

The Price of Joy

You don't begrudge the labor when the roses start to bloom;
You don't recall the dreary days that won you their perfume;
You don't recall a single care
You spent upon the garden there;
And all the toil
Of tilling soil
Is quite forgot the day the first
Pink rosebuds into beauty burst.

You don't begrudge the trials grim when joy has come to you;
You don't recall the dreary days when all your skies are blue;
And though you've trod a weary mile
The ache of it was all worthwhile;
And all the stings
And bitter flings
Are wiped away upon the day
Success comes dancing down the way.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)