

Don't Forget, Infant Mine

(Souviens-toi, mon enfant)

Words: French Linguistic Committee of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 2001;
composite translation

Music: Antonín Leopold Dvořák (1841-1904), 1893;

adapted from *Symphony No. 9 in E minor, "From the New World"*, B. 178, Op. 95, no. 2

♩ = 58-76

1. Don't for-get, in - fant mine, heav'n - ly par - ents so Lov - ing - ly held you close
2. Don't for-get, in - fant mine, woods and ci - ties there. Oh, that we al - so would
3. Don't for-get, in - fant mine, at the dawn of time, We were friends once be - fore

7

not that long a - go. Now, to - day, you are here— pre - cious one so dear.
pic - ture them down here! Eve - ning skies that you see, are they pink or gray?
play - ing in that clime. Then one day, then we chose with a joy - ful cry

13

Heav - en's scenes still re - flect in your gaze, so clear. Tell me child, all you see
Is the sun wait - ing on gen - tle snow or rain? Tell me child of the glades
To ac - cept from the Lord the great plan of life. Prom - is - es, in - fant mine,

19

of that bless - ed space While your eyes, thru the veil, yet per - cieve that place.
and their col - ors swirled, And the songs of the birds from that hid - den world.
that we made that night, That by love and by faith we would re - u - nite.