

A MAN HUNT

Stop thief!—there he goes—

He runs like a deer ;
On his heels the crowd close
In pursuit with a cheer.

Up alley, down street,
Round the corners like mad ;
He staggers—he's beat—

Knock him down. Bravo, lad !

He's down in the mud—

How they clutch at his rags !
They've hurt him ; the blood
Trickles down on the flags.

Poor devil ! How white
Is his face—and his eyes

Are starting outright,
And he gasps and he cries,—

“ Let me go, in God's name !

Let me go if you're men.

I know I'm to blame,

I'm a thief—well, but then