

Two Babes
Two Lives
Anonymous
French Oliver, 1909.

Two babes were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day,
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms,
In the very self-same way;
And both seemed pure and innocent,
As falling flakes of snow;
But one of them lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow;
But one of them lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved,
The other one saw through the curtains' part,
The world where her sister moved;
And one was a smiling happy bride;
The other knew care and woe;
For one of them lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care;
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare;
The one had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow;
For one had lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Christ who died for the rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both of the sisters in His arms,
And carried them home above;
Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in Heaven none would know
Which one of them lived in a terraced house,
And which in street below.