
At the Crossroads

He stood at the crossroads all alone,
The sunlight in his face;
He had no fear for the path unknown,
He was set for manly race.
But the road stretched east, and the road stretched west,
There was no one to tell him which road was best;
So he took the wrong road and it led him down,
Till he lost the race and the victor's crown,
He fell at last in an ugly snare;
Because no one stood at the crossroads there.

Another boy on another day,
At the selfsame crossroads stood;
He paused a moment to choose the way
That would lead to the greater good.
And the road stretched east and the road stretched west,
And one was there to show him the best;
So he turned right and went on and on,
And he won the race and the victor's crown;
He walks today the highway fair,
Because one stood at the crossroads there.

-Author Unknown
