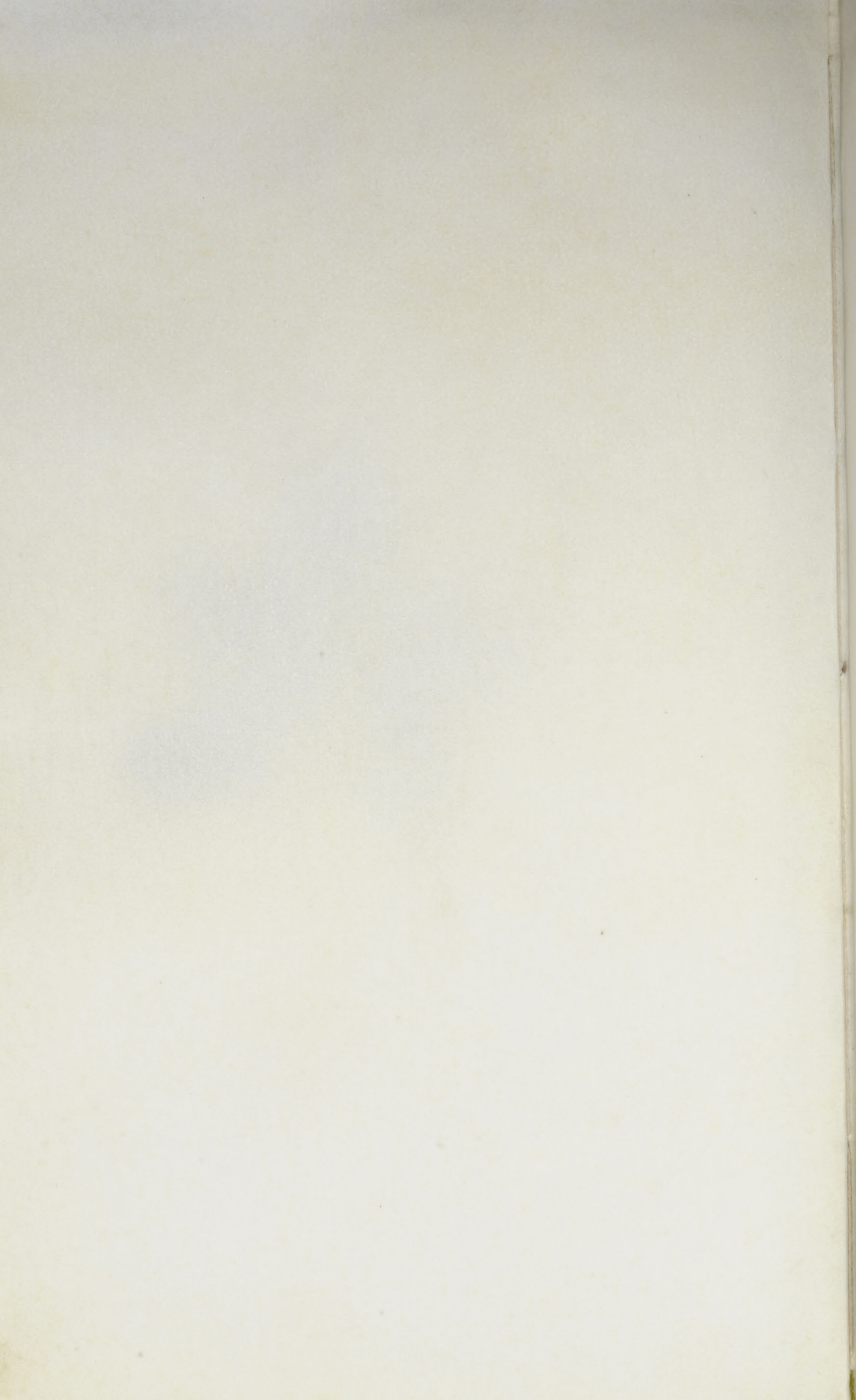


Colgate VIII.b WEBB





C H. A.
R. O.
B. A. N. Y. A. C.
O. H.
S. O. O. T. A. R.
M. A. Y.
Y. A. O. C. R. A. N. S.
BY EDWARD L. A. C. E. D.
F. I. T. Z. G. E. R. A. L. D. O.

WANE
for the
SUN that scat
ters into flight
The STARS

before him from the

A field of night & rives

Night along with them
from **H**earth, & strikes

The **S**ultan's **S**urret in
a **N**oose of **L**ight.

Before the phantom of
rage **M**orning died,

Methought a **V**oice within
the **G**avern cried,

When all the Temple is
prepared within,

Why nods the Drower,
Worshipper outside?"

And, as the Clock 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."

