

MY PLAN

When I wanted something I couldn't buy,
A suit of clothes or a Sunday tie,
Or a new straw hat when the sun was high,
I used to feel sore about it.
I used to go 'round with a face drawn long,
And vow that everything here was wrong,
And this was the theme of my dismal song,
I can't get along without it.

When I've been broke, which has oft occurred,
I never could utter a cheerful word,
I grouched all day, which was most absurd,
And kicked up a fuss about it.
I thought what I wanted and couldn't get
Was reason enough to fume and fret,
So I fretted and fumed all day, and yet
I managed to do without it.

Now whatever I want that I cannot buy,
A suit of clothes or a Sunday tie,
Or a new straw hat when the sun is high,
I don't say a word about it.
I've found that my wants needn't interfere
With my daily fun on this hemisphere,
What I can't afford doesn't spoil my cheer,
I just get along without it.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 to 1959)