رباعیات حکیم عمر خیام نیشابوری

(با برگردان انگلیسی)

گرداوری و ویرایش

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Into this Universe, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.
رباعی دوم

گویند کسان بهشت با حور خوشست
من میگویم که آب انگور خوشست
این نقد بگیر و دست از آن نسیه بدار
کاوره دهل شنیدن از دور خوشست

"How sweet is mortal Sovranty!" — think some:
Others — "How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!
With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with — my own hand labour’d it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap’d —
“I came like Water, and like Wind I go.”
رباعى ششم

چون در گذرثم به باده شوئید مرا
تلقین ز شراب ناب گونید مرا
خواهید بروز حشر-بایپد مرا
از خاک در میکده جوئید مرا

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
and wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.
 رباعی هفتم

چندان بخورم شراب کاين بوى شراب
آيد ز تراب چون روم زير تراب
تا بر سر خاک من رسد مخمورى
از بوى شراب من شود مست و خراب

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.
رباعی هشتم

می بر کف من نه که دلم در تاب است
وین عمر گریزپای چون سیماب است
درباب که آتش جوانی آب است
هشدار که بیداری دولت خواب است

Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise
To talk, one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.
And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coopt we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to IT for help — for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.
None answer'd this, but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"
رباعی دوازدهم

با باده نشین که ملك محمود این است
وزچنگ شن‌و که لحن داوود این است
از آمده و رفت‌ه دگ‌ر یاد مکن
حالی خوش باش زانکه مقصود این است

The mighty Mahmud, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.
Heav’n but the Vision of fulfill’d Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg’d from, shall so soon expire.
رباعی شاهزاده‌هم

این کهن‌ه رباط را که عالم نام است
وارامگه ابلق صبح و شام است
بزمی است که وامانده صد چمشید است
قصريست که تکیه‌گاه صد هرام است

Think, in this batter’d Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.
رباعی بیستم

این کوزه چو من عاشق زاری بوده است
در بند سر زلف نگاری بوده است
این دستتنه که بر گردن او می بینی
دستیست که بر گردن یاری بوده است

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive Articulation answer’d, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss’d
How many Kisses might it take — and give!
And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!
The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.
Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About the Secret-quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False from True
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?
رباعی سی و یکم

دل سر حیات اگر کماهی دانست
در مرگ هم اسرار الهی دانست
امروز که با خودی ندانستی هیچ
فردا که ز خود روى چه خواهی دانست

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's Unopening Door,
You gaze To-day, while You are You-how then
To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?
As then the Tulip for her wonted sup
Of Heavenly Vintage lifts her chalice up,
Do you turn offering of the soil, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.
If but the Vine and Love-abjuring Band
Are in the Prophet’s Paradise to stand,
Alack, I doubt the prophet’s paradise
Were empty as the hollow of one’s Hand.
رباعي سیر و نهم

تکیه پیاله ای که در هم پیوست
بشکستگی آن روا نمی‌دارد مست
چندین سروپای نازنین از سر دست
بر مهر که پیوست و به کین که بشکست

Another said — "Why, ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that made the Vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy!"
And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend ourselves to make a Couch for whom?
Ah, Moon of my Delight who know’st no wane,
The Moon of Heav’n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Carden after me — in vain!
رباعی پنجم‌اهم

آن قصر که جمشید در او چام گرفت

بهرام گه گور میگرفتی هم‌ه عمر

دیدی که چگونه گور بهرام گرفت

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.
رباعی پنجاه و دوم

چون عمر بسر رسد چه شیرین و چه تلخ
پیمانه چو پر شود چه بغداد و چه بلخ
می نوش که بعد از من و تـو ماه بسی
از سلخ به غرّه آیـد از غرّه به سلخ

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life kept falling one by one.
رباعی پنجاه و پنجم

این قافل‌ه‌عمار عجب می‌گذرد
دریاب دمی‌که با طریب می‌گذرد
ساقی‌غم‌فردا حريفان چه خویری
پیش آر پیاله را که شپ می‌گذرد

One Moment in Annihilation’s Waste,
One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Starts for the dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!
رباعی پنجم و هفتم

روزیست خوش و هوا نه گرم است و نه سرد
ابر از رخ گلنار همی شوید گرد
بلبل به زبان حال خود با گل زرد
فربند همی کند که می باید خورد

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Pelevi, with “Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!” — the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine.
You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.
Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!
رباعی شست و چهارم

اقدس که سرمايه ز کف پیرون شد
وز دست اجل بسی چگرها خون شد
کس نامد از آن جهان که پرسم از وی
کاحوال مسافران دنیا چون شد

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 Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.
رباعی شست و یا نجم

آنان که اسیر عقل و تمیز شدند
در حسرت هست و نیست ناچیز شدند
رو باخبر اتآب انگور گزین
کان بیخبران بفوره میویز شدند

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or better, Fruit.
رباعی شست و ششم

یاران موافق همه از دست شدند
در پای اجل یکان یکان پست شدند
خوردهم ز یک شراب در مجلس عمر
دوری دوشه بیشتر ز ما مست شدند

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.
رباعی هفتادم

آنان که محيط فضل و آداب شدند
در جمع کمال شمع اصحاب شدند
ره زين شب تاريخ نبردند برون
گفتند فسانه ای و در خواب شدند

