

Submerged

At the gate where gentlemen make the laws,
She stopped one wintry night;
And she wrapped her shawl close—how it tears,
how it gnaws,
That hunger, with cruel spite!—
And marvelled why the gay beam flashed from the
tower's stately height.

O'er the distant lanes, o'er the streets and
squares,
The great eye circled round,
And she thought, as she gazed, if the eye of God
stares
So far, far above the ground,
So cold, so clear; not half way up, and the cry of
want is drowned.