

JOYS WITHIN REACH

You needn't be rich to be happy,
You needn't be famous to smile;
There are joys for the poorest of toilers
If only he'll think them worthwhile.
There are blue skies and sunshine a-plenty,
And blossoms for all to behold;
And always the bright days outnumber
The dark and the cheerless and cold.

Sweet sleep's not a gift of the wealthy,
And love's not alone for the great;
For men to grow old and successful
It isn't joy's custom to wait.
The poorest of toilers has blessings
His richer companions may crave;
And many a man who has riches
Goes sorrowing on to the grave.

You'll never be happy tomorrow
If you are not happy today;
If you're missing the joys that are present
And sighing for joys far away.
The rose will not bloom any fairer
In the glorious years that may be;
Great riches won't sweeten its fragrance
Nor help you its beauties to see.

Today is the time to make merry,
'Tis folly for fortune to wait;
You'll not find the skies any bluer
If ever you come to be great.
You'll not find your joys any brighter,
No matter what fortune you win;
Make the most of life's sunshine this minute,
Tomorrow's too late to begin.

Edgar Albert Guest (1861-1959)

