

On Departure.

Return with your heart full of love,
 Your arms full of flowers,
 Your lips full of singing,
 And your eyes full of joy,
 For I am old with the trials

Of this world. My heart needs refreshing
 With the delicious clearness of faith.

Come.

O come with me over the hill tops
 And climb up the moon's pale rays
 O come, with bare feet & hair flowing
 Where wild flowers & grasses are growing
 And the sky is deep blue up above
 And all in earnest & ring, praise
 O come, & your heart will be living
 Your mind will be free from all care,
 And dead, with a beautiful sparkle
 Will rest on your hands, & your hair.
 Your lips, they will open with gladness,
 Your eyes, they will gladden with love
 And only the heavens will know it,
 The glorious splendours above.