

## **THE FEW**

The easy roads are crowded  
And the level roads are jammed;  
The pleasant little rivers  
With the drifting folks are crammed.  
But off yonder where it's rocky,  
Where you get a better view,  
You will find the ranks are thinning  
And the travelers are few.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant  
You will always find the throng,  
For the many, more's the pity,  
Seem to like to drift along.  
But the steeps that call for courage,  
And the task that's hard to do  
In the end result in glory  
For the never-wavering few.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)