

'Tis midnight, 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.