

## The Path To Home

There's the mother at the doorway, and the children at the gate,  
And the little parlor windows with the curtains white and straight.  
There are shaggy asters blooming in the bed that lines the fence,  
And the simplest of the blossoms seems of mighty consequence.  
Oh, there isn't any mansion underneath God's starry dome  
That can rest a weary pilgrim like the little place called home.

Men have sought for gold and silver; men have dreamed at night of fame;  
In the heat of youth they've struggled for achievement's honored name;  
But the selfish crowns are tinsel, and their shining jewels paste,  
And the wine of pomp and glory soon grows bitter to the taste.  
For there's never any laughter howsoever far you roam,  
Like the laughter of the loved ones in the happiness of home.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)