

# 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

*Meditatively* ♩ = 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-lect 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.