

I look around and feel the awe of one who
walks alone among the wrecks of former days in mournful
ruin & town.

Farewell Ah! may it may not be
My firm resolve is heard on high
I cannot say to thee farewell
Save only in my dying sigh.

When forced to part from those we love,
Though sure to meet. No sorrow,
We still in painful anguish prove
We feel a pang of sorrow.

But who can ever describe the Tears
We shed when ^{thus} we sever,
It dooms to part for months, for years,
To part, perhaps forever.

no joy
hall like me
beave of
behind