

My memory cherishes a boy

Virginia Cornish

My mem' - ry cher - ish - es a boy His head wrapped all in white He
I watched this lo - ving lit - tle lad whose own sad fate was near: He
O would you hold him gent - ly, Lord, and rock your lit - tle boy? O

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showed your sym - pa - the - tic care As sure - ly as you had been there to a -
took a child all tired and worn and pushed and wheeled him all for - lorn, in a
would you bathe him with your light? 'Twas he who gace me my first sight Of ce -

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no - ther in his plight.
search for fun and cheer.
lest - ial Love and Joy.