

Nothing Unusual

They lived together thirty years,
I Through storm and sunshine, weal and woe;
They shared each other's hopes and fears —
She still his sweetheart, he her beau;
She, proud of him, though he was not
A millionaire, or known to fame.
The wife — contented with her lot,
The man — well, very much the same.

He never thought she ought to be
Always agreeable and gay;
And she did not expect that he
Would never have a grouchy day.
She did not think that he was one
Without a single fault or whim,
Nor did she try a paragon
Of goodness to make out of him.

But, hand in hand, they went along
Through all the moods that humans know;
Displeasure came when things went wrong,
She still his sweetheart, he her beau.
Frowns, smiles, delight, despair, they knew,
With love always to dry their tears,
Just simple human folks, those two
Who lived together thirty years.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)