



*There children dwell who knows no parents care,  
Heart broken maidens on their joyless bed,  
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed,  
Dejected widows with wheeled tears,  
Crippled age with more than childhood fears,  
The lame, the blind, and far the happiest they,  
The Moping Idiot and the Madman Gay.*

**OPC Note:-**

The above poem may have been a revised version of that written and published by George Crabbe in 1783. George Crabbe was an English poet, surgeon and clergyman who died in Trowbridge in 1832.

THEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,  
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;  
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,  
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;  
There children dwell who know no parents' care;  
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;  
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,  
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed;  
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;  
The lame, the blind, and—far the happiest they!—  
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,  
Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve,  
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;  
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,  
And the cold charities of man to man:  
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,  
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride,  
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,  
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,  
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;  
Who press the downy couch while slaves advance  
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;  
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,  
To name the nameless ever-new disease;  
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,  
Which real pain and that alone can cure:  
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,  
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?  
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath  
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?