

My task is ended, my story is done ;  
But think, as you read, of a wasted life,  
The evil of drinking 'tis well to shun ;  
For May's but a picture of many a wife !

To you that are entering the race of life,  
I warn you back from the drunkard's lot ;  
I beg you, with all my heart and soul,  
By every thing sacred, to touch it not.

To you, who are wishing to give it up,  
Knowing it leads your feet astray ;  
Trust not, my friends, to your own small strength,  
Lean on your Saviour, and watch and pray.

---