

It's not the wond'rous singers or the glorious  
    songs you've heard,  
That wind around your heartstrings so with every  
    little word  
But some homely little melody, some simple  
    heartfelt lay  
That was sung by one you loved so well and now  
    has gone away.

'Tis not the bed of roses,  
That seems to you so fair;  
But the little tree you planted  
And tended with such care;  
So I find the great and glorious things  
Are not so far away;  
If we only just could see them—  
They're around us every day.

(This Poem is Dedicated to Alfred Walker.)