

Where Children Play

On every street there's a certain place
Where the children gather to romp and race;
There's a certain house where they meet in throngs
To play their games and to sing their songs,
And they trample the lawn with their busy feet
And they scatter their playthings about the street,
But though some folks order them off, I say,
Let the house be mine where the children play.

Armies gather about the door
And fill the air with their battle roar;
Cowboys swinging their lariat loops
Dash round the house with the wildest whoops,
And old folks have to look out when they
Are holding an Indian tribe at bay,
For danger may find them on flying feet,
Who pass by the house where the children meet.

There are lawns too lovely to bear the weight
Of a troop of boys when they roller skate;
There are porches fine that must never know
The stamping of footsteps that come and go,
But on every street there's a favorite place
Where the children gather to romp and race,
And I'm glad in my heart that it's mine to say
Ours is the house where the children play.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)