

## DAISY, THE STANDARD BRED FOAL

A sweet little foal was born yesterday,  
On a lovely morn in the month of May.  
A sweet little foal that is very tame,  
And Daisy is the small newborn foal's name.

She awoke this morning all bright and gay,  
Chasing all her sleeptime dreams away,  
Ready to start an adventuresome day,  
Full of fun and full of glorious play.

Then Daisy neighed and looked toward the gate,  
For the two little children, Mark and Kate,  
Had come to the field with the fence all around,  
And golden dandelions dotting the ground.

On her wobbly legs, little Daisy stood,  
And walked to her mother as all foals should.  
She stared at the girl and the little boy,  
Who were very excited and filled with joy.

The children came and stroked Daisy's soft nose,  
The little foal realized they were not foes.  
The girl talked lovingly to the baby horse,  
And the boy looked Daisy over, of course.

The children left; Daisy explored the pasture,  
All things were wonderful, of that she was sure.  
She watched an orange butterfly flitting by,  
And looked at the clouds floating in the sky.

Daisy played and napped all day in the sun.  
I'm sure she filled her day with exciting fun.  
But now it is dark; the day is over,  
And she went to dreamland in the clover.

*Written by Marilyn Schmidt from Elmwood, ON*