

And if you want my soul to win,
As everything should be,
Oh, do not preach against my sin
While you are drinking tea.

Some say tea will not make a brute—
That is a silly plea
Which I can easily refute,
For poison is in tea.

Slander goes round like horned Nick
When women have their spree;
Gossip and lies flies fast and thick
While they are drinking tea.

And while you still defend this blot
Don't dare to speak to me;
You are a dangerous, drinking sot
By drinking horrid tea.

Tea brings disease, and grief and pain,
And yet you talk to me,
When you yourself cannot abstain
From drinking horrid tea.

If you yourself cannot give up
What comes from the Chinese;
His microbes and disease you sup
While drinking horrid tea.

I surely can home drink partake
Distilled from barley bree,
If you the heathen dirt must take,
And drink his horrid tea?

Oh, be consistent, now, my dears,
If you would conquer me,
And show us men through future years
You shall drink no more tea.

Or never dare once more to ask
An aged man like me
To throw away the whiskey flask
While you must have your tea.

ONE GLASS MORE.

We meet them staggering in the street,
And wicked to the core;
So drunk, that they can scarcely speak,
By taking one glass more.