***It Couldn’t Be Done***

Edgar Guest



**Somebody** said that it couldn’t be done,
     But, he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn’t," but he would be one
     Who wouldn’t say so till he’d tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
     On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
     That couldn’t be done, and he did it.

**Somebody** scoffed: "Oh, you’ll never do that;
     At least no one has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
     And the first thing we knew he’d begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
     Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
     That couldn’t be done, and he did it.

**There** are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
     There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
     The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle it in with a bit of a grin,
     Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
     That "couldn’t be done," and you’ll do it.

**Don’t Quit**

When things go wrong,
as they sometimes will,
When the road you’re trudging
seems uphill,
When the funds are low and
the debts are high,
and you want to smile,
but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must . . . but don’t you quit.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you never can tell
how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar.

So, stick to the fight
when you’re hardest hit . . .
It’s when things go wrong
that you mustn’t quit.