

The Three Me's

I'd like to steal a day and be
All alone with little me,
Little me that used to run
Everywhere in search of fun;
Little me of long ago
Who was glad and didn't know
Life is freighted down with care
For the backs of men to bear;
Little me who thought a smile
Ought to linger all the while-
On his Mother's pretty face
And a tear should never trace
Lines of sorrow, hurt or care
On those cheeks so wondrous fair.

I should like once more to be
All alone with youthful me;
Youthful me who saw the hills
Where the sun its splendor spills
And was certain that in time
To the topmost height he'd climb;
Youthful me, serene of soul,
Who beheld a shining goal.
And imagined he could gain
Glory without grief or pain,
Confident and quick with life,
Madly eager for the strife,
Knowing not that bitter care
Waited for his coming there.

I should like to sit alone
With the me now older grown,
Like to lead the little me
And the youth that used to be
Once again along the ways
Of our glorious yesterdays.
We could chuckle soft and low
At the things we didn't know,
And could laugh to think how bold
We had been in days of old,
And how blind we were to care
With its heartache and despair,
We could smile away the tears
And the pain of later years.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)