

Where I see the blind or lame,
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
 I deserve to feel the same,
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
 Why should I return them railing?
 Since I best revenge my wrongs
 By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
 Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
 First I'll try to make them wise,
 Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
 I'll engage the rich to love me;
 While I'm modest, neat and clean,
 And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
 I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
 Since I love to help the weak,
 Though they're neither fair nor witty.