Now the New Year Reviu-
ing old Desires,

The thoughtful Soul to Soli-
tude retires,

Where the White Hand
of Moses on the Bough
picks out, and Jesus from
the Ground suspires.

LRAM indeed is gone with
all his **R**ose.

And **I**amshgō's **S**eu'n-ringed
Cup where no one knows;

But still a **R**ubg kindles in
the **V**ine,

And many a **G**arden by the
Water blows.

And **D**avid's lips are locked,
but in diuine

Digh-piping **P**etiteal, with **W**ine!
Wine! **W**ine!

Red **W**ine!" the nightin
gale cries to the **R**ose

That sallow cheek of hers to
incarnadine.

Come fill the **C**up, and in the
fire of **S**pring

Your **W**inter-garment of **R**e
pentance fling:

The **B**IRD OF **T**IME HAS BUT
A LITTLE WAY

TO FLUTTER AND THE
BIRD IS ON THE **W**ING.

WHETHER AT **N**AISHAPUR OR **B**A
=BOLON,

WHETHER THE **C**UP WITH SWEET OR
BITTER RUN,

THE **W**INE OF **L**IFE KEEPS OOZ
ING DROP BY DROP,

THE BEAUES OF **L**IFE KEEP FALL
ING ONE BY ONE.

EACH **M**ORN A THOUSAND **R**oses
BRINGS, YOU SAY;

YES, BUT WHERE LEAVES THE **R**OSE
OF **Y**ESTERDAY?

AND THIS FIRST **S**UMMER
MONCH THAT BRINGS THE **R**OSE

SHALL TAKE **I**AMSHGD AND **K**AIKO
=BAD AWAY.

Well, let it take them! **W**hat
have we to do

With **K**oikobád the **G**reat or
Koikohosrú?

Let **Z**ál and **R**ustam bus
ger as they will,

Or **H**átim call to **S**upper
heed not you.

With me along the strip of
Herbage sown

What rust divides the desert
from the sown,

Where name of **S**tave and
Sutgan is forgot

And **P**eaee to **M**ahmúd on his
golden throne

A **B**ook of **V**erses underneath
the **B**ough,

A **J**ug of **W**ine & **L**oaf of
Bread and **C**hou

Beside me singing in the
Witderness ———

O Witderness were Paræ
=dise enow!

Some for the Stories of this
Wortd, and some

Sigh for the Prophets Paræ
=dise to come,

Ah take the Cash, and let
the Credit go,

Nor heed the Rumble of a dis
=tant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose ab
out us ——— “Lo

Laughing,” she says, “into the
wortd I blow

At once the sitken tassel
of my Purse,

Tear, and its Treasure on
the Garden throw.”

And those who husbanded the
Golden Grain,

And those that flung it to the
winds like Rain,

Like to no such creature
Earth are turn'd

As buried once, **W**hen want dug
up again.

The World's Hope men see
their Hearts upon

Turns Ashes ——— OR
it prospers and anon,

Like snow upon the De-
sert's dusty Face,

Lighting a little hour or
two ——— is gone.

Think in this batter'd
Carrianserai

Whose Portals are alter-
nate Night and Day,

How **S**ultán after **S**ultán
with his **P**omp
Abode his destined **H**our, &
went his way.

They say the **L**ion and the
Lizard keep

The **C**ourts where amshéd
storied and drank deep:

And whráim, that great
Hunger — the wild **A**ss
Stamps oer his **H**ead, but can
not break his **S**teep.

Isometimes think that
neuer blows so red

The **R**ose as where some
buried **C**aesar bled;

That euer **H**gawinch the
Garden wears

Dropt in her **L**ap from some
once Louet's **H**ead.

And this reuiuiny **H**erb
whose tender **G**reen
edges the **R**iuier-**L**ip on
which we lean —

Oh, lean upon it tightly!
for who knows

From what once louety **L**ip
it springs unseen!

Oh, my **B**eloued, fill the **C**up
that clears

Today of past **R**egrets
future **F**ears:

Tomorrow! — **W**hs,
Tomorrow **I** may be
Myselt with **Y**esterday's
Seu'n thousand **Y**ears.

For some we loued, the
louedest and the best

Chat from his **V**intage roll
ing **T**ime hath prest,

Have drunk their **C**up
a **R**ound or two before,
And one by one crept silent-
ly to rest.

And we that now make
merray in the **R**oom
Cheerly, & **S**ummer dress-
es in new bloom,

Our selves must we be
neath the **C**ouch of **E**arth
Descend — our selves to
make a **C**ouch — for whom?

Oh make the most of what
we get may spend,
Before we too into the **D**ust
descend;

Dust into **D**ust & under
Dust to lie,

Sans **W**ine, sans **S**ong, sans
Singer, and — sans end!

