

Our Little Needs

A little more of loving, a little less of pain,
A little more of sunshine, a little less of rain;
A little more of friendship, a little less of strife—
These are what we 're wanting to make the perfect life.

A little more of laughter and fewer, fewer sighs,
A little more of twinkling, than sorrow in our eyes;
A little more forbearance, a little less of hate,
A little more of patience, less quarreling with Fate.

A little more of kindness, a little less severe,
A little more of sweetness, a little less austere,
A little more of honor and less of business greed,
See, brother, see how little it is we really need!

A little more of silence and less of hasty speech,
A little more of practice and less desire to preach;
A little more of smiling, with fewer drooping chins,
A little more of virtues, with fewer petty sins.

A little more of praising, a little less of blame,
More thought for all our loved ones and less for future fame;
A little more of doing than talking of the deed,
See, brother, see how little it is we really need.

Edgar Albert Guest (1861 – 1959)