

## People Like Him

People liked him, not because  
He was rich or known to fame;  
He had never won applause  
As a star in any game.  
His was not a brilliant style,  
His was not a forceful way,  
But he had a gentle smile

And a kindly word to say.  
Never arrogant or proud,  
On he went with manner mild;  
Never quarrelsome or loud,  
Just as simple as a child;  
Honest, patient, brave and true:  
Thus he lived from day to day,  
Doing what he found to do

In a cheerful sort of way.  
Wasn't one to boast of gold  
Or belittle it with sneers,  
Didn't change from hot to cold,  
Kept his friends throughout the years,  
Sort of man you like to meet  
Any time or any place.  
There was always something sweet

And refreshing in his face.  
Sort of man you'd like to be:  
Balanced well and truly square;  
Patient in adversity,  
Generous when his skies were fair.  
Never lied to friend or foe,  
Never rash in word or deed,  
Quick to come and slow to go  
In a neighbor's time of need.

Never rose to wealth or fame,  
Simply lived, and simply died,  
But the passing of his name  
Left a sorrow, far and wide.  
Not for glory he'd attained,  
Nor for what he had of pelf,  
Were the friends that he had gained,  
But for what he was himself.

[Edgar Albert Guest](#) (1881-1959)