

No marble marks the spot,
Where sleeps each weary limb,
His name is soon, too soon forgot,
One only weeps for him.

O shed a tear, a tear of pity.
Though proudly you disdain,
The sufferer claims our sympathy,
Though bound in error's chain.

Think of the weeping wife,
The hungry children's cry,
Say, did she live a happy life?
Ah no; she longed to die.

No flowers nor weeping willow,
Are planted in fondest love,
For his broken-hearted widow
Has gone to realms above.

“O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let me call thee devil. Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredients is a devil.”—*Shakespeare*.

Where are the nine? Just ask strong drink,
The answer will be given;
They've followed me, till the last link
Of virtue I have riven.
Deep sunk in wretchedness and crime,
This, this is where you'll find the nine.”

