

My Little Girl

Blue eyes of heaven shine,
her golden hair it glows,
I'm glad this little one is mine
and I hope she always knows.

I love her when she's happy,
I love her when she's sad.
She's a very special part of me,
whether she is good or bad.

Her golden hair curls gently
as round her head it grows.
She smiles and God is smiling.
Great happiness she shows.

Her face will soon show beauty.
Her eyes will soon show tears.
Her form will soon show womanhood.
Her age will soon show years.

Someday she'll be a woman
with children of her own.
She'll know the utter happiness
of an angel, not yet grown.

Though someday she be gray with age,
I know she'll always be
That little, golden, impish child,
who smiles each day for me.