



### The Grumble Family

There's a family nobody likes to meet;  
They live, it is said, on Complaining Street  
In the city of Never-Are-Satisfied,  
The River of Discontent beside.

They growl at that and they growl at this;  
Whatever comes, there is something amiss;  
And whether their station be high or humble,  
They are all known by the name of Grumble.

The weather is always too hot or cold;  
Summer and winter alike they scold.  
Nothing goes right with the folks you meet  
Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.

They growl at the rain and they growl at the sun;  
In fact, their growling is never done.  
And if everything pleased them, there isn't a doubt  
They'd growl that they'd nothing to grumble about!

But the queerest thing is that not one of the same  
Can be brought to acknowledge his family name;  
For never a Grumbler will own that he  
Is connected with it at all, you see.

The worst thing is that if anyone stays  
Among them too long, he will learn their ways;  
And before he dreams of the terrible jumble  
He's adopted into the family of Grumble.

And so it were wisest to keep our feet  
From wandering into Complaining Street;  
And never to growl, whatever we do,  
Lest we be mistaken for Grumblers, too.

Let us learn to walk with a smile and a song,  
No matter if things do sometimes go wrong;  
And then, be our station high or humble,  
We'll never belong to the family of Grumble!