Alike for those who for
to-day prepare,

And those that after some
to-morrow stare,

A Muzzin from the **to-**
er of **Darkness** cries,

Foots! your reward is neich-
er here nor there.

Why, all the **S**aints and
Sages who discuss'd

Of the two **W**orlds so wise
to they are thrust

Like foolish **P**rophets
forth, their **W**ords to **S**corn

Are scatter'd & their **M**ouths
are stop't with **D**ust.

Mgself when young did ea-
gerly frequent

Doctor and **S**aint, & heard
great argument

About it and about: but
evermore,
Come out by the same **D**oor
where in **I** went.

With them the **S**eed of **W**is
dom did **I** sow,

And with mine own **H**and
wrought to make it grow,

And this was all the **H**ar
vest that **I** reap'd

I came like **W**ater, & like
Wind **I** go"

Into this **U**niverse, & **W**hy
not knowing

Nor **W**hence, like water
wiltg-niltg flowing;

And out of it, as **W**ind
along the **W**aste;

I know not **W**hither
wiltg-niltg blowing.

What, without asking, hither
hurried **WHENCE?**

And without asking, **WHITHER**
hurried hence!

O many a **C**up of this for-
bidden **W**ine.

Must drown the memory of
that insolence!

Up from **E**arth's **C**entre
through the **S**eventh **G**ate-
Rose, and on the **T**hrone
of **S**aturn sat;

And many a knot unrecu-
=e'd by the **R**oad

But not the **M**aster-knot
of **H**uman **F**ate.

There was the **D**oor to
which **I** found no key;

There was the **V**eil through
which **I** might not see:

Some little talk awhile
of **ME** and **THEE** ; ; ;
There was ——— and then no
more of **THEE** & **ME**

Earth could not answer; nor
the **S**eas that mourn

In flowing **P**urple, of their
Word portorn;

Nor rolling **H**eaven, with
all his **S**igns reveal'd

And hidden by the steere of
Night and **M**orn. ; ; ; ;

Then of the **THEE** IN
ME who works behind

The **V**eil, **I** lifted up my hands
to find

A Lamp amid the **D**ark
ness; and **I** heard,

As from **W**ithout "The **ME**
within **THEE** blind!" %

When to the **L**ip of this
poor earthen **U**rn

I learn'd, the **S**ecret of my
Life to learn:

And **L**ip to **L**ip it mur-
mur'd — **W**hite you live

Drink! — — — — — for once dead,
you never shall return."

I think the **V**essel, that
with fugitive

Articulation answer'd, once
did live,

And drink; and **A**h! the
passive **L**ip **I** kiss'd,

How many kisses might it
take — — — — — and give!

For **I** remember stopping
by the way

To watch a **P**otter thump-
ing his wet **a**tag:

And with its all-obliter-
ated Tongue

Et marmur'd ——— Gently
Brother, gently pray!

And has not such a Story
From of Old

Down Man's successive gene-
rations roll'd

Of such a God of Satur-
ated Earth

Cast by the Maker into
Human Mouth?

And not a drop that from
our Cups we throw

For Earth to drink of, but
may steal below

To quench the fire of An-
guish in some eye

There hidden ——— far be-
neath and long ago.

As then the **C**upid for her
morning sup

Of **H**eruently **V**intage from
the soil looks up,

So you deuoutly do the like,
still **H**earin

To **E**arth inuert you — like
an empty **C**up.

Perplex no more with **H**u-
man or **D**iuine,

Tomorrow's tangle to the
winds resign,

And lose your fingers in
the tresses of

The **C**yprius-stender **M**inis-
ter of **W**ine.

And if the **W**ine you drink,
the **L**ip you press,

And in what **A**ll begins and
ends in — **Y**es,

Think then you are **TO**
DAY what **YESTERDAY**
YOU were — **TOMORROW**
you shall not be less.

So when that **Angel** of the
Dark **DRINK**
At last shall find you by the
RIVER-brink,

And offering his **Cup**, in-
uite your **Soul**
Aforth to your **Lips** to quaff
— you shall not shrink.

Why if the **Soul** can fling
the **Dust** aside,

And naked on the **AIR** of
Heaven ride,

Weret not a **Shame** —
weret not a **Shame** for him

In this clay **Carcase** crippled
to abide?

This but a Tent where takes
his one day's rest

ASultán to the realm of
Death address;

The Sultán rises, & the
dark Ferrásh

Strikes, and prepares it
for another Guest.

And fear not lest Exist
ence closing your

Account & mine, should know
the like no more

The Eternal Sáki from
that Bowl has pour'd

Millions of Bubbles like us,
and will pour.

When You and I behind the
Veil are past,

Ah, but the long long white
the World shall last,

Which of our **C**oming &
Departure heeds

As the **S**ea's self should heed
a pebble-cast.

