

The Girl I Used to Be

She came tonight as I sat alone
The girl I used to be . . .
She gazed at me with her earnest eyes
And questioned me reproachfully:
Have you forgotten the many plans
And hopes that I had for you?
The great career, the splendid fame,
All the wonderful things to do?
Where is the mansion of stately height
With all of its gardens rare?
The silken robes that I dreamed for you
And the jewels in your hair?
And as she spoke, I was very sad
For I wanted her pleased with me.
This slender girl I used to be.

So, gently rising, I took her hand,
And guided her up the stairs
Where peacefully sleeping, my babies lay
Innocent, sweet, and fair.
And I told her that these are my only gems,
And precious they are to me,
That silken robe is my motherhood
Of costly simplicity.
And my mansion of stately height is love,
And the only career I know
Is serving each day in these sheltered walls
For the dear ones who come and go.
And as I spoke to my shadowy guest,
She smiled through her tears at me,
And saw that the woman I am now
Pleases the girl I used to be.

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