

A Memory. Gate.
The Outcast. The Hospital
A poor sheep came to the Hospital
And stood in its trouble and pain,
And patiently waited for succor and help;
But patiently waited - in vain.

The North wind blew cold, and it shivered
and shook,
The frost seized with fingers of ice;
The darkness descended with its form
And gripped its poor heart as a vise.
to unfold;

Afar it had strayed from its sheltering
fold,
Away from the Pasturer and flocks,
Unnoticed, uncared for, so sick and
forlorn;
Climbing over the hills and the rocks;

Until it had reached this haven of
rest,
Where the sick and the suffering find
aid.
But throughout the long night, not a
hand nor outstretching
word relief, not an effort was made!

In the morn, three shy maidens, with caps
on their heads;
With apron and kerchiefs so light (stood
Filed timidly out, where the poor sheep still
With faces all pleading and white.