Ragged, starving little children,
Beg bread from door to door;
For when their parents get their drink
They care for little more.

Husbands who vowed they would protect
And provide for their wives,
By cruel barbarous treatment
How many lose their lives!

Alas! more like dens of demons
For them their homes are made,
Instead of wife and children dear,
In happy homes engaged.

How many thousands of young men
Are in the drunkard's grave,
Who to their country might have been
An honor, strength and praise?

Fine youths, most talented and strong,
Victims to strong drink fall;
And many of them while they live
Are loathsome sights to all.

But still should the alarm be made,
"The Fenians are at hand!"
Great loyalty would be displayed
Their raids all to withstand.

But Whiskey does a murderous work
By its most fearful raids;
And for this murderous traffic
How many hands are raised!

If anything is said or done
To stop the murderous knife,
How many voices then you'll hear
Directly raise a strife.

The liquor traffic must go on,
Because it brings good pay,
Although so many thousand souls
To it become a prey.

If all the victims of strong drink—
Wretched, degraded band—
Could you survey them, would you say
That whiskey helped our land?