

After I'm Dead

Sorrow will last but for a day.

After I'm dead;

Some will forget in turning away
From the inanimate, pulseless clay;

Others will sorrow but for a day—

After I'm dead.

Some will speak of the good deeds done,

After I'm dead;

Others converse of my faults alone;

Wonder where such a spirit has flown;

None will remember to love—not one.

After I'm dead.

Foes will hide their malice with sighs,

After I'm dead.

Hypocrites wipe the tears from their eyes;
Wolves appear at my grave in disguise;
Forgetting all their slander and lies—
After I'm dead.

Friends will shudder when I am laid,
After I'm dead,
Under a drooping willow-tree's shade,
In a bed by no loving hands made;
Then from their memories I shall fade,
After I'm dead.

And forgotten like a jest;
After I'm dead;
I shall live in no faithful breast;
No one will hold me his dearest & best—
Love will live not till eternally blest—
After I'm dead.

Partly copied and partly composed
by Lally. June 5. 1874.