

**\*Tis mid night, do not longer keep  
Thy solitary watch, and mourn !**

**Ye heavy hours seem not so long !**

**Have pity on that shivering form,  
And ease the racking thoughts that throng,  
And stay the pelting of the storm.**

**Those broken panes receive the blast,  
It sweeping comes, with moaning din,  
She shivers more, oh, hasten past !  
And greet some home where warmth's within.**

**Hark ! to that noise, she starts to hear  
Her wretched husband's well known voice ;  
He reeling comes, she groans, he swears  
At her, the object of his choice !**

**At her who lov'd him, loves him still,  
At her his once fond happy bride ;  
His vows to cherish did he fulfil ?  
Oh, see her crouching by his side !**

**Struck by his blow, stung by his curse !  
Poor creature did you wait for this ?  
Monster to make her misery worse,  
Vile cruelty's the drunkard's bliss.**

**Oh, help her, Heaven ! the inebriate's wife !  
Those little ones her sufferings share ;  
Oh, ease her bitter lot in life,  
The drunkard's fate, those children spare.**