

## BLEAK DAYS

THE clouds are gray and grim today, the winds are sadly sighing; it seems like fall, and over all a sheet of gloom is lying. The dreary rain beats on the pane, and sounds a note of sorrow; but what's the odds? The genial gods will bring us joy tomorrow. We have the mumps, the doctor humps himself around to cure it; we're on the blink and often think we simply can't endure it; to all who list we groan, I wist, and tell a hard-luck story; but why be vexed? Week after next we'll all be hunkadory. The neighbor folks are tiresome blokes, they bore us and annoy us; with such folks near it's amply clear that no one can be joyous; things would improve if they would move — we really do not need them; but let's be gay! They'll move away, and worse ones will succeed them. The world seems sad, sometimes, my lad, and life is a disaster; but do not roar; for every sore tomorrow brings a plaster. The fool, he kicks against the pricks, all optimism scorning; the wise man goes his way — he knows joy cometh in the morning.