

## **To A Little Girl**

Oh, little girl with eyes of brown  
And smiles that fairly light the town,  
I wonder if you really know  
Just why it is we love you so,  
And why- with all the little girls  
With shining eyes and tangled curls  
That throng and dance this big world through-  
Our hearts have room for only you.

Since other little girls are gay  
And laugh and sing and romp in play,  
And all are beautiful to see,  
Why should you mean so much to me?  
And why should Mother, day and night,  
Make you her source of all delight,  
And always find in your caress  
Her greatest sum of happiness?

Oh, there's a reason good for this,  
You laughing little bright-eyed miss!  
In all this town, with all its girls  
With shining eyes and sun-kissed curls,  
If we should search it through and through  
We'd find not one so fair as you;  
And none, however fair of face,  
Within our hearts could take your place.

For, one glad day not long ago,  
God sent you down to us below,  
And said that you were ours to keep,  
To guard awake and watch asleep;  
And ever since the day you came  
No other child has seemed the same;  
No other smiles are quite so fair  
As those which happily you wear.

We seem to live from day to day  
To hear the things you have to say;  
And just because God gave us you,  
We prize the little things you do.  
Though God has filled this world with flowers,  
We like you best because you're ours-  
In you our greatest joys we know,  
And that is why we love you so.

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