kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/162636

Title: **Ellsworth Marion Clark-020**
Provenance:

Category: **Document**
Person:
Date:

Only Pop

Edgar Guest

Only Pop, with a tired face,

Coming home from the daily race,

Bringing little of gold or fame

To show how well he has played the game;

But glad in his heart that his own rejoice

To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only Pop, with a brood of nine,

One of millions, none as kind

Plodding along in the daily strife,

Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,

With never a whimper of pain or hate,

For the sake of those who at home await.

Only Pop, neither rich nor proud,

Merely one of the surging crowd,

Toiling, striving from day to day,

Facing whatever may come his way,

Silent whenever the harsh condemn,

And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only Pop but he gives his all,

To smooth the way for his children small,

Doing with courage stern and grim

The deed that his father did for him.

This is the line that for him I pen:

Only Pop, but the best of men.

From the book "A Heap o' Livin' " c1960

Adapted by Clark Chamberlain