

TRUE NOBILITY

(Founded upon Facts)

Plodding along on weary foot,
Upon a dusty road,
A poor lone woman toil'd hard
Bearing a cumb'rous load.

No horse or chaise had she to take
Her goods into the town,
Though she was poor, she bore her lot,
Without a care or frown.

A nobler thing than wealth had she,
It was an honest heart,
An tho' cruel fate sore tried her,
She manag'd well her part.

Now three more miles had she to walk,
Before her toil was o'er,
E'en now the sweat runs down her cheek,
Her feet is tir'd and sore.

Horsemen and footmen pass her by,
They do not deign to see,
But on they go more swiftly still,
For such is their pity.

And now a parson he comes by,
His look bespeaks him kind,
Surely he'll stop to take her up,
He wont leave her behind.

But yes, he quickly turns his head
Toward the other side,
Just like the Levite too, of old,
For him she might have died.

But what unusual noise is that,
Which falls upon her ear?
She looks behind, and there she sees,
A grand equipage near.

Out of the way she nearer draws
Towards the road-side bank,
And overcome with weariness,
To rest there down she sank.

“Pull up, pull up,” out an Earl cries,
“And see who this may be,

For really, that poor woman looks
Most piteous to see.”

And quick the horses short pulled up,
They took our traveller in,
The Earl he despised her not,
For she was neat and clean.

Horses and carriage swiftly now
Upon the road doth glide,
This poor lone woman ne'er before
Had such a handsome ride.

The folk upon the road did stare,
As they went passing bye,
The Parson looked, then tried to wipe
The dust out of his eye.

For no, he never could believe
A noble lord would deign
To take up such a passenger,
And one so poor and plain.

But oh, proud man, thou art decieved,
The woman is the same,
And tho' thou wouldst not take her up,
An Earl thought it no shame.

Oh, what a deal of wretched pride
In this wide world we see;
Folk will not see what constitutes
Life's true nobility.