

6.

IF

If freckles were lovely, and day was night,
And measles were nice and a lie warn't a lie,
 Life would be delight,—
 But things couldn't go right
 For in such a sad plight
I wouldn't be *I*.

If earth was heaven, and now was hence,
And past was present, and false was true,
 There might be some sense
 But I'd be in suspense
 For on such a pretense
You wouldn't be *you*.

If fear was plucky, and globes were square,
And dirt was cleanly and tears were glee
 Things *would* seem fair,—
 Yet they'd all despair,
 For if here was there
We wouldn't be *we*.