



But Not Forgotten

I think, no matter where you
stray,
That I shall go with you a way.
Though you may wander sweeter
lands,
You will not soon forget my
hands,
Nor yet the way I held my head,
Nor all the tremulous things I
said.
You still will see me, small and
white
And smiling, in the secret night,
And feel my arms about you
when
The day comes fluttering back
again.
I think, no matter where you be,
You'll hold me in your memory
And keep my image, there
without me,
By telling later loves about me.



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