

Lest I Forget

Unknown Author

Lest I forget the anguish you passed through
That I might be.

Lest I forget the joy that you first knew
At sight of me.

The sleepless nights, the days of weary care,
The childish griefs you brought me safely through,
I kneel before my God in humble prayer
And thank Him, Mother dear, for you.

Lest I forget that some rash act of mine
Has caused the furrows on your brow to be.

Lest I forget that eyes once clear and bright
Are dimmed because of tears you shed for me.

That toil-worn hands have wrestled with the years,
Have plucked the thorns from paths I traveled through,
I kneel before my God in humble prayer
And thank Him, Mother dear, for you.

Lest I forget that every silvered hair
Once lay in soft brown coils upon your head,
Or that your cheek, now thin and pale, once knew
The warm blush of the roses there instead.

Lest I forget that through your veins once raced
The blood of youth and hope to dare and do,
I kneel before my God in humble prayer
And thank Him, Mother dear, for you.

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