

# Don't Forget that Once I Was Young

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. Above the notes, chord symbols are provided: D, Em, A, G, D, A, G, D, Em, G, D, A, G, D, Em, A, D, Em, D, Bm, D, A, D. The lyrics are: "When you see me now at the end of my life, Don't for - get that once I was young. All the things you do I have done be - fore, All the songs you sing I have sung. So look bey - ond my va - cant eyes and strag - gling grey - ing hair, And think a - bout the live - li - ness that once was there."

When you see me now at the end of my life  
Don't forget that once I was young.  
All the things you do I have done before,  
All the songs you sing I have sung.  
So look beyond my vacant eyes and straggling greying hair,  
And think about the liveliness that once was there.

I know that now you look on me  
As a burden and source of fun,  
I suppose that this will be the case  
Until my life is done.  
If only you would take the time to look beyond my mask,  
You'd see a different side to me: is that too much to ask?

If I'd thought ahead some years before  
Of the way that I might be,  
My life I would have taken then -  
The final remedy.  
But now it's far too late for that for I can hardly lift an arm  
Whilst all around me strangers strive to keep me safe from harm.

Old age brings wisdom, so they say,  
But I wonder who thought thus.  
Had they ever finished up their lives  
Needing care, and powerless?  
Although you're given food and warmth and offered things to do,  
There's one state you won't reach again, and that's just being 'you'.

And when I take my final breath  
And can bother you no more.  
You'll burn my body or bury it deep,  
Your life just as before.  
Your memories of me will fade as colour from a dye  
But how long will it be before my place you occupy?



*This splendid looking lady is Besse Cooper, an American who, at the time of her death in December 2012, was the oldest woman in the world. She died of respiratory failure, hopefully not as a result of having to blow out the 116 candles on her cake. Besse looks surprisingly perky, but it is a sad fact of life - and death - that many people even twenty years her junior are anything like as alert. Ironically, my mother died at the age of 96, and I am not afraid to say that her death came as something of a relief for the family, and, I believe, for her. Although fairly fit physically, her mental capacity had diminished significantly, but not quite to the point where she didn't know what had happened to her (some of the time).*

*This song reflects on the way many elderly folk are regarded, but take note of the last line!  
Your leatherette armchair awaits you....*