

Jimmy Dean "Yours Love"

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May the fruit of my toil be yours, love
May the food from my soil be yours, love

And from this moment on
May a love that is strong
And lives on and on, be yours, love

May the sons that I raise be yours, love
May the comforts I praise be yours, love

If I ever get weak
May the love words I speak
And the arms that I seek, be yours, love

May the Lord's shining grace be yours, love
May the happiest face be yours, love

May the last fingertips
That touch these two lips
As life from me slips, be yours, love

And from this moment on
May this love that is strong
And lives on and on, be yours, love

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