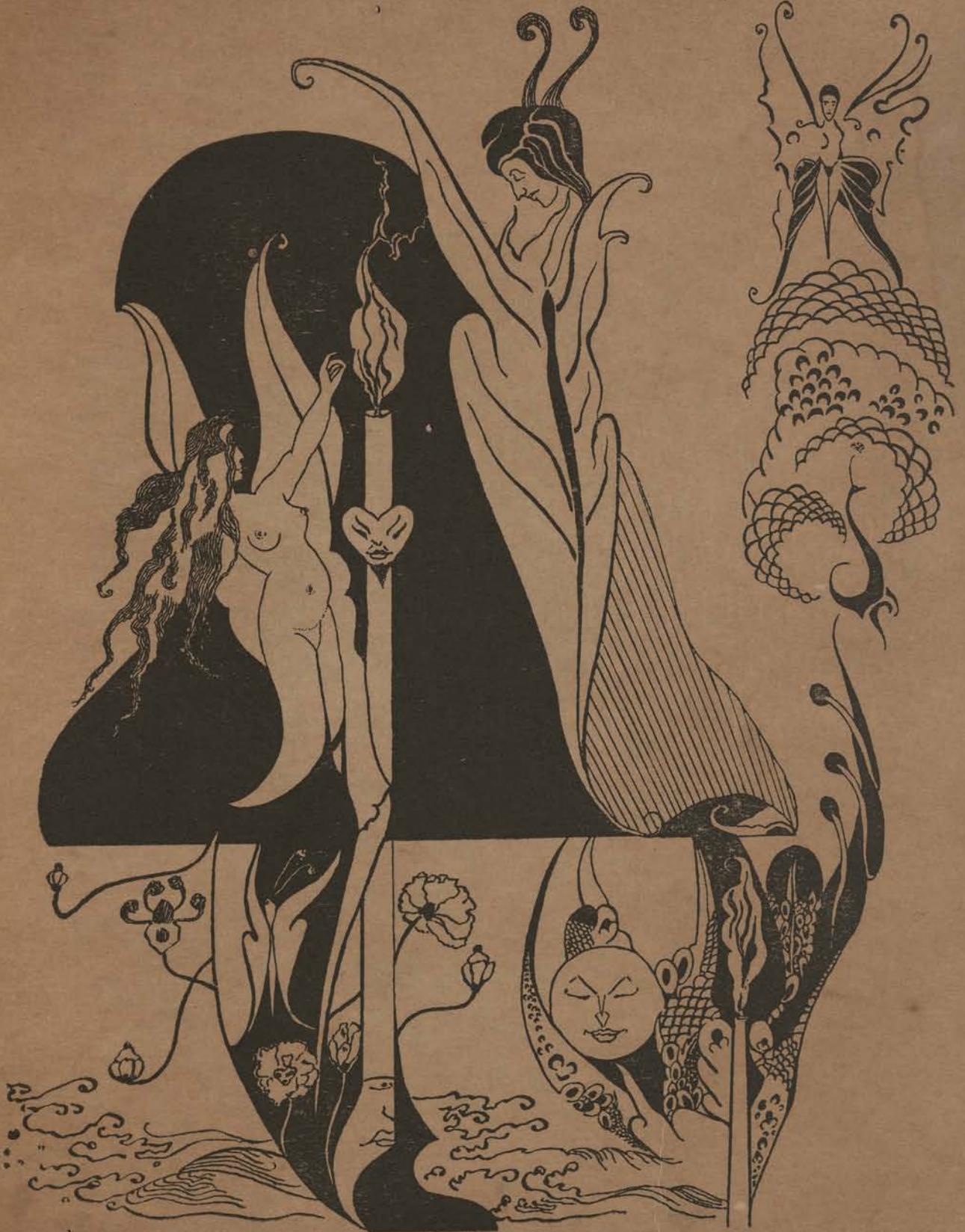
~~XXX~~

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 & Thee
There seem'd - & then, no more of Thee & Me.



