

HE HAD A YEAR TO DO IT IN...

He had a year to do it in,
So brushed the thought away;
A chap with half his energy,
Might do it in a day.
A year?... 'twas too ridiculous,
As everyone would find;
However, he would get it done,
And have it off his mind.

But, not today, A few months hence,
Would suit him better still;
Meanwhile a far less irksome job
Might occupy his skill,
He would not let the matter pass
Entirely from him... no;
And doubtless he might take it up
In... say... a month or so.

He had six months to do it in,
For six ling months had flown;
Well, why should that alarm a chap
With vigour like his own?
The job, whence once embarked upon
Would soon be rattled through;
However, he would think of it
In... say, a week or two.

He had three months to do it in;
"Oh bother!" was his cry,
"This thing hangs on me like a weight
Each day that passes by.
Let's see... three months... ah, that's enough,
But just to clear the doubt,
I'll make arrangements for a start,
Before the month is out!"

He had a week to do it in,
And care was in his glance;
"it's hard," he cried, "that flight of time
Won't give a chap a chance!"
He still delayed; the swift week passed,
As weeks will ever run,
And though a year was given him
The task was still undone!

Anonymous.