

If I should die,  
And you should live,  
And time should gurgle on,  
And morn should beam,  
And noon should burn,  
As it has usual done;  
If birds should build as early,  
And bees as bustling go, --  
One might depart at option  
From enterprise below!

'Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand  
When we with daisies lie,  
That commerce will continue,  
And trades as briskly fly.  
It makes the parting tranquil  
And keeps the soul serene,  
That gentlemen so sprightly  
Conduct the pleasing scene!

