Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

The Astronomer- Mathematician- Poet of Persia

His Full Name: Ghiyath al-Din Abul Fateh Omar Ibn Ibrahim Khayyam

Literal English translation in quatrain form by: Shahriar Shabriari
In childhood we strove to go to school,
Our turn to teach, joyous as a rule
The end of the story is sad and cruel
From dust we came, and gone with winds cool.

Heaven is incomplete without a heavenly romance
Let a glass of wine be my present circumstance
Take what is here now, let go of a promised chance
A drumbeat is best heard from a distance.

This Old World we've named Cosmos by mistake
Is the graveyard of nights & days, no more awake
And a feast that hundred Jamshid's did break
And a throne that hundred Bahram's did make.

This clay pot like a lover once in heat
A lock of hair his senses did defeat
The handle that has made the bottleneck its own seat
Was once the embrace of a lover that entreat.

The palace where Jamshid held his cup
The doe and the fox now rest and sup
Bahram who hunted game non-stop
Was hunted by death when his time was up.
Tonight I shall embrace a gallon cup
With at least two cups of wine I'll sup
I'll divorce my mind and religion stop
With daughter of vine, all night I'll stay up.

Alas the youthful fire is a dying ember
The spring of life has reached December
What is termed youth, I vaguely remember
But know not whence and how from life's chamber.

Those who went in pursuit of knowledge
Soared up so high, stretched the edge
Were still encaged by the same dark hedge
Brought us some tales ere life to death pledge.

They say in heaven are beautiful lovers
Sweet taste of wine in the air hovers
Fear not if succumbed to same earthly powers
In the end the same, one discovers.

O friend, for the morrow let us not worry
This moment we have now, let us not hurry
When our time comes, we shall not tarry
With seven thousand-year-olds, our burden carry.
Khayyam, if you are intoxicated with wine,
Enjoy!
If you are seated with a lover of thine, enjoy!
In the end, the Void the whole world employ
Imagine thou art not, while waiting in line,
Enjoy!

All my companions, one by one died
With Angel of Death they now reside
In the banquet of life same wine we tried
A few cups back, they fell to the side.

Drinking wine is my travail
Till my body is dead and stale
At my grave site all shall hail
Odor of wine shall prevail.

Once upon a time, in a potter's shop
I saw two thousand clay pot and cup
Suddenly a lone pot cried out, "stop! Where the vendor, buyer, where my prop?"

The hands of fate play our game
We the players are given a name
Some are tame, others gain fame
Yet in the end, we're all the same.
The caravan of life shall always pass
Beware that is fresh as sweet young grass
Let's not worry about what tomorrow will amass
Fill my cup again, this night will pass, alas.

At dawn came a calling from the tavern
Hark drunken mad man of the cavern
Arise; let us fill with wine one more turn
Before destiny fills our cup, our urn.

When the canary made its way to the field
Found the rose and wine smiling, kneeled,
In tongues its message in my ear it thus reeled
Hark, no moment in time did twice yield.

The day the stallion of time was tamed and trained
Venus and Jupiter were adorned and stained
This life for us was allotted and ordained
This was not our will; were thus chained and restrained.

Happily I walked with the tavern down the line
Passed an old drunk, holding a bottle of wine
"Do you not fear God?" was reproach of mine
said, "Mercy is God's sign, in silence I wine and dine."
The secrets eternal neither you know nor I
And answers to the riddle neither you know nor I
Behind the veil there is much talk about us, why
When the veil falls, neither you remain nor I.

I brought the cup to my lips with greed
Begging for longevity, my temporal need
Cup brought its to mine, its secret did feed
Time never returns, drink, of this take heed.

As the rising Venus and moon in the skies appear
To the goodness of quality wine, nothing comes near
I am amazed at the vendors of a liquid so dear
Where they'll buy a better thing, is not clear.

Some are thoughtful on their way
Some are doubtful, so they pray
I hear the hidden voice that may
Shout, "Both paths lead astray."

Like God, if this world I could control
Eliminating the world would be my role
I would create the world anew, whole
Such that the free soul would attain desired goal.
This cup was made by the Wise Lord
With love & care to the heights soared
The potter who shaped with such accord
To make and break the same clay, can also afford.

Good and evil, our moral prison,
Joy and sorrow passing like season,
Fate in the way of logic and reason
Is the victim of far worse treason.

Why treat thy slave so cold as ice?
Where is thy light to save me from vice?
Even with command of Paradise
Where is thy gift above my just price?

Hark! Feed me wine, if you really care
Turn into ruby my face of amber
Bathe me in wine when death me ensnare
With boards of vine my coffin bear.

Wherever you go in the land of God
Flowers bloom from kingly blood
Violet with its colourful shroud
Was a beauty mole on a face once proud.
| An old potter at his wheel                      | بَر کوزه گری پیر کردم گذشته‌ی از خاک همه نموه هردم هنری‌ی‌ی من دیدم اگر ندید هر بی بصری‌ی خاک پدرم در کف هر کوزه گری‌ی |
| Clay and dirt mould and deal                    |                                                  |
| My inner eye would reveal                       | مَقُرْعُبَوْ اُنَّمَعُۖ هَمَّهُ درُّرِه‌ی‌ی هنری‌ی من دیدم اگر ندید هر بی بصری‌ی خاک پدرم در کف هر کوزه‌ی گری‌ی |
| My father's dust bears his seal.                |                                                  |

| The grass that grows by every stream           | هر سیزه‌ی که بر کنار جنوبی رسته‌ی است گوئی‌ی زلب فرشته‌ی خوئی‌ی رسته‌ی است پا بر سر سیزه‌ی آن بخواری‌ی نه‌ی‌ی کان سیزه‌ی ز خاک ماهروئی‌ی رسته‌ی است |
| Like angelic smiles faintly gleam              |                                                  |
| Step gently, cause it not to scream            |                                                  |
| For it has grown from a lover's dream.         |                                                  |