

“When first I married you, dear John,
You promised not to roam ;
But spend your evenings here with me
In our sweet quiet home.”

John heeded not his young wife's words ;
He heeded not her smile ;
For power, more strong than love for her,
Was tempting him the while.

The spirit-fiend it was that spoke,
And stifled all his fears :
“Don't stay to think, but come and drink,
Don't heed a woman's tears !”

Yet on her bowed and tear-stained face,
One kindly glance he cast,
And said, “I promise faithfully
This night 's the very last