

## The Roads Of Happiness

The roads of happiness are not  
The selfish roads of pleasure seeking,  
Where cheeks are flushed with haste and hot  
And none has time for kindly speaking.  
But they're the roads where lovers stray,  
Where wives and husbands walk together  
And children romp along the way  
Whenever it is pleasant weather.

The roads of happiness are trod  
By simple folks and tender-hearted,  
By gentle folks that worship God  
And want to live their days unparted.  
There kindly people stop and talk,  
Regardless of the chase for money,  
There, arm in arm, the grown-ups walk  
And every eye you see is sunny.

The roads of happiness are lined,  
Not with the friends of royal splendor,  
But with the loyal friends and kind  
That do the gentle deeds and tender.  
There fame has never brought unrest  
Nor glory set men's hearts to aching;  
There unabandoned is life's best  
For selfish love and money making.

The roads of happiness are those  
That do not lead to pomp and glory  
But wind among the joys and woes  
That make the humble toiler's story.  
The roads that oft we used to tread  
In early days when first we mated,  
When hearts were light and cheeks were red,  
And days were not with burdens freighted.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)