

Real Singing

You can talk about your music, and your operatic airs,
And your phonographic record that Caruso's tenor bears;
But there isn't any music that such wondrous joy can bring
Like the concert when the kiddies and their mother start to sing.

When the supper time is over, then the mother starts to play
Some simple little ditty, and our concert's under way.
And I'm happier and richer than a millionaire or king
When I listen to the kiddies and their mother as they sing.

There's a sweetness most appealing in the trilling of their notes:
It is innocence that's pouring from their little baby throats;
And I gaze at them enraptured, for my joy's a real thing
Every evening when the kiddies and their mother start to sing.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)