



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.