

## **I Will Bring You Flowers**

**The winter snows will melt  
Beckoning spring,  
And I will bring you flowers,  
Colored white and blue and pink.**

**Summer will follow, but you won't.  
I will be alone this year,  
With only memories to hold  
Of when you were here.**

**The seasons continue to change  
But my feelings don't.  
You are my child  
Who once lay nestled under my heart.**

**Though now you lay alone,  
We can never really be apart.  
You're on my mind  
And in my heart.**

**I will bring you flowers  
Colored white and blue and pink.**

**Tears stream down my cheeks  
As I sing you a lullaby  
Just one last time  
Before I say goodbye.**

**But "goodbye" does not mean forever.  
I will see you next time ....  
And I will bring you flowers.**

**By Debbi Dickinson  
Printed with Permission,  
Bereavement Magazine March/April, 1994**