

Rather Stay Home

Never so happy as when I 'm at home,
I 'm not so anxious to wander or roam;
Rather sit down with the folks who love me,
With somebody's youngster astride of my knee,
And gallop him off to the wonderful land,
Where armies are waiting his word to command,
Than listen to speeches by eloquent men
Who shout for an hour and then sit down again.

Never so happy as when I 'm at home,
Rather play tunes with a paper and comb
For a boy or a girl who may drop in to call,
For it's there that I shine if I do shine at all;
Rather sing ditties to tots that I know,
Than go to a party or go to a show,
Or listen to grown-ups with wisdom expound,
As their arms saw the air, and the tables they pound.

Never so happy as when I 'm at home,
Don't care to journey to Naples or Rome,
Rather stay here with the folks who love me,
Than run after strangers whoever they be;
A nod from a king or a smile from a lord
Wouldn't please me a bit. I 'd be terribly bored;
Rather stay here where I 'm loved and I 'm known,
Than get on my knees before any old throne.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)