

TRIBUTES OF FAITH IN SONG

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If I have murmured at the tasks I could not do,  
I've no excuse, no sympathy I seek,  
Except that you remember holy truths —  
The spirit was willing — the flesh was weak.

And so dear friends, I beg you to forgive  
If I, at any time, have made you sad  
Be sure that in forgiving, you yourselves  
Will be forgiven, and your hearts made glad.

This is my last and fondest wish —  
If you should deem me worthy of your thoughts,  
Forget the little good I had in me —  
Love and remember me for my faults.

