

**Goodbye To Holly – Our Wee Chum.**

Our wee chum has passed away,  
No more balls to chase today,  
No more yapping at passers-by,  
Only tears left in our eyes.

No more walks twice a day,  
No more balls to head away,  
No more bows on her head,  
I can't believe our wee doggie's dead.

I try my best not to be sad,  
And think of all the good times we have had,  
Lots of times, us all together,  
Out and about in any weather.

In Balcher's Woods, she loved to walk,  
Chase a ball down every track,  
Jump o'er a fallen tree,  
As happy as can be.

We'll remember you playing with your squeaky toys,  
Oh, how we'll miss that awful noise!  
Yes Holly, just so you know,  
We're all going to miss you so.

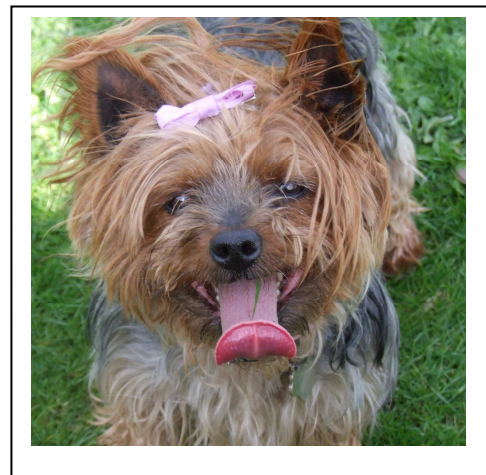
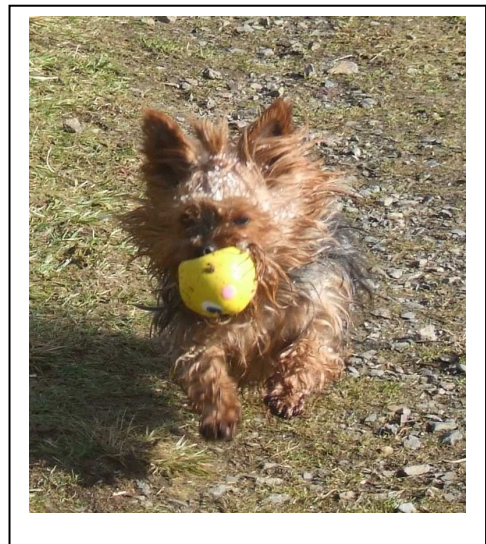
But, one day we'll meet again,  
We'll see you, our loyal friend,  
In Heaven, we'll walk together,  
In Heaven's bonnie purple heather.

**Stan Bruce.**

**11 March 2021.**



***Holly, 25 Dec. 2010 to 11 March 2021.***



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