



Geoffrey Bolitho Hauser

Peace My Heart

Peace, my heart, let the time for the
parting be sweet.

Let it not be a death but completeness.
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.
Let the flight through the sky end in the folding
of the wings over the nest.

Let the last touch of your hands be
gentle like the flower of the night.

Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a
moment, and say your last words in silence.

I bow to you and hold up my lamp
to light you on your way.

By Rabindranath Tagore

**SAY
HIS
NAME**