

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam  
(FitzGerald translation.)

XII:

*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!*

LXXI:

**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.**