

The Bright Side

Kinder like to see the bright side,
See the gay and dancing light side,
See the good and decent right side
Of the worst that happens me;
For the gloomy and the glum side,
And the 'worst-is-yet-to-come' side,
And the 'fate-is-going-some' side
Any pessimist can see.

Kinder like to take my troubles,
Come they singly or in doubles,
As a boy does blowing bubbles,
In a hopeful sort of way;
Kinder like to look around them,
Sorter wistful like and sound them,
And eventually surround them,
'Till once more I 'm feeling gay.

Oh, this thing that's known as worry,
That brings grouches in a hurry,
From your side will quickly scurry
If you keep a lifted chin;
If you'll look your worries over,
Something cheerful you'll discover,
You will get one breath of clover,
And once more you'll wear a grin.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)