

## Labour of Love

Peter Hammill

You don't remember all the things I've done;  
You never catch the careful words I choose;  
Your present will not admit my patient efforts -  
It's a labour of love I offer to you.  
Unselfishness - does that hold the space between us?  
A helplessness, a nothing-left-to-prove?  
A silent more eloquent than any passion?  
...It's a labour of love I offer to you...  
...It's a gift of love.  
Take this hand and you will hold its stories;  
Beat, the heart, and find the tell-tale true;  
Take this gift: receipt will give it value -  
It's a labour of love I offer to you,  
It's a gift of love.