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## Ballade for a Departing Lover

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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A Roundel for Fall: "...But Margaret lives instead."

"Margaret are you gone?"  
Hall, Ballade for a Departing Lover

G.M. Hopkins

Lord, Margaret's leaves are dead, and their stray  
Souls that fell from green and red  
To fallen brown, have given Death its sway:  
Lord, Margaret's leaves are dead.

And men are like them, Homer said  
That live until the winds betray  
Their lives and fray their living thread.

But Thou Who held the tree that day  
To still the winds by which our lives were shed  
Changed Death to Life, and so in hope we say:  
'Lord, Margaret's leaves are dead...

#### Ballade for a Departing Lover

My love, my love, it doth me grieve  
Seeing thy love hath seen an end  
And thou wouldst fain be gone. Ay, leave:  
For torn love one cannot mend  
And further worn it doth but rend  
The more. But lest thou givest lie  
To what we knew as true, my friend:  
For God's sake drink a last good-bye.

My love, it grieves to see thee grieve.  
I would as lief my life would end  
And, being wed to dust, leave  
This earth with grief so slow to mend--  
Than ought do aught amore to rend  
Thy heart, where sorrows so sorely lie.  
Nay, an thou must go, my friend:  
For God's sake drink a last good-bye.

My love, Love loves to see men grieve.  
So long to come and soon to end,  
It does its worst the best, takes leave,  
And flies when hearts are on the mend.  
Tis these, these sudden flights that rend  
Them twain, though lovers bedded lie.  
And though thou part with Love, my friend:  
For God's sake drink a last good-bye.

My lady, last year's wines do rend  
Their skins...and so spilt Love must lie.  
But while a drop remains, my friend:  
For God's sake drink a last good-bye.

Jim Hall