

No. 2.

It is my part to have a heart
Like Poet's heart to feel,
And yet, by me, most cruelly
The kindest people deal.
In the coldest place my beardless face
In winter you may see ;
And if I tell I am treated well
A liar I shall be ;
For when the heat upon the street
Makes people faint and reel,
They keep me where the same I bear,
And ask how much I feel.

MORAL by No. 4.