

The Name

This document was first completed on Saturday, September 25, 2010 and was most recently revised on Saturday, April 18, 2015.

The poem was given to me by my grandfather, when I was a child. I don't know the correct name of the poem, or the name of the author. The poem, when he gave it to me, was typed on a piece of paper. Somewhere, I think, I still have that original copy but I can't find it as of this writing. It contained what appeared to be typos or transcription errors. A long time ago, I don't remember when, I tried to restore the poem to what I hope is its correct version.

You got it from your father,
'Twas the most that he could give.
And right gladly he bestowed it,
It is yours the while you live.

You may lose the watch he gave you,
And another you may claim,
But remember, when you're tempted,
To be careful of his name.

It was fair the day you got it,
And a worthy name to wear,
When he took it from his father,
There was no dishonor there.

Through the years he proudly wore it,
To his father he was true.
And the name was clean and spotless,
When he passed it on to you.

Oh, there is much that he has given,
That he values not at all.
He has watched you break your playthings,
In the days when you were small,

And you've lost the knife he gave you,
And you've scattered many a game,
But you'll never hurt your father,
If you're careful of his name.

It is yours to wear forever;
Yours to wear the while you live,
Yours, perhaps, some distance morning,
To another man will give.

And you'll smile, as did your father,
Smile, above the baby there,
If a clean name and a good name,
You are giving him to wear.