

May Be In Another Life: A Parting Verse

I shall not have the chance to bid thee miss,
For truth, the ultimate, doth near us come.
Where'er thou art, I pray thee findest bliss;
Thou stay'st within my heart, 'neath Moon.
To heavens high, oh, could I swiftly fly,
To see thee once, to bid farewell.
Each day I live, thine image will stay nigh,
A soul most good, with boundless love to tell.
'Twas privilege to know thee, none deny;
Perchance the time hath come to say adieu.
I'll hold our moments dear, the joy and sigh,
The annoyance and foolishness I played, but my heart true.
Until we meet again, on God's own flow,
I'll miss thee evermore, though now I must...