

The Road To Joy

I do not ask for roses all the time,
For blue skies bending o'er me every day,
I do not ask for easy hills to climb,
And always for my feet a pleasant way.
In laughter I would not spend all my life,
And miss the joy of sweet and sacred pain;
I want to know life's burden and its strife,
And feel upon my cheek the splash of rain.

I merely pray for strength enough to bear
My burdens, and to tread the rugged way;
To keep the right, howe'er beset with care,
To stand, unflinching, face front, to the fray.
And I would claim life's roses for my own,
But I would win my right to know their sweet;
To level paths I'd march my way alone,
For victory I'd venture with defeat.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)