

## The Sulkers

The world's too busy now to pause  
To listen to a whiner's cause;  
It has no time to stop and pet  
The sulker in a peevish fret,  
Who wails he'll neither work nor play  
Because things haven't gone his way.

The world keeps plodding right along  
And gives its favors right or wrong  
To all who have the grit to work  
Regardless of the fool or shirk.  
The world says this to every man:  
'Go out and do the best you can.'

The world's too busy to implore  
The beaten one to try once more;  
'Twill help him if he wants to rise,  
And boost him if he bravely tries,  
And shows determination grim;  
But it won't stop to baby him.

The world is occupied with women and men  
Who fall but quickly rise again;  
But those who whine because they're hit  
And step aside to sulk a bit  
Are doomed someday to wake and find  
The world has left them far behind.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)