

## Not They Who Soar

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!