

## **God Made This Day For Me**

Jes' the sort o' weather and jes' the sort of sky  
Which seem to suit my fancy, with the white clouds driftin' by  
On a sea o' smooth blue water. Oh, I ain't an egotist,  
With an 'I' in all my thinkin', but I'm willin' to insist  
That the Lord who made us humans an' the birds in every tree  
Knows my special sort o' weather an' he made this day fer me.

This is jes' my style o' weather—sunshine floodin' all the place,  
An' the breezes from the eastward blowin' gently on my face;  
An' the woods chock full o' singin' till you'd think birds never had  
A single care to fret 'em or a grief to make 'em sad.  
Oh, I settle down contented in the shadow of a tree,  
An' tell myself right proudly that the day was made fer me.

It's my day, my sky an' sunshine, an' the temper o' the breeze—  
Here's the weather I would fashion could I run things as I please:  
Beauty dancin' all around me, music ringin' everywhere,  
Like a weddin' celebration—why, I've plumb fergot my care  
An' the tasks I should be doin' fer the rainy days to be,  
While I'm huggin' the delusion that God made this day fer me.

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