

9
Although the preacher cry, alas !
They cannot stop them as they pass,
For on they rush, and that on mase,
By taking just another glass,
They know the pain for them in store,
The grief, the poverty, and gore ;
But yet they rush on, ever more,
By only taking one glass more.

So now I warn each lad and lass
" This Rubicon " they must not pass,
Unless they are a human one—
And never taste another glass.
For when within old Satan's store,
He shuts, and locks, and bolts the door,
So we no longer can implore
To touch that fatal glass no more.

They, then, will stand our taunts and sneers,
And, like to ev'ry human ear,
Through fire and water they will pass
To get another drunkard's glass,
For they will walk upon all four,
And sell their honor at the store,
And, like a wild beast, growl and roar,
To get that drunkard's glass—one more.

No hope is there for lad or lass
Who into such a state would pass ;
They will not stop for pray'rs or mass,
But haste to get another glass.
But I would ask you just before
You enter in that horrid door—
While you are young, I would implore—
To touch the clear glass no more.

Chorus—For even temperance drinks, they may
Entice a righteous man astray.

KATE AND JOHN.

Our silly, silly, silly Kate,
From ev'rything I hear,
She married such a loving mate—
He actually lov'd beer.

But when love's glamour from the sun
Of our John quickly flew,
He took to drinking wine again,
As many people do.

Yet no one ever saw John drunk,
And Kate, she was no chump—
Although she sometimes shew'd her spunk,
As most of women do.