

The Benefit of Trouble

If life were rosy and skies were blue
And never a cloud appeared,
If every heart that you loved proved true,
And never a friendship seared;
If there were no troubles to fret your soul,
You never would struggle to gain your goal.

It 'a trouble that makes you and proves your worth,
It's trouble that spurs you to better things.
It isn't the person with the joys of earth
Who courage and strength to their duty brings;
But the person who bends 'neath a burden great
Is the person who wins in the fight with fate.

It's something to work for, a debt to pay,
A place to gain that a young person needs;
The difficulties that line the way
Are really the mothers of splendid deeds.
The person with something they hope to do
Is the person who toils with a purpose true.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881- 1959)