

A Good World

It's a good old world we're livin' in
With all its pain an' sorrow;
A world where friends are givin' in
To cheer us till tomorrow.
A world where folks come forward, when
They see our feet are slippin'
To help us till we come again
To where the honey's drippin'.

I reckon that we'd never know
How kind an' good our friends are
If trouble's face should never show
Off yonder where the bends are.
If sudden-like there never came
A rain to drench a feller
We'd miss the friend who made us claim
A share of his umbreller.

If never came to us a woe
That seemed we couldn't bear it,
We'd never positively know
Which friend would rush to share it.
We'd miss a heap of sweetness, too,
That we could never borrow,
A sweetness no one ever knew,
Save it was born of sorrow.

This thought old care has driven in,
An' grief an' trouble taught me,
It's a good old world we're livin' in
Despite the woes it's brought me.
For had I never shed a tear,
Nor known what sorrow's rends are,
I never would have learned down here
How kind an' good my friends are.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)

