

For by-bye is not a farewell—
Like parting to meet nevermore—
Why, dear little Flo, you have heard
These words from me over and o'er :
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye,
I've done kneeling low on the floor,
But prayers I have sent up on high
For you, will be answered, I'm sure.
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye,
My work will be finished to-day,
And then I am going to see
How the heavenly children play.
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

And I want a very sweet kiss
To take to the City of Light,
I'll share it 'twixt Bertie and you,
When Ralphie receives it to-night.
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

By-bye, but I'm thinking I shall
Be near for to guard you each day,
So now for the very last time,
Your uncle, my darling, will say,
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.