



EXISTENCE being sorrow,
The cause of it desire,
A merry tune I borrow
To light upon the lyre:
If death destroy me quite.
Then, I can not lament it;
I've lived, kept life alight,
And—damned if I repent it!

Let me die in a ditch,
Damnably drunk,
Or lipping a punk,
Or in bed with a bitch!
I was ever a hog;
Dung? I am one with it!
Let me die like a dog;
Die, and be done with it!