

Let the fool in his folly anticipate sorrow,
I, for one, will refuse to take thought for the morrow.
There is joy in our life if we will but enjoy it ;
But the most of us do what we can to destroy it.

For we fume and we worry and fret ourselves thin
By regret for what might be or what might have been ;
And the blessings of life we incessantly miss
By ignoring entirely the pleasure that is.

You have taught me a lesson ; though little you
thought
Or intended to do it, the lesson is taught.
By your actions, not words, have I learned to be wise,
To embrace every joy, every sorrow despise.

Did I say that I *thought* there was happiness here ?
I was wrong, for I *know* it ; 'tis perfectly clear.
If you'll listen a bit, take your pipe up again
And continue your smoke, I will try to explain.