

Resurrection —  
(Song)

IX

Man that once drank at a bar  
Hard by a churchyard gray.  
When evening shadows fell bizarre  
He staggered on his way...  
Right thru the graveyards ghostly air  
His soul moved on in waves  
Among the dim gray headstones there  
He weaved among the graves.

{ Grave-diggers there had sunk a hole  
For those that can't behave

And when our hero onward stole  
He stepped into the grave

And there he slept in peace profound  
Till after break of day  
And crumbling sand did there abound  
Upon his mortal clay.

In stark surprise he rubbed his eyes  
And said, in mournful tone:  
Don't other corpses deign to rise  
But mine alone, alone?

The barkeep thought it was a joke,  
Straight from the churchyard-bed,  
And failed to understand the sort  
Was risen from the dead.