

TWO VIEWPOINTS

Out in the open, the wide sky above,
And the green meadows stretched at my feet;
Out in the open, midst scenes that I love,
Where the rest hour is soothing and sweet;
Out in the country, where nature's at play
And the wild Sowers look up with a smile,
I am hurrying now for a short holiday,
I am going to rest there a while.

Into the city, where life isn't dead,
An' there's something a feller can do;
Where hundreds of people keep forging ahead
An' runnin' right plump into you;
Where there's hustle an' bustle, an' something to'see,
An' you never get lonesome nor blue;
I tell you, the city's the fine place to be,
An' I 'm goin' when ploughin' is through.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 TO 1959)