



When Day is Done

Edgar A. Guest

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When Day is Done Details

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From Reader Review When Day is Done for online ebook

Nancy Houston Fields says

Love the works of Edgar Guest.

David says

"For much that is fine has been mine to enjoy, and I think I have lived to my best.

And I have no regrets, as I'm nearing the end, for the gold that I might have possessed."

While I thoroughly enjoyed a number of Edgar Albert Guest's poems, it became obvious while reading the book that he commonly repeats a number of phrases and themes for his poems. Additionally, they were all written for a newspaper column and as a result of the poems sometimes feel longer than they should have been. Thus, while this overall collection of poems has some great ones in it, I would only recommend it with the reservation that it is perfectly okay to skip poems if they feel repetitive, and also to say that these poems were meant to be read once a week over the course of years, so, should you get tired of reading them, try taking a break and coming back to it later. You might find that it's still worth your time.

Bev says

Very light, homespun poetry in very simple, down-to-earth language. I loved this when I was growing up and though the poetry isn't all that profound I think it helped me develop a love for verse. Of course, it could also be that the edition I have is one of the first real leatherbound books I ever owned (which made quite an impression on me as an 8-year old who had already become firmly entrenched in book-love) and that it came from my grandma.

Perry Whitford says

Edgar Guest was a popular poet in his day. Somehow the word 'popular' becomes a pejorative term when applied to a poet, akin to being a 'successful' secondhand car salesman.

So was Guest popular because he was good, or popular because he traded in glibly heartwarming platitudes? Try the third verse of the title poem, which proudly opens the collection:

'When day is done, all the hurt and strife
And the selfishness and the greed of life,
Are left behind in the busy town;
I've ceased to worry about renown
Or gold or fame, and I'm just a dad,
Content to be with his girl and lad.'

Is that good poetry? Certainly not. Is it bad poetry? Well, with regards to even the feeblest considerations of craft and artistry, I think you have to say yes. Not bad enough for me to put the poet in thumbscrews or disembowel myself in rage, but bad none the less.

The word I would use to best characterise that example, or any alternative I could have plucked from any of the roughly eight hundred poems included here (OK, there were only just over one hundred, but it seemed like much, much more) is lame.

I could double-down on that description by adding some choice adverbs such as 'lazily' or 'incredibly', but why bother?

Plain old lame will do.

Alternatively, here's a domestic scene from the life of the Poet of the People:

(Scene: Edgar Guest arrives home from the golf course...)

Edgar: Hi honey, I'm home!

Wife: Hi honey. Just in time, dinner's nearly on the table.

Edgar: Thanks honey. Won't be a minute, just going into my study to write a poem.

(Five minutes later at the dinner table...)

Wife: There you are! Any luck evoking the Muse before your meatloaf?

Edgar: Sure, honey. Finished off a poem I started this morning between brushing my teeth and breakfast about how great America is called No Better Land Than This, then wrote another one about how golf is also great, and just like life when you think about it.

Wife: That's great, honey. I do have some bad news though. Edgar Jnr was acting up again today, he wouldn't eat his lunch and kept asking for candy instead.

Edgar: Boys will be boys, honey! Gee whiz, you've got to let him have his little tantrums! I tell you what, before bedtime I'll give him a quart of castor oil and a thorough spanking, then read him one of my new poems called "Wait Till Your Pa Comes Home".

Wife: Gee, thanks honey. Are you coming to the bedroom, the Happiness Boys are on the radio in ten minutes?

Edgar: Sure, honey. I just need to dedicate some time to my latest poetry collection which is due to be published next week. I still need three new poems. I'll just pop into the study and knock them out, then join you before the show begins. It should be OK, I've already started one of them called The Simple Things, all about the importance of staying humble even if you happen to be highly successful and loved by all. Can you bring the whips and jellies?

Wife: Sure, honey. Don't work too hard now!

Shiloah says

An absolute delight!
