

VIOLIN WALTZ - © Lee Reeves

Near a cottage, neat and trim
Nestled in a wooded glen,
I stopped to rest, while passing by one day.
When a sound, it caught my ear
Tho twas low, was soft and clear.
I fancied I could hear a violin play.

The door was opened wide
And so I gently stepped inside
And there a crippled lad I saw, as I stepped in.
As he softly slid the bow,
The notes came from his heart, I know
And he smiled at me and played his violin.

Then he laid his violin down,
With outstretched hands, he turned around
And in a friendly voice to me,
These words did say.
I see children skipping by,
Sometimes I bow my head and cry
But, Sir, my thoughts go drifting with them...
When I play....