

For our deeds to God we must account,
 When we to judgment come ;
 Then do you think, for selling drink,
 Will he pronounce *well done* ?

More for Satan you could not do
 Than just what you have done,
 To keep a groggery or saloon,
 In order to sell rum.

If millions of worlds you should gain
 By selling this vile drink,
 Would it be the price of one soul ?
 Rumseller, pause and think !

Be sure his you are whom you serve,
 And he'll pronounce *well done* ;
 For multitudes of precious souls
 You've brought to him by rum.

And in that wretched world of woe,
 If you with them shall come,
 Will you pronounce your cursed work
 Upon them there *well done* ?

O then, rum-seller, you will feel
 The fruits of selling rum ;
 And all for the sake of paltry gold
 These hellish deeds you've done.

There your customers you must meet,
 When at the bar of God ;
 Then for the deeds which you have done
 You'll get your just reward.

