

# “NOT THEY WHO SOAR”

BY

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Not they who soar, but they who plod  
Their rugged way, unhelped, to God  
Are heroes; they who higher fare,  
And, flying, fan the upper air,  
Miss all the toil that hugs the sod.  
‘Tis they whose backs have felt the rod,  
Whose feet have pressed the path unshod,  
May smile upon defeated care,  
Not they who soar.

High up there are no thorns to prod,  
Nor boulders lurking ‘neath the clod  
To turn the keenness of the share,  
For flight is ever free and rare;  
But heroes they the soil who ‘ve trod,  
Not they who soar!