

## FOUR QUATRAINS

YE cannot cheat the Master of your fate !  
 Proclaim the goal to which your feet are set,  
 He who knows all is the Compassionate,  
 Often His wisdom prompts Him to forget.



WHY weep for days irrevocably dead,  
 For flaunting hopes in envious battle slain ?  
 The bravest soldier frankly looks ahead,  
 Knowing he dare not fight the past again.



TO-NIGHT old poets through the city go,  
 Doors shake and windows rattle at their tread,  
 The empty streets are noisy with the woe  
 Of sad immortals banished to the dead.



THE future lies before us rich with gold,  
 Only the foolish backward gaze and fret :  
 What laughter lurks in stories still untold,  
 What solemn songs await the singer yet !

PERCY HEMINGWAY.