

JUST MY GIRL

I speak of a girl I learned to know,
A girl I met one score and sixteen years ago.
It was on a visit to her Grandma Lank's,
And to Grandma, I gave many many thanks.

I recall we met one summer afternoon in old Jester Park,
We were just kids, carefree, happy as a lark.
The visit was planned for just a few days,
We then parted and went separate ways.

But something lingered within each heart,
That something which kept us from drifting apart.
A correspondence started, continued to grow,
With that very fine girl, I had learned to know.

Days, yes, years came and passed,
We to each other seemed to hold fast.
After four years, we were happily wed,
On Christmas Eve when the preacher said,
I now join you man and wife.
May God bless you the remainder of life.

Remembering his words as years came and passed,
We to each other have held ever fast.
God has blessed us in many a way,
With children, grandchildren, healthy, happy and gay.

Our lives have not been all rosy, sunshine and bright,
As God's Heaven above, where cometh no night.
There have been days of sadness of which we can tell,
Days when clouds gathered, and rain drops fell.

After all there shone that silver lining to brighten our way,
And made me so thankful for that happy wedding day.
Through passing years sands may drift, and rapids whirl,
But I remain happy with JUST MY GIRL.

By R. D. Lingo.
Christmas 1946.