

Thy Heart Belongs To Me - song lyrics

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THY HEART BELONGS TO ME.

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Words by A. J. Lamb. Music by H. W. Petrie.

In the meadows I will meet thee, 'mid the daisies and the buttercups,
With a garland I will greet thee, thou shalt wear it for my sake;
While the summer winds are sighing, we will wander by the silver stream,
And my heart to thine replying, shall of love's sweet promise dream.
Joys, glad and golden, ev'ry hour is bringing,
Sweetest of all songs I would now be singing,
To hope divinest my poor heart is clinging,
Be mine own, mine alone, until life hath flown;
Be mine own, mine alone, until life hath flown.- Ah!

When the evening shades are on us, when the twilight falls o'er hill and dale,
When the darkness is upon us, and sweet sings the nightingale,
When the starlight sheds its glories, till the morn is yet more fair to see,
And my lips shall tell love's stories, till thy heart belongs to me.
Sweetheart, sweetheart, thy heart belongs to me;
Sweetheart, sweetheart, thy heart belongs to me, to me, to me.