

Zdzisława Sońnicka, Sunrise sunset

Is this the little girl I carried
Is this the little boy at play
I don't remember growing older
When did they
When did she get to be a beauty
When did he grow to be so tall
Wasn't it yesterday
When they were small
Sunrise sunset
Sunrise sunset
Swiftly flow the days
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflower.
Blossoming even as we gaze
Sunrise sunset
Sunrise sunset
Swiftly fly the years
One season following another
Laden with happiness and tears
What words of wisdom can I give them
How can I help to ease their way
Now they must learn from one another
Day by day
They look so natural together
just like the newly - weds should be
Is there a canopy in store for me.
Sunrise sunset...