

IKY'S DILEMMA.

Does God ever visit the alleys?
Or think of the kids what's there?
Pa says "he don't believe it,"
Ma says "God's everywhere."

If God loves the kids of the alley,
The kids what's dirty and smell.
Why do the idle dressed-up folk
Come down and tell us of Hell?

When I'm home taking care of the baby,
While mother is out at work,
And pa's in bed with the fever,
I don't think that's much worth.

As if hunger an' cold an' sickness
An' fear, an' deceit, an' smell,
An' going without toys an' candy
An' base-ball an' things aint Hell.

