

Dedicated to Joe and Helen Gramaglia
and all young couples separated by war...

I love you with my eyes though I cannot see,
The love you hold shines back at me,
I love you with my ears and I long to hear,
The sound of your voice, my dear,
I love you with my lips, and I'd love to tell,
The same sweet story you told so well,
I love you with my hands, I wish I could do,
The little things, I know would please you too,
I love you with my feet, though I cannot go,
To the place you are, where I do not know,
I love you with my heart, I can only feel,
The desire to be with you is so real,
I sit and think of you tonight,
In my lonely room as I try to write,
I find mere words can ne'er convey,
The love I have for you so far away,
Then I can only hope and pray,
That you'll come back to me someday.

-Christine Gump (No title or date, but in reference to WWII). *Joe and Helen Gramaglia grew up in the stone home next door at 2149 Queen City Avenue.*

To a Morning Glory

Ah! heavenly blue morning glory,
You tell your own sweet story,
On a slender vine you climb so high,
To catch the color of the sky,
With the faint glimmer of rosy dawn,
Before man's awakening yawn,
Up, up you reach and from afar,
Deep in your heart the morning star,
God's miracle from a tiny black seed,
Such loveliness on a slender reed,
Each morn you bloom, then fade away,
Help me to have faith for each new day.

Christine Gump-August 20, 1954

The Hills of Cincinnati

I had wandered far over the face of the earth,
 Heavy and sad and alone,
I longed to return to the town of my birth,
 To the city I called my home.

(Chorus)

When I beheld the hills of Cincinnati,
 They seemed to welcome me home,
Those beautiful hills,
 Those wonderful hills,
 The hills of my own home town.

I recalled as a little barefoot child,
 Those hills I was want to roam,
Gathering violets and daisies there,
 And search for a lucky stone.

And in fancy I climbed to Mt. Echo's brow,
 Looking down on the city below
To watching the movements of a lazy scow,
 On the beautiful Ohio.

Fond memories cling to an early Spring,
 From the deck of the Island Queen,
Seeing the red bud and the dogwood gleam,
 From among the hills so green.

-Christine Gump-1940