

PARTING.

We said farewell by waters chill and deep ;  
We two *alone*, though many were the feet  
That passed us, ever in their aimless quest,  
Their faces lined with care, for few had rest ;  
Thus it seemed, as you to me were all the world :  
For in *you* were my dreams and hopes unfurled,  
Sweetheart, I did not wish, from me, that you should go,  
E'en though the length of days be one or two  
My heart was weary, aching, aching so.  
I count not *time* by weeks, or months, or years ;  
By joys and sunny laughter ringing through,  
But, pent up fountain of resisted tears.  
O, Love, my Love with eyes of greyest blue,  
I saw the tears, within their tender depths  
A moment, ere our parting thrilled me through ;  
I could have wept, Sweetheart, I could have wept.  
Some golden thought from soul to soul flashed too.  
I was *alone* with memory of my kiss  
Pressed down and folded, soft as dew on rose,  
Dear Heart, good by ! and as the day tides close,  
And dusky midnight wings its dreams to thee,  
May angels guard thy silent, sweet repose,  
With thoughts all true, and bring thee soon to me.