

To: Greenville, Indiana  
From: Springdale, Indiana  
June 10, 1861

### ***“Farewell, Farewell”***

Farewell, farewell is barely sound,  
And always brings a sigh.  
But give to me when loved ones part,  
That sweet old word good bye.

Farewell, farewell may do for the gay,  
When pleasures throng in sigh.  
But give to me that better word,  
That comes from the heart, good bye.

Adieu, adieu, we hear it oft -  
With a tear, perhaps with a sigh.  
But the heart feels most, as when the lips move  
not.  
And the eyes speak the gentle good bye.

Farewell, farewell is never heard,  
When the tears in a mother's eye.  
Adieu, adieu she speaks it not,  
But my love good bye, good bye.

Farewell, farewell is often heard,  
From the lips of those who part.  
Tis a whispered tone, tis a gentle word,  
But it springs not from the heart.

It may serve for a lovers parting lay,  
To be sung neath a summer's sky.  
But give to me the lips that speak,  
The honest words good bye.

Adieu, adieu may greet the ear,  
In the guise of courtly speech.  
But when we leave, kind and dear,  
Tis not what the soul would teach.

When e'es we grasp the hand of those,  
We would have forever nigh.  
The flame of friendship bursts and glows.  
In the war frank words good bye.

- Ephraim Girdner