

The Path O' Little Children

The path o' little children is the path I want to tread,
Where green is every valley and every rose is red,
Where laughter's always ringing and every smile is real,
And where the hurts are little hurts that just a kiss will heal.

The path o' little children, on the primrose edge o' life,
That leads away from jealousy and bitterness and strife;
The path that leads to gladness—that's the way I want to go,
Where no one speaks unkindly an' where no one keeps a foe.

The path o' little children that winds o'er hill and dale
An' leads us down to gentle seas where tiny vessels sail;
An' leads us through the barnyard an' through the pasture bars
An' brings us home at evening with hearts that know no scars.

The path o' little children, where peaceful dreams come true,
Where sunshine's always streaming, an' every sky is blue;
Where each one loves the other, an' everyone is fair,
An' cheeks are pink with beauty, an' singing fills the air.

The path o' little children, it's there I want to tread,
Where innocence is dwelling with not a thing to dread;
Where care is not an ogre and sin is but a name,
An' no one thinks of money an' no one sighs for fame.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)