

Love

Truth went forth on a search one day
I For the source of love that he might say
He had found its depth and its breadth for aye.

He met a miser, bent and old,
And his mission to him he promptly told;
'Love,' said the miser, 'is yellow gold.'

He sought a maiden, young and fair,
With orange blossoms in her hair,
Who whispered, 'My love is waiting there.'

To a struggling youth at last Truth came,
As he toiled and studied and spoke his name;
'Love,' said the youth, 'is a thing called fame.'

'Love!' mocked a man with features sour,
Before whom others were made to cower,
'Love! yes, love is worldly power.'

A pale, weak woman Truth chanced to see,
Rocking a baby on her knee;
'Only a mother knows love,' said she.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)