



How my boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story
That mothers so often tell,
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral bell ;
But I never thought, once, when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself ;
I thought he'd be true to his mother,
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion !
Alas for his youthful pride !
Alas ! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side ?
Oh ! can nothing destroy this great evil ?
No bar in its pathway be thrown
To save from the terrible maelstrom
The thousands of boys going down ?

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with the ship at sea,
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas death in the tempting dram
That the reason and senses drown ;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin ;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been.
For the brand of a beast besotted
He bartered his manhood's crown ;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.
