Mother Tells Her Story



When, first I met your father, it was at a wedding, dears,
And he wore a high white collar which stretched up to his ears,
He was thin and short and nervous, and his dress suit didn't fit,
And I didn't like the way he dressed his hair a little bit.
It was parted in the middle and it lopped across his brow—
And I never dreamed that evening I'd be married to him now.

I knew a dozen fellows who were handsomer than he,
And all of them were richer, and they thought a lot of me;
They brought me flowers and candy each time they came to call—
So this meeting with your father didn't mean much after all.
And besides his ways annoyed me—I'd have told if I dared
That I didn't like his manner and the vulgar way he stared.

Well, next Sunday after dinner he came up to call on me
And stayed so long that Grandma then invited him for tea.

After that he came so often that your Grandpa used to say:
That skinny gauk is driving all the healthy stock away!
But somehow I'd grown to like him, and I marvelled that I could.
For he never tried to kiss me—though I often wished he would.

Now that's all there is to tell you—by next June I was his bride,
But before that I had made him part his hair upon the side.
And I'd made him change his collars, and I'd slicked him up a lot—
For I had Taught what he should do, and the things which he should not.
But don't tell him that I've told you. That's the way I met your dad.
Would I do the same thing over? Well, he hasn't been so bad!

By Edgar A. Guest

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Father Gives His Version



Well, you see, I met your mother at a wedding, long ago,
And though I was four-and-twenty, up to then I didn't know
That in all our busy city, which I'd traveled up and down,
There was such a lovely creature, with such lustrous eyes of brown.
But the minute I saw Her I just stared and stared and stared,
And right then I would hugged her and kissed her—if I'd dared!

She was acting as a bridesmaid, I was best man for the groom,
And of course the bride was lovely, but the loveliest in the room
Wasn't just then getting married—'twas my thoughts as I stood there—
For I couldn't keep from staring at your mother, I, declare,
And I couldn't keep from thinking, as we knelt there side by side,
There must be another wedding, and then she must be my bride.

Well, the wedding party scattered, bride and groom and guests and all, But I asked that lovely bridesmaid if she'd let me come to call. Well, she blushed and gave permission, and when Sunday evening came I bought a box of candy, with a very famous name And I went up there to see her, and her pa and ma were there, And I wanted so to kiss her—but of course I didn't dare.

Now that's how I met your mother—and 'twas many years ago,
And there was another wedding—just the one I'd longed to know,
For one lovely Sunday evening, when I went up there to call,
I caught her and kissed her, as we lingered in the hall,
And we planned right then to marry—it was love that made me bold—
Now that's how I met your mother—but don't tell her that I told.

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