



May-be it is you the mortal knob  
really undoing, turning – so now  
finally,  
Good-bye – and hail! my Fancy.

### **Good-Bye, My Fancy!**

Good-bye my Fancy!  
Farewell dear mate, dear love!  
I'm going away, I know not  
where,  
Or to what fortune, or whether I  
may ever see you again,  
So Good-bye my Fancy.  
Now for my last – let me look  
back a moment;  
The slower fainter ticking of the  
clock is in me,  
Exit, nightfall, and soon the  
heart-thud stopping.  
Long have we lived, joy'd,  
carress'd together;  
Delightful! – now separation –  
Good-bye my Fancy.  
Yet let me not be too hasty,  
Long indeed have we lived, slept,  
filter'd, become really blended  
into one;  
Then if we die we die together,  
(Yes, we'll remain one,)  
If we go anywhere we'll go  
together to meet what happens,  
May-be we'll be better off and  
blither, and learn something,  
May-be it is yourself now really  
ushering me to the true songs,  
(who knows?)



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