

Ambition

If you would rise above the throng
And seek the crown of fame,
You must do more than drift along
And merely play the game.
Whatever path your feet may tread,
Whatever be your quest,
The only way to get ahead
Is striving for the best.

'Tis not enough to wish to do
A day's toil fairly well;
If you would rise to glory, you
Must hunger to excel.
The one who has the proper stuff
Goes into every test,
Not seeking to be 'good enough,'
But eager to be 'best.'

Aim high! And though you fail today
And may tomorrow fail,
Keep pounding steadily away,
Some day you'll hit the nail.
At no half-way mark ever pause
And smug content to rest,
Who would win honor and applause
Must want to be the best.

The best must be your aim in life,
The best in sport or work,
Success in any form of strife
Falls never to the shirk.
The crowns of leadership are few,
The followers move in throngs,
If you would be a leader, you
Must shun the 'drift alongs.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)