

# 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?