

68      A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

You can see me, can't yer, Jesus? Jessie  
told me that yer could,  
And I somehow must believe it, for it  
seems so prime and good ;  
And she told me if I loved you, I should  
see yer when I die,  
In the bright and happy heaven that is up  
beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no  
use here below,  
For I heard my mother whisper she'd be  
glad if I could go;  
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes; and  
I feel so lonely, too,  
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to  
heaven along o' you?

"Oh ! I'd be so good and patient, and I'd  
never cry or fret;  
And yer kindness to me, Jesus, I would  
surely not forget;  
I would love you all I know of, and would  
never make a noise—  
Can't you find me just a corner, where I'll  
watch the other boys ?