

A FATHER

His shoulders are a little bent,
His youthful force a trifle spent,
But he's the finest man I know,
With heart of gold and hair of snow.

He's seldom cross and never mean;
He's always been so good and clean;
I only hope I'll always be
As kind to him as he is to me.

Sometimes he's tired and seems forlorn,
His happy face is lined and worn;
Yet he can smile when things are bad:
That's why I like my gray-haired dad.

He doesn't ask the world for much—
Just comfort, friendliness, and such;
But from the things I've heard him say,
I know it's up to me to pay.

For all the deeds he's done for me
Since I sat rocking on his knee;
Oh, not in dollars, dimes, or cents—
That's not a father's recompense.

Nor does he worship wealth and fame—
He'd have me honor Jesus' name.

(Anonymous)