All That Was Her

Where's she gone, the one we knew,
The one we knew and loved,
Who knew us all and loved us all –
Where now is all that love?

Where now her smile? Where now her frown?
Her bright, resounding laugh?
Ah, all are gone, by time undone;
All that was her is past.

Down the stream we drifted,
And saw her on the shore;
Around a bend we drifted,
And saw her then no more.

And yet still she stands there
Still stands beside the shore.

by Oliver Wright

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