KAHLIL GIBRAN

AMBITION

Three men met at a tavern table. One was a weaver, another a carpenter and the third a ploughman.

Said the weaver, “I sold a fine linen shroud today for two pieces of gold. Let us have all the wine we want.”

“And I,” said the carpenter, “I sold my best coffin. We will have a great roast with the wine.”

“I only dug a grave,” said the ploughman, “but my patron paid me double. Let us have honey cakes too.”

And all that evening the tavern was busy, for they called often for wine and meat and cakes. And they were merry.

And the host rubbed his hands and smiled at his wife; for his guests were spending freely.

When they left the moon was high, and they walked along the road singing and shouting together.

The host and his wife stood in the tavern door and looked after them.

“Ah!” said the wife, “these gentlemen! So freehanded and so gay! If only they could bring us such luck every day! Then our son need not be a tavern-keeper and work so hard. We could educate him, and he could become a priest.”