

## **I Must'nt Forget**

I mustn't forget that I'm gettin' old,  
That's the worst thing ever a man can do.  
I must keep in mind without bein' told  
That old ideas must give away to new.  
Let me be always upon my guard  
Never a crabby old man to be,  
Youth is too precious to have it marred  
By the cranky whims of a man like me.

I must remember that customs change  
An' I've had my youth an' my hair is gray,  
Mustn't be too surprised at strange  
Or startlin' things that the youngsters say;  
Mustn't keep the bit in their mouths too tight,  
Which is something, old people are apt to do.  
What used to be wrong may today be right  
An' it may not be wrong just becoz it's new.

Want 'em to like me an' want 'em to know  
That I need their laughter an' mirth an' song,  
An' I want 'em near, coz I love 'em so,  
An' home is the place where their smiles belong.  
They're growin' up, an' it seems so queer  
To hear them talk of the views they hold,  
But age with youth shouldn't interfere  
An' I musn't forget that I'm gettin' old.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)