

AMBITION.

As we stand with our feet on the shingle
 And sands of the seashore of time,
 Should earthly desires ne'er mingle
 With longings for something sublime?
 Is it meet that our sated desire
 In slothful content should remain,
 When striving and climbing up higher,
 Still more could we gain?

How poor are we, wanting Ambition,
 The light that illumines the soul,
 The effort to change our condition,
 To stretch out our hands to the goal.
 Let us strive in the light of past ages
 To find a new pathway to tread,
 Till we march o'er the footprints of sages
 Still further ahead.

Let each soul with Ambition's strong pinions,
 With the will and the courage to rise,
 Strive each day to extend its dominions:
 The troubles attending despise.
 Ascending and ever ascending,
 As an eagle that soars to the sun,
 With a craving for rising unending,
 A goal to be won.