



### The Vagabond

Mary Ellen Concannon

Love is a transient thing,  
 Like a wandering vagabond,  
 Spending a night here and a week there.  
 If he comes to you, treat him kindly;  
 Happiness and joy are his stock in trade,  
 Sadness and tears, his fee.

If he leaves a child of joy,  
 Raise it in the rays of love from which it came.  
 If he leaves a memory—keep it,  
 Water it with a few sad tears,  
 And nourish it with reminiscent happiness.  
 For the doors on which he knocks are few.