

Memories of Tomorrow

These are the memories of tomorrow,
Smile of friend we meet today,
Sympathy to soothe our sorrow,
Roses blooming by the way;
Little jests to cheer the living,
Little deeds of kindness done,
Thought to them shall we be giving
When the years have wandered on.

What seems slight to us at present
Will grow big in other days;
Memory will make it pleasant,
We'll retread these happy ways.
We shall sigh to greet the brother
That today we hurry by;
Joys we share with one another
We'll remember, you and I.

Little pranks that we are playing,
Little songs that now we sing,
Orchard lanes that we are straying
Will come back, and with them bring
Far more gladness, far more sweetness
Than we seem to find today,
We shall see them in completeness
When the present slips away.

Gentle skies that float above us,
Babies romping 'round the floor,
Friends who show us that they love us,
Roses blooming at the door;
Hours now dark with care and sorrow,
Love that comes to dry the eye
Are the memories of tomorrow
We shall treasure, you and I.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)