

## Untitled Poem on Dying

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

by A L. Barbould