

"The Quitter"

Fate handed the quitter a bump, and he dropped;
The road seemed too rough to go, so he stopped.
He thought of his hurt, and there came to his mind

The easier path he was leaving behind.
Oh, it's all much too hard, said the quitter
right then; I'll stop where I am and not try
it again.

He sat by the road and he made up his tale
To tell when men asked why he happened to fail.

A thousand excuses flew up to his tongue,
And these on the thread of his story he strung,
But the truth of the matter he didn't admit;
He never once said, I was frightened and quit.

Whenever the quitter sits down by the road
And drops from the struggle to lighten his load,
He can always recall to his own peace of mind

A string of excuses for falling behind;
But somehow or other he can't think of one
Good reason for battling and going right on.

Oh, when the bump comes and fate hands you a jar,
Don't baby yourself, boy, whoever you are;
Don't pity yourself and talk over your woes;
Don't think up excuses for dodging the blows.
But stick to the battle and see the thing through.
And don't be a quitter, whatever you do.