
Fifty Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Khayyam Omar

Title: Fifty Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Author: Khayyam Omar

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W A U S A U W I S C O N S I N

Two hundred copies printed for private circulation
only for James Carleton Young and his friends of
which this is number

180

Richard L. Gallienne

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TATTERED robe, and face with
loving pale,

Pass me not by: I am the Nightingale

That dares to sing of Riot and the Rose;

And, Brother, I would give thee hand and hail.



BUT, sinner, there's one thing I want to
hear:

O tell me—is your sinning quite sincere?

You would not leave it even though you
could!

Say that you would not, O my brother dear.



REMEMBER—all the pious who cry
shame,

With holy horror, on your tattered fame,

Watch only for the opportunity

Of turned backs and the dark to do the same.

LET us at least who think the Rose is
best

Not, paltry, lie about it, like the rest;

But lift our glasses frankly in the sun,
And take our love as frankly to our breast.

THIS is the creed of Omar : I believe
In Wine and Roses, also I believe
In Woman—(what a foolish thing to do !)
And in the God that made them I believe.

DEARER than the soul that gives me
breath,

Dearer than life, as the old proverb saith,—

Nay, that is but a sorry compliment :
For thou, my love, art dearer even than death.