

3) Silent Empty Chair

BH Abernathy & DM Regen © 2003

The daffo¹dils with ⁴love and ¹care
She set in ¹clumps a⁵cross the ¹lawn
In natural ¹scattered ⁴random ¹way
Have bloomed a¹gain, a⁵gain are ¹gone
+ The kindest ⁴heart I've ever ¹known
One year a¹go this very ⁵day
+ She closed her ¹eyes at ⁴setting ¹sun
+ Eliza¹beth was ⁵called a¹way

Her picture ¹by my ⁴mirror ¹smiles
No voice is ¹heard no ⁵answered ¹call
Her little ¹shoes be⁴side the ¹bed
No footsteps ¹tread the ⁵darkened ¹hall

Today a ¹year has ⁴crept a¹way
A hopeless ¹and a ⁵lonely ¹year
Across the ¹table ⁴facing ¹me
There sits a ¹silent ⁵empty ¹chair

3) The verses of *Silent empty chair* were written as a poem by a 95-year-old friend of mine one year after the death of his wife of 60 years. They were a remarkably devoted couple. Mr Ab, as he was known by his students, was a dedicated and inspiring teacher, with a noble biography that most of us didn't know about until his 100th birthday. I added the chorus and melody.