

FAME

Fame is a fickle jade at best,
And he who seeks to win her smile
Must trudge, disdainingly play or rest,
O'er many a long and weary mile.

Nor must he work alone for her,
Nor labor only for her cheers,
For doing this, it may occur
That he shall only reap her sneers.

But when he's ceased to care for self,
And is content to work and wait
For something better far than self,
Fame welcomes him among the great.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 -1959)