

At *rouge et noir*, cards, dominos,  
 At horse racing and the Lord knows 60  
 At how many things, they're so great,  
 One half I can't enumerate.—  
 Lady Caroline ev'ry day  
 Does visits to the wretched pay ;  
 She for the broken hearted feels,  
 And she the broken hearted heals.  
 She deems poverty no reproach,  
 Nor spurns it from her door or porch.  
 She clothes, she feeds, she gives advice,  
 And all she thinks that can suffice 70  
 The miserable soul to joy,  
 Which but for her want might destroy.  
 She gives but to obtain the more ;  
 She parts, but for a richer store ;  
 She helps, succour divine to get,  
 From one who ne'er deserted yet.  
 She bends the lower, to mount up higher ;  
 Earth's her home, but heaven's her desire.  
 Her alms unblazoned and unheard,  
 In Heaven's high court are registered, 80  
 And by the hand of Charity,  
 Before the throne of Majesty,  
 Surrounded by Archangels veiled,  
 Angels, Saints, Martyrs that prevailed  
 O'er the terrors of burning death,  
 And who defied its fiery breath.  
 All hear from the eternal throne  
 The word before creation known ;  
 The voice of Great Jehovah's son,  
 Which fills the Heav'ns, saying, Well done 90

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