

***For Every Hill I've Had to Climb***

For every hill I've had to climb,  
For every stone that bruised my feet,  
For all the blood and sweat and grime,  
For blinding storms and burning heat  
My heart sings but a grateful song—  
These were the things that made me strong!

For all the heartaches and the tears,  
For all the anguish and the pain,  
For gloomy days and fruitless years,  
And for the hopes that lived in vain,  
I do give thanks, for now I know  
These were the things that helped me grow!

'Tis not the softer things of life  
Which stimulate man's will to strive;  
But bleak adversity and strife  
Do most to keep man's will alive.  
O'er rose-strewn paths the weaklings creep,  
But brave hearts dare to climb the steep.

Ernest Lawrence Thayer (1863-1940)