

The Girl He Left Behind

We used to think her frivolous—you know how
parents are,
A little quick to see the faults and petty flaws
that mar
The girl their son is fond of and may choose
to make his wife,
A little overjealous of the one who'd share his
life;
But the girl he left behind him when he bravely
marched away
Has blossomed into beauty that we see and need
to-day.

She was with us at the depot, and we turned our
backs a-while,
And her eyes were sad and misty, though she
tried her best to smile.
Then she put her arm round mother, and it
seemed to me as though
They just grew to love each other, for they
shared a common woe.
Now she often comes to see us, and it seems
to me we find
A heap of solid comfort in the girl he left behind.

'She's so sensible and gentle,' mother said last
night to me,
'The kind of girl I've often wished and prayed
his wife would be.
And I like to have her near us, for she understands
my sighs
And I see my brave boy smiling when I look into
her eyes.'
Now the presence of his sweetheart seems to fill
our home with joy.
She's no longer young and flighty—she's the
girl who loves our boy.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)