

Christmas in the Valley

A petite, quaint old church
Hardly ever used
Since days long gone
Sits high on a hill.

Where in summer
The daffodils bloom
And fountains of daisies appear
Whilst no one is there to see them.

And in the fall
The leaves change colors
Becoming so lovely and vibrant
With pretty pumpkins all in a row
With the whistling winds of winter not far
behind.

Now winter is here
The snow has come once again
To cover the ground like a blanket
All sparkly and pure
The brightest of whites

And the bells from the church are ringing
There will be Christmas in the valley
Where the old church sits
High on a hill.

By Darcey Anne Farrow