

## The Rum-Seller.

Rum-seller, do you, can you think,  
 When death to you shall come,  
 'Twill give you happiness to think  
 You lived by selling rum ?

See that poor desolate widow  
 Now friendless has become,  
 Just gone from her husband's grave,  
 Who died from drinking rum.

Her home once shone with brightness,  
 With a loving husband's care,  
 Providing her every comfort,  
 No want or sorrow there.

It was by your invitation  
 That he took his first glass :  
 One night, as he was going by,  
 You urged him not to pass.

Now see that widow's scalding tears,  
 Her children beggars run,  
 Who had a father's care and love  
 Before you sold him rum.

O think, when that poor widow's eyes  
 Are keenly fixed on thee,—  
 'Twas you who caused her anguish ;  
 On you the curse must be.

See yonder, those fond parents now  
 With trembling footsteps come  
 From the grave of their darling boy,  
 Once noble, sprightly son.

But, like thousands of other lads,  
 A victim he's become,  
 And laid in a drunkard's grave,  
 Through you, who sold him rum.

True, you may not force all to drink,  
 But is your part *well done*,  
 To sell the cursed cup of woe  
 To all who to you come ?

All the faculties of the mind  
 Are ruined, and become  
 Quite brutalized by strong drink ;  
 And still you will sell rum.