

The Plugger

He isn't very brilliant and his pace is often slow,
There's nothing very flashy in his style;
He has to dig and labor for the things he wants to know,
And lie's busy learning something all the while.
The clever men go by him in a hurry day by day,
And the stars get all the mention and the fame,
But the patient, steady plugger in a thorough sort of way
Keeps on going and he gets there just the same.

He's a quiet sort of fellow and tie's backward in his speech,
You'd never find him clamoring for applause;
He will listen to another who has anything to teach,
And he never worries working for a cause.
He may take a little longer with the task he has to do,
Than to genius whose talents seem to run;
But you'll find the patient plugger at the finish coming through,
And there's merit in his labor when it's done.

He is slow in getting started, he must know the reason why
Certain things occur within a certain way;
There is nothing in his method to attract the passer by,
And at times you'd think he's wasted many a day,
But when brilliant men have faded and the stars have lost their light,
When the clever men have stumbled in despair,
When the great have come to failure with the goal they sought in sight,
You'll find the patient plugger getting there.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)