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Because you go I write this song
 To cheer you on your way
 & tell you that I hope your trip's
 beautiful, bright & gay.

But in my heart of hearts I find
 no song is lacking there—
 only a manifold little dirge
 set to a plaintive air.

The written rhyme & songs & verses,
 splashed with ink & patterned ceases
 every time Eise pulled up roots,
 trimmed with shears now budding shoots.
 Times five known when I hear Eise
 kicked & sobbed & wished I'd died
 when Eise had to say goodbye
 to people such as Bert & Guy.
 But when I said goodbye to you
 casually I saw it through.
 I ^{sigh} with a tear
~~for one sigh~~ or ~~two~~ or more.
 Back to the house I went alone,
 talked of dunes, coals & hats,