

If I Live or If I Die

John Vanderslice

Little fly, your summers play
My thoughtless hand
Has brushed away
And ended your day Am I not a fly like you?
Are you not a man like me?
Oh, I dance and drink and sing
Till some hand tears off my wing If thought in life and strength and breath
And the want of thought is death
Then am I a happy fly?
If I live or if I die

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