

## My Books and I

My books and I are good old pals:  
My laughing books are gay,  
Just suited for my merry moods  
When I am wont to play.  
Bill Nye comes down to joke with me  
And, Oh, the joy he spreads.  
Just like two fools we sit and laugh  
And shake our merry heads.  
When I am in a thoughtful mood,  
With Stevenson I sit,  
Who seems to know I've had enough  
Of Bill Nye and his wit.  
And so, more thoughtful than I am,  
He talks of lofty things,  
And thus an evening hour we spend  
Sedate and grave as kings.  
And should my soul be torn with grief  
Upon my shelf I find  
A little volume, torn and thumbed,  
For comfort just designed.  
I take my little Bible down  
And read its pages o'er,  
And when I part from it I find  
I'm stronger than before.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)