

Poetry.

FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

Farewell to Whiskey

Wise folks have said on ev'ry ban,
That whiskey's the best friend o' man,
For a' his cares, the cordial gran'
'S a "wee drap Helan' whiskey O"
But woe me, they're mistaken wile,
For drink an' care gang side by side
So I'm resolved whate'er betide
To say "Fareweel to whiskey O"

It drains my purse, an' stains my name,
An' fills me with remorse an' shame,
An' sadly vexes a' at home—
The "wee drap Helan' whiskey O"
"The doctors they do a' agree
That whiskey's no the thing for me,"
So I'll tak' advice, an' heartily
I'll say, "Fareweel to whiskey O"

My days hae dreary been an' s' I,
My heart an' hame, where a' was glad
An' happy ance, now cheerless made,
By the "wee drap Helan' whiskey O"
But, Oh! it cheers my soul to see
The dawn o' happier days for me;
For I have said, richt heartily
A lang "Fareweel to whiskey O"

My comrades, lay your hand in mine,
The reuf' drink we'll a' resign,
And in concert our voices join
An' say "Fareweel to whiskey O"
Fareweel! fareweel! let it echo'd be
Bath far an' near, o'er land an' sea
O happy world! would a' agree
To say "Fareweel to whiskey O"

SONG—ORIGINAL.

The Temperance Home.

Oh! who that has tasted the joys of a home
In which ne'er the drunkard's sad lot has been known,
Its comforts would change, and its plenty and peace,
For all rank can offer, or riches and ease.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Oh give us this home, this sweet sweet home

No sorrowing wife, here bewailing her fate,
And trembling, expects the return of her mate.
Nor husband besotted, a tyrant to prove,
But here there is happiness, comfort and love
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

Our offspring partake of their parents' delight,
While trained in the ways of obedience and right;
And here none are starving, with hunger and cold,
Neglected in body, in mind, and in soul.
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

And may we, with all those to whom have been given
This priceless bestow of a bountiful Heaven,
Seek still the rich boon, which from thence can but
come,

That all may be blessed with a temperance home.
Home home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

HYMN—MRS. BARBAULD.

Christian Resolution.

AWAKE, our souls! lift up our eyes,
See where our foes against us rise
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, our souls, for they are lost

Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands.
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captiv'ed

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage,
The meanest foe of all the train,
Has thousands and ten thousands slain

Come then, our souls! now learn to wield
The weight of your immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love

The terror and the charm repel,
The pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell
Your Lord and Captain triumphed here,
Why should his faithful follower's fear?

HYMN—AMERICAN

Temptation Resisted.

When the bowl is sparkling high,
Crowned by wild, insensate mirth,
When the fascinated eye
Revels in the joys of earth,
Thou who giv'st thy servants power,
Rescue in that fatal hour.

When the bark by tempest torn,
Shivers on the rocky shore,
When, in combat overborne,
Thousands fall to rise no more,
Stron' to save, O God, art Thou,
And in greater peril now!

Life might pass on field or flood,
And the rescued soul arise
To the mansions of the good,
To the glory of the skies;
But when virtue's light has fled,
Then the soul itself is dead

Save them, Source of strength divine!
In Temptation's dangerous hour;
Let thy grace around us shine.
Be our sun, our shield, our tower!
Then Eternity shall be
Witness of our praise to thee!

HYMN—AMERICAN.

Success of the Temperance Reformation.

VICTORY! shout for victory!
A glorious conquest won,
A nation's liberty restored,
A tyrant's power o'erthrown.

The people rose together,
One heart, one mind in all;
In the calm majesty of might
They wrought the deed that's fall

The champions wore no armor,
They grasped no blood stained sword,
Their strength was in their high resolve,
Their trust was in the Lord.

Who was the foe they trampled,
Spurning his base control?
The fiend Intemperance was his name,
Destroyer of the soul.

Our God! in thee we triumph!
Through Thee the fight was won
Yet aid us by thy strength divine;
The work is not yet done.

Still aid us, Heavenly Father!
Till sin and passion cease,
And thy tired soldiers find repose
In thine own realms of peace.

Hymn—L. M.

Let Temperance and her sons rejoice,
And be their praises loud and long;
Let every heart and every voice
Conspire to raise a joyful song

And let the anthem rise to God,
Whose favouring mercies so abound,
And let his praises fly abroad
The spacious universe around.

His children's prayers he deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe:
And Temperance, like a cherished plant,
Beneath his fostering care shall grow.

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