

The nights are empty without your love,
The birds don't sing in their nests above

I find a face in a crowd and I know
That he has found love but that love has flown

I have known what it means
To give and only want to give more
I have known tenderness happiness
and great joy
But for each of these I've had to pay
With the echoing nights and
re-echoing days.

I know I will never hold you close once again
And that thought is a great dulling pain.

Feb. 9th, 1953