

Of whisky, which to death impelled ;
 Never by shame to be withheld.
 He tarnished all his former fame,
 And a Tackem at last became. 220
 I see him now most vilely drunk,
 And view, of the tree, but the trunk.
 The lovely bird of song has fled,
 From her green tree now blasted, dead,
 Struck down by lightning in its prime,
 And shattered all before its time,
 And which can't long the shock survive,
 Nor more will leaf nor more revive.
 The golden bowl held out by hope
 At the fount, Disappointment broke. 230
 The water is dried up or sunk,
 Ey him never more to be drunk.
 How great, Alcohol, is thy power
 O'er man in each unguarded hour !
 How great the evils thou hast done,
 Thou subtile and destroying one !
 No bland enticing demon sent,
 By Satan, to ruin and torment,
 The everlasting soul of man
 With more success, has triumphed, than 240
 Thou hast, alluring spirit fell,
 Thou fiend temulent, of hell.
 Murder, rape, and adultery,
 Hatred, falsehood, and robbery,
 With sense assassinated, these,
 Thou dost produce, thy lord to please.
 Thy deadly fruits, are or have been,
 In all the earth where thou art seen

Or wert,
 That has
 The speck
 Like sun
 Are in th
 Of encha
 The stron
 Almost n
 In vain I
 Her char
 The atta
 I am un
 The flut
 May lov
 Than th
 In honn
 What I
 While
 Her im
 With l
 The tr
 Emble
 Oft ar
 Of w
 Befor
 She's
 Now
 The
 And
 Dea
 For
 Ple