

Hope For Tomorrow

Poet: Charles S. Poling

There's never a road but has an end,
And each long day has its close,
And all must say good-bye to a friend,
And the frost must blight the rose.

There's always an end to laughter,
And always an end to tears.
Winter? But Spring will come after,
And youth must grow old with the years.

And even the rainbow that mantles the storm,
Is destined to pass from your view,
And the dark of the night is put paging the morn,
And the end is a door to the new.

So hope for tomorrow, trudge on with a song,
There's work for your hands to do,
Don't brood o'er the past and the things that are gone,
Life's best lies ahead of you.