

The Glory of Age

What is the glory of age?' I said,
'A hoard of gold and a few dear friends?
When you've reached the day that you look ahead
And see the place where your journey ends,
When Time has robbed you of youthful might-
What is the secret of your delight?'

And an old man smiled as he answered me:
'The glory of age isn't gold or friends,
When we've reached the valley of Soon-To-Be
And note the place where our journey ends;
The glory of age, be it understood,
Is a youngster out there who is making good.

'The greatest joy that can come to man
When his sight is dim and his hair is gray;
The greatest glory that God can plan
To cheer the lives of the old to-day,
When they share no more in the battle yell,
Is a youngster out there who is doing well.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)