

And who is the foe ? He wears sweetest smiles ;
 He's empiric practised—he's master of wiles ;
 He cures all diseases of body and mind ;
 He's witty and mirthful—he's jolly and kind.
 His sympathy warm, he'll freely impart,
 'Tis blood to our veins—'tis joy to our heart ;
 'Tis freedom—'tis heaven—'tis every thing smart.
 So says the loud boaster,—but what is the case
 With wretched Tom Yaer, who received his embrace.
 He looked to the red wine, his appetite grew,
 While spark'led the goblet his eye spark'led too.
 'Twas fair, yea, and good—'twas pleasant to taste—
 There were jolly friends round, "then, landlord, make haste,
 Now fill me a bumper, and fill me but one,
 The liquor is good?"—"Aye, surpass it can none."
 Thus added the landlord, and easy did feel
 That trade ought to progress till customers reel.
 For one single bumper trade never would tell—
 For such paltry sales, his frame house might as well
 Have never been set up—for wily he knew
 That since in the village the drinkers were few,
 His customers all, who kept open the door,
 Should compensate the loss by drinking the more.
 And, therefore, though ready to praise up the drink,
 The thought of one bumper he wholly did blink.
 A few more such visits, and poor Tom is in,
 A regular toper of spirits and gin.
 Of restraint there is none, and the barrel is full,
 He now drinks with his neighbours, inclination's the rule ;
 'Tis for good of the house—'tis but equity then,
 Tush now for the morrow ! and tush for the sin !
 But can man's breath reverse the appointment of God,
 That begg'ry and ruin all stalk on this road ?
 (As well try to stay the Niagara's wave)—
 What hand, then, shall stretch forth the drunkard to save ?
 None is—all unpitied he sinks here below,
 And his soul takes its flight to a world of woe.