

Life's Single Standard

There are a thousand ways to cheat and a thousand ways to sin;
There are ways uncounted to lose the game, but there's only one way to win;
And whether you live by the sweat of your brow or in luxury's garb you're
dressed,
You shall stand at last, when your race is run, to be judged by the single
test.

Some men lie by the things they make; some lie in the deeds they do;
And some play false for a woman's love, and some for a cheer or two;
Some rise to fame by the force of skill, grow great by the might of power,
Then wreck the temple they toiled to build, in a single, shameful hour.

The follies outnumber the virtues good; sin lures in a thousand ways;
But slow is the growth of man's character and patience must mark his days;
For only those victories shall count, when the work of life is done,
Which bear the stamp of an honest man, and by courage and faith were won.

There are a thousand ways to fail, but only one way to win!
Sham cannot cover the wrong you do nor wash out a single sin,
And never shall victory come to you, whatever of skill you do,
Save you've done your best in the work of life and unto your best were
true.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)