

Old Mister Laughter

Old Mister Laughter
Comes a-grinnin' down the way,
Singin': 'Never mind your troubles,
For they'll surely pass away.'
Singin': 'Now the sun is shinin'
An' there's roses everywhere;
To-morrow will be soon enough
To fret about your care.'

Old Mister Laughter
Comes a-grinnin' at my door,
Singin': 'Don't go after money
When you've got enough and more.'
Singin': 'Laugh with me this mornin'
An' be happy while you may.
What's the use of riches
If they never let you play?'

Old Mister Laughter
Comes a-grinnin' all the time,
Singin' happy songs o' gladness
In a good old-fashioned rhyme.
Singin': 'Keep the smiles a-goin',
Till they write your epitaph,
And don't let fame or fortune
Ever steal away your laugh.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)