

**The Collected  
Works of  
Ambrose  
Bierce ... (1910)**

**Ambrose  
Bierce**

# Resumo de The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce (Volume 4); Shapes of Clay. Some Ante-Mortem Epitaphs. the Scrap Heap

Book may have numerous typos, missing text, images, or index. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. 1910. Excerpt: ... Which I lammed?--or my old 'oman, Which has frequent basted me?" All the landscape swam around him At the thought of such a lot: In a swoon his Annie found him And conveyed him to her cot .

'Twas the very house, the garden, Where their honeymoon was passed:  
'Twas the place where Mrs. Arden Would have mourned him to the last.  
Ah, what grief she'd known without him! Now what tears of joy she shed!

Enoch Arden looked about him: "Shanghaied!"--that was all he said.  
DISAVOWAL Two bodies are lying in Phoenix Park, Grim and bloody and stiff and stark, And a Land League man with averted eye Crosses himself as he hurries by.

And he says to his conscience under his breath: "I have had no hand in this deed of death." A Fenian, making a circuit wide And passing them by on the other side, Shudders and crosses himself and cries: "Who says that I did it, he lies, he lies!" Gingerly stepping across the gore, Pat Satan comes after the two before, Makes, in a solemnly comical way, The sign of the cross and is heard to say: "O dear, what a terrible sight to see, For babes like them and a saint like me!" 1882.

AN AVERAGE I ne'er could be entirely fond Of any maiden who's a blonde, And no brunette that e'er I saw My whole devotion e'er could draw. Yet sure no girl was ever made Just half of light and half of shade.

And so, this happy mean to get, I love a blonde and a brunette.  
INCURABLE From pride, guile, hate, greed, melancholy-- From any kind of

vice, or folly, Bias, propensity or passion That is in prevalence and fashion,  
Save one, the sufferer or lover May, by the grace of God, recover.

Alone that spiritual tetter, The zeal to make creation better, Glows still  
immedicably warmer. Who knows of a reformed reformer? THE PUN Hail,  
peerless Pun! thou last and best, Most rare and excellent bequest Of dy...

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