A Moment's **H**at — a
momentary taste —

Of **B**EING from the **W**elt
amid the **W**aste.

And **L**o! — the phantom
Caravan has reach'd

The **N**OTHING it set out
from — **O**h make haste!

Could you that spangle of
Existence spend

About the **S**ecret —
quick about it **F**riend!

A Hair perhaps divides the
False and **T**RUe —

And upon what, riches, may
Life depend?

Again perhaps divides the
False and True;

Yes; and a single **Alif** were
the clue —

Could you but find it —
to the Treasure-house

And peradventure to the
MASTER, too;

Whose secret **Presence**
through **Creation's** veins

Running **Quicksilver**-like
eludes your pains;

Taking all shapes from
Wah to **Wahi**; and

They change and perish all
— but **He** remains;

A moment guess'd — then
back behind the **Hot**

Immensest of **Darkness**
round the **Drama** roll'd

Which, for the **P**astime
of **E**ternity,

He doth **H**imselfe concriue,
enact, behold.

Bat it in uain, down on the
stubborn floor

Of **E**arth & up to **H**eavens
unopening **D**oor,

You gaze **T**oday, while
You are **Y**ou - how then

Tomorrow, you shall
be **Y**ou no more -

Waste not your **H**our, nor
in the uain pursuit

Of **T**his and **T**hat endea-
uour and dispute

Better be iocund with
the fruitful **G**rape

Chanc sadden after none,
or bitter **F**ruit.

You know my **F**RIENDS, WITH
what a BRAVE **C**OURAGE

I MADE A **S**ECOND **M**ARRIAGE
IN MY HOUSE

DI VORCED OLD BARREN **R**EAS-
= SON FROM MY **B**ED, 969696

AND TOOK THE **D**AUGHTER OF
THE **V**INE TO **S**POUSE.

FOR **I**S AND **I**S **N**OT THOUGH
WITH **R**ATE AND **W**INE

AND **U**P AND **D**OWN BY **L**OGIC

I DEFINE

OF ALL THAT ONE SHOULD
CARE TO FATHOM, **I**

WAS NEVER DEEP IN ANYTHING
BUT

OH, BUT MY **C**OMPUTATIONS
PEOPLES SAYS,

REDUCED THE **Y**EAR TO BITTER
RECKONING? **N**AY,

Twas only striking from
the Calendar

Born tomorrow & dead
Yesterday.

And lately by the Caern
Door agape,

Came shining through the
Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his
Shoulder; and

He bid me taste of it; and
t'was — the Grape

The Grape that can with
Logic absolute

The two and seventy work-
ing sects confute:

The Sovereign Alchemist
that in a trice

Life's leaden metal into Gold
transmute: 99999999

The mighty **M**ahmud, **A**llah
breathing Lord,

What all the misbelieving &
black **H**orde

Of **F**ears and **S**orrows
that infest the **S**oul

Scatters before him with
his whirlwind **S**word.

Why, be this **T**uice the growth
of **G**od, who dare

BlaspHEME the twisted ten-
=DRIL as a **S**NARE?

A **B**lessing we should use
it, should we not?

And if a **C**URSE — why,
then, **W**ho set it there?

I must abiure the **B**alm
of **L**ife, **I** must,

Scared by some **A**FTER-RECK-
=oning ta'en on trust,

OR lured with **H**ope of
some **D**iuiner **D**rink,
To fill the **C**up — when
crumbled into **D**ust!

O threats of **H**ell & hopes
of **P**aradise!

One thing at least is cer-
tain — this **L**ife flies;

One thing is certain
& the rest is **L**ies;

The **F**lower that once has
blown for ever dies.

Strange is it not, that of
the myriads who

Before us pass'd the door
of darkness through

Not one returns to tell
us of the **R**oad,

Which to discover we must
travell too.

The Revelations of **D**e
vout and **L**eachrod

Who rose before us, and
as **P**rophets burnd,

Are all but **S**tories
which awake from **S**leep
Untill they told their **C**omrades
to **S**leep returnd.

I sent my **S**oul through
the **I**ncvisible.

Some letter of that **A**fter
life to spell.

And by and by my **S**oul re-
turned to me.

And answered **I** **W**hether
am **H**earin and **H**ell

Hearin but the **V**ision of fut-
filled **D**esire.

And **H**ell the **S**hadow from
a **S**oul on fire.

A cast on the **D**arkness
into which **O**ur selves,
So late emerged from, shall
so soon expire. . . .

