

The Cure For Weariness

Seemed like I couldn't stand it any more,
The factory whistles blowin' day by day,
An' men an' children hurryin' by the door,
An' street cars clangin' on their busy way.
The faces of the people seemed to be
Washed pale by tears o' grief an' strife an' care,
Till everywhere I turned to I could see
The same old gloomy pictures of despair.

The windows of the shops all looked the same,
Decked out with stuff their owners wished to sell;
When visitors across our doorway came
I could recite the tales they'd have to tell.
All things had lost their old-time power to please;
Dog-tired I was an' irritable, too,
An' so I traded chimney tops for trees,
An' shingled roof for open skies of blue.

I dropped my tools an' took my rod an' line
An' tackle box an' left the busy town;
I found a favorite restin' spot of mine
Where no one seeks for fortune or renown.
I whistled to the birds that flew about,
An' built a lot of castles in my dreams;
I washed away the stains of care an' doubt
An' thanked the Lord for woods an' running streams.

I've cooked my meals before an open fire,
I've had the joy of green smoke in my face,
I've followed for a time my heart's desire
An' now the path of duty I retrace.
I've had my little fishin' trip, an' go
Once more contented to the haunts of men;
I'm ready now to hear the whistles blow
An' see the roofs an' chimney tops again.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)