

And quick the ruddy goblets move
 Then is the limping hour of love
 As down the West the sun declines
 His disk a golden goblet shines
 To bathe in western waters sent
 O'er the green spitted firmament
 As slow the dusky Mists congeal
 The Magic lines of fate reveal
 Their speckled characters which lie
 Obscure along the evening sky
 Like a lion for the chase
 Upstartes the Moon with sanguine face
 And tell the even night be over

Immerses fierce her claws in gore
 When Evening set in she ordered her car
 in which having seated herself with
 Melech Mahommed attended with
 innumerable torches they set out for
 the garden of the Shah In a moment
 they had entered the gate and were
 traversing the garden; they proceeded
 to the bank of the reservoir and there
 having seated themselves they passed
 the goblet jovially round till half
 the night was spent Then they remounted
 the car returned to the place in an
 instant and retired to their couches of
 repose again Melech Mahommed rested
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