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- To My Wife -

Until You Came, Dear Heart.

By FRANK E. HERN.

The skies that once were cold and gray,
Are now serene and blue,
And

Now ev'ry wind that blows dear heart,
Sings to my soul of thee,
And

flow'ers rare now scent the air,
Where once the this'ties grew;
The ev'ry word in rapture heard,
Is dear to memory,
And

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sunshine came with you, dear heart, The fields are green again,
eyes once clouded o'er with grief, Shall never more know tears,
Oh

Giojosa.

heart is light and hopes are bright, That once seemed dark and vain.
joy divine to call thee mine, Thro' all the coming years.

CHORUS (Slowly.)

Until you came, my life was sad and lonely, Until you

spoke the words so fond and true. My throbbing heart, now counts the moments

Until you came, -3
only I spend with you, dear heart, I spend with you; until your lips rehearsed the sweet old story, until your tender voice pronounced my name, I never knew that earth held such a glory, until you came, dear heart, until you came.

Until you came.