

(So it goes, so it goes,
 Till the heart is sick and the senses swim ;
 And mothers and children are hurried along
 Battered and bruised by this drink-cursed
 throng,
 What is a wife or a child
 In a dance so wild ?
 Great Judge and Avenger, how long ? how
 long ?)

* * * *

Hush ! tread softly, see—there she lies
 White and still, on that bundle of straw ;
 Soon she will hunger and thirst no more,
 Nor haunt the room with her famished eyes,

Poor little Toddler,—poor Golden-Hair !
 Those faded violets she tried to sell
 Match with her wasted form so well,
 Clasp them—so—in her hand so fair.

One last kiss on her forehead white,
 Crowned by those ringlets whose golden flow
 Covers the mark of that drunken blow
 From all but the Record-Angel's sight.

"Tell Papa—I'm going to—Mamma—and Roy,
 "Jesus won't let me—get—lost,—I know ;
 "Kiss me for Papa,—before I go,—
 "Mamma ! and Baby,—oh joy, oh joy !"