

Answering The Grumblers

When night time comes an' I can go
Back to the folks who love me so,
An' see 'em smile an' hear 'em sing,
An' feel their kisses, then, by jing!
I vow this world is mighty fine
An' run upon a great design.

I trudge away at break o' day
An' hear the grumblers round me say,
This world ain't what it ought to be,
With so much care an' misery,
An' so much work for all to do,
An' little comfort when you're through.

But all the time I'm thinkin' of
The faces of the ones I love,
An' every minute I can see
Their bright eyes laughing right at me,
An' I can almost hear 'em say:
"Come home, come home, an' we will play.'

An' sometimes when the daily grind
Sends bitter thoughts into my mind,
An' I get thinkin' that of care
I draw far more than is my share,
I hear 'em hum their merry song,
An' then I know such thoughts are wrong.

I never doubt this world is good,
I couldn't doubt it if I would
For all the trouble that I meet
I gather compensation sweet
When night time comes an' I can go
Back to the folks who love me so.

It ain't no use for grumblers here
To tell me that this life's severe,
To say this world's a vale of woe,
For I've got proof that it ain't so,
When wearily I trudge away,
They're whisperin', whisperin': 'Soon we'll
play.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)