

The Toiler

He swore that he'd be true to her,
If she would only marry him;
That as his wife, throughout his life
She'd never know a moment grim.

He vowed that he would toil for her,
That she should wear the latest things,
He'd robe in furs that form of hers
And deck her hands with diamond rings.

He promised her a motor car,
And maids to answer her commands;
In water hot, with dish and pot
He swore she'd never dip her hands.

Oh, fine the promises he made,
Oh, vows by which her heart was stirred!
And since that time, it's been a crime
The way he's worked to keep his word.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)