

## **A Discussion**

She put her arms about my neck,  
And whispered low to me:  
'I'm thinking daddy, dear, how nice  
And lovely it would be  
If only every little girl  
In all this wide world through  
Had daddies that were just as nice  
And kind and good as you.'

And then I took her in my arms  
And held her on my knee  
And said: 'A nicer, brighter world  
I'm sure that it would be  
If only every grown-up man  
Beneath the skies of blue  
Were daddy to a little girl  
As nice and sweet as you.'

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