

Conscience and Remorse

"Goodbye," I said to my conscience—

"Goodbye 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."