

11.
The Housemaid's Plea for the Sabbath.

Oh ! there is never a day,
When the weary may
For a few short hours repose ;
No time to be glad,
No time to be sad,
For our work cannot wait for our woes.
But it's up in the morn,
At early dawn,
When the frost's on the window-pane ;
And so late a-bed,
In our dreams we dread
That the dawn is upon us again.
Day in, day out,
We must work away,
Forgive me ! You know what's best,
Kind gentlemen, say,
Can you spare us a day,
But one short day of rest ?

With toil you nod
In the house of God :
We'd work for you, sirs, and pray ;
But you've closed the door,
Lest the knees of the poor
Might tarnish your cushions gay ;
For it's up in the morn,
At early dawn,
When the frost's on the window-pane ;
And so late a-bed,
In our dreams we dread,
That the dawn is upon us again.
Day in, day out,
We must work away ;
Though they tell us, " what is, is best,"
Just Heaven, oh may
You send us a day,
One long, long day of rest !