

My Child Will Forgive Me

Jason Robert Brown

Mrs. Phagan, can you describe for us, please ma'am, the outfit
your daughter Mary wore to town last Memorial Day?

It was her Easter Sunday outfit—the little lavender cotton pongee
dress I made her, a straw hat with a parasol to match, white
stockings, and—her party shoes

Would these be the clothes?

My child will forgive me for raisin' her poor
And for taking her out of the school
My child will forgive me for not doin' more
To protect her from men who are cruel

And my child will forgive me for closin' my eyes
To the dangers of growing too fast
My child will forgive me with tears in her eyes
When we're reunited at last

My child will be safe in the arms of the Lord
And as pure as the day of her birth
My child will be cozied and blessed and adored
As she never could be here on Earth
And my child will be watchin' me, givin' me faith
In a future that's golden and new
My Mary will teach me to open my heart

And so I forgive you
Jew