

## 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.