

Tomorrow

He was going to be all that a mortal should be
Tomorrow.

No one should be kinder or braver than he
Tomorrow.

A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it, too;
On him he would call and see what he could do
Tomorrow.

Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write
Tomorrow.

And thought of the folks he would fill with delight
Tomorrow.

It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today,
And hadn't a minute to stop on his way;
More time he would have to give others, he'd say
Tomorrow.

The greatest of workers this man would have been
Tomorrow.

The world would have known him, had he ever seen
Tomorrow.

But the fact is he died and he faded from view,
And all that he left here when living was through
Was a mountain of things he intended to do
Tomorrow.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)