

## **The Kindly Neighbor**

I have a kindly neighbor, one who stands  
Beside my gate and chats with me awhile,  
Gives me the glory of his radiant smile  
And comes at times to help with willing hands.  
No station high or rank this man commands,  
He, too, must trudge, as I, the long day's mile;  
And yet, devoid of pomp or gaudy style,  
He has a worth exceeding stocks or lands.  
To him I go when sorrow's at my door,  
On him I lean when burdens come my way,  
Together oft we talk our trials o'er  
And there is warmth in each good-night we say.  
A kindly neighbor! Wars and strife shall end  
When man has made the man next door his friend.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 -1959)