

A MAN HUNT

It's the first time, I swear,
And the loaf lay inside
Of the shop over there
With the door open wide.

"I've a wife at death's door
Lying hungry and cold
On a bare garret floor,
With a babe a week old.
And' she raved for a crust ;
We were starving, I say.

Let me go, men, you must—
O, don't take me away !

"Don't hurt me, I'm ill !
Ah, sir, 'twas your bread.
Yes ; forgive me—you will,
'Taint the prison I dread !
But, O God, she—my wife,
In that garret alone
With the babe—it's her life
That I ask—not my own.

"If you'd heard her moan
In the fever, and cry,
And you hadn't been stone,
You'd have done just as I—