



There's a spot in old Vancouver
Where the stars and moon shine bright
Where the skies are always clearer
And the air is fresh and light.

There's a cottage and my wife and son
Where the flowers bloom and fade
That is where my heart is beating
But tonight I'm far away.

I know for sure that she is waiting
Praying for my safe return
While in Italy, sad and lonely
For my darling, how I yearn.

And I always yet remember
How it was my lucky chance
On that first night that I met her
When I saw her at a dance.

She was standing by the table
Oh, thee angel of my dreams
Just a rare sweet splash of beauty
And as fair as any Queen.

I knew then, that I loved her
She looked as lovely as could be
Flashing dimples like the sunshine
As she sat across from me.

Then we drove out through the gateway
And I looked and smiled so true
Then I said, "Let's get acquainted
Before the night is through".

To each dance I took my darling
It was to my great surprise
And each time I knew I loved her
When I looked into her eyes.

Then one night I said I loved her
And she answered with a kiss
And each time we sat together
It was more than happiness.

Since that night, five years have passed
But sweet memories linger on
I still try to prove I love her
In a letter or a song.

To my darling, I've been truthful
Through the long years, I have spent
My thoughts are always with her
And our babe whom God has sent.

May God keep them from all danger
And their hearts from cares and pain
For when this wicked war is over
I'll be back with them again.

(c) Memories by Bernard Patrick Harty