~~XXXX~~

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



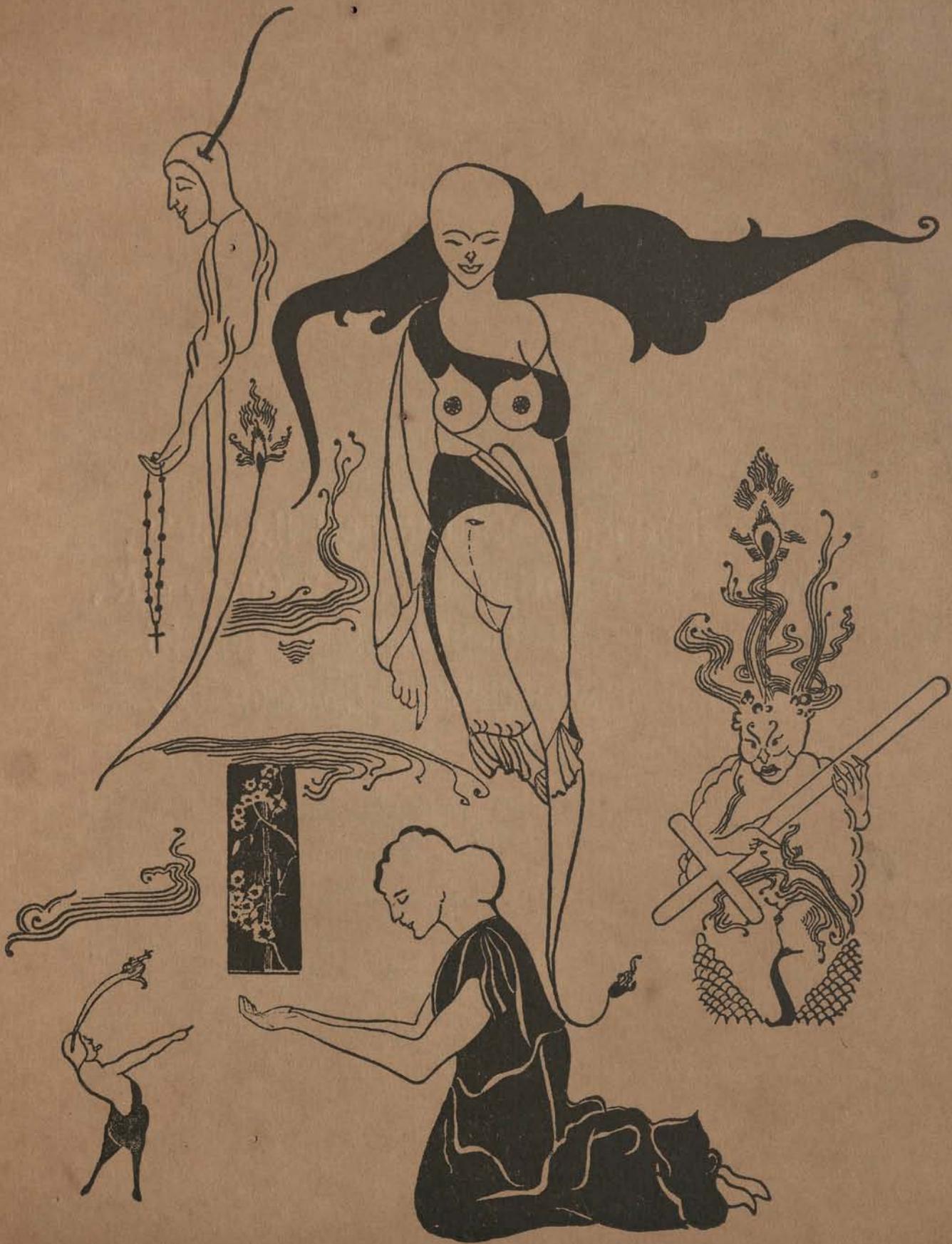
XLIII

For in & 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 & go.



L

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes & 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!

