

It Couldn't Be Done

by Edgar A. Guest
(adapted for SASSY)

Somebody said it couldn't be done.
But she with a chuckle replied,
That maybe it couldn't, but she would be one
Who wouldn't say so 'till she'd tried.

So she buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On her face. If she worried, she hid it.
She started to sing as she tackled the thing
That couldn't be done. And she did.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that
At least no one ever has done it."
But she took off her coat, and she took off her hat,
And the first thing we know, she'd begun it.

With a lift of her chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or "quit-it".
She started to sing as she tackled the thing
That couldn't be done. And 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 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 cannot be done--and you'll do it!