

## **The Cut-Down Trousers**

When father couldn't wear them mother cut them down for me;  
She took the slack in fore and aft, and hemmed them at the knee;  
They fitted rather loosely, but the things that made me glad  
Were the horizontal pockets that those good old trousers had.

They shone like patent leather just where well-worn breeches do,  
But the cloth in certain portions was considered good as new,  
And I know that I was envied by full many a richer lad  
For the horizontal pockets that those good old knickers had.

They were cut along the waist line, with the opening straight and wide,  
And there wasn't any limit to what you could get inside;  
They would hold a peck of marbles, and a knife and top and string,  
And snakes and frogs and turtles; there was room for everything.

Then our fortune changed a little, and my mother said that she  
Wouldn't bother any longer fitting father's duds on me,  
But the store clothes didn't please me; there were times they made me  
sad,  
For I missed those good old pockets that my father's trousers had.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 – 1959)