

## THE BOY'S IDEAL

I must be fit for a child to play with,  
Fit for a youngster to walk away with;  
Fit for his trust and fit to be  
Ready to take him upon my knee;  
Whether I win or I lose my fight,  
I must be fit for my boy at night.  
I must be fit for a child to come to,  
Speech there is that I must be dumb to;  
I must be fit for his eyes to see,  
He must find nothing of shame in me;  
Whatever I make of myself, I must  
Square to my boy's unfaltering trust.  
I must be fit for a child to follow,  
Scorning the places where loose men wallow;  
Knowing how much he shall learn from me,  
I must be fair as I'd have him be;  
I must come home to him, day by day,  
Clean as the morning I went away.  
I must be fit for a child's glad greeting,  
His are eyes that there is no cheating;  
He must behold me in every test,  
Not at my worst, but my very best;  
He must be proud when my life is done  
To have men know that he is my son.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 – 1959)