

## When An Old Man Gets To Thinking

When an old man gets to thinking of the years he's traveled through,  
He hears again the laughter of the little ones he knew.  
He isn't counting money, and he isn't planning schemes;  
He's at home with friendly people in the shadow of his dreams.

When he's lived through all life's trials and his sun is in the west,  
When he's tasted all life's pleasures and he knows which ones were best,  
Then his mind is stored with riches, not of silver and of gold,  
But of happy smiling faces and the joys he couldn't hold.

Could we see what he is seeing as he's dreaming in his chair,  
We should find no scene of struggle in the distance over there.  
As he counts his memory treasures, we should see some shady lane  
Where's he walking with his sweetheart, young, and arm in arm again.

We should meet with friendly people, simple, tender folk and kind,  
That had once been glad to love him. In his dreaming we should find  
All the many little beauties that enrich the lives of men  
That the eyes of youth scarce notice and the poets seldom pen.

Age will tell you that the memory is the treasure-house of man.  
Gold and fleeting fame may vanish, but life's riches never can;  
For the little home of laughter and the voice of every friend  
And the joys of real contentment linger with us to the end.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)