

Remember Me

Remember me - but choose not, dear
 The hour when on the gentle lake,
 The sportive wavelets blue and clear
 Soft rippling to the margin break
 But when the deepening billows foam
 In madness o'er the pathless sea
 Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
 Across them, and remember me

Remember me - but not to join
 If haply some thy friends should praise
 'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine
 To echo what the stranger says
 They know us not, but shouldst thou meet
 Some faithful friend of me and thee,
 Softly, sometimes to him repeat
 My name, and then remember me

Bristol Oct 23rd 1849

Remember me - not, I entreat
 In scenes of festal week-day joy,
 For then it were not kind or meet,
 The thought thy pleasure should alloy:
 But on the sacred, solemn day,
 And dearest on thy bended knee,
 When thou for those thou lovest dost pray,
 Sweet spirit then remember me,
 When wouldst thou have me remember
 There are scenes and sunny places
 On which memory loves to dwell
 There are many happy faces
 Who are known and loved full well
 O dear, I wish I was and I know where

Remember me when far away
 And when you visit old friends - stay
 And when you have the time to spare
 Oh then dear friend remember me
 Mary P. Henderson.