



1870-01-01

Letter from J[ulia] M[errill] Moores to John Muir, [ca. 1870's].

Julia Merrill Moores

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King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow!

He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine,
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

Then came to him many a Maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And Widows with grief overladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The Scholar left all his learning;
The Poet his fancied woes;
And the Beauty her bloom returning
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine.

As he gave them his hand so yellow
And pledged them in Death's black wine
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

If this is not the one - let
me know - and I will try
again - but I think I am
right this time.

The direction on the yellow
envelope is written by
Charles' Aunt Kate - so I
send it. Merrill sends his
love - he is going to Danville
Ill. to visit his cousins for
a fortnight after school is over.

Good night

J. M. Moore

Chas. remarks, that ^{Mr} That Cornwall don't
know much about punctuality - "he gets
his exclamations wrong."