

## **The Spendthrift**

He died a poor man, so they say,  
Few were the dollars stored away  
By him while he lived, and yet  
His memory I'll not forget.

A spendthrift! True, but not for self  
He scattered thus his hard-earned pelf;  
Not that he might in splendor roam,  
But for the ones he loved at home.

A spendthrift! That he was for those  
Who, weeping, watched his eyelids close;  
For them he toiled, for them he spent  
His pittance and was well content.  
The best in life to them he gave,  
Denied them nothing just to save;  
For those at home his coin he blew,  
I would the world more spendthrifts knew.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 -1959)