

## Life

Life is a jest;  
Take the delight of it.  
Laughter is best;  
Sing through the night of it.  
Swiftly the tear  
And the hurt and the ache of it  
Find us down here;  
Life must be what we make of it.

Life is a song;  
Let us dance to the thrill of it.  
Grief's hours are long,  
And cold is the chill of it.  
Joy is man's need;  
Let us smile for the sake of it.  
This be our creed:  
Life must be what we make of it.

Life is a soul;  
The virtue and vice of it.  
Strife for a goal,  
And man's strength is the price of it.  
Your life and mine,  
The bare bread and the cake of it,  
End in this line:  
Life must be what we make of it.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)