

This poem is the right length to scrub your hands

(Instead of singing "Happy Birthday" twice)

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

by Edward Fitzgerald

With me along the strip of Herbage strewn
That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubáiyát takes such liberties that it is regarded as its own work. These are two of the most famous rubais from hundred and one in the 1879 edition.



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