We are no other than a
moving Row

Of **M**agic **S**hadow-shapes
that come and go

Round with the **S**un-illu-
mined **L**antern held

In **M**idnight by the **M**aster
of the **S**how

But helpless **P**ieces of the
Game **H**e plays

Upon this **C**hequer-board of
Nights and **D**ays

Hither & thither moves,
and checks and stags,

And one by one, back in the
Closet lays.

The **B**all no question makes
of **A**ges and **N**oes,

But **H**ere or **W**here as
strikes the **P**layer goes,

And **H**e that toss'd you
down into the **F**ield,

He knows about it all
He knows **H**e knows.

The **M**oving **F**inger writes
and having writ,

Moves on: nor all your **P**ie-
ty nor all your **W**it

Shall take it back to can-
cel half a **L**ine,

Nor all your **G**ears wash
out a **W**ord of it.

And that inverted **B**owt
they call the **S**ky,

Whereunder crawling coop'd
we live & die,

Lift not your hands to
It for help — for It
As impotentl^y moves as you
OR I.

With **E**tarch's first **C**rag **T**hey
did the **L**ast **M**an knead,

And there of the **L**ast **H**or-
uest sow'd the **S**eed;

And the first **M**orning of
Creation wrote

What the **L**ast **D**awn of **R**ec-
=koning shall read.

YESTERDAY, **T**his **D**ay's
Madness did prepare;

TOMORROW'S **S**ilence, **T**ri-
umph, OR **D**esperair:

Drink! for you know not
whence you came nor whig:

Drink! for you know not whig
you go nor where.

Tell you this — **W**hen,
started from the **G**oat,
Over the flaming shoulders
of the **F**loat

Or **H**ear'n **P**ourwin and
Mushicari theg stung,
In my predestined **P**lot of
Dust and **S**oul

The **V**ine had struck a fibre
which about

If clings my **B**eing — **L**et
the **D**eruish float;

Of my **B**ase **M**etal may
be filed a key,

That shall unlock the **D**oor
he howls without.

And this **I** know: whether
the one **T**ruer **L**ight

Kindle to **L**ove or **W**raach
consume me quite,

One flash of **I**t within
the **G**awern caught
Better than in the **G**empe
lost outright.

What! out of senseless
Nothing to prouoke
Aconscious **S**omething to
resent the goke
Of unpermitted **P**lea-
sure, under pain
Of everlasting **R**enauncies
if broke!

What! from his helpless
Creature be repaid
Pure **G**ods for what he
lent him dross allag'd
Sue for a **D**ebt he ne-
uer did contract
And cannot answer —
Oh the sorry trade!

Oh Thou, who didst with pit-
fall and with gin

Beset the Road I was to
wander in,

Thou wilt not with Pre-
destined Guilt round

Enmesh, and then impute my
Fall to Sin!

Oh Thou who Man of bas-
er Earth didst make,

And euen with Paradise de-
uise the Snake:

For all the Sin where
with the Face of Man

Is blacken'd — Man's por-
tueness giue — & take!

As under couer of depart-
ing Day

Stunk hanger: stricken
Ramapan away,

Once more within the
Potter's house alone
Jstood, surrounded by
the **S**hapes of **Q**uags. ❧

Shapes of all **S**orts and
Sizes, great & small ❧
That stood along the floor
and by the wall; ❧

And some loquacious **V**es
sels were; & some ❧
Listened perhaps, but nev-
er talked at all. ❧

Said one among them ❧
Surely not in vain ❧
My substance of the com-
mon **E**arth was ta'en ❧

And to this **F**igure mould-
ed, to be broke, ❧

Or trampled back to **S**hape-
less **E**arth again". ❧

Then said a **S**econd

Neer a peevish **B**og
Would breack the **B**owl from
which he drank in iog;

And he that with **H**is **H**and
the **V**essel made

Will surely not in after **W**raich
destrug.

After a momentary **S**il-
ence spake

Some **V**essel of a more un-
gaintly **M**acke;

They sneer at me for lean-
ing all awry:

What! did the **H**and then of
the **P**otter shake?

Therett some one of the
loquacious **L**ot

I think a **S**upr **P**ipkin
waxing hot

All this of Pot and Pot
ter ——— Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, &
who the Pot? ”

Who said another, “Some
there are who tell

Of one who threatens he
will toss to Hell ———

The luckless Pots he
mayd in making — Pish!

He’s a Good Fellow, and
’twill all be well.”

Well” murmured one, Let
whoso make or buy

Mis Quag with long Oblivion
is gone drag: ———

But fill me with the old
familiar Juice, ———

Methinks I might recover
by and by” ———

So white the **V**essels one
by one were speaking,

The little **M**oon look'd in that
all were seeking:

And then theylogg'd each
other, **B**ROther! **B**ROther!

Now for the **P**ORTER'S shout-
der-knot a-creaking!"

