

## **DREAMS**

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.  
Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

## **Roses and Sunshine**

Rough is the road I am journeying now,  
Heavy the burden I'm bearing to-day;  
But I'm humming a song, as I wander along,  
And I smile at the roses that nod by the way.  
Red roses sweet,  
Blooming there at my feet,  
Just dripping with honey and perfume and cheer;  
What a weakling I'd be  
If I tried not to see  
The joy and the comfort you bring to us here.

Just tramping along o'er the highway of life,  
Knowing not what's ahead but still doing my best;  
And I sing as I go, for my soul seems to know  
In the end I shall come to the valley of rest.  
With the sun in my face  
And the roses to grace  
The roads that I travel, what have I to fear?  
What a coward I'd be  
If I tried not to see  
The roses of hope and the sunshine of cheer.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 to 1959)