When I Have Passed Away

When I have passed away, and am forgotten,
and no one living can recall my name,

way and am forgotten,
and no one living can recall my name,

face,
When under alien sod my bones lie rotten with not a

Copyright © 2009 Gary Bachlund     All international rights reserved.    www.bachlund.org
When I Have Passed Away

tree or stone to mark my place;

chance a pensive youth, with passion burning,

for olden verse that

smacks of love and wine, the musty pages of old volumes

turning may light upon a little song of mine,
When I Have Passed Away

and he may softly hum the tune and wonder who wrote the verses in the

long ago or he may sit him down a while to ponder

upon the simple words that touch him so...

on the simple words that touch him so. When I have passed away...

circa 3’ 05”

Berlin 10 XI 2009