

## A Toast to Happiness

To happiness I raise my glass,  
The goal of every human,  
The hope of every clan and class  
And every man and woman.  
The daydreams of the urchin there,  
The sweet theme of the maiden's prayer,  
The strong man's one ambition,  
The sacred prize of mothers sweet,  
The tramp of soldiers on the street  
Have all the selfsame mission.  
Life here is nothing more or less  
Than just a quest for happiness.

Some seek it on the mountain top,  
And some within a mine;  
The widow in her notion shop  
Expects its sun to shine.  
The tramp that seeks new roads to fare,  
Is one with king and millionaire  
In this that each is groping  
On different roads, in different ways,  
To come to glad, contented days,  
And shares the common hoping.  
The sound of martial fife and drum  
Is born of happiness to come.

Yet happiness is always here  
Had we the eyes to see it;  
No breast but holds a fund of cheer  
Had man the will to free it.  
'Tis there upon the mountain top,  
Or in the widow's notion shop,  
'Tis found in homes of sorrow;  
'Tis woven in the memories  
Of happier, brighter days than these,  
The gift, not of to-morrow  
But of to-day, and in our tears  
Some touch of happiness appears.

'Tis not a joy that's born of wealth:  
The poor man may possess it.  
'Tis not alone the prize of health:  
No sickness can repress it.  
'Tis not the end of mortal strife,  
The sunset of the day of life,  
Or but the old should find it;  
It is the bond twixt God and man,  
The touch divine in all we plan,  
And has the soul behind it.  
And so this toast to happiness,  
The seed of which we all possess.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)