Beryl Hochwich

Remembrance

By Arthur Williamson

I've heard the magic songs that love sings,
Believe the lies that love will tell;

I've known the loneliness that love brings
To those like me who love too well.

In vain have I pretended to call this love a passing phase,
Yet till my life is ended I know I'll never change my ways.
My Remembrance.

Arthur Williamson

Long after

Sweet as the tender spray

That survives when man-tired flowers give out their little lives in the re-remembrance.

Sweet so a
Song that once consold our pain. But never will be

Song to go again sweet as a song that once consold our pain. But never will be

Again is the remembrance, is the remembrance.
lento.

Now the hour of rest hath come to thee

Sleep. darling

is best

A. tempo.

L. H.