

**Omar's lament** Omar Khayyam (IRI) 1048-1122

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!

Ah Love! Could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,  
Would we not shatter it to bits - and then  
Re-mould it closer to the Heart's desire!

Music by John Duarte (GB) 1919 - 2004