**The Song of Life**

*April 6, 1998*

Anna my daughter. Phillip my son.

Come let me sing you a song.

Fifty plus two years have I danced.

Perhaps the time’s come to move on.

To a bed with a comfort of flannel and down.

Pillows piled high for my dreams.

Caring no more for the hollow renown.

Nor the fruit of a miser’s sad schemes.

Shed not a tear as this leaf falls to earth.

With no sound save a last measured breath.

Rejoice at a death. Cry at a birth.

Rejoice at what bounty is left.

You. Your own babes. Their spawn in turn

Will waltz round the floor. What a sight!

Secure in the joy of the music that plays

As each dawn casts a glow on each night.