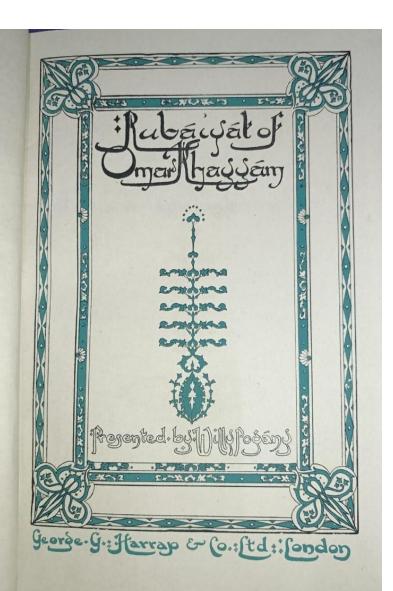
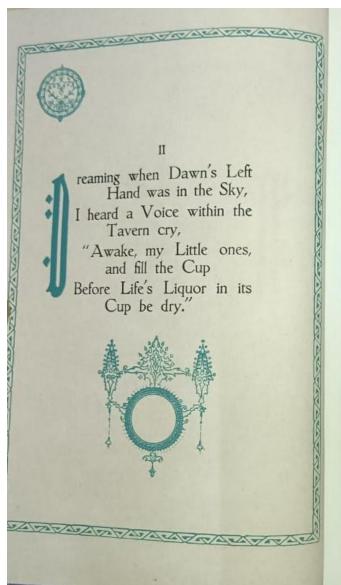
RUBAIYAT · OF · OMAR KHAYYAM BY EDWARD · FITZGERALD

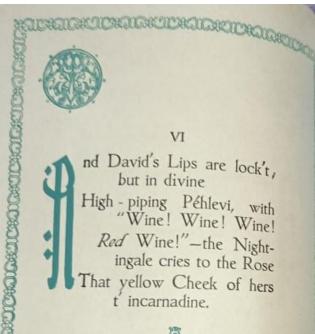


WILLY POGÁNY







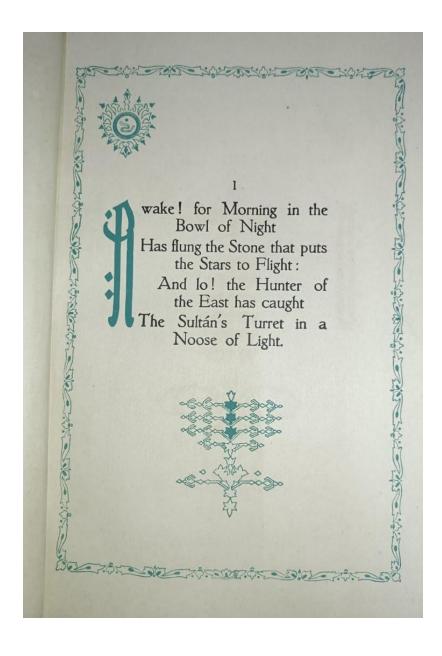


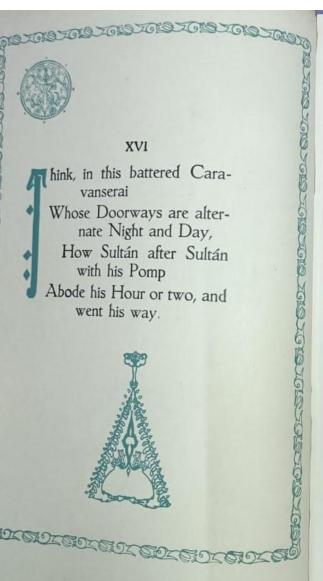
VI

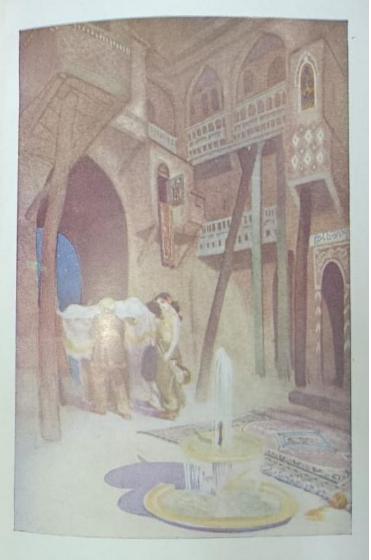
nd David's Lips are lock't, but in divine High - piping Péhlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine! Red Wine!"—the Night-ingale cries to the Rose That yellow Cheek of hers t incarnadine.













XX

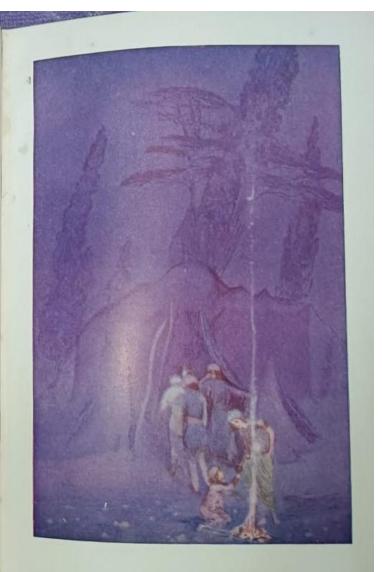
h, my Belovéd, fill the cup that clears

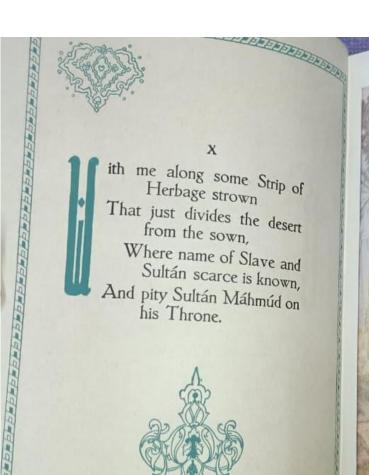
To-DAy of past Regrets and future Fears—

