

“CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE”

BY

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“Good–bye,” I said to my conscience—
“Good–bye for aye and aye,”
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And conscience smitten sorely
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried: “Come back, my conscience;
I long to see thy face.”
But conscience cried: “I cannot;
Remorse sits in my place.”