

The Contented Man

I'VE had a heap of fun and I've had a heap of sorrow,
I've had a heap of pleasure and I've had a heap of pain,
But I 'm treading just as gayly, just as bravely toward tomorrow,
And I 'm looking for the sunshine, but I 'm ready for the rain.
Always hoping for the best,
For the peace and perfect rest,
Always hoping for the sunshine and the roses dripping dew;
But should gloom and sadness come,
They will find me never glum,
I will greet old grim misfortune with a cheery howdy-do.

I've had a heap of laughing and I've had a heap of sighing,
I've had a heap of sadness and I've had a heap of mirth;
And I've come to the conclusion that in spite of all our trying,
We are bound to meet some sorrow as we journey on the earth.
For the best I 'm always praying,
But life isn't always playing,
And whatever is my fortune, be it good or dismal quite,
I will try to take it bravely,
And to view my duty gravely,
Still believing that what happens is inevitably right.

I've had a heap of winning and I've had a heap of failing,
I've had my share of praises and I've had my share of blame,
And I've come to the conclusion that life's sea on which we 're sailing
Is made up very justly of proportions of the same.
For the calm and pleasant weather
I am thankful altogether,
And I 'm hopeful, ever hopeful, that no more storm-tossed I'll be;
But should storm clouds quickly lower,
I will neither shrink nor cower,
But I'll face the gale serenely and I'll try to ride the sea.

O, I've known a lot of people, and I've heard of many others,
But I never knew or heard of one who hadn't tasted woe;
All the fathers here and brothers here, the sisters and the mothers,
Must meet with disappointments and with sorrows as they go.
Not a one that Fate has missed,
Or a sunbeam left unkissed,
Each has tasted pain and pleasure, each has suffered good and wrong;
So, while hoping for the best,
I am ready for the test,
I will face whate'er is sent me, and I'll sing my way along.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 -1959)

