

Today

Today is mine. Tomorrow may not come.
Next week, next year, I may not live to see;
This hour I have. It is enough for me
To make by smiles, or mar by being glum.
And so I strive to live this one day well,
To tread the path of right as best I may,
To speak the kind words that I have to say;
Tomorrow I may be an empty shell.

One day is all God gives to us to plan,
And so I strive to live it as my life,
To bear with patience what I find of strife,
To do my share to cheer my fellow man;
To do today what I can do to aid,
To let none pass whom words of mine might cheer,
Tomorrow they may not be toiling here,
Tomorrow in the ground I may be laid.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)