The Revelations of Devout and Learn’d
Who rose before us, and as Prophet burn’d,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades and to sleep return’d.
When you and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should head a pebble-cast.
Said one — "Folks of a surly Tapster tell, 
And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell; 
They talk of some strict Testing of us — Pish! 
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."
Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh, "My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry: But, fill me with the old familiar Juice, Methinks I might recover by — and — bye!"
رباعی هشتادم

چون آمدنم بمن نبود روز نخست
وین رفتن بی مراد عزمیست درست
بر خیز و میان ببند ای ساقی چست
کاندوه چهان بمی فرو خواهم شست

What, without asking, hither hurried whence?
And, without asking, whither hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!
رباعی هشتاد و دوّم

یاران چو به اتفاق دیدار کنید
بايد که ز دوست یاد بسیار کنید
چون باده خوشگوار بنوشید بهم
نوپت چو بما رسد نگونسار کنید

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter’d on The Grass,
And in Thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty Glass!
And much as Wine has play’d the Infidel,
And robb’d me of my Robe of Honour-well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.
While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyam the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to thee — take that, and do not shrink.

رباعی هشتاد و هفتم

در دایره سپهر ناپیدا غور
جامیست كه جمله را چشانند بدور
نوبت چو بدور تو رسد آه مكن
می نوش بخوشدی كه دوراست به خور
رباعی هشتاد و هشتم

لِبِّ بَرْ لِبِّ كُوْرِهِ بَرْدَم اَزْ غَاِیْتِ آَزَ
تا زو طلِبْـم و اَسْطَـمِهِ عُمَرِ دِرَازَ
لِبِّ بَرْ لِبِّ مِنْ نِهَاد وْ مِيْگَفْتُ بِرَازَ
مِيْ خُورِ كُهِّ بِدِينَ جِهَانِ نِمِيَائِنِ بَازَ

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur’d — ”While you live,
Drink! — for once dead you never shall return!”
The Moving Finger writes: and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a word of it.
 رباعی نود و دوّم

ما لعبتکانیم و فلک لعبت باز

از روی حقیقتی نه از روی مجاز

یک چند درین بساط بازی کردیم

رفتیم به صندوق عدم یک یک باز

‘Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.
And, as the Cock 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.”
Then said another—"Surely not in vain
My substance from the common Earth was ta’en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to common Earth again."
And strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried —
“Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?”
And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in – Yes –
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what Thou shalt be – Nothing – Thou shalt not be less.
For “Is” and “Is-Not” though with Rule and Line,
And “Up-And Down” without I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but-Wine.
رباعی یکصد و نهم

صبح است دمی بر می گلنگ زنیم
وین شیشه نام و ننگ بر سنگ زنیم
دست از امل دراز خود باز کشیم
در زلف نگار و دامن چنگ زنیم

Oh, plagued no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to itself resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress — slender Minister of Wine.
For in and out, above, about, below,
‘Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play’d in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.
Oh! my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?— Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday’s Sev’en Thousand Years.
رباعی یکصد و چهاردهم

گر بر فلکم دست بدى چون زندان
بر داشتمی من این فلک را ز ميان
وز نو فلکی دگر چنان ساختمی
کازاده بکام دل رسيبدى آسان

Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart’s Desire!
There was a Door to which I found no Key,
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee
There seem’d—and then no more of Thee and Me.

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The Palace that to Heav’n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew –
I saw the solitary kingdove there,
And “coo, coo, coo,” she cried and “coo, coo, coo.”
But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Univers let be:
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.
رباعی یکصد و بیست و پنجم

تا کی غم آن خورم که دارم یا نه
وین عمر به خوشدی گذارم یا نه
پر کن قدح باده که معلومم نیست
کاین دم که فرو برم برآرم یا نه

Were it not folly, Spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win—
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!
And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter’d’d into Clay,
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaiqobad away.
رباعی يکصد و بيست و تهم

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse – if dimly, yet indeed reveal’d,
Toward which the fainting Traveler might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field.
رباعی یکصد و سی و چهارم

بر کوزه گری پریی کردم گذری
از خاک همی نمود هردم هنری
من دیدم اگر ندید هر بی بصری
خاک پدرم در کف هر کوزه گری

Listen again. One Evening at the Close
Of Ramazan, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.
Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss’d
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly — are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter’d, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.
Indeed, the idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men’s Eye much Wrong:
Have drown’d my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.
رباعی یکصد و چهل و یکم

تنگی می لعل خواه‌م و دیوانی
سّد رمقی باشند و نصف نانی
وانگه من و تو نشسته در ویرانی
پیشیست که نیست در خور سلطانی

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, A Book of Verse-and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.
رباعی یکصد و چهل و دوم

در گوش دلم گفت فلک پنهانی
حكمی که قضا بود زمان میدانی
در گردش خویش اگر مرا دست بدهی
خود را بر هاندمی ز سر گردانی

Then to the rolling Heav’n itself I cried,
Asking “What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?”
And – ”A blind Understanding!” Heav’n replied

http://www.enel.ucalgary.ca/People/far
With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known,
And pity Sultan Mahmmud on his Throne.