

# Jacob

By Phoebe Cary

He dwelt among "apartments let,"  
About five stories high;  
A man I thought that none would get,  
And very few would try.

A boulder, by a larger stone  
Half hidden in the mud,  
Fair as a man when only one  
Is in the neighborhood.

He lived unknown, and few could tell  
When Jacob was not free;  
But he has got a wife,—and O!  
The difference to me!