



TO E. H. LEWIS, PH. D.

(With acknowledgments to Ben King.)

If I should die to-night,
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
 If I should die to-night,
 And you should come in deepest grief and woe
 And say, "I'll cancel all those themes you owe"—
 I might arise in my large white cravat
 And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night,
 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel—
 I say, if I should die to-night,
 And you should come to me, and in tones distinct
 Just even hint 'bout throwin' away that red ink—
 I might perchance rise the while;
 But I'd drop dead again, I think. S.

