

Still their onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right!
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right!
 Truth thy cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,
 God speed the right!

THE WINE OF EDEN.—(27.)

TUNE—*I'd be a Butterfly.*

Drops of crystal water,
 Oh, the summer showers,
 Gemming with a thousand pearls,
 Blossoms in the bowers;
 While the sun is resting
 On a couch of clouds,
 Drops of crystal water
 Trickle down in crowds.

Chorus—Wine's a friend of sorrow,
 Water's friend is glee;
 Drops of crystal water then
 Are wine enough for me.

From the waving king-cup
 Bees are drinking dew;
 Butterflies are waiting
 To taste a little too.
 The cricket on the ladybird
 Makes a passing call;
 Drops of crystal water
 Furnish drink for all.
Chorus—Wine's, &c.

The lily and the daisy,
 Sunburnt in the field,
 Had no parasol of leaves
 Their purity to shield;
 So sunlight dropped its cloud-veil,
 And rain began to fall,
 Drops of crystal water
 Soon revived them all.
Chorus—Wine's, &c.