

A Baby's Love

A baby is the best to love,
She always smiles when you draw near,
Though ugly you may be of face,
No handsomer may interfere
And win her heart away from you,
Despite your faults she's always true;
And though you be unknown to fame,
A baby's love remains the same.

A baby's eyes are always bright,
A baby's lips are always red,
And, O, a baby's voice is sweet,
Though not a word she's ever said.
A baby loves you for yourself,
She's not entranced by sordid pelf;
Though other loves may leave a smart,
A baby never breaks your heart.

It matters not though you be poor
And friendless in the outside world,
The moment that you cross the door
That baby in your arms is curled.
Though all the world may jibe and jeer,
A baby smiles when you draw near;
Through joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
With you, a babe is glad to go.

Ah, lucky man, indeed, is he
Who has a babe at home to love;
All that men now are striving for,
He owns a treasure far above.
Though fate may rob him of his gold
And bare him in the winter's cold,
And drag him down to deep despair,
His baby still will count him fair.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)