

If I should die and leave you here awhile,  
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep  
Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep.  
For my sake turn again to life and smile,  
Nerving thy heart and trembling hands to do  
Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine.  
Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine  
And I perchance may therein comfort you.

*A Price Hughes (attrib)*