

“They’ll not think ’bout the extra tin,
That we are making out of this;
They’ll pay their dimes without much din,
For drink to them is bliss.”

And so the five cent glass has died,
And quickly it was buried too;
Don’t think that the booze sellers lied,
That thing they did not do.

For nought it seems will ope the eyes,
Of men whose souls are soaked in drink;
The men who sell the booze are wise,
The drinkers will not think.

For satan hath on them such hold,
That they’ll submit to pay this price;
For vile strong drink their souls are sold,
And now men rob them twice.

Where are the Temperance workers now?
How many now are making sure,
That men shall know the great pow-wow,
That keeps their families poor?

Wake up, wake up! Temperance begin!
Join in a Social Temperance war!
That will uproot the shame and sin,
And soon close up the Bar!