

**RUBĀIYĀT OF OMAR  
KHAYYĀM: A PARAPHRASE  
FROM SEVERAL LITERAL  
TRANSLATIONS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649777532

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám: a paraphrase from several literal translations by Omar Khayyam  
& Richard Le Gallienne

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**OMAR KHAYYAM & RICHARD LE GALLIENNE**

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OMAR KHAYYÁM

*A PARAPHRASE FROM SEVERAL  
LITERAL TRANSLATIONS*

BY  
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

A NEW EDITION  
WITH FIFTY ADDED QUATRAINS

**New York**  
JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD  
MCMII

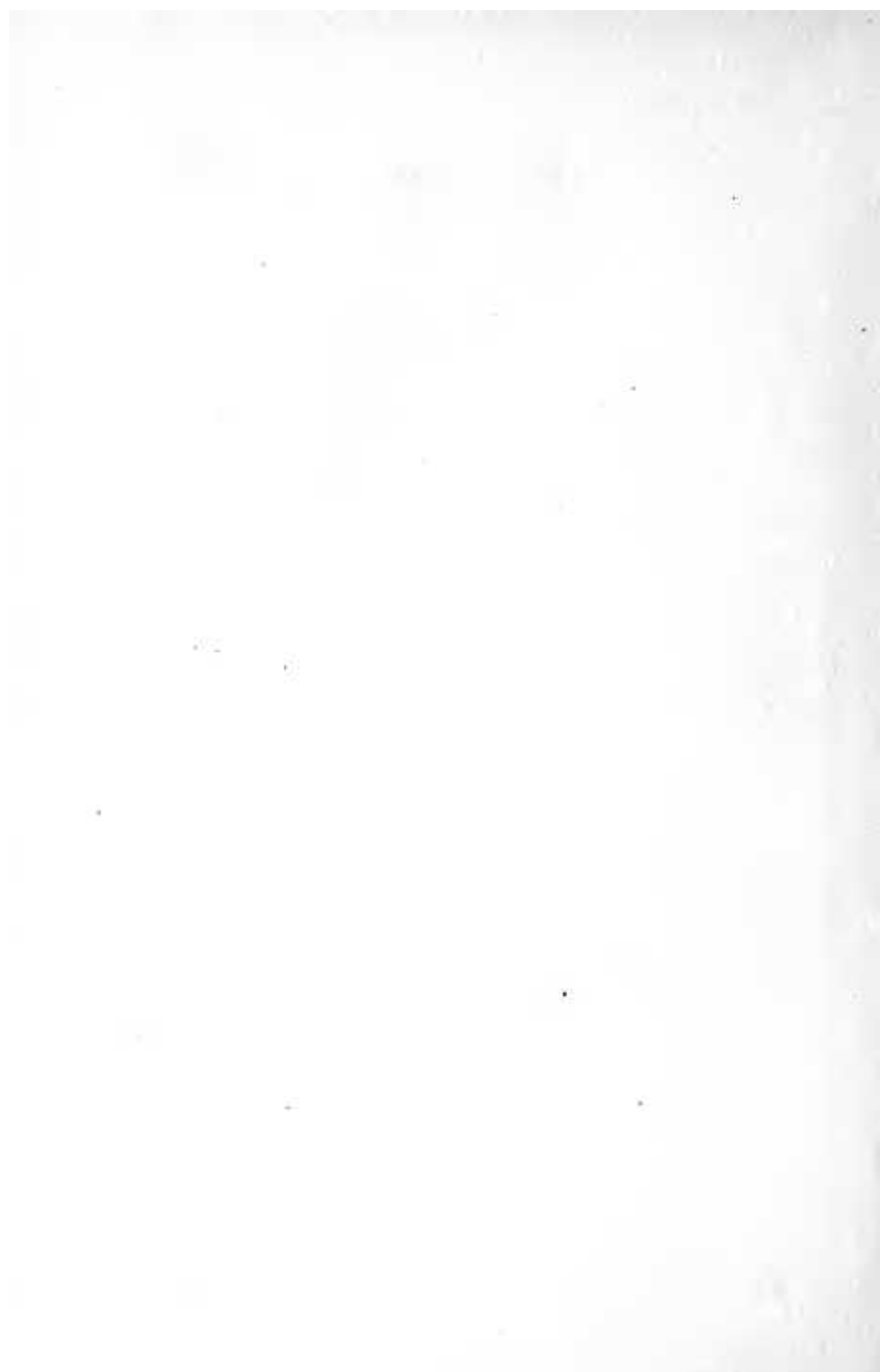
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NEW EDITION

To Julie Norregard

FANØ, DENMARK  
AUGUST 24, 1897





## To the Reader

*I am told that an apology will be expected of me for this humble attempt to add to the poetry of nations. For my part, I believe that poetry should be its own apology, and that in so far as the following paraphrase is poetry, it will need no further justification.*

*However, as there is another name upon the title-page besides my own, perhaps I owe it to my reverence for Omar Khayyám and Edward FitzGerald to make a few minor explanations.*

*To plead that the idea of a new verse rendering of Omar Khayyám was not my own unassisted impertinence, is but to hint at the originality of the English publisher, without easing the burden of my responsibility.*

*As for that very minor matter, my Persian, I would put it to my friends of the Omar Khayyám Club—whether Persian be any 'necessary adjunct or true ornament' of your true Omarian. In-*

*deed, I have a notion,—which, of course, may be quite erroneous—that a knowledge of Persian disqualifies one for membership in that genial society. It would seem a sort of unkindness towards Fitzgerald,—as suggesting, what it is the growing fashion to forget, that there ever was any such person as Omar at all.*

*However, there seems to be no real doubt that there was, and that he has transmitted across some seven hundred years a series of cabalistical ink-stains,—like the markings on flowers,—which Messrs. Nicolas, Whinfield, and McCarthy agree in interpreting as nearly alike as is no matter. Of these rose-leaves ‘freakt with jet,’ these rubāiyāt, these quatrains, Omar’s editors count, roughly, some five hundred, many of which are of doubtful authenticity. These in the original manuscripts are subject to an arbitrary alphabetical arrangement which is no arrangement. They are a veritable pot-pourri of wine-stained petals—red, yellow, and white—*