

SO MANY WAYS

BY
MADISON CAWEIN



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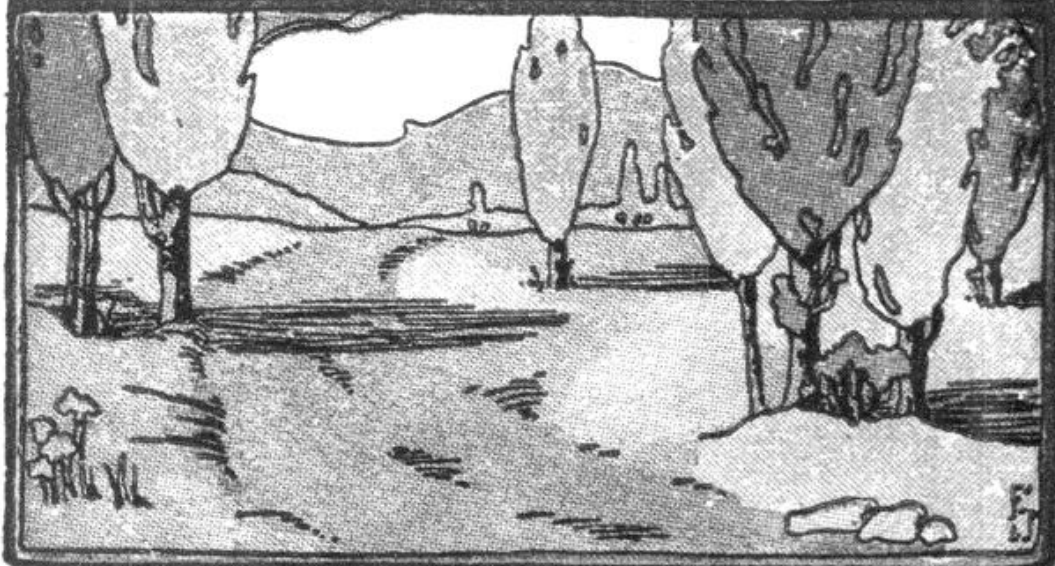


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Madison Cawein



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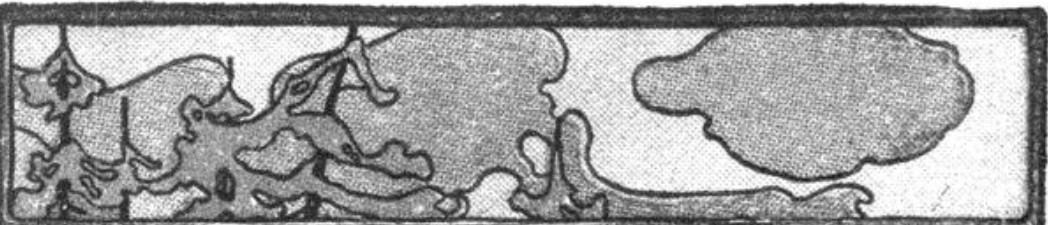




SO many ways in the world
there are
That a man may take, a
woman follow;
So many roads, and they lead
so far,
And the promise ahead so often
hollow:
So many paths for our lives
to choose;
So many ways where we win
or lose:
So much of darkness, so
little light,
And the soul so troubled
the way to find,
We oft forget, in our stress of
mind,
How much we are helped by
doing right.



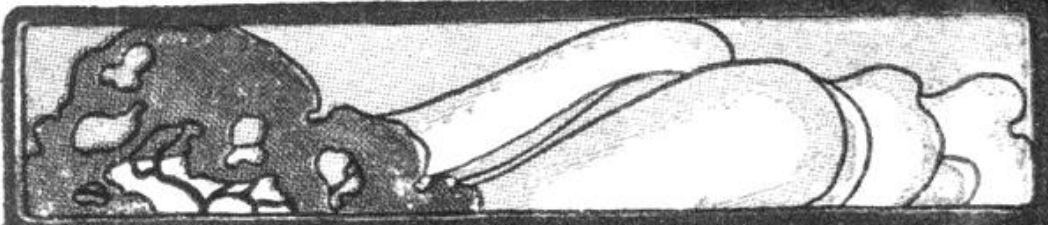
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IF storm clouds gather and
 tempests fall,
And your work seems vain
 and your spirit's broken;
And the fairest flower you loved
 of all
Lies dead in your path ere your
 heart hath spoken:
And you say in your soul, "I will
 turn aside,
And follow the way that is
 smooth and wide:
Though it lead me wrong and it
 end in night,
I will follow that road the rest
 of my days!" —
And you turn to take it when
 something says,
"There's nothing that helps like
 doing right."



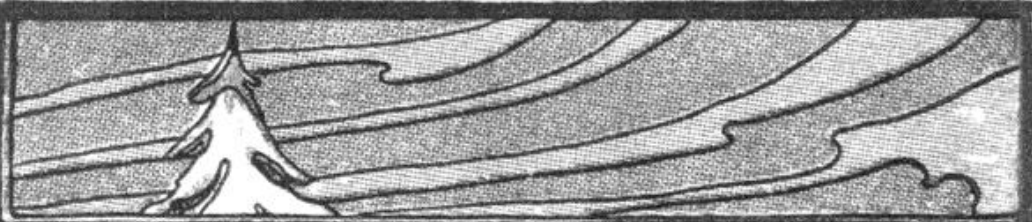
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WHEN the dream you dream,
and the thing you do,
That your heart went into,
the world refuses;
And you see the false set over
the true,
And your soul revolts at the
world's abuses:
And you curse at Fate, and in
bitterness
Turn from the path of Soul's-
Distress,
To follow the path of Heart's-
Delight; —
Before you take to the wider
way,
Just listen a moment, — it may
repay, —
And ask yourself if the road be
right.



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WHEN the sun of your
Summer goes darkening down,
And the North all the blasts
of his caves unfetters,
And Heaven, that smiled, is a
threat and a frown,
And friends are few and your
path never betters:
And you say to yourself,
"Whoever's to blame,
I have done no wrong yet mine
is the shame:
I will do the deed; I will end
the fight!"——
Then down in your heart just
listen again
To the voice that says, "It will
be in vain.
No wrong on Earth ever made
a right."



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SO many ways in the world,
ah me!
That a man may follow, a
woman travel;
So many paths, whatever they
be,
Wherever they go, that none
unravel:
So many roads, where we win
or lose;
So many ways, so hard to
choose;
So much that's hidden, so
little light: —
The only thing, whatever we
do,
Is to follow the voice of the
soul that's true,
The still, small voice that leads
us right.

