

IV

Oh, men, with sisters dear !
Oh, men, with mothers and wives !
It is not leather you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Walk ! Walk ! Walk !
In the trail of the long promenade,
Yet gently she smiles in spite of the miles,
She walks with each silent lad.

V

Talk ! Talk ! Talk !
Her labor never flags ;
And what are her earnings ? A dreary wait,
For a father or brother that lags ;
Or a rush through the park, all in the dark,
To a boarding house so forlorn,
—She can hardly sleep, her regret's so deep,
For lessons unlearned next morn.