



Beneath the Willow Tree

Beneath the willow tree we'd
play,
My granddaughter, light and free,
A kindred spirit, pure and bright,
Now rests in peaceful sleep.
Oh, how I miss her tender touch,
Her laughter, joy, and grace,
A bond that time can never
break,
Her memory I'll embrace.
Whispers of the winds now sing,
Her name, a gentle sigh,
In shadows of the willow tree,
My tears fall where she lies.



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