

## **Not Crossing Bridges**

Mebbe I shall weep tomorrow,  
Mebbe I shall lose my job,  
Mebbe bowed in grief and sorrow  
I shall sit alone and sob.

Mebbe trouble grim is comin',  
Mebbe care is on the way,  
Mebbe I'll be busy glummin'  
Over things some other day.

Mebbe foes will come assailin'  
An' at last I'll have to quit;  
But before I start to wailin'  
I shall wait until I'm hit.

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**