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Canadian Mary and Other Poems
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Oh, beautiful is his golden hair,
 Blown by winds of summer's day;
I see them stand and linger there,
 By the garden's winding way;
And there among the pretty flowers
 That ever gaze into the sky,
Among the summer's leafy bowers,
 A soldier's saying good bye.

Scarce can I hear his parting words
 For the brooklet's running flow,
While, mingling with the song of birds,
 They are whispered soft and low;
And just one parting word I hear
 Way down where the lilies lie,
A soldier's saying to his love:
 "O, my love, good bye, good bye."