

To The Failures

Yours is the loser's part to play,
For you the goal is far away
And never to be gained.
It is your lot to stand and see
The golden apples on life's tree
By someone else attained;
To view with yearning in your eyes
Another grasp the precious prize.

It is for you to wade through fire,
To feel the burning of desire
And want unsatisfied;
And from the sleepless hours of night
You rise at morn, once more to fight
With victory denied;
Spurred on by hope that never dies,
You struggle ever toward the prize.

A failure? Yes, as glory goes,
Yet braver in the end than those
Who life's great battles win;
For you return at break of day
With courage to renew the fray,
And with a lifted chin
You strive once more to reach the goal,
And ground your bark upon a shoal.

But when earth's story shall be told,
And God's great purpose we behold
With eyes new-born to see;
When we have passed beyond the pale
Of earth, and torn aside the veil
Of death's great mystery,
As souls victorious you'll stand
And God's great prizes you'll command.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)