

Hope

Mine is a song of hope
For the days that lie before;
For the grander things
The morrow brings
When the struggle days are o'er.
Dark be the clouds to-day,
Bitter the winds that blow,
But falter nor fail,
Through the howling gale-
Comes peace in the afterglow.

Mine is the song of hope,
A song for the mother here,
Who lulls to rest
The babe at breast,
And hopes for a brighter year.
Hope is the song she sings,
Hope is the prayer she prays;
As she rocks her boy,
She dreams of the joy
He'll bring in the future days.

Mine is the song of hope,
A song for the father, too,
Whose right arm swings,
While his anvil sings
A song of the journey through.
Hope is the star that guides,
Hope is the father's sun;
Far ahead he sees,
Through the waving trees,
Sweet peace when his work is done.

Mine is the song of hope,
Of hope that sustains us all;
Be we young or old,
Be we weak or bold,
Do we falter or even fall,
Brightly the star of hope
From the distance is shining still;
And with courage new
We rise to do,
For hope is the God of Will.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)