

## 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.