

The Joys Of Home

Curling smoke from a chimney low,
And only a few more steps to go,
Faces pressed at a windowpane
Watching for someone to come again,
And I am the someone they wait to see-
These are the joys life gives to me.

What has my neighbor excelling this:
A good wife's love and a baby's kiss?
What if his chimneys tower higher?
Peace is found at our humble fire.
What if his silver and gold are more?
Rest is ours when the day is o'er.

Strive for fortune and slave for fame,
You find that joy always stays the same:
Rich man and poor man dream and pray
For a home where laughter shall ever stay,
And the wheels go round and men spend their might
For the few glad hours they may claim at night.

Home, where the kettle shall gaily sing,
Is all that matters with serf or king;
Gold and silver and laurelled fame
Are only sweet when the hearth's aflame
With a cheerful fire, and the loved ones there
Are unafraid of the wolves of care.

So let me come home at night to rest
With those who know I have done my best;
Let the wife rejoice and my children smile,
And I'll know by their love that I am worthwhile,
For this is conquest and world success-
A home where abideth happiness.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)