

## **A Vow**

I might not ever scale the mountain heights  
Where all the great men stand in glory now;  
I may not ever gain the world's delights  
Or win a wreath of laurel for my brow;  
I may not gain the victories that men  
Are fighting for, nor do a thing to boast of;  
I may not get a fortune here, but then,  
The little that I have I'll make the most of.

I'll make my little home a palace fine,  
My little patch of green a garden fair,  
And I shall know each humble plant and vine  
As rich men know their orchid blossoms rare.  
My little home may not be much to see;  
Its chimneys may not tower far above;  
But it will be a mansion great to me,  
For in its walls I'll keep a hoard of love.

I will not pass my modest pleasures by  
To grasp at shadows of more splendid things,  
Disdaining what of joyousness is nigh  
Because I am denied the joy of kings.  
But I will laugh and sing my way along,  
I'll make the most of what is mine to-day,  
And if I never rise above the throng,  
I shall have lived a full life anyway.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)