

MY LOVELY FIND

I saw a lovely mountain
Above the land and sea,
Above the hills and valleys,
And high and fair and free.

Somehow I climbed the mountain,
And on that summit rare,
I found a lovely garden
With flowers growing there.

Into this precious garden
I stepped with startled eye
To see the dearest beauty
To bloom beneath the sky.

She was the sweetest flower;
Her fragrance filled the air;
Her petals formed a circle
Of beauties rich and rare.

I heard from many legends
That such a flower grew:
A rose which many lovers
Had set out to pursue.

This rose's shining radiance.
Her form and graceful art,
Absorbed my whole attention,
While love possessed my heart.

And now on hills, in valleys,
On seas, in deserts wide,
Through storms and raging tempests
I hold her by my side.

Through wilderness and heartache
And problems of life's way,
She is my dear companion
And cheers me every day.

My life this rose has sweetened;
Our hearts are intertwined.
Wherever now I journey,
I take my lovely find.

— David L. Hatton, 6/23/1972 (revised 12/31/1993)