

THE TRUE LADDIE.

Here's a laddie, bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care;
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a "chimney of his nose,"
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out and ragged toes?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst, and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street;
Wallow in the mire, and sleet;
Hug the lamp-post and declare
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

Not an ill this laddie knows,
And his breath is like the rose;
Will he ever, do you think,
Poisoned by the cursed drink,
Fever burning in his veins,
Soul and body racked with pains,
Sink into a drunkard's grave,
Few to pity—none to save?

No; this laddie, honor bright,
Swears to love the true and right;
Keep his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet;
Never, never will he sup
Horrors from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the "flowing bowl"
Will he drown his angel-soul.