

Bill Anderson, Yours Love

(Harlan Howard)

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 true and strong
That 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...