

# *It Couldn't Be Done...*

*Somebody said that it couldn't be done,  
But he with a chuckle replied.*

*That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one  
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.*

*So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin  
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.*

*He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, and he did it.*

*Somebody scoffed, "Oh you'll never do that;  
At least no one ever has done it."*

*But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,  
And the first thing we knew, he'd begun it.*

*With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,  
Without any doubting or quiddit.*

*He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, and he did it.*

*There are thousands to tell it cannot be done,  
There are thousands to prophesy failure;*

*There are thousands to point out to you, one by  
one,  
The dangers that wait to assail you.*

*But buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
Just take off your coat and go to it;*

*Just start to sing as you tackle the thing  
That "cannot be done" and you'll do it.*