Suppose

By Phoebe Cary

Suppose, my little lady,

    Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying

    Till your eyes and nose are red?
And would n’t it be pleasanter

    To treat it as a joke;
And say you ’re glad “’T was Dolly’s

    And not your head that broke?”

Suppose you ’re dressed for walking,

    And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner

    Because you scold and frown?
And would n’t it be nicer

    For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house

    When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,

    Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier

    For you to sit and fret?
And would n’t it be wiser

    Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest

    And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,

    And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking

    To say, “It is n’t fair?”
And would n’t it be nobler

    To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful

    You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don’t please you,

    Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation

    Will be altered just for you?
And is n’t it, my boy or girl,

    The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or does n’t come,

    To do the best you can?