

## Some Day

Some day our eyes will brighten, and some day our hearts will lighten,  
Some day the sun will shine for you and me;  
Some day grim doubt we'll banish, and the clouds of woe will vanish,  
And the rosy, golden future we shall see.  
Some day we'll know the wherefore of earth's journey, sweetheart, therefore  
Let us bear the present bravely as we go,  
Let us sing our songs of gladness, though our hearts are tinged with sadness,  
We shall some day reach the valley where the roses bloom and blow.

Some day in the hereafter we shall find the will for laughter,  
And the smiles will deck our faces once again;  
And upon that brighter morrow, you shall ne'er have cause for sorrow,  
For I'll never stay out later, dear, than ten;  
Some day I'll cease to worry you while dressing, or to hurry you,  
But patiently I'll wait until you come,  
And though late we are, my dearie, I shall still be gay and cheery,  
On the day when little trials shall have ceased to make us glum.

Some day soon, I feel it coming, when the bees once more are humming,  
And the snows have melted silently away,  
When the skies above are tender, and old Mother Earth in splendor  
Bedecks herself with pansies and the tulips red and gay,  
Maybe somebody will write me and in pleasant terms invite me  
To spend Sunday at his cottage on the bay;  
And that day when we are fishing, and our lines are gayly swishing,  
We shall never have to murmur that the big ones got away.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)