

### SENTENCED TO DEATH.

I must die on Friday the first.

I have three weeks more to repent.

Thank heaven! I now know the worst

Of the law that will never relent.

But why should I grieve or be sad?

What is there in death that is worth

A thought to a spirit who had

More reason for terror in birth?

But I'm not alone in my doom,

Though fixed are my moments of breath:

I walk on the path to the tomb

With millions —all sentenced to death!

What is life? When hunger is fed,

Curiosity all satisfied,

We wearily turn on our bed

And sleep a long sleep undenied.