Lost and Found

In the happy days of Childhood
By a gurgling track I played
But I never could discover
Where my bracelet stayed.

When I older grew I sought it near
And found my bracelet prattled
To a brook, calmly flowing near
Which increased the ocean still.

Near my window built a satin
And I watched with tender care
When the swarms her little birdlings
But she left in Autumn fair.

Next year early in the Springtime
Came my satin hack again
Now rejoiced I was to see her
Now I loved her drowning then.

Death has seized my friend, the kindest
And most lovable of men
I am filled with grief and sorrow
I'll be joyous next again.
But I know that I shall go there. In the heavenly seats above. Where we never shall be parted. But shall live in God's great love.

W. T. T. Saunier
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