

JUST LIKE HIS DAD

“Well, what are you going to be my boy,
When you’ve reached manhood’s years;
A doctor, a lawyer, or actor great,
Moving throngs to laughter and tears?”
But he shook his head as he gave reply
In a serious way he had:
“I don’t think I’d care to be any of them;
I want to be like my Dad!”

He wants to be like his Dad! You men,
Did you ever think as you pause
That the boy who watches your every move
Is building a set of laws?
He’s molding a life you’re the model for,
And whether it’s good or bad
Depends on the kind of example set
To the boy who’d be like his Dad.

Would you have him go everywhere you go?
Have him do just the things you do?
And see everything that your eyes behold,
And woo all the things you woo?
When you see the worship that shines in the eyes
Of your lovable little lad,
Could you rest content if he gets his wish
And grows to be like his Dad?

It’s a job that none but yourself can fill;
It’s a charge you must answer for;
It’s a duty to show him the road to tread
‘Ere he reaches his manhood’s door.
It’s a debt you owe for the greatest joy
On this old earth to be had;
This pleasure of having a boy to raise
Who wants to be like his Dad!

- Author Unknown