

Child O' Mine (Originally "Boy o' Mine" *)

'Child o' mine, child o' mine, this is my prayer for you,
This is my dream and my thought and my care for you:
Strong be the spirit which dwells in the breast of you,
Never may folly or shame get the best of you;
You shall be tempted in fancied security,
But make no choice that is stained with impurity.

Child o' mine, child o' mine, time shall command of you
Thought from the brain of you, work from the hand of you;
Voices of pleasure shall whisper and call to you;
Luring you far from the hard tasks that fall to you;
Then as you're meeting life's bitterest test of people,
God grant you strength to be true as the best of people.

Child o' mine, child o' mine, singing your way along,
Cling to your laughter and cheerfully play along;
Kind to your neighbor be, offer your hand to them,
You shall grow great as your heart shall expand to them;
But when for victory sweet you are fighting there,
Know that your record of life you are writing there.

Child o' mine, child o' mine, this is my prayer for you;
Never may shame pen one line of despair for you;
Never may conquest or glory mean all to you;
Cling to your honor whatever shall fall to you;
Rather than victory, rather than fame to you,
Choose to be true and let nothing bring shame to you.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)

*With the greatest of respect for Mr. Guest I replaced "Boy" with "Child" to make this poem meaningful to my Granddaughter Emi who I hope will read this one day and share with her brother Carter. – Craig Impelman
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