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Tares by Rosamund Marriott Watson

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ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

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KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., I, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1884

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"Whence came his feet into my field, and why? How is it that he finds it all so drear? How do I see his seeing, and how hear The name his bitter silence knows it by?"

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FAREWELL, my love, I love so well ! My sweetheart, lost as soon as won ! Sweet summer idyll, scarce begun— Farewell !

Good-bye brown fields, and wind-swept skies, With mellow sunset all aglow : Unto the bitter north I go---Good-bye !

Ah me, dear heart, Auf Wiederseh'n ! Surely one day we'll meet again ; And lest our hope relinquished be, This watchword give Mnemosyne— "Auf Wiederseh'n !"

B