

## **I'll Never Be Rich**

I'll never be rich.  
I'm too fond of the joy  
Of a certain small girl  
And a certain small boy;  
And the nights full of fun  
And the days full of play,  
And the romp and the run  
At the end of the day.

I'll never be rich.  
I'm too eager to share  
In the joys that are near,  
Too unwilling to care  
For the thing we call gold,  
That I'll fill every day  
Full of strife for the stuff,  
And not rest by the way.

I'll never be rich.  
There are too many charms  
That I now can possess  
When I stretch out my arms;  
There are too many joys  
That already I hold  
That I cannot give up  
Just to wallow in gold.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881–1959)