Life's Treasures

Original Composition By
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A lark softly sings in a meadow so sweet, while sun casts off darkening
time passes quickly with treasures so dear, we cherish the moments and
shadows now grow with the passage of day, green fields gently glow as with

shadows that meet; light shines into fields with wild flowers in sight, and
lessen all fear; look up through the clouds into heavens so bright, with
softness of hay; life's gift of each day turns too quickly to dreams, look

mist quickly fades, with the mornings delight. While
warmth becomes warmth, becomes comfort each night. Long
deep for each gift, that is more than it seems.

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