

## Hope

Mine is a song of hope  
For the days that lie before;  
For the grander things  
The morrow brings  
When the struggle days are o'er.  
Dark be the clouds to-day,  
Bitter the winds that blow,  
But falter nor fail,  
Through the howling gale-  
Comes peace in the afterglow.

Mine is the song of hope,  
A song for the mother here,  
Who lulls to rest  
The babe at breast,  
And hopes for a brighter year.  
Hope is the song she sings,  
Hope is the prayer she prays;  
As she rocks her boy,  
She dreams of the joy  
He'll bring in the future days.

Mine is the song of hope,  
A song for the father, too,  
Whose right arm swings,  
While his anvil sings  
A song of the journey through.  
Hope is the star that guides,  
Hope is the father's sun;  
Far ahead he sees,  
Through the waving trees,  
Sweet peace when his work is done.

Mine is the song of hope,  
Of hope that sustains us all;  
Be we young or old,  
Be we weak or bold,  
Do we falter or even fall,  
Brightly the star of hope  
From the distance is shining still;  
And with courage new  
We rise to do,  
For hope is the God of Will.

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**