

The Lucky Man

Luck had a favor to bestow
And wondered where to let it go.

'No lazy man on earth,' said she,
'Shall get this happy gift from me.

'I will not pass it to the man
Who will not do the best he can.

'I will not make this splendid gift
To one who has not practiced thrift.

'It shall not benefit deceit,
Nor help the man who's played the cheat.

'He that has failed to fight with pluck
Shall never know the Goddess Luck.

'I'll look around a bit to see
What man has earned some help from me.'

She found a man whose hands were soiled
Because from day to day he'd toiled.

He'd dreamed by night and worked by day
To make life's contest go his way.

He'd kept his post and daily slaved,
And something of his wage he'd saved.

He'd clutched at every circumstance
Which might have been his golden chance.

The goddess smiled and then, kerslap!
She dropped her favor in his lap.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)