

To you the voice of wisdom cries,
 To you, young men, I call,
 Enter not in the paths of sin,
 In which transgressors fall.

But from them turn and pass away,
 For hard your lot will be,
 If not prepared to meet thy God
 When He shall call for thee.

By drinking, young men form their chain
 With which they must be bound—
 To most deep and bitter sorrows
 Which on the earth are found.

Intemperance leads to every vice,
 And sorrows the worst kind ;
 Man's best affections it destroys,
 Ruins his noble mind.

Drink is the price of your brothers' blood,
 Who by it have lost their lives ;
 'Tis the exchange of priceless worth :
 The soul which never dies!

The widow's grief—her orphans' cries,
 Poor homeless, helpless ones ;
 Fond mothers' almost bursting hearts
 For their much-loved lost sons.

These are some fruits of Alcohol,—
 That tree of death and woe!
 Then does its proceeds bless our land ?
 Young men, say yes or no.

'Tis when God's laws are put in force,
 That he our land will bless ;
 Yes, then exalted she will be,
 By works of righteousness.

When of so much sad wretchedness
 Intemperance is the cause,
 Can you refuse from principle
 To help the Temperance cause ?

Would you see Temperance prosper
 In our beloved land,—
 United strength is what we need
 Opposition to withstand: