

Is this the end, at last?
 Carlham, in leaving thee!
 This! and thro' all the past
 years since our lot was cast
 so much together,
 Here, I've been speeding fast!
 Oh it is grieving me;
 How can I part with thee,
 Lose thee forever.

Often, how earnestly,
 thirstingly, yearningly,
 my soul hath wished for thee, —
 when I've been left from thee, —
 when in perplexity, —
 Oh! for thy solitude,
 Oh! for thy stillness;
 Ever, it soothed the mood,
 Of my mind's illness;
 Ever I loved thee;
 Now I must part from thee.

These days, are they our last?

Peaceful indeed, they're past:

Even more peacefully

Than was their wont to be,

When I'm alone with thee.—

It is indeed our last!

Yes, if I come again

I shall not find thee!

It will increase my pain,

For I shall feel more plain,

That thou art gone from me.

Here I shall wish for thee!

Wish for thy solitude!

Wish for thy stillness!

That will add agony,

Feverish intensity,

Lents the restless mood

Of my mind's illness.

Good-bye farewell to thee!

Oh thou art leaving me.

"I have a great deal to say to you, but I cannot say it now."

Carlham 11th month '63