A Sonnet for Daphne

WALTER SAUL

*A Sonnet for Daphne* might be described as a completely hand-crafted love song for my wife of 28½ years. I wrote the sonnet for my wife on March 19, 2008, to complement the wonderful sonnets my elder daughter, Charity S. McCallum, wrote for both of us in 2004. She cherished it so much that she wanted it set to music. I did so, and gave her the new song on July 5, 2008, in celebration of our 28th wedding anniversary and her birthday, which fall quite close to each other.

The lyrics use “thee” and “thy,” the King James personal forms for “you” and “your,” to represent the closeness of our relationship. Quakers and others have addressed God using these personal pronouns to indicate God’s closeness to them and, thereby, their equality to each other. In my family, we have always addressed my parents, siblings, and children with “thee” and “thy” for the same reasons. Far from being a formal and archaic way to address the love of my life, these personal pronouns, used in most other languages, profoundly illustrate our oneness in the *Lord.*
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Flowing

chance acquaintance now there comes a friend, And

yet, to be with thee, it seems ordained.

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A Sonnet for Daphne

\[ \text{A joy to bear myself that's not explained, I share with thee in missives that we send.} \]
From my best dreams... there comes a passion... fire.

The touch, electric, from thy hand to mine, Scares us at first; we flee away, yet pine...
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while, Is there perhaps

stealth desire?

rall. Slower mp

(1-84) Our heavenly Father has unveiled to

us each other for the other for all life. What
joy to see my friend and bride,

because I'm thine, thee's mine, we're ever husband,

wife!

And yet a greater love is here made
From chaste acquaintance now there comes a friend,  
And yet, to be with thee, it seems ordained.  
A joy to bear myself that’s not exploded,  
I share with thee in emotions that we send.

From my best dreams there comes a passionate fire.  
The touch, electric, from thy hand to mine,  
Scorns us at first, we flee away, yet pine  
Ambly, is there perhaps a stealth desire?

Our heavenly Father has unveiled to us  
Each other for the other for all life  
What joy to see my friend and bride, because  
I’m thine, thou’rt mine, we are ever husband, wife.

And yet a greater love is here made known  
Forever now our Lord – makes us His own.