

Dewdrops and Daisie Bell

Wasn't it winter
When you followed us home
Warming the halls of my heart
In the beginning you were running so free
Lose yourself deep in the art
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Speaking of Summer
At the top of your voice
Watching you carry a tree
Favorite places were many I heard
You smiled while greeting me
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At the alter of Autumn
You'd be chasing the leaves
Showing us love that was true
You were courageous I know it was hard
I will always be missing you
Dewdrops and Daisie Bell

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Roger N. Renfro