

FRIENDS

I

T.A.M.

Sailed July, 1914

Auf wiedersehen! We part a little while,
Friends alway, till what time we meet again.
Of this our life, the hours of sun and rain,
No palest flower the future can beguile;
Then let him frown his frown or smile his smile!
There are some things which have not lived in vain,
These which have made us men and which remain,
Tho' tide and time be lost 'twixt mile and mile.

Fear not, for thou shalt speak with me, my friend,
Who care not if this little journey's end
Lie past so great a gulf as never yields
One smallest murmur.—When the world's in sleep,
I will go out where God's white legions keep
A shining bivouac in celestial fields.