

LOVE'S OWN EYES

Down all the ways of youth is song
And April joys were sweet, boy;
The winding ways of spring along
All lightly went our feet, boy.

The winding ways, the ways along,
My heart shall not forget your song,
And memory keeps when summer dies,
The light of love's own eyes, boy,
The light of love's own eyes.

The golden oriole shall fling
With mellow trill again, boy,
To sapphire skies his glowing wing
And call his mate in vain, boy.

The winding woodland way she goes
Has seen the withering of the rose,
But true hearts keep when all else dies,
The light of love's own eyes, boy,
The light of love's own eyes.

Then through the clang of war's alarms,
And half a world away, boy,
Our hearts shall know no dread of harm,
All unforgetting they, boy.

The winding ways, the ways along,
There echoes still the April song,
There gleams the light that never dies,
The light of love's own eyes, boy,
The light of love's own eyes.