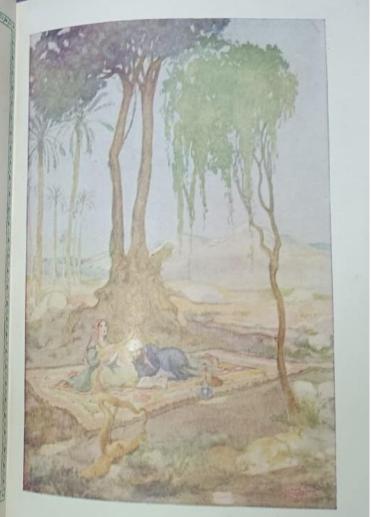
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be

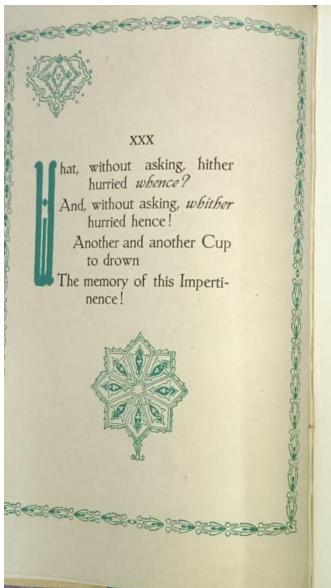
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

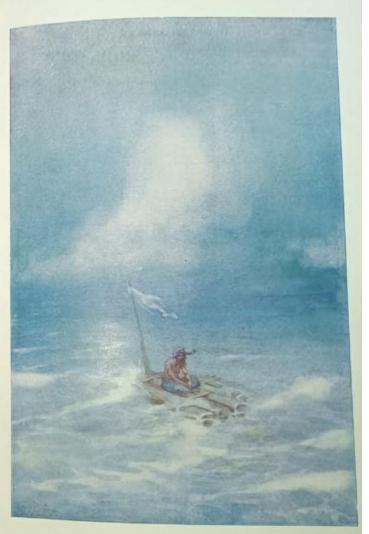














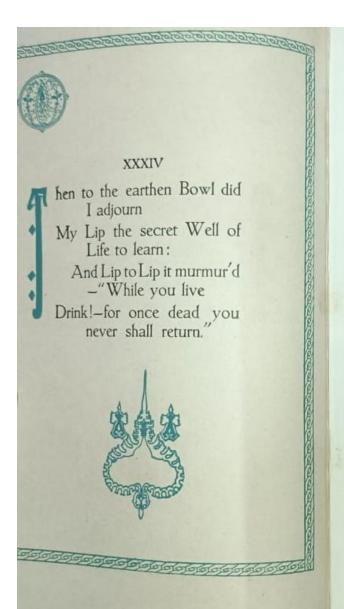
SICK GIOL GIOL GIOL GIO

XXIV

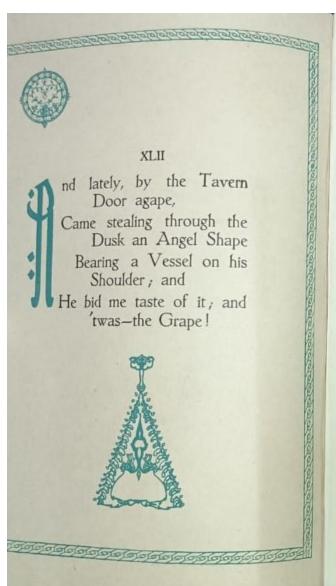
like for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after a To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

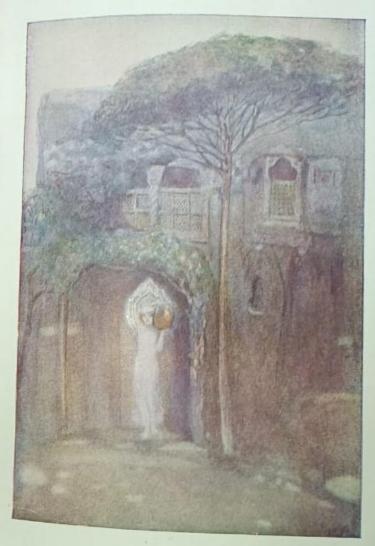


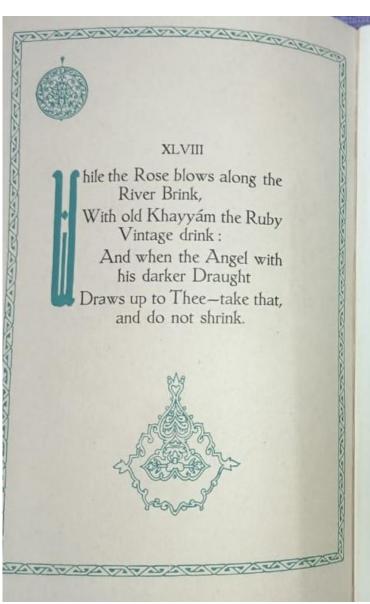
















LXXIV

h, Moon of my Delight who know'st no Wane,
The Moon of Heaven is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!





