In his hat, and passed along,
Mingling with the busy throng.
But to-day, would you believe,
As I crossed he touched my sleeve;
And he said, when he could speak,
For the tears rolled down his cheek,
'Mother sends her blessing, sir;
Thanks for what you've done for *her*.
When you passed me in the street,
That day we had nought to eat.
Oh, the joy we both did feel,
When that night we had a meal!
Blessings on you for the same,
Luck and honour to your name!'
That's what's filled my heart with joy,
That's what's pleased your little boy."