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**THE INEBRIATE'S WIFE.**

'TIS NIGHT, a bitter winter's night,  
And snow lies on the frozen ground ;  
A few lone stars cast down their light,  
The biting blast doth howl around.

Upon yon moor, a lonely cot,  
Doth send no taper's light to cheer,  
Nor blazing fire make glad the lot,  
Of th' inebriate's home, so dark and drear.

A faded form is bending o'er,  
The dying embers' flickering flame ;  
Her eyes are dim, she weeps yet more,  
And bitter are her grief and pain.

Her starving babes are hush'd to rest,  
Her tattered mantle o'er them spread ;  
Their hungry cries have pierc'd her breast,  
And gone is all her scanty bread.

Those babes received it with her tears,  
They little thought it was her all ;  
She blesses them with frequent prayers,  
And Heaven's aid adown doth call.

Unhappy wife, thou canst not sleep,  
He whom thou lovest should return ;