

In pale or brown, or gold or
green,
And from your sepulchre unseen
Crawl through the fibre of the
tree,
And claim eternity with me ?
But I can't leave you in the cold.
I'll pick up all my arms will hold,
And tell to you my thoughts, and
see
That none shall know but you
and me.

I'll name you all and give you
dates,
In mem'ry of some old school-
mates ;
For fellowships in God's mute
sphere
Are next to human friendships
here.
Methinks I'll spread them on the
floor,
And sort them out and lock them
o'er.
This tiny little pink will lose
Just lovely in my kodak book

These brown ones here were
opaque,
I thought at first I wouldn't take
Them, but they somehow made
me think
They'd look so sweet besides the
pink,