When I Have Passed Away
Claude McKay

When I have passed away and am forgotten,
   And no one living can recall my face,
When under alien sod my bones lie rotten
   With not a tree or stone to mark the place;

Perchance 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,

   And he may softly hum the tune and wonder
   Who wrote the verses in the long ago;
Or he may sit him down awhile to ponder
   Upon the simple words that touch him so.