

## WE'LL NEVER DRINK AGAIN.

We bless the happy day when first  
We promised to abstain,  
And in the joys of temperance blest,  
We'll never drink again !

CHORUS.

We're marching through the field of strife,  
To give the dying drunkard's life ;  
And then we all shall sober be,  
And never drink again.

QUES.—What never drink again ?

ANS.—No, never drink again !

No dying groans, no mother's shriek,  
Shall mar our temperance hymn ;  
No blood shall stain our battle-flag,  
No cloud our glories dim !

But there shall follow in our train  
A ransomed happy throng !  
The wise and good will soon abstain,  
And join the temperance song.

No scoffs, no jeers, shall daunt our zeal,  
Nor cause our souls to yield ;  
But we shall wave exultingly  
Our banners o'er the field !

A RECITATION.

## THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Is there a spot of earth,  
Where tears should freely flow,  
Which gives to sorrow birth,  
And adds to sorrow woe ?

That is the drunkard's grave,  
The drunkard's place of rest,  
He sleeps not like the noble brave,  
Nor like the good and blest.