



Piano

*I have come to you,
My friend,
Many times in many years.
We played for children then;
Their voice rose in answer.*

*I come to you,
My friend,
In newer Years.
A silken press,
My heart's caress,
Our loves' finesse.
You play for me,
My heart sings in answer.*

*You'll come with me,
My friend,
Into memory: lode of Mothers' love.
An there we'll play for children;
His and mine.*

Our souls will ring in answer.

