

mood of Chopin perhaps in one of those yearning, Polish minor nocturnes, runs the Eclogue which Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát" form, through all the Tentmaker's *motif* of Rose-Scented Spring and Vine-clad Garden that ever-recurring minor mood, as he contemplates immutable Fate, inexorable Death, *Necessity* as the philosophers have it. Vedder has depicted the mood well, he typifies it, Destiny, as an all-devouring Sphinx stretched over the remains of creation—to Omar it is the Destroyer, the Master Fate.

Whose secret Presence through creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like, eludes your pains,
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains.

Then comes the *Lento maestoso* finale to our *nocturne* of verse, the sigh of all. Old Khayyám, after vainly trying to disentangle his steps from Fate, and "having failed of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any world but this," views implacable Death with the pathetic but heroic stoicism of an Epicurean and a man unafraid, in those last verses:

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes, such a Snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unawares.

But still hoping for a future existence if only in the hearts of his companions, the *notturmo* ends in the plaintively courageous notes of the last two "Rubáiyát:"

Yon rising moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane:
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden, and for *one* in vain!
And when like her, Oh Sáki! you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the Spot
Where I made One—turn down an Empty Glass!

E. K. M., '04.