

## The Love of The Game

There is too much of sighing, and weaving  
Of pitiful tales of despair.  
There is too much of wailing and grieving,  
And too much of railing at care.  
There is far too much glorification  
Of money and pleasure and fame;  
But I sing the joy of my station,  
And I sing the love of my game.

There is too much of tremble-lip telling  
Of hurts that have come with the fight.  
There is too much of pitiful dwelling  
On plans that have failed to go right.  
There is too much of envious pining  
For luxuries others may claim.  
Too much thought of wining and dining,  
But I sing the love of my game.

There is too much of grim magnifying  
The troubles that come with the day,  
There is too much indifferent trying  
To travel a care-beset way.  
Too much do men think of gold-getting,  
Too much have they underwrit shame,  
Which accounts for the frowning and fretting,  
But I sing the joy of my game.

Let's get back to the work we are doing;  
Let us reckon its joys and its pain;  
Let us pause while our tasks we're reviewing,  
To sum up the cost of each gain.  
Let us give up our whining and wailing  
Because of the bruises that maim,  
And battle the chances of failing  
As being a part of the game.

Let us care more for serving than winning,  
Let us look at our woes as they are;  
It is time now that we were beginning  
To be less afraid of a scar.  
Let us cease in our glorification  
Of money and pleasure and fame,  
And find, whatsoe'er be our station,  
Our joy in the love of the game.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)