No More of THEE and ME

(text from Edward Fitzgerald's version of Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr, 1859)

Music by Peter Tranchell (1922-1993)

AATTBB and piano (1978)

also available: Version adapted for SATTBB

Version adapted for SATTBB, transposed up a semitone

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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.

23

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend, Before we too into the Dust descend; Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie, Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and – sans End!

25

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.

21

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and 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.

22

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?

- ... and then no more of THEE and ME.

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