

We Need A Few More Optimists

We need a few more optimists,
The kind that double up their fists
And set their jaws, determined-like,
A blow at infamy to strike.
Not smiling men, who drift along
And compromise with every wrong;
Not grinning optimists who cry
That right was never born to die,
But optimists who'll fight to give
The truth an honest chance to live.

We need a few more optimists
The optimist, with purpose strong,
Who stands to battle every wrong,
Takes off his coat, and buckles in
The better joys of earth to win!
The optimist who worries lest
The vile should overthrow the best.

We need a few more optimists,
The brave of heart that long resists
The force of Hate and Greed and lust
And keeps in God and man his trust,
Believing, as he makes his fight—
That everything will end all right—
Yet through the dreary days and nights
Unflinching serves and fights,
And helps to gain the joys which he
Believes are some day sure to be.

We need a few more optimists
Of iron hearts and sturdy wrists;
Not optimists who smugly smile
And preach that in a little while
And hopeful men, of courage stout,
Who'll see disaster round about
And yet will keep their faith, and fight,
And gain the victory for right.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)