

A Choice

Sure, they get stubborn at times; they worry and
fret us a lot,
But I'd rather be crossed by a glad little boy
and frequently worried than not.
There are hours when they get on my nerves
and set my poor brain all awirl,
But I'd rather be troubled that way than to be
the man who has no little girl.

There are times they're a nuisance, that's true,
with all of their racket and noise,
But I'd rather my personal pleasures be lost than
to give up my girls and my boys.
Not always they're perfectly good; there are
times when they're wilfully bad,
But I'd rather be worried by youngsters of mine
than lonely and childless and sad.

So I try to be patient and calm whenever they're
having their fling;
For the sum of their laughter and love is more
than the worry they bring.
And each night when sweet peace settles down
and I see them asleep in their cot,
I chuckle and say: 'They upset me to-day, but
I'd rather be that way than not.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)