

## IN THE WORKHOUSE 13

"Then the room was bathed in glory,  
And I saw in my darling's eyes  
The far-away look of wonder  
That comes when the spirit flies ;  
And her lips were parched and parted,  
And her reason came and went,  
For she raved of our home in Devon,  
Where our happiest years were spent.

"And the accents, long forgotten,  
Came back to the tongue once more,  
For she talked like the country lassie  
I woo'd by the Devon shore.  
Then she rose to her feet and trembled,  
And fell on the rags and moaned,  
And, 'Give me a crust—I'm famished—  
For the love of God!' she groaned.

"I rushed from the room like a madman  
And flew to the workhouse gate,  
Crying, 'Food for a dying woman !'  
And the answer came, 'Too late.'  
They drove me away with curses ;  
Then I fought with a dog in the street,  
And tore from the mongrel's clutches  
A crust he was trying to eat.