

# “ON THE DEATH OF W.C.”

BY

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Thou arrant robber, Death!  
    Couldst thou not find  
Some lesser one than he  
    To rob of breath,—  
    Some poorer mind  
    Thy prey to be?

His mind was like the sky,—  
    As pure and free;  
His heart was broad and open  
    As the sea.  
His soul shone purely through his face,  
And Love made him her dwelling place.

Not less the scholar than the friend,  
    Not less a friend than man;  
The manly life did shorter end  
    Because so broad it ran.

Weep not for him, unhappy Muse!  
His merits found a grander use  
Some other—where. God wisely sees  
The place that needs his qualities.  
Weep not for him, for when Death lowers  
O'er youth's ambrosia-scented bowers  
He only plucks the choicest flowers.