Our Boys

Who is the boy with rosy lips
And eyes of so rich a hue
Who never thinks it at all amiss
To follow the parent through the dew.

'Tis Jonathan.

Who is the boy who toothless goes
Since the gate flew back and hit his nose
Who always intends to climb the fence
And never more dare his pants.

'Tis Walt.

Who is the boy across the way
Whose mind is filled with new ideas
Who never has very much to say
Except at tea-meetings.

'Tis Hermann.

Who is the boy whose love is so true
Whether the skies be black or blue
Whether the skies be gloomy above
His thoughts are always thoughts of love.

'Tis Son.