

It Couldn't Be Done

by Edgar Albert Guest

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

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

Per allpoetry.com -As with all Guest's work poems were published in Newspapers before being collected in bound volumes. 1919 was the date of publication of this poem in "The Path To Home" but it is known to have been in print at least as early as 1917.

Edgar Albert Guest was born in Britain but grew up and spent most of his life in the U.S.A. He was a product of "small town" America and the values and lifestyle he had as a boy permeates his writing both prose and poem. He worked most of his adult life as newspaperman, syndicated country wide and is reputed to have had a new poem published in a newspaper every day for over 30 years.