

Monday 13-12-48.

To My ONLY SWEETHEART.

I never claim to be a poet,
I'm no Byron & I know it.
Beethoven, Schubert & Mozart
Wrote songs of what they felt in heart.
Van Dyke transcribed his thoughts with paint,
But one can't be a man one ain't.
And so, as I'm a simple guy,
It's pointless, Dear, for me to try
To write an ode or some love tune,
Or try & paint a moon in June.
And therefore do I simply say
I LOVE YOU MORE AND MORE EACH DAY.

Many Many Very Happy Returns of This Day,
My Darling Wife's Birthday.
With Sincerest love And Complete Affection.
From, Your Very Own, Bunny.



"Say it with Flowers"

To Mrs Stone.
60 Chisold Court.



CARD ENCLOSED

Flowers by

J. Clayton

42 Dalston Lane, E.8

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