

GOOD-BYE

Good-bye, little birch canoe,
Sad am I, parting from you.
Your paddles of maple lie split on the sand;
How light and how strong they felt in my hand,
When the summer was young and together we flew,
Quivering, swift, like a bird in the blue—
Good-bye, little birch canoe!

Good-bye, little birch canoe,
Fair weather, long summers to you.
Afloat on a lake that ripples with laughter,
Down dapple-gold paths the setting sun after,
Or gliding at night, so silent along
To the tune of a sigh that's breathed through a song.
Oh, thus have I drifted full often in you—
Good-bye, little birch canoe.

Good-bye, little birch canoe,
Sweet memories have I of you:
Many a day when I sit in the shadow
Again in my dreams I shall play renegado.
Drive light as a skater just skimming the water,
With a swish and a splash and a delicate patter,
And long as I live not another like you
To me, little birch canoe!