

# Father

**By Edgar Albert Guest**

My father knows the proper way  
The nation should be run;  
He tells us children every day  
Just what should now be done.  
He knows the way to fix the trusts,  
He has a simple plan;  
But if the furnace needs repairs,  
We have to hire a man.

My father, in a day or two  
Could land big thieves in jail;  
There's nothing that he cannot do,  
He knows no word like "fail."  
"Our confidence" he would restore,  
Of that there is no doubt;  
But if there is a chair to mend,  
We have to send it out.

All public questions that arise,  
He settles on the spot;  
He waits not till the tumult dies,  
But grabs it while it's hot.  
In matters of finance he can  
Tell Congress what to do;  
But, O, he finds it hard to meet  
His bills as they fall due.

It almost makes him sick to read  
The things law-makers say;  
Why, father's just the man they need,  
He never goes astray.  
All wars he'd very quickly end,  
As fast as I can write it;  
But when a neighbor starts a fuss,  
'Tis mother has to fight it.

In conversation father can  
Do many wondrous things;  
He's built upon a wiser plan  
Than presidents or kings.  
He knows the ins and outs of each  
And every deep transaction;  
We look to him for theories,  
But look to ma for action.



Forced to drop out of high school to help support his family, Edgar A. Guest started his long career at the Detroit Free Press as a copyboy. He eventually wrote a daily column, "Breakfast Table Chat," that included his own verse. These poems about everyday life were immensely popular throughout the country. A prolific writer of over 11,000 poems, Guest humbly called himself "a newspaper man who wrote verses."