

GOODBYE

If it be that I grow weak,
and pain should keep me from my sleep,
then you must do what must be done,
for this last battle can't be won.

You'll be sad, I understand,
don't let grief then stay your hand.
For this day more than all the rest,
your love for me must stand the test.

We've had so many happy years.
What is to come must hold no fears.
You'd not want me to suffer,
so the time has come to let me go.
Take me where my need they'll tend
and stay with me until the end.
I know in time that you will see
the kindness that you did for me.

Although my tail its last has waved,
from pain and suffering, I've been saved.
Please do not grieve—it must be you
who had this painful thing to do.
We've been so close,
we two these years,
don't let your heart hold back its tears.

Anonymous

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