

## THE CHEAT

I cheated a good friend yesterday,  
Kept what was his, and went my way,  
Wronged him by silence-for in haste  
I let a glad thought go to waste.

I had a word of cheer to speak,  
To strengthen him when he grew weak,  
To send him smiling on his way -  
But what I thought I didn't say.

He would have richer been to know  
That deed of his had pleased me so,  
But oh, I failed to let him see  
How much his conquest meant to me.

I cheated him of words of praise  
Which would have cheered his troubled days;  
In this a faithful friend I wronged,  
By keeping what to him belonged.

The praise was his by right to hear,  
To him belonged my word of cheer;  
In silence, though, from him I turned  
And cheated him of what he'd earned.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 – 1959)