

lyndall wortham

Have I written so many jingles,
With never a one just for you?
Well admit that a dreadful thing
For me to go and do!
Because, no matter what I say,
Or what my life may befall,
It's always you, ten trillion times,
That I love best of all.

This little girl mine gone and found.
And loved and made our own,
Could ever be any all-in-all,
In just the way you've grown.
It's always you - nobody else -
Who makes my sun to shine!
Who keeps my world a heavenly place,
And my heart singing in rhyme.

So love me, Darling, all of your days,
And trouble to tell me so!
For you hold the key to my heaven & hell!
My joy, or my utter woe!!

July 22, 1943.