

# IDA'S SONG OF PARTING.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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“Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—farewell!”

Alas, and I must say of thee—*no more*—  
Thou’rt gone—and with thee fairy dreams of bliss!  
Soon tropic breezes, on a stranger shore,  
Will crowd to meet thee with their welcome kiss;  
And eyes and hearts as fiery as the sun  
Whose burning smile lights their voluptuous clime,  
Await thee there—but—thou wilt sigh for one  
Far distant—in the *twilight’s* dreamy time?

I have not, will not shed one tear for thee—  
Nor say my heart is broken, for I know  
That many others have been, and will be  
What now thou art! But—can I have *thee* go  
And come no more with thy love-lighted eyes  
And martial bearing and impassioned words?  
*Thou*, who didst meet me ’neath last autumn’s skies,  
To wake such music in my spirit’s chords.

Last autumn—when the lover-winds knelt low,  
And, sighing, kissed the blushing trees—’tis strange  
That it was such a little while ago!  
For in my heart and life there is a change  
That sleepless ages might have toiled to make.  
And oft I press my hand against my brow,  
When, with the shadows, love and memory wake,  
And loneliness oppresses me as now.

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Go! for the stars that rule my fate and thine,  
Though willing each—could never blend their light!  
Go—though I know thy fondest thoughts are mine—  
Go—but I’ll meet thee still in dreams of night.  
Yet when I wake, amid the haunted hush,  
And see God’s Heaven itself look merciless!  
And feel my powerless loneliness, a gush  
Will sweep my heart of fearless tenderness.

Yes, *go!* But when, o’er sighing wood and stream  
The blue mists fall from gentle Autumn’s hand,  
Making the dim old hills afar-off seem  
The outlined scenery of Fairy-land!  
How can I bear their loveliness to see?  
How shall I hear the sad wind’s haunted tone?  
Will not they all be blent with thoughts of thee?  
And will not thou be—*gone*—forever gone?

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