Ah, with the **G**RAPE my food
ing **W**IFE provide,

And wash the **B**ODY whence
the **W**IFE has died,

And tag me, shrouded in
the living **W**EAR,

By some not unrequented
GARDEN-side.

That even my buried **A**shes
such a snare

Of **V**intage shall fling up
into the **A**IR

As not a **T**rue-believer
passing by
But shall be overtaken un-
aware.

Indeed, the **I**dots **I** have
loved so long
Have done my credit in
this **W**orld much wrong:

Have drowned my **G**lorie
in a shallow **C**up,

And sold my **R**eputation for
a **S**ong.

Indeed, indeed, **R**epentance
oft before

Iswore ————— but was
Isober when **I**swore?

And then, **E** then came
Spring **&** **R**ose-in-hand

My thread-bare **P**enitence
a piecees tore

And much as **W**ine has
plag'd the **I**ntrioet,

And robb'd me of my **R**obe
of **H**onour — **W**ell,

Iwonder often what the
Vintners buy

One hath so precious as
the **S**tuff they sell.

Yet **A**h that **S**pring should
dunish with the **R**ose.

That **Y**outh's sweet-scented
manuscript should close.

The **N**ightingale that in
the branches sang,

Ah whence & whither flown
again, who knows!

Could but the **D**esert of
the **M**ountain yield

One glimpse . . . if dimly,
yet indeed, revealed,

O which the painting **C**ra-
= ueller might spring, . . .

As springs the trampled
Herbage of the **F**ield!

Could but some winged **A**n-
get ere too late

Arrest the get unpoised **R**ott
of **H**ate,

And make the stern **R**e-
= corder otherwise

Enregister, or quite obliterate!
=

Ah **L**oue! could you and **I**
with **H**im conspire

To grasp this sorry scheme
of **T**hings entire,

Would we not shatter it
to bits ——— **E**then

Re-mount it nearer to the
= **H**earts **D**esire!

Yon rising **M**oon that took
for us again —

How oft hereafter will she
wax & wane;

How oft hereafter ris-
ing took for us

Through this same **G**arden
— & for **ONE** in vain.

And when like her, oh **S**aki,
you shall pass

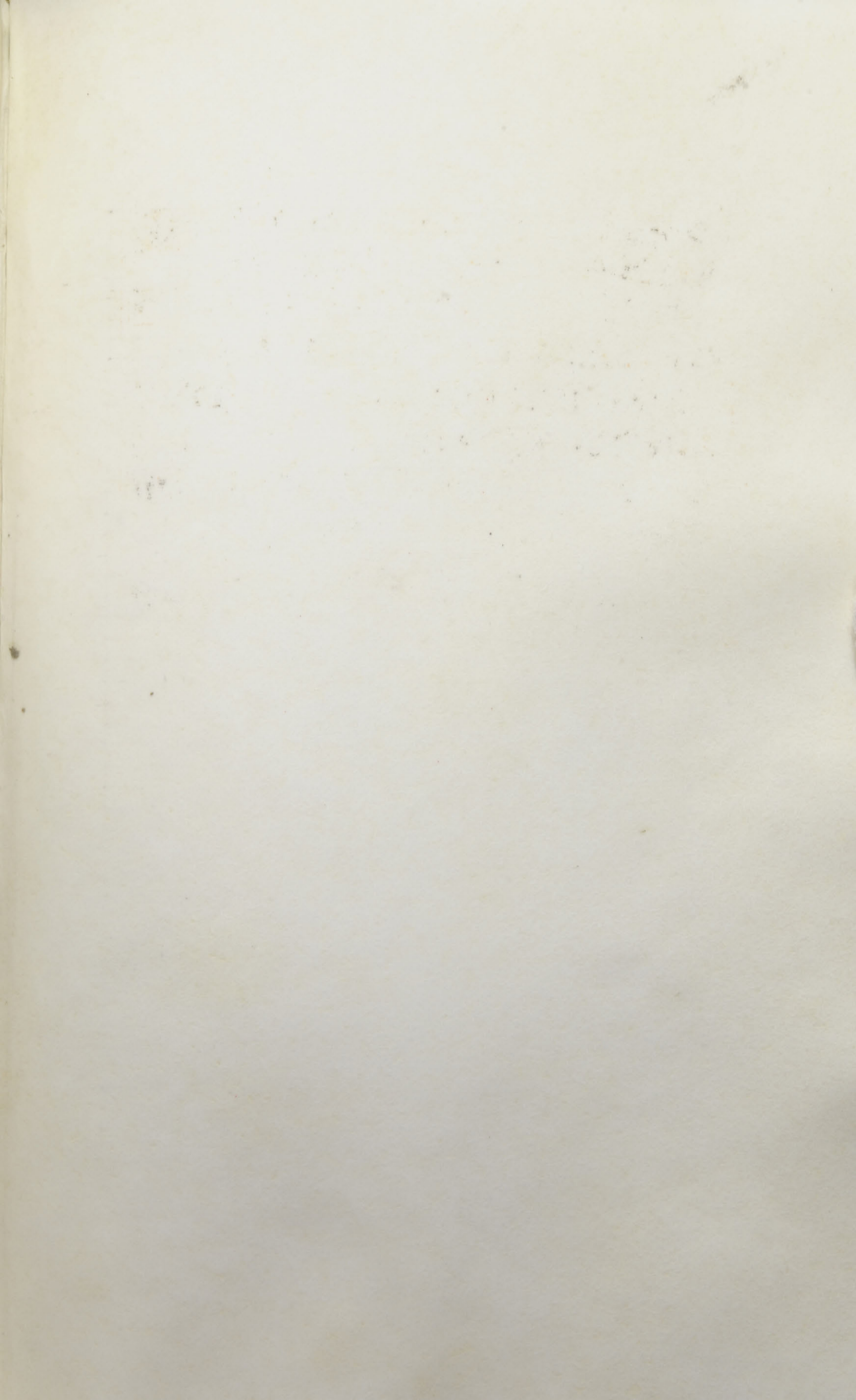
Among the **G**uests **S**tarscat-
tered on the **G**RASS,

