

Life

WE have sailed the quiet waters,
We have sailed on the angry seas,
We have trod the up-hill places,
Through the quiet shade of trees.

On the whole we march unfriended,
The steeps we climb alone;
We may reach the top, or stumble,
With none to hear us moan.

Alone we must fight our battles,
Raising no cry for cheer,
For the world looks on with a cynic laugh
At the heart that sinks with fear.

But if with a will we conquer,
The world gives us loud acclaim,
And loudly sounds our praises
With the brazen trump of fame.