

## When The Young Are Grown

Once the house was lovely, but it's lonely here to-day,  
For time has come an' stained its walls an' called the young away;  
An' all that's left for mother an' for me till life is through  
Is to sit an' tell each other what the children used to do.  
We couldn't keep 'em always an' we knew it from the start;  
We knew when they were babies that some day we'd have to part.  
But the years go by so swiftly, an' the littlest one has flown,  
An' there's only me an' mother now left here to live alone.  
Oh, there's just one consolation, as we're sittin' here at night,  
They've grown to men an' women, an' we brought 'em up all right;  
We've watched 'em as we've loved 'em an' they're splendid, every one,  
An' we feel the Lord won't blame us for the way our work was done.  
They're clean, an' kind an' honest, an' the world respects 'em, too;  
That's the dream of parents always, an' our dreams have all come true.  
So although the house is lonely an' sometimes our eyes grow wet,  
We are proud of them an' happy an' we've nothing to regret.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)