

Summer Sang Then
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Summer sang then, those many years ago
Croaking frogs and insects buzzing
Birds chirping, dogs barking
Sunlight and blue skies wheeling above us
Fields of wildflowers waving in the breeze
The smell of honeysuckle and mountain laurel
Mixed with the smell of muddy stream banks and wet
earth
We lived our youth in those woods and meadows
A childhood lived so long ago
Then, as the days laughter faded
And night began to fall, dancing shadows in the woods
We'd head home. To dinner waiting and loving embrace
Now, as my white hair falls like dead autumn leaves
I remember fondly, how...
Summer sang then