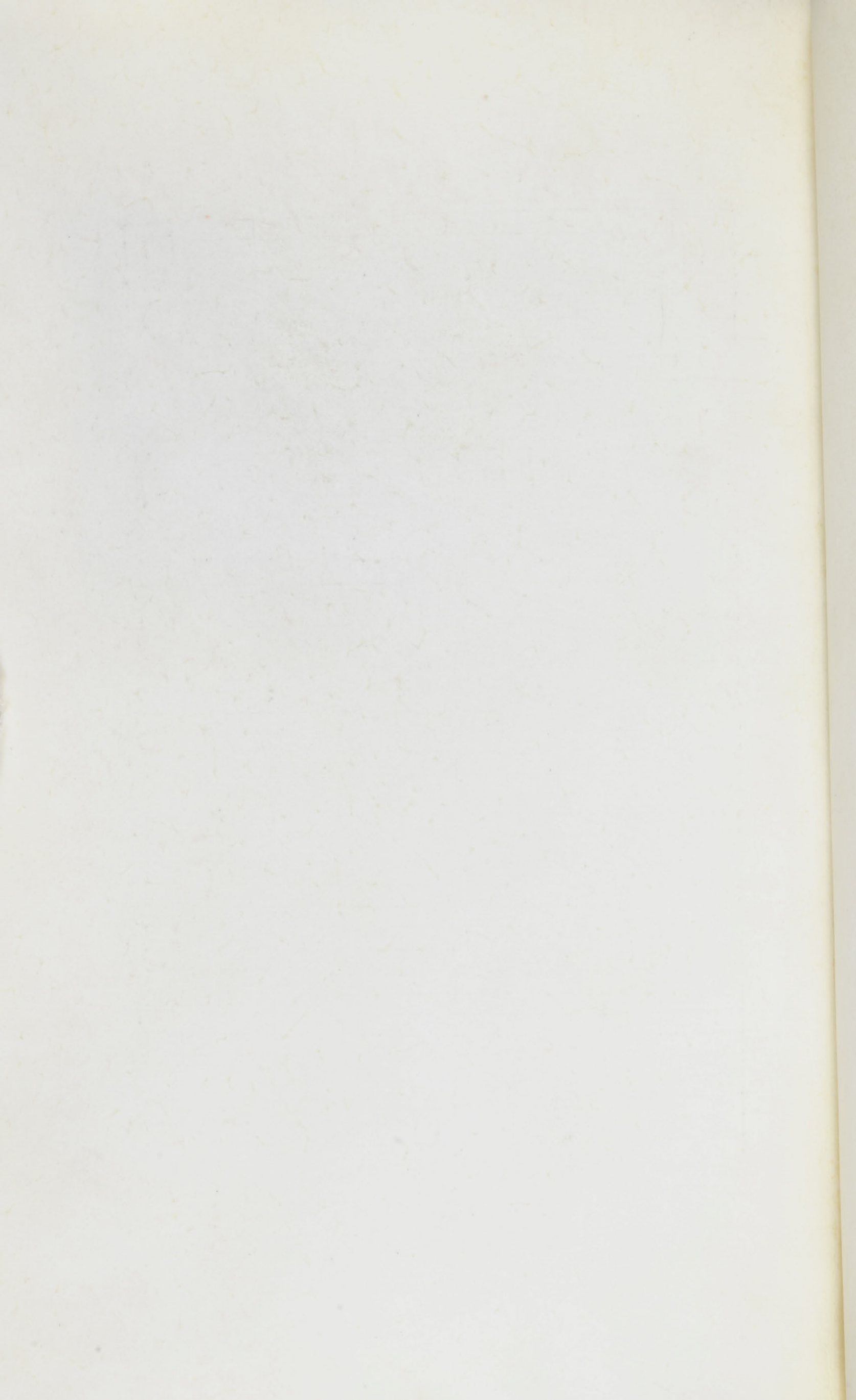
Till in your iogous errand
reach the **S**pot

