

Comfort

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

*Say! You've struck a heap of trouble--
Bust in business, lost your wife;
No one cares a cent about you,
You don't care a cent for life;
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,
Health is failing, wish you'd die--
Why, you've still the sunshine left you,
And the big, blue sky.*

*Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's heaven shining through;
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,
Sun so bright it dazzles you;
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging
All their fragrance on the breeze;
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows--
Don't you mope, you've still got these.*

*These, and none can take them from you;
These, and none can weigh their worth.
What! you're tired and broke and beaten?--
Why, you're rich--you've got the earth!
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,
While the blue sky bends above,
You've got nearly all that matters,
You've got God, and God is love.*

Unabridged

(From *Songs of a Sourdough*, 1907. Public Domain)

