

You And Your Body

Whom is your boy going to for advice?
Tough Johnny Jones at the end of the street,
Rough Billy Green or untaught Jimmy Price?
Who is now guiding his innocent feet?
Who takes him walking or swimming today,
You, or the stranger just over the way?

Whom is your boy leaning on for a friend?
Whom does he tell all his wee troubles to?
Say, now, with whom does your little one spend
Most of his time; with a stranger or you?
Whose hand is leading him where he should go?
Answer now, Busy Man, tell if you know.

Who is the pal that he opens his heart to,
You, or some stranger you never have seen?
Whom does your boy all his secrets impart to?
Maybe to some one whose mind is unclean.
If it isn't to you that he comes, he's in danger.
What do you know of the worth of the stranger?

Oh, be a boy with a boy that is yours;
Play with him, stay with him, show him the way;
Walk with him, talk with him, take him out doors;
Be his best friend, as you ought to, today.
Take him down town so the youngster may see
The right sort of man that you want him to be.

Don't be too busy to hear what he's telling;
Don't send him off when he comes to your knee;
This sort of father disaster is spelling —
He's hungry for you, and his pal you should be.
Spend all the time that you can with the lad,
He'll be a good boy if you'll be a good dad.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)