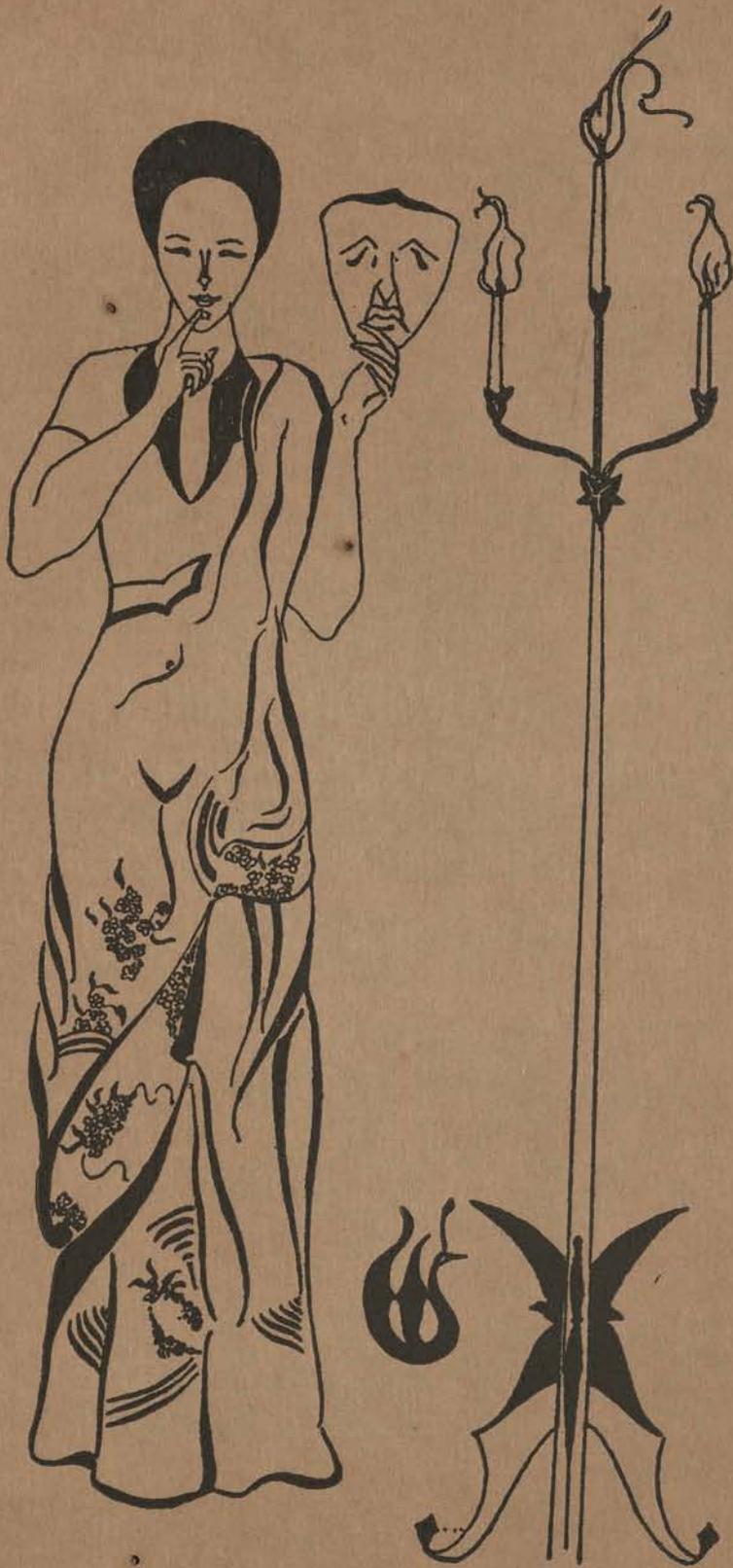


And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coopt we live & die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help - for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.



Lx

And strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried -
"Who is the Potter, pray & who the Pot?"

