

Family

My heart is home, when I, with you
Frolic and do the things we do,
Creating a special kind of joy
That even the darkest mood will buoy
Bidding unhappy thoughts adieu!

My spirit, bright and born anew
Feels kindred with a soul as true
As yours. Such company I do enjoy!
My heart is home.

And yet, sometimes it makes me blue
To think our future years grow few
Such thoughts may not my mind annoy
To do so would undo the joy
And happiness between we two
My heart is home.

Dana Robertson
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