

# A Pound OR A PENNY.

[Sec. 30.]

—x—

Some very good sayings I've heard in my time,  
Some I believe to be true,  
There is one I will mention now in my rhyme,  
As one that is well known to you ;  
If you know a man that is in distress,  
And assistance you can give him any,  
Remember that many can help one they say,  
Where one cannot always help many.

Then do what you can for a man in distress,  
Let it be a pound or a penny ;  
There's many can help one I've heard people say,  
Where cannot always help many.

A man may be wealthy one end of the year,  
The next may be wretched and poor,  
He struggles his hardest to keep himself up,  
But has sunk down to poverty's door ;  
It's that kind of man that needs your support,  
Oh, give it to those most in need,  
For those who've experienced poverty knows,  
It's a very hard battle indeed.

Then do what you can, &c.

How often a trifle may save a man's life,  
When he is near dying with want ;  
He has tried to live honestly all the way through,  
But finds in the end that he can't :  
At last he is tempted to steal—or must starve,  
While those that are rich pass him by,  
They know not his troubles, they heed not his wants,  
He's left like a dog there to die.

I hope what I've mentioned to-night in my song,  
There's nothing I've said out of place,  
A man may be poor, yet honest be,  
For poverty's not a disgrace ;  
Then assist all you can with a generous heart,  
For how soon the tide it may turn,  
Just give him one chance to rise in the world,  
And your kindness he soon will return.



## Is that Mother BENDING O'ER ME.

TUNE.—Mother's Warning.

Is that mother bending o'er me,  
As she sang my cradle hymn ;  
Kneeling there in tears before me,  
Say ? my sight is growing dim.  
Comes she from the old homes lowly,  
Out among the northern hills,  
To her pet boy, dying slowly  
Of wars, battles, wounds, and ills ?

CHORUS.

Mother, fold your arms around me,  
Press again my aching head ;  
Sing the lullaby you sung me,  
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

Mother, oh, we bravely battled—  
Battled till the day was done,  
While the leaden hailstorm rattled,  
Man to man, and gun to gun ;  
But we failed, and I am dying,  
Dying in my boyhood's years,  
But I fell the foe defying,  
Noble deaths demand no tears.

Mother, now a shade is falling  
On that home you sweetly grace ;  
Every object still recalling  
To my sight thy smiling face.  
Though on earth we part for ever,  
Yet in pure eternal love,  
We shall meet no more to sever,  
In that happier home above.

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