

Success

This I would claim for my success—not fame nor gold,
Nor the throng's changing cheers from day to day,
Not always ease and fortune's glad display,
Though all of these are pleasant joys to hold;
But I would like to have my story told
By smiling friends with whom I've shared the way,
Who, thinking of me, nod their heads and say:
'His heart was warm when other hearts were cold.
'None turned to him for aid and found it not,
His eyes were never blind to man's distress,
Youth and old age he lived, nor once forgot
The anguish and the ache of loneliness;
His name was free from stain or shameful blot
And in his friendship men found happiness.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)