

A Place At The Top

There's a place for you at the top, my boy,
Are you willing to try to get it?
It's true that trouble will try to stop
Your efforts, but will you let it?
The road is long and the path is rough,
Designed for men of the proper stuff,
And you can't get by with a common bluff,
For the way is barred to bluffers.
And ever and ever the weak drop out,
But the strong keep going with courage stout;
They may taste defeat, but never rout,
But it's worth all a fighter suffers.

Up there at the top there 's a place for you,
You may earn it or let it go;
And the world won't care which of these you do,
It's up to yourself to show
Whether you can battle with fate and wrong,
And take hard luck when it comes along
With a nervy grin or a bit of song
Or stop with the quitters tamely.
There's room at the top; you can get there, too,
If you 're ready to fight your own way through.
The odds are heavy, I know, but you
Can win, if you'll face them gamely.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)