

Early at the change of time,
The clock strikes twelve within the rhyme;
As day will come and day will go,
Here I sit with Queen Victoria you know.

It must of meant but something else,
Or someone else when I forgot myself;
But seeing through thoughtless years of time,
I see my God in the glorious victory line.

But to sit and ponder a new tomorrow,
Of wonders of days and years I'd borrow;
And in the dark deep ageless days I've missed,
I discover a kiss on my cheek through Irish mist.

Now this gentlemen comes from I don't know where,
But he strikes me stunning with some deep love to share;
God forbid I should ever suffer or be denied his care,
For he's my salvation in need of long lost answers to prayer.

And to each day I'll provide his keep,
And spate each page from sheep;
That he too might but earn his sleep,
For in eternity his live is cheap.

Well what will be well always was,
And who care the cost down here in oz;
That I may always have him by my side,
My joy and comfort for he'll infinitely provide.

Signed,

From whence he came he always be.
In riches and glory if he seem only me.