

The sky was filled with clouds that day,
And the rain was coming down.
A man was laid in the ground to stay,
It was a funeral for a clown.

Two dozen mourners in one car,
Filled with honking, sobbing rounds.
A man whose life went "Hardy har,"
It was a funeral for a clown.

His widow stood to eulogize,
But mimes can't make a sound.
Yet bitter tears poured from her eyes,
It was a funeral for a clown.

The rebbe began to do the rites,
And with jokes he went to town.
He spoke of humor's sacred might,
It was a funeral for a clown.

Six of his kinsmen bore his box,
Each one with a crooked crown.
They covered him with dirt and rocks,
It was a funeral for a clown.

It's been a while since that day,
A few years since, or farther.
My thoughts are choked with tears and haze,
Of when we buried my grandfather.