



"Stick."

There are lots of folk to tell you that the thing cannot be done,
 That you're only wasting energy to try;
 But I've yet to see the thing that lies beneath the flaming sun
 That a man could not accomplish ere he die.
 If you'll only buckle in
 With a cheerful sort of grin
 Tho' it take you half a lifetime you are always bound to win.
 Perseverance does the trick,
 Tho' it's slow instead of quick,
 If you hang on like a barnacle, adhesively, and stick.

*Some insects they have golden wings
 And some have wings of flame;
 The flea, without a wing at all,
 He gets there just the same.*

The pessimist is always spreading gloom around the earth,
 It seems to be his one and only aim;
 He inherited his grouch from the moment of his birth
 And he holds the whole dinged universè to blame.
 But the fellow with the laugh
 Sees the glowing, sunny half
 Of existence, as he frolics like a young and care-free calf.
 Perseverance does the trick,
 Ain't no use to howl and kick,
 Be like ivy, when you grab a thing, hang on, adhere, and stick.

*You recall the Hare and Tortoise
 When they played their little game;
 Old Tort, tho' hardly built for speed,
 He got there just the same.*

Never make the rank admission that you cannot go and win,
 Make up your mind to grab the leading place;
 Just reverse the pessimistic view and turn it outside-in,
 Then sprint a bit, and try and win the race.
 For every time you view it
 You'll weep and wail and rue it
 'Less you grab the thing that can't be done and straightway go and do it.
 Perseverance does the trick,
 You could eat a yard of brick,
 If you'd only be an octopus and fasten on, and stick.

*Tho' the cow, with triple tummies
 —For which she is not to blame—
 Has to eat her meals twice over,
 Still, she gets there just the same.*