



It Couldn't Be Done

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

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

BY: EDGAR GUEST

From: Daryl Guberman-CEO

GUBERMAN-PMC, LLC (203) 556-1493 ceo@dguberman.com

