

I hold your hand in mine, I say
The parting words this parting day—
And if a sob be stifled, Dear,
I pray you turn aside, nor hear—
I would be brave, and yet, and yet,
Can we two sunder without regret?

May every vagrant wind a-stir
Between us be a messenger,
Each falling wild-rose petal blow
A haunting perfume where you go,
And all the brown birds in the blue
Sing memories of me to you.

Thank God! 'tis not a long good-bye
We give each other, you and I—
Sure in my heart the hope is fain
To whisper, You will come again
With the kind eyes, the same kind smile—
Then for a little lonely while.

Ethna Carbery