



## **A Boy And His Dad**

A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip –  
There is a glorious fellowship!  
Father and son and the open sky  
And the white clouds lazily  
drifting by,  
And the laughing stream as it  
runs along  
With the clicking reel like a  
martial song,  
And the father teaching the  
youngster gay  
How to land a fish in the  
sportsman's way.  
I fancy I hear them talking there  
In an open boat, and the speech  
is fair.  
And the boy is learning the ways  
of men  
From the finest man in his  
youthful ken.  
Kings, to the youngster, cannot  
compare  
With the gentle father who's with  
him there.  
And the greatest mind of the  
human race  
Not for one minute could take his  
place.  
Which is happier, man or boy?

The soul of the father is steeped  
in joy,  
For he's finding out, to his heart's  
delight,  
That his son is fit for the future  
fight.  
He is learning the glorious  
depths of him,  
And the thoughts he thinks and  
his every whim.  
And he shall discover, when  
night comes on,  
How close he has grown to his  
little son.  
A boy and his dad on a fishing-  
trip –  
Builders of life's companionship!  
Oh, I envy them, as I see them  
there  
Under the sky in the open air,  
For out of the old, old long-ago  
Come the summer days that I  
used to know,  
When I learned life's truths from  
my father's lips  
As I shared the joy of his fishing-  
trips.



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