

A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man,
Who lives the last of all his family!
He looks around him, & his eye discerns
The face of the stranger, & his heart is sick.
Man of the world, what canst thou do for him?
Wealth is a burthen which he cannot bear;
With a strange crime, the which he does not act;
And wine no cordial, but a bitter cup.
For wounds like his Christ is the only cure;
And gospel promises are his by right,
Since these were given to the poor in heart.
Go, preach them to him of a word to come,
Where friends shall meet, & know each others' faces
Say less than this, & say it to the winds!