Ah, love, I cannot help but say,
    Let happen me what happen may,
Fond thoughts of you compose my way,
    Your very living makes my day.

When through this lonely world we roam apart,
    So lonely grows my troubled heart,
I strive alway to send it where thou art,
    Sweetheart, return and heal its smart.

—J. S. HAMMOND.
To my brother, J. S. Hammond

Love’s Pleading

J. S. HAMMOND

Andante con espress.

Ah, love, I cannot help but say,...

Let happen me what happen may, Fond tho’ts of

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you compose my way, Your very living makes my day.

When through this lonely world we roam apart,
So lonely grows my troubled heart,
I strive alway to send it
towards where thou art.
Sweet-heart, return,
Sweet-heart, return,
and heal its smart.