

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Will there be children all dressed up in rags,
That will grow to be men and rule the whole nation?
That will bring millions out on their poor dying legs,
For wherever they go they cause a commotion.

Will there be flies and insects all around?
And anchors ploughing along on the ground?
Trying to hold some poor broken ship,
That met with disaster on her first wedding trip

Will they dread pain and death as we do,
When a million of years has gone up the flue?
And will the sun shine as it shines to-day,
When a million of years has passed away?

Will there be thunder and lightning the same,
As we hear it just now in a downpour of rain?
Will the lightning be darting through space?
Will there be people all stained with disgrace?

And will sister Kate be still lying there,
Where they left her to rest after saying a prayer?
And will we be in heaven or hell?
No prophet, preacher or poet can tell.