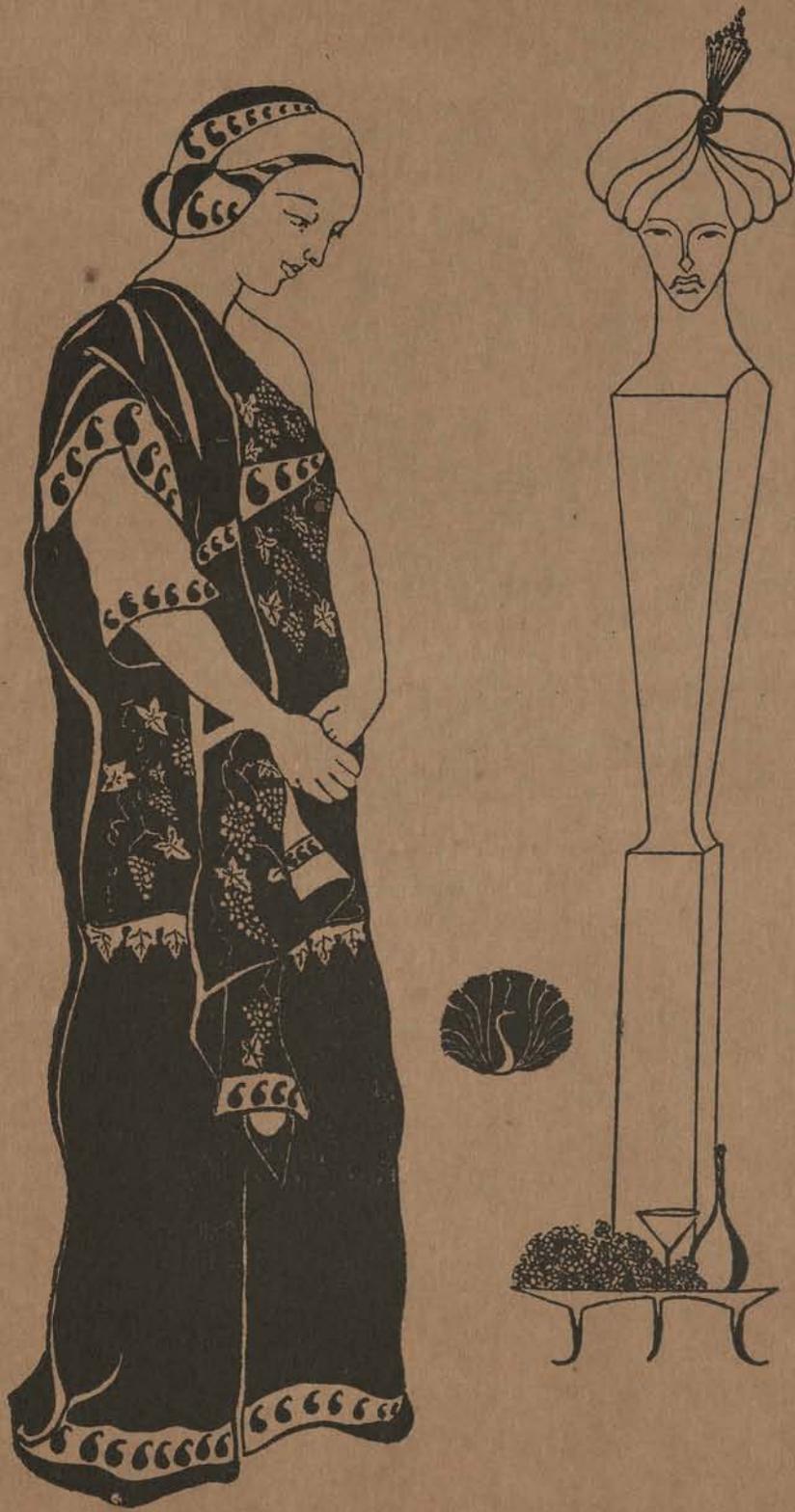


Indeed, indeed, ^{xxx} Repentance oft before
I swore - but was I sober when I swore?
And then & then came Spring & Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence a piece tore.



xxxv

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heaven 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-scattered on the Grass,
And in thy Joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one-turn down an empty Glass.



Samuel Sud: