

When evening has left her sheltering yew  
 So drowsily flying, and weaving anew  
 Her network of shade o'er land, o'er sea,  
 How gently, O sleep! fall thy poppies on me;  
 I drink only water from springs cool and bright;  
 My dreams are of heaven through all the long night.

## TOUCH NOT THE CUP.—(49.)

TUNE—*Long, long ago.*

Touch not the cup: it is death to thy soul!  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup:  
 Many I know who have quaff'd from the bowl;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 Little they thought that the demon was there;  
 Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare;  
 Then of that death-dealing bowl, O beware!  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.  
 Though like the ruby, it shine in the light,  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl;  
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul;  
 Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride!  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.  
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,  
 Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;  
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop;  
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;  
 All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.  
 Stop for the home that to thee is so dear;  
 Stop for the friends that to thee are so near;  
 Stop for thy country, the God that you fear;  
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.