

Run out in the street  
Like a madman, and said,  
'If I steal she shall eat!'  
And I stole—just this bread.  
"O, don't hurt my wrists,  
I'll go—yes, I'll go,  
Since no pity exists  
In your hearts for my woe.  
God have mercy this night  
On a woman who lies  
Mad with hunger and fright  
While the law claims its prize!"  
All this as he goes  
He stammers and shouts,  
Half-blind with the blows  
Of the loafers and louts  
Who have beaten him down  
With a bloodthirsty glee—  
For the scum of the town  
Call a Man Hunt "a spree."  
The station at last!  
He's thrust in with an oath,  
And the doors are made fast  
'Gainst the crowd, who are loth