

## The Love Nest

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Many builders there have been  
Since the world began;  
Palace, cottage, mansion, inn,  
They have built for man.  
Some were small and some were tall:  
Long or wide or low.  
But the best one of them all  
Jack built long ago.  
'Twas built in bygone days,  
Yet millions sing its praise.

Just a love nest  
Cozy with charm,  
Like a dove nest  
Down on a farm.  
A veranda with some sort of clinging vine,  
Then a kitchen where some rambler roses twine.  
Then a small room,  
Tea set of blue;  
Best of all, room—  
Dream room for two.  
Better than a palace with a gilded dome,  
Is a love nest  
You can call home.

Building houses still goes on  
Now as well as then.  
Ancient Jack and Jill are gone,  
Yet return again.  
Ever comes the question old:  
Shall we build for pride,  
Or shall brick and mortar hold  
Warmth and love inside?  
The answer you may know:  
Jack solved it long ago