

Safe At Home

Let the old fire blaze
An' the youngsters shout
An' the dog on the rug
Sprawl full length out,
An' Mother an' I
Sort o' settle down-
An' it's little we care
For the noisy town.

Oh, it's little we care
That the wind may blow,
An' the streets grow white
With the drifted snow;
We'll face the storm
With the break o' day,
But to-night we'll dream
An' we'll sing an' play.

We'll sit by the fire
Where it's snug an' warm,
An' pay no heed
To the winter storm;
With a sheltering roof
Let the blizzard roar;
We are safe at home-
Can a king say more?

That's all that counts
When the day is done:
The smiles of love
And the youngsters' fun,
The cares put down
With the evening gloam-
Here's the joy of all:
To be safe at home.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)