

**I**

He would not stay for me, and who can wonder?

He would not stay for me to stand and gaze.

I shook his hand, and tore my heart in sunder,

And went with half my life about my ways.

**II**

Shake hands, we shall never be friends, all's over;

I only vex you the more I try.

All's wrong that ever I've done or said,  
And nought to help it in this dull head:

Shake hands, here's luck, good-bye.

But if you come to a road where danger

Or guilt or anguish or shame's to share,

Be good to the lad that loves you true

And the soul that was born to die for you,

And whistle and I'll be there.

**III**

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,

And out we troop to see:

A single redcoat turns his head,

He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,

We never crossed before;

Such leagues apart the world's ends are,

We're like to meet no more;

What thoughts at heart have you and I

We cannot stop to tell;

But dead or living, drunk or dry,

Soldier, I wish you well.

**IV**

If truth in hearts that perish

Could move the powers on high,

I think the love I bear you

Should make you not to die.

Sure, sure, if steadfast meaning,

If single thought could save,

The world might end to-morrow,

You should not see the grave.

This long and sure-set liking,

This boundless will to please,

-- Oh, you should live for ever,

If there were help in these.

But now, since all is idle,

To this lost heart be kind,

Ere to a town you journey

Where friends are ill to find.

**V**

Oh were he and I together,

Shipmates on the fleeted main,

Sailing through the summer weather

To the spoil of France or Spain.

Oh were he and I together,

Locking hands and taking leave,

Low upon the trampled heather

In the battle lost at eve.

Now are he and I asunder

And asunder to remain;

Kingdoms are for others' plunder,

And content for other slain.

**VI**

When he's returned I'll tell him -- oh,

Dear fellow, I forgot:

Time was you would have cared to know,

But now it matters not.

I mourn you, and you heed not how;

Unsaid the word must stay;

Last month was time enough, but now

The news must keep for aye.

Oh, many a month before I learn  
Will find me starting still  
And listening, as the days return,  
For him that never will.

Strange, strange to think his blood is cold  
And mine flows easy on:  
And that straight look, that heart of gold,  
That grace, that manhood gone.

The word unsaid will stay unsaid  
Though there was much to say;  
Last month was time enough: he's dead,  
The news must keep for aye.

## **VII**

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard a wise man say,  
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies

But keep your fancy free.'  
But I was one-and-twenty  
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard him say again,  
'The heart out of the bosom  
Was never given in vain;  
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
And sold for endless rue.'  
And I am two-and-twenty  
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.