

“ They whipt me,—sent me hungry forth ;
 I saw a lovely field
 Of fragrant beans,—I pluck'd,—I ate,—
 To hunger all must yield.
 The farmer came,—a cold, a stern,
 A cruel man was he ;
 He sent me as a thief to jail,
 And none to pity me ;
 And none to pity me, kind Sir,
 And none to pity me.

“ It was a blessed place for me,
 For I had better fare ;
 It was a blessed place for me,—
 Sweet was the evening prayer.
 At length they drew my prison bolts,
 And I again was free,
 Poor, weak, and naked in the street,
 And none to pity me ;
 And none to pity me, kind Sir,
 And none to pity me.

“ I saw sweet children in the fields,
 And fair ones in the street,
 And some were eating tempting fruit,
 And some got kisses sweet ;
 And some were in their fathers' arms,
 Some on their mothers' knee ;
 I thought my orphan heart would break,
 For none did pity me ;
 For none did pity me, kind Sir,
 For none did pity me.

“ Then do you pity me, kind Sir ?
 Then do you pity me ?
 Then, O how kind, and O how warm,
 Your generous heart must be
 For I have fasted all the day,
 Aye, nearly fasted three,
 And slept upon the cold hard ground,
 And none to pity me ;
 And none to pity me, kind Sir,
 And none to pity me.

—December 4, 1852.