

BUDDY'S BLIGHTY

- " ' I met a pal of yours last week, they call him
Pat McGhee,
" ' An' he asked me, if I saw you, just to tell you
he was well ' —
" Then he yanked the firin' lever, an' I gave an
awful yell.
" I didn't hear the gun go off — I didn't feel no
jar,
" But I felt myself a-fallin', faster than a shootin' •
star,
" Through a million, million, million, million
miles of fleecy clouds,
" An' it seemed that there was people all around ,
me there in crowds,

" All a-whisperin' an' a-talkin'. Then I felt
almighty sure
" I'd be stoppin' pretty sudden if I fell a little
more,
" An' I felt a hundred different aches an' forty
kinds of pain,
" An' those people were a-talkin', I could hear
'em good an' plain.
" An' says one, ' Why, just look, Doctor, I believe
he's comin' to,'