My Sweetheart True - song lyrics

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MY SWEETHEART TRUE.
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Written and Composed by Isidor Witmark.

What the sun is to the day. o-e-du la-e-hi;
What the stars are to the night, o-de a-e-de;
As a child does love its play, o-de-de la-e hi;
So I love my sweetheart true, so fair And bright;
When strolling with my loved one thro' the meadows wide,
My heart goes pit-a-pat with joyous love And bliss.
While pleasure it affords me when I'm by her bide;
To seal my rupture with a loving kiss.
As the bird chirps for its mate, o-e-de la-e-hi;
So for her I always long, o-de a-e-de;
If she happens to be late, o-e-de la-e-hi;
I call her with my own, my little song:

Yodle.
O, la e-la-o-da-e-hi o-da-e-hi
La-e-oh la-e-de oh-de. la-o-da-e hi!
Oh-e oh-e oh-e la o-e da, o-la-e da-e.

How I'm longing for the day, o-e-da la-e-hi;
How Tin waiting for the hour, o-de a-e-de;
When that "little word "shell say, o-de-de la-e-hi;
Then her sweetest smile shall be her only dower;
Our little cot shall be a place of loveliness;
And none but she, my love, shall be its reigning queen,
With nothing else to care for but our happiness;
Ah! such a loving pair has ne'er been seen:
When the toil of day is o'er, o-e-de la-e-hi;
When the twilight shadows fall, o-de a-e-de;
She'll be waiting at the door, o-e-de la-e-hi;
And she'll welcome me by echoing my call:-Yodle.