

Watford

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RECITATIONS FOR GOOD TEMPLARS

BY

THOMAS BLACK LAWS,

OF WARWICK, ONTARIO,

Author of "The Land we Live in," etc.

DRUNKEN TRAIN CREW.

They had seen all the sights of Chicago's great fair,
And were now rushing home to their work and their care,
When we hear a wild shriek—how it filleth the air—
 'Tis the shriek of their death;
For the brakeman, conductor and engineer there,
 They had all drunken breath.

I admit there were some who were coming to town,
And were thinking of honour, of fame and renown,
When we see the foul fiend, how he soon strikes them down
 With a horrible smash,
As the drunk engineers on each other rush down
 In a terrible crash.

Now, we all shall remember Chicago's great fair,
For the dead, and the dying, and wounded were there;
And the world, it pass'd on, and seem'd never to care;
 And our men did not think
That the death of our noble, our lovely and fair
 We must give for our drink.

Oh, ye mothers! who feed your sweet babies on gin,
Oh, ye fathers! who lives of our drunkards begin,
Will you not pause and think of the horrible sin
 You commit by the way,
And the terrible plight that your children are in
 On God's dread judgment day?

And, although they repent, will that bring back the life
Of the father, the mother, the husband or wife?
Those who stood in the breach and who bore all the strife
 In the struggle for bread;
And the ones who are left have a sad, lonely life,
 And now wish they were dead.