

Forgive Me When I Whine

Written by Delores A. Hampton
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Today upon a bus, I saw a lovely maid with golden hair;
I envied her-she seemed so gay, and how, I wished I were so fair;
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;
she had one foot and wore a crutch, but as she passed, a smile.
Oh God, forgive me when I whine, I have two feet-the world is mine.
And when I stopped to buy some sweets, the lad who served me had such charm;
he seemed to radiate good cheer, his manner was so kind and warm;
I said, "It's nice to deal with you, such courtesy I seldom find";
he turned and said, "Oh, thank you sir." And then I saw that he was blind.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine, I have two eyes, the world is mine.
Then, when walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue;
he stood and watched the others play, it seemed he knew not what to do;
I stopped a moment, then I said, "Why don't you join the others, dear?"
He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew he could not hear.
Oh God, forgive me when I whine, I have two ears, the world is mine.
With feet to take me where I'd go; with eyes to see the sunsets glow, with ears to hear what I
would know. I am blessed indeed. The world is mine; oh, God, forgive me when I whine.