

Her future now but hopeless toil could show,  
No life to cherish but her bleeding own.  
Ah, is there a state more sad, more full of woe,  
Than this: to labor for one's life alone?

Thrice blest the hearts, when pierced by sorrow's  
sting,  
Which, in their anguish, may find sweet relief  
By opening pity's gates on lives that cling  
Fainting to them, crushed 'neath the common grief.

But when grief's poison entereth the heart  
Whose safety-valves of love may never ope,  
There's naught but death can e'er relief impart,—  
What misery when death becomes a hope!