When I’m Gone

When I come to the end of my journey and I travel my last weary mile.
Just forget if you can that I ever frowned and remember only the smile.
Forget unkind words I have spoken; remember some good I have done.
Forget that I ever had heartache and remember I've had loads of fun.
Forget that I've stumbled and blundered and sometimes fell by the way.
Remember that I have fought some hard battles, and won, ere the close of the day.
Then forget the grief for my going I would not have you sad for a day.
But in summer just gather some flowers and remember the place where I lay,
And come in the shade of the evening when the sun paints the sky in the west.
Stand for a few moments beside me and remember only my best.