

She will never lose hope

A December eve, gloomy and grey,
We're all in the church, ready to pray,
We can spare moments for us all,
But think about the one who lies outside the wall,
She will never lose hope.

I sit here in sorrow all the time,
I want to know, what's my crime,
A sigh, a whimper, a shiver,
My tears can build a river,
Yet however much I try,
All I can do is cry,
But I will never lose hope.

On this chilly night,
I see such a sight,
That might just might,
Make me cry,
Even though I'm shy,
I must, must try,
She will never lose hope.
For her head there is no pillow,
But she sits under a willow,

As it begins to rain,
Here comes my train,
But I will stay,
She will never lose hope.

I have no home,
And am left here to roam,
A tear rolls down my grubby cheek
And I just feel ever so weak, but I will never lose hope.

People walk by and call her a freak,
Whilst their say, phew you reek,
But she will never lose hope.

I am that weak,
That I cannot speak,
I want to be cosy and warm,
But instead here comes a storm.

It's Christmas eve,
And you will not believe,
I am rushing around to find a store,
For the one who lies there on the floor,
She will never lose hope.

The frost and footsteps keep my up and then I see me,
The lovely, wonderful lady who always comes to me,
What is she doing,
Trouble is brewing
But I will never lose hope.

I come across a store,
That's open for three hours more, I fill up a trolley
Which makes me so jolly
For it's filled with gifts and holly,
She will never lose hope.

I wrap presents at the till,
As up my spine comes a chill,
Sad it won't be
It's happy you see
She will never lose hope.

I run to her,
With a gift of mur,
She is filled with shock and remembers now,
I am her flower,
She is my tree

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And I've come to take her home you see,
Because she never lost hope.

Sahar Year 6