

Sweet Chauncee

I wondered was she too old,
Then again, she was so young,
Wherefore, I looked in my heart,
And found how much I loved,
A love so strong, a love still strong,
That it will never fade,
Ah Chauncee, sweet Chauncee, sweet Chauncee,
The loss your passing has made.

Oh death, you're a miserable thing,
Fleeing my Chauncee to sleep,
But you'll not hold her memory,
It is locked in my heart deep,
A love so real, a love still real
That death can never wilt,
Ah Chauncee, sweet Chauncee, sweet Chauncee
The bridge your passing has built.

I wonder still was she too old,
Then again, still so young,
Wherefore, I looked in my heart,
And I knew how much I loved,
A love so true, a love still true,
That even death can not take,
Ah Chauncee, sweet Chauncee, sweet Chauncee,
The love your passing won't break.

For Chauncee October 13, 2006