

Save while within the ruffian's arms:  
To justice blind, in manners base—  
A curse unto the human race!  
In parlors grand their horses eat;  
Behold their inmates in the street;  
Behold that mother far and near  
Seeks shelter for her offspring dear,  
And when successful, she at last  
Can shield them from the winter's blast;  
But driven from affluency,  
To most degrading misery.

20

While the sire, flying from his home,  
Now in a foreign land to roam,  
With a sad and troubled mind,  
To leave his dearest ones behind:  
And rude the shelter they would find  
'Mid tyrants who, to justice blind,  
Had robbed him of that much-loved home,  
And then compelled him far to roam.

21

But hark! again they come—they come,  
The bugle sounds, the rattling-drum—  
Now, *Spartans* bold, defend your home!  
But ah, behold in prison den,  
Where lies her noblest, bravest men.  
With galling chains their limbs are bound,  
And, closely pinioned to the ground,  
In vain for justice there they cry,  
Without a trial doomed to die.