

Tinkerin' At Home

Some folks there be who seem to need excitement fast and furious,
An' reckon all the joys that have no thrill in 'em are spurious.
Some think that pleasure's only found down where the lights are shining,
An' where an orchestra's at work the while the folks are dining.
Still others seek it at their play, while some there are who roam,
But I am happiest when I am tinkerin' 'round the home.

I like to wear my oldest clothes, an' fuss around the yard,
An' dig a flower bed now an' then, and pensively regard
The mornin' glories climbin' all along the wooden fence,
An' do the little odds an' ends that aren't of consequence.
I like to trim the hedges, an' touch up the paint a bit,
An' sort of take a homely pride in keepin' all things fit.
An' I don't envy rich folks who are sailin' o'er the foam
When I can spend a day or two in tinkerin' 'round the home.

If I were fixed with money, as some other people are,
I'd take things mighty easy; I'd not travel very far.
I'd jes' wear my oldest trousers an' my flannel shirt, an' stay
An' guard my vine an' fig tree in an old man's tender way.
I'd bathe my soul in sunshine every mornin', and I'd bend
My back to pick the roses; Oh, I'd be a watchful friend
To everything around the place, an' in the twilight gloam
I'd thank the Lord for lettin' me jes' tinker 'round the home.

But since I've got to hustle in the turmoil of the town,
An' don't expect I'll ever be allowed to settle down
An' live among the roses an' the tulips an' the phlox,
Or spend my time in carin' for the noddin' hollyhocks,
I've come to the conclusion that perhaps in Heaven I may
Get a chance to know the pleasures that I'm yearnin' for to-day;
An' I'm goin' to ask the good Lord, when I've climbed the golden stair,
If he'll kindly let me tinker 'round the home we've got up there.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)