

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE! Farewell! Your out-
bound ship is lying
Beside the pier, her British colours
flying;
And westward flung, the sunset's rose is
dying.

Through eager crowds your winding
column traces
In khaki garbed, with even, measured
paces,
Past waving flags, and rapt and shining
faces.

All day the city's restless heart was
beating,
With pulse that reckoned on the final
greeting,
And throb which guessed the parting
and the meeting.

Good-bye! Farewell! With you our
hopes will follow
To bring you back through war's grim
echoes hollow,
With Spring's return of daffodil and
swallow.

The day will come, as God is in His
heaven,
When hate's black cloud shall melt in
war's red levin,
With Herod crushed, his mail-clad
Empire riven.