

And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the
world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't
occur :

That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree ;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarreled
here.

