

My Bud in Heaven
F. I. Darling, 1897.
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A bud the Gardener gave me,
A fair and lovely child,
He gave it for my keeping
To cherish undefiled;
It lay upon my bosom,
It was my joy and pride,
Perhaps it was an idol
Which I must be denied.

For just as it was opening,
In glory to the day,
Down came the heavenly Gardener
And took my bud away;
Yet not in wrath He took it
A smile was on His face,
And tenderly and kindly
He bore it from its place.

"Fear not," methought He whispered,
"Thy bud shall be restored;
I take it but to plant it
In the garden of My Lord";
And bade me not to sorrow
As those who hopeless weep,
For He who gave hath taken
And He who took can keep.

And night and morn together
By the open gate of prayer,
I'll go unto my darling
And sit beside him there;
I know for me 'twill open
Poor sinner though I be,
For He who guards and keeps it
Will keep my bud for me.