

## A HUNGRY DAY

"Och, thin," says I, "meself agrees to that!"  
Ould Dolan smiled wid eyes so bright an' grey;  
Says he, "Kape up yer heart; I never knew  
Since I come out a single hungry day.

"But thin I left the crowded city sthreeets—  
Th'are men galore to toil in thim an' die;  
Meself wint wid me axe to cut a home  
In the green woods beneath the clear, swate sky.

"I did that same; an' God be praised this day!  
Plenty sits smilin' by me own dear dure;  
An' in them years I never wanst have seen  
A famished child creep tremblin' on me flure."

I listened to ould Dolan's honest words:  
That's twenty years ago this very spring,  
An' Mick is married, an' me Rosie wears  
A swateheart's little shinin' goulden ring.

"Twould make yer heart lape just to take a look  
At the green fields upon me own big farm;  
An' God be praised! all men may have the same  
That owns an axe an' has a strong right arm!