

Returns, Millennial bliss to share,  
 Shall there be liquor-dealers there?  
 Or *Groceries* where rum is sold  
 By selfish men for sordid gold?  
 Ye Pharisees and Levites too,  
 Is there but little hope for you?  
 A haughty, hardened, selfish race,  
 With little feeling and less grace,  
 Ye watch the Dragon's flood; and though  
 Ye drink it not, ye let it flow  
 In streams of whiskey, brandy, gin,  
 Rum, wine and ale, through haunts of sin,  
 Where erring men, from day to day  
 Retail it out for sordid pay.

Whoe'er destroys the vat and still,  
 The Devil's servants never will!

Ye friends of Temperance, still endure  
 Firm to the end, the victory's sure.  
 Union is strength; be earnest now,  
 And faithful to your pledge and vow.  
 Have we not good and holy men  
 Enlisted in our cause? and when  
 The Kingdom comes, with power and peace,  
 This trade in Alcohol shall cease:—  
 And man to man, the wide world o'er,  
 Shall brother be, for evermore,  
 And not a grain, however small  
 Of Malt, be found on earth at all,  
 Or in the House that Jack built!