

## **The Lanes of Memory**

A down the lanes of memory bloom all the flowers of yesteryear,  
And looking back we smile to see life's bright red roses reappear,  
The little sprigs of mignonette that smiled upon us as we passed,  
The pansy and the violet, too sweet, we thought those days, to last.

The gentle mother by the door caresses still her lilac blooms,  
And as we wander back once more we seem to smell the old perfumes,  
We seem to live again the joys that once were ours so long ago  
When we were little girls and boys, with all the charms we used to know.

But living things grow old and fade; the dead in memory remain,  
In all their splendid youth arrayed, exempt from suffering and pain;  
The little babe God called away, so many, many years ago,  
Is still a little babe to-day, and I am glad that this is so.

Time has not changed the joys we knew; the summer rains or winter snows  
Have failed to harm the wondrous hue of any dew-kissed bygone rose;  
In memory 'tis still as fair as when we plucked it for our own,  
And we can see it blooming there, if anything more lovely grown.

A down the lanes of memory bloom all the joys of yesteryear,  
And God has given you and me the power to make them reappear;  
For we can settle back at night and live again the joys we knew  
And taste once more the old delight of days when all our skies were blue.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)