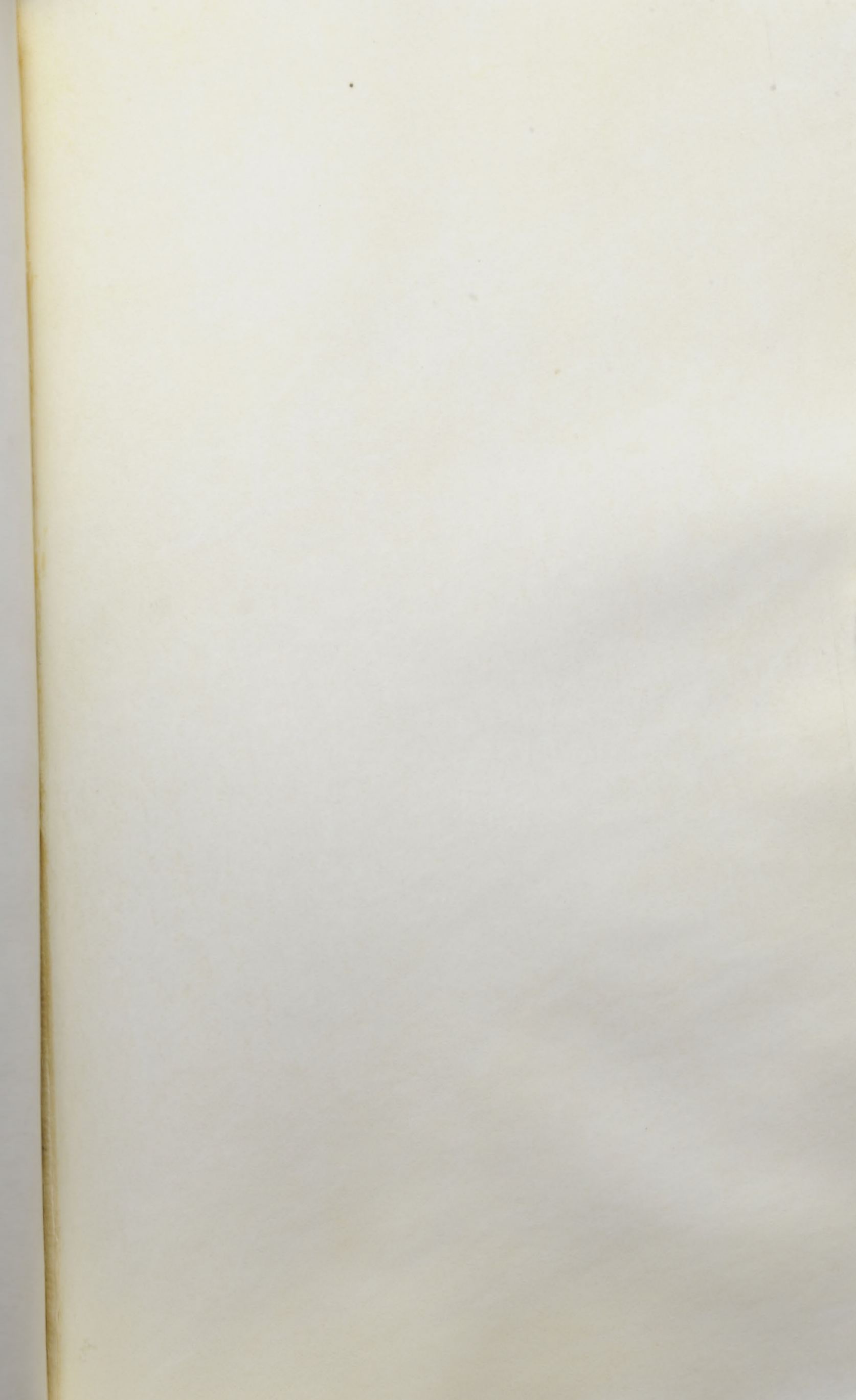
Where **I** made **ONE** — turn
down an empty **G**lass!

GAMÁN.

The END
of the RUBAIYAT
of OMAR KHAYYAM
TRANSLATED by EDW.
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