

The Good Old-Fashioned Parents

The good old-fashioned mothers and the good old-fashioned dads,
With their good old-fashioned lassies and their good old-fashioned lads,
Still walk the lanes of loving in their simple, tender ways,
As they used to do back yonder in the good old-fashioned days.

They dwell in every city and they live in every town,
Contentedly and happy and not hungry for renown;
On every street you'll find 'em in their simple garments clad,
The good old-fashioned mother and the good old-fashioned dad.

There are some who sigh for riches, there are some who yearn for fame,
And a few misguided people who no longer blush at shame;
But the world is full of mothers, and the world is full of dads;
Who are making sacrifices for their little girls and lads.

They are growing old together, arm in arm they walk along,
And their hearts with love are beating and their voices sweet with song;
They still share their disappointments and they share their pleasures,
too,
And whatever be their fortune, to each other they are true.

They are watching at the bedside of a baby pale and white,
And they kneel and pray together for the care of God at night;
They are romping with their children in the fields of clover sweet,
And devotedly they guard them from the perils of the street.

They are here in countless numbers, just as they have always been,
And their glory is untainted by the selfish and the mean.
And I'd hate to still be living, it would dismal be and sad,
If we'd no old-fashioned mother and we'd no old-fashioned dad.

Edgar Guest (1881-1959)