

Poverty Poem

Contributed by [Elliott Shadgoo](#)

Source:

Poverty

BY [JANE TAYLOR](#)

I saw an old cottage of clay,

And only of mud was the floor;

It was all falling into decay,

And the snow drifted in at the door.

Yet there a poor family dwelt,

In a hovel so dismal and rude;

And though gnawing hunger they felt,

They had not a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread,

And to their poor mother they'd run;

'Oh, give us some breakfast,' they said,

Alas! their poor mother had none.

She viewed them with looks of despair,

She said (and I'm sure it was true),

"Tis not for myself that I care,

But, my poor little children, for you.'

O then, let the wealthy and gay

But see such a hovel as this,

That in a poor cottage of clay

They may know what true misery is.

And what I may have to bestow

I never will squander away,

While many poor people I know

Around me are wretched as they.

