

The Joy Of Getting Back

There ain't the joy in foreign skies that those of home possess,
An' friendliness o' foreign folks ain't hometown friendliness;
An' far-off landscapes with their thrills don't grip me quite as hard
As jes' that little patch o' green that's in my own backyard.

It's good to feel a stranger's hand grip heartily your own,
It's good to see a stranger's smile when you are all alone ;
But though a stranger's grip is warm, an' though his smile is sweet
There's something in the home folks' way that has the stranger's beat.

A railroad train that's outward bound bears many a man an' dame
Who think a thousand miles away the sunsets brighter flame;
An' seekin' joys they think they lack they pack their grips an' roam,
An' just as I, they some day find the sweetest joys at home.

Away from home the girls are fair an' men are kind of heart,
An' there you'll always find a few who sigh when you depart,
But though you rode a million miles o'er gleaming railroad track
You'd never find a joy to beat the joy of gettin' back.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)