

Let's Go

There isn't any business,' wailed the sad and gloomy man;
'I haven't made a dollar since the armistice began.'
But I couldn't help reflecting, as I heard his story through,
That the hopeful, cheerful hustler seems to have a lot to do.
I've been in business places where the air was thick with gloom
And the men were sad and solemn like the mourners at a tomb,
And there wasn't any business or an order coming in,
And, what's more, there never will be till those fellows start to grin.
'There isn't any business'—aren't you weary of the cry?
Men have caught the gloomy habit, and they sit around and sigh;
But the hustler, I have noticed, who has quit his easy chair
And is confidently working, seems to gather in his share.
It is time to get the business, it is time to hustle out
With a man's faith in the future— much too long we've scattered doubt,
Much too long we've sobbed and whimpered, much too long we've talked of woe;
Now it's time for optimism and the hopeful phrase,
'Let's go!'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)