

## **Worth While**

He doesn't care that I'm not rich,  
Or that I'm poorly dressed,  
That I'm a toiler in the ditch  
He hasn't even guessed.  
My faults that other people know  
He doesn't even see,  
For every night with eyes aglow  
He toddles up to me.

Although I'm just a common dub,  
And ordinary clay,  
His cheek to mine he's glad to rub  
Before I go away;  
And every night when I return,  
He's glad as he can be,  
And though but little I may earn  
He toddles up to me.

To come to me he'd leave a king,  
If one were sitting near,  
Unto no millionaire he'd cling  
If only I'd appear.  
And though but tattered rags are mine  
When I go home to tea  
With eyes that fairly beam and shine  
He'd toddle up to me.

And so I've reason to be glad,  
And reason to rejoice,  
It's worth the world to be a dad,  
To be a baby's choice.  
There is no prize fame can bestow,  
No joy can ever be  
So real, as when, with eyes aglow,  
He toddles up to me.

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**