

Thank You

It's a bigger thing you're doing than the most of us have done;
We have lived the days of pleasure; now the gray days have begun,
And upon your shoulders fall the burdens of the strife;
Yours must be the sacrifices of the trial time of life.
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but I'll never think of you
Without appreciating the work you do.

I have never known a moment that was fraught with real care,
Save the hurts and griefs of sorrow that all mortals have to bear;
With the gay and smiling marchers I have tramped on pleasant ways,
And have paid with feeble service for the gladness of my days.
But to you has come a summons, yours are days of sacrifice,
And for all life has of sweetness you must pay a bitter price.

People have fought and died before me, they must fight and die to-day,
I have merely taken pleasures for which others had to pay;
I have been a man of laughter, there's no path my feet have made,
I have merely been a marcher in life's gaudy dress parade.
But you wear the garb of service, you have splendid deeds to do,
Thank You!

Adapted from the Poem "Envy" by Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)