

They dart across my path--but lo,
Each ready with a plaintive whine!
Said I, "not half an hour ago
Your Mother has had alms of mine." 40
"That cannot be," one answered--"she is dead:"--
I looked reproof--they saw--but neither hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day."--
"Hush, boys! you're telling me a lie;
It was your Mother, as I say!"
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
"Come! Come!" cried one, and without more ado,
Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew!
1802.