

We do not know how much we love

1

We do not know how much we love
until we come to part.
How strong the tendrils are that bind
An object to the heart,
The tree, beneath whose branches, we
In infancy have strayed;
The flowers - the friends of early youth
With whom we oft have played,
Are things over which we mourn and grieve
In pleasure and in pain,
As memory brings them back to us
from out the past again.

2

We linger still amidst the scenes
that we have loved so well;
While recollections fond and pure
Within our bosoms swell,
And to these shadows still we cling,
Even while they do depart;
Our memories that we thought hid,
Come crowding on the heart,
And though the star of hope may shed
Its beams upon our way;
Yet farewell's a bitter word -
For those who love to say.

2

Journal kept
on board of
Barth Child
of

New Bedford

By B. F. Gifford

Gadfrey King

Master

Sailed from St Catharines
March 27th 1863