



TELL

ME

NOW!

If with pleasure you are viewing,
Anything I may be doing,
And you like me, or you love me
Tell me now.

Don't withhold your approbation,
'Till the preacher makes oration
And I lay with snow white lilies
On my brow.

For no matter how you shout it,
I won't really know about it
And I won't know of the teardrops
That you shed.

So, if you think that praise is due me
Now's the time to slip it to me,
For I cannot read my tombstone
When I'm dead.

Anon.

